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ARMINIEL # 3; DOMzine #9. Dan Goodman's APA F zine, mostly written
this issue by Susan Pratt, presently of Hangup House. Allons!!!!!!
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SUSAN PRATT: THE MOVIE

We each have our vision behind the eyes. There are those of us whose visions are sometimes spotted. In the past, when this happened the victim was usually burned as a witch. Today our methods are more sophisticated.

Now fancy! The optometrist has his flashlight, and is examining a patient. He stumbles on a movie. Instantly he labels it. Pornography! He sees the patient and himself, both nude. His patient licks him, caresses him, drools as he ~~slits~~ slits the doctor's throat. Kisses, sops with his tongue at the bloodllllies upside down on the doctor's body. Bites penis viciously. Rips off one ball. Dismembers body, stopping often to bite penis; roundly.

Then begins blowing limbless, decapitated body. The torso writhes- bobs up and down in attempts at undulation- rocks with a rubbery whack-whack-whack from severed head to stumps to thighs, and blows patient's head off.

KEMP

- Your zipper closed
- Your diaphragm in
- Your child innocent
- Your sores from spewing pus
- Your father from screwing you
- Your mother from screwing everybody
- Love for your fellow man
- A penknife in your pocket
- Your eyes closed
- Fire between you and wolves
- Wolves between you and people
- A jack in the trunk
- Ivy on towers
- Water in fish tanks
- Chaplin out of America
- Fucking in the home
- Love in the mind
- Writers where they belong

DAN GOODMAN: A CON REPORT FOR WARDRON FOVALLON: I took the Interburrow Robid Transit to Karina Plaza, where I went outstairs and fed the dragons in the park. (Cute little things; squirrel-size, and the faintest, Eastern-Kingmaker pink.) Then I ran out of wigs.

SUSAN PRATT:

HOPE

For one more fuck
 For a pony
 For a full belly
 For a head grown old with all its hair
 For hands
 For the death of loneliness
 For the validity of noise
 That Charlie Parker believed what he told us
 That the black man isn't right
 That the moon won't be Westernized.
 That we die while still we hope
 that we never realize the vainness of our lives
 That we can always hear a voice
 That pot will survive
 That your chick has puppies
 That you don't die in flames
 That you never come down
 That you never get caught
 That Dizzy, Monk, Ray Charles, Bartok, the Beatles
 Any pot-grower anywhere, and Jesus Christ never go straight
 That we'll find something more acceptable than love
 That our parents will reject us before one day we see
 Them as drooling, leathery mutations, and reject them

DAN GOODMAN: I was going to give some sort of scetch of Susan. But I've had a week full of dead mice, pigeon feathers and minor executives, so I'll continue with A CON REPORT FOR WARDRON TOVALLON; or; IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF PLAGIARISM:

I got back on the subway; this time I chose the Balentic- Ma-netten Transit. The express took me to Samuel Square, where I ~~changed~~ changed to the parochial. I got off at N Street, and went offstairs to a coffeehouse called The Sign of The Busted Rocket(hi, Elliot.)

Steve Stiles was there, fondling a Peace button. Edgar and Virginia Poeß sat at another table with Manus Pinkwater. Randy Garrett and the Reverend Charles Dodgeson discussed theology, while Dean Swift adjusted his hearing aid.

Vlachmael- or Joe Vlick, he calls himself now- motioned me over to his table. Vlick is descended from Australian pre-hominids. He's better adapted to desert conditions than any member of Homo Sapiens, altho one species of ~~the~~ genus homo has been found - on a rather remote timeline- which manufactres its own water within its bodies.

*****And that's scream-of conscienceness for now./I've decided to try to get out a larger, more general zine for the Eastercon/Lunacon. Which means the first issue will be out by the end of June./ A little plagiarism from Andy Porter, a bit from William Burroughs, some from Andre Norton...is that a wide enough list so I can call it research?