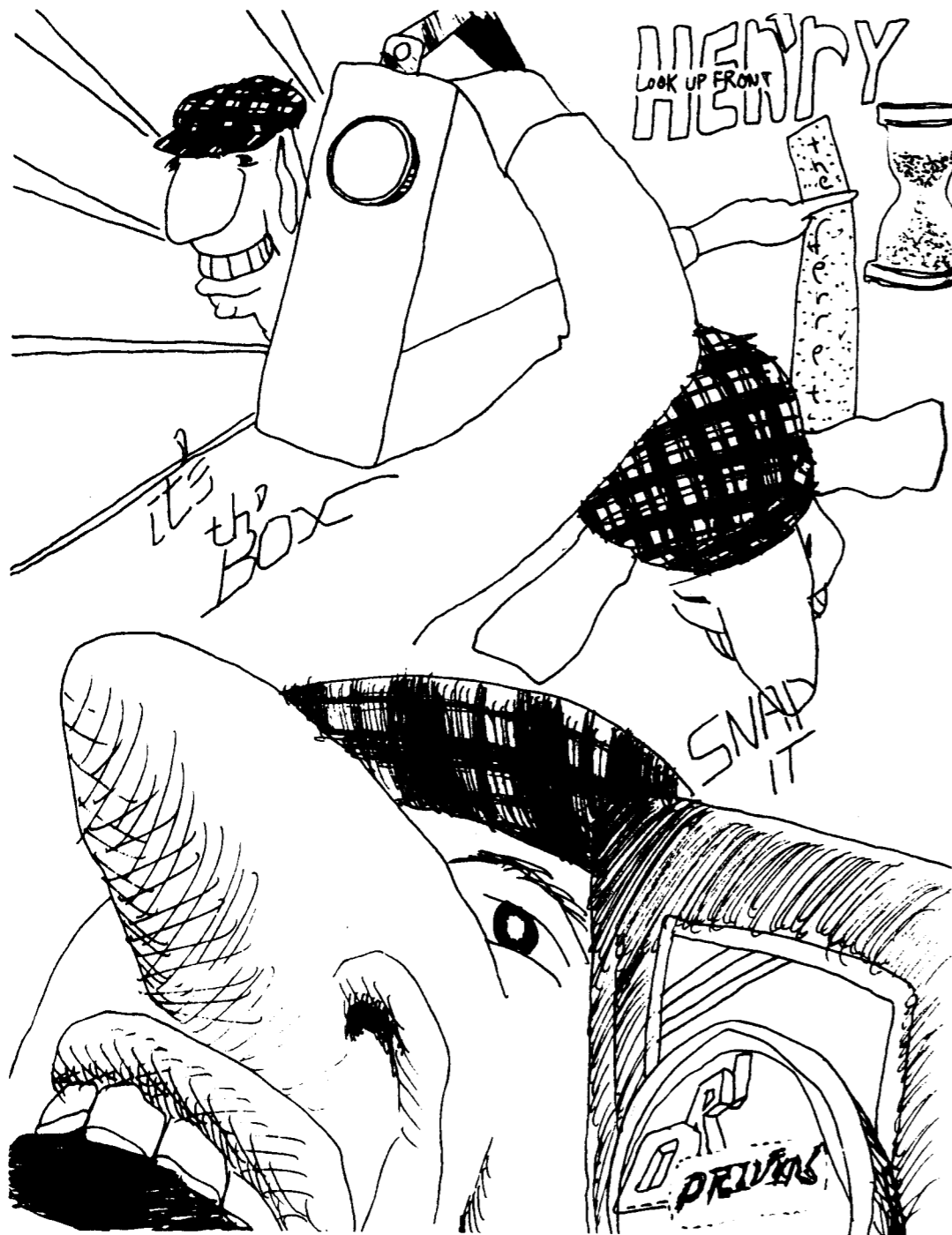


# MAGIC BULLET

Sept/Oct—1987  
3:5





We're going to get, finally, into a popular belief that we've let go unchallenged far too long. Fingers, we've noticed, are beginning to wag, heads are beginning to turn.

There is, apparently, an actual organization that has taken it upon itself to champion this wrongheaded piece of distaste. We saw it stated in some of their literature recently:

"We have known many happy people whose happiness was destroyed because they tried to develop a sense of humor. Make no mistake about it, the happy person is the one with the stone face, the dead-pan expression that needs a court order to smile."

In our opinion we're dealing with fanatics here the like of which the world hasn't seen in many a moon. How these people have managed, while raising a minimum of eyebrows, to achieve the success they have is anybody's guess. But we plan on bringing it to a screeching halt.

A question that we might ask ourselves is, where do people like this come from? Where have they been hiding? What's that, John? (John assists in the writing of these newsletters -- and the devil makes a little news himself on occasion.) John says they must have been walking among us all this time. Yes, John, it's a frightening thought. John says maybe they've even been sitting among us in our great bus systems. Now that is a little hard to believe.

In any case, what do they look like? How do they act? What's that, John? John suggests they're the ones on the buses who play the radios and smoke and talk loud about people they've recently beaten up and do a lot of the sneering, hoarse laughter. No, John. These people are not even in the same league as the ones we're after. Actually we've had some of our best members working undercover on this matter for some time. And they're all but convinced that we're talk-

ing about the quiet snobbish people who sit as close to the front of the bus as possible and continually move further up as those seats empty.

What do you mean, they're some of your favorites? John says he's not putting me on. He really does like those people. All right, I'll go into this with you, John, because maybe it really needs to be said. If we were to like one of these two types it would have to be the radio player, in spite of the rough-hewn grins and smirks. I say this because there isn't a single instance on file (at least to our records, and others who keep track) of anybody liking the snobbish type. Therefore, John, we take it you're again involved in your never-ending attempts to put one over on us.

John says he isn't. But John, they don't leave you anything to like. At least the loud-talking, gum-snappers can melt you occasionally with that infectious grin. At least they're outgoing.

Wait a minute, there's something coming in over the wire. Let's see what it is...My God, listen to this, John:

"It's just been discovered beyond a shadow of a doubt who the members of the secret organization are. It turns out they're the strictly business types."

Well, I can only say that John and I have been looking at each other for the past several minutes in stunned disbelief. It goes to show you -- something. Okay, I think we're starting to get a handle on this. As John just said, 'strictly business type' practically means people who wouldn't get involved in something like this. We're talking about people -- in the secret organization -- who want to change things. These couldn't be your strictly nuts-and-bolts kind, which is, of course, just another name for your strictly business type. It just doesn't fly. Wait a minute, there's something else coming in over the wire -- "Just kidding."

this is the think beat  
 signifying thought  
 don't be stupid enough to ask what about  
 was written in godcrete  
 it becomes obvious that nothing is going on  
 bleeting beating logarithmic  
 clump  
 your sneaker is untied  
 prismatic circles commonly referred to as  
 grommets  
 seismographic spontaineous combustive  
 chimeras of rocks crunching at  
 the origins of the universe  
 phantom rasping gurgling sounds of death  
 were perimetered in red on the wall  
 in the back of the theater bellowing exit  
 and or gate

CANDY KAUCHER

## ÆTATVM

Mundi Septem Suppuratio, per Carolum Bouillum  
 Samarobrinū, ad Franciscum Molinū virū clariss.  
 & Regiorū elemosynarū principem.



Venditum Iodoco Badio Ascensio,

### from The Other Landscape

In the Cultured Area: They raise pigs. Every Saturday afternoon, the family unity ritual occurs. From each stock, the finest porker is chosen and removed from his friends. The family sits with the animal and plays with it until it smiles. The first person to notice the smile grabs the pig and slits its throat. The pig is cooked and eaten. Roast Pork. The happiness of the pig is injected for some long ago forgotten reason.

The con-census of the (holy) men of the Cultured Area is that the pigs await their day with much anticipation.

David H. Blank



For some time, the prevailing addiction around which my life turned was White Castle Hamburgers. I spent whole afternoons and evenings consuming one after the other. I would buy them by the sack, precooked and frozen, in order to save myself trips to the restaurant. Not that the restaurant was unpleasant. Its minimalist furnishings, its hermetic bullet-proof glass partition separating customers from employees--all lent the stark white cubicle a distinct charm. It seemed an appropriate locale for the production of a foodstuff which, far from being merely a source of nourishment, had become a virtual pastime, a fashion, a sensation...an idea.

"The taste some people won't live without," the television advertisements boasted. I would dwell on the nature of this taste, contemplate it as I slowly ingested the morsels, without ever coming to a satisfactory explanation of what it represented. These little wedges of significance, these pure potentiality pills--objectively, their taste was artificial, yet to me it came quite naturally. I succumbed to its hegemony.

The reheating instructions, printed on the side panel of each burger's box, went from routine to ritual. After allowing them to defrost, I would obediently remove the burgers from their boxes and wrap them individually in aluminum foil. I would then heat them at 325 °F, for 15 minutes. Full of anticipation, I would finally remove them from the oven, unwrap them and indulge myself, usually finishing off each burger in two bites. This I would do with four or five burgers at a time, at intervals of an hour or so, for perhaps six or eight hours a day. If I was pressed for time--in the morning, for instance-- I would simply grab two or three already-defrosted ones from the frig and, like an astronaut, devour them cold. They were, after all, precooked, and the lack of heat did not detract from the essential taste; on the contrary, if anything, enhanced it.

This was my state of affairs when one day, I wandered into a theatre where several short films were being screened by some or another student activist group. Before I could fully realize what was happening, I found myself watching a french film called *Blood of the Beasts*, which graphically depicted the murder--in cold blood, and by the most brutal means imaginable--of a variety of higher mammals whose only crime was to comprise palatable dinner meat. The camera scrutinized every detail of the horrible slaughter--the binding of the animal's legs, the pathetic look in its eyes, the animal collapsing as the axe penetrates its forehead, its throat slashed, blood pouring out, the removal of its flesh, the disembowelment. The butchers whistling as they worked.

I made my way home and stood dreamily in front of the refrigerator. I took out the sack of burgers, took one from its box and removed the top half of the bun. I had never uncovered a White Castle burger before--it seemed so impious. There--under a thin slice of pickle, splattered with ketchup, strewn with bits of onion--lay the tiny square patty. I stared at it for a while and began to feel queasy. How could anything so beautiful have been wrought from such carnage? Discarding the beloved victuals, I wondered.

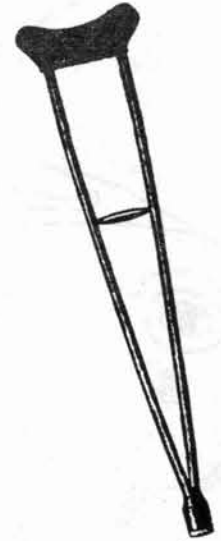
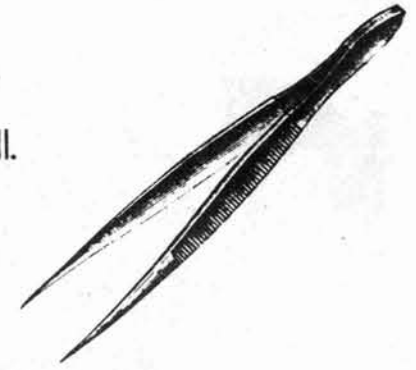
## THE KILLING a reinterpretation

TRUTHS are empty shells words cannot fill.

I stood stock still,  
watched the killing  
as one notes motions in a game.  
The speaker spoke angry words  
that angered him who shot the speaker through his chest.  
Three times the speaker shuddered  
as three bullets sped.  
A touch of laughter shuddered me,  
closed my lips  
as though to assuage.

I would have run but dared not leave this scene  
as then I'd lose its mystery for a twisted dream.  
I tried to fathom how a killing from words could result.  
I turned, walked away, thoughts displaced.

This is what I saw.  
If you do not believe me  
then truths are only whispers  
hallucinations call.



sigmund weiss



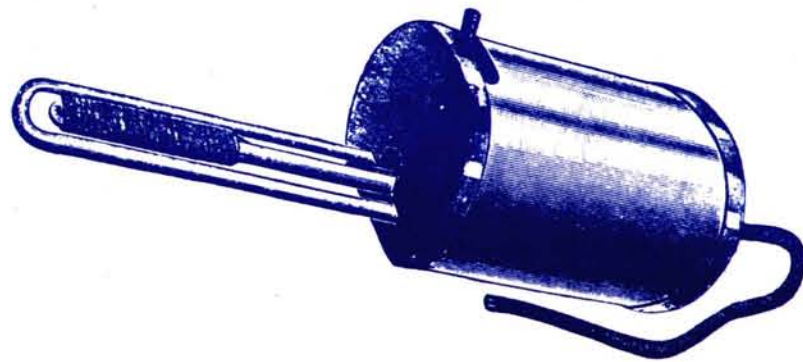
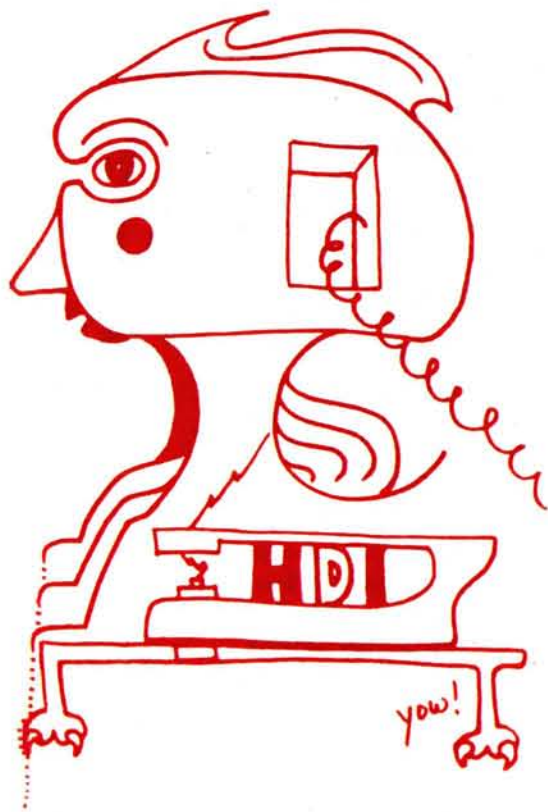
## Counter Seen

Jerry sitting. Wipe the sweat from his brow. Maria in her colorform apron wipes some sticky residue from the worn formica countertop. Steam rises as the Bunn-O-Matic steeps its 60,000th cup of joe and its frayed cord will not catch fire yet.

Jerry watches. Maria bends. Lean haunch, bovine demeanor. Inside her somewhere -- perhaps in the heart-shaped locket that bears no picture -- lies a dormant corpus of wants like larva. She's a good girl.

Jerry is a stranger. Though he's been in this town before. Maria's seen him before, many times; looking sometimes the same, other times entirely different. And he knows her just the same, although they've never met. But he knows the coffee always tastes the same and just exactly how she'll sweep the cup through space without a spill.

And she knows that he'll never awaken that germ in her, 'cos you can't tell with strangers and she'll not go home with him even if he does ask. But she knows he'll tip generously, and wishes it all could be somehow different.





**OBSERVATION IN PASSING**

*You're not  
who I thought you were.  
Not at all.  
In fact,  
you're not  
who you think you are  
either.  
Not at all.*

*Scarlett Faith*

**You Ask Me How I've Been**

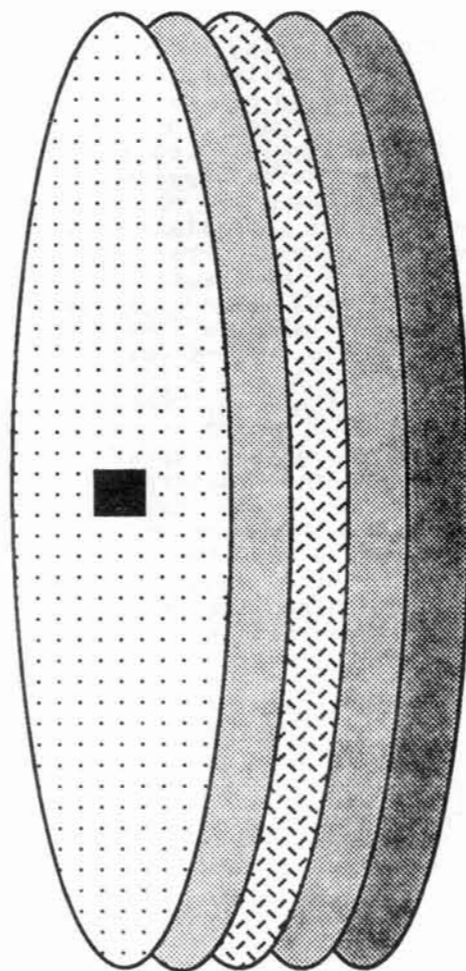
Michael Graves

*The hairs upon my head stand up.  
They yank upright  
With silent, opened mouths,  
And I stand rooted to the drenching earth  
Beneath the close, mild moon,  
Wishing I could fly  
And that my face  
Could strike God dead.*

**evening prayer**

*Sylvan Esh*

*o excellent banana!  
o date-lined passages, what parades and avenues,  
what figs  
of desire!  
o honeyed whiteness, o petticoats so white!  
preserve my eyes, dear heaven, preserve my sight!*



**THE EMPIRE**

**On  
an island kingdom lying north  
of electroshock therapy**

**materialism  
suffers spastic paralysis.**

**The Egg People and the  
MLA sub-committee (of which  
Miss Horner was a member)  
attend to the conversion  
and the civilizing  
of the Iroquois & Algonquins**

*De Villo Sloan*

# Project Rock 'N' Roll

Part 12.

It was inevitable then, that they should meet. Brian S'pence, in his advisory role, was out in the contested Despojo district, interviewing field commanders when he spotted Wanda Ases standing with a bunch of business suits and a Salidan Five-bar Colonel. They stood together quietly while a pair of technicians plotted sites with laser beams.

S'pence turned to the Salidan recruit under his command and ordered up two cases of forty millimeter ammunition and ten or twelve signal flares. He instructed the soldiers to fire the flares out over the range that the techs were surveying. Then he had the two forty millimeter guns treat each flare as an incoming guerilla gunship.

At a signal from S'pence, the air above Wanda Ases' head blazed into magnesium-phosphorous fire-works, and a second later came the earsplitting concussion of the high-explosive shells. The Salidan Colonel let out a shriek and threw himself into the mud. None of the others seemed to need much help finding the ground, either; as the tracers burst above their heads, they dug their manicured nails into the Buena Salidan soil.

The gunning lasted perhaps two minutes, and in the silence that followed, anyone listening could have heard the distant rumbling of tribal drums beating in answer. Those concerned, however, were too filled with the thunder of their own blood to hear anything else.

The colonel was the first to realize what had happened. His limited experience in the '64 Uprising had left him with the persistent faculty of determining intuitively, the direction from which hostile fire was coming. He leapt up and rushed in S'pence's direction. The entourage of gringos clung to his heels, partly smoldering with indignation, but mostly caught by a terror like they'd never known before.

Whatever blistering redress the Colonel had to deliver, however, remained frozen on his lips, for as he came through the hedges with pistol drawn, he recognized the face of Major S'pence. He knew the American from occasions in San Vallejo: occasions where five-bar colonels had been left to charm the bourgeois women while the real men retired upstairs to discuss weighty matters like the secret Project Rock N Roll.

To his consternation, however, the Colonel found himself relieved of any duty to speak for them as Wanda Ases thundered past shouting.

"What the hell was that?" she demanded. "I should have expected something like this from you. You never had any sense of proportion!"

Although he'd had about twenty things to tell her after all these years, Brian S'pence could only suck photons off her with eyes like lecithin.

Gary  
L.  
Gehman

Out on the firing range, the Salidan soldiers were helping one of the technicians drag his partner toward the car.

-- To Be Continued! --



**MAGIC BULLET,**  
a non-prescription pain reliever for those times when a  
regular strength mag won't do, is published six times a  
year by

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Philadelphia, PA 19133

Ask for it by name.



Morgan really loved it when it would rain. He enjoyed feeling the large drops of water that came crashing down on his back and he couldn't help being refreshed as he wiped the water out of his eyes and ran his wet fingers through his wet hair. But most of all, he got immense pleasure from knowing that at the same time Amanda and the dog felt miserable. They were spirits of the sunshine, happy-go-lucky, care-free, and the rain was just too alien for them and never seemed to fit in with their plans. Morgan, however was a man of the earth, digging his pit, and always thinking of greater things. To him the rain was a small reward for his labors, a taste of the great reward that he knew someday would be his.

"Hand me that towel," Amanda said leaning over, trying to see Morgan as she wiped the water out of her eyes, "I'd like to dry myself off." Morgan said, "What's the point? It's still raining. You are merely going to continue to get wet."

"I just asked you a simple favor," she returned, "Are you going to throw me your towel or not?"

"No. It's pointless."

"Do you mean that it's pointless for you to throw me the towel or that it's pointless for me to dry myself off?"

"Both, I guess."

The dog, hearing all this, just shook himself trying to show Amanda the simplest way to dry off and curled up under a rock.

"I'll kill the both of you!!", Amanda screamed as she ran off, wet and muddy, into the mist.



SEVERAL CATS SNEAKING UP  
ON A  
MOUSE & A PELICAN  
HAVING A CONVERSATION  
ABOUT EXISTENTIAL  
PHILOSOPHY...

*dancing with her*

shuffling motionlessly across heaven while ballads for the starving play and everyone sings

she presses close against me and i know what i'd rather have  
mad she is and cruel she is but want her anyway this one does  
special to many others she is not but magic and freshness she gives to me  
thrashing around the floor with she moving as one with the music and the  
good life

tomorrow she will kill me but i'll live for the pleasure of tonight  
others have me and others want me but i want her  
music fades in and out and why can't i do want i want  
my music comes on loud and fast and i writhe with pleasure  
i move and jerk like an epileptic touched by god with the falling sickness  
i thrash out of time and a soothsayer screams beware the ides of march  
others have me and others want me but i want her  
music cries fast and loud and why cant i do what i want

*peter paul*

