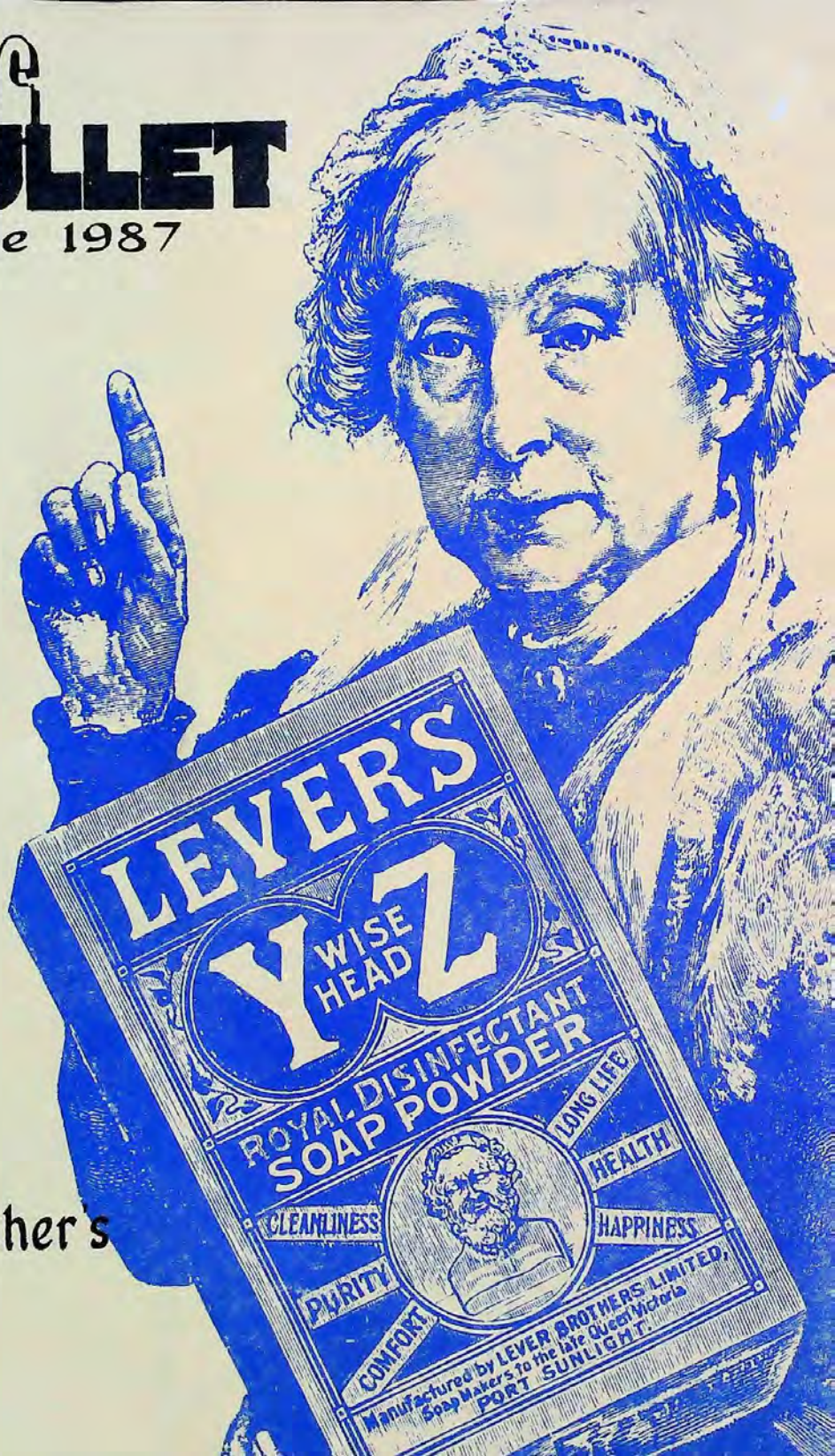


MAGIC BULLET

3:3

May-June 1987



Your
Grandmother's
Issue



1. PLANTS



2. APELIKE MAN



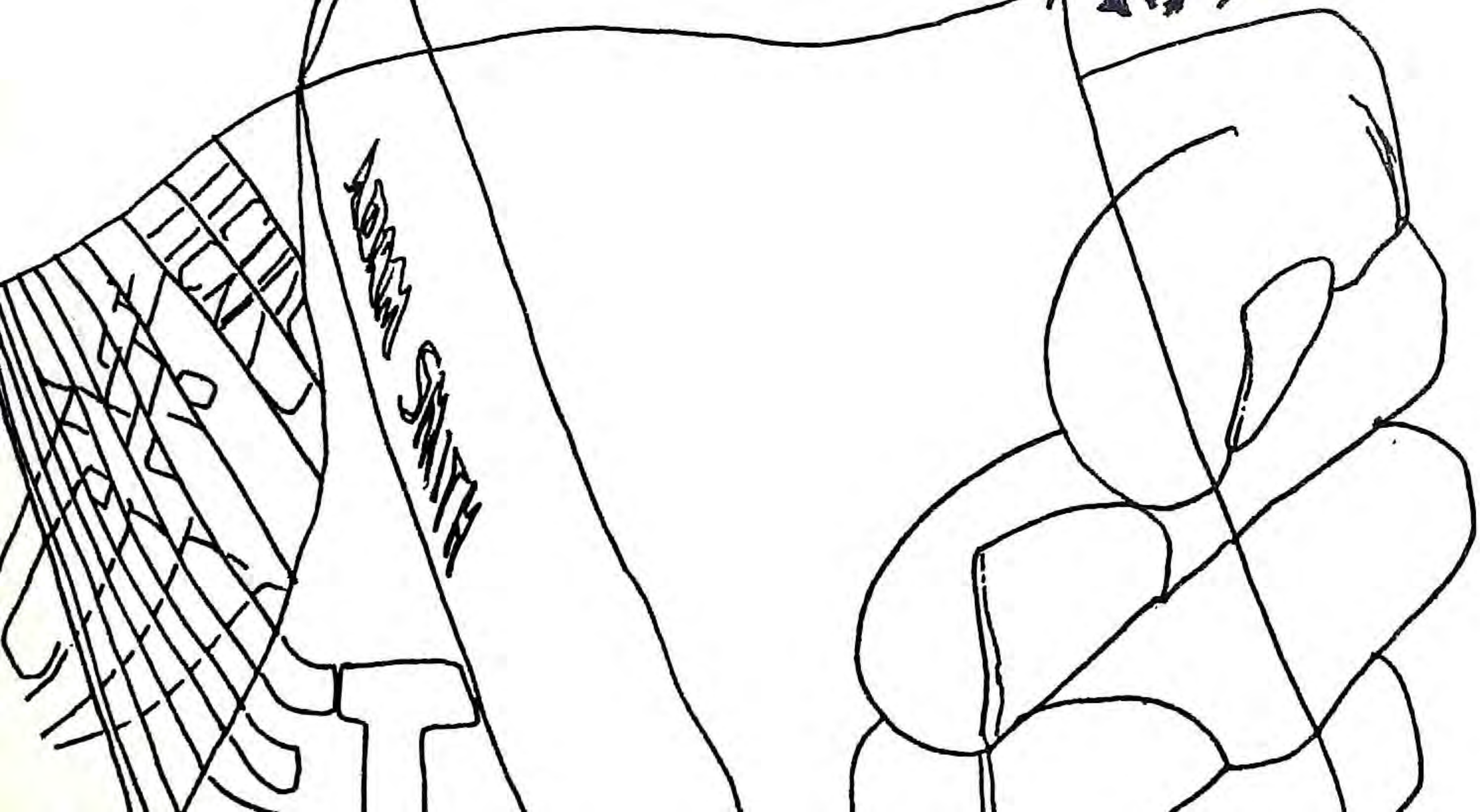
3. STRATEGIC PILOT

HY
EN
NY

the
Ferret



DON'T BE A
VICTIM



DIANE

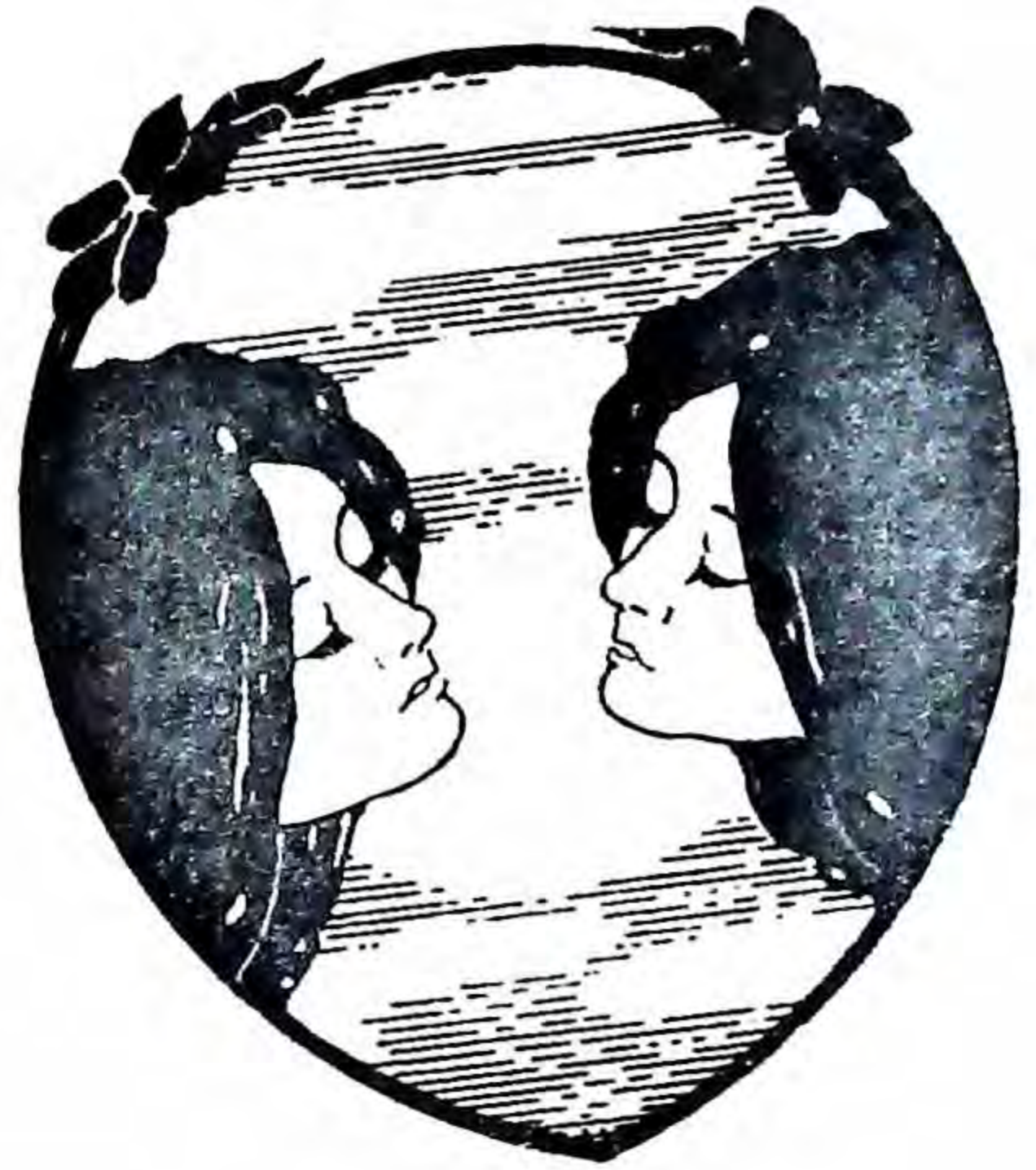
*Diane has fallen on hard times.
She's on the street
Bumming cigarettes
And asking for change.*

*The men with their bottles
Are in the back alley.
Diane trades her body
For a swig of whiskey
Or a taste of speed.*

*She often loses her shoes
But manages to get new ones somehow
(Perhaps from the nuns
Who distribute free food).*

*Diane sleeps on the sidewalk
Without a blanket.
I wonder what are her dreams.*

TERRY MAC DONNELL



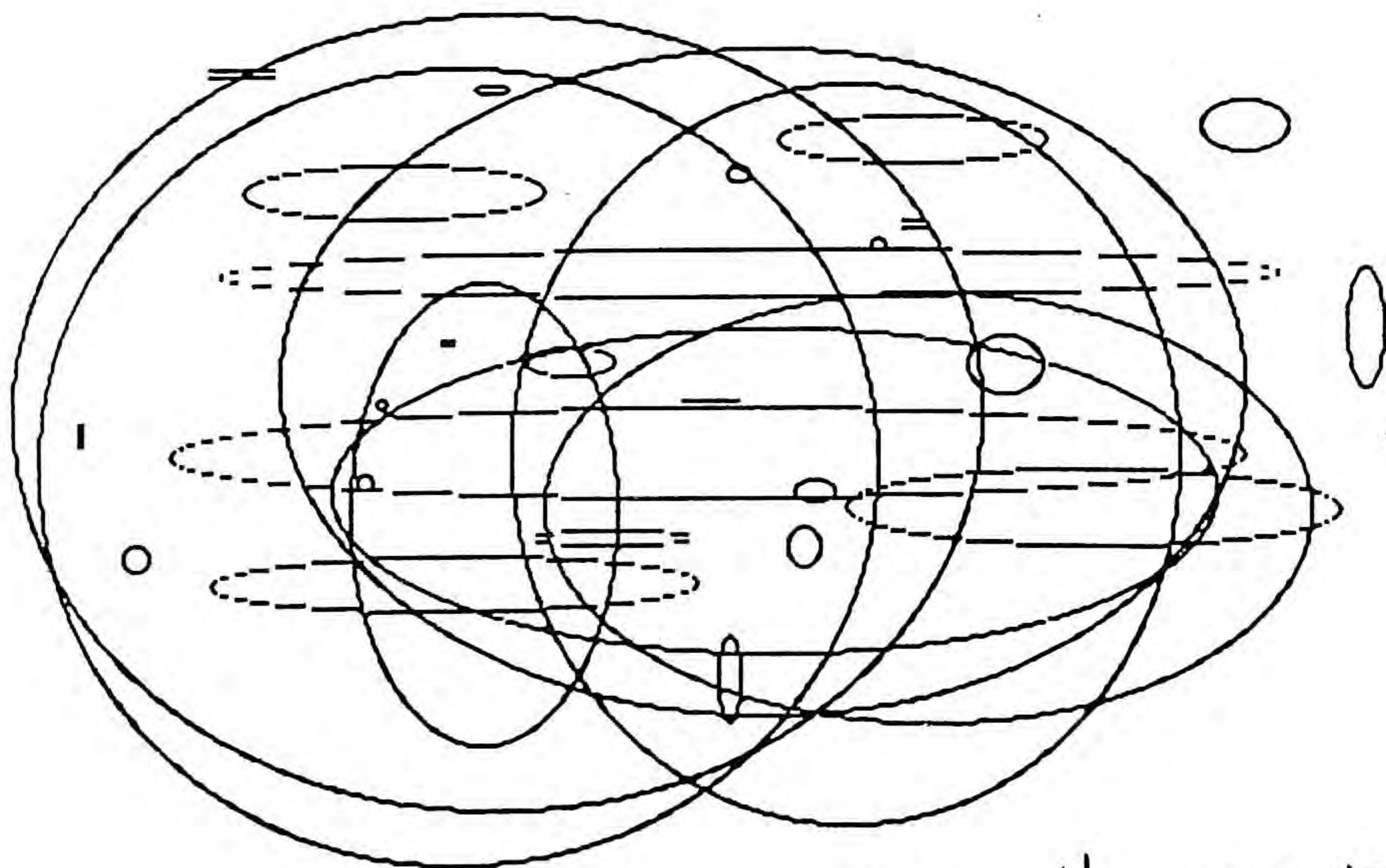
LUNCH COUNTER SONG

*I ONLY WANT MUSTARD ON HALF.
AND I WANT YOU TO PUT A LARGE M ON IT.
AND WHEN I ASK: "DID I PAY FOR IT?"
DEEP DOWN IT MEANS
I WANT YOU TO TELL ME I DON'T HAVE TO.*

CHRIS STROFFOLINO

the beggar's woman is a doughnut
from a trash barrel behind a supermarket
whom he loves more than fine wine
and far loftier in context
than any diamond or trinketed
women in ceremonial dress
casting glances that are atoms bonding
its eye is clear
and there is no doubt that its
powdered surface is just a covering for
a sweet dough
discarded but offering its best
never disguising its station
he gets so much more
from his trash can ration
than society gave him

Candy Kaucher



DOUGLAS HILSINGER '87

The Light Bulbs From Home



A million billion parsecs from the post office, or roughly
¶One stellar mish-mash
But snow nor rain nor black hole singularity
Shall stay this courier from his duty

The light bulbs from home.
The light bulbs from home.

I envision them strewn
Unceremoniously thrown
Like a mastadon's hyoid bone
Oh, no.
The light bulbs from home.

by
Mikey

The light bulbs from home.
The light bulbs from home.

Venus, Arcturus, Aldebaran, pluto
Mercury, pluto, and Jupiter own
All the dust in between
The Mississippi
And the Pleiades
But I am alone
With the light bulbs from home.
With the light bulbs from home.

¶All alone with my thumb in my nose.

Project

ROCK N ROLL

Gary
L.
Gehman



Part 10.

S'pense knew about Speck in the same way that a baleen whale knows of krill. He knew that there was a distant faceless mass of willing martyrs and that they were always of some nutritive value to the State. Any kind of further differentiation had to be superfluous. The significances of individual points of doctrine lay only in their effectiveness as levers to be pulled by the boys in the "Frictions" department.

S'pence had, in fact, shared an elevator with the assassin on at least one occasion, but their paths would prove out to be tangent circles, coming to intersection at that single point, then carrying them forever farther, *physically*, away from each other.

* * *

In the luncheonette, a coy little waitress of about 17, handed Speck a steaming cup of coffee. It rattled in his quaking hands and he rushed to set it on the counter in front of him. Not able to look at her, he muttered a feeble: "Garcia," to her and she smiled, neglecting to pick up his two-peso note.

All throughout the country, but especially in the cities of Buena Salida where political affinities more often came under scrutiny, there had emerged a highly developed system of underground communication. By muttering the familial name of the nation's most popular martyr in place of the customary *gracias*, partisans of the cause for national independence, as well as initiates of the Omega Coalition, were able to identify themselves to one another; surreptitiously lend aid and comfort to brothers and sisters in the struggle.

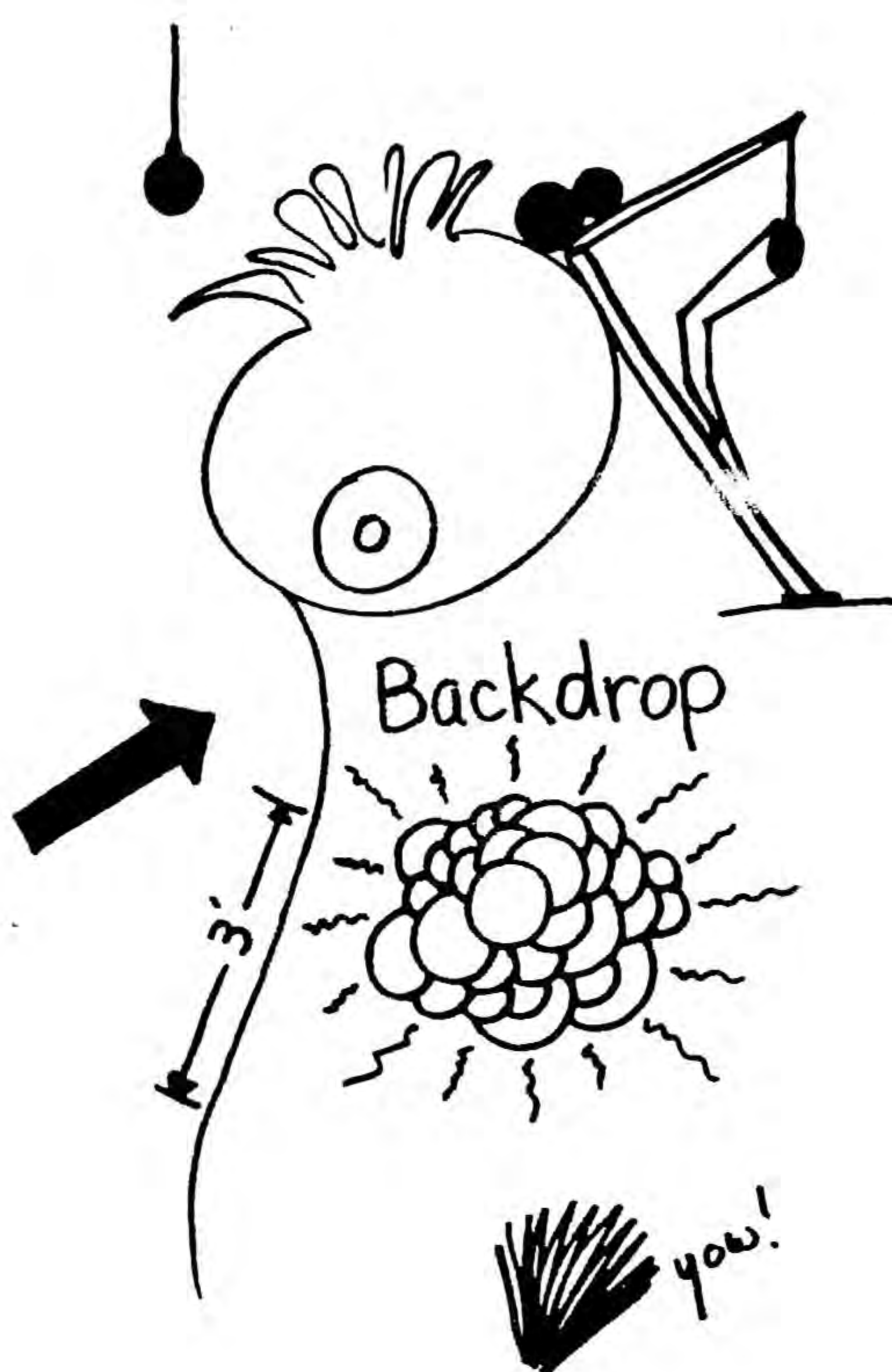
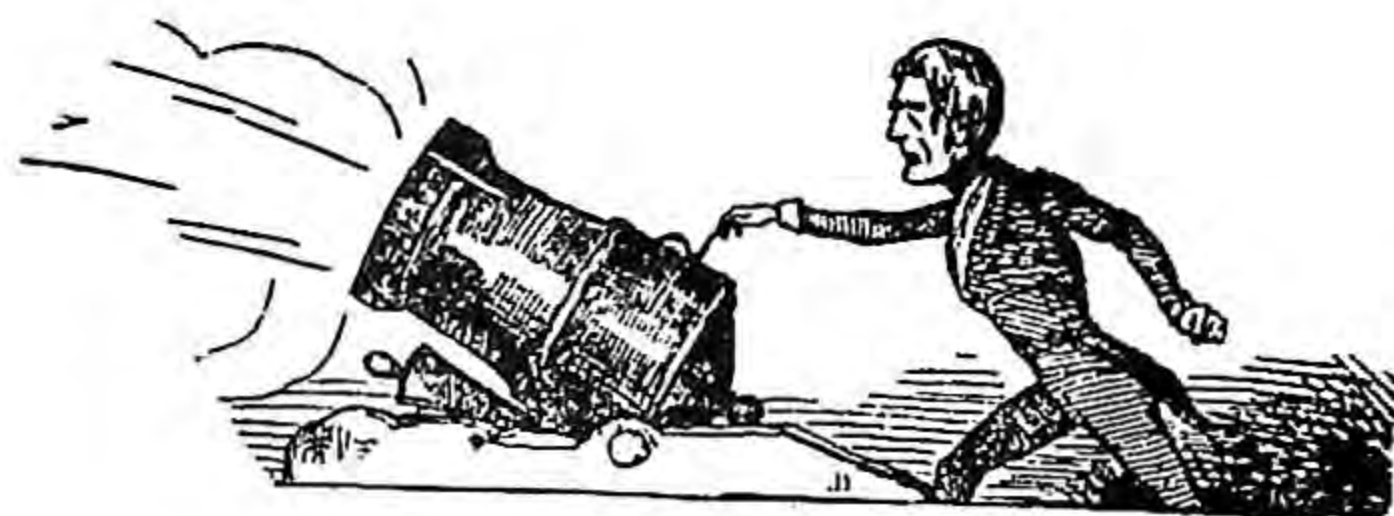
Vallejo's state police knew this fact, as did the people who employed S'pence; and they often used it to lay traps for conspirators.

With the odor of the fireball still in his nostrils, Speck swallowed the first bitter cup of coffee in a single gulp. He tugged at his collar and ordered another. This sort of business revolted Speck, but he'd come to believe that nothing could be done any other way. He'd seen too many good people shot down for filing the wrong formal complaint.

Speck knew that there is a point in life where one can feel the soul slipping away; that not only was inaction an unconscionable posture, but that it actually cost dear friends their lives. Under such conditions, the Omega Coalition proposed, a truly moral man has no other choice. Speck had to agree.

The second cup of coffee did something to calm his nerves; he got up and moved to the door, leaving the *dos pesos* as a tip. The relief vehicles were only now pulling into the street, though the sirens had been blaring for what seemed like half-an hour and Speck thought he could hear the sounds of anguished screaming coming from where the Paraguayan Embassy had been. The girl, only just noticing the tip, called after him: "Gracias, Padre!"

-- To Be Continued! --



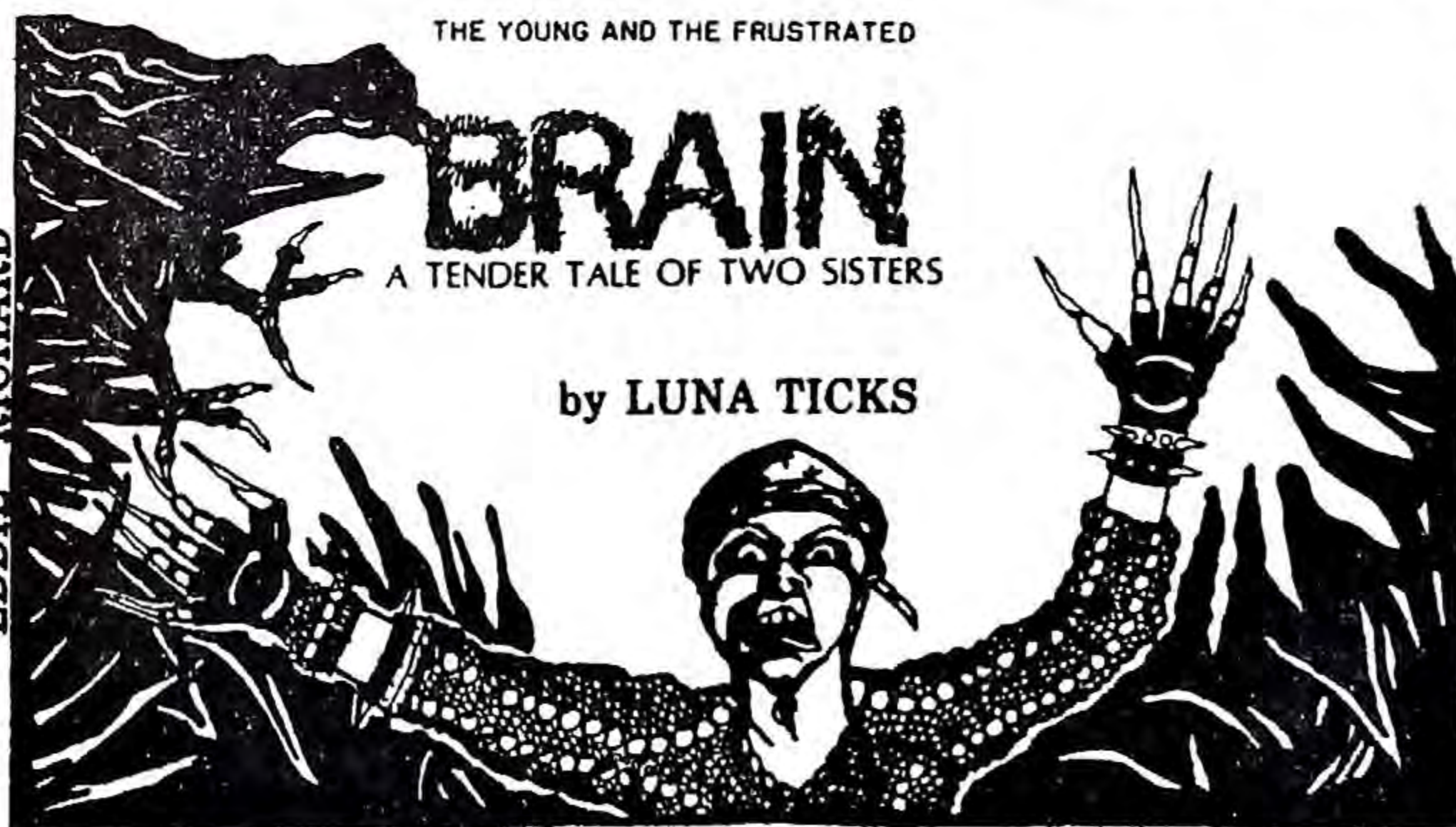
Dedicated To The Memory Of
EDDIE RICHARD

THE YOUNG AND THE FRUSTRATED

BRAIN

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by LUNA TICKS



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Man on a Gurney: A Sketch

Whatever it was they gave him made him laugh about dying. He was deliriously happy, his arms flailing over the side of the gurney and his stomach shaking in boisterous jolts of laughter. He was making the nurse laugh at him and his dying while the pain was receding in ebbs of drugged dullness. He focused on the lights above him as if they had sullenly brightened his attention. While admiring their beauty, some saliva had escaped from the corner of his mouth and was making its way down his chin before the nurse carefully wiped it away with affected precision. He wasn't laughing anymore because his mouth wasn't working anymore. He thanked her brown eyes with a sustained glance.

He remembered her eyes.

"I can't see, your eyes are too dark. I can't even see your cornea you probably don't have one. Mmmm...I give up, you're lying."

"Will you just look. I really do have green specks, ya just have to look."

"Ok, lemme see." She came close and flickered her tongue across his lips before taking a long, breathless, draught from them. Her brown eyes were moist with laughter.

He was looking at the lights again. They were still bright. A muffled giggle erupted in his throat as he thought how everything was supposed to grow dimmer, but wasn't. The pain was creeping back in an attempt to crudely let him know he was alive, but he escaped before he could really laugh about it again.

T. Kooyoomjian



Up a Lazy River—Part II

Peter Cunningham

August 24—The journey's beginning to wear heavily on the members of the party. Our food supply's dwindling; all the water in the area is stagnant; and one of my socks is constantly falling down around my ankle. I'm happy to report, however, that Normandy's humor is still intact. Just this morning he threatened to publically expose me as an "inept bungler." He then went on to add—and get this—"provided we ever get out of this jungle alive." If not for comic outbursts such as this, I think despair would have descended even upon myself. God bless him.

August 30—The hardships of the journey have greatly enhanced Johnson's depressive tendencies to the point of his becoming suicidal. When these moods occur, it becomes the task of everyone on the expedition to try to and raise his spirits. This they are somewhat reluctant to do. When his spirits are raised he becomes quite psychotic. Food conservation has become less of a problem now that Johnson has cut our party to six. We simply must keep him away from the sharper implements.

September 4—Scrappy Maxwell has shown himself to be a proud soul. He has taken quite a bit of abuse about his height from members of the party but has maintained his composure throughout. Scrappy seems not at all embarrassed about his diminutive stature. Quite the opposite, he takes great pride in it. Upon occasion, Scrappy's been heard to claim that Napoleon stole the idea of being short from him (Although history shows that Napoleon had at least the vague concept of shortness first). Still, he's a spirited chap and, except for the delays he has caused by trying to wade through the deeper puddles, has proven a valuable addition to our team.

September 5—Poor old Normandy lost three fingers this morning in a attempt to involve Johnson in a game of charades.

September 7—Despair! Today is by far the worst day of the entire expedition. In one fell swoop we lost two more men and almost all our remaining foodstuffs.

It will undoubtedly be remembered as history's most elaborate plan of desertion. One man donned the uniform of a short-order cook while another asked for an extremely large take-out. Only after several hours had elapsed and we realized that the order had never even been rung up, let alone paid for, did we become suspicious. We are now down to four.

September 7—Starvation is setting in. Scrappy Maxwell and Normandy are constantly fighting and I'm too weak to try and stop them. This is probably just as well since they are arguing over who gets to push me into the quicksand. All seems lost...

One cheery note, though. With death so imminent, Johnson's mood has brightened considerably.

September 11—Never give up hope! Salvation is ours. Ah, but I'm getting ahead of myself. Last night, in a starvation crazed state, we wandered aimlessly for hours and, by light of morning, found ourselves on a lush tropical beach. Fruits and nuts abound and fresh water is only some twenty yards inland. Then, as the sun rose higher, we spotted a ship moored offshore. A signal fire and shouts of "Hello, sailor" gained their attention. A rescue boat has been spotted heading toward us.

Scrappy Maxwell is busy packing what remains of our gear; while Johnson has been amusing himself with attempts at stoning seabirds. Normandy, however, has simply stood nearby holding what looks to be a very sharp knife. I wouldn't mind except the he's been giving me the strangest looks...

"seeing"

stepping down upon
the sand;
it burns my soul
it burns my man.

i look upon the blyeyestering sun

and

see myself

running fingers through my hair,
feels so funny
like i'm not there

scratching&peeling these dead upon layers

and

see myself

flapping my towel & the sand hitting others
looking at sons putting lotions on mothers.

the gulls screeching their minerature roar

and

see myself

the horizon hiring itself
to the fire and rulers tend back
to their quaint empire

sitting upon the cold painted bench

and

see myself

the eyes of me fall far beyond thought
i was already out there and got tangled and caught

in a deep deep place

and

see myself

the thoughts of me

and

see myself.



JOE BOSURGI

johnny cooper

Once I had a dream.
Full of sunshine and friends.
I took good care of my dream, and fed it and cared for it-- and it
flourished. When I closed my eyes it was always there;
waiting for me. And nobody knew about it. It was my own fantasy
world; full of magic and love. But then, one Monday someone told
me it was a lie. My dream was stolen, and without me it died;
and my soul went with it.

---kmf



In a Dimly Lit Elevator

I have left my notebook behind me, again.
Pages of nakedness between bright covers.

There are readers of minds,
Subtle and powerful,
Who control these corridors.
And yet I have lasted five years.
The numbers of the floors flash,
And this dirty darkness
Opens like a book.

Michael Graves



Mom named you that. It
Was an adaptation from the name I
Gave you: "Harley Davidson."
(You purr like a motorcycle).

So now it's been a year.
I've aged one, you've
Aged seven.
Sometimes I feel like we could call it
"Even."
Or maybe I've got you beat-it's
Felt like twenty since
Mom left.

You caught that bat last
Summer, didn't you? You
Didn't even need the claws I had
Taken out of your forepaws so
You couldn't rip that high-class
Furniture Mom and I bought:
Poor cement for a crumbling love.

Brought him straight down out of
Mid-studio air, didn't you?
I don't know how he got in.
Strong-willed winged rodent.
(Try to say that fast!)

You caught him. Mouse and bird
All-in-one. I was
Proud of you.

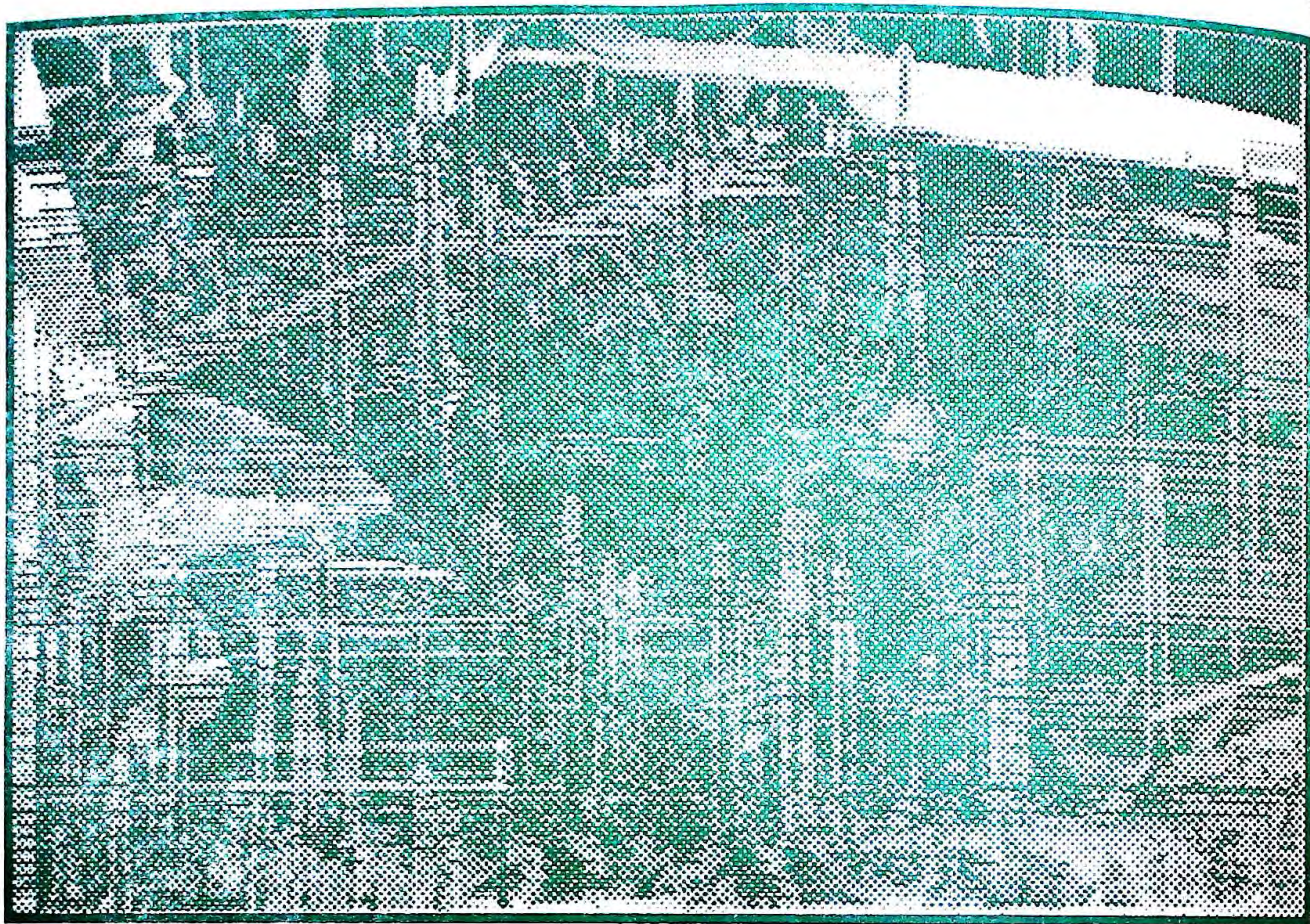
Now you rattle the locked
Night chain when I come home to
The front door, knowing that the
Clacking-clicking of the
Chain on the steel door means the
Portal will soon be open to find
You sitting on the door-side stand
Nudging me with our nose, waiting
For your "Ho dare, kee kat- I
Missed my foofy tee tat 'n' it sure is
Good to be home here wif him" hug.

Ups, downs, "the thrill of victory, the
Agony of defeat" and through it
All you've been here with your simple,
Uncomplicated love.

I'll name this year for you.

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Walt Gebhart



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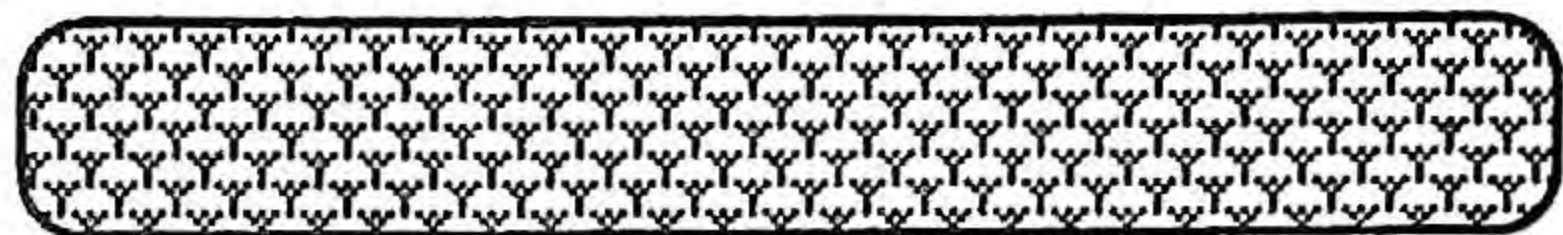
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THANKS TO ALL OUR FANS AND CONTRIBUTORS. I TRY TO STAY IN
TOUCH WITH YOU ALL. BE PATIENT.
A.C.D.

DANTE

IN

**REMINGTON
MURPHY**



PARADISE

St. Peter: So you name's Dante, is it?

Dante: Yeah, that's right.

St. Peter: That'll be ten thousand lira for the night.

Dante: Ten thousand?

St. Peter: Hey look, God runs a clean hotel. You don't have cheribim leanin' out the windows, you don't have roaches crawlin on the walls.

Dante: All right.

St. Peter: A good time is what you get. Hey!

Dante: Hm?

St. Peter: We have this dame here, Beatrice. Why don't you give this one a shot? Blue eyes, yellow hair--you poets like them, eh?

Dante: Beatrice...

St. Peter: Room 777.

Dante. That's on the Seventh Floor?

St. Peter: Just ask for Rolf. Madame?!--a customer is waiting.

Madame: Hello.

