

this is...

M I L A R K Y !

this is MILARKY #109 from Shay Statium AKA Craig Miller, who lives at 9115 Beverlywood St. in Los Angeles. (213) 838-0297. Intended for inclusion in APA-L #3374 Pelz Printed. POVPEX-VEXOS PUB.#161

I was working in the Art show at the Witchcraft & Sorcery Convention last weekend and overheard two comics fans looking at the sketch table: "Look at this by...Terry ..Jeeves." "Lemme see that. This is old. He used to do stuff in t he old mimeo fanzines..." ((insert "back" between stuff and "in"))

The next two lines may not print well because there was something else here that I corflued out entirely. (Hello Ellen!) Now we continue.

A while back I mentioned some inter-racial conflicts that were occuring at my school. I may or may not have made the comment that most of the trouble is with t he younger kids. ((I don't remember if I said that in APA-L, I did say in direct conversation with a couple people.)) I have discovered this to be untrue.

It seems I was sitting on a table during a Phsical Education Period in the gym. I was sitting peacefully, reading Many Long Years Ago by Ogden Nash, when I heard someone call to me. "Hey muthafucah!" Recognizing this call as being from a certain, non-friendly segment of the negro group. ((insert typical between "being" and from)) I ignored the call. It came again. I continued reading. The call came again, this time with an addition. "Hey muthafucah; get your ass down here." My mistake came when I said, "If you want something, you come here." #O.K. muthafucah!" Came the reply. ((this small group from the negro kids apparently have knowledge of only one swear word.)) Suddenly t owards me came this overly large type. About 6'3", with arms about the size of my head. My immediate thoughts were something on the order of "Oh shit". He wasn't the problem. He had four "friends" with him. Two of them were almost as big as he was. I decided the best course of action would be to continue reading. So I did. Our main antagonist kept shoving at me and trying to push me off the table so that I might get up and try to fight him. Stupid I ain't. I continued reading. I suddenly felt a hand clamp down on my ankle and one on my arm. Ten seconds later, I was about twelve feet from where I had been, and was now sprawled out on the ground. I also discovered that I had landed with all my weight, on my left hip. I found myself unable to get up. My 'friend' came over and said, "Ge' up, muthafucah!" and kicked me in the side. I told him that I couldn't and he repeated his actions. A second repeat preformance and then he said, "Ahright, (guess what), I'll help you up." Due to his helping me to rise, I felt my arm coming about that close to dislocating.

Now you may ask why I didn't call a coach or gym teacher to help me thru this predicament. I felt that that would be unnecessary as there already were two gym teachers/coaches in the room while this was going on. ((this fascinating story continued next page))

(THE LIFE AND TIMES OF X. TORTION, CONT.)

The next 40 minutes was the largest of the black group taking my glasses, telling me that he wanted my watch, that he always get s what he wants, etc. Friendly things like, "I'll pound you through that wall if you don't gimme dat, muthafuckk." and "I may not get that watch now, but I'll get it sooner or later and you'll be damn sorry you didn't give it to me." and "You can tell the coach on me but my friends will beat the shit out of you later."

I decided on a new course of action. I sat, arms crossed, and said, "I don't care, just give me the glasses." This course did not work. At the end of the period, the coach told everyone to get out of the gym and to wait by the gate to be excused. I still didn't have my glasses. I went out to the gate with the "friendlies" behind me. They waited inside the locker room entrance and kept yelling to me to come in and they'd give me the glasses. Like I said previously, I ain't stupid. I stood outside the locker room where I was. A coach came up behind them and asked, "What's goin' on fellas?" The leader of our troop of friendlies hand the glasses to another one who walked over to me and gave them to me. Meanwhile, the main one said, "Nothin."

A few minutes past. Then, with an even larger group of friendlies, the big one called me over and said, "Read me da bulletin" He wanted me to read him the senior bulletin. This consists of announcements of scholarships and college reps. for college enrollment. After about five to ten minutes, I agreed to read the bulletin. The true purpose of this was for everyone who might lend aid of one sort or another to have left by the time I finished. It didn't work.

My friend again started making demands for my watch. I kept telling him no. This went on for about twenty minutes. As this was going on, friends of mine kept stopping to see what was wrong. They didn't stay long -- none of them are that good of friends. Both Ding Dong Doug and Click Click McLaren (Hi Vanessa) were headed to the Gym for their PE period. They went to the office instead and asked two of the coaches to come out and stop the trouble. After about five minutes, the two coaches did. Sort of. They walked out to see what was going on. The black kids saw them, thought they were coming to get them and immediate dispersal became the byword. I went on to my forth period class. The black kids, regrouping, and not knowing where I was, went to the gym to GET D.D. Doug and Click Click McLaren. The Boys' Vice Principal came in and got them. The black guys that is, not Doug and McLaren. The coaches had apparently called him to come out so taht they could give him a report on the trouble. Fortunate thing, too. The big black kid was expelled. There has been no trouble since.

This, dear readers, is why you may have heard me complaining about my hip or mentioning "The Black Mountain of Calcutta" ((That's Black Hole of Calcutta" "I know, that's what I called him later"))

I think, some brief DISTY COMMENTS

SPOT: I remember Video Village. Dat was fuh.///JOCELYN: The poem was e.e. cummings.///DAVE NEE: Yes, we are trading, yes!!!!?///THERRI MOORE: Did you t hink out those things you said? I'Mnot trying to be "GOD". Do you know that what you are doing is exactly what you accuse me of. Are you always right? You're t he one making psychiatric judgements, anyway. You're the one who said that I was crazy. Your comment to Milt was kind of inane. More cigarettes are being sold now then ever before.???thasit.