

Second BIG issue!

STILL ONLY
35¢

TUSSIN-UP^x

YAY!



Been up to Viller's Terrace,
To see what's a happening
People rollin' 'round on the carpet
Mixin' up the medicine
Never thought I'd see those things
—Echo & the Bunneymen



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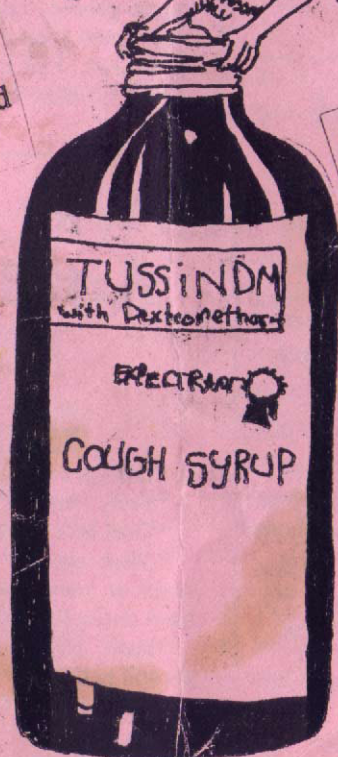
Exclusive Spaz Kid
Interview

Record Reviews

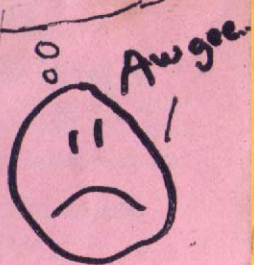
Drunk Driving

Party Reviews

Movie Reviews



Still no Generic
Teenage Suicide
Article



April
1985

Jim Genuinely Jolted by Juvenile Jerk's Jism

Letter to the editor:

I had the occasion to read your premier publication of *Tussen* after having it stuffed under my nose. I must say this periodical lives up to its purpose. . . a decongestant. I mean, this stuff is total trash. But how it flows. The ugliness and vulgar natures ooze from each statement. Direct attacks on any remaining integral ethics will twist ones sense of balance. I mean stuff like "My Meat Puppet". . . now I'm supposed to understand it's strung ham, is that it? The best thing about this 'mag' is the colored paper.

—Jim

International Romilar Day

April 27, 1985

*Annual Celebration begins at
12 Noon behind Old Library*

**March to College Mall
B.Y.O.C.F.**

(Bring Your Own Cough Formula)

Events of the Day include a Tussened-Out Bowling Tournament, Cardboard Eating Competition, and Stairs Climbing Competition as well as regular tests to measure falling rates of literacy.

Be There!

Tablespoonful of Contributors:

Stephen Romilar (also 'S.R.') Fuad, Chef German, Poor Trudy, Neville Mucous, bill e. goat, zirk, sparky & rat.

Tussen Up is being published monthly, believe it or not, or as long as we have enough copy or energy to put out this rag. All proceeds go to defray from the costs of editorial research and development.

Our mailing address is: **CENSORED, CENSORED, CENSORED.**

About Last Month's Bogus Concert Ad

Yes, that's right, we have no Discharge, Husker Du, Dead Kennedys, Blag Flag concert scheduled for next month. *Tussen Up* offers its sincerest apologies to all those people, especially from out of town, who were foolish enough to believe what they read. And if you believe this apology it's no wonder you fell for the ad.

Way Uncool Article of the Month

or

The Natives Are Restless Tonight

*A Tussen-Up
docu-drama*

"Hey, you still on probation?"

"Yeah, dude. Why do you ask?"

"Then let's go commit some crimes!"

"Okay, dude. I gotta an idea. Let's go shoot at some windows across the street from the police station."

"Yeah, let's hurry up and do it while it's still light out."

"Cool, dude. You won't squeal if we get caught?"

"Uh. . ."

To be continued in 30 days

TOP TEN ON MY WALKMAN

Chef German

1. *Are You Experienced?* - Hendrix
2. *Axis: Bold as Love* - Jimi Hendrix
3. *Doors* - Doors
4. *Blessed Freak Show* - Nip Drivers
5. *Identity* - Marginal Man
6. *In Control* - Stalag 13
7. *Subject to Change* - Faith
8. *New Day Rising* - Husker Du
9. *Strange Days* - Doors
10. *Bless Its Pointed Lil Head* - Jefferson
Airplane

Sparky

1. *Panics EP*
2. *Bela Lagosi's Dead* - Bauhaus
3. *Out of Step ep* - Minor Threat
4. *Siouxsie & the Banshees*
5. *Fresh Fruit* - Dead Kennedies
6. *Number of the Beast* - Iron Maiden
7. *Second Lp* - JFA
8. *Fresh Cream* - Cream
9. *Mike Goes to College* - Descendents
10. *Lights Out* - Angry Samoans

Zirk Native

1. *Power Slave* - Iron Maiden
2. *F.U.s*
3. *City Baby's Revenge* - G.B.H.
4. *We Destroy the Family* - Fear
5. *Zero Boys...*
6. *Forever Now* - Furs
7. *Earth A.D.* - Misfits
8. *Out of Step* - Minor Threat
9. *Electric Ladyland* - Jimi Hendrix
10. *I Wanna Rock* - Twisted Sister

Rat Rondell

1. *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* - Wm.
Shatner
2. *Dang Me* - Eugene Chadbourne
3. *In the Ghetto* - Elvis
4. *Gonna Buy Me a Dog* - Monkees
5. *Red Roses for a Blue Lady* - Wayne
Newton
6. *I Wanna Kill My Mom* - Panics
7. *Ghost Riders in the Sky* - Burl Ives
8. *Ghost Riders in the Sky* - Swamp Rats
9. *Tipitina* - Professor Longhair
10. *anything by Red Square*

Most Hated Song: *Louie, Louie* - Kingsmen

Blood Farmer's

1. *Rock 'n Roll Crazy Nights* - Loudness
 2. *Born in the City* - Replacements
 3. *EYOB* - Nip Drivers
 4. *Me & You & a Dog Named Boo* - Lobo
 5. *Wait* - AOF
 6. *Celebrated Summer* - Husker Du
 7. *Big in Japan* - Alphaville
 8. *Give it Back* - Dickies
- (Dunno what happened to no. 9 & 10-ed.)

Terry Native (hypothesized)

1. *Jailhouse Rock* - Elvis Presley
2. *Police Story* - Black Flag
3. *30 Days in the Hole* - Humble Pie
4. *I Fought the Law and the Law Won* -
Bobby Fuller Three
5. *Folsom Prison Blues* - Johnny Cash
6. *anything by Millions of Dead Cops*
7. *Nothing by The Police*
8. etc.
9. etc.
10. etc.

TUSSEN-UP Party Reviews

System of Rating

★★★★★

Great party, got drunk & laid
(occasionally known to happen)

★★★★

Good party, got wasted, don't
remember much but I think
I had a good time.

★★★

The beer never ran out but
people weren't too interesting.

★★

Beer ran out and so did I.

★

Walked in and immediately
wanted to kill everybody there.

Leila's Party (Reviewed by S.R.)

Billygoat told me about this party so I thought it would be worth at least a review. I got there and hung out in the kitchen since that's where the serious partiers usually migrate to. And I was right—there was John B. There was still beer but it was Old Milwaukee. I didn't finish the can someone handed me—no, it was just too early in the weekend (Friday) to be abusing my gastrointestinal system with that. Left for another party (not reviewed) and got two six-packs of Carta Blanca (tastes like bread). Generally not very eventful but it gets an extra half star 'cause of the grand finale. Around eleven or so everybody got chased out of the party by some asshole. Me and Troy decided to head back up the steps for one last attempt to breach the defenses when we passed along the stairs a rather inebriated young lady about to blow chunks. We just barely missed her line of fire—I couldn't keep from laughing uncontrollably which infuriated the girly-poo's boyfriend/companion. I guess I wouldn't have laughed had we not forgot to duck. . .or maybe we would.

★★½

Dina Party Review (Chef & Neville)

We arrived fashionably late after being alerted of the party by Lamebert. It took us a long 3 minutes to walk the driveway and stairs to the home. I didn't think we would ever make it in. After all, just the night before we had stood outside of Leila's party for 15 minutes while trying to decide whether it was cool enough. (We finally decided not to go in, and we walked to Poor Trudy's to get 5 beers and 5 cloves.) So, anyways, we finally did decide to enter Dina's party. We left shortly after and went home.

The party was a hodge-podge of weird people: there were hippies, punks, hicks, heavy metal heads and artsy people. Unfortunately, there wasn't much to drink. Some asshole kept playing the Dead Kennedies—probably the only punk album he had ever heard besides Suicidal Tendencies—so we decided to leave.

★½

College Party Review (Chef & Neville)

Neville & myself (Chef) accompanied a couple of women who we know to this college bash at Colonial Crest apartments.* There were two kegs! Lots of happy and drunk people. The highlight of the party was a semi-drunk young movie star named . She sat down on a wet table and got her ass all wet. She then proceeded to have half the guys at the party either look at or feel her ass to see how wet it was. She had a big group of guys standing around her fondling her ass.** Finally, Neville calmed her down. He said: "Calm down , everyone knows you've got a great ass." The movie star got pissed. We left soon after. We were sufficiently drunk. A good party.

★★★

★ We missed The Natives for this party so it damn well better be good!!

**We kept telling her that she was going to get raped or something but she loved all the attention too much.

Fountain Park Party (reviewed by S.R.)

Went to Second Story (sort of like Ricky's except it's for grownups and people usually act like they're supposed to be adults or something) for a show that evening. Tussened up beforehand which put me in a weird enough mood ("God, this place looks like a fuckin' funeral or something. . . everybody sitting around these dumpy candlelit tables, not talking, listening to an occasional sound from an organ. . . Art! Art!") Anyways, after the first band played a composition or two I started yelling for them to play "Smoke Over Water", Iron Maiden or Motorhead. They didn't so we left. . .

Ended up going to this generic college student party at the clubhouse of Fountain Park. I'm glad I didn't recognize anyone there in the full minute and a half I stayed because I would have to avoid talking to them for at least a few months out of contempt for their bad taste. No discernable alcohol, bad disco music with a disc jockey even. . . aaarghh!!!

★ (literally—see code)

Poor Trudy's Record Reviews

Husker Du—New Day Rising

Here it is, Husker Du's promised followup to their *Zen Arcade* double Lp. I've heard many mixed opinions on this Lp but no matter how anyone tries to put it down—it still rocks. Sure it's kind of commercial, but who cares? If it's good, it's good and it is. The production quality is improved and the songs are tighter than the ones on *Zen Arcade*. The only flaw is that the last couple songs on the Lp are pretty weak and take away from the otherwise well-balanced album.

9

Post-Skellagore / Blood Farmers / Natives Concert Party Review (Stephen Romilar)

This was a good party. At least I *seem* to have had a good time—I was too drunk to remember very much which is another good sign.

Your basic Lunatics-Taking-Over-the-Asylem setup. . . lotsa booze, funny circumstances.

My favorite was when Neville found himself the willing jealousy tool of this Indianapolis punkette who had just told her boyfriend to fuck off. Great scene of Neville, arm draped around the damsel, taunting him from the top of the stairs: "Don't worry! You'll be 18 someday." Problem was, he already was and it didn't seem to help since he took off his cheesy grey pseudo-leather naugahyde jacket (complete with matching codpiece. . . yuk, yuk, yuk) and tried to fight Neville. Fortunately he was restrained by his friends. Wouldn't want Neville to have the snot beat out of him.

★★★★

Rights of the Accused—Innocence 7" ep

After many vain attempts and false starts, this Chicago band has *finally* put out a record. At first the tunes may sound kind of generic but they are saved by some truly fantastic drumming and tight execution. There are some problems with the soundmix—the drums seem to overpower the music there is almost no bass—not bad for a debut and the title track *Innocence* is particularly good.

7

Discharge—Never Again 7" ep

This record has just recently been re-released (a second printing I suppose) but was originally recorded in 1981. The recording quality is not quite up to par with their new releases but it is still pretty good. The only problem is that there are only 3 songs and they are pretty generic—best suited for real Discharge fans.

6

Fuad Ramses' Video Reviews

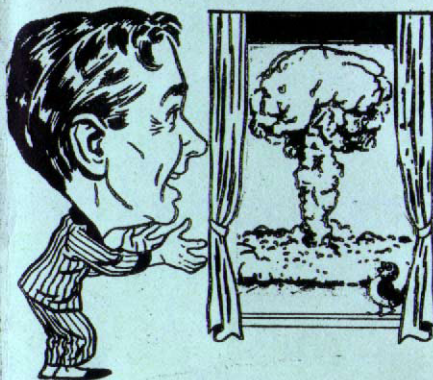
O.K. for all you people with video recorders or people who have friends with video recorders: here are some must see videos and some that should be seen for some reason or another. Now for one thing these aren't reviews of movies you can go rent on video and then see on H.B.O. two weeks later. I hope nobody's dumb enough to do that. (All videos reviewed can be found either at Mr. Video, Ful'o-Pep, or American Audio Visual).

THE SEDUCERS—Besides seeing Sondra Locke (Eastwood's "dog" girlfriend) in hideous clown makeup, it also boasts a death by aquarium! The ending has to be one of the classiest ways to end a film. The soundtrack is good, too. ★ ★ ★

I DISMEMBER MAMA—Yeah, great title but it was once titled "Poor Albert." There is also a song called Poor Albert played in the film. Albert resembles one of Tom Bradford's sons on *Eight is Enough*. Albert is the typical psycho-deranged killer type who "kidnaps" a young girl. The gore scenes are few and far between as well as being pretty bad. Painfully boring. ★

BASKET CASE—This is a film you will probably only see on video—which is too bad because this film rips. The low-budget flick was filmed on New York's 42nd Street and has many good gore effects as well as some good stop animation. The story is about 2 brothers—one normal, the other is so hilariously mutated that he must be kept from the public eye. See at all costs. (There is also a fat black prostitute who has to be seen to be believed. ★ ★ ★ 1/2

**LAST NIGHT WAS FULL
OF FUN AND LAUGHTER
BUT FRED FEELS LOUSY
MORNING AFTER!**



FILM GORE—Not released to theatres but a heck of a lot more entertaining than *Terror in the Aisles*. Both hosted by the ever vivacious Elvira. This is a compilation of some well known and some very obscure horror films such as *Blood Feast*, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and *Carnival of Blood* just to name a few. *Carnival of Blood*, my favorite, includes a scene of beheading in a carnival funhouse, an old fat baglady having her eyes gouged and then being repeatedly bludgeoned to death. Then my favorite... an unattractive Cony Island prostitute is dismembered under a pier... *Wait For Me*. ★ ★ ★ ★



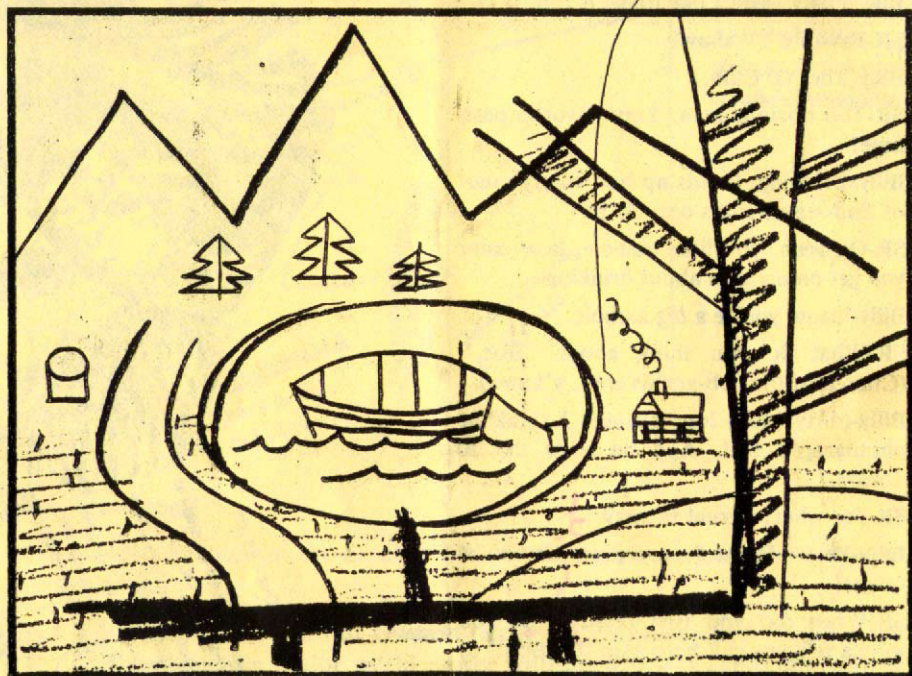
Tussen-Up proudly presents the following communique from Concerned Citizens Against Art (reprinted from Jon Nagy's Learn How to Draw handbook)






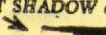


YOU CAN AVOID THESE MISTAKES FROM THE VERY

PRIMITIVE

THIS drawing was not made by a child nor by a primitive grandma or grandpa. I made this drawing myself and put into it the mistakes made by people who want to draw realistically but say they can't. Mistakes that the average sophisticated person says he is ashamed to make. I am not poking fun at this kind of picture because I love this type of naïve drawing when it is done by a child or an untutored sincere adult. I collect such pictures because they are sincere impressions of someone's experience. When a picture like this one has been created with true pride and the artist himself feels that he has expressed the spirit of the scene we accept it as a primitive, and love it for its naïve errors-----



- ← This poor little LAKE is standing on its side—But if you want it to
 These MOUNTAINS →  are excellent abstract symbols—BUT you might
 ← This PINE TREE looks as though it were cut out of paper and pasted to the mountain side,
 The TREE STUMP →  and the BOAT →  are fourth-dimensional because you are seeing them
 This HOUSE →  that Jack built was just a flat stage setting and it got sawed off at one end,
 ((← This ROAD around the lake was drawn from memory and I remember that it was as wide at the other
 Speaking of TREES, here is one →  that has a wider trunk and branches at the top
 The BRANCHES of this tree →  are barely pasted onto the trunk and might
 The CAST SHADOW of this →  tree is standing on its side, and it is as wide

exclusive bill e. goat interview

denies leadership of religious cult

Billy-When you gonna interview me, man!
SR-Okay, okay. I'd kinda like to be fucked up when I did this. . .

Billy-C'mon! Ask me some stupid Seth Spicker questions!

SR-OK. What's your favorite color?

Billy-Black.

SR-What's your favorite food.

Billy-Pussy. And I like to eat it raw.

SR-Favorite TV show?

Billy-The 700 Club.

SR-Too obvious man. Your favorite pass-time?

Billy-Drinking. (holds up half-empty quart of Budweiser. . .it's only 3p.m.)

SR-Oh yeah, you little asshole, how come you get on my case about drinking. . .

Billy-'cause you're a big asshole.

SR-What do you think about "Bob."
(Church of the Sub-genius crap, y'know).

Billy-(dirty look, long silence) I think he photographs bad. And he owes me 20 dollars.

SR-For what? Sexual favors?

Billy-Yeah! He stole my pipe for sexual favors!

SR-When did you first realize that you were a religious cult hero akin to "Bob" of the Church of the Sub-Genius.

Billy-When you told me.

SR-I dunno, this interview isn't getting anywhere. . .maybe we can do this some other time. . .

Billy-(getting radical) No! Interview me. Go! Get your paper, get your pen (noticing that I'm writing down these very words) . . . Fuck you!

SR-(looking at beer) You drunk yet?

Billy-(nods head no) Take a drink yourself.

To be continued

(A Prophet is Never Honored)



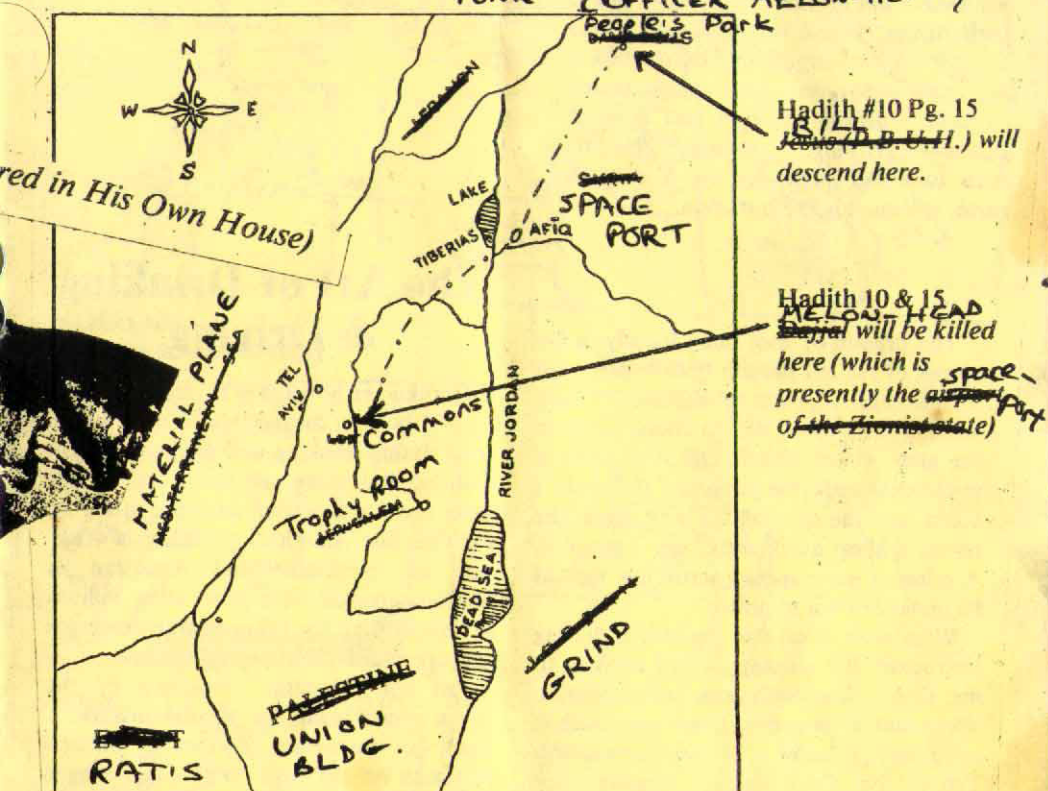
RE: So Ind Radiological Assoc
Dear Mr. McKinney
This old bill can't wait any longer. None of your Creditors has been as patient as this one. But patience can be exhausted. That point has been reached.
We suggest that you borrow from a relative or friend, make a loan from a bank or reputable finance company, but this old bill can wait NO LONGER.
You must send the Balance or contact us by phone or in person no later than 03-05-85. Otherwise you will have no one to blame but yourself, if this creditor insists that more stringent collection measures be taken.
Amount Due \$ 15.00
Very truly yours,
M. E. Dancy
COLLECTION DEPARTMENT

4PM rv 3/78

(BILL E. GALT)

THE PLACE WHERE THE REAL MESSIAH (~~ISRAEL~~) WILL
DESCEND AND ANTICHRIST (~~BABAL~~) WILL BE KILLED

PUNK (OFFICER MELON-HEAD)



Hadith #10 Pg. 15
JESUS (P.B.U.H.) will
descend here.

Hadith 10 & 15
MELON-HEAD
JESUS will be killed
here (which is
presently the airport
of the Zionist state)

Remember!

—Never before was the capacity and possibility for nuclear destruction so evident.

—Never before have the ^{COPS} ~~Zionists~~ occupied ^{UNION} Jerusalem and elevated the ^{PREPS} ~~Jewish State~~ to a major world power with nuclear war capability. (Time Magazine, April 12, 1976)

—Never before ^{SPACE PORT} ~~Syria~~ possessed nuclear weapons as now! The Prophet (P.B.U.H.) says ^{BILL} ~~Jesus~~ (P.B.U.H.) will descend in ^{PEOPLE'S PARK} ~~Jerusalem~~ (the capital of ^{S.P.} ~~Syria~~). Russia has supplied ^{S.P.} ~~Syria~~ with SS21 missiles with nuclear warheads. (Confirmed by New York Times reports and Syria!)

—Never before did so few persons (decision makers in states) possess the power to destroy the masses.

—Never before was the Middle ^{WEST} ~~East~~ the fulcrum in the political and economic struggle between the superpowers.

—Never was atheistic ^{IUPD} ~~Russian~~ superpower so close to achieving control of a warm port and thus tightening its grip over the ~~Gulf~~ ^{SHC}.

This puffy, slouching pale bloated thing called a girl is rolling her eyes in her demented head and slowly rocking herself to sleep. Every now and then a groan slips forth from her vast and bulbous abdominal area. I am afraid. The obscene pile of used tissues, soiled with god-knows-what kind of vile discharge grows on the face of her desk in green and white matted clusters. I believe it grows and is multiplying. . .growing. . .it breeds life. We must burn this plight off the face of the earth: We must purge ourselves!

—Neville M.



The dribble of snot hung loosely in the corner of his left nostril. "Now, driving is a concentrated group of skills. . ." Each word was accented with a slight jiggle of the glob. *When will it fall? Ah! There it goes, right onto the palms of the desk.* I could hear the splat all the way across the room. A short quick wack, like a gunshot. A crimson wave spread across his face as he pretended not to notice.

What does it take to become a driving instructor? It's a many faceted mystery to me. Green plaid golf pants, burgandy polo shirts and a Saturday afternoon football game beer gut seem to be the prerequisites. Tab or Diet Coke are also important for the ex-Middle school gym teacher look. The room is filled with "Guess" jeans and O.P. shirts adorning the bear shaped bodies of pimple infested, horny 15 and 16 year olds. . .all yearning for the freedom of Mom's K-car. You can see it in their eyes. All those nights hanging out at the Spaceport, watching the lettermen and camero studs score with all the best looking cheerleaders has really put the lust upon them! How long will this fantasy last? Maybe as long as my patience, as I sit here and long for the cool feel of a snub nose .38. Only the ever serving law saves their poor misguided souls.

Look for Part Two of "Driving Me to Hell" in the next issue of Tussen-Up

Part Two: Driving Can Be Fun

The Art of Drinking & Driving

God knows how many acres of innocent forest has been turned into printed matter condemning drinking and driving in recent months. But there are two sides to any issue and it's time that someone stood up for this fine American tradition, a tradition as respectable and American as Mafia-controlled toxic waste sites, billions of tax dollars for mass murder overseas and organized Christianity.

I'm not altogether displeased by the recent crackdown on drunk drivers. . .don't get me wrong. Too many damned amateurs on the road these days. . .give some of these greenhorns a case of little kings and they start playing auto-slam-dancing. That's why they say *when the going gets weird the weird turn pro.*

Drunk driving is a birthright, not a privilege, no matter what some pansy-assed teacher or cop tells you. In fact it is a Second Amendment right. . .that's right, it is a constitutionally protected right to own and bear arms. Remember, when drunk driving is outlawed only outlaws will drunkenly drive.

Well, the mounting pile of empty glassware in the wastebasket and the pressure of Mr. Bladder tells me that time has run out for this week's introductory lecture. I feel the Call of the Road about to go treading down my right leg. . .So long for now kids!!!!



ONE DAY...



Suddenly...
NUCLEAR ARMAGEDON!



Then... Zombie stew



AND
They ARE
All
FAGS!

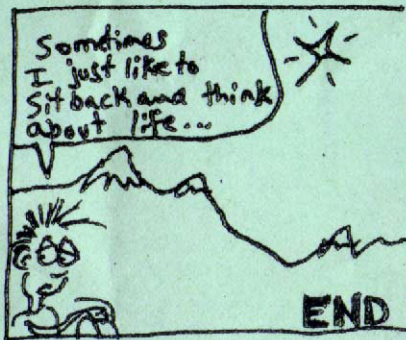
They were after me

But I WAS only trippin'



And then the real fun
began...

... Just like a
Shining star...



this specked
work was done
by Foad,
Pootrudy,
Nevil Lucas
and
Chris German
D.N.E.!

END

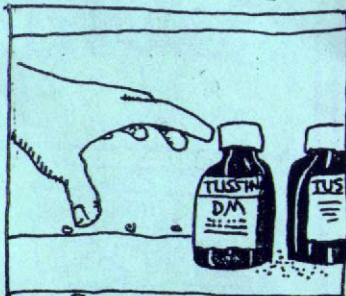
BLOOMINGTON CRIME #1

Ed and Chuck are running from the Police...

they stole cough syrup from the 7-11 which wasn't right...



they'll have to go to Court...



...Pay up huge sums of money...

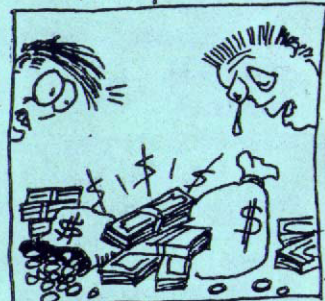
and now they are going to be held responsible for their actions.



and do, PUBLIC RESTITUTION



Ed has to work with dangerous chemicals



Chuck has to work in an animal shelter

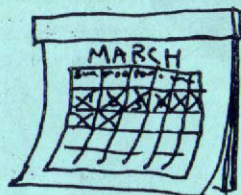


Poor Ed was consumed in burning acid.



and poor Chuck was Eaten Alive...

Let's wait a few weeks and see what will happen to those boys...



R E M E M B E R :

CRIME

DOESN'T

PAY !

(especially in Bloomington)

Still Not a Generic Teenage Suicide Article

an explanation by Fuad

In the last issue of *Tussen Up* there was to be an article written by myself, Fuad Ramses, on the tender subject of Teen Suicide. Well, if you read that issue you would have noticed that a bogus John Cougar interview was in its place (hence the title "Not a Generic Teenage Suicide Article"). Well flash back to the Ramses estate the day the rough draft of that first *Tussen Up* was hot off the copier. Ms. Ramses read the article—herself being a local therapist—and she hit the roof. "Fuad! I don't think a family going through such a trauma as teen suicide would appreciate such an article!" said Judith Ramses, "Especially this closing line about how it's 'better than having to tuck in a corpse at night.'"

Fuad replied, "I think it's a fine article and what distraught family will be reading an underground Indiana publication?"

"It's just terrible and I don't think you should print it. It's bad journalism!"

"Bad journalism, bad journalism? No, I don't think so. No I don't think so. No, I just don't" I screamed.

Ms. Ramses then took a gem razor blade, the kind that are perfect for using in a microfilm in cutting parafin into strips, and cut two long slits along my back and made me say the rosary for an hour after which I was to read from the Ashram Bible until forgiven.

I know Child Abuse is also a tender subject (but so was my back at the time) so I should refrain due to my bad journalistic ability. But if any of you are being abused out there buy a skateboard and play hacky sack. . . your parents will get the drift in no time.

Quotes of the Month

"Alright! Who puked?"

—Rat

"Let me in! I live here."

—Rat

Fiction for the Bored

by Fuad

Cold December mornings are mornings I always hated. The chills ran up my dense loins and down the lose ends of my pajamas. I knew today was going to be different. Today I was going to reach my inner strength, discovering all that I possessed within myself. I knew today was that day. My one child, John, was sleeping in his bedroom. I passed by to get my coffee. The only way I could get up was to drink my coffee. I was nothing without it. After I was done with my coffee I picked up the coffee pot and walked down the hall towards John's room. I opened his door, walked in and saw him sleeping so innocently—my only child, John, my source of happiness. I then turned the coffee pot and its scalding contents upon John's face.

He quickly awoke. My task was complete and I was fulfilled. After seeing the new film *Mask* starring that talented icon Cher I was depressed. My son John was normal. I longer for disfigurement. I wanted to be as proud and strong as Cher. I wanted to struggle against insurmountable odds.

After I had calmed down John and wrapped his face in ointment treated guaze I prayed for some lovely scars and fleshy wounds. He was taken to the hospital and thirty hours later, after horrendous surgery, was released. To my utter shock his face was practically normal. The wonders of skin grafting, I thought. Now what was I going to do? All my plans, all my hoping. I couldn't act like Cher is my son had a few measly skin graft scars!

Oh well. Life goes on.

Another Interview

Sitting around the Commons, the editor (S.R.) is waiting for the rest of Tussen-Up's editorial staff to show up. God-dammit, they were supposed to be here by nine o'clock. We gotta get an issue out by Friday and it's already Wednesday night. What am I gonna do?

Zirk - How 'bout interviewing me on the clove situation at the Daily Grind!

SR (thinking to self: *Yeah, we could use an article about the type of clothing people wear there. . . yeah, a fashion article, of sorts.*) Okay, shoot.

Zirk-Well, I feel that the owner of the Grind, Chuck, is purposely discriminating against us by outlawing skateboards and clove cigarettes.

SR-Oh yeah. . .

Zirk-Yeah, fuck Chuck man.

SR-Whaddaya gonna do 'bout it?

Sparky-Instigate a riot.

Zirk-Well, the other day we were in the Grind smoking a clove and the waitress asked if it was a clove. We replied, "What's a clove? This is a Critique—get the spelling right on that—cigarette." Then the waitress replied "oh."

SR-Oh? Shoulda told her it was pot, then she'd said it was groovy.

Zirk-Yeah.

SR-Well, what about clothes.

Zirk-Cloves! (holds up cigarettes)

SR-Fuck! I thought this was gonna be a fashion article.

Zirk-I feel that if Chuck is gonna outlaw clove cigarettes and skateboards "absolutely" he should also outlaw open minds, artsy faggots who wear too much black and drink too much coffee and dead hippies trying to run businesses.

Chef-And he raised the prices too! (to S.R.) I don't wanna be in this interview.

SR-Well, why don't you go in there smoking cigars or something really obnoxious like that.



Sparky-They're too fat.

SR-Too fat?

Sparky-Yeah, they weigh too much, man.

Zirk-No way man. Ask any one of the Native's groupies—they'll tell you clove cigarettes are cool and you can't smoke anything else.

SR-So you got any plans like to maybe run over Chuck with a skateboard or something like that?

Zirk-No, but I bet John wants to kill him.

SR-John?

Zirk-Yeah, John Latrine always wants to kill someone, that's what he always says. (If Terry doesn't kill him first.)

SR-And some concluding remarks. . .

Sparky-Cloves aren't fat—they don't weigh as much.

Zirk-(To Sparky) This is *my* fashion interview. Anyway. . .if Chuck feels he can institute these kinds of rules out of blind prejudice—pretty big words, huh—he oughta run for the Bloomington City Council. . .By the way, make sure to buy The Natives' "Dead or Alive in '85" tape coming out this summer.



Greenwood Indiana

"Scene Report"

(see Post-Skellagore, et. al. concert party review for further reference.)

PUNK PIG SEX

Dear Ours *Tusser Up*

I belong to a punk band called the "Hard-Ons" and our motto is "Fuck long and hard," and we take it serious, man. Besides drinking and giggling wherever and whenever we can, we are *always* looking for chicks to fuck. Fuck, and that's all! We don't want any involvement, we just wanna fuck! And, man, is it ever easy. Everywhere we go, chicks are jumping all over us, screaming to get humped. To me my life with the band is a dream. A real macho pig's dream, cause that's what I am, and I ain't never gonna change, why should I!

When I first started with the band about a year ago, I was really shy. I thought being in a punk band just meant dressing up, playing off-key and getting doped up as often as possible. Soon after we started our first few gigs, chicks I'd known in school started throwing themselves at me. Shift! I'd be right up on stage, and they'd start screaming at me from the audience to take out my cock, or come down into the audience and show what I got up close. At first I couldn't believe it, and I just did nothing. The other guys in the band were just as ignorant as me. But slowly we started to get hip, especially when we'd find naked chicks waiting for us in our dressing room.

I'd been raised to play the whole dating and waiting game like so many other stupid young guys. How many nights I went home with a hard-on and jerked off in the bathroom to get my release. How many women had turned me down so I didn't even want to try anymore. Sure, I got to some, but with most I ended up with blue balls and an aching arm from sitting with it in the drive-in in the same position for two hours, too scared to make a move. I was 19 before I got my first blow job.

None of us in the group knew that we were going to start getting assaulted by chicks like we did. At first, it was a fucking dream come true. Instant pussy, night after night. But after a while, I noticed that all these chicks could hardly tell the difference between me and the rest of the guys in the band. They just wanted to fuck a member of the "Hard-Ons," so they could tell their girlfriends or whatever, that they had made us. It was meatrack time, but now it was in reverse—the chicks were doing to us what we were always supposed to be doing to them.

I didn't like the feeling. Neither did the other guys in the band. So we decided to turn the tables—we decided to make them beg. They wanted to fuck us, great, but they'd have to do it our way. We'd get some chick and all of us would pass her around. Bobby, Charlie, Joseph and me or as we were known in the band—Razor, Shiv, Rage and Scuzz.

This one young bitch came into our room after the gig. She was high and had the biggest tits we ever saw. "Fuck me!" She screamed at the top of her lungs. "Fuck me!" Well, we didn't need any prompting, we were all over her in a second, tearing her clothes off and laughing. We're always hyper after a performance, so our energy was tremendous. We fucked her for an hour and a half—in the pussy, in the ass, in the mouth, anywhere you could fit, and she loved it, the bitch. Finally, we pretended we were in a porno movie and decided to come in her face all at once. I couldn't believe it, but we carried it off and splattered her face in one giant cum. She just groaned and fell asleep. We left her there and went for beers.

Things haven't changed—neither us or the bitches we fuck. We go for the pleasure, *our* pleasure. These chicks who come around, they know what they're getting into, and we aren't fooled anymore that they want us for ourselves. Isn't that a laugh? We say the same lines that chicks always use on guys. For us it's true. Women want us because we are a fantasy to them, not real people with feelings. So why should we have real feelings for them—Fuck 'em! And we do, man, we do!

Scuzz Jackson

San Francisco

Greenwood, IN

Killing Joke of the Month

Bloomington Common Councilman Lloyd Olcott pulled the council's president, Pat Gross, back from the crowd yesterday after about 100 people surged forward to try and prevent the council from approving an incinerator to burn PCB-laden materials.

Let them eat cancer!

The Herald-Telephone

The policy of this newspaper is to strive for accuracy!

Like perfection, total accuracy may be unattainable; however, it will remain our primary goal and we will not feel satisfied until it is within our grasp.

Scott Clark Schurz Publisher and Editor-in-Chief

William B. Schrader Editor Michael J. Hefron General Manager

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Our opinion

Democracy ill-served

The angry, threatening mob that made chaos of Wednesday night's Bloomington City Council meeting demonstrated how the privileges of a free and open society can be abused. Mockery was made of the democratic process.

This blatant attempt by a minority to use outrageous behavior and threats of force to impose its will on

allow themselves to be coerced by the
inter interest
oppo at consent decree

rich because the decisions are made in their
T) interest. They are pleased at how well they rule
the others. The others smile too, thinking that
their rulers know best."

—Gang of Four