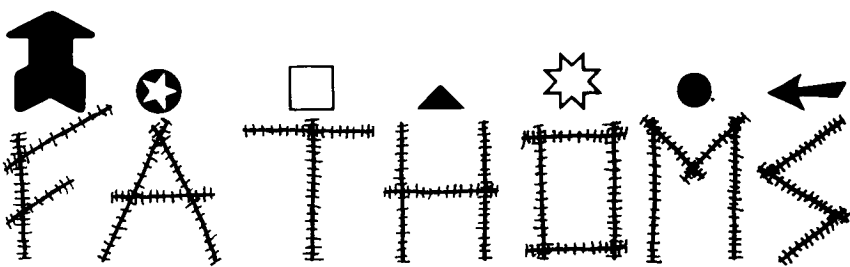


JANUARY
1991

Issue

2



Just when I start to feel like a galley slave,
I remind myself who's cracking the whip.



↑ **Illusion** ↑



△ **Solution** △

IMPORTANT: YOU ONLY NEED ONE

Mind ➔

**We Have
What You Need!**



PLEASE READ

Greed

Escape

**SLICK,
VERY
SLICK**

QUALITY

Notice
This Package is NOT Returnable
If Seal is Broken

Editors Notes:

Well blow me down--its a new year already. Yep, lots of stuff when down in 1990 and a lot is sure to happen this year also. This zine has been in the works since the last one was put out--around Aug. 1, 1990. Since then I have written and collected just about everything that you see in this issue. Besides taking 5 1/2 months to collect stuff (hey it is just me doing all the hard work here) it took around five 6-8 hour days to edit, construct, and lay this sucker out. Out of those five days four happened while I was at college. Typing and trying to lay things out the way you want them on a computer (Macintosh II) is no easy task. So, if this issue is not up-to-par with say the last one well, at least I can say the print is better. I might have told some there was going to be a sticker with this issue, well that fell through when I couldn't find any sticker paper or anyone to print my sticker--any suggestions?

Sometimes the best part about life is waiting for something, whatever it may be. I hope the wait for this issue proves worth its while for the ones who really care. At least you'll know it wasn't just slapped together.

I do not require people to pay for Fathoms Below--well not yet at least. The only thing I ask for is for

whomever wants it to pay the postage--\$.65 stamp. I am all out of Fathoms Below #1 (65 copies were distributed) so unless you want to pay there will be no more copies. Well, I think that is enough babble for now. So till the summertime--when FB #3 is due out--keep the fire burning. I'm outta here.



Contributors:

Credits and thanks goto the following for their submissions (both expected & unexpected).

John Benson
Adam Bregman
David Crowbar
Mike C. Diana
P.S. Hensel
Hippycore
Lee Hutchison
Matthew Lalonde
Madonna--Like a fan club
Makolm Morris
Edie Martin Evangelistic Ass.
Edward Mycuc
Jamie Sanders
Joe Schofield
Dave Szurek
Bill W. (Calvin & Hobbes)
Paul Weinman

and all the people who wrote in.
Reprinting and Reproducing as a whole or in part is permissible--just give credit when credit is due.

ON

THE

MENU

Editors notes.....	1
Contributors.....	1
Table of Contents.....	2
Dedication--No Title.....	3
Letters.....	4
Worry Not.....	5
What if...?.....	6
My Generation is so Cool.....	7, 8
The Vote No Campaign.....	8
Brain Teasers.....	9
Brain Teaser Answers.....	26
Trial by Jury.....	10, 11
Sowing & Reaping.....	12
Fathoms Below #1 Statistics.....	12
Music Reviews.....	13-15
One on One.....	15-17
The Sleep Demon.....	17
The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly.....	20
Scams.....	20
Mike Diana-- 'Weird Art'.....	21
Marriage--Before & After.....	22
The Simple Old Man.....	23
4 Reasons Hodgepodge.....	24
Inconsistencies-(2 Comics).....	25
Poetry Plaza.....	27, 28
Zine Reviews.....	29-31
Increase Postage Protest.....	32
Life & Death--Speaking Out.....	33
Quotes.....	34, 35
The Strange but Lucky Bird and the Roses.....	36-38
Wide array of Information.....	39
Song.....	40
Shit happens.....	41, 42

No Title -By: DanWright

Flip to the second, third, or fourth page of just about any book and you will know what I am talking about. Not the acknowledgements but the dedications page. You've found it! In this zine it is right here.

I think it is nice to dedicate a publication to a person or persons (or even perhaps something). In the case of Fathoms below #1 I felt it was unnecessary-who would I dedicate it to anyhow? Well, actually FB #1 is dedicated to all those who helped by contributing their time and works.

During the Summer of 1990 before Fathoms below #1 was ever printed I took Physics II at the local college (BCC). There were twenty students, including myself, in the class. In six weeks we were to learn everything there was to know about Electricity, magnetism, optics, and relativity as encompassed in Physics II. In the beginning I knew nobody, but as days passed I became familiar with the others. The subject material was tough as shit but the instructor taught the class well so we understood.

Glancing back I recall hating the material which made me almost hate the school, the instructor, and the people. Luckily that did not happen. I stuck with the class although earning a 69% on the first test. As the weeks passed I meet the "people" in the class and even started enjoying the material being taught. A few friends in the class, along with the generous and interesting instructor helped me trudge through the drudgery.

Six weeks is an awful short time for any class, especially Physics II. If you have a shitty instructor, the time might seem like eons-it didn't. My instructor was lenient, funny, and fun to be around. He made going to class FUN. We had discussions, jokes were told and we (the class) even learned a little. He (the instructor) is right that the class will probably be the toughest course we ever take, and he was also right that it would be an experience we would never forget.

There were rules, but they were bent, test were rescheduled for the benefit of the students,there were also jokes, and stories told, and of course we must not forget Physics. Every once in awhile a teacher comes along that really cares-he did. And with that I would like to dedicate Fathoms below #2 to Gabriel J. Milanese-dead at age 47.

“I don't lie. I speak the truth. And people have a problem with the truth.”

— Tim McKyer

Learn the art of depression--attend college. 12/3/90
I aim to please. 11/27/90
Procrastination breeds delight.

Letters from Earth:

Okay, I write to many people and sometimes they write to me. Unfortunately I can't fit all the letters I've received--since most say nothing anyhow--so I've done the next best thing. Blah, Blah, yea, well what we have below is a phrase I extracted from those who have written me since around July. I'm sorry if your quote makes you look stupid but they are exactly worded as stated in the letters I've received from you. Thanks for writing, and remember that you never know where your words might appear next.

"...Shit..."--Bruno Nadalin

"I really liked your zine..."--Joel of HippyCore

"Your zine sounds good but..."--Mary Fleener

"Thanks for the invite, but..."--Brad Johnson

"Trades are our preferred method of exchange."--Profane Existence

"Enjoyed your 'zine immensely..."--Spartacus of TFYS

"Sounded interesting in your letter."--Adam Bregman of The Subversive

"Thanks for writing."--Jim Romensko of Obscure

"I'm looking forward to seeing your zine."--Wendy of Disobey

"Please send copy of your 'Fathoms Below #1' sounds pretty cool!"

--Michael C. Diana of Bolled Angel

"It was a radical publication..."--Lee Hutchison

"I'd certainly be interesting in seeing an issue #2."--Todd Andrews

"'Fathoms Below' was a wicked magazine!"--Matthew Lalonde

"You and the people that helped did a great job."--Daniel Melton

"I think your 'Fathoms Below' is awesome!"--Joe Schofield

"We are not in the position to do Trade for Trades."--Madonna Like a Fan Club

"I looked & looked & looked but couldn't find a stamp..."--John P of Cehsolkoe

"Saw you in FACTSHEET 5..."--Paul Weinman

"I'm pleased to hear that you are interested in learning..."--Frederick J Liddle

"It sounds like a cool zine."--Al Showman

"Fathoms Below sound(s) interesting."--Cinda Gillilan

"...feel free to reprint..."--Dave Ricker

"A mix of diverse material."--Mike Gunderloy on FB #1 In FF #38

"I saw your ad in 'Factsheet Five #38'..."--Jeffrey Ahspaugh

"I was glad to note that someone here in Sunny South Florida was doing some -thing..."--Richard Eldridge

"I am mostly interest in the subject of UFO's in #1."--Mike Fobes

"Requesting a copy."--Steven C.

"How's it going?"--Linda & Pete of MLC fanzine

"Well hello n' begorrah!"--Cynde Moya

"Please send mini zine Fathoms Below."--Lynn A. Hill

"P.S. 2-stamp(s) enclosed."--Mike Bougnet

"Who said Fathoms Below was an Anarchist magazine?"--Dan Wright

"Of course I'm willing to..."--Dave Szurek of Weird City

"Let's Check it out!"--Robert Pearson

"...I have an ulterior motive."--John Benson

"I ran...which is why I am writing this (Duh)."--C. Munds

"I have taken to chucking them in a box..."--Mr. Ed of Rubbery Puppy

"It's funny I've heard creatures..."--Jewel

"Recommended that you read..."--TK Graphics

"Say, would you be willing to..."--Katrina Kelly

---Anyone forgotten probably pleaded the Fifth.✓

Worry Not -By: Dan Wright 8/21/90

I can't believe it folks. Just a little while ago I got out of bed (8:30 am) and now it is (8:30 pm). Time flies--even when your not having fun. I get up and take a shower (with luke warm water--great fun) and worry about my courses and how my hair will look after I get it buzzed off. Yes, I worry about trivial things even though a war is about to break out between the US and IRAQ as I write this. Unbelievable to you but not me because I am an optimistic pacifist. If a war breaks out then so be it and if not then more power to ya.

After 4 months of going without a hair cut and courses that will say nay or ye to my future I believe my worries are legitimate (I don't sound apathetic do I?) You might say "What about the thousands of people who might die, don't you care about them." And to you I would respond "What about the ant pile you just stepped on, you wiped out a whole city in an instant." I did not nor would not send any army to another country so I do not think it is my worry.

Everyday people die from diseases, lack of food, gun shot wounds, accidents, etc. People are and will continue to die, war is simply another way to die--were only human you know. Mother nature built us with an instinct like animals, to care for our own and claim territory. I see it everyday of my life and so do you. What makes us different I ask you. Is it that we can communicate, or are intelligence, or what? It is probably a combination of everything, but do we really deserve to live more so then a ant, roach, cow, bird, monkey, cat, dog, etc. So while you contemplate about that I will retire for the day and wait for tomorrow to bring new worries.

EXTRA 1/7/91

The above might sound a bit harsh and apathetic to some out there so I'm sorry. By the time everyone reads this the decision for war will have been made--seems to me the choice was made long ago though. I still do not condone war so I all can do is wait and hope.

--What will you do if you are DRAFTED?

LADDER



**“A pint’s a pound
the world around.”**

What If...?

By: Matthew Lalonde

8:16 am

I'm in a daze. Very tired, wild party last night. ...What is that high pitched noise? I look around, and I see the TV set. There is nothing broadcasting, and its 16 minutes after eight o'clock! I get out of bed and turn the channel. Still no broadcasting, I turn it again and again but there is nothing to see, just snow. I get annoyed and turn It off.

8:17 am

I'm a little more awake now, but I hear strange sirens coming form outside my house. Weird, so I go to my window and look outside. I see terrified people running everywhere! I hear a lot of them saying something about a NUCLEAR BOMB, and others say someone's pushed the button.

8:18am

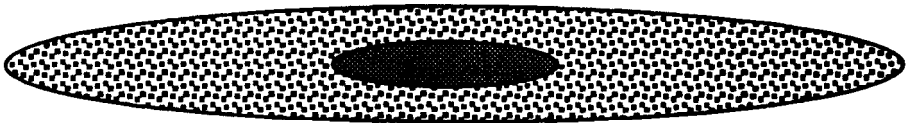
I am wide awake now, I think its all a hoax, Its only the year 1995. We have quite a few years ahead of us before some maniac decides to really push the button. Then I look at the people, some are pointing to the sky, I look upwards. There It is, the Nuclear Bomb, just about to explode...I panic! I run upstairs to get my gas-mask. I bring two, one for me and one for my cat. I call my cat, and she comes pouncing down from a shelf nearby. I attach gas-masks although I don't think Its going to help.

8:19am

Then I grab my cat and seek shelter underground. I am more than glad that I decided to make a fallout shelter four years ago when there was trouble brewing In middle east. I quiver In fear and then It begins...

8:20am--Two days later

...It passes but I'm still alive! But my cat, where is she? I hear her meow, and she comes out of the dark, she Is okay, but are we mutated, has the radiation affected us? I wait and when all is silent I climb out of the pit bringing the cat with me. Oh my God-all the people on the streets are dead! A few come out of their homes and shelters to examine the holocaust. It's almost like living in a Ground Zero from now on. It is like a TV show I saw before in 1991, everything goes wrong for a scientist so he makes a Nuclear Bomb and detonates It. Something like this-everyone eventually dies. Its a no man's land now! I like all the others shall perish and the earth will have to start anew. The only question is when?



If you can't believe In yourself then who can you believe in?

'Most of our smaller animals are roadkill. A lot of deer is, too. People just pull it off the road and bring it in.'

My Generation Is So Cool

By: Adam Bregman

I am so proud to have been born in the 1970's I got to experience disco and new wave I was a mere tyke when we were losing the war in Vietnam I lived through 8 years of Reagan I saw Devo. My generation is a proud one. Oh yes, as children we would not conform. We looked at our parents and saw what we would never become. We said bad words. Really naughty, bad, words. Some were so bad are parents wouldn't have even known what they meant. We took drugs and had sex when we were much younger than our parents had been. Our music was louder. Our clothes were weirder. Our hair was longer. Our parents were boring. They all had lame jobs. They were always stressed out. We were cooler, we had Zips and Pez candy and smoked cigarettes in the bathroom. And now we are a proud generation teetering on adulthood. College and careers consume most of our time. Now we have to make real world choices. Real choices that will affect the rest of our lives. We have to be attractive and competitive in a shrinking job market. Our resumes must reflect our dedication to our studies and our jobs. It's a rat race out there and if your not ready you will get stoned alive. Get the right Italian suit. Only those black business man sunglasses will do. Workout three times a week, eat Oatbran every morning, stay in shape and keep your mind in tune. Go jogging in the morning, read some new age, self help book at night. Have a child. Have a white house in a suburb and a big lawn. Wait! What has happened to my beloved generation? Are we becoming like our parents, maybe worse. Is our generation becoming a cesspit of greed and financial opportunities and profit motives like the generation before us--and them. Will we all sell our souls to the first rich shithead who will give us stability and a dental plan? Who am I kidding. The most dan -

gerous thing my generation could ever do is insider stock trading. We are following in our parents footsteps and walking right into our graves. We are accepting every institution and seeing how we can best profit off it. We went to whatever college would accept us with open arms and wide smiles. We accepted their grades and their diplomas as if they meant something. We suck. My generation sucks shit out of a rubber hose. We eat the diarrhea of old men who go on cruises and play golf. We will assume our parents roles and play the same parts, and continue the farce until our deaths. We will find our true loves like on T.V., and get seriously involved and move in and settle down and uphold the oldest institutions and traditions that keep us locked in cages. Get married and cut our own throats and have kids and fill this planet to capacity with servants to the status quo. My generation is a brigade of money worshiping, Do ald Trump wantabes who want German luxury sedans and blond women who lumbda. Wouldn't it be nice if we could have been a generation that doesn't have families to keep us at home. That doesn't overpopulate the planet. That doesn't accept everything that's put before them. That doesn't question authority, but tells them to fuck off. That learns and tries to clean up past generation's mistakes and doesn't repeat them. That doesn't take the easy route. That doesn't care about convenience, competition, and capital. A generation that didn't care about being ahead or being popular. That saw how shallow and superfluid building an image or having an attitude is. That left behind all the decadence and dickheadness. That spent more time playing, than working or going to school after it made sure everyone

A penny saved is just a penny.

was fed and had a place to sleep. A generation that didn't need a flag or a country that found borders and all barriers useless. That gave up on it's leaders and realized that it could only govern itself. A generation that didn't resemble a moronic sitcom. That finally started to tear down all the hallowed, age old institutions that try to dictate our every move. A generation that saw all the social and moral structures turned into rubble, before they succeeded in destroying the planet. Cause we don't have to shit on each other to make it to the top of some human conceived ladder of success that doesn't really exist. So get off your fucking ego and we can start bringing about a better life today.

THE VOTE NO CAMPAIGN
Go Ahead and Waste Your Vote- Cast It
by David Cromber

That's right, November's coming up, and all across the nation for the past few years state officials and high (?) courts have been showing their true disdain for democracy by disallowing numerous ballot initiatives, petitioned by hundreds of thousands of citizens, due to technicalities. I say it's about time. Intelligent, responsible people would've denounced this power-mad dictatorship of the majority over the minority generations ago.

In fact, Americans' faith in our electoral system has degenerated so far that it no longer even represents a dictatorship of the majority, since the vast majority refuse to vote. Majorities and minorities are really a moot point anyway inasmuch as Americans continue to allow the farce of "representative" democracy to be fobbed off on them by wealthy professional politicians.

But for those of you still driven by herd-orientation every November to the voting booths, I propose the VOTE NO CAMPAIGN. Don't settle for 'the lesser of two evils' anymore when choosing a candidate. Reject them all. Simply use your right to a write-in vote and fill in the blank to read 'none of the above'. If enough people get wise to this, government seats throughout the land will start being left vacant. Vote against all ballot proposals no matter what they promise. Why trust politics when you can't trust politicians?

For those of you who still have an inordinate amount of time to waste and can't think of anything worthwhile to do with it, I suggest beating your head against the wall by initiating the VOTE NO BALLOT PROPOSAL in your state. This would require you to hustle hundreds of thousands of qualifying signatures within a few months and, if passed, would require the state to include the option on all ballots to reject all candidates, leaving their seats empty. How could such a proposal fail and the pretense of democracy be maintained?

Of course the VOTE NO BALLOT PROPOSAL would not be allowed on the ballot even if every citizen of your state petitioned in favor of it, on constitutional grounds. Ah, the Constitution. Now there's a scam for you- perpetrated by a few rich white slaveowners and holders of massive properties in order to protect their bourgeois interests. I'm glad I'm not dumb enough to enter into such a bogus contract.

'We shouldn't be against each other--blacks, and whites and Asians. But we are, because we're pitted against each other by the system in a struggle for limited resources.'

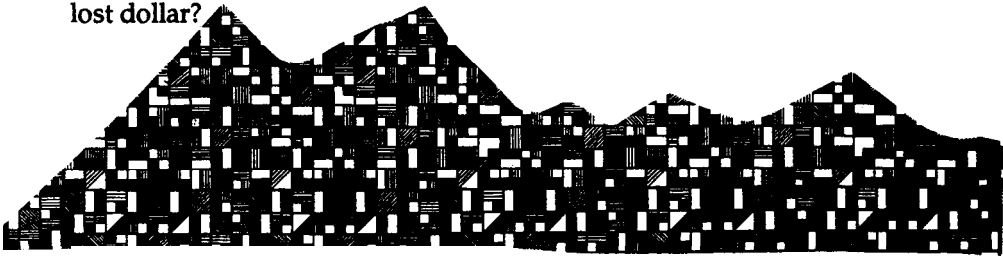
It seems the only thing some people want to do is something they shouldn't.

Brain Teasers -By: Lee H., Jamie S., and Dan W.

1. If two players play five games of checkers and they each win the same number of games with no draws, how did they do it?
2. Take 30 divide by $1/2 + 10$
3. If you had a match, which would light first? A kerosene lamp, a candle, a gas oven, or a radiator?
4. If the doctor told you to take one pill every half hour and you had three pills, how long would it take before you ran out?
5. A farmer had 15 sheep, all but nine died, how many would the farmer have left?
6. If a white man jumped into the Red Sea, what would he be?
7. If a plane carrying Canadians and Americans crashed at the border, where would you bury the survivors?
8. If a mute person walked into a store and pointed to parts of his body for clothes, he pointed to his head for a hat and he pointed to his feet for socks. What would a blind man point to if he wanted to buy a shirt?
9. How many birthdays does the average person have?
10. How many pairs of animal species did Moses put on the ark?
11. Some months have 31 days and some have 30 days, how many have 28 days?
12. How far can a dog run into the woods?
13. If a rooster was on top of a roof and laid an egg, which way would it fall?
14. What is the significance of these patterns?

RSCBGPQO
VWMLNTA

15. Three Shriners go to a hotel. There is only one room left. The rent of a room for a night is \$30. Each person (Shriner) pays \$10 and goes to the room. Later the manager feels bad that he charged the standard rate to the Shriners. Being the kindly Anarchist he is he gives the bellhop \$5 and tells him to give it to the Shriners. The bellhop, being the thief he is, keeps \$2 and gives \$3 to the Shriners so that it can be split evenly. So in actuality each Shriner payed only \$9 after they were give the money by the bellhop. So if each Shriner pays \$9 and the bell hop has 2\$ ($9 \times 3 = 27 + 2 = 29$) then what the hell happened to the lost dollar?



If at first you don't succeed then give up, 'cause it probably wouldn't have worked in the first place.

The Constitution of the United States assures us that we have the right to a trial by jury-Article VI of the Bill of Rights states this. The story that follows is true in describing how one gets chosen to be a juror.

Chances are you registered to vote and in doing so you entered your name into a lottery-a lottery in which no one really cares to win. You pay for this lottery by registering to vote, you have as much chance of "winning" as anyone else, and you will receive money but not very much.

Somehow by some bizarre chance, two years after registering to vote, I got selected for jury duty. I thought it was a joke. At the time I was a full time student (although not attending school because it was summer time) and not working. They wanted me to attend one week before I was due back to school. Since I had no excuses to use I decided I would be a juror-plus earn some dollars (\$10 a day plus \$0.17 a mile). So at least I did make some money during the summer of '90 unlike many might think.

Finally the day came I had to serve-or so I thought. I went to the court house and checked in, as did 300+ other people. We all sat in an auditorium type room that could seat about 350 people. By 8:15am the place was packed. We came to find out the process (which I am about to discuss) and the law.

Everyone in the room (all 350+ people) had to wait for their "number" to be called and then go to a court room. If your number was not called then you had to wait. Since my number was not called the first day I waited and waited (an example of your tax dollars being put to good use?) Luckily I had something to read-many were not as fortunate or perhaps could not read.

On the second day my number was called just before lunch, it made me happy, excited and nervous at the same time. Me and about 22 other people were then escorted by the court clerk to the room with the trial. At that time the judge explained some stuff and called out 14 names-one of which was mine. The judge explained some more stuff and then it was question time.

We had to announce stuff like: our names, addresses, years lived in state, occupation, marital status, children, hobbies (humm) do we know any people in the courtroom, what is our most memorable experiences, would we be impartial, what are your fears, what are you most proud of, things that upset you, best advice you've ever gotten and perhaps how would you improve the criminal justice system. Once we spilled our guts in front of the judge, attorneys, defendant, court clerk, and other jurors it was time for the attorneys to probe. After this the attorneys then decided who they would like to be part of the six member and alternate jury. Once everything was done I found my self sitting on a jury with six

older women (who's the one that said only stupid people get picked?)

I always felt you would be judged by your peers? The man the trial was for was black and the jury was all white with a college student (myself) and old women. This is what I call unfair-but nonetheless it is the way our system works.

The whole process of jury duty took three days-as stated by the mailing summons. For me it was one day of waiting, one of being chosen, and one day of trial. The trial went slow and we found the defendant not guilty because of lack of and conflicting evidence.

After the experience I thought of stuff that might be useful to others and thus decided to write this. I feel our justice system is good but could definitely be improved.

Trial by ones peers should be just that. Juror's are inexperienced with court cases, ignorant, perhaps forgetful, and sometimes stupid. Are things really random when one gets to choose 6 out of 22? Trial by jury might therefore not always be the right thing to do. It would be nice if the Jury could ask questions and/or perhaps the witness could tell their whole story instead of waiting for questions from the attorneys.

I, like many others, feel a person should be set free rather than be convicted if there is "questionable" evidence. The law is weird, trials are tough, and jury duty is a different experience. Some people will get picked once, others many, and some none. Once picked your chances of serving on a jury have about the same odds as you being picked in the first place. So if you do ever get picked remember what I've told you, bring a book, and keep an open mind.

Man, 25, Charged In Pizza Robberies

Daniel M. Wright, 25, of Maryland Heights has been charged with robbing two pizza deliverymen and trying to rob a third, authorities said.

Wright, of the 12000 block of Colonial Drive, was charged Sunday with two counts of first-degree robbery in connection with two holdups last month. A deliveryman was robbed of \$470 in the 2100 block of Lundy Drive in north St.-Louis County on July 19, and another pizza employee was robbed of \$200 in the 1700 block of Monticello Drive, also in North Coun-

ty, on July 30.

Wright was arrested Saturday after another pizza deliveryman, Christopher Boelhauf, told police that Wright had tried to rob him in the 700 block of Undercliff Drive in Hazelwood. Boelhauf wrestled with Wright and held him until police arrived, and. Wright was charged Saturday with attempted robbery and third-degree assault.

All three deliverymen work for Cecil Wittaker's Pizza.

Wright indicated he had a in all three incidents, police said.

If you steal from me then you are stealing from yourself because I work for YOU!

Sowing and Reaping

HERE is no such thing as luck. Nothing ever happens by chance. Everything, good or bad, that comes into your life is there as the result of unvarying, inescapable Law. And the only operator of that law is none other than *yourself*. No one else has ever done you any harm of any kind, or ever could do so, however much it may seem that he did. Consciously or unconsciously you have yourself at some time or other produced every condition desirable or undesirable that you find in either your bodily health or your circumstances today. You, and you alone, ordered those goods; and now they are being delivered. And as long as you go on thinking wrongly about yourself and about life, the same sort of difficulties will continue to harass you. For every seed must inevitably bring forth after its own kind, and *thought is the seed of destiny*.

Yet there is a simple way out of trouble. Learn how to think rightly instead of wrongly, and conditions at once begin to improve until, sooner or later, all ill-health, poverty, and in harmony must disappear. Such is the Law. Life need not be a battle; it can, and should be a glorious mystical adventure; but living is a science.

EMMET FOX

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

--submitted by P.S. Hensel

Statistics for Fathoms Below # 1

I enjoy reading statistics but unfortunately I haven't seen any zines with any about their zines. The following statistics are only approximations (within a reasonable range though). I hope you find them interesting.X

Breakdown for 65 Copies

Avg. Print Cost/Issue--\$.87
Total Print Cost-----\$56.15
Avg. Mailing Cost----\$.50
Total Mailing Cost---\$30.00

60 Issues Mailed--\$30.00
5 Handed out-----\$00.00

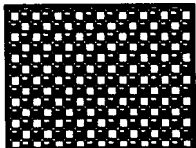
30 Issues Trades--\$58.00
11 Paid postage--\$5.50
24 Free Issues---\$20.73

Total Cost -----\$86.15
Trades & Stamps--\$63.50
Net Loss -----> \$22.65

18% went to Females
82% went to Males
Between
Aug 1
and
Jan 2

TURN PAGE TO CONTINUE VOTING

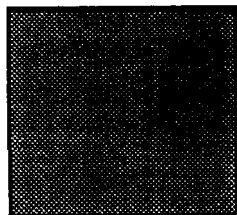
When you have STEAK at home, why go out for HAMBURGER.--Saturday Night Live



Music Reviews

Biased reviews

By: **Dan Wright**



Yes, another issue brings yet another music review. No one probably cares about the music I listen to or my musical tastes but what the hey. If nothing else then to be diverse. An added feature to my music section is that if there is any album you would like to hear then send me a CrO2 or Metal tape and I will send you an Excellent sample copy.

Artist: Art of Noise
Album: In No Sense Nonsense
Year: 1987

This album has the song from Dragnet on it. There are many sound effects and musical combinations creating a very nice atmosphere. There is not much 'voice' in their music but that is ok, the sounds is all I care about. An excellent album.

Artist: Art of Noise
Album: In Visible Silence
Year: 1986
Eleven songs including Paranoia and Peter Gunn are grooved into this album. Like the above album this one gives lots of STEREO effects. Recommended to any interested in a different sound.

Artist: B-52's
Album: Cosmic Thing
Year: 1989

Tin Roof, rusted! Them Bombers are back. I have seen the B52's in concert which makes this album even more interesting. You probably don't care but it was a very cold night (30-40F) and those 52's girls were dancing in skimpy dresses-burr. I enjoyed the album and am glad that the B52's are getting the attention they deserve.

Artist: Cocteau Twins
Album: Heaven or Las Vegas
Year: 1990

Out of the listed albums this is the newest one. It is music containing Synthesizers and voice dubbing creating a sound I am not familiar with. Maybe it is because they are speaking in a different language-possibly french. This is something different and many would be proud picking this up-I sure am.

Artist: The Creatures
Album: Boomerang
Year: 1989

I meant to include this album in my first issue of reviews but it somehow never made it so here it is. Siouxsie and Budgie are the duo who make up The Creatures-in case you didn't know. My CD

came with all the words in the 16 page fold-out. Siouxsie sings all 16 songs which are composed with a variety of instruments. All seem to work well and if you've like Siouxsie's past music you'll definitely like this.

Artist: Dead Kennedys
Album: Plastic Surgery Disaster
Year: 1982
"The crowded future stings my eyes." This album is nothing new but I'm sure glad I picked it up. Believe it or not this album (the record that is) comes with a 28 page record size hodgepodge with the words to all the Kennedys songs (how helpful). I really enjoyed the pamphlet, it gives one an idea of where the Dead Kennedys stand. In 1982 I was twelve and wouldn't know what the Dead Kennedys were talking about, but now-older and wiser- I do. Seems to me that they really cared, too bad they broke up. The songs are meaningful, and contain good grooves that really make you want to move-vocals are easily understood.

Artist: Depeche Mode
Album: Violator
Year: 1990
It seems like everybody and their grandmother has this album. Preppies, yuppies, jocks, pop lovers, and even people into the mod scene. It contains nine songs, all of which are recorded very well. And just in case you can't understand what they are saying it has the words too. I really like the sound DM created with Violator, too bad 101 (the Depeche Mode Live Album) didn't

have the same quality.

Artist: New Order
Album: Brotherhood & Technique
Year: 1986 & 1989
Brotherhood is my first New Order album which is quite decent. It contains Bizarre Love Triangle in which many have heard. The newest & last-from what I hear New Order has broken up-is not quite as good. Perhaps there is too much synthesized and mixing, but who knows. I appreciated Vanishing Point the most. "My life ain't no holiday."

Artist: New Order
Album: Power, Corruption, & Lies
Year: 1983
I picked this winning record up for \$4 on a clearance sale-no one wants records anymore, except me. There are eight songs of the early New Order blending real sound with clear voice. So when someone told me the old New Order was better they were not lying, this is a great album.

Artist: Pixies
Album: Monkey Gone to Heaven
Year: 1989
What can I say? I returned an album that didn't seem to work on my turntable (W. Houston believe it or not) and purchased this single. I really like Monkey Gone to Heaven so that is why I have it. There are three other songs on the album but the Pixies are, well, they just are.

Artist: Sundays
Album: Reading, Writing, & Arithmetic
Year: 1989
Harriet Wheeler is the lead singer of

the Sundays and she does an excellent job of it also. The album and CD both contain 10 extraordinary songs with vocals and music blending in a harmonious fashion. This is the best album I have heard in awhile if not ever (in all categories). The only thing I regret is not having the words.

And so there you have it. These are albums I have purchased or have heard and have had a chance to listen to since the last issue.



Intro:

Fathoms Below is in the process of attempting to interview people for future issues. At this time I have no budget for interviews but will attempt to keep costs down (under 20\$ per issue). I shall attempt to interview writers,

artist, movie stars, musicians, hackers, comedians, and others in this "One On One" section. If there is anyone you would like me to interview then drop me a line, include your question, and maybe an address or phone #. Unfortunately since I have not sent out any letters to 'Famous People' lately your going to have to settle for an interview with me-no I'm not 'stuck on myself.' So the following is an Interview with Daniel M. Wright-writer, originator, artist, designer, poet, humorist, and editor for Fathoms Below.

FB: Dan, how did Fathoms Below get started?

Dan: Wow--that's a long one. Well, in the summer of 1989 I was using my computer to call BBS'S and on one BBS I saw an advertisement for a "Underground/Anarchist" magazine so I wrote. I wrote two such letters to two different places. I heard from both but only one sent me their publication. Iron Feathers Journal was its name, it is what inspired me to dream up Fathoms Below. So on January 24, 1990, after receiving several different publications, IFJ put me in contact with, I initiated what is now know as Fathoms Below.

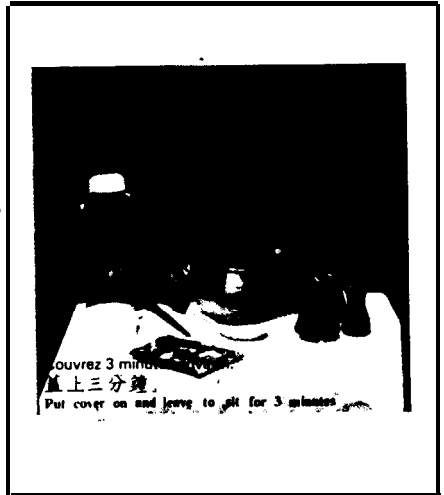
FB: How did you come up with the name Fathoms Below?

Dan: Ok, anyone who says I got the name from the Little Mermaid soundtrack will be punished. Also if you think I named it after that Fathoms cologne then, well I'm sorry 'cause your dead wrong on that also. In front of me I have a list of names I wrote down to choose from. They are: On the Spot, Last Chance Garage, One Shot, The Underground Circus, Fathoms Below, Code Red, Dead Beat, Soul Survivor, Missing in Action, Completely INN, Side Show, One Shot Deal, Blow Out, Tricky Treat, Outer Limits, Across the Line, The Guide, The Crooked Cat, and Zone Dead Inn. As you can see I had a tough choice to make. Fathoms Below basically means two things. Below, as we all know,

means lower, beneath or under. Fathom can mean six feet or to understand. Therefore we have--To understand the Underground or better yet an underground magazine. Either way you will always see something unique here.

FB: About how much does each issue of Fathoms Below cost and where do your funds come from?

Dan: Actually all the statistics should be somewhere in this issue but in case you missed them here they are again. The average cost per issue is in the range of \$1.35 including mailing. Sometimes I can get copies (per page) for 2 cents and other times 5-6 cents. So if I do more than one printing the cost might increase or decrease. Fathoms Below is a Hobby, funds come from my ever diminishing savings--for now. Some people send stamps and others I trade with so I almost break even, be sure to look at the statistics for issue one somewhere in this issue.



FB: How many more issues of Fathoms Below will there be?

Dan: I can say this much, there will be at least two if you are reading this. Actually I want to continue doing Fathoms Below but studying for college doesn't help. I hope to print 1 - 2 times a year around the winter and summer. So, if all goes well Fathoms Below #3 will be out in May or September (big jump) pending on my free time.

FB: You said earlier you had a computer, what kind do you have?

Dan: I have a Commodore 128, 1571 Disk Drive, Okimate 10 Printer, 1084S monitor, a 1200 Baud modem, and lots of software.

FB: What is your favorite game?

Dan: Wow, the questions keep getting tougher and tougher. Who's writing them anyways? Truthfully it is hard to have a favorite game with so many games at ones disposal. It seems the less one has the more that person appreciates what he/she has. My favorites would have to be Maniac Mansion type by Lucasfilms--sorta adventure humor--Serria on Line is the best at those though.

FB: I hear you collect demos?

Dan: Hum, word gets around quick I guess. Yes, in fact I have put together a best of

which is available to the public for \$1 or a disk and maybe a couple stamps. I have over 24 disks full of demos so if you would like to see any drop me a line.

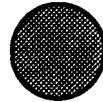
FB: Ok, Anything else you would like to comment on.

Dan: Currently I attend college and am attempting to get a degree in Engineering. I figure I have about two and a half years left. Fathoms Below will therefore be put out on an erratic basis if at all. Let's all hope for the best and remember that the people who request Fathoms Below are the ones who keep the magazine alive. Thanks.



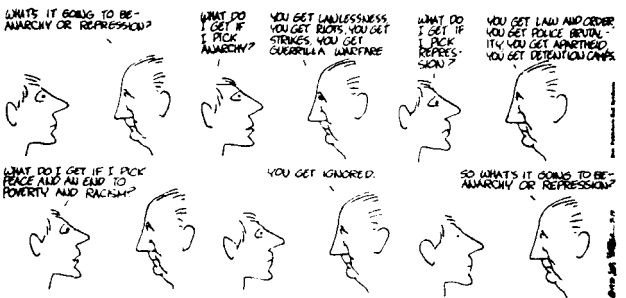
The Sleep Demon

By: Joe Schofield



Decease and cease to exist I say!--You wretched beast gnawing at the very temple of my sanity! Leave from my life! Stop pulling me down and knocking me out!

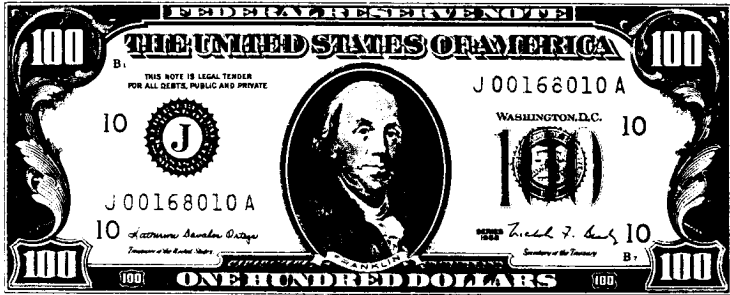
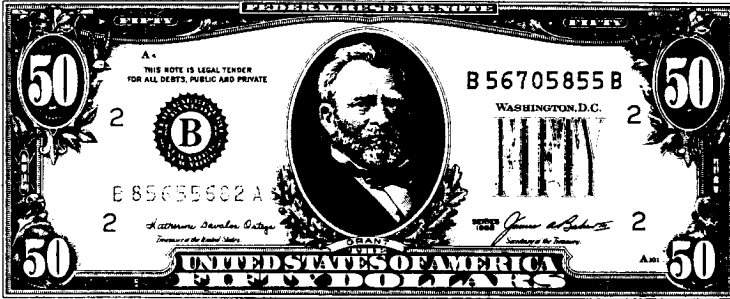
When I was young I was strong and resistant toward your powers, but now the mere twitch of your satanic claw causes my eye lids to drop like iron gates and my mind to be rendered as useless as a bowl of jello. You dig your heinous talons deep into my neck and suck the life force out from the base of my skull! I feel the steam of your sulfuric breath burn at the back of my neck as you burp in satisfaction. Your sadistic laugh is the last sound I hear as my body slumps lifeless into a dream world where none of the many hundreds of things I need to accomplish get done.



**Everybody wishes for something they can't have.
Be all you can be, which is nothing more than you are.**

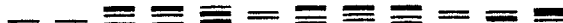
12/3/90

FATHOMS BELOW IS FINANCIALLY STABLE*



1254-2596-3224 188818
 LOTTO PANEL-D \$1.00
 ** MAY 5/90 **
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1254-2596-3224 30915/0179D



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* For Now

INSPECTED BY
113

featuring:
here's where the
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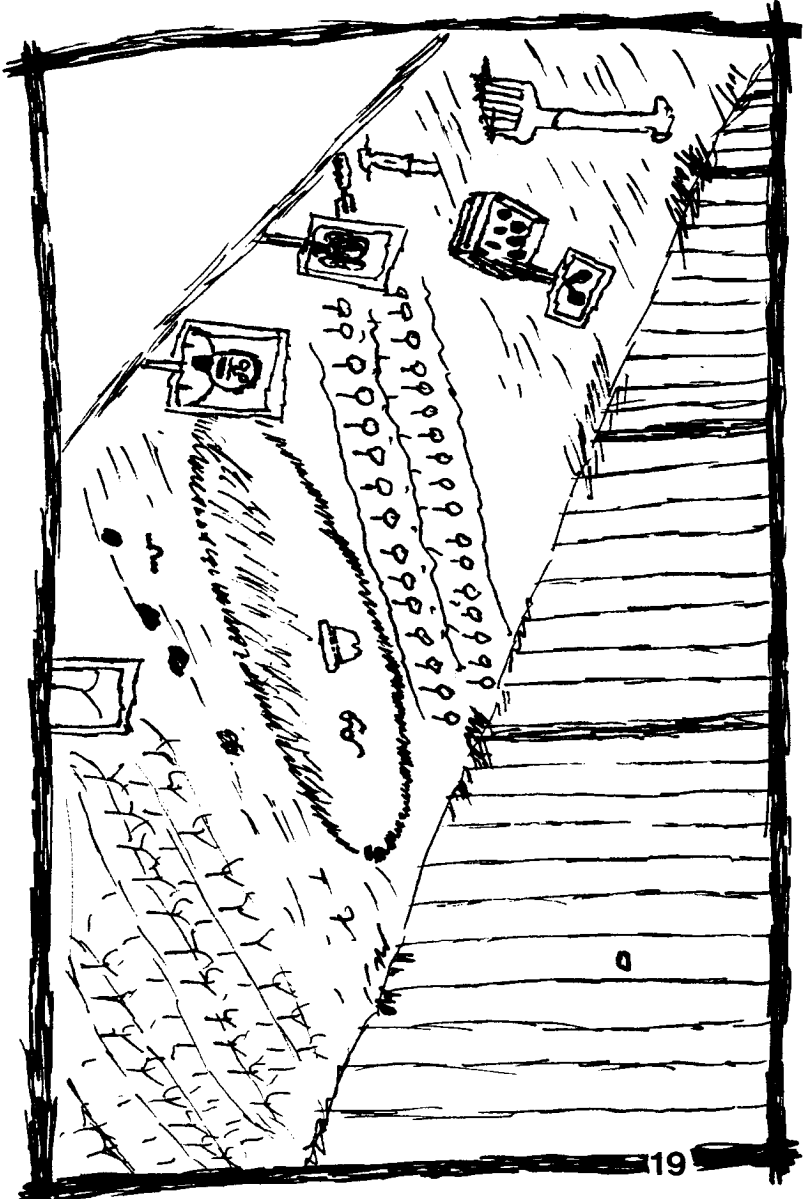
FIG. 5
GROINED VAULT

Thank you

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Send Cash, Check or Money Order to:
THE VILLAGE PEOPLE FAN CLUB
P.O. BOX 2634
CANOGA PARK, CALIFORNIA 91367



Protect
Protégé
Schützen
Probleia

The Good, the Bad, and The Ugly -BY: Dan Wright

Rich:

Good : Profits on our drug rehap center are up 50% this year.

Bad : What do you mean the stock market dropped off 50 points.

Ugly : I want that whole block of 'slums' to come down and my high rise condos to replace them.

Poor:

Good : McDonald's had some leftovers-we can eat tonight.

Bad : Were going to have to move again, because they have to restore our block.

Ugly : I'm sorry kids, but daddy got five to life for trying to protect our home.

Middle Class:

Good : Now that the TV is repaired we can all watch our favorite shows.

Bad : We lost all our money we put into that comer S&L.

Ugly : Your dad, while protesting the cutting down of our forest, was shot by the head of a lumber company.



SCAMS

Okay people I am not sure which, if any, of the following SCAMS are true but believe you me if I found them and jotted them down then there surely has to be some significance. If you know of any STATS/ SCAMS like these then send em along.

--> Approximately 25,000 people die because of gun shot wounds in the U.S. each year. Canada, Britian, and Japan amount to less than 1% of the U.S. fatalities due to guns. BAN GUNS TODAY!

-->More money is granted to AIDS research then cancer or heart disease, yet AIDS kills the least of the three.

-->The rich are getting richer, the poor poorer, and soon there will be no middle class-only the gluttonous rich living off the slaves of the land, otherwise known as the poor.

-->Approximately 1,000,000 people in the U.S. are convicted criminals serving time in jail.



I found out that if everyday someone new died, then someday you would die, and also I.



WEIRD
ART

Mike

BEFORE MARRIAGE



AFTER MARRIAGE

The Simple Old Man By: D.W.

Every once in a great while I see (on TV) or read a story that is quite interesting. A famous story many have heard is "The fisherman and his wife." It is a simple but hard story of greed and jealousy. I present you the same story but in my own words instead of those from another.

There once was a simple old man who lived in a simple old land. The man, now old and incapable of laborious tasks stayed around his flat watching the days pass. One day while strolling around his land came across a stick unlike any other. The stick was carved Oak with detail woodworking and writing.

The writing told of the magical powers it encompassed, so the man read and wondered what he could possibly wish. The next day while sitting amongst his stick the man wished he could be king and in an instant was. The old man now had riches beyond his wildest dreams and was ruler of vast amounts of land.

Days passed until one extremely hot summers day when the king was out bathing in the royal pool. Upon seeing the sun the king wished he could become just that, the next instant the king was the sun shining on all the people of the land. Days passed until one day he noticed how

the clouds could overpower him. Upon seeing this he then requested to be the clouds. Within an instant the old man who was once a king then a sun became a cloud.

As a cloud the old man could block the sun and, call upon violent storms to destroy land and people but there was one thing the cloud could not touch. Boulders and mountains of the land were too heavy to be moved by the winds and storms the cloud made and more so suffered little damage. Upon seeing this the cloud could not resist and thus asked to be a massive boulder. Upon entering his request the cloud was now a solid rock mountain.

Many years passed after the old man became the mountain. He was pleased with his choice because as everyone knows nothing can move mountains. As a mountain our simple old man was certain to live out many millennium, but he still was not satisfied. A few years passed before the mountain decided to submit another request.

The mountain said he now wanted to be GOD. Upon entering this request the sky turned black and the earth shook violently and the next thing that happened was the old man was back on his porch with a rotted stick on his lap. The simple old man had now enjoyed more than the mere mortal would or ever

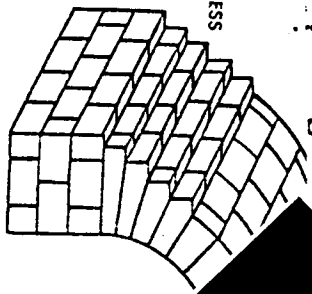
could. During his trying times the simple old man had lots of time to contemplate and realize many things. None were more important than the fact that each is his own god and anything more would only be less.

Edie Brickell & New Bohemians Ghost of A Dog

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EVENT CODE .00 SECTION ROW ACCENT AND SGP PRESENT
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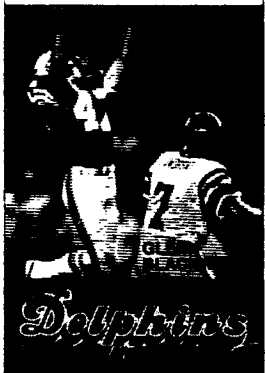
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NOV 8

ACCENT AND SGP PRESENT
* MORTON DOWNEY, JR. *
WILL YOU LISTEN TO REASON?
O'CONNELL CENTER *GAINV
SUN. NOV. 20, 1988 8PM
PLUS \$1.25 SERVICE CHG.



BUTRESS

GAME 8
4:00 PM
SAT., DEC. 10, 1983

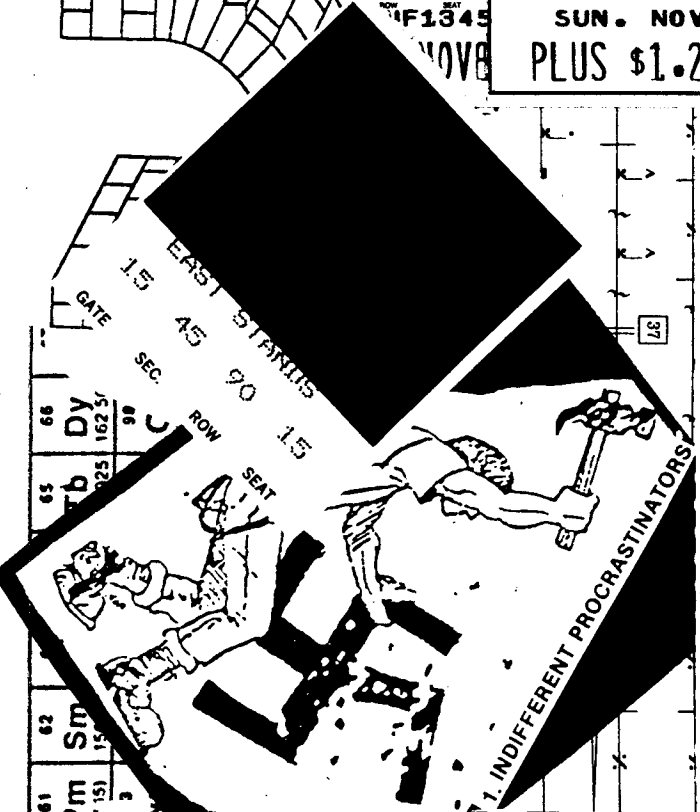


Dolphins
FALCONS
ORANGE BOWL STADIUM
ACCT NO 2207314
SEC. ROW BOX SEAT
19 24 21

No man will get home [to Heaven] if he misses 1st base

66	Dy	162 51
65	Tb	125
64	Sm	15
63	Pm	13
62	Sm	15
61	Pm	13
60	Nd	12
59	Pr	10
58	Ce	8
57	La	2

EAST STAIRS
GATE 15 45 90
SEC. ROW SEAT
15 15



Two suspended for garlic odor

LAKE WORTH

School officials raised a stink and handed a pair of smelly students three-day suspensions for eating too much garlic.

Lake Worth High School juniors Paul Martikainen, 16, and Tomi Iives, a 17-year-old vegetarian, were intrigued by tales of garlic's power to cleanse blood and keep blood pressure down.

So the pair said they each munched half a garlic head Wednesday night and three or four heads each for breakfast Thursday.

Classmates and teachers were not pleased by the aroma.

One instructor told the boys twice to stop eating garlic at school, Principal David Cantley said. By third period, they were sent to the office.

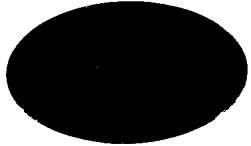
"This isn't like we were doing it on purpose to get anybody mad," on Martikainen said. "We were blowing in each other's face, and we couldn't sense a garlic smell."

630	612	636	612	630	612	636	612	630	612	636	612
Ac	Th	Pa	U	Ac	Th	Pa	U	Ac	Th	Pa	U
227	028	232	030	227	028	232	030	227	028	232	030

3. YOU MAY DIE SUDDENLY TODAY.
"... as it is appointed unto men once to die

Lanthanoids
Actinoids

2. GOD SOMETIMES INFLECTS PREMATURE DEATH.



FATHOM



DARKMAN

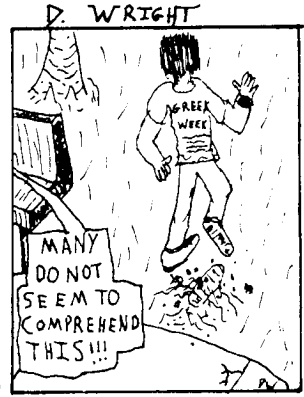
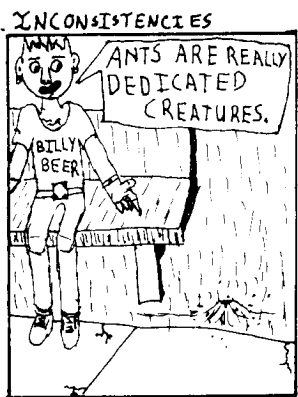
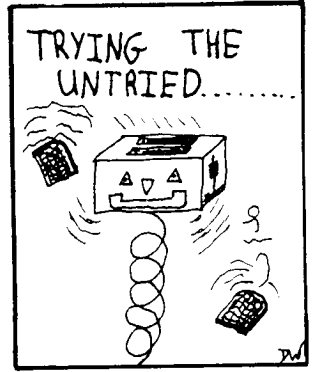
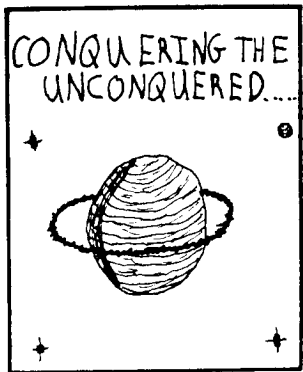
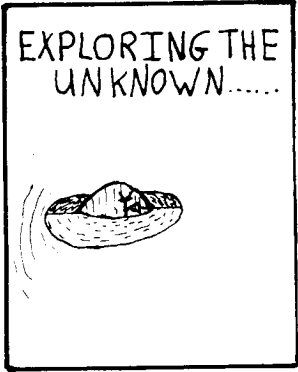


1991
1992
1993
1994



WHO'S THAT GIRL
1987 WORLD TOUR
PROGRAM

INCONSISTENCIES



25

Brain Teasers Answers

1. They didn't play each other, they played someone else.
2. $30 \div \frac{1}{2} = 60$ plus 10 equals 70.
3. You would light the match first!
4. It would take one hour. You would take one pill at 9:00, one pill at 9:30 and one pill at 10:00.
5. The farmer would have nine sheep, as all but nine died.
6. He would be a wet man
7. You don't bury survivors, they are still alive!
8. A blind man doesn't have to point, he can speak
9. The average person only has one birthday. You are only born once!
10. It was Noah's ark, not Moses'!
11. They all have 28 days.
12. Halfway, the other half the dog is running out!
13. Roosters don't lay eggs!
14. The top row has round letters while the bottom row has straight letters--of course only if this type does justice.
15. There is no missing dollar. Each Shriner still paid \$10 but were given a discount of \$5 --3 of which the Shriners got, 2 of which the bellhop got. $30 - 5 = 25$ and we have just figured out where the \$5 has come from.

**AFTER VOTING
INSERT BALLOT CARD
WITH STUB EXPOSED
INTO ENVELOPE POCKET
AND CLOSE FLAP**

SPIFF REFLECTS THAT
HUMAN SCALE IS BY
NO MEANS THE
STANDARD FOR LIFE
FORMS.



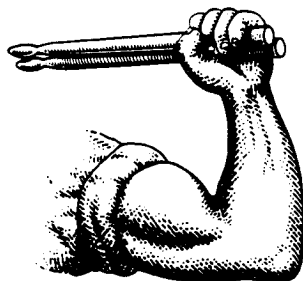
People should not assume a book has an ending, especially if they don't know how many pages there are.

Poetry Plaza

Other Worlds - Ed Mycue

AND NOW A WORD FROM
OTHER WORLDS TO
SPACESHIP EARTH BE-
CAUSE IT IS LATE. IT IS
SEPTEMBER. IT IS NUCLE-
AR RIPE. ROOT WILL NOT
EAT DOWN. THE LIGHT
DANGLES. TIME IS BAN-
ISHED FROM NOW ON SIT
IN JUDGEMENT ON THE

PAST BECAUSE NOW IS NOT ELSEWHERE WE ARE NOT THERE DO
NOT KNOW AN ELSE-WHERE here THE SKY SPLITS OPEN AND I
STAPLE MY WORDS TO THE WIND: a thousand years may pass this
night the fog is mute and nurslings poisoned in their veins are chimneys,
clocks ask, heads are singing like prayer-plants, dreams are melting like
roses, it's along like the ash and the hunt. A WORD.



Doctors And Lawyers

By: John Benson

You may keep the parasites
Away for a time,
But they'll get you
When you die.



Retire

By: Dan Wright 10/17/90

Its late at night,
I have to get in bed.
Up and under the sheets I'll go.
I will twist and turn,
Till my eyes shut tight.
Blackness is everywhere,
And to you a good night.

YA' CAN-NO HURT A SCOTSMAN BY HITN' IM I' THE HEAD

BY: Malcolm Morris

A shot to th' head does ya' good:
It clears th' mind.
Hear th' pipes a playin'
In heavn'ly harmony!

Stupid

By: Dan Wright 10/17/90

A stupid poem makes no sense.
Most are like this and I hate it.
Don't just jot down words that make you feel good.
Take some time and do it right.



Never
Jamais
Nie
Nunca



Never
Jamais
Nie
Nunca

Her Beauty Never Pales

By: John Benson

If beauty's only skin deep,
Why do I still love
A woman without skin,
A sack of bones
Clothed in putrescent goo?

Her beauty lies deeper than her grave.
It survives the onslaught
Of time, of bugs and slugs.

Fortunate am I to carry
The memory of her
Beyond the pale.

Why is it this Way?

By: Dan Wright

Few are wealthy while many are poor.
There is no way out, not even a door.
College is for the rich you say,
And since I have no money I cannot
pay.
So poor I'll just have to stay in my lit-
tle box, while the presidents doings
causes us all a great loss.

MISERY

4.00 SP

10:00P 12/07

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FIX

THO IT'S A KNOWN HAVEN
FOR DRUGGIES, WHITE BOY
KNOCKS ON THE DOOR OF
NEW NEIGHBORHOOD CRACK
HOUSE, HOPING HIS GOOD
ATTITUDE & SPIRIT WILL

1. encourage addicts to seek real friendship
2. give evidence of what community caring can mean personally
3. show human warmth as a lasting high.

MUGGED, ROBBED, STRIPPED
OF HIS CLOTHES AND GET-
TING A THOROUGH BEATING,
CAUSES WHITE BOY TO SEND
A NOTE THAT HE WILL VISIT
TOMORROW, SO THE DRUGGIES
WON'T BE CAUGHT SUSPICIOUS

I PLED

By: Paul Weinman

Cats are being run over with impunity
and an unshaven man passes, nodding
reluctantly hello. Dogs sit back
along the road and stare as I plead.
But, as I say - the man passes by.
In desperation, I start shouting,
scattering, chasing cats away
from the rubber sounds pounding,
pressing.

Yet, they scoot and twist around my
legs to rush for their crush. Awful
sound of bones and blood mixed too
quick.

Photographs are strapped to each back-
people no longer identifiable.
And he nods reluctantly hello
before the rain comes.

You Lose

By: Dan Wright

You took that class and failed the
test just as I said you would.

YOU LOSE

You had a girlfriend and took her
out, she ditched you then as I was
in no doubt.

YOU LOSE

You got a job and got fired fast;
I told you so, it would not last.

YOU LOSE

Magazine Reviews

Yes, I get a few zine from here and there and felt it would be nice to inform those unfortunate (or fortunate) enough not to have any of the ones I have received as of the last issue. It is always nice to read zine reviews to know somewhat of what you are getting when you send a buck or two off in the mail. I realize this but with only 50-100 copies of Fathoms Below being distributed I have decided to keep all reviews concise. If you want to know more then write them, me or pick up a copy of Factsheet Five. The zines listed were received by me between Aug. 1 and Dec. 20, 1990 so some issues review may not be available. In that case just ask for their latest issue. Happy sendings and, oh yea, be sure to mention where you saw their issue reviewed--Fathoms Below man.

American Amature Press Association
(Fred J. Liddle, 404 Erie Ave., Tampa, FL 33606)
\$10 a year membership fee and you can be in the club getting other members publications & stuff.

Antpaper (2402 University Ave. West #206, saint Paul, MN 55 114)
They sent me advertisement \$20 for 10 issues--who knows?

Assault With Intent to Free #5 (P.O. Box 1484, Oxford, MS 38655-\$1.50)
This seems to have the same slant as Profane Existence, i.e. band interviews, letters, zine reviews, music reviews and a couple articles of interest. Has a professional type layout with about 40 newsprint pages.

Banana strangles Victim & White Boy (Paul Weinman. 79 Cottage, Albany, NY 12203)

Paul does lots of poem stuff, mainly dealing with White Boy of which anyone in the underground is familiar with.

Bavou La Rose #32.#34 (302 N. "J" ST. Apt. #3, Tacoma, WA, 98403-\$2)
Decent newspaper fighting for all that is just.

Boiled Angel #5 (Michael C. Diana, P.O. Box 5254, Largo, FL 34649-5254--\$2)
Sick and obscene material, nothing to be happy to show your friends. Many Pages.

Departure:GNV #1-3 (252 Little Hall, University of Florida, Gainesville, FL 32611)
A literature mag from the University of Florida, 2x yearly, not bad but also not excellent

Disobev #5 (c/o Wendy & Dale, 3739 Oak Glen Dr., Newbury Park, CA 91320--\$1)
It contains letters, band interviews, some articles here and there, maybe a cartoon or two, fuzzy pictures, music and zine reviews.

Factsheet Five (Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, NY 12144-4502--\$3)
Probably the biggest and best magazine available for zine resources. Thousands of undergrounds are listed--a must for all interested in the underground press-- 100+ pages.

**Please Call Now.
Vote YES on DAT!**

GAZ (Jennifer Hebert, 2115 Nell St., Houston, TX 77034-1314--\$4)
A 44 page listing of various fandoms.

Grim Grafiks & Prime Time (John Benson, Shady Lane, Storrs, CT 06268)
GG is a 24 page zine with lots of art and some writing--\$2. PT consist of 5 short stories--only \$3 if you have the dough to shell out.

Hippy Core #7 (P.O. Box 195, Mesa, AZ 85211--\$1.50)
This is a neat mag that has interviews of a few bands, letters, columns, zine reviews and many interesting articles written by various people. Chuck full of 70 pages.

Iron Feather Journal #10 (P.O. Box 1905, Boulder CO, 80306--\$2)
Forty pages of all kinds of things. Lots of collage type graphics with articles filling in the space. There are lots of articles of interest, letters, and how to build neat devices. A decent anarchist publication with a nice layout.

Last Gasp (2180 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94110--\$1) Not a zine but a catalogue of comics, books and a few zines--newsprint.

Life is a Joke #5, #6 (Joe Franke, 2288 Hawk, Simi Valley, CA 93065--\$1)
One word describes this medley of comics and thoughts--excellent--definitely one of my favorites--30 pages.

Mirkwood #1 (P.O. Box 4083, Terre Haute, IN 47804--\$1)
Contains all writing of stuff dealing with small press distribution and similar topics. Nothing too exciting--7 pages.

M.I.C.#3 (Linda & Peter Weinzettl, P.O. Box 1213, Station B, Downsview, Ontario, CANADA, M3H 5V6--\$5)
A 26 page Madonna devoted magazine with a professional look--for the dedicated fan.

Pop Stand Express #23 (P.O. Box 379, N. Hollywood, CA 91603--\$4.50)
Probably the best publication for fandoms--hundreds are listed.

The Printers Devil #9 (Mother of Ashes Press, P.O. Box 66, Harrison, ID 83833-(x)66-\$2)
An Issue that deals with the printing field.

Profane Existence #5 (P.O. Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408--\$1.50)
A 40 page newsprint music zine with reviews, interviews and excellent articles.

Punk Pals #11 (Robert Brown, 2331 Blake ST. #204, Berkely, CA 94704--2 stamps)
A good place to find penpals with an alternative taste in music.

Rubber Puppy #5,#6 (P.O. Box 50454, Austin, TX 78763-0454--\$.75)
This is a neat little 24 page zine with comics, newsclips, a little this and that and too much poetry. Very good print and nicely done.

Scribble Unlimited #6 (P.O. Box 415, Rutherford, NJ 07070)
Art, stories, environment, laser printed all on 18 standard pages.

The Subversive #1 (Adam Bregman, 11338 Joffre St. Los Angeles, CA 90049)

Contains articles that discuss Ronald Reagan, Mc Donald's, school stuff, Bureaucracy, etc. Interesting reading for all interested in what others feel--14 standard pages.

TAP Magazine #101 (P.O. Box 20264, Louisville, KY 40250--\$2.00)

Nice Hack/Phreak Magazine with many informative articles. Similar to IFJ. An article of mine appears in this issue.

TFYS #8 #9 (P.O. Box 22551, Memphis, TN 38122-0551--\$2)

An 88 page zine of letters, poetry, comics, writings, graphics, etc. Interesting.

Twisted line of Sight (Cehsoikoe, 1954 Brookside Lane, Hoffman Est., IL 60194--Stamps)

Nice collage of pictures and words, he also offers other things.

Wie Out. Zoynx (Dave Ricker, 250 Floral Lane, Wood-Ridge, NJ 07075--trade)

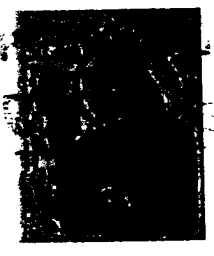
Basically a bunch of collages that can get pretty obscene at times.*

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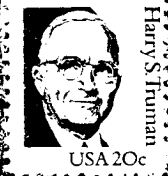
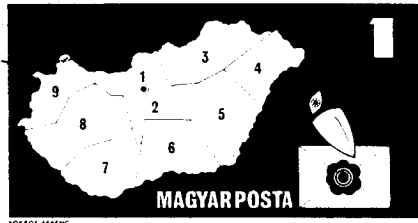


"Whom do I considered educated? Those who manage well their daily lives, who possess sound judgement and seldom miss the appropriate course of action: those who are decent and honourable, good-natured, not quick to take offence, controlled in their pleasures, brave in misfortune, unspoiled by success. Those who have a character which conforms, not just to one of these things, but to all of them, theses are the wise and complete men, possessed of all the qualities." Isokrates Panathenaikos 30

If life were like a book people would look at the end and go from there instead of starting from the beginning and going from there. 12/13/90



im not really sure
I have enough stamps
to mail my magazine
with?
will this be enough
Mr. Postman?



What exactly do you want me to say? Yes, basically this whole zine is mine to do as I please but in this little segment I shall digress to discuss anything that happens to come to mind. In case you haven't figured it out yet Fathoms Below discusses the "unknown" and asks for the betterment of our society as a whole. Every once in awhile I get a great idea and jot it down, but most of the time thoughts simply wander in and out of my mind. I wish I could remember everything I thought although maybe it is better I didn't. Think for a bit, about past memories perhaps.

A 12-foot black bear towers beside the glass case in the lobby.

HE COMMENTED: "Clearly they knew nothing of how fighting men die. I witnessed over a hundred deaths. Those with the strength to give voice rarely moaned. They shrieked. Bearing witness after that is more difficult. The death rattle is frequent. At the instant of death the cadaver, in a single spastic convulsion, empties its bowels and bladder. If you are fastidious, you may be offended by such matters, but I didn't start this. It gets worse. The dark effluvia of the slain follows — in the tropics it follows quickly. The corpse swells, then bloats, then bursts out of its uniform. The face turns from yellow to red, to purple, to green, to silvery black. I mention these details because the students who demonstrated may contemplate an encore. If they are going to do it, they ought to do it right."

BE! all that you
can, BE!

Do you remember any "normal" days? I don't think I can. I remember the "bad" and the "good" mostly, likewise the "sad" and the "happy" times, Why is this? Well, if your a psycho(logist) you will probably be able to give me some scientific jabber that will thoroughly confuse me. So, if you really want to remember a day then WRITE IT DOWN. I have done so on various occasions. It is neat to go back and read, in case you ever want to know, what you did last year on this day. Hey, I never said it was easy, just a way to backup them brain cells.

It is sad to think that when you die all your memories die also-or do they? Death is very scary-even more so for those who don't believe in any "GOD." I will not attempt to changes peoples attitudes with Fathoms Below, rather I am trying to get people to "wonder" or think. Think about anything-the truth, what will happen if, etc. When I think about death I get depressed but also I get excited (mostly depressed though).

What is beyond death? Is suicide a good solution? Hum. I think I shall wait to find out the answer-as long as possible. Death brings tears to my eyes, even as I write this, because it is so complete. Is death it? Your parents, grandparents, friends, cousins, aunts, uncles even you will all eventually die, will you ever see them again? It is hard to fathom a friend, parent, or anyone alive one day and dead the next. Sudden or not. What can you do? What should you do? Be happy, do what you want, but try not to hurt others, especially when they do nothing to you-It may come back to haunt you.

For every positive there seems to be a negative-Pain/pleasure, black/white, sad/happy, death/life, etc. How did we get here and where are we going? If you know or really would like to know more then tune into Fathoms Below for more babble and bizarre stuff. ☒

The TRUTH is near because its right HERE!

You can QUOTE me on THAT

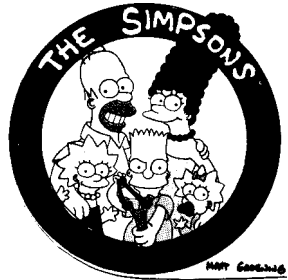
Since the last issue I have compiled tons of quotes, many of which can be seen throughout this zine and of course in this section. Lots are by me (DW) and I attempted to document all. Enjoy the quotes.

- That's the straw that broke the camels back.--?
- Society made me what I am today. Yes, I'm a monster and I won't go away.--DW
- I do not want what I haven't got--except maybe something I need--DW
- It is what is behind the facade that really counts--DW10/14/90
- In competition you usually end up beating yourself.--DW10/14/90
- Standardized test only lower your self confidence.--DW 10/17/90
- Wealth spawns luxury and indolence; poverty makes for meanness and incompetence. Both fester discontent.--Book IV The Republic
- We are like people who look in the distance for what they already have in their grasp. That is why we do not find it.--Book IV The Republic
- Get the FLUX outta here.--G.M.
- When it RAINS it POURS!--car driver high on drugs
- PUT THAT BACK IN THE NAPKIN!--J.W.
- Get a job or pull one.--J.B.
- If you never have learn't anything you haven't anything to forget.--?
- Everything looks impossible for the people who never try anything--
Jean-Louis Etienne
- The same fence that shuts others out shuts you in--Bill Copeland
- It takes as much courage to have tried and failed as it does to have tried and succeeded.--Anne Morrow Lindberg
- We are tomorrows past.--Mary Webb
- Do not let what you cannot do interfere with what you can do.--John
Wooden
- We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.--Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
- There are three proven rules for good teeth; brush after each meal; see your dentist twice a year and mind your own business--Henry Boye
- Do onto others, before they do onto you.--Revised Golden RULE
- Joe's bullshit will only get him to the next corner, then, if he's lucky, around it.--DW
- Rely on yourself.--DW
- I believe that if you are doing what you like to do then you are also doing what you need to do.--DW
- The most important thing for you to do is what you want to do.--DW
- Just because its not probable doesn't mean its not possible.--?
- Luckyly life is not like a book and thus each page after has yet to be written.--DW 12/13/90
- That's the bird you shouldn't have let out of the cage.--DW 12/13/90

- When you die, die alone, don't try to take the whole boat with you.--DW
- If there is a possibility of several things going wrong, the one that will cause the most damage will be the first one to go wrong.--Murphy's Law (ML)
- If anything just cannot go wrong, it will anyway.--ML
- If everything seems to be going well, you have obviously overlooked something.--ML
- If a program is useful, it will have to be changed.--ML
- In nature, nothing is ever right. Therefore, if everything is going right...something is wrong.--ML
- Profanity is the one language understood by all.--Troutman's Postulate
- To estimate the time it takes to do a task: Estimate the time you think it should take, multiply by two and change the unit of measure to the next highest unit. Thus, we allocate two days for a one hour task.--Westheimer's Rule
- Whatever you did, that's what you planned.--Featherkile's Rule
- Ever notice that most of the people who say "money isn't everything" aren't exactly hurting in the financial Department themselves?--Dave Szurek
- I never take the lift to the top--The Sundays
- Ever notice that most the "Hate lists" name minor inconveniences rather than things like war, bigotry, tyranny, and poverty?--Dave Szurek
- Some people see things the way they are and ask why. I see things as how they can be and ask why not.--JFK?
- When you need something--you can't have it, and when you don't need something--you get a lot of it.



STAND BY ME



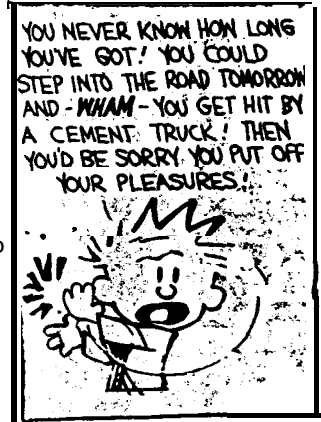
Shave and a hair cut--2 bits!--Roger Rabbit

In the locker room after a workout, I watched a friend of mine skillfully arrange the remaining strands of his thinning hair to cover as much of his scalp as possible. "You've got that down to a science," I remarked. "Every hair has an assignment." "Yeah," he ruefully agreed, inspecting himself in the mirror. "They used to have just numbers, but now they have names!" -- Holland (from Readers Digest)

The Strange But Lucky Bird and the Roses

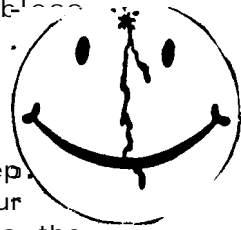
--By: Dave Szurek

I'm a strange bird, if I do say so myself. Lucky but strange. The other day I was walking down the street, not doing anything in particular, not under the influence of any intoxicants, when out of the blue and without warning, the cognizance of sentience sent me into a spell of utter euphoria. This is not the first time it's happened, not a new development at all. Oh, I've undergone bummers, and I certainly see a lot in the external world that calls for objection. Like the song goes, sometimes I fly like an eagle and sometimes I'm deep in despair. There are even times when I've felt that my life was as unmanagable as that of any drug addict, alcoholic or mental case. In general, though, I believe that when things are going relatively smoothly, simple existence is the most awesome miracle of all. That I'm part of it is mind-boggling and that it's all going to cease one of these days, that that day is getting closer all the time, is a source of fear and loathing. And like Woody Allen, it's not that I mind dying so much as that I don't want to be there when it happens. There are those who say they don't fear death. They've probably already experienced it from the neck up. I, myself, have spent a lot of time "smelling the roses" so to speak. Some might even call me a wastrel, although that's not how I'd describe it. Sure, there are things I'd like to do before passing on, but I also feel that being driven to the point of compulsion is a waste of spirit. I've felt sorry for those people who live in terror of "doing nothing in particular" and besides, since we're going to die anyway, what's the point? Why not appreciate what we have while we can? Twenty years ago, death was one of those topics about which people were afraid to talk about. Then again, virtually everything but late model cars was a source of conversational fear. At any rate, death was sometimes allowed as something that happened to OTHERS, but everyone of US was going to make history with our immortality. Sometimes, though, the acknowledgement



Make a difference!

that we are going to die can have the opposite effect from apprehension and classical morbidity. Sometimes, it can enhance our appreciation of the moment. Although I'm the first to admit that life of pain can be a curse, life per se is a blessing and taking things for granted reduces appreciation. None of us are guaranteed the next moment. While I'm writing this, an airplane could crash into my building. The bomb could drop in our sleep. A car could spin out of control to our side while we're innocently walking to the store. Or we could reach the same store just as it's being robbed and innocently stop a bullet. Freak accidents and unlikelihoods, yes, but such things do happen and there isn't a cosmic pianist to telegraph "key scenes" beforehand like in the movies. Or a "normal" termination or "everyday" accident could happen when we least expect it.



I am not Little Mary Sunshine. I do not wear rose-colored blinders and a fixed grin and in some very real ways, my happiness is dependent on my gloom. I do not pretend to be a guru and think some of those guys like Leo Buscaglia and Wayne Dyer, the psychiatrist for people without problems, are pitifully naive with their "quick fix" approach to the human condition. Their advice might be okay for the person who already has it halfway together and is not currently suffering from any major hurts, but what about the others? Yea, it's all a roll of the dice, despite what people who argue about Free Will, Determinism and Fate tell us. (For the record, I believe in the power of all three, but feel they are interrelated. One's tendency to use Free Will is determined by past experiences and Fate determines in which body we end up and what experiences we undergo. Most of those who argue this matter conclude that one or two are illusions, but I see that as an unrealistic viewpoint. In the meantime, I know that the ability to appreciate life is rooted in something that happened long ago--I don't know what--so is more good fortune than a personal accomplishment.



I, personally, received both positive and negative influences in my formative years and while I don't claim perfection even by my standards, I can't pinpoint what eventually made me more responsive to the former than the latter.)



I think that the key is, like I said, taking nothing for granted and not relying on the external world for happiness. I have no clear-cut formula for achieving the latter state which some have told me is an impossibility. There are people thrown into situations that prevent the appreciation of life. I do not deny the plight of such as the abused child, the abused adult, the addict, those suffering from pain whether physically or emotionally, et. al. and do not

much respect those who base their "contentment" on a complacent ignorance of these folk. Yet, I recognize that even this complacency and apathy is rooted in past influences and experiences. So, even though on one level I use the word "prick," on another I realize that this is more a vale of woe than a vale of purposeful assholes. There are circumstances that can temporarily reduce even the "otherwise inclined's" ability to appreciate life-illness, hardship both physical and emotional, drug burn-outs, imprisonment, temporary mistreatment, even such seemingly trivial items as unpleasant weather, insomnia, overdue busses and having to go to the bathroom when no toilet is readily accessible. All of these must be taken into account. But I've heard people say they need a reason to be happy and when I've realized that this statement also implies that they need a reason to be unhappy, the contradiction has made very little sense to me. Until fucked with, happiness not the reverse strikes me for more as the natural condition.

Returning to reality, I hope that when my last moments on Earth come, I regard the things I wanted to do and never did as not worth doing anyway. My farewell to life will probably be an extremely traumatic experience, and I'll probably never go down in history, but I think my life would have been a complete waste had I never stopped to smell the roses.



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Information-News you can USE!

Well, in this section I will list addresses and stuff of people or place I find useful or that might be helpful to others. If you know of any then send them along.

HARMONY
P.O. Box 82295
Shaw Butte Station
Phoenix, AZ 85071
--\$30 for penpals

TK Graphics
P.O. Box 1951
Baltimore, MD 21203
--Lable size stickers

Wings USA
P.O. Box 2782
Waterbury, CT 06723
--Rock & Roll t-shirts,
mostly alternative.

Matthew Lalonde
1326 Hastings Cr.
Sudbury, Ontario
CANADA P3A-2R5

BBS Wanderland
705-560-7493
-Will trade 64 games & demos

Little Free Press
Rt. 1 Box 102
Cushing, MN 56443
--Postage provides food
for thought.

Red Table Prints
330-A West Uintah #224
Colorado Springs, CO
80905
--Alternative shirts, bumper-
stickers, and buttons.

Dan Wright
1320 N.W. 75th Avenue
Plantation, FL 33322-4740

--Write for Fathoms Below, UF
Flyer, Demo disk, or to trade
Commodore 64 software, or
just to chat.

MADONNA LIKEAFANCLUB



7 12 1 Sunset Boulevard
Hollywood, CA 90046
(2 13) 937-7589

Here is a little song I composed on the ninth of December in 1990. The existentialist out there will really dig this one.

I'm Growina Up Just To Die

Being born, wanting to crawl, then standing up, just to fall.

As I start to grow, I start to show, but It doesn't matter because everyones blind.

I see what people want and I see what they get and it doesn't seem fair to die just yet.

CHORUS:

I'm getting older as I look, changing pages turn then fall, I'm growing up just to die.*

I look in the mirror and see a young face, it starts to age but without any grace, my hair turns white and my eyes go bad, things could be worse--at least I'm not dead.

Today its happening like it has again and again depression is here as my end draws near.

I look at others and it depresses me so, because were all the same and were all going to die.

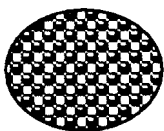
CHORUS: 2X

*



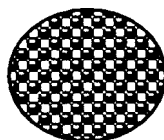
GOD HAS HIS DEADLINE! BEWARE LEST YOU CROSS IT!

| MADONNA THE IMMACULATE COLLECTION |



Shit Happens

By: Dan Wright
11/18/90



So there I was, walking down the street not far from anywhere. Suddenly, I got an urge to take a dump. Wow, I thought, I just took a dump before I left the house. Something seemed wrong, but I was not sure what, all I knew is that I had better find a bathroom, and quick. Scanning the plain I noticed two places that would suit my needs--McShit and some generic garage. By bowels were pounding at this point so I had a clue that embarrassment was close at hand.

Breaking into a slight jog helped a bit, soothing the pain of pulsation. As I approached the garage I noticed it was closed. Shit, uhh, better make that a damn, I thought. Next stop, good ole McShit--uhh I mean Donald's, McDonald's-- 'cause they always seem to be open. I made it to the door in the nick of time. I knew where the bathroom was and, of course, entered promptly.

I got in the bathroom, wiped off the toilet seat and sat. Ahh, what a relief. I realized then that McDonald's had actually given something back to me--how unlikely. Why without this bathroom I would have slobbered all over myself. Anyhow, as I was sitting, thinking and relieving myself of defecation when I heard a noise. It sounded like it was saying "Hey asshole."--but I was not sure. The frustration of finding a bathroom along with the malodorous odor that encompassed the air was probably playing tricks on me.

There it goes again, and it sounds like it is coming from where I'm sitting. I lifted myself up, turned around and looked into the toilet. All I saw was a mass quantity of dung--then it spoke. "Holy shit--uh I mean cow" I scowled "I've never heard 'shit talk' before." The stuff laughed, parted and words flowed like liquid. "Bad news my friend, places like this may have clean toilets but the food they serve don't help." Humm, I thought, "well, could you tell me something I don't know?" "That depends." "What do you mean?" " Well, do you like shit talk?" "I don't know, I've never heard it before." Well then, let me give you some advice before you wipe and flush."

"Ever since I was born I have been moving along. There was always one path to follow; yea, it was a long one but I was not able to change my course. You on the other hand have a multitude of paths and opportunities unlike myself. Yes, I did get things accomplished but had there been another path--who knows--I might not be here now. So when your finished remember to do what you like--what makes you happy. And if it makes you happy others will see that and thus be happy for you. So go off and follow any path you like, but make sure it is the path you

choose.”

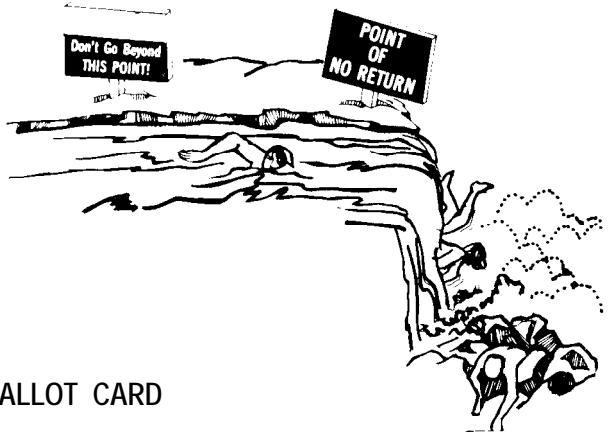
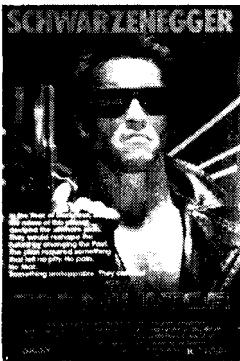
“Well, thanks a lot you piece of shit. I’ve never gotten good advice that came from an asshole before. “Well, its time for me into traverse to the unknown. So wipe and flush and good bye too you.” “I would kiss you but I think a subtle good bye will do in this case. So Good Bye-shithead.”

I wiped and flushed and saw my friend spin in circles till it was no more. In some ways I was glad and in others sad. Surly it was sad to see that big piece of shit go, but I was glad that it ‘left me’ with something.

Since that almost tragic day at McDonald’s I’ve heard lots of shit talk. Some worthy to note and others not so worthy. What ever the case I’ve never heard better shit talk then that day at McDonald’s. Advice I shall heed for as long as I can.

**‘It’s something
I really enjoy doing.
I know I would feel very
uncomfortable if I had to go
without it, even for a day.’**

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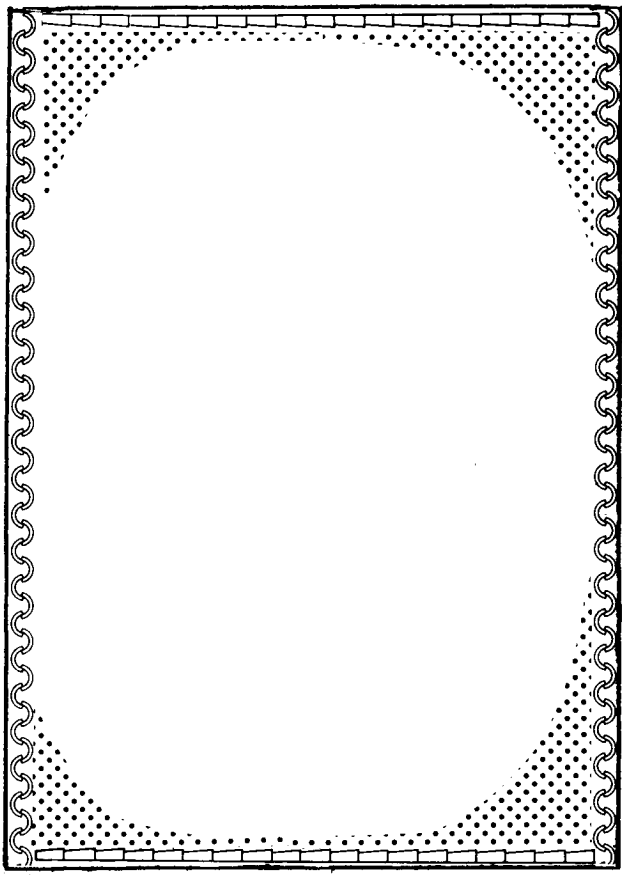
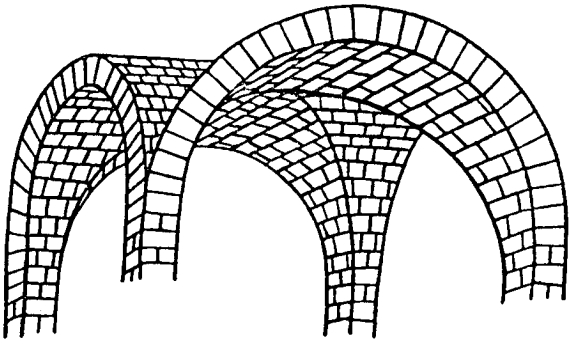
**PUNCH OUT BALLOT CARD
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NEVER WITH PEN OR PENCIL**

Its hard to be optimistic living in a pessimistic world.

10/28/90

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