

RATS!

AUGUST '68

Published when it begins to look like GENOOK will never be pubbed.
Edited and published by Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st Street, Glendale, New York 11227....published monthly, anyway, except for the month that GENOOK comes out. 25¢ per issue, 5 for \$1..... contributions of art or material are gratefully accepted.....



.....

HORSESHIT ::: editorial

Interestingly enough, GENOOK #5, that now enormous and long promised fanzine, is still in the works. And since it begins to seem that it will not be published until mid-August and people are starting to seriously complain, I thought initiating this smaller fmz might be a good idea, because material for the sixth issue is already overflowing here.

Some of you may recall RATS!, once upon a time. It was a two page opinion sheet published frighteningly irregularly. Blah. So I decided to publish a smaller zine now that could easily be assembled and sent out, while still working on GENOOK. In August, since GENOOK is coming out then, no RATS! will be pubbed. But they will be regular for a few months until the next GENK is pubbed and...hell, you get the idea.

.....

I've just been eighteen and went to my Local Draft Board for my Selective Service Card. I knew that they'd certainly want my birth certificate, I mean, not even the Government wants to draft somebody who wasn't born. I also knew that they wouldn't take my word that I was going to college, so I sought proof to the effect. At first I thought of the letter of acceptance, but then realized that the Selective Service would realize that simply possessing a letter of acceptance wouldn't prove I would be going there. So rather, I got together the appropriate slips, approvals and cancelled checks that would show I'd made the first tuition payments. Sure enuf:

"What's this?"

"The appropriate slips, approvals and cancelled checks that will show I have made the first tuition payment to the above mentioned school."

"What is this supposed to prove?"

"That I'm going to that college that I paid tuition to."

"This is proof?"

"Well, I'm not in the habit of paying tuition to schools I'm not going to."

"Don't get flip."

So here I was, probably about to be classified 1-A and the hell with the school, first tuition payments and all. But I guess that's fitting, since if I do go, it'll be on money lent to me by our Wonderful Government, providing I don't think or participate in Student Disorders or spill orange juice on the cafeteria floor.....

HORSESHIT:.....

To Rick Seward and other people I haven't yet answered: I'll send you something just as soon as I can get ~~it~~ OK in the mails. I am terribly sorry.

.....

So after my encounter with the Draft Board, which is recorded in depth on page one if you're interested, I get into trouble with the cops.

By way of resume, there's a local park near where I reside. Now from 7:30 PM on it becomes a very interesting place. A group of plastic hippies sell pot at prices so outrageous only a fool would take it from them on one picnic bench and up against the bathroom wall. Scanning then, to the left, we encounter a select and hard-core group of winos who play basketball for 15 minutes and then consume inordinate quantities of the most excruciatingly cheap wine on the market. They range in age from 16 to 17 to 18. Further on to the left are the old men from the local bars playing softball for cases of beer. In the handball courts sit most of my friends who play handball and get stoned.

It is a very high place.

Yet, in all the time I have been going there, I have never once seen any trouble whatsoever. Yet, the local newspaper has begun bitching about "after hours drinking" in "Our Parks", so our wonderful police have begun gangbusting the place.'

About a week ago my friend is sitting on a swing, a plastic jar of powdered incense in his pocket. Two cops approach and have him empty his pockets.

"What's this shit?"

"Incense."

"Bullshit. What is this. Shredded marijuana?"

"What!?"

"Is this shredded marijuana?"

"No."

"Well give it to me and I'll let you go." (pause as he hands it over) "Now get the hell outa here."

This was very interesting to me, this dialouge was. "Shredded Marijuana", I assume, is like Shredded Wheat, in that you smoke it under milk. So what had happened here? A cop had stolen some incense. It was obviously not grass (and had it been, the jar was so large the confiscation would have been the largest seizure of marijuana in the history of Ridgewood, maybe Brooklyn even). Anyway, the cop returns a week later and starts in again.

"What was that stuff?"

"Powdered incense."

"Don't give me that bullshit. I burned that stuff home. What was it?" and blah, blah, blah.

The very smallness of this incident is almost offensive, I realize, when compared with the average police atrocity.

The next week the cop tries to bust a bunch of us for drinking (get this) beer. They have nothing on us so I persist in asking what we've done. This gets him real pissed off and he finally says:

"I'll take off this badge and shirt and hat and come back here after duty, grab you behind the neck and show you." He tells my friend, "Tell your friend he's a marked man!"

Now paranoia has blended nicely with a sense of outrage, and feeling a little like Richard Kimble and sensing persecution I can even more fully comprehend that the streets AND THE PARKS, belong to the people--not the cops and local newspapers who spend their time worrying about commies in the schools and after hour drinking.

My God! I can electrocute myself if I want, and no cop can stop me. I'm not kidding. I own the streets. I am a people. I own the park. If I want to sit in a handball court and get stoned then I can. YOU ARE THE PEOPLE! YOU!

HORSESHIT ::::

Again, this is a trivial issue in its present form, but it allows one to see with greater perspective, the argument put forth by the Diggers, Yippies, Active-Hippies, Blacks, etc. The Politics of Joy yield, here, to the politics of ecstasy.

Not that Revolutionary politics have mesmerized all of the world's youth--but this concept--giving politics a meaningful dimension--is the first bit of relevant politics to be presented in five years.

-Bill Kunkel

LIBERATE FANDOM!

Record Review:

TAPE FROM CALIFORNIA (Phil Ochs!!!!A&M Records # SP 4148) This is definitely the most poignant and entertaining bit of social commentary to appear here since I last heard Phil Ochs. Yeah.

The lp, as always, so correctly and perfectly defines the "scene" as to cause one to believe Ochs is plotting the whole thing by himself. "The anarchists are rising..." and "...it doesn't take a seer to see, the scene is coming soon," are reflected in Tape From California, the title track. And "Mother Goose is on the loose, Stealing lines from Lenny Bruce, drinking booze and killing Jews," in "The Harder They Fall" in which all established gets a little ridiculous and hazy around the edges and readies itself for a collapse, all incidents being so ludicrous that a fall is indicated as simply the only solution.

"The War is Over" declares another cut, and all the protest might as well. "What has this to do with me?" asks Ochs in the declaration of futility.

But the rhetoric of war is gone over anyway, just for good measure, as the U.S. must realize they are the "White Boots Marching In A Yellow Land," where "a mountain of machinery will fall before a man."

"Joe Hill" has a clever tune (Paul Simon used it on "The Smothers Brothers Show" last season to sing 'The Ballad of Billy the Kid') but a banal subject. The establishment beats down a happy-go-lucky Union man once again, and this time for 7:18 minutes and seconds.

"When In Rome" is, perhaps, the finest song Ochs has ever written. It's long, 13 minutes, 15 seconds, but one wishes it were longer. Sung in first person by a man who consciously exploits and then feels a compulsion to destroy those who have unselfishly helped him. He achieves almost complete subjectivity here, unable to feel rage at his masters who force him to pick cotton, "Who am I to blame?" he asks, knowing he would be the same if positions were reversed. But the character is unable to express appreciation except via violence, ergo, he kills a man offering him a lift and asphyxiates a classroom after they have taken him in as their teacher.

And, sapping song material from Current Events again, the "holy works of love and rhetoric," all fall before the "Floods of Florence", recalling those tragic Italian floods that destroyed all the art treasures of the city.

Ochs always maintains a brilliant perceptive state. He is always seeing things in reality, and is eager to pass out these insights to anyone willing to feel the sense of the song with him.

Recommended. Outasite.

FANZINES

kunkel reviews....Hiatt sues....

First off, let me get this nasty business out of the way....

SOPHISTICATED (#4..Edited and published by Bill Hiatt, 6533 Brairhaven Dr., Dallas, Texas 75240..let me quote "This magazine is completely free in all aspects of the word. Money will be paid for all!!!! contributions (including letters) and the authors will receive a life-time subscription." ...) To contribute to this fanzine and be in the position of life-time subscriber by accident is one thing, but only a masochist would soberly perform such an act. This is easily the worst fanzine I have ever seen.

The cover for this issue is composed of nondescript scetches depicting Adolph Hitler, Laurel & Hardy, Charles DeGaulle and (I think) Walter Cronkite, sticking his tongue out.

The contents page features a crudely drawn banner, bearing the title of the zine, surrounded by a confederate and United Stes flag. Beside this is written: "THEORY: Support your country! Buy American!" And now, having engrossed all students of economics, he presents us with a letter column, entitled, "Dear Ed." One letter is worth quoting:

"Dear Ed,

I am 15 years old and I have your first mag. So entraled (sic) was I with this mag I desided (again sic) to become an artist. How, in your opinion, should I get started in this field. I need you help."

And another:

"Dear Ed,

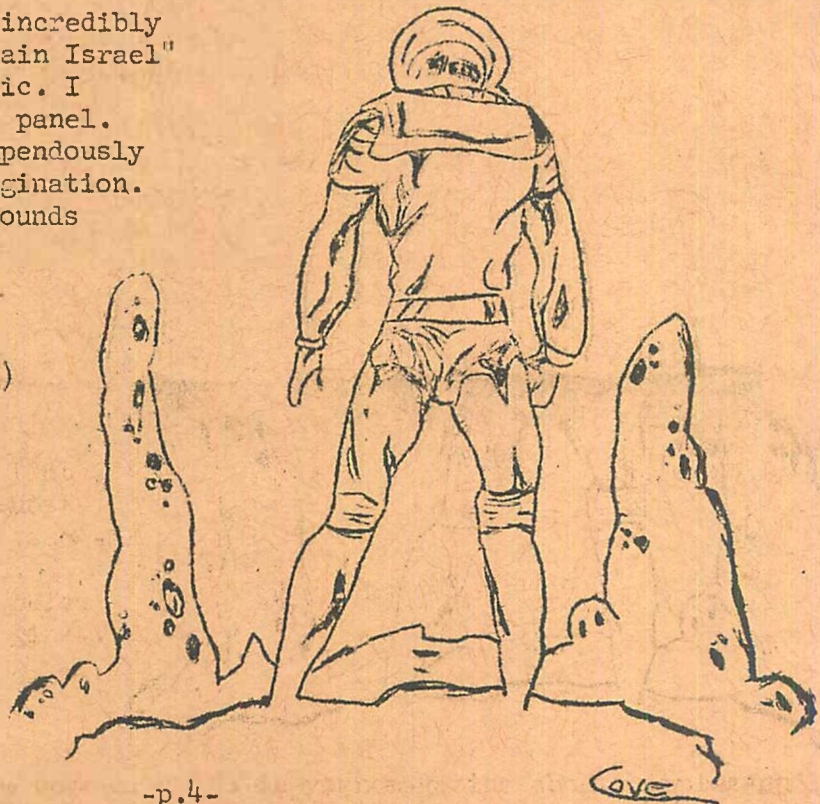
Would you please print some articles in your magazine about hippies and hill-billies and Lsd (sic)?"

The editorial is in praise of Barry Goldwater (sic), and is titled "Defoliate or Die."

The rest of the issue is an incredibly bad comic strip called "Captain Israel" that, I think, is anti-semetic. I haven't read past the first panel. This whole fanzine is so stupendously inept that it defies the imagination. It literally stretches the bounds of crudiness to even greater lengthes.

Oh yes, he is a patriot.

SOPHISTICATED (#5..see above)
Technically improved but almost as awful as #4.
I recommend, however, that everyone in fandom request a copy of the fourth issue-- it is a gem among gems.
It ends up at a point below where everyone else begins.. or something....



FANZINES....

((sorry if this seems like a rush job--but frankly, it is....two days....))

LEFTOVERS (John and Perdita Boardman, 592 16th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11218.. 10¢ per issue, I think...they're away for the summer) Quite good politically orientated fanzine. Some funny spots and some that are terribly tragic. John can write a piece of liberal politics very well. They also publish other such fanzines, mainly to announce things. DAGON is one such.

FANTASY NEWS (#7..Harry Wasserman, 7611 N. Regent Rd., Milwaukee, Wis. 53217.. 35¢ or 3/\$1 or the usual) This filmzine has refined itself considerably and stands up pretty well. Competant reviews, fanzine, film and otherwise and a pretty fair letter column.

KALLIKANZAROS (#4...John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Avenue, Columbus, Ohio..... 43224.....4 for \$1.25 or the regular..35¢ per single copy.) Excellently drawn, layed-out and written, the best item this issue being the transcript of a speech by KurtVonnegut ("Cat's Cradle", "Player Piano", etc.). It is an excellent insight into the mentality of the author--what he seeks and why he seeks it, more or less. Tremendously good, electro'd artwork.

KIPPLE (#148-!-Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore, Maryland 21212....20¢ or trade for similar periodical or the regular) Intelligently written and very interesting political journal with lengthy discourse on a wide variety of topics (don't I love dem ol cliches!). Good letter column and work by John Boardman and Karen Rockow. Fine lettercolumn.

ID (#1....James Reuss, 304 South Belt West, Belleville, Illinois 62221...25¢ or the regular....) Impressive, considering it's a first issue, and that all the art has already appeared in ST. Louis publications. Good review of a Cream concert (they will split up, by the by, at the end of the year). Promising (yes, he does love cliches). And St. Louis in 69 to you to.

ARIOCH! (#3 from Doug Lovenstein, 425 Coolville Rdg., Athens, Ohio 45701.....2 for 75¢ or the regular...) Not quite as good as it should be, going 65 pages and all, but with all that LUV and Gaughan and Foster (etc.) art and an interesting, as always, Ted White column it's fine reading. Recommended. It'll soon be one of the top fanzines.

QUIP (#8...Arnie Katz 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, NY 11040...and Cindy Van Arnam (1730 Harrison Ave., Apt. 353, Bronx, NY 10453..trade (both people) 50¢ or the regular...)Considering all that I'd heard about this fanzine, it's disappointing. I'd never be so ambitious as to send for a fannish zine, but this came in the mail, and, actually I'm glad it did. Columns are pretty good, really. Just about the best fan writers do justice to their reputations. "FM Busby's: One Fan's Beat" seemed terrible, tho, and a piece by Lon Atkins seemed a trifle maudlin. Very good, tho. Yes.

listen to "When In Rome" by Phil Ochs--it's a thousand times better than an American History book.....

what's that? Oh, fanzines...

EN GARDE (#4...edited by Richard Schultz, 19459 Helen, Detroit, Michigan 48234...
.....60¢ or the regular....) Previously a pretty bad AVENGERS fanzine, but now
a quite good AVENGERS fanzine, attractively designed and decorated by excellent
editorial, articles, letters, thoughts, etc.

And even if you hate, I mean loathe, the show (how could you be such a bastard?)
there's some grandiose art by George Foster and others electro-stenciled. So
see that you send for this one. And Mr. Schultz, thank you for sending me three
issues without once having heard from me or without once having been reviewed.
You are a good person.

The magazine is recommended.

Aside from Sophisticated, I'm reviewing only rather good fanzines--I thought the
Soph. business more than would tide over the beasts among you.

"Grr. What's he reviewing now? What? A crudzine? Oh joy!! Oh ecstasy! Kill em, Bill!"

FLIP (#1...from Ed Smith, 1315 Lexington Avenue, Charlotte, N.C. 28203...25¢ an
issue and blah, blah, blah....he would like contributions...) We won't even talk
about ALPHA (oops, sorry, it slipped out...) any more. This is a pretty good
fanzine, and a very good firstish--you made no few friends with what's-it's-name,
the "other" fmz you did.

I have an article herein. It looked much better when I wrote
it. There is a pun so horrible that I shouldn't even mention



ST. LOUISCON

IN
69!

EVERYBODY'S
GOT TO
GET
STONED!

it, and moderately good book reviews. Bob Vardeman
has a surprisingly funny satire on "Voyage To The
Bottom of the Sea" with "Allen the Rutabaga". It's hard to do something funnier than
the show itself.

Ed reviews "2001" and concludes rather differently than did Jim Devlin (I'll be
reviewing the film myself in RATS! #7).

"Fuzzball" is a one-line joke disguised as a piece of fiction. But the one line
joke hits you so unexpectedly that you'll really laugh your ass off. It's the
best thing Bill Costello has ever written for Ed.

There are a few wretched poems, fanzine reviews and a poor column by Roy Tackett.
Some excellently stencilled and very good artwork (by REG, Turnbull and, the best
stuff, by Rick Seward).

Subscribe and contribute to FLIP. It deserves it.

fanzine reviews continue on p.13

To art contributors....naturally, nothing is unacceptable because of subject matter,
as you may have gathered. Future issues of RATS! and GENOOK (beyond #5) will be
extensively electro-stencil. So do contribute. And if you don't respond, by the
way, you may never see another issue. I'm no Richard Schultz. I'm a bastard. bk

FILM REVIEWS ::::::::::

PLANET OF THE APES....(Charleton Heston, Maurice Evans, etc, with screenplay and adaptation by Rod Serling...) reviewed by Bill Kunkel

Rod Serling is, I think, one of the really bad writers of our time. This would not be nearly so horrible a travesty, were he mainstream or unknown, but as he stands, he is identified a bit too closely with science fiction and gives the genre really awful media exposure.

Twilight Zone, of course, had delightful stories by Beaumont and others, but most of Serling's stuff smacked of the preachy and banal (had he done one more story about the Nazi's I might have taken a Greyhound to Hollywood and pugged him). And he was really into the O. Henry bag--cheap twist endings and all. So I thought right off that letting him screenplay "Planet" was a stupid idea, and, as is so often the case, I was right.

He took a competently done book and turned it into big-budget Twilight Zone, replete with awful situation jokes and trite TV gimmicks.

Right down from "Human see, human do" to the crack in the suspended animation enclosure to the horribly contrived ending (very twistish--and ineptly done) it was Serling at his worst since "Assault on a Queen".

And most disappointing of all was the fact that he mishandled even his own climax. For when tension should have been at its highest (we are not yet supposed to know that--guess what?--they're on Earth, kiddies!) the whole thing sagged and got tedious.

The film was most popular with the under-12 set. Nothing more than a high budget adventure flick with delusions of grandeur.

ROSEMARY'S BABY (Mia Farrow, Maurice Evans, Ruth Gordon, Ralph Bellamy..etc.. directed by Roman Polanski) reviewed by Bill Kunkel

This one is a delight! Grand old Gothic horror, a cult of witches, a reverse Nativity (human woman--hardly a virgin--is fucked by Satan rather than an angel.. which is a bit more credible, anyway) and a fantastic dream sequence make this one of the best films to come out thus far in '68.

Polanski displays brilliance by captivating the audience with delightful camera work and a grand screen adaptation, while sticking incredibly close to Levin's original (and often gnarled) novel. Details are in the way, but no one bothers to notice.

A whole slew of excellent performances (Mia Farrow is good!), with only Ruth Gordon turning in a revolting job (she overacts enuf to get a rash). A must see. Terrific entertainment and conclusion that caps a great show.

Oh yeah, and in the scene where they bury Hutch (Evans) watch as the car enters the cemetery and look for two pillars in the background--they belong to the school I just graduated from (gee!). I was there when they shot that scene, by the way, but you won't be glimpsing me, dammit.

-Bill Kunkel

"And the little, old ladies who review science-fiction films say: 'Well, the special effects were good, but the science got in the way.' So Stanley Kubrick said, 'I shall make a film that is all special effects--and no science!' And so he did....

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

reviewed by James Devlin

This little story (told to me by Bill Kunkel) ((who credits it to Isaac Asimov bk)) illustrates the main fault of 2001--in three hours of film, there are only three minutes of science, and even these (concerning survival in a vacuum) are doubtfully founded. Says Arthur C. Clarke, co-author of the screenplay:

FILM REVIEWS CONTINUE ::::::::::

"U.S. Air Force doctors, working with dogs and chimpanzees, have...shown that these animals can survive in a vacuum for...up to two minutes...without any permanent damage..it seems likely that men can survive equally well..." /emphasis mine/

Those who expect to see Arthur C. Clarke's 2001 will be disappointed. The film is Stanley Kubrick's, from the opening credits which proclaim, to the thundering majesty of Strauss' "Also sprach Zarathustra":

Stanley Kubrick presents: 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

The film itself contains no character credits, and you must have a copy of the program to learn who is who. Here's who:

Bowman.....Keir Dullea
Poole.....Gary Lockwood
Dr. Floyd.....William Sylvester
Moonwatcher.....Daniel Richter
Hal 9000.....Douglas Rain
Smylor.....Leonard Rossiter
Elena.....Margaret Tyzack
Halvorsen.....Robert Beatty
Michaels.....Sean Sullivan
Controller.....Frank Miller

If you don't recognize any of the names, don't worry too much as none of them turn in any kind of a performance, except Douglas Rain, who gives voice to Hal 9000, the computer, and lines like -- "do you mind if I ask you a personal question?"

The plot is thin enough. A mysterious slab on the moon appears to be sending signals to Jupiter. A mission is dispatched to investigate the receiving end. During the flight, the central computer of the starship goes berserk, killing 4 of the 5 crew members before it can be disconnected. The ship at last arrives at Jupiter where a second slab waits--as it has waited since the dawn of man--for the single occupant. Here the special effects overwhelm the plot--suddenly the chords of "Zarathustra" sound, and the Star Child appears on the screen--and it is over. As the credits and "The Blue Danube" roll by, you ask yourself: "Now what?" You wonder: "Is it over?"

The plot is only justified by its special effects. The scenes concerning a repair on the starship are much too long, and illogically and impractically conceived--but they look good!

The music and soundtrack for this picture are the funniest released in a long time. The use of "The Blue Danube" as the space theme is deliciously incongruous. The first view of the slab is heralded by a soprano, mezzo-soprano, and two mixed choirs singing the syllable (if it is one) "E!" I almost laughed myself silly when I heard it--I later found out that it's Gyorgy Ligeti's "Requiem".

Unfortunately, the film is not as funny as the soundtrack; it has to rely on jokes like: "Anti-Gravity Toilet::Read instructions carefully before use".

It is indeed a pompous film. There are those who will scream "Look at the details involved..." All the details in this film have appeared in one or other of the science fiction films previously made. The main claim of this film is that it presents them as science-fact.

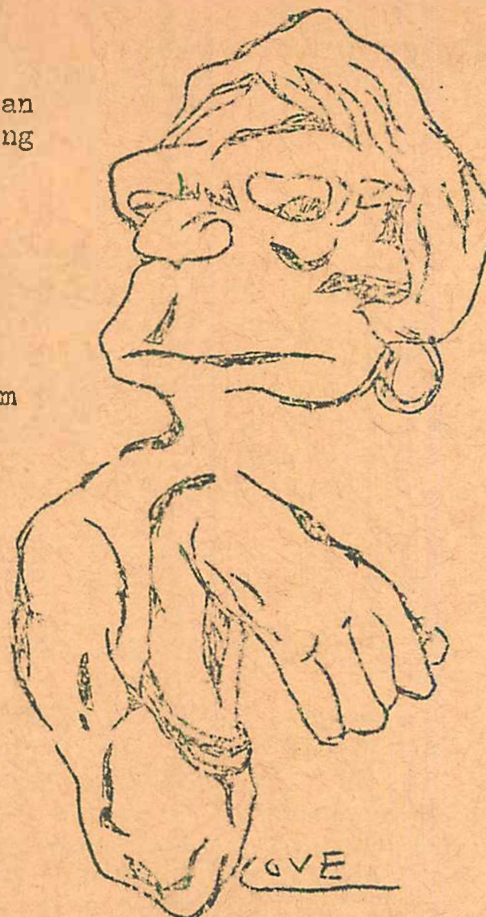
2001:.....

Even in this "science-fact" context, however, an air of science-fantasy prevails. The whole thing is just too fantastic. There are too many questions asked, too many far-fetched symbols used, and too many special effects (all of which were designed and directed by Mr. Kubrick).

In fulfilling a so-called requirement of the film to "educate", Mr. Kubrick has neglected his audience's desire to be entertained. A film can only be judged great in its respect to its final effect upon an audience, and 2001 fails. Its final effect is to leave the audience guessing, racking their brains for answers that are not there, marvelling at the special effects, and asking themselves:

Why?

-James P. Devlin



.....

.....
RECORD REVIEW:

ALICE'S RESTAURANT (Arlo Guthrie:::Reprise # RS-6267-stereo) Anyone so out of it that they haven't heard this yet should be made aware that this classic bit of contemporary satire is available on lp.

And for those of you who have heard it, get the album. On the flip side are a number of well-sung and well-written folk numbers, some Dylanesque and others ("Motorcycle Song", for example) pure Arlo. "Chilling of the Evening" and "Ring Around the Rosie Rag" are probably the best numbers.

See Guthrie in concert if you can. And there is also available a Grove Press edition of the song with drawings by Martin Glass. Recommended..

.....

LAST SHAKE dept.:

Charline Komar, assistant publisher (ahem) just got back from a trip to New England where she visited a "Shaker Village". The Shakers, for the ignorant among us, were a religious sect who could whip themselves up into violent spiritual convulsions and, in the throes of such religious experience would literally shake.

She tells me, however, that there are only a dozen or so left in the country and I wondered why--it certainly seemed Avant-Garde to me.

Answer: they didn't believe in sex (well, I guess they believed in it, but they never practiced it). Which is a quick way to end a religious sect.

At any rate, on the tour of this village, she was shown a special room filled with large cradles, into which the old and dying people would crawl.

"Why?" I asked.

"To have their last shake," she told me.

.....

PAT KELLY, JR. VS BILL KUNKEL

Dear Bill,

It was good to learn that Genook will soon be out. It will be good to hear what others think.

The rest of your letter seemed to indicate that a basic misunderstanding has occurred between us. I will now attempt to rectify this by trying to clearly state my position in the universe.

I like to think that I am dedicated to both truth and reason. I also have this crazy belief that I am rational, more or less, but rather more than less.

Freedom is, by my way of thinking, the right to say "2 plus 2 equals 4" (1984) not the "right" to say "2 plus 2 equals 5". I am not able to take the position that freedom implies the lack of responsibility. (BOY, DO I SOUND OLD FASHIONED) I am one of those poor boys who believes that the truth does not lose its authority just because it has been repeated over and over again. I also do not believe that error becomes truth just because honorable and dedicated and honest people believe it and work in its behalf.

The "system" is perhaps our biggest area of disagreement. It seems to me that in our discussions I am always on the defensive because of two reasons. I, as yet, have no clear idea as to what you advocate as a system of life for this society and because it seems to me that I am less willing to let my heart rule my head.

Now--the criticism that it is hard to understand how one can be cool and objective while others suffer can only be met with the statement that to act from the heart may cause more suffering. An example could be Vietnam. To invade the North or to withdraw would be emotionally satisfying to some but I must ask how long that satisfaction can last when the death rates increase in Vietnam or some other hell-hole.

-continued on page 11

Dear Pat,

As always, I find your attitude on our disagreement interesting. You are well on the way to both political stagnation and social irrelevance.

You announce that you are dedicated to both "truth and reason" and a proper concept of freedom. And disregarding the fact that you sound like Batman, the argument reaches full-circle rather speedily.

You are dedicated to terribly subjective principles--and only to your own version of these.

As always, you suggest incredibly poor examples. The utter rationality of "2 plus 2" connotes an objectivity that is found nowhere else in society. The logic of numbers is quite a different matter than the logic of Vietnam.

Then you go on to state that truisms are not wrong--and somehow imply that this supports your case--though I'll never understand in what way.

As to "systems", I have always felt that the "system" as such decreases an individual and that people are people--not establishments and things. No system sounds good.

Do I let my heart rule my head? Why is that? Because I suggest that there is a Civil War in Vietnam that we have no right being involved in and that we have done gruesome things over there--some that would flabbergast even the Nazi's? Or because I suggest that Blacks in this country are persecuted and suppressed and that the cops are the instruments of a cruel society?

I state these as facts that I believe. And there is myriad proof to support these contentions.

But how would the death rates keep rising if we stopped killing, or murdering, people over there?

I miss the point.

-continued on page 11

pat kelly, jr. concludes.....//

A clearer example and one more to your liking is Czechoslovakia. The U.S. could do the soul-satisfying act of pledging public support for the liberal government but this might force Russia into a position where Her only out would be an attack on the Czechs.

In my opinion, it is better to forgo the emotional satisfaction of bold action for the sake of lives.

Now you may ask "Is this not an excuse for doing nothing?" In all honesty, I must answer that under some conditions it is. I am in favor of an evil status quo when the alternatives are even more evil. Given only two choices: kill 50 or kill 500 I must choose to kill 50.

Now we come to internal politics. I am afraid that I give others the credit for the courage of their convictions. I personally believe that Nixon and Humphrey supporters are as honest in their behalfs as are the Rockefeller and McCarthy supporters. The fact that I may disagree with any or all of them does not give me permission to dismiss them with contempt. It seems to me that you do not give honor to your enemies. I may be wrong, and I hope I am, but it seems to me that you do not grant your opponent the same virtue which you claim for yourself and that is honor.

Honor is an old idea, which means to me "Doing the right as God gives us to see the right". It is an unfortunate problem in this universe, but God gives people to see the "right" in different ways.

You quoted a statement in the letter before last which said, in effect, that you suppress people when you do not do what they say ((the quote was by Paul Krassner: "Toleration of rational dissent has already become an insidious form of repression"))). It is in fact true that to ignore protest does make the protest useless. An example of this would be the Nazi movement. The government ignores them and the effect of their noise making is nill. The Nazis, like the "New Left" are suppressed by the establishment by the trick of permitting protest and dissent and then not acting on it.

I personally think that the author of that quote had self-destructive intentions. He does not seem to be happy unless someone is kicking him and when the "system" refuses to kick him by ratherx accepts, he damns the system. Of course one could damn the system for not listening to good ideas but what is the "System" to do when both the right and the left are making suggestions that are mutually contradictory? To a person who is committed to a certain set of principles this is frustrating, but it seems only reasonable to assume that the 'system' is also frustrated in that it is damned no matter what it does.

I have talked about some areas in which I think we disagree or have a mutual disagreement or have a misunderstanding. If I am wrong or if my logic is faulty I would like to have it pointed out in clear text. It is my hope that this letter will lead to a mutual understanding.

Yours,
Pat

PS: A quote to you and your revolutionary friends: "all thosex who take the sword will perish by the sword" Which, at times, is not a bad way to go.

PPS: This letter might make a good article in the next Genook with an answering letter by yourself.

PPS 2: The first PS proves nothing when taken out of context

-bill kunkel concludes:>//

While you trifle with absurdities, like giving "honor" to people, I am attempting to change people and things around in my own small way. How can I have "honor" for Reagan? The man is incredibly stupid, especially when he discusses student dissent (a subject about which I think I know more than he). Whether I give him credit or not means shit. I believe George Wallace issincere. It's like Linus and the "Great Pumpkin". It doesn't matter what you believe--so long as you're sincere, it must be right.

.....
(by the way, how could we support the Czechs? We're still looking for democracy..).
You accurately suggest the governmental suppression felt so keenly by the author of that quote. Remember, Pat, it is better to be kicked than ignored.

The point, summed up, is that the 'System' is caught up in the stagnation you so wonderfully suggest. If it will not change, then it is a bad system and must be changed--by force if necessary.

You would suggest, I guess, that if there are people with differing opinions on how to save a drowning man they should sit and bullshit while he drowns because someone will damn the system? Faulty logic.

Finally let me quote Phil Ochs, and see what I mean when I suggest that this is one of the least free countries in the history of mankind:

"The Mad director knows
that freedom will not make you free.
And what has this got
to do with me?
I do believe the war is over."

I don't know if this settles anything. But at least our positions are clear.

Best,
Bill

MORE BULLSHIT FROM NEWPORT dept.:::

As reported in East Village Other by Jerry Rubin, Yippy and general anarchist, he and six other Yippies were expelled from the Newport Folk Festival (where you must pay to hear songs about how you shouldn't have to pay to hear songs) for "handing obscene material to a nun"--the material being the Yippy Newspaper and the nuns thanking him and asking for another when the wife of the Festival director snatched away the periodical and had them put out.

Later on, Rubin and Phil Ochs met William Buckley, exchanged gauged niceties and such until Buckley asked Phil when was he going to sing.

"I wasn't invited," answered Ochs, "I guess I don't fit in to the folk music establishment."

The festival director then poured through the crowd and cordially welcomed Buckley to the thing. After a bit, Buckley screwed the old guy by asking him, "Why wasn't Ochs invited to sing?"

It's interesting, of course, to hear this from such a personage as the Conservative Clown, but it is infinitely more interesting to wonder why Ochs--probably the finest folk singer performing today--was not invited.

HEADLINE IN THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER:

Beatles say:

WE TALK TO OUR DEAD MANAGER

APPEARING IN A FMZ BY ART HAYES:

The penis mightier than the sword

-----stlouisconin69-----

BIG RAY STILL GOES DOWN!

----fanzine reviews conclude----

SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN (#1...Gene and Chuck Turnbull, 801 Grosse Pointe Court, Grosse Point, Michigan 48230....the usual....) As you may have noted (if you are observant) it was a good month for first issues. In fact, it was a good month for good first issues. Good.

This issue's strong point, as might be expected, is Gene's excellent art. He can do some fantastic things--even on stencil. And both brothers are talented writers--perhaps not in the class of Doug Lovenstein (who has shown remarkable improvement in that respect)--but well enough able to make a firstish read amazingly well. And, being young fans, they don't feel particularly bound to the specifics of sf and devote much space to record reviews. The Who Sell Out is reviewed with some insight, Bookends, somewhat less so, and Pet Sounds, quite well (as was pointed out once in Crawdaddy, the Beach Boys are a group "which class prejudice prevents many of us from appreciating").

So it looks good. Again, contribute and buy (25¢, etc..).

THE WAR ON POVERTY dept.:~::~:

Since I now will be publishing at least one fanzine a month (either GNMK or RATS! will eventually be dissolved--but it's only a name) money will be a terrible problem. Paper, stencils, electro-stencilling and postage all consume a hell of a lot. The time isn't so bad, as I can work at night (it's now around 3 A.M.--my usual working time).

This issue of RATS! is sort of a reduced version of what I will be publishing. Thirty pages a month, however, does cost money, and prices will probably have to go up. I want to increase the readership to above 200--this will (while increasing the workload) make it easier for me to pay for the shit.

I'll have to be cutting down on trades and I won't have nearly as much time to contribute to other fanzines--but I'll be able to do something with this.

So remember--there's no policy. Experimental fiction will be published frequently, but it must be rather good. All sorts of art is acceptable. Reviews of anything and comments on anything (sf or otherwise) is welcomed. Letters of Comment, are expected, or prayed for. Free issues can only be given for printed letters tho, I'm afraid.

I hate to say things like that--but it's either do or die.

So I do need money.

End of beg.

Final horseshit:~::~:

The Republican Party Convention is now under way and the amount of unmitigated tripe being spewn from it is stifling. The party platform is marvelously ambiguous:

"Give people the power over their own lives" (sounds like a Yippies thing!)

"What we need is not a guaranteed income--but a guarantee that everyone will have an opportunity to get a job!" (sounds like Goldwater)

It's a delightful platform, tho, really. In its present state it could be run on by anyone from George Wallace to Louis Abolafia to Hans Christian Anderson.

Are you going to Chicago? The Yippies are. Let them make it an open convention, Lyndon.....

But I was going to talk about the Hugos...(what the fuck are they?)...ummm...

Let's see...ODD is my favorite fanzine and "The Butterfly Kid" I'm reading and it's kinda ludicrous. I think I remember "Damnation Alley" being excellent. And Ted White is the most exciting fan writer. Jack Gaughan, Doug Luv and George

Foster are my favorite fanartists and only one of them is on the ballot. Star Trek I haven't watched this year--only twice and it was awful. And "Einstein Intersection" was really great, but I had to read most of it twice. Delany is fantastic, and I....

ACID-HEADINGS dept.:

I really would rather not use lettering-guides unless I have to. Appreciated, then, would be fanartists sending me headings (to be either traced or electro-stenciled). Robert Jennings has already sent me a few (he is a generous and brilliant artist, by the way). And anyone (yes) is invited to letter the following titles: DRIVEL, HORSESUNT, LETTERS, FANZINES, POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS, LOCJAW, GENOOK, RATS!.....and anything else you can think of (St. Louis in '69 letterings/promos are quite welcome!!). Thank youse.

BOOK REVIEW: 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (Arthur C. Clarke/Signet Q 3580
1968/95¢/221 pp.)

reviewed by Charlene Komar

This novelization follows closely the lines of the Kubrick-Clarke screenplay on which it was based. Besides the necessary expansion, some changes are present but none important enough to affect the plot, which is just barely there anyway.

If you're not expecting much it's readable. But it's not much more than that; at the end you're apt to wonder why you bothered.

-Charlene Komar

THE POLITICS OF INSIGNIFICANCE (a look at the Republican Nation Convention about a week later not that it makes any difference) by Bill Kunkel

"From up here in the 'anchor-man booth' nothing seems to be happening. Let's go to Edwin Purge on the floor. Edwin?"

"Yes, Mike."

"Who's that you're with down there? The delegate from Alabama?"

"No, it's a bus-boy from the caterer's."

"Yawnnnn. Oh well, that's a bit better than the delegate from Alabama. Ask him for an interview."

"Right, Mike. Could I ask you your name, sir?"

"Who me? Why I'm Dennis Rigly from Howard Johnson's."

"Could you tell me, Dennis, what do you sense at this convention? How are the trends developing? Things like that."

"Well, I can strongly sense (and I know--I've been in charge of these affairs for twenty years now. I liked Ike!) a trend developing in the Ohio delegation."

"Toward John Lindsay?"

"No, toward Pastachio. In fact, I'm about to check them out right now. OHIO!"

The Ohio representative approaches the podium. "Sir, the Ohio delegation requests that they be polled."

"Oh sonovabitch! I thought you guys had settled on Pastachio?"

"Well, we have, more or less. But we must pick a flavor that will not offend the south. I mean, some of the best conos I've eaten have been chocolate, but this year the party can't be divided by petty squabbles. I mean, I say never imply that you are a strictly vanilla man--but you need some perspective and leverage."

"OK. I'll poll you then. Representative Oan?"

"As the youngest member of the Ohio delegation, I vote for the next flavor of these here United States: Peach!"

"Right. One peach. Delegate Smith?"

"And this is Edwin Purge here on the floor. Now back to Mike Huck in the anchor man booth...."

'Mother Goose is on the loose steaking lines from Lenny Bruce Drinking
booze and killing Jews ' -phil ochs

misc.....

As I mentioned already (more than once), this zine is a collection of odd's&end's that are cluttering up the room down here. Assorted reviews in no particular order. The next GENOOK will reflect (somewhat) this departure from strict layout. Everything I did was done on stencil without prior reflection (yea, you guessed. I know.). GNK #5 will have much obviously dated material, but only because of its obscene size.

Look for RATS! #7 in late September and contribute. This was slapped together, but I'm quite sure a little effort would have improved it greatly. Send money cause prices go up as of that issue.

Smack.

Bruce Johnson: I will write you as soon as I can!

Record Review:

CHRYSLIS (stereo/SE-4547/"Definition") Excellent new-breed rock group, strongly influenced by Sgt. Pepper and Frank Zappa (J. Spider Barbour has aided the Mothers in various recording enterprises--and he writes almost everything for Chrysalis). First side is excellent. "What Will Become of the Morning" features beautiful, very harpsichordal tinkly piano work. And Barbour sounds like Paul McCartney in "Lacewing". "April Grove" is beautifully sung Nancy Nairn as is "30 Poplar"--with the ancient 'big-band' sound. "Father's Getting Old" sounds like it was written by the Beatles. Matter of fact, it also sounds as if it were sung by them. But it's as good as anything on Pepper. Side two is not quite as good. "Fitzpatrick Swanson" is a brilliant piece of rock, however. "Dr. Root's Garden" is the only really poor song on the album--it includes and highlights every weak point of the group. An incredibly impressive first album.

WILDFLOWERS (Judy Collins/EKS-7 4012-B/Elektra) Tremendous voice, that Judy Collins has. In concert she reaches you and on record you remember her in concert, and that's great. First time out you really like "Both Sides Now" by Joni Mitchell.

But it doesn't matter. Listen a few more times and begin to feel Leonard Cohen ("Sisters of Mercy" "Hey, That's No Way To Say") Jacques Brel ("La Chanson Des Vieux Amants") and Judy herself on numerous numbers. Wonderful.

PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR (Phil Ochs/SP 4133/AM) An older Ochs album, not quite up to "Tape" but with some grand numbers. "The Party" and the famous "Outside of a Small Circle of Friends" where women are grabbed and lugged into the hushes while you can't call the cops because you're playing monopoly. And where cars are piled up and hang off a cliff and maybe you should help them back with your towing chain ("but it's getting late, and we might get sued and besides it looks like rain"). "There's a dirty paper, using sex to make a sale. The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail." How about helping him. Nope. "We're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York Times." We're too high to help a friend busted on a pot charge. "We're much too high." Yeahh. And "The Cricifixation".

"Train them well, the men who will be fighting by your side
And never turn your back if the battle turns the tide
For the colours of a civil war
are louder than commands
When you're white boots marching in a Yellow Land."

-Phil Ochs

WHY? dept.:

I read your thing in Fantasy News —
you're beautiful!

Printed Matter:
Return requested...
Third Class.....

Send to:

Dave Szurek
6328 Perkins St
Detroit, Mich.
48210

Let's Give Mail Carriers A Raise!
Eh boys?

Ted White has a Long and Nasty Letter in GENCOOK #5!!

ST. LOUISCON IN '69 and ODD for Best Fanzine!

NOW ON SALE AT ST. MARKS'S PLACE: A giant, felt (suitable for framing) poster
clothe, in attractive olde-English lettering: DOWN WITH CAPITALISM!
order by gross:\$22 per poster...one gross: \$2,000.00 even!

-a product of plastic-hippie-junior-achievement

pray for rosemary's baby.....