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T A L E S



Segue to lawyers Bill Mehrten sends a note that has been circulating among employees of Hughes Aircraft: "The case for using lawyers instead of rats for research: 1. There are more of them. 2. You are less likely to be attached to one. 3. There are some things rats won't do."

College kids gobble down crispy critters like popcorn!

WACKY NEW SNACK: BARBECUED RAT

Cat-eating rats threaten Iran's environment

ATHENS — Environmentalists in Iran have discovered overland rats that have killed and eaten cats, terrified human beings and threatened the local environment, the Tehran newspaper Kayhan said Monday.



"You just throw them on the barbecue grill and cook 'em up," said S.O.N.E. member Victor Chen. "They go good with just about anything."
 S.O.N.E., which began with an original rat tasting during a 1982 field trip, now has formal membership cards and its own T-shirts — emblazoned with the motto "All for rat and rat for all."

F R O M

DATELINE L.A.: Rats are rampaging through a \$100 million upscale mall where celebrities frequently browse, and it will be costly to eliminate them because "only the real smart ones are left," a top rodent hunter said.



Fat rat needs a brand-new pad

Dear Pet Talk: My fat rat Pompador has been teased almost all of his life about being obese. He weighs 12½ ounces while his wife weighs 6¾ ounces. I've put him on diets and I've tried everything. What can I do? — Chubbo Blubbo in Oregon

Dear Chubbo Blubbo: Rattie needs a new cage — alone. He's sitting there, knocking away on both his dials and his wifie's and why shouldn't he? What else is there for him to do? Give him an exercise wheel and add some dietetic munchies like carrots. He'll spend so much effort on the veggies that he won't have time to get into the carbohydrates.



White House Will Discover KGB Is Using Rats to Spy on the U.S.

INSTEAD OF imposing security measures that fall just short of martial law for the pope's motorcade, wouldn't it be far simpler to borrow a mechanical dummy from Disneyland, dress it up to look like the pope, program it to wave and smile benignly, and prop it up in the pope-mobile? No one need know the difference

Leonard Whitney
 SAN FRANCISCO

Joe finally discovers his calling in life ↓

T H E

The Down Side of Pizza

A rat may feed on dough or pepperoni. Once a rat gets hold of something he likes, he doesn't change."
 Jeffrey Tucker, registered professional entomologist in "Swatting Spraying, Inspecting and Trapping," an article in Pizza Today magazine

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R A T H O U S E

YAY! Or as my roommate Dave might say, MEGA YAY! There has been lots of excitement in San Francisco + the East Bay lately.

On the political action front, the Concord demonstration, the rathouse 'Welcome' for the pope + the Warren Hinckle/Bentley basset hound mayoral campaign have been the highlights for me. (Details inside on all 3 topics.) One point I'd like to stress on the subject of Hinckle is that everyone should register (there's still time) + vote for this madman. While I generally agree that voting doesn't change the world for the better, there have been times throughout history when not voting allowed the cruelest scum imaginable to gain power + make life even worse (Reagan + Thatcher being the most recent examples). And besides, this mayoral race is an exception to the 'lesser of two evils' argument. Hinckle talks of civil rights for all, leashes on cops + "champion[ing] the little person against the bureaucracy." This is about as close to anarchy as one can expect at this point in time.

But anyhow, other happy happenings include visits to the rathouse from New Yawka Mike "Stiff" A.P.P.L.E. head + positive alcoholic tendencies/suicidal drunks Marc + Roman from Germany. Actually, these 2 are straight-edge or so rumor (no doubt started by them) has it. But I have some evidence to the contrary. Send the \$ to the address listed below + all negatives will be returned, guys.



Show-wise, there've been several The night when Sweet Baby Jesus, Mr. achieved MEGA status. S.F. has also had plenty of shows between the Farm, Chatterbox, the Kennel Club, Hotel Utah, The Mab, Club Commotion + a few other oddball joints but I can't afford to go out much these days (when are they gonna start taking food stamps at the door?).



good bands at Gilman St. in North Berkeley. Experience + Frightwig played definitely

And finally, interaction between friends is, as usual, the most rewarding aspect of life in S.F. Picnics, dinners, parties, getting together to watch the 3 Stoges or a movie ("Masters of the Universe" rules, dudes! One of the worst ever!), whiffle ball, writing/receiving letters from all my great pen pals (Hi everybody! See ya soon Nicole, Lisa, Bob Z. [+ maybe Tom + Bob B.]), + all the etcetera crap....

Working on Tales... has been loads of fun as well, especially with all the contributions this issue. Here's who did what: -- Joe

Starring: **Darren He-Man Hardcore** → (1 page of typing + that's it.)
A cameo role for this legend.)

with insignificant backing cast:
• Helen H. Block
• Joe (cover, typing, layout, etc...)

P.O. Box 14292
S.F., CA 94114

Johnni
Kevin Leyland (11 Albion Rd. Earby, nr. Colne Lancs BB8 6PZ England)
Lawrence D. Livermore (typing, help making copies, etc...)
Lydia Rose Paweski
Ray (layout, etc...)

(warning: get used to seeing these) AND Thanks to everyone who sent in rat-related clippings + other stuff (Tom Scut, Ann, Mike 'Stiff', Kevin, Johnni + whoever else I'm forgetting).

P.S. Ann normally handles much of the layout but she's exploring Europe for a few weeks so that's my convenient excuse for crooked layout, smudges + all other fuck-ups, Wanna make something of it? ☺



The White House was buzzing with activity: Ronnie and Maggie were having one of their regular get-togethers to chew the fat over the world's problems; discuss common strategies; feel important when they saw themselves on TV; etc. One afternoon they decided to have a confidential session - no advisers, no secretaries taking notes, simply the two of them ALONE in the Oval Office. They told their staffs they mustn't be disturbed whilst they rapped about the threat of a USA-EEC trade war, which they both saw as the biggest danger to the free world.

After 20 minutes of discussing the agricultural overproduction in the West, Maggie was getting bored. She stopped listening to Ronnie, then broke into one of his sentences by asking:

Come on Ronnie, tell me how big it is.

What? You mean our grain mountains?

No - your cock. I've always imagined it to be enormous - she said this word slowly, with awe. I bet that compared to the average, yours is a bit of a cruise missile.

Well Maggie, since you ask, I'll simply say that Nancy has never complained about its size...nor my performance. Ronnie preened his hair as he said this. He quite welcomed Maggie talking like this: it sure as hell was more interesting than politics!

Yes, that's all very well - Maggie stared straight into Ronnie's eyes before going on - But Nancy, and I'm not being bitchy here, is well past her prime, whilst I bet your missile could still wipe out a few Russian cities...know what I mean? Maggie smiled and winked.

I don't want to boast, but let's say one of my favourite Presidential duties is showing schoolgirls around the White House...especially my private quarters!

Ronnie's macho pride was making him feel uneasy - he was such an old-fashioned guy that a dame making all the running like this struck him as wrong. So he asked:

What about Dennis? I get the impression that the only thing he's still able to get up is a whiskey glass!

Maggie blushed and nodded 'yes'. Ronnie felt the tell-tale bulge in his pants: play this one right, he told himself, and I could be well in.

So, he said, here we are two mature adults, both married to partners who no longer satisfy us...

Yes, yes - Maggie was starting to softly moan and part her legs. She's available, Ronnie thought, or I'm a goddamn Commie!

...so it seems perfectly reasonable to me - Ronnie's heart began to beat faster, and sweat formed on his palms - that we should satisfy each other...

Yes, oh yes - Maggie leapt up, rushed over to Ronnie, sat on his knee, planted kisses all over his face, whilst hurriedly unzipping his flies and grabbing hold of Ronnie's member - which was standing to attention.

Ronnie! It's even bigger than I expected - Maggie started to stroke it - I just know it will give me real deep down pleasure...

As she was saying this, Ronnie gently pushed her away, lifted up her dress then literally tore off her tights and knickers.

That's it! She cried out - Be rough with me!

Temporarily calming down, Maggie slipped out of her blue frock, removed her bra (which immediately attracted Ronnie's tongue to her nipples) then said:

I know you're not going to be one of those namby-pamby liberal lovers who like the woman to go on top! No, I know what I want: jump onto me and attack me with your rocket as long and hard as you can!

Well, that suits me fine. Ronnie stripped himself naked, quickly cleared his large desk and helped Maggie up onto it - she lay down with her legs spread as much as possible. Stand by for invasion! - Ronnie gave a military salute as he shouted this.

If guns are loaded, commence firing - Maggie was eagerly anticipating the act: she knew he'd be far more penetrating than a question by Neil Kinnock!

Ronnie didn't waste time on foreplay - he was soon on the way to launching his missile, frantically pounding away with a violent rhythm, whilst pulling Maggie's hair, which made her squeal with delight even more (and turned his fingers blonde).

Maggie was fast approaching orgasm: she hadn't been screwed like this for decades. She lost all rational thought as her whole body was taken over by passion. She began to rub her hand up and down the edge of her desk, not knowing why, it just felt good. Then she began to explore the underside of the desk. As she neared total sexual fulfillment her fingers discovered a button, which she began to softly stoke, gently tapping it.

Both were rapidly leaving the realms of everyday living, journeying to where only bodily sensations mattered; and as Ronnie's Space Shuttle finally lifted-off, Maggie instinctively stabbed the button and...

...THE BIGGEST BANG!!!



The Night Rathouse Won the Whole Ten Million Dollars

by Lawrence

I have to admit that during my first few days in Germany I was very impressed with the country. One of the main reasons was that every time I'd come into a new town, pretty soon I'd seen a sign pointing the way to the "Rathaus."

Now I'm not all that fluent in German, but it didn't take much in the way of brains to figure out what "Rathaus" must mean, especially when I already knew for sure that "haus" meant house. So I felt right at home in a place where every town not only had its own Rathouse, but considered it an important enough landmark that they put up signs to tell people where it was.

How different, I thought, from the situation in San Francisco, where the Rathouse, arguably one of the two or three most important cultural centers on the entire West Coast, exists in relative anonymity, its precise whereabouts known only to welfare workers, bill collectors, and approximately seventeen different branches of the criminal justice system.

Disillusionment comes hard, even to those of us whose lives have consisted of little else. But it was bound to happen; one day, on a whim, I followed the directional arrow *Zum Rathaus* (To The Rathouse), figuring I'd drop in on some of my fellow Ratriks for a meal of tofu and pinto beans and an exchange of gossip from across the seas. As I strolled down the ancient streets of whatever quaint little town it was, Sauerkrautenburg or something like that, I scanned the buildings for indications of Ratdom. But search as I did, I saw no ramshackle, falling down tenements, no windows bedecked with arcane political slogans and murals of King Kong doing unmentionable things to Suzanne Vega under the vigilantly unsmiling eyes of Pope Paul Pot.

Well, maybe German Ratsters were different, I reasoned. Perhaps, Germany being such an orderly country, they felt it wise to restrain themselves from the overt expressions of sentiment that we in the land of the free take for granted. Why, that country is so uptight that you don't even see such colorful American sights as the old grandmas and grandpas rooting through street corner garbage cans in search of food. In fact, I was seriously starting to question how there could possibly be a Rathouse anywhere in Germany, let alone in every town, because they don't even have slums there, and where else would you expect to find a Rathouse?

As I neared the end of the street where the Rathouse was supposed to be, I was even more mystified, because this was right in the center of town where all the fancy buildings were, and almost everyone had on suits and ties. I wondered if this Rathouse would even have tofu and beans. At the end of the block was a great big marble building, with statues and a big fountain in front. This couldn't be it, could it? If so, they sure treated their Rats a lot better over here. I started thinking maybe I'd been living in the wrong country.

But something about this place lacked the welcoming touches of the San Francisco Rathouse. I moved a little closer, and sure enough, there was a sign, actually a shiny engraved brass plaque that said on it

Rathaus and a bunch of other German gibberish. But I still didn't feel comfortable about the idea of marching up the massive staircase, throwing open the 10-foot high cast bronze doors, and hollering, "Hey Ratbrains, I'm home!"

So I decided to wait a bit and see what kind of people came in and out of this imposing edifice (hmmm, I never had a chance to use fancy words like that talking about our Rathouse). Before long a whole gang of geeks in suits and ties and carrying briefcases came walking in like they owned the place. Hey, I thought, there must be some mistake. These guys look like *real* rats. At that point I finally decided to refer to my as yet unopened German-English dictionary to see if I had possibly misunderstood something.

Well, I sure had, and boy did I feel stupid. These guys didn't just look like rats, they were. *German* rats, that is; as it turns out, "rat" in German means, would you ever guess, a government worker. And this was a whole house of rats, better known in America as a City Hall. At least the Germans believe in truth in packaging, I thought.

But as I was getting over my disappointment at learning that there were no real Rathouses in Germany, I started thinking about the role increasingly played by my own San Francisco Rathouse in local, national, and even global politics and culture. There's no longer any doubt that the Rathouse now exerts an influence out of all proportion to its relatively diminutive size and the self-defacing, I mean self-effacing character of its occupants. Why, not too long ago, we received a personal letter from Egg McMahon, you know, the one that sits next to Johnny Carson on TV, offering us a co-starring role in a television movie playing opposite Mr. McMahon himself. *The Night Rathouse Won the Whole Ten Million Dollars* it's called, and he promises that it will chronicle the true and unabridged tale of Rathouse's meteoric rise from its humble beginnings up to the time it became fabulously successful and wealthy beyond its wildest dreams. Right now we're just waiting to hear back from Mr. McMahon. We've already sent in our card saying that we're ready to accept the ten million and be in the movie with him, and we expect to get the check in the mail any day now. Already we've received free subscriptions to just about every magazine published in the western world and our own personalized red white and blue American flag Rathouse return address stickers.

So things are looking up in Rathouse land. Just last week, in fact, the pope himself took time out from his busy schedule of barbecuing lepers and cursing the AIDS patients to attend a little old MDC concert on the Rathouse roof. Being a bit advanced in years, he didn't venture the strenuous climb up the stairs, but enjoyed the music from his popemobile across the street. But he did send a number of his personal representatives into the Rathouse to thank us for our thoughtfulness. They were some pretty spiffy dudes, all in suits and uniforms, and their leader was that guy who used to be on *Hawaii Five-O*, the one who never got his pompadour hairdo messed up even when he was out

chasing crooks in a hurricane. They spent at least half an hour enjoying the Rathouse's special brand of hospitality, wandering its halls and admiring our "Free Ollie North" graffiti and our mega-rad BON JOVI posters, and before they left, they insisted on writing down everyone's name and address so they could send us Christmas cards next year.

And in another exciting development, the Rathouse's own candidate for mayor of San Francisco, Warren Hinckle ("One City, One People, One Mayor, One Eye") has promised as the first plank in his platform to tear down City Hall and move the seat of government to the Rathouse. And since Mayor Hinckle will generally be otherwise engaged down at the Dovre Club, he plans to hire all of us to handle the day to day business of running the city.

We have some great plans ready to set in motion. I myself will be in charge, among other things, of the welfare department, and some of the changes I'll be making are as follows. First of all, no more of this crap about having to get up at some ungodly hour to come stand around in line at the smelly old welfare office. You need money, you just give a call or send a card, and you'll have your check personally delivered by your very own yuppie, who you then get to keep to do household chores or run errands for you. Anyone caught wearing a suit or tie will be required to sweep the streets 12 hours a day under the supervision of General Assistance recipients, and those who insist on carrying briefcases will have them filled with concrete and manacled to their wrists, after which case and carrier will be deposited in San Francisco Bay. In order to make up for gouging you all these years, landlords will be required to pay *you* for living in their buildings, and Bill Graham and the Grateful Dead will be forced to attend ISOCRACY concerts every night for two years or until their eyeballs pop out of their ears, whichever comes later.

So as you can see, the 80s are turning out to be not at all the negative decade they have up to now been characterized as by doomsayers, negative ranting hardcore bands, and mentally defective propagandists for the established order. In fact, we stand on the threshold of a glorious dawn, under the forthright helmsmanship of the crew of the Good Ship Rathouse and its ever-increasing legions of inspired camp-followers. Give thanks for the continued beneficent guidance of the mighty Rathouse and keep those checks and money orders coming; remember, as it says in Chapter I of the Rathouse Guide to Salvation: "And it came to pass that all those who labored and were weary received a great revelation from beyond the heavens, and the spirit spake unto them, saying, come, take out thy checkbooks and Visa cards and pay to the order of Rathouse, San Francisco, California, and all thy troubles shall vanish as the snow before the summer sun and thou shalt know the peace that passeth all understanding."

RATHOUSE
P O BOX 14292
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94114



United to Repress by RAY

news from the people's revolutionary rathouse..... we cleaned our kitchen!!!! Honest!, and we even moved the furniture when we swept the floor. so all of you who've kept a distance from the humble Rat Lodgings have few excuses left for staying away.....

other news? those zany right wing death squads are at it again. those dedicated hombraes from El Salvador are a living testament to the dangers of drug use; the death squads, (established in the early 1980's by the CIA and the El Salvadoran ruling class to deal with the rebels), are now returning to their previous levels of activity. as El Salvadoran President Jose "I'm No Dupe" Duarte realizes that he can't even tie his shoes w/out U.S. aid and slips from power the right wing is preparing to take over thru the Armed Forces. these squads are just the proverbial 'tip of the iceberg', indicative of the violence and bloodshed and wholesale slaughter that awaits E.S. as it enters the upteenth year of its' civil war. and now the squads are also at work in Los Angeles targeting North Americans who've decided not to be Good Germans. two women have been kidnapped; one was raped, beaten, burned w/ cigarettes and had the tip of her tongue cut off. the other woman was psychologically abused as her captors drove her passed fellow activists' homes and told her that they "knew they were all communists" and that "they would be dealt with" (or something equally as stupid). her tormentors also threatened to take action against her children. both women survived their ordeals. several people made it onto the Top Ten Hit List, mostly people who work with CISPEs (committee in solidarity with the people of el salvador), the Sanctuary Movement and Central American refugee groups. the activities of these right wing terrorists are well organized and it's

are receiving more than of the Raygun gov't. central american refugees and splinter the burgeoning central americans who are revolutionary movements in the FBI is investigating these attacks, (the same U.S. gov't agency which broke into CISPEs offices and liberal church groups nationwide in an attempt to sabotage the anti-interventionist movement), the official U.S. response to the attacks? Ronnie's still on vacation, but...the Immigration and Nazification Services called it all a "hoax" fabricated by....you guessed it: "liberal church groups duped by Marxist-Lenonist-Feminists who in turn are receiving orders from Fidel Castro and Danny Ortega", (and what about the KGB-- Zionist Banker Conspiracy?), sounds like Lyndon LaRouche has stiff competition.....

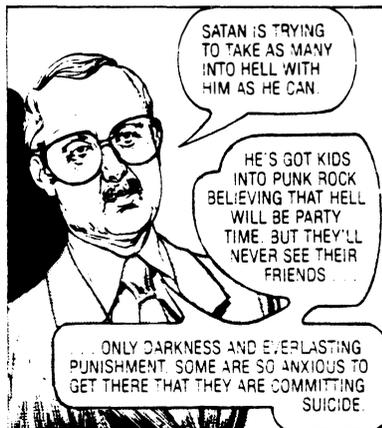
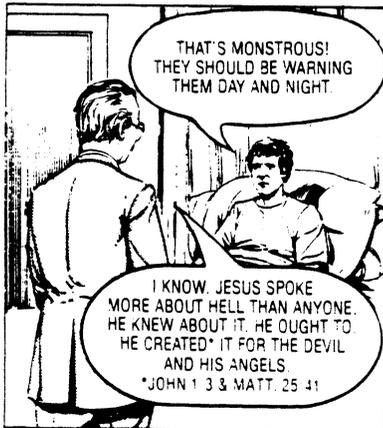


The Most Revolutionary Cow Protection Program in the World

write something about that SCUMBAG pope John Paul II and his visit to S.F., and the fact that the city gov't spent THREE MILLION DOLLARS on the GERBIL FUCKER and imposed MARTIAL LAW on us.... I'm afraid if I write any more I'll sound like an Ian Paisley follower (which I'm not)....Let's see if S.F. will spend THREE MILLION DOLLARS and roll out the red carpeting the next time Minister Louis Farrakhan comes to town.....

NAZI PAPISTS FUCK OFF !!!

Papal tour: **MARTIAL LAW**



Animal Group Says It Torched Veal Company

By Ray Tesler



Animal rights advocates claimed responsibility yesterday for a blaze that caused \$10,000 damage to a Santa Clara veal processing facility.



Sixteen firefighters and 19 volunteers quickly controlled the fire, which was reported at 2:41 a.m. at the San Jose Valley Veal Co. on Richard Avenue in Santa Clara.



Fire Battalion Chief Larry Mohrman said the "highly suspicious" fire began in a warehouse next to the concrete-block plant where veal is prepared for distribution.



Authorities began a criminal investigation after they saw graffiti on the plant wall, including the slogan "Freedom for farm animals."



Later, an anonymous caller told the Associated Press that a group called the Animal Rights Militia is responsible for the fire.



Investigators are checking with other cities where fires have been linked to the animal rights movement, said Sergeant Pat Kolstad of the Santa Clara police.



Bradley Miller, executive director of the Humane Farming Association, condemned the act and said it probably is not related to any legitimate animal rights organization. Miller said he had never heard of the group claiming responsibility for the blaze.

Miller's organization is waging a boycott of veal, claiming that the animals are mistreated, suffer malnutrition and are given chemicals that pose a hazard to consumers.

"I understand somebody might be outraged. We're outraged, too," Miller said. "But there's no need for childishness and potentially dangerous action."

The owners of San Jose Veal, where no animals are slaughtered, did not receive any threatening letters or phone calls before the fire, police said.



What's wrong with McDonald's?



Everything they don't want you to know.

PRODUCED BY GREENPEACE (LONDON) FOR WORLDWIDE ANTI-McDONALD'S PROTESTS ON UNITED NATIONS 'WORLD FOOD DAY', OCTOBER 16.

FIFTY ACRE SEVE R Y MINUTE

EVERY year an area of rainforest the size of Britain is cut down or defoliated, and burnt. Quarterly, one billion people depend on water flowing from these forests, which soak up rain and release it gradually. The disaster in Bolivia and Sudan is at least partly due to uncontrolled deforestation. In Amazonia - where there are more than 100,000 beef ranches - commercial ranching sweeps down through the tropical canopy, eroding the land and washing away the soil. The bare earth, baked by the tropical sun, becomes useless for agriculture. It has been estimated that this destruction causes at least one quake of animal, plant or insect to become extinct every few hours.

McDONALD'S DIRTY SECR ET

ONCE told the grim story about how hamburgers are made, children are far less ready to pile in Ronald McDonald's carnivore antics. With the right prompting, a child's imagination can easily turn a clown into a burglar (a lot of children are very suspicious of clowns anyway). Children love a secret, and Ronald's is equally disgusting.

EVERYTHING MUST GO

McDONALD'S wrong with McDonald's is also wrong with all the fast-food chains like Wimpy, Kennedy Fried Chicken, Wendy, etc. All of them hide their massive exploitation of resources, animals and people behind a facade of colorful graphics and 'family fun'. The food itself is much the same everywhere - only the packaging is different. The rise of these firms means less choice for us. They are one of the worst examples of business motivated only by profit, and paid to conceal its operations. The monster mentality is affecting all ends of our lives, with giant corporations dominating the marketplace, offering little or no room for people to exercise positive choice. The dominant do exist, and many are gathering support away from people rejecting big business in favour of small-scale self-sufficiency and cooperation. The point is not to change McDonald's into some sort of vegetarian organisation, but to change the whole system itself. Anything less would still be a rip-off.

WHAT'S YOUR POISON?

MEAT is responsible for 70% of all food-poisoning incidents, with chicken and minced meat (as used in burgers) being the worst offenders. When animals are slaughtered, meat can be contaminated with gut contents, faeces and urine, leading to bacterial invasion. In an attempt to counteract infection in their stomachs, farmers routinely inject them with doses of antibiotics. These, in addition to growth-promoting hormone drugs and pesticide residues in their feed, build up in the animals' tissues and can further damage the health of people on a meat-based diet.

GROSS MISUSE OF RESOURCES

GRAIN is fed to cattle in South American countries to produce the meat in McDonald's hamburgers. Cereals consume 10 times the amount of grain and say that humans do: one calorie of beef demands ten calories of grain. Of the 148 million tons of grain and soy fed to livestock, only 21 million tons of meat and by-products are used. The waste is 126 million tons per year at a value of 20 billion US dollars. It has been calculated that the sum would feed, clothe and house the world's entire population for one year.

What's it like working for McDonald's?

THERE must be a serious problem: over 80% of McDonald's workers are part-time, the usual staff turnover is 60% (in the USA it's 300%). It's not unusual for their minimum wages to quit after just four or five weeks. The reasons are not hard to find.

NO UNIONS ALLOWED

Workers in entering do badly in terms of pay and conditions. They are at work in the morning and at weekends, doing long shifts in hot, smelly environments. Wages are low and chances of promotion are slim.

To improve this through Trade Unions

representation is very difficult: there is no union specifically for these workers, and the ones they could join share little interest in the problems of part-timers (mostly women). A recent survey of workers in large restaurants found that 60% said they would quit help over pay and conditions. Another difficulty is that the 'Union bug' has a high proportion of workers from ethnic minority groups who, with little chance of getting work elsewhere, are wary of being misled - as many have been - for attempting union organisation.

What's so unhealthy about McDonald's food?

McDONALD'S try to show in their "Nutrition Guide" (which is full of misleading but not really quite irrelevant facts & figures) that mass-produced hamburgers, chips, colas, milkshakes, etc., are a useful and nutritious part of any diet. What they don't make clear is that a diet high in fat, sugar, animal products and salt (sodium), and low in fibre, vitamins and minerals - which describes an average McDonald's meal - is linked with cancer of the breast and bowel, and heart disease. This is accepted medical fact, not a crazy theory. Every year in Britain, heart disease alone causes about 180,000 deaths.

FAST - JUNK

Even if they like eating them, most people recognise that processed burgers and synthetic chips, served up in paper and plastic containers, is junk-food. McDonald's prefer the name "fast-food". This is not just because it is manufactured and served up as quickly as possible - it has to be served quickly too. It's a sign of the junk-quality of Big Macs that their actual hold competitors to see who can eat one in the shortest time.

PAYING FOR THE HABIT

Chewing is essential for good health, as it promotes the flow of digestive juices which break down the food and send nutrients into the blood. McDonald's food is so lacking bulk it is hardly possible to chew it. Even their own figures show that a "quarter-pounder" is 48% water. This sort of fake food encourages over-eating, and the high sugar and sodium content can make people develop a kind of addiction - a 'craving'. This means more profit for McDonald's, but corresponds, clogged arteries and heart attacks for many customers.

What's the connection between McDonald's and starvation in the Third World?

THERE's no point feeling guilty about eating while watching starving African children on TV. If you do need money to buy Aids, or shop at Oxfam, etc., that's morally good but politically ineffectual. It shifts the blame from governments and does nothing to challenge the power of multinational corporations.

HUNGRY FOR DOLLARS

McDonald's is one of several giant corporations with investments in vast tracts of land in poor countries, sold to them by the dollar-hungry rulers (often military) and privileged elites, evicting the small farmers that live there growing food for their own people.

The power of the US dollar means that in order to buy technology and manufactured goods, poor countries are trapped into producing more and more food for export to the States. Out of 40 of the world's poorest countries, 36 export food to the USA - the wealthiest.

ECONOMIC IMPERIALISM

Some 'Third World' countries, where most children are under-nourished, are actually exporting their staple crops as animal food - i.e. to fatten cattle for turning into burgers in the 'First World'. Millions of acres of the best farmland in poor countries are being used for our benefit - for tea, coffee, tobacco, etc. - while people there are starving. McDonald's is directly involved in this economic imperialism, which keeps most black people poor and hungry while many whites grow fat.



A typical image of 'Third World' poverty - the kind often used by charities to get 'compassion money'. This shows starvation from one cause: exploitation by multinationals like McDonald's.

GETTING THE CHEMISTRY RIGHT

McDONALD'S striped staff uniforms, flashy lighting, bright plastic decor, "Happy Meal" and mascot, are all part of the gimmicky development of low-quality food which has been designed down to the last detail to look and feel and taste exactly the same in any outlet anywhere in the world. To achieve this artificial conformity, McDonald's require that their 'fresh lettuce leaf', for example, is treated with various different chemicals just to keep it the right colour at the right crispness for the right length of time. It might as well be a bit of plastic.



WHAT CAN BE DONE

Learning To Burn

Because there seems to have been a recent increase in the number of arson attacks on animal abuse property we feel it is important to reprint the following item, which appeared in ALF Supporters Group Newsletter No. 15.

"Before setting fire to a building, activists should go inside and do a thorough search to make sure that there are no people or animals on the premises. It should also be ascertained that there are no creatures, such as nesting birds, living on the building. Do not presume that there is nothing in the building - always check. Similar care should be taken when setting fire to vehicles, boats etc. Remember that fire can spread - so never set fire to anything if there is a danger that the fire might spread so as to endanger life in surrounding buildings, trees etc. When considering setting fire to vehicles, do not forget that if the fuel tank explodes, the fire can be thrown some considerable distance. If a highly inflammable substance, such as petrol, is used to start a fire, you may get badly burned if you stand nearby to light it - so use a fuse or set fire to something else (eg. a piece of wood) which you can throw in from a distance."



WHAT CAN BE DONE

STOP using McDonald's, Wimpy, etc., and tell your friends exactly why. These companies make huge profits - and therefore need to exploit - come from people just walking in off the street. It does make a difference what individuals do. Why wait for everyone else to wake up?

YOUR INFLUENCE COUNTS
Research has shown that a large proportion of people who use fast-food places do so simply because they are there - not because they particularly like the food or even feel hungry. This fact alone suggests that hamburgers are part of a habit that people would avoid if they knew what to do. Unfortunately we tend to underestimate our personal responsibility and influence. This is wrong. All change in society starts from individuals taking the time to think about the way they live and acting on their beliefs. Movements are 'just ordinary people' linking together, one by one...

MAKE CONTACT, SHARE IDEAS

YOU might not always hear about them, but there are many groups campaigning on the issues raised here - campaigners to support the struggle in the 'Third World', to fight for the rights of indigenous peoples, to protect rainforests, to oppose the killing of animals, etc. Wherever there is oppression there is resistance: people are organising themselves, taking courage from the activities of ordinary, concerned people from all round the world, learning new ways and finding new energy to create a better life. The apathy of others is no reason to hang around waiting for someone to tell you what to 'do'. You need no special talents to join in your local pressure group, or start one up - existing groups will give information and advice if necessary.

For leaflets on all aspects of vegetarianism and nutrition, animal rights and welfare, etc., contact ANIMAL AID, 7 Carfax Street, Tonbridge, Kent. Many of our contacts can be made by writing to Greenpeace at the address below.

WHO MADE THIS LEAFLET?

THE LONDON GREENPEACE GROUP has existed for many years as an independent group of activists with no involvement in any particular political party. The people - not 'members' - who came to the weekly open meetings share a concern for the oppression in our lives and the destruction of our environment. Many opposition movements are growing in strength - ecological, anti-war, animal liberation, and anarchist-libertarian movements - and continually learning from each other. We encourage people to think and act independently, without leaders, to try to understand the causes of oppression and to aim for its abolition through social revolution. This begins in our own lives, now.

Postal address: Greenpeace (London), 5 Catherine Road, London N1.
No copyright - use this to make your own leaflet.

On Sept. 5, 1987 an exciting political demonstration took place in reaction to a weapons train whose crew viciously struck & rolled over protester Brian Willson a few days earlier at the Concord Naval Base. Approximately 8,000 people came out in support, many with thoughts of subversion dancing through their heads.

The first few hours consisted pretty much of poetry, songs of peace, standard speeches & nonviolent civil disobedience across the street from the stage area on the railroad tracks. (Totally symbolic. Obviously no trains would attempt to transport weapons today with all the media in attendance.) At one point Willson's wife & son, Holly Rauen & Gabe, came on stage & eventually played a taped message, recorded earlier in the day at the hospital by Brian. It was an uplifting moment for me especially when he vowed to come back to the site to resume his stand with the Nuremberg Actions group.

Eventually Jesse Jackson arrived & gave an inspiring speech stressing that we must "retain our spirit" despite the oppressive political climate of today. He's a strong speaker with a few progressive ideas but I wish he'd lay off the religious crap. When he was finished he pulled off quite an interesting maneuver. He called for everyone to leave the stage area & meet across the street on the train tracks. All right! Let's do something already! One of the organizers shouted over the PA "Wait, there are more speakers" but apparently most people had had their fill of words. Jackson himself wasn't up for much more than a prayer or 2 but with thousands of people milling about the scene of the crime, the spirit referred to earlier stirred.

What followed was an incredible experience, something I'll remember forever. Several hundred people, maybe over one thousand, began removing (or supporting the removal of) the military's railroad tracks, literally tugging them out of the ground with crow bars, hammers & their hands. A painstakingly slow process which took 2 1/2 hours to dismantle about 125 feet of track. First the spikes on the inside of the tracks had to be removed. Next the huge bolts joining one rail to another had to be unscrewed which is easier said than done considering the buildup of years of rust & paint. Then the rails had to be pulled up, out & aside which required 30 to 40 people per 40 foot rail. Finally the bulky wooden ties were dug up & stacked about 10 layers high, more than 50 all told. People hung out on the top of the platform reporting the progress of approaching police cars & cheering as each rail was removed like they were on the bleachers at some ball game. Meanwhile a chorus of "I've Been Working on the Railroad" broke out among the Bandanistas (bandanas covering many faces to hide from the cameras inspired that name).

Right next to the demolition, music began. A few enterprising folks made use of the discarded spikes & metal plates--courtesy of the Federal Government--by banging them together in a slow rhythm. Others chimed in with a guitar, tambourine, violin, a couple of bongo drums, hand clapping & lots of voices creating a beautiful yet sort of surreal atmosphere. I felt like I was walking thru some sort of dusty paradise in heaven/hell at one point.

Others spray painted graffiti wherever they could--the ground, telephone poles, the "bleachers." My favorites were "The People Were Here," "This Is Illegal Cuz Fun Always Is," "Unplug Your TV," "Brains Not Bombs" & "Eric Was Here '87."

Some contributed by passing out water & peaches amongst the cries of "¡No pasarán!" Another energetic soul climbed to the top of a telephone pole & let off a giant bag of balloons.

The crowd of Bandanistas consisted of at least 50% women, some older men & women, lots of punks, refugees from El Salvador (although the crowd was 95% white, for whatever that's worth), a few dogs, etc....

And a short way down the road was another tremendous sight. A bunch of folks, including 3 or 4 in wheelchairs, staged a sit-in across the street blocking 15 police cars from getting to the workers. They were singing "We Shall Overcome" & I started believing it while the cops sat behind their windshields staring ahead, looking stupefied.

Speaking of copsuckers (Oops! I keep forgetting that I'm trying to be objective here.), the police & military personnel stood stone-faced behind barbed wire watching the wrecking party. They must have felt a sense of shock & maybe a bit of fear underneath their macho veneer.

Of course, not everything was bliss & harmony. A scant few Revolutionary Communist Party members speved out their tiresome slogans while, in a blatantly capitalistic move, another set up their "for sale" literature table right in the midst of the destruction. I asked one RCP cog why they were selling shit at a time like this and he said that "even now consciousness has to be raised." Yeah, they're too busy selling their consciousness on the sidelines to "unleash any fury," as they've long promised to do.

But much more disturbing was the split that developed between protesters. About 50 fellow dissenters holding banners and flowers set up a CD vigil on the spot where Brian was hit (which incidentally is the reason that the

Bandanistas were ripping up track several yards away from the tragic site). Brian's friend read off a message in which Willson requested that people not destroy property but that instead everyone should return "the next day and the next day and the next day and the next day." Nice sentiment, but he's pretty naive if he believes 8000 or even 800 will show up day after day to sit on train tracks for 12 hours. Anyway, it seems ridiculous that a few people should get so hostile toward others who are on the same side. One woman, carrying an American flag, yelled, "I'm really disappointed! Why don't you vigil and parade--

vere day to day instead of doing this!" When all was said and done about 150 feet of track had been removed at a cost of \$10,000 (according to Navy estimates). The primary means of transport from the base to the ships was put on hold. The whole action was downplayed in the mainstream media, but this was a historical day and easily the best demo I've ever been to.

New the true test comes. Obviously the potential is out there. Are we ready to push forward? P.S. One place you might want to contact would be the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador (CISPES) at 760 Valencia, San Francisco CA 94110, phone # (415)861-0425. Volunteers are welcome.

P.P.S. On a related note... Warren Hinckle, San Francisco Examiner columnist and one of the most logical and radical writers I've ever come across, is running for mayor of SF. Hinckle is a decent person who is fed up with government -- federal, state, and local -- and not a professional politician. This is obvious if you check out his headquarters at 177 Valencia. (The phone number is (415)431-2540, and again, they need volunteers;) For one thing, he has a phony permit notice in the front window stating that there are plans to demolish City Hall. Imagine a 60s prankster with a bit of class.

P.P.P.S. And on another sort of related note... Recently John Paul II came to town--& jumping by the minuscule turnout few took any serious notice of Da Pope (whenever my thoughts accidentally touch upon that absurd figurehead I usually remember that classic Monty Python [Pyntiff] sketch about a bishop with a Brooklyn accent & the morals of a mafia hit man)--& the rathouse had a 'welcome to SF' party. As the Dopemobile approached our building we carried drums, amps, guitars & banners (with a long extension cord) to the roof & M.D.C. (Millions of Damn Christians--formerly Millions of Dead Cops, Multi-Death Corporations, etc...) played the title track from their new L.P. called "This Blood's For You". All together there were about 15 of us & about a hundred uniformed & plain clothes officers below (a couple of the blue meanies gestured for us to jump as we neared the edge of the roof). After the song lead singer Dave shouted over his bullhorn that "this is a nonviolent musical protest" & the next song began. It lasted only a few seconds before the police pulled the plug out from under our red carpet treatment, a la "Let It Be". Then a few cops & secret service men wandered through our hems, scratching their heads & smiling as they observed all of the anti-gov't decorations stapled to the walls. Finally they checked our I.D.s, let us alone & we joined a separate protest on a safer street-level setting.

P.P.P.P.S. And on a totally unrelated note... The Ramones really piss me off! Now these guys have never been known for their support of the underground, but this time they've gone too far. Plans were being made for them to play The Farm which, though definitely not my favorite club, is infinitely better than the two horrible \$14-a-shot discholes (The Stone & Wolfgang's) that they ended up at. Of course The Farm, which books punk bands often & pays them well, ultimately couldn't afford the demands of the rock stars. Next time they come to town maybe if we put together a George Bush fund raiser we could entice them to play Gilman St. Shit, it's too bad that I love their music so much. As human beans, they certainly aren't worth getting upset over.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Sorry this postscript concept got so out of control...

Why Can't Mrs. Thatcher Be More Like a Man?



SEE HOW SHE RUNS: Does Margaret Thatcher have a guru or a workout home-gym to assure she never succumbs to fatigue? Neither, actually. In a recent issue of the British magazine Board Room, the British prime minister confessed that she takes male hormones to preserve her body and spirit. Just what you'd expect from a woman of iron...

P.P.P.P.P.S. I just wanted to add this as I head to Berkeley to make copies of this issue: I had 2 terribly scary dreams last night about vicious cops, I'm going to be careful for awhile.

This fictional autobiography (at least I hope it's fictional--I might not go out at night for awhile) traces the history of the Vampire Lestat in an exuberantly gruesome & thought provoking style. It's even better than "Dracula", which is one of my favorite books. (Rice's creatures, by the way, hardly resemble the stereotypical vampire. Lestat once comments on the "big ape" Count Dracula: "Though he can turn himself into a bat or dematerialize at will, nevertheless crawls down the wall of his castle in the manner of a lizard apparently for fun.") What else is there to say about a vampire who joins a rock'n'roll band called Satan's Night Out. (I wouldn't say it grabbed me by the throat 'or 'Fangs a lot', for example.) A must read! -- Joe

LIFE IN HELL: AN INTRODUCTION

<p>WHAT IS "LIFE IN HELL"? AN AMAZING LITTLE TRIFLE OF A COMIC STRIP STARRING ASSORTED CRUDELLY DRAWN RABBITS.</p>	<p>DRAMATIC PERSONAE</p>				<p>HOW THE HELL DO YOU PRONOUNCE THE CARTOONIST'S NAME? mät grä'ning NOTE: LAST NAME SPELLED WITH "GRÄ" AND "NING"</p>
<p>WHO'S SUCH A NEGATIVE TITLE? I HAD JUST MOVED TO LOS ANGELES WHEN I THOUGHT IT UP.</p>	<p>SINKY STAR OF "LIFE IN HELL." FINISHES WHEN POSSIBLE. DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: SHINY EYES, OVERSIZED, SOTTISHS BARS.</p>	<p>SHEBA SINKY'S GAL PAL AND GREENAWD. PROXIMITY TO POOR SINKY. DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: SHINY EYES, OVERSIZED, SOTTISHS BARS.</p>	<p>BONGO SINKY'S ILLUSTRATOR. EVEN MORE ASSORTED THAN SINKY. DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: PRETTY COMB, SHINY EYES.</p>	<p>AKBAR & JEFF BROTHERS OR LOVER, OR POSSIBLY BOTH. NOTHING FEATURES THEM. DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: REDDIE, SHINY EYES OR SOME TYPE OF HEAD.</p>	<p>CAN THE CARTOONIST DRAW ANYTHING BESIDES RABBITS? OH YES. </p>
<p>WHAT ARE THE FIVE MAJOR THEMES OF "LIFE IN HELL"? ★ LOVE ★ SEX ★ WORK ★ DEATH ★ LAUGHS</p>	<p>LIFE IN HELL FUN FACTS</p> <p>SINKY'S HISTORY IN WILLIAM WAINWRIGHT THORNTON'S NOVEL "VANDY FEAR" (1908), THERE'S A MINOR CHARACTER NAMED LOBO SINKIE. IN THE MOVIE "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED" (1934), RONALD COLMAN'S DOG IS NAMED SINKY. IN THE LATTER HALF OF THE 20TH CENTURY, THERE WAS A POPULAR SWIMSUIT KNOWN AS THE SINKINI.</p>		<p>CAN THE CARTOONIST DRAW SINKY WITH HIS EYES CLOSED? YOU DECIDE. </p>	<p>DOES THE CARTOONIST LOOK ANYTHING LIKE SINKY? NOT REALLY. </p>	
<p>NOTES</p>	<p>DID YOU KNOW? MY NAME IS SINKY. I HAVE OVER 500 CARDS IN MY COLLECTION AND MY BIRTHDAY IS IN FEBRUARY. NOT SINKY, PHINEAS, SINKY, SINKY, SINKY, OR SINKY. I HAVE OVER 500 CARDS IN MY COLLECTION AND MY BIRTHDAY IS IN FEBRUARY.</p>				<p>IS THERE A "LIFE IN HELL" PHILOSOPHY? OH HELL NO. YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED. IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK. WE'RE ALL POOR. HAVE A NICE DAY.</p>

② "Love Is Hell" & "Work Is Hell" by Matt Groening (Can be reached at: Life In Hell PO Box 36864 Los Angeles, CA. 90036)
"Hell" is God! This is the most hilarious cartoon strip I've ever seen. Instead of trying to describe the indescribable I'll just reprint the intro to "Work Is Hell" so you'll get an idea of what you're in for!

The scary thing is that I too often find myself identifying with these warped rabbits. -- Joe

FORTHCOMING

SCHOOL IS HELL

LYNDA BARRY 'N' MATT GROENING'S FUNKY WORLD FUN CALENDAR 1987

BOOKS BY MATT GROENING THAT APPEARED SOLELY IN THE AUTHOR'S DREAMS

PEOPLE ARE CRUNCHY
EVERYONE FOOLS THEIR OWN SELF

AND NOW:
"THE LAME RATIONALIZATION OF THE MONTH" Award

As for the commercialization of Lennon's music through the recent *Wings* TV spots using the Beatles' "Revolution," One defends her approval of the usage.
"First, Paul (McCartney) and I didn't have a right to say yay or nay. Michael Jackson (who purchased most of the Beatles' music publishing) was very considerate. He said no to 50 offers until this one, which seemed tasteful enough. If I thought it was really detrimental to the music I would have fought vigorously. But the fact that the song is going out to the world is great. Besides, it's a 'revolution' to wear members rather than high-heeled shoes."

New

Millions of Damn Christians

full-length 13 song LP

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THE OFFICIAL ALBUM
OF THE POPE'S VISIT
TO SAN FRANCISCO
9-17-87 a.d.

WHO CARES WHAT YOU THINK!

- ① **Neighborhood Watch** - "Feeding The Hand That Bites" 12" EP (\$5 PP to: Vinyl Communications PO Box 8623 Chula Vista, CA. 92012)
9 great tunes that are dominated by a neat jerky guitar & thrashy keyboards. Add to that the clear, snotty vocals, sarcastic lyrics & fun sing-alongs (esp. "We Fuck Sheep" & "I Want A Corvette") & this one's a real treat. Interesting cover & insert sleeve as well. Put out by some busy (& nice) folks in San Diego. ("Heading to Honduras" - "We'll burn lots of grain farms & sugar mills, Shoot little boys & rape little girls, And when the army comes to get us, We'll just run for the hills!") -- Joe
- ② **The Shags** - "Philosophy Of The World" L.P.
One of THE worst records ever. I found a reissue of it at Irregular Records in El Sobrante (& do go out of your way to shop at Nan's one-woman labor of love, alright?) & boy is it mondo-stinko. Three brats in Fremont, N.H. make a record on daddy's money in 1967 or '68--I forget my trivia--that's okay, but they can't even play in time with each other! They're also daddy's girls--gadzoooks, lyrics about how great parents are & not "straying from home". Also contains the Dr. Demento played semi-classic "It's Halloween". Guaranteed to make any listener feel really talented. Buy it for therapy, or at least a laugh. -- Helen
- ③ **The Slits** - "The John Peel Sessions" 12" E.P.
Another in the wonderful "Peel Sessions" issues. The Slits may have been laughed at often but in retrospect there's no denying they were one of the first all-women punk bands & their attitudes & crazy appearance blazed a trail for other women performers to follow. This radio broadcast was taped nearly a year & a half before their reggae-influenced first album "Cut" & shows their punk roots well, the version of "Newtown" (a chilling anti-drug song) in particular going almost Clash-like at the end. The mix is a bit rock "heavy"--the drums are way too loud--but this is one enjoyable document of an almost forgotten band. --Helen
- ④ **Various** - "The Anatomy of a Revolution" double cassette (\$6 PP to: Entertainment Tapes PO Box 146607 SF, CA 94114)
A benefit to help get an @ center off the ground put together by Steve, the local yokel homeboy of *Entertainment Review/Existential Rage* fame. With 20 different acts, a booklet & 3 hours of material there's a lot to take in here. Like many compilations some of it didn't do much for me while other tracks rock my holy socks! (Tape 2 in particular) Favorite bands include Diatribe, A.P.P.L.E., Group of Individuals, Medical Melodies, Karma Sutra, Brain Rust & Flowers in the Dustbin. Reminds me a bit of the Bullshit Detector series. (*Medical Melodies* "Nothing to Say" - "You think I've got nothing to say, Who cares about you anyway, I know I've got something to say, I'm not gonna go away") -- Joe
- ⑤ **Various** - "\$4 Worth of Sperm" cassette (\$4 PP to: Bob Z c/o Sarris Bookmarketing 125 E. 23rd St. #300 New York, NY 10010)
Lively mixture of humorous & serious songs with a little poetry & a DOA interview thrown in. Several new groups to watch out for (or at least they're new to me), namely, The Psychic Violents, The Dream Smashes, The Wallmen, Intense Mutation, Oral Roberts & Any of Several Weasels. Not to mention the legendary New Republic & A.P.P.L.E. (these porcupines again!?!). (*Psychic Violents* "Mayberry" - "You know I really miss those television days, Everybody knew just where they stood, White was right, (?) unite, They were bad & we were always good. And you never saw a Negro in Mayberry") -- Joe

Are You a Moe, a Curly, or Merely a Larry???

By Rev. Ivan Stang
A.B., Church of the SubGenius

There are three kinds of people in this world. I know, you've heard that before. Everybody has their 'three types' of people, or their four types or five types. Many only list two types: those who divide people into two types, and those who don't. But there are three, and the models for these types come neither from psychology nor ancient religion. They come from Columbia Studios and they are archetypally embodied in The Three Stooges.

The Stooges unwittingly—of course—left us a rich legacy of deft interpretations of the most primal human behavior patterns. Their short films, seen as a whole, form a tapestry in which the interactions of people as individuals, corporations, and nations are distilled into a microcosm, a pure essence of existential folly.

There is but a small percentage of Moes in any given population: perhaps 5%. There are even fewer Curlys. The vast bulk of humanity are Larrys.

(Though represented by male characters, the three types also apply to women.)

Moe is the active personality, and if not always dominant, always striving to be. Moe is the one who spurs the others into action. He devises plans to better their lot, but when his plans fail the other two suffer the consequences. But is Moe any less the fool for that they follow his plans?

He is a natural manipulator, only partially because the others are waiting to be manipulated. He would want to manipulate them anyway, even if they weren't so willing.

But Larry is a born follower, a blank slate that only reacts (and slowly at that) to exterior stimuli. He never initiates action. He is Moe's absolute tool, the truest 'stooge'. When Moe's abuse finally does make him angry, he lashes out not at Moe, but at Curly. No matter how he suffers under Moe's yoke, he never really rebels. He argues, but gives up easily.

Were it not for the presence of his friends, Larry probably would live in peace—a dull, flat, mechanical peace. Though clumsy, he is still the most employable of the three—for the other two are incapable of following orders, although for different reasons. Most people are Larrys.

Larrys divide people into those who don't divide others into two types, and those who do. But they do so only because they grew up hearing it.

Curly is the only likeable one, a truly rare human model. He is the holy man, the Divine Fool. He is as creative and active as Moe, but it is a spontaneous and joyous kind of creativity, no good for the kind of plotting and scheming required by a Moe-dominated society.

He is a free spirit, but correspondingly unable to function well in a world of Moes and Larrys. He, like Larry, is perpetually abused, but he intuitively understands what is happening to him and reacts far more angrily—if equally ineffectually. He is everyone's favorite.

Stooge because he is the funniest, though his innate nobility and natural humility he constantly bests Moe, but it is in an unconscious way, and it is only apparent to the outside observer. Curly himself is hardly aware of his talents; his weakness is that he does not know his own strength, and cannot trust his own luck.

In real life, Curlys are usually branded by the Moes and Larrys around them as retarded, schizophrenic, mal-adjusted or just plain stupid, whereas in reality, it is only Curly who understands the truth. Remaining cheerful through adversity, he wins battles not by fighting, but by 'accidentally' releasing 'accidents' in which his enemies injure themselves.

Alien to feelings of avarice or ambition, he is the opposite of Moe, yet the two are drawn together by the same inexplicable balancing force of nature.

The Larrys, though, are ever the interweavers, sluglike nonentities caught in the crossfire of cosmic dualities—yet remaining there by some hearing instinct that makes being a casualty of the Moe-Curly battle preferable to life alone with other Larrys.

(And then there are the Shemps, Curly-Joes, and Joe de Ritas, but these were all merely Larrys trying to be Curly-like. The Larry-Who-Would-Be-Curly is the saddest "type" of all. American show business is littered with the corpses of personalities locked in failed Curlihood.)

Only the existence of the blameless, bovine Larrys make that of Moe or Curly possible. They are able to maintain their level of gladiator brutality and senseless destruction only at the expense of the unquestioning, loyal worker drones whose income partially supports their own excesses. Were he not there to diffuse Moe's anger

by becoming another recipient of his blows, Curly would have been killed long ago and Moe would have committed suicide out of loneliness.

The horror of it all is that the three types need each other to survive. Of all Nature's cycles of parasitic symbiosis, the one involving the three human types is the most nightmarish. It rages around us all the time in real life, spreading death and madness, yet when we see it on the screen we call it "comedy."

I am a Moe. Moes are always coming up with theories like this. They, we, are Collin Wilson's 'Right Men' (Wilson is a 'Right Man' too), those who assume they're right and act

accordingly. Let the Curlys and Larrys be the dumb, willing guinea pigs for our egocentric ideas. They're BEGGING for it! They DEMAND that we tell them what to do! Should we be so cruel as to deny them their desired bondage??

We, unlike the Larrys, recognize the magical potential of the Curlys, and become skilled at exploiting it. We receive royalties off the works of Curlys. HA! And the Larrys—these "fuzzy headed ones" are fit only to take down our dictation, to sweep our offices, to deliver our papers in the morning. All those LITTLE THINGS. And though we know it looks unseemly for us to wield such tyranny over such innocent idiots, yet what choice do we have? NATURE ITSELF has decreed that this shall be THE WAY.

Unfortunately I am not the only Moe in real life. My own son is a Moe; he bosses the other kids around and invents clubs which they may join...and already he mildly threatens my bull patriarch's hold over our tribe. There are thousands of others, and I constantly find myself doing battle with them. Two of my old friends and myself currently hate each other because our Moe Powers came into stark conflict. This sort of thing is weakening the stranglehold we Moes have traditionally maintained over the Larrys and Curlys, because those tribes do not waste their energy fighting amongst each other or their own species. Soon or later, I fear, the Larrys and Curlys will learn from our example and lift their heads out of the sinkhole of ignorance they have always wallowed in. I wonder if this could be the Twilight

of the Moes. It would mean peace between Russia and America and the Third World, on the one hand; on the other, it would mean the end of magazine columns by opinionated assholes. I'd be out of work!

No, the Moe conspiracy must rule for ETERNITY! I will occasionally join, however distasteful it may be to me, with my fellow Moe like Ronald Reagan (who I hate) and other governmental and corporate "leaders", whose whose regimes I normally oppose, just long enough to agree upon the illusions to be used to seduce the Larrys and Curlys into fighting our wars against each other for us...it is what they WANT...I personally would just as soon let them free in their passions, but if I did, the Reagan Moe or the Clinton Moe or the Rival Communist Moe, might get the upper hand. No, our battle between ourselves must remain self-perpetuating, and if we do not cooperate in using Larrys and Curlys as fuel, our machine will run down.

I am the only Moe that ever dared to announce the existence of the Moe Conspiracy, and I do it only because I know that you Larrys and Curlys will think it is a joke--SIMPERING FOOLS!--while my fellow/rival Moe will chuckle along with me at the thought that I'm getting PAID for this.

Bow before me, oh ye pitiful earthbound Larrys and meek Curlys! The MOES shall TRIUMPH, and your cries of poked eyes and the sound effects of your konked heads shall be as music to our ears!

I HAVE SPOKEN.
Mean King Stang, 1985
Fat, Cigar-Chomping, Egotistical Lord over ALL SubGeniuses in the World After "Bob's" Death, Commander of the Vast Army of Little Dallas Whipping Boys, Abusive Order-Giver to Pops and Other Moes, Crusher of Larrys and Scheming Exploiter of Curlys. ##

For more information crucial to human survival, send \$1 to: The Church of the SubGenius P.O. Box 148306 Dallas, TX 75214



Pressure cooker blast blows away wall, roof

MEDFORD, Ore. — A pressure cooker exploded Monday at the Wild Plum restaurant with such force it blew out a large section of the roof and wall, splattering chub pie filling in all directions.

"It scattered pieces of that wall for probably 100 feet into the parking lot," fire department Battalion Chief Ralph Quincy said.

"There were two-by-fours and big chunks of concrete tile," he said. "It just happened that nobody was walking by at the time or they would have been seriously injured."

Unfortunately the Stooges are no longer with us. If they were

though I'm sure they'd appreciate this list of freebies.

- ① Belcher St: This is my favorite place. Free distribution of veggies, fruits & bread, so make yer own meals. Made possible by friendly people that care! Hi Tet. Hilary, st. #1: 30-11:45 every Thurs. (Get there early!) Gummy rats sometimes hang out here.
 - ② BRES: Best meals. Great variety, vegan menu. 23 & Shotwell Sat 3-5 pm
 - ③ Haight-Ashbury Food Program: Good variety, decent food. Vegetarian. 1525 Walter St (near Belvedere) Tues-Fri 12-1 PM
 - ④ One Mind Temple: An appropriate title. No variety whatsoever. The food is though. 351 Divisadero (near Oak) Mon. 2:30-3:30; Sun 3:30-4:30 Vegetarian
 - ⑤ Slide Church: Decent but not much for vegetarians. 330 Ellis M-F 4-5:30
 - ⑥ Martin De Forrest: Only for the desperate! Not worth the price of admission! 225 Potrero (near 16th) Tues-Sat 12-3PM; M-F 6-7:30 AM
- These are the only ones I've been to. For further listings check Bound Together Books on Haight St (near Masonic) or write to us. by Joe