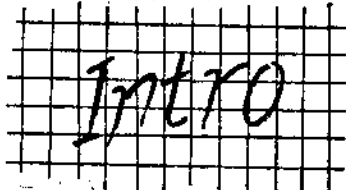


# THE INNER LIGHT

The Inner Light

October 11, 1984



I have been a member of this hobby for four years now (wow! has it really been that long?!) and in that time I have published a lot of fakes and sundry little zines, written a few articles and played in twenty some odd games. But I have waited until today, my twenty-first birthday, to start publishing a zine in earnest. It is my strong personal conviction that under 21 year olds should refrain from publishing until they shirk the yoke of minor-dom. I guess the ability to handle the responsibility of publishing a zine comes in the same flash of brilliance that gives one the wisdom to responsibly handle alcohol. Remember that same flash of awareness was once thought to contain the ability to responsibly assume the right to vote until, during the Viet Nam ~~Effor~~ Era, a group of leading scientists discovered that knowledge and responsibility were imparted exactly three years earlier than previously believed.

I was deeply disappointed last night when, after staying up to midnight to feel the rush of enlightenment, all I felt instead was tired. None the less, I still feel it is incumbent upon young upstarts to wait until they're of majority before they publish a zine. I mean, look at the sorry record of teenage publishers and their dirty folds without refunds: Dave Manuel's THE CHAMBER, Brad Wilson and BORN TO DIP, Steve Shadix and THE WHITE DUKE, Bob Albrecht with first KOBALD and now BATTLE STATIONS. You know my name. In fact, I defy any to name a single decent zine published in an orderly manner by a minor. There just aren't any.

This is ~~ULTI~~ THE INNER LIGHT (just like it says at the top, amazingly enough), the Dip zine of the 80's (just like...oh never mind), published by an over-21 year old, specifically me, parenthetically Keith Sherwood, 8866 Cliff-ridge Ave, La Jolla CA 92037. This, and nothing else, is the new zine I publish, despite what ever else you might have blue...er, read. This then is really my first attempt at throwing my hat into the publishing ring. What do you think so far? Don't answer yet; just move on to the next column.

So what do you get if you subscribe to THE INNER LIGHT? Essentially exactly what you see in this first issue. I'd like to have an article from an outside source (i.e. A subscriber) for each issue just to break up the monotony of constant me. Perhaps a short letter column also if you've got something interesting to say. Basically, THE INNER LIGHT will be fast and sleek, with clean lines and an occasional surprise. It will try to live up to its moniker, "Dip zine of the 80's."

(Note to readers of ULTIMATELY COOL: déjà vu, no?)

What you won't get if you subscribe to this zine: travelogues of my trip to Isreal or anatomies of my wins of DIP WORLD demo games, I won't call subscribers "lighties" or "innies" since I've got more respect for you people than that (and it would sound like I'm calling you bel-ly buttons). But most importantly, I have no delusions. This won't be the longest published dipzine, or the best all time dipzine. I won't get to 100 issues, or even 50. I won't ever win the Runestone Poll as the best zine of the year. I believe that a zine and publisher can only benefit if these fact are realized and stated right at the beginning. With that said and out of the way, you know I won't pander to subscribers, and we can get on with the business of putting out a dip zine that both you and I will enjoy.

Subs to this beast run 60¢ and issue and issues are sold in increments of prime numbers (ie 1,2,3,5,7,11,13...). I do my copying at the local Kinko's. (By God, Scott Hanson was right! Four years ago when I was in Scott's first game I didn't believe him when he said he did his copying at a place called Kinko's, but there is indeed a national chain of Kinko's leather goods and copy stores.) At 5¢ a page, 60¢ an issue covers my per copy mailing and xeroxing costs exactly. I'll swallow the \$2 in reduction costs per issue. I'm way too poor to lose any money on this thing. I had originally planned to put a lid on the number of subscribers I would allow so as to reduce my monetary loss per issue. But since then I've come up with the ultimately cool (sorry, but I predicted that's what it would be called) format of 74% reduced double columns that allows me to break even on a cost per copy basis. I figure 7 pages of this roughly equals 11 pages digest. I doubt an artificial limit on subscribers will ever be necessary as I suspect THE INNER LIGHT will only appeal to a small, elite segment of the hobby. This is Rubber Soul Press publication #53.

Without going out of my door, I can know what things are made of  
Without looking out of my window, I can know the ways of heaven

# Ultimately Cool

## THE REAL STORY

O k, so I admit that it was I who published ULTIMATELY COOL and then claimed I hadn't. In the mortal words of Bob Uecker and any Mad Lad, "So I lied."

ULTIMATELY COOL was supposed to be an obvious fake. Sure, I wouldn't have minded if a couple people were to think it was real, but I wanted the majority of people to immediately pick it up as a fake, and then look for a faker to pin it on. I was prepared to claim it was a fake and then duck and cover, denying authorship. Unfortunately, I hadn't counted on almost everyone taking it as real and not a fake. I imitated my own style all too well.

My bombastic style in UC was supposed to be gross exaggeration. The idea was to present myself as how I guessed some others might think of me, and then blow that image completely out of proportion. I guess after lampooning Larry Peery and Konrad Baumeister (both of whom I went after again in UC), I wanted to do the same satirical hatchet job on myself. But, like my previous fakes, I wanted to go so obviously overboard in lampooning myself that with a little thought one could clearly see it was a fake. Did I not go far enough overboard? Am I really viewed by others just as I came across in UC? With so many taking the zine completely seriously and at face value, I wonder. Come on folks, do you really think I'm normally so obnoxiously arrogant?

Perhaps it was believable because it was based on fact. Most of the center piece article on the house I live in was based on truth. But it's flavored with exaggeration and out right imagination. I won't go so far as to separate fact from fiction for you (half the fun is trying to sort it out for yourself) but I will mention that after sleeping without one for more than a year I finally bought myself a pillow. So that reference was true. But did you really believe all that other stuff?

One of the main reasons I published UC, I suppose, was to satisfy a growing urge within me to publish my own zine. The form of a fake would allow me to put my best effort into a single issue, spice it up with half-truths things not entirely true, and then duck and deny it all if it turned out lousy. But if the plan was to quench my desire to publish, then the plan backfired as I had such a good time and enjoyed the final product so much that I decided the time had come to go ahead and publish a zine in earnest. My resistance broke down completely and I sold my soul to become a big time publisher.

Some final comments on ULTIMATELY COOL. It had to be a fake as no issues went out with letters or even a note scratched on the outside. Who starts a zine and doesn't include a personal note? Not me... Those bottle caps were from Plain Wrap Beer. (Hey, you expect a guy who can't afford to buy a pillow to drink Heineken?) A lot of effort and research went into providing a cap for every individual copy. Burp... They ended up costing me 9¢ extra cents an issue since they made the zine too thick to pass through machinery. I wanted them hand stamped in La Jolla any way to get the La Jolla postmark instead of my usual San Diego one... The racing ticket is of course completely authentic and netted me \$6.20 when I redeemed it. High roller, that's me.

## THE CRITICS RAVE

A few excerpts from what others had to say about Ultimately Cool:

The zine preaches the California lifestyle to the unenlightened masses. Prediction: will out-Hanson IRKSOME.

--Konrad Baumeister, GMAW #41

((Perhaps the greatest compliment I received since I have always loved IRKSOME and Scott Hanson's wild, irreverent style. I would be more than happy if this zine's niche is the one vacated by IRKSOME's passing.))

ULTIMATELY COOL looks entertaining, and should be a valuable tool for keeping tabs on California from a safe distance.

--Andy Lischett, CHEESECAKE #57

((Typical Lischett: dead pan and brilliantly understated.))

I get the feeling you've been out tanning yourself in the California sun too long... Before you get carried away with California and cool, remember that New York is where it's really at. After all, who lived in New York? John Lennon. Who lived in California? Ringo. That should tell you something.

--Mark Larzelere, letter

I don't know if I'm cool enough to sub to UC (University of California?) ((Ironically coincidence. I assure you)) or not but here's a check for the next 12 issues. If I'm not cool enough you could send it to my room mate. He is from California, and thereby inherently more cool.

--Mark Luedi, letter around a check for \$8.12

Here's a buck for your zeen. It's childish and sort of dumb, but cute -- really cute.

--Mark Lew, letter

Something strange arrived in the mail while I was gone... something called INCREDIBLY COOL (sic!). It was funny and witty and almost intelligent. Either this is a fake or Keith is a more interesting and more a weird person than I thought. I, unfortunately, suspect the latter (sic?).

--Scott Hanson, in what passes for IRKSOME #43

Classic Keith Sherwood... reads like you finally decided to take off the muffler and let the real Keith roar: screw the dim lights.

--Terry Tallman, telephone convo

You really did it, didn't y'all?

--Gary Coughlan, phone convo

((Poor poor misguided, lied-to Gary. Seeing that ULTIMATELY COOL was either being taken as the real McCoy or being ignored by those too timid to take a stand, when I had intended it to be perceived as bogus, I knew I had to act to get the word out. Cut off the nasty rumor at the pass, as it were, and replace it with my own selected rumor; namely that UC was in fact a fake. So I called up Gary, who is a past faker himself and always publicizes fakes in the pages of his EUROPA EXPRESS, and promptly accused him of being the perpetrator behind the UC fake. I pointed out the similarities between UC and EE with the comics and newspaper clippings. He of course denied it and in turn kept accusing me of doing it. (Quite rightly.) I eventually convinced poor Gary I didn't do it by lying through my teeth, and I let him convince me he didn't do it. I'm sorry, to have

➤ **SEQUEL PAGE 6**

The farther one travels, the less one knows, the less one really knows

## CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

can think of no more appropriate time than my twentyfirst birthday to relate the following true story:

**PROLOGUE:** As any group of people that work together is wont to do, the folks at my work decided that an office party was in order. A tradition was developed over the years at this office to have beach parties at a particular locale close to work on Mission Bay known as Riviera Shores. The first party of the summer at Riviera Shores occurred in June and was complete with volleyball, barbecuing and a bon fire. And of course libations. When in late June it was deemed time for yet another beach party at the Shores, it was decided to dispense with the volleyball and barbecue, and get right to the drinking and bon fire. Never mind that almost to a person we were under age (21). We had no problems last party when in addition to being a month younger we also had glass bottles on the beach, another big no no. In fact, one of the attractions of Riviera Shores was that over the years and through all the parties there was never any confrontations with the Law. Riviera Shores had the reputation of being safe from busts. (The more astute among you will already have guessed what I'm leading to.)

**JUNE 29, 1984:** The appointed day in June arrived and found the multitudes gathered at the Shores at dusk. Notably less people had showed for this the second party of the season than the first. Were they really into gaming and eating more than drinking, or were they tipped off?

I arrived fabulously decked out in double breasted jacket and silk tie. OK, so they were both old and way out of style (real thrift store candidates, these) but that's what made them so great. It would confound me all the next week that the course of events and surprises that night held for us (me) could happen to a so well dressed guy as myself.

Pulling up in a borrowed pickup truck, I had a load of wood in the bed and a bottle of something more lethal than been in my coat pocket. After unloading the wood and the plainwrap lighter fluid that would make our bon fire possible, I returned the truck to its rightful owner and caught a ride back over to the party. This left me eight miles from my house with no way to get home, but I was confident that by the end of the evening things would work out and something would present itself. Something sure did present itself, only it was the middle of the evening and it wasn't too pleasant. But as the sun set, we coaxed a fire to life, and settled back for a little relaxed socializing on the beach by the bay.

Friends from work wandered in and wandered off, leaving about a dozen diehards about the fire.

With not too much help I had choked down half the contents of my bottle. Sitting on my beach chair, stylishly over-dressed in my coat and tie, I had reached a point of tunnel vision, happily oblivious to anything but the most direct visual stimuli (i.e., my eyes focused only upon the point exactly five feet directly in front of me). Never the less, for some unknown reason to my sluggish brain, I found myself reaching into my coat pocket where my bottle was prominently displayed (well, the neck was clearly visible). I didn't understand why yet, but I was trying to get rid of it. I tossed it behind a picnic basket and looked up to try to distinguish what my motor controls had acted upon but that my inebriated brain hadn't yet done me the favor of processing. Before my helpless, dilated eyes, a police truck had pull-

ed up, lights flashing, busting our party. **BUSTED** The complete meaning of the term had never really been apparent until now. My stomach might have jumped into my mouth had it not met my sinking heart on the way. Suddenly I was no longer having fun. Four officers spread out checking IDs. I was nailed to my bottle and its contents not more than three seconds after separating it from my person (oh well). Instructed to do so, I and 3 of my compatriots followed this female cop to the back of the police wagon where we would be ticketed. With the police truck bathing us in blinding white light, and assaulting my eyes with flashing red and blue lights and my ears with staccato blasts of important sounding voices on the police radio, I was sobering up quickly. One small bit of luck: when IDs were taken, mine was placed on the bottom. I would be ticketed last in our group of four so I had three others in front of me to act as examples. Quickly it was obvious they asked only three questions while gleanning information off your driver's license and filling out the ticket: is this your current address, what's your phone number and what's your Social Security number. I immediately set about mentally repeating to myself my phone number and Social Security number, making sure I knew them both exactly and would repeat them evenly and without slurring (though at this point it probably didn't matter anymore).

By the time my cohorts were dealt with, and it was my turn to be punished by society in the person of Officer Kendrick, I was stone sober (Amazing what an effect this sort of thing can have on you.) I flew through the three question interrogation smoothly. After signing my name I figured I might try to make some friendly small talk. Dismissing "How can you ticket a guy with a silk tie on" as being too smart ass-y, I ventured forth with, "You know, this is my first ticket." Without missing a beat she shot back, "Well, you had to break the cherry sometime." Rrrrrrrrip-with a flick of wrist she tore the ticket out of the book and handed me my copy, punctuating perfectly her remark. My mouth ropped and my eyes widened. I was shocked! She couldn't say that to me, could she? ...She just did... She had completely shattered my naive-cool act; with a single comment she shot me down in flames and utterly crushed me. I was beaten.

But more degradation was yet to come; she was not done humiliating me. Ticket in hand, I turned to go, mistakenly assuming they were done with me. "Just a second," she called. She handed me my still half full bottle. (Hey! She's a lot cooler than she lets on!) "Would you pour this out onto the sand." It wasn't a question; I had no choice in the matter. There were tears in my eyes as I poured out my bottle's perfectly good contents. The rest of my eleven dollar investment went to making a few sandcrabs very grogy. THAT was the unkindest cut of all. It was a great will-breaker, exquisite mental torture of the highest degree. And I'm sure they knew it. I bet her mother is a dominatrix.

With a Break it up and Move along, they were off, driving across the sand. The whole thing could not have taken more than twelve minutes.

Breaking up and Moving along, we decided to move indoors to an attendant's nearby house. We left the beach, a large portion of my firewood and my clean record behind...

**INTERIM:** I saw my dear friend Officer Kendrick often in the ensuing weeks. I almost always rode my bike home from work up the boardwalk next to the beach in the afternoons. Often she would be with her partner on their beat, making sure alcoholic beverages were consumed only by those

twentyone and over and only from non-glass containers. I stopped and looked on a couple times shaking my head knowingly. Some two weeks after the Incident, I received in the mail what appeared to be a bill. This computer generated bill in one of those tear-along-the-end envelopes asked me to ante up \$119 to the County of San Diego. To pay by Visa or Mastercard, call... I was incensed that they cared only for my money and not for Justice. I expected something explaining the court system. Maybe I did: that bill explained what they were after more eloquently than any words ever could. I resolved to go to court. Everyone telling me that by just showing up to court would get my bill reduced by a goodly amount. One hundred and nineteen dollars for Alcohol possession and a bottle on the beach was really outrageous. I would go to court, admit guilt, and see if they really would reduce the fine.

AUGUST 2, 1984: That fateful day when I would pay my debt to society dawned just like any other summer morning in San Diego. How unfortunate. Where was pathetic fallacy? I had wanted storm clouds on the horizon; red sky at morning. But no such luck. So I decided to go to the beach in the afternoon. But first to the business of the day...

Making sure we had the day off from work, I and a fellow misdoean (if a felon commits a felony, am I a misdoean for committing a misdoeaner?) went to court together. Of those ticketed at our party, she and I were the only ones

FREE GIFT!!!

CONTEST: A free issue to whoever can most fully describe the above object(s). Yes, everyone has the same object(s).

to attend court that morning. I of course had no transportation, so she had graciously offered to give me a lift. The court house is right in the middle of downtown (big buildings, etc.) so we got to experience morning rush hour traffic and pay \$3 for three hours of parking. Men in three piece suits with brief cases were everywhere. Big business, Any City, USA. Weird.

Not deterred by the impressive stone edifices we entered the San Diego Court House.

We joined several other criminal types gathered around a table with a sign reading, "You must check in here before entering court room" upon it and an empty chair behind it. Eventually, (and it was a long time because our little group had expanded into a throng) a man in a tie (of course) and chomping furiously on gum arrived and sat down behind the desk, finally beginning to check in us hardened criminals. He took the bills we had received in the mail; that was the extent of checking us in. These would tell the powers that be who was here and they would pull our files for our court appearances. We were then ushered into a long narrow waiting room where close to a hundred then waited for 50 minutes until the public

defenders finally arrived with our files in hand. More than a few of the crowd crammed into the room were anxious mothers accompanying their unoffending little cherubs. The public defenders (in suits of course) explained to us how it worked. They had already conferred with the District Attorney (or whoever from that office that was prosecuting us that day) on each one of our cases after looking at our files. (I assume I didn't have one since up until this point I was clean.) Actually, I'm sure they didn't have time to do that for each individual case, so I assume that they had agreed to guidelines for each offense. It would become obvious later in the court room that offenses ran from alcohol possession by a minor to stereo too loud to dog not on a lease to bottle on the beach. After some general explanations to all of us, they split up our files among themselves and each public defender started calling out names and talking to us individually, explaining to us the particulars of our own case (ie, how much we would have to pay).

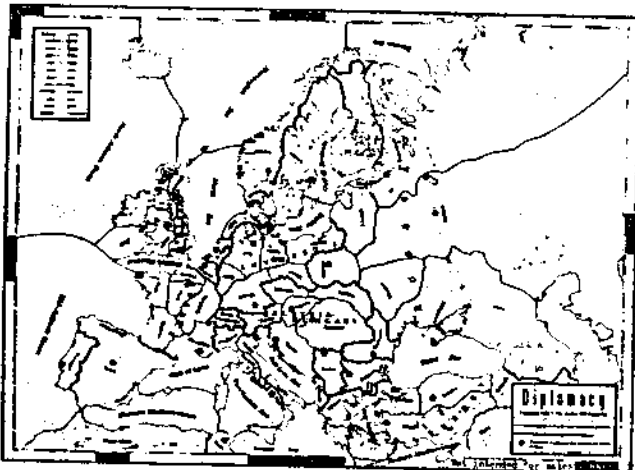
Before my file came up the entire group was called into the court room. The judge had arrived and was ready to give us a short course on the American Justice System. He gave a fascinating and extremely informative 30 minute lecture on what exactly was going on. This wasn't a trial, he explained, but we would be sentenced today if we waived our rights (right to a trial by jury, to a court appointed lawyer, etc) and pleaded guilty. (Everyone with a mere misdemeanor waived their rights; it's the way to get it over with if you're pleading guilty anyway.) He explained the different pleas (Guilty, Not Guilty, Insanity, and Nolo Contendere) and all in all gave a very impressive lecture, although not quite worth the price of admission.

We returned to the waiting room outside eventually a public defender found my file and called my name. Written on a five by eight piece of paper were my offenses and the "deal" struck for me. If I would waive my rights today and plead guilty to the charge of minor in possession of alcohol, they would drop the lesser charge of bottle on the beach and I would be fined a mere \$45. OK by me, I was guilty of both. I wonder if that was what plea bargaining was like... I was sent into the court room to await my turn. Most of the cases in front of me were of like complexion to mine, with various minor offenses costing \$50 to \$15 fines. All the other Minors in Possession of Alcohol were fined a mere \$40; I suppose mine cost more because of the accompanying crime, even if it was to be dropped in name.

Groups of six were called to the front of the courtroom, where they would individually be called in front of the judge. I was the last in my group of six, so again I got to have some examples before I took the plunge.

"Keith Sherwood," called the clerk. I stood up and moved to the podium in front of the judge's bench. "(Some municipal code #), minor in possession of alcohol. How do you plead?" All the time I stood and stared keeping eye contact with the judge. "Guilty," said I in a voice unwavering. It was the judge's turn now. He looked through the papers in front of him which I took to be my file and he did something he didn't do for any one else that I saw: "Your birthday is in...October?" "Yes, sir." Then came the standard sentence that everyone else with my offense got: "Sentence suspended until your 21st birthday on the condition that you have no more alcohol related arrests and that you pay a \$40 dollar fine." Out this door to the right and pay the lady behind the cash register. (Actually, it wasn't that easy; I had to wait AGAIN until my name was called to pay my fine.) I'm convinced that by my attitude and body language to the

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**W**hat's a Diplomacy zine without a Dip game? Diplomacy Digest, that's what. So of course I want to run a Diplomacy game. Just one thank you. Maybe after awhile if there is enough interest a second might be filled and played, but I don't ever see running more than two games at a time within these pages. But lets just worry about getting one filled for now.

I'm experienced. At GMing even. Before I refer you to my rating for GMing in the latest Runestone Poll, I ought to go look it up. Oh well, I think I was in the middle someplace. The bottom line is I won't skip out of the hobby on you.

The monetary consideration: A nominal \$2 game fee with a miniscule \$3 NMR fee. Do I have to explain that NMR fees are deposits that are returned to you if you complete the game without dropping out of sight with two consecutive NMRs. What a deal.

The details: Four week deadlines. The zine is also on four week deadlines, so expect this to be adhered to by both you and me. If my map came out legibly above then we'll even have a map. If not, Ill work on it. If I can't get a good picture of these particular maps, then we'll be going with out. I'm not a big fan of maps with my games in other zines because for three years now I've 500 of these exact scale replicas of conference maps. I've just written the positions of units down on one map and kept it with that season of the game. But I like them because they're exact copies, so I'll use them in this zine if I can get a good xerox copy from them.

I suppose you'll insist on houserules. Very well. There's nothing inherently evil in houserules, only those who abuse them. My philosophy is that we all play the same game, Diplomacy, basically the same way all across the hobby. It's just that there are a few points that are different from GM to GM. Assuming for the moment that we're not novices and that we have some experience playing, I'll concentrate on these subjective points that vary around the hobby:

**PRESS:** Mass Murder/Maniacal memorial press will be used. Very dark Grey. You may dateline press from any place except another country's home supply centers. The exception to this rule is if you own someone else's home center you may dateline press from it. But the original owner may always use a home center, whether owned or not, as a dateline.

**SEPERATING SEASONS:** To seperate seasons, half or more of players submitting orders that deadline must request a seperation. For example if two countries are eliminated and five players

remain, three must request a seperation for the request to be granted. However, if one player NMRs, only two need to request it for the seperation request to be honored. Winter 01 is always seperated in any case.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** My one GMing idiosyncrasy is that I see red when I see "Nor" on orders. In THE INNER LIGHT "Nor" is always always always ambiguous. I'll never accept "nor" as a unambiguous order even if there is only one adjacent province beginning with "North." If you write an order for a unit and that order contains "Nor" in any part of it, that particular order will fail as ambiguous. Otherwise, the first three letters of a province are usually sufficient to specify a province. Smart players take their cue from how I write up the results. "Tro" is of course the preferred abbreviation for Tyrolia.

**DRAWS:** Draws are not DIAS. It's up to players to decide whom they want in their draws. They may not concede a game to a country with less than twelve centers, however. NMRs count as acquiescing to any draw or concession proposals. Whether a NVR counts as a yes or no vote will be noted along with each draw proposal. Draws will be noted as passing or failing, without revealing the tally. You may request to have your vote made public.

**STANDBIES** will be used. They will be named after the first NMR and take over a position on a second consecutive NMR. Standbies are paid commensurately for their service upon completion of their position. Who would like to be the first to volanter?

**STALEMATES:** A draw will be declared between all surviving players after three consecutive years with no significant change in the supply center chart.

...and that's about it. What did I forget? I figure that's sufficient to run a game among experienced players while avoiding extraneous claptrap that bloat some other houserules. I will of course be more than happy to answer any questions. Um, Country assignments will be by preference lists... Units dislodged that have NMRed will be allowed to retreat the following season. Why compound the error? NMR insurance? No, not unless the players really insist. You may call in your orders any time up until deadline day, however. On deadline day I will only accept orders if I haven't typed results up yet, so to make sure your phone orders are accepted call in a day ahead of time. I ofcourse bear no responsibility for orders taken by a roommate or any one other than myself.

Now that must be about it. Just the same as everyone else runs their games, with just a few quirks to set my games apart from any other particular GM. Now you tell me what else I must do to convince you to play here. With only one game we shouldn't have to worry about the absolute necessity of game ID and all, although of course that stuff (date, country, Boardman Number) is always helpful to the GM.

So can I convince seven people to play a friendly game and a couple of others to standby?

Eventually I might run a Rail Baron game (or is that out of vogue by now?) and/or my favorite Dip variant, Bunker Diplomacy. But no reason to get that far ahead of myself yet.

**STUFF OF THE WEEK:** Chicago radio programmer Sky Daniels on "Gone With the Wind" the new album by former Beatle George Harrison. Talk about adding yet another Fab Four member to the Ringo Starr file. Reaction seems to be on a par with the Eric Burdon album.

The farther one travels, the less one knows, the less one knows.

continued from page 2

lied to you so badly, Gary, but I was only practicing for my Diplomacy games but I knew EE would be the best way to gag the message to widest hobby segment that UC was a fake. Thanks for coming through:

ULTIMATELY COOL...spoofed Keith as a snobby Southern Californian preppy. Clearly someone put a lot of work into this one. It had newspaper clippings, cartoons and even a bottle cap. It was full of how to be Ultimately Cool. Keith who denies doing ULTIMATELY COOL said he's received a few sub checks! It was post marked La Jolla which is where Keith lives in California. Who dunnit?

--Gary Coughlan, EE #37

((Preppie?! You and I obviously have very different conceptions of preppies. I like snobby surfer better, or arrogant air head.))

When I first saw this one, I thought "fake" at once. But then it's hard to fake a zine that doesn't exist. And then when I thought about it it's only natural that one of the hobby's best fakers should have his zine turn out so.

--Ron Brown, Murd'ring Ministers #73

((You should have stuck with your first instincts! As for faking non-existent zines, surely you remember Y'ALL, plus the host of Masters' fakes. Perhaps your described reasoning is similar to what other people did to figure the fake-looking UC was real.))

Keith makes the cardinal error of trying to convince potential subbers just how Cool he really is. I say "error" because those who really are Ultimately Cool don't have to announce it. If you have to announce it, you ain't got it!

Marc Peters, SO I LIED #3

((Aha! Finally someone gets the point! Marc picks up the vital clue, but doesn't quite carry through to the proper conclusion. Then again, you might say Marc's the farthest off since he picked up the arrogance act and still thought I was serious.))

So that's what a few folks had to say about ULTIMATELY COOL. I sort of disappointed that somebody didn't jump on it more, either to hail it as wonderful satire or the largest load of pretentious self serving crap ever foisted off onto the hobby. I would have agreed to either.

I wonder what folks will say about this more serious yet extremely similar enterprise. No, don't worry, I won't subject you excerpted plugs for The INNER LIGHT #1.



Tony "Scar-face" Manero says sub to THE INNER LIGHT and noone gets hurt...

Arrive without traveling

the saga continues  
from page 4

judge in the way I maintained eyecontact, stood straight and didn't lean on the podium, and kept my hands by my side instead of in a figleaf position in front or behind me (Ha! public speaking classes finally come to good use), I got him to drop the five dollars or the above actions caused him to look over my file and notice how close my birthday was and drop the \$5. My nice, conservative dress probably didn't hurt either. Or maybe he just decided to bring my fine into line with the others handed out to first time offenders of possession of alcohol despite my bottle on the beach. I don't know, but I prefer to think that my attitude and actions had something to do with it. The bottom line, never the less, is that by going to court and investing three hours I was able to reduce a \$119 bill to \$40.

When I was finally able to hook up with my companion again, I found she too had had to pay the standard \$40 fine. But interestingly enough she never had to go up in front of the judge. After her conference with a public defender, she was able to go straight to the cashier and pay her fine. Other minors like her without the bottle I had still had to go up in front of the judge like I did, but for some reason she didn't.

So then she and I hit Blacks Beach. But THAT'S another story entirely.

EPILOGUE: What did I learn? Well, the experience wasn't priceless, it cost \$40. And while I can't say it was worth it or I'd like to do it again, I can say the overall experience from beach to paddy wagon to court was fascinating and one that, now that it's over, I am glad to have in my back ground. I'm not going to put it in my resume' but...

I also have learned my lesson. I avoided all beach parties, and now that I am 21 and can venture back, I'll be sure to keep it in a can.

Scared straight, that's me.

WARNINGWARNINGULTIMATELYCOOLLIKEHALFTRUTHSAHEAD

Recall from ULTIMATELY COOL that I work at Sea World as a walk around character. I cruise through the park dressed in large costumes, a la Mickey Mouse at Disneyland. There are a couple Shamus, as you might expect, plus an otter, a penguin and a couple other ocean dwelling creatures that kids find funny when you portray them as walking furry things with smiles on their faces.

Actually I should say that used to be my job. Over Labor Day weekend we had record crowds at the park, nearing 30,000 people. Everyone was working double shifts, including walkarounds. But on Sunday two out of five called in sick leaving we three to cover all the extra hours. Usually we spend only two hours in those hot and heavy costumes, but not that day.

I was nearing the end of my six hour shift, and I had had all I could take of grabbing, scratching little kids, when an elderly couple asked me where the Penguin Encounter was. Of course when you're in costume you are strictly forbidden to speak. Nonetheless, I pointed a flipper and said, "Way the hell over there." Unfortunately, some scrawny little five year old heard me and started crying to his parents, "Mommy, Shamu said 'Hell'!" Apparently I broke all this kid's delusions about Shamu. Well, the parents got mad and reported me, even threatened to sue Sea World if you can believe that. Something about sending their son to a child psychologist after this traumatic experience.

So they transferred me to Food Service where I could do less harm.





As you might expect from both a zine from me and a zine that claims it wants to fill the void IRKSOME has left (see page 2), music will probably play a prominent part in this zine. It won't be omnipresent, but you'll probably see more of it in future issues than you've seen thus far in this one. Any good zine will reflect its publisher's interests, so expect to see comments from time to time.

Now by music, I'm talking rock n roll man. Rock n roll of a more dancible nature (and indeed more listenable nature also) than Konrad Baumeister's tastes.

The inclusion of music in this zine is more than an expression of my interests; it's also meant as a hedge against what the rest of the hobby must consider the effete tastes of certain other San Diego area zine publishers. I mean to prove to the hobby that not all San Diegans are so hopelessly out dated and out of step with the times. Hip still exists in San Diego.

An aside: is press comparable to music? Ever notice how those rooted in the hobby's embarrassing past and pushing long, monotonous press releases are the same folks who, trying to be hip and have playlists like other pubbers, end up listing long monotonous symphonies and things by people with names no real American can pronounce. If those old world composers of symphonies we so good, why didn't they write lyrics to go along with the muzak? 'Cause they couldn't speak English, that's why! And what's all this about exploring and understanding thoroughly the theme of a symphony for four movements. Heck, any decent riff can be explored in four minutes or less. Today's rock n rollers are good enough writers to complete exploring a riff in three minutes, and throw in some good thought provoking, socially relevant lyrics.

Anyway, the same goes for press. Some may call it infield chatter, I call it succinct and to the point. A good writer gets to his message quickly with out boring the reader, just as a good song writer completes his piece in a couple of minutes instead of boring the listener to tears. It's those that prefer superfluous music that not coincidentally prefer superfluous press.

Consider that next time you're listening to a record or writing some press.

Should I mention that I caught the Pretenders again in early September up in Orange county (Southern Los Angeles to out of staters)? It was the last date on their "Learning to Crawl" tour, and drummer Martin Chambers birthday too. Simple Minds, whose lead singer is Chrissie Hynde's new husband, opened. We did something I've never

done before: we bought cheap tickets for the grass but then snuck down into the reserved seating area to get closer to the stage. I got separated from my group when they used a strategy of going as far forward as possible and then getting thrown out, while I opted instead for sticking in one place. I didn't get as close as they did, but was never discovered by the bouncers. Yes, the concert was excellent and yes, this time they played my favorite song, "My City was Gone," which they neglected to play for me the night I caught them in San Diego back in March.

REMAKE OF THE MONTH: Red Rockers doing Barry McGuire's, "Eve of Destruction."

REMAKE TO WATCH NEXT MONTH: Devo covering Jimi Hendrix' "Are you Experienced."

## Outtro

Looking th-is thing over now that I'm finished, I've noticed more than a passing similarity to ULTIMATELY COOL. I guess it was bound to be that way. Despite my protestations of being misunderstood and being taken too seriously. In UC, I'm more like the character portrayed in UC than I'd like to admit. Oh well. I guess the real difference between THE INNER LIGHT and ULTIMATELY COOL will be that in the fake I was telling half-truths because the whole thing was a lie while in this real zine I'll be telling three quarter truths because I'll have to stand behind what I say. You'll have to judge for yourself what to take seriously. THE INNER LIGHT may not be accurately described as unassuming; I think it assumes a lot.

For the last year plus a little, maybe more, I've kept a very low profile around the hobby, letting friendships that are important to me slide for want of a letter. Well, the advent of my own zine I will necessarily expand my involvement beyond what it was before I took my little vacation. I'll be in touch with my friends every four weeks. While I don't promise a personal letter with every issue, I do figure on writing some letters to go with the issues since I'm using a stamp on you anyway.

(Please note the sly insinuation in the last paragraph that if you're my friend you'll sub to my zine. I am of course kidding when I say I'll know whom my REAL friends are when I send out issue 2 in four weeks.)

My only goal for this my first issue was to make it through completely ignoring any hobby feuds and the San Diego Padres. Oops! While I might as well go ahead now. Actually, it does no good to comment on something so extremely topical as a World Series since the whole thing may be over by the time you read this. Not so with topical feuds: they run on four week deadlines so that everyone can get their shots in.

Well, time to wind down and sign out. If you'd like to sub or trade, let me know and I'll see you in a month. Those of you who decide that you can live without the INNER LIGHT, well, I can't fault your taste.

(but don't have sex or take the car)

See all without looking, do all without doing.

**CITY OF SAN DIEGO** MO 112044

DATE 06/27/84 TIME 12:00 PM

NAME (FIRST, MIDDLE, LAST) KEITH SHERWOOD

RESIDENCE ADDRESS 8866 CLIFFRIDGE

BUSINESS ADDRESS 92037

DRIVER'S LICENSE CLASS CA 253-4913

SEX M RACE W HAIR BROWN EYES BLUE HEIGHT 5'10" WEIGHT 170 AGE 28

BIRTHDATE 06/27/56

EMPLOYED BY CAFFE

VEHICLE LICENSE NO. 253-0237

YEAR 1984

OFFENSE(S) CODE SECTION DESCRIPTION

56263 MINOR IN POSS OF AN ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE

63.20 SPIMC - (CLASS BOTTLE FOR LITERS SHOES)

LOCATION OF OFFENSE(S) BEVERLY HILLS

EVIDENCE IMPOUNDED BY POLICE DESCRIPTION 11 750 MC

CITIZEN'S RESIDENCE CLASS BOTTLE FOR LITERS

OFFENSES NOT COMMITTED IN MY PRESENCE. CERTIFIED ON INFORMATION AND BELIEF. I CERTIFY UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT THE FOREGOING IS TRUE AND CORRECT. EXECUTED ON THE DATE SHOWN ABOVE AT SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

ISSUING OFFICER HENDRICK BADGE NO. 5212 DIVISION BC

WITHOUT ADMITTING GUILT, I PROMISE TO APPEAR AT THE TIME AND PLACE INDICATED BELOW

SIGNATURE Keith Sherwood

NOTICE TO APPEAR

YOU ARE NOTIFIED TO APPEAR BEFORE THE MUNICIPAL COURT IN THE CITY OF SAN DIEGO, CALIF. IN THE MATTER OF KEITH SHERWOOD

☒ MISDEMEANOR ARRAIGNMENT DEPT. 8950 CLAIREMONT MESA BLVD., SAN DIEGO, CA.

☒ 220 W. BROADWAY, SAN DIEGO, CA.

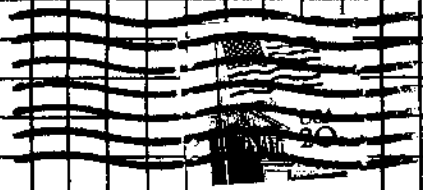
☒ 800 3RD AVE., CHULA VISTA, CA.

FORM P D-147 APPROVED BY THE JUDICIAL COUNCIL OF CALIF. REV. 3/81 PG 53.9

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06 06 84 07 04

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