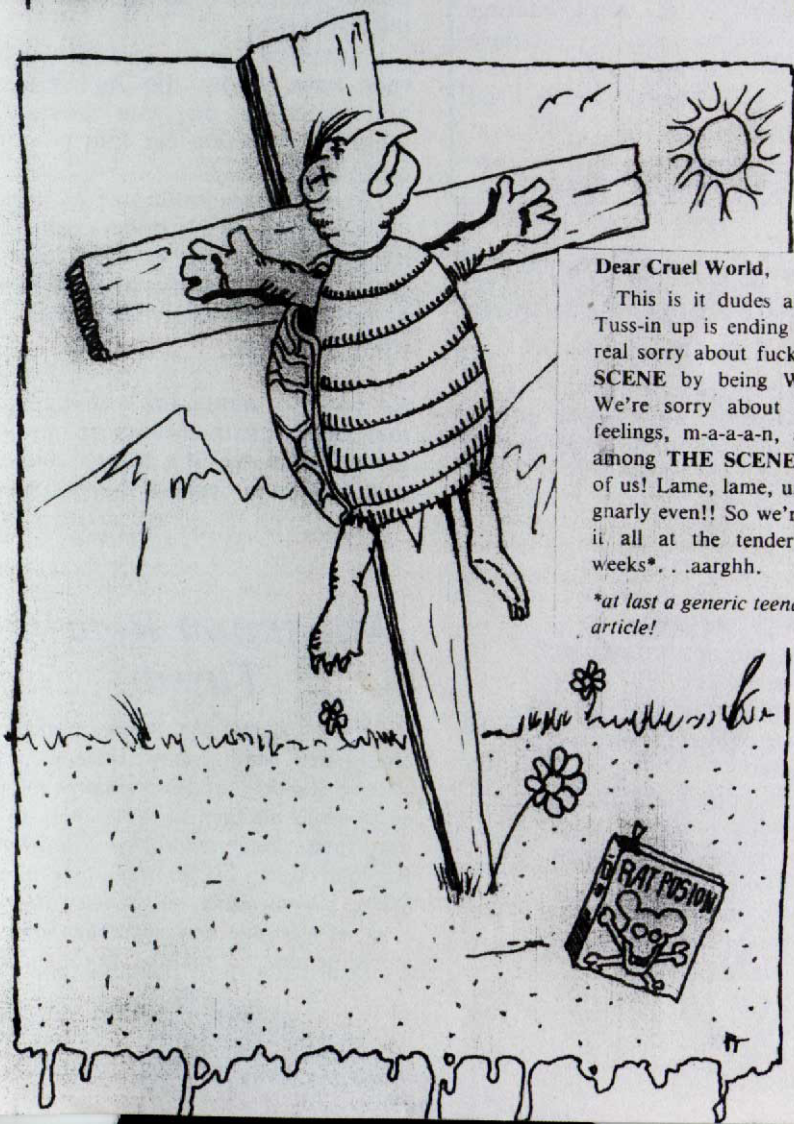


MAY 185
(barely)

#3

TUSS-IN-UP



Dear Cruel World,

This is it dudes and dudesses. Tuss-in up is ending it all. We're real sorry about fucking up **THE SCENE** by being Way Uncool. We're sorry about causing bad feelings, m-a-a-a-n, and disunity among **THE SCENE**. How lame of us! Lame, lame, uncoolly lame, gnarly even!! So we're gonna end it all at the tender age of 13 weeks*... aarghh.

**at last a generic teenage suicide article!*

Quote of the Month

"Wow. I really feel sorry for a kid who looks up to Bob S., Rat and Joe."

-Maxwell Malice, while reading enclosed Bill e. Goat interview

Tablespoonful of Contributors:

Editor in Cough Steve Romilar
Cartoonists Poor Trudy

Crevo

Bob Mo'town

Photography Editor Oppenheimer

Sports Editor J. B. Adams

Poetry Editor Neville Mucous

Xerography Editor Debbie

Foreign (Indy) Correspondent ... Crevo

Missing Chef G., Drano, Fuad

Religion Editor bill e. goat

Other Contributors Rat

Maxwell Malice, Joe, Tussen Turtle

Gig Poem/Review: Naked Rayguns, Paranoidz Swamp Rats

My first visit to Bloomington
Pouring down rain/Stoned and drunk
paranoidz up first/sounded good
Bought Booze for minors
You drink Maddog?
Yuck.

Met Tussin Up guys/35 cents?
O.K.

Hey, put that beer away
Do you wanna ruin future gigs?
Sorry dude, I'm cool
Asshole, mind your own business
Are these the Swamp Rats?
Is that a sax?

Why is everybody standing still?
in little groups?

Julie, your mohawk is so ugly
But you're OK

Well time to go/we're in the car
It's still raining

Look! It's Naked Raygun!

Bye Bye

Everybody gone.

Crevo

True Stories of My Life

by J. B. Adams

There are always those special moments in your life that make you glad you decided to become a rock star. I remember this one time I was tripping in Ed Smoot's music store. I was with Mike O., who wanted to buy a guitar chord, or something like that.

Suddenly, this big fat guy with a red beard stood up (no, it wasn't Santa Claus) and asked, "Are you in the Panics?"

I admitted I was, and he became very irate. "Why the hell are you putting Nazis on your posters? I fought in Vietnam for this country!" he shouted.

I mumbled something about it being "just a joke" and hurriedly started to back out the door. He tried to chase me, but to my surprise he walked with a terrible, crippling limp. Old war wound, I guess.

He couldn't catch up with us so he just yelled death threats at me while we drove away. It's things like that that make it all worthwhile, you know?

Maximum Reprints Tussin!

Regular Tussin-Up readers (and even constipated ones) may remember our "Scene Report" of Bloomington published in issue number 1. Well, pick up the May-June Maximum Rock-n-Roll and see for yourselves. . . we've been immortalized. We're still awaiting our royalty cheques. Well, at least another complimentary issue would be nice. . . I had to pay for this one.

Stephen Romilar

Top Ten On My Walkman

Maximum Maxwell Malice

1. *It's a Hard Life* - Seeds
2. *You Don't Know* - 13th Floor Elevators
3. *Psychotic Reaction* - Count V
4. *Concubine* - Butthole Surfers
5. *Animal* - MC5
6. anything by the Standells
7. *Rock Island Line* - Johnny Cash
8. *Schleuters Cabinet* - False Prophets
9. *Degenerated (go no where)* - Reagan Youth
10. *Did You No Wrong* - Sex Pistols

Bill e. Goat

1. *No Fun* - Sex Pistols
2. *Killers* - F.U.s
3. *Too Drunk to Fuck* - DKs
4. *No Feelings* - Sex Pistols
5. *Great Rocknroll Swindle* - Sex Pistols
6. *Dead Cops* - M.D.C.
7. *Catch 23* - G.B.H.
8. *City Baby's Revenge* - G.B.H.
9. *Did You No Wrong* - Sex Pistols
10. *White* - Die Kreutze

Joe (with the mohawk)

1. *El Paso* - Marty Robbins
2. *El Paso City* - Marty Robbins
3. *In the Ghetto* - Elvis
4. *Doom Song* - Plasmatics
5. *Swingin'* - John Anderson
6. Joan Jett . . . all of it
7. *Peggy Sue* - Buddy Holly
8. *Bela Lugosi's Dead* - Bauhaus
9. *Hope* - Bauhaus
10. *illegible* - illegible

J. B. Adams

1. *These Are My Songs* - Otis Blackwell
2. *A Goat, You Geek* - Gynecologists
3. *College Beer Drinking Song* - The Blazers
4. *Visiting Food Visit Jerusalem* - Visiting Food
5. Teresa Brewer and the Dixieland Band
6. *Stud Pony* - Special Guests
7. *Mule Skinner Blues* - The Fendermen
8. *Another Monty Python Record* - Monty Python
9. *Million Dollar Quartet* - Elvis Presley, Carol Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis and Johnny Cash
10. *Lake Griffey Monsters* - The Molemen

Ten Reasons Why I Would NEVER Move to Indianapolis by Stephen Romilar

(idea stolen from Maxwell Malice)

1. They only have shopping centers to hang out in—no campuses.
2. It's too flat and spread out.
3. People talk *Car*. I don't.
4. Heavy drinkers tend to be generic.
5. Poor selection of imported beer.
6. What they do have costs too much.
7. Not enough foreigners who like to drink.
8. It likes to pretend it's a real city.
9. Jim Gerrard, Janie, and Bob and Tom live there.
11. People there can't count.

TUSSEN-UP Party Reviews

System of Rating

- ★★★★★-Got drunk & laid
- ★★★★-Got wasted, don't remember too much, 'cept I had good time.
- ★★★-Beer never ran out but people weren't too interesting.
- ★★-Beer ran out & so did I.
- ★-Walked in & immediately wanted to kill everyone there.

The PCB Party by J. B. Adams

I had been told that there was going to be a PCB party, so naturally I had to check it out. When I got there, all the hippies were watching themselves on a video of the disrupted City Council meeting. It reminded me of MTV.

It was pretty dull, until our beloved editor S. Romilar showed up. He was real drunk and livened up the party when he showed everyone his underwear. One lady sort of screamed and ran from the room.

Then the beer ran out and we went home.

★★★½

Post-Samhain Party S. Romilar

Definitely a diverse mix. The crowd from the show turned up around 11 or 11:30, the police about a half an hour later but that didn't seem to put much of a crimp in things. The punks basically hung out on the sidewalk downstairs with lotsa dance oriented guys on the stairs. The three kegs were tapped in three hour intervals. The last keg was reserved for the 3:00 crowd who drove the Tussen-Up crew from the apartment with billows of cologne.

1 to 4 stars depending on the time.

Little 500 Weekend

Seemed to be lotsa half-star parties. This is a new rating we devised. It's meaning: *Drove by the party, slowed down, took a look at the people lingering/hanging out outside and wanted to bomb the entire block* (Philadelphia style, I guess).

Art Opening Reviews by Stephen Romilar, founder Concerned Citizens Against Art

Photography Exhibit April 26th

Having nothing better to do early one Friday evening we checked out this art opening for some photographs over at McCalla school. The eats were pretty picked over, especially after yours truly (Stephen Romilar) spent the first ten minutes devouring just about anything that wasn't nailed down. Didn't try the beer—it looked like too much foam to be worth the trouble. Artists pretty much left me alone. This one gets about **Two Berets**.

Andrews Art Opening May 17th

The artist took great pains to invite me so I didn't go. . . got my hair cut and went to see a Steve Martin movie instead. I think sometimes artists *like* it when C.C.A.A. torments them—kinda like being talked dirty too, I guess. Well I hear tell that Rat was there selling his book of poetry and Maxwell Malice was there selling C.C.A.A. stickers so it sounds like it deserves **Three Berets**.

Phil Traikoff's Movie late April

Back sometime in the schoolyear an I.U. art student named above threw liver at an art opening and got the art police pissed at him. So he set up an opening to show his movie about his great art attack. Me & a friend went to it and got there a little early. Since there was nothing to drink or eat and we thought we probably really wouldn't be interested in his movie anyway we left a few minutes later. **One**

THE CLOVE CIGARETTE MURDERS!!!

AKREVC
DOC-U-
DRAM

THERE'S A MILLION STORIES IN THE NAKED CITY. SOME GOOD, SOME BAD. TUSSEN UP™ WOULD BE DOING ITS READERS A GREAT DISSERVICE BY PRESENTING A GOOD ONE.....



WALLY GOLDBLATT:
EX-MENTAL PATIENT,
PUNK ROCKER,
FOSSIL HUNTER, MURDERER



THE WHOLE UGLY DEAL STARTED AT AN INNOCENT BUT BORING "ART STUDENT" PARTY.



THEN SOMEONE
LIT A CLOVE CIGGY...



MUCH TO THE DISPLEASEME
OF MR. GOLDBLATT...

"TH-THAT SMELL!"



WHO FREAKS!

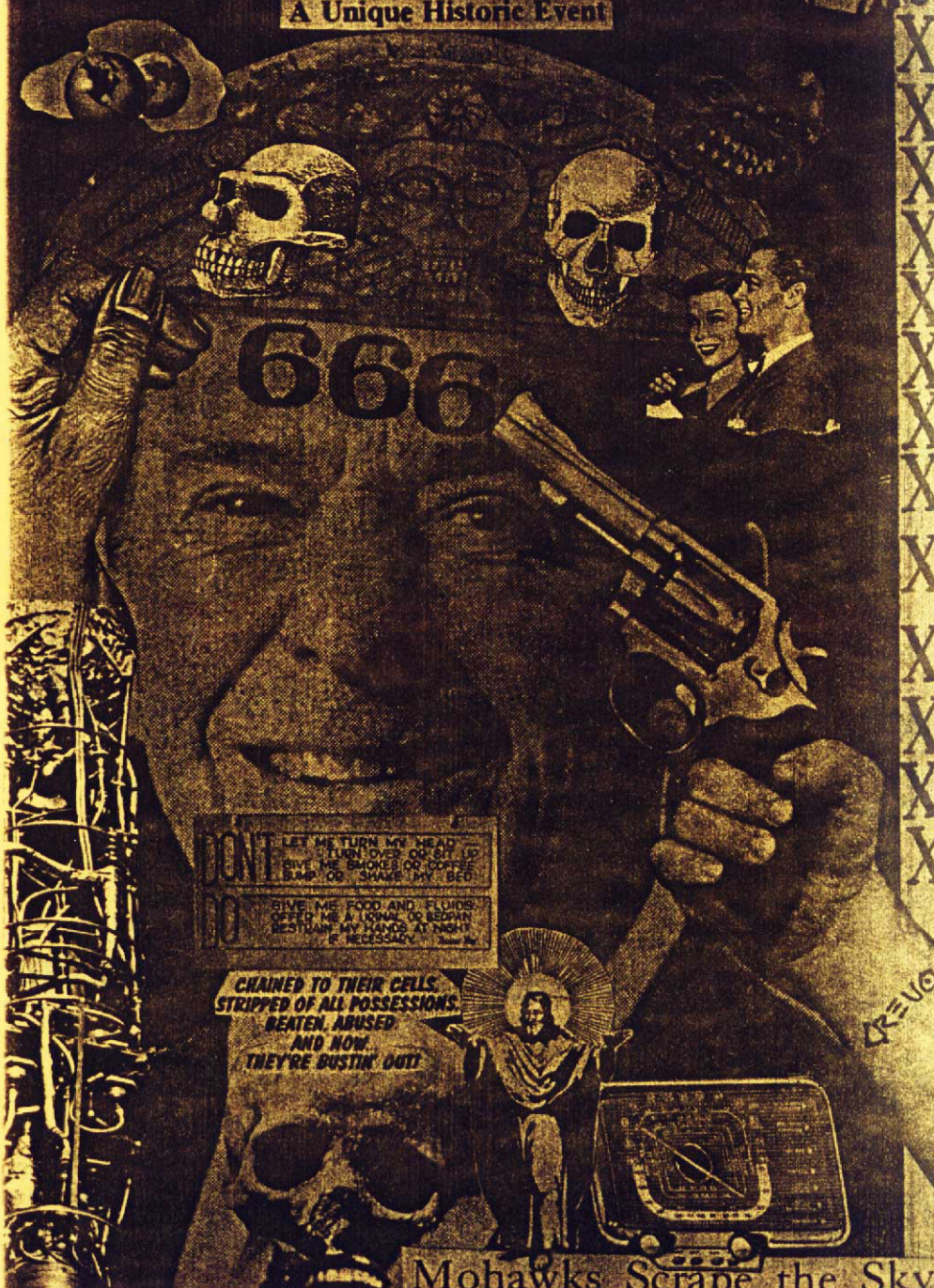


THE CARNAGE WAS AWFUL. VETERAN POLICE OFFICERS PUKED THEIR GUTS OUT!





A Unique Historic Event



DON'T LET ME TURN MY HEAD
TAKEN OVER OR SET UP
GIVE ME SMOKES OR COFFEE
BUMP OR SHAKE MY BED

DO GIVE ME FOOD AND FLUIDS
OFFER ME A ROOM OR BEDPAN
RESTRAIN MY HANDS AT NIGHT
IF NECESSARY. Thank Me

**CHAINED TO THEIR CELLS
STRIPPED OF ALL POSSESSIONS
BEATEN, ABUSED
AND NOW
THEY'RE BUSTIN' OUT!**

Mohawks Scrape the Sky

the world
according
to Bloomington's
leading 14-year-old
prophet...

Thrilling Conclusion to Bill e. Goat Interview Spazz Kid Sputters On. . .

Q. Are you in favor of a war on the Grind? How should Chuck die?

A. - *With a hot fork up his ass! And then turn his body into a transition of a ramp.*

Q. - What's your proudest accomplishment?

A. (laughs) *Demonstrating at the City Council meeting about PCBs. (shrugs) . . . That's the only thing I can think of.*

Q. - What do you expect to be doing in 10 years?

A. - *Dead from alcohol poisoning.*

Q. - Whatever happened to the straight edge, anyway?

A. - *It was lost with more maturity. No, I just got drunk and forgot about it.*

Q. - What's your daily routine?

A. - *I wake up, smoke a cigarette, jerk off, cry, skate, get wasted—in that order. I don't go to school—I bum around the hallways.*

Q. - You got a good report card?

A. - *Nothing below an F.*

Q. - Who do you look up to?

A. - *All the stupid trendy bitches. And Rat Rondell. . .but you can't put Rat in the same category. And Joe. And Bob S. And me of course.*

Q. - What's the best thing to do with scissors?

A. - *Cut pubic hair.*

Q. - What's the true meaning of "mellow out Dave."

A. - *No comment.*

Q. - Is Rat your role model?

A. - *We are equal. We are too of the coolest people on earth. . .no, the universe!*

Q. - Do you have anything to say on behalf of the rest of the Spaz kids?

A. - *On the whole we have to be the most obnoxious people in the world. We're the goal of every 3 year-old.*

Q. - When are you gonna tusslen up?

A. - *NEVER! You can't make me ever contemplate tussening up!*

Q. - What does it take to have a good party?

A. - *Lotsa beer, lotsa cute horny drunk chicks. Plenty of smokes. John Barge and the Sex Pistols.*

Q. - What's your diet consist of?

A. - *Cigarettes, beer, biscuits and gravy, coffee, bologna, mustard, cum, spit, bread, coke, my underwear and Joe's hair.*

(Joe walks in and says something.)

Bill - *He's interviewing me. I'm fuckin' cooler than you, you fat turd. I'm cooler than you!*

Q. - Who's your best friend and why?

A. - *Myself because I'm so cool.*

Q. - What do you like best about Bloomington?

A. - *Giving stupid interviews to banana-heads like you.*

(Room disintegrates into fight between Joe, Billy J. B. Adams, with shouts of "Fuck you, you short little turd!", "Hey you shove your little intellectual mind", "—cause you're too stupid to know any better!" "I'll punish you", "the messiah has arrived!" Basically, I ran out of paper and decided it was time for another six pack. Mission accomplished.

rebel without a cough: manifesto of tussen turtle

"We don't want your blahblahblah,
We don't want your blahblahblah!
Fuck Reagan! Fuck Reagan!
Ya got any spare change, ya got any spare
change ma-a-a-n. . ."

"A Political Song"

reamble:

I've never met a subculture that I've
rusted that much. I think it goes some-
thing like Groucho Marx's comment that
he'd never become a member of a club
that would let someone like him become a
member.

Sooner or later, subcultures or counter-
cultures, if you will, need to make some
pseudo-political statement in order to
reinforce their self-important notion that
dressing differently and listening to dif-
ferent music is going to herald in some
great new era for mankind. So when the
counter-culture goes from being sold
under the counter to being sold over the
counter it's time to name the price.

Just a word of caution: I hope none of
you Americans are dumb enough to fall
for that Animal Liberation crap so
popular amongst the Brits. I can kinda
understand why those malnourished
goofs get all worked up over laboratory
rats while caring not a whit about the Irish
or Blacks in Brixton that they're fucking
over. After all, the animal rights
movement started back in the Victorian
era by rich bitches who needed something
to pass the time while their hubbies were
off somewhere in the third world raping
and murdering Blacks and Asians for
Queen and country.

Let's start (and end) with Civil Dis-
obedience. . . a pompous sounding term
with too many syllables that means break-
ing the law to make some sort of political
point. C.D., as its known, is quite the rage
these days, although it enjoys a long and
rich history including such historic figures
as Henry David Thoreau, Martin Luther
King, Mahatma Gandhi, Richard Nixon
and Jerry Lee Lewis.

However, most of the C.D. I see is
pretty damned lame. Sitting around like
some wimp-martyr waiting for the cops to
tap you on the shoulder and take you off
to jail blows dead dogs. Like most normal
Americans I believe that C.D. is often
necessary. . . but the point is don't be a
dumbfuck and let yourself get caught! Not
unless you're a wino and need a place to
stay and some poor excuse for food.

So here's some Tussin Tips on C.D.

Public Intoxication: No joke, comrades,
if this anti-drinking craze keeps sweeping
the nation we're all gonna wind up in a
Koala "Alcohol Abuse" center in a few
years. They're everywhere, these anti-
drinking bluenoses! Alcohol/substance
abuse is becoming a boom industry for a
growing army of parasites. . . social
workers, counselors, preachers, two-bit
admen. . . basically, a bunch of lowlife
losers who couldn't get honest
employment pumping gas or washing
dishes. Add to that Parkinson's Law: a
bureaucracy always makes work to justify
its existence. . . voila, we've got trouble!

As Americans we must realize that we
live in the only non-Islamic nation in the
world foolish enough to have ever out-
lawed alcohol even went so far as to write
the ban into its own Constitution! These
goody two-shoes fascists have been
ramming through all sorts of laws and
stricter enforcement of existing laws by the
cops and courts in order to make partying
close to a crime. Tussin Turtle proposes a
Right to Party Movement to defend our
right to get fucked up in public. What the
hell do you think our Founding Fathers
meant by "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit
of Happiness" anyway. A bunch of puss-
wimps sitting around listening to WBWB
sipping Hawaiian punch!? They're busting
up parties, confiscating kegs, pushing
around drinkers because they're getting
your asses ready for war and it's time to
fight back!!!



Drunk Driving: I know: "Friends don't let friends drink and drive." I guess that means it's O.K. if you're an enemy or a stranger. Let me tell you, these Mothers/Students/Asswipes Against Drunk Driving are probably some of the worst offenders. I know from an informed source of one such half-Baked Judge who was found my the cops here in town falling down drunk. Did they send him to the drunk tank? Of course not.

This is a particularly touchy subject for me because, you see, Tussin Turtle is himself a victim of a drunk driver (no, not myself, I was sober that night, not even a drop of 'cough syrup or nothin'). I was thinking in light of the Bernhardt Goetz experience . . . if that little nurd can become a media hero for blowing away four kids because he was once mugged and thought it was happening again then I've got a right to get shitfaced, hop in my car, and mow down at least a dozen or so judges, professional mothers, probation officers and other poor excuses for humanity when I suspect they may be out to drink and drive in the near future. Sounds like fun, huh? Hell, I talked to god this morning and he said it was cool.

Public Urination/Defecation: They do it in France, right? And most of the rest of the world. But you can't do it here because it's supposed to be "disgusting." As if all the toxics put out by industry aren't! What a double standard! It's time to go from the sit-in to the shit-in. . . preferably somewhere like an election polling booth (good commentary on the sorts of people who run for public office in this state.) I'd like to see the law deal as gingerly with Monsanto Chemicals or Westinghouse for their PCB defecation as they would someone who made such a statement. But I won't hold my breath. . . or maybe I should.

Traffic Violations: Yeah, let's hear it for another popular American form of C.D. There's just too damn many stop signs and traffic signs in this city. Who the hell is on the Traffic Commission anyways? A bunch of little old ladies?

Plus, parking tickets, a particular peeve of mine since I got a call from the Univ. last week informing me of \$118 in alleged tickets. I told them I wouldn't pay until the University stops investing in corporations doing business in South Africa.

Epilogue: *There ya go. Something to offend just about everybody, well, actually to offend both the Powers That Be and the Bleeding Heart Liberals, usually one in the same in this town. In the words of George Orwell, radicals are never gonna get anywhere if they keep company with goofy Christian pacifists, vegetarians and other assorted crackpots. Well, George, this program against Big Brother/Big Sister is for you!*

Smoking in Non-Smoking Areas: I'm tired of hearing professional non-smokers whine about smoking. And I don't even smoke! People whose major purpose of existence is complaining about other people's desire to smoke cigarettes should not be allowed in public. It's enough to make me take up smoking—at least when they are around.

Cigar Smoking: Which brings me to this point. . . if you really want to get back at people it's time to start using cigar smoke! What a marvelous yet underused weapon. Look, why do you think that the world's greatest revolutionary — Fidel Castro — smokes those damned things.

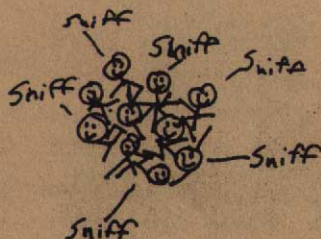
Jonnelson's Erotique

Stique Figures

Many of us know Jonnelson in his most obvious incarnations—as a leading contemporary social commentator, music critic, expert bird watcher and bus driver. Few, however, have learned to appreciate Mr. Nelson's drawing talents. Here for the first time are the collected Jonnelson stick figure collection proudly brought to you by Tussin Up magazine.

Jonnelson's Five Golden Rules to Live By (circa late 1982-mid 1984)

1. Never quit the bus company.
2. Never leave Bloomington.
3. Don't try to get laid.
4. Don't try to have fun.
5. It's never too early to go home and go to sleep.



A group of wealthy attractive people having an orgy and using cocaine.
#8 in 'L'Erotique'
a series by
J. M. Nelson.



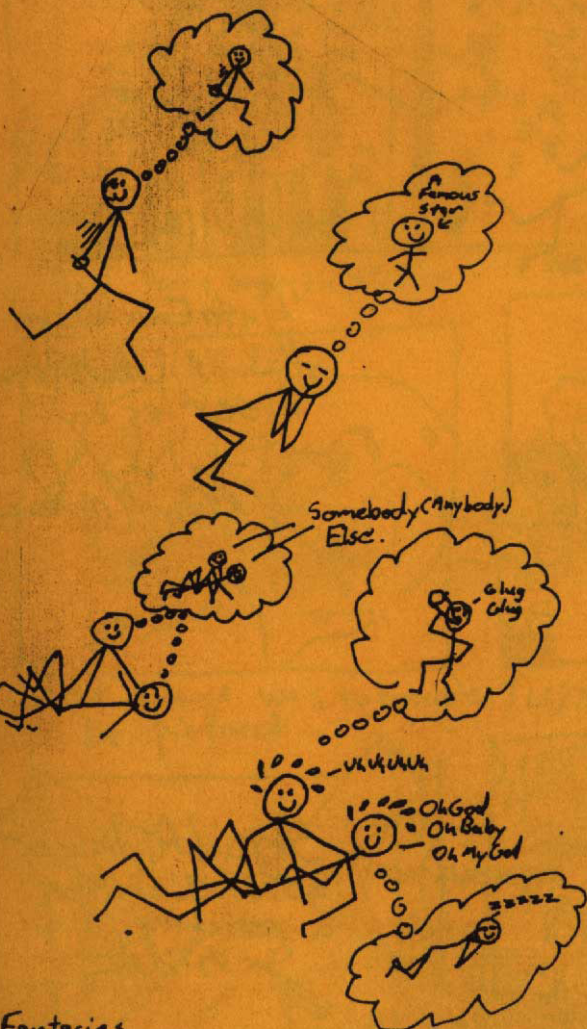
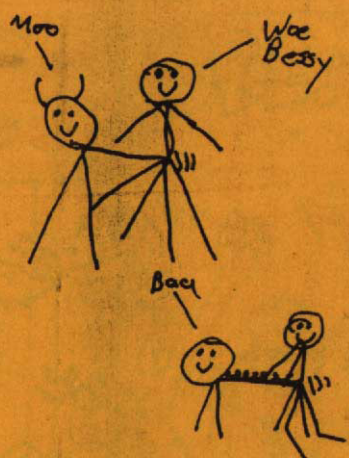
Famous People Having Sex
#7 in 'L'Erotique'
a series by
J. M. Nelson

Rat Rondell's Five Rules to Live By*

1. Never go out without an upturned collar.
2. Never eat a meal unless you've got a cigarette to smoke afterwards
3. Never even think about getting a job.
4. Always be cautious.
5. Always be cautious.

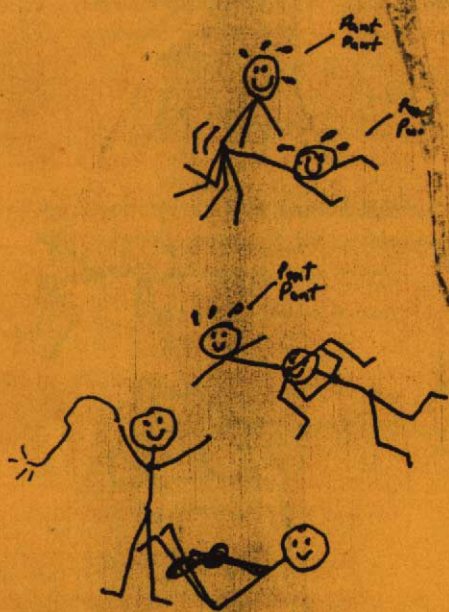
Reprinted with permission from *Big Red and Shiny*, by Rat Rondell (Bloomington, IN, 1985).

Midwestern Life
 (a tribute to
 Katherine the Great)
 #4 in 'L'Erotique'
 a series by
 J. M. Nelson

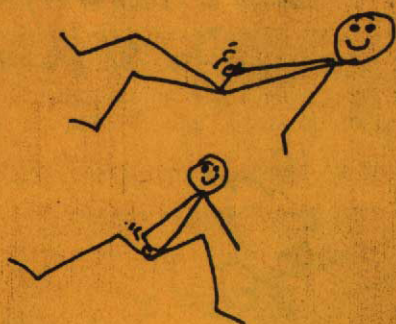


Fantasies
 #6 in 'L'Erotique'
 a series by
 J. M. Nelson

Two guys in a mobile
 home in Ohio watching
 pornographic movies on
 cable T.V.
 #9 in 'L'Erotique'
 a series by
 J. M. Nelson



'L'Erotique'
#1 in a series
by J M. Nel



'Auto Eroticism'
#3 in 'L'Erotique'
a series by

J M. Nel



Sexual Appliances
#5 in 'L'Erotique'
a series by
J M. Nel

TUSSIN-UP GOES TO THE METRO!!

but all too soon... the Show's over...

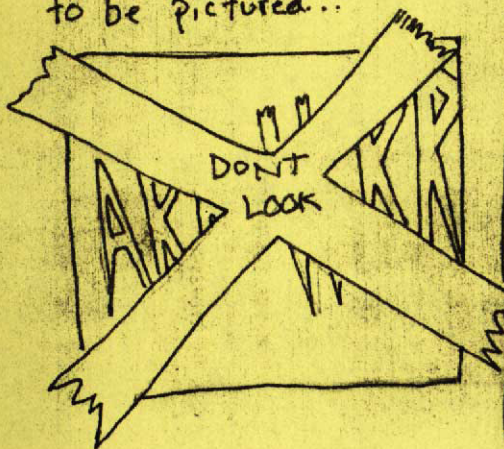
MAY THIRD - the Tussin-up Crew consisting of **Neville Mucous**, Poor Trudy, Tussin Turtle and Debbie were enjoying a pleasant evening at the Cabaret METRO in Chicago Ill...



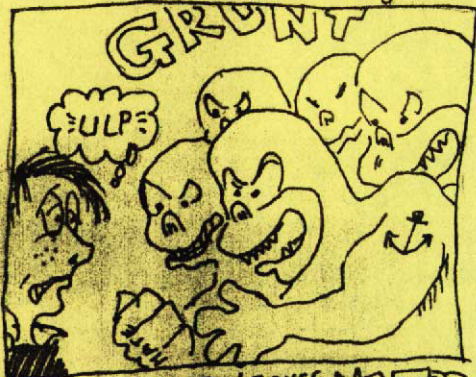
Enraged, People begin to SPIT at the bouncers...



What Followed was so horrible to be pictured...



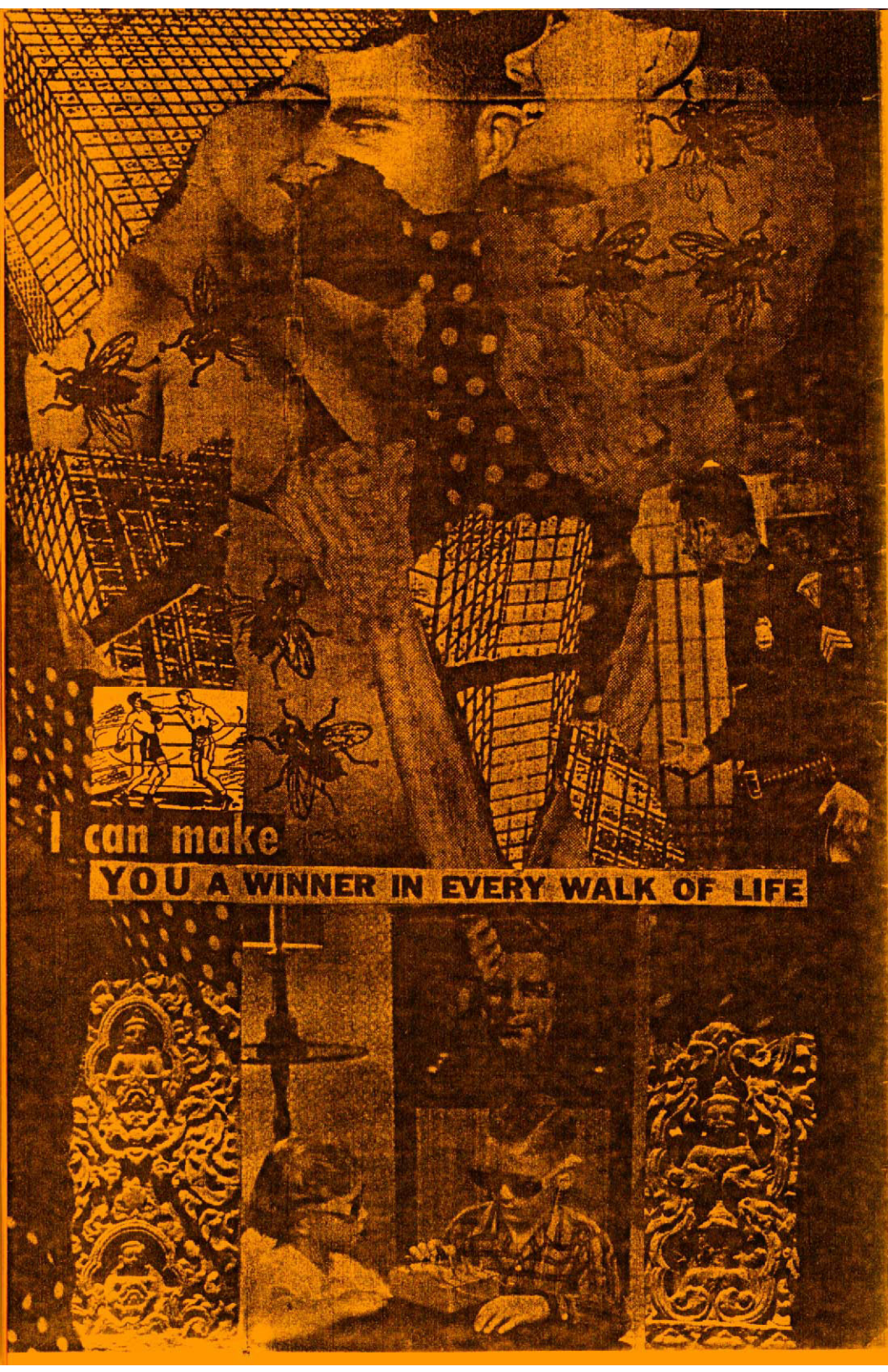
Neville Mucous is Singled out!



TUSSIN-UP LEAVES THE METRO



the END?



I can make

YOU A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE

for the issue that never was. . .




Killing Joke of the Month

or

No MOVES is Goode MOVES?

PHILADELPHIA — A four-story rowhouse held by the radical MOVE was engulfed by flames yesterday after police spent the day trying to drive out members with cannon, tear gas and gunfire. The blaze spread to more than 50 houses and burned out of control hours after it started.

The flames drove four armed MOVE members into the alley behind the house, forcing police to hold back firefighters as the blaze spread. Mayor W. Wilson Goode said at a news conference.



*"Look out, South side of the Square!
You're next! We hear you punks and
bohohs also don't like to take out your
garbage!"*

—Mayor Tomi ('Denver Who?') Alison

