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# CYBER-PUNK

# Upcoming Events

- JUNE 30 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO IJ #77  
 JULY 1 - Canada Day  
 JULY 2 - Hermann Hesse (b. 1897)  
 JULY 3 - AUGUST 15 - Dog Days of Summer  
 JULY 3 - Tom Stoppard (53); Kafka (b. 1883)  
 JULY 4 - Aphelion; Rube Goldberg (b. 1883)  
 JULY 5 - P.T. Barnum (b. 1829)  
 JULY 6 - Beatrix Potter (b. 1866)  
 JULY 7 - Shelley Duvall (41); William Kinster (71)  
 JULY 8 - WILLIAM "MasterMath" RALEY (32)  
 JULY 10 - Arlo Guthrie (43); Rainbow Sinking ('85)  
 JULY 12-22 - Just-for-Laugh Festival in Canada;  
 Milton Berle (82); Buckminster Fuller (b. 1895)  
 JULY 13 - Harrison Ford (48); Roger McGuinn (48)  
 JULY 14 - VINNIE & DORIAN—1 Year!; Bastille Day;  
 Woody Guthrie (b. 1912); Jerry Rubin (52)  
 JULY 16 - Barbara Stanwyck (b. 1907); Ginger Rogers (68)  
 JULY 17 - MAX NUCLEAR (32); Nelson Mandela (72)  
 JULY 18 - Hunter Thompson (51); Red Skelton (77)  
 JULY 19 - Philip Agee (55); George McGovern (68)  
 JULY 20 - Diana Rigg (52); Vaughn Bode (b. 1941)  
 JULY 21 - Solar Eclipse; Robin Williams (39); First  
 Robot Homicide ('84); Marshall McLuhan (b. 1911)  
 JULY 22 - Albert Brooks (43); Spooner's Day  
 JULY 24 - Muslim New Year (1411); Ruth Buzzi (54);  
 Simon Bolivar (b. 1783); Amelia Earhart (b. 1898)  
 JULY 26 - Gracie Allen (b. 1905); Aldous Huxley (b. 1894)  
 JULY 27 - Gilroy Garlic Festival; Norman Lear (68)  
 JULY 28 - PHREDD (5); PHIL PROCTOR (50)

(continued on page 4)

INSIDE JOKE is put on hexaweekly by Elayne Wechsler-Chaput 'n' bunches of friends and cohorts and emanates from beautiful Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, where we're gearing up to go to the park and celebrate Welcome Back To Brooklyn Day, where they're crowning Lou Gossett King for a Year!  
 CONCIERGE.....ELAYNE WECHSLER-CHAPUT  
 PRODUCTION ASSISTANT.....STEVE CHAPUT

## STAFF WRITERS/ARTISTS

ANNI ACKNER=====ACE BACKWORDS=====KEN BURKE  
 MIKE DOBBS=====PRUDENCE GELOR=====GARY PIG GOLD==  
 WAYNE HOGAN=====RORY HOUCHESS=====TODD KRISTEL  
 JED MARTINEZ=====J.P. MORGAN=====LARRY OBERC==  
 SUSAN PACKIE=====WILLIAM RALEY=====KATHY STADALSKY  
 LARRY STOLTE=====DORIAN TENORE-BARTILUCCI=====  
 KERRY THORNLEY=====PHIL TORTORICI=====

Front Cover by VERNON GRANT  
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INSIDE JOKE is sold by SUBSCRIPTION ONLY (No Trades)  
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Thanks Owen!

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## ACKNOWLEDITORIAL

So many good folk have left us between last issue and this one that I had been morbidly joking about our usual IJ dedication taking up too much room on this page. Jim Henson and David Rappaport are gone; so are Jack Gilford, Susan Oliver, Sergio Franchi, Vic Tayback, Dexter Gordon, Ralph Abernathy, Rex Harrison, Sammy Davis Jr., Jill Ireland—the list of famous faces, some rather young, has sadly been totalling up these last two months. But one death hit hardest of all: On April 10, longtime IJ contributor and a man who shared my birthday, Michael Polo, committed suicide. Michael was one of the five people who had been so generous and enthusiastic about IJ that I had put him on my "IJ-For-Life" list. He had seemed so happy in his new life in Texas, working in community theater, that I never thought that phrase would come to mean his life rather than that of IJ, so close to our hiatus. Michael was very special to many of us, and his IJ contributions are being gathered by his sister-in-law and put into an album for Michael's mother. I am sending Ermalinda Polo this issue as well, so that she and her family may know how very much we loved and will miss Michael's wit and imagination, and that we would like to dedicate this and our "final" four issues as well to his memory.

Lots of thank-yous to share this time around, especially as I neglected to appreciate many folks in print last issue. Much gratitude to Mario Acevedo, J.C. Brainbeau, Elliot Cantsin, Roger Coleman, Dick Freeman, Vernon Grant, Mark Henkes and Jim Middleton for their generous donations, and to B.Z. Bullen and Ken Wagner again for their ads (remember, business card size ads will be printed for \$5 each, including the cost of the IJ in which they appear!). I also printed Anni's business card within, and do urge readers of fine children's literature (as opposed to the stuff they usually push in mall stores) to patronize her emporium in person or by phone. Many thanks as well to the people buying up INSIDE JOKE back issues, now that I've restocked them for your reading pleasure—they're still on sale for \$1.50 each!

Welcome to our newest contributors--Clinton Gustavson, Dave Kocher, Jack Little, Ralph Sharanga and Brian Skinner--and sorry we're closing shop so soon after you've joined us (specifically, with IJ #80 in December, one issue after our official 10th anniversary). Aside from Tom Deja (still writing his book) and Steven Scharff, all staffers are present and accounted for (even Kathy, who remains under the impression that she's always late when she's not), as Pru and Dorian get set to wind up their respective chapters (although the Pru & Bunny story goes on), Anni weighs in with one of her best in a long time; and, in the non-staffer section, Tammy Dwyer wraps up the Poet's Diet Book and Sergio Taubmann starts another multi-parter. Please, folks, try to limit your serials, as we only have four issues remaining!

The deadlines for the "last" IJs are as follows: June 30 for IJ #77, August 15 for IJ #78, September 30 for our 10th Anniversary Issue, #79, and November 15 for our final issue before our indefinite hiatus. IJs usually print about a month after announced deadlines, so if you're doing topical material such as holiday tie-ins, please bear that in mind (i.e., no Thanksgiving material for #80, but Christmas material would be good). If there's an X by your mailing label, it's time to renew. Issues of IJ are \$1.50 each, limit three per person since I only make 150 total, and you can subscribe clear on through to the "end" for a mere \$6 (make checks payable to "Elayne Wechsler-Chaput"). You can also buy IJ at SohoZat, but please don't write me there. Send away for the Writers'/Artists' Guidelines if you have questions about contributions--all contributors and letter writers may, if they wish, get a discount on their IJ by sending me a 65¢ stamp instead of the \$1.50 cash/check/money order for the issue in which their work will appear. Donations are always welcome; subscription requests, writing, art, letters and everything else should be sent to P.O. Box 1609, Mad. Sq. Station, New York, NY 10159-1609. Remember, that's Madison Square Station, not Garden, and they've been bugging me about that 9-digit zip lately, so please try to remember the extra four digits, same as the box number...

P.S. For those of you who've asked what I'll be doing after IJ folds, I'll be mostly resting then probably having a couple kids, which is how I'll be spending any extra time and money!



# DIARY of the ROCK FIEND



by  
Anni Ackner  
SENSE AND THE SINGLE GIRL

It was some time around my last birthday—well, no, actually, it wasn't "sometime around my last birthday" at all. It was exactly on my last birthday, at precisely the moment that all the waiters at the Peanut Bar broke into their world-renowned version of "Happy Birthday To You," preparatory to tying a yellow balloon on my chair and forcing me to pose for a grainy Polaroid photograph with such unfortunates of my personal acquaintance not fast enough to think of any place else they had to be that evening—when the realization struck me (with the sort of force normally exhibited by a typical ton of bricks) that, totally without any conscious will or desire on my part, I had somehow arrived at That Certain Age.

Now I don't, at this time, mean That Certain Age wherein it becomes pretty much unlikely that, no matter how much genius and creativity I am able to muster along these lines, anyone is going to refer to me as "a brilliant young writer," or That Certain Age when it is readily apparent that I really should give up thinking that anyone wants to know about my SAT scores, or even That Certain Age when even I begin to concede that the Grateful Dead poster in my living room is starting to look a touch on the peculiar side. Not to say that I haven't achieved—or surpassed—Those Certain Ages as well—to say nothing of the one where you start to wonder if there mightn't be a grain of truth in those Oil of Olay commercials after all—but the one I had in mind here was That Certain Age when people begin to say the same things, on the same topic, in the same tone of voice to you, over and over again, on any even marginally social occasion, so that eventually you have it memorized and can parrot it all back should the need ever arise, which for some reason it virtually never does. The Nice People, for example, inevitably say, "Don't worry, there's still plenty of time," while patting you reassuringly on the back or, better still, by their lights, giving you the sort of hug that has made the name "Leo Buscaglia" synonymous with "Evil Spawn of Hell" to many of us. Those who are not truly Nice, but who aspire to being thought so, on the other hand, invariably murmur, in dulcet—and ear-shattering—tones, "Of all people in the world, I never imagine that you wouldn't. What were the boys thinking of?" as they sit across from you in a restaurant, and shake their heads in utter bewilderment, while those who are Downright Nasty make a habit of braying "So how come you didn't?" from halfway across the room in any old public place, and the rest of the world—usually Relatives—tends to smile at you sadly, sigh heavily, and then huddle in corners, not quite out of your hearing, giggling and speculating about how it was you really felt about your high school gym teacher twenty years before.

And what they are talking about, of course, is Marriage, and why, At Your Age (and I am, by the way, 36½ years old as we speak, and advancing rapidly), you haven't achieved it.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, you know, when I was too young to appreciate it, none of this was the case. In the halcyon days of the early to mid-seventies, when feminism was in full flower (as was the lava lamp, but never mind), it was pretty well taken for granted that no woman in her proper senses (and you do understand that all of what has been said so far, and will continue to be said, pertains only to women, don't you? Men, God knows, have their own set of worries, but this doesn't happen to be one of them, for an unmarried man of 36½ hard-earned years is still considered a Dynamic Young Bachelor, pursuing his career and playing the field and, unless he does something really drastic, like showing up on a Donahue show devoted to Same Sex Relationships and the New Clergy or opening up a poodle-grooming salon with his friend Michael, they aren't going to start wondering about his gym teacher till he's 45 or so) wanted to get married—in fact, newly-liberated women took to leaving their husbands in droves in an attempt to become non-married as rapidly as possible, so great were the benefits of the single state considered. Women, it was thought, had better things to do with their time than enter into committed, legally-binding relationships—they had their careers to look after, their political agendas to accomplish, their world to save and, frankly, their wild oats to sow. Who on earth had time for maintaining a relationship or figuring out what to do with the six sets of non-returnable queen-sized sheets received from a spouse's mother when the couple in question owned a king-sized bed?

These days, however, the climate, not to mention the moral tone of our society, has changed yet again, and it is now downright fashionable—if not mandatory—for a woman of my years to either be married, about to get married, or to be desperately attempting to find a relationship that will ultimately lead to marriage. At the very least she ought to have a bloody, painful divorce in back of her and be actively engaged in therapy to discover if this experience has married her enough to prevent her from marrying again. While she is still encouraged—though perhaps not as strenuously—to look after her career, accomplish that political agenda, save that world, as far as those wild oats go, by my age—or so the thinking runs—she not only ought to have them sowed but reaped,

harvested, ground up into meal and be busy serving them to her two small children, Jacob and Rebecca. Even those who actually were carnally interested in their gym teachers aren't safe from all this, by the way, as it is automatically assumed that by your middle to late thirties you will have found some nice, similarly-inclined woman, opened a bookshop with her, and be seriously considering artificial insemination or anyway retirement property in the Oregon woods.

The most interesting thing about this phenomenon—aside from its obvious benefits to the Valium and Good Stiff Drink Industries—is that it is somehow never, ever granted that one might have entered into this marriage-free state willingly, that one may have had had opportunities to get married (as, I hasten to assure you, I did) and, of her own free will and in full possession of all her faculties, decided against it, that one might possibly enjoy not being part of a couple. Oh no, it is always, without fail, tiresomely supposed that one is not married simply because one was, in some way, not adequate enough to attract the attention of a man willing to marry her and, furthermore, that one lives in a constant state of despair, confusion and regret over this deficiency, and/or just isn't trying hard enough, all of which leads to such well-meaning, if irritating, remarks as, "Maybe if you lost a little weight, dear?" and "Have you tried running a personal ad?" and the always-inscrutable "Perhaps it's time to lower your standards," to which the only possible answer is, "No! I absolutely insist on something capable of cognitive language."

Well, I don't know about the rest of you in my position—and I know you exist. Who else is buying all that Budget Gourmet?—but I'm getting darned sick and tired of the whole business, and I wish it to be known, here and now, once and for all, that there are any number of good reasons why a Woman of That Certain Age would, of her own volition, choose to remain husbandless (or unbookstore-partnered, as the case may be), not one of them having to do with terminal unattractiveness or undesirability. As a matter of fact, I can think of ten excellent ones just off the top of my head, which I will be happy to present to you as

## TEN EXCELLENT REASONS TO REMAIN MARRIAGE-FREE OF Matchmaker, Matchmaker, Jump in the Lake

1. Retaining One's Own Name: By this I do not mean the taking of one's partner's last name upon marriage—which may, in this day and age, not even happen and which, in any case, may even be fortuitous (I, for one, would be perfectly delighted to trade in "Ackner" for anything even slightly more euphonic, which is just about everything)—but the really insidious thing that happens to a woman's first name the moment she becomes part of an established couple. I mean, there you are, a perfectly normal person called, let's say, "Norma," and the next thing you know, you turn around to find that you are no longer "Norma" but "Norma-and-Clifford." You live in "Norma-and-Clifford's house," go places in "Norma-and-Clifford's car" (unless "Norma-and-Clifford take the train"), raise "Norma-and-Clifford's children" and even, weirdly, make Sunday visits to "Norma-and-Clifford's folks." (That this same transformation also happens to men is immaterial—men enjoy this sort of thing; witness the vast numbers of them willing to leap merrily into such identity-diluting associations as The Armed Services, professional football teams, and All-You-Kan-Eat Onion Ring Nite at the Beef'n'Brew.) The only time you will be permitted to use your original name is when something negative happens that can somehow be construed to be your responsibility ("Norma's car broke down," "Norma's son bit the kindergarten teacher"), a prospect equal in attraction and appeal, as far as I'm concerned, to being for some reason forced to spend the rest of my life under the name of "Mrs. Leo Buscaglia."

2. Television: Admittedly, this has not been as much of a problem since the advent of the VCR and the concept of a television in every room; nevertheless, there still do exist moments in every couple's duration when you want to watch something perfectly sensible while he insists on watching something sexist, violent, silly, or maybe even involving eighty behemoths in helmets attempting to slaughter each other for the sake of a piece of pigskin, and all but one of the television sets are broken, and neither of you is willing to time-shift. This is a no-win situation as far as couples are concerned—one of you is going to end up trying desperately to enjoy his or her programme while listening to the other periodically issue forth with those deep, heart-wrenching sighs that mean "I'm really suffering here, but I love you so very much that I'm willing to sacrifice myself for your happiness," and it's a toss-up as to who is in the worst position. As a single woman, conversely, I have no such problems: if Andrew Dice Clay is on the Letterman show, okay, Andrew Dice Clay is on the Letterman show, and with a mere flick of the remote control I turn on Nick at Nite or some nice movie and forget all about him. And I don't have to listen to any guff about feminists not having a sense of humour while I'm doing it, either.

Which brings us, in a roundabout way, to

3. Staying Up Late: Let's say, just for illustration's sake, that *The Enchanted Cottage* is on TNT one night—or morning, technically—at 3:00am. In this situation, what does the poor, pathetic, lonely Single Woman of That Certain Age do? Why, miserable creature that she is, she makes herself a big bowl of popcorn, loads up on the Kleenex, opens her beverage of choice, plops down on the sofa (or bed, depending on where she keeps the TV), and weeps away blissfully, starting at the credits, her only worries in this case being whether she'll be tired at work the next day and how much the cat is shedding into the popcorn bowl. Never

(continued next page)

once, pitiful thing, in all these proceedings, does she get to hear a grumpy, sleepy voice inquiring, "Honey, where you going?", "Do you know what time it is?", "Why do you watch that shit if it makes you cry?", or "As long as you're out there, make me a sandwich, okay?". Such a shame.

This also brings up the question of

4. Sleeping Together: And here I am not talking about sex, which is a delightful pasttime for just about everyone and which has enough troubles these days without my adding to them. No, I am referring merely to the physical act of sharing a bed with someone else, with the intention of getting a little sleep. Now, before you start to enlighten me, let me say that I've heard it all about the joys of snuggling, spooning, cuddling, and waking up the next day to a smiling, loving face. What I typically hear less about are the joys of freezing because someone else has taken all the blankets, parboiling because someone else insists that the bedroom thermostat be kept at 85°, other people's rude bodily noises and aromas, snoring, struggling to turn over with someone else's arm wrapped around your neck, and waking up the next day to a face full of someone else's morning breath and the sound of the alarm going off on someone else's schedule, which somehow always manages to be 30 minutes earlier than yours. As a Single Woman of That Certain Age, when I wish to get a little sleep, I climb into my own sweet, cozy bed—with no wet spot—with my own blankets, my own temperature setting, and my own accoutrements necessary for utter relaxation—and if these happen to include a Siamese cat, cigarettes, an ashtray and a rather disreputable stuffed hedgehog, I don't have to entertain anyone else's thoughts on the subject—and do so, with no interference. And if I wish to indulge in the first definition of the term under discussion, why, it's the easiest thing in the world to invite someone over to indulge with me, secure in the knowledge that he'll leave fairly soon afterwards or, if he does stay the night, he's not going to call me at work the next day and ask why I've rearranged his sock drawer.

5. Hobbies: I don't happen to have any. For reasons that have never been adequately explored, Significant Others usually do. Make of this what you will—all I know is, I'm not sharing my living space with 200 back issues of *The New Mutants*.

6. Food: When a Single Woman of That Certain Age wants something to eat, she eats it. End of discussion. Whatever she wants. Whenever she wants (well, okay, it's not a good idea to slurp down a Creamsickle while in conference with one's firm's major client—unless one's firm's major client happens to be Mr. Creamsickle—but you know what I mean). However much she wants. Cookies in bed. A five-course French dinner lovingly prepared by one's own hands after taking a cooking class. Ince cream out of the container. Scrambled eggs and toast for supper. Pizza for breakfast. Peanut butter licked off her fingers. Cold barbecued chicken in the middle of the night—her eating habits are limited only by her tastes, her moral code, her pocketbook, and just how badly she wants to fit into last year's bathing suit. A married woman's eating patterns, however, are completely at the mercy of those of her mate. If she doesn't come home a few minutes late from work to discover a disgruntled human demanding to know where his (or her) dinner is, then she comes home from work a few minutes late to discover a disgruntled human pouting because he (or she) fixed Brook Trout Almondine in Lemon Butter Sauce and now it's absolutely ruined. And if, by some chance, she does happen to make it home on time but doesn't happen to be hungry enough to satisfy her mate—well, it doesn't even bear thinking of. And that doesn't even take into account a mate's sudden decision to become a vegetarian, forcing the married woman to either subsist on bean sprouts and tofu or endure long, black stares of the sort formerly directed only at salespeople who gently suggest that it might be time to consider moving into Sans-A-Belt, a mate's intractable and irrational insistence that sushi is an edible substance, and a mate's selfish desire to eat cookies in bed. Honestly, it's a wonder that a married woman ever gets anything decent to eat at all.

7. Decorating: Remember that Grateful Dead poster in my living room? Anachronistic and juvenile as it may be, it shall remain there as long as it pleases me to have it, and will come down only when I am tired of having it, and not because A Certain Someone is going through a mature phase and has decided to redo the entire apartment in French Provincial.

8. Whims: Speaking, as we were a moment ago, of phases and such-like, it cannot be denied that spouses, particularly male ones, are frighteningly prone to them, so that the married woman never knows, when she returns home after even a brief absence, whether she's going to have to pick her way through a Nautilus machine, ten or twelve assorted barbells, and a pile of unwashed jogging suits—the "Boy, Am I Getting Out of Shape" phase—confront a furious figure sitting bolt upright in its underwear and glowering at a blank television screen—the "My Life Stinks and It's All Your Fault" phase—or discover that her beloved has taken off for Belize in the company of a 19-year-old Wesleyan undergraduate who weaves her own miniskirts—the "Oh My God I'm Getting Old But Not As Fast As You Are" phase. On the other hand, when I return home the only other creature's whims with which I have to put up are the cat's, and since his rarely extend much beyond whether he's going to eat the nice Bits O' Beef Dinner tonight or attempt to scratch the linoleum over it, I find them relatively unstressful with which to cope.

9. Music: As in the case of Television, there is no escaping the fact that, sooner or later, in a heterosexual relationship, you are going to discover that he likes a band or musician that you

don't stomach under any circumstances. Be it the Rolling Stones, Guns & Roses or Frank Sinatra, eventually this obnoxious taste is going to be revealed to you. Furthermore, you are going to discover that, not only does he enjoy this unearthly screeching, he's going to insist on blaring it out of the stereo at 20 decibels above the pain threshold and, even more further, you are also going to discover that there isn't a darned thing you can do about it—for instance, playing your Kate Bush records—because he's the one who knows how the speakers work and what all those coloured wires hanging off the back are for. (Never mind your righteous and reasonable fury that he knows this because he took Electrical Shop while you were forced to take Home Ec—there it is all the same.) About all you really can do under the circumstances is buy a Walkman and clamp it firmly onto your ears whenever the Music Mania strikes him, and even that isn't always going to work because, ultimately, the things that turn around and make the tape move are going to jam—trust me, they will—and guess who is going to have to fix them for you? In the meantime, The Single Woman of That Certain Age will be curled up in her rocker, peacefully listening to Tracey Chapman, and laughing at you most heartily.

10. Enjoying A Really Good Brood: Which I can do and you cannot. Think about it: When I get into one of Those Moods, when the rent and what my mother used to erroneously refer to as "my friend" are both overdue, when I would gladly exchange my life for anyone else's, including Pat Sajak's, and when the total destruction of the earth's atmosphere isn't happening fast enough, I put "I Think It's Gonna Rain Today" on the stereo (which, please note #9, is not busily employed playing *The Best of R.A.T.T.*), dig out my emergency supply of Reese's Peanut Butter Cups, close the shutters and have a marvelous time feeling good and sorry for myself. Now, what happens when you attempt the same manoeuvre? Does a Well-Intentioned Soul keep asking you, in tones ranging from solicitude to anger, depending on how many times it has repeated the question, what the matter is? Does it refuse to take "Nothing" for an answer? Does it keep trying to hug you, or rub your back, or take you out for a nice, brisk walk, or, conversely, does it insist that you "lighten up"? Does any of this sound at all familiar? I rest my case.

And so I do, comfortable in the knowledge that, if I have not changed any minds—and I would rather doubt that I have, judging from the fact that pattern registration at Bloomie's appears to be as brisk as ever—I have at least forestalled my Aunt Sarah's annual package of brochures for singles weekends in the Catskills (I hope), and my work here is done. Time now for me to retire to my own charming, private room and relax in my solitude.

And next year I'm sending out for Chinese on my birthday.

## UPCOMING EVENTS *continued*

- JULY 29 - WAYNE HOGAN (36); Comedy Celebration Day in San Francisco; William Powell (b. 1892)
- JULY 30 - AUGUST 3 - Int'l. Conference on Humor - G.B.
- JULY 30 - Kate Bush (32); Ellie Smeall (51)
- AUGUST 1 - LARRY STOLTE (33); DON LEIGHTY (39); Jerry Garcia (52)
- AUGUST 1-7 - National Clown Week
- AUGUST 2 - Myrna Loy (b. 1905); Peter O'Toole (57)
- AUGUST 3 - Maggie Kuhn (85); Martin Sheen (50)
- AUGUST 5 - Celebration of Peace Day; Friendship Day
- AUGUST 6-12 - Turtles International Awareness Week
- AUGUST 7 - Stan Freberg (64); Garrison Keillor (48)
- AUGUST 8 - Andy Warhol (b. 1920)
- AUGUST 9 - Nixon resigns ('74); David Steinberg (48)
- AUGUST 11 - Joe Jackson (35); Presidential Joke Day
- AUGUST 12 - Pru Gets Married!; C.B. DeMille (b. 1881)
- AUGUST 13 - Fidel Castro (63); Bert Lahr (b. 1895); Annie Oakley (b. 1860); Alfred Hitchcock (b. 1899)
- AUGUST 14 - Alice Ghostley (64); David Crosby (49)
- AUGUST 15 - Linda Ellerbee (46); Lawrence of Arabia (b. 1883); DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO IJ #78

NEWSPRINT

1979....rev. 6/26/84

by Sigmund WeLas

Show submits its brilliance  
of arms of majestic trees.  
Arrayed in domination the forest  
mirrors a sun-showered display  
as leafless boughs murmur  
affluent canticles of praise  
while elfin spirits  
gambol in their play.  
A peace so sleepy  
where only sound of birds intrude  
yet  
as I read newsprint  
a sense of horror exudes  
as the forest  
now seems false and fragile,  
its silence broken  
by howling and tears.



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# WHY I HAVEN'T BEEN WRITING FOR INSIDE JOKE

by Mike Dobbs

I used to think that life was complex. After all, my wife and I both worked full-time. We had three cats with amusing habits such as vomiting their food at inappropriate places and inappropriate times. We had two nephews, one of whom we would make an effort to see probably in a vain attempt that he wouldn't grow up thinking pro wrestling was the height of Western thought. (The other nephew, by the way, is just two years old and lives 500 miles away. His parents planned it that way.) There were movies to be seen, books to be read and records we simply had to have.

Then life got a little more complex. I began a new job managing a brand new theater. I started teaching a second class at a local college as a part-time job. Mary began a part-time job as well. We started getting depressed about living in the same small 4-room apartment for nine years.

Then life got a little more complex. We managed to get some money. My parents gave us some money. We found one of the few honest real estate agents in the greater Northeast. We told her we had enough money to make an offer on an \$80,000 home. She didn't laugh, and actually showed us houses in our price range, including one we couldn't pass up.

Then our life got much more complex than I ever thought it could, but that was only because I couldn't see into the future. We went through the living hell of obtaining a mortgage. Certainly I must have assaulted a school bus of elderly nuns on crutches in a past life to deserve all the karmic pain that came my way (I wonder what Mary did?). The pain alone from preparing to move was crippling enough, but then the sellers decided to move out at a later date than we had planned, and by then we had gotten a...PUPPY!

Half German Shepherd, half wolverine on bad acid, "Bear" was not added to our merry band at the most opportune moment. She is capable of great love and affection and also producing piles of fecal matter that baffle Newton's laws of physics. She eats a full pound of puppy food and produces a pound of compost--truly amazing, in a hideous kind of way.

Then life got just a little more complicated. We made the move to the house on April 4-5. I managed to lose several things which have yet to turn up. Have you ever noticed that even if you're living out of boxes, your first efforts are to hitch up the stereo and put your movie posters up on the wall? A legacy of the '60s, I think.

Mary is an admission representative for the Westover Job Corps Center, and is well known by a number of social service agencies here in western Massachusetts. Among those is the Refugee Resettlement Program of the Diocese of Springfield. Ah, yes, I'm telegraphing the next blow...

Well, they had a 15-year-old girl who had escaped from Vietnam with a cousin and had arrived to the Springfield area in January. Her cousin wanted to have a life without her young charge (a very long and complicated story which still isn't fully resolved), so the Resettlement people were looking for...**FOSTER PARENTS!** Naturally, they turned to us. Naturally, we met her. Naturally, she looked at us with enormous brown eyes. Naturally, we said "yes." As that great Buddha of Breakfast Cereals, Wilford Brimley, would say, "It's the right thing to do."

So now, in just a matter of weeks, we've gone from apartment dwellers with three contented cats to homeowners with a foster child who is a stranger in a strange land (her English is wonderful, considering her time studying it, but just try to explain Married With Children to her!), a puppy who is now a troubled pre-teen and three very upset cats.

But life is good. I turned the stereo up to 10 (especially when our redneck neighbor starts playing his Donna Fargo at

high decibels), mowed my own grass, and started looking at the home improvement center's Sunday flyers. Hmmmm...they got some tools on sale...Of course, I'll probably never use them, but I'm now Manly Homeowner. I want one of those leather tool belts.

Life is complicated, but I wouldn't have it any other way. And that's why you folks haven't seen me here in the pages of IJ.

OH-DE-LAY-DE-HOO?

by A.T. Hunn

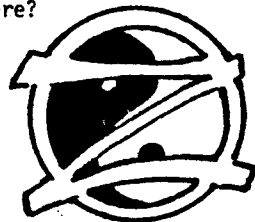
Sure, they call it yodeling

But did anyone ever check

To see how high their shorts were?

Proibly just below their necks

## Zenarchy STORIES



### REMEDY WITHOUT DIAGNOSIS

"If you want to find out why you behave in a particular way, go to a therapist. If you want to find out how to let go, practice. Because we have personality traits, because we are human, we say in Zen that we're always defiling the precepts. We are always dirtying up the empty glass. Just by using it. By allowing it to fulfill its function. So our job is to keep cleaning it and that's the way it is. As long as we realize that our practice is to keep it clean and that it will get dirty, then we're observing the precepts. And then in our practice we have to go to the place where there is no glass. And in that very state, although we are constantly cleaning the glass, there is no cleaning and there is no glass. Both exist at the same time. Zero and one exist at the same time. I'm not so interested in the question why. I'm more interested in how. There is a tendency in this country to make the Zen teacher into the therapist. And there will be Zen teachers who will be trained in psychology, and how they use psychology will be their valid expression of Zen. But that's not who I am, not how I was trained." —Bernard Glassman

(From ZEN IN AMERICA by Helen Tworlov, as are all excerpts below)

### ETHICS AND ETIQUETTE

In Zen, the Ten Grace Precepts are guidelines for an ever-changing present that by its nature demands both creative and appropriate response. Writing on the first precept, "No Killing," Aitken recalls "that someone once asked Alan Watts why he was a vegetarian. He said, 'Because cows scream louder than carrots.' This reply may serve as a guideline. Some people will refuse to eat red meat. Some people will not drink milk. Some people will eat what is served to them, but will limit their own purchases of animal products. You must draw your own line, considering your health and the health of other beings." Aitken, who generally maintains a vegetarian diet, has said that if he goes to a dinner party and is served meat he will eat it because "The cow is dead and the hostess is not."

### INSECURITY, UP AND DOWN

In *Taking the Path of Zen*, Aitken illustrates Yamada Roshi's phrase with the story about Bird's Nest Roshi:

He was a teacher who lived in the T'ang period and did zazen in a tree. The governor of his province, Po Chu-i, heard about Bird's Nest Roshi and went to see him. This Po Chu-i was no ordinary politician. He was one of China's greatest poets, well known for his expression of Zen Buddhism.

Po Chu-i found Bird's Nest Roshi sitting in his tree, doing zazen. He called to him, saying, "Oh, Bird's Nest, you look very insecure to me up there."

Bird's Nest Roshi looked down at Po-Chu-i and replied, "Oh Governor, you look very insecure to me down there." All things are under the law of change and political position is the most ephemeral of all. Po Chu-i knew very well what Bird's Nest Roshi was talking about. So he took a different tack.

"Tell me," he said, "what is it that all the Buddhas taught?"

Bird's Nest replied by quoting from the *Dhammapada*:

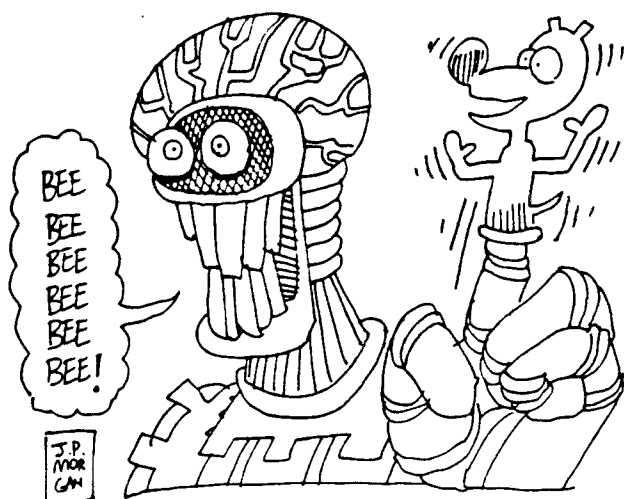
Never do evil;  
always do good;  
keep your mind pure—  
thus all the Buddhas taught.

So Po Chu-i said, "Always do good; never do evil; keep your mind pure—I knew that when I was three years old."

"Yes," said Bird's Nest Roshi. "A three-year-old child may know it, but even an eighty-year-old man cannot put it into practice."

### WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM ITS FANS

Priest Pao-Ch'e of Ma-ku shan was fanning himself. A monk approached and asked, "Sir, the nature of wind is permanent, and there is no place it does not reach. Why, then, must you still fan yourself?" "Although you understand that the nature of wind is permanent," the master replied, "you do not understand the meaning of its reaching everywhere." "What is the meaning of its reaching everywhere?" asked the monk. The master just fanned himself. The monk bowed with deep respect.



## DEADLINE? WAZZAT?

*by the ever-faithful, always-on-time,  
always entertaining Kathy Stadalsky*

Well, here it is, the 22nd of May, only a mere, what, 7 days past the basic LJ deadline after which we all turn into frogs if we ain't submitted our columns and such, and guess what?

(Pretend I just croaked and ribbited--yep, you got it--Kathy missed a deadline!)

I know it's hard to believe and all, but I really did it--I really fucked up this time and missed the deadline just like it wasn't even there.

So, anyhow, I remembered the deadline when I was telling this really bitching post I ran across that she ought to submit to LJ and I thought "holy shit, I ain't wrote my column this month!" and I thought shit, I better get my stuff together and get one wrote before our beloved editrix (whom I truly worship and did I ever tell you how wonderfully forgiving she is? I mean, this is one UNDERSTANDING, compassionate, EMPATHETIC, caring person we have for an editor-in-waiting. Let me tell you, she's something, and although I really hate missing deadline, I just know that good ol' Elayne will forgive me, cause that's just the kind of person she is--she's something, and I'm really proud to know her. Did I mention she's really UNDERSTANDING?)...before our beloved editrix decides to perform an airmail root canal on me or something.

Yeah, I know, it's unusual that I should mention dental work, ain't it?

Well, not if I fill you in on the latest in the lives of the all-american family (yes, american with a small a) the fun-loving Stadalsky's.

See, this has been familial dental health month. We are in the midst of running up large quantities of dental bills which it will surely take us the rest of our natural lives to pay off and I'm not even certain we'll make it, we might have to hand the debt down to our heirs and such. (Assuming that we don't wind up in the poor house and can actually create some heirs, that is...)

It all started when we foolishly (but for the right reasons, of course) took our eldest offspring, Anna by name, to the (hold onto your hats) Orthodontist.

Seems that these days they don't wait for puberty, they slap the ol' braces on at an early age, and although we thought 12, 13 would be plenty young enough, we were assured that, no, it is far too old. You got to do it now, when the kid is a ripe old 9½. This, of course, was not what we wanted to hear (this was back in April) to kick off our spring time, but what are you gonna do? Yeah, okay, we said, give her braces and put it on the easy payment plan. (The insurance only pays WHAT???)

But no, friends, lemme warn you folks out there with kids (and any of you foolish mortals actually considering hatching some of them): it ain't that easy. You don't just go to an orthodontist and say "give her braces."

No, friends and neighbors, you gotta go to the orthodontist, just say yes, and THEN HE SENDS YOU TO A DENTIST. Yes, a plain ol' dentist.

X-rays and cleanings and bondings (oh my!).

Now, you, being a foolish mortal, will say, gosh, I have two other kids at home who should probably have a routine cleaning, and, come to think of it, it's been a couple two-three (seven-eight) years since me and the god of Ohio saw a dentist, so, hey, what the heck? Let's get the whole family cleaned and on the road to a healthier, happier smile.

So, you send the hubby in first. I mean, shit, him being the god of Ohio, he should go first (after Anna, of course) right?

And then you snicker when he comes home and says they did A cleaning, but he's got to go back three more times--twice to have some "root planing" done, and then once more for the final "fine polishing". And the "planing" is really painful and he'll have to have novacaine because they basically stick this doohickey up in underneath your gum all the way up to the root of the tooth and scrape off all that protective tartar and plaque you've built up over the years to protect your teeth from being sensitive to hot and cold (what d'ya mean there's supposed to be ridges behind your teeth! I thought they were supposed to be smooth and solid!)

And then you send your two other kids in (the baby really just to get her used to the idea, I mean, come on, she's only 2!) and you even survive the bonding on four of the middle kid's teeth even though you have now racked up some pretty sizable bills and you know the insurance sucks (although you keep telling the billing clerk "oh, yeah, the insurance is great--just hold off on the bills until you get the checks from them, 'cause I betcha they'll pay all or almost all of this" and you know you're lying through your teeth).

Then, inevitably, comes YOUR TURN. And you go in and they say "root planing" twice, three fillings on the right side, one on the left and we're going to pull your upper left wisdom tooth (while we're at it, why don't we just pull all three of the other ones, too? What do you mean "drop dead asshole I'll see you in hell first?") and don't worry, we'll be gentle and you'll only need about nine million shots of novacaine (7½ million of which are the ones on the palate which feels like you're dying in the electric chair or something), but hey, we'll give you gas, too, if you want it.

And then, pals-o-mine, you start thinking, well, shit...gas, huh? I mean, hell, I can do just about anything if you give me gas and it's legal and I don't need to buy no balloons and whip-cream cannisters and stuff...ham, gas, huh?

STOP!

THIS IS A MISTAKE!

DON'T DO IT!

THE GAS IS NOT WORTH IT!!!

I MEAN IT!

YOU'LL BE SORRY!

See, what they don't tell you is that the gas wears off--but the pain lingers...and the tylenol III's run out after a while and you're left with this empty box and you're going "I want my mommy" and it's really embarrassing because you're 30 years old and your kids are being humiliated by you and then you got to get up out of the chair and walk out of that office like you're okay.

And no, you can't hit the dentist in the jaw on the way.

Furthermore, they forget to tell you that the gas don't take away the pain, it just makes you not really care too much about it.

I mean, I remember once, in class, this really cool professor says we're going to do some experiments and show you the different effects of some abused substances. And he takes this one kid and clamps this alligator toothed clamp on the fleshy part of his hand between his thumb and forefinger and the kid just about shoots through the roof 'cause it hurts so bad. Then he gives the kid some codeine and about a half hour later he tries it again and the kid sits there and laughs about it, and the professor goes "does that hurt?" and the kid laughs, and the professor says "I guess it doesn't hurt, huh?" and the kid finally says "no, man, it hurts like hell." and the professor says "then why are you laughing?" and the kid says "beats the shit outta me, man, I just think it's funny".

The point of the matter is: the gas wears off right away and the novacaine eventually wears off and then you're trying to cure about 49 hours of pain with 32 hours of pain medication--which is just tylenol III's with codeine in 'em anyhow, so they don't really kill the pain any more than the gas did.

Well, anyhow, I suppose you're all wondering what the point of this riveting tale is and you might be surprised to learn that I don't have one!

Now, wait a minute, seriously, I DO have one. Sort of.

The point of it all is: don't ever go to the dentist and think you're just going to get a "routine cleaning" and a couple of x-rays done and that'll be that.

You're going to get a whole lot more done than that, because these dentists take Persuasion 101 and Infection Spreading Tales 211 and they're ready for you.

Oh, by the way, I thought I might fill you in on a pact that dentists take at their initiation when they're getting ready to slap on the laughing gas mask and roll around in the novacaine and then try to dance naked while extracting a tooth from an anatomically correct mannequin with an impacted wisdom tooth: their pact, to be brief, is: YOU MUST NOT EVER ALLOW A CLIENT TO KEEP HIS WISDOM TEETH! EVEN IF THEY DO NOT HURT HIM, DO NOT BOTHER HIM, AND HE'S JUST ABOUT AS ATTACHED TO THEM AS HE IS TO HIS LEFT LEG, YOU ABSOLUTELY MUST PULL THEM OR YOU LOSE YOUR LICENSE!

You think I'm kidding? How many of you still have your wisdom teeth?

Oh, yeah? Well, how many of you have been to a dentist in the last five years?

You just take your poor little wisdom teeth and visit your neighborhood dentist and let's see how much longer you have 'em.....

*Pru Story*  
*by Prudence Gaylor*

### THE CRAMPING TRIP Part Four

Three miles past Rising Sun and Prudence's tears were coming almost as hard as the rain battering at the sides of the little camper as it made its journey from the wilds of Baltimore to the comparative calm of the Pennsylvania woods. According to the weather report the rain was supposed to stop soon, but then again Patrick had expected Prudence to calm down by the time they had reached the Harbor Tunnel, and they had gone through that a while back. Patrick supposed maybe he should turn back, maybe try another weekend as the rain showed no signs of slowing down despite what the weather report said, but he was determined to show his little girl the joys of camping.

"Uncle Pat? Uncle Pat, I havta go to the bafroom."

"Didn't you go before we left?"

"Uh huh. Mom made me."

"Ian, that was your house. Didn't you go back at Pru's?"

"Nuhuh, didn't havta."

"Okay, there'll be an exit in another few minutes, we'll pull off there."

"But Uncle Pat, I havta go NOW!"

Prudence interrupted her tantrum to take stock of the situation. She was getting tired from all the crying and decided it would be interesting to focus on someone else's discomfort for a while. Her attention soon paid off.

"Ooh! Yuck! Daddy, Ian wet himself! Ian, get away from me. Sit over there, that's the corner for Pee-Pee Heads."

Now it was Ian's turn to cry. He wasn't a marathon crier like Prudence but he threw himself into his sobs full force. It started as a small whine that grew into something so enormous that, had he been there, he probably would have been able to knock down the walls of Jericho. Instead he sat in the camper directly behind Patrick's ear and wailed away.

What seemed like forever but was in all actuality just a few miles down the road was an exit. Patrick took it and steered the van into the parking lot of a restaurant. Silently, he got Ian's grip out from under the pile of camping supplies, opened it, pulled out a fresh pair of underwear and pants--the very pants Prudence had been planning swiping--and led the curly-headed boy whose face was as red as his hair into the restaurant and towards the bathroom.

Soon after, Patrick emerged from the building with a box of candy, but no Ian. Prudence supposed maybe he traded him for the candy, but her father explained that her cousin would take a few minutes more to finish changing.

"Hey, Sweetie, come here. I bought you a present." Patrick pulled out a pink package and handed it to her. "Open it."

It was obvious from the shape of the package it was a book, which was okay because Prudence liked books. It was a children's book, written for kids her age who weren't as bright--she was reading much older stuff already, but it had pretty illustrations and she didn't want to hurt Daddy's feelings. So she thanked him and curled up in his lap, allowing him to read it to her while they waited for Ian.

#### INAFAY THE FAIRIE PRINCESS

There once was a little girl by the name of Inafay Winkie. She had three brothers and three sisters. Her brothers wanted to grow up to be racecar drivers, astronauts and hockey players. Her sisters wanted to be ballerinas, movie stars and anything that made lots and lots of money and had good medical benefits.

Inafay wanted to be a fairie princess.

Every night she dreamed of sailing on the wind, giggling gleefully as she rose and dipped and rose again among the thickets and dells as she answered the magic call to come to the fairie circle.

She told her big brother Willie this, but he just laughed at her. And then he told her other brothers and sisters. And then he told all the kids in the neighborhood and the kids at school. And then they all laughed at her too.

"That's stupid!" they said. "No one can become a fairie princess!"

Inafay felt terrible; alone and betrayed by her big brother. She felt the whole world was laughing at her and her dream. But despite what everyone said, she still dreamed it. On her birthday she even wished to become a fairie princess when she blew out the candles of her birthday cake. Of course she didn't tell anyone because she knew that if you tell what you wish, then the wish won't come true. So Inafay kept her wish a secret.

Inafay never missed an opportunity to repeat making her wish. She wished upon stars and on dandelions and on pennies she threw in fountains.

One sunny Saturday morning, Inafay awoke to discover she had no voice. Inafay grew very excited. She was sure this was the first step to becoming a fairie (fairies don't have voices; they read minds, as everyone well knows).

Inafay's mother said that was all nonsense and that the reason Inafay couldn't speak was because she had laryngitis.

But Inafay knew better. Instead of growing taller, Inafay had begun to grow smaller. Her long brown hair fell out and green and violent and blue hair grew in. Her new hair was coarse and stuck out in all directions. It would become so tangled it was impossible to comb. Whenever her mother tried to comb it, Inafay burst into tears.

Her mother grew anxious. It had been several weeks since her daughter last spoke, so she took the child to see a doctor.

The doctor said it was a super-extended long-term laryngitis and that it was causing the side effects of shrinking and strange-colored hair. Inafay knew not to believe him because she could read his mind. He was thinking, "I have no idea," and "Maybe we should run some tests."

He sent Inafay home with a lollipop and told Inafay's mother to feed her lots of Jello.

Inafay continued to grow smaller.

And smaller.

Soon Inafay was so small even her Barbie's clothes were too big. And then she became so small that she had to use her new wings to reach Barbie's table and Barbie's bed.

One breezy day Inafay's big sister Wanda was helping their mother clean house. She opened the windows to let in fresh air and Inafay rode away on the back of a dust speck.

Patrick closed the book and kissed a lost-in-thought Prudence on the forehead. He explained he was going in to look for Ian and carefully extricated himself from under.

Prudence decided that she liked the story, and she thought Pink Bunny would too. It hurt to think about him. She really needed him to be here, and in her time of need he was nowhere to be found.

There was a fountain in the parking lot in front of the restaurant. Prudence climbed out of the camper and walked over to it. She reached into her pocket and pulled out a quarter. She had a penny but this was a big wish, deserving no less than a quarter if she were to appease the wish-gods.

Prudence closed her eyes and held her breath. Then when everything was still and just right she tossed the quarter in.

(continued next issue)

*Tell Me A Story*

Books and Music for Kids  
and Their Friends

9 NORTH 5TH STREET  
READING, PA 19601

D. ANNE ACKNER  
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Peter Collier & David Horowitz, **DESTRUCTIVE GENERATION: Second Thoughts About the '60s** (New York, Simon & Schuster), 352 pp, \$19.95.

The book on this book is that the authors are former '60s radicals who renounced their radical past to become Reagan Rightists. Now, before you condemn these guys are mere "yuppie sellouts," I suggest you read the book. Whether you agree with the authors' conclusions or not, there is no doubt that they are the result NOT of greedy opportunism, but of painful, honest self-reappraisal. And how often do you ever find hardcore politicians on either end of the spectrum having the guts to honestly question and reexamine their OWN belief system? I've found most Leftists are so busy condemning the Right that they barely bother to even look at their own bullshit.

The book starts out at the funeral of Berkeley radical lawyer Fay Stender. In a sense, her tragic story (she committed suicide) symbolizes, to the authors, where the '60s Left came from and where it ended up. In fact, Stender embodied the hopeful idealism and the naive, self-righteous stupidity that caused the '60s Left to crumble into ineffectuality.

Stender worked ceaselessly to get George Jackson, Huey Newton and other imprisoned Black Panthers out of jail. The leftist logic at the time ran something like this: The System is racist and guilty. The Black Panthers are victims of the System. Therefore, the Panthers are innocent and should be freed. What was overlooked in this fuzzy logic was the obvious fact that George Jackson and many of his cohorts were in fact violent, criminal street thugs. Jackson bragged of killing at least 12 people. But of course, this was of no concern to Stender and her radical cohorts, who were busy promoting the romantic myth of the oppressed revolutionary martyr. It didn't seem to concern Stender, or her fellow radical lawyers, that the vast majority of the prisoners they got released from prison just went out and committed further crimes, victimizing further innocents.

Until...

After Jackson was killed by prison guards in a botched escape attempt, many Panthers felt Stender had betrayed the revolution. In 1979, a black ex-prisoner and former follower of George Jackson tracked Stender down in her Berkeley home and shot her point-blank with a .38, permanently disabling her.

And then—irony of ironies!—at the trial for attempted murder, the left-wing lawyer for the accused squealed out the same radical hokum ("...this beautiful black man has been framed by the racist injustice that is so embedded in this Amerikkkan society") that Stender herself used to use to get her black clients released from jail back in the '60s!!

You know what they say: a liberal is just a conservative who hasn't been mugged yet.

And those of you who think I'm merely indulging in '60s nostalgia here, bear in mind this stuff is as relevant today as it was then. Indeed, most political commentators agree the turning point of the '88 presidential race was the way Bush hammered at Dukakis by invoking the image of Willie Horton, who was released from prison on a work-furlough program only to rape and murder innocent victims. If there's any single issue that crippled the '60s Left, it's the very real perception that they were weak on crime. I personally lean towards the Left on most issues, but I will never vote for another candidate who comes out against the death penalty even if I agree with them on everything else. Having gone through the trauma of experiencing two murder trials first-hand already, I've come to this conclusion the hard way, believe me!

I read with chagrin many Leftists' embarrassing attempts to eulogize Huey Newton. This is a guy who admitted to killing a policeman, a teenage prostitute, various knifings and assaults, and this is just what he admitted to. God knows what he was up to on the mean streets of Oakland when he was finally gunned down by one of his fellow street thugs in an apparent drug deal gone bad. Now I have sympathy for Newton as a victim of a racist society (and his own defective personality), but to try and pawn off a violent nut like this as a "leader" in ANY sense of the word is the height of irresponsibility. Especially when you consider how gullible so many "followers" are. And yet, this is precisely what the radical '60s all about.

A catalogue of the '60s radical leaders reads like a litany of imbeciles. One after another they disgraced themselves. Jerry Rubin finally admits that all his big posturing about "offing pigs" and "revolution in the streets" was nothing but an attempt to overcompensate for what he felt was the insecurity of having a small dink. Or Tom Hayden, a man whom the authors describe as someone who "experienced almost everything and learned practically nothing" from the '60s. There's a classic scene during the Berkeley People's Park riots where Hayden was holed up in a garret somewhere drafting what he called the Berkeley Liberation Program. To this end he tried to enlist Black Panther David Hilliard to

shoot down an Alameda sheriff's helicopter. To which Hilliard replied in disgust, "Just like you, Tom. Get a nigger to pull the trigger."

I won't even go into half-wits like Bernadine Dornh, one of the leaders of the Weathermen Underground, who crashed around the country giving speeches about "honkies" and "armed struggled" and extolling the revolutionary merits of Charles Manson and the "Tate Eight." "Big it. First they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach! Wild!" Yeah, right on, sister.

While I believe the Reagan Right is one of the biggest disasters to ever hit this country—and we'll be paying the price for their bullshit well into the next century—if you think the '60s Radical Left offered much of an alternative, well, I heartily recommend you read this book.

## Wax Ink

by Rory Houchens

**JOIN TOGETHER—The Who (MCA)—**When The Who announced plans for a 25th anniversary reunion tour last year, it was no great shakes to my dingy dreadlocks—their place in rock history was assured a long time ago (though they've been artistically spent for years), but could they flex enough muscle and generate enough juice to sustain even one decent performance, much less a whole tour? Judging by this album, the answer was yes. Supported by background vocalists and a handful of other musicians (including the five-piece Kickhorns), the remaining three Who-men kick up dust and thunder the likes of which haven't been seen (and heard) since the atomic drop of **LIVE AT LEEDS**. **TOMMY** never sounded better, much credit going to the garden-fresh, cobwebless teamplay of Townshend, Entwistle and Daltrey, and the brassy firepower of the Kickhorns. "I Can See For Miles" smells and sounds like it was just pulled off the rack, and "Behind Blue Eyes" and "Love Reign O'er Me" sail brightly and proudly through sheets of tears. Thirty-four songs—no green vegetables in the bunch.

**THE FIREBIRD/JEU DE CARTES—Philharmonia Orchestra (CBS Masterworks)—**There probably exist enough versions and interpretations of this Stravinsky masterpiece to choke the average hollow-headed Republican, but this recording is noteworthy because it includes the complete original version of "The Firebird" seldom heard since its completion in 1910. Stravinsky himself whittled away bits of his ballet score to reduce the size of the orchestra needed for the piece's second and third suites; and while it doesn't sound like much, the original pulses with a whole new dimension the abridged version lacks. Uncut and unrated if you want it.

**THE KING AND EYE—The Residents (Enigma)—**The wiley Residents continue their jagged and queasy upward spiral toward world domination by nursing cultural infections, corrupting musical forms, and skewering the odd pop icon and sacred cow. This time the "boys" whip up a frothy fondue à la Elvis! They apply time-warp disco Frippertronics to the ageless (?) "Hound Dog" and turn "Return to Sender" into an 8 x 10-foot cage of damp paranoia. "Devil In Disguise" floats along on a 2-decade-old moonwalk, and "Stuck On You" herky-jerks precariously on a Coney Island roller coaster, while "A Fool Such As I" not only sells aluminum siding in the great, orange-hued Southwest, but installs it too! "Little Sister" hurtles down a gothic corridor stopping just in time to tag off with "His Latest Flame" who's living deep in Memphis with some transplanted Hopi Indians. A lot of the time The Residents' musical interpretations are quite remarkable (especially "Burning Love" and "Viva Las Vegas") if not exactly faithful, and the whole album glows like a candy-colored nightmare. Enjoy.

# ANIMATION UPDATE



Once again yours truly had the chance to attend another "Furry Party," this one during Easter weekend at BaltiCon. There I viewed animated works such as "Animlympics," episodes of two Japanese TV shows (the new "Jungle Emperor" series, and "Sherlock Hound"—the latter with English-dubbed voices), and an encore of the CalArts collection of shorts, with my favorites featuring the works of funny-animal artists-turned-animators like Tracy Horton, Boz Gibson, Brett Koth and Christopher Sanders (the highlight: "Bring Me The Head of Charlie Brown"). With that in mind, another anthropomorphic artist is planning to take the plunge into animation. Jim Groat, the man behind EQUINE THE UNCIVILIZED and RED SHETLAND (cocreated by Richard Konkle), is in preproduction for a proposed 3-minute musical short starring Red, but he needs at least \$5,000 to make it (if you wish to contribute to his project, send check or money order to Graphxpress, P.O. Box 32292, Tucson, AZ 95751. If you submit more than \$25, you'll receive a newly-designed Red Shetland t-shirt, plus your name will appear in the film's credits; send in over \$100 and you'll get the shirt, your name in the credits and an original piece of art from the cartoon; and contributions of over \$1000 get you all of the above items plus your likeness in the form of an anthropomorphic extra in the cartoon. If you send money now but the \$5,000 goal isn't reached later on, your contribution will be refunded—if it's a small donation, you can get a RED SHETLAND subscription in lieu of cash.) This proposed short is not being made for TV or theatrical screening—it's produced solely for the entertainment of those who are keen on anthropomorphic characters, so it will be shown at comic book/fantasy conventions, special parties and other occasions. However, Jim's not ruling out the possibility that the "Red Shetland" short could be the stepping stone he needs to become a professional theatrical animator. If you like his comics, you'll love his cartoon...when it's finally made...

**FILM REVIEW:** Although not as spectacular as its previous anthologies, Expanded Entertainment's THE XXII INTERNATIONAL TOURNEE OF ANIMATION is unique enough to stand on its own. Many of its shorts were previous winners at different ASIFA-East award ceremonies, including "Plymptoons," "Animated Self-Portraits," "Cat and Rat," "A Warm Reception in L.A.," and Karen Aqua's eclectic work "Kakania." Others were Oscar nominees, like Alexander Petrov's "The Cow" and the Lauenstein brothers' "Balance" (this year's big winner). Of the shorts I hadn't seen before, the best of this bunch include "A Touch of Deceit" (Michel Gagne's fully-animated trickery from Canada), "Pictures From Memory" (Nedjelko Dragic's personal look back in time from Yugoslavia), "Juke-Bar" (Martin Barry's hilarious stop-motion story, which is ten times funnier—and shorter—than "Twilight of the Cockroaches;" also from Canada) and "Gisele Kerozene" (a pixillated work by Jan Kounen of France—which may remind some viewers of Mike Jittlov's work, but makes me think back to the earlier experiments of humans in stop-motion by Normal McLaren; and yet, it's equally as funny as such American-produced shorts as "Vicious Cycles" and "Sergeant Swell"). Like its predecessors, the Tournee will have limited runs in major cities across the country, so check it out when it checks into your area in the near future.

**BOOK REVIEW:** Joe Adamson (the man behind the biography *Tex Avery: The King of Cartoons*) does it again! He's created another "must-buy" book for the cartoon fan in all of us. *Bugs Bunny: Fifty Years And Only One Grey Hare* (Henry Holt & Co., \$35) shows us the world's most famous rabbit in ways unimagined. Adamson examines Bugs' various origins as a cartoon character (although the Bugs we know and love officially made his debut on July 27, 1940 in Tex Avery's "A Wild Hare"), probes the long-eared hero's popularity in cinemas and eventually on television, and looks at the many associates with which the bunny's been over the years (both two- and three-dimensional). Besides dozens of color and black-and-white photos, animation illos (stills, model sheets, lobby cards, etc.) and a complete filmography of Bugs' work (including his appearance at this year's Oscar telecast—but not his roles in "The Cartoon All-Stars to the Rescue" or the Earth Day special, which aired too late to be included), this 192-page book opens with prefaces by two of his "fathers," Friz Freleng and Chuck Jones. Naturally, there are typographical glitches about, but they can be overlooked; all in all, this book is a fitting tribute to one of the most memorable characters in the history of animation (apart from that mouse). No animation book collection should be complete without it...

**TV REVIEW:** I don't know who's doing bigger whirling dervishes in their respective graves, Rudyard Kipling or Walt Disney. In case you're unaware, several characters from THE JUNGLE BOOK (which should be re-released in theatres by the time you're reading this) are making the transition from the big screen to the little screen—with Baloo the Bear as the central figure—but that's where the similarities end. The new series, "Tail Spin" (there's no "Tail" in its title, nor one on Baloo), which is currently airing on the Disney Channel, can be simply described as "DuckTales" without ducks or "Chip 'N Dale's Rescue Rangers" without chipmunks. Every other humanized animal imagined makes up its cast, with bears as the main stars. No longer set in Kipling's

jungle, but the modern-day metropolis of Cape Suzette (one of a number of geographical puns, like Hyenasport, left over from "Beany & Cecil"), carefree Baloo is anything but as he takes on the responsibility of flying a seaplane for an express delivery company ("Higher for Hire"), while taking care of a young cub called Kit (thus cloning the elements of DIC's "Kissfur" series). His work is not made easy, as he's under the thumb (paw?) of an aggressive female bear boss named Rebecca (now we have "Cheers" without the bar), voiced by Sally Struthers. Other returning characters from the animated feature are King Louie, who now runs an island nightclub along with his crew of monkeys, and the villainous Shere Khan the Tiger. But the real villains in this show are the Air Pirates, under the leadership of their wolf/dog captain Don Carnagé, who attempt to pillage the seaplane of its booty. Most of the stories have predictable plots, and the animation is as full as other Disney shows (but still not as full as their films, like the original counterpart). This show might delight the average anthropomorphic buff who's tired of ducks and chipmunks, but whether or not other viewers would like "Tail Spin" remains to be seen, when it makes its syndicated network debut (as part of the two-hour Disney Afternoon) this fall...

**1980S POLL RESULTS:** Here are the results from my survey of the best and worst in animation from the '80s. First, here are my choices:

1. Best Feature Film: THE SECRET OF NIMH
2. Worst Feature Film: CARE BEARS MOVIE II
3. Best Theatrical Short: (Tie) "Luxo, Jr.," "The Big Snit"
4. Worst Theatrical Short: "UUBU"
5. Best TV Series: "The...Misadventures of Ed Grimley"
6. Worst TV Series: "Pandamonium"
7. Best TV Special: "A Claymation Christmas"
8. Worst TV Special: "The Romance of Betty Boop"
9. Best Character: (Tie) Roger Rabbit/Ed Grimley
10. Worst Character: Quakula (the Filmation character, not to be confused with Cosgrove-Hall's "Count Duckula")

Now here are the choices of Denise Krause of Rochester, NY:

1. WARRIORS OF THE WIND
2. ALL DOGS GO TO HEAVEN
3. ? 4. ?
5. "Mighty Mouse: The New Adventures"
6. "My Little Pony"
7. "The Simpsons' Christmas Special"
8. ?
9. (Tie) ALF/Ed Grimley 10. Jem

And that's all the results there are in my poll. My conclusion: either there are a lot of my readers who don't watch cartoons, or there are a lot of cartoon watchers who don't read my column...But I would like to hear from you if you have any questions on cartoons or this column (write to me at 71 Crystal St., Elmont, NY 11003-4215, please, I'm so lonely...).

**MISCELLANEOUS:** Although Noel Blanc (Mel's son) provided Bugs Bunny's voice on the Academy Awards telecast, future roles with Bugs (as well as a variety of other Warner Bros. characters) will be voiced by Jeff Bergman...Speaking of Warner Bros., one of its animation studio's directors is making a comeback. Chuck Jones has decided to return to making cartoons after a nine-year retirement. (His last studio, Chuck Jones Enterprises, produced such TV specials as "The White Seal," "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," "A Cricket in Times Square" and two "Raggedy Ann & Andy" holiday shows.) The first project for the newly-formed Chuck Jones Productions is "The Short Happy Lives of Barnaby Scratch," a pre-World War I tale of an alley cat in London. According to The Hollywood Reporter, Jones has already completed the storyboards, and is now on the process of obtaining finances...Less than a week after THE LITTLE MERMAID went on sale, Walt Disney Pictures announced its next animated feature to come out on home video. PETER PAN will be on sale sometime in September...It's official: New York's Film Forum will reopen at its new location on West Houston Street on Monday, September 3 (Labor Day), almost one year to the day when it closed down at its old location on Watts Street. Its swansong then was Streamline Pictures' "Twilight of the Cockroaches." So, what will be one of its first films in its newest spot? Streamline Pictures' "Akira," what else?...Of the new TV shows for kids this fall, one of them will have an ecological theme. "Captain Planet" (cocreated by Ted "CNN" Turner) will deal with environmental issues through animation, and features the voices of actors like Ed Asner, Whoopi Goldberg, et al...Another new series, "Tiny Toons," will deal with juvenile versions of familiar Looney Tunes characters (eg., a female infant variation on Elmer Fudd named Elayra, voiced by Cree Summer). As mentioned earlier in this section, Jeff Bergman will provide most of the voices. More info on new animated shows for TV syndication next time...

**ERRATA:** All right, one more time: "The Simpsons" had 13 episodes this season, with 23 new episodes in production for next season (the first one is set to air in October)...And one of the "Myth and Animation" cartoons (IJ #75), "The Creation of Birds," is really a Canadian-Indian folktale, not Canadian-Italian (Mama mia!). Sorry for the international bloop.

**ENOUGH-ALREADY-WITH-PREDICTIONS FOR 1990:** I don't know if there are usually three or five nominees for Outstanding Animated Program at this year's Emmy Awards, but considering the interesting output this year, I'd like to add these two shows to the list: Will Vinton's "The California Raisins: Sold Out" (CBS) and Film Roman's "Garfield's Feline Fantasies" (also CBS). If there are only three nominees allowed, then these are my three final choices: "The Simpsons' Christmas Special," "Why, Charlie Brown, Why?," and

(continued next page)

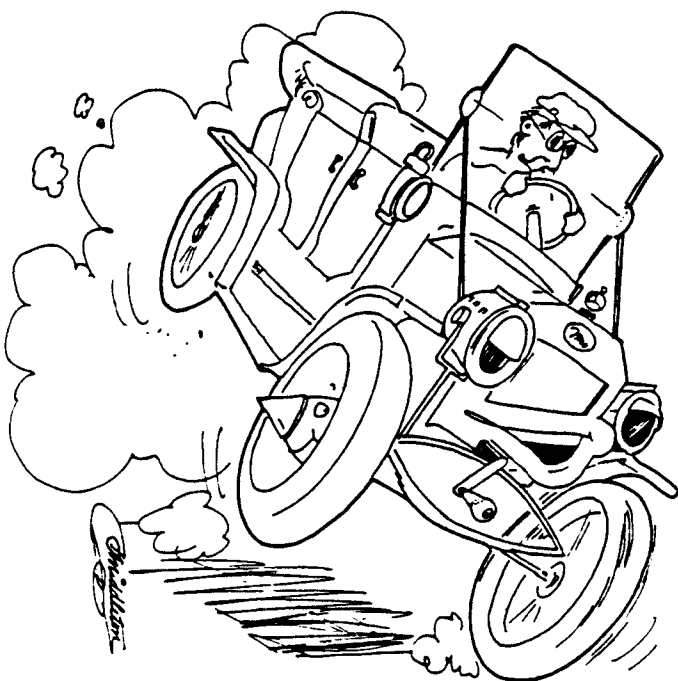
"Garfield's Feline Fantasies." Stay tuned to see if I'm right...

**OBITS:** It would take several columns to list all the major credits attributed to Sammy Davis, Jr., who died on May 16 after a long battle with cancer. So here are his biggest contributions to the animation industry: His singing voice was featured in two Hanna-Barbera projects—as the Cheshire Cat in a made-for-TV version of "Alice in Wonderland," and as the leader of a rat pack (not to be confused with that other Rat Pack) in the animated feature HEIDI'S SONG. Sammy was 64...Although Jim Henson was associated with puppetry, he also had a hand in animated works. In conjunction with Marvel Productions, Henson Associates Inc. produced two series—"Muppet Babies" (currently on CBS and in syndicated reruns) and "Fraggle Rock" (originally for NBC, now shown on the Disney Channel). One of his earliest experiments was the Oscar-nominated (live-action) short "Timepiece," which combined animation, puppetry and other special effects. Henson unexpectedly succumbed to a bacterial infection on May 16; he was 53. Like Walt Disney, he saw the child in all of us, and through his creation of the Muppets has made us feel youthful, and always will...

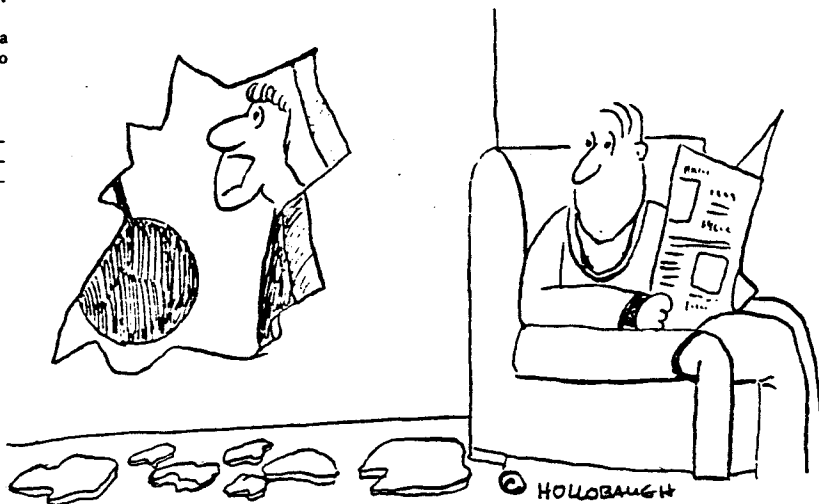
## IT'S THE ROUGH

by Larry Oberc

Spots on the concrete wall that scare me, the cipped cement and pieces of metal framework, it looks like a launching pad for a rocket after take-off, burned fuel spots and melted steel, the lights of oncoming cars blind me, I try to watch the road but the lights and concrete wall between the lane tug at my eyes, there wouldn't be time to duck if a car decided to climb that wall, to fly up and over into my lane, I wonder what it would sound like, what kind of a noise you'd hear when the car hit the concrete, as it climbed higher and higher into the air, as it smashed through the windshield of a stranger's car, a stranger that would probably never know what hit him, maybe it would turn into a slow motion black and white film clip from the 50s, then flash white, or black, to nothing, you hear about young couples wiped out by things like this on their honeymoons, about cancer patients who were cured after a long and ugly war only to be smashed up on their way home from the hospital, you hear those kind of things, but what I want to know is what it looks like, what it sounds like, when it happens to you, I try to keep my eyes on the road, on the concrete wall, on the traffic flying by head on, and listen closely for a clue, a warning, a message ~~xxx~~ from above....



—ANDY AUTO, DRUNK ON HI-TEST,  
FAILS TO NOTICE HE'S BEEN CHOSEN AS  
A MOBILE IBM SITE...



"WRONG HOUSE!"

## The City's Finest

by Susan Packie

"Good morning, Ralph. Whom do we have assigned to foot patrol today?"

"Well, captain, that's a long story."

"You mean no one showed up?"

"Not exactly. Do you remember Perkins, winner of the Most Distinguished Officer award last year?"

"Sure I do. He turned down a promotion, saying his place was on the streets."

"He was just booked for taking bribes. Obviously the reason he wanted to patrol the streets wasn't to get the exercise."

"I guess there's a rotten apple in every barrel. What about O'Malley? He hasn't missed a day in ten years."

"He's being sued by a suspect who says he roughed him up. I thought it would be better if he didn't go out today."

"Good thinking. We'll give him a desk job, then countersue for mental anguish or some such thing. What about Chiang?"

"Didn't you hear? He's having domestic difficulties. He assaulted his wife, knifed his brother-in-law, and threw his kid into the incinerator."

"There goes our token minority representation. I guess Stevens is--"

"Stevens is being sought for questioning about charges of intoxication and drug use on the job."

"And Peters?"

"He is accused of raping his superintendent's daughter behind the apartment building, and sodomizing her brother. He keeps rambling on about having bad genes."

"What's the matter with them? Are they too tight? Oh well. Does the mayor know about any of this yet?"

"I think so. The man we assigned to protect him planted a bomb in his bathroom."

"Oh Lord! Did it go off?"

"Yeah, but the mayor wasn't hurt, because he was in the ladies' powder room at the time of the blast."

"So whom do we have patrolling the streets?"

"That bunch of subway fare beaters and child molesters we rounded up last night. For each day they serve, we're knocking off a week of the sentence they eventually receive."

"One week for one day of working in this department? Is that really fair?"

"Have you ever been assigned to foot patrol?"

MARY ANN HEW  
ST BENEDICTS CONVENT  
ST JOSEPH MN 56374



## THE BIG HURT

Much too early on the morning of February 8 I was awakened by a frantic phone call. Del Shannon had just committed suicide.

What remains both disturbing and disconcerting about this death is not only the great loss, or even the circumstances surrounding it, but how its effect has not seemed to dissipate matter-of-factly in the months since. And you're reading the words now of someone whose first scrapbooks documented the first Kennedy assassination, and who has prided himself since with a deep, black cloak of tough-skinned cynicism. Hah! The rock'n'roll stars I've seen come and go the past thirty-some-odd years. Some by their own hands; some by others'.

Del Shannon's loss however, for reasons I'm still struggling to come to grips with, has hung alongside without let-up, not unlike the proverbial fish-hook in the back of the neck, and it's gotten me - and keeps me - thinking thoughts I think I'd simply rather not confront. Exactly why, I'm still not sure. But what I am now discovering is that I'm not alone.

Friends, acquaintances and co-workers of Del's I heard from first could understandably offer little more than regret and hand-wringing desperation: that his career was poised on the brink of resurgence; that a myriad of demons that had been haunting the man since at least his initial appearance on the world pop charts had finally been laid to rest. What a shame. A terrible, terrible waste, they all agreed. Heartfelt words, I'm sure, but somehow insufficient.

Then came an unexpected five-page letter from a musical friend I never hear enough from. "I don't know why, but this particular suicide has struck me as especially tragic", he wrote, "and I can't get it out of my system". Our very own Ken Burke recently admitted "I didn't think about him lately, but now I miss Del Shannon very much". Then last Saturday I climbed into my band's van to the news our lead singer, cocky, head-strong and oh-so-guarded in the grand tradition of Jagger et al is considering naming his soon-to-be-firstborn after Del. A most unexpected yet undeniably touching tribute.

Eventually turning to Dawn Eden, whose recent interview with Del should now stand as his final and all-encompassing testament to the world, I realized this eternal fugitive rocker-on-the-run, whose greatest statements in song implore us to "keep searching and follow the sun" has, in perversely giving up the fight himself, extinguished something deep down and secret in each and every one of the millions he touched. "I think faith helps you to do all kinds of things" Del told Dawn in those final months. "That's probably why we're alive, is because of a little faith someplace. I mean, so many people want to kill themselves today, yet they don't. Why? Because something inside says 'Don't do that'. I believe that".

Nine months later Del quit searching. And running. Some called it the premature end of a brilliant career; others the end of an era. Many have lost a good friend and a much-revered contemporary. But many more are realizing yet another pillar of innocent strength has been yanked out of grasp, and perhaps that's the biggest hurt of all. You know, even a rough'n'tumbled perpetually adolescent pigshitter like myself is hurting.

Let the last word on this subject, at least insofar as this deadline's concerned, be Ken Burke's:

"The first generation of rock'n'roll is not only dying off, but its echo has become fainter and less reverberant. Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, we're in the last days of rock'n'roll music. The loss of Del Shannon diminishes the forces of the few champions who would even know how to fight for it".

## THE CORN MOON SUN THEORY OF CRIMINOLOGY

by Wayne Hogan

Once upon a time in a faraway land, the Motley Lots set out, bound for Plymouth Rock. After many days and nights of perilous flight, they came ashore and without so much as a "Damn it, woman, can't ye see yer bread ain't done!" the Motley Lots buried their boats and sowed their oats and planted the first kernels of corn in the New Land.

When the sun came up that spring, the oats had died but the corn grew and grew and grew. But the Motley Lots' neighbors--the Quaint Ones, who insisted on wearing other people's hair--did not like corn. They told frightful stories of how it grew on people's toes and hurt their feet when they played stickball. "Taboo No-No," the Quaint Ones called corn. They found the Motley Lots' tobacco much easier to digest.

By November of their first year in the New Land, the Motley Lots' efforts at husbandry had been remarkably successful. Turkeys were everywhere and their corn crops were incredibly bountiful. Then one day as the Motley Lots were running around their table eating brunch it occurred to one of them that, though they had indeed prospered in turkeys and corn during their first year in the New Land, the number of Motley Lots alive to share the fruits of their labors had dramatically dwindled. Moreover, among the survivors the incidence of cockfighting, revelry, and rampant Republicanism was much greater than they remember it ever being in the Old Land.

This set the Motley Lots to thinking. One of the Motley Lots soon spoke up and reminded the other of how it was that they always waited for a full moon to plant their corn. At this, a second Motley Lot recalled that the corn grew best with lots of sunlight. Finally, a third Motley Lot remembered how greatly the Quaint Ones disliked--yes, even feared--corn, being willing to trade any amount of it for the slightest quantity of tobacco.

Suddenly it all made sense! The Quaint Ones believed that corn was filled with Evil Spirits; corn was planted during a full moon and grew best in sunlight; as their corn crops prospered, the Motley Lots' rates of mortality and social pathologies likewise increased. Corn...moon...sun. How much plainer could it be? The malignancies of men were caused not by apples, as an earlier, non-tenured scholar had originally suspected, but by the concomitants of corn, moon, and sun.

It was thus that the "Corn Moon Sun Theory" first entered the hallowed annals of criminology where, to this day, it survives.

## IT'S PURE

by Larry Oberc

Instinct, when I see that shadow moving up fast behind my shoulder, when I feel that hand landing on my arm, I turn fast, arms scattered, feet balanced do some action, when I lived in Trenton you had to think fast, a group of laughing school kids could turn fast into a hassle, into a circle demanding cash, into an armed pack of thieves looking for some cheap thrills, junkies crawled up my block and knocked on my windows, tried turning the knobs on all my doors, cops tossed strangers up against walls because they were easy targets, they made the cops look good, they made the cops feel safe, not fucking with the armed ones that might kick back, or run into you on a lonely darkened block, I turn fast, arms scattered, feet balanced to do some action, I size it up in motion, in size, planning out the moves, I wonder how many blows it will take to tear it down, to create the distance I need to get away, I look at you, and you look back, and we both smile, taking in the danger....

# MasterMath Explains... MOVING

by William G. Raley

Every once in a great while, we manage to get our lives in perfect order -- OK, so you still can't get that stain out of the kitchen floor, but that doesn't count. Then what happens? Some cosmic time warp wearing an Oscar Madison Fan Club T-shirt takes up residence in your psyche. And lets the neighbors know s/he's there. So what's the moral in all this? Don't just wait around -- mess things up yourself and get it over with.

So ... I, MasterMath, am moving. Selling a house and buying a condo. Going from 1200 square feet of living space to around 1000. Sound crazy? Hey, I never said I was playing with a full deck, did I? Anyway, my other reasons for moving: (1) I'm restless; (2) Mission Viejo has no night life (or day life, for that matter); (3) to be closer to work (not that I mind that two hours of my life every workday, 500 hours a year are spent on the freeway, breathing smog and trying to figure out what the personalized license plate of the car in front of me says, noticing that 99% of the cars on the road are Hondas, and isn't it strange that the other 1% have tinted windows, so you can't see who it is who's too stupid to own one, and then they just widened the San Diego Freeway (I-405) but not enough, I wish they'd make it like Hot Wheels where you shared lanes with the oncoming traffic for a while, that ought to help alleviate California's population explosion, but anyway, they put like this wide open space between the carpool lane and the other lanes because they couldn't think of any better use for it (my guess would've been to put some more lanes there, but what do I know), I think it's the tinted window people that work on the freeways, plus I have to drive by the Orange County airport, what a mess, I always park in the satellite lot, but then the last time I went to New York I had a seven a.m. flight and made it on time and everything, but then I didn't get into Manhattan until one p.m. and then I couldn't check into my hotel room because it wasn't ready because they didn't think anyone in California got up early enough to make seven a.m. flights so that's the last time I do that, but anyway, they're putting in these fancy, high-tech on- and off-ramps for the airport so you can drive right into the parking structure, which is really a great idea so I guess the tinted window people were on a coffee break when they came up with that one); (4) to have more time to write pointless, rambling articles about nothing in particular when I'm in danger of missing a deadline and attempt once again to pass off the details of my adventurous yet unsatisfying life as fiction; (5) to be closer to the beach.

So, you ask: MasterMath, how are you going about selling your house? Well, first of all I had to get an agent. She's really a good agent -- very professional, intelligent, greedy (er, aggressive). She's so perky it makes me sick. I'd like to put her and Bobcat Goldthwaite in a room and see who mellowes out first. Anyway, the hard part is she's making me keep my room clean (and all the other rooms, for that matter). I'm not acclimating to this mode of living well. People at work are starting to talk: "I hear MasterMath really keeps a neat house these days." "MasterMath's interior decorating is gorgeous -- now that you can see it." "Having dinner with MasterMath is a real pleasure -- now that there's room to sit down." You see what this has done to me? What it's turned me into? Help, get me outta here! You, reading this article -- buy my house! Five dollars and it's yours. Pardon me. I was momentarily delirious. I'm better now. A little.

So, you ask: MasterMath, where are you moving to? Huntington Beach, where the ocean breeze blows, where the O.P. Pro surfing championship is held, where I'm not the only person within a twenty-five mile radius in search of a date for Saturday night. This is the complex: tennis, racquetball, a pool, a spa, canasta. Ocean view (sometimes); a view of the rest of Huntington Beach (most of the time); those dinky community mailboxes which I loathe. But then there was this other complex I was interested in and even had an offer on a place but the listing agent was being a real tinted window person and not returning my agent's calls and it turned out someone had an offer on the place before mine but it wasn't for as much money as mine but that didn't matter because the owner was desperate to sell and so they were already in escrow, but then the potential buyer had this problem, or the owner had this problem, or the listing agent didn't pay her phone bill, or something, because the property's still available today, sort of that is, because I hear from my agent (not my agent for my house, and not the tinted window agent, but the agent through which I'm pursuing some living space at the complex mentioned above) that the owner doesn't know if she wants to sell or not so that's on the back burner for now, which means I'll never do anything about it because that place is a two-bedroom and you can get three-bedrooms in the same complex for not much more but the only ones available at the present time are upstairs, which I don't like because I'm lazy and basically like to sit around and write articles in my spare time, and have lots of better things to do than climb stairs (well, a few, anyway), and on top of that it's next to a bike path, which is nice, but right behind the bike path is a river, OK, so it's not a real river, it's one of those rivers with just a trickle of water in it

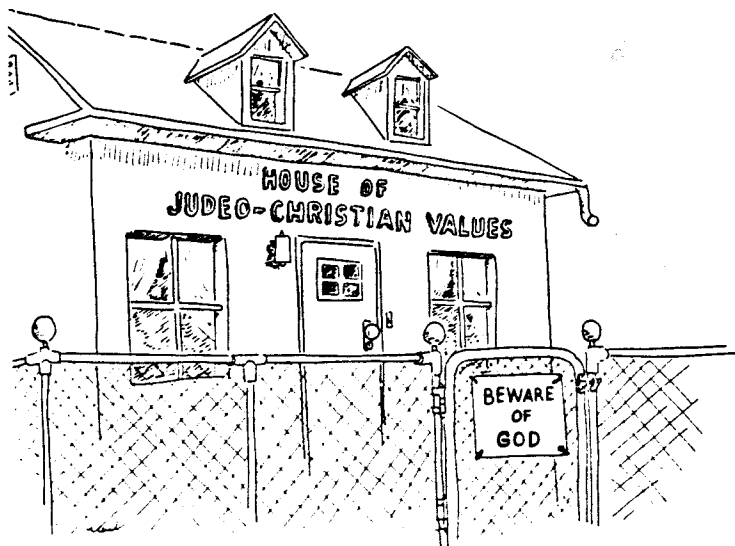
## MATCH THE MUSIC WITH THE MOTION PICTURE

by Todd "so it's not the most original idea" Kristel

- |                      |                              |
|----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Lavern Baker      | A. A Night In Havana         |
| 2. Samuel Barber     | B. Apocalypse Now            |
| 3. Elmer Bernstein   | C. Batman, Dick Tracy        |
| 4. Kate Bush         | D. Brazil, Die Hard II       |
| 5. Frank Churchill   | E. Chinatown, Star Trek      |
| 6. Earth Wind & Fire | F. Drugstore Cowboy          |
| 7. Danny Elfman      | G. Five Easy Pieces          |
| 8. Dizzy Gillespie   | H. Go, Johnny, Go!           |
| 9. Elliot Goldenthal | I. High Noon                 |
| 10. Jerry Goldsmith  | J. Hollywood Hotel           |
| 11. Benny Goodman    | K. Local Hero                |
| 12. Bernard Herrmann | L. The Mission, Burn!        |
| 13. Neil Innes       | M. Monty Python...Holy Grail |
| 14. Michael Kamen    | N. My Left Foot              |
| 15. Mark Knopfler    | O. The Natural, Parenthood   |
| 16. Henry Mancini    | P. Platoon, The Elephant Man |
| 17. Alan Menken      | Q. Repo Man                  |
| 18. Ennio Morricone  | R. Rock, Rock, Rock!         |
| 19. Randy Newman     | S. She's Having A Baby       |
| 20. Iggy Pop         | T. Show White...             |
| 21. Little Richard   | U. Sweet Sweetback's...Song  |
| 22. Nino Rota        | V. Taxi Driver, Citizen Kane |
| 23. Dmitri Tiomkin   | W. The Girl Can't Help It    |
| 24. Ritchie Valens   | X. The Godfather             |
| 25. Richard Wagner   | Y. The Little Mermaid        |
| 26. Tammy Wynette    | Z. Touch of Evil             |

Answers (don't peek!):

20. Q, 21. W, 22. X, 23. I, 24. H, 25. B, 26. G  
11. J, 12. V, 13. M, 14. D, 15. K, 16. Z, 17. Y, 18. L, 19. O,  
1. R, 2. P, 3. N, 4. S, 5. T, 6. U, 7. C, 8. A, 9. F, 10. E.



until the 100-year flood hits, then there's more than just a trickle, then I'd wish I were upstairs, and I just can't deal with all that ambivalence -- at least not at the present time. Oh, and they don't have racquetball there. Or canasta.

I hope this has been helpful. Any questions? To be continued ... maybe.

But seriously ... thanks, Elayne, for all you've done for the whole Inside Joke family. It's difficult even for me, MasterMath, to fathom that soon you will have put out eighty issues. My alter ego, that guy who puts his name under mine on these articles, is an editor, too (After Hours). We know what it's like, so we're not going to ask you to change your mind. Just enjoy all that free time you're going to have -- you deserve it.

# THE CONTINUING SAGA OF DR. IGUANA THE STORY SO FAR.

by Ken Burke

JUST ANOTHER DAY BEHIND THE VIDEOCAM

"Kurt, Kurt?!"  
"What is it now?"  
"The bride's mother wants you to make sure that when you're using the telephoto lens that you only do it from the bride's good side."  
"And what 'good side' would that happen to be? From underneath the floor, looking up her gown?"  
"I don't know, Kurt. The bride's mother just said..."  
"I know, 'Get the bride's good side with the telephoto.' What about the groom's good side? Or doesn't he have one?"  
"Aw, c'mon, Kurt."  
"Yeah yeah, sure..."  
"You pissed about something?"  
"Nah, just bored and irritated. I didn't enter the Wonderful World of Video Magic to waste my tastes and talents on taping weddings."  
"Well hell, it pays the bills, and you get to learn about your craft, don't you?"  
"Sure, but there's nothing stimulating going on here. And what more could I possibly learn from neurotic caterers and bitchy brides' mothers that I haven't already learned by now?"  
"C'mon Kurt, we can't all be Spielbergs and Fellinis. Somebody has to tape these weddings; we fill a need..."  
"Yeah yeah, I've heard it all before...You set those reflectors the way I told you?"  
"You bet. You know, Kurt, you shouldn't get so down about this stuff. You're making a nice living, and you do good work. Hell, I learned everything I know about this business from YOU. You're the best we got; the boss always says so...of course he makes sure that you're out of earshot when he says it."  
"Yeah, well thanks, Bobby. That type of stuff is nice to hear, but it doesn't do much for my mood."  
"Well, whaddaya want? I mean, chrissakes, Kurt, the very nature of having 'a job' means it's routine, boring, and no damned fun."  
"I'm not looking for 'fun.' Shit, I know how to have 'fun.' What I'm looking for is some kind of truth or vision, something to inspire me and give my artistic leanings a fresh perspective..."  
"Say what?"  
"Aw, skip it. I should've known a wage-slave would never understand about art."  
"Well, you don't have to get insulting..."  
"Sorry, Bobby. Too many brides' mothers and too many hung-over grooms showing up with puke on their shoes...it's made me snappish and cynical, I guess."  
"It's okay. Should I ask the bride's mother which is her daughter's good side?"  
"Nah, just run a pass or two at the altar with a light meter and we'll do a standard two-shot over the pastor's shoulder. Parents just want to see their kids' faces, so make sure they're well-lit. That should satisfy The Mother of The Hound From Hell."  
"GOD, you're in a weird mood today!"  
"I just wish something would happen."  
"Happen? Whaddaya mean?"  
"Oh, I don't know...something different. Everybody's wedding is the same, like it came out of the Deluxe Bridal Package Number Three or something, and there's always the standard cast of characters: The bride is a spoiled little BITCH who ruins any vision of beauty she may possess by acting like a cross between Adolph Hitler and the Tazmanian Devil on amphetamines. Shit, if I taped the conversations between us and the bride and showed them to the groom at his bachelor party, he'd NEVER marry her. In fact, that might be a good way to make a few extra bucks."  
"Yeah, we could either sell the recordings to the groom, who

would be grateful to know exactly what he almost got into, or sell them to a panicky bride who would want to keep the groom from seeing what she's really like until after the ceremony...heh-heh."  
"RIGHT, ha ha. Hell, I don't want to endanger anybody's shot at happiness, I only wish that JUST ONCE something would happen at one of these things besides THIS stuff."  
"What stuff?"  
"Hypocrites standing around here pretending they're not participating in a rather intrusive ritual, the only validity of which is that it proclaims that these two people can legally fuck."  
"KURT! Keep your voice down, this is a church for cryin' out loud. Geez, you really are cranky, aren't you? Maybe you should take some time off."  
"What would be the use? When I came back it'd still be the same ol' shit. Bitchy brides, goofy-ass grooms, caterers on the verge of a psychotic episode...and y'know the worst part?"  
"What's that?"  
"The more of these shoots we do the less memorable they become. Nothing ever happens that distinguishes one wedding from the next. After awhile my 'profession' becomes just a big empty space in my day that sucks all my emotions into one big black hole. And it just kills the work. All that irritating sameness makes you lower your expectations, then you get sloppy. Hell, if I'm going to do sloppy, half-hearted work, I might as well quit and become a male prostitute."  
"Man, you sound burnt-OUT!"  
"I am. I don't think it's like permanent, but right now I sure wish something—I don't know—different would happen at one of these shoots."  
"Yeah, me too, I guess..."  
"Uh-oh, there's the cue for the music. Everything in place, Bobby?"  
"Everyone's in position and ready, Kurt. Wh—what's Kevin doing? He's running up here."  
"God-DAMNED, he's stumbling and laughing. I thought I told you guys not to get into the booze until AFTER the ceremony."  
"Kurt, Bobby...Gotta catch my breath...whew...man-oh-man. You should see it..."  
"See WHAT?"  
"The bride...she's...uh...she's...whew..."  
"C'mon, take a deep breath, Kevin. That's a good boy. Now, tell Uncle Kurt all about it."  
"Yeah. Ha-ha. You know the bride? Little Fanny Fascist, who's been wanting everything to be dead-center perfect this last week?"  
"Yeah...?"  
"And you know that strapless, low-cut gown she's wearing, the one with the big train? The one that looks like it must weigh at least 60 pounds?"  
"Uh-huh. What about it?"  
"Well, on her processional walk to the church I noticed that somebody forgot to do up the back of her dress all the way."  
"So what?"  
"So with no straps, no top buttons, and a 60-pound train pulling from the back, her gown is inching down with practically every step she takes, and she DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE!"  
"What? You're kidding!"  
"No man, it's true."  
"Hasn't anybody told her?"  
"Well, after the way she treated us in rehearsals, I'M not going to tell her. Maybe everybody else feels the same."  
"So what you're saying is—"

"What I'm saying is, by the time she walks through that door, her bare boobs will be hanging out, and by the time she reaches her father to be 'given away,' she'll be half-NAKED."  
"Sounds like a telephoto lens opportunity to me, Kurt."  
"Damn straight! Let's do this up RIGHT. Bobby, get the grunts off their butts and have 'em bring in two extra cameras. Bring the wide-angle lens and get Norm to get up in the balcony to do some overhead shots. Get me a hand-held camcorder and meet me down on the floor in two minutes."  
"NOW you're cooking!"  
"...And don't make any plans for later. We're gonna be up all night duping and editing. This is going to be GREAT!"

## TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwards ©1990



# A Dip in the Plasma Pool

by Dorian Tenore-Bartilucci

Eccentrics on Parade: One Critic/Fan's Semi-Objective Guide to the Performances of Jeff Goldblum -- PART 5

## THE TALL GUY ON THE SMALL SCREEN: Jeff Goldblum's Television Appearances

Tenspeed and Brown Shoe (1980): This odd-couple ABC detective series was a lighthearted labor of love created by Stephen J. Cannell, the man behind *The Rockford Files*, *21 Jump Street*, and God knows how many other detective/adventure series. Jeff Goldblum -- still mostly a cult hero at the time -- starred in one of his first big-time exposure roles as Lionel Whitney, a dissatisfied young stockbroker with a Walter Mitty-ish yen to emulate Mark Savage, the hard-boiled (four minutes, at least) hero of his favorite series of private eye novels. (In-joke: the guy in the author's photo on each novel's dust jacket was actually Cannell himself!) The ever-versatile actor/dancer Ben Vereen (TV's *Roots*, Broadway's *PIPPIN*, cinema's *ALL THAT JAZZ*), then considered to be the series' big audience draw, co-starred as E.L. Turner, a peripatetic, cheerfully slick con man (and ex-con) and master of impersonation. I say "impersonation" rather than "disguise" because he rarely did much more than don a uniform and a matching attitude to change his identity for each con game -- but the attitude was the key. In the course of the show's woefully brief run, Vereen impersonated everything from an airline pilot -- cleverly tricking the rest of the cockpit crew into doing the actual flying for him -- to a talent scout to an African prince and everything in-between. In fact, E.L. (short for "Early Leroy" -- as he explains to the terminally honest Lionel when justifying his scams, "You go through life with a joke name, and it distorts you.") gets his nickname, "Tenspeed," from his amazing quickness at switching identities. In his jargon, the straight-arrow Lionel is a "brown shoe," a square, a mundane. True to ABC's advertising, "together, (Goldblum and Vereen) made some pair!"

In the highly-rated, award-winning pilot film, the fellows meet when Lionel is accidentally embroiled in one of E.L.'s scams, which involves them both in a madcap, suspenseful race between neo-Nazis (including Hitler's doctor and a South American soccer team!) and mobsters for a cache of diamonds and stolen money. The mobsters were led by the hilarious yet genuinely

#####  
"MONEY OFTEN COSTS TOO MUCH" --  
Ralph Waldo Emerson, American essayist and poet  
(1803 - 1882).

Ralph could have suggested that all the workers should get half the money that their labors produced. If he could have put this idea across there would be no more inflation but none of us now living would ever have existed. To keep on existing in today's world we must make a few changes. Send S.A.S.E to:

5 WAY PEACE PLAN -- Box 2243  
YOUNGSTOWN -- OHIO, 44504

#####

## **DEPRESSED? SUICIDAL?**

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

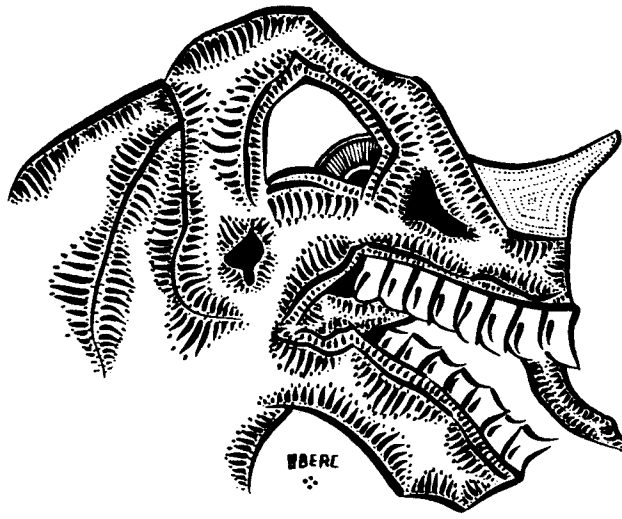
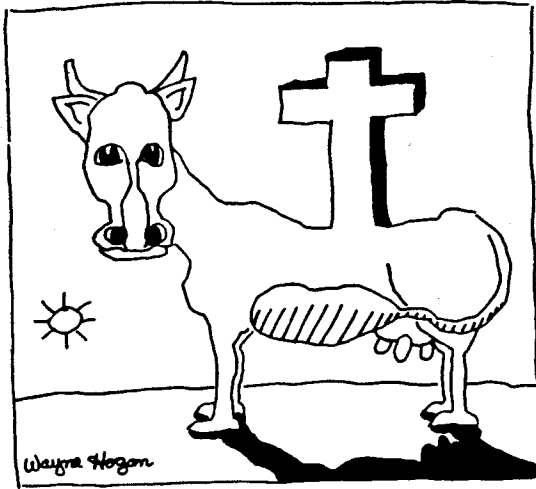
menacing Richard Romanus as "Crazy Tommy" Tedesco ("Where do people like you come from?" asks feisty love interest Robyn Douglas after watching Romanus threaten Goldblum and rough up other unfortunates. "I grew up in the Bronx, make my home in Manhattan," responds Romanus genially). He turned up a couple more times in the series -- notably in an episode wherein E.L. sweet-talks his way into housesitting for George Hamilton, and Lionel, during the climactic shootout, achieves the bullet scar he's always secretly wanted.

By the time the boys managed to emerge from their initial adventure in one piece, Lionel had lost his nagging, spoiled fiancée (Simone Griffeth, who returned for the final episode) but gained a tentative friendship (which grew over the course of the series) with E.L., as well as a business partnership in a private investigations agency. Need I say that, in addition to battling each week's assortment of bad guys, the partners were often at odds with each other, mostly over romantic, naive Lionel's well-meant "Let's keep everything aboveboard, noble and confrontational, like Mark Savage would do it" approach vs. worldlier, wiler E.L.'s "Con the creeps out the wazoo and then run like hell" methods. ("You gotta use a little finesse," E.L. explains to Lionel, who stubbornly insists, "Finesse is a term used in bridge, and not a pseudonym for lying!")

Admittedly, Lionel Whitney sometimes seemed a bit too naive, especially for someone in the financial field (in his glory days, Ivan Boesky would've eaten poor Lionel for his power lunch). However, Goldblum's portrayal is so ingratiating, so gracefully goofy, that you can't help but root for the guy. Goldblum and Vereen worked beautifully together, conveying a wonderful comic chemistry and a sense that they really did like one another. Indeed, at times the personable leads were more interesting than their cases; one of my more critical fellow *Tenspeed and Brown Shoe* fans has opined that the stories seemed slapped together just to give Whitney and Turner something to do for an hour. I can't say I quite agree with that, especially since I feel that even the so-so episodes were put together with more imagination and energy than most detective series before or since. Alas, the show's early Top-20 Nielsen ratings gradually fell off against CBS' tough competition. First ABC scheduled *T.A.B.S.* on Sunday nights against the long-running *Archie Bunker's Place*; then they broadcast the rest of the 13 episodes on Friday nights, against *Dallas*. Happily, Goldblum went on to greater fame elsewhere, and every so often the pilot movie turns up in syndication (it's also in the video collection of New York's Museum of Broadcasting), as do several 2-hour *T.A.B.S.* movies, each spliced together from two episodes of the show.

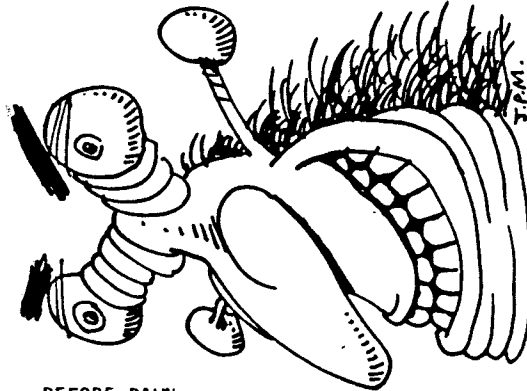
Next issue: The Conclusion of "Jeff Goldblum's Television Appearances" -- and of this article!

HOLY COW!



~~~~~  
 "I BELIEVE THAT MAN WILL NOT MERELY ENDURE — HE WILL PREVAIL". — William Faulkner.  
 That gifted writer died in 1962 but I've been saying the same thing since 1943 thanks to a must-be-lived-again war-theater experience (ordered suicide). I reasoned that this very same world was straightened out a million years ago more or less and we are in the latest heronow rerun (let's hope). It's a long shot but we might just be in our first heronow — UGH! As you may have been doing for a million years more or less send a S.A.S.E. to: 4 WRONGS RIGHTED Box 2243 YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504  
 ~~~~~

AH-CHOO HAIKU  
 by Richard M. Millard  
 The sneeze does explode  
 Through nose and lips aflutter  
 Spraying one and all

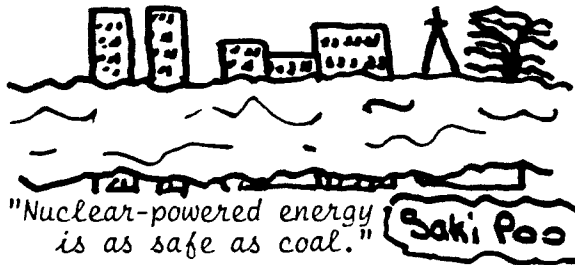


BEFORE DAWN  
 by Bangor Zack Bullen  
 "Crazed Killer Magazine?"  
 "Revenge Nightmare Magazine?"  
 "Negativity Swamp Magazine?"

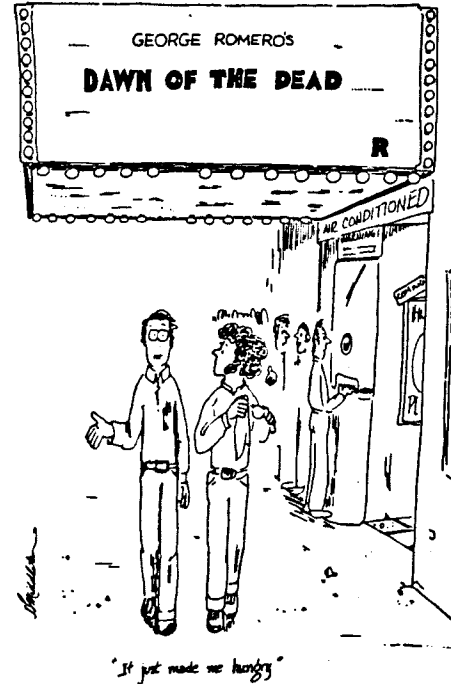
I was ready to mail two poems to "Coffin Warehouse Magazine" But—  
 Screeching owl killed  
 Screaming squirrel  
 Outside my window!  
 Taoist omen?

Happy optimistic magazines  
 Are my territory. Very rare!

WAVE OF THE FUTURE



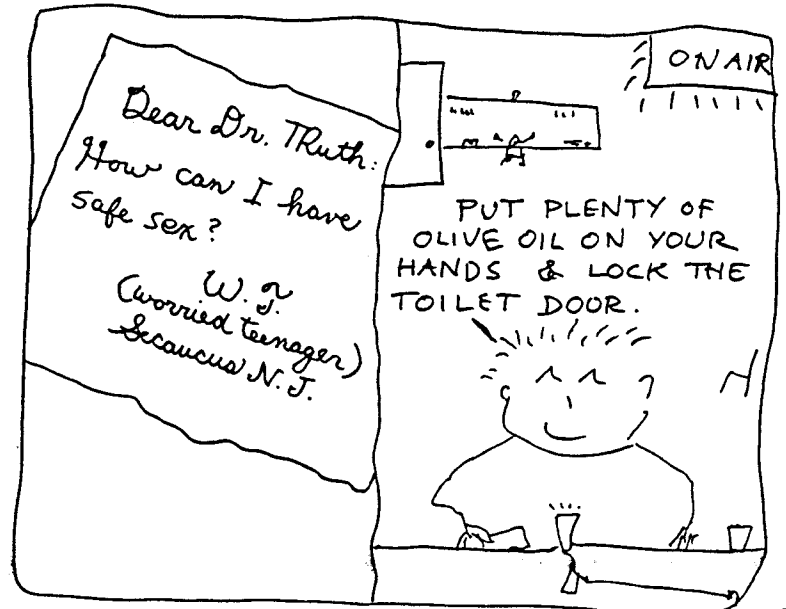
"Nuclear-powered energy is as safe as coal."



EDDIE REALIZED THAT DEATH WAS 'PLAYING FAST AND LOOSE' WITH HIS HEAD!...

©VERNON GRANT—1989

Art Page  
 (designed by  
 Steve, Jr.  
 Production Asst.)



## ...TO HOLD

### Part One by Sergio Taubmann

The express letter was addressed to a Mrs. Sam Steinbach. Sam smiled and promptly threw it in the garbage, where it languished with the remains of this morning's breakfast and the copy of the Times he almost never read. Just another computer mistake, the source of an amusing anecdote tomorrow at the office. Leaving the mysterious Mrs. Steinbach where she belonged, Sam got a beer from the refrigerator and turned to his bills.

Life was good for Sam at this moment. No longer just a snott-nosed juvie, he found himself in a job he liked making enough money to live where he liked. Where he liked was a cozy one-bedroom in Soho. In New York, "cozy" meant somewhat cramped, but clean with a nice view of something pleasant. He was not a bad-looking man, and his wallet assured that he was never lacking female companionship.

Yes, life was good. And yet, there were times when Sam Steinbach—Mister 'Pick It Up And Put It In Your Pocket' himself—occasionally yearned for more. Occasionally; he had seen many of his friends' marriages fall apart. Physical attraction never made for a lasting relationship. But every once in a while, as he sat there talking to, or sleeping next to, or watching some attractive woman, he would yearn for something more fulfilling. But then he'd get a call from George or Fred or Ella, and they'd bitch about the impending divorce, and Sam would be comforted. He didn't really need marriage to keep himself happy. His lifestyle was fine just the way it was.

As he went methodically through the gas, electric and cable, writing up a check for each of them, he began to wonder what a Mrs. Sam Steinbach would look like. He definitely wouldn't marry a girl like the girl who married dear old dad; that much was sure. His mother was an overweight, sweaty woman from The Old Country—the old country being defined as someplace east of Flatbush. No, this wife of his would be svelte and lean and very fashionable. His image wouldn't have it any other way.

Each of his bills paid, he placed them into envelopes and put them on his dresser. They would be paid tomorrow morning—a full two weeks before the due date.

There was a personal letter addressed to "Emily Steinbach" waiting for him in the mailbox.

Sam stood in the foyer of his apartment and allowed himself a bemused grin. He had shared the tale of the express letter with his pals at the office a few days ago. It was obvious that one of them (most likely Bob Forrester, the asshole) had put their secretary up to writing such a letter. That was the reason why the handwriting appeared so feminine. He'd have to confront the jokers responsible the next day. He'd appear angry with them, but

would relent late that afternoon and allow the culprit to get him drunk on too much German beer.

He walked over to the breakfast nook and flung his coat on the chrome-and-black leather chair. Don't have to worry about being neat, Sam thought. The little woman's not due back for days.

As Sam went about making a *Le Menu* entree and preparing a special presentation for a client, he became infused with a tiny bit of curiosity. Considering the elaborate extremes the prankster went to—perfumed paper, an out-of-state postmark (easily obtained by putting it in the pouch to one of the branch offices with explicit instructions), a regular stamp instead of a franking label—Sam felt obligated to at least read the damned thing. It would probably have some stupid, and most likely moronic, message inside. If it was Bob Forrester, it would probably also contain some form of pornographic pictures—of his wife, Bob would jeer.

He found it "DeSanto, Inc." letter opener in the pencil cup on his desk. He slit the top of the envelope with one fast, even stroke and extracted the letter. It was a lot more substantial than he expected—almost a full page, written in a looping, florid hand. Sam guessed it was Millie In Accounts Receivable that Bob had put up to this prank. She had the same type of handwriting—the kind that always annoyed the hell out of him.

Sam proceeded to read the letter. He found, to no small disappointment, that the contents were really very bland. There were perfunctory congratulations on her marriage to such an up-and-comer as Sam (have to thank Bob for that line, Sam reminded himself), some discussion of what was going on in "Emily's" hometown of Medusa New York—what a laugh that name was—and some rumblings about how the writer, a supposed secretary named Margaret, may come down to the city for the summer and will look her and Sam up. All in all, with the exception of the puppy dog in the lower right hand corner of the paper, it was a fairly lame letter. Not the kind of thing Bob Forrester would do—Bill Anders, maybe, but not Bob. Sam was more than a bit disappointed.

Sam was even more disappointed when Bob refused to take credit for the deed.

"Come now, Sammy. Do you think I'm that lame?" Bob asked, when confronted by the letter. He seemed a tiny bit annoyed, judging by the way he was chewing on his moustache. He had his phone cradled on his shoulder, the plastic rest keeping it relatively steady.

"I'm not going to be angry, Bob. I just want to reward the guilty," Sam said amicably.

"Look, I'm trying to get through to Tokyo, okay? I didn't send that dorky letter. I've got more imagination than that," Bob said before returning his attentions to the status reports on his desk.

"Speaking of imagination," said Rafe from Mergers, his hand resting heavily on his back, "shouldn't you have that Beacon Sec analysis for me?" His smile, replete with gold tooth in back, tried to hide the tiny hint of annoyance in his voice. The outside office was a symphony of whistles and bells.

"It's on my desk, all done," Sam said. The digital crawl was beginning to reel off the opening action in Seattle.

"Great. I'll meet you there." Sam watched Rafe as he half-ran across the outside office, whistling one of those obnoxious tunes his wife had introduced him to. He found himself thanking God that there was no Emily to force "Celtic Rock" (what kind of music was that for a perfectly good mergers analyst to listen to?) down his throat. He waved his goodbye to Bob and proceeded to navigate the maze of the outer office to his own little glass enclosure. The identity of his trickster would have to wait.

Not only was Emily the winner of one of four fabulous prizes if she phoned this toll-free number now, she got a letter from her mother (like the one from her friend, it was from Medusa, New York), and an entreaty to join Amnesty International. The Amnesty letter was the most interesting, as it was addressed to "Emily Steinbach" and not "Mrs. Sam Steinbach," as the previous mailings were. Sam did recall one of the boys down in Mergers (Rafe? Pete? Auggie?) recently arranging for the sale of a direct mail firm. Maybe they thought it would be a great gag to have his "wife" put on a few mailing lists. If that was the case, the joker had poor taste; Sam could not conceive of a situation when he would listen to liberal garbage such as this. He ripped it up without even opening the envelope, taking a perverse pleasure in hearing the paper tear. Maybe he'd appeal to the culprit on the crawl before trading began; the humor was in danger of going stale quickly.

It definitely went sour when Sam received the package from Blair's.

The package contained an envelope stuffed to the brim with offers of comforters with ducks printed on them, frilly pink drapes, and garden houses; two pairs of polyester blend stretch pants (one pair green, the other ivory); a cavalcade of styrofoam peanuts; and a credit card bill for \$35.68, including postage and handling.

Sam did the first thing that came into his head—he checked to make sure it wasn't any of his MasterCard that paid for these horrors. Thankfully, it wasn't; whoever Emily was, she had enough independence to get her own plastic. Sam sealed everything back up in its box, scrawled "Return to Sender" on its side and placed it next to the nearest post office box. He couldn't care less about whether it got back to Blair's. All he wanted was to have this joke over and done with.

Afterwards, Sam walked back to his apartment and idly scratched his ring finger. It had started to bother him today. He resolved to talk to the dermatologist within the week to see if something was wrong. He doubted it, but you can never be too careful.

(continued next issue)

## SAGA OF THE SOUTH SLOPE

by Dennis Brezina

### CHAPTER 4

#### THE DAWN OF A NEW AGE

*When we last left the South Slope—where animals and plants with human-like traits grapple with problems bigger than life—Greta, a rootloose daffodil, was singing "This Flower Bed Is Your Flower Bed" and Irwin, a radical bearded iris, was demonstrating against cold war perennials.*

Today in our less-than-serene community, Roberta, a quail, asks, "What is the New Age all about? Is it the same as the New Left?"

"No," says Thomas, a toad. "The New Age is into consciousness raising and personal transformation. The New Left stresses social action. The New Left tends toward the adversarial and confrontational. New Agers downplay such directness. They believe that if people change, society will follow. Many South Slope animals are excited about the New Age. Yet, a few attended so many New Age sessions that they got workshop stiffness. Others found it harder to learn New Age techniques than to sell a pair of anti-gravity boots to a hibernating bat."

"Yes," interrupts Essie, a black snake. "Everytime I try to get in touch with my feelings I tie myself into a figure eight knot."

"I'm discouraged, too," exclaims Jasper, a bachelor rabbit. "I used to believe in reincarnation, but that was in a previous lifetime."

"You're not the only ones who've had it hard mastering New Age styles," continues Thomas. "Look at Chickadee Little. She's great at channeling Egyptian Pharaohs and New Atlantis warriors. The only problem is that whenever she gets near a TV satellite dish she picks up Ted Koppel's "Nightline" and sometimes 'The Oprah Winfrey Show.' Larry, a luna moth, thought he had an out-of-body experience (OBE) only to realize that he just emerged from his cocoon. What's more, when a guru told Lester, a praying mantis, that his Karma was to be eaten alive by his mate, he flew off to Ethiopia to serve as a locust plague specialist."

Then, there's the excitable porcupine who took up acupuncture. He needed his patients to no end. And they wouldn't sit still for it.

# Commercial McClue-In

by "Kid" Sieve

Nobody in particular is wondering what the ol' Kid will do with herself once this here run is hiatused, and I can't say as I blame y'all. The Village Voice has a dynamite commercial reporter, name of Leslie Savan, who writes a weekly column called OP AD (usually 'round the 40-60 range page-wise) which is always a winner. Three of my personal favorites so far have been: "Stay Hungry," which skewered the GE, McDonald's and KFC commercials featuring lovable Eastern European actor types being oh-so-overwhelmed by all the freedoms the West has to offer ("Deprived for so long, our Russian grandmother appreciates the grease—who are we to turn our noses up?"); "In Your Face," a great expose on the new trend toward nastier advertising in the wake of presumably successful nastynads during recent political campaigns (in particular the Jap-bashing Pontiac ad taunting those who like their cars inexpensive and efficient by suggesting with a sneer that they move to Tokyo—where, one assumes, people are far more sensible about money than their US conspicuously-consuming counterparts; and the obnoxious—even by their standards—local ads now being run by the New York Post, "The Three Biggest Lies In...," the third being "I Never Read The Post," which campaign plays on the assumption that people are generally dishonest in the first place and why pretend otherwise, an assumption borne out every day in the paper's sleazy pages); and the new campaign, unseen by this writer at press time, for IKEA, a new combo furniture store/kids' play-area-so-yuppie-parents-can-spend-money-in-peace mega-outlet on the Jersey Turnpike. What's interesting about Savan's IKEA analysis is that she (or he, but I prefer to cite gender affinity with this one) observes the sneering attitude (I used the word "sneering" twice in this column because both noses-in-air ads, this and the Pontiac one mentioned above, are created by the Deutsch ad agency) adopted toward specialty stores—"Suddenly it's as if little-guy shops are the bad guys and international chains like IKEA are for the little guy," which is twice as odd considering the "little guys" of whom the ad makes fun (salesmen, delivery guys, etc.). Do check out Savan if you get a chance.

Well, another \$100 mill down the drain, as they must be shrugging at Coke. Not content to own half the corporations and most of the soft drink-market in the world, the megagiant decided to come up with a cutesy campaign this summer called "MagiCans," which contained \$1 to \$500 in specially-designed cans that holds some kind of water to give it weight. The water wasn't supposed to even leak out, much less be consumed (chances are it's not even water, y'know?), but that's exactly what happened with a couple defective ones in the first few weeks of the promo, so the company was forced to scrap the whole shebang. Aww, don't it make you feel sooo sorry for the New Kids on the Block, simply drooling over their chance to see their names and faces plastered all over the toob this summer, shilling for sugar? My widow heart just bweeds for 'em...

Speaking of talking like Elmer Fudd, the 50th birthday of that wascally wabbit was hyped in just about every Time-Warner publication available, prompting one of the Kid's short-duration personal saviors, Ben Bagdikian, to point out once again the dangers of concentration of ownership as tie-ins get more and more ridiculous. My additional question is, just why in the name of Toontown did T-W think they needed to hype Bugs Bunny's b'day so much? The TV special was cute (though not as well done as Leonard Maltin's one a few months back), it's always nice to see the old cartoons and even nicer to see previews of what look to be well-made new ones—but "advertorials" we don't need.

I think my next pair of sneakers will be a brand called New Balance, which has opted to save itself a bundle of buckos by not coveting celebrity endorsements, rightly figuring their real value to be somewhere below nil (sure, some spots are cool, but as I maintain they sell a way of thinking more than any specific product, I don't think any of these celebs' fans

will rush out and buy the sneakers their idol endorses), and come out with a campaign with copy that reads, "Endorsed By No One." More power to 'em!

Just when I was recovering from the nausea brought on by the last set of AT&T ads, along comes another campaign with cameras almost as shaky, this one concentrating on "ordinary people" (just like You and Me!) on the streets of, oh, I guess New York, talking about how some bogus competitor tried to sell them "money-saving" but wouldn't put things in writing, etc. The main turn-off here isn't the "put it in writing" bit but the subtle way in which each of these slice-o-lifers words his or her opening sentence. One gal says she was expecting a call from someone else as she rushed in the door just home from shopping: "I thought it was him. But it wasn't; it was them," with venom dripping in her voice. A Brooklyn-kinda guy says, "Ey, I was just sitting there, minding my own business, when they called," as if that's not what most of us are doing any time anybody calls ("Ey, I was just snoopin' on the neighbors when I get this call..."). This implication that AT&T's competitors are all privacy-invading, unwanted solicitors (you tell me how else telephone companies get new business for themselves) isn't the Everest of hypocrisy for AT&T, but perhaps it's the Mont Blanc.

Oh, next time you're trying to ignore the McDonald's "Food, Folks & Fun" ad featuring those 1-second photo bites, do spy long enough to notice the way they make fun of a plate of what appears to be healthy veggies and possibly even sushi (fish also being very healthy) as a not-fun-or-cool-at-all food, as compared to their gabs o' grease, and reach for your nearest fruit stand...

## OVERHEARD at America's Lunch Counters



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# "RRR" by Michael Buller

"Thank you for calling Triple R. Due to a strike action, we are unable to provide the usual service. Please hold on and a customer service associate will be with you shortly. Thank you... Thank you for calling Triple R. Due to a—Hello, this is Charlene speaking, how may I help you?"

"Good afternoon, I'm calling to find out some information about renting from RRR."

"Certainly, let me just take down a little information."

Pause. "Your name, sir?"

"Smythe—S-m-y-t-h-e."

"Your first name, Mr. Smythe?"

"Jon, J-o-n."

Jon thought he heard a stifled chuckle on the other end of the phone. It might have been paranoia. Such things happen when your name is Jon Smythe, resident of 115 Main Street, Hicksville, NY.

Holding back any offensive laughter, Charlene proceeded to collect all the necessary information. Finding Jon to be guilty of no felonies, and finding his income (subject to verification, of course) suitable to the needs of RRR, and further finding him capable of securing the necessary deposit, she continued with the interview.

"Thank you for the information, Mr. Smythe. What can I tell you about RRR?"

"Well, first of all, I didn't know that you were on strike."

"Yes, unfortunately there is a strike action against the management of RRR. What age were you looking for?"

"Um, I'm not really sure. I've never done this before."

"I ask you that because only our two-year-olds are on strike. Their union is demanding less naptime during working hours and more milk and cookie breaks. I tell you, you haven't seen anything of the terrible twos until you work with them. Now, if you weren't necessarily in need of two-year-olds, we have plenty of other rentals ranging from three months up to six-year-olds. You really don't want much older."

"Technical question for you: How do the two-year-olds on strike affect the phones?"

"You mean the recording?"

"Yeah."

"Actually they don't, but it seems to create sympathy amongst our clients and lets us slack off a little bit now and then."

"I see," Jon said, devoid of sympathy. "Could you tell me a little bit about rentals, and a little bit about RRR itself?"

"Sure, Mr. Smythe, I'd be glad to. Rent-a-Rug-Rat has been renting children for over ten years now. With agencies in 32 states, Canada and Australia, we are the largest child renting company in the industry. We have the best selection, offering a complete range of children from precocious to shy-enough-to-be-autistic. We have athletic tots, child prodigies (for a premium, of course), we can provide any look, any size, and any age. Depending on your need, we can tailor the appropriate package, taking all these factors (and others) into consideration to correctly match our rugrats with your intended effect."

"That's very impressive. I guess I didn't realize it was such a big industry."

"Oh yes. And growing bigger each day. What are you looking for?"

"Well, I think I only need one."

"Is this to impress a first date?"

"How did you guess?!"

"We get that sort of thing all the time. Actually, sometimes two work better than one. Are you just attempting to deceive the date for the evening?"

"Yeah, I think just the one night."

"Well, that changes things considerably. You see, Mr. Smythe, if it was going to be an ongoing rental, I could give you a discount on one child, rented through a package deal of a maximum of six days, consecutively or not, for a month. However, if you are just planning on the one night, I think you'd be better off with two, or possibly three rentals."

"I, uh, I don't know if that's in my price range."

"Before you say no, let me explain a little statistic. Sixty-two percent of our male clients renting more than one child have succeeded in going to bed with their date on their first night. That's compared to 34 percent of our one-child rentals. Now, if you wanted to use the child to help develop a relationship, it might be different, but—"

"Let me go with two, then."

"Good idea. I'd imagine you'd want both boys."

"More successful?"

"Definitely. If you take two boys, between three and six years old, your date will think you're near celibate so she'll pity you and think you're safe at the same time. Girls are generally used when you want to scare off a potential relationship."

"The old 'Did I forget to tell you about...?'"

"Exactly."

"If I need them for Friday the 27th, when should I pick the boys up?"

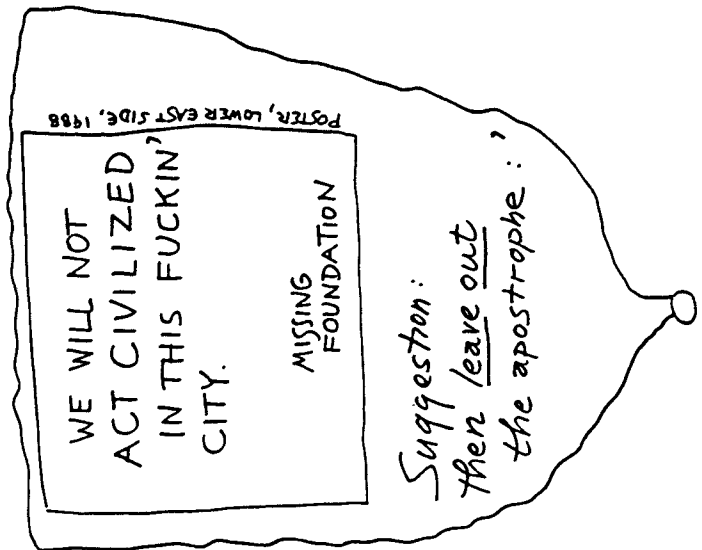
"I'd recommend sometime Thursday afternoon. That will allow you a day to get used to them and them to you. Plus, you'll be able to read over their dossiers and prepare yourself for some of the more common children questions—food likes/dislikes, personality quirks, etc."

"Great, Charlene. Thanks for your help."

"My pleasure, Mr. Smythe. We'll find two rugrats that will be

Zack's Ad

**Confusion!** I misplaced my John Templeton quote about good times due for this world! Where did I put H. Kahn's book, The Coming Boom? Lao Tzu? Krishnamurti? Rajneesh? It's confusing around here! Everywhere--stacks of happy books!



perfect for you. I just need a \$50 down payment, which you can charge to any major credit card. The security deposit can also be charged, but we won't need that until you pick up the tots."

Charlene took Jon's credit card number, hung up, and finished writing up the work order. The phone rang. Pressing the hold button, she allowed the recorded message to play for awhile. There would be a rate increase in a few weeks so as many people as possible should know about the strike. Sipping her coffee, she decided to answer the recording.

"Hi Charlene," the voice greeted her. "This is Sabrina Pitrel-la. How are you?"

"I'm fine, Sabrina. How are you? How did the week work?"

"Too well. They believed the story about my husband being called away at the last minute, but they thought Gina was so cute that they had to see her again. They insist on coming out here for a week before I move to Europe."

"Oh boy. When are they coming out here?"

"Two weeks. Can you help?"

"I think so. We have a connection with Rent-a-Spouse. When was the last time your parents saw your husband?"

"It would have to be two years ago. Right after we moved back from England and just before we separated."

"Do you have a picture of what he looked like then?"

"I think so. Yes, I'm sure I must."

"Okay Sabrina, let me call you back in five minutes."

Five minutes later:

"Good news. Rent-a-Spouse is chock full of rentals. I told them we needed a late twenties, is that accurate?"

"Yes."

"No problem then. Why don't you stop by as soon as possible and we can go through the catalogue? I also checked—Gina should be free then, too."

"Thanks, Charlene. You're a lifesaver."

Charlene replaced the receiver. Sabrina's call had just reminded her of an upcoming visit of her own.

She dialed placement.

"Tom, this is Charlene in Customer Service."

"What can I do for you?"

"A personal placement. Nothing fancy. My parents are coming over and I want to keep the stay short. Any annoying three-year-old should do the trick. I'll pawn them off as a friend's kid. Hey, do you have any twins?"

"Nope, all out of stock. I've got a set of two-year-old twins, but they're striking...I've got three four-year-olds."

"Nah, pushing it. Just give me the loudest three-year-old you can find for this weekend."

"Okeedoke. Let's see...Ah, here we are. You're all set up with Yellin' Helen."

She hung up. Now that ought to do it, she thought.

# PERPETUATION

by Ken Wagner

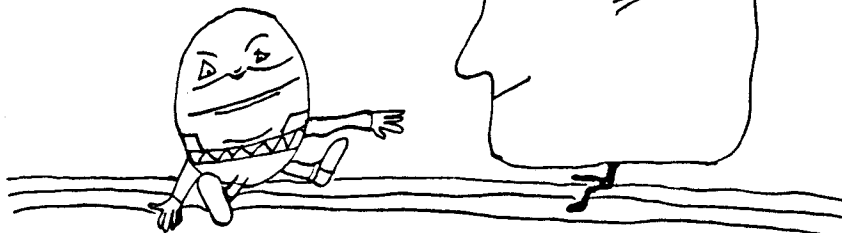
Inside:  
 "Hey Ma! Come on! I just got the plates for my new car!"  
 "But looky who's dropped by to see me, Sport: Aunt Billy."  
 "Hi-ya, Sport. How 'bouts a hug fer y'er old Aunt?"  
 "Ya fergot to say, FAT! It's FAT OLD AUNT!"  
 "Oh, Sport, please be nice."  
 "Hopefully he treats you, his own mother, better than he treats your dearest sister, MOI."  
 "SHUT-UP YOU SLOB! Come on Ma."  
 "I'll be right back. OK, Billy?"  
 "Hey Ma - grab a screwdriver."

Outside:  
 "Come on, Ma - hurry up an' git those screws out."  
 "Sport, where are you?"  
 "I'm up here, Ma; lookin at where the frunt plate goes..."  
 "Well, where's the plate, Sport?"  
 "What're ya blind, ya old hag?! I dropped on the grass rite next-ya!"  
 "OH. OK, Sport; I'll have 'er on in a sec..."  
 "Well, hurry it up, Ma - an' git to this frunt-un so's I ken git goin."  
 "Leavin rite away, are ya, Sport?"  
 "Yeah, I wanna git out there an start a cruisin."  
 "Gonna take y'er ol momma fer a ride?"  
 "Sure, Ma. Done yet?"  
 "Yes, Sport."  
 "Well, looky here, Ma; I went an done ya a faver - I took the screws out fer ya."  
 "Ah, Sport; such a good boy."  
 "It won't last long, you don't hurry up an git that plate on!"

"Got it yet, Ma?"  
 "Yes, Sport... Gonna take me fer a ride?"  
 "Sure, Ma, climb in... Ah, listen to that engine, will ya, Ma?"  
 "It's a nice car, Sport."  
 "OK, Ma - git out."  
 "Why Sport? I only said it was a nice car."  
 "I know, Ma. Ya w ted a ride an I gave ya one. Now git outta the car."  
 "But, we only backed outta the driveway!"  
 "What the hell you want, Ma?! Ya didn't do nuthin but put on the plates!"  
 "Oh, Sport; you make me so ashamed!"  
 "I make you ashamed?! MA! YA GOTTA GIT OUTTA THE CAR FOR SOMEONE GOES AN SEES YA!"  
 "Oh, Sport - y'er own momma!"  
 "Ya jus' went an sed y'er ashamed a me."  
 "An I gotta rite."  
 "An I gotta rite, too, Ma. Now git outta the car, fore I have to grab my club."

Rides down the road:  
 That's my Ma.  
 That's my Sport. One a these days he's gonna make sum lucky girl a fine husband.

*Sony falls  
 no time to  
 proofread this  
 issue!*



*BIGHEAD & HUMPTY DUMPTY  
 TALK ABOUT LIFE & DEATH*  
 plum 88

## UNRECORDED HISTORICAL MOMENT OF ATTILA

by Roger Coleman

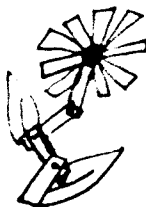
At the presentation of the severed head of his last opponent, Attila said, "There's nothing but dumb peasants beyond in Gaul and Brittania. We've conquered the world and with this proclamation I say this is all 'Our Stuff' or, to paraphrase, 'This represents one small step of man and one great leap forward for mankind'."

Attila's aide-de-camp cautioned, "You can't say that, sir. Kublai Khan used that line when he over-stepped the Ukraine. It was be plagiarism."

"Sowhat! Big deal!" Attila snorted. "Noah said it when the ark settled on Mount Ararat, Alexander when he got to Kashmir, Caesar when he manhandled Cleopatra."

"But sir," the aide countered, "you don't want to be remembered as vulgar and uncouth...an ignorant pillager!"

Attila cocked his head, picked his jockey shorts out of the crack of his buttocks with one hand, and grunted, "Okay, okay, I want to be couth. I'll say 'with apologies to the Old Testament, and the Nobel Eightfold Path, One small step for man'...etc."



AMERICAN  
 ECONOMICS  
 INA  
 NUTSHELL

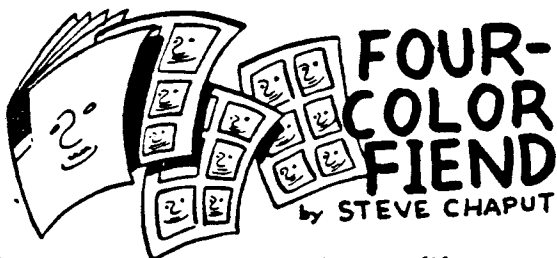
The Republican economic theory goes like this: Don't tax the minority of people who

have the majority of money. This will stimulate the economy. --Well, it didn't.

The Democratic economic theory goes like this: Not taxing the rich hasn't done any good. So let's tax the majority of the people who have the minority of the money. --This is, of course, the old "liberal" method of taxing exactly those people who can't afford to pay, while the rich end up with an even larger proportion of the country's wealth. This in turn leads to the "wage/price spiral" because--damn it all--working people DO have to eat if they're going to work, whether the rich like it or not. And

the resulting inflation doesn't give the government any real increase in spending money. This was one of the main stupidities that gave the liberals and bad name and brought to power such economic masterminds as Ronald Reagan, George Bush and eventually--if things continue sliding as they have without the Big Bang (economic or nuclear) happening sooner--Dan Quayle. But if the recent drift away from mindless obedience to the mindless Right continues, the "liberalized" masses will be expected to accept higher taxes, and the accompanying financial hardships, while the rich continue to be written off and nothing is accomplished.

And of course there's no third alternative, because taxing the rich in order to rebuild the infrastructure, the environment and society is socialism, treason, and besides, God wouldn't like it. Which is why you won't find the God-fearing news media, which happen to be owned by those same untaxable rich people, advocating such unAmerican ideas. Is this a country of idiots or what? Let us contemplate and lament the inevitable collapse of a beautiful way of life. Alas, it is simply too Idealistic, too utterly Utopian, to survive!



I've been going to conventions for about fifteen years now (my first was a small minicon in 1975 at San Diego), and I have had only a few experiences as enjoyable as I had June 2. The Great Eastern Convention of June 1-3 was well thought out and certainly better planned than the usual Creation conventions are. While I was only present for the second day of the con, it seemed that the coordination and planning of the overall layout utilized to the best the facilities available at the Penta Hotel. Especially appreciated was the use of the main auditorium as the professional room, thus allowing fans easy access to their favorites.

Personally, some of the highlights included meeting cartoonist Tom Gill (artist on the LONE RANGER comic, as well as numerous other Silver Age titles for Dell/Gold Key). Mr. Gill couldn't have been more pleasant, and we chatted for several minutes as he personalized a print of the Lone Ranger for me. Evan Dorkin is probably the most friendly guy you could ever meet; his comic PI-RATE CORPS (as great as it is) doesn't do justice to the talent and humor that this man has. Everyone should be actively searching out back issues of PCS (see past IJs for address) and telling their friends to be on the lookout for anything to which this guy puts his mind! Others pleasant enough to put up with this overage fanboy included Ted Slampyak (whose JAZZ AGE CHRONICLES is back from Caliber and reviewed below; yeah!), Sergio Aragones (the most patient man in the world), Brian Bunnick (who will always be remembered for THUNDERBUNNY), Rick Geary (his "Wuthering Heights" from CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED will be out this fall), and the guy from New England Comics (happy to find someone who knew the Tick's battle cry).

Take a tip—if you're on Creation's mailing list, use the freebie passes, but save your bucks for the next Great Eastern.

Have some news about some IJ friends doing work in the comics field, a few overviews, and comments on stuff that's lying around.

The always-critical J.P. Morgan will be working with Tom Stazer (who did Lionheart over at CRITTERS) on a backup story for USAGI (Turtles Action Figure) YOJIMBO. J.P. writes and Tom draws a Lionheart interview with the Frankenstein monster. Look for it in UY #25.

On the strip front, Ace Backwards, who shows up again in Comic Relief #12, will be turning up as well in CR's companion magazine, The Drawing Board. Way to go, Ace!!

SARCAZZO MAN and SLEUTH SLAYER, G-MAN (Dave Kocher, 4506 Darcie Drive, Evie, PA 16506)—Both these strips are parodies of certain genres, the former of superheroes and the latter of detective/spy types. You can see if Dave's style and humor are to your taste by checking out the one-panel "Boo Hiss Comix" gags scattered elsewhere in this issue (Ed. Note: They're unsigned, but since Dave's new to IJ, long-time readers shouldn't have trouble picking them out). Both collections of strips are 8½" x 11" and stapled wide-wise, and are reproduced single-sided. Dave lists no price, so write and ask for his going rate.

CURLY TAILS FROM SHAKESPEARE #1 (Haricots Verts, 753 Tamarack Ave., San Carlos, CA 94070; 50¢)—Ken Greene is back with more silliness and bad puns from Curley the Handsome Cat. Learn of the rumor that Shakespeare was actually a pen name of Mickey Spillaine, and other literary nuggets. You can also get the previous three Curley minicomics by sending \$1 and an SASE to the above address.

A recent issue of Comics Buyer's Guide had an item from Dave (CEREBUS) Sim regarding his character Moon/Wolveroach. The next incarnation of everyone's favorite wacko will be "normalroach." This is a nice tribute to Jim Valentino's creation normalman, whose adventures were originally published by Aardvark-Vanaheim several years ago. This should be appearing in CEREBUS #139.

Speaking of Jim Valentino, his interpretation of Marvel's GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY (\$1 US/\$1.25 Can.) is on the stands with #2 even as we speak. Jim does the writing and pencils on this latest version of a group that's been kicking around for awhile over in the Marvel multiverse. Even as DC is remaking its own 30th century team, the Legion of Super-Heroes, Jim has taken their contemporaries at Marvel onto a quest for the legendary shield of Captain America. With no Time Trapper about which to worry, Valentino uses a Martian invasion during the early 21st century as the diverging point for his version of Marvel future. While most of the contemporary superheroes are long gone, some of the company's cosmic good guys still roam the starways.

Let's be honest—Jim is a friend and I generally find his work highly original and exciting. Some of the material he has done for various independents was fantastic and deserving of praise. In the GUARDIANS, at least in the first two issues, he seems to be searching for a handle on the characters. I've always liked the Guardians, but don't think that anyone has really done anything with them. I hope that Jim can get things moving beyond the all-fight issues the first two are, and I'm willing to give him a

chance.

GRAPHIC FLAK is the comic/comix paper put out by the University of Wisconsin. It's loaded with anti-establishment/progressive nonsense (and if you don't like that sort of stuff, why are you reading INSIDE JOKE?), Joe Bob Briggs' column (temporarily replacing the no-longer-under-indictment Hunter Thompson), and the frightfully bad, no-relation-to-the-movie BATMAN comic strip. The paper offers no subscription as far as I can tell, but is put out by the Madison Alternative Press Syndicate (824 E. Johnson, Madison, WI 53703). These people are involved with other progressive stuff besides GF (Elayne's last "Fan Moose" reviewed another paper of theirs, ZENGER), so drop them a line and see what they send!

MANHATTAN COMIC NEWS (50¢ on local newsstands or, for subscriptions, \$13/year in NY; \$18/year anywhere else. Send check to Manhattan Comic News, 250 Mercer Street, Suite 264, New York, NY 10012)—I guess MCN would best be described as a tabloid Comic Relief. Each month MCN reprints some of the best editorial cartoons along with poetry and news commentary. Politically left of center, with cartoons from not only American syndicates but also material from a wide variety of international sources. A nice way to get your political commentary in small, easy-to-swallow humor doses. Recommended!

Now how could I ever resist a book called ADVENTURES OF THE INCREDIBLE LIBRARIAN? This new series of graphic novels will try to inspire literary and library use among kids and grownups. This project was begun by writer Joseph W. Grant several years ago as a present for his daughter. Translated first into Russian (as his daughter was then studying in the Soviet Union) and then into Spanish, the original "adventure" proved popular and requests for an English translation were finally fulfilled. If you're interested in seeing exactly what THE INCREDIBLE LIBRARIAN is all about, and would like a sample containing a short history of the character and sample pages from the first novel, send \$1 to Presentation Graphics Inc., Box 25544, Library Lane, Tempe, AZ 85285. This project is recommended highly.

"BOB'S" FAVORITE COMICS (Rip-Off Press; \$2.50 US/\$3.50 Can.)—If I have to explain who "Bob" is, or what the Church of the Sub-Genius is all about, you shouldn't even bother getting this book. No, wait—anybody will understand this book! Yeah, that's what I meant. Safe stories with funny animals and typical nice tales of clean-living folks like You and Me. Show this to your mom!!

Seriously, initiates of the SubG and fans of the underground will both be thrilled by work from some of the better talent in the field. Paul Mavrides, Jay Kinney, Gilbert Shelton and others, all overseen by the Rev. Ivan Stang. Serious weird, with plenty of slack for all.

RIP-OFF COMIX \$36 (\$3.25 US/\$4.50 Can.)—Vampiric Cowboys: now there's a theme to conjure up strange things. With this as a springboard, the artists in this issue of Rip-Off have gone in a wide (weird) variety of directions. Steve Lafler, J.R. Williams, R.L. Crabb and fifteen others work their magic on the Old West. Not since Billy the Kid vs. Dracula have fangs been more numerous than .45s on the Lone Prairie. From silly to unsettling, these strips run the gamut. Another great issue from one of the last of the great undergrounds.

By the way, if you have trouble finding these books in the local shop, behind all the Marvels and DCs, you can order them directly from Rip-Off Press Inc., P.O. Box 4686, Auburn, CA 95604 (California residents add 6½ sales tax; and all orders should include \$1.25 for postage & handling). By the way, \$1 will get you the new Rip-Off catalog. Lots of neat stuff.

While you're at it, you might send away for the Kitchen Sink catalog (2 Swamp Road, Princeton, WI 54968). I just received one in the mail, so I'm guessing that it's a freebie. Lots of nice material that may be hard to get outside the Big City.

JAZZ AGE CHRONICLES (Caliber Press, 31162 W. Warren Ave., Westland, MA 48185; \$2.50 US/\$2.95 Can.)—As I mentioned above, Ted Slampyak is back with this dynamite book. If you're a fan of hard-boiled detectives, old-fashioned pulp-style adventure and just plain fun, this is the book for you. I did a long review of the first series of book when it was being published by EFG (IJ #69). Needless to say, this new series is just as good. Frankly, since the first two issues focus more on A.C. Mifflin, P.I., they're aces in my book. Recommended.

GREEN LANTERN (DC; \$1 US/\$1.25 Can.)—This new series attempts to follow all three of the surviving Green Lantern Corps members (with G'nort only popping up in the Justice League titles when Giffen et al. need even more comedy relief). Hal Jordan is trying to find himself again, so he's doing the David (Bill Bixby) Banner routine of getting a new job each issue and then being forced to leave it when his identity becomes known. John Stewart still feels bad about appearing in COSMIC ODYSSEY a few years ago, so he's gone off to Oa where he is being held by the last Guardian, who has gone mad. Lastly, Guy Gardner gets to sit around JLA headquarters until he decides to follow Jordan around and reveal his identity each issue. Why does he do it? Why do they publish this book? Why should you or I buy it? No reason at all!!!

WHAT'S MICHAEL? (Eclipse; \$9.95 US/\$11.95 Can., trade paperback; \$29.95 US/\$35.95 Can., limited edition hardcover)—I love cats! I

(continued next page)

love manga! Wow, a manga about cats!! Must-have, double-bag!! Seriously, this book contains about 120 pages of material which is taken from the widely popular series of What's Michael? books in Japan. The series has prompted toys, stickers and all the other things that Garfield has brought about here. Unlike Garfield or Heathcliff, however, Michael is not one single cat, but rather any of a number of large orange tabby cats. Most of these strips have Michael and his fellow felines acting in typical cat fashion rather than like a person in a cat suit. They range from the comical to the poignant. The single "funny animal" type story seems all the funnier amidst the more normal scenarios of the remaining strips. Highly recommended.

**SHELL SHOCK** (Mirage Studios; \$12.95 US)—More than 20 short **TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES** stories from all over the place. A wide range of talents demonstrate their own interpretations of this year's hottest item. Not only Eastman & Laird have work here but you'll also see stuff by Zulli & Murphy (from **PUMA BLUES** fame), Don Simpson (with an appearance of his own **PTERANOMAN**, soon to appear in his own comic) and Richard Corben (who'll be doing an issue of **TMNT** later this year). If this isn't enough, part of the proceeds of this book will be donated to Literacy Volunteers of Chicago, a good group and part of the national organization doing something positive.

**MS. TREE QUARTERLY** (DC; \$3.95 US/\$4.95 Can.)—Ms. Tree was one of the most popular independent comic titles during the '80s. She began in **ECLIPSE MONTHLY** and finally in 50 issues of her own title. During this time she was handled by her creators, artist Terry Beatty and writer Max Allan Collins (one of the better contemporary mystery writers around). Fortunately, DC has brought back Ms. Tree and her creators as well. The quarterly contains not only a complete 48-page **MS. TREE** story, but a shorter 10-page adventure featuring **MIDNIGHT**, a Spirit-like character who never speaks and will take cases generally ignored by regular law enforcement. Finally, each issue contains an illustrated story about one of DC's costumed characters. A nice package, well put together, and enjoyable. Recommended.

**TALES TO TERRIBLE TO TELL** (New England Comics, P.O. Box 1424, Brockton, MA 02403; \$2.95 US/\$3.50 Can.)—From those wacky people who bring you **THE TICK**, we get a great collection of pre-Code horror stories. All the usual sort of stuff from vampires to two-timing wives with homicidal hubbies. Man, this is a lot of fun. To make this 16-page package an even better bargain, you get an overview of pre-Code "Crime"/horror books, a cover gallery (with tongue-in-cheek commentary) and a 4-page **Tick** story. Now, this is entertainment!

**BLACK MAGIC** (Eclipse; \$3.50 US/\$4.20 Can.)—This book is actually the first major work by Masamune Shirow, who went on to create **APPLESEED**. In some ways similar to the later work, **BLACK MAGIC** deals with mammoth supercomputers and their bioroid (biologically-grown androids with extraordinary powers). It seems that millions of years ago Venusians went to war in an attempt to make the Earth more like their own planet. Well done! *Nutsy 2ajac*

## WINTER POEM

by B.Z. Bullen  
It's January—  
the month of sneezes—  
freezing toes  
and icy breezes.

The wind sends ice spears  
through my coat—  
I feel as frozen  
as Heidi's goat.



MARY ANN HENN  
ST BENEDICTS CONVENT

## THE WAYFARER

by Mark Henkes

A wayfarer was lost. He walked the busy streets of Barcelona and did not know in which direction he was going: maybe toward the sea or away from it; maybe along a street where he could find a bookstore or a pension where he could rest or, better yet, a restaurant that served lamb.

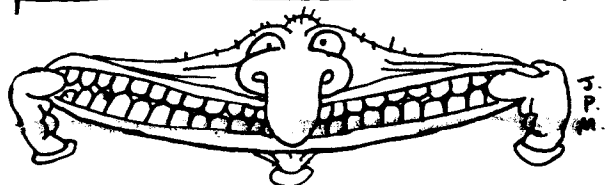
A noisy crowd filled the intersection ahead of him and a battalion of policemen were stringing thick ropes along the wall of the crowd to hold it back. Some in the crowd waved their arms above their heads and chanted something the wayfarer could not understand. He wondered--this could be a political demonstration; this could be a workers' strike or some kind of revolutionary movement that could break out in violence any moment.

For some reason the wayfarer turned his body around and looked behind him. He may have been afraid of the crowd, afraid of the police. He took one step and appeared as though he was going to walk in another direction. But what was this? His back faced the crowd but he continued to walk toward it--he was walking backwards. It seems he wanted to impress upon the crowd that he indeed knew where he was going and that he was well on his way to achieving some kind of goal. Apparently he had so much confidence he did not have to look where he was walking. By walking backwards, he was showing them he had just as much confidence--probably more--than they did. As the chanting and shouting of the crowd increased, so lengthened the confident backward stride of the wayfarer. Faster and faster he pedalled backwards, pumping his arms and whipping his hands up to his earlobes like a long-distance runner who sees the finish line just a few meters ahead.

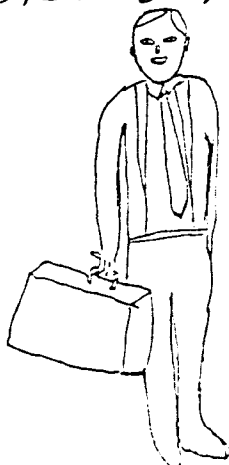
He eventually turned his head as if to see when the inevitable would happen, and it did. The wayfarer crashed into someone walking in the other direction and they both tumbled to the street. The wayfarer rattled his head, gently probed a bruised rib with his fingers, then slowly planted his feet on the street and stood up. The man he knocked down lay at his feet. A strange outfit he was wearing: peacock-colored, shining in the sun; and what a funny hat...it was a bullfighter!

The wayfarer looked at the police standing next to him, then looked at the crowd, then realized the man he had knocked down was the main attraction on the street. It was the bullfighter for whom the crowd was shouting. All of these policemen are needed, dozens and dozens of them, just to contain a bullfight crowd? the wayfarer asked himself.

The wayfarer helped the bullfighter to his feet, shook his head, and apologized. One of the policemen who escorted the bullfighter said to the wayfarer, "You obviously don't know where you are going because you knocked down the bullfighter. And you had the audacity to shake his hand, so you don't know what you are doing either. The others want to touch the bullfighter and we must hold them back with ropes. But you--you don't seem to want anything for the moment. So go ahead, you may shake his hand again."



# BIGHEAD CHECKS OUT OF THE BETTY BOOP CENTER FOR ADDICTED TOONS



A NEW MAN

## MY DUMAS ADDICTION

by Anne M. Valley

A couple of months ago I became addicted to the French novelist Dumas. Nothing was so habit-forming to me as Dumas.

I was bored, so I decided to have a dinner party. First I "repaired" to clean up my "domecile." *Sacre bleu!* It was a mess. Next, I prepared a "repat" fit for Louis XIII.

The day of the party, I "repaired to my apartments" (to the "boudoir") where I made a "magnificent toilet" complete with wearing my Fleur d'lis necklace. I needed an extra touch so I "absconded" with my daughter's ring. When she comes home from college I'll "swear by the cross" I honestly forgot it wasn't mine.

The doorbell rang, my guests arrived, and dinner was served. Everything was going well until my friend Katey asked why I was using such strange language. My Dumas addiction had slipped up on me. I managed to control it until my guests were leaving. "Au revoir," I told them. *SACRE BLEU!* I'm back to square one!

## OVERHEARD at America's Lunch Counters



"The world's in an awful upright and there's no need for half of it. And if they used their head for more than a hatrack, they'd be a valuable person."

While driving home from Blondie's after hearing the band Huntress play, I came up with the solution to the federal deficit.

Blondie's calls itself "Your Concert Club." If you like hard rock/heavy metal, it could be your concert club. If your preference is toward soft music or fancy decor, it's probably not. Recently, they gained fame when a magazine devoted to motorcycles and girls who aren't wearing very much published a photo of a girl in a Blondie's t-shirt. No doubt bikers will stop by to see if there are any more girls like that. I can tell you there are more t-shirts like that at Blondie's.

Anyway, I got to thinking about the federal deficit. According to recent disturbing newspaper reports, we are several zillion dollars behind. If an individual is in considerable debt, he/she either spends less money or moonlights at a fast-food restaurant. The part about less money isn't popular for individuals or governments. Unfortunately, governments can't deliver pizza a couple nights a week.

If organizations get severely in the red, they have some kind of fundraiser, usually involving dinner, selling candy or dancing. The biggest fundraisers of our time have been benefit concerts for excellent causes like Bangladesh, Amnesty International, Farm Aid, crushing apartheid and others. Let's have a concert for the federal deficit!

I don't expect to wipe out the whole thing at once. This will become an annual event. Of course, we'll have to see merchandise and video rights. As originator, I'll deduct a few percent for myself. Some year we will have to go on the road and have several concerts across America and on the road. This will require that I meet groupies from all over.

Even if we just reduce the deficit a little, taxes could remain the same. Everyone would have as much disposable income. Some of it would be disposed of buying tapes, CDs and paying huge amounts for concert tickets.

Bands will come running to us. One group of musicians who depend on the American consumer are those from other countries. Def Leppard once said they sold more copies of their albums in Seattle, WA than in their home country of England. That isn't too surprising, considering there are more consumers in major US cities than in some countries. Also, they have a lot of gloomy weather in Seattle. Everybody stays indoors and listens to music.

Besides Def Leppard, there are lots of British bands who might want to put something back into America. German musicians like the Scorpions or Doro Pesch might think they owe America something. Rush, Loverboy and Lee Aaron will have to go somewhere if Canada divides into 2-3 countries. There's plenty more talent in Japan who want a chance at the US market--maybe Show-Ya will show up.

My idea can't miss. Once again, rock'n'roll comes to the rescue, this time to solve a deficit. The alternative is Vice President Dan Quayle selling candy door-to-door.

## SNATCHES ON HORSEBACK

by Mary Ann Henn

Thump of hooves upon the path  
All men aren't born riders—  
and never were meant to be.  
Grove for the saddlehorn  
clutch at the reins.  
Hang on, hang on.  
Gallop, trot, canter, walk—  
the mane flies wild  
except for the fistful I have  
in my hand.  
Ride with your head up in the wind  
in the thrill of control  
if you know how.  
If not, grab an ear,  
stick a finger in his eyeball  
but hang on, hang on.



M1748

# DE POTENTIA LOGICAE

(On the Power of Logic)

by Brian Skinner

Being as the sun was already a full circle above the hills, my leaving was late, for I should have been among the roads by the time its glowing rim had left the lowest fields. Washing up in between mouthfuls and rows with buttons, gathering what was left of food or clothes into a canvas sack; one shoe still in hand, the other one untied and setting off down the road with my other foot. And so, in haste, forgetting my reason for setting forth upon the journey.

What few milestones there may have been had long since toppled into ditches and there were perhaps others overgrown with mosses or beset by thickets which I passed by unnoticed or altogether. The sky had become windy, bringing portent of rain or storm; and so I was off down the road, like the shadow of a cloud driven across the grasses.

When it came time to rest and feed by the wayside I could not, for by then I should have been repasting under the next wayside. By midday I was approaching the next hill late in the afternoon. By later that afternoon I was standing atop the noontime hill surveying where I should have been at sunset. And when night did fall, I went on, following the stars and somehow, circuitously, arriving home again the next morning.

While approaching the house, the portended rain began falling. Going quickly inside, unpacking the only food left, I breakfasted quickly enough to indigest but too quickly to taste. Hastening off to bed, to repair for the day-delayed journey, I slept long enough to dream but too long indeed, for the sun does not well announce the hours on a cloudy day. And I was later in setting forth than on the first day.

Gathering what there was left of shoes and bedsheets, lacing both together, at the ends of a canvas sack full of the food which I forgot to pack along. And so I was off once more.

The rains had not diminished and the way was soon mired in the road. And the more determined I strode the faster I bogged; lightly treading, the further I did slide in some obtuse direction. Before very long there was no distinguishing myself from the road through which I travelled and in which instead I was trammelled. At mid-grey I was approaching the next mist at darkest grey. By black I was surveying the end of my nose, and following it in a manner, arrived home again the next grey.

This continued for the better part of a fortnight no matter what method of navigation was chosen: following the sun, the moon, the stars; following this road or that road; following the wind; the migrations of birds or clouds, or spinning compass needles—everything led somehow back to where I had set out from. I even took to following other travellers along the road, on occasion offering to trudge their baggage in hope of learning some secret, but they always arrived at their destinations or doorsteps somewhere along the way. I of course had to keep going on. And each time I had somehow returned home it was a little later in the day and then in the night until, in the two weeks, time had come full circle as well, and it was now time to set out again the moment I arrived.

Nearing the house, the mist peeled away in layers and drifted behind, obscuring all trace beyond the last two or three foot-steps. And how in such a short span things had fallen into such disrepair: the grass had grown to the height of untended straw, the bushes into wild pygmy trees, and the vines having leapt off their trellis wound over the eaves and up to the chimneystack; here and there lepered patches of dull-grey wood were exposed to the grey of day where it had shed its skin of crackled paint; hardly a shutter was not loosened off one or the other of its hinges; the porch was sloped toward its drunken railings and all the steps were missing save one, upon which a man was sitting.

My abrupt appearance from out of the fog caused the man to startle, nearly off the step.

"Is this your house, sir?" he fumbled for an introduction.

"At least it was when I left it yesterday," I flung my bag down with disgust.

The stranger looked rather confused by my reply. And I was somewhat puzzled by the vague acquaintance about him: a face as hazy yet familiar as that seen in a clouded glass whose silver has tarnished. His chin and cheeks were sprouted with greyish tufts of whisker while the top of his head was of well-polished skin, giving the appearance not that he was bearded but rather that he was clean-shaven and his head was on wrong. I had been staring.

"You will pardon me, sir, but it appears to me that we've met at some time previously," he broke into my reverie.

"I think not, except perhaps in passing," I sloughed off the idea; "and what brings you to my doorstep so early in the day?"

"Nothing brings me here so much as a wrong turn taken somewhere. I am most likely lost. And as for early in the day, it is for me so very late in the night just passing." The stranger wearily set himself down onto the step again. "My joy at finding this house, nestled in this interminable fog, was unimaginable; and that joy, as all others, quickly faded with the light of day as it became clearer that I had chanced upon a house long-abandoned. You, sir," he sighed, "have restored my hope. And if you will allow me a short rest," he stretched out along the step, "and but point me then in the proper direction, I shall soon be gone without troubling you further."

Pondering his remarks for but a short while, since he was likely to be shortly asleep, I related how I too was pleased to find someone of whom I might ask directions. But this talk made him

gradually more restless, until he was again sitting up and leaning anxiously forward at the edge of the step.

"How do you claim to be lost?" he scowled, wrinkling up his skin-tight forehead. "Did you not say this was your house?" and he plowed a few more furrows across his brow.

"This is indeed my house, but I did not claim that that was my destination. I have been on a two-days' journey for two weeks, but seem unable to reach the next town since I am continually returning home against all efforts. No, I am not lost precisely," I paused for a way to put it to him, "no, but my destination certainly seems to be beside itself."

The old stranger threw up his hands and fell back onto the step.

"Then it is as I long suspected," he shook his head slowly. "It is impossible."

Looking far and wide into his ever-widening face, waiting for the old man to continue, but it seemed he would not do other than keep his head wagging.

"What is impossible?" I prompted him.

"It is impossible to get from one place to another. Do you not yet see that?" He raised his eyebrows at me and went on as if it were no proper question. "And by logical consequence so is everything else impossible, since accomplishing anything requires movement. Name me one task you might do that does not involve movement!" he accused, and began shaking his finger.

I thought it over and waited to see whether he was actually expecting an answer.

"Well?" he leaned forward and set his eyebrows up again.

"Thinking," I said, supposing that I had him there.

"Thinking," he wagged his head, "so sorely put. And what is thinking if not a very well-choreographed trans-synaptic electrochemical neural movement?" he emphasized.

"I don't know. That's a bit beyond me." And I stopped smiling, figuring he probably had me there.

"Let me show you," the old man said, and began scratching in the dirt with a stick. "This mark here," he scratched, "represents your start: your home right here," and he poked the line for emphasis. "This will represent your destination," and he wielded the stick at its full length, "which is?"

"Oh. Uh...I'm going to East End. You see, my uncle has written me that a position in his firm, well, it's really rather menial, but it's better, well, it's been opened up, by a retirement I am told, and I'm afraid that if I do not get there soon, the job will be given to somebody else and I will be stuck here for the rest of my life, and there are women to meet there and so who knows..."

"How strange you should mention East End," the stranger interrupted.

"No, not actually. My family comes from there originally," I explained.

"No, I mean that it is strange since I am myself coming from East End; or rather, that I have been attempting to leave East End for quite some time now. It was my wish some years ago to return there, for it is my family's home as well, but the brief visit has taken up the second half of my life in trying to end that fortnight's stay."

The old stranger had been scratching the line over and over until it was nearly a trench. His narrative was proceeding in much the same manner.

"And now my host grows daily more hostile, and on occasion they take to repainting the house numbers, and once had enlisted half the town to repaint their entire house overnight, in order to confuse me and prevent my return. But it is the squeal of the gate-hinge that I mark," he smiled, and then laughed. "A drop of oil would have done more to confound me than the liters and liters of paint."

"Then East End does exist!" I interrupted gleefully. "And to know it in such detail!"

"Of course it does. It is Perihode I am unable to find."

"But Perihode is back up the road only a short way. Were it not for the fog, you could see it from the backyard. You must have passed it. Surely..." I could not go on.

"So, you begin to see the similarity of our circumstance?" he grinned mopishly.

"Yes, perhaps," I yawned.

"But the dust is beginning to blow into our diagram. Let us go on." He etched the line again. "You are going from here to East End and I am returning. That does not matter. The argument is very old." He wielded the stick again. "At some place along the way there must be a middle point. You will agree; a bump in the road or a rut perhaps. And you must reach this halfway before you can go on to East End, or Vladivostok, or Utopia Planitia or wherever you were going."

"Yes," I watched, as he placed a small rock there.

"But before you can reach this midpoint you must first pass that place which is halfway between the beginning and the midpoint," and here he set a stone.

"Yes," I agreed, for it was quite logical, even to the point of being quite ostensible.

"But before you can step across that line you must have come to that place set halfway between there and the outset of your journey," and here he placed a pebble across my path.

"Yes," I was nodding, nearly off.

As the pebbles in his discourse continued to decrease in size to that of grains, and his stick to twigs and then to leaf-stems,

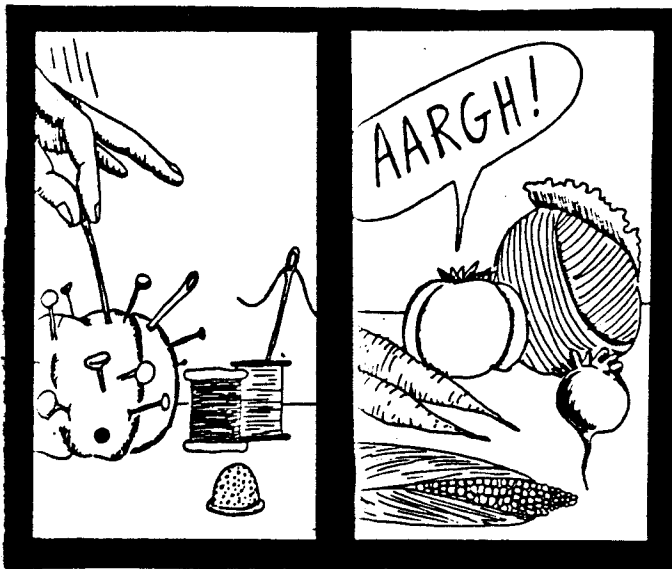
(continued next page)

Together we did not watch as the sun never lifted itself from behind the distant hills, nor shining through the window, never rising from pane to pane across the glass; we did not so much as sit back in our chairs, never seeing ourselves open the door, never setting down the road again, nor over the next hill, nor any that did not lie beyond it, for the power of logic is insurmountable.



"A heavy diet of fried foods provides some relief. Traction usually works. In Mexico, they dose floaters with Montezumanol, a strong laxative the FDA refuses to approve. That's a cruel treatment, though it does keep the patient's feet on the ground. Yet

Jack lazily floated by the house's huge picture window, his hands behind his head and his feet crossed. "No more interruptions," he purred dreamily. "Not ever again."



CARLE PLACE 1984  
(Author Unknown)

There you go man  
Keep as cool as you can.  
Face piles of trials  
With smiles.

It riles them to believe that  
You perceived the way they move  
And keep on thinking, friend...

I am...what I am.  
(Found at a deserted Long  
Island Railroad station  
by Bangor Zack Bullen)



Marie Bonnard, with part of the smile

## MY CAPER WITH JOE NAMATH

by Ted Brohl

It was a lazy weekend, too cold for working outside raking leaves or sweeping the patio. A good time to catch up on the latest porn novel—that is, if I could concentrate with the television blasting out the football game while my teenage son lay on his belly on the floor, his head cupped in his hands so that his eyes could not miss any of the intricate plays which I derided as beef against beef.

"Dad!" my son yelled, and I came back to reality just as the seductive Tanya was seducing the Red Chinese spy so that the CIA would have time to bug his apartment. The novel was starting to percolate, and I was only on page four.

"Joe Namath! He did it again—the Jets are leading by fourteen!" My son took time out for a swig of Coke and a mouthful of chocolate brownie, a sure-fire pimple-producing combination.

"That's swell, Jim," I replied, the name Joe Namath stirring a memory long tucked away in my brain's memory bank.

I was a salesman for sunglasses then, so many years ago, when this young man was brought from the hills to participate in the savage sport of football at unheard-of recompense.

It was three in the morning when my friends and I left the closed-up hotel bar, with a slight glow (the bar and us), having suffered through eight hours of a rostrum-pounding sales meeting. We were seeking a nightcap of amber fluid among the now-deserted streets of New York City. We turned the corner onto Third Avenue, and after examining the antiques in the window of a corner store we discovered the neon lights of a dive, where the jukebox could be heard bleating out the music of the night people. We entered and stood at the bar which was on the right. The jukebox was in the front near plate glass windows covered with drapes that looked like they had survived two world wars—in Europe; and to our left was an enlarged closet for coats and hats. The scantily-attired hat-check girl, we found out later as the booze warmed our vocal cords, was a student at New York University, and she was reading her sociology book for that afternoon's class. Her cleavage was inviting, but the bouncer, a gentleman of some 250 pounds, hovered in the background, amidst empty tables, and we returned to our drinks. Two girls were at the front end of the bar drinking draft beer; they wore leather jackets and lots of makeup, and were engrossed in their own conversation about tricks they had turned with some johns earlier in the day. I reflected that they appeared younger than my oldest daughter, who was fifteen, and decided to focus my attention on the conversation of my friends, who were in deep argument over the merits of the new sunglass displays which had been the high point of our sales meeting.

The door opened and a young man of moderate height, in a black leather jacket, entered, standing alongside me at the bar. The bartender served him and they enjoyed a brief conversation. I recognized Joe Namath because of his pictures in the news media,

IT IS TOO SOON  
by Mary Ann Henn  
Life comes and goes  
and ends before  
it is finished.  
Actually, it begins  
before the beginning, too.  
We live, knowing  
that death will come.  
We die, knowing  
that life will go on.  
And, always,  
it is too soon—  
though we live  
a hundred years,  
it is too soon.



HELL'S ANGELS MEET DRACULA'S DAUGHTER  
or, the Further Adventures of Donny and Marie

Gays can tell just by  
looking at me that I'm a hard,  
sensual slut who just wants to  
fuck, fuck, fuck!

Hot-looking chicks like  
that used to make me feel so  
inhibited until I developed my  
James Dean look; nyex, nyex,  
nyex!

—Elliot Cantin



The new Donny Bonnard

prompted by his snagging so much money from the football empire. I reached for my business card and pen.

"Mr. Namath," I said, using the same deference I would in addressing the chairman of the board of my company (although realizing that the chairman made some \$30,000 a year less than this young man with the wind-blown hair).

"Mr. Namath," I repeated, and he turned to look at me. Very seldom have I stood next to a millionaire at 3:30 in the morning, or at any other time for that matter. I extended my business card and pen toward him, and boldly lied that my small son was a fan of his and would he please autograph the card for him?

"Sure," he said, and he wrote on the back of the card, "To Jim—Joe Namath," handing the card back to me, and finally my pen. I thanked him and he then moved his drink to the end of the bar where the two girls were sitting. From the time he walked in he had been the focal point of their attention. His later exploits in this direction have been better publicized in proportion to his increasing success on the football fields.

My friends and I, realizing that it was now almost 4:00am and we had to report to the next phase of our sales meeting at 8:30am, bid the bartender adieu, and as we left I gave a wicked wink to the hat-check girl through one bloodshot eye, but she continued to pursue her studies.

The next evening I arrived home in Delaware. The memento of my stay in New York, a purple scarf with the Empire State Building printed on it in silver, like a large phallic symbol, and the small wood jewelry boxes—"Souvenir of New York City"—for my two daughters, paled when compared to the Joe Namath autograph I gave my son. Totally unimpressed by football at that time, after I explained who Joe Namath was, Jim said, "Gee, Dad, wait till I show the kids in school!" For a while both of us glowed in the mantle of the Joe Namath charisma.

"Jim," I asked, snapping out of my reverie, "whatever became of Joe Namath's autograph? Still on your desk?"

"I dunno. Maybe when we threw out the blotter pad, it might have been stuck inside. Wow! The Jets won!"

With no more thought of the autograph, Jim shut off the TV and left for the basketball court at the local school to meet his buddies.

For a moment I wondered if that jukebox was the same one that had figured in later headlines when Joe was accused of shoving a member of the press against it. I thought of the hat-check girl and her cleavage—with mingled pleasure and regret; now graduated from NYU, she was probably investigating such lower-middle class lives as ours for sociological research. I thought of the expense of obtaining Joe's autograph for my son—not the cost of the liquor, since I had subsidized that partially on my expense account, but primarily that awful hangover which caused me to buy a pair of competitor's sunglasses for the morning sales meeting.

"At least Joe could have bought us a drink," I mumbled to myself, as I turned to page five to find out how Tanya was making out with the Red Chinese spy.

# The Poet's Diet Book

by Tamarina Dwyer

In this final chapter, Janet and Henri celebrate their marriage with the rather boisterous approval of the spirits. Jan's health is a meagre drawback to the affair, but ESP is strong and love is never wrong.

Jan had changed her mind. She did love Henri after all. Marriage was fortunate, it was good. Her ol' sneakers were back on her feet, the reception being a down-dressers' party in the Hamptons. Jan's silk t-shirt and cutoff jeans flattered her early summer tan, and she was reciting poetry like a messenger of Shakespeare. Sun winked at the guests, a fair frivolous king. Life was justified. The somersault of sound and motion was a bullseye of joy, a lighthearted social detente.

Jan sipped her gin like a rich debutante. She stared at the hair on Henri's chest, the curly grey-white hairs that indicated age and masculinity. She tried to talk without lifting her upper lip. It was easy enough, but she didn't enunciate and her voice was too soft and low. How could a dentist cause so much damage? And if she spoke more loudly and clearly, the gap in the front of her mouth was obvious and it distracted from her appearance. She smiled like the Mona Lisa and gestured like a true actress. Her lipstick was a subtle color and she coughed frequently, covering her mouth with her hand. "Oh, you do have a chill, my dear. Why don't you borrow my wife's shawl?"

The dark sky through the balcony windows was as impressive as the lights inside. It was the womb of night, a shelter for tired thoughts and an approval for depression. But marriage was marriage, and Henri and Jan needed to be alone. They went back to the city like sweepstakes winners, Jan's swollen lip and missing teeth a minor irritation to such a grand event.

"Who Do You Love" played on the stereo, loud, solicitous and accusing. The black dress danced. Henri had promised to treat Jan to another dentist. Her silhouette on the panelled wall was mischievous as a child, walking, talking, a competitor to Jan's flesh, an active hallucination to her passive watch. "How can it be so intelligent?" Jan asked.

"It's young, like you," he told her, reaching for ice cream puffs and sipping club soda.

Flowers grew from the checkerboard squares on the floor, impudent and ambitious. Jan got up for a sweater, but skeletons were busy taking her clothes from the closet, folding them hurriedly but carefully and packing them in cardboard boxes. There were large plastic letters of the alphabet in the refrigerator, and espresso cups circled in the kitchen like airplanes.

Jan and Henri were leaving NY to continue their honeymoon. If the spirits retreated a bit, Jan and Henri would be on their way to the Adirondacks by noon the next day. Jacques Roiteau was in Norway. Chuck and Fred and Kev were part of the past.

## THE WORST OF 41 BAD PRESIDENTS

by Bangor Zack Bullen

I hate James Buchanan!  
I despise Franklin Pierce!  
My opposition to William Henry Harrison is fierce!

That fiend with red fangs, Harrison  
His policies were bad!  
The most venal, brutal leader  
America ever had!

Klaus Bullen was a jackass  
Leaving Koblenz in 1803—  
He was shot dealing cards in Natchez—  
Harrison's fault! Obviously!

God has been misquoted  
for 5,000 years!  
His actual words may disturb you...  
Details \$1  
The SubGenius Foundation  
Box 140906, Dallas, TX 75214



## Exclusive Rights Purchased

### Beat's Beard Bought By Business Baron

SAN FRANCISCO (YU) — Australian business maggot Rupert Murdoch arrived here today from Sidney and promptly announced he will begin contract negotiations to purchase the exclusive rights to poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti's beard.

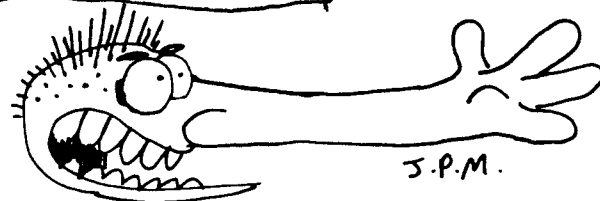
If successful, it will mark the fifth time this year that Murdoch has managed to buy a controlling interest

in a famous American poet's facial hair. Over the past several months, he has been responsible for securing the rights to Robert Penn Warren's sideburns, Anne Waldman's mustache, the late Robert Frost's eyebrows and Charles Bukowski's tongue.

Ferlinghetti, who launched the career of Arnold Schwarzenegger, achieved critical acclaim on June 14, 1958 when he refused to be photographed while wearing a sombrero.

Yossarian Universal

ED. NOTE: WE NEED  
MORE ILLOS THIS  
SIZE & !!!



## MARRIAGE A LA MODE

March—August 3, 1982

by Sigmund Weiss

You keep shooting at me questions  
about my foibles.  
Let me know about yours, instead of  
shooting me down with your analyses  
and conclusions.

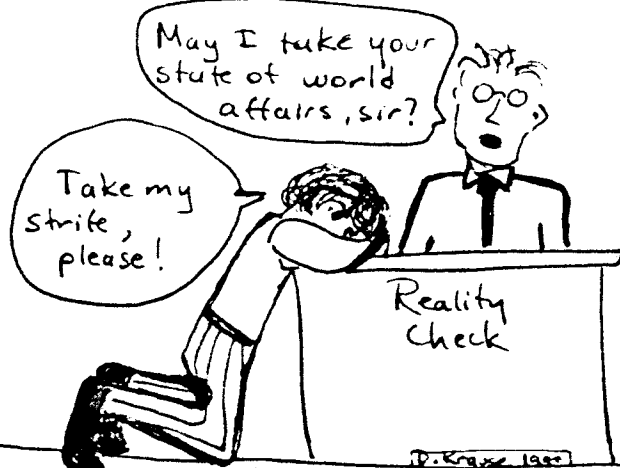
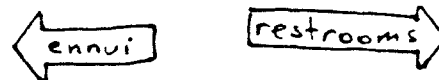
I have known you long enough to accept you.  
Learn your silence if you wish to  
strengthen our love.

Would you wish me to be like you,  
make fun of you?  
Let your smiles accept me as I am.  
The quality of love is its enjoyment  
of imperfection.

On the other hand, I must be a fool to reply,  
as I must learn my own silence and  
keep your criticism in a torn pocket  
of my coat.

When you send my pants and coats to  
the cleaners  
be sure to discard all those stupid  
notations I wrote.

FLAVYNE'S NOMINEE FOR BEST  
COMEDIAN OF THE '90S:  
A. WHITNEY BROWN!!



# THE PRICE OF LOVE

by Floyd R. Leavitt

The August swelter hampered his breath. Sweat on his arms loosened his grip on a bundle of The Reviewer newspapers and blackened the inside of his arm. He walked up a cement walkway past a well-aligned display of violets, purple pansies, purple snapdragons and red roses, toward the front angelic white double door. Mrs. Dulgane saw the prospector from afar and ran to the back door as she grumbled, "Paper boys! They break my flower pots and ride through my grass. I told 'em never to come back, the little aphids."

With each hurried step on her right foot, she slowed substantially to not keel over. As she passed the kitchen table, she leaned on the vinyl back of a yellow chair. The sun through the back window reflected on the porcelain tabletop and highlighted the wax apples, bananas and oranges in the centerpiece bowl.

A yap of a pernicious wiener dog threatened Mrs. Dulgane as she dashed out the back door and headed for the gate. She grabbed a leather horse switch on the iron hook bolted to the wall just outside the wooden door and raised it waist-high in a manner to be easily brought down with force. She huffed and the bulges of blue varicose veins on her football-sized calves pulsed. "Don't you try any foolishness, Skipper," she said to the wiener dog, who growled vehemently and whose tremulous lips were on the verge of showing fang, "or I'll slap you back to the poop corner where you belong."

Mrs. Dulgane lifted the latch on the gate and allowed it to swing open of its own accord. "Go," she said, "go do your stuff! And I'll give ya cheese and steak for supper." Skipper remained poised to strike, his eye intent on the left calf where two brown spots evidenced a previous puncture. "Go you, or I'll split ya."

The muffled sound of the doorbell from inside played "We Wish You A Merry Christmas" and Mrs. Dulgane stepped in and called, "Coming, coming, I'll be right there." She looked out the back window to make sure Skipper was on his way. The dog had just exited.

If only he had been a nice dog, she thought to herself, one she could cuddle and scratch behind the ears. That's what she went to the shelter for, a nice dog. But Skipper was the only one that would come to his chain link door to see her.

The attendant said they would get along fine. "He's not so good with children, but he loves the attention of adults. You'll get along fine."

At first she was impressed with the attendant. His white smock with a notepad and silver pencil and pen set in his front pocket led her to believe he could be a doctor, but his tender smile above his square chin was perfidious and caused her four years of fight and bicker with a defiant wiener dog.

She didn't feel right to kill Skipper, and to return him was humiliation, so she decided to suffer him to the end, only the end was already three years too long. Three years prior she condemned Skipper to the backyard to avoid the continual struggle of keeping him off her pink bedspread Mother made and gave for her wedding. Anyway, Greg was right about dogs, *they belong in the country.*

Oh well, she thought, *maybe this time Skipper don't come back.*

"We Wish You A Merry Christmas" played again and Mrs. Dulgane pushed off the chair and rounded into the living room.

Through the front window Skipper lunged up and the paper boy's drawn foot drove forward. Skipper sailed back.

Mrs. Dulgane was jubilant.

But then Skipper yelped. A painful and long yelp, followed by staccato yelps and another long, pitiful cry.

Poor Skipper never suffered like this, and the paper boy dropped his bundle and chased maliciously after the scrambling creature.

"You leave that dog alone," Mrs. Dulgane screamed as she bounded for the door. "He never hurt anyone!"

~~She pulled the brass door knob and swung the door~~

# THE WONDERFUL THING ABOUT NEIGHBORS

by Mike McLaren

Neighbors are a wonderful lot. Don't you wish you had a million, all of them like the guy on the corner who drops into your yard once in a while to kick your little dog? He likes to show you how macho he is by "thumping" his son on the head for having an untied shoelace. Or how about the folks to houses down and their kids who play in the show with no shoes or jackets, the same kids that walk into your house uninvited and storm-troop to the refrigerator--their mom's across the street threatening another of your neighbors about his cat, too busy to fix her kids lunch. Perhaps you'd rather have a hundred neighbors just like the old couple two houses east, the little man and woman who stand in their front yard all day and glare at you while you and your friends play basketball with the hoop and backboard you've set up in the cul-de-sac. You move it to the backyard when you're finished playing, but the little old lady won't leave her house until your toys are finally put away and the street is clear. Does that say something about her driving ability?

And then there are the neighbors who don't like you, the ones who invited you to their house to watch Monday Night Football the week after you moved in. Everything went well until you and your wife mentioned something about your marriage philosophy, only to discover that your hosts engage happily in a particular behavior that you claimed to detest. You should have let them do all the talking.

Perhaps you could convince your friends to move into your neighborhood, then you could have them drop by every day and you could feed their kids every evening before your friends came home from work. And in the summer, with the windows wide open, you could hear which of your friends have marital problems and which ones don't care that their windows are open during rather intimate moments. Just think, you'd get to know more about your friends--much more.

Aren't you glad that your friends live across town?

When a tot slid half way down a sliding board it's close to a certainty that the youngster will reach the bottom. Analogically it's equally certain that because of suicidal war-waging where the fallen warriors don't trigger chance-selected limited duty or out-of-the war WINNERS all of us (the five billion) may be destroyed. To shape up the world shape up the military. Fire a self-addressed stamped envelope at war-ending (90%) 50/50 (men, women) losers, winners (chance-selected) war-waging strategy or simply LOSERS-WINNERS  
Box 2243 — YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, 44504

hard. The wall reverberated and shockwaves shook the china cabinet. A picture frame dropped and the ceiling fan teetered.

"Let Skipper be!" she screamed again as the paper boy swooped with his foot. She ran for the hose and turned the nozzle. A stream of water caught the paper boy in the back.

He turned and lifted his hands. "Wait a minute," he yelled, but was too late. The stream hit his face.

"You can break my flower pots with your bad aim, and ruin my grass, but don't ever touch my Skipper!" Mrs. Dulgane yelled as she sprayed at the papers. "I'll never touch your papers. Never again!"

It took forty minutes to spray all remnants of The Reviewer into the street.

At 10:30pm Johnny Carson chipped an imaginary ball from an imaginary sand trap as Mrs. Dulgane with her gout feet propped high in the red and black plaid Lazy-Gay ~~cuddled and scratched behind the ears of the content and drowsy Skipper.~~

WHEN VAN GOGH WAS ALIVE  
HE SOLD ONLY 2 OF HIS PAINTINGS  
FOR LESS THAN \$100 (TOTAL).

TODAY IN AMSTERDAM  
THERE IS A MUSEUM  
5 STORIES HIGH  
TO HOUSE HIS WORKS:  
BUILT AT A COST OF OVER \$1,000,000.



*When he heard of this  
Van Gogh spun in his grave very fast  
spattering the tomb  
with brilliant yellow-orange  
Delft & Japanese colors.*

Tomorrow they're selling his tomb  
For 1,000,000,000 guilders flat.



"THE POTATO WHOLE/ALER" Vincent Van Dough  
- Tuli Kupferberg

## Young Fan's Wish Almost Comes True

NEW YORK (YU) — A twelve-year-old boy dying from a brain tumor was made very happy yesterday by the assassination attempt on New York Yankees owner George Steinbrenner.

Steinbrenner was struck with three bullets fired by members of Make A Wish, a non-profit organization founded in Phoenix, Arizona, in 1981, to grant the wishes of dying children. Steinbrenner is listed in stable but serious condition at Patrick Ewing hospital in midtown Manhattan.

The youth, who succumbed to massive kidney failure while viewing a videotape of the shooting, had earlier said he hoped his wish would bring "the magic" back to baseball.

Officials of Make A Wish claim the attempt was not "bungled," as early reports indicated.

"We're professionals," said Public Relations Officer Billy Martin, "and if the kid had wanted him dead, he'd be dead. It's in our charter that whatever a dying kid wants, he gets, and he just wanted to put the fear of God into George, in the form of a few .38 slugs." No charges have been filed, but in a phone interview from his vacation home in Bermuda, New York City Police Chief Robert Wagner promised a complete investigation of the incident.

YU News Service

## The Original Odd Couple



## "MANIAC" by Clinton K. Gustavson

Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Simmons were on vacation. Monty didn't know that, but when he saw their large, ornate white house, their swimming pool and their impeccably-manicured lawn, he knew he was home.

Monty circled the house that morning, gazing in wonder at their white Grecian statuary, the greenhouse, the poolside furniture and the little aviary Mrs. Simmons had constructed in the backyard, full of exotic birds. He tried all the doors and windows on the ground floor to see if there was a way in the house. Finally, he knocked out one of the little windows on one of the many French doors, reached inside, undid the latch and let himself in. Then he relatched the door and walked through the house, looking for someone he could talk to.

Monty was disappointed to find that there was no one at home. But he soon became fascinated with all the wonderful things in the house. He ran his hand admiringly over the large Brazilian rosewood table. He handled the exotic vases and the lead crystal sculptures from around the world, and marvelled at the ornate Persian rugs, and the tapestries from India, which hung on the walls. He banged away at the grand piano keyboard and howled joyfully along.

For the next two hours he pranced through the house examining everything, like a king in a brand new castle.

But Monty didn't like the way some of the things in the house were arranged, and he decided that if he was going to stay there, some changes would have to be made.

He went down to the basement and located a hammer and a box of nails. Except for the rosewood table, he moved all of the furniture into the bedroom and nailed the doors shut. He thought that the table seemed rather flimsy, so he drove some nails through the tabletop into the legs to stabilize it.

Monty next went into the kitchen. He took down all of Mrs. Simmons' china and broke it in the sink, after he poured all of the liquor from their bar down the drain. Thinking all the broken china looked good in the sink, he next threw all of the lead crystal there as well, pretending that each one was a football that he passed to an imaginary receiver across the room. Then he thought the people who owned the house must be insane to have all those nice rugs on the wall, so he tore them down and arranged them on the floor. He couldn't imagine why anyone would want a black grand piano, so he spray-painted it white.

All this work made him feel hungry. He raided the refrigerator and made himself a ham and anchovy sandwich. While he ate, he looked out the kitchen window and noticed a young woman walking around outside. He watched her carefully, afraid that she would see him inside and become angry. He peered over the windowsill as she swept out the aviary and watered the plants in the greenhouse. After she checked the automatic sprinkler system for the lawn, Monty saw her begin to walk away, and he scampered from one window to the next, following her progress as she walked down the driveway and out into the street. He waited a long time to make sure she wasn't coming back.

When he was sure that it was safe, Monty went out to the backyard. He walked toward the aviary, kicking the Grecian sculpture and poolside furniture into the water as he went. Monty stood watching all the birds in the aviary, and as he did so he remembered a cartoon he had seen in which a cat let a bird out of its cage. He thought that it was a terrible shame for all of the lovely birds to be confined like that, so he opened the door and began to chase them out. When he had almost chased them out entirely, two of the flightless ones collapsed and died of fright in front of him, falling to the concrete floor with a soft impact and a fluttering of feathers. Monty didn't understand why the birds had done this, so he picked them up and threw them into the pool along with the rest of the things he decided he didn't want cluttering up the grounds. Then, deciding to work on his passing arm again, he hurled stones through the tinted glass of the greenhouse.

Monty brushed the girt from his hands and told himself that, although he'd done a good job of things so far, there was still a lot of work to accomplish if he was going to live there. But he decided that the first thing he needed was a nap, so he wandered back into the house to lie upon one of the ornate rugs from India.

He awakened later that afternoon to a terrible noise. Looking up, he saw the Simmons standing above him in the living room.

Mrs. Simmons was screaming and pointing around the house while Dr. Simmons was calling the police. Monty sat right up and said hello. He tried to explain to them that everything was all right, that they shouldn't worry, that he was happy to meet them and that he hoped they liked his job at interior decoration. Dr. Simmons told him to stay where he was and not move a goddamned muscle.

Monty mused that the Simmons weren't being particularly friendly but he did as he was told and sat very still upon the rug. Mrs. Simmons would not stop screaming, and the noise hurt Monty's ears.

When the police arrived, it was all some of them could do to keep from laughing. Because Dr. Simmons was who he was, a small army of them showed up to take Monty away and photograph and otherwise document the damage. The handcuffed Monty for Mrs. Simmons' benefit, saying that they'd had experience with him before, but they removed the shackles when he was safely in the back of the police car. Insurance would cover the damage, and for Monty it was all in a day's work.

Monty sat very quietly in the patrol car and waited for the police to tell him again to stay off of the streets.

# THE CUTWRIGHT TAPES

by Ralph Sharanga

Throughout history, heads of state have always confided in their barbers. To date, no one has adequately explained this phenomenon. Could it be the relaxed atmosphere? The anonymity of the man behind the scissors? Or possibly the intimacy that develops when someone trims your nostril hairs month after month?

Unbeknownst to President Bush, his barber, Steven Cutwright, taped all their haircutting conversations up until last month. Cutwright's activities were uncovered when his comb started producing feedback during a haircut. The FBI intervened, and immediately debrief, brainwashed and blow-dried the poor barber. Mr. Cutwright is currently seeking restitution for mental duress and split ends.

The following remarks by President Bush were excerpted from a bootleg copy of "The Cutwright Tapes." (The FBI is accepting credit card phone orders for the complete set.)

On Vice President Quayle: "...He's not as stupid as the public thinks. People don't consider him presidential material. Well, Steve, we survived eight years of Reagan, and as far as I'm concerned, the only difference between the two is that Quayle still uses a diaper at naptime...The kid actually has a good sense of humor. The other night at a cocktail party fundraiser for our anti-drug campaign, Dan staggered over to me. He said, 'George, if I had known that getting bombed was so much fun, I never would have dodged the draft.' Give him credit, he was smart enough to keep his ass out of Vietnam..."

On flag-burning: "...I was taught to respect the flag and everything it stands for. These flag-burners are the same left-wing phonies who accuse us of screwing up the environment. Well, burning flags causes air pollution too, so there!...Whatever happened to the great American tradition of cross-burning? When I lived in Texas, that was what you did on a Saturday night. And I hear they now sell match-light crosses. No gasoline or lighter fluid necessary. Nobody gets hurt, and almost everyone has a good time..."

On Gorbachev: "...You can't preach Western democracy to communists. You have to take 'em by the hand and show 'em...To teach Gorbach about the joys of capitalism, we played Monopoly. By the middle of the second game, he was thinking like a veteran slumlord...To expose him to the fruits of artistic freedom, I took him to see TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES. He stayed for the second showing...To show him the accessibility and abundance of consumer goods, I bought him a couple of handguns on a street corner. He was impressed..."

On drug use: "...I can't understand the attraction of cocaine. A couple of martinis gives me a better buzz, at a fraction of the cost...If anyone needs an object lesson on the physical toll that white powder takes, just check out Barbara's hair..."

On Ted Kennedy: "...Other than being a dissolute, overweight national embarrassment, he's okay...Last week at our cocktail party, he actually volunteered to be the designated driver. Of course, all the passengers wore bathing suits and lifejackets...Later that evening he threw up on our new carpet. Luckily the party was in the green room, so it didn't clash with the drapes..."

On the homeless: "...The vast majority of them are lazy. There are plenty of houses available, just look in any real estate section...My pollsters tell me that most of the homeless don't vote. So what can I possibly gain by helping them?...Later this year we'll unveil our plan to federally fund 80,000 low-income doorways for these bums. I want to give the park benches back to the people..."

On William Bennett: "...We had to get him out of the Department of Education before he destroyed the whole school system...Drug czar seemed like the perfect job for him. The title suited his ego, and the drug program was already a hopeless failure, so now he's out of harm's way..."

On abortion: "...We'd have lots less abortions if we got rid of sex education. These kids learn how to do it

# INTIFADA UPDATE

by Brian Ruddy and A. Funicello

The tragedy continues. For the wretched but defiant masses of the West Bank and Gaza Strip, Death does not take a holiday. He doesn't even take a coffee break.

In recent months, while the eyes of the world have focused on a series of truly spectacular events—the political upheaval in Eastern Europe, the U.S. invasion of Panama, the big Chrysler rebate—the bloodshed in the occupied territories of Palestine has gone largely unnoticed.

This indifference must end. Accordingly, we present a brief recapitulation of the latest round of death and destruction.

A spokesman for the Israeli Defense Force, Major David Ben-Vahreen, reports that:

- A three-month-old "rocket-wielding" Palestinian girl has died of natural causes after being shot in the head.
- Six Palestinian women accidentally suffocated while performing their "getting buried alive by an IDF bulldozer" trick.
- Nine members of a "pro-Intifada" Palestinian family perished when they "deliberately maneuvered" their house into the path of an Israeli artillery shell.
- Five Arab bakery workers were tried, convicted and executed for "baking buns of a terrorist nature" and using "seditious yeast."
- Twenty-two residents of a Palestinian refugee camp died when their huts were levelled by Israeli warplanes. Major Ben-Vahreen termed the incident a "bureaucratic snafu" and asserted that the IDF had merely forgotten to inform the "PLO-sympathizing" refugees that, as part of a "residential modification" program, their clapboard shacks were scheduled to be replaced by bomb craters.
- Another squadron of Israeli F-14s obliterated a Palestinian elementary school. The Major insisted that the air strike was a mistake; he attributed the error to the inexperience of the squadron leader, who apparently mistook the school for a hospital.

The Israelis, however, do not have a monopoly on violence. And although attacks by Palestinians against Israelis are usually no more serious than rock-throwing (stabblings are reserved for holidays and other special occasions), violence by Palestinians against Palestinians has reached epidemic proportions. Shadowy bands of Palestinian youths routinely dole out "revolutionary justice" to those suspected of collaborating with the Israelis. One Intifada leader reports that seven suspected collaborators were recently hacked to death by a firing squad. Eight others were tortured, killed, and then held for questioning. In addition, all 33 inhabitants of a small village near the city of Nexxus were executed without trial. The Intifada leader to whom we spoke vigorously defended this seemingly harsh action, characterizing the villagers as "suspects suspected of collaborating with suspects suspected of collaborating with suspected collaborators."



at too young an age. A teenager's idea of safe sex is doing it with their bedroom door locked...Pro-choicers think we have no interest in the baby after it's born. Well, this year we're coming out with Project Follow-Up. The federal government will send every unwanted baby birthday and Christmas cards annually, until their 18th birthday. Like I said, we're kinder and gentler, right Steve?..."

# SAYZ-U (Letters)

Dear Elayne, Thursday, May 3, 1990

Please note, this is a letter-of-comment to the editorial staff of INSIDE JOKE, not a personal letter to pals Elayne and Steve; draw distinctions where you may. To date I've read IJs #68, 69, 73 and 74, with #s 70-72 on deck. I've got a free evening, so here are some reactions.

Firstly, IJ isn't what I expected. I thought it would consist solely of short, funny stories, but most of the regular contributions seem to be stream-of-consciousness personal musings. That's fine by me; I just shifted mental gears from "Fiction" to "Eclectica" and had a swell read. My favorite, of course, is "Diary of the Rock Fiend." Anni is consistently, as we'd say back in Atlanta, a "laff riot." I skipped ahead and read all her stuff and then wrote her a fan letter. "Commercial McClue-In" gives me much to chew on; "Fan Noose" and "AnimationUpdate" are valuable resources. I like "Four-Color Fiend" as much for the insights into Steve as for the reviews.

"Transitory," while not at all funny, is a corker of a story and Sergio Taubmann should be making money off this stuff. It's essentially a much more personal and soulful version of Quantum Leap (speaking of which, how is it that three competing shows--Wiseguy, China Beach and Quantum Leap--can all be flops in the ratings? Do they dilute each other's audience, or is there some unspoken national agreement to watch cable on Wednesdays?). That said, I must also opine that it's just a mite too long.

I'm not as satisfied by IJ's filler material (the poetry and the SubGenius ads). I generally don't like poetry of any sort, since there and in modern art, to quote David St. Hubbins, "there's such a fine line between clever and stupid"--alike that's crossed all too frequently. And as for the rest, well, while it's still hip to know about J.R. "Bob" Dobbs (and it's appropriate to see him in these pages, since the Church of the SubGenius is the world's largest inside joke), it passed beyond the funny into the tiresome a long time ago. Still, I guess it beats the insipid sidebars found in Reader's Digest.

Overall I greatly enjoy IJ. Yokosuka Naval Base is frightfully boring, and Japan itself is too expensive to do right, so this is a welcome break from the tedium. A friend of mine said of apas (amateur press associations--like IJ only everyone types and makes copies of their own stuff, sending it to a central mailer who collates it--ed.), "I prefer art that bubbles up from the street to that which trickles down from the corporate boardroom," or words to that effect. I echo that sentiment with regard to INSIDE JOKE, and am only sorry I came in so late. As long as you don't print any tripe from that self-serving, egotistical hack Glenn Five, I'm sure I'll enjoy the remaining issues as much as these.

Hasta cucarachakafka,

Errs. GLENN V. MORRISON  
USNR - Wardroom,  
USS Reeves (CG 24)  
FPO San Francisco, CA  
96677-1148

Dear Elayne,

5/4/90

Sorry to hear about the upcoming hiatus for IJ. But I do know what it's like when work/projects pile up. And you are leaving something for others to shoot for. Because you and IJ have been a class act...

Sincerely,

RICHARD M. MILLARD  
4508 St. Anthony Lane  
Whitehall, OH 43213

May 4, 10 BS

(Before the age of Satan)

Dear Elayne,

It's funny how few socialists today realize that the ultimate goal of socialism IS anarchy. This was the theory of Proudhon, of Marx, of William Morris. It's Gorbachev's goal, which becomes clear if you read what he tells his own people, not just the short-range goal of trying to keep the military-industrial complex & the arms race from destroying the world, and encouraging free trade and peaceful coexistence. Gorbachev, being a humanist, truly believes that if free cooperative economies compete with free (if you can call it that) competitive economies, eventually the people who LIVE the idea of brotherly love will do better, and eventually even the mad US

will stop stepping on its own people and everyone else's and gradually go socialist. Then less government will be required as economic ties unite the world, and anarchy will become a beautiful reality, also gradually. Now we on the outside of the great American mainstream can only do so much to influence national opinion, since our small free presses are minute enough to be invisible. But that's why we're here: to say stuff they won't let you say in the real world. So while for Gorbachev, socialism is the path, as it is for the Labour party in England and the Socialist party in Japan, for us American misfits, anarchist organization NOW is the only way open to us. American artists should create their own counter-media, counter-Hollywood, counter-Tin Pan Alley, counter-art world. Art is not a hobby. Revolution is not a hobby. LIVING is NOT something you do in the spare time the capitalist slavers allow you as you sit in front of the TV being reprogrammed for the next day of mindless drudgery and shopping.

Yours in Kropotkin,

ELLIOT CANTSIN

1961 Cedar Street

North Merrick, NY 11566

*I still think it depends on how one defines "anarchy," Elliot. If by anarchy you mean total non-interference of government in social dealings, that's fine; if you mean non-involvement of some kind of hierarchal planning to take care of people not so well equipped to fend for themselves, I still have to agree to disagree. I think the Rainbow Coalition or the Democratic Socialists of America are probably closer to Japan's Socialists or Canada's NDP (I think the UK's Labour folks are as bad as our Democrats--the opposite side of the same coin) than are our anarchists--and you didn't even mention the Greens. As for Gorbachev, as much as I admire the man, one should be reminded he's still a politician, and has the politician's tendency to say one thing and mean another (or do another). Besides which, I've never read anywhere where he advocates anarchy or non-government as his ultimate goal; he seems rather fond of what Michael Albert calls "coordinatorism" (the present setup of the Soviet government), and appears more interested in merely changing the guard than the structure. Of course, I'd be delighted to be proven wrong and have your theory proven right...*

Dear Elayne,

6 May 90

Thanks for the IJ...I love it!

Pedantic Patrol pulls over Wayne Hogan, whose Goring quote is actually from Hans Johst (in his play Schlageter). You could look it up, Casey. A common boo-boo. Stolte's "Listen & Learn" is brilliant! Reminded me of The Dove, that spoof of Bergman that plays on cable every onw and again when you're not looking...

Best of health, luck, and all else,

"GODFREY DANIELS"

P.O. Box 1566

Tempe, AZ 85280

Dear Elayne,

A wholehearted regret that IJ will be in hiatus, I depend on it so much...and my appreciation for all the talent that flows from the minds of IJ contributors, and their flair of resistance to doctrinaire, societal and other influences of falsehood...May the SohoZat bring us fame and the fortune we deserve.

A loyal friend and fan,

TAMARINA DWYER

418 Stone Street

Oneida, NY 13421

Elayne,

9 May 90

Regarding the impending hiatus of IJ, well I felt that it was inevitable. Time for the bigger and better...I would like to do the last cover, and I'm thinking of a play on one of the classical renderings of Jesus during his Ascension with a copy of IJ. Also, the final issue should be a SAYZ-U extravaganza.

Lastly, I'm still producing cartoons and could you recommend a new outlet (perhaps someone at SohoZat)?

Here's toner in your eye,

MARIO ACEVEDO

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*I love your cover idea, Mario, but others have also asked to do the last cover, and after talking to lots of folks, we've decided to do a collective front-and-back cover (sort of a fake wraparound). It will be coordinated by bacover staffer Phil Tortorici from West Palm Beach, so please write to him for details and with suggestions. I totally agree that the last issue should have at least three*

pages of SAYZ-U, but only you folks can write it! Lastly, when I put U to bed I will also be putting out, in lieu of our Writers' and Artists' Guidelines, an U Referral Page for all writers and artists looking for other outlets, which I will cull from my various "Fan Noose" columns and such. The best place to look for zines needing any writing and art is, of course, FACTSHEET FIVE, and I also think you, like Ace, would do well in a topical comic panel publication like COMIC RELIEF. As for SohoZat, I think folks are starting to get the wrong idea. SohoZat is a store that happens to sell U, STICKY CARPET and other zines, among their usual comics and t-shirts and other neat stuff. Not only are they not to be used as my mailing address (I visit them maybe once every other month), but they're not really a referral service either. They're a store, period...

Dear Elayne,

Well, U winds up its brain-bustin', death-defyin' run with #80, and what a long strange trip it's been. Looking at all the work it must've been, I don't blame ya for takin' a breather.

Sorry I missed the U party, but shiftful things were happening to me (don't ask), things that obstructed previous plins...oh well, I read nobody brought anything to eat except chips. Anyway, U #75: Nice Space Fella cover from Mr. Nuclear. Ackner treats the census form rudely, goodly. Dorian T-B surprises us with "Fool's Goldblum"...maybe she don't really love him. (Nope, she does, trust me.) A great foreign-language column from L. Stolte! Wonderful "Son of Dr. Iguana" (or "Daughter of...", whatever) piece. Leavitt's "Slow Down or Shut Up," a chuckle. "Slow Collapse" by Scharff...yep, I feel the same way about Keansburg, and they haven't even torn down the boardwalk yet to put up yuppie condos. "...Or Not TV" is always welcome. Lovely cooked brain comic strip from A. Backwards. With all the development going on in Jersey now, I found it easy to relate to D.A. White's "A New Development." Sergio T's "ArgentoDirects Stewart" was appropriately creepy. A bunch of swell stuff! (How's that for precise commentary?)

David Rappaport has left this plane...the leader of the Time Bandits...aw, crap...

So anyway, Elayne, congrats on running this funny ship for eighty issues--hard to believe anybody would hand you "implicit blame for raining on anyone's parade!" Thank you, thank you, thank you!

*Bless the sun and bless the rain,  
Let's get up and do it again!*

JOHN P. MORGAN  
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Dear Elayne:

How are things in bad old Bensonhurst? Were you nervous last week, with the threatened Yusef Hawkins riots, or was that something that just made for a good story on the news? Are you sure you don't want to move out here? *You're quite right, the mainstream media have made a stupid situation much worse and blown things out of proportion. The reason that any murder, racially motivated or otherwise, makes the news is because it's out of the ordinary; if it happened all the time, it wouldn't be news (which is why serious crimes in low-income neighborhoods get shamefully sparse coverage). There are many good folks in Bensonhurst trying to resolve the situation with quiet voices calling for harmony and discussion (unfortunately, none of those voices are calling for changes in the macho locker-room attitude that inevitably precedes group rampages of this sort), but of course, only the loud and obnoxious voices, on both "sides," get the sensationalist coverage.*

Now that Snopes #3 is finished, I'm finally reading U 75. I liked "Kid" Sieve's assessment of Earth Day. Here in the "socially-conscious" Bay Area it was particularly repugnant. It struck me as being an exercise in hypocrisy, what with everyone who normally couldn't care less asking, "What are you doing for Earth Day?" I came up with my own Earth Day plan. There was an Earth Day concert and I wanted to go to the Price Club and buy a few hundred boxes of disposable diapers and get a friend to fly over this concert so we could throw the diapers out onto the concert-goers. My plan doesn't translate well on paper, but I had it all worked out. Unfortunately, disposable diapers are very expensive, and I knew that the crowd would just trample the diapers into the ground instead of throwing them away and I'd feel really guilty about that. Well, either way they wouldn't biodegrade, so not much

difference, eh? My boyfriend insists that Earth Day will be a national holiday by the year 2000 and we have a small wager going: if it's not a holiday, he has to do all of the household recycling for a year (a big punishment for him) and if it is, I have to make a \$1000 donation to Earth First!. Of course, things may have gotten bad enough by then that I'll actually agree with the Earth First! terrorist approach. Even Dave Foreman's claim that AIDS is welcome, even necessary, as Earth's way of thinning the population? Man, monkeywrenching is one thing, but when a largely white male redneck-composed group starts talking about Malthusian principles, you can bet it's not their population they want to control!

Kathy Stadalsky makes me want to have kids, so I can embarrass them, and I thought Larry Stolte's Escobar piece was quite funny. I hate to disagree with Steve about what I like to call "America's Most Wanted Totally Funny Hidden Videos Show Program." I think it's hilarious. Maybe I'm just a voyeur, and a snob, but I love to see the ridiculous things Average America does for fun, and considers memorable enough to videotape. Great Snopes inspiration. Even without that, the animal stuff is very funny. It's disturbing to find out that people are endangering their children and animals, though, in hopes of getting the big prize...

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Stephanie's serialized novel *THE SNOSES GO CAMPING*, which sells for \$1 a chapter, is highly recommended and, to say the least, quite unique!



INSIDE-HAIKU-JOKE  
by R.M. Millard  
Remember, the fun  
That scampers across pages  
Will always be there

FOUR FOR THE RHYMESTER  
by A.T. Hunn

To the Culinary Library  
Cook's  
Books

Within the Chlorophyll Man  
Green  
Spleen

Dollars to the Defense  
Hire  
Liars

If a Tree Falls in the Forest...  
Muskrat  
Splat!

## CHAIN LETTER

by A.J. Wright

Don't discard this message. Miranda Veranda did, and she is still in a coma six years later. Her family is a frightened knot of people. This letter has been around the world at least a thousand times, and into space with a shuttle astronaut. Don't discard this message. Good fortune will surround you if you simply follow these few simple instructions.

Write down what you know to be good. Write down what you know to be true. Try to fill at least a page. Don't discard this message. Make a list of twelve people you trust. Maybe you know some of them. Perhaps you have a friend you can include. Consider the list carefully. Don't discard this message. Peggy Patterson did, and she has not been seen in months. Her creditors are frantic. Once you finish your list, send each person a copy of what you have written and a copy of this letter. Remind them of their obligation to the chain.

Don't discard this message. Caitlin Camera did, and the intensity of her hallucinations increases every day. Don't discard this message. Melody Lightbody did, and she was recently committed by her husband to the Hobbes Island Institute for the Comically Insane, where she speaks in tongues no one understands.

Don't discard this message. We must keep the chain expanding. Don't discard this message. All the names must be there.

INSIDE JOKE !!  
c/o ELAYNE WECHSLER - CHADOT  
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MADISON SQUARE STATION, NEW YORK NY

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