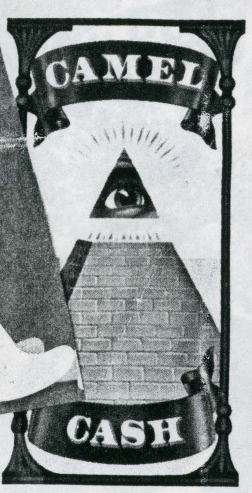


It's back! And it's  
**BIGGER, badder,**  
 and woodier than  
**EVER!**

Vol. II  
 Issue 14  
 Feb. 18, '94

**R**



'S

FILTER CIGARETTES

**W**



**Ramblin' Leaf**

< dipak qosh >

Ever ridden an ass (one with four legs, you oversexed ape!), a brass basin on your pate, armed with a barge-pole? Yup, I mean the whole Quixote trip, menacing windmills et al. Believe me, it's very conducive to revelations, every second drawing you to the meaning of LIFE, even GOD. I had such an experience not too long ago. No, there was no real donkey and saddle. The last I remember, my leaving the pristine bathroom on 2nd floor White, was a freak accident. (Maybe it was only a divine hand slapping my skull.) As I Shaved the fuzz off my face, I treated myself to the horror of another bloody nick. That fluid red stuff made me weak. Falling, I held on to my can of shaving cream. Neither the spurting green gel nor the metal can kept me from kissing well-trod bathroom tile...then, emptiness.

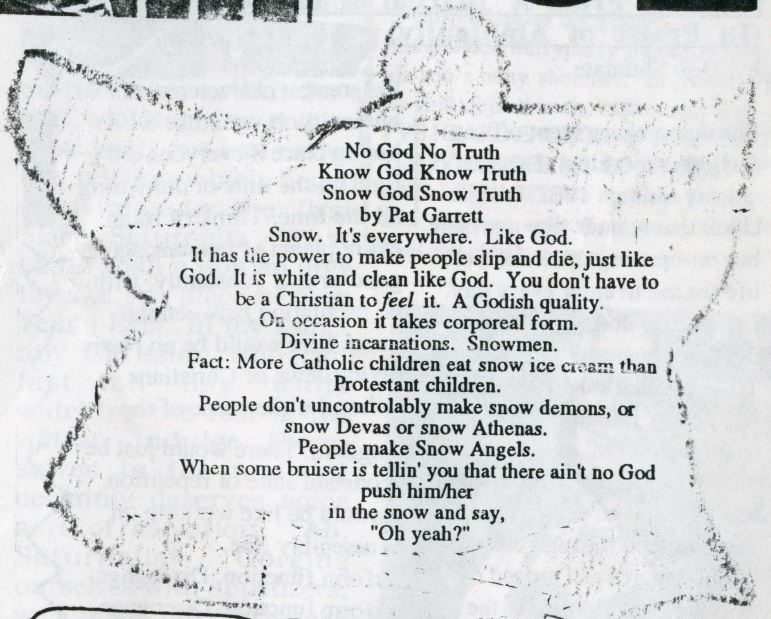
Man, now I curse that dark period in my life when I brushed aside all those near-death experiences with strokes of skepticism. I swear, I saw a light too. It was red, brilliant red. If there is a God, He (or She???) must be a communist, or at least a socialist. In other words McCarthy was a deluded moron after all...Not to take off on a derivative of my Ramblin' Function (tangents), I felt an energy. No, there was no great white beard, haloed flowing robes, or a hand to transport me to the "other side." It was a nice tingling alka-seltzer sensation, as if bubbling fields of

energy were caressing my soul. Then I knew, God wasn't perched on a golden throne in another dimension. Think about it: if He/She had hands and feet, despite the largest \*\*\*damned halo, He/She couldn't be omnipresent, could He/She? In that reasoning lies an extension for a liberating (yet, reasonable) "faith." That is, "God" is (must be) an omnipresent energy field, an energy with unique characteristics: of collapsing into "solid" matter ( $E=mc^2$ ) and spontaneously incarnating messiahs when quirks called humans go astray; with a timeless "balance" that, while always regaining equilibrium, has repercussions when locally disturbed—butterflies fanning hurricanes. Meditate for an instant, instead of abusing yourself with Rat-Mush...I humbly offer you an explanation for your "enigmatic" existence, and even Karma.

Of course, you certainly reap what you sow; some of us heathen are condemned by our own free will to experiment with alternate orientations in this pervasive Field. The repercussion/s may hit you now or later; if it just happens to strike you after you're dead, you wonder where in hell lies your source of suffering in this life. You may say you don't remember past lives; in that case, why don't you try using more than 15% of your brain for a change?

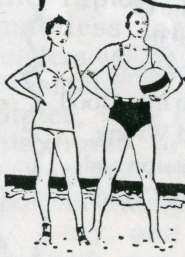
In conclusion, I strongly recommend French-vanilla, and remember, Insanity is absolutely relative. **MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU.**

ps. The sting of antiseptic brought me back to my "senses."

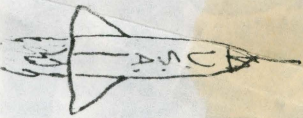


No God No Truth  
 Know God Know Truth  
 Snow God Snow Truth  
 by Pat Garrett  
 Snow. It's everywhere. Like God.  
 It has the power to make people slip and die, just like God. It is white and clean like God. You don't have to be a Christian to feel it. A Godish quality.  
 On occasion it takes corporeal form.  
 Divine incarnations. Snowmen.  
 Fact: More Catholic children eat snow ice cream than Protestant children.  
 People don't uncontrollably make snow demons, or snow Devas or snow Athenas.  
 People make Snow Angels.  
 When some bruiser is tellin' you that there ain't no God push him/her in the snow and say,  
 "Oh yeah?"

HE HAS NEVER LOOKED AT ANOTHER WOMAN  
 WHY WOULD HE! I NEVER SAW A WOMAN OF HER AGE SO YOUNG AND FULL OF PEP



**Are You Growing "MIDDLE-AGED" too Fast? Why Many People Grow Old Fast in Their Forties...**





just for **W**omen

JOHN SAYS...HER HANDS ARE SMOOTH... BUT SMELLY



**On Candles, Orgies, and the Political Decline of America**

by Mike Augspurger

Christmas Eve. The Candlelight Service. Silent Night. Long Sermons on the real meaning of Christmas. Tight green and red ties. Two-year olds crying in the row in front of you. Sitting in the service this year, I began to wonder once again what I was doing there. Sure, I love Christmas like the next guy; but the real meaning has more to do with presents than with Jesus. Even my parents only go to church twice a year (oh, the days when we made jolly fun of people like us). It all seemed a little silly. So I struck on a plan. Its simplicity sparks of genius; its completeness answers all questions.

part of my plan involves moving the presents and maybe even some of that family stuff to New Year's. New Year's Day is as fine an arbitrary day to celebrate as any other. This would not only free me from the Candlelight service, but it would leave Jesus to the Christians. Everybody's happy. Heck, the Christians could even make Christmas a day of festive fasting, to drive off



"I DECIDED I'D SHOW HIM! The first free day I had I picked a perfectly gorgeous-looking chocolate cake recipe out of a magazine and set to work. I thought I'd ask Bill to Sunday supper and just bowl him over with my cake.

anyone craving the material more than the spiritual. Of course, this move creates some difficulties of its own. If New Year's is a family holiday, when do we all get drunk and

stay up all night? Now, now, before everyone becomes hysterical, I assure you that I have thought this through. With the presents being opened seven days later, December 25 is left completely open. How depressing, to spend such a previously festive day, with nothing to do! Ah, but here is the beauty of the plan: in remembrance of our pagan past (and I don't want to limit this to just Westerners-- surely every culture has a thunder-bolt wielding sky god in their past), we can revive the holiday which begat Christmas in the first place: Saturnalia. What better than a Roman orgy to take the place of New Year's Eve! In my mind, any Christian who can fast all day while watching the rest of the nation indulge themselves in the material certainly deserves some sort of salvation. Ah, Saturnalia! Gorging ourselves with appetizers, we'll nurse our Christmas Day headaches with thousands of other Americans, and watch men run around a stadium hurting each other. Perhaps someday, the rapidly increasing madness among our leaders will allow the very President of the United States, with the turn of his thumb, to decide the collegiate national football champion.

I cry, and hope you cry with me: If America must tumble into decadence, let us fall not like England, or Spain, or some such short-lived world power, but like

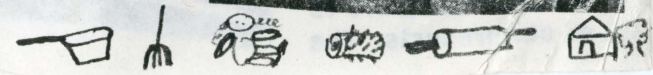
**Ancient Rome at Ck's**  
-Jay Stovall  
...in holding that there existed already under the monarchy a group of families known as the patricians which succeeded in the early years of the Republic THERE WILL BE NO DISCUSSION- Do you want to live with your mother and I or not?! is clear that there emerged with great rapidity a plebeian movement which created an organization parallel to, and alternative to \*ClinkClink\* (silverware) But you never listen to me Dad! DO YOU WANT that the patrician state, in the course of what is known to scholars as the Y-yes sir struggle of the orders.

Would you like some more coffee? OKAY, here is the bottom line Yes, please. The plebeian organization set out to break the patrician monopoly of secular and sacred office in the Roman \*Sniff\*, Dad, I thought we came here so that- Coffee steams my glasses. I glimpse the huffypuffy patrician over his son's bony shoulder. In pursuit of its first objective the movement was I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! IF YOU WANT TO LIVE UNDER MY ROOF, SHUT UP AND LET'S GO. We shall see shortly how plebeian aspirations were- Could I get my check please?



**NOW LIFT!** Lower your hands, finger-tips under abdomen and lift. Notice the grand feeling of lightness and uplift. That's the right kind of support for muscles that want to sag... and that's what Spirella alone can give.

Rome itself



"With a cigarette as good as Camel, it's swell to get those extra puffs!"

SAYS LLOYD CHILD, FAMOUS POWER-DIVE TEST PILOT



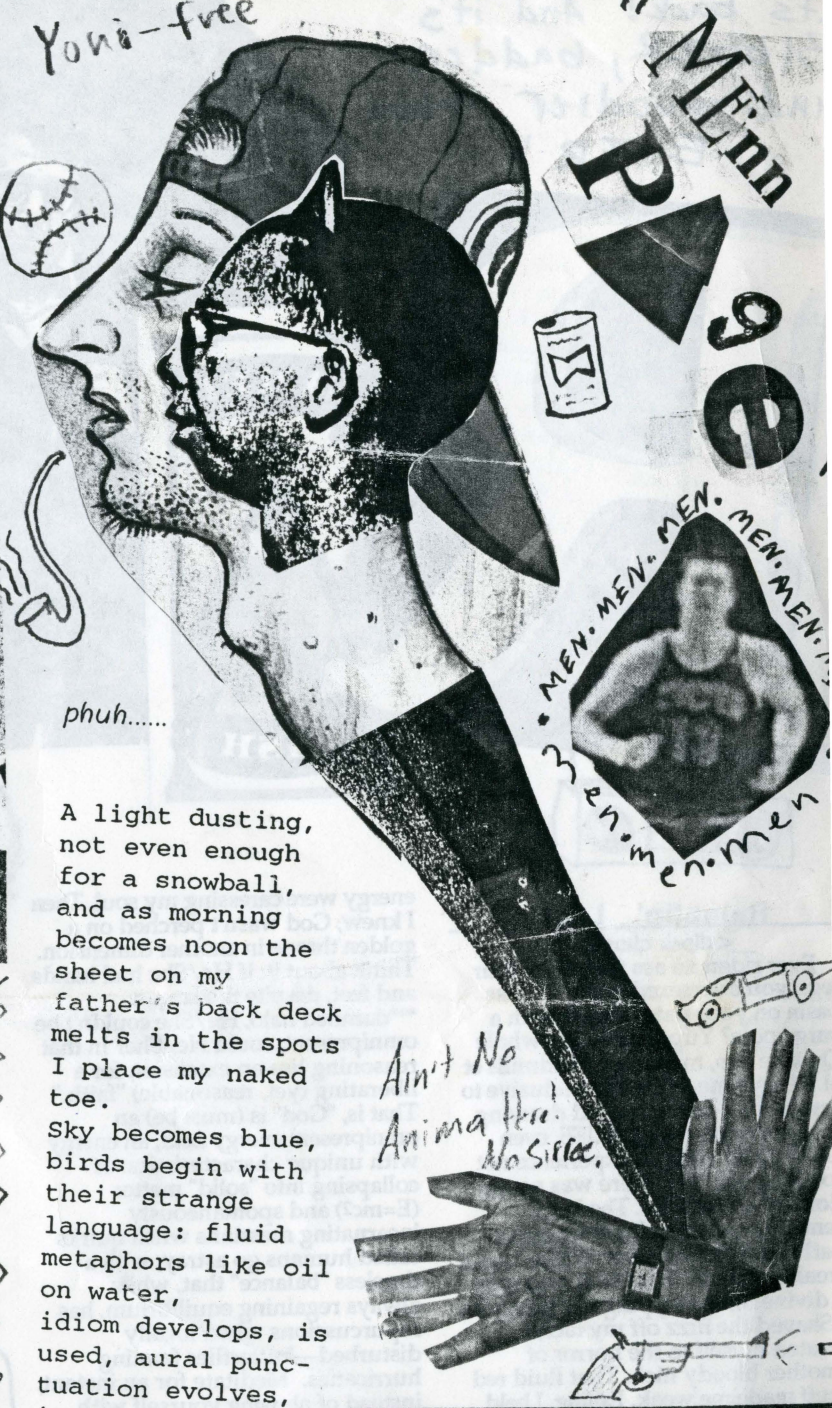
**Portions From A Journal of Existence: (In Praise of Ambiguity)**

by: Bob Shumate

The damn alarm went off too early this morning. I cursed out my vintage 1982 Toshiba clock that sounds like a prison buzzer opening up the cell of life for me to enter every day. I staggered to the pot to do my daily business and read the TIMES. I started a Hoyo De Monterrey Excalibur, took four long eternal drags and moved to the patio to reread a letter I received yesterday. My eyes combed through the knotted words as I sipped on my coffee and looked at the scribble over and over again. My fingers ached as I reached for the black ink pen lying on the table and I began to respond. It wasn't a very long response. Honestly, I probably didn't say enough. Moral ambiguity was the main thrust of my response. It wasn't about human nature, if one defines human nature in a literal way. But, if one defines human nature by the actions people commit, then it was about the transcendental ego we all participate in. People, in general, are morally ambiguous creatures wavering between the right and wrong of their society. This wavering or oscillation between right and wrong is

the greatest characteristic of humanity. It would be a boring place if everyone did right all the time or did wrong all the time. Think of it, an entire planet of humans doing good or evil constantly, with no oscillation between the two. There would be no Nazis saving Jews or Christians killing for the cause of the Kingdom. There would just be a constant state of repetition. It would be like working on an assembly line. Perform function. Disengage. Perform function. Disengage. No differentiation to be found. Constantly performing good or performing evil would become dull and mundane. But to have the freedom to choose one or the other, now that is enticing. In this state of freedom and possibility, conflicting emotions and actions can come to life: Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, Love and Hate, Passion and Apathy, Laughter and Tears, Ecstasy and Pain, Decisiveness and Indecisiveness. Ambiguity gives rise to these and many more. So raise your glass and have a toast to ambiguity and oscillation, the basic human behavior.

-c.b.



phuh.....

A light dusting, not even enough for a snowball, and as morning becomes noon the sheet on my father's back deck melts in the spots I place my naked toe. Sky becomes blue, birds begin with their strange language: fluid metaphors like oil on water, idiom develops, is used, aural punctuation evolves, is ignored, and tertiary meaning is conveyed to become a fourth level. If reader discusses poem with another, poem becomes virus, identical to sunsets, and lonely funerals and professional wrestling.

-Jay Stovall

**SWIMMING UNDER WATER** for even 25 yards is a feat that would exhaust the average person. Claude Newberry went 72 yards! He says: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel"—that's how I prize the 'lift' I get with a Camel after swimming."





# Peter and Willy Are Visited by a Salesman.

by c. schaffer.

-Willy: Hello, how are you?

-Peter: I am good.

-Willy: Well, I just came over for a chat.

-Peter: Oh, well, good.

-Willy: I noticed on the way over that the Scintillating Skin Care van is parked on your block. Scintillating Skin Care salesmen in variegated uniforms appeared to be rushing door to door, balms akimbo, peddling their skin care wares. They were headed this way.

-Peter: In view of the impending vending I think I should turn off the doorbell. [doorbell rings]

-Willy: Too late.

-Peter: We'll have to answer it.

-Willy: There's no doubt about that. They probably saw me come in. They know we're here, and those pitiless bastards have connections in Disease Dissemination.

-Peter: I'll get it. [Peter opens the door]

-Salesman: Good afternoon. I'm from Scintillating Skin Care. May I come in and tell you about some of our new products?

-Peter: Come on inside and have a seat, sir. We'd love to hear about your products. [all take their seats]

-Salesman: This is our brand new

Freckelimulator lotion. Its purpose is to

-Willy: Its purpose is evident already, sir.

-Salesman: Ah, but you are wrong. Our newest advertising scheme solves the application of drastic misnomers to our products. The

tactic is irony, you see, for what could be more ironic than a line of skin care products the surface meanings of whose names are completely deceptive?

-Willy: Few things could be.

-Peter: What is the actual property of the Freckelimulator lotion?

-Salesman: It transmutes the treated portion of human

epidermis into a remarkable facsimile of goat epidermis.

-Peter: How in God's name could such a product be marketable?

-Salesman: People might surprise you. I know they surprised me. Of course, that was a long time ago and I'm used to them now. Even still,

though, when I am on occasion taken at unawares, I feel traces of what could be termed "surprise."

-Willy: When was the last time a person surprised you, I mean genuinely surprised you?

-Salesman: Only last week I was talking to a potential client - and getting nowhere, I might add - when he starts spinning off this ludicrous theory about how to win.

-Peter: Win what?

-Salesman: Well, that's part of it, you see, he had this notion that life is a sort of competition the purpose of which is to connect the physical aspects of language with the objects or ideas they represent.

-Willy: That doesn't make any sense.

-Salesman: No, not really. I didn't explain it very well either, though. I'll give you an example. For instance, he thought it was devilishly clever to use big words that mean big things, like "elephantine." He fawned for five minutes over the "t" in "spit" that causes those with certain speech problems to expectorate slightly. If the spelling of the word "circle" were changed to "oooooo" he might instantly die in a spasm of excessive pleasure. You see what I'm getting at.

-Peter: I do, and I see why you were surprised.

-Willy: Well, I must be going. I'll take the "Tried-and-True-Healthy-Hue-Imbuer" lotion. How much is it?

-Salesman: Free. It's experimental.

[2/3 exeunt]

