

This is not...



FREE!
issue 1.2

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bagboy

thanks to sect for the rad spontaneous t.i.n. tag

editors:

johnny@ssdpres.org
spackle@ssdpres.org

free subscriptions upon request

submit

land:

ssd press
pmb #138
1205 west elizabeth #e
fort collins, co 80521

email:

tin@ssdpres.org

ftp.frii.com:

pub/spackle/submissions



1979 – Congress passes the first Prison Industry Enhancements projects, exempting participating businesses from the 1935 Amhurst-Summers Act, which outlawed transportation of prison goods between state lines. Since 1980 the imprisoned population has grown over 300 percent to almost 2 million, over 70 percent of which are people of color. Coincidence?

- Spackle

Profiting from Punishment

by Paul Wright, Guest Editor

Boeing Goes to Prison

With the repeal of welfare, some political opportunists and right-wing pundits are turning their sights on questions of law and order in general and prison "reform" in particular. They are starting to push Congress to impose the same solution on prisoners as on welfare recipients; put them to work. "Taking a portion of prisoners' earnings to pay their upkeep or reimburse their victims...seems appropriate to many Americans," notes the Atlanta Journal and Constitution. [1]

Currently more than 90,000 state and federal convicts work in a variety of public and private enterprises while serving time. [2] The majority are employed in state owned enterprises such as making license plates or furniture for government offices. Increasingly though, private businesses have contracted with at least 25 states to set up businesses inside prison walls to take advantage of state-supplied facilities and low-wage, non-union workers.

Advocates of the expansion of private industry into prisons propose repealing laws that protect prisoner laborers from the worst exploitation and protect free labor from unfair competition. In a May Day Wall Street Journal editorial, Reagan Administration Attorney General, Edwin Meese proposed repealing Depression Era laws that require prison workers making goods transported in interstate commerce be paid at least the minimum wage. [3] Part of his argument rests on the assertion that if the labor market is opened up for them, prisoners can help pay the costs of their incarceration.

The illogic of this position is that if the state really

wanted to make money from prison industries, where its "profit" supposedly comes from a portion of the salary paid to the prisoner, it should push for higher wages. On the other hand, in a happy consequence not mentioned by Meese, the lower the wage, the higher the profits for corporations.

Prison Industries Making Out Like Bandits

A member of the Enterprise Prison Institute, Meese touts Washington State as a model for prison industries. In one Washington prison, Boeing Corp., headquartered in Seattle, is discovering the benefits of a captive work force. Last year, while the world's largest civil aviation manufacturer made more planes and more money than ever before, it cut the number of employees on its US payroll. The only significant challenge to its drive to increase profits and executive salaries at workers' expense was a lengthy strike by the machinist union over eroding job security and disappearing pension and health benefits. [4] Like most modern corporations, Boeing has been cutting costs and countering organized labor's threats to its bottom line by moving factories abroad and outsourcing to non-union subcontractors in the U.S. Its search for workers who are unable to unionize or demand a decent wage took it to two widely divergent, yet strangely similar places: China and the Washington State Reformatory (WSR) in Monroe, Washington.

In China, where Boeing sold ten percent of its planes between 1993 and 1995, [5] the company operates at a fraction of its U.S. costs. According to the Seattle Times, "Employees live mostly on or next to the factory premises. Workers receive a salary of about \$50 a month. They are forbidden to form independent trade unions. For those who step out of line on the shop floors in China, there is the notorious Lao Gai 'reeducation through labor' prison work camps..." [6]

The newspaper, could have written almost the same story by traveling 25 miles to the Washington State Reformatory where MicroJet is employing prison labor to make aircraft components. [7] Among the recently formed company's customers is none other than Boeing. MicroJet, which lists its address as 16700 177 Ave. SE -- the same address as the prison, currently employs eight prisoners. They train for minimum wage and eventually progress to \$7 an hour, [8] unlike those pesky machinists at Boeing's

Everett plant who earn up to \$30 an hour for the same work. Like all companies employing prison labor, MicroJet saves further by not paying benefits such as health insurance, unemployment, workers' compensation, etc. Even if a prisoner worker is seriously injured, it is the state, through the prison system, which picks up the tab.

In addition to savings on salaries, prison industries also enjoy subsidized overhead. MicroJet's rent-free factory is in a 56,000 square foot industrial building built and maintained by Washington State. [9] The arrangement offers a "just-in-time" inventory of labor: Prisoner workers can be simply left in their cells for weeks on end if there is no work, then be called in on short notice. Outside competitors, on the other hand, have to pay overhead and workers even if no production is taking place and have to maintain a steady production line even when demand drops. Moreover, in prison, any attempt at labor organizing is met with immediate and harsh state repression, which generates even less negative publicity than similar moves in China.

Not a bad deal; not for MicroJet anyway. Nor for the other private employers at the Washington reformatory including Redwood Outdoors, a garment-making sweatshop that generates clothes for Eddie Bauer, Kelly Hanson, Planet Hollywood, Union Bay, and other brands; Elliot Bay, a metals manufacturing company that makes crab pots and fishing industry equipment; A&I Manufacturing, which makes blinds; and Washington Marketing Group, a telemarketing company that has been used to campaign for Republican congressional candidates among others.

With these competitive advantages, prison industries can easily underbid any U.S. competitor. The real losers, then, are the free workers, machinists in particular, whose jobs have gone to prisoner slave laborers or Chinese workers.

Wage Slave or Chattel?

If the Seattle Times had come to Monroe to describe the set up that these companies enjoy, it could have written: "Employees live right next to the factory premises. They are forbidden to form any type of trade union, much less an independent one. For those who step out of line on the shop floors of Washington prisons, there is the notorious Intensive Management Unit of 'reeducation through sensory



deprivation' fame." [10]

In prison, the term wage slavery takes on a new meaning since prisoners are confined to their cells for much of the day. An industry job "consumes virtually all of your out-of-cell time," said Chris St. Pierre, who is serving a life sentence at WSR, "making you a virtual slave where all your time is spent at work or locked in your cell. This limits your ability to visit with your family and attorneys, do legal research, go to school, exercise, etc."

But while a \$7 an hour wage clearly puts prison workers at a competitive advantage, it does not at first seem to exploit them. In fact, prisoners hired by MicroJet take home only a small fraction of their earnings. Right off the top, the state deducts 20 percent for "cost of corrections"; 10 percent goes into a mandatory savings fund controlled by the Department of Corrections (DOC); and 5 percent to a crime victim compensation fund that is actually used to fund DOC victim notification and awareness programs. [11] In addition, the prisoner pays state and federal taxes, social security, and up to 20 percent more to pay off any victim restitution, child support, trial costs, and other court ordered financial obligations. [12] After Albert Delp works 40 hours a week making carabiners for Omega Pacific at \$6 an hour his weekly pay is \$240. After three quarters of that is eaten up by deductions, he takes home \$60. [13]

"I don't support prison industries as they are run now," said St. Pierre. "Due to the deductions, the more you make, the more they take. You pay taxes and can't vote and have no say in how the money is used. You pay for room and board yet you're still subject to the same shit food and conditions. Even with the money you earn, there isn't much you can buy with it due to property limits. The employers treat prisoners poorly because they know the prisoners have limited employment options and aren't going anywhere." [14]

"It's not really slave labor because that implies it is compelled," argues a former Redwood Industries employee. "It's more like serfdom, [or like being] a domesticated animal." [15]

Few prisoners are willing to speak publicly against the program for fear of losing their industry jobs, being blacklisted by prison industry employers, or

incurring retaliation from prison officials. In any case, most of Washington State's 12, 800 prisoners would probably say that they support prison industries, regardless of any objective exploitation. Just like on the outside, people in prison work at jobs they dislike because they need the money and there are long waiting lists for the 300 industry jobs available. While food, clothing and shelter are provided, prisoners are required to pay for such basics as soap and toothbrushes and a \$3 per visit charge for access to medical care. [16]

Their situation is similar to that of sweatshop and maquiladora workers in South Asia and Latin America who earn a few dollars a day. While such wages are exploitative and paltry by First World standards, in the Third World they make the difference between starvation and poverty and are thus highly sought after. Prison industries represent a Third World labor

model in the heart of America. And while \$1.50 an hour take-home pay for work that brings \$30 an hour on the outside may not seem like much, it looks pretty good against the 38 to 42 cents an hour Washington convicts earn in prison kitchens, laundries, janitorial services, etc.

And even those jobs have eager takers since overcrowding has created a prison "unemployment rate" of more than 50 percent. Like the maquiladora workers, the prisoners are objectively exploited but subjectively paid quite well. This disparity creates a relatively (by prison standards anyway) wealthy class of prisoners; a miniature labor aristocracy.

Prisoners also look to these industries for training that will make them more employable on the outside. "Elliot Bay is the best program in this joint," said one prisoner, since it allowed him to hone his welding skills in preparation for a job after he serves his remaining seven years. When reminded that companies like Elliot Bay drive down wages and take jobs out of society, he was blunt: "Fuck society, they locked me up." [17]

St. Pierre has worked at both Redwood Outdoors making clothes as well as the prison's print shop. "I worked in prison industries for several years in order to earn enough money to hire an attorney and challenge my conviction and sentence... I learned good skills while working in the prison print shop," he adds, "but because of my sentence there's no way

"I learned good skills while working in the prison print shop," he adds, "but because of my sentence there's no way to tell if I'll be able to get out and use it."

to tell if I'll be able to get out and use it." [18]

His situation is not unusual. Prison industries prefer to hire people serving life terms to avoid the retraining and slow production associated with worker/prisoner turnover. [19] Reynolds tacitly admits that industry favors prisoners with longer terms, but explains it this way: "One of the difficulties of creating jobs for prisoners is that many of them are illiterate or semiliterate, or have low IQs... The federal system may have the best prospects for high rates of payback because many of the prisoners are there for crimes typically committed by more intelligent criminals like counterfeiting, kidnapping and drug smuggling." [20] These are also crimes that tend to carry longer sentences.

This pattern of favoring lifers and long-termers calls into question the claim that such programs are intended to provide meaningful job skills. Also debatable is whether the skills are marketable on the outside. How many ex-prisoners will find work sewing garments in a sweatshop? Most of those jobs go overseas, and those that stay in the U.S. are often filled undocumented immigrants and, increasingly, by prisoners. Ironically, skilled labor jobs such as those at MicroJet and Elliot Bay help ensure that such jobs become scarcer on the outside and the wages paid are forced downward.

Touting the "revolutionary" impact of changing the system so that half of all prisoners could be employed by private industry, Meese cited the example of Lockhart Correctional Facility in Texas where the 180 prisoners who assemble circuit boards for Lockhart Technologies are paid minimum wage. [21] In fact, they actually take home about \$.50 an hour. The example is indeed illustrative, but of how the system fails, not how it works. In 1993, Lockhart Technologies closed its Austin, Texas plant where it paid about 130 workers \$10 an hour to assemble circuit boards and moved the whole manufacturing operation to the prison about 30 miles away. [22] Even if the prisoners were paid minimum wage, as Meese claims, Lockhart essentially cut its labor costs by more than half and it now pays \$1 a year in rent. Meese says that this type of operation will reduce the "cost of incarceration," but says nothing about the

social cost of driving down wages.

Another runaway shop that scampered behind bars rather than to Mexico or Indonesia is Omega Pacific, which manufactures carabiners (D shaped metal rings used by climbers to secure ropes). In December 1995, the Redmond, Washington company laid off 30 workers earning \$7 an hour plus benefits and moved to the Airway Heights Corrections Center near Spokane. There, five free employees supervise some 40 prisoners who earn \$6 an hour. Omega Pacific owner Bert Atwater told the Spokane Spokesman Review that he moved to prison because of the rent-free quarters where "the workers are delighted with the pay; [where there are] no workers who don't come in because of rush hour traffic or sick children at home; [and where] workers...don't take vacations. Where would these guys go on vacation anyway?" Atwater was also pleased that he doesn't "have to deal with employee benefits or workers' compensation." [23]

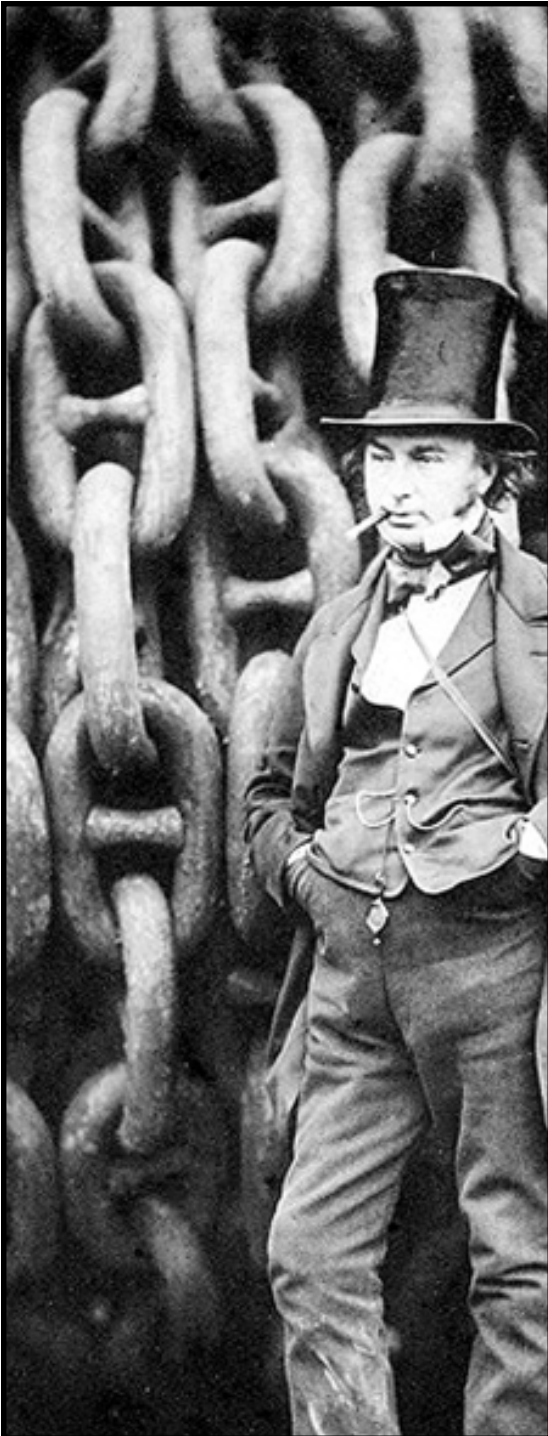
One Washington prisoner dismissed the program as serving neither prisoners nor the public. The DOC industries program is "nothing more than a dog and pony show." The state spends millions on its prison industries bureaucracy alone just to say 300 prisoners are being employed by Class I industries. That's money that can't be used for educational programs, literacy, and vocational training, etc. The point is they're squandering taxpayer money, it just doesn't make sense." [24]

[The author would like to thank Terry Allen and Tom Sowa for their assistance in researching portions of this article, which originally appeared in Covert Action Quarterly, 1500 Massachusetts Ave NW #732, Washington DC 20005. Subscriptions are \$26/year.]

Notes:

1. Jeff Nesmith, "Prison Job Expansion Stirs Concern," Atlanta Journal and Constitution, September 18, 1996, A7.
2. Rostad, op. Cit. The figure of 25 states comes from Joyce Price, "License Plates Not All That Inmates Make," Washington Times, April 17, 1996, p. A6.
3. Edwin Meese, "Let Prison Inmates Earn Their Keep,"

"The workers are delighted with the pay; [where there are] no workers who don't come in because of rush hour traffic or sick children at home; [and where] workers...don't take vacations. Where would these guys go on vacation anyway?"



Wall Street Journal, May 1, 1996.

4. Boeing's 1995 profits rose 66 percent to \$856 million with sales of almost \$20 billion. At \$1.66 million a year, Boeing's Frank Schrontz was the state's highest CEO. Meanwhile from 1989-95 the number of workers fell from 107,000 to 95,000. (Byron Acohido, "Top 5 Revenue Generators Hold onto Their Rankings," Seattle Times, June 11, 1996, p. G5) This trend continues as Boeing announced its proposed merger with McDonnell Douglas in December, 1996.

5. Ken Silverstein, "The New China Hands," The Nation, February 17, 1997, p. 12.

6. Stanley Holmes, "Produce a Faulty Part, Be Punished," Seattle Times, May 26, 1996, p. A15.

7. They utilize a relatively modern technology that forces water through small nozzles at 55,000 pounds per square inch to precision cut metals, plastics, ceramics and other materials. (MicroJet promotional materials.)

8. MicroJet hiring application.

9. Dan Pens, "Microsoft Out-Cells Competition," Prison Legal News, April 1996, p. 3

10. WSR, a medium security prison built in 1908 houses about 730 prisoners.

11. Revised Code of Washington, 72.09.111(1)(a).

12. Revised Code of Washington, 72.111.

13. Tom Sowa, "Paycheck Deductions Make Inmates Hone Subtraction Skills," Spokesman Review, February 22, 1996, p. A1.

14. Interview with Chris St. Pierre, September 1996.

15. Interview with former industry worker, September 1996.

16. As part of a recent "get tough" legislation, Washington prisoners are charged fees for watching TV (whether they have access to one or not), schooling, family visits, some medical care, etc., as well as such small luxuries as coffee and tobacco. Those too poor to pay either have the fees deducted from monetary gifts or go without.

17. Interview with Elliot Bay employee, February 1996.

18. Interview with Chris St. Pierre, September 1996.

19. Although there are no national figures available, at WSR, of the 8 MicroJet workers 4 are lifers; as are 12 of the 15 who work for Redwood.

20. Reynolds, op. Cit.

21. Ibid. [Edwin Meese, "Let Prison Inmates Earn Their Keep," Wall Street Journal, May 1, 1996.]

22. "Forced Workforce," Dollars and Sense, July/August 1995, p. 4.

23. Tom Sowa, "Companies Find Home Inside State Prisons," and "Paycheck Deductions Make Inmates Hone Subtraction Skills," Spokesman Review, February 22, 1996, p. A1.

24. Interview with former industry employee, September 1996.

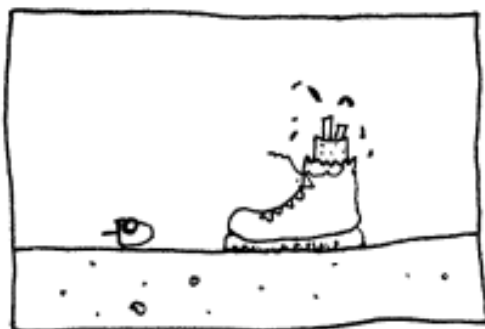




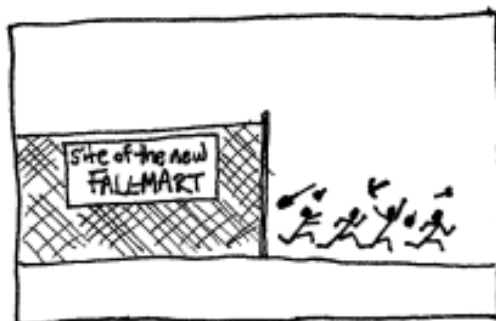
THE ADVENTURES OF MAX

Pleistocene Fish

I had killed -
and for the first time
in years, passion boiled
through my calcified
bones.



(Meanwhile)



the semi-**VEGAN** re**VIEWER**



by
*John Wayne's
Ghost*

After witnessing his own autopsy, lifelong meat eater, John Wayne has returned from the grave to review vegetarian-friendly restaurants in Northern Colorado (though he spends most of his time in Fort Collins). Please send restaurant suggestions to johnwayne@ssdpres.org

Burritos/Wraps

Big City Burrito (Fort Collins) - For years Big City has been a favorite with my group of friends. In the old days we used to order the five meat mega-burrito (with a side of pork) at places like this, but it's good to see they also have other options like a bean burrito, veggie burrito or potato burrito. Their burritos are built to order so you can just leave off the cheese and sour cream and add rice and beans if you want a little something more. They also have both black and pinto beans and the choice of four fresh salsas. They also have a huge selection of hot sauces to spice things up if you're feeling brave. Located on College Ave (Highway 287) just north of Laurel. Locally Owned.

La Luz (Fort Collins) - Noticeably lighter than Big City, La Luz has a bit more of a California feel to their food. They also have multiple veggie burritos available, my favorite being the Garden Burrito (light on the black beans), as well as veggie tacos and four home made salsas. Every so often they offer a special portabella burrito that is wonderful, though I have been lucky enough to get one, while they weren't advertised, just by asking. While you are there you can also take a look at some great work by young, up and coming Colorado artists, and I'm not talking that southwest couch crap. Organized in part by Hyland Mather of The Andenken Gallery in Denver, the art works adds to the hip, comfortable feel of this locally owned restaurant located in Downtown Fort Collins just east of the corner of College Ave and Walnut.

Qdoba and Chipotle (Multiple Colorado Locations) - Both of these are passable burrito joints but they are also both national chains. Although their respective web sites mention they were both started in Denver, the Chipotle site doesn't mention anywhere that they are actually owned by McDonald's Corp., so who knows who owns Qdoba. But like I said, they have pretty good food but take the extra 2 minutes to drive or walk the extra few blocks to Either Big City Burrito or La Luz, the food is easily as good and you are supporting real people.

Taco Bell (Almost Everywhere) - What can I say? Cheap food fast, even if they are owned by Pepsi. Bean burritos, no cheese, are vegan supposedly, but be careful of the guac and rice.

Vegetarian/Eclectic

Millennium (San Francisco) - This one is a little off the beaten path for me but I was in San Francisco and made it point to visit. Located just northeast of the Civic Center Park this place is phenomenal. All their food is strictly vegetarian and animal free so your only reason to scrutinize their menu is to decide which dish could possibly be best. If you're planning on being in San Francisco, go out of your way to try this place. It is fine dining, so most people were dressed up, though there were a noticeable number of people eating in their every day cloths (jeans and t-shirts). Bring extra money though because it is a little pricey and they have a wide selection of organic wines. They also have a cookbook available in many bookstores that is worth picking up if you like to cook.

Mercury Cafe (Denver) - This place is sort of odd but a lot of fun. They used to have punk shows on the second floor a few years back, but now focus primarily on dance nights (swing, tango, etc.) and poetry, most likely because their ceiling used to drop plaster on the patrons on the first floor. They've had a live musician in the restaurant almost every time I've been there, usually a piano player or small jazz band, though last time they had an accordion player. They have a number of vegan or vegetarian items on their menu as well as desserts. Located on the corner of California and 22nd.

The Sunflower Restaurant (Boulder) - Another fine dining vegetarian/vegan restaurant, but again not in Fort Collins (notice a pattern?). I've only been here once and it was quite good. They have a reasonably extensive menu with lots of choices for the non-animal eater. Located on 17th and Pearl.

The Rainbow (Fort Collins) - Honestly, I've only been here once or twice for dinner and I remember it being pretty good but not out of this world. They do have a big selection of vegetarian breakfasts though (some which lacking a certain kick) and have great toast and jam. This is probably the most under appreciated vegetarian restaurant in Fort Collins by me, but you should definitely try them out and send me your thoughts. Located on Laurel a block or so west of Mason.

Wine and Appetizers

Ciao Vino (Fort Collins) - Opened by the owner of Pulcinella Ristorante (an absolutely amazing restaurant that is out of my price range enough that I have only eaten there once for a company dinner party (Yes, even the Duke needs to work)). They have a huge wine list and offer "flights" of wine and food that promote education through sampling. I didn't look too closely at the menu but only noticed that I could eat their olives and salads but between the olives and the wine I had no complaints whatsoever. A great place to stop on your way out to a fancy dinner or to feel "sophisticated". Located on Mountain east of College Ave.

Sangria Rose (Fort Collins) - Again only stopped by for "tapas" (Spanish for appetizers) and wine. They have a few tapas selections that I could eat and all of their wines are from Spain, Portugal or surrounding countries in Europe. If you can avoid the "folks" at Suite 152 it's a good time. Located in Old Town Square.

Disclaimer: If you are eating out you are most definitely not eating vegan.

A rule of thumb: If you don't want to know, don't ask. If you do want to know, don't eat out.



I don't like to drive trains,
cars, planes.
Don't like nobody to control
my destiny.
If somebody's sick, it's like
"Hey, motherfucker —
nothing to do about it."
I'm very, very responsible.
Traveling across the country.
But I party hard.
The smoking car they had
caught on fire.
Chicken shrimps?
Excuse my French,
piece of pizza, piece of chicken,
whatever —
You see a face — it don't mean
shit.
I just want a cigarette now.



In Mesa, Arizona a Sikh Indian is killed because he wore a turban.



An Islamic man in Virginia is forced off the road as he drives to donate blood.



A Hindu Temple in New Jersey is hit by a fire-bomb.



And the Islamic Society
of Denton, Texas is destroyed
by a molotov cocktail.



The war on terrorism is
on every month -



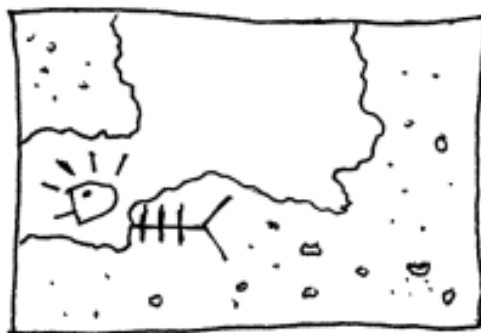
as we terrorize our friends
and neighbors.



THE ADVENTURES OF MAX

Pleistocene Fish

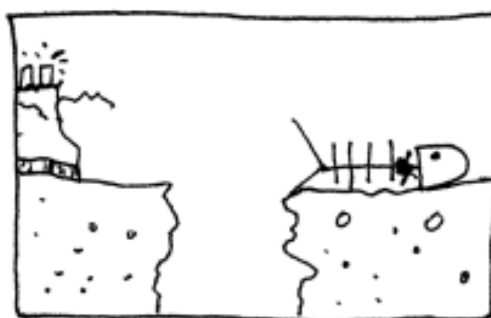
When I arrived back
at the hole, Torso told
me that Claire had come
back to pick up a bra
and a CD she had
left.



Caught up by blood lust,
I had missed her.
Using a piece of discarded
bubble gum and a twisty
tie, I fashioned myself
anew—



— And set out to find
my true love.



some vegan recipes from
spackle's kitchen

Dirt, Grass and Very Small Pebbles

Magallanes' Authentic Tamales (Veganized)

Ingredients:

Sauce:

6 dried pasilla (big red) chiles
6 tomatillos
1 - 2 cloves of crushed garlic
1/2 teaspoon of cumin
1 teaspoon of salt
1 cup water

Dough:

1 small bag of masa flour (about 5 - 6 cups)
1 + 1/2 tablespoons salt
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 + 1/2 cup of vegetable shortening
1/4 cup of the sauce (above)
4 - 6 water

Other Items:

- corn husks
- a fresh lime
- a deep pasta pot
- a couple marbles (optional)

Filling Suggestions:

- tofu (extra firm or baked)
- chipotle peppers
- jalapeno peppers
- vegan cheese
- refried beans
- red pepper
- anything else that sounds good

Directions: *(This makes a lot of food, invite over your friends or make a half recipe.)*

Sauce: Open the chilis and remove the seeds and veins. Pour 1 cup of boiling water over the chilis and let them soak for 30-60 minutes. When those are about ready, peel the leaves off the tomatillos and boil until you can easily poke a fork into them. Put the chilis, tomatillos, garlic, cumin and salt into a blender. Slowly add the liquid from soaking the chiles and blend until smooth. Adjust garlic, cumin and salt to taste. If you make this the day before you can marinate your tofu and save some time.

Husks: You can buy husks at many grocery stores, just look in the "Mexican Food" section. If not you probably have a Mexican market somewhere near you. Soak the husks overnight, making sure they are completely immersed. You can use a plate and a can to keep them under the water.

Dough: Add the masa flour, salt, baking powder, shortening and sauce into a big bowl, then add about 1/2 the water and start mixing. Keep adding water and mixing until the dough is the consistency of very soft playdough. It should not be "sticky" like bread dough.

Filling Preparation: Cut the tofu and peppers into strips that aren't longer than about an inch and a half or wider than a half inch. If you buy a can of chipotles just cut them in half length wise. Grate the cheese or cut it into strips similar to the tofu. Crack open a can of refried beans and grab a spoon.

Assembly: Take a soaked corn husk and hold it in the palm of your left hand with the point facing down. Take a big spoonful of the masa dough and smear it onto the corn husk. Make sure you don't

spread it up to any of the edges. The spread area should be about the size of your palm or smaller. Place a bit of the filling in the center of the dough laying parallel to the veins. Don't use too much filling, but the dough should be able to wrap around the filling, or at least mostly. I have found combining two items works well. My favorites are marinated tofu and a strip of chipotle (hot) and beans and cheese (mild). Don't use too much cheese or it will all just melt out. Fold one edge of the corn husk over to the other side, making it a smaller 'V'. Then using the little finger side of your right hand - smoosh it across to pack the filling in. Roll the rest of the husk and fold up the bottom. Make sure you fold up at least an inch of the bottom.

Cooking: Take a deep pasta pot and put something in the bottom, like an upside down small metal colander or some wadded up aluminum foil or some kind of rack. You do not want to have the tamales sitting in boiling water, they should be steamed instead. Put enough water in the bottom to boil but not enough to touch the tamales. Then arrange the tamales (standing - open side up, folded side at the bottom) inside the bottom of the pot. If you don't have a deep enough pot you can place them on a slant and cook a couple loads. Cover and bring to a slow steady boil. As the tamales steam the masa will rise up in the corn husk as it expands. They're done when the dough expands up and is firm (sort of) when you push into it. - About 30-45 minutes. My mom taught me to throw a couple marbles into the bottom of the pot, so when you hear them "clinking" you know you need more water. You want to make sure you don't run out of water because it will give the tamales a scorched smell and taste. If you are eyeballing it, try not to look too often because you'll lose steam.

Finishing: When they are done cooking have people help themselves out of the pot or throw the tamales into a big bowl. Unwrap them when you are ready to put them on your plate and cover them with salsa, hot sauce, the extra tamale sauce, a healthy squirt of lime and/or anything else that sounds good. It sounds like a lot of work but it's actually pretty easy and they taste GREAT. The second time you make them you'll be a pro. Invite over a bunch of friends and make a tamale party out of it. Maybe buy some Mexican beer and serve them with a slice of lime. But most of all ENJOY!

Jack's Killer Habenero Pineapple Salsa

Ingredients:

- 4 tomatoes
- 4 tablespoons fresh onion
- 1 red pepper
- 3 habenero peppers
- 4 tablespoons fresh basil
- 1 lime
- 1 small can crush pineapple
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Directions:

Chop the tomatoes, onions and red pepper into small cubes - as small as you like them or your patience allows. Cut open the habeneros and remove the seeds and veins, then dice them up as small as you can. Smaller pieces means better distribution of heat and flavor. Also, if you don't like really hot salsa try one or two habeneros depending on your taste. Chop the basil up as fine as you can as well. Combine all this into a large bowl. Squeeze the lime into the bowl, add the salt and pineapple and mix it all up. The sweet from the pineapple counters the heat from the habeneros to make a nice light salsa with a kick. Good on chips or over say... TAMALES!

You can't kill everything
that frightens you...
You made yer desk
yer alter.
It feels like we're in
a moving Denny's,
finished Kristin
on the train.

Lockheed-Martin employs 165,000
Americans. Last year it profited
\$100 million dollars on its arms sales alone.

They sell aircraft, electronics
and missiles, which are used against
muslims.

If the ratio of Palestinian-muslims
were enlarged to the population of the
U.S., 433,000 would have been injured
this year -

And 7,500 would be dead.



Princess Jenny and the Antidote

Part 1 of 3

In a far away land, where the air smells like fresh rain and ginger and the little rivers babble like toddlers, high atop a jagged peak, there lies a kingdom. The king of this fair land had six daughters, all crazy women who liked nothing better than giggling and batting their eyes and playing funny jokes on the King's old advisor, who mostly shook his head at the female shenanigans and went back to whittling, his favorite pastime.

Of these pretty princesses, it was the youngest who was the joy of the kingdom. Her eyes were islands in a sea of smiles and her golden locks were said to possess a magic power to heal. Her laugh, usually following some sort of mischief, echoed throughout the kingdom, even, it seemed, bouncing off the sun and warming *him*. She was smaller than the rest of her sisters and was often ill, but, like a lightning bug, she crackled with life and gave it freely to those around her.

It's not that this little one never got in to trouble. She was immensely curious and liked nothing better than staring at ladybugs to figure out how they could fly, or "helping" the old advisor do bookkeeping. She also asked loads of questions to anyone who would answer, mostly because she couldn't stand it when somebody knew more about something than she did. She could be a little wild, particularly when she was allowed to drive the sheepherder's wagon, which appeared to passersby like some sort of demon banshee. One time she even broke her tooth playing "joust patrol" with the milkmaid.

But most of all, the princess loved to hear stories. True stories, strange stories, adventurous stories, it didn't matter; she loved them all. Her favorite storyteller was her best friend Monkey, a really clever

fellow who seemed to know all sorts of things about everything. He told her all about the animal world and the fascinating creatures that he knew. When the Princess would get sick, she could sit for hours and listen to him talk, shutting her eyes tight and imagining the story like a play inside her eyelids. Sometimes Monkey would include Princess in his stories and she would get a strange feeling, like she was coming under some sort of magic spell. Monkey, for his part, liked the princess a great deal and did his very best to take care of her.

One day, the princess and Monkey were taking a stroll, talking, when the princess suddenly was quiet (a very rare occurrence). She ran over to a rock on the side of the path, picked it up, and looked underneath. "Monkey," she said, "how on earth are all of these little ants able to lift up this rock and live under it? I mean, watch this. I can drop the rock on the ants' little heads and it doesn't even seem to hurt them!" The princess then proceeded to drop the rock on the ants' little heads and watch them scurry away unscathed.

Monkey, looked at the princess very wisely, which is not necessarily easy for a monkey to do, and said, "Learn from the ants, little one. They're small and appear fragile, but are very strong and can bear large burdens."

"Huh? But what does that have to do with how they get so strong in the first place?" said the princess.

Monkey replied, "Adversity, my sweet. Adversity." He then gave her an inscrutable smile, pinched her cheek, and continued on his walk.

The princess didn't seem satisfied with Monkey's answer, and she kept asking him questions. Learn from the ants? Learn what; how to dig tiny little

holes that lead nowhere? Learn to eat other bugs and nuts and whatnot? That seemed sort of weird; especially because the ants were a horrid nuisance and were hated far and wide by everyone she knew. But Monkey remained silent and the princess found something else to occupy her thoughts, forgetting about ants and bugs almost completely.

But the ants, as you can imagine, were much less pleased with the princess. Unfortunately, the very spot that she had chosen for her little experiment had been marked out for the queen ant's new summer palace. The queen, not a very nice little bug to begin with and secretly very jealous of the young princess, was positively infuriated by news of the attack. So, in true pest fashion, she decided to declare war on the little kingdom. And when an army of seventy billion attacks, my friend, you notice it.

So, for several months, every inch of the kingdom was filled with ants; ants eating provisions, ants stealing valuables, ants biting children. The king was really annoyed, as he and his old advisor could think of no way to rid the kingdom of the invaders. The princess, who by this time felt sort of guilty about dropping the rock on the colony, decided that she must take up responsibility for solving the problem. So, she went to Monkey to ask his advice.

"Monkey, what can I do to rid the kingdom of these stupid ants? I mean, I feel as though all of this is my fault and I shouldn't have dropped that rock on those poor little fellows, and I feel so bad, but I don't know what to do, but it's all my fault, and I can't even tell Daddy! Oh help me, wise Monkey, for you are my only hope and the wisest little monkey and my best friend in the whole world!" Pausing to swoon and bat her eyelids, the princess grabbed the monkey with her strong little hands, which the monkey vainly tried to avoid, and clung him tightly to her chest.

"My sweet child," Monkey gasped, "you must think of where the ants are weak. It is generally those who appear strongest that have the greatest faults."

Immediately, the princess dropped Monkey on to the ground and began to pace. "Of course. Of course I must think. I must, I must, I must. I can think. In fact, I'm rather good at thinking new things. In fact I'm positively fantastic at it! Capital suggestion, Monkey. Give me a few seconds and I'll come up with something." And so, as rare as air, the princess hushed, sat on a rock and began to muse as Monkey went to find some coconuts for their lunch.

When he returned, the princess was beaming

and skipping and singing a little song. It went like this:

*Oh, happy day when the sun smiles,
I know I can skip and dance for miles,
For now we can stop those horrible ants,
Even though for a while, I thought, "I can't"
You see, the one thing they love above all, oh geeze,
Is the delightful taste of Camembert cheese,
So I'll build a cheese tower, high to the sky,
That will draw the ants to it and make them go bye-bye.*

Monkey, understandably confused by the singing and dancing, said, "My dear, I'm not sure I quite follow you."

"Oh, silly monkey. Must I explain everything to you?" She smiled and skipped. "You above all should have realized that ants absolutely, totally, and completely adore French cheese. It is, as you'd say, their weakness. See, if we build a cheese thingy, like a tower or something, that the ants can smell and then use it draw them out of the kingdom, we can distract them away long enough to build a big wall around the castle, to keep them out! I think it's a great idea, personally. And I'm positive it will work."

"I don't know. It sounds a little cheesy to me," said Monkey.

But work it did. When the king heard the princess' idea, he was so pleased that he kissed her on the cheek and commanded it to be built upon a neighboring mountain top. The princess herself designed the tower, allocated funds and responsibility for the project and made the workers call her "Sir" for the two days of construction. The ants, irresistibly attracted to the mold-ripened stench of the cheese, deserted the kingdom en masse and allowed the King's tired workman to build a large ant proof wall around the whole castle. Following the cheese feast, the insects found with much dismay that they had been thoroughly barred entrance to the kingdom.

The ant army, now extremely irritated (as well as indigested by the voluminous amount of cheese consumed), held a secret council meeting, where they hoped to determine a next course of action. For several hours the frustrated insects bantered ideas back and forth, but were unable to reach any sort of agreement. Finally, the Queen Ant, majestic and cruelly featured and obviously at the end of her patience, rose above the clamor, called for silence and addressed the crowd.

"You fools," she icily began, "you bumbling

dunderheads; I will suffer you no longer. Clap your mandibles and heed my words. The source of my problems; our problems, you imbeciles, is not the wall, is not that puny little king, is not even the forsaken kingdom itself. No, no, my dears. It is that fiendish, rat like princess of theirs; for it is she who dropped that horrible stone on my new summer home, she who devised that devilishly delicious cheese tower to trap us outside the castle, she who is the beloved of the kingdom and the prettiest and the sweetest and the... Oh I get so angry when I think of her it makes me want to spit!!"

The Queen Ant thusly let out an enormous green loogie (at least it was enormous by ant proportions) at one of her beloved subjects, who was unable to avoid the blast and found himself glued to one of the chamber walls.

"My sweet idiot children, I will tell you what we need to do. We need to stop, at all cost, that demon woman and her inscrutable mind! So, I propose, because none of the rest of you brain jockeys can come up with anything worth farting on, that we strike the kingdom and the king deep to the heart, by killing, slowly and painfully, the sweetest of the land; the youngest princess!!!" And with that, the crowd erupted in a roar of approval.

"Hush, oh brainless wonders!" The Queen shot back. "I'm not finished!! Pay attention and let at least some morsel of my genius eek its way into your addled desert minds. I'll first concoct a potion so clever and deadly that it shall tax even my immense capacity for witchery. This poison shall be subtle and delicate, stripping the stripling of her pathetic life! I shall send in my elite ant assassin squad to put this concoction in her sumptuous dinner, whence she shall ingest it and thereby die a most tortuous and horrible death!" At this the queen began to wheeze, probably because she was trying to laugh, something nobody, including herself, had heard for years.

Heedless of the foul noises emitting from their queen, the industrious ants set to work enacting her plan. The Queen's special scouting unit had managed to uncover a tiny crack in the wall, just big enough to squeeze an ant and a small crumb of contaminated bread through. So Clipper, one of the Queen's most trusted scouts, took the crumb and, at peril to life and limb, made his way through the castle corridors to the grand dining hall, affectionately dubbed the Rustic-Styled Moosey Lodge. There, after narrowly avoiding plunging to certain death in a swirling glass

of red wine, Clipper managed to hurl the tiny crumb into the youngest princess' chocolate pudding, one of her favorite dishes, and the one she was presently ravishing.

Just as Clipper was set to pull himself from the jovial fete, however, he noticed something out of the corner of his eye. Something magnificent. Something tantalizing. Do you want to know what it was? Well, it was a scale model, sculpted in delicious Camembert cheese, of the exact same tower used to lure the ants away from the town! In celebration of their victory, the kingdom had decided to throw this splendid party to honor the little princess and her big idea. Everyone in the kingdom, large and small, was costumed in ant garb, laughing and merrily feasting and re-enacting the great "Ant Purge," as it was now called!

Well, now, Clipper shuddered in disgust, as would any proper ant. Imagine! Celebrating the humiliation of his own kind, and with such crazy costumes. It was positively embarrassing! Still, Clipper, despite his indignation, could not take his eyes off the glorious cheese mound. He started, slowly, to move. A little faster. Pretty soon even the village children obnoxiously jousting with their wooden antennae couldn't halt Clipper from his trancelike trapeze toward the toothsome temptation.

Just as Clipper was about to reach the lower layer of the cheese model, however, a woman screamed. Loudly. "ANT!!!" It was Hortense, the King's sister-in-law, who weighed 280 pounds, and who had a thunderous and scratchy baritone voice that almost tore the roof from the Rustic-Styled Moosey Lodge. She, unfortunately for everyone's eardrums, had spotted Clipper making his way up the tablecloth.

The room began to shake with the commotion, as the king called in his guards who quickly disposed of the valiant Clipper. The guests, taken with the event, began a panicked discussion.

"How did it get in?!" asked one.

"And what did it want? That's what I'd like to know!" said another.

"You mean who did it want?" added a third.

"Ahhhhh!!!" screamed the princess, as if in response. "My tummy! It hur—!" She suddenly turned a pale shade of blue and pitched over into her pudding.

To be continued...



WONDER
COMICS



15¢

HIVE



CODE

the CREDIBLE ADVENTURES
of

BILL WILLIAMS

S.F.

SKA-SKREEE!

WHMM...
WHAT'S IT
DOING?



the
TERROR DIDACTYL

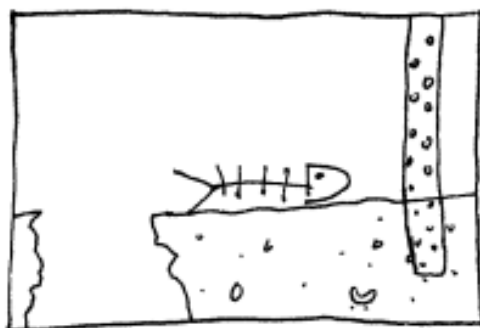
Jim Jim Jim

You know—I like you—
Then why do we do this?
—You gotta do something.
Can't we just talk?
It's not a matter of talking—
It's a matter of honor.
And honor's not about talking?
It's about not letting them
get the better of you...
Me too.
What?
Can I have a little dirt, Judy?
Where's Buzz?
Down there—
DOWN THERE'S BUZZ!
Let's get outta here.

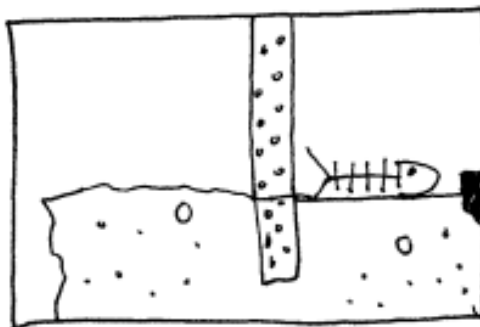


THE ADVENTURES OF MAX OF Pleistocene Fish

As I roamed I
thought about Claire
and the time we
had spent together.

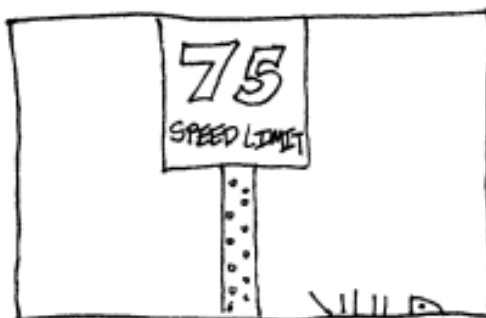


She had loved me
once -
Could she love me again?



I had to know....

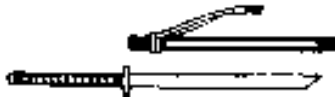
Hbc!



F-150 Ford Pickup ¹



Wakazashi ²



Russian AK-47 ³



Grizzly Bear ⁴



(Legend: Each thumbnail of a Ninja = a 10% chance of getting a flesh wound in on a surprised Shinobi that is drunk on sake, has had his/her tabi tied together while you were disguised as a geisha, and is expecting kinky ninja-sex with his/her pajamas down around his/her ankles. Feel free to practice this at home. -BB)

The T.I.N. Ballistic Report

This month's tests by Bagboy

Konnichiwa! Warrior Poetess is out pricing sniper rifles and flights to Tajikistan, leaving Bagboy alone in the mother-f'n hizouse! Last month we promised a Super-Blammo Safari Guide to hunting Shinobi and as all the ladies know, BB always delivers! So saddle up cowboys and girls, today we ride off into the exotic far East to face off against the greatest threat to liberty since the introduction of MSG! For your edification and entertainment Sensei Bags is going toe to tabi with the silent enforcers of sub-orbital corporations, the target audience for black pajamas, and much maligned practitioners of self-evisceration . . . none other than the legendary Vat Grown Ninja!

To the Sugasu-in-training, stalking a man dressed in black tights might seem so simple as to border on trivial. But bear in mind that these are men and women who have trained in shadow magic since birth, are armed with fantastic weapons often attached to long chains, and probably have friends or relatives that died from radiation burns from bombs flown in by your grandparents. So beware, grasshopper! Anyone can wear black skivvies; Shinobi make it look good.

Following is a brief catalog of my favorite ninja-hunting tools. Mix and match for your own unique bag o' tricks, and remember: if you see a ninja coming you're probably already dead. Strike first, strike last!

¹ Warrior Poetess owns an F-150. I recommend getting yours up to 140 kph or more and driving it off a parking garage with the Shinobi strapped to the bumper. Buckle up; it's the law!

² Seppuku is especially effective since the ninja do the dirty work to cleanse themselves of dishonor. Feigning sexual dissatisfaction can be particularly effective, especially if you're still wearing that geisha costume. (*Though this may look like a ninja-to, trust us, it's a wakazashi. No, really it is.. honest. - Spackle*)

³ Should be used only as a last resort. Ninja are like grizzly: bullets just make them angry.

⁴ Or even better: hit the ninja with the truck while she/he is distracted by the angry grizzly that just got capped in the rump. Chances are she/he will lose control and climax early. (See Sepukku above.)

Next Issue: Warrior Poetess' Bin Laden Assassination Budget Analysis



