

TUSSIN UP

#6

SPECIAL SOUTH
SIDE OF THE SQUARE
Punk Rock Revival
ISSUE!

VIVA
EL TUSSIN

MILWAUKEE
Best
Ruled

LISA
Puked
Here

SMASH

Cover
by Dan
Tracy '87
and TRASHIE
Graf.x

Letters to the Editor

To Whom It May Concern:

I had no longer sat down before innocently glancing upward at the starlit sky. Looking and looking as if I were to see a new sky traveler or to witness history by the death of an old one. But I saw nothing new tonight, except for the coming of summer in the form of beautiful flowers along the hillside I sat upon.

To the south of me I saw only the lights of a few homes scattered among the hills and valleys. To the east comes echoes of an insane or neglected dog. *Howl on* I thought to myself for I could sense this beast's sorrow. For a brief moment I heard a second voice answering with the same sorrow behind it. But this could not be true for the voice I heard was my own. To the north was the ever unknown: blackness, stillness, peacefulness. All is quiet to the north; I like that a lot. I looked forward, the west is always my favorite for I see only the not long abandoned path of the sun knowing he/she will return. The sun is one of the things I can always count on *like a good friend*.

I left the top of the hill feeling like a king stepping off his throne. Tomorrow I will return to see the sunset and all that is around me. I looked into the sky when one planet flashed brightly like it was on fire in the silence of space.

When I arrived home I was told of the tragic news from the planet earth. It has finally gone to war with nuclear weapons and all earthlings were believed extinct!

K.C.

Dear Stephen Romilar,

I think it is past time for a Concerned Citizens Against R.E.M.; I have conferred w/Frater R.A. Wilson, a.k.a. Justin Case, and we have evidence to prove that R.E.M. is a highly dangerous subset of the Bavarian Illuminati gone amuck. R.E.M. stands for Retarded Ectoplasmic Mindwarp and is responsible for, among other things, AIDS and the current deterioration of popular music "literature." Their guru seems to be a genetically twisted spawn of an escaped neuron-synapse from the brain of Syd Barret. Aforementioned guru goes by code name of Hitchcock and both he and his conspiracy must be eliminated. In the meantime, for the meantime and in kind time, I remain

autonomously yours—

Vivien Void

Hey Buckaroos!

I meant to write this a long time ago but it took me 'til now to find your address on the envelope under the dead mouse on the floor of the bathroom! Why don't you put it in *T.U.*? Makes things pretty tuff on us fans.

I brought the mag with me to Europe on our last tour. All the guys in the band thought it was the best thing since KY! The movie reviews were the best, next to the ratings of religions!!!

How come you didn't send me the next issue? Is it 'cause you haven't heard from me? Now, what's your excuse?

I hope you're not some stupid IU student who's brilliant when he gets the time to fuck off and do important stuff like *T.U.* and then goes lame when he graduates wearing a yellow tie with black dots!

Send me the next one and I'll have everybody in the band write you a letter (if it's as good as this one!)

*Hei hei,
Mykel Board*

Will Testosterone Stop Tussin-Up T-Shirt?

Mike Y. and I were supposed to go and silkscreen some t-shirts with the cover of issue number one (shown below) as the illustration. Instead, when I got home I found the following note on my kitchen table.

S. Romilar

Well, it was a letter to me, and I am the editor.

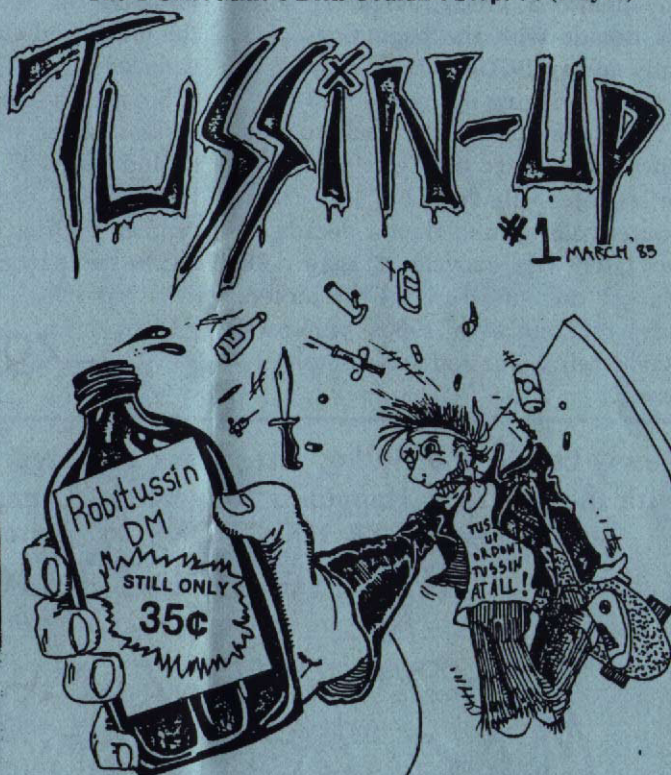
Steve,

I'm, like, sorry, man, but my dick tells my head to do another thing tonight besides make t-shirts or shooting a screen. But, if you want to try to do this way late at night (11:30 or later) it would be best for me. . . I'm supposed to eat dinner at CENSORED's new pad this pm, so early eve is grasped firmly by the testes.

Mike

"Coming" Soon!

The T-Shirt Mike's Dick Couldn't Stop. . . (maybe)



A Magazine Promoting Constructive and Wholesome
Alternatives to Illegal Drugs

Issue Number One

March, 1985

TUSSIN-UP Issue Number 6, Summer 1987. Tussin-Up is published quarterly for the time being in Bloomington, Indiana. It is edited, published and typeset by Stephen Romilar. The cover is by Poor Trudy Whitetrash. Most of it is written by S. Romilar, with help (especially on the Horoscope and Tourist Guide) from Jeremy and K.C. Punkrock show photos by Romilar and Nathaniel (a.k.a. no. 6). Previous issues and more of the same can be obtained by sending 50¢ plus postage per copy to Tussin-Up, c/o S. Romilar, Bloomington, IN 47401.

poorTRUDY
85

Introducing Tussin-Up's 1980s/Punkrock Revival Issue

by Stephen Romilar, editor and publisher

"Yes, Steve, this is an ankh," she said, noting her necklace, "you *should* know what it is, you *are* from the '60s."

From The Sixties®. I can't help it, I was born. But so was everyone else and their turn for cultural planned obsolescence will come too. After the 1950s revival of the 1970s we've moved into a 1960s revival of sorts this decade with the beginnings of a really creepy 1970s revival reported to us to be springing up on the coasts.

Yeah, the culture they sell to you under the counter then gets sold over the counter (that's why it's called counter-culture) and then a decade or two later they recycle it again. So let's get the jump on the promoters and have our own 1980s punkrock revival before the fad has completely passed.

I know some of you are getting a little jaded by the stuff already. Well, look, *Tussin-Up* never taught you to believe that wearing weird clothes and hair and listening to different music was going to change the world. We know that's been tried before many times ("it was 20 years ago today...") But what the hell, it gives you something to do and sometimes some of the music and cultural paraphernalia is *entertaining*.

So get that nostalgia out of your system. After all, do you really want to find yourself sitting around People's Park in the early years of the 21st century getting all sentimental about all the bad parties you used to go to?

¢ — ZQ' * ¢ R&—

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

"ROK AGAINST ROC"

a re-birth of live punkrock in Bloomington featuring

THE BLOOD FARMERS * AMHAIN *
M * A * T * THE FRY DOLLS * TOXIC REASONS
THE CRAMPS AND * THE CRVIFVCKS *

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9th

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

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



"It's an all day punkfest, it'll be better than Woodstock, because, dude, there aren't gonna any hippies there!"

Tussin-Up Punkrock Horoscope

(This article is set in Oracle typeface)

CANCER (June 21-July 22) Avoid smashing into large objects at parties. The telephone is not for you.

LEO (July 23-August 22) Your lack of enthusiasm has something to do with all the macaroni and cheese dinners and Hamburger Helper washed down with cheap beer. Do yourself a favor and eat at McDonalds.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22) Keep away from private property, you might get arrested. Try to bring an empty bottle to parties with kegs so you can drink even if they charge for cups.

LIBRA (September 23-October 23) Avoid riding your bicycle while drunk, it'll make your face look stupid(er). Your boss is an asshole and stupider than you (so what else is new, huh).

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22) When a policeman asks for your ID don't hand him your bottle opener by mistake. Also, your girlfriend/boyfriend/"best friend" is "seeing" somebody else.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 21) Watch out for your roommate. He needs to do the dishes more and probably has crabs. You will find money.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 19) Don't do the dishes while doing LSD. Use paper plates instead, fuck dishes when you're tripping. You will lose money.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19) Quit watching *Green Acres*. You've been smoking too much pot lately. Try cough syrup instead.

PISCES (February 20-March 20) You will go to a lot of parties where they play lots of awful Grateful Dead and Pink Floyd.

AIRES (March 21-April 19) Since you are good at not showing your own insecurities find some people more insecure than yourself to look up to you. You don't have to even like them (in fact, you probably won't) but having them around all the time will make you feel cool.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20) Learn how to type fast and you'll make lots of money. Stay away from 7-11s (we're too *mysterious* to tell you why).

GEMINI (May 21-June 20) Increase your popularity by going around and saying how nobody likes you. Also, wears lot of black, hang out and mope a lot. That'll make people like you (and if you'll fall for *that one*. . .)

Punkrock Show Review

(Ever wonder why Tussin-Up, often alleged to be a "zine", has never reviewed a show? Well part of it has to do with the fact that there are hardly ever any shows. Besides, you all know what happened at them. But in the spirit of our Punkrock Revival issue we thought it was time to fill up some space with a report on a waycool punkrock gig...

FRIDAY, MARCH 13th, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA — B.G.K., Toxic Reasons & Transgression at The Gathering ("The Fun Place to Be"). . .

This show had a colorful venue (and story) due to the resourcefulness of punkrock promoter/wheeler-dealer from Indianapolis, Marrvin. The Gathering, for those of you who don't know, is a redneck all ages club featuring country 'n western and sometimes heavy metal cover bands, as well as a nifty selection of soft drinks, popcorn, hot dogs and other stuff I wouldn't pay money for (nor did anyone else at the show, for that matter). The hall is a reconverted warehouse that's been fixed up quite nicely, too nicely.

Even before the show The Bloomington Scene® was thick with controversy (or thick with something). Anonymous leaflets appeared urging people to "Boycott Bogus Concerts" 'cause, like dude, the Toxic Reasons had allegedly stolen (ooohh, rippin' off The Scene®, waaay uncool) some of his songs. Well, you know, if you don't sign your name to things like your leaflets and songs, what do you expect?

So the show was bound to be a good time. I grabbed my roommate's cowboy boots, put on a flannel shirt and sheepskin jacket and regretted I hadn't thought to rip off a friend's "Peterbilt" truck cap to make the image complete.

We missed the first band because it took us a while to find the place. Actually, we were also busy guzzling booze out in the car which turned out to be unnecessary because they didn't check for bottles at the door and my jacket was big enough to smuggle in a fifth in anyway.



The audience was crowded up near the stage. Some people were sitting at tables at the front of the hall, but most of the auditorium was empty. The "bar"-tender and the owner (who looked like IU basketball coach and Puerto Rican cop-basher [at least he can do something right] Bobby Knight) huddled in the back. The owner made no secret of the fact he didn't like the music at all—"that's the best thing they've done all night!" he yucked loudly to his employee after the drummer clicked his sticks a few times at the start of a song. I think what really had him mad was that he wasn't making anything on refreshments. . . just an occasional soft drink for someone to dump their bottle of hard liquor into.

His good-ol' boys at the door were also kinda unsure of what to do. They gave us these wristbands instead of stamping us and said they were good for

"just one passout." They gallantly put the wristband on the lady amongst our party but told us menfolk we had to put on our wristbands ourselves.

I tried to redneck some of the punk-rockers there who I didn't think knew me by going up to them and yelling stuff like "Haay, Devo, what kinda getup is that!" but nobody seemed to fall for it except for one dumb looking skinhead-type who indignantly sniffed, "Eat my fuck, dude."

So after the first act we went back into town for some more social relaxers for our cranked up brain synapses. When we got back Toxic Reasons was playing. They decided to play before Transgression which was unfortunate because they were the only band there I actually liked. Before we got back I guess people had started slamdancing and the owner got all bent out of shape. He got up on stage, stopped the show, and scolded everybody, threatening to shut down the show if they didn't "stop all that rough shit." Yeah, save it for the football fields, boys.

The plot was thickening, and so was the shit-eating grin on my face and the movement in the jaw (3 guesses as to what I did during the break). I wandered about, noticing that the owner and his employees and now a few young red-necks (probably regulars or relatives) were looking more and more uneasy.

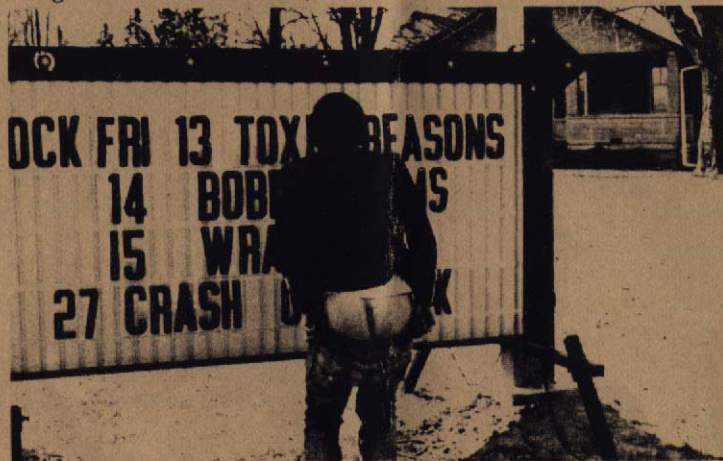
Transgression was up last. The gauntlet had been thrown and they decided to show their radical disregard for fascist rules blah blah blah by egging on the crowd until they started going slammy slam slamm slamm!

And boy-howdy, yew won't guess in a hun'ert years what the Ol' Man did about that. . . Yup, the show was over before they even finished their third song.

Whooooa, dude, things then got real out of control! People even started throwing ice chips at the mean old owner and saluted him with a "Seig Heil." He glowered back at the crowd. By now the grin on my face was unbreakable. . . I started to applaud the proprietor: "Whoopie! What a finale! It's the Bobby Knight of punkrock!" Most of the punkrockers around me who heard me looked at me kinda weird but saved their venom for Bobby. Well, actually, they sort of figured out that the show was really over and began filtering toward the door. Bobby and his good ol' boys were at the door, taking all sorts of verbal abuse. Bobby just shook his haid, and muttered, "Scuuuum, nothin' but scuuum."

And if that wasn't a waycool punk-rock show I don't know what is.

Stephen Romilar



Tussin-Up

Punkrock Tourist Guide to Bloomington

"But there isn't anything to see here!"

—BILL E. GOAT

Oh yes there is. Bloomington has as much potential as anywhere else of being a mecca for hordes of the spikey, dyed and dirty. Why should San Francisco and New York get all the mohawk tourists? We have plenty of degeneracy and squallor here, and, after all, we have the charm of a small town to go with it. So here 'tis. . .

PEOPLE'S PARK—a.k.a. Punk Park, a quarter of a block donated to the City by rich hippies and now used as an outdoor hangout for Bloomington's hardcore (and to a lesser extent by other subcultures). Yeah, dude, just like *Maximum Rock'n'roll* told me, punks aren't gonna be like the hippies were, dude...

SOUTHSIDE OF THE SQUARE—Formerly site of the Rondell Hotel, and Bloomington's finest punkrock ghetto to date. It has since been subjected to a major gentrification project that Bloomington's Mayor actually thinks is something to brag about. Big deal, they throw out the bohemians, tear the place up and rent it up to a bunch of snob-appeal fly-by-night businesses. In fact the first business to occupy the remodeled Southside, the Maui Skate Shop, has already announced their plans to fly. Meanwhile, down the block, the building's inside has collapsed and it is now being held up by steel girders. There sometimes is justice in this world.

HAROLD AND ALICE MUSEUM OF SQUALLOR—A living experiment in the lifestyles of the punk and putrid. In its final days it could be smelled a half a block away as the utilities were disconnected one by one and the tenants slipped quietly away one by one. The fetal pig from the streetsign outside was only icing on the cake. So rank was this

place that the slumlord ("Mr. Ed") cleaned off their porch while they were still living there.

THE 3D HOUSE OF Y-BARK—Leading Harold & Alice thereotician, Mike Y. has moved a more suburban-looking venue, rented from a friend's parents. Mike, however, has surrendered his title of Filthiest Punk in Bloomington to others but the house has undergone a serious de-gentrification 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...

(Better hurry fast, we hear that the Board of Health is on their case. They came around the end of June investigating a complaint they got that October. No wonder this city is filled with PCBs!)

The house also features a geeky selection of stupid doorbell chimes (e.g. Roll Out the Barrel, Auld Sang Lang, etc.) which is always fun for annoying the tenants by hitting it a couple of times, the world's most uneven set of front steps, a front doorknob that often falls off at touch and other sociopathological architectural amusements.

EX-CLOCKWORK ORANGE HOUSE—

Recently torn down, probably to make room for another parking lot. The house, next to People's Park, was a fine venue for practicing one's breaking and entering skills as well as engaging in petty vandalism. The University, which owned the building, started cracking down on that, however. They didn't want the house damaged before they had it bulldozed, I guess.

PISS ALLEY—A favorite watering hole of drunks between the Bloomingfood's building and the back of Nick's, a leader in local privatization of public facilities (like restrooms). Also handy for a hasty glugging of a half-pint.

BRIDGE OF SHOES—Above Dunn St. between 7th and 8th is where people have tossed pairs of old shoes up and have them dangling from a powerline above the street. They cleaned it off last year but it's back again and it has even spawned a tiny offspring at the intersection of 2nd and Fess.

KILROY'S UNDERAGED BAR AND "RESTAURANT"—Possibly the worst bar in town, with probably the worst food and worst service. No one drinks there but chronic swills, fools and people whose ID wouldn't be accepted anywhere else. If you like paying high prices for watered down drinks and rancid "food", provided that you don't give up in frustration while waiting for the crap to arrive, this is the place for you. The stench of grease is so strong that it's "atmosphere" protrudes onto the sidewalks.

"SUICIDE BENCH"—Naw, not real suicides, just a bench on a hillside to sit on when getting very stoned, where people sometimes pass out and fall off of it and down the hill... hence the name. (Well, actually, it also has something to do with the fact that every cop in town knows about it, so if you want to live dangerously...)

BIG RED LIQUORS—God, where would "The Scene" be without our liquor stores? Straight-edged, I guess, which seems to have just been said no to a long time ago.

THE BAKERY—Not only a major employer of "The Scene" (besides the Runcible Spoon and Leslie's Italian Villa) but also a major source of food in the form of day-old throwaways.

HIPPIE HIGH SCHOOL—Also called "Harmony." They actually don't give you a high school diploma (and they don't like to advertise that fact, even to prospective students) but they do keep the brats off the streets for a while, actually they really don't but it sometimes looks that way.

JORDAN "RIVER OF DEATH"—A death rock environmental touch provided by our wonderfully socially unconscious University. A little bit of Love Canal and New Jersey right in the midst of Dunn Meadow. It sometimes stinks worse than Kilroy's.

GATES TO NOWHERE—Stupid, overpriced gates some rich alumnus put up across from the corner of Kirkwood and Indiana. To show you how lame our local social misfits are not **one** person has yet graffitied the damn things even though they are begging for spray paint. (Can anyone take a hint?)

JAIL/PROBATION/COURTS—Now all in one building, your one-stop police state provided courtesy of liberal Democrats Mayor Tomi Allison and challenger Charlotte Zietlow, both of GLOW Gregarious Liberals Owned by Westinghouse.

This is not a complete listing. I'm sure that our readers will have additional tourist attractions for a future issue. Be sure to send them to Tussin-Up because knowing us we'll probably print them.

from *The Bloomington Herald-Telephone* even. . .

Maui shop shuts doors; women's shop to open

H-T Report

The Maui Surf and Sport Shop in the new Fountain Square development in downtown Bloomington has closed.

It was the first shop to open there and thus is the first casualty for the commercial/retail center. Owner Victor Phillips and John Risner, who run the main Maui shop in Indianapolis, said they were disappointed the Bloomington market on the Indianapolis strip shop sold "too many shirts."

Replacing the 3,000-square-foot shop on West Kirkwood will be Tivoli Fashions. Owned by Cheryl

Nichoalds of Bedford, the shop will carry updated merchandise, shoes and accessories. The store is located at 1539 J

Nichoalds took possession of the property Aug 1, but it will take several weeks of remodeling to get the shop ready for opening Sept. 1.

My Favorite Bureaucratic Pro-Gentrification Quote:

"This will be a visible sign of parking in the downtown area, hopefully."

—some bureaucrat quoted in the *Bloomington Herald-Telephone* about the new downtown parking garage the city is so proud of even though nobody seems to want to park there (even despite the big sign hanging off the northeast side of it spelling out P

A

R

K,

just in case you can't figure out what it is).

DRY FARM REVIEWS

"Alcohol/substance abuse is becoming a boom industry for a growing army of parasites. . .social workers, counselors, preachers, two-bit admen. . .basically a bunch of lowlife losers who couldn't get honest employment pumping gas or washing dishes. Add to that Parkinson's Law: a bureaucracy always makes work to justify its existence. . .voila, we've got trouble!"

from "Rebel Without a Cough:
Manifesto of Tussin Turtle"

Tussin-Up, #3, May 1985

Twelch Talks About Being in Koala

You go there, they search through all of your stuff and then they put you in a room where you can't see direct sunlight for two days (except through the windows) and you're not allowed outside the boundaries for two weeks.

The people running the place are like Nazis but "friendly" Nazis. They act real friendly and try to get you to talk . . . "c'mon, you know you're a drug addict, confess, talk to us . . ." It was a hard cop/soft cop routine.

They have no actual authority over you so you can stay and do pretty much what you want. It cost \$8,000.00 for me to stay there a month, our insurance paid for it. If your insurance runs out on you they'll find a way to kick you out quicker than shit.

The funniest thing that happened to me when I was there? It was probably the guy who was going through DTs, went out of his room, looked at me, and then turned around and went back into his room.

What did I do when I was there? Ate a lot, stayed up all night and slept during the day so I missed all the classes. At night I'd run around the halls and play with the wheelchairs. The nurses would come out

"10 Day Holiday"

by K.C.

During the 1985-1986 school year I was suspended from the fine MCCSC (Monroe County Community School Corporation) fascist organization for having one "marijuana cigarette." My school gave me two options if I wanted to return: the first was to name names and if you know who I am then you would understand why I chose the second choice . . . a three day "evaluation at the anti-drug fascist hotel called Detox.

The first day seemed to go too slow, and I felt uncomfortable thinking there's someone always keeping an eye on me. On Day 2 I was awakened at 7:30 am for breakfast. Then from 9:00 to 12:00 noon I sat in a room with the rest of the detoxers being entertained by a very large nurse. Then from 1:00 to 4:00 we watched a movie on alcoholism and then at 7:00 pm went off to an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. The AA meeting was nothing more than a room full of chain smoking coffee-guzzling strungout people competing on how long they have been sober which I see is nothing to brag about.

After that the days flew by with the same old routine and in between the meetings and group sessions I passed time by smoking a pack or two a day or causing chaos at the house.

and have a "friendly talk" with me and then, when they'd go back to their nurses' station they'd write down everything we had talked about.

If you want a vacation there it's good for a week or two but after that it's all bullshit.

They didn't give me a (koala) bear, no token, no certificate, because they said I didn't participate in the program enough. I *did* participate in the program . . . I was there, wasn't I?

Couldn't get T'Welch to say anything about the time he pierced his nose with a thumbtack in front of the nurses but I'll mention it anyway.

Dumpster Diving Reviews

One of the rites of spring in a college town is the annual exodus of hordes of college students, many of whom possessing far more in the way of material wealth than brains. Picking through their trash can often be rewarding. . .

What I found in the Dumpster last May

by Bill e. Goat

...found a bicycle, sunflower seeds, a walkman that worked, downers (darva-cets), laxatives, lotsa laxatives and suppositories ... and laxatives...

...found backpacks and books that weren't any good...

...found a typewriter, it was broken so I converted into a sculpture ...

...found a lamp, it was a little art lamp...

...oh yeah, and the Bulgarian money ... the infamous Bulgarian money, probably worth about a hundred dollars (editor's note: No, it wasn't, it is probably counterfeit) ... and that was the dumpster adventure for this spring.

Jeremy's 1986 Dumpster Report

...found a bean bag, found ALCOHOL, there was a bottle of wine and some Bacardi rum so we got some 7-Up and mixed it with both because it works with both ...

...there were desks but we didn't take them ...

... Bill the Dumpster God was there and found the sexual revolutionary piece, otherwise known as a long screw ("an INDUSTRIAL sexual revolutionary piece," says Bill)

...the only other thing I found was a bong ...

Dear Tanya Death,

In a world and a time when things are not always what they seem, there are still people like you who put a premium on the real things in life.

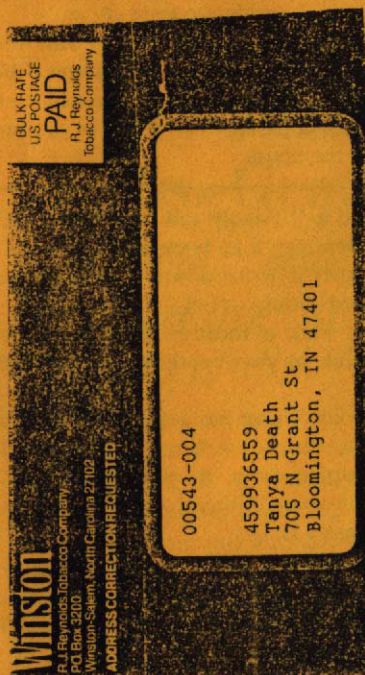
For these Americans, there is only one cigarette. Winston.

We believe it should be your cigarette.

That's why we'd like you to try Winston with this special \$12.00 savings offer. We're sure you'll enjoy the rich, smooth flavor and the real cigarette taste.

See for yourself with the savings enclosed.

ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report JAN. '85; ULTRA LIGHTS 100's: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS BOX 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS BOX: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, KING: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, BOX: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

In case you are wondering why we reprinted the following article (Harper's, March 1987) besides for purposes of filling up space (every other rag around here does it, we just admit it)... well, it actually is interesting. And, after all, most of our readers like to roam around a lot at night...

[Thesis]

NIGHT, THE FINAL FRONTIER

From Night as Frontier: Colonizing the World After Dark, by Murray Melbin, published this month by the Free Press. Melbin is a sociologist who teaches at Boston University.

Although nighttime activity represents a modest portion of contemporary life, it is proliferating faster than most of us realize. In an important sense, night has become our social and economic frontier. Indeed, nighttime activity today stems from the same forces that once promoted westward expansion, and it in many ways resembles a geographic outpost. Consider these parallels:

Organized sponsorship: Popular myth credits independent frontiersmen with exploring the West, but a sizable portion of their ventures were formally sponsored. Commercial, governmental, and religious organizations promoted new settlements. Likewise, business firms have been leading sponsors of nighttime activity. With the availability of gaslight during the early phase of industrial expansion in the nineteenth century, factories began to exploit their idle equipment at night. Later, utilities reacted to high levels of demand during the day by creating a fee structure that encouraged after-dark consumption. Governments joined in by encouraging shift work as a way to bolster the economy and reduce unemployment.

Homogeneous population: Typically, people who try to sustain themselves beyond the fringes of settled society are young males with few social obligations. They can respond to new opportunities and adapt to them readily. A recent study in Boston showed that whereas people of all ages were outside during the day, no one over fifty-nine was on the streets between midnight and 5 A.M., and from 2 A.M. to 5 A.M. there was virtually no one over the age of forty-one outside. Men predominated. The number and types of people outside after midnight stand in the same relation to the number and kinds of people who are outside during the rest of the day as the demographics of the region west of the Mississippi stood to those of the East a century ago.

Escape and opportunity: Like the colonization of the West, the conquest of darkness has opened a new zone capable of meeting people's need for escape and opportunity. This zone offers privacy and few social constraints.

Night's hush and solitude are attractive to people looking for a haven from stress. Many of those who are troubled or stigmatized retreat to the darkness to avoid humiliation and challenge. People tolerate more extreme public behavior at night than they do during the subdued daytime.

The night is also a realm of opportunity for improving one's economic circumstances. The deprived, the hopeful, and the ambitious all take jobs after dark. For some, nighttime employment barely affords sustenance. For others, it is a port of entry to the work force, since beginners often start on the night shift and move to a daytime schedule as they earn seniority or promotions.

Fewer status distinctions: When people travel beyond the confines of the established social order, they find that its rules of deferential conduct are relaxed. Western settlers and visitors alike left behind the trappings of social class. They showed no special respect to people of higher rank, and even those holding such rank frequently made it a point to be treated like everyone else.

People who usually keep to their separate haunts often meet after midnight in public places and exchange pleasantries. In Madrid, the popular custom of eating fritters and melted chocolate at *churrerías* brings together disco patrons on their way home and laborers on their way to work. *Crêperies* in Paris and coffee shops in New York are similarly democratic in the wee hours. Workers and supervisors on the job at night dispense with the proprieties that prevail in the daytime.

Decentralization of authority: At night, when the top administrators of cities and organizations are asleep, power is temporarily decentralized, much as it was in frontier towns far from federal control. Lesser officials make decisions that in the daytime would be made by upper-echelon personnel. Foremen on their own at night deal with many matters that at other times would call for the notification of superiors. Supervisors usually impose less rigid discipline at night, and indulge minor violations of the rules.

Lawlessness and peril: Both the geographic frontier and the night have well-known reputations as realms of danger and outlawry.

Helpfulness and sociability: At the same time, the Western frontier had a reputation for friendliness and helpfulness toward both neighbors and strangers. Nighttime, too, fosters a generous spirit. When people meet in an all-night diner or grocery, they tend to be cheerful and willing to strike up conversations with strangers. Night shifts are also scenes of fraternity.

In many ways, the society we are creating at night reiterates the pattern of our past. In Frederick Jackson Turner's famous 1893 essay on the West he declared, "And now, four centuries from the discovery of America, at the end of 100 years of life under the Constitution, the frontier has gone." But the frontier had not gone. As Turner was writing, the frontier was shifting from a geographic realm to a temporal one.

Ridiculing Tacky Holy-Rollers:

It's Not Just for Secular Humanists Anymore

Reprinted below is an article from the right-wing McNewspaper, *USA Today*, reprinting the front cover of Rupert Murdoch's right-wing New York gutter tabloid, *The New York Post*. Both seem to be yucking it up at Jim, Tammy and the PTL's expense. And why shouldn't they? These geeks served their purpose well; they helped get the vote out for Reagan and helped him pack the Supreme Court with constitutional illiterates. Now the fundamentalists have to kicked back in their place so that Bush or Dole can have a clear shot at the 1988 Republican Presidential nomination. Brother Pat, exit stage right. . .

Turning tattletale

Tammy Bakker's ex-pal is getting even

Tammy likes Gary, who was married to Tammy's best friend, Karen. Tammy's husband, Jim, was jealous and made love to Jessica to spite Tammy.

A soap opera? No, just the unraveling story of ex-TV evangelists Jim and Tammy Bakker, who are in exile from their \$172 million PTL ministry.

Monday, Karen Paxton, ex-wife of Grammy-winning country singer Gary Paxton, got back — selling a provocative photo to the *New York Post*.

Tammy Bakker is shown in a corset and garter belt, posing like a Wild West saloon girl, in a photo taken at a carnival picture booth in the late 1970s.

"If Tammy never came along, I think I still would be married now," said Karen, who divorced Gary Paxton in 1980.

"In my heart I don't believe their relationship was consummated," she said. "But Jim did."

Karen Paxton, 43, who works as a hair replacement specialist in Nashville, Tenn., was dropping hints Monday more is to come.

"She has a wealth of material; after all, she was Tammy Faye's closest

Horror as N.Y. bridge collapses

NEW YORK POST

Monday April 6 1987

16 PAGES 10¢ PER COPY (N.Y. METRO 5¢)

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Jessica's own story:



JESSICA HAHN, former PTL minister's wife, about leaving program.

Forced into sex with two evangelists

Tammy goes from Bible Belt to... garter belt!

TAMMY BAKKER, wife and TV partner of Jim Bakker, was exposed as the center of a growing sex scandal involving beautiful Jessica Hahn. It played here on the Bakkers' millions of viewers have never seen how Jim and Tammy posed for this super-sensory show and what the good wife PAGE 7.



TAMMY BAKKER: On 'New York Post' front page Monday.

friend for years," said her lawyer, Tom Brothers.

Today, she appears on CBS Morning News.

She's sorting through three book and two TV movie offers, said Brothers.

Nobody would say how much the Post paid for the photo. But a few days earlier, Karen had given a reporter a glance at it and said: "My lawyer says this one's worth 50 grand."

Tussin-Up Parody of Rival Publication

The GAB-FLY Magazine

A POLITICALLY CORRECT JOURNAL FOR THE POLITICALLY CORRECT PEOPLE, BUILDING SOCIALISM IN ONE TERMPAPER. ARMCHAIR LEFTISTS OF THE DORMS UNITE!

Table of Contents

- WHY BUYING RECORDS FROM MAJOR LABELS MAKES BIG CORPORATIONS RICH (as if you couldn't already guess)
- WORKERS: THEY LEAD ICKY LIVES: And We Have the Statistics to Prove It
- RACISM ON CAMPUS: And How We Wished We Knew Some Blacks So We Could Tell Them How Bad It Is
- TAKE BACK THE NIGHT: Why More Cops and More Censorship Will Make The World a Better Place (no, we're not kidding!)
- NICARAGUA'S ECONOMIC PROBLEMS: How We Could Probably Manage it Better than Those Well-Meaning But Simple-Minded and Politically Not-Correct-Enough Sandinistas
- EMERGENCY FUND APPEAL: We are out of money and cease publication unless you send us everything you can spare. . .

Politically Correct Rant of the Month:

SMILING: It's Not Politically Correct!

I was on the bus and spotted one of those hedonistic punkrockers involved with the "Smile Police." The Smile Police set up a table during Culture Schlock right next to mine and passed out smile armbands, yelled "Seig Smile" and ticketed people for not smiling enough. Meanwhile we were trying to explain to people that the sit-in against PCBs that we had planned had been called off due to lack of planning and apathy on everybody else's part.

So I told this punkrocker: "All you people with the Smile Police are saying is that you don't carrrrre about the people of Nicaragua, you don't carrrrre about people in El Salvador, you don't carrrrre about people in East Timor, you don't carrre about..."

He then rudely interrupts me, "Fuck off, dude, I'm trying to sleep. Besides, what have you done about all that stuff lately?"

Then I really let him have it; "Oh yeah?! I carrrrre plent about progressive causes... why just last month I wrote a really passionate termpaper and we ran it in the Gab-Fly..."

"Passionate termpaper?" he laughed, getting up to move to another part of the bus, "Does that mean you drooled all over it?"

As he walked away I let fly with another brilliant volley of my trenchent

(to be continued somewhere else)*

*That is if you carrrrre at all about this which you probably don't because you're probably politically incorrect, too!



July 1987's Killing Joke:

Lame Congressional Hearings Allow Scumbag to make hero out of himself

Huh? How am I supposed to remember anything I did these last 3 years? Huh? So what if I wiped my ass with the law and destroyed the evidence? I don't recall. I am not a crook. I was just following orders, mein kommandante, I mean Senator. Huh? I don't recall whose orders. What me worry? What's it to ya if I planned to declare martial law and round everyone up... just don't ask me any questions, OK? I just want to tell the facts. ...AM I A NATIONAL HERO YET?

Gosh, hope all the chicks watching out there dig my chestful of medals and big Marine muscles. This'll get me some poontang fer sure... if I don't first get gangrene from wearing a uniform 3 sizes too small...

Accch! Stop it! Just stop it! Stop asking my heroic client questions! I'll scream! I'll piss and moan some more! Squawk! Squawk! Yammer! Yammer! Whine! ... Your behavior is utterly immature and disgraceful!



The **very last thing** the Iran-Contra hearings were concerned with were the targets of contragates: the thousands of Nicaraguan victims of the contras, killed by bullets, landmines and bayonets provided by Colonel North & Co. And the least offensive part of this whole sordid tale of gunrunning and deceit is the thing that the "liberals" are complaining about: that the contras are incompetent thieves who lined their own pocket at the expense of their own mercenary army! At least Ollie North's snowtires and contra honcho's new yachts won't be killing anybody.