

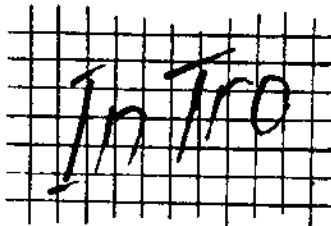
THE INNER LIGHT

"THIS AIN'T NO PARTY, THIS AIN'T NO DISCO, THIS AIN'T NO FOOLIN' AROUND."

You Never Give Me Your Money

November 11, 1984

This ain't no muckluck, or heebesgeebee; I ain't got time for that now.



Wonders of wonders, yet another issue of my zine has appeared. But what's really amazing is that this one has the same title as the last one. You'll notice elsewhere on this page it already says this the the second issue of THE INNER LIGHT, "Dipzine of the 80's" and of assorted articles dealing with alcoholism and delinquency among today's morally corrupt youth. Are you sure you're ready for it? My main weapons are hyperbole, exaggeration, and an almost fanatical devotion to the Clash. Subscriptions run 60¢ an issue, sold in blocks of prime numbers (1,2,3,5,7,11...). Your Master of Ceremonies for this evening's entertainment is moi, Keith Sherwood, 8866 Cliffridge (but the Selective Service still thinks I'm back at my PO Box on campus-they're in for surprise if they try to get me!) La Jolla CA 92037. This is Rubber Soul Press production number 54.

Response to last first issue (as opposed to the first first issue, response covered last first issue) has been as I had hoped, with 16 subs resulting from the around 25 issues sent out: a nice hefty percentage. Maybe I'll up this issue's run to 35 or 40 copies and sample more unsuspecting innocents. Forty copies? My nose bleeds at such dizzying heights. What I found interesting were the couple of people who opted for the 7 issue sub over the 11 issue sub (not to mention those unimaginative ones who still signed up for 10 issues). What's the matter, don't you trust me? Just smart shopping, I suppose. I am however slightly disappointed at being news enough to garner mentions in only two zines: SLEEPLESS KNIGHTS (thanks, Dave) and GIVE ME A WEAPON (ditto, Konrad), although I will admit to not receiving a lot of zines in the month between INNER LIGHTS 1 & 2. Must be a slow month for zines, I guess.

November is national Alzheimer's disease month by presidential proclamation. Share it with a friend today.

You never give me your money, you only give me your funny paper. And in the middle of negotiations you break down.

I went rifling through all my old zines (collectively known as the "Apple Archives") picked out all the second issues of zines I had and looked them over to see what other fledgling publishers filled their second issues with. No, I didn't think to do this for the first issue. Besides, what good would it have done to see what others did in their second issues when I was still on my first?

So what have other zines that went on to become hobby pillars had in their post-premier issue, and what will I therefore include in the second issue of my zine (soon to become a hobby piling)? Standard second issue filler seems to include: numerical response to premier issue (previously stated); plus excerpted comments from letters (soon to follow); tasteless, senseless jokes exposing the pubber as a sick man with no sense of humor at all (yes, this is of course SLEEPLESS KNIGHTS #2) (no, I send Dave all my sick jokes under a plain brown wrapper so they won't appear here); movie reviews (perhaps I'll slip one in); house rules (taken care of last issue); variant rules (perhaps in the near future); and finally the stock and trade of new zines, personal tales from the publisher (hey, I have no delusions, I realize that this zine sinks or swims in the eyes of the reader depending on whether said reader enjoys my personal style of banter). If you compare this issue to the previous, you may notice that I'm trying to develop a pattern for THE INNER LIGHT. Expect me to keep to it, pretty much. (Hedge, hedge.)

Remember Some Philharmonic, the band that was moving out of this house just as I was moving in? well, the 1984 version of Some Phil, as they are now called, will be playing the Club Lingerie in Los Angeles this Friday, the sixteenth. I work Friday and Saturday, so it's a bit dicey whether I'll be able to make it to the gig or not. I know plenty of people making the trek, but none of them are returning that night. If you're in the area (Mike Mazzer) go by and support the band. As they say, if you don't go see them now, you may never get another chance, since they need to draw to have a chance at getting invited back to play again. Apparently they have developed quite a following in their native area, the Bay Area, and now are trying to expand south. They are said to have abandoned their experimental approach and streamlined their music to become more accessible (read: commercial) so if you go, you might enjoy it.

DIPZINE OF THE 80'S

{{Aha! My first article submitted by an outside source, Mark Larzelere, and on a good subject for a first article!}}

BEATLES TRIVIA QUIZ (80's version)

Long, long ago a band known as "The Beatles" was popular in America. For a while, they enjoyed a level of popularity that was considered phenomenal for their time.

As some people who were around at the time of the Beatles are still alive today, and the present generation is enjoying a fad of "Trivia Quizzes," here is one for the 80's generation about the Beatles. (Note: scoring for this quiz is based on 80's people, not old fossils from the 60's.)

- 1) What were the names of the Beatles?
- 2) What country were the Beatles from? What city?
- 3) What was noteworthy about the Beatles' hair?
- 4) What TV host introduced the Beatles on national television?
- 5) Who did John Lennon marry?
- 6) Complete the following lyric: "I am the W__"
- 7) Which Beatle later formed a band called "Wings"?
- 8) Which Beatle became interested in Indian Mysticism?
- 9) Which Beatle became romantically linked with Barbara Bach?
- 10) Which Beatle was rumored to be dead?
- 11) All in all, what was really significant about the Beatles?

ANSWERS:

- 1) John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Ringo Starr. 5 points for each name. However, if you named Stu Sutcliffe or Pete Best, subtract 5 points. (An 80's person needn't know that much about the Beatles.) Additionally, subtract 10 points for "Richard Starkey."
- 2) 5 points for "England," 4 points for "Liverpool, England." Definitiveness is the key in scoring this question. 10 points for, "Um, Liverpool?"
- 3) Nothing. 5 points. Subtract 5 points for "It was long."
- 4) Dick Clark. 5 points. Minus 5 points for Ed Sullivan. After all, everyone knows Dick Clark has been around for ages, and it must have been him.
- 5) Yoko Ono. 5 points. An additional 5 points if you learned this while doing a crossword puzzle. Minus 20 points for Cynthia.
- 6) "I am the Warrior." 5 points. Zero for "I am the Walrus."
- 7) Paul McCartney. 5 points. This was in the good old days before he met Michael Jackson. An additional 5 points if you don't like the songs Paul does with Michael Jackson.
- 8) "Was that the Apaches or the Cherokees?" 5 points. Minus 5 points for George Harrison. Minus 15 points for "The Quiet One." Minus 20 points if you remember the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

- 9) "Who's Barbara Bach?" 10 points. 5 points for Ringo Starr.
- 10) John Lennon. 5 points. Supposedly he was killed in December 1980, a steady trickle of songs done by him has coming out ever since.
- 11) They were the band Paul had before Wings. 5 points.

{{Ummm, interesting... I didn't score too well so I must be a 60's fossil despite claiming to be an 80's person. Thanks much for the article, remind me to ad a free issue to your sub. See, you're a professional writer! By the way, the pay rate around here for printed articles is one issue per column length of article.}}

Ah yes, now it can be revealed. Everything they say about big time diplomacy publishers is true: The cars, the women, the drugs and the fast life. Why didn't I do this earlier?



I realize that last issue I promised not to try or claim to be the best, greatest or first with anything in my zine, as it is my opinion that this type of self-ego stroking can only be detrimental to the pubber's mental health (and it will make him go blind) and to his product, but I'm afraid that I must break that oath in only my second issue: I believe that I have a genuine hobby publishing first! After typing up the preceding quiz ahead of time, I made the mistake of leaving it out on the table. Two nights later I was eating a frozen burrito (heated of course) when I carelessly dripped bean gunk onto the master. Now while I could have made it this issue's free mystery gift and include a bean with each copy of the zine, I decided instead to finish eating said burrito and merely xerox the stain on the master. Below in the circle is the stain (if it is still visible after reduction and duplication). I'm contacting Rod Walker to see if he wishes to purchase first rights to the story for DIP WORLD, and Mark Berch to make sure this is included in the next Diplomacy lexicon under "Bean, burrito."

I never give you my number I only give my
And in the middle of investigation I break down.

situation

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN
(UNLESS YOU WEAR A PARKA)

or

TRAVALOGUES OF MY TRIP TO ISRAEL NEW MEXICO

Clothes do indeed make the man. Last time I flew home to Los Alamos was in March over spring break. I was going home for Dad's wedding so I had to take a suit with me. Not wanting to wrinkle it, I put everything BUT my suit in my suitcase (ironic, no?) and wore my suit on the plane. All clean cut in a suit and tie, I looked like Mr. Businessman, and was treated accordingly. Baggage taken, seat reserved, and checked in-nothing but "Yes, sir" and "Mr. Sherwood"s. All respect and politeness.

But this trip out I was not going back for a wedding; I was going for a different effect. It was time to do something I had threatened to do for four years-return from California all punked out. Shock value was the aim. To shock appropriately, I must walk off the plane punked, which necessitated boarding the plane punked.

The PSA ticket agent looked up in horror. Wanting to check in on a flight on his airline (and worse yet, standing in his line!) was a ghastly apparition with bright pink tie, new wave print shirt, sun glasses and spiked hair, among other things. I always wondered what caught his eyes first. Attitude toward me had changed 180 degrees.

"Yeah?" "I would like to check in." "Gimme your ticket." Pauses to read ticket to see whom this blight is and what fair city I am to plague with my presence. "Awright, Keeetthhhh," he spat out with a curled lip and dripping with such disgust you would think I was a mass murderer or a patent clerk. "Board at gate seven and get out of town." He tossed my ticket back across the counter in my general direction.

Yet I was not cynical; I wasn't convinced the world would judge me so harshly merely by my exterior. So off I trotted merrily to gate seven to board my plane.

Boarding the plane, the passengers are of course greeted by the stewardesses. As I approached I could see even through my sun glasses the attendant's smile falter for just an instant when she caught sight of me. She painted it back on and managed to grunt a weak "hi." Still I was not convinced. I still figured my normally polite and courteous personallity would shine through under my spiked hair and win me friends.

My assigned window seat (flying is still such a thrill for me I like to gaze out the window) was next to an elderly gentleman in the aisle seat, already seated, continuing on from an earlier city. "Excuse me," I politely chirped. "Eh?" He glanced up from his magazine. I could read his mind by the crestfallen look that raced into his face on sighting his neighbor for the next thousand miles. "Young worthless punk, probably has no respect for his elders. That's the problem with today's good for nothing youth." "Eh" he grunted again as he went back to his magazine and made what might have been said to be a minimal effort to make room for me to pass. In one last effort to be friendly and break the ice, when I noted the seatbelts from the common

area between our seats were interchanged, and I had his and he mine, I pointed this out politely and offered to exchange. "No," was the terse reply. "Ok," I said smiling and looking at him, "but if we crash and die, it's your fault." Chuckle chuckle, smile smile. Nothing but a cold, hostile glare back.

Well that cut it. I had tried to be my usual upbeat wonderful self, but if society was going to force me to it, I could play my part and act as beligerantly as I was dressed. If anyone crossed me, no, even talked to me, I would let them have it. Opportunity knocked to get my revenge on the old geezer next to me just half an hour later.

We had been served a light snack, which consisted of a pita bread sandwich, crackers and some delicious cheese spread. I hate pita bread, and that didn't help the matter any. Not seeing the knife and fork combo included with the packaged meal because it was hidden under my untouched pita sandwich, I was having a little difficulty dipping my cracker into the small container to get the cheese spread. The ancient one's attitude toward me had apparently mellowed since he said gently, "You know, you might have an easier time of it if you used your knife," and tried to force a smile. I threw him an icy glare and shot back, "The world would be a lot better off if people didn't use their knives, guns and bombs!!" For good measure I followed through with a look of contempt that let him know exactly what I thought of his generation leaving the world to my generation in such a mess.

The rest of the trip was spent in silence.

Incidentally, I was the third to last one off that plane and my mother did indeed not recognize me, looking for me up until I went up to her and tapped her on her shoulder. Mission complete!

Remember back when you were a kid, oh, about 5th or 6th grade, did you always talk to your

FREE MYSTERY GIFT!!!

Here we go again: poke it pinch it and smell it and then tell me what it is to win a mystery prize commensurate with the gift itself to be unveiled next issue.

pals about your favorite time of year? We did. We would always extoll the virtues of our particular favorite seasons. Most kids opted for summer because it was warm and school was out, two important factors for having fun. A few mavericks admitted to liking winter best because they liked the snow. (The kids who had the personallities to insist that winter was the best and there was no room for discussion were the hot dog skiers.) My favorite season, however, was always, and is still, fall. Autumn is great in Los Alamos because

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AROUND AND AROUND

{{I was going to call the mandatory column of hobby news and rumors "Bits and Pieces" but quickly realized how much more Ultimately Cool Chuck Berry was than the Dave Clark Five.}}

Here I stand at the brink of a great pit, my toes dangling off edge, into the void. I imagine the pit to be similar to the video for Frankie Goes to Hollywood's ("Ladies and gentlemen, may we present possibly the most overrated band this side of the world") song, "Two Tribes" with people at the bottom of the pit throwing dirt and mud at one another and skirmishing all about. Once you jump into this pit you can never climb out. I stand at the precipice considering whether or not to jump in the ruckus and soil forever my currently virginal white clothing of the beginning publisher. My decision? I pick up some dirt and throw it at myself (cover), tainting myself somewhat in an attempt to make the pit dwellers chuckle. Then I shift my position for a better view and stall for time.

As someone (who shall remain nameless) so eloquently put it, "Randolph Smyth, always with his finger on the hobby's pulse, has turned the Runestone Poll over to Linsey. Thus ends the Runestone, in terms of credibility." Jim Meinel (PO BOX 832, Anchorage AK 99510) apparently feels similarly, and is currently circulating a letter spearheading a move to ignore Bruce Linsey as Runestone Pollster, setting someone else up as the Pollster and continuing the Poll under this as yet unnamed individual. Jim lists two major reasons "why Bruce is not suited to be the custodian of the Leader Poll." {{A completely apolitical aside: any bets that certain folks will jump all over Meinel for mistitling the poll once?}} Jim goes on to list these two reasons: "personal qualities" and "his reputation in the hobby and the effect that will have on the success of the poll." He states that with Linsey running the poll, "a large number of people" will not vote in it or plug it, seriously detracting from its credibility. Heavy stuff indeed, guaranteeing to spread the gap that has already developed in the hobby after the transfer to Linsey. Jim asks for comments, and I'm sure he'll get them. You can write him at his address listed earlier. {{There was that a complete and fair even handed reporting of the facts betraying no prejudices? It was supposed to be.}}

This space brought to you so that the epoxy used to glue the free mystery gift to the zine does not soak through the zine and make any print on the reverse soggy.

WHAT I SAY? (Memorable quotes): "Probably the big news coming up on the hobby scene is a big feud boiling between some folks back east.... I personally will not involve myself or THE PRINCE in any feud or fight..." Jim Meinel, THE PRINCE #2, October 14, 1982. Snicker.

I personally will promise never to promise anything of myself or THE INNER LIGHT simply because, obviously, things change over time. How one feels when one starts a zine may not be the same two years and several unforeseen events later. My goal is to avoid skeletons in the closet.

Any job, I got the sack
Monday morning turning back

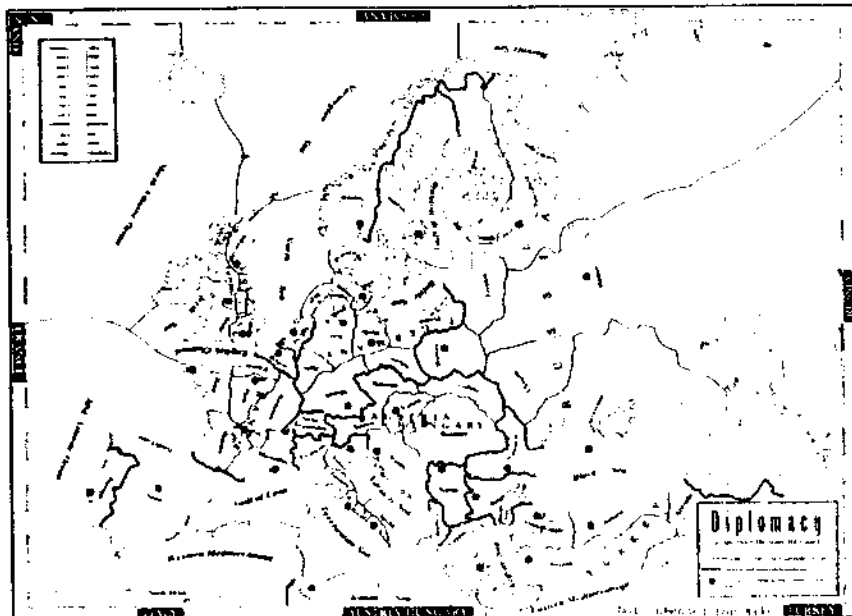
On a much lighter side, although in a similar vein, the funniest thing to drop into my mailbox in a long time arrived yesterday. Ken Peel (8708 First Ave, #T-2, Silver Spring MD 20910) is taking a pool on how long the new Byrne-Walker (never the most stable of relationships) combo on DIP WORLD will last. For a dollar a shot, you get to pick a time before Dipcon 85 in Seattle when you feel Byrne and Walker will no longer be cooperating with one another. The entrant who guesses closest to the correct date picks up all the pooled money. If they are still together by Dipcon 85, then as Ken puts it, the hobby will benefit on two counts because all of the pooled money would be turned over to hobby services. To enter, send your name, address, your date, a buck and the hobby service you wish it to be donated to if there is no split, and finally (this is the best part!) send in the tiebreaker: guess the controversy that causes the split. Deadline is December.

Personally, I figure it for a sucker bet. Kathy lasted a year and a half as BNC before she felt she had to resign due to circumstances brought on by her relations with other hobby members. I figure she'll last a year with Rod and DIP WORLD. And the reason for the split? I've already got that figured out: whether or not DIP WORLD should print Bruce Linsey's controversial Diplomacy hobby autobiography entitled "I did it my way."

The Marco Poll and Whitestonia Poll are being conducted this year by Dan Stafford (1643 Graniteway Lane, Columbus OH 43229) and the deadline is extremely close: November 22. So don't put it off any longer; you're not going to see any more issues of zines to form your opinion before time runs out. For the Players Poll list in order who you think the five best players in the hobby are, and the five best writers in order. For the Marco Poll, list in order what you think the three best zines are, three best subzines, and three best GMs. Sign your ballot and state how you're connected to the Hobby (player in xx or subber to ULTIMATELY COOL). It's a shame the Marco Poll hasn't gotten more publicity this year as this is a viable alternative for those left dissatisfied by the transfer of the Runestone Poll to Linsey. Oh, did I mention that you're not allowed to vote for yourself? Mail your ballot now.

What's behind the redwood curtain? Arcata CA and Humboldt College and Kevin Tighe. Kevin (290 12th st, Arcata CA 95521) has been a subzine writer for a couple of years in THE PRINCE, but now he's starting his own zine to be called REDWOOD CURTAIN. He says it will be a warehouse carrying two three week games and a single two week deadline game costing five and eight dollars respectively. First issue will be with first game start. Write Kevin and tell him his Austrian ally in 84G sent you.

For you really insatiable types, there's Larry Peery's (PO Box 8416 San Diego CA 92102) incredibly detailed Peeripoll. You must have one of his forms to participate in this one; it's so complicated it denies description. Oops, the deadline on that one is even sooner, November 19th. If you're interested write Larry asking for a form and some extra time. OR IS THE OSAGLINE OGC 3rd? ITS SO COMPLICATED IT HAS TWO DEADLINES! Looking over the names and addresses mentioned here I wonder if I'm not already becoming too much of a west coast zine. I'd like to be more heterogeneous.



YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN

continued from page 3

It turns chilly: brisk in the day when the breeze blows, and cold as soon as the sun goes down. My brother and I would play football in the yard kicking up fallen leaves. Best of all the aspens turn and the mountains become brilliant orange and yellow. And we always get the first early snow around Halloween.

It was with nostalgic anticipation, then, that I returned to the Northern New Mexico mountains in mid October. I wanted to do some hiking so I brought my boots, and too many surprises over a supposedly sunny spring break had taught me to bring my down parka with me when ever I returned "just in case."

Perhaps you remember the Monday Night Football game in early October in Denver played during a snow storm. That same storm was dropping snow on Los Alamos (the mile and a half high town) 400 miles south of the stadium that night. That was the week before my homecoming.

Los Alamos was socked in the entire week I was there. When it wasn't snowing it threatened to do so. Most of the time it just "drizzled" snow continually. Spent all of my time huddled around the fireplace. Our poor apricot tree still had all its green leaves as it became covered with beautiful foot long icicles. The aspens were similarly buffaloeed having not yet turned. I used my boots for walking through snow around town, not hiking. Los Alamos, never the most exciting of towns, came to a virtual standstill for the single week the prodigal son had returned. Typical.

Sparing you the mundane stuff (I hope) that's about all that can be said of the stay in LA. My parents were flying out to Boston the same day I was flying back to San Diego. We decided to spend the night in Albuquerque before the morning our flights left. I went to the University of New Mexico for the evening to visit old friends of the female gender now attending said institution. We eventually wandered over to an acquaint-

Maps were pretty wimpy last issues, weren't they? Well let's try this on for size. This is the full size of my own exact one fourth reproduction of the conference map. I won't reduce it any further as I made the mistake of doing last time.

I was quite pleased with the quality of the players to sign up for my first game. Big names (in my book) all. I have four ready to start and three very generous standbys. This single game to be run here costs a mere \$2 plus \$3 NMR fee. Houserules, if you care for such things, were in last issue and available on request if you didn't see THE INNER LIGHT #1.

No one said a thing about about my houserules, so either I am correct to assume that that was all that was necessary or you're like me and pay no attention to houserules either. (Oops, that's not entirely true: Gary Coughlan mentioned how much he liked my abbreviation for Tyrolia.)

tence's house off campus for a little party. I mention all this mundane stuff to explain how I experienced ~~and altering stage~~ a neat feeling of appreciation for my living situation.

The house this party was at was an excellent parallel to the house I presently live in. It was just off campus, inhabited solely by students (this one had four; we have five here). And the difference between my house and theirs was like night and day. The rents, although similar, are really incomparable since you just can't seriously compare a sleazy section of Albuquerque to La Jolla. As you might know, I live in an old house, and a lot of things don't work well, or at all. It is definitely worn. And sometimes it can get me a little down. (Indeed, my last roommate moved out because the house depressed him so.) But this parallel house was completely run down. It was a sleazy house rented by sleazy people. I mean they were nice and all, but no one could live with these guys the way they their living situation completely deteriorate. They were casual about keeping the place up to the point of not bothering with ash trays but just flicking their ashes directly onto the floor, to be swept up in the future at some unspecified time. The kitchen was a disaster. The entire scene was gross.

Our house will never be featured in Better Homes and Gardens, and sometimes we let cleaning slide a little, but just a few hours experiencing how other students live gave me an incredible sense of appreciation for both this old house and the people I live with. We're just as fun as the folks in this other house, yet we are able to keep well above minimum health standards, both mental and physical.

Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go do my dishes.

**PARTY ANIMALS
ONLY.**

Yellow lorry slow, no where to go
But oh that magic feeling: no where to go.

FEEDBACK

Comments back to me on THE INNER LIGHT #1 have been slow but steady. I shouldn't expect much more considering I didn't send out one hundred copies of #1. Also all the comments have been very positive (so if you're going to spoil my day with dissension, hurry up) which isn't surprising at all considering I sent out my samples to people I figured would enjoy the certain brand of journalism in IL #1. I'm going to be a lot more daring with my mailing list for this issue.

I suspect the rash of zines with different names emanating from this pen has many not sure what, if anything, is for real. Marc Peters' response to IL #1 after plugging ULTIMATELY COOL as real in his zine SO I LIED was to use a quote from Scotty on STAR TREK: "Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me." This second issue should convince even the most skeptical that I'm for real.

I might also have scared some of the faint of heart away from the zine with my tale of debauchery and moral bankruptcy. I was however surprised by responses of admissions to petty crimes of youthful indulgence similar to mine. Maybe I should start a regular column here in the zine for subbers to bear all. Or compile them all into a best seller...Naw. What really made me wonder was all the words of encouragement to keep it up!

"Staggering around the beach in a drunken frenzy...breaking bottles on the beach so people tear their feet to ribbons...screaming foul language at the patrons of Sea World...lying to Gary...ah, now I understand how to be Ultimately Cool! I always enjoy reading the confessions of desperadoes who flaunt the law, and such material. Keep up the ~~total degeneration~~ good work!"

-Bob Olsen

"Liked your criminal story-good to see how a degenerate like you got started in you life of crime-drug possession! \$11.00 for a small bottle (750 ml) (Two big gulps) of JD. Man are you getting ripped off! Sells for \$5.75 here in Missouri-and they're expensive!"

-Mark Frueh

{{Want to start our own export business?}}

"I enjoyed reading your account of your criminal activities and Disneyland thing. How can you keep your self-esteem and do a job like that?"

-Dave Carter

{{No one knows who you are when you're behind a mask. Putting on a walk around character costume I become another person, just as I'm another person here in my zine. And to complete the circle, my fellow workers at Entertainment asked the same question when I showed them INNER LIGHT #1: "How can you keep your self-esteem and publish trash like that?" You can't believe everything you read.}}

"Feel good zine of the year!" ★★★★★

-Joel Segel, ABC TV

Cops, didn't I promise last issue not to print reviews of the previous issue as I did for ULTIMATELY COOL in IL #1? Oh well, I just finished saying how you shouldn't promise anything in your zine since you're liable to change, and it just goes to show you how right I was.

If all the feed back on IL #1 I got had a similar gist, it was that THE INNER LIGHT was all fine and good, but that ULTIMATELY COOL was much better. I won't argue. I got to really lie my head off in UC while I could exaggerate less in IL #1. Also I shot all my best ideas on UC since I had originally planned it to be a one shot deal. As THE INNER LIGHT grows and matures (which is to say as I grow and mature which is doubtfull) we shall see what becomes of it. Of course if UC rips IL to shreds in polls then I will definitely have to rethink my position.

Moving on to the comments I received concerning last issues Free Mystery Gift. Just about everyone taking a shot at this one got close. Just about everyone. One poor soul thought it was "obviously a small yellow caterpillar which was run over by a bus, scraped off the highway by you, and pasted into the zine. This, too, I guess we are to believe, is Ultimately Cool." Besides being a geologist, Bob Olsen is apparently also a bad entomologist. Everyone else realized that it was some of my hair. But no one described it fully as being formally my bleached tail. It was great when it was attached to my head; reached down to my back and everything. I think I attended a Dip function at Perry's house with my tail, but it hadn't been bleached out yet. Such things are passe' in Southern California, but back in New Mexico where I was quite possibly the only blonde tail in the state, it was definitely Ultimately Cool!

The winner of the contest is Dick Martin, however, since his contest entry scored closest with "Was that a lock of your bushy-bushy blond hairdo?" Even on the East Coast they know that (supposedly) all California surfers are characterized by "bushy blonde hairdos." I didn't realize the stereotype/legend was that far spread. Is it in a song everyone's heard or what?

As for Dick's prize, I know I promised a free issue, but I'm going to change that. (Aha! Lying scum, he's changing the rules in the middle of the game!) Free issues as a prize for a contest is boring and old. I want something new and exciting. Something more tangible than Brownie Points or Feary Kisses. Something that will stimulate interest in the contest. Well, what better to award for a Free Mystery Gift (as if the Gift itself was not enough reward!) Guess Prize than a Mystery Prize, not to be announced until the winner is announced!

There, Dick Martin, I am proud to announce that you have won the bumper sticker that's sweeping the nation. No, not "Next stop, the Twilight Zone" or the Ultimately Stupid "Are we having fun yet?" but the ever popular "No Bozes" sticker, a facsimile of which appears on this issue's cover. Monatarily, it's worth more than twice a single issue of THE INNER LIGHT so I hope you won't be disappointed. Do you have these on the East Coast? They've been real big here for two years. It's up to you whether to leave it or alter it to become "No Bruxos." Enjoy.

One sweet dream
Pick up bags and get in the limousine.

A few final reflections upon twenty one years of age, and then we'll try to leave the subject.

After gaining a little experience nightclubbing (all for the sake of scientific research I assure you) I've come up with a few observations. Casting restaurants and bars with some little form of entertainment aside, there are generally three types of nightclubs. There is the classic discoteque, with a DJ playing records (and now-a-days, videos) and lots of fancy effects and decor to make up for the fact there is no live band. The really popular ones are the places you go to see and be seen (as the saying goes) and you have to wait in line an hour to get in. Probably lots of cocaine around too. There everyone dances because there's nothing else to do. Besides, you have danced to these same songs a thousand times so you've gotten pretty good at it by now. Then there are the clubs with live music, the mainstay of local bands playing their covers of current and not-so-current dance songs that discos are playing the records of just down the street. Still, the entertainment is live, even if the music's still canned. Finally, there are (or in San Diego's case, is) the uncompromising clubs making the silly economic decision to feature local bands playing all original music. A lot more adventurous crowd, but a lot less dancing since in general people are unfamiliar with the music.

The middle ground clubs that feature local cover bands often turn a night a week (an already unprofitable night so they're not losing any money anyway) over to original bands. Or they might host a band with a record contract but no hit yet as the band plays the club scene coast to coast (eg The Busboys, the Plimsouls, etc.).

A strange fourth possibility occurs also. Discos will often be taken over for a night by a new DJ playing weird imports to New Wavers. For the evening, Roxy West becomes club i.d. or Club Cult, and all manner of people who follow this particular "club" turn up where ever it's "playing" that night. These clubs inspire cult followings of wods and new wavers. I haven't ventured to one of these yet, but I will as soon as I get some suitable clothes.

You know how people always tell you that it's more fun to drink when you're under age and it's illegal, that all the glamor and fun of drinking goes away at 21.

Well don't you believe it! They just want to scare you away so there's more left for them.

Lines to use on incredulous bouncers and bartenders looking over your i.d. on your 21st birthday:

"Rites of passage."

"Coincidence I assure you."

"Yes, it is. Want to buy me a drink, cutie?"

"So what does alcohol taste like anyway?"

"It had to happen some time."

Coming soon, "Pick up lines I have used and not gotten my face slapped for" by Keith Sherwood.

Remember, a pair of 501s and you've got jeans. A pair of 502s and you've got your driver's license revoked.

(Note: in California, 502 is the offense number for DWI. I won't bother explaining what DWI is.)

21

Soon we'll be away from here
Step on the gas and wipe that tear away
One sweet dream came true today, came true today.

Flicks

I must have been the last person under 25 on earth to see PURPLE RAIN. I saw it coupled with Paul McCartney's GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADSTREET just recently. The two made for an interesting double feature, since both ran one hour and fifty minutes of which an hour and thirty minutes was music and both were pretty much devoid of a plot. As you might guess from those comments, both films stand or fall on the strength of their music. PURPLE RAIN was a hugely grossing movie and a number one album with four hit singles (and still counting...). Paul McCartney is Paul McCartney and there fore has guaranteed sales of a million on any record he produces, but have you actually liked any of his recent albums? I'll let you guess which movie succeeds and which fails.

In addition to music, PURPLE RAIN succeeds where BROADSTREET fails again for a good film: RAIN generates tension that is just never there in BROADSTREET. There is concern whether the kid will survive his crisis and fulfill his destiny (sounds like STAR WARS) while it just didn't matter to me if Paul found his missing tapes. Why exactly will the company fall into the evil clutches of the man in mirrored glasses (oh, how original, he's seen COOL HAND LUKE) if they don't find the tapes by midnight? Yawn.

BROADSTREET could have been more aptly entitled A DAY IN THE LIFE OF PAUL MCCARTNEY (and friends) since its plot is simply what mega-star Paul does on a typical day. If you're interested in this, as I was, or if you just want to see Paul on the big screen redoing some Beatles songs, then go see it. But if you're looking for entertainment, make like Dan Fouts and pass.

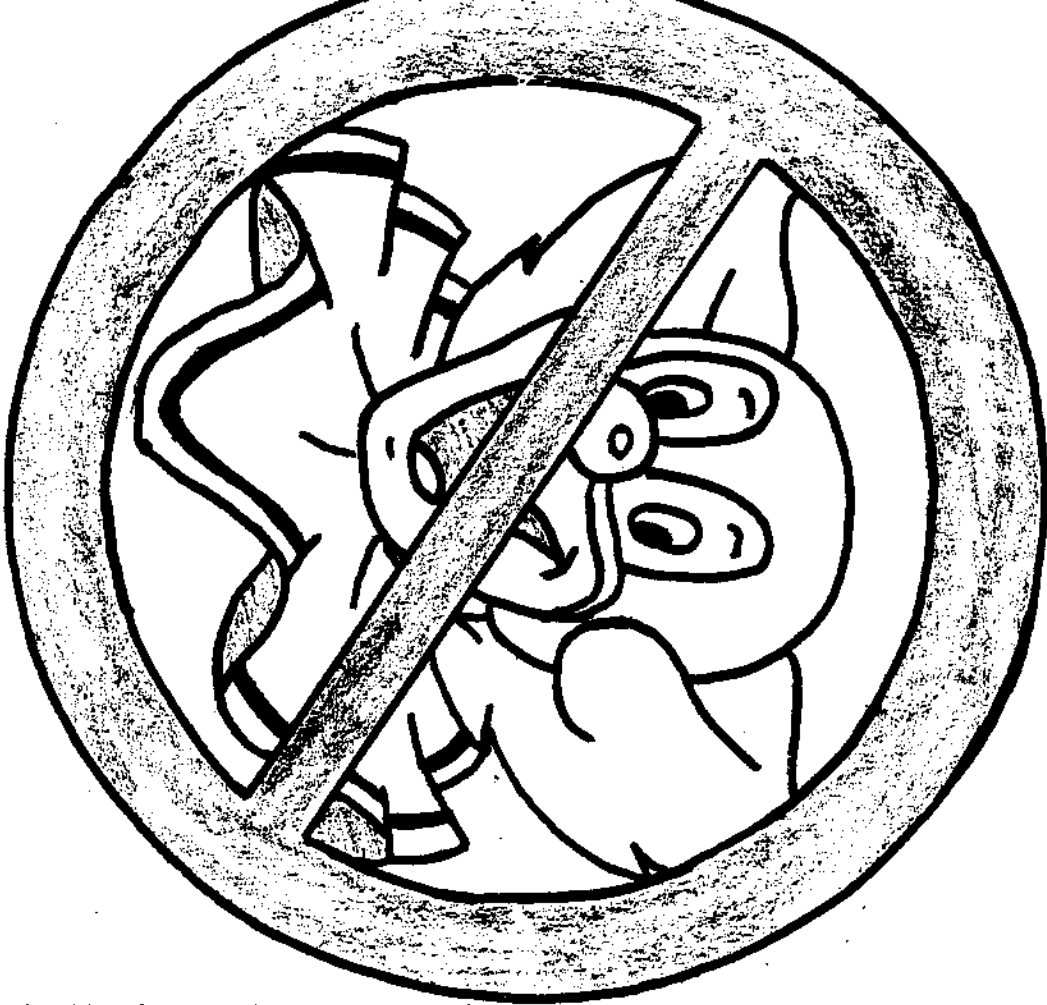
Next issue...



SPECIAL CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING EDITION OF THE INNER LIGHT

Including a candid interview with Kathy "BoneCrusher" Byrne, plus the tag team match of the decade, Bruce "Mr Controversy and a whole lot else" Linsey and Midn Wrestling Mark Berch square off against Steve "The Magus" Langley and Terry "Oh ghod" Tallman.

NO BRUXOS!



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