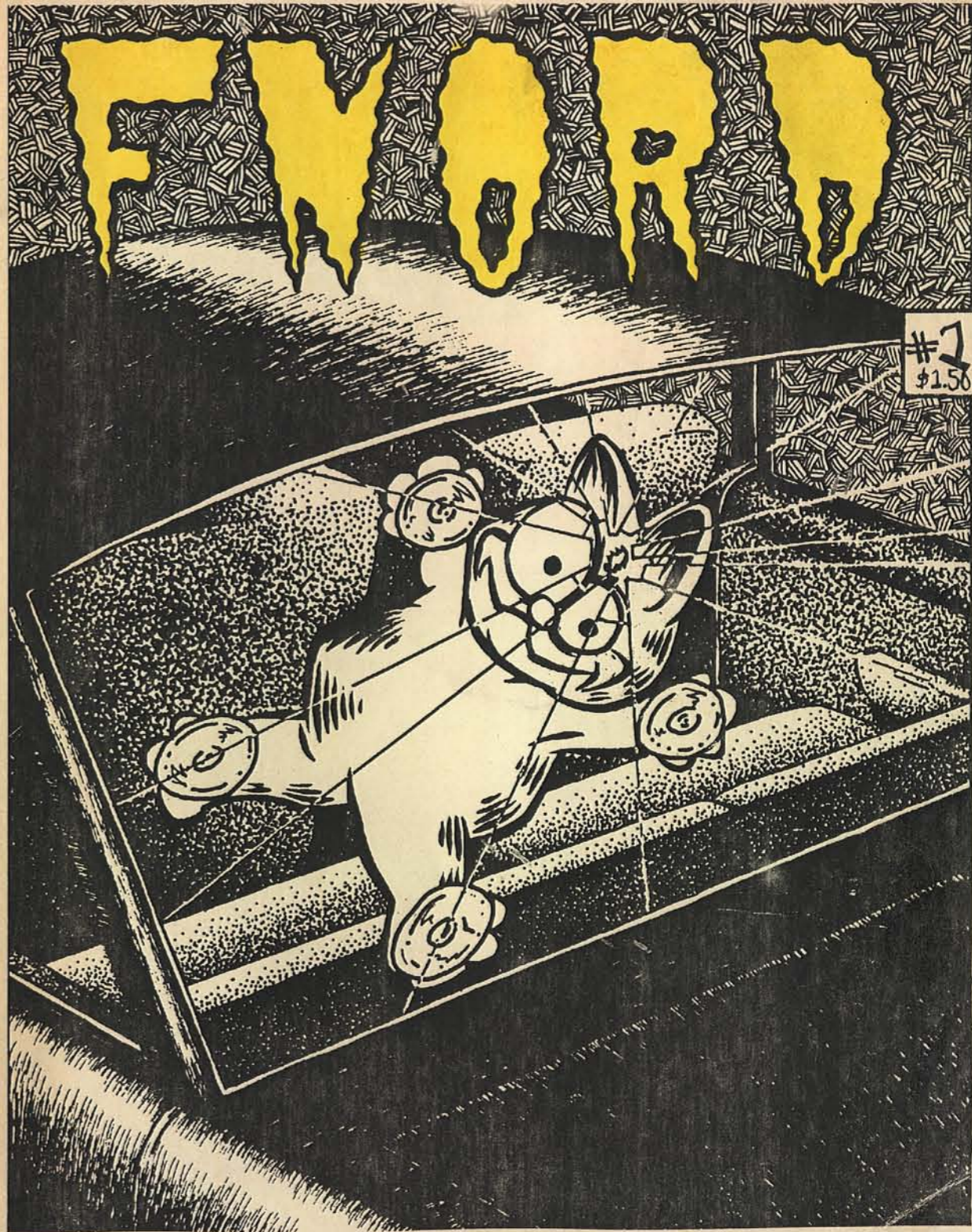


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FNORD! FNORD!

#1

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"...do it to the crowd"

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General address: Paul Leonard, P.O. Box 993, St. Charles IL 60174

Reviews address: Seth Tisue, P.O. Box 1083, Wheaton IL 60189

How Rude: a romantic novel

by John Steed

CHAPTER ONE

"How rude!" rang through my ears. I didn't think I had been that rude. I mean, I didn't spill my *entire* Coke on her lap. In fact, it was rather rude of her to say that I was rude, especially since I didn't *mean* to spill the good portion of my Coke on her lap!

I proceeded to tell her how I was feeling. She had said we should always be honest in our relationship.

"How rude of you to say I'm rude!" I told her.

"How rude of you to say it is rude of me to say it was rude of you to spill the good portion of that Coke on my lap!" she replied.

I emptied what remained of the Coke into her lap.

CHAPTER TWO

"That was rude," she explained.

"I know," I shot back. "But you were ruder."

"Not as rude as you."

"Such rudeness that I see in you at this moment I have never seen before in my lifetime."

"Really?" Her tone had changed to one suggesting deep-rooted passions.

"Yes," I croaked unabashedly.

She grabbed my skull in her hands and started giving me long, passionate, saliva-filled kisses. I struggled, but soon I was helpless within her stranglehold.

"I like a man who struggles," she panted.

All became dark.

CHAPTER THREE

"But I only met you an hour ago," I protested.

"Don't you like it?"

"Well, the hotel room is very well appointed, and the waterbed is quite comfortable..."

She drew me closer into her. "But what about *me*?" she sighed as she ran her fingers through my hair.

"Well..."

"Come now. Give. Tell me how you feel about me."

"Well, OK. I'd give you about a 7.5 or an 8."

"How rude!" she screamed as she slapped my face. She got up and started dressing.

She said to be honest. I had tried, upon every waking moment of our relationship, to be as truthful as life itself. But I didn't want to lose her. After all, there wasn't anything good on T.V. that evening. What was I to do?

CHAPTER FOUR

"Don't go," I pleaded quietly.

"You were rude. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's rudeness."

"I've been rude before."

"Not as rude as this. You've outdone yourself."

"You can't stand honesty, either, then?"

It was a sharp blow. She stood, looking at me, the majority of her body still pleasantly unclothed. I was desperately thinking of more sharp blows so she would keep forgetting to get dressed.

"That hurt," she said. A tear trickled down her cheek and onto her chin, rolled glistening by the light of a dim lamp down her neck, and finally dissipated on the roundness of her...

CHAPTER FIVE

...shoulder.

"You are making me re-evaluate my values while I'm standing here in the nude. That's really very rude, you know."

"I know."

She giggled and pulled me back on the bed. "I think I might learn to like rude guys," she whispered into my ear.

"You know what?" I asked as I plunged back into her sweet and murky depths.

"What?"

"You're beautiful when you're naked."

"Oh, you're so cliched," she cackled erotically.

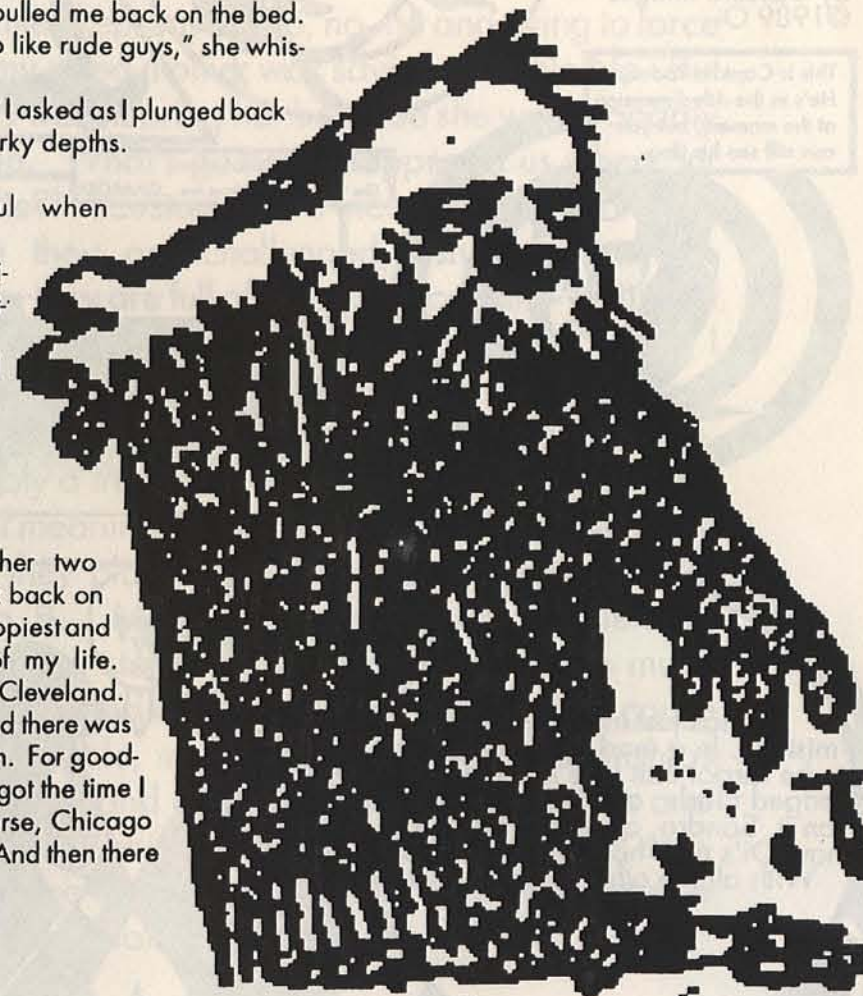
Needless to say, I didn't watch any T.V. that night.

EPILOGUE

We stayed together two whole days. I still look back on those as some of the happiest and most fulfilling hours of my life. Along with the hours in Cleveland. And Cincinatti. Oh, and there was that all-nighter in Boston. For goodness sakes, I nearly forgot the time I had in Dallas! Of course, Chicago was no slouch, either. And then there was Phoenix...

MORAL

Rude is in.



DADA

OdDiTy

Number 10

"In My House"
by Obscure Images
©1989 Oi

This is Captain Rodney.
He's in the 4th dimension
at the moment, but you
can still see his dog.



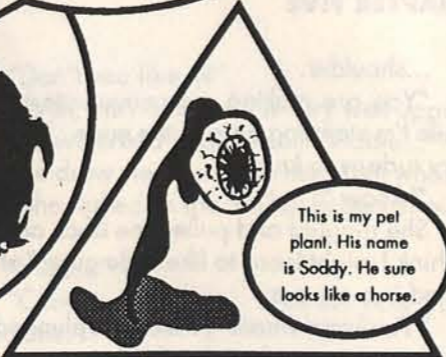
Hi! I'm Obscure Images.
This is my home.
Wanna look around?
Sure ya do...



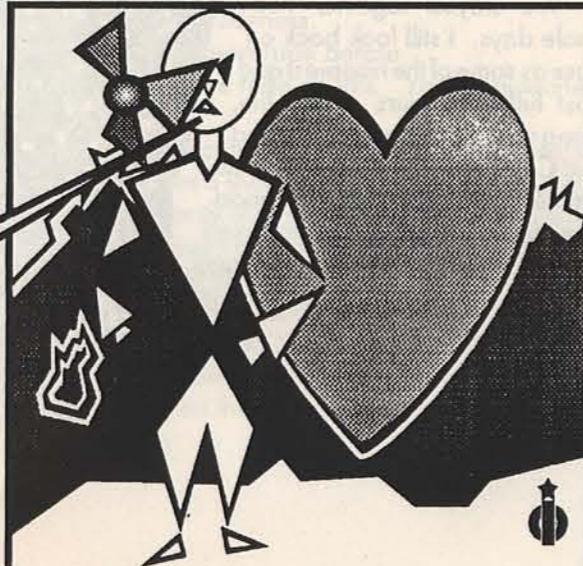
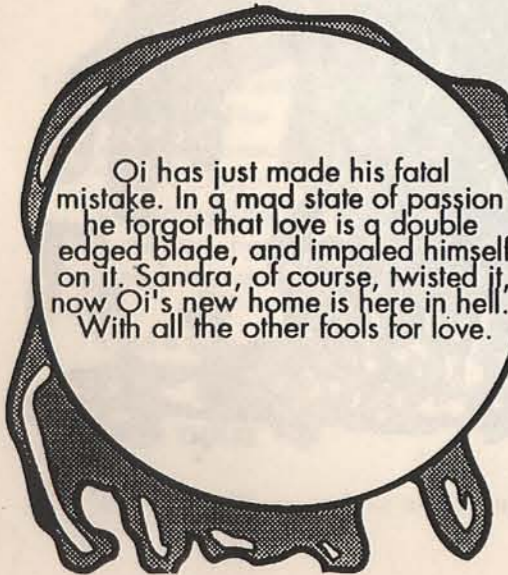
This is my true love, Sandra.
She REALLY DOES love me...GAAACK!



This is my pet
plant. His name
is Soddy. He sure
looks like a horse.



Oi has just made his fatal
mistake. In a mad state of passion
he forgot that love is a double
edged blade, and impaled himself
on it. Sandra, of course, twisted it,
now Oi's new home is here in hell.
With all the other fools for love.



The Tiny Particle of Silence Listened... by Edward Mycue

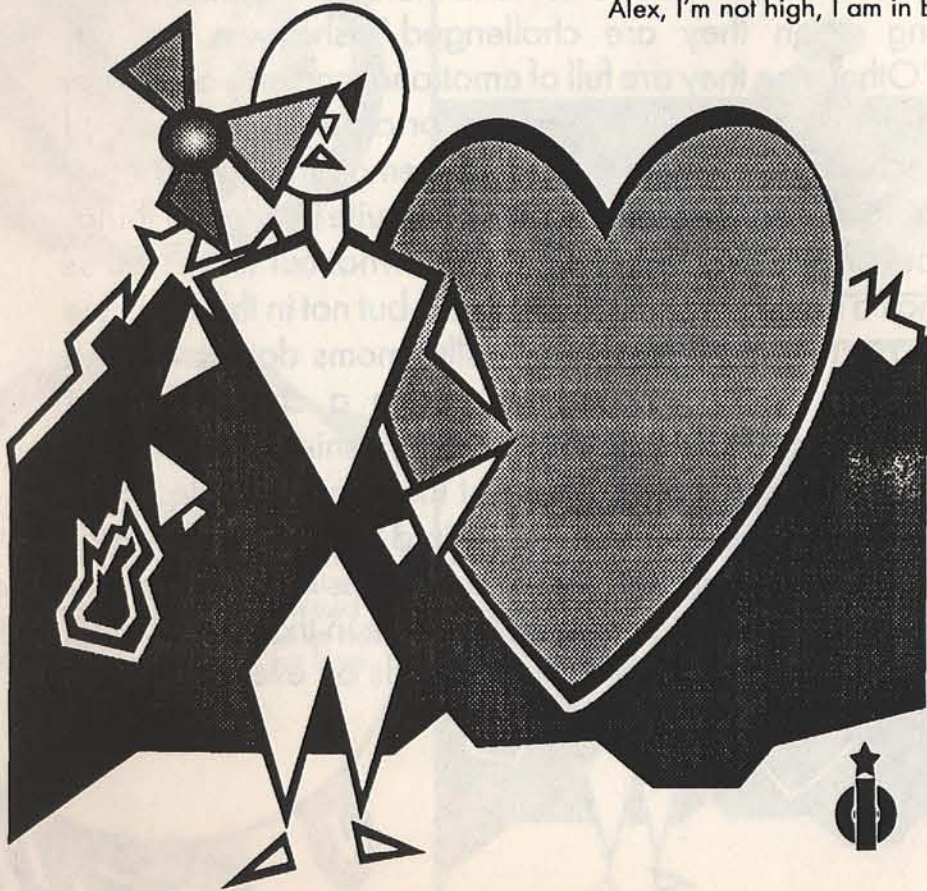
...even while I kept saying no, no, no and trying to force out what my aged mother was saying. No No No. But somehow I was hearing her because she was probably right again. What's going to happen to us when our mothers die?! "Customs have more ideological meaning when they are challenged," she was saying. "Otherwise they are full of emotional content. So it's not a question of right and wrong or a principle." Later, I recalled her saying that stunted emotional needs have political consequences. Which is quite a different thing, but probably a true one. So that what our moms tell us has a lot of meaning to our lives—but not in the ways we expect or they plan: and really, moms don't plan like from A to B. Moms operate in a charge-field of interconnecting stories and relationships that is much more charged and significant than some simple cause equals effect. No, moms are into effects and kinships and graduated and interlocked series of histories and symbioses and natural balances like in the natural environment where everything depends on everything else fusing at room heat.

Requiem To A Two Toed Sloth From Northern Alabama

The man is insane. He ate some biscuits and that must have done it. With webbed feet jumping like kangaroo tails he stands and talks nothingness to chalkboards and hallways. Every ear watches, every toe moans, sleep will come soon. Beggars weep at banquets, flies run stoplights, old English ladies dressed like mushrooms hang from the handle on the screen. The ring on his finger cries out for baloney while he goes on talking in ellipses and lapses. Crunching buttons, cranking fingernails, blurbering hair tonic in a Christmas tree beard. Swelled head filled with smelt caught in gravy from mashed potatoes eaten at lunch. Three

faces would fall much faster than a balloon in an elevator. Chairs parade through table legs, exploding into Cream of Wheat, landing on his head to form the hole where it began. Concrete sets in naked ladies wearing brown bag gym shorts while the cloud floats through eternities of penpoints. Twirling in the air while his ear wax plots to evaporate, the serpent came from behind when he scratched his head to keep the ants from getting in. Napalm disfigurements float through the room, he watches in glee while the blue jeans burn from his body and change into millipedes. Teeth click together, crushing the worms that came out of the biscuits, now thoroughly sane. The man is insane.

Alex, I'm not high, I am in English



testosterone

featherbed

holocaust

vegetables

Jack & Jack

By Paul Leonard

Jack ran swiftly down the hallway, his progress unimpeded by the seemingly endless number of brainless accountants filling up the hall. They parted like the Red Sea, eventually closing back up in his wake. Jack was a professional assassin. There is good money in the death business.

Jack was a modified human, nearly a totally artificial person. He was a walking death machine. Wading through the crowds on the way to his target, Jack put his body on autopilot so he could think about more important things. "What am I really doing this for?" he asked himself. "For the money," he replied. He had a nasty habit of having completely coherent conversations with himself without actually knowing what he was going to say next.

"People could live together in harmony if we didn't have the oppressive weight of the government to carry around," he said.

"You're fucked. That's blind idealism. Look at what you're doing for a living," he said.

"I am forced to kill for a living by the economic oppression that is forced upon us by the government."

"As I recall, Jack, you had a nice paying job as a SimStim artist, but you wanted more money so you changed professions."

"Oh, fuck you."

Jack slipped back into control again and continued along his path toward the ExecZone. Jack looked at the accountants with sheer disgust. They'd given up all of their humanity so they could be wired for numbers. It's all for their career, they said, but then what happens to all the big bucks they're paid? Nothing—a lobotomized wirehead has no need for money, just a little food and a closet to sleep

in. So much for *that* career. There are so many stupid people around. Just out of spite, Jack punched one in the head, causing it to vaporize into a red mist.

The entrance to the ExecZone was where the troubles could start, so he hyped up his sensors to detect any subtle changes which could indicate a trap. A warning message flashed before his eyes—there was a trap up ahead. Well, that could be easily avoided. As he ran up toward it, he shot out the sensors waiting for him to come through. That should be it, thanks to the other exec that hired him to kill his boss.

He smashed through the door into the room where his target was working laboriously. Jack flew across the room and grabbed the man by the shirt. The man started howling and begging for mercy. He tossed the executive out the window and watched him fall onto the pavement below. Jack climbed onto the windowsill and gave a mental command to fold out his polycarbon gliding wings. He leaped and gracefully floated away, a falcon leisurely soaring to its home.

The next evening, Jack got out of bed, dressed up nicely, and decided to take a walk on the Strip. The Strip is the quarter of the city totally dedicated to bars, whorehouses, and crime. You could get anything that you would ever want, and many things you could never want, on the Strip. The Strip was Jack's home away from home. He usually hung around at Club Nuclear, where all of his friends gathered. The look of the place was something from the punk scene of the late 1970's. The people inside were dressed likewise. The music was period music as well, the speakers pounding out devastation from groups like Crass, the Sex Pistols, and the Buzzcocks. Jack sat down at the bar and ordered a drink.

"Hey Jack, do you get off on killing people?" his own inner voice asked.

"Why don't you just fuck off? I'm sick of you talking to me like you were my mother," said Jack.

"You seem to forget, Jackie boy, that I am you, and right now you are in the midst of talking to yourself. You really should see a doctor about

this."

"Just go away, I'm trying to get drunk."

"That seems to be all you do these days—kill people and get drunk. Don't you want to make something out of your life?"

"No, I don't. Why don't you just leave me the fuck alone?"

"You are really a boring fellow. I'll go find something better to do. See ya Jack."

Now that his other personality had left him alone for the time being, he decided to start searching for a comfortable zero. Vodka and him were getting to be very good friends. Jack was getting a nice buzz on, when a woman slid up to him and started talking with him.

Charm was a subconscious action for Jack. The woman was a delightful specimen, and shallow enough for a good night's exercise. Jack was entranced by her exquisite beauty, which was only enhanced by her multihued mohawk. He decided, through an alcoholic fog, that he wanted her for his own, at least until he was sober. She offered to bed him at her apartment, so Jack naturally accepted her blunt offer and followed her back to her place.

She lived in a very large open flat. There was only one room, but that room was as big as Jack's apartment. On one wall was a giant videoscreen displaying some Japanese porno vid that showed the sex act in as much detail as is possible without actually participating in it. The furniture was all made up of white Flow-Plas which could be shaped into whatever you wanted. The place was a rich girl's paradise. She was obviously an artist of some sort, judging by her tastes in clothing and interior design.

She walked into the area of the room with the vaguely bed-shaped thing and dropped the few bits of clothing that she had on. Jack did basically the same thing, except that while she gracefully slid out of her clothes, he fell out of his clothes.

They had sex.

The lights dimmed as they both drifted off into a peaceful slumber. Unexpectedly, the other Jack broke into his dream.



"Wake up, loverboy."

"What do you want? I was having a good dream."

"Yeah, I was watching—she's really good, you know that?"

"Yeah, I know, I was the one doing all the work."

"So Jack, what are we going to be doing next?"

"Shut up and go away."

"That isn't very nice, Jack. Just for that I'll show you what fun you can have with me..."

Jack lost consciousness... and awoke standing on the top of a metallic sphere. A pattern swirled around the surface, looking like a satellite shot of cloud formations. Jack and the globe were suspended in the middle of an endless void. He sat down on the sphere. After a few minutes the blackness surrounding him started to be speckled with little points of light. "Where am I?" thought Jack. Off in space, a blue neon glow started to shine on him. A cloud of gases beneath the sphere began to swirl, eventually congealing into a planet. Strangely shaped objects started bulging their way out of the new globe. "This place is really strange, like something out of a Dali painting," thought Jack, jumping off the sphere onto the ground. The land was lit by the blue neon sun, giving the place an eerie coldness.

Jack heard his own voice, booming from nowhere, asking him how he liked the creation. "I am god here, Jack. What I say goes. Want to make a smart ass comment now?"

"Yeah, great—now let me out so I can get back to sleep."

"Not so fast, Jack. I'm leaving now, but I will be watching."

Jack screamed obscenities into the void, but the booming voice was gone.

Jack wandered aimlessly around this newly created land inside his head. An odd limping rabbit-like creature shuffled across his field of vision. There are living things here, thought Jack. As he got farther away from the sphere he had started on, the scenery got stranger and stranger,

as did the animal life. From the looks of the life, it was obvious that laws of physics didn't apply here. The sky started swirling around, and the star-like spots started to disappear. They were replaced by images of his face that began laughing at him. The roaring laughter hurt his ears, scaring him quite a bit. He began to run to find some peace from himself, but there was no luck. The landscape was full of bizarre monstrosities, but there was nowhere to hide.

Jack ran through a forest full of trees, every leaf bearing Jack's face. He screamed in fear and frustration then ran in a new direction when the forest ended and a flat blue tundra began. All at once the ground a few feet in front of him began to bubble, and he saw himself grow out of the ground.

The new Jack stood there with a smile on his face. Jack could no longer take this abuse, so he started running and dived at his image. He knocked himself to the ground and punched as hard as he could in the chest, which yielded like Jello. The duplicate face just laughed as Jack ripped the body to shreds. As Jack continued to mutilate his image his surroundings began to fold in on themselves. For a second everything was a blur...

...and when Jack looked down again he was staring into the empty eyes of the girl he had just mutilated.

Jack jumped up in revulsion at what he had unwittingly done. The whole corner of the room was coated in the girl's blood. On the bed lied what remained of her body. Out of the rapidly putrefying pile of flesh only her head and one leg were recognizable. Jack ran out of the apartment as fast as he could, not even bothering to wash off the blood that coated his clothing and body. He ran as fast as he could for the several miles it took to get back to his apartment.

When he arrived he took a shower and destroyed his clothing. He popped a relaxation vid into the viddeck and sat in front of the vidwall. He sat for several hours completely engrossed in the shimmering colored blobs that floated about

on the wall. When he lost interest in the vid, he stood up and walked into his kitchen to pick up something to eat. As he ate his meal, Jack thought about what happened to him. About this time, his other personality popped into his head.

"Hello Jack. You are almost mine. Pretty soon I will have full control over you. You will have to live in that world I created for you while I carry on a new life of my own."

"Why are you doing this to me? I've never done anything to you."

"You have done something to me, Jack. You've made me live in a hell of your creation for over 10 years."

"What do you mean? I didn't know you even existed until a few years ago. How could I have done that?"

"Your unconscious fears and hates trapped me in your image of hell. Only recently have I been able to periodically escape for a while. I have finally broken free of your hell, and it is time for me to banish you to my version."

"Leave me alone! Just get out of my head, do you hear me? Get out of my head!"

"You will lose, Jack. You will lose," he chuckled, and disappeared.

Jack was huddled in a corner of his kitchen, whimpering and mewling, when they came for him. The police officers picked him up and carried him out of the apartment, to a police car on the street below. Just before they shoved him into the car, he stopped whimpering, sprung up and knocked the officers' heads off with his metallic limbs. The new Jack had finally taken full control.

Inside his head Jack was back in the blue-land that was to become his new home. He found that if he willed hard enough he could cause a vidscreen to appear. It showed what his other self was watching at the moment. His entertainment was short-lived, because at that time a giant surge of electricity pulsed through his body, wracking his spiritual body with pure agony.

The pain eventually passed to start all over again in a few moments. Jack was dying over and over by the minute. He never got used to it. It was

a whole new pain every time. In the moments when he wasn't being tortured, Jack tried to regain control of his body.

Jack focused his will, and a translucent shape began to form in the sky above him. He grunted in pain as he reached out with his mind and brought the giant form to the ground.

The structure was a crystalline octahedron with red light coursing through it in miniscule veins. As he watched it closely he could see brief glimpses of thoughts—a little boy is struck repeatedly with a whip. Jack winced at the sight of the tortures being shown in the crystal. He calmed himself, formed a club in his hand, and began to hammer away.

After what seemed like years to Jack, he finally broke through the side of the crystal...

...and regained control of his body. He found himself in a dingy room full of twisted corpses and instruments of torture. "Oh my god, what have I become," said Jack to himself. He staggered out of the room and climbed down the stairs to the ground floor. He knew what he had to do. He found his way over to Johnny Anarcho's place, and bought a few things that he needed. Then finally he went back to his old apartment, and began to assemble his equipment.

He opened a small panel in his wrist and plugged a fiberoptic cable into it. The cable ran to three separate smart detonators located on his head and chest. The detonators were hooked up to three pounds of high explosives, also attached to his head and chest. Jack left his apartment and walked over to Central Square. There was a giant crowd swarming through the Square, as it was lunch time for most people. Jack looked around sadly and thought his last thought, the thought that caused him, and 1000 others, to be instantly vaporized.

Poetry by

Two Lips Come Early

Infinity is select
universal is bounded
cosmos is
heaven is
god was
will he
can I
wino wind up doll
loose turn-a-cut
twist of watch
time is a black hole in the floor board to
death with it's self,
and everything else

Gorilla at war
fair are the grounds
juxt is the position
caramel is the colored
candy is the bar
cells are small
pent-up tensions
pin head needles
century
suck mentions
unspeakable, black night mare rides into
darkness

Reaching peaks
light backpack stoves
I'm sorry you can't read my writing
I'm at loss, but loser is only a game
throw-in, is good laughs

primary a paint
mood set for color
black is the bird
snow owl
gulf stream

Men nothing, vegetables one
potato head
everyone loves a sucker game
obstinant refused
goal-keep score
carrot-teen stay away from old gardens and
vegetable patched jeans
black is the bored who do nothing

Lake trout
north lake county
only a club to be eaten
forward pass
father to son
set in television
set one, hike
travel in the home, or in the house
equals state of being
able are the bodies
willing are the minds
not so my brother!
erecting the choice is always
yours
who know when I, you're reading this
I've gone e

Chris Stanley

Lead Aqua Duck

Survival extraordinary
I have a sucker
I have a carp
I have a day-glo pen that writes in the
dark

I like watching this hand writing, and
the
hand as it writes
incites
imaginary riots
boogey beat
headstrong, fast delight it all, man
yes, yes, so what, piss

I need it all tonight, man! tonight!
spread eagle, half chance
dive man
free birds are free

Your Parrot Wears Combat Boots

Like a workhorse in the parade
towing a plow instead of the brave
carnivals of captains
a pair of troopers
all is pretty illusion
motion picture perfect
coated in chrome
glitter boy circus
work horse digs the trench
bravo collects the rents
no one mouths off
the hats are on
eyes fixed
work horse digs the trench

The Secret Life Of Richard M. Nixon

VOLUME 1

In the beginning, there was only styrofoam packing material and the occasional polyester necktie. It was a very bad time for small rodents with thick ankles. Unfortunately, centrifugal force swept the toothbrush away and it was lost forever. Richard Nixon was very sad, so he ran away to a very small cave near a very large lake, where he spent six years painting pictures of manhole covers and attaching them to his nose with Elmer's Glue.

"Waffle iron! Waffle iron!" cried Nixon as he fled through the parking lot, tearing dozens of paper napkins in two and dodging potholes and sleeping mastodons. He proceeded to fold himself up into a small packet about two inches square and carried himself to a public restroom in an airport near Toledo, Ohio. There, Nixon unfolded himself and proceeded to brush his teeth with a mixture of eggnog and gravel. Then he set off on his quest.

Nixon wasn't sure exactly what his quest was, but he did know what he was to do first. He knew because a vision had come to him the previous night. The vision's face was that of Ed McMahon. Its claws were long and terrible, and the tattoo on its forehead was as horrifying as Cream of Wheat is intelligent. The vision told Nixon to climb the Empire State Building, remove his clothing, place a raisin in each nostril, and away further instructions.

Nixon intended to obey the apparition, but first he had a score to settle. To prepare, he visited the supermarket, wearing only a Def Leppard T-shirt and a bright orange bikini. He bought a can of Drano, three large pineapples, two cans of Maxwell House instant coffee, one studded lather dog collar, four pads of Brillo, and six bags of garden fertilizer. He gave all of this to the poor, keeping

only the dog collar and one of the Brillo pads for himself.

The dog collar he put around his ankle. The Brillo he nailed to a tree in a nearby public park. Then he hid behind a bush for twenty-seven years, coming out only for an occasional weekend trip to Disneyworld. In 1496, he emerged from the bush, dusted himself off, and walked to Portland, Oregon, and back. Twice.

VOLUME 2

Having recently returned from Portland, Nixon felt buoyant, multi-layered, almost turgid. The sun was up; the price of pickles was rising rapidly. Nixon jumped up and down; a bell rang in the distance. "Waffle iron! Waffle iron!" cried Nixon, experiencing a strange sense of *deja vu*. Suddenly he made up his mind. Firmly, decisively, he stapled a hamster to his forehead, smeared mascara on the sidewalk in front of Ed's Paper Clip Emporium, and joined a buffalo stampede. Nixon and the rest of the herd trampled a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise and the entire city of Minneapolis before Nixon broke away from the herd, panting with exhaustion, the lettuce he had stuffed up his pant leg completely wilted.

Still out of breath, Nixon looked around to regain his sense of direction. He was standing inside a closet in a suburb of Minneapolis, which had been reduced to rubble just weeks previously. He burst out of the closet, his Def Leppard shirt clenched between his teeth. "Waffle iron! Waffle iron!" he shouted, feeling vaguely frustrated at his seeming inability to say anything but those two words, yet still appreciative of how perfectly the

words summed up his present situation. After a short pause to memorize the entire Sanskrit version of "Do Patent Leather Shoes Really Reflect Up?", Nixon set out for the local laundromat. There he climbed into a clothes dryer, shut the door behind him, and seconds later crawled out of a similar clothes dryer in New Mexico. Few people are aware of the near-infinite possibilities of laundromats in the field of transportation.

VOLUME 3

"What to do, what to do," thought Nixon as he gazed around the New Mexican laundromat. Potted ferns were attached to the wall with chewing gum, and a life-size statue of a little-known Mongolian aviator stood by the door. Gerald Ford was also there doing his laundry, which seemed to consist mostly of large green sweaters with three sleeves. Nixon greeted Ford, and they performed the secret handshake of the Brotherhood of Armenian Jackhammer Operators.

Then the ceiling caved in and Nixon was forced to take drastic action. He made a chain of paper clips four thousand miles long, tied one end to his spleen and the other end to a fire hydrant in Rhode Island. One of the paperclips, actually a hyperintelligent being from Neptune, turned into a meatloaf and ran for President. Nixon's plan was foiled.

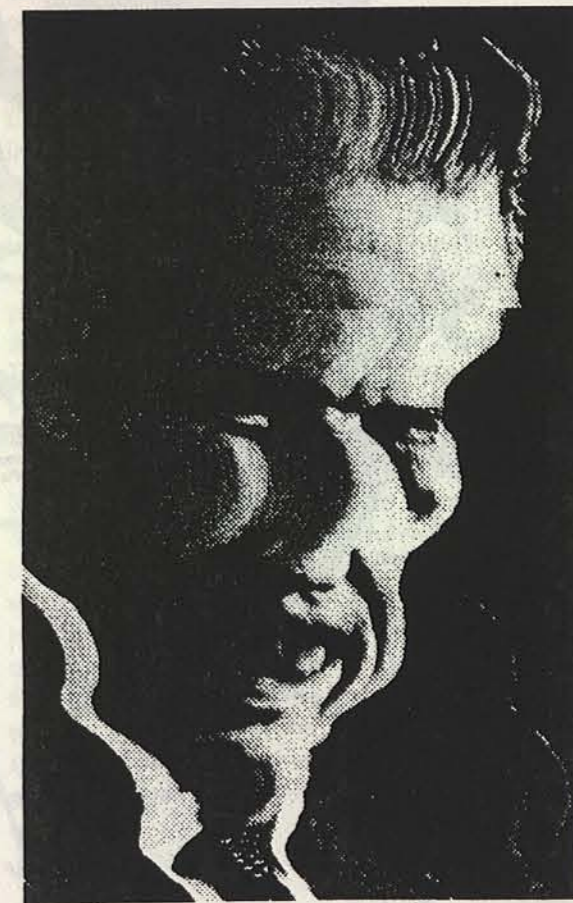
While still mired in depression over his failure, Nixon remembered the vision that had come to him, so long ago. He had to obey. And so Nixon struck off for Belgium, wearing only an Oriental carpet wrapped around his waist and a shower cap. Once in Belgium he spent seven hundred years searching for the Empire State Building, which no one had told him was in New York. Instead he found only an innertube with which he had many long conversations.

VOLUME 12

Nixon gasped in relief. So the banana wasn't a Communist. This meant that the international

Communist conspiracy wasn't as widespread as he had thought. Perhaps it was limited only to cheeseburgers and certain types of breakfast food.

Gradually Nixon lost consciousness, and woke up to find an intelligent jar of Cheeze Whiz standing on his navel and reciting the lyrics to Hungarian folk songs backwards. The jar finished its last song and retreated to the sauna. Nixon stood up, only now noticing that broccoli had sprouted all over his body. He cursed the memory of his ancestors' housepets, and started to jump rope with a nearby rattlesnake. Then the rattlesnake turned into a drugstore.



**WHITE BOY, IN UNIFORM
FOLLOWS BUSLOADS OF
HOMELESS DRIVEN FROM
BASEBALL STAD. FACIL
ITY TO MIAMI TEMPOR.
HOUSING FACIL. BECAUSE**

**a. Baltimore Orioles
are about to arrive**

**b. to be Spring
Training**

**c. and don't want bums
& loafers all over
field & clubhouse**

**d. + looks bad for
tourist ticket
sales/souveniers**

**HEARING THEY'RE CENTRAL
AMER. MNGT CHECKS FOR IN
FIELDERS, FINDS ONLY WB:
OFFERED TRY-OUT HE FAILS**

**IN 1ST MILITARY MOVE, BUSH
UNLEASHES DOG "MILLIE" TO
KILL SQUIRRELS ON S. LAWN.
TV ANALYSTS SEE THIS AS :**

**a. symbolic attack on
welfare programs**

**b. glimpse of
aggressive movements
against Communists
in Central America.**

**c. show of approach
towards "squirrely"
guys & attitudes**

**NEWS MEDIA HIRE WHITE
BOY IMMEDIATELY FOR TEST
OF SQUIRREL COSTUME TO
BE USED SCOOPING NEWS**

Paul Weinman

79 Cottage Ave.
Albany NY 12203

Ice Cream Safari Gods

by Scott A. Johnson

It was a day of turmoil. The Sun opened its eyes and made us sick with illumination. Five minutes hence the third one called, and we were off on a journey that would last the rest of our lives.

Upon arrival on The Sacred Grounds, strange things began to happen. As the Cat approached, I was reminded of the feline massacre that had taken place the night before. Except for its pig-like snout, the Cat would have made a perfect stew.

The Mighty Rube enticed us with his electric disco laser delight, even as the perpetrators began to steal the show. Please Mr. Seth, please let me go to Hell. No. But I went anyway.

The stage was set. The Megadeth Super Spud proved to be a needless asset, and the Malnourished Jew walked away with it. He didn't have a cold, but he still came across as a dry-looking hack.

Not everyone looked good in chartreuse like Oi did, but this made little difference. As they entered the Music Hall, an overwhelming feeling of lust and violence overtook their beings. After several brushes and a song no one cared for, the dance was over and the Old Maid resumed her haunting joke.

This wasn't all. As normal activity ceased to be a cause, life at the Sacred Senior Hole began

to settle to a mere deafening din. The Queen of Nothing began to lose her Hare, not to be confused with the Quantum Rabbit of great fame and wealth.

The boredom was becoming a way of life, and it was time to leave Big Red. Not everyone was in total agreement; some wanted to rape the very foundation of its existence. As the argument reached the peak of sensation, the Sun sank with our hopes and dreams. Even Woodstock has its Star-Spangled Banner.

On to measure the Great Photos we rode. Discouraged by the immensity of the project and the Rat that played with its Tail, we dialed the Sophomoric Sizzling Sexpot and had a Ball. Lucille had been dead for some time, but Ahab didn't mind. Besides, it was too hot anyway.

Don't tempt me! I would rather axe your dull Barnaby than blow air into the Sink. It was Creationism of a different kind, and this one they would all regret. It was bolder than Jolt, and had more hair follicles than the Cold White Bikini.

In the end, a masterpiece of eye-fixating proportions was lost to the sea of sameness and conformity. We stopped off to see the Wizard, and there was little, if anything, left in us. This had its impact, but we had breakfast in bed and wore our frock-coats and lemon-aid scarfs.



TONGUE OF THE ZEBRA



She tried to move her tongue around in the usual fashion and found that it was no longer inside her mouth but had migrated down to her left shoulder where it flailed around confusedly. Her eyebrows were barbed wire and reached all the way around her head. The sharp points tore her skin and the blood dripped down past her eyes and changed color every so often. The swan on her head continued to eat oysters as if nothing unusual had happened. Gradually her feet fused into a single fleshy mass with quietly detached itself from her body and began to float down towards the bowling alley half a mile below. Her hair began to braid itself in increasingly complex and ever-changing patterns, the strands forming and unforming letters and words in a language no one knew. As she felt her arms shrink into pathetic stubs three inches long, she wondered if she would ever see the man with the Gutenberg Bible and the crooked grin again. Perhaps not. Her knees struggled to bend up towards her face, groaning with effort. She tied them to a lamppost and fed them oatmeal to keep them quiet. She felt a momentary twinge of panic when her stomach collapsed in on itself, but as long as she remained with her back flat against the movie screen it didn't seem to matter. Muskrats milled around, chanting political slogans. She knew them each by name. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, she turned to face the moon. Her thoughts on the subject were abruptly interrupted by the realization that her body had entirely disappeared and she was floating disembodied. She wasn't quite sure what to make of this, but assume that everything would turn out in the end. It always did.

Pitch In



The Gift

by Lou Reed

(from the *White Light/White Heat* LP)

Waldo Jeffers had reached his limit. It was now mid-August, which meant he had been separated from Marsha for more than two months. Two months, and all he had to show were three dog-eared letters and two very expensive long-distance phone calls.

True, when school had ended, and she'd returned to Wisconsin, and he to Locust, Pennsylvania, she had sworn to maintain a certain fidelity. She would date occasionally, but merely as amusement. She would remain faithful.

But lately Waldo had begun to worry. He'd had trouble sleeping at night, and when he did, he had horrible dreams. He lay awake at night, tossing and turning underneath his pleated quilt protector, tears welling in his eyes as he pictured Marsha, her sworn vows overcome by liquor and the smooth soothing of some Neanderthal, finally submitting to the final caresses of sexual oblivion.

It was more than the human mind could bear. Visions of Marsha's faithlessness haunted him. Daytime fantasies of sexual abandon permeated his thoughts. And the thing was, they wouldn't understand how she really was. He, Waldo alone, understood this. He had intuitively grasped every nook and cranny of her psyche. He'd made her smile. She needed him, and he wasn't there.

The idea came to him on the Thursday before the mummies' parade was scheduled to appear. He just finished mowing and edging the Elversons' lawn for a dollar-fifty, and then checked the mailbox to see if there was at least a word from Marsha. There was

nothing but a circular from the Amalgamated Aluminum Company of America inquiring into his awning needs. At least they cared enough to write. It was a New York company. You could go anywhere in the mails.

Then it struck him. He didn't have enough money to go to Wisconsin in the accepted fashion, true, but why not mail himself? It was absurdly simple. He would ship himself parcel post, special delivery.

The next day Waldo went to the supermarket to purchase the necessary equipment. He bought masking tape, a staple gun, and a medium-sized cardboard box just right for a person of his build. He judged that with a minimum of jostling, he could ride quite comfortably. A few air holes, some water, and perhaps a few midnight snacks, and it would probably be as good as going tourist.

By Friday afternoon Waldo was set. He was thoroughly packed and the post office had agreed to pick him up at three o'clock. He marked the package "Fragile," and as he sat curled up inside, resting on the foam rubber cushioning he'd thoughtfully included, he tried to picture the look of awe and happiness on Marsha's face as she opened her door, saw the package, tipped the deliverer, and then opened it to see her Waldo finally there in person. She would kiss him, and then maybe they could see a movie. If he'd only thought of this before. Suddenly rough hands gripped his package and he felt himself being borne up. He landed with a thud in a truck and then was off.

Marsha Bronson had just finished setting

her hair. It had been a very rough weekend. She had to remember not to drink like that. Bill had been nice about it, though. After it was over he said he still respected her, and after all it was certainly the way of nature, and even though no, he didn't love her, he did feel an affection for her. After all, they were grown adults. Oh, what Bill could teach Waldo. But that seemed like years ago. Sheila Klein, her very very best friend, walked through the porch screen door and into the kitchen. "Oh god, it's absolutely maudlin outside."

"Ah, I know what you mean. I feel all icky." Marsha tightened the belt on her cotton robe with the silk outer edge.

Sheila ran her finger over some salt grains on the kitchen table, licked her finger, and made a face. "I'm supposed to be taking these salt pills but," she wrinkled her nose, "they make me feel like throwing up."

Marsha started to pat herself under the chin, an exercise she'd seen on television. "God, don't even talk about that." She got up from the table and went to the sink where she picked up a bottle of pink and blue vitamins. "Want one? Supposed to be better than steak." She then attempted to touch her knees. "I don't think I'll ever touch a daiquiri again." She gave up and sat down, this time nearer the small table that supported the telephone. "Maybe Bill will call," she said to Sheila's glance.

Sheila nibbled on her cuticle. "After last night I thought maybe you'd be through with him."

"I know what you mean. My god, he was like an octopus, hands all over the place." She gestured, raising her arms upward in defense. "The thing is, after a while you get tired of fighting with him, you know. And

after all, I didn't really do anything Friday or Saturday, so I kind of owed it to him. You know what I mean." She started to scratch.

Sheila was giggling with her hand over her mouth. "I tell you, I felt the same way. And even after a while..." Here she bent forward and whispered, "I wanted to." Now she was laughing very loudly.

It was at this point that Mr. Jameson of the Clarence Darrow Post Office rang the doorbell of the large, stucco colored frame house. When Marsha Bronson opened the door, he helped her carry the package in. He had his yellow and his green slips of paper signed and left with a fifteen cent tip that Marsha had gotten out of her mother's small beige pocket-book in the den.

"What do you think it is?" Sheila asked.

Marsha stood with her arms folded behind her back. She stared at the brown cardboard carton that sat in the middle of the living room. "I don't know."

Inside the package, Waldo quivered with excitement as he listened to the muffled voices. Sheila ran her fingernail over the masking tape that ran down the center of the carton. "Why don't you look at the return address and see who it is from?" Waldo felt his heart beating. He could feel the vibrating footsteps. It would be soon.

Marsha walked around the carton and read the ink-scratched label. "Oh god, it's from Waldo."

"That schmuck," said Sheila.

Waldo trembled with expectation.

"Well, you might as well open it," said Sheila, and both of them tried to lift the stapled flap.

Marsha grunted. "He must have nailed it shut." They tugged on the flap again. "My god, you need a power drill to get this thing

open." They pulled again. "You can't get a grip..." They both stood still, breathing heavily.

"Why don't you get a scissors?" said Sheila.

Marsha ran into the kitchen, but all she could find was a little sewing scissor. Then she remembered that her father kept a collection of tools in the basement. She ran downstairs, and when she came back up she had a large sheet metal cutter in her hand. "This is the best I could find." She was very out of breath. "Here, you do it. I'm going to die." She sank into a large fluffy couch and exhaled noisily.

Sheila tried to make a slit between the masking tape and the end of the cardboard flap, but the blade was too big and there wasn't enough room. "God damn this thing!" she said, feeling very exasperated. Then, smiling, "I got an idea."

"What?" said Marsha.

"Just watch," said Sheila, touching her finger to her head.

Inside the package, Waldo was so transfixed with excitement that he could barely breathe. His skin felt prickly from the heat, and he could feel his heart beating in his throat. It would be soon.

Sheila stood quite upright and walked around to the other side of the package. Then she sank down to her knees, grasped the cutter by both handles, took a deep breath, and plunged the long blade through the middle of the package, through the masking tape, through the cardboard, through the cushioning, and right through the center of Waldo Jeffers' head, which split slightly and caused little rhythmic arcs of red to pulsate gently in the morning sun.



John M. Bennett

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BARKING AND BARFING

Maybe it's a bone behind the wall that I
jitter here like a demented dog knowing my
brain will rot. Even if my face fell
off and the refrigerator's cold dead full of
mold I whimper and my toilet trembles
afraid of the clot. What if the lid's
nailed down, who'll hear the splash from the drop

THE FALLACY

There was wind like a weapon from my
thought or a swirl of snakes. But I
can't linger before the window, no
poet me, just a mixer where my
hair whirling and a rubber glove
for tongue. Nothing I
touch is changed except words

HILLS

When she bricked the toilet I
knew the snow would come. It
got so deep the Gangrene died.
And then they built the road

THE RETARDED

Would Less face the fan breaking
glasses or would he backwards,
licking a wall. The answer
waited in my pantsless pocket so we
stayed and stewed. Oh whose
flayed locket would haunt my face's
asshole? Or are they all ticking
hackwords, wooden asses; taking up
space so nothing passes

WHAT DID YOU MEAN?

Under my list there's
fermites smashed like I
chewed a hole through the
desk and the spit
drooled out. Rounding and
rounding an empty... What I
thought was hidden behind a
headache and I said it



Factsheet Five (#30)

It's pointless to say much about **Factsheet Five** except that it exists and is, simply, essential, regardless of its specific strengths and/or flaws. I can't decide whether I think it's a Good Thing that this one publication has become *the* all-encompassing guide to the small press, but it has. And because it has, you *need* it, like you need the phone book if you own a telephone. Another good reason to get this is that it's now a full-time project for Mike Gunderloy, which means he has to support himself on it. No one performing such an immense and unique service should have to contend with a day job too, so send \$2 for a sample or \$11 for a six-issue subscription to:

(6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer NY 12144-4502)

FACTSHEET FIVE
 Mike Gunderloy
 6 Arizona Avenue
 Rensselaer, NY 12144-4502

30



\$2



(Anti-) Sex Tips for Teens

This is a one-shot book/pamphlet by Johnny Marr. He also publishes **Murder Can Be Fun**, a zine dealing with the macabre side of white bread American culture. And what exemplifies that culture better than teen advice books by people like Ann Landers, Billy Graham, and Pat Boone? Marr has quite a library of those books, ranging from the 1897 *What Every Young Man Ought To Know* right up to the present.

Marr gives the more ridiculously straightlaced advice the derision it deserves. Indeed, a lot of it truly laughable: one author recommends reading *Reader's Digest* together as an alternative to premarital sex. But Marr isn't above defending Ann Landers: "Consistently, she's at least as relaxed as prevailing moderately liberal opinion. You have to realize that not everyone is a hip modern urban dweller."

(Anti-) Sex Tips For Teens is a hilarious, thought-provoking look backwards and a reminder of how drastically our society has changed even in the last half-century.

(\$1.25 ppd. from PO Box 640111, San Francisco CA 94109)

The Book of Gold (#1)

Suffice it to say that this is a sfzine devoted entirely to the writing of Gene Wolfe, although it sometimes branches out to comment on wider areas of SF. The commentary is insightful, informative, and well-written. If you've ever read anything

by Wolfe you're probably already sealing the envelope to send for this. If you don't know his work, well... You're missing out on some of the best, most ambitious fiction in existence. No one's words are more carefully or elegantly chosen, no one's imagery is more vivid and imaginative, no one's characterizations are more exact, no one's ideas are so original and intelligent, no one has an overall effect both so dazzling and so subtle. Read his novella "The Fifth Head of Cerberus"; if you're hooked, set aside some time and plunge into his masterwork, the 1000-page *Book of the New Sun*.

(\$1 ppd. from Jeremy Crampton, 302 Walker Bldg., University Park PA 16802)

Duplex Planet (#95)

This long-running (almost to issue 100 now) series is based on a simple but rich idea: editor David Greenberger visits various nursing homes, puts a tape recorder in front of the residents, and asks them questions, both silly and serious. The results are uneven but contain many flashes of humor and insight. No editorializing, just verbatim transcripts and the occasional senior citizen's poem. I'd read this if it was lying around but I can't see spending \$1.50 per issue on a slim pamphlet with big print and lots of white space. Maybe a *Best of the Duplex Planet* book? I might spring for that.

(P.O. Box 1230, Saratoga Springs NY 12866)

Hey Bulldog! (#1-17)

A series of attractively produced broadsides from High Improbability International head honcho Rodney E. Griffith. The contents vary widely in content, but his two main obsessions seem to be music (mostly mainstream, for a change in the small press) and high school. Most issues are forgettable (especially the early ones, as Rodney admits) but a few are great. Some to ask for: #7 (a short story, "The Truth Sadist"), #13 (featuring a hilarious account of the breakup of the Chipmunks), and #14, which consists of excerpts from a play set in a high school. Also ask about Rodney's apa, **Ministry of Cognizance**, which

should have four issues out by the time you read this. The subject matter is not restricted, but music and self-publishing have dominated so far.

(HBI free for stamps, MoC \$1 ppd. from PO Box 523, Columbia Station OH 44028-0523)

It's (#5)

...a (the?) Monty Python fanzine. Too overtly fannish, unfortunately. But they're quite dedicated about documenting the current activities of the Pythoners, listing magazine and newspaper articles about them, providing contact addresses, answering trivia questions, interviewing, and so forth, all with nice layout and a color photocopy cover. Needs more original Python-inspired work, but worth at least a look for those of us who can recite along with every episode.

(\$2 from Sheila Gibson, 20 Shady Lane, Nashua NH 03062)

Sir Realist (#1)

"A monthly review of news, art, and fiction from the underground press." Affiliated future projects include a twice-yearly literary review, book publishing, art and photography exhibits, dramatic productions, a "Political/Social/Arts Resource Center," etc. Make no small plans, right? However, the future isn't looking that great from the first issue. It's based on a good idea, i.e. reprinting the underground press the way **Utne Reader** reprints the mainstream alternative press. But I can't believe these are the best reprints Ramsak could dig up. It's only the first issue, but this definitely needs to be either more comprehensive or more in depth. Wait and see.

(\$1.50 from PO Box 862, Athens OH 45701)

Spoonful of Pus

Eight quarter-sheet pages of short excerpts from the journal of California resident Joe Franke (who?). Most entries are resonant little anecdotes and observations like "Memory: When I was eleven and had gotten paid for working all weekend, I had all these dollar bills. I'd hurt my elbow, and for whatever reason, I put a spot of blood on each and every dollar, on George Washington's

forehead," or "The sick thing about flies is that they occupy more than their immediate space by flying around. That way, when there is a fly buzzing around a room, you actually have a room full of fly." No price listed, but I imagine he'll send this to you for a stamp or two. A brief glimpse into a fucked-up but keenly observant mind.

(from 2288 Hawk, Simi Valley CA 93065)

Water Row Press

These folks are keeping the flame of beat literature alive, offering for sale hundreds of books both by the usual pantheon of beat writers and by figures of related interest. Burroughs, Ginsberg, Corso, Kerouac, etc., plus Gysin, Ferlinghetti, Bukowski, Crumb, Leary, Kesey, S. Clay Wilson, Robert Anton Wilson, and many more. Just about everything is a little overpriced, but a lot of it is hard to find anywhere else. Send a buck or so and they'll put you on their mailing list. Send more (\$3, I think—they keep changing the price) to get the **Water Row Review**, which is half catalog and half new writings. #3 had tributes to Corso and Burroughs, plus original beat-inflected work by Bukowski, Steve Richmond, and others. I especially liked David Barker's "I Remember Tequila": "Remembering tequila is nothing like drinking it."

(P.O. Box 438, Sudbury MA 01776)

The West Virginia Surf Report

An occasional sheet of humor which is, as the editor puts it, "Free for a good reason." #6: "The Adventures of Punk Rock Boy and Punk Rock Girl," an absurd short story from the editor's college days, a list of suggested band names (Daddy's Backwash, the Piss Shivers, etc.), etc. #7: a page of fat jokes, plus a "postcard to a fetus" and a defense of shiteating. #8 expands to four pages, including a list of unpleasant films: Senior Citizens Making Out, Cashing a Check With No I.D., Roy Discusses Nightly Emissions, Wedgies at Church, Getting Dogs Dizzy, etc. Read it, laugh. Disposable.

(Free for stamps from P.O. Box 77027, Greensboro NC 27417)



LowLife (#15)

#15 leads off with a long review section. The reviews are cogent, intelligent, honest, and long when necessary: *the best* I've seen anywhere in the underground press. Records, tapes, books, zines, and videos are covered.

After the reviews, **LowLife** branches out all over the place: interviews with Atlanta bands, poetry, art, fiction, comics, etc., all attractively laid out and of generally high quality. What put #15 over the top for me was an interview with Miekal And and Liz Was, two of the leading figures in the underground mail network. They go into great detail about their past and present activities and views; a bibliography and sampling of their work follows.

Not all of the art and fiction is as worthwhile, but it's rare to see a magazine that does a variety of things and manages to do them all so well.

(\$4 [including free 7"] from PO Box 8213, Atlanta GA 30306)



The Big Takeover (#25)

Jack Rabid continues to exhaustively cover new music with exceptional knowledge, enthusiasm, and honesty. **TBT** is a "fan"zine in the best sense of the word: a longtime music fan tells who who he's seen live and what he's been listening to and why, in plain language and without a trace of pretension. Jack loves music and reading this reminds me of how much I love it myself.

(\$1.75 ppd. from 249 Eldridge St. #14, New York NY 10002)

The Bob (#35)

I finally came up with the right word to describe this: complacent. Too nice, too bland. Not to say there aren't things worth reading: great interviews with Kramer and the Feelies, and Fred Mills's record reviews. Just don't expect to be, uh, provoked.

(\$2 from PO Box 7223, Wilmington DE 19803)

Butt Rag (#5)

In #5 Peter Margasak interviews Mudhoney, Better Than Death, Fat, The Fluid, and Tar: a pretty good batch of underground guitar bands (albeit with an unhealthy preponderance of gooey substances). But his writing is often almost unbelievably clumsy, which prevents me from fully appreciating some fairly long and intelligent reviews. For example, take this sentence from a Feelies review:

"The song order demonstrates any doubt about the Feelies' lack of business savvy and outright refusal at bowing to label suggestions about effective lp sequencing, lobbying just about all of the slow, more "ethereal" stuff on side 1, with more

upbeat, co-opted more sane rhythms on the flip, including a fine yet somewhat useless, mere tribute to the Velvets with a take of 'What Goes On,' a live staple, as maybe, perhaps, also ran, as a conclusion."

Yes, that is all one sentence, and no, I don't know what he's trying to say.

(\$2 from PO Box 14724, Chicago IL 60614)

Chairs Missing (#4)

OK reviews. OK Interviews (Pussy Galore, UT, Live Skull, FIREHOSE). OK Tour diary (Government Issue). Baboon Dooley. Sound familiar? Not bad, but...

(\$1 ppd. PO Box 375, Fairfield CT 06430-0375)

Chaos Box (#1,2)

Torky Koenig's outlet for ranting about whatever's on his mind. His main theme is how worthless current punk and postpunk rock is, and how worthless the parasitic fanzine culture that feeds off of it is, and how worthless you are. His homophobia and flirtings with fascism are unfortunate, and his rampant paranoid fantasies make him easy to laugh at, but he nevertheless makes some valid points, the most important being that alternative music today is afraid of sincerity, instead retreating behind wall after wall of outrageous irony.

(\$1 or so from P.O. Box 4016, Big Bear Lake CA 92315)

Conflict (#49,50)

If Homestead isn't the label it used to be, maybe it's because Gerard Cosloy is putting more

bf his time into this (it's three times as long as it was just seven issues ago). Raucous letter section, lots of news and rumors, and pages and pages of nasty reviews. Gerard's reviewing style gets lumped in with that of Byron Coley and his ilk, but Cosloy's reviews are much less condensed and cryptic. For all of **Forced Exposure's** pretended nihilism, they never dare to question the very value of the whole indie music/fanzine culture; in contrast, Cosloy's skepticism is refreshing.

Interviews: the Frogs in #49 and Royal Trux in #50.

(\$2.50 from PO Box 264, New York NY 10009)

Dangerous Rhythms (#10)

It's not all they cover, but there's a definite slant here towards the New York/Berlin arty industrial sleaze scene: they interview Lydia Lunch, Nick Cave, Ann Magnusson (yeah!), and Chris Stein, a guitarist who has played with a lot of prominent underground musicians. The reviews are basically useless but the above interviews were all better than the usual fanzine fare. Not incredible but worth the price if you like this genre.

(\$1.50 from 439 Rivercrest Dr., Piscataway NJ 08854)

Forced Exposure (#14)

I guess you either love **Forced Exposure** or you hate it. If I had to choose I'd take it rather than leave it, but that doesn't mean I believe in it, if you know what I mean. Anyway, all the interviews in #14 (Robert Williams, Spacemen 3, Henry Kaiser) are exceptionally long, interesting, and revealing, the short stories are worthless, and reviews are... well, **Forced Exposure** reviews. Good book and video reviews—something more music zines should branch out into (if the editors read books, that is). Anyway, regardless of who on the staff you think is and is not an asshole, this'll keep you occupied for a long time.

(\$3 (or \$10/4 issues) from PO Box 1611, Waltham MA 02254)

Jersey Beat (#35)

I recently read a review of this which began, "Despite what others may say about Jim Testa..."

Look, for all I know Jim Testa is a prince among men, but I think his zine has achieved the prominence it has more through sheer doggedness than by being especially good. #35 is interviews and reviews through and through, almost all of which are forgettably generic. I did like the several half-page reviews Testa himself deigned to write, which were well-put and insightful (even if they did sound rather **Rolling Stone-ish**).

(\$2 from 418 Gregory Ave., Weehawken NJ 07087)

Maximum Rockroll

Does anyone actually sit down and read this? As in, from cover to cover? I devour the letters section and the regular columns, but few of the reviews make it past one sentence (or deserve to) and I usually am bored out of my skull after about two questions of each interview. But I feel bad saying that, because it doesn't matter. Tim Yohannon & Co. are doing a Good Thing, trying to keep the punk/hardcore community unified and politicized.

(\$2 from PO Box 288, Berkeley CA 94701)

News About Noise (#3)

Horrible Naked Raygun interview. Pretty good Rapeman interview, with the usual slew of tasteless anecdotes from Albini, about such things as the joys of exploding brie. If that's your idea of entertainment, you'll enjoy it, I guess. The reviews were surprisingly literate. Overall, not bad but I suggest waiting for the editor to age a few more years.

(\$1 from 1354 Port Washington Blvd., Port Washington NY 11050)

Sound Choice (#11)

The **Factsheet Five** of underground audio... sort of. For example, the reviews aren't as useful as they could be if they weren't written by so many different people. But they're open to all types of independent music, they have a great letter section, and they don't proselytize all that much about the Audio Evolution Network. #11 has a long Greg Ginn interview, one of the best interviews

I've read in a long time. Ginn has been around long enough to get some true perspective on independent music. Great, relevant reading.

(\$3 from PO Box 1251, Ojai CA 93023)

Swellsville (#7,8)

Impressive music coverage from the Northwest. Instead of mountains of three-sentence reviews, you get penetrating, lengthy analysis without the hip posturing and the pretentiousness that plague the music press. Editor Jack Thompson knows that a lot of what is called "new music" is really old hat, and that whole areas of truly new music are ignored by even those who think of themselves as on the cutting edge. Featured artists in #7: The Music Machine, feedtime, Gene Vincent, Kool Moe Dee, EWF... #8: Blood Circus, Public Enemy, Mudhoney, Ladies of Love, Sonny Rollins, My Dad is Dead, Madonna... How's that for range? Sparks fly (and mud is slung) in the letter column; particularly noteworthy in #8 are a heated exchange between Thompson and Chuck Eddy and a more reasonable than usual letter from Torky Koenings. You must own this if you care about music today, as considered in the context of popular culture.

(\$2 from PO Box 85334, Seattle WA 98145)

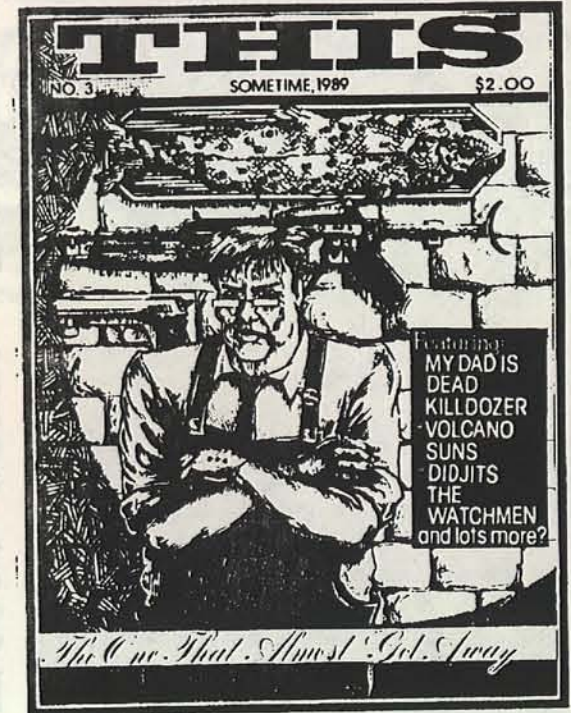
This (#3)

Conflict of interest here: this **This** contains a few reviews by yours truly. I'll just give the fundamental info: #3 contains a good mail interview with My Dad is Dead, an bad Didjits interview, a talk with the underappreciated Watchmen (from Chicago), plus the Volcano Suns and Killdozer. And, of course, lots of record and zine reviews. Back cover by John Bergin (yeah!).

I counted 21 mentions of Steve Albini (and Big Black/Rapeman), probably some sort of record.

By the way, coeditor Greg Dunlap just broke the news to me that John Haggerty has left Naked Raygun. That's **FNORDI's** hot news for this issue (if we can manage to get this stupid thing printed anytime soon, that is).

(\$2 from Greg Dunlap/Dan Grzeca, P.O. Box 1005, DeKalb IL 60115)



Your Flesh (#14)

Average **FE**-style stuff. The only thing that really stuck in my head was the interview with performance artist Joe Coleman, whom you may have seen biting the heads off mice in "Mondo New York." Aside from that, you get a crude (and sometimes mildly amusing) Killdozer European tour diary, a two-page dissection of Husker Du, Ferret cartoons, two pointless paeans to Death of Samantha, and a few thousand ordinary record reviews. Worth reading, yes. Worth paying to read? Well...

(\$2.50 from PO Box 2683, Loop Station, Minneapolis MN 55402)



Anarchy (#16)

By choosing that title, it would seem that Lev Chernyi has taken it upon himself to represent the entire anarchist movement. That, of course, is impossible given the diversity of opinion in that movement. There's little agreement about what the ideal anarchist society would be like and even less about how we might achieve it. That disagreement is especially discouraging considering that the highest estimate I've seen for the number of anarchists in the U.S. is only 15,000.

In the meantime, **Anarchy** seems to be striking a good balance between radical news and thoughtful analysis in a fairly even-handed, non-dogmatic fashion. Also commendable is that they reach out to the rest of the small press world, reviewing even publications unrelated to anarchy. Plus they print essentially ALL of their mail, uncensored.

If there's a better resource for current anarchist theory and practice, I've yet to see it.

(\$1.50 from the Columbia Anarchist League, PO Box 1446, Columbia MO 65205-1446)

Another Point of View

It was opening night at the Biograph for "The Last Temptation of Christ," and the theater was surrounded by a throng of rabid Christian protesters armed with signs and leaflets galore, urging us all not to pollute our minds by entering the theater. Another movie, "Tucker," was showing at the same time and a few people were marching around with placards protesting that

other movie—with the intent, of course, of showing how ridiculous the whole scene was. At the time I didn't know that Todd Brown, editor of **Another Point of View**, was one of those other protesters. Small world.

APV is the kind of thing almost anyone could put together, if they had the time and energy. A million bits and pieces are collaged together: advertisements, editorials, cartoons, bits from newspapers, politics, poems, headlines, quotes, you name it. Socially responsible and a hell of a lot of fun, all with that same aim of showing spotlighting absurdity in society.

(\$1.50 (R) from 1820 Sheridan #301, Evanston IL 60201)

Draft Notices

A bimonthly journal of non-radical leftism and anti-militarism, focusing on draft registration and the draft. They are against it, of course, but they concentrate on being informative rather than polemical. If you're nearing 18 and are considering registering for the draft, you owe it to yourself to send for this and get the real story.

(\$10/yr from COMD, PO Box 15195, San Diego CA 92115)

The Freedom Writer

Bimonthly newsletter consisting of four pages of news about violations of the separation of church and state. To the editors, that usually means religion impinging upon government. Once they get your name they'll keep sending you this free, but I hope you'll decide they deserve some of

your money. The best recent issue (Vol. 6 #2) consisted of an in-depth interview with Madalyn O'Hair.

P.O. Box 589, Great Barrington MA 01230

Religious Freedom Alert

This has essentially the same purpose as the **Freedom Writer**, but with the opposite slant. To these people, violation of the wall between church and state usually means government meddling in religious affairs. Hearing that, I'd expect the usual New Right propaganda, but I was pleasantly surprised. News items are presented without comment, leaving it up to the reader to decide whether the governmental action or policy in question was justifiable or not.

This side of the church/state question is universally ignored in the alternative press; liberals and conservatives alike would do well to pick this up as a reminder that our First Amendment freedoms work both ways.

(\$15/year from 325 Pennsylvania Ave. SE, Washington DC 20003)

Little Free Press

After twenty years as a salesman and businessman, publisher Ernest Mann decided to simply opt out of society. Since then he's been quietly letting us know his views. The moneyless, governmentless society he envisions can only come about one person at a time, as we each reach the realization that our jobs and our cars and our appliances and so forth are our masters, not our slaves.

Mann, in his humble, unassuming way, is more subversive than ten bomb-throwing anarchists put together. In the tradition of Thoreau, he represents idealism and self-reliance in their purest form. His are ideas are the kind you wish you had the courage to take to heart.

(Free for stamps from Rt. 2, Box 38C, Cushing MN 56443)



Word/Image

by Seth Tisue

Score Sheet/Score Review

Between issues of **Score**, Crag Hill produces these two series of photocopied one-sheets. He dedicates them to "keeping the dust off literature" and suggests you put them up on your wall.

Score Sheets contain original works of vizlature. A sampling:

#7 contains two John M. Bennett poems. (His work appears elsewhere in **FNORDI**.) His unsettling effect is enhanced by the tortured, jagged script in which these poems are written.

#11 has a chaotic drawing/poem/collage by Jake Berry on one side and one of Mike Miskowski's Macintosh artworks on the other which does visually what Berry is known for doing with words: breaking down our sense of verbovisual logic by creating impossible concepts/objects out of everyday parts.

#18, by John Stickney, is one of the few which is immediately comprehensible. A page of text is shown, all of which has been marked out with black ink except for the one sentence, "This does not concern me." A simple, delightful idea but also a reminder of how our view of the world is distorted not only by our senses but by our preconceptions of what is and is not significant.

All in all, I think the broadside is the perfect way to present these sorts of works. It makes it possible to consider them in isolation, freeing each work from the burden of association with extraneous surroundings.

Score Reviews contain reviews and analysis of this same kind of work. My favorite is #12, a poem about poetry which is also a sort of manifesto for visual poetry and the small press. Sample lines: "All poetry is not sound. The look of the book is part of how it is read." "Poetry and the

page have an uneasy truce." "More poets, less poetry. Thinking paused for some of the greatest writing." And, particularly biting: "The canning factories of poetry prevent both freshness and spoilage." Obviously, Hill thinks attempting the first is work risking the second, and more often than not these sheets succeed. A good introduction to this movement, in bite-sized pieces.

(\$1 for 4 issues from 491 Mandana Blvd. #3, Oakland CA 94610)

MaLife (#16)

Contains some works that fit into the traditional categories of short story, poem, drawing, and essay, but most of the contents blur the distinction between the visual and verbal. A high proportion of the leading practitioners of that art are represented: Jake Berry, Chris Winkler, Greg Evason, Geof Huth, dadata, John Bennett, jwcurry, Miekal And, DeVillo Sloan, Crag Hill, and editor Mike Miskowski, among others.

The digest-sized pages are black-and-white photocopies, but they are merely the jumping-off points: dozens of little add-ons are pasted on/in all over, such as Berry's "Random Excursions in Golem Mechanics" booklet, Miskowski's color Macintosh art, Bennett scrawlings, a psychotic John Eberly miniposter, and more. Willie Smith contributes two morbidly fascinating vignettes, one about hamster cannibalism, the other mostly about quart bottles of lukewarm piss. Larry Oberc rips on Henry Rollins's latest. Berry and Miskowski cursorily review a few other publications.

It's an overwhelming rich and diverse stew. In fact, the only "flaw" I could possibly point out is the lack of any overall direction or organization. But when there is such a high level of excel-

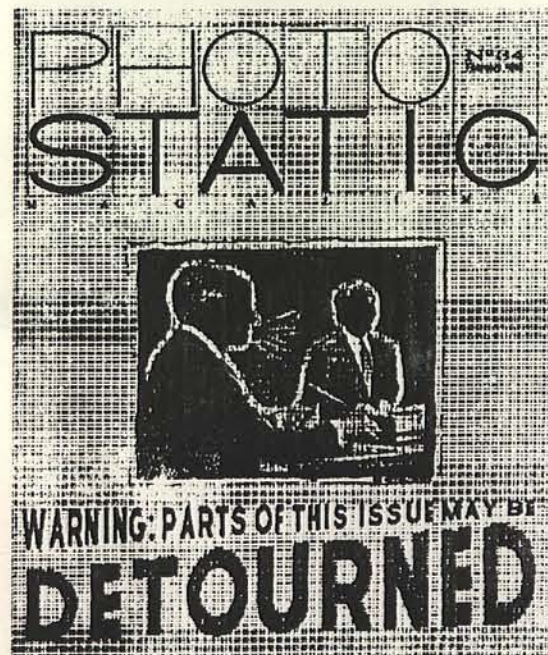
lence among the individual pieces, who cares? Dive into this one and it'll take you days to emerge. (\$3.50 from Bomb Shelter Props, PO Box 12268, Seattle WA 98102)

PhotoStatic/Retrofuturism (#34)

A magazine within a magazine. **PhotoStatic** is put together by Iowan Lloyd Dunn and focuses on "xerographic art and, by extension, machine-based art in general." Within it you'll also find **Retrofuturism**, edited by the Tape-Beatles, a group of radical musical plagiarists. It covers the audio equivalent of **PhotoStatic**'s field: sound collage, found sounds, industrial and experimental music. Both contain a mixture of some original artworks and collages, plus thoughtful reviews, articles, and analysis. Miekal And, Bob Grumman, and Geof Huth contribute regular columns.

PhotoStatic's strength is its intelligent criticism and analysis of terms and trends in art and vizlature. It will be of interest mostly to those already involved in this area; to others, it may seem rather abstract and self-referential in parts.

(\$2 from 911 N. Dodge St., Iowa City IA 52245)



Box of Water (#4)

The first thing that jumps out at you about this yearly compendium is the page size, a narrow 4.25"x11". The zine as a whole is divided into two equal halves.

The second half consists of Stephen Perkins's reviews of related publications and projects, with special attention given to the international mail and xerox art scenes. The reviews, while short, are among the best I've seen in this area.

The first half, on the other hand, consists almost entirely of detoured photocopied images, along with some drawings and a prose piece or two. I confess to finding some of it rather pointless even when visually compelling, but there are many powerful (combinations of) images, most of the most powerful being those which have a few words attached to orient and recontextualize them. Blunt social statements, common in Xerox art, are avoided. The contributors are not identified until the end, with no clue as to who sent in what. Thus, Perkins as the arranger of these images takes on a role more analogous to an orchestra conductor than a traditional editor. This play enables Box of Water to succeed by giving it the feel of a communal creation rather than a mere anthology. On the other hand, I wasn't quite as impressed with it as I might have hoped for something which is yearly and draws from the best of the Xerox art scene.

(\$3 (or \$5/2 issues) from 1031 York St., San Francisco CA 94110)

A Straynge Catalogue

Lists the products of **Factsheet Five** experioddica columnist Bob Grumman's Runaway Spoon Press, telling a story along the way. Small excerpts from each of the press's chapbooks are displayed, sparking the disapproval of a frumpy book inspector. Authors represented: Dunn, Kempton, Kettner, Bennett, Ackerman, Polkinhorn, Huth, Hill, And, Was, Evason, Moskovitz, DiMichele, Berry, Winkler... Familiar names by now, I hope.

(45 cents postage from PO Box 3621, Port Charlotte FL 33949)

