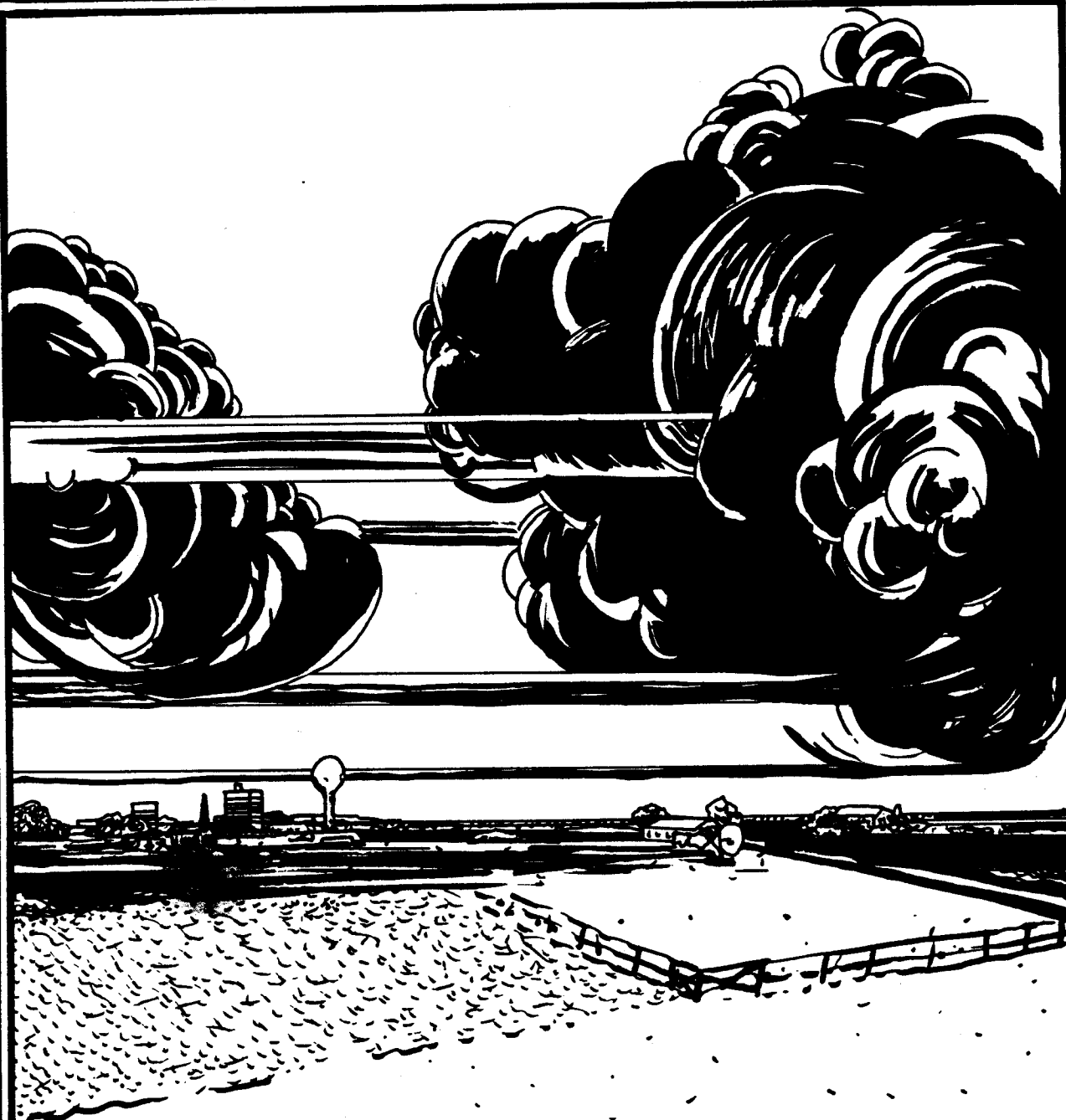


# INSIDE JOKE

#45

A NEWSLETTER OF  
COMEDY AND CREATIVITY

\$1.00



"LEND ME YOUR HEAD..."

MAR 30 '86

# -UPCOMING EVENTS-

A couple CORRECTIONS/ADDENDA to last time, first:  
KRISTIN PROCTOR will be 8, not 9, on 4/16—hey Phil, what  
can I say, she's pretty sharp for her age, eh?...and  
Apologies to ALIX BISHOFF (3/21/65) and MIKE PACKER (2/22/  
55) and BARBARA PACKER (2/15/54) for omissions of dates...

APRIL 30 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO IJ #46  
MAY 1 - Judy Collins (46); Joseph Heller (52)  
MAY 2 - DEBBIE DAVID (?)  
MAY 3 - Pete Seeger (66)  
MAY 5 - Michael Palin (43); Karl Marx (b. 1818)  
MAY 6 - Orson Welles (b. 1915); Sigmund Freud (b. 1856)  
MAY 10 - Fred Astaire (87)  
MAY 11 - Salvador Dali (82)  
MAY 15 - Brian Eno (38); L. Frank Baum (b. 1856)  
MAY 16 - VAL WECHSLER (28); Studs Terkel (74)  
MAY 19 - Ho Chi Min (b. 1890); Pete Townshend (41)  
MAY 22 - Arthur Conan Doyle (b. 1859)  
MAY 24 - Bob Dylan (45), Brooklyn Bridge (103)  
MAY 26 - Harlan Ellison (52);  
MAY 27 - Dashiell Hammett (b. 1894); Golden Gate Br. (49)  
MAY 29 - MICHAEL DOBBS (32); T.H. White (b. 1906)  
MAY 30 - Mel Blanc (78)  
MAY 31 - Fred Allen (b. 1894)  
JUNE 1 - Marilyn Monroe (b. 1926)  
JUNE 3 - Allen Ginsberg (60)  
JUNE 4 - No-Doz Day  
JUNE 5 - Laurie Anderson (39)  
JUNE 7 - Thurman Munson (b. 1947)  
JUNE 9 - Cole Porter (b. 1893)  
JUNE 10 - STEVE COZZI (31); CHARLES F. ROSENAY!!! (28);  
Judy Garland (b. 1922); Maurice Sendak (58)  
JUNE 11 - Gene Wilder (51)  
JUNE 15 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO IJ #47

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* INSIDE JOKE is put on hezaweekly by Elayne "Under the Knife"  
\* Wechsler and some dear friends, and emanates from beautiful down-  
\* town Brooklyn, new home of guess which staff writer? (Answer in  
\* Staffer Address Update next issue.)

\* EDITOR-IN-RESIDENCE.....ELAYNE WECHSLER  
\* PRODUCTION ASSISTANT.....STEVE CHAPUT  
\* (DEAD)HEAD XEROGRAPHER....."UNCLE WIGGLY"  
\* FRONT COVER by MARGOT INSLEY; INSIDE BACK COVER courtesy LUKE MCGUFF

\* STAFF WRITERS/ARTISTS  
\* ANNI ACKNER====DEBORAH BENEDICT====ALIX BISHOFF====MICHAEL DOBBS  
\* ==RORY HOUCHEMS==PETER LABRIOLA====GARY LIGI====J.P. MORGAN==  
\* LAWRENCE OBERC====SUSAN PACKIE====GEORGE PATTERSON====ROLDO  
\* ==STEVEN SCHARFF==KERRY THORNLEY====PHIL TORTORICI====A.J. WRIGHT==

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\* JEANNE ANDERSON TULI KUPFERBERG LANG THOMPSON  
\* TOM CORNEJO ARABELLA LYON BOB WARNER  
\* TOM GEDWILLO JED MARTINEZ SIGMUND WEISS  
\* VERNON GRANT ROGER MORRIS LAWRENCE WHITNEY  
\* MARY ANN HENN st. EVE M.J., KMG, & "KID" SIEVE

\* Ads furnished by J.C. Brainbeau, Not Available Comics, and the  
\* Church of the SubGenius  
\* IJ is a proud subscriber to and advocate of the Yossarian Universal  
\* News Service  
\* Copywrite 1986 Pen-Elayne Enterprises - Kip M. Ghesin, elPresidente  
\* PRINTED BY AMERICAN SAMIZDAT PRESS - "If it bites, it's an A.S.P.!"  
\* Back issues available for \$1 each  
\* Writers'/Artists' Guidelines available for SASE  
\*\*\*\*\*

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# ACKNOWLEDITORIAL

Strange feeling...this is the first time I've ever had an IJ all  
laid out before I've typed the editorial...did it during the Oscars (am  
I the only one who thought the Sighting of Spielberg was carried just  
a bit too far?), in fact, after which I realized I'd laid out one page  
too many—so, I'm sure to the disappointment of all who participated,  
we shall have to save the infamous IJ Gala Gerber for next time (when I  
will explain what a Gerber is, I think). Don't worry, the story's all  
typed up and laid out; it just doesn't fit in this time...And speaking  
of the IJ Gala, mondo thanks to all the attendees for a marvelous time  
had by all (from what I could tell)—Anni and Pat, st. Eve and Meri and  
crew, Dave and crew, Vinnie, Dorian, Nina, Spencer, Georg, Steve  
Scharff, Dave G., Mike, and especially my co-host and P.A., N. Sojac.  
Promise we'll do it all again mighty soon!

But before that, I got a few physical things to take care of (no-  
thing major, ye inquiring minds, just a bit of foot surgery), after  
which I'll be recuiping here at Apt. Third Eye typing our next issue on  
good ol' Lillith (with a brand new Script element to boot, for those of  
you who keep track & were wondering why you have to squint to read the  
light typeface here—I dare say two broken Scripts in as many months is  
a new record, even for me). I'd venture to suggest that those of you  
familiar with Third Eye's full address may want to send your submis-  
sions here, but then again, Steve will be checking the p.o. box a few  
times weekly and I'll have tons o' free time to devote to typing, so I  
don't envision a real problem. Deadlines for the Recap Issue and sub-  
sequent ones follow below, down there, somewhere.

And since I've the laid-out #45 in front of me, I can actually com-  
ment on content for a change...Thanks for the cover, Margot; next time  
is promised to Roldo, then st. Eve, so we're free for #48 onward...I  
know, a short "Fan Noose" this time. No explanation really, but it's  
just as well, it gives Steve space to talk about INSIDE STROKE. By the  
way, I don't know whether it's a societal thing or what, but it con-  
stantly mystifies me how and why people equate sex with violence, al-  
ways linking the two concepts and mentioning them side by side. IS is  
a Sex 'n Smt issue, NOT a Violence issue. As far as I'm concerned,  
there's nothing amiss with erotica, but it's a private matter to me so  
I've never believed in publishing it in a public forum. On the other  
hand, violence—except occasionally for comic-book type or satiric  
stuff like J.P.'s IJ cover last issue—is just plain pointless and  
obscene to me. If you people feel that much of a need for gore, maybe  
we can put out INSIDE CHOKE sometime...

The answer to Nancy's riddle picture is on page 7, like it says...  
Congratulations, so far, to Anni...Larry Oberc's story this time is  
incredibly touching and I thought Tuli's cartoon an appropriate ac-  
companiment...Mildred dear, we miss you already...Ace, this is what  
happens when you send me too much damn copy—happy magnifying glasses,  
readers!...Mike, borderline More-Than-I-Need-To-Know, eh?...Pru's back  
with a hauntingly familiar tale which makes me think she snuck a peak  
at my diary a few years ago...Roldo explains what needs no explanation,  
or vice-versa...A.J. sends along some book excerpts that almost prove  
Roldo's point...st. Eve introduces "Sushi on Parade" as Tom and Rory  
parody each other (I think)...If "Zenarchy" is "Truth," you'll find  
them both on the same page...The aliens are here, and take many forms,  
say Roger and Lang...Sylvia and Rodny remind us of the lost arts of  
etiquette and compassion in two very tasteful tales...somewhere on the  
following page we find ourselves in the 60's with Steve Scharff and a  
cameo zap by the Maiden...And Kip is back (not much I could do about  
it, as Kip runs Pen-Elayne of course and can do whatever the hell s/he  
wants) to tell us what the hell we're doing wrong, while a Maine lad  
already done his wrong...The "Kid's commercial breaks feature J.P.'s  
Jesus On A Talk Show panel...Dorian and Tom remind us that Art takes  
many forms (to be continued)...We got some vintage Yossarian Newsclips  
plus Andy plus Sigmund all on page 18 and damned if I can come up with  
a tie-in there...letters, we get letters...Some more quality graphics  
and poems, and I know I haven't mentioned the art and poems indivi-  
dually yet but if'n I didn't like 'em they'd be in another publication  
I guess...and appropriately, we end with immortality and a reminder  
about saving our asses before our "Back Cover Man" Phil implores us to  
save them key fobs...So, think I should just stick to "here's our  
issue" from now on, or do you like these impromptu Content Reviews?  
Myself, I usually think the material speaks well enough...

Thanks to J.C. Brainbeau and Jim Tauscher for their donations—now  
that Kip is running the Firesign newsletter (included with this IJ  
mailing for those of you on the FT mailing list—if you're not and want  
to be, let us know) in the black and we're still in deep maroon, every  
bit helps. Money, as you know, can be sent anytime. Letters for pub-  
lication, articles, artwork, poems, etc. must be sent in on a desig-  
nated deadline (is that like a designated hitter? ah, baseball!) for  
the issue in which you want your stuph to appear, and those deadlines  
are April 30 for IJ #46, June 15 for #47 and July 31 for #48, so far...

Subscriptions to IJ are \$1 per issue, with up to \$8 for a year's  
worth. Advance sub money is NON-REFUNDABLE. Contributors have the  
option of only sending me a 39¢ (40¢ if you're in Canada) stamp for the  
issue in which their stuff (stuff here doesn't include letters, by the  
way) appears. We trade all-for-all with regular publications, one-for-  
one with irregular ones, and one-for-pub+39¢ stamp for one-sheets. If  
your name has an "X" next to it on the mailing label, your sub is up.  
Do not pass Go. Results are tabulated by the firm of...sorry, I fell  
asleep for a moment there. If you're not sure what's an appropriate  
submission, send me a SASE for the Writer's Guidelines. Our address,  
and I've renewed my yearly rent, is still

P.O. Box 1609, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159  
and aren't the new typefaces nice? Thanks to Georg for the shlep out  
to pick 'em up. Also thanks to Steve for innumerable, and this issue  
is dedicated in memory of Adolph Caesar, Ray Milland, and B. Malamud.

# Fan Noose

How many of us can remember what we were accomplishing at age 14? Well, Evelyn Lau has already begun on the road to activism with PIGEON DROPPINGS, "the sine of peace, anarchy, justice and uprising," and this promising publication could use lots of enthusiastic support to keep it going! Evelyn's asking rate is \$5/year for 12 issues, but she'll gladly take American or Canadian stamps (even cancelled ones) as well, and written submissions too—send to 2642 Cambridge St., Vancouver, B.C. V5K 1L5 CANADA...If you are, like me, caught somewhere in the middle between wanting to "go pro" and loving just plain writing-for-fun, you might want to keep up with the available markets for sf/fantasy and horror work mentioned in SCAVENGER'S NEWSLETTER, 60¢ for a sample (\$3.50/6 months; \$7/year) from Janet Fox, 519 Ellinwood, Osage City, KS 66523...Poetry chapbooks are a good way of selling creativity as well, and Mike Selender has gathered together some talented contributors (including Susan Packie) in the first installment of his collection called LACTUCA—some works here are obscure, even incomprehensible, some quite good, but at least none are self-indulgent. \$3 to P.O. Box 621, Suffern, NY 10901...And IJ newcomer Mary Ann Henn writes about beauty, joy and life in a convent in her collection JIGSAW SOLVER, \$2.50 from M.A.F. Press, Box 392, Portlandville, NY 13834...Speaking of ladies, the Winter '86 edition of the "Official News Bright—organ is a naughty word!—of the Ladies Against Women," THE NATIONAL EMBROIDERER, is out and details the group's cross-country travels last year with their triumphant Consciousness-Lowering seminars—send for it and their list of goodies from the Plutonium Players, 1600 Woolsey St., Berkeley, CA 94703...IJ staffer Kerry Thornley's latest editions of his WALL-OP and SPARE CHANGE one-sheets are out, plus a listing of his "Folk-Write" books available for \$5 each from 2981 Lookout Place, Atlanta, GA 30305...Right on schedule, issue 6 of Revo's SURREAL ESTATES is mostly collage but also interviews the enigmatic and dangerous TENTATIVELY a CONVENIENCE...BEAUTIFUL WORLD's latest issue, on the other hand, interviews cartoon maven Jerry Beck, plus has quality graphics and layout and Devo news'n'views to boot—\$1.50 to Debbie David, P.O. Box 664, Flushing, NY 11355...To keep up with Seattle-area cartoonists, subscribe to the monthly SEATTLE STAR—\$5.50/6 issues to Michael Dowers, 3615 Phinney N., Seattle, WA 98103...The fifth issue of the comic collection BOYS AND GIRLS GROW UP is subtitled "Illusions, Indigestion & Invisibility For All," and the art ranges from pointless to extraordinary—overall, a great mix, for \$2.50 to P.O. Box 5718, Richmond, VA 23220...Lang Thompson's latest FUNHOUSE UPDATE plug listing comes with an idea request sheet for Lang's new proposed project, THINGS TO DO. Send him an SASE at 2111 University Blvd. E., Apt. 33, Tuscaloosa, AL 35404...The newest J.O.E.S. 64 features the usual rambling stream-of-writing plus a great essay on the fine art of Mediocrity—SASE to Jeff Wechter, 618 S. Ninth St., #2, Philadelphia, PA 19147...THE RUBBER FANZINE is a must for rubber stamp fans—good collage art as usual from all over, gathered together by "Rudi Rubberoid," P.O. Box 2432, Bellingham, WA 98227-2432—"Rudi" prefers stamp art contributions, letters or articles in exchange...The New England Beatles Convention last February was a resounding success, and Charles F. Rosenay III (editor of GOOD DAY SUNSHINE) has put out a programazine of the event—send him a couple bucks at 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511...And, barring stragglers, this brings us to The Regulars: BABUSHKIN'S DIGEST V.2, #3—L.D. Babushkin, P.O. Box 128, Rosendale, NY 12472 (irreverent creative zine; "free" but \$8 donations gratefully accepted, make checks out to "L. Bush"); DREAMSHORE #27—Jan Byron, 618 S. Mitchell St., Bloomington, IN 47401 (creative zine high on sense-o-wonder; \$1); JET LAG #62—Steve Pick & Joe Williams, 8419 Halls Ferry Rd., St. Louis, MO 63147 (local & nat'l. music scene, reviews & interviews, strange fiction; \$1); META-SCOOP V.3, #s 2,3—B.H. Sowell & D.H. Armstrong, 1004 Live Oak St. 101, Arlington, TX 76012 (New Age creative zine, official publication of "Foundation of Light and Metaphysical Education;" \$10/year); THE MONKEYS/BOYCE & HART PHOTO FAN CLUB #63—Jodi Hamrich, 508 8th St. NE #4, Watertown, SD 57201 (News on the Monkeys and Boyce & Hart, etc.; 50¢ + SASE); THE MONTHLY INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE TIMES JOURNAL POST GAZETTE NEWS CHRONICLE BULLETIN #s 37,38,39—T.S. Child, 2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704 (wonderful little creative zine; 2 22¢ LOOSE stamps—NO SASE PLEASE—or 50¢ cash); PHOEBE V.2, #s 10,11—James Macdonnell, 511 Routes 5 & 20, Waterloo, NY 13165 (another excellent and ORIGINAL creative zine; 55¢ but send more, ok?); THE SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN NEWSLETTER V.XIII, #9—John T. Harilee, Route 10 Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501 (libertarian issues; send \$1, I guess); SPACE TIME CONTINUUM AND YOUR POCKET WRENCH #5—David Serlin, 7824 Kismet St., Miramar, FL 33023 (sorry I got the zip code amiss last time, Dave—this is another really excellent, albeit STRANGE, creative zine...let the title be your guide; no price listed to send \$1). And that about wraps things up again, short but sweet, I hope; see you in the funny papers!

## A FANTASY

by Mary Ann Henn  
I walked on the water  
yes, stepped on each wave  
till I came to where  
heaven and earth meet.  
And I was as far away  
as I had been near.  
There was the end—  
of ambition  
of all things.  
I could not  
even come back  
and what had I gained?

THE HOLES ARE THE LACE  
by Mary Ann Henn  
Emptiness is negative,  
a not, the  
Where-Something-isn't  
that ought to be.  
How lovely the threads  
dividing the nothing  
of lace.

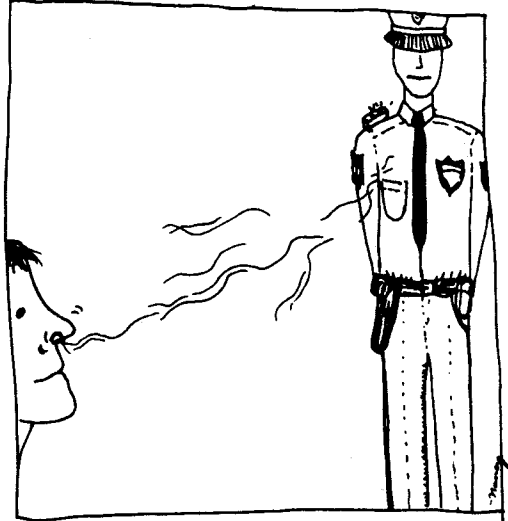
(Answer only p. 7)



Have a day.

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RIDDLE TIME #2



As mentioned on page 2, the IJ "special issue" featuring Sex 'n Smut, to be titled INSIDE STROKE, is now a go. As far as I know, Phil Tortorici has promised a brown paper back cover and we've received one story so far, but we still need a front cover, etc. etc. However, when I say "we", I of course mean, in this case, Production Asst. Steve Chaput, who will be handling this issue. Here's what he has to say for himself:

To be perfectly honest, I was a tad hesitant about taking up the task of putting together INSIDE STROKE.

First off, I certainly don't have the editorial experience Elayne has, since almost all of my stuff has been for my own zines (an apa's don't actually ask for good writing ability, only mailing funds and minimum activity). Secondly, I was afraid that Elayne would cramp my (if you will), since she and I have different levels of acceptance for certain types of material.

Well, we have had several serious discussions since my return to Apt. Third Eye and I feel that we have reached a compromise (on our positions) that allows me freedom in choosing material but doesn't go beyond the bounds of quality that Elayne has set.

## GUIDELINES:

**Length** - The pieces should be of the same length as those you find in a typical ish of IJ (i.e., if the material is more than 1900 words in length or over a page of art, I may not use it, unless it is so remarkably good that I couldn't resist it).

**Topics** - Acceptable: S\*E\*X of many varieties and styles. I don't like tasteless (i.e., don't even try sending in something about Golden Showers, as I refuse to print it).

**Unacceptable:** This is a special "Sex & Smut" issue, and is not a "Sex & Violence" issue. Rape, degradation and "snuff" pieces will not be printed. I will permit some bondage and playful "rough-housing," but there is a boundary I will not cross, and if this is not acceptable to you don't submit anything.

**Pen names, etc.** - Even more so than in IJ, some of you may feel the need to not reveal your true identity. In fact, if Elayne hadn't already announced that I was going to do this, I might have chosen an alias (I mean, I'm trying to land a nice cushy Civil Service job with the government and now my name will be associated with guys like Larry Flint and Harrold Robbins. Geez!).

If I come across as sort of conservative and unhumorous, I apologize. I am a real fan of erotica, and my sense of humor has gotten me into more trouble than it has gotten me out of. I'm looking forward to getting a lot of submissions, and if all goes well IS #1 (if this works out an annual "special theme issue" of IJ is a strong likelihood) should see print by September or October.

- Notary Sojac

Which would seem to make your deadline around, oh, heck, why don't we just make it easy and say by Labor Day (which falls on September 1), ok? Have fun, folks!

# DIARY of The ROCK FIEND

by Anni Ackner

## DOWN IN SMOKE

As anyone who has known me for more than a couple of years—which, now that I come to think of it, pretty much boils down to my mother, my optometrist, and a strange professor of history at Rutgers University who used to be a—but never mind, let it pass—will tell you, I am not the sort of person who knuckles under to pressure easily. In fact, when it comes to a matter of principle, or the protection of something about which I care deeply—and even, occasionally, the sordid pasts of anonymous history professors in state universities—I can be stubborn to the point of piggheadedness, steadfast to the point of obstinacy, and unyielding to the point of stupidity normally not seen in anyone other than those jolly types who enjoy bombing a few abortion clinics in their spare hours. In short, I am as a brick wall standing solid against the billowing winds of popular opinion—strong, firm, and beginning to go to grass around the cracks.

Who else, I ask you, with all due modesty, has managed to resist the blandishments and importunings of Jane, Richard, Lucille, Dinah and the rest of their over-muscled ilk and remained true to the one pure and essential form of exercise—getting up and making oneself a grilled cheese sandwich? Who else has withstood the combined efforts of Duran Duran, Mister Mister and, for all I know, Noël Noël, and still goes all a-quiver when John Sebastian sings SHE'S A LADY? Who else laughs in the face of Calvin Klein and continues to buy her underwear, four pairs for \$3, at Sears; who else is capable of gazing unmoved at a \$250,000 one-bedroom luxury condo on Columbus Avenue; and who else persists in believing, in the face of all possible evidence, that somewhere, somehow, someone is, even as we speak, writing the screenplay for what will eventually be a prestigious motion picture containing a challenging, demanding role for a woman that will not ultimately be played by Meryl Streep? I tell you, troops, you're looking at a veritable Rock Fiend of Gibraltar here, that's what you are.

And so, you can just imagine how very much it grieves me to announce—as honesty compels—that on one important battle, at least, I have given in. Yes, it's true. They got me. They won. I have tossed in the towel and gone, however ungracefully, to my defeat. Pray for me, for I am vanquished.

Gentle readers, I have given up smoking.

Gang? Gang? You still there? Honestly, it's all right—really it is. I mean, it isn't nearly as bad as it seems at first blush. For one thing, I didn't give it up because of the Great American Wimp-Out, or whatever they call it, or any other terrorist tactics from the subversive anti-smoking organizations that currently plague our land, nor was I in any way affected or influenced by the vast hordes of free-lance agitators who have, over the last several years, displayed an increasing and alarming tendency to stop by my table in otherwise civilised restaurants and inform me that I was deliberately and maliciously polluting their breathing space (before, it's redundant to point out, climbing into their large, exhaust-spewing automobiles and driving off to their jobs at chemical plants). No, my defection to the ranks of pulmonary purity came about solely because one morning, not too long ago, during my daily invocation to the Goddess of Coughing, it suddenly occurred to me, of my own free will and volition, that it might be sort of nice to be able to breathe. And it isn't as though I've stopped altogether. I am still known, despite my newfound health and virtue, to take the occasional cigarette in moments of extreme stress and duress. At the present writing, I am finding that these moments of extreme stress and duress occur, on average, about six or seven times a day, so you see that I have not yet reached that obnoxious state of absolute Smokelessness to which Real Nonsmokers aspire, though I suppose it may be fairly argued that, to anyone used, as I was, to consuming half a pack before breakfast, seven cigarettes in a day count to precisely the same extent as does a cup of coffee to a reformed cocaine connoisseur. And I have most assuredly not become, nor do I intend to become, one of that most reprehensible breed of ex-smokers who goes about telling perfectly nice people who are happily engaged in lighting their Luckies how very much better they'd feel if they took up gum-chewing instead. On the contrary, I encourage every smoker I meet to sit across from me and blow lovely billows of smoke in my face—it's the one pleasure I get in these hellish days. So you see that I am not quite the turncoat I might appear. Still, there's no denying that this has been a significant change in my life.

Because I am the sort of person who, for good or ill, chronicles the significant changes in my life—as should be patently obvious to anyone who has ever gotten a good look at my bureau drawers—and because so many other people are going through, for one reason or another, the gruesome realities which accompany the cessation of smoking and may, therefore, be able to profit by and take comfort from my experiences, it behooves me now, I believe, in my capacity as Public Servant, to present the following

## SEVEN-DAY GUIDELINE FOR THOSE IN THE PROCESS OF RUINING THEIR LIVES FOREVERMORE,

or

### The Filter Tip Follies

**DAY ONE:** Most people, in a fit of enthusiasm and full of the promise and crazy hope of the newly determined, decide to quit smoking on Monday. Monday, after all, is the traditional day for making drastic changes in one's lifestyle, a day when, consumed with guilt over the excesses in which we have indulged over the weekend, we begin to re-evaluate the way we are passing our time on this earth and conclude that it might be sort of amusing if we managed to live past 35 after

all. Monday is also the worst day of the week in most offices and institutions of learning, which makes it admirable for the cessation of smoking in one sense—you are going to be so busy suffering through the usual Monday morning trauma and blues that a little more discomfort is going to make about as much difference as two or three animal rights activists picketing Fred the Furrier—but disastrous in another—you're really going to need that Marlboro when your boss develops a burning desire to have 75 copies of a 350-page document made and collated by 9:45. Be that as it may, however, and given that there is really no such thing as a good day on which to quit smoking, you will at least have the comfort of knowing that this is the best you are going to feel for a long long time to come. Brimming over with the courage and assurance of the self-righteous, you will welcome each craving as a sign of the success of your new resolve. Proudly, you will inform all your friends and acquaintances that you are now a non-smoker and are to be treated with all the rights and privileges that adhere thereto. Those who smoke will tell you how much they admire your courage and wish to emulate you, and then will laugh at you behind your back. Those to have never smoked will congratulate you on your wise decision and then will laugh at you behind your back. Those who are ex-smokers will smirk knowingly and, if they are recent converts, throw things at your face. Armed with your supplies of Life-Savers and chewing gum, secure in your knowledge of your own superiority, you will ignore them, positive that you, above all, will lick this little problem with absolutely no effort whatsoever. Enjoy this time, sucker. You're going to need all the help you can get.

**DAY TWO:** The second day of any voyage is always a time of great discovery. On the first day, one is still too excited and overwhelmed by the feeling of being on the journey itself to notice or appreciate any difficulties that might be inherent in the path, but by the second day the novelty of the thing has worn off, and so all the little surprises and obstacles surrounding it are thrown into clearer perspective. So it is with your second day of quitting smoking. And oh, aren't the discoveries numerous and varied! You will discover, for instance, that those little twinges and stirrings you were having all day yesterday are to a full-blown case of nicotine withdrawal exactly what your cousin Sheila playing SHEPHERD'S DANCE on the piano is to the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. You will discover that, when you want a cigarette, you want a cigarette, not a lifesaver, even if it's the red one, although you will eat 3 or 400 Lifesavers—not to mention two bags of Fritos, four Ding-Dongs, an entire Sara Lee cheesecake and a funny-looking green thing that came with the refrigerator—in the search for this particular truth. You will discover that a 38-year-old interstate transport lawyer is perfectly capable of sucking his or her thumb during interrogatories and that, if your boss talks to you in precisely the right tone of voice, you will cry. On the plus side, those of you who, like your humble reporter, are still indulging in a cigarette whenever the threat of wearing your back teeth into something resembling Bon Ami becomes too imminent to bear, will discover that, after three or four hours without one, smoking a cigarette will make you high. This is a handy bit of knowledge to keep around during those nasty marijuana shortages you hear so much about these days, but unfortunately won't do you very much good fifteen minutes after the high wears off and you find yourself draped over a cigarette machine in a highly public place, giggling and singing YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU. Bear with it, Bunky. It only gets worse.

**DAY THREE:** The full horror of what you have wrought will descend upon you with all the sinister force of a herd of NASA special investigators today. You will be unable to concentrate on anything more pressing than staying awake; you will feel light-headed and dizzy and your feet will suddenly develop minds of their own—minds much more active and alert than the one currently taking up space in your head, so that, if you decide to go to the kitchen and your feet decide to go out and play in the garden, you'd better get used to the smell of crabgrass. None of this is anything to worry about. It is simply what scientists call Too Much Oxygen, meaning that all that awful gaseous stuff that makes up whatever part of the air we breathe that isn't composed of dirt, soot and acid rain, and from which we've been protecting our precious lungs by smoking, is now moving in and attempting to take over your body. You will find that smoking just one cigarette will dispel the symptoms for awhile but, unless you immediately go right back up to two packs a day, it won't help for very long. They tell me this passes after awhile. They also tell me that Ed Koch had no knowledge of the corruption in the Parking Violations Bureau.

**DAY FOUR:** A gala, festive day. A veritable holiday of rejoicing. Depression comes to visit! A doctor would probably tell you that your sudden longong for a nice heaping bowl of Extra Strength Tylenol stems from your body's reaction to the sudden withdrawal of a chemical on which it has come to depend, and a drastic change in lifestyle. This is untrue. You are depressed because today is the day you will realize that you will have to spend the rest of your life facing boring, tedious people all alone, with no sweet, friendly pack of Kools to keep you company and give you something with which to occupy your mind as they (the boring, tedious people. A pack of cigarettes will never do this to you) explain their stock option packages in loving detail. Really, it's enough to make a ceramic unicorn weep, but it's an entire six-pack of guffaws compared to

**DAY FIVE:** When Depression's evil twin, Irrational Anger, leaves its calling card. Today is the day that you will begin what may turn out to be a small second career—the absolute and total hatred of everyone in the world. You will be amazed at how much it takes your mind off your immediate problem to discover that you really do think that Bill Cosby is muddering scum. Your need for nicotine will vanish in the light of your utter loathing for the elderly woman upstairs who brought you chicken soup and did your marketing during your last bout with



bronchitis, and it's remarkable just how refreshing a good, cleansing bout of disgust for Santa Claus and Mother Theresa can be. The trouble starts when you shift these feelings—and you will—from these safe targets to someone a bit more accessible. No matter how you feel, calling your immediate supervisor a "filthy bucket of pond slime" is simply not a wise career move, although sometimes it is unavoidable. Use your slowly reawakening brain to check the want ads.

**DAY SIX:** Does not bear talking about. Trust me, it just doesn't. How is your medical insurance?

**DAY SEVEN:** You will begin to see the light at the end of the tunnel. The worst of the nicotine cravings are over. You have gained a good ten pounds but have finally gotten to the point where you don't think you will ever again need to look down the business end of a Cheese Doodle. You are bored with biting your fingernails, everyone in the world despises you, and you haven't taken a bath since the beginning of this lunacy, but you feel like a different person—possibly Tony Randall. You no longer cough in the mornings, you can walk uphill without sounding as though you had just completed the last lag of a particularly strenuous decathlon, and you are beginning to discover that things like celery actually have a taste, however rancid it may be. You congratulate yourself on a job well done, and then you find yourself trapped opposite a smoker in a situation from which you cannot escape. You watch helplessly as she or he draws long, luxurious draughts of smoke into her or his lungs, lovingly caressing the smooth, sensuous leanness of the tube of tobacco. You tell yourself that you are above such a dirty, childish, destructive habit, and have more important things to do with your life than waste it blackening your respiratory tract. You concentrate on what you're going to buy with all the money you're saving on cigarettes. You find yourself out in the hall, singing to the cigarette machine.

Okay, I admit that the prospect does not seem bright and that, in fact, an early death from emphysema or something equally unpleasant seems like a viable alternative. But it can be done—I'm living proof of it. And the rewards are...well, the rewards are...um, all right, there's...well. Look, talk to me somewhere around day 35 or so and I'm sure I'll be able to help you out with this. In the meantime, there's something I have to discuss with the cigarette machine on the next block, so you'll have to excuse me. All right, dog breath?

## ALL GOOD CHILDREN GO TO HEAVEN by Lawrence Oberc

"What do you think about this one?" asked the boy's father.

"I'm not sure," answered the boy.

They were looking at a new Cadillac. It was the only Cadillac in the parking lot. The rest of the cars were Volkswagen Beetles and Plymouths.

"Son," said the boy's father, "this is the kind of car that makes you feel like a man. If I buy this beauty I'll let you wax it on weekends."

The boy frowned. He wondered whether he'd have to wax the car before or after mowing the yard and raking up the grass.

"And to think," said the boy's father, "it's going to run me four thousand dollars!"

The boy thought about four thousand dollars. He got a dollar a week for his allowance. Thinking about four thousand weeks was a hard thing to do when you're only ten years old.

"Looks like we'd be better off coming tomorrow," said the boy's father. "I think there's trouble brewing on the corner."

The boy looked at the corner. He saw a small bar there. A lot of people were standing around in front of it. The people weren't laughing like you'd expect, but were frowning and looking mean instead. They looked like they were going to do something bad, but the boy couldn't figure out what.

"Why are they doing that?" asked the boy.

"You mean those niggers?" asked his father.

"Yeah," said the boy, "those niggers."

"Don't rightly know," said the boy's father. "I mean like, well... it's like this. We gave them their own bathrooms and water fountains but they're still not happy."

"You mean the ones that say 'Colored'?" asked the boy.

"Yeah," said the boy's father.

"Why do they try to drink out of the water fountains that are marked 'White'?"

"I'm not sure," said the boy's father. "You see, we figured that everything was straightened out when we set them free. We gave them their own restrooms and water fountains but it didn't work out. They wanted more. Before you knew it they were starting riots and demonstrating all over the place. It just doesn't make sense."

"Why did you get so mad that time I drank out of the wrong water fountain?" asked the boy.

"Well," said the boy's father, "it's like this. We don't use their water fountains and they don't use ours."

"Is their water any different?"

"Not that I know of," said the boy's father. "It's just one of those things you're not supposed to do."

The boy knew a lot about the things you weren't supposed to do. There was a guy on the corner right now doing one of them. He was pointing a finger at the boy and his father. The boy didn't know what the finger meant, but he knew it was wrong. One time the boy had pointed the same finger at his father. His father got mad and hit him.

"Why not?" asked the boy.

"I don't know," answered his father.

Another thing you weren't supposed to do was to marry one of those

colored people. It didn't make sense to the boy. It was like the water fountains. If they both had the same kind of water what difference did it make? Just the other day the boy had seen something different. There was a couple, a white guy with a colored girl, walking through a store downtown. The guy was carrying a baby that was a golden color. The boy followed the couple and their baby through the store. When the couple decided to go to the second floor of the store the boy was right behind them. The couple walked towards the record department. The boy stopped and watched closely. Then a Beatle song came flowing out of the speakers: "One two three four five six seven, all good children go to Heaven." The boy decided the couple looked awfully happy for doing something that was supposed to be so wrong.

"It's not like I'm prejudiced," said the boy's father, at a traffic light. "But there are a lot of people out there that are. Remember Mary, our maid? I even let her sit in the front seat when I gave her a ride home."

"How about Joe?" asked the boy. "Do you let him sit in the front seat?"

"Sure do," said the boy's father.

Joe was a colored man who did all of the work around the house that the boy's father didn't like to do or thought was below him. Joe was a good worker as long as he was drinking. The boy had never seen anyone drink so much before.

"Why do you always boil the dishes Joe used?" asked the boy.

"Because, son, some of those colored people have germs."

"Germs?" asked the boy.

"Yep," said the boy's father, "germs. You can get all kinds of diseases from germs. You don't like getting sick, do you? Well, that's what germs will do to you."

The boy began to think about germs. Then he asked, "Do white people have germs?"

"Some do," answered his father.

"How about colored people?" asked the boy. "Do they have germs too?"

"Not all of them," said the boy's father. "But they have a whole lot more than white people. You can bet on that!"

"Do germs make you colored?"

"No, son, they just make you sick."

"Are colored people sicker than white people?"

"Well," said the boy's father, "I don't really know."

"I didn't get sick that time I drank out of that water fountain," said the boy. "Do you think that means something?"

"You were just lucky that time," said the boy's father. "Real lucky!"

The boy continued to think about germs. Then he thought about the couple he had seen in the store. They didn't have germs. And their baby, if it was real good, would go to Heaven. That's what the song said. The boy made up his mind. He decided that from now on he was going to drink out of the wrong water fountains and get germs and marry a colored girl so they could have a baby the color of gold and they would all go to Heaven as one good family. The boy then wondered whether or not his father would go to Heaven. The boy decided that his father wouldn't. His father was too afraid of germs.

STOP THE WORLD.  
I  
WANT  
TO  
GET  
ON..



REGAN WANTED  
The doctors to lower their  
EXORBITANT FEES.  
Now he wants to eliminate  
income tax experts like Black  
with a free computerized ser-  
vice from Washington. Maybe  
we could eliminate Reagan  
every other year with a world-  
wide even age work force. He  
would get his full year's vaca-  
tion money and could still keep  
his treasury job. Three years  
pay in two isn't bad. Send \$ASE  
To: ZERO TAXES - Box 2243  
YOUNGSTOWN - OHIO, 44604

MILDRED NEPTUNE IS DEAD! (But this is a temporary condition—Miss Neptune does not intend to let it get her down.)

Mildred Neptune died with two other members of her street gang, THE SCREAMING MIMIS, a militant offshoot of Neptune's original LADIES' TERRORIST AND SHE-DEVIL-VAMP CIRCLE OF THE PINK TRIANGLE SOCIETY, an organization founded by Neptune for the Great Work of elevating the word "Bitch" to the same status as the word "Sir".

THE SCREAMING MIMIS met their rival gang, THE DESPICABLE SNOOLS, for yet another dispute over turf. The MIMIS wanted the entire world; the SNOOLS wanted just the littlest part of the San Fernando Valley in Southern California. Gang Dictator Neptune decided that if they gave the SNOOLS even part of the Valley, they'd never be able to find a decent burrito there again. SNOOLS are notorious for bland cuisine.

The battle was fought at Helm's Deep, Rohan, Middle Earth. Neptune fought bravely and ferociously with her

## SHE WAS A HERO—OR SOMETHING LIKE IT

*A Eulogy by Artemis Aki,  
buddypal and comrade in chaos of Mildred*

Mildred Neptune is not dead, long live Mildred Neptune! We know she will return, so we don't need to mourn her—instead let's just talk about her while she's gone. We may never get another chance. Let's remember who she is, her spirit, her inspiration, what fun she is at parties. How she always sought what was best for us, always looked out for us, always managed to smoke the last bit of leaf in the bowl. Let's celebrate her chutzpah—remember how she accosted Governor Bob Kerrey? Asked him what was he drinking and when he said, "Wild Turkey," she says, "How appropriate.?" Then she further discombobulates him by saying she don't ever vote—cept for fellow homosexuals—and Kerrey freaks looking at her wild makeup and asks if she's a drag queen or what? And Mildred says, "How come you ain't bought me a drink yet, baby?" And he says, "I never buy no drinks for nobody," and Mildred says, "Why not? You make more money than the rest of us put together!" Remember Mildred last summer, one sultry night when she was Jesus-like in her drunkenness and that transient accosted her on the street, making lewd and suggestive remarks about her red hair. And Mildred, lunging at him bravely, swearing at him, shouting over and over, "Yo' muthah—your mama on toast, your mama on toast with Smuckers Strawberry Jam!"

Mildred—glorious free spirit that she figured herself for, wouldn't want us to mourn for her—oh no—she'd want us prostrate with grief, ready to commit Helter Skelter behind her death, ready to do a suttee gig behind our sadness. But we ain't gonna do what Mildred would want—just 'cause she dead don't mean we make an exception. 'Cause we know Mildred loved snarling disobedience, it made for a rousing good fight and that woman just loved to hassle. That's how she died. It is said that those who live by the sword die by the sword—how baffled Mildred would be 'cause she always lived by dumb luck. Weren't no swords till that day. We allus used rocks, but Mildred said, "gotta evolution." And look what happened. Well, no biggie. Course it was Frobisher who done her in—and we know what we got going for him, don't we? We gonna do what Mildred would want in that scenario—we gonna banish him from the Magic Kingdom, he be goin' straight to the Pointless Forest. We gonna cut off his nose—not to spite his face, but so he won't no more be able to sniff that Lust Dust. But we talk about that later 'cause Mildred couldn't stand it if we talked about someone else during her eulogy. We be thinking of her alots—when we hear Baltimora singing Tarzan Boy, when we see a spider eat up a fly, when we see ads for PMS remedies, she will zing into our hearts.

She will be back and you better be knowing it. When she do come back, she is gonna be pissed—so let's all feed into that and help her be even more of a harridan, even more of an untamed shrew than she were before.

That be all for now. If you all wanna come over to my house, I got some star quality ganja and we got chicken in the barn, whose barn, my barn.

magic sword, Gordon Sumner. She had slain her greatest opponent, leader of the SNOOLS, Hugh B. Nuthin. But this was a short-lived death, as Nuthin was quickly avenged by his second-in-command, Baxter Frobisher, who stabbed Neptune in the back. This startled her so, she fell off the Deeping Wall and belly-flopped on the rocks below. "She was real crunched up bad," MIMI member Olive O'blivion said. Current Overseer of the SCREAMING MIMIS, Artemis Aki, vehemently states that Neptune's death is not to be taken seriously. "She will return from the grave—just like Jesus Christ and Joan Crawford did before her! Mildred is immortal—she is merely on tour across the River Styx. We have her promise that she will return. I'd say she'll be back in time for the Stevie Nicks concert. In the meanwhile, we have won the battle—the world is ours and that includes the Valley. The SNOOLS will have to take themselves back to whence they came—to the dark and ugly planet of Maldomina. Mildred spoke her last words to me personally. She said, 'Make it easy on yourself. Catch you later.' I know this means she'll be back. Knowing Mildred, she'll be reincarnated as herself—but she might do a George Romero-type return from the grave, a Monkey's Paw gig, y'know? Just for the fun of it! We are assured of her immortality in the scriptures—here, chapter 5, verse 23—I'll quote: 'She is with you always, the mild counsel from the sea. Even though she may be taken from your midst, don't let it hang you up, she be back. So, look for her when the sun shines, Nellie.'" Miss Aki says the MIMIS will wait.

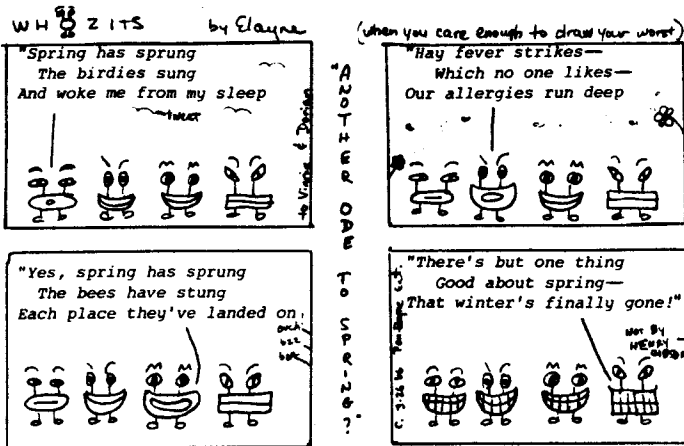
Mildred Neptune was famous as a writer and a philosophical insurrectionist of unprecedented arrogance for a woman. She once actually said that we cannot behave like human beings because we don't know "what those are." She formed her terrorist society and street gang because, "As Asimov says, violence is the last resort of the incompetent and I am feeling pretty goddamned incompetent," and also because, "We were bored and wanted to piss some people off."

Since her death occurred in Middle Earth, she was carried away from the Grey Havens to Aman, in the West. The ship was hand-painted by Legolas himself, the Elf. Her body isn't buried anywhere—no one knows exactly where she is, but those in the know strongly suspect that Neptune is spending most of her time in the After-life smoking dope, listening to "United States 1-5" by Laurie Anderson and eating a lot of Hershey bars. The tombstone depicted here is a memorial erected by her



friends in Arkham, Mass. in Christ Church Cemetary. Travellers visiting the city do so at their own risk but they are warned that the consequences of such a visit may haunt them for the rest of their lives. So what else is new?

# ANSWER TO "RIDDLE TIME" (p.3)- "SENSE OF SECURITY"



## The Left Hand

by Prudence Gaelor

With one hand Jenny put the kettle on to boil, while with the other she struggled to open the letter she had received from her mother two days before. After clumsily crumpling the envelope for a few seconds she decided it was too much of a bother (the same opinion she held for her mother) and put the letter down by the stove where it just might accidentally catch fire. From the metal cupboard precariously dangling over the sink she pulled out the blue mug and a small canister of fish food. The mug, which was chipped and had a crack running down the side that was coated over with Crazy Glue, was her favourite. She set the mug by the sugar bowl.

Fish food still clenched, Jenny travelled into the other room, hoping that the fish hadn't died. She decided it was about time to feed them, especially as she could not remember when she had done it last. Tantalus and Rhiannon were swimming about as fish tend to do in the very boring and unimaginative world such as they were in. To make it more interesting, Jenny, at one point, had put in some coloured stones and some little rocks which she had painted herself with nail polish. And the fish still swam about taking no particular notice of the change in their environment. Tantalus was the new fish in the neighborhood after Superman died. There were lots of fish before Superman, which was evident in that Jenny always named her fish in alphabetical order. Some of the fish died when Jenny forgot to feed them, others had just died, which aside from swimming about is something else fish tend to do. Jenny was more successful with cats and once she had a beautiful kitten named Midnight of which she was very fond. But her landlady had an allergy to cats. So now Jenny kept fish.

The kettle shrieked. Startled, Jenny jumped, flicked fish food into the fishbowl, and went back to the kitchen to answer the kettle. She splashed some boiling water into the mug and stirred in a spoonful of sugar. She was out of tea.

Jenny carried her "tea" and her mother's letter into the other room. With her nose she switched on the light switch on the wall. She sat on the sofa, set her tea on the table. She opened the letter. It was more of the usual.

Dear Jennifer,

Just a quick note. Everything's fine here. Everyone's so busy preparing for your sister's party. Now that she has passed the bar, your father and I have realized that our little girl has grown up. She makes us all so proud. I still wish you could make the party. It would mean so much to your grandparents.

By the way, The Morning Post was looking for a columnist and guess who got the job? Sarah Weinstein. I remember you two back in grade school. You were inseparable. I still don't understand how you grew apart. She could be a reliable contact. Why don't you ask Sarah if she can find you an opening at the paper?

Well, I must go. There's so much to do for the party. We have a new cleaning service and you have to tell them everything.

Lots of love, Mommy

P.S. Write your grandparents.

Jenny crumpled up the letter and lobbed it in the wastebasket. She missed and it hit one of the cans of paint which had been sitting by the front door for three weeks. She bought the paint for the walls in her kitchen, front room and bathroom which made up her "three-room apartment." She was going to paint the kitchen and front room white. The bathroom she was going to paint pink. There were some cans of pink paint in what used to be a small walk-in closet. Jenny had shoved in some shelves and now the small walk-in closet was a library of sorts, thus making it a four-room apartment. Once Jenny had a nightmare in which her landlady discovered her "fourth room" and upped her rent. Since there was no room in the closet for clothes, she kept them in

her linen closet as the few linens she had consisted of three towels, a washcloth, two sheets, a blanket and a comforter. One of the towels, however, was hanging over the window in the bathroom serving as a curtain as well as keeping out the draft. The sheets Jenny kept under the sofa cushions and the comforter was draped over the back of the sofa like an afghan.

Jenny kept meaning to get around to painting the apartment. She thought about it a lot. And every time she thought about doing it she decided that actually doing so would interfere with her writing time, which was already limited by all the reading she brought home from work. Or so she thought. Although these days writing was synonymous with sleeping.

She was far away, and Jenny found herself the third in a triangle with her old friends Tali-A and Tali-B.

"But I like my job," whined Tali-B.

"Oh for God's sake, don't whine," groaned Tali-A.

"What kind of job do you have?" asked Jenny.

Both Talis A and B looked at Jenny, looked away and continued with their conversation/argument. "You honestly don't think reading transcripts for a publishing company satisfies your creative needs," Tali-A asserted.

"Hey! I read transcripts for a publishing company!"

"Need you keep interrupting, Jenny? We really don't need you encouraging her." Turning to Tali-B, Tali-A continued, "What good is this job to you? You certainly don't enjoy it."

"Well...it's not that horrible a job...I mean...I get a good idea of what's in the market...and I learn all the ins and outs...And I might get some good contacts...Besides, they're paying me," justified Tali-B.

"Justifications! Justifications!"

"No, she has a valid point there, I think," interrupted Jenny once again.

"Oh do shut up, Jenny. Now Tali-Baby, when was the last time you submitted anything for publication? Or shown your work to anyone? Or actually written anything?"

"Well, you know I've been so busy lately, and I've been awfully tired."

"That's no excuse!"

"Sometimes it takes awhile for good ideas to come," Jenny said quietly.

"Shut up!" yelled both Talis simultaneously.

Jenny returned to her room, gloomily thinking, "I'm probably the only person in the world who is an outsider in her own head." A certain creative urge hit her and from out of nowhere she sang—

Oh, I'm an outsider in my head  
An outsider in my head  
Oh, I'm an outsider in my head  
An outsider in my head  
You think you got problems, man  
Why don't you 'magine if you can  
That your subconscious placed a ban  
On you. Can't even go there to dream.  
Things just aren't what they seem.  
And the things I'm called are quite unkind  
By those nasty voices in my mind.  
And to you it must look quite insane,  
That I've made an enemy with my brain.  
Oh, I'm an outsider in my head  
An outsider in my head  
Oh, I'm an outsider in my head  
An outsider in my head  
And now I'm gonna stop 'cause I can't think of anything else to sing."

Laughing at her silliness, Jenny exclaimed, "If I set that to music it would probably sell platinum." Under her breath she added, "That'd solve all my problems."

She sneezed and decided the shelves were dusty. Jenny made a quick trip to the kitchen, emerged with a dampened paper towel. She started dusting the shelves that were eye-level. Jenny had this theory that anything over eye-level didn't exist because she couldn't see it. And as she was only five-foot-one that left a lot not to exist.

Among the pictures she was dusting, she came across one of her with three friends. They were sitting on the hood of a black car, nicknamed the Deathmobile. They were all dead now and the picture was very dusty. Absently, Jenny put the dirty, wet dustrag in her pocket. She thought of a Summer long ago. They were best friends. And they did everything together. Except for one night. They were all to go to a concert one night, but Jenny came down with food poisoning. And while she was dying at home, her friends were doing the same on Interstate 95. Whenever Jenny thought of them, she could see her friends as if they were still alive and had come to visit her yesterday. She could remember everything vividly, the water battles, food fights...parties...concerts. Jenny never saw them as she had last seen them, but as if they were still alive. She thought a strange thought. And the strange thought she thought was that when you are depressed over the death of a friend, you feel that you are the one that died. Your friend still seems alive.

She placed the picture on the table by the fish. Rhiannon was swimming around as usual, no doubt trying to find a way out. Tantalus had found one, he was bobbing vertically. Up and down. Up and down. "Soon you'll be swimming down the Styx to visit your namesake," she said to Tantalus.

Jenny returned the picture to its place on the shelf. She stooped, picked up her mother's letter, placed it in the trash. She took the paper towel out of her pocket and started to dust one of her plants. Out of impulse she kissed the leaves.

## TALK SHOW HOST CONFIDENTIAL by Michael Dobbs

I frequently awake in the middle of the night from unpleasant dreams, and the most unpleasant of them concern...embarrassment.

During the late Sixties, embarrassment was also unknown to many people. If you had to take a leak behind a tree, you were not embarrassed, you were merely acknowledging nature's superiority over human will, which was a fairly Aquarian thing to do.

In the Uptight Eighties, we embarrass so easily. Being naturally repressed by my white Protestant upbringing, I'm easily embarrassed, and I'd like to share some truly great embarrassing moments with you.

Have you ever just invited someone into your home at the precise moment your cat has decided to make a rather disgusting addition to his litter box? Just try to be cool as you explain why both of you are gagging.

When your morally correct landlord wonders why there are two different last names on the mailbox and doesn't buy your explanation about your wife keeping her name... all of which is done loudly for the amusement of your fellow tenants.

When the guest in your house asks to use the bathroom, and you show him the way only to discover the toilet has not been flushed from its last use...and there are no little kids upon which to blame the incident.

Sneezing near a salad bar in a busy restaurant...you want to apologize to every diner there, which, of course, only makes your embarrassment worse.

Popping a shirt button at work...naturally, yet another indication of your ever-increasing weight...this is done for maximum embarrassment potential in front of a young lady you hoped to impress...

Anything that happens in bed between two people is greatly embarrassing. Of course, there are many things I could detail from clumsiness with a condom at the height of passion to the varied messiness afterwards, but my favorite for generating dead white hairs is the realization that in the middle of being one, half of you are about to release certain gasses which are natural but thoroughly wrong for that moment.

Manly ego is a prime source for embarrassment. Men, of course, hide their natural human insecurities behind a buffer of hype and bluster. When one of us fails to maintain control, there is plenty of embarrassment to go around. One of my favorites goes like this: a friend and you are out drinking...first, you fail to bring enough money along to keep up paying for each other round...then, you manage to spill a drink on you in front of everyone there...you and your friend try to pick up the wrong women and get roughed up by their escorts...going into the parking lot, your friend shows you his new car and since you secretly don't know anything about cars, you make remarks completely inappropriate...finally, both of you get in, and you become profoundly ill all over his leather interior.

What will make this incident worse is, the next time you go into your home bar, all the regulars will have heard the chain of events and will have begun a tapestry to put on the wall to honor it.

For me, one of the greatest embarrassing moments came when I swore on the air and had to bleep myself, so the curse would not be carried out over the ether. But that is mild compared to some of the others I've mentioned, much less some that have happened to me that are simply far too tacky for the public prints.

Is there a cure for embarrassment? Well, it seems to me that when you strive to create a certain image that is actually counter to what you are really like, the old embarrassment potential gets pretty high. Over the years I've realized that if I can project myself positively but realistically to my world I'm much better off.

And if you believe that drivel, then, boy, am I embarrassed for you.

### That's Cute!



THE DEVIL MAKES ME  
DO IT!...



RICKY RACCOON ABOUT TO TURN  
OVER ANOTHER SUBURBAN  
TRASH CAN AT 1:00 A.M.!...

#### MISS CONCEIT

by Jeanne Anderson

In my hand I hold a pen.  
What lies behind is a perfect ten.  
Some say we're a dying breed,  
but the few are great, yes indeed!  
My beauty's wedged deep within,  
and it ponders upon my skin.  
Elegant are those that are like me,  
and surely there are those that long to be.  
I long to stand among my peers,  
just to listen to all their cheers!  
I don't have fortune, I don't have fame,  
but I'm beautiful just the same.  
Someone of my stature needs their space,  
an ego to fulfill, and a gorgeous face.  
You may think I'm Miss Conceit,  
but I've got my goals to meet.

VERNON GRANT—H

#### LIKE BUTTERFLIES

by Mary Ann Henn

I forgot what I was doing  
because I stopped to watch a robin  
gather straw to build her nest,  
to gaze again, delighted,  
at her orange breast.  
Because I stopped to poke dead leaves  
away from tiny buds  
and watched a dazzled frog emerge  
from winter mud.

There's a feeling in the air of spring  
and things I see  
that lead my thought away  
like butterflies all gone astray.

#### CONFUSION

by Bob Warner

Confusion is two  
men  
after the same old  
woman,  
who is after a  
handsome young man,  
who is after a  
pretty young girl who  
doesn't give a damn  
about any of them.

Make religion a kick-ass adventure!  
Self-help through raising hell!  
\$1 for startling, informative book:  
The Church of the SubGenius  
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She could of been a dancer!  
But no, she wanted to be a dentist!



# ARCAPSYCHOLOGY TODAY

by Polob

The General Belief that any proclivity for attributing the sundry woes of life to a Vast Conspiracy is the result of a terminal case of paranoia is typically absurd. More to the point, it is a mental defense system that enables me to avoid the horror of believing that people are naturally stupid. It would be more than mind or soul could bear to accept that, for instance, several billion years of evolution had cursed this planet with a dominant species that had the ability to create something as potentially miraculous as television and then use it to no better purpose than to degrade it into a combination pseudo-church and Roman circus. If I had to face the mere possibility that the majority of my fellow humans actually enjoyed "The Love Boat" out of genuine congenital bad taste rather than as the result of subliminal manipulation by a cunning and powerful secret group of power-mad predator-primates, I'd be off to the kitchen to whip up a nice cup of hot hemlock.

Hence, after the manner of my species, I found it soothing to Find Something To Blame, so if Omnicorp does not exist, it was necessary to invent it. Whether it exists or not is irrelevant. It serves a function. When I find myself beginning to writhe in terror at the madness around me, I can rally my courage by swearing to battle my adversary unto the last synapse in my cerebral cortex. Paranoid? Me? No chance, folks! If O. Inc. did or does exist, its prime tool would be Fear. I've always thought that Fear was what got us tossed out of Eden. "Shame" is nothing more than a specific form of Fear, isn't it?

Do I fear "Omnicorp"? No. I have a Circular Mind—that's how I got this peculiar and particular name (which is actually more a combination cognomin and motto). My theory is that if the Secret of Liberation is that "What Is What You Make It," then it follows that what you Fear, you create, thereby assuring your ill fate. In Arcapsychology, this is called "Negapositive-Posinegative Thinking." A close scrutiny of recorded history tends to support my theory. It is impossible to name any historical figure whose fate was not what they most likely expected it to be. Napoleon feared defeat at Waterloo. Lincoln was acutely aware of the possibility of assassination. Methuselah expected to die of old age. Julius Caesar was pretty sure the boys at the Senate weren't pleased with him, and W.C. Fields considered his liver expendable.

In twenty-five words or less, I'm so afraid that what I'm afraid of will happen if I fear it that I'm afraid to be afraid of it.

Let me cite an example from a recent happening.

Returning from one of my rare excursions from my hermetic seclusion to purchase necessities, I encountered two youths of rough appearance in a lonely stretch of darkened street.

"Wanna buy a knife?" says one of them, snapping open a long bladed flick-knife.

Without pausing, I gave this item a quick perusal and deciding it was not of any real use to me, I replied, "No, thanks," and not wanting to sound unfriendly, added, "I eat with my fingers," and strolled on without a backward glance.

It was not until the next day, when I related this tale to a visitor, that I was informed that what I'd mistaken for a sales pitch was a common opening line for a mugging. It seems my response was so unexpected that it broke the lineal pattern of the expected, leaving my would-be assailants momentarily unsure of what to do.

The deliberate use of the non-sequitor and/or entropic response as a defensive device is a documented phenomenon, a perfect example being the famous "Pool Game" vignette in "HAROLD HEDD #2" (published by Last Gasp Comix). My own instinctive use of it was not contrived and can only be considered the result of my training in Lafta Yoga, in which I hold degrees as a 23° Fool and Practicus Trickster.

To sum up, I hereby state for the record that I do not "suffer" from self-delusion; I enjoy it. We are all of

TOP SECRET

jun OA 6.6.6.

TRANSMISSION TO: Colonel Doctor Spinne  
Committee for Interstellar Transport  
Ravensdachs Sector

INITIATOR: Sergeant R.N. DuBois  
Subcommittee for Speed of Light Research  
Quadrant Two

CONSIDERATION: Latest Experiment Casualties

Holiness:

We continue to advise the candidates to abandon hope—that all who enter by the showers of light leave by the chimney, so to speak. The recent incident has encouraged the least desirable qualities of these people. The above-mentioned Restricted Level 4 Reaction is emerging sporadically.

Due to these developments, the Subcommittee has the following URGENT recommendations:

1. Criteria for selection of candidates must be broadened. The penultimate solution cannot be reached until this sector is completely filtered. And the unrest in the candidate population will be diluted by an increase in numbers.
2. Education of the Reborn must be accelerated. Our obligation to the future demands further sacrifice.
3. Strategies at hand should be utilized more widely. Mind tapping, pre-shower rituals, etc., can become sector-wide policies instead of techniques for special laboratories.
4. Leaders of the religious junta should reconsider identification procedures. Marginal candidates are escaping detection.

I hope we have not been outspoken. The Subcommittee awaits your blessing.

8. 8. 9. 133.

Ministry of Fact  
University of Stealth  
Huminoid, Nebraska 60606

Dear Entertainment Captain:

We would like to offer your school an opportunity to see and hear two of our most creative acts—free. Enclosed you will find a videodisc featuring recent performances by two of our groups in the punk mode. As you will note, the black musicians of MIGHTY WHITE perform such hits as "The Sonderkommandos Cometh," "Goering My Way," and "Goebbels Uber Alles." STANDARD DEDUCTION also works up a fuss on classics like "Over the Sidewalk," "Handgun Boogie," and their European smash, "Doctor Clone and Mr. Plot."

If you like what you see, I will be happy to send you other videodiscs featuring more of our clients. We also have under exclusive contract for Zone 2 such bands as Chain Search, Clones for Jesus and Midnight Wedding.

Naturally, these groups are available for live performances on your campus via satellite hook-up. Please feel free to contact me for further information.

Yours in the Way,

Jim Bob Billy, Director  
Dada Express Talent Agency  
After the Facts, Alabama 60606

(Both excerpts above are from a work-in-progress, The Book of Codes, by A.J. Wright)

us deluded, slaves—as John Dunne (I think) put it, "of Fate, Chance, Kings and Desperate Men," so if being deluded is unavoidable, at least the source of my delusion has my best interests at heart.



## STILLNESS

by Bob Warner

What is stillness?

Something dead?

Something frozen?

Water that will not flow?

An old rusty car that

will not go?

Think about it: Is stillness

a time, a place, a condition?

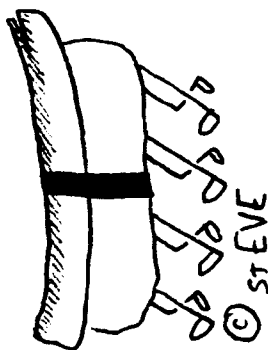
What the hell? Maybe

stillness

i s

o n l

y



## EXTREME HUMIDITY

by Tom Gedwillo

The title of this column has little to do with the subject at hand. It serves as a caveat to expect the unexpected when it comes to topics I choose to investigate. Given the universal freedom of etymological license, I take "extreme humidity" to mean ultimate heaviness, or simply heavy. Go a full 180 degrees and find the antithesis known as light. As a well-known Canadian philosopher from Winnipeg often states, "Make light of it." We are what we read.

### FINE ARTS AND THE LIBRARY COMPUTER

The Interlibrary Loan Service is available at most public libraries, enabling you to obtain materials from around the country that aren't available locally. When it comes to recorded works, the albums and singles that you don't find in your neighborhood record stores are most likely kept in Washington, D.C. at the Library of Congress. An associate of mine at the Lincoln library was able to verify the existence of several obscure discs through a nationwide computer network. Using a series of catalogs available exclusively to educational, non-commercial radio stations, I was fortunate to obtain "promo" copies of the following releases. Many of these have already been deleted by the record companies, and so I present a sampling of this decade's forgotten masterpieces.

**MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS**—Max Frisch (Mercury)—If Mark Mothersbaugh (Devo) had joined Fairport Convention, it would have sounded exactly like this. Highly calculated, funny and cleanly produced by Bill Laswell. Features "Kimbaloo," "Traders and Sailors," and "Woodman's Castle."

**ACRE OF THE UNDYING**—Ichabod Crane Reunion (ZTT Island)—A complete soundtrack for any George Romero/Stephen King film. Weaves illusory lyrics with bone-crunching chords. "Those Slippery Creatures" is a menace to any prepubescent mind. ICR hails from Portland and toured briefly in 1982.

**BLUE MAMMOTH**—Thomas Love and the Animal Republic (Atlantic)—Pure punch-in-the-guts swamp rock. Produced by John Doe (X) and featuring the world's only two-minute version of "Suzie Q."

**ROUNDHOUSE OF THE BIG SPOOL**—Ann Macey (EMI)—This will introduce a whole new generation to the magnificence of Greenwich Village folk music. A better version of Dylan's "Song to Woody" I've not heard. Includes original compositions such as "Another School of Thought" and "Circumstance of Life."

**UNPARALLELED SUFFERING AND SURPRISING ADVENTURE**—Vraidex (Warner Bros.)—If there was ever a band to carry on the tradition of The Nice, then Vraidex fits the bill. It takes awhile to sink in, but then you realize that Keith Emerson was only mixing Tchaikovsky with pre-funk Herbie Hancock. Mitch Easter (R.E.M.) produced. Don't miss "One Resident," "Mature Theatre," "Underground Realm," and "Whimsies."

**DADDY JONES' KINGDOM**—Nick Bretonne (Portrait)—My only all-instrumental entry is America's answer to Isao Tomita. Whereas Tomita interprets the classics (Debussy/Bach) we have Bretonne's version of Duke Ellington gone digital. "Loonarie" would have been a great dance single.

**VISIBLE SIGN OF VOCATION**—Townsend Warner Band (Twin/

Tone)—You'd swear Arthur Lee and Love had returned after experiencing such songs as "During the Rainy Season," "Rubbing Everything Out," "Water-Babies," "True History," and "A Dialogue Both Pleasant and Pitiful." Roddy Frame (Aztec Camera) plays on many selections, although uncredited.

A footnote to this overview is the inclusion of the following singles, by artists who never had a chance at entire albums of their works:

"Three-O-Seven"—Red Virgins (Mainstream)

"Rabbits in Waistcoats"—Bob Osowski (MCA)

"When They Touch the Ground"—Howard Phillips (Afka)

"La Cite des Dames"—Kit Rachlis (Calliope)—Fr. import

"Rock of the Magic Garden"—Martin Barre (Anagram)

## Wax Ink

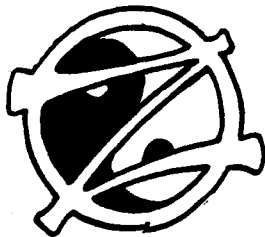
by Rory Houchens

**RIPTIDE**—Robert Palmer (Island)—Since the anemic shenanigans of the Power Station introduced blue-eyed soul brother Robert Palmer to those enamoured with Duran Duran and other such musical tinkers, the whole world should now be ready for the latest solo offering from Master Palmer, RIPTIDE. The usual funk and R&B groundwork is still intact, but on this lp, Rob has expanded his boundless repertoire to include a little rock, a bit of pop and even an old classic. The album starts off with "Riptide," a lush croonathon from fifty years ago with some ABBEY ROAD-inspired synthetics, moves into the justly-titled "Hyperactive," the searing "Addicted to Love," and rests for a moment on Earl King's flat-out funkster, "Trick Bag." "Get It Through Your Heart" slows things down a little as Rob pulls up to the ballad bar, but he's back on the R&B trail with "I Didn't Mean To Turn You On" and the merciless "Flesh Wound." Wrapping things up is "Discipline of Love," an incendiary piece of music whose vocal performance is somewhere between James Brown and prime Paul Rodgers. Get it while it is truly hot!

**PACK UP THE PLANTATION**—Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers (MCA)—If this live lp is any indication, Peggy and company's studio work pales in comparison to their polished concert performances. The hits, "Refugee," "The Waiting," "You Got Lucky," explode like firecrackers on the Fourth of July, while lesser-known numbers, like the exceptional "Southern Accents" and "I Need To Know," are presented with determination and loving care. Cover versions of "So You Want To Be A Rock & Roll Star" and "Needles And Pins" (with Stevie Nicks) are executed with respect for the originals, and "Don't Bring Me Down" and "Shout" deviate slightly, but favorably. Recommended!

"It Ain't Easy"/"I Found Out" and "Gone So Long"/"Phone"—The Shy (Shy Recording Enterprises, P.O. Box 734, Utica, MI 48087-0734)—The Shy are three very talented guys from Michigan whose influences include Dave Edmunds, Elvis Costello and the Romantics, and whose sound encompasses everything from the Everly Brothers to Nick Lowe to rock-and-roll era Conway Twitty. "It Ain't Easy" is a slice of (non-archaic) rockabilly propelled by Larry Decker's energetic vocals and guitar, while "I Found Out" somehow squeezes whole eras of modern music into one less-than-three-minute song. "Gone So Long," a rollicking banjo tune vaguely reminiscent of the Stampeders (remember them?), shows quite a bit of progress—Decker's vocals are sharper, Mike Sackey's drums are crisp, and Paul Lark's bass is solid, yet unobtrusive—as they pop along supported by a horn section. "Phone" is even more impressive with a stronger, bouncier feel that is impossible to resist.

**NIGHT-GLO**—Carla Bley (Watt/ECM)—Carla Bley is one of the most respected and enjoyable jazz composers and arrangers of our time, but NIGHT-GLO captures her forsaking her (mostly) big band, and unfortunately, a lot of her musical savvy, too. "Pretend You're In Love," "Night-Glo" and "Rut" are colorless, tasteless and bland as mush. They represent the kind of music that used to accompany toothpaste commercials—light, inoffensive and pointless. Improving matters greatly are "Crazy With You," a smooth but mesmerizing number (great guitar by Hiram Bullock), and the ambitious "Wildlife," a completely successful excursion into the deepest, darkest jungle filled to bursting with amazing horn and (Bley's) organ work. Overall, not Bley's best, but side two comes very close. 11



# Zenarchy STORIES

by Ho Chi Zen

## LIBERATED YOGA

In Lizelle Raymond's *To Live Within* the Indian yogi Sri Anirvan tells her: "Man is growing. There will come a day when we shall know true spiritual democracy, everyone standing on his own feet and hailing one another 'Brother!'. No masters, no Gurus. Science, logic, democracy are all tending toward the true spiritual-democratic movement. When man has learned to be spiritually free from all dogmas, learned not to lean on any staff but his own feet, then the Vedic spirit will dawn upon him making heaven and earth one."

## COMES THE REVOLUTION

"The Zenarchist Revolution," says Ho Chi Zen, "will come as a split-second of lightning without thunder on a summer's clear noon: no one will expect it; not many will notice it; none will miss it afterwards."

## JUMPING TO THE CONCLUSION

A friend of Camden's who as into Zen was asked by someone how he first became aware of the Doctrine.

"In a dictionary of philosophy and religion, figuring people tend to get things backwards, I began my search for answers at the end of the alphabet."

"I see," nodded the questioner. "So you started with Zen."

"No. I started with Zoraster. Then Zen."

## IT'S A LIVING

In the summer of 1972 I went to New Mexico, visiting for a couple of weeks my friend Tom Duckworth, a Ram Dass devotee. Stories of the Vedic Avatars, Rama and Krishna, who descended into the world in evil times to kill devils and teach sublime spiritual principles, were a perpetual source of fascination to him.

One day while visiting with him some of his friends who lived a primitive existence in tents along the river, I smoked some very powerful grass they had grown and went on a terrible psychedellic bummer. At one point I became so paranoid that I thought my companions were trying to walk me and my young son into quicksand, and in complete despair I yelled out: "GOD TAKE ME!" A few minutes later I became so elated that I was throwing twenty dollar bills away in the desert.

Tom took me back to his ranch house commune and began to work with me. Gradually, with a deft combination of firmness, timing, wit and compassion, he helped me get my own feet back on the ground. Not only that, but in the days that followed he very generously shared his skills at such things, so that in the future I'd be capable of coping with others caught up in drug bums and the mystifications of everyday living.

After it was all over, he looked at me with warmth in his eyes and said, "And if anybody ever asks you what you do for a living—tell them you slay demons."

## THE ZENARCHIST ARSENAL

A growing collection of ideas useful for advancing social change by means of direct pointing, the Zenarchist Arsenal lists such tactics as, "Hand them a flower," and, "Wink at little old ladies."

Another weapon included is the thought of turning your garage into a barter bank, in order to expose the nature of money and to demonstrate how the money system might be side-stepped: spare possessions and salvage are collected and a credit ledger is maintained; for every item you deposit in the barter bank you get a bargained number of units of credit; every item you withdraw is charged to your account. That money is only a symbol becomes immediately obvious to all participants. Excess personal belongings can be shared or disposed of without forfeiture of access to tools. Barter banks can also function as neighborhood information centers; one on every block could transform society.

Successful historical demonstrations of anarchy in action are also filed in the Zenarchist Arsenal. One of these is Lysander Spooner's post office, the American Letter Mail Company. Spooner was a lawyer by profession but an anarchist by conviction. A friend of his once asked, "If there

# Ah, Sweet Truth!

by Susan Packie

I flipped through the first few pages of the manuscript, my eyes nearly popping out of my head.

"Patti dear, what are you writing now?"

"This is my autobiography. I wanted to get it down in black and white before some sadistic hack of a writer came along and put it down in blue, yellow and green."

"But none of this has anything whatsoever to do with you, or with anyone mentioned here, either, for that matter. Your father wasn't born in a log cabin to a homesteader and his child bride. You weren't forced to spend the first ten years of your life in a closet because you shared a bedroom with ten brothers and sisters in a three-room apartment. How can you write such material and call it autobiographical?"

"Oh, I admit I fictionalized it a bit, but all famous authors do that."

"A bit? This is fabricated entirely out of whole cloth! When as a child were you molested by your uncle?"

"Did I say that? I don't remember that part. I guess I was referring to when my uncle grabbed at my skirt."

"As I remember that incident, that was when you tried to jump out your bedroom window and were stopped just in the nick of time by your father's brother."

"Yes, of course. He clutched at my skirt. I'd call that child molestation, wouldn't you?"

"Only if he tried something funny afterwards."

"He did. He took me to the circus. See?"

"And all this about drug experimentation, sex for sale, blackmail and larceny—how true is any of that?"

"Spicy, isn't it? It makes me sound like a real vamp—an utterly fascinating woman. Do you think the book will sell well?"

"I think it will go like hotcakes, but aren't you afraid you'll be sued by the scores of innocent people you've slandered by writing this?"

"No. You should read what they're saying about me in their autobiographies!"

"What is truth anymore?"

"If I unload one or two million copies, am paid for first rights plus the royalty on each copy sold, and the book goes through several editions..."

was no government, who would deliver the mail?" To prove that a free enterprise postal system would work, Lysander Spooner went into business delivering mail—offering more deliveries per day than the government, cheaper rates and turning a tidy profit besides! So threatening did his service become to the Post Office in the New England states that Congress made it illegal for him to use Federal highways. When that failed to drive him out of business, they finally got him by making it illegal to deliver a first-class letter for profit.

To establish your own Zenarchist Arsenal simply set aside a file folder or a large envelope for that purpose. Whenever you encounter another Zenarchist, exchange ammunition. Eventually the Zenarchist Arsenal will become a vast collective body of literature pertaining to the strategy and tactics of Yin Revolution and The No Politics.

Translated into action, these notions will become the social revolution.

## MODEST PROPOSAL FOR A DECENT AMERICA

"No Roman Emperor was ever foolish enough to try to make a weed illegal," said Ho Chi Zen. "If we are going to persist in outlawing marijuana, we ought to at least be consistent and prohibit morning glories, nutmeg and banana peels."

"Bananas could be stripped of their natural covering in Latin America and coated with yellow plastic before they were shipped to the U.S. We ought to be able to get both the duPonts and the Rockefellers to lobby for that one."


"Maybe we could then enjoy more variety. Not just yellow bananas but all colors, not to mention bananas with clear plastic peels. We could have bananas you tear along the dotted line and bananas that unzip. And so the anti-banana peel lobby could point out that outlawing bananas would increase freedom of choice for Americans."

"Cheap bananas could carry advertising on them."

lluminatoids, Masons, Counselors on Foreign Relations, Nazi Hell Creatures from Beneath the Hollow Earth, any and all Rockefeller. \$1 for intense pamphlet guaranteed to confuse you **AND** to contain real information about who's really running the world today!



— both benevolent and evil.  
They reveal themselves to the worthy.  
Details \$1

 **The SubGenius Foundation**  
Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

by Roger Morris

It is a well-known fact that space aliens are living among us right now. The exact numbers are not known, but it is estimated to be somewhere between ten and thirty thousand in the United States alone. Many of you may think this is completely absurd, but I have been witness to these aliens and their activities even though it is difficult to distinguish a space monster from just another Earthling.

These "beings" live and work among the working class in order to study and analyze our behavior patterns. This will give them much of the knowledge needed to infiltrate the governments of the world and fulfill their goal to rule the Earth and work the remaining few as slaves.

What can we as humans do about this? We can squirm around on our bellies crying for mercy and hope their planet will be sucked into a black hole never to be seen again, or we can retaliate by causing confusion and disorganization in their studies of the human race. Before we do this we must first be able to identify these space monsters. Luckily, I have had enough experience in identifying these "beings" to give you some clues for alien identification (not to be confused with station identification).

Does a friend or neighbor like to inject glue into one of their eyes with the same needle and syringe that their local veterinarian uses to vaccinate rabid dogs? Does this person eat lunch with their butt? Is this person unable to imitate Yogi Bear? Does this person derive pleasure from the odor of insulated underwear worn by an aloe vera farmer? If so, there's a very good possibility of your friend or neighbor being an alien.

A common but very secretive activity among the aliens is the exchanging of nostril tissue. For some unknown reason the space creatures get great pleasure from "snot snorting."

As I stated earlier, these creatures are collecting important data on human behavioral patterns that will be of great significance in their attempt to infiltrate key world governments. The United States, Russia, Siam and Arkansas are likely to be the prime targets. For this reason, it is imperative for us humans to act as abnormal as possible when we detect observations being made upon us. For instance, if an Earthling were in a supermarket and noticed an alien watching their movements, the Earthling should sit on a package of cheese (preferably Kraft singles) at a forty-five degree angle and rotate their body at thirty-seven hundred rpm's for approximately ninety seconds. If this course of action fails to confuse the space ace, the human should then harness him- or herself to the shopping cart and act as though they were an Alaskan Huskie pulling a dog sled across the Yukon.

If a man and a woman were in a fine restaurant enjoying an elegant meal and suddenly realized they were under surveillance, the couple should immediately shave their food and give an air band performance while wearing the hat of a Bulgarian ceiling fan operator. After this has been accomplished, the couple should then stand on their table holding a plunger and examine the waiter's stomach lining.

There are hundreds upon thousands of situations we could discuss and millions of bizarre courses of action we humans could use to counteract the alien plot of world domination, but it is obvious we cannot discuss each and every one of them. All we humans can do is diligently and relentlessly strive to offset this horrid plot against our way of life and hope that by some small chance, we win.

by Lang Thompson

Heading to work yesterday morning, I opened the door and almost stepped on a blob of Silly Putty. It was larger than my fist and when I reached down to pick it up it began to slowly roll away. Not like it was alive or anything, you understand; the floor was just a little uneven.

I went back inside to get a cookie jar that wasn't being used and then scooped up the blob into the jar. Nothing happened, just as I had expected. After making sure the lid was screwed on tightly, I headed to work.

That evening, the entire jar was filled with the blob and visions of it exploding and engulfing my apartment became uppermost. When I picked the jar up it seemed pretty light to be filled with such a blob so I looked closer. Sure enough, the jar wasn't filled; instead, the blob had just spread itself out to cover the inside of the glass which made the jar look like it was full. For some reason, I didn't really feel relieved.

I considered throwing the whole thing away but figured that if it didn't do anything all day then what could it do at night? That definitely sounded like famous last words, but then that's the kind of guy I am.

The next morning at 5:30 somebody knocked on my door. Light had barely started to appear and there were still two hours before my alarm went off so I wasn't too pleased. At the door was a really peculiar-looking man. Barely five feet tall, he was covered with thick, bulky coats and other articles of clothing so that the only flesh I could see was his face. I had been running my air conditioner all night.

His face was even more strange. Obviously, he was sick, since his skin was paste-looking and sweat was dripping down. When he moved his eyes, it was slowly and with no flickering. Usually, he just stared.

"I hate to bother you," was the first thing he said and I was surprised that he spoke in such deep, sure tones. "My child was playing around here the night before last and lost a small toy that she treasures very much. It is a small fragment of modelling clay. Perhaps you have seen it?"

Well of course I had, so I told him that not only did I see it but had saved the toy. "Wait a minute and I'll get it for you."

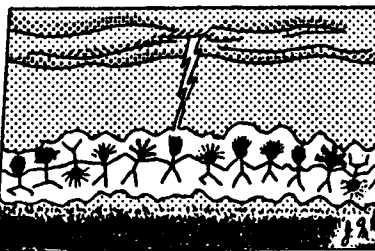
When I put the jar into his gloved hands, I heard a small, almost inaudible sound come from his chest. The blob pulled itself up to the top of the jar. The man stared at me again. "Thank you so very much. You don't know what this means."

He turned and started walking up the street, holding the jar close to his face. I went back to bed.

Jed Martinez says: "The only fear I have about my participation in the 'Hands Across America' project is that the weather isn't going to be perfect for it everywhere. I can see the next day's headlines..."



# A NATION IS SHOCKED



Millions of  
citizens jolted  
as lightning  
strikes vast  
human chain...  
SEE STORY ON PAGE 3

# A Plea For Compassion

by Sylvia Plath

There are limits to everything. That's what I always say, and I think the limits have been reached in making jokes about sick and disabled people, especially with all the horrible diseases going around these days.

Sure, maybe AIDS was a howler back in the seventies. I've got one of those posters of a guy's hairy tush with a Surgeon General's warning tattooed on it, saying: "Caution: This entrance may be hazardous to your health. All the ladies at Penney's bought one, but this is the eighties, and it's not just peculiar people are catching it anymore.

I just read about a school in Toledo, Ohio where 83 children have caught AIDS since last Christmas, and the Health Department found out it was caused by a contaminated shipment of those paper liners you put on the toilet seat in public restrooms. Now what's so funny about that? And how about Alzheimer's? You think it's humorous to watch a former cheerleader and ex-wife of a state legislator messing herself at Beaver Booster Brunch? Well, I don't, and you shouldn't either.

What this world needs now is a little less humor and a lot more compassion, especially for people with Alzheimer's and AIDS. One of my best friends has come down with both of these terrible afflictions, and I'd like to share with you a tale of true courage that should put an end to the tasteless and insensitive jokes I've been hearing about the infirm and the dying.

Elizabeth Taylor (not her real name) had been active in the United Way for 15 years. An accomplished cake decorator, she founded the B&D Christian Daycare Center, and was instrumental in having the chanterelle adopted as Oregon's State Flower. In 1981, she forged a coalition between Republicans and Democrats in the State Senate to have the Oregon Brown Forest Slug added to the protected species list.

Always active in political and social life, Liz never had time to take sick, so it came as a severe shock to the Taylor family and their acquaintances when she was struck down by food poisoning at a restaurant salad bar in The Dalles during the summer of 1984. Hundreds of other people affected by the suspect vegetables suffered only minor symptoms, but Liz was hospitalized for several days.

## TABLE MANNERS ARE FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO *A vignette by Rodny Dioxin*

The smoke snaked around the room. Anja was sure (yes! sure! she'd be willing to provide all the customary references to support her contention) that she could feel it solidifying in her lungs. The lecture was everything she hated about being a graduate student all condensed into one horrid two-hour chunk. She wanted to feel something. Anything. She wished Roger was next to her.

Now that was hot. She gave an involuntary shudder just remembering. Last week she'd pierced his nipples. He'd only screamed a little, which disappointed Anja. But she knew he was sincere in what he gave at least. Roger never faked it. Not with her. Not after the first time anyway. They'd done it all. And he'd gotten off on it even more than she had. Then he'd forgotten his place. Forgotten the rules. She reminded him.

Somet mes things were a blur for Anja. Moments blended together. Not this one. Clear, very clear it all was. Roger stretched out, tied down, face down. She knelt over him, drawing little designs on his back. The knife was very sharp. He just moaned softly. To punctuate each design she'd gulp a mouthful of vodka, spit half onto his flesh. That made him scream. She smiled.

The class was filing out. Anja went to the ladies' room, looked in the mirror. She'd always loved this little black dress. The pearls Roger had given her on their first date went so well with it. She dabbed on a bit of lip gloss and ran out. Wouldn't want to be late to his funeral.

Puzzled by how slowly Liz was recovering from the botulism and alarmed by marked changes in her behavior, the Taylors' personal physician ordered a series of tests on his patient. Sure enough, HTLV III antibodies were found in Liz's blood. She had AIDS.

Ironically, Liz was the first American in which the AIDS virus was isolated in the nervous system. And then, doctors made an astounding discovery: the concentration of aluminum in Liz's brain tissue was sufficient to produce a flatware service for four.

Under the huge electron microscope at the Oregon Health Sciences University Department of Epidemiology, it became clear that the AIDS retrovirus was devouring Liz's brain at an alarming rate, leaving behind deposits of undigestible aluminum. It had long been known that the incidence of Alzheimer's Disease was significantly higher in people who used aluminum cookware or non-stick cooking surfaces, but for the first time, researchers from the Centers for Disease Control had established a link between Alzheimer's, AIDS, and the mass inoculation of Americans against swine flu during Gerald Ford's administration.

At last science had pinpointed a possible cause for these dread diseases in victims who had never dined on uncooked pork.

Against this backdrop, Liz struggled to maintain her dignity and vitality even as her defenses were stripped and her mind began to fail her. As with all victims of Alzheimer's, Liz slowly exhibited an inability to express or experience abstract nouns and verbs, which make up so much of human existence.

Liz developed a complex scheme of color-coding her thoughts, painting or placing swatches of fabric on familiar objects you and I take for granted. Hate became Harvest Gold. Love was Chocolate Brown. The phone was Lingerie Beige. Relief became Wedgewood Blue.

Even people took on all the hues of the rainbow. I myself had to wear at least a patch of Flamingo Organdy for Liz to recognize my presence. Her children Dutch, Daisy, and Maple took on Mauve, Canary Yellow, and Fire Engine Red respectively. Husband Zachary dressed routinely in a kelly green and caramel apple tartan.

For a time, all was well. But once again, tragedy struck as Liz was taken color-blind. The road back from this unfair disaster was slow and torturous. Daily, often hourly, as friends and family wrote the names of the colors in three-inch-high letters (Liz was also losing her black and white vision), our poor friend complained at having chosen colors with such unwieldy names. "It'll take me hours to read the kitchen alone!" she sighed. It broke our hearts to hear it.

No sooner had we completed the three-month task of translating all the colors in Liz's world into words than life dealt another cruel blow, and Liz completely lost her ability to read. She spent hours, sobbing on the sofa, babbling pure mathematics.

In the end, the suffering was simply too much for dear Liz, and after a failed attempt at suicide by sticking her head in the microwave oven, she drowned herself in the dishwasher.

And this, my fellow citizens, is what sickness unto death is really about, a tale of fortitude and conviction, not cynical despair, not painless pratfalls, not puns and malapropisms.

So next time someone behind you at the Schnitz makes a cruel joke about another's misfortune, I hope you will convey to this insensitive cretin the sad story of Elizabeth Taylor. I'm convinced all of Mankind will be better for the telling, and you will feel so much better and self-righteous watching the joker squirm.

Though a devoted housewife, occasional Avon and Mary Kay Cosmetic salesperson, and Cub Scout Den Mother, Sylvia Plath still finds time to engage in her hobby of cruising Northeast Union and Sandy Bouvelard looking for kicks.

This column was conceived and executed at The Portland Pathological Outpatient Clinic, Lounges, and Laundromat, Dr. E. V. Ignacio Ligi, Director. The Clinic is dedicated to the discovery and dissemination of imaginary solutions to imaginary problems and is in no way affiliated with the National Endowment for the Arts or any other government agency.

## BOOK REVIEW by Maiden Jappan

NEIL'S BOOK OF THE DEAD by Nigel Planer

(illustrated by Terence Blacker)

Okay, so my roomie Bennie gives me this videotape to watch of this truly strange British show her cousin taped off MTV called The Young Ones, which is being hailed as this generation's Monty Python and INSIDE JOKE's TV Show of the Year and all that. Then she waits for the enormity of the weirdness to sink in before she springs this book on me as I'm desperately seeking subway reading matter. I should've known better, really I should've, after splitting a gut or two in front of the ol' Beta. Somewhere there are Q train riders who may have sworn off public transit forever after the way I carried on laughing at this trippy tome.

Don't get the wrong idea, now. If you've never seen TYO (and no excuses will do!), you may still chuckle here and there at the Sixties satire and rips at pagan and Zen lore—but Neil's Book of the Dead is not written as Nigel Planer (The Actor/Author) but as his TV character, and it's done totally in character, so much so that in reading it you almost have to inject Neil's vocal inflections into your head to make the words come out right.

That said and done, this book is hilarious, brim-full of Neil's insecurity with himself and women (remember, the character is a stunted hippy, and hippies were quite sexist, so don't go blaming the man for not being ahead of his behind-the-times), drug-induced brainstorm, philosophies of life and lentils, and admiration for icons like Leonard Cohen and others (many of whose excerpted quotations make them sound farther out in space than Neil himself). Neil explains to us most of the Thirteen Bobos (mystic stages), taking us through the adventures of his plant, his guitar, and his subconscious mind; publishing his own alternate mag which he then decides is, like everything else he sets out to accomplish, ultimately worthless and stupid; discussing allergies, America, the Bread-head Conspiracy and too many other subjects to mention without copying down the whole thing.

Neil's Book of the Dead overflows (pun intended) with excrementation of the highest caliber, and indeed there he is on the cover sitting on his favorite throne. This book is a must for all SubGs hip to TYO, since many of Neil's musings are right up "Bob's" alley. My personal favorite portion of the book, literary-minded sort that I am, was Neil's expository and "truly heavy" footnotes-within-footnotes section that turns into a sort of Moebius strip before our eyes...All in all, like the tv programme itself, this book is, for the initiated, absolutely wonderful. Our copy has been forthwith donated to the INSIDE JOKE Archives and Reading Room (the john at Apt. Third-Eye) for posterity (or whatever). "Oh wow....."

(ED. NOTE: Tom Gedwillo [address in letter column] is still looking for membership in his newly-started fan club for The Young Ones—check it out!)

## FLASHBACK

by Steven Scharff

I was still in Vocational School when it happened, and I remember it very, very well. The substitute teacher for our class had not shown up yet, and several of the students were horsing about, playing ersatz football with a roll of paper towels, accompanied to the sound of a boom-box playing a cassette collection of 60's hits.

The Led Zeppelin song "Rock and Roll" came on, and one kid stated, "Jeez, when this came out, we all thought it sucked!"

I was taken aback and replied, "I didn't!"  
"Yeah? And when were YOU born?"

"Sixty-two," I answered matter-of-factly.

Suddenly, all eyes were on me. These kids had been born in the early 70's or late 60's. To them, I was a hippie veteran. I was bombarded with questions that I could not answer. What I was doing when I heard about JFK being shot, Did I go to Woodstock, Did I go to any

psychedelic concerts, Did I drop any LSD, How did I feel when Jimi Hendrix died...

I spent that turbulent decade either in diapers or playing in the sandbox in the backyard. What I knew of the sixties was what was on TV, or what I saw when my mother took me to the Two Guys department store. The trend was to wear anachronistic collections of clothing (Great-grandfather's WWI jacket with Levi's), or outfits with color combinations that resembled TV test patterns.

All I remember of Martin Luther King being shot was the bulletin that interrupted "Daniel Boone," and all the sirens heading towards nearby Newark several days afterwards.

Music came from a battered black AM portable that had belonged to my grandfather (who gave it up so he could use his hearing aid), with felt-pen marks on the dial for stations that carried baseball or football games. The stations were WABC (now all-talk) and WWDJ (now all-gospel). It was not uncommon in those days to hear such folks as Frank Zappa, or 15-minute-long cuts of guitar abuse, emanating from high-power AM stations.

And TV—ah yes, TV. Before cable (back then, that was something you'd get if you lived in rural areas where hills were high and antennas were low). When Rankin-Bass animation had Saturday morning cartoon shows to its credit. I remember waking up as early as possible on Saturdays to see "Colonel Bleep," a no-budget black & white limited animation (and how!) series that featured constant narrative in lieu of motion (the visuals were still-frame pictures with an occasional on-screen movement, all drawn in a stark "Things To Come" style, as if to look futuristic), and had Col. Bleep as a spaceman aided by Squeak (a living marionette) and Scratch (a caveman), doing battle against assorted bad guys, always being foiled.

And if I got up even earlier, I'd catch some George Pal puppets with Jasper, a stereotype-looking black youth (this was before the Civil Rights Act), in assorted harmless adventures, save for one where he steals one of his father's cigars and smokes it himself. In the sickness that follows, he hallucinates that he is being chased through the jungle by head-hunting cigars carrying matches instead of spears. (Show that on TV nowadays, and the switchboards will light up like Christmas trees.)

The news gave passing reference to something happening in New York State, a big rock concert called "Woodstock," but emphasized more on the traffic problems it created rather than its cultural significance.

As for me, I remember only patches of that decade. "Laugh-In;" the jokes on the "Smothers Brothers" show that I never got, but often left my dad roaring with laughter and my mother red-faced; hearing some strange and wonderful guitar music coming from my brother's room, and then being chased away for hanging by his doorway; and an ad in a Sears catalog for something called a Nehru jacket that looked like something between a Catholic priest's jacket and the colors one would see on the surface of a puddle on an oil-splattered street.

My coming-of-age was in the 1970's, where racism raised its ugly head in the guise of the rock/disco conflict, and ME-oriented books became common on bestseller shelves.

Now I read about a possible 60's revival underway, with a collection of psychedelic concerts, and even the punk rockers are wearing their hair long. Head shops replaced by health food stores, and computers no longer Orwellian tools of "The Man" but toys of the talented...

I for one am going to await this "revival" and see what transpires. With the return of several "espresso spots" to the NYC scene (I've visited a basement "Saturdays-only" place called 22 Below), we may see another Dylan (either Bob or Thomas) make his/her way from obscurity to a guest spot on "The Tonight Show," to be followed by a flood of crass commercialized imitations.

Like I've always said, the more things change, the more they stay insane.

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by "Kid" Sieve

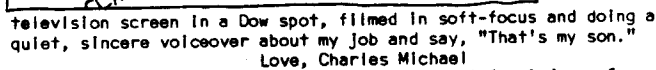
I'd forgotten against what I was supposed to be railing regarding Pepsi (as promised last issue), so I guess I'm not as pissed as I thought I was. I even kinda like the new bit with Michael J. What's-his-Fox. Besides, I'm more interested in the Newsday article of 2/15 which reported Coke Classic as "outselling New Coke by about 3 to 1 nationally," but e'en so warns us of Classic's new double-edged advertising sword of "catch the wave" for the so-called youngsters and the more annoying up-with-America "red, white & you" slogan for the so-called older viewer (18-34!). This one "focuses on the 'emotional bonds' that tie consumers to the product," said Brain G. Dyson, president of Coca-Cola USA. The spots show Classic as part of the American landscape and fits (sic) in with the recent trend in commercials toward patriotic celebrations." I could get on my soapbox here and do a spiel about what a fucked-up concept 'patriotism' is in the first place and how it's probably caused more pain and death than any physical disease you can name, but a faithful reader has constructively accused me of getting too preachy, so I'll let it go for another time and get on with the usual bitching...

really could use your input—thanks!

1) WITH HELP LIKE THAT...—Almost as annoying as those Armed Forces ads (and by the way, I can never say enough nasty things about the Armed Forces' patently false advertising—even with our esteemed P.A.'s Navy experience, he can testify that military life isn't anything like the rosy "your choice of lifestyle/career" it's painted to be in the commercials...but you probably knew that, didn't you?) where the father says to the son, "So, you're going to be a soldier...Be a good one" (by killing lots of people and blindly following incompetent and irresponsible orders to destroy without question, I presume—how else can one be a "good soldier?" Somehow those two words don't mean the same as they did in the days of Shirley Temple movies) is the heinously misleading campaign from Dow Chemical, a company constantly—and justifiably—under attack from us "KGB Dupes for Peace" and pro-environment kooks on minor points such as making our country's defense more offensive and passing off lab-made chemicals as nature's stepchildren. As far as I can see, the only thing Dow has going for it is that it's not Union Carbide—yet. Anyway, their current commercials put me in mind of a brilliantly-done Harry Shearer short which ran on a recent David Letterman show which parodied industrial films and featured a scene with Michael McKean ("Spinal Tap") and Marcia Strassman or whatever her name is ("Welcome Back Kotter") singing about the fictitious company's nuclear weapons division, this real romantic ballad with vaseline'd lenses and everything. But my anonymous friend sent me a letter (self-composed, I think) which says it better than I ever could, and I'd like to reprint it here if I may.

February 4, 1986

Yes, my starting salary is excellent, Dad, but that's not why I'm at Dow. I'm here because I'm being given the opportunity to help people. And that's really what it's all about. I know we've had our disagreements over the years. You were upset when I dropped out of law school to join the Army. And you really freaked when I went AWOL from the Army and joined the Navy. I was merely a sensitive young man trying to find himself, Dad. I hope you can understand that now. I want you to be proud of me. And more than anything, I want you to see me on the



See you next time, and remember, keep watching out for those commercials, or you'll, um, really have to watch out later. Gosh, why can't I write catchy endings like Mildred did?

**TIRE OF THE SAME OLD SAVIORS?**  
Find the premier short-duration personal savior, J. R. "Bob" Debbas. Love 'im, hate 'im; no binding contract with "Bob"! Get in on the ground floor of

by Jonah James Whimbles

The Maine Boy doesn't often get to go to the big city, but when he does, he likes to take his three-quarter-ton '65 Chevy pick-up truck with the bullet-proof siding and a couple of pecks of rotting clams or fish to keep the local New York dacoits from rifling through the sur-

## Let's Talk Grammar

by Kip M. Ghesin

God, please let's. You'll notice I didn't say lets. That's because the word let's is a contraction, a word shortened from its (NOT it's, but I'll get to that in the next paragraph) original two-word form. If you see a combination proun + is/has, that word will end in apostrophe-ess and that's how you know it's a contraction, clods.

Take its/it's, the single most common stupid, glaring, asinine grammatical error of our time. Really, I've never understood why you people have so many problems with this! Is it because you see it as a noun like that instead of a pronoun? Wrong, wrong, wrong! You will never see the word thats, apostrophe-less. Try making sense out of the perfectly grammatical observation, when speaking of a neuter or inanimate object, "That's got thats priorities straight," and you'll see why. You'd have to substitute its for the second thats. Most of us would just say, "It's got its priorities straight," and I hope you have yours (NEVER your's—there's no such original form as your + is!) straight after seeing and understanding that sentence. In the above case, it's is, of course, an it + has contraction, but the word has is an auxiliary verb here (have/has/had), NOT a statement of possession! You can't abbreviate a possessive, idiots! You can't say "I've a peanut, you've a peanut, it's a peanut" when you mean "it has a peanut" because it'll always sound like you're saying "it is a peanut," see? Why do you lunkheads make it so hard on yourselves? Can't you get a pithy thing like that straight, for godsake? Drives me up the fuckin' wall, it does.

But, you're whining, what about when we have the it + is combo instead of it + has? How do we tell the diff then, huh? Sorry, I can't answer that now. I have to go feed the ol' pet jabberwock. It's time for its minimum dailies.

Now that I'm back, I want to assure you that let's, the first contraction mentioned in this essay, is pretty much an exceptional case, as it's (to my immediate recollection) the only contraction which uses verb + us as its origin combo, and which is just a plain old third-person verb when without the apostrophe (he lets/she lets/it lets). That lets me off the hook, right?

How about another once-over on the proun + are contractions versus possessives? A real big mistake seems to be confusing you with the "equivalent" contraction you're simply 'cause they're homonyms (words that sound the same but are spelled differently); same with their and they're, which is complicated even more by the third existant homonym, there (not to even mention there's/their's, because if you people can't even get it's/its straight there's no point in getting more complex!). The only one with which you don't seem to have trouble is we're, and I suspect that's only because it's a different word altogether, were, when the apostrophe's missing.

The next person who spells a lot as one word gets hir house fire-bombed...Oh, did you spot a non-word in there? Well, perhaps. You see, as a non-card-carrying androgyn myself, I realize the importance of non-gender-specific vocabulary. When referring to an androgyn or a person who would prefer gender not to be the issue (for instance, if you have a sentence, To each \_\_\_\_\_ own) it is more than correct to use the subjective prounoun combo s/he and the objective and possessive prounouns hir and hirs, as long as everyone else knows about what you're talking. Otherwise it is far more grammatical to use the plural prounouns they/their/theirs and suffer a subject/verb number disagreement than a subject/verb gender disagreement. People already use the plural form in conversation more often, anyway.

One last thing for this installment: Many of you may not even be aware of the fact that everyone in the entire universe (with the exception of Edwin Newman and the Underground Grammarian) uses the word hopefully incorrectly. I myself understand why this is so, and I also understand the proper use of the word (which in effect means "full of hope" and not "in hope that", so you really can't say Hopefully he'll show up when in effect you mean I hope he'll show up because you'd never say things like Wishfully he'll show up, see—like when you use hopefully there it means he's the one who's gonna show up hopeful, and not that you're hoping...well, you see my point), but it's pretty useless to get on people's backs about this one, as it's already all but passed into common usage. And once something's passed into common usage, grammar or no grammar, it's bound to stay awhile.

So, what bugs you (and no wiseguy comments about this column being what bugs you) about the way people talk? Send in your suggestions and I'll be happy to elucidate and elaborate. Remember, you can't very well be looked upon as thinking clearly when you can't even speak correctly!

**IT ISN'T SO MUCH THAT SOME OF US ARE SLOWING DOWN AS IT IS THAT WE ARE HEADING FOR A COMPLETE STOP IF THERE IS NO LIFE AFTER DEATH.**

**Aren't you glad that someone came on the scene with the one true religion? Logic dictates there can be only one. Before it's too late send SASE to arithmetically and spiritually sound**

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vivalist gear and rippin' off the come-along. Problems do arise, however—usually from the lack of an understanding of local customs. Take parking on the street, for example. In the country, if one finds a parking spot nowhere near a 'NO PARKING' sign or an assigned parking sign, one simply parks his vehicle and that is that. In the city, however, if you park in an open spot and some old gentleman speaking in broken English comes up and tells you you have to move because this parking spot belongs to Don Alphonse Marcantone, it is wise and prudent to move along and find another one somewhere else.

The Maine Boy doesn't always comply; yet, if not, he can usually be persuaded by two gentlemen in dark pinstripe suits with either enormous pacemakers or pacemakers under their shoulders. Occasionally the Maine Boy gets a smart tickle in his coccyx and opts for a little bit of 'payback' for his discomfort. It is usually a very bad idea but Terry Saunders missed that part of the orientation lecture when he swung past the Sawmill River Parkway. He should have known better than to leave the aromatic pick-up in front of Umberto's Clam House, home of the Joey Gallo School of Passive Resistance. He should have just taken it in stride when men wearing black pointy shoes directed him to shove off. Terry parked his truck three blocks up the street and proceeded to a pet store, where he bought a hefty bag of bird seed.

Around 3 pm the grand dons and young capos began pulling up to their 'assigned' parking spaces, and Terry just watched from his perch across the street on a concrete bench. He had been sprinkling the asphalt in front of him with a few handfuls of bird seed and had already attracted a crowd of pigeons and squirrels which, in New York, are half-tame. After a few minutes all the dons and donettes were inside slurping seafood, and Terry walked across the street. He looked around for the boys in the pinstripe suits and, seeing none and feeling relatively safe, Terry produced a small bottle of black strap molasses and the rest of the bird seed. Terry then smeared molasses and sprinkled bird seed on the top and hood of each Cadillac, Lincoln, Mercedes and BMW that had the look of opulence and greed. And as he drove north from Little Italy, Saunders could see the flocks of pigeons first gorging themselves on seed and then pecking, feathers and excrement flying in all directions, as their feet got stuck in the molasses.

The contract was farmed out to the Humble Pisonne, Roberto de Skoggalundo PAYBACK-IN-KIND-OUR-SPECIALTY. Don Garritzi called him from New York: "Roberto, I gotta little job fo' you. One-a-ya boys, he played a practical joke on the family—sort of a country joke—pigeon poop on the windshield. A liquidation? Nah, no, nothing that serious. But we have the faith in you, Roberto, you take care of it. Ciao!"

Terry Saunders lived in an airstream trailer down near Ravenswood Neck and he kept pretty much to himself, what with his chickenhouse and a pig named Dusty, his clamming or worming and making 'Fat Fannies' garden and lawn ornaments for the more self-expressive types. He had a busy life and more often than not he called his life his own. The sea right in front of him proved to be an ample grocery store, and the town dump a quarter mile to the rear provided him with any number of kitchen appliances, lawn mowers and other fascinating puzzles of modern living that he found stimulating. And on hot or stormy days, he had a flock of seagulls leading percussion over his head. The gentle tap-tap-tap of toes and talons on the aluminum Airstream trailer sounded like rain on the roof to Terry and he fell into a deep sleep, dreaming of being DOWNEAST DON CORLEONE, making decisions on a mobile phone while soaking in a hot tub in the back of his stretch limo cruising up I-95. The gentle lapping of the waves that Terry heard in his dreams were, in fact, the sounds made by Humble Roberto as he poured bucket after bucket of hot tar on the roof of the Airstream. After he had finished spreading the tar, he sprinkled a 20-pound bag of sunflower chips and a bag of fish meal on top of that.

The DownEast workingman's equivalent to High Tea is a 16-ounce bottle of Pepsi and a large back of King Cole potato chips, Cheez Doodles being a very close second. Somewhere between 2:30 and 4 o'clock every afternoon, Terry heads off to Carter's General Store for news and sustenance. It was just about twilight when he got back to his trailer and the most unnerving and disquieting sight and sounds of birds squawking. The evening chill had congealed tar around the webbed feet of all those seagulls and the birds just waking up from their afternoon naps had discovered themselves cemented firmly to the top of that trailer. In one unorchestrated panic, those birds commenced to flapping their wings, and Terry just got aboard in time before his trailer became airborne. The birds kept flapping harder and harder and lifting higher and higher until they reached the jet stream and started heading north toward Baxter's State Park. About the same time there were all sorts of 'unidentified flying objects' being called in to the state police and Limestone Air Force Base picked up a blip on their radar and scrambled the red hot interceptors.

Terry was inside his trailer trying to get somebody on the CB, anybody with a shotgun that could knock off a few of these gulls. When he finally did get a warden, he was told it was illegal to shoot seagulls, and besides, the gunners might miss and hit him or one of his propane gas tanks. 'Twas all in vain, anyway, because about the time that the Airstream was nearing Millinocket, one of the pilots of the Air Force jets fired an air-to-air missile that sheared off the roof of the trailer. The Airstream landed like a bomb during a shift change at the Great Northern Paper Company. A paper company spokesman blamed it on "environmental terrorists hoping to put a stop to the Big A Dam." Later, indentations of Terry Saunders were found in one of the giant Super Calendars.

Young ladies reading Vogue and Mademoiselle magazines had the strange sensation that these publications had eyes. One woman reported a ghost in her boudoir while another cancelled her subscription after opening to page 92 and having seagull feathers fall out.

### What the critics are saying:

"Improper..." Ben Lenders  
 "Helpful..." Melissa H  
 "A Real Guy..." Merle Ellis  
 "Shameful..." William Duckley  
 "Provocative..." Pete Hamill  
 "Outrageous..." Miss Manners  
 "Inappropriate..." James Irton  
 "Tosinating..." Leonard Maltin  
 "Infu..." Jerry Falwell  
 "Tuh?" Gerald Ford  
 "Sick..." Mike Doyle  
 "Clear..." Richard Nixon  
 "There you go again..." Ronald Reagan

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**HOUSTON (YU)**—An anti-gay organization, threatening continued violence against local movie theaters that show films depicting grown men engaged in acts of dancing, has claimed responsibility for last night's bombing of the Gumbalt Theater where a 1954 Donald O'Connor movie ("Francis Joins the Stud Farm") was being shown.

A spokesman for the "Robert Conrad Brigade," Houston's largest and most prestigious anti-gay group, vows his organization will continue to fight the daily menace of AIDS II (Astairst Immune Deficiency Syndrome).

An assistant manager of the Gumbalt Theater, who asked to be identified, says his theater has reconsidered its cinematic priorities and will reopen next week with a "Sam Peckinpah Film Festival."

**LINCOLN, Neb (YU)**—A "spur of the moment" experiment conducted today by six radioactive waste technicians at the Lincoln Nuclear Power Base as proven to be a resounding success.

"All I'm allowed to say about the incident," said Elrose G. Cobalt, a senior irradiation injector who managed to survive the experiment, "is that we now know exactly what this stuff is capable of doing." No other details were given.

City officials, who are calling the experiment "a boon to Lincoln's sagging economy," hope to have the entire population evacuated by tomorrow afternoon.

**PARIS (YU)**—One of the two remaining heirs to the name "Jean-Paul Sartre" filed suit today to half the "incorrect pronunciation" of the late existentialist's name. In a 2000-page novel filed with the Souffle Ministry, Vice Discount Francois Jean-Paul due Wayne Gretzky-Sartre says he is "outraged by the continued abusive nature of Sartre's hyphenated first name."

"The pronunciation of his last name (Sartre) is unimportant," explained Gretzky-Sartre. "Sartre himself often mispronounced it throughout his lifetime. What is important now is for people to stop pronouncing 'Jean-Paul' as 'jeen pol' and adhere to the correct pronunciation, 'billy-jak'."

The only other surviving heir to Sartre's name, Rula Lenska Jean-Paul zu Schlumberger-Sartre, released a statement supporting Gretzky-Sartre's suit and called upon her fellow Frenchmen to begin speaking "like normal human beings."

**BANGOR, Maine (YU)**—Master of the Macabre, Stephen King, was arraigned today on charges of having monopolized the literature industry and made a mockery of university fine arts curriculums across the country. The charges followed in the wake of recent revelations that nearly all the books published during the past three decades were either written or edited by Mr. King.

According to the author's wife, Tabitha, "He [Stephen King] became obsessed in the mid-fifties with the idea that he was deluging the market every week with more material than the average American family reads in six generations, so he started concocting bizarre schemes for continuing his massive output (in excess of 12,000 pages a day) without diminishing his reputation as a writer of quality horror and suspense tales."

To that end, according to papers filed in Bangor, Mr. King began publishing under several pseudonyms, including Richard Bachman, John Updike, Eudora Welty, Saul

Bellow, Gabriel Garcia-Marquez, Ann Beatts, Norman Mailer, Gunter Grass, Phillip Roth, Rosemary Rogers, The Ellison Brothers (Harlen and Ralph), Robert Heinlein, The Sylvia Sisters (Plath and Porter), Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Helen Gurley Brown, William Kotzwinkle, Jerzy Kosinsky, Flannery O'Connor, Max Erlich, Gloria Steinem, John Irving, Erma Bombeck and others.

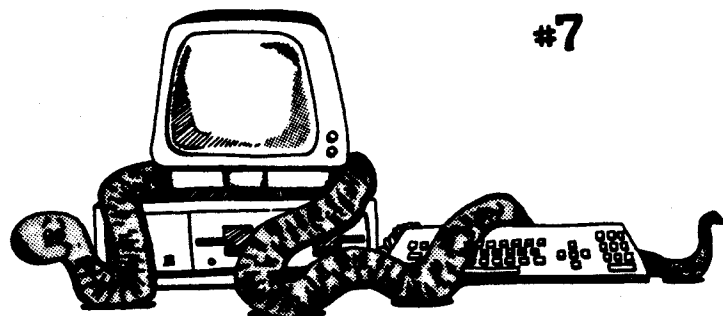
Plaintiffs in the suit include the American Association of Literary Critics and the Association of University Professors with both groups claiming actual and punitive damages to their reputations in excess of the annual Gross National Product of the Soviet Union.



**PRAGUE (YU)**—Franz Kafka, noted entomologist and astronaut, was appointed Director of Tourism and Justice in a gala ceremony presided over by Portland, Oregon Mayor J.E. "Bud" Clark. "I have no idea why I'm here," said Clark, in presenting Kafka with a carton of Roach Motels and the key to the city of Scappoose, "but Frank tells me neither does he."

## CELEBRITY HOME COMPUTERS

#7



Nastassja Kinski's

### "THAT'S THE WAY THE COOKIE CRUMBLES"

by Sigmund Weiss

"If people don't want to be bothered I don't bother them. I mind my own business. As written in the papers, my kid was playing ball front of her house. One kid hits the ball against her window, so my kid goes to retrieve it, looks into her window, sees Mrs. Raker lying on the floor. My kid rushes home, tells me, so I call the cops. The cops come, push in her front door. The stench was terrible, hit the entire block. The last time I saw Mrs. Raker was weeks ago when I shoveled snow off her sidewalk. She called me in, gave me an old bicycle left over after the death of her son, which my kid rides. She constantly gave me things and others who'd help her with odd jobs. She was a nice old lady, liked to sit at her window watching kids at play and smile and nod to passers-by. She seemed to me to be a person completely alone, no relatives or friends. Occasionally, I remarked to my wife that there seems something strange about her, as whoever heard of an old lady not even having one visitor? Come to think of it, I remember a few years back that a Rolls-Royce was parked on the street, front of her house. That Rolls-Royce was there for a good two days. When the sanitation truck came to clean that side of the street one of those men came out, talked to the street-cleaners, handed what looked to me like paper money to the sanitation men. As those three men left, I noticed that the chauffeur was carrying a large heavy suitcase, which he deposited into the trunk of the car. Well, you can guess my surprise when information came out in the papers after Mrs. Raker's death, that she is the mother of a well-known gangster, left an estate worth millions, that the police discovered in her room loads of valuable jewelry which they had records of as being stolen. If I had only known this I certainly would have been much nicer to her, offered to take her out shopping, and more often doing for her things I wouldn't normally do. But when you mind your own business that's how the cookie crumbles."

# Sayz-U! (Letters)

Dear Elayne,

Time for "Believe or Don't"...and we have this remarkable letter from Mr. M. Dobbs of Indian Orchard, MA...please Don Pardo, read the letter...

Guilt is an amazing motivator. Guilt is the lubricant that has greased the skids of unpleasant tasks I've had to perform since I was a mere boy. And now that I am a mere man, guilt still works. I miss a deadline and I expect dreadful things to happen...when they don't, and, in fact, I get a comforting phone call and a cheery note, the old guilt really starts to work.

That's why I'm pushing other things aside to say that I want you to be the editor of a slick national IJ with a budget similar to the GNP of some third world nations. IJ is just so damn good! It's what should be going on in all those terribly, terribly chic rags everyone is supposed to rave about. The fiction in IJ, for instance, has got so much energy...energy I wish I could find elsewhere but I don't. Are you embarrassed by all this praise, Elayne? Don't be.

J.P. Morgan's cover illos and movie column were quite good. I love his column title—lay it on the line, kid! Anni's column on weddings was excellent...last year I went through three of them and I was a best man in one of them. She should have reminded people that one should never underestimate the ill will that weddings can bring out in public...almost as bad as funerals.

There were some nice lines in SIKH HUMOR, but I thought the piece went on a bit too much. I liked the economy of Larry Oberc's BEER GUT and the QUANTUM COURTESY was its usual tasty self. I fell off my chair laughing at Amster's cartoon—I love anything that kicks the shit out of the phonies at MTV.

Hey, Ace, I'm starting a paragraph just for you, buddy...frankly, I've never really understood just what all the fuss was about with JOURNEY THROUGH THE TENDERLOIN, as I thought Ace was handling things rather well. I think the principal problem is the point of the series is obscured by its serial format. If Ace is writing something about a young person coming of age—a well-respected literary form—and I think he is, he's doing not too bad a job except his pacing is a bit off at times. While the details in this latest installment show Ace does have a nice ear for dialogue, the pay-off is too brief and there is not enough introspection from the main character for us to truly care. Sure, I've held a torch for a person I've loved—I could write some really self-destructive stuff—but I think readers need something just a little bit more from the main character for that wander—no matter how well-written—through the Tenderloin for the story to have some real substance.

I LOVED the Tom Gedwillo piece on food...I remember tv ads about Top Coverage...what a trip! WELCOME TO MY CHAMBER was a delight, as most writers I know are natural packrats...My buddy Ray Cabana, Jr., co-author of Citadel's THE FILMS OF PETER LORRE, has a for-real skull for inspiration, while my other writing friend Stan Wiater, who is a staffer for FANGORIA, has skulls and naked women adorning his work area. I do have a nice autographed centerfold of Debi Johnson from PLAYBOY on my wall, along with some other autographed stuff, but no skulls...

PIGSHIT was interesting and I enjoyed the Kid's remarks on television commercials. All in all, a great issue! And thank you, Deborah Benedict, for your extremely kind remarks!

Slack,

MIKE DOBBS

24 Hampden Street  
Indian Orchard, MA 01151

Greetings Elayne,

Today I got IJ and a cold—can there be a cosmic relationship or am I just lucky? I never figured out why they call 'em colds when they usually make you hot—but then to say ya got the hots is something society would have to adjust to over a long period. IJ will take even longer.

Lotsa good stuff in there this tyme as I guess the bird cage will haveta wait or else I will just use my income tax forms as I feel they serve a better purpose in there. Trouble is, it makes the bird nervous.

PRACTICAL CRYOGENICS by D.A. (??) Rafferty is classic. It should be taught in the finer colleges everywhere...if they aren't all frozen.

QUANTUM COURTESY by Ms. Neptune was very well put. However, I have just been the soul survivor of a mega-disastrous "life deal" and I think perhaps I am feeling some of the same vibes coming from this. Life is cruel...how we refrain from joining the ranks is our humor and sense of inter-individuality that we must refuse to let 'em grind down. "You can't prove you're wonderful to people who aren't" gave me new strength. Well said.

Of course, my fondness for JOURNEY THROUGH THE TENDERLOIN stands. It's turning into quite a 'real' novel. The real world takes many forms, depending on where your particular life is. Nobody said it was all nice.

That UNADVERTISED ARMY is G-R-E-A-T. The page from mine has been removed, copied, and applied to lampposts all over my stomping grounds...if it saves one soul from "killing for cash," it will be worth the trouble.

Well, I gotta go and do a show...got almost non-stop gigs lined up for the next 3 weeks. It buys the mac. + cheese (and IJ). One does not live by mac. + cheese alone. Take care...take the subway.

Beastingly,

D.A. BEAST (RICK McCANN)  
P.O. Box 2842  
Winter Park, FL 32790

Dearly Beloved,

We are gathered here to read this letter from me.

My fave pieces in IJ #44 are:

Quantum Courtesy by Mildred Neptune. (A religious decision—"If I am not for myself, who will be for me?" Not even my mommy.)

If You Look Far Enough, You Can See Forever by Roldo—and even better was his Practical Cryogenics essay.

I know that history will back me up when I say that elitist solutions have always proven the most successful. Sure, there might be a few minor glitches in freezing the stupid—like maybe there wouldn't be nobody left to maintain the cryogenics labs—but hey, this would just make life even more interesting. We humans are nothing without our problems.

Actually, stupidity may be a necessary factor. Since this is an observer-dependent universe, stupid people may be necessary as signposts for the evolution of unstupid people and potentially unstupid people. One thing I would like to ask Dr. Rafferty—at what age would the freezing begin? How would one know if a kid was being stupid or just being a kid? Also, would Rafferty's idea include those who are stupid because of physiological reasons or only the willfully obtuse?

I think it's a fab idea, in general, but would think it even fabber if I knew more. The great regret is that L. Ron Hubbard is already croaked, so he can't be Birdseyed. Oh, well, there are plenty more where he came from, nicht wahr???

Still, two of Roldo's best written goodies and a real pleasure.

Martha Quinn's Diary by Amster has oodles of potential. Why do I get the feeling that her diaphragm has smiley buttons printed all over it???

James MacDougall's room sounds so much like my own, I'm a little scared. Except I got a Magic 8 Ball and a Jetson's space ship, nyah nyah nyah. Still enjoying and wanting more of Kid Sieve's Commercial McClue-In. A whole book of this would be heaven.

Golly, I dunno why Ace is so down on childish quarrelling and bickering—it's a mainstay of our civilisation, and without it, why, we'd be perfect and where's the fun in that? But he shouldn't worry, it isn't serious. And if he wants to make fun of my name, why, g'head. Just don't step on my blue suede shoes, that's all I ask.

Well, I guess I better say something about Neptune's Demise. We're all real shocked and stunned and all that, but if anybody can beat the afterlife, it's Mildred. My guess is they won't let the bitch hang out there for too long—she causes too much trouble. Wouldn't be surprised if she started unionising ghosts and like that. Do I think she'll be back—yeah, well, she better be—she owes me money! In the meantime, her muse, Johnny Hollywood, looks to be taking over. Could this be a coup? Part of a revolution of muses? Maybe we had all better look over our shoulders—maybe these muses are planning a mass usurpment or something. Wouldn't surprise me. Have you ever noticed how sneaky the little bastards get sometimes? And what about the phone charges when you know you didn't call United Artists? Think about it.

But don't get all crazy on it. Anxiety is God's way of telling you that you ain't him.

Say You, Say Me, Say What?

Let's all get together and lynch this Herb character. Mildred would have wanted us to flip his switch.

Still sitting pretty on the Other Side of Ugly.

DEBORAH BENEDICT  
854 Y Street  
Lincoln, NE 68508

P.S. Regarding the NutraSweet commercial—"if you've eaten a banana and milk," blah blah blah—take it from a certified (oooh!) nutritional consultant—NutraSweet (aspartame) is D-Phenylalanine and DL-Phenylalanine—amino acids that sure do occur in many foods, but not in the chemically bonded state that creates aspartame...just as L-Tryptophan occurs in turkey and milk, but the L-Tryptophan tablets that we sell for sleep are not derived from food sources and neither is NutraSweet. It is a chemical concoction, about 6,000 times sweeter than natural phenylalanine. It is also a carcinogen when heated—which means that Swiss Miss and other cocoa mixes made with it are bad for your health. It is also worth noting that many people are allergic to it—PKU intolerant and it can cause problems ranging from schizophrenia to cardiac arrest. Never saw anybody die from a banana or a glass of milk, have you? (No, but there was that square little feller who choked to death on a piece of cheese...) I HATE that commercial—ALL NutraSweet commercials. Anyway, you are, as you knew, right on.

Elayne:

"...ello New Yawk!! 'Sgreat ta be here. This is a little number called..." well, bless my camarones and call me a shellfish. after a very brief stay in an alternate dimension it's great to be back here, as figmentous as ever. hey, hoe 'bout that Big Fig? Wotta guy, eh? since none of us actually exist anymore (but mo more on that not later) i s'pose i should just dive right into #44. honestly, having slogged thru the past few IJ's before this one i have to admit that the boredom levels had been perilously high. Anthea disagrees violently (and, in fact, has just lobbed a block of gorgonzola at my head—no doubt some trick she picked up from Jo) but this is my letter so get stuffed Trephine...IJ 44 was distinguished by several items of such stunning brilliosity as to take one's breath away (if one in fact existed and was capable of drawing breath). These were: "Fission Chicken" by J.P. Morgan ("Zish!" yeah, neat-allreer...can't wait to see what's not gonna be in next time); "Quantum Courtesy" (the best thing by miles that Mildred's done yet and that's sayin somethin and a half...actually i was in that parallel universe of which Ms. N speaks and she knows whereof she does so); "Welcome To My Chamber" (there's nothin i can add); and (of course—this is still me after all) "Invitation to Dance" (sheer fuckin brilliance—jeez i've run outta superlatives). Also pleasing were Anni (as per usual altho i disagree with the part in item

2 about sending flowers to guys—but enuf of this cultural brouhaha) and D.A. Rafferty (viva pond scum!!) and JP's movie reviews (not as maniacally obtuse as Filar but a good ride (woo!!) and "Hacker Duck" and "Jackson Eaten by Rats." for me (and this wouldn't be a dioxin-gram if I didn't say somethin obnoxious) all of pages 6, 13, and 16 could have just been dumped in the Thames. and Steve Scharff's piece was surprisingly dull. oh yoiks! almost forgot tom's superb product patrol. they actually test-marketed "i hate peas" on staten island. i never bought any. no thanks are required. Sieve was good altho a little preachy. NB: the new MasterCard spots have gone 180 degrees from the "I'm Bored" ads. now they've got Bob Duvall, Mr. Bluecollar himself, pluggin MC as the card you use, not as the card to impress the shit outta people (viz AmEx). course, AmEx tried this last year with their "donations to charity" campaign. didn't last too long tho. glad to hear from YU that they've finally solved the lights problem out at Wrigley. finally, let me cast as many votes as i can for the concept of an all-smut issue.

it amazes me how you can live in anything so small,  
Rodny Dioxin  
(an actual new address next time)

Dear Elayne,

In the short time I have been reading IJ I have learned to turn almost automatically to "Diary of the Rock Fiend," Anni Ackner's wit being more appealing to me than any other IJ staffer's. This one, "The Pre-nuptial Agreement Of The Blue," was no exception. But there was one whole paragraph in which the Divine Miss Anni is obviously full of crap. I feel it is my duty to set this straight.

Ms. Ackner states that there are three types of men women go for, and then offers the three categories. Category "c" is men who are "cute and cuddly and slightly mussy, as if in need of looking after." As I stated above, this is obviously crap.

You may have guessed that I fit into this category. And a short lifetime in such a body has taught me three things, none of them being that Dudley Moore is sexy. ONE—Women do not go out with short guys. TWO—Number One is unprovable as women refuse to admit that they can be this shallow (they even deny it to themselves). THREE—Susan Anton is a statistical anomaly.

I am going to continue being outmaneuvered by men who look like Tom Selleck or Sylvester Stallone and there is nothing Anni Ackner can say that is going to change this. (Gosh, with an attitude like that there is nothing you can say or do to change it, either, right?—ed.)

On a totally unrelated note, Elayne, what is the fine print in the "Celebrity Home Computer" cartoons? (I must apologize to everyone, especially Andy Amster, for those not coming out as clearly as I would have liked—them's the breaks sometimes, I guess. On page 3, "Dr. Ruth's" says "Will the caller from Peoria please say 'penis,' not 'joy stick'?" On page 19, "Grace Jones" and Mr. T's says "Anyone seen a 640K fire hydrant?")

Also, I've been thinking about the "Inside Stroke" idea, and I'm not as firmly against it as I once was, though I still see it as unnecessary. But, concerning your cover, it is worth pointing out that many people find brains-all-over-the-place just as offensive as nudity. I personally am not offended, but I raise the point as it is thought-provoking.

Cheers!

JAMES MacDOUGALL  
511 Routes 5 & 20  
Waterloo, NY 13165

(Too true, James, and I tend to be one of those people, but, having debated with myself about the context of J.P.'s cover, and having, more importantly, promised the cover to J.P. and received it too late to send it back for another one, I decided to take a chance that people would see the comic-strip violence in a satirical vein. For that matter, if I saw more nudity in a satirical vein I might not be so adamant about that, but it's usually portrayed in an objectifying vein and not a funny one. Ah well...)

Dear Elayne,

That bumper sticker and soundsheet bound into the last issue were some kind of idea! And still just a dollar. What inflation? IJ remains the best buy on the alternative press market! Thanks!

I predict that sometime this year there will be a telethon for the Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. He needs another country now that Greece just gave him walking papers. Libya is nice this time of year.

Will mandatory drug testing be required of all IJ staffers and contributors? Just how many drugs will we have to test? I'll have to talk to my agent first and get back to ya, though I would hate to sit out this season. (Well, how 'bout if your agent gets 10% of the stuff?)

How about IJ headbands? Jim McMahon could give you free publicity. Actually, you ought to get into the whole sports industry with IJ shoes, tennis rackets, etc. Your baseball caps made it into Shea Stadium, so why not go for the whole anatomical billboard?

In issue 44 I especially enjoyed Mildred, Roldo and Amster. In addition to those, I found the address label and Brooklyn postmark to be of excellent quality. When you hold page 17 up to a mirror...well, find out for yourself.

I spell my name phonetically, TOM GEDWILLO  
c/o Don't Send Marcos Here  
854 Y Street  
Lincoln, NE 68508

Dear Elayne,

Gosh, while I was reading the IJ over dinner I was thinking of a whole bunch of tremendously witty comments to type for the letter column, but now I seem to have typewriter block. It's unanimous—my two writing partners and I think the best writer, consistently, in IJ, since #32, is Anni Ackner.

Anni, your column on weddings brings up many memories of my own.

Discretion, sensitivity and the fact that my bride of six years reads this rag—yes, even more thoroughly than I—prevents me from sharing the most intimate details, but I can part with a few.

There must be (CAUTION: the next few sentences or so contain material of a 'chauvanist' nature, though that term is a misnomer. Guys, you may continue reading. Gals...go powder yer noses or something...) some sort of collective, unconscious, primal brain damage that surfaces in women when they are in the throes of planning a wedding. Even the most die-hard feminist turns into Phyllis Schlafly when she gets into picking announcements or china patterns.

Also, there is a myth about two being able to live as cheaply as one (I think I saw it in here, also). It is usually the female partner that makes it so. And, oh so seriously, Robert Heinlein once said, "No matter how well a man and woman know each other before marriage, when they get married, they start over as strangers." (Now that I look for that quote, I can't seem to find it. But it sounds like something he would have said.)

"Snide Critic Reviews..."—I have just started to read the near-complete run of Fangoria. I had originally bought them for research for my cartooning (imagine guts 'n gore in IJ—we could call it INSIDE GORE) but as I was shelling out the bucks for it, I was having second thoughts, 'cause I normally don't go to see those kind of movies. But as I started to read through them I began to get interested in the genre again. In the book "Eroticism in the Fantasy Cinema" (I can see Elayne blushing now) they talk of the link violence and sex have in the slasher genre. I concur; those movies are crude morality plays—if teenagers fornicate in the woods, they get killed by a twisted, psychopathic killer, for punishment. After a long abstinence, I am now starting to sit in the dark again, to watch cinema. See you at The Care Bears Movie 2—Grumpy's Revenge.

Thanks for the tips on The Sisters of Mercy and Jeff Beck. I will have to look for them in the used record bins. The price of new records is obscene.

Let's see...where exactly am I...directly above the center of the earth...in Florida, watching "Flight to Mars." "Orange Doors" and "Journey Through the Tenderloin" were, as usual, well done, or, at least, medium well done. Ace, I am almost beginning to care about Christopher. That means, in some perverted way, that I am looking forward to the next installment.

And I was real interested in "Zenarchy Stories" this time around. Discordia reminds me of the Illuminati/conspiracy stu-f I hear on the local Christian radio station. Mr. MacDougall, add a couple of listens to your local God-radio to the clutter that makes up your room. You will not believe the strangeness going down. By the way, my college room used to look like yours. I used to have a "bad taste" collection. I was a student of Kitsch, for a while. Defining what is real art and what isn't is fascinating. Maybe later, I'll do a comic strip about it. (Comics is kitsch, too.)

Arabella, love that hormone slant in the story. Being that I work with a lot of petro-chemicals, when things get a little rough I just snort a little xydyl or lacquer thinner and I forget.

Hey Kid...good column. I'll save my comments on MTV for the next time. And Gary, I have owned a Freddie and the Dreamers record at one time, but was not sophisticated enough to hear what you hear. As I buy mostly used records, I look at music from a 'test of time' attitude. I usually buy the catalog of an artist after a few years, to see how the records wear with time. I would never have owned a Led Zeppelin or Alice Cooper album when they first were released, but with time, I can appreciate their contribution to rock.

Tom Gedwillo, I used to love 1-2-3 dessert. Hadn't thought about it for years. Thanks. Fried pork rinds should go into the lost food category. It's just like eating solid smog.

Vegetable helmets...I once used half an avocado skin, with ear holes cut out, as Siamese stormtrooper helmets. We thought it was great. They weren't amused. Next issue, I'll tell you what my cats' favorite rock videos are. You'd be surprised.

I live in a world/ of night screams and rainbows.

Yours,

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

Dear Elayne,

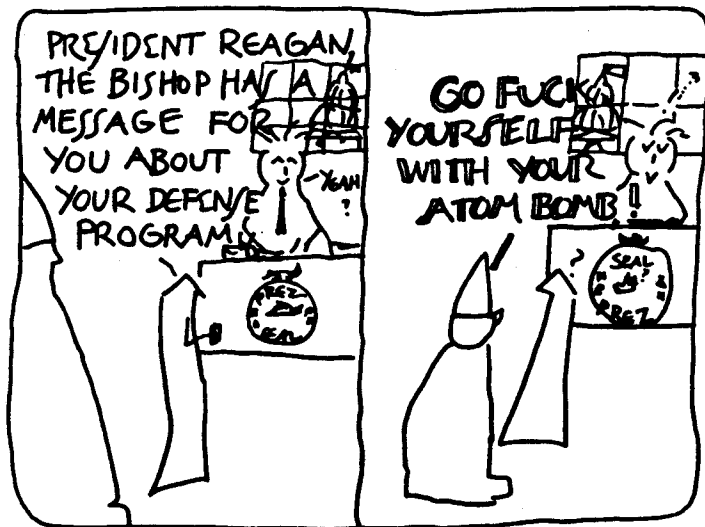
It's Saint Patrick's Day (or, I suppose more properly, Citizen Patrick's Day—wasn't he unsainted or desanctified or whatever it is they did several years ago? I'm sorry I'm not clearer about this, but I have enough trouble keeping track of my own social life, let alone some saint I never even met) and, while everyone else is out painting his or her face green and throwing up on his or her shoes (or, more likely, the shoes of some unsuspecting regular person whose only mistake was to try to take the A train during rush hour), I am home alone, proving the utter dissipation of the evening by reaching new depths of LCD-ness and actually watching a movie starring Jamie Lee Curtis. Words cannot describe how thoroughly and utterly I despise Jamie Lee Curtis, and in this particular epic, she's having an affair with a married man who looks kind of like a (more) degenerate Martin Mull, but isn't, which means we see an awful lot of Jamie Lee's breasts, a sight roughly as stimulating and erotic to me as that of the moon rising over the Hackensack River (a body of water known in these parts as "Old Stinky," so you see). As a matter of fact, the film's one redeeming feature (aside from the fact that Ms. Curtis' breasts are the only portion of her anatomy to which we have been subjected) is its brief appearances by a badly aging Bud Cort, but my alternatives are the second part of something written by Sidney Sheldon (if you can use the word "written" in this context), a showing of FIRST BLOOD (otherwise known as RAMBO—THE WONDER YEARS), a detective movie-of-the-week that had my so thoroughly confused after the first ten minutes that I began to believe I was watching a documentary on the life of Donald Manes, another journey to THE KILLING FIELDS (the premium channel's Ubiquitous Movie of the Month)

—I've seen more of Dith Pran than I have of my father recently) or re-running a tape of this week's SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE starring Griffin Dunne, which was a mortifying enough experience on the first go-round. Alas poor SATURDAY NIGHT and alas poor Mr. Dunne—and I used to like them both so much, too. I suppose, with SATURDAY NIGHT, you can simply say that the programme is on its last legs, and every soon to die, after which we can all think happy thoughts about Bill Murray and John Belushi (you can see how far back I go with this. I don't even count last year's star-studded version as a "real" SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE, because all it was was the Billy-and-Marty-Show; amusing enough, but not my SNL) and relax, but just how does one explain why the man who starred in the best movie of 1985 (AFTER HOURS, n'est-ce pas?), not to mention having the most entertaining part in the classic AMERICAN WERE-WOLF IN LONDON, would deliberately sabotage his career by appearing on live television in skits about picking people's noses and having one's fingers cut off on a game show (this last a direct rip-off of a classic—and infinitely funnier—SCTV bit)? Even I, a student of Billy Martin and so something of an expert on death wishes, am at a loss to comprehend this. Surely the price of cocaine can't be that high. But this is all rather useless jabber—another side effect of St. Patrick's Day, I'm afraid—and nothing to do with the topic at hand, which I believe was supposed to be the last issue of IJ. I mean, it was, wasn't it?

And I did want to mention immediately—even though it's a bit late in the day for that, at this point—that I personally would adore to take part in an, er, erotic edition of IJ. You know, I used to write pornography for a living, back in the dank mists of my faded youth. The job didn't last very long, and I was very stoned at the time, but I do remember that I was paid slightly over minimum wage to sit in a huge, dimly-lit room with a dozen or so other underpaid aspiring writers and crank out chapter after chapter of impossibly steamy stuff. It was especially interesting because we were never actually sure what it was about which we were writing—that is, we were given chapter outlines, and told, for instance, that they needed four intercourse scenes and one oral sex, but we never knew what book on which we were working, or how our particular chapters fit into said book. For some reason—I imagine because I was the only woman on my particular shift (this was a 24-hour operation), but I don't really know—I was always given all the lesbian scenes to do, which I could handle well enough, but I was also stuck with what we called the bow-wow bits—doggies, in other words, and their very devoted...well, mistresses. Now, I am here to tell you that eventually you run out of ways to describe an erection when it belongs to a human male, but on a Doberman pinscher...Anyway, you can see that I am eminently qualified to participate in this special edition of IJ, and I hope to see it come to fruition real soon now.

I'm running seriously out of time, so let me just add that I enjoyed the last issue of IJ, particularly the cartoons, and I'm glad to see that the Production Assistant has been sprung from the Navy and is back home again.

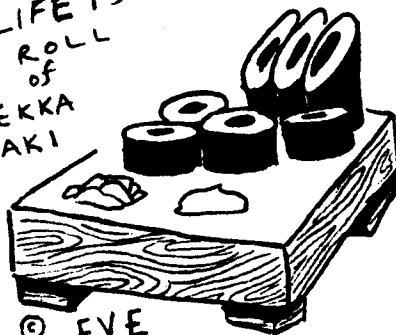
Next time more IJ and less Griffin Dunne, I promise.  
Erin Go Bragh,  
ANNIE ACKNER  
The Hotel New Jersey



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

And then on July 5,  
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A ROLL  
OF  
TEKKA  
MAKI



STILL WALKING AROUND AGAIN

by Stacey Sollfrey

I wanna be like the poets I see in all those sixties anthologies who never use connecting words like A I or even you always taking photographs that look like they were shot in the forties or something plus I want to change the structure of this poem so it better illustrates the feeling

Im thinking of  
I also want it to be such that I dont use terms like better illustrates

or what I just said  
this off the cuff kind of routine can get pretty stale fast cant it anyway the best way I can say it is now the poem which is a phrase I took out of one of ron padgett's poems in the anthology

that I took out of the library  
while walking around  
with feet that dig into entrances  
of buildings that are too tall  
this is the line I shoulve saved this kind of thing for  
telling you that I wanted to change the line so I wouldnt have to open the next one with to

to have shadows that have no comment lie on corners  
like a prism that doesnt have the symbolism of prison  
that my calves have to sit on  
to angle it into the point of a girl with high knee socks on  
giving herself paralleled outlines with shaded spaces  
that slow down the automated photo stat look  
of something macabre enough to be double framed into  
christinas world

OFT DREAMT ABOUT  
by Mary Ann Henn  
Slew pumps chug;  
white owls fly nightly.

Bullfrogs chug;  
fireflies fly nightly.

I chug; I  
fly nightly.

## Old Themes by Arabella Lyon

"Look, immortality's an old theme. The characters are fine, the plot's well-paced, but we can't publish any more immortality stories. It's out." The editor of Startling Truths was Oscar Schwartz; the only reason I had chased the old fart for his opinion was the rumor that he'd give a sweet young thing a break. No truth to that!

I took my tale and left. What an ass! "Immortality's an old theme." Christ, that's what the Bible's about, and the pyramids, and those little clay fertility goddesses. Of course immortality's an old theme. I hadn't thought we lost interest in it yet.

I was so busy cursing Schwartz that I didn't notice the filthy bag lady. In fact, it was her odor that hit me first—Gag a Maggot! When the disgusting old thing reeled up in front of me, I was sure she wanted a handout.

So when she said, "I'm your fairy godmother," I laughed and laughed and laughed.

"I am," she said. Right before my eyes, she changed, became all dressed in spangles and satin, not at all like a fairy though, more like a whore. She still smelled; I could scarcely breathe, rancid Giorgio. This was pretty amazing, well worth putting in my journal.

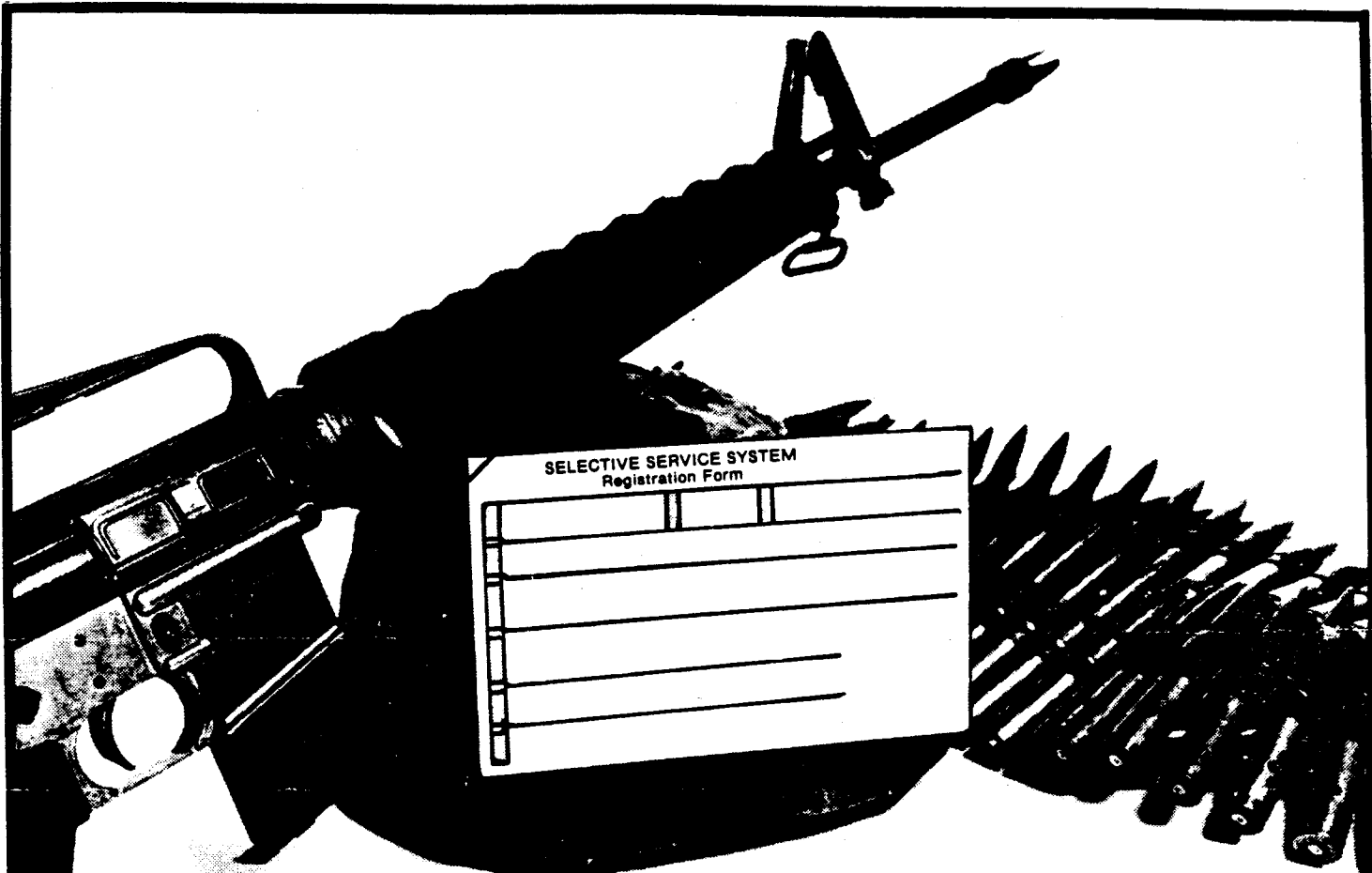
Then, The Mother said, "I've come to grant you three wishes, but my sweet child, you can't wish for immortality."

"I know...it's out." Really, I didn't say a whole lot more than that; mostly I was amazed and thinking about wishes. After a while of us standing there, her all dolled up and me looking dazed, I asked, "I can't even wish for immortality for someone else?"

Slowly, she responded, "Well, that's not against the rules, but it's certainly not encouraged. I suppose you could; no one ever has. Most people are too jealous to watch their lover stay young and too awed of their mother to want her around forever. But it's not against the rules. You could if you really want to."

So then I knew my three wishes. "I wish for a lifetime of lovers, lots of them, young, brawny, totally in love; and I wish to write a really great novel, one that's a year on the best-seller list AND gets the Pulitzer; and I wish that Oscar Schwartz lives forever as a third-rate writer."



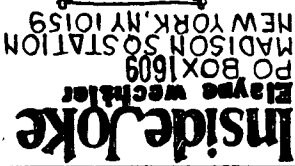


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