



MAGIC BULLET

an Over-the-Counter Curative and Free Speech Tutorial

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All submissions are welcome, but send a SASE for returns.

Today Mr. Reagan Did What He Had To Do (?)

Today Mr. Reagan did what he had to do (?) - oh, ok Ron, sure Today we have done what we had to do - yeah Ron, i understand if necessary we shall do it again . . . - don't say "we" Ron, say "me," "i" Despite our repeated warnings - i sent no warning Khadafy continued his . . .

- i see and what will you tell me, Ron relentless pursuit of terror
- when the boy i love is dead He counted on America to be passive
- and i am pursued by terror He counted wrong.
- But Ron can count quite well Today Mr. Reagan did what he had to do (?)
- he has a calculator

if necessary he shall do it again

- so the death count will be accurate Despite our repeated warnings

- they shall build another black wall in

Washington

Khadafy continued his . . .

- then came the men on horseback in relentless pursuit of terror.

- search of food and rest and water for their

horses

an -

He counted on America to be passive - and they passed a resftul time in the house of Khadafy

He counted wrong.

- and their number was four Today Mr. Reagan did what he had to do (?)

- then they galloped across the sea if necessary he shall do it again . . .
- where they found sustenance in the house of Ron and Nancy

Despite our repeated warnings

- he entertained them in his home and country

Khadafy continued his . . .

- open ended invitation relentless pursuit of terror
- while the four slipped insipiently into the

countryside

He counted on

- pulling the land out from under us America to be passive

- killing the young man i love

He counted wrong

- another number for the black wall Today Ron did what he had to do (?)
- taking the young man i love
- if necessary
- is it necessary to he shall do it again
- take your young man too
- Despite our repeated warnings
- all the young men are dead Khadafy continued his . . .
- and Ron continues his relentless pursuit of terror.
- leaving terror to pursue us relentlessly

He counted on America to be passive

- and his movie star speeches

He counted wrong.

- and dead to count numbers on a black wall. Today President Reagan did what he had to do (?)

-- earth mother ---





One of the new recruits in my crusade against the Department was Colleen Hughes, a teaching assistant for the Remedial Reading Pogrom, a sort of School of Liberal Arts/Education joint venture (actually, scam might more accurately describe what it was) meant to sustain the languishing Education faculty, whom the university, thanks to tenure, could not legally fire. Colleen had always been friendly in the past, sometimes stopping by to chat over impotable Department coffee and vending-machine M&Ms, but now her friendliness had about it an air of significance.

Casual chat alone, however, sucker for it that I was, could not have sold me on this woman's uncommonly intense feminine charm. I demanded authenticity, singularity — virtues which do not bloom under rocks, in caves, or for that matter one summer's day per year on the steppes of Siberia, but which flourish with crab grass abandon as easily on a well-groomed patch of lawn as on a ragweed-crowded, proletarian vacant lot, able to break up slabs of concrete sidewalk with little more than an ingrained will to be noticed. Singularity, in short, adresses purpose; purpose invites action; action comes, bringing with it upshot, and together they tie one on.

Colleen, one of those able to transmute creed into deed, closed the deal for my admiration (in fact, bought it out), and in one afternoon at that!

She was with a squad of assistants who were pausing to watch the Army/Marines Day demonstration at our uniperversity's bell-tower before

heading off-campus to lunch. What especially riveted her eye was the "hand grenade toss," as advertised in gothic black by a gigantic bill-board-sized banner. An officer in fatigues was showing the neighborhood kids who had gathered how to pull the pin. The grenade was a dummy, of course, but still there is something perverse about activating an explosive device and then unnaturally blocking the detonation mechanism with a defiant finger, which the officer, betraying a Mephistophelian grin, graciously demonstrated.

Colleen was piqued by this, and I might add rightfully so. Before anyone could stop her, she had kneed Mephisto in the groin, grabbed the grenade, and lobbed it easily onto the two-story roof of the Eisenhower Memorial Computer Learning Complex.

By the time campus security had arrived to car her away raving, she had upended a table, strewing promotional literature; smashed half a dozen "It's a Great Place to Start" mugs, two Mr. Coffees, one jaw, one MX-coned jellybean jar, jellybeans rocketing; ripped the gigantic banner from its bell-tower moorings; and wardanced sadistically, boots clopping, around the groaning, prostate officer.









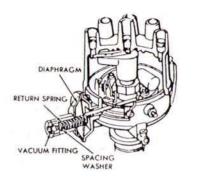
.005 by Walt Gebhart

The old Black Ford
Weighs a ton-and-a-half.
G78-by-15's on the front.
L78-by-15's on the rear.
351 cubic inch
Windsor V-8.
Carries a payload of
About a ton.

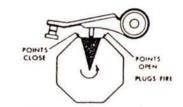
When she's stuck behind
A row of Joe-go-show's on a
Country road just give her
A clear oncoming lane.
She'll hit passing gear
And kick all of their asses.

She has two little ignition points
No bigger than shirt buttons.
They're .005 inches apart.
All that tonnage
All that ass-kicking
Is worthless unless thoso
Two points work right.

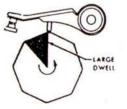
Funny how human a car can be. Little things keep them going, too.



Some current production car engines demand in excess of 23,000 spark plug firings per minute to

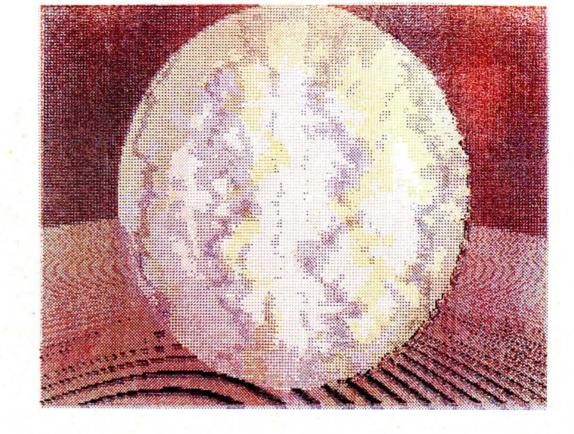






fire their cylinders. This places a tremendous demand upon the ignition system, particularly the aspect of coil build up (saturation) and discharge time.





Forget what is real.

Abolish sensibility.

Go beyond your heart.

Transcend your body

and let your soul

float into fantasy.

Bathe in the river Styx

and live

in my world

of never-ending dreams.

- kmf

III. THE SPEECH OF THOTH: THOTH: THE SPEECH OF THOTH: THOTH: THE SPEECH OF THOTH: THOT

"Slide"

Her mud-hemmed gown
abreeze, she slips
weeping at our
pond's edge; a
backyard swing
rattles its chains
and turns in dreams rust-eyed
a boy balanced there.

— Tassoni



by Gary L. Gehman

Part 11.

All the way from the airport, Wanda Ases wondered what he could have meant: The gaunt structure of a man with empty eyes suddenly veering into her path, falling as though drunk against her shoulder, knocking her backwards, grunting uncomprehendingly; and then, darting feverish lips into her ear and hissing --Everything that's done is done for you! And then disappearing into the crowd like smoke. What could any of it have meant?

Wanda had given up thinking about what it all meant a long, long time ago. She had learned that the safest thing to do was just to worry whose number was on the plastic card in her purse and would there be a clean bar where she could drink and not be bothered.

She knew she wouldn't have to spend much time in Buena Salida; just a fortnight or so, and probably the worst thing that could happen to her was boredom. Well, that was fine. What she needed most was time to think.

She used to feel like she'd be a kid forever, but lately she couldn't even remember a time when she didn't feel old as the hills. And everything had been just peachy in the Benelux until some breathtaking agent from Seven International had swept through the office and pinned dumb old Lippincott to the wall.

The paperwork took three weeks to process, but in the end, two thirds of the company had changed hands and she'd been delivered with an ultimatum: Take a V.P. and go with the package, or stay behind and die a slow corporate death.

She wasn't an idiot and took the promotion, of course; but then to find out the new regime based itself out of the sweat gland of South America was about all that she could take.

The local office only made matters worse when they sent Iulio Vraqez in a limousine to pick her up. in Rotterdam she'd seen a Bentley/Foucault, and in Luxembourg, she'd even been promised a ride in one, but the B/F 6000 they sent around with Vraqez at the wheel seemed like an old nightmare aboessed by a bottle of bad Cabernet.

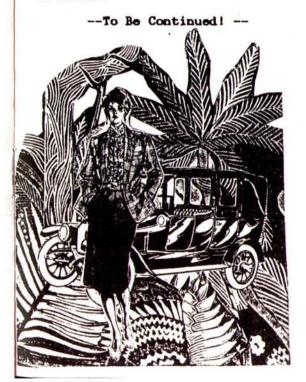
Someone had painted the handbuilt DeMiola fuselage a livid pink enamel. The paisley convertible top sported a gold-braid fringe and the engine, simply running at idle, sounded like a calliope. The whole coach vibrated like some tragic streetscene.

She felt like a child lost at the circus, climbing into that It popped and snorted Car. wickedly. Everyone she'd seen wore only body paint and feathers. The entire population of Buena Salida had got caught up BOMO garish festival associated with the imminent nuptial condition of two native The bright colors and unctuousness of the atmosphere made her diggy.

She leaned out the window as though to cough and her eyes caught a fragment of something incredibly familiar out of the chaos: The way that earlobe tucked itself in-

An acute pang of regret shot through her and, for a moment she actually cried. Then realization struck, replacing terror for pain. And there she was in the back seat of a machine that shricked like bleeding Hell, with a driver who was himself nearly naked and painted as a snake; who kept leering at her in the rearview.

In a strange and volatile land where far too few people knew a meaning for the word happiness that didn't contain, in its definition, the word covet. And now; somewhere, somehow, Brian S'pence was here too. And Wanda Ases knew that wherever was S'pence, there too, disaster had to follow.





Your Gentle Gestures by Michael Graves

You tottered against my side
In black fur ankle boots
And sang: "O Lord,
Won't you buy me
A Mercedes Benz,"
As we crossed to the car
Of a mutual friend.

I witnessed, half unwillingly,
Your shining face,
Your unbound hair,
The metal belt about your hips,
Your tiny lips,
Your jeans, blue as sky in spring,
Your short suede jacket
With matching mittens,
Dark red,
Your gentle gestures, luminous,
My bearish body

Looming over us.





"No Anchovies Please!"

Once upon a time, there was a young couple living in the lower east side of downtown Manhattan. Jan and Dave had no complaints and were living a comfortable life in the Big Apple. One day while Dave was on his way home from work, Jan began making dinner. She reached for the jar of anchovies and, upon emptying the little fishes into a pan, she noticed a small note at the bottom of the jar. At closer inspection she noticed a phone number on it. Curious, she dialed. After the connection had been made, a voice at the other end said: "Don't move, lady; we'll be right over!" Frightened, she hung up the phone. When she turned arond she found three men standing there in long sheets of cellophane who carried her to a waiting car which drove her to an international airport where they loaded her onto a waiting jetliner. Frightened and confused, she blacked out. Upon wakening, she found herself in a strange foreign language speaking nation. In desperation, she found sanctuary in the arms of a handsome secret agent. With his kiss still warm upon her lips, he betrayed her to a group of mad scientists who performed strange experiments which until then had only been done using rare insects.

Meanwhile, back in New York . . .

Dave had been drinking heavily since Jan's disappearance and had been visiting many of the local bars in the neighborhood. While residing at one of his more frequented bars, someone flipped on the television set located above the bottles of spirits. "... Welcome to ... Bowling for Dollars!" said a voice from the TV. Dave looked up in a dizzy stare.

"Hey, Dave, there sure is something familiar about that bowling ball," said another one of the locals in a low, sly voice

To this remark, Dave's face lit up in a frenzied horror and he screamed "Oh my God!! That bowling ball— It's my wile!!!"

The moral of this story is:

NEXT TIME YOU PLACE YOUR ORDER, DON'T FORGET TO SAY:
"No Anchovies, please."

MATTER

Winds sculpt leafy boughs.

Water winds its way urchin to the land.

Trees firm and strong kiss rain-storms in their delirious trance.

She walks toward heaven delicately as a leaf Her smiles are melodies from trees. Her laughter fresh as summering days, She is ever touching me. In those moments we are free.

from notes of 5/29/82 rev. 12/28/86 sigmund weiss

by Gary Solar





Father's Visit by Terry MacDonnell

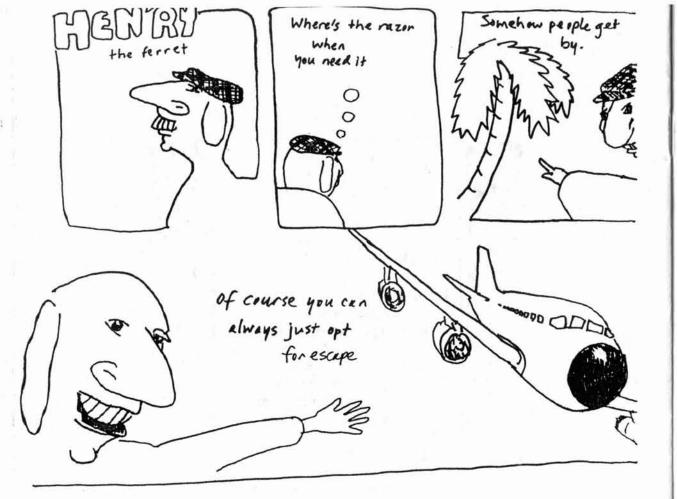
Cloistered upstairs, We werenot allowed to see Father When hecame.

However, one fateful Sunday We creptdown the stairs To sneaka peek at him.

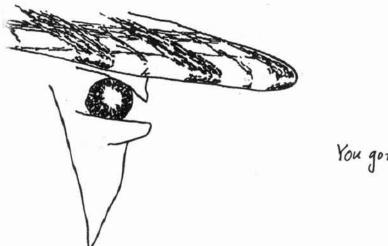
There at he foot of the stairs, His face ivid with rage, He was tvisting Mother's arm Behind her back (Trying to compel her To go back with him).

I armed nyself with Tinker Toys
And flung them at him.
My sisterdid the same.
He released Mother's arm
And said.
"Now seewhat you've done, Bea.
You've even got the children
Against ne."





Sooner or later



You gotta take some satisfaction.

4th of

the booming of these damn fireworks
excite everyone
young and OLD with their ooohs and ahhhs contribute
to
such stupidity
the glare lights the heavens and makes the angels
visible
to a clear vision
this seems like a good time to be alone
with

/johnny cooper/

desperation.



Good Night

Spread Softly about my soul sleep, like a blanket, tucks me in for the night

Scarlett Faith

