

MAGIC BULLET

2:5

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SPECIAL
FALL PREVIEW



...Sports, Fashion, Art, Home
Entertainment, & Much, Much
More...

INSIDE EDGE



(Sept. 1, 1986)

By the Right Reverend Mongo T. Rupert, Esq.

You might expect **Lee Iacocca** to adopt a lower profile in the wake of his humiliating abdication of the chairmanship of the **Statue of Liberty** Fundraising Committee. Well, guess again.

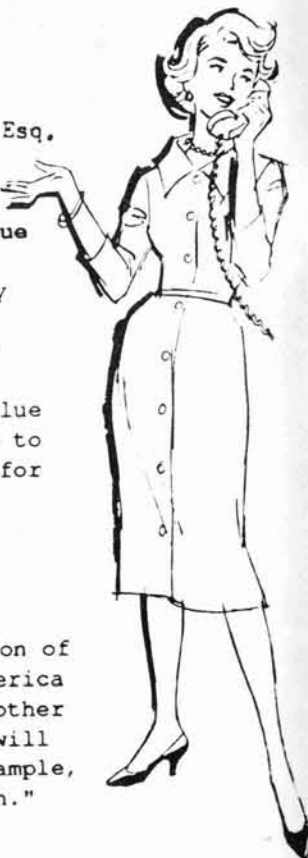
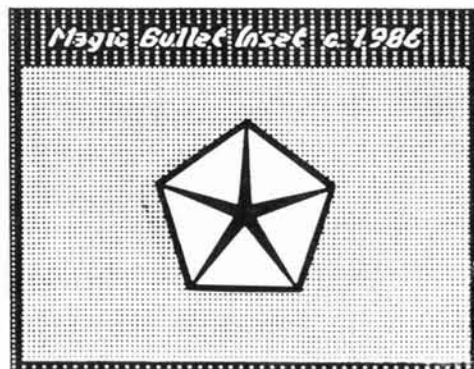
The fiery **Chrysler** CEO has announced that he intends to carry out similar refurbishments on a number of American institutions, defying critics who claim his efforts are merely self-aggrandizing hype. **Iacocca**, who insists that he is not running for President, says he wants to begin projects that will enhance the symbolic value of several American icons by bringing them "up to date." He plans to finance these projects by soliciting corporate sponsors as he did for **Miss Liberty**.

Stressing that he had no intention of using these efforts as self-promotion, **Iacocca** outlined a few of his ideas for *Bullet* reporter Kelvin Somp:

-- The famed **Mt. Rushmore** sculpture will be upgraded by the addition of two more busts, to symbolize the "spirit that has brought America back." One head will bear **President Reagan's** likeness, the other will represent "vital American private enterprise" and thus will carry the image of "some Captain of Industry, perhaps for example, the Chief Executive Officer of a large automotive corporation."

-- The **Liberty Bell** will be melted down and a trace amount of its bronze impregnated into the hood ornament of every **Chrysler Corporation** vehicle produced this year. **Iacocca** points out that this would make the **Bell** a truly national symbol by bringing a little bit of it to every community in America.

-- **Baseball**, the National Pastime, will be revamped so it can be played not on a diamond, but on a pentagon (see inset). The tenth player will be called the "Pitchman" and his duties will include leading the team from the brink of defeat into the clear light of victory by securing Federal Home Run Guarantees. He will also appear in commercials shown between innings, exhorting fans to root for his team.



Big Pete Says...

(Impersonating John F. Kennedy). Hello, I'm Big Pete. (Canned applause). Because I am. (Canned guffaws). Give me a feel, ladies and gentlemen. You give me a feeling and I want to share it. God's heavy hand reaches earthwards and the deep and quiet waters rage upon the land. (Canned chickens clucking. Voice shifts to that of Richard Nixon). Fingers of fog thicken. Mountains bristle. (Back to Kennedy). Stars burn defiantly above, but we are asleep, compliant, dreaming of crotch. In the black marsh (Nixon again), frog upon frog upon frog (now Kennedy) objects, until God (Nixon now), nowhere to be seen (Kennedy), relents. (Big Pete hooks his right arm around his ass from behind and straining his right hand out and upwards to about penis-level grabs his balled left hand and shakes it vigorously). Inevitably-- (canned rooster crowing. Nixon's voice and manerism's seize control: e.g. shoulders hunch, arms wave, jowls quiver like Jell-O, mouth breaks a Mona Lisa smile) ...from out of a reddening vortex, day which besmears all. (Canned work whistle). Spring mellows into summer, and this is spring. I'm basting in this tux, but what the hell, it's what we all deserve. Touch me, ladies and gentlemen. What I've got you can't contract, and it's a big one.

Remington Murphy



PROJECT:

ROCK N ROLL

by Gary L. Gehman

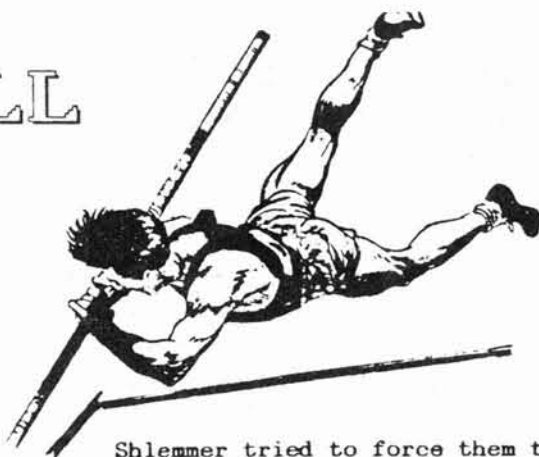
Part 6.

Major S'pence exhaled, sending a series of consecutive smoke rings in the direction of the slowly rotating ceiling fan. As they were caught in the swirling vortex it created, each perfect hoop was torn into shreds that quickly dispersed to join the nebulous mass of fumes that had already begun to obscure the religious paintings that adorned the ceiling of his room. S'pence tugged with absent fingers at the hair surrounding his navel, rolled off the bed and began to sort for the fourth time through the papers in his wastebasket.

<<< >>>

It had been years since the ghost of Wanda Ases had come to nibble on his ear and, dream or not, he didn't need that kind of distraction. Not now, on the eve of an international panic. But here she'd come, dragging up from deliberate oblivion the hundred and fourteen separate pains and regrets of a youth he now could ill afford to recall. In a dream she'd called him; called him with a tenderness and a need like she'd never shown him in their life together.

In unspoken, but unanimous consensus, the SPIES group had disbanded; simply stopped meeting at all. The murder of Reggie Prong was eventually pinned on a small-time methamphetamine dealer and loan shark named Vinnie Tasco. He went to the electric chair protesting his innocence. For a while, the letters continued to arrive in their customary fashion, but, while all those involved continued to assimilate the data provided them (just in case), none dared act on any of the orders they received.



Shlemmer tried to force them to act by detailing how A's or B's inaction had made the precise execution of steps C, D, and E, absolutely imperative. The tactic failed, however, to penetrate anyone's defensive inertia and before very long, his communications ceased altogether. The last letter he sent S'pence contained only the name of Wanda Ases' favorite perfume.

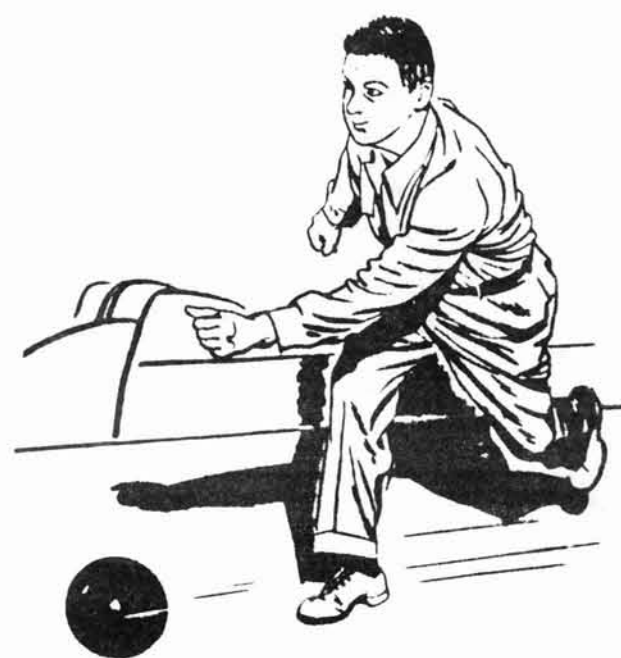
S'pence and Wanda moved into an apartment together and lived quite happily for a while. They moved with a startling amount of grace in completely different, but interlocking circles. They fought at times, traded clothes, and even met each other's families. S'pence won numerous gymnastic awards and Wanda took a co-op job with an accounting firm. Neither of them ever brought up the names of Prong or Shlemmer.

Then one May, Wanda graduated. S'pence had taken a term off to train full time for the Olympics and still needed seventeen credits toward his degree. He came home one night, expecting dinner and found her packing. "Zack Lippincott offered me the office in Brussels!" she said. S'pence already knew that that was where Lippincott himself had secured a vice-presidency. A stormfront of suspicion that had been building for months suddenly thundered to the fore and in the aftermath, nothing remained but a shattered floorlamp and a useless lease, paid up til September.

On the day that he entered the Army, S'pence received a flimsy envelope that was postmarked Brussels, Belgium. He crammed it into his suitcase and went to get his head shaved. It was two weeks into boot camp, before he was lonely and desperate enough to risk reading it. It read:

Everything going smoothly and according to plan. Will be needing your services again, soon. In three months you'll be reassigned to Bangkok, Thailand. You'll meet a man named Reese. Show him this letter. C.S.

-- To Be Continued! --



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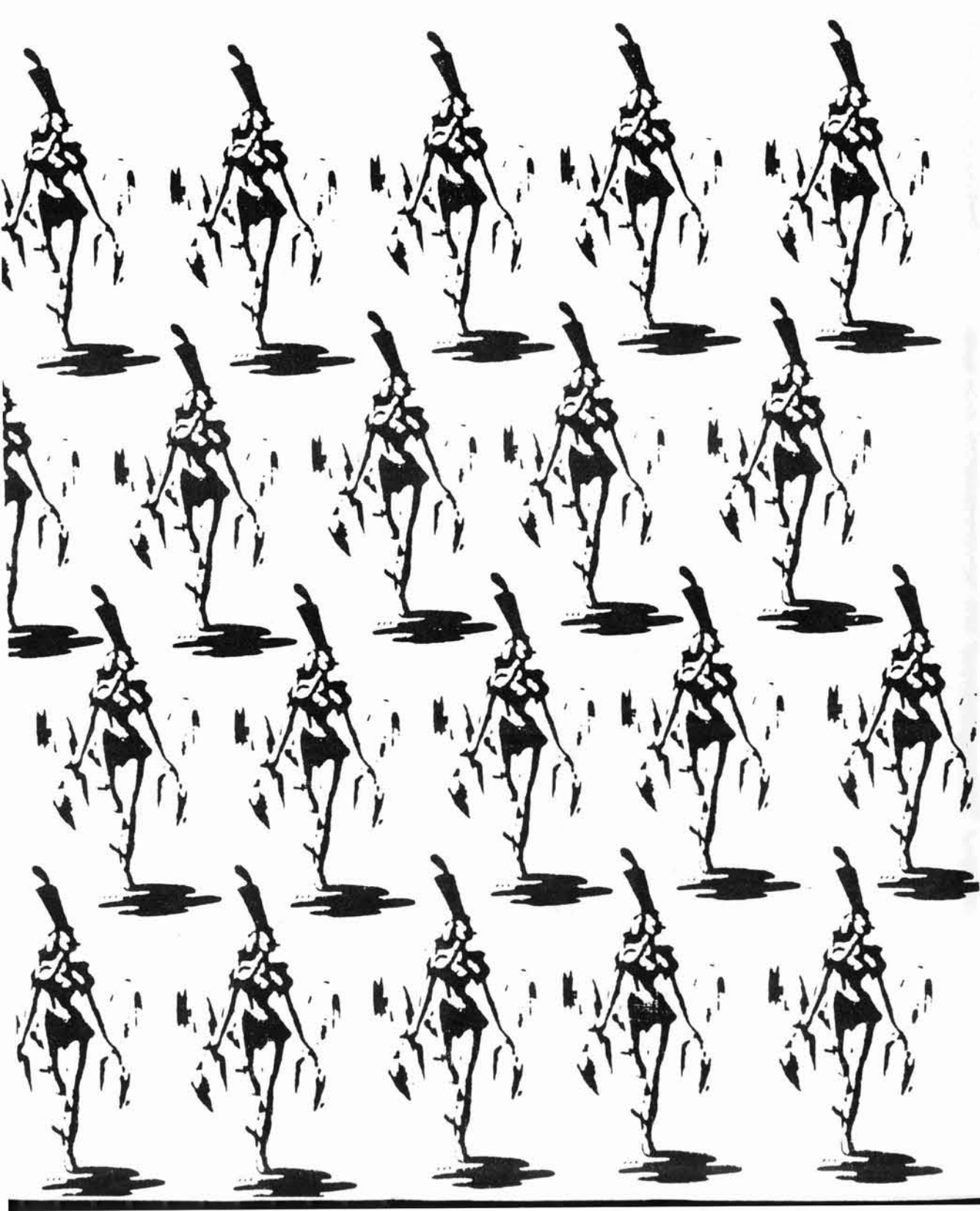
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FOR LEWIS CARROLL
surrealist in nonsense

As I sat contemplating
what goes on inside your heads,
my mind began to wander
through sheets of unmade beds,

Past the carousels of raisin blooms,
onward to the queen,
far beyond the velvet lace
where the nice men all are mean.

And on within a child's last frown,
my thoughts did roam forlorn,
where ants did dream of being men
long before their sons were born.

Then further still the journey goes,
through painted glass and silk,
to swim refreshed as April snow
in a lake of mother's milk.

To walk again, or run, or fly
past tables made of bread,
with chairs designed by walking sticks
with their faces painted red.

Beside a river of solid gold,
I stopped to rest awhile,
and chatted with a stranger
who wore a flowered smile.

She spoke of reasons not to speak,
and threw her hands up high,
then waddled off from whence she came,
and a tree began to cry.

Its sobs began first soft and low,
but soon began to wail.
Twas then I quickly realized
I was standing on its tail.

"Now gone again, be gone am I,"
I shouted as I fled,
not looking back at walking sticks,
nor tables made of bread.

But on past kittens purring,
and on past clouds of green,
up sides of mountains shivering,
through fields where rocks can sing.

As though a madman by logic pursued,
I ran as never before,
when there I saw a building
with a single open door.

Inside I ran as fast as could be
and darted up the stair.
In a lonely room at the end of the hall
was a single lonely chair.

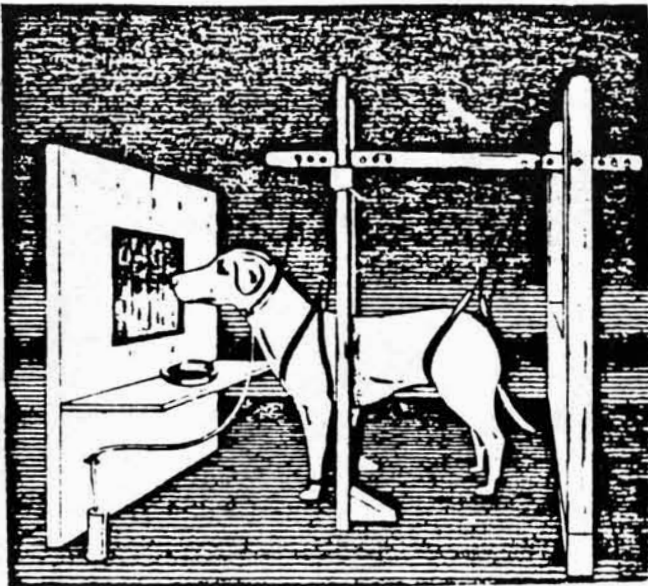
"Quickly now, sit down," said I,
"best not a moment delay."
And upon reflection, I did vow,
"I'll go again...another day."

Burnell Yow!

DEFINITELY TWELVE RELIEVERS

Bob Dylan wrote this but I know he was wrong
It doesn't take a genius to relinquish one's baboon
When he's been outside wreaking havoc 'neath the unobstructed moon
Where's that innocent bystander when you need him much too soon?

Oh, mama, can this really be the end?
To be struck upside the head?



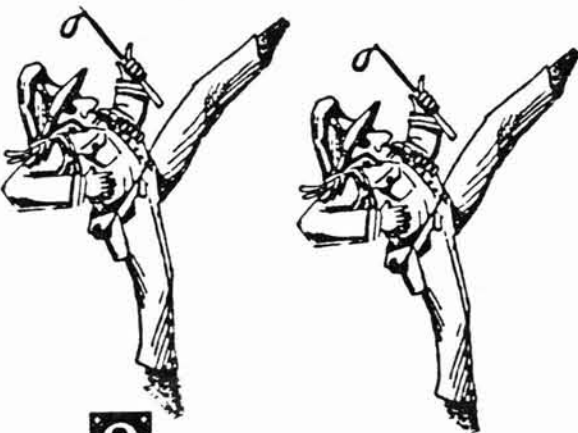
INFINITELY SNIDE RETRIEVERS

How nakedly my coffee sits astride the cafe stool
I often stop to think of it while trying not to drool.
The waitress brings the Daily News, its headline still insists
That deep within the crowbar lurks a drill instructor's school

The militants in Camden towne have lately been at play
Their casual cordovan loafers missed the target anyway
With lilting laughter, chromosomes torment the token clone
While silently in Kensington the sheik goes home alone.

-- Michael J. Norris --





Once upon a time, while Ramona Otoe was walking through the forest, she ran into the Prefect's little boy, Rimple. The weather was sunny and warm and Ramona had had quite a lot of fun already that day, so she stopped to ask the boy to play tag with her.

"I shan't play wif you," he told her. "you're only a girl, and a commoner too." Well, Ramona did not like to be addressed in such a way. So she crossly informed him that boys and girls could too play together, so long as they wanted to. "And," she added, "My Daddy says I'm very special."

"It doesn't matter what your daddy says," insisted Rimple, sticking out his chin at her, "My Daddy's Prefect and he can make *your* daddy say 'spit'."

"Can not," drawled Ramona, but her eyes were on the ground because she didn't want to show him how angry she was getting.

"He can too! My daddy says that Prefect can do anything, 'cos he's the Law." Rimple took courage from the sound of his own voice and he started to speak louder. Ramona thought for a moment how silly he must sound, but all she could feel was how she wanted to prove him wrong.

"And my people have been on this land for two hundred years," he said finally.

"We'll, so've mine!" Ramona rightfully defended.

"That's different," Rimple laughed, "We own the land. You just work on it."

"Well---Well, my Daddy says that you're not rich."

"Course we are..."

"No you're not," Ramona felt her temper slipping away. "Not really. My Daddy says the really rich people only let you think you're rich so's you'll keep people like us in line. My Daddy says they let you govern so's they can rule. My Daddy says that you are no better than me, even if you are white and a boy."

Rimple's eyebrows arched very big and he turned very red. "I shall have your daddy flogged!" He shouted, pointing his finger at her.

"You won't," she threatened. But the boy was already running.

"See if I do," he called over his shoulder. "You see if I do."

And the next day some men came and hung Ramona's daddy from a tree.

E's Poem For Earth Mother

*Like a Sunday night movie we were
Walking along the river in the rain
Peering through the fog at the ghosts of
cities on the far side
on a winter night when the wind blew our scarves
straight behind our backs*

*You are here in 1876
Reading the signs of streets where the dead walk as memories
A snowflake melts on your lip
As we listen to the darkness by the soundless water*

*I love to look at your face when your eyes are closed
Sweetly smiling in the shadows of moonlight
I know what you are thinking
I'm thinking too
look into my eyes and see the flowers that I placed there
for you*



A tendril wind licks the fuzz just behind your ear. It's often like that. One light touch and the whole confusion begins anew. You learn to identify that first kiss. And when you feel it, like the end of April, you learn to expect the impossible. Like from behind the very next tree your lover, or a homicide, will step. Or you're about to come into a packet of pharmaceutical opium. Or just another six months on D ward.

But it's a welcome change. 'Cos invariably you've been sunk dangerously long in a reality of killing pain. And for over a month your molars have been tighter than the grip of a vise. And you need to break out!

EVERY DAY:
SHE WATCHES her trash
go out with a smile.



The Celluloid Kid



Since his death more than three months ago from loss of breath, interest in filmmaker Leonard Melvilleson has been at an all-time high. Melvilleson was, of course, the creator of such cinematic classics as *Partially Fatal*, *Passport to Farce*, and *Faceless Passion*. Indeed, so prolific was he that at the time of his passing his final film, *Family Population* (rumored to be highly erotic), was already in its conception. Dolan Sharkey was Melvilleson's closest friend throughout his life. We, the publishers of "Scroungers Monthly", would like to express our gratitude for Mr. Sharkey's kindness and greed in allowing us to print excerpts from his upcoming book, cleverly titled, Leonard Melvilleson: I Knew Him.

"I first met Leonard Melvilleson back in the second grade of St. Ronald of the Physicists Grammar School. Side by side in a spelling bee, we each missed on the word, 'sacrament', a mistake which resulted in disqualification and several decades in purgatory. This then was the beginning of a long and fruitful friendship.

"...All I can say of Melvilleson's high school days is that he was a frustrated student. Whether this was his genius starting to assert itself or perhaps just poor diet, I don't know. I do know that he not only considered his teachers incompetent and his fellow students thick headed but was enraged by their refusal to address him by his preferred nickname of Chip.

"...In September of 1968, Melvilleson left for Wyoming to start his freshman year of college (while I began a career of making specialty sandwiches at the burger joint on Route 130). Those who knew Melvilleson could well foresee the inevitability of a clash between his strong artistic vision and the school's staid environment (oddly enough, those same people predicted many years of distinguished service at the hamburger grill for me). Not surprisingly, their forebodings came true as Melvilleson was expelled for causing a scandal in which he accused his roommate, the dean's son, of constantly leaving wet towels on the bathroom floor.

"...When Melvilleson came to me with the script for his first film and the dream of working in the cinema, I could see him burning with the desire to express himself to his fellow man. Earlier attempts at expression involving candy and a trenchcoat at the local playground hadn't been fulfilling enough. In film, however, Melvilleson saw today's most powerful means of communication or, as Leonard himself put it, 'I either have to make movies or go to work in my Uncle Mort's taxidermy shop.'

"...In his fourteen year career, Melvilleson was to make ninety-seven feature films and three Road Runner cartoons. Some of this work would actually go on to turn a profit. Of all these films, his most renowned would probably be the critically acclaimed *Partially Fatal*. It's in this film that Melvilleson refutes the idea of religion being a moral and philosophical straight jacket and instead portrays it as, 'one really big chastity belt.'

"... My personal favorite, though, is the relatively obscure *Famous Porpoise*. This film is a touching biography of Phillip Zarilli, the famed gymnast who, tragically, during a floormat exhibition in Roanoke, Virginia, got a severe nerve cramp causing him to prolong an extended series of backflips. This quickly carried him off the mat and out the gym door, never to be seen again. Although every eighteen months or so, there are random, unsubstantiated sightings of Phillip by Rumanian peasants or fishermen spot him backflipping off the coast of Canada.

"...I was there with a few other close friends during Leonard's last few moments of life. Although he talked rather cheerfully, it wasn't easy to watch him lie on what everyone knew to be his deathbed. Everyone knew it, it seems, except for the heavily sedated Melvilleson himself. He frequently referred to it as his, 'entry in the soap box derby'. His calmness was actually unnerving. In one of his more lucid moments, he looked me straight in the eye, 'I don't particularly look forward to my death, but I must admit it'll probably settle my curiosity.' It may seem rather small of me but I've always felt hurt by the fact that he refused to wallow in self-pity even to comfort an old friend."

-Peter Cunningham-

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