

THE PORNOGRAPHIC FLABBERGASTED EMUS

by Wred Fright



Dear Reader,

Hello! How are you? May I compliment you on your exquisite taste in scruffy fiction? I'd give you a big hug if I could. Really! So, welcome to my new zine. It's a silly serialized novel about a garage rock band. It should be about ten issues long, but as this is just the first issue, who knows?

Some of you may know me from my last zine *drinkdrankdrunk (ddd)*, and may wonder what happened to it. Well, I had been publishing about an issue a year since 1997, but fell off that "blistering" pace in 2001. The 5th issue of *ddd* was going to be the return to paper issue after the electronic issue, #4, (which may still be found at www.personal.kent.edu/~fwright/ if Kent State hasn't pulled the plug yet), but it never came to fruition. Despite my best intentions, one thing after another seemed to pop up and prevent me from getting it out (I wasn't being a slacker last year as I did finish an almost 400 page dissertation on zines and ezines which you can find online--www.zinebook.com). Also, the other writers and artists initially showcased in *ddd* have successfully left the nest, so *ddd* didn't seem needed for that purpose anymore. Crazy Carl Robinson is having his very funny novel *Fat On The Vine* excerpted every week in *Babel* (www.babelmagazine.com) and the novel may be published in its entirety in the next year or so (email Carl to find out when at carlrob@earthlink.net). Bob Socha, creator of *The Bucktoothed Ghost*, has published two Bucktoothed Ghost minicomics, and the amazing Golden Age sized *Fighting Fun Comics* #1 (\$5 postpaid from 1407 Marlowe Ave., Apt. #2, Lakewood, OH 44107 USA or email Bob at tictoc77@hotmail.com). Tom Boose is the only holdout, but I'm still hoping he'll put out his own zine in the future (email him to tell him that you'd want a copy at bartom@juno.com). As a result of all these factors, it seemed like time to end *ddd* and move on to something new.

And this is it, my first long literary work. It's based on my experience playing in garage rock bands, starting in 1988 with The Darrow Dregs, then The Escaped Fetal Pigs, Macropus Rufus, Satan Tortilla, The Flaming Toasters, Yeast?, Angry Housewives, The Lenin Spoonful, Anal Spikemobile, Ungoat, Rage Against Dabney Coleman, PFE, Deniro Youth, Shang Tsang, The Hot Glue

Guns, and The GoGoBots. I've thrown in some of the names of these bands and those of other bands my bands used to play with into the novel as a tribute to rocking but unsung local bands everywhere. Good luck trainspotting if you lived in Bowling Green or Kent, Ohio in the 1990s; a few of their names may be familiar. Since most fictional rock and roll stories seem to always deal with bands that "make it" or come superclose to "making it," I wanted to tell the B side of that story, about all the rock and rollers who never even came close to "making it" but had a blast anyway.

Thanks to all my bandmates for all the fun over the years. The characters in the novel are amalgams and concoctions based upon many different people and my nutty unconscious mind and nuttier conscious mind. So if any of the characters seem delightfully familiar to someone I've known but then have an awful quality that you don't have, it's . . . uh . . . definitely based on the other guy or me, but not you of course.

Hope you enjoy reading it. I've sure enjoyed writing it. I'm responsible for everything except the great cover image, which is courtesy of Michael Dee, whose work usually appears in art galleries and not in photocopied zines. He's doing a favor for an old bandmate and hopefully I'll rope him into doing all the covers (email him about his next art show at mp_escuela@yahoo.com).

I'm planning to run a letters page like in the comic books, so please drop me a line.

Cheers!
Wred Fright :)

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#1

Meet The Pornographic Flabbergasted Emus

b/w

(You're So) Theodorable

*"Funnybear's already spilled beer all over the amps,
And tomorrow we'll have headbanging neck cramps."*

Intro—Theodorable

The house still throbs so I knock louder. The door shakes, the window rattles, and the porch hiccups beneath me. It sounds like a bomb going off repeatedly inside there, but it's probably just the stereo turned up way way too loud.

I give up on knocking and decide to wait until the noise ends. How long can you keep up a racket like that anyway? If it's a song, it has to end sometime and I'll knock then. In the meantime, I look around. The house is a little beat up but it's in a nice neighborhood. Residential, almost suburbia. Not where I'd expect to find a room for rent or college students living. I hope it works out. I sure need a happy ending for today.

Whew! It's hot! Didn't I tell the guy on the phone that I'd be right over? Didn't I tell him that I had to find a place today? Wait! Is this the right address? Fungoo! I check the address again. 666 Cobain. I look at the mailbox. 666 Cobain. That sound is driving me crazy!

I don't want to drive all the way back home. I don't want to go back to the student union and start all over looking at the flyers for who needs a roommate. I don't want to go back to the place I was supposed to live at this year and roast weenies over the smouldering timbers. But I also don't want to stand here on somebody's porch listening to a neverending fart with a backbeat either.

O.k., you can be loud, I can be louder.

I go back to the car and lean on the horn. It doesn't take long for the neighbors to look out their doors and windows but there's no response from 666 Cobain. One old guy from a couple houses down comes outside and shakes his fist at me, and I let the horn go. I get out, my ears still ringing from the horn, and yell, "Sorry, my horn got stuck!"

The old guy rolls his eyes, lifts both arms up, waves both hands down, and shrugs, dismissing me. He goes back inside and I hope he's not looking for a gun. I head back up to the porch pronto and note the rumble from inside the house reverberates on. Some of the other neighbors watch me

as I smile, whistle, and swing my arms, banging my fist of one hand into the open palm of the other hand while I think of plan B. Meanwhile, the cacophony continues from inside 666 Cobain.

After I think the last neighbor has quit freakwatching, I try yelling this time. I put my mouth up against the window and bellow, "Hello!" I can hear myself. Unfortunately I can also hear the bombast from inside the house. The shades are drawn so I can't see anything.

I wonder if anyone's home. I try the door. It's locked. The handle pulses in my hand. I hold onto it, and with my other hand, I process some frustration.

"Hello!" Wham!

"Is!" Whack!

"Anybody!" Bop!

"Home?" Bloop!

"I!" Boom!

"Came!" Pop!

"About!" Tink!

"The!" Boff!

"Room!" Boop!

"For!" Whampaloomie!

"Rent!" Crack!

The door falls off the hinges and on top of me. I drop back from the surprise until there's no more porch to drop back onto and then I tumble over the railing into some bushes. The door falls on top of me, palookaing me in the head.

I lie there in the bushes for a moment with the door on top of me, and wonder why the sky is blue, but then I remember who I am and what I'm doing and I try to get out of the bushes, but the door is stuck in the bushes too and it keeps slapping me hard in the head, the arm, the leg, the ass, and the back as I flail around.

Finally I roll right and land out of the bushes. Face down but out of the bushes. I am kissing the grass with happiness when the door conks me on the back of the head. I roll over, grab the door with both hands, and stand up holding it over my head like it's the Ten Commandments and I'm Moses about to dash it on the rocks.

It's then I realize that it's very very quiet. Quite quiet.

A bird tweets.

I turn around to the house, still holding the door over my head.

A tall, thin man in skintight, red vinyl pants and wearing nothing else but clutching an electric bass guitar is standing on the porch, looking down at

me in the yard hefting the door about to pull a Heston.

I say hi.

Verse—George Jah

I'm just happy he's not a cop. Those fascists already came by once today and tried to oppress us. They let us off with a noise violation warning so now we have to practice with all the windows and doors closed and only one little air conditioner chugging away in the practice room. And in this heat. I think they're trying to kill us. America doesn't respect its artists. No wonder this country's in a bad state. Unimaginative cops and bureaucrats run it instead of geniuses like myself.

I explain this to the new guy while we fix the door. He keeps apologizing. Not for America but for the door. I tell him it's all right, but I don't tell him that Funnybear breaks it almost every night.

After we fix the door, I take him back to the practice room and introduce him to the band. He says he's never heard of The Pornographic Flabbergasted Emus. I tell him that's o.k. We've never heard of him before today either.

Funnybear is hulking behind the drums but is so excited at the prospect of someone new to borrow money from that he crawls out from behind them, puts on the high-pitched cartoon voice, and says when I introduce them, "Ted, want to do a shot with me? Of course, you do, son! You like Dead Crow whiskey!"

I steer the new guy to Alexander while Funnybear gets the shotglasses he saves for special occasions like Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Alexander is preoccupied fiddling with the controls on his keyboard but he's pleasant enough and seems to like the new guy unlike Jon Lenin who is pouting and keeps playing his guitar loudly to indicate he's not happy that practice has been disrupted. When I introduce them, the new guy says, "Hey! Are you named after . . ." but Jon Lenin cuts him off with a curt "No" and turns away.

I point out quickly that Jon Lenin is the one member of the band who doesn't live in the house, and then Funnybear's back with the shots. Praise be.

We do the shots and then I give the new guy a tour of the house while the rest of the band works on the reggae version of "Louie, Louie" we do to kill time when somebody breaks a string or something.

Chorus—Theodorable

I schive the bathroom. It doesn't look like anybody's cleaned it for a long time. Between that and the Jon Lenin jerk, I'm almost ready to walk right out and try the next place, but then I remember that there is no next place. Anyway, the jerk doesn't live here, and schiving the bathroom sure beats sleeping in the car or going home to listen to Mom and Dad argue about why exactly I didn't listen to them and just live in the dorms again this year. The other guys seem all right in any case. Funnybear's a big guy, and kind of wacky, so I guess that's where he got that nickname from. At least I think it's a nickname. Alexander Depot seems cool. I've seen him on campus before. He's the guy that always wears a shirt and tie and has glasses, and looks like a businessman from the 1950s. I always thought he was a door-to-door Mormon or an ultraconservative College Republican but I guess he's a rock and roller who just dresses like a door-to-door Mormon or an ultraconservative College Republican. That's pretty bizarre but George Jah already takes the bizarre prize. He gives me a tour of the house but carries his bass guitar with him on the tour. Not to mention the skintight red vinyl pants, and the constant stream of impassioned rants. I listen to him rail against the government, Roll State University, his ex-girlfriend, big business, his handmates, and several other entities as he guides me through the house.

The downstairs of the house has the schivable bathroom, the kitchen (almost as filthy as the bathroom), a storage area/entrance chamber leading out to the back steps (the backyard is nice and has a trampoline for some reason), the dining room, the band practice room, and the living room. At one end of the living room is the stairs to the top floor, which has all four bedrooms and no bathroom. We go clockwise and George shows me Alexander's room (a mess), his room (messier), and Funnybear's room (messiest) but they're all nice-sized. We arrive at a closed door and George says "This room will be yours."

I wait for him to open it up but he just heads back downstairs.

Uh, I just stand in front of the door. Well, it looks like a very nice door. I try the handle. It's locked.

Something heavy hits the door from the other side about where my face is. I recoil from the thump and a shrill female voice yells, "Leave me alone or I'll have your sausage for breakfast tomorrow!"

I retreat downstairs.

George is sitting on the couch in the living room staring at the television. On the television is George picking his nose. He picks his nose, pulls his finger out of his nose, looks at his finger and gasps. Then he puts his finger back in his nose and the scene repeats itself. Over and over again.

"Um, my room appears to be occupied," I say.

"Yeah, that's the previous tenant. She's leaving," George says, then adds in a conspiratorial whisper, "She's a witch. She doesn't pay her rent. We hate her."

"She's a witch?"

"Yeah, she can cast spells and everything, but mostly she just sits in her room and watches cable television."

George goes back himself to watching himself on tv.

"Is she moving out tonight? I thought you said on the phone that I could move right in."

George keeps looking at the television, and says, "Well her move out is in progress. Until we get her out, you can sleep in the practice room."

"Until we get her out? She's being evicted?"

Still looking at the tv, he says, "She doesn't pay her rent and she's annoying, so yes she's being evicted."

"I don't know man, when's she moving out?"

George picks up the remote control and the image of him picking his nose disappears. Ecstatic static fills the screen. He sighs, finally looks at me, and says in an exasperated tone, "Look we're working on it, o.k.?"

He turns his attention back to the television and asks, "Do you think it would be cool if I could pull static out of my nose in that video?"

I don't say anything. I think about being turned into a swine and the witch having my sausage for breakfast, or going home to Mom and Dad saying guess what, the place I was going to live this year, it's not there anymore.

"So, do you want to move in or not?" George says.

Verse--Alexander Depot

I need a cigarette. I need a cigarette. I need a cigarette. I will not smack Lenin in the head with my keyboard. I need a cigarette. I need a cigarette.

"Ciggle break!" I call.

Lenin keeps up his glam rock guitar hero poses like he hasn't heard me. That faker isn't that deaf yet. I look at Bear. He's bored but still keeping the beat.

Fine. I set the keyboard part to loop and head out the door.

I run into Jah and the prospect he was showing around the house. Ted, I think. I don't pay much attention because they usually don't come back.

"Hey," Jah says, "Good news, he's decided to move in."

I am frightened. I thought for sure Ted would go running and screaming out the front door like the others. He looks normal enough to have done so. Shorts, t-shirt, standard American male summer dudemode.

Perhaps it's deception on Jah's part. "Did you tell him about the once and future tenant Jah?"

Jah's face tightens, "Yes."

"Very good, Jah." A linguistic pat on the head for the good doggie.

I look at Ted, there's no insane glint in his eyes, hmm . . ., "So you don't mind staying in the practice room for a couple of nights while we get her out?"

"No, that's fine. I just need a place to live since school starts tomorrow."

Ah, desperation, that explains it.

"Now she'll have to leave," Jah adds.

"Care to join me in a ciggie break on the front porch gentlemen?"

Jah doesn't answer. Very Jahlike. Instead, he says, "What are they doing in there?" pointing with his thumb at the practice room.

"I don't know Jah. I don't know."

Jah is attempting to get me back in the practice room. Must resist. Don't look him in the eyes. Don't look him in the eyes! Need cigarette! I head out. Ted comes onto the front porch with me. Smart boy.

I get a ciggie out and light it. Ah!

I offer Ted one but he declines. I hope he's not a militant nonsmoker who's going to get on me about smoking in my room. The witch tried that but I just started talking about President McKinley ("Did you know that President McKinley was from Canton, Ohio, not far from where we are now? Did you know that he was born in Niles, Ohio, also not far from where we are now? Did you know that they built him an impressive memorial after he was assassinated? Did you know that he was assassinated by an anarchist from Cleveland named Leon Czolgosz, who may have been trying to impress fellow anarchist, as well as free love advocate, Emma Goldman? Did you know that teen anarchists sometimes chalk circle A anarchist

symbols on McKinley's memorial? Did you know that McKinley campaigned from his front porch? That he beat William Jennings Bryan twice?") until she went away. It pays to be able to rapidfire out a litany of mindnumbing obscure facts about historical figures.

"So," I say to Ted as I lean against a railing, noticing that the bushes beneath it are all trampled, probably Bear bushdiving again, "Are you ready to live in this nuthouse?"

"Well the house I was supposed to live in this school year burned down so it's either here or my car," he tells me.

"Man, I'm sorry. What happened?"

"I don't know. Everything was fine until a couple of days ago. I just pulled up this morning and everything wasn't fine. I got the newspaper and it said no one was hurt, but I don't know where my roommates are."

"Bummer. Did you lose any stuff?"

"No, I hadn't moved in yet. Everything's in my car."

"Well, that's good."

"Yeah, I'm just happy to have found a place to live so that I can get the semester started right."

"What year are you?"

"I'm a junior. English major."

"English! You're worse than I am. I'm history education."

"It's not that easy."

"Well, you're better than Bear anyway. He's communication which as far as I can tell just means he knows how to watch tv really well. He was in physics but he switched because all the labtime cut into his drinking."

"Let me guess, George is film."

"Kinda, he's art since Roll State doesn't have a film program officially. Why? Did he show you one of his videos already?"

"Yeah."

"You'll see more. In fact, you'll probably be often drafted into appearing in them."

"What year is everybody?"

"We're all seniors, but I'm the only one who's going to graduate on time. So if you like it, you won't need to find a place at the last minute next year."

"It's strange here. It's not the student ghetto. It's like a family neighborhood."

"It's pretty weird, I know. We rent it from some young married couple who used to live here. They're apparently trying to become real estate entrepreneurs. Although the neighborhood isn't zoned for us to be here so we're sort of illegal aliens. Mum's the word though."

"What do you mean?"

"Rock city council thinks college students should stay in one part of town so the fine townspeople can live in peace in the rest of town so they zone certain areas of the town so that only two nonrelated people can live together in a residence legally. It's kind of like apartheid for young and poor people of any skin color."

"That's bull. Who are they to decide what's a household or a family?"

Jah comes out on the porch, "We're a family. Alexander's the dad. I'm the mom, and Funnybear is our retarded child but we love him all the same."

He opens a beer, and yells, "Wool Drink beer! I'm in college!"

"So of course we try to keep a low profile and not call attention to ourselves," I say to Ted.

Chorus--Theodorable

The first night in a new place is always weird. I swear houses, and places overall, have personalities of their own. The house creaks and groans, and as I lie in the dark on my new and uncomfortable Mart Mart futon-- Alexander called it a "flip and fuck" when he helped me move my stuff into the practice room and shook his head in disbelief when he heard I was going to sleep on it because I didn't have a mattress--I listen to the noises. The language of things usually eludes me but since I'm too tired to drop into sleep right away and too tired to do anything else I try to figure out what the sounds mean. As far as I can tell they don't mean anything but what does? What's meaning anyway? Boy, I can think of a lot of rot sometimes. Next I forget the sounds and concentrate on the silences inbetween since it's pretty quiet in general as I'm the only one home. The band all went to a bar, the Toon Tavern. They offered to sneak me in since I'm too young to consume alcohol in the dubious wisdom of the state of Ohio, but I smelled a disaster in the making and bowed out. I'd prefer not to start the new school year drunk and in jail. Plus it was bad enough calling my parents and explaining that I was living at a new place, I can only imagine what calling them from the clink

would be like.

I'm almost off to sleep when I hear someone coming down the stairs. The witch! I forgot about her. I snap to attention. I've never lived with a girl before. Well, I guess I have, but I don't really think of my Mom as a girl, so I won't count her. I've never lived with a girl before! I wonder what she looks like. I don't think I've ever met a witch before. Maybe she's not really a witch and they're just afraid of an independent female. I mean can she really be that unpleasant or does the band just not like a woman in the boys' treefort?

She's in the kitchen now. Cooking something? I hear cupboards opening, the water running, pots clanging. Hmm . . . should I get a look or keep a low profile? I lie in the dark listening for awhile until my curiosity, or more likely my penis, gets the best of me and I get up. Maybe I can sneak a peek without her knowing. If she looks friendly, I'll go out and say hi. I get up and tiptoe across the floor.

Then I trip on a electrical cable and stumble into an amplifier, bounce off, get my foot caught in a guitar cord, crack my knee against the bass drum, swing around, and tumble backwards, crashing into the cymbals which ring ring ring while I bumble about in the dark trying to keep my balance. I must knock the keyboard on the floor because something falls with a crash and then I hear a sample from a polka record repeatedly. I somehow manage to stay upright, but run into the bass amp, falling over it onto my Mart Mart flip and fuck, which is at least padded if not exactly soft.

I lie there and sigh, looking on the bright side that I didn't impale myself on a microphone stand, then get up. There's no sense in trying for a quiet peep peek now so I make my way to the door following the light under it, shuffling my feet so I don't trip over anything else.

I open the door. The kitchen light is still on, but no one's there. An empty box of Mart Mart mac and cheese torn from the threepack my Mom gave me this morning sits on the counter and there's a small pile of the cheese powder spilled on the floor. It's dark in the rest of the house. I get a drink of water, clean up the cheese powder, confiscate the box for evidence, shut the kitchen light, shut up the keyboard, and trip into sleep.

Middle Eight--Karen Tinseltown

*Me and Meg at the Toon Tavern
Cool inside, dark as a cavern
I read a cartoon on the wall
In walks George Jah, still cute and tall
Meg tires, goes home, but I stay there
I'll catch a ride with Funnybear
But at last call, no Bear in bar
Maybe outside, nope, just his car*

Verse--Funnybear

Funnybear likes pinball. Funnybear likes beer. Funnybear likes drinking beer while playing pinball. Funnybear is at the Toon Tavern, drinking with Alexander, George, and some shluts. But then there is just one slut, and she has eyes only for George, so Funnybear uses beer logic. A sillyogism:

All men are shluts.

George is a man.

Therefore George is a slut.

Therefore there is no more sense hanging around the Toon Tavern trying to hook up. Therefore Funnybear goes to the bar down the street, The Trough, and plays pinball. Capital Punishment is the name of the new game. Funnybear gets a beer and change. Funnybear tilts on the first ball. Funnybear tilts on the second ball. Funnybear calms down and gets the electric chair on the third ball.

Funnybear gets another beer and more change. Funnybear gets a lethal injection on the first ball. Funnybear gets a hanging on the second. Funnybear tilts on the third.

Funnybear plays again. Funnybear gets a firing squad on the first ball, and a legal murder bonus. Funnybear gets a guillotine multiball on the second ball. And the heads roll and Funnybear keeps them in play long enough for a public execution! Funnybear gets on death row with the third ball, which hole will it drop in, first degree, second degree, third degree? First degree murder! A bonus ball gets Funnybear the gas chamber!

Funnybear's out of money. Funnybear sees some members of local bands Sheepish Grin and Art School and they offer Funnybear a beer from their pitcher. Funnybear accepts and charms them enough that they give Funnybear some more change for pinball.

Funnybear drinks some hemlock on the first ball. On the second ball Funnybear gets screwed by the legal system and falls in the poor minority represented by an incompetent public defender chute. On the third ball Funnybear gets the executioner deadly double and scores another guillotine multiball, but someone from the local band The Darrow Dregs or maybe from the local band Armadillo--Funnybear is unsure--buys Funnybear a shot, which is good, except after drinking it Funnybear has to puke and his "Off with their heads!" roll past the idle flippers.

Funnybear pukes in the bathroom piss trough. Dudes keep pissing while Funnybear pukes so Funnybear aims for them with his vomit trails. They leave and so does Funnybear. Funnybear has a vague plan of beating those dudes' asses, but they're gone when Funnybear gets outside so Funnybear keeps walking and heads for home.

Funnybear pukes again in the industrial district on the way home, but Funnybear feels good in Funnybear's neighborhood. The house is dark and no one is home. Funnybear weighs watching porn or playing drums.

Playing drums. Funnybear says fuck the police. Funnybear goes to the practice room. Funnybear likes playing the drums.

Chorus--Theodorable

I dream I'm in a discotech. The beat just keeps getting louder and louder and I keep having to dance faster and faster. Eventually, I'm just shaking involuntarily to the force of the rhythm. Finally I can't keep up and it feels like I'm falling apart from the sound. I just stare at the white ceiling of the disco and try to hold myself together. It's then I realize that I'm not dreaming.

The light is on in the practice room. Funnybear is playing the drums. He's playing some sort of hip hop dancebeat. I lie still on the flip and fuck and with my right hand feel for my watch among the debris of my clothes from the day before. I find it and look at the time. It's 2:15. Fungoo! Did I really sleep into the afternoon and miss all my classes? Thank God for Funnybear or I would have missed the whole day!

Then I notice that outside the window, it's dark.

I try to keep pretending that I'm still dreaming, but it doesn't work. I'm awake and it's really the middle of the night and someone is really playing the drums really loudly a few feet from my head. I am not a violent man, but I quickly plan in detail how exactly to shove the hi-hat up Funnybear's asshole, then I get up.

Funnybear stops playing. He seems surprised to see me, then he

breaks out laughing. He comes from behind the drums, apologizing profusely, "Dude, I am so sorry. I forgot you were here. I didn't mean to fuck up my boy. My bad, dude. I sorry. I been drinking."

He actually looks sad, so I don't shove the hi-hat up his anus. Yet. I say it's all right and he gets happy and wants to do a shot with me. My natural impulse is to decline, but I think again, realizing I may need some alcohol to get through this night without killing anyone.

I do a shot and Funnybear does three. Then we each drink a beer and talk about school tomorrow. Funnybear chows on some crackers out of the box, and then we say ciao. He stumbles upstairs like a stampede, and I go back to the flip and fuck.

I no sooner lie down then I hear a loud boom from upstairs. I head upstairs slowly, turning on lights along the way, so I don't trip like earlier tonight. I don't hear anything else on my way up.

When I get up there, Funnybear is lying unconscious and naked in his doorway. I try to wake him up, but he's out. He's still breathing and seems to be fine. I don't really want to tuck a big naked guy into bed so I just grab a sheet from his bed and throw it over him and head downstairs, shutting lights on the way, glancing askance at the door to the witch's room.

In the living room, Alexander and George are coming in the front door, "Hey," I say.

"Hey!" they say.

Then Alexander says, "Is Funnybear here?"

"Yeah, he's passed out upstairs."

George looks at Alexander, "I told you. He did that before."

Alexander says, "Well aside from having to walk home, I guess it wasn't that bad. At least he was smart enough not to drive."

"It's not that, he just got so drunk he forgot he drove and walked home. Tomorrow he'll be wondering where his car is," George says, shaking his head.

"Oh fuck," Alexander says and shuts off the living room light.

"What?" I say.

"Get down, get down, it's the cops" Alexander says from somewhere in the dark.

George and I hide behind the couch, but not before I smack my shin on it. I can vaguely make out Alexander crouching nearby behind the easychair. "Why are we hiding?" I whisper to George.

"It's the cops, why do you need a reason?" he whispers.

"Did Funnybear do anything?" Alexander whispers across the living room, his voice seeming to crawl across the floor as flashing red and blue

lights bounce off the walls.

"Uh, he woke me up by playing the drums," I whisper, "That's all I know."

"That's enough for a noise violation," George whispers.

"What do we do?" I whisper.

"Just wait it out. Don't answer the door," Alexander whispers.

"What?" I whisper.

"If we don't answer the door, and the noise is gone, there isn't much they can do," Alexander whispers.

"Nobody's home," George whispers, lowering himself under the couch.

"They have to know somebody's home, the kitchen light is on, the dining room light is on, and so's the light in my room" I whisper.

"We like big nightlights and we're deep sleepers," George whispers, disappearing under the couch.

"What if they kick the door in, and find us hiding in the living room," I whisper.

"Is it against the law to sleep fully-clothed behind furniture in the living room?" George whispers between the couch cushions, "I think not."

"The plush fabric and ass smell of the easychair cures my insomnia officer," Alexander whispers from somewhere in the living room.

The sound of footsteps on the porch hushes us. In the window, a flashlight shines. A voice on the police radio crackles. A knock knocks.

Coda—Theodorable

The cop keeps knocking. I think George falls asleep under the couch because I hear a light snoring from under there. Only my foot falls asleep behind the couch. Welcome to The Pornographic Flabbergasted Emus' house I think. The cop keeps knocking. The house doesn't throb in response. It breathes quietly like us. The cop keeps knocking. "I know you're in there," he sings over and over. "Remember that melody!" Alexander whispers from somewhere in the living room. The cop keeps knocking.

#2
Witchkraft
b/w
School's In

*"I don't mind the cauldron in the kitchen but please, please, please,
Don't eat any more of my mac and cheese."*

Intro--George Jah

I wake up under the living room couch. Well, most of me is under it anyway. My head is sticking out though so I catch the witch eating my pastry popups.

I can't tell you how much this irritates me. I just bought them at Food Wigwam this weekend when I went food shopping.

Just the other day I yelled at Funnybear for eating my food, but I see now it's the witch that's been doing it. Makes sense. It's early morning. She must sneak out of her room when she thinks we're sleeping or not at home and steal our food. We'd been wondering how she could stay in her room for so long without coming out to eat or use the bathroom. Alexander thought she had a food pantry and a chamber pot in there, but Funnybear bet him that she just drank her own pee for nourishment being an au natural witchy witch. Apparently though, she's been playing secret agent scavenger parasite.

She hasn't seen me yet, clearly not expecting anyone to be lying under the couch all night hiding from the police--I hope they're gone, but if not they can arrest the witch for stealing my pastry popups--so I look her over. I haven't seen her for a long time since she's been avoiding us because of the rent and utility bills she's been skipping out on. Witchy-poo hasn't taken a shower in a while and her long, straight hair is dirtier and stringier than ever. The red robe she always wears, once brand new, is ratty and turning grey. I feel bad for her, then I remember that she's the reason the Blanks, our landlords, keep threatening to evict us and she's the reason I'm fucking broke, and it's set phasers on kill not stun time again.

Since I've finally caught her outside her lair I better make the most. I don't think I can wiggle out from underneath the couch before she could skedaddle upstairs so I be the man and flex and flip the couch over into the middle of the living room.

Well, I try! That thing's heavy!

I get the couch up halfway, enough to get out from under it, and then it drops back down into place. The witch looks shocked enough at my sudden appearance though that she doesn't move. She stops midmunch on the pastry popup of mine she was rustling.

I dust myself off and try the good cop. I put on my best fake friendly Mart Mart customer service smile and say, "Mary! Good morning!"

The witch looks at me, and raises an eyebrow, "Rough night?"

I sit down on the couch to put her at ease, of course on the side closest to the stairs to also prevent her escape back to her room. I pat the other side of the couch, "Grab a seat. We haven't had a chat in forever. What have you been up to?"

The witch senses something's up. She sticks the lid of the pastry popups box into her mouth and suspends the box from her teeth while she pulls her robe tighter. She eyes her escape routes. She can make it outside no prob but she must know that if she does, her things will follow right behind her and that's it, she's out for good. Meanwhile I stretch my long legs out and block the upstairs route. What's a witchy to do?

I say in my best intervention voice, "Hey, you're a little behind in rent. Let's see, you paid for the last two weeks of May when you moved in, then you paid June albeit late, but you haven't paid July or August, and now it's almost September. And you've never paid your share of the utilities and other bills. Is everything all right? Do you want to tell me anything?"

The witch takes the pastry popups out of her mouth and starts stammering something about not having any money, and her parents, and her ex-boyfriend, and her last job, and dropping out of school, and being depressed.

I must be insensitive because I interrupt with "Where'd you get those pastry popups?"

She looks at the box, and says calmly, "Oh, Mart Mart, you want one?"

I think, "Tsk, ts, witchy, you're a bad liar. Don't you know that's the Food Wigwam private label brand?"

I say, "Sure, I'll take the whole box!" as I lunge at her.

I grab the box of pastry popups. She doesn't let go though and individually wrapped packages pop up out of the box as we struggle. We stumble about the living room fighting for supremacy over the pastry popups. When I run her into the couch, I try to twist the box out of her hands but it splits in half and a bunch of artificially flavored

filling from one of the pastry popups oozes onto our hands. All the other popups lie on the floor. We each look at the parts of the empty box in our hands.

Then the witch licks the artificially flavored filling off her hand suggestively and gives me a wink.

I go for the flying tackle.

She's on the stairs by the time I tackle the easychair. I slide onto the floor and watch the flash of the back of her robe as she goes upstairs. "Get out while you still can!" I yell like a tough guy in a bad action movie. Then I grab a pastry popup package, open it, and defiantly take a big bite out of a pastry popup. The season of the witch is over. She doesn't seem to understand that though.

I'm pooped and I have to poop.

Verse--Theodorable

"The only thing worse than having a job is looking for one, and the only thing worse than that is being unemployed and broke," George says, while putting his pastry popups in the toaster, "basically economics is misery."

"Well, I'm not broke yet, but after buying books I probably will be," I say, getting my Apple Crack cereal ("so good it's addictive" is the ad slogan) from the cupboard, "I need to get a job and get back the security deposit from the place I was supposed to live too."

"Maybe you can work in food service on campus, and you could eat the food off the plates before you wash the dishes," George says, putting a baseball mitt on, "This way you won't starve when the witch eats all your food here."

"I kind of thought you guys were misogynists until I caught her eating my mac and cheese last night," I say, putting my Apple Crack in the bowl.

"She's awful. She never does dishes either. She doesn't do anything. Alexander put all her dirty dishes in a garbage bag in the shed out back one day, but instead of finally cleaning them, she just started using ours," George says, looking at the toaster intently.

"Um, why do you have a baseball glove on?" I say.

"Oh, it's Funnybear's toaster, it hurls things up in the air when it pops them up," George says, keeping his eye on the toaster.

"Why don't you get a new toaster?" I say, going to the fridge.

"A) we're poor and B) it makes breakfast fun," he says, right before the toaster pops up, shooting the pastry popups into the air.

They come close to scraping the ceiling, hover there for a moment, then drop into George's waiting glove. He deposits them on a plate and takes off the baseball mitt.

"Um, do you really want to pour orange juice on your cereal?" he asks me.

I look down. I'm holding a carton of orange juice, about to pour it on my Apple Crack.

"Uh, no," I say, "Thanks."

I put the orange juice back in the fridge and get out the milk.

"Sorry," I say, "I'm pretty tired. The cop wouldn't give up on the knocking last night. He must have been bored. Then the Mart Mart futon was awful; I think I would have been more comfortable sleeping on the floor. Then your fight with the witch woke me up. However, on the bright side, being up this early I won't miss any of my classes on the first day and I have lots of time to look for a job."

"You're one of those lemonade people, aren't you?" George says, on the way to the dining room table, "Well, sugar sunshine, think of a way we can get rid of the witch."

"I didn't think witches existed, so I don't know how to get rid of one," I say, joining him at the table.

"Well, that's what she called herself after she moved in. At first she was just an honors program student who needed a place to stay for the summer. Then all of a sudden she was a wicked or a wicker basket or something," George says, eating his pastry popups.

"Wiccan. They're sort of gothic hippies," I say, eating my Apple Crack, "Some of them hang out at The Coffee Catheter. They do tarot card readings and stuff. They were always nice enough to me when I played guitar there, but I never really believed in their psychic abilities."

"You play guitar?" George says.

"Yeah, didn't you see my guitar when you helped me move in yesterday?" I say.

"Yeah, but that didn't mean anything. Lots of people have musical instruments," George says, "Not too many of them actually play them."

Chorus—George Jah

I love the first day of classes. They just give you a syllabus and send you home. I don't go home though. I go to The Coffee Catheter, just off campus, and order an enema-sized house blend and think of ways to get rid of the witch. I also look for Wiggins, but I don't know what one looks like so I just look for anyone who looks like the witch,

but no one's wearing a ratty red robe and hasn't bathed for days.

Some hippies pass by my table. O.k., no one's wearing a ratty red robe anyway.

So I just flip open the book on witchcraft I got from the library and see how people in the past got rid of witches. Let's see, there's burning at the stake, drowning, poison, and the ever popular killing of the familiar, which is like a witch's pet, usually a cat or an owl. I don't know if the witch has a familiar though.

Well, I did find a mouse in my dirty laundry this summer.

But it was already dead.

I almost died too. Those clothes smelled pretty bad. Not from the mouse, but from all the smoke at the Toon Tavern. Mixed with the sweat of summer, that's a pungent phew, especially when you put off doing laundry for two months.

Jon Lenin rolls through the door. He's looking even more rock star than usual for the first day of classes with his Sid Vicious hair, P.J. Harvey sunglasses, and Chuck Berry shirt. It's too hot today for his Kurt Cobain sweater or he'd probably be wearing that as well.

He waves, goes up to the counter, talks with the harried lady that runs the Catheter, gets a coffee, and then comes over and pulls up a seat. He tells me he's here to apply for a job.

I say, "What do you need a job for? I thought you were dependently wealthy, courtesy of your parents?"

"Well, you know dude, I want to do it on my own."

"You still got the money we need to record, right?" I say, a bit worried.

"Oh yeah, of course, dude," he says, "what are you doing here?"

I show him the book on witchcraft, "I'm trying to figure out how to get rid of the witch. The situation has turned from problematic to unacceptable."

He looks at me like he doesn't understand what I've just said.

"She was eating my pastry popups this morning," I add.

"Oh, that sucks dude. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I got into a fight with her this morning and she just barricaded herself back up in her room."

"Well, why don't you take her to court?"

"What? Like a witchtrial?"

"No, like small claims court for the rent and utilities."

"Forget it. I dislike cops. I fucking hate lawyers and judges," I

say, "But a trial by fire or water might not be a bad idea. Maybe Funnybear can just dunk her head in the toilet until she coughs up the back rent."

"Aren't you afraid she'll cast a spell on you?" Jon Lenin asks.

"Well, she is pretty scary, but I'm beginning to think that what we thought were spells were really the product of mass hysteria like in Salem in the 1600s, only ours was brought about by the combined effects of binge drinking, drug abuse, and a house without air conditioning in an Ohio global warming summer."

The harried lady that runs the Catheter comes over to our table. At first I think she's doing the hard sell for day-old brownies like she usually does but she just gives Jon Lenin a job application. She looks at me and says, "Do you want one too? We need a lot of people now that college is back in."

Maybe it's the effects of the enema-sized java but I take one. Hey, I need the money. Jon Lenin and I fill them out and a riff starts forming in the back of my head. I tell Jon Lenin about it and ask if he wants to go to the Emu house and play guitars, to see if we can work it up into a song, but he says that he's going to some peace rally on campus.

I ask if there's a war on that I hadn't heard about, but he just tells me something about peace being more than the mere absence of war. He asks me if I want to go, but I shake my head and finish my joe. He says some bands are playing: Dutch Crumbs, The Escaped Fetal Pigs, Radar Secret Service, and Opiate Of The Masses. I ask why we weren't invited to play. He says that he's one of the organizers of the rally and he didn't want to be accused of nepotism. I like those bands but the riff gets louder in my head so I tell him my bass guitar is calling. Then he tells me the college radio station gals will be there like Traci D.C. and Lora Rattleitoffini. I tell him I'll call my bass guitar back. We turn in the applications and go to the rally.

Verse--Alexander Depot

Ladies and gentlemen it's a beautiful day in the sunshine. I picked up my final check from my summer job at the restaurant and it was a fat dime. I went to all my classes. They seem like they're going to be just fine. I checked with my advisor, and I'm going to graduate next semester right on time. I got all my books at the bookstore and didn't even have to wait in too big a line. I even remembered the melody the cop was singing last night, and got

charged with no crime. This taco from Burrito Hell is good enough to merit a glass of wine. And all the poets at the university like free verse, but today's good enough to merit a little rhyme.

Ahem. Bear's still asleep, I don't care about the witch, and everybody else is out of the house, so it's safe to light up a ciggie and fool around with the cop's melody on the keyboard in the practice room. Cop rock instead of jailhouse rock, heh. I copped a cop, heh.

After a few minutes Bear appears in the doorway. He's on his way to the shower. "What's that?" he says.

"Something new I borrowed from the boys in blue," I say.

"Son, I think that's something old. Isn't that The Beatles?" he says.

"It's not The Beatles," I say.

"Funnybear's heard that before," he says in his cartoon duck voice, then waddles off to the shower.

He comes back after he gets dressed. I've changed the melody a bit and put a dancebeat underneath it. It could only sound like The Beatles if you were, say, a moron.

"Alexander, that's The Beatles, it's a different one now though," Bear says.

"It's not The Beatles, Bear," I say.

"Hang on," he says, and climbs behind the drums. He plays a Ringo beat as I play the melody alone on the keyboard without my dancebeat.

"O.k., it's The Beatles," I say.

Bear issues a triumphant grin, and says, "Son, see that's why drums are better than keyboards. All those electronic drums fuck you up. There's no bullshit with the real thing."

"O.k. you were right on The fucking Beatles, but let's not get carried away here," I say, "This keyboard can play anything you can play and do tons more in terms of melody and rhythm. Plus it can fit in a compact car, unlike, say, your drum set."

"You must be high son, drums are way better than a keyboard anytime. You can only get that little tinny beat going through your amp, whereas I can rock a house."

He starts playing the drums loudly. I turn up my amp and crank a beat through it. Each of us keeps getting louder than the other for a bit but I call a truce. "We'll have to settle this another

time, Bear, I don't want the cops coming again."

He heads out of the room, "That's o.k., I can show you real quick why drums are better than keyboards."

The power goes out on my keyboard. In fact, the power goes out in the entire house. That maniac has turned off the electricity. Bear comes in laughing, then goes to class.

Definitely time for a nap.

Chorus--George Jah

"All you college whores and campus whoremongers and university faggots are all going to hell, and you won't get a passing grade there! No! Because unless you repent, you've already flunked the one test, the only test, that matters, the test of life, proctored by Jesus Christ, administered by God Almighty, and calculated by the Holy Ghost!" Brother Micah is preaching in the student center.

He comes here every year and preaches in front of the university union. He always gets a big crowd and people argue and yell with him. One year he pissed off the crowd so much that they picked him up and tossed him in the lake. He got out with a big grin and said, that was o.k., but they were all going to be thrown in the lake of fire unless they mended their ways, and unlike his situation, there'd be no Sister Kimberly there to hand them a towel when they got out. In fact, they wouldn't be able to get out of the lake of fire at all. They'd be trapped for all eternity.

Trapped for all eternity. That must be a lot like going record shopping with Funnybear.

Even though I'm Catholic, albeit a bad one who never goes to church, and "The Pope is the Anti-Christ!" according to Brother Micah, I've enjoyed his performances in the past. This year I don't pay too much attention though. I suppose I've heard it all before. I'm supposed to be helping Jon Lenin set up the peace rally anyway, but mainly I mingle with the bands and the college radio gals. I see Cheryl, Lora, Linny, Tanaya, and some whose names I don't know.

I like the college radio gals. They're sex-a.

One line from Brother Micah's testifying does jump to my attention though, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live!"

Hmm . . . maybe if I bring Brother Micah over the house, he'd drive the witch out. Nah, he'd drive the rest of us crazy too and we'd leave with her.

Soon, it's time for the rally to start and there's a bunch of

typical rally types gathered: black bloc anarchists, hippies, crust punks, people selling communist newspapers, professors with tenure, earnest graduate students, ROTC students to protest the protest, etc. There's also some alternative hipster types here just for the bands, and a sprinkling of joe and jane college types, mostly frosh all excited to witness the campus activism they read about in their high school history books live and in person.

I back away from Jon Lenin at this point, because as usual when he's got his politico buddies with him, I get afraid that the self-righteousness that exudes from them might be contagious. Even at a peace and love rally, the self-righteousness is reaching right wing, excuse me wrong wing, radio talk show host levels.

Brother Micah's still preaching though and he's even got his bullhorn out. Jon and his buddies are gathered around one another like hornets in a nest. Occasionally one of them buzzes out and goes to Brother Micah to try to explain that they have to start their peace and love rally and he has to quit preaching, but Brother Micah just yells "Get thee behind me Satan!" through the bullhorn at them until they back away and then he goes back to preaching.

Finally Jon Lenin himself goes up to Brother Micah and tells him he's got to go, and when Micah unleashes the bullhorn on him, Jon Lenin grabs it and takes a swing at Brother Micah with his fist. So much for peace and love I guess, but I can't really blame him as that bullhorn's pretty annoying at where I'm standing. I can only imagine what it's like right in your ears.

Brother Micah ducks, drops the bullhorn, and puts up his dukes. He yells, "Jacob wrestled the angel. I'll box the devil!"

They circle around each other warily for a few seconds then Jon Lenin charges and Brother Micah lays him out with an uppercut.

As the campus police swarm in, I realize how to get rid of the witch.

MIDDLE EIGHT--MARY BLACK

I CALL JOHN, "I'LL TAKE THAT OFFER."

"YES, I LOVE YOU SOMETHING AWFUL."

AS IT'S SAID, I TRY NOT TO GAG

IN A HURRY, I PACK MY BAG

ARMY WIFE IN GERMANY, SHIT!

BUT IT'S A WAY OUT OF THIS PIT

TURNING OFF THE T.V.--DIRTY!

OUT THE WINDOW FLIES THIS BIRDIE!

Verse--Funnybear

Funnybear says where's the Funnybearmobile? Funnybear wakes up Alexander and he tells Funnybear that Funnybear left Funnybear's car downtown last night. Funnybear doesn't find this too funny but Alexander does. Funnybear makes Alexander drive Funnybear downtown to find the Funnybearmobile.

It takes Funnybear and Alexander awhile to find the Funnybearmobile since neither Funnybear nor Alexander can remember where Funnybear parked the Funnybearmobile last night. Eventually, on Funnybear and Alexander's third time through downtown, Funnybear and Alexander spot it parked in Funnybear's super secret parking spot behind the comic book store. Fortunately, this means no parking tickets for Funnybear.

Funnybear thanks Alexander and goes to Funnybear's evening class. It's an elective, an English class in contemporary American fiction.

Funnybear must remember to register for classes earlier in the future, before everything interesting is filled up.

Funnybear's late, but the instructor, Dr. Onions, a young, perky, pretty woman, is nice to Funnybear anyway and gives Funnybear a syllabus. Sometimes instructors yell at Funnybear for being late. This is unfair because Funnybear has Funnybear's journey to campus all planned out to the second in order to arrive on time, why is it always Funnybear's fault when there's a traffic jam or no parking spot or no Funnybearmobile in the driveway?

Funnybear takes the one seat left, next to an old man, who's probably in the geriatrics program they have at Roll State, which serves as nice propaganda to help convince older voters to support state funding for public universities. Roll State knows that not too many old people will

actually enroll to take classes for free, but old people enjoy thinking they have that option, and this makes them support the universities, which is important since most young people are too drunk or dumb or both to vote. It's kind of like America, Funnybear thinks, few people will actually get rich, but they like to pretend they have that option, so they support government policies which only benefit the rich that without the propaganda that everyone can get rich if they want to would never exist, as the real rich people and their political lapdogs well know but citizens of more modest means seldom ever seem to figure out.

Halfway through Dr. Onions going over the syllabus, the old man leans over and whispers to Funnybear, "She's a genius. I take all of her classes. And she's got a great rack on her too!"

Funnybear would call the chatty old man sexist, but Funnybear is too busy staring at Dr. Onions's legs.

After class, in the university union, Funnybear runs into George, who tells Funnybear that Jon Lenin was beat up by a preacher and then arrested for assault.

Funnybear asks how one gets beat up and then arrested for assault. George says that Jon Lenin swung at the preacher first.

Funnybear tries hard not to laugh, but can't help it.

Then George says he knows how to get rid of the witch. He says brute force is the only way and everyone in the house has to join in on the eviction like a SWAT team.

Funnybear asks if Funnybear can eat dinner first.

Chorus--George Jah

It's the witching hour at last. The house is all dark when Funnybear and I get home. We find Ted wandering around in the twilight inside. "The power's out," he says.

Funnybear says, "Oops!" and wanders off. The power comes back on before he gets back. I tell Ted my plan to oust the witch in the meantime.

He has a few reservations. "Wait! After we break down the door, I have to live in that room. What do I do for a door?"

"What do you need a door for?" Funnybear says, "Are you trying to hide something?"

"O.k., I'll just take the door off of your room and you can live without a door then," Ted says.

"Uh," Funnybear says, "Maybe we can give you the door from

the practice room."

"Maybe we can just pick the lock," I say.

Funnybear and Ted just look at me. Apparently none of us know anything about lockpicking.

"Right," I say, "Maybe something else."

We have it pretty well settled except for what we should use for a battering ram (Ted votes to use the bass drum whereas Funnybear proposes the Mart Mart flip and fuck can do the job) when Alexander wakes up from his nap and comes downstairs. We brief him and he says, "Breaking into the witch's room? What for? She's gone. I saw her climbing out her window when I went to check the mail after dropping Bear off at his car. She yelled something at me about how cutting off the cable tv was dirty politics and then she dropped to the ground, picked up her suitcase, and ran down the block."

He continues, "The window should still be open. Just get the ladder the landlord uses to clean the gutters with, climb in her room, and unlock the door from the inside."

We fight over who should be the one to climb the ladder, with everyone thinking someone else is best qualified to do it, until Ted says he'll do it as long as he can keep all the stuff the witch left behind in her room especially her mattress, then we fight again over who should be the one to climb the ladder, this time with everyone arguing that he himself is the best qualified to do it.

Finally, we agree that Ted can have the mattress, while the rest of us can divvy up the rest of her stuff equally to help make up for the unpaid bills, so Ted climbs the ladder while the rest of us hold the bottom of it steady for him.

We tell the neighbors we're doing a fire drill when they come out to stare.

Alexander says we should write a song about this because it's kind of funny. Funnybear says, "Let's see if we can write a Rolling Stones song this time. Or maybe the Ramones."

"What's he talking about?" I say to Alexander.

"I have no idea," he says.

Coda--George Jah

We do write a song about the witch at our next practice. We never hear from her again about the money she owes or otherwise. From one of the books she left behind, we try casting a spell on her unpaid bills to get the money back but it doesn't work as far as I can tell. At least none of us win the lottery or find any money on the street that I know of. Funnybear says we didn't use enough of our pubic hairs, but we don't try it again. Writing songs is mystery and magic enough.

Yips!

- 1) **Spinach**--I love this stuff! But only fresh please, that canned stuff--yuk!
- 2) **The Underground Literary Alliance**--A group devoted to spurring interest in underground literature especially zines through almost any means necessary, check 'em out at www.literaryrevolution.com.
- 3) **Sexual Tension**--This band from Kent rocks, kind of a The Make-Up meets Pussy Galore feel.
- 4) **Flannery O'Connor**--A genius writer who mixed Catholicism with black humor. Her short stories are particularly amazing.
- 5) **The Sopranos**--I don't have HBO. I don't have cable. I disliked the hype surrounding the show and wasn't impressed by the glimpses I saw of it. Then I saw the first season on videotape courtesy of the public library and a boring weekend, and changed my mind. Worth watching.
- 6) **The Green Party**--I'm glad to see they've been running candidates since Nader. Maybe a progressive third party can be built this century.
- 7) **Australia**--I'm fascinated by this place. I want to go there. Must be the kangaroos and aboriginal dreamtime. Unless it's Men At Work. It's definitely not vegemite.
- 8) **Religious/Spiritual People Who Aren't Trying To Hurt Anyone**--Between Islamic Fascists, Kosher Nazis, Nuclear Hindus, and Pedophile Priests, faith has taken a beating this year. At least the Dalai Lama and the Buddhists haven't had a scandal. Yet.
- 9) **The Die**--Joe Smith gives his culture, literature, and philosophy zine away for free and it's worth paying for. Write him (and send a donation if you can--he's not independently wealthy that I know of) at c/o Red Roach Press, PO Box 764, College Park, MD 20740. Email him at jlsmith@boo.net.
- 10) **Mr. Peebody's Soiled Trousers & Other Delights**--Jason writes his zine everyday. His dedication amazes and inspires me! It's a diary perzine, and he manages to make even the most mundane things interesting. Write him at P.O. Box 931333, Los Angeles, CA 90093. It's \$2 for a sample copy.

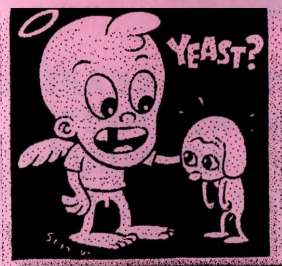
Yips! Are Good Things!

Merch Table

The next issue (#2) should be out by the end of September, but email me first to make sure. I enjoy trading with other zine publishers so it's usually a done deal but please email or write first to make sure. Otherwise it's \$2 postpaid. Additional copies of this issue are \$2 each postpaid as well.



Yeast?—Dick Bennett 7" Ep. This puppy's on clear vinyl and has four songs on it: "Johnson Wants To Rant," "Generic Smokes," "Big Daddy Pane," and "Warm Fuzz." \$2 postpaid. There's only 100 or so of these left and I'm hoping to sell them out before the tenth anniversary in 2004 so I can repress it and drag it around for another decade.



Yeast?/Porpoise 3 Split 7". This one was sold out but then the P3 threw out about 50 of them so I dug them out of the trash and brought it back "into print." There's three songs from each band and the record labels are cute. \$2 postpaid.

Pick up both Yeast? singles for \$3 postpaid! Wow! What a bargain! It must be 1994-1995 all over again!

Well-hidden cash only please. Prices are for those residing in the USA. If you're residing elsewhere, please write first and we'll figure something out.

Wred Fright
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THIS IS A FICTION. THIS IS A SERIALIZED NOVEL. THIS IS THE FIRST ISSUE. THIS IS ABOUT A GARAGE ROCK BAND CALLED THE PORNOGRAPHIC FLABBERGASTED EMUS. THIS IS QUITE SILLY. THIS IS \$2 POSTPAID. THIS ISSUE CONTAINS TWO CHAPTERS.

"MEET THE PORNOGRAPHIC FLABBERGASTED EMUS"/"(YOU'RE SO) THEODORABLE" IS THE FIRST CHAPTER AND CONCERNS A COLLEGE STUDENT NAMED TED MOVING UNEXPECTEDLY INTO A HOUSE OCCUPIED BY OTHER COLLEGE STUDENTS, WHO ALSO HAPPEN TO BE IN A ROCK AND ROLL BAND TOGETHER. OF COURSE THE POLICE SHOW UP TED'S FIRST NIGHT IN THE HOUSE. THERE'S ALSO A FIGHT WITH A DOOR, A SNOOTY GUITARIST NAMED JON LENIN, A PREVIOUS TENANT NAMED "THE WITCH" WHO WON'T LEAVE, A PINBALL GAME NAMED CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, AND A DRUMMER NAMED "FUNNYBEAR."

"WITCHKRAFT"/"SCHOOL'S IN" IS THE SECOND CHAPTER AND CONCERNS BASSIST GEORGE JAH'S ATTEMPT TO EVICT THE WITCH FROM THE EMU HOUSE. OF COURSE, IT BOILS OVER INTO A WITCHHUNT. THERE'S ALSO A FIGHT OVER A BOX OF PASTRY POPUPS, A PREACHER NAMED BROTHER MICAH, A COFFEEHOUSE NAMED THE COFFEE CATHETER, A KEYBOARDIST NAMED ALEXANDER DEPOT WHO KEEPS ACCIDENTALLY WRITING BEATLES SONGS, AND A BREAKFAST CEREAL NAMED APPLE CRACK.

THIS SHOULD BE PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER. IF IT ISN'T, MAY GOD FORGIVE THE SLAUGHTER OF TREES FOR THIS NONSENSE. THIS IS NOT REALLY PORNOGRAPHIC BUT DOES CONTAIN LANGUAGE SUCH AS THE WORD "FUCK" WHICH MAY OFFEND SOME READERS. THIS IS COPYWRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR EXCEPT FOR THE COVER IMAGE WHICH IS COURTESY OF MICHAEL DEE.