EMMA COPY - Queer Space

Dr. Smith

#3

HALLOWEEN PRESENT INSIDE

the original SCUM (not who you think it is)

POPE J.P. II

PORCELAIN FOREHEAD

the return of... Bad Ronald

Ondine

Polkaholics

B.F.G.'s

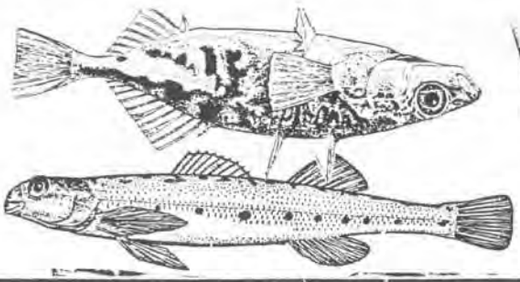
WRATH

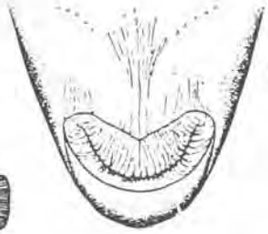
Stretchmarks

HYPE

- AND MORE -

ChildHoods





NEXT ISSUE: DIRECT ACTION, BUNCHOFUCKINGOOPS, JUGHEAD + ALL THE STUFF OUR READERS CAN SEND
SUBMISSION DEADLINE DEC 1ST

PLUS POTTO IN A POT - YOUR XMAS DINNER.

LIZ TAYLOR WHEN SHE WAS A SWINGER

They liked women. They desired women. And, sometimes, they even loved women.

CONTRIBUTORS: CHILD HOODS, MIDI O., MARVEL COMICS, DENA (FEMZINE), CANDY, SCOTT L. STEVENS, LISA, ONDINE, POE, JEAN Y., ERIC FITZ, GUITAR CITY BY ANITA S.

FRONT + BACK COVER PHOTOS: CANDY

Maxine Travers, the no-chest mouse scared of her own shadow, turned into one of the most swinging dykes in and around Hadleyston.

From the 16th to the 19th there had been what amounted to be an uninterrupted, three-way sex orgy in the studio which, although not as physically exhausting as it would have been to men, left the three women in a state of high nervous tension.

DR. SMITH ISSUE #3 SEPT/OCT 84'

Does that mean I'm a Lesbian, or a Lesbian to be, the wondered and then pooh-poohed the possibility. Of course not. Dykes are the most limited animals there are, and nothing's going to limit me. I dig the studs when I want them, and dykes are either bored by studs or scared of them.

Silly suspicion. Dykes go for the butch/femme crap. When Mary Jane and I were grabbing the brass ring two years ago, and tonight, there was none of that boy/girl/girl-boy nonsense. We were—we are, two stacked and liberated girls who can keep it all harmlessly physical without going overboard on a bearing emotion kick.

SELMA, Ala. (AP) — Singer Anita Bryant, who moved to Selma from Florida three years ago after her much-publicized activities against homosexual rights, is on the road again.

She says she is moving to Atlanta sometime next week.

"Selma was a bridge into a new life for me," Bryant said.

"I have to go where I'll have work and be more accessible to those who want me to work," she said.

"I have a new recording contract, will be doing some work with the Nashville Network and Cable Network and, in the fall, I'll appear on Hee-Haw."

DR. SMITH BY MAIL:

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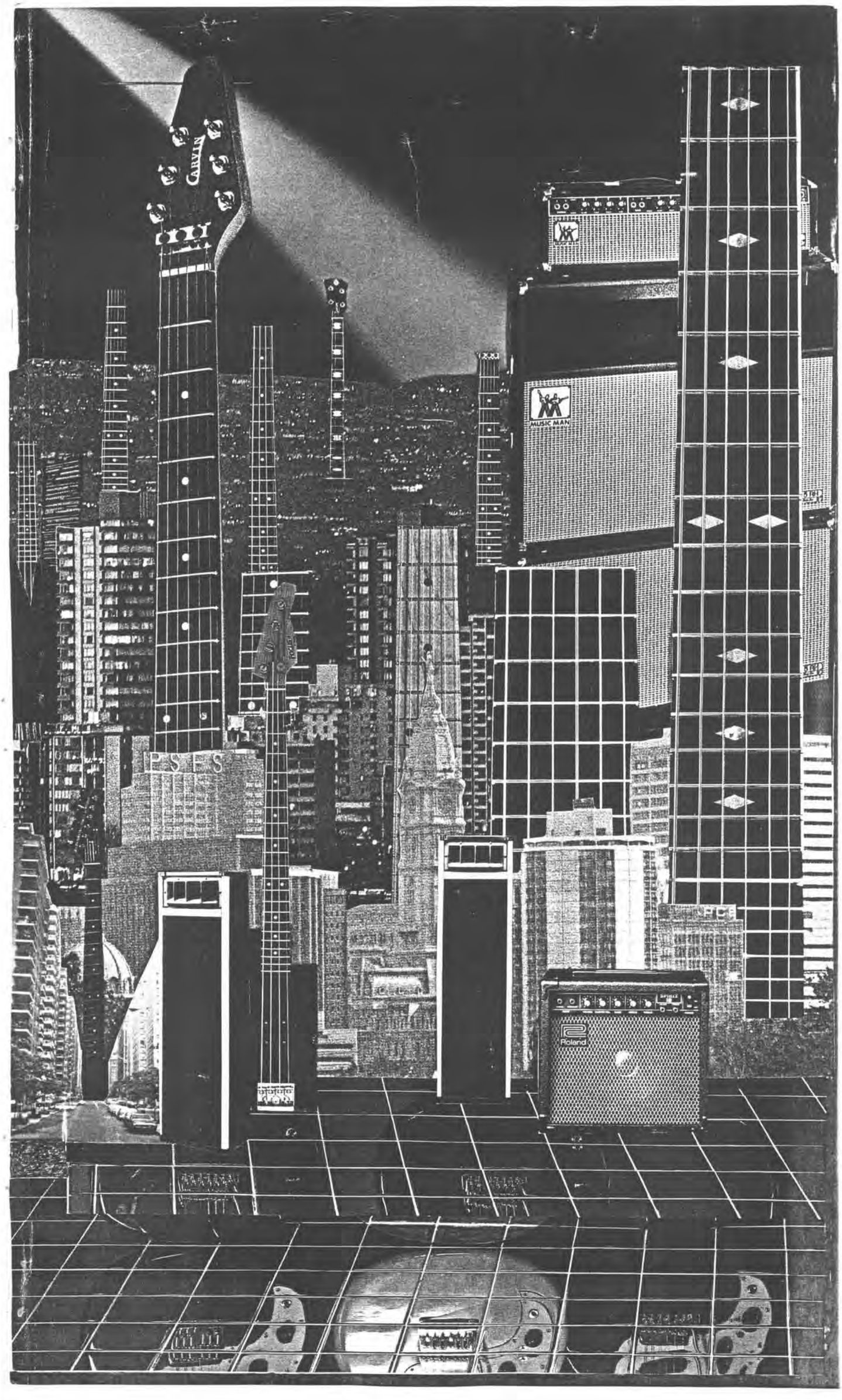

CARVIN
MUSIC MAN
Roland

TEEN SHOOTS SELF OVER NEW BRACES

ONLY IN ★TEXAS★

A TEXAS teenager blew out his brains with a .357 magnum revolver apparently because his new braces got him so far down.

The boy, 14-year-old David Harris, shot himself with the revolver only hours after he came home from the dentist who installed the mouthful of tooth-straightening devices.

"His parents said that's the only reason they could think of why he killed himself," said police Sgt. J.C. Randall.

He didn't leave a suicide note. His parents told police the youth had seemed in good spirits when he came in. He took the revolver from his parents' bedroom nightstand and shot himself about 8:30 pm.

"Something just snapped," said the boy's father. "That's all we can figure."

Young Harris was the seventh teenager to kill himself in the Dallas suburb of Plano in the last year.

Friends and family described the boy as outgoing and friendly — and a computer whiz as well.

Tracy said that one of the women told her that Tracy's mother and the woman used the "toys" on each other when business was slow. "In the bedroom, there was all kind of moaning and groaning going on... you could hear the vibrator."

During her testimony and in response to a question from her attorney, Tracy demonstrated signals used by homosexuals to attract each other. A flip of the wrist, palm down, describes a "so-so" situation, meaning the one giving the signal engages in sex with either male or female. Palm upwards means that the signal giver has "completely flipped over," said the girl. She demonstrated a whistle that she described as a "queer call."

Benjamin Rush's "tranquilizer chair" was not a success: too many patients broke their bones against it in vain attempts to free themselves from its restraints.

WHEN IN ONTARIO YOU CAN - have a few brews & kill the old lady

A Kenora man who shot and killed his wife after a drinking bout, then turned the gun on himself, has had his nine-year sentence reduced to two years by the Ontario Court of Appeal.

Calling the case tragic and unique, Mr. Justice Charles Dubin said John Beckner, who pleaded guilty last year to manslaughter, lacked the capacity to form the intent to kill his wife because of the amount of alcohol he'd drunk.

great excuse huh?

The nine-year sentence imposed by a lower court judge was "insensitive and lacking in any compassion," Dubin said in a written decision released yesterday.

& aw-poor guy

ROCHESTER, N.Y. (Special) — Break sitting — that's what three rabbinical students call the street dance they do on a bus bench.

Wearing identical pin-striped pants, white shirts, ties and yarmulkes, they sit together, crossing and uncrossing their legs in unison.

Passers-by laugh, wave, applaud and cheer.

Nightly performances started when Talmudical Institute of Upstate New York students Fred Frankle, 18, Mesulum Lisker, 21, and Michael Chanales, 23, sat down on the bench for a smoke.

The Bus-Bench Breakers — as they now call themselves — do single leg crossings, doubles and a "fake," in which they uncross legs, then immediately recross them.

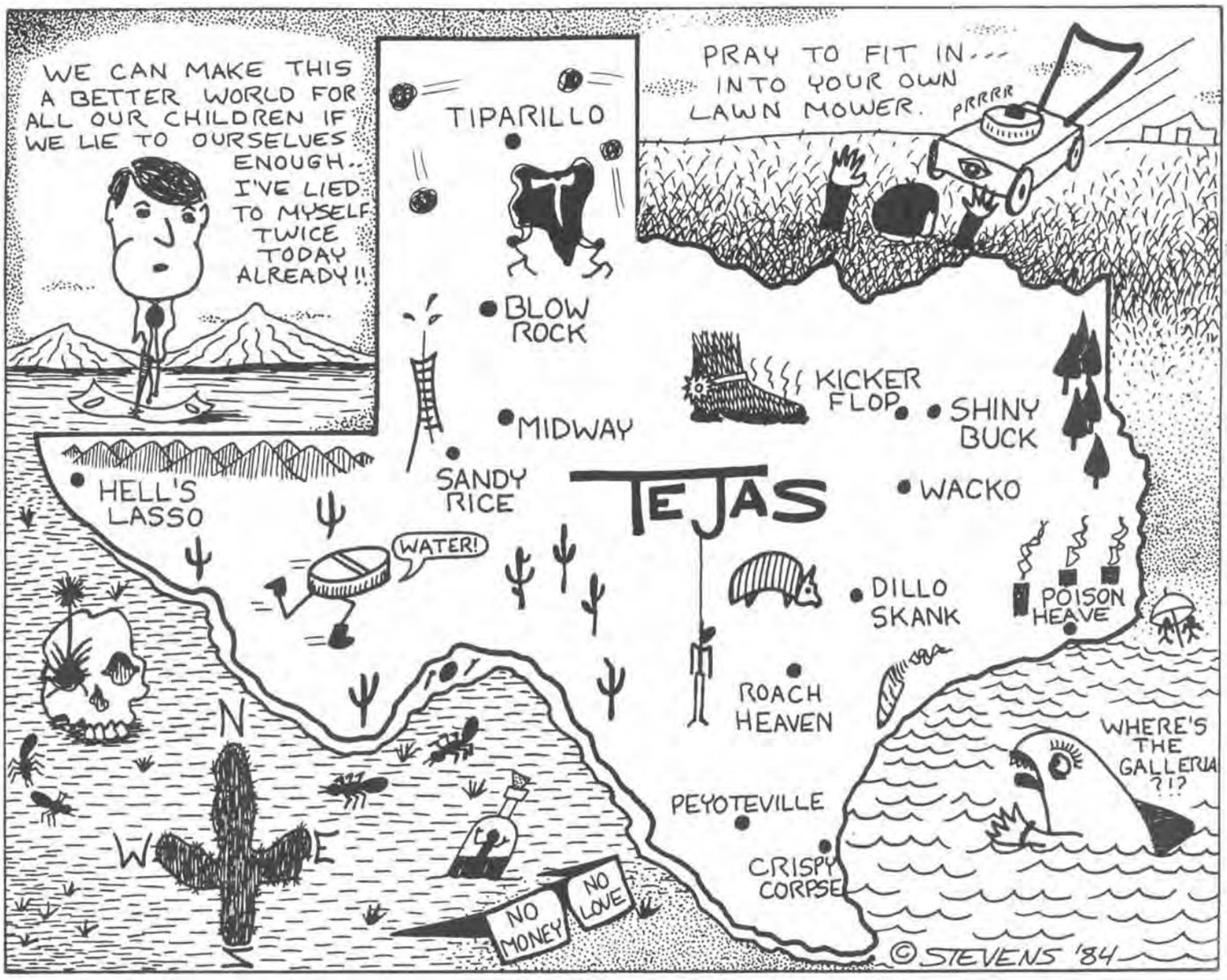
The most complex move so far is the "domino," in which the break sitters achieve a cascading effect.

HELLO DOLLY

Parents beware. This punk doll is out to steal your child's heart. The doll, the creation of California mother Linda Dodd, is set to give its Cabbage Patch rivals a swift kick.

ONE LINE GOSSIP COLUMN : One of Dr. Smith's many secret sources has revealed to us that Mike Lookinland (Bobby Brady to most of you) is a dosin' Deadhead! (for those who don't know, a Deadhead is a Greatful Dead fan(atic).

PHOTO: CANDY



THE RETURN OF BAD RONALD

starring:

POE
as
Bad Ronald

LISA
as
Princess Fancetta II

photographed by Candy

For those who never knew the frightening tale of Bad Ronald: Ronald lived with his protective mother. He was a loner, branded a wimp by his peers. One day Ronald was humiliated by some cheerleader + football types when he asked a popular girl for a date. A little girl teased him and he accidentally killed her. Mom hides him in a secret room in the house. When she unexpectedly died, a new family moved in, unaware of Ronald. He creates the imaginary kingdom of Atranta in which he is the handsome Prince Norbert. He sneaks around and spies on the daughters who look like Marsha Jan + Cindy from the Brady Bunch. Ronald falls in love with Babs, the youngest, + wants to make her his Princess Fancetta. He terrorizes the house + finally the police get him.

NOW ONTO THE SEQUEL...

THE TIME IS 5 YEARS LATER ON A GLOOMY OCTOBER AFTERNOON. NOBODY MEETS RONALD WHEN HE'S DISCHARGED

SITUATED BY THE HOSPITAL IN A DEPRESSING BASEMENT FLAT, RONALD SEARCHES THE PAPER DAILY FOR A JOB. HE LEAVES EARLY EACH MORNING, DOING HIS PART TO BECOME ONCE MORE A USEFUL MEMBER OF SOCIEY. IN 5 YEARS, A LOT HAS CHANGED ABOUT RONALD. HIS HAIR IS LONGER, HIS EXPECTATIONS LOWER

FINALLY, AFTER WEEKS OF LOOKING WITH NO SUCCESS, RONALD CRACKS - HE LEAVES THE DINGY ROOM + RETURNS TO THE ONLY PLACE HE EVER KNEW HAPPINESS..

AS HE PEEPS THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE HOUSE WHERE HE ONCE LIVED IN PEACE + CONTENTMENT WITH HIS MOTHER HE REALIZES HE HAS FOUND THE GREAT LOVE OF HIS LIFE ONCE AGAIN

WHILE THE FAMILY SLEEPS, RONALD FINDS HIS OLD HIDEOUT INTACT

SOON RONALD'S UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS - WHAT A CREEP!

THIS STORY DEDICATED TO THAT BRILLIANT ACTOR SCOTT JACOBY— WHERE IS HE NOW??

Child

SUN. MARCH 11TH
JERRY'S KIDZ
(Albuquerque)
Heart Attack
(New York)
MIA
(Las Vegas)
STALAG 13
(Oxnard)
Child Hoods
(S.G.V.)
JUSTICE League
(P.V.)
$5.00 4pm
At THE
SUN VALLEY SPORTSMAN HALL
11059 LORNE (714) 620-4405

Home Security

Hey I'm only unemployed
because assertion makes me annoyed.
I bought a new set of toys
I got plenty of time to destroy

Acting confused in need of guidance
become A burglar if denied allowance.
Why go against the grain?
make family life a pain
though my chores are a bore
Daddy bought me a whore

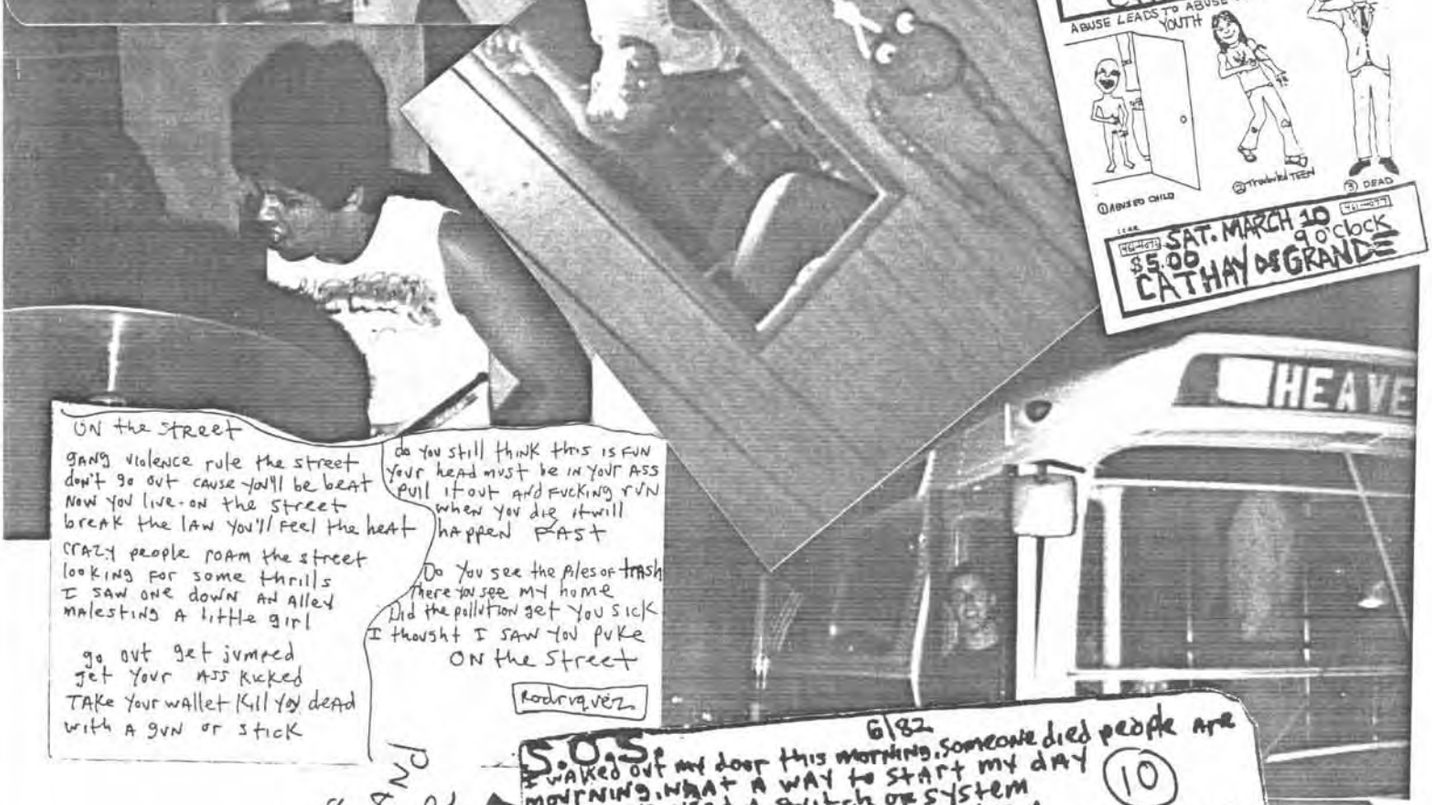
Never bite the hand that feeds
it will finance temporary needs

Opportunity neglection
hourly masturbation
A security station
mental malestation

parental obligation
constant intoxication
a college education
home protection

depending on parents to scared to succeed
dependent of parents rather be a transient

(Hollister)



On the street

gang violence rule the street
don't go out cause you'll be beat
Now you live-on the street
break the law you'll feel the heat

crazy people roam the street
looking for some thrills
I saw one down an alley
malesting a little girl

go out get jumped
get your ass kicked
Take your wallet Kill you dead
with a gun or stick

do you still think this is fun
your head must be in your ass
pull it out and fucking run
when you die it will
happen fast

Do you see the piles of trash
there you see my home
Did the pollution get you sick
I thought I saw you puke
On the Street

Rodriguez

6/82

S.O.S.
I walked out my door this morning. Someone died people are
mourning. What a way to start my day (10)
We need a switch of system
This is the time to beat 'em
everyday is the same bullshit, can't get it straight
don't wanna fit, I can't hear a word you say
S.O.S. leave-the-rest
I won't be fooled How about you, don't hide what are we
gonna do. Authority will have to pay
Don't believe Billy Graham mail him money, stupid chair
sans make his pay!

Step on SCAB

Singer of Another Band Mange

FROM CALIFORNIA

Hoods

Band in the Barrio 10/83

dusters running all around
murder happening right in town
clothes hanging out to dry
sunday morning NANA's cry
no different cause I'm white
IF I want to live I have to fight

BLAST the neighbors and they BLAST you
BLAST the neighbors and they BLAST you
BLAST the neighbors and they BLAST you
BANNED IN THE BARRIO

fighting over filthy streets
get shot crossing where they meet
IF I leave I may never go BACK
I'm constantly getting attacked
people packed in little shacks
turn the volume up to the max

(2)

Sun. April 15TH

ARMISTICE
NO SYMPATHY
III SUBMISSION
Child Hoods
$3.00
All AGES
8:00
DOGGED!

ROXANNE'S
3231 E. Huntington Dr.
Monrovia, Ca. 91016
(213) 358-9575

Sat. Dec. 10

Child Hoods
MANSON YOUTH
ARMISTICE
ONLY TWO DOLLARS 8:00
AT THE BRICK BUILDING (POMONA)
WANKERS ARE NO FUN!

Rush the Border 5/83

we're the Border Patrol searching for you
A mexican A merican no red, white, or blue
every weekend we burn across
then pray no more wetbacks cross

Now I'm taking the Native's side
IF you want A life you better hide
Better get your ass in gear
Here's the Honky in your ear
Better run-bite their gun-bite their gun!
stealing all of your rights
They'll send you south without A Fight
They believe they're superior
Rush the Border they're inferior

you thought you had found paradise
poor Aren't poor, Rich Are Rich
Run the last mile with no shoes
To A land you thought was enriched

(4)

SATURDAY JULY 14
Child Hoods
T.N.T.
& SPECIAL GUESTS
SAME TIME AROUND 9 O' CLOCK
ALL THIS FOR ONLY $86.00
WHAT A BARGAIN
PLUS FREE SECURITY PROTECTION FOR ALL
AT CATHAY DE GRANDE

IF YOU LIKE CRASH 'N' MASH GARAGE NOISE THEN YOU'LL LOVE THESE JUMPIN' JUVENILES. A PLATTER (BABY) BEHIND BARS DUE OUT SOONER OR LATER

Child Hoods

Leave the Flock

Follow them exactly the same
live within their flock
I am A lone wolf
smashing you with my rock

stomp out your smokes
and eat that fucking slang
IF you want respect
quit that gang

How does it feel to have real fun
IF you find the action give me some

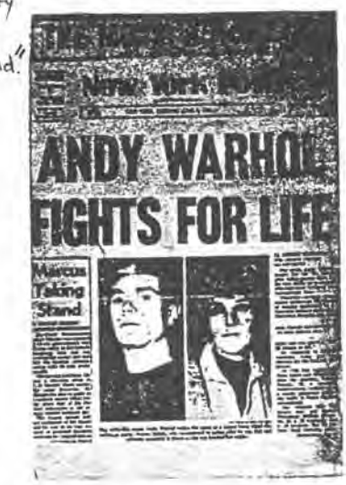
ONLY speak your own words
ONLY follow your own path
ONLY play your own games
ONLY adults are happy lame
A mindless flock of sheep
goin round and round
I AM A wolf I'll have to tear them down

ONLY BE your own self

Hollister

" Presentation of the rationale and program of action of SCUM (Society for Cutting Up Men) which will eliminate through sabotage all aspects of society not relevant to women (everything), bring about a complete female takeover, eliminate the male sex and begin to create a swinging groovy female world."

AH YES - VALERIE SOLANAS - AN INTERESTING PART OF 60'S HISTORY. OBVIOUSLY, WE DON'T AGREE WITH ALL OF VALERIE'S VIEWS BUT BOY DID SHE EVER SOCK IT TO THOSE HIPPIE GUYS, + IF ANYONE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THOSE "OPEN-MINDED" GUYS (WHO WANTED THEIR WOMEN WITH THEIR MINDS OPEN AND THEIR LEGS OPEN) JUST LISTEN TO SOME GRATEFUL DEAD LYRICS, READ THE SECTION ON THE 60'S LEFT IN ANDREA DWORKIN'S RIGHT-WING WOMEN, OR LOOK AT THE SOCIAL STRUCTURE OF 60'S RADICAL GROUPS LIKE THE WEATHERMEN, S.L.A., ETC. FOR SOME EVIDENCE OF THE HYPOCRISY OF THE "(FREE) LOVE GENERATION." FOR THE MEN IT WAS THE THE TIME OF THE "SEXUAL REVOLUTION," FOR THE WOMEN IT WAS BAREFOOT + PREGNANT AS USUAL.



MONEY, MARRIAGE AND PROSTITUTION, WORK AND PREVENTION OF AN AUTOMATED SOCIETY: There is no human reason for money or for anyone to work. All non-creative jobs (practically all jobs now being done) could have been automated long ago, and in a moneyless society everyone can have as much of the best of everything as she wants. But there are non-human, male reasons for maintaining the money-work system:

1. Pussy. Despising his highly inadequate self, overcome with intense anxiety and a deep, profound loneliness when by his empty self, despite to attach himself to any female in dim hopes of completing himself, in the mystical belief that by touching gold he'll turn to gold, the male craves the continuous companionship of women. The company of the lowest female is preferable to his own or that of other men, who serve only to remind him of his repulsiveness. But females, unless very young or very sick, must be coerced or bribed into male company.

2. Supply the non-relating male with the delusion of usefulness, and enable him to try to justify his existence by digging holes and filling them up. Leisure time horrifies the male, who will have nothing to do but contemplate his grotesque self. Unable to relate or to love, the male must work. Females crave absorbing, emotionally satisfying, meaningful activity, but lacking the opportunity or ability for this, they prefer to idle and waste away their time in ways of their own choosing—sleeping, shopping, bowling, shooting pool, playing cards and other games, breeding, reading, walking around, daydreaming, eating, playing with themselves, popping pills, going to the movies, getting analyzed, traveling, raising dogs and cats, lolling on the beach, swimming, watching T.V., listening to music, decorating their houses, gardening, sewing, nightclubbing, dancing, visiting, "improving their minds" (taking courses), and absorbing "culture" (lectures, plays, concerts, "arty" movies). Therefore, many females would, even assuming complete economic equality between the sexes, prefer living with males or peddling their asses on the street, thus having most of their time for themselves, to spending many hours of their days doing boring, stultifying, non-creative work for somebody else, functioning as less than animals, as machines, or, at best—if able to get a "good" job—co-managing the shitpile. What will liberate women, therefore, from male control is the total elimination of the money-work system, not the attainment of economic equality with men within it.

3. Power and control. Unmasterful in his personal relations with women, the male attains to general masterfulness by the manipulation of money and of everything and everybody controlled by money, in other words, of everything and everybody.

4. Love substitute. Unable to give love or affection, the male gives money. It makes him feel motherly. The mother gives milk; he gives bread. He is the Breadwinner.

5. Provides the male with a goal. Incapable of enjoying the moment, the male needs something to look forward to, and money provides him with an eternal, never-ending goal: Just think what you could do with 80 trillion dollars—Invest it! And in three years time you'd have 300 trillion dollars!!!

6. Provides the basis for the male's major opportunity to control and manipulate—fatherhood.

FATHERHOOD AND MENTAL ILLNESS (fear, comardice, timidity, humility, insecurity, passivity): Mother wants what's best for her kids; Daddy only wants what's best for Daddy, that is peace and quiet, pandering to his delusion of dignity ("respect"), a good reflection on himself (status) and the opportunity to control and manipulate, or, if he's an "enlightened" father, to "give guidance." His daughter, in addition, he wants sexually—He gives her *hand* in marriage; the other part is for him. Daddy, unlike Mother, can never give in to his kids, as he must, at all costs, preserve his delusion of decisiveness, forcefulness, always-rightness and strength. Never getting one's way leads to lack of self-confidence in one's ability to cope with the world and to a passive acceptance of the status quo. Mother loves her kids, although she sometimes gets angry, but anger blows over quickly and even while it exists, doesn't preclude love and basic acceptance. Emotionally diseased Daddy doesn't love his kids; he approves of them—if they're "good," that is, if they're nice, "respectful," obedient, subservient to his will, quiet and not given to unseemly displays of temper that would be most upsetting to Daddy's easily disturbed male nervous system—in other words, if they're passive vegetables. If they're not "good," he doesn't get angry—not if he's a modern, "civilized" father (The old-fashioned ranting, raving brute is preferable, as he is so ridiculous he can be easily despised) —but rather expresses disapproval, a state that, unlike anger, endures and precludes a basic acceptance, leaving the kid with a feeling of worthlessness and a lifelong obsession with being approved of; the result is fear of independent thought, as this leads to unconventional, disapproved of opinions and way of life.

For the kid to want Daddy's approval it must respect Daddy, and, being garbage, Daddy can make sure that he is respected only by remaining aloof, by distantness, by acting on the precept "familiarity breeds contempt," which is, of course, true, if one is contemptible. By being distant and aloof, he is able to remain unknown, mysterious, and, thereby, to inspire fear ("respect").

Disapproval of emotional "scenes" leads to fear of strong emotion, fear of one's own anger and hatred, and to a fear of facing reality, as facing it leads at first to anger and hatred. Fear of anger and hatred combined with a lack of self-confidence in one's ability to cope with and change the world, or even to affect in the slightest way one's own destiny, leads to a mindless belief that the world and most people in it are nice and that the most banal, trivial amusements are great fun and deeply pleasurable.

The effect of fatherhood on males, specifically, is to make them "Men," that is, highly defensive of all impulses to passivity, faggotry, and of desires to be female. Every boy wants to imitate his mother, be her, fuse with her, but Daddy forbids this; *he* is the mother; *he* gets to fuse with her. So he tells the boy, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, to not be a sissy, to act like a "Man." The boy, scared shitless of and "respecting" his father, complies, and becomes just like Daddy, that model of "Man"-hood, the all American ideal—the well-behaved heterosexual dullard.

The effect of fatherhood on females is to make them male—dependent, passive, domestic, animalistic, nice, insecure, approval and security seekers, cowardly, humble, "respectful" of authorities and men, closed, not fully responsive, half dead, trivial, dull, conventional, flattened out and thoroughly contemptible. Daddy's Girl, always tense and fearful, uncool, unanalytical, lacking objectivity, appraises Daddy, and thereafter, other men, against a background of fear ("respect") and is not only unable to see the empty shell behind the aloof facade, but accepts the male definition of himself as superior, as a female, and of herself, as inferior, as a male, which, thanks to Daddy, she really is.

It is the increase of fatherhood, resulting from the increased and more widespread affluence that fatherhood needs in order to thrive, that has caused the general increase of mindlessness and the decline of women in the U. S. since the 1920's. The close association of affluence with fatherhood has led, for the most part, to only the wrong girls, namely, the "privileged," middle-class girls, getting "educated."

The effect of fathers, in sum, has been to corrode the world with maleness. The male has a negative Midas Touch—everything he touches turns to shit.

ISOLATION, SUBURBS AND PREVENTION OF COMMUNITY: Our society is not a community, but merely a collection of isolated family units. Desperately insecure, fearing his woman will leave him if she is exposed to other men or to anything remotely resembling life, the male seeks to isolate her from other men and from what little civilization there is, so he moves her out to the suburbs, a collection of self-absorbed couples and their kids. Isolation enables him to try to maintain his pretense of being an individual by becoming a "rugged individualist," a loner, equating non-co-operation and solitariness with individuality.

There is yet another reason for the male to isolate himself: every man is an island. Trapped inside himself, emotionally isolated, unable to relate, the male has a horror of civilization, people, cities, situations requiring an ability to understand and relate to people. So, like a scared rabbit, he scurries off, dragging Daddy's little asshole along with him to the wilderness, the suburbs, or, in the case of the "hippy"—he's way out, Man!—all the way out to the cow pasture where he can fuck and breed undisturbed and mess around with his beads and flute.

The "hippy," whose desire to be a "Man," a "rugged individualist," isn't quite as strong as the average man's, and who, in addition, is excited by the thought of having lots of women accessible to him, rebels against the harshness of a Breadwinner's life and the monotony of one woman. In the name of sharing and co-operation, he forms the commune or tribe, which, for all its togetherness and partly because of it (the commune, being an extended family, is an extended violation of the females' rights, privacy and sanity) is no more a community than normal "society."

A true community consists of individuals —not mere species members, not couples— respecting each other's individuality and privacy, at the same time inter-acting with each other mentally and emotionally—free spirits in free relation to each other—and co-operating with each other to achieve common ends. Traditionalists say the basic unit of "society" is the family; "hippies" say the tribe; no one says the individual.

The "hippy" babbles on about individuality, but has no more conception of it than any other man. He desires to get back to Nature, back to the wilderness, back to the home of the furry animals that he's one of, away from the city, where there is at least a trace, a bare beginning of civilization, to live at the species level, his time taken up with simple, non-intellectual activities—farming, fucking, bead stringing. The most important activity of the commune, the one on which it is based, is gangbanging. The "hippy" is enticed to the commune mainly by the prospect of all the free pussy—the main commodity to be shared, to be had just for the asking, but, blinded by greed, he fails to anticipate all the other men he has to share with, or the jealousies and possessiveness of the pussies themselves.

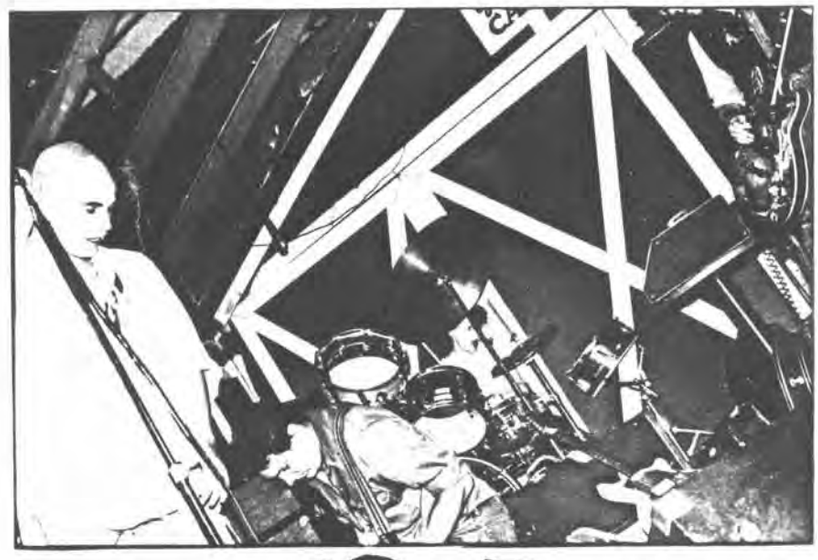
Men cannot co-operate to achieve a common end, because each man's end is all the pussy for himself. The commune, therefore, is doomed to failure: each "hippy" will, in panic, grab the first simpleton who digs him and whisk her off to the suburbs as fast as he can. The male cannot progress socially, but merely swings back and forth from isola- to gangbanging.

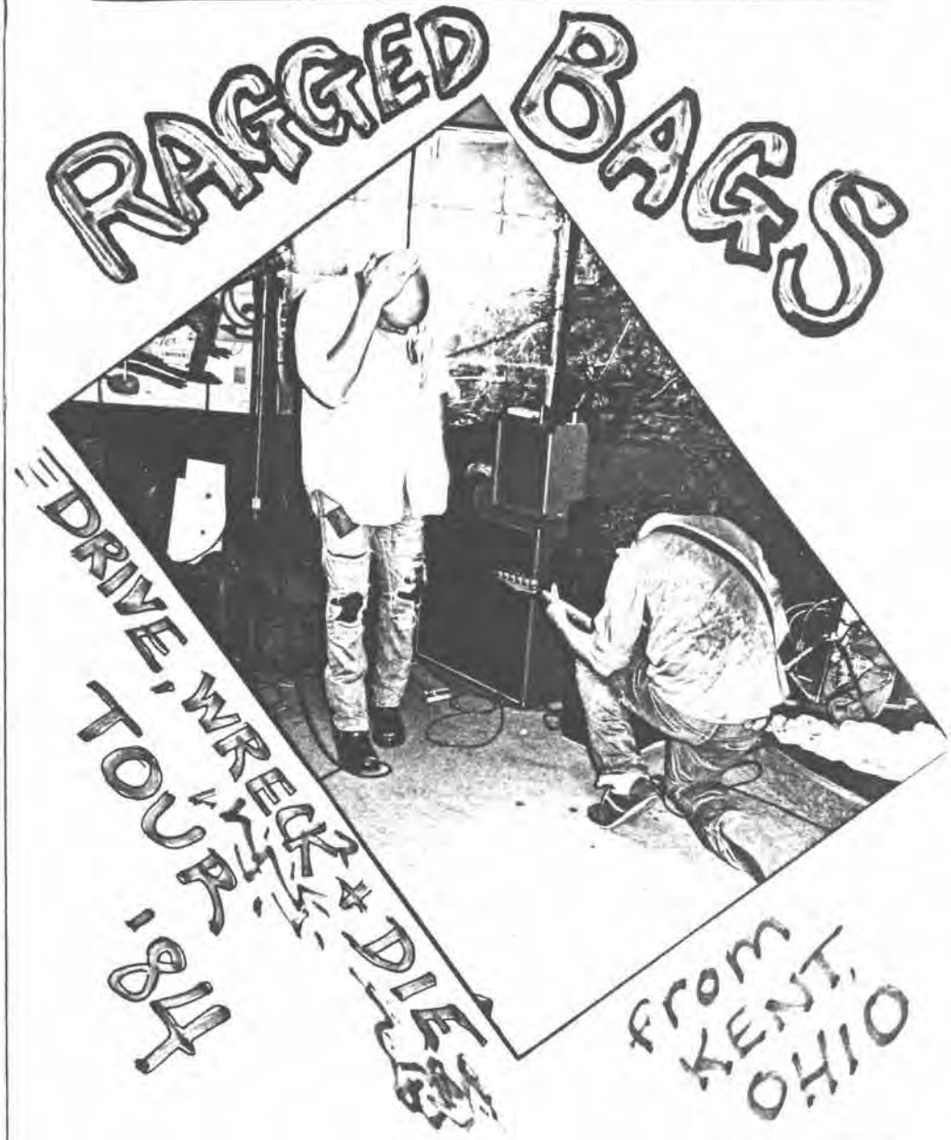
CONFORMITY: Although he wants to be an individual, the male is scared of anything about him that is the slightest bit different from other men; it causes him to suspect he's not really a "Man," that he's passive and totally sexual, a highly upsetting suspicion. If other men are A and he's not, he must not be a man; he must be a fag. So he tries to affirm his "Manhood" by being like all the other men. Differentness in other men, as well as in himself, threatens him; it means *they're* fags whom he must at all costs avoid, so he tries to make sure that all other men conform.

The male dares to be different to the degree that he accepts his passivity and his desire to be female, his fagginess. The farthest out male is the drag queen, but he, although different from most men, is exactly like all other drag queens; like the functionalist, he has an identity—he is a female. He tries to define all his troubles away—but still no individuality. Not completely convinced that he's a woman, highly insecure about being sufficiently female, he conforms compulsively to the man-made feminine stereotype, ending up as nothing but a bundle of stilted mannerisms.

To be sure he's a "Man," the male must see to it that the female be clearly a "Woman," the opposite of a "Man," that is, the female must act like a faggot. And Daddy's Girl, all of whose female instincts were wrenched out of her when little, easily and obligingly adapts herself to the role.

(illegible)





PHOTOS: CANDY

PHOTOS: ANITA

THE BAND COOLS IT OUT IN THE VINEYARDS OF KATHEDRAL Ⓐ.

THE FOREHEAD OVER KENSINGTON.

PHOTOS THE VIA ERIC

DR SMITH PRESENTS:

SUPERSTAR VANS

THE **Polkaholics'** AWESOME

'72 *Econoline* 100 ★

THIS LEAN, GREEN, MACHINE WAS LAST SPOTTED DOING 200 FOR THE BORDER WITH SUPER-SPEED GUITAR-PLAYER DICK H. AT THE WHEEL!!

THE **Forehead's** DEADLY

'77 *Tradesman* 200 ●

HARD-HITTING DRUMMER JORDIE TELLS US, A BOOGIE-IZED FUEL INJECTION AND A RULING SET OF MAGS MAKES THIS BEAUTY UNBEATABLE!!

THEY'RE BURNIN' UP THE ROAD!!

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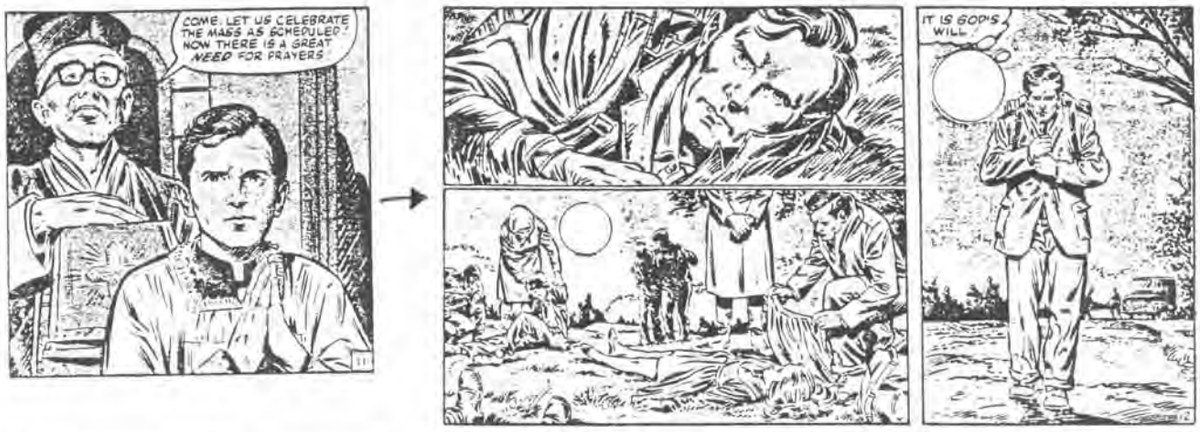
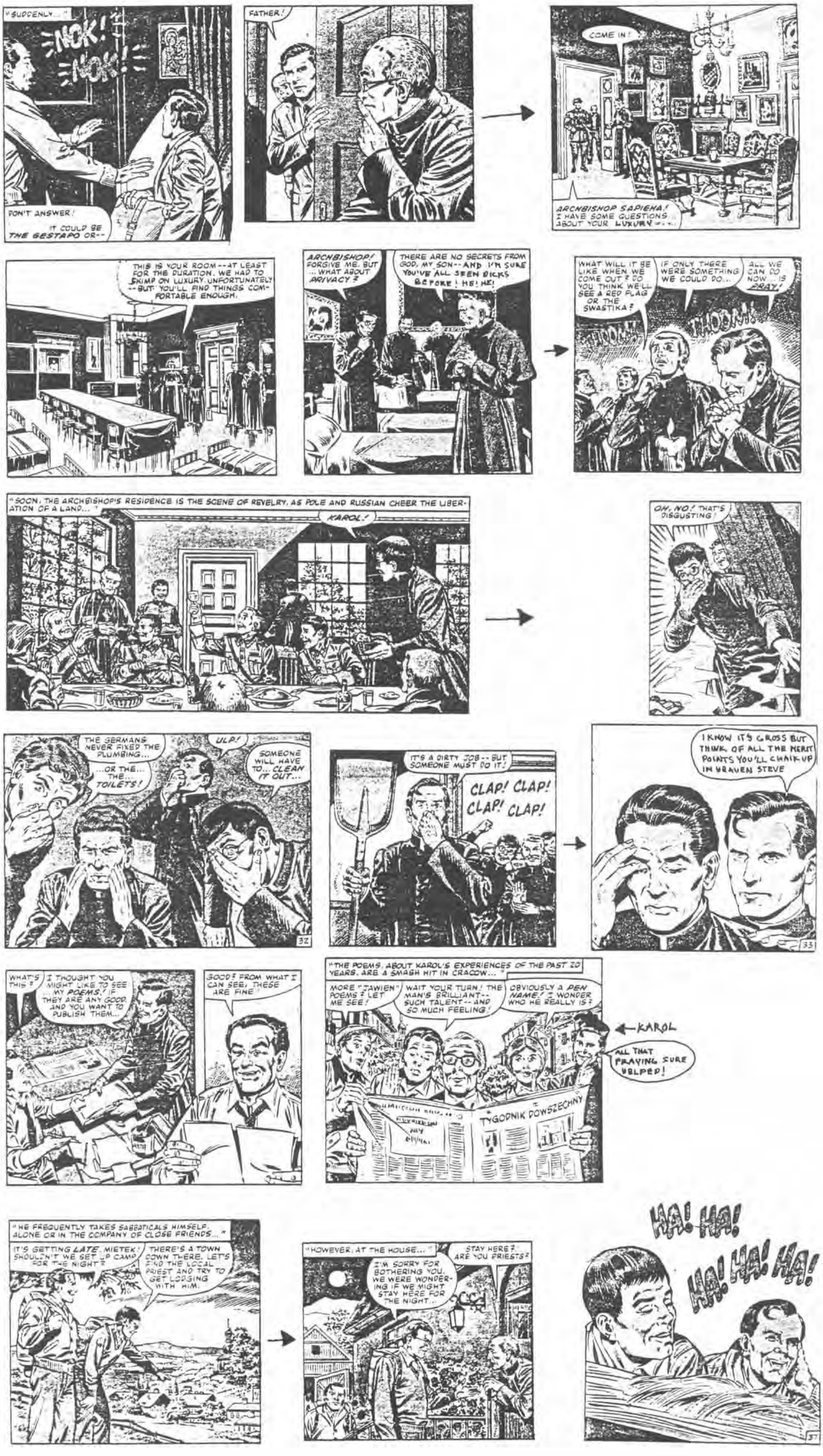
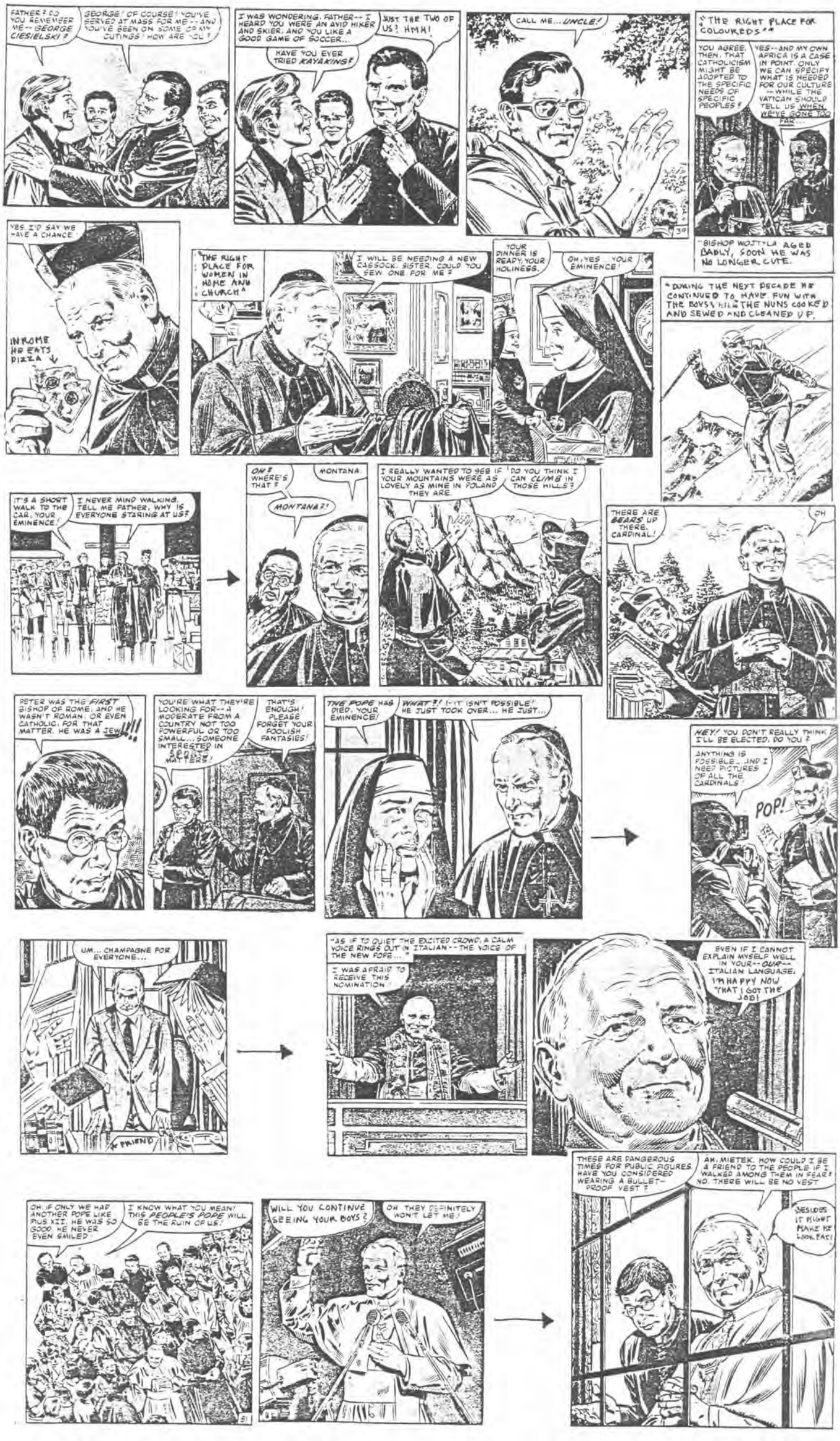


LATER

STILL LATER

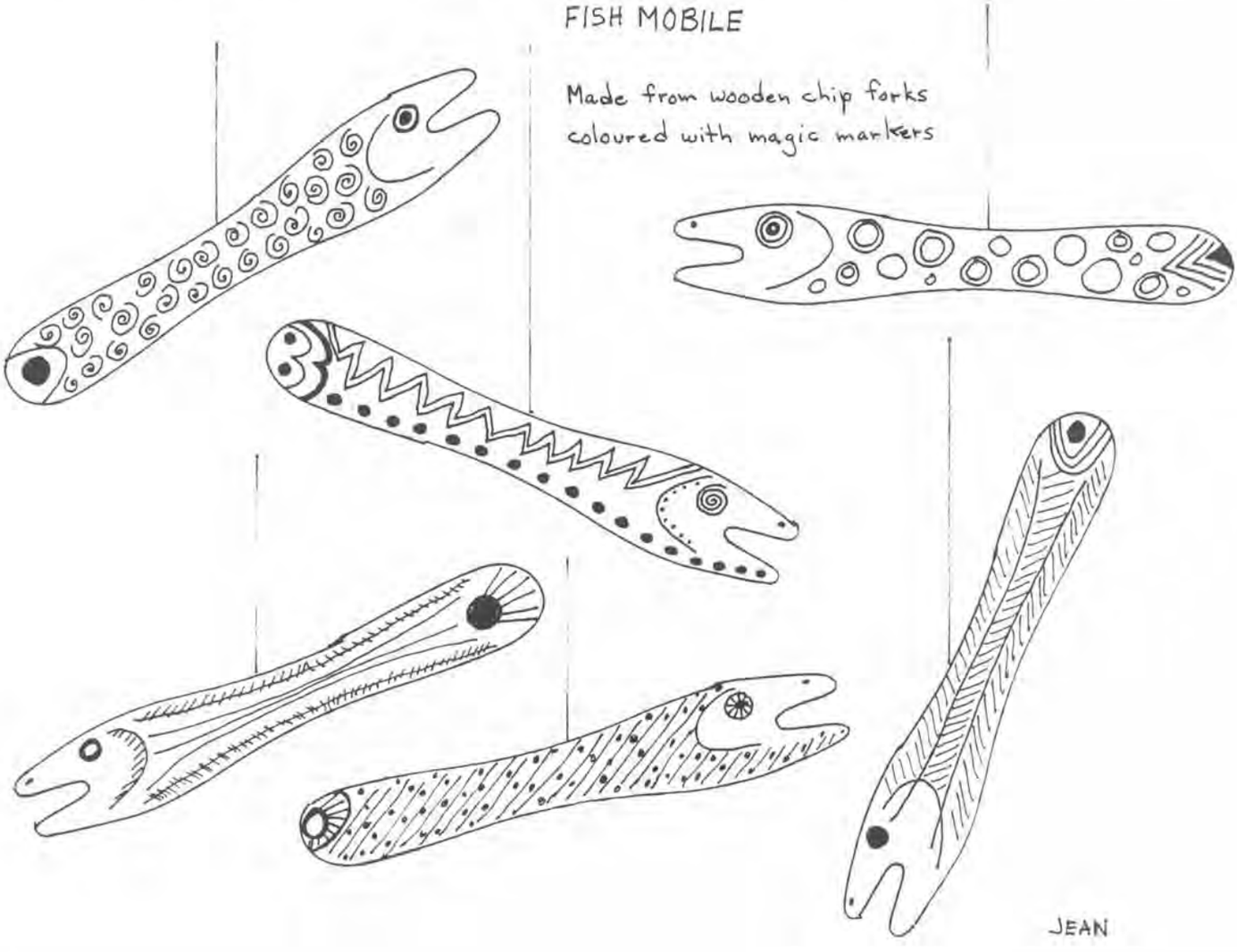

"SUDDENLY..."
NOK! NOK!
DON'T ANSWER!
IT COULD BE THE GESTAPO OR--
FATHER!
COME IN!
ARCHBISHOP SAPIEHA! I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR LUXURY--
THIS IS YOUR ROOM--AT LEAST FOR THE DURATION. WE HAD TO SKIMP ON LUXURY UNFORTUNATELY--BUT YOU'LL FIND THINGS COMFORTABLE ENOUGH.
ARCHBISHOP! FORGIVE ME. BUT ...WHAT ABOUT PRIVACY?
THERE ARE NO SECRETS FROM GOD, MY SON--AND I'M SURE YOU'VE ALL SEEN PICKS BEFORE! HE! HE!
WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE WHEN WE COME OUT? DO YOU THINK WE'LL SEE A RED FLAG OR THE SWASTIKA?
IF ONLY THERE WERE SOMETHING WE COULD DO...
ALL WE CAN DO NOW...IS PRAY!
THOOM!
"SOON, THE ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE IS THE SCENE OF REVELRY, AS POLE AND RUSSIAN CHEER THE LIBERATION OF A LAND..."
KAROL!
OH, NO! THAT'S DISGUSTING!
THE GERMANS NEVER FIXED THE PLUMBING...
...OR THE... THE... TOILETS!
ULP!
SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO... CLEAN IT OUT...
32
IT'S A DIRTY JOB--BUT SOMEONE MUST DO IT!
CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
I KNOW IT'S GROSS BUT THINK OF ALL THE MERIT POINTS YOU'LL CHALK UP IN HEAVEN STEVE
33
WHAT'S THIS?
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE ...MY POEMS! IF THEY ARE ANY GOOD AND YOU WANT TO PUBLISH THEM...
GOOD? FROM WHAT I CAN SEE, THESE ARE FINE!
"THE POEMS, ABOUT KAROL'S EXPERIENCES OF THE PAST 20 YEARS, ARE A SMASH HIT IN CRACOW..."
MORE "JAWIEN" POEMS? LET ME SEE!
WAIT YOUR TURN! THE MAN'S BRILLIANT--SUCH TALENT--AND SO MUCH FEELING!
OBVIOUSLY A PEN NAME! I WONDER WHO HE REALLY IS?
KAROL
ALL THAT PRAYING SURE HELPED!
TYGODNIK POWSZECHNY
"HE FREQUENTLY TAKES SABBATICALS HIMSELF, ALONE OR IN THE COMPANY OF CLOSE FRIENDS..."
IT'S GETTING LATE, MIETEK! SHOULDN'T WE SET UP CAMP FOR THE NIGHT?
THERE'S A TOWN DOWN THERE. LET'S FIND THE LOCAL PRIEST AND TRY TO GET LODGING WITH HIM.
"HOWEVER, AT THE HOUSE..."
STAY HERE? ARE YOU PRIESTS?
I'M SORRY FOR BOTHERING YOU. WE WERE WONDERING IF WE MIGHT STAY HERE FOR THE NIGHT...
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
37


FATHER? DO YOU REMEMBER ME -- GEORGE CIESIELSKI?
GEORGE! OF COURSE! YOU'VE SERVED AT MASS FOR ME -- AND YOU'VE BEEN ON SOME OF MY OUTINGS! HOW ARE YOU?
I WAS WONDERING, FATHER -- I HEARD YOU WERE AN AVID HIKER AND SKIER. AND YOU LIKE A GOOD GAME OF SOCCER...
JUST THE TWO OF US? HMM!
HAVE YOU EVER TRIED KAYAKING?
CALL ME... UNCLE!
"THE RIGHT PLACE FOR COLOURED S"
YOU AGREE, THEN, THAT CATHOLICISM MIGHT BE ADOPTED TO THE SPECIFIC NEEDS OF SPECIFIC PEOPLES?
YES -- AND MY OWN AFRICA IS A CASE IN POINT. ONLY WE CAN SPECIFY WHAT IS NEEDED FOR OUR CULTURE -- WHILE THE VATICAN SHOULD TELL US WHEN WE'VE GONE TOO FAR...
"BISHOP WOJTYLA AGED BADLY, SOON HE WAS NO LONGER CUTE.
YES, I'D SAY WE HAVE A CHANCE!
IN ROME HE EATS PIZZA
"THE RIGHT PLACE FOR WOMEN IN HOME AND CHURCH"
I WILL BE NEEDING A NEW CASSOCK, SISTER. COULD YOU SEW ONE FOR ME?
YOUR DINNER IS READY, YOUR HOLINESS.
OH, YES... YOUR EMINENCE!
"DURING THE NEXT DECADE HE CONTINUED TO HAVE FUN WITH THE BOYS, WHILE THE NUNS COOKED AND SEWED AND CLEANED UP.
IT'S A SHORT WALK TO THE CAR, YOUR EMINENCE.
I NEVER MIND WALKING. TELL ME FATHER, WHY IS EVERYONE STARING AT US?
OH? WHERE'S THAT?
MONTANA
MONTANA?!
I REALLY WANTED TO SEE IF YOUR MOUNTAINS WERE AS LOVELY AS MINE IN POLAND. THEY ARE.
DO YOU THINK I CAN CLIMB IN THOSE HILLS?
THERE ARE BEARS UP THERE, CARDINAL!
OH
PETER WAS THE FIRST BISHOP OF ROME, AND HE WASN'T ROMAN, OR EVEN CATHOLIC, FOR THAT MATTER. HE WAS A JEW!!!!
YOU'RE WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR -- A MODERATE FROM A COUNTRY NOT TOO POWERFUL OR TOO SMALL... SOMEONE INTERESTED IN SPIRITUAL MATTERS!
THAT'S ENOUGH! PLEASE FORGET YOUR FOOLISH FANTASIES!
THE POPE HAS DIED, YOUR EMINENCE!
WHAT?! (-IT ISN'T POSSIBLE! HE JUST TOOK OVER... HE JUST...
HEY! YOU DON'T REALLY THINK I'LL BE ELECTED, DO YOU?
ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE... AND I NEED PICTURES OF ALL THE CARDINALS!
POP!
UM... CHAMPAGNE FOR EVERYONE...
FRIEND
"AS IF TO QUIET THE EXCITED CROWD, A CALM VOICE RINGS OUT IN ITALIAN -- THE VOICE OF THE NEW POPE..."
I WAS AFRAID TO RECEIVE THIS NOMINATION.
EVEN IF I CANNOT EXPLAIN MYSELF WELL IN YOUR -- OUR -- ITALIAN LANGUAGE, I'M HAPPY NOW THAT I GOT THE JOB!
OH, IF ONLY WE HAD ANOTHER POPE LIKE PIUS XII. HE WAS SO GOOD. HE NEVER EVEN SMILED.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! THIS PEOPLE'S POPE WILL BE THE RUIN OF US!
WILL YOU CONTINUE SEEING YOUR BOYS?
OH THEY DEFINITELY WON'T LET ME!
THESE ARE DANGEROUS TIMES FOR PUBLIC FIGURES. HAVE YOU CONSIDERED WEARING A BULLET-PROOF VEST?
AH, MIETEK. HOW COULD I BE A FRIEND TO THE PEOPLE IF I WALKED AMONG THEM IN FEAR? NO. THERE WILL BE NO VEST.
BESIDES, IT MIGHT MAKE ME LOOK FAT!

COULD WE SAY AS MUCH FOR YOU PUNK? FUCK ALL OPIATES OF THE MASSES

FISH MOBILE

Made from wooden chip forks coloured with magic markers



JEAN

PHOTO: CANDY

BUNCH of fucking go t/s

ONDINE

MIDI TALKED TO ONDINE WHEN HE CAME TO T.O. TO SCREEN 'VINYL' AT THE FUNNEL BENEFIT

Dr. Smith: I heard you were doing some acting.

Ondine: Yeah, I do acting all the time, I'm in lots of plays, not LOTS of plays, plays that I like doing, plays that I believe in. The two latest plays, I did one play downtown, not downtown, uptown, this is N.Y.C. on 42nd St. and 10th Ave. a place called Theatre Row.It's not Broadway, but it's just off it, it's like off, off, but there's a whole theatre section. I did Waldorf Salad, a play by Jimmy K— and that started at 8 o'clock at night and ended at 9:05, at 9:15 I'd be in a taxi cab going downtown to the Theatre for The New City to do an 11 o'clock performance of Sheen's Outside . Which was a really good play, I did two plays a night like that for 5 weeks and I loved doing the plays, I love appearing in front of an audience. I think it's wonderful.

Dr: Well you're so good at it.

On: Yeah, I really know how to handle crowds.

Dr; Sure a captive audience....

On: PERFORM! That's the way I feel about it. I mean ther's nothing like a good...an audience is such an incredible turn-on. I used to get nervous, but whats the point? Or try and make sense that doesn't make any, it doesn't, I mean your appeal to them has nothing to do with sense, it's totally illogical. I mean they're there for specific reasons, and you might be there for other reasons and it doesn't matter as long as you come together on one point and realize that it's a kind of celebration you might as well enjoy it. So that's what it's all about. When you do a play it's a bit different, you've got to concentrate on your character and concentrate on portraying a certain image.

Dr: Were they two totally different characters?

On: Absolutely. One was very Noel Coward. Tuxedo, songs, and appetize the beast and middle clash and all that sort of stuff. Very good showings, with a rock'n'roll band it was really nice, it was about a couple who went to the Waldorf-Astoria and got married there and we covered the whole thing like in and out of the Salon, and then the waitress would sing her song and the Busboy sang his song and the Chanteuse sang her song and Leah, my girlfriend sang her song and it was really quite good. I mean it was one song after another, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and a little bit of rap in between so the audience could kind of hang on to it. It was very good, it was marvelous. And the other play was straight. Well not straight, I hate that word, it wasn't a musical, lets put it like that. It's about me as a man who was raised in a small community in Cleveland and who went to N.Y.C. and who was always affected by the T.V. image of Bishop Sheen and how when I was a kid Bishop Sheen used to come and vist me. Like he used to climb into my window and come and sit on my bed and we would talk. And the bell rings and it's one of my friends from down South, perfectly straight kid who likes to get dressed up and occassionally go to bed with another man, but he's talking about his girlfriend and the fact that she's got a couple of kids and wants to lead an ordinary life and in the mean time he's putting on long stockings, big heels and a brassere. We're living in this rat-infested hole on the lower east side, we get very drunk and we go to bed. Well we go to bed, who should be climbing into my window but Bishop sheen and he tells us, he tells me, the kid is asleep, that he's died and he's on his way to heaven. So I say: " Is this a way-station ? like Kennedy airport? You circulate for a few hours and off you go?" And he says "Well you're being very cruel" So I said, "What do you want to do, do you want to talk?" He said, "Well no, I think we should pray." I said "Oh, come on, do you really want to pray, I mean you know." So he says "Yes, pray." So we go the front of the stage and we're both praying and I want to know what he thinks of my lifestyle, he gives me this rap about it being degradation of love. So I throw a fit and tell him, "How could you possibly speak of love, you hypocrite you and your fuck'n church" and so on and so on. He goes and hangs his head by the window and I go to bed in hysterics and the kid wakes up and asks me "What's wrong, what's wrong??? " And I say nothing, I thought that Bishop Sheen was there. I told you I was crazy, so just go back to sleep. 'Course I realized he was still there so I says to him, "Are you mad?" He says,"Well I'm a little hurt". I says, "Well do you want to come to bed with us?". He says, "Well alright, that's o.k." So he climbs into bed and he wraps us in his big Cardinal cloak and I say, "Good night Tommy" And he says "Good night Jimmy" and I say "Good night Bishop Sheen" and Bishop Sheen says, "Good night and God bless us all". And it's the end of the play. It's really a great play.

On: People walk out of the audience just estactic because It's funny, it's serious, it's really beautiful. It's a really beautiful play. And the playwright is wonderful. You see he wrote it for me so he, it's got my kind of speech down. He's very good. I used to run from 42nd Street down to east 12th Street and it was harrowing, but it was worth it.

ONDINE AT THE FACTORY / photo: Billy Name

On: I'm feeling healthly for the first time in a long time. I had taken excess into excess stages. Drugs, drinking, smoking, whatever, everything had gone down the tubes. I mean I can't do anything. Here I am at a cocktail party and I'm going to drink soda water. This is a test of fire, especially Martinis.

Dr: You'll do it, you'll do it.

On: Oh, I know I will but I love Martinis they're great.

ONDINE TALKS ABOUT CIAO MANHATTEN

On: I hated Ciao Manhatten. I don't know how much I hated and I don't know how much of it I didn't hate. How much of it I was suppose to hate and how much of it I wasn't expected to hate.I don't know. I saw bits and pieces of it and I don't know, it's not, it's just like, I didn't want to see Edie like that. Do you know what I mean?

Dr: well you knew her when...

On: Yeah, when she was fun, vital, and full of life. It's a downer, you know, it's a downer. I mean every performer thinks that what their doing might be the end of what their doing and that they might die on stage in a glorious finale and all that sort of isn't what Ciao Manhatten is about. It's not a good finish for anybody, bad acting, terrible acting, terrible the filmmaking itself was bad, it was just a death trip. It's so tacky.

Dr: When you were in California did you meet Kenneth Anger?

On: Oh, I've known him for years.

Dr: I just thought it would be wonderful to get you two on stage together.

On: It would be very hard to.

Dr: Really?

On: Well you know I mean, I approached him at one point and told him we knew someone, that we had a mutual friend, a woman that I consider absolutely cosmic.a woman called Orion - de - Winter Romanoff. A fabulous woman and he was livid. He said, "She's no friend of mind."He said "She's just an acquaintance" and he huffed off and I thought "To hell with you Mary." You know I was just trying to start a conversation with the guy but he's so peculiar, so what can I say?

Dr: Do you have another play coming up or are you going to take it easy?

On: Well I think for awhile until I get to Pittsburgh which is sometime in October (11th or 12th) . What I'm going to do in Pittsburgh, I'm going to do 4 plays. A rock'n'roll version of Oscar Wilde's life, Sheen's Outside again and a play called Looney on Loose , which is hilarious because everyone gets murdered except the murderer and she's wonderful, her name is Roberta Green and she's naturally, in television and she's demented, you don't know if she's crazy or if the Looney's really crazy. It's a cocktail party, it's really very funny...the fourth play will be a thing called No Secrets, No Lies. Very serious, a treatment for the life of Joe Warden. And I'll play Joe Warden's lover. Not only do I crack his head open with a hammer, but I also kill myself at the end too.So we're going to be doing 4 plays in a week. No press is allowed.

Dr: Do you think it has to do with his little...

On: Well you see she's as magical as he is, if not more so., And he doesn't like to admit that. She can really cause Worlds To Collide. No, She's truly cosmic.

Dr: What do you think of all that stuff?

Dr: Well that's really rushed.

On: Well you know why, 'cause we want to build an audience.

Dr: So you're expecting people to come back.

On: Oh we know and of course if we do 4 plays a week, Everyone in Pittsburgh will have seen them. Then after a couple of months we'll do another 4 plays. I mean it's not like the plays can't be done. They can be done with a minimum of lighting. I mean I know all that theatre stuff, it's like we build a stage, build minimal this and that, it'll work,so I mean it's very ambitious. But we're also going to be doing it in a theatre club because the guy who runs the place has guaranteed everybody in the cast at least $50.00 a night, that's the musicians, etc. So at the end of the week we'll clear, come away with $200. a bar tab and a food tab. You know which means we can survive on just doing these plays, cause I mean we couldn't go to work and do them. No way. It's going to be a heavy-duty trip. So that's what I'm planning on. I'm getting myself into training.

Dr: Well you're looking really well.

Well it can work, I mean, but you have to practice it. I mean she's good.She's really good. She's the only cosmic person I've ever known. She'll put on an outfit and she becomes it. I mean she'll put on a bandana and she'll look like she might be a mulatto slave, she'll put on a skunk coat on and she's like a White Russian empress, she's unbelievable. She's total, her commitment to whatever it is, is fabulous. Everyone who brushes with her either has a very good feeling about her or they just realize they've met one of the forces.

Dr: Well that's very interesting. I think it's common, to get such extreme reactions from people who come in contact with that power.

On: Yeah, well they get frightened. And I think Anger thinks that magic fits into a little box and he's the owner and perpetrator of this particular magic, when in reality it has nothing to do with an individual, it has to do with forces that play through you. I mean I remember talking to her and I kept getting confused. I kept confusing her with a woman and she says to me "look I'm not a woman, I'm not on a human trip, please don't lay this on me. It has nothing to do with me. I mean if you want to go talk about women go talk to a woman about it. I'm not a woman. I'm not a human." And she never thought of herself as being that, she was beyond it. Just fabulous. She's wonderful. Really heavy spiritual force. But as good as she was bad. As black as white. A little heavy towards the black side. She blew it at certain times, like when we were in a taxicab, and "how dare you..." cause she was a witch. You don't tell taxi drivers that. I said "Oh Orion you blew it", you don't go around telling taxi drivers that you're a witch cause thats dissipating your own

power. She's inpossession of certain forces that I don't care to know about it.

Dr; Was there anyone, say in the factory days that had that power...

On: She was behind it all.

Dr: Oh really.

On: Yeah, she was never, she was photographed and they did a film of her once in the bedroom, but she broke the camera and everything. You couldn't deal with the same forces at the same time. It would come to a grinding halt. She was behind alot of the stuff, I mean Chelsea Girls couldn't have been made Chelsea Girls without her support, without her knowing people and without her supplying people with things that they needed like drugs and stuff. I mean she was behind the whole thing. I don't mean intentionally behind it, I mean working toward an end product, but she was there. In fact in the last reel of Chelsea Girls I spell her name out letter by letter.

Dr: I don't remember that.

On: I say to the camera " Well I would be really glad if she came in but I know she won't".

Dr: This is when you were sitting on the couch.

On: When I've done that number and somebody yelled "Why don't you speak to Orion?" and I say "Do you mean O-R-I-O-N small d-e capital W-I-N-T-E-R". I say "I'd love to but she won't come in and you know it". And she's in the background laughing, screaming, cackling in the background. cause she knew that it was.... she was wonderful. She was one of the driving forces behind the whole thing. But in the backgound, do you know what I mean. Really never, like everybody who's life touched everybody else's. It somehow had to circulate around her. When they were off camera. She was always in the background, influencing people in a different way and making things happen in a strange way. Not actually manipulating them but just her presence would guarantee a certain amount of spirituality, very cosmic.

DR: How did Warhol feel about it?

On: Oh he knew she was a great force, he said "She's crazy, she's crazy" but she knows waht she's doing, she's not crazy.

Dr: So waht other films did she have an influence on?

On: Some of the stuff that's in the archives. She had an influence on most of the people in the factory. Like she was a good friend of Edie's, she was a good friend of mine and she was a good friend of lots of other people who were either in front of the camera or behind it. So her influence is felt through all the films. I wasn't a closed deal.
She also had an influence on the Living Theatre, when she was in Europe, she would move to where they were and set up a tent and coax the people in the Living Theatre to get different substances like strychnine, rat poison, stuff like that, they would inject it and go on totally blown. She was really fun.

Dr: Tell me about Brigid.

On: Brigid is still alive and working with Andy. She's like his bodyguard, you know you get through Brigid, honey then you get to see Andy. To get to Brigid you start by throwing her down the stairs, that's a good calling card. Try ringing her neck, that's good. That's the way you have to approach her. Instantly start picking at her. Brigid's good, she works at what she does and does it. She's not easily ...

Dr: You could tell that, she's very strong.

On: She's another one with a background that is unbelievable. They talk about Patty Hearst. I mean she's the original Patty Hearst. Her father is the man who edited all of the Hearst publications, so she's got her own police force watching what her family does and her family's bananas. Wow, they are crazed. So she's pretty good considering she's come from all this muck. I first met her years ago on Fire Island when she was drinking and we started drinking and fighting and drinking and fighting. So she's an old adversary.

Dr: Do you still get along with her?

On: Well the last time I saw her she asked if I saw Andy and I said "No." And she hopped into a cab with a completely paranoid expression on her face. I don't know why, I guessshe sensed some kind of danger. I don't know of what.

Dr: Are you going to do a play here?

On: It depends on the play and it depends on if it's submitted to me. If it is I'd love to, but it would depend on the material. Look I just don't want to do any old thing. I'd like to do a good play or at least a play that will suceed. It doesn't necessarily have to be good or bad. It's got to be interesting. It's got to drag crowds in and people talk about it. You know I don't want to come up to Toronto and do a play that's going to last two weeks and have nobody mention it and just let it go. I'd like to have a good play.

Dr: It's hard to get a play to come here 'cause the just aren't that many people interested.

On: That's why I chose Pittsburgh, because believe it or not but it's a good theatre town. I mean every one, they go constantly, everyone.

Dr: Is it expensive?

On: It's reasonable. In comparison to N.Y. it's really dirt cheap. N.Y. is unreal, it's unbelievable. I can't afford it. I have a house in Queens, which is nice, I can go to N.Y. rent free. It's not my house, it's my mother's but I can stay there. If I had to pay rent in N.Y.C. I'd probably have to do Word Processing on the side. I'm not kidding. Also I was thinking about giving up the theatre and touring and all that stuff and going to work with the terminally ill. I think I'd like to do that for years, because apparently I have this certain gift for it, since I don't take death personally. And I can help them, I mean I know I can, I've done it a couple of times. So I want to get in touch with all these organizations in N.Y. who need people to work with the terminally ill.

Dr: That's something you should definitely look into.

On: Oh, that's the first thing I'm going to do when I get back. I'm going to work with cancer patients and A.I.D.S.'victims.

Dr: Do they take anyone who comes in?

On: I suppose so. Lots of people don't want to work with A.I.D.S. because they're afraid of getting A. I.D.S. and I mean it's so stupid, it's not a contagious disease, it has nothing to do with it. They're just really stupid.

Dr: They're homophobic.

On: I mean I'm not going to jump into bed with these people and have sex with them, what I'm going to do is talk to them, deal with them on a real human level

Dr: I think that on a volunteer basis...

On: I don't want to volunteer, I want to get paid for it, because what you do is give yourself to them, it's exhausting. You really have to put yourself on the line cause these people are going to die and they really need something to deal with, they need maybe what they need is to be involved in some kind of creative process. They have to have some options, instead of having that prisoner mentality. I mean have you ever seen those residences for these people that are dying of A.I.D.S. they're so grim.

On: Yeah,even their friends and relatives don't want to deal with it so they just...

On: Yeah, they stash them in these places, terrible. So I think if I speak to some of the doctors and they realize my credentials I have, that I'm a performer and I've delt with terminally ill people it'll be good if they get me into some kind of training program. The theatre is'nt everything. If you get to a certain age...

Dr: Well it's also good to be diverse.

On: Well, being a double Gemini I can't help it. I'm all over the place, it's a problem because everything happens at once. You get blinding thoughts. I look at a map and I want to make maps, I look at the flowers and I want to be a florist. I'd like to be a fireman, ride a surf board, build a house.

Dr: Well there's no reason people can't. I mean this idea of picking one thing...

On: Yeah, I used to have a stock answer for that when people asked me what I do. I'd say, "well when I grow up I'll be a fireman." I didn't know what else I could answer. What do you do? How could I? I drink, I breath, sleep, eat, sometimes I have sex, sometimes I don't, I go to the bathroom, I go to the movies, I do what everyone else does.

Dr: I know I really hate that.

On: Really, it's kind of a bother. I like to cook, I'm a fabulous cook. Last night we had spaghetti with smothered onions which is really a nice dish, do you want the recipe?

Dr: Yes. (SEE ONDINE'S COOKING COLUMN)

On: I love your magazine, it's great.

CHARLES MANSON
May have scars

Fellow convict torches Manson

VACAVILLE, Calif. (UPI) — Mass murderer Charles Manson was doused with paint thinner and set afire yesterday with a lighted match tossed by another slayer.

The incident, in the hobby shop of the California Medical Facility, was sparked by an argument over religion.

Manson, 49, was listed in good condition with burns on his scalp, face and hands. His beard and hair were badly singed.

The attacker was identified as Jan Holmstrom, 36, serving life for second-degree murder, who was described as a "psychiatric case in remission."

Holmstrom, who claims to belong to the Hari Krishna sect, told guards Manson threatened him in the last two days for practising his beliefs.

Manson was the wild-eyed leader of a drugs-and-sex cult that shocked the nation 15 years ago with the murder of actress Sharon Tate and eight others in Los Angeles.

I was awakened past the point of love between two women. I realize now that I'm alive and ready to love a man and be loved by him. I realize I make it seem as though you were merely the catalyst, not a human being . . . but believe me, you're a marvelous human being, and I love you."

"Why? Because we're not Lesbians, Judy, not in any kind of fundamental sense. We were both growing and we chose what we chose as a means to an end. Now I want to devote myself to becoming a wife and, if possible, a mother. And I know those are your aspirations, too.

'Nazi Dog' sings a few prison bars

The lead singer of Toronto punk band the Viletones was jailed yesterday for eight months for attempted robbery.

"Nazi Dog" Steven Mitchell Leckie, 27, pleaded guilty to trying to rob a convenience store clerk last January.

STEVEN LECKIE
Guilty of robbery bid

But when Victoria Christodoulides, 15, screamed and a German shepherd dog came from the back of the Donlands Ave. shop, Leckie ran.

His accomplice, Gary Dennis Kavanagh, was jailed for 12 months after he pleaded guilty to his part in the attempted robbery. Kavanagh, a shipper, waved a six-inch knife at the clerk.

Both men are alcoholics, said prosecutor Howard Marcus.

Leckie got a lighter sentence because he's tried to rehabilitate himself and he's considered a talented musician.

Leckie used to call himself "Nazi Dog" until he received death threats from the Jewish Defence League.

He has received 138 stitches from cutting himself on stage while singing *Out of the Corner of My Eye Where the Blood Runs Deep.*

Leckie also used to spit on his audience and deliver Nazi propaganda speeches and award Nazi medals. He boasted he was related to SS chief Heydrich Himmler.

Newly born-again christian Leckie appeared on Newmusic t... that he'd turned from his former lifestyle as a wild PUNKER YEE HAW because of his responsibility to his many impuecessionable fans. He aimed to be against 2 things only: drugs + communism

youth rally

Brian Mulroney.

The Conservative leader got in his full 10 minutes of clichés and noble sentiments delivered to a mass outdoor rally last night rock concert and rally for 1,500 young Tories from across Southern Ontario

The crowd, warmed up by the rock group The Spoons,

HEY LOOK- THE POLITICS ARE AS BAD AS THE MUSIC

A little later, Stroud came outside and said he had hit her mother with a pipe wrench, but she was still alive and he went back inside. She said her mother finally was smothered with a plastic bag, wrapped in a bedspread and placed in the trunk. She said she and Stroud then drove to the wooded area, dumped the trunk, threw the .22 rifle into the Trinity River, and drove to Palestine. There they stopped to eat "because I was getting sick."

THIN SKIN

SO YOU'VE GOT A CAMERA AND COLOUR FILM BUT YOU DON'T WANT COLOUR, YOU WANT BLACK & WHITE FOR THAT "NAKED CITY" LOOK. WELL SUPER 8 FILM IS HARD TO FIND AND EVEN WORSE TO GET PROCESSED. GO TO ROCHESTER, N.Y. THE KODAK FACTORY. IF YOU CAN'T YOU CAN TRY YOUNG'S PHOTO ON YONGE ST. IN TORONTO. THE B/W FILMS AVAILABLE HERE ARE TRI-X 200 ASA, PLUS-X 400 ASA. THE FILM STOCK IS EXACTLY THE SAME AS 35mm STILL PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM. AGAIN, 200 ASA MEANS YOU DON'T NEED TONS OF LIGHT TO FILM IN, BUT YOU DO GET NOTICEABLE GRAIN. 40 ASA THEN NATURALLY MEANS THE OPPOSITE, NOT SO MUCH GRAIN BUT YOU NEED ALOT OF LIGHT TO SHOOT. AS FOR PROCESSING, FORGET TORONTO, UNLESS YOU PROCESS IT YOURSELF, VIA THE FUNNEL. IF YOU LIVE IN THE U.S. YOU'RE LAUGHING IF YOU CAN IGNORE REGAN. SEND YOUR FILM TO OTTAWA, A PLACE CALLED DOMINION WIDE PHOTO, 329 CHURCHILL AVE, OTTAWA K1Z 5B8 TELE: (613)-725-2151. THEY'RE USUALLY PRETTY GOOD BUT IF IT GETS LOST IN THE MAIL, WELL THAT'S IT. SPEAKING ABOUT FILM STOCKS, MOST PEOPLE THINK KODAK IS THE BE ALL AND END ALL, I'M TOLD 3-M SELLS COLOUR SUPER 8 FILM, AVAILABLE AT K-MART. CHECK IT OUT. A WORD ABOUT FILM STORAGE, KEEP IT IN THE FRIDGE, THAW OUT TIME IS HALF AN HOUR, KEEP IT WRAPPED IN THE FOIL PACKAGE. IT'S QUITE STABLE BUT IT'S A GOOD PRECAUTION AND THE FILM WILL STAY FRESH FOR A FEW YEARS REFRIGERATED. OUTDATED FILM CAN STILL BE USED, NEVER THROW IT OUT. YOU CAN GET VERY INTERESTING COLOUR SHIFTS HAPPENING.

THE FESTIVAL OF FUCK-UPS:

AT TORONTO FESTIVAL OF FESTIVALS HELD RECENTLY I HAD A FILM IN ONE OF THE SERIES. I THOUGHT WOW, I'VE MADE THE BIG TIME. WELL SHIT WAS I WRONG. I GOT A PASS TO THE FESTIVAL BUT ONLY 5 PASSES TO MY SCREENING, THANKS, BIG DEAL. I GOT AN INVITATION TO THE OPENING NIGHT PARTY, ADMITTING ONE, WOW, THANKS. AS FOR THE FILMS THEMSELVES, WELL I SAW SEVERAL THAT WERE QUITE GOOD, BUT THE OVERALL PROJECTION QUALITY WAS AN INSULT. I SAT THROUGH ONE FILM AND THE CURTAIN CLOSED ON IT 3 TIMES AND THE LIGHTS KEPT GOING ON. FILM BREAKING 4-6 TIMES DURING THE SCREENING WAS NOT UNCOMMON. MY MAJOR DISAPPOINTMENT CAME WITH THE 16mm PROJECTION AT ONE OF THE THEATRES. OUT OF FOCUS, SOUND FUCK-UPS, SMALL UNREADABLE IMAGE, KEYSTONING. IT LOOKED LIKE A PIECE OF SHIT! TO TOP IT ALL OFF, THEY DIDN'T EVEN INFORM THE FILMMAKERS ABOUT THE PROBLEMS BEFORE HAND OR ANNOUNCE IT TO THE AUDIENCE BEFORE THE FILM RAN. WELL FOR A FESTIVAL THAT CAN AFFORD TO BRING IN FILMMAKERS FROM ALL OVER EUROPE, CANADA & U.S.A. THEY DON'T HAVE THEIR SHIT TOGETHER FOR EXHIBITION. IF THIS IS THE BIG TIME, I THINK I'LL PASS.

SEND QUESTIONS TO THIN SKIN % DR. SMITH.

-MIDI

STRETCH MARKS
NOW
BLARGH!
HE REALIZES THE AUDIENCE HASN'T BATHED IN MONTHS
OR DID HE SMELL LARRY'S??
PHOTOS: CANDY

AND I DON'T WANT TO LIVE THIS LIFE by Deborah Spungen

"NANCY SPUNGEN WAS A WILD CHILD, A PUNK ROCKER'S QUEEN, AND SHE WAS STABBED TO DEATH IN THE CHELSEA HOTEL. NOW HER MOTHER TELLS THE SHATTERING TRUE STORY OF THE DAUGHTER SHE BOTH HATED AND LOVED..."

WOW! The "shattering true story" of the "Romeo and Juliet of Punk Rock"!! Deborah Spungen says she wrote this book for the purpose of helping other parents of murdered children (P.O.M.C.) deal with their loss, and also the insensitivity of the authorities and the unavailability and inadequacy of institutions for mixed-up schizos like Nancy was. As promised, Debbie tells all. You'll learn how Nancy tried to kill her babysitter with scissors, beat on her mom with a hammer, slit her wrists, and much much more. Yes, Nancy had PROBLEMS. Ostensibly because of a complicated birth, she had brain damage which, although she was extremely bright, led to irrational rages and violent episodes, schizophrenic behaviour, paranoia and drug addiction; not to mention that (the book contains little evidence to the contrary) Nancy was, almost without exception, totally selfish and unconcerned with anyone else's feelings. The exception might have been Sid, but of course Saint Sid didn't do anything to enrage her, only ripped off her ear, broke her nose, etc.

And speaking of Punk Rawk - this book has everything a sheltered parent would want to know about but is too afraid to ask, like:"Johnny Lyman was given the job of lead singer..." and the hitherto unknown fact that"the Sex Pistols' 1st album Anarchy In The U.K. was released in England in November 1976...followed by a second album, Never Mind The Bollocks."

Say, I bet that "1st album" is pretty hard to find, huh? But don't look for it in the Spungen home.

At dinner that night I asked Suzy and David if they d heard of the Sex Pistols. Suzy rolled her eyes.

"They're terrible," she said. "Really sick and bad."

"What do they play?" asked Frank.

"It's punk," David added. "Only, well, to tell you the truth, it's not even music. It's one step beyond. It's nothing you'd like too much. Why do you ask, Mom?"

"Nancy likes one of the fellows in the group."

Over the street scenes was played the music of the Sex Pistols. Only it wasn't music. It was an unpleasant, atonal cacophony of sound. It was antimusic. It was *noise*.

"Great stuff, huh, Mom?" David said.

I was too stunned to reply.

Deborah writes of seeing her daughter as a punk for the first time...

She was one of those freaks. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe it was my baby, that I was the mother of that girl.

I wasn't. That wasn't my Nancy. My Nancy had gone away. My Nancy was gone.

Throughout the book, as Nancy's rebellion becomes more and more extreme, Ms. Spungen controls her anxiety by thinking back to Nancy as a cute, sweet little baby, yet in her own words, the child screamed constantly from birth, attacked a telephone repairman at age 2, etc...etc...Now, I read the whole book and I sure don't remember that cute sweet kid - I guess you had to be there. Deborah Spungen seems to have a distorted memory in other matters too. After seeing punks for the first time on a T.V. program, her instant hatred leads her to compare them unfavourably to "hippies"...

Ten years earlier some people had called hippies with beards and long hair "freaks." Those were not freaks. Those were sincere, peaceful people who were trying to make a statement. *These* were freaks.

She seems to have forgotten her experience 10 years earlier, before the nostalgia set in, when the hippies were still around and she lost Nancy at a performance of HAIR in Central Park...

I was terrified. What if she went off with someone? What if she were attacked? There were so many people out there. So much marijuana smoke. Who knew what could happen? I sat and waited.

At intermission the district commander asked Michael Butler, the show's producer, to make an announcement about Nancy. He went out on stage, went up to a microphone, and said, "We're looking for a lost little girl named Nancy Spungen."

The immense crowd cheered derisively.

Not that Mom really wants her kids to be hippies any more than punks. She expresses great pride and relief at the "normality" of her other two children...

She stopped wearing jeans to school, began wear a dress with stockings and heels. She got her hair done.

David is twenty-one now. He has a mustache and a girlfriend. He lives off campus in an apartment with a gang of other fellows. They have mustaches and girlfriends, too.

This book unintentionally reveals that everything about Nancy that her parents didn't agree with, they felt stemmed from her illness. I personally find it disgusting that the Spungens felt justified in dying the deceased Nancy's hair back to a natural brown and burying her in a prom dress, so they could look into the coffin and admire the image. While she was alive, all their efforts couldn't make her into "their" Nancy; only with her death did they get what they really wanted.

(As for the question: Did Sid really kill Nancy?- Read the book and decide for yourself.)

(Candy)

Age 10½. School photo.

Nancy

You were my little baby girl
And I shared all your fears.
Such joy to hold you in my arms
And kiss away your tears.
But now you're gone there's only pain
And nothing I can do.
And I don't want to live this life
If I can't live for you.
To my beautiful baby girl.
Our love will never die.

Sid Vicious

Dear Debbie,

I'm dying. Slowly, and in great pain. My baby is gone, without her I have no will to live. I love her so desperately. I know I can never make it without her. Nancy became my whole life. She was the only thing that mattered to me.

I'm glad I could make her happy. I gave her everything she ever wanted, just for the asking. When we only had enough money for one of us to get straight, I always gave it to Nancy. It was less painful to be sick myself than it was to see her sick.

When you love someone that much you cannot lose them and still be able to go on. I know that if I lived to be a thousand years old I would never find anyone like Nancy. No one can ever take her place. I love Nancy and Nancy only. I will always love her. Even after I am dead.

I have only eaten a few mouthfuls of food since she died. I may die of starvation in this place. I just hope it comes soon, so that I can be with Nancy again.

We always knew that we would go to the same place when we died. We so much wanted to die together in each other's arms. I cry every time I think about that. I promised my baby that I would kill myself if anything ever happened to her, and she promised me the same. This is my final commitment to the one I love.

I worshipped Nancy. It was far more than just love. To me she was a goddess. She used to make me kiss her feet before we made love. No one ever loved the way we did, and to spend even a day from her, let alone a whole lifetime, is too painful to even think about. Oh Debbie, I never knew what pain was until this happened. Nancy was my whole life. I lived for her. Now I must die for her.

It gave me such pleasure to give her anything she wanted. She was just like a child. She used to call me "daddy" when she was upset, and I used to rock her to sleep. When I was upset, I used to call her "momma" and she used to nurse me at her breast and call me her "baby boy."

I tried to kill myself but they got me to hospital before I died. Nancy knows that I will soon be with her. Please pray that we will be together. I can never find peace until we are together again.

Oh Debbie, she was the most beautiful person I ever knew. I would have done anything for her.

Nancy once asked if I would pour petrol over myself and set it on fire if she told me to. I said I would, and I meant it. If you would happily die for someone, then how can you live without them. I can't go on without her. She always said she would die before she was twenty-one, and I never doubted it.

Goodbye, Debbie. I love you.

Sid XXX

"Wait, Mum," Nancy said.

"What is it, Nancy?" I asked.

"You forgot to kiss Sid good night."

I went over to him, averting my eyes from his unbuckled trousers. I turned my face. He kissed me lightly on the cheek. I shuddered.

"Good night, Mum," he said.

"Good night, Sid."

It was a typical suburban scene, just like a million others you'd have seen around America that summer afternoon. The only difference was that we were the only suburbanites in America who had Sid Vicious of the Sex Pistols in our swimming pool.

he had to be the creepiest-looking young man on the face of the earth. He looked like Frankenstein's monster. My daughter was living with Frankenstein's monster.

REVIEWS

MY TOP COMICS THIS MONTH
1) Love & Rockets
2) Mr X
3) Machine Man
4) New Mutants
5) X-Men
6) Zot

ON THE HATE LIST
1) American Flagg
2) Heavy Metal
3) most "underground"(YUCK) comix for the way they portray women...

FOR THOSE WHO HAVEN'T HEARD IT YET, THERE'S A SURPRIZE TRACK ON THE NEW DR KNOW ALBUM, "FIST FUN," IN WHICH IT'S REVEALED WHY "OXNARD IS FIST FUCK TOWN." NO LYRICS PROVIDED FOR THIS ONE, YOU GOTTA FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF - HAVE FUN! (OH YEAH - AND ARTWORK BY THE FABULOUS JAIME HERNANDEZ!)

SAUL'S BOOK by Paul T. Rogers

I was just about to write this review when I saw this item. It says more about the tone of the book than I ever could, so I'll keep this brief. This is about a boy, Sinbad, who becomes a hustler at 11 and a junkie at 12; and his attachment to a drunken old pervert, Saul. Yes, it's the sleazy world of Times Square. The dialect is one of the best things about the book. Everyone says "yo", and instead of leaving they "tip". i.e."Yo, man, it's getting late, I'm gonna tip." Definitely worth reading.Gotta tip now. (Candy)

Wednesday September 26, 1984

BODY FOUND IN CLOSET

Author's son held in killing

NEW YORK (UPI) — An author who dedicated an award-winning book to his crippled adopted son was beaten to death by the youth and an accomplice, police said yesterday.

The decayed body of Paul Rogers, 48, was discovered Sunday stuffed in a closet of his Queens apartment.

Chris Rogers, 19, and Nicky Ondrizak, 28, were charged with murder, robbery and conspiracy.

Rogers' novel, *Saul's Book*, which won the 1984 Editor's Book Award, was dedicated "with my love and devotion" to Chris.

Prosecutors said Chris, who is missing his right foot and walks with a walker, met Ondrizak in a park.

"He (Chris) said: 'Could we knock off my old man? He has a bank account of about $30,000 and I have a bank card and we can get the money out and split it,'" said a source close to the investigation.

Authorities said the two began slipping sleeping pills into the author's apple juice and tea, which he mixed with vodka.

Prosecutors said the elder Rogers was only semiconscious when, at the urging of his adopted son, Ondrizak beat him to death on Sept. 13.

Investigators said the two lived in the apartment with the decaying corpse for 10 days, withdrawing $500 a day from the bank account to buy drugs.

They were arrested after tenants complained of a foul odor.

Pretty soon I got to realize that I kept seeing the same guys hanging around all the time. I mean they weren't guys, they were really faggots. Some of them you didn't have to be no big brain to figure out, which a guy who's swishing around giggling like a little girl, I mean, you know he's a faggot, right? But they didn't bother me so I didn't bother them, which is my motto live and let live I always say. Which I guess if a guy wants to be a faggot and swish all around and all, that's his business, as long as he don't bother you, at least that's the way I look at it. Now Mitch, I'll say one thing for him, the time I went with him at least he didn't look like a faggot so if someone had of come by which knew me I coulda said he was my teacher or my uncle or something and they couldn't of told he was a faggot because he didn't look like nothing but an ordinary guy.

But there were other guys who usta walk around the bridge that didn't look like faggots and they would start talking to me, just asking me dumb questions out of the clear blue sky, but, I mean, they hadda have some reason just to come up to some strange kid and start asking him a lot of stupid stuff which you know they hadda have something else on their minds, like Mitch did.

I usually go to the movies at least every day to chill out and pass the time. Sometimes if you're high you get carried away and really believe that karate shit that there's a real Bruce Lee who can wipe out a whole army of Chinks by himself and catch bullets in his teeth. Me, I don't think they oughta show shit like that, at least not to little kids. They get carried away with that shit and wind up getting hurt or something. But what the fuck, when there's nothing else to do I go to sit in the balcony and get high and munch on some peanut butter cups. All the kids playing hooky try to sneak into a show. What they do is come through the fire doors and mostly get chased out by the ushers. Lately, though, the ushers have stopped chasing the kids because the kids have started chasing the ushers with dog chains and garrison belts. It's no fun anymore.

MIXED BLOOD
dir.Paul Morrissey

This is about 2 warring child-powered gangs of dope dealers in "alphabet city"(N.Y.)Anyone old enough (that's kindergarten and up) to carry a gun has one and uses it, often. The kids are useful to the gangs because they're minors and can't get sent up for murder. It's extremely violent, so that you become desensitized to it by the end of the film, which in this case acts as a device in understanding the characters, to whom violence and death are a common and not unexpected occurrance.

The casting is Morrissey at his best. What he can do with a story like this has to be seen.

CUTE by Jim Everhard

CUTE, cute, cute, cute, he's cute, the book's called Cute, the story after which the book is titled is Cute, a faggot said "He is cute, too!", himself says "I was never handsome, always cute." Who is it? Jim Everhard, author and film star Mac Everhardt's dis- (see issues #1+2) disowned older flop of a brother. And one can hardly blame Mac for having kept Jim's existence a big, dark secret. Mac's right into the break-slamming scene but Jim at 38 is still caught in a hippie timewarp of beansprouts, Buddha and Woodstock. With a successful younger brother like Mac you'd think Jim might be modest about his first effort, not so, the book's dedication reads "This book is a flame...", fucking shit it's not even a flicker! Can he write though?- "His nipples are tiny roses/and when I touch them/they rise like birds/into holy air."- no!-"flying like this/You are my parachute/my bumpy-grindy night/ the grasshopper of/- no! no! Well what can you expect from a poet whose biography reads "He is currently deeply in love with an egg..." Mac sure is glad Jim americanized his last name- only Dr. Smith readers know the ugly truth.

Jean

(Dena from Femzine sent this list:)

PS Good fanzines at the moment are in London- BLACK+WHITE-(free Plexi Youth Brigade + 7 seconds) from Paul Pickering - 15 Oxford Ave, Wimbeldon Chase, London SW20 8LS, 30p + postage
FINAL CURTAIN - 11th issue from Paul (Plebb) 13 Maycroft Ave. Grays Essex England RM17 6AN. 20p + postage
YOUTH ANTHEM - from Ireland from Martin, 45 Ballykeel Road, Moneyreagh, Newtownards, Co. Down BT23 7 GBN, N. IRELAND. 30p + post.
MENTALLY UNSTABLE - new one out soon from Chaz 26 Long Street, Cerne Abbas, Dorset, DT2 7JF (not sure of price 30p?)
OBITUARY - 2op + post from Mick Slaughter 16 Cold blow Crescent, Bexley, Kent, DA5 2DS 20p
BORN IN FLAMES 20p + post - Lol 17 Gordon Rd, Grays, Essex RM16 4AN AND
FEMZINE 2 SOON * * * * * * *

& - and don't forget: SUICIDE? NO! MURDER 4 MORNA ROAD CAMBERWELL LONDON ENGLAND 20p + post. £.65

If ordering British fanzines send at least 51p postage around then? something like that

WHO READS DR. SMITH #2

THE HATES- IN IRAN

This record was sent to us all the way from Texas. A wide range of styles here, from the poppy to the heavier (one song reminds me of the Dickies). Overall, very melodic w/ good vocals, but too clean-sounding somehow, for my tastes. On the other hand, it would sound good on the radio. So if you're interested, write for info (or send $8) to:

Christian Arnheiter
4200 W 34th Box 132
Houston, Texas 77092

Unfortunately this comic came along with the record, the content is offensive to say the least.

Jason Bateman plays the hustling teenager trying to keep neighbor David Garrison in It's Your Move, a new NBC TV series

Matthew Burton (Jason Bateman) is a baby doll. He's got a wicked tongue, which he uses to zap anyone who crosses him. He's got a mind that hatches plots faster than the average street hustler. And he'll stop at nothing if it means he can slip a few extra bucks into the purse of his unsuspecting mother (Caren Kaye).

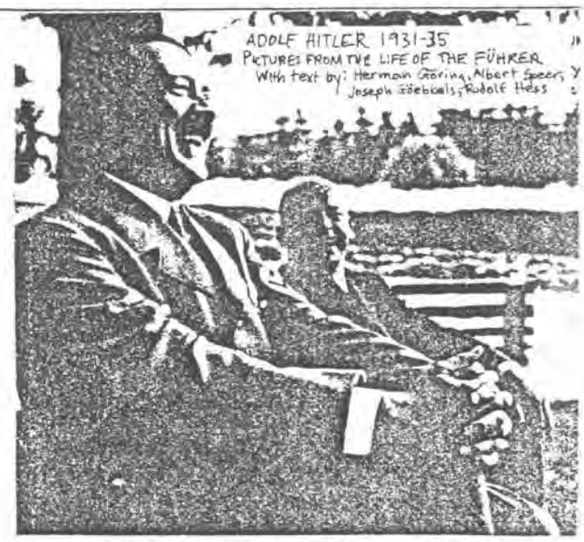
Not that there aren't some things to laugh about in this quick half hour about a 14-year-old hustler who will run any con to help his widowed mother pay the bills.

When things start going bad, he turns on the charm as quick as a pint-sized lounge lizard.

REPO MAN

Last night I went to the Bloor to see Repo Man. Although it had been recommended by 3 friends and most of the audience seemed to enjoy it, I didn't. By the time I got home I was mad. In no way was the fact that the main character, Otto, was a punk central to his character, or are we to believe that only punks are capable of saying fuck and treating women like shit. He slipped into the straight world of the repo man with an ease no punk I know would. Sorry but being hard core, punk or skinhead is more than fashion, it is a lifestyle and culture with some integrity. Of course this gave director Alex Cox the opportunity to pepper the film with all manner of freaks- those quaint punks- who naturally were either complete morons or vicious killers. These were Otto's "friends" whom he immediately abandoned on becoming a repo man, afterwards only bumped into whilst commiting robberies and once being hostile to their ex-friend in a bar. As the plot is weak to say the least-(they're all looking for a car with rotting aliens in the trunk- some for the money, some because they're gov't agents, some because they want to show the remains on Johnny Carson- yawn.) Alex Cox uses every gag in the book. Just as punks are carelessly thrown in for colour so is the fact that all products shown are generic-"no-name." There's a funny scene when Otto visits his parents (aging hippies glued to a christian talk show of course.) He asks if there's any food in the fridge. "Yes dear." Otto comes out with an opened can labelled "food." Very funny. Also very cheap. In a setting that is contemporary, i.e. clothes, cars, speech patterns, this quirk has no rhyme or reason- it's just a trick used and over used to get laughs. I wonder if anyone else noticed the car chase took place in the same setting as the car chase in Grease. Remember how John Revolta floated up to the sky in his car at the end of Grease- watch Otto do the same at the end of Repo Man. I hope this won't become a cult film, it stands in the same relationship to punks as Lorraine Segato and the Parachute Club do to dykes, using them while ripping them off.

JEAN



A trip through the Harz Mountains: the Führer too can be gay.

Houston

Well it's lonesome in this old town
Everybody puts me down
I'm a face without a name
Just walking in the rain
Going back to Houston, Houston, Houston
I got holes in both of my shoes
I'm a walking case of the blues
saw a dollar yesterday
But the wind blew it away
Going back to Houston, Houston, Houston
I haven't eaten in about 1 week
I'm so hungry when I walk I squeak
Nobody calls me friend
It's sad the shape I'm in
Going back to Houston, Houston, Houston

Raw Meat Cleave

I don't mean
I can't see
but I cleave
Raw meat cleave
Can't believe
That its me
Now its grinding
up my sleeve
Raw meat cleave
Look at me
Raw meat cleave

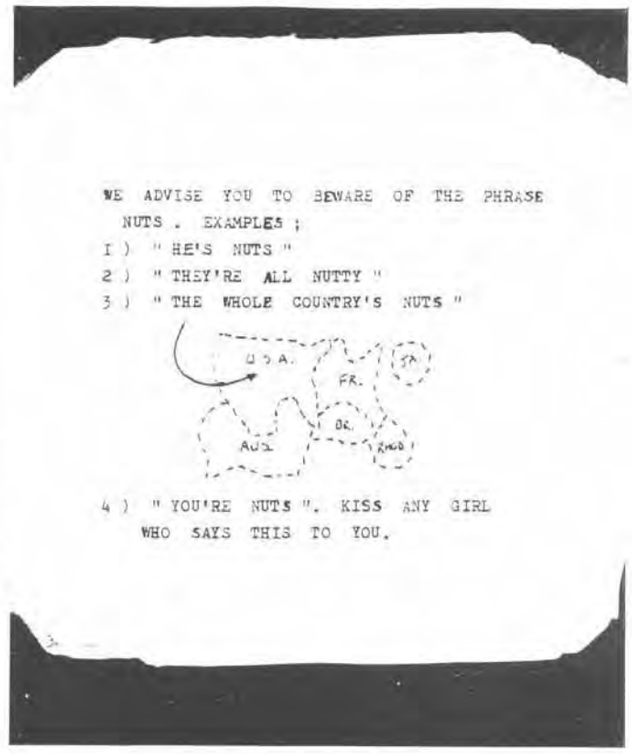
LIBERAL LEADER JOHN TURNER SEEKS THE GAY VOTE

ONDINE PREPARES ONE OF HIS FAMOUS MARTINIS FOR JACKIE BURROUGHS

COOKING WITH ONDINE

SPAGHETTI WITH SMOTHERED ONIONS

You take about 8 onions and slice them real thin. Then you de-ring them. (You separate them in their own rings.) Take a clove of garlic, smash it with a cleaver, chop it up real fine. Throw some olive oil in a frying pan, throw the garlic and onions in, cover it and simmer it slowly for 3/4 of an hour OK. Take the top off of the onions, the onions are all limp and ready, throw in some butter and turn the heat up high and brown them, quickly keep browning them. They'll turn brown, don't worry, it won't be long. Then you throw some vermouth in it, white, and let the alcohol cook off. The spaghetti - cook, when its done you just drain it don't rinse it, throw it into a hot bowl, big bowl with the smothered onions, chopped up parsley and 1/3 cup of parmesan cheese, but good parmesan. Salt and pepper to taste, because the onions are very sweet, mix it up, really lively and serve it, that's it. It's filling and it's cheap. Onions and garlic are good for you. Garlic is great. I cook with a lot of garlic, I use garlic in just about everything except oatmeal. I can't imagine garlic oatmeal, but if there was a way I'm sure I'd find it. Pasta is a gift. It's the best. It's cheap and plentiful and full of all kinds of good things. A little bit of olive oil in everything it's good for you. It's a good oil. I have thousands of pasta sauces. There's the sauce of the whore. It's the sauce that Roman —— served to the tricks when they wanted to eat. Boy is it gusty. Anchovies, olives, capers, garlic, olive oil, tomatoes, vodka, jalapeno peppers. BAMN!



A microfilmed message (inciphered, *left*; deciphered, *right*) found in a hollowed-out nickel which unscrewed into two halves.

PLAY GUITAR IN 3 MINUTES

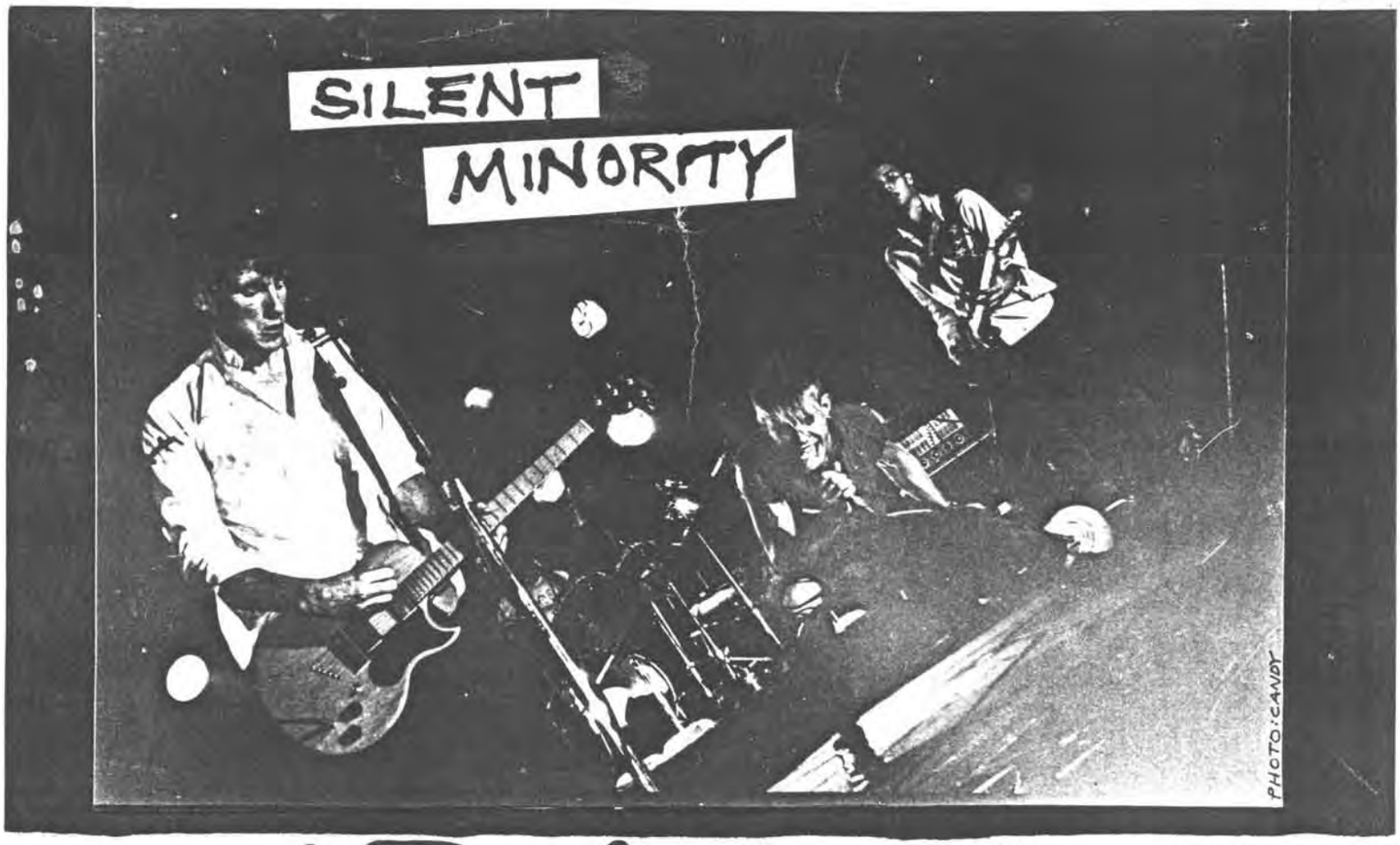
PUNKS! HERE ARE 4 GUITAR CHORDS.
NOW START YOUR OWN BAND!

A

Em

D

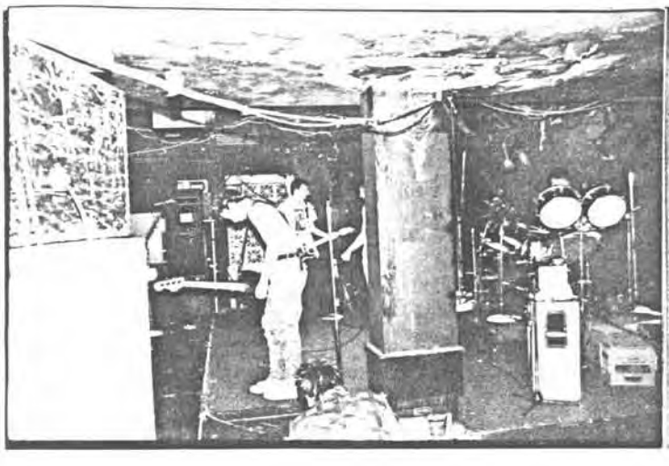
C



WRATHE

INTENSE!

AFTER-WRATH



SU-LOIXAIOJ

PHOTO : ANITA