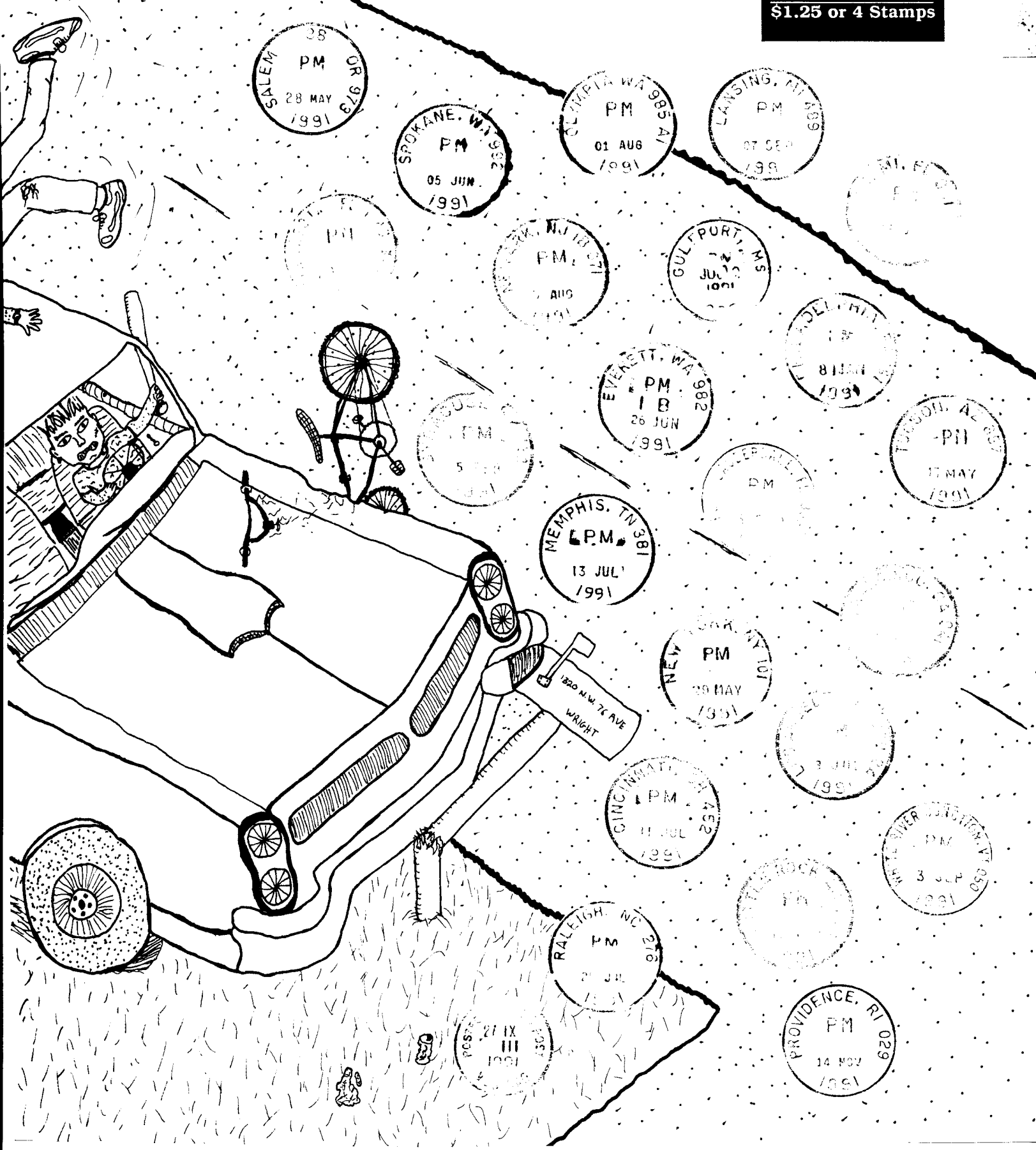


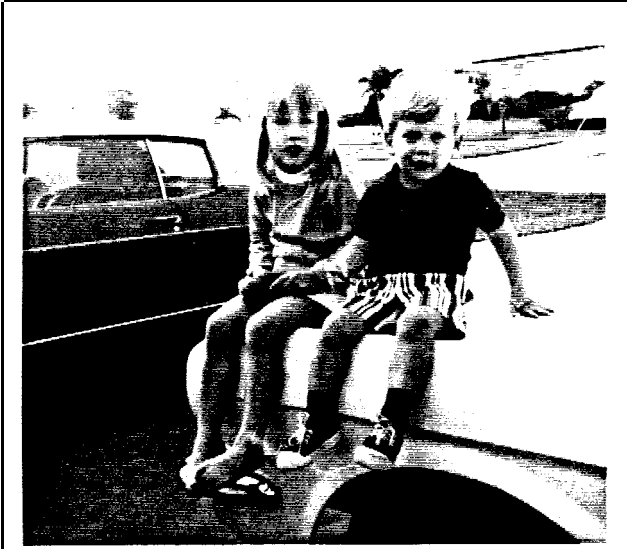
FATHOMS BELOW

"Breaking down Barriers"

Issue #4
\$1.25 or 4 Stamps



Jumping to Conclusions



My sister and I May 1972. Life was easy back then.

Throughout this issue there are many of my own writings reflecting myself and my own thoughts. By reading* this issue you will have a better idea of who I am, what I'm like and what my thoughts are (take everything with a grain of salt though). However, that is not the sole intention of the stories within. My main objective is for me to show that most People are the same. We all have problems, some major, some minor, but none worth the worry. Perhaps by getting an idea of who I am you will analyze yourself to get a better idea of who you "really" are. Maybe your in a wheelchair, or overwhelmed with problems, perhaps your indifferent or maybe your just the average Joe. Try not to be influenced/intimidated by what others are doing, they probably don't care about you anyhow. If things can be better then do something to change your situation, don't just sit on your arse waiting for something to happen, because it won't. I've done it so I should know. Of course I say more than I do--doesn't everybody. Some might say I should not give advice I do not take myself--the definition of a hypocrite by the way. If I listened to that reasoning then I doubt I'd be publishing this zine. I try to take my own advice but sometimes it is hard. Me being the coy person I am not to mention I'm not the "best" looking person around. A lot changes in 20 years you know. It is not easy to build up a sturdy self confidence, especially with people waiting around the next corner to knock you down. Can you look beyond

this? Will society let you? So, how you look (appearance) is a big factor unfortunately. The question isn't what can you do but rather what will you do!

What does the future hold? As for this zine I guarantee at least one more issue which I hope to have out around late summer. The next issue will only contain stuff by myself, consisting of mainly art and rants. After that I shall take a break from doing FB and concentrate on school and other aspects of my life. I guess my main reason for this decision is the disappointing response rate for the zine not to forget that many people let me down. I guess my expectations of others is too high.

Anyhow, as I finish off this section I must note that the last four months of 1991 have been extremely depressing for me. Let down after let down--non stop disappointment. And just when things were going fairly well something else went wrong. So 1991 started off great but ended up like shit. Of course when you rely too much on others you are bound to be let down some time. But what can you do? College is truly where one learns about depression, let downs and a bunch of other crap. When you are given a lemon make lemonade but when you are given a bunch of lemons just run away.

In closing this zine out I will hope for a revival in requests and replies. I think I will stop keeping a list of who and when I write to people as well because that seemed to add to my depression. I seem to have hit a black wall, however life continues. I'm getting up, and I'm leaving.-- 12/12/91

I think it is appropriate, me being the editor and all, to shrink the type a bit and say a few more things before sending you off on your reading venture. First off are the fonts. I used this, which is Times, Palatino and Bookman for all about 95% of what you will be reading. Also I used Avant Garde, and Helvetica, but rather sparsely. I used mainly 9 and 10 point fonts--this being a 9 point font.

The halftones in this zine will probably consist of a mixture between photo shot, photo copied and computer generated. This is due to the cost of the photo halftones which run around \$13 for a 11x14 gang shot which allows some pictures to come out good and others not so good.

Another brilliant idea I had was to put a "saying" on the bottom of all the pages in this zine. All of the sayings were thought up during the last two weeks of the Fall semester while I was attending college. Many express the anger and depression I was going through at the time so keep this in mind when reading them--just so you don't think they seem a little immature. You will be amazed by what I went through; perhaps you will be able to feel what I felt.

One final note is that there may be a few grammar and spelling mistakes within this issue. Spelling will be kept to a minimum by using this spell checker however I'm the editor and I'm the editor so grammar is another story. As long as I get my point across then my job has been done. There are no English teachers here so anything goes. Ain't that the truth. Ok, that is it, I am done...the zine is done...everyone is happy...well, maybe not everyone...but at least me. Explosion--12/19/91

***Footnote:** Many of the articles I have written herein contain subjects of humor and seriousness. Quite often it might be difficult to differentiate between when I'm serious or humorous because it is not always obvious. In fact if one read an article as a humorous one instead of a serious one then they have missed my whole point. Here is a good rule of thumb, when in doubt assume a serious tone although subtle humor does appear in many of my writings. I am only saying this because I feel much of my stuff will be read wrongly thus making me look like a smart ass instead of a thought provoking writer.



Perhaps this explains the low mail influx.



STAMPMEISTER KEY IN

As for issue 5, the last issue for an indefinite period of time, would like to print up 250 offset copies. For this to happen I need a little help in distribution. Anyone, Anyone? Perhaps I'm kidding myself.

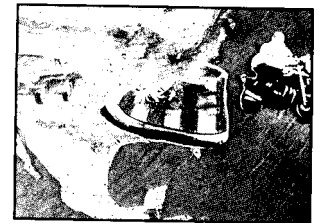
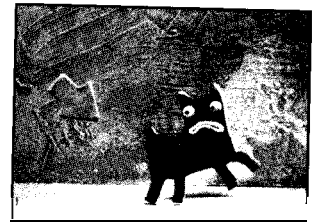
**Everything:
Dan Wright**

Contributors:
Adam Bregman
Jim Davis
Joe Franke
Gargoyle
Lauren Redmond
Dave Szurek
Joe Workman

Thanks to the above as well as those whose stuff appears herein but were not necessarily acting as contributors.



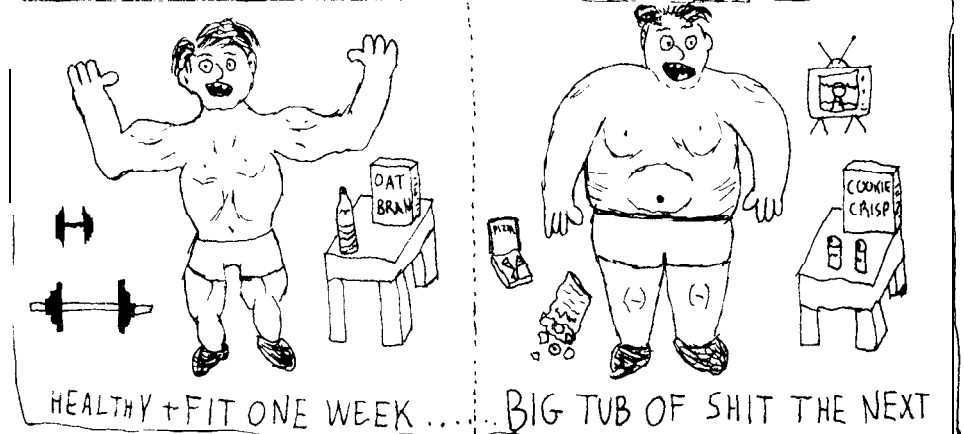
Dan Wright
1320 N.W. 76th Avenue
Plantation, FL 33322-4740
(305)-472-2270



There is no table of contents in this issue due to a) not enough space, b) it takes up space, and c) I doubt many people spend time reading the content page. I rest my case.



UNFORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES



That's all I need is some asshole telling me what to do

Letters from Obscurity

I think it is always a good idea to run a letter column to see what others have to say, as well as how they feel and think. Unfortunately only a select few write letters, many of which are penpals or normal correspondents of mine. So I hope you can understand why some of these letters that I am going to print are a bit bizarre. Sometimes it won't even have anything to do with this zine. Oh well, it's humor so it is okay to laugh. Yes, I thrive on weird humor, perhaps now you can understand why the school newspaper is reluctant to print my comics. One mans garbage is another mans treasure and that is life. If anyone has access to nets I can be reached by mailing to:

CYCLONE@MAPLE.CIRCA.UFL.EDU

I do like to get feedback about my zine however I do not always comment on other people's zines so I guess what comes around goes around. Time to get to the real stuff, so here are a few (directly quoted with the exception of a few spelling corrections) passages from a some letters I have received.

Richard Eldridge:

I am also trying to refurbish a decrepit swimming pool that I no longer think I really needed, but there it is anyway, empty or full of greenish goo, daring me to put it right. When I get it fixed up, perhaps I will like it better. I don't particularly like the guys who deal in pools, all the ones I've met seem to think I need to contribute to their new Porsche. Your cartoons are getting better, both as art work and coherency.

Daniel Melton:

I don't know how safe it is to live so close to power lines but you have a power line in the back of your house and over the years I haven't seen any ill effects. Just don't fly a kite around them!

Kenward Bradely (Editor of Unirod):
4214B Filbert Ave.
Atlantic City, NJ 08401-1070

Like your zine a lot, it's fun, for lack of a better word, but fun it is. As always I have to bug every publisher I write to, so I'm asking you: please inform your reader's that I am looking for writing and art, especially experimental/unusual/weird/underground but not limited to that kind of thing.

Cynde Moya:

I enjoyed FB#3 and you have a few addresses not in FF5 that I have written off to. In your photo you look like a disaffected yet intelligent young (punk) man.

Phil & Gina at Cyclone Publications:

We especially liked the statistics section and the Experiments in Danger article. The letter section was a nice addition. You have inspired us to make a few changes in Eye-wash.

Rabbi Jacob Feuerwerker:

Don't know if I should congratulate you or offer my condolences over the fact that you have relatives in the Youngstown arca.

Stevyn P. of Iron Feater Journal:

Thanks 4 F.B. #3--Crankin ass and a treat to read! Keep up the Great work.

Lauren Redmond:

Your zine is improving with every issue. By the way, I love the cover [FB#3]; I have it hanging on the wall. I hope

you continue to print stories of personal opinion. I think too many people are scared to speak their minds. Oh yea, I loved your story Thinking, Acting, and Doing. It was definitely one of the highlights of the issue.

As long as I continue to print this zine personal opinion will be the dominant theme. In fact every story I write whether fact or fiction is pulled from the reality of my own life. "Never Before Two" is one of those stories that could be considered fact or fiction. I consider it fact with slight exaggerations.

Dave Ricker:

I like Calvin & Hobbes, but don't you think it gets enough exposure without you putting it in your zine as well? I also noticed the word, anarchy in your zine--...--I hope you don't consider yourself an anarchist. You seem like a smart enough guy--Yer hearts in the rite place--keep creative.

My ideals seem to be a combination of everything. I know there has to be some order but I like the idea of a "utopia" that the anarchist seek. Division of class creates friction so Capitalism has its faults. Socialism has the government paying for your education, health and such so that sounds great to me. I can go on and on about likes and dislikes but if I keep dwelling on the "ought-to's" I'll be depressed to the point of no return. Here is society, in your face, feel free to express your opinions but remember that nothing gets done without doing.

Joseph Olszewski of FANS of HORROR:

The "Printing problems" cartoon was extremely funny although no one besides an editor could fully appreciate the humor. Maybe your readers could send in a list of their phobias. I admire Adam Bregman's beliefs on anarchy. I, too, believe that the only way this would can save itself from total collapse is with a complete rehaul. I, as in my last letter, love Calvin and Hobbs.

Conflicting opinions in the last two letters. I pick the best and most relevant C&H cartoons to life I can find. They are so good I feel I am obligated to print them. I have been trying to get permission to "legally" print them for over a year, unfortunately someone is not responding. So I have accepted no response as a YES! Enjoy the cartoons within this issue.

John A. Marmysz of Twilight of the Idols:

I am in complete agreement with you on how frustrating it is to lose contact with people after you have sent them a copy of your publication. Comments and criticism are very important, mostly just to let you know that someone is taking the time to think about the things that you have written. Keep up the good work.

Gargoyle of DFP:

One criticism, or perhaps more scrutingly introspective triggered by your 'zine: I notice you put your own sayings and observations at bottoms of pages. Over the years I've spent writing and observing and generally tinkering with 3rd criticisms(q.v.: Robert Anton Wilson's Premethus Rising [1986]). I've developed many a witty and thought provoking line, but never did much with them for fear of seeming to be self agendazing or pompous. But lately, after thought has whispered that maybe its' not such a bad thing to be self-interested or pompous ass, so long as you give equal attention to the reasonable (a-hem) view of others and realize that all my spoutings-off are fatally flawed on some level or in some possible situation that may yet arise. But, then, you are not a pompous ass. Go figgur-- Ever onward, EVER UPWARD!

*I was so much Older then--
I'm Younger then that now*
-Dave Szurek-

Well, you know your in trouble when the editor of a magazine starts off somebody else's article with a comment and it goes into a long drawn out discussion after which comes the article. Good ole Dave has written quite a few articles for my zine, only one of which I refused to print. Basically it was long, and dealt with erotic spanking in a way, anyhow my point is I did not print it. Since then Dave has sent two others, both which appear within these pages. I read the piece below and found it to be quite interesting through the first fourth and then it veered off in a direction I did not really care for, thus I told Dave I was not going to print the piece, not to mention it was quite long and did not really fit this zine's image. Below is Dave's comment about what I had to say.

I'm confused, too. I concur that we'll probably never agree on the matter, and there's no way I can "make" you publish "I was so much..." nor would I want to if that would automatically create a permanent rift. ("getting pissed off" and "permanent rift" are two different things.) I still think you are missing the point, though. I'm fatalistic enough to figure you've already made up your mind, but let me speak my peace. I'm not sure why, if you read past the opening (in the sequence of your comments, I initially thought you hadn't, but later on, it sounds like you almost definitely did, and even understood my words to a large extent, which, in a way, makes your conclusion even more incongruous.) You take my article to be a PENTHOUSE FORUM type of thing. In 1946, it "might" have fit into the "Playboy Philosophy" although its viewpoint makes even that doubtful, but in 1991? I doubt that it would even fit with perfect snugness into the format of one of those "sex/eros" zines. Almost everything said in FB--or any other fanzine that "says ANYTHING"--could lead to a "forum," in the true sense of the word i.e.--"discussion" rather than anecdotes which is basically what PENTHOUSE FORUM is anyway, (the latter) and I, for one, would consider that healthy. In this particular case, especially because the core issue is something a little deeper than people compulsively jumping up and down on one another. Andrew Dice Clay type cracks would really have no place in a genuine "forum" (of this type) except as "before" examples, although peabrains so dense that they couldn't even grasp what the original essay was about, might think so. I doubt that most of your readers or most of the people in fandom, for that matter, are that sort of peabrain, however. In this collective, **though**, I have run into a handful of folk so knee-jerk and unimaginative that even in this age they automatically associate the word "sex" with jacking off inside any available body, "sexual freedom" with license on one end and obligation on the other and would probably interpret my words as a call for sexual repression. Your remark that my theme was personal choice shows a little more perceptiveness than that and it's a perceptiveness I would take for granted. But believe it or not, I've said roughly the same thing before (although not in article form.) and received such an accusation. I'll have to chalk it up to another version of the already mentioned inability to see beyond either/or concepts. Excuse me for saying this, and I sincerely suspect that I misread you, but your statement of "there goes the neighborhood" when you read that I'd restrict myself to sexual matters sounds like the old unliberated attitude of sex as something separate from the rest of life. What if I said I'd restrict myself to racial or religious matters? Would you have said "there goes the neighborhood then?" [good point Dave] Like I said, I suspect I've misread you, but if not, maybe that attitude caused you to read it with a jaundice eye? I don't

know, and actually, I kind of doubt it, but I suppose anything is possible. And, I really don't know why you'd be ashamed to visit your relatives if they saw this, especially inasmuch as you've run stuff on alternative political systems, generally seem opposed to the more Republican forms of "the Mainstream" and have even gotten into some "bowel movement" stuff which if taken on the superficial level, looks pretty silly for anyone over ten, you've got to admit. Then again, I don't know your relatives, do I? Is FB the last bastion of "sex as a taboo" or something? I doubt it, but that's what my "superficial" senses tell me, I don't possess finely attuned enough ESP to go any more behind the scenes than that, and what I can "see" leaves me in a state of utter bewilderment.

Okay, society has transmuted so much in the last twenty years! Maybe you are uncomfortable confronting the alien landscape of two decades past? About two years ago, I did undertake to write a history of the pre-1970 era for another fanzine. THE TIME TRAVELLER IN HELL is what I called it, for I am almost the opposite of a nostalgia buff, a guy with vivid memories of "the **BAD** ole Days..." [At this time Dave discusses how he was going to write the book. Picking him up at the end of his discussion...] It was necessary to restrict each chapter (was the fact of there being a "restriction" at all what bothered you?) and some of the most significant yet often superficially subtle "Changes" have been in the area of sex. You seem to have minimized my purpose, which might just be natural as you weren't the guy who wrote it, and I did have a purpose beyond entertaining others or hearing myself talk or restating a statement ("don't be intimidated by what others are doing or what someone feels you should do, do what you feel is best for you."--at least you got that much right and it's an important point because so many, even some of those who say it, just pay lip service--some that I've met are even the biggest advocates of the reverse, concentrating on the word "Choice" but it's a hollow word indicating a "choice" THEY'VE made for you. My article, however, had at least two purposes.) that's been made a thousand times by now. Minimizing it may be "natural and understandable" but if I'm to be honest and genuine, I have to admit to taking a certain amount of offense beyond just that of "the frustrated artist who gets some of his material rejected." Go ahead and call me pompous, but I don't lump this together with things like my fiction, movie reviews, even "personal" experiences or whatever, and it's the minimization more than the rejection, itself, that offends me. It drives home the meaning of "adding insult to injury" and yet I don't think the insult was deliberate. I didn't write it just because I had nothing else to do one evening or even just because I was seeking enjoyment. (I did enjoy it, **ALSO** but that's besides the point.) I think it's important to set some matters straight, to let those who were not yet here know what happened before they were (TV re-runs and American-International Pictures are not going to help.) to remind those who were how things when off course, and hopefully get at least one or two people thinking. Even if you thought my purpose was laughable and absurd, that would be one thing, but the impression I got from your comments was that no purpose even existed, and that this was no more important to me than the review of HORROR OF PARTY BEACH that I wrote more than two decades ago. Okay, say that I take myself too seriously, but in this case, I think I'm justified in doing so and that the justifications has been made moreso by false reporting down throughout the years and by seeing what began as one thing go off course and become another. It may not appear in FATHOMS BELOW--despite my personal frustration I must stick to my guns about a fanzine being that of the editor--but I am determined that it be read somewhere, if only by twelve or thirteen people.

I am acutely aware of how the period in which one is born can influence his or her perception of reality. I say as much

in the article, don't I? I've been around to see **both** eras and I often wonder how the world must look to those who "grew up in," never knew anything else but an external world which reflects--to some degree although not as much as I'd like--what was my internal world back when I was twelve and at odds with the system. In general, I think the "new batch" is luckier and has grown up in a healthier environment. Not a Utopia like some of us envisioned once upon a time, but in comparison---. I do, however, believe that a sense of history is necessary to progress and sorry to say it, so many of the younger people I meet nowadays--and by this, I can even mean thirty or under, have no or a false sense of the past. I don't hold them responsible--it's not **their** fault--but I think it is the responsibility of those who were there, to clue them in--not to indoctrinate, but to inform. In some cases, I find those who were there especially reluctant to inform on the "bad" aspects of the past, and that's where it's especially dangerous.

Well, maybe your "discussion" of the essay, whatever you mean by that (although I doubt it's anything negative.) will be enlightening and maybe it won't. Maybe people will just sit around talking about that old fart from Aberdeen, who knows? Ah, such is life. Maybe by some miracle you'll change your mind--I doubt it, but they say anything is possible--but if not, return the piece and I can start submitting it elsewhere.

And to think, that was only part of Dave's letter to me. I'm not sure what made me change my mind but I did. I guess it was part of the music I listen to (DO IT), Dave's letter, and my disappointment with the reader response to my ads. The latter effects things in such a way that I am going to print just about everything I have in this issue to make it a "double issue" in a sense and make it the last "real" issue for awhile if I continue to go to college year round. Basically it came down to what the hell, lets make everyone happy, lets be open minded, but most of all lets stand up for what we do and say. The next letter is from a penpal I write--Michelle Marchese. I sent her Dave's piece and asked her to comment and that is what follows.

The Dave Szurek piece was interesting. I couldn't really find a point. Claudine felt the same. My mother asked about the point. WHAT'S THE POINT? I thought his ideas and thoughts strayed too much. He writes something about having neither time nor space--well he took it anyway. Mom thought it was a bunch of crap and felt Dave only wrote what he thinks women "want" to hear and that it was all insincere. Then she questioned of you. Don't waste your ink on it...

Well, it is too late for that, it's a done deal. I am sorry that Dave's letter makes the above people look pretty "stupid," but I felt I should provide some comment as it is relevant. Michelle wanted to know the point and I guess I did as well, Dave's letter provided that. Now after reading all the comments I feel you (the reader) will be able to catch the gist much easier--you have an advantage. I wrote Dave back to tell him I was going to print his piece. His short comment to my letter follows and after that is his article--finally. If you are tired of reading now then take a break because Dave's article is long and reading is no fun when its drudgery.

The crux of your latest letter really stunned me in a pleasant way!! I'd sincerely given up hope, concluded that it was a lost cause. I was determined to get my article printed SOMEWHERE--I didn't know where but I wasn't giving up--but I HAD given up on seeing it in FATHOMS BELOW. I DID have a dreaded feeling that my determination might be in vain. That I might go to my grave without seeing publication (I hate to say it, but I've found that "SOME" people in fandom are so naive and knee-jerk, so opposed to actually thinking something out rather than simply reacting--the latter, of course, is exactly the route of the mindless reactionary--that they may interpret it as "fuddy-duddy." I certainly don't

think it is, but you'd might as well prepare yourself for such responses from a few.) but like they say, nothing ventured, nothing gained. Anyway, I was ecstatic beyond my wildest dreams to see that you've changed your mind.

What are adults, really, but children who have lived longer and are a bit taller, and believe it or not, even this forty three year old old fart was a young kid at one time! Within the last twenty years, the landscape has changed so radically, however, that anyone under that age may not even be able to conceptualize it. Good ways and bad ways, alike. In the ways that strike me as really important, I'd say there's been more of an improvement then the reverse. And as I rush headlong to senior citizen status, I think about that quite a bit. No, I'm not really a nostalgia addict. just a guy with a good memory. I wonder what it's like growing up today as opposed to yesterday. Most of the tangible, concrete changes are apparent, but the question lies with one's perception of reality. There are so many subtle nuances, including those not immediately recognized as part of the program, especially for those who've never known anything else, that I really don't think any answers could be adequate.

Let me take you back to the days before VCR's before MPAA, before comic books too expensive for the average kid's reading diet, before girls wearing slacks in school, before video games, before Indiana Jones, Rambo, Freddy Krueger or even Luke Skywalker. before slick fanzines being sold at newsstands, before CD's, before condom ads on the sides of busses and serious consideration except for radicals, "weirdos" and participants of such movements as Gay Lib. Not that long ago. The world still isn't Utopia, but it's a hell of a lot different than the environment in which I grew up with an almost perpetual frown. The Right Wing resurgence, notwithstanding, Reagan and Bush notwithstanding, for in "my day" they would not even have received much opposition except from card-carrying "radicals" and certainly not from "respectable society." Those were the days when people went to jail for twenty years for smoking one joint of marijuana, gays were put behind bars just for being gay rather than focus being put on the heinous crime of gay bashing, women were subjected to mistreatment at every turn which still happens too often but then it was socially sanctioned and "ass" was still one of the words you couldn't use on television. Early in my life, the EC Comic line was put out of business supposedly for too much gore and violence, but I have to wonder if it was really because their politics leaned rather leftward for reactionary McCarthy Era and does anybody else remember when TV was primarily in black and white? (And Contrary to the rumors perpetrated by recent history revisionists, set ownership was not really a universal thing.) Does anybody else remember the days of color cartoons, Saturday Matinees and double and triple bills at

the local movie house? That's a good thing, but not everything can be rotten.

Having neither the space, the time nor even the desire (aren't you glad?) to discuss EVERYTHING, I shall restrict myself to sexual matters, not the superficially most significant change, but a very noticeable one. I grew up in an era full of sexual repression and sexual hypocrisy, easily the best friends such businesses as prostitution, burlesque shows and softcore sexploitation movies ever had. Many of the more cheapjack latter, in fact, had to go out of business simply because more up-to-date morals and attitudes prevented them from competing with more "mainstream" flicks and even some TV shows. Of course, with many of the latter two it's just an unnatural gratuitous commercial obligation, rather than least sign of liberation, but the more things change the more they stay the same. Men and women have a responsibility to bounce up and down with one another, it is unfortunate that few women can enter the acting profession without being prepared to strip before the cameras. McMillan and Wife's whole existence revolved around solving crimes and laying pipe and I still can't understand guys who see more than one movie a year and continue to get erections when the female lead removes her blouse. But this is about reality rather than "The Reel World."

I am in no way implying that people didn't screw before the so-called "sexual revolution." On the Contrary, it was a era of great MALE promiscuity--it takes two to tango, sure, but unmarried non-virgins of the female sex were regarded with puritanical contempt. Aside from matters of legal marriage, females were not even supposed to have sex drives. Presumably, hormones changed with the wedding ceremony. Males, however, were considered weirdoes if they were not perpetually erect fuck freaks from the day their voices began to change. My male schoolmates bragged of their sexual seasoned lifestyles when they were eleven years old and I always had to wonder who they were getting it on with. Certainly not "respectable" young ladies, right? Certainly not their girlfriends whom, like their mothers and sisters, were fated to lifelong virginity? Sex was surrounded by an aura of "heh-heh, I got away with something" sleaze (even among full-fledged "biological adults.") Other than married couples, people "fucked" which is really just jacking off in another's body but never "made love" and it was verboten for matters overtly sexual to even be mentioned in mixed company. The latter, also, for some reason applied to teenage and adult toilet functions (although when it came to children, that was different) and the very existence of the buttocks. If unpleasant circumstances made any of these subjects absolutely unavoidable. euphemistic language was deemed necessary, although the more "vulgar" factions of society, such as teenagers, members of minority groups and "Bohemians" didn't always comply. Open, healthy, even life saving discussions of such "potentially offensive" topics as the AIDS epidemic

and condom use would have been forbidden by the Powers-that-Be who'd rather have let people die then risk provoking a blush or two, and I'd wager that many rapes went unreported because that would have required the admission of genital existence. (besides, until people opened up enough to at least talk about it, such concepts as date rape and domestic rape were not even taken seriously by more than a handful of "radicals.") This externally prescribed concealment and self-consciousness was doubly hypocritical and preposterous when one considers that going out of one's way to avoid a topic is flashing it as much as if one had exposed his or her self, that both are equal over-emphasis on one body part and one aspect of life and that strict adherence to "sex roles" which was the order of the day can easily be translated as shouting to the world what from of genital is present. America was so single-mindedly obsessed with sex that it was scared shitless to admit it, while the concept that women had say over their bodies was alien to all but a select few, resulting in probably more manual sexual assaults then today. Getting past high school without forcible fondling of the vagina or breasts at least once was a rare occurrence and the thought of getting out sans unwanted "butt-grabbing" sometimes by total strangers who felt it was their "inalienable right" was too much for a girl to ask. "Respect For Women" entailed little more than "protecting them from "dirty language" calling them "ma'am" as they were being raped, and opening doors so you could goose them while they were in front of you, and it's amazing that not all women of the period grew up hating men. As a youngster, it had struck me truly absurd that females were programmed from birth to perceive themselves only as walking vaginas and then expected to grow into people unaware that OVERT sex even existed, a dichotomy that must have produced some mighty bizarre mixed messages and is still providing a less pronounced legacy today. But, I was one of those weirdos who thought about such things before doing so was fashionable--before thinking. for that matter, was fashionable.

Media presentations of sex retained a strongly puritanical streak. Nude photographs and artwork concentrated so exclusively on "body parts" that the impression was that nothing else existed. A precursor to the movies on USA UP ALL NIGHT, TV's DEAN MARTIN SHOW treated the fact that genitals existed at all as a sure-fire laugh getter. while the movies wallowed in "charming" sexist lechers like James Bond and Matt Helm who weren't reluctant to shoot their wad into the nearest available "vixen" but had never heard the word "liberation." In other movies, while married couples were still obligated to buy twin beds, "simulated rape became the most common form of sex. God forbid that any female other then "The Bad Girl," Allison Hayes, Yvette Victors or an occasional European import with oversized mammaries found it pleasurable! Generally disguised as

something else, usually misogynistic fetishes where on display in such "family films" as *McCLINTOK*, *KISS ME KATE*, *RAPE OF THE SABINE WOMEN*, AND *DONOVAN'S REEF*, but mutually enjoyable "normal" sex remained off limits. On the Screen, (and too often, in real life) afraid to admit they were pissed off at their throbbing penises, grown men made the same derogatory remarks about the female sex associated with little boys, thus keeping us "subtly" aware of what both carried between their legs, and why females were dressed in liftable skirts, to begin with. As time progressed popular fiction makers would make tame, PG-type references to the forbidden subjects when they wanted to be "daring"--Archie Bunker would flush his toilet while Barbara Eden showed her belly button, heroes leered at heroines and sometimes a homosexual would even pop up to provide the same brand of "comedy relief" darkies once did. Still, taboos of a genuinely absurd, even incongruous nature remained. While "butt," for instance, became permissible, especially if used in contexts of either "humor" or "anger," for some reason "ass" stayed a "dirty cuss word" for several years, and there was no reason to even ask about "asshole."

The so-called "Sexual Revolution" began as a protest of societal hypocrisy on the matter, an uprising against the concept of sex as existing apart from the rest of life, an effort to acknowledge the obvious as a mutual activity enjoyed by both genders, rather than the product of one-sided exploitation and coercion. Mechanically exchanging fluids was not its primary goal at the beginning, although it was often interpreted that way by those too unimaginative for such an outlandish concept as "liberation" and manipulated into such an animal by opportunists seeking to use other human beings for what could be done alone. "I'm shipping out tomorrow" had been the old line of such sleazeballs. Now, they had other other words to twist around. While I've long been an advocate of sexual freedom there is a vast difference [pun-sort of] between "freedom" and "Obligation/pressure," doors that don't swing both ways are shams in my book, and I have to wonder if the pendulum hasn't swung too far to the other extreme. The right to say "yes" is one of our most sacred freedoms, but the right to say "no" without feelings of social inadequacy goes hand in hand, the old emphasis on not doing so are two sides of the same coin and I wonder what it's like growing up in a generation wherein the self-evident liberty has been sacrificed, wherein a female who simply wants male companionship is "expected" to pay by spreading her legs. I'm not sorry that the "Revolution" occurred and won out because many slaves were released, but new slaves to a new master (or if the issue is examined, the same one wearing a different suit) were created, there must be acknowledge the existence of casualties and I just wish perspective would have been retained. Or had I simply overidealized the movement to begin

with? As I see it, the goal is to do if you want, don't if you don't want and if it's not mutual, let your partner do it in private, but was I just too naive to recognize a fancy-ass con job when I saw it? Probably nah--the unhealthy influence of ignoramuses and mercenary opportunists.

The stigma is no longer on unmarried female non-virgins (although I still wonder why "stud" is considered a compliment while it's feminine counterpart "bitch" is an insult. Quick--"What's the difference between a whore and a bitch?" "A whore does it with everybody; a bitch does it with everybody except you.") but is there one on the opposite? Both demonstrate the kind of external pressure that I think sucks like a vacuum cleaner.

What I appreciate, though, is the freedom to speak openly and frankly of matters sexual. In that sense, I feel quite strongly that "The Younger Generation" has grown up in a healthier, saner environment than mine did. I sit back in contentment that, except for a few decidedly unliberated individuals, the aura of chortling sleaziness regarding genital and libido acknowledgement has been reduced. In many senses, there has been a major improvement but growth seems to have been retarded along the way. Perhaps the kids of today can fix that, but so far it doesn't look that way. I grow ecstatic when I see such things as condom messages on busses and TV, depictions of human beings as having sex drives but being more than just walking pudenda and discussions of homosexuality and reproductive freedom. There are times, though, when I do have to tremble and wonder if the more things change, the more they stay the same.ø

What is Success? ~Ralph Waldo Emerson~

- To laugh often and much;
- To win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children
- To earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends;
- To appreciate beauty;
- To find the best in others;
- To leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a gardenpatch or a redeemed social condition;
- To know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived;
- This is to have succeeded

Brains + Beauty equals a Constant

What Was That?

Some statistics on how Americans spend their time.

-Americans spend an average of 74 hours each week eating, sleeping and grooming; sleeping accounts for about 56 hours.

-American workers toil four months each year just to pay taxes.

-The average work week, including commuting, is now 47 hours.

-Men average 41 hours of leisure time a week; women average 40 hours.

-Americans spend 15 hours a week watching television.

-In their lifetime, Americans spend: Five years standing in line; six years eating; two years returning calls; four years doing major housework chores such as washing floors and vacuuming; one year looking for misplaced objects; and eight months opening direct mail advertising.

Other interesting facts:

-Nicotine (cigarettes) is more addictive than crack cocaine. [Source: Modern Maturity]

-Caffeine (Coffee/Soda) is more addictive than LSD. [Source: Modern Maturity]

-For a male cricket. Crickets chirp the exact temperature provided the thermometer reads between 45 and 80 degrees F. Count the # of chirps you hear in 15 seconds. Add 37 (40) to this # and this gives you the exact air temperature at the time.ø

SPEAK

-Lauren Redmond-

OPEN your eyes and speak your mind
express your opinion and you will find
people and places suddenly changed
Things Thout know suddenly strange
an opinion concealed is a thought unknown
This an action I can not condone
So speak my friend Let it be known
for through opinion the truth is shown.

The above is the poetry section of this zine: **POETRY PLAZA**. I really like the above poem because it is true and surly if the editor doesn't get something it decreases its chance of getting printed unfortunately. Go figure.ø

Random Humor

PUN: Many suffer from irregularity depend on Phillips Milk of Magnesia, which calls itself "your true blue friend." With friends like that, who needs enemas? --Ann Crawford (some magazine)

OFFICE HUMOR:

-Doing a good job here is like wetting your pants in a dark suit. It gives you a warm feeling, but nobody notices!

-Take heart! The only person who ever got all his work done by FRIDAY was Robinson Crusoe.

-IMPORTANT NOTICE!

The management regrets that it has come to their attention that employees dieing on the job are failing to fall down.

This practice must stop immediately, as it has become impossible to distinguish between death and natural movement of the staff.

Any employee found dead in an upright position will be dropped from the payroll.

-THE ENGINEER-

I'm not allowed to run the train;
The whistle I can't blow.
I'm not allowed to say which way
the railroad cars will go.
I'm not allowed to toot the horn,
or even clang the bell; but
let the train just jump the track
and see who catches hell!

-And finally my favorite (although erroneous) a memo the boss might hand you if you decide to ask for a day off.

Before you ask me for the day off, consider the following statistics.

There are 365 days in the year, you sleep 8 hours a day, making 122 days, which subtracted from 365 days, makes 243 days.

You also have 8 hours recreation every day, making another 122 days, which leaves a balance of 121 days.

There are 52 sundays that you do not work at all, which leaves 69 days. You get saturday afternoon off; this gives you 52 half days, or 26 more days that you do not work. This leaves a balance of 43 days.

You get an hour off for lunch, which when totaled makes 16 days, leaving 27 days of the year, you get at least 21 days leave every year, so that leaves 6 days. You get 5 legal holidays during the year. Which leaves only one day.

And I'll be damned if I'll give you that one day off!ø

UNEXPECTED RESULTS

The Sayings of Confucius (551-479 B.C.)

Have you ever heard anybody say something like: Put too many eggs into one basket and get egg on your face—Confucius. I've heard so many "Sayings of Confucius" and they all sounded really cool. I guess it's obvious that the good ones get passed on and anything else gets forgotten, or so it seems. Anyhow, Confucius sounded like a really neat guy so I picked up a book on his sayings. Unfortunately, like most things, I over rated Confucius. I guess if you can make some sense out of the quotes then they can be made to sound much better. The book I ended up selecting seemed to be a direct quote done sometime back in the 50's. There was no explanations, basically a "here's what Confucius said, go figure it out" attitude. Below are the quotes I enjoyed the most, think about them awhile.

"Shall I tell you what knowledge is? It is to know both what one knows and what one does not know."

"He who engages solely in self-interested actions will make himself many enemies."

"Do not worry about not holding high position; worry rather about playing your proper role. Worry not that no one knows of you; seek to be worth knowing."

"Excellence does not remain alone; it is sure to attract neighbors."

"This is certainly the limit! I have yet to meet a man who, on observing his own faults, blamed himself!"

"The Master fished with a hook but not a net. He did not shoot his arrow at a sitting bird."

"Let the other man do his job without your interference."

"Put loyalty and reliability first. Have no friends inferior to yourself. If you have faults do not fear self-improvement."

"If the official is himself upright, the people will play their roles without orders. If he is not upright, even under orders the people will be disobedient."

"If a man rendered himself correct, he will have no trouble governing. If he cannot render himself correct, how can he correct others?"

"Leading an uninstructed people to war is to throw them away."

"Formerly men studied self-improvement; today men study for the sake of appearances."

"The end has indeed arrived! I have yet to meet a man as fond of Excellence as he is of outward appearances."

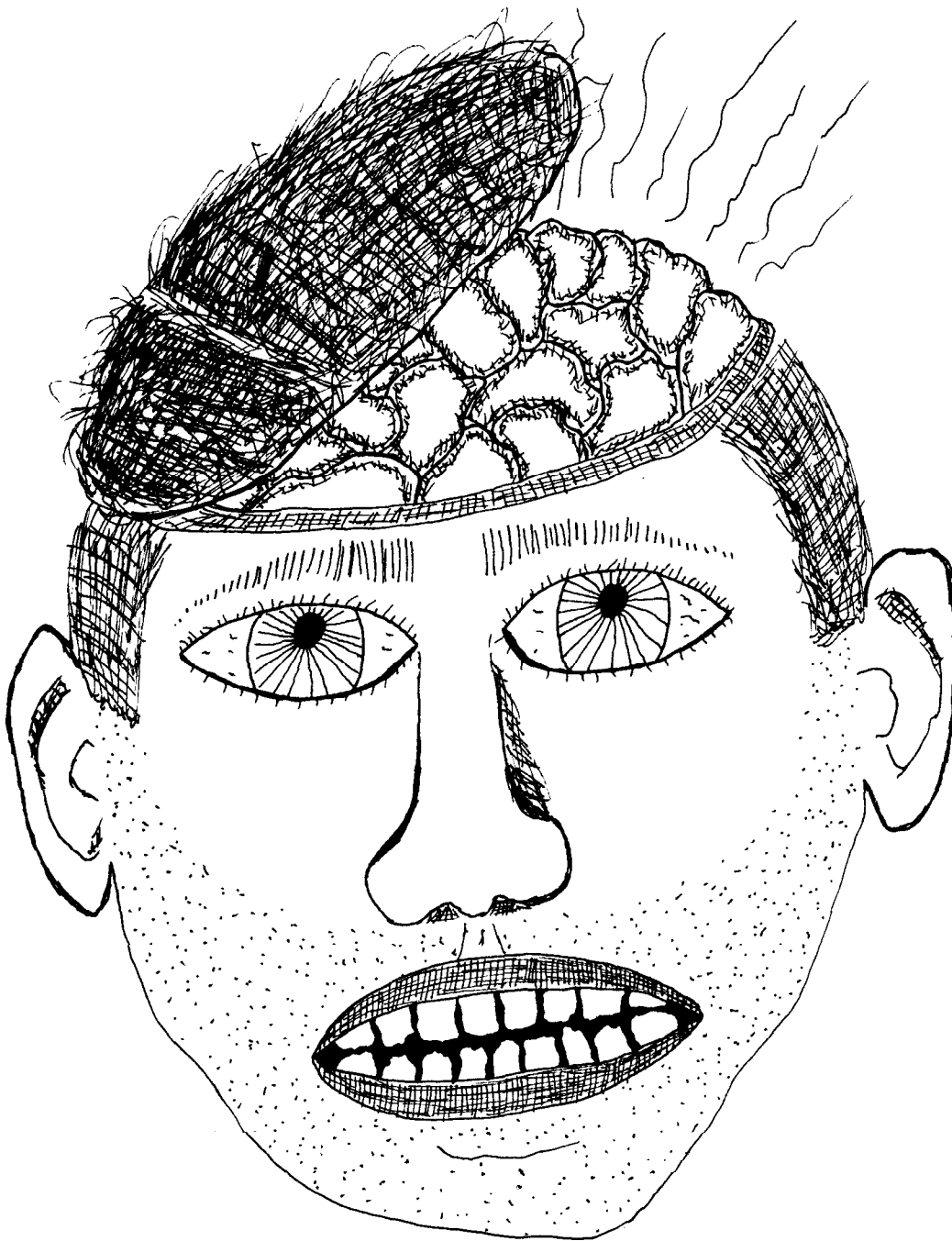
"Man can make System (government) great; it isn't System which makes man great."

"Continuous readaptation to suit the whims of others undermines Excellence."

"There are nine things of which Great Man must be mindful: to see when he looks, to hear when he listens, to have a facial expression of gentleness, to have an attitude of humility, to be loyal in speech, to be respectful in service, to inquire when in doubt, to think of the difficulties when angry, to think of justice when he sees an advantage."

Someone inquired, "What must be done to prepare oneself for service in the government?" "Esteem the five high qualities, and avoid the four evils, then you can serve in the government." "What are the five high qualities?" "Great Man is gracious without bribery. He can work with people without making them resentful. He has desires, but he is not greedy. He is dignified, but not proud. He inspires awe, but he is not brutal." "What are the four evils?" "To put to death for the lack of instructions: this is cruelty. To expect accomplishment without proper advisement: this is outrageousness. To insist upon completion after instructions to proceed slowly: this is deterioration. To promise a reward but to begrudge its payment: this is pettiness."ø

If YOU don't then WHO will? 10/30/91



Brain Teasers

Once again it is time to test your wits. Joe Workman contributed the majority of the ones herein, well, actually he sent me a bunch of pages from magazines with these type of questions. I picked out the ones I felt I could do or should have been able to do. None are extremely difficult although some thinking is required nonetheless. These are similar to the questions MENSA might put on their test-an "IQ" test. So if you are really good maybe you could join the above group. Sometimes the test piss me off because of their vagueness and inobviousness. I therefore try not to print such questions. Hopefully these will get your brain in gear. The puzzles are the hardest. Good luck and enjoy.

1. How many integers could be substituted for x in the following statement to make it true?

$$0 \leq x^2 \leq 100$$

2. Is it cheaper, more expensive, or equally expensive for you to take 100 friends to one rock concert or two friends 25 times each to classical music concerts? Assume the classical music concert tickets cost twice as much as the rock concert tickets. (Sales tax and travel expenses are not to be considered.)

3. What relation is that child to its father who's not its father's son?

4. Which city is further west--Reno, Nevada or Los Angeles, California?

5. What is the exact opposite of "NOT IN?"

6. The river crossing problem. This classic problem has been traced back as far as 1613 to a puzzle book published in France. A Pollock wants to cross a river with his dog, cat, and mouse. Unfortunately only he and one animal can fit on the boat to cross the river. Left alone the dog will kill the cat and the cat will kill the mouse. What is the fewest number of crossings the Pollock can make.

7. Slim was caught in the rain without an umbrella. There was nothing over his head, and his clothes got soaked. Yet not a hair on his head got wet. Why?

8. An amoeba divides and reproduces itself every minute. Two amoebas in a test tube can fill it to capacity in 2 hours. How long will it take 1 amoeba to fill another test tube of equal capacity?

9. A man bets \$24, and gets back his original bet plus \$48. He spends 25 percent of his winnings at a restaurant to celebrate, and 50 percent of his winnings on a taxi to get home. If his salary is \$240, and he bet his original \$24 from his salary, how much does he have when he gets home?

10. SLOOPS is to SPOOLS as OTTO is to?

11. A husband and wife each set their watches at 8 AM. One watch runs two minutes per hour too fast, and the other runs one minute per hour too slow. At what time will the faster watch be one hour ahead of the slower watch?

12. What comes next in the following sequence?
F28 M31 A30 M31 ?

13. A man walks to his friends house at the rate of 3 miles an hour. It takes him 3 hours, and he spends 1 hour having lunch with his friend. He borrows a bicycle for the trip home, but he must follow a paved path that is 4 times as long as the footpath. The bicycle is twice as fast as his walking speed. What is the total elapsed time for the round trip? (Including lunch)

14. How close to a wall mirror should an observer stand to see, without moving his head or eyes, the maximum portion of his body?

15. A bullet is fired from a level rifle aimed out over the Atlantic Ocean at the exact moment that another bullet is dropped from the same height and place. Which bullet will hit the water first? Assume [almost] ideal conditions--that is, no wind or turbulence and a perfectly calm sea.

16. What occurs once in a second, once in a month, once in a century, but not at all in a week or a year?

17. Dick Hertz can jog around his block counter clockwise in 90 minutes. When he jogs clockwise along the same route it takes him an hour and a half. Why the difference?

College Entrance Exam 1

1 SAND	2 MAN BOARD	3 STAND I	4 R E A D I N G
5 WEAR LONG	6 R ROAD A D	7 T O W N	8 CYCLE CYCLE CYCLE
9 LE VEL	10 O M.D. Ph.D. B.S.	11 KNEE LIGHTS	12 II OOO OO
13 CHAIR	14 DICE DICE	15 T O U C H	16 GROUND FEET FEET FEET FEET FEET
17 MIND MATTER	18 HE'S/HIMSELF	19 ECNALG	20 DEATH/LIFE
21 G.I. CCC CC C	22 PROGRAM	23 C O U N C I L	24 J U S M E T

Advanced College Entrance Exam

1 TIMING TIM ING	2 HOM I	3 P GG	4 ONE ANOTHER ONE ANOTHER ONE ANOTHER ONE ANOTHER ONE ANOTHER ONE ANOTHER
5 ALL world	6 SYMPHON	7 BLOOD WATER	8 N E V E S
9 C O N	10 SGEG	11 NO WAYS IT WAYS	12 EILN PU
13 JUS 144 TICE	14 13579 WHELMING	15 HE (CAPITALISM)	16 ASTRO Ø
17 AM UOUS	18 wWoOIOfL	19 NaCl · H ₂ O, NaCl · H ₂ O CCCCCCC	20 A SAS
21 KALAMAZOO	22 HIS FRIENDS FRIENDS	23 WHEATHER	24 FAR

Prizewinners

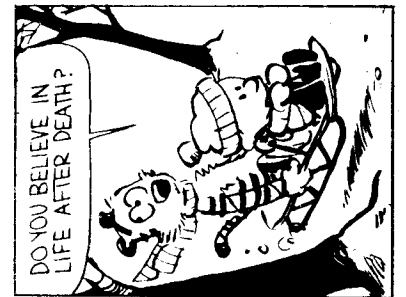
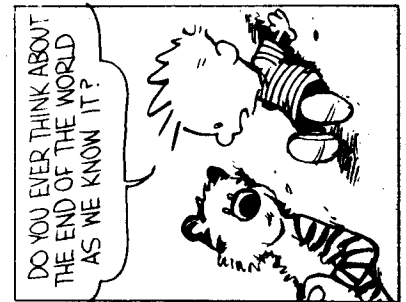
1 S COUSIN	2 IT345	3 JAREPAN	4 EEQ UAL SMC	5 NOW NOW NOW NOW
6 BIRTH IIII DEATH	7 ♂	8 SCORE Roses & lilies [4] Horatio Alger Jr. [0]	9 AKDOV	10 H ₂ O

Warm-Up Quiz

A DOM	B PAID I'M WORKED	C IECEXCEPT	D ankoolger	E va_ders
F bb / bb	G 1	H R O M E O T O R N J U L I E T	I LOV	J PPOD
K S F E N S O	L KRIND NRDIK DNIRK	M TIME ABDEFGH	N WORL	O SKIN SKIN SKIN SKIN

Honorable Mention

1 BULLETIN	2 D ANA	3 NA@TI	4 BACK CK K	5 FLUTHEENCE DRIVING	6 (Steak) ³
7 MINE YOURS	8 Ra road Cross ng	9 CCCC JONES	10 PRAYER	11 KAISER EROICA	12 LEOSO LOSOE LEOOS LSOOE LSEOO LEOOO LSEOO LOES0 LOSEG LOOES
13 <i>exp. of, pos. catch, exp. ha, on, too</i>	14 NOW ^{such} HERE	15 HA	16 HAND XII hand III	17 TERMS exit 1 mile	18 NOSTIM
19 SITUATION LAL	20 10 = NEI?	21 98.7	22 SOUP	23 1 2 3 4 5 6 7	24 BRIDGE O ₂ H
25 _O_TH AFRICA	26 <i>Mirrao, Bailey, Buck, Wilbur, Poriky</i>	27 ASS	28 8	29 YET?	30 BEA VER
31 IT me you	32 BAD 2	33 She Mr.	34 a s s	35 BENDING DRAW DRAW	36 X X X X X DEC X X 31 X X X X X
37 US	38 NESS THE	39 CROONEWD croonewd CROONEWD croonewd	40 L	41 TWO PLAY	42 U 8
43 $\Delta(N_2O) \equiv$	44 ALL	45 AI4D	46 LIP lip	47 D B D D	48 G is B



Statistics:

I printed up 100 copies of issue #3. I was able to get a really good price for photocopying (\$2.38 for 100 copies of one original) so I decided to print that many. After printing so many zines I was a bit depressed about the requests for it--there were very little. I initiated most of the trades (as always) but I guess that is the small press business. My net loss jumped up a little but this is a hobby and I do not expect to make money so I don't mind. Anyhow, here are some statistics from #3.

Keep in mind these are approximations.

Printing cost \$54.91
 Misc. cost \$23.70
 Mailing cost \$56.42
 Total \$135.03
 Trade/paid \$100.25
 Net Loss \$34.78

~21% went to females
 ~79% went to males

My mail output the last six months:
 June July Aug. Sept. Oct. Nov.
 61 45 32 17 14 22

For a total of ~191 mailings or about one a day. 22 mailings was most for one day on June 25 1991.ø

You Can Call Me Scamer

~Dan Wright~

I'm sure everyone has, at one time or another, pulled a scam. By scam I do not mean blindly and unjustly robbing somebody (i.e. if the people realize their being robbed it is not a scam). Sticking a gun to someone's head or threatening with violence to extort money or what have you is in no way a scam. It is more of a robbery or blind injustice although a scam can be categorized under the same heading. A scam, in case you have any doubt, is where you cheat or swindle something (usually of value) under someone's nose without that person realizing they have been duped. In a sense scams are con games and are perhaps the worst crimes of all because the victim not only loses something of value but ends up looking quite stupid/ignorant as a result.

The following is a story of the biggest scam I have ever pulled (of course with the help of a friend (?)). I'll call him Scamer because he was and probably still is just that as you will come to find out. If anyone out there has a bigger scam or one equal to mine then how about sending it in to be printed? Anyone who submits will be allowed to remain anonymous if they choose and I will print all the scams fit to entertain. I do not consider scams something to look up to and am in no way encouraging anyone to go out and commit one, on the contrary, I feel scams are awful. This little column will

allow one to "get the scam off their back," provide humor, and to show that the world is not all roses (which many realize already). I do not stand by my scam as a proud endeavor, rather I have learned from my experience and realize my "big scam" is flowers in a garden compared to what some have done. If the readers of this out there realize this perhaps you will send in your "big scam" to show what I mean. And without further adieu, my scam of scams.

Life is really weird sometimes and the more you live the more you realize this. Didn't someone once say experience is the spice of life? Well, whatever it was it can be easily summed up that experience is helpful. What I mean by life being weird is that events have to evolve in a certain order for a situation to arise. Perhaps you took a left turn instead of a right, or didn't miss the off ramp or never did move into that "certain" apartment, would all this have happened? The possible outcomes probably can be predicted but what is the possibility of them being correct? Somehow, the events unfolded in that "certain" order and my scam happened. Perhaps if things didn't happen this way I would have never discovered zinedom, certainly I would not be writing this.

On December 25, 1985 I unwrapped a Christmas gift to

find a Commodore 128 along with other miscellaneous computer equipment. A computer is not very useful without adequate software so the choices were to either buy (at \$30 a pop) or make connections and pirate software. For awhile I purchased software until realizing that a game every month or so was pushing my money privileges so connections were a must. A friend in my computer class knew Scamer and in a matter of weeks we had conducted our first trade of software. One thing led to another and soon we were pretty good buddies.

Scamer was just that. He was about two years younger than myself but looked and acted older. When we first traded I paid him a blank disk for every disk of software I copied--beans compared to the cost of store bought software. However, piracy is not the scam I am leading up to. This went on for some time and somehow he was able to con three or four originals, packaging and all, off me which I ended up getting back in a month or so after I realized I had been duped. I think it was during the fall of 1986 when I was using my computer during a thunderstorm and the power went out. Everyone in Florida knows how bad FPL is and I realized this after my computer would not work. Although it really wasn't FPL's fault it's always nice to have a scapegoat. After much agony I found out it was the power supply. We took it to a Commodore Authorized (supposedly) repair shop which never repaired the dang thing. That was about a month and a half hassle in which the repair shop never even touched the power supply. Luckily we were able to get it back without a



charge. Sometime later we gave in and ordered a power supply from a mail order company for \$85.47. An outrageous price considering the computer cost \$279.99 new. Anyhow, Tussey was the only place I knew that carried it and even then it took them awhile to deliver the product.

Finally, in January of 1987 I was back on-line. By now the Scamer and I were fairly good friends (at least the relationship seemed fine on my side) and we traded without any "payment" from me. I guess Scamer knew about the Value-for-Value system five years before I did. I was able to make new connections although whenever I received new software Scamer always seemed to get a piece. He always reminded me of how I got where I was with his help--sound familiar--and "owed" him the software. [My suggestion is for people to not be intimidated by people such as Scamer as I had because it will get you in a shit load of trouble in the long run (i.e. Bad Influence).]

As Scamer and I got to know each other better he exposed me to some of his scams. He used a gullible toy store (a major chain store which I will refer to as Toy Store) as his screwee--him being the screwer. What Scamer did was to purchase software, bring it home, play it, attempt to copy it, and then a few days later return it. Before he re-

turned it though he would erase the disk with a magnet so he would have a valid reason for the return, "It wouldn't work." I can not be sure how many times he did this, but while I knew him he did it at least five times. He claims he exchanged about three computers and a couple disk drives, many of the items not even purchased at Toy Store. He even told me he tried to exchange my software (the originals he had for awhile) but they didn't carry the titles anymore. I remember one time he went to Toy Store and purchased a disk drive. His disk drive wasn't working so he exchanged the innards and returned the disk drive which was essentially his that didn't work. By doing this he actually got his disk drive repaired for free. Commodore and Toy Store took the loss, two B.C.'s which Ernest Mann would be glad to hear.

This went on and on as I knew him and I laughed it off many times wondering how gullible people at Toy Store could be. When we were good friends we visited Toy Store every week and I expected to see his face on a poster near the service desk--never did though. The Summer came again and Scamer got a job at a department store and he was only 15! A true scam indeed. That Summer (1987) I was using my computer when a storm was passing as it always does in Florida. In fact, if you waited for no thunderstorms before you used your computer during the Summer in Florida you would probably end up not using it all Summer. Using this reasoning I got zapped by a surge and this time the computer died. There was no hope. Local repair centers were out, and outside places charged outrageous prices. So the computer sat idle for awhile.

That summer Scamer was able to help me get a job at the same department store he worked. This was my first paying job and Scamer really helped me out. [In case there is any doubts about Scamer's legitimacy about four months after being hired at the department store Scamer and his accomplices (who he coned) were "given the option." Scamer's scheme was making out fake sales return slips and collecting the money for himself and, at the time, accomplices. Scamer and his two accomplices were "fired" (given the option) for that and actually trying to get away with stealing clothes which is what led to their demise. I still wonder how he make those "huge" tips at Doughnut Shop, but it doesn't seem very hard to figure out anymore.] Anyways, like usual he reminded me of the "favor" he did for me. Somehow one thing led to another and I told Scamer about my computer and he suggested taking it to Toy Store or buying a computer from Toy Store and using the "disk drive routine." A lot of thought went into this and after all hope was lost towards repair centers I decided to take Scamer's advice.


I cleaned up the computer and found all the manuals, the disks, and the box and packed everything up neat including the bad power supply from my last accident. We were all set! Involved in the "big scam" were the Scamer as advisor, my dad as get-a-way driver, and I as the person pulling the scam. We arrived at Toy Store on time (however time was irrelevant) and Scamer and I entered with the computer. Even though I purchased the computer at Sears

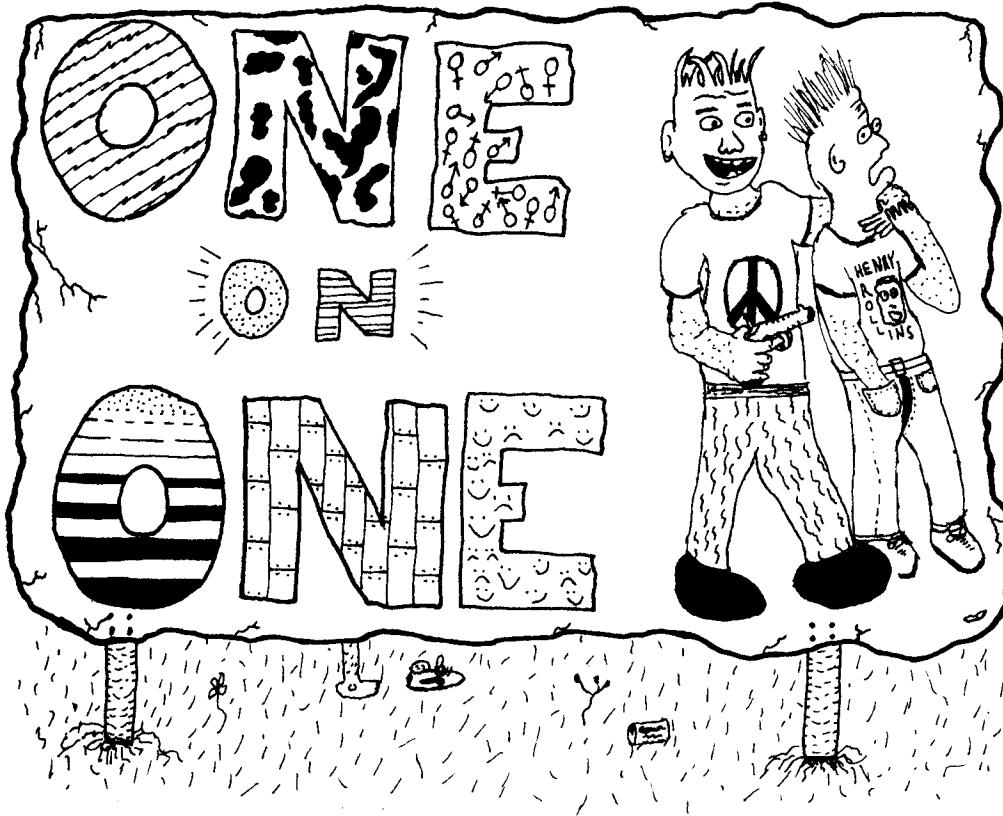
and it was one and a half years old Scamer advised me this was a failproof plan. I set the computer on the service desk and made up some story about getting the computer as a gift (true) from some relatives from up north (false) for my birthday (false) and it broke (true). We waited there while the desk people checked with other necessary people and also checked out the computer. The box and computer looked slightly good but the manual looked old. Things didn't look good, especially when the guy checking over the computer gave me back an obviously well used disk I mistakenly included. They said they couldn't give a cash refund and I told them it was okay because all I wanted was an exchange. A little while longer a guy came out with a new computer. I took it, thanked them and left Toy Store. We had done the impossible.

On our way home we dropped off Scamer and once I entered the house I realized what I had just done. A rush of coldness encompassed my body. A guilt trip had been triggered in my conscience, something many are prone too under certain circumstances. People who don't feel remorse or possess a conscience are psychopaths--perhaps Scamer is just that. Well, at least I wasn't one of them. I'm not sure how these people are built but I do know that lack of religion (spiritualness) has something to do with it as Scamer was, and probably still is, an atheist. Anyhow, the feeling of wrongness was extremely strong and the next couple days I was devising up a plan to return the new computer and reclaim my old one. My conscience bothered me and left me with an empty, sad, and cold feeling the next couple of days. It is weird how things work and I had no idea the scam would have this sort of adverse effect. Had I known this I probably would have reconsidered what I did, however I did not--the computer was never returned and still works fine to this day.

So, I had pulled a fast one against Toy Store although the outcome was a guilt trip that lasted a couple days (not bad for a new computer huh?). I feel stronger now but not so much so that I attempt to pull scams on a regular basis because that's not what I choose to do. I look back at the incident now a days and sort of snicker at my "accomplishment;" who would have know I could have ever pulled it off? Certainly not me, and there is no turning back the clock to change the situation. Accept the way things are and what's done and move on, don't keep thinking about what happened long ago and certainly don't let it bother you. A lesson learned the hard way.

As I finish up this issue I have been informed that my Commodore 1084S (\$300) monitor has given up the ghost after only some three years. I'm not sure Toy Store sells Commodores anymore (Wonder why?) so I guess my options are limited this time. Oh well, you live and you learn, at least I hope you learn.


What a bargain we all receive. We are given an existence that is guaranteed for a lifetime, no matter how we use it.
— Arnot L. Sheppard Jr.



After a brief--one issue--break I decided to find someone to interview. Writing letters to "famous" people proved to be a dead end. Only Jim Davis responded and not even personally! At least the stuff he sent answered most of my questions so I shall print something of that. In case you did not know Jim Davis is the creator of the Garfield cartoon. Often humorous, sometimes stupid but at least he has someone responding to the mail he gets. It is kind of sad to see what fame does to people. Perhaps the mail is overwhelming. I often wonder about how one gets a "stars" home address/ phone number.

The other "real" interview is with Joe Franke of Life is a Joke. His zine, which consist mainly of black humor comics and quotes, is one of the best I have seen in the underground. It has even inspired me with the quotes and humor I have implemented into a few cartoons. I shall let the interview say the rest but for anyone into black humor the above individual is the person to seek. Ready, Set, Go!

Jim Davis--Creator of Garfield

I wrote a letter and enclosed a FB questionnaire to Jim on 3/18/91. On 7/17/91, approximately 4 months later I received the following stuff: One impersonal letter signed by Jim Davis, an autographed (offset) drawing of Garfield and Odie, info on Garfield, Jim Davis, a section to hopeful cartoonists, and last but not least (of course) a book list. How convenient. If nothing else can be said then at least I received a reply and I do respect Jim Davis or whomever for that.

The (short) letter:

6/15/91

Dear Dan,

Thank you for your very kind letter. I am delighted you enjoy GARFIELD and thank you for following his daily antics. I have enclosed some information that I hope will answer your questions. Thanks for your interest! I will do my best to keep you entertained.

Best Wishes,

Jim Davis

Information about Garfield:

Garfield was born on a cold, snowy night in an Italian restaurant. He first appeared in a newspaper on June 19, 1978 and his birthday is celebrated on this date. He was, however, syndicated in January of 1979.

Garfield's character was developed from a composite of some twenty-five cats that creator, Jim Davis, grew up with on his family's farm in northern Indiana. He was named after Jim's grandfather, James Garfield Davis.

The lasagna loving creature of habit weighs in at a fat and furry twenty-five pounds! Garfield's appearance over the years has changed, and, in his opinion, like fine wine, he gets better with age.

It is rather doubtful that Garfield will ever marry and settle down. The idea of kittens is seemingly overwhelming to this

irresponsible, lazy cat who cherishes his freedom. However, he has been seen with a pink, somewhat feminine mouser by the name of Arlene.

His narrow range of hobbies include eating, sleeping, eating, abusing Odie, eating, cuddling his favorite teddy bear, Pooky, eating and eating! Pooky was named after a childhood teddy bear of Jim's wife, Caroline.

Odie bounced into Garfield's life on August 6, 1978, when his owner, Lyman became Jon's roommate. Lyman was named after Jim's college roommate, and Odie's name came from a radio commercial that Jim was involved with at one time. The name just seemed to fit this lovable, slobbering carefree pup. Lyman has not appeared in the strip for several years, because Jim condensed the characters and added a few new ones.

Nermal, the world's cutest kitten, much to Garfield's disgust, playfully pounced onto the scene on December 3, 1980. His name was picked simply because it seemed to fit his "adorable" nature.

Stretch, Garfield's toy rubber chicken was added later. Soon after, Squeak, the mouse appeared, taunting Garfield, and knowing full well that he would never end up on Garfield's ever-growing menu.

On an occasional trip to the farm, Jon and his pets meet up with Mom, Dad and Doc Boy. These characters are patterned after Jim's own family.

Of all the characters in Garfield's life, the true-love of his life will always be...himself. He's proud of the idea that he's a creature of habit--all the bad ones. And he loves himself when he's naughty...and also when he's not naughty. He thinks he's the perfect cat--soft, intelligent, cute, furry, playful, demure, adventurous, strong, independent, and, of course, the real master of the house. And naturally, there's always his pride, style, and sophistication.

Information about Jim Davis:

One of the first questions fans ask Garfield creator Jim Davis is whether he grew up with cats. Yes, he did. Twenty-

five of them to be exact. But unlike Garfield, who has a penchant for lasagna, Davis claims his favorite late-night snack is popcorn. Prepared how? "Popped!" he says. [Rumor has it that Jim dislikes cats and currently has none living with him. Unfortunately I am not able to back up the rumor, so think what you like.]

"Garfield isn't getting older, he's getting fatter," explains Davis now that the fat cat has celebrated a milestone 10th birthday in 1988. Joking, he adds, "Let's see, that's about 29 human years to you and me." [Actually I believe it is 70 years. 1 cat year = 7 human years. Or so I have heard.]

While he's quick to joke about Garfield, ten years ago Davis couldn't have imagined the phenomenal success and worldwide following that Garfield and friends would command. Garfield is only the third comic strip in cartoon history to appear in 2,000 newspapers and is read by millions of people daily.

Born July 28, 1945 in Marion, Indiana, Jim Davis grew up on a small farm with his dad, Jim Sr., his brother Dave and 25 cats, who relied on the hospitality of his mother Betty.

When asthma [What do you know, I have

asthma as well.] forced him inside, away from his regular farm chores, Jim spent hours drawing. With little more than his pencil, paper and imagination, he created pictures, which he soon discovered were more fun when accompanied by words.

A true-blue Hoosier, Davis graduated from Ball State University where he met and later married Carolyn, an elementary school teacher. [By the postmark Jim currently lives in Albany Indiana.] He was so busy drawing and planning practical jokes that he claims he achieved "the lowest cumulative grade point ratio in the history of the university."

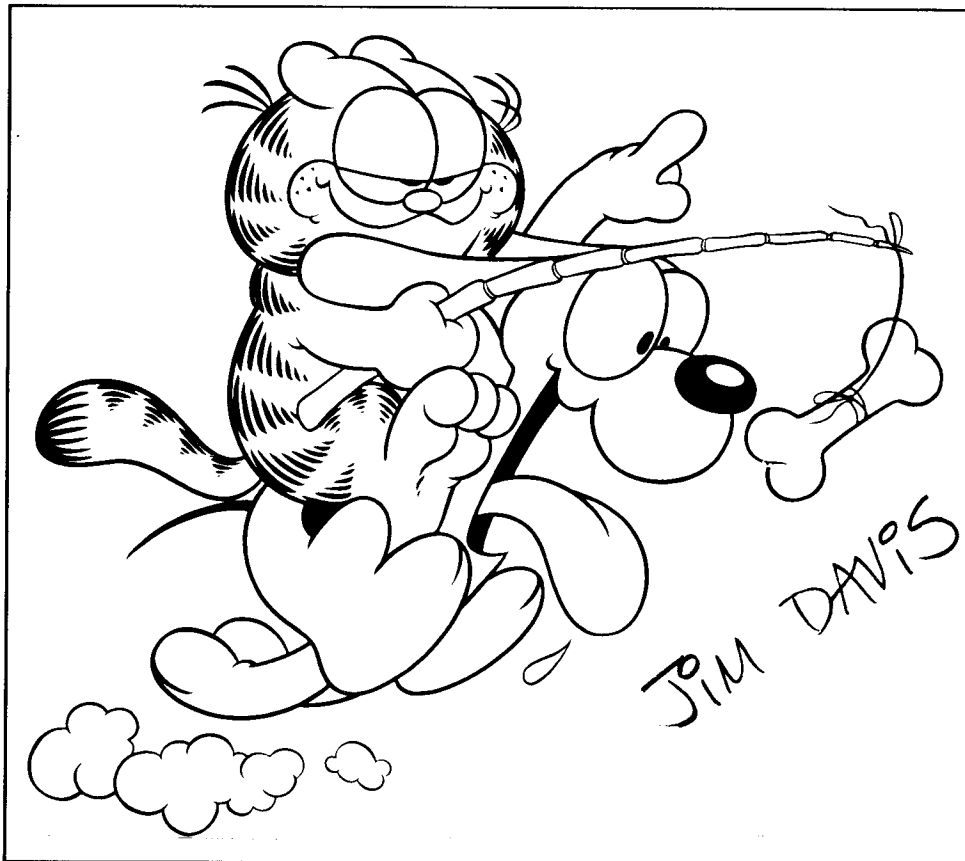
Doubtful though his boast may be, the American Association of State Colleges and Universities awarded him the Distinguished Alumnus Award for 1985 for his dedication to the pursuit and promotion of higher education.

After college, Davis did a two-year stint with a local advertising agency. In 1969, he joined TUMBLEWEEDS creator Tom Ryan as his cartoon assistant. Then he created a comic strip about a character named Gnorm Gnat. The strip ran in one Indiana newspaper, but when Davis tried to sell it to a national comic strip syndicate he was told, "Bugs aren't funny." After five years of drawing Gnorm, Davis drew a giant foot which fell out of the sky crushing Gnorm in his last comic appearance.

Davis noticed that there were numerous comic strips about dogs but few about cats even though the world is full of cat lovers. He combined that knowledge with his offbeat humor and Garfield, a fat lazy and cynical cat, became his formula for success which led to the syndication of Garfield by United Feature Syndicate in 1978. The rest, as they say, is history. [I wonder if that really is Jim Davis doing those Alpo commercials?]

What does Davis say about Garfield's personality? "Garfield is strictly an entertainment comic strip built around the strong personality of a fat, lazy, cynical cat." Garfield obviously avoids any social or political comment. "My grasp of the world situation isn't that firm anyway. For years I thought OPEC was a denture adhesive." [Another overheard rumor is that Jim is using Garfield as a caricature of humans. So, Garfield is a "kids" cartoon but it is doubtful kids grasp Jim's true meaning.]

In 1981, Paws, Inc. was formed, the company that handles art for Garfield merchandise under the strict eye of Davis, who approves each piece of Garfield art before it leaves the studio. With such attention to detail, Davis has



been able to maintain the quality of Garfield character which now appears on more than 3,000 products sold in 87 countries. Of the 30 Garfield books published by Ballantine Books, 25 have appeared on the New York Times Best Sellers List; 11 titles hit number one, and seven books appeared simultaneously in 1983.

In 1981 and 1986, the National Cartoonist Society rewarded Davis with the Best Humor Strip Cartoonist of the Year Award. In 1985, the NCS awarded him the Elzie Segar Award for outstanding contributions made in the cartoon industry. He has won four Emmy Awards for writing in the "Outstanding Animated Special" category for "Garfield on the Town" (1983), "Garfield in the Rough" (1984), "Garfield's Halloween Adventure" (1985), and "Babes and Bullets" (1989).

A second strip, U.S. ACRES was introduced in March 1986, in over 500 newspapers making it the largest launch of a new strip in the history of the industry. On top of all of that, "Garfield and Friends," a Saturday morning television series, debuted on CBS-TV in September, 1988.

When Davis isn't at the drawing board, his hobbies include golf ("I'm a hacker"), fishing, chess, sandwiches and good friends, but his favorite pastime is playing with his ten-year-old son, Alex.

Does Davis like cartooning? "It's nice work if you can get it."

Information To Hopeful Cartoonist:

Al Capp once said, "You must have two qualities to be a successful cartoonist. First, it helps to have been dropped on your head as a small child. Secondly, you must have no desire, talent, or ability to do anything useful in life." While this might seem a somewhat ludicrous observation, it nevertheless reflects how seriously cartoonists take themselves and their art. If I had only one piece of advice to give a prospective cartoonist, it would be this: **HAVE FUN WITH YOUR FEATURE!** If you have fun doing it, people will have fun reading it. Something translates through.

Most hopeful cartoonist labor their creations. An over-worked, heavily laden cartoon strip or panel doesn't have the charm or witty appeal of a simply drawn, simply stated sentiment. All a cartoonist has to do is hold a mirror to life and show it back with a humorous twist. More often than not, when a reader laughs at a strip, it's not because it's funny, but because it's true. [Exactly, everyday life with a twist is definitely the funniest. It is also what I try to do when drawing.]

Here are some general recommendations to lay the groundwork for a career in cartooning:

- 1) **GET A GOOD LIBERAL ARTS EDUCATION.** Enroll in journalism courses, as well as art classes. **DO A LOT OF READING.** The better read you are the more natural depth your writing will have. Learn to draw realistically. It helps any cartooning style.
- 2) **SEEK AN ART OR JOURNALISM RELATED JOB.** This affords you the luxury of having food to eat until you make a go of it in cartooning.
- 3) **EXPERIMENT WITH ALL KINDS OF ART EQUIPMENT AND MATERIALS.** I use Indian Ink (Higgins or Pelical Drawing Ink) and a #2 Windsor-Newton Sable Brush. For lettering, I use a Speedball B-6 Point. I work on Strathmore 3-ply Bristol Board, smooth surface.
- 4) **STAY MOTIVATED.** Sometimes it helps to publish your work in a school paper, local newspaper, or local publication. Many cartoonists have given up the quest a year or two before they would have become marketable.
- 5) **PREPARE NEAT, THOUGHTFUL SUBMISSIONS TO THE SYNDICATE EDITORS.** Send only your best work and be prepared to submit it many times. I could wallpaper a bedroom with my rejection slips.ø

Joe Franke



Yes, this issue we have a double **One On One**. I became familiar with Joe's stuff when I sent a letter asking him if he would like to trade publications. He then sent me back a couple issues of **Life is a Joke** and a few other odds-n-ends. The stuff Joe drew was extremely good black humor. Somehow, I got this idea to do a "interview" with people--more or less famous people.

Well, that is definitely no easy task as I have come to find out. Then, Dave Szurek, I think it was, suggested I stick to interviewing people in the underground. So that is what I have done. Of course I will probably stick to people who are "known" or who do outstanding zines or what have you. So here is the interview which was conducted through the mail from July till about mid October in three stages.

Joe was born in San Jose California, one day before my sister, on July 1, 1968 which currently makes him 23. His speciality is his black humor but what about his real job? "What is real? Does that mean the job that makes me the most money, or the job that seems the most standard? It's like in Hollywood where you hear 'Well, I'm really an actress, but I'm working as a waitress right now between parts.' If I only work one day out of my life as a gambler in Las Vegas and end up with four million dollars and spend the rest of my life mowing my neighbor's lawn for three dollars a week what does that make me? I don't know. It all kind of evens out for me. My money is always tied up in the stuff I do. I have two hundred dollars sitting on my desk and had a dream that the t-shirt lady hadn't printed me enough shirts and she called me yesterday and I told her about it so that money is zapped. Now I'll make money off that venture, but if I give away a few of those shirts, the profits are gone." Anyhow, Joe's real job is working in a real record store around eight to eight and a half hours a day five to six days a week. "It pays the rent and food and the stuff I buy to entertain myself with, and some financial creativity." I (the editor) like to say "If your happy then that's all that matters," what's the big deal with all this money stuff anyhow.

Joe print 1,000 offset copies of his last **Life is a Joke** and it ended up costing him over four hundred dollars--a big investor indeed. Joe comments: "If I sold them all at a dollar each [cover price] instantly, I'd have almost six hundred dollars. But since I sell them predominantly through the mail I put \$0.45 [which would now be \$0.52] on each in postage on 'em. That would make me a dime each [but with the increase in stamp price the profit would be three cents each]. It doesn't sell off and what not. Plus, when you open the mail box and find six dollars for stuff you printed, you say 'right on,' now I can buy lunch or whatever. Plus I trade them and give them away, so its an economically mangled mess. But money burns a hole in my pocket, so I have to tie it up like a long term investment." So there you have it, I'm not the only person losing in the zine venture. But then again, if your in it for the money then your in the wrong business.

When I asked Joe what his favorite music group was I expected an answer like... I think from his picture you might have anticipated what I was going to say so I won't be a wiseass. Here is his response. "I don't have a favorite type of music. I'm not held back by type or class or race or anything, or at least I hope not. As long as it moves me. Right now I listen to a lot of Ice Cube, Rollins Band, Ganzig, Ice-T, Fugazi, Divinlys, Ministry, Motorhead, Fleash Eaters, plus a lot of old blues and gospel and whatever I happen to hear at work.

It is always interesting to find out what someone's favorite television programs might be. If they say something like Happy Days or Three's Company then it's time to leave--at least for me. Joe does not have a TV therefore he never watches the Idiot Box. "I never watch T.V., it might be great. I wouldn't know." I think we should all tell Joe what he is missing. I admit that there are an abundance of bad programs on television nowadays but ever once in awhile there are some really good ones. More power to the people who can live without a TV, filling up their free time with other activities. Wish I could be the same way, then again, maybe not.



When I asked Joe how long ago and how he discovered the "Underground" he responded: "I don't know. I'm not real aware of what is considered mainstream and what is underground. My logic is lack of fans automatically makes you underground. Matt G., the guy who designed the Simpsons, used to and still does stuff for Funky L.A. alternative comic things, yet his stuff's a household word. I think a hell of a lot of people have heard of Jello Biafra [I heard he actually ran for mayor in some California city]. Is he "Underground?" Though someone like Ian Mackaye won't get a lot of press because what he does is real straight ahead. The Media wants freaks." Jumping tangents the next subject is printing. "I started printing my own stuff because I wanted to do it a certain way. I was doing stuff for a College paper and it wasn't all getting printed for various reasons. [The same thing has finally happened to me and I now realize what it is like to have my "stuff" rejected. It is only then when you really appreciate total control.] Doing it yourself gives you TOTAL CONTROL. I like that. I have no editor. If I print something that comes off as totally stupid (and I'm sure I have) no one is there to say NO. That's it. Power. I've done it for less than four years, never really considered anything else. I get stuff printed in a lot of different publications. I don't care how big their circulation is, as long as it looks and feels right. I like my publication because it also somewhat anthologizes my work."

Some "Underground" publications Joe reads or suggests reading include: Ben is Dead, Wajlemac, For Your Skull, and Exit. "Read or Not was the

first really inspiring zine I ever saw. Had cool shit in terms of reviews and down-to-earth anecdotes. It was a skate fanzine, really." His advice, and good advice at that, is to "be selfish, support what you want to support." Favorite quote: "Let us give this age cause to hate us.--Michael Moorcock."

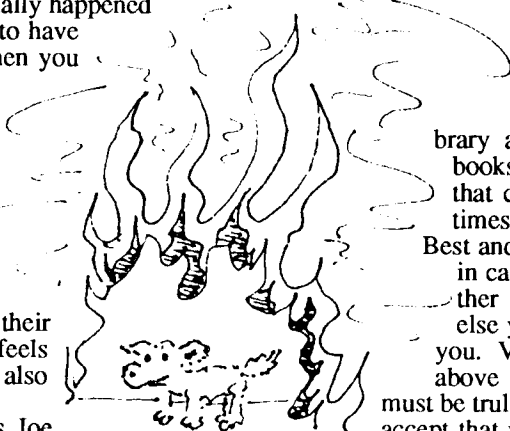
As for education Joe has received an Associates Degree in Liberal Arts, and has or is in the process of dropping out of College.

Everybody familiar with the underground probably knows of Paul Weinman--that crazy guy who stole a bus at one time in his life. Anyhow, he is so widely distribute that he probably gets tons of crazy/hate mail. Joe says the craziest letter he has gotten are love/lust poems from a girl (he hopes) in Northridge whom he may or may not have have met. Ok, whatever, as from me (but this is not about me) there has luckily been no hate mail or crazy letters.

A few brief questions and replies I asked Joe rounds out this interview. What inspires you? "The good and the bad, the stuff of life. People that do things rather than simply absorbing and observing what others do." How about if you could be in anyone's position for a day who would you choose? "I'd like to say President and do as much positive damage as possible, but I think there's so much bureaucracy that nothing would really be accomplished."

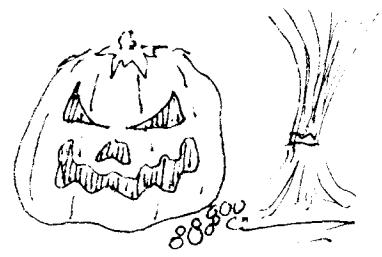
So I'd go with being Bill Cosby. I'd dress shitty, walk through Beverly Hills and get arrested and beaten." If you were currently in College you would...? "I'd drop out. I like the library and the computers, but I'd rather read books than listen and regurgitate." I do admit that college can be a pain in the arse sometimes, but I figure I come to far to stop now. Best and worst advice given? "Bring something in case it gets cold. That always works as either a BIG positive or negative. Anything else you want to say? "Angela Bolles, I love you. Viva Angela Bolles. Keep your head above the shit. Never buy off the rack." "Art must be truly inflicted on a people, for they will only accept that which they do not have to chew." With that quote by Joe 11/21/91 I shall end this interview. Joe can be reached at the following address: 18320 NAPA ST., #2 Northridge, CA 91325. So come out of your box and read some good humor.ø

YESTERDAY
I BURNED
DOWN MY
HOUSE...



Countdown to shutdown

Life is a Joke



The Joys of Poverty

-Adam Bregman-

It is a crime to be homeless in this country. What, you didn't know that? A homeless person is merely a problem you pass on the street like a dirty gutter or a pothole. If you can't get a job in this country for whatever reason, and can't afford any place of residence, you've given up your rights, your rights to exist, your rights to be considered human. Now you are a problem. But don't think that you're a problem to the government, cause they couldn't give two shits about you. You don't vote and you can't vote because you have no residence, so in the candidate's eyes, you don't exist. Candidates for governor in the U.S. debate for hours over abortion and capital punishment, but scarcely mention the unmentionables. Do the homeless even exist? Republican and Democratic candidates live in areas of town, where homeless people get arrested for passing through. Governors and mayors are not often seen spending their weekends in Venice or Hollywood, so they're unaware that twelve year olds sleep on park benches. They are unaware of the issues that aren't presented to them by lobbies or the media, and since the homeless aren't skilled at lobbying on their issues and don't own a large chunk of the media, they have become a non issue.

They are a non issue that will continue to grow as long as this country is governed by an economic system where to survive you must work. It doesn't matter how silly or useless your job is, the only prerequisite for surviving at the lowliest of lowly positions is that you have some kind of job, any kind of job. The White House is not inclined to raise the minimum wage because to them not only must you work, but you must work a decent job in order to attain the privilege of surviving. The American work ethic orders you to fight for your privilege to survive. Cut your hair, buy some nice clothes, stop partying and having so much fun. Fill out hundreds of worthless applications that inquire about your mom's favorite daytime television shows and your last fifteen places of residence and the last six peo-

ple you made out with and all such madness. Be willing to undergo drug testing and lie detectors and guillotines and be ready to give life, limb, and soul all for the privilege of survival. You can be an accountant, an agent, a public relations representative, work for an advertising agency, the defense industry, a plastic manufacture. You can be anything you want to be Army! Navy! Air Force! Marines! Any of these delightful alternatives to homelessness. So many options the system provides why would anyone want to beg or jump off a bridge. Why would anyone want to keep their soul and self respect. Exploitation isn't so bad as long as you can buy a color TV. Who needs worthwhile jobs when you can be a stockbroker?

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher refused to even admit that Great Britain has an underclass. She thought the term was conceived by the liberal media. She probably hasn't stepped outside of her residence in years and so she shouldn't because she'd probably be shot. The homeless are kept far away from the ruling class in all countries, cause they don't exist. If they could be made into slaves, they would be made into slaves, but that isn't cool anymore. Slaves have new names now like the minority vote or the working class or the lower class and they live in ghettos instead of on plantations. The homeless are growing, and they'll continue to grow, and they'll never get any respect from the establishment because for whatever reason, whether it's that they can't or they won't, they aren't contributing to the system that refuses to believe that they exist.

[I realize, as many do, we have a homeless problem and this article by Adam brings a recall on Ben Franklin's famous quote: "God helps them who help themselves." Yes, we should give the homeless some help but these people should also attempt to improve their situation as well. There will be no free lunch or rides today or any day so get off your ass and DO IT!]

I'm chugging along on a road to nowhere leading to a destiny of nothing. 10/6/91

FABLES

I don't know what it is about fables but I really enjoy them. Perhaps it is because they have a message for everyone. During the summer of 1991 I proceeded off to the library and was able to pick up a nice book of fables, however none of them had a moral. Just my luck! I guess its better that way as the author said he wanted his readers to think. I however am a bit lazy and like the morals so I included a moral on two of the ten fables I copied. So dig into these ten classic fables I have chosen to print and think a little.

The Stag and the Lion

A Stag came to a pool and, after drinking his fill, paused to contemplate his image in the still water. The sight of his antlers in their sturdy splendor filled him with pride, but his legs struck him as a sorry sight, frail and scrawny. While he was thus absorbed in his thoughts a Lion suddenly burst upon him. The Stag took flight, and quickly outdistanced the Lion--for a Stag's strength is in his legs, whereas a Lion's is in his heart. As long as he kept to the open ground he continued to outrun his pursuer, but when he entered a thick forest his antlers caught in the branches and the lion gradually overtook him. As he was about to be killed, the Stage lamented to himself: "How strange is fate! Those pitiable legs of mine almost saved me, and my noble antlers have proved my undoing!"

The Wolf and the Heron

A wolf got a bone stuck in his throat and rushed about in search of help. He met a Heron and offered to pay him handsomely for extracting the bone. The Heron plunged his beak deep into the Wolfs throat, drew forth the bone, and claimed his fee.

What!" exclaimed the Wolf, "isn't it enough that you recovered your head safe and sound from a Wolfs jaws, without asking for money as well?"

Herme's Chariot

One day Hermes filled his Chariot with lies, villainies, and sundry deceits, and started making the rounds of all the countries of the world. At each stop he distributed a small portion of his load, but when he reached Arabia his Chariot--so they say--broke down, and its entire contents were pillaged by the Arabs, who believed they were carrying off a great treasure.

The Reed and the Olive Tree

The Reed and the Olive Tree were arguing. Each claimed to be stronger, sturdier, to have greater endurance than the other. The Olive Tree jeered at the Reed for bowing down to every passing breeze--to which the Reed made no reply. But a little later a windstorm blew up and the Reed, bending before the wind, came through easily whereas the Olive Tree, which defiantly faced the violent blast, was uprooted and destroyed.

The Two Sacks

When Prometheus fashioned man, he hung Two Sacks around his neck. The first Sack contained the faults of other men, the second the faults of the wearer himself. The god saw fit to hang the first sack in front, but the second he let dangle behind. And that is why man is quick to notice the faults of others, but never see his own.

Heracles and Ploutos

When Heracles was first raised to Mount Olympus and given the privilege of eating with the gods, he made sure to greet each of his dinner companions as they came in with courtesy and warmth. Last of all Ploutos, the god of wealth, came in to the dining hall--and Heracles turned his back and pretended not to notice him. Zeus, surprised at this rudeness, took Heracles aside to ask why he had singled Ploutos out for such ill treatment.

"When I was living among men," said Heracles, "I noticed that Ploutos kept company with the worst sort of people."

The Astronomer

An Astronomer was in the habit of wandering out at night to examine the stars. One evening, on the outskirts of town, he fell into a well. A passerby heard his cries for help and upon learning what had happened remarked: " Well, friend, it seems you can see the heavens clear enough, but can't see what's right at your feet."

{Some people are too blind to see what they are walking into.}

Heracles and Athena

Heracles was making his way along a narrow road when he saw on the ground an object that looked like an apple. He stepped on it and the object doubled in size. Seeing this, Heracles stamped on it with both feet and hit it with his club. The object then swelled in size until it blocked the road. Heracles threw down his club and gaped in amazement. Athena now appeared and said to him: "Leave that thing alone, dear brother! It is the spirit of argument and discord; if you don't touch it, it does no harm, but if you try to fight with it, it grows as you have seen."

The Doe and the Vine

A Doe, pursued by hunters, hid herself behind a Grapevine. When the hunters had passed, she tranquilly began to nibble the leaves, thinking herself safe; but the hunters, who happened to look back, saw the leaves trembling and guessed that an animal was lurking there. As the Doe felt death upon her she exclaimed: "I only got what I deserved, for I should not have harmed the Vine that served me so well."

{Don't push your luck}

Zeus and the Tortoise

Zeus, who had just married, invited all the animals to his wedding party. Only the Tortoise failed to come. The next day Zeus sought him out and asked: "Why did you not attend my little celebration last night?" "Oh, you know," answered the Tortoise. "There's no place like home!" This reply so angered Zeus that he condemned the Tortoise to carry his home on his back ever after.ø

Zine Reviews

Well, unfortunate news is that I sent my zine to all the zines I reviewed the last time and only received a zine in trade from slightly over half. To me this is extremely depressing because I review zines that are good as well as having responsible editors. It is unexplainable. Your best bet is to send a postcard before money because, as I have found out, even the unexpected can happen. If anyone knows of any zines similar in nature to mine please let me know. Okay, check these out.

2600 Magazine (\$3--P.O. Box 752, Middle Island, NY 11953) An excellent hacker magazine. Quite informative with all the stuff hackers seek to know.

Assult (with intent to free) (\$2--AWIF, P.O. Box 8722, Mpls, MN 55408) Contains rants, interviews with bands, music and zine review...general anarchy stuff.

Baby Sue (\$1.50--P.O. Box 1111, Decatur, GA 30031-1111) A zine of black and tragic humor. Basically a parody of politically correct things in the world.

Backwoods (\$2--Chris Purcell, 6 Castle St., Asheville, NC 28803) This is a zine of art and poetry. Nothing really extreme but nice nonetheless.

Bayou LaRose (\$1--302 N "J" ST., #3, Talcoma, WA 98403) A newspaper format publication that seems to hate government and BC's. Interesting, often biased.

Blue Ryder (\$2.25--Box 587, Olean, NY 14760) This zine contains many stories gotten from other underground sources. However, most have an anarchist biased slant.

Brutarian (\$3--Dominik Salemi, P.O. Box 25222, Arlington, VA 22202-9998) The premier slick issue dealt mainly with movies (many obscure). Looks great, reads like

Cyclone Publications (\$1--P.O. Box 20013, Dayton, OH 45420-0013) They publish Eyewash (various topics) and Eleventh Pin (pictures of a bowling pin). Check it out!

Factsheet Five (\$4--Hudson Luce, P.O. Box 1163, Cincin-

nati, OH 45201-1163) THE #1 guide to small press/underground publications. Get it if your serious!

Heavy Lifting (Stamp--2009 S.E. 4th Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316) This zine varies in what it is like. All I can say is it has nothing to do with heavy lifting!

Joe Wesson Magazine (\$1?--1605 Valley Road, Apt. #1, Pullman, WA 99163) Joe discusses his fandom, travels, and life as an Economics prof. Good personal zine.

Little Free Press (Stamp--Box 54177, MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55454-0177) Ernest Mann speaks his piece about a future free economic society in this often published newsletter.

Obscure (\$1--Jim Romenesko, P.O. Box 1334, Milwaukee, WI 53201) Jim's zine contains info about various people publishing in the underground scene. Worth it.

Profane Existence (\$3--P.O. Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408) A massive double issue (11/12) crammed with "sheer anarchy, punk and chaos!" Weird, wild stuff.

Twilight of the Idols (\$2--John A. Marmysz, 3739 Balboa St. #142, San Francisco, CA 94121) Contains fiction, something with explosives, and often other weird stuff.

Twisted Image (\$1--1630 University Ave. Apt. #26, Berkely, CA 94703) This monthly by Ace Backwords contains comics, rants and sometimes more. Neat stuff.

The Village iDiot (\$3--Joe Singer, P.O. Box 66, Harrison, IDA 83833-0066) This is a well done literary zine containing fiction, poetry, reviews and a little bit more.

Vital Information (Postage--P.O. Box 791377, N.O., LA 70179-1377) A zine of ideas, opinions, and information on subjects like censorship, racism, TV, etc.

We are the Weird (\$1--P.O. Box 2002, Dallas, TX 75221) A guy by the name of Joe Bob Briggs writes satire (kind of stupid yet kind of funny) and reviews movies.

Scrap Records (\$4--P.O. Box 8001, New Haven CT 06511) Brian sent me a 2000DS "Crowborough" 7 inch. There are 5 mediocre songs by this punk/HC band. Overall it doesn't suit my taste. Anyways check out the S.R. releases.ø

The Most Unforgettable Asshole I've Ever Met

~Dave Szurek~

"In some ways, I felt responsible for some of Carl's acts and I still hold myself responsible for inflicting him on Detroit. It was 1969. I was a drug-crazed transient in Cincinnati who wanted to return to my hometown of Detroit. Carl was a homeless twenty-two year old stereotypical "wimp" who lived in his car. His mode of dress--immaculately clean--shaven, ultra-conservative, a crewcut which hadn't been seen for at least a decade made him conspicuous hanging out with the "hippie" crowd but while I hardly knew him, I was aware of his Vietnam war resistance and love of marijuana. His physical appearance--coke--bottle glasses, a diminutive frame combined with impressive height, considerable thinness and age-inappropriate acne gave him an attention grabbing "wimpy" demeanor while his chronically socially clumsy behavior was tolerated in a subculture where many of us, to some extent, myself included, were in the same boat, but would probably have made him a "misfit" in mainstream society. Due to his lifestyle, his clothing was not always in the neatest shape and he sometimes didn't smell like a rose, but haircuts and razor blades were a priority and he sure didn't look like the LIFE magazine portrait of a "hippie."

By coincidence, just as I was seriously considering putting my thumb in front of headlights, Carl expressed fear that his anti-war activities had brought him to the attention of local authorities who'd discovered that he was a draft dodger. He thought it was time to move on, but for reasons he'd never reveal, he was curiously dead-set against emigrating to Canada. This bewildered me to no end, but I finally reasoned that maybe he had a warrant out on him thereabouts or something and killed two birds with one stone. His car was in working order, so after working day labor for gas money, we hit the road. Almost from the moment of departure, Carl proved himself a compulsive talker, when away from crowds, with virtually nothing to say. His incessant corny jokes seldom provoked so much as a smile from me but threw him into guffaws began to drive me crazy, while his endless array of lewd remarks about every female we passed grew extremely tiresome. The nonsense stopped long enough, though, for me to learn he was not only a draft dodger but an army deserter who'd been on the run for more than two years and that he'd somehow gotten the impression of me as a Romeo. I tried to correct that misconception. As one who'd just entered his twenties, I'd not been totally inexperienced with the female sex, but I was far from superstud. He absolutely refused to listen, however, revealing that except for visits to prostitutes he was a virgin (somehow, I wasn't surprised) and asked me to teach him how to score with women when we hit Detroit. He again refused to believe me when I argued that there was no magic formula, pooh-poohead then suggestion that he "just be himself" and his response to my advice that he respect women as individuals rather than mere slabs of meat clearly demonstrated that this man was no feminist. Inasmuch as I'd begun to develop feminist ideals when they were still considered "just weird"--like back in junior high--he and I were incompatible conversationalists on that issue. What's more, he insisted that men who said they advocated women's liberation did so only as a ruse to get bedroom partners. "Maybe that's the formula?" he theorized. I was honest that I wouldn't train him, and although I did not foresee what was to happen, I was quickly beginning to regret having brought this bozo along. Why hadn't I settled for simply traveling by thumb?

Almost the minute we hit Detroit, Carl shed his gabby behavior and reverted to the non-communicative, withdrawn and introverted self he'd often been in Cincinnati. While gathering money for a cheap apartment, we stayed at a variety of crash pads. Except when stoned out of his gourd, Carl remained noticeably aloof and while perfectly willing to accept hospitality, tight-lipped. Our hosts theorized painful shyness and I concurred, but had also detected such mental instability that I wondered wheth-

er he were an army deserter or a mental hospital escapee. If a guy like he had even been accepted for military service, as I definitely learned later was not a lie, there was no exaggeration to the rumor that they'd accept just about anybody during the Vietnam conflict. In private, he constantly revealed to me that he was developing a "crush" on one or more women at every damn crash pad. Disturbing, though was his habit of taking every act of cordiality on their part as a come-on. I had a number of "platonically" women friends and his assertions that such a thing as "friendship" could not possibly exist between members of opposite sexes, his repeated insistence that they and I were banging on the side, was annoying. Actually, there was another time when he would talk, that was when afforded the opportunity of expressing self pity and/or his persecution complex. His accounts, however, were so tame that I had to conclude he was soft-pedaling and had only recently learned that the world and television were not the same. While I suspect child abuse did figure in his background, his reports were conspicuously mild. While I'm almost sure that he had greater difficulty adapting to society, his stories restricted themselves to problems experienced by most of us and his complaints of social alienation stopped with the bizarre concept that "butterflies" were almost universal. His stories of having done poorly in school revealed an "above-average student" who had never failed a grade while his reports of childhood poverty betrayed a firmly middle-class upbringing. Apparently he thought everyone had been a straight-A student with a swimming pool in the backyard. Carl seemed a naive 12-year old trapped in an adult body, which would have made him a figure of pathos were he not so strikingly insensitive to and intolerant of other people's "whininess." (A year or two later, I decided that he was such a harsh, compulsive, unrelenting and uncompromising judge of human frailties--evidently he neatly divided individuals into camps of "black" and "white" which made it hard not to give into temptation and judge him. I tried but failed miserably. His sexual stereotyping was incredible! Although he hung out with dudes he, himself, considered "misfits" he believed males were obligated to be either "macho" (he, himself, was clearly not in that bag) or high powered white collar sorts--the kind of person we'd call a yuppie today. Females were to be "ladies" and servile to the male, but not too "slutty" of their own volition. As I recall, he once soundly criticized a girl simply for using the words "ass" and "shit," and another for having "too active" a sex life. He obviously still felt women were to remain virgins until marriage. I never did figure out who all those men were supposed to be screwing then. My mind blown more out of proportion by the day. I observed that his was the mentality associated with "red-necks" and wondered how he'd ever found his way to the "hippy" subculture. I considered rescinding my offer to share an apartment, but I'd already said it and was inflexibly into "my word is my bond."

[Well this seems like a good place to break off from Dave's story for a bit. I had typed all of the above in once before and then my disk somehow died. Typing and setting up the above is over an hours work so it is easy to comprehend the frustration I felt, especially when nothing would get my files back. So I guess the lesson to be learned is to save on more than one disk or pay the price. Ok, that's all I have to say, now you can get back to the story.]

I'd been unsuccessful at securing steady employment and had to stick with day labor and blood donations. Unbelievably, Carl had, because of his car, gotten a pizza delivery gig. We had the money by now to split on an apartment. At the last minute, Carl blew his on a haircut, a stash of marijuana, and a couple of "girlie" magazines and was left with but a tiny bit of pocket change. I was pissed off, but trying to be patient, I used my money for the first week's rent and got a promise that the following week's

would come out of his first paycheck. What a fool I was! On payday, he came home swearing to have a gun stuck in his ribs on the way from the bank. People at work kept laying free booze and grass on him, though. Nearly every night, he'd stumble in high. Then he got fired before paycheck #2. He explained that it was a dispute over efficient money handling, but I later discovered that the cause was open sexual harassment of female co-workers, the boss did not take kindly to their butts being pinched. He later got a job as a theatre usher. Guess what happened his first payday at the place? Another mugging. I made it clear that I was not going to buy the same story forever, and I guess it took because he handed over rent money the next time.

Almost the moment we moved in (and I'm sure we must have made a big splash with the landlord, I with the shoulder-length hair, beard and earring, he in a sport jacket.) he abruptly returned to verbal diarrhea, candidly droning on some amazingly right-wing and pathologically misogynist sentiments. The latter turned my stomach and I told him so, but his retort was that I'd feel the same way had I been fucked over by "bitches" as much as he had. Grilling to find out "how" he'd been fucked over it boiled down to legs not spreading. I knew I was stuck with a crazy man, but didn't know how to get out of the situation. Seemed, too, that EVERYBODY we knew was a sleazeball, EVERY female, of course, a "tramp." Women's Liberation was "unnatural," the whole hippy movement was based on people saying the right things and going through the motions in order to have better access to sex and dope. He freely admitted that he was one such opportunist and even I was surprised when he stated that he wasn't REALLY against the Vietnam War. That's also the first time I learned that he hadn't been a draftee, that he'd dropped out of college to enlist and had cut out before seeing action when he realized he could be blown away.

Nearly every night for the first two weeks he'd come home damning a different woman for failing to "return his love." He was strongly reluctant to admit "hurt" re-channeled it as "anger," insisting she needed a "good horsewhipping" and I FINALLY told him I didn't want to hear it any longer, suggesting in the process (quite seriously and in a level-headed manner) that he use a shrink as his sounding board. He loudly and vigorously refused to seek "Professional Help," accused me of being "a traitor to my sex" and after calling me a "Cunt Lover" (So, what was I supposed to love?) carried on about how people were always trying to give him a hard time. Several nights later, he returned sloppy drunk and in a visibly distraught emotional state claiming to have just been beaten up by some friends of ours for reasons he didn't know. He carried no signs of having been a victim of violence, and curious as to whether this had really happened outside his imagination, I sought said friends out. It turned out that he showed up at their place drunk, propositioned the female resident and accused her of "having led him on" when she refused. He wouldn't leave when asked, was finally being escorted out the door when he broke free and shoved her against the wall, after which he was more forcibly escorted away, but still not "beaten up."

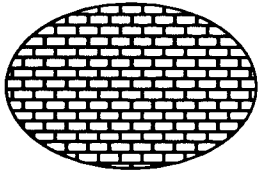
Things were relatively quite for a while, and then he "fell in love" with a female friend of mine. He'd ask me "intimate" questions about her, and couldn't understand why I refused to answer. So, I returned home one night to find him going out with a two-by-four carelessly hidden beneath his jacket. Upon questioning, I learned that he planned to "teach her a lesson" for "refusing his love" earlier that day. Instantly, disavowing my pacifist stance, I tackled the fucker. Acting strangely stunned, as if he'd expected my blessings, he tried to get away but did not attempt to strike back, finally he handed over the weapon and ran back into the apartment. I found him in tears, muttering on and on that nobody considered his feelings and I promptly issued an ultimatum that he either see a shrink or move out. He grudgingly agreed to do so, but was gone before that came to pass.

Two nights later I was awoken by a woman's scream. As I opened my eyes, I was stunned by the sight of a struggling woman on the floor beneath Carl who was unzipping his fly with one hand and lifting her skirt with the other. It was painfully clear that she had not granted consent and I sprung from the bed to tackle him. She automatically ran out the door, while I once again disproved my pacifist rhetoric, and Carl once again neglected to fight back. I ordered him to get the fuck out--not in the morning--The Mission was probably still accepting guest--or he could sleep in the car--or if he resisted, I was sure I could get the police to give him lodgings for the night. He once more accused me of being "a traitor to my sex" and agreed to leave but protested that the intended victim had "led him on" by coming over to smoke grass. Since she'd refused to put out, he asserted, she deserved whatever happened. He accused her of being a "teasing bitch" I of being an "apologist for teasing bitches," proclaimed that any "normal man" would've acted as he'd done. He packed and stormed out the door complaining that his rights had been violated.

Surprisingly, he'd gotten himself a girlfriend and moved in with her in a matter of days. The couple broke up a week later. According to her, the separation had been triggered by his fantasies of bondage and anal intercourse. She'd tolerated him having them for several nights but refused to participate in their actualization and hadn't dreamt that he'd take an "It's not your choice" attitude. Although raped in the ass and tied up against her will, she'd chosen to throw him back out on the street rather than file a police report. Inasmuch as he willingly left after giving her a lecture on broken hearts and defiant females, she chose not to pursue the matters. Sounded to me as if "she" wasn't glued too tightly either. Several days up the road, she was charged with suspicion of theft. The stolen property, however, was traced to Carl who got charges dropped by returning it. Almost instantly, he showed up at the local "hippy hangout," bragging that he'd "taught that bitch a lesson." As he explained it, the theft had been a deliberate frame-up from the beginning, engineered as revenge for the split. He insisted that "striking out" was the "normal" reaction of a male who'd "have his soul sucked," Carl's term for a woman giving love but taking it away before the end of eternity but that we'd all been emasculated and "pussy whipped." He further verified her story of what had caused the break-up, saying that women had an obligation to do what men wanted and that if the man couldn't get it peacefully, it was his privilege to take it by any means necessary. He kept on insisting that we were criticizing his sexual inclination rather than his transgression of another--"and besides, she'd let him screw her in the normal place, why not the Old Dirt Road?" When he left, a couple of guys followed and rearranged his face. After getting out of the hospital, he left Detroit and was never seen in that town again.

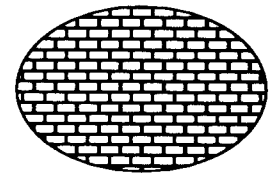
Imagine my shock when several years later--five or six to be exact--I was reading a tabloid report of a necrophiliac serial thrill killer in another state--and there was Carl's name for all to see, with a physical description that fit like the proverbial glove! The killer, not one of the victims, Carl didn't achieve as much fame as other serial murderers because he'd managed to claim only about four before arrest in less than a month's time. Actually, I wasn't very shocked. I'd already predicted something like this, myself. Still, the revelation produced a strange sensation which I sometimes still flash back to today.ø

I use to always be concerned with others until people told me to mind my own business and stop being nosey. Then I kept to myself and looked after my self interest and people told me I was selfish and indifferent. Now I laugh at all the hypocrisy and don't worry about who or what people want me to become because there is no use pleasing those who can't be pleased.-dw



Never Before Two

~Dan Wright -4/27/91~



It's 11:30 PM and bedtime again. Here at college it is essential to get a good nights sleep especially if one is majoring in engineering. So every night I retire at 11:30 PM and attempt to sleep until 7:30 AM at which time my alarm sounds notifying me of my hard days work ahead.

The minutes tick by slowly here in the dorm room as I see that the clock displays 11:42 PM after I finish my prayers. Sounds emanate in all directions, with some being as faint as a cricket or the bedspring next door and others being as annoying as the flushing of a toilet, car alarm, stereo, TV or even my roommates talking. All disappear except the TV and the chit-chat of my two roommates.

Slowly 12:32 AM approaches. The bedsprings next door have stopped and the crickets have all gone asleep while I'm still laying here waiting for the talking to stop. An occasional basketball dribble can be heard, and sometimes running water, no matter what it is it never compares to the talking in the other room.

The clock ticks 1:10 AM and I feel the anger growing inside. I talk to myself and realize someday real soon I will crack and do something regretful. Every night of everyday of every week of every month for the last four months this had gone on. It started as a TV thing, watching from 8:00 PM till sometime in or around Letterman. Then, my roommate joined in and started to talk instead of just watching TV. It continues on and on never stopping and I wonder how many times they can tell the same story or laugh at the same joke. Many times is the answer as this has been going on for quite awhile.

1:23 AM and my ears start ringing for awhile. At this time I wonder if I will ever get to sleep. Today, tomorrow, next week, when the hell am I going to get the sleep I need and deserve. Before this college crap I use to retire around 9:30-10:10 PM and was sound to sleep by 11 PM 99% of the time. Those days were history the day I came to this hell hole. I grasp my ears and push as hard as I can hoping to die so to provide the sleep I so desire.

At 1:47 AM I ask the Lord why and even discuss the situation with myself. Profanity spews out with every other word I say and the side of me I try to keep deep inside appears. I call my roommates "Fucking assholes" at least a hundred times during the two hours I have been awake in my bed.

Wow, it is 1:55 AM and usually all is quite, but not tonight. There still going at it. The talking marathon continues along with the TV on extremely high decibels. I had a talk with both the assholes at least twice before. I asked them nicely to "keep it down" when I'm trying to sleep at night. sometimes this last for a few days but sure enough they are back at it again screwing with my time. Yawn, and a glance at the clock, damn, and I have a test tomorrow morning! Holy shit, and I plug my ears again.

The talking continues onward with no respect toward others, namely me, the person who needs sleep because he's got a test in the morning. A basketball dribbles a couple times and the crickets start making noises again. And if all that is not enough a car alarm goes off and my roommates let out a big chuckle in the other room.

When the clock struck TWO something happened. I felt extremely strong and I started to get out of bed reaching under my mattress to pull out my hunting knife. I went in the room where my roommates were talking and quickly slashed the one with the red hairs neck. I screamed profane words and at the same time was able to stab my roommate in the stomach before he figured out what was going on. The redneck was on the ground grasping at his neck and flopping around. The other, bigger roommate took a stab to both eyes and still put up a fight with a bloody face and no eyes. I was able to get behind him, when he swang wildly at my face and kick him in the lower back causing his back to snap and him to fall flaccidly on the floor. I then took the imported beer bottle from the kitchen table and wailed it at the TV. The picture tube imploded throwing glass throughout the blood stained room. Everything was then silent and after a long piss on my dead roommates I went back in my room to get some sleep. I was happy at my accomplishments and wished I could solve all my problems that easily.

2:12 AM was the last time I noticed before nodding out. Like clockwork I arose at 7:30 AM, dressed and opened the door to the kitchen area. It was just the way my roommates had left it when they retired for the evening--a mess. Finally 8:15 AM rolled around and I proceeded off to class thinking: everyday it's always the same, and everyday I wish I could have walked it like I talked it.ø

Note: If all goes as planned then I will graduate with an Electrical Engineering degree from the University of Florida during the Spring or Summer of 1993. If I do not have a job I might drive around the country mostly traveling north and west (as far east as Ohio). I will stop by if an invite is given and would appreciate staying. Anyhow, that is awhile from now. Currently I can fly for a reduced rate (until I graduate) just about anywhere Continental Airlines flies. Anyone that would like me to visit let me know. Because of college my times are limited to the Winter and Summer breaks (Late Dec, early Jan and Early May and Late August respectively). I will need a place to stay (however long) and a ride to and from the airport if possible. Also, I am open to suggestions of where my future home should be. Finally, I would really appreciate it if anyone could help me with my search for the "perfect" EE job. Okay, I think that's enough freeloading for the time being.ø

Fuck this shit man I'm outta here

Speaking OUT!

Sometimes I'm not sure what to think or even what I should do. One thing college does do is make you think more. So, in case your wondering, college is good for at least one thing.

Time to change the subject. The next topic is the Lollapalooza Festival. My roommate (Joe) and I were able to attend. As many know I do not own a car so I (unfortunately) have to rely on others. Luckily my roommate was willing to attend the event. The bands that performed include: Rollins Band, Butthole Surfers, Ice-T with Body Glove, Nine Inch Nails, Living Colour, Siouxsie and the Banshees, and Janes Addiction. This 9 hour \$25 concert was definitely interesting. Besides the obvious music they had many food stands, toilets, drink stands, beer stands, and a place where activists (and such) solicited their stuff. I heard there was almost a riot in the beer lines because they started to limit the beers to two per person. As for the activist, everybody wanted to do something but nobody did anything--go figure. The food and soda lines were the worst though. I waited a 1/2 for a damn good \$2 kosher dog while my roommate

waited an hour for some really good \$2 sodas, well, at least they should have been. We missed Living Colour because of standing in line although I don't really care for Living Colour so of course I didn't mind much. Another thing I noticed were the people. You could almost have called it a "freak fest." However, I really enjoyed seeing these type of people. Combat boots, dyed hair, earrings, black, and so on. These are people I feel I can relate to even though I didn't "meet" anyone. There was one thing I learned from the show and that is "Everyones a hypocrite." So many people there can be fit into the PETA, Earth First, Green Peace, or what have you "Save the Earth group," yet people littered, smoked (it seemed like everybody smoked), pushed, did drugs, and who knows what else. I guess it all comes down to that old saying "People are People." I got depressed because I really thought these type of people were different but as NINE INCH NAILS said "That's what I get."

The band I liked the most was The Rollins Band. Partly because I look up to Henry Rollins (through my eyes he means good and always has something interesting to say). And also because Henry Rollins and Co. moved to their

music so well giving a full 100% of their energy. I felt the Butthole Surfers were the worst since all it sounded like was a jam sessions. "Butthole Surfers Suck!" The festival was well worth the price of admission even though it rained for half the concert.

I know I'm not going to change the world by putting this zine out or protesting or doing what others do. Perhaps I'll spark an idea in someones head, maybe someone will be touched by what I have to say. Perhaps I will motivate someone or cause them to think a little deeper. Like the lady in the barber shop who cut my hair said: "I'm not the best in the world, but I do my best." I do my best and that is all I can do. I will attempt to help, but then the rest is up to you. So as Henry Rollins says, and now I say quite often as well, DO IT!



MIKE SMITH SHOWREEL (2:40)

Ranting Onward -Dan Wright-5/19/91-

In Fathoms Below #1 I brought up a controversial subject--UFO's. I concluded that other lifeforms (aliens) do, have, and will exist. Now there are people out there who don't believe seeing is believing--they also want proof. And these are the people who put criminals behind bars on "word of mouth" and they want EVIDENCE!

We have sightings, abductions, and from what I've seen and heard the government was able to capture a craft and some dead "aliens." Do you notice a cover up? Okay, so you're probably not convinced, well I respect that. Intelligent people are suppose to "question authority," but just because something can't be proved does not simply mean it does not exist. Folks, if these "aliens" can create space vehicles that can travel the universe its pretty obvious they are extremely intelligent and would thus leave no or little evidence. Don't stick your nose in the air at me because it is obviously your type that does not believe in shit and those are the kinds of people who make this planet the shit-hole it is getting to be. Believe in yourself, believe in others--believe damit.

Okay, now that we are cleared up on

that subject, and have concluded that UFO's and aliens certainly do exist lets move on. I'm not going to spend my whole life simply trying to prove this just to please you so our next item on the agenda is what happened before we were born and where are we going.

Nobody ever seems to discuss where we came from, rather it is always where will we go and even that is not discussed much outside the church. When I think about it I wonder what the difference is? Before we are born where are we, what is there? You are not alive yet there is life, how can this be? Time starts slow when you are a kid and as you progress toward your death time passes quicker. I heard someone sort of compare it to a film reel; as the film unravels the reel rotates quicker. How about that, certainly does sound familiar. Every day that passes is black and we only remember something special if anything about that passed day. That day is dead, its gone but it is brought back each time you think about it--you and others give it life.

The past is dead and the future is always a day away. Look ahead, what do you see? Well, eventually you will see your demise and collapse--you poor soul. What about these people who have been "officially dead" and have

seen a light? Like in that movie Flatliners. Is this just energy dispersing or could it be the entering of a new life? So many questions go unanswered while many are trying to dig up the truth. Remember the old expression "The truth hurts?" If the truth were told nowadays how many do you think would believe--probably not many its sad to say. "I don't want to hear the truth, I want something that will make me feel better." "Well here's a big juicy lie for you my friend, at least you can rest in peace now."

Could this life be all for nought. Are we going to live then die then that is it? What is my purpose, yours, anyones? Well, what I think we can do is do what we prefer to do. Do The Right Thing Spike Lee says, Just Do It Nike says, and Do It is what Henry Rollins says. Do what you want, be who you choose just don't take people along who won't enjoy the ride. So everyone, lets start shoveling away the bullshit and start revealing the truth along with doing what we should have been doing in the first place.

* * Theodore Isaac Rubin, M.D., stated: "Television deprives children of their imaginations."

Why We Didn't Stop the War?

-Adam Bregman-

I went to a lot of the antiwar protests in Los Angeles, hoping to find a community of people as angry as I was that the rich had dragged us in to another bullshit war to protect their economic interests, and ready to use every radical means to protest and to stop the war. What I encountered was a vast collection of liberals, socialists, and hippies all with their own reformist agendas lacking any radical vision shouting, monotonous, nearly meaningless choruses like "No Blood for Oil" or "What do we want? Peace! When do we want it? Now!" While almost all were sincere in their protests of the war, they were usually quick to succumb to the flock and carry out all the usual routines of a protest. It was usually a huge mass of people listening to an endless array of boring speakers from every possible political special interest group going on about their own group or particular oppression and in some way tying it in with the war. The same huge mass of people could be out stopping the war in progress, preventing the troops and weapons from getting over there, shutting down government offices, corporations with a vested interest in the war and the city if necessary to stop this country from committing genocide on a foreign country again. There were radical actions against the war, but I came in contact with none in Los Angeles.

Every protest became a routine. Protest organizers kept people from walking in the streets during marches. Various socialist groups went around trying to sell their newspapers and recruit members. Signs tried to appease the media's criticism of protesters as unpatriotic with "Peace is Patriotic" and "Support Our Troops. Bring Them Home!" I saw the same people over and over again sitting around listening to the same speakers over and over again. I got sick of hearing politicians and celebrities, who regardless of their unimportance always got a chance to speak, telling me to pray to God for the troops to come home safely. Some of the protests were as massive as any group of people I've ever seen. But the protests were so uninspiring when it became obvious that you can scream, write letters, and display signs and not make the slightest impression on those in power who saw the mass protests as not even a minor threat to their ever popular war that was so adored by the majority of Americans and the media.

Protesters were waiting for a massacre or tones of body bags or a draft to whip the movement into action, but none came. Thousands of Iraqi soldiers and civilians were blown to pieces, while American troops got in and out with only a 100 or so young lives ended. The war became part of history while the anti-war movement was too unimportant to even warrant mention in future history books. It's quick end result probably had many

protesters questioning if their former convictions were wrong, had this war perhaps been just. As protests dwindled and ended early, near the end of the war. I could see the "What am I doing here?" look on many faces.

I attended many protests in the hope of meeting anarchist with similar views who might want to create a more radical anti-war movement. I met none, although I heard a few were there. I met one guy who gave me a flyer for an anarchist group in Whittier, and then a few days later handed me an RCP pamphlet. I saw people I knew, we talked, usually had some kind of political argument or something, we marched, we collected the usually worthless literature, perhaps we shouted, we laughed at the pro-war protesters shouting "USA" so boldly and displaying their obedience to the powers that be, we listened to the speakers and whatever usually sad Bob Dylan wannabe they let on stage and then we left. Oh what a threat to the war that was. What can only one person do in such a situation? Very little, except to find others who feel the same and amass them and form a countermovement.

The movement had no chance of creating real change, because it was riddled with knee jerking liberalism and its reformist solutions just like the decaying Democrat party. We protested long and hard outside city hall on Saturday, when everyone was free from their jobs, when a really radical movement that wanted to stop the war would have been there Monday through Friday trying to shut the government machine down, so that people would really have to take notice that a fuckin' war was going on with children having their arms blown off, while they're busy selling office supplies. You could tell some of these folks hadn't put on their ties yet since Vietnam.

The war that needs to be fought is the war against the rich, who use the rest of the world as cannon fodder for their monopoly games. The next time they try to destroy a 3rd world country, an effective anti-war movement needs to stop them in their tracks. But their fucked up monster machine that grinds on everyday, killing and torturing all the world's inhabitants needs to be stopped during "peacetime" and all those who aspire to create a better world must be the wrench in their machine.

SO INSTEAD OF US CONTROLLING MACHINES, THEY CONTROL US? PRETTY SCARY IDEA.



I'LL SAY. HEY! WHAT TIME IS IT?? MY TV SHOW IS ON!



Pitfalls In Printing

~Dan Wright~

As many editors know putting out a zine is no easy task. Usually the more experienced an editor is the better the printed material will look. Now, I do not profess to be an expert, as this is only my fourth issue but I do feel I know enough to keep fellow ziners and future printing people from making grave mistakes (common mistakes in zinedom).

Those who have all the issues of FB can see how I have progressed from one issue to the next. In January 1990 I decided to undertake the project before even seeing a copy of Factsheet Five. I started off with 3 strikes: knowing very little about zinedom, having minute connections, and being an Engineering instead of English/Journalism major. Even with three strikes against me I wasn't out of the game because of my will to accomplish the task of printing my own zine. I considered over fifty copies a success for the first issue and sixty-six copies were distributed. Well, enough rambling about the zine because the purpose of this article is to discuss printing pitfalls.

Not many zines are all text so one of my, as well as most peoples, first problems was doing "paste-ups." For my first zine I used scotch tape, double sided tape and a type of tape similar to what you find on the back of post-it notes. My suggestion is don't use any of the above because they are all amateur/beginners mistakes. Its a wonder I didn't get more paste-up lines then were seen. I consider paste-up lines the sin of all sins in the printing world and I cringe upon seeing them. Another flaw with my first issue were the piss poor Amiga fonts used for some of the articles. More than once I was informed about the hard to read text. If in doubt, stick with major fonts such as Times, Palatino, or Helvetica. Finally, another major flaw with my first issue was pushing the boarder limits. I ended up

having to shrink most pages 1-5% due to my ignorance. A good rule is to leave at least a 1/4 inch boarder and a better rule is to leave a 1/2 inch boarder. If you don't do this be prepared to shrink every page to ensure the best reproduction.

For my next issue I stayed away from tape and used the UHU Glue Stick. Now what's wrong with a Glue/Paste Stick or glue or paste you might wonder? Well, for one thing it adds moisture to paper and moisture causes paper to warp. Ever see zines with what seemed to be wavy text? Perhaps they made this mistake. Glue/paste is quick, easy, and clean but its draw backs are warping and shrinking, so if you do use it, which I advise against, think about the consequences. The boarder mistake, although less frequently, was made again in the second issue. So look towards expansion before pushing your boarders or you might come to regret the results (art-work ruined, unreadable text, etc.) I used good fonts, thanks to laying it out on a Macintosh and laser printing it, but may have used too many. I read that the fewer fonts you have the easier the material is to read, but that's for you, the editor, to decide. My other mistake was using a photo for the cover and not halftoning it beforehand. Halftone? What's that? Well, don't worry because I didn't and many people don't know what it is. I am hear to fill you in on the secret. I learned about halftoning and other tips and tricks by reading a printing book. I suggest checking one out to get a general idea so you can at least seem more intelligent about the printing field. Photographs, watercolors, and anything that is not "line art" usually fits into the continuous tone category--a smooth shift from color to color. The print process (photocopying/offset) only (exception of certain photocopiers which have

built in halftones) print black or white. Like a switch, ink or no ink. There is no such thing as "a little bit of ink here and a little more there." So all continuous tone images (namely Photos) have to be turned into dots, lines, or what have you--called halftoning. The most widely used method is dots like newspapers, where a photo is scanned at 83,100, or 133 dots per inch. For most purposes 83 or 100 dpi will do. For a 9x12 83 line halftone, which I got for some pictures in this and FB#3, I paid \$13.25. It worked out to be around \$2 a photo which is quite expensive, but unless you have a computer and scanner a printshop is your only resort. Also keep in mind that a B&W photo will provide you with a sharper and somewhat better picture when halftoning.

In my last issue, FB#3, I only pushed the boarder twice proving that experience pays off. For all the paste-ups I used white rubber cement. It smells bad, but works great--remember to coat both surfaces though. Somewhere, I read you had to remove the excess glue and this not only took a long time and was boring but caused me to lighten some text by my rubbing as well as causing many dark rubber balls to form around the edges of my paste-ups that wouldn't go away. I finally gave in and used my white-out on any bad rubber balls. To prove that this worked realize that every page had at least one paste-up on it and very few--if any-- paste-up lines can be seen. So the bottom line is rubber cement works well for paste-ups even though it can be a hassle. Other alternatives are spray adhesives which doesn't leave lumps but is a pain to get off the floor not to forget has to be used in WELL ventilated areas. The professional way to do paste-ups is to use a waxer. Wax is cheap, but waxers are expensive, unless you find a used one. I have not used wax and do not plan on using spray adhesives so the advice above is by word of mouth and book

knowledge.

The third issue of FB was done on blue lined layout paper because I was going to have the issue done on an offset press. The blue lines do help to keep text straight and won't show up if printing is done on a press but photocopiers do pick up the "non-reproducible" lines in some occasions as is evident in the last issue.

If you have forgotten many of the tips I talked about don't fret, because I am now going to summarize them. Three important tips are: keep at least a 1/4-1/2 inch border, use rubber cement or wax for pasteups, and

always halftone pictures to allow for better quality. Halftones are not free unless you have a computer/scanner and even then their not really free. If all else fails your best bet is to use a Xerox which has halftoning capabilities--usually the big copy machines. Another rule of thumb is to avoid paying more than 5 cents a copy, especially if your making lots of copies of one original.

There is only so much I can talk about without going beyond my own experience so I'll stop here and hope everyone takes my advice in good nature. If you want to learn more about

printing check out the **Printers Devil** (address is the same as the **Village IDiot**), and if you need your zine printed cheaply talk to Katrina Kelly (P.O. Box 594, Earlville, NY 13332). Good luck and happy zining.Ø

Under this roof, democracy is not in evidence. Discussion, yes. Democracy, no. Mom and Dad are in charge, and the rules are firm. And smart-mouthing to parents or teachers means big-time trouble.



If you want good service, serve yourself.

—Spanish proverb

Brain Teaser Answers

1. There are 21 integers: -10,-9,...-1,0,1,...,9,10. Don't forget about the negative solutions.
2. It is cheaper to take 100 friends to a rock concert at the same time, because you would need only one ticket for yourself. 101 tickets for rock concert or 75 tickets for the classical concert.
3. Daughter.
4. Reno, Nevada.
5. IN
6. The Pollock accidentally loaded all 3 animals on the boat and it sunk so zero would be the correct answer if you said that. Actually it is seven. The cat goes first(1), he returns(2). He picks up the dog(3) and returns with the cat(4). He drops off the cat and picks up the mouse bringing it to the other side(5). He then goes back for the cat(6) and returns with the cat(7) to complete the task.
7. Slim is bald.
8. Two hours and one minute. After 1 minute the test tube is in the same state as the first one is in.
9. \$252
10. OTTO which is the word in reverse.
11. The next morning--20 hours later-- one watch will be one hour ahead of the other. (at 4:00 AM)
12. J30 The sequence is months and days.
13. The entire trip takes 10 hours.
14. It does not matter--he will always see the same portion of his body. True for any flat mirror.
15. The dropped bullet. Classical physics teaches that both bullets will fall at the same rate, because the effects of gravity are independent of other factors. But the curvature of the earth must also be taken into account. A bullet fired from a rifle will have an extra 8 inches to fall if it travels as little as one mile.
16. The letter n
17. No difference--90 minutes is an hour and a half.**The**

Puzzle Problems:

COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAM 1

- (1) Sandbox (2) Man overboard (3) I understand (4) Reading between the lines (5) Long underwear (6) Crossroads (7) Downtown (8) Tricycle (9) Split-level (10) Three degrees below zero (11) Neon lights (12) Circles under the eyes (13) High chair (14) Paradise (15)

- Touchdown (16) Six feet underground (17) Mind over matter (18) He's beside himself (19) A backward glance (20) Life after death (21) GI overseas (22) Space program (23) See-through blouse (24) Just between you and me

ADVANCE COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAM

- (1) Split-second timing (2) A long letter from home (3) Ping-Pong (P in G, P on G) (4) Six of one, half a dozen of another (5) It's a small world after all (6) Unfinished symphony (7) Blood is thicker than water (8) Seven-Up (9) Condescending (10) Scrambled eggs (11) No two ways about it (12) Line up in alphabetical order (13) A gross injustice (14) The odds are overwhelming (15) He is an exponent of capitalism (16) Astronaut (17) Ambiguous (18) A wolf in sheep's clothing (19) Sailing, sailing (saline), over the seven seas (20) Assassinate (21) His eye is on the sparrow (spare O) (22) A little misunderstanding (miss under stand in G) between friends (23) A bad spell of weather (24) Far out

PRIZEWINNERS

- (1) Second cousin, once removed (2) Tea for two (3) Reincarnation (4) $E=mc^2$ (5) Alternating current (6) For once in a lifetime (four ones...) (7) The check is in the mail (male) (8) Flowers for Algernon (9) Vodka straight up with a little water on the side (10) Penthouse

WARM-UP QUIZ:

- (a) Dominoes (b) I'm overworked and underpaid. (c) i before e except after c (d) Look back in anger (e) Space Invaders (f) To be or not to be (g) A hole in one (h) Torn between two lovers (i) Endless Love (j) Two peas in a pod (k) A small circle of friends (l) mixed drinks (m) Long time no see (no c) (n) World without end (o) Fore-skin

HONORABLE MENTION

- (1) All-points bulletin (2) Indiana (3) Cincinnati (C in C in NATI) (4) Fullback, halfback, quarterback (5) Driving under the influence (6) Cube steak (7) Time is on my side (8) Blind railroad crossing (9) Quincy Jones (10) *Little House on the Prairie* (prayer E) (11) "Roll Over Beethoven" (12) *Every Which Way But Loose* (13) Phonetic alphabet (14) Stuck in the middle of nowhere (15) Aloha (16) Three o'clock (the big hand is on the twelve and the little hand is on the three) (17) Coming to terms (18) Flip Wilson (19) Situation normal, all fucked up (20) Tennis, anyone? (21) Low grade of fever (22) Split-pea soup (23) Prime time (24) Bridge over troubled water (25) U.S. out of South Africa (26) Pearls before swine (27) A piece of ass (28) Incubate (29) Is it in yet? (30) Split Beaver (31) It's bigger than both of us (32) Not half bad (33) She missed her period (34) A little ass on the side (35) Bending over backwards (36) New year's Eve in Times Square (37) The odds are stacked against us (38) The power of darkness (39) There's one in every crowd (40) Sentinel (41) Premature ejaculation (42) Infatuate (43) Delta Airlines (44) All bent out of shape (45) Foreign aid (46) A stiff upper lip (47) West Indies (48) Seeing is believing (C in G, B leaving)

The answers above were given with the puzzles.

Quotes and Stuff

This is one of my favorite sections of the zine. I really enjoy hearing a good quote or spoken phrase. Searching, pondering, listening, and reading has brought me the following quotes below. I attempt to document where they originated and DW will mean by yours truly. Many of the quotes I print, in this as well as the other zines, are ones I "attempt" to live by, well, at least the ones that give advice. Read, understand, listen and learn. Apply to your own life and I'm sure you will start enjoying it that much more.

- If you think you can do it your right. If you don't think you can do it your right.--Henry Ford
- Sometimes our habits lead us in circles--going nowhere.--Miles Polarbear
- If you play with a turd darling your going to get shit on your hands.--from movie Man Outside
- If you never attempt to climb the mountain then you'll never reach the top.--DW 8/15/91
- ...If you make your peace then the devils are really angles freeing you from the earth.--(the last half of the quote by Danny Aiello in the movie Jacob's Ladder, an excellent movie.)
- Money isn't everything!--softball teammate 1990
- Where do you draw the line?--I'm not telling you I'm asking you.--Dead Kennedys
- Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we desire to be deceived?--Bishop Butler
- ...I as much as any other man am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race.--Abe Lincoln (16th president of the United States)
- The plain truth is that Big Government is the most ominous obstacle in the path of the person seeking to look out for Number One.--p. 205 Looking out for #1 (Robert J. Ringer=RJR)
- It's perverted nonsense to believe that your success causes others to suffer.--p. 205 RJR
- Be proud of your achievements, not ashamed.--RJR
- You came into this world alone and, whether you like it or not, you'll be going out the same way.
- Once the words fly out, you can be sorry all you want, but you can't "un-say" them.--RJR
- Its not that I'm afraid of dying; I just don't want to be there when it happens.--Woody Allen
- On T-shirt of devil in Twilight Zone (color) series: Hell is a city much like NEWARK.
- No fate but what we make.--Terminator II
- Don't blow (money) for something you might already know.
- I wonderer why people were laughing when they passed our house--then I remembered we had a Renault in the Driveway.--DW 7/91 (not true, but could be)
- Make sure you choose your card from a full deck.
- You can fool all of the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.
- Pray, as though everything depended on God; then work as though everything depended on you.--excellent quote from "The Three Box's of Life"
- On one of those days when you don't seem to have a problem or care in the world, enjoy yourself. It won't be long before your life returns to normal.--Wess Roberts (WR)
- When you live solely for the future, you miss the possibilities in each day, and you may find your future to be very different from what you had imagined it would be.--WR
- Time is a commodity equally allotted to all of us.--WR
- The only bad habits you never conquer are the ones you put off doing something about.--WR
- Don't put off happiness.
- It is far better to live well than to spend your life getting ready to live well.--WR
- Get that but crack outta here.
- Good character, like good soup, is usually homemade.--Wendy Roque
- Why live for tomorrow when you can do it (live) today!--DW 6/20/91
- Some people your made to stay away from, others you learn to stay away from.--DW
- So lose some sleep and say you tried.--Joy Division
- Think of your worst problem--compare it to others or the whole universe and what have you got? A very insignificant problem.--DW 7/2/91
- When trouble comes don't be frightened by the negatives. Look for the positives and dig them out.--p.15 RJR
- Do your best, never mind the rest.--DW
- Everyones screaming up to the money god...--XTC

The Building Years

-Dan Wright-

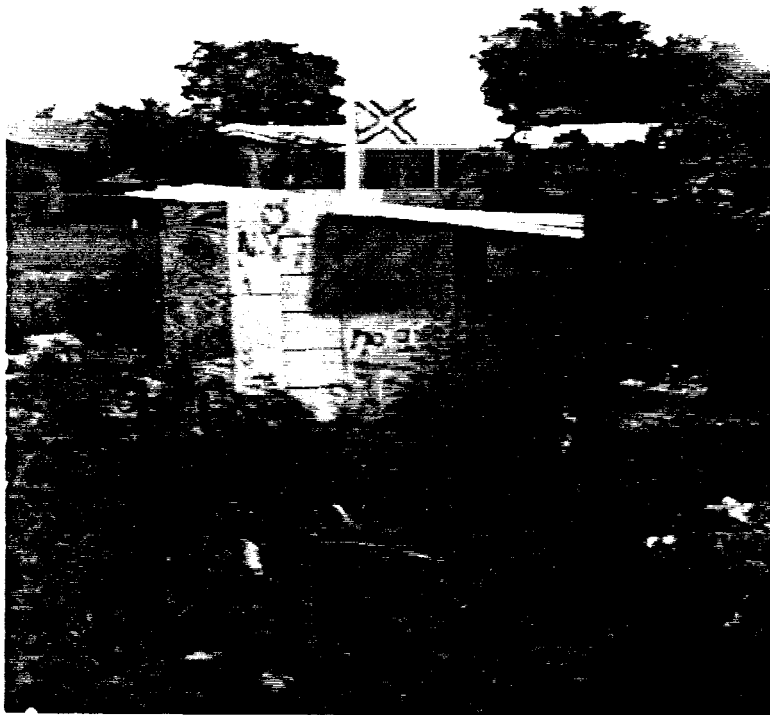
I'm not sure what it is but nostalgic stories, especially true ones, are my favorites to read. This holds true for the mainstream as well as the underground. Ray Bradbury always does a good job--we all remember "Something Wicked This Way Comes." Another story that I feel is one of the best I have ever read is "Testimony of Pilot" by Barry Hannah. Hopefully you realize my enjoyment of these stories. "Goonies" is also one of my favorite movies because of all the excitement those kids have. Granted, I have my share of exciting days, but never a day like those Goonie kids. So with a touch of nostalgia you shall now enter my domain of "The Building Years."

It is hard to piece together when or even why I became interested in building stuff but nevertheless it happened. I remember our first house in Lauderhill (not more than two miles from where I currently live) where we lived from when I was born till I turned eight. We lived in a small house with a small back yard which had a bowling alley behind that. Somehow I met a kid who had a fort that stood on telephone pole stilts about ten feet from the ground in his back yard. I remember climbing in and playing in it but about nothing else. Perhaps this is what got me interested in forts.

I climbed trees in our front and back yard many times, always wishing I could build a tree fort. Sometimes I brought out towels, sheets, and blankets and pseudo constructed a fort but realized it was only temporary. Somehow, these building instincts led me to digging underground forts in the school playground. Unfortunately I didn't realize how bad it could be if one caved in on me. I usually came home with dirty hair and not much else besides the fun of building and destroying the thing I and whoever else created.

In 1978 we moved into a town house and then in 1979 we moved to where I currently reside. Since very little happened (not to mention I don't remember too much) at the town house I will not dwell on that year. When we moved into our new house there were only three houses on the whole block! So I was upset because friends would be hard to find. One of the "unfortunate circumstances" that always seems to happen to me is right when you think you have a "friend for life" they go off and move to a far away destination. I've lost most of my friends/people I got along with this way. However, I moved this time (and was even glad) and was ready to start anew (yeah right).

I can not remember exactly what order I constructed/helped construct the nine forts I can recall building so I will proceed in a order that is possibly correct. The last two forts I remember best but all the forts were done independently so order is not really of concern. Some people out their might wonder where all the supplies were gotten (i.e. nails, wood, carped, drywall, shingles, what have you). Well, just remember that when I moved in there were only three houses on our block and still 40+ to be erected. People might think this is the biggest scam I pulled because of all the supplies gotten. Had I bought every item to build each of the forts I did the cost would have certainly run over \$1000 but I don't think I ever spent over \$100 combined, on all nine forts, including saws, hinges, paint, etc. What we did (since I usually had help) was ask the workers if we could have any wood. The "scrap" pile was our major source of wood which was of access to us most of the time. When the workers went home we went through the houses and collected nails (the ones they don't pick up off the floor), bottles (the deposited kind which are not sold anymore brought in \$10-\$20), copper (only the scraps that were to be thrown out anyhow, this brought in over \$100, and whatever else was useful. Now some people might be mumbling under their breath about this and I would be as well, but let me elaborate further. We saw how things worked (at 10 years of age) when houses were erected: scrap piles were buried or hauled away (why do you think you have a hill in your front yard in FLORIDA?), copper and nails were usually swept into the scrap pile, and bottles were just asking to be taken. I considered what we did as helping the construction crew get rid of some excess garbage. Plus it made me look like a full fledged environmentalist before I even





knew what that was. When in doubt we asked or didn't take and we never walked off with a 4'x8' piece of plywood or 8-12' two-by-fours without asking or assuming it for the taking. By now some people will be convinced and yet others will still be in doubt (as always). It is hard to convince a doubter no matter how many facts you present so to you people I could only have wished you were there.

One day just riding around I saw two pallets of cinder blocks sitting in an empty field. This was really weird so I decided to use the blocks and construct a fort similar to the houses the workers constructed. Luckily, or unfortunately (depending on how you look at it) there was no "free" cement around as well. I was able to construct about a 5' high 5x4' fort and found a piece of wood for the top. I think after a couple days I got bored and pushed down the walls and forgot about

the fort till recently. I'm not sure if the blocks were used or made to create a hill in someones front yard. Some mysteries will never be solved. However, the house where I built the fort currently has a hill in their front yard.

I recall building five forts next door to my house in an empty lot. I built one with a flat roof and entered through the roof with no windows. To make it even worse, I put ceiling tiles (probably the asbestos ones), my mom brought from work, on the ceiling in the inside. This fort leaked like a sieve even with shingles. The inside was a disaster as well and when I saw roaches in the fort I opted for demolition. It was a crappy fort, so bad I can hardly remember it.

Another fort near my house made use of almost everything a normal house did. When complete it was only about four feet tall (sit down only) and maybe four feet by six or so feet long. The roof had tar paper and shingles to protect against the weather and the insides had dry wall and carpet. This fort was so hot it was unbelievable. Before the fort became a novelty it was hit by a truck and totalled. At this time we had a trail leading from our street to a major road, so occasionally a car/truck took this short cut. Unfortunately my fort was built a little bit on this pathway. Whether it was intentional hit or not I'll never know.

Somehow a friend came across some wood down the trail (talked about above as pathway) in a "forest." We used his mini bike to transport the wood close to my house where we decided to build a grand fort. There was a few 4'x8' pieces of plywood and 4x4's and 2x4's as well. The fort ended up being about 8x8x6' (LxWxH) and was the biggest we ever constructed. It was nice and many people helped out although when I got pissed off after one kid did something I didn't care for I kicked him out. He later, with other enemies of mine, attempted many times to destroy my forts. Some other (bigger) kids somehow found some big Styrofoam blocks (4x2x2') and decided they wanted to make a raft with a 4x8' from our fort. Of course I said no but was threatened so ended up giving in. After they had their fun in the canal and left the raft behind a friend and I decided to do the obvious. We reclaimed our wood and nailed it back onto the original fort. They came back the next day and threatened some more so we attempted to recreate their raft but the result was "not good enough." Those mean assholes decided they were going to destroy the forts after school the next day. Surly enough that day came and my friend(Jeff) watched on the outside (being neutral) while I watched on the inside pouting and being furious there was nothing I could do. The fort was destroyed and I think they took the wood and ended up constructing their own "underground fort." I believe I threatened to destroy their fort but they convinced me otherwise-force, violence, threats, bigger and more friends, whatever it was it worked. Who ever it was that said that children could really be cruel(I think it has something to do with immaturity) was right on the money.

The first two story fort I recall helping with was poorly built. Since the fort was basically in the middle of the block many people had access to it. I can't remember the fort but I do remember helping very little and their being many candles within. I also remember a big black burn mark on some piece of wood on the inside. This fort is so obscure in my memory, probably because I had so little influence with it and it didn't really have anything of notable interest.

A friend by the name of David (we shall omit last names) and I decided to build a fort in his back yard. In fact it was going to be a permanent addition to his house! There was a cement foundation about 4x4' that jutted out from

his house which we decided to use as our base. I asked him if his dad said it was alright to build this fort since we were going to use cinder blocks and because it would be permanent and blend in with the house when completed. He agreed and said it was ok with his dad so we proceeded. We got some cement, sand, and cinder blocks and began construction. We saw how construction workers built houses so we at least had an idea of how to lay the blocks. After laying about four or five blocks a "relative" from Ohio, John-Paul, found me and was perplexed by what we were doing. David's dad for some reason came back to where we were and saw the construction and simply blew up. He yelled (loudly), kicked David really hard, and got a hose out to destroy our construction. Since his dad was so furious I decided not to stick around to explain so I left with John-Paul. It's no use arguing with a man in rage not to mention I did not want to get kicked that hard in the arse. I assume David was lying about his dad saying yes and maybe it was that incident that led us to become enemies. Later on David and his friends (the guys I kicked out of the huge fort above) built a wood fort on the spot we were trying to construct a permanent fort. David turned into somewhat of a "Bad Boy" and I wouldn't doubt it if he is or has currently served time. The more I think about incidents like the above the more I wonder if such could have been that persons downfall.

Everything I remember well seems to have a major incident involved. I can usually remember really bad, sad, scary, embarrassing, or really happy days but they have to be extremes--no mundane experiences. Something out of the ordinary has to occur in order for me remember. Ahh, I guess that's life.

My good friend Jimmy whom still lives down the street (although we don't associate (?) with anymore) and I decided to build a tee-pee fort behind his house. The roof was about five feet high and the inside dimensions measured about 4x5' at the floor. [Since I am relying 100% on memory the figures I quote are not always exact, just what I remember as I write this up.] We built the fort, used tar paper and singles and the fort was the first one we created that had no leaks. The secret--a much tilted roof--would have been nice to have known the before in order to avoid all those leaky flat roof forts we had. This fort ended up lasting the 2nd longest, surviving over a year. The fort became infested with insects so we visited it less and less. One day we saw what looked to be a black widow inside the passageway. We thought about it and realized the fort had to come down, so it did.

As with all the forts the most exciting time was the constructing. After everything was done playing in and around the fort didn't seem very exciting. So as a fort got older we visited it less often and that is why most forts lasted only a couple months if that. Next fort please.

In 1982 we got a little wise and took a picture of a fort we built. Some of my friends were more into fort building than others and they were opt to offer some help. This fort [pict shown on first page] was constructed by Jimmy, Daniel, myself and possibly another but I am not sure. As you can see we had to conform our forts to what wood we had, not the other way around. Because we didn't use power tools on any of the forts (till the last one) this was a must. Our saws consisted of a handsaw (normal size) and a hack saw. We use both for wood. Our enemies attempted many times to destroy this fort and in the end I believe they succeeded. They won a couple battles but didn't win the war because the next and last fort existed the longest (over 3 years) and is definitely the best for I, with the help of a few friends, ever built.

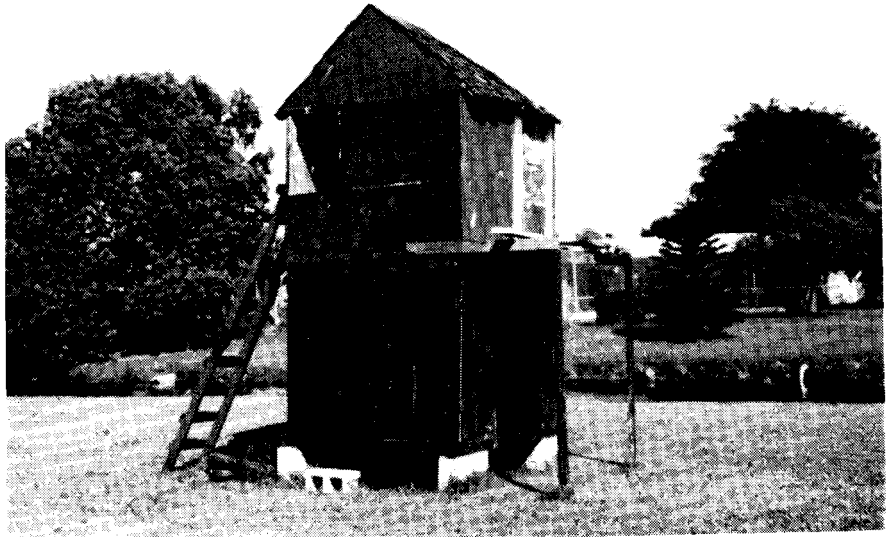
To realize the remarkable achievement one must realize that all the above forts were done when I was between 9 and 12. This last fort was done between the ages of 12 and 16 (although most was constructed while I was 12-14) not to forget most of my friends that helped were younger. The first picture was taken March of 1983 and depicts the completed fort [pict on second page topl. We drew plans and went from there making sure to have a tilted roof so no rain would enter. The very small window at the top of the fort is in the attic, so essentially this was a two story fort. A month later a drastic achievement can be seen [picture shown at right]. Do you know what it is? Well they were starting to build a house next door at the time so we needed to move the fort onto my property. I believe we used levers and a couple skate boards to move the



fort about 10 feet to the right. Definitely not an easy task, especially with a couple thirteen year olds doing the moving. Also we raised the fort using levers and put cinder blocks underneath to keep the bugs out. Paint and an addition (with no window) were also part of this phase. The little addition did not last very long because it ended up being a hot box (especially with the shingles and dry wall or carpet). If you look closely you can see a lock to keep our enemies from entering and destroying the fort and I am happy to announce it did its job.

We got bored of the hot box and decided we needed a change. The picture to the right is the result. We knocked off the roof and destroyed the hot box and built up. Other wood was hard to find because the whole block was almost complete but we succeeded anyhow. So

the fort was now officially three stories high (12 feet). There was two real stories and a half attic with a door that led onto a porch--all the comforts of home. As you can see there is a sprinkler where the fort once stood. Another task was raising the fort up onto another cinder block to make it two cinder blocks high. This was done before the porch but with the three stories intacted. Daniel and I used levers and at one time Daniel got a finger or two



crushed between the fort and a cinder block, luckily we were able to finish with no harm done. One time we had a basketball goal on the back and shot and dunked basketballs. The canal was always a culprit for rebounds, fortunately we never lost a ball (right? Come to think of it I am not sure but I still have my soccer ball so...) The picture below is the demolishing effect of the fort. Jose and I did the complete job and ended up with a 4' high and 10' wide pile of wood. The wood was all brought down the trail and dumped over a small hill where no one goes or lives. It has pretty much biodegraded by now.



Never, throughout building all the forts, even the three story fort, did I become uncomfortable with instability. All the forts were built with instinct and knowledge gained by watching the construction around our block. For the last

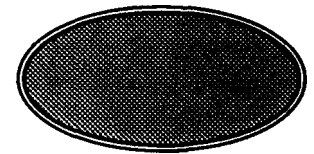
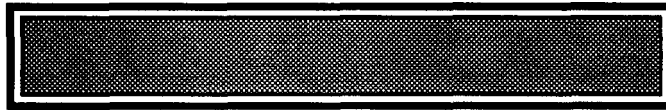
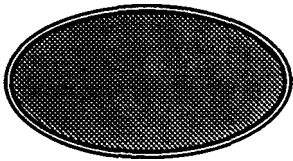
fort we utilized a Jigsaw which allowed us to cut the wood to conform to the fort--finally. The most exciting times were the searching and constructing because it kept us busy. After awhile the forts eventually became a novelty and that is the reason for their demise. This last fort had lasted over three years and had to come down before it fell down or someone got hurt. So in April of 1986 the tallest and longest lasting fort of our block came down. It was a sad day but we had fun destroying it.

We made the most of what we had from 1979-1986 and forts were a major result. Its not everyday that one has the opportunity to accomplish something (like fort building) but my advice is to go with you instincts and tackle the opportunity, especially if it is something you enjoy doing. One last thing I would like to know, whose the one who said there was no such thing as a free lunch? [Actually they were right but it didn't seem to be the case during the building years.]

GET MOTIVATED!

Sometimes, and I'm not sure why, it is very hard for me to get out and get things done. Like making copies of this zine or going out to get something I need. I need to be motivated much of the time. Luckily I have my music and quotes to get me going. It is really a big plus. I often need to reassure myself that the apocalypse is not going to result because of me doing or saying something stupid. Perhaps that is why I am not that out going. Whatever the reason when I do go out, especially when doing something I've never done before I have to feed myself positive affirmations. As before, music, thoughts, quotes, and realizing that it won't be the end of the world usually get me out of the house. And if it is (the end of the world) then I have nothing to worry about--RIGHT?

This is a thinking persons zine, in case you have not noticed. Think about what is said and get your brain working. Hopefully some changes will occur. If this zine gets to you, you read it and set it aside like any other magazine without much thought then everything I have done is for naught. "You get out of it what you put into it." A true saying indeed. If you keep an attitude that the world owes you a life, job or this and that then you'll get nowhere. I have noticed on many occasions that a job or certain someone or what have you is not going to appear at my door or come to me. Given an infinite amount of possibilities I guess it could but you would either wait a long time or have to be someone famous. But those famous people did not get where they are by waiting for the fame to find them, they found the fame. I try to live up to my own words although it doesn't always happen. I guess if everybody did what they said they wanted or were going to do this world would be a totally different place-but it's not! So what should you get after reading this zine, how should you feel? I would hope one could feel stronger about themselves, have more self-respect and feel that they can do such-and-such instead of thinking they can't (of course we all have limitations). Not being afraid to speak ones mind and when doing so be able to laugh it off instead of being so tense. We all know the sadness that exist in this world but if one keeps dwelling on all the negatives then that person will most likely feel depressed most of the time. Not fun. Have some fun, laugh, think, metamorphocize, be yourself, and get motivated. Because if you don't, who will for you?



A passage from Looking out for #1:

"Well, I made it long ago, and you know what? It's all bullshit. It doesn't mean a damn thing. I tell you, Nature's made a fool of man, and the biggest fool of all is me. Here I sit, in poor health, exhausted from years of playing the game, well aware that time is running out, and I keep asking myself "Now what, Genius? What's your next brilliant move going to be?" All that time I spent worrying, maneuvering...,it was meaningless. Life is nothing but a big hoax. We think were so damn important, but the truth is were nothing." --Harold Hart

This is your life and you do what you want to do.--XTC

The so-called competitive attitude, as we have come to view it, can lead to several bad consequences. It can drain energy, make you look foolish, totally frustrate you--which can adversely affect your attitude when facing more important challenges, and it can make enemies of people who might be valuable acquaintances if you were dealing with them on a casual and relaxed basis.
-R.J. Ringer Looking out for #1

There's nothing to fear but fear itself.--Oingo Boingo

"Welcome to your life, there's no turning back, even while we sleep, we will find you acting on your best behavior turn your back on mother nature, Everybody wants to rule the world."
Tears for Fears

I'd Pick More Daisies

If I had my life to live over again, I'd try to make more mistakes next time. I would relax. I would limber up. I would be sillier then I have been this trip. I know of a very few things I would take seriously. I would take more trips. I would climb more mountains, swim more rivers and watch more sunsets. I would do more walking and looking. I would eat more ice cream and less beans. I would have more actual troubles and fewer imaginary ones. You see, I am one of those people who lives prophylactically and sensibly and sanely hour after hour, day after day. Oh, I've had my moments; and if I had it to do over again, I'd have more of them. In fact, I'd try to have nothing else. Just moments, one after another instead of living so many years ahead each day. I have been one of those people who never go anywhere without a thermometer, a hot water bottle, a gargle, a raincoat, aspirin, and a parachute. If I had it to do over again, I would go places, do things and travel lighter then I have.

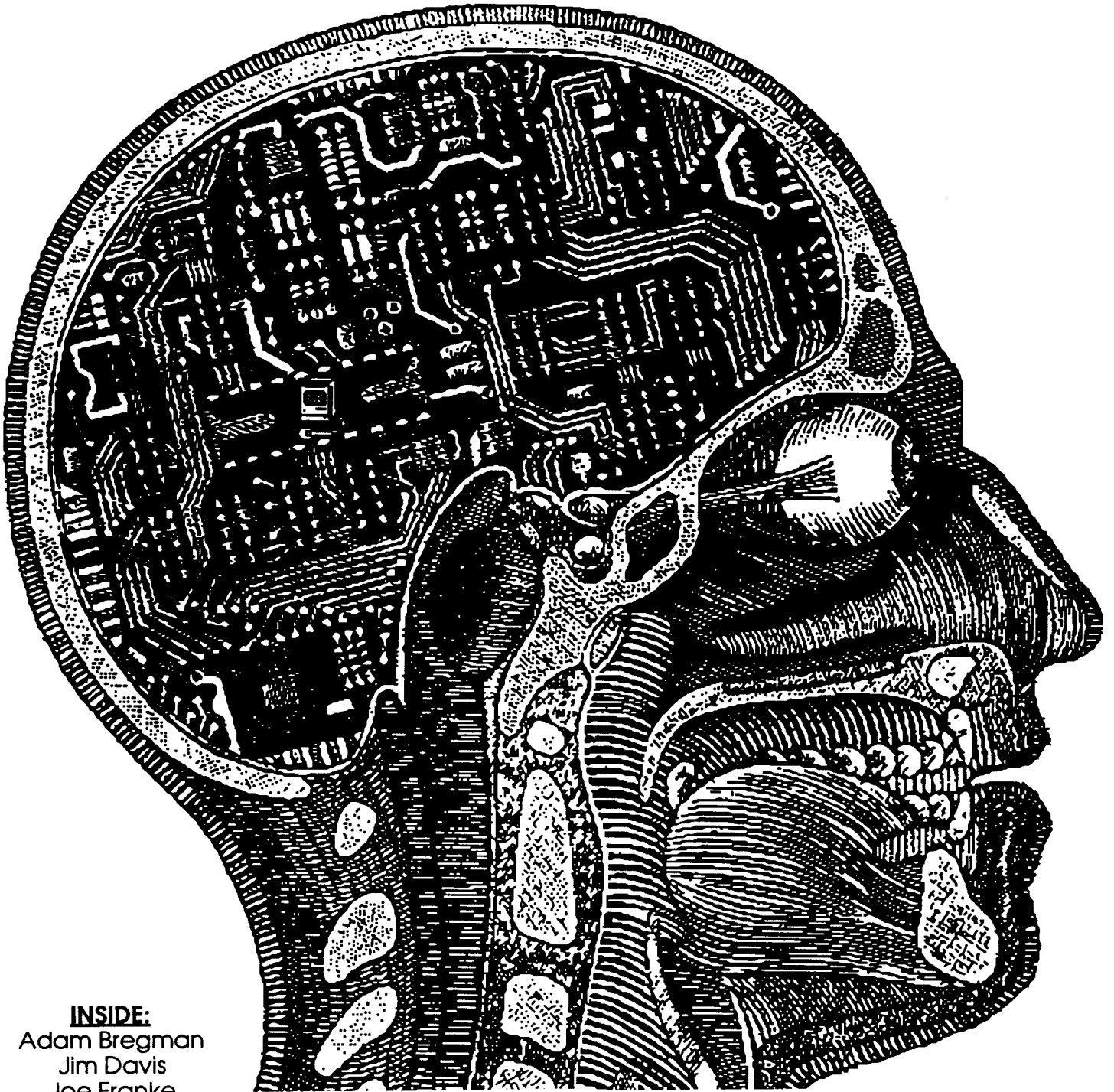
If I had my life to live over, I would start barefooted earlier in the spring and stay that way later in the fall. I would play hookey more, I wouldn't make much good grades except by accident. I would ride on more merry-go-rounds. I'd pick more daisies.

-Brother Jeremiah

"Help me make the most of freedom and of pleasure, nothing ever last forever..."--Tears for Fears

COMPLEX INTUITION

"Making the payment and delivering the goods"



INSIDE:

Adam Bregman
Jim Davis
Joe Franke
Lauren Redmond
Dave Szurek

Black  **Wall**