

the Return of...

TUSSIN-UP



Issue No. 4

Summer 1986

In This Issue:

- CIA/Tussin-Up Bloomington Sabotage Manual
- Hardcore & in Bed-by 11 (1986 Scene Report)
- Reviews, Reviews Reviews (*Record, Party, Bad Beer, Bad Art Shows, etc.*)
- How Big Is Your Egg?

Tablespoonful of Contributors

Publisher Stephen Romilar
BAD TV Editor Troy
Music Editor & Cover Poor Trudy
Science Editor Bill e. Goat
Miscellaneous Maxwell Malice,
Jan & Andries (from Berlin) and the
CIA.

Tussin-Up magazine is published in Bloomington by a group of cultural terrorists. After a year of dormancy this rag is now resuming publication as a quarterly. Please send all correspondence to *Tussin-Up*, c/o S. Miller, 1008 S. Henderson, Bloomington, IN 47401.

3. TO ACTIVATE THE DEVICE:
A) HOLD THE BOTTLE IN ONE HAND WITH
YOUR ARM EXTENDED.
B) LIGHT THE RAG WITH YOUR OTHER HAND.
C) IMMEDIATELY THROW THE LIGHTED
BOTTLE AT YOUR OBJECTIVE WITH SUFFICIENT
FORCE THAT IT BREAKS ON IMPACT.

Ten Reasons Why I Would Move to Indianapolis

(by S. Romilar)

1. If I were given \$1 million.
2. If I were given \$10 million.
3. If I were given the National Treasury.
4. If I were given the world's nuclear arsenal.
5. If I could forcibly evacuate Indpls. the way they did in Cambodia with Phnom Pehn.
6. If I could keep Nancy Reagan chained up in my cellar (and a had a cellar).
7. If I could flood Lake Erie into most of Indiana.
8. If quaaludes were made legal and I was given proprietorship of Eli Lilly.
9. If I could put the Libyan government in charge of public safety during the Indianapolis 500.
10. etc. etc. etc.

This Issue's Quotable Quote

"Oh no! Are those more copies of *Tussin-Up*?! I thought I destroyed them all. People *still* come up to me and ask: 'Do you *really* eat cum?'"

—Bill e. Goat

Cheap Beer Reviews by Ransom (The Frugal Brew Gourmet)

Wisconsin Club: "Totally decadent. . . better than other cheap beers, it's a frat boys beer. . . for people who have bad parents and no money. One beer fart above Braumeister."

Buckhorn: "This is a *good* six-fart beer . . . for the price it's actually an eight-fart beer!"

Braumeister: "The worst beer in existence. . . You can't even fart with it unless you eat Whitecastles."

Black Label: "Is the cheapest watered down beer. Just because the Sex Pistols drank it doesn't mean it has any redeeming qualities."

Old Milwaukee: "For the five to six dollar a case price-range it's to be revered even if it's kinda bad."

Milwaukee's Best: "Is probably Milwaukee's most redeeming thing."

Drewry's: "Once upon a time I was at a friend's house when we bought a case of this beer. We opened it and there was a dead fish in it and the fish was the highlight of the eveving. . . it's a tit-oriented beer."

Red, White & Blue: "It's two stars above Black Label, eight stars above Braumeister and damn good with a shot of Scotch."

How Big Is Your Ego?

(The following quiz and answers [printed overleaf] were stolen from The Legend published in London. If you'd like to write them and tell them they've been ripped off write c/o Sherrick, Green Road, Willesden, London, NW10, England.)

1. You're at a gig, feeling good, looking cool, snapping them fingers along to the Godfather, when some chick comes up and asks you for a match. You reply...

- a) Now or later darlin'?
- b) Nothing and siddle nervously away
- c) (beaming) Your face and my arse
- d) (beaming broadly) My face, your arse
- e) My cock, your arse

2. She slaps you across the face rather hard, obviously exited by this dazzling display of ready wit. Now's your chance to consolidate your gains. You say...

- a) I knew that would get you going
- b) Nothing and try to shoot yourself
- c) Ooh, nae wee braune wi' thar thaire me lass
- d) Sorry, my mistake...Your face, my arse
- e) What, now?

3. She starts to cry, obviously overcome by your manly presence. You...

- a) Try to touch her up
- b) Fall over and crap yourself
- c) Go for a feel or her bazoomas
- d) Say, "alright then, your face, his arse"
- e) Think, "bloody feminists" and kneel her one

4. Well, it is now a couple of hours later and you are both outside the door of your spacious pad. What is the first thing you should do when you get inside?

- a) Slip her a length
- b) Lock yourself in the bathroom and cut your wrists
- c) Put your brand new Legend! single on
- d) Check to see if your new joke catalog arrived yet
- e) Give her a light

5. Preliminaries over, it's time to get onto the serious business of the night. You...

- a) Introduce the cat to the proceedings
- b) Give yourself up to the nearest priest
- c) Put your Ramones' L.P.'s on
- d) Get out your old Rag Mags
- e) Fall asleep

6. But first, the chick...she wants a drink! What do you suggest?

- a) a long hard suck to help you rise to the occasion (nudge, nudge, knowarrimean)
- b) Alka-seltzer
- c) Anything with Bailey's in it
- d) Tea with salt in it
- e) The pub, if it's still open

7. A wise choice sirrah! And I'm sure that doll's feeling hungry as well so what do you give her?

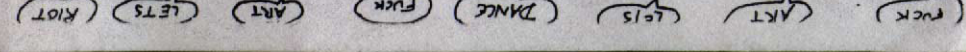
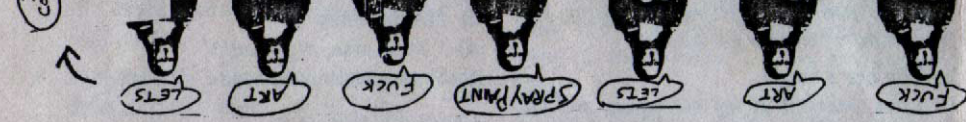
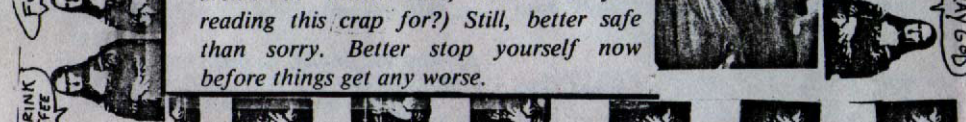
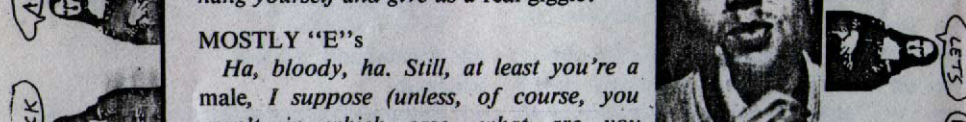
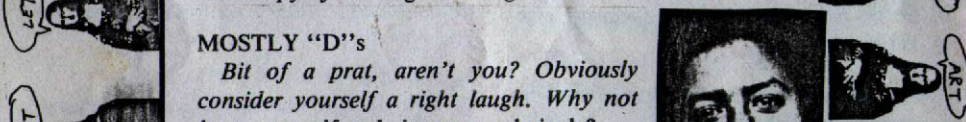
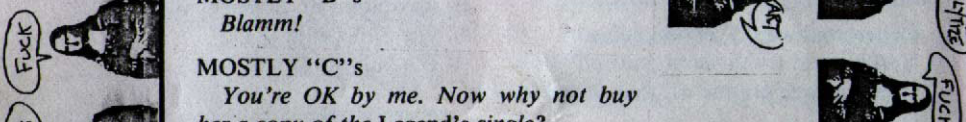
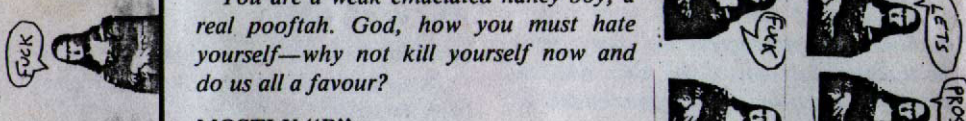
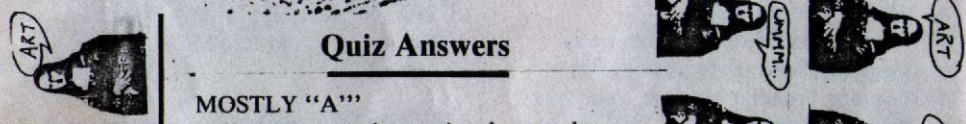
- a) A nibble on your sweet corn
- b) Your larder, your bank account, everything! As long as she'll go away and leave you alone!
- c) A mammoth Yorkie
- d) Soap
- e) Nothing, 'cos everyone knows girls never eat

8. And so, finally, to bed. You propose...

- a) Anything, as long as you're on top
- b) Divorce
- c) Headphones
- d) "Your arse, my face!!!"
- e) Separate sleeping bags

Pleasant dreams.....

TEST RESULTS APPEAR ON THE
FOLLOWING PAGE



CONCERNED CITIZENS AGAINST ART

Quiz Answers

MOSTLY "A"

You are a weak emaciated nancy-boy, a real poofstah. God, how you must hate yourself—why not kill yourself now and do us all a favour?

MOSTLY "B"s

Blamm!

MOSTLY "C"s

You're OK by me. Now why not buy her a copy of the Legend's single?

MOSTLY "D"s

Bit of a prat, aren't you? Obviously consider yourself a right laugh. Why not hang yourself and give us a real giggle?

MOSTLY "E"s

Ha, bloody, ha. Still, at least you're a male, I suppose (unless, of course, you aren't—in which case, what are you reading this crap for?) Still, better safe than sorry. Better stop yourself now before things get any worse.





Concerned Citizens Against Art at CultureStock

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

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

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

ART POLICE OFFICIAL NOTICE OF VIOLATION OF ARTISTIC LICENSE

Name of Offender _____	Date _____
Name of Art Police Representative _____	Time _____

CITATION OF OFFENSES (See Code Below)

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

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

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

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



This Week on TV

The Love Boat: Palestinian guerillas hijack the Love Boat. Muscular dystrophy victim confined to wheelchair, played by Jerry Lewis, gets pitched over the side of the ship.

Lives of the Rich and Famous: Show visits the former quarters of billionaire Howard Hughes for a first-ever tour of the late tycoon's collection of mason jars filled with his own urine.

Dallas: J.R. gets busted by FBI agents for selling military secrets to what were posing as Russian agents. J.R. faces espionage charges for selling \$7,000 Black'n-Decker screwdrivers and \$11,000 toilet seats to the Commies.

Twenty/Twenty: Geraldo Rivero (a.k.a., Jerry Rivers) gets buried alive by the Italian Anti-Defamation Society.

Premiere of "The Alan Alda Story" (made for TV movie); Starring Alan Alda, directed by Alan Alda, written by Alan Alda, produced by Alan Alda. Sponsored by Virginia Slims cigarettes and Harloquin Romance novels.

MTV: Show does live on-the-scene report from the National Women's Music Festival in Bloomington, Ind. Features the controversial *Tussin-Up* sponsored "Women in Heavy Metal" workshop with panelists Joan Jett, Girls School and Betsy Bitch (lead singer from Bitch, of course).

Also on the metal scene, MTV has its exclusive premier of the new video by Feedback From Hell, the new heavy metal acappella band doing their accappella version of "Free Bird."

Dick Cavett: Cavett's guest this evening is Stewart Bran, publisher of the *Granola Earth Catalog*, talking about his new book, *The Oh-Wow of Physics: It's Like, You Know, Cosmic.*

Tussin-Up Culture Corner

Bad Poetry by E. W. Erstwhile

'Body Parts the Sea'

*The corpulence twisted about my neck
Strains my heart, sinks my emotions.*

*Five times I've been summoned
To survey the desolate remains
to exclaim to my satisfaction
and to choke down my regrets!*

*Sputter, sputter, toil and mutter.
Melt my butter.*

Bartender! Smickity smackity smick smack!

*The phone was slammed down.
She refused to answer.
My pleas, like my forehead
Ignored, ignobly.*

*To be mocked.
Would be better than this
Yet there is no recourse but
To continue
Squinting into the setting sun.*

*Toiling, ever onward
Like a vanquished hobo.*

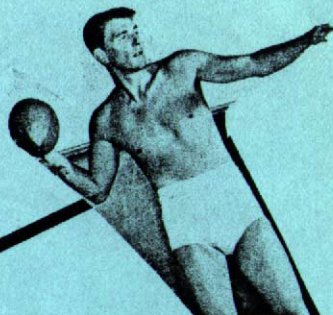
"No magazine is complete
without bad poetry."
— S. Romilar

ER NIGHT REVIEW

(Editor's Note: Er is a literary/art magazine that occasionally holds shows at Second Story. So we were warned, I guess.)

Nobody had anything new and original. . .including this reviewer—I stole the comment from somebody else. I guess that all I should say 'cept there was a great performance art piece by "Charo", this artist we knew who was speeding her little eyeballs off and yelling at everybody things like "Everything is art!!" "You're all dead! I'm the only one here that's alive!" Yep, if there's stars to be had she'd get 'em

THE FREEDOM FIGHTER'S MANUAL



"CIA Publishes Sabotage Manual...."

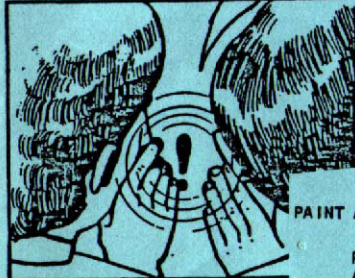
--Associated Press

Last year it was revealed that the CIA prepared a manual to instruct the Nicaraguan contras in ways to sabotage and help bring down the government of Nicaragua. *Tussin-Up* decided to some pages from this little primer and adapt it a little to give all you fuzzies and troublemakers out there some hints for summertime fun. Maybe you can even "neutralize" (that's CIA doubletalk for guess what) some of our city officials and captains of commerce and industry. At any rate for us it's just a joke, but for the people who wrote this primer it is a Killing Joke.

SPREAD RUMORS

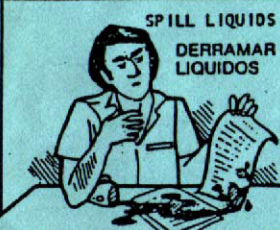
DISEMINAR RUMORES

That's right! DKs,
Black Flag, Discharge
and Husker Du!



(Should be beer
spilling on people.)

SPILL LIQUIDS
DERRAMAR
LIQUIDOS



ART
PAINT ANTI-SANDINISTA SLOGANS

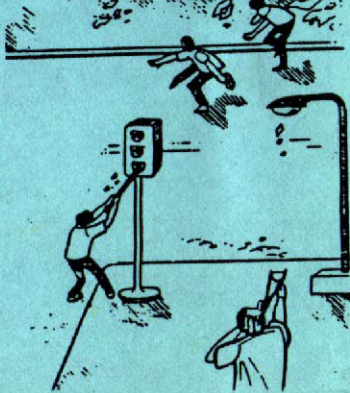
PINTAR CONSIGNAS
ANTISANDINISTAS

VIVA
EL PAPA
TUSSIN

LONG LIVE THE
POPE
TUSSIN



PUT DIRT IN THE
CARBURETOR AND
DISTRIBUTOR



TELEFONEAR HACIENDO
RESERVACIONES
FALSAS EN
HOTELES,
ETC.

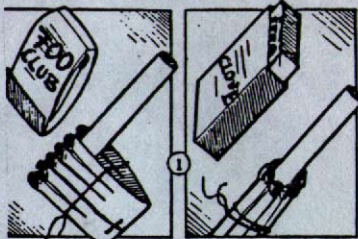
YEAH, THAT'S
IT. 10 Pizzas,
2 dozen roses,
and a cab
for Miss
Fillips.



TELEPHONE TO
MAKE FALSE HOTEL
RESERVATIONS, ETC.



1. PLACE AN UNLIGHTED CIGARETTE BETWEEN TWO ROWS OF MATCHES. UNITE THEM TOGETHER BY TYING THEM FIRMLY WITH A STRING.
2. WRAP THE MATCHES IN DRY PAPER OR ANY OTHER INFLAMMABLE SUBSTANCE. PLACE THE DEVICE



1. COLOCAR UN CIGARRILLO NO ENCENDIDO ENTRE AMBAS HILERAS DE FOSFOROS. UNIRLOS FIRMEMENTE ATÁNDOLOS CON UNA CUERDA.
2. ENVOLVER LOS FOSFOROS EN PAPEL SECO O CUALQUIER OTRA SUSTANCIA INFLAMABLE. COLOQUE EL DISPOSITIVO ENTRE CAJAS VACÍAS DE CARTÓN O MADERA.
3. ENCENDER EL CIGARRILLO POR SU EXTREMO LIBRE. LOS FOSFOROS SE ENCENDERÁN EN 5 O 10 MINUTOS.

PERFORATING FUEL TANKS
WITH AN ICE PICK.

None
will even notice
that there's
no brew

PERFORANDO
TANQUES DE
COMBUSTIBLE
CON UN PUNZÓN
DE HIELO

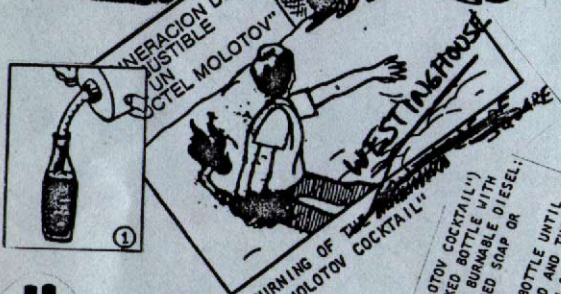


ICE PICK OR
SIMILAR TOOL

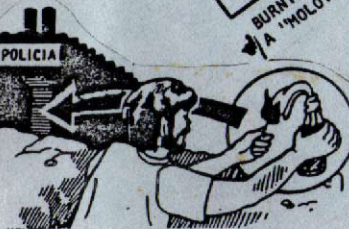
PUNZÓN DE HIELO
O HERRAMIENTA SEMEJANTE



BETWEEN EMPTY WOODEN OR INTO
CARTON BOXES. Mouth
3. LIGHT THE CIGARETTE AT THE
FREE END. THE MATCHES WILL BE
LIGHT IN 5 OR 10 MINUTES.

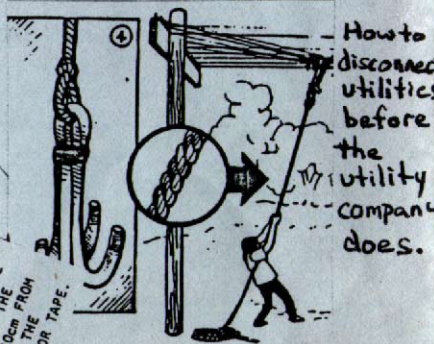


BURNING OF THE
"MOLOTOV COCKTAIL"



INCENDIARY BOMB ("MOLOTOV COCKTAIL")
1. FILL A NARROW-NECKED BOTTLE WITH
GASOLINE, KEROSENE, OR BURNABLE LIQUID
BETTER STILL, IF SHREDDED SOAP OR
2. INSERT A RAG IN THE BOTTLE WITH
ONE END TOUCHES THE LIQUID AND THE
OTHER EXTENDS NO MORE THAN 20cm FROM
THE RIM OF THE BOTTLE. SEAL THE
BOTTLE TIGHTLY WITH A STRING OR TAPE.

KEEP THE POLICE
& UNWANTED
GUESTS
AWAY



Issue # 4
(1 year overdue)

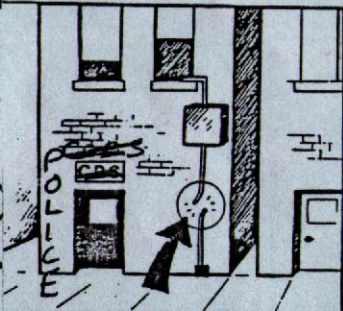
LLEGAR TARDE
AL TRABAJO
COME LATE
TO WORK
DELAY IN
COMPLETING TASKS



BREAK LIGHT BULBS
AND WINDOWS AT
S. SIDE OF
SQUARE



DECLARARSE ENFERMO
PARA NO
TRABAJAR



CUT CABLES OF ALARM SYSTEMS

CUT THE
TELEPHONE CABLES

CORTAR CABLES
DE TELEFONOS



More Bloomington Summer Fun Tips!



TELEFONEAR DANDO
FALSAS ALARMAS DE
INCENDIOS Y DELITOS

TELEPHONE GIVING FALSE
ALARMS OF FIRES AND CRIMES

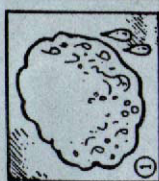


DAMNAR LIBROS

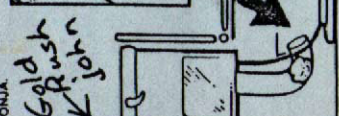


ROBAR
OCULTAR
DOCUMENTOS
CLAVES
STEAL, HIDE
KEY
DOCUMENTS

1. VET A SPONGE
2. WRAP THE SPONGE TIGHTLY WITH A STRING AND LET IT DRY
3. REMOVE THE STRING
4. INTRODUCE THE SPONGE INTO TOILETS OR WATER DRAINS TO STOP THEM UP AS THE SPONGE SWELLS

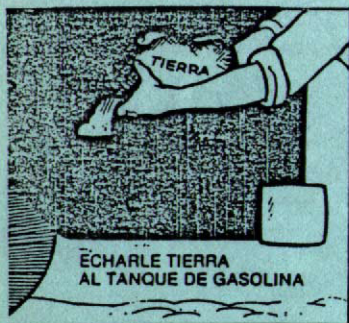


1. MOJAR UNA ESPONJA.
2. ENVOLVER LA ESPONJA BIEN APRETADA CON UNA CUERDA Y DEJARLA SECAR.
3. REMOVER LA CUERDA.
4. INTRODUCIR LA ESPONJA EN CUALQUIER INODORO O CONDUCTO DE DESAGUE PARA ASI OBSTRUIRLO AL HINCHARSE LA ESPONJA.

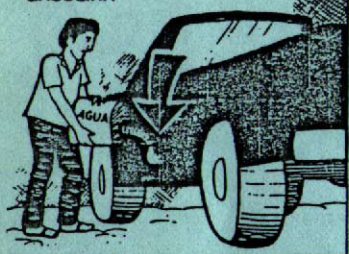


or Chi-Chi's or
similar establish-
ment

PUT DIRT INTO GASOLINE TANKS



ECHAR AGUA EN EL TANQUE DE GASOLINA



PUT WATER IN GASOLINE TANKS

BLOOMINGTON CAR & ROAD "REPAIR" TIPS



PUT NAILS ON ROADS AND HIGHWAYS

BREAK THE DISTRIBUTOR COIL

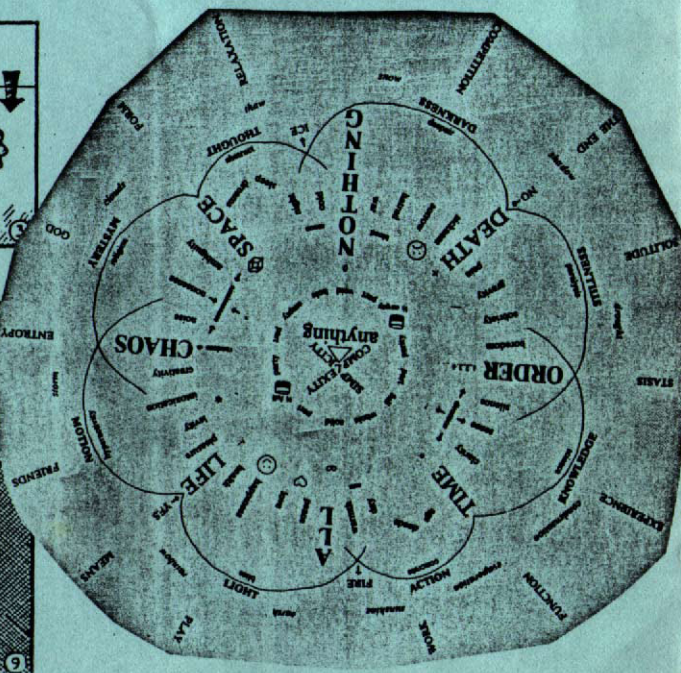
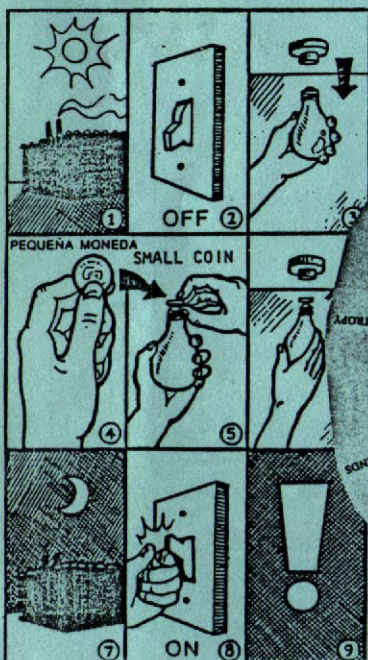
ROMPER LA BOBINA DEL DISTRIBUIDOR



DIG DITCHES IN THE HIGHWAYS

CORTAR LOS CABLES DE LAS BOBINAS
CUT THE CABLES OF THE COIL

ROBAR LA TAPA DEL ROTOR
STEAL THE ROTOR CAP



Tussin-Up Party Reviews

Party Review by Shanty Danny (formerly Disorderly Dan)

Party on Lincoln Street: Participant's mouths were well watered with common party mixture of barley, malt and hops when I arrived. When this drink ran dry we were gratefully switched to gin, rum, or vodka. Not many folks had nicotine but your lungs were graciously filled. Lively flashcube provided interesting spots of blue and orange in your eyes. Fun for all involved.

★★★★¼

By Stephen Romilar ▶

PARTY RATING SYSTEM

5 stars—got drunk & laid; 4 stars—got real drunk & kinda recall having a good time; 3 stars—beer never ran out but people weren't too interesting; 2 stars—beer ran out & so did I; 1 star—walked in and wanted to kill everyone there.



Sample Film.
\$2

Teen
Meat

☐ B&W \$10.00
☐ Color \$20.00

SATAN SEX CEREMONIES
See Satanist rites of Anal and Oral sex; the Black Mass Orgy of wild intercourse; the conjuring of the Evil Prince; the sacrifice of the Virgin; Action photos of wanton believers in Witchcraft in b&w and color, \$5.00

Photos \$4.00

Review of Same Party as above by Bill e. Goat

The party was really not a party as all the people were dead pseudo-hippies trying to be obnoxious and disorderly. There were two reasons why there was beer left: 1) the people were all lightweights, and 2) it was so unpopular that no one stayed.

★★

7th & DUNN PARTY REVIEW

This was definitely some sort of social milestone. It had a lot going for it: it started at midnight, had dark beer on tap, and a good mix of people. The highlight definitely was when about 10 shantytown neohippie/politicos decided to make some sort of statement by taking off all their clothes. One tried to get me to do the same—I was too wasted to recall exactly what he was saying. . . I think it had something to do with freedom and abandoning all rules and inhibitions. Well, I used to be an anarchist until I started driving a car—besides I was wearing leather pants, so I unzipped my fly and said, "O.K. That's as far as I go." He sneered and walked away. I guess I was doing my thing improperly.

Another bad point—only minor, though. They kept taking off my tapes. Not such a bad thing in itself but someone took the trouble to "explain" to me that my tape had been causing "bad vibrations." Actually, that may have been a plus for the party. After all, imagine that, *vibrations*, here in Blomington, Indiana, and it's 1986 even! Well, one of these days neohippies may actually discover that psychedelic music is something other than the Grateful Dead and Stink Floyd.

All in all, I had a real good time and it seemed like everyone else did too.

★★★★★

Top Ten On My Walkman

Michael Stipes (a.k.a. Maxwell Malice)

1. *I'm Your Meat, Man* - Vegetable Soup Kitchen
2. *Muff Divin' in Willkie South* - Gizmos
3. *Cement Macrame* - Canned Art
4. *Zooma Zooma Zooma Zoom* - Zoom Kids
5. *No More Punching Joe Around* - David Johnston
6. *Big Eyed Beans From Venus* - Capt. Beefheart
7. *God Bless Our Hippie Home* - Assortment
8. *Hairball Espresso* - The Coffee Cats
9. *Kick Out the Jams* - Burnt Toast
10. 52% - 13th Power

Stephen Romilar

1. *My Baby's Gone* - Sound Barrier
2. *You Were Born For Me* - Breakers
3. *Wanted Dead or Alive* - Rogues
4. *She Lied* - Rockin' Ramrods
5. *The Third Eye* - Dovers
6. *Pictures of Matchstick Men* - Angry Samoans
7. *No More Punching Joe No More* - David Johnston
8. *Calm Me Down* - Human Expression
9. any version of V. Morrison's *Gloria*
10. anything that annoys artists and hippies who listen to music performed with insufficient amounts of electricity.

Absolutely Most Hated: *Stairway to Heaven* or just about anything recorded in the mid-1970s or just about anything played at the "Daily Grind" coffeehouse.

Troy (non-headbanger [you know him, but you don't talk to him because he doesn't talk to you])

1. *Slip Inside This House* - 13th Floor Elevators
 2. *Back at the Funny Farm* - Motorhead
 3. *Seele Brennt* - Einsturzende Neubauten
 4. *Whoa!* - Soul Asylum
 5. *Wasted* - Camper Van Beethoven
 6. *Pictures of Matchstick Men* - Status Quo
 7. *Enter the Exterminator* - Scraping Foetus Off the Wheel
 8. *Neon Meate Dream of an Octafish* - Capt. Beefheart
 9. *We'll Go through the Windshield Together* - Couch Flambeaus
 10. any Carl Perkins
 - 10½ *Hi, How Are You* - David Johnston
- Absolutely Worst Song Ever: *American Pie*

Top Ten on My Watchman

1. The Munsters
2. The Brady Bunch
3. The 700 Club
4. Tammy Faye Bakker's House Party
5. Dennis the Menace
6. Lost in Space
7. Leave it to Beaver
8. The Partridge Family
9. The Beverly Hillbillies
10. Green Acres

Poor Trudy's Record Reviews

Bill e. Goat

1. *Fight Fire With Fire* - Metallica
 2. *Four Horsemen* - Ditto
 3. *Number of the Beast* - Iron Maiden
 4. *Kiss* - Prince
 5. *These Boots Were Made For Walkin'* - Mega Death
 6. *Hello Again* (dub version) - Cars
 7. *Smokin' in the Boys Room* - Motley Crue
 8. *Love Me* - Flat Deuo Jets
 9. *Back in Business Again* - AC/DC
 10. *Prisoner* - Iron Maiden
- Absolute Worst Song: *Any* Led Zeppelin

Poor Trudy's Top Ten

1. Nils - *Sell Out Young 12"* ep
2. Dickies - *We're Not the World* cassette
3. *Fun at the Zoo* - ep
4. Metallica - *Master of Puppets* Lp
5. Celtic Frost *To Mega Therian* Lp
6. Sweet *"Fox on the Run"*
7. Naked Raygun *"All Rise"*
8. P.I.L.
9. Chemotherapy - *I don't want to be Watched* ep
10. ALL CHROME!!

Rockmasters Top 10

1. *Crazy Horses* - Osmonds
2. *Conduit* - Dog as Master
3. *To Mega Therion* - Celtic Frost
4. *The Force* - Onslaught
5. *Swirled Up Marshmellow* - Lucky Charms
6. *Hot Rocks* - Rolling Stones
7. *The Other* - Tiny Tim
8. *Spinal Tap Soundtrack*
9. *A Family Affair* - The Inbred
10. *Alive I* - Kiss

GET SMART — "*Swimming With Sharks*" — This is Get Smart's 2nd Lp. The overall production quality is higher than their first and the singing, particularly the male/female harmonies, has also improved. Get Smart has a real dancable powerpop sound with ultra-cryptic lyrics. The songs on this album sacrifice their earlier melodies for rhythm and power — which is my only complaint.

NAKED RAYGUN — "*All Rise*" — This is the Godlike second Lp from this Chicago band. Their style has changed from their earlier schizophrenic punk sound to one of more fluid melodies and subdued vocals. It just rocks out completely by golly!

GBH — "*Midnight Madness and Beyond*" — This album isn't bad but GBH's overall style has taken a bad turn in recent years. The tunes are pretty generic and the lyrics are typically stupid and self-indulgent. But that's to be expected... It still rocks once in a while...

CRAMPS — "*A Date With Elvis*" — **Finally** another Cramps album! And it's not bad either! Lux's singing is supreme as is Ivy's guitar. But the songs lack some of the trashy quality they became so well known for... And, much to my dismay, they put in **Bass trax!** Oh no! Just don't let it happen again... OK?



HARDCORE & in Bed By Eleven

The Summer 1986 Bloomington Scene Report

by Andries van Niekirk (yousee that's my African name, 'cept I'm white)

You dudes haven't heard much from Bloomington since my older brother wrote that report for *Tussin-Up* you reprinted last year. I asked him if he was gonna write another and he told me to mellow out. That worried me. So I guess I'm gonna have to write.

I'm not so sure what happened to my brother. I guess it all started when he got a steady girlfriend and went to a lot of parties with her and got into fights and then went home with her and fought some more. One night he got so drunk that he went home and listened to Public Image Limited's "Lowlife" about forty times while drinking tequila, Molsons and grenadine and then went out and tossed a rock through the window of a church. I guess he staggered on down the street and ran into a cop car at a corner. The cops stopped him and asked him to touch his nose. "What's a nose?" he replied. (I'm reading from the police report his lawyers gave mom but hid from me—if they find out I've read this I won't get that BMX bike for not having smoked a cigarette before my fifteenth birthday [even though I have]). He asked them "What's a nose?" (He claims he doesn't remember any of this.) And then he fell backwards over the back of their car. They dragged him into the back of his car and then he puked all over it. When they took him into the station they tried to book him and of course asked him his name and then he jumped up and went "What church window!? What rock!?" And then he threw up again, passed out, and woke up the next morning, with a vandalism charge added onto his public intoxication charge.

He didn't say much about it for a long time but there was some sort of court bullshit and he got a suspended sentence and had to do "public restitution". He decided to repay his debt to society by working at this International Center on campus. The place is run by this Iranian playboy/alcoholic who doesn't like the U.S. and thought my brother was great when he found out what he did. So instead of having him do chores around the place all they ever do is get real stoned and listen to music. So I don't see him too much anymore, especially since he decided to move out and everything.

I tried to get arrested for a while — I tried vandalizing a bit and then some spray painting — and then someone told me that you don't always get to get stoned if you get arrested. I didn't know that. So then I decided to start hanging out more with the punks.

Since I'm real small for a fourteen-year-old and my voice is still real high a lot of them like to think of me as their little brother and want to be my role model or something. I decided to hang out at this one place full of older punks who mostly sit around and watch television and drink really cheap beer a lot. There was one guy who really thought I should be taught how to be cool like him but I couldn't drink like him. I'd always fall asleep after two beers and besides I don't like to throw up.

So I decided to hang out with the death rockers for a while. I like the look a lot but I don't think I want to do drugs and I think they're all probably homos or something.

Then I crashed some art parties. The artists weren't too interested in talking to me or anything even though I tried to look interested at all the stupid shit they spend all their time with. And besides I couldn't smoke cigarettes the right way.

Then there were these real twisted people who kind of hung out around the punks but weren't punks and kind of hung out around artists but definitely were not artists. In fact they **hate** artists. There was this one art opening where they asked me if I wanted to disrupt it by shooting people with this water pistol shaped like a machinegun that they had just bought at K-Mart. I said sure. What they didn't tell me was that instead of having water in the water pistols they put in clorox bleach! So after I ran around the room squirting people their clothes started getting these really cool splotches. Except they didn't think it was so cool — I guess they really cherish every square inch of their black — and they got real mad and started chasing me. Well, that's the last time I'll ever hang out with those anti-art dicks.

About this time the students over the University set up a South African-style shantytown. I went over and set up a little shanty of my own. I made mine look like a coffin. They didn't like me too much because they said my music was too loud and they didn't like the swastika on my jacket. They griped at me some but then basically just tried to ignore me. Since I didn't have anything else to do and couldn't stand their shitty music I decided to read these books on South Africa that got donated to the shantytown that nobody wanted to read because they were "too intense."

Just after classes let out at the university there was a big meeting about divestment with the Trustees. All the leaders had gone back home and most of the people left didn't know much about what was going on. In fact, they didn't get it together to have a meeting until fifteen minutes before the Trustees meeting began. Nobody wanted to speak on behalf of divestment so then I stood up and said "I'll speak!" Well, they hemmed and hawed but were running out of time so I ended up giving a twenty minute talk before my voice gave out (nobody even bought me a Coke or anything.) So then I became the leader of shantytown. I read about how the blacks are starting to set up their own governments in the townships so I decided we should do the same. First I set up a People's Court, then I issued our own currency. Then, since most of the interest in South Africa drifted away and some of my friends from middle school started hanging out there I decided to really make some changes. So, me and a couple of guys passed a rule expelling everyone from shantytown who was over sixteen, tore down a bunch of shantys and are now working on a couple of skate ramps and a place to hold shows.

So spread the word... we're looking for groups to play at I.U. Shanty-Hardcore Town. Just write me c/o this magazine or Shantytown.

Gotta go now, my stepdad says I've got to go to school this week or he'll come down here after me.

Germans Bust Tussin!

OR

I Had Too Much To Dream Last Summer

I spent my summer in Europe. And to repay the hospitality of my Berlin hosts—an expatriate American friend and her German compatriot, I sent them a little Euro-Tussin care package. But things don't always turn out the way they should ... which is just as well for the sake of copy. [Stephen Romilar]

Dear Stephen,

The Truth according to Germans ascertained that the pro mil dosage of vitamins to which your average Kraut is entitled to was surpassed by Your Excellency's [that's me: SR] most kind Present [3 bottles of delicious General Nutrition megavitamins, a bottle of cough syrup, a couple of copies of this rag and a used paisley shirt]. Therefore, we were, so-to-say, forced to send them back to Sender. Customs was also of the opinion that pernicious bronchitis be just as curable, if not more so, by using legal pharmaceutical products which are produced in the Federal Republic of Germany [a.k.a. West Germany, *our* Germany]. Fortunately, they were unable to pass judgement on the literary quality, not to mention originality and contents of your work, otherwise known as *Tussin-Up*. We now have them in our possession, along with one said paisley shirt and did, indeed, cause an uproar amongst my husband's artsy friends. So much so that he was forced to don his jacket in order to cause an ebb in the hideous growls emanating from their throats!

We, however, have discovered a manoeuvre to avoid the recurrence of such problems: Our friend who is Director of [hmmm. . . it's getting incriminating, I'm sorry folks, I'll just have to skip over the details here] has an American Post Box Number. Anything received over this address is not party to German regulations—because **they lost the war!**

[seems to be appended, as if an afterthought, this final paragraph. . .] Stevo—this is getting too difficult. I just want to say that we really appreciate you thinking of us and sending all those goodies. It's a shame we had to send them back! If you still have the energy to try again, when they finally return home, you could send the vitamins to: [you gotta be kidding if you think I'll go into details here!] Unfortunately, they destroyed (!) the cough syrup. I pleaded for a slug and a vitamin to wash down it with, but they were deaf to my pleas. If the finances are too much for you and you need a booster we can send it to you — specify how much and in which currency you'd like it! [How 'bout Hungarian Forints?] By the way, can I be a contributing foreign correspondent for your paper? . . .

And finally, this P.S. . .

. . . don't drink too much of that stuff, Steve, Cuban rum is better for you!

[I'll say!]