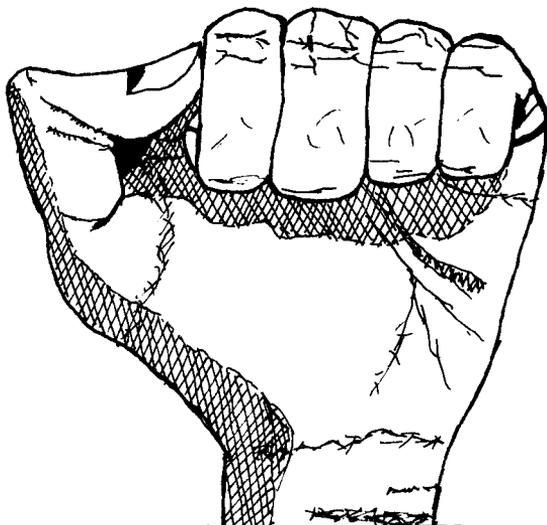


SUMMER 1991

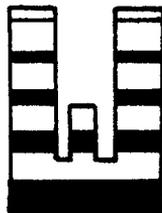
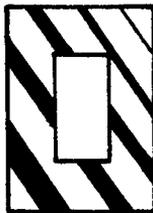
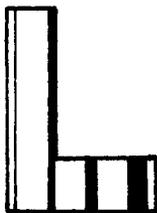
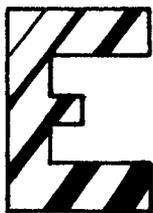
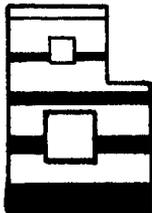
ISSUE # 3

take



control

take
control



one dollar



Holy Cow another issue of Fathoms Below is out. The miracles never stop do they. Yes, I do know that I have raised the price with each issue of this underground but I do intend to stick with this new "dollar" price. This price applies to anyone not receiving this issue in person--that price is only 50¢. However I do doubt my abilities to con the money off people I know. Ok, on with the show as it is not good to talk about money around certain individuals.

One of my favorite things about getting an Underground magazine is finding out what the editor has to say. These "real peoples" uncensored thoughts are sometimes the most exciting about the whole zine. Without an editors column the underground seems to lack the personality I seek. A interesting beginning will capture you audience and a decent ending shall keep them coming back for more. So all you editors out there keep the editorials rolling, and all you editors without columns well-- just do it.

Undergrounds with true stories capture my attention the easiest. Something to inform, educate, humor, and lift my spirits is what I look for and in fact try to accomplish with this zine. Sometimes it happens and sometimes it doesn't or won't.

Since I included a "Friendship Book" within the pages of this issue no music reviews or "One on One" interviews made their mark on this issue. As for the One on One (interview

with a "star") I wrote to: Jim Davis (3/18), Bill Waterson (2/15), Edie Brickell (2/14), Mr. Wizard (2/1), and Mike Peters (2/1). Thus far I have not received a reply (from my interview letter) from any of these people. Its a sad day in the neighborhood but there is not much I can do about it. Maybe I will switch to people into the underground where more success is likely.

There is always so much to say but never much room to say it in. I was thinking about talking about Socialism, Government, Hypocrites, Tactlessness, and so forth but it did not happen. All the better right? So what should I conclude with...how about: The tree of jealousy bears bitter fruit so don't put off your happiness, take control and live for today. Till Winter--Adios.

DAN WRIGHT
6/12/91

- LAST PRINTING 5/9/93

___ out of ~100

1

on the tube

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- ISSUE #3, JULY 1991, STILL A NON-PROFIT MAGAZINE.
 - REPRODUCING IN PART OR AS A WHOLE IS PERMISSIBLE-
SIMPLY GIVE CREDIT WHERE DUE.
 - IF THIS TV RESEMBLES THE ONE YOU HAVE THEN...
 - IM ALWAYS LOOKING FOR ART + STORY CONTRIBUTIONS.

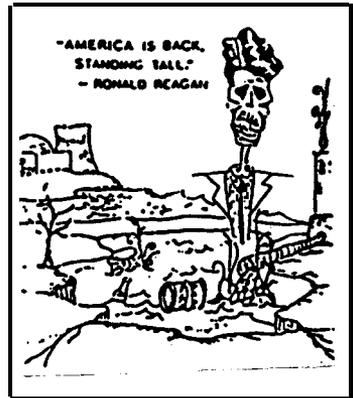
Causing a Commotion

The month of June is more than a third over as I write this next to last section. With no job or school to worry about it was quite easy to find the time to pound out this issue during May and June. Any zine requires many a day to put together and to you first timers, NO it is not as easy as it may seem. The outcome of all the work pays off when the final product is seen. I was amazed at how well the last issue turned out and hope the same for this issue.

This issue would not be what it is without the contributions of: Todd Andrews, Adam Bregman, Mike Diana, Jacob Feuerwerker, Ronald Edward Kittell, Lauren Redmond, Wendy Roque, Dave Szurek, and my sister for the many photo reductions done throughout the issue--hope you can read small print. An unknown contributor is Bill Watter-son who does the Calvin and Hobbes cartoon. The cartoons that appear throughout this issue were precisely picked by myself because his cartoons easily display my thoughts about the unknown. Read them and you will get the idea. Next in line to thank are all the people who contributed to the friendship book I mailed out--muchos gracias. Finally, I would like to thank all those I trade(d) and those that request copies because without these people this underground would be buried. [How about that pun.]

Then next subject at hand is the dedication of this latest issue of Fathoms Below. This issue is thus dedicated to all those people in the back of the line who never get a break, who have no such thing as luck and who never seem to be happy. My advice to you is to live for today and be happy--do the things you like now not tomorrow! An excellent book everyone should read is "Straight A's Never Made Anybody Rich" by Wess Roberts.

Next on the agenda is printing. Sounds like an easy task huh. Well I ended up checking with over 30 printing places to get a decent price for offset printing. I got upset when one place sent back a reply "Thank you for your inquiry, however the publication you described is not something that would be of interest to..." And so the ball continues to bounce but in what direction? Offset or photocopying, that is the question. Can you tell which I choose?



letters

It looked like it might turn out to be just silly giggling stuff--but then some parts turned unexpectedly philosophical. Stuff like "Our Numbered Days" were what I liked best about FATHOMS BELOW. And among the various possible titles you considered, I would agree that FATHOMS BELOW was the best.

--Rick Howe (Crosscurrents/Comix Relay)

FATHOMS BELOW is one strange magazine, so I'm happy to be a part of it. And as usual I love the 25 word reviews. Keep it up. It's fun and you'll eventually make the FBI files (if you haven't already). "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" was a highlight.

--John Benson

You did a very good job in all aspects of creating the piece [FB#2]! I am confused by your attitude towards poetry being a degrading factor in a zine; and if you think FATHOMS BELOW is "just another entry to your 'Namefame' collection"--I think I can survive without it.

--Paul Weinman (Whiteboy)

I feel that allowing poetry to consume more and more of the pages of FB would in fact make the zine less pleasing by destroying the zine's original intentions. I never intended nor will allow this zine to become more poetry oriented than a couple pages and that is final. Sometimes, maybe it is better not to express your true thoughts because not only may they be wrong but the hurt it can cause others might come back to haunt you. --DW

FATHOMS BELOW has a very strange feel to it--honest and bizarre. It's like a diary, with all those little images scattered throughout.

--John Porcellino (Cehsoikoe)

Esp liked "The Simple Old Man" and Quiz.

--Joe Workman (Funny Pages)

Thanks for sending me FATHOMS BELOW [#2]. I read it cover to cover and enjoyed the majority of the contents--especially the interview.

--Michelle Marr (Dark Tome)



I liked the Calvin and Hobbes cartoon. It's all so true. Your article, "Worry Not" may seem to be a bit harsh but in reality it's the truth. Anyways, I agree with what you had written, life goes on. I was especially interested in reading Adam Bregman's "My Generation is so [Fucking] Cool." "Trial by Jury" was a cool article. I liked reading your interview. Mike Diana's art was weird as usual. That story "The Simple Old Man" was great. Dave Szurek always has interesting and insightful things to say. I'd like to see more articles by Dave. Looking forward to next issue.

--Joe O. (Fans of Horror)

"The Vote No Campaign"--excellent idea! And why not? "Trial by Jury"--enjoyable, fascinating reading. So! You have a criminal record! Who bailed you out? Are you on parole? Don't tell me--"Mike" is studying to be a doctor. Am I right? FB#2 definitely, definitely does look more professional than FB#1.

--Todd Andrews

Mike is not a doctor and I've never been to jail for committing any crime. --DW

He he, a definately original magazine. I'll say that much.

--C. Muns

Hi, thankx for your zine! Hey, don't you go to the college where that murderer was killing girls [and one guy] and everyone was packing up and going home? Just wondering.

--Monica (Gothic)

Why yes, and everyone on the outside still has the nerve to call the University of Florida a party school. Go figure that one out. --DW

Sounds interesting... Looking forward to [FB#2].

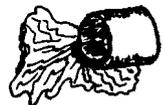
--Bill Kidder

He isn't kidding, it is interesting. --DW

FATHOMS BELOW sounds pretty darned interesting to me!

--Craig Michaels (Bellywash)

It is kind of sad because the ones who say my zine is interesting before they get it usually have no comment after they get it, now isn't that interesting? --DW



Thank you for sending me the FATHOMS BELOW. You did a great job on the stories. I especially liked your poem "Why is it this way?" How true, so true!

--Daniel Melton

Currently there are certain fanzine editors who complain about limited response, but don't even bother to run lettercols. Doesn't give much encouragement or incentive does it? I don't know about you, Dan, but I, for one, place far greater importance on text than graphics and so far, it appears that the majority of my readers do as well. FB#2 was another interesting issue. The letter snippets were a bit overly abbreviated--not even a whole sentence.

I'm not offended, but I do feel you wasted a page and that the results don't make much sense. Sorry, but I advocate exercise of voting rights. I'd rather that future ONE ON ONES concentrate on members of fandom, rather than on famous people. You can tell [Adam Bregman] that he was singled out for praise. I'm sure there are readers who'd like to see what you look like.



--Dave Szurek (Weird City)

Dave is currently a regular contributor to FB for who knows what reason, but I'm happy. He likes to write massive letters and works. What do you think of this lettercol Dave? I'm sorry you did not see the humor in the last issues snippets. I, on the other hand, feel a combination of text interwoven with graphics provides the best reading enjoyment. Exercise your voting rights and vote NO to BUSH in '92. OK? Satisfied Dave. --DW

Nowadays it seems that zines are like opinions, everybody has one. Speaking of opinions here is mine about your zine [FB#1]. In general I liked it and found it interesting to read. The layout was really good.



--Dave White

Thanks for sending FB#2 I enjoyed it and it smelled good, sorta like a man's cologne.

--Wendy Roque

Did anyone else notice that I scented the last zine with Fathoms cologne? --DW

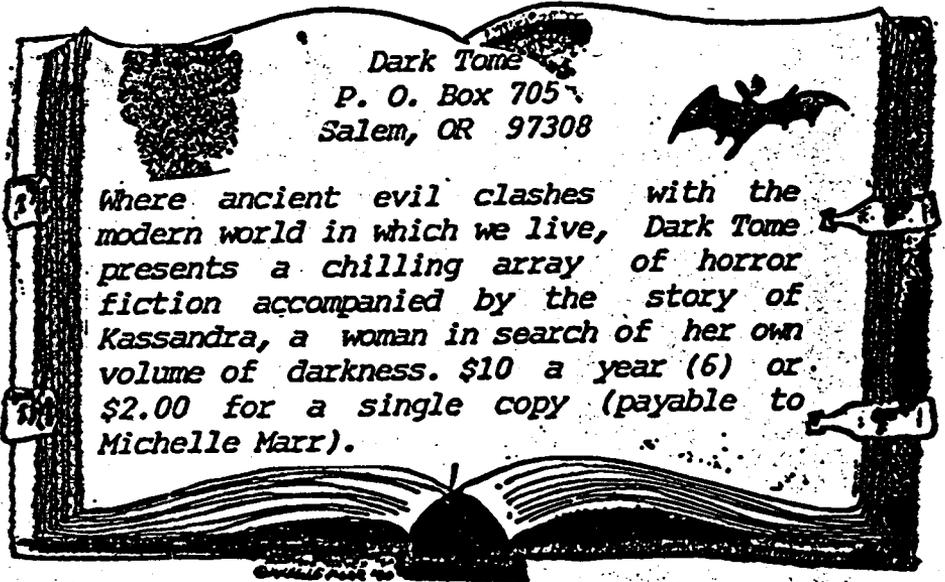
Congratulations on your latest issue and the FF review.

--Richard Eldridge

To be perfectly honest; I can't see where exactly you are trying to go with FATHOMS BELOW. I like the generous amount of humor in it. I was able to see that you are attempting to work from the Anarchist perspective on things. But it appears that you are unsure where to proceed with the Anarchist philosophy.

--Jacob Feuerwerker

Did someone say Anarchy? Accept FB anyway you like, I'm not telling. I hope everyone enjoys this issue as much as will have been put into it in order for it to be produced. Yes, a lot. My purpose is to excite, inform, and laugh by providing a diverse range of material. If unsatisfied then speak your piece. Many happy returns to all. --DW



Dark Tome
P. O. Box 705
Salem, OR 97308

Where ancient evil clashes with the modern world in which we live, **Dark Tome** presents a chilling array of horror fiction accompanied by the story of **Kassandra**, a woman in search of her own volume of darkness. \$10 a year (6) or \$2.00 for a single copy (payable to **Michelle Marr**).



THINK FOR YOURSELF



Best wishes,

JIM DAVIS

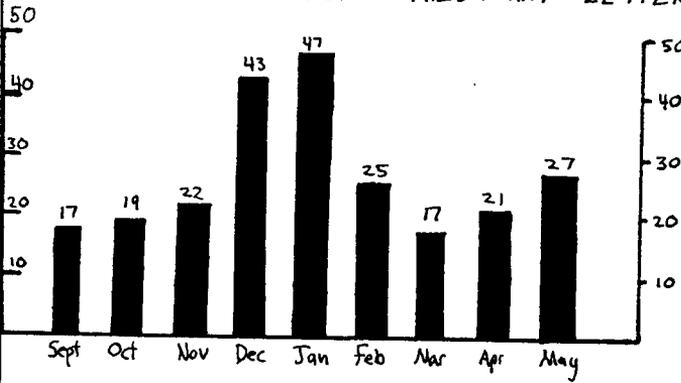
statistics

I know everybody likes this stuff so I figured I would include some statistics in this issue - LET'S REVEAL THE TRUTH! OK, the figures below are not "100%" but damn well near. Accept it anyway you want. 5/23/91

FOR FB #2:	PRINTING COSTS + SUPPLIES:	\$ 59.56
	MAILING COSTS (46)	: \$ 30.80
	HANDED OUT (6)	: \$ 0.00
	TRADED/PAID	: \$ 64.00
	NET LOSS	<u>: \$ 23.36</u>

- 15 issues were given out for free - i.e. no payment/trade.
- 798 of the copies went to males, 218 to females.
- Copies distributed between JAN 10 until MAY 7.
- Fifty-Two (52) copies were printed + distributed.

FOR THOSE THAT CARE WHAT WE HAVE BELOW IS MY MAIL OUTPUT BETWEEN SEPT, 8 1990 UNTIL MAY 23 1991. EACH MONTH CONTAINS AT LEAST THIS MANY LETTERS SENT.



The only reflecting some people do is in the mirror.
— Lanora Tomalin

- A total of 238 mailings in a little over 8 months.
- Most mailings in a single day 15 on Jan 8.
- Most consecutive days for sending out mail April 4-9.
- If you expect a response from me and don't get one then something is wrong - check it out.



Now you can be confident you'll get the best price even after you've made your purchase.

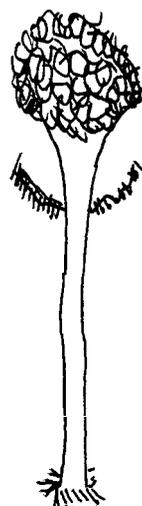
friendship book

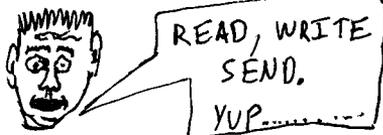
Instead of making a Few copies and sending my friendship book to those who contributed I figured I would include it with this issue of FATHOMS BELOW for others to see. On December 12, 1990 I created the friendship book, and sent it to John Porcellino. By standard deductions I assumed the book went in the following direction: me-John Porcellino-Kathryn Seckman-Oberc-Paul Weinman-Cynde Moya-Spartacus-D.M.-Todd Andrews-TAP-then back to me. It seems between K.A. Seckman, Oberc, and Paul Weinman two months passed. Someones a real slacker out there, wonder who?

I expected the book to reach more people than it did and also to not depend so much on the address I supplied. The original book was 12 standard pages--all filled. I decided to type most of it to condense it so please excuse me if I butchered your piece--it was unavoidable. So this my friends is a friendship book with a little less color and a little more legibility. It consumes the next several pages.



**I try to take it one
day at a
time...every day
I'm grateful that I
have another day
to live.**





DEC 12, 1990

GREETINGS,

The item you have here is known as a 'FRIENDSHIP BOOK.' Well at least that is what the writer of PUNK PALS would call it. Its purpose is to be passed around until full and then sent back to the one who initiated it(me).H

This is my first attempt at doing a 'FRIENDSHIP BOOK' so I do not know the success rate of it being returned. If statistics hold true the odds of it not being returned will increase by 1/3 for each person that gets it. But, all things considered lets hope that doesn't prove true.0

Ok, I'm sending this out hoping people will write or draw something. Please, try to include the date, who you got this from, your name an address, and anything else you feel like saying. If your looking for a penpal or someone to trade tapes with then say so.P

If you don't know who to send this to then try an address I put on the back, but cross it out if you do. If this gets sent back to me and you want a copy of the results then state so (i.e. COPY)--If you do your part Ill do mine. One more thing, try to get this back to me by my birthday--March 31, 1991...Thanks to all.E

DAN WRIGHT

[PAGE 1]

Name: Dan Wright, 1320 N.W. 76th Ave. Plantation, FL

I wrote this and hope it gets returned to me when full. Sent out Dec. 12, 1990--During Dead week at my college. This is my 3rd year. I have done a zine--FATHOMS BELOW and plan to release #2 JAN 10, 1991. Im always looking for penpals or people to write to. I write, draw, listen to modern rock, play drums(sometimes), hack on my C-128, build stuff and a few other things. It will probably cost around 25-45¢ to mail this--please do. Your contribution will make this a success--or failure. Enough for me, not its your turn.....OUTTA SITE *Dan Wright*

[PAGE 1 CONT]

FLIPPER RULES

John Porcellino

1954 Brookside Lane

Hoffman Estates, IL 60194



Hello--I'm 22 recently graduated from Northern ILL University with a B.F.A. I do 2 books regularly--Cehsoikoe fart 'N' pometry mag which is quarterly (next issue january) and King-Cat comix (approx monthly). My guitars are an 88 telecaster and early 60's(60-64) Fender Duesonic, late 60's Teisco DelRey (piece of shit but good for butthole sufers type noises) if I had the money I suppose next I'd head out and get a Ricken Backer semi-hollow in either black or sunburst orange, or a Jazz-master or 50's Strat in, like, fiesta red, anyhow, god bless america and let's get this show on the road--yours, J.P.

Rec'D Sat 12/15

Sent out Mon. 12/17

PEACE!

P.S. Please send copy.

~~S
 H X C
 1/2~~



PAGE 2



mi gato

es negro

[my cat is blk]

¿Quien es

la bella?

[Who is the beautiful girl]

¿Quien es el

Faliz?

[Who is the

happy one?]

K.A. SECKMAN

155 W. Foxhill DR.

Buffalo Grove, IL 60089

[*much edited due to space.*]



And
by Oberon
Goddamnit God
You might give life
But you take it away
At your own
Convenience....

Paul Weinman

WHITE BOY WANTS
2 HELP DAN WRIGHT
IN HIS ATTEMPT AT
A FRIENDSHIP BK

- A. but will odds in-crease 1/3 4 each/every person?
- B. he's 5th person!
- C. meaning chances r 1 out of 213 that Dan will make enemies!!!

EVER--RADICAL WB
BREAKS ODDS--WINS
FREE TRIP 2 LAS
VEGAS WHERE HE
LOSES SHIRT, VIR-
GINITY, ALL MARBLES
AND COMPLETE CONFI-
DENSE IN G. BUSH.

Cynde Moya

e Cj

dyna Mo a ny

My Code

Hi out there in mail-land! My name is various as are my organizations. I am currently seeking jackalope-related materials, sending cheap, ugly watches (for a buck and a couple of stamps,

ugliness will vary...) and trying to get into the graduate school of Library and Informationa Sciences at UCLA. Seems all that degree in History plus typing 70 WPM gets is me FIREd--but hey, I can use the slack, & this time I get unemployment \$!! Hah! Shordvrpersav. Enjoy! (Rec'd Fri Feb 22, sent Sat Feb 23)



CYNDE MOYA

ORDINARY RESEARCH ARCHIVES

513 WILSHIRE, #204

SANTA MONICA, CA 90401



Memphis, Sunday March 3rd 1991 (8:10 AM)

Greetings and Salutations--

Well well well!!! This is a pretty neat little thing I've been asked to participate in: Id better make this good. Ok, my name is Spartacus, and my pseudo-political/religious/poetry rant-zine is called TFYS (but a friendship book aint really the place for an ad, is it?) I feel honored to be included in this endeavor: first time Ive ever encountered anything like it. Like I said, my nom de plume is Spartacus (AKA spike, Sid, Mick, General Zod and the "communist/Nazi/Antichrist" according to my highschool principal). Im 25 years old, still a (ugh!!) freshman at MSU, majoring in Anthropology (but I plan to switch to Journalism (?) next semester). I like a lotta different kinds of music (Pistols, Pixies, Kate Bush, Anti-Nowhere-League, Suzanne vega): anything that GRABS me, really. Writer-wise, Im into R.A. Wilson, P.K. Dick, R. Chandler, J. Kerouae and etc. Poetry-wise, I really dig the Beats--Ginsberg, Corso, Kerouac(agin), Ferlinghett, etc (speaking of writer-poets, theres a cat up in Wisconsin by the name of Jeffery Lewis, who just may be THE most important human being on the planet. Check out his stuff in DHORMA COMBAT or TFYS).

Aside from that, I dont really know what else to say, Dan. If EVER you are in Mempho-10, feel free to crash at me an my girl-friends place (we live in a warzone known as Birghampton (if police sirens, baying hounds, creaky old houses and drug-dealers shoot-outs turn ya on, its the place for you!!!) See ya, man. I'll send ya TFYS 10 in about 2 weeks. Take it easy (but take it!!!)

P.S.--thankx for the kind review in FB

SPARTACUS

Im running yer add in #10

P.O. BOX 22551

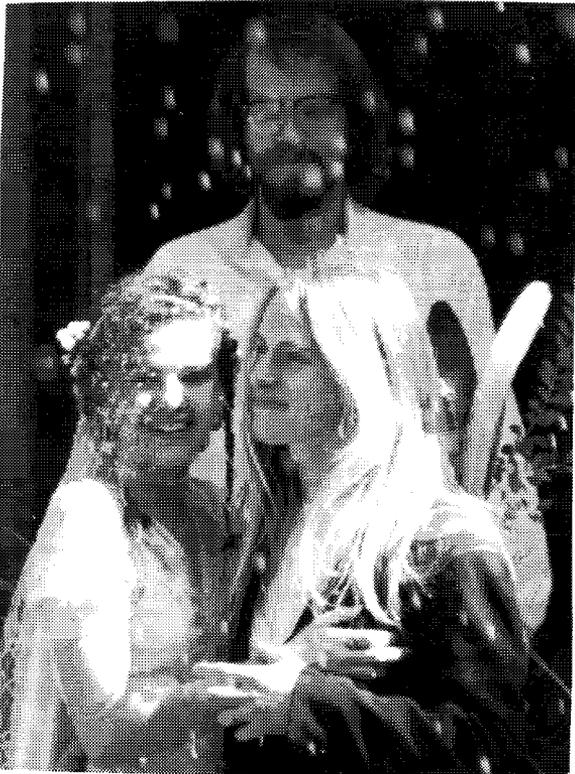
PPS--Please send me a copy of this when finished.

Memphis, TN 38122-0551



my new tattoo! Meats hah →

PAGE 5



Fuck this
Occult shit, Betty!!
Let's
motorvate!!!!



REVEREND SPARTACUS PERFORMING
KELLY AND ERIC'S WEDDING
CERMONY IN STOVALL, MISSISSIPPI.
(ON THE WEEKEND OF THE BLUES
FESTIVAL
... and remember, **EDDIE ALIEN** sez: IN
HELENA)

☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞
☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞
☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞



But She-ra!!!
What about
Spartacus'
entry?



[PAGE 6]

Dear Danny,

Hope this gets to you by your birthday. Happy Birthday!!! Your getting pretty old! ha ha. Just Kidding--DM

3/9/91--received today from Daniel Melton.



God is the only way!

I might seem a little out of place here, but its the truth; and I pray that someday the world will understand!



Greetings Danny!

Gee, this is a neat

idea--I've only heard about friendship booklets once (last weekend in fact but this is the first time I've ever done one. If you plan to do another, count me in. Guess I'll include some neat stickers and stampings: [Included were some stars and rubber stampings--I included two star and the US flag, stampings are nonrepo]



Thank God the war in the Gulf is over!

GO Army!



I am 26 (will be 27 in 2 days) and enjoy writing letters, you may not get a response sooner than 30 days though. I usually use my commodore PC10-1 to write letters, because my handwriting is so TERRIBLE! [PAGE 7] I would like a copy of this when it's done. Oh, page 5 was apparently a separate sheet of paper from Spartacus, so I wrote the '5' in the lower left. It also come to me with scotch tape on its backside, which I removed most of and replaced with 2 staples...I'm a big, big fan of the STARMAN movie and TV series (series ran '86-'87) and belong to a large STARMAN fan group. If anyone else enjoyed the movie/series write me and I'll put you in contact with the right person to contact. If you want to contact me in a computer network, I can be reached at: CompuServe--71601,2412 DELPHI--TANDREWS Genie--T.ANDREWS1 QLINK--MistrSpok and soon to be on Prodigy, I hope... FB#1 and #2 are Terrific! Say, this would be a good way to start a Soap Opera--"As the page turns..." Hope this is readable. [believe me, it was tough to interpret.]

[PAGE 7 CONT]

I'll be mailing this Saturday (Friday, 3/9/91) after-noon. [Paul Weinman's name was crossed out when I got this--FYI] I'm on Qlink weekly and the others monthly. Enjoy your new year Danny! Until next time...Blue Lights! Todd Andrews, Box 412, Wilder, VT 05088

[PAGE 8]

3-19-91 Well it looks as I am the last one and there are a few blank pages left to fill so I will try my best. Many handles and alias names I hide behind. Mostly because I am a computer hacker and phone phreak. I also consider myself somewhat Anarchist/Radical. I run a BBS at 502/499-8933 feel free to call anytime you have a computer handy. My most common names are Ed White and Chuck Wilson by computer handle, publicly known is Predator. Dan I lived in Plantation from May 1975 to Thanksgiving Day 1978. My address was 880 S.W. 50th Ave. Been a long time since I've seen the old neighborhood. Last I heard the house [PAGE 9] was being used by crack dealers and a few people were shot. I am editor and publisher of TAP Magazine. TAP was started in 1971 by Abbie Hoffman and Al Bell. It is for computer hackers and phone phreaks mainly. I am starting a magazine called "Amerika" it is an open forum but would like it to be stories or views from Americans on America. I am planning on sending a copy of each issue to contributors and also burying each issue for future discovery so people will know what life was like in our place in history. I may also float a few down the OHIO river and see what happens. I like most types of music ranging from pop to speed metal to Rap to Classical. Anything but country! I will trade CD's or copies of [PAGE 10] tapes if anyone is interested. I have a collection of bootleg live tapes mostly of KISS on audio and video. I also have many files for the IBM if someone wants to trade those also. I'm male, 23 years old. Attend the Univ. of Louisville. I am a junior Biology major. Never married, yet you can reach me at: P.O. BOX 20264 Louisville, KY 40250. I would like a copy of this and also place me on any type of mailing list anyone, someone. The highlight of my day is getting the mail, ha!

This was sent to me from Todd Andrews and is now going back to Dan ASAP. One last thing.

[PAGE 10 CONT]

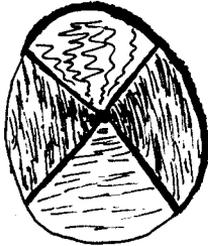
Put my best friend on any mailing lists, he is in the NAVY and was also in the GULF WAR. HM3 Mark Chasteen, Medical Dept., USS Midway CU-41, FPO San Fran, CA 96631-2710.

[The last PAGE]

May everyone have a good life and enjoy it while you can. Our freedom we have in america is something never to be taken for granted. Always express yourself through speech and writing and let no man CENSOR your personal thoughts or beliefs because he finds them to his dislikings.

[The last half of the last page had a picture of a sky (non-reproducible) and the following sentence: "The SKY is not a limit"]

--Six address that people could have sent this friendship book to; all were used.



Prizon what a Bogus concept man HUH Later DUDE ▽ wow
6



Prizon Barf

IS FREEDOM
FREEDOM WHEN
YOU BECOME
RICH AND SOME
ONE BECOMES
POOR? FREEDOM
MEANS EQUALITY,
NOT CAPITALISM.



HERES FIVE - YOU CAN'T SPEND!

With another Fathom Below comes another ZINE review but... I received over 45 zines since the last issue of FB and realized it would be futile to review them all, anyways that is why there is FACTSHEET FIVE. Actually I don't have the space nor words to give that many reviews so I will give a review of a few (10-13) and list the rest. If you would like to know the address of anyone listed (where not stated) drop me a line and I will supply it. My apologies to the Zine editors who's addresses are not listed. The zines listed are varied and do not necessarily represent the "best" of the ones gotten.

BABY SUE (P.O. Box 1111, Decatur, GA 30031-1111)\$1.50

Larger press run than FF, very TRAGIC humor here, so sick many times it is not funny. (20-Digest)

BELLYWASH #1 (Craig Michaels, P.O. Box 151481, Altamonte Springs, FL 32715)\$1.50

Nice layout on Macintosh, interesting stuff abound.(18)

FANS OF HORROR #10 (Joe Olszewski, 2802 Shelly Road, Philadelphia, PA 19152)\$2

Stuff dealing with the horror film genre. (36-Standard)

FUNNY PAGES (Joe Workman, P.O. Box 317025, Dayton, OH 45431)

Two dollars will get you 10 pages worth of many laughs.

One liners, and some art, and long jokes--funny stuff.

FACTSHEET FIVE (Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer NY 12144-4502)\$3.75

Over 100 pages full of reviews of underground sources.

INFOCULT #2 (Johnny Walsh, P.O. Box 3124, East Hampton, NY 11937)\$2

Good strange stuff. Exploring hocus-pocus stuff.(24)

LITTLE FREE PRESS (Ernest Mann, Rt. 1 Box 102, Cushing, MN 56443)\$.29 (Postage)

Ernest is fighting for all that is just--freedom for all.

OBSCURE (Jim Romenesko, P.O. Box 1334, Milwaukee, WI 53201)

One dollar brings you 10 pages of stuff dealing with the various people involved in the underground. Wild stuff.

PUSH BUTTON CONTROLLER #1 (The EcoFarm, 123 Saratoga Road, Box 128, Glenville, NY 12302)\$3

Pictures, comics, rants, and various interesting stories.

SCRIBBLE UNLIMITED PRESENTS #7 (P.O. Box 415 Rutherford, NJ 07070)\$1

Rants, stories, facts, poems, etc. Different, but fun.

TAP (P.O. Box 20264, Louisville, KY 40250-0264)\$2

Nothing fancy, just information to help you out. Mainly for hackers, phone phreakers and such. Watch out!

TFYS #10 (P.O. Box 22551, Memphis, TN 38122-0551)\$2

Spartacus wraps up TFYS with this issue after not being able to change the world. Intersting stories throughout.

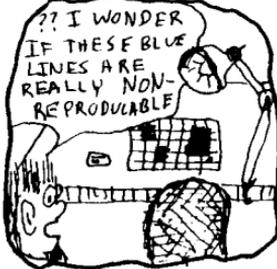
Other zines I received include: Adventures in Monogamy, Alien Zine #12, The Altruist Mystic #2, ...And When There's Darkness #5, The Australian Expatriate #9, Badly Drawn Comix #3, Calvin & Candy #1, Catharsis, Ceasoikoe #11, CLOT, Comix Relay, Crosscurrent, Dark Tome #6, Departure #4, Envision Life Free, FYI #5, For Your Skull, Funhouse Mirror, Hardware, Harsh Reality Music, K3, Little Skulls Bay-Bee, Marktime #1, Moon Magazine, Noisy Concept, No Longer Silent #3, NWIA, The Obligator, Postcard Examiner, Roller Sports Report, Rough Draft, They Wont Stay Dead #13, The Torch, Twilight of the Idols #2, The Village Idiot #13, and Weird City #2. I enjoy them all, and yes, I do read the WHOLE thing.

PRINTING PROBLEMS

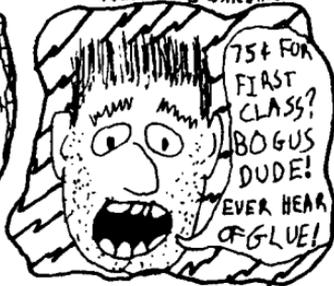
PAN WRIGHT (JUNE 11, 1991)



LAYOUT PROBLEMS [AND YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD IT TOUGH]



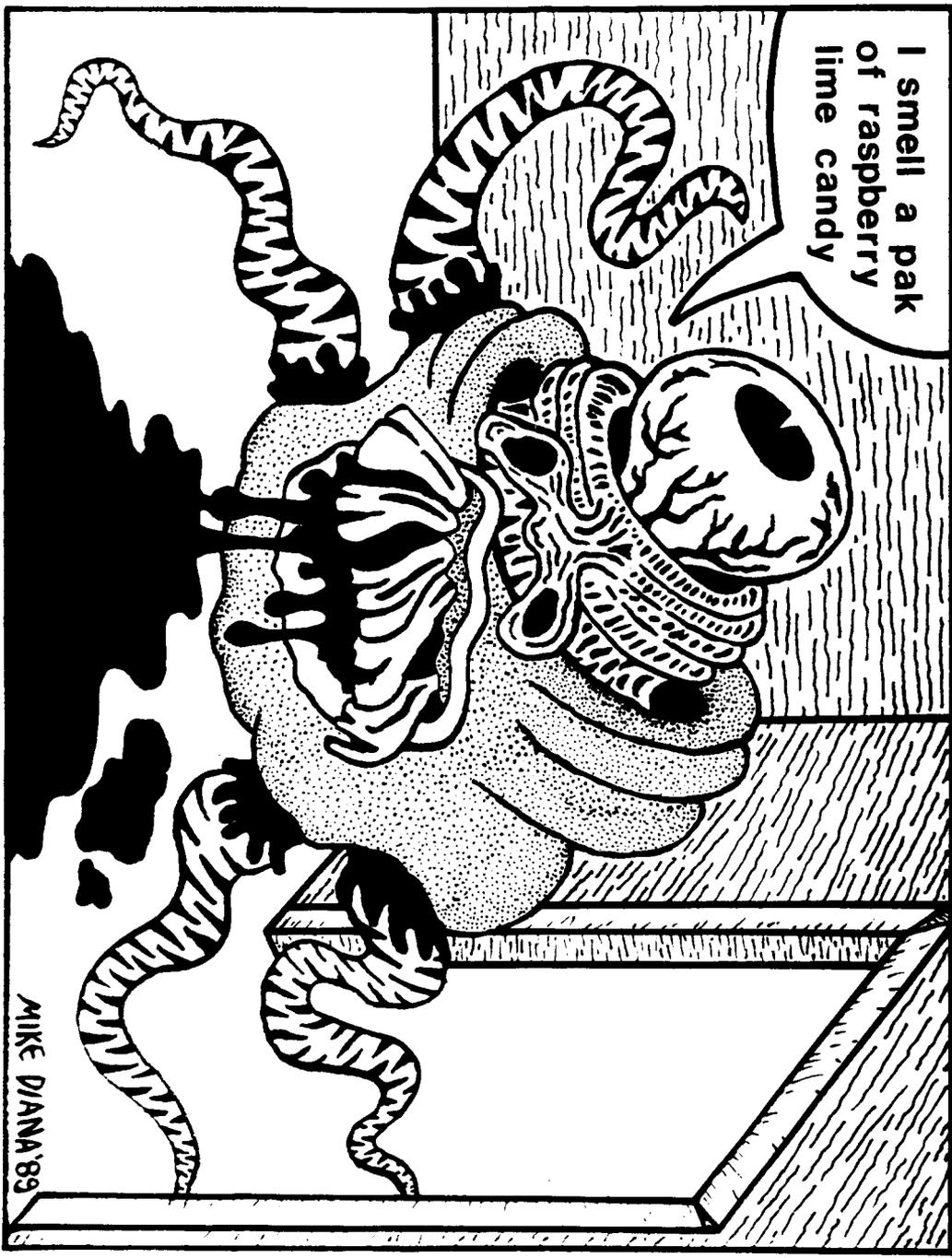
MAILING PROBLEMS



MISCELLANEOUS PROBLEMS



I smell a pak
of raspberry
lime candy



MIKE DIANA '89

Fear and Loathing in the Land That Time Forgot

--Dave Szurek--

In Summer of 1990, I emigrated from Detroit to the land where time stood still, a string of Washington small towns called Gray's Harbor County. Surprisingly primitive and backward for the era, largely rural and located in the Columbia Basin, near the Pacific Ocean, bordering on Oregon and isolated from any major Washington cities. Gray's Harbor's main industries are logging and to a slightly lesser extent, the maritime vocations, both of which are economically suffering right now. By rights, that should make work done at the unemployment and welfare office a priority. But remember, this is the tough Pacific Northwest settled by macho burly John Wayne impersonators who don't accept handouts, so no way. Those with jobs in things like the mental health professions are often looked down upon as "pencil pushing eggheads" by other than their peers, and believe it or not-local government still worries about the Red Menace.(although, in all fairness, the latter doesn't seem a major concern of those outside of government.)

I reside in the Grays Harbor community of Aberdeen--I know, you thought that was in Scotland, didn't you?--once a headquarters of The Wooblies but also of those who persecuted and even murdered them, once the home of Native Americans, but also that of racists who trampled them underfoot. The Indians left in Gray Harbor frequently take on the role played by blacks in Detroit. Well, don't get me too wrong, there are good things and bad things about the area. One can go out after dark without undue worry over being mugged or assaulted even in the "poorer" sections, the "volunteer" spirit is fairly strong which is a good thing since the government seems to have abdicated it's social responsibility (and luckily, the volunteers also seem to be the more left leaning members of the community, and the almost inescapable sight of hills and rivers is still breath-taking after all this time.(Unfortunately, some sections of Aberdeen, itself, are impractically built on steep terrain. Scaling hills to visit a friend is not my idea of fun.) Visually, this is beautiful country.

But whatever one can say good or bad about Gray's Harbor County itself, I've developed a severely disturbing phobia since being here. I know it's a classic "phobia" (as opposed to the "loose meaning" of the word) because not only is it more utterly paralyzing than anything else I've ever known, including items with a real, concrete, tangible element of jeopardy, but I fully recognize the absurd irrationality. Nor have I been able to analyze it's cause while personal experience has proven to me that it had not yet been born as little as a year and a half ago.

I've been in situations where guns were flying around, witnessed the end of the world while high on LSD, but fear never struck out as much as crossing bridges over bodies of

I like it when others are in the same boat as I, that way I know how they feel. --DW 4/24/91

If at first you don't succeed, try a grin.

--Wendy Roque

water. Doesn't make sense I know, but step foot on one of those things and as calm and relaxed as I might have been beforehand, an acute anxiety attack zeros in from out of the blue. I don't have a vision of anything bad befalling me, but a sense of overwhelming dread attacks, dizziness overtakes and in a matter of seconds, the "physical" manifestations occur: blurring of vision, impaired hearing, the feeling that coordination is vanishing entirely, finally a lack of cooperation between mind and body. Regardless of how strong my resolve, the brain says move forward, but my legs either move backward as if possessing a will of their own or simply undergo paralysis, refusing to do anything, whatsoever. My brain issues the same order again and



WELL, THIS MORNING I DID. BIG DEAL! THEY SMELLED LIKE A BUNCH OF DUMB FLOWERS! IT WAS THE MOST MUNDANE EXPERIENCE I'VE EVER HAD!



the same form of disobedience is the result. I leave the bridge, generally without crossing it as I can't get that far, generally walking backwards as that's often the only way I can ambulate in such a situation and the tension vanishes almost instantly, the physical symptoms abruptly lift and relaxation returns, as if the opposite had never been around. Take it from me--the first time this happened, I was incredibly freaked out! A second later, I tried again. Instant replay! Had to wait for a bus to show up and transport me across. (Curiously, I do not experience any of the same panic if in a vehicle, no, not even a vague sense of unease.) This has taught me more than any textbook, the deepest, truest meaning of the word "phobia." I have tried to conquer this several times, all to no avail because I've stated, the body shuts down.

In most parts of the country, this complaint would be relatively small potatoes. The more superficial solution would be obvious--simply avoid bridges. In Grays Harbor County, however, it is well-nigh impossible to travel more than a couple of blocks without encountering one of those structures, many of them impractically narrow. Little kids fearlessly drive their bikes across them--people simply hang out on them, sporadically turning for a casual glance over the side. I observe and hate them. More annoying is the simplistic attitude of the locals when it is revealed that such a complex exists. Rationalize the fear away and it's stupid to let it still exist. Well, maybe it is, but it's unbelievable that people in the twentieth century still see the issue as all that black and white. (and yet, I've observed an equally incomprehensible collective phobia of inclement weather around here. Raindrops fall or the temperature drops to 35 F and it looks like a "crowd panics" scene from a 50's monster movie.)

The phobia has caused me some psychic pain. It has interfered with mobility to some extent and has even cost me one job prospect. I've had nightmare fantasies of Aberdeen being evacuated and I unable to get out because in order to do so, I'd have to cross a bridge. I do not generally think of

Friends come and go, but enemies accumulate.
--Thomas F. Jones

myself as a nervous sort, or even consider myself as having achieved some measure of inner peace (seriously disturbed when --well, its obvious) and possessing fairly decent powers of self analysis--most of the time. The root of this phobia has me totally stumped, however, and to a limited extent, that has eaten away self-esteem and confidence in my powers on introspection. Could bridges possibly represent Washington in my sub-conscious? Since I have to live here for at least a little while longer, I hope not. I have finally submitted to outpatient psychoanalysis to help me answer the nagging question. Actually, the shrink suspects this is a delayed reaction to an automobile accident I had in high school. However, I still fail to see the connection--the accident didn't occur on a bridge, by the way--and besides, it doesn't ring true.



8. The Lion Gate after the restoration of its facade. Through the gate can be seen Wall H and the Ramp I which led to the Palace

Life is a Joke



Comics/Writings/Stuff

#5 (How to Survive)

#4 (Nothing is Sacred)

pamphlets

(Null, Blackwall, Void)

- Postcards (5)

- MiniPoster

\$1 each Postpaid

RESIDENT

2288 Hawk

Simi Valley CA 93065

Revised golden rule #2

Those who have the gold
make the rules.

Speak the truth, but leave immediately after.

--Slovenian proverb

Ritual de Habitual

--Dan Wright--

When was the last time you heard the truth? I mean the real truth and not some twisted tale in a bias way? The answer is, strangely enough, not very often and if for sane reason you do not believe me then your only lying to yourself. We all lie to ourselves to keep us going from day to day. "Tomorrow will be different." "It's not my fault." "Things can't get any worse." "You'll be alright." "It's ok, trust me."

Everyday we trick ourselves into thinking things will be different or will only get better. Sometimes they do and sometimes they don't. It is unfortunate that we hide behind the truth and build our society up on lies because then we have to keep on lying to keep everything together. We hide our feelings, our fears, our failures and everything that could consider us a "bad" person in societies eyes.

Lets cover it up or pretend it never existed and people will never know about it thus everybody will be happy. That is the wrong attitude to take because once the covering up starts deeper holes have to be dug to cover up the new stuff. We dig our own hole by not exposing the truth ourselves and when someone else discovers our lies they bury us right in the hole we dug. Unfortunately the lies don't always get caught and the crime continues to build.

Where does everything come together then? Why are things this way and will they ever change?

Everything seems to come together when man evolved. Natural process of evolution, aliens, or did God bring us here? The answer to that will go unanswered for eternity I'm afraid, but at least were here--right?

So we are here on this planet we call Earth and we "evolve," cities get built and we end up where we are today, with 5+ billion people and a shitty-ass life for most. A few have hoarded the wealth, depriving others and telling lies while their at it.

What man has done is to create structure out of chaos--something out of nothing. We get up, take a shower, eat breakfast, go to work, work, come home, eat dinner, go out, watch TV, and sleep. Day after day after day. Living it is called to some and working to others. Everything seems to boil down to one thing--rituals. Do something in a certain way and you have a ritual. Doing this ritual over and over again until you can't stop and you have a habit. Our society is so "structured" that these rituals that turn into habits are common place.

By a habit I mean something that is done quite often and can not be stopped easily. Some common habits are: Smoking, biting finger or toe nails, cracking knuckles, gambling, drinking alcohol, and so on. These are quite "bad" habits but are nothing compared to the obscure ones many have had and do have.

Sometimes a habit will get so out of hand it becomes an obsession and people who are unfortunate enough to "possess" this have a disease known as the Obsessive Compulsive Disorder (OCD). **NEXT->**

What the hell happened to the good ole music review section? Sorry to say it but it was deep-sixed--at least for this issue due to lack of white space. The artist that would have been review include: The Band of Holy Joy, Camouflage, Dead Kennedys Depeche Mode, Edie Brickell & New Bohemians, Madonna, The Meatmen, Nena, and XTC. Ten albums would have been reviewed. The most outstanding album (single acutally) would have gone to the Band of Holy Joy--TACTLESS. This is the kind of music review many of you probably enjoy. Short and Sweet.

And as Bush (on SNL) would say--It's BAD!

Hand washing is the most prominent example. A person who has OCD will spend literally hours a day washing their hands if that is the habit they are lucky enough to "possess." Always feeling like you have to take a shit, doing things in a certain order, or anything that seems to be "obscure" and burn tons of time that can not be easily controlled fits this OCD categorization. More people have this disease than we realize simply because society shuns this.

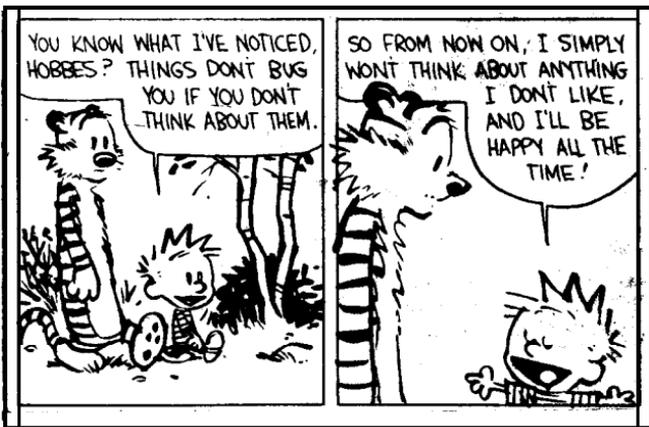
The fat, ugly, crippled, compulsive and on and on are all the things we are not exposed to. Ever see any "fat" or "ugly" newscasters or models or actors for that matter that are not funny? Things are driven home in such a way that we begin to see everything this way. Sad but true to most. If you keep being feed shit until its coming out your ass pretty soon your going to accept it as something thats good because you will have no other choice.

It all boils down to a ritual that is pushed so hard that it becomes a habit. Once a habit it is out of our control and we start accepting it because of course we can not contol it. We see beauty as it is taught to us, "pretty" as we learned it from TV, school, friends, and parents.

Stress, nerves, deadlines, and mmoney (or lack of) control us in this world of structure. Control it if you can, but accept it you will.

We are born good and learn evil. Look around, what do you see? Is everyone living in harmony or are we pretending to be this way? Who's happy? You, me, anyone? Does the world really end when we die? Will things ever get better? Do only the greedy and powerful survive? What ever the case all we have to do is think they way WE want to. Control yourself and the habits will disappear. Grab on with both hands and hold tight, cause a little chaos and everything will be alright. Who knows, we all might start to enjoy "life" again when we step forward and move ahead--but at our own pace.

--Dangerous times are these, but not more dangerous than that which awaits us--



Everybodys always looking in the other direction.

--DW 4/21/91

poetry plaza

In this edition of POETRY PLAZA I am happy to announce another fine poet: Ronald Edward Kittell. Out of the ones he sent these four appealed to me the most. I hope you find them equally as enjoyable.



MATURED OVER BEACHWOOD

i haven't the slightest idea
the amount of dregs i've pumped
into my system each evening
reacting to the 6 o'clock news

how many oceans of swill i've
channeled down my gullet in
the name of 'killing time'

non the liquid measurement of hops
i've guzzled after heated spats
with my significant other

but i can tell you this:
i feel like a newt
a slug
a big floating dill
locked inside a jar
of vinegar & i've
decided its time
for a change

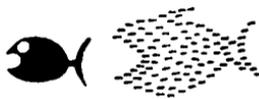
so

fine up the Liberty torch
organize a world-wide rally
send a gofer to the tip of
the highest mountain to
inform the clouds:

the booze was getting to be
a real bitch so
i quit!



BITE BACK



STRESS

skin over calcified tissue
a skull with a brain
sometimes a trace of spirit
not a bad bundle you say
yet the women continue to
scratch & plea & the men continue
to drink in the wake of a
dissolving world
everybody searching for the answer
but coming up short like
mangled dwarfs

i squat on the lid
passing gas
the bowels of Hades erupt-
a depth charge exploding deep
within my grunting cheeks-
something i ate no doubt
a giant chunk of the world
last night's beer & salsa
spewing forth its final
bitter tirade
a brown column of broken stool now
rising up from its white porcelain
base like some new trend in
modern art.

SPARE ME!

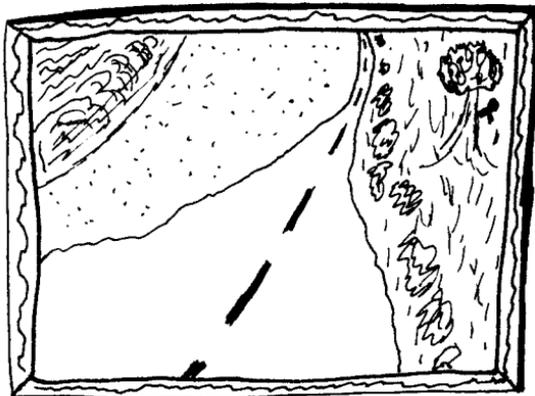
there is nothing elegant
about croaking
nothing couth about
crapping
nothing subtle about
dumping trash
& the sinners outside
won't stop
& this zit on my
chin won't pop
& when the man
in the little
screen tells
me the Persian
Gulf crisis
is a sure bet
for a major
skirmish &
that the
government
is broke again
in the same breath
then asks me to
partake in a poll
concerning the
President's
popularity

i dump
some
more
trash.

AND
WHY
NOT?



THE ROAD
LESS TRAVELED
BY!



HAPPY HOUR

the old codger was exhausted & looked
like a wrung out dishrag sagging against
the bar his wet sorry form losing its
battle against gravity as the crack of his
rear end puckered the ever so gently
kissed the cool vinyl top of a spinning
blue stool

it was Happy Hour

the bartender began to pour & a sudden
outburst of jovial hoots & hollers
not unlike those at a daycare center
broke out across the room like diaper rash
but the old codger couldn't quite make it
wallowing on the floor
tongue lolling out of the side of his
crooked grin

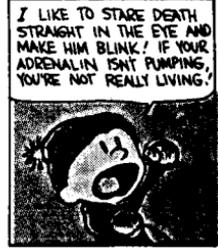
he was expelling puke like a fire hose
then his smarmy face went slack
his eyes opaque & a thick slug of red
marbled drool made its sticky way down his
jaw pausing for a moment then moving on as
if it was looking for something a bit more
classy to deposit itself in

say

a brand new seafoam-green honey bucket on
some famous celebrity's polished gold commode
the bartender's thin wet hair was pasted to
his scalp like bugs splattered on a windshield
but his slim smile was reassuring as if to say
NOT TO WORRY-THIS WAS A COMMON OCCURRENCE

so we all kept it up
drinking & joking & carrying on
totally unaware that the old codger had slipped
into his final darkness.

It was a cold Wintery night while I laid on my bed thinking of the boring things I'd been doing all day and I figured what the hell, I'll just "Trip for a Bit." All of the sudden I was in the middle of a busy street and the strangest looking car I've ever seen was barreling straight towards me. I moved out of the way just in the nick of time.



Afterwards I was walking down the sidewalk freaking out on the store fronts and strange window displays when I noticed the cover story on a newspaper. It said "The Last of the Nukes Destroyed!" then I noticed the date 2010 June 3rd, I dropped the paper and screamed NO! I couldn't figure it out, just a second ago I was sitting in my room on my bed wondering about the future and hear I am, how did it happen, what would I do. Just then I heard a gun shot, looked in the direction it came from and noticed a man running out of a bank across the street holding a shotgun. The car screeches away seconds before the guy with the gun can get in. At that moment a cop came barreling down the street so the guy runs towards me and tells me to freeze. Since there is nothing I can do I stay put. The burly basterd then grabbed me around the neck and shouted to the cops "Back off or I'll blow his damn head off, I mean it now BACK OFF!" The cops start backing off and the guy pulles me toward the squad car picking up the sack of money he dropped in the street and pushes me into the car and says "You drive kid!" The guy glances over his shoulder and the instant he turned back my "knuckle sandwich" hit him square in the nose. The burly man fires the gun out of sheer panic. Suddenly we are both reaching for the gun with the cops approaching and the gun discharges again.

Suddenly I'm sitting on my bed and my nose is bleeding and I have a Levies vest in my hands--the same vest the bank robber was wearing. After getting over the shock of what had just happened I searched the vest which yeilded a wallet from the inside pocket. I take it out and open it to find an ID card which sends shivers down my spine when I realize it is my name on the card with a picture of what appears to be me 40 years down the road. I dropped the jacket and wallet into my waste basket and set fire to it. I then decided I'd better add my stash of cid to the blaze.



USED RIFLES - Genuine Iraqi Army Issue. Some with white flags attached to barrels. Excellent condition. Never been fired. Only dropped once. Priced to sell - owner leaving town. Call Saddam toll-free: 1-800-IGIVEUP

Anarchist Resistance to a World in Collapse

§Adam Bregman§

It's a gloomy world we live in, where ecological destruction, World War III, famine and chaos loom on a foreboding, Armageddonish horizon. The imminent future looks ever bleaker unless overpopulation and the bullshit capitalists write off as progress is pulled to a halt. But don't expect any change from the government no matter who gets voted in, because the government will forever be content to write blank checks of devastation in the name of half-ass reform.

The Republican and Democratic bureaucrats for all purposes are dead and buried in some scheming political graveyard in the sky, right next to the white collar criminals and businessmen they aspire to become. The Marxist and Socialist movements while attempting perhaps to spread some sort of economic fairness and nationalistic unity to generally impoverished nations should also be cast aside for their unending faith in struggle, the work ethic, all too human leaders and heroes and the power of the people bound by a system that eventually swallows them in the same mechanisms as capitalism. Libertarians also give the government more credit than it deserves and cling to a free market economy as if it wasn't one of the main reasons that humanity is pushed to the planet's edges.

One movement exists known only to the media as the main rubble rousers and troublemakers at demonstrations and riots. Its existence highly questionable to the mass that associates anarchy with the rubble, ruins and insanity that rampant industrialism has created, that has turned cities into economic ghost towns and forests into barren fields.

The anarchist movement is as grassroots and do it yourself oriented as you'd want it to be. It exists as individuals, small groups and collectives, bookstores, publishing and distribution services, newspapers, squatters, actions and demonstrations that serve to empower the individual over the state and create a more harmonious world, free of coercion, more caring and unified under no flag or nation and without borders.

You won't find any anarchists on your voting ballot. Most bookstores and newsstand don't carry anything remotely anarchist. There is no place for anarchist ideas within capitalist catalogs because it wishes to eradicate that very system itself. It is the enemy of mass media. It's the real underground, and the real alternative, not another commodity exchange of something that's new and different.

The anarchist movement is international, mostly prevalent in Europe and North America. Anarchist newspapers provide information on things like squatter situations, Indian defense movements and the plight of political prisoners all



THE
EYES
HAVE IT

Ever notice how when you have an abundance of time you want to do nothing and when your time is nil you want to fackle the world? --DW 2/8/91

THEY CAN TRANSPORT MY BODY TO SCHOOL, BUT THEY CAN'T CHAIN MY SPIRIT! WALLS CAN'T CONFINe IT! LAWS CAN'T RESTRAIN IT! AUTHORITY HAS NO POWER OVER IT!



CALVIN, IF YOU'D PUT HALF THE ENERGY OF YOUR PROTESTS INTO YOUR SCHOOLWORK...



YOU CAN TRY TO LEAVE A MESSAGE, BUT MY SPIRIT SCREENS IT'S CALLS.

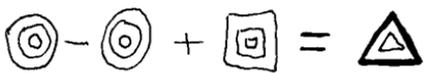
over the world while supporting groups that seek peace and freedom regardless of their ideologies like Palestinians, Black Panthers, Chinese Democracy student groups, labor unions, and Earth First.

The anarchist movement is the only movement that seeks to make the world a better place to live by going after the sources of

problems and beliefs that maintain the status quo, not the byproducts. Marxism and Libertarianism never attacked the notions of government and leadership or attempted to abolish power over other individuals. There can be nothing that is truly communal and friendly when one person is in the position of a teacher, boss or politician and is telling someone else what to do. I've yet to meet the person who I would grant the power to be my boss, or a political figure I wished to govern me or a teacher I wished to give me assignments and grades. Democracy is a farce because it only allows an individual to choose their own master.

Obtaining such goals as abolishing coercion in the highly competitive world we live in, could only succeed through a change of general ideals and attitudes, that some might argue are very basically human and primal. Can humans exist without some sense of power over someone else or do we need that kind of feeling of self importance to survive? Can humans even stop killing each other and everything else around them? One of the biggest arguments again anarchy is that humans are competitive and domineering by nature. But there are animals, individuals and communities that survive and flourish without dominating and treading on other's heels. Tribal and communal societies have flourished within authoritarian states. People must learn to realize that their and everybody's rights as individuals are more important than any kind of individual or group that tries to tell others what to do. So, if someone wants to walk down the street naked, shoot heroin until they die, not wear a seatbelt or live in a tree then that is their right. When one's right infringes on another like shooting someone in the head, it is no longer a right. Until a great deal of people believe in and practice noncoercion the world will remain a most treacherous place to live.

It seems that to create an anarchist society from the ruins of an American style capitalist country, where money and power are the bottom line, would be even harder than from a socialist country where there might be a more even distribution of wealth, Education, and direct action are the only ways to turn the megamachine upside down, put an end to the rat race and make people realize that they can be thinking humans coexisting, not rats in a maze.



Thinking, Acting, and Doing

--Dan Wright--



Buzzzzzzzzzz, click. Click, CLICK. Clang, Ahhhhh, I have survived yet another day. Yawn, now its time to retire for the night, but before I do I will make sure I say my prayers and thank God for another day of life. One hundred and twenty-three days ago I decided to let fate rule my life, the story I am to tell is how I cam to allow things this way. [Before I tell this story I would like to say it is a work of FICTION unlike many of the other stories in this zine so sit back, relax and enjoy.]

After mass one Sunday afternoon the preachers words rang in my head. His theme was "Let God guide your ways," I thought his words through while walking home. "What did the preacher mean?" I thought, all of the sudden it came to me. I will let "GOD" decide if I shall live or not through more direct means. If I live, well then I must be doing what GOD wants, and if I die, well maybe it was my time.

The next day I went to the local gun shop and purchased a nice .357 revolver, chrome plated with all the bells and whistles. Of course the hollow point bullets were extra. Now I had my direct means through which God could control my life. One day after the next it was the same routine.

I admire the revolver, take out the bullet and replace the same bullet in a different chamber--to screw up statistics--and then I spun the chamber. Next I click the firing mechanism back so the gun is ready to fire and wait for Gods decision. At this point in my routine I reflect over my days doings to see if I had walked in Gods footsteps. Once through this I reflect over my life to be happy for what I have accomplished. After everything was accounted for the "master" and I would take a long walk. At this point I would wait for a sign from God and then pull the trigger.

CLICK or BLAM was what I would hear. Of course I would hope for a CLICK as it means my life should continue. Out of the one hundred and twenty three times the gun has only gone BLAM twenty-two times. The funny thing is I'm not sure why God would want to take those other peoples lives away when I can simply shoot myself instead of waiting for the police to catch me. God truly does work in mysterious ways!

BRAIN TEASERS

1. How many grooves are in a standard 45 R.P.M. "single" record?
2. STATEMENT
144
3. Are 1986 dollar bills worth more than 1984 dollar bills?
4. A cubic foot of soil weighs 47lbs., 3ozs. What then is the total weight of soil in a hole 2x2x2 ft?
5. WALK WALK WALK
FOUR FOR FORE
6. GROUND
MAGAZINE
7. Bill Banachek decided to open a pizza shop called "Big Shippers Pizza." Bill figured he would charge \$1.50 for a piece of ship (slice) and \$8.75 for a Huge Ship (15-inch). If Bill charges \$8.75 for the 15-inch then what should he charge for a Massive Ship (16-inch). Hint: Bill cooks his ships on a circular ship pan.

ARE WE HEADING TOWARDS A POLICY OF NATIONAL INSANITY?
IF WE ARE: LET'S END THE MADNESS!!!!!

--Rabbi Jacob
Feuerwerker--

Something is becoming very wrong in the national psyche. There are many people from the middle-class that are recommending that our national "leaders" take actions, that if implemented would lead this nation down the road to nazism and fascism or perhaps worse!

In the past 30 or so years: There has been an average of slightly over a 1000 laws passed a year, in net increases, that greatly reduce a citizen's rights and immunities, as specified by our national constitution and our common-law rights that our revolutionary forefathers fought for at the time of the revolt against King George III.

Granted: As the world becomes more crowded, there will be a need for more laws and better enforcement of the laws. But do we need so many laws? While I'm not recommending a return to 1958; would it be possible to have a lot more order with a lot less laws? I believe yes! But even more disturbing than the huge increase in laws, is the draconian bend of enforcement. [FYI In 620 BC Athens Greece wanted to build a better legal system so they appointed a man by the name of Draco to collect the laws of the land. He did so and discovered many of the penalties were harsh so Draconian Laws became known as harsh laws (laws with stiff penalties).]

Asside from the huge net increase of restrictive laws there has been, in the past 10 years, a huge increase in judicial and prosecutorial practices that have resulted in this country leading the world in the rate of incarceration. These practices include participating and allowing fraud and perjury, when committed by the state. Allowing unlawful searches and seizures, along with the inherent increased risk of "planted evidence." Even coerced confessions are now allowed.

Middle-Class America; wake up! Money used for prisons can't be used for schools. The taxpayers, you, are stretched to the limit. Prisons and death-sentences are not the answer. Since 1987 the "crime rate" has been going up AGAIN. While there are many theories for the temporary decreases in the "crime rate" from 1978-1986, including demography and increased imprisonment, along with increased potential sentences for the "crimes." With the dramatic increase in violent crimes since 1987; obviously the factor of punishment is irrelevant in the minds of "potential criminals." The recommended answers to our officials and the leaders of many pressure groups, is akin to adding poison in larger doses to effect a cure.

More poison never cures anything. Prisons are an experiment that failed! Especially in this country. Increasing the "net of incarceration" by making more "offenses" punishable by incarceration is only going to create a more violent society.

Are there answers? There are! They are cheap and easy to implement. First: The common citizen must be given the right 2 defend & protect themselves, their loved ones and their property. A criminal bent on violating a citizen must expect to receive a strong and immediate reaction from their potential victim. I'm not advocating "vigilante justice," rather I'm advocating on-site justice. Second: Governments must get out of family life except for obvious cases of violent child and spousal abuse. This includes getting out of the marriage and divorce business. This is a matter for the religious bodies to determine for their believers. For nonbelievers marriage can be a matter of contracts. With difficulties upon seperation, including child support, to be determined by a regular trial, in front of a jury if the parties so desire, in civil court rather

Were not insane--were from New Jersey. --Madhouse
Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you.
--Ward (Leave it to Beaver)

then the domestic relations courts' formulas of "equity." The principle of right and wrong must return to all aspects of American family life. For the past 100 years or so, the domestic relation courts have been experimenting social theories on the backs of American's families. It is time to put them out of business along with their "counselers" and "social workers" etc. Third: All plant and animal life are an argicultural issue and not a criminal court issue, with the exception of endangered wild species. People selling harmful products should be taken to civil courts, by the damaged party, if their products do harm. Wildlife should be "managed" for maximum yield for all users, with the exception of protected wild species. Those that poison the environment in such a matter as to degrade the fisheries and game stocks should be taken to civil courts and if found guilty should be made to pay for the total cleanup of their damage. These are also two areas where with proper guidelines; prisoners could be employed without competing with viable tax-paying enterprises. Implementation of the above; along with a fully informed jury amendment and full retroactivity, should reduce our prison populations by 90% or even more. This will free up billions for education and drug counseling. Taking the governments out of the marriage and divorce businesses would radically reduce the number of children being brought up in a single-parent home, which is the leading cause of crime among the under-25 age group. With the civil courts being in charge of support arguments, there will be a slight reduction in the numbers of impoverished children. But this serious problem would only be resolved when adults act as adults and not as children.

Currently there is an elitist assault in America directed against the middle and lower-classes. By playing on the middle-class's "fear of crime;" which is a legitimate fear, the elitist has conned the middle-class into supporting their agenda. Yet the target is the middle-class in more ways than one. First, we're expected to pay for all of this through higher taxes. Then we are at risk of incarceration, especially for defending ourselves. I only know of one "lower-class" person incarcerated in Ohio for the sole reason that he defended himself. I know of well over 200 self-defense cases in Ohio, resulting in incarceration, with no other "crime" involved. This in itself is a crime! As the taxpayers are paying triple. First they paid to prosecute and imprison us, then they're paying for the taxes we were paying. As most of us were working and paying taxes prior to our incarcerations. Finally about 100 people, I know of in self-defense cases, were supporting children and/or elderly parents, who are now wards of the state. You are paying the bills. All of this money is being taken through higher taxes and/or reductions in the education and conservation budgets. This insanity must stop!

Our schools must revitalize! This means building schools, hiring teachers and purchasing textbooks and lab-equipment, instead of building garages, buying buses and hiring bus drivers and mechanics. If the public schools can't do it then the private schools should be given a chance. With parents who put their children in private schools receiving a tax-voucher for their education expense or a tax-exemption for their education taxes. Parents who have only used private schools should remain exempt from education taxes even after all their children have graduated. This must and can be easily done. Our nation leads the industrialized world in illiteracy rate. That's why we can't compete on the world market.



■ LONDON — A man who robbed several British savings institutions armed only with a cucumber was jailed for five years Thursday.



This is in spite of the highest amount spent per student and percentage of GNP for education in the industrialized world.

Finally our liability laws must be overhauled. Starting with product liability and medical malpractice. These should be limited to knowingly cause harm. Isn't it strange that lawyers who are so active in litigating against other professions and trades, supposedly for our benefit, hold themselves immune from the same forms of malpractice they hold others liable? The perfidy of this: that judges who are also lawyers, go along with immunities for lawyers. The lawyer monopoly on our "justice system," both civil and criminal, must be broken along some part of the process. On the other hand: our keepers and enforcers of the laws must be held fully accountable for the whole weight of the law. Just yesterday (4/24/91) they showed a cop found guilty of felonious assault receive a one year suspended sentence. Yet in Ohio; the average citizen would be facing three to ten years of incarceration for the same offense. Is this JUSTICE? Do we hire and elect government officials to serve and protect us, or to harass and terrorize us?

These are issues that transcend politics. These are issues that are vital to the survival of life of freedom in this country. Without rapid needed reforms we can slide into fascism. It is already worse here than the Germany of 1928. Americans of all races and religions must get together to intelligently save this nation. Otherwise we will split into an abyss of which a demagogue will take over in a dictatorship. Even worse, we might end up with a dictatorship of a saprophytic class of lawyers and paper pushers.

no way man

--True scams that surround our lives

- Every man, woman, and child in the US generates four (4) pounds of trash a day. (National Geographic May '91)
- Every sunday more than 500,000 trees are used to produce 88% of the newspapers that are never recycled.
- We throw away enough glass bottles and jars to fill the 1350 foot twin towers (World Trade Center in NY) every two (2) weeks.
- American consumers and industry throw away enough aluminum to rebuild our entire commercial air fleet every 3 months.
- Odds of dying in an airplane crash 1/700,000
- Saw near a honor society Barbecue: "\$1 donations requested."
- The national debt is 3.5 trillion and rising.
- Republicans are thanking Reagan for beefing up our national defense so we could destroy a third world country--IRAQ.
- On US Army commercial "Freedom isn't Free."
- In Ohio the Prison library ordered 200 ribbons for some Panasonic typewriters they don't even have.
- The government has satellites that have resolutions of 1x1 foot and possibly less while the best technology the commercial sector has to offer is 10x10 meters (SPOT) which will be launched sometime soon by that company that is really helping the military pollute space--yea, NASA!

The show "America's Funniest Home Videos," a 30 minute program, contains only 10 minutes of videos. What a shitter huh.

Experiments in Danger-2/23/90



Around the time I was to enter High School (1984) I did all sorts of exciting things. Two of the most dangerous items I played around with included model rockets and fireworks. Seeing stuff fly in the air and things exploding fascinated me [no comment on the Space Shuttle disaster though] so rockets and fireworks were two of my favorite hobbies at the time.

Most of the time I would buy rockets since I never had success making my own. The main necessity for a model rocket is the engine--which could be purchased in a pack of 3 or 4 for about \$4.00. With the engines being as expensive a whole rocket kit costs added up quickly. To make things cost effective I decided to make my own rockets out of newspaper and cardboard. I would either use a paper towel roll (Bounty) or make my own tube using papier-mache and a pipe of copper tubing, these cylindrical (almost) items provided me with an adequate body tube for the rocket. After making or finding a body, and a roll of paper towels was not easy to dispose of, I cut some cardboard wings out of old boxes lying about. The final touch was of course a nose-cone made of, what else, "tin-foil." Shortly after the rocket was completed I would mount the engine--this is where the paper towels and lots of glue would come in handy to wedge the engine in snug. Once everything was done I found an open space, which was easily found in my neighborhood at the time, and proceed to launch. FIVE, FOUR, screwit ...Blast-off.

Occasionally I made a rocket that flew straight, but most of the time they did loops or something rockets were not supposed to do. Anyhow, after shooting off so many rockets you realize the cost adds up--even if you do build your own rockets--so what I decided to do next was build my own engines. [I only did this after seeing an ad claiming one could build their own model rocket engines for pennies, write to such and such--I did.]

At the time I was also into fireworks so I always had some bottle rockets laying around. A friend (Jose) and I decided to create an engine using bottle rockets since both engines worked on the same principles--gunpowder. We got an old engine shell and a dozen or so bottle rockets and filled the engine up about half to three-quarters the way. We then sealed the gunpowder in with the help of hot wax [which is probably pretty dangerous considering we had a flame within 6 inches of this engine] and let the engine set for a bit. We had created an engine at a fraction of the cost--since a gross of moon travelers sold for about the same price as a 3 pack of engines. This was economics in full action, before this "invention" it was my parents money which probably kept ESTES in business that year.

We made a rocket and decided to test our engine in Jose's front yard. "Ready? ...3..2..1" the rocket blasted off and traveled amongst the clouds--it had worked. Man did it work, although the rocket didn't go very high (75-150ft) we had created an engine. After that I realized I could make engines at a fraction of the cost--and reuse the shell. The only problem we

Put that thing away. --DW

Why put more holes in a boat thats already sinking?

--DW (4/8/91)

There is no tomorrow! --Apollo Creed (Rocky 3) 36

had was that the engine would not eject the parachute, so if you couldn't catch then you ran the risk of damaging your rocket.

Since the first rocket didn't go very high--possibly because of using cheap Moon Traverler bottle rockets--I decided to use a more powerful type of gun powder, Whistling bottle rocket powder. This "white power" was much stronger than the normal "black" gun powder I was use to--hummm.

That night I unloaded about 4-5 of the whistling bottle rockets into an old engine shell, packed it, included a wick and sealed it with hot wax. The next day I was ready to test the new engine but unfortunately Jose was not home so I knocked on another friends door (Seth) and asked if I could borrow his launcher. He said yes, but I had to launch it in his front yard. We set up the rocket and Seth his father and I decided to see the rocket sail. I lit the fuse, backed off about 20 feet and waited and then it happened. KABOOM! The rocket exploded with such force my ears were ringing. When everything settled down we found parts of the rocket most of which were bitty pieces and the launch rod that was used to guide the rocket off the launch pad was pretty much looking like a shoe lace--no definition (Bent bad buddy).

It was really funny anyhow although any of us could have easily been injured not to forget we never found a small hollow rod that holds the launch plate. I guess that Seth's dad thought I was a nut, but that would only be speculating. Since that time I saw Seth less and less and do not recall going over to see him in about six years.

After that day I realized something important. I couldn't make rocket engines from bottle rockets but I sure as hell could make one mighty explosive. I think I only made about three of those "M-100's" I called them after the Seth's rocket launcher was blown to hell. It was kind of amusing in a way because I would denotate these mini bombs down a trail near my house and the explosion would echo in the apartment complex across the canal. One of the detonations I decided to test the "bombs" strength so I placed half a cinder block over the bomb, lit the fuse, halled ass then turned around just in time to see and hear the explosion--KABOOM. I saw a puff of white smoke and then would hear a hellatious explosion. Of course I would laugh because it was always funny. Sure enough when I checked the cinder block it was in a couple pieces so from then on I decided not to make any more of those "mini-bombs."

I figured making anything that powerful would probably come back to harm me someday so I decided to stick with firecrackers and shooting bottle rockets out of a pipe.

IS OUR QUICK EXPERIENCE
HERE POINTLESS? DOES
ANYTHING WE SAY OR DO I.
HERE REALLY MATTER? HAVE
WE DONE ANYTHING IMPORTANT?
HAVE WE BEEN HAPPY? HAVE
WE MADE THE MOST OF THESE
PRECIOUS FEW FOOTSTEPS??



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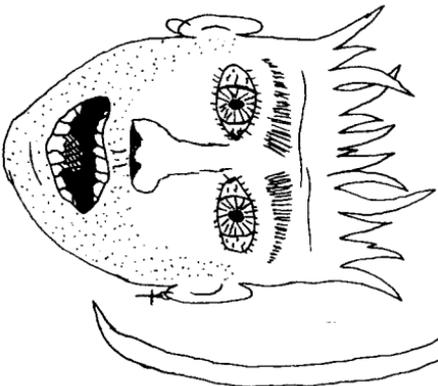
BRAIN TEASER ANSWERS

1. Just 2--one on each side.
2. How about: Gross UnderSTATEMENT
3. Yes--1986\$ is \$2 more than 1984\$.
4. O--A hole contains air not soil.
5. Walk on all fours.
6. UnderGROUND MAGAZINE, i.e. Fathoms Below
7. \$9.96 not \$9.33. Don't use the 15-16 ratio method because these are circular pizzas, use πr^2 ratio.
16-inch price = $\$8.75x (16^2/15^2)$

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