
This is GREEN MUSHROOMS, Volume 1, Number One, Whole number 1, published for
apa f # 17 by Mike McInerney, and rich brown. This is a combined issue because
we are too exhausted after the Lupoff's break thelease party to do more than
a half page each. In fact we are so tired (and out of paper) that Ted White
will be running this off. So this is a qwertyuiopress duplicated zine. Our
address is 268 E. 4th St., NYC, NY. Phone number is GRue 3-8230. Oct 23, 1964.

MIKE HERE wishing he had all sorts of fabulous things to say, but he doesn't.
He likes to write about himself in the third person. It gives a distinctly weird
feeling. It's sorta like listening to someone talking about you, without them
knowing that you can hear every word they say. I don't think I'm going to ever
do much writing in the third person about myself, since I might overhear myself
saying something about me I wouldn't like. Like in the Bob Dylan song "Talk-
ing John Birch" where he pretends to be a rabid John Bircher who after invest-
igating everyone else and condemning them, starts to investigate himself. He
comments on his introspective interrogation by saying "I hope I don't find
out anything!"

The cover or backcover this time was drawn by a guy I work with. He came over with
two or three other people from Bookazine last Sat. and we sat around singing
and playing (on kazoo and harmonica and guitar) blues and folk songs. While he
was here rich showed him how to draw on stencil and this drawing was the result.
For the first time the guy had ever seen a stencil it is pretty good. Particu-
larly since this is a completely on stencil illo. No preliminary sketches were
made. Hope you like it and hope we can get more.

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rich brown, here, wishing he had all sorts of frabjous things to
say. But even if I did, I probably wouldn't feel like saying them
now; I guess I'm not used to working. Hoog, am I ever not used to
working. (As most of you know, I'm not a *Professional* typist,
just like Dave Van Arnam -- that's why there aren't any tpyographi-
cal errors in this.)

The Crudzine Quarterly (the fanzine of entrenchant humor --
you dig?) isn't appearing in this mailing because Mike and I both
thought either a) we had paper or b) the other would get paper
if we didn't have it to begin with. Both assumptions are based on
a single False Premise: the conceptualization that either of us
has a lick of sense. (That's philosophy for this mailing. Or...
um, perhaps that is a False Premise, too.)

Since I have a little space here, I think I'll make a point
about Ayn Rand that I've been trying to make to Frank Wilimczyk
since he and I started discussing the subject. I'm an Ayn Rand
fanatic, I say; but perhaps I've been phrasing it wrong. Rather
than let the mix-up continue, let me restate that by saying that
I believe in the philosophy espoused by John Galt, Hank Reardon
and Francisco Domingo Carlos Sebastian d'Anconia in Atlas Shrugged.
I am therefore unbothered (probably to the point of indifference)
by anything Ayn Rand may have said after that. Or Nat Brandon, for
that matter. Boy, I wish I had some frabjous things to say...

:: QWERTYUIOPress