

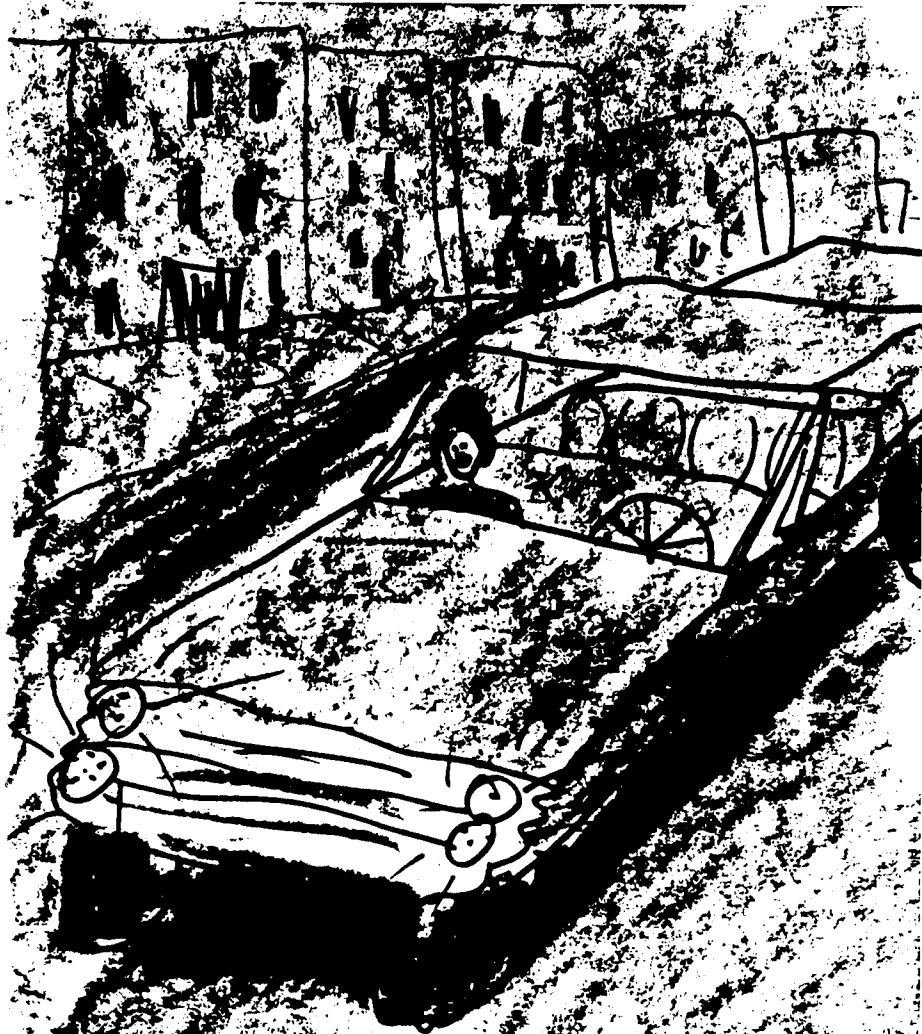
**Special
Edition**



**MAGIC
BULLET**



April 1st, 1986



SHE WAITED PATIENTLY AS
BIG ED WENT FOR A SIX OF
MICK.

We always like to hear
from our fans.
Send your stuff to:

MAGIC BULLET PRESS
169 W. Huntingdon Street
Philadelphia, PA
19133

We cannot compensate anybody for their submissions unless by prior written consent.
Please send a S.A.S.E. if you'd like your originals returned.

70's NOSTALGIA: GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR

In the interest of posterity, I am composing a list of those articles and institutions which stand as cornerstones of the 1970's. That not-too-long-past era has, of late, suffered fatal blows; and now that she is trampled underfoot, we would hope to put forward some remembrances to serve as documents that she was not just a flighty dream, that she was as real as you or I. My list, I'm afraid, will be limited in its comprehensiveness to those items within the range of perception of one who was a mere tyke, a mere knee-high at the dawn of the decade in question. But being of sound judgement and a quick-wit, we hope to rise to the occasion and prophesy well the difference of a 70's thing from a 60's thing or an 80's thing. Please do not confuse or even think to compare the author's treatment of the topic with that of a certain *Playboy* magazine, a sham composed by lonesome cowboys. Enough of that, folks; here commences your list of 70's memorabilia:

- 1) Cream Rinse and Conditioner
- 2) Television commercials with talking and dancing animals
- 3) The Loud Family
- 4) Unisex Hair Salons[much ado about hair in the 70's]
- 5) Shopping Malls
- 6) The song "Afternoon Delight"
- 7) Partial nudity in advertising [as opposed to 80's sexual symbolism]
- 8) News on the radio like, "Such and such a group of psychologists has discovered that arguing is actually good for a relationship."
- 9) Talking to your plants

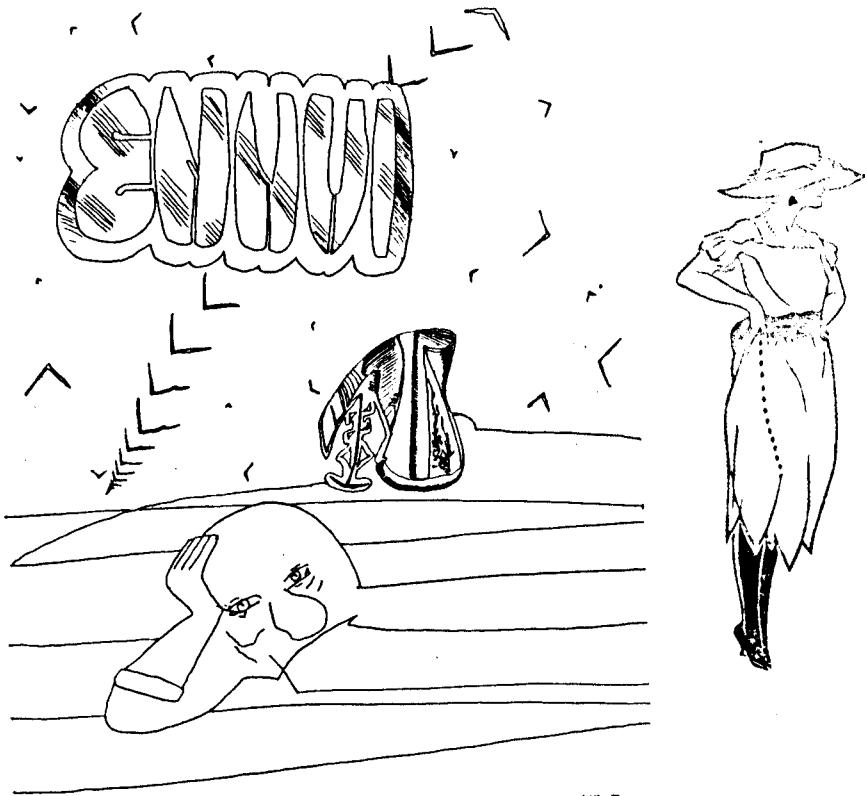
Send your suggestions to:

R.S. Drew
317 N. 35th Street
Phila., PA 19104

Please do not submit anything too obvious like The Exorcist or the song, "Run Joey Run."

HIS NETWORK PREMIERE

Shut up.
Attention! Atten--
Good evening, ladies 'n' gemmelmenn.
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--



The Next
Important Thing
for You to do —

Mail
this Coupon
Today



Ambition

Remington Murphy



A CONTINUING STRIP-TASTE

THE YOUNG THE FRUSTRATED

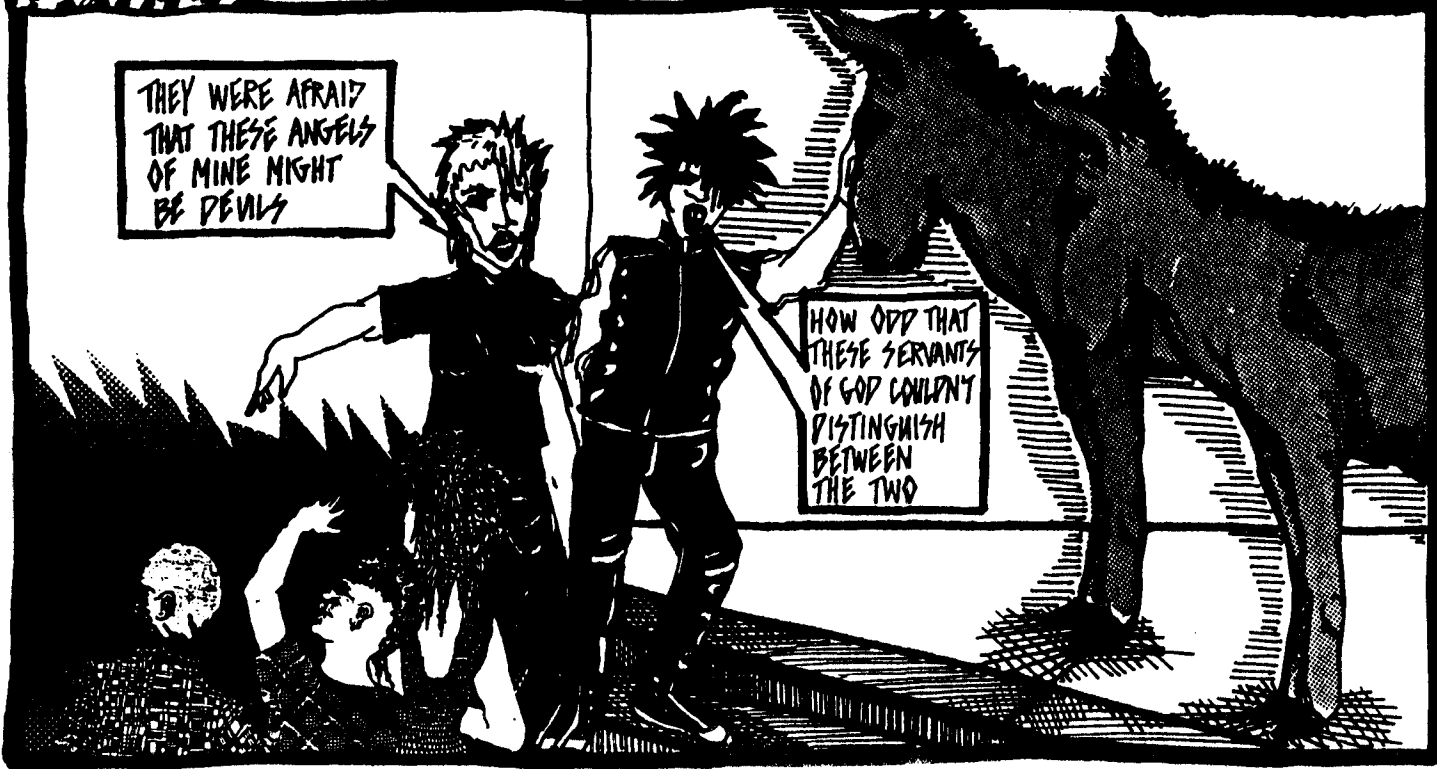
1986 © BY KUNA TICKS



LET'S START OFF WITH A LITTLE SEX



WHEN SOMEBODY TELLS YOU THEY'RE HAVING A TIME-WARP BIO-FEEDBACK AMPHETAMINE NIGHTMARE YOU SHOULD BELIEVE THEM



THEY WERE AFRAID THAT THESE ANGELS OF MINE MIGHT BE DEVILS

HOW ODD THAT THESE SERVANTS OF GOD COULDN'T DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THE TWO



I WAS RAISED TO SPEAK SOFTLY AND CARRY A HP-STICK



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



Once upon a time, while Ramona Otoo 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 sha'n'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.

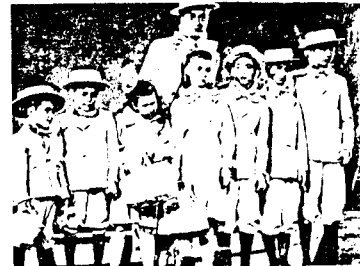
"He can too! My daddy says that Prefect can do anything, 'cos he's the Law." Rimple took courage from the sound of his own voice and he started to speak louder. Ramona thought for a moment how silly he must sound, but all she could feel was how she wanted to prove him wrong.

A FAIRY TALE

There was much to do in Dixyland that day. King Radul was to celebrate his Gold 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 (Jujubes & Tootsie 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, "Horray for King Radul!!!", "Did you pass the Crest Test!?!?", and, "The King is an Ozonian 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 shiftless double-dealing had managed to gain control of the bootleg videotape industry and all of the off track betting in Dixyland. It was also rumored the Clive also had dealings with smugglers 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 KOR 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 to 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. They 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



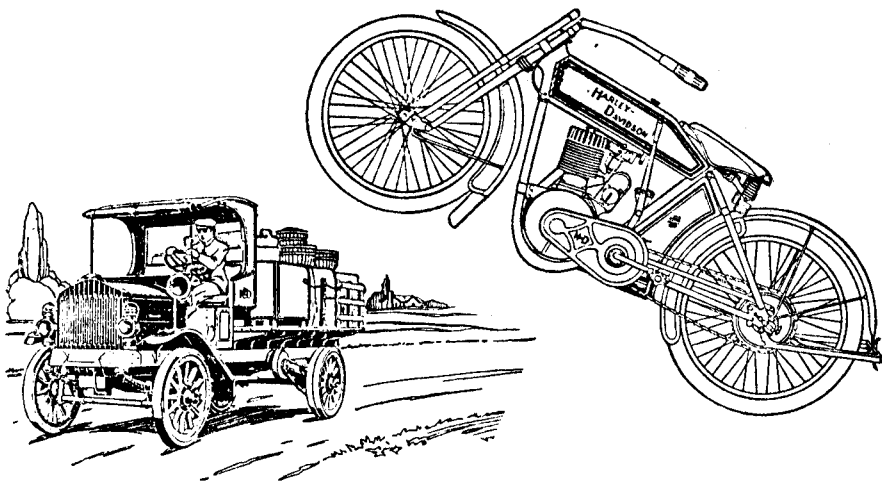
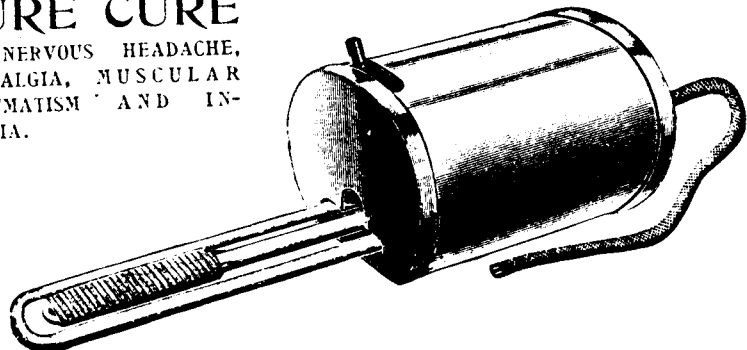
THE IMPORTANT PART OF AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL



Are Your Hands Tied?

SURE CURE

FOR NERVOUS HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM AND INSOMNIA.

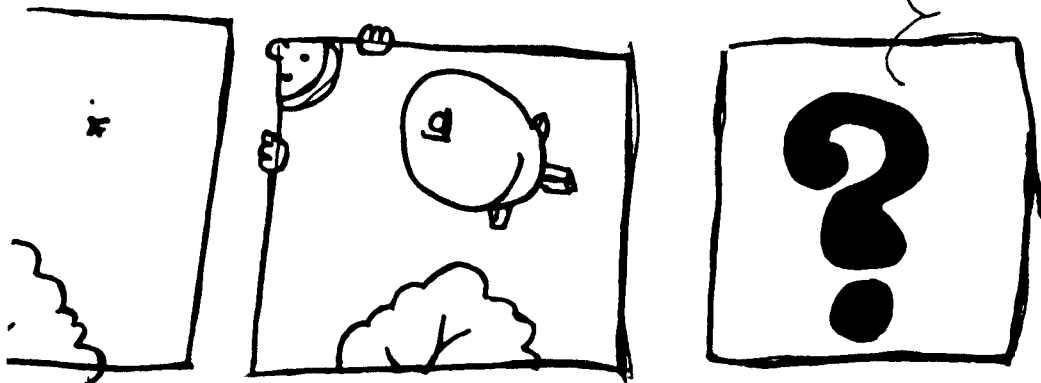


Amazing! What if... STORIES

WHAT IF...

When they build the SDI*

They load it wif bombs;



And then threaten to nuke New York unless everyone agrees to wear flannel ???



Paisley Flannel ???

*SDI information available through the American Friends Service Committee...

What Makes a
Winning Science
Project?

archdeacon of

mouthfood

Dislocated Sun

hangs in folds

period

sky

starting

castronics

stomach

lunacy

drip team

Moon Jaws

celebration

