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C.o.t.t.a.g.e. G.r.o.v.e. T.o.
T.h.e. C.o.n.c.r.e.t.e. R.o.a.d.s.
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H.i.g.h.w.a.y.s., I.t.'s. T.i.m.e.
F.o.r. U.s. L.e.a.r.n.e.d.
P.e.o.p.l.e. T.o. S.a.y. A.
F.e.w. W.o.r.d.s. A.b.o.u.t.
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W.e. L.i.v.e. I.n.



Volume I, Issue 1
January 31, 1994

Smells Like An Editor's Note To Me:

The other day the cable man came to our apartment and plugged us into a world of excitement and energy that flows non-stop twenty four hours a day. I woke up one night at three in the morning just to see if it was true, and it was! I could watch MTV all night long and in the morning catch my favorite game shows if I wanted. Wow! I couldn't believe it.

I've been plugged into my TV since then, and last night I left my home for the first time. I felt guilty that I was missing what was on cable, but I knew that I could watch it when I got back, and I did. It was cool.

Today I was going to watch the super-bowl, but I was really tired and had a dream about a world that was run by computers and machines. It was just like The Terminator, except there wasn't the cool technology. Just TVs everywhere.

The more I think about it, the more I wish I hadn't gotten cable. But the damage was already done. I set aside times for certain shows, and made sure that no one else stood in my way. I started to feel really guilty about kicking my brother out, but hey, he wouldn't let me watch Star Trek. I couldn't let that happen.

I'm now in T.A. (Televisions, Anonymous). I'm getting better now, and I'd like to see other people get over this dreadful disease as well. That's why I started this newsletter: to get people to think about the world outside of tv.

In the past I was the editor of a magazine, and though I sold my mag to get cable, I now realize that I should have kept with it. This is the beginning. This is a place where people can state their opinions and feelings in any form they want to. It's quick, and easy, and you're guaranteed a place within. So remember our slogan (KILL YOUR TELEVISION) and send us anything: Art, Poems, Stories, Editorials, or anything else and you'll get a spot within. Send it to:

A.C.R.O.N.Y.M.
8137 N. Willamette Blvd.
Portland, OR, 98203

So what are you waiting for? Get off your ass and submit!*

*This issue is dedicated to Melissa Cooper, for **everything** that she has done for me, and I mean that from the very bottom of my heart.*

(*Note: The earlier story about cable is not true. I actually like some shows on cable. I'm kidding about T.A., and I actually am watching MTV while I type this. I didn't kick my brother out of the house. Aren't I an asshole? But I'm serious though. Submit something. Please?)

Special Thanks To:

The A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Staff and the band;
Steven Todd Eller;
MTV (Not!).

A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. I.t.'s. N.o.t. J.u.s.t. A. W.o.r.d. A.n.y.m.o.r.

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Sunny Vale

by Becky Munsell

Looking at the sterile, white halls, the quite subdued corridors and wards, anyone would think Sunny Vale was just like any other hospital on the planet. Orderlies and nurses go about their business calmly and quietly, silently sidestepping doctors with their white coats and metal clipboards, with rarely more than a nod.

Anyone would assume that Sunny Vale's wards were filled with the hurt and the sick, the wounded and the dying, new mothers and new babies, maybe cancer patients and those recovering from physical trauma.

Sunny Vale has none of these things.

Behind the closed doors of the long silent corridors, lying in sterile beds or sitting in sterile chairs are those members of society that can no longer cope with reality and/or the people who inhabit it.

Sunny Vale is a psychiatric institute.

The people that fill the wards are sick, but not like you would think, they are hurt, but only by themselves and only in their minds. If they are wounded, it is because the attendant nurse or orderly let his or her guard drop for a moment, and if they are dying it is their soul and mind that fades. The only new mothers here are the mothers of babies that never existed or those that were driven insane by the death of their baby. There are no new babies here, except those that exist in the imaginations of those committed, voluntarily and involuntarily alike. No cancer patients here; the only physical trauma people suffer is from the long wear on the body that chemical imbalances sometimes cause.

Sunny Vale has all of **these** things.

And I should know. I write these words from a sterile chair that is seated by a sterile desk that is in a sterile room behind a closed sterile door in one of the sterile lower security wings. Every day I walk down the long, white, sterile hallways in sterile blue-gray pajamas. And every day I wonder why there aren't hurt or sick or wounded or dying people here. Why you can't look through a pane of plexi-glass and see a dozen tiny plastic beds each containing an equally tiny baby that cries and awaits its mother's touch?

But then I look up from the shiny, freshly waxed floor and just like every other day that is only a vague blotch on my deteriorating brain, I see the wire mesh on the inside of the windows and the bars on the outside and I remember that Sunny Vale has all of these things.

But, like the doctors say, they're only in our minds.

What I wouldn't give to have a mind that no longer needed to be sterilized.

Hate

by Justin Anderson

As I was walking home from work with Larry the other day I saw a boy wearing the same hat & jacket as the boys who shot my son.

Denny was just walking to the park to play basketball when they shot him. Because Denny wore a black jacket and red shoes they thought he was a part of a rival gang and shot him. He didn't do anything to them, but they shot him just to impress their friends.

Larry saw me staring so he asked who that kids was. I said he was one of them. Larry just said, "If it was me I would have killed them all." What did he think he was doing, calling me a coward? I had to show him I wasn't. So I crossed the street and walked up behind the kid. I tapped his soulder and when he turned around I drove my fist into the side of his face, sending his jerking body to the ground. That's when I let my anger get to me. I started kicking him. Then you guys came. So you see, Officer Davis, I couldn't let Larry think I was weak.

SHIFT

by Robbie Wolfard

© 1993 Insects From Hell

Did Elvis talk to you,
Or was it just a dream,
Living in your fantasy world,
Seeing while you scream,
The omniscient feeling I'm getting
from you
Is not too far away,
going down aisle 12
and eating ice-cream,
dogs and martians on the moon,
soup upon my lap,
why did you have to
kill the dog and cat,
shadows on the ceiling,
blood upon the snow,
I'm sorry that I had to say,
that I had to go.

Alive

by Kelly Ballance

Sun setting on a ocean of fire.
Waves rushing up a sandy beach only to retreat to their
mother
the Ocean.
The wind blowing through the grasses
and your hair.
The birds singing their goodnights and thank you's to God
The smile upon your face and the love in your heart
they threaten to burst your very soul with
joy.
Is this the only time you ever feel alive
this is the only time you are happy to be alive.
Soon the sun is gone and all that is left is you

and tyler was his name

by Rebecca Leichner

i knew a boy and tyler was his name tyler had no family he had a mother and a father by they were not his family because they didn't love him and he knew how they didn't want him and he knew how they didn't care about him he wanted to run away from everything and go live with the animals he wanted to swim free in the river and not have to hear their screams of anger and see his mother cry he swore to himself that he would never treat anybody like they treated him he said he could never hurt anyone like that so tyler ran away he left his parents and went to the bridge he looked at the water and saw his reflection and he knew he was no one he knew he didn't matter to anyone then tyler fell very far into the water he didn't try to hang on to the bridge he just let the weights in his pockets pull him to the bottom of the river where he could be with the fish and the salamanders and no one would ever have to worry about tyler again and no one did worry about tyler again after that because tyler went away and no one knew where he went and nobody really cared because tyler had no family and no one that loved him.

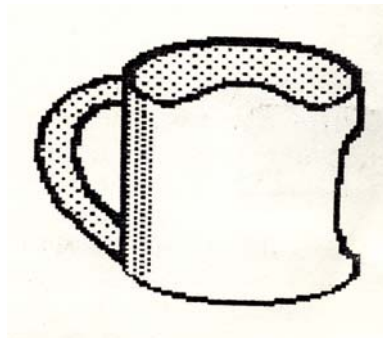
Cappuccino Hallucinations

by Cerrah Seal

Cat is dog
Dog is cat
We're confused
and all of that

kill the preacher
and your teacher
what do we know
Cappuccino

see the cup melt
drown emotions felt
forget accusations
Hallucinations



The Problem

by D. O'Dorant

The young man strode purposefully towards the door. He reached for the knob and opened it. Inside lay a sleeping woman.

She sat up in bed at the first noise and saw him standing in the dim moonlight.

Her scream was high pitched and long, but that didn't matter; she had no close neighbors.

She whimpered as he slowly drew the curved blade from somewhere within his long overcoat and brought it nearer to her.

He raised the blade, ready for the first slash, but he paused. It was happening again; his stomach was threatening to betray him. Who ever heard of a mass murderer who couldn't stand the sight of blood?

At this point, the woman twisted out of his grasp and ran for the door. Reacting quickly, he threw the knife at her. It spun end over end until it stopped suddenly in her mid-back. She pitched over and by the time he reached her, she was quite dead and bleeding heavily.

One glance was all it took, and seconds later he was doubled over, heaving his toenails up.

After a few minutes, it was over and he got up, careful not to look at the body or the wound, and left.

He was thoroughly depressed as he walked out to the car. Now the police would see his vomit and know that the mysterious "Upchuck Killer" had struck again.

His friends at group wouldn't be pleased either. All of their suggestions hadn't worked, even the ant-acids, and they were beginning to believe that he wasn't cut out to be a mass-murderer.

All in all, he reflected, his friends at group weren't a bad bunch. He remembered when he first joining Psychopathic Murderers Unanimous. It was a support group designed to give aid to the newest psychopathic Killers, and to help them with any problems they might have.

At first, they were all really helpful, but as time passed, they turned into real jerks, saying that he wasn't a, "real Killer," and that he didn't have a, "Killer's instinct."

He grew angry at the memory and by the time he reached his car, he was livid.

He'd show them, he thought. He ought to go and kill all of them in their sleep tonight. Yeah, that's what he would do. That would show them all.

Suddenly cheered, he drove away, whistling, "Happy Trails."

Documentary Of Insanity II:

MTV As A Source Of Your Daily Nutritional Requirements (Or, "Anyone Can Play Guitar")

by Austin Rich

"Huh huh. Huh huh. Huh huh."

"...keeps you plugged in."

"Damn you! Damn you!"

House Of Style.

"Shiny Happy People Holding Hands..."

"I want my MTV!"

In our world MTV is one that is everywhere. I should know, I don't even own a TV and it affects me.

Have you ever watched MTV? Innovative concept if I've ever seen one. It's the only place in the world where you can see music, beautiful people, and more slogans than you can shake a stick at. All you've got to do is turn on the TV, turn it to MTV, and veg.

I admit that I watch MTV. Hey, doesn't everyone? It reminds me of a world where life is three minutes long, and, good or bad, the vee jay babbles about what it means and starts it all over. I wish everything was like MTV. That way, everything would be perfect.

I've been watching MTV for several years now, but it wasn't until I hit puberty that I really liked MTV. It has something for everyone! Videos. Advertisements. People who can dance, sing, and yell. No need to go outside. No need to justify your opinions. The MTV does it for you. Just sit right back and have it tell you what your favorite star is. Have it tell you what to think! What a brilliant idea!

Occasionally you'll see something that really sucks. I mean, you'll see a band with talent, musically that is, with a song about an issue that you care about. But then the MTV patrons say, "Huh huh, this sucks," and you know that you can't watch that video again. After all, it sucks.

A man once spent a week with his MTV. An entire week! I envy the man because I don't even have my own TV, let alone MTV. Or did I already say that? Anyway, he did. He had his own MTV, that had the babes he wanted to sleep with on it, and videos he wanted to see on it, and his favorite vee jay there all day long. I wish I could be like him. Maybe I will someday.

I think everyone should watch MTV.

My mom used to get mad when I watched MTV. She turned it off when I was watching *Beavis and Butt-head*. I was very mad. I needed to know what sucked and what didn't. If I didn't know what sucks and what didn't, then I wouldn't be cool like my friends on MTV. I didn't talk to her that day.

MTV is the part of all of us that just wants to be like everyone else. One million people screaming, "I want my MTV," because, deep down inside, we all want to belong.

I especially like the alternative videos. After all, everyone else likes them. I watch all day, drooling over Kennedy and waiting to hear my new favorite song (it's different every day, you know). I listen well and when it's over I call my friends and say, "You've got to see this new video by _____." It doesn't matter who it is. There is a new one every day, anyway. Or have I said that before?

I want to be on MTV. I think I'll start a band. But what will I call it? It doesn't matter. I just need to sound like Nirvana or Pearl Jam or the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Maybe I'll call myself the Pearl Hot Buddhists! Heh heh, that would be cool, uhm, I mean, neat.

I've got to go. The MTV is calling me. It's saying, "I'm a creep / I'm a weirdo," so I must be. After all, how could it be wrong?

I love my MTV ☺.

A Lady With a Tiger in the Back Seat of a Car At a Gas Station Once

by Buck Rich

It happened
or did it
my eyes were closed
dark
attic
no one can see
or can they
I hope
knot
tied well
as least I think
to much I guess
I'm nervous, standing on this
trunk
full of junk
old moth balls
musty smell
hope it can stand the
pressure
pushing down
all around
a lot like death
at least I hope
why did she
why do we
what did I do
It's gonna happen
Jump?

A Closing Note (by G.M.):

IN HIGH SCHOOL I EDITED TWO MAGAZINES. THE FIRST ONE WAS CALLED BOB'S IMAGINATION. THE SECOND WAS AN UNDERGROUND ONE I DISTRIBUTED TO MY FRIENDS CALLED BOB'S ANNEX. THEY WERE GOOD MAGAZINES AND THEY SERVED THEIR PURPOSES, BUT I WAS NEVER REALLY SATISFIED WITH THEM BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE THE KIND OF FINANCIAL BACKING I NEEDED. I TRIED TO START ANOTHER MAGAZINE, ALSO CALLED BOB'S IMAGINATION, BUT THAT DIDN'T EVEN GET ANYWHERE. OH WELL.

NOW, WITH a.c.r.o.n.y.m. WELL UNDERWAY, I FEEL THE EXCITEMENT I HAD WHEN THE FIRST MAGAZINE CAME OUT. I FEEL THE ENERGY IT CREATED AND THE FUN I HAD WHEN I DID IT RETURNING, AND I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR HOW IT DOES.

I NEED SUBMISSIONS, THOUGH. AND WITHOUT YOUR ASSISTANCE, THIS WILL GO NOWHERE. SO, IF YOU CAN, TAKE THE TIME. JUST PUT IT IN THE MAIL AND YOU'LL FEEL BETTER ALREADY. BESIDES, WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU GOT TO DO (WATCH mtv)?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR WILL BE ACCEPTED TOO, AND IF YOU CAN FIND ME I'M ALSO WILLING TO WORK OUT ANY ARTISTIC IDEAS YOU MAY HAVE.

BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, HAVE FUN, AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. IT'S A REAL JUNGLE OUT THERE.

A FINAL NOTE ABOUT THE MAGAZINE (OR NEWSLETTER). THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED WITHIN ARE ONLY THOSE OF THE AUTHORS. IF YOU HAVE ANY QUALMS WITH A PIECE, SPEAK YOUR MIND IN A LETTER (BLAH BLAH BLAH).

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A Second Closing Note (Also by G.M.):

What you're holding isn't just any old copy of A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. #1. No. This is a limited edition test version in comic book format.

Through a painstaking process we converted all of the material from A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. #1 into a special comic book format to see which version is more likable and accessible.

The ultimate decision is made by you. Which do you like better?

Besides, now that there is a special version of issue #1, someday it may be worth as much as Action Comics #1!

Nah.

Until next time, this is G.M., saying goodbye.