

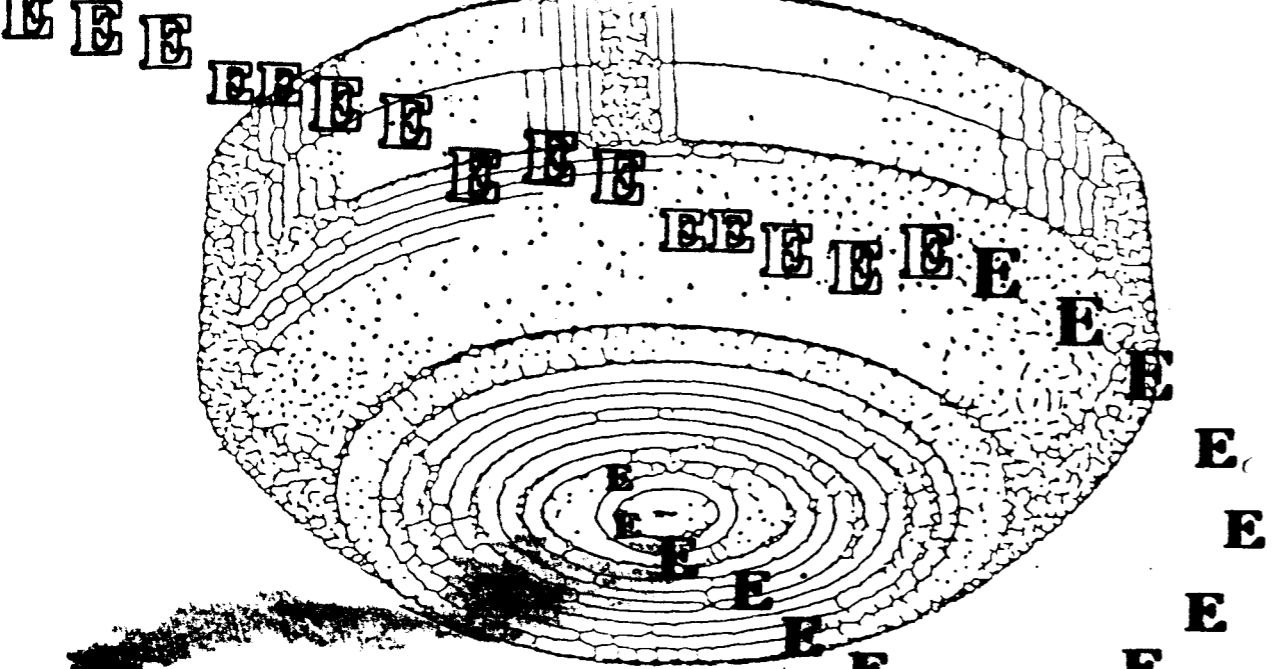
MAY, 1986

MAGIC

BULLET

special two part

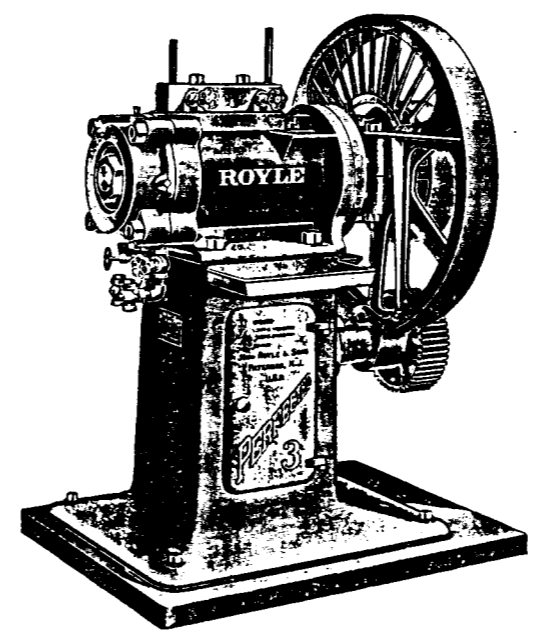
project: Rock N Roll!



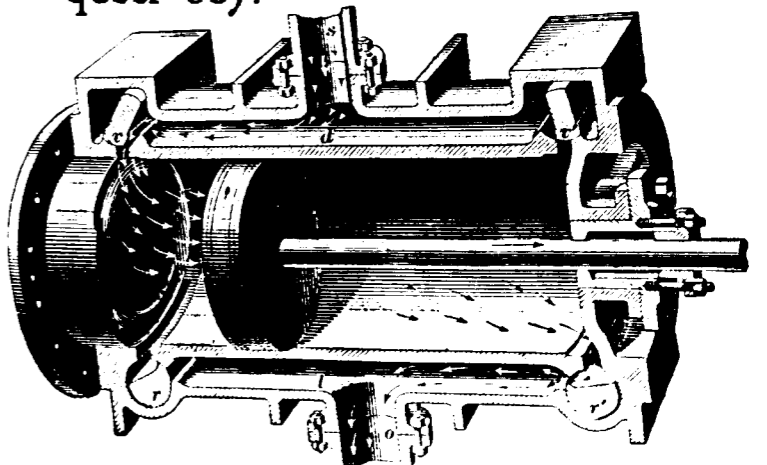
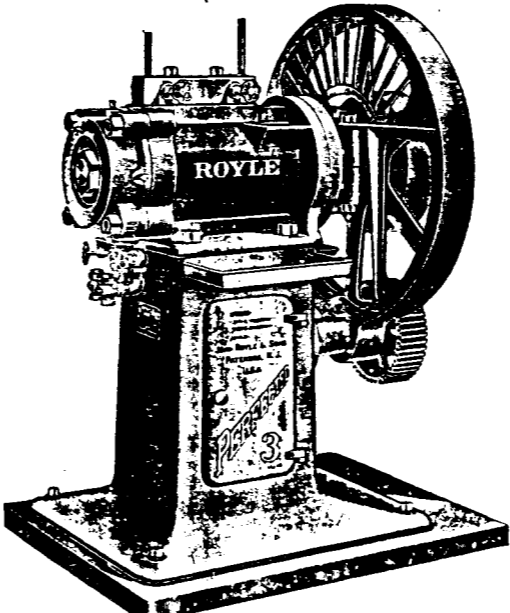
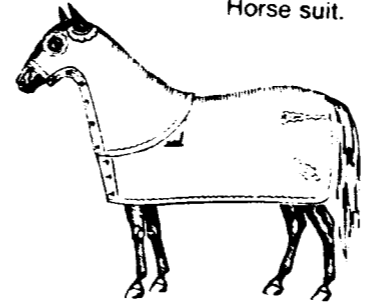
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9 VOLT BATTERY OPERATED SMOKE ALARM

Complete with test button, battery and low battery signal. No. EGD-5B SKU 16-000325



Horse suit.



"Spanner, Please," he said as he flailed with his hand outside the bonnet; his head inside.

I toddled from the stoop and found it for him. The hand took it greedily and disappeared to join the head.

"How would you go about describing smoke?", I ventured. I couldn't see any response, but there was a sudden, brief cessation of tinkering.

"What the hell kind of question is that?", he said finally, petulantly.

I shrugged. "I was just thinking about it."

And then he pulled his head out and screwed his eyes into focus, "...about describing smoke?"

"About how to go about describing smoke.", I told him, secretly very pleased.

He hesitated a minute, then leaned inside the motorcar again. "You are a queer boy."

A FAIRY TALE

THERE WAS MUCH TO DO IN DIXYLAND THAT DAY. KING RADUL WAS TO CELEBRATE HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE, 50 YEARS AS MONARCH OF THIS LITTLE KINGDOM, NESTLED SOMEWHERE IN THE MOUNTAINS BETWEEN THE KINGDOM OF OZ AND NEVER-NEVER LAND. KING RADUL HAD DECLARED THAT THIS DAY WAS TO BE A DAY OF CELEBRATION AND TO SHOW HIS GOOD WILL HE PROMISED NOT TO HAVE ANY POLITICAL PRISONERS DRAWN AND QUARTERED. NOT ONLY WAS IT THE KING'S JUBILEE, BUT THE PEOPLE OF DIXYLAND WERE CELEBRATING THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE END OF A SEVEN YEAR DROUGHT THAT HAD KILLED OFF 90% OF THEIR CROPS (JUBILEE & TUBESIE ROLLS) AND 70% OF THEIR POPULATION. THE DROUGHT DID HAVE A GOOD SIDE TO IT, THOUGH. THE DIXY CHILDREN HAD 50% FEWER CAVITIES. NONE THE LESS, ALL THE DIXIES WERE DECORATING THEIR-SPLIT LEVEL RANCH HOMES WITH Tinsel, GARLANDS, & LIFE-SIZED PLASTIC STATUES OF KING RADUL AND HIS QUEEN, GLADYS. THEY ALSO WASHED THEIR LINCOLN CONTINENTALS AND DROVE UP AND DOWN THE STREETS SHOUTING THINGS LIKE, "HÖRRAY FOR KING RADUL!!!", "DID YOU PASS THE CREST TEST!!!?", AND, "THE KING IS AN OZMANIAN PUPPET!!!".

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THAT FOR ALL HIS HARD WORK

TO MAKE DIXYLAND A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE, KING RADUL STILL HAD TO SUFFER THROUGH QUITE A BIT OF POLITICAL DISSENT. HE WAS A GOOD OLD SOUL, NOT UNLIKE OLD KING COLE, HIS FATHER, TO WHOM RADUL WAS OFTEN COMPARED. THE PEOPLE WOULD SING A LITTLE DITTY THAT WENT LIKE THIS:

KING RADUL MAY BE A FOOL,
BUT HE'S A GOOD OLD SOUL
LIKE OLD KING COLE.

THE REAL PROBLEM IN THE KINGDOM WAS QUEEN GLADYS. SHE AND HER GOOD FOR NOTHING BROTHER, PRINCE CLIVE, WERE ALWAYS ASSERTING THEIR POWER IN ORDER TO GET WHAT THEY WANTED, AND THROUGH SHIFTESS DOUBLE-DEALING HAD MANAGED TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE BODELEG VIDEOTAPE INDUSTRY AND ALL OF THE OFF TRACK BETTING IN DIXYLAND. IT WAS ALSO RUMORED THAT CLIVE HAD DEALINGS WITH SMOUGGLERS IN NEVER-NEVER LAND AND HAD SUBJUGATED THE NEARBY MUNCHKINS TO GROW POPPIES FOR HIS SO CALLED "PHARMACEUTICALS" FIRM.

QUEEN GLADYS WAS JUST ABOUT AS EVIL AS ANY QUEEN COULD BE. SHE WAS CONSTANTLY EXPLOITING THE PEASANTS, CONVINCING RADUL TO INCREASE THEIR TAXES AND DECREASE THEIR WAGES. BEFORE THE DROUGHT, SHE CONVINCED THE KING TO ENACT A LINCOLN CONTINENTAL TAX THAT HAD THE POPULACE IN AN UPROAR. ONE WAS FORCED TO PAY A TAX FOR EVERY MILE THAT WAS DRIVEN. THE PEOPLE COULD

NOT AFFORD TO PAY SO MUCH TO DRIVE. WHEN CONFRONTED BY THE PRESS, HER REPLY OF, "LET THEM DRIVE BUICKS.", RANG OUT ALL OVER THE LAND AND WAS THE BATTLE CRY OF THE REVOLUTION OF KORÖ 36, WHICH WAS A MODERATE FAILURE.

DURING THE DROUGHT, GLADYS KEPT THE PEOPLE OF DIXYLAND QUIET BY STRINGING THEM ALONG WITH PROMISES TO OPEN UP THE WAREHOUSES, BUT SHE NEVER DID. AT THAT POINT THE PEOPLE WERE TOO HUNGRY AND TIRED TO START A SUCCESSFUL REVOLUTION.

BUT TODAY, SOMETHING WAS UP. SOMETHING WELL BELOW THE SURFACE. AS THE ROYAL LINCOLN MADE ITS APPEARANCE IN THE MAIN SQUARE OF DIXYLAND, THE P.L.F. (DIXYLAND LIBERATION FRONT) SHOT UP THE MOTORCADE, KILLING RADUL, CLIVE, GLADYS, AND A FOUR PIECE ROCK BAND. THE PEOPLE THEN DID NASTY THINGS TO THEIR BODIES (RADUL'S & GLADYS, THAT IS) AND HUNG THEM BY THEIR TOES IN THE SQUARE. THE ENTIRE POPULATION THEN EMIGRATED TO OZ WHERE THEY WERE PUT INTO HOLDING CAMPS UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.....

THE END



She had black cloud-hair that billowed and played invitingly in the light and water-well-eyes that pooled back black over a glistening sun-smile. She wore see-through stockings that made her legs slick rivers flowing out of a slick fish-patterned silk dress which caught the breeze and undulated waves across her belly and ass. The dress clung to her cliff-hips, smoothed by centuries of pounding waves and it ruffled against her mermaid breasts.

She grasped me at the waist and a kiss splashed warmth across my neck. Wanted to hold her, slip naked between cold sheets, swim my nose through her hair, feel her salty breath-breeze linger in my ears, breathe my belly against her skin and sink my body with a gasp slowly in...to drown my soul in her ocean ghost... to loll drunkenly in the tropical sea...

When Suzanne spoke, however, it all water-falled out

**FIVE AND DIME,
FIVE AND DIME
ON THE GROCERY STORE SHELF.**

I lost my interest and walked away.

Jay Curkendall
535 Palm Street
Santa Cruz, CA
95060

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Call for Papers

MAGIC BULLET PRESS is soliciting scholarly papers on fictional topics supporting the themes and advancing the frontiers of research into the realm of Abstract Relational Science. Publication Date is the Vernal Equinox, 1987. Deadline for submissions is the Autumnal Equinox, 1986. All submissions, however speculative or spurious, must be fully documented, cited and noted.

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abstracts available upon repeated inquiry * Make it up as you go along!

PROJECT

Rock N' Roll



Part 3.

The first person Brian S'pence encountered while crossing the Princeton commons was erudite little Wanda Ases (Pronounced ICE*iss). She too was a member of the Society and she seemed quite distraut. She seemed not even to recognize him, until he put out a foot and tripped her.

"You rat!" she shouted from the lawn in the gathering Vesperal gloom.

"What does it mean, Wanda?" he demanded of her. She looked at him coolly.

"What does what mean, S'pence?" (no one called him Brian), she responded. "What's got into you? You were always so cold and self-absorbed. It isn't like you to trip people."

"It's not like me to take out Reggie Prong, either," he retorted.

"Well, you'd make an interesting couple, but I think he's too short for you," she said, breaking into a smile, "Here, help me up." S'pence made no move to help her. he looked at her coolly and said:

"Shlemmer's ordering me to 'take out' Reggie. What does he mean, Wanda?"

"How should I know?" she crossed up her eyes vexedly.

"You two were always together," he accused, "He must have told you something of the nature of his plan."

"It's a game, S'pence," she entreated, "It's just a game to see whoever'll win."

"You believe that?"

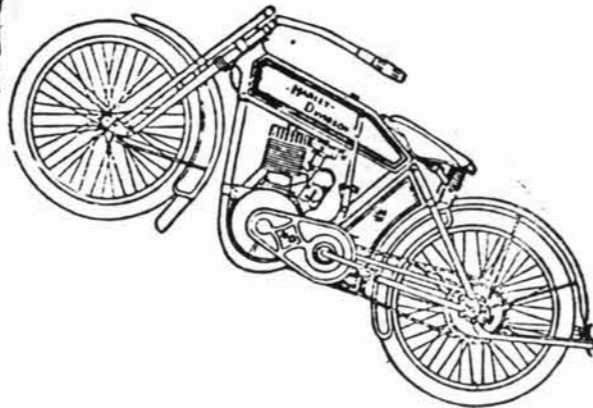
Wanda looked at him. Looked at him maybe for the first real time. "Don't you?"

"No, I don't. Not for several weeks." As her homework papers flew away with the April wind, Wanda Ases suddenly realized that there might be something interesting beneath the drab crust of Brian S'pence after all. "You can't be serious, S'pence, I think it's time for a reality check here."

His skin was ashen and there was a genuinely blank expression on his face. "I believe Shlemmer wants me to actually --kill Reggie Prong." She quite as suddenly remembered to pull herself off the ground and stood. "come with me, man, you need a drink," she said.

She took a bottle of gin from the cupboard of her dorm room. She examined the bottle and muttered something dark about her roommate. She poured two thirds of what was left into a dirty Daffy Duck glass and the rest into a stained coffee cup. Then she found she had no tonic. Or Pepsi. She used white wine, instead.

Brian S'pence was really beginning to lose balance. He hadn't eaten a thing all day. He'd zoned out on permutations and nearly puked in the gym. He took a sip of the cup, grimaced and set it down. "Shlemmer never intended this thing to stay a game, did he?" He said cagily. "We've all been doing real things, haven't we?"



"I don't understand what you're talking about," she repeated over the rim of her gin'in'duck. "And why come to me with questions about Carl?"

"I know he confided in you," he said, "I know he told you things. I'm sure you know the scope of his little game."

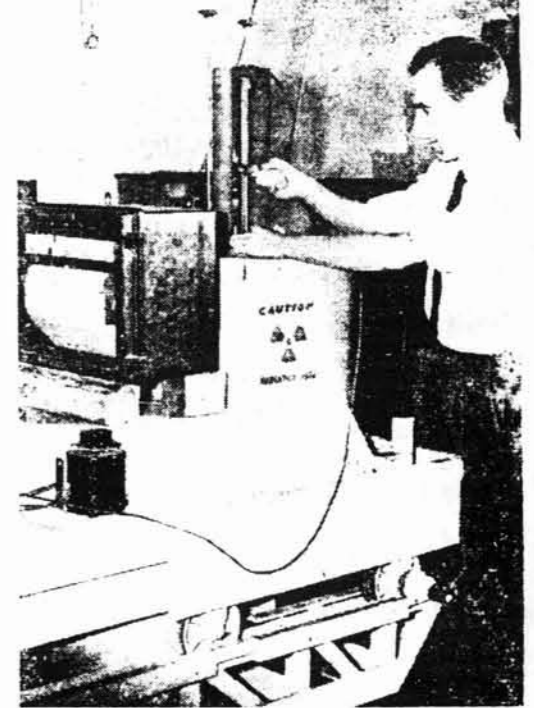
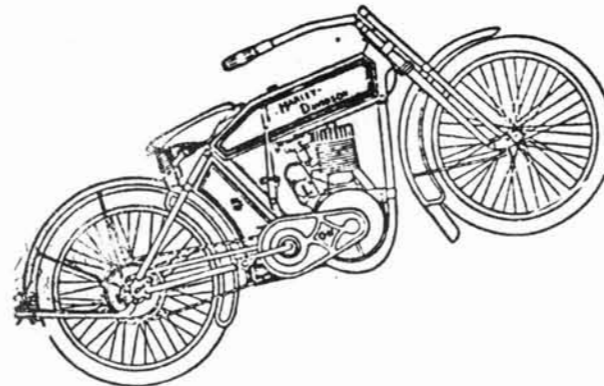
"How could I?" she shot back, angrily. "I haven't even seen him in over two months; nobody has. His papers all come in on time. Six of his teachers have final grades registered for him..."

"You may not ever see him, but you have a phone number. I know you do." "How do you know that?" she demanded. He looked through her at the peeling wallpaper. "I got it in an envelope about the time I began to get suspicious." "Who told you such lies?" she interrupted furiously. "The signature was the same as all the others: C.S. Carlo Shlemmer."

He took a gulp from the cup again and levelled his eyes on hers. "You better tell me whether Carl wants me to commit an act of murder?" She met his gaze and stood up. "Well, you better hope not, S'pence," she said in a suddenly coy voice. "'Cause the name I got in the mail today was yours."

Her face slipped sideways as Brian S'pence's head crashed to the floor.

-- To Be Continued --



Part 4.

He woke up on top of her, feeling the warmth of her sighing beneath him. He started, suddenly wondering how all this had come to pass. Then it began to clear. She'd given him a drink. He'd fallen down. She helped him up and into the bathroom. He fell again and she wedged her hip in between his jaw and the marble commode. His hand fell on her breast and she levered him back to his feet. He started to stagger backwards, and crashed onto the bedroom floor, pulling her down on top of him.

In the brief moment between conscious actions, she felt him relax; relaxed herself. And, since their faces were in close proximity, they kissed.

"You see, it is just a game," she told him into his ear.

-- To Be Continued! --

To pull together the fragments of life
find
(if
only for a moment)
a constant?

Only layers of values
tucked in,
like bedsheets
Only layers of illusion
on which we lie

Whom am I trying to hurt?

How can I converse
(love) with you
When

Are you, as you say
some reality?

Some static ideas
who sees

some me?

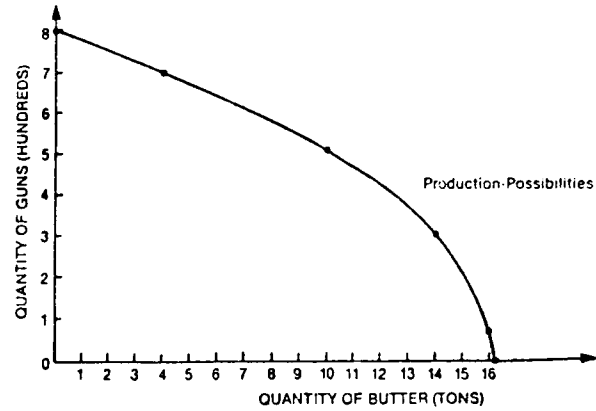
Fighting for coherence

is

the most noble

busy work

Caroline Curran

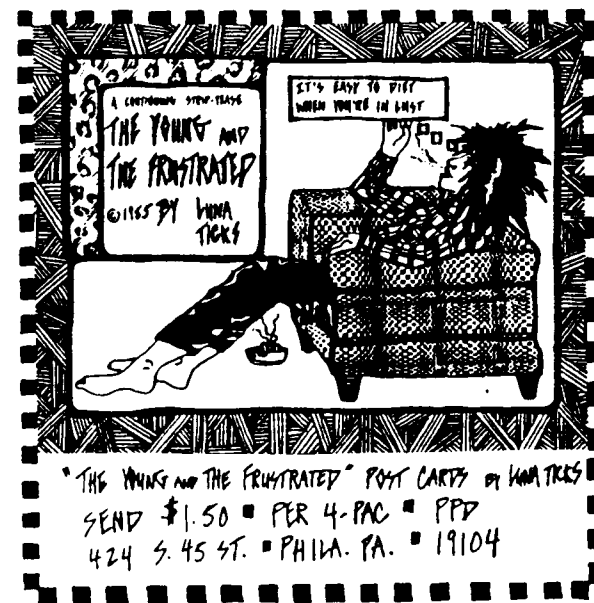


Drawn, as I am, to polarities, I feel my being expand to cover distant points of view. My body dissolves into a thin gelatinous film as I am stretched taut between possibilities. Suspended in this manner, I am completely immobile--an ellipsoid martyr to abstraction.

In this, my larval stage, I am afforded a comfortable geometric anonymity; from the side I am invisible, from the front, merely translucent. As my body begins, again, to seek dimension, I feel the edges bend towards each other, surrounding and containing the emptiness. This I call: Mine.

This emptiness which fills me, being lighter than air, propels me upward into a clear blue sky to float freely with the others of my kind--
A balloon, with no strings attached.

--David Updike



PERSPECTIVE

There is no big beginning
or ending
there is only today
as all days
in itself
a beginning
and an end

Scarlett Faith

HIS NETWORK PREMIERE

Shut up.
Attention! Atten--
Good evening, ladies 'n' gemmelen.
Good evening, gummelmoan or laddies.
Good morrow, ladies.
We have a hot time tonight.
Okay. Tonight the ABC premiere:
Il Paradiso, the movie.
Marcello Spaghetti, Sophia Lasagna,
Annette Ragu, Chef Boy-ar-dee
are guineas is paradise,
trapped in a deathless world of no frustrations
because Jehovah reins, Jehovah--
creator-god, munificence incarnate,
Commander-in-Chief, Five-Star Deity, the Boss Jock--
hey!--Teaching Assistant, slave, short order cook--



Remington Murphy

SALIVATING

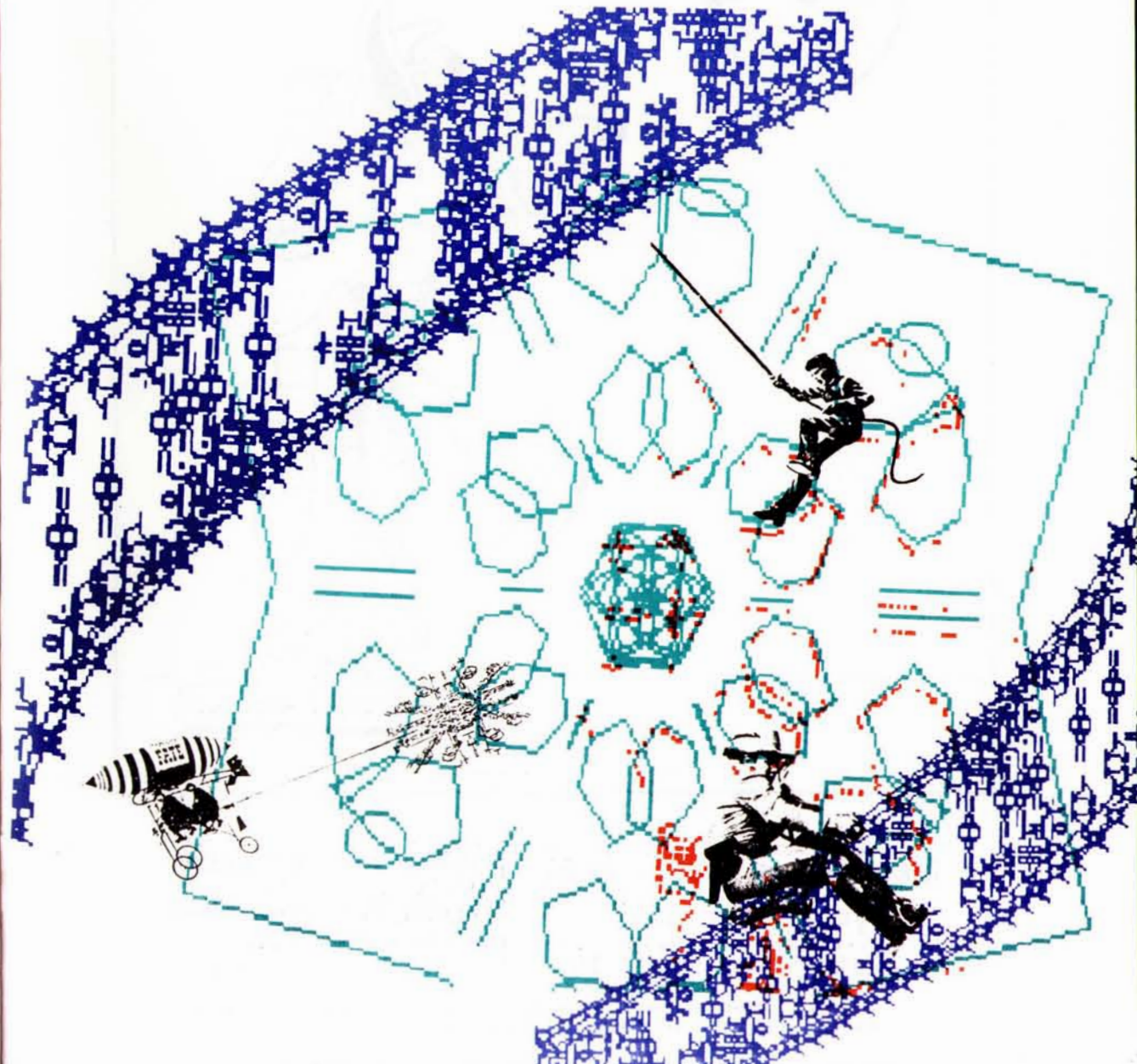
MICHAEL NORRIS

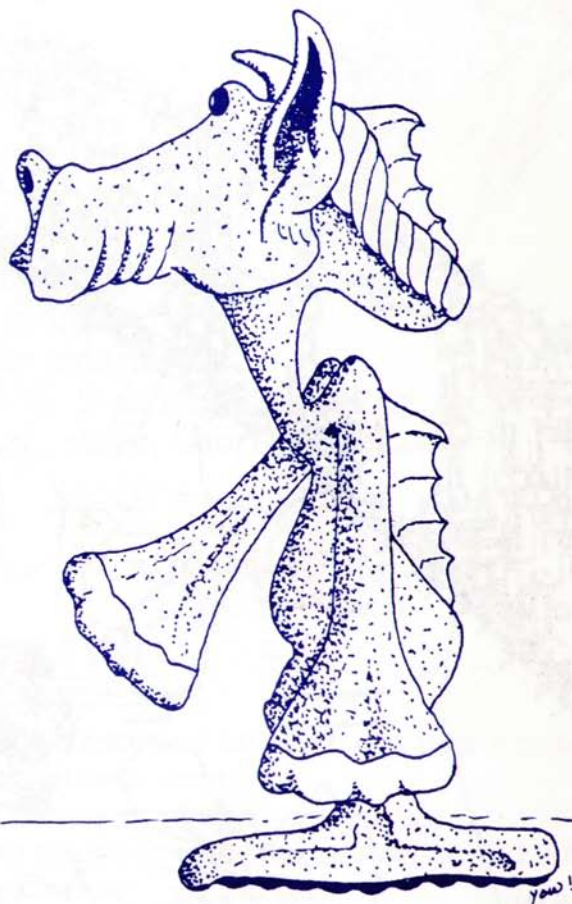


My commandant declassified all that we were told
so we knew it was hunky-dory.
After he proclaimed me persona non grata
I began to have my doubts. But I reasoned that he had God
on his side so what could a robot do?
Anyway I called to tell you we lost both engines and are
drifting off the coast of Madagascar with a load of
Cosworth-Ford V12 engines that we are going to throw
overboard to lighten the ship and then row to Hong-Kong.
Call you then bye.
Now I seek only the Dim Sum in Patagonia in Portugese
currency now worth less since the capture of Stalin's
secretary's poodle.

23 years ago, a crack genetics research unit was sent to
prison for a clone they didn't create. They promptly escaped
to the Los Angeles gene pool, where they continue to perform
microsurgery — for a price. So, if you've got a problem, and
if you can find them, maybe you can hire

the D.N.A.-TEAM!





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