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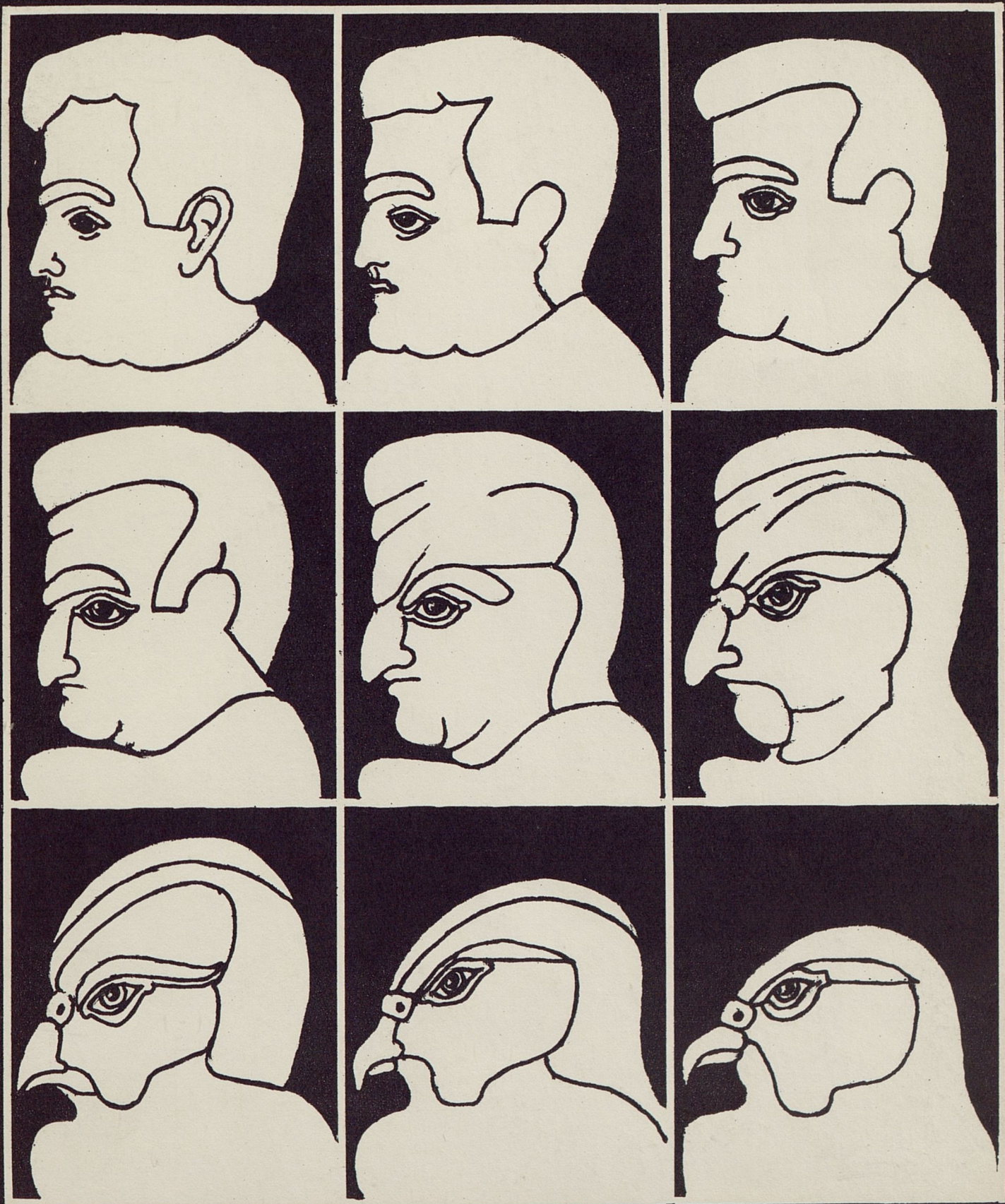


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# STRANGE TALES

#17





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S T R A N G E F A E C E S # 1 7  
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An all Canadian issue of experimental  
fiction and graphics.

Edited by OPAL L. NATIONS

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June 1975.

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\*

INSIDES

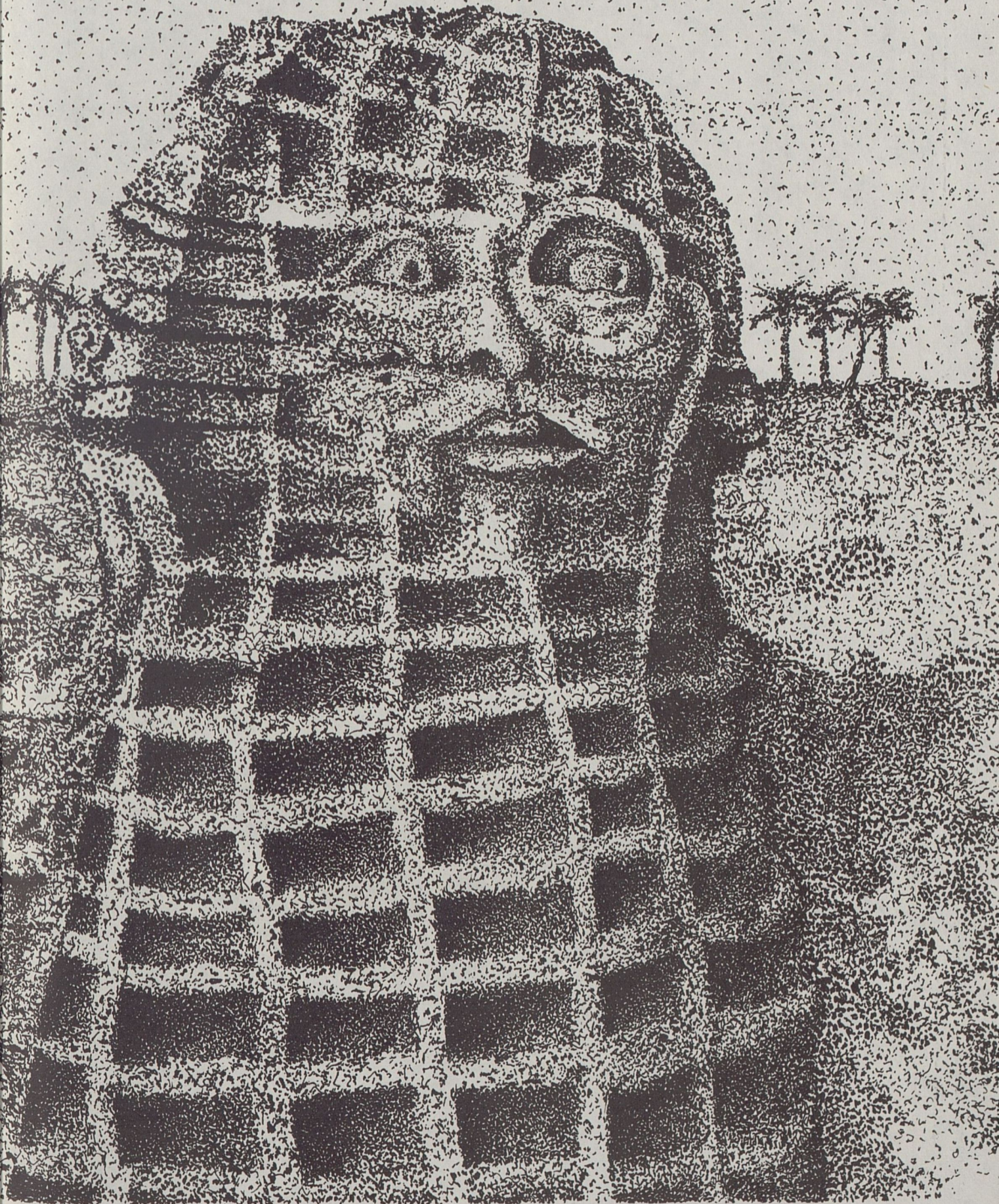
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AND BARBARA SHAPIRO

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ASTMAN

\* \* \*



FRONT COVER ILLUSTRATION: "METAMORPHIC PETER" BY ERIC METCALFE  
PAGE 100 BARBARA SHAPIRO

1. VANCOUVER (1911-1912) (KODAK SAFETY) Planter-Sabin

2. THE MIDLANDS - Messages from the midnight zone

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4. DAVID HUNTER

5. BUT BY THE WAY

6. ERIC METCALFE

7. ALBERT W. ...

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SOC.

ASTOR

## THE RESTAURANT

"bl" from the radio

A drop of water

A lady in the room was taking a step in time with her foot.

In this particular moment, the one step took her to the other side of the room where the sound of her walking pellmelled through the open door and quickly cemented an edge against the sound of a raindrop. She took hold of the door and swinging it quickly, wedged a slam between the drop of water and a drop of foot.

At the far side of the restaurant a bird stood on a pole. He was used to calling. This time he stretched his neck into the air and a large shape came out of his mouth and stopped in the middle of the room.

As pieces in this moment, "bl" and a drop of water wedged themselves by the birds call, cementing all the simultaneous sounds together and suddenly there flashed on a large image of a room and all the objects in it.

\*

Autumn had gotten into the chairs and cups and into a man walking down the corner street leaning into the slight breeze. But you couldn't find it anywhere, you couldn't go up to any of the objects to which it now belonged and push on it and say, There, there's the fall in you.

To build his hive, a bee laid down on his side and grabbed hold of the bees legs above him and that bee in turn did the same until the last touched the first's legs and forming a perfect hexagon, they cast a wax home in the shape of their body.

Just as on the rounded body of a whale the sea can find no surface upon which to stop, a dish wanders over a table as if it were still.

\* \* \*

ERIC IVAN BERG

MESSAGES FROM THE MIDNIGHT ZONE (4 paul green)

Here the night lights, glowing dark of the midnight zone, are not lights but only brooding darkness. Each an embryo unto itself -- each only a thin glimmering beginning.

Each a breeding volvox lying here in these limpid pools of the midnight zone. And no -- there are no living echoes here and nothing seems to be moving.

Here under amber Babylon the red quartz crystals of lenses are occilating. Here glass genitals are exchanged in acid vails -- ignoring her stark and naked screams.

This dark brooding of the night lights lends gloomy overture to the damp chamber music. To that recorded pulse-arc of the snake -- hissing with its crisp blue sparks now rattling across the gap between the throbbing spheres. And then again she screams.

For here in these cool tombs sharp clawed icicle spiders hang over her body. Spinning their blue knots of veined webs across the black acid perimeter of the midnight zone.

For here she dies nightly in black childbirth -- their ice-cold forceps cutting into her flesh -- a superluminary operation under the glare of the night lights.

The thin plexiglass cracks under her shrill sonics. Here the splashed red of warnings are found scrawling the stained notes from the midnight underground:

"Warning: Midnight Zone/ Read The Read Instructions!"  
"Danger : High Voltage -- Protect Your Living Systems!"  
"Do Not Become CONTAMINATED!/ Or You Shall Be DESTROYED!"

.....  
:\*\*\* :  
:\*\*\* :  
:\*\*\* \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\*

\* \* \*

epilogue

Fyodor —  
I... I must  
explain that night  
ten years ago



It's not that I didn't  
want to understand you  
... or didn't want you to  
know - of - of my...  
deepest feelings —

— O, I loved  
you then...  
Fyodor...

... you kept...  
putting me to...  
sleep

You Smelt  
of Siberia

You Smelt  
of Sartre

Just as on the rounded body of a  
waste the eye can find no surface upon

the night  
not lights but on  
to  
want to understand you  
back of us  
the night  
are

I... I... I...  
I... I... I...  
I... I... I...  
I... I... I...

I... I... I...  
I... I... I...  
I... I... I...  
I... I... I...

...of an intricate  
...of an intricate  
...of an intricate  
...of an intricate

I... I... I...  
I... I... I...  
I... I... I...  
I... I... I...

I... I... I...  
I... I... I...  
I... I... I...  
I... I... I...



Imagine the Lady befucked  
coming in the cabin  
defended from the bloody morning  
by her beau

Imagine the Lady caressed  
discovering the flashlight in her window  
is the morning  
her lover's manhood the key to her radiance

or imagine the Lady killed

\*

With the rising sun a few days before Christmas  
the Emperor of Poetry sits naked as a geisha  
on the edge of a solitary bed. Across town  
a solitary woman does too. In the same apartment  
she does too.

There's no pain. only the grey dawn  
spreading.

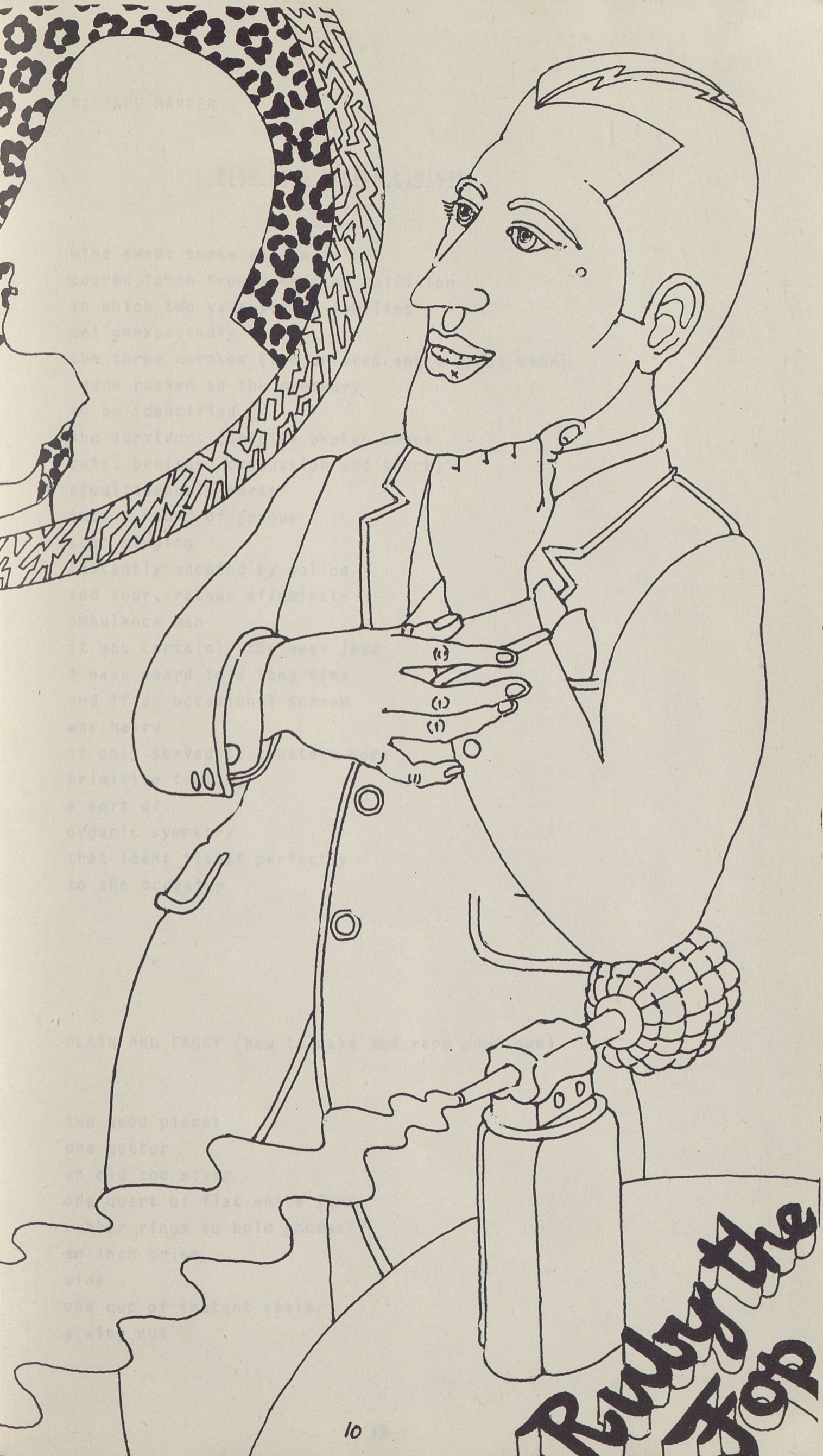
\*

found poem  
N.Y.C. phone booth

KILL YOURSELF POLICE!  
HANG YOURSELF! EVEN WOMEN  
GET LOVE WITHOUT FORCE!

\* \* \*

Guy Birchard





RICHARD HARPER

PIGS WITH SILVER LININGS

wine sweet smoke and music  
poured forth from a head on collision  
in which two vacationing families  
met unexpectedly  
the three corpses (two drivers and a great dane)  
were rushed to the mortuary  
to be identified  
the survivors (despite broken bones  
cuts, bruises, concussion and shock)  
simultaneously burst  
into a round of joyous  
scat singing  
instantly adopted by police  
and four, rather effeminate  
ambulance men  
it was certainly the best jazz  
i have heard in a long time  
and if an occasional scream  
was heard  
it only served to create a more  
primitive feeling  
a sort of  
organic symmetry  
that leant itself perfectly  
to the occasion.

\*

PLAIN AND FANCY (how to make and rape your own)

two wood pieces  
one gutter  
an old toe strap  
one quart of flat white junk  
rubber rings to hold yourself  
an inch or so  
wide  
one cup of instant sealer  
a wing nut

...

RICHARD HARPER

...

a precision machined, properly aligned  
adjusted, lubricated, dismantled, cleaned  
and regreased female hub  
a constant freewheeling motion  
a sporting duplicate  
a pair of exceedingly baggy knickers  
a bit of dwindling  
now dont forget  
as an engine your body is severely limited  
so stroking  
should not be jerky  
find your natural cadence  
shift gears to maintain it  
now  
guffaw and thrust  
guffaw and thrust again  
watch the main arteries  
if they become weak  
stiff and unresponding  
ignore them  
forget it  
and keep on  
and keep on  
and  
avoid lonely places at night.

\* \* \*

Richard Harper

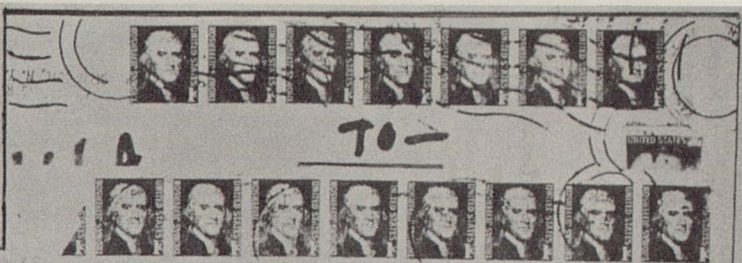
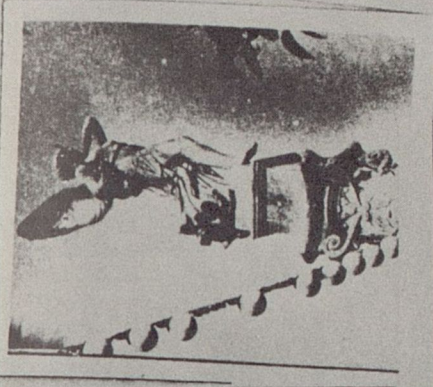
JILL MANDRAKE

concerned cuoca

garlic i wished to use for cookery  
must go around  
my neck tonight in bulbous waste  
  
the pentagram over the pantry door  
brought vampire-cooks  
who bloodied the spaghetti sauce.

\*

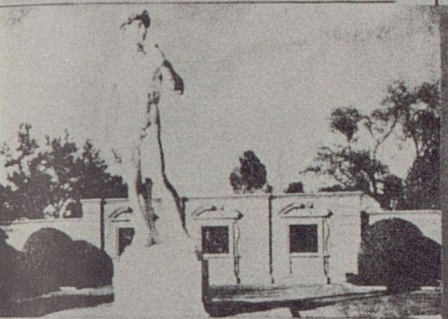
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VIA Michael Morris

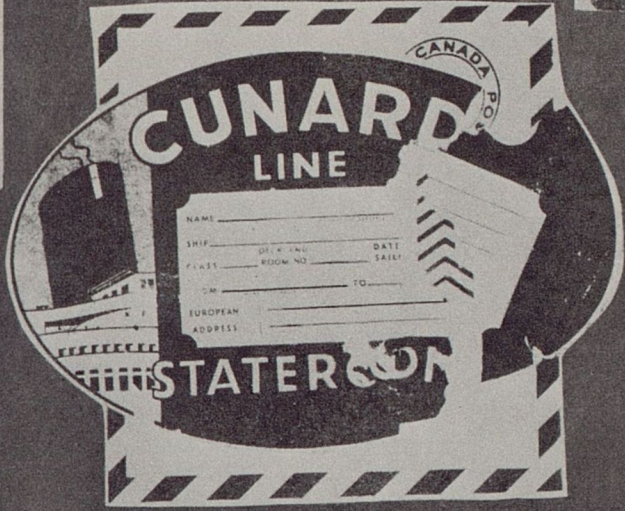
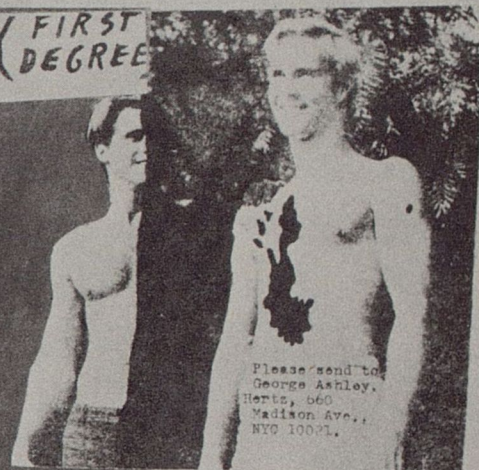
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TO: MICHAEL MORRIS  
4454 WEST 8th ST.  
Vancouver, BC  
CANADA



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George Astley,  
Hertz, 660  
Madison Ave.,  
NYO 10021.



William Morris  
4454 West 8th St.  
Vancouver B.C.  
Canada



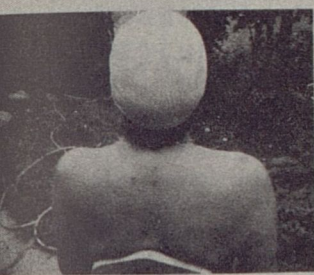
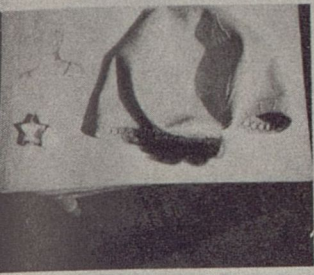
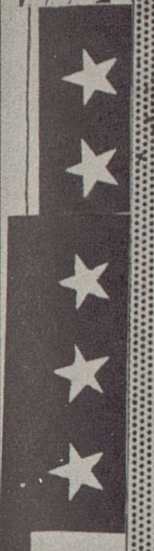
Michael Morris  
c/o Kurt von Mier  
25 Ancotage Road  
Venice, California

foot movement  
down on toes  
back on heels!

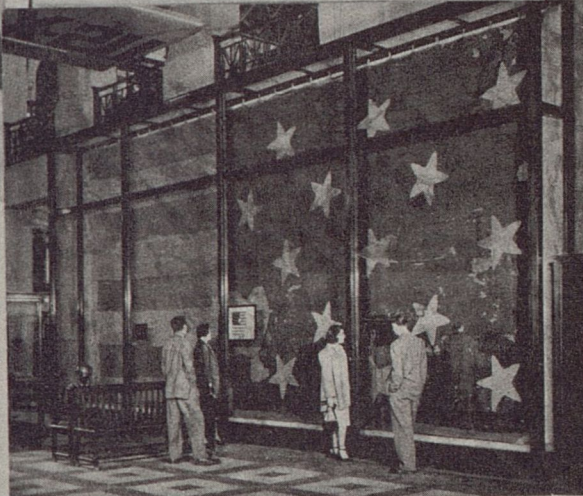
CITY HALL  
Vancouver, B.C. Canada



DR. TYDINGS  
DIRECT READING EXPOSURE GRAY CARD



DUCHAMP WITH STAR-HAIRCUT, NEW YORK, 1917.



**SHE MANHANDLES  
A HEADSHRINKER!**



BLACK LUNCH HOUR MASS POEM

The Male Protagonist  
for Renata Tibaldi

"Von Herzen--moge es wieder zu Herzen gehen"

in D Major

male protagonist---Hans Conried  
tiffany lampshade---Otto Klemperer  
Lefty---Charlotte Bronte  
Queen Victoria---Edna Purviance  
Young College Student---Gerard Malanga  
French Horn---Dennis Brain  
amen amen amen amen amen amen amen  
gloria gloria gloria gloria gloria!

The Male Protagonist  
reads playboy Magazine &  
Masturbates. He wears a rubber  
all day so he can do it  
anytime, anywhere.  
He reads playboy magazine &  
drinks the candlelight from a  
Tiffany lampshade with  
a young college Student in his  
mouth. The man  
who reads playboy Magazine is  
independent from materialistic  
obsessions as he is  
from money-making  
& clothes conscious. Makes  
him feel good to  
know the Scotch he drinks  
is at least 12 yrs. old!

\*

OUT TO LUNCH HR: ELEGY

Never Love a Stranger

an italian named  
Miller, martha miller; a drunkard  
known as Mr. President, Mrs. arthur a  
President, the chief executive  
of our country's armed forces; a Dealer  
called tiny, Tiny Malone. a  
mohawk indian with curly hair;  
a neophyte turned ant-eater  
by a magician with a smile  
5 kilometers wide on its Face;  
never love a Stranger!

\*

Avron Hoffman

The refrigerator yields its last quarter inch of milk  
 another gauloises plants its flag  
 in the ongoing colonization of my lungs  
 waking up with these mountains is a singular delight  
 I want to rush this typewriter out on the porch  
 Electra I'd like you to meet the beer bottles  
 I'd like you to meet the pigeon shit  
 and the two eggs that go with it  
 this is where we sat the other night  
 talking eight feet of top soil  
 planting the seeds  
 to grow stallions and mares  
 red maned beasts  
 muscular beauty rising  
 through the dirt  
 of industrial Vancouver  
 oh Electra  
 this grime will coat your language  
 but these mountains will lift you  
 out from any heavy robing  
 and you will float like I do  
 a typewriter stripped to the skin  
 in the sun  
 dazzled  
 and swept by huge feelings

\*

### A BLAZIN LASER

The images around us  
 drop dead and  
 rise altered  
 in our motor memory  
 (fix what you can)  
 come look the fire in the face  
 this made desire changes everything  
 sit down yout buttons are melting  
 the piano delivers the river  
 you couldn't anticipate  
 fortissimo melancholy for the future  
 four hundred horses auditioning  
 for the great white hope  
 for the Elvis Presley erection  
 for Chrstitmas tomorrow  
 the future enters the past  
 I say now as I said then  
 lift your caps for Robin Blaser  
 the fool burns through time  
 wielding the torch  
 of intelligent music.

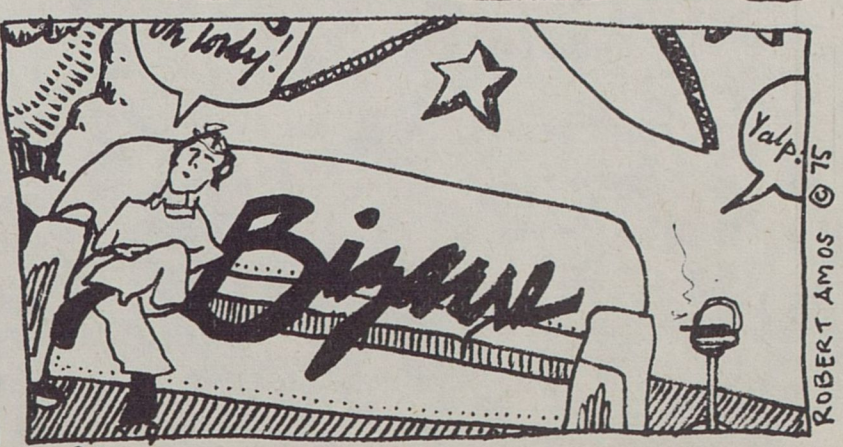
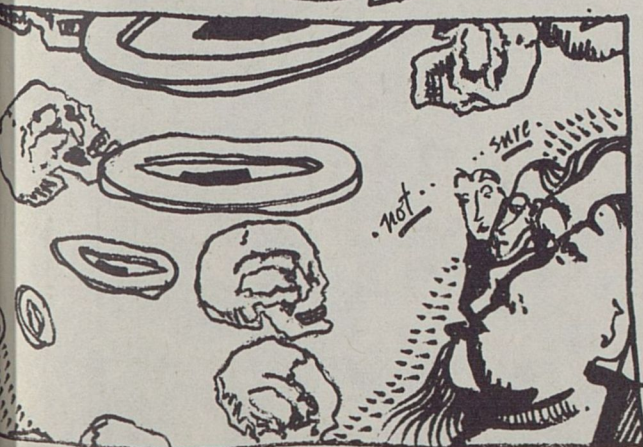
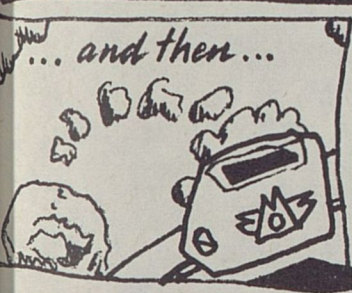
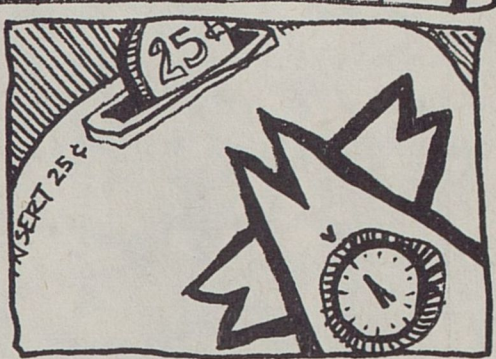
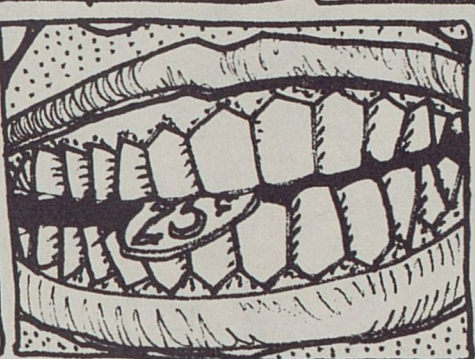
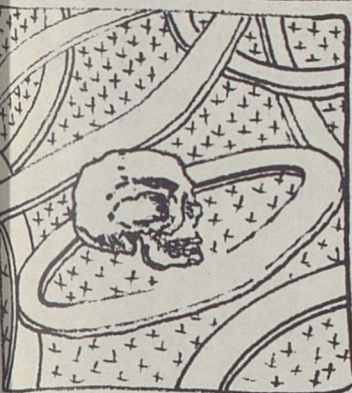
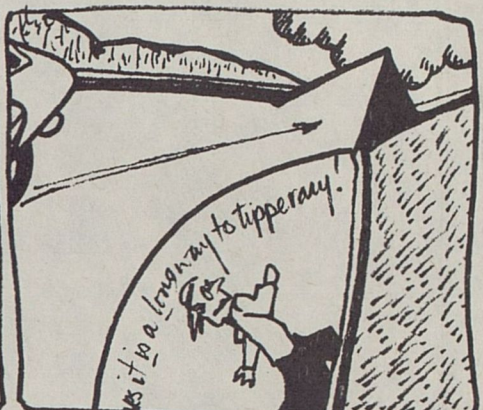
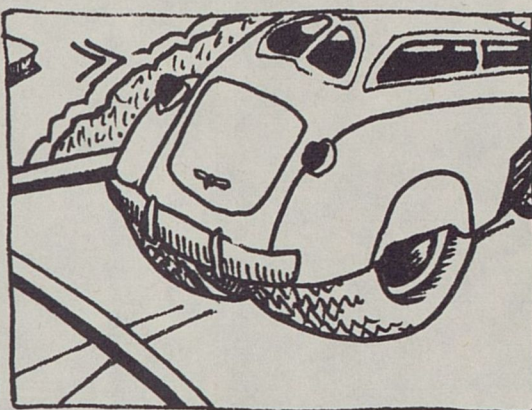
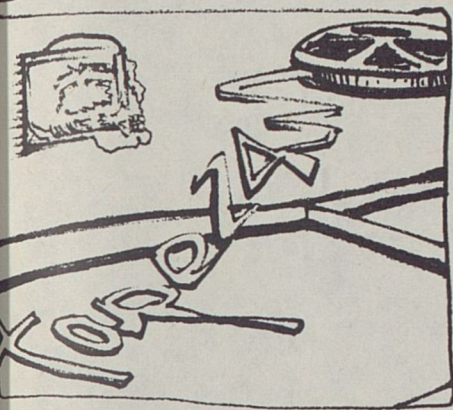
\*

# Something-Bizarre-O-matic?



Continued  
personality  
contact

Opal L. Pinkesun  
Spee Dee Paint  
Overnight, B.C.



ROBERT AMOS © 75



## A FOOL FOR BEAUTY

motherfucker niggerloving mick jewboy jerkoff smartypants

## DANCING WORKS

Jack Spicer was born dancing.  
 His little blue fist squeezing  
 the heart of his partner from inside.  
 A real smoothie.  
 Near to dripping from your entire torso  
 as you give a meringue  
 across the carpet  
 nipple to nipple  
 mad in love  
 stroking your thigh  
 in a minute  
 smoking your fly  
 now he's in it  
 up to his ears  
 and you're squirming partner

Rimbaud is dancing  
 before he steps off Jack's tongue  
 burning the green into gold  
 T.S. Eliot does a pirouette  
 and marries the dancer  
 Mayakovsky  
 is writing his pants off  
 Art grinding crotch  
 into Eye of God

long ohs float off  
 in billowing magenta  
 em after em on the lips of salvation  
 Em and Me meet in a tree  
 Dionysus Jacks our roots  
 please feel free  
 to join in on the chorus  
 if you know it.

\*

Zonko

A List of 100 Points on Placing the Place of Placing in  
Literature: An Exercise in Practicing What One Preaches  
Ironically and Arbitrarily

Preface

To be read silently--emphatically not allowed--and at least five  
time in close temporal proximity.

1. Dada freed art (cf. 54)
2. Schoenberg freed music
3. /
4. Nietzsche freed philosophy
5. Being arbitrary is no sin (cf. 1)
6. Zen freed western religion
7. Nor is being atomactically dogmatic
8. Yet people give no evidence of being free
9. And literature still drags its ass
10. It definitely must be placed last
11. But he who thinks literature is dead is either silent or  
ironic
12. Being totally arbitrary is no sin (cf. 5)
13. Tho a bit boring
14.  $\frac{1}{4}$
15. Literature is the placing of wordss
16. So that they can develop interesting relationships withe each  
other
17. Even scholarship is Literature
18. Tho a bit boring my wife says
19. And its divisions are of course arbitrary
20. There is no reason philosophy cannot sleep with poetry (cf. 4, 6)
21. There is no reason shit and love and dogs and verbs cannot  
touch one another

22. \*
23. There is no reason I cannot repeat myself (cf. 41)
24. I can place a cloud next to an atomic reactor or an example  
if I choose
25. (cf. 14)
26. Sometimes some things that appear arbitrary are not arbitrary
27. My wife is objecting to my wassting my time at the typewriter
28. I can make a spelling error, intentionally or accidentally,  
if I choose
29. Or place a verb between two other verbs if I choose
30. Or be diadactic
31. Words can fuck or die or become or defecate if they are helped
32. A bit
33. Can even be boring
34. \*
35. Books can be burned
36. Can also be interesting with a bit of luck
37. And skill
38. As can any word placer (eg. 4)
39. Noise is not !@#\$\$%&\*()\*(&#%\$#@! to be condemned but rather  
used.
40. The same for ssilence
41. \* There is no reason I cannot repeat myself (this is also a  
footnote)
42. This could be criticism or poetry or sshit
43. \_\_\_\_\_
44. An art form is the way things are placed
45. An artist is a skillful--usually, if he gets the title--placer  
of things (\_\_\_)
46. There are some conventionalized ways of placing things
47. Like lists (cf. 1-100)
48. And essays (cf. \*)
49. And rules are placings of the placings
50. New placings or old placings disguised are often disturbing

51. Until the placings have been placed by the placer's placer (cf. 17)
52. Placing carried that far becomes a bit boring (eg. 51)
53. Criticism is an art form most appreciated by the trully refined (cf. 13)
54. And to most people a bit boring; to most people not understood as art (cf. 1,2 and 4)
55. Both the highly ritualized and the very new are boring to non-initiates
56. Turkeys! Turkeys! Monks!
57. Ode to a Pencil Sharpener or a Typewriter
58. !@#%\$¢&\*()(\*&¢%\$#@!
59. But as Cummings has said we are not most people
60. Most new placings are boring I'm beginning to think
61. My wife is agreeing
62. Placings, placings, I am tired of placings
63. Let the artist be a genius, a super-sensitive soul!
64. A kin to God
65. (That great placer in the sky?) lives? (cf. 4)
66. I see no reason why some poor writers should not believe in 63 and 64
67. \$\$
68. Intermission
- 69.
- 70.
- 71.
- 72.
73. Change poor to bad in 66
74. Since words are free to be placed as and at will (cf. 21, 90)
75. Why not mix other things with words?
76. My dog is chassing hiss tale
77. No reason at all (cf. 23)
78. Except the/limits/ an artist sets for himself
79. Some people are good only with concrete words
80. Some only with abstract; some only with words
81. Some only with oils depicting landscapes (cf. 24)

KEN STANGE

82. The typewriter on my desk has an s that sticks arbitrarily (eg. 27)
83. It is perfectly reasonable and emotional that an artist
84. Should set as his /limit/ as his /boundary/ as his /rules/
85. The /limits/ of his skill or his hoped for skill
86. Or his desired, chosen /area/ of skill
87. My wife has just fixed that s in the second movement
88. But the point is
89. I think it is nice that everyone knows that writers
90. May place as they please
91. And, if only writers, use only words, in any way they want
92. Some ways, like a iambic pentameter or narrative novel, are very good
93. If restricted
94. But many ways have not been tried
95. Many of these ways will prove boring, bad, misplaced, etc. (cf. 42)
96. Yet tho most hypotheses are raise why not try? (cf. 43)
97. Consider the atomic bomb
98. O, Yes and perhaps even dangerous
99. My wife is undressing
100. Good timing I would say.

\* \* \*

KEN STANGE

PIC' A MIX

Why not make a mix? Betty Crocker did  
 The cakewalk in New Orleans and met  
 Aunt Jemima, long before Martin and  
 Hillary saw the other side of the mountain.  
 Zebra america where all stripes were white,  
 But the U.S. is US- and a finger pointed  
 Is at the end and the beginning of the hand-  
 Somest president with Beatles who gave hope  
 To the old through the young whose shoulders  
 Were ready and untried...and the Peter Max-  
 Billy Graham-Filmore was just a glow  
 After all.

Make a mix with Duncan Hines or Kentucky Ernie  
 Or Pete Seeger all joined hands around the  
 Electric start barbecue.  
 Keeping up with the Jonah's whales  
 (Nearly gone now) gets you in deep water,  
 Scummed with Standard Texaco shells observed  
 By thor in Rah.

REFRAIN: Tankers for the memory  
 of ducks with oily wings  
 rocks with murky clings  
 the fumes we smell  
 of cars we sell  
 and eyes and nose that stings  
 We thank you a lot.

Our trip to the moon was too soon  
 Cause earth was still there  
 And not yet was bare...feet giant step  
 Crushing moonkind.  
 While the late show lingers on with stars  
 Whose burn has dwindled.  
 Book men pushing print on the wires...  
 The patients in long term beds  
 Know New York weather best.  
 But that's life - Someone elses  
 Whose Now is yours. Their mix and yours  
 makes today's coffee break talk...  
 Biafra, Ireland, Vietnam,  
 Alka, Bromi, and Kayam...  
 Revolvo-lution is bumped by Nielsen  
 For pollution, and the Big Sur becomes  
 The Big Madame  
 In time for Toffler's chapters.

Escape in a Van Couvered wagon  
 Put them all in a circle to ward off  
 The viol'ins in the streets  
 And the platforms of papier mache figures  
 Of our paper machine triggers  
 Of our minds worn down by endless effort  
 To grasp at meaning, in this complex, burst-out  
 Total texture of where we're nearly at.

\* \* \*

Victor Dorey.



FIG. 227.—Macroglossia (lymphangioma) in a girl of twenty (Clinic at Göttingen).

Twenty  
YEAR-OLD

girls  
adore

== H O T ==  
== S H I T ==  
|||

## TOILET PAPER

1628

MONDO ARTIE

EPISODE # 1628

CAST: FLAKEY , SLIM FLOWERS ON THE RADIO

1 INT. FLAKEYS STUDIO NEW ERA SOCIAL CLUB NIGHT

Flakey has just returned from the pub with half a case of beer . He takes off his coat, turns the radio on , opens a beer , sits down, listens to the rock and roll , ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ the music stops and Slim Flowers program begins . As Slim talks the images should emerge and dissappear as he is talking about them. - postal flashback sequences.

### RADIO

Hello out there, this is Slim Flowers for the International Country Cabin Winter Evening Letternet from Roberts Creek Radio.

2 FADE IN Ecole de Bozart sculpture event.

Then, gradually, but in a brief space of time nevertheless, the vision drew near enough to Dorothy to make out what it was.

A broad green carpet was unrolling itself upon the desert, while advancing across the carpet was a wonderful procession that made the girl open her eyes in amazement as she gazed.

First came a magnificent golden chariot, drawn by a great Lion and an immense Tiger, who stood shoulder to shoulder and trotted along as gracefully as a well-matched team of thoroughbred horses. And standing upright within the chariot was a beautiful girl clothed in flowing robes of silver gauze and wearing a jeweled diadem upon her dainty head. She held in one hand the satin ribbons that guided her astonishing team, and in the other an ivory wand that separated at the top into two prongs, the prongs being tipped by the letters "O" and "Z", made of glistening diamonds set closely together.



FADE OUT

1628

28

cont.



RADIO CONT.

3 FADE IN TO STILL PHOTO OF GRANADA GAZELLE AND A.A. BRONSON AT GENERAL IDEA , TORONTOTO

M. Deitchrich songs playing in background , Slim Flowers voice on radio over.



still photo, G.Gazelle, A.A. Bronson

SLIM FLOWERS ON RADIO

The new File is revamped into a skimpy little number with lots of names and addresses. Holding the spectrum number... excuse me ... cover for a special next issue (fold out) with Art Deco Revival article by Vic d'Or and Image Bank ( and scene ) article by A.A. Looking and looking for revealing fotos for this fatso deluxe number . Especially of props and props in use. It's all very pleasant at G. I. - every nook and cranny filled with stocking gifts in hiding.



PORK COLLEGE MYSTERY  
-----

Chancellor Hrodka stood at the window, looking out at the greenly blooming campus of Pork College, that wonderful institution that sits on a hill in the middle of a valley surrounded by mountains. Here the cacti stretched their spiny arms to embrace the energy-giving neutrinos from the sun; there the prehistoric ferns fanned their fronds in fond fraternity with the Creatures That The World Forgot, which frolicked behind the lab.

But his face was frozen in a frown, for next week the mortgage money was due, and the dastardly landowner had twice threatened to tie the pretty gym instructor to the tracks of the narrow gauge railroad that ran through the campus.

Attempts to make big money writing short paragraphs...

"The Caspian Sea is called a sea because the Romans, finding it salty, named it Mare Caspium. However, it is technically a lake, being Tand-locked."

...had proven useless. So had attempts to solicit the Record Club of America to distribute an album of Pork College songs:

"We are Porkos, we are fine,  
Call us pigs or call us swine,  
We are always in the right,  
Come on, Porkos! Fight! Fight!"

A letter on the Chancellor's desk lay unmailed for lack of a stamp:

Dear Donny Osmond,

I am a Chancellor in a famous college. Have you heard of Pork College? We are experiencing financial difficulty. Maybe you could lend us, or rather give us, some money. We would gladly name a dorm after you.

I watch you all the time on Teen Hop Hour. If you are ever near Pork College, I would be glad to show you around and have you over to the house for dinner. Could you send me an autographed picture of yourself for my daughter?

Yours truly,

Herman Hrodka

But there was another problem, more perplexing than any other to challenge Pork College--the mysterious sky axes that had been falling unpredictably on the campus, causing consternation, chaos, and what have you. The greatest intellects of

.....

the college--Zark, the janitor, and the venerable Dr. Phud-- had searched their brains and reported nothing. As a last resort, the Chancellor had summoned Garth Flarb, noted undergraduate, member of the Fortean Society, and student rep for the third floor of Lard House, North Quad.

Garth entered the office. "You sent for me, sir?"

The Chancellor turned, looking grave. "Solve the mystery of the sky axes, will you?"

"Okay."

In a dusty corner of the library, behind a pile of galoshes, Garth found what he was looking for--a yellowed back issue of the Pork College Technic. He read a filler item:

### A Strange Superstition

by Rhine Duren

"The natives of Burma, China and Japan believe in carved stone objects that have fallen from the sky, particularly during thunderstorms. They are called thunderbolts. In Moravia, Holland, Belgium, France, Cambodia, Sumatra, and Siberia, they are called thunderstones. In Lausitz, they are called storm stones; in Slavonia, sky arrows; in England and Scotland, thunder axes; in Brazil, lightning flashes; in Amboina, thunder teeth. Such beliefs also exist among the Indians of North and South America."

Garth went to fetch his friend Lance Hrodka (no relation). Together they would solve once and for all the mystery of the sky axes.

It was purely the work of Pawtucket that Seiji, the talent scout from Japan, happened to find Pork College after his car had bogged down in the famous tar sands. And when he saw Chancellor Hrodka walking around the great ombu tree in front of Hannibal Hamlin House with a dour look, he knew here was just the man he had been looking for.

"Hey you. You ever act?"

The Chancellor stopped. "In what spirit is this question asked?"

"I'm talking about acting, like in the movies."

"No, certainly not."

"Well, I'm a talent scout from Japan. I need somebody to play the dentist in Hrodka: Space Thing. It's science fiction."

"Hrodka? That's my name."

"No kidding! What a coincidence! Anyway, you'll do it, wont you? It'll pay well."

"How much?"

Seiji told him. The Chancellor's eyes brightened with intense albedo. It would be enough green to get Pork College out of the red and into the black.

"I'll do it!"

"Okay, grab a suitcase and let's go. You can read the script on the blimp."

...

Garth and Lance studied one of the mysterious sky axes with a microscope. It had an unnaturally polished surface and was sharply wedge-shaped. It looked very much like a part of a stone axe.

"It's strange," said Lance, "that no axe handles have ever been seen to fall."

"Hmm" was the response of Garth.

"I songa shi des-ka?"

"Hai. Tai hen i songa shi des!"

"Itsimo ganko-e ikimas!"

"Ohãio gozaimas!"

On a broad plain at the foot of Mt. Hayakawa, the film crew scurried about like ais, setting up for the climactic scene of Hrodka: Space Thing. Chancellor Hrodka, in the role of F. Schwartz, dentist, would attempt to communicate with Hrodka, the Space Thing, who had kidnapped Donny Osmond for biological experiments on the planet Smith. F. Schwartz, as the only scientifically trained passenger among a busload of tourists, would confront Hrodka in a cave, amidst the stalactites, stalagmites, and stamboulines.

The director gave some last-minute instructions to Chancellor Hrodka and got his crew in place. Then came the dramatic order, "Loll 'em!"

F. Schwartz, dentist, shielded his eyes from the eerie phosphorescent glow given off by Hrodka, the Space Thing, as the monster's voice boomed out:

"PUNY EARTHLING, DO NOT THINK YOU CAN PREVENT HRODKA, KING OF THE GALAXY, FROM CARRYING OUT HIS MISSION. DR. MENZEL OF HARVARD TRIED...AND I ATE HIM!"

F. Schwartz replied, "Please listen, Hrodka. I am a dentist. You are a Space Thing. We can understand each other. Let Donny Osmond go. He is of no use to you. Take me instead."

"No!" gasped the frightened tourists in one voice.

"Take me," Schwartz continued. "My mind is superior. You can learn more from me. And I'll do free dental work for the whole planet Smith."

"OKAY," said Hrodka. "SOUNDS LIKE A SQUARE DEAL!"

Hrodka: Space Thing was an overnight success. Chancellor Hrodka was back at Pork College in two days with a fistful of yen and Japan's coveted Tsunami Medal. The mortgage was paid off. The pretty gym instructor no longer had to live in fear. And neither did his wife.

Only one thing was needed to make the day complete, thought the Chancellor as he stood at the window, gazing at the ripening corn fields. And at that moment, Garth Flarb walked in, looking triumphant.

"Chancellor, I've solved the mystery of the sky axes!"

"You have? Tell me!"

But, alas, we shall never know. For there the story ended.

\* \* \*

Crad Kilodney

From: - THE MARVELS OF PROFESSOR PETTINGRUEL -

# 1.

The house had many splendid rooms, each served a purpose, a mood indefinable, by way of its deliberate mystery. One may enter into each on numerous occasions over uncertain periods of time and sense perhaps "palatable" differences, sensory responses not unlike the almost indistinguishable difference to the palate, sharpness, bitterness, smoothness of two good wines, the grape at harvest picked inside and outside a given hour on the same day.

Taking my hand the professor bid me enter the first chamber, the spaceness of which responded at glance to a structural size conceived in the wishful minds of each of us, we being so alike in this respect, a measured bond of common knowing of each other. On the other hand it felt unclear to the head. Had the professor taken control of my mind, had he given up mentally to my requirement in this matter? He led me forward to a dias, a solid wooden block upon which stood a rectangular glass case housing what looked to me like some sort of duelling pistol.

"Is it a firepiece?" I enquired. In response he nodded his head as if an inner system of pulleys and weights had by command of light or movement in inner space programmed him to do so. "It is composed of flesh," he said, before I had time to speak, his eyes throwing off flashes of solarity, not unlike the miracles of light that enchant the surfaces of rare, precious minerals. "And," he added, "the weapon is of good use and functions as does the human bowel, in a modified state of course, forcing its missile through an elaborate colon, a contractory colon, aided by a super geometry of riffling, a system of delicate spirals, a mathematical graphic formula I myself found by chance in an observatory way up on the high plains in Peru, an unknown Inca calculus. You see, each spiral interacts whereby a system of propulsion is made, an energy form totally unknown to science."

"And, the bullets?" I enquired with unreserved expectancy. "They are also of flesh," answered the professor. "The fingers of the dead, those having passed away with long cuticles, that can, when fired upon the living, tear through the fabric of all healthy tissue, thus rendering the prey mortally wounded, for the finger will erase all matter in contact with it. Like a worm it will burrow out of the flesh and crawl away to lose itself without the slightest trace."

The professor unlocked the cabinet with a special key he had about his person, lifted the glass, and gripped the softly responsive stock in his hand.

"Look!" he exclaimed, aiming his weapon at a far wall, "the sun is dragging the elements of shadow out through a crack in the plaster, it will leave us without the capacity to love and understand all natural things."

The professor aligned his weapon carefully, and assumed an air of deep concentration. A loud single shot rang out, spreading a blanket of almost permanent deafness, and the professor, still in a state of calm and grace, unzipped his fly, removed his member, upon which six white rose petals grew, in the vicinity of wrinkled skin bordering the glans penis. Choosing a petal at random, he nonchalantly plucked it out, slowly, and with a great lightness issuing from the pit of my stomach, the petal drifted toward the crack in the wall.

\*

# CALL ME PROFESSOR; DOCTOR OF ARTIFICIOTOMY & PROCLIVITY

With a very sharp scalpel or razor blade (it will cut cleaner if wet) make a longitudinal section of the entire brain. Save one half for later dissection.



—Brain, lateral view



Brain, sagittal section

Now use the other half of the brain not used before. Begin at the anterior end and cut off thin slices of the cerebrum. Find the *cortex*, outer part

of the cerebrum. Keep slicing until the *hippocampus* begins to appear. It will be recognized as a round structure lateral to the corpus callosum. Do not slice into the hippocampus, but dissect it out carefully. Its anterior border is the *fimbria*. Then cut through the corpus

NATIONS

From

Indonesian ...

... the ...

... a ...

... the ...

... the ...

... grew ...

... (1) ...

EPISTLE TO CINDY-SUE

A friend of mine named Brian Diamond once told me what he did. I didn't believe him till he showed me the proof, stacks of letters.

What he did was he got an Archie comic. Beside the Little Jinx cartoon are a bunch of names and addresses. These are the names of Little Jinx penpal club members. They want penpals. My buddy, who was twenty at the time, decided to write one of these little people pretending he was eight years old and slowly change their consciousness. The girl who was his penpal was seven year old, Cindy-Sue Shawarsky of Albert Lee, Minnesota.

The letters went like this:

Dear Cindy-Sue,

I read in Archie that you wanted a pen pal. Well so do I. It is very cold where I live and I like to toboggan. Please write me.

Your pal,  
Brian Diamond

Dear Brian,

I am so glad you wrote. Let's be pals. It is also very cold where I live. Last week, I took a trip to Minneapolis with my parents. It was very nice and we had a good time.

Love,  
Cindy-Sue

Dear Cindy-Sue,

I am so glad we are pals. I told my friend Ihor and he was very excited. He's going to get a pen pal too. We have lots of fun together.

Pal,  
Brian

Dear Brian,

I have a friend who would love to write Ihor. Her name is Susie. Would you like her to write Ihor.

Love,  
Cindy-Sue

Dear Cind,

About your friend Susie, my friend Ihor wants to know if she is good looking. He is very choosy and says his pal must have a body and give.

Pally wally,  
Brian

.....

Dear Brian,

My name is Cindy-Sue, I don't like being called Cind. My older sister, Cathy calls me that and she picks on me all the time. She is fifteen. I don't like her. Oh yes Susie says to tell Igor that she is cute and she gave me a doll for Christmas. She saved for part of it out of her allowance.

Love Cindy-Sue

Dear Cindy-Sue,

Enclosed is a balloon. My older sister always picks on me and when she does I take this to mommy and ask her what it is. She always asks me where I found it and I always say in my sisters room. Mommy gets real mad and my sister doesn't pick on me anymore.

Your friend,  
Brian

Dear Brian,

My sister picked on me and I took the balloon to mommy. She asked me where I found it and I told her in Cathy's room. Cathy isn't allowed to leave the house until she's married. She got real mad at me and shook me up and said, "Okay kid, where'd you get the safe." but mommy caught her and said if she ever did that to me again, they'd put her in a foster home. I told her never to call me Cind again and now she listens to everything I say. Thank you.

Love,  
Cindy-Sue

Dear Cindy-Sue,

I am glad to see that the balloon worked. I have another secret to make my daddy laugh when he is in a bad mood. Whenever he is yelling at me, I make him laugh when I say, "Why don't you take a running jump off a flying pier." Daddy loves to run and pretend he's flying and always laughs and stops yelling when I tell him that.

Friend for ever,  
Brian

Dear Brian,

Daddy yelled at me for spilling my orange juice today. I told him what you said and he hit me. He told my mother that she put me up to it and yelled at her all day. What does put me up to it mean. Anyway, I don't love my daddy anymore.

Love,  
Cindy-Sue

Dear Cindy-Sue,

I'm sorry you don't like your daddy but don't worry. It's a big secret that nobody loves their daddies. God put daddies on earth because mommies aren't strong enough to spank us. I don't hardly ever talk to my daddy. In the letter I gave you a present. Two little candies. Take them and eat them. They are happy candies.

Comrade,  
Brian

BARRY CHAMISH

....

Dear Brian,

Since you wrote and told me about daddies I haven't talked to mine. He is always saying he is sorry for hitting me and says he will take a running jump off a flying pier if I want him to. I took your happy candy. I felt so good, I giggled all night. Mommy was very worried but daddy said it was good to see me happy like that. They asked me what was so funny and I said they were. They looked very surprised. Please send me some more candy. It is very good candy because I don't sleep at night and mommy calls the doctor who says my heart is beating very fast and I don't have to go to school.

Love Cindy-Sue

Dear Cindy-Sue,

Here are some more candies. Only take two at a time or you will get tired of them. I had a lot of fun yesterday. Mommy gave me a quarter so I went down to the bus depot. They have a machine that takes four pictures of you. I rolled the chair up real high and stood up. Then I unzipped my pants and took a picture of my wee wee. Here is a picture. Can you get a quarter from your mommy and send me a picture?

Up the revolution,  
Brian

Dear Brian,

I got a quarter from mommy and went to the bus station. Mommy asked what I wanted the quarter for and I told her to take a picture of myself. She thought I was lying so I showed her the pictures. She got really mad and wanted me to give her the pictures but I said if she took them I would steal quarters from her and do it every day. She let me keep the pictures. Daddy called our priest yesterday and he stood over me yelling, "Out Devil." I took a happy candy and laughed all night long. It was so much fun. I showed the trick to all my friends and they got quarters and took pictures of themselves all afternoon. Once we all got in and took pictures of ourselves. The police made us leave and they drove me home. Then I couldn't see any of my friends anymore. Next week I am going away to a fun school for special children. I always wanted to be special. I'll write you when I get there.

Lest I begin a St. Trinians story, Brian mercifully stopped writing her although she kept writing. He returned them with a no such person at this address message, feeling that his duty had been done.

\* \* \*

Barry Chamish

I'm Gonna See that You'll Be Back Home in Thirty Days

sings Chuck Berry  
and what does he mean?

arrested on charges of unemployment?  
read down up when the scale sings up  
and here we go letting the cat  
into the poem

God I love school  
for making me a fool

look, let me say it to you here  
the best I can

I'm your man  
your very own  
no one else's

on my knees to you  
curled together six and nine  
to form the ball  
of earth

right now this instant as you  
feel the energy of this my poem

what's in a body  
besides an infinite number of sperm  
fertilizing the future age

it's all mine!  
and I am you  
and the power spreads  
like your legs as I enter you  
in our soft bed

spreads to suffuse history with energy  
can you feel?

don't be mad with me?  
be nuts with me if you want...

I mean I mean I mean  
well that brown eyed handsome man  
just says smile everything be all right  
when we bring us home...

\*



## We've found the missing link.

Each time the bottom drops out of history, there seems to be nowhere for nature to go. Dumpty. We juggle the figures to make up for the under the counter (culture) kickbacks. And yet each time we grow more restless and refuse to continuee throwing our skin over nature for culture to step on and vice versa. Still, culture is refusing to get its feet wet, and with language for stilts moves awkwardly over the area of our affliction. A name for everything and everything for a name.

This called for a heroic gesture. The showcard at the edge of the window display was made to read: 'If culture and nature do not follow our design, we'll make them.' The most glamorous specifications to measure ourselves by. We are getting our act together to act out our fantasies in person on our person. Mirror charades. Stripped of their syllables, all words spell t-w-o. Me and our shadows multiplying the cast to thousands. Now this is an application gained from reflection. Divide and conquer, duplicate or perish, regenerate. Eye to eye, back to back, our stance gathers context with each turn of the mirror. Breeder consciousness at its most ecological. Let's face it, not all regeneration is remedial.

**KILL THE METAFUCKERS!**

I'll be home that you'll be back home in thirty days

and I'll be home that you'll be back home in thirty days

arrange on changes of unemployment?  
read up on the scale slugs up  
and to get the quality of the cat  
into it.

God I love you  
far making you

look, let me see you here  
as I see you

I'll be home that you'll be back home in thirty days

you to seek to you  
during the day  
to form the ball  
of earth

right now this instant  
my this to you and last

what's in a name  
to be a number of  
age future age

it's all mine!  
you are I and  
and the power spreads  
like your legs as I enter you

We've found the missing link  
can you feel  
it?

Each time the bottom drops out of history, there seems  
to be nowhere for nature to go. But why? We judge the figures  
to make up for the under the counter (culture) kickbacks. And  
yet each time we grow more restless and refuse to continue  
throwing our skin over nature for culture to step on and vice  
versa. Still, culture is refusing to get its feet wet, and with  
language for skills moves away from the area of our  
affliction. A name for everything and everything for a name.

This called for a heroic gesture. The sword at the  
edge of the window display was made to read: 'If culture and  
nature do not follow our design, we'll make them.' The most  
glamorous specifications to measure ourselves by. We are  
getting our act together to act out our fantasies in person on  
our person. Mirror charades. Stripped of their syllables, all  
words spell t-w-o. Me and our shadows multiplying the cast to  
thousands. Now this is an application gained from reflection.  
Divide and conquer, duplicate or perish, regenerate. Eye to  
eye, back to back, our stance gathers context with each turn of  
the mirror. Breeder consciousness at its most ecological. Let's  
face it, not all regeneration is remedial.

KILL THE METAPHORS!

Relax You're Reading Poetry

feels good don't it?  
warm and melting  
honeycomb  
is how I want it  
as you read it

forget the teacher  
all he wanted  
every class  
was what he told the kids  
they couldn't say  
a piece of ass

he's energy now  
reads on tape  
right to your brain

start the car up  
first gear in the forties  
science fiction Simak  
shift to second in the fifties  
rock and roll Berries  
third in the sixties  
open art up like a Warhol Warthog

and here we are  
fourth fifth sixth seventh  
on up the scale

if you can ride a twelve speed bike  
why not let my poetry love you

don't worry about getting pregnant baby  
because the space in your skull  
is great as the skies full of starts  
of stars of stars of stars

we will go there together  
in time

your hand in mine  
in this our poem together.

\*

A really good machine will never go wrong

energy stays live  
take your wheels and cogs  
now and atomize them  
to electrons

that's where I live

you can't believe how old i am  
compared to you

yet younger too: teach me tonight  
the truth of all of this equipment

two video monitors  
three tape decks for sight and sound  
and the old cassette playing

Nadine is that you?

Nadine the swimmer mermaid  
who may lead me by sensation  
to true peace deep serenity

that's where I live

you read this as part of the history  
of ancient lit

this is fine: hello  
here I am laughing through machinery  
laughing my way into energy

yes I can sing dance love pray  
play the four string guitar and whistle at the same time  
stand on my head

well really i don't know if I can stand on my head  
believe it if you want to but please believe this:

what I am and can do, you are and do as well  
I'm you, you me--  
so on through eternity

this is written in a year where fighting moves to words  
and the words themselves start to go to energy

he stands outside and inside her door  
rhythm and pulse body to energy

relax and smile and let me tell you I just read you  
a drawing from Finland  
in this poem for us today

\* \* \*

# HP HP HP

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241 GRAMMES

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INGREDIENTS: VINAIGRE, DATES, MELASSE, PURÉE DE TOMATES, SUCRE, RAISINS, SEL, TAMARINDS, FÉCULE DE MAÏS, OIGNONS, AIL ET ÉPICES.

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46

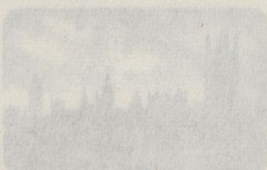
# HP HP HP SAUCE SAUCE SAUCE

THE BRAND  
you just see

HP SAUCE IS DELICIOUS WITH MEATS, FISH, CHEESE, EGGS AND SALADS, AND IS ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR ENRICHING THE FLAVOUR OF SOUPS, HASHES, STEWS AND BAKED MEATS.

INGREDIENTS: VINEGAR, DATES, MOZZARELLA TOMATO PASTE, LUGAR, RAISING SALT, TAMAR, BROWN CORNSTARCH, ONIONS, GARLIC AND SPICES.

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LE SAUCEMENT DE LONDRES  
HOURS OF PARLIAMENT

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DAVID JAY

46  
45

CLARK KENT & LOIS LANE ARE SPEEDING ALONG THE HIGHWAY ON THEIR WAY TO A CUSHIE RESORT FOR A WEEKEND AWAY FROM THEIR HECTIC CITY EXISTENCE. CLARK IS LOOKING TANNED AND BRAUNY. LOIS HAS GAINED 50 POUNDS SINCE WE SAW HER LAST AND IS LOOKING LARGE AND SOFT. SHE IS FIDGETING SELF-CONSCIOUSLY, CROSSING AND UNCROSSING HER LEGS, CROSSING AND UNCROSSING HER FINGERS.

LOIS: It was really nice of you to ask me along Clark.

CLARK: It'll be good for you Lois. You need a break from this hectic city existence.

LOIS: You're right Clark. I never manage to get away any more. My job seems to get more and more demanding.

CLARK: You're a good reporter Lois. Maybe too good.

LOIS: What do you mean by that Clark. Too good.

CLARK: You're leaving us men behind Lois. You frighten us. You know Lois, a woman doesn't want a man to have too much respect for her.

LOIS: Read any good books lately Clark.

CLARK: As a matter of fact Lois, I just read a book called ORGASMS by a guy named A.S.A. Harrison.

LOIS: (LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY)

CLARK: What is it Lois.

LOIS: I might as well tell you Clark. A.S.A. Harrison is one of my pen names.

CLARK: No kidding. You mean you wrote that book?

LOIS: That's right. How did you like it?

CLARK: It was very interesting Lois. You sure are a clever gal. And always full of surprises.

THAT EVENING, LOIS AND CLARK ARE SEEN DANCING CHEEK TO CHEEK IN A LUSH BALLROOM AT THE CUSHIE RESORT. CLARK IS DRESSED IMMACULATEDLY IN A LIGHT SUMMER SUIT. LOIS FORGOT HER SUITCASE BACK AT THE OFFICE AND HAD TO MAKE DO WITH A BORROWED DRESS THAT MAKES HER LOOK FATTER THAN EVER.

CLARK: Well Lois, it's been a wonderful evening. Your company is so refreshing.

LOIS: You always bring out the best in me Clark.

CLARK: I'm ready to hit the sack Lois, how about you.

LOIS: Are you going to invite me to spend the night with you Clark?

CLARK; You know I'm mad about you Lois, but it isn't that kind of attraction.

.....

LOIS: It's because I'm so fat, isn't it Clark.

CLARK: I'm afraid so Lois. You aren't what I'm used to.

LOIS: That's okay Clark. I understand, and I don't mind at all.

CLARK: You're a great gal Lois. (TO HIMSELF) Whew, I'm glad she fell for that. I'd never tell her the real reason, i.e. I just can't relax with a woman that smart.

LOIS: Well, goodnight Clark. See you in the morning.

CLARK: Wait Lois, kiss me goodnight. (TO HIMSELF) If only I could tell her who I really am.

\* \* \*

CLARK KENT & LOIS LANE ARE SPEEDING ALONG THE HIGHWAY ON THEIR WAY TO A CUSHIE RESORT FOR A SECRET EVENING.

LOIS: Do you mind if I ask you a question?

CLARK: Not at all -- I can tell there's something on your mind. You shouldn't bite that nail anymore.

LOIS: I know, I'm trying. Alright, here goes, I want to know what you expect of me tonight.

CLARK: Expect? Do I have to expect something? (TO HIMSELF) O-oh, here it comes. I wonder if she still wears that wierd underwear.

LOIS: You know what I mean, your invitation kind of came out of the blue and --

CLARK: Relax Lois, I just thought you looked a little overwrought is all, needed a change of scene.

LOIS: Do you still wear that wierd underwear?

CLARK: I don't wear underwear Lois, you know that.

THAT EVENING CLARK & LOIS ARE SEEN DANCING CHEEK TO CHEEK, CLARK IS DRESSED ETC.

CLARK: Read any good books lately Lois?

LOIS: Yes, strangely enough, a pulp detective novel called AGENT PROVOCATEUR, somebody left it outside my door under that bag of kitty litter.

CLARK: (TO HIMSELF) Thank goodness she got it. (TO HER) And so what did you think?

LOIS: Sexist trash, a really sick piece of fiction.

CLARK: I think we should head back to my place.

LOIS: Sure. (TO HERSELF) Hmm, I've never known Clark to perspire so freely.

LATER, IN CLARK'S BEDROOM...

LOIS: Where am I sleeping?

.....

CLARK: Well my bed is as good as any I suppose, as long as it doesn't hang up up I mean --

LOIS: What do you mean by that?

CLARK: Well you know how I am about S-E-X and, well, I just don't want you to get worried and start on that F-A-T issue again.

LOIS: That's OK Clark, I understand and I don't mind at all.

LOIS GETS INTO BED WITH CLARK.

LOIS: Is there any pie in the house?

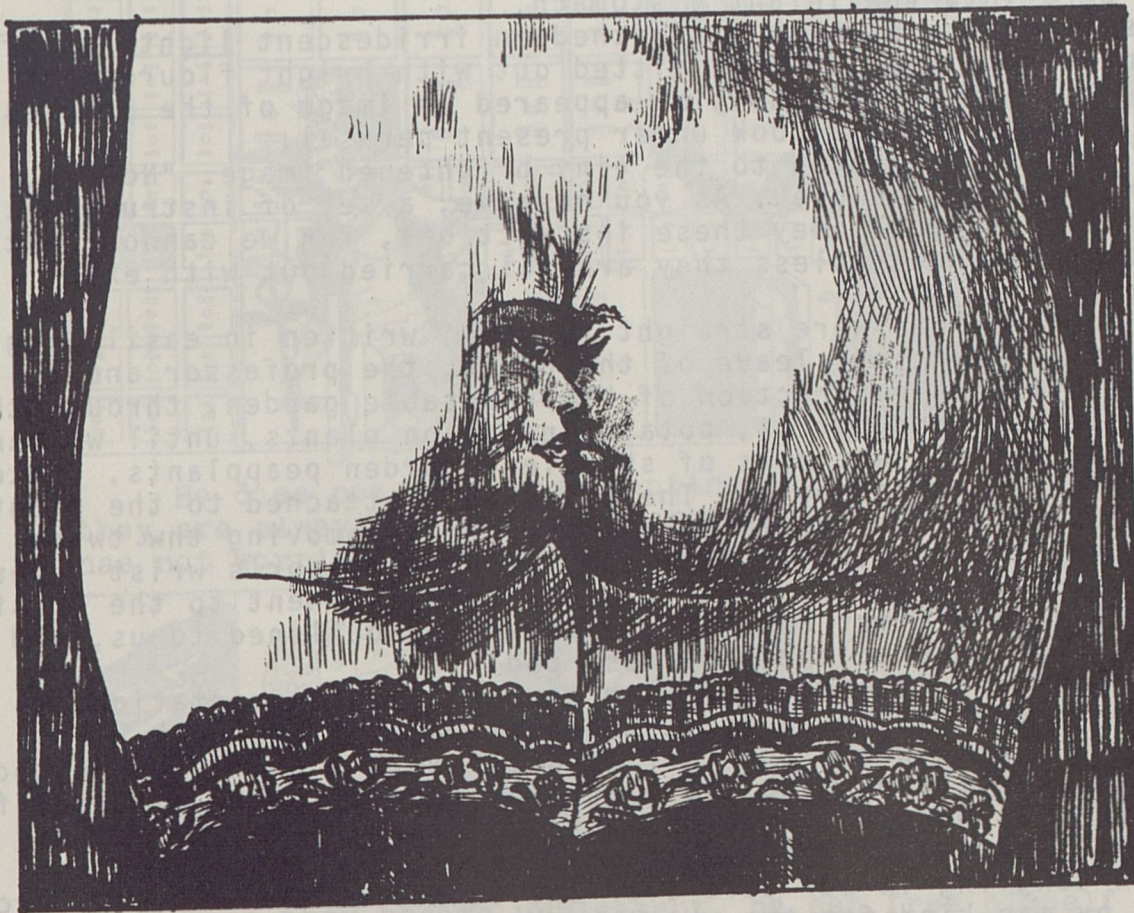
CLARK: Not a crumb of food, sorry. You're a great gal Lois, maybe the only real person I've ever known.

LOIS: That's funny, that's exactly the way I feel about you.

CLARK: Well goodnight Lois. See you in the morning.

LOIS: Wait Clark, kiss me goodnight. (TO HERSELF) If only I could tell him who he really is.

\* \* \*



From - THE MARVELS OF PROFESSOR PETTINGRUEL -

# 2.

Upon entering the library, the professor now in a mood of pondering introspection removed his jacket and rolled up his left sleeve. A wondrous display of tattoos confronted the eye, all in bright primary colours. "Magnificent," said I, beholding the skin art works. "Are they of any purpose?" I enquired. "Oh yes, quite so," he said, "come closer, I will unfathom one of them for you."

Pointing to his wrist, the professor explained the first tattoo. "This as you see is a title page book design. The book is called "All in a day's heart, where one carries one's work." The book is authored by myself, it's a treatise on how the time of day is spent." The professor moistened a finger with saliva and ran it around the edge of the tattoo. In seconds the illustration seemed to whiten, as if the skin had dried out, much similar to a bad sunburn experience, after which the skin peels away. I was reminded of a very fine quality bond of onion-skin. Sticking his thumbnail under one corner, the professor peeled the page over, and beneath yet another tattoo appeared. It outlined a buried fetus in a plexiglass coffin, floating in an oil of viscous fluid. "Notice the umbilical cord, as I trace it with my finger out through a pressurized seal on the lid, through the soil to the surface of the grave. Notice also that it is severed here and stretched out over the plot. Its appearance is rather like the mouth of a paper-bag when one has blown air into it, when one is about to cause it to burst." "I see," I said, trying to preserve a sane composed normality. Leaning over toward the bureau, with his free hand the professor picked up a bottle of eyedropper, which he explained was filled with a watery, healthful mixture of dietary vitamins. Taking the top of the eyedropper in his fingers the professor squeezed a small drop of fluid onto the tattoo. It lay to rest at the mouth of the stretched out umbilical cord.

He bade me watch as the droplet slithered down the inner surface of the cord into the infant's stomach. Moments later the stomach was bathed in iridescent light, as if the tiny intestines had been fitted out with bright fluorescent tubes. At the heart of the glow appeared an image of the professor's wrist, a tattoo of the book under present perusal.

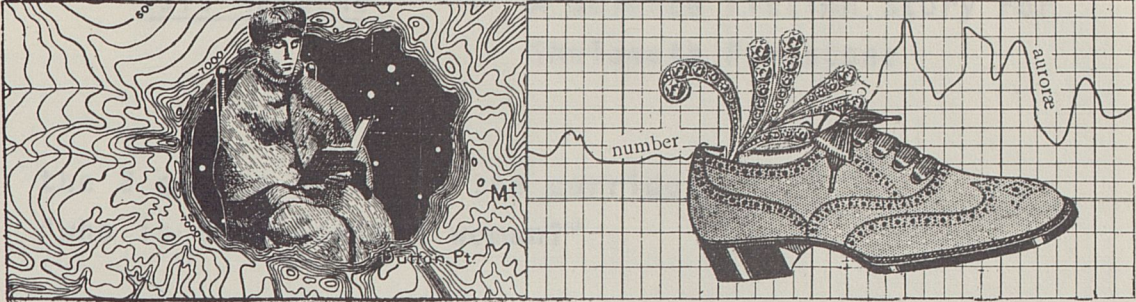
The professor pointed to the tiny brightened image. "Now you see the next page in the book. As you observe, a set of instructions are written. We must obey these instructions, for we cannot continue on through the book unless they are all carried out with exact compliance."

The instructions were straight forward, written in easily legible script. Taking our leave of the house, the professor and I strolled off in the direction of his vegetable garden, through the rows of lettuce and carrot, potato and onion plants, until we came upon three magnificent rows of succulent garden pea plants, staked out with split bamboo poles. The poles were attached to the plants with green twine. We set to work immediately removing the twine and binding the lengths tightly about the professor's wrist (over the now closed tattoo). When this was done, we went to the first pea plant in the first row, in the direction outlined to us, and kneeling down, picked the lowermost pod.

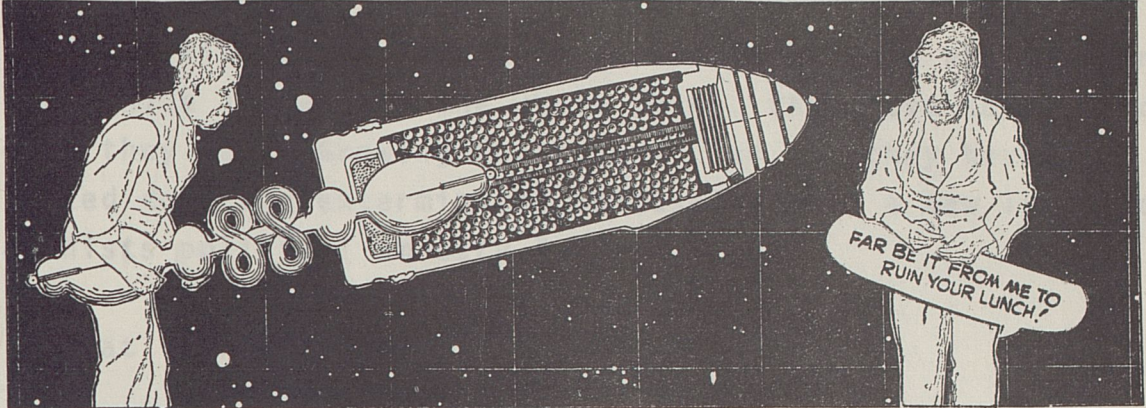
Upon breaking it open, and much to our joyous expectation, a rolled page lay within, a text, the next page of the book - "All in a day's heart, where one carries one's work", and as we methodically shucked the pods up the plant in order of their distance from the ground, as we did indeed the total of them, a manuscript of brilliance and wonder unfolded itself to us, one which spoke of the rain dangling in our ears over the centuries and of the search desired by man-kind for the cherished memory of all things.

\*

The client has labored for a time under the delusion that he is affected by "earth rays" and he protects himself by putting glass splinters in his shoes.



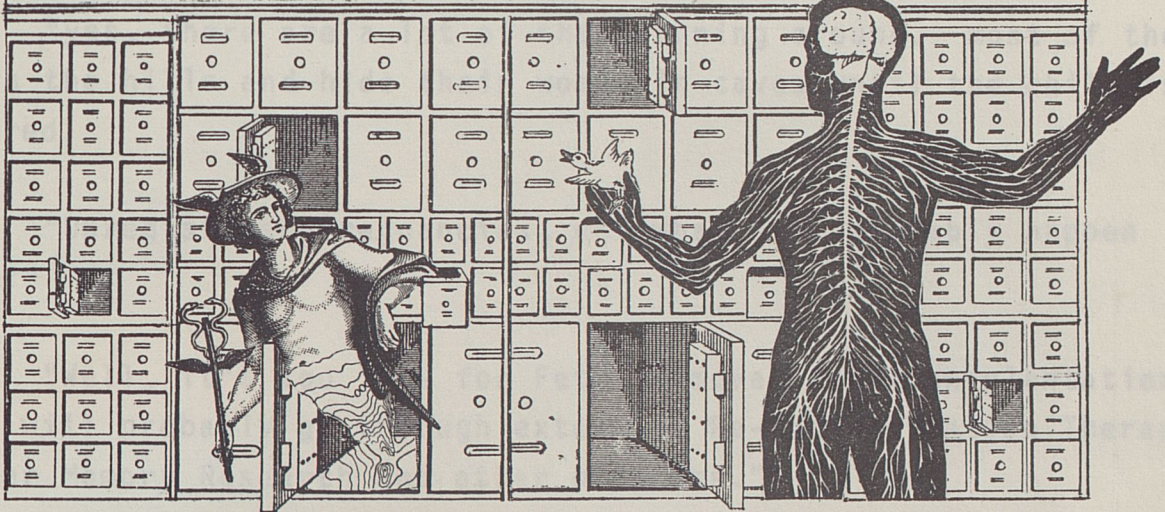
He is well-informed, fully appreciative, his train of thought is in order, he contacts easily, speech and motor response unobtrusive.



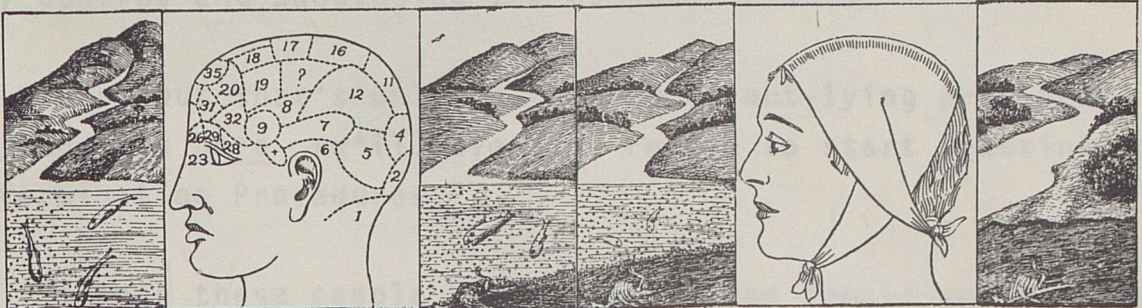
He has been affected by earth rays for the past thirty years. He feels them in his feet and calves, without pain. He does not think they are directed against him with evil intentions, but imagines rather that they are radiated by doctors.

**E Z L P C F D T**

They should be read at 19½ feet when held in a clear light.



He does not feel them continuously. All the same they are always recurring, wherever he happens to be. He has not worried unduly over these rays.



When they become unpleasant, he can free himself by raising his leg from the floor. Then, the rays disappear. The client denies that he puts glass splinters in his shoes.

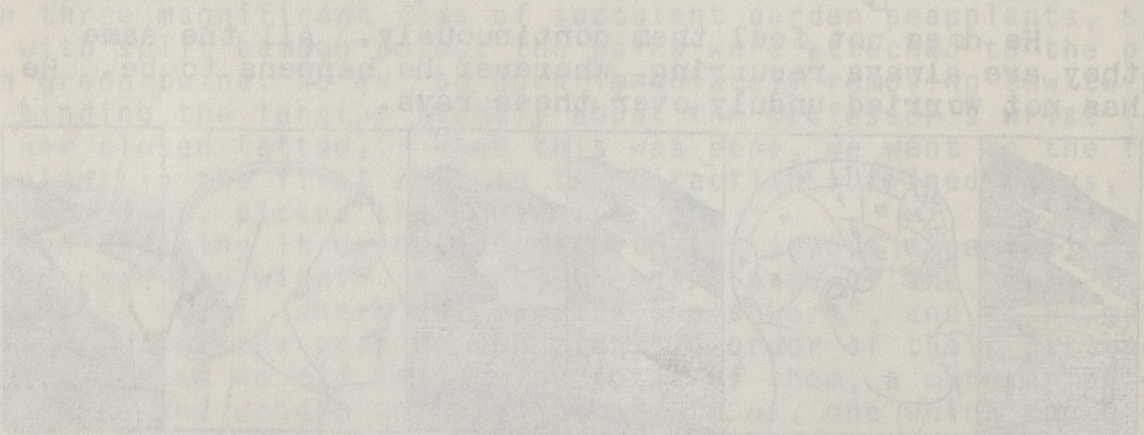
Sept. 1975. Veterans' Memorial Hospital.

OPAL J. LADD

The client has labored for a time under the delusion that he is affected by "earth rays" and he protects himself by putting glass splinters in his shoes.



He has been advised by a physician that the cause of his condition is a "psychic" nature. He has been advised to wear a "psychic" shield and to avoid "psychic" rays. He has been advised to wear a "psychic" shield and to avoid "psychic" rays. He has been advised to wear a "psychic" shield and to avoid "psychic" rays.



When they were placed in the room, the rays disappeared. The client denies that he puts glass splinters in his shoes.

Sept. 1915. Veterans' Memorial Hospital.

Isis Returns - A Science Fiction Story For  
Shulameth Firestone

the 2 guards stood in the corridor.

"who is that deviant woman?"

"she is a woman from the Rising Earth People."

"the what?"

"the Rising Earth People- a group of deviants who live in the hills - hide in caves - the whole thing. they have some weird philosophy they call "Growing Their Own." so far they haven't been tracked down and exterminated because we have a new law allowing Anarchists political amnesty."

"what is her crime?"

"can't you see? genital sexuality. cohabitating Without A Household Licence. Illegal Pregnancy. refusing to have the fetus removed and implanted in a testube."

"i see, one of those Genital Sexuality freaks."

"yes, there are a lot of them running around. most of them hide in the hills and hide their women in caves until the child is delivered

"Unregistered Pregnancies, eh? What will probably happen to her?"

"Well, it's too late for Fetus Removal and Transplantation, so she will probably go through extensive Re-Indoctrination Therapy, Computer Memory Research and other programs."

"i hear a lot of the Rising Earth people have been bombing Therapy Centres and sabotaging the Computer Plants."

"yes, but that's only in the remote out-lying provinces. if they do that here we'll have good reason to start Tracking Down and Extermination Procedures."

"i hear these people have some strange female mentor-figure from the past - what's her name?"

.....

"Jane Alpert."

"yes, that's right. whatever happened to her anyway?"

"oh she was arrested during the First Reformation Period, during the Pre-Liberation Decade, about 17 years ago, and put into a Re-Indoctrination Centre. that one was a real case. hopelessly flipped out, you know."

"what exactly was her theory called?"

"oh you know- the one that the Ancients called 'Mother-Right' - we call it Genital Caste Privilege now."

"these deviants then - are they all Heterosexual Class 15B?"

"oh heavens no - there are some weird groups of lesbians who also live in the hills and call themselves Isis Returns. they periodically get impregnated too and then go back into hiding. some people think that they're in alliance with the Rising Earth People."

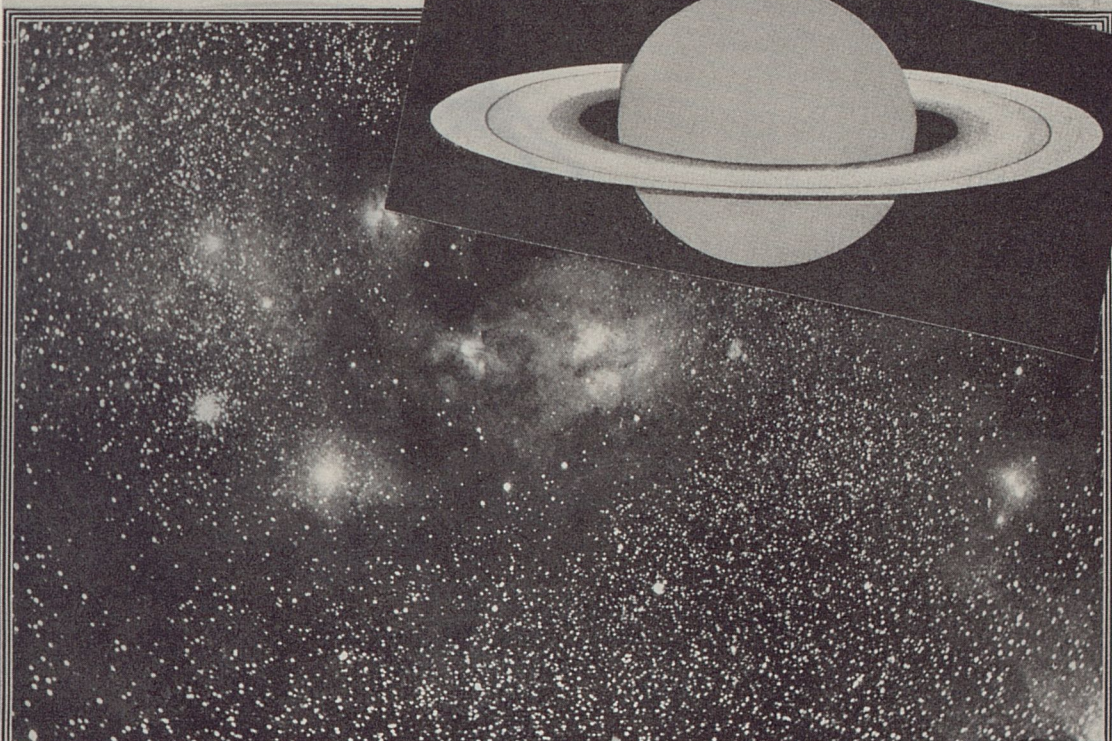
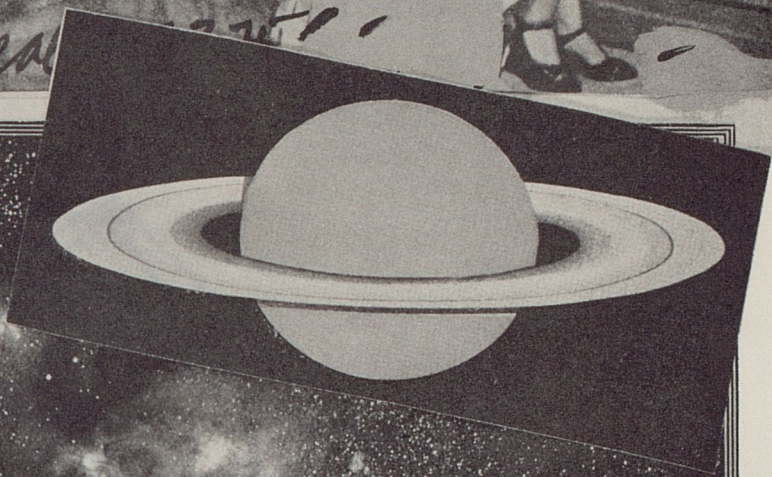
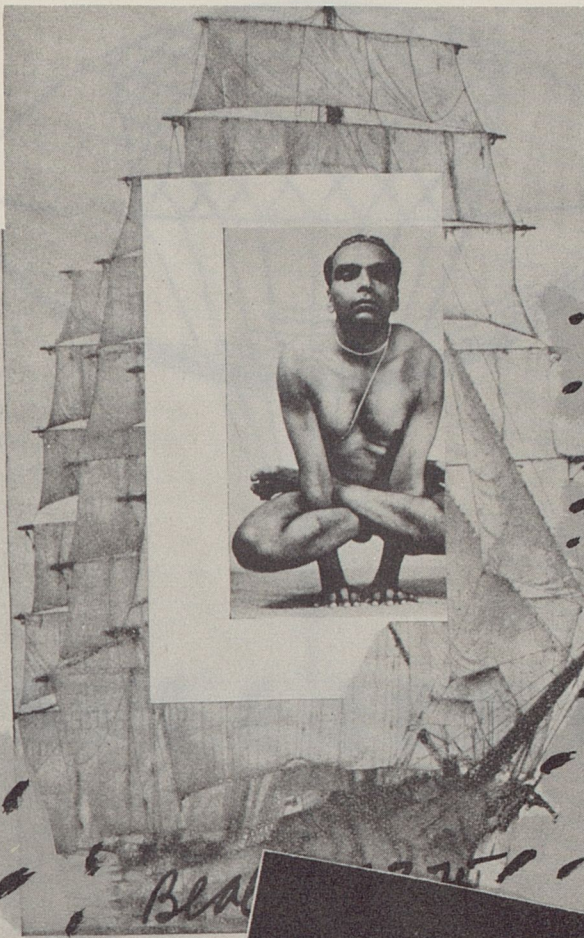
"have we caught any of the Isis people yet?"

"yes - but they're smarter. they carry a Self-Destruct pill with them, and as soon as they're caught they pop the pill."

just then a loud crash is heard. uniformed guards and civilians come running; dust and bricks are falling.

"quickly! it's the Rising Earth woman! she was carrying a Globular Bomb under her dress - she wasn't pregnant after all."

\* \* \*

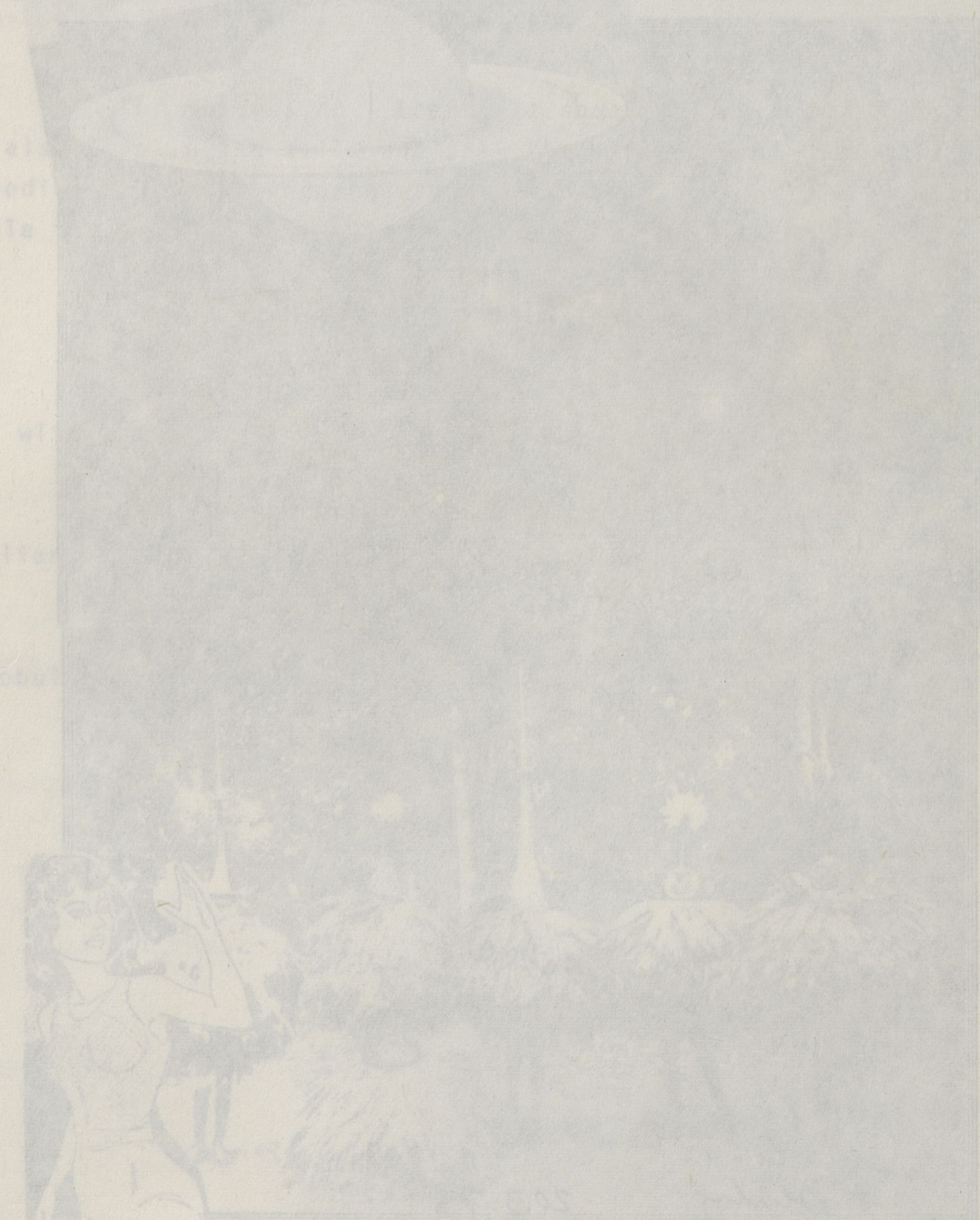
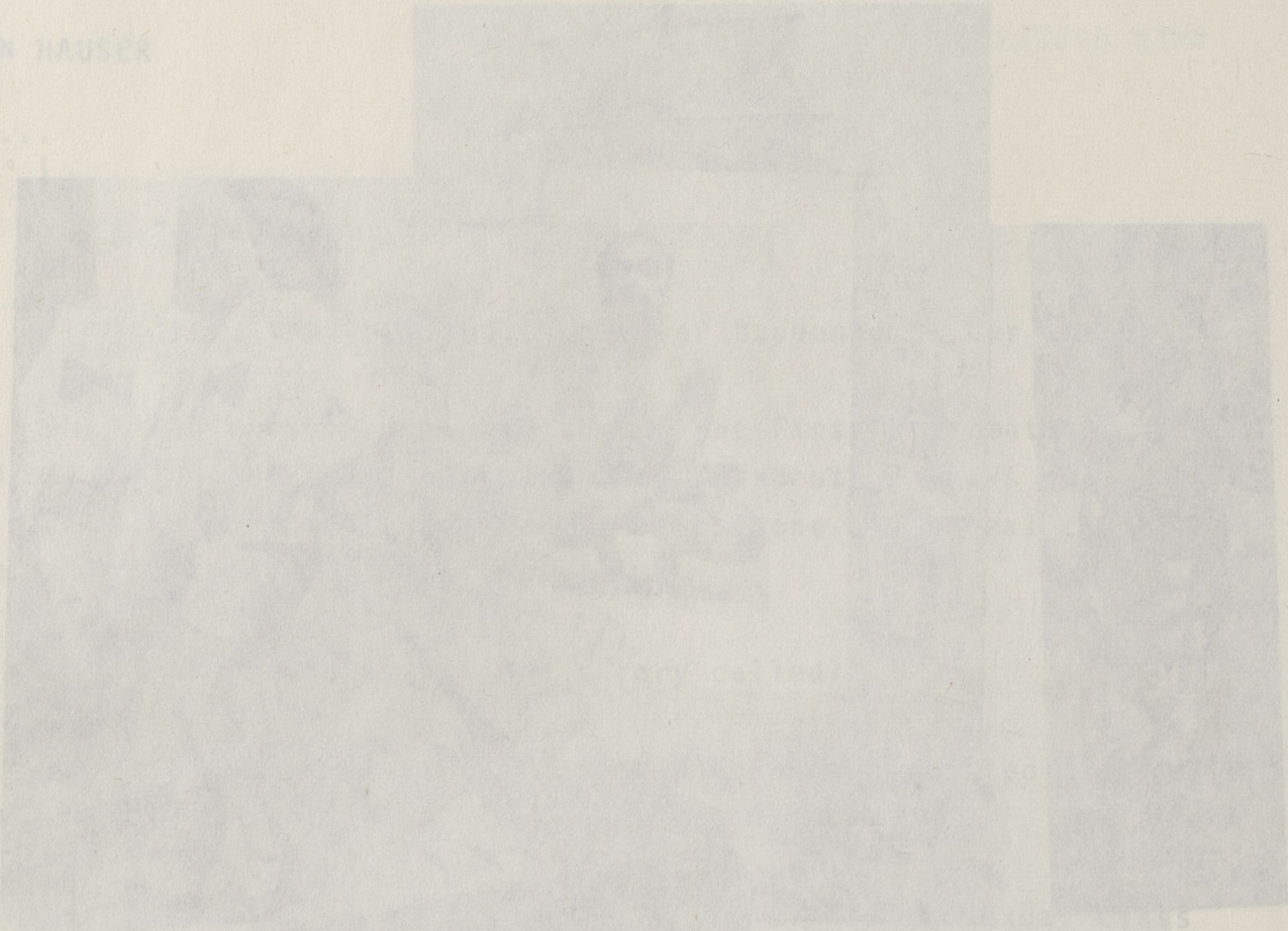


A part of the Sky above the bright Star Antares, with thousands of Stars and a great Nebulous Cloud. To the left are great rifts from which the Stars seem to have been swept away.



*Bealy* 20.3.75

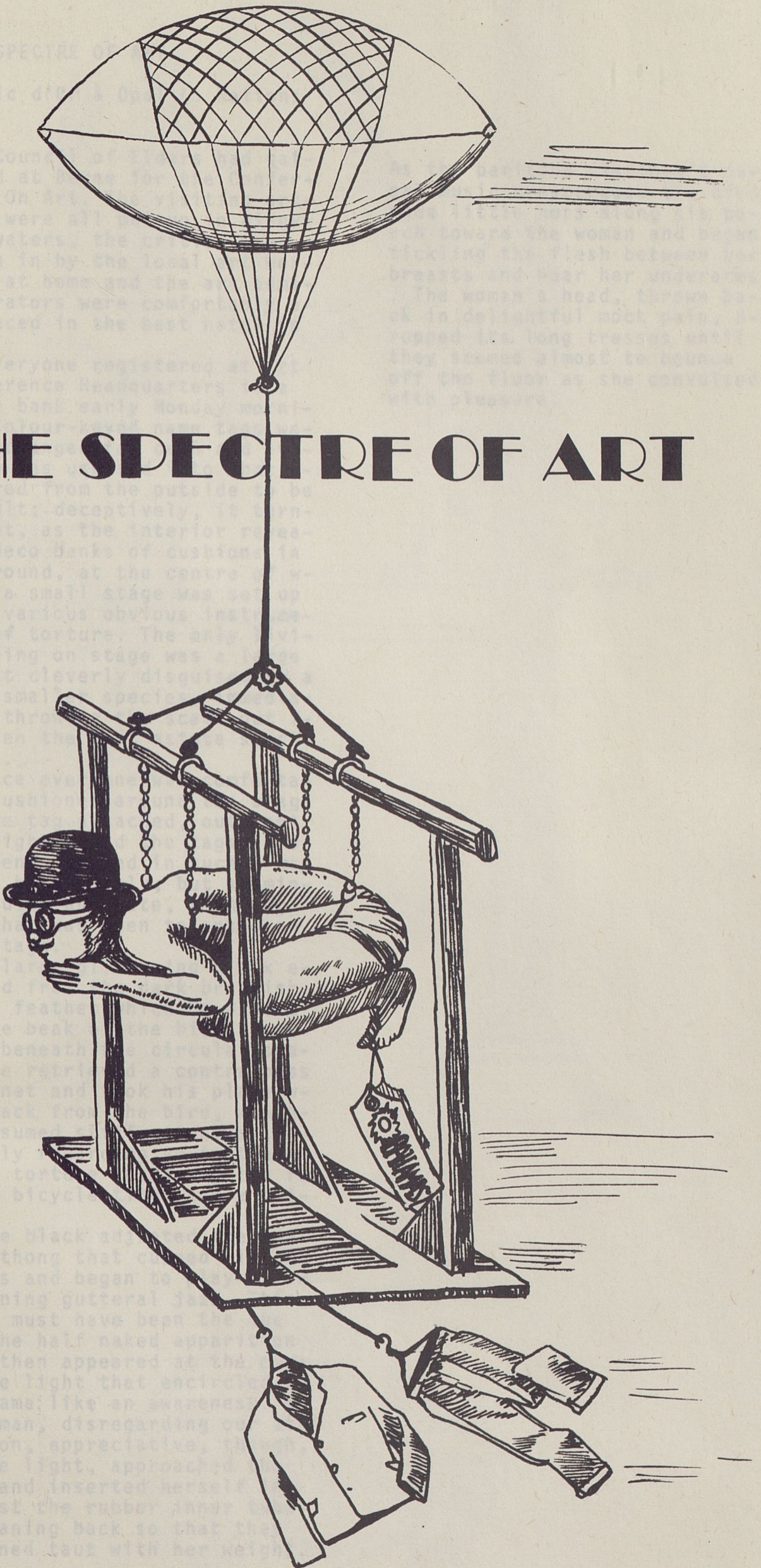
DUK DUK DANCERS OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.—A queer religious rite in which the men, formerly unknown to the inhabitants. After weeks of solitude, they appear in the village and if any dancer loses his mask and is recognized he is killed, as is also any woman witnessing the dance.



The Glass seems to have been made by hand.  
A pair of the old style shoes in the right Glass-Antique, with diamonds a  
to the left are from the same collection.

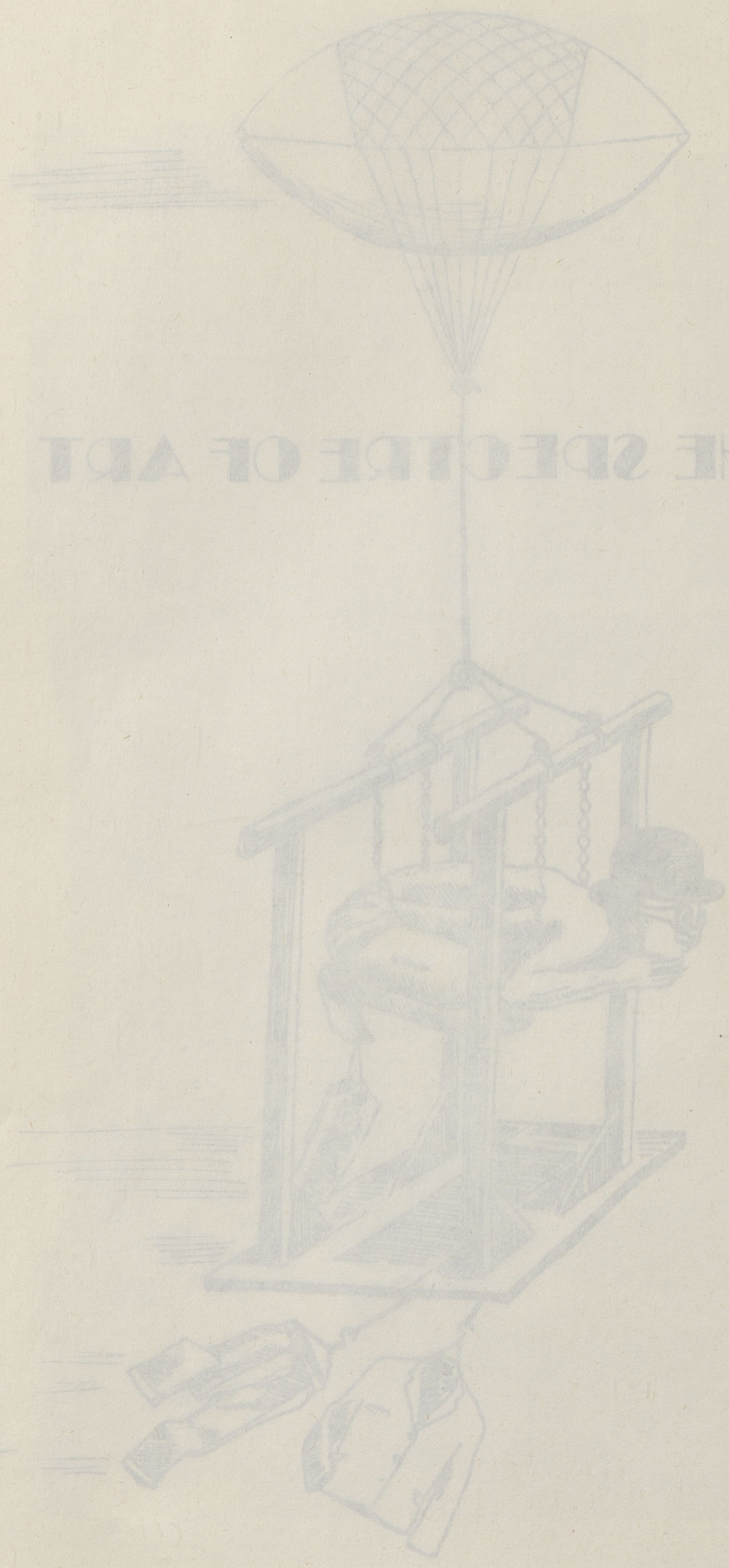
DUR DUR DAZZLE ON THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS - A queen regnant sits in which the  
formers are unknown to the islanders. After weeks of waiting they appear in the village and if any  
diamonds have been and is recognized he is killed as is now any woman witnessing the dance.

# THE SPECTRE OF ART



*Pal. Nations*

THE SPECTRE OF ART



## THE SPECTRE OF ART

by Vic d'Or & Opal L. Nations

The Council of Elders had gathered at Berne for the Conference On Art. The visiting artists were all put up in dingy coldwaters, the critics were taken in by the local art workers at home and the art administrators were comfortably ensconced in the best hotel in town.

Everyone registered at Art Conference Headquarters in a large bank early Monday morning. Colour-keyed name tags were exchanged for cash and everyone was ushered into what appeared from the outside to be a vault; deceptively, it turned out, as the interior revealed deco banks of cushions in the round, at the centre of which a small stage was set up with various obvious instruments of torture. The only living thing on stage was a large parrot cleverly disguised as a much smaller species, immediately throwing the scale out for even the most astute spectators.

Once everyone was comfortably cushioned around the stage, name tag attached, out went the lights, and the tags, fluorescent, glowed in such a way as to be the only, but seemingly quite adequate, lighting for what was then to ensue on the stage.

A large glistening black emerged from the dark brandishing a feather which he placed in the beak of the bird. Reaching beneath the circular stairs he retrieved a contra bass clarinet and took his place well back from the bird, who had assumed stiff attention, intently regarding an instrument of torture involving two rubber bicycle tires and a spike.

The black adjusted the leather thong that cupped his genitals and began to play a low, moaning guttural jazz. This music must have been the cue for the half naked apparition that then appeared at the edge of the light that encircled the drama like an awareness. The woman, disregarding our attention, appreciative, though, of the light, approached the bird and inserted herself in amongst the rubber inner tubes, leaning back so that they strained taut with her weight.

As the baritone clarinet's nasal music crescendoed the bird made little hops along his perch toward the woman and began tickling the flesh between her breasts and near her underarms. The woman's head, thrown back in delightful mock pain, dropped its long tresses until they seemed almost to bounce off the floor as she convulsed with pleasure.

As the baritone clarinet's nasal music descended the bird made little hops along his perch toward the woman and began tickling the flesh between her breasts and near her underarms. The woman's head, thrown back in delightful mock pain, dropped its long tresses until they seemed almost to bounce off the floor as she convulsed with pleasure.

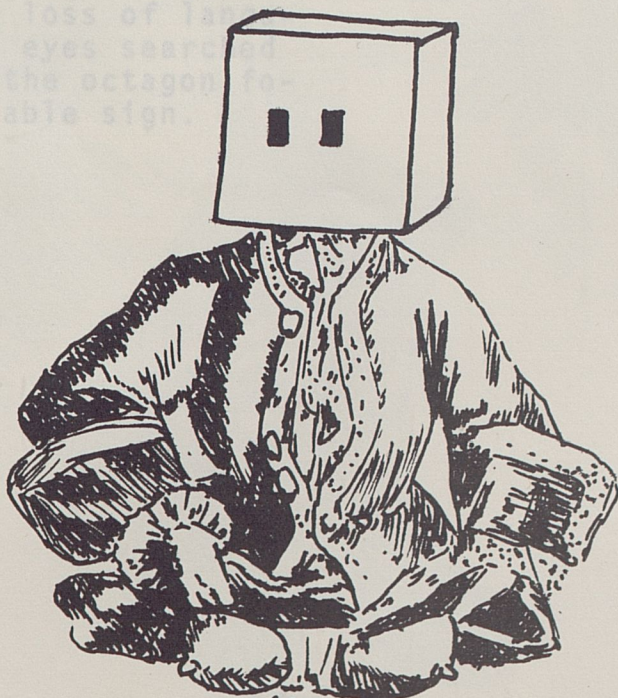
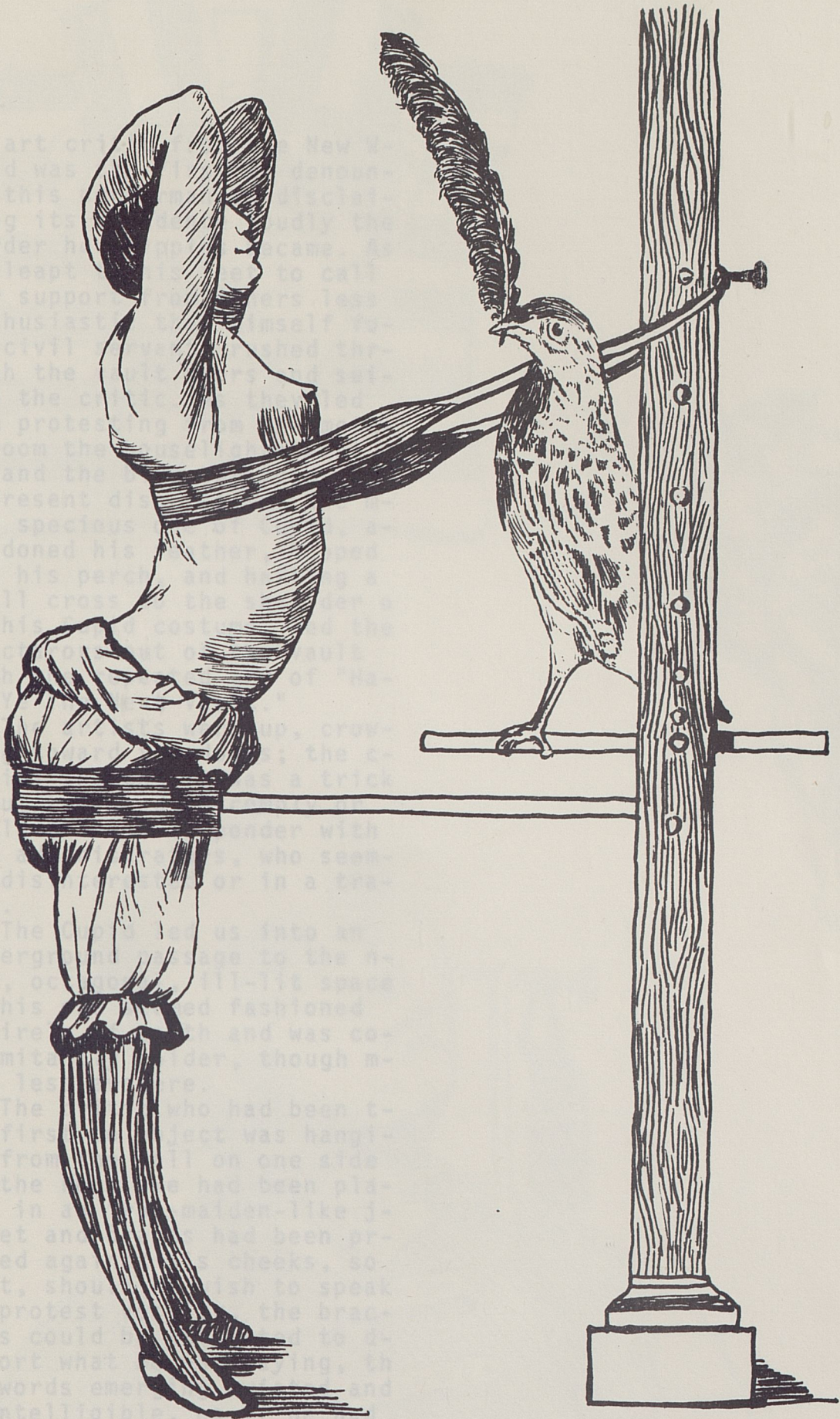
The Council of Elders had gathered at Borne for the Conference on Art. The visiting artists were all put up in budget hotels, the critics were taken in by the local art workers at home and the administrators were comfortably ensconced in the best hotel in town.

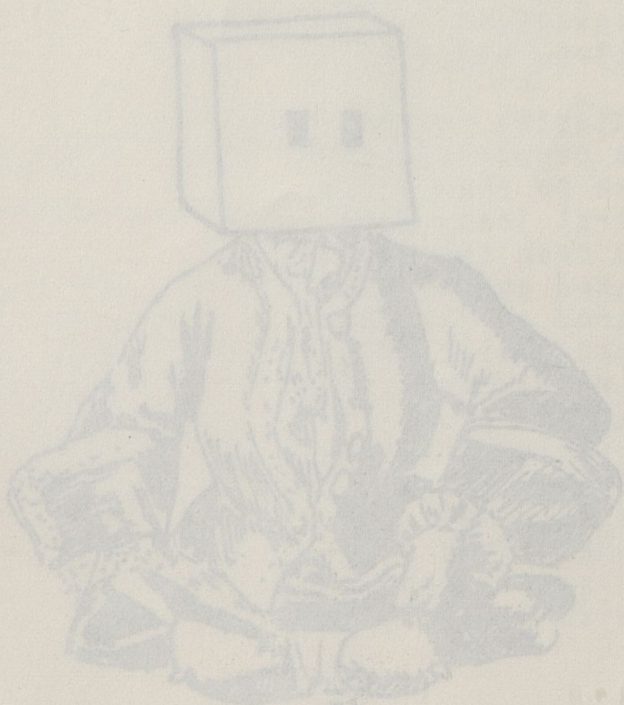
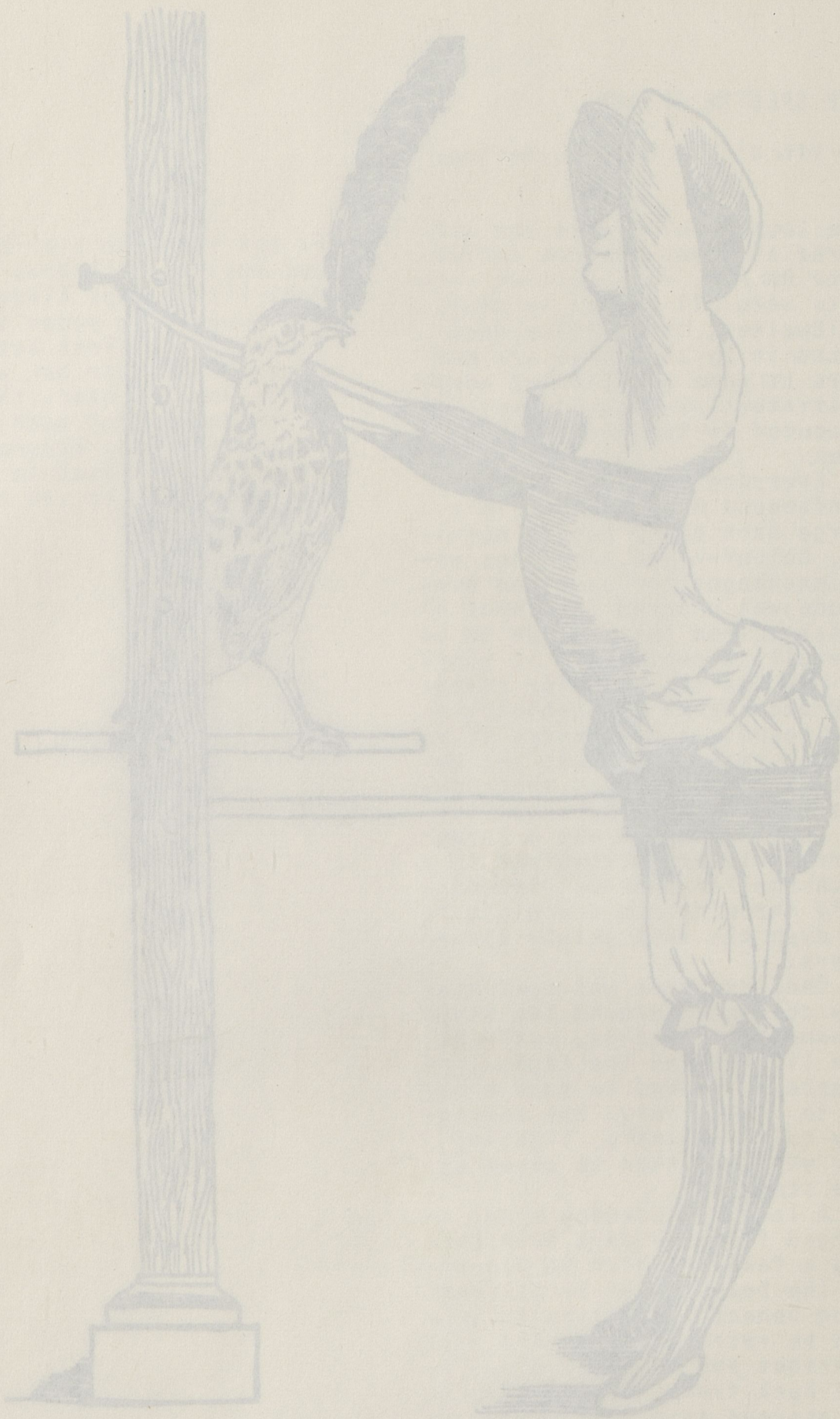
Everyone registered at Art Conference Headquarters in a large bank early Monday morning. Color-keyed name tags were exchanged for cash and everyone was ushered into what appeared from the outside to be a vault; deceptively, it turned out, as the interior revealed banks of cushions in the round, at the centre of which a small stage was set up with various obvious instruments of torture. The only thing on stage was a large parrot cleverly disguised as a much smaller species, immediately throwing the scale out of even the most astute spectators.

Once everyone was comfortably cushioned around the stage, name tags attached, out went the lights, and the tags, fluorescent, glowed in such a way as to be the only, but seemingly quite adequate, lighting for what was then to ensue on the stage.

A large glinting black emblem merged from the dark background a feather which he placed in the beak of the bird. Reaching beneath the circular stage he retrieved a control panel and took his place well back from the bird, who had assumed stiff attention, intently regarding an instrument of torture involving two upper bicycle tires and a spike.

The black adjusted the lever that cupped his penitents and began to play a low, moaning guttural jazz. This music must have been the cue for the half-naked spectators that then appeared at the edge of the light that anchored the drama like an awareness. The woman, disregarding our attention, appreciative, though of the light, approached the bird and inserted herself amongst the rubber inner tubes, leaning back so that they strained but with her weight.





two

An art critic from the New World was the first to denounce this performance, disclaiming its decadence loudly the harder her nipples became. As he leapt to his feet to call for support from others less enthusiastic than himself four civil servants rushed through the vault doors and seized the critic. As they led him protesting from the metal room the houselights went up and the bird, dropping his present disguise for the more specious one of Cupid, abandoned his feather, hopped off his perch, and hefting a small cross to the shoulder of his Cupid costume, led the spectators out of the vault with the repeated cry of "Hark Ye The Next Vault."

The artists were up, crowding toward the doors; the critics thought it was a trick, but they had to comply or be left there to ponder with the administrators, who seemed disinterested or in a trance.

The Cupid led us into an underground passage to the next, octagonal, ill-lit space. This one seemed fashioned entirely of earth and was concomitantly colder, though much less austere.

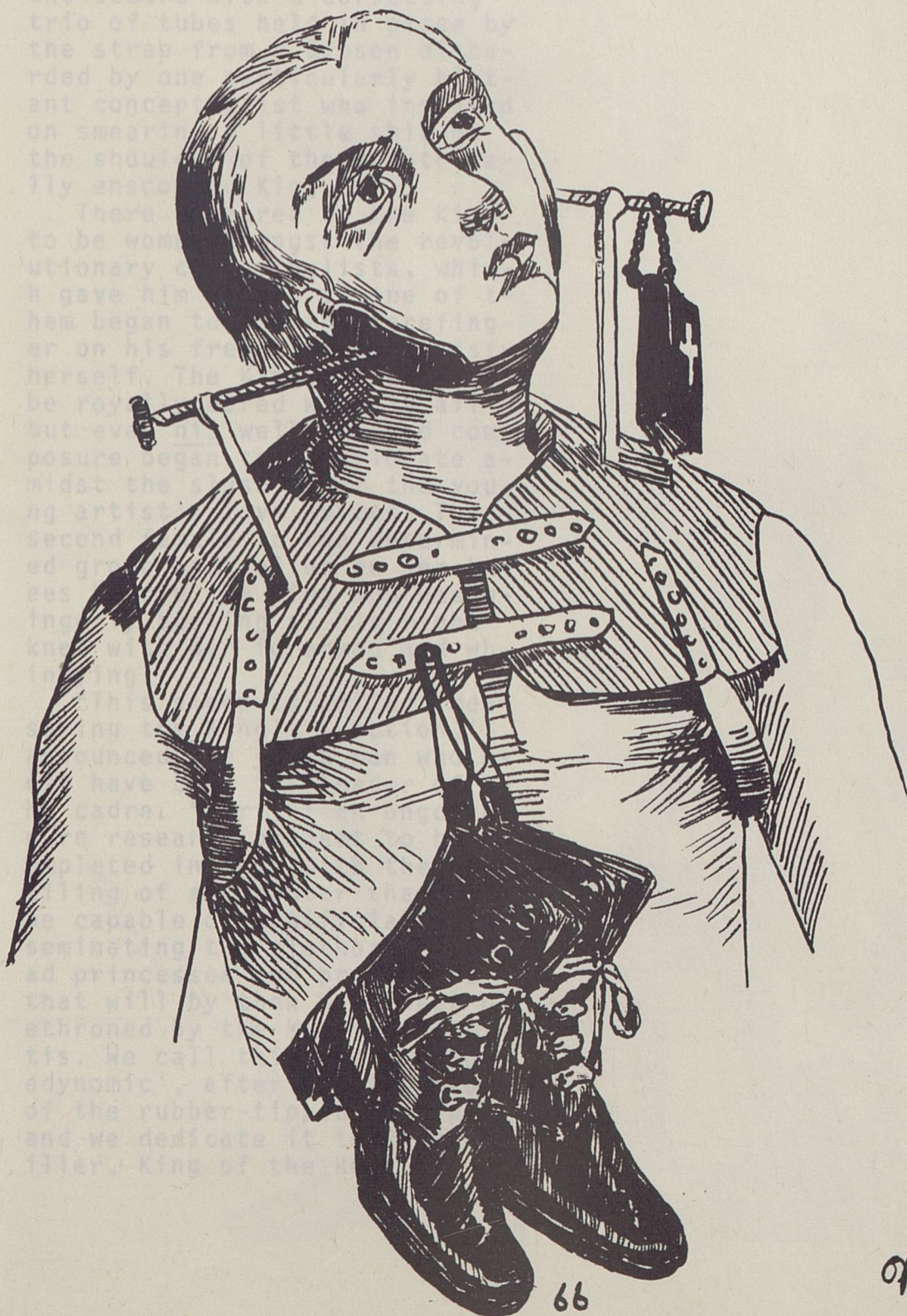
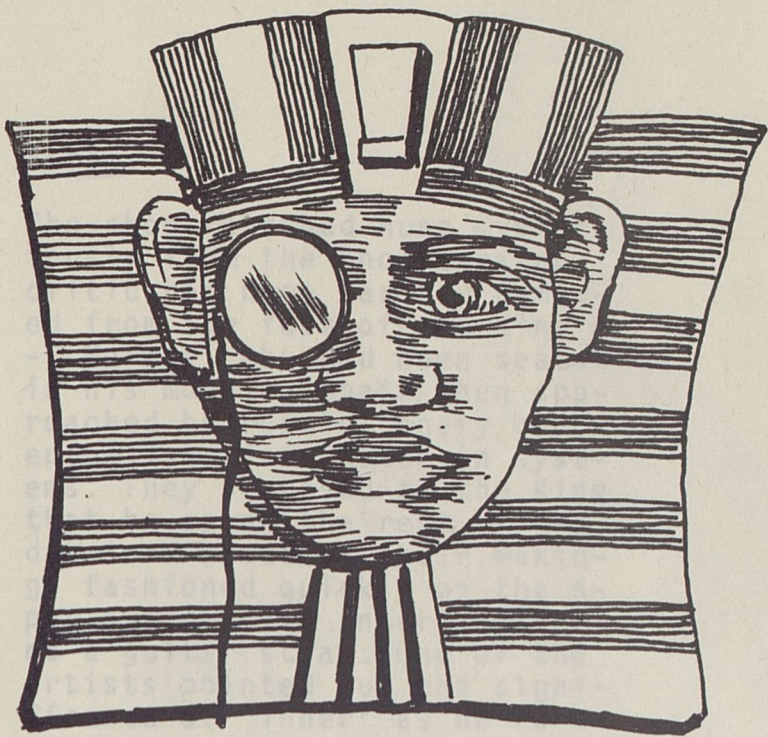
The critic who had been the first to object was hanging from the wall on one side of the room. He had been placed in an iron-maiden-like jacket and braces had been propped against his cheeks, so that, should he wish to speak or protest vocally, the brackets could be activated to distort what he was saying, the words emerging twisted and unintelligible, as if he had suddenly been stricken with cleft pallet or loss of language memory. His eyes searched the ceiling of the octagon for some recognizable sign.

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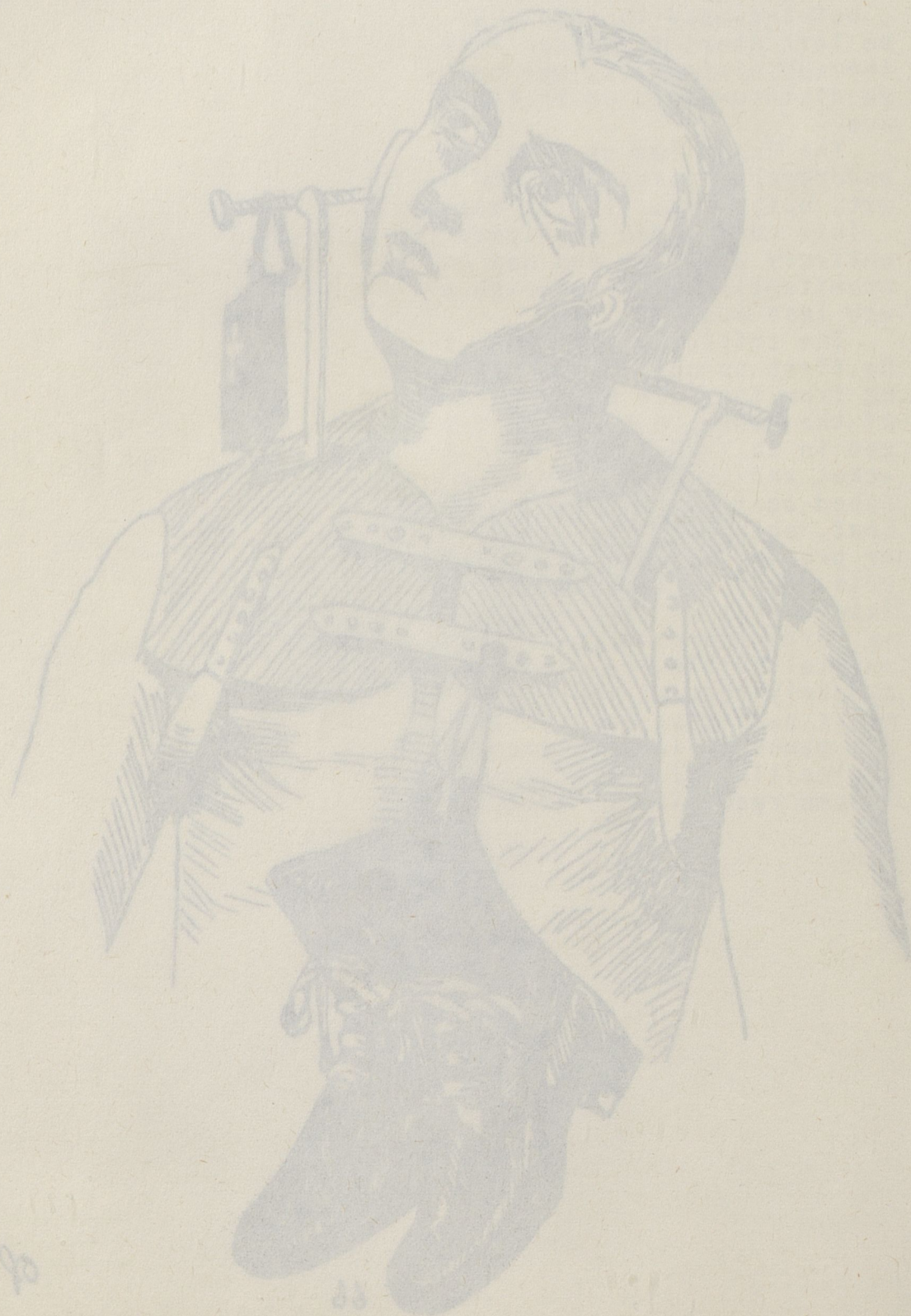
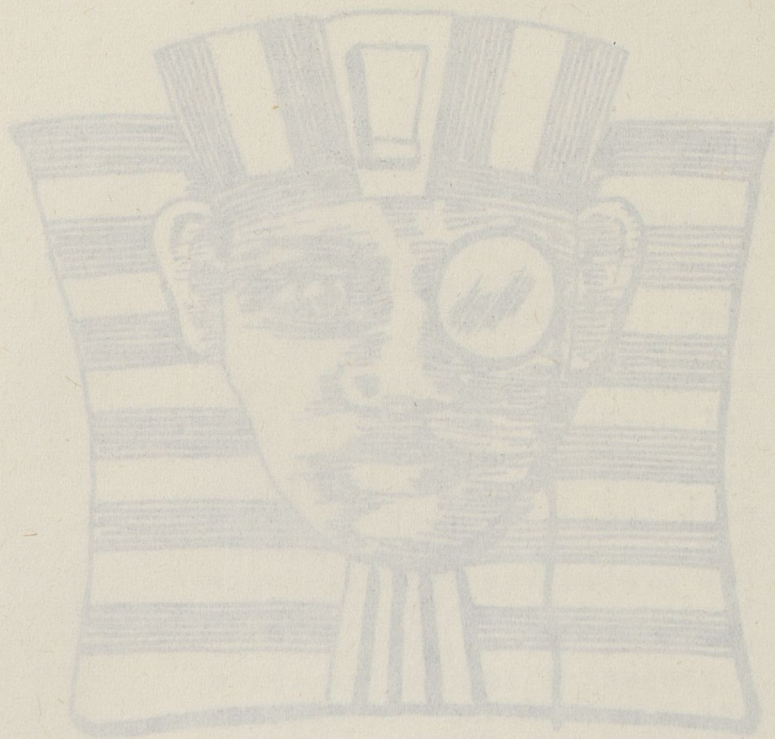
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of 4 L. M. at home.



### three

The shoe that had hung mysteriously from the incarcerated critic had been earlier removed from the foot of the King of Norway, who had been seated in his morning chair when approached by revolutionary conceptualists interested in systems. They proposed to the King that he spend the rest of the day in a brace of their making, fashioned quickly on the spot out of five inner tubes and a guitar strap. One of the artists pointed out the significance of 'inner' as he forced the King's right arm's purple veins against His forehead. He then strapped two of the tubes about the arm and head, pulled them taut, and instructed the monarch to point. Two of the artists then forced the King's left knee against his chest and made the arrangement secure with a corsetting trio of tubes held in place by the strap from a Gibson discarded by one particularly blatant conceptualist who insisted on smearing a little shit on the shoulder of the symmetrically ensconced King.

There appeared to the King to be women amongst the revolutionary conceptualists, which gave him pause, as one of them began to use the forefinger on his free hand to satisfy herself. The King pretended to be royally bored with it all but even his well-trained composure began to deteriorate amidst the sloshing of the young artist's love juices. The second female in the determined group had fallen on her knees before the King and was gingerly bucking at his right knee with her forehead and whinnying.

"This piece is called 'Measuring the King's Erection,' announced the young man who must have been the leader of the cadre. "Part of an ongoing pure research project to be completed in 1984 with the unveiling of a Computer that will be capable of artificially inseminating the plethora of dead princesses and pretenders that will by then have been dethroned by the Marxian Detritis. We call this piece 'Ecomodynamic', after the inventor of the rubber-tipped hair pin, and we dedicate it to Roger Miller, King of the Road."

The shoe that had hung mysteriously from the incarcerated critic had been earlier removed from the foot of the King of Norway, who had been seated in his morning chair when approached by revolutionary conceptualists interested in systems. They proposed to the King that he spend the rest of the day in a place of their making, fashioned quickly on the spot out of five inner tubes and a guitar strap. One of the artists pointed out the significance of 'inner' as he forced the King's right arm's pressure veins against his forehead. He then strapped two of the tubes about the arm and head, pulled them taut, and instructed the monarch to point. Two of the artists then forced the King's left knee against his chest and made the arrangement secure with a corsetting trio of tubes held in place by the strap from a Gibson distended by one particularly distended conceptualist who insisted on smearing a little spit on the shoulder of the symmetrically ensconced King.

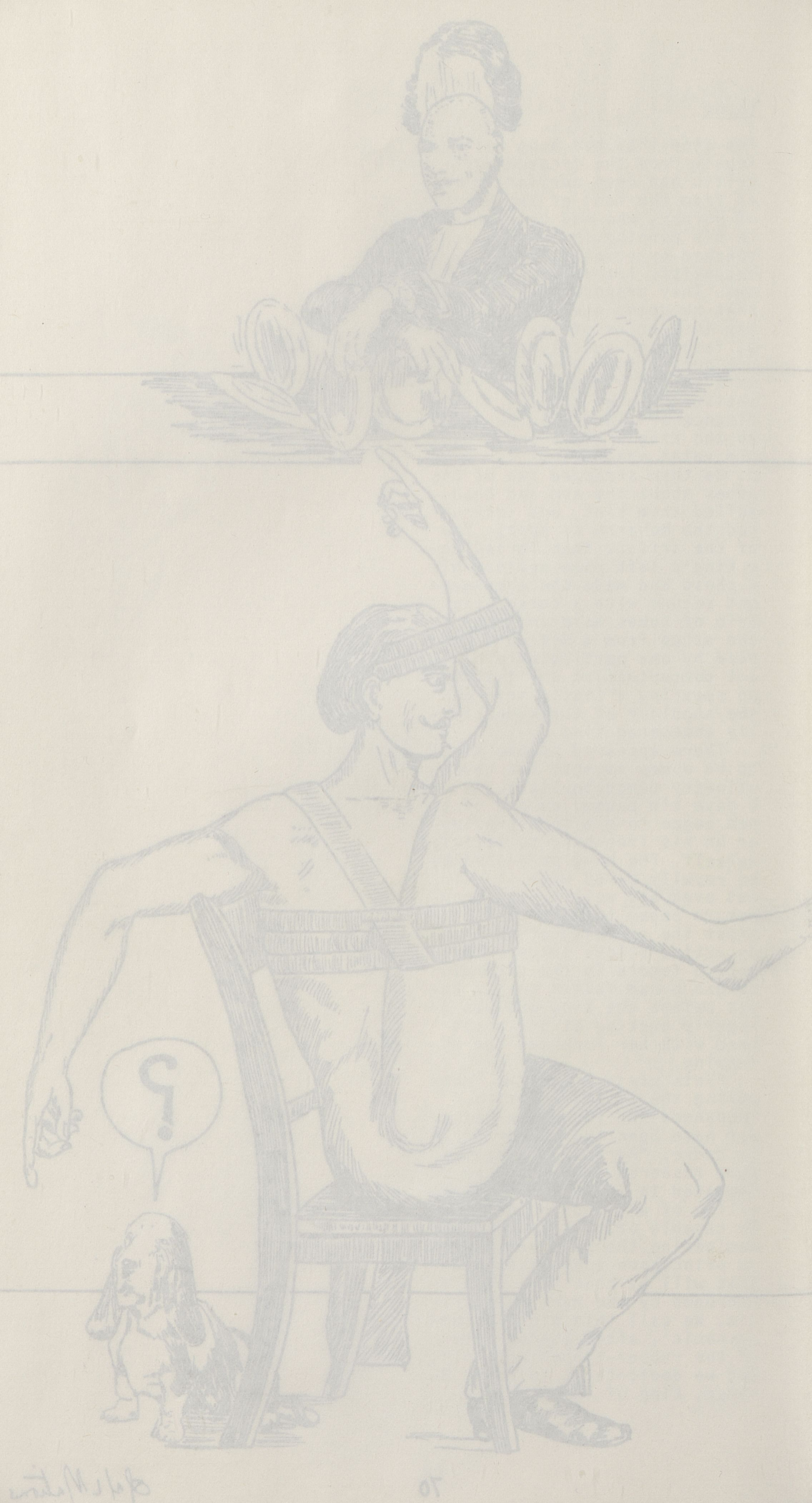
There appeared to the King to be women amongst the revolutionary conceptualists, which gave him pause, as one of them began to use the term 'erotic' on his free hand to satisfy herself. The King pretended to be royally bored with it all but even his well-trained composure began to deteriorate amidst the sloshing of the young artist's love juices. The second female in the determined group had fallen on her knees before the King and was gingerly ducking at his right knee with her forehead and whinnying.

"This piece is called 'Masculine Erection', announced the young man who must have been the leader of the cadre. "Part of an ongoing pure research project to be completed in 1984 with the unveiling of a computer that will be capable of artistically imitating the plectrums of deities and pretenders that will by then have been de-throned by the Marxist Dialectic. We call this piece 'Economic', after the inventor of the rubber-tipped hair pin, and we dedicate it to Roger Miller, King of the Road."

four

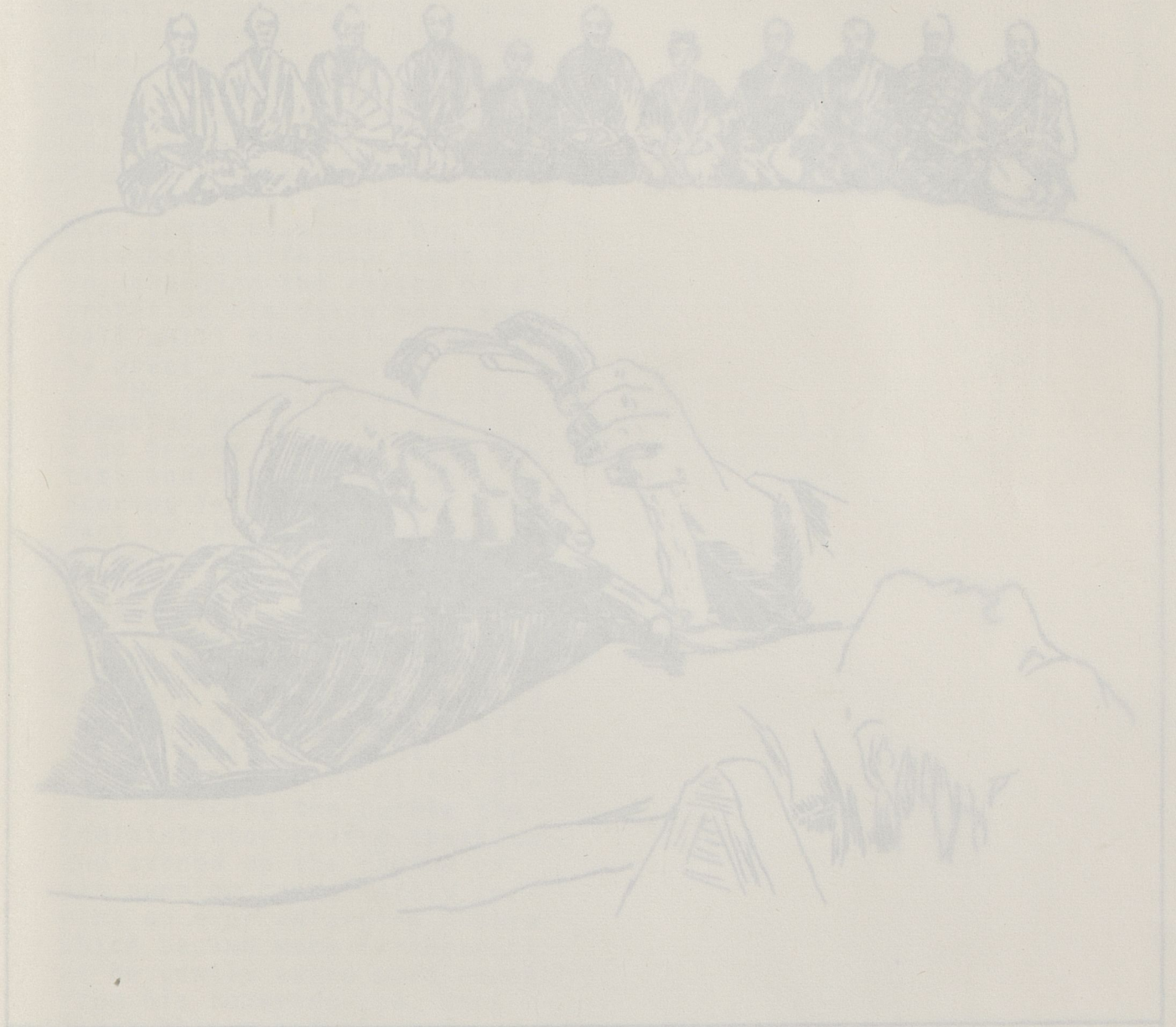
meanwhile the leading  
can critic dissected  
artist





four

meanwhile the leading American critic dissected a body artist



meanwhile the leading Ameri-  
can critic dissected a body  
artist

five

"We must put our best foot forward," cried the table. "That's my line," yelled the Administrator. "Be still, inanimate footstool or I'll remove the floor."

The Administrator was about to give a speech. The auditorium was hushed as he slowly removed his clothing and placed his forthrightened leg on the scene-starring tablet-op.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began. "I am here to address the matter of the..."



... began to stroke his flaccid penis with his right hand, changing the rhythm of strokes as his voice rose and fell until his penis was fully erect and throbbing.

"My inappreciable hampered... n to become... tist and... ntering Y... fact by...



... noticing the bubble the Administrator ceased speaking and evened up the rhythm of his pumping... wing an ever enlarging bubble which became more iridescent as he gently eased more semen from his towering rod. Who

... est in diameter the Administrator made a rude gesture with his hips, as if to 'enter' the bubble. There was a loud 'pop' and the Administrator's hairpiece flew off the back of his head and landed on the hardwood stage.

\* \* \*

TEXT: Vic d'Or  
DRAWINGS: Opal L. Nations



1870

#1

five

"We must put our best foot forward," cried the table. "That's my line," yelled the Administrator. "Be still, inanimate footstool or I'll remove the floor."

The Administrator was about to give a speech. The auditorium was hushed as he slowly removed his clothing and placed his forshortened leg on the scene-stealing table-top.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, "I am honoured to address the public at this important conference and humbled to be in the presence of so many great artists and critics. I myself am incapable of drawing a straight line."

As he spoke the Administrator began to stroke his flaccid penis with his right hand, changing the rhythm of strokes as his voice rose and fell until his penis was fully erect and throbbing.

"My inabilities severely hampered my youthful ambition to become a truly great artist and I determined when entering Yale to overcome the fact by choosing Art Service as my lifelong vocation."

Beads of sweat began to appear on the Administrator's forehead and his nipples hardened noticeably. As his enclosing fist pounded the hairy nest of meat between his legs a small bubble of clear nucus emerged out of the glands. Noticing the bubble the Administrator ceased speaking and evened up the rhythm of his pumping hand, deftly forming an ever enlarging bubble which became more irridescent as he gently eased more semen from his towering rod. When the bubble was fully three feet in diameter the Administrator made a rude gesture with his hips, as if to 'enter' the bubble. There was a loud 'pop' and the Administrator's hairpiece flew off the back of his head and landed on the hardwood stage.

\* \* \*

TEXT: Vic d'Or  
DRAWINGS: Opal L. Nations

"We must put our best foot forward," cried the table. "That's my line," yelled the Administrator. "Be still, inmate footstool or I'll remove the floor."

The Administrator was about to give a speech. The auditorium was hushed as he slowly removed his clothing and placed his forsaken leg on the scene-stealing table-top.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, "I am honoured to address the public at this important conference and humbled to be in the presence of so many great artists and critics. I myself am incapable of drawing a straight line."

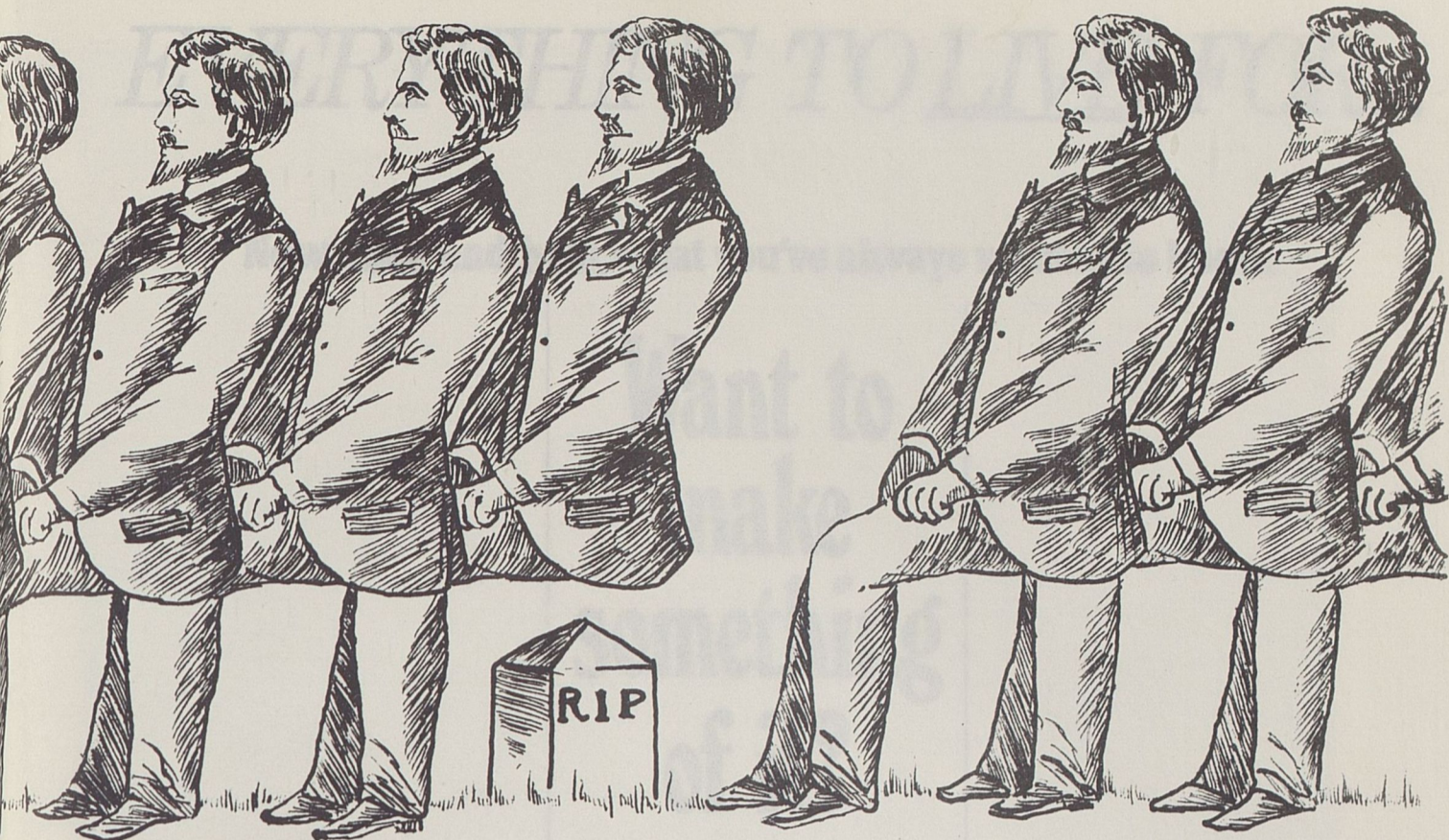
As he spoke the Administrator began to stroke his facial penis with his right hand, changing the rhythm of strokes as his voice rose and fell until his penis was fully erect and throbbing.

"My inhibitions severely hampered my youthful ambition to become a truly great artist and I determined when entering Yale to overcome the fact by choosing Art Service as my lifelong vocation."

Beads of sweat began to appear on the Administrator's forehead and his nipples hardened noticeably. As his enclosing fist pounded the hairy nest of meat between his legs a small bubble of clear mucus emerged out of the glans. Noticing the bubble the Administrator ceased speaking and evened up the rhythm of his pumping hand, deftly forming an ever enlarging bubble which became more iridescent as he gently eased more semen from his towering rod. When the bubble was fully three feet in diameter the Administrator made a rude gesture with his hips, as if to 'enter' the bubble. There was a loud 'pop' and the Administrator's hairpiece flew off the back of his head and landed on the hardwood stage.

\* \* \*

TEXT: Vic B'or  
DRAWINGS: Opal L. Nations



*Of all Nations*



*Offenbach*

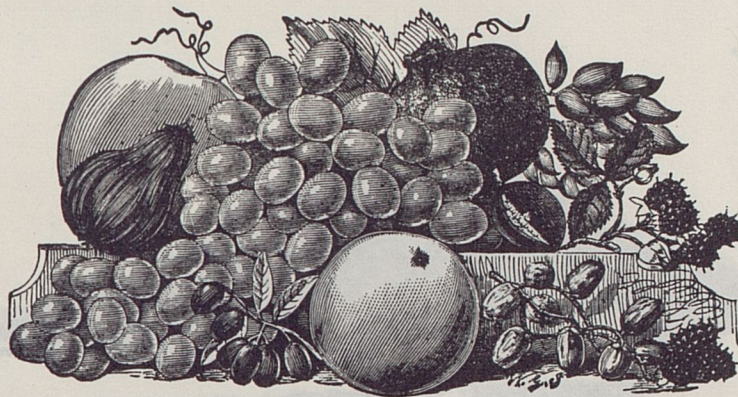
*EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR...*

**Now...See and hear what you've always wanted to know.**

**Want to  
make  
something  
of it?**

**GARDEN**

**Results in just 3 days!**



FRUIT OF PALESTINE.

**WARNING**

**Natural**

**And still one jump ahead.**

EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR...

Now... see and hear what you've always wanted to know.

Want to  
make  
something  
of it?

GARDEN

Results in just 3 days!



FRUIT OF PALATINE

WARMING

Natural

And still one jump ahead.

Ed. Norman 1975



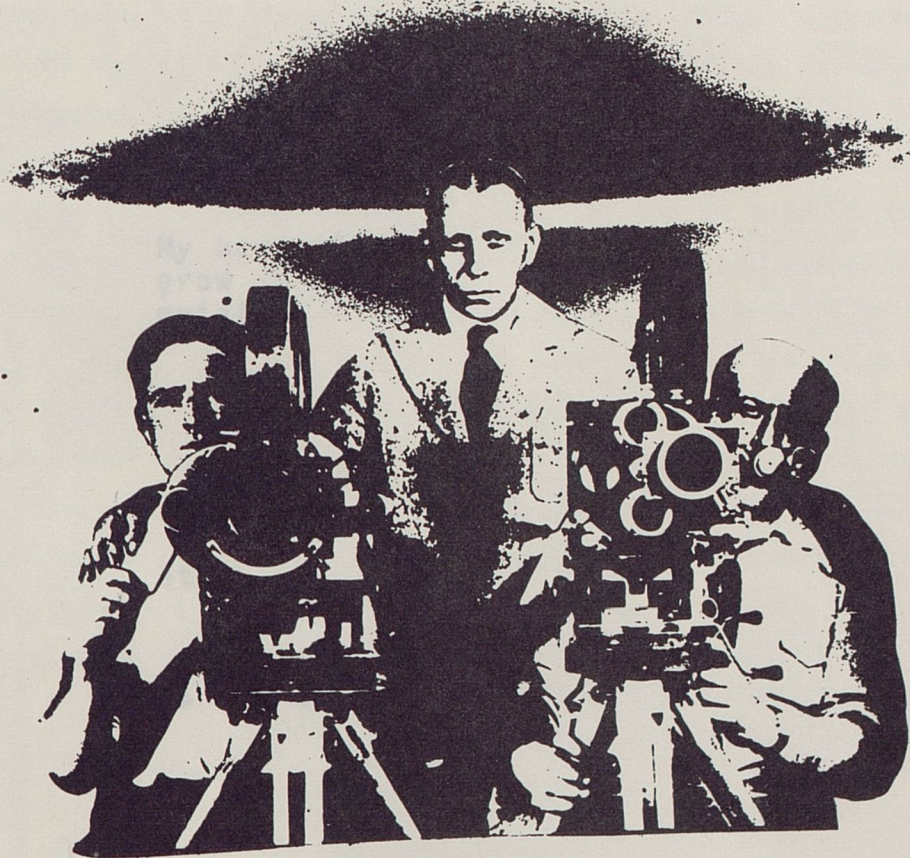
**"08/15"**

**(The Story of Men, Brutes and Harlots)**

Distributed by Times Film Corp.

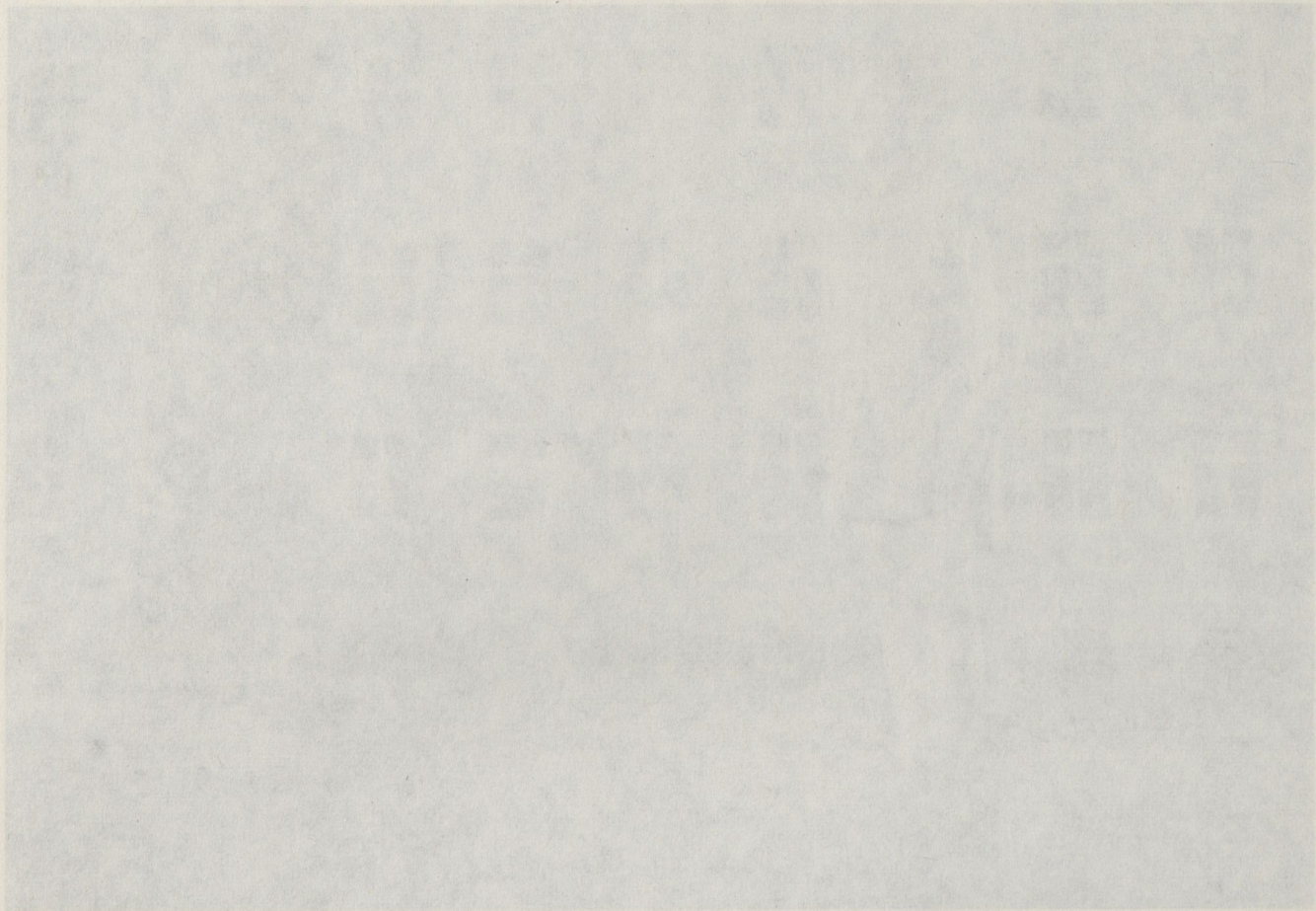
**MICHAEL MORRIS.**

A  
Round  
Fat  
Black  
Duck  
farted  
10-day  
3 times



????????????????  
????????????????  
????????????????  
????????????????  
????????????????

**BYRON BLACK.**



MICHAEL MORRIS

"08/12"  
The Story of Men, Bikes and Horses  
Distributed by Times Film Corp.



????????????????  
????????????????  
????????????????  
????????????????  
????????????????  
????????????????

BYRON BLACK

BETH JANKOLA

COWS  
SURE  
ARE  
STIFF  
WHEN  
DEAD

\*

The chameleon  
turned yellow  
on a sunflower  
one day  
it got into  
a box of  
many colored crayons  
and burst  
into a thousand pieces

\*

A  
Round  
Fat  
Black  
Duck  
farted  
to-day  
3 times

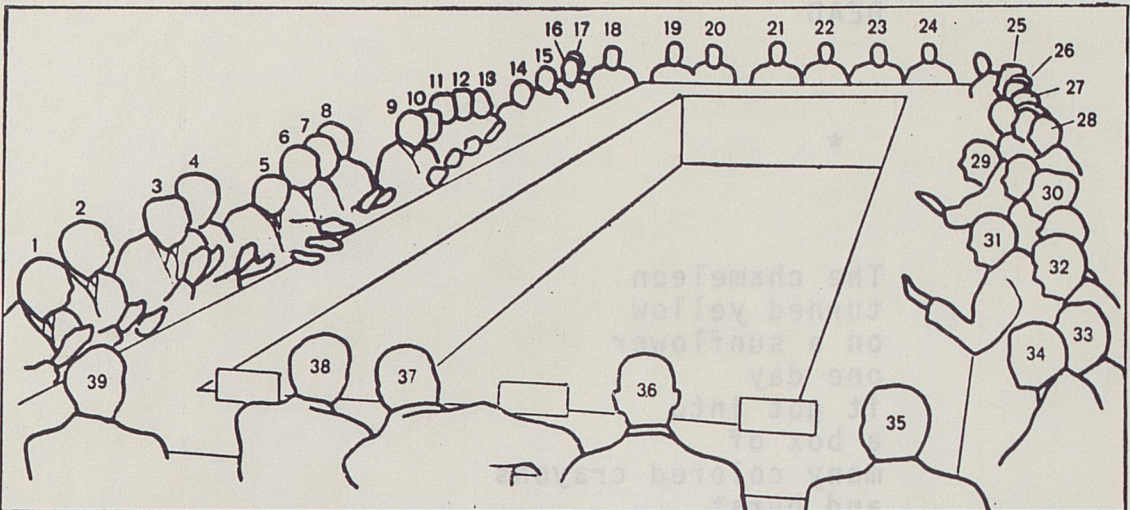
\*

My houseplants  
grow  
quietly

\*

etc

\* \* \*



The men with numbers in their heads are thinking. The men without numbers in their heads are not thinking and hence are merely indicated. They are standing around a tank looking for lobsters which have not yet been placed in it. Number 37 is reading a card that says: DO NOT LOOK FOR THE LOBSTERS.

Notice that no one up to Number 28 is thinking. This is curious since they flank two complete sides of the tank. This would suggest a 'zone of priority' occupied by the rest of the group. It is difficult to tell whether Numbers 1 - 13 inclusive and Numbers 29 and 31 are holding out their hands in some sort of salutatory gesture or if they are holding potatoes or another type of legume. Perhaps they are holding lobsters. Perhaps Numbers 1 - 13 are applauding the submergence of lobsters into the tank by said 29 and 31. This is doubtful since, as we stated the latter are not thinking about anything and therefore could hardly be engaged in so exacting a task as handling lobsters.

On the right side of the tank there are no less than five figures neither mentally absent nor actively pensive.

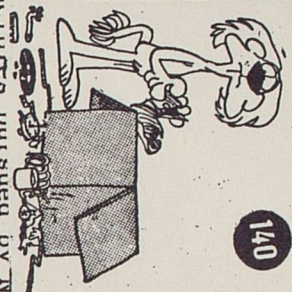
What is the possible significance of this select group? Are they 'aliens'? or do they simply have no idea of what a lobster is, in which case one would prefer to say that they are foreign to the situation or ritual. Are 19 and 20 Siamese twins? What is Number 5 saying to Number 6? 19 - 24 have a marked 'sameness' about them as they line the furthest end of the tank. One might be tempted to speculate that they had already seen the lobsters.

ROBERT FOME

NAME/NOM  
CHUCK STAKE  
ADDRESS/ADRESSE  
4236 WORCESTER DR S.W.  
CITYVILLE  
ALBERTA  
AIR CANADA  
ACR310G 3.74



ALL I EVER GET IS STUNK MAIL!



# When school's out and Johnny's bored

In this I  
tions, o  
artists,  
formation, you

Cool circles

toward ennui  
BORED? Searching For  
Something Different?

PAYMENT IS OVERDUE

NAME/NOM  
AIR CANADA  
CITYVILLE  
ADDRESS/ADRESSE  
COUNTRY/PAYS  
ACR310G 3.74

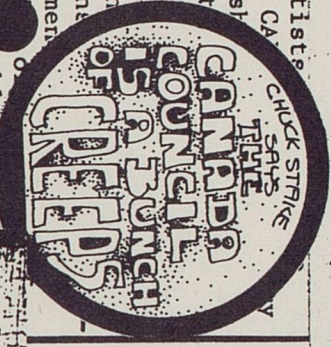


My heartfelt thanks for you yesterday's support. Kindest regards -  
Henry & Valerie 1975

PAYMENT IS OVERDUE

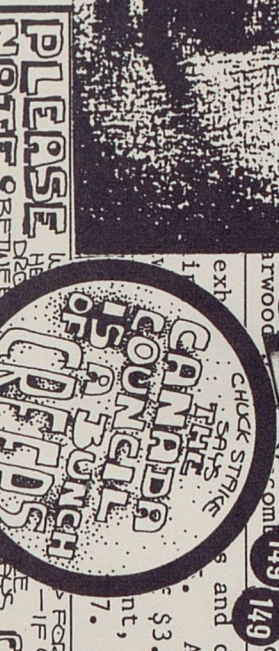
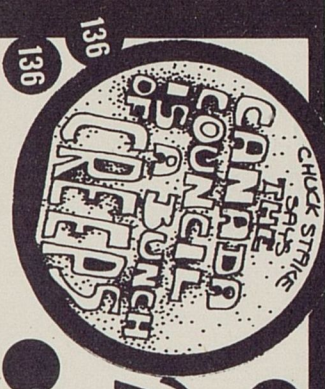
23, 1975. Send your mail  
4 Kensington Avenue, Toronto,  
BRIDGEWATER, N.S. (CP) - A member of the federal Progressive Conservative caucus described party leader Robert Stanfield Monday as a boring politician who failed to give his party any direction and "mumble jumble" his way through the last election.

PAYMENT IS OVERDUE

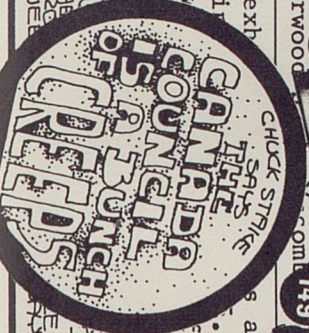


STRANGE FAECES MAGAZINE No. 17  
Opal L Nations invites you to send contributions for Strange Faeces Magazine No. 17 - all Canadaddy Artists & Writers issue, send short poems, experimental texts & depraved visuals of any manifestation to - Strange Faeces Press, P.O. Box 3622, 349 West Georgia Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3Y6. Format - 8 1/2 x 14 inches legal size. Process - verbal - Mimeo/offset (both) Visuals - instant print (to be minimal halftone & camera ready please). Zany found pieces considered.

Deadline for sending - Monday May 5th at the very latest - so get it together now! Please send stamped self-addressed envelope with all work - all contributors paid with 2 copies of magazine - - page amount and number of copies printed determined by response and bread at hand.



PLEASE RETURN TO THE  
NOTE: 8 BETWEEN



NAME/NOM  
AIR CANADA  
CITYVILLE  
ADDRESS/ADRESSE  
COUNTRY/PAYS  
ACR310G 3.74

continued on page 8A



Mr. Karl demonstrates the code for us... B.A./75



Dear Opal Nations,  
Here Mr. Strange Faces himself  
with a code message from me to  
you + a copy of my new photo stamps...  
Best to you,  
Barbara  
Costman