

Tussin' Up

ISSUE 7

FALL 1987

"SHODDY TRICK" SEZ DAVE (MIKE) - Yeah...well... its only Tussin' up..



Local John Birchers give Tussin-Up Rave Review!

Reprinted below is part of one of the local Birchers' "Freedomgram" ads which appeared in The Herald-Telephone last August. And they do seem to be raving!

**JOIN JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY
COME TO A J.B.S. MEETING, ASK A MEMBER TO INVITE YOU AND GIVE YOU
DIRECTIONS TO GET TO THE MEETING.**

SHOULD THE CONSTITUTION BE SCRAPPED? ^{FIRST AMENDMENT} **IT SHOULD, APPARENTLY** ↓

We are referring not to Old Ironsides but to the document that has governed our ship of state so well for nearly 200 years. We do not want to scrap our Constitution, but there are powerful people in high places who do.

Have you seen the blasphemous local underground rag? Calls itself "Tussin' Up"? It advocates moral, spiritual & mental chaos! As well as sick bodies!! It's pure pollution & filth. Local & general decent institutions are smeared & defamed!! Worse than PCBS — this calls for "roach prufe" or other incineration or extermination!!

TUSSIN-UP REPLIES. . .

1. "blasphemous local underground rag?" Glad they liked "Tussin-Up reviews the World's Great Religions (issue number 5)!"

2. "advocates moral, spiritual & mental chaos!" Guilty as charged, but we like the elegant explanation.

2. "As well as sick bodies!" Well, for an organization whose guru, "Doctor" Hugh Ramsey, lost his license to practice medicine a few years back, well, this just doesn't sound too convincing.

4. "It's pure pollution & filth." Flattery will get you nowhere.

5. "Local & general decent institutions are smeared & defamed!!" Like the downtown parking garage? Or Andy Warhol? Oh yes, we did parody their "Freedomgram" in issue no. 5, didn't we?

6. "Worse than PCBS — this calls for 'roach prufe' or other incineration or extermination." Well, the ad seems to call for a "prufe"-reader. Or maybe the "Doctor" was gulping down some 86-"prufe" fire-water.

Anyway, dodging them death squads and crematoriums, we remain yours. . .

Tussin-Up

AND NOW A WORD FROM THE RESPONSIBLE & MORAL MEDIA →

The accompanying classified advertisements asking to purchase a human being appeared in the October 23, 1987 edition of The Herald-Telephone.

08 Personals

ADOPTION

White childless couple hopes to adopt a baby. Would give child alot of love, a healthy home environment with a full-time mom, education opportunity, and a financially secure future. All medical/legal expenses paid. Confidential. For more information, please call collect anytime. 812-597-4193

ADOPT. Happily married couple wish to adopt white newborn. Confidential. Expenses paid. Legal. Please call collect. 914-897-2206

Tussin-Up is a blasphemous underground rag advocating moral, spiritual & mental chaos (as well as sick bodies) and is pure pollution & filth. Help on this issue came from Terri Daktyl, Troy, Owsley, Zac & PoorTrudy. **Tussin-Up** is edited & published by Stephen Romilar. For additional or back issues send 50 cents plus postage to **Tussin-Up**, 429 S. Henderson #2, Bloomington, IN 47401.

Interviewed by Elmer Fudd

“What do dominos have to do with penises?”

by Terry

I was sitting on the People's Park wall one September Saturday afternoon and this guy comes up to me and asks, “Can I take your picture.” He was about medium height, wore an Oxford shirt, faded jeans, topsiders and a backpack. . . always a backpack. He had a squirmish voice. Since I'm used to be an object for photography students' projects I said yes.

He went on to explain he was doing an article for a journalism class, he had to choose a social group of some sort to do a story on and chose “PUNK” BECAUSE, HE “wanted to open minds.” He added, “I myself am open minded.” (“His mind is about as open as a trashcan with a crack in it.” someone interjects.) He said he wanted to set up an interview.

About 5 days later he took a bus to People's Park (“a bus to the park” someone else snickers.) We met at the exact same place where he took my picture. Then we went to my apartment for the interview.

(meanwhile he was taking pictures of everything in my apartment and anyone who came in with his ever-present 35 mm autofocus camera.)

<u>What He Asked</u>	<u>What Terry Said,</u>	<u>What Terry Thought</u>
First question, where do you buy your clothes?	Oh, Salvation army, vintage clothing stores.	<i>I'm being made a mockery of.</i>
Why do you dress the way you do?	Because I feel like it.	<i>You asshole.</i>
So...do all punkrockers eat at McDonalds. Hahaha. I mean, it is the punk thing to do.	No, I'm a vegetarian.	<i>I hate meat.</i>
So...how many times a week do you meet with your punkrock friends?	I don't have any friends.	<i>Get outta my apartment.</i>
So...why do you wear those boots. They seem to be a trend among punkrockers.	We all have arthritis.	<i>I hate feet.</i>
So...what are you trying to prove?	Huh? Uh...uh...er...huh?	<i>We're trying to prove that that assholes like you should not exist in this world.</i>
How many times in the last 5 years have you moved?	I've moved 5 times in the last 4 years.	<i>How the fuck is this any of your business.</i>
What religion are you.	Catholic (that shocked him)	<i>Do you want me to perform mass to prove it?</i>
Where were you born?	Pittsburgh.	<i>Maybe I should have said "People's Park"</i>

SO THEN I ASKED ELMER:

"Do you know who the Dead Kennedys are?"

"No."

"Have you seen the album, *Frankenchrist?*" Of course not, so I pulled it out and showed him the Frankenchrist penis landscape on the inner sleeve. Elmer was appalled.

"When I look at this I think it is totally obscene and vulgar. . . All I see is a bunch of penises."

So I talked to him about Jello Biafra, the obscenity case and the domino effect. Three (3) times I had to clarify "the domino effect" because Elmer kept asking, "What do dominos have to do with penises."

I said, "Now don't you get fucked up the ass." He said, "Oh, I understand." (Editor's note: 'bout this time, Elmer's probably figuring out he isn't gonna get laid.)

Oh yeah, he kept asking what my definition of punk was. I asked what his was. He said he asked me first. It went round and round. It was punk-this, punk-that, everything was punk. He was obsessed by it. The interview kinda lingered and then John came over and we gave him a ride back to Willkie.

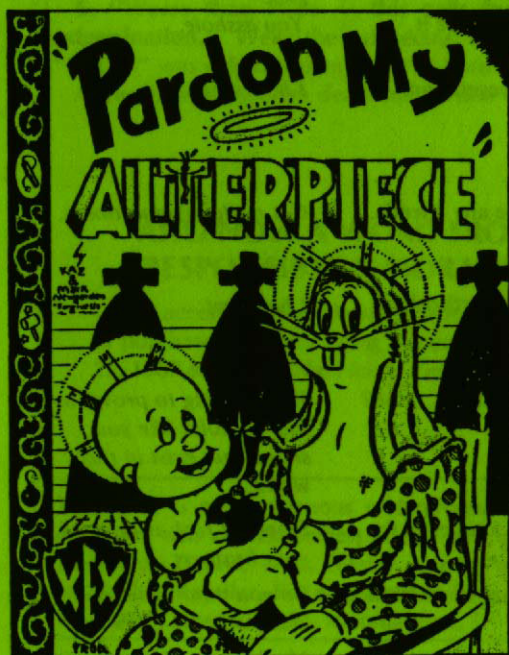
Oh yeah, we're supposed to have another interview (Terry rolls her eyes).

Later on Terry said that Elmer never wrote the article, it was too much for him, and he might try again next semester.

Interview by another Elmer Fudd

another true story

by Owsley



Brent and I were walking down Grand street one day last spring and this guy from Collins who were sort-of knew run up behind us. "Hey! Do you wanna be interviewed for a telecommunications class of mine?"

Why?

"Well, I wanna interview punks...blah blah blah." He used the word "punks" a lot when he talked to us.

First we went to Mark McI's apartment for the interview but the guy didn't want to do it there. "It looks too much like an art museum," he complained, "I want a place with lotsa posters."

So we went to Scott R.'s room over in Ashton. Twelch was there, and Brent, Zac, Bird, Scott and me. The guy told Scott to rearrange his room so he could fit all his lighting equipment. And he asked us to smoke cigarettes so it would fit his

image of what we were supposed to look like.

What were his questions like?

"Why do you dress like that?" (Ed. note: *I could've bet money on that one.*) And Twelch asked him, "Well, why do you dress the way you do." (Ed. note: *And I could've bet money on that answer.*)

"Why do you cut your hair differently?"

"What are some good punk bands?"

"Why do you always wear black?" The answers were kinda predictable, too. Like someone said he wasn't wearing all black, someone said he looked good in black, and then someone said because that's the way they felt.

He kept repeating his question and answer for the camera. It was like he was turning us on and off like a piece of equipment.

At the end he sat in the middle of us grouped around him and he held a mike in his hand, looked into the camera and said: "This is Dan Whatever, reporting from Ashton." Then he stuck the microphone in peoples faces and asked if they could say something.

As he started packing up stuff to leave he decided he needed some close-ups of people's hair, and earings and stuff so he stuck them under camera lights and took these closeup pictures. The lights were really hot.

Later on, he'd drive by the Park when we were sitting on the wall, and he'd hang his head out the window with his camera and yell at us to "flip me off!! Gimma the bird!! Look pissed off so I can take your picture!"

Later someone saw this guy and asked him how his class project went. "Oh," he mumbled, "I had to throw it away. My professor didn't think you were punk enough."

(I liked this letter to the editor of the local papers so I'm reprinting it. I couldn't have said it better myself! —S. Romilar)

Plans suggested for inauguration

To the editor:

I see that IU spent \$95,000 on inaugurating President Thomas Ehrlich. Hmmm... and this is the same university that, due to financial problems, imposed a four-month hiring freeze earlier this year. And the same university that consistently hikes student tuition and grants its staff "cost of living" increases that are below the rise in cost of living. Oh well, I'm not the one who'll have to explain this to the students, staff, faculty and most humorously of all, the Indiana General Assembly.

But if you're going to blow \$95,000 on a party shouldn't it be a better reflection on campus life? After all, college students (and administrators) seem to like to drink, so a third of the budget alone could have bought 1,000 kegs of beer. Since it's fall, it could've also been an Oktoberfest, with beer pumped through Showalter Fountain. In keeping with the university pecking order, the administrators could have a dozen kegs of bass ale squirreled away for themselves and about 100 kegs of Michelob or Molsons set aside for the faculty.

Then there could've been an inauguration parade down Jordan Avenue, like the Thanksgiving Day parade in New York, with folks from the Financial Aids office throwing red tape (they have so much of it) from the top of the main library. The mimes could've dressed as students, well, undressed as students, naked except for a barrel about their body, dancing on an imagined bonfire fueled by 95,000 burning dollar bills.

The newly coronated, I mean inaugurated IU president would be carried on the back of a peasant (Indiana farmer) in deference to past practices of the Tibetan Buddhist clergy. Floating overhead would be huge gas-filled Goodyear-style blimps, shaped and painted to resemble various trustees and administrators.

Now that would be a fitting IU inauguration.

Stephen Millen

A Midsummer's Night Prank

"I don't wanna go to jail! Either come inside and drink beer or go home because there's nothing else to do!"

—panicky party hostess to guests all over her lawn after the cops told her to take the party inside and quiet it down

"You guys called the cops on this party? Great! This party is so bad that the cops were the friendliest faces there."

—a friend of the person, who, out of total boredom and disgust had called the cops on the party

It all started last summer when a friend and I discovered ourselves at the door of this really stupid party over on University Ave. that some high school senior type was having at her absented parents' abode. She sat in the front doorway holding a baseball bat and demanded two dollars for beer money, whining loudly: "I'm tripping and I've gotta baseball bat and. . .blahblah"

As we turned to walk away one of her male friends made a rude remark about my friend's mohawk.

A little anger button went off inside me. "That does it," I groused as I got into the car. I drove a block, climbed into the telephone booth across from the IGA and called the cops, saying I was a neighbor and was being disturbed by the party. My name. "John Smith." I blurted, rather awkwardly and unimaginatively. I thought the name might have blown it. But twenty minutes later, as we sat in my car drinking beer a block up the street the fun started. "One cop car, two cop cars, Oh my God, a full house, three cop cars!" my friend snickered in surprise and satisfaction. As we drove away, he added, triumphantly, "Ruined her trip."

Next summer another friend, on a boring summer evening remedied the doldrums with the story contained in the two quotes up above. A month or two later we were at this real preppy party and one girl started saying how she wasn't against contra aid because, well, we needed to bring freedom to those people in South America (amazing, they can't even find it on the map but they still think they have the right to invade it). Not long afterwards the cops arrived answering a complaint this same friend has phoned in. "Just thought they ought to get a little taste of that freedom they're so proud of," he explained.

Remember, kids, there's no excuse for lame parties.

—S. Romilar

Poor Man's Taste of Bloomington

by Zac

"There are few things worse than getting arrested for stealing trash."

As you know, there are many restaurants in Bloomington. Most of them are fairly acceptable places to eat. Well, most of them, anyway (not counting fast food). But for a lot of people (including myself), eating at a nice place with a "warm" atmosphere is not that important.

What follows is for people like myself.

McDumpster

McDumpster is for those who aren't too worried about getting arrested. When (or if) you go there try to keep out of the surveillance camera out back's field of vision. The door to the dumpster area squeaks but don't worry, they can't hear it anyway. To find the bag with the goodies just test the bags' weight because the trash and food are easy to tell apart. Open the bag (or rip it, whichever) and *voila*, a feast!

If someone comes: jump between the dumpsters!! There are few things worse than getting arrested for stealing trash. You might even want to take precautionary measures like sticking something behind the dumpsters so if anyone looks under the dumpster they won't be able to see your feet. Last, but not least, if it has rained, don't eat anything at McDumpster unless you want food poisoning.

Garcia's

This place is O.K. if you like to stay up late. About 2 or 3 in the morning they put out a box of unsold pizza in a plastic lined box. But get there early or the birds will get it before you.

The Bakery

Day olds (yum-yum) are simply bakery goods that weren't sold during the day.

Just go the Bakery just before they close and ask if they have any "day-olds" or you can go later when they start baking things for the next day but they may be gone by then (there are other hungry people). Somebody told me about getting day olds one time and the bag was full of ants. I think this isn't any big deal, though, because I think the place has been fumigated. Anyway, insects are full of protein (ha, ha).

The Grind

Know anyone who works there? If you do you can probably get free coffee, maybe even a croissant. The owner Chuck will be canning them in a couple of weeks anyway so why should they care. Go there late, though, when there's not many people and sit in a dark corner.

Village Deli (a.k.a. Village Nellie)

Lots of refills free!! It's 68 cents for a cup of coffee but if you buy a cookie or if you're lucky and just buy coffee you can be spastic all day with 8 or 9 cups of coffee in your system.

Well, maybe I am a sick individual. However, if you think this you're probably part of an elite. In that case I don't care what you have to say. If all of this doesn't suit you and you're 18 years old — especially if you're too lazy to get off your ass and dumpster dive — then get food stamps. Everything I've suggested in this article is absolutely free and presents no additional cost to the overburdened taxpayer.

Bon appetit!!

I HAD BEEN THINKING ABOUT WRITING A "review" of the Rock For No Reason Weekend ("4 days of painful fun" as the t-shirts aptly put it) — something from the star copy of *The Bloomfield Evening World* (Thursday, September 10th, to be exact) that con-

my wildest expectations. In the words of Troy (the cynic): "This letter is better than the co-

some people describe as Punk Rockers and New Wave. You probably saw some of the attendees in town over the weekend. Rock-for-No-Reason offered free bus shuttles from Bloomington to the concert in an attempt to promote its concert and increase its monetary intake. Other attendees drove hours to attend the concert.

I talked to the Indiana State Police, the Greene County Sheriff's Department, Judge Johnson, the county prosecutor, the county attorney and two commissioners and was assured, short of an individual posting an expensive bond in court, residents disturbed by the disruption of their peace and quiet were unable to obtain any relief from the legal departments within Greene County because Greene County does not have any laws or ordinances to limit or control noise or crowds. We, Greene County residents, were and still are at the mercy of uncontrollable groups such as Rock-for-No-Reason. According to supposition by some law enforcement officials, Greene County's lack of crowd and noise control is why Rock-for-No-Reason came to Greene County rather than stay in Monroe County where at least one of the primary organizers reside. The Indiana State Police and the Greene County Sheriff's Department did patrol the area, but they were legally unable to control the crowd or noise. They did request that the 'noise' be lowered, but that request

Do you want, Greene County to become a place for rock groups and possibly satirical groups to convene? If Greene County does not take IMMEDIATE ACTION to adopt laws or ordinances controlling crowds, noise and these types of gatherings, Rock-for-No-Reason or another group may gather near Highway 45 for their next concert OR they could borrow, rent or buy a house or some property CLOSE TO YOU and disrupt your freedom of peace and right to feel safe within your community. Furthermore, these types of group gatherings could result in a devaluation of property in Greene County.

Any person, in my opinion, who coordinated or attended this type of gathering, although expressing their right to assemble, were and are inconsiderate and thoughtless by satisfying their own personal desire to make money or listen to 'music' without giving consideration to how they disrupted the serenity of a quiet community like Greene County.

YOU should contact the county commissioners and/or attend the next commissioners' meeting (Tuesday, Oct. 10, 10 a.m. in the court house), and advise them you want your family, property, and peace of mind legally protected from crowds, noise, littering, drinking and such that resulted from the gathering of Rock-for-No-Reason.

Alright all you anarchists out there. Here it is, your chance to stake out a liberated zone of control... Greene County, Indiana!

ANARCHO-GODZILLA



estival held in Greene County Labor Day
ndpoint of an angry local. But I found a
tained the following letter that exceeded
ncert."

—S.R.

Thursday, September 10, 1987

THE EVENING WORLD, BLOOMFIELD, INDIANA

Readers Write

(The Evening World welcomes letters to the editor. All letters must be signed by the writer, and the name will appear with the letter. Address and telephone number also required for verification only. Letters of community interest are especially desired; however, letters of denigrating or slanderous nature dealing with controversial issues or those dealing with controversial religious arguments will not be published. Appearance of any letter in the Readers Write does not necessarily reflect the editorial endorsement of The Evening World. Letters will be edited for brevity and good taste.)

To the Editor:

While most of Greene County enjoyed and slept peacefully through the Labor Day weekend, there were a number of residents and county employees whose inherent right of a peaceful existence was not only disturbed, but legally could not be rectified.

An organization, Rock-for-No-Reason, conducted a continuous rock concert near Shady Side Trailer Park located on Highway 45. Their non-descript noise, called music by some, which could be heard miles away, started approximately at noon on Friday, Sept. 4, and continued practically non-stop through Monday morning. Rock-for-No-Reason, coordinated by an individual or group, who reside(s) primarily in Bloomington, drew crowds at one point estimated by the Indiana State Police to be between four to five hundred. A vast number of these attendees were not your normal Dick and Jane neighbor: they were what

was only observed for short periods of time. The attendees attempted to camp out on private property, some did camp out all weekend at the concert site, the noise kept residents awake all night, people were afraid to come out of their houses at night, farm animals were spooked and had to be moved, and a fire, which required the attention of the fire department, was started in an adjoining field. A tour of the concert area revealed nudity, Satanism (i.e., worshiping of Satan), empty alcoholic beverage containers littered everywhere, trash strewn about (I saw attendees throw their garbage out on commercial private property. If drinking and drugs were used at the concert, were the attendees driving afterward and further endangering local residents to alcohol or drug-related auto accidents? ALSO, literature was distributed during the concert soliciting funds to buy/build a place for "Alternative activities."

EVERYBODY OVERREACTED to "The Army of God" ranting about Satan while their lead singer danced around without any pants and cut himself a few times. Look kids, it's a rock'n'roll concert, what do you expect?



③ THE HISTORIC ROLE OF GOVERNMENT IS MURDER.



ALL ACTUAL QUOTES:

- ① LOUIS KING 1986
- ② MICHAEL BAKUNIN 1873
- ③ EMMA GOLDMAN 1930
- ④ ALEXANDER BERKMAN 1912

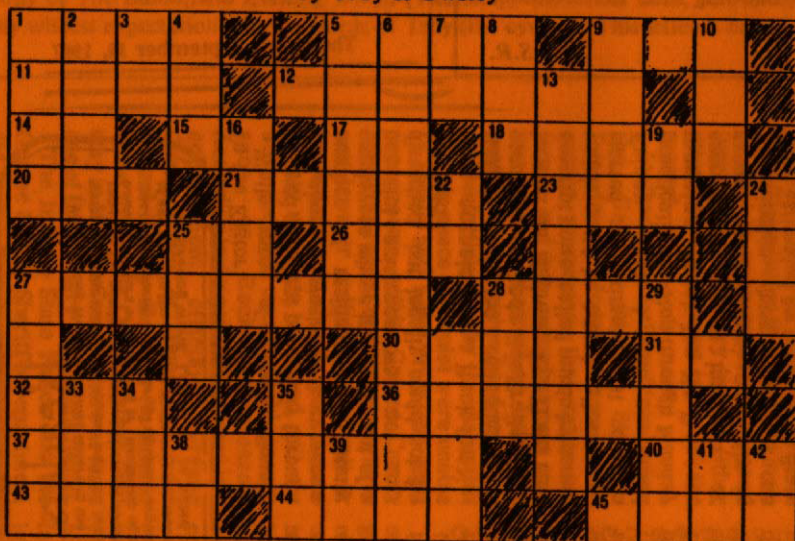
Bob Morrison 24

Daily Grind Crossword Puzzle

"They serve crossword puzzles, don't they?"

by Troy & Owsley

Solution to this puzzle found elsewhere in this issue.



ACROSS

- 1 The service, for example.
- 5 What Serge's dog might do to your leg (from the look on his face).
- 9 With 31 across, "coffee, _____, or me?" Waitress come-on?
- 11 The Grind's atmospheric condition, or the one in your head.
- 12 More upwardly mobile, what Chuck would like his clientele to be.
- 14 Exists in the present, The Grind _____.
- 15 _____-sexuality, "Coffee, tea, or him-or-her."
- 17 What some of Chuck's kids call his wife.
- 18 The Grind's specialty, in the kitchen or bathroom.
- 20 _____ Daily Grind, the subject of this puzzle.
- 21 What the cornchips tend to be.
- 23 Government agency that should be investigating 11 across.
- 25 LX_____, the price of a cup of coffee in Roman numerals.
- 26 As far as we know, this has no connection with The Daily Grind.
- 27 Cost of six pieces of German chocolate cake at the Grind (in dollars, approx.).
- 28 What 43 across is, adj.
- 30 What Ella sings about: "...a kick out of you."
- 31 See 9 across.
- 32 Pitcher, shaped: _____-eolate.
- 37 Chuck has a big one.
- 40 What a regular does on coffee every night.
- 43 She's the bitchy bringer of coffee.
- 44 You should never go to The Grind while on one.
- 45 "_____ and abuses," what a regular does with caffeine.

DOWN

- 1 The stuff on the walls they call art.
- 2 Tongue-_____, what Chuck often does to his employees.
- 3 Ounces (abbrev.).
- 4 Thing gone wild behind the speaker.
- 5 Not The Grind's employee relations policy.
- 6 Too much late coffee, or a Talking Heads song.
- 7 Folks who came in to nab David Drake (twice).
- 8 What you do to your coffee, spelled backwards.
- 9 Grind not conducive to this drug experience.
- 10 "Meet me _____ The Grind."
- 13 What you wish you could take to the bathroom.
- 16 Coke _____! Or at least it used to be.
- 19 Same as 17 across.
- 22 Sixth letter of the alphabet.
- 24 What Chuck does to "unwanted element."
- 25 Acronym for a possible audit.
- 27 What Chuck keeps his employees under.
- 28 Lion of the Zodiac.
- 29 A word descriptive of the managers.
- 33 Marilyn Mon_____.
- 34 _____ the cheese (cake) [slice].
- 35 The food.
- 38 What should be said to loudmouths.
- 39 With 38 down, what Chuck wants up front.
- 41 Eau_____ cologne.
- 42 What a snake says.

Reason for No Rock (Concerts)

"Alright, issue number one looks almost complete." editor/publisher Stephen Romilar said to his assembled crew of contributors sitting around a table in the Commons on evening back in early 1985. Then an idea hit him, "Except, maybe, a fake concert ad. Yeah, an ad for such a ridiculously incredible line-up of bands that nobody could possibly think of it as anything but a joke! How 'bout this Poor Trudy," he continued, turning to cover illustrator Poor Trudy White-trash, "We have an ad for Discharge, Black Flag, Husker Du and, uh, yeah, the Dead Kennedys." Everybody laughed. Somebody added, "Yeah, and let's say it'll be at Ricky's Canteena." referring to the recently closed punkrock venue (now the location of a "visible sign of downtown parking, hopefully" [see issue no. 6]). A few days later, the bogus ad (reproduced from issue no. 1 herein) was ready. As added embellishments there was a blurb about getting tickets at Karma and Ticketmaster centers.

A few weeks later, after copies had been distributed at a show in B'ton and apparently found their way up to Indianapolis, stories began filtering back to us. "Hey, Steve," Rat told me one day, "I saw somebody from Indianapolis down on Kirkwood looking for tickets to the Discharge/DKs show. I couldn't do anything but laugh at him." There were other such stories to, even a rumor that a carload had showed up to the defunct club at the night of the non-concert.

An apology in issue no. 2 followed, but with the ending, "And if you believe this apology it's no wonder you fell for the ad."

I guess it was around April at some show at the Old Library when some odd looking flyers advertising a Circle Jerks concert at the Jockey Club (in Newport Kentucky, across the river from Cincy) appeared advertising a G.B.H. concert. Well, the *Tussin-Up* crew went to Chicago that weekend to watch a Minutemen show at the Metro and get tossed out afterwards 'cause Neville brilliantly decided to spit on the bouncers, so we passed on that one. But a couple people from Bloomington — including two members of the much-ridiculed (by us) hardcore band The Natives — went and discovered that it was all a fake. The Indianapolis people had retaliated. 'Cept they had missed their intended target and got some innocent bystanders instead. (Actually, *persecuted* bystanders from the way we used to go after The Natives Dudes.)

O.K. So two years had passed and I was up in my *Tussin-Up* office putting together issue number 6 one summer day. Issue no. 6, readers may recall, was our Punkrock revival issue. So, anyway, this kid Jay comes up to the office. Jay's been trying to put together some

TUSSEIN-UP PROUDLY PRESENTS.....

BLACK FLAG

DEAD Kennedys

HÜSKER DÜ

DISCHARGE

AND, FROM England...

AT 6:30pm

this once in a life time event takes place on Saturday, April 13
at RICKY'S CANTEENA corner of 4th & Walnut
Tickets \$9.50 in advance, \$12.00 day of show.
tickets available at Punky Records and all....

Be there!

TICKETMASTER
centers

APRIL 13th

HYPOCRISY FEST '85!



FEATURING...

shows for Harmony Productions but things are going slower than anyone had imagined for various reasons. "I'm tired of people asking me when we're gonna start having shows at Harmony," he says (I had just asked him that myself three minutes earlier). With a fiendish smile he started drawing up an ad. When he had finished he had a bill including Samhain, M.D.C, The Cramps, Samhain, Toy Dolls, the Crucifucks, and the defunct local band, The Blood Farmers. Remembering the experience of years earlier, I laughed. *Surely, nobody would fall for a lineup so blatantly preposterous.*

And to make sure we slapped in a Visa and MasterCard logo plus a stupid quote about Woodstock. After all, this was called "The Punkrock revival" issue, promoting mid-1980s/Southside of the Square-era nostalgia. Surely, the public must remember *Tussin-Up* bogus concert ads as part of that whole exciting experience.

Nope. Wrong again.

Saturday evening, Aug. 8th I went over to Y-Bark's place and this woman who was staying there says to me, "There was this carload of people from Lafayette who came by earlier. They were asking where Harmony School was and where they could get tickets to the Cramps concert." No, you're kidding. "No, I'm NOT kidding, they really were here. All I could do was go, 'Well-I-I, it's like this...'"

Lewis/Lewis and Spike, Attorneys at Large, in cooperation with the American Happiness Foundation  present the opening of HARMONY PRODUCTIONS  Bringing to You

"ROK AGAINST ROC"

a re-birth of live punkrock in Bloomington featuring

THE BLOOD FARMERS * SAMHAIN *
M.A.T. * THE TOXIC REASONS
THE CRAMPS * AND THE CRUCIFUCKS *

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9th

DOORS Open at 10:00 am
SHOW Starts at 10:30 am

Tickets Available at School,
Wooden Nickel & Bakery
\$12 in advance, \$15 at door



The next afternoon I was over at the same house, saw the same woman. The first thing she said was, "Guess what! This morning another carload of people from Lafayette showed up on our doorstep. I don't know what it is, man. Why do I always end up talking to these people." She later showed me a note that one of them had left on an envelope for Y-Bark House tenant and friend of theirs, Skater Mike. It reads: "Dude (they really write like this), Where are you? We were here for a show that was fake. We left to go to Indy. Tell the *Tussin-Up* dude to eat shit and die. Later, Jim."

Eat shit and die, huh? I guess that explains my shit-eating grin.

But seriously folks. I swear even despite my warped sense of humour, that I would never have run those bogus concert ads had I seriously thought *anyone* would fall for them. Seriously. Furthermore, I promise that I will *never ever* do that again.

Never. Ever.

—S. Romilar

Alright, let's see if any of you tie-dye wanna be's fall for this one...

1987 FALL OF LOVE CONCERT

featuring

**The Jimi Hendrix Experience
The Doors Big Brother & Holding Company
Paul Butterfield, Mike Bloomfield
Thirteenth Floor Elevators**

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 31ST
OLD I.U. STADIUM**

TICKETS ON SALE AT *The Spectator* Discount Records & The Other Side.

IMPORTANT CLUES:

1. Hippies never appreciated the 13th Floor Elevators enough to have them on the bill.
2. The advertisement is typeset, no psychedelic lettering.
3. This ain't the summer of love.
4. There's nothing about a light show.

12 WAYS TO SELL OUT

1. Play to drunken people at bars instead of basement of parties.
2. Dress normally.
3. Act like you enjoy playing instead of acting as if you've had hemorrhoids for the past two weeks.
4. Play a minor chord.
5. Write a love song.
6. Buy your girlfriend a stuffed dog instead of a skull earring.
7. Care about anything.
8. Grow your hair long and tease it.
9. Have a girl in your band.
10. Play a song that has less than 160 beats per minute.
11. Change ending "s" in a band name to "z". Example: The N.IDS to The N.IDZ.
12. Admit that you watch "Grizzly Adams" reruns.

OUR FAVORITE PIECE OF FAN MAIL, EVER!

Dear 'Tussin Up

Please send me a copy of your latest 'zine. If your name means what I think it does, I guess I'm not the only one who's bored enough to sit around & drink bottles of cough syrup!

Sarah Burich
7604 A Abbey Ln
Tampa, FL 33617

(Ed Note. Oops! They're wise to us now! But seriously... **bottles** (as in plural) of cough syrup!?! Whew!)

Sean N.IDS

Better Living Through Chemistry

The following articles from Medical Tribune were contributed by a concerned Tussin-Up reader.

Death With Dignity

My husband died at 58 of lymphoma, massive liver cancer, possible kidney involvement, and pancreatic collapse.

That's the bad news. The good news is that his death was a classic in beauty and brevity. Because of the insights he received from MDMA [3,4-methylenedioxymethamphetamine, known on the street as XTC, or "ecstasy"]—or, rather, its legal analogue, EVE*—he was able to extend forgiveness to his almost-93-year-old father, to me, to his whole family, and, lastly, to himself. He accepted his role in creating his cancer.

When the lymphoma pushed against the pyloric valve and made eating impossible, he was given two infuse-a-ports, one in the neck, the other in the jejunum. He survived the operation with éclat and came home the very next day. But as he lay there in his very own bed, he surveyed the situation and decided to die.

He did so with dignity and grace, never losing his lucidity till the last breath. I guided him down the hall and helped him open the door into the other realm, whatever that may be. He simply stopped breathing.

My only sadness is the insistence of well-meaning physicians to radiate, do bypass surgery, and similar palliative measures. I rejected them all, although I wasn't strong enough to watch him starve to death, so I consented to the infuse-a-ports. He used them maybe 10 hours. . . .

JEAN F. FARMER
Bloomington, Ind.



LETTERS TO TRIBUNE

*A spokesman for the FDA drug-abuse staff says that EVE is a "street drug" ethylene analogue of XTC that is not approved by the FDA. It was formulated illegally in order to avoid the class I restrictions placed on XTC by the Drug Enforcement Administration. —Ed.

ADVERTISEMENT

MOM AND DAD
I USE
DRUGS

(Or is it the other way around?
See above article for one of
two opposing viewpoints by
responsible parties.)

UNFORTUNATELY, SIGNS OF DRUG USE
AREN'T THIS OBVIOUS.

Fortunately, they're not invisible, either. That's why it's so important that parents know what these signs are.

The problem is that most parents don't know. And, as so often happens, their child's drug problem goes undetected.

It's senseless. Especially when the signs of drug use are right in front of the parent's eyes. Signs such as excessive secrecy, fewer visits home from college or a drop in school performance. Other signs

are irritability, weight loss, pupil dilation, and heavy usage of eye drops or nasal sprays.

These are only a few. There are many others. If you're a parent, you must get involved.

You can learn more about the signs of drug use by contacting your local agency on drug abuse.

Knowing these signs isn't a cure. But at least it's a start.

PARTNERSHIP FOR A DRUG-FREE AMERICA, N.Y., NY 10017

This advertisement presented as a public service by Reader's Digest

Irritable Bowel Test: Antitussive Focus

Medical Tribune Report

CHAPEL HILL, N.C. — Medical researchers at the University of North Carolina (UNC) at Chapel Hill are undertaking clinical trials of irritable bowel syndrome (IBS). An estimated 22 million Americans, including 2.5 million school children, suffer from the illness. Two out of every three victims are women.

Two investigators, Dr. Robert Sandler, assistant professor of medicine at UNC, and research coordinator Ellen Grassman are looking for patients with the chronic disorder to participate in the study, which will include free diagnosis and treatment.

"Patients with intestinal pain will be evaluated thoroughly to rule out other problems, such as allergies, parasites, cancer, and inflammatory bowel disease," said Dr. Sandler. "Then they will be given one of three strengths of dextromethorphan or placebo and asked to take capsules we have supplied every day for 10 weeks." During that period, patients will be asked to keep a diary of their diet, their bowel movements, and how they feel each day.

No Cure

Traditional treatment of IBS may include some combination of drug therapy, changing diet, and stress control, Dr. Sandler said, but there is no cure.

The study, which is also being conducted at 11 other medical centers, is sponsored by the Nelson Research and Development Company. About 200 patients will be tested.

In a smaller clinical trial completed last year, Dr. Sandler and colleagues at three other institutions found that 81% of 59 patients who received 40 mg of dextromethorphan four times a day reported feeling significantly better after using the drug. Eleven percent of the subjects reported

dizziness and headaches, he said. Now the scientists want to learn if lower dosages work just as well.

"Chemically, dextromethorphan is similar to codeine, but it doesn't cause dependency or such side effects as sleepiness or drowsiness," according to Dr. Sandler. "For that reason, it looks like it will be a lot better than drugs now being used for treatment."

Patients who find the dextromethorphan helpful can continue to receive the drug gratis after the study ends by participating in a planned follow-up study, he said.

Solution to Daily Grind Crossword Puzzle

Our apologies to out-of-town readers who may find some of this too esoteric. But you probably are familiar with this sort of hangout.



Killing Joke of Fall 1987

The Indianapolis Cops & Media actually expect you to *believe* this. . !

Handcuffed prisoner's shooting death still unsolved

By JOSEPH T. HALLINAN

STAR STAFF WRITER

Police say that until more tests and an autopsy are performed today, no conclusions can be reached in the death of a teenager who investigators say shot himself while sitting handcuffed in a squad car.

The youth, Michael H. Taylor, 16, 2800 block of Draper Street, died Friday afternoon in Wishard Memorial Hospital.

At a news conference called just hours after Taylor's death, Indianapolis Police Chief Paul A. Annee said his department still cannot explain how Taylor shot himself in the head while his hands were cuffed behind his back.

That question has caused a great deal of

concern, Annee acknowledged, and he met Friday with leaders of the Indianapolis black community to allay fears of any police cover-up.

One of those leaders, the Rev. Mozelle Sanders, said he trusts Annee will conduct an impartial investigation. But, he added, that trust is not shared by blacks with whom he has spoken.

"I have not talked to one person who believes" the police account of the shooting, he said.

Based on available evidence and witness accounts, Annee said, police say Taylor shot himself in the right temple as he arrived in a squad car at the Marion County Juvenile Detention Center.

Taylor was arrested about 4:30 p.m. Thursday after allegedly trying to steal a car in the 1000 block of Sanders Street. The car belongs to Roy Rivera, a 46-year-old mechanic at the Indianapolis Fire Department repair shop.

Rivera said co-workers spotted Taylor break-

See SHOOTING Page 11



Taylor

Grief, disbelief overtake family

Relatives dispute police version of events

By GEORGE STUTEVILLE

STAR STAFF WRITER

Grief and disbelief racked the family and friends of Michael H. Taylor who filled the critical care waiting room at Wishard Memorial Hospital on Friday, minutes after life-support systems for the teen-ager were switched off.

"I know one thing," said Nancy Taylor, the mother of the 16-year-old who was shot Thursday while in custody of Indianapolis police. "I know he did not try and take his own life — not like the police have said. He loved his life."

With members of the family burying her in hugs, she stood in the corridor, arms around herself, quietly describing her son, a sophomore at Emmerich Manual High School for nine days.

"He was creative. He loved art. He had taught himself piano, and how to play guitar, he was a lovin' kid . . . no bad boy, just like any teenager," said Mrs. Taylor, 33.

Michael Taylor's friends, aware he had been arrested last month for a car theft and that he was institutionalized throughout the school year, also knew him as someone who was full of plans

See GRIEF Page 11

The guy's in the back seat of a cop car, he's wearing a tank top and shorts, he's been searched *twice* by the cops, his hands are 'cuffed behind his back, and then he supposedly produces a gun (from his shoe, they now claim), points it exactly horizontal to his temple and shoots himself!

Oh, by the way, check out the same paper for editorials complaining about the Sandinistas' "human rights abuses."