

"Toto, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore."

That's right, Baybees, this isn't Bob Olsen and this isn't Kansas. That sandy thing is a beach, that wet thing is the Pacific, and that, oh my brothers, is a tan in a bikini. What this is is the new zine from that neo-Californian New Mexican transplant, Keith Sherwood. What this is is

Ultimately Cool

, a totally bitchin' new zine from the hobby's resident new waver, Keith Sherwood. Where it's at: 8866 Cliffridge Ave, La Jolla CA 92037. Phone 619 453 4913, but only if you're a blonde babe.

This is the zine I always wanted to publish. The Ultimately Cool Zine. The zine with the young Californian look and outlook. And I figured I was the one to do it, being a born again Californian myself. (I was born in the Bay Area but moved to the social wastelands of New Mexico until I was of an age to appreciate the finer points of life.) I plan to make this the hip-ist mod-ist zine in the hobby, giving subscribers the Ultimately Cool viewpoint of hobby events and personalities, and even the real-life beach lifestyle. In short, the zine's name encapsilates the idea: Ultimately Cool says it all.

INFOMANIA will appear on the front page of every issue and carry news of the zine, such as publisher's address and girlfriend of the month, subrates, deadline for next issue, any game openings, etcetra. It will also carry news of the hobby at large: polls, cons, new zines and out side game openings. It won't carry Bruce Linsey's latest gning blunder or news of whom Gary Coughlan isn't talking to this month, since those things

are the antithesis to Ultimate Cool.

So, INFOMANIA for this issue: being my premier issue, UC #1 here will be mostly articles of one type or another. And as should be expected they will have some sort of Californian or Cool (the terms are of course synonymous) slant to them.

Most of you know of my checkered past as a faker, so you might expect that even this is a fake! We'll you're almost right. Each issue will contain a fake subzine, done by a prankster known only to me. He will parody a different hobby personality each month. Following an annoying recent hobby trend, I will also carry a subzine by a complete unknown. So if you been in the hobby less than three hours, contact me and we'll set you up

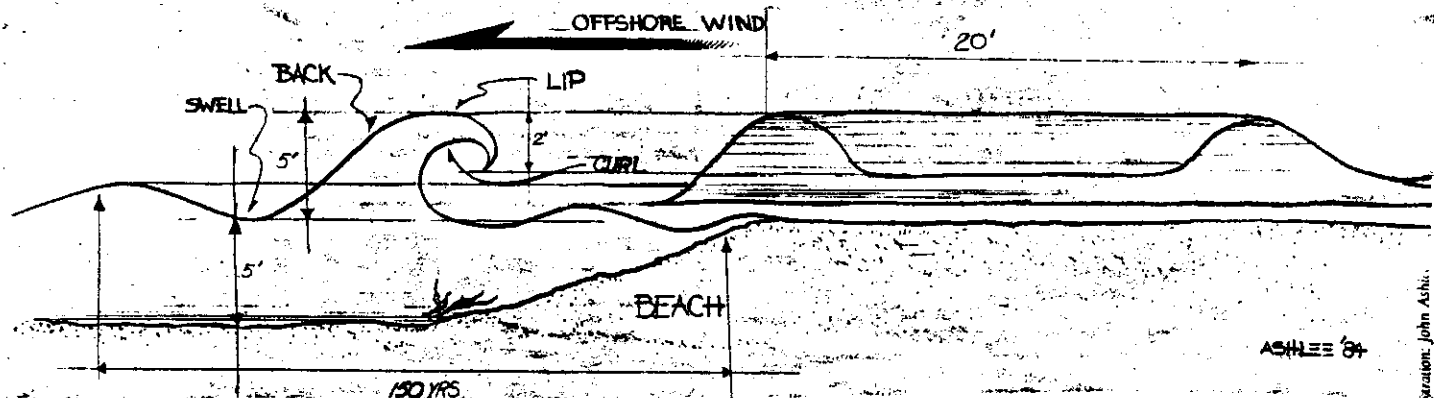
with your own subzine. Also, it seems no zine can start without its own poll, so I'd like to announce UC's pet poll: The Tad Poll. Name who you think is Toady of the future. Send me your three top choices for the up and coming novice toadies by Aug 31. I'd appreciate it if other pubbers plugged this poll.

Lastly, if you're totally hot or ultimately cool or want to become so, you'll want to sub, maybe even sign up for a game. Subs are 65¢ an issue, in multiples of 2½ issues (\$1.62½) and game fees are \$3.00 with a \$5.00 NMR deposit. Dropping from the game is NOT Ultimately Cool!

SUB PRESENTLY OR EXPIRE IGNORANT!!!

INFOMANIA
news for Infomaniacs

This is my wave, baby — don't cut me off



You know the story if you've seen any of my previous articles ripping off a campus publication called the CAPE (Course and Professor Evaluation). The CAPE contains student ratings of all the classes offered, plus any comments by enrolled students that the editors feel justifies print (read: is funny). Reprinted here, then, are some of those humorous student comments in

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The first paper lets you know it's Humanities as well as Humanities.

Prof has the personality of pre-chewed gum.

She actually manages to talk about rituals of bloodletting and induced vomiting with absolutely no emotion.

Prof reminds me of a Halloween pumpkin whose candle has come to its end.

His choice of ties is detestable; I could have surfed on the one he wore yesterday.

If he can interest me in chemistry, he can sell ashes to the Devil.

He makes Don Rickles look like Mother Theresa.

Prof reminds me of an Alka Seltzer tablet: drop him in front of a chalk board and he bubbles and effervesces for an hour.

Dr X is about as fun as getting an enema with a squeeze Parkay bottle.

Professor X is the most personable, amiable slave-driver I have ever met.

Studying Descartes in class: "I think therefore I am; I'm pink therefore I'm spam."

UCSD is the cattle prod of life.

It's courses like this that make auto industry jobs look attractive.

A corpse from the med school could TA better than the one I had.

Length of lecture was directly proportional to the height of the surf.

Prof makes tests hard to separate the men from the boys. It appears that we have many children in this class.

Biology 143: 1001 nasty experiments to do to small kittens and monkeys.

He was an excellent professor: "I not only learn to speak English, but also self defence and riting tu."

My comments are inline with the usual comments written about this class.

The course was stimulating and fun. I remember that I once contemplated suicide, but when I realized I wouldn't be able to continue to attend I abandoned the thought.

Run him with Reagan and I'll vote for him.

I especially liked his Star Trek shirt (Dark blue turtle neck with buttons on left shoulder).

The man loves the poem and gives a performance better than Jagger singing "Sympathy for the Devil."

You would think a lit professor would know how to speak legibly.

On a positive note, he erases the board very thoroughly.

The prof was here less often than Johnny Carson.

Prof reminds me of "My Favorite Martian."

Poor WC Fields imitation.

Prof knows what he's talking about (whatever that is).

He couldn't teach a fish to swim.

I'm sorry, but I don't give a rat's ass about orbitals, and I never will.

I would recommend frequent drug use as a prerequisite for this course.

I recommend a pillow.

The dope he sold me wasn't very good.

When the hell are they gonna make a physics class for poets?

I love this class: I never think, talk, or sleep-perfect suspension. I get stoned and just sit for 50 minutes in the closest state of mind to total random peace imaginable. The only better than sex with a fat woman.

Prof made a dry subject wetter.

We need an instructor that doesn't think that the Eagles are a hard rock band.

The main text, the Bible, was definitely adequate.

Class should be taught at the Pub--these things are best discussed over a beer.

He walks like his underwear is too tight.

His lectures hopped around like a weasel in heat.

Rod Walker here: Ah, today's childish drivel that passes for CAPE comments is mere infield chatter when compared to the way things used to be. Back in the Golden Days of CAPE, comments were more than one liners and chic surf and drug jokes: we had a certain flair when we cut classes and professors in three page diatribes filled with fantastical places and personages that really had nothign to do with anything. I remember back in the very first CAPE, a whole year before John Boardman's widely recognized first CAPE: It was Peery, von Metzke, Naus and other greats from the Golden Age that you sniveling little turds probably never heard of before and Blah Blah Blah....

VOICE OF DOOM: The Duran Duran of Dipdom, for the fourteen year old girls and adoring crowds that just don't care that the critics dismiss it as fluff. Titles include "Houserules on Microfilm," "Don't Stand a Prayer," "Hungry for the Novice," and "Union of the Snake."

IRKSOME reminds me of Devo because it's irreverent, quirky and fun to dance to. And everything has to do with masturbation: "I can't get no satisfaction," "Uncontrolable Urge," Jerkin' Back'n Forth" and "Peek a boo."

XENOLOGIC is a dinosaur like Blue Oyster Cult. Large and ponderous always described both. Try the cuts "Rodzilla" and "Don't fear the Diptax."

DIPLOMACY DIGEST resembles the solo Ozzy Osbourne. Didn't Mark bite the head off of the last animal to disagree with him? Heavy mental thrashings for the hardcore only. Bark at the moon, Mark. ...or DD is like George Thurogood, always covering someone else's originals....

DIPLOMACY WORLD is clearly comparable to the Rolling Stones: are they really the hobby flagship and greatest rock and roll band, respectively, or are they ancient has beens denying the inevitable? Big hits and phazed cookies include "Sympathy for the In 6," "19th Nervous Publisher," "Have you seen your substrate, baby, skyrocketing in the shadows," "You can't always get what you want," "Street feuding man," "No Girls," "Feast of Bourbon," and the Lennon-McCartney original, "I wanna be your flagship zine."

MY ASPARAGUS IS GROWING FINE

...in the middle of the street

Perhaps you recognize the return address below:

Some Philharmonic
8866 Cliff Ridge Avenue
La Jolla, CA 92037

I've been using them on my letters for a year now. Maybe you've been a little curious as to what exactly "Some Philharmonic" is; what its connection to me is; or what it has to do with Diplomacy.

Or maybe you haven't. In which case don't read this article.

"Some Philharmonic" is the name of the band that lived in the house at 8866 Cliffridge before I moved in back in June of 83. They had a bunch of address labels printed up for the mailing of their self-produced and released album. When the band dissolved at the end of the '83 school year, I obtained the 200 some left over address labels, and have just about used them all up now.

The band Some Philharmonic was a seven member all girl group (although only 5 members lived here at the "Some House" as it was dubbed, appropriately). Don't be fooled by their name; they were a new wave rock n roll dance band. They were mostly music students at UCSD that formed a band in '81 in the wake of the platinum success of the Go-Gos. Unfortunately, similar success was not to be enjoyed by Some Phil, and, after cutting the aforementioned album, the band broke up in June of '83 with the graduation from UCSD of four of its members. (I myself while noticing fliers posted around school for their gigs never saw them perform.) (Editor's note: All was not lost, however: Some Phil has relocated and reformed in San Francisco, where they've added new

enough mix living in the house to be a James Watt subcommittee; we had a musician, a homosexual, a Jew and an illegal alien from Mexico. Plus me, the Physics Major. Quite a weird mixture of people living together. The old band member wanted to start another band just for fun, and the House decided to join in. Some House had spawned another band. I picked up the bass, figuring it had to be easy to learn with only four strings.

We were understandably terrible. But you don't have to be good to play punk cover songs of top 40 hits to drunken students at dorm parties, which is what we did. We were only in it for the kicks and the beer, which is how every garage band is invariably paid. We were so bad that we had to change our name after each gig just to get another. We were at various times "the Flaming Habachis," "Bowling for Larva" and "Attack of the Full Figured Gals." Our first appearance we called ourselves "Some Gall," as both a tribute to the earlier band and to describe what we had to have to call ourselves a band. Our best gig was when we played for a LAGO "non-sexist" dance. LAGO is the campus Lesbian and Gay Organization (their campus phone number is extension 6969, I kid you not!!!) and non-sexist meant you could dance with either sex. We dressed in drag and called ourselves "Wild Women with Steak Knives." They loved us. Er...not literally.

Toni had had enough of living with a guy (her parents weren't exactly thrilled either) and moved out after two months. Now, in the middle of the quarter, the room was much harder to fill. In fact, only one person was interested. Not coincidentally he is now my roommate. And it really is better than with a girl. Oops, let me rephrase that. I enjoy my new roommate more than the last, for a variety of reasons. She was no great loss; not that great of a lead singer anyway. And I can get drunk and talk about girls with my new roommate.

Our last gig was for the Chemistry Club's end of the year party. We called ourselves "Tao Chemical."

But back to the house. It's the most run down on the block. But this being La Jolla, that's not saying too much. Actually, it is quite shabby, both



ULTIMATELY COOL ATTITUDES (number one in a series)

members (male, unfortunately) and are gigging around the Bay Area presently.)

So that brings us up to the beginning of my tenure in Some House in June of 1983. I moved in with a friend from school. We were the first persons to move in that were not connected to the band in Some Way. When the members of the band began moving out in March of '83 their friends, groupies and hangers-on moved in. With the house now inhabited by musicians, visual arts majors and actors, the house was a haven for "fine arts" majors, more bohemian than any coffee house and decorated with bizarre paintings, wild sculptures and obscure "concept" "pieces". But we moved in Any Way.

I spent the first part of the summer here unemployed being a bum, and the last part of the summer in Los Alamos, similarly unemployed but at least getting free room and board. When I returned for school in the Fall, my former roommate (we shared the master bedroom) had decided to leave school and leave San Diego, leaving me to find another roommate. The house is in a primo spot, just two blocks south of campus, so I had no problem finding a roommate out of the thousands of homeless students descending on La Jolla a week before school started. A dozen people came to look at the room in the first two days I advertised the room. All wanted it, but I decided on Toni, the only girl to come by. And yes, she was sharing the bedroom and bathroom with me. Get your mind out of the gutter: I picked her because of all the people to come by I really got along with her the best. I picked her because our personalities just clicked. And because she had breasts.

But back to the strange tale of our house. By the time summer ended and school rolled around, only one band member was left in the house. We had a good

THE ULTIMATELY CHEAP FREE GIFT -or- PUZZLE OF THE MONTH

(I hope postal X-rays don't decide I've sent out fifty mail bombs and shred all my samples to save you.)

inside and out. You can tell that it's both the oldest house on the street and the only one inhabited solely by renting students. It's not bad, just lived in, is all. I like living in a house I can be free in. Besides, my roommate has patched up the holes we punched in the walls one night when we were drinking (a lot). We can be comfortable here. But the old house abuses us right back. Over this last year I think everything in the house broke down. First it was the drier that had to be replaced. It just died. Then our refrigerator started working only intermittently, making going to the grocery a crap shoot and ice cubes an uncertainty. This problem went on and on, the repair man returning again and again, claiming to have fixed it each time, eventually he did. Our disposal died and had to be replaced. Just recently our water heater started leaking so we had to turn it off. We went without hot water for a few days before the entire unit was replaced. We had the plumber replace the trap in

The best thing about having a male roommate over a female one is never arguing over whether the toilet seat should be up or down.

our bathroom sink at the same time; a quarter-sized hole had developed in the corroded bottom.

But the biggest headache our house has thrown at us was nother plumbing problem. Last winter was a long and cold one. Longer and colder, in fact, than it should have been. At one point we discovered why: a pool of water covered the floor of the crawl space beneath the house. We had a huge reseviior of cold water under us cooling the entire house. Upon further investigation it was learned that the ancient plumbing had broken, and one of our showers now drained directly under the house. (Thank goodness it wasn't the toilet...) Eventually the landlord sent some plumbers over to fix it up.

All in all, I'd say the house dishes out more than it takes. Did I mention the small to medium sized tree in the backyard that has fallen over onto the house? Although it is at a 60 degree angle it is still alive, blocking out all sunlight into our living room. Been that way for over three months, but no one has bothered to tell the landlord.

I have never met our landlord, and though she lives only a few miles away, she has never visited us. A good thing, too.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the house is its garage. Before we finally gave it its well deserved super-cleaning, it was a wondrous jumbled jungle of treasures and trash belonging

some silk ties along with some pants and shirts that all smelled of moth balls.

A tip: never tell your vagabond student friends that you have a garage. Lately the place has begun to fill up again as a tiny favor to students gone for the summer. It's hard to get to the washer and drier again.

So I've had my "new" roommate since last Thanksgiving. He's a very likable guy, and we would have become fast friends even if we didn't have to. He's an extremely smart electrical engineer to be. But another science/engineer major in the house ruined the natural balance of personalities described earlier, so the other science major (that's me) perpetuated the wonderful "Some House" mixture by becoming the token college drop out. I quit college back in April.

What have I been doing since then? Besides scamming and tanning? Well, much as I would love to pull your collective leg and claim that I am now a city lifeguard on the beaches for the summer, that just isn't true. No, the truth of the matter is that I work at Sea World.

You know at Disneyland how they walking characters of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck? Well at Sea World I'm one of those people who walk around dressed in costume. For the production department I become Shamu, Ollie Otter, Penny Penguin, Captain Kid (a pirate), and Sir Winston Walrus (my personal favorite, as I can truly say "I am the Walrus"). Sometime I'll have to delineate my experiences of what it's like to be stuck inside a 50 lb costume of a smiling whale with a bunch of four year olds screaming, clawing

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS: I wouldn't go so far as to call it the Ultimately cool breakfast, but lately my morning repast is more and more frequently two eggs scrambled amongst a couple of chopped and frying potatoes, with a half can of green chilis and garlic, and a beer. Gives one a whole new out look on life.

and grabbing at me. So if you visit Sea World (no I can't get you in for free) and see Shamu walking around, shoo away the kids, give me a hand shake and a wink, and say howyadoin Keith. I can't respond, but I'll appreciate it.

Whipping out your map, you'll see it's a long way from north La Jolla (where UCSD is) to south Mission Bay (where Sea World is). Ten miles, to be exact. I don't have a car. I have a bearily functioning bike (four gears out or ten still work). I make a hundred miles a week on that bike: twenty miles round trip five days a week. I have buff legs.

Since I work either opening or closing shifts, I either get off at 3:30 or start at 12:30.

Either way, there are a few solid hours of beach action possible. My biking shorts double as a swimsuit (or is it theother way around?) and one way or another I usually get in some body surfing every day on any of the beaches in between my house and Sea World. All in all, not an entirely bad way to spend a summer, although I'm not so sure how "Walking character at Sea World" looks on a resume'.

It's always an adventure living at this house with these people, that's for sure. 8866 Cliff-ridge may be just an address to you, but it's home to me.

THE COUNTDOWN IS ON!!! My 21st birthday is approaching, a mere month away. On October 11 I will no longer have to hassle with bothering any of my friends to buy my beer, I can go to clubs to see bands play, and I can go on road trips to Las Vegas.

On the otherhand, it is somewhat depressing to realize what others have accomplished by their 21st birthday. Lennon and McCartney were not working at Sea World at 21...

SPOT CHECK: This regular feature will test your knowledge of California and social skills. with answers given directly after the questions, you should be able to pick up some Ultimately Cool tips. This issue's Spot Check:

Q. Where do you apply surf wax on a surf board?

A. Surf wax is completely different from ski wax, which you apply to the bottom of skis to make 'em slick. Surf wax increases friction, and is applied to the top of the board to allow the rider to stand without slipping off.

all manner of persons. Everyone who ever lived in house, from owners to renters, had something stored in there. It was an incredible mess, but fun to try to sort through. You need a desk? Must be one in the garage. Want a chest of drawers? I thought I saw one burried in the garage. The caper to the entire scene, however, is an ancient car left to rot in the garage by the owners. On top of the venerable hulk, are piled all manner of couches and mattresses. The car is so long that the garage door won't shut all the way, so all objects stored there are subject to theft by someone walking up, opening the door and walking away with what ever they want. All I

THE BEACH REPORT: Another regular feature, the Beach report will give you the low down on all the local beaches. From the Bay (Mission) to the Cove (La Jolla), from the drug mecca of Ocean Beach to the freedom of clothes-optional Blacks Beach, I'll tell you what's hot and what's not, where the hottest surf is and where the coolest babes are.

But not to be too regionalistic, I will take submissions from subbers reviewing their favorite local beaches. If you're so unfortunate as to live more than five miles from a coast, perhaps there's a lake that's a local party spot you could tell us about.

Submissions to "Beach Report", along with "Ultimately Cool Attitudes" and anything else earn free issues to contributors upon publication.

have out there are my skis and ski boots.

But the fun days of garage hunting are through. We let it be known that everybody's stuff had to go unless you lived here presently. This was brought on when the water heater died and the repair man said he needed a path through the garage to replace it. All the owners' stuff went to the car side of the garage, and everybody else's stuff went out. The one final treasure found in the garage during clean up was a box full of old ties belonging to noone knows whom. We scored some awe-

SEX

STAY TUNED HERE FOR LOTS OF STEAMY RED HOT X RATED NOT FIT FOR CHILDREN SEXY LINEAR SEPERATO

Motto #1

Love...it's a bitch.--Mick Jagger

Motto #2

I'm a nice guy, but I don't love you. I just want to sleep with you.
--Wall of Voodoo

Motto #3

Why don't we do it in the road?
--The Beatles

Motto #4

Give yourself over to absolute pleasure, swim in the warm waters of sins of the flesh. Rocky Horror Picture Show.

Motto #5

Hey honey, want to earn a quick twenty bucks? --Me

Colophon: Screw Diplomacy, now I can talk about what really interests me, what really gets my rocks off. This subzine will contain sex, Sex and onl SEX, wiht possible small doses of mus and alcohol. This is Konrad Baumeist (as if you couldn't tell) and this is my new subzine. This subzine is not for the general public, nor is it for the faint of heart. This is meant for the young vibrant and sexually outgoi people in² the hobby. Like me. It is especially for other college-age folk like Keith Sherwood, Scott and Frauke Mark Lew and David Perlmutter. And m But it's also for sexually orientated hobbieists like Dick and Julie, Bob Osuch and Jack Masters. And me. It's even for dirty old men, like John Mic alski. If you think you fit into one

of those catagories and want to keep getting this, let Keith or I know and you'll get it as a flier in your zine since it won't be included in all copie in the future. Sex is not for Rod Walker, Larry Peery or self proclaimed hobby sex frhods like Terry Tallman.

So now that we know who our clientele is, what can you expect from this subzine. No Diplomacy games, that's for sure, just lots and lots of of wha its name implies: loads of glorified and gratuitous sex. I could fill page with my own myriad sexploits, but there will be more. Look for an X-rated serial and X-rated movie reviews. Whether you want it raunchy or delicate you'll get it here. And now here's Johnny Olsen to tell you how you can participate in this ground breaking venture:

HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE: I'm sure most of you are familiar with my good friend Dick Martin's new zine dealing with hobby subjects. It's called HOUSE OF LORDS and each issue people write in on a subject. Although I know it would be impossible for anyone to be bored with my plethora of sexual experiences I'd like to share this zine. What I invision is, along with my own monthly tale of my travales, reader contributions on a variety of subjects. A sort of HOUSE OF LORDS of sex. I'll call this section HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE. Since this is the first issue, lets make next issue's subject "My first sexual experience." Send your contributions to my editor, Keith Sherwood. Keith won't be submitting anything as he is still waiting for the first time.

What the heck, thinking about it, I've decided to combine the promised X-rated serial and my monthly column into one: I'll just write a serialize version of my sexlife! I know you're excited as I am at the prospect. Let me start with a story of one of the dozens of parties I went to last weekend. It was a costume party with "Star Trek" as a theme. My brother Uli went as Dr McCoy, and I went as myself. I was the hit of the party, as usu By the time we warped in the party was energized. I was stunned by this girl dressed as an alien. (She had to be, her mammeries were out of this world!) I asked Dr Uli McCoy if he didn't think she was heavenly, but his only response was, "Dammit Konrad, I'm a college student, not a beauty judg She was talking to some tall green dude with pointy ears. One look at her communicators and I knew I had to show her my photon torpedo.

Oops. I see I'm out of room. I'll continue next month.

A certain hobby personality from Wichita, KS had a very good idea a while back. He contacted me, and apparently several other hobby pranksters way back in January with the idea of producing a fake Xenogogic lambasting Larry Peery. As I said, a very good idea. He wanted lots of fake articles from lots of sources by the spring. Ironically, the reason this particular person wanted to organize the fake was the then-recent proposal of a "Bob Olsen Award" for perseverance through bad play, apparently proposed by Larry Peery. From what I have heard, everyone contacted said "Great idea" and "Sure I'll contribute." But by the time the deadline rolled around in spring, nobody had kept their promise, no articles were on file, and the entire project fell through.

I was certainly no better than anyone else. I too did not come through with the promised article. I did start it, however, although never finished it, and it has been languishing in the Apple Archives. Until now.

My article was designed to lampoon not only Peery, but also Rod Walker and DIP WORLD, which had just published a hobby history that seemed to me to be decidedly over-emphasizing California. Now is as good as time as any for the little tid bit to see the light of publication, I guess.

A TRUE HISTORY OF THE DIPLOMACY HOBBY
By Larry Peery

If you're a true student of Diplomacy (and of course you are since you receive Xenogogic) you no doubt subscribe to the other hobby flagship zine I publish, Diplomacy world, on which Rod Walker helps me out. If you had been paying attention lately you will remember a couple of articles on the history of Diplomacy, specifically called, "A Diplomacy Chronology" written by Fred Davis. Although Rod Walker edited it and put in the necessary California slant, adding MONGO and other fake firsts designed to aggravate John Boardman, the history was not biased enough towards California, Southern California in general, San Diego specifically, and me, Larry Peery, particularly. Therefore I take this opportunity to revise, correct and set the record straight on the True History of the Diplomacy Hobby:

1948: I am born. A bright star shines over San Diego. It was long ago and I don't remember much other than I was distressed Mark Berch, Rod Walker and John Boardman did not arrive bearing gifts.

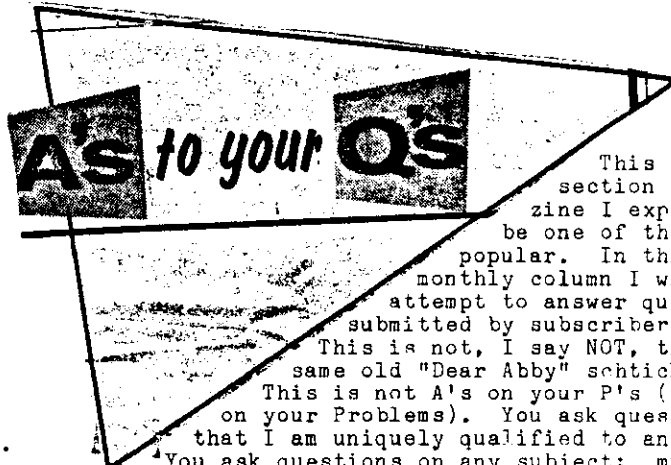
1949: Mike Matson born, although I didn't know it at the time.

1955: My first published paper. 56 pages including index, cross referencing and bibliography. Entitled "What I did for summer vacation."

1957: My mother, in an effort to encourage me to keep a more organized room, establishes the "Clean Room Award." The notion of an Award to reward good behavior appeals to me and starts me thinking....

As an aside, some dude named Calhamer is fiddling around with a map of Europe and some wooden blocks. About this same time, but this game doesn't reach its full potential until I arrive on the scene sometime later.

...and that's as far as I got. I've had other experience imitating Peery's style, of course.



This is a section of the zine I expect to be one of the most popular. In this monthly column I will attempt to answer questions submitted by subscribers. This is not, I say NOT, the same old "Dear Abby" schtick. This is not A's on your P's (Advice on your Problems). You ask questions that I am uniquely qualified to answer. You ask questions on any subject: music (rock n roll); US History (Location of the Mason-Dixon line); Diplomacy and/or hobby trivia (What positions do Frauke and Scott like best? Russia and Germany.); anatomy (I refer these questions to Konrad B). But mostly, this column is for you to query me on matters of Ultimate Cool. So next time you've got a question and you want to know the Ultimately Cool Answer, you know where to go.

To get you started, I've got some example questions that will give you an idea of how this column works.

Q Who was the Ultimately Cool actor?

A A difficult question; various people would of course hold forth many various actors. But the Ultimate Authority on Ultimate Cool (that is to say, me) says without a doubt that Humphrey Bogart was the most Ultimately Cool actor, none withstanding, not even James Dean*. Ever seen CASA-BLANCA? Bogey's got all the cool lines. He sticks his neck out for no one. He could even have the Ultimate Babe, Ingrid Bergman, but thinks of her own interest instead. Indeed, a kiss is just a kiss and our problems don't add up to a hill of beans. Or how about the Caine Mutiny? Even completely deranged and playing with three ball bearings he remains Ultimately Cool.

*James Dean did, however, die the Ultimately Cool way: burn out in the prime of life in a fiery car crash. "Hope I die before I get old."

Q I see a lot of Ultra-triathaloning on Wide World of Sports. You know, a 3 mile swim, a hundred mile bike ride finished off with a marathon, all held in Hawaii. Is this the Ultimately Cool Sport?

A A hint: once TV picks up on something, it is no longer Ultimately Cool. The Iron Man Triathlon was once Ultimately Cool, but no longer. Much like marathoning, it has become over popularized and publicised. For my money, a more elegant and elitist, a more Southern Californian and Ultimately Cool Triathlon would be some combination of HackySack, Badminton and Ultimate Frisbee. Coincidentally, those are also the three sports I partake in most. Everybody plays Soccer and Tennis but how many people play Hacky Sack and Badminton?

"A's to your Q's" continues on page .

GREAT MOMENTS IN HACKY HISTORY: the American old West

DIPLOMACY is cruelty disguised as hobby. There are no wild parties, only terrified allies brought to a frenzy by the use of cattle prods, an electric shock device, bucking straps pulled tightly around the groin, and spurs raked along the shoulder!



Q What is the most oft quoted or most well known line from TV?

A Good Question. (Of course, I thought these up myself if you'll remember.) Good guesses would be "Dammit Jim, I'm a doctor, not a tree surgeon" or "He's dead, Jim" both spoken by Dr. McCoy to Kirk on Star Trek. "Book 'em, Danno" by the unflappable Steve McGarret on Hawaii Five-0. An up and coming quote would be the contemporary "Let's be carefull out there" from Hill Street Blues.

This is such a good question, I'll do something I will do rarely to never ever again in this column: I will ask for your opinion. Three free issues to the submitter of any TV quote more often used in everyday speech than those listed above. Go for it!

Q Why do you sleep without a pillow?

S Snappy answer: 'cos girls are warmer.

Bullshit answer: It's my class project for Sociology 170A, "The face of poverty around the world." A goodly percentage of the people around the world don't hve the luxury of sleeping with a pillow, and through my selfless act I can better understand their misery in poverty.

Real answer: I just don't have one, and I lack the bucks and willingness to go get one.

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ULTIMATELY COOL ATTITUDES (number two in a series)

#####

Q Is it Ultimately Cool to have spring-summer romances? Say, March-July?

A What am I, the Shell Answer Man? Git outa here!

q All very fine and well, but Keith, how can we be like you? How can we be Ultimately Cool, Too? What gives you that kinda hey kinda now kinda wow aura so that when you walk into a room all the wenches look up and say, "Wow, he's Ultimately Cool."

a Ah, then that's the trick isn't it? Just off the cuff, here are some facets of my California outlook that help make me Ultimately Cool:

I don't cut across grass because I am selfconfident enough to know that the few feet I save by traversing the hypotenuse, cutting the corners and trampling down the grass and not wkling along established sidewalks will not get me to my destination an appreciable amount of time sooner.

I summarily dismiss any sport which is so boring it is a time honored tradition to take a break in the middle of the 7th inning to allow the snoozing fans to stand and stretch.

Ultimately Cool is smuggling liquor back across the border from Mexico at Tiajauna. (Warning: Ultimate Degradation is getting caught, which is not considered cool. There is often a fine line between cool and incarceration.)

"A's to your Q's" continues next column.

I don't have to keep pushing a crossing button until I get a walk sign. I push it only once and take my hand away from the pole. When others are already waiting, I don't feel I have to push the button also.

Ultimately Cool is wearing your omni-present knapsack over only one shoulder. When carrying 30 lbs of books, it is smartest to switch shoulders occasionally so shoulders slope evenly.

...There will of course be more, but like any other mail order school, you must subscribe to UC to complete the course, pick up other hints on how to become Ultimately Cool and graduate to the beaches of California. I'll scatter more "Ultimately Cool is.." through out future issues.

Use a gun, go to your room

FINAL, IRREVOCIBLE PROOF THAT KONRAD BAUMEISTER'S TASTE IN MUSIC IS HARMING THE ENVIRONMENT:

BIOLOGICAL MONITORING OF HEAVY METAL POLLUTION

Land and Air

M. H. MARTIN

Department of Botany, University of Bristol, Woodland Road, Clifton, Bristol BS8 1UG, UK

and

P. J. COUGHTREY

Associated Nuclear Services, 123 High Street, Epsom, Surrey KT19 8EB, UK

((Xerox of title page of actual document describing scientific studies conducted around Konrad's various abodes, conducted by Dick Martin's Uncle.))

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That's it for my premier issue. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did, and I hope you'll agree that it was indeed Ultimately Cool.

If you're a publisher and you are receiving this as a sample, please be assured I wish to solicit a trade, and a brief mention in your next issue to inform your readers that I'm here. Thanx.

This issue will be typical of those to follow. The length, content and format of future issue will resemble this one pretty much. This format combines the cost savings of reduced digest with the readability of full sized zines, while the columns avoid the clutter of reduced type that harms, say NSWG, for instance. If the paper of the original that I'm typing on wasn't so unwieldy, I think this format would sweep the hobby just as that atrocious digest did a few years ago. Terry, why not make NSWG a little more readable and columnate it? When columnated reduced type on full size pages sweeps all zines, I'm sure we'll all remember it as the Ultimately Cool format.

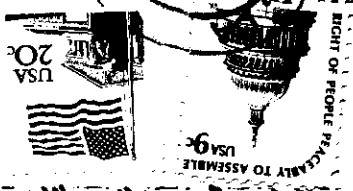
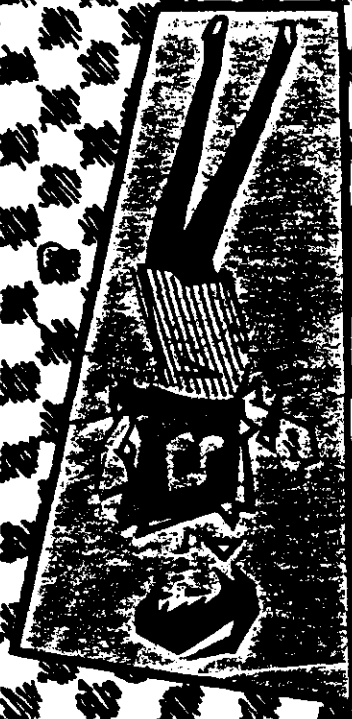
Once more, subs are 65¢ a piece with a minimum of 2½ issues. Game fees are \$3.00 with a stiff \$5.00 NMR deposit. Games and zine will run on a four week deadline. If you asked where the house rules were, you don't know me very well. Common sense is the only rule. Later...

**BUY NOW!
OR
DIE DUMB!**

BE THERE
 OR BE SQUARE!!!
 SEPT 31, 1984
 NEXT DEADLINE:



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 10/26
 10/26



Some Philharmonic
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RACE	8	:	2234 0626		
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