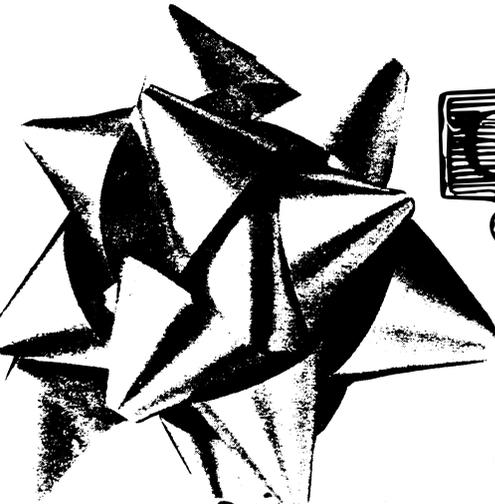


TALES FROM

Issue Number 7 Free

CHRISTMAS SPECTACULAR

Home is where the rats are



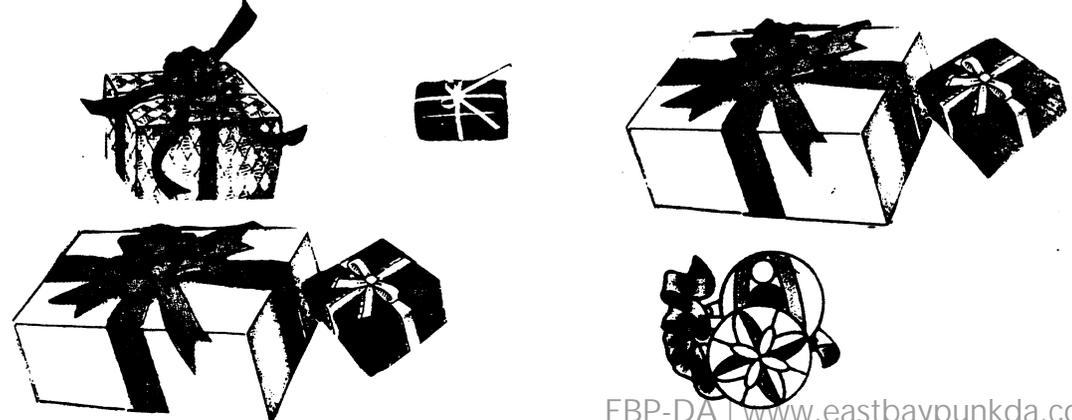
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Rathouse gang!

THE RATHOUSE

Beijing
The Chinese capital is again plagued by millions of hardy rats, and authorities plan to mobilize citizens for a second winter of rat patrols, officials said yesterday.

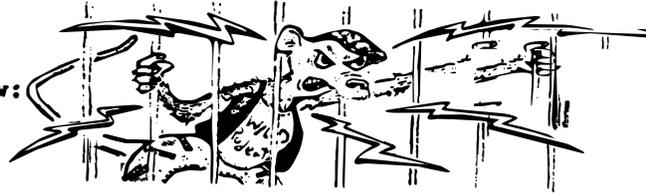




Recently a couple of zines favorably compared Tales... to The Weekly World News which of course is one of the most popular reading materials at the Rathouse. So I figured I'd borrow the pseudo-surname "Anger" from Ed over at the WWN. Pretty punk rock, ain't it?

And now that TFTR #7 is completed some people might want to give me an even harsher nickname. For the past couple of weeks I have been cracking the whip on a few of my friends & badgering them until they finished the work required to unleash this glorious issue

from the Rathouse. "Nazi Editor, Fuck Off!" they were singing to the tune of that legendary Dead Kennedys' song with a similar title. At times I probably looked something like this fellow:



Now on to a few matters that really do get me pissed off. I realize these tirades can get a little boring but I feel this need to make a couple of comments about the political system in the U.S. which has gone totally out of control. After all, Ed gets away with ripping into foreign governments in the magazine he writes for...

The thing that scares me the most about the current political climate is the blatancy of the crimes committed--and the subsequent lies--by our fearless leaders. One example happened a few months ago in Concord, Calif. when an anti-war protester was brutally struck by a train at a weapons depot in what was obviously a tactical move by the navy. (Some of the proof is on a videotape which confirms that the railroad cars approached the demonstration, horn blasting, at 15-20 MPH without slowing down as protesters held up signs in clear view of the crewmen. Even the depot's civilian security manager admitted to allowing the vehicle to proceed in order to "get the initial confrontation" out of the way.) The absurd fiction released by the navy said that the train was only moving at 5 MPH when the protester "jumped" in front of it.

Then when a peaceful protest was held near the same site 2 months afterwards, this time the police went wild. I guess the different paramilitary forces enjoy taking turns. At any rate, quickly, this is what occurred: The cops fought with determined protesters in order to destroy some symbolic shacks & coffins that were built only to add an element of theater to the proceedings. They then covered up their typical overreaction with the lame excuse (which the mainstream press gobbled up) that a few hundred unarmed Saturday afternoon protesters "might have been able to use the shacks & coffins to climb over the barbed wire barricades & attack the weapons station." Isn't this beginning to sound more & more like one of those utterly sarcastic Monty Python sketches?

I could go on & on. How about the meeting which was announced at the ridiculous minimum of 48 hours in advance that would determine the fate of a plan "to explore" the temporary berthing of a dangerous warship, the U.S.S. Missouri, in an S.F. harbor. Despite the deception the word spread & a number of people showed up. But when we tried to get through the doors we were handed a copy of a notice that stated the building code "will only allow 50 people in the commission meeting room at any one time." Hmmm.... The meeting just happened to be held in an extremely small room. As Curly would say to Moe, "What a coincidence!" (P.S. The plan was approved.)

Then there are the millions of dollars & one year of investigation by congressional committees into the Iran-Contra scandal with results amounting to a slap in the wrist for mass murderer Ronald Reagan & his administration. Though further criminal investigations are still(!) going on expect no more than token punishment.

Or how about the case of my friend Michael Donnelly. He recently stood trial for allegedly assaulting some Contras at a protest. Four out of the five charges proved to be completely bogus & the other one is being appealed. So, in other words, the U.S. Courts are tied up & money is wasted defending the rights of thugs responsible for murder, rape & torture in Nicaragua. What the fuck is going on here?

Oh well, at least we can temporarily pack up all of our atrocities as the mindlessness of the Consumer Holiday advance. We're into the spirit of it all here at Tales... Take our tacky Christmasy cover--please.

"It's a lie, they wouldn't let you think it, if they didn't have control.... They use their lies to get their dirty weapons" - CHUMBAWAMBA

Those liable:

- ANN (Dear Toots, typing, layout, etc.)
- COUSIN STEFANO (X-mas ad concept)
- DARREN HE-MAN HARDCORE (Typing, ball-busting)
- HELEN H. BLOCK
- JOE (Typing, layout, nazi-in-residence, etc.)
- JOHNNIE
- LINDA LOU WESSMAN
- LYDIA ROSE PAWESKI (Typing, etc.)
- MARC NICKEL (Cover drawing of Rathouse gang)
- RAY REICH (Typing, layout, etc.)
- ANN & RAY put together the cover

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for
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Who's keeping that politically correcter/punk rockerer than thou scorecard out there? Please spare us.

Ah, the joyous holiday season is upon us once again (pour me another, will ya?). Cheers. I just flew back from Amsterdam in time for Halloween on Castro St. There is no Halloween in Amsterdam. But it doesn't matter with all the hashish. And the best chocolate in the world.

Anyway, Christmas works a little different in Holland. We all know that Sinterklass is the old guy with the white beard who brings the presents in December. But he delivers on the 5th in Holland, not the 24th. And instead of reindeer, he uses big grey horses to pull his sleigh.

And instead of elves, Sint has this little black guy named Pete to help him. Zwarte Piet. (Black Pete.) Zwarte Piet carries this big sack full of candies and goodies, and he gives them out to the boys and girls who were good all year. (He knows if you've been bad or good.)

But if they were bad--Piet stuffs them in his sack, and takes them to...Spain. I swear I'm not making this up. It probably stems from the war between Holland and Spain a few hundred years ago, but there it is.

Wonder if Piet takes the bad boys to Pamplona? ("RUN, you little muthafuckas!") Anyway, kids, whether you're Dutch, American, Martian or none of the above, have yourselves a wonderful holiday and all the best in 1988.

Here's the first letter ever printed in Tales... It's from my older brother who lives in some wasteland called Long Island. I cut out a few of the more personal remarks because they wouldn't make much sense. In fact, a lot of it didn't even make much sense to me. You know how it gets when they get older.

To Editor Joseph B****;

How impressive, editor of your own zine! I am sending you \$5 --send me all your issues. I guess you will be soon known as a publishing magnate. We will see your pictures in all the society pages. We would like to know how you are going to get rich for 22¢ postage. You need a good accountant and Tommy can be your maintenance manager. By the way little Tommy (over 6 ft. now) threatens us with leaving and going to live with his Uncle Joey in San Francisco. He said he will get a job and support you. He slipped out of the house one night while everybody was sleeping and came back about 4:30 A.M. I caught him when I got up to go to the bathroom. Children are wonderful!

In more depressing news we have had layoffs in Sperry and everybody is getting nervous. You would be happy with this part --they allowed people to take voluntary layoffs. I am sure you wouldn't volunteer if you ever get a job.

I see Lawrence (LIVERMORE, MR. LOOKOUT -Joe) is writing about us poor drug-crazed 60's people. Well it was fun but those in power weren't going to let it last forever. Simple economics was the reason- not greed -you strangle the welfare state and people somehow must survive, so they opt for a job. As you're finding out not everyone can find something to do that they like. Most times it's bare tolerance or real hate for the jobs they take.

I hear a lot of punkers are working in the Post Office.
Michael Anomie?? A very apt name for one so disorientated.

Take Care,
Billy

Christmas Behind Bars



Not available in any store!

A loooooong-playing record

- Ring Prison Bells
- Oh Come All Ye Felons
- Frosty The Hit Man
- When Santa Claus Gets Your Lawyer
- The 12 D.A.s of Christmas
- Silver Cells

- We Three Kingpins
- Check The Halls
- Here We Come A-Hustling
- Hark! The Prison Stoolies Sing
- Jingle Cell Block
- I Won't Be Home For Christmas

RAT RAY PONTIFICATES TO EVERYONE ABOUT AIDS, HETEROSEXISM, CLASS CONFLICT, ANIMAL LIBERATION, THE STATE OF SOCIETY

AND STUFF LIKE THAT.

THE trouble with the rat race is that even if you win, you are still a rat. —
Comedienne Lily Tomlin

the panels are 3'X6'. made of fabric, some are painted, some are colored w/magic marker, others w/bits of clothe. and pink triangles, some inverted, some right side up. and names, and each name on each panel is a person who has died as a result of AIDS. there are well over 3000 panels now and that's only 7% of the total number of people who have died during the epidemic and the subsequent all-amerikkkan response of fear, ignorance, stupidity and catatonia. Fear of AIDS is sometimes as responsible for death as the virus itself. the panels were recently assembled into a huge quilt spanning the length of two football fields at the october 11 march on washington for lesbian and gay rights. presently the "Names Project-AIDS Quilt" plans to tour the usa, bringing the monument to the cities, towns and backwater shit holes that make up the spine of this nation. i think it should be draped over the white house.



one night i went to see the names project office, on market street near castro, it was closed but several panels were displayed in the window. one in particular caught my eye. it was a white fabric panel w/a child's crayoned drawings around the border and in the center. in small neat handwriting: "this is for my brother who died of AIDS. he was oppressed because he was gay and he was oppressed because he was jewish. my parents don't want his name known." i guess that pretty much says it all.



i've been trying to write something all day. something about the march on washington, or something about the undercurrent of heterosexism in our scene, or something ...but it's really tiring. i'm tired of trying to make sense out of a holocaust, tired of seeing 'faggot baiting' at gilman street project, tired of being pissed off at a community, an alleged 'movement', that can't bring itself to tolerate and enjoy diversity, (i'm talking about the punk community but that last gripe definately applies to the gay community). and i'm tired of hearing silence in the face of bigotry, passive approval in the face of reactionary violence. silence equals approval. so the next time you keep your mouth shut while a 'faggot' is being beaten or a 'dyke' is threatened w/rape by a Real Man, think about how good you'll look in that BROWN SHIRT. just slap that swastika round your arm and you'll be ready to take your rightful piace in the amerikkkan family. who needs skinheads? we've got good amerikkkans in our scene.



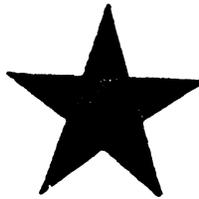
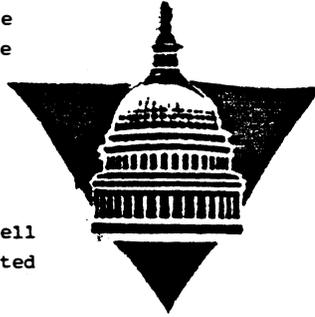
but where do YOU stand?? there's no middle ground, not any more. silence does equal approval, and it also equals death. are you silent? will you be silent when the federal or state governmnet calls for "LIMITED MANDATORY TESTING FOR AIDS" of prisoners? of asians? of blacks? of gays and lesbians? of healthcare workers? of welfare recipients? of YOU? but will you even speak up then? or will you just adapt? do what's best for the nation, like the german "pacifists" who voted for war and told rosa luxembourg to take a hike. abandon those principles like you're abandoning a sinking ship, right?? and that's how it happened in germany. little by little, inch by inch, minority by minority. first we rid our society of THEM: the INFECTED, the scum, the homeless, the queers, the poor, the faggots and dykes and junkies and gypsies and niggers and hebes and middle eastern terrorist sympathizers. and what will we have left? a bunch of COORS drinkin', contra supporting white bureaucrats whose kids listen to SCREWDRIIVER. but what about YOU? will you fit in too? just like the blonde haired blue eyed german jews? try not to make waves. maybe even point out a QUEER in your neighborhood.

about 40,000 people are dead as a result of AIDS. but AIDS isn't the sole reason. the fact that amerikkka fails to provide adequate health care, food and housing to a growing number of people contributes immensely to the spread of AIDS. and what has our fearless Grenada invading,gun toting, contra supporting, bible thumping government done?? well, ronnie mentioned the word "AIDS" for the first time in seven FUCKIN* years on national t.v. what a man. without sane federal leadership, individual states and cities have been left to their own devices. so, now we have the wanna be governor of california s.f. mayor dianne slimestein calling for "limited mandatory testing"; quarantine laws in illinois are now in effect, the u.s. congress voted overwhelmingly to cut off funding for all AIDS help groups that discuss gay sex/homosexuality/lesbianism in "positive terms" (to the bill's sponsor jesse helms, that means MENTIONING gay sex and homosexuality); and the police forces in new york city, philadelphia and montgomery, alabama are compiling computerized lists of people "suspected" of having AIDS, their families and friends. too fantastic to be true?? read on.

reports have been filtering out through the gay media about the blatant cover ups, fudging and experiment-spiking occurring at the centers for disease control in atlanta,ga., among researchers, scientists and government workers. one such example is the study that was being conducted to determine AIDS effect on non-humans. a doctor involved in the study discovered that a large percentage of swine in

the u.s. were infected with a strain of the HTVL-III virus, Swine Fever Virus. But, is HTVL-III transmittable through pork products??? we don't know. the billion dollar pork industry lobbied the white house to flex its' muscle over the c.d.c. and have the studies' results suppressed.

the role of non-human animals in the AIDS epidemic is crucial and their plight demands that we take action on their behalf. It is painfully obvious that our government is undertaking one of the most well organized, well financed and well orchestrated coverups in recent history. There's ample evidence to prove that the AIDS epidemic could have been prevented if appropriate and immediate measures were taken when the virus first surfaced in 1978/79. instead, the little research that is funded is kept w/in such ludicrously narrow parameters that substantial breakthroughs for treatments and cures are virtually impossible. what IS happening is the wholesale slaughter of non-human animals, all for the express purpose of creating the facade of "meaningful research". i find it hard to believe that AIDS research conducted on non-humans will produce results any more meaningful or reliable than research conducted on computers. but the government insists that our survival is dependent on the slaughter of



another species. and we silently agree. isn't it time to realize that the problem isn't AIDS, perse? that the problem is a state, a society that creates the socio-eco-politico climate for an epidemic?? and isn't it time to deal w/the issue in this context? AIDS fightback, such as conducted by ACT-UP in N.Y., must strive to include animal liberation. the solution to the AIDS crisis does not solely lay in adequate healthcare, or civil rights legislation, rather it is all of that AND a significant reorganization of our society, our government, our values and our priorities, (not to mention our diet and farming practices). we need socialized medicine. we need an educational system that stresses empowerment and activism instead of regurgitation and passivity. we need to re-examine ourselves and realize that we are not isolated beings, rather we are each integral parts of a larger body. and that organism to which we belong is suffering from structural problems that demand our attention and action. AIDS, as a problem, is no more or less important than animal suffering, racism, or any other manifestation of class conflict. it's time to connect the dots that comprise this class conflict and act accordingly. so what are we waiting for?



Congress Bans Safe Sex Info



OUCH! IT'S BAD NEWS
Cassette Zine #4

"PRAISE GRANDMA"
SIDE 1 46 MINUTES OF HI-QUALITY STUFF

THE DREAM SHAKES: "Rare Harmony"
THE PARASITES: "I Almost Loved You"
MORE FIENDS: "Wild West Philly"
UGLY RUMORS: "Targets of Opportunity"
THE WALLMEN: "O.B.'s Motorcycle"
BLOWFISH: "The Parasite"
THE WALLMEN: "Mr. Happy Man" (reprise) "I Got Something For You"

SIDE 2 Kids Love It!

THE PARASITES: "The Last Generation"
MORE FIENDS: "Vinyl Grind"
PSYCHIC VIOLENCE: "Animal Auschwitz"
MECHANICAL STERILITY: UNTITLED
THE WALLMEN: "Mr. Sunshine Squeeze"
UGLY RUMORS: "Ryme or Reason"
DAVE MUBERMAN: "Post Office Hall"
BLOWFISH: "Lifestyles of the Poor and Unknown: The Pine Street Inn"
BOB Z: "Art Is Name of My Business"
BLOWFISH: "21st Century Real Estate"
JOHN EBERLY: "Love Me"

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Whole or Confidential
1/2 Brain?

Dear Gay in Waterbury: Like garden slugs, gays probably serve some purpose, but I sure can't be bothered to figure out what.

← From Weekly World News "advice" section

DEAR TOOTS

Dear Toots,

I come from Sweden & have lived in your beautiful country for 2 years. One thing that seems uniquely American to me is the TV evangelists, such as Jim & Tammy Bakker. Besides the fact that they use time-worn stage tricks to sell snake oil, there is something about those two that rally disturbs me. I can't put my finger on it. Any ideas?

--Olga

Dear Olga,

Take a close look at them. Could be the fact that Tammy's a transsexual and Jimmy is really a woman.

Dear Toots,

About 6 weeks ago I put in a vacation request at work. It was denied by the department head, who says the work load is too heavy that week. Toots, this is baloney. I'm the one who does the production runs. I know the cycle & that week is easy. Two people offered to cover me for those 4 days (Friday' a holiday) but my boss wouldn't budge. I know her problem--our department will be under review by the corporate office that week, in an attempt to scale back our

budget. So my boss wants to puff herself out & make it look busy, busy, busy. It makes me sick; the department head's a neurotic bitch who can't stand me 'cause I won't play the game. I called her on this issue & ever since, she's been playing cat-and-mouse with me. I have two young children & can't blow this job off. And it's rankling still. How do I blow her cool & put her in her place?

--Miserable

Dear Mis,

Syrup of ipecac will do the job nicely. Don't you dare mess up your job duties; leave yourself blameless. Here's what you do: on the day your denied vacation was supposed to start, take a late lunch (pretend it's a "BUSY DAY") & pick up a bottle of this syrup of ipecac at a drugstore. Then for lunch eat vast quantities of the most fragrant foods you can find: kielbasa with sauerkraut, liverwurst, garlic--the grosser, the better. About 30 seconds before your performance, swallow half the bottle of ipecac, go into the cunt's office & tell her you don't feel so good and you think you'd better leave.

She'll give you the week off. Even better--if her office is carpeted, she'll never forget you.



Write to Toots
% The Rathouse



You Too Can Be A Prophet

by Lydia



As I sit here recovering from last night's Burgie party (Burgie being the official Rathouse beer) I feel a little philosophical Bart train rush by, so I'm going to hop on board and let you in on what's going on.

Before last night's get together, I acquired the last component of my bitchen JVC and Kenwood stereo system. The only way to christen it was by playing all 19 Beatle records, chronologically, all the way through. This is an echo of my childhood, growing up, an outcast transplanted to Peoria, IL, with nothing but the "books" of Ringo, George, Paul, and John for strength and sustenance. Thanks to Joe Rat (publisher extraordinaire) my speakers were hooked up and the earcandy began. Many Rathouse luminaries happened to attend the festive occasion, and even Darren He-Man Hardcore had to admit the harmonies of the Fab Four gave his pets the Mamas and Papas something to reckon with.

The Ratfolk left during the second side of "Rubber Soul", and I got as far as "Yesterday and Today" before my Burgieological clock made me fest my weary head on my John Lennon pillowcase. This morning Beatlechurch continues; it's now 12:15 in the afternoon (notice how people can never decide if they should put "am" or "pm" after 12 noon? It's "pm", incidentally, but I say either put "noon", or, better yet, "12 fm"...)) and now I'm on side two of "Abbey Road". Now the real theory comes into play--kind of like if you've ever driven through Nevada; it's all desolate and you realize all this incredible, stunning desert is being used by the Blue Meanies' cousins for NUKE TESTING...anyhow, identifying with the spirit of the Old Testament (dare the "Rathouse" print something which may be construed as pro-some religion? As a pioneer in true innovation, I presume the "Rathouse" will accept the challenge.) I have come to realize the meaning of prophecy. I think we have prophets now in our own times as the rabbis say we did in biblical times. John Lennon says, "Imagine all the people living life in peace...", Martin Luther King, Jr. says, "I have a dream..."; hell, even Kevin Seconds says, "If we're gonna make it work we gotta care together..." and gets it out to the punk rock public (as the "normal" public would reject it, preferring its own bastardized imitation of "creativity"). Our subculture invites anyone to rise to the forefront who can inspire the rest of us; I've seen Dave MDC practicing what he teaches, living his lyrics despite a typically traditional Long Island upbringing. To further this, which of us hasn't been influenced by a friend who has touched upon our humanity and stirred our emotions, regardless if that friend has been recognized for his or her talents or not? Haven't we ourselves, each and all been prophets to someone or other? The (I'm not afraid to say it) punk subculture has illustrated that talent is often simply a matter of opinion and taste; furthermore, few figures generally accepted by the mainstream are embraced by the underground as well.

Picture things 2500 years from today. Will Martin Luther King, Jr.'s words be used as the basis for religious myths in book form? How about John Lennon--will future scholars proclaim him the wisest man of this era and deem his writings holy? Maybe a couple decades will be scrunched into a month and Kevin Seconds and Dave MDC would be Martin L. King, Jr.'s and John Lennon's disciples. Sure, you smile, but remember that Betsy Ross never existed; so many common legends we've all grown up hearing were spun from the time of the Revolutionary war up to the present day.

Regardless, addressing prophecy for what it is instead of veiling it in institutional pretention has helped me recognize the value of the insights of friends of mine who aren't so well known. The ability of each person to communicate an idea or emotion is a priceless gift that we human types should appreciate when it is shared.

WHO CARES WHAT YOU THINK!



1. Subhumans - "29-29 Split Vision" L.P.

Recorded shortly before they split up, this is a good half record. The songs on side one are more reminiscent of the Subhumans' driving guitar-bass-drum style with strong vocals and well thought out lyrics. The flip side, though, is not nearly as memorable. ("Think For Yourself" - "Well they give you a rest 3 weeks a year, To fill yourselves with drugs and beer, The rest of the time it's time for work, As jumping turns into a jerk")--Joe

2. Variou\$ - "Turn It Around" double 7" E.P.

(\$5 c/o: Maximum Rock 'N' Roll, P.O. Box 288, Berkeley, CA 94701)
A compilation of 12 relatively new Bay Area bands that play at the Gilman Street Project quite often. Like most comps a few songs bore me, a few are in-betweenies while several are dynamite. The latter collection include tracks by Sweet Baby Jesus, Operation Ivy, Yeastie Girlz, Sewer Trout & Biggerall. The two records nearly add up to a full length L.P. & fit into a 14 page booklet. Cool Concept! (Yeastie Girlz "Yeastie Power" - "We're the Yeastie Girlz, We're the hottest in the land, because we are the very first of the vaginacore bands")--Joe

3. CONSTANT VOMIT--"DUCK ON A ROPE" cassette (\$3 pp from C.P. 433 Whitten Hall, Normal Il. 61761-6901)

Ever wonder what the Crucifucks would sound like if they O.D.'d on Sesame Street? Wonder no more, cause this crew has the answer. Grin and mosh to such ditties as "McMassmurderer", "Jolt Me" (which has the immortal line, "12 year old Nazis make me wanna throw up") and my personal fave, "Be My Food". Music leans toward the standard thrash at times, but boy can Joe aka Mr. Vomit shriek. And yes, they even do a Sesame inspired song --"Grover Song". "I have fur that's blue and fuzzy/You may not have fur that's blue and fuzzy/but we still like each other". Now that's politics we can all live with. --Helen

4. BUTTHOLE SURFERS-"LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIAN" L.P.

Somewhere deep in the heart of Texas is a well filled with very strange water, or at least a mixture of beer and LSD. This album is definitely the strangest, the most manic depressive, the most gonzo of all the B-hole releases so far, even outdoing the mondo-bizarro "Cream Corn" EP. Unlike most bands, who smooth their sound out when they get used to studio recording, Gibby & Co. take their songs and twist and wring them through the mixing board. Check out the pure mania of "U.S.S.A." and "The O-Men", the sheer paranoia of "22 going on 23", the fractured kitch of "KUMTZ" (in which they take what sounds like a bad Arab song and do unspeakable things to it),. Only "Human Canonball" sounds a little like their earlier blues-tinged workouts like "Cowboy Bob" and can be described. As for the rest, hearing is believing. --Helen

5. Parasites - "Lost in the 80's" 7" E.P.

(3.99; P.O. Box 234, Livingston, NJ 07039)

Being as Dave Parasite kissed my ass for a review in this "wonderful, interesting, informative, politically correct publication" I guess I'll comply. Actually, begging isn't necessary anyway (though it helps!) because the music here falls under my favorite category: lively pop punk with lots of catchy hooks. Lyrically the Parasites touch on love, Native American genocide & surf nerds? ("Searchin' for Action" - "Gonna break away from this town, Gonna live on my own now")--Joe

6. Joy Division - "The Peel Sessions" 12" E.P.

This is the second & unfortunately the last of the Joy Division Peel releases. If you like this band (& everyone should!) you'll enjoy the alternate versions here. Recorded in November of '79, the four tracks are: "Colony" (with different, weirder lyrics), "Love Will Tear Us Apart" (with more drum fills than on the single), "Sound of Music" and.... ("Twenty-four Hours" - "Now that I've realized how it's all gone wrong, got to find some therapy, This treatment takes too long")--Joe

Sexism's Back! (Not that it ever really went away) by Helen

Just when you thought it was safe to turn on your TV, to go to the movies, even to walk down the street to buy your favorite underground rag (Rathouse, of course being excluded from all this controversy because it's free)..... Yes, folks, sexism's back with a vengeance, and it's showing up in the darndest places. Who would think in 1987 we would see most younger people poo-pooing feminism, clothing fads for women that are just plain slutty, and people you'd think would know better condemning all feminists as right-wing Victorians. In some respects we've moved ahead. The seeds sown by Mary Wollstonecraft in A Vindication of the Rights of Women (1792)-- that women need to be better educated in order to live better lives-- have brought forth fruit. One-half of college freshman are female, and few drop out to get married and disappear. (This used to be called "getting your MRS degree"). Virginia Woolfe's contention of 1928-- that few women will create art until they have a little money, spare time, and "a room of one's own" is certainly correct. The increasing number of women staying away from babies and marriage and pursuing their dreams has brought about far more women musicians, painters, performers, etc., who are getting more notice and respect than ever.

But something is wrong with the big picture. Lately we have been bombarded with pop psychology such as "women want a return to romance". Current fashions such as tight slit skirts and bows in the hair reek of the nice girl/tramp of the 50's. Most TV and movie roles push the bimbo, the bitch, the woman who must have a man (ex: "Fatal Attraction"). The feminist movement is being openly attacked everywhere, be it Jeff Bale and Mykel Board in MRR, to reprints of Bob Black's "Feminism as Fascism" rants in Vapid, mostly because of the small percentage of women favoring separatism and censorship of porn. These issues are hardly simple, the main reason there's no consensus within the women's movement to begin with! It bothers me to see the (mostly male) critics attacking these important and confusing issues on such a simplistic level. It only adds to many a woman's emotional confusion and split loyalties (your writer included) of protecting ourselves while not becoming what we hate.

The bottom line is it's still men calling the shots for society as a whole, men who are afraid to let go of the past, perhaps because huge changes emotionally scare them. Women living without men? Women saying no to male erotic fetishes? Why never! Sure, people like Mykel Board say they're really feminist, they just write stuff like praising strippers to get people pissed off so they'll think blah

blah blah. But feminist-bashing turns up too often in his writings for me to believe him; it almost comes across like an obsession. We're not talking just one isolated column! Worst part is, I think he's typical of a lot of men. Let me do like him now and tell you a story, a real one.

I was recently in the elevator at work, leaving after a lousy day. It had poured that day and everyone had umbrellas. Two men were standing next to me shooting the bull. "What's that umbrella for?" one guy asked the other. "Do you beat your wife with it?" Something in my head snapped. "Very funny," I muttered, loud enough for them both to hear me. Guy #1 reddened and started stuttering to his buddy "Yeah lots of uses for that umbrella, ha ha". He couldn't even look at me. Well, it was my floor so I left the elevator. I don't know what was then said about me or the umbrella. I'm sure I was raked over the coals pretty good. The worst part of this whole story was not anyone else in the elevator told this guy to cut the crap, only me, the one woman. In other words, how far have we really come, for all our college education, our highly paid female performers, our yuppie business women, our jeans and short skirts? Not a long way, baby, not a long way at all. The externals are alot better than 200, 50, 30 years ago, but we've got to change our hearts so we can all move ahead together.

Recently I wrote something about John Lennon as the anniversary of his death approached. But after looking over the results I decided to obliterate it from humanity as it was one of the worst pieces of shit ever set to paper. So instead I'll just reprint this:

Why'd they have to murder this guy?!
It's been more difficult to imagine ever
since. Shitty, fucking hellhole world! - Joe



Dreaming Of An Anarchist Christmas

by Linda

I informed my four year old that this year, we were going to have a Jewish Anarchist Christmas and how would she like that? "Nah," she said and childish greed gleamed in her eyes. She understandably looked forward to the tree and presents. I, myself, dread the pomp and ceremony. Christmas is depressing to poor people and just a plain hassle.

My most vivid memory of an evil Christmas was the year I requested a real guitar. I got the guitar but instead of being st el string, it was gut string and I cried and had a fit. I knew nothing about different kinds of guitars and possibly if I had, I would have been thrilled to have the chance to train myself on a classical guitar. Instead, I pouted and my father was visibly upset after having spent a lot of money trying to please me. To resolve the problem, we returned the guitar and got a YAHAMA steel string instead. That was close to fifteen years ago and I still have the guitar and I love it.

Subsequent Christmases are all blurred in a haze of alcohol and pot smoke. Later, these chemicals weren't strong enough to numb me out to the pain of family reunions and unwanted gifts so I turned to speed and heroin. There were no "best" Christmases for me. The weirdest Christmas I ever spent was at an after-hours club (then not so popular) called "The Headquarters" south of Market in San Francisco.

I couldn't afford the plane fare back East, I think it was in 1981. Instead, I bought some crank and pulled out a hit of blotter acid from the freezer, put it and the speed in some water and shot it up. My memory is bad and I just have a glimpse of a cold pavement sort of day on my motorcycle. That night, or was it Christmas Eve? I ended up at the bar, lonely, drunk, wrote a song on a napkin which encompassed how little I cared that it was a holyday. It was about how spiteful I felt towards all the sleazy guys who were trying to pick me up and how they wouldn't take no for an answer.

Another sordid Christmas involved hundreds of dollars worth of drugs, my two babies and my husband, opening presents under a wimpy fir tree cut down from the woods near the farm. We'd been up all night probably wrapping presents, preparing the tree, shooting dope and by morning did not want to deal with reality. I hated having to fake a smile for the pictures that had to be taken to be sent to Grandma and Grandpa in Michigan. Tons of pink clothes for the kids, more plastic toys and stuff, and big deal, I got some purple socks. To be honest, at that time, all I really wanted for Christmas was more drugs.

Every year I panic about Christmas cards and how the hell am I going to afford the stamps to send the required dozen or so to known relatives. I sit in gloom wondering what would be nice to make for my mother and when am I going to find time to occupy myself with some craft or another. Every year it's a relief when most of my immediate family says, "Don't worry about it, don't bother with me" and somehow i get through it, broke as usual.

Last year was another hazy memory, only I do know that no hardcore drugs were involved. Of course alcohol is a drug of the oldest variety and plenty of that was consumed. This year is going to be completely different. I am going to try to brave it through using no mind altering substances whatsoever; like ultimately straight-edge, like nothing to numb the pain, can I do it? I'm sure I can do it if I don't think about it too much. After all, it's another date on the calendar. Right? I'll list the major necessary requirements: tree and presents for kids, cards for relatives. Not so horrible. (The cards, by the way, I designed and am having screen-printed this year so they are gifts in themselves.) As for any other special feeling I'm supposed to have or arrangements I'm supposed to make, fuck it. It's when those things have fallen through that I've felt most miserable.

Christmas, as we all know, has become so commercialized that even if one is searching for its true meaning, something about God giving his Son to Mankind, one cannot find it in today's material-minded world. I feel that this day should be held above no other. I, myself, will do my everyday best to carry on with life, maybe it will be a good day to do the laundry. Maybe I will work in a soup kitchen. Maybe I will write another article. I will be like God and give my own gift to Mankind but not limit my gifts to one day of the three hundred and sixty-five.

Bah Humbug and Amen.
Love and Light to You All from,

Linda Lou Wessman



RAZZLE

b. January 1985

d. October 18, 1987

'Bye pal!

I'll be seein' ya...



"They take attacks against their genitals as VERY serious business"*

by Johnni

It was bound to happen. I write a few lines about male castration and I get a letter that reads, "My friend sez you're a lez cuz you really do hate guys." Oooh! Think about it folks! If I was a lesbian, why would I even bother with men in the first place? I'd probably be having the same problems with women, and I'd be mutilating clitori instead.

But I'm not a lesbian, and I don't hate men. I'm just a young, naive, heterosexual and some say all-too-trusting girl. So why did I write those few words that seem to have made so many people so uncomfortable? Well, I got the idea while talking to my friend Ruth. I'm not sure how it started, but we came up with these "recipes" for dismembered members. Stuff like split-penis soup (Mmmmmmm-mmmm good) and well...you get the idea. Anyway, my reason for writing that little piece was simply to make a joke out of feeling fucked over, and believe me, that's not easy. But it was worth it, 'cause if I didn't laugh about it I'd cry--I've done alot of crying and alot of laughing...I'd rather laugh.

But watch it! 'Cause I'm going to Chinatown to find me a bargain in the meat cleaver department so next time I'll be prepared! And as Ruth sez..."they're all guilty, 'til proven innocent."

*quote from PeaJae

ZINES by Joe

1) The Amigo (\$1 p.p. to : The Amigo, P.O.Box 412, Chula Vista, CA., 92012)

Does an excellent job covering the San Diego underground. Issue #2 has a handy political dartboard pull out. (But only one point for spearing Nancy!?!? C'mon, she deserves better.) (35 pgs, 5 1/2X8 1/2)

2) Bad Newz : (\$1.50 to: Artists & Writers Underground, c/o Sarris Bookmarketing, 125 E. 23rd ST., #300, New York, N.Y. 10010)

Music oriented mag chock full of interviews, photos and reviews among other stuff. Looks like alot of effort goes into BN. Neato! (32pgs. 8 1/2X11)

3) Lookout : (\$1 p.p. to: POB 1000, Laytonville, CA. 95454 *Actually \$1 or whatever you can afford*)

Very unique and humorous political and social commentary that some call cynical though I like the term 'realistic' better. Editor Lawrence Livermore tells me this isn't a fanzine because, "I'm not a fan of anything." Decide for yourself. Inspiring! (10-16pgs, 8 1/2X11)

4) On the Prowl : (25¢ & 22¢ stamp to: Lydia, 180A Cortland Ave., SF, CA., 94110)

Friendly zine with a real personal touch. The short self-history in issue #1 is particularly good. (8pgs. 8 1/2X11)

5) Positive Sanctions : (50¢ plus 39¢ postage to: 103 Downey Street SF, CA., 94117)

Only one issue out so far and it's an entertaining one. Music reviews, poetry, a puzzle and editorials make for fun reading. (10 pages, 8 1/2X11)

6) Sporadic Droolings : (\$2 to: P.O. Box 1092, Kearny, N.J., 07032)

Jam-packed with tons of reviews, interviews, contacts and opinions. This is a great mag. Covers many relatively unknown bands not just the groups you read about everywhere else. If you're excited about music, SD is a must. (110 pgs. 7X8 1/2)

7) State Of Fury: (39¢ in stamps to: Urgent Fury, P.O.Box 158 Hub Sta., Bronx, N.Y. 10455)

This East coast zine focuses on politics and life in the BIG city instead of music. Angry, thoughtful writing that stands out with a style all its own. (6 pgs. 8 1/2X11)

8) Unscene Vision : (50¢ & 39¢ postage To: 2336 Market St. #107 SF, CA 94114)

This intelligent zine stresses a strong "get off your ass" message through the use of editorials, collages, information and other odds and ends. And who did that bizarre "scene report" in issue #2? (26 pgs. 5 1/2X8 1/2)

9) YIPES : (\$1 p.p. to: Ken Cousino, 9911 Goff Road, Temperance, MI., 48182)

YIPES keeps rolling along, practically an institution in the Michigan area (well, maybe I'm exaggerating just a touch.) Interviews, cartoons and zany covers galore! (20 pgs. 8 1/2X11)

It's time to take notice of a relatively unknown but brutally oppressed minority. This crew of environmentally-concerned, health-conscious free spirits roll throughout Earth's decadent land spreading cheer & good will. Yet despite the loving, caring nature of these kind souls they are routinely harassed, bullied or--even worse--ignored by all manner of vehicle drivers, pedestrians, dogs, cops & other such scoundrels. I'm speaking, of course, in behalf of the world's least respected group, bicycle riders.

These misadventures are understood pedalers down hell's potholed high-ways are too often treated like the dog shit they weave through by callous creeps. (I bet Ronald Reagan never rode a bicycle after childhood, if ever. Think about it.) For example, have you ever been cruising along the road, minding your own business while harmonically converging with carbon monoxide, when out of the soot emerges the nightmare of an automobile door swinging open? This has happened to me on more than one occasion & without exception I've strongly disliked the culprit for the rest of his or her born days. In fact, not long ago a bike messenger friend of mine was badly hurt when that same stunt was pulled on her. "Getting doored" is not a new sex position so turn your skull & be aware of others when leaving your car goddamn it!

Living as I do in San Francisco I've gotten several bike messenger scum types. It's encouraging to find that these fine folks are contaminating the financial districts everywhere. It almost inspires me to join the work force at times. On second thought, let's not romanticize this subject out of proportion.

Lucifer Steve, bike messenger from hell, has told me a few of the things he's experienced in his 4 months on the job. Once he went through a red light when there was no traffic of any kind. Now understand that nearly everyone who rides a bicycle follows this rule: Keep up the momentum unless you're facing almost certain death. So a red light in itself will never fit this requirement. Practically every bike rider does & should disregard the fuckers. But Steve was stopped & fined an incredible \$86. Meanwhile cabbies, bus drivers, truckers & (the most inconsiderate of them all) automobilists get away with reckless endangerment about 9 billion times a day. Even when a street is designed with a lane set aside for two-wheelers there are still some sadists who won't allow bikers their space. Is that too much to ask for?

I'll end on that question before I get inordinately upset & start screaming something like "Bike riders of the world unite!" or "The only good car is a junked car!" Besides, bicycle riders are too cool for that sort of sloganistic behavior. Not to mention humble!

"I hate fast cars" - Buzzcocks

Anarchist Songbook

We need your favorite anarchist protest, anti-nuclear, feminist, gay, lesbian, drinking, animal liberation, BOB AVAKIAN, etc. songs for the first edition of the anarchist songbook, to be available in spring 1988. Send your songs and melodies to:
ANARCHIST SONGBOOK
 c/o Wooden Shoe Books
 112 S. 20th St.
 Philadelphia, PA. 19103
 and don't forget to plagiarize....

TOPEKA, Kan. — Two dogs mating near an airport runway at Forbes Field were shot to death last month by security officers who feared the dogs posed a danger to a plane carrying President Reagan. The incident has prompted letters of complaint to the White House and threats on the life of the man who ordered the dogs killed. "We did what we had to do," said Marvin Hancock, deputy director of the Metropolitan Topeka Airport Authority. "We were told anything that moves has to be removed."

LONDON — A 15-year-old schoolboy, posing as a yuppie businessman, bought \$175,000 worth of stocks on credit shortly before the stock market crash and faces possible charges for leaving brokers holding the losses, authorities said Saturday.

If you can help out a group of homeless people who have taken up residence with tents in the U.N. Plaza/Civic Center area please do so. They desperately need blankets + also food, soap or whatever you can spare. If you can't bring the items yourself, write us + we'll make the delivery.

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