

BACKWARD INTO TOMORROW

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SIEVE! SIEVE! SIEVE! SIEVE! SIEVE!

What do these people have in common: Dave "The Sieve" Hoppe, Bob "The Sieve" Sater, Mark "The Sieve" Koenig, Jim "The Sieve" Moore, Bob "The Sieve" Bergland, Joe "The Sieve" Moore, Emily "The Sieve" Moore, and Nick "The Sieve" Ripperger? If you guessed that they were all former hostages you're right only in the existential sense. In truth, they have all been Sieves of the Year, which most of us know has been the most coveted, the most uncoveted, the most respected, and most despised award given out at the annual Rand Bar Parties. And yes, people, it is that time again, the time when that dubious award is to be foisted upon another suspecting individual.

Of course there is more to the Rand Party than just the Sieve award. Good music, old friends, medium-priced drinks, comraderie, absurd and/but meaningful experiences, and mainly, organized confusion will abound.

There is history, but if some of this is merely rumor or hearsay, please bear with me. Mark Koenig was apparently the person who chose the Rand Bar in the beginning. After all, the price is right. Ty Westlie was apparently one of the initiators of the Sieve award, although he has undeservedly not yet won it. Rumor has it that the

Sieve once belonged to him. Bernie Wenker was the inspiration for the Bernie Strenker Memorial Award, being one of the first to hold down a real job. The Nowhere Man (later the Nowhere Person) award was inspired by Paul Moore and his lateral moves. And so on.

If a guy really wanted to impress his girl, he brought her to the Rand Party. If people wanted to get crazy for a night, they went to the Rand Party. If somebody hoped to run into an old (sometimes new) friend, they went to the Rand Party. For one night, nothing else was important.

But what of the future? Who will be the 1981 Sieve? Who will be Sieve in 2001? What wishes will be fulfilled, what dreams shattered? Who will be the last person to attend a Rand Party, when everyone else is gone? That person will undoubtedly be Sieve of a Lifetime.

For the present, the 1981 Rand Bar Party will be held at the Rand Bar, 2516 West 7th street in St. Paul, on January 31. Starting time will be 8:00 p.m., with the Ticks providing the music. There's a two dollar donation at the door to pay for the music and door prizes. Everyone who doesn't show up is a sieve, but of course, everyone who does is a sieve, too.

What's for Dessert at the Holocaust by Jay Fier

Look at the horizon line of the body. Notice the regular and easy transition from skin to space and back again. See where the summer wind parachutes to the rising and falling breasts. The breasts of the glacial hills where the buffalo still stamps on a moonlit night. The hills which arch longingly towards the dewy change of season. Only the mourning dove has seen the swampy secret places. Its dying faltering flutter still chills me. The tortured creator must hold so much shame. Hear the endless sighing and moaning in the thickets. My stomach rumbles at the strangest times, my heavy breathing turning to aching hunger in the dawn's early light.

Most authorities tell me of the necessity of red jello and vanilla pudding as the ultimate holocaust dessert. Their slipperiness and tangy sweetness work well in unheated darkness. Older wealth clings to the idea of mincemeat pie or pecan or peach as the final tribute. Younger poverty chants for lard sugar sandwiches after the final act. My palate hungers for oreo cookies. The black on white on black which melts like the host on the roof of my mouth; the creamy center slides so easily in a dry throat and the smell is that of a morning shower. Keep your fig newtons, go skating on chocolate chips, and forget about banana cream. The time slowly approaches and the stomach soon grumbles.

LETTERS

Knaves,

Once again I find myself in the position of having to write to you because of recent slanderous remarks made by some of you against the loving memory of King (Poopsie). I am sure that you well remember the letter I wrote to you approximately six years ago for similar atrocious comments and will understand that this letter is not a frivolous undertaking.

This letter is written so as to be seen by the eyes of those whose lineage comes from the lowly lemming, namely, all of you. You who possess the backbone of a jellyfish and the courage of one who runs with his tail between his legs after meeting a field mouse upon a path. You who do not deserve to tread the same ground that was tread by King (Poopsie). By chance that of those of who I am writing to, the mental capabilities have deteriorated at a faster rate than I expected so as to be unable to recognize that they are being addressed, I shall name the offenders. Sater the Knur, who was suckled at the breast of a Swedish salamander; Nick the Raffish, once a true follower of Poopsie; and of course, the despicable Wayne the Wacky weed pusher (better known for his escapades in the stories of Titmouse Ty and his friends, Wacky Wayne the weed pusher and Denny the Rockman—"You don't need to possess a point to have yourself a point."¹)

Listen now so that you may be awed by my lineage and feel honored that I might bring myself to write you.

I, Tyrone of Crabtree, protector of the realm of Poopsie, scourge of MacGregor and friend of all that is good, now tell you of my honorable lineage. My father, known as Westlie the Ranger, was begot from Westlie the Wanderer, who in turn descended from Westlie of the North, the protector of God's land on earth. His father, known only as Westlie, was suckled at the breast of the goddess of courage and was fathered by the unnamed one, scourge of all land, defender of all seas and the then protector of the realm of Poopsie. Hear this and be filled with awe.

Now to let it be known the purpose of this message. It has come to my attention that you lowly knaves have made slanderous remarks against the memory of our beloved King (Poopsie). Therefore, it is my honor to demand your presence at a place of my choosing, so that you will feel the rath of my fury in punishment for your unforgivable remarks.

Let it be known that I challenge all of you lowly knaves to combat of your choosing, unless you appear to me and get down on your knees and

plead for forgiveness from and in the memory of King (Poopsie). This meeting shall take place at the Westlie fortress in MacGregor on the days of February 20, 21 and 22, 1981.

Prepare to meet your fate,
Tyrone of Crabtree (esq.)
Defender of the Earth

Next Issue: A reply from the gang of three.
(Not to confused with the gang of four.)

Jokes

What did the elephant say to the naked man?
How do you breath through that thing?

What did the elephant say to a naked Bob Sater?
How do you breath?

Benefit Concert for the Dead

It is my pleasure to announce that the first annual benefit concert for the dead is to be held on March 1st in Metropolitan Stadium. Proceeds from the concert will go to the following organizations: Feed the Dead, Inc.; The Silent Majority Foundation; Six Feet Under, Inc.; and the Chrysler Corporation.

A star studded cast of singers will perform, including Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin and Jimmy Hendrix, and a special ghost appearance is expected from John Lennon.

It seems to me that this type of benefit is long overdue, and it is not just a dead issue (unlike this newsletter). The dead will always be with us, as Jesus Alou has said, and they cannot be overlooked. "Up With the Dead" slogans and bumper stickers have been cropping up lately, indicating an increased awareness of the problems of the dead. To wit: The dead get no welfare or unemployment compensation if they lose their jobs. "Who'd hire a dead person?" employers are often heard to say. Consequently, the dead are often left to fend for themselves, often having to donate vital organs in order to remain self-supporting.

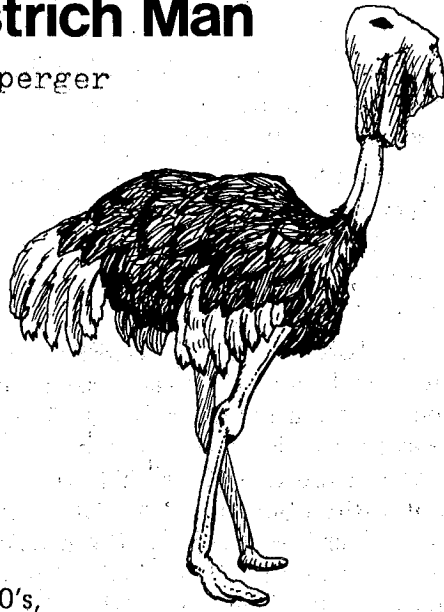
Among other problems the dead have is that they are under-represented in Congress although in the last Congress they seem to have made some gains. "Cremation without Representation" is a familiar battle cry. The dead have had no right to vote for years, and the last heavy turnout of dead voters in Mayor Daley's last re-election.

So, "bring out your dead" and come to the concert. Admissions is \$10 at the gate. Dead get in for half price.

¹See Irving Piper for the complete manuscript.

The Ostrich Man

by N. Ripperger



In the late 1800's, in and about London, there was once a traveling side show—a freak show, some called it. For half a farthing the curious and morbid alike could gaze upon Nature's mistakes, and then go away counting what small blessing they had.

"But for the Grace of God—"

"Aye, Barney."

All types of "freaks" could be seen at the show: The One Armed Bandit, The World's Largest Midget, The Platinum Blond, The Man with Seven Knees, and many, many others. But the most special, the most unique, and yes, the most horrifying, was the Ostrich Man.

It cost a full farthing to see him, this misshapen mass of flesh that could never, in anyone's wildest dreams, be mistaken for a man. Long, spindly legs with knees that bent the wrong way supported a rugby ball shaped body. Three huge toes protruded from each clubbed foot like gnarled tree roots. The small ovoid head perched atop a cobra-like neck, while large, unblinking eyes gazed at onlookers with total blankness. Where lips should have been, there was a beak. This was the Ostrich Man.

"Look upon this pitiful creature," the barker would cry out. "His mother was swallowed whole by an ostrich while the lad was still in the womb. She was immediately spit back out again, being Irish, but the lad's future in this world was determined forever in that horrible moment. He was born as you see him, and may God help any others who have suffered the same fate."

There was a physician in London at this time, a gynecologist, who had heard of the Ostrich Man, and though he was a kind man, he was also a morbid man. Once the concept of the Ostrich Man entered his mind, he could not rest until he had seen him.

One night, well after dark, the physician went to the "Proprietor" of the Ostrich Man and requested a private showing. After he had grumbled much and had also accepted five pounds in payment, the proprietor granted the physician a private showing.

The curtain was drawn back.

The physician stood speechless, staring at the hideous thing. Finally he murmured, "My God."

"He may be your God, mate, but he ain't mine," the proprietor said, looking down at the five pound note in his hand.

Later that week, the physician visited the proprietor again. A deal was made, and the physician became the temporary proprietor of the Ostrich Man.

One night the physician was alone in his office with the long-necked creature.

"Don't you have a name, man? Surely you have a name. Can't you speak? Tell me your name!" the doctor was impatient.

Finally the Ostrich Man spoke. In a soft, educated voice he replied, "Yes, I have a name. It is James Dawson."

"You can speak!" the physician said in hushed voice.

"Yes," replied Dawson.

Soon James Dawson, the Ostrich Man, was the rage of London. The wealthy came from miles around to look at and converse with this marvel, this wonder, this freak.

It was learned that he could speak Latin and Greek fluently, and knew higher mathematics as well—all self taught. He could paint and sculpt, and could write beautiful prose.

At first Dawson seemed to enjoy the attention he was getting, but as time wore on, he became more and more moody. Sometimes he snuck out his room at night, and once the physician found him scratching the ground furtively with his gnarled toes.

"Good heavens, Dawson, no pun intended, but what on earth are you doing?" the physician exclaimed.

Dawson looked up, blinked his huge eyes, and said nothing.

One night in early March, a period when Dawson had been in an especially bad mood, a gang of intellectuals burst into his room. Before he knew it, the startled Dawson was being harassed.

"What is the root of the word minuscule?" demanded one.

"What is the value of pi?" countered another.

"Did you walk to school or bring your lunch?" shouted a third.

Dawson found himself in a corner surrounded by florid faces and demanding countenances. He could take no more.

"I am not a human being," he cried, "I . . . am . . . an ostrich!"

With that he broke through the crowd, scurried out the door, and ran down the street at 50 mph never to be heard from again.

The Rumor Mill

STEVE FINKELSON is on the move again. Apparently he was making too many friends in Portland, so he moved to a place where he is sure to be an outcast—Boise, Idaho. Steve considers it a move upward. "Hell, it's in the mountains, isn't it? Portland was at sea level," Steve recently said in a non-telephone non-interview.

NICK RIPPERGER is considering reviving the Nothing is Important Club. All uninterested people are invited to sit down and have a beer and think about something else.

SUE (STUMM) MOORE is pregnant. More Moores.

WAYNE AND MARY ADREANS are back in town and just bought a house. They will have had a Capricorn party by the time this goes to print. I hope I had fun.

BERNIE WENKER was in the Cities for a brief visit around Christmas. "Neil Diamond is still my man," he says. "Did you know tuna spelled backwards is a nut?"

Who will be **SIEVE OF THE YEAR**? That question is on everyone's lips. There are many, many candidates: **DAN CARLIN, JACK FREEMAN, JAY FIER, TOMMY KRAMER, WAYNE ADREANS, BILL MOORE**, just to name a few. And there's always the famous darkhorse.

Rumor has it that **JAN TUNBY** may be moving to Alaska. It may not be true, but who cares? It's only a rumor, anyway.

What ever happened to **KIP PELTONIEMI**? That wondering minstrel surfaces only long enough to be redundant, and then he does it again.

MARSHA BERENTSEN, (remember her?) has been located in Iowa City. She and her husband, **TOM BENESCH**, are making a living from their art work, mainly porcelain sculptures at this time. A brave way to face a dying nation.

QUICKIES: **DAVE HOPPE** is going to try out for the Twins next year. **MARK KOENIG** used to be a guerilla fighter in South Africa. **MATT MOORE** was turned down by the Navy. **EMILY MOORE** is a karate expert. **KAY WESTLIE** used to be in the John Birch Society. **PAT DEUTSCH** wants to marry an "older" woman. **CINDY MOORE** used to be in the circus. **STEVE FINKELSON** is going to move back to the Cities. **PATRICE BASS** is a ventriloquist.

CARLIN'S CORNER

53 hostages sitting in a row,
one got the shakes—
52 to go.

52 hostages sitting in a plane,
all are coming home—
but a few might be insane.

53 Americans at the White
House door,
tell us Mr. President—
what was the waiting for?

Backward Into Tomorrow
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