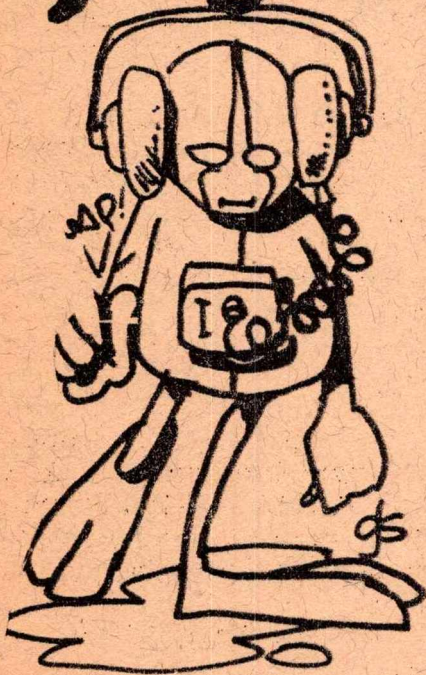


«RATS!»



Winneley

plug in.



WELCOME TO A HAPPY ARTIFACT. THIS IS A PARTLY RECENT BUT MOSTLY OLD PART OF A FANZINE THAT HAILS FROM ANOTHER ERA WHICH SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY BUT ONLY BECAUSE I'M AN OLD FART TOO. WE'RE LIKE THAT.

THE DATES IN HERE ARE ALL LIES AND THEY WERE ALTERED TO PROTECT THE SINFULLY GUILTY. ME. ACTUALLY THEY WEREN'T ALTERED A-TALL, THEY JUST DIDN'T CHANGE WITH THE TIMES LIKE I DIDN'T TOO. BUT IT WASN'T REALLY THEIR FAULT SINCE THEY DON'T EXIST. THEY'RE ONLY SOMEPLACE WHERE WAX USED TO BE BUT ISN'T ANY MORE BECAUSE JAY KINNEY OR SOMEBODY LIKE HIM DISPLACED IT WITH A STYLUS AND YOU CAN'T EXPECT NOTHING TO CHANGE.

ANYWAY, THE MAIN THINGS THAT HAVE CHANGED SINCE THIS FANZINE WAS THOUGHT UP AND NOW IS THAT ITS TWO EDITORS ARE NO LONGER VERY INTERESTED IN PUBLISHING OR READING FANZINES. I'M PLAYING A GUITAR WITH OTHER PEOPLE AGAIN BECAUSE WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO IT IT'S THE ONLY THING I CAN ACTUALLY GET DOWN AND DO AND IT EARNS ME MONEY TOO. A LOT MORE THAN IT USED TO SINCE THE OLD DAYS WHEN THERE WERE SIX THOUSAND BANDS IN QUEENS AND WHEN 99% OF THEM SUCKED. THESE DAYS ONLY THE HEARTIEST OF THOSE ARE STILL AROUND AND WHEN NEW BANDS START UP IT'S MOSTLY OLD DUDES LIKE ME GETTING BACK INTO IT FOR THE DREAD. THERE'S A LOT MORE PROFESSIONALISM IN THE SCENE NOW. AND ANYWAY I JUST HAVEN'T HAD ANY TIME FOR FANAC AND THE FMZ THAT I'VE BEEN GETTING LATELY HAVE JUST BORED THE SHIT OUT OF ME. OR THEY'RE LIKE PAJ'S GARAN WITH OR WHATEVER WHICH HE HAS BEEN BALLYHOODIN FOR TWO FUCKIN YEARS IN HIS CONSTANT HOLIER-THAN-TOU LOC SERMONS ON LAYOUT AND WHICH TURNS OUT AN UGLY PRETENTIOUS RIDICULOUS SHOW-THRUIE MESS.

IN THE INTERIM SINCE I WAS GETTING BACK INTO ROCK AND THE ROCK PRESS AND RICHARD MELTZER IN PARTICULAR I DECIDED I WAS GONNA PUBLISH LEAF FLOWERS AS A ROCK N ROLL ORIENTED FANZINE. I GAVE UP ON THAT EVENTUALLY, AND THE TWO PRINCIPLE PIECES FROM THAT PROJECT ARE INCLUDED HEREIN. I'M NOT THE FIRST TO USE A MELTZER PEECE, OR COUPLE OF PIECES, IN A FAANISH GENZINE (FRANK LUNNEY DID IT FIRST, AND FANDOM MOSTLY HATED IT) BUT THEN I HOPE I WON'T BE THE LAST EITHER.

PARDON THE LAYOUT. AND IF, UNLIKE ALPAJPURI AND HIS ILK, I HAVE NOT STRIVEN TO CREATE A PREPOSTEROUS TRIP, THEN AT LEAST I HAVE NOT FAILED IN THE ATTEMPT.

THERE WILL BE MORE ISSUES OF HATS: TOO. I'M ABSOLUTELY POSITIVE THERE WILL BE, SO PLEASE SEND ME LETTERS AND STUFF. JOHN JOWD IS EVEN GONNA DO SOMETHING/MAY ALREADY HAVE DONE SOMETHING FOR #17. AND PLUS I HAVE THAT SILVERBURG INTERVIEW AND ANOTHER SURPRISE FEATURE THAT I'LL PUT OUT IN DF MAYBE.

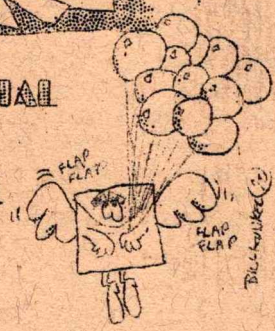
THAT PICTURE, BY THE WAY, IS A PICTURE OF ME IN 1965 WHEN I WAS 15. MAYBE I WILL STICK IN ONE OF ME NOW. I DID A LOTTA CARTOONS FOR THIS ISSUE THAT I MIGHT USE.

ANYWAY, I THINK THIS PARTICULAR ISSUE IS THE GOODS. IT'S LATE, IS ALL.



POWER SQUARE

EDITORIAL
BY
BILL
KUNKEL



SINCE THE LAST RATS! hit the mailways, we have gone through our usual series of changes. As of now, response to the last issue has been the worst since I returned to fanzine publishing. I can understand it, of course. Here's this monthly fanzine that comes out on schedule for seven issues and then, phhht, nada for half a year. After a lag like that, the readers tend to regard each new issue as the last, and nobody wants to write a loc that won't even make the wahf, since there won't be a wahf. Or a letter column. Or a fanzine.

But, ha ha, we fooled you. *snag* And I have now expressed sympathy and understanding toward our delinquent

mailing list, and that is not my natural pose. So youse all best write us or send money or something.

Especially you, Dany Frolich, who has so far sent us an average of one COA per nine-day period and not so much as one cartoon. Shake ass.

+ + +

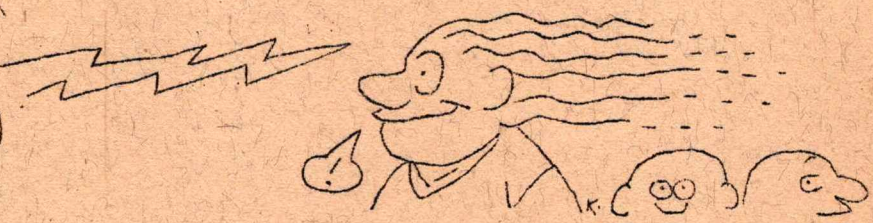
ALSO our typewriter died. It was a terrible thing the way it happened, what with the t's going first. Everytime I typed a small t I would have to back space, hit it again, back space, and hit it again. Drag. Next, the g's passed away, to be followed in quick succession by the b's, d's and c's. By this point, you could type over the recalcitrant letters into the wee hours and you still couldn't see them.

It is a bitch to try and type a fanzine without a full set of letters.

So I laid the old IBM to rest in an obscure corner of my clothes closet and thought back to the day I bought it, in a second-hand typewriter shop. The guy there told me that it previous owner had been *a little old lady from Pasadena* the U.S.

RATS!

AUGUST, 1972



RATS! #16 (VOLUME 2, NUMBER 9) FOR AUGUST OF 1972 IS EDITED JOINTLY BY BILL KUNKEL AND CHARLENE KOMAR (84-45 121ST STREET, APARTMENT 1-D, KEW GARDENS, NEW YORK 11415) :::: RATS! IS OBTAINABLE FOR A SUBSTANTIAL LETTER OF COMMENT, CONTRIBUTIONS OF ART (CARTOONS) OR WRITTEN MATERIAL, ALL-FOR-ALL TRADES (ONE COPY IS SUFFICIENT), OLD FANZINES (HI, REDD!) OR SUBSCRIPTIONS :::: RATES: 50¢ PER ISSUE, 3/1, 6/2, AD INFINITUM :::: PUBLISHING CREDIT TO ARNIE AND JOYCE KATZ. ART BY KIMNEY, ROTSLER, CANFIELD, STEFFAN, NELSON AND MYSELF :::: SCOOBY-DOO

power square -- II

Army. Matter of fact, our typer to this day sports its US-CE-C stamp. I never even tried to clean it off.

Anyway, now its dead. Well, not really. Old soldiers never die, they just fade away.

+ + +

BEWARE OF HAND SIGNALS For some obscure reason, I'm doing my damndest to get this issue out quickly. This does not mean, however, that you are apt to see anything like a spurt of activity from Kew Gardens (unless it's from another married fan couple that lives around here and publishes an offset fanzine. I tried to read an issue once and the first sentence that caught my eye was: "fanfic is where it's at". There was also an absolutely putrid s&s fanfic. We are afraid to meet them.).

Our fannish life and times have been anything but untroubled these days and I find myself encountering more hassles than the hobby is worth. So I dropped out of an apa I was in and have cut back on fanac other than RATS!

I have also been doing a lot of taping and general band work. Recording can be a gas and an incredibly nerve-wracking experience at the same time. When you on stage you make a small mistake, maybe, and nobody in the audience hears it and who cares cause you're playing so fucking loud you can't even hear it yourself. But on tape -- oh wow -- you hit that sixth just the slightest bit off and the playback blows it up to incredible proportions. You think, oh, it's a little thing, who'll notice? And you play it back, and with every playback it stands out more and more and you end up with, oh fuck it, I'll do it again for Christ sake.

But when it's done, and it sounds real nice, you're glad you did it. Basically, I find music a superior creative outlet to writing. I just dig it more. But our lead guitar player is moving to Germany in a few months, so we want the tracks down and perfect before that. So I hope no fan editors who carry a column of mine will be too pissed off if I miss an issue or two.

"Nowadays a woman smokes at any time or in any place. There are a few men left who wax sentimental when a girl says she doesn't smoke, but even they automatically go on offering her cigarettes. It's just smug to say: "No, I don't smoke," when confronted with a cigarette case. "No, thank you," is quite sufficient. But it's still not the thing for a woman to smoke on the street, except that, although for a long time no real lady puffed on a cigarette in a car or a taxi, she now does it with the non-chalance she would display in her own drawing room. The dance floor is the one place where it is unforgivable for either a woman or a man to carry a lighted cigarette. This last, however, has nothing to do with etiquette -- it's merely a measure of safety, for it is too simple to ignite your partner (don't misunderstand) or set a diaphanous dress ablaze."

5 -- NO NICE GIRL SWEARS (Alice-Leone Moats) copyright 1933

power square -- III

NOT QUITE AN EL OH SEA I suppose most of you are aware of the fact that I recently underwent a GI series which disclosed a duodenal ulcer (the same kind that Spiderman has), something known as a hiatus hernia and a generally shitty stomach.

Well, as with most writers, I have a tendency to make hay out of whatever experience I happen into, pleasant or otherwise, and this incident eventually wound up as an article for Dan Steffan's fine fanzine, Lizard Inn.

Now it just so happened that a week or two after my experience with x-rays and barium (that gruesome stuff that one consumes in order to illuminate the area of the body to be x-rayed. It both looks and tastes somewhat like liquified chalk.) I happened to see a passing reference to another fan who had been rushed to the hospital after exhibiting the apparant symptoms of a heart attack. It turned out to have been gas, however, brought on by, of all things, a hiatus hernia.

The fan turned out to be Grant Canfield, and just the other day he sent us some cartoons and a letter, in which he mentioned enjoying my aforementioned article in LI, and discussed a barium adventure of his own, which had me laughing out loud more than once. I thought I'd print it here for your benefit, eh?

About barium, though. The last time I had to drink the barium for the upper GI series, I was surprised to find that the taste had been improved greatly in the last few years. It wasn't too bad -- sort of like strawberry-flavored chalk, rather than your average average pulverized blackboard chalk. Have you ever had to undergo a lower GI series? For that they give you a barium enema, which is not fun at all. After the initial discomfort, pain, and humiliation of the enema itself is over, then you get the pleasure of waiting for the lump of barium to pass. It sits in your intestines until it is the consistency of concrete on the seventh day after pouring, then it's ready to pass. It passes in one great white chunk, not unlike a softball in size and color. As for the sensation involved, it feels roughly similar to giving birth. When it's all over with, and as you wipe the sweat from your brow, you know you have just experienced the most satisfying bowel movement of your life.

"Interest now became centered upon the preparations being made by Mrs. Sin. From the attache' case she took out a lacquered box, silken-lined like a jewel casket. It contained four singular-looking pipes, the parts of which she began to fit together. The first and largest of these had a thick bamboo stem, an amber mouthpiece, and a tiny, disproportionate bowl of brass. The second was much smaller and was of some dark, highly-polished wood, mounted with silver conceived in an ornate Chinese design representing a long-tailed lizard. The mouthpiece was of jade. The

power square -- IV

third and fourth pipes were yet smaller, a perfectly matched pair in figured ivory of exquisite workmanship, delicately gold-mounted.

"These for

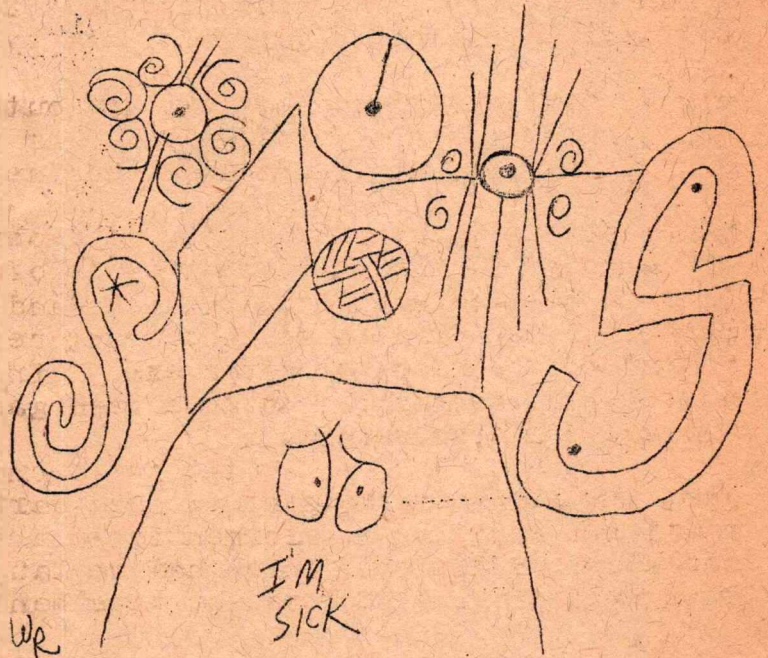
the ladies," said Mrs. Sin, holding up the pair. "You"--glancing at Kilfane--"have got your own pipe, I know."

"She laid them upon the tray, and now took out of the case a little copper lamp, a smaller lacquered box and a silver spatula, her jewelled fingers handling the queer implements with a familiarity bred of habit.

"What a strange woman!" whispered Rita to Pyne. "Is she an Oriental?"

"Cuban-Jewess," he replied in a low voice.

--DOPE (by Sax Rohmer, Spetember, 1919)



THEY'RE SHOWING THIS BIG DEAL special, on tv, this week. It's all about Leonardo de Vinci, and they keep talking about his "awesome genius" as if it were a brain-tumor. I keep waiting for the end, when they announce, "he died -- his awesome genius ruptured." They are also making this big thing about "stripping away the myth and showing who the man really was." The only problem here is that they have almost no definitive knowledge. The whole thing begins with a grandiose death scene, in which Leonardo passes away in the arms of the King. We are then informed: "This probably didn't happen."

The whole thing was originally filmed in Italy, and has been dubbed into English with the standard consummate ineptitude. Also there is this narrator who just pops up in the middle of things. It's like that episode of the Outer Limits with Barry Morse. Leonardo has just been seized by an idea and as he feverishly sketches, this Continental-type Host steps in and starts talking to us. One almost wishes they had let the English make it.

"I'm no bloody hero, and when the Princess Pats stood at Passchendaele in '17, I was damned careful to be twelve years old and three thousand miles to the rear, selling Domes of Silence after school to the housewives of Crescent Park, Rhode Island. I never go out of my way to borrow trouble, but if it comes, I pride myself I can face up to it as well as the average Johnny. I once spent a night in a third-class carriage in the F.M.S. with seventy-odd indentured Chinese out of Swatow and Amoy bound up-country for the tin mines at Ipoh. Blasted engine broke a coupling, way up the back of beyond in Negri Sembilan, and there we sat, rain pelting through the roof, not a cup of tea to be had, and every mother's son of them

power square -- V

smoking chandoo and tucking in rice mixed with trassi, compared to which even the durian is attar of roses. Worse luck, the coolie in the berth over mine kept munching bananas and dropping the skins on me; half a dozen times, you'd have sworn a cobra or a Russell's viper was loose in your bed. Touch and go, as they say, but I bit on the bullet and the old buckram carried me through.

"Yes, the going has to be pretty rugged before I show the white feather, and when it comes along, I'm willing to own up to it. A couple of weeks ago, business called me up to town from my Pennsylvania retreat and I stayed alone overnight at our flat in Greenwich Village. This much I'll say: I've knocked about a bit and I've taken the rough with the smooth, but I wouldn't duplicate that experience for all the rubies in the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. Just in a manner of speaking, that is. If anybody wants to talk a deal, I can be in Rangoon in two days."

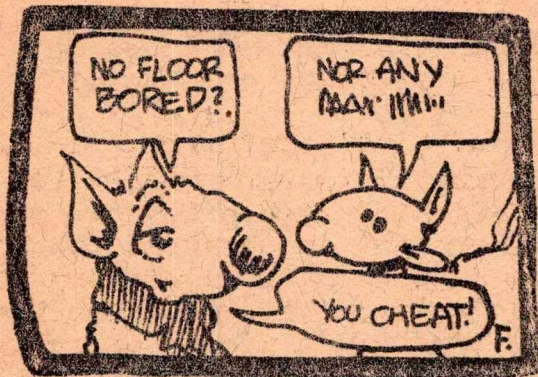
-Perelman "Up the Close
and down the Stair"

THEY ALSO SERVE I spoke earlier of the poor response we got on our last issue, and while I rather dislike beating a dead horse (or a live one, for that matter, though you never can tell) the very fact that so few letters have been coming in, and at such a dilatory pace at that, I have been struck by the faithfulness a few of our regular letterhacks have displayed. People like John Leavitt, and Loren MacGregor and about six or seven others (you know who you are), who neither publish fanzines of their own, or contribute, other than locs, to the fanzines that are about. But you never fail to hear from them, no matter what. And always with substantial letters, fascinating, reaching out for what comment hooks exist and contributing something of their own to it.

I suppose most fanzines gather about themselves a few loyal letter-writers, and these folks rarely if ever get the acknowledgement I think they deserve. So, umm, I guess I just wanted to say thank you to you folks, and let you know that you're part of what makes publishing this fanzine fun.

EGOBOO!! EGOBOO!!

AND SPEAKING OF THIS FANZINE, I made a sort of oblique mention last time about a new format for future issues. Well, after running that last RATS! off, Arnie sort of asked me what I meant by that, wasn't I going to print faanish stuff anymore and like that. At the time, I was bent, however, and had no idea what he was talking about. To tell the truth, when I wrote it, I really didn't even know what the fuck I meant. The idea, however, is becoming clearer. For one reason or another, Charlene and I began to feel constricted by the sort of rigid structure we had created. Fandom is fun, yeah, and Some Of My Best Friends Are Fans, and all that, but I dig other things, too, and it was beginning to become as if the New York (please, not Brooklyn, we don't live anywhere the hell near Brooklyn, as an incredibly maddening subway ride will attest to) Insurgent Fanzines were all alike. Some sort of Monolith that spewed forth all these fanzines that were governed by an Editorial Discretion of such strength that all but the Classic Faanish buckled under
(cont. on page)



AN ARTICLE THAT
DIDN'T HAVE ANY
TITLE ON IT BUT
WAS WRITTEN BY
THE ONE-AND-ONLY
GRIG SHAW.....

If there's one thing all fans share it's an appreciation of mail. To a fan, the postman's arrival is the day's supreme event, and a delivery that brings only bills, advertisements, or even letters from relatives, is a depressing day indeed. You can imagine then how delighted I was to discover that the world of the rock & roll writer holds even more postal surprises than that of the fan.

Not only are there free records galore sent by fourth class, first class, airmail, UPS, and even Special Delivery, amounting sometimes to as many as fifty albums in a week, but there are also press releases which are often accompanied by the strange artifacts known as "promo gimmicks".

I don't know how long the record industry has employed these gimmicks; probably a long time, as the practice is a natural outgrowth of the occupation of record publicists, whose jobs consist in large part of dreaming up new forms of amusing diversion for their colleagues in the business. But it was with the coming of rock as the dominant force in music, accompanied by the emergence of a new medium -- the rock press -- which has eclipsed the trade magazines BILLBOARD and CASHBOX as the focus of advertisement, that brought the promo gimmick into full flower.

It was back in 1967 that I first began to get on the various record company mailing lists. The promo men were still mostly middle-aged in those days, but I can still recall a few unusual devices that came along with the records. From one company, a box arrived containing a miniature bonzai plant in a polyethelene bag, along with instructions for its care and feeding. Suzy and I were thrilled, and did our best to succor it, but the poor thing died after a couple of weeks. But our sadness was alleviated by the arrival of another mysterious box, this one holding several bags which contained such items as feathers, balloons, beads and imitation flowers. These accompanied a recording of "Hair" by the original cast -- several months before anyone had heard of the play, I might add. I gave it away after a few "what'll they come up with next?" remarks. The plant, in case you were wondering, heralded the release of the Evergreen Blues Band.

Other gimmicks I remember for that year include a kit for Moby Grape's first album, a deluxe velvet-covered box with the album, their five singles, balloons, buttons, and bumper stickers all engraved with the name of the band. Quicksilver messenger Service's first

9

greg shaw -- II



album came with a necklace, a steel replica of the astrological sign of Mercury on a silver chain. A special Kinks album came with similar buttons, bumper stickers, post cards, and a jigsaw puzzle, all with the message "God Save the Kinks!"

In 1968 I was removed from most of the lists because of inactivity...as a matter of fact the magazine I was publishing had folded before most of the companies even began sending records! When I was reinstated earlier this year as a result of new efforts in the field, I found the art of creating promo gimmicks had advanced considerably.

The first time I met Ed Ward he was still working at Rolling Stone, and his office was a hodgepodge of record company ephemera old and new. There was a kite with pictures of the Flying Burrito Brothers; a fancy cigarette lighter in the likeness of a telegraph terminal from A&M Records; an inflatable "Led Zeppelin", an actual replica of the Graf Zeppelin with the band's name printed on it. The first one I got for myself came with Pink Floyd's Atom Heart Mother album -- an inflatable pink udder, suitable for hanging from the ceiling (where it remains today alongside the Led Zeppelin in the homes of most writers I know). An iron-on shoulder patch with his image stitched on enlivened the arrival of Link Wray's new album, and Sticky Fingers came with similar patches featuring the famous protruding tongue. Being as underpaid as they are, rock critics usually employ these patches to hold together their disintegrating garments.

Next to buttons (Jefferson Airplane Loves You, Good Ol' Grateful Dead, Cocker Power, Rock Critic ((great idea from Buddah)), tee-shirts have been the most fertile field for creative promotion. I missed a lot of them, but in the last few months I've received a blue one with "ELP" and a white dove from Atlantic, a bright orange one with a crowbar and the legend "I've got bad manors, baby" from Paramount (in honor of Crowbar's album Bad Manors), a four-color job heralding the movie "Medicine Ball Caravan" with "We have come for your daughters" emblazoned across the front, and another saying simply "Junk", above the image of a pile of methedrine. Tee-shirts are nice because not only do they give writers something to wear, but they provide a constant source of advertisement for the companies. Of course, in the more fashion-conscious centers of the industry such as Hollywood and New York, each shirt is only worn until the new one comes out, after which they are either thrown away or placed carefully in ever-growing collections of record biz status symbols.

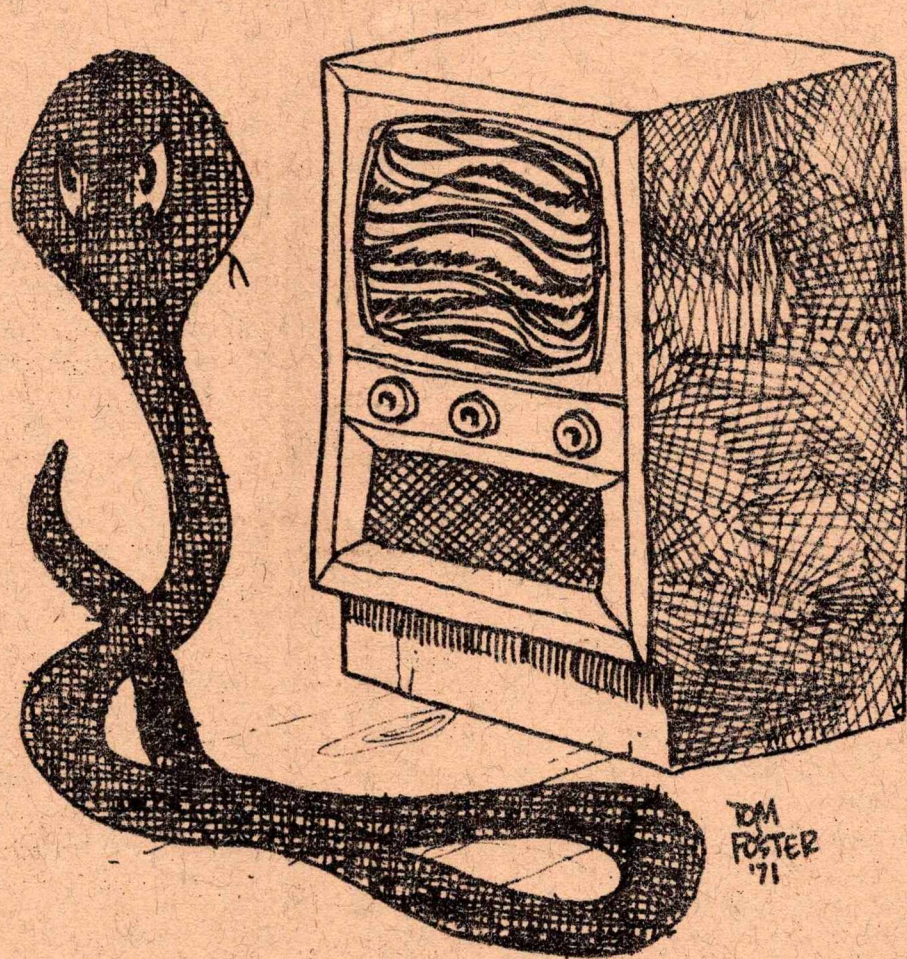
The very best promo device I ever got, though, came from Capitol Records, who found the perfect answer to the problem of choosing something to send out that would be used and noticed for the longest possible time. It came with an album of Buck Owens singing Simon & Garfunkel songs (a terrible album, amusingly enough) -- an actual wrist-watch with Buck Owens picture, actually a cartoon of him holding a guitar, and his name underneath, with a five year guarantee.

greg shaw -- III

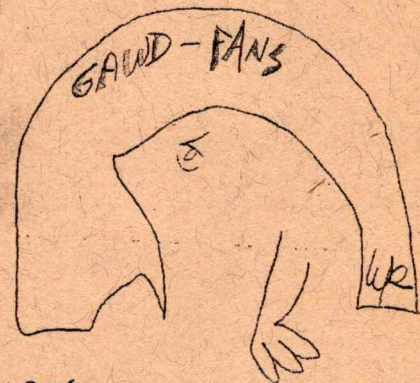
I've worn that watch ever since, and so has everyone else who got one. It is one of my most prized possessions. And it is something that fandom could never have provided. Even Bob Tucker never got a watch, and he passed the 25-year mark while I was in Kindergarten. Which just goes to show how much he missed by not becoming a rock critic.

--Greg Shaw

Go ahead, Bogartus, you're the big man, go ahead and shoot!



Ray Nelson's
Victorian
Solutions to
Modern
Problems



Television vs. The Puppet Theatre The time was 1896; the place was Paris.

The event was the opening of a play called "King Ubu" by Alfred Jarry. It is generally agreed that this play marked the birth of the "Theater of the Absurd", and in this sense may be regarded as more important as an influence on modern drama than either Shakespeare or anyone else up to that time. It is less generally known that this play also acted as the inspiration for a vast number of modern art and literature movements, such as Dada, Surrealism, Futurism etc. The playwright appeared as a character in a novel by Gide, and many painters, such as Picasso, Klee etc. have had a fling at drawing King Ubu, or Father Ubu as he is known to those followers of the philosophy of 'Pataphysics, Jarry's philosophy, who have grown to know and love this fictional 'facist pig.

But what is least known of all, though it is mentioned in every biography of Jarry (usually as a footnote), is that the play, "King Ubu", was originally written for the puppet theatre, and was first performed in a puppet theatre in the attic of the playwright and his schoolmates. Jarry rediscovered something the Japanese had known for centuries; that one of the most startling effects in theatre is to have living actors imitate puppets, reversing the normal procedure of having puppets imitate living actors.

I have performed "King Ubu", with a little help from my friends, in the original medium of glove puppets, and unless you've done the same, you'll have to take my word for it when I say it is even better with puppets than with live actors... I've seen it done with live actors too, and it never fails to lose something in the translation, and I don't mean the translation from French to English.

It becomes no longer merely shocking and brutal, but somehow charming, even beautiful. In miniature the violence of the play becomes unimportant and the political and philosophical meaning much clearer.

I don't mean to imply that Jarry invented the puppet play, or even that he introduced it for the first time to the world of "serious" theatre. He only brought to a climax a trend that had been developing throughout the Victorian Era, a trend that probably began with the puppet shows that, in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, such figures as Goethe, Yeats, George Sand, Franz von Pocci and the artists and writers in their circles gave to a small but devoted audience.

Since the end of the Victorian Era, the Puppet Theatre like so many other art forms has been in a decline. Nobody takes it seriously; it's just "kid stuff." The artforms for adults are, according to the McLuhanites, the movie and the tv show. The film must be great according to the valueless values of our time, because it is so expensive.

It's expensive to make a film. It's expensive to go to a theater to see one. It's expensive to buy and maintain a tv set in your home, particularly a color tv set. We don't think much about that money...we're used to paying a lot for everything, but it really is a lot when you consider that a fine puppet show can be put together with two old socks and a needle and thread to make the handpuppets, and a few properly hung sheets to make the stage. The thing that is really important in a show is not all that expensive production, the casts of thousands, the rebuilt cities of ancient Rome etc. Even movie lovers say these things can hurt a show as much as help it. The important thing is the story, the drama. Everything else is cake-frosting.

The modernist doesn't like to hear that kind of talk. He's hoping that if there's enough frosting, nobody will notice that there's no cake inside, just as the modern musician, even in the pop field, often tries to hide, with elaborate arrangements and strange electronic effects, the fact that there is no tune.

But the tide is turning. The audience of the seventies is learning (God knows how) to tell the difference between essential and nonessential things. The ecological mentality reaches back and finds a soulbrother in the Victorian mentality on at least one issue: they both hate waste.

And there's no denying that every night, when Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea turn on their tv sets, there's an awful lot of electricity wasted.

A puppet show can be presented without the use of any electricity whatsoever.

This is not, however, the most important way in which the TV and film show is wasteful. Wasting electricity is bad, but wasting talent is criminal.

Television wastes talent.

First it wastes the talent of those who are involved in TV production. The overwhelming majority of the shows, because mass distribution compels a search for the "lowest common denominator", are worse than bad; they are deliberately mediocre. It is sickening and degrading to the actors, artists and technicians to be involved in the production of things which they know are not even intended to be good.

Second, it wastes the talent of those who are not involved. Television is a spectator sport. So is "The Flicks." Except for the tokenism of talk shows, TV is all watching and no participating. If you don't like what's being published in professional magazines, you can publish a fanzine. If you don't like what's on the boob tube, you can't produce a TV show of your own... not unless you happen to be rich.

What can you do?

You can pull out the plug, haul away your set and sell it, then install a fine, handmade puppet theatre in its place. Compared to the cost of a TV set, the cost of even a very fine puppet theatre is chicken feed.

Now that you've got the TV set out of the house and your puppets in, you have an artistic medium that you control, rather than one that controls you. You can see what you like when you like, in color and 3-D, and you can have absolute control over every aspect of the production. If you get good, you and your friends can even rent a storefront and make money off your work.

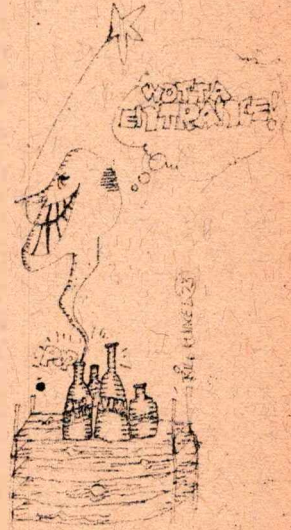
The thing about tv and movies is that a few people at the top make too much money, while everyone else is nearly starving, or moonlighting at something else. There's no place for what one might call the "middle-income genius". A puppet theatre, however, can employ writers to write the plays, sculptors to design the puppets, painters to paint the backdrops and scenery, actors to "do the voices" and operate the puppets, composers to write the accompanying music (particularly if opera or musical comedy is what's planned), musicians to perform the music, model builders, lighting specialists, makeup men (puppets can wear makeup) etc etc, etc. Since everything is miniaturized, all the jobs in the production can be creative. It is the uncreative "shitwork" that is demanded by TV and movies and, to a large extent, live theatre, that is almost completely eliminated.

There's room for commercialization here, too, but of a more healthy, decentralized kind. Not everyone will want to write their own plays. Not everyone will want to make their own puppets, paint their own backdrops, compose their own songs, etc. This will create a market for the mass production of all items required for puppet shows; the paint-by-the-numbers artist will be able to get by with nothing more than sticking his own hands into the puppets and wiggling his fingers while a phonograph record plays all the music and supplies all the dialog. (I would not do things that way, but I've nothing against those who do, except maybe I'd rather they didn't waste electricity.)

The important point, the overwhelmingly important point, is that ordinary people could do creative things if they wanted to. They don't have to wait until a Hollywood or a Broadway talent scout discovers them. They can start doing their thing now! And if they get any good at it at all, they can start making at least a little money from their art now.

B. MELTZER

GIVES US THE INSIDE
DOPE ON SUCH LIKE AS
REAL-LIVE GAY-BASED
ENTERTAINMENT; RAPS;
FORTNUM'S COMPLAINT
AND HOW TO MUNCH
AWAY ON YOUR FAVORITE
LATE-GREAT ROCK IDOLS
AND LIVE! (he's quite a
GUY, THIS MELTZER!)



OUTER PUMICE The first time I met him he was holdin a French book at the summer school and I was just hangin around Stony Brook and he was introduced to me as "Tarzan" by his goofy cousin Neil who was a genuine meany. Next time I saw him he was lifeguard at the pool. That's what he was, he was a swimmer. Now he's a successful editor of a mag. Who is he? He's not Jack Banning, no he's not Larry Marshak, no he's not David Walley, no he's none of them. He's Bob Somma who recently got married again and his home base is Fusion in Boston, Mass. He's generous as can be, he even buys sandwiches for his many writers whenever he's in town. And yet he's plagued by ill-repute. What's the explanation? His editing hand. He edits and he edits and he edits. He also changes titles of articles and hacks up lead paragraphs. But still he's a great guy and a great pal and he never changes anything inside the story, just outside. Sometimes pieces from the inside are left standing there all alone and lonely as they witness other pieces they once knew getting published. I feel for those pieces and so I'm gonna give them their chance right here right now.

F'rinstance: "The two cities furthest distant with two or more words in common are Ten Friction, New York, and Ten Friction Dough, Nevada."

That's a piece that's eternal, you can always include it anywhere but not so for topical stuff which can get bludgeoningly boring like more of that obituary stuff. It's not my fault that this stuff is so dull today when it could of been interesting, amusing and exciting months and months ago when it was wrote:

"Brian, Jimi, Janis and Al are therefore all dead animals and there are a number of talented dead animal sculptors in the world so how come they didn't give their carcasses up to art. The best way to do a dead animal sculpture is dead animal in Jello. You take

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the animal or any part thereof and you dump it into a large container or mold. Then you brew up the jello one or more packages at a time. You start it from the bottom and let it harden so you can cement the dead crud to the bottom and it doesn't float up to the top. If it floats up to the top some will be sticking out of the top of the hardened Jello and sure smell something awful and get covered with filthy, horrible mold. Now that kind of mold is just fine if it's the Jello itself that gets molded up on top. Which happens almost every time you do it if you keep it in the refrigerator for upwards of a few years and there's no reason why you won't. So it's a damn good idea for it to be the Jello and not the animal that gets moldy and diseased. Jello-derived disease is better than corpse-derived disease so it's always preferable. On top of that the Jello will preserve the animal if the animal is completely covered. The Jello itself will eventually die but for Jello death only means getting unsolid, that is liquid. Therefore if the piece of horseflesh is anchored down (as with sinkers and fishing gear) it would be insured a resting place down below for nigh on to forever.

"Janis has already been burned to oblivion so she can't get cut up for the Jello but her nipples would sure have been great appetizers in celery flavor Jello on the Thanksgiving table -- or Christmas for that matter -- or one for each solemn occasion. It would have been yum-yum-yummy in the taste department too if proper refrigeration were supplied for proper preservation. Warm refrigerators just wouldn't do but the cold kind might just be perfect. But it's all in the realm of fantasy now with her ashes surrendered to the winds and the waves out here California way.

"Some people in the United Kingdom have a recipe for hare that calls for the hare to hang on a hook and when the hare has decomposed enough to fall thru the hook and onto the floor or table or pot as the case may be it's time to eat! In other words even the already putrified meat is still mighty good so Jimi still might make a good meal altho Brian just could be a few years past his prime. Al Wilson'd probably be fit for cooking now, wait I forgot they put that embalming fluid in them! That would not only be bad tasting but it might be poisonous enough to kill. You'd end up joining them in kingdom come after their entrails joined yours in all the digestive juice. Hm is there such a thing as suicidal cannibalism? There is some brain disease they get from eating certain kinds of human brains. no it might be a general body disease but it comes from brains. Even if there's no formaldehyde in the brains of Jimi and Al it would be a good idea to steer your fork clear of them."

(Yes it is repetitious to repeat it all again and again and again but the words just asked me for the opportunity for exposure. they don't know how dull they are.) But for the novelty-minded here's some brand new ones, these were gonna be printed by the mag known as Gay famed subsidiary of Screw. It is indeed regrettable that they didn't print em cause it was gonna be under the pseudonym Dominic Soline so I coulda written about the same subject in this mag but with a twist. It's all about the Continental Baths and all I was gonna say was it's just like (Steve Paul's) The Scene and it's the latest and the greatest for hangin' out for couples and singles alike. But I can't say that now cause this here original story would contradict it:

"In many ways mainstream homosexuals are culturally deprived in the field of music. Oh no, I'm not saying that they don't enjoy listening to musical entertainment, it's just that there has been scarcely any actual musical output directed by the czars of the entertainment industry expressly for the gay community. And often gays who have succeeded in producing work of relevance to this relevance-starved community will turn their backs on their original brethren and seek the isolation of distant elegance. Yet all men must have their music and where are the men left in the lurch to find theirs? Certainly not in Merle Haggard!

"So in lieu of attracting name entertainers with their roots in the gay community the solution is frequently in the realm of parody, parody on that bulk of commercial entertainment which by design is alien to all but the dullest of straights -- and those elsewhere who can laugh. The lyrics of standard pop tunes can be hilarious if the right focus is taken. And now featured at the Continental Baths is a new girl whose focus is acute. Looking much like a thinner Dena Kaminsky (of John Fahey fame), Liz Torres arrives on stage and begins her set with an unusual rendition of "Yesterday."

"From her face the spotlight moves, with perfect timing, to her stomach. Yes, she's pregnant, the audience perceives that in unison with the opening line: 'Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away...' Uproarious laughter, then she continues: 'Now I need a place to hide away.' Hide? There's no place to hide except in a closet and perhaps her condition would even prevent her from fitting in there among the clothing. Finally she removes her stuffing, she's only been fake pregnant. A Continental patron mutters below his breath, 'She blew it,' she has tipped off her hand.

"But what a perceptive hand it is! Impersonation of pregnancy, a natural extension of sexual role playing to an extreme, a woman masquerading as a woman via the most conventional association with womanhood. Indeed an unnecessary conventional association, made all the more poignant since she is additionally a woman wronged. Wronged by whom? Aha!

"As soon as she begins her life story a new issue enters the picture. Is she Puerto Rican or is she Jewish? Now racial ambiguity has supplanted sexual ambiguity and she begins her parody on Latin-American singers who make themselves absurd by directing their songs at an English-speaking audience: 'Well I think I going out of my head over joo!' Next she is the opera prima donna on the Ed Sullivan Show trying to prove her versatility by doing a rock number, of all things 'Down on Me' (a lyric which by all means Janis Joplin must have been aware of the implications of). Then it's oldies but goodies time as Liz belts out Connie Francis' 'Lipstick on Your Collar.'

"Clearly she knows the true power of rock as a life force, all the comedy aside. Even the gesture she makes with her right eyelid is more reminiscent of Elvis' famous upper lip moves, a note of nostalgia for a time when sexual insinuation of that sort was a far less self-conscious act than today's entertainment context makes it.. Still, many of the current rock references contained in her jokes (such as to Leslie Gore and Tina Turner) seem to escape the bulk of her audience at the Continental. This despite the fact that several of the crowd work it out to the latest rock tunes on the dance floor and are

familiar with James Brown and Martha & the Vandellas by name. (So while Liz's debut was important -- as is the debut of every citizen of the Continental -- when is Iggy going to live up to his obligations and volunteer his services to the Continental? It's the only way his authenticity and sincerity can be tested, and his preference for a single set nightly would be ideal...)"

There's more of that one but it's just as dull as the rest so I won't bother mentioning it cause it's just more straightforward journalism, that's the last time I'm gonna be Jimmy Olsen and let the mags send me around for a fuckin story! Like I was just standin up there at Screw handin in my usual biweekly Rock & Raunch column when this guy who turned out to be Jack (of Lige & Jack of Gay) sez to me how'd I like to write the "music" column for his mag, he didn't even call it a rock column. So I sez okay so he sends me up to 230 West 74 Street to cover the entertainment at the Continental Baths. So I duz. And hedon't even print it! Gol-lee!

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PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT Whatever the gopher's name who directed this one -- he sez it's Ernest Lehman but that sounds phony to me -- he sure as shootin' ain't a Russ Meyer. When Russ does 'em bad like Beyond the Valley of the Dolls at least there's plenty of intent etched in the celluloid thrills. With this wonderful piece of shit based on that famous jew book that lots of people read without jacking off to as much as with my Diz Is Pink by Ned Dingus or Never Enough Poon by Wee Willie Penis you just can't tell when you're supposed to laugh. So you laugh at the whole thing the way you used to at High School plays where you knew all the stars and they were dumb enough to be up on stage but not you.

Richard Benjamin loves to get up on stage -- Paula Prentiss never would've let him stick his pongo in her slit if he hadn't been first and foremost an actor -- and he sure seems to love it in this one. He gets to say real exotic words like "fuck" and "fuck you" and "eat pussy" much more than polite company conditions would ever allow him in his West Village neighborhood in N.Y.C. He really seems to be enjoying himself twisting his tongue around all those great euphemisms for cock like "banana" and "meat rifle" and you know what? I bet if the script had been left up to Dick to improvise he couldn't've done it any worse than this Ernest person (is he the guy who did Monster from the Surf? -- no it was Jon Hall). Well that's enough for Dicky, only good scene with him is where they're looking in the window at Bubbles Girardi and then when they're insider her kitchen or dining room he moves his legs around like a man with a load in his pants, only good Richard Benjamin scene in the whole goddamn pitcher.

Kar-en Black has one good scene too, the one where she's in the tub



with all the bubble bath in Vermont or wherever they're staying for the weekend and they get to fuck in the field and his parents are outraged. Well the only good Karen Black scene is where she's in the tub and she sez to him "Virginia is all sore." Good name for a cunt I might add.

Lee Grant is shit, she's just shit and that fake skin across her neck to make her look like an old bag could of used some better glue, maybe Elmer's Glu-All. In other words -- naming names is what this is all about 'cause, let's face it, rewards and punishments is the name of the game -- Charles Schram's makeup left something to be desired.

Jack Somack who played Pops Portnoy was not shit, he was damn fuckin' good, enoughta get a lousy Oscar nomination or a role in the next Sergio Leone movie. damn good job in the role of Mr. Constipation. He's been in tv commercials for years and the only place tv commercials stink is Houston and he's not from Houston. Ipso facto...

Also damn fuckin' good was Kevin Conway as Smolka, who in the picture comes off a hell of a lot more like "Smoker." He's got a cigarette and nobody else does. IS THE PUN INTENTIONAL????

Funniest picture since The Best Years of Our Lives.

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28 POUNDS OF BANANAS Whenever the fuck it was I got this piece of shit in the mail called Raps, first unsolicited fanzine type piece of shit I ever got. Somebody put my name on a list or something so I was a member. All I hadda do was send in 28 copies of something (BIG MEMBERSHIP!) and I was a CONTRIBUTOR, whoopee! Took a look inside thru all those ugly mimeo-stained pages in pink and light green and shit like that and there was all kind of shit about windup radicals and "I happen to think a great deal of Harlan Ellison, maybe this is a symptom of a warped personality" and "If anyone had asked me recently of his disappearance from fandom I'd have probably agreed that he'd gafiated -- and would've been wrong." In other words: who could give a fuck?

Well so right off the bat I knew I had myself a nice little dumping place for my 8 1/2 x 11 waste papers, I wasn't gonna find myself doing any of this science-fiction literary shit. The last science fiction swill I ever read was sometime in the mid-50's and I wasn't gonna start giving a shit now just for the sake of this Raps shit. Monster movies were more my meat cause there's at least no credibility in em and who cares about credible fantasy, I mean where's the fantasy if it's etc.

And it seemed like a good place to just dump anything, like all sorts of stuff that I was getting rejected all over the place in the rock mags and

r. meltzer -- VI

places like that. Y'know, visual stuff and 28 different type of stuff, every page is unique, etc., stuff like that. I mean y'know this is the 20th century and stuff like that, Marcel Duchamp was already dead and gone and I wasn't about to be Gustave Flaubert or William Shakespeare for free. Not only wasn't I gonna get paid but there was some kind of dues involved too.

So I sent em some used up carbons from articles or something and on each one I pasted a gummed label on which I'd typed some random comments about The Hellstrom Chronicle, which had the dipshittiest narration I ever heard. Figured those Raps gophers would take it as some sort of serious criticism or something but I can't remember any reaction. But then when the next one came around I sent in some sheets that the mad Peck printed up advertising his book that I was supposed to give out for him at the NY Comix shit thing. I didn't go back after the first day so I had all these orange 8½x11's lying around and on each one of em I wrote something by hand (guess I figured the mere mechanics of writing was all I felt like doing for Raps anyway) about the Peck. I think there was another page attached to each of em which had nothing added, just mere waste.

Raps people did not like waste. Earl Evers was running the show then and he put in some regulation just to get me about no waste paper and all pages must be the same (as if I was gonna pay printing costs in addition to postage and dues!) and stuff like that. Also maybe something about everything must be original, can't be a copy like John Dowd was doing with Disney stuff. They didn't like me and Dowd much at all except some individual weirdos liked him but I can't remember if anybody appreciated my horseshit.

So next time around I sent em something I figured would really get em up on the feet reacting about. I'd been beating off onto 8½x11's for some time and it so happened I had 28 or whatever the number was all saved up by then. So I did a 3-pager: a page of jizz (dried), a page of pubic hairs, a title page with a scumbag wrapper on it (something about a special salute to condoms issue and I was calling my zine Pissdoodle or something.)

Did those fuckers get annoyed! Wait before I get to that one I think I did some other stuff before that. There was this guy Alpajpuri, I don't know who the fuck he is or what he looks like or anything but he was getting kicked out of wonderful Raps for not contributing in a few months. Well so I did a thing with his name on it, each page had a mail-away thing for record clubs and books and lawnmowers and stuff like that, each page had one of those things with his name on it and if you wanted you could mail it in and let Alpajpuri know he wasn't totally forgotten even though Raps had given him the heave-ho. Rapsians as they like to be called don't like that sort of thing too much, they said I was mocking out "poor Paj" as they liked to call him.

This other thing I did was I sent in 28 pieces of used carbon paper cut down to 8½x11 and I mailed em in in Larry Propp's name. Larry's name was on the get-kicked-off list if he didn't send in something by the next mailing so I figured I could get rid of some additional excess baggage from around my apartment but they never used em cause they claimed it would have tarnished the other pages, I mean big shit! But at least those dummies didn't even know it was from me.

Well so when they got the ejaculation zine from me there was so much fuckin uproar from

those wimps I didn't believe it. "Meltzer's zine is not included. His zine consisted on [sic] a xerox of a Trjan [sic] rubber package, a sheet of paper stained with what we were sure was urine, a [sic] with a pubic hair scotch-taped onto paper. We felt that [sic] is not the sort of thing that belongs in any apa, and besides, it was beginning to stink something horrible. so it was thrown out." Evers even resigned as OE and handed it over to Larry Nielson and I hope it was cause of me cause I HATE the lousy sonofabitch.

He couldn't even tell scum from piss! I mean Jesus Christ! Plus that bit about the smell, I had em in my own house for a couple months and I never noticed anything smelly about em once they were dry (I mean I swear to fuckin God they were odorless and I oughta know for cryin out loud cause I know my smells). Mimeo ink smells a whole lot worse and I never complained to them. But like even six months later they were still commenting on the smell, this guy Dan Goodman said something about "Till Meltzer's infamous contrib was thrown in the garbagecan, I had to put up with the smell -- I was sleeping in the same room where the Raps-zines were kept till collated. The smell kept getting worse; by the time the damn thing was chucked out, it smelled rather worse than catpiss." Well I guess this guy doesn't blame his little honey for not sucking his dong if that's the way he feels about it himself!

Okay do next time out I mailed these jokers some xeroxes of stuff like airplane insurance forms, just normal worthless shit and I sure wasn't gonna bother writing anything for them. Well so what do they do this time, they tell me they're gonna save it for a special SUPPLEMENT to a Raps cause postage is too high for stuff like that to be included! And they were giving Dowd a hard time of it too.

And there was even something in one of the Raps around then of a drawing of a guy pissing in a bottle, Tom Collins did that but that was acceptable cause he was a FAN. - Fuck these fans so I finally went to the typewriter and came up with a zine called "Don't Be a Wimp #1" and I wrote those assholes what I thought of em and it was even better cause it xeroxed real light so I don't know how the fuck any of them even read it. Hope they went blind.

Well so there's where somehow I started getting acceptable, all those peckers wanted was writing. Well dang me so I decided to use Raps from then on for useless shit that had been turned down by Fusion and the Stone and miscellaneous trash like that. Articles about Mexican restaurants and stuff like that, I mean I can't imagine anybody actually reading thru any of it but I bet they all did. And one of the covers around then had a guy giving the finger so everything had gone full circle and Dowd was even getting to do the cover after a while. Nice friendly setup.

So it was obvious to be I had to start fucking up again and so I submitted Jon Tiven's name (hey Jon it was all in fun, don't take offense. you don't even read Raps anyway) and he got to be a member. I even paid his one buck dues and sent in a zine in his name all about how his mother was dead and his sister had a child out of wedlock, etc. No response from him after that one so I sent in another, he must've never bothered reading his mail. Somebody even commented on his first mailing something about how yes he had heard of Jon's favorite movie, Monster from the Surf.

r. meltzer -- VIII

In the same issue as Tiven's second mailing I stuck in an envelope for them to open. I told em it was my birthday so I was giving em a little present. Well inside the envelopes were all the old rusty razor blades I'd saved for who the fuck knows how long. I sure hope somebody got cut but if not at least they got the message.

Well it's time to write up another Tiven contribution and I think this time it's gonna be two separate contributions typed on two separate typewriters and one's gonna say "Who's this person using my name?" Maybe by now Tiven's even read some of this himself and he's sent in a genuine Tiven contrib. Three Tiven's maybe!

And as for my own next step maybe it'll be 23 pounds of bananas or 23 8½x11's with birdshit (as long as it's been deoderized and disinfected) I mean like if you think Raps is fucked you should've seen the shit I had to take from this guy Jerry Bowles who was doing something for a regular book company -- Grossman or something -- and I sent him 4000 pages of pubics and he sent em back claiming it was against interstate health laws. "too much!"

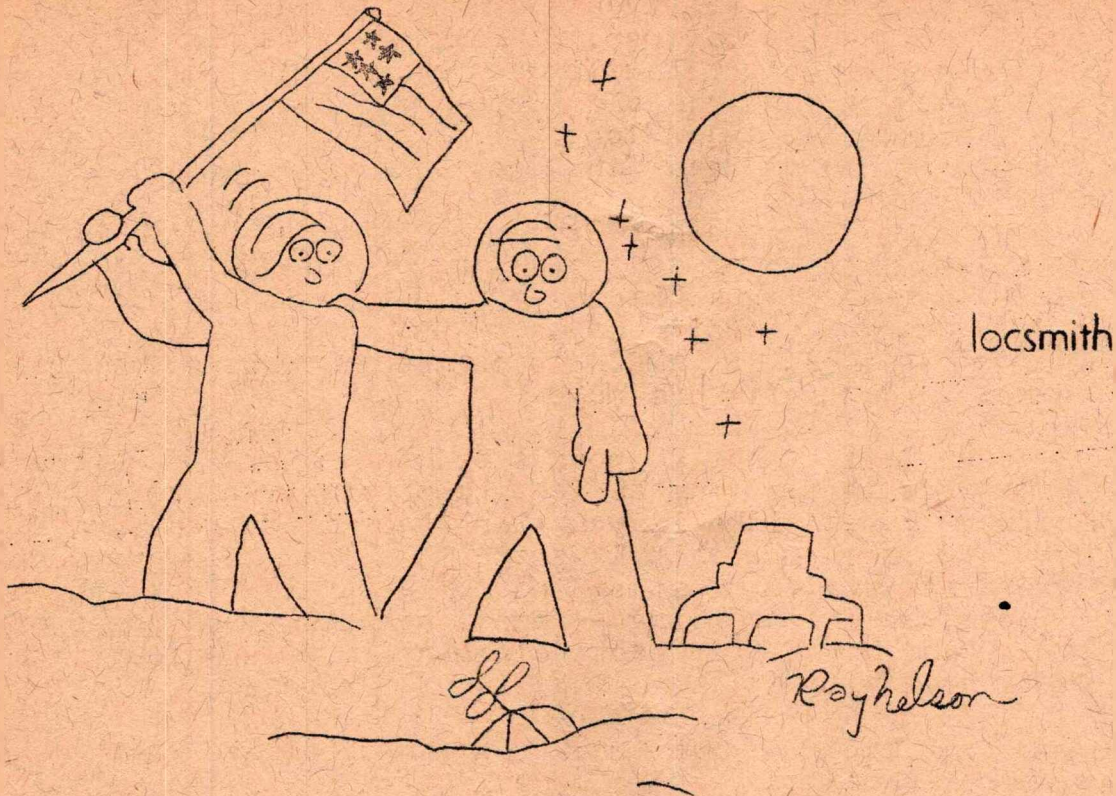
And if Raps ever kicks me out, man, you can't believe what's gonna be done about that. Like I could either send in a fake contribution in each guy's name (I could even duplicate the type and paper stock and kind of printing job) or I could even do an entire alternate Raps and send em to every member or some such thing. I could send em postage due to save on postage but I'd spare no expense to print up a Raps to end all Raps. Cause if they kick me out that's gonna be IT for Raps. period.

I'd sell out in a minute if I could get my price

by way of credits Outer Pumice was originally sent thru Frank's Apa a shortlived rock apa. and was concluded with this: "Right after I wrote this for Crawdaddy those jokers folded forever so they never used it either" to give you an idea of it's age. Portnoy's Complaint was done for RATS! and 23 pounds of bananas was originally intended for Metanoia and comes to us courtesy of Greg Shaw. -- Bill

Just that evil life has got you in it's sway

I got a whole bunch of fanzines here that I will sell to the first person who sends me \$25. There will be some good stuff included. I just don't have the room anymore since we moved. First come, first served.



TERRY HUGHES

FOR OLD MARRIED PEOPLE, YOU PUT OUT A GOOD FANZINE.

HEY BILL, IN ALL SERIOUSNESS, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU ABOUT SOMETHING IN YOUR EDITORIAL. YOU MADE A REFERENCE TO SUCKING EGGS, WELL: DO PEOPLE REALLY SUCK EGGS? HOW? AND WHY IS IT FROWNED UPON? I PERSONALLY DON'T EAT EGGS IN ANY FORM (UNLESS USED IN A BATTER) BUT I AM CURIOUS ABOUT THIS. HERE YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO PUBLISH AN EDUCATIONAL FANZINE, TELL THE WORLD ABOUT EGG SUCKING IN DARKEST KEW GARDENS. [OKAY, TERRY, HERE GOES: THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW AN EGG SUCKED, IT WAS BY GUY WILLIAMS (WHO YOU SHOULD REMEMBER AS BOTH ZORRO AND JOHN ROBINSON OF "LOST IN SPACE"). WHEN HE SUCKED THE EGG, THOUGH, HE WASN'T EITHER OF THOSE. IT WAS IN THE DISNEY FILM VERSION OF "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER." THE PRINCE HAD ALREADY BECOME A PAUPER AND NOBODY BELIEVED HIM WHEN HE CLAIMED HE WAS A PRINCE, EXCEPT SWASHBUCKLING GUY WILLIAMS, WHO STUCK WITH HIM AND PROTECTED HIM. AFTER A WHILE, THE INEVITABLE HAPPENED, AND THEY STARTED TO GET HUNGRY, BUT THEY HAD NOTHING TO EAT EXCEPT FOR TWO EGGS. THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY STERNO, EVEN, SO GUY WILLIAMS TAUGHT THE PRINCE WHO WAS POSING AS A PAUPER HOW TO SUCK EGGS. HE PICKED UP A SHARP-EDGED ROCK AND TAPPED THE EGG, CREATING A SLIGHT PUNCTURE. THEN HE SUCKED IT, AND THE KID WAS OBVIOUSLY SO HUNGRY HE WOULD EAT ANYTHING, SO HE STARTED SUCKING TOO. OF COURSE, NONE OF THIS HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH MY REFERENCE IN THE LAST RATS! THE IMPLICATION OF THE REMARK: "TEACHING ME TO SUCK EGGS", WHICH IS AN OLD VICTORIAN COLLOQUIALISM, IS THAT "YOU ARE PRESUMING TO INSTRUCT ME IN A SUBJECT THAT I AM A MASTER AT." IN OTHER WORDS, IF I WOULD RING UP BOBBY FISCHER TO INSTRUCT HIM ON THE SICILIAN STRATEGY, THEN I WOULD BE "TEACHING HIM TO SUCK EGGS" BECAUSE HE IS OBVIOUSLY MORE ADEPT THAN I. AND UNLESS I AM MUCH MISTAKEN, THE COMPLETE REMARK IS "YOU ARE TEACHING YOUR GRANDMOTHER TO SUCK EGGS." AND THAT'S ENOUGH EDUCATION FOR THIS ISSUE. IF YOU HAVE ANY FURTHER QUESTIONS, GO ASK YOUR GRANDMOTHER. BK 7]

CHARLENE, I EXPECT THAT IF I WOULD EVER COME ACROSS SHANGRI-LA, I WOULD FIND A MACDONALDS BEING ERECTED THERE... (1109 PACQUIN, COLUMBIA, MO. 65201

KEN SCHER

PEOPLE HAVE VERY ODD ATTITUDES TOWARD RATS. AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THE LETTERHEAD [CROWN SANITARY CHEMICALS CO.], I WORK FOR A CLEANING SUPPLIES COMPANY. AMONG OUR CUSTOMERS IS ONE OF THE LARGER SUPERMARKET CHAINS IN THE NYC METROPOLITAN AREA, AND WE WERE RECENTLY CALLED INTO ONE OF THEIR STORES THAT WAS INFESTED SO BADLY WITH RATS THAT THE EMPLOYEES WERE REFUSING TO GO INTO THE APPETIZING AND BUTCHER'S FREEZERS IN THE MORNING BECAUSE OF THE RATS THAT

POURED OUT. THE MANAGER FINALLY CALLED US IN AND SHOWED US, AMONG OTHER THINGS, LARGE MELONS AND CANTELOPES THAT HAD BEEN LITERALLY HALF-EATEN AND STREWN ALL OVER THE FLOOR. YET DESPITE THE FACT THAT THE STORE WAS IN DANGER OF BEING CLOSED AND THE EMPLOYEES WERE DEATHLY AFRAID OF THEM, THE RATS WERE REGARDED WITH FAMILIARITY: THERE WAS "BIG BEN" IN THE MEAT DEPT., "SARAH & THE FAMILY" IN APPETIZING, ETC.

THE SITUATION WITH THE DIFFERENT SYSTEMS OF ROYALTY/NOBILITY ARE FAIRLY SIMPLE, I THINK: THE FRANKISH "COUNT" WAS THE EQUIVALENT OF THE ENGLISH "EARL PALATINE." COUNTS ARE FRANKISH, WHILE EARLS ARE ANGLO-SAXON. WHEN THE NORMANS TOOK OVER ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND, THEY SIMPLY ADAPTED THE SYSTEM EXISTING, RATHER THAN INTRODUCING ANOTHER TITLE. IN ANY CASE, THE WIFE OF AN EARL IS A COUNTESS, SO YOU COULD FAKE IT. (3119 MOTT AVE., FAR ROCKAWAY, NY 11691)

"THIS IS THE SEAL OF ENGLAND -- DON'T LOSE IT OR THERE'S NO MORE ENGLAND, AND WE'LL ALL HAVE TO GO BACK TO NORMANDY."
- KING HENRY TO BECKET IN WALLIS BECKET.

[SOME OLDE LOCS THAT WUZ HIDING..]

JONH INGHAM

FOR SOME REASON #13 LANDED ON MY DINING TABLE INSTEAD OF INTO THE FANZINE PILE, SO AFTER A COUPLE OF DAYS ADMIRING THE PAGES' VEINS AND INSPECTING THE COVER FOR SOME NEW SHADING TRICKS TO STEAL (AN EXCELLENT COVER, BY THE WAY, ONLY I WISH STEVE HAD PARODIED S. CLAY WILSON'S STYLE MORE. CAN'T YOU JUST SEE TED WHITE WITH SCARS, TATTOOS AND POKED OUT EYE?), I PLOPPED DOWN IN FRONT OF THE TELLY AND PERUSED THE PAGES WHILST WATCHING THE BLOB COINCIDENTALLY ENOUGH. [WE ARE PICKING UP THIS LOC IN PROGRESS AS I JUST RETURNED TO CUTTING STENCILS AFTER A SIX OR SO MONTH HIATUS. AND JONH, THIS FUCKIN STENCIL HAS DUST ON IT! ALL OVER IT. PLUS THE TYPER IS ON THE FLOOR, WHICH IS A PAIN IN THE ASS BUT IT WILL BUST THE TRAY TABLE IF I TRY AND SIT IT UP THERE. NOW BACK TO YOU, JONH, ALREADY IN PROGRESS..] I CAN READ AND WATCH, SEW AND WATCH, DRAW AND WATCH. WHEN THEY INVENT AN ENTIRELY SILENT TYPER, I TYPE AND WATCH. (ACTUALLY, R. MELTZER DOES NEARLY ALL HIS WRITING THAT WAY. ONLY DRUNK AS WELL.)

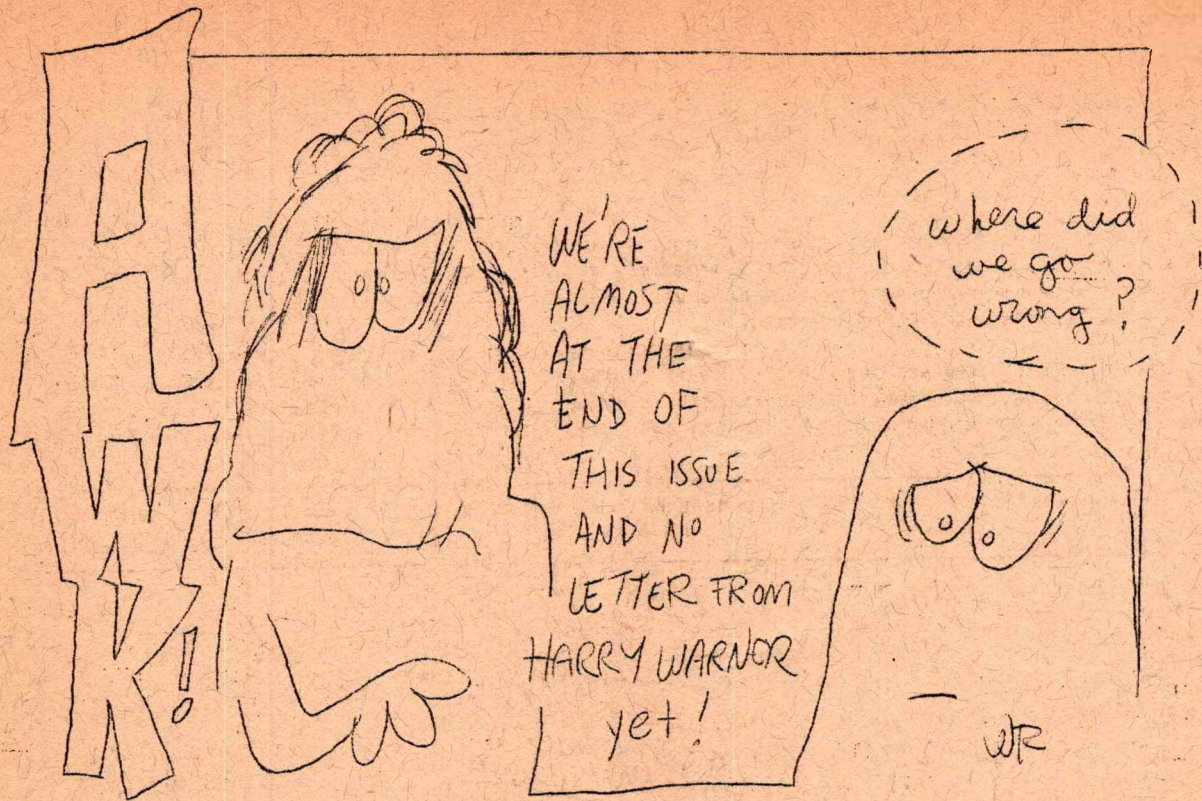


HE WAS SUCH A TOTALLY INSIGNIFICANT FAN THAT BILL KUNKEL WOULDN'T EVEN SPIT ON HIS GRAVE!

AK

CY CHAUVIN

WHAT A LOVELY, FUNNY FANZINE HATS! IS -- AND RAY NELSON'S ARTICLE IS THE PRIZE OF THIS ISSUE, METHINKS. HE CERTAINLY PAINTS A PICTURE OF WHAT (I THINK) I WOULD LIKE TO SEE HAPPEN. BUT I DON'T THINK BICYCLES WOULD BE TOO GREAT UP HERE IN MICHIGAN IN THE WINTER-TIME; I CAN JUST IMAGINE MYSELF PEDALLING TO WORK AMID THE SNOWDRIFTS AND FREEZING RAIN. BUT ACTUALLY, SOMETHING QUITE SIMILAR TO RAY'S BICYCLE SOCIETY ALREADY EXISTS, AND RIGHT HERE IN MICHIGAN; HAVE YOU HEARD OF MACKINAW CITY? IT'S ON A SMALL ISLAND OFF THE TIP OF MICHIGAN'S LOWER PENNINSULA, AND ALL CARS AND TRUCKS ARE BANNED; SO YOU HAVE TO WALK, RIDE A BIKE, OR TAKE A HORSE. I VISITED IT LAST SUMMER, AND IT'S FAIRLY NICE, ALTHOUGH THERE ARE TOO MANY TOURISTS, AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT. MOST OF THE BUILDINGS ARE QUITE OLD, AND VICTORIAN IN STYLE, WHITEWASHED, THE WHOLE WORKS.



LETTERS -- III

HAY NELSON

DID YOU KNOW THAT I ORIGINALLY STARTED DRAWING CARTOONS AND WRITING STORIES BECAUSE THEY WERE CHEAP HOBBIES? ALL YOU NEED, REALLY, FOR WRITING OR DRAWING, IS A PENCIL AND PAPER. MY FRIENDS HAD THEIR ELECTRIC TRAINS, THEIR ROCK GROUPS (OR JAZZ GROUPS AS THEY WERE CALLED IN MY YOUTH, THEIR MOTORCYCLES, THEIR HOT RODS, WATERSKIS, FANCY CLOTHES ETC. ETC. I HAD MY PENCIL AND PAPER.

BUT I FOUND, AFTER A WHILE, THAT THE REWARDS FROM MY CHEAP HOBBY WERE FAR GREATER THAN THE REWARDS FROM MY FRIENDS EXPENSIVE HOBBIES. I HAVE MADE A LITTLE MONEY, THOUGH I NEVER GOT RICH, AND I'VE MADE FRIENDS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

SORRY FOR SUCH A SHORT LETTER COLUMN THIS TIME OUT, BUT I HAVE TO LEAVE FOR ARNIES TO HAVE THIS RUN OFF WITHIN TEN MINUTES. A NEW RATS! OR A DF WILL FOLLOW WITHIN TWO OR THREE WEEKS, HOWEVER, CONTAINING WHATEVER WAS LEFT OUT OF THIS ISSUE, INCLUDING JOHN BERRY'S TRUCKING AND LETTERS GALORE.

ahh, we can see you!

ray nelson concludes

From the Marxist point of view, (Marx was a good Victorian in many ways) the Puppet Theatre is superior to the TV because it puts the means of production in the hands of the workers.

In optimistic moments, one might hope that the Puppet Theatre could replace TV and movies completely, but if this doesn't happen such movies and TV as manage to survive cannot help but be much better than they are now because of the great well of talent the "bush league", the "fandom", of the puppet movement will provide.

After all, one can always film a puppet show.

Alfred Jarry, way back in 1896, showed that when the puppet show is translated into another dramatic medium, the effect can be almost as good as a real puppet show. - RAY NELSON

EDITORIAL CONTINUED

on sight . And well more and more I wanted to publish a fanzine that was different. My interests were changing my focus was wanting to shift and so this is the beginning of that shift.

FANCY PANTS It looks like Richard E. Geis is indeed back. don't it? His new diary-format fapazine, RICHARD E GEIS was one of the few new and fascinating fanzines to turn up during 1972. Richard leads what one might call a very dull existence -- lives at home with ma, reads mail and for a while was involved with a neurotic fat woman who he wrote letters to and talked with on the phone and who he couldn't make up his mind about. We were beginning to worry about him for a while. thought he might go all the way -- move into a giant sock or something in an attempt to return to the womb (#11/7/72 C-- called. Told her not to call me while I'm in my sock. She sounded upset about something -- her husband I suppose -- and she made wild threats. She said unless I agreed to live with her she would eat her child. I told her it sounded like a good idea. Mom has promised to knit me a matching sock for Xmas.*) But the really fantastic thing about REG is not contained in any of its individual parts, but rather in the whole concept of a diary fanzine that he is selling for a dollar a copy and out of which he hopes to make a comfortable living. If anybody can do it. he can.

INSTANT EGOBOO: Good stuff from Other People's Fanzines: White Dot Habit, by Grant Canfield (MOTA); Infinite Beanie Terry Carr (FOCAL POINT #35); Calvin Demmon's Cheese Sandwich in that same FP and Meltzer's The Old Bottle Cap Pandango in SYNDROME 1.

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CONT. I am picking us up now quite some time later. It is 1973 and I am still weak from a week long case of the newly-arrived English Flu. I am eager to get this issue of RATS! finished and hope to complete this editorial and the letter column and have it run off by the end of January. This necessitates that everything from heré on in be first-draft.

As to what's new. well. I got me a Gibson SG standard which I like better than their new Les Pauls. and we picked us up a stereo and a color tv. which is fine watching especially when you stare at the tube as much as I do. And we got us a pussycat whose Christian name is Fleur, but who is known as the Infamous Stinky Beans, and she is a behavior problem. Plus Charl doesn't wanna edit RATS! any more so that's why there ain't no Ploy in here. Maybe I will change her mind. or at least get her to write for me on occasion. Guess that's it. No. one more thing, Greg Shaw has been sending me copies of a new rock mag he's editing. or co-editing. PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE. and it's a winner. One of their best features is a section of concert reviews. set up much like the more familiar lp critiques. This coincides with a whole buncha groovie new records I've been getting like "Do Ya". "You're So Vain" (just the single) "All The Young Dudes" (lp too) "Elected" and all the stuff Slade is doing. Like Frank Lunney told me at the New Years Eve party a cupla nighta ago (yea, we wuz sick. but we attended thru our tears and it was a good one), he seen em live and sez: "They're gritty."

And then there's that series of

concerts ABC is broadcasting on Friday nights. They do the visuals and if you like, you can listen to the music in stereo over the local ABC FM radio outlet. While watching the first great concert, I jes knew I wuz watching history being made. I mean, how can you beat sitting in your own living room, your stereo up full blast, tv on and Alice Cooper liver than they'll ever be getting it on and doing it well. Fantastic! I love AC music, it makes me remember how much I hated my parents. And during the break in "School's Out!" Alice steps offstage, looks at the camera(man) and lays it on em: "Hey, some kinda people been saying that me and ma bboys are --" a pause "-- FUNNY boys!" A deadly silence. As if on command the audience would rip whoever said such a ridiculous thing limb from limb. And then he shifts gears and coyly asks: "Isn't that silly?" And wham, the band shifts again, back into "Well we got no x choice!..." and ain't it swell? Some kinda monster balloons, fantastic giant color globes come a cascading down over the band and into the audience who are by now half bomby. Wotta show!

There were even other people too! Curtis Mayfield and his junkie jive. He actually did a "Pusher" song which is frankly an absurd thing to do. Still painting pictures of some snake-like monster pusherman which is bullshit. Oh higher up, maybe, but the guy who is dealing on the streets ain't nothing but a junkie with a monster jones (and maybe an old lady's monster jones too) to support. He ain't no devil. Jim he's jes another lost soul.

I didn't get to see the second of the Kirschner-produced shows, but I'm told it wasn't as good. I can imagine. The Allmans (I don't like em) and Chuck Berry (playing with himself -- oh how the mighty have fallen!) and Poco, who I hear are good live.

An alternate method of operating your standard issue blowgun is to suck hard on the end and then yank your head out of the way real fast. This technique is not recommended.



power square -- VIII

The last one I saw was ONE TO ONE, a benefit that starred the Lennons -- that's what it came down to anyway tho what with the rush to hog the credit I'm sure more than one of the participants might dispute that. The prelims included Sha-Na-Na (who by now just bore the shit outta me), Roberta Flack (ditto) and Stevie Wonder (who is always on stage too fuckin long and who is a drag and a half.). Of the three I guess Sha-Na-Na were best who obviously feel they can stretch a novel idea into an aesthetic staple.

The Lennons now tour with Elephant's Memory, a local NY band who dress up with typical jes-one-of-the-street-people-aplayin-in-thee-band elan, and who have a lead guitarist with a tendency to get dramatic about basic Keith-Richard riffs. John has still Got Something, despite the increasing lameness of his lately trips, but his wife is like a blot on the screen that never goes away. They did some good stuff -- Hound Dog was fine, as was Instant Karma, still one of John's best songs. By the time they got to Give Peace A Chance, it looked like everybody in NYC was on stage. Two-thousand fuckin people -- and every one of them is trying to steal the show and failing. It was like being a talent agent in a Gene Kelly musical tripping, and trying to fight your way thru yer anteroom filled with ballet dancers one-man bands and untalented children being goaded onward by fat stage mommas. I kept expecting Jimmy Durante to appear in a circle in the upper right hand corner of the screen and make with a: "Everybody wantsta get inta da act!" Melanie, Phil Spector, David Peel, Allen Ginsburg, Stevie Wonder, Geraldo Rivera, one of the retarded kids they were holding the benefit for (he banged a tambourine) and I kept looking for John Lindsay with a mop on his head.

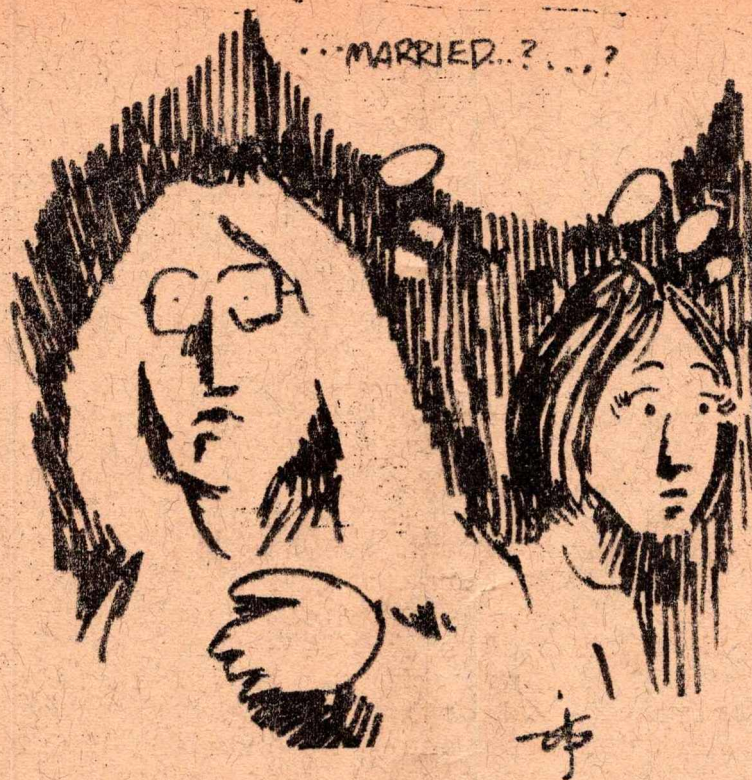
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THE JUNKIE IN THE 1970 was the year for junk boy. The heat was not
REVOLVING DOOR STORY so bad yet and black dealers were at long last
beginning to sell to White kids and were those kids
ever Ready. The psychic dues of the acid years had to be paid and too many
frazzled heads on street corners were strung out searching for a womb to
crawl into when sooner or later somebody came to school with a two dollar
bag (they still had them back then) and those inveterate cokies just
sniffed that shit right up for lost loves and death games. Playing the
Lookit-the-poor-kid-he's-a-junkie riff and by the time you got around to
getting tired of running through the paces you found out that here was
something you had been told the truth 'bout.

It had your soul.

Like the most beautiful foxy woman in the world and you can't leave her cause she holds your soul and you hate her cause you can't afford her any more but you want her on the other hand more than anything. Anyway, you wanna be dead and this here's sumthing has all the advantages and none of the drawbacks. You can't take no gimmicks to heaven.

By 1972 the drug had become methadone. There was almost no dope on the streets and the programs offered to maintain you for free even if you were lucky enuf to get on a City program and even if you weren't, it was only just \$20 a week cheaper than any habit and you needed but one fix a day and you could start living again -- at least to a certain extent.



There was however one very big problem.

The history of medical treatment of addiction is one of mammoth blunder followed by mammoth blunder. After the synthesis of morphine, it was used to, of all things, cure opium habits! And when they synthesized heroin they used that to cure morphine addicts! And while methadone is a practical maintenance opiod, it is extremely addictive taking months to detoxify from. Also, since the dope famine took root, traffic in illicit methadone has grown incredibly forcing ridiculous restrictions on its dispensation (two trips a week to the clinic to obtain it -- this if you have a job (tho it's anybody's guess how they expect you to keep it what with having to take two days a week off to go down there!) -- and those on medicaid have to make daily sojourns. Drag!).

However, back in the Spring of 1971, at a series of House hearings on Narcotics related crime and addiction therapy, the Government was informed of the existence of a drug that might have solved a lot of problems, stopped quite a few crimes and saved many lives.

Amid the usual bullshit testimony by Phoenix House-types (who insist on treating addiction as a psychological rather than a metabolic problem) testimony was given by a number of medical persons with regard to a new drug, at that time called "Perse" that by all odds, is the miracle drug the world has been waiting for. Metabolic addiction cures are not exactly new. William Burroughs spoke of apomorphine over fifteen years ago, and a number of European countries utilize similar chemicals in drug treatment. How these drugs work is this: Heroin and similar opiates are alkaloids, that is a small portion of a protein which doesn't develop a specific antibody when injected. Rather the body develops a steroid which combines with the

power square -- X

alkaloid in the system. The steroid, however, is produced in too great a number I assume because the alkaloid is not specific. The metabolic treatment simply eliminates the excess steroid.

This was back in '71, and Doctor Casriel, who spoke of Dr. Revici's Perse, had brought with him statistics of the cure rate which was 100%. At that time, the drug had experimental status in New York State but had not yet gotten approval from the FDA. When I spoke to Dr. Walter Rosen some weeks ago (he is also connected with the project) that approval was still forthcoming.

Perse is now called Bionar, by the way, and I still want to know why the FDA is dragging its feet in approving the drug. My own theory is that the status quo i.e., the methadone maintenance system, is preferable to the government in that they know where the addict is and what he is doing and they are seeing his urine every week and they know he is not using dope (it would avail him nothing even if he did -- methadone produces so much steroid that even massive doses of heroin or morphine have no effect on the addict). I am sure they prefer this to a system wherein the addict might walk in to an office, be detoxified by Bionar or whatever, and walk right out, perhaps to start up his habit again and needing a smaller dosage to get off.

This of course is all conjecture. What is not conjecture tho is that dudes are dying every day because this drug has not been approved and that sounds pretty fucking nasty to me.

Bionar, by the way, has some other interesting properties. For example, a small dosage produces instantaneous sobriety. Get juiced up and falling down, take a pill and drive home straight as an arrow. It would obviously serve also as an invaluable aid in the treatment of alcoholism.

I've been interested in this drug since reading that House testimony a year and a half ago -- if you think you might be interested, the two books are titled: "Narcotics Research, Rehabilitation, and Treatment" Serial # 92-1, two parts, and it's fascinating reading.

And, hey, I'd kick up a fuss if I wuz you.

I got a bit more to say on the subject, but in lieu of some information I'm waiting to collect, and an interview I'd like to do, I'll let it slide for now, but I hope to have the data by next issue.

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And now before we leave you, I have a few fanzine reviews here to make with a flash finish:

Let me set the scene: two ayem and WPLJ has yakking over the phone and NO MUSIC and I was sitting in the kitchen eating pancakes and I wanted something to read and I grabbed and I came up with -- MOBIUS TRIP. I winced and thought a bit and that yakking was drivin me nuts and I was considerin calling up the guy and saying: "Lister you are talking a lotta horseshit there."

But what about MOBIUS TRIP you ask. Well, frankly, it's a stinker. 15 issues -- third annish and we get things rolling with a cover by Terry Jeeves that doesn't eat as much shit as you might expect but is still no winner by a long shot. Ugly contents page, I might add &

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power square -- XI

layout in general is depressing. Hey -- no wonder that yakking is so annoying it's Alex Bennet that stiff. I can't figure out for the life of me why editor O'Connor has double-spaced his columns -- creates the effect of an issue of SKYHOOK disfigured (perhaps a la THE HYPNOTIC EYE?) by sulphuric acid. Not a pretty sight. His choice in illos is not bad, tho if you don't mind that none of it blends with the layout and he hand stencils them so heavily that the thick concentration of mimeo ink along the lines begins to spread out (like Pride Of The Farm vs Heinz, or better still a Schaeffer ink cartridge pen pressed against a blotter or toilet paper.) Also he is so stingy with his double spacing that the two columns collide in nine outa ten places.

In This Issue: Paul Walker interviews somebody named James Schmitz and Don Brazier serves up another portion of his rapæer-like wit. Old time great Walt Liebscher also turns up, but alas this is a pedestrian performance. Walt hits the mark with his bitter-sweet ruminations on his life and times as Walter Brennan's valet, but misses when he turns to a series of political kvetches a la Elliot Gould. There is a Randall Larson con report which helps me to figure out how I managed to remark in publishing Arnie Katz' Moreascon report that nobody seemed to do con reports anymore when in fact as a score of letter writers informed me millions were written. My eyes just sorta slid over this fanciful yarn and my brain never connected. Plus still more!! Jack Wodhams with something called "A Caricature Or The Fabled Parousia" that might be drawings. If that's the case then this guy shoulda stuck with stick figures at age eight. If I may be permitted so bold an observation. And there's more. but why go on? Pages and pages of book reviews and letters from batty old ladies and people with names like "Mark Mumper" and "Harry Warner, Jr." This fanzine never fails to amaze me. Every time an issue shows up I check out how thick it is and I always say: "Look, there's gotta be something in here worth reading." There never is. (C) Condemned!

And MOTA is what you would call a rising young fanzine on the way to Big Things. It is almost invariably overpraised by Those People Wot Count and it is drawing more top quality material with each issue. and one of these fine days it might just begin to look as good as it reads.

Hard tho this may be to swallow, folks. MOTA suffers more than any other fmz I can think of (cept maybe that zine Brad Balfour & Mike McNerny did for a while) from a bad appearance. It's getting better, however. This latest issue (#6) has a great cover (MOTA gits good covers) and a pleasant looking title page (cept for that electrostencilled presstype "ó" that follows "number" in the colonhon. The first ten times I looked at it I thot it wuz a blob of ink. Not too clear.) And the heading for Perry's editorial (Perry keeps this short by the way -- I dunno, he's a pretty damned good writer for other people but not for hisself it seems) isa stinkeroo. Following is the heading for a pretty good LeeH-letter-turned-article done with that same awful looking presstype (this wuz what tipped me off that that blob in the colonhon might be a letter or number). Also an unappealing head for Creath Thorne's downbeat sometimes-silly sometimes-pointed column and finally (phew) a good one for Grant Canfield's "The White Dot Habit." This is, incidentally, only one of the funniest pieces I've ever read in a fanzine and if you don't have a copy of thish then run right out and git yourself one! I must admit that I find Grant's writing incredibly uneven, but this one, which he also illustrated is a peach all the way.

CHANGES What else? Since the final...
page of Power Square was
typed so much has happened that I
wouldn't even attempt to chronicle
it. "Fafia" -- a word you don't see
much -- sums it up best. I have
just finished a four month stretch
of intensive rehearsals with a new
(partly) band and as I type this
(a Monday evening somewhere in the
middle of February) our debut waits
two evenings hence. As of Thursday,
who knows. I may find myself a full-
time fan editor again. But other-
wise, I'll jest hafta do what I've
been doing -- essentially, keeping
fanac in perspective (I love doing
this fanzine, but it doesn't seem
able to support me. I love playing
rock and roll, and it is capable.
So there it is.)

Also I got all
these fuckin hats and I wear one for
a while and something, a little
thing maybe goes wrong, and right
away I'm telling myself, 'well, that
isn't me real hat anyway, this
other fucker here is." And in my
head I'm all these things: writer,
drawer, musician, and I wasn't being
any one of them worth shit so when
I invested my hard-earned (that is,
earning it near to put me in the
booby hatch. I just quit the Ceramic
Shop.) moolah into a Gibson SG, a
Fender super-reverb and a Bruce
bottom with two 15" Lansings, I said,
until this clearly stops working,
I'm a musician who dabbled in other shit and that's how it's gotta be.

How-
ever, Charlene is finished with other than social fanac, and this is my fmz,
which means forget the fuckin schedule. We've both kept up social ties, tho,
and the both of us have been enjoying going to Arnie & Joyce's more than
ever lately. It's like getting away from what occupies our time otherwise
and it's nice.

I haven't written anything, not even a letter that I can
recall, in months, and if this seems rusty that's why. I realize this is-
sure is shamefully late, but all this good material kept coming in and I
knew in the back of my head that it might be long long long before the
RATS! after this and I didn't want it to mildew or sumthing so here it all
is

I can't promise anything, but even if this band works as well as I
think it will I will try and make time for the editing of future issues.
Besides, I have a bunch of really great John Dowd covers to use and being
the way I am I'll never let them go to waste.

