

Lat 12.30

December 23, 1985

INTRO

This soggy and homeless zine is THE INNER LIGHT aka *The Dipzine of the Eighties* and assorted Californian observations and witticisms. The assortee is Keith Sherwood, sorting from Le Pit, 4824 1/2 Muir Ave, San Diego CA 92037. The Pit Phone is 619 224 8037. Go ahead, call me and complain that you haven't seen your zine in awhile. Just try to get a hold of me, I dare you. Subs, if you're the risk taking type, are all of 63¢ an issue, issues sold in blocks of prime numbers. This season's greeting issue is RSP #80. Fa la la la la. You won't catch me getting sentimental or joyous or anything this issue, just point me to the spiked eggnog and turn on the TV to the college football bowl games.

Thank you to Ben Schilling, Conrad Minshall Gary Coughlan, Paul Gardner and Diane Tracy (my car insurance dealer) for the Christmas cards.

Finally, what's the definition of "overly courteous"? When you walk into the laundry room at 7:00 am, startling awake the vagrant that just startled you, and you say excuse me and leave, returning at 9:00 am when you hope he will be gone but your clothes will still remain.

When I find myself in times of trouble
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.

STORY

Woke up on the couch, face down and ugly. Stereo still on, volume moderate. Would like to stay in bed, or rather make my way to my bed and then stay there, but I have to get up, whether to go to work, to school, to work two, or watch the miserable Dallas Cowboys' football game. Sheese, what a mess. If a few friends could do this to my house in only a couple of hours, what would an enemy do? Or a thundering heard of wine sodden Ocean Beach transients?

Stages of a Party: Explain to roommate this is an office Christmas party, and therefore should be restrained and calm. Besides, most of the attendees will be innocent minors... Geez, people will start arriving in an hour, I better get this styte cleaned up. ((An aside: why must apartments be cleaned up before a party so they can be thrashed? Wouldn't it be easier just to let the people party in the mess and clean up the collective mess afterwards?))... Okay, tapes are ready, food and drink is set only now, half an hour after the advertised starting time. People not wishing to be the first to show up should start arriving now.... Okay, it's an hour after the (admittedly early) supposed starting time, where is everyone? Everybody shows up.... Hey buddy, watch where you spill your drink, someone lives here, you know... Beer runs out; first collection and beer run is made. I remind them to party early, as Jimmy's Party Store! closes at 10:00 pm.... Rumor has it the cops have arrived. It's only 10:30; who has the gall to complain so early? Must be a false alarm. Nope, rumor confirmed. Change shirts to something more respectable and prepare to converse with police officers. Minors (majority of the party) quake in their dockers and hide their drinks. On the edge of tears, they turn on all the lights and kill the Sex Pistols on the stereo. Yeah, like we were just having a very quiet philosophical discussion on the political implications of the origin of consciousness, occifer. Sure. Someone talks to them outside and finds the neighbors haven't called to complain about our modest celebration ("Who cares" rhetorically asks the pragmatic peace officers) but about the pet vagrant our laundry room keeps. Good thing too, because the heavy metal kids above the Pit have nothing to complain about. The explanation of the cops appearance still doesn't quiet the most paranoid, a nineteen year old who hopes to become a customs agent and ardently believes that should he ever receive as much as a parking ticket his reputation will be sullied and his career hopes dashed....

...Another collection, another beer run, and the party hurtles forward again, albeit slightly restrained after the supposed brush with the long arm of the law.... Some girl gets soused and very friendly, sitting in every guy's lap. Hey, come here.... Soused chick's sister gets upset her behavior... The party breaks up into three distinct groups: restrained, philosophical discussion in the quiet of my room; stereo, dancing and boisterous talk in the living room (I'm here dancing,

And in my hour of darkness
She is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.

natch); and the drunks and their friends in heated discussion of proper deportment taking place out on my patio for revelers, neighbors, ally cats and vagrants alike to hear.... Party cools out and stragglers leave early--12:30--but about two hours after I figured it would break up. Man, the "office" was ready for more of a party than I had guessed. A last look at the surrounding carnage and I collapse (not pass out, mind you) on the couch.

Next morning, and time to clean up. I notice a cigarette butt in the now empty punch bowl. Gosh, I didn't notice that last night; I hope it wasn't there last night when I drained the last of that eggnog into my glass... Hmm, Corona bottles, Who was the ingrate who brought the Corona but didn't offer his host any?...



"Oh Keith! The cops are here to bust us!"
"Not to worry, Katie, they're only here to roust the bum in the laundry room. Say, by chance are there leaches on my back?"

I'm always amazed at the amount of cups, and beer left in cups, when I clean up. Why do they always call for more beer and spread the dirty rumor that "We're outa beer!" when the next morning there is always more than a twelve pack left over in partial bottles and cups left undrunk? Why doesn't every one just drink what they have instead of setting down their half empty bottle, losing it, and getting a fresh one?

Probably because there's always some idiot smoker (aren't they all) who unaccountably keeps putting his ashes and butts in people's cups, whether they are done with them or not. I had plenty of ashtrays out, and none of them looked like plants, yet smokers seemed to mistake my planters for ashtrays.

Three cases of beer bottles to throw out. While I'm out trying to stuff them in the already too full trash, I hear one of the surf nazis upstairs yelling from his balcony. "HEY YOU BUM, WAKE UP YOU STINKING BUM." I look up at him. "Oh, I'm not yelling at you, I'm yelling at THE STINKING BUM IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM!" I smile weakly. "Hey, great party last night, dude. We didn't call the cops on you man, we called the cops on THE STINKING BUM IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM!" I manage a not very convincing "I hope you weren't disturbed by us." "Naw, we had a great time listening up here." Listening to the family feud on the patio, no doubt. Audio voyuers....

One of the nicer things about cleaning up after a party is finding what booty was left behind by the guests, whether errantly or not, for you the host: a carton of eggnog; a nice

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LIFE AND DEATH AT THE PINK PALACE

by Thomas K. Arnold

edited by Keith Sherwood from a story that originally appeared in the San Diego READER.

To hear Bro tell it, he had this roommate problem, a whole string of roommate problems, and that's why the Pink Palace went to hell. He might have seen it coming, but he was too absorbed in his dreams of the fun house, "the ultimate Bro pad." In mid-1984 he moved into the \$1000 dollar a month rental with plans to make the two story, four bedroom house the ultimate party place. With the "Bro pad" and his steady supply of cocaine he would have an easy time of scoring the two things he valued most in life: heavy metal musicians and pretty young girls. In that order. The Pink Palace, on Sunset Cliffs across the street from the Jack in the Box, had been the realization of a dream and an end, at last, to his twice yearly moves around Ocean Beach. It was the largest place he'd ever taken, and impressed with the party possibilities, he moved in with little more than a bed and a dresser, a couch, TV, and his drum set.

A story of cocaine, money, guns, and trouble.

Bro's real treasures were stored in a black steamer trunk: more than 200 laminated back stage passes which he called his "sacred lammies" from bands like Judas Priest, Motely Crue, Def Leppard and Ratt; autographed publicity shots of his favorite bands, and two AC/DC posters, the gift of a longtime cocaine customer. When he finished lining the walls with his rock memorabilia, he sat down with his friends--his "dukies"--who had helped him move in and shared a bong load of a blend he proudly described as "On-Off Gummy Gold Sinsi Green Puna Butter Maui Wowie HP India Skunk," a worthy christening of the best "Bro Pad" he ever had.

Bro soon found two roommates with whom to split rent, and he then set about reactivating his social life and business contacts. He called everyone he knew and invited them over to party or to buy "the kind," Bro's supply of coke. Bro fancied himself the "king of the kind" in OB: for more than ten years he had supported himself solely by selling cocaine. When he dropped out of high school in the eleventh grade he had been shy and awkward around girls, he found that with a generous supply of coke he didn't have to worry about witty opening lines. It was nothing to get even the most stunning "pumpkin" into his car and back to his apartment. So Bro expanded his business for a decade.

He learned early on that cocaine provided him with an entree not only with young girls--pumpkins--but with the rock music scene of which he so desperately wanted to be a part. He began to conduct business deals in the back stage areas of local rock venues, making his rounds unobtrusively and protected by the back stage passes concert promoters gave him. Bro's unabashed admiration of anyone remotely connected to the music

business was well known, and his reputation among concert promoters was based not so much on what he sold but on how much he gave away. Give Bro a concert t shirt or a sacred lammie and he was good for a quarter gram of pure coke from his personal stash. Accept his invitation to party back at the Pink Palace and a flattered, grateful Bro would spread out an unending supply of cocaine. When he could mix rock and roll with young girls, which was often, he was in heaven.

Summer passed and activity at the Pink Palace increased with the approach of school. Every night a dozen or more people stopped by: men in business suits dropping by to buy a gram of coke, musicians wanting to jam with Bro on drums, and pretty young girls eager for a line or two. Bro's two roommates, both of whom held day time jobs and couldn't keep pace with the non-stop partying, moved out after two months. Bro found two more tenants in no time, friends of his supplier and coke dealers themselves. Life at the Pink Palace was about to dip into a spiral.

Almost immediately Bro realized he had made a mistake: he had always been "king of the kind" but now he had competition under his own roof who were brash in their efforts to move in on Bro's clientele. On the other hand they introduced him to freebasing: the high from freebasing was shorter and more intense, and within days Bro and his crowd were freebasing regularly, enthralled by the novel effects. More and more friends came by eager to experiment, and by nightfall pipes were being passed around all four bedrooms. The parking lot of the Peoples Food Store around the corner was full even when the store was closed.

Traffic in and out of the Pink Palace, they joked, surpassed that at the neighborhood Jack-in-the-Box.

Yet even though Bro's business was increasing by the end of the year he was going broke. The pure cocaine required for freebasing was expensive, and Bro's customers knew with every purchase he was good for a complimentary hit. Bro realized with every gratis hit he was out about 25 bucks. Coke whores, girls willing to sleep with anyone for coke, frequented the house.

Bro had problems. There was the cash flow dilemma: so much money went into freebasing parties for friends, clients and musicians he was trying to impress that he couldn't pay off his suppliers. When one fronted him \$2000 worth of cocaine, Bro sat by and watched as 200 friends and strangers smoked it all at a lavish Christmas party. In retribution, the dealer took Bro's classic Mercedes. Then two days after his birthday--which he spent alone and asleep--he was

Let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be
And when the broken hearted people
Living in the world agree
There will be an answer, let it be.

pulled over in a borrowed car for drunk driving and possession of an eighth ounce of cocaine and spent two nights in jail. An attorney got the charges dropped, but for \$2500.

In frustration Bro ordered his roommates out and took on new tenants, two rock and roll groupies and Dave. The madness at the Pink Palace underwent a brief respite. Bro had the carpets steam cleaned and closed the Palace to the freebasers who habitually crashed on the floor. Dave, he knew, was a dealer too, but Dave was 39 and Bro assumed Dave possessed more maturity than his predecessors and wouldn't encourage the revelers who had taken over Bro's house.

But Bro was wrong. Mature, stable Dave was a fugitive from an Ocean Beach bust and he had no intention of losing his customers. He brought a whole cache of drugs--cocaine, marijuana, speed, downers--along with a veritable arsenal of guns. The nightly parties continued and strangers had the run of the Pink Palace. Three more dealers took up improvised residence on the living room floor, and young girls were coming around again. The Pink Palace had slipped beyond his control.

**Maybe his
rock idols
would be
impressed;
maybe they'd
come back and
party!**

In July police came by the Pink Palace and arrested Bro on a five year old narcotics charge. He had changed his name since then, so he figured someone must have tipped them off. Again an attorney got him off, but his legal fees now topped \$10,000, a sum he was not likely to ever see. Promoters refused Bro's requests for back stage passes and let him know he was no longer welcome. The law was too close behind. His regular customers stopped coming by, and Bro carelessly sold to anyone who called, even total strangers. Bro seemed unconcerned; he was freebasing around the clock and was either oblivious or ignored the fact the Dave and his friends continued to bring more and more drugs and guns into the house.

By September the Pink Palace was a sleazy flop house where a dozen dealers would conduct business and later pass out on the floor. The Pink Palace was no longer the ultimate Bro pad but the opium den of the eighties.

Just before 6 pm on Friday the 13th Bro stepped out onto the enclosed patio behind the house. He had been smoking cocaine, and now the night-tly bout with paranoia was about to start. The parties he liked best, with a few lines and a few friends, were long gone done in by freebasing marathons lasting days at a time.

For though they may be parted
There is still a chance that they will see
There will be an answer, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be, yeah let it be
There will be an answer, let it be

Suddenly the door from the garage to the patio burst open, and half a dozen plain clothes officers advanced on him, search warrant in hand. Bro was placed under arrest, handcuffed and hustled through the ally to a waiting patrol car. At that same moment six more policemen broke down the front door of his Pink Palace, confronting four men and three women in the process of passing around a freebasing pipe. They began arrest proceedings when Dave broke free and ran down the hall to his bedroom. Two policemen took chase. When they rounded the hallway and reached his door Dave fired two blasts from a .45 caliber pistol, knocking both cops back out into the hallway, saved only by their protective vests.

The other officers returned fire, and Dave took a single revolver blast to the chest. Blood splattered over the carpet and the bedroom wall. In the uproar one of the girls dashed upstairs and a man escaped through the patio door. The officers dragged the four remaining suspects from the house and radioed for back up. By 6:30 pm thirty five police cars had roped off a four block area around the Pink Palace, and fifteen SWAT officers stood in position with sniper scopes attached the the barrels of their rifles. The standoff continued for more than an hour while officers repeated the command for anyone still in the house to surrender immediately. When they finally shot in a percussion grenade through the window, the girl, coughing and sobbing, crept out into the arms of waiting SWAT officers. The police stormed the house, carried out their injured colleagues, and then, on a stretcher, Dave, who was beyond help. Bro, locked in the back of the patrol car, buried his head in his lap.

Police sealed off the Pink Palace with a yellow and black cord and began the inventory of contraband. Inside they found a dozen freebase pipes and bongos; three scales for weighing coke; eighty-seven packets of cocaine, each containing anywhere from a quarter gram to an eighth ounce; forty-seven plastic baggies filled with quaaludes and other downers; two more plastic bags each containing 100 tabs of LSD; a bottle of marijuana seeds; and a Bible in which another packet of coke was sandwiched between the gospels of Luke and John. They also turned up \$10,000 cash and a dozen revolvers and shotguns.

Bro was out of custody shortly after midnight. He'd been clever enough to tell police that all the drugs, paraphernalia and guns were Dave's and not his. He returned to the Pink Palace the next day to clean out his belongings. He'd already spoken to his landlord, who wasted no time with an eviction notice. Bro packed away his prized photos and lammies and posters into boxes. He did the same with his collection of heavy metal tapes which lay strewn about the floor. He noticed with dismay that his invaluable electric guitar was pierced by three bullet holes.

On Sunday Bro stood outside the window of a friend's house in Point Loma. "Hey dokie soul!" he shouted. "I've got an incredible new van." "Where did you get it? I thought you were broke," called back his friend, looking outside and seeing Bro, with a half empty bottle of Jack Daniels in his hand, leaning on a beige VW van. "It was Dave's, but it's mine now. Gotta find a new pad and start business up again. How else am I going to make any money?"

Some two and a half months later....

Dick suggested that I label the cover "Famous Historical Document VIXXL. Obviously, things have changed drastically since the first four pages of this issue were typed back in December. A chronology of sorts follows:

On Christmas Night I came home from work (yes Seaworld is open Christmas Day and yes I had to work it), kicked off my shoes and walked into my room, where I immediately sunk up to my neck in sopping wet carpet. (Well actually, that's a bit of literary hyperbole. In actual fact, when I noticed the bottoms of my stocking feet were wet, I thought first that I had sweat a lot that day at work, and after disarding that theory, thought secondly that whoever used the shower last had let it over flow onto the bathroom floor and I had walked through it. Only after I removed a record for the evening (from my collection stored on the floor) and the sleeve dissolved in my hand did I realize something was seriously wrong.)

When it flashed upon me that my whole floor was soaked, I pulled up my dirty laundry hamper, my books and every box and brick, and found the bottoms of everything water logged. Hardest hit was my record collection; half the night was spent treading ((water?)) up and down my apartment, swearing a blue streak, peeling wet record sleeves apart from one another. The only good news was that my prized Beatles and Rolling Stone records were saved, being sleeved in 10¢ plastic jackets. Best investment I ever made; gonna cover all my records now. Nearly every other record jacket had sucked up water from the floor, 6 inches up the sleeve, staining unglueing, and generally thrashing them.



The next day I called our trusty real estate company and pointedly suggested they do something about the problem that had turned Le Pit into Le Swamp. When maintenance arrived promptly within the next couple of days, it was determined that the overflow valve on the water heater had broken, covering the floor of the laundry room with water. The laundry room is next to and slightly above my room, so it was just a matter of the water obeying the laws of physics and drain down into my room,

carpet, and records. After assuring me that he had fixed the water leak, Mr Greenjeans set about my ~~laundry~~ room to make it right. We removed everything from my room--shelves, desk, the organ from Bob's closet(his closet was in my room--do you wish a floor plan of the unique floor plan of Le Pit?) along with his boxes--to the living room, leaving narrow footpaths between piles of paraphernalia. I didn't think I had that many possessions, but my stuff combined with what Bob had in his closet turned the living room into an unlivable storage room. Mr Maintenance then pulled up the carpet off the floor, and kept it levitated with my cinder block bricks. The idea being, he graciously explained, to let the carpet dry out.

The Last MYSTERY GIFT...

....and we're going out with a BANG! Identify the substance at right. Does it have anything to do with this issue's main article on the PINK PALACE? Did I squander my money giving every subscriber part of the most expensive zine ever? Why am I quitting the hobby?

After a week of "drying out," my room was still at high tide, and the entire apartment smelled not unlike a wet dog, if proverbial mutt had had a dirty damp nylon coat. On the second of January, convinced a phone call was not forceful enough, I went down to the offices of the real estate company. They promised to send out a real carpet company that Saturday. Somewhat mollified, I then committed my-rossest error of the entire ordeal: I paid January's rent, in full. Dumb dumb dumb.

I also gave our thiry days notice. I had had quite enough of Le Pit, thank you, and guessing it would only get worse, wanted to cut my losses. My erstwhile roommate was going to move in with his eight months pregnant girlfriend that he had been going with for 7 and 3/4 months. Our happy home was splitting up...

The carpet man took one look at my cocktail napkin and said it had to go. Go to his shop for a cleaning and drying. And out it went, dripping all the way, exposing the naked cement floor of my room. It was cold, but dried almost immediately.

The next morning, however, a river had reappeared, meandering from the wall next to the laundry room (where my records once rotted I thought ruefully) across the room, leading me to the inevitable conclusion the problem had indeed not been solved. Maintenance appeared the next day, saying the water heater had ruptured, not merely broken a valve, and had to be replaced. I thought about the wasted week of letting the carpet dry above the river, of enduring that smell and clutter, and paying full rent for the privilege to do so.

Another week and the carpet had yet to reappear. At least the cement floor was finally dry. But I couldn't function with the house

ROOM OVER THE RIVER KWAI

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And when the night is cloudy
There is still a light that shines on me
Shine until tomorrow, let it be.

In the middle and right after the hydro-trauma some pleasant surprises kept my spirits lifted and prevented me from slitting my wrists.

A friend from high school was in town visiting her brother, and thought to look me up. We had not seen each other in three years, but really made up for it in a week. She spent more time with me showing her around the sights and shopping than with her brother, who was looking for a job.

Only three days after she left and I thought my tour guide days were over, I got a mysterious phone call at 12:30 am. I had just laid down after reciting my favorite Diplomacy prayer

*Now I lay me down to sleep
Praying all my supply centers
for to keep*

when I had to get up for the phone: "Hello Keith? This is Dick Martin." But it's 3:30 in Maryland...Jeez this guy keeps weird hours. "Say do you know your way around San Diego?" I don't know much that early in the morning, but I'm always game for long distance phone calls. "Do you know the visitor center?" The connection was awfully good for three thousand miles. "How close is it to your house?" "Oh real close: just take the next freeway exit and--wait a minute: where are you?" "At the visitor's center." Well knock me over with a small colored wooden block (easy at that time in the morning).

Directions were quickly given since the Chamber of Commerce unbelievably did not note the location of the Pink Palace or the Ocean Beach Jack in the Box at the Visitor Center. Minutes later I was dressed, and Dick and Julie Martin, imagine my surprise, walked in my back door. A chronology of sorts follows:

Having never met before (well, Dick and Julie knew one another, but to me were strangers) we spent a couple hours getting to know each other. I tried to hide the still stapled and unread RETALIATION I had received that afternoon. (Rats, I had missed a note inside warning me of their imminent arrival by not reading my mail immediately?) No, when we three opened it later to attempt the rock and roll quiz there was no personal note, just an attack on station wagons and their drivers. Incensed, I took them both (after all, who can tell which one is writing a particular piece in RETAL?) out to the street at two in the morning to meet my car, an extremely large station wagon.

Since we were outside already, I suggested a walk down to the beach. This late-late/early-early morning beach stroll was their first encounter with the Pacific. We thrilled to bulbous kelp, stood awed by the huge waves breaking on the OB pier, and walked the closed streets of Ocean Beach. Returning to the house, I convinced them to forego a motel and accept the

simple hospitality of Le Pit. Julie went to sleep in my bed--eat your hearts out, men of America--and I got to tuck her in! (Look for my letter in next month's Penthouse Forum...) Dick and I stayed up little longer, talking and playing records, before we crawled off to sleep, he to my bed and his wife, and I to my roommate's bed, since he was not at home. (I even offered them the use of Le Pit for the week, but they chose the expense of a motel, probably after they saw my shower stall.)

Dick and Julie fulfilled one of my dreams: I had always hoped that some subscriber would take their INNER LIGHTS with them if they vacationed in San Diego/CA, figuring TiL described all the hip places that were worth seeing anyway. The Martins did just that. Brought their whole collection. I was very flattered. And of course the entire time they were here, all I could think of was where I could take them and what we could do so that they would recognize me as obviously one cool dude. (I had the same feeling the week before when I played tour guide for my hometown friend.)

The next night (Wednesday) Dick met me at Le Pit after school, about 9:00 pm. Julie was back at the motel, still sleeping. Just too much excitement that first night, I guess. Dick and I went out to dinner at one of my favorite cool restaurants. I scored some cool points. Back to Le Pit for another late late night of talk and record collection combing. By the time the Martins arrived, the apartment was just about back to nominal, but I didn't lose the opportunity to lament the damage done to my record collection.

I didn't get off from work at National until 10:00 Thursday night, and having free tickets, had made plans to go to a local dive club. I invited Julie to go dancing, and Dick, having nothing else to do, trailed along. (Threes crowded, Dick.) Big mistake. Definite loss in cool points as the band I took them to see wasn't any good (hey, I had never seen them either; how was I to know?) and the crowd wouldn't number a dozen if you counted us twice. Went home that night with my tail between my legs.

Friday night I had a previous engagement (you understand I couldn't drop *everything*, dahlingk) at the third biggest meat market in town. Seeking to prove that I realized the empty club wasn't one of the big joints in town I delineated the top three clubs in town: Confetti, Diego's and Bobby McGees. Not a couple to be kept down, while I was at Bobby McGees Friday night, Dick and Julie went to Diego's. Probably the only married couple there...

THE ODD THREESOME

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I wake up to the sound of music
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.



ROOM OVER RIVER KWAI
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turned upside down. Diplomacy wise, it was the straw that broke the camel's back, as can be inferred from the lapse between the first four pages of this issue and the second half. On the advice of everyone I told my sad tale to, I called the company and complained, reasoning I shouldn't have to pay for living in such terrible conditions for so long. They, however, had all the aces: they had my rent, my deposit, and my thirty day notice. Since I wasn't going to be sticking with them, why should they care about placating me? I am easy to push around in situations such as this (read: wimpy); Diplomacy didn't help me a bit.

Upon leaving the premises, I noticed a new problem that only convinced me that, like Cliff-ridge, I was getting out just in time: the pipes in the apartment above us leaked rather badly. It had gotten so bad before we left that the paint was bubbling off the wall and fungi was spreading like wildfire. I realized just before I left that it wasn't the shower or a sink above us that leaked, but the toilet: every time they flushed above us, water would literally stream down the walls of my room.

I got my full deposit back.



Keith considering his living situation at Le Pit

THREESOME
continued from p 6

Saturday I had school or work again during the day, so again D & J were on their own, something I admit I resented. I thought, They can't see this twon/have fun without me guiding the way. I resolved to take my tour guide role less seriously and try to forget about impressing them with my natural finesse and cool. That evening I again had previous plans, but this time was happily able to integrate my out of town guests perfectly. We went on a lobster dinner run to Mexico. We went with the other walk around characters from Seaworld; it was a work get together. The others were all slightly younger than I, and a lot younger than Dick and Julie. So I invited Ron along too, so that the four of us could talk world politics if the others degenerated into nothing but Seaworld talk. I think I can safely say we all had a great time. Hardly a taste of the real Mexico (we didn't go walking through TJ) but a good introductory lesson for gringos from Maryland.

Sunday I found the note on the door. Sniff. I guess I was just showing them too good of a time. Actually, as anyone knows who reads RETAL Dick and Julie are film buffs in general and Eddie Murphy phans specifically. They wanted to go to LA/Hollywood/Beverly Hills and see all the spots they filmed in *Beverly Hills Cop*. They brought me back the table tent from The Body Shop, where the bar scene was filmed. They

even went so far as to have dinner at the homosexual International House of Pancakes from a scene that was later cut from the film because it was to offensive.

Monday night they got me to ditch class, seriously endangering my grade in a tough class. We went out to dinner, then went by my job at National University on our way out to Bobby McGees. My eternal quest to prove how much of a fun guy I was was about to back fire again. At Bobby McGees, we made it by the first gaurd with a remark about low quality of our dress. Once inside, we only got a chance to notice how empty the place was before we were escorted out by a higher level gaurd who felt we were definitely below dress code. Whether it was the Martins' leather jackets or my tennis shoes, I honestly don't know, but the management was more than happy to have my tennis shoes in their establishment three days earlier when my group of 25 spent over \$500 on dinner and drinks. Dick and Julie took the booting rather well, like jaded veterans, but it was my First Time, and I was rather mad. Well screw 'em, we'll go spend our money at Carlos Murphey's, and we did. It wasn't too happening this Monday night, so we hit TGI Friday's, and after a little initial trouble with Maryland ID's, proceeded to spend the night drinking peach schnapps.

Tuesday I had off, so we walked around OB. Julie broke out the Dolphin shorts despite it being January. She went shopping for bikinis while I went hunting Baby Dolls. I didn't exactly understand her term, but I figured I'd like one if I could find one. That Night I recouped Thursday night's loss: we went back to the Spirit again, this time for a packed house and Jonathan Richman concert, which we all enjoyed. And then they left the next day.

I still don't know if I believe the part about Julie being an executive secretary for a corporate vice president, though.



And that's the wraps on this zine; refunds are enclosed and all trades are officially cut. I want to thank the supporters who subbed and traded. To a zine, I did not trade for a zine I didn't enjoy and read cover to cover. I will send off the remainder of my remaining Orphan Project funds to Scott Hanson. It looks as if the USOS will split three ways, between Jim Burgess, Scott and Steve Langley, a fine crew.

My new address is...wait a minute, what do you care, I'm dropping out from the hobby. Since I will be paying all outstanding debts with this issue, I can fade into obscurity with clear conscience. The games were transferred two months ago to Conrad von Metzke and his fine Costaguana; thanks, Conrad!

I may be back in a year, after I graduate in December. If I have the time and energy I will, because the erge to publish is still there. But after five years (oh God forgive me for sounding the classic Robert Lipton/Old Fart cry) I have stopped reading my mail, so it is obviously time to get out. Thanks one and all!

3/10/86

Let it be, let it be
There will be an answer, let it be.
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be.



Keith - Gone to LA
today, probably back
late. Will call you if
we're back by midnight.
(Just wanted to leave a
note so you won't think
we skipped town on you)