

SQUAT THRUST

Put down your 40. It's time to wrestle.

#4 LATE SUMMER/FALL 1999

\$1 + 2 STAMPS

WHO/WHAT IS THE AVIARY ?

FICTION

RANTS

REVIEWS

MIND QWIZ

GENERAL PUNK PISSYNESS

MORE !

4

This time the zine is a back-to-basics, piss-and-vinegar publication. It was supposed to come out about a month earlier, but then the world got in the way. And at the last minute my shitty inkjet printer broke. I copy this, but I have to print the shit first so I have something to cut and paste. But no matter. It takes as long as it takes. Here it is! . . . your sweaty hands holding the cover, your eyes focused HERE.

Mr. Phood is not in this issue cause he took off lookin for new spices and flavors. And Mail Probe is not here either because I just didn't send enough letters out. But Mind Qwiz is expanded and more fiction added.

Sorry if I don't make a very good editor. I'm not very good at spelling; grammer; or~ punktuatun`? Butt it's a zine dammit!!!!

STEVE

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We wish to acknowledge our sincere gratitude to the numerous busy and kindly people who contributed to the preparation of this zine.

Especially do we thank Asian Man Records, Isiah, Baby Sue, Impact, Punk Planet, TeenyBopper, Underground Posseum, SkateDork, Ozzy Rocks, Uprising, Dirt, Midget Breakdancing Digest, Sore, One Quite Zine Distro, Simple Stupid, John, Justin Time, Canolla, my wife Natalie Portman (ha ha), venues, adrenaline inducing music, anyone we forgot, and you whose friendly co-operation made possible the last three chapters on the contemporary Indian women.

We wish to acknowledge the co-operation of friends and relatives of the above women, also of librarians at the local and state level, and of the state historical societies.

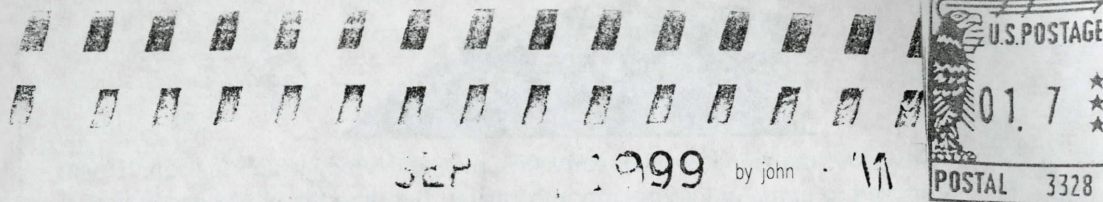
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SEP 1999 by john '11

MAILMAN BILL

The interior of the mail truck smelling of scotch, Mailman Bill steps out into the residential street with the birds chirping and the sun brightly shining. He inhales deeply, his mirrored sunglasses reflecting the family homes and manicured lawns. "Yessir, hell of a day," he cheers.

Bounding up the steps his industrial keychain sloshes metallicly. His uniform is clean and neatly pressed, his Panama safari hat a bright yellow, his arms and legs fitly tanned: a courteous, clean-cut federal employee. He rings the doorbell and glances back at his mail truck. It sits idling by the curb, freshly polished chrome flashing and bright, proud eagle staring back.

He turns his attention to the door as it swings open. "Package ma'am" he tells the terry-clothed figure of a woman standing in the doorway. "Need your signature," he says and points toward the triplicate carbon slip atop the package in his hands.

"Oh yes, of course," the woman answers. "Forgive the robe, it's still early for me. I suppose you've been up since dawn, working your hardest."

"Yes ma'am, since five this morning," Bill responds and clicks his pen open. "You have a lovely home here miss," he says with a shiteating grin on his face. His mirrored glasses hide his eyes, giving the grin a plastic, almost sinister appearance.

The woman notices this and quickly signs her name. The eager, bright-faced man in the pressed uniform and reflective glasses is creepy in an Eddie Haskell sort of way. She can imagine him at lunch eating a homemade bologna sandwich and a chilled glass of whole milk, a napkin in his lap, his elbows carefully kept off the table. She sees his nametag, Mailman Bill, and a shudder goes through her body. She sees newsvans and neighbors describing on how quiet and polite the nice mailman next door was. How one hot summer day they noticed the smell...

She catches herself halfway through her paranoid fantasy and almost laughs. It's the biggest cliché there is, a psychotic mailmen. She's seen been watching *Inside Edition* and *A Current Affair* for too long. So many stories about young white males of a precarious mental carriage. She begins to feel guilty, thinking how Bill is out there in the sweltering heat every day. She gives the pen back to Bill, who clicks it shut and tears off a yellow carbon copy.

She smiles at him for a second, "Would you like a cold can of something? It's so hot out there."

Mailmen Bill smiles his toothy grin again. His mouth is a little dry. "If it's no bother ma'am, I'd love one." He can't help thinking how kind this woman is, how sweet and mannerly. He hands her the package and deftly puts his hand to his side, covering the wet crimson stain on his dark shorts.

"Just wait here, I'll be back in a second," she says and starts toward the kitchen, stopping to lay the package on an end table. The fridge opens and closes, and she comes back with a chilled can of Pepsi. "Here you go."

Bill's mind has been wandering in the seconds she was gone. He's had trouble concentrating

recently, it took him two hours last night to write a haiku:

The steel toed skull kick
Snapping necks dirty business
So clean afterward

He takes the can and takes a deep swig. "Ahhh, thanks." He pockets his pen and carbon receipt, smiling and holding the Pepsi up in gratitude.

Halfway down the red brick walk, the woman calls to Bill. She still feels guilty for assuming him to be some sort of psychotic killer. It makes her cringe to think she's that paranoid and untrusting. "Thanks for the delivery Bill, stop by anytime. I'm sorry we haven't met earlier, you seem like such a nice man."

Mailman Bill turns and smiles, his eyes empty behind those mirrors. "You should see the dead bunnies in my basement" he responds as a minivan filled with soccer kids drives past.

"I'm sorry, what was...", the woman asks politely, unable to hear over the passing car.

"I said you should see the dust bunnies in my basement," Bill says with a wave and a nod.

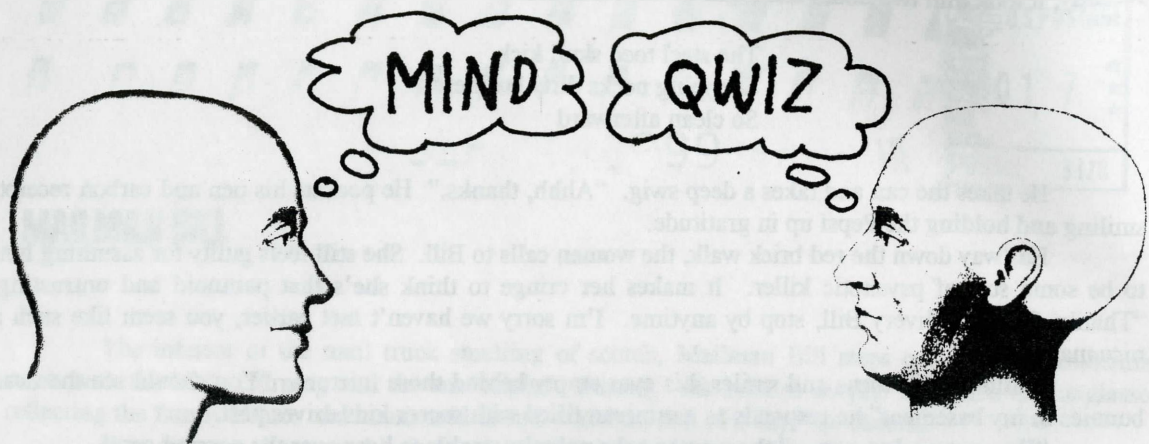
"Well, no one's perfect I guess. Take care," the woman says as she closes the door.

Mailman Bill finishes his Pepsi as he jumps into the mail truck, which creaks and rocks under his muscular weight. "Yes ma'am, helluva day!" he practically yells into the windshield. He waits until he's fastened his seatbelt and adjusted his mirrors to turn around and chuck the empty can at the large mail bag behind his seat. The bag writhes and a muffled scream escapes as the can bounces off the sack with a clank. "Hold your horsies dearie, just wait until we get home" he says quietly to the woman in the mail sack as he produces a loaded syringe from his pocket. He taps it once, smiles, and injects the steroids and homemade amphetamines into his thigh.

"Yes, one helluva day!!" he screams out the window as he starts the truck up and drives slowly down the street. He signals with his muscular tanned arm and whistles through his teeth as he imagines the look on that nice woman's face when she opens that package.

THE STATUE FACTOR - a mission of five.
Nebulon Community Records, 3 Glen Rd., #2, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130.
Catchy guitar riffs with organ and both male and female vocals. Much of it has a definite 60's sound. The organ brings an electronic reverberation to parts and effectively charges the song *Mass Distortion For All The Love*. They describe themselves as "a guild of thieves who literally steal the hearts of their audience. . . experimental, post punk, 60's influence band from the Boston area. . . compared to the likes of Nation of Ulysses, Huggy Bear, and such 60's bands as The Animals and early Who."

THE LAWRENCE ARMS - a guided tour of chicago.
Asian Man Records, Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030.
Punk with an emo-sound streak from the windy city. Relevant lyrics sung with a dry throatyness. Drummer Hennessy looks about 12 from the booklet picture, but obviously can work the stix. There is no brass, unlike many Asian Man releases. They "exclusively support Old Style beer."



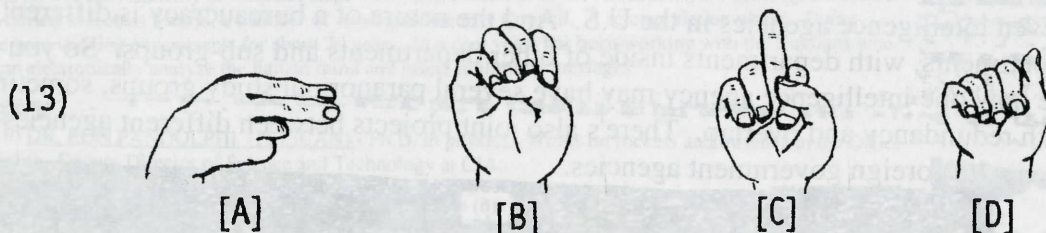
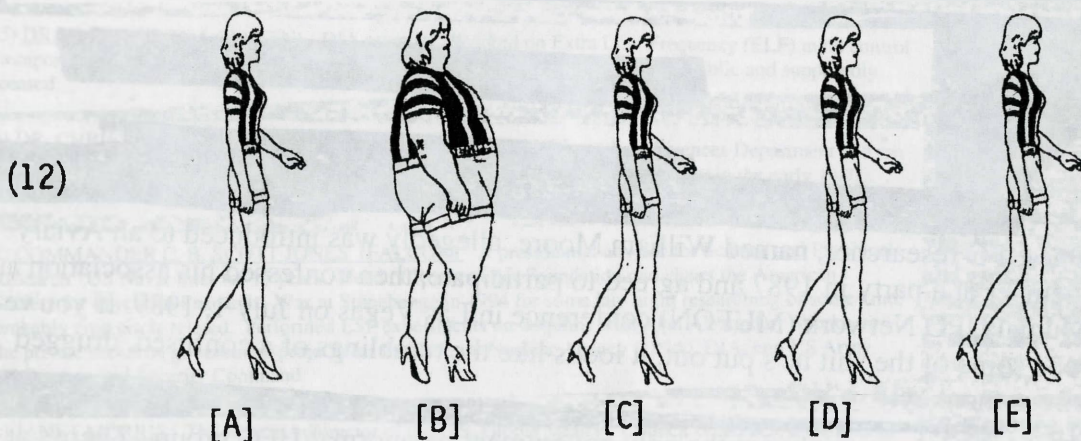
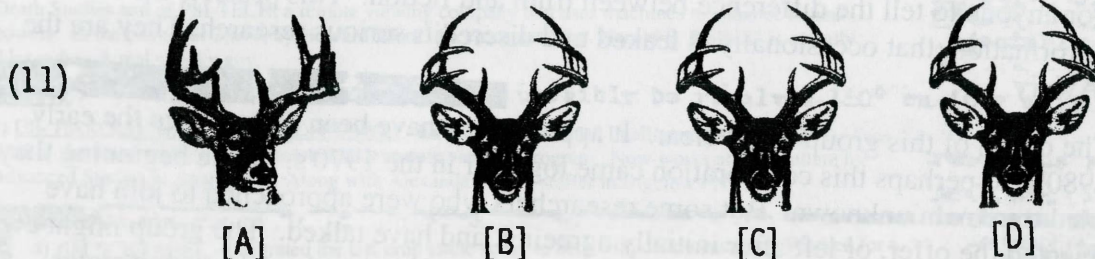
Answers on last page.



- (1) IF A BEAR SHITS IN THE WOODS, WILL THE TREES HEAR IT ?
- (2) HOW MANY TIMES CAN YOU SUBTRACT 7 FROM 21 ?
- (3) WHAT WORD ENDS IN THE LETTER "N", STARTS WITH "P", AND HAS THE WORD "OR" IN THE MIDDLE ?
- (4) I CAN RUN FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BUS. HOW CAN THIS BE ?
- (5) IF NATALIE TAKES TWO BEERS OUT OF A COOLER CONTAINING TWELVE ICEY COLD BEERS, HOW MANY BEERS DOES SHE HAVE ?
- (6) A DIME IS WORTH 10 CENTS. HOW MUCH IS HALF OF ONE HALF OF A DIME WORTH ?
- (7) WHAT IS "RACECAR" SPELLED BACKWARD ?
- (8) CHEWY IS TALLER THAN SKIP AND SHORTER THAN OPIE. WHO IS THE TALLEST OF THE THREE ?
- (9) CAN A MAN MARRY HIS WIDOW'S SISTER ?

(10) A HEAVY-SET WOMAN IS TRAVELING ON A UNICYCLE AT .072 DEKAMETERS PER GIGASECOND DOWN A DUSTY ROAD. AT THE SAME TIME A FREIGHT TRAIN WITH 41 BOXCARS FULL OF TEXTILES IS TRAVELING AT A RATE OF .45 CLICKS PER SECOND, 160.9 KILOMETERS FROM THE LARGE WOMAN. THE WEATHER IS A BALMY 23 DEGREES CELCIUS WITH 65 PERCENT HUMIDITY, ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE AT 14.07 POUNDS PER SQUARE INCH, AND GENTLE BREEZES FROM THE SOUTH-SOUTHWEST. WHY IS THE WOMAN RIDING A UNICYCLE ?

WHICH ONE OF THESE IS NOT LIKE THE OTHER ?



TITLE:

THE AVIARY

by steve

CCREFERENCE:

QGB3210770


08SEP71

INFLUENCE:

USSR

This clandestine group of scientists and various intelligence and military officers works to discredit information about unidentified flying objects and unlock psychic powers. The senior members of this group have access to highly classified information about UFOs, many levels above Top Secret. This information is mixed with disinformation and transmitted to the public through various mediums, therefore making it near impossible for anyone to tell the difference between truth and fiction. This protects the real information, that occasionally is leaked and discredits serious research. They are the Aviary.

The origin of this group is not clear. It appears they have been active since the early 1980's, so perhaps this collaboration came together in the 1970's. In the beginning they tried to remain unknown. But some researchers who were approached to join have rejected the offer, or left after initially agreeing, and have talked. The group might even enjoy the attention, which kind of boosts them to underground celebrity cult status.



One UFO researcher, named William Moore, allegedly was introduced to an Aviary member at a party in 1987 and agreed to participate, then confessed his association at a Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) conference in Las Vegas on July 1, 1989. If you've ever read some of the shit he's put out, it looks like the ramblings of a confused, drugged circus monkey.

The Aviary is certainly not the only government paranormal/UFO group. There's at least eleven intelligence agencies in the U.S. And the nature of a bureaucracy is different departments, with departments inside of other departments and sub-groups. So you can see how one intelligence agency may have several paranormal study groups, sometimes with redundancy and overlap. There's also joint projects between different agencies and even with foreign government agencies.

So who are the birds of the Aviary? Several sources point to these individuals:

1) SUSAN BLACKMORE - Researcher at University of West of England, Bristol, UK. One of the first people to earn a Ph.D. in parapsychology. Has several books about psychic powers and out of body experiences, as well as tons of research papers and articles.

2) COLONEL JOHN B. ALEXANDER (PENGUIN) - Born in 1937 in New York. Seven years as National Security Agency (NSA) Director of Non-Lethal Weapons Programs based at Los Alamos National Laboratories, New Mexico. Formerly of Green Berets Special Forces in Vietnam. Retired from Army 1988. Heads/headed several 'black budget' projects including Neuro Linguistic Programming (NLP) projects- behavior modification through mind control. Vice President Al Gore took his NLP course in 1983. Author of the book *The Warrior's Edge* which was co-authored by Janet Morris and Major Richard Groller. Went diving in the Bimini Islands looking for Atlantis in 1971. Has a B.S. from Univ. of Nebraska, M.S. from Pepperdine Univ., and a 1980 Ph.D. for education from Walden Univ. where his dissertation committee was chaired by Elizabeth Kubler-Ross and his thesis involved a Kubler-Ross life/death transition workshop, which looks like a conflict of interest. Received the National Award for Volunteerism from President Reagan. A board member of the International Association for Near Death Studies and of PSI-TECH, a remote viewing company that uses machines to enhance human powers. In the book *Out There*, by Howard Blum, the character "Col. Harold E. Phillips" is actually Alexander. A real spooky guy.

3) DR. HAROLD "HAL" E. PUTHOFF (OWL) - Ex-NSA and Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA). Was head of the Stanford Research Institute (SRI) remote viewing program. Now works at the Institute for Advanced Studies in Austin, TX. Along with Alexander, he's a staffer in Bigelow's NIDS.

4) JIM SCHNABEL - Infiltrated the UK crop circle scene to help with disinformation. Worked for a military-contracted company based in Crewkerne, Somerset, UK that served as a CIA cover organization.

5) DR. JACK VERONA (RAVEN) - DIA scientist. Worked on Extra Low Frequency (ELF) mind control weapon project. Took over remote viewing operations at SRI after it was made public and supposedly ceased.

6) DR. CHRISTOPHER GREEN (BLUEJAY) - Worked in CIA Biomedical Sciences Department and ran the CIA's weird desk. Received National Intelligence Medal for some black project in the early 1980's. Might work for General Motors.

7) COMMANDER C. B. SCOTT JONES (FALCON) - A presidential advisor for Science and Psychological Research. US Naval Intel for 15 years. Head of Rockefeller Foundation and chairs the American Society for Psychological Research. Was at Stonehenge in 1994 for some late night researching of some kind, probably crop circle related. Performed ESP experiments on dolphins with John Alexander. Worked in the private sector on government projects for the Defense Nuclear Agency (DNA), DIA, and US Army Intelligence and Security Command.

8) JANET MORRIS - The Research Director of the U.S. Global Strategy Council (USGSC), a member of the New York Academy of Sciences since 1980, and a member of the Association for Electronic Defense. Married to Robert Morris, a member of American Security Council. A science fiction writer. Doing remote viewing experiments for about 20 years. In recent years has been working with the Russians who can electronically analyze the human mind and insert subliminal messages.

9) DR. RON PANDOLPHI (PELICAN) - Ph.D. in physics. Works on rockets and missiles in the Office of the Deputy Director of Science and Technology at CIA.

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

COUNTRY

SUBJECT

Sighting of Unconventional Flying Object

DATE DISSEMINATED

10) ROBERT T. BIGELOW - The cash cow. Probably close to being a billionaire. This guy made a shit load of money from Nevada real estate and dabbles in a lot of shit. Owns Budget Suites motel chain. Very secretive. Distrusts computers. He founded the Bigelow Foundation that funds many fringe projects. He spent \$100,000 to conduct a poll of 6,000 Americans, which concluded that 2% of all the adult population, or 3.7 million people, have been abducted by aliens. This looks like he's buying false facts because the survey just had five questions and was poorly controlled, giving lots of reasons for false positives. Wants to build a hotel in space and started Bigelow Aerospace. In July 1996, bought 480 acre ranch for about \$200,000 in Ft. Duchesne, Utah. The area has been a UFO hot spot since the 1950's. A Bigelow company called National Institute for Discovery Science (NIDS) conducts the research at the ranch, with someone there 24 hours a day. Has a cat named Taxes and one named Writtoff. Had one called Mortgage but it died. His grandparents and Aunt have seen bizarre stuff in the sky, but he hasn't yet.

11) CAPTAIN BOB COLLINS (CONDOR) - UFO debunker, has done some acting.

1.

12) SGT. RICHARD DOTY - Formerly Air Force Office of Special Investigations (AFOSI). Supposedly is now in the New Mexico State Police in Dulce, NM. (Of course Dulce has been rumored to hold a secret underground facility beneath the Archuleta Mesa on the Jicarilla Apache Indian Reservation, but people have looked and researched and found *absolutely nothing*. Much of this rumor came from Dr. Paul Bennewitz who was targeted by the Aviary and suffered some psychological troubles as a result. They don't like him and he allegedly has UFO film footage from areas around Kirkland Air Force Base, NM. So rumors about underground bases in the four corners area are probably just a wild goose chase, compliments of the Aviary. Possibly this disinformation is to hide a real underground base in the Southwest, which would explain old photos of Air Force tunneling machines.)

2. We turned the light off as quickly as possible. At this time, I saw a shadowy

13) ROSEMARY GUILLEY - Probably CIA. Allegedly the Director of the Center of North American Crop Circle Studies, but couldn't find much. Author. Seen as sort of a slut, who shagged her way into some circles.

with a slight glow. When it rose, it was on the ground and rising rather slowly in a vertical direction. There were two sources of light connected with the object, a white light on top and on the perimeter, a glow

14) DAN SMITH - UFO researcher and director of CFNACCS. Hangs out with UFO community then reports to CIA.

It continued to rise vertically with the glow moving slowly around the perimeter in a clockwise direction giving the appearance of a fireball. When it reached an altitude of

15) GEORGE KNAPP - A TV journalist that was one of the first to bring the Area 51 saga to our living rooms. Helped bring attention to KGB UFO files and opened up a few. Left TV to work in the nuclear industry to help bring a nuclear waste dump to Nevada which is still a controversial topic. Made some dirty money and returned to Las Vegas TV.

change size to any great extent as it came toward us.

10. Commanding General
Wright-Patterson Air Force Base

Well, that's the gist of it. Those with nicknames/codenames of birds are definitely members. In addition, the names Hawk, Morning Dove, and Chicken Little have popped up but were too difficult to find the right person to pin to. C. B. Scott Jones is probably Falcon, but that name could be wrong. Dan Smith and Captain Bob Collins didn't have much free info

It is *slightly* comforting to know they are working on *non* lethal technology rather than more efficient killing machines. But the non lethal shit includes mind control and sixth sense stuff which could be even worse if the victims are conscious at ground zero rather than instantly vaporized.

5. Information contained herein was presented to Intelligence Office this headquarters by LTC Wheeler 2 July 1952. Was furnished coordinated with undersigned and 25th Div. 10 July 1952.

truth is

Draw attention to himself to further a security leak may exist in the flying.

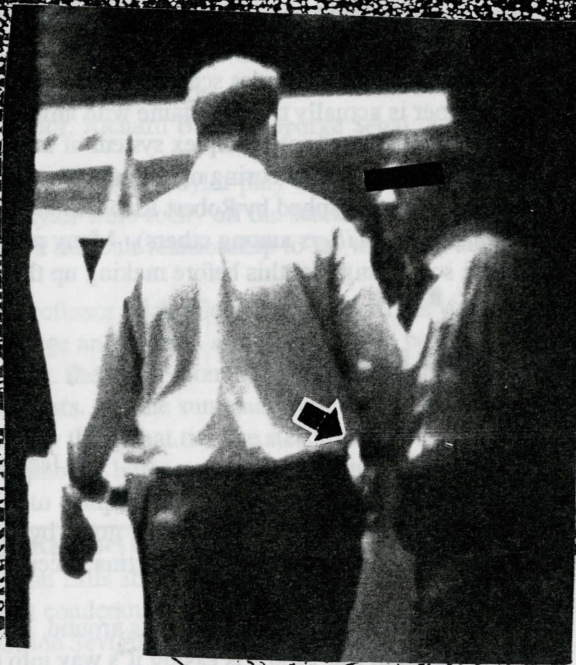
often stranger

Marshal upon arrival at your station. Initiated by this headquarters since

than fiction. . . baby.

Program, determination for same must be

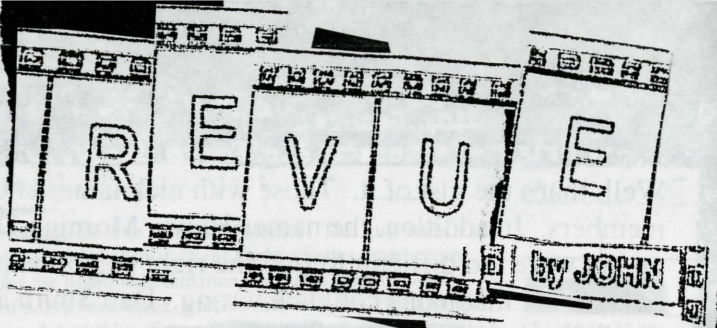
1 Incl
Statement
WHEELER, Clyde (27 Jun 52)



SECRET

CONFIDENTIAL

ASSIGNED
10 APR 1959
P. P. DUKAKIS, JR.
Colonel, USAF
District Commander
J. P. DUKAKIS, JR.
on this letter
Investigation effort
Unauthorized
on the letter
The object
(6)



From the director of *THE THIN BLUE LINE* and *A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME*

Fast, Cheap & Out of Control

a film by Errol Morris



Fast, Cheap, & Out of Control

1997, a documentary by Errol Morris

I just missed seeing "Fast, Cheap, & Out of Control" at the theatres, a combination of schoolwork and D.C. traffic patterns conspiring against me. I looked for it later on video, but was unable to find it among the Bruce Willis Vehicles at the local megachainstore. However, I was pleasantly surprised to find it airing on PBS recently.

In his latest project, Errol Morris focuses on a robotics engineer, a topiary gardener, a lion tamer, and a man fascinated with the hairless mole-rat. As strange and unrelated as these professions sound, they are all linked by their attempt to control our environment, perhaps man's greatest difference from animals. The robotics engineer is attempting to recreate life in his little programmable insects. The gardener has spent decades sculpting giant shrubbery animals by controlling their growth patterns. The lion tamer is actually trying to tame wild animals, and the mole-rat scientist has spent years studying and recreating the strangely complex system of underground tunnels built by hairless moles.

It may sound boring or stupid, but it's fascinating to watch. The cinematography is exciting and original, photographed by Robert Richardson (who is responsible for the unique imagery of *JFK* and *Natural Born Killers* among others). Many people say they don't like documentaries, but they should watch something like this before making up their minds.

"One of the 10 Best Films of the Year"

Top Gun Short: SCHNEIDER • Top Gun: THE POSITION • Dark Side: THE CARPENTER • The Ice Storm

The Ice Storm



1997, directed by Ang Lee

written by James Schamus, based on the novel by Rick Moody

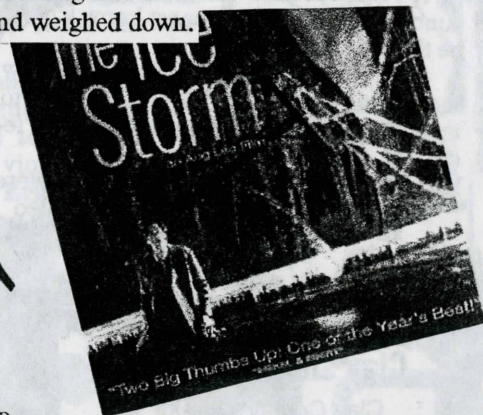
starring Kevin Kline, Joan Allen, Christina Ricci, Elijah Wood, & Sigourney Weaver

As Thanksgiving of 1973 rolls around, the Watergate hearings are clusterfucking Nixon and the sexual freedom of the 1960's is easing its way into the suburbs. Ben Hood (Kevin Kline) is sleeping with neighbor Janey Carver (Sigourney Weaver), but she finds it intolerable when he speaks. "I have a husband. I don't have a need for another one."

Their families are no better at being well-adjusted. Ben's wife Elena (Joan Allen) does a slow internal burn over the affair and can only liberate herself through shoplifting. Her one attempt at an illicit

affair proves awkward and anticlimactic. Their 14-year old daughter Wendy (Christina Ricci) uses Janey's son Mikey (Elijah Wood) as a sexual experiment. If he's not available, his younger brother is an acceptable substitution.

This film is not about sex, but rather about repressive roles and empty rebellion. They are desperate to breathe freedom and fun into their stifled lives, but only lose themselves more fully in the process. They can't communicate, and they're desperate to fit something into the void. Like the ice-covered landscape at the end, these characters are cold, distant, and weighed down.



Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

1966, directed by Mike Nichols
written by Ernest Lehman based on the play
starring Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, & Sandy Dennis

Real life husband and wife Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor play George and Martha, a college professor and his unhappy wife. Burton and Taylor were rocky off the screen, and it seems they used that to their advantage. George and Martha have a difficult relationship to say the least, alternately mocking, loving, and yelling at each other.

Late one night they have guests over, fellow professor Nick (George Segal) and his young wife Honey (Sandy Dennis). The tension is palpable as George and Martha at first attempt to be civil. But with the amount of alcohol their brains are swimming in, the night soon dissolves into a series of drunken insult games, outdoing each other and their guests. As the sun comes up, George pulls the trump card on Martha and kills their make-believe son, the only thing that ties the sterile couple together.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? is a claustrophobic, bitter, and brilliant film. It is perfectly filmed in B&W, with appropriate angles and shadows to complement the fantastic performances of all four actors.

Upcoming Releases

American Psycho - Based upon the novel by Bret Easton Ellis about a misogynistic, bum-bashing Wall Street serial killer on the loose in the 1980s. A violent condemnation of greed and materialism. (directed by Mary Harron; starring Christian Bale, Chloe Sevigny, & Willem Dafoe)
Release date: *April 7, 2000*

Magnolia - The next film by *Boogie Nights'* Paul Thomas Anderson. Centers on an interweaving group of people in southern California's San Fernando Valley. (written & directed by Paul Thomas Anderson; starring William H. Macy, Julianne Moore, & Tom Cruise)
Release date: December 24, 1999

To Protect And Serve Themselves...

A Tampa police officer punched the suspect in the face, punches in letting the suspect know who he thought about him.

"You're a nasty human being, you know that, right?" Officer Patrick McCabe said to the man after telling him he smelled like feces.

That and other berating comments were in the audio portion of the video mounted on the dash.

Clay sheriff fires 5

Clay County's sheriff announced the firing of five employees **Thursday**, including a deputy accused of child abuse and three corrections officers charged in the assault of a jail inmate. The dismissals stem from three investigations by his department and the State Attorney's Office.

Cop admits selling drugs

A Jacksonville police officer arrested in February after paying undercover officers \$90,000 for 11 pounds of cocaine pleaded guilty in federal court **Friday** to dealing and transporting the drug. Carl Kohn Jr. admitted he transported at least 100 pounds of cocaine from Miami to Jacksonville.

FORT LAUDERDALE — A former sheriff's official was arrested on charges including organized fraud and grand theft after investigators say he pocketed nearly \$98,000 in public money.

James R. Quinn III, 43, posted \$38,000 bond.

WINTER HAVEN — Critics question the "mellowing" of a former sheriff known for his racially charged rhetoric.

CHANDLER, ARIZ.

Police dog mauls pregnant woman

A police dog escaped from a squad car and mauled an innocent pregnant woman during a drunken-driving arrest.

A police dog broke free during a pursuit of the suspect. Instead of helping the officers, the Belgian Malinois knocked Isabel Ford to the ground and bit her repeatedly.

"It was certainly the most terrifying thing I've ever been through," Ford said. "The dog was relentless. My husband is the hero. I'd be dead without him." Her husband punched and kicked the dog until police controlled it. The unborn baby is apparently unharmed.

ADM exec sentenced

Former Archer Daniels Midland Co. executive **Mark Whitacre** was sentenced to 30 months in prison for his role in a global conspiracy to fix the price of the animal feed additive lysine. Whitacre already is serving a nine-year prison term for stealing millions of dollars from ADM. Two other executives, including the son of the chairman of the food-processing giant, were sentenced to two years in federal prison and fined \$350,000 each.

Policeman charged in hit-and-run

JACKSONVILLE — A police officer is accused of causing a wreck, then driving on without stopping and later trying to quietly get his cruiser fixed at a local body shop.

Darren Ray Price, 33, was charged **Friday** with leaving the scene of an accident.

Witnesses told police that an officer in a marked patrol car struck the rear driver's side of a 1994 Toyota.

With the event televised live, Coast Guard crews were shown showering the Cubans with water hoses. That sent Cuban supporters to the streets and stalled evening rush-hour traffic **Tuesday** on two major highways before U.S. authorities offered to consider asylum.

On Wednesday, dozens of

As his former colleagues listened intently, a reimbursement manager testified that two Columbia/HCA Healthcare executives took part in a scheme to fleece government insurance programs for the elderly, the poor and the military by nearly \$3 million.

William Steve Dudley told federal jurors **Wednesday** that Jay A. Jarrell and Carl Lynn Dick, his former bosses at Bay Pines Veterans Hospital's parent com-



TAMPA — A state Department of Transportation worker and two local road contractors are convicted of felony money laundering and fraud charges.

clearly in the case.

Jurors ruled **Tuesday** that Officer Charles Schwarz held down Abner Louima in the filthy bathroom of a precinct house in Brooklyn two years ago while another officer tortured him with a broken broomstick.

The prosecutor promised to prove outstanding ob-



"The guy said he didn't know how much cash was in his trunk. No one will know if we take a little finders fee."

Associated Press

OCALA — Former Marion County Sheriff Ken Ergle yesterday asked for forgiveness for stealing \$155,000 from his department.

"I've failed, made many mistakes, sinned, and broken the law I was hired to uphold, not to mention my violation of the public's trust," Ergle said during his sentencing hearing. "My sins exposed a failure in my life which I'm very ashamed of."

It was the first public statement Ergle has made about the

Capt. Timothy Thornton, 33, the officer in charge the day of the suspicious death of inmate Frank Valdes on July 17, has been arrested twice on charges of battering civilians, according to records from the Florida Department of Law Enforcement.

The morning Valdes died, Thornton came to his cell and ordered him to submit to handcuffing. When the prisoner re-

Intern program axed after sex scandal

CRESTVIEW — An award-winning intern program in Okaloosa County has been suspended indefinitely following accusations sheriff's deputies had sex with two of the participating high school students while on duty.

The Florida Department of Law Enforcement said **Wednesday** it would investigate possible criminal violations.

Deputies Rick Warnick,

Resistance

The bad cop bill

Proposal would make it much tougher for sheriffs and police chiefs to pursue internal affairs investigations against officers.

The big lobbying dog in Tallahassee these days is organized law

tion an expansion on Florida's "Law Enforcement Officers' [REDACTED]

The legislation (SB 666 and HB 157) would, among other things, prohibit departments from taking anonymous complaints from citizens who might fear retaliation if they go public. It would also allow officers suspected of wrongdoing to review all statements made against them before being questioned by internal affairs investigators — all the better to shore up alibis.

VERY VERY BAD. COPS WITH
LOBBY MONEY HOBNOBING
WITH POLITICIANS IN THE
INHERENTLY FUCKED UP SYSTEM

TRENTON, N.J.

State troopers indicted in 1998 turnpike shooting

Two state troopers were indicted on attempted murder charges Tuesday for shooting three black and Hispanic men on the New Jersey Turnpike. John Hogan, 29, and James Kenna, 28, could get up to 30 years in prison if convicted on the state charges. The troopers are accused of firing 11 shots into a van containing four young men on their way to a basketball tryout in North Carolina in 1998. Hogan and Kenna have said that they stopped the van because it was speeding, and that

A officer fired

'affair with'

Arkansas: Little Rock — Former state trooper Michael Grimes, 31, has pleaded guilty to stealing money from the wallet of a man killed in a March 13 traffic accident the officer was sent to investigate. Grimes will be sentenced on Sept. 28 for stealing credit cards and \$1,100 in cash.

Louisiana: New Orleans — Rick Tonry, whose career as a congressman was cut short by scandal, has returned to politics, running for a judgeship in suburban New Orleans. Tonry spent six months in prison for breaking federal campaign laws. Tonry was elected to Congress in 1976, but resigned after four months rather than be kicked out.

Connecticut: Willimantic — Windham County Sheriff Thomas White surrendered to state police following an 18-month investigation into allegations of embezzlement. A deputy also was arrested in the case. White was charged with embezzlement, tampering with a witness, unlawful restraint, bribery of a witness, hindering prosecution, conspiracy, coercion and racketeering.

**Ocala officer fired
over affair with teen**

OCALA — An Ocala police officer who fathered a child with an underage teen has been fired from the force.

Salvador Garcia was fired late last week after he admitted that he had sexual relations with then-16-year-old Tammy Hughes last year.

POLICE



A Girl Named Canolla

by Steve

Once upon a time, in a place close, close, and near, there was a young girl named Canolla. She had long blonde pigtails and dimples. Her home was Yellow Acres, named after the luminous sunny quality of the landscape. The grass was green like that plastic Easter grass and the bodies of water were blue like something that's really, really blue. And everything was awash in warm, pleasant sunshine.

Canolla lived with her Uncle Ben. They lived in a house reminiscent of a Tuscany cottage, nestled in rolling hills. Ben earned his keep as a musician, playing jazz on a solar-powered accordion in local coffee shops. Their closest neighbors were the Eisoners who lived about a mile down the road. The Eisoners were a childless couple who kept busy running a quant little bomb disposal unit.

Canolla loved the outdoors. She got up every morning at the butt-crack of dawn and scarfed down breakfast before heading out. A typical breakfast was a stack of buttermilk pancakes with honey and butter, followed by a big bowl of fructose flakes, and chased with a 32 ounce cappuccino. She had a tremendous appetite, and quite a dirty mouth, for a little girl.

Yellow Acres was a happy place, except for two things: massive carnivorous squirrels and a guy named Ronald.

Ronald had a big, red afro and drove a beat-up van converted into an ice cream truck. Children couldn't resist the lure of the ice cream and the electronic chimes playing a generic song on a 15 second loop. The freezer in Ronald's van had some mechanical problems and intermittently would shut down allowing the ice cream to melt, then re-freeze.

Everyday Canolla would play and run barefoot through the grass and flowers of Yellow Acres. She chased butterflies and skipped rope. Round, colorful birds that resembled croquet balls landed on her shoulders and filled the air with song.

Canolla had many questions about the world around her. Uncle Ben always had the answers.

She asked, "Where do the birds come from?"

"They come from the clouds little one," he responded in his rustic, booming voice.

"Like the rain?"

"Yes, but bigger, and more . . . feathery," he said.

One morning, Canolla awoke to Uncle Ben practicing his accordion. She greeted her uncle, ate breakfast, belched wildly, and left on her bicycle after telling her uncle goodbye.

Her destination unknown, she peddled and peddled. Eventually she came to a small seaport village. Vibrantly painted boats filled the harbor. The streets were lined with cafe`s and shops. She wandered the streets exploring. Her safety was of no concern given her extensive combat and counter-terrorism training while serving in the Girl Scouts.

She locked up her bike and started walking. While meandering down a narrow cobblestone street, Canolla heard the faint electronic chimes of an ice cream truck. Her eyes grew big with excitement and she knew her blood-sugar- caffeine level was low. Her short legs moved rapidly down the street following the music. Soon she came upon the ice cream van. Ronald was behind the wheel with a silly look in his eyes.

"Hey Ron. Your a long way from your normal route aren't you?" she asked.

"Well hi there little Canolla. I just felt like covering some new territory today," he answered.

"Whatever Ron. Give me two of those fuckin' French Vanilla Cappuccino bars," she said, giving him a few shiny coins.

While Ron dug the bars out of the freezer, Canolla glanced inside the van. She noticed a faint chemical smell and asked about it. He paused. His eyes narrowed. And he said, "I did some fresh painting."

She shrugged it off and took her sugary purchases.

While sitting on the curb eating, she realized there was no fresh paint visible anywhere inside or outside of Ron's van. "He must be hiding something," she thought.

Canolla went back to her bike and started cruisin' around looking for Ronald. There was no annoying ice cream truck music for her to follow; only sounds of seagulls, wind chimes, cafe` patrons, and cobbles under her tires. She started where she last saw him and rode in a large spiraling circle from that point outward. Some kids told her he drove by ten minutes earlier and she changed her course to follow.

Twenty minutes later, Canolla had about given up when she found his van parked by the water in front of the headquarters of the National Pickled Egg Eaters Association. After scoping out the area, she approached the van. Ron was nowhere around, so she climbed in the large side window.

The inside of the van had dirt, wrappers, and sticky dried ice cream on the floor. The freezer was off and everything was slowly melting. She was digging herself out a complimentary ice cream sandwich and noticed a large apparatus in the bottom. It had a metal framework holding several canisters and a timing device with a red LED display counting down. Only about seven minutes remained. There was a strong chemical smell. She knew it was a bomb from her training in the Girl Scouts. There wasn't time to call her bomb squad neighbors, the Eisoner's, but there was time to finish her ice cream sandwich.

After downing the sweet treat, four minutes were left. She pulled the device out of the freezer and dragged it to the water.

Canolla was on the super-secret Underwater Demolition and Basketweaving Team in the Girl Scouts. Financed by international cookie sales, this elite team knew how to handle incendiary devices. She could also dive into deep, cold water, retrieve gun parts, and assemble the gun holding her breath on the way back to the surface, ready to fire.

She identified multiple boobie traps on the contraption and knew it would explode almost for sure, no matter what she did. So dragging it into the sea was her best option.

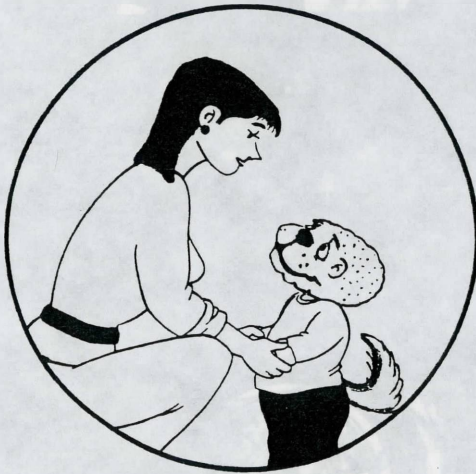
She stuffed her foam bike seat into the chassis of the unit to aid its buoyancy. Then craddled it under her arm and swam swiftly to deeper water. She pulled out the bike seat, dragged it down to the bottom, and darted to the surface. Less than a minute remained.

Just as she got to the beach and turned . . . **Boooooom!** The thing went off and heaved a mighty swell from below. Water sprayed. Fish flew.

She walked back to the van, her pigtails dripping with salt water, and got a Mocha Cream bar out the freezer. People ran out of the Pickled Egg Eaters building and she explained what happened and who Ronald was. They recognized his name from his threatening letters. Apparently, he was angry for being denied membership to their association because of his multiple sex-change operations. And he tried to blow up the building to get back at them.

Canolla wittled a bike seat from a piece of driftwood and peddled home. When she got back, she told Uncle Ben and he called the Yellow Acres citizens' patrol who picked up Ronald at his shanty in the woods and carted him off to jail.

Canolla wondered what tomorrow would bring.



"Your not a bizzare freak show
Timmy. Your just special."

(17)

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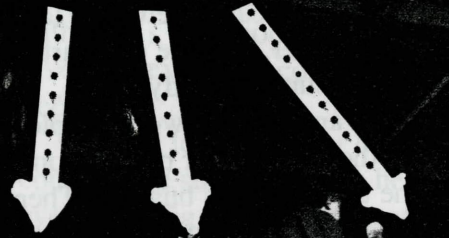
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music

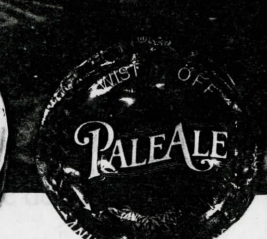


↑
THE GET UP KIDS
TEEN IDOLS
IN DAYTONA BEACH

ASSÜCK AT
924 GILMAN.
PIC BY THOMAS ↓



NICKEL WOUND ELECTRIC
GUITAR STRING



(18)

JOAN
of ARC



SPICY

Chili Be



JOAN OF ARC, IN GAINESVILLE, FL.
OPENED BY MADAM ESTRELLA, A
LOCAL BAND CALLED DIRTY POODIE
WHOSE VOCALS SEEMED TOO HIGH,
AND A ONE-MAN BAND (FORGET
NAME, BUT GUYS NAME WAS STEVE).

IF YOU
BE OF THIS
AND
BE CONSIDERED
FRAUD.

2019

THE GET UP KIDS →
IN GAINESVILLE, FL.
↓ OPENED BY HANKSHAW
AND HOT ROD CIRCUIT.



(19)



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6064

FRAUD

61670

328

91066

26922

DUPLICATION OR RE-USE OF THIS BAND WILL BE CONSIDERED FRAUD.

4060

FEAR & LOATHING: ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL '72

by Hunter S. Thompson

1973, 505 pages

Dr. Thompson, an admitted political junkie, uses his strange and twisted skills in covering the 1972 presidential campaign. In his writings we get the humorous and absurd truth, from the drug-addled press plane termed "The Zoo", to speeding across the countryside engaged in a nervous football discussion with Dick Nixon.

But he also knows what he's talking about and it shows in his analysis and commentary, which is more entertaining and informative than any objective journalist. Besides, who else would lend their press credentials to a dangerous drunken vagrant, resulting in an ugly 'incident' aboard a whistlestop train tour?

CRYPTONOMICON

by Neal Stephenson

1999, 918 pages

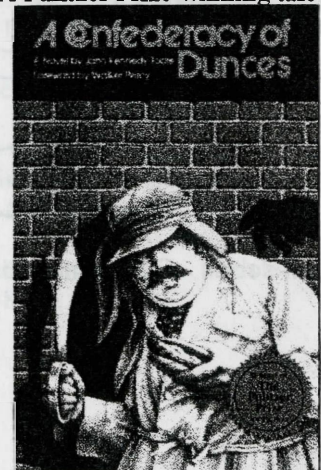
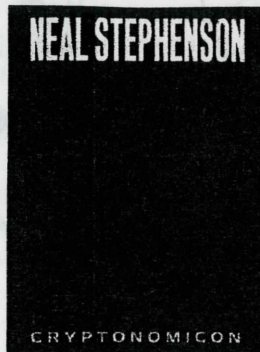
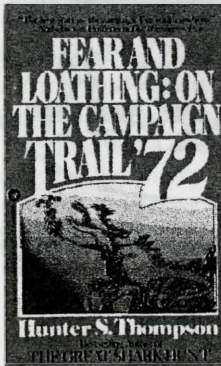
Splitting it's nearly 1000 pages between WWII and the present, *Cryptonomicon* covers a lot of material. The main unifying theme in the book is cryptography, from Nazi communications to modern computer data encryption, and it gives you a close view of what's going on in those areas. While it is sleek, exciting and often humorous, the main selling point is the crypto. Stephenson does a fantastic job of making complex mathematical and engineering ideas understandable without insulting the audience with overexplanation. The effect is an intriguing and educational study of some fascinating material. Very long but eminently readable.

A CONFEDERACY OF DUNCES

by John Kennedy Toole

1980 [posthumously published], 338 pages

Forced by fate to get a job, Ignatius J. Reilly goes off the deep end. His first effort, office clerk for a failing pants factory, sours when he leads a poorly planned worker uprising. His second, pushing a hotdog cart while dressed as a pirate, proves more to his liking. A deathly obese college grad with gassy valve trouble, Ignatius lives with his long-suffering mother and works on his rambling, pointless historical memoirs in between eating, complaining, and drinking Dr. Nut soda. A Pulitzer Prize-winning tale of New Orleans' weirdos.

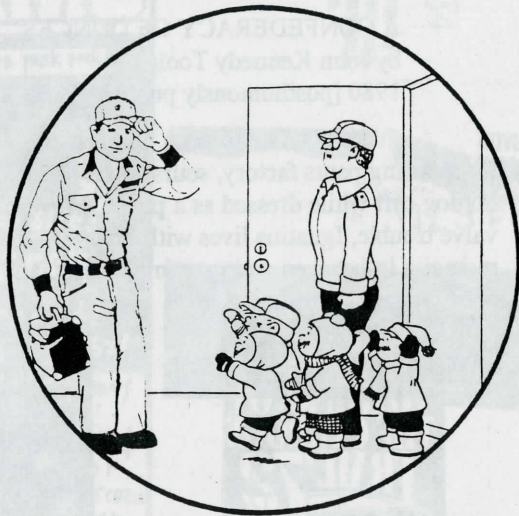


BOOK rEVIEWs

I finished one today, called Zodiac. Eco-crime. Not too bad. The guy works for a Grenpeace-type org that monitors toxic polluters. Had some good parts about rentacops and yuppies. He's being followed by corporate rentacops, so he pulls up to a gas station to pee, fill the tank, and get some snacks. Then he gets on the freeway. The tail hangs back to go up the next on-ramp to be less suspicious. Before they merge, he pulls over on the shoulder, cuts the lights, slows with the handbrake (it's at night and dark), and the renta's blow right by. Then he starts following them. They get pissed and try to loose him. After a few hours, during which he snacks and has some laughs, they run out of gas. He pulls up behind them, and pushes their car into a light pole. They have no power brakes since the engine's off. Then he goes to a payphone, calls in the accident, and fills out an accident report when the cops show up. He gets their names off the report, along with the license of the rental car. He finds which corp. they work for, calls the rental company pretending to be from the accounting dept. of the company, and says he needs to fill out paperwork about the accident. He gets the credit card # used to rent the car, then spends the week ordering shit from home shopping channel. Good stuff, I got a laugh out of that. The same author has a bunch of other similar books. I was looking for his new one, a 900-page epic about hackers and counter-intel, but it was checked out. (Don't use this as a book review. I don't want to review this book because it had some problem areas, such as the predictabilty of the plot and the fact that he pried a magnetic underwater navy shipmine off the hull of a ship with a small crowbar. Sha right!)



"I'm sober. Gimme my damn car keys!"



"Are you our *real* daddy?"

Zine Reviews 2w91v9H9H11

BY STEVE

BABY SUE REVIEW #29 Free, \$2 by mail. Newsprint. Several pages of comix and ads. Reviews of multiple music tastes including some pop, dance, hardrock, punk, and even a CD by Cher. Personally I can't stand Cher. What kind of a name is that anyway? It's like, "Hi my name is Chair." I heard she thinks she's Cleopatra reincarnated. I think some of those reviews are misplaced. P.O.Box8989, Atlanta, GA 31106 | babysue.com.

DIRT #1 Spring 1999, \$1 from Glove Box Distro. Half-legal, copied. This is the papered intro of the e-zine at www.dirtmagazine.com. I LUV the graphical art layout. Good use of white space, word art, pics. Articles, observations, a comic, film reviews, insight. David Cushman, 223 Meadow St. Apt. #10, Naugatuck, CT 06770.

IMPACT PRESS #21 Free, \$2 or 4 stamps by mail. Newsprint. I'm impressed with the number of staff people at Impact and that they publish 10,000 issues! Several columns on various topics- entertaining, informative. Dr. Kevorkian, Y2K, turning 30 years old, Clinton, various political writings which are well researched, and art censorship featuring artist Mike Diana who was convicted of obscene comics. Music reviews. PMB 361, 10151 University Blvd., Orlando, FL 32817 | impactpress.com.

OZZY ROCKS #2 \$1ppd. Half-letter, copied. Interviews with AVAIL and the Pissants. Article on the Freemasons (those pagans), columns, music and zine reviews. Lindsay, 245 King St., Dunkirk, NY 14048.

PUNK PLANET #33 \$3.5 cover price. Thick professional zine, a standard for any punk mailbox. Again with the large staff! Interviews with Jade Tree records, Old Time Relijun, The Melvins, Alkaline Trio, Euphone, and Jem Cohen. The cover story is Hacktivism, using computers to hack into systems for activist causes. It's written by Chris Ziegler which rings a bell with me for some reason. It took me a few days, but I half-way remember a guy by that name from intermediate school- I think. Most likely not the same dude. [Continuing...] It's good. Reviews for music, film, zines. Only one measly complaint: The bar code on the cover. Box 464, Chicago, IL 60690.

SKATEDORK #2 \$1. full size newsprint. Packed with skating. Pics, trick tips, columns, fiction, interview with Michael Brooke who will write a history book on skateboarding, scene reports, funny skate pics from the 70's. Steve, 221 Spring Ridge Dr., Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922.

TEENYBOPPER #2 Free, a stamp or so is good. Newsprint. Thorin likes to piss off people and will probably be nasty if he ever does a review of Squat. Which won't exactly be devastating. Interviews with Less the Jake, Bouncing Souls, and Bad Religion. Columns. The editor listens to Limp Bizkit, according to the play list, but he makes up for it with Andy Darrah's drawings of the Backstreet Boys. Then there is some art by Corey Merritt which is really very talented. It looks kinda like a Salvador Dali sketch. Bruce Lee on the cover. Box 62, Lyons, CO 80540.

UNDERGROUND POSSEUM PRESS #1 Free or a stamp. This is a one page zine on letter size paper. It has a front *and* a back. Good use of patterns and layers in the artwork. Made by Ryan, who says he wanted to do a zine for a long time, but a multi-page publication seemed too overwhelming. It's a good idea. If Squat was a one page zine I could get it out a hole lot faster. It is difficult to make alot of pages especially when you don't have a large cache of cash and interns. A comic review on "Grrl Scouts" from Onipress. 4658 SW 12th Ct., Deerfield Beach, FL 33442.

UPRISING! #5 Sept/Oct 99. Full size newsprint. Free, maybe \$1 in mail. Show reviews, interviews with the Donnas, music and zine reviews. Rob, box 2251, Monroe, MI 48161.

MIND QWIZ ANSWERS

- (1) No. But the trees will taste it.
- (2) Once, because the second time you're subtracting 7 from 14, not 21.
- (3) Porn.
- (4) Because I'm in the bus. I wait until it is speeding, then I run from the back to the front of the bus.
- (5) Two.
- (6) 2.5 cents.
- (7) Racecar.
- (8) Opie is taller than Chewy, who is taller than Skip.
- (9) No. He's dead.
- (10) Who the fuck knows. Maybe her Bicycle is busted.
- (11) A
- (12) B
- (13) Most people would say C is the correct answer, but aren't they all sign language?



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Fashion Emergency!

I am rather put-off by the popularity of the cargo clothes. That was my thing. I've been wearin cargo shorts for several years. And now everyone and their dad wears them. It's upsetting to see some macho fraternity guy with an expensive dress shirt tucked into his cargo shorts. What am I supposed to do now?

I have a pair of black cargo military shorts that look like I might have picked them up at Target. I cut the cargo pockets off the legs and I like them better now.

What can I do?

-steve

