



Tussin-Up Back Issues Still Available!

Send 75 cents (or three 1st class stamps) per issue desired to Tussin-Up, c/o S. Millen, 429 S. Henderson #2, Bloomington, IN 47401. All issues still available.

ISSUE 1 (MARCH 1985): Bloomington Scene Report "suppressed" by Maximum Rock 'n Roll (actually someone sent it to them and they even printed it... anarcho-godzilla... trendy page ... Killing Joke (Bhopal, India)

ISSUE 2 (APRIL 1988): Party reviews... gore movie reviews... Bill e. Goat interview, part 1 (yeah, I know, mostly filler)... Killing Joke/City Council buys Brooklyn Bridge from Westinghouse (a.k.a. Incinerator/"Consent Decree" approved)

ISSUE 3—MAY 1985: more filler (e.g. conclusion of Bill e. Goat interview, party reviews)... Rebel Without a Cough: Manifesto of Tussin-Turtle... JonNelson's Erotic Stick Figures... Killing Joke (Philadelphia cops bomb MOVE house)

ISSUE 4—Summer 1986: Tussin-Up resumes publication by popular demand... Hardcore & in Bed by 11 (1986 Scene Report)... record, party, bad beer & art show reviews... CIA/Tussin-Up Bloomington Sabatoge Manual (in lieu of Killing Joke)

ISSUE 5: SPRING 1987: Review of World's Great Religions (possibly our most popular article)... WayCoolDude movie reviews... Bowling Bowl Murders... "But what about 'please' & 'thank you'?"... Andy Warhol drops dead... Concerned Citizens Against Art/Art Police tickets reprint... Killing Joke/Contragate culprits lame suicide attempt

ISSUE 6—SUMMER 1987: Punkrock/mid-80s Revival issue... punkrock horoscope... punkrock tourist guide to B'ton... punkrock show review (that really happened)... detox reviews... dumpster diving reviews... lame leftie campus rag parody... Killing Joke/Ollie North makes hero out of self at phony Contragate hearings

ISSUE 7—FALL 1987: Being interviewed by dopey journalism students... Birchers whine about Tussin-Up... Cops called on lame parties... dumpster dinner reviews... "Rock for No Reason" as seen by irate redneck neighbor... Daily Grind crossword puzzle... bogus concert ads... Killing Joke/Indy kid "commits suicide" while handcuffed in back of cop car (sure)... also special bonus Judge Douglas Ginsburg "Just Say No" flyer

NOTHING "DOPEY" ABOUT THIS GIRL

When the witch handed Snow White the poisoned apple during a recent showing of the Walt Disney classic in San Francisco, a young voice cried out, "Just Say No!" The Incl-

dent was reported by a local columnist, and the child, 4-year-old Audrey Heaven, soon received a congratulatory letter from the "Just Say No" movement's most prominent spokesperson, First Lady Nancy Reagan.

Tussin Kills!

Maine Man Kills Four Over Noise From Stereo

BANGOR, Me., March 20 (AP) — A man shot to four people to death early Saturday, including his brother and a pregnant woman, apparently because they played a stereo too loud, the police said.

Earl Losier Jr., 32 years old, of Bangor, was arrested at his parents' apartment in the building where the shootings occurred and was later charged with murdering his 26-year-old brother, Stephen, the authorities said.

Charges were expected to be brought in connection with the other slayings, said Fernand LaRochelle, chief of the Maine Attorney General's criminal division.

The police identified the other victims as Peter Prendergast, 26, of Brewer; Michael Prendergast, 31, of Bangor, and Sharon Prendergast, 23, of Bangor. Preliminary autopsy findings indicated that Ms. Prendergast was pregnant, the authorities said.

Mr. Losier, who did not enter a plea, was held without bail and taken to the Augusta Mental Health Institute for a psychological examination. He was expected to appear in court on Tuesday.

Losier was arrested after a police officer saw him in a car with a woman who was taking a taxi to the hospital. The officer said he saw the car "because he was taking a taxi to the hospital" and that he was playing the stereo too loud.

Tussin-Up is published quarterly by S. Romilar. Well, OK, we missed the winter issue but we got an issue out for the last 4 out of 5 seasons. Help on this issue came from Laird (God! And his stories are true, no less!), PoorTrudy Whitecrash, JonNelson, J.B. Adams, Bill e. Goat and Joey Zygorzsky. Address all correspondence to S. Millen, 429 S. Henderson #2, Bloomington, IN 47401. But please don't say mean things about me—I might get mad and threaten to move to New Mexico like Bobby.

Letters to the Editor

Howdy,

Yes, this is a form letter, but, no, I hope it doesn't strike you as too impersonal. I'm sending these to a lot of different people, whom I think might be interested, (and that includes you!)

The enclosed flyer pretty much explains where I stand, so I'll just ask you if you're into the message that PPP is getting across. If so, write back! I'd be very stoked if you would like to help me distribute flyers; either with your mail, at record stores, churches, malls, shows, or to friends and anybody else who you think might be interested. Just say, "FLYERS, MAN, FLYERS!" and you got 'em!

If you produce a 'zine, lemmy know if you want to do an ad for shirt trade. If not, tell me ad rates. Also tell me what size I should shrink it to or if I should just send it to you at the size of the flyer, but, black on white, of course! And go ahead and lemmy know know if you want stamps, money, food, or whatever, so that you can send me the 'zine when it comes out with my ad in it.

If you really dig what I'm doing, I'd give endless thanks for mailing lists, etc. If you have addresses of anybody who might be interested in this, go ahead and pass 'em on. If you have any questions or comments, feel more than free to call or write. I'm just trying to give people another way of telling the world that they have a different outlook on what's cool—besides, it's just plain fun to wear a shirt with such a positive, rebellious message, and with such oversized lettering! Most people can't believe their eyes when they see 'em! If you're into what I'm saying or not, thanks for reading, and remember: we're all entitled to our own views, so as long as you're proud of the choices you've made, then you've made the right choices!

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HARMONICA CONVERSION

Dear Editor:

We went out to Cedar Bluffs to watch the sunrise and hopefully, since I had to do road crew for public restitution (ed. note: the proper term for this servitude is chain gang, but the Indiana police state system likes to make it sound socially enlightened) the next day so I wanted the world to end anyway. It was the night before the Harmonic Convergence. I was disappointed. No explosion, no Apocalypse. I had to go to road crew on NO sleep. I probably should have been thinking about my great "crime" and repaying my debt to society while I was there but all I wanted was lunch and a bed. I bummed a dollar, wrote a bad check and ate cow food (beef). I went back to the "Justice Building" (i.e. jail, see how they euphemize this stuff) and fell asleep in the room.

I awoke to laughter.

The accompanying letter arrived just after the last issue was published. Its from some apparently well-financed group in southern California that promotes (according to their enclosed business card) "anti-drug T-shirts 'n Things". I think they got my address from "Maximum Rock'n'Roll". I really don't think they actually read our 'zine—cept maybe the first issue when we had on our masthead that we promote "constructive and wholesome alternatives to illegal drugs." I'm running their letter typos, punctuation errors and all. Watch for their ad in the next issue (maybe).

—S.R.

League of Tussin-Up Nonvoters

CANDIDATE SURVEY

If voting could do any good, it would be illegal. Ask a Chilean. But since it's a big election year some of our readers insisted on something about this crap. So here's a brief survey of some of the more conspicuous politicians.

CONGRESSMAN FRANK McCLOSKEY—

Good Points: Drinks a lot and hangs out in bars. Probably lied about not smoking pot since the early 1970s. Wouldn't take piss test.

Bad Points: Chums with Mayor Allison. Actually thinks there's such a thing as "humanitarian" contra aid, and even voted for it! Actually thinks he going to find MIAs in Indochina. Doesn't ever really seem to *do* anything (possibly a good point).

JESSE JACKSON—

Good Points: He's not white. Never held elected office. Uses lots of neat rhymes when he speaks—would possibly do good raps in his State of the Union address if elected.

Bad Points: Nixon likes him. Is a clergyman. Hasn't figured out that Ed Koch and Louis Farrakhan are actually one in the same. Wouldn't keep any of his election promises anyway... except for a stepped up war on drugs (and all you liberals out there probably think he's only going to go after the drugs *you don't like*. Ha!)

MICHAEL DUKAKIS—

Good Points: Nobody knows much about him... and, uh, I dunno, his name sounds kinda different... funny eyebrows...

Bad Points: Nobody knows much about him... and, uh... funny eyebrows...

GEORGE BUSH—

Good Points: You've got to be kidding!

Bad Points: Pick a reason, any reason.

MAYOR TOMI ALLISON—

Good Points: Feel sorry for here because she looks like a decomposing corpse. Also feel kind of sorry for anyone dumb enough to *believe* that the Westinghouse PCB Incinerator will actually work.

Bad Points: Takes phone off the hook at night when citizens try to call to complain about cops busting parties they're at. Showed up on Troy's doorstep on Halloween but *not* to trick-or-treat... she was actually campaigning even though she was scarier than any of the trick-or-treaters!

(Special "Star Wars" page)

Nancy Reagan's Star Chart

by J.B. Adams (set in Oracle typeface, of course)

Yes, we know, it's missing several Zodial signs. They're still classified for "national security reasons." Actually, we were too lame to come up with more but that's what "national security" usually means anyway.

PISCES—Today is a good day to not do anything, from getting out of bed to brushing your teeth. Just say No to any form of activity, Ronnie often does.

CRAB—You're in a position of power now. Call up Frank Sinatra and call him "pinhead." Don't be afraid to throw a temper tantrum to get your way.

VIRGO—Hey, who needs that chauffer? Kick him out, kick him in the shins, take over the wheel, and blow off some steam. No cop is gonna give his Commander in Chief a traffic ticket!

LEO—Scream. At the top of your lungs. Right now.

TAURUS—Uh oh, is Ronnie plummeting in the polls again? Time for a shake-up on the staff. Put the fear of God, or at least me, in that sniveling pack of backstabbing asskissers. They deserve it, don't they?

AQUARIUS—Nobody wants to see their husband drool in public. Keep those state dinners to a minimum.

CANCER—Don't be defensive about believing in astrology. But be carefully so the world doesn't find out... they'll think you're some peace-loving, granola-eating tie-dyed freak waiting for the Harmonic Convergence Part II.

LIBRA—Cancel your subscription to the *National Enquirer*. Complain to the chief of staff about all those messy homeless people out front.

A-10

THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR

President says he wonders about invaders from space

By TERENCE HUNT
ASSOCIATED PRESS

Chicago — One day after an uproar about the use of astrology at the White House, President Reagan said Wednesday he often wonders what would happen if the Earth were invaded by "a power from outer space."

Reagan made the comment during a question-and-answer session after a Chicago speech when someone asked what he felt was the most important need in international relations.

He spoke of the importance of

frankness and a desire for peaceful solutions, and added that there have been "about 114 wars" since World War II, including conflicts between smaller nations.

"But I've often wondered, what if all of us in the world discovered that we were threatened by an outer — a power from outer space, from another planet?" Reagan said.

"Wouldn't we all of a sudden find that we didn't have any differences between us at all, we were all human beings, citizens of the world, and wouldn't we come together to fight that particular threat?" the president said.

with one aim in mind: How safely, sanely and quickly can we rid the world of this threat to our civilization and our existence?"

The comment drew applause from the members of the National Strategy Forum, a non-partisan group that specializes in foreign policy and national security issues.

A day earlier, White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater acknowledged that Nancy Reagan had consulted an astrologer about the president's travel and schedule plans.

Reagan said Tuesday he has never based any decision "in my mind" on astrological forecasts, but he avoided a question about astrological influence on his schedule.

The revelation that the Reagans follow astrology prompted taunts from Congress and harsh criticism from some scientists who consider astrology worthless.

INSIDE ROTC: A Soldier's Story

(S. Romilar: "Hey, great story. Can I use it for my magazine?"
(ROTC Cadet: "Oh, sure, why not. . . Just don't use my name.")

Well, first I enrolled in Air Force ROTC. On the first day he showed us this film that glorified every single war in American history, from the revolution up until the Vietnam war where they said something about the "glorious heroes who returned." The professor was a Colonel Biltz, who is the head of Air Force ROTC. I guess the Colonel was in the Vietnam war, well, over it, about 35,000 feet up dropping bombs on villages. Anyway, the movie had a 20 year-old woman crying and telling how her father was in the war and even though daddy was in his wheelchair she was proud of them and both of them were crying.

After the film was over the Colonel got up in front of class and slapped his chest with his fist and said how it gave him an uplifting feeling.

Then he asked, "Who here hasn't seen *Top Gun*?"

One cadet, who must have been a junior or senior because the Colonel knew him by name, raised his hand. The Colonel pointed at him and said, "Cadet What-ever, see it. That's an order." Then he went on, "Boy, there was some great flying in that movie." and to illustrate he started making some wavy horizontal motions with his hand.

He then said if anyone used drugs at all to come forward and see him after class so he could help straighten them out. But he warned that if they were really into drugs then, well, there was no way they could successfully get through this program.

I then transferred into Army ROTC.

They have a class every week and then a "lab" of sorts at the Army reserve place out by the mall. We had a carpool organized with the cadets with cars giving rides to those of us without cars.

When we got there we rehearsed awards ceremonies. We spent a couple of minutes standing at attention, a couple minutes at ease, a couple more minutes at attention, then a couple more at ease, then a couple of minutes. . .

We then filed into the cafeteria and got some introductory lecture. They called for a volunteer. This kid with his high school wrestling team t-shirt on jumps up. The captain put a helmet on him with "S.L." on it—he got designated squad leader. He also got a plastic exact replica of an M16, they are exact replicas except they weigh half as much as the real item. So there he was standing there in front of class with his S.L. helmet, holding his plastic M16 with a big shit-eating grin on his face. Then the rest of us got divided into two squads, each with an assistant squad leader. After outfitting the S.L. and the assistants with fake M16s they called for A & B subdivisions; each of us getting a plastic K-Mart grade replica of an AK47. They also gave each subdivision of "grenade launcher" that was actually a plastic ping-pong ball ejector. The captain explained to us the strategy of making an attack and turned it over to the S.L. to carry out an assault on the candy machine.

With gusto he ordered A-Team and B-Team to take up positions and provide cover fire and they led their assault through the cafeteria.

"CHARGE!! Go Get 'em!! Kill 'em, men! NAIL THOSE SNICKERS BARS!" yelled the commander, also calling the candy bars enemy troops. Yes, everybody there was laughing because it was recognized as ridiculous. And we then successfully destroyed the enemy candy machine.

What's that? Yes, you're right. In 3 years I could be a lieutenant.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Rest easy, Nicaragua.)

THE FALL OF THE 3-D HOUSE OF Y-BARK

"Leading Harold & Alice thereotician, Mike Y. has moved to a more suburban looking venue, rented from a friend's parents...the house has undergone a serious degentrification effort, including: the overpowering stench of catshit that hits you as soon as you walk in the door; debris from innumerable parties; the basement garage collection of rotting garbage; a yard consisting of Bloomington's most well cultivated weed garden... The house also features a geeky selection of stupid doorbell chimes... the world's most uneven set of front steps, a front doorknob that often falls off at touch and other sociopathological architectural amusements."

—from 'Punkrock Tourist Guide to Bloomington', issue no. 6

The following is based on an interview with Laird, whose parents own the house (a.k.a. *The Litter Box*, 705 N. Grant, *The House of Raging Cats*, etc. etc.)

Last summer, after my parents decided they were going to put this house up for sale, we tried to schedule a visit from the realtors. Every Monday all the agents for the realty company go out and look at the newly listed properties to examine it for the good points and bad points and figure out how to pitch the sale to the prospective homebuyer. It took about 3 weeks for them to schedule a time someone would be there.

So one Monday morning last August they pulled up in a caravan of brand new Buicks and a group of about ten of them piled out. The men were mostly in their 20s and women in their 30s with ugly business suits. They all came in through the garage and immediately the women started gasping and complaining about the smell. They walked into the downstairs and it was covered with dirty dishes and beercans everywhere—Dave Death was living there at the time—and there was stuff spraypainted all over the walls. They were pretty quiet through most of the tour of the house, sometimes they'd whisper little comments to each other I couldn't hear. The main thing I heard was from some of the women who were holding their hankchiefs over their noses and breathing through their mouths and saying things like "OH GOD! THE SMELL!!" They seemed to do an accelerated version of a tour of the house. I think Johnny and Dave and possibly Y-Bark were still asleep so they quickly poked their heads through the doors.

When one of the women got to the upstairs she made the mistake of opening the door to the bathroom we converted into a cat-box room with the litter box that nobody ever cleans out sitting right in the middle of it. She opened the door and drew back quickly and choked out a "UUUUHomigod!" I then mentioned that was where we kept our catbox ("*No kidding*" the realtors probably said to themselves) and they didn't make any comment but made a quick survey of the upstairs.

They left quickly and I could see them laughing and joking to one another in their cars as they drove off.

The next time I heard from them was in January when the head realtor said that some people were interested in showing the house but in their opinion it was "not showable in its present condition." So he came over with this older

guy, he didn't look quite 60 but I think early senility has set in... he can never remember half the things you tell him from one time to the next. The head realtor was in his early 40s, real cleancut and conservative looking with his suit and a real odd point was that he wore these black gloves all the time. I think I might have been wearing my Tussin-Up t-shirt. He apparently sized me up and decided not to shake hands. He also brought along his head interior decorating woman—she was about 40, wore a businesswomansuit with frills and a little too much makeup.

There was this artificial friendliness when he came inside. He asked about my parents in Haiti, how I was doing in school and then looked around the house. He didn't have much to say. They were perplexed by the absence of cabinet doors in the kitchen. He walked into Y-Barks room, which is covered with Soviet propaganda posters his sister brought back from Moscow, and frowned. In the main bedroom, when he saw the huge bathtub his voice dropped two octaves with excitement and he called to the decorator: "Come look at this!!" He thought it was perfect for someone who was interested in a place where they could live in one area and rent out the rest.

They went downstairs and when they came to Skater Mike's room with all the stuff dangling from the ceiling he looked startled for a second and exclaimed, "Ooh! Halloween!"

When they finished looking over the place the head realtor and interior decorator woman argued some about how much it would take to fix up the place. The head realtor was saying something about how he realized it was hard for a young person to manage a house and go to school and when I'd look at him and he thought I wasn't looking he'd have this look of disgust on his face. Anyway, they said they'd get back in touch with me.

About two weeks later the woman came by to set up a time to go over the place with a painter and carpenter to measure the rooms and get some estimates. I wasn't here at the time, ~~censored~~ talked to her. He said she was pretty hot for a 40-year-old lady and that either a) she needed a good boning, or b) he wouldn't mind boning her... I'm not sure, you can take your pick of quotes.

A few weeks later she came by with a painter and carpenter and I followed her around and talked with her. The first thing she decided was that the beige color was alright for the living room but she wanted to paint the entire house that color. She went into a lot of detail about how uniform light colors and bright colors make rooms appear to be bigger. She didn't like the dark orange color in the entryway. She said it makes a definite statement *but not a statement that everyone is going to like!* She got kinda carried away and artsy at times.

She got to the master bedroom and for the first time noticed the wallpaper with the naked women. (*Bill e. Goat, listening in, goes, "Where!?" looks in at bedroom and says, "Wow, I didn't notice it. Oh man."*) But she said it definitely had to go. She wanted to paint Y-Bark's room chocolate brown. We went downstairs and she looked at Skater Mike's room and said, "I don't think we'll do anything with this," sort of drily. Looking around, she noticed the banner reading "No shitting here" and "Fuck your mama" spraypainted on the door and added, "Of course, we *will* need to do something about these things. Some people would find it offensive." She didn't seem too upset by it, her whole orientation was that it just wouldn't be a good selling point.

When she was through she asked if she could sit down in the living room until the painter guy was finished looking the place over. She sat down in the living room and Y-Bark was there, Johnny, Shanine and Fredcurry; she introduced herself to everybody and then sat down next to Fred. I pictured what was about to happen and left the room for a bit.

I came back and Fred was going fullblast about his life and how he'd just been to New York practicing to be a homeless person. Y-Bark had fled the room at this point and Johnny and Shanine were doing their best to keep a straight face.

The painter happened to be from New York and Fred talked to him when he came in about how the two hotels he knew were torn down and the painter said things change all the time in New York. Fred asked the painter if he knew his friend in New York named Anne or if he'd ever run into her there. The painter started to laugh, saying New York's a big place.

Fred went on to describe how it was a real beneficial experience for him because he'd walk for 20 hours, sleep in a doorway for 4 or 5 hours and then walk the street again and he was real proud he could do that and survive. The painter looked at him strangely and laughed: "Well, it's good to know you can do that if you have to but I just don't see any percentage in it!"

The decorating woman kept her friendly, concerned looking poise throughout... a realtor to the end, I guess.

Well, the realtors finally did get down to business and booted the kids out in mid-May so they could renovate the house to make it presentable. As for the young and restless, it's onward ho to another venue, perhaps in that same slash and burn (or shit & split) spirit. In the words of 7 Seconds' WayCoolDude anthem, "Clenched Fists, Black Eyes": "We're aiming for a different goal / Succeeding where the hippies failed."

Cat stench nasty to remove

QUESTION: I recently moved into a trailer here in town and discovered that the entire place reeks of cat odor. Apparently the preceding owners had several cats that were indifferent to using their cat box.

The place really smells bad. Can you give me some advice about how to remove the odor? M.L., Bloomington

ANSWER: You (or, preferably your landlord) has a really big task ahead, according to Lynn Bergh of Blue Skies Veterinary Clinic.

Bergh says that if these cats hadn't been using their cat box, their urine has probably soaked through the carpets into the floor, crept into the baseboards, and seeped into your ventilators. If at all possible, she recommends ripping out all the carpeting in your trailer and disposing of it.

If this is not possible, there are other options. Try getting some white vinegar or Murphy's oil

soap and shampoo the carpets with either. If you can, get under the carpet and clean the floors. Scrub the walls, the baseboards, inside the ventilators and anywhere else that is reachable. Other products that might help include, charcoal, baking soda or powder. These can be sprinkled around after your clean-up operation to help reduce residual odor.

Under no circumstances use any product that contains ammonia. This will actually make the smell much worse than it was before.

Bergh, a cat owner herself, says that her husband frequently suggests that she clean up after her kitties with a flame thrower. She also adds that the best way to avoid problems with cat odor is to use small amounts of litter, and change it daily, rinsing the cat-box after every change.



Grant St. **\$115,400**
Money maker!! Investors take a look! Well built brick home, 8 rooms. Near campus and downtown, 8 years old. Convert to ideal rental, and possible \$1600 + gross yield!!!

Indiana Daily Student Gets Cops to Shut Down All Ages Venue

Apparently inspired by an article in *Tussin-Up* about calling the cops on a lame party, a crusading journalist at the *Indiana Daily Student* wrote an article appearing Sunday, February 14th (for Valentine's Day, with love) about Bloomington's incipient all-ages venue, BW-3, host of several local bands for weekend gigs. Honing his fine investigative reporting skills, the reporter caught up with the Indiana Excise police, somewhere between their duties of harassing liquor store employees and reaming under-aged drinkers, and alerted them to the goings-on at BW3. Their salivary glands a-rollin', the excise cops made their way down to Bloomington and busted the place. Topping it all off, the reporter even printed a buncha stuff from a new Indiana law that says an underaged person can't be in a restaurant listening to music where beer is served unless 1) accompanied by parent or guardian, and 2) eating food constantly.

So after the demise of Ricky's Canteena to make way for another unused parking garage ("a visible sign of downtown parking, hopefully" as one City tax-dollar leech was quoted in the papers as opining), and the Southside of the square was "renovated" to make way for overpriced gentrified bullshit, and the Old Library (excuse me, The Monroe County Museum) remains firmly in the grips of the Art Police and their pooppy little displays of boring middle-aged art, and Harmony School remains unwilling to host an music faster than slow motion reggae, Bloomington's latest attempt at an all ages venue goes ingloriously down the shitter.

"But wait," I can hear some fair-minded journalistic twit whine, "It's a news story and we have a right, a duty, even, to report, y'know." Well, perhaps the *Indiana Daily Student* can print the *real story*, why don't they run an article, at least as big as that original stupid article, explaining to their under-21 readers how, due to their own efforts, BW3 now is off limits and Bloomington is again safe from underaged music.

Fat chance.

"Freedom of the press is for those
who own one."

Indiana Daily Student Thursday, Nov. 19, 1987 5

Cigarettes can lead to drugs — Bowen

By The Associated Press
CINCINNATI — Drug use among American youth could be reduced if more youngsters are persuaded not to start smoking cigarettes, the Reagan administration's top health officer said Wednesday.

Cigarette smoking has been shown to be a first step for some young people who later go on to abuse other drugs, said Otis R. Bowen, secretary of Health and Human Services.

"We do consider it a gateway drug," Bowen told a news conference. "If you can stop the young people from starting on cigarettes, there will be a lesser percentage of them going on to other drugs."

"The children themselves have to police each other to reduce the use," he said. "It has to start in the homes and the communities. Throwing a lot of money at it isn't the answer."

In Washington, the Tobacco Institute challenged Bowen's remarks.

"I don't know of any scientific support for that. I think that you could probably make a coincidental case by questioning drug users and asking them if they started out smoking cigarettes," said Walker Merryman, vice president of the institute, a trade organization representing major U.S. cigarette manufacturers. "I just don't think you could make a very convincing case that youngsters who smoke cigarettes are becoming drug users."

Bowen, a family physician and former two-term Indiana governor, was in Cincinnati to address the closing session of a three-day, White House-sponsored anti-drug conference. More than 400 conferees from Indiana, Ohio, seven other states and the District of Columbia attended the Cincinnati conference.

It was the third of six regional meetings sponsored by the White House Conference for a Drug Free America. The two others met in Los Angeles and Omaha, Neb.

Raggin' about the Rags!

Bloomington 'zine reviews — by S. Romilar & bill e. goat

Tussin-Up has been around more or less for 3 years. In the past year a number of new 'zines have sprouted up. Due to technical difficulties some of them don't seem to be publishing lately. But here's a brief run-down on them:

ZINE: Mickey's Pink Butthole

PUBLISHER: House of Raging Women (or was that raggin' women?)

THEME: Sexual frustration can be fun.

COMMENTS: Kind of like a bunch of alcoholics complaining about the taste of booze

ZINE: The Thing Suzy puts out at Second & Fess

PUBLISHER: Suzy at Second & Fess

THEME: Punks unite

COMMENTS: Just what is the name of the zine, anyway?

ZINE: No Scene Boredom Zine

PUBLISHER: Zac and Joe and Lanny and Josh (sort of)

THEME: Punk's not dead and boys will be boys

COMMENTS: Good potential, just hope these kids don't grow up

ZINE: Not T.V.

PUBLISHER: Coli & jam (not anymore, I think)

THEME: Punk rock rules!

COMMENTS: ...and regulations!

ZINE: Osmosis & Diffusion

PUBLISHER: Skater Mike and jam

THEME: Skate and take pix

COMMENTS: "Nice reading for while being in the bathroom" — J.B. Adams

ZINE: I.U. Express

PUBLISHER: Preppie bimbos

THEME: Being dumb enough to hang out at Kilroys and Hooligans is something to actually be proud of (& let them take your photo and publish it!)

COMMENTS: Boy, Bloomington businesses will throw advertising dollars away on the stupidest shit!

ZINE: Herald-Telephone

PUBLISHERS: Rich chumps who actually like the people who run Bloomington

THEME: People in this town should appreciate rich chumps

COMMENTS: They don't

ZINE: Indiana Daily Student

PUBLISHER: I.U. School of Journalism

THEME: Journalism students can actually put out a real newspaper, by golly

COMMENTS: They can't

ZINE: Etcetera

PUBLISHER: Some business students who think they're funny

THEME: A buncha dopey business students think they're funny

COMMENTS: These dopey business students actually think they're funny

ZINE: The Ryder

PUBLISHER: an unlicensed art movie theatre, I think

THEME: Some movie ads, plus more ads, plus some artsy drivel equals a magazine

COMMENTS: Does anyone actually read it?

ZINE: Tussin-Up

PUBLISHER: Stephen Romilar

THEME: Being bored and stoned on cough syrup is hazardous to your (mental) health

COMMENTS: My zine can beat up all of their zines.

Things to Do When Bored and/or Fucked Up

- Say a monosyllabic word over and over and over. After a while, if you do it long enough, you will forget the word means, and eventually even forget if you are still pronouncing it correctly. ★
- Relax your arm completely, and squeeze/press your forearm. Eventually you will manipulate the muscles which close your fingers into a fist, and if you really dig into your wrist, and don't mind a little pain, you will find the tendons which control individual finger movement.
- Find your pulse, and try to change it. Not everyone can do this, but if you can, it will really keep you busy for hours.
- Write. It doesn't have to be good, especially if it's poetry (in which case it actually helps if it isn't). If it sounds real dumb, or if you have a vocabulary, you can call it modern poetry, and make money of it like e.e. cummings who didn't even know when to capitalize or use punctuation.
- Read. An oldy but goody.
- Make a 'zine.
- Memorize the periodic table of elements. It really kills lots of time, and when you're done, you can really impress people with your knowledge. A great icebreaker at parties. ✓

The point is, boredom is your own fault. There's lots to do out there, and if you do get bored, it's your problem. If you really get desperate you can even start a religion. Lot's of people have gotten rich that way.

★difficult when only bored, and not fucked up.

✓difficult when fucked up to any degree

*...S. Romilar's additions
(and they've all been done before)*

- Sit around and complain to people that nobody likes you.
- Just to make sure, steal from people you know.
- Go up to people you barely know at parties or whatever and complain loudly that they never talk to you.
- Sit around a coffee house or restaurant and whine about how you never seem to do anything except sit around a coffee house or restaurant.
- Get banned from sitting around a coffeehouse.
- Drink
- Quit drinking.
- Stop smoking but make sure you don't succeed so you can talk about needing to stop smoking or even try again.
- Borrow something from a friend, fail to return it, and talk about how you want to return it everytime you see them.
- Fall asleep at parties or in bars.



—Joey Zygorsky

Special JonNelson Page!!!

Yes, folks, years of nagging has finally paid off! We've got not 1 but 2 articles by the fabled JonNelson—leading social commentator, music critic, author of "The Erotic Stick Figures" (issue #3), bird watcher and bus driver. He also says he invented Concerned Citizens Against Art.

10 Reasons Why "Big Black" Sux

1. They suck
2. They're art students
3. They suck
4. They're from Chicago
5. They blow
6. They're straight edges
7. They really suck
8. They have a bright future
9. They gobble the fuckin' rod
10. Every time they sing about how horrible life is they sound so naive that I alternately want to:
a) throw my arm over their scrawny shoulders and buy them a drink, or b) strap them to a chair and beat them with a tire billy
11. They suck

Some of the MILLIONS of Reasons Why Lisa Lisa + the Cult Jam are Better Than the Butthole Surfers

1. "Post-punk rock" is really dumb
2. Lisa is so cute in the videos
3. Lisa sings like Dianna Ross when she was young
4. I would rather have fun than listen to someone who wants to be a "giant phallus rammed up the ass of the entertainment industry!"
- 4a. You mean you just figured out how the rock business works!?
5. Just check out the videos
6. Money talks? Bullshit walks?
7. She's so damn cute

5 (of possibly millions) of reasons why JonNelson is so mad at PunkRock(ers) —by S. Romilar

1. After years of waning enthusiasm he finally figured out that a counter-culture based on listening to different music, wearing different clothes and bathing infrequently isn't going to bring about the end of Western civilisation
2. And furthermore the punx® didn't try to stop those KKK/fascist hordes who were supposed to have overwhelmed Bloomington about 8 years ago thru holding a couple punk/reggae street dances (a.k.a. "Rock Against Racism")
3. And he figured out that most punk anthems were saying either a) how much waycool (dude) punx were than everyone else because... uh... they were punx and everybody else wasn't, or b) how fucked up all the other punx were for being snobs and/or doing stuff like beating the shit out of each other.
5. He believed in punx and they let him down. Be sure to watch out for *The God That Failed—Part II* also starring former members of various defunct punk bands and 'zines... coming to a third-rate video store sometime around 1990
5. JónNelson's fifth (and possibly most important) rule to live by: "It's never too early to go home and go to sleep."

Oh, c'mon Jon, don't be mad at us for getting in the last word. This is Tussin-Up. By the way, check out the groovy front cover. It's done by PoorTrudy who's currently studying at the Chicago Art Institute (and likes Big Black). —S.R.

Daytime Television

or

my journey thru hell

one day, not long ago, i woke up, and for no reason at all, turned on the television. it was traumatic and horrific, so i figured i should warn others. my experiences were all on channel four, i think (ed. note: WTTV stands for White Trash TeleVision). i didn't bother to get up and change the channel, since i figured any other channel would be just as bad, since i don't get channel thirty.

1. first, was teddy rucksping. this was a cartoon. i only caught the last half of it, and i'm glad. the animation was poor. everyone talked in very simplistic sentences, but i think it's a show for real little kids, so that's okay, but the writers of this show underestimate the interests of little kids. this show is like a one liner from some cheap sit-com stretched into ten minutes. no plot, no interest. blah. some of the animation was so bad it was almost surrealistic. a bipedal purple lizard, presumably the bad guy, was as tame as a kitten, and was constantly insulted by his orange bouncing blob flunkies. you're not missing anything if you've never seen this. in fact, you are probably better off, mentally.

2. i dozed a bit, and when i woke, it was at the beginning of geraldo. this is like some mutated farce of donahue. a rude conservative asshole (presumably geraldo) was the host. he made me sick. he had a bunch of guests on his panel who represented some strange fringe of the issue in question, and interrogated each of them. he had an incredibly false sense of gravity which was humorous. he asked questions to his "panel", interrupted them just as they started getting into the issue at hand, and only represented one side of an argument, while pretending to discuss both. this show sucks, even for a talkshow: low budget, low interest, low content, low, low, low.

3. Next in line was I Dream of Genie. this was the best show all day. i enjoyed it immensely. it was about a genie from a bottle who was the slave of this military guy. she had a cousin who was gilligan, and she had magic powers. she even conjured up a harem for the military guy. this is a show from the sixties, i think. i liked it lots.

well, that's it, because i fell asleep after that and when i woke up the A-team was on. until then, happy viewing, or unhappy if you have the bad luck to see some of the things i did.

—joey zygorosky

Believe it or not!

Nixon calls Jackson 'the best candidate'

WASHINGTON — Former President Richard M. Nixon says that Jesse Jackson is the best candidate seeking a presidential nomination but that he could not win because of his radical views.

The Washington Times reported Nixon's comments in today's editions from an exclusive interview this weekend at the former president's home in Saddle River, N.J., with the newspaper's executive editor, Arnaud de Borchgrave.

"He's the best candidate and one of the very best of the entire century for either party," Nixon was quoted as saying.

"Jackson's problem is not the messenger, it's the message.... He's expressing a deep-felt radicalism, or liberalism, whatever you want to call it, which may be a majority in some areas but is a minority in the country as a whole," Nixon said.

Knight Reams His Pawns

...as they "relax and enjoy it"

Yeah, I know, you're probably sick of reading about the clown. But our controversial beloved basketball coach is just too tempting (see 2nd "good point")

GOOD POINTS

As a sports deity he gives people something boring to talk about (especially if they're boring people)

Fun to ridicule this fine example of a vicious, egocentric redneck bully

Wows legislators and rich alumni enough so that they'll donate lotsa money to the University

gets to throw chairs, slap around people who say bad things about him and not even dress up like a skinhead or a professional wrestler

gets to beat up cops and get away with it
pushes around reporters

he almost went to New Mexico

BAD POINTS

...and God they just talk and talk and talk and talk and talk and talk...

...but he doesn't sit back and relax and enjoy it—criticism of manly male ego is much much worse than rape, y'know

...isn't nice to know that an "institution of higher learning" has pursestrings tied to redneck morons who can only get excited by a winning sports team

...cept his outfit is even worse... silly sweaters or checkered jackets that even a Collins trendy isn't dumb enough to wear

...cept I don't get to

...cept he'd probably KILL this one

No he wasn't. He just wanted us to let him know how much we all worship him!

REDNECK FOLKHERO PAGE (continued)

from *The Weekly World News*, September 29, 1987

Handwriting expert claims . . .

Ollie's a cold fish

Analysis of Lt. Col. Oliver North's handwriting reveals a shocking fact — he's cold and cruel in dealing with people!

That's the word from Charles Hamilton, the expert who exposed the "Hitler Diaries" as forgeries in 1983 and more recently took a gander at the penmanship of America's favorite Marine.

On a high note, North's handwriting shows him to be "the perfect soldier," said Hamilton.

On the other hand, his scribbles suggest that he's an "emotionally disturbed, antisocial egomaniac" ready to trample anyone who gets in his way.

North's writing, to hear Hamilton tell about it, shows him to be totally

self-centered. He's not "creative" and likes women around him who are "obedient."

And what about Hamilton himself? "My handwriting shows I have great intelligence," he said.

THE penmanship of Lt. Col. Oliver North reveals an egocentric antisocial personality, says Charles Hamilton, handwriting expert.



Killing Joke of Spring 1988

Israelis tell Palestinians: *"It's all ours 'cause God gave it to us 4,000 years ago!!!"*

"...besides, if you don't like it here you oughta go back to where you don't come from!"



A Palestinian arrested at demonstration, above, near Dome of the Rock Mosque in Jerusalem was walked into a police station. A half hour later, he was brought out on a stretcher and put into an ambulance.



"By the way, Abdul, isn't it appalling how those Russians are treating the Soviet jews! They won't let them leave so we can use them to populate settlements on the West Bank on land we stole from you people! (Why Russians? Nobody else except a few nuts from Brooklyn wants to go there and do it)"

"All the News
That's Fit to Print"

The New York

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