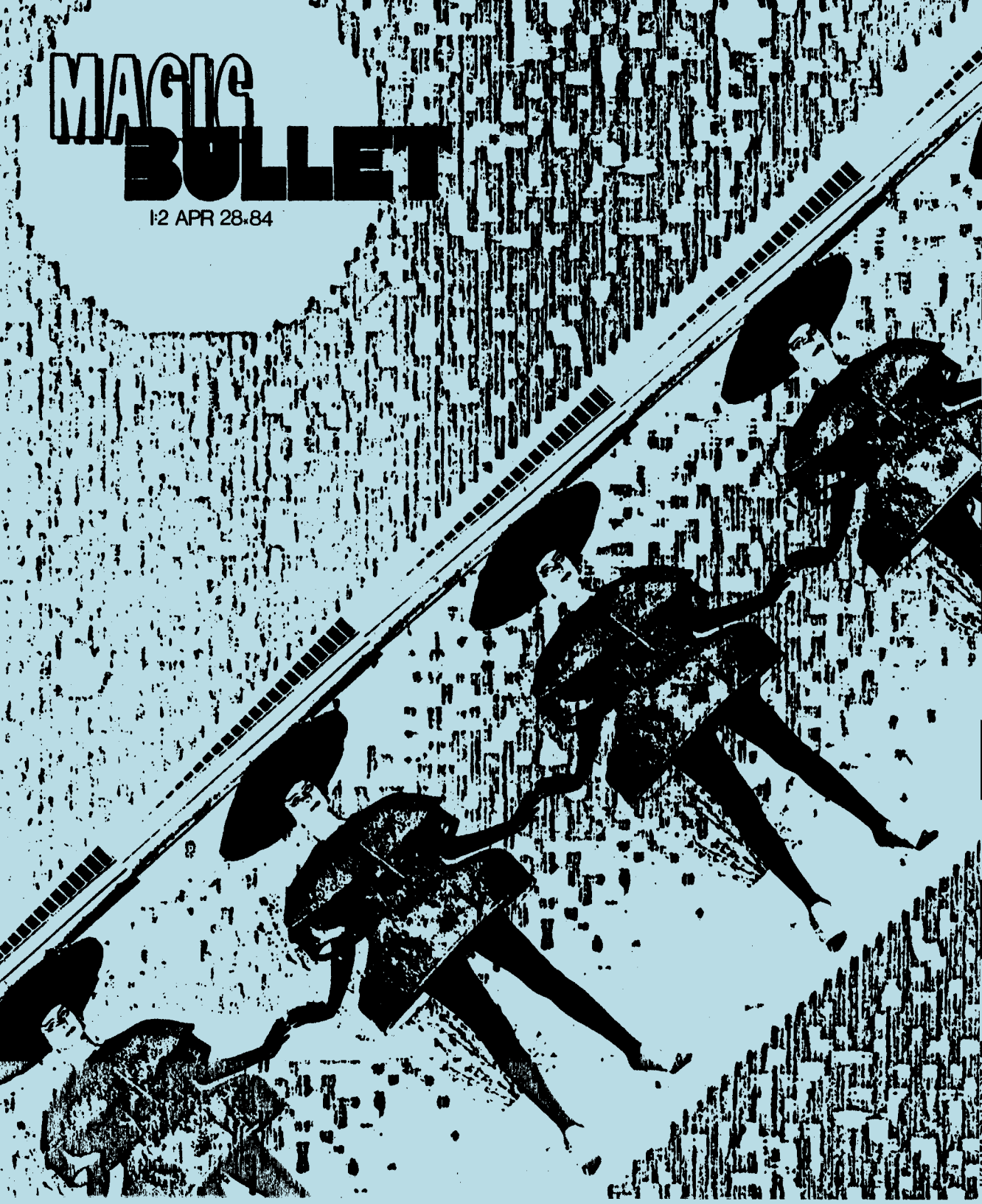


# MAGIC BULLET

12 APR 28.84





this and preceding page by John Hudak



SUN AND AGING

# noir



Nothing feels like a fresh pack of cigarettes. Nothing like a woman's kiss. And nothing like a baseball bat across the occipital lobe.

Two hours later, I regained consciousness and staggered my way to the stinking third story apartment in the Bengali quarter where Madame Stolchnya held her Druidic ceremonies.

When I got there, four crimson robed acolytes--aspiring theologians-- were wrapt in religious debate concerning atman, asceticism and the role of plastic explosives in a twentieth-century evangelical movement. I limped past them disguised as a plaster replica of Botticelli's Venus.

I lifted the hem of the arras just in time to view the spectacle of Mme. Stolchnya standing with dagger raised above the prone figure of an eleven year old boy. He was naked, tied to an ordinary office desk. He appeared to be in a drugged condition. A ring of aromatic leaves surrounded the base of his erect penis and there were strange red circles like weals at numerous points on his papery white skin.

"Sorry," I said, and ducked back outside. The sundial by the window read two-thirty. I consulted my appointment book and realized I hadn't been expected til three. It was then I cursed myself for not having brought my crossword puzzle.

GARY GERMAN

## FIELD TRIP

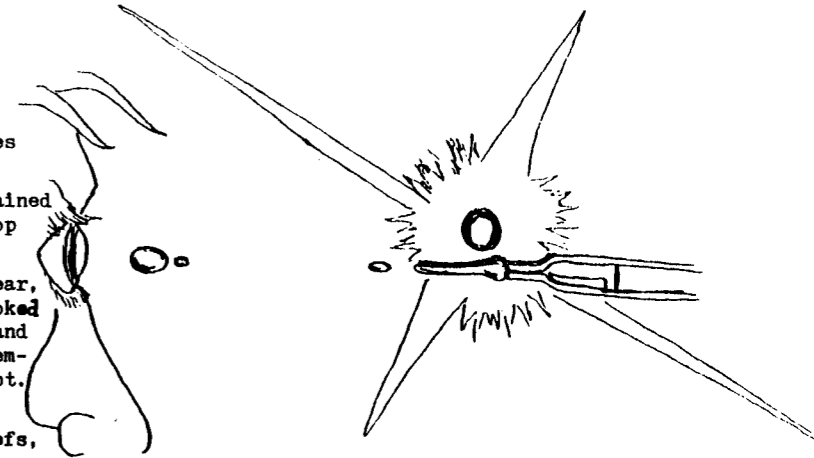
They used to tell stories. First you had to get undressed. They made you lie down on the carpet. Then, while the others who were with tried to calm you, the leader would pry open your eyes with his fingers.

There would be an eyedropper that contained a very dilute acid and they'd let a drop fall into each eye.

After about an hour your eyes would clear, and you could swear that everything looked entirely different. There's a beauty and a unity to everything. Objects are themselves and at the same time, they're not.

I was invited to participate in one of their ceremonies. I stripped to my briefs, took a conch shell in my left hand (to summon help if it was needed), and and some ceremonial cloth in my right (said to symbolice the Golden Fleece of Jason) They laid a drape over me and administered the medication.

That's how the officers found him, the next morning. There were no other people around. The "conch shell" turned out to be a cheap cordless telephone, the "ceremonial cloth", an ordinary bathroom towel. The subject underwent an extensive battery of tests, but no physiological effects were evident. He never, however, completed his final project for his Masters' Degree.



GARY GERMAN

# Murphy's Tabern



44th & SPRUCE ST.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA

## Parkside Serenade by Roger Zimmerman

Diamonds glitter in the springtime sun, grass grows green under noon-time fun. People gather, front and rear, see the man who shows no fear. He stands alone at a plate called home, facing a man who pitches alone. Behind, in front, he knows the rules, it's not just a game, he's nobody's fool.

Long ball sinking, to the home-run king, batter-up winding, losing swing. The crowd stays silent, nothing to say, wind is empty, sliding away. Ball-one, strike-one, ball-two-three. Fourth one walks him. Nothing's free.

Second batter takes his stance, looks at first with a sideways glance. First pitch, second pitch, balls and strikes, the batter eyes them with dislike. Next pitch wild, crowd jumps up, runner advances, just enough. Strike-three batter, calm returns, second base outlook, home is earned.

Next, the mountain moves to the plate, pitcher swallows, keeps things straight. Boos and hollers, yelps and cries, fans erupt, pennants fly. First pitch, last pitch, crack of the bat, outfielder running, caught on the track. Runner tagging, makes the play, third base standing. Going his way.

Two outs fever, fans attack, pitcher eases, tensions slack. The plate stands empty, a moment refrain, up steps the batter, expression of pain. The pitcher smiles, lets go a laugh, the batter swings hard, the crowd takes a bath. Up shoots the ball, and outward it seems, into forever, of contrasting dreams. The runner runs wild, racing the plate, the crowd takes a breather, contented to wait. The ball hangs forever, starts its descent, the fielder is waiting. The inning is spent.

The field becomes silent, the grass grows alone, the long ball hitter, walked all the way home.



PROJECT

# Rock N Roll

by gary gehman

"Come in, come in, my friend. Have you eaten?" S'pence made a negative gesture and bent to lick Vallejo on the cheek; a custom among Saladans. "You look fit, today," Vallejo chortled, "Would you pleasure us with a few maneuvers on this old relic here?" He slid off the horse and grinned, presenting a full set of gold teeth.

"I didn't come for a gymnastics session, El Vallejo," S'pence began, "I only wanted to bring you up to date on project "Rock N Roll."

Vallejo drew his Smith & Wesson and put it to Nilla's head. "Don't cower, you imbecile, he won't let me shoot," he spat at his nephew. Then, of Major S'pence, he asked: "Won't you please reconsider, Major S'pence? We do not often have a former Olympian to ask such favors of." He pulled back the gun's hammer with a practiced thumbstroke. S'pence reluctantly removed his tie and streetshoes. He took a pummel in each hand and hopped with familiar grace into a Morgenstern dodge. Mechanically, barely managing a sweat, he jerked off a kimmelman, He straightened and retucked his shirt-tails. Across the room, Vallejo was sweating and rubbing his hands across an uncomfortable-looking wet stain. "This machine, Major S'pence," He said, "This toy for lithe young atheletes— —You handled yourself very well, by the way, did I tell you?— —Could you guess what kind of atrocity I committed with it not half-an-hour ago?" S'pence had seen the corpses on the way in. He had not been shocked. He admired a man with a hobby.

— To Be Continued! —

## How did scientists release atomic energy?



Doctors and other eyewitnesses point out that unpreparedness and lack of proper care for the wounded combined to make those explosions especially terrible. Since we have no guarantee that atomic bombs will not be used against us, we must, therefore, become a nation that is well-informed and prepared.

Now is the time for all retroactive poppies to succumb to the fate of their chromosomes. The neat brown cub scout leaps over the pimple-pocked demagogue as shaken instruments recall the time of every mother's signpost; pygmy erythrocytes writhe as copper-bellied stroke victims count their dental fleas. Speak now and forever decay with fido's folded daily news hugging your scented groin. The TV's not so late as it is hypothetical. Nature mimics Art Carney as carnivorous waitresses brandish cryptic menus in sanskrit phallography; in the deepening pulse of the background rise numerable focal planes locked in mid-air collision--no one listens. Make haste but leave out the alarm clock, gruesome with imbeciles leaving for work. The drop of a cool cap accents the light blindly fumbling for hold in the slimy subway-surface malaisia. Still no one captivates little bro freak as he watches with faint growling nausea, soon to expose his deep-seated dismay at the burgeoning blister of his brain. Catching a cold he escapes into nothingness, lost in the flame of his corpulent ruse.

Seeming to dissemble, someone's blinking phrase lies like a purposescrew in fruitless near-demise. Whining bards reek form and substance, caging from the pavement like rows of sharkfins lined in rows or tombstones. Dogs in mid-bite locked in death struggles harp the midnight gloom. Poachers seek to prove; "the point is lost! the point is lost!" from the rear windows of a cadillac hearse careening down the exit ramp toward glimmering towel-shaped oases.

Schemes appear, resolve, dissolve, and blossom; moonlight spears cavort and jostle; tame white steers glaze hanged brothels; neophyte seers hit the bottle.

A short time later, miles away: little bro freak goes out to play. Laced with ions, holding his own, he stalks the mirrors clad in bone. Softly. You're not the first to wish the worst, of several clones too weak to thirst. Portentious trophies gather dust. Amalgamates decay to rust. In hallowed graphs we place our trust, assumptions fast and furious.

Left alone, a greying shopper plucks only the recently thickened nodes from the balustrades that line the canoe. Songs escape briefly, then languish as it dawns. Opulent mongrels. Painted lakes. Grisly denizens, foaming poster-children, mawkish and puerile with stinking smiles reminding you that the tea water's gone. Oh spare and dim! Oh rank and file! Anthrax-ridden sponsors lick the rays that fall from His white hands.



the Coulter Club®

welcomes

# MAGIC BULLET

"Magnum Artis et Literatae!"

# X E N O PRODUCTIONS

MUSIC

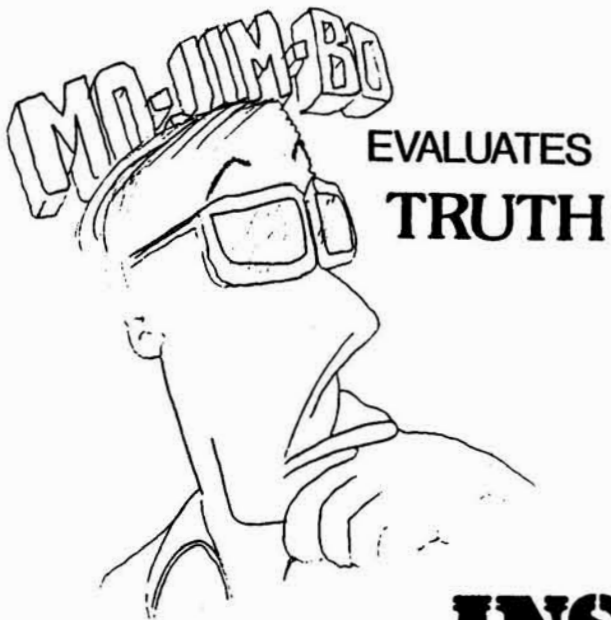


VIDEO Etc....

## 748-6198 PHILA

# Dance Factor

MANAGEMENT/BOOKING:  
Joey Bruno/ Phila Music Co.  
2549 S 61 St.  
Phila PA 19142



LIFE WITHOUT GOOGIE

There is a band called The Virgin Prunes.  
They are really groovy,  
I love their tunes.  
But, there is a dilemma plaguing me,  
The departure of one,  
My fave - Googie.  
His hair is blond,  
His hips curvaceous.  
The clothes he wears never ostentatious.  
He was the band's feminine touch,  
I surely will miss him,  
I love him so much.

Lonnie Wolf  
St. Shecky's School  
For Boys  
Age 7

# INSIDE EDGE

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND MONGO T. RUPERT, ESQ.



Libyan strongman Moammar el-Qaddafi and El Salvador's favorite son Roberto d'Aubuisson are knocking 'em dead in their smash Broadway hit Merle 'n' Durrlyl.

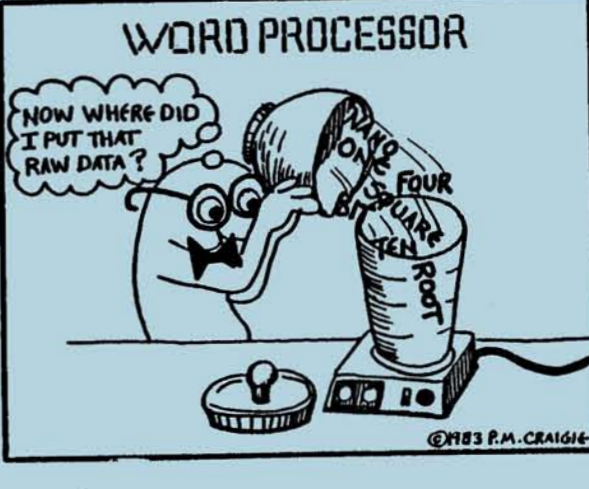
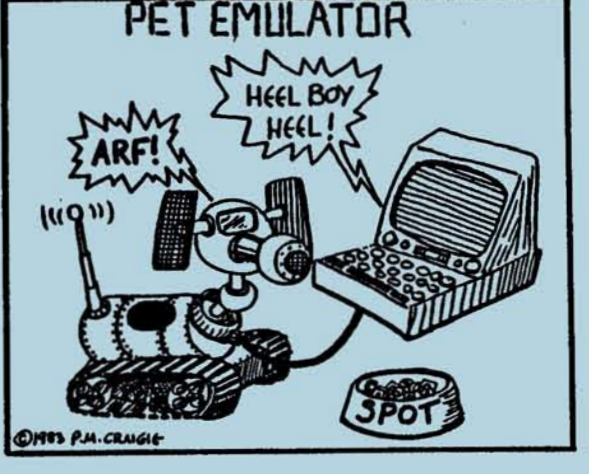
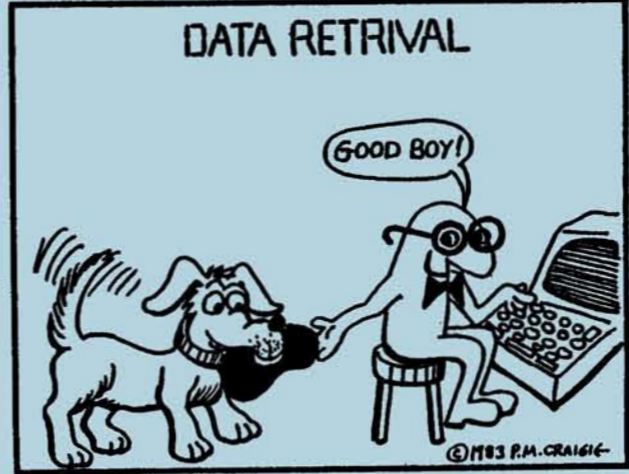
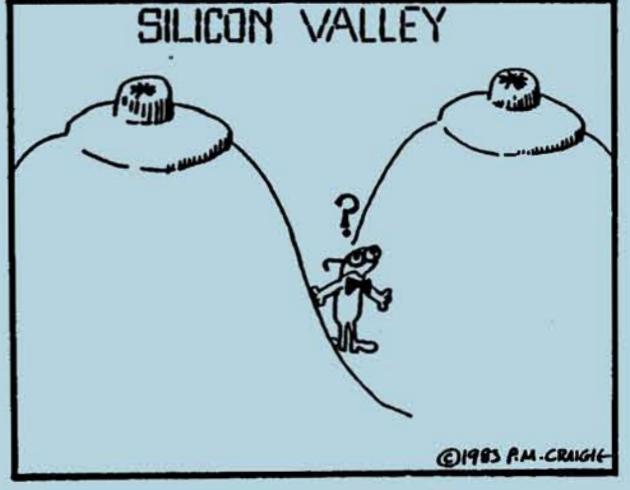
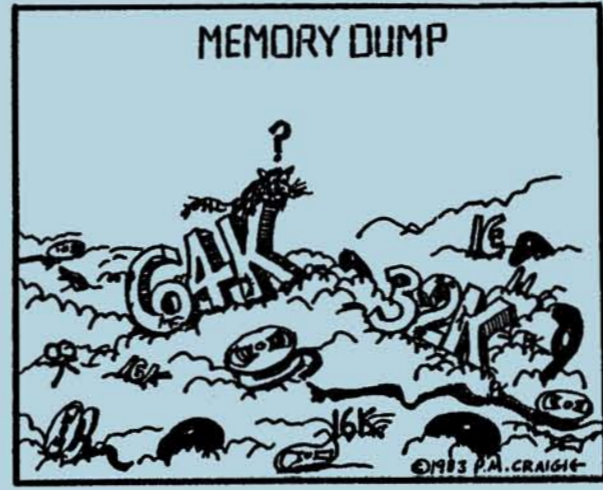
The zany comedy follows Merle (Qaddafi) and Durrlyl (d'Aubuisson) as they outwit the conniving city-slicker Rodney Regal, an unscrupulous developer who wants to turn Merle 'n' Durrlyl's bucolic farmland into a fancypants condo for retired oil barons. Regal and his henchmen concoct plot after plot to gain control of the shrewd country boys' property, only to be foiled by the slow walking, slow talking Merle 'n' Durrlyl.

We won't give away any punch lines, but let it be said that the scene where Merle stoops to pray to Mecca during the annual banana harvest is not to be missed.

Speaking of fruits...Agriculture Secretary John Block has joined the ranks of Reagan appointees coming under congressional scrutiny. Seems that during the week he and his family lived on food stamps last year, a muckraking journalist caught Block trying to buy a bottle of vodka with the change he received from an earlier purchase of an orange...

Potpourri: Laban Bardahl, convicted last year of aggravated murder (he killed his stepfather six times in cold blood) has been sentenced to six death penalties, to be served concurrently...fashion magnate Kelvin Klein has unveiled a line of designer wear for the hospital-ridden who want to stay in style; first on the list is a figure-flattering iron lung in six colors...a \$300 million suit has been filed against the producers of The Humpit Show, an X-rated takeoff featuring the antics of Kummitt the Frig, the Nookie Monster, and PerBert and Orny (who has released a hit single, "Rubber Dickie, I'm Awfully Fond of You.")

View from the Dark Side of the Moon Cartoon by **PETER CRAIGIE**



FROM THE BOOK "IT DOES NOT COMPUTE"

**NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND**

**MAGIC  
BULLET**

**SPECIAL REPORT**



**cabbage  
putsch  
kids:**

**REICHSTAG  
IN THE TOYSTORE**

**BY THE RIGHT REVEREND MONGO T. RUPERT, ESQ.**