

TUSSIN UP



Issue #9

FALL 1988

in this issue...

- Night of the Grateful Dead (starring publisher/editor S. Romilar as 'Satan')
- Real Life Bloomington Classified Ads
- Tussin Tales

...and much, much more...

75¢

75¢

JIM & TAMMY BEG LOTTERY MILLIONS

JIM and Tammy Faye Bakker went hat-in-hand to Florida's \$55 million lottery winner begging for \$1 million to help revive their PTL ministry.

"They were among the earliest of the hundreds who phoned and wrote for money to finance every hare-brained scheme under the sun," says a spokesman for Sheelish Ryan, the real estate broker who won America's biggest-ever lottery prize on Sept. 7.

Not even 24 hours had passed before I got the call," says Ed Sears, assigned by Ryan's lawyer, Jim Filer, to fend off hordes of moochers. He identified the caller as Bakker staffer Mike Harper, who said Jim and Tammy were trying to put together a \$3 million line of credit to regain control of their bankrupt TV ministry and Heritage USA theme park.

But the Bakkers' efforts were in vain. At 63, Ryan was careful not to part with any of the \$2,787,361 first prize installment she got last week—at least not to the Bakkers. Jim and Tammy came up so short of cash they told bankruptcy judge Rufus Reynolds they were dropping out of the bidding to regain control of the PTL, which came crashing down last year in a steamy sex scandal.

Ryan's friends in New York, where she lived until she moved to Florida 13 years ago, weren't surprised she had avoided the Bakkers. The friends know her as a "sound, solid, level-headed woman who's nobody's fool."

In the Orlando suburb where she now lives and works, Ryan carries on her business from a mobile home which has a carport for her old Mercury Marquis. The car's odometer reads 109,000 miles—hardly the Bakkers' style. ☐

STAR SEPTEMBER 27, 1988 5

So This Is What Art is all About?

"Art and sobriety don't mix. There's nothing worse than a dry opening."

Ian Brewer, artist

And This is What The Vietnam War Was All About!

"Ho Chi Minh ain't gettin' any of this!"

President L.B. Johnson after unzipping his pants & exposing his talleywhacker to a bunch of reporters

Postscript: Ho Chi Minh was probably relieved.

Man found innocent of resisting

By Jack Morgan
NY Staff Writer

A 22-year-old Bloomington man was found innocent Thursday on charges of resisting law enforcement and obstructing vehicular traffic, despite testifying that his own behavior led to his arrest by Bloomington police last July.

The six-member jury deliberated less than 90 minutes before acquitting Stephen E. Matthews, 204 E. 10th St., after a one-day trial in Monroe Superior Court.

During the trial, Matthews testified he rolled in a mud puddle in the 400 block of East Kirkwood Avenue and then ran several steps

away from Sgt. John Wilson as the officer approached to question him. Matthews said he did not mean to flee from police during festivities surrounding the Fourth of July.

Deputy Prosecutor Charles Huston said Matthews' behavior was unlawful because he endangered himself and others. He testified that Matthews disrupted traffic and narrowly avoided causing an accident as he ran across Kirkwood Avenue.

Huston added that Matthews defied a police order to stop. A failure to convict Matthews could undermine police authority, he said.

Matthews' attorney, public defender David B. Hunter, countered that the case against his client was "incredibly frivolous," and a waste of the jury's time. No one was

threatened by this "silly little incident," Hunter said.

He added that the state originally planned to drop the charges. However, the prosecution pursued them at Wilson's urging after he discovered that Matthews had requested a jury trial. All suspects have a constitutional right to a jury trial, and prosecutions should not hinge on a defendant's decision to exercise his rights, Hunter said.

Matthews' acquittal could discourage prosecutors from pursuing such questionable cases in the future, Hunter said.

The jury returned its verdicts to Judge Douglas "Randy" Bridges at 4:15 p.m., and Matthews smiled broadly as the not-guilty verdicts were read.

And this is What Foreign Travel Is All About?

"Yeah. The *Hard-Ons* are real big in England!"

Bill e. Goat



*Frontliner groups meet with the emphasis on service and helping others. There are presently 2 groups.
 1. Clowns for Christ — This group will go to Nursing Homes, Hospitals, etc.
 2. Youth Choir and Instruments — Contemporary Christian music.

'Livestock' Fools Rockers

ASSOCIATED PRESS

The town is nonexistent and some of the performers dead, but people were roaming western Maryland looking for a rock concert being broadcast "live" by a Baltimore radio station.

Radio station WGRX-FM sponsored a "fantasy" rock concert over the weekend in the fictitious Livestock, à la the legendary Woodstock, featuring headliners such as Jimi Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, the Eagles and a reunion of the Beatles.

It was billed as attracting crowds on the scale of those who had trooped to the 1969 love-in and songfest in New York.

One man stopped at the State Police barracks in Hagerstown to ask directions. "He came into the barracks. 'I'm up here for the concert. Can you direct me to Livestock?'" Sergeant Kenneth Frick said.

Livestock doesn't exist, Frick told the man, who sheepishly got back into his car.

S.F. Chronicle.

Indpls. Star

Sydney concerts to be cough free

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Sydney, Australia — Take the cough drops, mate, and enjoy the music.

Now, people who cough will get something more than pained stares from their fellow concertgoers: The Sydney Opera House is giving away four-packs of lozenges in an effort to quiet noisemakers.

"For years concertgoers, critics and performers alike have

been plagued by the constant interruption of coughing audiences," said Robert Pool, spokesman for the Opera House Trust.

"Hopefully, this move will see an end to the cacophony of coughs during orchestral concerts and earn the opera house the title of a 'cough-free zone,'" Pool said.

The lozenges, donated by the manufacturer, will be handed out at the door during July and August.

and now, this election year expose...

How I Almost Drove Mayor Tomi Allison From Office

by S. Romilar, founder, Republican Socialist Organizing Committee

A few years and elections ago someone named Jim Hurd, out of boredom or intoxication or whatever, went down to the Monroe County Courthouse on the last day for filing for the local primary elections and filed for the Democratic Party nomination for County Clerk. The primary was a piece of cake since nobody else was running. The Democrat bigwigs had decided that the Republican incumbent was too popular to be worth their while to run against. Anyway, Jim got to be on the ballot in the fall, did absolutely no campaigning and after a while the local Democrat organization tried to disown him. It was good for a few laughs.

Back in the spring of '87 when the city primary started being discussed it seemed at first if the local Republicans were going to put up much of a fight against the Democratic incumbent in City Hall. After all, she and her cronies had just bought the Brooklyn Bridge from Westinghouse—that bogus "Consent Decree" that says Westinghouse gets paid to get rid of a few of their PCB dumps by building some questionably safe (to put it mildly) incinerator. Anyway, the word was she was acting enough like a Republican for them to not think it worth their while to run much of a campaign against her. In fact, up to the deadline for filing for the primaries there were some positions on the Republican slot going unfilled.

So that's when I started to think: Maybe I should throw my hat in the ring as a Republican. So what if I'm a socialist. That's why I founded the Republican Socialist Organizing Committee... well, actually, it was my reply to all those lame liberals posing as socialists and leftists who perpetually argue that it is necessary to support the Democratic "lesser evil" ("just *one* more time, because this election is *special*") even after having given us such illustrious lesser evils as Lyndon B. Johnson, Jimmy Carter, Tomi Allison, etc. etc. And actually the Republican Party can be arguably a lesser evil—after all it's the only bourgeois political party in the world to have led a successful social revolution—The American Civil War. And after all didn't Richard Nixon end the draft, end the war in Vietnam, enact OSHA, get the E.P.A. started, didn't abortion become legal when he sat in the White House, didn't the E.R.A. get rolling, didn't the U.S. start talking to the People's Republic of China? And didn't he have the good taste to exit stage left when everybody got real sick and tired at looking at his ugly face? And so I went on, mostly to myself, trying to talk myself into introducing Bloomington to the Republican Socialist road.

Actually I mostly said to myself I didn't wanna do it but a half an hour before the noon deadline I found myself at the County Clerk's office, asking who had filed for what. I had just seen Hurd and we thought yeah, maybe it would be worth it for me to run. But unfortunately the local Republicans had scrambled at the last minute and filled every vacant position. Damn!

Then I thought: Well, there's only one guy running for mayor, in fact, just about everything else is uncontested. They might not even have a Republican primary. Damn, wouldn't it be fun to make the Republicans hold a primary by filing for the nomination for Mayor. I wouldn't have to campaign or anything. In fact, I would probably avoid answering my telephone and front door until the primary was over.

Well, I would issue a few leaflets blasting imperialism and capitalism under the letterhead of the Republican Socialist Organizing Committee... maybe.

Then I thought, no. I don't need that sort of aggravation.

After the primary in which only a thousand voters bothered to vote in the Republican primary and four thousand voted in the Democrat primary, the incumbent Mayor barely squeaked by her opponent, Zietlow—that year's (first) model for Liberal Lesser-Evil. Jim, the former County Clerk candidate, pointed out to me that a contested Republican primary, even contested by a candidacy as bogus as mine would have been, would have probably been enough to siphon back into the Republican primary enough conservatives who voted in the Democratic primary for the Mayor to have possibly led to her defeat. Possibly, nobody can ever know these things for sure, but possibly she would have been defeated had I decided to file.

But what the hell. Lesser Evil circa 1987 campaigned for *more* cops, was actually *proud* of building Bloomington's big new prison (ironically called the *Justice Building* [as in "just us rich folks"?]), tactfully ducked opposing the Incinerator/Consent Decree, and all in all, wasn't she only an updated model of the Mayor, the circa 1983 Lesser Evil who once boycotted grapes for 24 hours back in the '60s or did something or other like that.

Well, anyway, all this is a true story. It's just too weird to be fiction. So, anyway, if any of you out there are real bored in a couple years and want to have a little fun with that boring stupid charade that has very little to do with how things really get decided in our society, maybe you ought to consider running for Sheriff, or Prosecutor or some other silly public office. It does involve some very big risk, however. You might end up taking the damn thing seriously.

*Mr. S. Romilar lives in Bloomington, Indiana. He admits to have "experimented in voting for ruling class party politicians." Says Romilar, "Yes, I voted for a Democrat and a Republican once back in the early 1970s (i.e. Frank McCloskey for Mayor and Jack Morrison for City Council) but **I HAVE REGRETTED IT EVER SINCE!!!!**" Mr. Romilar, who hasn't voted since 1980, has also let his voter registration lapse, "I just got tired of waiting to be called up for a jury that I could hang a jury."*



"Now, let's see... Why don't we hold the umteenth 'street festival' to fill the streets full of booths of overpriced macrame and cotton balls for hordes of bored looking people who want to shop somewhere other than the Mall. Then, we can tear up the streets and put them back together again worse than they were to begin with. And then put stop signs everywhere, make half of them one-way. I'm a liberal, you know, I believe we should take 1% of the Pentagon budget and spend the money on bigger jails and weapons for our cops so they can bust up your parties better. Then we can crow about some rich bastard turning the downtown into a yuppie-wanna-be Mall... and you see, kids, you don't need drugs to be fucked up!"

Jon Nelson Page!!!*

*The Jon Nelson Page is a regular (we hope) feature of Tussin-Up.

All opinions expressed herein are those of Jon Nelson

"S. Romilar's Visit to Mr. Nelson's Neighborhood: Aug. '88"

Most people in Indiana look back on the period from 1979-84 as a Golden Age of sorts. Those of us who knew him realize that this was the period that Jon Nelson lived, and drove a bus, among us.

I emphasize Jon's occupation because it was by driving a bus that he worked his peculiar magic. Using the bus as both a physical and mystical vehicle he was able to spread beneficent spirits into the simple homes of humble Hoosier folk.

Unfortunately Jon's spiritual duties called him to Northern California—the fruit-loop capital of the Western World. It was there, amidst the sylvan fastness of the Redwood country, that *Tussin-Up* visited with this modern Sephirothic master.

On the surface it would appear that Jon is living in a small and somewhat decrepit trailer, driving commuter buses on the night shift, and devoting considerable time and money to coaxing a few more miles out of his carpeted 1977 Dodge Van, "The Spirit of the 1970s." It is not on the surface, however, that Jon operates.

As we approached his simple abode we were greeted by some of Jon's followers. Posing as Mexican farmworkers in the employ of Jon's landlord, they are in fact the survivors of an ancient tribe of Yacqui warrior mystics.

Many of these devoted men were wearing hats bearing mystical messages such as "*Mi Vida Es A Toda Madre.*" "*Chinga Su Madre, Cabron,*" they greeted us as we drew near. We later learned that this was their traditional greeting. Jon assured us that it was untranslatable because of its depth of symbolism. He did, however, offer to "draw us a picture" if we needed it.

Close study of Jon's home revealed that it was not a trailer but a mobile Orgone Accumulator. Sheet metal patches are layered with sagging cheap paneling in such a way that they accumulate and focus orgone energy on Jon. By living in this energized environment he has been able to develop his intellectual and sexual powers to almost god-like levels. He has even taken up exercise.

It was in this powerfully charged environment that Jon outlied his work for us. "Ya know," he said, "you drive around here you come across the New Age bullshit a lot. What a bunch of obvious crap. Sometimes I feel like I'm the only person around here who hasn't got his head up his ass."

There, in a few carefully chosen words, lay the key to Jon's teaching: "Keep your head out of your ass."

It was as though this gifted master had updated and restructured the entire body of the Eleusinian Mysteries for modern students of mysticism.

By keeping his "head" out of his "ass" Jon has been able to combat the "head" in "ass" philosophy of the New Age charlatans. And where better to do this than Northern California? It has been said that a mere glance from Jon can shatter a so-called healing crystal. By raising his eyebrow some believe he can change a channel from *Seth* to *Lost In Space*.

And yet, there is about Jon a gentleness uncommon in beings of such power. "I don't give a shit!" he has often been heard to comment. As we have seen,

though, Jon gives so much more than a shit.

As we left this uplifting environment our eyes were filled with tears of joy. "Su madre es una puta!" Cried the aboriginal mystics. The meaning of this joyous cry was denied us as were so many of the other mysteries surrounding Jon's teachings. But undeniably this was the high point of *Tussin-Up's* tour of the West.



ONE THING ABOUT LIVING IN A SMALL SUB-CITY, IS THE FACT THAT HEROIN...



IS AN UNCOMMON HIGH...

AND ONLY A SELECT FEW KNOW HOW TO GET A HEAD OF IT



HEY BOY
C'MERE...

IT COULD ONLY BE BROUGHT AT THE SWANNEST DANCE ORIENTED CLUBS



HAY FOXY CHICKS WIKY
BODY-GAL SWART
PLAYTHANG
WANNA EARN
SOME SMAR
BITCH?!

IT WAS ALSO RUMORED THAT THERE ONLY SEVEN HEROIN ADDICTS IN TOWN & THE REST OF THE POPULATION WAS ADDICTED TO MARY-JANE & ALCOHOL...



BUT THEN THE HMM CAME INTO TOWN...



RUDOLPH ROMULUS XXIII

HE TURNED ON A WHOLE NEW GENERATION TO THE OVER-THE-COUNTER DRUG SCENE

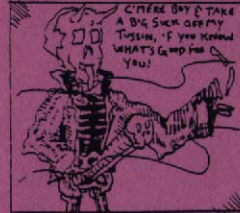


UNFORTUNATELY, SOME PEOPLE COULDN'T HANDLE IT...



OH, SWART
TUSSEIN, NOT
AGAIN!!!

THEY SAW TUSSEIN NIGHTMARES!

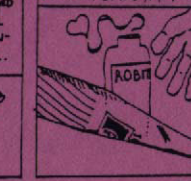


C'MERE BOY & TAKE
A BIG SUCK ARMY
TUSSEIN, IF YOU KNOW
WHAT'S GOOD FOR
YOU!



BUT FOR
THOSE WHO
COULDN'T
HANDLE IT
NAMED
SPIRITUAL
ILLUMIN-
MENT...

IT WAS A SUDDEN SHIFT! FROM THE POPS GENERATION TO THE TUSSEIN GENERATION!



RUDOLPH ROMULUS DIDN'T REALIZE THE MESS HE HELPED CREATE... WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A HAPPY HOLLOW, HAD NOW DISINTEGRATED INTO A TOWN OF DRUG STORES CONSTANTLY OUT OF COUGH SYRUP... UNTILL THAT FATEFUL FRIDAY NIGHT...

IT WAS THE NIGHT OF AN ALL-AGES SHOW AT THE OLYMPIA, FEATURING TWO HARD-CORE BANDS FROM NEW YORK. EVERYONE THERE WAS IN A VILE STATE OF MIND... THERE WAS NO SYRUP TO BE HAD ... ANY WHERE



UNFORTUNATELY, NOBODY REALIZED SUZIE SALVADOR HAD COME DOWN WITH A BAD COLD...



GA-HOOSK!

SOM, THE WHOLE CROWD HAD BEEN EXPOSED TO SUZIE'S BAD WHOOPING COUGH...



EVENUTUALLY, IT WAS TOO HARD TO HEAR THE MUSIC OVER ALL THE COUGHING. THE BANDS DECIDED TO CALL IT QUITS, PEOPLE RAN OUT TO THE DRUGSTORES TO SELF-PRESERVE THEMSELVES TUSSEIN, BUT ALL THE PHARMACIES WERE OUT OF STOCK. WITHIN HOURS, THE COMMON COLD TURNED INTO A PLAGUE OF PNEUMONIA... EVERYBODY AT THAT SHOW DIED TWO DAYS LATER...

1985 - FINISHED '86



TUSSEIN KILLS

Night of the Grateful Dead

"What a looong, strange trip it's been."

"Hey, didn't you write that article, 'Why I Hate the Grateful Dead' for your magazine?" asked the guy next to me as I stood in a party full of Deadheads watching a videotape of the New Year's Eve Dead concert in Oakland.

"Uh, yeah." I confessed. He wasn't hostile but the irony wasn't lost on either of us. Well, it was Saturday night and I wanted to tussle up and go to a party and I had three choices. The first was a "1970s Revival Party," a pretty scary concept in itself. They had told me to bring some '70s music so I brought over a tape with Black Sabbath, Blue Oyster Cult, Kiss, etc. etc. (I thought of bringing my early Talking Heads albums, Iggy Pop and DMZ but decided a tape would do). The tape didn't even make it half way through one side. Nope, by "70s music" they meant *disco*, what a cruel thing to hang on an entire decade! And by 70s party they meant *velour* and *disco duck clothes*. Well, so much for the effort to try something different, the whole thing looked like your run-of-the-mill cheesey gaybar.

The second choice was a party by the new inhabitants at the house on the corner of Harold & Alice, Party Central to Bloomington punkdom during 1985-6 (a *Harold & Alice revival party*, maybe, very sick, enough to be maybe interesting). Well it wasn't. The place was jam packed wall to wall with what seemed to be half of the Collins dorm population, many of them looking as if they were at an audition to be on a Cure album cover. I left after a few minutes.

So back to the Grateful Dead party, and the irony, yes the irony, of finding Deadhead-dom to be the party venue of choice. After all, hadn't my anti-Dead diatribe scorned them as the "Lawrence Welk of psychedelia." Oh well, another irony here as well since I spent an hour before the party time zone watching Lawrence Welk on public television (another sad example of what Reaganomics and WTU's imbecilic management has done to public broadcasting) with the sound turned on and the stereo playing Alan Silva's Celestial Communication Orchestra's "From the Luna Surface" parts 1 and 2 whilst enjoying a medley of intoxicants with several friends and this perfectly sober 16-year-old visitor, who, after waiting for everyone to get entirely blotto, finally gets around to asking the absurd question: "Steve, do you think you can make a liquor run for me?" Great timing, kid, better luck next time, we snickered as we floated out of the apartment party bound.

After the two unfortunate false starts on the evening I found myself in a house full of psychedelically minded Deadheads. It was a good mixture: lotsa tie-dye, friendly although somewhat disoriented people talking about the strangest stuff, and along with the obligatory two or three dogs and kitchen-full of people playing acoustic guitars (mostly Dead tunes, surprised?)

Tom, my friend who lived there, told me he wasn't sure if he could handle a whole evening full of Deadhairs grooving on a video with 6 (count 'em, six) big speakers truckin' away in the living room. When I couldn't locate him I figured he was up in his room laying low and decided to go and visit. I checked his bedroom but found it empty. I thought I heard his voice when I was out in the hall (no, I wasn't tripping, the last time I tripped heavily on LSD was back in high school and I thought I was Qaddafi [actually I played Libya at a Mock United Nations deal but it sounds better to say I thought was Qaddafi]). So I figured he was in the room across the hall doing bong hits. Since I don't smoke pot either I figured nobody would

mind if I would intrude (1980s potheads respect non-potsmokers... not like early 1970s potheads who regarded such behavior as near sacrilegious). So I walked on down the hall... and I came to the room...

There was Tom and Mike, another friend, a very wired-looking guy in tie-dye holding one of their hands as if to steady himself and a wand in the other hand. "Steve," said Mike in a voice trying to evoke child-like awe, "Do you want to see his crystal?" *Oh God, what the fuck did I walk into?* In my typically glib manner I stammered, "Uhhhh..." But not for long because The Wand saw me and almost jumped back. I guess I stood out in a seaful of pastel wearing a black leather jacket, boots, a dark beret and a white Tussin-Up® t-shirt. "Bad vibes! Bad vibes!" proclaimed The Wand Dude, waving his wand at me accusingly, "he's Satan!"

Satan, huh. Thought I. Wouldn't all those death rockers and headbangers give to be in my cloven boots. Well, actually, I didn't really think much of anything. Tom, grinning from ear to ear in bewilderment and general sensory overload, went, "No, Steve's not Satan. He's just a Communist."

But that wouldn't do, he insisted I was Satan. Then he started calling Mike a "beautiful flower from Brazil" (when I told this story to a friend and got to this part she asked, "Is he gay?" No, just too much acid.) And he started rambling on about going to Brazil or something or other. I almost felt like doing something out of *Dragnet* when Jack Webb walks in on a freaked out kid and starts hammering away: "What was it kid, reds, bennies, uppers, downers, hash... etc. etc."

Tom looked definitely beleaguered as Mike tried to talk the kid down by going along with his psychedelic piffle. "Tussin-Up, tussin-up" Tom said through gritted teeth. "Steve, get me a beer, please, I really need a beer."

Well, I wasn't a damn bit of help to the Wand as Satan, so, what the hell, *get beer.* When I returned with the beer Tom eagerly drained it in seconds even as The Wand admonished him, "No liquids, brother, no liquids" He was calling everybody brother, except me, of course. Anyway, Tom and I got some rum and did a few shots whilst occasionally trying to help Mike along in mooring this Wand fellow's airborne brain. He kept on about Jesus, and Brazil, and Satan. A couple other people tried their hand at calming the Wand but with no success. He wouldn't even listen to me, one time he started lamely swatting my back with the Wand as I left to get another beer.

But then came along a Deadhead who simply said: **"Now look, you took what you took because that is what you wanted to do. Since this is what you want to be doing why don't you just relax and enjoy yourself because there isn't much else you can do about it."**

With these sage words a red sea of overexcited synapses seemed to part in the Wand's mind and the White Light of wisdom shined in. He seemed to settle down.

I went downstairs and a little later saw the Wand dancing along in front of the TV. He seemed to be handling himself pretty well, and generally behaved himself and blended in except for an attempt to go outside without his shirt (it was 20 degrees out—somebody stopped him) and a time he tried to put in his Wand through a window (somebody again stopped him). I understand he spent the night there and the next day he claimed not to remember much of the night before, in fact, he even said he believed what he could remember to be part of a dream. Yeah, sure.

Well, yeah, besides that it was a fun party and everything, but the Wand was a hard act to follow. So, as the Cramps say, *Aloha from Hell!*

—Stephen Romilar

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING SECTION

Due to its growing readership, our magazine has been approached by several local businesses for advertising. They said something about *Tussin-Up* targeting a certain market group. We agreed to take their ads only if they would write the copy after being heavily dosed with truth serum. When the serum wore off, however, the would-be advertisers changed their minds. In our never-ending search to fill up empty pages *Tussin-Up* decided to run these ads anyway, minus names and phone numbers. Read and weep... this is your life(style) Bloomington.

"Wouldn't it be nice if life was that easy."

—Woody Allen in *Annie Hall*

BLOOMINGTON REAL LIFE HELP WANTED CLASSIFIEDS

"We're like bit players on *Star Trek*. You see us when something bad happens, then you don't see us."

BARTENDER wanted to for local nightclub. College dropout with low motivation preferred. Pay low but fringe benefits high (no pun intended). Must be able to put up with manager whose directives are subject to the chemical balance in his body.

WAITRESS needed for same establishment. Position involves babysitting/substance abuse counselor skills. Must be able and willing to laugh at people when they vomit on themselves (esp. into their own hands). Must enjoy humiliation and frequent contact with reptilian animals called barflies. Also must offer compassion to alcoholics who after a few drinks start to smell like a backed up sewer in a heat wave.

JOIN THE "FUN" TEAM! If your idea of "fun" is running around frantically in a hot, noisy, sweaty grease-pit and dipping your hands in all sorts of preservatives and mold.

DOES A PAYCHECK THAT BOUNCES NOT BOTHER YOU? Then come to work at bankrupted cafe run by bad tempered ex-dealer. Must be willing to put up with endless verbal abuse, pettiness and absurd orders. Past employees need not apply.

OVERPRICED BAR/PUB with one of town's most notoriously vile owners needs scapegoat/employees for all positions and all times to put up with unbelievable workload and personal indignities until inevitable firing. Former employees probably can apply since there are so many of them he can't remember them all anyway.

PHONY MEXICAN RESTARANT perpetually hiring anybody for any position. Just don't expect to last very long ... in case you have ever wondered why there's always a "Now Hiring" banner hanging outside the building.

THERE'S A JOB FOR YOU IN FAST FOOD!

- FLEXIBLE SCHEDULES
(for us, that is)
- DISCOUNTED MEALS
(that you wouldn't want to eat otherwise)
- FREE UNIFORMS
(like to wear a polyester clown suit?)
- \$3.50 AN HOUR STARTING PAY
(as if that's something to brag about!!)

PRINTSHOP on verge of bankruptcy needs pressman/scapegoat to run semi-functioning presses while stupid & stoned owner promises customers the impossible and then disappears. Must be able to work while be yelled at by irate customers and occasional power outages due to unpaid utility bills. Also must not mind paycheck bouncing & owner's emotionally unstable wife regularly cleaning out the cash register and messing up the company books.

OUT OF WORK? LOOKING FOR A JOB?

**WE WON'T HELP YOU BUT
YOUR TAX DOLLARS PAY US
TO PRETEND LIKE WE WILL!**

VISIT OUR OFFICES...

- Specially located a full 45 minute walk out of town on a road without sidewalks!
- Interviews conveniently scheduled early in the morning to rob you of one of the few benefits of joblessness... being able to sleep in late!
- Demeaning, incompetent clerks who put you thru all sorts of red tape when you dare to collect Indiana's pathetic excuse for an unemployment check

Well, actually, we won't even **pretend** to help you but nobody ever told you that Indiana Employment Security Div. referred to the security of **OUR** jobs!

THIS MESSAGE A PUBLIC SERVICE OF THAT FINE STATE GOVERNMENT THAT BELIEVES THAT TAXES ARE FOR GRAFT, PATRONAGE, KICKBACKS, CORRUPTION & OTHER GOODIES THAT YOU OUT-OF-WORK MOOCHERS DIDN'T WORK TO EARN

*we're always willing to talk to you...
...especially since it means we can
laugh all the way to the bank!*

1-900-JACKOFF

That swinging party line for people who are lonely enough (and bad enough at math) to talk to anyone who sounds friendly for 95 cents a minute!

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING PERSONAL

POSSIBLE LUNATIC even waitresses refuse to serve wants woman, any woman, to have sex of any type just once dear Lord before he dies. No experience necessary.

MOST EMPLOYERS AROUND HERE ARE BLOODSUCKERS SO WHY NOT GET LITERAL ABOUT IT?! Sell your blood plasma and make money while trashing your health. It's not just for winos and the third world anymore!

WANT TO BE THE DEATH OF THE PARTY?

Take this simple test. Can you repeat the following: 1) Who lives here? 2) Can I see your I.D.? 3) We've had a noise complaint. If we have to come back you're going to jail! If you can repeat that then there's probably a job for you with the LOCAL GENDARMES. Donut gourmets preferred.

ENJOY NOT KNOWING WHERE YOUR NEXT DOLLAR IS COMING FROM? Then call absolutely temporary services for all the jobs nobody, but nobody else will take.

COUNTER PEOPLE needed to deal with heavily drugged and drunken people in the wee hours of the morning by serving them dog-food unconvincingly disguised as Mexican cuisine.

*Vacationland
Variety*

Indiana

Write for new folder!
FREE: brochure in color

Ideal Indiana

Dept. TG-40 • Dept. of Public Relations
State House • Indianapolis, Indiana

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

*Our white trash state government
at work...*

REAL LIFE RENTAL ADS

CHATEAU DE LA GRANDE MERDE ROYALE (formerly Barf City Villas) is your dorm away from dorm! Live in a plywood/drywall concentration camp full of hundreds of Bud-Lite guzzling, Bobby Knight-worshipping Business and preLaw majors actually LIKE to listen to the stuff they play on the radio around here!

DO YOU MISS LIVING WITH PARENTS WHO ARE BOSSY OVERBEARING PRICKS? Then dorm living is for you. All the worst food Hoosiers have been known to like plus imbeciles for floormates and Nazi narc-types going thru your laundry baskets looking for wine coolers await you at the Briscoe Hilton!

AVAILABLE SOON: Emergency rental available as soon as clean up operation is approved by Environmental Protection Agency for space ordered vacated by Board of Health by tenant using assumed name.

FILTHIEST LANDLORD IN BLOOMINGTON perpetually looking for even more desperate tenants to occupy some of the worst and overpriced housing this side of New York City. Please, no calls from current tenants: You should've known what you were getting into we you rented that hellhole!

IMMEDIATE OCCUPANCY! 2 BR apt. on S. Henderson furnished with rags for curtains, flea infested sofa, a few sticks of tinker-toy "furniture." Comes complete with sloped, severely warped floors, rotting walls and malfunctioning appliances.

INSECURE MUSIC MAJORS OR BEWILDERED, EASILY INTIMIDATED FOREIGN STUDENTS OR HEAVY DRUG/ALCOHOL ABUSERS OR TOKEN PSYCHOPATH (i.e. anyone who won't complain to their landlord) wanted to rent tiny smelly overpriced basement room without windows in a 13-room, 2 kitchen, 1 bathroom converted home within walking distance to campus. Utilities included although you can't always count on them to work.

Just in case any of you were wondering why your landlord ends up with half your paycheck....

By Tim Gallimore
H-T Staff writer
Mourne County's June unemployment rate of 32 percent is still among the lowest in the state, according to the Indiana Department of Employment and Training Services figures. But the unemployment figure does not tell the whole story about the health of the area's job market.

Although the number of jobs in the area has increased, most of the newly employed are working in retail trade and service industries. Mourne County ranks 65th among Indiana's 92 counties in per capita income. That translates to \$11,454 annually for each wage earner in the county, according to ETS figures.

AN HONEST ADVERTISER!?

No matter how much truth serum these folks took their ad came out the same! Audiophiles, take note!

BLACKLIST MAILORDER



181 SHIPLEY ST.

SAN FRANCISCO

CA 94107

415-957-9390

Blacklist is a non-profit mailorder operation that is fighting the clampdown on independent releases. We carry an ever-growing selection of punk, hardcore, industrial, noise, neo 60's, post punk and pop from around the world, plus a large selection of fanzines, books, mags, and political journals. We operate with a low 20% mark-up on all material and fill orders within one day of receiving them. If you're interested in being included, please send sample. We have new material coming in everyday! Send \$1.00 for catalog.

BANKING can be a **STRANGE** and **TERRIFYING** experience!
especially when your college-preparatory experience never
included things like...

- Knowing your account number when you go to do your banking
- How to endorse a check
- How to fill out a deposit slip or a withdrawal slip
- Remembering whether your account is a *Checking* or *Savings* Account
and last but not least...
- Not being able to add and subtract so that every time you go to the bank you have to ask the balance on your account (on top of endorsing your check on the wrong side, not knowing your account number, not not remembering whether you have a checking or a savings account...)

for all those *Special People* with *Special* Banking needs

BANK NONE

is pleased to announce

THE PREPPY BANK

in DumbKirk Square*

*You know, that place with the bar that lets all you teenaged fratboys go and drink, take their beers out of the bar, puke all over the place & you don't have to worry about black dudes stealing "your" chicks 'cause the bouncers won't let 'em in without at least 3 I.D.s!

"A Special Bank for Special People"

Our *Special* bank is staffed by prisoners on work-release. The armed guard keeps them from fleeing you in horror—instead, they patiently tend to their duties of teaching you the fundamentals of modern banking and other basic survival skills (like which end of the pen to write with). We know lots of you kids got into Indiana University the same way Dan Quayle did... through "affirmative action" for rich whites who were "hidin' behind the barn door when the brains was bein' passed out." And that's why we built his *Special* bank just for you!

Another Day at the *Special* Bank

or

Our College Youth's Declining Math Skills

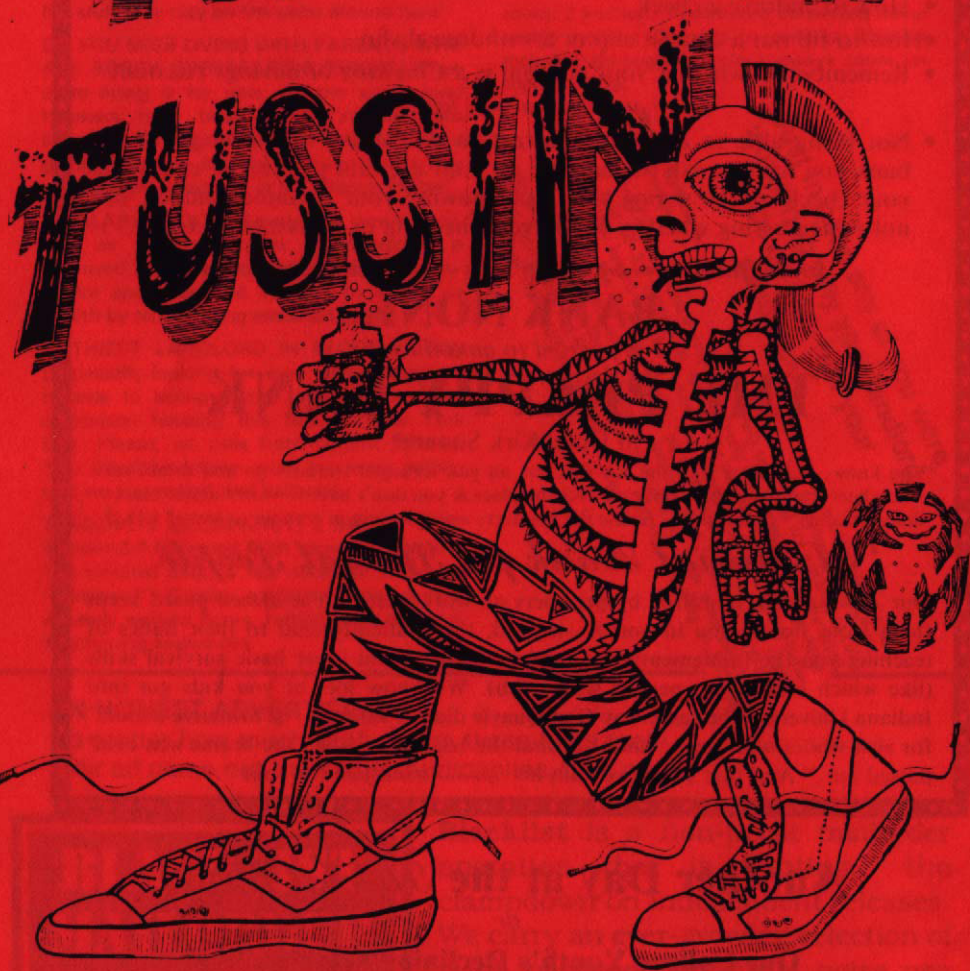
The college-aged youth wearing a fraternity letter shirt just finishing making a deposit when he suddenly remembered something. Ignoring the sign on the teller's window saying, "No Balances on Accounts Given At This Window" he asked, "Can I, like, have the balance on my account?"

The teller sighed, did her best to smile, and punched several keys on her computer. "Okay," she said after a few seconds, "*before* your deposit of \$100 today you had a balance of \$123.72."

The guy stared blankly at the teller. "Well, like, how much do I, like, have in my account, like *right now*?"

—based on a true story

KEEP ON



→ "All the news that's fit to print!"

No way! Only a pack of pretentious liars would put that on its masthead!

Our motto: "You're not REALLY gonna print that, are you, Steve?"

Tussin-Up is published occasionally by S. Romilar. The cover and illustration on this page is by Tussin-Cat Spray. Help on this issue also came from Troy, Maxwell Malice, JonNelson and others too embarassed to be mentioned. Send all correspondence to Tussin-Up, 110¼ S. Indiana, Bloomington, IN 47401. Please don't send any poetry. Send us money. 75 cents per back issue if you want any. Ciao.

Letters and the Editor

Dear Tussin-Up:

All of us journalism whizes over here at Enoch Powell Hall really enjoy your magazine even though most of us haven't read it. We heard it was the "cool" thing to do, and besides, being a journalism student means not having to say you're sorry for talking about things you know nothing about.

We want you to print this list of truly cool tunes that we like to listen to!

—a daily student

Top 10 on Their Walkman

1. The Commons jukebox
2. Just about anything on VH1
3. *Television's Greatest Hits* (on C.D.!)
4. Something by the Beatles... they're from the Sixties® so it must be that ClassickRock®)
5. Anything at The Bluebird when it looks like a frat party.
6. Penises and Dominos (a "punkrock/alternative" band somebody doing a story about the punks in People's Park heard about)
7. Or was that Dominos and Penises?
8. Arson Garden
9. Cher *before* she sold out (more ClassickRock®)
10. David Miller's announcements of upcoming shows between acts at 2nd Story

EVER FEEL LIKE TELLING YOUR PROFESSOR...

Hi there fuckface. This sucks and I don't want to write this fucking paper. I've been putting this off for a whole fucking year so now I have no choice but to struggle through 15 pages of absolute bullshit on a subject that I don't give a damn about. Why did I ever take P401 anyway? I could just kick myself. You ignorant bastard! Don't ever take another bullshit philosophy class if you know what's good for you. Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Sartre, WHO CARES! Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck!!!

(Johnny Heathen)

Ed. Note: I found this on a piece of computer printout over at Laird's. One of the residents of his former home put it on file in his computer. Laird printed it out to see if his WordStar program worked since it was the shortest file he could find. "Too bad," noted Laird, "it would have made a pretty good theme for a thesis dissertation."

Dear Tussin-Up:

Hello,

Will you consider these poems. Please send me a copy of *Tussin-Up*.

(name withheld)

Editor's Reply: O.K., you can have a copy but not this issue.

Your poems have been considered and Gawwwd do they ever suck!

Like this one, called "laundry". "I found your/blue pin stripe/bikini underware(sic)/rolled up/in my sheets"... blah blah blah.

Now if any of you out there with a publication want to print this crap plus stuff entitled "let me celebrate your legs" or "young and precious" or "tony's just right sleazy girl" you are welcome to it. There is no shortage of outlets for bad poetry in this town... Tussin-Up ain't one of 'em.

nope, your not getting a **KILLING JOKE** this time
(aren't the Presidential elections good enough in that regard?)
just this...

STEALING JOKE

IN CASE ANY OF YOU I.U. GRADUATES OUT THERE
EVER WONDER WHAT THAT MONEY THOSE
I.U. FOUNDATION TELEFUNDRAISERS TRY
TO BADGER OUT OF YOU ACTUALLY
GOES FOR...



Retired Indiana University Foundation President **William S. Armstrong** was indicted on charges of "willfully and knowingly" converting to his own use "monies of the United States." The indictments say:

- That he diverted \$18,240.70 sometime before June 30, 1976, from the Foundation's general account to his own use and that he did not clear up the debt until Sept. 30, 1983.

Included in that amount is \$4,000 he allegedly obtained on June 28, 1978, and used \$3,901.92 toward the purchase of a Cadillac Coupe DeVille for his personal use. Part of the \$18,000 also allegedly was a cash advance for \$7,958.70 on March 24, 1981, to use toward the purchase of another Cadillac Coupe DeVille.

- He lied to a special agent of the FBI. Specifically, the indictment says he denied using Founda-



James M. Elliott, Indiana University Foundation vice president for finance, was charged with improperly using \$49,000 in Foundation money. The indictment says he:

- Diverted to his own use about \$49,000 sometime before April 30, 1977, and did not clear up the matter until October 12, 1983.

- Used \$7,000 of the money to help purchase his home.

- Lied to a special agent of the FBI. Elliott allegedly said it was the policy during the presidency of William S. Armstrong to allow all employees to obtain cash advances as personal loans, with no interest being charged and with no set time for repayment.

The foregoing statement was false in that in truth and in fact, as **James M. Elliott** well knew, cash advances as no-interest loans were not generally available to all



Indiana University Foundation real estate director **Richard E. Beard** was charged with:

- Diverting \$27,000 in Foundation money to his use and billing the Foundation more than \$8,000 for items he used himself.

The indictment says he took \$27,000 on or before June 30, 1977, and kept it until Oct. 12, 1983. Part was from federal grants, the indictment charges.

- Five counts of mail fraud in a "scheme" to defraud the Foundation by having the agency billed for personal expenses.

Beard was manager of FounFarm, a Foundation subsidiary that consists of cattle ranches near Camby, Ind., and Macon, Miss. Between April 26, 1981, and June 26, 1984, Beard allegedly billed the Foundation for at least \$8,315.54 in purchases at the Monroe County Farm Bureau for his own Monroe County farm.

Three indicted over
financial practices at
IU fund-raising agency

Oh right. It's only a few individuals — that just happen to be running the show. And it's not IU, it's the IU Foundation (what ever became of John Ryan, who resigned the IU Presidency so unexpectedly a year and a half ago?) And, yes, they're innocent until proven guilty, unlike all you students subject to various police state regulations and illegal searches and seizures. . . Rights of the accused only apply to the rich & powerful. "And if they are convicted, it would be a miscarriage of justice," says IU guru Herman B Wells (*IDS*, Sept. 30, 1988). Think of that, dormies, next time your R.A. writes you up for having an empty can of beer in your room.

In our next issue—"Inside the Fun-Filled World of the I.U. Foundation's Telefund Boilerroom." Only in *Tussin-Up!*