

NUMBER • TEN •



ZAC BURKE 89

A-H-ROBINS


TALES FROM THE DRUNKSIDE

Tussin-Up was a "blasphemous local underground rag... promoting moral, spiritual, & mental chaos (as well as sick bodies)" according to an irate John Bircher who ought to know—he lost his license to practice medicine a few years back. Anyway, the shoe fits. **Tussin-Up** is no longer published but if you want back issues send a buck an ish to 110¼ S. Indiana, Bloomington, IN 47401. Help for this issue came from Zac, Neil, Hurd, Nelson, Nathaniel & some Grateful Dead fans who for some reason insist I not use their names.

Burd Lives! (& writes us a letter)

Dear *Tussin-Up*:

I've been around since this rag-a-zine started and I've got every single issue. What I want to know is: **How the fuck do I get written up in your 'zine!**? I try to get your attention all the time. First, I get kicked out of a drug-free rock show for not being on drugs (*Details withheld at request of Burd*). Then I get arrested on my 21st birthday for disturbing the peace. . . I continually ignored police warnings to turn down the music at my birthday party. And, most recently, I puked all over Nick's bricks in front of the Kiddie Klub (a.k.a. 33 Steps) after **YOU**, Steve, got me to drink a half bottle of this satanic super-concentrated cough syrup that you seem to thrive on! So, c'mon, dude, write me up!

 (Burd)

Alright, alright, you're in like Flint. In fact, your latest escapade gets you the Waycooldude of the Year award. It was a fine sight—a bunch of spaced out kids were leaving Teenie Weenies (a.k.a. 33 Steps) after an all-metal extravaganza at which the singer for one band was swigging the satanic syrup on stage and there you were, treating us all to the spectacle of covering a couple dozen bricks with a column of puke exuding from your mouth! That's hardcore! Maybe that's why they shut down that club a week later.

—Stephen Romilar

Tussin-Up's nominee for Officer of the Year! Police drinking demonstration exceeds legal limit

Associated Press

LAWRENCE — An improperly supervised training session on the effects of alcohol became an embarrassment for the Lawrence Police Department when one of the participants had to be hospitalized for drunkenness, the mayor says.

Mayor Thomas D. Schneider said

one officer was suspended and further disciplinary action is expected because of the May 2 training session, which ended with dispatcher Linda D. Offenbacher passing out and being taken by ambulance to Community North Hospital.

"Obviously, something went wrong with the way it was done," Schneider told *The Indianapolis*

News. "That drinking is supposed to be a controlled (situation), not getting sloppy fall-down drunk."

Police Chief Robert A. Jones said Officer Mike Lair was suspended for one day because he drove his police car to a part-time security job immediately after taking part in the drinking session.

The evening training program

Jon Nelson Speaks!

(and Tussin-Up listens)

Steve,

I'm working on a full-length scholarly reply to your slanderous speculations (see issue 8). I must however insist that you print the following reply in the next Tussin-Up.

(I didn't. But I'll do it this time. —S.R.)

To the Kids,

I just wanted all you punk rock kids out there to know how much I love you. I love the energy, the creativity, and above all the rebellious spirit that drives you on.

I guess you just can't help the fact that most of the music you like sucks. But hey! Not all of it!

And besides, who gives a shit!? What I like best about you is the same darn thing Steve likes about you, and for the same reasons.

So don't be afraid. Hey, look me up sometime.

XOXOX

Jon Nelson
Sebastopol, CA

P.S. Megadeth too! They suck!!

was designed to educate 15 volunteer reserve officers about the effects of alcohol.

Jones said three dispatchers and two police officers drank alcohol for the session. Reserve officers then observed their behavior, gave sobriety tests and used the Breathalyzer machine to measure blood alcohol content.

Officer Steve York, who is certified to teach the training sessions, was in charge of the event. However, Jones said the session was run improperly. "There was a lack of supervision," Jones said. "Obviously through some unknown means (Offenbacher) got beyond the .10 mark, and it was not our intention she get that much."

"Found Art"

A letter recently found on the sidewalk outside of Garcia's Pizza. I submitted this to Mickey's Pink Butthole for publication, but since they haven't come out with an issue I'm printing it here!

—S.R.

Please Read

Sue,

I am very sorry. I didn't mean to call you a whore. I was very angry & had to get a cruel "jab" in.

I'm sorry.

You don't know the pain I feel. I've been wanting you back. You say to "let it go." Well, I know you need your **personal** space — I can respect that (even though I haven't).

I just can't let you vanish from my life so easily. I really care about you.

I just can't "forget" about you. I'll give you space if it will help us.

We are drifting apart & it scares me.

"I guess Sue thought a lot of it if it ended up on the sidewalk," noted someone I showed this to.



Crowning a President

The high cost of inauguration
(Millions of Dollars)

President	Year	Estimated Costs
George Bush	1989	\$32.3
Ronald Reagan	1985	\$20.0
Ronald Reagan	1981	\$16.3
Jimmy Carter	1977	\$3.5
Richard Nixon	1973	\$4.0

TUSSIN-UPdate

SOBRIETY NAZIS CONFISCATE TUSSIN-UP T-SHIRT!

While incarcerated in drug rehab, Brian Serpent tried to wear his *Tussin-Up*® t-shirt. His jailers wouldn't let him. In fact, they confiscated it.

Brian protested, pointing to the wording on the front. "But it says here, 'promoting constructive and wholesome alternatives to illegal drugs!'"

"That doesn't matter," huffed the counselor. "A legal drug is still a drug."

So Brian lost his shirt. But detox lost Brian since he soon thereafter successfully escaped.

MADD "MOTHER" UNAMUSED BY S. ROMILAR

After being foolish enough to let the *Indiana Daily Student* do an article on this publication, an article appeared on the front page, opening with a quote from "Rebel Without a Cough" (Issue #3) arguing that drunk driving is a Second Amendment right.

A friend of *Tussin-Up* was at the time working in an office with a leader of Mothers Against Drunk Driving ("Miss Wine & Cheeser" as she was less-than-affectionately called by her co-workers). He found her to be upset not only by the article but to find out that the editor/publisher was not a teenage misfit but roughly her same age.

"I think he should have to spend an evening in a hospital emergency room to see the effects of drunk driving." She sniffed, indignantly.

No need for that, the friend explained. S. Romilar had already spent a week in an intensive care work and months recovering after being hit by a drunk driver.

MADD "Mother" was incredulous. How did he know this for sure. He had seen the scar and... Was he *sure* that was from a drunk driver? When she was finally convinced about the accident she fell into a puzzled silence.

Finally, after much thought, she spoke to the friend of Tussin again, suggesting that the emotional trauma from the accident had driven Romilar to madness. "Maybe if he's so bored," she suggested, referring to the main stated motivation for this rag's existence, "he ought to check himself into a mental health clinic."

Now without going into the impropriety of sticking people who publish things you don't agree with in mental institutions (rather than being a willingly indignant martyr for her Wine-and-Cheese cause) I think it's worth pointing out that this MADD woman is not even a mother. Maybe she could use what Dr. Wilhelm Reich so subtly referred to as "the genital embrace" to mellow her out and fill out her credentials.

But I guess she'd probably have to check herself into a mental health clinic in order to accomplish that.

SOMEONE ACTUALLY WANTED TO TAKE OUT AN AD!

Right. At the opening thing at 33 Steps, the all-ages club, the manager approached me (S. Romilar) and asked, "Will *Tussin-Up* accept advertising or do you consider that to be uncool."

It was Saturday night. My brain was running a little slow. I think I basically mumbled something about thinking it would be a waste of money.

Someone I told the story to later on remarked, "Yeah. I don't think he'd want a bunch of angry kids showing up for a concert for Black Flag, Dead Kennedys, Sex Pistols..."

Remember, kids, we're just kidding.

Tussin-Up proudly presents...

(as its contribution to the Nasty Women's Music Festival)

Women in Heavy Metal Workshop

at

39 Steps

(located at the corner of Fifth & Kirkwood)

a concert/workshop showing that Power Chords don't have to be
Phallic Imperialist!

featuring...

Betsy Bitch (of Bitch) ... Joan Jet ...
P.M.S. ... Girls School
(sorry, no Peace Dykes*)

* they're not women, they have Politically Incorrect Genitalia

(hosted/moderated by Tesco Vee)

time & date to be announced

COMING SOON!
Animal Rights Benefit...
starring
Ozzy Osbourne,
Gwar & Skinny Puppy!

Our Bimbo Vice-President...

Solitary for Quayle's Accuser

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19 — The Justice Department said today that four days before last month's election, its senior prison official ordered solitary confinement for an inmate who tried to call news conferences to assert that he once sold marijuana to Dan Quayle.

No evidence has surfaced to document the charges by the inmate, Brett Kimberlin, who is imprisoned in the Federal Correctional Facility at El Reno, Okla. Vice President-elect Quayle has denied ever using drugs.

Loye Miller, the director of the Justice Department's public affairs office, confirmed an account of the episode today in *The Legal Times*, a Washington newspaper. He said Mr. Kimberlin was twice placed in administrative detention in the four days before the election, on the order of J. Michael Quinlan, head of the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

Mr. Miller said he knew of no evidence to suggest that Mr. Kimberlin

was confined to avoid any damage that his statements might cause the Bush-Quayle campaign. He said senior Justice Department officials, including Mr. Quinlan, had discussed the Kimberlin matter in the days before the election.

Mr. Quinlan said he had canceled Mr. Kimberlin's news conference because he has a policy of not permitting such sessions in Federal prisons, according to the article in *The Legal Times*.

Mr. Miller said that Mr. Kimberlin later was placed in solitary confinement twice, once out of fear that his actions placed him in danger from other inmates and once because he violated prison regulations.

"I have no reason to believe that the Bureau of Prisons behaved anything but properly," Mr. Miller said, "and I do strongly believe that the main Justice Department acted quite properly in this case."

from *The Nation*

■ Will Dan Disown Dad?

Dan Quayle's pop, James C., lives in the addled world of raving anti-Semites and right-wing paranoiacs. A millionaire and fan of the John Birch Society, the senior Quayle recently had a letter printed in a monthly periodical called *The National Educator*. "Thank you so much for the one-year subscription. . . . I am sure I will enjoy the publication," he said. It will be telling if he does. *The National Educator* is a bizarre rag. In October the magazine observed that the Democrats have been "firmly committed to the Moscow wing of the Communist Party since 1933" and the Republicans "firmly committed to the Trotskyite wing of the Communist Party, headquartered in Tel Aviv." Don't ask for an explanation of where young Quayle fits in.

The National Educator reserves special passion for the subject of the Jews. One recent article reported, "Americans are despised all over the world because we have come in as conquerors to impose . . . the Jewish goals of universal slavery on the rest of the world." It continued: "No nation can predict when we will hurl atomic weapons at them to satisfy the Jewish blood lust and desire for more sacrificial victims. The hundred million victims of the Jews during World War II . . . only whetted their appetites. They want one billion victims in the next wars."

...and our Bonzo ex-President...



The Reagan house is marked by a small black mailbox with the brass numbers "6-6-8." The address was changed at the Reagans' request from 666 since that number is the biblical mark of the devil.

“When You Get Married in Monroe County They Give You Cough Syrup!”

A friend of Tussin-Up recently dropped by our editorial offices after getting his marriage license. “Steve, did you know that when you get married in Monroe County they give you cough syrup?” He then produced a little basket full of goodies our County Clerk’s office gives each prospective couple of newlyweds. My friend declared, “It’s almost worth the \$18 marriage license!”

LIST OF GOODIES THAT COME WITH THE MARRIAGE LICENSE

1. Perogesic non aspirin pain killer
2. Vicks Sinex
3. Formula 44D cough syrup (has DM in it!)
4. Vicks Nyquil
5. Trust Massengil vinegar & water douche
6. Kodak film coupons
7. Personal Touch disposable razor



Token Generic Punkrock Article

TUSSIN-UP ASKS “THE SCENE®”...

“Why Do Shows at Collins Dorm Suck?”

“I’m always afraid of having to hear some intellectual type artistes discussing *Being and Nothingness!*”

“Only bands that complain about their hangups excite the Collins crowd.”

“It doesn’t smell funny there. There’s no bar. It’s too well lit. It’s like trying to hold a party in your parents living room when your parents are home!”

“People there are too open minded to have fun. Besides, there are no David Miller announcements.”

Tales From the Drunk Side

as told by Neil

It was an unusually warm night back in November 1983 when I finished tutoring these Korean kids and decided to have some beer at this horrible bar across from Eigenmann (now the site of a church). I got liquored up and hung out with these two women. I had slept with this one women several years earlier. I woke up in her trailer and I guess I had convinced her the night before that I was from France—I had to do some fast talking to explain my way out of that one.

Anyway I was really sloshed and asked if I could crash at her place. She dragged me home and told me I could sleep on her couch. I took off my clothes and passed out on her couch. Later I got up and decided to go to the bathroom. I took the wrong door and seconds later realized I was walking down this well-lit hallway of a strange apartment complex. All the apartments looked the same and I knew this particular apartment complex was full of very conservative Saudi Arabians who would probably chop my balls off if they saw them flopping around in front of their abodes.

I panicked. What was I to do? The elevator would be a bad idea: Who knows who would be on it when it opened up or when I got to the ground floor. So I slipped down the fire escape and made it to the basement. Peering through the window I saw a clump of trees and beyond that the railroad tracks leading back to around where I lived at the time.

It was 50-ish outside and raining slightly. I started running. It looked like I might be home free. I started giggling. Then I saw headlights off in the distance. The vehicle made a circle and started coming toward me and then stopped near me. This man jumps out of the car and with a concerned voice yells, "Stop!" It was a campus cop. He had a very surprised look on his voice. I guess he'd never run across one like me before.

I tried to act casual and relaxed. I giggled a little and started explaining, "Well, I really didn't mean to get this way. It was an accident. I don't have any I.D., officer." And then I tried to convince him to give me a lift home.

He didn't seem amused. "I'm gonna have to take you in," he informed me.

I then found myself sitting naked with my hands cuffed behind me in the backseat of a campus cop car. I started getting irate. "None of this better it into the paper or you're gonna hear from me!" (*Ed. note: And here it is, for the first time in print, readers!*)

The cop didn't like that remark. "You're in no position to tell me what to do."

It was a short drive to the campus copshop. We walked in the front door. There was a roar of laughter, particularly from the woman behind the front desk. "Where did you find this one?" she asked the arresting officer.

They took me to the back room, took of the 'cuffs, and left me alone for a while. Then they came back and tried to conduct an interrogation. They asked me what I'd been doing. I explained my story and they sat there and sort of nodded and looked a little perplexed. I tried to convince them to take me home and forget it ever happened but they were unimpressed. "We're gonna have to take you in," they informed me. They gave me a raincoat, 'cuffed me again and took me to the police station downtown where I was again greeted with raucious laughter.

I tried to appeal to the desk sergeant, hoping he'd be sympathetic. He just giggled and said, sarcastically, "Oh, you were just running around naked, were you?"

I explained I just wanted to go home. He asked, "Well, how are you going to get into your apartment?"

I said I'd just break in. Then he asked "How could we know where you really live. After all, you don't have any I.D." He told me I'd better be quiet because they'd have to hold me for a while and they weren't sure when I'd get out.

They gave me green prison clothes and tossed me in the drunk tunk, this bright pink room with bright lights. The place was full with passed out people.

In the morning, as people woke up, they noticed I had green prison clothes. "What happened to you?" one asked, "You don't have any shoes on. You must have had a helluva night!" So I recounted my story.

Throughout the day the drunks were released one by one until I was the only one left. The cops brought in lunch on a metal tray and I refused to eat it. I asked to be released. The cop said, "We don't know if we can let you out until your Monday court date. If you can get somebody to bring you your clothes maybe we can let you out." Finally I convinced them to let me make a phone call and I called a friend. I told her what happened and she laughed: "Oh boy, I get to dress you up." She showed up at the police station with a box of clothes, laughing.

(The two women I had been drinking with had wondered what had happened to me. The one I hadn't gone home with called the one I did wondering where I was and got the reply, "Well, Neil's clothes are here, but he's not!")

The following Monday I went before this Judge who looked like Snidely Whiplash. I asked for a public defender and he denied me one. He said, "You're charged with indecent exposure and public drunkenness. Is this usual behavior for you?"

I lied and said no and pled not guilty.

I got help a friend in law school who was able to get the indecent exposure charge dropped. There a fine, some court costs and I had to see a probation officer. She made me fill out a questionnaire that asked about all the different drugs I'd ever taken. Feeling cocky, I told the truth and marked off a bunch of them.

She came in and read through the questionnaire. "Hmmm, you sure have abused a lot of things." There was something about her voice that made me realize I had made a mistake.

"But I did it in moderation." I interjected, trying to explain that I was a child of the '60s.

Then she found something that concerned her even more, "I see you say you forget things when you're drunk."

"Doesn't everybody?"

She went on to explain that this was a bad sign, it was a serious stage of alcoholism.

"But I've always had blackouts." I retorted.

This didn't impress her at all.

So I spent a Saturday morning at drunk school over at the Center for University Ministry. They showed me a bunch of films and gave us a lecture. There were mostly rednecks there who were there after being arrested for drunk driving or brawling. At the end of the session we all had to tell everybody about how we got arrested. My story got the biggest hoot by far.

The court also ordered me to attend some alcohol counseling sessions. I decided to skip my appointment. Then I got a subpoena from court. I wrote the Judge telling him that I was a libertarian socialist and all this bullshit violated my deeply held political beliefs. My law student friend read a copy of the letter after I sent it and told me I didn't have a chance and that I'd better throw myself on the mercy of the court.

I showed up in court with about a dozen supporters. The Judge was in fine form that day. One defendant told the judge, "I wasn't drunk, your honor." The Judge asked how much he had to drink. "Oh, about a 12 pack and a fifth of vodka." The judge replied, "Sounds like you were pickled. You're lucky the Vlasic company didn't haul you in." He banged his gavel and sentenced the guy.

Another guy who came before him had been arrested while driving on the fairway of a golf course. The judge asked how that had happened. "Well, your honor, I needed to turn my car around." The judge banged his gavel and sentenced him.

And another guy claimed he wasn't drunk. He'd been drinking at The Regulator. "Well, how many drinks did you have?" the judge asked. "Oh, about eleven." "In what length of time?" "About an hour and a half." The judge, with a perfect deadpan goes, "Well, you get a lot better service there than I do." and banged his gavel and sentenced the guy.

Then it came my turn. I was actually fairly calm, especially after seeing what had come before me. I walked up and the judge said he'd gotten the letter but hadn't read it but it had sounded interesting and asked me what I wanted to do. I said I'd take the counseling sessions. He said fine. I think he kinda felt sorry for me. Besides, I think he drinks a lot himself.

So I went to this counseling place and this tall gladhanding Hoosier guy talks to me, tells me about his family and how he enjoyed being married and so on. Finally, I ask him about how many sessions I have to go to.

"That totally depends on you, Neil," he replied, very seriously. I knew I was in trouble. "It could be six, it could be as many as fifteen," he continued. And then, smiling, he made a hammering motion and said, "Neil, sometime it's good to be caught between a hammer and an anvil."

He also informed me that their "special rate" for sessions was \$20 an hour, a quarter of my weekly income at the time. I got out of there and my law student friend helped me get into some counseling sessions over at the Community Mental Health Center that only lasted six sessions long. I had to go to six sessions but they only cost \$5 apiece and the people running them were a little nicer. Basically, it was me and a bunch of rednecks sitting around saying we'd never drink again and then getting out and getting a 6-pack.

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.

Nope. This is not a paying ad. Merely a public service announcement on behalf of an outlet selling interesting music at a good price. They're **TUSSIN APPROVED!**

Besides, Bloomington's "record" stores are mostly interested in selling pricey C.D.s of stuff seen on MTV/VH1. The re-gentrification of music is on!

The Deadheads Talk Back

After last issue's publication of "Night of the Grateful Dead" I interviewed a Deadhead woman about the following experience.

We had been hitchhiking from Dead show to Dead show for about 1 month two summers ago. We were getting pretty burned out. Somewhere around Rochester we got a ride from this truck driver who had a bumpersticker on his semi that read, "Canadian Baby Maker." He said he could give us a ride back to Indiana but for some reason we had to stop in Toronto first. We were really stoned, we were rolling joints every 15 minutes and I guess we lost track of time.

So we stop at his mom's house in Toronto. We had the munchies so we were going to stop at McDonald's. For some reason he dropped us off and said he'd come back because he couldn't turn his rig into the parking lot or something. Well, I guess he forgot us because he never came back and all of our clothes, our money, our dope was in his rig so there we were, stuck in Toronto, lost and stoned. We waited for 2½ hours and then called the police. They came and **arrested** us because we were in the country without any money and we didn't know anything more about the truck driver except he was Dennis the Canadian Baby Maker.

The cops put us in the back of a car without door handles. They took us to a couple of police stations. They took us downtown and then to this immigration detention center called "Hotel Ruffles."

The detention center wasn't so bad because we'd been tripping for the last week straight and been on the road for a month. The hotel had a color TV (watching *The Monkees* was the highlight of our day), bathrooms and double beds. The only problem was we had to leave the doors open and couldn't go out into the hallways. And you had to sit when you had dinner. There were all these weird people there... a violent criminal from France, an Australian with a Canadian accent who'd been there for 3 months. We had to wait there for 8 days to get our birth certificates because all our identification was in the Canadian Baby Maker's truck.

One day the friend I was with was in the shower and started screaming. The ceiling plaster was falling in. The guards came running. It seems there was a Vietnamese woman upstairs who must have been from some river village or something who had flooded her bathroom to do her laundry.

We were then moved down the hallway right across from the Australian with a Canadian accent. He was a real pervert, he'd hang out the doorway as far as he could when we went to the shower. We weren't allowed to shut the door. Finally, we got sick of worrying about it and figured if he was going to get his rocks off that way then let him. So we both took off our clothes one evening and watched TV. Not long after we heard a thump in the hallway and the guards came running. The guy had fallen out into the hallway. The guards then forced us to close our door for the rest of the week.

These immigration guards were these older Indian men with turbans and stuff who tried to be nice. When it came time to take us to court they went out to somewhere like Kmart and bought us these polyester clothes that were really horrible. We pitched a bitch and demanded they take them back and get us cotton. They must have thought we were bitches from hell. But they wanted to deport us in nice clothes so they bought what we wanted.

They took us before an immigration judge and asked us if we wanted to be deported or go under voluntary departure. If they deported us, they paid our way back to the U.S. but we would have trouble getting back into Canada—at least that's how they explained it—hoping we'd go for voluntary departure. But by that point we were thoroughly sick of Canada. We were sick of having to talk about Dennis the Canadian Baby Maker, we were sick of the Hotel Ruffles (isn't that supposed to be a clown's name, anyway?), we were sick of the loonies we had been stuck with and everybody in the whole country seemed to be incredibly stupid! So we said: "Fuck you! Please, deport us! We never want to come back to your stupid country ever again!" They didn't like that but there wasn't much they could do except take us to the airport and ask us some more stupid questions we couldn't answer. They told us not to cause any more trouble because we'd been such bitches. And then they put us on a plane and sent us back to the U.S.

Now, you're not going to print my name, are you, Steve?

*...and from another Deadhead
we have the following story....*

Man faces jail term for ride on mower

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

MOUNT VERNON, Ind. — A man who told police he was going to buy beer but was too drunk to walk could be sentenced to eight years in prison if convicted of driving a lawn mower on city streets while intoxicated.

Kenneth Ladd, 57, was arrested May 14 after police received a complaint of a man erratically driving a riding lawn mower on a city street.

Ladd faces four years in prison and a maximum \$5,000 fine for the drunken-driving charge. He faces an additional four years for violating probation, stemming from a felony drunken-driving arrest in 1986.

Court records show Ladd has 11 convictions for driving while intoxicated and 17 public intoxication convictions.

Lifestyles of the Grateful Dead and Dying

We stayed up all night and drove to Cincinnati to the Dead show. We didn't have tickets but thought we could possibly get them there (we weren't able to, but that seemed besides the point after a while). We got a newspaper with a list of the "official" campsites which we were never able to find. We drove by the

stadium where the concert was going to be about 10 times and ended up parking in a spot between the stadium and a bridge which we had also passed about 10 times.

The first thing that happened after we had parked is some guy jumped out of a truck parked next to us and yelled, "Hey! You guys need any acid?" He must have asked us if we needed any acid or sheets at least 6 times in the course of the day. It was cold and rainy, sometimes sleeting, and we mostly stayed in the car and got high. At one point we were smoking a big reefer and the car windows were all fogged up and somebody else came up to the car and asked, "You guys need any pot?"

Everybody else decided to walk around and I tried to get some sleep. I heard some commotion going on around us. Somebody yelled, "She's not breathing." So I threw a blanket over some of the drugs we'd scored and laid down and pretended to be asleep so nobody would bother us. Then I realized there were bunches of cops gathering around and some of them were peeking in the car windows. I guess the truck parked next to us was that of some of the biggest smackheads there 'cause the cops kept asking the girl's name and what she was on and they said she had overdosed on heroin. I still pretended to be asleep when my car door was flung open by this crazed smackhead who grabbed my blanket off my and jabbered, "Can I have your blanket. I've gotta put it under her head. She's passed out on the ground behind your car!"

An ambulance showed up and paramedics got out and fucked around with the passed out girl. They finally stood her up, she looked real pale, and put her back into the camper. I saw somebody sign a release, it probably said something like, "You can have this mass of protoplasm. We don't want her. She probably doesn't have any medical insurance."

Oh yeah, the Cincinnati papers said the stadium owners told the cops that they expected the crowd to be pretty much non-violent "but into partying.")

Later that afternoon the smackheads were fucking in their truck. They fucked pretty violently because the truck shook a lot. Then the back door flew open, and the smackhead who'd asked us about buying acid all the times jumped out, went running up the embankment and ripped up two down pillows and tossed out the feathers. It reminded me of the chicken-fucking scene in *Pink Flamingos*.

Yeah, it was even more like Mortville (see John Waters' *Desperate Living*) than Alpine Valley was. All sorts of guys would go up by the bridge and prove their manhood by pissing down towards us. Then, right before the show started, some girls went up there and pissed down at us. They thought there was no one around and it was their last chance to piss before the show, I guess. They held on to the trees and bushes to keep their balance and squatted.

There were lots of people looking for tickets, it seemed like there were more people looking for tickets than people who had tickets. A sign on the stadium said it was the quickest sellout since the 1985 Prince concert. We couldn't hear any of the concert since it was indoors so we hung around the main garage and listened to hipppedrums. We saw this one person who had been beaten into a pulp for stealing tickets off this jerk-jock-asshole ticket scalper who had been asking \$50 (originally \$75) for tickets. Everybody had cheered him on when he stole them.

Yeah, we didn't get to see the band, but we had a good time.

OK, so Bloomington's a Small Town. . .

...So this is all the better we can do for a Bernhard Goetz wanna be

Good citizen sees efforts backfire

It was one of those things that happened so quickly that Jim and Julie could not possibly have anticipated what would transpire.

It was late Monday afternoon and both had just finished their work day on the Indiana University campus and were driving east on Seventh Street near Showalter Fountain. Both noticed, to their right, a group of skateboarders jumping off the steps and railings in front of the Lilly Library, and a woman arguing with them, ostensibly about the damage skateboard enthusiasts are causing on campus.

Jim decided he should stop and see if the woman needed help. The skateboard issue was one he was concerned about as well.

But Jim was barely out of his car before he became the subject of some rather vile verbal abuse from

one of the youths. And then the largest of the three skateboarders started moving toward him threateningly, as if to back up his salty talk with action.

"I was frightened," Jim recalled later. "There were three of them and one of me I was afraid I was going to get pounded."

One of the youths said, "You a cop or something?" and Jim, seeing his opportunity, answered "Yes." He ordered the young men up against the building to "assume the position" and told them to remain there while he went inside the building to call for a back-up.

And then Jim, having extricated himself from a tight spot, called the IU Police Department and asked them to send a patrolman to the scene. The youths took off, of course, but Jim and Julie waited for

the officer to report what had happened.

It was a nasty, frightening little scene. And it was just the beginning of Jim and Julie's troubles.

In about an hour, just before Jim and Julie were to sit down to dinner, an IUPD officer arrived at their home, not to respond to their complaint but to read Jim his Miranda rights. The reason? A complaint that Jim had impersonated a police officer; a complaint that would be filed with the Monroe County prosecutor in the morning, the officer said.

"Here I am, trying to be a good citizen, and I not only get the life scared out of me by these punks but then this policeman comes over and scares me to death again by reading

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me my rights, like I had just killed somebody or something," Jim complained later that night. "How can they possibly charge me with impersonating a police officer when I went right into the building and called the police?"

Jim was not a happy man Monday night. And though the smoke had cleared considerably by Thursday afternoon, he remained altogether soured on the idea that good citizens should intervene when police officers are not around.

Prosecutor Bob Miller didn't see the complaint against Jim until Wednesday. "My immediate response, when I read the report, was 'We need to call this guy in and give him a medal,'" Miller said.

Miller said it was clear to him that Jim did not intend to impersonate an officer and therefore, the

complaint should be dropped. But the prosecutor went ahead and called Jim in Thursday for a friendly chat about why the law exists, and why the officer pursued the complaint, frivolous though it seemed.

Jim and Julie's concern about skateboard vandalism is well-founded, however. University landscape architect Dave Smith said IU has shelled out hundreds of dollars in the past couple of years, fixing damage skateboarders have inflicted all over campus.

"The main problem is what I believe is called an 'axle grind,'" Smith said. "What they do is, they'll come down the sidewalks and walkways and then jump on the limestone coping of our walls and planters until they've chipped and cracked quite a few of them."

Smith said he doesn't believe the vandalism is malicious. "I don't

think a lot of these kids understand what they're doing is really causing a lot of damage."

Smith said the Sample Gates and the new addition to the Chemistry Building are areas which have been damaged recently. In addition, he said, several wooden benches (\$400 each), wooden trash receptacles (\$300) and bollard lights (\$800) have been damaged, apparently by skateboard riders doing stunts. "We've voiced our concern to the police, but apparently unless you catch them in the act, there's nothing anybody can do."

Jim and Julie — who don't want their real names used because they fear recriminations from the youths — say they've seen enough of the vandalism to make them sick. Both are administrative staff members with more than two decades of service to the university. "We love IU," Jim said. "It's a beautiful

campus and we really feel badly when we see it being destroyed."

Jim acknowledges he shouldn't have said he was a police officer. "I just didn't want those guys pounding on me," he maintained. "Especially in front of my wife and some strange woman."

Though Jim is relieved he isn't going to be charged in the incident, he nonetheless is discouraged, if not bitter about what happened. "It just takes away (Julie's) and my desire

to be good citizens," he said. "I got more punishment out of this than those kids did. Nothing's going to happen to them at all."

"I think if somebody were being beaten or raped, I'd still step forward. I sure hope I would. But other than that, you're not going to see me get involved anymore. I'm sorry, but after this, I've just lost my stomach for it."

Poor guy!
Makes you
lose faith
in the system,
don't it?

Alternatively, in Poland

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN POLAND

TEAR gas and clubs are all very well for most occasions, but what is a Polish policeman to do when 5,000 students dress in red, wave flags with Bolshevik slogans and gather round the chimpanzee cage at the zoo to sing Stalinist hymns? Since the first such Happening, in 1987, the authorities have been understandably confused by the motives of the Orange Alternative, the youngest and certainly most original group to emerge in Polish politics.

Based in Wrocław, a Solidarity stronghold in south-west Poland, the Orange Alternative has made its name by mocking the issues which government and opposition alike hold sacred. It commemorated the second world war on Polish Remembrance Day by chanting "Molotov—Yes! Ribbentrop—No!" At Christmas it wore Santa Claus suits and carried signs claiming that "Only Santa Claus can save you from poverty," a gibe at the claims of both government and opposition. When the local Solidarity chapter was calling for a boycott against voting in last winter's referendum on reforms, it held a counter-demonstration, calling for Wrocław to become "the city where more than 100% vote."

Although most of the participants in the Orange Alternative's events are teenagers looking for a good time, the roots of the movement lie in the more sophisticated ideas of an elusive art historian

named Waldemar Frydrych, alias "The Major". Never a conformist—he refuses either to bathe or to maintain a permanent address—The Major found himself stranded in post-marital-law Poland, unable to tolerate either official culture or the earnest, quasi-religious Solidarity demonstrations. Determined to create a new form of cultural politics, he printed a manifesto, and announced the birth of Socialist Surrealism (the theory) and of the Orange Alternative (the practice).

Drawing on Dadaism and plain political savvy, he began to organise periodic Happenings—demos which bring out the absurdity of communism in Poland simply by taking it seriously. The group also prints punk parodies and collages of the official press. The point, explains The Major, is "to treat the political system of Poland as a work of art."

The movement appears to be spreading. Poznań, Gdansk and Kraków have already been the sites of Orange-Alternative-style demonstrations. Warsaw remained relatively untouched until Easter Monday, when a group of students had a mock war in the centre of the city's old town. Shouting slogans like "Freedom and Water", those dressed in blue heavily dumped pitchers and buckets of water on those dressed in green, until the police—some catching a few calculated sprays—moved in.

After their early confusion the police have now become involved in Wrocław as well, detaining demonstrators at each Happening. The Major himself was recently released from two months in jail, where he had been sent after a particularly riotous celebration of International Women's Day. "Disturbance of the peace" was the charge levelled at the leader of several men who dressed up as women to celebrate the occasion, and caused a minor riot by dispensing free sanitary towels, of which there is a serious shortage in Poland, in the centre of the city. However, Happenings continued to take place even during The Major's sentence, showing that the movement will not easily be squashed.

While its taste and tactics are not always acceptable to everybody, the Orange Alternative's significance lies in its appeal to a generation which was too young to have been part of Solidarity, and now wants to make a mark of its own. Its members have consciously avoided the mainstream opposition, considering its leaders too old and its methods too ossified. In fact, to a group of young people raised on the legacy of Solidarity's failure, Dadaist anarchism seems more rational than discussing economic reforms which won't happen. Whether their activity could or should turn into something more substantial is a question that will soon face the group's leaders. For the moment, most feel that maintaining a sense of humour is more important.

Tussin-Up's Polish Political Counterparts?

from *The Economist*, May 21, 1988

Killing Joke of May, 1989

from the rulers who arm the "democratically elected" death squads of El Salvador & the death squad-allied military government of Haiti who crushed that country's attempted elections... aim to...

...Make Panama Safe for Democracy*

**i.e. "we" get the Canal ... the Panamanians keep the dirt*

Yes, ex-CIA director and unindicted Contragate co-conspirator George Herbert Walker Bush is a great friend of democracy. In fact, the tongue that licked its way to the White House once proclaimed...

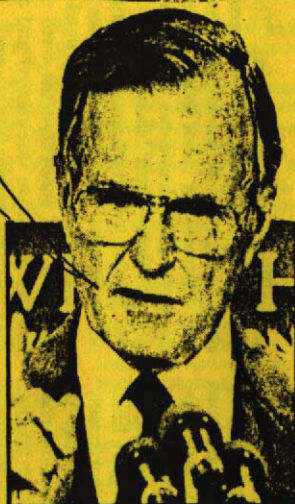
"Mr. President, we salute your devotion to democracy."

—Vice President Bush to Ferdinand Marcos (1983)

"We will not stand by and let a country go Communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people."

—Henry Kissinger (1970)

commenting on the Presidential election of Chile's Salvador Allende. Allende was later killed in a US-backed coup which ushered in a military dictatorship which remains to this day despite losing a plebiscite last year.



Of course, if we wanted to go into details *Tussin-Up* could 1) list all the various dictatorships around the world who are amply supplied with arms by the U.S. and 2) all the democratically-elected governments which the U.S. did in through CIA-sponsored military coups but THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A 1-PAGE ARTICLE! You get the picture, anyway.