

LUNACY

#101, 101#

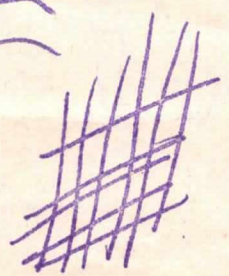
OH FOO

JAWN

ZAP!

ZAP!

ZAP!



RAJ



LUNACY-----a one shot zine put out by two little Rehmities at 4 Winship Ave, San Anselmo- California. The illustrious home of John Cockroft who fortunately ain't here at the present. (Raj hide that razor in case he comes in)

This little gem is put out by the P.C.P. Padded Cell Press

This zine was put out solely to plague John Cockroft and amuse ourselves. We don't give a damn if you like it or not. We don't know what will be in it and we care even less. We hope you will enjoy it. If you can guess who is responsible for this you are entitled to one sour case of xeno. Please let us know your choices. Send all correspondence to John Cockroft of the above mentioned address. Since he knows nothing about it he'll be mildly surprised. Yes indeed.

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Somewhere in this mess we hope you will find a picture, possibly by Rick Sneary, a cover by one of the Rehmities and a story of this zine by both of us. If there's more at the present we don't no about it since John's father's brother own's a cider factory and since we are at John's. Need we say more. Hic.

The Birth Of Lunacy--

A blare of trumpets, a piece of crumpst. Women dying, kids crying. While we put this out on the sly, if John comes on you can bet we'll die. (Hide that razor Raj)

It all started when Jawge came to see who had come to visit him "OH GOD!" he exclaimed, it was Raj no less,

A few minutes later they were on there on the way to Jawn's, Raj upon getting off the the bus had gone to the palatial palace off JAWN THE DROOLING FIEND, WELL THE FIEND WASN'T there soou r intrepid young fop made his way to the hovel of jawge, he was gazed upon with suspicion by the towns citizenry he was

So our intrepid young gentlemen having made their way to the cobbred attic of Jawnathin Throoklewobble Cockroft th'3. ater making amass of his collection his paintings were used to experiment with to use the ditto machine on.

thendd (that's what you think)

(Continued by the other Rehmite)

When I saw Raj it was as tho the ground had fallen out from beneath me. The darn fool when he couldn't crawl through the key hole dug a tunnel under my hovel and ay did, WI jumped into my Buster Brown and we sped over to John's house But John wasn't there. Dore John. But his foolish father let us in and we went up to his garret in the cellar. We then proceeded to read all



Final Friends

(well here we are on the next page)
of John's mail, tear apart his collection, and then mailed a few of his originals to ourselves. Having done just about everything we could think of we looked about for things to amuse ourselves with. Don't worry we found something to do.

There we spotted on the floor his new \$84.00 ditto machine and a fiendish look came into our blockshot eyes. "Do you know how to work it" I suggested to Raj. NO, do you? -he suggested rite back. No, but lets do a little experimenting I suggested. Heh, Heh.

We experimented for about an hour and wasted three or four stencils before we found out you were supposed to type on the white paper and not the yellow. Then we messed with the machine, first one side then the other. Then one lever then the other. Finally growing disgusted a kick was delivered to the sides of the foul machine and a miracle occurred. The thing started to eat paper on one side and disgorge it on the other. We stood by in silent awe and reverence on discovering this earthshaking fact. Then armed with stencils and a stout pair of shoes I approached the awesome machine and inserting the stencils again delivered the kick. The effect was as expected. Again the machine rumbled into motion and you see the result before you. Moral--you find one.

Then we set out to destroy all evidence before John came home. We are still working on this noteworthy project.
The End--By Gawd

In The Black Forest--
(stolen from some damn zine)

The black forest is full of brass gears. At night in the forest these gears begin to turn. Their well wiled and perfectly adjusted teeth interlock with a soft click. This clicking sound of the interlocking of the brass gears in the Black Forest goes on all night, but during the day these gears ly idly on the ground.

On day a golden haired girl came running through the Black Forest. She was pursued by two dark visaged men. The intentions of these men wer not honorable. Fearing disgrace, the golden haired girl looked about as she ran for some means of protecting herself, for it was evident that they would soo overtake her, and what was worse than death would occur. She was almost a-bout to collapse from exhaustion and distress when she espied one of the brass gears lying on a mound of moss. No sooner had she seen it then she stooped, picked it up, and turning, flugn it with all her might at the foremost of the two dark men. It struck him between the eyes, and he fell heavily to the ground. But the other dark man came on the faster.

As there were no more gears in the place, the golden haired girl had nothing else to do but run on.

John's father just told us he's coming home so this is all
If only we can get away with it.

Intrigue in the madhouse(no capitals)

What a situation. Here I come home after a hard day of loafing and with the thought of lounging out on my bed and reading the latest prozine foremost in my mind and this has to happen. What is this? Well, I'll tell you.

It seems that Raj Rehm without first informing me arrived at my home this morn while I was out. (I may have been fortunate at that) Finding the joint untenanted(except for the termites and mebbe my parents etc.) He sauntered over to Jawge's abode. Gawd knows what they did there. Sometime later something snapped within their puerile minds(?) ((just to give you an idea of how puerile they are, Caldwell just got finished stamping my letters with a bunch of stamps with queer sayings etc. any correspondent of Raj knows just what I mean by this) Well as I was saying, something snapped within their minds and they came stormed back to my dump and started to raise the merry hell. First they ransacked my entire room (this is the truth..The other stuff from me mite have been tripe, but this is the truth, so help me) then they really got reckless. My new and precious ditto machine was the target for their next attack. Approaching it with abandon, they ripped off the protecting jacket, they proceeded to fill their minds with vile thoughts.

"Do you think that we dare try it?" squeaked raj.

"Surely why not, I saw Jawge use it one time, it must be easy" authorized Jawge.

When I finally got home the atrocity was perpetrated. It was too late to do anything about it. I am riting the Rex graph company for an estimate on the damages. I wonder is fandom worth all this misery. Here I buy a machine with all the best intentions of helping fandom out and then tripe like this comes off of it. Oh well.

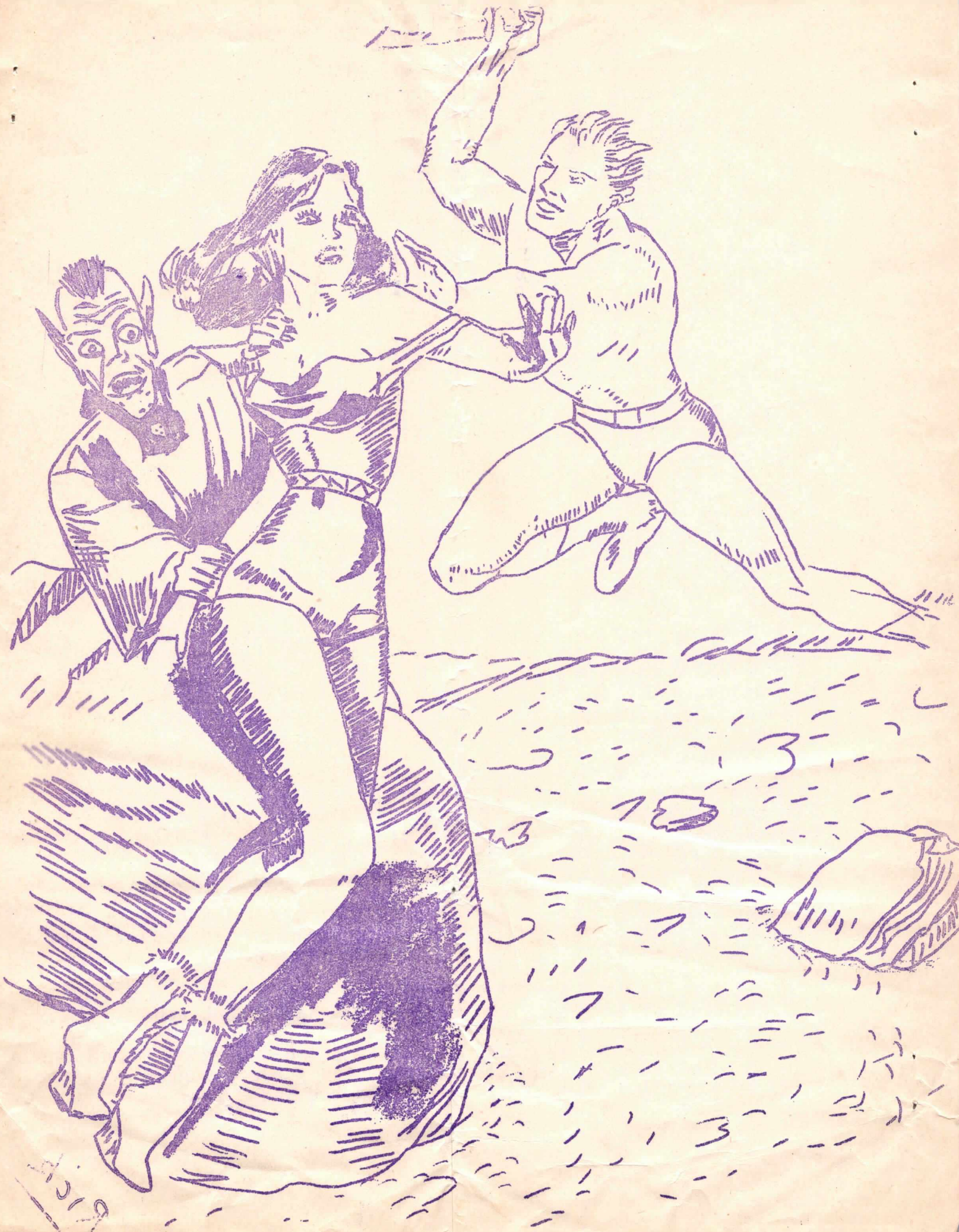
I note that they stated in their editorial page ~~that~~ that they put this out solely for the purpose of plaguing me and to amuse themselves. Well, they succeeded in the first step but I can hardly see how they amused themselves. But then when I stop to think, Raj's sense of humor is a bit off-trail. I guess that in this case it was a bit contagious.

In thier oditorial, Jawge seems to worry quite a bit about my using a razor on them. I happen to use a safety razor. I don't see why they(he)should be so upset over the thing.

I really must apologize for the lousy triping etc, but I just feel so emotional(or something) that I cant type strait.

They say that the road to Hell is paved with good intentions. I'm not so sure of thier intentions. (the Above paragraf goes for spelling and phrasing also)

John the Mad__fan.



Rich

BLANKITY-CRANK PreSS

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