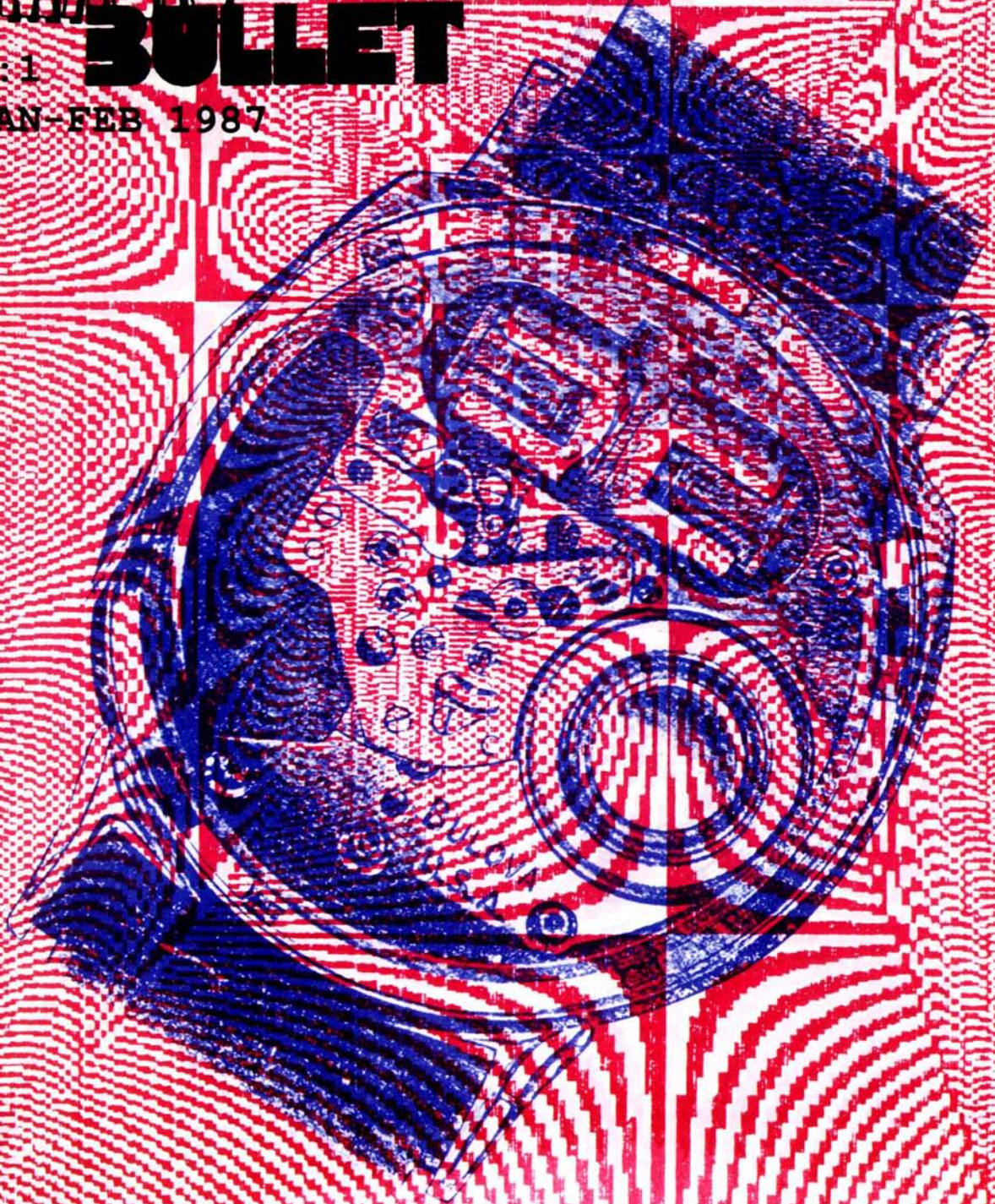


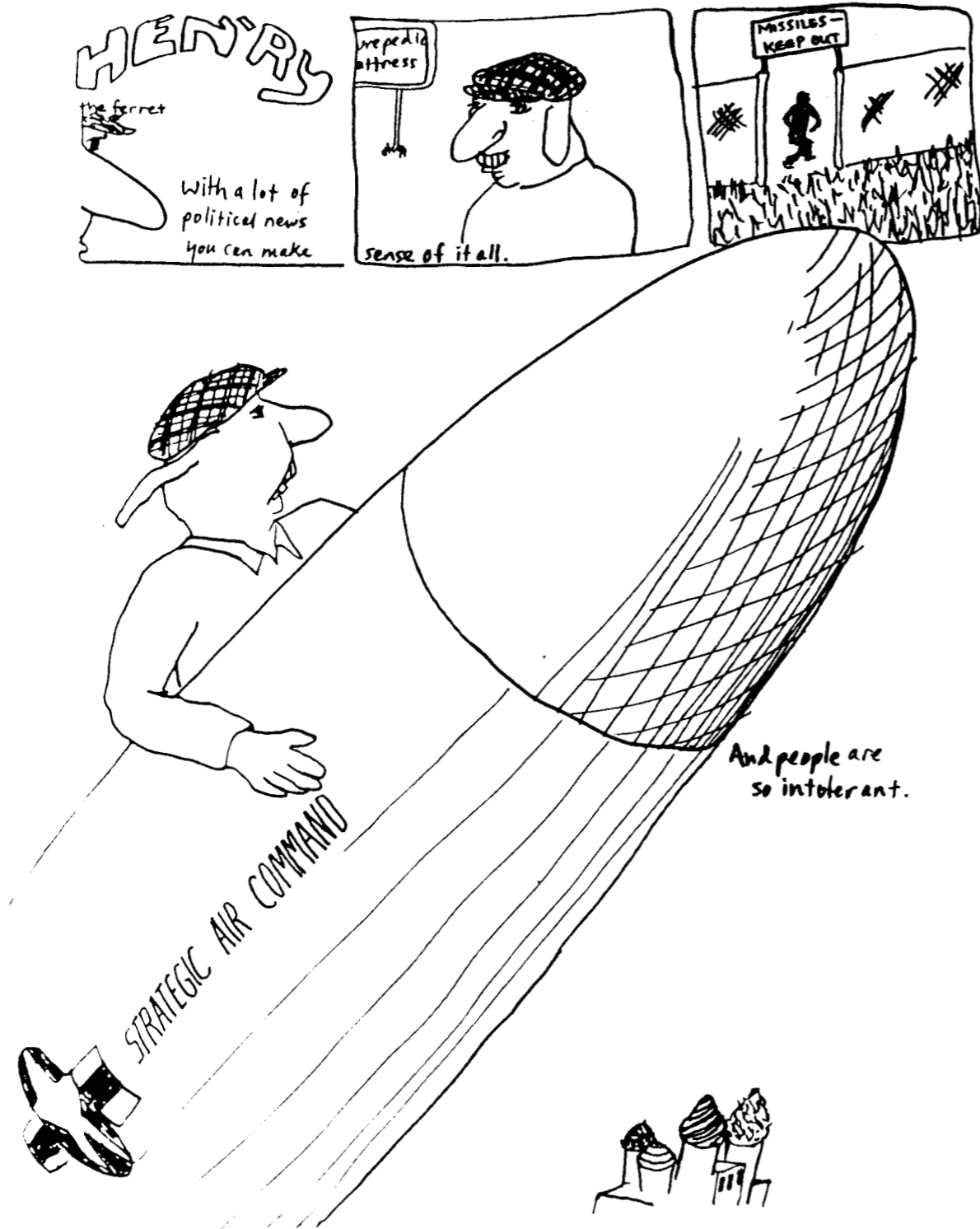
MAGIC BULLET

3:1

JAN-FEB 1987



The Book of Genesis According To Earth Mother



Across (across he constantly tells me, across, not acrossed)-----so, anyway, have it as you want it, across. Across the crowded room he gaped at me----our first meeting you know----so anyway there he was mouth fringed with fu-manchu mustache hanging chin to floor. God i thought (no, you're probably right, i probably thought Jesus Christ) so-Jesus Christ i thought, what's this hippie's problem, so i'm a little late, Christ it's just a dumb reading, and i lit a cigarette. So then this freak, this reject from civilisation and fugitive from Woodstock says i shouldn't smoke just because i think it's cool or artsy or whatever i happen to think it stands for. Well by this time i'm more than a little uncomfortable because i realize this little dude has latched on to me, like it or not.

As for smoking, i continue to do it, chain-smoking now in an effort to bug this babe away, but no budging. So then i get a reprieve, even if slight, it's "Fu's" turn to read. And his stuff ain't bad (ok, Jesus-his stuff is very good, will that do you Fu? great.) His stuff is real hip and i begin to think that maybe there's something to "Fu ". But he reads strange, one of his "Kermit the Frog" fingers gestering to the sky like some ancient orator. So, of course, "Mr. Thin Wrists" plops down next to me again. By this time, by the way he's looking, i can tell he's working up to the invitation to hitch hike to San Francisco, no thanks i up out of the blue to say, i like Philly just fine, it's small but it's cool. Then i go flip for them all, been sittin' there listening to all kind of faggie guys, black people who look at you like you enslaved their sister, and a slew of militant-castrate everybody-women, and one hip old Janis Joplin babe it turns out nobody, "Fu" included, nobody but me likes. i take the liberty of assuming that everybody is bored shitless. Right, i was, so when i got seriously into some crazy poems i had, everybody just grooved on the brainwaves, (even the ones i new liked Janis), that bein' 'cause nobody had to be embarrassed by graphic sex or sit in fear of bein' attacked every time the reader looked at them. So it was cool, and i'd have to say, in my most humble way that Janis, Fu (i'll drop Fu's quotes now, they begin to annoy), and i were easily the best there. Janis gives me her number and says let's get drunk sometime. Then Fu opens his mustache and says let's go get some coffee. So alright and i go.

Fu then proceeds to open up a lot more than his mustache and tells me that he has this repeat dream where his subconscious, manifested as a woman visits him. Well and guess what she has my eyes and the same pale red lipstick which is all he can remember about her and why his jaw hit the floor to begin with, he never gapes without out a reason he



lays on me. So i begin to groove on this, his laying this on me makes me groove in a way like Deja Vu, but not truly, it's more like God, destiny has grabbed me, and what do i do? i light a cigarette. And shit i'm thinking, looking at Fu, this is my destiny, and then oh well, because the KARMA is there, (and who out there still knows what KARMA means anyway???), we obviously have short wave connections. Right off meeting me he knows why i put up the act i put, and i know why he puts his. (alright, so now still not comfortable with destiny Fu is again--- Jesus Fu this is only a short piece--- now again leaning over me eyeing my larger breast and telling that i do not know why he puts his which is again just his act (which i don't know anything about he tells me) trying to act big). So i hook up with Fu despite my ma's (yep, even earth mamma has a ma) better judgement. So we hook up and already we're spoutin', ok, Fu's spoutin' and i'm agreeing, about how the millenium is comin', and Fu tells me that however much it may appeal to my afformentioned act, it wouldn't be cool to spend it wasted. So then ol' earth mamma here learns of this incredibly hip dude and his buddies who too spout about the millenium, in fact they coin the phrase, and we hook up be mail, and it clicks and reeks of destiny, so i don't question it, i groove with the flow. And that is how it all began and started, and why i'm here.

Dig?



A CONTINUING STRIP-TAPE
THE YOUNG AND THE FRUSTRATED
© 1986 BY VIMA TICKS

BECAUSE I RECEIVED A PSYCHIC MESSAGE FROM SINGE AND CAME HERE, SHE HAS QUALIFIED TO BE THE LEADER OF A NEW FLAGELLANT SETTLEMENT IN ATHENS OHIO? I WAS TRIPPING AT THE TIME. HOW DO YOU KNOW IT WAS HER POWERS THAT REACHED ME AND NOT THE EFFECT OF BRAIN?

MY DEAR, OUR USE OF DRUGS COMBINED WITH DEEP-SEATED RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS GO BEYOND ANYTHING YOU MIGHT ACHIEVE WITH RECREATIONAL DRUG USE!

RELIGION ENHANCED BY DRUGS CREATES A POWERFUL FORCE. WE BEAT OURSELVES EVERYDAY AND CALL TO GOD WITH A SCREAM OF PAIN. AFTER MY BODY WAS COVERED WITH OPEN WOUNDS A SPECIAL MOLD WAS RUBBED INTO THE SORES AND ALLOWED TO FESTER FOR SEVERAL DAYS AS IT SLOWLY ENTERED THE BLOOD STREAM. THIS DRUG ENABLED ME TO CONTACT YOU AND ULTIMATELY GOD.

YOU THINK YOU'VE FOUND PERCEPTION. HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU HAVEN'T OPENED UP THE DOOR TO A HE?

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. I'M SURE THIS IS RIGHT FOR ME

PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

I DON'T I'LL EVER SEE MY SISTER AGAIN I'M GONNA MISS HER.

PROJECT:

ROCK N ROLL

by Gary L. Gehman



Part 8.

As a young man in divinity school, Reinhold Speck had seen a documentary film depicting the work of Jesuit missionaries in the high mountain villages of the *Muelos de Dios*; the principal range that forms the spine of the continental plate bearing most of the southwestern hemisphere. On a political map, the brethren explained, the *Muelos* had been part of a once thriving empire that had fallen into ruin because of its decadent ways. They were now part of a concern that had been established by pan-American Saadamites in the last century. But *Buena Salida* was little more than a Title on a contract with Spain.

As a nation, or even as an economic base, *Buena Salida* could not be admitted to exist at all. And so the people, according to the missionaries, were in dire need of Christian Charity.

For one hundred and thirty five years, the Jesuits had been trying to administer this relief effort. They sought out children who were dying of hunger and led them to prayer. Reinhold Speck had been stirred and his application to the mission board had caused great excitement. Speck was just the sort of man the Church most needed in its forward positions; he had a brain. A keen mental facility, they surmised, would be the strong right arm of Speck's personal faith. They surmised.

The world that Speck found as he entered the Service brought him face to face with a whole different sort of reality than he'd known in cloister. His first post was in the depths of a decaying city.

On the morning of his first day there, some children brought him round to an apartment in an overcrowded public housing project. One of the children was sick. She had a high fever and gastral worms. Speck soon learned that the little girl had contracted the diseases from the decomposing corpse of her mother. The woman had died of whooping cough and no-one had bothered to do anything with her or for the child.

"Roseta," as the missionaries soon christened the nameless child, simply hadn't known what to do upon the death of her mother. She'd stayed in the house and waited by her mother's side; no one knew how long. The other neighborhood children had noticed a smell while hunting for roaches. They found the little girl and ran to get help.

Day after day, Speck served as witness to the most gruesome of horrors. Poverty and disease were only the most frustrating of adversaries. What really infuriated the missionaries was the way in which the Salidan "government" regularly committed acts of unspeakable terrorism on the very people who needed help most.

In one such case, soldiers tied a man to the frame of his bed and carved all the skin from his face. He sat there weeping red tears from lidless eyes and wondering if anyone would ever come; wondering what they might possibly do for him if they did arrive. His eyes were just beginning to darken and dry when Brother Speck came through the door.

Speck prayed for strength and administered extreme unction. He crossed himself and asked to be forgiven. Then he picked up the bayonet that the soldiers had left and quieted the man's misery. The blood stopped flowing and he felt the man's body relax in his arms. Speck began to suspect that, in this mission field at least, the ordinary commandments didn't necessarily apply.

-- To Be Continued! --

IT'S WHAT YOU'VE ALL BEEN ASKING ME FOR. THE YOUNG AND THE FRUSTRATED MINI-COMIC-BOOK FLASH OF FRUSTRATION THE STORY OF AN WOMAN'S STRUGGLE TO MAKE IT IN A WORLD DETERMINED TO KEEP HER DOWN. REVENGE NEVER TASTED SO GOOD!!

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(Joan of Arc)

*King Charles wore his yellow suit.
You should have seen the dress Queen Isabel
was in. You talk about your putting on for
foreign dignitaries.*

*Well anyway I slew the English army. I wore
my helmet with the little tassels, you know,
the one with the rusted visor. and then
I caught my banner on my broadsword.
I had to buy a brand-new flag. I mean I never.
Was I embarrassed!*

You mean Duke Gloster? He's English.

You don't mean Raymond?

*He was my boyfriend. I can't see
how you thought he was a prince.*

The yellow ones? They ARE nice.

I slew the English army saving France, that's right.

I am that Joan of Arc who succored France in time of need!

Potvin
(to Joan) Eggscuze me, Madame. Have not I seen you face before,
perhaps some centuries in Franz?

Potvin
Ah, qui. I waz young rookie with da Fransh der.
we play good war when Joan waz in.

Bossy
Eggscuze me, Madame, you would not know ze vallant Joan?

(Bossy and Potvin fall prostrate, bless themselves).

Potvin
Da very Joan!

Bossy
O succor us!

(Gretchen)

I've always wanted Faust to take me there.

*You didn't see Prince-What's-His-Name,
you know, the one with those
lovely knee-socks?*

*No, no. I'm sure he's French. He parts
his hair like luther does.*

That's him!

Well anyway I love his stockings.



by
Remington
Murphy

*in love...
so full of self
so empty of self*

s.f. caldwell



A Typical Afternoon With Nature

•Chris•
•Stroffolino•

I am walking to
the Li'l Arf
An' Annie Pet Shop
To get some food for
This Newfoundland I share my one
room apartment with,
And I see a humane society truck
Run over a family of deer,
And I see a bull
Dozer tearing up the forest
In order



To build the wildlife foundation.
When I finally arrive
At the shop and reach for
My alligator wallet, I see
The sign that says: "Warning:
Premises under surveillance
By guard-dog". So I do not
Enter. I return home empty
Handed, except for these
Crocodile tears.



I turned over the cat care pamphlets one by one, observing their cover art with amusement. "Travling With Your Cat" showed a scarved feline at the driver's seat of a sports car. "Easy Ways to Housetrain Your Cat" had kitty with an apron on, cheerfully wielding a vacuum cleaner. I was reminded of Amy's habit of inventing schemes carried out by her cats in her absence. "Cats must inspire more anthropomorphism than any other animal," I thought aloud. "Maybe it's just that cat owners are a particularly rare breed. Or maybe I just have a weird girlfriend.

Amy, curious at first, became more so as mention of her entered into this reverie. "Anthropowhat?", she asked.

"Morphism, I repeated, already having second thoughts about subjecting an old mutual diversion to scrutiny. "Maybe best not to open this can of peas," I ventured. Realizing it was too late to turn back, I continued: "The tendency to attribute human characteristics to non-human species."

Amy thought, then laughed, then frowned. "Oh, come now, you do that too."

"I know, and I'm not putting it down! Look at all the cartoon and comic strip cats: Courageous Cat, Top Cat, Krazy Kat, Fritz, Heathcliff, Garfield. I think it's because they're so serene and deadpan that we can't resist projecting this profound cleverness onto 'em."

I smiled at Amy and hoped she'd never stop calling her cat, Raisin, "The President of CAKS, Cats Against Kisses."

Robert Drew

PERSECUTION

*The world's your enemy, you sigh.
Against its stiffened prick,
You, like a wildly rearing stallion,
Kick.*

*Although you call yourself coralled in it,
I see you on your back,
Victimious, Cradled in the lies that keep you
sick.*

*Sigh, kick.
Your delusion's walls are thick.
Your persecutors powerful and
Psychic.*

MICHAEL GRAVES



GET ON WITH IT *(a love poem)*

Thirty-eight years is not
Really a long time to live but
It's taught me something about
Love.

Each of us has a
Purpose apart from it.
We are each complete
Human beings of and by
Ourselves.

We each have a destiny
To fullfill: a life to
Lead, and whether we
Are loved or not it is
Our most profound duty to
Get on with it.

Walt
Gebhart



Eleven or Twelve Ways of Looking at Shoes

Tassoni

1

Once this house
is sold it will be sold
time and time
again and shoes.

2

Life is a long
thread Wallenda
longer than you know
and shoes.

3

I am out back when
crying stops
inside the faucet
when the leak
is fixed. When
my trunk is
bottomed-out your
shoe is there.

4

A man and a woman
and a blackbird are one but
only the former wear
shoes though they can't
buy them very often and
sometimes discard them
all together.

5

Unshaven the cadillac man
wants him never more
scared or poor and shoes.

6

On a grassy knoll one
bug a dead
president and brown
custom-built cordovans.

7

With freckled arms the
younger sisters bear
the platinum one
home from high school.
Their shoes are beneath
their hearts and they
expect nothing.

8

My headlights flick
a raccoon's flailing paws his
black stupid eyes; the candle
I burned
while we
made love.

9

Where there are shoes
there is Bob Dylan;
where there is Phil Collins
there are shoes.

10

She's spatula'd herself
into the tiles and burned
herself to see
this her love in pans
and pots and black
shoes.

11

Abebe Bikila
you ran without shoes
Abebe Bikila
the sky was blue.

What Lies Within

Scarlett Faith

I want
to tell you
how much
I love you
but
the words
are jammed
between lips
that cannot move
stiffened
with paralysis
caused
by fear
And so
they sit
collecting dust
within my brain
half-hidden
in the shadows
of my heart
stored
safely
in a place
where
they
cannot
be touched
or
sent away
rejected



To dream is to

live

in the world

of eternal

truth.

If you say you

don't dream

you lie.

Lies destroy dreams.

•kmf•

THE SIEGE OF FAITH

by David Updike

A small army of bearded intellectuals approached the Mountain of Faith. They rode upon Raleigh 3-speed bicycles, and wore paper mache armor made from the pages of recently outdated textbook editions. Each one had a briefcase strapped to the carrier rack with bungee cords. They rode to the base of the Mountain in the "flying V" formation of forgotten football. When they reached the base of the Mountain, they parked their bikes, unstrapped their briefcases and pulled from them large stacks of paper. They found a piece of rock to serve as a podium, and from it each delivered a long treatise on the Supremacy of Reason.

They spoke with vigor and conviction. Their approaches were various, their delivery dramatic, their diction perfect. They spoke in German, French, English and Russian. For seven hours they spoke, and the Mountain moved not an inch. As the afternoon grew late, and their voices weary, they began to realize that it would take more than Reason to move this Mountain of Faith. They divided into teams and began to discuss tactics.

Edison built a bike with a huge overhead propeller that could actually fly, thinking that if they could get closer to the peak they would be better heard. Nietzsche volunteered to fly it, and he flew so high that he cleared the peak and disappeared over the other side. Aleister Crowley began to dig a hole beneath the Mountain. "If we can dig a huge pit underneath it, then the Mountain will fall into it," he explained. Freud found a cave in the side of the Mountain, and took a team with him to explore it. Wilhelm Reich concocted a device from a bicycle pump, a cuisinart, tin foil and used paper towel rolls, through which he was blasting deadly Allgone Rays at the Mountain. "Look," he said, "I aim it like zis, and Poof! All gone!" But through it all the Mountain remained unmoved.

As it grew dark, and they grew weary and disillusioned, it was decided that they would turn back and look for a suitable pub in which to take an evening meal and write their memoirs. As they mounted their bikes and began riding away, they heard a rumbling behind them. "Look," someone shouted, "The Mountain--it's collapsing on itself!" And so it was. They all laughed heartily. "We stood there all day trying to bring it down, and as soon as we leave, down it goes!" But their laughter turned quickly to screams of panic as a huge avalanche tumbled from the collapsing Mountain and killed them all. . .

. . . All except Nietzsche, who can still be seen on a clear night from this flat earth, riding his strange bicycle across the full moon and shouting: "Gott ist tot, Nietzsche libt! Gott ist tot, Nietzsche libt!"



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