

RATS! 1

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from Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st Street, Glendale, N.Y. 11227
...sent to a select few (Everybody, probably) with GNK
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Hi! Again. You sure as hell didn't expect this, did you? RATS is a 2 page opinion sheet to be distributed with GNK whenever that is pubbed, or monthly. Means of getting it are as stated above. RATS will be chock-filled with my opinions on various things of great or little or no significance, film reviews, record reviews, fmz mentions, whatever. Mightaswell sub.

RECORD Dept.: The exact origin of a fad is usually easily determined. It's either concocted in the mind of a Mad Ave. writer, begun by someone of significant stature who is oft imitated in whatever he/she/they do, or is genuinely ingenious, thereby capturing the easily snared interests of a bored-to-death public.

The final choice usually produces the best result, in as much as the fad, or idea, must be significant in itself, and not be owing it's achievements to someone or something other than itself. And, neath that load of obfuscation, does squat the point of this section, namely: A good fad has birthed a lousey one.

THE BEATLES were, perhaps, the most original artists in modern pop music. They had no other accomplishments to lean upon, and did every successful thing themselves. Of course, you must accept them as a fad, with neither their basic originality nor their music likely to be forever treated with sacred reverence.

Still, fad or no, they were original, clever and self-accomplishing.

They expanded and expanded, for a while swallowing up the vast majority of everything recorded for the teenage set. Their very composition, in fact, of drums, bass, rhythm and lead guitars, has become a foundation of countless amateur and professional "groups" throughout the nation.

And they did continually grow, reaching their peak with a flip-side song, ELINOR RIGBY, a striking and noteworthy ballad to loneliness and the masses. Unhappily, tho, this massive step forward from silly R&P was not aped by their admiring throngs.

No, they waited for the coming of --PSYCHEDELIC MUSIC-- and it keeps on coming.

STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER, by Lennon & McCartney (plead innocent concerning all misspellings) was the first widely accepted song of that genre. Mildly impressive, audio sound effects produced elastic-like expansions of a simply melody supposedly created a free (or is it 'unhindered'?) feeling, such as is induced by the "mind-expanding" drugs. What it in truth produces, is acute naseua. The sound impressions claim to allude to a feeling of (as the song states) "...nothing to get hung about.")

But imitators upon imitators arrived at the scene, eager to take a poor thing and make it rotten. The result is already too well known. Songs, usually rather bad to begin with, are souped up, given a contemporary-swinging label and are selling fast and furiously. To bad, too bad.

And now there's that awful, whining sitar. Yeah!

SUPERMAN OF OLDE Dept.: I hereby nominate as the bset TV Superman episode, the one with the two clowns: Rollo and Crackers. Rollo is to go through an act for a Daily Planet Telethon, the purpose of which is to raise money for the poor children of Metropolis.

Crackers, unfortunately, is bhad. And arrives on thê spot, KOs Rollo, and takes his place, absconding with the proceeds.

Rollo revives and sets out to capture the evil Bozo. They finally face one another on a fire escape and a furious battle ensues, with both men plummeting toward terra firma for the finale.

---turn---

Superman, however, being only human (er, Kryptonian) must save one and let the other keep going, time being short, so to speak.

Utilizing the wisdom of Solomon, however, he concludes that since one clown was grinding the fingers of the other, to aid him in his untimely fall, the grinder must be Crackers (bhad). He is correct, too! He saves Rollo (good) and they both go to hear the bhad clowns final words.

In a hilarious climax, we've been treated to philosophical insight and moral education.

Comic relief finally comes (as if we needed it) with the epilogue: Rollo going through his uproarious clown act (water from the flower and eating a candy gun, etc.).

Ta daa!

This was television's Golden Age!

Scuse, but I may not have been too, too clear in as much as obtaining every issue of RATS is concerned. It is to be included with every GHK, but this will be pubbed much more frequently, so if you want every issue, send so many stamps.

Tanx.

All cross the nation this week, grumbles and shrieks and even fists were raised up in the most massive display of general discontent with war ever heard. These folks are crying out loudly and incessantly for an end to the war -- a war of stupidity and stubbornness. They won't fight.

It's basically simple.

No more do we hear the shouts of "amor patriae" -- the parent of all struggles. Nationalism and stupid patriotic garble have caused every war so far fought in the recorded history of mankind. And away goes the ignorance of, "My country - right or wrong!"

Adament ignorance.

So listen, now comes a time of personal patriotism -- not cowardice. A time when a man must, "to himself be true!" . ----And when this morning dawns, the night of war will quick fade away for good.

Hope I'm shaking some windows and rattling a few doors. Probably not. But Bob would like me for it anyway.

As announced in SF WEEKLY, the Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction will begin a lettercolumn next year. Letters will be concerned mainly with Book Reviews.

I publicly announce that I have not be paid the \$5.50 money for the NyCon Banquet Ticket I did not recieve. I have notified the committee in a letter. I shall announce this loudly and frequently until I am paid.

It's not the principle -- it's the goddamn \$5.50!!!!

And that looks like it. So anyways, try subbing. We'll get better. We've got to.

St. Louis in '69! ----- Spender for President!
RATS for the burner!