

HITCHHIKE #20, which you could also call "Volume II, Number One" if you wanted, is published and mostly written by John D. Berry, 6614 Quinten Street, Falls Church, Virginia 22043, those telephone number, which is listed under an obvious pseudonym, is (703) 534-4868. Let it ring several times if you call; this is a big house and there's only one phone, even though it does have a cord long enough that you can go over and turn down the stereo while you're talking or you can go sit on the back porch while holding a telephone conversation. This is a wonderfully bourgeois house. As I begin this, it's a warm Spring afternoon in northern Virginia, and the date is April 21, 1974. I don't really know yet on what basis I intend to distribute this magazine, but you can always ask me and include a few stamps or something to whet my appetite. This is Roach Press Publication #84, for whatever that's worth.

"Kansas wasn't flattened in a day." Terry Hughes

A BRIEF EXPLANATION: HITCHHIKE is a personal journal published for my friends and anyone I think might be interested. Now that's the sort of thing I've been doing for years, but this marks a deliberate point of change for me, an attempt to consolidate a whole bunch of diverse channels of communication into one. It has seemed to me that my writing energy was getting dissipated in all these different fanzines, apas, and assorted publications, no one of which quite reaches the full audience of the people I'd like to reach. This is my attempt to center my communication in writing into one creation, something I can show to anybody who asks me what I'm doing or what I'm into, without thinking about the boundary lines of membership in various separate groups. My recent stuff has pointed in this direction, and I've mulled the idea over for a long time without doing anything about it--being too reluctant to give up the lines of continuity I've established in various areas--but just this afternoon I realized that the only thing to do was to break with my own traditions and do something new. So here I am at the typewriter with a mimeograph stencil nearly filled in front of me.

HITCHHIKE is actually the title that I've used for over two years in a small, private apa that I belong to, which is why this new series begins with number twenty. I just like the name better than any other I've come up with. This first issue will draw on a lot of material I've already written up, over the last couple of months, for small apas or in individual letters, but in the future I doubt I'll keep that up.

The title is appropriate to my style of life; although I'm settled in a house in Falls Church now, when the lease runs out at the end of June I'll be back on the road again, giving a good long satisfying scratch to that old itch to travel that's been building up in me over the winter. We'll see how well I publish a fanzine while traveling.

One thing I want to make explicit is that I will print letters, and I'd like to encourage you to respond to this rag. That's one way to be sure you'll stay on the mailing list.

Now that I've got all the pretentious bullshit out of the way, let's get on to the good stuff.

PUT ON YOUR SAILIN' SHOES: This has been a really nice week, a good one for attempting to get back in the habit I abandoned a year and a half ago of writing up what happens to me from week to week. On Wednesday, I finally went off and did something I've been wanting to do for a couple of weeks. It was a perfectly gorgeous day, springtime warm and without a single cloud in the sky, so I hopped into my van and, pausing only to get five bucks out of the bank and to buy a little gas, headed out towards Harpers Ferry.

I've only been there once before, nearly last spring, but the spot holds a special place of beauty in my mind. The drive out there is pretty nice in itself, once you get out of the Washington suburbs onto country roads; there's a bit of sadness when you pass a brand-new housing development or find that the first thing you see as you come into Leesburg is a McDonald's, but the open farmland, the old roads, and the growing heights of the mountains ahead sweep the suburban life right out of your mind. Virginia is perhaps at its most beautiful at this time of year, on one of those rare January days when the sun shines brightly and the air is warm. On a sunny day in summer, the horizon would be tan and hazy, but after the winter rains it's crisp and clear. The ridges rise covered with a finely-woven web of leafless trees above the farmland of the valleys; few evergreens grow here, but each one stands out as though drawn in colored inks upon the landscape. The dominating tree is the oak: its grey, rough trunk and sharp-angled branches rising out of the earth into the sunlight and ending in a scattered few brown, brittle oak leaves hanging from branch-tips and rustling in the wind.

The old two-lane road that takes you to Harpers Ferry is awfully rough, but there's very little traffic on a weekday at this time of year. After whisking along it for miles, you round a last wooded turn and run suddenly into the larger road that comes along the right bank of the Potomac River. Only a mile or so up river lies the West Virginia border, and a little beyond that the bridge that you take across the Shenandoah to the town of Harpers Ferry.

When I got across the bridge I drove down and parked near the river, where I sat on a fallen tree trunk in the sand and ate the two sandwiches I had brought with me. Across the glittering water rose the side of a forested mountain and at its foot the road I had just left, whose traffic sounds were inaudible except for the occasional truck's roar over the voice of the river. At my feet, little waves lapped at the shore, exactly like the salty waves of a sheltered cove on the ocean.

The town of Harpers Ferry, all historical and old, steeply slanting down to the V of land where the two rivers meet, was almost deserted, since this was the off season for the National Historical Monument. It was better that way. I climbed the old stone steps, up past the old church and the ruins of the older one, stopping to walk on the wooden porch of Harper House (closed like everything else), until I got to

Jefferson Rock. This is a boulder on the shoulder of the hill, from which you can look down on the Shenandoah below you and its confluence with the Potomac a little farther on. If you raise your eyes you can see the combined river flowing down between the hills toward Washington and the flat lands and the sea; if you look the other way, you can trace the course of the Shenandoah as it winds its way back up into its own valley. The view from Jefferson Rock, according to Thomas Jefferson, was worth the trip across the Atlantic, but I had another goal, still higher up.

At the top of the hill lies a graveyard, grassy and sloping, from which rises an irregular cluster of headstones and a few very large trees. I found myself a spot under the largest tree, spread my jacket on the ground, and sat down.

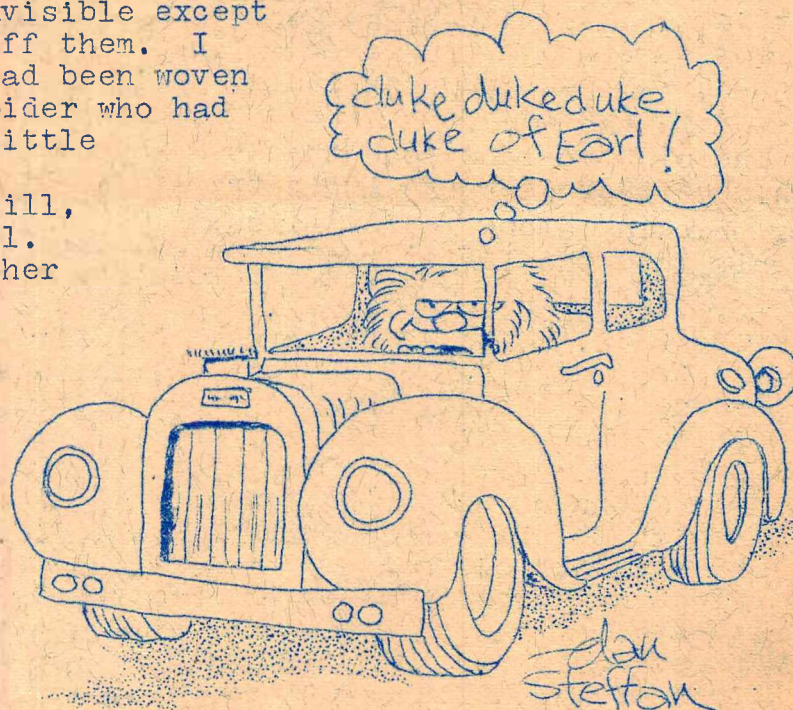
There was no noise except the distant rush of the two rivers below me. I looked into the distance and absorbed the quietness of the day. Far off to the east, my friends were working in office buildings in the center of Washington. Were they aware of the day? Probably only on their lunch hours. I read a few scenes in the book by Jack Kerouac I had brought, feeling a contrast between the frenetic scenes of Bohemian life in San Francisco that I was reading and the quiet hill that I was lying on; for once I could read something about San Francisco and still be content to be just where I was. I lay back and closed my eyes, feeling the sun on my body. The mountain on the other side of the Potomac is the highest on the three river banks, and I wondered how you might climb it. Across its steep face hawks were circling. As I watched, one of them came across the river, to my hill, and began circling slowly over the slope. When he flew close to me, I could see his muscles move and his wings adjust to each gust of wind.

Three times while I was there, freight trains rumbled over the railroad bridge to Maryland and went on their way.

When the sun got near the mountain horizon, I discovered in its slanting light that the entire grassy hillside was covered with a network of tiny webs. Single strands stretched from blade to blade--all over! The webs were invisible except when the sun was glinting off them. I wondered how many of them had been woven by the one tiny ant-size spider who had been climbing up my leg a little while before.

As the air began to chill, I climbed back down the hill. I got into my van, started her up, and drove back across the Shenandoah, back across the Virginia line toward home. The hills and trees were glowing in orange light when I found gas in Leesburg. By the time I got back into Falls Church, I had my headlights on full, and I was getting hungry for dinner.

You'd better turn the page, or you'll be run over.



THE JONI MITCHELL CONCERT: It was a very long experience; I'm always amazed when I go to a concert (which isn't very often) at how much you go through between the beginning and the end. You think you know what it's going to be like after a while, but it changes later, and then it changes again, and then again. This concert was held in DAR Constitution Hall, which is a big, open sort of place, looking a bit like a basketball arena with a stage on one end and seats in rows across the floor as well as up the sides. We were sitting in the next-to-last row along the back wall, which, with my housemate's binoculars, gave us a perfect view. The audience was predominately young and white, with a surprising amount of make-up and slickness. As we were waiting for the lights to go down and the show to begin, there were balloons batted around in the air and there was a lot of visiting back and forth, but it still seemed to me a pretty disjointed audience. I was prepared to have a great time, but things kept ringing untrue to me.

The lights went down and the dope smoke started drifting up to our seats under the ceiling. Out on stage came Tom Scott and the LA Express, Joni's back-up band, to do a set by themselves. I think they're pretty much the same people who back her up on the album, though streamlined and without the odd celebrities such as Jose Feliciano. The band did not impress me. They play a kind of rocking LA jazz, the kind of thing that should have been cooking along just fine but wasn't. They seem like a bunch of LA session men, all very competent at what they're doing, but without any life. The bulk of the audience didn't seem to agree with me, since they cheered the band on and boogied in their seats a bit (not much, though; it was a passive audience). Each time a solo ended, the audience would burst into applause, and I'd start awake, thinking that something good must have just happened but not remembering a note of it. It just passed right through my head, leaving me more and more restless as I wondered what the fuck I was doing there listening to that crap. There's nothing like trying to convince yourself that you're enjoying music that you really don't like. I disliked Tom Scott's appearance, too.

But the LA Express makes a fine back-up band. When Joni finally came out, to thunderous applause, she launched into a set of recent songs with the band backing her up, and it sounded fine. She, however, shook me up a bit. I've never seen enough pictures of her to have a clear impression of what she looks like, but at least in everything I've seen she's looked pretty simple and natural. But she was dressed up in a glittery low-cut gown, and her face was made-up, including one thing that I have always had a particular distaste for, falsely made-up eyebrows. It took me aback, you may be sure. It took me, as a matter of fact, all the way through her first set and the intermission and into her acoustic set to get over the LA-style glitter and see her own personality shining out. She shone through her own façade more and more as the evening wore on, and she was obviously getting really high on a very appreciative audience. Gradually I felt the awkwardness and wrongness of the beginning melt away, and by the end I was in love with the lady and everything she did.

She sang her old songs as well as her new ones, and she didn't fuck around with the old ones the way some singers do. (I'm thinking in particular of the way Dylan murdered his own early songs at the Bangla Desh concert.) She did try new ways of singing some, though. She didn't always use the full range of her voice in concert as she had on record, but she did enough to show us that she hadn't lost any of that range; she just didn't feel like using it then. For her final

set, the LA Express came back out, and she did stuff from her new album interspersed with the old. A couple of times she did little raps between songs--including the story behind "People's Parties," from the album. It was at a transparent party ("The clothes were transparent, the tables were transparent, the floor was transparent, and the people were transparent too"), where she was asked what she thought about humor. "Jesus," she said. "I'll write you a letter, you know?" So a few days later she wrote that song. I wish I could give you the full flavor of what she said, but there's a bare bone or two.

All through the concert, even with the aid of the binoculars, I had a hard time connecting the voice I heard to the person I saw. I still have a certain feeling of division, of not getting the whole person together in my mind. That's what comes of album covers and big concerts.

When Joni walked off stage at the end of the concert, after one encore already, I think, something happened that I've never seen before. The whole audience was standing, applauding and pleading for more, and all of a sudden I realized that there were more lights than just those of a few dope-smokers lighting up. There were hundreds of tiny flames in the darkened auditorium. And it spread, as people realized what the other people were doing; we all began lighting and holding matches, until the whole vast building was gleaming as if with a thousand candles. It was magnificent. It must have made the fire marshal shit in his pants. And Joni came back out for her last encore.

At one point, someone yelled out, "You don't need a band!" A lot of people agreed with him, but Joni said, "Oh, but it's a lot of fun, and they're good, too." Tom Scott, the band leader, is obviously her current love, and the object of the song about falling in love again on the new album. I have the feeling she's lost in LA, but I wish her luck.

One thing I noticed about the direction her music is going: she's leaving the silences out of her songs. Once she played sound off against silence, but in all her recent albums she's been filling in all the cracks and crevices with sound--her own voice, and her band.

By the time it ended, it was a great concert.

INTERLUDE: I just brought my Turkish rug in and laid it down on the floor in my room. The rug had been sitting out on the back porch since last night, because it was so balmy last night that we decided to hold our house meeting outdoors, so the rug has been baking in the hot sun for most of the day. It's the end of April and an amazing 90° with only 28% humidity. The Turkish rug feels toasty warm under my feet.

Helicopter seeds are blowing in my open window and littering my bed. The following, for those of you who like to know such things, was written on March 2.

ARMED ROBBERY: That's what it was, all right. I got robbed at gunpoint last night--or what passes for gunpoint; it could have been just a metal pipe, but I didn't feel inclined to find out. I didn't see it.

What happened was that I was hitchhiking home after a day of working in the city. I'd worked three days, and I'd just picked up my paycheck from Olsten, but the bank it was drawn on was already closed and I had no other way of cashing it in D.C. I had nine cents cash

in my pocket. I was kind of pissed, since I'd thought the bank stayed open until six on Fridays, and I'd counted on cashing the check and-- finally, for what seemed like the first time in weeks--being loose on the city with a fair amount of money. But there I was with an uncashable check, in the middle of Washington during Friday evening rush hour.

I started walking up Pennsylvania Avenue, feeling tired, but as I walked I felt better and better. I've done a helluva lot of walking this week, because I've been working but haven't had any gas in my car nor money for gas or bus fares, so by the end of the last working day of the week I was feeling pretty damn tired. But just the same, I walked all the way up Pennsylvania Avenue and on through fashionable Georgetown, to the Key Bridge. As I walked through Georgetown, I thought about how I could walk into any one of those fancy, expensive restaurants, sit down and eat a fine meal, pay with the American Express card in my wallet, and walk back out on the street with still only nine cents in my pocket. It was such an outrageous idea that I almost did it, just for the hell of it. I wish I had.

Instead, I walked over the Key Bridge, digging the Potomac near sunset, and at the other end of the bridge I checked a phone book to see where the nearest Virginia National Bank was. I could cash my check there, since I have an account at the East Falls Church branch. There didn't seem to be one very near me, but I did notice and remember the address of a branch on Lee Highway, between me and Falls Church, where I'd stopped once before. I was pretty sure that this branch, like mine, had a drive-up window that was open until 7:30. Keep this in mind; it's significant.

So I took up a station along the beginning of Lee Highway and stuck out my thumb. After a while, I got a ride from this European guy in a gorgeous old Mercedes. I think he was Finnish. We had a conversation about how paranoid Americans are about hitchhiking, and about different attitudes toward sex in Europe and America. He was a polite, interesting person. He gave me a ride as far as Glebe Road, where he was turning off.

I was sort of figuring on getting down as far as Falls Church and stopping at my usual bank, which is also on Lee Highway, then hitching or simply walking the mile-and-a-half or so out Westmoreland to home. But when I got left off, I checked the street numbers and realized that it could only be a few blocks to the branch I'd noticed in the phone book. So I started walking up the road.

Sure enough, in a few blocks, there was the bank on my left. Only the drive-up window was open, unfortunately, otherwise I would have gotten some traveler's checks instead of all cash. I wanted to have the money on hand, though, not in my checking account--and I don't think I could have deposited it through that branch anyway. There were two cars at the window, but I stood behind them and quickly went through the line. I handed the endorsed check to the guy behind the window, and he gave me fifty dollars in crisp, new bills, and three ones, a dollar's worth of change, and one silver dollar that he had on hand. I'm just as glad that he had the silver dollar and that I asked for some change; they're all I've got left.

While I was standing there outside the bank, I noticed that there were three or four young black kids playing around in the parking lot. A couple of them were fooling around on a bicycle. They watched me, and they saw me putting the money into my wallet; I wasn't making any particular effort to hide it. I couldn't imagine being paranoid in Arlington County. Anyway, I stuck the silver dollar into my coat pocket

and the smaller coins into my change pocket, and I crossed the street to continue on my way. I felt pretty good about having fifty-odd dollars on me, and I was thinking about the way I could now pay back a couple of people who've loaned me money in recent weeks and have cash for bus fares and to splurge on some wine and so forth. I thought about walking back a few blocks to a Mexican restaurant I knew of, but I was sort of itchy to get home, so I didn't. Another thing I wish I had done.

I walked down to the first bus stop, figuring to hang my thumb out and take whichever came first, the bus or a ride. A few swarms of cars passed without stopping, and then a lone Volkswagen pulled up. It was an old, dark-green bug, with three very young black kids in it. At first I thought they had stopped for the traffic light, but then they motioned to me and I nodded and got in. In the back seat.

They pulled away from the curb, and one of them asked me if I was going straight down the road, to Falls Church. Yes, I told them. He said they were going to James Lee, which is an apartment complex (also sort of a mini black ghetto) in the middle of Falls Church. All three of them, thin, small, nondescript kids, looked entirely too young to be driving a car, but I figured they must just look younger than they were; I'm not much of a judge of ages. I settled back in the seat. I may even have yawned.

The kid in the passenger seat reached down and turned on a radio, very loud. There was a big, hand-made speaker behind the back seat. They exchanged some kind of remarks about either the radio or the music; I wasn't paying much attention. It was a few blocks before the kid beside me in the back seat reached behind him. He turned around, and suddenly he was pressing the end of a heavy metal tube against my jaw.

He said something. I don't remember now what it was.

I sat very still.

The kid who was driving took a sharp right turn up a sidestreet. Meanwhile, the kid with the gun muttered something about "wanting to bust him one just for the hell of it." The one in the passenger seat leaned back over his seatback and, at the direction of the kid with the gun, felt under my thigh for my wallet. "C'mon, lift up!" he said. He pulled out my wallet, then he opened my coat and frisked me quickly. The gun-wielder kept making angry movements and mutterings. "One move, man; one move!"

The driver pulled a quick left and drove for a few blocks. "Get his glasses," said the kid in back. The one up front grabbed my glasses off my face. "Take your hat and jam it down over his eyes." He took off a blue knit cap--a very big one, since it more than fit me--and jammed it down over my head. The car stopped.

"All right--out," they said, or something like that. The guy up front pulled his seat forward and opened the door.

"Why don't you give me back my wallet, man," I said. "You don't need that."

"Get out!"

I climbed out through the door, blindly. They shoved me from behind, and as I was pushing out, the guy in back hit me behind the ear with the gun. It didn't do anything, it didn't even hurt much since he got me squarely on solid bone, but I guess he felt it was the thing to do. Either that or he was just pissed and vindictive.

I got dumped out at the corner of 26th and Quantico, and they drove off. With my wallet and my glasses. I couldn't read the license plate, and I didn't think to try squinting at it before they disappeared.

So there I was. A couple of bucks in change in my pockets. No wallet. Everything looking blurry and getting dark. I was still tired and out of it; the whole thing hadn't seemed very real to me.

I started walking down to Lee Highway, mulling over what to do next. At first I figured that I'd walk to the nearest phone booth, call home, and get somebody to come pick me up. It was too far to walk in the state I was in by that time. But when I got to Lee Highway I found that I was a lot farther along than I'd realized--they had, in fact, given me a ride most of the way to Falls Church, although it was a pretty expensive ride. It was only about a mile to Ted and Robin's house, and almost as far to the nearest pay phone, so I walked to N. Tuckahoe instead.

Ted was home, and pretty surprised when I showed up and told him my story. I called the Arlington County police and gave them a rough explanation, and they told me to come down to the stationhouse. Ted very kindly drove me, but first he heated up some oyster stew and we both had something to eat. I helped the cop on duty make out a report, trying to recall relevant details. There weren't very many. I'm not even sure I could recognize the kids again. It wasn't until the cop started filling out his form and headed it "Armed Robbery" that it all sunk in.

There isn't much more to tell. Ted and I swung by 26th and Quantico on the way to my place, to check the gutters in case the kids had thrown my glasses or my wallet out of the car after they'd gotten the money. No luck. I went home and had a few beers and told my story several times over to different people. Today I'm still not particularly awake, and I've got to wear old, uncomfortable glasses that don't have quite the right prescription.

You know, I can understand somebody stealing your money. I can't afford to lose fifty-three dollars, but it's not that that really gets to me. It's the loss of my wallet, with all its memorabilia and so forth; the loss of my glasses (expensive and comfortable); and the basic violation of my trust. I suppose some people would "learn a lesson" from an incident like that, but I can't say I've learned anything except what it's really like to be robbed. I'm not going to stop hitchhiking, or start hating blacks, or anything like that. I may not be so quick to cash a large check, but that's about it. I'm not even hopping mad at those three kids, although I may be later; I'm usually very slow to anger. I'm just bewildered by them, and I'm depressed by the whole affair.

Around and round it goes,
around the path and up the hill
and down again it goes.

FRIDAY, MAY 2: There I was, all set to sit down and finish writing this fanzine. I had decided to bring the typewriter out to what serves us as a dining room and set the machine on the low, Japanese-style table here, just for a change. The stencil was already rolled into the typewriter. My fingers were poised above the keyboard.

Then the mail came. In it were two apa mailings, each of them a week or so late, and a letter from John Bangsund. Well, not only did I have these two apa mailings to read, but it seems that I am now a member of ANZAPA, thanks to John. He not only offered to pay my first year's dues and to run off my contributions, he also took the first column I wrote for his PHILOSOPHICAL GAS and stenciled it and ran it off as my first ANZAPazine (as well as including it in PG, you understand). And I haven't even seen a mailing yet, nor do I know who the

members are, except for a few of them. It's paradoxical that at the same I am focusing all my scattered writing energies into this sterling publication I am also joining another apa. Yes, it is paradoxical, all right. About the only excuse for it I can give is that AN-ZAPA will give me access to a whole bunch of people--Australian fans, basically--with whom I would like to have much more regular communication than I do now. And that's what correspondence groups are all about, right?

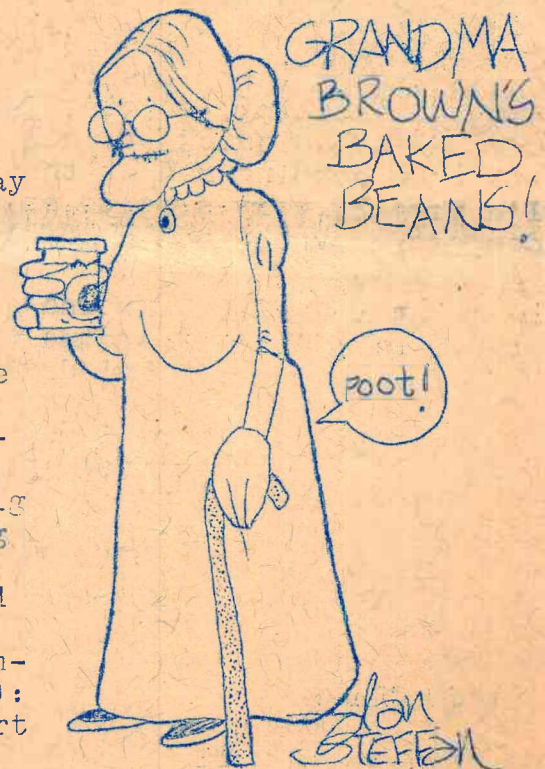
Right. Anyway, here I am giving you freshness and spontaneity with all this first-draft, on-stencil stuff. I can assure you that future issues will be even more on-stencil than this one, when I no longer have old bits I want to reprint for you. The next issue will also include letters, if you get off your ass and write one. (Yes, you.) I'd like to get feedback on what I'm putting into this issue, and I know from experience that I write best myself when I'm responding to something from somebody else. So take this as a hint, okay?

I've filled my body with two or three cups of fresh-brewed coffee, enough to give me jittery nerves and enough to energize me so much that I've gone right on through concentration and out the other side into a scatter-minded place, while at the same time I'm feeling the sedative effects of a most welcome bottle of Prior Double Dark beer. If I can pull all these dissonant energies together for a little while, I'd like to finish this issue of HITCHHIKE today. I'm going to be sending it to virtually everyone I would like to communicate with, whether in response to something that I should have written a letter on or as a first communication with people I would like to know. And I want to have time to do at least one more issue, maybe two, before the lease runs out on June 30 and I hit the road again. (After that, I will publish whenever I have enough to say, from wherever I happen to be.) Each one of you is getting this for a reason, but you may have to figure out the reason for yourself.

FART IF YOU THINK HE'S GUILTY: My only political act so far this year has been to serve up a big potful of free beans to everybody who wanted them at the Impeachment Rally last Saturday. I was one-fifth of the "May Day Fart-In Steering Committee," as my housemates and I dubbed ourselves in the Press Release that we never quite got around to handing out to radio stations in the area.

Originally, we were going to hold the Fart-In on May Day itself or the weekend after, and it was to be a completely independent event. After a while, though, we started hearing more and more about the big Impeachment march and rally that was going to be held in D.C. on April 27, so we decided that we'd simply go to that and hold our Fart-In in the middle of it all. Or, as the Press Release said (when it was composed late one night after too many beers):

"Under the broad-reaching motto, 'Fart for Freedom!' the FART-IN Committee plans to hold its event in conjunction with the April 27 Impeachment Rally, although the



coordinators of the Impeachment Rally don't know this."

We got a bunch of big white sheets of poster board and a set of paints, and we created several outrageous posters to carry in the march. "You gotta fart if you wanna get it out!" and "Make Nixon suck the same bad wind he makes us suck!" were among the more unyielding of our slogans. We told all our friends about the upcoming event, but most of them wisely decided to stay away. Rocky called up several local radio stations and tried to get them to announce the Fart-In, but they refused to take us seriously. I wonder why.

The Impeachment Rally was fairly small as such things go (or used to go, at any rate), and it sounded just like all the other rallies and demonstrations I've been at, only much staler. We got a lot of odd looks and laughs from people who saw us carrying our signs, though, and a couple of different people with recording equipment came up to us and asked us to tell them what was going on. I don't know whether we got reported on as part of WGTB's all-day live coverage of the event or not. We didn't get written up in THE DAILY RAG, either before the event or after, but that's because I never got around to telling them about it; I'm sure they would have loved to print it.

We had fun in the carnival atmosphere that surrounded the actual rally, down at the end of the Mall near the Capitol. We set up our Coleman stove and reheated the pot of beans (all kinds of beans, seasoned at random), then Darbie and Skip went through the crowd, carrying their signs, shouting, "Free Beans! Eat some beans for the Part-In! Come and get it!" I felt good about giving people free food, and I think I may do it again any time I go to another outdoor gathering like that. It's a nice way to meet people, and it's fun.

I think we treated Richard Nixon and the Impeachment Rally with exactly the seriousness they deserved.

CODA: This has been the first generally-available issue of HITCHHIKE.

I've done a bit of thinking about it since the first page, and I think I'll make this available to anybody who writes a letter or sends me an interesting publication of his own or gives me a few stamps and asks nicely. I take no responsibility, however, for remembering to send you an issue if you do nothing to remind me. The artwork in this issue is organically hand-stenciled from the original works of Dan Steffan and myself. Next Issue: Secrets of the Universe Revealed!

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