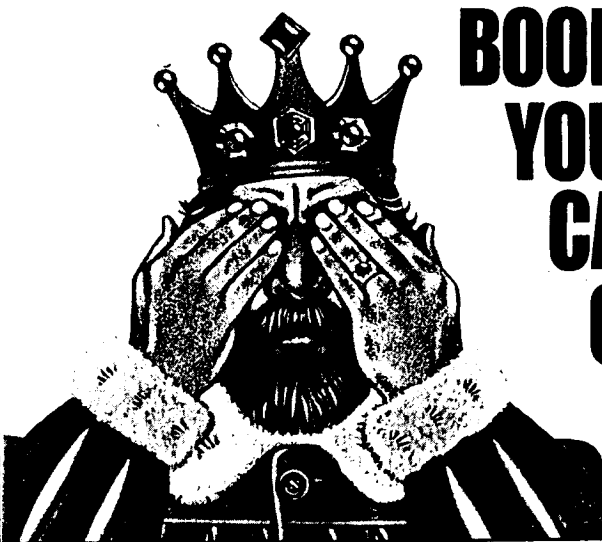


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AUGUST 1990

**THE MOST VALUABLE  
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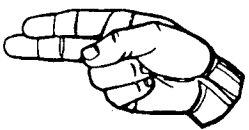
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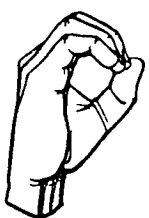
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**RADICAL INSANITY.**

INSTRUCTIONS  
FOR 9 VOLT BATTERIES

# EDITOR'S NOTES

---

The concept for Fathoms Below (FB) started January 24, 1990. Now, six months later the idea is a reality. Over 25 people were --in one way or another-- solicited. It was the contributions of three people (besides myself) -- M. Schafer, S. Alden and E. Bailey -- who made this issue a possibility. I thank them along with Henrik S. and Iron Feather for what they have done.

Ok, the following equipment/supplies contributed to making this magazine what it is (or isn't): A Commodore 128, Amiga 500 & 1000, Panasonic, Star, and HP printer, a Smith Corona typewriter, scissors, knife, white out, many pens & pencils, a plethora of double sided tape and paper, and last but not least a copy machine. I attempted to find and correct as many "errors," both grammatical anti spelling, as possible, but as with most publications there are still minute errors. To err is human you know.

Yes, I read (a little) but most of my writing is influenced by the following shows: Twilight Zone, Ray Bradbury Theater, Outer Limits, One Step Beyond, Amazing Stories, Alfred Hitchcock, Night Gallery, Tales from the darkside and Monsters. All seem to say "what if," "why," and/or "how" and that is one of the purposes of Fathoms Below.

There is not much else to say so I think I will stop here and let you read on. Over out..... ..Dan Wright

*Daniel M. Wright*



**RECORDED**

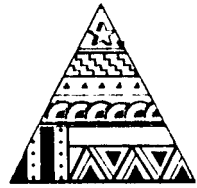
# CONTENTS

ALBUM REVIEWS	page 25,26
BART SIMPSON SAYS...	28
COLLAGE	27
COMIXS	11,14,19
CLOSING REMARKS	30
EDITOR'S NOTES	1
ESSAYS	
- STRAIGHT JACKET'S PAGE	3
- NOT FOR GRANTED	23
- WATCHOUT	23
- DO UFO'S EXIST?	8
FABLES [2]	24
IGNORANCE TEST	
- BRAIN TEASERS	20
- WHATS THE ANSWER	13
- ANSWERS TO TESTS	21
POEMS [4]	9,22
POLITICAL HUMOR	29
QUOTED QUOTES	12
SHORT STORY	
- THESEED OF UNCERTAINTY	4,5,6
SMALL PRESS PUBLICATION REVIEW	15,16

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 1, AUGUST 1990. ALL ESSAYS, STORIES, COMICS ARE 100% ORIGINAL. ALL CLIPART WERE GOTTEN FROM NUMEROUS PUBLICATIONS-THANKS. THIS IS A NON-PROFIT MAGAZINE.



## STRAIGHT JACKET'S PAGE



Well this is the first issue of the new anarchist's magazine -- "Fathom's Below". I guess you could call this the producer's page since that might be a good title for me. My basic job was to use Dan's text and TRY to make it look good. This was not an easy task. First off, about 7 articles of this magazine I produced. I did not write them (except this one), but I did convert them from raw ASCII files to nice pretty desktop published pages. Although I have had no previous experience doing this, I quickly learned. The 7 articles I created (in a computer sense) was done in about 5 hours (give or take). Of course I waited until the last minute... This text is being typed at 2 a.m. right now. I had to get them done tonight because I am leaving the country in a few days, and the editor (Dan) will be here tomorrow to pick up these pages (hopefully he will like them). Although I have not seen the final product, I have a few apologies to make. First off... I wish to apologize for the small size of the print of some of the articles. I had to try and make it small as possible, and still be legible... Little did I know that Dan was going to shrink the text even further. So if you are straining to read this right now, I am sorry. If there are any further issues, I will try to correct this. I would also like to apologize for the blatant spelling and grammar errors (DAN, did you pass ENC1101 and 1102??). As I was converting the files and reading through them, I saw a few<?> errors... I did not have the time to go through and read every article over, so I could only correct a small number of errors that caught my eye. I am sure there are more errors out there so please be merciful, us Engineering majors ain't too good at ENGLISH! Well that wraps up about the last of what I have been doing for the past few hours... I actually had FUN! -- I cannot wait until issue #2... I was going to put in an article about feds cracking down on hackers, but the time grew short as I did weary. Maybe next time. I noticed that there were no computer articles in this issue (I think-- REMEMBER I have not seen the final product -- I am ASSuming) so next time I will make sure there are some in there! For anybody who cares to know all written articles (most of em') were produced on an AMIGA 500 Personal Computer with Professional Page Software and printed out on my Panasonic KX-P10911. Any Amiga users out there want to contact me -- send a postcard to DAN (editor) his address is in here somewhere! OH - and a plug for my favorite South Florida BBS - Call CrossFire BBS 24 hours a day -- Amiga -- 2 Lines -- HST line: (305) 785-9588 2400 Baud Line (305) 786-0127... Later on dudes and enjoy the ZINE!

## Straight Jacket

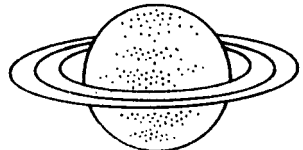
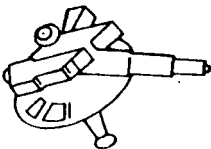
### Your Social Security Card

Touch the card to flow and sign it immediately.  
Carry it in your purse or wallet. Keep the stub  
and file it with your personal records.


# WARNING:



# HEALTH HAZARD



# The Seed of Uncertainty



It all started one scorching summers day in July. I recall the day so vividly now because of what happened then and what inevitably happened later on. The exact day was Saturday July 12, 1986, and more specifically, the time was 1:46pm. That Saturday was like any other Saturday to me. I simply sat around watching TV while my parents did chores and my sister worked. The one thing I did do, and still do today, is wait for the mail to be delivered.

Due to the fact that I sent so many letters off to places, ranging from Marvel Comics to Popular Mechanics, I was bound to get something almost everyday. As a 16 year old I was quite impatient about waiting for whatever it was to come.

Anyhow, just as the mailman squeaked passed our black bullet ridden mail box I ran out to check the mail. Not for me, put it back, not for me, put it back, damn, another day was going to pass without me getting anything. I kicked the mailbox post, almost breaking my foot, but putting another deep rooted dent in the post that would surly cause it to fall on the next mail delivery. I proceeded back to my room to watch TV and write some more letters. That day I decided to write a letter to Topps telling them how much I liked their Wacky Packages, but before putting pen to paper the door bell rang. I was pissed, not only because I had to get up early to go to Sunday school (weird how it was on a Saturday), didn't get any mail, but mainly because the neighborhood kids were probably ringing the doorbell to rag on the stupid dog we picked up off the streets a couple days ago. I opened the door and to my surprise it was the mailman.

I had to come all the way from my room, was all ready to write a letter and was really pissed off so the mailman had better have something for me or he was going to have to deal with one mean teenager. The mailman handed me a yellow scrap of paper and told me that "John could pick his package up at the local post of-

fice." Slam, bye sucker.

That incident made me even more upset. My parents always did chores around the house on Saturday and since I was too lazy to help there was no way I was going to be taken to the post office, especially not within ten minutes since it closed at 2:00pm sharp, no exceptions. I asked both my parents and both, expectantly, said "later, I'm in the middle of doing something now." I guess I'll have to take my bike, I thought.

I ran to the garage, got on my awesome Astrabula dirt bike (the only worthwhile thing my parents ever got me) and proceeded towards the post office. My dad asked me where I was going as I was leaving but I simply ignored him, since that's what he did to me most of the time. My parents were firm believers of the "Children were to be seen and not heard" saying and that they should be slaves too, or something of the like. Ha, they were in for a surprise when they had me. I flushed that idea right out of their heads --well almost. Anyhow, I looked at my watch and I had to do two miles in eight minutes. No problem I figured, since I did it everyday to come home for lunch from High School anyways.

I peddled as fast as I could, blew four stop signs, a stop light and almost got hit by three cars. I was lucky to survive and even more so to make it to the post office with 30 seconds to spare according to the post office clock and 45 seconds according to mine. I entered and exited the post office luckily without a problem. I now had a package about the size of a cassette in my possession and decided to wait till I got home to open it.

While riding back home I spotted an accident at a stop sign I blew about ten minutes earlier so I decided to take the long route home. I figured the accident might have been my fault so, just in case, it would probably end up being smarter and faster to take another path. I made it home, once again, alive but with a flat tire.

The package read: To John Bailey, 167 S.E.

*JAPANESE.  
LUXURY.*

6th St., Sunrise, FL 32543. It apparently had no return address and was stamped from some place that started with an S and ended with an N on June 6, of 1986. I tried to figure out where it came from and what the four or five letters in between S and N were but came up empty handed. I opened the small cardboard box and there was a little red bag with about a dozen little pebbles in it. I couldn't figure out when or why I would order such a thing --if I did. I searched the box with my fingers and pulled out a small triangular piece of paper.

The paper contained the date the package was post marked a brief sentence, and nothing else. The sentence merely stated: Bonsai Trees, they make me pleased, I send them to you cause you'll know what to do. I was confused even more so by the short letter but at least I knew the pebbles were seeds. I planted six and kept the other six for a later date. For the next month (5 weeks) I watered the seeds and continued happily to live out my life not thinking much about the letter or caring about the seeds because there were no trees. On August the 13th the first couple of trees were able to be seen. I was ecstatic because I figured those suckers would never grow. Once the trees popped up strange things started to happen.

One day I found dig marks in the plant where my cat might have dug. Another day all the trees and dirt lined the floor. Amazingly these delicate trees survived this harsh punishment and continued to flourish on the same window for the next couple of weeks. I recall seeing the trees the night before school, there were three trees, each about four inches tall and they were beginning to look quite nice. After my first dreadful day of tenth grade I went to my room to check on my Bonsai Trees. "Oh my God," I remembered yelling at the top of my lungs "Two months, Two months, it took to nurture those damn Bonsai Trees to get them to grow a stupid four inches and now look." Two of the trees were dug up, maimed, and had their roots stripped from them. They were

goners. Dirt was spewed everywhere and it was obvious my cat attacked the trees again and that his plan of attack was destruction. The third tree was nowhere to be found around my room.

I went to find my cat Rascal to scold him for the terrible, and costly thing he had done. I found the cat laying nonchalantly on my parents bed. There was dirt on his paws and what looked to be part of a Bonsai tree stuck in the side of his mouth. I pried Rascal's mouth open and sure enough I found part of the third and once missing Bonsai tree. "Bad cat, BAD CAT," I screamed then proceeded off to tell my parents the bad thing Rascal had done. After that incident the days flew by like the wind. I decided not to grow the Bonsai trees anymore because of all the trouble I went through before.

It was now the beginning of spring 1987 and our family had noticed that Rascal had been acting a bit peculiar. We later discovered that the cat had a rare type of cancer and that there was a slim chance of survival. It was decided to put Rascal to sleep so he wouldn't have to suffer anymore. I believed the vet, at least back then. From what was soon to come told me differently though.

Three years to the day my cat died I got an idea to once again try and grow the trees. Now that I was at college I would have no problems with our cats eating the trees. I watered and nurtured the trees each day while also attending classes and doing other miscellaneous things.

Six weeks after the seeds were planted one began to sprout. I was ecstatic for finally being able to get one of those Bonsai trees to grow again. I finished my spring semester of college and was ready to transport my single tree home. The tree was kicked, stepped on and almost broke in half on the car ride home, but unbelievable it survived.

I decided to take the tree back up to college for the summer to nurture and watch its growth. During the summer secession the tree grew quite quickly. My roommate and I both ad-

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mired the trees growth. It was six inches tall after three months and had some buds which produced colorful pink flowers. After the flowers came strange things started happening. A ghastly smell of dead animals always lingered in the air and we started noticing more bugs. In the next couple of days I spotted eight roaches ranging from one to four inches in length and over half a dozen spiders -- obviously more then normal for a dorm. There was no telling what my roommate Pete had seen since he spent more time in the dorm then I did. I was not about to ask him either. The tree, shortly after the pink flowers arrived, produced long stems.

After all these weird things started happening I decided to take a trip to the library to see what I would find. I figured the "tree" couldn't be a bonsai tree by now because of the flowers and its looks so I looked under weeds and found about five books that might inform me on the thing I was growing. About two hours into my research I spotted what looked to be the plant I was growing.

It was called the "Carpal de Lucifer" or properly translated (which I later came to find out) the hand of Satan. The picture of the weed, which I now decided to call it, were hand drawn --but an exact replica. It was almost as if the person who wrote the book came over to my room to draw the weed. Everything became more bizarre as I read.

The weed, which I had come to know as now extinct, had originated in Egypt, could exist in almost all climates, but was totally destroyed over 100 years ago. And no species similar were ever spotted since. The book continued to describe the weed in detail. It was deadly to all forms of life and could produce itself rapidly once it released all its mists. The book went on to say the mists it released was a deadly toxin --anything near it would die. It also stated that the weed attracts insects in mass quantities and has a god awful smell. All of this sounded mighty familiar. The book went on to say the plant could survive about anywhere and explained how a man ate one and was lat-

er spotted dead with a weed growing out through his nostrils -- So I concluded that was how my cat died. The weed's story concluded by saying that the plants worst enemy was the thing that caused its extinction -- fire.

I collected my thoughts then ran out of the library to destroy the weed which supposedly caused my cats death and almost mine.

When I got back to my room I found a white powder all around the plant and on all my stuff. I held my breath and found my roommate with white powder on him and a scary expression on his face, with a leave coming out of his nose. It was seemed obvious Pete was dead, or at least appeared to be. I decided to screw everything and went out to catch my breath. I put all kinds of clothes in the middle of the room along with the plant and my roommate and lit everything up.

No one ever found out who caused the fire and killed my roommate Pete. Surprisingly no one tried to lay the blame on me, and of course I was not about to tell the story about the plant.

To this very day I have tried to figure out if the plant really did kill my cat and roommate. At least the book and I both agreed.

Tomorrow will be a new day, the day I begin anew. I will go to the library and look at an out of state phone book and take down an address. I will take the last of my seeds, place them in the box I received them in six years ago to this day and place the address I got from the library on the box. This will all take place tomorrow. Yes, tomorrow, July 12, 1992, it will all begin again, but for someone else.



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**ENDANGERED SPECIES:** (Portals Press) Mary Ann Johanson, editor

Inquiries c/o Vicki Werkley (address above)

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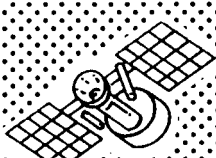
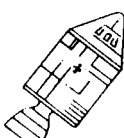
Spotlight STARMAN International  
"WE'RE NOT HISTORY YET!"



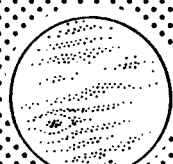


# Do UFO's Exist?

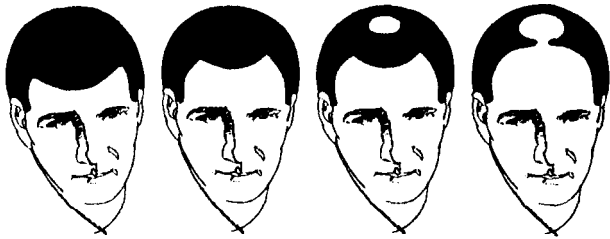
A question all of us have had at one time or another --I am sure. I am here to dispel any doubts you might have. But first... Ok, the Earth has been here how long? Did I hear 5 billion years? And the Universe? Twenty billion years --and I thought a century was a long time. So, as an example I am assuming that the Earth is 5 billion years old and the universe is 20 billion years old --which puts us as very small and insignificant dust particles at a minute moment in time. Humans have probably evolved on this planet for -- say 20 million years --of which we know very little about. Considering our growth in technology over the last century we easily surpass everything accomplished in the last 20 million years --sort of. We have basically combined the knowledge of our past experiences to invent the computer and so on. This is a type of exponential growth and if it continues on then almost anything will be possible in another thousand years. Now with the universe being infinitely large and ever expanding, infinite possibilities are allowed. This simply means there is/were other life forms at other universal locations. Can you imagine the Earth a billion years in the future? Well if we haven't destroyed ourselves or the planet by then it is easy to assume we would be well advanced. Now imagine another race/life form a billion or two years ahead of us that communicates as well as humans and thus you have other beings from other parts of the universe. They exist(ed) --but we have no proof. A cover up, or perhaps greed, selfishness, prejudice, and deceitfulness encompassed them like it has us. We know not of their size nor shape but we do know that one day the truth will be revealed (we/I hope) and we will see our other selves as plainly as they see us.



**THIS  
IS NOT  
A  
MISPRINT.**

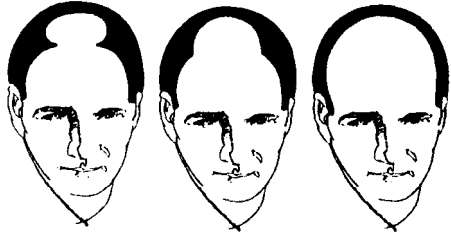


# Poem Czty



## The Light Ahead

There is a light at the end of a tunnel  
which I keep reaching for.  
Every night that I dream the light  
seems no closer then before.  
The light draws me toward it with it's  
happy Face glare.  
No shades are needed for this soft light  
because it is not of this earth.  
It is so far away I feel as if I shall  
never reach it.  
Now my death is before me and my days  
are but a selected few.  
The light is no closer and my cycle is  
almost complete.  
Death has now engulfed me and I am in  
the tunnel again.  
There is darkness in every direction  
but one.  
I have traveled that direction all my  
life and gotten not any bit closer.  
So with death in its place and eternity  
to face I think I will attempt another  
way, even though I have already passed  
my dying day.

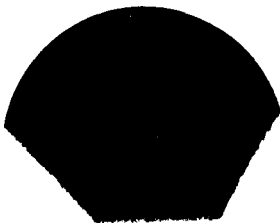


## And Why Not?

Quiet I said, and everything was quiet  
Serenity is what we need, and  
serenity is what we shall have.  
Peace I said, and peace was here.  
Without peace how can we ever get  
along.  
Friendship I said, and friends were  
everywhere. Friendship is a state  
of being, which cannot be without  
communicating.  
Listen I said, and ears perked every-  
where. Listen to what I say and  
be enlightened for a day.  
Truth I said, and the truth was spoken.  
I speak the truth and expect it to  
be accepted.  
Death I said, and death encompassed  
the air. Death occurs only once,  
and is always near.  
Why I said, and people looked away.  
Why can it not be this way?



THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND



# Psst..

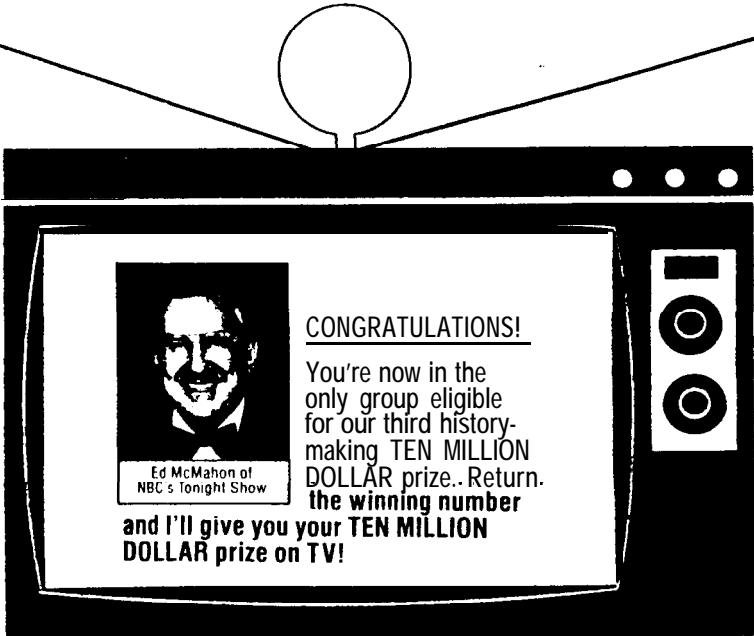
Finally, a priceless possession I can actually use.

## A ROUND TUIT

At long last we have a sufficient quantity of these so that each person may have one of his own. Guard it with your life.


These Tuits have been hard to come by, especially the round ones. This is an indispensable item. It will help you become a much more efficient worker. For years you have been saying, "I'll do that as soon as I get 'A Round Tuit'."

Now that you have a round tuit of your very own, all those things that have been needing to be accomplished will surely get done.



**CONGRATULATIONS!**

You're now in the only group eligible for our third history-making **TEN MILLION DOLLAR** prize. Return the winning number and I'll give you your **TEN MILLION DOLLAR** prize on TV!



Ed McMahon of NBC's Tonight Show

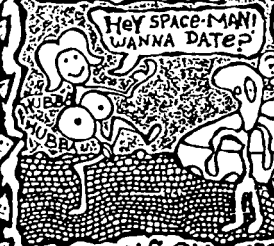
# THE SEX LIFE OF LAURA MUNDO

LAURA MUNDO PASSED AWAY LAST FALL



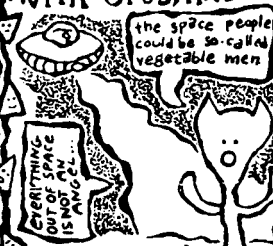
SHE WAS A NUT

SHE REALLY BELIEVED IN UFOS



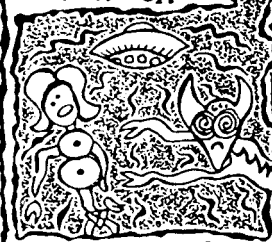
SHE WAS GUNG-HO IN HER NAIVETE

SHE WAS OBSESSED WITH UFOS, AND...



ONE OF THE STRANGEST MEN IN HISTORY

HIS NAME WAS GEORGE ADAMSKI



GEORGE'S WIFE TOLD LAURA THAT HE WAS "EVIL"...

LAURA TOLD GEORGE'S WIFE THAT SHE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND GEORGE'S



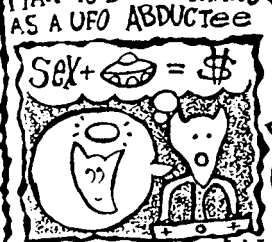
"PRE-BEING CONSCIOUSNESS THAT ALLOWED HIM TO TALK TO THE SPACE PEOPLE"

GEORGE SAID THAT THE SPACE PEOPLE COMMANDED HIM TO SLEEP WHEN



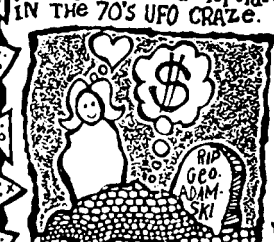
LAURA BELIEVED HIM

GEORGE WAS THE FIRST MAN TO BECOME FAMOUS AS A UFO ABDUCTEE



HE MADE A GOOD \$\$\$ LIVING OFF HIS LECTURES

AFTER HIS DEATH, GEORGE'S BOOKS BECAME REAL POPULAR IN THE 70'S UFO CRAZE.



LAURA WAS PROUD.

WINK

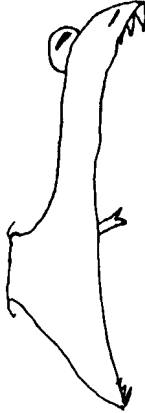


I GUESS IT WAS 'TUFF TO GET LAD IN THOSE DAYS

© T. SCHAFER 1990

Even if you never need it, it's good to know it's there.

# Quoted Quotes



To Dan (the Snake-)  
 Good Luck,  
 Rick Myers

Moxy and Unique  
 Controversially  
 Keen, but Obviously  
 Frightenly Funny?

- If I wanted to hear a" asshole I'd fart. - ?
- Don't depend on luck --rely on it. - computer friend
- The only way to keep your health is to eat what you don't vant, drink what you don't like, and do what you'd druther not. - Mark Twain
- I'd rather be a failure at something I enjoy then be a success at something I hate. - George Burns
- Discoveries are often made by not following instructions, by going off the main road, by trying the untried. - Frank Tyger

- This world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel. - II. Walpole
- Some people look at the world and weep others look at it an laugh. - ?
- A small embarrassment today is better then a big embarrassment tomorrow. - D. Wright
- Do the right thing. - Spike Lee

I have a dream, that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character  
 -Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

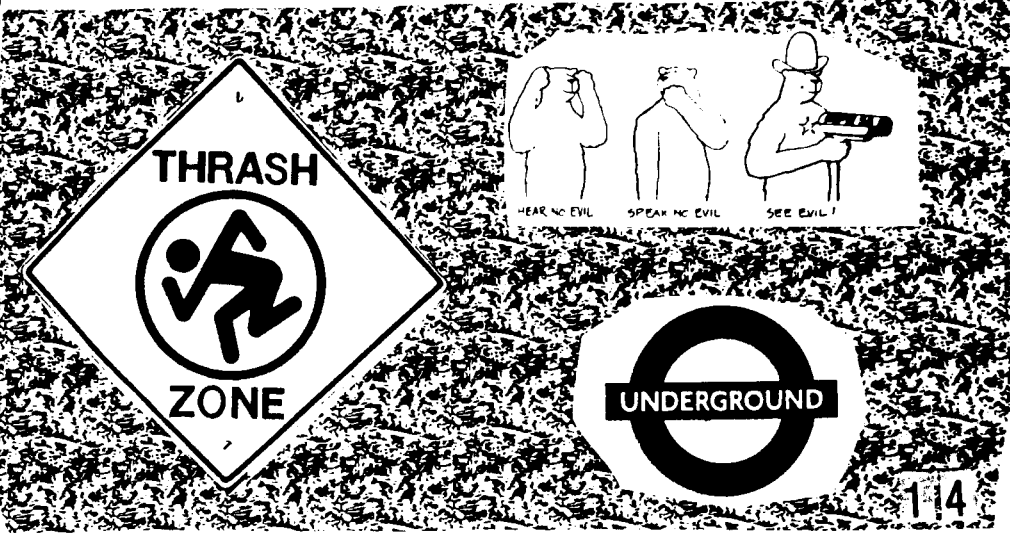
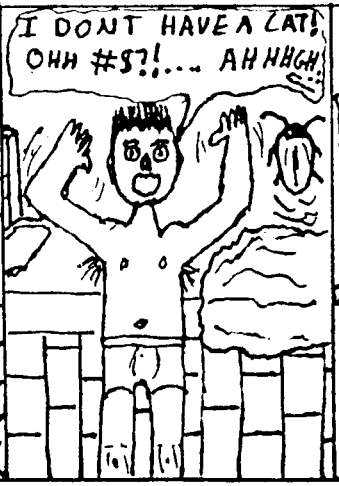
" I GUESS THE HOMELESS ARE HAPPENING "  
 — FRANK O. TOOLE



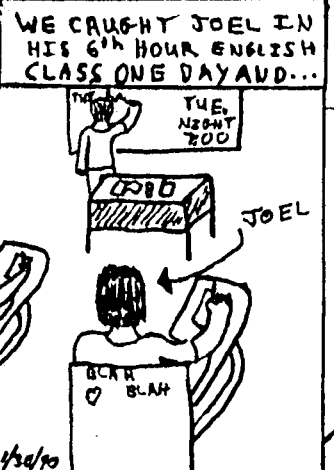
**Rip-Off Artist**

# WHAT'S THE ANSWER

1. If 3 cats can kill 3 rats in 3 minutes, how long will it take 100 cats to kill 100 rats?
2. I have 2 current United States coins in my hand. Together they total 35 cents. One is not a dime. What are the coins?
3. A little Indian and a big Indian are walking down a path. The little Indian is the big Indian's son. The big Indian is not the little Indian's father, who is it?
4. Is it legal for a man to marry his widow's sister?
5. There are 10 black stockings and 10 white stockings in a drawer. If you reach into the drawer in the dark, what is the minimum number of stockings you must take out before you are sure of having a pair of stockings that match?
6. Take 2 apples from 3 apples and what have you got?
7. The number of eggs in a basket doubles every minute. The basket is full of eggs in an hour. When was the basket half full?
8. A train is going due north at the rate of 60 miles per hour. If I stand on the rear platform and throw a stone in the opposite direction, that is, due south, at the rate of 60 miles an hour, what will happen to the stone?
9. A rope ladder 10 ft. long is hanging over the side of a ship. The rungs are a foot apart, and the bottom rung is resting on the surface of the ocean. The tide rises at the rate of 6 inches per hour. When will the first 3 rungs be covered with water?
10. Two fathers and 2 sons each shot a duck, and none of them shot the same duck. Only three ducks were shot. Why?
11. A customer hands a cigar clerk a five-dollar bill for two dollar's worth of cigars. The latter had no change, but gets some next door from a drug clerk, who gave him five one-dollar bills for the five-dollar bill. The customer leaves with the cigars and three dollars in change. An hour later the drug clerk rushes in, saying the five-dollar bill was counterfeit. The cigar clerk gives him a good five-dollar bill. How much did the cigar clerk lose in money and cigars?
12. What is the smallest number of ducks that could swim in this formation: two ducks in front of a duck, two ducks behind a duck, and a duck between two ducks?
13. If a person kept studying more and more about less and less, what would that person finally know?
14. We all know there are 12 one-cent stamps in a dozen, but how many two-cent stamps are there in a dozen?
15. The archaeologist who said he found a silver coin marked 649 B.C. was either lying or kidding. Why?
16. In which book of the Bible does it tell about Abel's slaying Cain?
17. If a grasshopper halves the distance to a wall on every jump, how many jumps will he need to reach the wall if he is ten feet away?



INCONSISTENCIES DAN WRIGHT



# Magazine reviews

All of the comics, newsletters, fanzines, under-grounds, etc. reviewed herein are strictly the opinion of this reviewer. Others might totally disagree with what I have written because the literature/art does not reflect their values. I have heard from all of the above places at least once (\* = twice or more) and find the addresses to be up to date as of August 1990. I suggest sending a postcard to confirm inventory, cost, and of course the address. Good Luck and happy anarching.

\* Iron Feather's Journal - [P.O. Box 1905, Boulder, CO 80306-1905] Iron Feather has completed nine issues and is currently working on issue ten. The issues vary in price from one to two dollars, which is due to the printing and mailing cost. Issue nine was approximately forty pages. The issues consist mainly of clip art (from mags, books, and papers), informative stories, computer stuff, and anarchy stuff. The Journal is definitely coffee table material.

The SubGenius Foundation - [P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214]  
I see the SubGenius advertisement too often. If you send a buck they will send you an eight page semi-gloss pamphlet full of their faith. The clip art graphics are fantastic but what the hell are they talking about? The person who wrote the pamphlet seemed to pick words and stick them together to form a screwed up sentence -- and it goes on for eight pages. Bob Dobbs is definitely someone to stay away from.

\* Emotional Vomit - [M. Schafer, 75 Fairview Ave. #3B, New York City, NY 10040]  
Fifty cents should get you an Emotional Vomit full of nifty things and of course an ominous SubGenius advertisement. All of the stuff included --besides some inserts -- is hand drawn "strange" art. Schafer also does other comics --see advertisement found in this issue. With

the E. Vomit mini comic I received a painted envelope and a 'one of a kind' painting --if that's not enough incentive to write then I do not know what is.

Davoid Productions - [P.O. Box 348, Hawthorne, NJ 07507]

Davoid is a four page 8 1/2 by 11 inch black humor mini comic. The last issue I received was number nine. The cartoon characters are drawn in an exaggerated style making each issue as funny as possible. Davoid Productions wins hands down in the humor category --as with all art it has to be scene to be believed.

## Spotlight STARMAN

Did you like the movie/show Starman? If so then you should try to get involved in the group. See the full page advertisement in this issue.

\* Color my Totem - [Mary Fleener, P.O. Box 79, Encinitas, CA 92024]

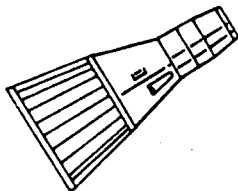
This is an eight page fifty cent mini-comic full of fifteen mini pictures on each page. Color my Totem is obviously a coloring book offering many pictures to color. Fleener also offers other comics (better than Color my Totem) but none of which I can validly review at this time.

Extra Comix #1 - [George Erling, 63 Corkhill Road, R.D. #1 - Box 334, Franklin, NJ 07416]

Extra Comics is a professional looking mini-comic about seven years old. Its sixteen pages long containing various comic strips and sketches, all of which are of high quality. I recommend this to anyone in the professional comic scene.

Bag'A Boo! - [Ian Farrell, 30 Seventh Avenue, Apt. #4, Brooklyn, NY 11217]

Ian says he is willing to part with a ziplock baggie of eleven books of different shapes and sizes by him. Also included is stuff for the ailing intellectual. Five Dollars. I do not know if his offer is still valid or if his "Bag'A Boo!" is worth the cost. If anyone finds out let me





# YOURS

know.

\* **Little Book** - [Johnson's Love Novelties, 418 Capp St., San Francisco, CA 94110]  
If I remember correctly I received a copy of the Little Book for only a few stamps. Johnson has a unique (as everyone does) style for drawing characters noses. The Little Book was nothing big so I suggest you send a buck and ask him to send you his newest stuff. His drawings can be superior at times while mediocre at others --but who am I to criticize.

**Fun to the Core** - [Atomic Comix, P.O. Box 14822, Gainesville, FL 32604]  
This is an eight page comic I picked up at a Gainesville music store. It consist of many comic strips with lots of black humor. Quality, originality and decent art are contained in this issue.

**Luna Ticks** - [424 South 45 Street, Phila., PA 19104]  
All I received from Elizabeth was a brochure advertising her comics and postcards. From the look of it she has quality material, I have simply been hard pressed to dig in my wallet for a buck or two. Write for the brochure or send a couple bucks and hope for the best.

**XEX Graphics** - [P.O. Box 240611, Memphis, TN 38124]  
This Graphic/Newsletter is a must for people wanting to pursue the comic/fanzine genre. I wrote lots of letters to places they said and got lots of responses. This newsletter will open the door to lots of different material.

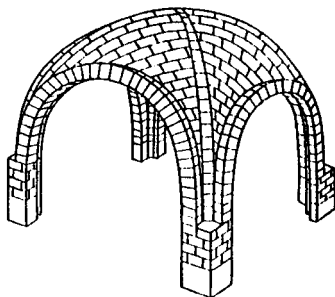
**The Allen-Zine** - [432 Homer Street, Vancouver, B.C. CANADA V6B 2V5]  
Jesse Rivard puts out this zine - the most recent I have is number eleven. This zine has it all --color, graphics, art, poems, and even advertizements. This is mostly a Art Zine, with comics here and there and color. This is the most professional looking out of everything reviewed in this section - which means nothing or

everything (depending on your view point).

\* **Anarchist Labor Bulletin** - [P.O. Box 210095, San Francisco, CA 94121-0095]  
Are you into unions, anarchy, and the betterment of our society? I am into the betterment of our society...but. This publication is very well done but seems to be too one sided for me. For example they are against scabs, and cops killing people where I feel if you want to scab then do so, I am against cops killing unless it is legit. The name says it all --if it sounds interesting to you then send them a buck and ask for the newest monthly issue. Watch out because you might be added to their anarchist labor network contact list.

**TAP** - [P.O. Box 20264, Louisville, KY 40250-0264]

TAP is probably monthly magazine currently on issue 99. All they require is for you to pay postage and they will send the magazine to you. It is a small magazine with lots more writing then "Eye-Art." It is informative, interesting, and definitely worth the stamp(s) sent.



DOMICAL RIBBED VAULT

DO NOT MOVE AN INJURED PERSON  
IF THE PERSON CANNOT MOVE OR  
COMPLAINS OF PAIN IN THE BACK  
OR NECK.



Hippie  
Hotline  
336-8282



THE 20TH  
INTERNATIONAL TOURNEE OF  
**animation**



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The frying pan can  
make a wonderful  
bludgeon. —Religion

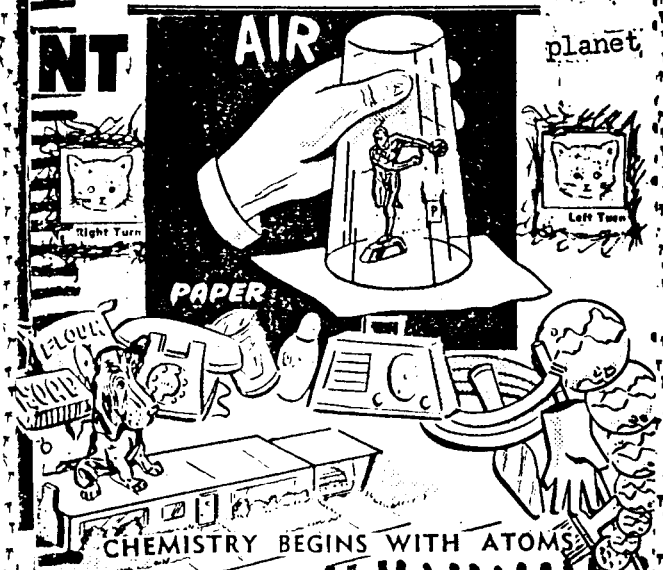
the  
emergency  
to  
the  
planet

MADAME  
TUSSAUD'S

MADAME  
TUSSAUD'S

MADAME  
TUSSAUD'S

MADAME  
TUSSAUD'S



# Tower of Power



It starts when we are conceived There is a path to be followed. IL may be short or long depending upon the routes taken. Some of our paths are chosen for us before we can peep out any spoken words. Many are selected by

Many deciding factors will play a part in the path we choose. One turn can mean the termination of life while another brings one closer to more ambiguity. Each path leads to a new fork and each fork leads to a new destination. With each path there are new options and of course risks. Be prepared to choose while looking ahead because your future self depends on the choices you make today. Choose wisely because once chosen there is no turning back.



Typically after you've hooked up a pair of D Series speakers, your neighbors will give you the finger.

M. V. Curran © Copyright



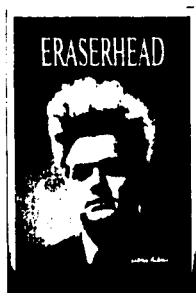
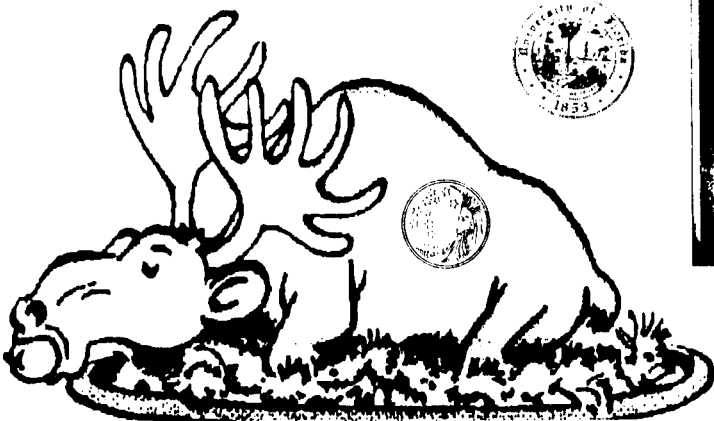
Hope the  
will be pleasant

# COMICS

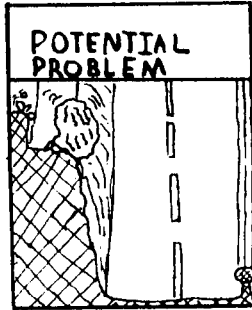
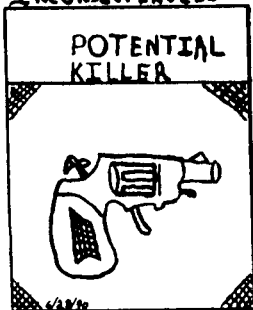
## INCONSISTENCIES



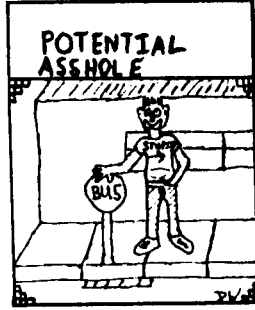
## DAN WRIGHT



## INCONSISTENCIES



## DAN WRIGHT



# BRAIN TEASERS



1. 

SAND
------
2. 

MAN
BOARD
3. 

STAND
I
4. R | E | A | D | I | N | G
5. 

WEAR
LONG
6. 

R
ROAD
A
D
7. 

CYCLE
CYCLE
CYCLE
8. 

T
O
W
N
9. LE VEL
10. 

Ø
M.D.
Ph.D.
D.D.S.
11. 

KNEE
LIGHT
12. 

ii	ii
O	O
13. CHAIR
14. DICE  
DICE
15. T  
O  
U  
C  
H
16. 

GROUND
FEET
FEET
FEET
FEET
FEET
17. 

MIND
MATTER
18. He's / Himself
19. ECNALG
20. DEATH/LIFE

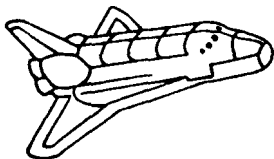
# WHATS THE ANSWER ANSWERS

1. It will take 3 minutes.
2. One is a quarter and another is a dime. If one is not a dime then the other must be.
3. The little Indian's mother
4. No --because the man is dead.
5. Three stockings must be drawn.
6. You have two apples --because you took two.
7. One minute ago.
8. The stone will appear to fall straight down from the grounds reference frame.
9. Never --the ship rises with the tide.
10. There is a grandfather, a father and a son.
11. Five dollars was lost.
12. Three - - -
13. Everything about nothing.
14. Twelve --a dozen is a dozen is a dozen.
15. There was no knowledge of Christ at the time. B.C. = Before Christ
16. None,because Cain slew Abel.
17. The grasshopper will never reach the wall.

---

## Brain Teaser Answers

- |                               |                          |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Sand Box                   | 11. Neon LIGHT           |
| 2. MAN over BOARD             | 12. CIRCLES under eyes   |
| 3. I under STAND              | 13. HIGH CHAIR           |
| 4. READING between the lines. | 14. Paradise             |
| 5. LONG under WEAR            | 15. TOUCHdown            |
| 6. Cross ROADS                | 16. 5 FEET underGROUND   |
| 7. Tri-CYCLES                 | 17. MIND over MATTER'    |
| 8. DownTOWN                   | 18. He's besides HIMSELF |
| 9. Split LEVEL                | 19. Backwards GLANCE     |
| 10. 3 degrees below zero      | 20. LIFE after DEATH     |



Hope and Action

Its eleven again and I'm not in bed.  
 Why is it like this, what have I done?  
 Nothing.  
 Its not you its just that stupid radio  
 and dumb TV.  
 Dang oh man does it have to be, why does  
 it have to happen to me?  
 But you have Calc. and Chem. to study  
 for.  
 But why is that, only because the stupid  
 radio and dumb TV would not let me be.  
 Its eleven-thirty and I've missed my  
 bedtime once again thanks to the  
 stupid radio and dumb TV.  
 Tomorrow night it will be the same,  
 gee gosh why can't it ever change?  
 It can, it can, just have some hope.  
 I hope, I hope, but nothing ever happens,  
 why does it always seem to be this way?  
 Maybe, just maybe, because only Hope and  
 Action can truly bring about a reaction,  
 causing satisfaction.  
 Your right, I do believe Hope and Action  
 will bring about satisfaction.  
 Yes, Yes, things will surely change  
 tomorrow night, because I will smash  
 the stupid radio and dumb TV.  
 What a delight, I will have more sleep  
 tonight with a mangled radio and smashed  
 TV. Please, oh please let it be.

--Have hope and respond and what you want  
 will happen, just wait and see, but one  
 without the other and nothing can be,  
 believe me.

Its a sunny day around the hour of lunch. Sparce clouds line the baby  
 blue sky like they do every season. The children whom normally play in the  
 street are attending school, and emptyness is all around. The streets are  
 lifeless, and with that the cars passing by contain people whom you have  
 never seen and perhaps will never see again.

Off in the distance it is possible to hear the cars travelling by on the  
 highway, a faint radio, and birds singing their songs of happiness. A cool  
 breeze of the coming month strikes your warm body bringing you back to reality.

These days of such beauty and tranquility are but a few. Everytime they  
 they remind us that we should be doing something else other then watching  
 nature pass our days away. A cool breeze blows again, seemingly whispering  
 another day is passing and that there are not many more left, before our  
 death.



ONLY IN YER MIND - © 90 - SHAFER

Our Numbered Days

Our living days are limited to  
 a simple few. A few days will always  
 stand out above the rest. These  
 days stick in our memory and will  
 live with us till our death. There  
 is a day that is by far different  
 which occurs only every so often,  
 but always ends up causing us to  
 contemplate our life.

Our living days are limited to a simple few. A few days will always stand out above the rest. These days stick in our memory and will live with us till our death. There is a day that is by far different which occurs only every so often, but always ends up causing us to contemplate our life.



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	BAKER STREET (A)	
	60p	

## Not for Granted

Boy oh boy this place called Earth is kind of funny sometimes. Just look around, watch the people around you—everyone is so tame and in order. It is great to have organization—some people are even like robots. They will be born, have an average childhood, attend two years of college, have an average (boring) job, an average wife and a couple of children and then die a normal death. It is kind of sad when one thinks about it for awhile. I know the more I think about the above situation the sadder I become. We (the world) as a whole try to block out the sad and bad (too bad the media doesn't) and enjoy the fun things in life. There is a lot more to it than that though. Life is similar to a package a boy or girl might get in a foster home. The gift can be exciting or dull and it can also be useful or useless all depending on the child. Funny huh. A package given by an unknown person that can be anything. The surprise inside is either enhanced or degraded by the person opening the package—yourself. You control your own destiny (well at least most of it) so try and make the most of it. So if you are ever d down and out look at this page and remember some of the following. When I am depressed and feeling like death is near I always think of how bad things could be. I could be in a wheelchair with no arms or legs, a victim of burns over my whole body, a retarded person, a person born with C.P., barely alive or worst yet dead. I try to be glad for what I have, not what I don't, and it seems that one never realizes that until what they have is gone. The way our society is structured there is such a thing as beauty and ugliness—there always will be. Cope with what you have and do the best you can. Be courageous, be yourself, but most of all be happy—because if your not who will be for you? Remember not to take anything for

**DELIKATESSEN  
OPPEN HELA HELGEN**

granted because everything could change in an instant

## Watch Out!

What's that? Oh yes. Someone somewhere at one time or another stated that there is a novel inside every human being. Well, I tend to agree with that saying—otherwise you would not be reading this right now. I love to write but there are a few vicious circles that always seem to entrap me. One is where I have to write but do not want to and the other is when I want to write but have something important to say but am doing something else. Anyhow, on with the story. It was a warm and sunny November day that pressed me into writing this little piece.

This day was not going to be the usual—oh, nothing happened today—day for me. I was casually riding my bike on a backroad, accelerating toward a bookstore when all of the sudden my right foot slipped off my pedal. At that moment I knew, being an optimist and all, Newton's first law would hold true. I thought, Ut-Oh, and the next thing I remember was flipping over my bike, with my foot still in the spokes, and hitting the pavement hard. The point of this story is that you never know when something will happen, but when it does it will happen fast and if your not prepared well—good luck. To avoid any unfavorable situations be aware, awake and familiar with your environment. Surprises happen much faster than everyone suspects, so if you don't think fast you might never think again.



# Plain English Rules —



# The Hacker's World

Here are some famous FABLES I have found.

## The Goose with the Golden Eggs

One day a countryman going to the nest of his Goose found there an egg all yellow and glittering. When he took it up it was as heavy as lead and he was going to throw it away, because he thought a trick had been played upon him. But he took it home on second thoughts, and soon found to his delight that it was an egg of pure gold. Every morning the same thing occurred, and he soon became rich by selling his eggs. As he grew rich he grew greedy; and thinking to get at once all the gold the Goose could give, he killed it and opened it only to find, --nothing.

-- Greed oft o'erreaches itself.



## The Dog and the Shadow

It happened that a Dog had got a piece of meat and was carrying it home in his mouth to eat it in peace. Now on his way home he had to cross a plank lying across a running brook. As he crossed, he looked down and saw his own shadow reflected in the water beneath. Thinking it was another dog with another piece of meat, he made up his mind to have that also. So he made a snap at the shadow in the water, but as he opened his mouth the piece of meat fell out, dropped into the water and was never seen more.

-- Beware lest you lose the substance by grasping at the shadow.

# Album Rock

Like beauty in the eye of the beholder, music is in the ear(s) of the beholder. Our peers, parents and situations all contribute to our musical likes and dislikes. Everyone has different musical taste, and like me they can be changed.

I like all kinds of music ranging from country to punk, but nowadays I lean toward the avant-garde (modern rock) type music. My preferences have changed from pop (in and before high school) to classic rock in my first year of college. Who knows what type of music might be next --classical maybe. The following review is my best effort to give a trustworthy opinion of each of the albums.

Artist: Nena

Album : 99 Luft Balloons

Year : 1984

In case you have forgotten Nena, as I remember, first appeared on MTV singing 99 Luft Balloons. MTV made the group known for a brief moment in time, but what happened I know not. There are eleven songs, five of which are in English and the rest (6) in German. I was not able to understand the German side but I assure you it was as enjoyable as the first side to listen to. Oh, the first side contained four songs I have never heard of, nonetheless all were good. The album contains a lot of emphasis on the drums and Nena's voice. There is also decent guitar playing and a saxophone, and synthesizer to add lots of feeling to many of the songs. No mixing (like you hear on dance singles) is found in any of the songs -- all were clear, soft, relaxing, and real songs. This is an excellent album and I am sure you will enjoy many hours of listening to it.

Artist: Anthrax

Album : State of Euphoria

Year : 1988

There are ten massive head banging songs on this album. I was amazed I picked it up for two

bucks after seeing the CD on sale for fifteen. There are some decent songs on this album but many of them sound familiar to all of the other songs. A lot of "Metal" bands sound familiar as do the "Pop-metal" bands which I refuse to listen to. The music is redundant to the other "Metal" groups like Metallica but Anthrax does have some good qualities-- their voice is clear and their words have a worthy meaning. The lyrics were a hit but the sound was a bit off making the album good but not great.

Artist: Joy Division

Album : Substance

Year : 1977-1980

Old but gold, easily sums up this album. I had to listen to this CD three times before I really started to enjoy it. Joy Division, as I was told, is New Order in the olden days before their lead singer died of drugs. There are seventeen rippen songs on this album, all of which are unique in their own way --no redundancy like "pop-metal" bands. The bass guitar player is unbelievable; it is dominant in many songs making this album superior. Bass guitar, drums and then other instruments stand out in that order. If you like heavy bass guitar, good rhythms, REAL sounds then this album is money in the bank. The only down fall is the CD's quality is not as good as a CD should be.

Artist: The Police

Album : The Singles

Year : 1986

If you have heard of the Police but have none of their albums then this album is a good place to start. The Singles contain twelve of their best ( some might disagree) songs --A greatest hits album you could say. The songs are clear, real, and display the vast amount of talent the Police once had --too bad they broke up. My favorite Police album is Synchronicity, but with the Singles I have many of my favorite songs on one disk --all of which are decent.

**Don't fault kids  
with computers**



Artist: The Sugarcubes  
Album: here today, tomorrow next week!  
Year: 1989

A strange group, I grant you that. The more I listen to the Sugarcubes albums the more I enjoy them. Their first album "Life's Too Good" took a little bit of getting used to also. On both albums each song has a unique sound and means something different, but they all seem to be pointing toward the same thing. Bjork and Einar collaborated on almost all the songs on both albums --sometimes it sounds great while other times it can get pretty ugly. All the songs are clear (music wise) although it is sometimes hard to understand Bjork and Einar with their Icelandic accent --luckily I have the words. Bjork Gudmundsdottir's voice offers lots of treble --so if you hate excess treble then stay away from the Sugarcubes. The Sugarcubes take a special ear to enjoy so many people will be disappointed if they buy this album blindly. The only thing I hate is there always being more songs on their CD than on their Cassettes and Records.

Artist: Edie Brickell and the New Bohemians  
Album: Shooting rubber bands at the Stars  
Year: 1988

Miss existentialist herself --Edie Brickell. So I heard and her music seems to confirm it. There are twelve songs on the CD I have although it only says eleven on the fold-out. Her songs have appeared on MTV, but I assure you the ones that have been on MTV are not her best. There are lots of instruments utilized in the songs making each unique and rich sounding. The album relaxes your senses and most important of all makes you wonder about yourself. This is an excellent album in all categories --musical, clarity, uniqueness, meaning, you name it this album has it.

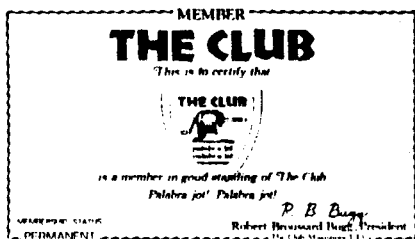
Artist: 10,000 Maniacs  
Album: Blind Man's Zoo  
Year: 1989

Natalie Merchant, lead singer and writer, has quite a mouthful to say. Songs such as "Eat

for Two, Dust Bowl, the Lions Share, and Poison in the Well" have an easily comprehensible meaning. This is sort of a political album, but not by the government, rather against it. Natalie's songs are all true; telling us how our government rapes the people and does not give two bits for the homeless or suffering. Greed and politics rule the land and until the poor/less fortunate get a chance our country will continue to disintegrate. Sometimes the music is a bit dull but the meaning of the songs make this such a great album.

Artist: The Cure  
Album: Disintegration  
Year: 1989

Since I got a bad copy of Disintegration it is hard to truly rate it. It seems as if all the treble and bass have been dropped --but nonetheless I still have the whole album. No matter what anyone says I believe this album was all done on synthesizers. The drums and guitar might be real in some parts but they were obviously enhanced (or de-enhanced) with modern technology. This album has lots of synthesizers and gives a sort of relaxing-depressing atmosphere. The different combinations of sound sets this album apart from others and makes it enjoyable for listening. Diehard Cure fans might find it a bit difficult to accept because of the different sound. Standing by the Beach (Sea -for CD) is a collection of some of the Cures best (older) songs and is excellent. The Cure is still a decent group --no matter what anyone says.

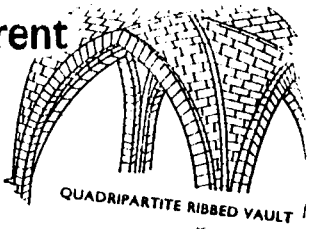


A recent exchange between two teenage hackers--



"You call?"  
"Yup. Do you go trashin'?"  
"Yeah a few times. I prefer mail-boxing. It's a lot cleaner and you get better sluph."  
"What is mail-boxing exactly and what kind of stuff do you look for?"  
"Mail-boxing is going to a major company and just taking there mail. Last weekend we got some guys Visa card... Its really cool. We can order sluph up to 5000 bucks."

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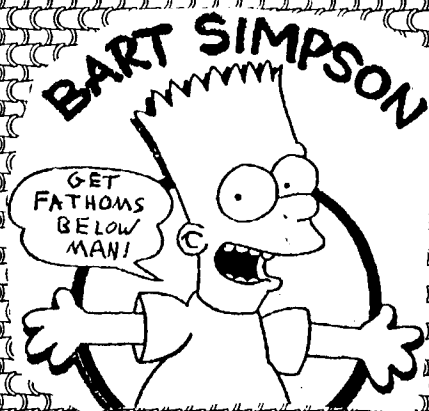
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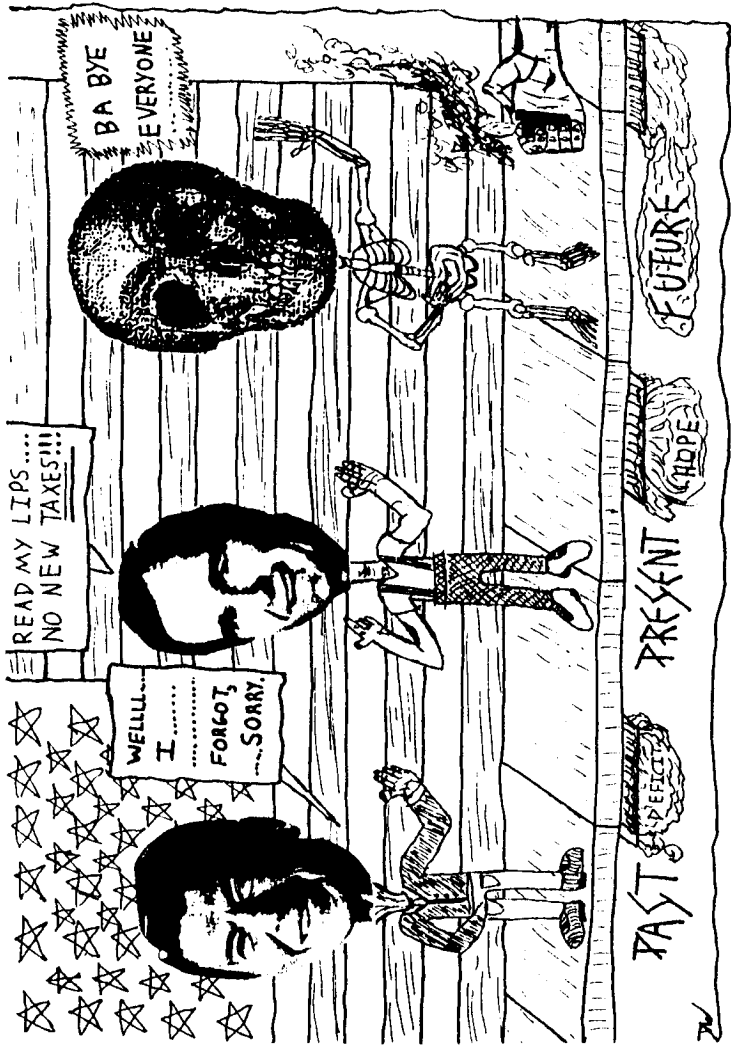


"The Sower" by Vincent Van Gogh. The observer is becoming the observed  
TAT TVAM ASI, this is you I AM THIS  
WHOLE YOU-NIVERSE



*'I kept thinking,  
"This can't be  
happening to me.  
Why did it have to  
happen to me?'"*

**FAX**



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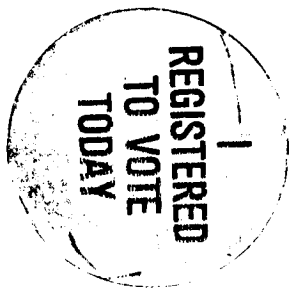
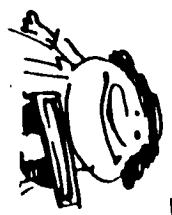
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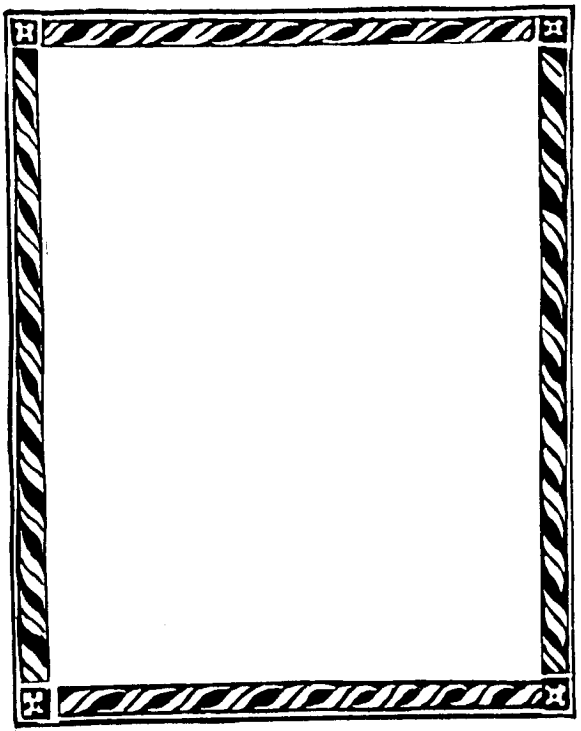
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