

# Tussin-Up's Time's Up!

This is the last issue of *Tussin-Up*. I'm tired of doing it and it's time to do something else. One of the nice things about this rag is that I've always been able to do pretty much anything I wanted to do with it, including quitting and pissing people off.

So this fat insert here includes some of my favorite articles from the previous issues. Enjoy!

—**S. Romilar**, editor/publisher emeritus  
*Tussin-Up* (1985-1989) R.I.P (Rant Influenced by Pinex)

# TUSSIN-UP

#1 MARCH '85



*A Magazine Promoting Constructive and Wholesome  
Alternatives to Illegal Drugs*

Issue Number One

March, 1985

**TUSSIN-UP's FIRST COVER** (and second through eighth covers) were done by Poor Trudy Whitetrash. After he left Bloomington to go to art school I got harder to get work out of him. So the ninth was done by Tussin-Cat Spray & 10th by Zac Burke. We ended up using the first cover's illustration for the t-shirt (banned by detox!)

poortrudy  
86



**ISSUE NO. 1** began in part as a parody of *MaximumRock'n'Roll* after I linked up with a bunch of 17 year-olds jaded by the Bloomington "punk scene." So we began the magazine, as so much of *Tussin-Up* began, as a practical joke that got carried away.

But the joke was on *Tussin-Up* when somebody submitted this to *MaximumRock'n'Roll* and they printed it!

## *Tussen Up Exclusive!*

### **The Bloomington Scene Report Maximum Rocknroll Surpressed!**

*or... Bloomington should be Scene and not Heard*

It's been a long time since there's been a scene report from Bloomington in your zine so I thought I'd write you this...

We used to have a lot of shows here last summer and fall but the promoter kept ripping off the punks by making us pay the outrageous price of three or four bucks just because the bands had records out. So we stopped that shit and now we can spend our money on things like clove cigarettes instead. Besides we can always go up to Indianapolis for shows—I just wish they didn't charge more than they used to down here... I wonder why they do that, don't you?

Mostly we now hang out at 's room or in the hallways outside it. 's is our role model. He's not a punk but he lets us do pretty much what we want in his room. Except sometimes he gets mad 'cause we piss in the hallways outside or throw up in front of the offices down the hallway.

Hey, like last Friday we all went with ' to see "Repo Man" and we got real rowdy by smoking cigarettes in the non-smoking area (until somebody in the row behind us asked for us to put it out).

We used to hang out inside the Student Union building over at the University until they kicked us out so many times that they started arresting us. Then we just hung out outside. Then it got too cold. Besides, we forgot why we were hanging out there anyhow. Too bad, I was hoping to get a summer job keeping people from hanging out in front of the Union.

Then a lot of us spent most of our waking hours at this coffee shop but I think they're starting to get shitty because nobody wants to spend money on coffee. So we all migrate over to 's room.

There are some good hardcore thrash bands in town... some of them even have people in them. I think there's supposed to be a show sometime. I dunno.

Oh yeah, they've been a couple of teenage suicides around here so now teenage suicide is a big fad among school counselors and parents. My counselor called me in because he thought I was the type that would do a stagedive off a ten storey building or something and was real sappy nice and told me to listen to something on public radio (what's a public radio, anyway?). And the dean of students at school who's always yelling at me about something has also been nice to me... it's weird... I kinda miss their hostility. Anyway, I got to thinking and told my parents how I've been real depressed lately and they ran right out and bought me a new skateboard and I'm gonna get them to buy me that leather jacket they wouldn't get me for Christmas.

Well, it's time for me to walk up and down the main drag with my skateboard. I think I might go out to the Mall and practice my shoplifting skills. The other night at 's I got real drunk and started complaining about how I wasn't getting any poontang and this guy asks me how old I was. (He was kinda counseling me but I think he was high on cough syrup or something.) I said seventeen, and he goes, "Don't worry, you'll be eighteen someday, next question please." That sounded like good advice, I guess, but it got me thinking... when I'm on my own next year I gotta know how to survive! And besides I don't want a bullshit job keeping people from hanging out in front of the Union...

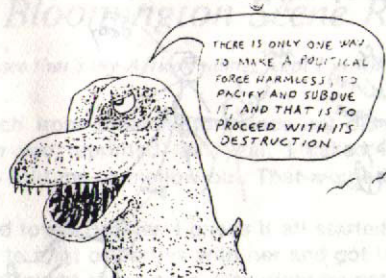
But if anyone wants to write to me just write in care of this zine or 's room and I'll write them back and tell them more about the scene here.



**THE FIRST 3 ISSUES** came out in three consecutive months (whew!) They were thin on copy and I filled them with anything I could get my hands on.

"Anarcho-Godzilla" was in the first issue. It had been among some drawings a friend from high school who lives in Florida had sent me a year earlier. I'm not an anarchist . . . there just wasn't any Marxist-Godzilla comics to publish.

Maxwell Malice, another friend and sometimes contributor, later told me that *Tussin-Up* was a "Marxist cough syrup humor magazine." At least somebody got the message!



- ALL ACTUAL QUOTES:
- ① LOUIS LINGG 1876
  - ② MICHAEL BAKUNIN 1873
  - ③ EMMA GOLDMAN 1930
  - ④ ALEXANDER BERKMAN 1912


**Fortney's Fanzine  
Fun Fills Pfeifer  
Full of Frenzied Fury**  
(or, Fee-Fie-Foe-Fun)

Dear Editor,  
As I was sitting in the Commons, Friday night, I was asked to pick my 10 favorite groups and or Lps and or songs. I did just that. My list included mostly hardcore, some heavy metal, and Bauhaus, AND, much to the dismay of David Fortney, I also listed my favorite Native's song called "Evil."  
I play guitar for the Natives and I know how critically uncool it is to like your own music but I guess I'm just "WAY UNCOOL, DUDE!" That's just too bad. I'm not about to pretend that Jonny Cash is my favorite artist just to impress a bunch of self-proclaimed "open-minded." I do listen to Jonny Cash, by the way. I listen to a lot of different kinds of music that I didn't list, but I listed my FAVORITES! Ever notice how I'm in a hardcore band? That might just mean that hardcore is my kind of music and therefore it dominates my list. And all of you "open-minded" who think that I'm an arrogant asshole for liking my own song, I'm just terribly sorry and I will strive to be open-minded someday.

Emilio  
a.k.a. Chris Pfeifer

*Jonnelson's Erotique  
Stique Figures*

MidwesternLife  
(a tribute to  
Katherine the Great)  
#4 in 'L'Envoque'  
a series by  
J. M. Nelson



A group of wealthy, attractive  
people having an orgy  
and using cocaine.  
#8 in 'L'Erotique'  
a series by  
J. M. Rube.

**Sexual Appliances**

- #1 in 'L'Erotique'
- a series by J.M.
- vibrator
- dildo
- strap on
- butt plug
- penis pump



**ISSUE NO. 4** (Spring 1986) emerged after a year hiatus. The punklets who'd been with the 'zine the first year had gone or drifted away (actually they had done that by the time of the third issue pretty much.)

My favorite article is this story I wrote from the point of view of the first issue's "scene report" writers' younger brother. It was inspired by the lameness of Bloomington's pathetic anti-apartheid shantytown and the fact that the 14 year olds who ended up hanging out there in the summer seemed more on the ball than the granolier-than-thou nitwits who tried to get rid of them.

## **HARDCORE & in Bed By Eleven** *The Summer 1986 Bloomington Scene Report*

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

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

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

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

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

Since I'm real small for a fourteen-year-old and my voice is still real high a lot of them like to think of me as their little brother and want to be my role model



or something. I decided to hang out at this one place full of older punks who mostly sit around and watch television and drink really cheap beer a lot. There was one guy who really thought I should be taught how to be cool like him but I couldn't drink like him. I'd always fall asleep after two beers and besides I don't like to throw up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





## Concerned Citizens Against Art at CultureStock

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

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

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

### ART POLICE OFFICIAL NOTICE OF VIOLATION OF ARTISTIC LICENSE

Name of Offender \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of Art Police Representative \_\_\_\_\_ Time \_\_\_\_\_

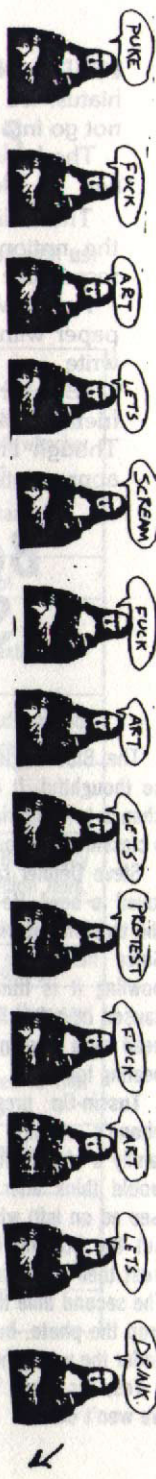
#### CITATION OF OFFENSES (See Code Below)

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

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

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

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





**ISSUE NO. 5** (Spring 1987) was published after yet another one-year hiatus. It's by far better than any of the previous issues for reasons I'd rather not go into in print.

The bowling bowl murder story goes to prove that the best humor publication in Bloomington is not *Tussin-Up* but the daily paper!

The Religion review is probably the most popular article I ever ran. I guess the notion of summing up a religion in two or three sentences struck a responsive chord. I still feel the last entry is the best punchline of all.

Andy Warhol's obit was written by a friend after I stuck a blank sheet of paper with the article's title written on it in front of him and ordered him to write.

"But What About 'Please' and 'Thank You' " is a real story told to me by a friend. I always thought it was one of the best things *Tussin-Up* printed. Though I'm not a Test Department fan the phrase on the side seemed too appropriate, as did the drawing from Wilhelm Reich's rant, *Listen, Little Man!*

## Bowling Ball Beater/Beatee Strikes Out in Local Rag

by Ask-Alice (I think she knows)

The Bloomington **Herald-Telephone** is so thoughtful. It offers its subscribers a chance to memorialize their loved ones in a classified section.

Steve Detmer ran a bowling store and loved to bowl. He also beat women when the tensions of his life overwhelmed him. Since his whole life was devoted to bowling it is fitting that his death was caused by a bowling ball dropped on his head by a woman who had suffered one beating too many.

**Tussin-Up** presents the **Herald-Telephone's** attempt to give the bereaved family a chance to share their grief. You would think after the first "memorium" (see ad on left) where they forgot to crop out the bowling ball, they would never trust their local rag again—but they did! The second time the **H-T** did remember to crop the photo, but oops...they listed it under the wrong heading.

Yes, it's true. They will never forget. We won't either.

### MEMORIUM

07



In memory of Steve  
**"Mike" Detmer**  
who was killed by a  
bowling ball on  
January 4, 1985.

We will never  
forget you.

June Detmer,  
Ann Detmer &  
Ernie Detmer

### 02 Happy Ads



In memory of Steve  
**"Mike" Detmer**  
who was killed with  
a bowling ball on  
January 4, 1985.

We will never  
forget.

June, Ann &  
Ernie Detmer

1987 Ad1  
— 1986 ad



# Tussin-Up Reviews the World's Great Religions

(Sorry, no party reviews this issue, just religion reviews, the '80's are catching up with us)

RELIGION	GOOD POINTS	BAD POINTS
<b>Catholics</b>	Promotes drinking and gambling. (i.e. communion and bingo)	Except you're not supposed to do anything afterwards with your tallywhacker unless you're married (forever).
<b>Fundamentalists</b>	Their stereos play heavy-metal records backwards.	They own half the cable TV channels.
<b>Protestants</b>	Don't know too much about them.	There so many brands of them!
<b>Mormans</b>	They're mostly in Utah.	Act too much like Muslims. (Into sobriety, polygamy and extreme right-wing politics.)
<b>Muslims</b>	Scare American tourists shitless.	Vices mostly involve killing and maiming people instead of brain and liver cells.
<b>Buddhists</b>	Generally don't both you unless they are rehabilitated hippies.	Promote vegetarianism.
<b>Judaism</b>	Good deli food.	Not allowed to say or else I'll be morally responsible for murder of 6 million Jews.
<b>Hinduism</b>	Taught a lot of cool things to hippies.	Taught a lot of cool things to hippies.
<b>Zoroastrianism</b>	Cool name.	Hard to spell (had to use dictionary).
<b>Secular Humanism</b>	Pisses off the fundamentalists.	Except none of the bad things they say about it seem to be true.
<b>Satanism</b>	Where would heavy metal lyrics be without it?	All devil worship really proves is that they're basically still Christians.
<b>Temple of Psychic Youth</b>	Nice logo. Makes good graffiti.	Members tend to be brain damaged.
<b>Alcohol &amp; Drug Substance Abuse Counseling.</b>	Provideroom and board for many a deserving wino.	Fascism with a smiley face.
<b>Atheism</b>	No stupid rules or regulations.	Still lets religion define you.

"What can you expect from a God who would kill his own son?"

—National Lampoon Radio Dinner



# Andy Warhol Drops Dead

by Art Anger

*"Ring rubber bells,  
Walter Paisley is dead."*

—apologies to *Bucket of Blood*  
official movie of C.C.A.A.

World renowned commercial art-fag and blight of the music world delighted all of us of Concerned Citizens Against Art (C.C.A.A.) by suddenly dropping dead due to a heart attack.

Warhol was noted for his pop art renditions of Campbell soup cans that were typically less interesting than a trip to the grocery store. . .but art has never been known for having any socially, individually, culturally or politically redeeming qualities.

I'm eagerly waiting to see if this sudden death thing is some kind of ultimately new and trendy kind of artistic expression. The world would be a more tolerable place if more artists would follow Warhol by dropping dead faster than brain cells on a good binge of substance abuse. Maybe even Warhol's former crap comrade, Lou Reed's heart will stop for having been leader of the worst shitcan art bands known to mankind. Oh, what a thrill! Oh, what a treat. Millions of dead artists under my feet!

With such things to his credit as Brillo pads, Campbell soup cans, Marilyn Monroe, boring art films, the Velvet Underground, *Interview* magazine, and fans like the late Shah of Iran you can just imagine how eager God was to pluck him off the face of the earth for being such a boring, overrated, stupid asshole. Even God can be merciful at times.

Artists around the world mourned Warhol's passing by wearing white.

"Nobody ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public."

—H.L. Mencken



Andy Warhol: Dead from a result of a Campbell's Cream of Watermelon soup diet?

## A Tempest in a Coffee Pot?

Several weeks before publication, we reproduced the Andy Warhol obit and the accompanying captions as part of a promotion for the upcoming issue number five of *Tussin Up*. One such flyer placed on a bulletin board of a local coffee shop was defaced by an anonymous friend of art and good taste with the following message:

*Whoever put this together is really perverted! The man just died and here you are having a few laughs at somebody else's great loss!*

Uh-oh! The public is getting wise to us. We're in trouble now.



## "But What About 'Please' and 'Thank You'?"

Tussin-Up's parable of the month — based on a True Story!

One Saturday night, after eating a dose of ecstasy (a.k.a. MDMA) he ran into the girl in his dorm who he had turned on to the stuff for the first time. "This is great!" she enthused, "Wouldn't the world be a wonderful place if we were born this way!"

"But we *are* born this way," he replied. And, being something of a proselytizer for his revolutionary vision of society he explained the role of the family, schools, laws and so forth in repressing the individual.

He thought he was getting through to her until she protested, "But those are good things!"

"What good things?" he asked, taken aback.

"Yes, good things. Without them we wouldn't have manners."

He was getting confused. "Manners? Like whether you eat with your fork in your right hand and knife in your left and stuff like that. . .?"

No, no, no." she replied. "Manners. Like what about 'please' and 'thank-you'?"

After laughing at her for several minutes he realized she didn't appreciate her point of view quite the way he did. He decided to leave the dorm and find a better party.

**THE UNACCEPTABLE  
Face of FREEDOM**



*My God!*



# 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-appearance 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 therootician, 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.



ed but the best thing that stands out is  
oiled one Sunday afternoon with the

#### **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 gugging 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.*

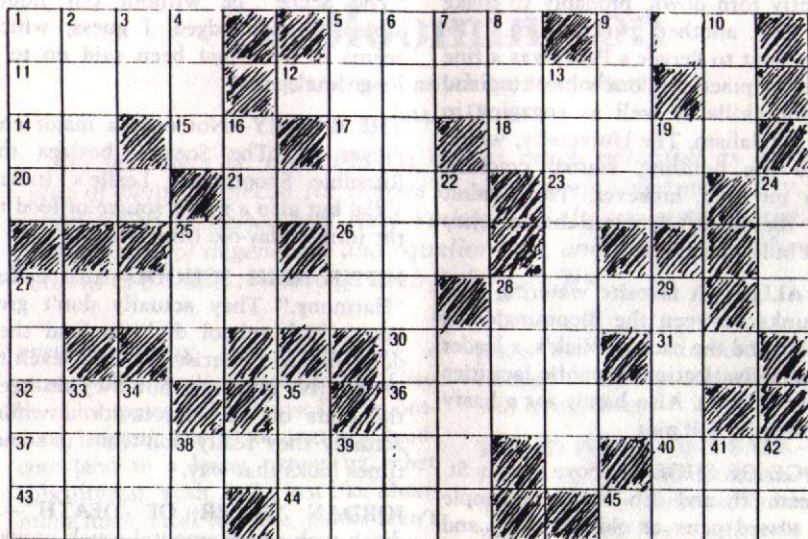


# Daily Grind Crossword Puzzle

*"They serve crossword puzzles, don't they?"*

by Troy & Owsley

Solution to this puzzle found elsewhere in this issue.



## ACROSS

- 1 The service, for example.
- 5 What Serge's dog might do to your leg (from the look on his face).
- 9 With 31 across, "coffee, \_\_\_\_\_, or me?" Waitress come-on?
- 11 The Grind's atmospheric condition, or the one in your head.
- 12 More upwardly mobile, what Chuck would like his clientele to be.
- 14 Exists in the present, The Grind \_\_\_\_\_.
- 15 \_\_\_\_\_sexuality, "Coffee, tea, or him-or-her."
- 17 What some of Chuck's kids call his wife.
- 18 The Grind's specialty, in the kitchen or bathroom.
- 20 \_\_\_\_\_ Daily Grind, the subject of this puzzle.
- 21 What the cornchips tend to be.
- 23 Government agency that should be investigating 11 across.
- 25 LX\_\_\_\_\_, the price of a cup of coffee in Roman numerals.
- 26 As far as we know, this has no connection with The Daily Grind.
- 27 Cost of six pieces of German chocolate cake at the Grind (in dollars, approx.).
- 28 What 43 across is, adj.
- 30 What Ella sings about: "...a kick out of you."
- 31 See 9 across.
- 32 Pitcher, shaped: \_\_\_\_\_-eolate.
- 37 Chuck has a big one.
- 40 What a regular does on coffee every night.
- 43 She's the bitchy bringer of coffee.
- 44 You should never go to The Grind while on one.
- 45 "\_\_\_\_\_ and abuses," what a regular does with caffeine.

## DOWN

- 1 The stuff on the walls they call art.
- 2 Tongue\_\_\_\_\_, what Chuck often does to his employees.
- 3 Ounces (abbrev.).
- 4 Thing gone wild behind the speaker.
- 5 Not The Grind's employee relations policy.
- 6 Too much late coffee, or a Talking Heads song.
- 7 Folks who came in to nab David Drake (twice).
- 8 What you do to your coffee, spelled backwards.
- 9 Grind not conducive to this drug experience.
- 10 "Meet me \_\_\_\_\_ The Grind."
- 13 What you wish you could take to the bathroom.
- 16 Coke \_\_\_\_\_! Or at least it used to be.
- 19 Same as 17 across
- 22 Sixth letter of the alphabet.
- 24 What Chuck does to "unwanted element."
- 25 Acronym for a possible audit.
- 27 What Chuck keeps his employees under.
- 28 Lion of the Zodiac.
- 29 A word descriptive of the managers.
- 33 Marilyn Mon\_\_\_\_\_.
- 34 \_\_\_\_\_ the cheese (cake) [slice].
- 35 The food.
- 38 What should be said to loudmouths.
- 39 With 38 down, what Chuck wants up front.
- 41 Eau\_\_\_\_\_ cologne.
- 42 What a snake says.



## THE FALL OF THE 3-D HOUSE OF Y-BARK

"Leading Harold & Alice thereat, Mike Y. has moved to a more suburban looking venue, rented from a friend's parents...the house has undergone a serious degeneration effort, including: the overpowering stench of cashit 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...The house also features a geeky selection of stupid doorbell chimes...the world's most uneven set of front steps, a front doorknob that often falls off at touch and other sociopathological architectural amusements.

— from "Punkrock Tourist Guide to Bloomington", Issue no. 6  
**The following is based on an interview with Laird, whose parents own the house (a.k.a. The Litter Box, 705 N. Grant, The House of Raging Cats, etc. etc.)**

Last summer, after my parents decided they were going to put this house up for sale, we tried to schedule a visit from the realtors. Every Monday all the agents for the realty company go out and look at the newly listed properties to examine it for the good points and bad points and figure out how to pitch the sale to the prospective homebuyer. It took about 3 weeks for them to schedule a time someone would be there.

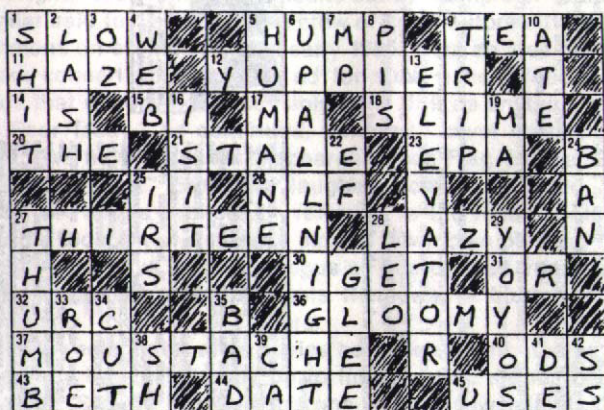
So one Monday morning last August they pulled up in a caravan of brand new Buicks and a group of about ten of them piled out. The men were mostly in their 20s and women in their 30s with ugly business suits. They all came in through the garage and immediately the women started gasping and complaining about the smell. They walked into the downstairs and it was covered with dirty dishes and beer cans everywhere—Dave Death was living there at the time—and there was stuff sprayed all over the walls. They were pretty quiet through most of the tour of the house, sometimes they'd whisper little comments to each other I couldn't hear. The main thing I heard was from some of the women who were holding their handkerchiefs over their noses and breathing through their mouths and saying things like "OH GOD! THE SMELL!". They seemed to do an accelerated version of a tour of the house. I think Johnny and Dave and possibly Y-Bark were still asleep so they quickly poked their heads through the doors.

When one of the women got to the upstairs she made the mistake of opening the door to the bathroom she converted into a cat-box room with the litter box that nobody ever cleans out sitting right in the middle of it. She opened the door and drew back quickly and choked out a "UUUUHhmmmm!" I then mentioned that was where we kept our catbox ("No kidding," the realtors probably said to themselves) and they didn't make any comment but made a quick survey of the upstairs.

They left quickly and I could see them laughing and joking to one another in their cars as they drove off.

The next time I heard from them was in January when the head realtor said that some people were interested in showing the house but in their opinion it was "not showable in its present condition." So he came over with this older

I had these two friends who spent the better part of two months at a local coffeehouse. Whenever I wanted to find them I'd go there, and they'd usually be sitting there, working a crossword puzzle. So I suggested that they make a puzzle about the dive for *Tussin-Up*. This is what they came up with.



*Our apologies to out-of-town readers who may find some of this too esoteric. But you probably are familiar with this sort of hangout.*

## Solution to Daily Grind Crossword Puzzle



guy, he didn't look quite 60 but I think early senility has set in... he can never remember half the things you tell him from one time to the next. The local realtor was in his early 40s, real clean-cut and conservative looking with his suit and a real odd point was that he wore these black gloves all the time. I think I might have been wearing my Tussin-Up t-shirt. He apparently sized me up and decided not to shake hands. He also brought along his head interior decorating woman - she was about 40, wore a businesswomansuit with frills and a little too much makeup.

There was this artificial friendliness when he came inside. He asked about my parents in Haiti, how I was doing in school and then looked around the house. He didn't have much to say. They were perplexed by the absence of cabinet doors in the kitchen. He walked into Y-Bark's room, which is covered with Soviet propaganda posters his sister brought back from Moscow, and frowned. In the main bedroom, when he saw the huge bathtub his voice dropped two octaves with excitement and he called to the decorator: "Come look at this!" He thought it was perfect for someone who was interested in a place where they could live in one area and rent out the rest.

They went downstairs and when they came to Skater Mike's room with all the stuff dangling from the ceiling he looked startled for a second and exclaimed, "Ooh! Halloween!"

When they finished looking over the place the head realtor and interior decorator woman argued some about how much it would take to fix up the place. The head realtor was saying something about how he realized it was hard for a young person to manage a house and go to school and when I'd look at him and he thought I wasn't looking he'd have this look of disgust on his face. Anyway, they said they'd get back in touch with me.

About two weeks later the woman came by to set up a time to go over the place with a painter and carpenter to measure the rooms and get some estimates. I wasn't here at the time, anwar talked to her. He said she was pretty hot for a 40-year-old lady and that either a) she needed a good boning, or b) he wouldn't mind boning her... I'm not sure, you can take your pick of quotes.

A few weeks later she came by with a painter and carpenter and I followed her around and talked with her. The first thing she decided was that the beige color was alright for the living room but she wanted to paint the entire house that color. She went into a lot of detail about how uniform light colors and bright colors make rooms appear to be bigger. She didn't like the dark orange color in the entryway. She said it makes a definite statement but not a statement that everyone is going to like! She got kinda carried away and artsy at times.

She got to the master bedroom and for the first time noticed the wallpaper with the naked women, (Bill e. Goat, listening in, goes, "Where?!" looks in at bedroom and says, "Wow, I didn't notice it. Oh man.") But she said it definitely had to go. She wanted to paint Y-Bark's room chocolate brown. We went downstairs and she looked at Skater Mike's room and said, "I don't think we'll do anything with this," sort of drily. Looking around, she noticed the banner reading "No shutting here" and "Fuck your mama" spraypainted on the door and added, "Of course, we will need to do something about these things. Some people would find it offensive." She didn't seem too upset by it. Her whole orientation was that it just wouldn't be a good selling point.

When she was through she asked if she could sit down in the living room until the painter guy was finished looking the place over. She sat down in the living room and Y-Bark was there. Johnny, Shanine and Fredrick: she introduced herself to everybody and then sat down next to Fred. I pictured what was about to happen and left the room for a bit.

I came back and Fred was going fullblast about his life and how he'd just been to New York practicing to be a homeless person. Y-Bark had fled the room at this point and Johnny and Shanine were doing their best to keep a straight face.

The painter happened to be from New York and Fred talked to him when he came in about how the two hotels he knew were torn down and the painter said things change all the time in New York. Fred asked the painter if he knew his friend in New York named Anne or if he'd ever run into her there. The painter started to laugh, saying New York's a big place.

Fred went on to describe how it was a real beneficial experience for him because he'd walk for 20 hours, sleep in a doorway for 4 or 5 hours and then wake the street again and he was real proud he could do that and survive. The painter looked at him strangely and laughed: "Well, it's good to know you can do that if you have to but I just don't see any percentage in it".

The decorating woman kept her friendly, concerned looking poise throughout... a realtor to the end, I guess.

Well, the realtors finally did get down to business and booted the kids out in mid-May so they could renovate the house to make it presentable. As for the young and restless, it's onward ho to another venue, perhaps in that same slash and burn (or shit & spit) spirit. In the words of 7 Seconds' WayCoolDude anthem, "Clenched Fists, Black Eyes": "We're aiming for a different goal / Succeeding where the hippies failed."

## Cat stretch nasty to remove

QUESTION: I recently moved into a trailer here in the mountains and I have a very old cat. She has been scratching the walls, the baseboards, the ceiling, and the furniture. Apparently the preceding owners had several cats that were indifferent to using their claws. I am not sure if I can get her to stop. These cats really stretch back about 10 years. Can you give me some advice about how to remove the scratching habit?

ANSWER: You're probably your landlord's cat. I'm not sure, but I would suggest that you talk about it with your landlord. If you can't get the cat to stop, you may have to remove it. I'm not sure if I can get her to stop. These cats really stretch back about 10 years. Can you give me some advice about how to remove the scratching habit?

Bergh says that if these cats haven't been using their cat box, their urine has probably soaked into the carpet. She suggests that you try to get the cat to use the cat box. She also says that the best way to avoid problems with cat odor is to use small amounts of cat litter and to change it frequently. She also says that the best way to avoid problems with cat odor is to use small amounts of cat litter and to change it frequently.

If this is not possible, there are other options. Try getting some catnip or catnip oil. Murphy's oil of lemon eucalyptus is also a good option.



Great St. Mary's cat. Money makes a cat's head turn. A cat's head is a very odd object to look at. A cat's head is a very odd object to look at. A cat's head is a very odd object to look at.



**ISSUE NO. 7** (Fall 1987) made me feel like I was almost on a roll — three seasons in a row! I thought I'd explain our unfortunate misinterpreted bogus concert ads and the consternation they had caused some of punkdom.

## Reason for No Rock (Concerts)

"Alright, issue number one looks almost complete." editor/publisher Stephen Romilar said to his assembled crew of contributors sitting around a table in the Commons on evening back in early 1985. Then an idea hit him, "Except, maybe, a fake concert ad. Yeah, an ad for such a ridiculously incredible line-up of bands that nobody could possibly think of it as anything but a joke! How 'bout this Poor Trudy," he continued, turning to cover illustrator Poor Trudy White-trash, "We have an ad for Discharge, Black Flag, Husker Du and, uh, yeah, the Dead Kennedys." Everybody laughed. Somebody added, "Yeah, and let's say it'll be at Ricky's Canteena." referring to the recently closed punkrock venue (now the location of a "visible sign of downtown parking, hopefully" [see issue no. 6]). A few days later, the bogus ad (reproduced from issue no. 1 herein) was ready. As added embellishments there was a blurb about getting tickets at Karma and Ticketmaster centers.

A few weeks later, after copies had been distributed at a show in B'ton and apparently found their way up to Indianapolis, stories began filtering back to us. "Hey, Steve," Rat told me one day, "I saw somebody from Indianapolis down on Kirkwood looking for tickets to the Discharge/DKs show. I couldn't do anything but laugh at him." There were other such stories to, even a rumor that a carload had showed up to the defunct club at the night of the non-concert.

An apology in issue no. 2 followed, but with the ending, "And if you believe this apology it's no wonder you fell for the ad."

I guess it was around April at some show at the Old Library when some odd looking flyers advertising a Circle Jerks concert at the Jockey Club (in Newport Kentucky, across the river from Cincy) appeared advertising a G.B.H. concert. Well, the *Tussin-Up* crew went to Chicago that weekend to watch a Minutemen show at the Metro and get tossed out afterwards 'cause Neville brilliantly decided to spit on the bouncers, so we passed on that one. But a couple people from Bloomington — including two members of the much-ridiculed (by us) hardcore band The Natives — went and discovered that it was all a fake. The

Indianapolis people had retaliated. 'Cept they had missed their intended target and got some innocent bystanders instead. (Actually, *persecuted* bystanders from the way we used to go after The Natives Dudes.)

O.K. So two years had passed and I was up in my *Tussin-Up* office putting together issue number 6 one summer day. Issue no. 6, readers may recall, was our Punkrock revival issue. So, anyway, this kid Jay comes up to the office. Jay's been trying to put together some

MAJOR  
FEST 85!

TUSSEIN-UP PROUDLY PRESENTS.....

APRIL 13th

FEATURING...

BLACK FLAG IIII

DEAD Kennedys

FLAG

HÜSKER DÜ

AND, FROM ENGLAND...

DISCHARGE

AT 6:00pm

this once in a lifetime event takes place on Saturday, April 13  
at RICKY'S CANTEENA corner of 4th & Walnut  
Tickets \$9.50 in advance, \$12.00 day of show.

tickets available  
at RAVING RECORDS  
some all....

Be there!

TICKETMASTER  
centers.



shows for Harmony Productions but things are going slower than anyone had imagined for various reasons. "I'm tired of people asking me when we're gonna start having shows at Harmony," he says (I had just asked him that myself three minutes earlier). With a fiendish smile he started drawing up an ad. When he had finished he had a bill including Samhain, M.D.C, The Cramps, Samhain, Toy Dolls, the Crucifucks, and the defunct local band, The Blood Farmers. Remembering the experience of years earlier, I laughed. *Surely, nobody would fall for a lineup so blatantly preposterous.*

And to make sure we slapped in a Visa and MasterCard logo plus a stupid quote about Woodstock. After all, this was called "The Punkrock revival" issue, promoting mid-1980s/Southside of the Square-era nostalgia. Surely, the public must remember *Tussin-Up* bogus concert ads as part of that whole exciting experience.

Nope. Wrong again.



Saturday evening, Aug. 8th I went over to Y-Bark's place and this woman who was staying there says to me, "There was this carload of people from Lafayette who came by earlier. They were asking where Harmony School was and where they could get tickets to the Cramps concert." *No, you're kidding.* "No, I'm NOT kidding, they really were here. All I could do was go, 'Well-I-I, it's like this...'"

The next afternoon I was over at the same house, saw the same woman. The first thing she said was, "Guess what! This morning another carload of people from Lafayette showed up on our doorstep. I don't know what it is, man. Why do I always end up talking to these people." She later showed me a note that one of them had left on an envelope for Y-Bark House tenant and friend of theirs, Skater Mike. It reads: "Dude (they really write like this), Where are you? We were here for a show that was fake. We left to go to Indy. Tell the *Tussin-Up* dude to eat shit and die. Later, Jim."

Eat shit and die, huh? I guess that explains my shit-eating grin.

But seriously folks. I swear even despite my warped sense of humour, that I would never have run those bogus concert ads had I seriously thought *anyone* would fall for them. Seriously. Furthermore, I promise that I will *never ever* do that again.

Never. Ever.

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 \* SAMHAIN \*  
M.A.X. \* THE BLOOD \* TOXIC REASONS  
THE CRAMPS AND THE CRUCIFUCKS

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!"

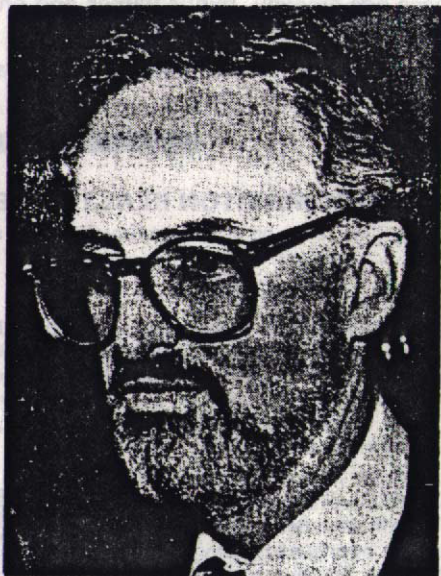


—S. Romilar



**ISSUE NO. 7** had just been laid out when I heard the news that Judge Ginsburg had just withdrawn his name from consideration for nomination to the Supreme Court. The thought immediately struck me: *This would make a great "Dope Ruined My Life" ad for "Readers Digest" or something.* I whipped out this little gem and included it as a half-sheet insert to the issue. And then I went around Bloomington plastering them up. It was especially fun putting them up in the Law School and a bunch on the "Just Say No" table at Hills. I stuck one up at the food co-op and someone who worked there later told me, "You know a lot of people read that Ginsburg thing and asked, 'Did he really say all that?!'"

***'If I had just said no I could be on my way to the Supreme Court, forcing everyone to take a piss test.'***



**Judge Douglas H. Ginsburg talks to young people about drugs.**

"Yes, I was well on my way to the highest (excuse the expression) judicial body in the country. And what's more, since I'm only 41 and we black-robed bastards tend to live forever, I'd probably be there for 40-plus more years, dicking with people and helping to turn the Bill of Rights into a roll of toilet paper. But then, my shameful past experimentation with drugs sealed my fate. Now it's only a fading dream.

"So, in the time-honored tradition of the American judiciary, let me say: do as I say, not as I do. Stay away from dope. It can ruin your life. I know, it ruined mine.

"Well, time to fire up a bong-ful of Exhibit A. See you in Court if you don't heed my words!"

**—Douglas H. Ginsberg**

This public service message is brought to you by *Tussin-Up* magazine  
(*"a magazine promoting constructive and wholesome alternatives to illegal drugs"*)



**ISSUE NO. 9** (Fall 1988). I was again one season overdue on an issue! But some things shouldn't be hurried. Especially this little rant about the economic realities of modern-day capitalism.

## 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.



## 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.

...And, of course, how could we resist making a few jabs at our probation-officer-turned-Mayor!



"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!"



**MORE ISSUE NO. 9** — What can I say. . . Hippies are funny! I finally ran into that guy who called me Satan a year after the party. He apologized to me. I don't know why. He wasn't the one who wrote *me* up in his magazine.

# 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 cheeseey 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 WTIU'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 whilest 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 Deadheads 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 Qadaffi [actually I played Libya at a Mock United Nations deal but it sounds better to say I thought was Qadaffi]). 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 sacreligious). 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 tye-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 sea 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 whilest 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 Gramps say, *Aloha from Hell!*

—Stephen Romilar



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