

THE

INNER LIGHT

Old Hobby Adage: "If you want to win a poll, you've got to run it yourself."

Lovely Rita

August 10, 1985

In Tro

I would never say I told you so, but back in January (in TiL #4, page 6) I predicted....oh, never mind...

This is The Inner Light, gratuitous insulting *Dipzine of the Eighties*, or apparently some would have you think. Fine, but let's give 'em a real reason. Your insidious pubber slash editor is Keith "don't call me 'Tro' any mo'" Sherwood, residing in "Le Pit"; 4824 1/2 Muir, San Diego CA 92107. So much for my bid to sear my address into the collective race memory of the lec-hobby, and have 8866 Cliffridge entrenched in everyone's mind much like 4614 Martha Cole Lane, 492 Naylor Place or 6818 Winterberry Circle. If you wish to risk a "public spectacle," subs are 63¢ an issue and are sold in blocks of prime numbers only. There are no game openings, nor are there any Limbo Slam bumper stickers as I seemed to have lost them in the move. Darn it! This is Gratuitously insulting publication #75. Could you guess that I just finished composing my reply to a certain sixty-some-odd page letter in No Fixed Address?

Look at that: double digits in the issue numbers. What a milestonia. No major changes in store (although one would hope I would pay better attention to my margins....), we'll just keep chugging along as usual. Or is this issue out on time for a change? (Does the postmark bear any resemblance to the date on this cover?) If so I'm holding over my two contests from last issue (Mystery Gift and song lyrics) to give those interested time to research and respond. Some very minor format changes for the next ten issues; only the most observant will pick them up.

You know, Le Pit is starting to grow on me. ((Yew! Get it oLL!)) This isn't so bad if you know how to use it to your advantage. I work the dreaded 4 pm to 12:30 am shift at work often (did you know you can hire Shamu for your kid's party?) and actually prefer it because it allows me to go to the beach, run errands etc. Rule number one: go to the beach every day or have a real good excuse as to why not. ((Like today: I'm peeling a little. Bronze beach gods such as myself don't peel, or at least let others know we peel.)) The apartment is really shaping up. I guess that means it's time for another party... If we could get rid of that nasty, musty smell in the rug... One really aggravating thing about Cliffridge was this big ol' olive tree in the front yard that dropped olives all over the walk, staining the cement and attracting flies. Le Pit has two such olive trees in front. Enough clues were collected (the half number on the address, the weird room arrangement, the separate electric meter and water heater, and the weird wiring (the living room light is controlled by a switch in the bathroom, for instance)) that we have conclusively concluded that our apartment was once the garage for this complex. Maybe that's why it smells funny...

I probably shouldn't admit this as it will blow the entire image, mystique, facade, etc that I'm trying to create with the zine, but I'm just now learning how to skateboard. The whole craze of the late seventies just passed me (and New Mexico) by. But skateboarding is a mandatory aptitude in Ocean Beach. Bob my roommate has set me up with a board and now I'm skateboarding everywhere: down to the beach, to the post office, downtown, out to dinner, wherever. I bike to farther destinations like work and generally try to avoid driving Das Boot. Parking around here is a real hassle, especially when your car is twice as long as everyone else's.

Le Pit, Bob and Keith's typical Southern Californian bachelor pad (i.e. there are dirty dishes in the sink), is officially broken in and open for business!

Lovely Rita meter maid, lovely Rita meter maid, lovely Rita meter maid
Nothing can come between us
When it gets dark I tow your heart away

Music by Lennon/McCartney and Harrison
Lyrics by Larzelere

DIPPEY ROAD
(side two)

HERE COMES THE FUN (3:04)

Here comes the fun, here comes the fun, it's
all right
Little dippers, we've had some long and nasty
feuding
Little dippers, with mediation it might end
Here comes the fun, here comes the fun, it's
all right
Little dippers, let's make some cracks about
his sex life
Little dippers, her reputation we will smear
Here comes the fun, here comes the fun, it's
all right
Fun fun fun, here it comes
Little dippers, let's spread around some
innuendo
Little dippers, we all know two wrongs make
a right
Here comes the fun, here comes the fun, it's
all right

BECAUSE (2:45)

Because Mark Berch says so, it must be true
Because Mark Berch says so
Because it's done by Brux, it must be right
Because it's done by Brux
Brux is Berch, Berch is Brux
Berch is Brux, Brux is Berch
Because I dispute Brux, I must be wrong
Because I dispute Brux

YOU NEVER GIVE ME YOUR CENTERS (3:57)

You never give me your centers
You only give me your minor spaces
And in the middle of negotiations, you stab
me
I never give you suspicions
I only give you my trusted nation
And when we do the game's adjudication, you
stab me
Out of fleets, his centers stole
Tries to take a puppet role
All his home dots gone, nowhere to build
Wants to live beyond '05
Needs a dot to stay alive
Just one army left, nowhere to build
But oh that tragic feeling, nowhere to build
Oh that tragic feeling, nowhere to build,
nowhere to build
BNC, look at this game, rule on this demo zine
Game will be irregular, so ruin his win and
join a newer game
BNC came through today, came through today
Came through today, yes he did
AEFGIRT, all but Russia start with three
AEFGIRT, all but Russia start with three...
((sounds of toads croaking))

HERE COMES THE FUN ZINE (2:31)

Here comes the fun zine
here comes the fun zine
Everybody's laughing, everybody's happy
Here comes the fun zine
Prussia Perelandra Pontevedra Zimiamva
Peeriblah
Barno Key Lepanto John Caruso Pomes mit
Mayo Peeriblah
Doomie Dick n Julie Sealch West Georgie
'saglieri Peeriblah

MEAN MR LINSEY (1:06)

Mean Mr Linsey fears for his life
Threats cause the strife, Brux takes action
now
Sends his mass mailings around
Sends Bill Highfield to the dog pound
Such a mean old man
His mentor Berch takes up the search
Brux tops his perch, he's a safe man now
Throws beginners out of his zine
Sends the strangest mail to Francine
(It was niether sick not obscene)
Such a hated young man

BLOODSUCKER BYRNE (1:13)

Well you should see Bloodsucker Byrne
And in her Korner all the insults she spurns
She's just the foxiest chick, she rules the
rest of the clique
Of course God knows she'll never learn
She has toadies that she treats much like pets
She takes them with her when she roots for
the Mets
She's the kind of a girl that makes Mark
Berch's hair curl
It's amazing all the centers she gets

SHE CAME IN THROUGH THE ST PAUL AIRPORT (1:58)

She came in through the St Paul airport
Assisted by a beau named Scott
Who finally had his favorite frauleine
And- gave thanks for the beer she brought
Didn't anyone McTell him, didn't anyone
McSee
Mornings making Egg McMuffins, evenings
writes to Germany
She said she worked at a McDonald's
She made McBurgers every day
And thought the food might give them cancer
She liked the food made another way
At first he didn't want to try it
But feared the price she'd make him pay
At last he let her change his diet
This was food made the German way
Didn't anyone McTell him, didn't anyone McSee
Sunday feels proud and healthy, Tuesday
has to sit to pee

GOLDEN NUMBER (1:31)

Once there was a way to win the game
Once there was a way to get Dip Fame
Stab him little dipper, don't be shy
Or soon the chance will pass you by
Golden number is eighteen
You need that in any zine
Stab him little dipper, just be sly
And all those dots will soon come by
Once there was a way it could be won
Once there was a way to win Dipcon
Stab him little dipper, don't take time
Or he will form a stalemate line

WIN IN '08 (1:37)

Kid, you've got to win in '08, else the
game's fate's a six way
Kid, you've got to win in '08, win in '08,
or vote "yea"
I'll never give you my centers
I'll only put up my opposition
So take a look at the board's position and orde
Kid, you've got to win in '08, time's
getting late, we'll stop play
Kid, you've got to win in '08, win in '08
the hard way

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Standing by a parking meter
When I caught a glimpse of Rita
Filling in a ticket in her little white book

IN YOUR FACE

Let's face it. You know it to be true: California is on the nation's trend setting cutting edge. Whatever the craze, if we didn't invent it or design it, then we were the first to recognize its trendy potential and exploit it. (E.g. hot tubs, peacock feathers, etc.) Whatever the craze, you can bet Californians were the first to see it, hear it, eat it, wear it and throw it away. The latest in drinks? California Coolers. Now Colorado is making an obvious cheap to bask in California's reflected glory with "Colorado Chillers," but will any body be duped? I think not. I think the country realizes that domestically, if something isn't from California, it just isn't worth having.

Let's look at one earth shaking ((earth-quakes! I didn't even think of them--they start here also!)) Californian invention that has irrevocably changed the face of America and has sent tremors all through the social structure, right down to the family unit: Fast Food. Hey, how many billions of hamburgers has McDonald's sold? And where were the first McDonald's? California! Well, I'm here to tell ya, there's a new revolution in fast food on its way, and it's starting right here in (you guessed it) Southern California. Get ready.

Taco stands. You heard me. Taco stands already permeate Southern California, and while I certainly won't claim that they will sweep the nation like the burger factories or my yellow hordes in 85G, I think they will break out of Southern California into other areas of sizeable Mexican American populations or anywhere taste buds aren't prejudiced.

As a patient,
you have the right to seek out
the opinion of other physicians
concerning your health
problems.

Every "Hello"
is a Good Buy.

In San Diego, taco stands are popping up like jumping beans. From ritzy Norht County to blue collar South Bay, from beach areas and suburbs to downtown, uptown and inland, you're never far from a carne asada taco or chicken burrito.

Just as McDonald's, Burger King, Wendy's and (yech!) Jack in the Box battle for your burger bucks, so too do a variety of taco chains vie for your dinero. All the chains have essentially the same menu to chose from: bean, chicken, beef or carne asada in tacos, tortas, enchiladas, tostadas and burritos, plus plates (beans, rice, garnish of lettuce and one of the above) and cheese quesodila. Prices vary between chains along with quality of food, but some things are immutable: all stands are manned by unfriendly unsmiling Mexicans that look like they just snuck across the border. The rare bilingual ones know how to growl "Help you" or "Next." I swear there must be a school for taco stand cooks to teach them how to be curt and surly. (I'm not racist; some of my best friends are curt and surly.) All stands are self-contained kitchens, with all the ingredients simmering in pots for twelve hours a day since being made fresh that morning. Upon your order, they fry the corn tortilla or cook the flour tortilla and make up your food. In most cases it's a taste ecstasy that turns to gastronomic agony hours later. It's

In her cap she looked much older
And the bag across her shoulder
Made her look a little like a milit'ry man

a decision every gourmand has to make as to whether it's worth it. I know I've made my choice. Excuse me as I go to the bathroom.

The acid test for any taco stand is their carne asada burrito. It's the dish that has it all. In addition, a Californian standard is rolled tacos with gaucamole. They're inexpensive snack items. A rolled taco is merely some sort of meaty filling rolled inside a corn tortilla to about 3/4" in diameter. In all respectable joints they are rolled en mass in the morning and deep fried for you upon your ordering. Except for an occasional quesadilla or chicken taco for a change of pace, the standard Californian order at a stand is a carne asada burrito and three rolled tacos with gaucamole (or "3 rolled tacs with gauc" in local parlance).

Here then is a review of various taco chains with stands throughout the country for your reference when you need a bite to eat after visiting the beaches reviewed issue before last. Be sure to take TiL's #8 and #10 with you on vacation! To make a fair comparison for this review, I researched very carefully, ordering The Standard at all stands. Most stands are drive through ordering equipped; some haven't got any dining area so all orders are to go. This varies according to location, not chain. I either walked up or skateboarded up to the window at all locations.



Taco Shop

Might as well start with the McDonald's of San Diego taco chains, ROBERTO'S. With myriad outlets all around the county and cheaper prices by a dime or two than any other chain, you gotta figure the stands with the orange and red awnings pick up the lion's share of San Diego's taco business. Carne Asada burrito: \$1.50; three rolled with guac \$1.20. The burrito is of respectable size and offers meat, guac, tomatoes, onions and bell peppers. The marinade is great, but the beef is less than choice. But if you want to get away with only paying a buck and a half for your carne asada, you'll have to chew a little longer. Service time varies, but is usually quite fast. Hot sauce is good and hot. Gastric condition: heartburn at bedtime, and hungry again three hours later. Unlike other stands, Roberto's includes tax in their prices, so the food gets even cheaper in comparison.

The most expensive of the local chains is SALAZAR'S. They're also quite often the cleanest so I guess it's a trade off. Their carne asada burrito is \$1.99 and I bought three rolled with guac for \$1.47, although they often have sales of five with guac for a buck sixty-nine. Instead of wrapped in wax paper, your burrito comes on a chinet plate with garnish, covered with foil to go. The hot sauce is too mild and the guacamole is on the thin side. But the thing that makes their burritos worth the extra quarters are the spiced, diced carrots. Carrots pickled in jalapeno juice, and shredded cheese on the guac over the tacos are nice touches. They also have a standard deal of a couple of rolled tacos (sans guac), a tostada and a taco for the low low price of \$1.79. Gastric condition the next day: no problem, not even gas. Clearly not authentic Mexican food.

ALBERTO'S MEXICAN FOOD

4918 NEWPORT AVE.
PHONE 223-0230
OCEAN BEACH, CA. 92107

One of the harder to find chains in the county is ALBERTO'S (are you beginning to pick up the similarities in the names), and that's a shame because Alberto's may strike the perfect balance between price and food quality. At this writing I would wager that Alberto's gives you the best value for your peso. Thank goodness there are two relatively close here in Ocean Beach. Carne Asada burrito \$1.70 and four rolled with guac a mere \$1.20. In fact, many items are priced as low or lower than Roberto's, and I believe tax is included here, also. Their burrito is huge, or at least the one I got was. ((I have no reason to believe my cover as food critic for TiL was blown, so they should have treated me the same as any normal customer.)) Their guacamole is excelente, with chunks of avocado (erroneously) left in to let you know it's fresh and homemade. Beef seemed to be pretty lean, also. Heavy on the cilantro, too, and I love cilantro. I have friends who swear by this place, and I may soon join them.

If you buy on credit,
know the annual percentage rate
and the total amount of finance
charges you pay.
Compare lending institutions
to find the best terms
and lowest rate.

The COTIJA taco shop I visited was about the least distinguished stand I visited. Five rolled with guac were a mere \$1.65, but the filling was not the standard cheap spiced beef, but an even cheaper filling of gray paste of unknown origin. Definitely avoid! The carne asada burrito was one seventy-five, heavy on the guac but light on the carne, and came on the plate with a garnish and covered in foil. While I was at this stand (it was in south Pacific Beach on the Strip) other patrons included a skateboarder who rode around and around the shop until his order was ready, and an irrepressible bag lady begging for food from the cooks--ruined the atmosphere--or did it create it? Hot sauce way too mild. No gastritis, but a vigorous burp was elicited. Like all Mexican food, filling at the time but the feeling is quickly gone with the wind.

Lovely Rita, meter maid
May I enquire discretely
When are you free to take some tea with me?

LA POSTA DE ACCULPOLCO taco shops seem to be the poorrelation of county taco chains. I had thought there was only one, at the hub of the known universe (see last issue), but I recently saw another out east some place. The one I went to a couple times before I wised up was a dime cheaper than Roberto's, with burritos going for a buck forty and three rolled with guac for one twenty, but that may just have been because there was a Roberto's a block away. This was the smallest, dirtiest, meanest-staffed stand I ever saw during my travels. Gastric condition the next morning: meltdown.



El Indio Shop

TORTILLA FACTORY & MEXICAN DELI
OVER 40 YEARS. THE FINEST READY-TO-EAT
AND TAKE OUT MEXICAN FOOD
3695 INDIA ST., SAN DIEGO, CA 92103
HOURS 8:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. Mon.-Sat.
Sun. 10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m.
299-0333

Not a chain but the largest single taco shop in the city, EL INDIO serves an incredible amount of people each day. It's close to downtown but almost impossible to get to from the free way that practically passes right over it. A San Diego institution for forty some odd years, this high volume McDonald's-type operation is the Big Daddy of taco shops. The menu is three times as extensive as any chain taco shop, and the kitchen is correspondingly three times as large as any other. They make everything fresh every morning, including their unmatched tortilla chips, and that part of the kitchen is left open but dark in the afternoon, later patrons able to see the tools that allow El Indio to refer to itself as a Mexican deli rather than taco stand, a term of respect it deserves considering its huge menu that requires a dozen visits to even scratch the surface. Their mini burrito is slightly smaller than Roberto's for the same price and is made up of carne and beans instead of carne and guac like everyone else's. (I prefer the guac.) The quesadilla with a side of guac I ordered (see I told you) for one seventy was so huge I had to make it into a cheese and guac burrito. The line was a constant ten deep to order while I was there, and that was mid-afternoon, so this place must really rake in the centavos. And unlike any other place mentioned the cooks didn't double as counter people, and everyone was smiling and courteous.

Never purchase a garment
without a complete
care label attached.

Opticians fill prescriptions
for optometrists
and ophthalmologists.

A few closing remarks. Never look at the menu on the wall. They're all the same whatever the location and whatever the chain, so only a novice or out of towners doesn't have his mind made up long before he approaches the counter. Don't be uncool. Everybody goes to taco stands, from shirtless barefoot beach bums to suits and BMWs. Come to think of it though, I don't think I've ever seen a Mexican at one... Some taco stands (Roberto's most notably) are open twenty-four hours a day. You wouldn't believe how happening they get between two and three a.m. after the bars close: everyone descends on them. Just as McDonald's proudly proclaims how many burgers it has sold on the outside of every outlet, so too

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BLANCA 1985D

Spring 03 GET YOUR MONEY FOR NOTHING
AND YOUR CHICKS
FOR FREE

AUSTRIA (Martin) A VIE S a bud-gal. A bud-GAL;
A TRI S a ser: F GRE H; A SER S tur a bul-
rum (NSO)

ENGLAND (Stafford) F lvp-WAL; F ENC-bre;
F NWY S F bar-stp/no. F bar-STP/no;
A swe-fin (d/r den. otb)

FRANCE (Tigne) A PAR-bre: A spa-GAS; F mid-IRI;
F lye-SPA/sc: A mar-BUR

GERMANY (Gardner) A mun-BOH; A bur-MUM; A pic-BEL
A ruh-KIE; A SIL-gal; A war-UKR; F den-NTH

ITALY (Jensen) A pie-MAR; A tyo-VEN;
F ION & FRENCH a par-rum?
F WES & ENGLISH r' eng-mid (nso)

RUSSIA (Michael Wrobel) A fin-SWE.
F BOT S a fin-swe

TURKEY (Tallman) F smy-EAS; A CON S a bul;
A RUM-gal; A BUL S a rum (otm); A SEV-rum,
F BLA S a sev-rum

Mmm...bet there will be some letter writing
done this season! Hey, is anybody even *trying*
to coordinate? I love fluid games!

Jim Meinel has resigned, so I'm using Ed's
orders since he's assuming the position even
though Jim was kind enough to submit last
orders. I know we all wish Jim luck in his
continued endeavors as he leaves the hobby.
Please come back, Jim. Thanks Ed for sending
in standby orders.

Just a hypothetical situation so you're aware
this in the future: Please be aware that
Express Mail next day delivery mail requires
my signature. Please be aware that I am
rarely at home when the mail arrives in the
afternoon, even/especially on a Saturday.
I'm either at work or at the beach (natch).

Of course I can just hear you screaming,
"Then get a phone!" Okay, I might have a
phone by the time you read this and that num-
ber might be 619 224 8037. The first six
numbers are for sure.

DEADLINE FOR FALL 03 orders is SEPTEMBER 7.

PRESS:

TURKEY-ITALIAN: Please check my address; it ap-
pears your last two letters weren't forwarded.
((Tallman: 7239 Sand Point Way #308; Seattle WA
98115))

TURKEY-AUSTRIA: Do you WANT Biffy to win?

PAUL-GM: HEY! What happened to that whole page
of press I sent you (which is now out of date
and please don't use it, thank you!)?

PRESS ABUSER-ABUSEE: It was attached to orders
that arrived too late for last season, and would
have seen print this season but for your plea
above. I wouldn't say it's out of date, though..

ITALY-FRANCE: Write the Association against
GMs abusing Press Privileges. You can probably
sue Keith for a coup-le of trillion for mental
damages, though he may try to prove it was al-
ready there. ((I want my, I want my, I want my
press I.V.)) If all else fails, threaten to
strike like the baseball players. Must be real
tough to carry that money.

PADRES-TWINS: I heard Minnesota prefers a strike
since the Twins can't fall any further behind...

ITALY-GM: I'm striking for higher wages, benefit
and better hours, tho as soon as I think of some-
thing that might be interesting I'll be back.

ZOOT MONKEY-KT: Looks like your country is about
to become the "Ultimate melting pot."

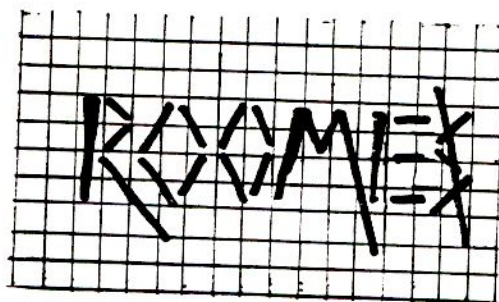
SLEAZE-SHIT FOR BRAINS WOOD: What the hell is
your problem, limbo dick? You drop out of school
so you can run around in a fish suit 40 hours a
week and live in a redneck infested slime hole?
It's the same old story: Clean out all American
son of a biophysicist moves to California, finds
some scum, and says, "Where do I sign up?" It's
so sad.

LUCKY STANDBY-GM: No, there was no LIMBO SLAM
bumper sticker, so these orders are submitted
conditional upon receipt of same. If same is
not forthcoming I shall expose you to the Hobby
for what you really are: a GM who bribes stand-
bys and then doesn't come across. (Not to men-
ti-on how you fixed the Tallman Poll!!!)

LUCKY GM-PLAYER OF RECORD: You're right; I
haven't done nearly enough for Terry since he
fixed the poll for me. Guess I'll go back and
redo this season so Austria, Italy and Russia
don't stab him.

Before combining drugs
(over-the-counter or prescription),
consult your pharmacist or doctor.

Excessive sugar each day
makes your teeth decay
...see your dentist
regularly.



You're probably saying to yourself right now,
"Oh great, Keith's going to start complaining
again. He's never happy with his house or house
mates. Well,

Well, yes and no. Last issue I did a little
describing of the unique features of my present
abode which might be wrongly construed as com-
plaining, and I have in the past been known to
relate tales of my oddball housemates. But my
present oddball housemate is of my own picking
(and I of his) so there's really no use in try-
ing to gain your sympathy.

Bob is the trumpet player for Limbo Slam as
I have mentioned before. I met him at Sea
Village (largest aquatic camp west of the Rock-
ies) as he was my immediate boss upon my hiring.
We hit it off as we were both obnoxious and both
UCSD drop outs (although he spent only a single
quarter there). In fact, I was often referred to
as the next Bob by people who knew us both.
Through Bob I met his girlfriend at the time and
another Sea Village employee, Lori, a medium
boss. Lori and I became good friends, and she
eventually transferred me out from Bob and under
her. Sometime later Bob and Lori broke up, and
Bob needed a new place to live. This at the
time when I had put my notice in at Cliffridge.
Eventually we decided to move in together. So
now I live with Bob and work for Lori and am
friends with both. Like walking a tight rope.

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Took her out and tried to win her
Had a laugh and over dinner
Told her I would really like to see her again

Continued from page 2

THE END (2:04)

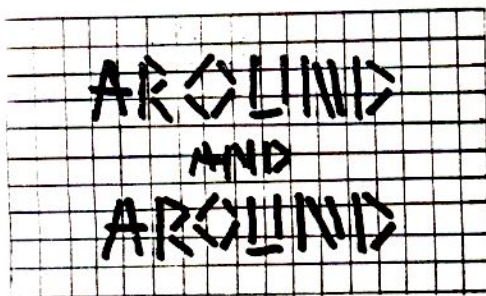
Oh yeah, all right. oh you're going to be
in St Pete tonight
((Konrad wails away on drums))
Stab you. stab me, stab him, stab them...
And in the end, the stabs you take are equal
to the stabs you make

HEY KATHY (0:23)

Hey Kathy, she's a trustworthy girl so you
hit someone with your attack
Hey Kathy seems like such a nice girl til
she stabs you in the back
I want to take some of her centers next
year, but I've got to get an ally who'll
stick by
Hey Kathy, she's a pretty nice girl, next
year she'll make your country die, oh
yeah
Next year she'll make your country die

((I adore song press, and this song article is
just about the best I've ever sung in the genre.
Thanks gratuitous amounts Mark. I'd send you a
LIMBO SLAM bumper sticker if I didn't lose them
all, so hope you'll be satisfied with three
issues added to your sub. Thanks again for the
best thing to appear in TiL to date.))

Never sign
a blank or partially
completed tax return.



P ommes mit Mayo is not only a mixed metaphor
and gastric suicide, it's also a new zine
from that mixed marriage. Scott Hanson and Frauke
Peterson (2626 Stevens Ave S, Mpls MN 55408).
It's an international letter column on inter-
national politics and economics, and goes for
a mere 35¢ an issue. But the really interesting
thing about PMM is that Scott uses the *ultimately*
cool format of two columns reduced, as you're
reading now. It's sweeping the hobby, uh huh.
I thought I was the pioneer, but recently while
thumbing through the Apple Archives in Orphan
research, I found a RAGING MAIN using that for-
mat before this zine was a glint in my eye....

B ob Olsen can sleep easier at night now: the
hobby has elected him the recipient of the
1985 Don Miller Award for out standing hobby
service, specifically for "contributing to the
hobby's sense of humor; for hosting Pudgecons,
and for writing outstanding press in a number
of publications." ((OOPS, that was "sense of
ethics", not "humor" although it might as
well have been.)) Bob Olsen has also been voted
Hobby Genius in Life of Monty's 1985 Lifer awards
and Bob has won the 1985 Nixon Award. I congrat-

Got the bill and Rita paid it
Took her home and nearly made it
Sitting on the sofa with a sister or two

ulate Bob Olsen and roundly applaud the hobby
for recognizing this giant among hobbyists, un-
officially but quite rightly making this the
Year of Bob Olsen. What's next, Bob?

T om Hurst (2686 Richardson Dr. Fitchburg WI
53711) is running DIP ZIP, a new, thrice
yearly voluntary listing of Dip zines and hobby
services. Aside from a cover page of explanatory
notes, DIP ZIP will contain only the submissions
of zine pubbers. Tom asks pubbers that wish to
be included (hurry! He's aiming to publish on
September 1st) to send him their zine's title,
pubber's address, game and sub fees, frequency
of publication and a short description of the
zine. This will be a fast, accurate (folded
zines will be culled within four months) listing;
just the facts with a minimum of cream rising to
the top and getting in the way.

T he Not for Hire is a new letter zine unlike
any other: each issue contains only letters,
left to stand on their own with no editing or
editor butting in. Steve Langley (2296 Eden Roc
Lane #1, Sacramento CA 95825) publishes this gem
at a buck a copy, no trades. It is a feud zine
in the sense of No Fixed Address (Steve Hutton,
704 Brant St, London ONT Canada N5Y 2N1)
letter column, but also has the potential to
become the next House of Lords. TNFH takes the
idea of impartiality and fairness (all persons
mentioned in your letter receive a copy of the
zine charged to your subscription!) to a logical
conclusion: all letters stand on their own until
the next month when others can respond to it.
If you have a strong stomach, go for it! Despite
the complete impartiality of the project, I sus-
pect some principals will choose not to leave the
confines of NFA.

Didn't Hemmingway write a book entitled THE
CREAM ALSO RISES?

If a job is advertised
as "Fee Paid"
or "No Fee,"
the employer has agreed
to pay the entire
employment agency fee
and you have no fee obligation.

I n an effort to speed the great Hobby Holocaust
to a quick conclusion, The Inner Light pre-
sents now as a public service the last few
remaining derisive epithets that haven't yet
been hurled about like random machine gun fire
by the combatants:

twit
buffalo breath
fish face
pizza face
dick (excuse, Linsey has called Martin this)
mullosk molester
prevaricator of Floridian Swampland
"You're the pits of the world"
"Sticks and stones will break my bones but
words will never hurt me" ((Why oh why
doesn't somebody use this one?))
vomit
Madonna fan
pencil neck geek
evil incarnate
athiestic evolutionary oddity
limp-wristed crustation-breeding Nazi
eats small pets and children
spineless liverwort of unknown ancestral origi-
one more reason to hate New York/Massachusetts
etc.
one eyed one horned flying purple people
eater

YOUR FACE

Continued from page 4

do the taco stands have their pride. An old honored practice that now seems to be on the wane is that each stand of a chain is numbered, one thru whatever. I've seen Salazar's #17, but the Roberto's that opened last Christmas on The Strip didn't have a number. They all used to do it as a form of keeping up with the

Taco stands are, despite their chain names and employees, merely an Americanization of the vendor on the corner of Tijuana streets selling tacos from a cart for a dime a piece. Nothing beats eating on the streets of Mexico, or in a family restaurant in T.J. But taco stands are a pretty good deal taken in and of themselves. For this reason I believe they will eventually spread throughout the Southwest (if they haven't already) and perhaps further. Taco Belch certainly can't compare with authentic Mexican fast food, but made a good attempt to mass market it. I thought of reviewing one for this article but I couldn't bring myself to subject myself to a "Bellburger". Are there any Taco Bells in Montana or Maine? Am I wandering? Okay, what I'm trying to say is that I doubt any McDonald's will fold when a Roberto's opens next door, but given the choice between a Big Mac and a carne asada burrito, any true Southern Californian will pick the latter.

Never use
someone else's prescription.
The same drug can have
a different effect on
another person.
Sharing a prescription
is illegal and may be dangerous.

MY ROOMMATE

Continued from page 5

(Hmmm.. Great possibilities for a Love Triangle Scenario. Anyone want to feud?) Bob was peer boss (i.e. We dressed up too) of all the others, but Lori (she's big enough so she doesn't have to dress up) transferred my over to Shamus. She just promoted me, so now I'm peer boss in charge of all Shamus, a great honor. ((Remember I'm talking about walk-around characters here.)) Bob's a native Southern Californian, and has therefore been able to fill in the gaps in my education (like skateboarding). Bob and I can each be accurately described as not-neat freaks, which means Le Pit can deteriorate pretty far before one of us will break down and clean it. Like right now.

Bob's one of those people who's not totally integrated with society if you consider society necessitating you to have a checking account, a driver's license, and paying your tickets so there aren't warrents out on you. He operates entirely on cash, something I could never understand how anyone could do. It's interesting living with someone similar to you but so different in priorities.

Podiatrists diagnose
and treat foot problems.

Oh Lovely Rita meter maid
Where would I be without you
Give us a wink and make me think of you

Don't you just hate people that go into restaurants/fast food joints and order just a bag of fries and a cup of ice, buying the least expensive item merely as an excuse to load up with mass quantities of restaurant supplied freebies for customers? Did you know that Bob and I are stocking our house with free catsup and mustard, straws, napkins, salt and pepper, and filling our ice bin with the help of the Jack in the Box twenty feet away? Hey, why spend your hard earned pennies when J in B will give it to you for free with a purchase.

On the subject of "Don't you just hate...", I'll be starting a new section of the INNER LIGHT : an new column for your amusement and inner peace. A certain type of ignoramous getting you down with his aggravating insensative STUPID behavior?

FOR ALL YOU DO
THIS FINGER'S
FOR YOU!

To that particular breed of individual who gets on the freeway, cuts across four lanes of traffic to the fast track, and then plods along at 58 mph.

To those people who delight in belching, thinking loud burps are a skill to be cultivated and savored, and show off their invaluable God-given gift because they think it's cute to make loud gross noises.

To people who think that grocery stores are buffet lines and the shelves are trash depositories.

To those conscientious car poolers who show up at their rider's unsuspecting neighborhood at 6:30 a.m. and lean on their horn just to let their rider that the rider's generous driver has arrived in all his glory.

To the guy who throws his cigarette into the urinal.

To cigarette smokers in general. Show me one who claims he's never thoughtlessly tossed a butt on the ground and I'll show you a liar. What is it about butts that convince them their paper refuse isn't litter. I don't think they would litter with a gum wrapper so unthinkingly.

There is of course more, much more. But why let me have all the fun? This will be a reader participation column. Blow off some steam and let us know about the type of unthinking dimwit whose blatant stupidity astounds you. For all they do, they deserve it!

Generic drugs
are generally less expensive
but may be of the same quality
as their brand name counterparts.

YOU'LL "HAVE A WHALE" OF A GOOD TIME AT
 BOB KEITH'S
 AFBAR AND JEFFS

SEA VILLAGE

2ND LARGEST AQUATIC AMUSEMENT PARK WEST OF THE ROCKIES

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN...

- ★ A SEAL BALANCE A BALL ON ITS NOSE?
- ★ A DOLPHIN DANCE THE HULA?
- ★ A SLEEPING WALRUS?

★ 9 ATTRACTIONS
 ★ 13 TANKS ★ 52 SNACK BARS

THRILL TO OUR "SPLASH TACULAR" OCEAN CIRCUS SHOW!!!

- ★ SQUEAKS THE DOLPHIN IN "DISCO SQUEAKS"
- ★ CURLY THE WHALE IN "JUMP FOR FISH"
- ★ PENGUIN BASKETBALL 7 SHOWS DAILY

VISIT OUR FASCINATING KIDDIE TIDEPOL PLAYLAND

FEEL FOR:

- CLAMS • EELS • KELP
- BABY LAMPREYS • MICROSCOPIC PARASITES

U-GRAB U-KEEP

LEARN AMUSING SEA FACTS AT DAVEY JONES' WRECK WONDERS OF THE DEEP ACTION THEATER!!

EVERYONE LOVES RIDING THE COMEY CONVEYOR BELT AT OUR PENGUIN SAFARI*

- ★ GLASS-ENCLOSED
- ★ PRACTICALLY DOOR-FREE
- ★ SEPARATE ADMISSION REQUIRED

DON'T FORGET TO EAT AT CAPN AHABS REVOLVING SKY-HIGH CROWS NEST RESTAURANT

SPECIALIZING IN:

- ★ FISHSTICKS
- ★ FISHWICHES
- ★ CLAM CRUNCHIES

THE WAY YOU LIKE EM...

AND STOP BY THE ONE SOUVENIR & GIFT SHOPPE FOR ALL YOUR MUG, T-SHIRT, JACAL AND BUMPERSTICKER NEEDS

I ♥ MORAY EELS

GIVE YOUR KIDS AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE AT SEABAR & JEFFS SEA VILLAGE!!

1/2 MI. S. OF STICK MOUNTAIN

FREE ELEVATOR RIDE WITH PURCHASE OF MEAL AND BEVERAGE

THE INNER LIGHT #10

KEITH SHERWOOD

"LE PIT"

4824 1/2 MUIR

SAN DIEGO CA 92107

-2134

ANDY LISCHETT T
 2402 RIDGELAND AVE
 BERWYN IL 60402

CHILD
 IN
 ZINE!



1 mi 514 m 17
 "DEMO TOUR '85"
 OF THE FAR NORTH
 SAN FRANCISCO
 AUG 28 - SEPT 6

