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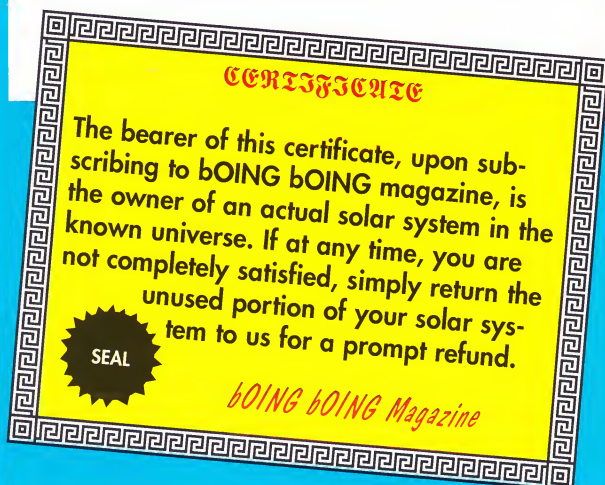
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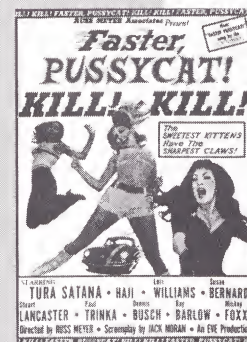
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Welcome!

Carla and I were both fighting over who got to write the "Welcome" page this time, but since she's up in Los Gatos writing her book (*Net Chick*, Holt 1995), I get to do it!

Did you notice that we moved our offices again? How many places have we lived in since we started *BOING BOING*? Let's see:

1. Sherman Oaks, CA 1988

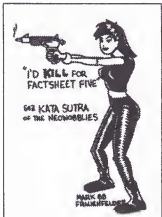
Carla and I wanted to meet cool famous people and get free stuff in the mail, so we decided to do a zine. The germ for *bb* was spawned in an apartment building that I'm



almost certain is now being used as Jessie and Andrea's place on 90210. Above is one idea for the cover of issue #1. The cover that we actually used is on the right.

2. Boulder, CO 1989

We laid out all of issue #1 in



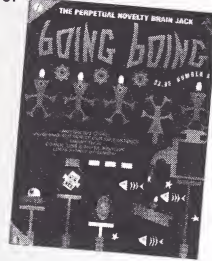
California, but we suddenly moved to Boulder when I foolishly decided I wanted to be an engineer again. The good thing about it was that we could use the engineering compa-

ny's photocopier to xerox as many copies of *BOING BOING* as we needed, which was about 100 for the first issue. It was also in Boulder that Kata Sutra, our memetic agent, discovered us. Shown here is an early police sketch, based on glimpses of the elusive Kata. We stayed in Boulder for 7 issues of *bb*. We met our supercool Senior Editor Gareth through the mail during this period. Boulder was by far our longest roost. But it was boring in Colorado – all skiers and heehaw cowboys.

3. Toluca Lake, CA 1992

So I quit my job and we moved back to

Los Angeles, where we printed our first issue with a full-color cover (shown here in glorious black and white).



4. Hollywood, CA 1992

We moved again after about three months. I'm still not sure why.

5. Los Angeles, CA 1993

We were on a roll! After just six or seven months, flush with cash from the gig I got designing Billy Idol's *Cyberpunk* album, we moved to a bigger place in West LA. Things we're going great for three months, then *Wired* called and offered me a job in San Francisco. So we packed up all our stuff and headed north.

6. 2nd Street, San Francisco, CA 1993

BOING BOING set up shop on the first floor of the *Wired* building.

There were four or five other micro magazine publishers sharing one big room with us, including *Cups*, *Might*, and *Hum*.

7. 4th Street, San Francisco, CA 1994

In '94, everybody had to get out of the building so the owners could earthquake proof it. *Wired* moved to 3rd St, and *BOING BOING*, *Might* and *Hum* leached space from the *Chronicle*, SF's highly educational and gripping newspaper.

8. Los Angeles, CA 1995

By the end of the year, Carla and I had had enough of SF: hideous parking, bad weather, no movie theaters, long lines for everything, crowded restaurants, and grim kooks.

My pals at *Wired* said I could work for them from LA, so we packed up yet again and headed south. We've been in West Hollywood for three months. We love it, but Carla is starting to read the real estate section of the paper every Sunday. Help! – Mark

Dear Carla,

Okay, I'm initially reduced to one word: WOW...

Congratulations on issue #13, especially on its broadened scope. There are plenty of silicon scraps included, as always, but you've further expanded the borders, it seems, into places that are both equally interesting and easier to market. (That Riot Nrrrd T-shirt of y'all's; that about sums it up, yeah.)...

May continued success be yours!

W Brenner

Austin, TX

Dear Boingerola Boingeristas,

Just to let you know how pleased I am that so highly-charged a countercultural electromagnet as Gareth Branwyn has chosen to pass no current to the New Age parasites and their ilk. Too long have I shuddered to see them seeping into cyberculchuh, through cracks in *Mondo* and Internet; and sadly the influence of channelers and crystal-therapists and fuzzy headed SouthernCal "spiritual teachers" has undercut a promising shift toward spiritual values fostered in the '60s. (See Jacob Needleman's book *The New Religions* or his *The Indestructible Question* for intelligent perspective on spiritual work... and see the new Michael Tolkien movie *The New Age* for apposite satire.) Gareth's column was funny and cut right to the quick.

Spiritual work is struggle, a serious, quiet, internal struggle for consciousness, and nothing more (and nothing less). It is not rosy; it is not likely to make you optimistic. And it most definitely requires the HEAD. Even the Buddha himself said, and I quote, "Question everything." Gurdjieff warned of charlatans, and prescribed the scientific method. There is something to be learned, for a price (a huge payment of effort, not money) – but 99.999% of "magicians" and pseudo-sufis and the other people wandering in that junkyard of philosophical debris will never learn it, except that when they die they'll learn they've done nothing to merit their survival. Anyone who lets themselves be ruled only by their so-called

BOUNCING BACK



"heart" – they wouldn't know their real spiritual heart if it bit 'em in the ass - is as asleep as a gluesniffing WWF fan.

Very much enjoyed the Goth piece – it's an aesthetically-pleasing subculture – and Rucker's piece, which reinforced my great affection for him. Rudy may be the World's Coolest Middle Aged Guy. I suspect he's righter than he knows that God has grown us to be eyes for examining itself. I just hope – after reading Rudy's physical description of Terence McKenna - that he never describes me in print. (Bad enough, William Gibson once described me as "William Hurt as drawn by Dr Seuss"! My friends!)

Yours,
John Shirley
Santa Monica, CA

Dear BOING BOING,

I like your magazine. I've decided to buy a subscription to it; my friend gave me 15 dollars, and I was either going to get this or a "Legion of Doom" T-shirt, but since I only wear about three shirts anyway, I chose this... I really loved the articles you ran on *Dazed and Confused*... my friends are totally infatuated with that movie; all of us have this secret wish that we could just live in that movie every single night for the rest of our lives. So, if you can possibly print more *Dazed* stuff then we all would shit the proverbial brick.

Thanks for all the cool stuff so far...
Adam Zagursky
Auburn, Alabama

Dear Carla,

Got the copy of *BOING BOING* the thirteenth with my piece in it. Thanks. With your help (and Mark's) I have finally broken the one-published-article-per-week barrier. If I have any other weird (as opposed to wired) ideas, I will be sure to send them your way.

One comment: nice to see the encomium to the Brady bill! (Interview

with Darby Romeo.) An affirmation of life over death in a 'zine. Good going. I am writing an editorial quoting *BOING BOING*.

Two comment: re page 9. Harry Partch, with whom I used to perform (I can be seen playing the 'Spoils of War' on the PBS special on his music), did not generally build "instruments out of scrap yard trash." A few of his instruments thriftily used cast-off jars or brake drums as bells (OK, yeah, trash), but he did not take his inspiration from trash but from his musical imagination. Many of his instruments were carefully-crafted, purpose-built, ones. He was a bit strange and standoffish and deserves cardification as a true eccentric (yea, the pot shall call the kettle black!) but interesting music was his goal.

Three comment: Love Skaggs's pranks.

Four comment: Cereghino's article on Anka rings so true.

Five comment: Liked Gareth's anti-newage diatribe. Send him Raskin's Laws of Religion which apply to new age (and other) cults:

1. The founding principles of a religion will be ignored by its followers in direct proportion to the numerical success of the religion.

2. A religious text will sustain any interpretation its followers choose to put upon it.

3. Any miracle, sufficiently understood, is indistinguishable from technology.

4. Any evidence that contradicts a belief is belittled and not confronted.

Thanks. See you.

Jef Raskin
Pacifica, CA

Dear BOING BOING

In a previous letter I said that the drawings and concept of Schwa were not as ground-breaking as one might think. I

have dug up the reference.

There were

two black-and-white books of woodcuts, no words, by Lynd

Ward. Immensely powerful and compelling, they are: *Gods' Man* (1929) and *Mad Man's Drum* (1930), published by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, New York.

Long out of print, it would probably be a money-maker to get the rights to them and reprint them today, perhaps as a CD-ROM; the stark images will scan well. Their wordlessness would make them internationally accessible.

If there's time, you can stick the references above into my letter (if you are still publishing it). Meanwhile I work on my book, which if it works will undermine almost every computer system in use today. Oh, fun for the feeble-minded!

Jef Raskin
Pacifica, CA

All humans fall to your knees and worship Jef for creating the Macintosh project at Apple.

Dear Carla & Mark,

After grabbing me way back in issue 8, I've been a faithful slaving dog – waiting at my newsstand for your mag (even the times it was late)...

Thanks for producing a great mag. My students wait almost as pantingly as I do. (Actually, it's more like: "*boING boING?* Cool." Then my copy disappears). Keep up the good work.

Michael Timmerman

Please write to us!

It's fun and it's an easy way for us to fill up a page without having to think. 11288 Ventura Blvd #818, Studio City CA. 310/854-5747, fax: 310/289-4922, e-mail: carlata@aol.com.



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Matt Wagner

MUTATING SIMIAN BRAINS SINCE 1988!

notices

by gossip girl



Adrian Tomine

■ No wonder these crackpots call their rag *boING boING*. Guess what they've done AGAIN? You got it – they moved! I thought it was just a phase they were going through, but now I realize it's a sick addiction, and I think they need help. They tell me this is their last time, they won't do it again, blah blah blah. Yeah, right. Anyway, here's their NEW address (actually their old digs, from 3 moves and four issues ago, if you can believe that): 11288 Ventura Blvd. #818, Studio City, CA 91604.

While we're on the subject of moving, if YOU are a subscriber (if you're not, you sure as shit should be) who's on the move, make sure to give one of the *bb* clerks your new address right away. With the cheap-ass postage service they use, none of their subscribers' mail is forwarded or returned. If it gets lost, it just hangs out in snail space.

■ I'm so embarrassed! I try to do the *bb* editors a favor by advertising their new Web page in my last column, and then they put their site under major reconstruction. So here's the deal. If you want to know how to find out about their upcoming groovy Net site, e-mail mark@well.com and he'll put you on his mailing list.

Speaking of lists, does Schwa's "abducted@schwa.org" have your name yet? You might as well hand it over, or they'll use their none-too-pretty ways to pluck more than just your name out of you. Just e-mail a letter titled "subscribe abducted" to major domo@schwa.org and you'll be registered. Good human!

■ I wouldn't be telling you this if Nurse Freckle weren't so mean to me, but she deserves everything she gets. So let me be the one to tell you, she was duped in *boING boING* #13's Pranktime! That very fine prankmeister, Joey Skaggs, sent her a photo of "himself," which she prominently displayed under her own blemished face (she calls them freckles, but they're really zits, I swear). His photo, however, was some random dude, and not him at all. Good one, Joey! I better split now before the Nurse finds me here. – GG

YOU JUST
WAIT,
GOSSIP GIRL!



Note from Carla: Word just came in that the Nurse caught wind of the slander above and has eaten this issue's Pranktime column to spite Gossip Girl. We'll see if we can bribe her with a box of itching powder to stay on as *bb*'s Prank Mistress, but it looks like she's out of here for this issue. Sorry! ✕

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publication, but don't set your watch by it. No unsolicited fiction please. All correspondence becomes the property of *boING boING*. "There is only one honest impulse at the bottom of Puritanism, and that is the impulse to punish the man with a superior capacity for happiness." – H.L. Mencken



neurotica

by Ward Parkway

The following is the debriefing checklist that a rock concert medical team gives to people who've flipped out:

Welcome back! You have experienced what we call an Intense Psychedelic Reaction. Your behavior included:

☐ Yelling incoherently and not

responding to simple questions.

☐ Experiencing extreme fear or anxiety.

☐ Walking and/or running around without clothes.

☐ Violently refusing assistance, running away from security and/or medical staff, trying to hit other

patrons and/or security and/or medical staff.

☐ Other.

We treated you by:

☐ Keeping you in a safe place and talking to you in a calm, reassuring manner.

☐ Restraining you with the arms, legs and body weight of our staff.

☐ Restraining you with padded ties.

☐ Injecting you with low doses of Ativan, which helps reduce anxiety, and Haldol, which helps slow down hallucinations... We do not administer these medications unless the situation is so volatile that there is danger of physical harm.

If your trip was particularly long and active, you may find you feel tired, sore and have some bruises. Your physical exertion is the equivalent of a workout lasting for some hours... While we can't say we hope you enjoyed your stay with us, we do hope it was more agreeable than the probable alternatives – involvement with local law enforcement authorities (police, jail, court costs) or emergency medical system (ambulance, hospital, psychiatric holds, medical bills).

■ A marital spat has brought one of the world's major scientific facilities to its knees, halting research into the beginnings of the universe.

CERN, the European particle physics laboratory has an annual budget of \$700 million supported by eighteen different countries and employs over 7,000 scientists and engineers. French CERN control room operator of 27 years, Nicolas Blazianu, 53, went berserk after an argument with his ex-wife (also a CERN employee), and tore out some 1,300 electronic circuits controlling the main atom smasher – the Proton Synchrotron. He then stashed the circuits in the ceiling, walls, and under the floor, and later phoned CERN management to say he'd tell them where the hidden circuits were – for a mere \$350,000.

The incident happened over the weekend of February 11th, and when CERN staff arrived the following Monday morning, they found that the control system had been almost entirely dismantled and several cubic meters of electronics removed. Since then, all the components have been recovered, but now CERN is faced with a Humpty Dumpty problem. The task of reassembling the facility's control circuits is daunting, as the instrumentation has grown organically over the past twenty years and documentation is incomplete.

The atom smasher was shut down for maintenance when the French "deconstructionist" had his way with it. Scientists will not know how long it will take to repair the damage until the end of next month. Police in southeastern France have arrested Blazianu, and have charged him with theft and attempted extortion.



Neurotica Photo of the Month. Do you have a photo you'd like to share with our readers? Send it in (with an SASE if you want it back) and if we run it, we'll give you a *BOING BOING* T-Shirt!

THE ESSENTIALS

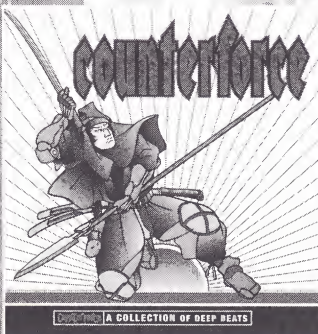
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SPAM haiku

Pink tender morsel
Glistening with salty gel
What the hell is it?

.....

Cube of cold pinkness
Yellow specks of porcine fat
Give me a spork please

.....

Old man seeks doctor
"I eat SPAM daily," he says
Angioplasty

.....

Highly unnatural
The tortured shape of this "food"
A small pink coffin

— Anonymous Net spew

instructions for TONGUE OF FROG

Let's make fun of the Taiwanese! Here are the instructions, typos and all, for a toy called TOUNGE (sic) OF FROG, made in Taiwan. It's a plastic frog with one of those rubbery strips of goo hanging out of its mouth. Eric Herbert <elroy@pobox.com> of Fort Collins, CO e-mailed this to me, so he wins a T-shirt that I wore continuously during a week-long Net surfing session. Lucky guy! — *Gossip Girl*

- Frog. If it is thrown with full of your strenght, it will spit out the tounge, which is like the genuine one from the frog.
- A product has the stickness and is just like a soft rubber band with high contractility. It can be played to stick the remote objects.
- Inspite of it is sticky, it is never like the chewing guns which is glued tightly and cannot be separated.
- If the stickness is not good enough, it

can be washed by soap. After it is dried, it cab be used continously many times.

- The packing paper has printed the bug picture, which can be cut as per the black frame and placed on the table; then you can stick the picture with your tounge of frog.
- The key point for throwing far away is the same as the throwing of fish rod, i.e. to throw out slowly with full of your strength. Separate it with two hands, then release one hand, throw it with full of your strength. No matter what you make a round ball, it will recover the original shape.
- Never throw out the other person's head.
- Keep away from fire.
- Inspite of it is non-toxic, it cannot be eaten.
- Never pull out tounge of frog hard, as it might be separated.
- Its content has the oil, so if it touches on cloth, precious object or wall, the stains will remain if you don't care about it.
- Never put on surface of any object, shall keep in polybag. ✕

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brain candy by Mark

I Don't Have a Life, But I've Got a Cool Scanner

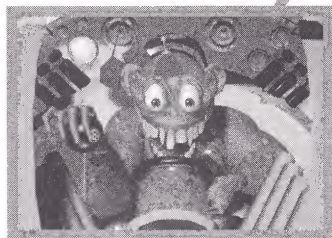
■ I love my Radio Shack Pro-23 50-channel Scanner. Supposedly it picks up aircraft, Ham, cops, firefighters, tow trucks, and public service signals, but I've never tried it on those frequencies. I just scan between 897 - 917 MHz and listen to all the West Hollywood drug dealers, TV execs, drunks, clubowners and other assorted weirdos yammer on their cell phones. It's great! I get to find out what movie starlet got her mammary glands fortified with silicone, which brat packer ended up in rehab for the fourth time, and which news anchor has a girlfriend on the sly. Then there are the anonymous coke deals, lovers' quarrels and phone sex calls. It sure beats watching TV.



Radio Shack Pro-23 [\$170. Radio Shack.]

Virtual Valerie2

■ It's been five years since Virtual Valerie first started spinning in the CD-ROM drives of horny geeks everywhere. The digital sex kitten is back, in *Virtual Valerie 2* and she is supposedly nastier than ever. I saw a censored version at the E3 expo in LA in May, and the girl who demonstrated it promised – using language that made me blush – that the game's 3-D modeling and explicit sex will please even the most jaded porndogs. Where's my free review copy?

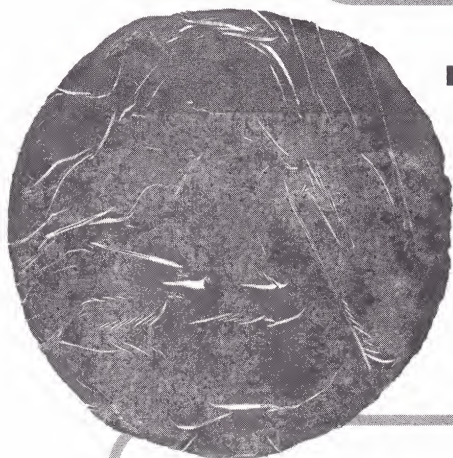


Virtual Valerie 2 [\$64.95. South Pointe Enterprises, Inc.: 401/942-7876.]

Fungus Factory

■ I've been growing my own kombucha mushrooms. It's easy. First, get a mushroom from a friend. Then put it in a gallon of black tea mixed with one cup of sugar. In a week or so, you'll have two mushrooms! The tea and sugar will have turned to a vinegary liquid that you are supposed to drink. The new age types swear it is the cure-all of the century. Me, I like to drink it for the taste, plus it is fun to watch them multiply.

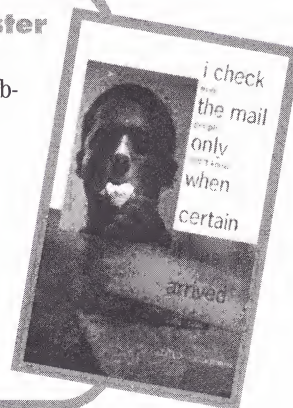
Kombucha Mushroom [Free from a friend.]

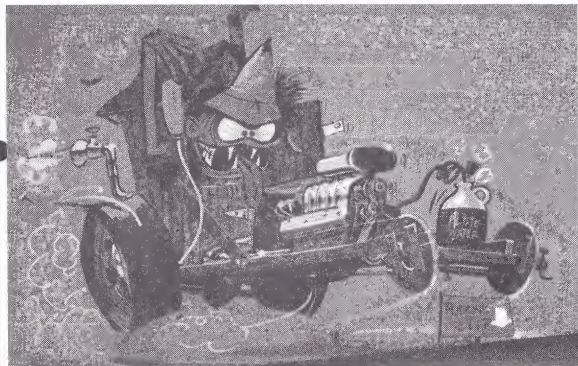


Missives from the Master Cluster

■ I loved *Dirt* magazine. The guys who put it together – Mark Lewman, Spike Jonze, and Andy Jenkins – always seemed to be having a great time. It's a shame that *Dirt* is no longer being published, but I'm glad that the three guys are all doing interesting stuff. Jonze, for example, is directing innovative music videos, and Jenkins has started a publishing company. *i check the mail only when certain it has arrived* is his first book, a collection of letters written to him since 1986 by his friends in the zine network. It's almost as much fun as the scanner (above), but Jenkins cut out some of the juicy parts of the letters and replaced them with [***]s. The scanner *never* says [***] – Mark

i check the mail [\$10.50. Bend Press, PO Box 886, San Pedro, CA 90733.]



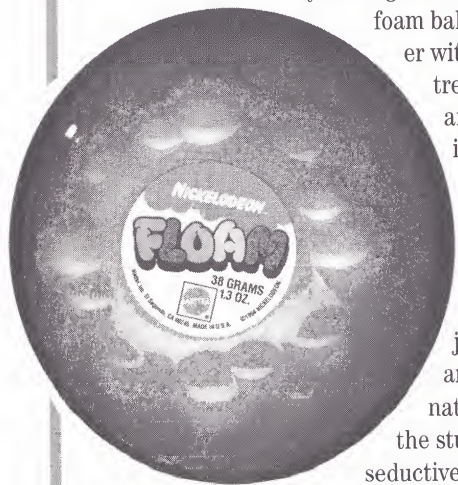


■ Testor's has reissued the plastic models that my friends' older brothers used to build in the '60s. They're called the "Weird-Ohs" and there are four in the series. Each one is of some kind of happy monster driving an impossibly ridiculous vehicle. I bought Huey's Hutrod – an outhouse on wheels, fueled by a jug of "Pluto Water." The assembly instructions are in comic strip form, written by Huey himself: "Va-Room! Ol' Huey here, an' I'm ready to be built. Take muh head halves an' hat an' glue 'em together!" But I think I'll just keep Huey's head halves unglued for a while, because whenever I used to build these things I'd drip glue on the pieces and smear paint all over them, yielding a really lousy looking model. I like the idea that the potential for perfectly-built model waits in the box.

Weird-Ohs Plastic model kits [\$6. Toy and hobby stores.]

Floaming at the Mouth

■ Have you played with Floam yet? It is the successor to Gak, the Nickelodian goop. It smells soooooo good on your fingers. It's like teeny styro-foam balls all stuck together with Rice-Krispie-treat glue and you pull and you squish it and it is weird and oddly, simultaneously dry *and* sticky. And you can mold things out of it, and it bounces. You just *know* toddlers around this great nation are ingesting the stuff – it is just so seductively foodlike, *I want to eat it.* – *Marjorie Ingall*



Floam: [\$5. KMart.]

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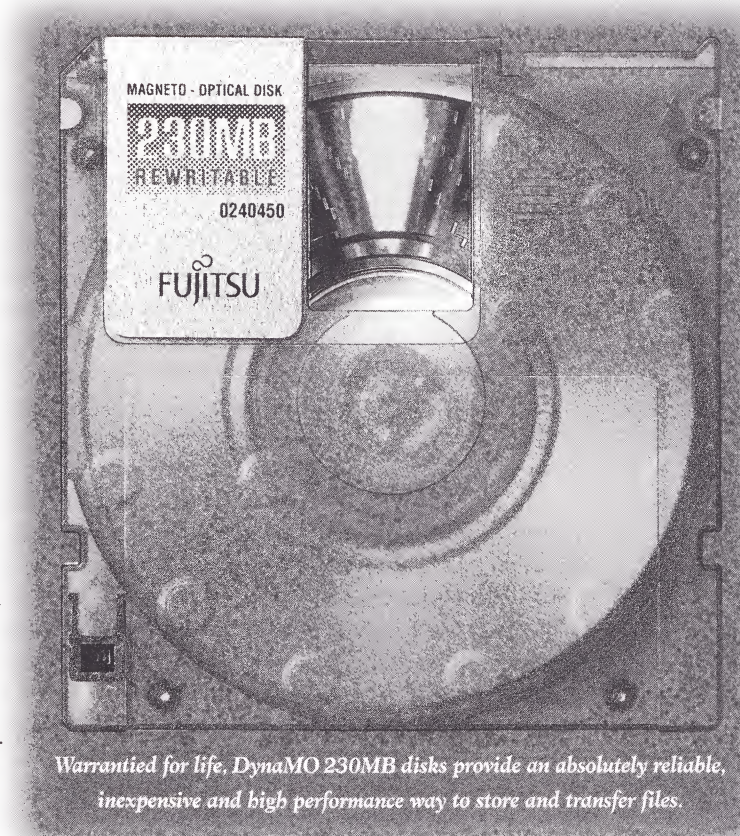
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I'LL SAY

If you typed it, Sheri had to say it

When a deaf person wants to call someone on the telephone, they use a TT (Text Telephone) – basically a computer keyboard, screen and modem – to call a free, state-supported relay service. A relay agent acts as an interpreter, reading aloud what the deaf person types to the hearing person and vice versa.

Sheri, 22, was a relay agent for a year. She had to type 45 words per minutes and be a very good listener.

What did you enjoy most about your job?

I was able to help people that couldn't normally communicate over the phone. It was interesting to become involved in deaf culture – being a relay agent inspired me to study sign language.

What kinds of conversations did you relay?

During the day, they were usually business calls or people ordering pizza or something like that. In the evening, the most common calls were family members talking to each other. The bizarre calls happened late at night.

For example?

I did a few sex calls. Once, a deaf person was typing a sex call to his girlfriend. The girlfriend was hard of hearing so I had to scream pretty loud for her to hear me. I was telling her things like "I want to lick your wet pussy." All the other relay agents could hear me, so it was kind of embarrassing.

There was also a Pentecostal minister who worked at the service and he had a really raunchy sex call one night. A deaf girl was typing and the minister was reading it to this hearing guy. Partly because he was a minister and partly because he was a guy talking to another guy, it was pretty funny. He had to say that he wanted to touch this guy's balls. All the other agents couldn't help laughing because the minister had a really serious expression on his face. He looked like he had to concentrate pretty hard for that call.

Couldn't the woman have requested a female operator?

Yes, like if a female was calling a gynecologist for example, she may want a female relay agent. But some people didn't know they could choose or they just didn't care.

Sex calls were pretty rare, though. But we had to do them because of the equal access policy. That means that the people who use the service can talk about whatever they want and we have to relay the conversation. The names and cities are strictly confidential. We couldn't turn a caller in, even if they were talking about something illegal.

Like drug deals?

I relayed a couple of conversations about drugs. They weren't a big deal though. Usually something like, "Do you have a bag of pot?"

What other unusual calls do you remember?

ANYTHING

like she meant it. by David Pescovitz

911 calls were always really intense. I had a couple of 911 calls where people called to report suicidal friends. Sometimes the person calling wouldn't be a fast typist and we'd have to wait for them to respond to the 911 operator's questions. That'd make everyone a nervous wreck.

Did you ever interpret for people in arguments?

All the time. I told lots of people to "fuck off" over the phone. It was kind of weird being in the middle of these arguments. Sometimes they would even ask my opinion. Like "Agent, what do you think about that? She's wrong isn't she?" I'd say "I'm sorry, but I'm just the operator." It wasn't my job to be a marriage counselor.

Did you talk in a monotone or were you allowed to act?

We were encouraged to use inflection so the hearing people wouldn't get completely bored listening to us. If someone typed "fuck you, I think you're an asshole," I'd say it like I was mad.

How did you express emotion to a deaf person who was reading what you typed?

If the hearing person was laughing, I'd type in parenthesis that they were laughing. If they were crying, I'd type that they were sniffing and crying. If someone was yelling, I'd use lots of exclamation points.

Did you type every word you heard?

A lot of times the hearing people

would be rude and say something in the background to someone else and I would type that. Like, "I really hate getting calls from this person," or "this person is so dumb." The hearing person wouldn't assume that I would type everything they said, but of course I did. That's part of equal access. If they were talking to a hearing person on the phone, they wouldn't make comments like that.

How did the hearing people react to using an interpreter?

Usually, everyone treated me like I was a robot, a machine that automatically typed and read. But every once in a while, the hearing people would get embarrassed. Like if it was a sensitive conversation about marital problems, sometimes the hearing person would say "let's not talk about this because of the relay agent." The deaf people wouldn't be nearly as uncomfortable because they're used to having interpreters. Besides, they appreciate the relay service. Hearing people tend to think it's really slow.

What was the biggest drawback to being a Relay Agent?

It got tedious sometimes, especially with long-winded people going on and on and on. Your hands would get tired!

What kind of job do you have now?

I arrange teleconference calls. I still listen in, but it's not nearly as interesting. The calls are for a bank. ✕



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Late Night URouLette

Gareth Branwyn Stays Up Past His Bedtime

It's late. I'm bored. I should be in bed, but I'm too lazy to pilot the ol' meatbot in that direction. I could go downstairs and channel surf the big 25-inch (if ya know what I mean), but I'm too drag-ass tired for that too. So, I sit here in my overpriced (you don't even want to know) ergonomic gimp chair and stare at the computer screen. After a fleeting thought about actually doing some work (like writing this already over-due column), I decide to wander the Web instead.

"The Web," a suitable name for something that can mercilessly snare you with its powerful sticky threads and then tie you up into a mummified shroud from which there's no hope of escape. How often have I been in this same insomniac state, coming to after hours of mindless link-clicking and typing in unintelligible URLs like

"<http://www.server@buttfuck.edu/the-goodstuff/thereallygoodstuff/thetotally-wildnastygoodstuff.html>" (only to be faced with "Can't find address")? Before I let this depressing train of thought stop me, I click on the "Connect" button and listen for those familiar modem tones, those obnoxious screeching sounds that give me a little pang of pleasure even when it's someone else's modem doing the connecting (like on the other end of the phone or when I'm in a bookstore and I hear them dialing their distributor). I'm a modem-sick puppy.

OK, I'm on... now what the hell do I do? I could run through my (not-so) hotlist of porno sites, but that's an exercise in futility that even in this deadbeat melancholy state I'm not ready for. To surf the Web's horny beaches, you have to be ready for lots of brutal wipe outs: "URL Not Found," "Due to overwhelming traffic, this site has been closed," "Access

Denied!," "Too many people on this service. Come back later," etc. (and you thought real-world scoring was hard!) Or, you find that the site's been 86-ed by The Man and you have to spend the next hour reading and signing petitions and mailing them to school administrators and congresspeople.

Oh wait... what about that URouLette thing I've been hearin' about? It's a Web site that sends you to randomly-chosen pages each time you click on a tacky-looking roulette wheel. Hey, at this point, it's either URouLette or Russian Roulette (and I'd be hard pressed to find a .38 Special at this time of night). After what seems like hours of typing, I have the URL entered

(<http://kuhttp.cc.ukans.edu/cwis/organizations/kucia/uroulette/uroulette.html>) and I smack the Enter key hard so that it makes that definitive clack sound. Ah... here we are at the roulette wheel, ready to gamble our gray matter away. I mouse-down on the wheel... and... nothing happens. "http://www.ai.mit.edu/ Can't find address." Bullshit! It's MIT you moron. It's 3:30 in the fucking morning. Cyberspace is a ghost town. You can't tell me AI's gone to bed! Oh well... try again... SPIN... welcome to the NRL-SCC Data Machine (<http://www7430.nrlssc.navy.mil/etopo5.html>). Great... some sort of Navy mapping page. The military never sleeps. Maybe I'll come back to this one when I want to get sleepy myself. Back to the wheel... and SPIN. Another big bust... a front end for an FTP archive on stellar physics (<http://cfa-www.harvard.edu/cfa/ssp.html>) That .38's lookin' better all the time. Back to the wheel. SPIN. Hey, this looks kinda cool (maybe I'm getting punchy), it's some college kid's Home Page ([gates/\). He's got stuff about himself, his family, his academic and personal interests, his own MOO and e-zine, and links to friends' pages. This seems like a really fun and creative thing for college kids to be doing, doesn't it? OK, you're right, I've completely lost it. SPIN. As if it read my mind, I'm now staring at the National Rifle Association Women's Affairs Page \(<http://www.nra.org/NRA-Womens-Issues.html>\). Maybe I could get one of these gun-toting' lady six-packs to put this bored insomniac riot nrrrd out of his misery. What's next, an NRA Kiddie's Page? "Color the AK-47." "Can you find your way through the survival camp maze?" SPIN. Finally, something even remotely interesting. It's the Paisley Brain Cells Home Page \(<http://www.connectus.com/~jaym/pbc.html>\). PBC, I learn, is an indie band from Reno, Nevada. Cool inline images. I read on: "Originally inspired by the freeform jam styles of the Grateful Dead..." Yick. Stop. SPIN again. Oh great... now I'm at the Virtual White House \(<http://www.whitehouse.gov/>\). Man, good thing I'm not playing this game in Vegas. My luck stinks tonight! Over a million and a half documents available on the Web and I have to end up with the Navy, the NRA, a crunchy granola band, and the White House. I high-tail it back to the roulette wheel before I totally embarrass myself by downloading images of Socks the cat. Mousedown, baby... come to papa, and... SPIN I'm in Sweden! \(<http://www.pt.hk-r.se/student/di92jn/cronholm.html>\) Hey look, I can't read a fucking word except "Viking" which appears frequently throughout the text. I search in vain for some hot pix of naked Viking babes. Sigh. SPIN. Cool! It's a huge listing of "Yo Mamma" jokes](http://www.cen.uiuc.edu/~mr-</p></div><div data-bbox=)

(<http://silver.ucs.indiana.edu/~jmkeller/yomama.html>). "Yo mamma so fat she goes to a restaurant, looks at the menu and says 'OK!'" "Yo mamma so stupid it took her two hours to watch 60 minutes." "Yo mamma so ugly when she joined an ugly contest they said 'Sorry, no professionals.'" The list goes on... and on... and on... Yo papa so nauseous, he better get outta here, fast. This is truly starting to erode the very foundations of my self-esteem. Just a coupla more turns at the wheel and then I'll go make a Sominex/NyQuil milkshake. SPIN. The next "home" I find myself in is so dull-as-dirt I can't even bring myself to write about it. The last few granules of my self-esteem drain through me like an antique hourglass on Judge Ito's bench. Maybe I could just jump from my second story window? If I went head first... ONE LAST SPIN. Finally! Something worth wasting my time on. It's the Church of Sub Genius Home Page (<http://mt.www.media.mit.edu/people/mt/subg/subg.html>). Even tired ol' Bob looks good at this point. There's slack rants here and links to a bunch of other sites I've been meaning to check out (The Chick Comics archive, the Discordian Home Page, Snake Oil). Just as I start to dive in and explore, a big, deep, fundamental yawn comes over me. All of a sudden, after several hours of surfing the Dead Sea, after finding the first piece of intel I might actually enjoy, I've run out of steam. I add this page to my Netscape bookmarks, disconnect my modem, and leave my PC to be gobbled up by its screen saver.

As I hobble off to bed, I'm haunted by a soft little voice: "Gawd, the Net totally sucks! That was a complete fucking waste of our time!" I swat the carping gremlin off my shoulder. "But you're wrong, my little man," I tell him. "I just sleazed a column out of it." X



zip.6

by Rudy Rucker

From: rucker@sjsumcs.sjsu.edu

Subject: My answers to Nozomi's e-mail interview questions for the SPECIAL RUCKER ISSUE of HAYAKAWA SF MAGAZINE, augmented and edited for use by HOLLAND SF

To: NOZOMI OHMORI <JAF00101@nifty-serve.or.jp>

Date: March 4, 1995

1: First of all, I'd like you to tell us something about THE HACKER AND THE ANTS. In the letter, you categorize it as "TRANSREAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY," So, I also want to know whether it makes an interconnected series along with former three novels (THE SECRET OF LIFE, WHITE LIGHT and THE SEX SPHERE).

My nine novels break into three groups: the LIVE ROBOTS group, the TRANSREAL group, and the OTHER group. THE HACKER AND THE ANTS is part of the TRANSREAL series which includes THE SECRET OF LIFE, SPACETIME DONUTS, and WHITE LIGHT. THE SECRET OF LIFE is about me in high-school and college. I was a young beatnik freak punk and the objective correlative for this in the book is that I discover that I am in fact from a flying saucer. SPACETIME DONUTS, the first SF book I wrote, is about my days as a graduate student at Rutgers U. in New Brunswick, NJ. Note that Vernor Maxwell spends a lot of time in libraries. WHITE LIGHT is about when I was a math prof at SUCAS Geneseo in Geneseo, NY. Note that I did not write the books in the temporal order which they describe. Updike says something like "a writer uses up his memories, the most valuable resource." I started a novel about my Lynchburg, VA, years called TWINKS, but it was too filled with hate and too sexually intense, so I never finished it. In a way, THE HOLLOW EARTH is about Lynchburg, a.k.a. Killeville. Get it? To lynch is to kill thus the name. With the bogus quaint extra 'e'.

Nine Novels:

Live Robots:

Software
Wetware
[Freeware goes here]

Cobb and Sta-Hi

Transreal books:

The Secret of Life
Spacetime Donuts
White Light
The Sex Sphere
The Hacker and the Ants

Conrad Burger 63 - 67
Vernor Maxwell 67 - 72
Felix Rayman 72 - 78
Alwin Bitter 78 - 80
Jerzy Rugby 86 - 92

Other novels:

Master of Space and Time
The Hollow Earth

Fletcher and Harry
Mason Reynolds

(continued on next page)

BOING BOING 15

2: When you came to Japan in 1990, you mentioned about the sequel/prequel of WETWARE, whose working title was HARDWARE or LIMPWARE. What happened to it? Are you still planning to write it, or you have other plans for your new novel?

I am now writing FREEWARE, the sequel to SOFTWARE and WETWARE. SOFTWARE and WETWARE are about to be repackaged and released as a single volume called LIVE ROBOTS by Avon Books. FREEWARE starts out in 2,053 in Santa Cruz, California. The east and west coasts of the US have a lot of new citizens called moldies. These are pieces of flickercladding that have chipmold living inside them. Some of the chipmold is psychedelic so

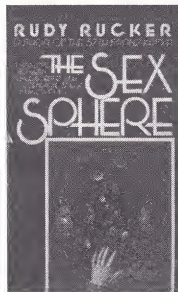


you can get severely high by hanging out with a moldie. Moldies are also great for sex, but there is the problem that they are likely to stretch out a tendril up your nose, punch through the weak spot near the eye and put a "thinking cap" in your head. How did the moldies become US citizens? Thanks to the efforts of Senator Stanley Hillary Mooney (D, California).

3: You have cooperated with various sf writers so far. Generally, how the collaboration is done? Using e-mail or phone?

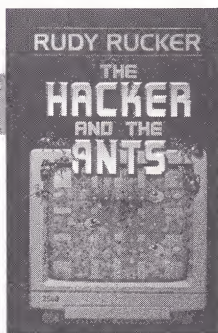
Each collaboration is different, even with the same guy. My ideal model of it is that I write something, put it on disk, send the printout and disk to the other guy, he adds but doesn't fuck with my part too much, and sends me back the new printout and disk. In practice the other writer will tend to fuck with my text and I fuck with his, and we write flaming letters about hands off this and that or put this or that back. It's great fun, as usually writing is an extremely isolated activity. One way that I organize

writing with a friend is that each of us is responsible for one character who is in fact a transreal representative of the responsible author.



4: When you were young, what kind of science fiction did you like to read? Tell us your growing-up story in the sf field. Do you consider yourself as a science fiction writer? How do you want to be called? A writer, a programmer, a mathematician, a mathenaut<g>, or a cultural hero?

When I was young my favorite science fiction writer was Robert Sheckley. When I was 15 I was



injured when the chain of a swing broke and I ruptured my spleen. I was in the hospital, and my mother brought me UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS by Robert Sheckley. Somewhere Nabokov writes about the "initial push that set the ball rolling down these corridors of years", and for me it was Sheckley's book. I thought it was the coolest thing I'd ever seen, and I knew in my heart of hearts that the coolest thing I could ever do would be to be a science fiction writer.

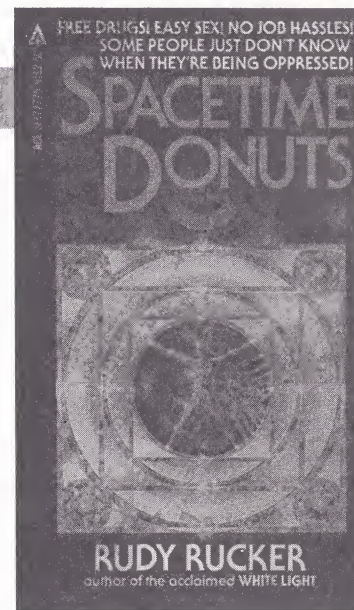
As for the question of what I want to be called? Of course "cultural hero" is the best. In my new book/software ARTIFICIAL LIFE LAB, it says, "Novelist, scientist, and cult hero Rudy Rucker has emerged as a key figure in the cyberpunk culture that has developed at this century's close." Right on.

5: It seems that there is a strong relationship between your nonfiction and novels. For instance, WHITE

LIGHT can be considered as a sort of novelization of INFINITY AND MIND. Will you explain the relationship for us. And, do you have any plan to write a new nonfiction book?

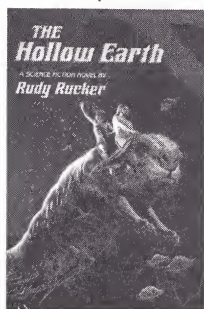
Most recently I did this again. THE HACKER AND THE ANTS is the fiction version of the research I carried out to write ARTIFICIAL LIFE LAB. I love SF simply for the rock'n'roll *feel* of it, the power-chords, the funk. But, if pressed by academics, I can spit out the truism that SF is a laboratory for conducting thought-experiments.

My agent Susan Protter tells me that each night before she goes to sleep she prays that I will write another nonfiction book. Because these are the books of mine that



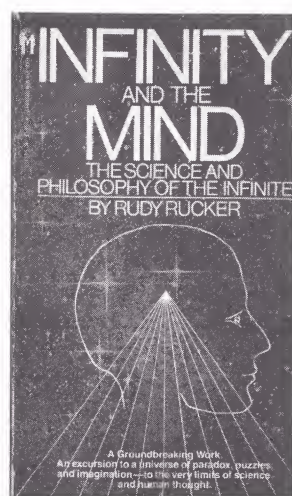
actually make money. In my books INFINITY AND THE MIND, THE FOURTH DIMENSION, and MIND TOOLS, I was regurgitating all of the vast knowledge that I had about a field that I had been obsessed with for many years, respectively, mathematical logic, higher dimensions, and the field of mathematics viewed from an information-theoretic standpoint. If I live long enough, I will eventually excrete and/or regurgitate a giant wonderbook about what computers do, also about chaos, also about *gnarl*. I guess I'll write it after I finish FREEWARE. But the

older I get, the slower I write, so I'm expecting FREEWARE to take me two years, i.e. I don't expect to finish it until the Spring of 1996, and when I write my computer book it will take two more years, so that won't be done until 1998. With computers there's this media hype



that things are coming in and out of fashion really fast – indeed I contributed to the hype by editing the MONDO 2000 USER'S GUIDE. But the fact is that there are certain stable truths

about the field, and I am wallowing in this information, and when I am fully imbued I will indeed speak my piece.



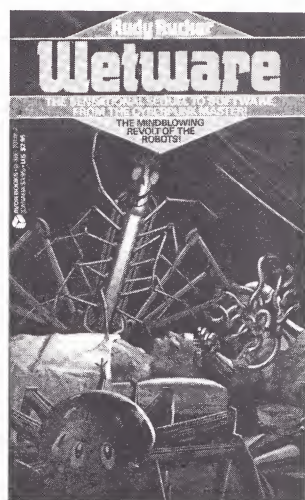
ware moldie construct inhabited by pay-per-view users.

7: Recently I bought HUGO/NEBULA ANTHOLOGY CD-ROM, ISAAC ASIMOV'S ULTIMATE ROBOTS CD-

6: When you were in Japan in 1993, you told me that you were considering to write a story based on your experiment in Japan. Is there any progress on that project?

I'm glad you asked that question because I had in fact forgotten my bold promise to write such a story. In fact I think I may use some of my Japan experiences in FREEWARE.

Because Gibson did so much about Japan in his books, it seems kind of plastic and imitative and bogus for me to do some Japan chapters. So I'm resisting the notion. But the fact is that I have some really good material, and hopefully I can overwhelm the fear and take it to a new edge. One thing I particularly want to write about is a lizard I saw in the famous Zen garden in Kyoto. A lizard living under a rock in the most famous Zen garden. How enlightened is that lizard or what? I plan to have him be a limp-



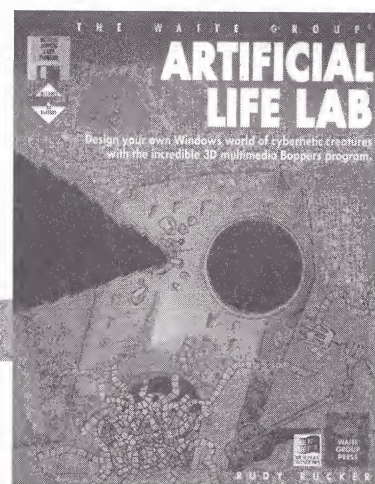
ROM, Robert Grudin's BOOK (Expanded Book version), and so on. How do you think about those multimedia titles? Any plan of making one for yourself?

To me it seems like multimedia still doesn't have it together. When I get really old, I want to take everything I've done: all the books, all the journals, all the software – take all that and put in one giant wonderdisk. But I don't think the tech is truly together yet.

8: As a question to a philosopher of modern age, do you still believe in the Many World Interpretation? In MIND TOOLS, you defined the reality as a group of cellular automata, but after that you seem to have changed

your opinion. What made you think that the reality is more complicated than that?

My favorite new take on philosophy is Terence McKenna's TRUE HALLUCINATIONS. I met Terence this winter when we were in Lisbon as *actors* (along with Robert Anton Wilson) in a movie called LX94: A MANUAL OF EVASION, being made by Edgar Pera for the City of Lisbon, Portugal in honor of the fact that Lisbon is the "Cultural Capital of Europe" for 1994. Reality is very gnarly and very novelistic. For instance: TRUE HALLUCINATIONS is primarily about a *very* strange



trip that Terence took on March 4 and now, in the process of re-editing these answers for HOLLAND SF, I notice that the original answers were written by me on... March Fourth! God... God has the budget. This is a spare-no-expenses non-virtual reality we're in!

A bit more seriously, I now think of reality as a strange attractor which arises a non-temporal process of evolution along an axis perpendicular to spacetime. A tangled loop, a strongly self-coupled feedback system that settles in on the shape we experience. Note that strange attractors are normally fractals, so this dovetails with my claim in MIND TOOLS that life is a fractal in Hilbert space.

9: If it's possible, I still want to have brief transreal comments on your former nine novels.

See the answer to question 1. X



FREE STUFF

■ I have taken especial delight recently at returning cards that fall out of magazines. They are so numerous that the CIA could trace me by following the trail of these "blown in" adverts which I leave wherever I walk. You know them, the "free magazine" where they send you an invoice on which you write CANCEL if you don't want it. Instead of throwing out the cards, I recycle them by putting them in the nearest mailbox. If there's a place to check "send it" I don't check it. If there's room for a signature, I don't sign. Any Good Samaritan could have found and mailed it, no way to prove I did. Every time so far, I've gotten the stuff. Two have been free CDs. One of them was OK. The other made a good shiny target for rifle practice.

Sometimes they call and ask for payment (dunning letters I just toss). I say, "I didn't order anything." They say I did, so I ask, "Do you have an order from me?" When they look at what they have, they give up and go away. After I hang up the phone I can imagine the conversation, "Hey, Mike, why did you send out a CD to this guy, he didn't check the box."

"Then why did he return the fucking card?"

"Didn't they look at it out back?"

"With 18 thousand of these coming in who's looking at each card?"

One of my biggest scores, also perfectly legal, was done in cold blood. Preoccupied by my work one day, I was especially annoyed when a young man in a suit knocked on my door with a handful of literature

extolling the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I've always liked reference books, but the library is full of them and I had better ways of spending \$800. He was persistent and obnoxious, and I got angry. Most people can't tell when I'm angry. I don't yell or curse, and my face goes all friendly as I happily think of all the nasty things I can do in response. I gave him one last chance, saying "No, thanks," firmly, but he kept trying, "You know, I can get you a special price..."

My concentration shattered, I chose my revenge and invited him in.

He was motoring on automatic pilot through his flip chart when I looked at my watch and said, "Oh, dear. This was so fascinating that I lost track of time. I have to go to a meeting. Can you come back next week?" He said he could and we made the date.

The next week he came back, and he started over at the beginning. A pre-arranged phone call from my friend in the back apartment informed me of an "emergency" and I had to excuse myself, pausing only to set up another meeting for the next day. At that meeting I asked him to start where he had left off instead of the beginning. This was hard for him but he did it. I made all kinds of wows, goshes, and gees, agreeing with almost every absurd claim he made. When he was finished, I asked him for a copy of the contract, avidly filled it in but didn't sign it, and walked him to the door with pen in hand. As he turned around on my door step to face me, I handed him the contract, said curtly, "No thanks, I don't want one."

and closed the door.

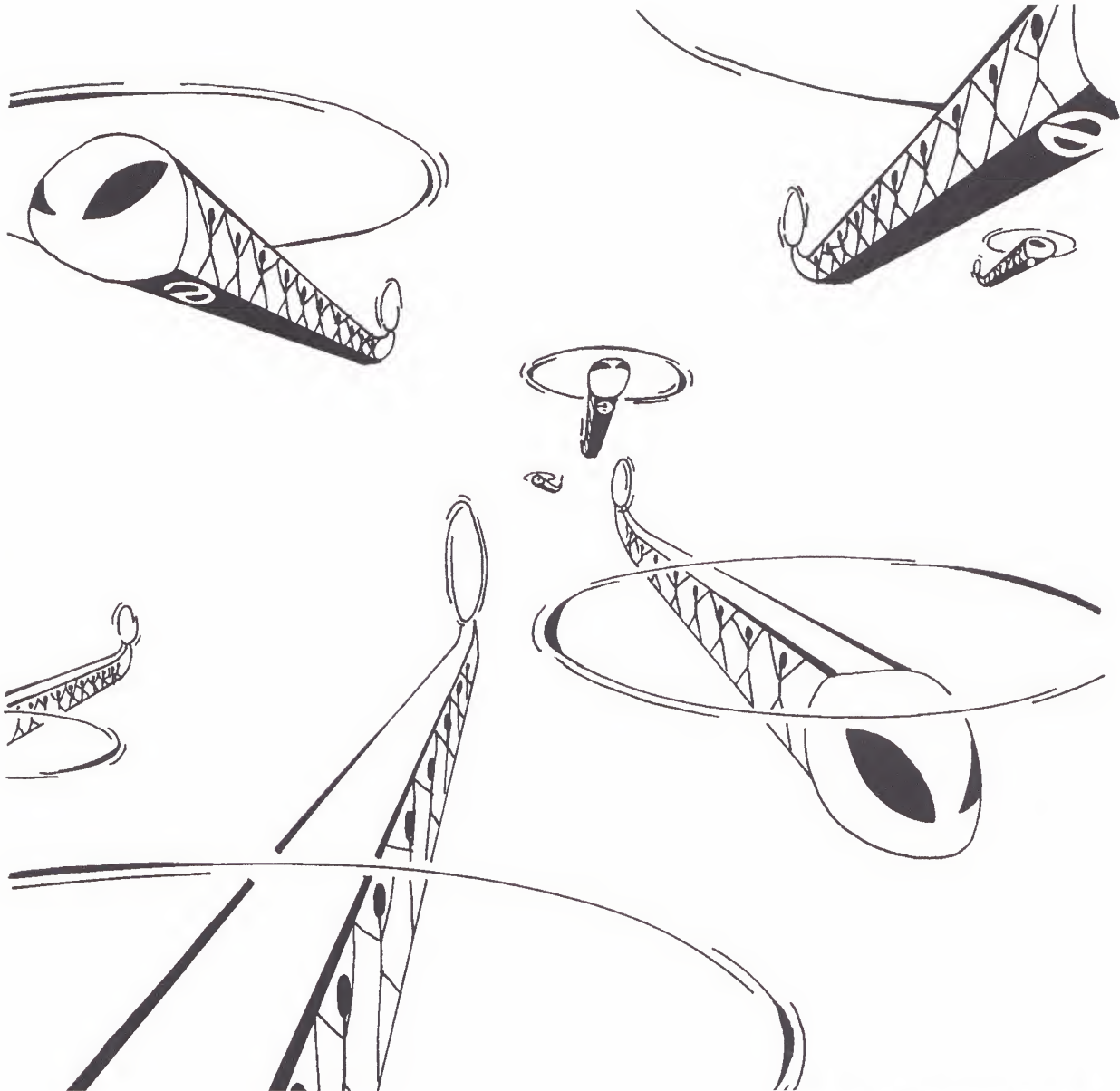
He rang the door bell, and when I opened the door he was livid with anger. I was up 5 points. I said "Goodbye," smiled pleasantly, and when I went out at suppertime he wasn't there anymore. He came back the next day though, full of rage. He told me that I was going to take the damn *Encyclopædia* whether I wanted to or not. I just closed the door, gently, in his face. He was back again later, but I wouldn't open the door and as I watched him through the peephole he tore something up and threw it against the house. I had him dead to rights for littering, but I went out and picked up the pieces myself after he left.

The pieces were a carbon copy of the contract, the buyer's copy, and he'd forged my name at the bottom. He'd never seen my signature, and it wasn't even close. So I taped the pieces together and put them in a drawer.

A few weeks later a deluxe, leather-bound, gilt-edged edition of *Britannica* appeared along with a bill in four figures. I wrote a polite letter telling them what had happened, pointing out that the signature was forged, and thanking them for their gift of unsolicited merchandise, as per state law. I got an even more polite letter back saying that the salesman had been fired, and asking the return of the volumes or a payment. I threw that and all successive missives from them in the garbage. It took two years, but eventually they stopped wasting postage.

Thank you, Mr. or Ms. Britannica. ✕

HEAVEN NOW.SM



A buzz of positive paranoia is crossing the nation as the government prepares to reveal its secret plans for building heaven on Earth. Everyone now realizes that's what all the secrecy was about. Clever world leaders are working on a way to free everyone from the hell of work... forever! An announcement is expected by Christmas, telling us that we can leave our jobs, never to return.

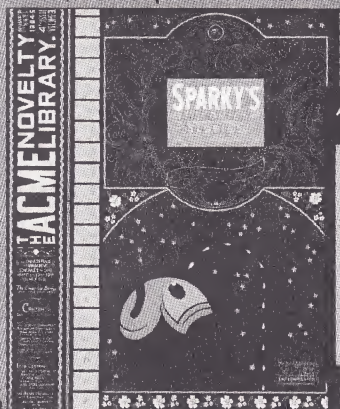
More information is available on page **58**.

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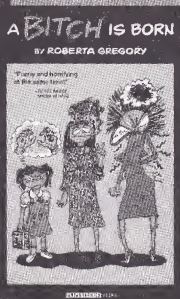
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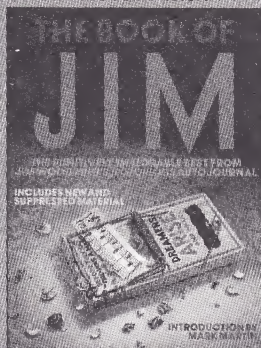
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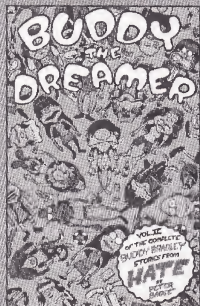


Not since the heyday of the '60s underground comix revolution have so many graphic geniuses, visionaries, and crackpots conspired to amuse, revolt, turn on, baffle, inspire, and wig out the literati with their crazed scrawlings.

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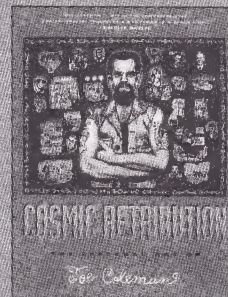
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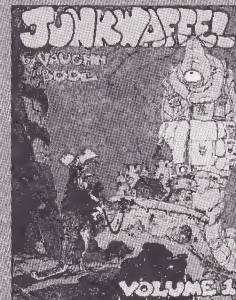
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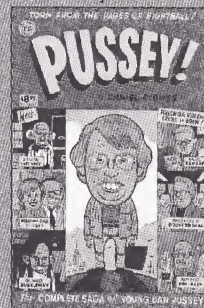
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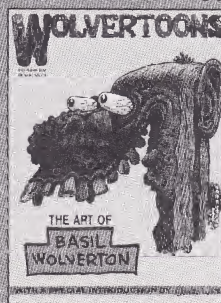
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I'm Waisted!

The goal of corsetry is the constriction of the waist and, through it, the re-shaping of the human body. A good corset can comfortably reduce the wearer's waist by two to five inches; the brave and the well-trained can squeeze their waist by up to a third, and with time, some of the reduction becomes permanent. The desire to constrict the waist as much as possible is similar to the motivation behind tattooing, piercing, and other body modification: it's an expression of mind over matter with a definite element of fetish.

And me? I like looking like an anatomical impossibility. I love the feeling of my corset – like a pair of hands firmly encircling my waist. And, of course, most of all, I like the attention!

Fashion details: my corset is made of burgundy changeable taffeta with black lace trim and spring-steel boning. I got it for \$200 from Dark Garden, makers of hand-tailored corsets. Contact them at 415/626-6264.

– Jessica Wing



There's no denying that Russ Meyer is an unparalleled B-movie master. A true original, he's created a genre all his own and become an American institution. With one Russ Meyer film pretty much like the next, no single filmmaker has gotten more mileage out of breast fetishism – and if it ain't broke, Russ won't fix it. With over twenty titles to his credit he claims to have begun production on his newest, *Up the Valley of the Beyond*, but he seems to be in no hurry to complete any of his projects. The release date he gives for his anx-

The Best of the

iously awaited *Mondo Topless II* is "someday" and his long-hyped, eight-hour masterpiece *The Breast of Russ Meyer* has been "soon to be released" for the past seven years.

By far the most important element of a Russ Meyer feature are the buxotics: the gals of brobdingnagian dimensions who largely contribute to the sensational formula that makes a Russ Meyer film instantly recognizable and unfailingly rousing. We caught up with two of his most galvanic, D-cup discoveries, having the rare opportunity to discuss their lives in and out of the hyper-real world of Russ Meyer.

– Matt Maranian

Haji in "*Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*" (1966).

Although immortalized as "Rosie," the snarling go-go dancer in *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1966) Haji first appeared in *Motorpsycho* (1965) and has more Russ Meyer titles to her credit than any other actress on the breastmeister's talent roster. It's Haji we have to thank for bringing some of the most awe-inspiring beauties to the Russ Meyer screen – having scouted out many of them herself. She also made significant creative contributions to the films in which she appeared, in addition to writing most of her dialogue. Haji infused her own brand of psychedelia with her roles in the Russ Meyer films *Good Morning and Goodbye* (1967) and *Supervixens* (1975), incorporating uncommon elements like witchcraft

forming her own little blood-letting rituals on the cliffs above the Malibu shore "in prayers to protect the magic of life."

Is Haji your real name?
Yes.

Where did the name come from, does it mean something?
I don't know if I want to tell this... go on to the next question (laughs). This is probably going to be a very short interview!

You still look so incredible. I hear you're a vitamin and exercise freak, what are your beauty secrets?
Well thank you, I want you to



Breast!

RUSS MEYER'S VIXENS SPEAK

and bodypainting into his standard, redneck, sexploitation features.

Haji speaks with an indistinguishable accent, and a rather selective memory. She's actually quite timid and softspoken for someone celebrated mostly for cat fighting and drag racing. Having always shied away from the cult limelight, only recently has Haji become aware of the impact her Russ Meyer films have made. She's both thrilled and mystified by the attention she receives from fans, and breaks into hysterics when they quote her lines.

Although she stepped down from the go-go pad years ago, Haji still makes an occasional film. She isn't very comfortable around other humans and prefers living quietly in Malibu. She's truly a woman of the earth, "Nature is my drug, I have this thing for trees..." and starts her day early, body surfing naked at 6:00 am. During any given full moon, it wouldn't be unusual to find Haji per-

print a recent picture of me because I know people are thinking, "Well how does the old bag look now?" The old bag's hangin' in there pretty good. Actually, I was very fortunate because my mother studied the herbs of the orient. My first beginnings of life were very connected with nature, I didn't know what earthlings were until I came out of the woods, and then I got scared and ran back in!

And where was that exactly?

I came visiting here with my family from another galaxy, and we landed in Quebec and Montreal. I never ate when I was a child. I lived off air. My mother was convinced I was sickly because she lived by nature and if an animal doesn't eat that means it's sickly. She took me to a doctor who said, "Leave her alone, she's very healthy, she's fine."

What were you like in high school, I can't for the life of me imagine a teenaged Haji.

By Matt Maranian

Well, actually I was too wild to go to school...

What was your last grade completed?
Kindergarten! I walked in the first day, then sneaked right out! They tried to keep me in there, but I crawled out the window and ran away again. My schooling was very poor because I felt more comfortable in the woods than I did in a classroom. When I see branches of trees, the way they bend... sort of wicked-like, I always want to take my clothes off and mold my body into the branches. I feel very comfortable doing that, I don't know why! Nature is so real, it's so magical. We always lived in the woods growing up, in the mountains or by water. I'm awed by it. I think a lot – I think a lot about all the little creatures in the ocean. The power of life to me is so fascinating.

When did you get into exotic dancing?

I was fourteen when I started stripping and burlesque – I did Greek dancing and belly dancing. I looked older because I, you know, was a little developed. I was always afraid I was going to get arrested, I was so relieved when I turned twenty-one. I didn't run away from home, I was just wild with life. It never entered my mind to be an actress. I came to California to be near the ocean, I have this love affair with Malibu. Russ found me working in a club

stare at it. It was a good recipe.

How did you feel about the lesbian overtones?

I didn't even know I was supposed to be a lesbian in the picture! I never saw any indication in the script and I never played it like Tura and I were in love! When we came to that scene when I was crying because Tura was making out with that man, I didn't understand why I should be crying. But as an actress I just do as I'm

What about Lori Williams, the other pussycat?

She came to a Russ Meyer film festival in Los Angeles recently and gave Russ her number. We were both very excited because Russ and I had been looking for her for years. But Russ lost her number, it was such a disappointment. She was wonderful to work with, the three of us got along great.

"If I had known his movies were going to be so popular I'd have probably put more effort into them!"



Hajji today, in Malibu.

and read me for a small part in *Motorpsycho*. But then he decided to star me, and I told him I didn't know the first thing about acting! He told me, "Don't worry baby, just stick with me, I'll teach you everything." So I just sort of did it, I wasn't terrific, but it was fun!

How did you feel about the script for *Faster, Pussycat!* the first time you read it?

I loved it, I thought it was great.

Why do you think the movie has been so successful?

You got me there! Russ was a little ahead of his time, you just didn't see women taking over and beating up men in those days. Russ did something no one else had the imagination to do. And he was smart to use three bodied-up women, so whether the picture's good or not you still sort of

directed. Afterwards, I asked Russ about it and he said, "Well you're jealous because she's your lover and she's with a man..." I said "Ooooooh! I didn't know we were lesbians!!" He should have told me that in the beginning, I might have played things a little differently. I thought she was just this tough chick that I didn't argue with – I felt she was more like my "big sister."

Were you friendly with Tura before you did the movie?

Yes, we were dancers together. We worked at a very plush, classy supper club called

Was the movie fun to make?

Yeah it was, we got to do a lot of the stunt driving ourselves, and I loved the fight scenes! But working with Russ was rough. He would pile everyone into a truck and drive out to the desert. We would sleep in tents, we used outhouses. I'd always have to watch for snakes and scorpions. We showered under a barrel of freezing water and we washed our own outfits every night by hand – I thought everyone did films this way. Then I went to 20th Century Fox to do *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* and oooh!... they do your hair and makeup, they feed you, they dress you. I thought no wonder so many actresses have attitudes! But I'm glad I learned from the Russ Meyer school.



Hajji in 1966.

Do you have a favorite of your Russ Meyer movies?

I had a lot of fun doing *Faster, Pussycat!* because of the girls and the craziness, but my favorite is probably *Good Morning and Goodbye*. I haven't seen those movies since we did them. I'm anxious to see *Motorpsycho* because it just came out on video.

Have you ever been married?

I've had opportunities, I've even been engaged, but men always seem to want to put you in a cage. Or change you. Right now I'm madly in love with somebody for the first time in my life.

You've never been intimately involved



Kitten Natividad as Lola Langusta in Russ Meyer's "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1978).

It's not all scuzzy guys in raincoats who play with themselves in the movie theaters. If I had known the movies were going to be so popular I'd have probably put more effort into them!

Tell me about some of your non-Russ Meyer credits.

I did *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie* with John Cassavettes. I loved working with John, he'd let me do anything I want, it was a lot like working with Russ. And I did *Don't Make Waves* with Tony Curtis, *Sheik's Oil*, *Bang Bang The Mafia Gang*, *Demaroid Messenger of Death*, *Bigfoot*, *The Adventures of Don Quixote*, some others – I don't remember all the titles.

Would you ever consider doing a sequel to *Faster, Pussycat!*?

Russ is shooting a new movie right now, and I suggested that he give the three of us a cameo together. We could come storming in a barroom all decked out in black leather, flying onto table tops, I could come swinging in on a rope crashing through the window or something...we all still look pretty good, Tura liked the idea too. Russ said no.

It's a great idea though. Is there any role you'd jump at the chance to play?

I'd like to do a space film, something in outer space, and I'd love to do a western and be an outlaw. I'm dying to do a movie with Cheech and Chong!

Well, maybe Cheech and Chong read *BOING BOING!*

with Russ, have you?

Never, and so many people think I've been in five of his films because, you know, humpy-dumpy. It was not like that at all. Russ was always a complete gentleman.

How do you feel about your cult figuredom?

I didn't realize so many people enjoy these films or that Russ Meyer has such a big following. I'm especially surprised because these aren't films you see on television or even in theaters very much. I had no idea so many people really love the women

that played in these films – like Tura has so many fans, and I didn't realize I had so many myself.

It's a nice feeling to know people enjoy what we did. What I like most of all is that the fans of these films are such nice people – a lot of

college kids. I'm flattered, and I'm pleased there are so many female fans.



Kitten Natividad: The Ultimate Ultravixen

With her inimitable charm and impossible bust measurement, Kitten Natividad won super-celebutante status after starring in the Russ Meyer films *Up!* (1976) and *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens* (1979). Kitten emerged from Meyer's bevy of unhumanly proportioned females as a success in her own right, and went

on to appear in countless other movies and videos. Perhaps you've caught her work in *Bodacious Ta Tas*, *Tittilation* or *Takin' it Off*.



Kitten at a 1994 film convention.

She's bumped, gyrated and jiggled her way around the globe and continues to headline at strip clubs internationally. Along the way she's acquired a very loyal and diverse following. Her personal appearances at autograph signings and Russ Meyer film festivals draw big crowds; a colorful sampling of everyone from drag queens to cigar-chomping mashers. Kitten has a starring role in *The Breast of Russ Meyer*. Still sizzling at 47, the gal with the world famous boondogglers confabbed with me about life, show biz, and dick size.

So how did it all start, Kitten? Where were you born, what were you like as a child?

I was born in Juarez Chiguagua, Mexico. It's a border town near El Paso, Texas. I was raised in a very, very strict Catholic family.

Well, that explains everything!

I even went to Catholic school in Mexico, and of course I was a radical kid. I was a little bitch, the nuns would always put me in the corner. I was always in trouble, even

at home. If I didn't like my shoes I'd flush them down the toilet and screw up the plumbing. I ordered my poor grandmother around and shouted at her, "Paint my nails! I want nice nails!!" and she'd do it. I

AN ORGASM!!!" How the hell do you fake an orgasm?! It was very hard and I didn't know how to deal with it. I would cry.

When did you and Russ get intimately

"Even after I'm cremated - when I'm dust, people will still be jerking off to me. That's nice."

was rotten. I remember once when I was five years old and I had eaten chili for the first time. I went to the bathroom and of course my a-hole was on fire, and I yelled at my grandmother, "You better blow on my ass, it's burning!!" She treated me like a princess.

She actually blew on your ass?

Yes, she was so sweet to me.

How did you get into stripping?

I had graduated high school and gone to trade school to learn IBM key punch. It was boring, boring, BORING! So I started go-go dancing. I won dance contests and then I won the Miss Nude Universe title and Miss Nude Cosmopolitan. I went on tour and I was very successful.

When did you meet up with Russ Meyer?

I was stripping at a place in Hollywood called The Classic Cat. One of the girls who danced there, Shari Eubanks, just finished a film with Russ, *Supervixens*. She and Haji told Russ about me. I met Russ and I liked him, and I knew he liked my boobies. In those days my boobs were considered real big. Nowadays you've got those big, fuckin' basketball cases and they're phony as hell - but guys like 'em. Whatever. Guys will get tired, people will want pendulous, natural breasts again.

Had you seen any Russ Meyer movies before you met him?

Yes. I thought they were pretty weird, pretty trippy.

What was it like working for Russ?

My first movie was *Up!* I had never been directed before. I had always done my own thing on stage. If I wanted to bump, if I wanted to scream, smile, laugh, whatever, it was up to me. To have somebody cue me, shouting "DON'T BLINK YOUR EYES!" "DON'T GASP FOR AIR!" "FAKE

involved?

After *Up!* we started dating. On our first date he took me to lunch. I never drank at all in those days, and Russ ordered a martini. And me, not knowing what a martini was, I ordered one too. I had another one and got very drunk. I went to the ladies room and I couldn't get my pants down. I had a big bush and my zipper got stuck in my bush and then I passed out on the toilet seat. After a while they came in after me and gave me amyl nitrate but it didn't work. Later Russ told me - and I didn't remember this - that all during lunch as I was getting drunker and drunker I kept throwing up a tiny bit at a time. But I was such a lady I always used my napkin. I got snookered on two martinis, it was horrible.

So if that's how the relationship began, I can't imagine...

We were together on and off for fifteen years, and to this day he's still a good friend to me. Of all the assholes I've been with in my life he's the only one that never took from me. He lies a little bit... but who doesn't.

A lot of people think you're married to Russ. Did he ever propose?

Yes, but I was in my prime then, I wanted to paaarrty! But you know, it worked out better this way. Russ says he'll always be my friend because we never married. He was good to me. I have no complaints.

What do you look for in a man?

Mostly humor. Sometimes I like to be a bitch, it feels good. And if a man can laugh at that, then I can laugh at it too. If he takes me seriously then we're in trouble.

Is penis size important to you?

Well for a long time I didn't think so. But my last boyfriend was very big, he was Puerto Rican and Samoan. He had big nuts too. Big huge brown huevos hangin' there

that formed into this big fuckin' dick! GOD! It was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen! I wasn't really in love with him, I was in lust with his penis. He was the best sexual experience I've ever had.

Wow! And that's saying a lot!
But he was an ASSHOLE!

Can we get really raunchy and talk about your sexual experiences?
Only if you tell me yours...

I want to know about John Holmes. Was he good in the sack?
Uhhh... well he wasn't a real good fuck. He tried to be more of a romantic.

John Holmes, a romantic?
Between scenes we would go into the bathroom together and I'd sit on the toilet, with the seat down of course, and he'd give me head and we'd do a little coke. And he'd say, "You need some urine of the gods..." and I'd say, "What the fuck is that?" It's scotch on the rocks.

Well, so far he sounds like a romantic fool...
He'd like to kiss and mostly give oral sex. He didn't like to get oral sex or fuck. He had no feeling in his dick, that's what he told me. And he couldn't really get it completely hard. It felt like a snake, there was no end to it. We worked together many times – magazine layouts, movies, videos.

Do women ever hit on you?
Not a lot, no. I think I'm kind of intimidating to women. And most women can tell I like men.

You once said that you'd retire when your age exceeded your bust measurement. It's getting pretty close. When will Kitten Natividad hang up the g-string, or will she?
I would rather never hang it up. But I'd like to do a kind of performing where I didn't have to take it all off.

What would you like to do ideally?
Comedy. I love comedy. Some burlesquey kind of comedy with lots of beautiful showgirls.

If you could have three wishes what

would they be?
Financial stability, so I could work whenever I wanted to and have all the facelifts I want and all the tit jobs I want. And I wish I could adopt children. And the third wish would probably be to stay mentally and physically healthy.

Do you consider yourself a feminist, and how do you feel about the women who think what you stand for is a disgrace?
Well, I'm a liberated woman and I've never cared about what other women think of me. Sometimes I feel like a feminist. I think there are a lot of real superwomen out there now, it's becoming a woman's world more and more. I think women can handle more, they're more stable, they have more brains. I don't want to put down men, but I thank God he made me a woman!

Have you ever been jealous of another woman because she had bigger tits than you?
No, I like mine! But I can't stop staring at tits bigger than mine.

Who could! Russ Meyer has used some extraordinary women in his movies, but most of them have disappeared. Why do you think you're one of the few to have continued to be a success on your own?
Because I was never on that star trip bullshit. I was always willing to do whatever it takes to make a living, and I've always had very loyal fans.

Tell me about Russ' new movie, *The Breast of Russ Meyer*. How long has he been working on it?
I would guess about nine or ten years. He shot my scenes about seven years ago. All I know is that it's a very personal project for him. Everyone he's ever loved is in it. There's a lot of old footage too. I think the

movie is more about letting Russ know what his past was. When you get old you begin to think, "Where the hell did my life go?" I think he's sort of reliving it with this movie.

What role did you play?
I played the part of his guardian angel that follows him while he went through Europe during the war and all that.

Are you a beautiful angel with a halo and golden wings?
No. I'm a mischievous person with no clothes, just my big 'ol fat tits.

On a scale of 1-10, how would you rate yourself as an actress?
I've never thought of myself as an actress, because I feel that what I do is just being myself. I'm not putting on an act. It's hard for me to be an actress because I can't

stop being me. For being myself on a scale of 1-10 I'm a ten! As an actress I'm a two! I'm terrible!! I SUCK! I know people just think of me as a B-movie personality, but that's okay, as long as I'm Queen B.

How do you feel about your cult stardom?
I love my fans. But I feel ashamed that I no longer look like I did in those Russ Meyer movies. I'll never look like Lola Longusta again. I'm older now, but fortunately I'll live on forever in those

films. Even after I'm cremated – when I'm dust, people will still be jerking off to me. That's nice. But it's hard, it's not easy getting old.

What would you like people to be saying about you in fifty years?
I'm very proud of my heritage, being Latina. And I'll always want people to know that I was a hot little pepper! ✕

You can write Kitten (or for \$15 get lots of cool Kitten stuff) c/o The Kitten Klub, 5917 Oak Ave., Suite #148 Temple City, CA 91780. For an incredible catalog of Russ Meyer films on video send an S.A.S.E. to RM Films International, Inc. P.O. Box 3748, Los Angeles, CA 90078.



Ever notice how many books there are about the Internet these days? About 13,493 so far, right? And how about "multimedia?" There are 8,784 books on this topic, even though no one has ever successfully defined the term. CD-ROM – is there a single marketable topic left that hasn't been shovelware'd into the vast digital mire that is CD-ROM? And how about the "Information Superhighway" and "Virtual Reality?" Every magazine on the planet has done awestruck vaporware cover stories on these two consensus-hallucinations.

Our culture is experiencing a profound radiation of new species of media. The centralized, dinosaurian one-to-many media that roared and trampled through the 20th century are poorly adapted to the postmodern technological environment. The new media environment is as warm with lumbering toothy digital mammals. It's all lynxes here, and gophers there, plus big fat venomous webcrawlers, appearing in Pleistocene profusion.

This is all well and good, and it's lovely that so many people are paying attention to this. Nothing gives me greater pleasure as a professional garage futurist than to ponder some weird new mutant medium and wonder how this squawking little monster is going to wriggle its way into the interstices between human beings. Still, there's a difference between this pleasurable contemplation of the technological sublime and an actual coherent understanding of the life and death of media. We have no idea in hell what we are doing to ourselves with these new media technologies, and no consistent way even to

discuss the subject. Something constructive ought to be done about this situation.

I can't do much about it, personally, because I'm booked up to the eyeballs until the end of the millennium. So is my good friend Richard Kadrey, author of the *Covert Culture Sourcebook*. Both Kadrey and myself, however, recently came to a joint understanding that what we'd really like to see at this cultural conjunction is an entirely new kind of book on media. A media book of the dead.

Plenty of wild wired promises are already being made for all the infant media. What we need is a somber, thoughtful, thorough, hype-free, even lugubrious book that honors the dead and resuscitates the spiritual ancestors of today's mediated frenzy. A book to give its readership a deeper, paleontological perspective right in the dizzy midst of the digital revolution. We need a book about the failures of media, the collapses of media, the supersessions of media, the strangulations of media, a book detailing all the freakish and hideous media mistakes that we should know enough now not to repeat, a book about media that have died on the barbed wire of technological advance, media that didn't make it, martyred media, dead media. **THE HANDBOOK OF DEAD MEDIA**. A naturalist's field guide for the communications paleontologist.

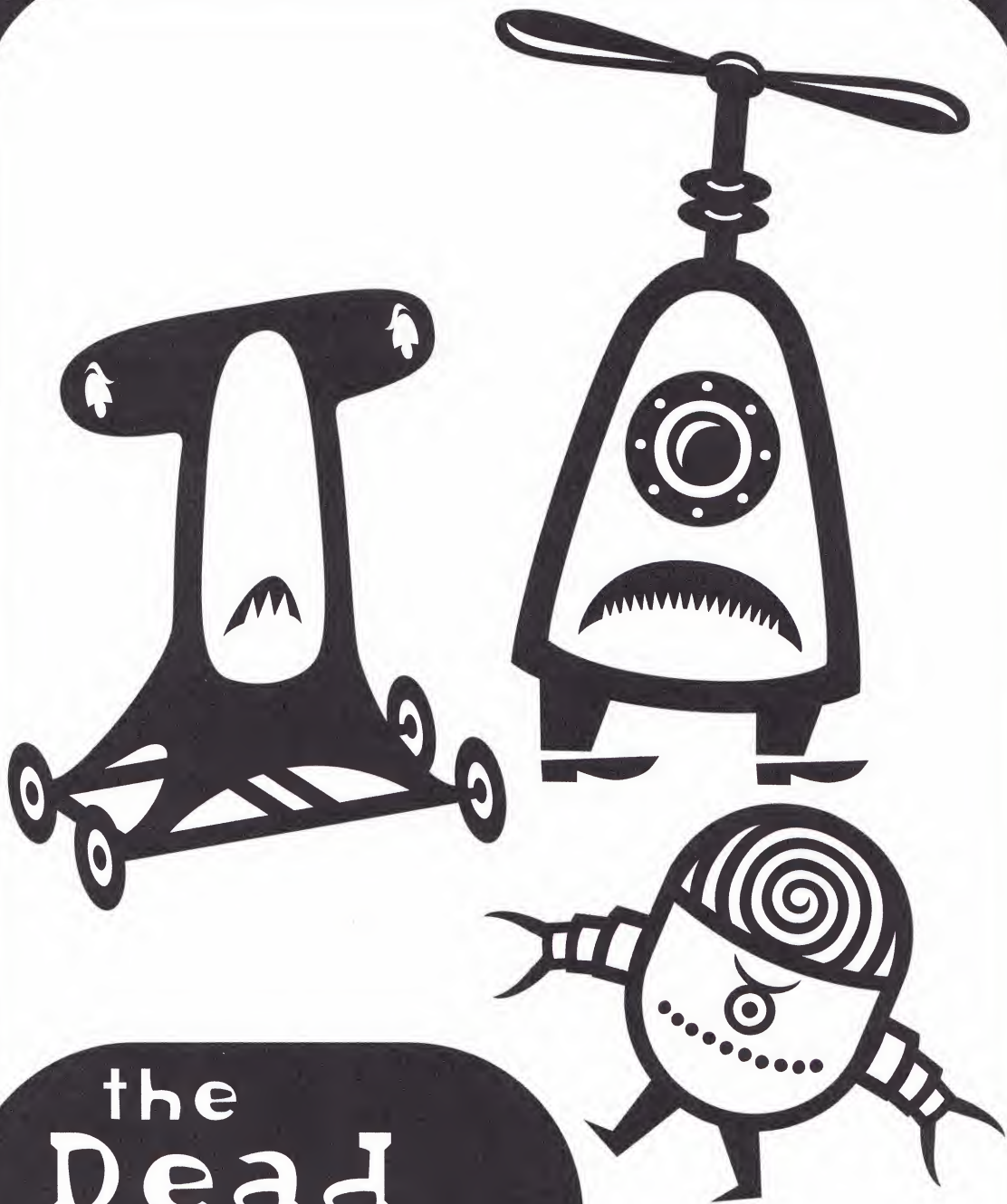
Neither Richard Kadrey nor myself are currently in any position to write this proposed handbook. However, we both feel that our culture truly requires this book: this rich, witty, insightful, profusely illustrated, perfectbound, acid-free-paper coffee-table book, which is to be brought out, theoretically, eventually, by some really with-it, cutting-edge early-21st century

publisher. The kind of book that will appear in seventeen different sections of your local chainstore: Political Affairs, Postmodern Theory, Computer Science, Popular Mechanics, Design Studies, the coffee-table artbook section, the remainder table – you know, whatever.

It's a rather rare phenomenon for an established medium to die. If media make it past their Golden Vaporware stage, they usually expand wildly in their early days and then shrink back to some protective niche as they are challenged by later and more highly evolved competitors. Radio didn't kill newspapers, TV didn't kill radio or movies, video and cable didn't kill broadcast network TV; they just all jostled around seeking a more perfect app.

But some media do, in fact, perish. Such as: the phenakistoscope. The teleharmonium. The Edison wax cylinder. The stereopticon. The Panorama. Early 20th century electric searchlight spectacles. Morton Heilig's early virtual reality. Telefon Hirmondo. The various species of magic lantern. The pneumatic transfer tubes that once riddled the underground of Chicago. Was the Antikythera Device a medium? How about the Big Character Poster Democracy Wall in Peking in the early '80s?

Never heard of any of these? Well, that's the problem. Both Kadrey and I happen to be vague aficionados of this field of study, and yet we both suspect that there must be hundreds of dead media, known to few if any. It would take the combined and formidable scholarly talents of, say, Carolyn "When Old Technologies Were New" Marvin and Ricky "Learned Pigs and



the
**Dead
media**
project:

A Modest Proposal
and a Public Appeal
By Bruce Sterling

Illustrations By Marcus Burlile

Fireproof Women" Jay to do this ambitious project genuine justice. Though we haven't asked, we kinda suspect that these two distinguished scholars are even busier than me and Kadrey, who, after all, are just science fiction writers who spend most of our time watching Chinese videos, reading fanzines and making up weird crap.

However. We do have one, possibly crucial, advantage. We have Internet access. If we can somehow convince the current digital media community-at-large that DEAD MEDIA is a worthwhile project, we believe that we may be able to compile a useful public-access net archive on this subject. We plan to begin with the DEAD MEDIA World Wide Web Page, on a site to-be-announced. Move on, perhaps, to alt.dead.media. Compile the Dead Media FAQ. We hope to exploit the considerable strengths of today's cutting-edge media to create a general public-domain homage to the media pioneers of the past.

Here's the deal. Kadrey and I are going to start pooling our notes. We're gonna make those notes freely available to anybody on the Net. If we can get enough net.parties to express interest and pitch in reports, stories, and documentation about dead media, we're willing to take on the hideous burdens of editing and system administration – no small deal when it comes to this supposedly "free" information.

We both know that authors are supposed to jealously guard really swell ideas like this, but we strongly feel that that just ain't the way to do a project of this sort. A project of this sort is a spiritual quest and an act in the general community interest. Our net heritage belongs to all netkind. If you yourself want to exploit these notes to write the DEAD MEDIA HANDBOOK – sure, it's our

"idea," our "intellectual

property," but hey, we're cyberpunks, we write for magazines like *BOING BOING*, we can't be bothered with that crap in this situation. Write the book. Use our notes and everybody's else's. We won't sue you, we promise. Do it. Knock yourself out.

I'll go farther, ladies and gentlemen. To prove the profound commercial potential of this tilt at the windmill, I'll personally offer a CRISP FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL for the first guy, gal, or combination thereof to write and publish THE DEAD MEDIA HANDBOOK. You can even have the title if you want it. Just keep in mind that me and Kadrey (or any combination thereof) reserve the right to do a book of our own on the same topic if you fail to sufficiently scratch our itch. The prospect of "competition" frightens us not at all. It never has, frankly. If there's room for 19,785 "Guide to the Internet" books, there has got to be room for a few useful tomes on dead media.

Think of it this way. How long will it be before the much-touted World Wide Web interface is itself a dead medium? And what will become of all those billions of thoughts, words, images and expressions poured onto the Internet? Won't they vanish just like the vile lacquered smoke from a burning pile of junked Victrolas? As a net.person, doesn't this stark realization fill you with a certain deep mis-giving, a peculiarly postmodern remorse, an almost Heian Japanese sense of the pathos of lost things? If it doesn't, why doesn't it? It ought to.

Speaking of dead media and mono no aware – what about those little poems that Lady Murasaki used to write and stick inside cleft sticks? To be carried by foot-messenger to the bamboo-shrouded estate of some lucky admirer after a night's erotic tryst? That was a medium. That medium was very alive once, a mainstay of one of the most artistically advanced cultures on earth. And isn't it dead?

What are we doing today that is the functional equivalent of the cleft sticks of Murasaki Shikibu, the world's first novelist? If we ignore her historical experience, how will we learn from our own?

Listen to the following, all you digital hipsters. This is Jacqueline Goddard speaking in January 1995. Jacqueline was born in 1911, and she was one of the 20th century's great icons of bohemian femininity. Man Ray photographed her in Paris in 1930, and if we can manage it without being sued by the Juliet Man Ray Trust, we're gonna put brother Man Ray's knock-you-down-and-stomp-you-gorgeous image of Jacqueline up on our vaporware Website someday. She may be the patron saint of this effort.

Jacqueline testifies: "After a day of work, the artists wanted to get away from their studios, and get away from what they were creating. They all met in the cafes to argue about this and that, to discuss their work, politics and philosophy.... We went to the bar of La Coupole. Bob, the barman, was a terrible nice chap... As there was no telephone in those days everybody used him to leave messages. At the Dome we also had a little place behind the door for messages. The telephone was the death of Montparnasse."

"The telephone was the death of Montparnasse." Mull that Surrealist testimony over a little while, all you cafe-society modermities. Jacqueline may not grok TCP/IP, but she has been there and done that. I haven't stopped thinking about that remark since I first read it. For whom does the telephone bell toll? It tolls for me and thee – sooner or later.

Can you help us? We wish you would, and think you ought to.

Bruce Sterling –
bruces@well.sf.ca.us

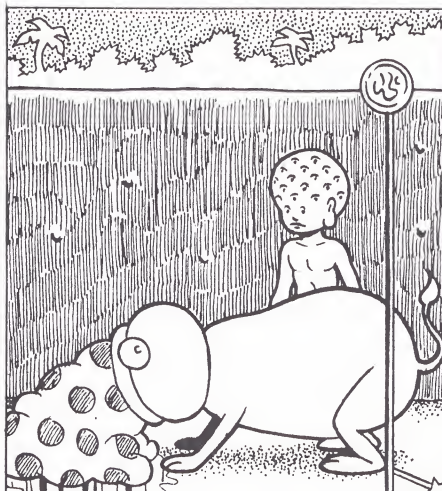
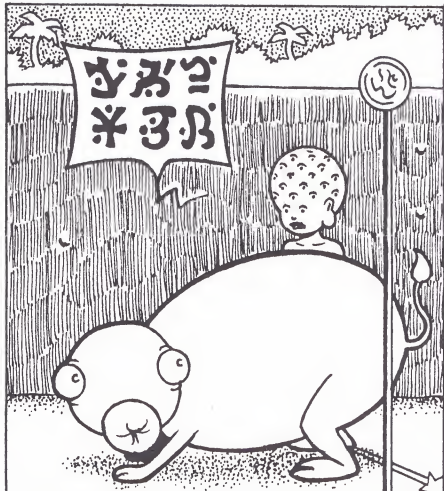
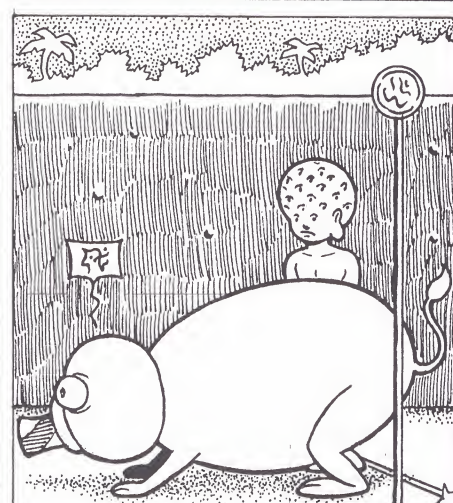
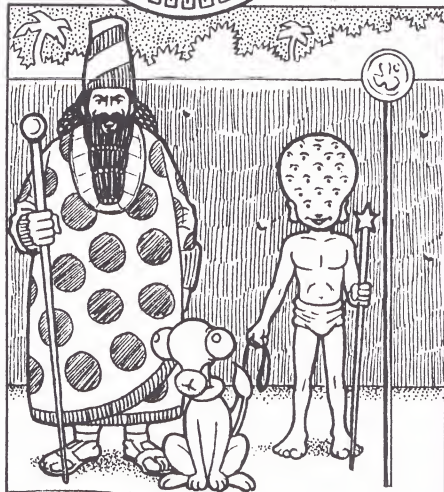
Richard Kadrey –
kadrey@well.sf.ca.us ✕



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1995





**THE ELDRITCH
BURROWER MACH 1A
CARVED OUT THIS CAVERN
IN UNDER THREE HOURS.**

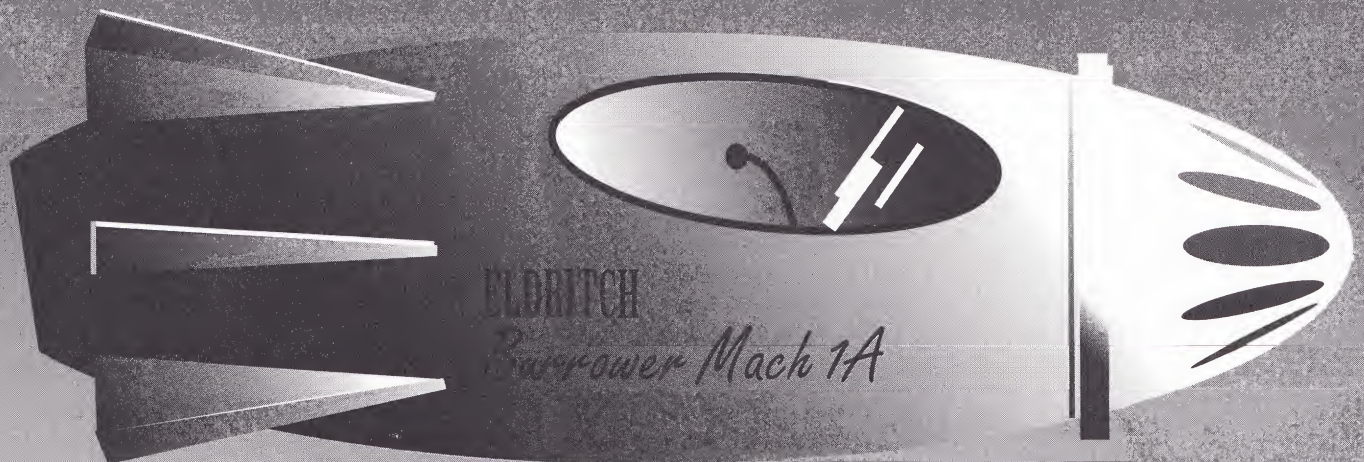
Underground Cities? O.K.!!SM

Underground construction is a snap with The Burrower. Outfitted with four blast fusion engines that deliver a combined bore power of over 40,000 megawatts, the chasm at left was carved in less than three hours. That's time saved for more serious activities, and this two-seat automole is definitely the way to get there. Standard equipment includes an internal CCD audio system, super-cooled climate conditioner, and an onboard seismic radar system that lets you know what's going on around you. Six Eldritch quantum shock pylons give you a smooth and quiet ride rated at a phenomenal 20g's.

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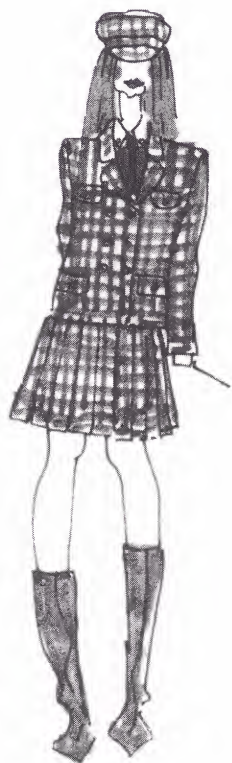
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Sui Sui Badass

Mary Elizabeth Williams

Ever wonder where Speed Racer, Trixie, and Josie & the Pussycats buy their clothes?



Anna Sui is single-handedly dressing the decade. Her clothes, which pack more tease than a Catholic schoolgirl on Quaaludes, have become the uniform of a generation. And in Sui's role as costume designer for the nineties, she's making sure of one thing – that this production is a period piece.

The late sixties and early seventies, to call a spade a spade, sucked. There were a few fashion role models – Emma Peel, Cleopatra Jones, Barbarella. But when I think of that era I tend to remember Carol Brady in her monstrous Peter Pan collars or Pat Nixon flaunting her middle-aged thighs in minidresses. These are unpleasant flashbacks.

Sui, however, has a different take on things. “My inspiration comes from the past,” she admits. Everything about her clothes is lifted from somewhere else, yet it's made palatable by her understanding of what's fun and what remains better not repeated. She takes out the hideous stuff that makes looking through my old photo albums so painful, and replaces it with elements of the noir goddess of the '40s or Trixie from *Speed Racer*. Because if it were just retread I wanted, I could get that at the Goodwill.

“I have to design for today's woman and lifestyle,” she says. “When I find I dress that I love from the sixties, the whole body has to be changed; the armholes are too high and the proportion is wrong. Also, the fabrics and technology have changed. I use a lot of Lycra and hi-tech fabrics that weren't around decades ago.”

She's been in the fashion business for nearly twenty years, but it wasn't until just a short time ago that the industry caught on to her brand of misty water-colored memories. Hey, if Tom Jones and Patty Hearst can make comebacks, why not fringed pants? Sui's looks range from baby-dolled Lolita to swaggering cop. Sui's women are cheerleaders in pleated skirts

and Tennessee Williams characters catting around in slips. “My clothes give a sense of glamour and fantasy about the way you dress,” she says. The girl's got enough fetishes to fill an entire issue of *Skin Two*.

Maybe that's why I relate to her stuff. I like changing costumes. I want to be a cock-tease *and* I want to go all the way. I want to be the girl next door in the gingham dress, and the leather-clad bitch who beats up on the girl next door. I want to be the idol and the groupie. Sui says I can.

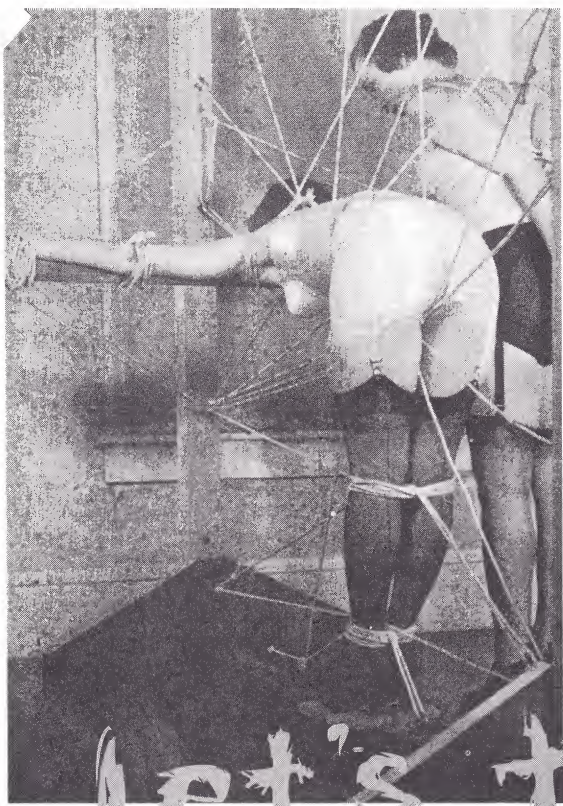
The fortyish designer has made a career of commuting between the present and the era in which she began designing, the days she was a kid who turned toy soldiers into divas with tissue-paper gowns. As the only Chinese girl in her Dearborn Heights school, Sui was already in no danger of being another face in the crowd when she started customizing and creating her own outfits.

When she staged her first runway show in 1991, Sui's popularity suddenly exploded. *The New York Times* declared that “It looked as if Sly and the Family Stone crashed into Coco Chanel and then got rear-ended by Christian Lacroix.”

Today she's got a two and a half million dollar wholesale business and chichi boutiques in New York and L.A. Her demurely hot-to-trot designs hang perfectly on prefab notions like “grunge” and “waif.” Sui doesn't have a problem being associated with media buzzwords the rest of us might choke on. “Everything has to have labels, and I feel lucky that my clothes are timely,” she shrugs. “The success has made it easier to deal with all the years of struggle.”

With clients like Courtney Love, Madonna, and Lenny Kravitz, it's obvious Sui's at home attiring pop stars. One of her favorite films is *Performance*. “The era was incredible, and it was my dream to dress Mick Jagger and Anita Pallenberg,” she recalls. “Now I dress them both, so the dream has come true.” ✕





Let's talk Lesbian

Well, I'm gonna start with some steamy stuff first...
Sure! Go!

You have a way of exploring how sexuality has a very big role in horror fiction, but you don't do it in an exploitative way – it's very real and very plausible. How is it that you walk where other writers fear to tread?

Interesting! I guess the question would be what makes you think I have any choice? *(laughs)* It seems to me, in all seriousness, that the issue of the body which is so much a central issue in horror fiction, has to extend to the sexuality of the body, and the sexual activities of the body. It disappoints me that horror writers haven't engaged with sexuality more explicitly. That doesn't mean it hasn't been done implicitly. There's an argument that every vampire story is basically a sex story. For me, part

of the business of writing horror fiction is to be as honest as you can about the good and the bad. Very terrible things can be sexual, and very sexual things can be terrible...

Well, there are demons everywhere. There really are, but on the other hand, it's also the case that sexuality drives us to extraordinary ambitions. So I see sex as being both a source of anxiety and a source of ambition and achievement. Sex is an area that brings out the best and worst in us.

Exactly. By the way, I hear that you find lesbian bondage fascinating. Now let's talk lesbian bondage! I

interesting!

Your new movie, *Lord of Illusions*, looks full of demonic and hellish creations, and having seen the promo tape, I was struck by the stylish film noir atmosphere. I wasn't expecting that, but it really adds to the theme of illusion. It's an interesting style – the mingling of noir and horror, and in this case also magic. We were just talking about bondage, and of course [in the movie] a man is shackled to a revolving apparatus in front of 1,500 people while swords drop on him. What's interesting about that is how much fetishism there actually is in both horror and magic. The apparently innocent magic show is full of really dark

Horrormeister Clive Barker has a knack for pushing the envelope. And he'll tell you, "That's part of what I was put on the planet to do!" The 42-year old Liverpool native started warping our gray matter in the mid-'80s with his *Books of Blood*. He then unleashed one of the more disturbing demons in recent memory, Pinhead, in the *Hellraiser* movies. His latest offering is a stylish thriller called *Lord of Illusions*. It's a creepy trip into the world of magic and wizardry where one can walk the line between "trickery and divinity." Of course, mixed in with all the sorcery is the usual ample dose of sexuality... and that seemed as good a place as any to start – *Marisa Golini*

Clive Barker Interview by Marisa Golini

Bondage

actually find just about any manifestation of human sexuality fascinating, but lesbian bondage was something that I became interested in when I visited Japan where they do the best bondage stuff. They produce these incredibly slick, beautifully polished volumes of rather young ladies in incredibly contorted positions. I brought some of this back from Japan – and have never looked back.

Well, personally I think bondage is quite interesting – but no handcuffs please. Just scarves!
Oh handcuffs are boring... but rope is

strange imagery. What is this deal with sawing a woman in half? Even someone as apparently wholesome as David Copperfield plays out really dark rituals. Add to that the whole detective element, the whole noir element, and I think we have a unique mix.

Your protagonist Detective Harry D'Amour seems like an interesting character with lots of secrets. He's one of those people who somehow keeps running smack into the supernatural. He's sort of chosen by circumstance to walk the line between heaven and hell. It's almost as if he's paying off some karmic debt!

I think Scott Bakula was a great choice for the role of D'Amour because he's got that regular guy quality about him, and yet he's able to deal with extraordi-

nary situations.

I think he did that exceptionally well in *Quantum Leap*. It was very brave for an actor. Every week he did shows in drag, shows playing octogenarians, etc., and he faced a whole variety of challenges – but he would always remain a regular guy, always remain the kind of guy that in your heart of hearts you trusted.

One of the things that's happened to horror movies in the last 10 maybe 15 years, is that they've been villain-driven. Think of horror movies in the last two decades, and you think of Freddy, the Candyman, Pinhead, Jason, the alien [in the *Alien* movies]. One of the things we're trying to do with this picture is say, yes, we've got great bad guys, yes, we've got really scary shit going on in this picture, but at the end of the day you're actually going to want the good guys to come through. It's been a long time since I've seen a horror movie where I've really cared about the good guys.

However, you do have quite a wonderful villain in this movie called Nix. He could almost be someone off the front page... take away the supernatural element and he could be any twisted cult leader.

Well, that's right, and one of the interesting things that happened while we were shooting the picture was that somebody came in with an article about that thing that happened in Switzerland, where something like 48 people were found bound and shot. There were photographs of the interior of this cult place and it resembled our sets!

Oh my god!

Well it was interesting because for horror to work, there has to be some portion of it that connects with our experience. In this movie, even though we have some really wild shit going down, nevertheless the cult part, and the magic part, and what connects to our experience, makes the movie frightening.

And there's that whole illusion of god-like powers associated with magic and to a certain extent cult leaders...

Right! And how close we all are to it. One of the extraordinary things for me about seeing the people involved with cults is how regular they are. We're not talking

about wackos, we're talking about men and women who've had grief or loss in their lives and want guidance. They want some spiritual fulfillment and happened to make the wrong choices.

So then how do you feel about accusations that the media/horror films/rock music influence people to go wacky?

Does that bother you?

No it doesn't. For one thing it seems to me that in the area of the fantastic, no one's going to get up in the morning and decide to be Pinhead. The imaginative release that movies like this offer is substantial. And it worries the fuck out of me that there's so many people around proscribing for us and telling us what's good for our minds and what isn't. From the beginning of time, fiction – whether it be oral fiction, plays, novels, movies or television – have contained confrontations with the dark. It's not as if the terrors of the night are a new subject, but the power of cinema can be almost overwhelming. However, there are those individuals who want justification for their psychosis and will find it anywhere.

Let's talk L.A. You're living there now, have been for 4 years, and it seems the perfect place to conjure up dark and deviant images. How inspirational is the City of Angels?

It's actually pretty inspirational – far more than I thought it would be. I miss the more gothic elements of England. I miss things like the architecture. I miss thunderous skies and the sense of the year dying down. For a writer who's stimulated by images of darkness and images of a threat, those are potent times of the year, and they're very potent images. But, set against that, in the bright sunlight of L.A., people are wonderfully crazy and extreme. It's a place where people seem willing to be more open about their oddness. There's a kind of pride taken in the very individuality of your quirks, whereas in England people are more interested in staying in line. You don't draw attention to yourself. In L.A., everyone draws attention to themselves!

No inhibitions whatsoever!

And that goes for little ol' ladies too. It's not just about starlets and muscle queens.

It's everybody. I love that! People will tell their stories and for a writer that's very important. There's a kind of guilelessness to the self-revelations of Angelinos which I kind of like!

Tell me, have you ever had a re-occurring nightmare? I'm just wondering if you've ever lived via the dreamworld some of the creepy stuff you've given us. Creepy stuff isn't nightmarish to me. I have to be careful with my definitions. If I use the word "nightmare," I mean something that's genuinely disturbing to me, something I would not wish to experience again. Would that be a working definition of a nightmare?

I'm thinking of a nightmare you might've had that was disturbing to you.

I don't have them. I mean, sure as shit this stuff is in my dreams but I wake with a smile on my face because it's inspiration. I keep a dream journal, so if I wake from some dream journey that took me into disturbing territory, I don't consider it a negative experience. I think that's what's therapeutic about this whole area of endeavor. One of the things you're doing when you put these images of madness and death into a narrative context, is you make it safe for the audience. You say, here is a story in which the hero or heroine, people who have confidence in their own identities and confidence in their own sanity, deal with evil. It's an important drama to play out. It begins with the simplest and earliest of stories.

Clive, you are a fascinating and twisted man!

Thank you!

Let me know when you've built the dungeon in your house, O.K.?

(Laughs) O.K.! ✕

Editor's note: Marisa "Go Go" Golini died this May in Ottawa, Canada. She was 34 years old. During her short time on this planet she made a lot of people very happy. Go Go was the news director for the BEAR radio station in Ottawa, and was a friend to many people on the Net. We will miss her incredible optimism and knack for creating fun. Goodbye Marisa.

On the morning of my first trip to Hollywood, my wife Geraldine checked the live broadcast of the O.J. Simpson trial to see what reporters on the courthouse steps were wearing.

"It's raining," she said.

By the time my plane came down, the sky was clean and clear, bounded by huge banks of white clouds. People kept saying the weather was surreal.



The limo driver had spelled my name correctly on his little sign, but he couldn't get the car doors to open. On the drive to the Tri-Star/Columbia/Sony lot, he asked me if we had a lot of O.J. Simpson coverage in San Francisco. I thought so at the time, although the next morning I discovered that in LA the trial ran live on three channels, while in SF we had only morning coverage on one channel followed by scattered updates. (This made me wish I lived in Seattle, where presumably the coverage had fallen off even farther... limited to, say, one five-second spot in the sports section of the late night news.) We talked about the new TV generation, an audience of amateur actors who apparently bared their souls in TV talk show confessionals in order to give their lives a new magnitude of reality. (I say apparently because no one can tell if they believe their own roles or are simply hoaxing everyone for the chance to appear on TV.) I didn't have to pontificate or speculate science-fictionally on this topic – it was obvious to the limo driver, not a sci-fi kind of guy, what was going on.

When we slowed at the studio gate, I told the guard, "I'm here for the *Johnny Mnemonic* screening?" I couldn't have sounded less sure of myself. He directed us to the opposite side of the studio. The next guard seemed slightly more positive – he pointed us toward the Tri-Star building. I got out and started up the steps, remembering just in time that my bags were in the trunk. I had to chase the limo a little bit, not quite screaming.

Guard #3 pointed me down a little hall to screening room 22. No sign of life except some projectionists working in the dark. It was 4 pm. I was an hour early. I paced unfinished corridors; sat in a lobby with my luggage, trying to counteract my hayseed appearance by pretending to read a *New Yorker* with a picture of a glass of fresh "O.J." on the cover; and finally, at about 4:30, I asked a projectionist where





Johnny was screening. "I think it's right in there," he said, pointing at the door I'd been watching all afternoon.

I waited for my people to show up. Every now and then various Tri-Star employees walked past me, went out onto a patio and smoked cigarettes, eyeing me sidelong. They didn't look like movie people; they looked like mailroom staff – harried, casual.

At 5:00 I overheard someone asking a pro-

cil lines and white-out still visible. It made the dream of Hollywood start to feel real.

Afterwards, I got up and met Staffan, who invited me to tag along for dinner – a good thing, considering I hadn't the slightest idea where I was. We adjourned to Cicada, a white-tablecloth restaurant where about a dozen of us sat around trying to be heard. I talked most of the night with Staffan and Henry Rollins' manager. Henry Rollins, of the Henry Rollins



Stuart signaled me to take the last empty seat in the front row, next to him. The last thing he said before the movie started was, "We're starting a new company. Pitch me something..."

jectionist, "Where's the *Johnny Mnemonic* screening?" Now came a definite answer: "The Thalberg building." "The Thalberg building? Where's that?" "Far side of the lot. You'll have to catch a shuttle." I snagged the fellow who'd asked this question as he hurried out; we introduced ourselves as we ran for the shuttle. Stuart was an associate of the producer, Peter Hoffmann. I told him I was writing the script for the next William Gibson movie – *Virtual Light*.

The bus wended its way through a maze of narrow alleys, finally dumping us near a white building surrounded by magnolia trees and green lawns which evoked childhood memories of Burbank. We reached the screening just in time. The little theater was packed, every seat taken except a folding chair in the back row and a padded one in the front. Was there some sort of Hollywood pecking order dictating who sat where at a screening? I started to sit in the back row, wondering if I were ranking myself among the untouchables, or plush-toy marketers, until I saw William Gibson up front. Stuart signaled me to take the last empty seat in the front row, next to him. The last thing he said before the movie started was, "We're starting a new company. Pitch me something..."

It was a relief to sit still and watch a movie for a couple of hours, knowing I was finally in the right place. Staffan Ahrenberg, co-producer on *Johnny*, sole producer on *Virtual Light*, wanted me to see what they'd been up to. The print was glitchy, covered with streaks and slashes, the roughest I'd ever seen. In a way, its condition interested me more than the movie itself: here was a work in progress, like a manuscript with sentences scribbled out and new ones inked in, or a cartoon panel with some inking done but the pen-

Band, is probably the best actor in *Johnny Mnemonic*, and Staffan and I talked about what a great lead he'd make in *Virtual Light*, if only it were possible to finance such a movie.

On the way out, Staffan stopped at every other table to greet people; William warned me that it always takes Staffan half an hour to leave a restaurant. Nine years in LA and he knows everyone.

We stood in the parking lot while the valets brought out one Jeep Cherokee after another. Staffan, who drove the opposite of a truck, took us (William, me, and Johnny director Robert Longo) to the Chateau Marmont. This is a fabulous, funky old hotel. William and Robert were sharing the penthouse suite, whose wide verandah overlooked Sunset Boulevard, huge movie billboards, and an enormous Marlboro man. We tried to imagine what it would be like standing there looking straight across at a *Johnny Mnemonic* sign. Room service delivered the weirdest looking margaritas I'd ever seen – two inches of urinous liquid in milk glasses, dribbling salt; I was content to sip a beer while we lay about on chaise lounges. William showed us the opening pages of his next novel, which were set right there at the Marmont.

Sadly, Staffan hadn't managed to wangle me a room at the Marmont. Around midnight he drove me to the expensive but sterile Beverly Hills Four Seasons, where I had the sense not to violate the ribbon on the little room fridge – thus probably saving Staffan about \$50. I should have luxuriated in the tub and terrycloth bathrobes, but I kept thinking about the Marmont with its tile bathrooms that reminded me of the houses where I'd grown up, over in Glendale and Eagle Rock.

That night I dreamed about a submarine. A sub figured prominently in my first draft screenplay. It had replaced Skinner's room aboard the Oakland Bay Bridge. (The Bridge, chief feature of the novel *Virtual Light*, was the first thing to go when it came to making a movie. Because, you see, there's a bridge in *Johnny*...) The climax, in my script, was a ludicrous battle aboard the deck of this sub as it sank into San Francisco Bay. In my dream, I was floating over the sub with William and Staffan; we came right down to it, and almost immediately got sucked into the water. "Watch out for the propellers!" someone shouted. Surfacing briefly from REM sleep, I realized that the scene was never going to work.

It was raining at dawn. I burrowed back to sleep. Our *Virtual Light* meeting, originally scheduled for 10 am, had been bumped back to 1 o'clock in order to clear room for a *Johnny* meeting. When I went down for breakfast, the elegant waiter seated me on a big puffy couch with a big puffy pillow at my arm, so I couldn't quite put both elbows on the tiny marble table. I felt he should have provided a lapdog as well. Every fragment of conversation I overheard seemed to include the word "studio." I bolted my food and went back to hide in my room and look at the city, beautiful now that the rain had stopped. I doodled and made notes and watched OJ and talk shows, and finally decided to go out for a walk.

There was nothing, nothing, nothing, within miles of the hotel. Certainly no bookstores. The only reading matter that looked halfway interesting were the occasional newsrack porno rags. I saved my quarters, though, and traced a huge square, down Doheny to Wilshire, up something else to Beverly. In the construction sites of the new buildings going up, I could smell human urine and feces.

I was the only person on foot except for people darting between cars and office buildings; the wide clean streets were steadily streaming with cars. I had a sense of LA going on all around me, this wild creative stew, but I had gotten out of the car. It was the perfect LA metaphor for being out of touch, out of the loop: "Oh, him? Yeah, he's totally out of the car." "That guy used to be really with-it, but now he's on foot." "What a loser. What a ped."



I looked up and there was a homeless man walking toward me, his black and red face looking like it had been run over by many such cars; he grinned hugely at the world, including my surprised expression, which I hadn't time to veil. Oh, fellow pedestrian!

A grungy guy in flannel pedaled past on a dirtbike taping flyers to phone poles: "Wanted – Models and Extras." Minutes later I passed him at an intersection, where he had been waylaid by a woman telling him the story of her life and career rapid-fire. Seconds later, she broke into song, auditioning for the guy who tacked up the handbills! This cheered me immeasurably.

Staffan finally rescued me from the hotel, and we drove to a restaurant two blocks away. Yet another valet took the car. Down in the gloomy Italianate depths, I met our director, Paul Anderson, a tall British fellow in his early 30s who was currently hard at work on *Mortal Kombat*. We

but no real grasp of what had worked. It was up to me to patch it all together into something new. This brief luncheon meeting, which had been the whole point of my trip to LA, was over in less than two hours. I drained my second cappuccino and said good-bye to Staffan and Paul.

William and I shared a car to the airport, a long crawl through evening traffic. He was exhausted, approaching the tail-end of a nine-year haul on *Johnny Mnemonic*. It was inconceivable to me to spend a decade working on one movie... but I was beginning to get a sense of how things worked. I had always wanted to write screenplays, to work in Hollywood (although not live there), to make movies. I was getting closer; I was among people who did what I'd dreamed about. I had finally stopped expecting to be denounced as a fraud at any moment, and I believed that if William could do it – and John Shirley, and Sam Hamm, to name the only other screenwriters I know – then I could probably succeed, too.



This brief luncheon meeting, which had been the whole point of my trip to LA, was over in less than two hours.

sat down to eat and, almost incidentally, discuss the script. I related my submarine dream, perhaps baring too much of my psyche before the main course.

My first draft screenplay lay on the table, an irrelevant artifact in its blushing red cover. Paul wanted changes that made it instantly obsolete. Staffan had his own concerns, based upon audience reactions to *Johnny*, which had previewed in Torrance the day before. (There had been many ironic observations about the mentality of Torrance natives at the Cicada table.) I suddenly had three more voices in my head, debating what I should write. Every now and then the four of us met on the same wavelength, storming up images we agreed would be great. It was wild fun – but of course, the work all lay ahead. I had eaten so much rich food in the last 24 hours that I began to feel ill. People at the next table (who knew Staffan) had by now broken into drunken song; they passed us some of their grappa. By the time my stomach settled, I had a good idea of all the things that hadn't worked in my first draft,

William had brought me into the project, but was basically letting me find my own way. It helped that Staffan and Paul were not quite the full-blown Hollywood type... yet. As William put it, "They haven't quite grown their fangs." I felt they were appropriate company, considering the state of my own fangs.

On the flight home I tried to sort out the babble of voices in my head, noting everything on paper, trying to work my way back to the sound of my own voice. It would take about a week for the chaos to sort itself out, so that I could get down to writing something coherent again. The first draft had taken a month to write; the second would take forever.

On the phone the next day, Staffan said I'd done a good job with the first draft, considering that I'd been working in a vacuum.

Well, I wasn't in a vacuum anymore. I wasn't alone, or on foot. I was finally in the car!

But I don't have a clue where it's going. ✕



temporary insanity

Making the rest of the human herd believe
you're one of them isn't as easy as it looks.

A survival guide for the renegade temp worker.

by Heidi Pollock

It is obvious that, as a temp, you need to get along with whomever you're working for, but the true art lies in getting along with the people you're working with; namely, the Real Secretaries. Woe to those who alienate their full-time counterparts. If you've never been in a true office environment, you can have absolutely no idea how much power a secretary wields. Do you have to type a letter? Do you know where the template is? No, of course you don't; no major corporation worth its salt has ever had a computer network that is remotely intuitive or comprehensible.

And for all you MacBabies out there – you ain't seen nuthin' 'til you've slugged it through a dosshell (yeah, slur it a little). Do you really think that your boss knows where to locate the standardized, complete-with-company-logo, computerized letterhead? Puh-leez, that's why he has a secretary. The only people who actually

know wherein the templates lurk are your fellow secretaries. Need a pen? A disk? A simple cup of "coffee"? Wanna find the supply room? Alienate your co-workers, and you'll be lost in the labyrinth of modular office design (all together now, "Fuck you, Frank!") for your entire lunch hour.

Small offices and laid back cities are

cake; what we're concerned about here is getting along in New York City, The Amex Tower, Ernst and Young, Goldman Sachs, Wall Street, Sixth Avenue – how to be liked by both the whiz-kid yuppie-boys and the lifers from Staten Island. The gulf that divides these two groups of workers is vast indeed, and your job as a temp necessitates an ability to bridge this gap.

It is as easy to alienate your fellow secretaries as it is to walk into the office. In case you haven't been watching enough television lately, let me remind you, appearance is everything. If you wear something too nice, coordinated or seemingly expensive, the secretaries will think that you think you're better than they are. On the flip side, if you dress down too much they'll assume you don't understand the corporate environment and are there-

fore hopelessly incompetent. Please don't be bothered by the absurdity of these assumptions, just take my word for it. For this reason, never wear a suit, a bright color, a short skirt, or pants on the first day. Suits imply that you're financially well-off, which is alienating, for some reason. Bright colors and short skirts are too sexual – which is again a threat to the established order of the office. Pants are too casual and somehow indicate a disdain for corporate america. Pants also, of course, might make you seem like a lesbian, which is another no-no. Basically, any stupid dress you find at Loehman's or ClothesTime will be perfect. Ideally, the dress should be mostly polyester, preferably navy, and have some really pointless detailing. If you hate what you're wearing, then you're wearing the right thing, and at

you work your way into the substructure of the office environment. The Smoking Room is where the gossip goes down. Keep in mind that the gossip also goes up; almost everything you say to your fellow secretaries will eventually reach the ears of your boss(es) because, as they say, information wants to be free. So, unfortunately, the Smoking Room is where you find yourself facing the dreaded situation of Disclosure. In the Smoking Room you are required to share the facts of your life.

The Facts of Your Life are as Follows:

1. You have a boyfriend. Alternately, you just left this total and complete asshole, and "Aren't all men scum!" In the white collar world, you are not a person unless you are involved in a relationship.

both groups of people.

Lastly, as alluded to above, while you need to be attached to get away from the boss-men and appease the inner hopes and lives of the secretaries, you need to be straight so you won't alienate everybody. (OK, so this is ugly advice and I'm fostering destructive, naive stereotypes. Fine, I can accept that – I never claimed to be ethical.)

The next two reasons have to do with why you can't accept or don't need a full-time job:

2. You are moving to a different city, soon. If you're a good temp you'll find that your temporary employers always want to hire you (at least if you're temping in for a vacant position – as opposed to temping for someone on vacation, which is a whole other can of worms). Turning down a full-time job without a perfect reason will imply that A) you don't like your boss and/or B) you don't like secretarial work. Reason A is obviously an insult to your boss and Reason B is an insult to your fellow secretaries. Relocating is the perfect reason. Of course, you can't be too precise about when you plan on relocating; I mean, you might actually like the gig and you don't want to scare them into finding

someone else. The reason that moving is the perfect excuse is that it avoids issues of like and dislike. It's not that you don't want to fill the position, it's that you are unable to do so.

3. You already have health care. You are happy with your plan. Your policy is great! If you don't have health care, then no one will understand why you don't want a permanent job.

The most important and the trickiest fact about your life is the following:

4. You are just a temp. Above all, never, ever be more than just a temp. You are NOT in school, you are NOT a writer, a poet, an artist, or, well, anything else. You might think that the best way to avoid being offered permanent employment, and the best way to defend your illogical decision to be a temp, is to imply that you are actually interested in a different career or lifestyle. This is a big, huge, disastrous mistake. Should you actually have any other aspirations, please, you must keep them to yourself. When you're just a temp it indicates to the other secretaries that you're just like them, only without a permanent job. That way they feel kind of sorry for you, they take you under their wings and



Wanting to do something outside of corporate America is a threat to everyone's existence. It is the fastest road to alienation. It will make your life miserable.

least no one will hate you.

Now, after you make it to your desk without garnering undue resentment, the next step is to work out how to interact on a social level. While the following rarely works in health-ridden California, it is the ultimate boon in New York: Find the Smoking Room. Rule of the Index Finger: All secretaries smoke. Consequently, there is usually a designated, unventilated room set aside for smoking. It is always completely hidden, usually behind some unmarked door covered in the same fabric as the office walls. But ask, and you shall find. I don't care if you hate smoking, you have to find the smoking room, even if you only go there to drink coffee (drinking tea is a minor aberration, but ultimately not too damaging so long as it's not herbal). Hanging in the smoking room is the Number One way of getting the secretaries to accept you. The smoking room is where the Workers hang out; no Boss-person will ever enter the Smoking Room (and yes, there are deep and disturbing implications here, but, hey, I'm not a political writer). It's where you mingle and let your hair down. It's where you establish that you are part of the Us and not the Them. It's where

You have to be involved, because how else will you ever achieve the holy grail of marriage? (Don't question this assumption. It will keep you up late at night with a stomach ache.) It's not only that being attached will make you seem less of an alien from outerspace, it will also prevent them from trying to set you up with their friends and relatives (I kid you not).

The other equally, if not more important, result of Having A Boyfriend – is that the incredibly arrogant men who invariably work in these environments, will eventually find out that you are involved, and stop flirting with you. "Hey, baby, are you happy to see me or is this just a huge wallet in my pocket?" You, a subservient creature, are supposed to be flattered by the attention of men so, how shall we say, well endowed. They believe, these sadly deluded creatures, that they are your savior. They are your ticket to a house in Connecticut and a life of organizing sock drawers instead of file drawers. Keep in mind that by fielding advances you are not only turning down these men, but you are shunning the very dream that many of the real secretaries secretly harbor. Being attached is the only truly acceptable way to avoid insulting

they are nice to you. Wanting to do something outside of corporate America is a threat to everyone's existence. It is the fastest road to alienation. It will make your life miserable. If you are in school your boss(es) will at best be patronizing, and at worst they'll be nervous that you might be more intelligent than they are. If you claim to be an artist, everyone will be nervous; any and all slips of real personality will be interpreted as subversive and suspect. No one will trust you. No one will talk to you. No one will tell you where the supply room is.

While Facts 1-3 are easy to pull off, because they require little or no explanation, Fact 4 is going to engender a good deal of "Why" questions, so you need to be prepared. Personally, my favorite rationale behind being Just A Temp is that I require "a lot of vacations." The reason this explanation works is because it adheres to the Partial Understanding Rule. In other words, it follows the Middle Path which is the underlying guideline for your identity as a temp.

Fitting In From the Outside

You must ultimately be an accessible personality for both your boss(es) and your fellow secretaries, and yet, you need to remain somewhat Outside it all. While Facts 1-3 provide the components of the identity you need to bridge the gap between Secretary and Boss, Fact 4 is critical and crucial because it defines the part of your identity which has to bridge the gap between being inside and outside of traditional American society. Being a temporary worker means two things, as the term indicates: you work and you are temporary. To work, you have to be the kind of person everyone wants to keep in the office. To be temporary, you need to be able to move on, again without alienating your office companions while you are there. You need to find not only the middle ground between Secretary and Boss; you also need to have a reason for existing in the middle ground between Employment and Unemployment.

Being wholly Other will not only alienate both the secretaries and the bosses, it will unite them against you. The only way out of this situation is to remember what the two groups of workers have in common: The American Dream. So, in this light, "needing lots of time off" is the perfect reason for being a temp because it means that you take lots of vacations. Vacations are an

undeniable part of the American dream. Keep in mind that these vacations need to be in places they can comprehend (i.e., Miami not Burma). You can work this even further by claiming that you're going to Miami so that you can stay in an aqua blue motel. They will understand Miami; they will not understand the motel.

Acceptable Ways to Be Weird

Although you are already slightly incomprehensible by virtue of the fact that you don't have steady work, you still need to back up the fact that your very nature inclines you to walk the middle ground (Temping) between complacent normalcy (full-time Employment) and radical insanity (Unemployment). So, in trying to portray an image of an outsider, remember the dangers of alienation and don't work too hard at being weird. In my personal experience, acceptable ways of being weird include: Having many boyfriends. Staying out until 4:00 am once or twice a week. Not having an apartment (but not living with your lover either). Changing into black clothing before you leave the office (someone will eventually find out about this). It

you (Acceptable – although they better all be broke or playboys, otherwise you'll seem like an arrogant bitch and alienate your co-workers). You do not want a "real" job (Not acceptable) because you like the time-off (Acceptable).

Euclid assumed that reality was three-dimensional; with equal flippancy, I assume that as a temp, you want to keep on temping. In order to keep temping you must keep your agency happy. In order to keep your agency happy, you must garner positive reviews. In order to garner positive reviews, you must be liked. In order to be liked you must adhere to the Four Facts and walk the middle ground.

Being liked is more important than being efficient. Anyone who tells you otherwise has never temped. Let me reiterate what "being liked" really means: your co-workers do not have to know you, they simply have to like you. In this vein, your co-workers do not have to like You, they have to like Who You Are As A Temp. Being liked is not the same as being likable. (If this posturing is a problem for all you integrity luvin' intellectuals out there, please see either Descartes or Hobbes, preferably both.) In other words, your intelligence is

to

Being liked is more important than being efficient. Let me reiterate what "being liked" really means: your co-workers do not have to know you, they simply have to like you.



highlights the fact that you have an Unusual Life – but, like everyone, you do what you must to make money. The secretaries will respect this. The men will – should they still be flirting with you – finally realize that dating you would be more of a walk on the wild side than they can probably handle. All your life choices and decisions will appear seemingly rational while being guided by strange aesthetics. You want to go to Las Vegas, not because you like gambling but because you like neon.

Think of it as a slot machine game. Mix and match acceptable notions. You wear black (which is Not acceptable) because it is easy to care for (which Is acceptable). You are driving across the country (Not acceptable) to see your family (Acceptable). You are dating multiple men (Not acceptable) because they all like

your efficiency as your personality is to your likability – utterly unrelated. I don't care who you think you are, or how important your perceived identity is to you, if you want to be a good temp, you must abide by these laws.

It's important not to get all worked up about integrity. Whether or not the concept of a coherent and integrated personality was ever remotely valid, it certainly isn't relevant today – and it is definitely superfluous to temping. In any case, acknowledging or fabricating personal paradoxes is a demanding task in and of itself, and possibly the best reason to temp. ✕

"Temporary Insanity" originally appeared in the great zine, *h2so4*. You are ordered to cough up \$7 for a 2 issue sub, or \$4 for a sample. PO Box 423354, San Francisco, CA 94142, <h2so4@igc.apc.org>.

Living

Interview by Matt Maranian

"Little Prince William keeps our picture in his pocket and says he wants to marry us – and hardly any reporters write about it. But we barf just a little bit in a toilet and everybody covers it. The press is weird, you can't manipulate them." – *Shane Barbi*

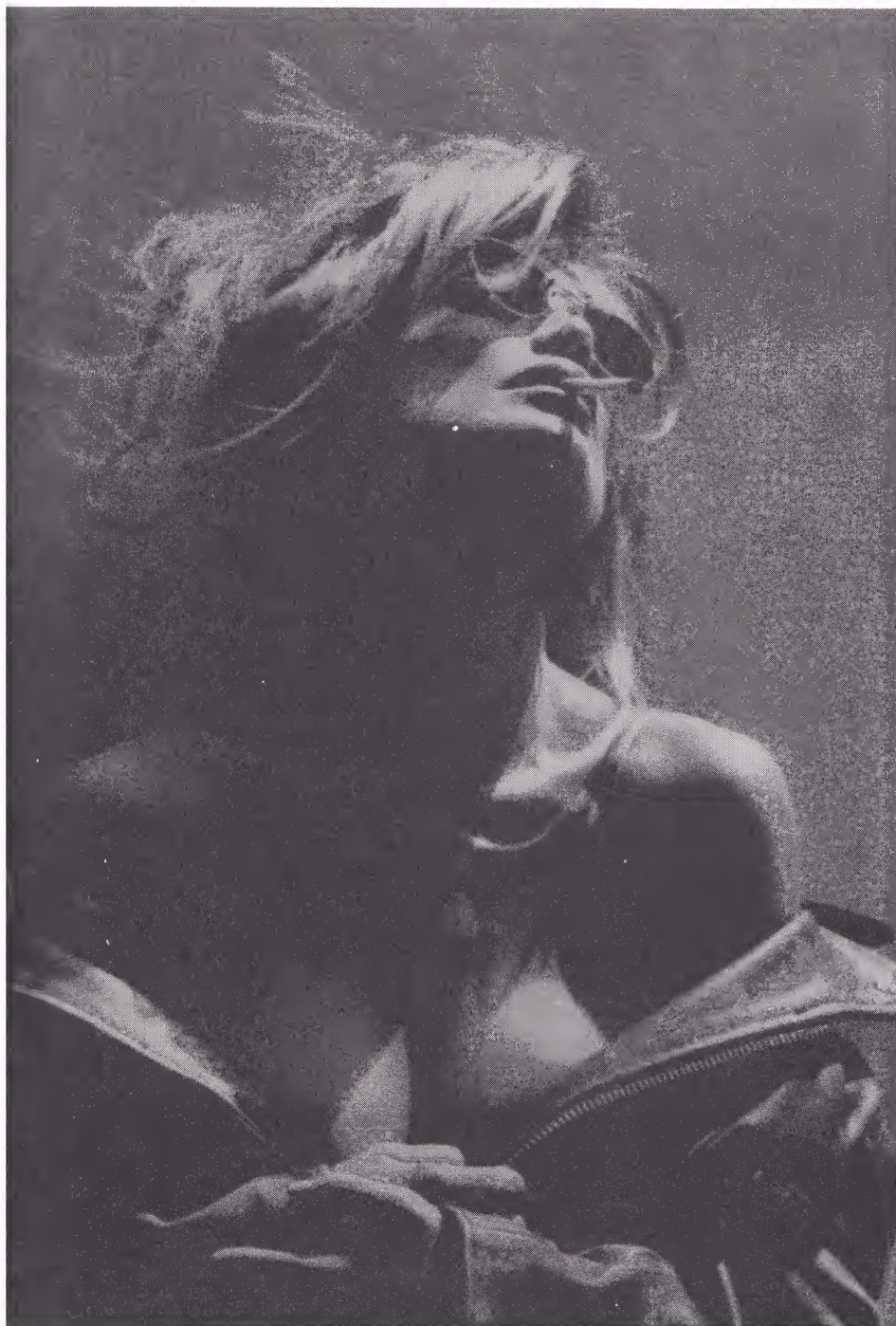
They've got acres of shimmering blond hair, lips that must have been stung by a swarm of killer bees, permanent suntans, and measurements that can barely be contained in the microscopic string bikinis they're so well-known for. Each twin stands a towering 5'9" and tilts the scales at an unthinkable 115 pounds. They're the hyperamplification of the American male sex fantasy – upstaging all the Pam Andersons and Claudia Schiffers twofold, pushing the standards of the female form far beyond the reach of any earthgirl. They're the Barbi Twins, and they're bustin' out all over.

Shane and Sia Barbi (believe it or not, Barbi is the family name) first hit Los Angeles in 1990 via a billboard on Sunset Strip, creating major traffic problems as passing motorists craned their necks to get a glimpse. Some drooled, most gasped, and a few shot paint pellets, but the Barbis became a binary success and cashed in big. Their pin-up calendars rake in millions of dollars worldwide, and they've since produced a profusion of Barbi merchandise. Their first layout for *Playboy* in September of '91 was a sell-out, and their second layout in January of '93 sold seven million copies – outselling any other issue in the magazine's history.



A Journey to the

D o l l s



And since art imitates life, the Barbis quickly entered the world of cartoons. They're regulars on Fox TV's animated series *Eek the Cat*, and now star in their very own comic book/CD-ROM, *The Barbi Twins Adventures*, in which they appear as secret agents fighting evil "to protect supermodels from bizarre and nefarious menaces... all without messing their hair or breaking a fingernail." Their live-action home video from Orion, *Double Exposure*, featuring them in "humorous and sexy vignettes," is due out by summer.

But there's more, so much more, to say about these identical twins whose mother is a beauty pageant winner-turned militant feminist ("Our mother is very supportive, we have a great relationship"), who were separated at the age of five — each to live with a different parent until adulthood, two self-professed tomboys ("We don't even know how to put on makeup") who meticulously reinvented themselves to create the multimillion dollar Barbi phenomenon. — *Matt Maranian*

I want to discuss the nature of the twin relationship. First, do you look alike to each other, or do you think you don't look anything alike?

SHANE: In pictures we can't tell who's who.

SIA: I'll be critical of how she looks in a particular picture and then realize it's me.

SHANE: Dogs and cats look twice at us, our family can't tell us apart.

SIA: My sister has bigger breasts and a bigger

Center of a Barbi

butt, that's why she usually gets the guys. Like Donald Trump said that he couldn't tell us apart, but he was going to date one of us and he said he'd take Shane because she's got a bigger butt and breasts.

What are some of the disadvantages of being a twin?

SHANE: We're very close, to the point of being sickly co-dependent. I hate when someone comes up to me and says, "I think you're nicer than your sister," I don't want to hear that. I'm not in competition with her – please! I have higher standards than that.

SIA: The only thing we get jealous of is each others' metabolism, and it stops right there.

Which one of you do you consider the "smart" one?

SHANE: Neither.

SIA: Our brains together make one smart person.

What's the first thing you look at when standing in front of a full-length mirror?

SHANE: Let's see... oh my God I'm like a computer scanning for imperfections – oh

ing that says: GIVE IT UP; KILL YOUR-SELF. It's so ironic that we're in the quote "beauty" business because my sister and I don't think of ourselves as beautiful at all.

SHANE: When I came into this business I was a body fanatic; I figured there's nothing to it. I thought I had a great body, and long hair – all that stuff. And we took some pictures with this one photographer and we were so ugly, I thought I had to be the ugliest girl on the planet.

Now when you say "ugly," what is it specifically that you're talking about?

SHANE: No really, we looked bad.

SIA: We were dogs, bow-wows.

SHANE: What I learned in this business is it's not what you are but how you package yourself. You become an artist by learning how to pose, getting the right photographers, the right makeup the right lighting, how you play with the camera; these are all the little ingredients.

SIA: Have you ever noticed that people as they get more and more famous, they get better and better looking? People think it's plastic surgery; it's collagen. No, it's

the whole package. They get better hair and makeup, they get better photographers, they get better at everything. It's all those

SIA: Just through our billboard and the first *Playboy*, we were offered everything from our own series...

SHANE: Blake Edwards wanted to do *20* with us...

Why didn't you accept any of those offers?

SIA: We were smart enough to know that our acting sucked, and to go the average actress-model-whatever avenue is not only cliché but it would have probably ended abruptly. We wanted to be the first twins that ever made it by our name.

SHANE: And by our products...

SIA: So we decided to take a different avenue for our whole career, and that's why we branched out into the comics; the cartoons. We just want to make a different statement. So now if we did do movies or whatever, we're known enough to play ourselves or just be ourselves and that's a lot more comfortable, plus we have a lot more experience at this point.

SHANE: Yeah. We want to be ourselves like Elvira, then we could go into movies and still be the Barbi Twins. It's just an image, it's not us. We sell by image, that is our talent.

SIA: Unfortunately though, we sold a lot of our mistakes. We didn't know what we were doing unlike big models who know all the tricks of the trade, so we sold our finding out of our mistakes.

SHANE: Don't you love her grammar? She sounds like she just got her green card.



"The only thing we get jealous of is each other's metabolism." – Sia

little ingredients to get the formula

Do you think you've made good career choices?

SHANE: Oh no! I think we've made some horrible choices, why do you think we've quit!

my God my nose is too thick, my eyes are so beady. The flaws, my eye goes to all the flaws.

to turn out perfect. If you see beautiful perfect models in person, they *are* beautiful, but no one looks like their picture.

SIA: I'm like the Terminator in front of a mirror, I scan and get like a digital read-

SHANE: A picture is worth a thousand jobs. It's your package to present to the world.

SIA: We haven't quit, we're just stepping back, taking a sabbatical. Everyone said

get on the skillet while it's hot, but my sister and I – I think this is the best thing about us, said, "Before we're ever desperate, we'd rather make a good choice." I'd rather die and end here rather than just got out there for fame and fortune.

SHANE: For a while it was getting worse and worse and worse. I mean even though we had more money and more fame it was like winning the lottery and having the fame of Angelyne. It was not going anywhere, not coming to another level.

"If you don't want to eat something that's right in front of you, just real quickly shake some Comet on it, or bleach, perfume, anything – then throw it away. That way you can't dig it out of the garbage and eat it later." – Shane

SIA: Getting famous for being famous.

SHANE: We were discriminated against from very politically correct circles.

The millions of dollars you were being paid wasn't any consolation?

SHANE: No. We could have *married* for money. I'm not ungrateful, but I'd like money to be a by-product of success and it wasn't.

SIA: Money does not make a difference in our lives. Money only gave us horses and privacy, which I do like. Other than that I'm not into it.

As recovered bulimics, what are some of your no-fail diet tricks to keep you from overeating?

SHANE: If you don't want to eat something that's right in front of you, just real quickly shake some Comet on it, or bleach, perfume, anything – then throw it away. That way you can't dig it out of the garbage and eat it later.

SIA: I'll sit down at dinner with a little dishwashing liquid right next to me. When I start to feel full I put it on the food so I won't continue.

SHANE: We're trying to move our food obsession up to a higher level though, a

more spiritual level. That's why we're reading Deepak Chopra.

So you're over your bulimia now?

SHANE: Yes, but it was hard, we had to eat three full meals a day. It was easier to starve because eventually you forget about food.

How did it feel to be bulimic from day to day?

SHANE: It was like

living a bad dream in slow motion.

What's the greatest extreme you've ever gone to to lose weight?

SHANE: This is unbelievable. We actually rented an apartment in Austin, Texas. We wanted to be in a place where no one knew us, we didn't want to be around people that could feed us. It was like going to a fasting farm, but we wanted to lock ourselves in.

SIA: And Austin is health oriented, they have health food there.

SHANE: We had this idea that we were going to be locked up for forty days and forty nights. We wanted to be spiritual, because in the Bible it says forty days and forty nights.

SIA: I wanted to see visions.

SHANE: We had gallons and gallons of water, that's it. Nothing in the refrigerator. We asked this poor guy to lock us in, and we purposely got a third story apartment so we couldn't get out. I wanted to be skinny.

How much did you weigh when you were locked in?

SHANE: 145-150, which is basically the weight we've been for almost all our pictures. So there we were, and after the fourth or fifth day you lose desire for *everything*...



SIA: You lose morals too, I would have hooked for food at that point.

SHANE: Exactly. You can't even look at television because you were tortured with seeing people eating, what they ate...

SIA: You get resentful.

SHANE: We fought like dogs and cats, we practically killed each other. You can smell everything. I could smell if someone put butter on a potato next door. Then finally we got so crazy...

After how many days?

SHANE: Only ten.

You lasted ten days?!

Sia: I've done nineteen days at a fasting

hygienic center.

Did you see visions?

SIA: I did! I saw visions of FOOD!

SHANE: So we finally had to get out and get to a 7-Eleven.

Thank Heaven for 7-Eleven...

SHANE: But we didn't know how to get out, we didn't have the strength to bust down the door. So we tied bedsheets together to climb out the window, which we must have learned from a cartoon.

You couldn't call someone?

SIA: No. We purposely didn't have a phone or we'd have pizzas sent!

SHANE: So we climbed out the window with help from the downstairs neighbor. I'm sure everyone in the building thought we were absolutely psychotic. And it was amazing, the energy we suddenly had, because I couldn't even walk to the bathroom an hour before that, so energy must be psycho-matic, what is it called?

Psychosomatic.

SIA: So we got to the 7-Eleven and we were like drug addicts, eating right there out of the packages. We paid for empty wrappers.

SHANE: And we had a SUGAR BUZZ! It was like we were on speed!

SIA: Our eyes dilated, we could have run a marathon.

SHANE: We had so much energy... but our low was horrible. We hated ourselves for breaking our word.

SIA: You could read "HEADACHE" over our heads.

SHANE: We were hallucinating; the sugar was more harmful than the fasting. We could have done major harm.

SIA: I used to be embarrassed about saying these stories, but I really want to get it



out there because as crazy as it sounds, other people do this. But it is so humiliating, that people won't admit to it.

SHANE: We're bad influences on each other, like drug buddies. But now we say to each other, "Commit me if I ever try fasting again!"

SIA: I don't believe in quick fixes anymore.

SHANE: You come out the same door you go in.

SIA: You earn your health.

When did you start using laxatives?

SHANE: We discovered laxatives in Paris when we were modeling for Thierry Mugler in the fashion shows and French Vogue and all that. We starved for weeks and then after the fashion shows we binged. I got a chronic case of constipation so the doctor gave me laxatives, and I lost so much I thought, "Whoah! This is a good thing!"

When did you stop using them?

SIA: When they stopped working. When I was on the floor with froth coming out of my mouth.

SHANE: It was scary, she had bubbles coming out of her mouth and we had to take her to the hospital. As long as we were losing fifty pounds, we didn't care if we died.

SIA: The doctor said, that's it, if you do this one more time you'll go into cardiac arrest, and I said, "Are you sure I can't do it just one more time?!"

SHANE: And in all other areas we were "natural" fanatics – no drugs, no aspirin, we don't smoke, we don't drink liquor, no coffee even.

SIA: Sugar was our only drug once in a while. I wouldn't even allow X-rays on my teeth. So it was strange for us that we went from natural laxatives...

SHANE: To dynamite: one hundred Dulcolax. Karen Carpenter died from less than that.

Which was your favorite laxative?

SHANE: Magnesium Xytrate was the strongest, but Dulcolax works the best. In four hours we could be fifteen pounds thinner. Even my hands were thin.

SIA: People would say, "Gosh, you look terrible, what's wrong?!" And we would say...

SHANE & SIA: Thank you!

SHANE: We would get dehydrated too, just from the trauma of it all. We would throw up acid, and when you went to the bathroom it was just acid... lovely picture isn't it?

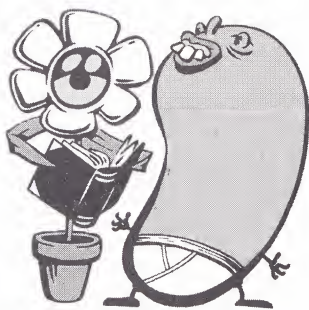
SIA: I'm sure we're turning on a lot of men with these stories.

How damaging do you think your image is to our appearance-obsessed culture?

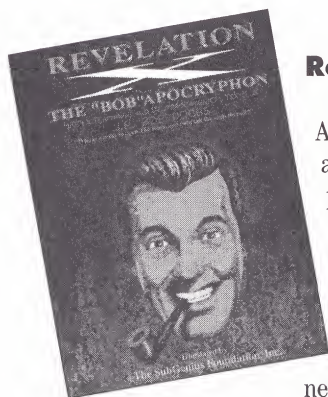
SIA: I'm sure that there are a lot of women that say we contribute to it. I feel that I was as much a victim as anyone else. But I learned from my therapy not to blame, but to become a part of the solution. We're all victims. The dysfunctional part of me was working with the dysfunctional part of the media that was dealing with surface obsessions, so if we all recovered we wouldn't be so obsessed in it. So blaming the media is ridiculous.

SHANE: (clapping) I'm just drawing blanks here.

SIA. Unlike other models that say "Oh yes, I eat anything I want and I'm beautiful and you aren't" – almost every model says that and I think it's bull – at least I'm honest enough to say I'm no different than you; I got my stuff together and what I did is package myself. My package is what you're looking at, and I make a living off of it. That's it. Sometimes feminists attack us, but I don't think a true feminist should attack another woman. We should all work together. Why do we have to choose between being either a bimbo or a militant bitch? There are all different types of women. ✕



media freak

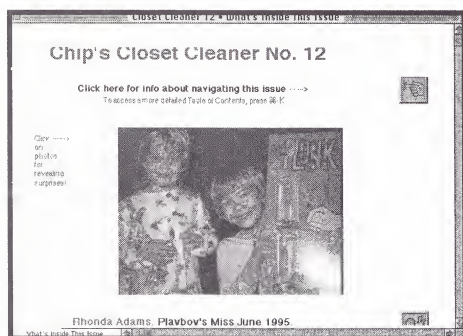


Revelation X

After all these years, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs and his toiling minions continue to wage psychic warfare against the enemies of weirdos and mutants. I'm pleased to report that Rev. Ivan Stang and his SubGenius pals are still as fresh and full of vinegar as ever.

Are you about to begin a business or personal relationship with somebody you don't know very well? Use *Revelation X* as a friend-or-foe detector. Buy them a copy of this book. If they are confused or bored by it, scratch them off your list. If they come back smoking a pipe full of 'frop, know that you have a friend for life. — Mark

Revelation X, by The SubGenius Foundation, Inc.: \$14.95.
Fireside/Simon & Schuster Books.



E-Relics

Chip is still cleaning his closet, but with the recent hideous jump in paper prices, he's decided to show us his personal stuff online only. So I downloaded *Chip's Closet Cleaner* #12 from America Online (it took me 20 minutes at 14.4 kbps), and was happy to find that his e-zine is just as fun and adorable as it was in its tangible form. A fraction of what's in this issue: reviews of cool-looking zines (stuff I need to get my hands on!), a bunch of engaging

articles Chip wrote for *Playgirl*, another "Catalog From Hell" with products like Elvis tree ornaments and creepy hair products, and a "Best of Closet Cleaner 4 through 11." Most importantly, he still digs up old photos of himself with his little-boy bowl hair cut.

CCC takes advantage of its new home, with all sorts of sound effects and surprise messages when you click on the graphics. Although Chip says he won't be printing CCC on paper anymore, if you hurry you can still get some available back issues. But I'm too lazy to find the details, so you'll have to log on to get that info. — Carla

Bunnyhop

I had my fingers crossed when I first laid eyes on *Bunnyhop*. The cover is one of the best I've seen in a while. It's thick and silver-colored, and the word "Bunnyhop" is



embossed. The illustration shows the *Life in Hell* bunny delivering a knockout blow to the cowardly Trix rabbit. I was hoping that the innards would be just as good as the outside of this zine.

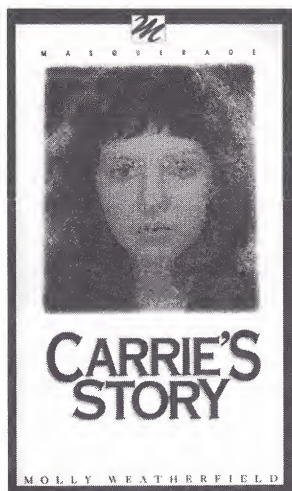
Well, I wasn't disappointed. The editors, Seth and Noël, got their twenty- and thirtysomething friends to write about their high school lives, particularly how they fit in as geeks or jocks. (Needless to say, almost everybody who contributed here was a geek, but one or two were jockish geeks.) We learn that Darby (of *Ben is Dead*, see bb #13) was the first girl in Los Angeles County to try out for a boys' baseball team. I usually hate music interviews, but the one with Shannon Selberg of the Cows is good because Shannon has a good anecdote about the time he made tuff man Henry Rollins look foolish.

I've read enough Dan "Eightball" Clowes interviews to last me until the sun goes supernova, but Noël manages to squeeze a lot of fresh juice from the cartoonist.

I read *Bunnyhop* from cover to cover, and I'm looking forward to seeing the next issue. — Mark

Bunnyhop: \$5. c/o Noël Tolentino, Po Box 421073 San Francisco CA 94142, <bunnyhop@slip.net>

Chip's Closet Cleaner: <http://www.interaccess.com/users/chip/>, or
America Online: Clubs & Interests>>>Writer's Forum>>>Writer's Club Libraries>>>Writer's Club E-Zines, or send \$3 and two stamps for a diskette (tell him if you want DOS or Mac) to: 175 N. Harbor Dr #1308, Chicago, IL 60601.



My Little (Porno) Pony

I always love it when a fellow WELL member writes a book. There're so many curious and kooky people hangin' out there, you never know what they might come up with. When Molly (not her real name) wrote and told me that she'd written a porno book and wanted to know who at *BOING BOING* might review it, I told her I was the resident perv, and she should send it to me. Waiting for it to arrive, I wondered what I might be in for. Molly seemed miscast as a porn

writer. What if it was horribly written, or that PC-kinda porn that bores me to tears? What would I tell her?

Having just finished *Carrie's Story*, I'm here to tell you that it is neither. In fact, I was stunned by how well it was written and how intensely foreign I found its sexual world. Carrie is a SF bike messenger ("I wrote it before *Virtual Light*, Molly insists) who finds herself irreversibly drawn to a handsome and sophisticated architect named Jonathan. What attracts Carrie to him is not his *GQ* good looks, his charm, or his upscale house, but the fact that he wants to abuse her, to make her his slave. No love, no passion (at least not the type she's used to), no dinner, no dancing, (almost) no fucking... just pain, humiliation, marathon bondage and absolute obedience to his often sadistic desires. Carrie's never done anything like this and doesn't know why she wishes to start, but start she does... she submits... and she loves it.

Throughout the book, Weatherfield dissects Carrie's motivations, her ongoing confusion over what she's doing, and the reality of just how turned on she is by her masochism. Carrie's intelligent, well-read, and in constant conflict between her libido and her book smarts. This binary world, of the sensitive insides of her head and the contours of her welt-riddled body, is what makes *Carrie's Story* fascinating... that and the bizarre "pornotopia" that Carrie enters. Her master takes her to dressage shows where slaves are paraded around like over-groomed pedigree dogs. When Mr. Domination needs to take a business trip, he drops her off at a friend's slave stables. (Who knew?) There, she and fellow humans-cum-ponies are worked in corrals, made to

pull sulkies full of guests, and to lick the dusty boots of the muscley farm hands. In the end, she's taken to a Big Brother-like auction house in Europe that's run by a computer (slaves get shocked by wrist bracelets to keep them in line). I found myself giggling uncontrollably at these ludicrous situations, somehow comforting myself with: "This can't be real... people wouldn't really do whacked out shit like this. (would they?)"

Carrie's Story is so interesting because people would... and they do. Maybe not at "Sir Harold's Custom Ponies," but at the undoubtedly less fantastic real-world equivalents. And, since this is a world I don't frequent (hell, I don't even know the way), I thoroughly enjoyed the National Geo tour. Now...which way to the rubber ranch? — *Gareth*

Carrie's Story, by Molly Weatherfield: \$4.95. Masquerade Books: 801 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017.



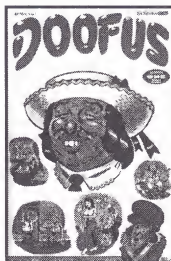
Happiness for 25¢ (postpaid)

The ads in old comic books were often more entertaining than the stories. I'd usually tear through an issue of *Kamandi* in five minutes, and then go slowly through

the ad pages of the comic, savoring the pictures and descriptions of the gag items on the Johnson Smith Novelty page, the seed packet ad that promised wonderful prizes for hard working door-to-door seed saleskids, and the smiling lad who delivered America's favorite newspaper, *Grit*. (Has anybody ever seen a copy of *Grit*? Not me.)

Hey Skinny! is a great book that collects the best advertisements from the golden age of comics. I like the ad that promises a free tiny monkey (shown in a teacup) or dog (sitting calmly in the palm of a woman's hand) to people who sell hand-colored photo enlargements to their friends and neighbors. The little pets have word balloons coming out of their mouths: "Will you give me a home?" The Vacutex (above) was designed to "extract filthy blackheads in seconds." I'm keeping this book next to my computer for layout ideas. — *Mark*

Hey Skinny!, by Miles Beller and Jerry Leibowitz: \$10.95. Chronicle Books.



Comic Rescued from the Trash

I threw *Doofus* away after I read it, because the feature story (which is not about Doofus, but some kind of government spy thriller spoof) was too long and boring. But the art is good and the gag pages with the brain-damaged Doofus and his even stupider sidekick Henry Hotchkiss are funny.

Fans of old EC comics will dig the drawing style. — *Mark*

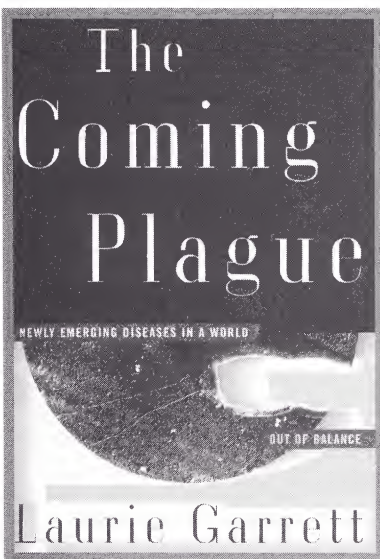
Doofus, by Rick Altergott: \$2.75. Fantagraphics Books: 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle WA, 98115

A Garden of Unearthly Delights

Fans of self-published comics may already be familiar with Michael Manning's work. In the late '80s, he produced the *Ukiyo-X* mini-comics and several series of fetish art cards. In *The Spider Garden*, he makes his full-blown book debut... and what a debut it is. This gorgeous graphic novel tells the tale of the Metal Spider Clan, a feudal Japan-inspired erotic court, and its hermaphroditic "mastress." *The Spider Garden* is part De Sade's castle, part Japanese geisha house, and part sci-fi parallel universe where mythical man-beasts, hermaphrodites, and

robots engage in orgiastic co-minglings of mind-boggling proportions. It is a leaky-margins world filled with outrageous sex, mondo fetishism, and courtly intrigues. Feasting my eyes on its meticulously-illustrated pages and its mutant sexiness, I had to wonder why there isn't more sci-fi porn. The interzone of sci-fi/fantasy offers a perfect place in which to explore polymorphous perversity, unencumbered by worldly constraints. Kudos to Manning for showing us how it should be done. - Gareth

***The Spider Garden*, by Michael Manning: \$11.95. Ameritica: 185 Madison Ave. Suite 1504, New York, NY 10016.**



How To Be a Good Host

We've got bad bugs on the brain. Virulent microscopic beasts have captured the public imagination: "flesh-eating bacteria" has entered the popular lexicon, two recent books on viruses have become bestsellers, and Dustin Hoffman is starring in a veritable reprise of *The Andromeda Strain*. Of course it follows that if something you can't see turns your body to putrescent pulp, you'll pay to find out about it.

But who knew that bloody entropic deaths could be so entertaining!? In his book *The Hot Zone*, Richard Preston turned a true account of a near-cataclysmic Ebola virus outbreak into something like a horror novel. But Laurie Garrett's *The Coming*

Plague is the true winner between the two. It is an exhaustive (and exhausting) study of humanity's relationship to the microbial ecosystem, stacked 750 pages high. It reads like a history of the past few centuries from a slant that is rarely considered: that of the diseases. And if we consider this relationship as kind of antagonistic, consider that the diseases almost always have the upper hand. The discovery and effective distribution of a vaccine is relatively infrequent; the best humans can do in most cases is describe the deadly agent's *modus operandi*, contain it, and wash their hands a lot.

Garrett is in utter command of her subject matter - you may feel twinges of guilt in being so beguiled by it, though - and summarizing a book of this scope is close to futile. It is loaded with appalling stories and wretched ways to die, but it's also a sensitive warning to the "smartest" species on earth: if you don't clean up your health standards and set up a robust global network of advanced medical labs, we'll devour all your T cells. - Alan E. Rapp

***The Coming Plague*, By Laurie Garrett: \$25. Farrar Strous Giroux: 212/741-6900.**



Space Daze

As Space music has found a current vogue - due in part to new albums and tours by various Hawkwind alumni, featuring younger rogues like Genesis P-Orridge - the time is right for this genre biography. Can, Brian Eno, pre-arena Pink Floyd, Faust, Chrome, and Kraftwerk are all probably hipper than ever, but more importantly they sound incredibly novel in the face of present guitar-driven, cock-rock "alternative" ramblings.

But great rock journalism *Space Daze* isn't. Thompson takes the space metaphor probably more seriously than

the bands he documents, and his overly devoted voice becomes a tad dreary. Thankfully there are plenty of amusing anecdotes of these wacky Europeans, what with their drugs, antics and riotous gigs, which make the book worth it. The discography is also a great resource, and a companion two-CD anthology of the same name is a wonderful primer to the music itself. - Alan E. Rapp

***Space Daze, The History and Mystery of Electronic Ambient Space Rock*, by Dave Thompson: \$11.99. Cleopatra: 310/305-0172.**

More Amazingly Stupid (but still kinda cool) Web Sites



When I saw the link to CanyonCam, I had the salacious vision of a camera skimming the contours of Christy Canyon's prodigious bod. Alas... it was not meant to be. CanyonCam is just a video snapshot of a scruffy gorge behind the offices of Vigna, a San

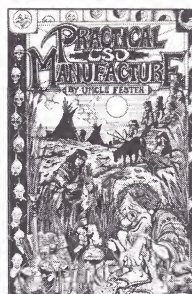
Diego hardware developer. You can view a constantly-updated image, a short MPEG film, or larger films. <http://vigna.com/>

Every city needs a sad ol' lunch counter, you know the kind, the one next to the bus station filled with drunks, blue haired ladies, and street people who mutter to themselves.



Net.citizens now have the Internet Lunch Counter. Here you can order food and watch it appear on your screen. I got a chicken sandwich, a mellow yellow soda, and a coconut doughnut. And that's all there is to it – you just stare at your stupid nutrition-free food, feel awkward and sad, and wonder why you're there just like in a real cafeteria! <http://speckle.ncsl.nist.gov/~lorax/lunchcounter.html>

After you gag on a wad of gristle in your chicken salad sandwich and croak at the lunch counter, your loved ones will need to make hasty funeral arrangements. Luckily, the fine folks at Carlos A. Howard Funeral Homes ("Your full service funeral home on the Internet") have made casket shopping as easy as pointing and clicking. This is not a joke! You can view caskets and order funeral services online ("We ship anywhere!"). My loved ones take note: I had my eye on the Mahogany Champagne Whitewall Velvet model (\$4,100). http://shops.net/shops/Carlos_A_Howard_Funeral_Home/ – Gareth



Break the Law at Home in Your Spare Time

Loompanics sent me two do-it-yourself drug books, *Practical LSD Manufacture*, and *Opium for the Masses*, and they're as different in tone and accessibility as the drugs they describe. Uncle Fester, the author of *Practical LSD Manufacture*, is a crotchety old bugger who seems like he knows his stuff, but I'm not sure because the recipes are way over my head. For example: "...a carefully dried 500 ml flask is charged with a magnetic stirring bar, 5 grams of anhydrous lysergic acid dried under heat and high vacuum as described in the previous chapter..." In other words, if you want to make acid, be prepared to buy all sorts of expensive laboratory equipment and chemicals that'll likely put you on a DEA suspect list. *Opium for the Masses*, on the other hand, is much simpler. Author Jim Hogshire offers a range of ways to make your own opium, the simplest being to go to KMart and buy a bunch of dried poppy pods (used in floral arrangements) and grind them up in hot water. While nobody's going to bust you for buying something from KMart, you could become addicted to the pods, and having to go to KMart a couple of times a week is a scary thought. – Mark

Practical LSD Manufacture: \$15, *Opium for the Masses*. Loompanics: PO Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368, credit card orders only: 800/380-2230.

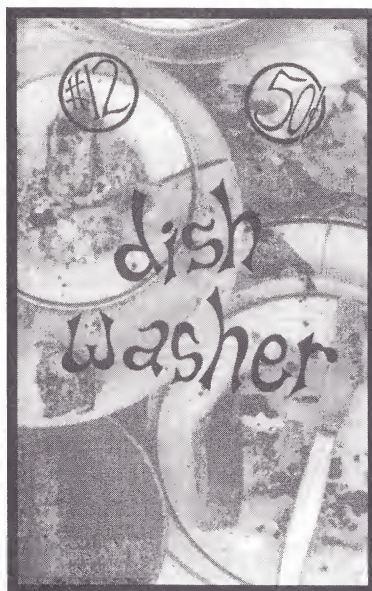


The Lazy Way to Surf the Net

HeadsUp is an "intelligent filter" service that cruises the Net looking for information that it "thinks" you might be interested in (as defined by some sort of profile that you put together) To use it, you first chose up to 10 topics out of a possible 800. Your chosen topics are then matched to over 400 data sources and each day you are either faxed or e-mailed a personalized data dump which contains up to 20 abstracts of articles that match your chosen profile. If you find an abstract that looks interesting, you can order the full-text version which is delivered right to your digital doorstep.

HeadsUp costs a whopping \$695 for an annual subscription, which entitles you to 160 free full-text requests. Additional requests will run you \$2.97. They sucked me in with a 30 day free trial and I was hooked. I average about 5 full-text requests a week and if only one a year leads to a new business opportunity, then the service will have paid for itself in spades. – David Reim <simstar@aol.com>

HeadsUp: 800/414-1000, <HeadsUp@Individual.com>.



Dishwasher

Somewhere out among the skiing lodge restaurants and cut-rate mom'n'pop eateries, Dishwasher Pete is working his way through America's kitchens. An unpretentious look at the world from a dishwasher's point of view, *Dishwasher* is one of my favorite zines.

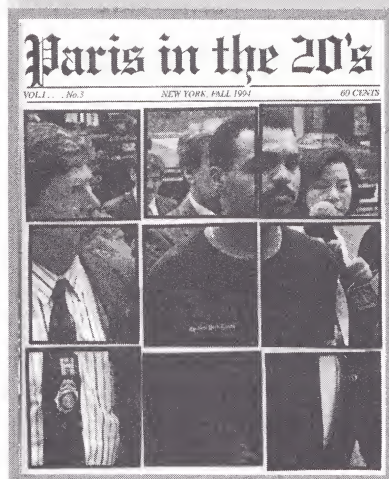
The first few pages of the zine are filled with Pete's easygoing prose, which reads like a letter from your best friend, updating you on his latest adventures and mishaps. The handwritten, xeroxed pages are bordered by a melange of hand-drawn kitchen items, bringing back memories of my own suds-slinging days. *Dishwasher's* content can vary widely, with items in the

current issue ranging from '70s dishwashing comics to dishwashing stories sent in by readers. One article in the current issue, "Meet My Co-Workers," gives profiles and illustrations of such kitchen stereotypes as "The Classic Rockin' Cook," "The Stuck-Up Waiter," and "The Cool Waitress."

The book review section is always a great part of the zine, looking at a range of literature (but only if it mentions dishwashing in some way). His latest reviews focus on "books written between ... 1880 and 1940, by or about guys who simply roam about." Pete's writing style is a rare treat to read; his descriptive portraits of the people he meets are combined with a great sense of humor.

Dishwasher improves constantly with each new issue. Issue eleven features a nifty off-set printed photo of dirty dishes on its cover, and more articles than previous issues. This zine is a definite bargain for only a buck, and it's a lot of fun to read, even if you're not a dishwasher. —*Andrew Robert Volk*

\$1. P.O. Box 4827, Arcata, CA, 95221.



Paris in the 20's

I enjoy searching the newspaper for weird events, especially when they're reported with a straight face. *Paris in the 20's* is a concentrated blast of weirdness culled from the pages of *The New York Times*. The editors of *Paris in the 20's*

simply clip photos and parts of articles from the *Times* and paste them right into the zine. For example, the *Times* ran a

recipe for cucumber juice as follows:

Cucumber Juice

1 large cucumber, peeled.

Pass the cucumber through a juice extractor.

Yield: One cup.

There are dozens of equally ridiculous and baffling items in every issue.

The back cover of *Paris* #3 is a reprint of a letter from a *Times's* lawyer demanding that *Paris in the 20's* end their "practice of appropriating *Times* copyrighted material."

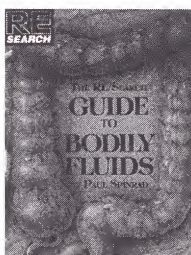
I have a feeling they won't. —*Mark*

Paris in the 20's: 60¢. 324 East 74th Street 1C, New York NY 10021. <tough@well.com>

Good Books

Richard Kadrey's second novel, *Kamikaze L'Amour*, is set in San Francisco, which has turned into a rain forest sometime around the turn of the century. Ryder, the protagonist, is a musician who can see sounds, hear smells, and taste shapes — a condition known as synesthesia. He knows he has a hit song when the orbiting golden cylinders in his head begin to spin tightly around their "strange attractor." \$20.95. St. Martin's Press.

The RE/Search Guide to Bodily Fluids gives you the inside scoop on your body's goop:



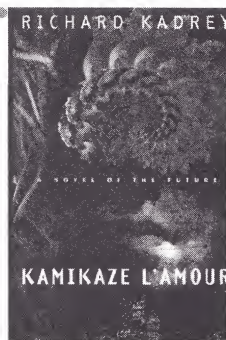
poop, vomit, urine, mucus, and more. You'll be either disappointed or relieved that there aren't any pictures. \$15.99.

RE/Search: 415/771-7117.

Betty Goo

Betty Goo is a Violent Femmes for the '90s. The songs on this cassette were the brain fuel I needed to finish my zine, *Supernasty*. You go Goo! —*Lilly Lollypop*

Cassette w/16 songs. 617/254-3037.



CD-ROMs: Best & Worst

Publishers are making CD-ROMs that contain useless crap just to let the world know that they're part of the new media revolution. Most

discs are so awful I can't use them for more than five minutes.

Take **QuickToons II: What's Up Disc?** for example. It's a CD-

ROM of six old cartoons starring Bugs Bunny, Popeye, and Porky Pig. Don't get me wrong, the cartoons are funny, but I don't enjoy watching them in low resolution on a tiny screen at a flip-book frame-rate. Just think, some idiots actually paid \$50 or so to get this disc, when they could have spent \$2 and rented one of dozens of great cartoon videos available at any video store.

QuickToons II: What's Up Disc? Wayzata Technology: 800/735-7321, fax 218/326-0598.

The problem with many CD-ROMs is that their content was created for a different medium, such as movies or books. The confused and greedy publishers think they can squeeze extra money out of a novel or movie by putting it on a disc. So what kinds of CD-ROMs are good? Databases make good CD-ROMs, because the discs hold a lot of information, and you can quickly find what you're looking for by entering key words. **SelectPhone** is a good example of the power of a CD-ROM database. It's got 85 million business and residential phone numbers, names and addresses from all 50 states. Want the names and phone numbers of everybody

who lives on your street? Is there a number in a classified ad, but no name or address along with it? Want to look up a long-lost friend or enemy? **SelectPhone** can provide the answers. It's amazing, and the five-disc set costs only a hundred dollars.

SelectPhone: Approx. \$100. ProPhone: 617/631-9200.

Just to prove not all informational CD-ROMs are useful, here's **Isaac Asimov's The Ultimate Robot.**

This shovelware special is presented in a way to make you think it's got a bunch of fun and educational sections, including a "build your own virtual robot" area, but the entire CD-ROM feels dead. Using this disc makes me want to do something useful, like sell my review copy to a second-hand CD-ROM store.

Isaac Asimov's The Ultimate Robot: Approx. \$50. Byron Preiss Multimedia: 212/989-6252.

The Talking Picture is a program that is added onto an

audio CD from a band in Sweden called the Electric Eskimoes. The music's got a Ziggy-Stardust-gone-awry feeling to it, but **The Talking Picture** game is a work of delightfully zonked weirdness. It's sort of like *Myst* in that you have to figure out what's going on, discover hidden puzzles, and solve them, but the theme is more *Twilight Zone*-on-laughing-gas than *Myst*. I usually don't like computer games, but this one's captured my attention for hours.

Electric Eskimoes: The Talking Picture. Rock 'N Roligan Productions (Sweden): +46 31 13 65 65, fax +46 31 774 25 90.

That devil baby doll in the upper-right-hand corner is one of 100 full-color digitized photographs from

PhotoDisc's **Retro Relics** collection.

These copyright-free images are all interesting, and the resolution and quality are excellent. I use PhotoDisc's images all the time (see the cover of this issue

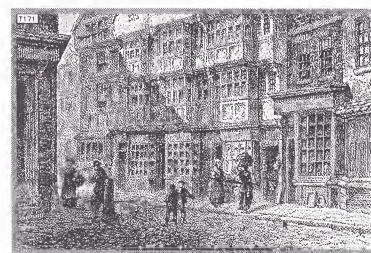
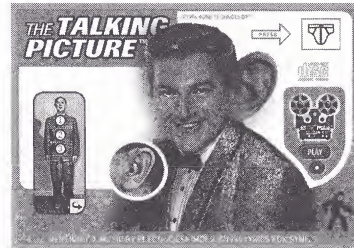
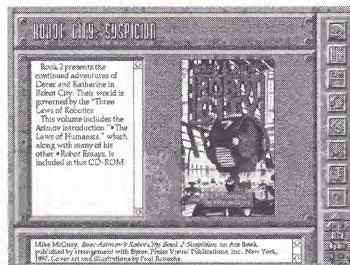
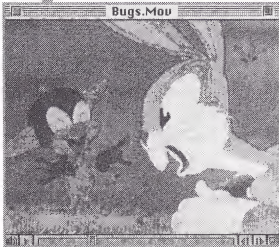
of *boING boING*) and if you're a DIY publisher, you should too!

Retro Relics. PhotoDisc: 800/528-3472, fax 206/441-9379.

How God Makes God Is one of the most interesting CD-ROMs I've seen. Using old Victorian woodcuts, British author Peter Small ties together probability, game theory, economics, genetic algorithms, and selfish gene theory into an entertaining story that illustrates his version of the evolutionary processes that have formed the human mind. Small claims that our "genes evolved to favor emotions which make us want to act in ways which maximize our chances of cooperating with each other." The many experiments and simulations in the program (you get to play dice and roulette, kill cats and hang people)

provide first-hand experience of the mathematical concepts presented in the work. — Mark

How God Makes God: £32. Genome Electronic Books: 0628 23090.



Panic!

BY SHAWN WOLFE

A SENSE...OF...
FOREBODING...COMING
OVER ME! CAN'T...STOP,

BLOCK IT OUT!

THERE'S...
NO DENYING IT!

I SEE MY OWN OBSO-
LESCENCE... WRITTEN
ON YOUR FACE!

WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

TELL ME THIS: ARE YOU
STILL 'PRINT BASED?'

I HOLD ALLLLL
THE COPYRIGHTS.
SO YOU HAD JUST
BETTER HOPE I
DON'T SUE YOU
FOR BREACH.

YOU CAN'T 'OWN' IDEAS

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT
I USED TO SAY.
YOU DIDN'T KNOW
ME WHEN I WAS
OBSOLETE.

I USED TO BE LIKE YOU.
I EVEN VOTED FOR
SOMETHING ONCE.
'SENDING A MESSAGE
TO WASHINGTON' THEY
CALLED IT.

SO FAR,
ALL I SEE
IS MORE
PORK.

THAT'S ALRIGHT.
JUST WAIT UNTIL
THIS WHOLE 'END OF
THE WORLD' THING
BLOWS OVER.

MAN, I'M LOOKING
FORWARD TO IT...

BUT...
WON'T YOU MISS
TONY ROBBINS?

HELL NO!

FRIEND, LET GO OF YOUR
HATRED AND ANGER.
INVITE THE ESCHATON
INTO YOUR HEART...

O' KIND AND BENEVO-
LENT ESCHATON!
ERASE THE HISTORY
OF PHILOSOPHY...

... ERASE THE
PHILOSOPHY OF
HISTORY...

... AND ERASE THE
TERMINALLY CORRECT,
BEFORE THEY ERASE
YOU!!!

YOU'RE A TAD LATE!
EVEN THE SAGE AND
MIGHTY ESCHATON
GOES PALE IN THE
RIGHTEOUS LIGHT OF
THE TERMINALLY
CORRECT.

TEMPTING AS IT MAY
SEEM, WE DON'T DARE
PIN ALL OUR HOPES
ON THE APOCALYPSE.

WELL SHUT
MY MOUTH.

WE SHOULD JUST BE
THANKFUL FOR OUR
PREFERRED
CUSTOMER STATUS!

audible signals

TALES OF THE TRUE CRIME



NEITHER/NEITHER WORLD

Neither Neither World: Tales of True Crime (Alive Records)

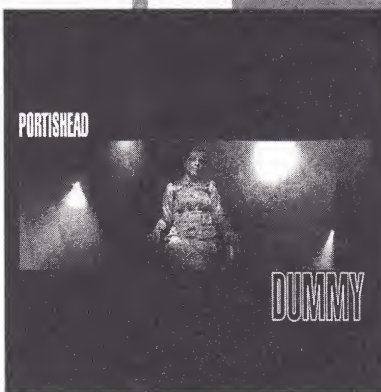
Wendy Van Dusen, the woman behind Neither Neither World, has a thing for serial killers. At least, it seems so, since each of the songs on this album is dedicated to a different one (the dedications include the killer's dates of birth and number of victims), and the liner notes feature full-color reproductions of artwork by six of them. And for you Manson fans, the record was mixed in a studio in Topanga Canyon. Is it all a gimmick, in

these days of serial killer chic and media frenzy? The answer is no. The music itself is strikingly beautiful and gently ominous, with dark, spare arrangements of orchestral instruments, piano, washy guitar, and prominent vocals that range from whispered to ethereal to demonic. Not surprisingly, the lyrics are plenty morbid, with lots of first-person accounts of killing. "She covered her face/Couldn't stop the pain/I'm ripping through her skull... Agent of hate," Wendy carols girlishly over an a capella choir singing chords unrelated to her melody. The scary thing is wondering if killing could be as lovely as this album makes it seem... — Jessica

Portishead: Dummy (London/Go! Disks)

Portishead's album *Dummy* is fast becoming ubiquitous. Last week, I went shopping on Haight Street and heard it playing in every store I entered. However, I suppose that in this one case I'll align myself with the eighteen-year-old trendy riff-raff who work in those shops because this record is brilliant. My first attempt to describe it resulted in this: "ambient dub jazz, performed in an opium lounge in outer space." Since then I've heard it summed up more concisely with the term "scratch noir." In any case, the ultra-cool, ultra-smooth cooing over trip-hop beats, spacey organ, Hendrix guitar, and digitally-enhanced record pops are the ultimate in futuristic/retro atmospherics

— Jessica



The Big Bang (EllipsisArts)

I usually don't review music. In fact, I never have. All it took



was the packaging of this CD kit, however, to make me swipe it from the "reviewing bin" and claim it as mine. The 3 discs come in a planet-friendly cardboard box illustrated by Gary Panter, whose cool art also adorns the 64-page book you get as a special bonus. After spending some time reading and admiring the goods, I finally popped in one of the CDs, and wow! I was thrown into another land, a wet primal pulsing sweaty fleshy soulful rhythmic pounding vibrant land. You'll hear percussions from all over the

world, from Baka Forest women beating water to drum sounds from various African groups, Indians, Native Americans, Balinese, and many others. Listening to this is better than taking 3 Happy Camper pills. — Carla

The Vampire Rodents: Clockseed (Re-Constriction)

The Rodents are back after their rather disappointing infestation on Lullabyland. This time, the rats have greatly multiplied, joined by a who's who of independent "industrial" artists, including Jared of Chemlab, Dee Maden of Penal Colony, and Dan Gatto of Babyland. 16 of the album's 22 songs feature a different guest vocalist. In true vampire fashion, the Rodents have always lived off of the host body of found music and sounds. But on *Clockseed*, they've added a small orchestra to work off of the sampled core. This expanded band and the many guest vocalists create a compelling dark carnival filled with bizarre characters, each operating their own sonic sideshow. *Clockseed*'s melting pot of sounds, vocal styles, and musical influences give the album an almost epic quality.

This is, by far, the Rodents' most accomplished and accessible project to date, sure to gain them a degree of respect that's thus far eluded them. — Gareth

C17 H19 No3: He Swallows The Ground, Terra Damnata

(Grinder Records)

Two more audio novellas from our pal John Bergin. Unlike John's other music project, *Trust/Obey*, C17 H19 No3 is more gothic, heavy on the atmospherics. This is music to imagine films by, music to invert crosses to. Both of these cassettes, from their hand-made covers to their home-recorded contents, are a delirious blend of beauty and beastliness. Each piece paints a macabre world you can climb into. Fans of dark wave and bands like Lustmord and In Slaughter Natives will want to tie up with C17 H19 No3. Order directly from John Bergin, PO Box 45182, KC, MO 64171. \$5.00 each. And check out the Grinder Web page at <http://www.emerald.net/grinder/>. – Gareth

Machinery/Dynamica's US Beachhead

For those of us who prefer our music harsh and gloomy (and don't ask me why that is), techno has been, by and large, a blight upon our musical lives. Luckily, labels like Re-Constriction and Cleopatra have kept goth and aggro music alive, releasing interesting new bands, cool compilations, and re-issues. Now, another label, Germany's janus-headed Machinery/Dynamica has established a US office. "Machinery" is the name the label uses on electronically-oriented releases, while "Dynamica" is slapped onto more guitar-driven titles. I was really excited when I first heard the label's sampler. It quickly became a regular on my CD player. Dynamica's first full US release, Cubanate's "Anti-matter," was further reason for celebration, with its "serious as a heart attack" dance sounds. Subsequent releases have not been so thrilling. Berlin's Do or Die try to take us to "Psychoburbia," but we've been there a thousand times before, with bands like Sisters of Mercy and their legion of clones. Australia's electro-poppie Snog too often let their politics get in the way of their music. There's a few good dance tracks on "Dear Valued

Customer," along with some really fluffy music and

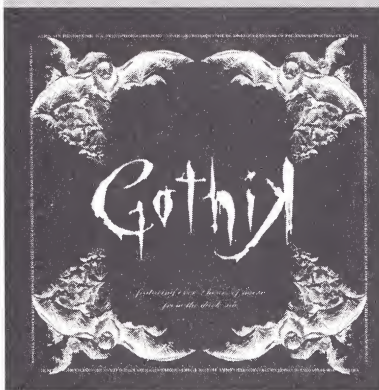
cookie-cutter political posturing. Oomph's contribution to the sampler, the demonic "Suck, Taste, Spit," was one of my favorites, so I was disappointed to find little else to like on their album "Sperm." Their newfound death metal influences completely take over, making them sound like all the other brain dead headbanger bands out there.

All and all, Machinery/Dynamica is a welcome addition to the US music scene and I look forward to future releases. In the meantime, I'll keep spinning Cubanate and the label's best-of-the-lot sampler. Machinery/Dynamica HQ – US, 8721 Sunset Blvd. Penthouse 6, West Hollywood, CA 90069. E-mail: Machinery@cyberden.com. – Gareth

Various Artists: Gothik

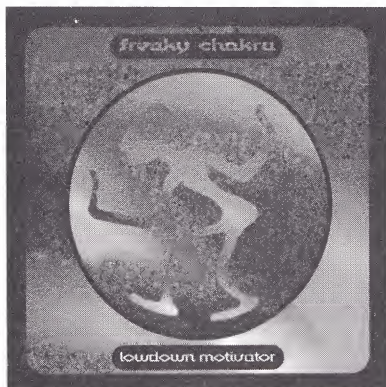
(Cleopatra Records)

Goths have been making, adoring, and waving their arms to the sounds of pessimistic rock since Joy Division, Bauhaus, and other bands turned gloom into an artform in the late '70s and early '80s. This new compilation from Cleopatra Records is a two-CD "state of gothic rock." Most of the tracks are recent, though some date back as far as 1983. It features classic death-rock bands such as Christian



Death and Alien Sex Fiend, as well as talented (relative) newcomers like Switchblade Symphony and Mephisto Waltz. The music ranges from industrial, noise, and ethereal to rock and dance pop. Like any compilation, the quality varies: some of what is on this CD makes you wish you had spent your money on an old Love and Rockets album, but there are some standout tracks – especially on the second disc – and with two CD's full of music and extensive liner notes as your guide, you're bound to find something you like.

– Jessica



μ-ziq vs. the Auteurs (EP)

Freaky Chakra: Lowdown Motivator

(Astralwerks)

Freaky Chakra and μ-ziq, two great recent releases from Astralwerks, occupy a land somewhere between techno and ambient, where listening to the music is more important than dancing to it, and composition and texture have taken precedence over trance-induction through repetition (i.e. "Wow... this same beat has been on for a half an hour... I'm really tripped out now... or am I just bored?"). Freaky Chakra

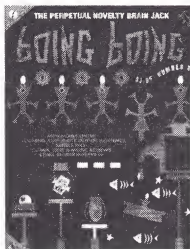
may be the best trance music out there. This long-awaited album features dense, funky, sometimes tribal dance constructions full of resonant filters, intricate percussion, sampled guitars, bizarre effects, and croaking analog synths. One track on the album features guest vocals by Toni Halliday of Curve. μ-ziq (pronounced "music" – yes, that's a mu) vs. the Auteurs is a record of three remixes that μ-ziq did of the song "Valentino" by the Auteurs, a British rock band, plus three more tracks. All the music on this EP is built on heavy, distorted drum loops and scratchy electronic sounds juxtaposed with pretty, almost muzak-esque keyboard and vocal melodies for an effect that alternates between being perversely funny and sublime, but is always brilliant. – Jessica



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#8: The editor of

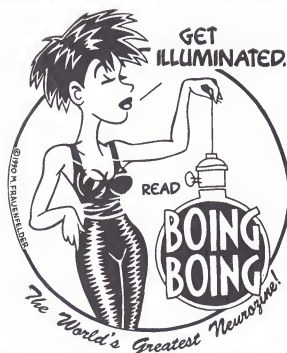
PIHKAL bares all, Lewis Shiner interview, Antero Alli interview, Motorola's urine-sniffin' fascists. \$5

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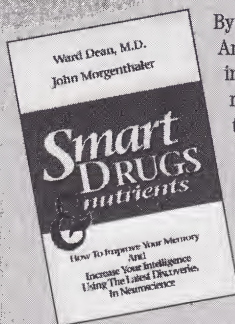


BOING BOING T-SHIRT

Kata Sutra is *boing boing*'s special agent. She finds all the cool stuff we write about, and we pay her with the proceeds from the sales of these T-shirts bearing her likeness. In other words, if you don't buy one, she'll stop working with us, and *boing boing* will vanish. Some of you might think that would be funny, but we sure don't. The shirts are made from extra-heavy all-cotton fabric, and come in two styles: the white classic version with black ink, or the black T-shirt with radioactive, glow-in-the-dark ink.

boing boing T-shirt. White: \$12
Black (glow-in-the-dark). \$18

SMART DRUGS & NUTRIENTS

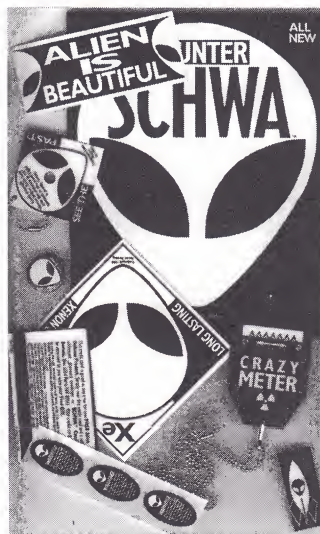


By Ward Dean, M.D. & John Morgenthaler. An introductory guide to new developments in neuroscience explaining how to use cognitive enhancement substances and how to get them. It lists the addresses of overseas mail order pharmacies for products which are not available in the United States.

Smart Drugs and Nutrients. Paperback, 221 pp. Was \$12.95, now only \$6.95!

SCHWA

You simply can't go wrong with Schwa merchandise. These alien defense products will not only give you power over the cruel saucer people who've invaded our little planet, they'll also spruce up the junky furniture, vehicles, computers, and bodies that you own. This photo shows just a few of the many wonderful things you'll get when you order the Counter-Schwa kit. The stickers, books, badges, and devices will keep you and your loved ones amused and protected for years to come.

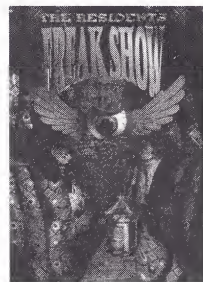


Schwa Kit. \$15

Counter-Schwa Ki. \$15

Car Conversion Kit (Instantly turns any car into a Schwa Corporate Vehicle!). \$7

Black T-shirts with menacing alien head (glow-in-the-dark). \$16.



FREAK SHOW

Hate computer games? Think most CD-ROMs suck? Then you'll love *Freak Show*, by Jim Ludtke and the Residents. It ain't a game. And it sure ain't a bunch of useless video clips or 30,000 pages of text you'll never read. *Freak Show* is a complete universe on a disc, just itching for you and your mouse to start exploring. Learn all about the wonderful freaks named Wanda the Worm Woman, Benny the Bump, and Jelly Jack the Boneless Boy by hanging out with them in their trailer homes. All the songs from the album and the complete *Freak Show* comic book (released last year by Dark Horse) are included on the disc. If you don't buy this, I feel sorry for you.

Freak Show for color Mac with 4 Mbytes RAM, CD-ROM Drive. \$45



RIOT NRRRD T-SHIRT

Warning: when you don this shirt in public, you'll be the object of extreme envy. Other people, who desperately want to be as cool as you are, will try to take it from you without even asking. (Hint: Keep your hands in your pockets. That'll make it impossible for anyone to remove it from your body without ripping it or dismembering you.

Riot Nrrrd T-Shirt. White with black printing. \$14

BLAM!

Cheap thrills, naughty pictures and rude shocks on a CD-ROM. Pop this shiny little disc into your Macintosh and your computer will never be the same again. "Blam! is to electronic magazines what Shannen Doherty is to pop culture!" — *Ben is Dead*

Blam! CD-ROM for Macintosh. \$25.

BLAM!

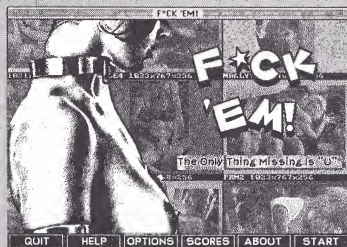




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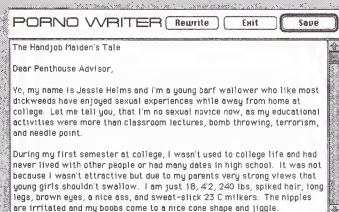


LAMPREY SYSTEMS SOFTWARE

Why settle for the type of software used by boring business types with no tolerance for fun? Lamprey Systems produces the finest sleazeware available for the Macintosh.

F*ck 'Em: Nasty game in which you attempt to impregnate soft and warm stuff, and avoid cops, humorless feminists and religious types. You must be 21 years old to purchase this, or you will grow up to become a depraved sex-murderer. \$15

Porno Writer 3.0: You know how difficult it is churning out page after page of literary smut every day. You've probably dreamed about a machine that could do the writing for you, while you sat back and reaped the benefits. Well, your dreams are now a reality, thanks to Lamprey Systems! Porno Writer 3.0 produces high-quality *Penthouse* Forum-style episodes with a simple click of your mouse button. A steal at \$10. You must be 21 years old to purchase this, or you will grow up to become a bestiality aficionado.



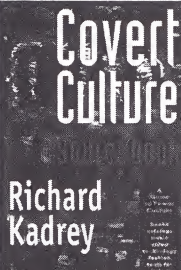
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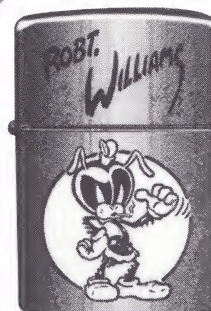
Modem Grrrl T-Shirt. White with black printing. \$14



COVERT CULTURE SOURCEBOOK VOL 1 & 2

By *BOING BOING* contributor Richard Kadrey. A guide to the best and weirdest alternative music, books, videos, zines, fashions, software, technology, and "tools for living." It features commentary, reviews and descriptions, and provides contact names and addresses. There's no overlap between volumes 1 & 2, so buy both or risk being hopelessly out of it for the rest of your life.

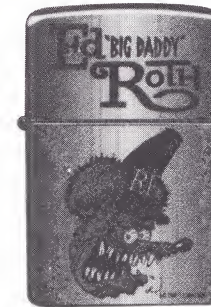
Covert Culture Sourcebook, Vol. 1 & 2. \$12.95 each.



SMOKE KING ZIPPO LIGHTERS

Even if you don't smoke, how can you resist owning one of these custom Zippo lighters from Smoke King? First, they're the old-fashioned kind of lighter that use fluid and flint – steampunk precision wonders that you can carry in your pocket. Second, Zippo's have this great guarantee: "This lighter, or any Zippo lighter, when returned to our factory, will be put in first class mechanical condition free

of charge. We have never charged a cent for the repair of a ZIPPO regardless of its age or condition." Third, these Zippos have great art on the cases, by all your favorite cartoonists and poster artists. I want them all. The little instruction book that comes with the lighter is entertaining, too. I like the warning: DO NOT DROP WHEN LIT. "Whoops, this lighter is about to accidentally slip from my hand. I'd better extinguish the flame before I drop it."



Smoke King Zippo Lighters with art by Robert Williams, Daniel

Clowes, Coop, Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, Gary Panter. \$22.50 each



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_____	F*CK 'EM Software	\$15.00	_____
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(☐ Robert Williams, ☐ Daniel Clowes, ☐ Coop,
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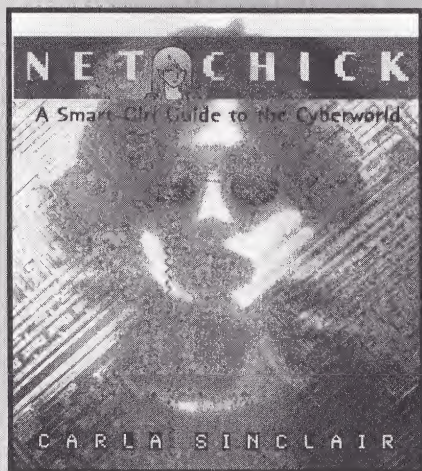
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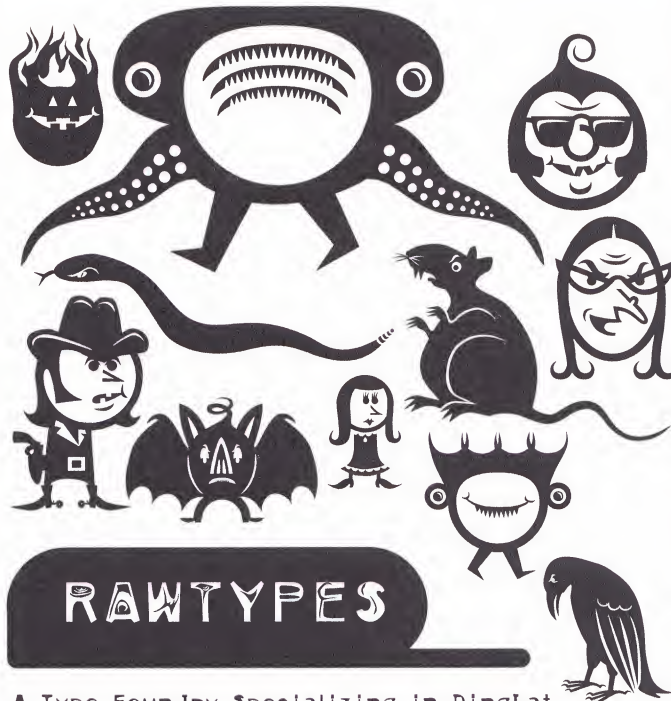
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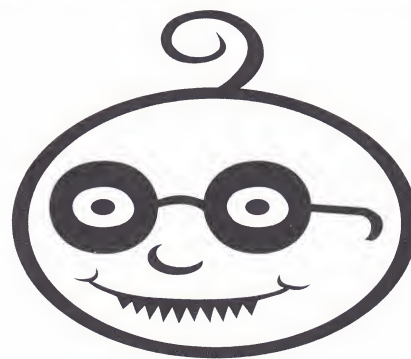
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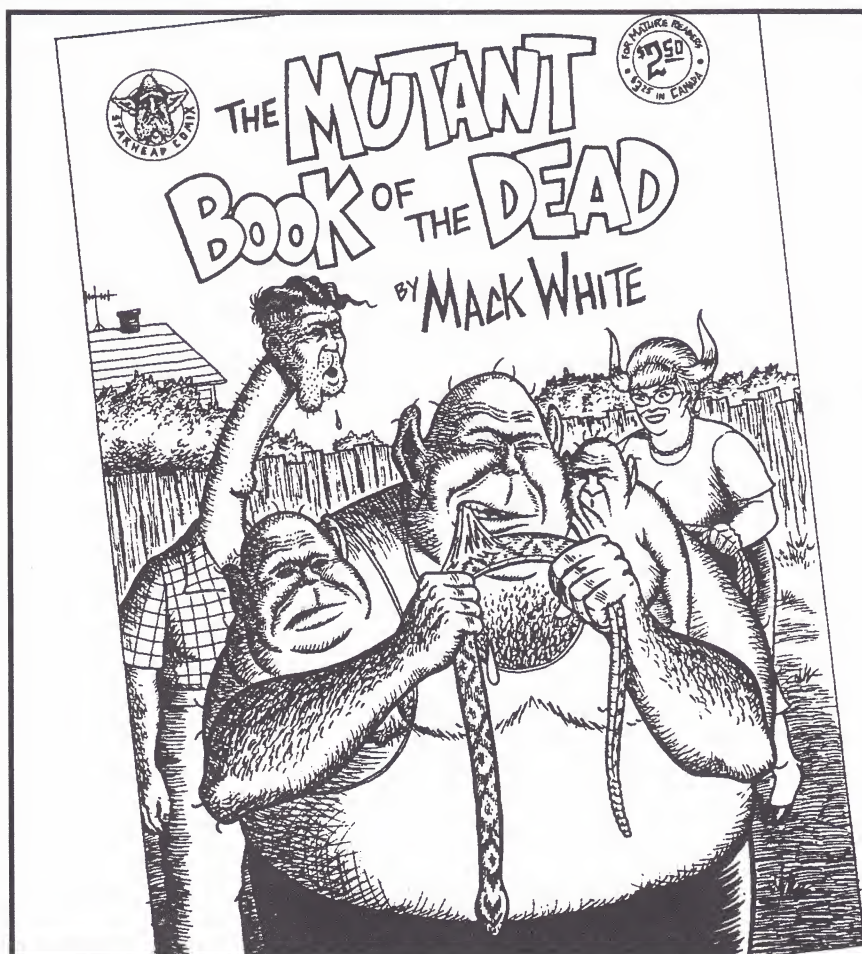


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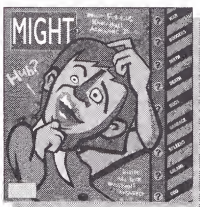
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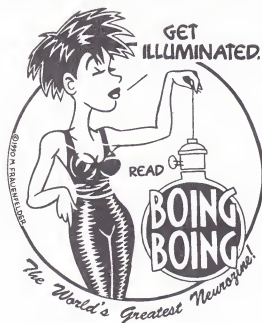
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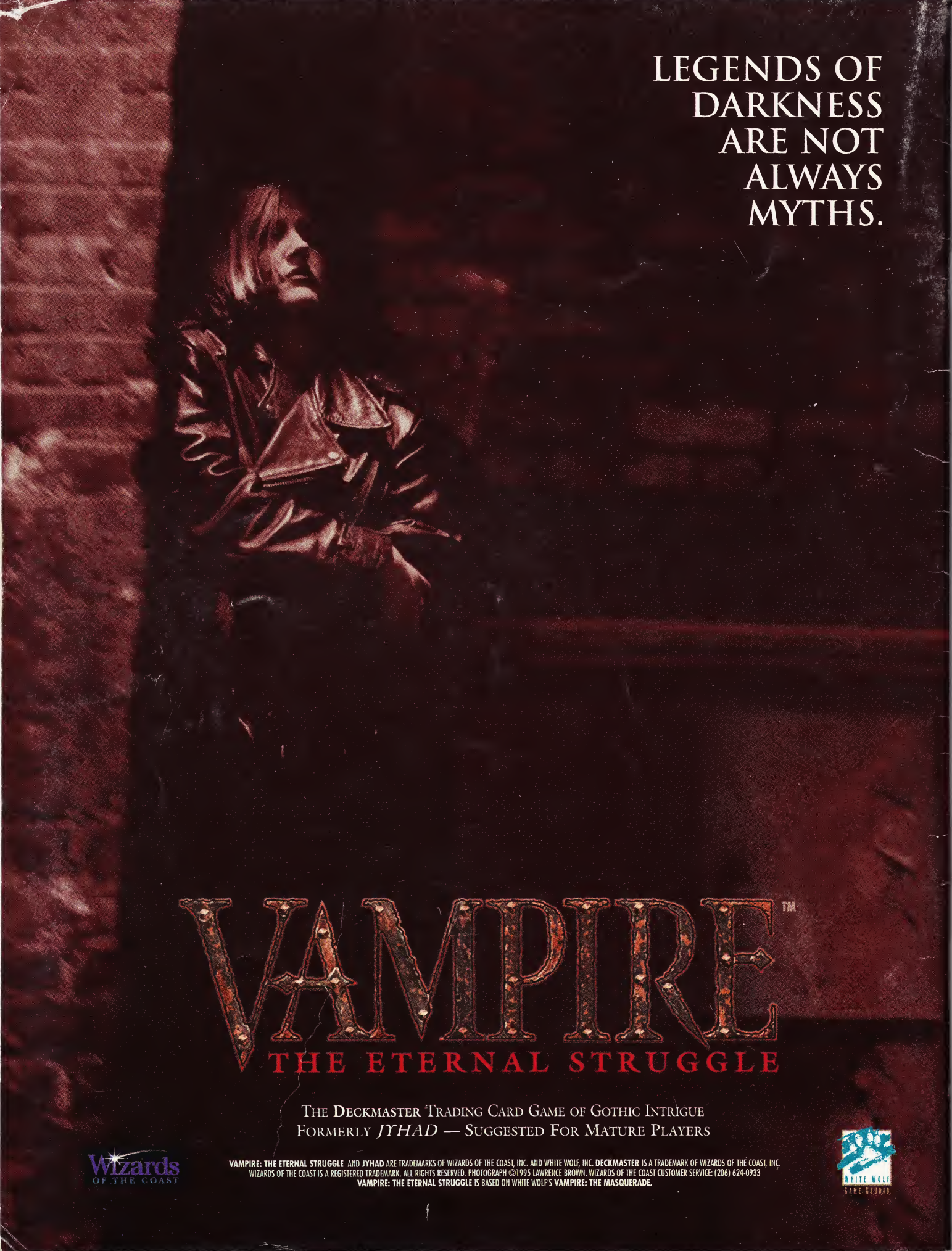
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