

TIM DRAURY -

SPRING 1987

ISSUE # 5

gad! chased
down the street by
Paisly umbrellas!
How will I ever
explain this to
the Indiana
Voters?!

Special
JUST SAY:
"NO"
ISSUE

Please
no issue!

Frank McC.

During the '86 campaign, Congressman Frank McCloskey admitted to have 'experimented' with marijuana 2 or 3 times in the early 1970s but had 'regretted ever since.' Hmmm... regretted it ever since? Must've been a hell of a string of bummers!

PORTRUDY '87
WINEYTRASH

Parents!

Read Ann Landers' Advice on How to Keep your Teenager From Growing Up to Assassinate the President

(straighten him out so he join the army and learn how to
kill somebody innocent instead)

Dear Ann Landers — Jack Hinckley thought all his son needed to straighten out his life was a good swift kick in the pants. But after John Hinckley Jr. shot President Reagan in 1981 the old man knew he was mistaken.

In 1983 Hinckley sold his business interests and he and his wife, Jo Ann, began working as advocates for the mentally ill. Will you please print the warning signs of mental illness and tell people where they can get more information? Thanks a million, Ann.

— Been There in Denver Dear Denver — Here are the warnings of mental illness as they appear in the booklet put out by the American Mental Health Fund. This information can be extremely useful to people like the Hinckleys, who are having trouble with their children and know nothing about the behavioral patterns of the mentally ill. Thanks for sending them on.

Watch Out For:

Marked personality changes.

Confused thinking; strange or grandiose ideas.

Prolonged severe depression; pathy, or extreme highs and lows.

Excessive anxieties, fears or suspiciousness; blaming others.

Withdrawal from society, friendlessness; abnormal self-centeredness.

Denial of obvious problems; strong resistance to help.

Thinking or talking about suicide.

Numerous, unexplained physical ailments; marked changes in eating or sleeping patterns.

Anger or hostility out of proportion to the situation.

Delusions, hallucinations, hearing voices.

Abuse of alcohol or drugs.

Growing inability to cope with



**Ann
Landers**

problems and daily activities such as school, job or personal needs.

For an information booklet, including where to go for help, write to the American Mental Health Fund, P.O. Box 17700, Washington, D.C. 20041. Toll-free phone number 1-800-433-5959.

Kids!
See how well you score on Ann Landers' prospective Presidential hit-man list! It's fun! It can even earn you a vacation from school!

Hinckley self-portrait, note to Jodie: 'Any emotion carried to excess is insanity'



An Interview With Rich\$ McMudsling:

"I'll do anything to get elected!"

The following interview is a total fabrication—as were most issues of the 1986 Congressional campaign. The opinions and viewpoints expressed herein should in no way be construed to reflect those of any unsuccessful Republican candidate for Congress living or dead or brain-dead. It just sometimes seems that way to some people. . .

SP: Rich\$, are these allegations that you dealt in large amounts of cocaine in the early '80s of any veracity?

RICH\$: This is off the record, right?

SP: Of course.

RICH\$: Well then, O.K. I sold the drugs to help dad's business in Bedford. The recession had caused us to lay off a number of workers. The workers were in desperate shape (laughs). I was concerned that myself and my wife wouldn't be able to take our usual four winter vacations. So, I sold the drugs. . .to schoolchildren mostly. I like young boys!

SP: I see. We'll get to that later. I must say your admission seems out of character given your "tough" anti-drug campaign.

RICH\$: Not really. Inever used the drugs. I just made money off their sale.

SP: Hmm. Supply side economics?

RICH\$: Exactly.

SP: But you don't use drugs yourself?

RICH\$: No! (laughs) Of course I drink a lot. But alcohol isn't a drug.

SP: Yes, well. . . You admit being an alcoholic?

RICH\$: Yes. (Takes a half-pint of cheap whiskey, drinks until empty) But I don't do drugs!

SP: Just sell them to children.

RICH\$: Right! (Laughs, produces urine sample and vomits.)



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My God!

Tussin-Up Reviews the World's Great Religions

(Sorry, no party reviews this issue, just religion reviews, the '80's are catching up with us)

RELIGION	GOOD POINTS	BAD POINTS
Catholics	Promotes drinking and gambling. (i.e. communion and bingo)	Except you're not supposed to do anything afterwards with your tallywhacker unless you're married (forever).
Fundamentalists	Their stereos play heavy-metal records backwards.	They own half the cable TV channels.
Protestants	Don't know too much about them.	There so many brands of them!
Mormans	They're mostly in Utah.	Act too much like Muslims. (Into sobriety, polygamy and extreme right-wing politics.)
Muslims	Scare American tourists shitless.	Vices mostly involve killing and maiming people instead of brain and liver cells.
Buddhists	Generally don't both you unless they are rehabilitated hippies.	Promote vegetarianism.
Judaism	Good deli food.	Not allowed to say or else I'll be morally responsible for murder of 6 million Jews.
Hinduism	Taught a lot of cool things to hippies.	Taught a lot of cool things to hippies.
Zoroastrianism	Cool name.	Hard to spell (had to use dictionary).
Secular Humanism	Pisses off the fundamentalists.	Except none of the bad things they say about it seem to be true.
Satanism	Where would heavy metal lyrics be without it?	All devil worship really proves is that they're basically still Christians.
Temple of Psychic Youth	Nice logo. Makes good graffiti.	Members tend to be brain damaged.
Alcohol & Drug Substance Abuse Counseling.	Provideroom and board for many a deserving wino.	Fascism with a smiley face.
Atheism	No stupid rules or regulations.	Still lets religion define you.

"What can you expect from a God who would kill his own son?"

—National Lampoon Radio Dinner

Why I HATE the Grateful Dead

(and will take off their tapes if you put them on at parties)

by S. Romilar

I'm going to say this once and for all. . . the Grateful Dead is doo-doo on a stick! It usually sounds like they learned how to play some demented folk song sometime back in the '60s when they ate their first fistful of acid and have been playing the same damn song, non-stop, for the past twenty-some years. I like psychedelic music but they are to psychedelia as Lawrence Welk is to Big Band (geritol and all) or Liberace is to classical piano (watermelon diet and all). In fact, liking psychedelic music, real psychedelic music like the 13th Floor Elevators and Bo Diddley is all the more reason to be annoyed by the sustained persistence of the Dead's innane, uninspired drivel.

Some of my best friends are Deadheads, but that's no excuse, after all, some of my friends are vegetarians but that's no reason to cut them any slack. And I'll admit that Live Dead has some interesting stuff and there are a few odds and ends here and there that are kind of funny like "What Has Become of the Baby" on Aoxomoxoa, but try to find a Deadhead who'll put that uncharacteristically interesting stuff on at a

party. Maybe if I took some LSD I'd feel differently (maybe, definitely, but the last time I tried that stuff I thought I was Muammar Qaddafi), but I don't think that's the problem either. The drug for the Dead isn't acid, it's valium.

Naw, the Deadheads would rather listen to something like "Truckin'." And one thing I wanna know about that song is about the part that says, "truckin', like the doo-dot man." Just what the fuck is a "doo-dot man" anyway? Is that all the better in hallucinogenic references these refried wontons can come up with? A doo-dot man? Go ahead and say it: doo-dot! doo-dot! doo-dot! Big deal, it doesn't do a thing for me. Neither does dude-ought!

So Deadheads out there, if this article gives you cause for a reply please write one and send it in. But you've first gotta explain what the hell you mean by doo-dots!

*This article is written in lieu of Jon Nelson's promised but never written article: "Why I Hate the Smiths"

Beware
the
Ides
of
March?

Ides
of
March

We have compiled a special selection of grocery offers for nationally advertised products the Death Family currently uses as well as products you've always wanted to try.

THE DEATHS MUST TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER BY

MARCH 15

OR IT WILL BE REALLOCATED TO ANOTHER FAMILY.

TO RECEIVE YOUR SPECIAL SELECTION SIMPLY ENCLOSE \$4.95 TO COVER COMPUTER PROCESSING, POSTAGE AND HANDLING COSTS.

Do not use reverse side of this coupon. No. 64101462 To order see reverse side of this coupon or use the enclosed postage free reply envelope. You have a complete money back guarantee if not satisfied.

SPECIAL BONUS COUPONS

GET ADDITIONAL GROCERY COUPON & CASH REFUND OFFERS \$102.00 in GROCERY COUPON AND CASH REFUND OFFERS ARE RESERVED FOR THE DEATH FAMILY.

Artists Try To Tell Concerned Citizens Against Art What-For

(This article typeset in "Avant-Garde" typeface)

March 4, 1987

Artists' Society International
San Francisco, CA

Dear Mr. Romilar:

It has come to our attention that you are involved in the notorious anti-cultural group "Concerned Citizens Against Art." We at Artists' Society International are not amused.

Such shenanigans as "The Art Police" have not gone unnoticed and, as the primary policing body for the artistic community, we feel it is our duty to mete out our punishment appropriate to the crime.

The crime is serious. It is made even worse by your locale. The American Middle West had long been impervious to our attempts at artistic evangelism. After small gains in effect in the last few years, the Art Police and Concerned Citizens Against Art are extremely damaging.

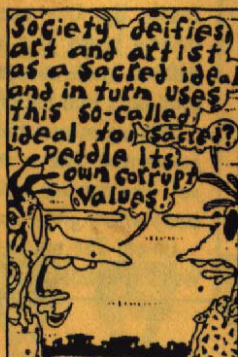
We hope that you understand our position. As we increase the class-consciousness of the United States, the high ideals of art, of aesthetics, of beauty can likewise spread, increasing the quality of life. Your efforts can influence those whose art awareness is not yet fixed and can steer them away from the influence of art; that is, the influence of Artists' Society International.

We have decided that the following would be sufficient to correct the damage you have caused:

- (1) Affix enclosed bumper sticker ("I Love Artists!") to your automobile,
 - (2) Declare Concerned Citizens Against Art as bogus in
 - (a) Your Tussin' Up magazine, and
 - (b) Among your friends at an over-crowded party
 - (3) Begin an art appreciation column in Tussin-Up, and
 - (4) Report weekly to the Consul d'Culture Francalse in Chicago.
- Please act quickly, we know where you are. . .

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER STEPHEN ROMILAR REPLIES FOR TUSSIN-UP MAGAZINE:

Thanks for the bumper-sticker, A.S.I., it makes a neat little decoration in my living room. Can't say I can comply with all your demands, in fact I won't. Well, O.K.; I'll comply with point number three. To observe our first such appreciation column please turn the page and see the article on the next page. Suckers.



Andy Warhol Drops Dead

by Art Anger

*"Ring rubber bells,
Walter Paisley is dead."*

—apologies to *Bucket of Blood*
official movie of C.C.A.A.

World renowned commercial art-fag and blight of the music world delighted all of us of Concerned Citizens Against Art (C.C.A.A.) by suddenly dropping dead due to a heart attack.

Warhol was noted for his pop art renditions of Campbell soup cans that were typically less interesting than a trip to the grocery store. . . but art has never been known for having any socially, individually, culturally or politically redeeming qualities.

I'm eagerly waiting to see if this sudden death thing is some kind of ultimately new and trendy kind of artistic expression. The world would be a more tolerable place if more artists would follow Warhol by dropping dead faster than brain cells on a good binge of substance abuse. Maybe even Warhol's former crap comrade, Lou Reed's heart will stop for having been leader of the worst shitcan art bands known to mankind. Oh, what a thrill! Oh, what a treat. Millions of dead artists under my feet!

With such things to his credit as Brillo pads, Campbell soup cans, Marilyn Monroe, boring art films, the Velvet Underground, *Interview* magazine, and fans like the late Shah of Iran you can just imagine how eager God was to pluck him off the face of the earth for being such a boring, overrated, stupid asshole. Even God can be merciful at times.

Artists around the world mourned Warhol's passing by wearing white.

"Nobody ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public."

—H.L. Mencken



Andy Warhol: Dead from a result of a Campbell's Cream of Watermelon soup diet?

A Tempest in a Coffee Pot?

Several weeks before publication, we reproduced the Andy Warhol obit and the accompanying captions as part of a promotion for the upcoming issue number five of Tussin Up. One such flyer placed on a bulletin board of a local coffee shop was defaced by an anonymous friend of art and good taste with the following message:

Whoever put this together is really perverted! The man just died and here you are having a few laughs at somebody else's great loss!

Uh-oh! The public is getting wise to us. We're in trouble now.



Concerned Citizens Against Art at CultureStock

"Do you think the '60s are coming back?" someone seriously asked me after a day of artsy-fartsyness in Done Meadow, something called Culture Shock.

"Yeah," I replied, "in about 73 years."

He didn't like my answer. And so it goes when you fight art with anti-art. We managed to nail quite a few with the citations of violations of artistic license reprinted below. Please reproduce as many as you like and appoint yourself art police. After all, art is in the eye of the beholden.

ART POLICE OFFICIAL NOTICE OF VIOLATION OF ARTISTIC LICENSE

Name of Offender _____

Date _____

Name of Art Police Representative _____

Time _____

CITATION OF OFFENSES (See Code Below)

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Misusing the term "dada" | 12 Taking this opening/show/"happening" seriously |
| 2 Misinterpreting the meaning of post-modernism | 13 Dancing to poetry in the name of art |
| 3 Wearing too much black | 14 Dancing |
| 4 Wearing too little black | 15 Not taking these tickets seriously |
| 5 Performing music without enough electricity | 16 Posing as art, not looking at it |
| 6 Spending more than 60 seconds appreciating art | 17 Calling yourself an artist |
| 7 Insufficient amounts of caffeine in bloodstream | 18 Calling someone else an artist |
| 8 Wearing your art | 19 Calling me an artist |
| 9 Having a display at the Uptown Cafe for more than a week | 20 Having a pass to some art movie series |
| 10 Being here instead of a coffee house | 21 Smoking imported cigarettes |
| 11 Going to art openings/shows/gatherings' with no intention of drinking their beer (or eating their food)—(Rat) | 22 Being a "friend of art" |
| | 23 Being an art groupie |

THE OFFENDER IS HEREBY CHARGED, TRIED, CONVICTED AND SENTENCED WITH THE FOLLOWING...

	for 1 mo.	for 2 mo.	for 3 mo.	for 4 mo.	for 5 mo.	for 1 year
Banned from all local coffee shops	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Forbidden to listen to public radio or watch public TV	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Banned from all movie series	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Banned from art supply stores	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Forced to smoke domestic cigarettes	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Forced to wear white	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Have subscriptions to all art magazines cancelled	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Banned from local art museums and art openings	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Forced to go to 'alternative' night clubs	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Banned from 'alternative' night clubs	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Forced to give up smoking (yes, even cigarettes)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Not allowed to wear beret	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>



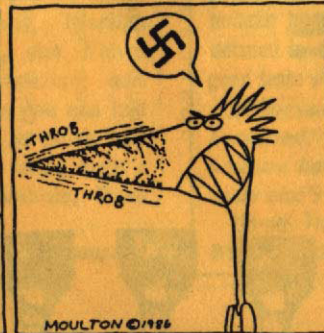
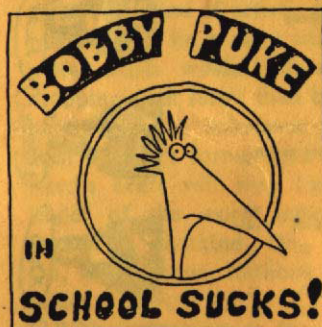
Reprinted from #4
(Spring 1986)



Café á Complaint

by A Hip Cat

As a cool hipster, I often hang out at the Daily Grind. The coffee's great, the food is good, the employees are cool, the bathroom graffiti is interesting, but I have one gripe. The music sucks cats toenails! There are three things which they constantly play: R.E.M., mutant-Middle Eastern drivel, and some bizarre jazz piece in which all you can hear is the high-hat going tss. . . tss. . . tss. . . tss, etc. I am told that the reason for the music selection is that it appeals to a majority of the customers. Well, I can't expect much from a bunch of bohos and dead hippies, but I thought they had more taste than that! Nobody I talked to likes it, so what's the deal? The only alternative is to bring a walkman stocked with some *Tussin-Up* approved tunes.



Tussin-Up Evangelical Report

OR

How I Debauched the "Fuzzies"

by no. 6

As a self-ordained advocate, shaman, guru, curate and priest of the Holy Expectorant (the Ernest Angley of cough syrup) my success in my evangelistic efforts has been astronomic. When I began my mission I had expected to meet great resistance among the pagan masses. But I have found many are willing to accept Tussin into their hearts (or, rather, stomachs) mainly because the first rites are normally conducted free of charge.

But there is one stumbling block: the fact that it is legal but since when is freedom of religion illegal in this country (well, now that I think of it)? Most recently I have heard encouraging news from one of my inductees. . .er. . .new believer, that she would quit smoking that dastardly plant and devote her life completely to cough syrup (a Tussin nun?). I began a mission to bring the word to the West Coast with some success although it hasn't met with as wide acclaim as it has here.

A revolution in cough syrup has come about from my activities as well. I have introduced Bloomington to Pinex cough syrup concentrate. This is a far more tasty and concentrated (approximately 3 times stronger) form of procuring the magic Dextromethorphan Hydrobromide

elixir. It has created quite a stir, shelves at the only local pharmacy known to stock the substance have been repeated been cleaned bare by legions of teenaged syrup gourmets (along with the several Elder Statespersons of Syrup now in their mid-30s), and it has succeeded in gaining several more converts.

be seeing you,
The ever devoted ser-
vent of the Holy Expec-
torant — no. 6

Pinex ANTITUSSIVE
COUGH SYRUP
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
IMPROVED FORMULA
with Glycerin and Honey

For the temporary relief of coughs due to minor throat and bronchial irritation as may occur with the common cold or inhaled irritants. Temporarily helps you cough less. Pinex has a soothing effect on the irritated throat and bronchial airway walls. Pinex is non-narcotic.

DOSEAGE AFTER MIXING:

ADULTS: Two (2) Teaspoonfuls every 4 hours not to exceed 12 teaspoonfuls in 24 hours.

CHILDREN: 6 to under 12 years: One (1) teaspoonful every 4 hours not to exceed 6 teaspoonfuls in 24 hours.

2 to under 6 years: Half (1/2) teaspoonful every 4 hours not to exceed 3 teaspoonfuls in 24 hours.

Do not give this product to children under 2 years except under the advice and supervision of a physician.

NOTE: A persistent cough may be a sign of a serious condition. If it persists for more than 1 week, tends to recur, or is accompanied by high fever, rash or persistent headache, consult a physician.

Do not take this product for persistent cough such as whooping, asthma, emphysema, or where cough is excessive secretions except under the advice and supervision of a physician.

DOSAGE AFTER MIXING: Dextromethorphan HBr 7.5 mg./5mls: Water, Sugar, Glycerin, Honey, Alcohol 3%, Color.

AND ALL MEDICINE OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN.
— SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING.

Directions of mixing. Date mixed: _____

16 FL. OZ.

ALVIN LAST, INC.
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522

As with any drug, if you are pregnant or nursing, seek the advice of a health professional before using this product.

BOBBY PUKE
SEZ:

REAGAN HAS DECLARED WAR
ON DRUGS BECAUSE THEY
ARE HARMFUL TO BUSINESS
AND ARE DESTROYING SOCIETY.

I DECLARE WAR ON
BUSINESS AND SOCIETY
BECAUSE THEY ARE DESTROYING
OUR PLANET!

Movie Reviews

by
A Way Cool Dude

S. Romilar, our editor, asked me to write some movie reviews. I don't have enough money to blow four bucks on a film so I used my parents VCR and borrowed some tapes from some friends. He didn't seem to mind, though, "Just as long as you fill up some space in the 'zine, O.K.?" he said.

Harold and Maude — Dude, this sucked! It's about a real cool death rocker (Harold) who gets turned into a hippie by some old lady. He even quits trying to kill himself.

Hardcore — My friend's older brother who told me it was about the L.A. punk scene must have been on some really bad drugs when he shot his one. I didn't see a single hardcore band in the movie and I watched it twice just to be sure.

Easy Rider — Were hippies really that stupid? Were the '60s really that lame? Well, if so, Jack Nicholson gets what's coming to him for not remaining the town drunk and hanging out with Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda instead! The movie had its good points. It had a way cool happy ending!

After Hours — A good lesson to what happens to people who move to New York and then try to get laid. If the geek in the movie had just let himself be given a mohawk at the punk club he would have spared himself a lot of trouble and could have gotten out of Artland without being noticed.

Killing Fields — A gripping portrayal (you're supposed to use that expression in movie reviews) of a country taken over by a former art student, a former art student at the Paris university The Sorbonne no less, Pol Pot. People are forced to wear black, not allowed to smile or enjoy what they really want to do and get fucked over while working for nothing.

El Salvador: Revolution or Death — This was the best of the bunch! Real cool gore and I think the stuff is authentic because they made it in South America or South Africa or somewhere violent like that. I turned the sound down when it got boring and they started talking about politics (I wonder why they had to put that shit in) and I put on my Misfits tape. I'd like to show it again for some of my friends but the peace creeps I borrowed it from told me to fuck off (get this!) because I told them how cool a movie it was. I don't understand those people at all. They're so way uncool.

That's all for now, readers, next issue I'll be reviewing some more movies. I already plan to see this one called Triumph of Will. That guy's older brother, the one who gave me Hardcore, told me that it would help give me ideas on how to fix up my black leather jacket.

A Bloomington Scene Report

by No. 6

It sucks.

Oh, O.K. I'll fill up some more space. There are sometimes one or two people sitting around at the Union. On the weekend it picks up a little, once I counted over a dozen "fuzzies" there! The Grind seems to have lost its popularity for some reason though occasionally I see someone there (probably because they work there.) But generally everybody's being an apathetic, sequestered asshole, there's no sense of unity here, there. . .oops! uh-oh, no, this isn't *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*, sorry:

I need a car.

Bowling Ball Beater/Beatee Strikes Out in Local Rag

by Ask-Alice (I think she knows)

The Bloomington Herald-Telephone is so thoughtful. It offers its subscribers a chance to memorialize their loved ones in a classified section.

Steve Detmer ran a bowling store and loved to bowl. He also beat women when the tensions of his life overwhelmed him. Since his whole life was devoted to bowling it is fitting that his death was caused by a bowling ball dropped on his head by a woman who had suffered one beating too many.

Tussin-Up presents the Herald-Telephone's attempt to give the bereaved family a chance to share their grief. You would think after the first "memorium" (see ad on left) where they forgot to crop out the bowling ball, they would never trust their local rag again—but they did! The second time the H-T did remember to crop the photo, but oops. . . they listed it under the wrong heading.

Yes, it's true. They will never forget. We won't either.

MEMORIAM

07



In memory of Steve "Mike" Detmer who was killed by a bowling ball on January 4, 1985.

We will never forget you.

June Detmer,
Ann Detmer &
Ernie Detmer

02 Happy Ads



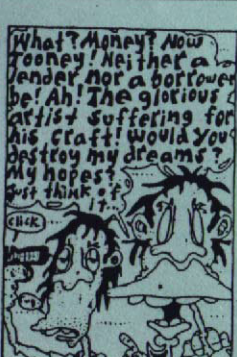
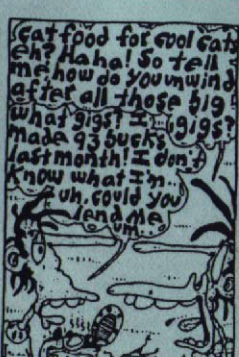
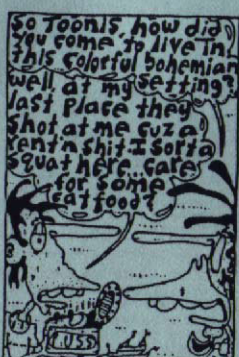
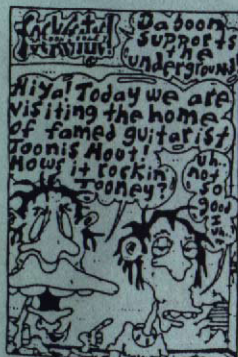
In memory of Steve "Mike" Detmer who was killed with a bowling ball on January 4, 1985.

We will never forget.

June, Ann &
Ernie Detmer

1987 Ad1

— 1986 ad



Freedom-gram for an Immoral Minority

From the beginning we've been supplying "THE OTHER SIDE" not usually treated or fairly reported in most mass news media. Every Friday, ER, usually on a section back page and occasionally in the Sunday Er, Radio WEAV, 104.5 Every Occasionally. Call us to clarify any unclear, mispunctuated or garbled text. Magnifying glass suggested for small print. Be sure to clip and save the Er "GRAMS" on Friday for reference.

I

...ONLY IN THE LAST FEW YEARS HAVE WE COME TO REALIZE HOW TRULY INSUBSTANTIAL A THING LIKE FREEDOM IS. Oh, yes, lots of yapping, lots of talk, but actions? Ah-h-h-h, SFEAK! Louder than words: Oh, but then there are the words that crawl between the spaces of things, of our very minds: And it's the words of a very cynical crew what influences our actions. The FBI don't need lasers to watch us, BUDDY, all they need is hot Rock & Roll. Take out the garbage: It's worse than you think. Or do you think? PAN, I spit upon you!

II

READ THIS

ONLY OUR CONSEQUENCES HAVE ANY ACTIONS

THE OAR

Watching TV recently I realized that we were once again being floored by the forces of the AKTI-CHIST, this time coming under the title of "Moral Majority." Now these people JACKOFF the same as you or me. They enjoy their little comforts. They enjoy imposing their will. They're clean and they PART in private. So what, you say? Protestant ASS-HOLES, you say? Of course, but as long as they don't bother me I don't give a damn, you say? Well, don't look now, DUDE, but they're coming to mess in your SHIT. It's all your fault. Sodas and Gomerah! The Final Days! The LORD be comin' again! BULLSHIT! A bloody PISS for your LORD! Ack, ewk, PUKIE!

WHY SOME ARE DRIVEN TO BLASPHEMY

I found the previous paragraph on the floor of a bus, a crumpled note. The man's problem seemed apparent: he had turned his back on GOD, I don't mean that big Mumbag in the sky, the Jester of MORALITY, the Commandant of Dachau Earth. I mean the big friendly Fella, the one that gets a kick out of our antics, whose flesh is ours, Who burns when we burn, Whose nuts pop with ours. You know: It. Those Moral Majority people ain't got no special line & if the end of the world is coming... so what! You gonna creak anyhow. The problem is not God, not world erises. Forget those things because IT is a dream & the only real problem is I-O-U.

He Re

CENTRALIST ME CULT, ADMONIS OF THE INDIVIDUALIST DOCTRINE. You're a threat, u justice! Eat those big lunches, MOTHERFUCKER, watch your PORNO movies on your large screened TV while poor men just drink and cry. Ape man! Stupid, filthy scumbag! Rotten TURD! Go on, cut your taxes so you can hog down more expensive wine. Go on, but just don't mess with me, ACE. Don't even try!

IV

SIX-SIX-TWELVE

Get 'em

Ain't it the truth!

CALL FOR AN IMMORAL MINORITY

What some call immoral living is, in fact, just plain living. I mean, let's face it, we're all here, for better or worse, till death do us part. Some of us aren't programmed as well as the others but then's the breaks. The ideal of FREEDOM is inmutably linked with FREEDOM of thought. FREEDOM of thought is difficult to obtain in America today. Communication Networks, which are supposed to serve, act as agents of homogeneity, not only affecting public opinion in

RECALL FOR AN IMMORAL MINORITY

We believe that living fully is no crime. That, indeed, GOD has challenged us to separate the wheat from the chaff. If this world is a moral battleground we belong in the trenches. We resent being badmouthed by a group of hypocrites (right, Anita!) and perverts for being ourselves. Let the LORD be the Judge, folks, that's IT'S job. All your doing is aggravating yourselves and harrassing others. We've placed our faith in IT. Have you?

great matters but also in the manner with which we act and react to personal situations. HELL, I don't know if there's anybody at the wheel: this id is the way it works. Have you ever fucked the Marlboro Cowboy? Every day, M'am, every day." Even rebellion is branded and channeled. What was once BEAT, once HIP, is now PUNK and people are being suckered into buying FREEDOM: an impossibility! What are you thinking about while you light that cigarette? Are you wearing a cowboy hat? Do you squint like that tough man in control, the Berclay man? Read the letters in your newspaper, talk to people in the street. What do you hear? "Oh, it's getting worse every day...bum-bum...more violence...sex...bum-bum..." Just like a GODDAMNED "Space Invaders" the pulse quickens, the nerves tighten. You're basket case, an easy victim. Your girl leaves you and marries another man. "So much violence in the world, so much hate. Everyone is getting laid but me. BITCHES & CUNTS of the world! Now I know why people KILL for love!" Where do those ideas come from? Why do they grow just like those CANCERS they implanted in you after taking your forearm!

LOOK AT THIS

To Santa Claus and Little Sisters

Once... he wrote a poem.
And called it "Chaps."
Because that was the name of
his dog, and that's what it was
all about.
And the teacher gave him
an "A".
And a gold star.
And his mother hung it on the
kitchen door, and read it to
all his sons...
Once... he wrote another
poem.
And he called it "Question
Marked Innocence".
Because that was the name of
his grief and that's what it
was all about.

And the teacher gave him
an "A".
And a strange and beautiful
And his mother never hung it
on the kitchen door, because
he never let her see it.
Once, at 3 a.m., he finished
another poem: it was "GOD".
And he called it absolutely magi-
cally, because that's what it
was all about.
And he put it in his pocket.
And he hung it on the kitchen
door because it was the
kitchen.
—A 15-year-old boy
before he had ever been

FINANCIAL AID IN THE PUBLISHING OF THESE
ADS WILL BE APPRECIATED. WE DON'T WANT TO
QUIT. ALL WHO RESPOND WITH A SELF-ADDRESSED
STAMPED ENVELOPE WILL RECEIVE A PAPER OR
FOLDER OR TWO OF GREAT INTEREST MAYBE. MAIL
YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO CITIZENS FOR IMMORAL
MINORITY, HUGHES S. GUNSTRAP, CHAIRMAN, 66
EAST 6TH ST., BLOOMINGTON, IND. 47401.

“But What About ‘Please’ and ‘Thank You’?”

Tussin-Up's parable of the month — based on a True Story!

One Saturday night, after eating a dose of ecstasy (a.k.a. MDMA) he ran into the girl in his dorm who he had turned on to the stuff for the first time. “This is great!” she enthused, “Wouldn’t the world be a wonderful place if we were born this way!”

“But we *are* born this way.” he replied. And, being something of a proselytizer for his revolutionary vision of society he explained the role of the family, schools, laws and so forth in repressing the individual.

He thought he was getting through to her until she protested, “But those are good things!”

“What good things?” he asked, taken aback.

“Yes, good things. Without them we wouldn’t have manners.”

He was getting confused. “Manners? Like whether you eat with your fork in your right hand and knife in your left and stuff like that. . .?”

No, no, no.” she replied. “Manners. Like what about ‘please’ and ‘thank-you’?”

After laughing at her for several minutes he realized she didn’t appreciate her point of view quite the way he did. He decided to leave the dorm and find a better party.

**The UNACCEPTABLE
Face of FREEDOM**



My God!

Killing Joke of the Season

Contragate Killer Just Didn't Say 'No'



Robert McFarlane

How was I supposed to know that trying to overdose on valium is like trying to blow my brains out with a water pistol!

Mr. McFarlane, my husband and I are very disappointed with the results of your urinalysis.

McFarlane overdoses on Valium

Associated Press

WASHINGTON — Robert C. McFarlane, the former presidential adviser whose mission to Tehran was at the heart of U.S. arms shipments to Iran, remains hospitalized today for what police are investigating as a suicide attempt. McFarlane, 49, was taken to Be-



Nancy Reagan

This half is important too!

Are you writing only half a prescription for it?

Now, now, it's not nice to laugh at someone else's misfortunes. It must be stressful thinking up new ways to circumvent U.S. and international laws to give guns to a bunch of cutthroats so they can more efficiently commit mass murder...and then get caught red-handed doing it! And give Nancy a break, too. All her drugs are *prescribed* to her and nobody has probably ever told her that some of the biggest drug dealers in the world are also her hubbies' favorite 'freedom-fighters.' Just shut up and pee-pee into this jar over here!