

*It's  
NOW*

T w e n t y - e i g h t

P a g e s

**Lovingly**

B o u n d

w i t h

T w i n e

A

Fanzine

by

Christoph

Meyer

\$TWO\$

NUMBER 6



Page I (front cover): It's Now! The linoleum block print on the cover is one of the first ones I ever carved.

It's entitled "A Fellow". It's still Now!

Page II: This page. The table of contents.

Page III: Introductory Ramblings. A few words from me to you.

Pages IV-X: "A Dirty Message from the Clean Folks at Ruud" The tragic and true story of how one man became very very dirty and the long road he traveled to cleanliness.

Page XI: At 28PLBWT, safety comes first!

Pages XII-XIV: "Pining for Pat" When I get my hands on Pat, I'm gonna hug him and squeeze him and never let him go! Godspeed Pat and come home soon.

Pages XV & XVI: "Let's Take a Peek in the Ol' Mailbag" A letters column of sorts.

Pages XVII-XXV: "The Story of Herbie Part IV" More Herbie than you can shake a stick at.

Pages XXVI & XXVII: A couple of English punks were ornery to me (in print) so I parody their orneriness. I'd really like to thank them though since because of them, I now have a new catchphrase for my fanzine...TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES LOVINGLY BOUND WITH TWINE: YOUR ONE SOURCE FOR WHOLEMEAL DROSS. Thanks Chip & Rachel:)

Page XXVIII (back cover): Photo of me by Lisa Moster. I'm keepin' real and kickin' it old skool. Christoph Meyer is the original punk. More punk than you can shake seven sticks at. More punk than you can handle. Yeah, you! That's right, I'm talkin' to you!

### Subscription Information:

(All prices are postage paid)

1 issue: \$2 or trade  
3-issue sub: \$5  
6-issue sub: \$10  
12-issue sub: \$18

Please specify which issue you'd like your sub to start with.

My address will now and forever be:

Christoph Meyer  
Post Office Box 106  
Danville, OH 43014 U.S.A.

Acknowledgements: "A Fellow" previously appeared in issue #49 of *Think Here* and issue #7 of *Mail Art*.

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# 452 of 648  
CM

# Introductory Ramblings

In past issues, I've tried to predict when the next issue will come out and maybe even said a little about the content I have planned for future issues. Well, don't believe a word I've written or what I'm about to write. With that said, here are my plans for the next couple issues...

Issue #7 will be out soon. Very soon. Sooner than you think. After that I plan on getting at least two issues out fairly quickly, or maybe a double issue. The only promise I have about content is that "Ask the Dentist" will one day appear. Thank you to everyone who has written in for their patience.

I am almost out of 28PLBWT #s 1, 2 & 4. I've reprinted #3 and plan to reprint #4 very soon but I've decided not to reprint #1 and #2 anytime soon. Once I give out the last few copies of those, that'll be all. A few distros still have some though. All reprints that I do will not have hand-printed covers. Those just take up too much time so they're for first printings only.

I have a new mini-comic out called "What God Has Revealed to Man". It's available for 2 first Class letter stamps. I'll also toss it in free with a subscription-- just mention that you want it.

If you write me a letter and you don't want me to consider it for publication, tell me or it's fair game.

This issue is bound with butcher's twine. You know, the kind omnivores use to tie up hunks of meat. I found it in a gourmet-cooking store. The proprietor was very puzzled and asked why I needed so much butcher's twine. I said, "it's for non-cooking purposes." She asked, "Are you going to fly a kite?" I said, "no," then walked out, cloaked in mystery. Or so I like to think.

## Photo Credits:

Pages 9, 19, 21, 24  
and 25 by: Me

Pages 12 and 14 by:

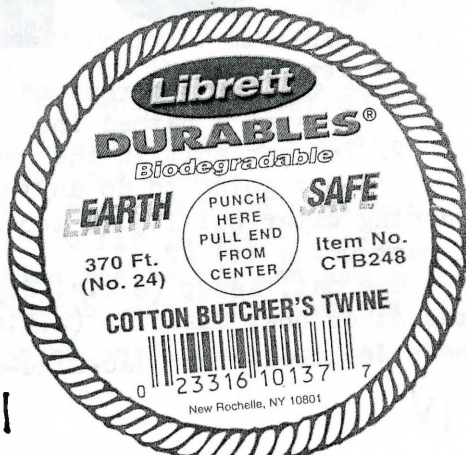
I wish I knew

Page 16 by: Ask the  
good Professor

Page 18 by: either Me  
or Lisa, we forget.

Page 28 by: Lisa

Moster, D.D.S.



A **Dirty** Message from

the **CLEAN** Folks

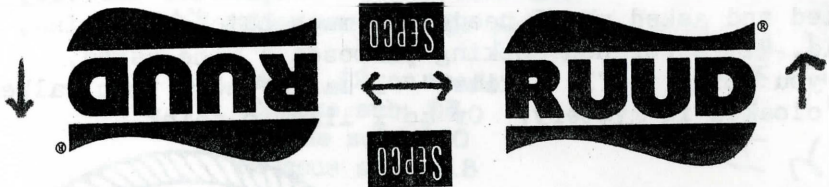
at Ruud®

(an essay written on 11-19-02)

PART I. Before: Dirty & Cold

The plumber will be here soon. I rarely bathe on two consecutive days, sometimes only once per week. There is cat shit in the basement. I, Claudius is one of the best novels I've ever read-- maybe not THE best, but definitely in my top five. I don't know much about plumbing, electricity, appliances, car repair &c. It would be nice to know a little something, you know, to be practical and all, but I have little interest in these subjects. My "practical" knowledge is restricted to such arcana as ancient Greek history and details about the lives of famous artists, writers and scientists.

Allow me to explain...our hot water heater is broken. The cats' litter boxes are next to the broken hot water heater, which is not a Ruud. It's just a Sepco. When my dad first saw our Ruud brand air-conditioner and furnace he said, "Oh, you've got a Ruud! That's a good quality brand. I wish I had a Ruud." I'm certain he was jealous. The Sepco is very, very old-- much older than me. It has probably heated as many gallons of water as there are stars in the sky or grains of sand on a beach. But two weeks ago, while my sister and her intended were visiting, it heated its last gallon. Our baths have been very cold lately.



Here are the two reasons why I feel so dirty:

1. I haven't bathed in a week.
2. The cat shit in the basement.

I'm not going to do anything about #1 until I have hot, running water but I just took care of (I'm sorry but I must write it) #2.

One cat, Aesop (a.k.a. Sopyy), is good, while the other one, Claudius (a.k.a. Declawdius-- since he's declawed-- or Clau-Clau-Claudius-- you'll only get

that reference if you've read I, Claudius or seen the old PBS adaptation of it), is bad. Sippy poops in the box. Claudius may poop in the box or, should the fancy take hold of his little kitty mind, under the basement stairs. The poop's been accumulating for some time now. I know it's there but I let myself forget about it since it's safely tucked under the basement stairs and out of harm's way. Cat shit should stink but Clau-Clau-Claudius' feces is strangely non-odorous which helps me indulge my indolence.

I cleaned up the cat shit this morning. Appearances, after all, must be maintained. The hot water heater is next to the basement stairs and although I have found it a little too easy to forget about the cat shit, I suspect the plumber expects to work in a cat shit free zone, as well he should. All workers should demand this basic right. It took less than five minutes to sweep up the dried cat turds. Funny how easy it was to do considering how much time I spent thinking about doing it and thinking about what a disgusting slob I am for not doing it. The plumber won't know that the area he's working in was, just hours before, a minefield of icky cat poo, but now he won't have to work in cat shit. That's always nice.

It's winter now; I saw the first bit of snow yesterday. Have you ever had to boil water on the stove to take a bath? It takes awhile when your water is freezing-cold well water in winter. Even after boiling pots on all four burners and making lots of dangerous trips between the kitchen and bathroom carrying still-boiling pots, the bath water is only vaguely warm. We don't take showers. I wanted to write "we don't have a shower" but technically, that's not true. There is a shower in the basement; it's right next to the sump pump. It's just a handheld thingy that the previous occupants of this house hocked up so that they could take nice long showers standing on the cold concrete floor amongst the cobwebs and peeling paint, all the while remembering not to take a step to the right or SPLASH!-- you're in the sump pump hole. Like I said, we take baths.

Our one bathroom has a beautiful old clawfoot tub, but the past owners saw fit to affix boards around it. I peeked behind the boards and saw that the vinyl floor under the tub wasn't the same as the floor in the rest of the bathroom; it was old and

crumbling. I wanted to take the boards off, but not if it would just expose that mess. We'd have to redo the entire floor and lift up the tub to do it. We'll just leave the boards for now.

Doing dishes in almost frozen water sucks. My hands go numb in the cold water. I yearn for hot water. After the new hot water heater is installed, I'm taking a hot hot hot bath. Even when it "worked" our old Sepco sucked. It got the water kinda hot but not really HOT. I would sometimes boil a kettle just to give my bath a little oomph. I don't bathe too often, so when I do I want to do it right.

Our hot water may be all the way broken but our washing machine is only a little broken. There has been an unexpected benefit to having a broken hot water heater: washing clothes is now much easier. The doohickey in the washing machine that causes the cold water to shut off at the proper moments in the washing cycle is broken. This thingamajig may or may not be called a "valve" but "valve" is my best guess. Like I said, this ain't my forte. When our washing machine is supposed to stop filling and start swooshing, it will start swooshing but won't stop filling. The same thing happens again when it's time to rinse. One is therefore obliged to manually turn off the water between cycles to stop it from overflowing.

So washing a load of laundry at our house goes like this: Start the wash (clothes, soap, turn it on). Once it's filled with water, go back downstairs and turn off the cold water on the cold water pipe that feeds into the machine. After the 1st spin cycle, go back downstairs and turn the water back on to rinse. After it's full, turn it off again. All together, it's four trips up and down the stairs per load of laundry. We do a lot of laundry because of Herbie; diapers must be washed often. Even so, I tend not to get things fixed if they're only a little broken. But now, without a functioning hot water heater, I can do a load of laundry in just one trip. I simply set it for "hot/hot" and since the hot water "valve" isn't broken, the unheated hot water shuts off at the proper times. Soon that luxury will be gone but it's a small price to pay for hot running water.

Our new hot water heater will be 50 gallons! 50! We probably don't even need 40 but it was the only size the plumber had on hand and he said that the difference between heating 40 and 50 gallons was negligible. Actually, he said, "The difference in cost between

heating a 40 and 50 gallon tank is...uhh...ummm...uhhh..." I'm thinking, "negligible...come on, just say negligible." But he repeats, "...uhhh...the difference is...uhh...ummm...uhhh..." So I finally say, "negligible." And he says, "Yeah! The insulation these days is something else!"

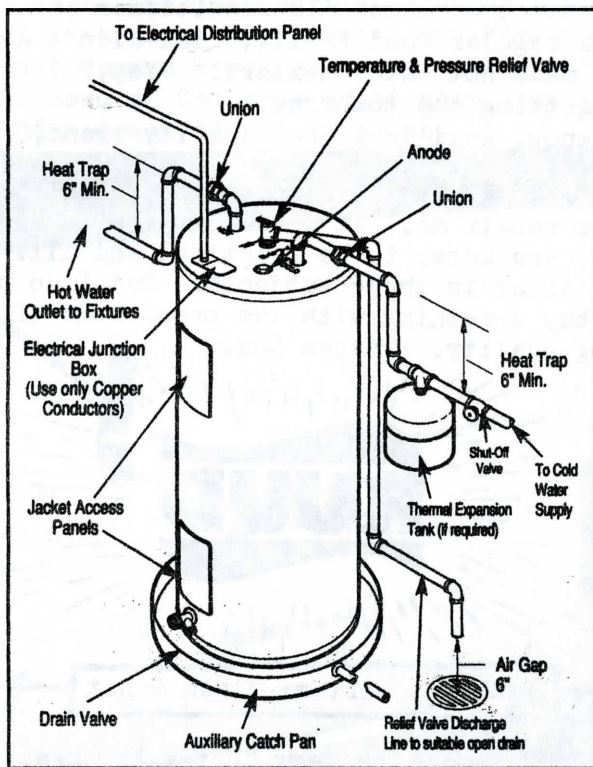


Figure 2. — Typical Installation

It's been over a week since I've bathed. I can smell myself. I enjoy running which is a sweaty hobby. The plumber will be here any moment now. Oh man do I stink. It's amazing that we'll soon have a new hot water heater. It's actually hard for me to believe that someone can come over and install a new hot water heater just like that. You have to solder pipes, flawlessly recite the appropriate incantations, hook up electric wires and all sorts of inexplicable, difficult things. But then again, even though I've spent my entire life without giving the briefest of brief thoughts to hot water heaters, here I am writing an essay whose central focus, if it has one, is hot water heaters. I bet the plumber would be hard pressed to write an essay about hot water heaters even though he must know a great deal about them. I

guess we all have our talents, however practical or impractical they may be.

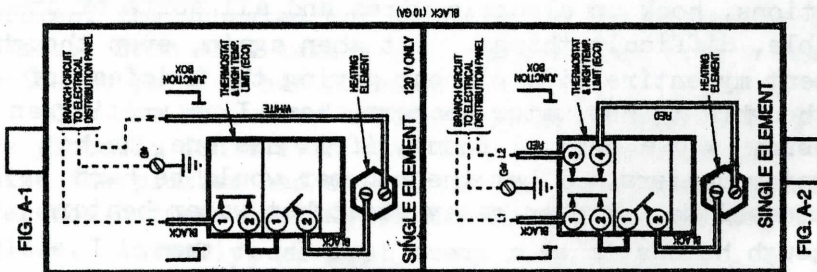
I was talking to my dad on the telephone last night and I told him that I was getting a Ruud brand hot water heater to match our Ruud air conditioner and furnace. We'll be a regular Ruud family. Dad didn't even know that Ruud made hot water heaters. "Yep," I said, "and I'm getting one tomorrow."

"You know, Ruud is a good quality brand," he said. "Yeah, I know."

I don't know much about plumbing, electricity, appliances, car repair &c. It would be nice to know a little something, you know, to be practical and all. But I have little interest in these subjects. But I do one thing: When you buy something with the brand name of Ruud, you are buying quality. Thanks Dad.

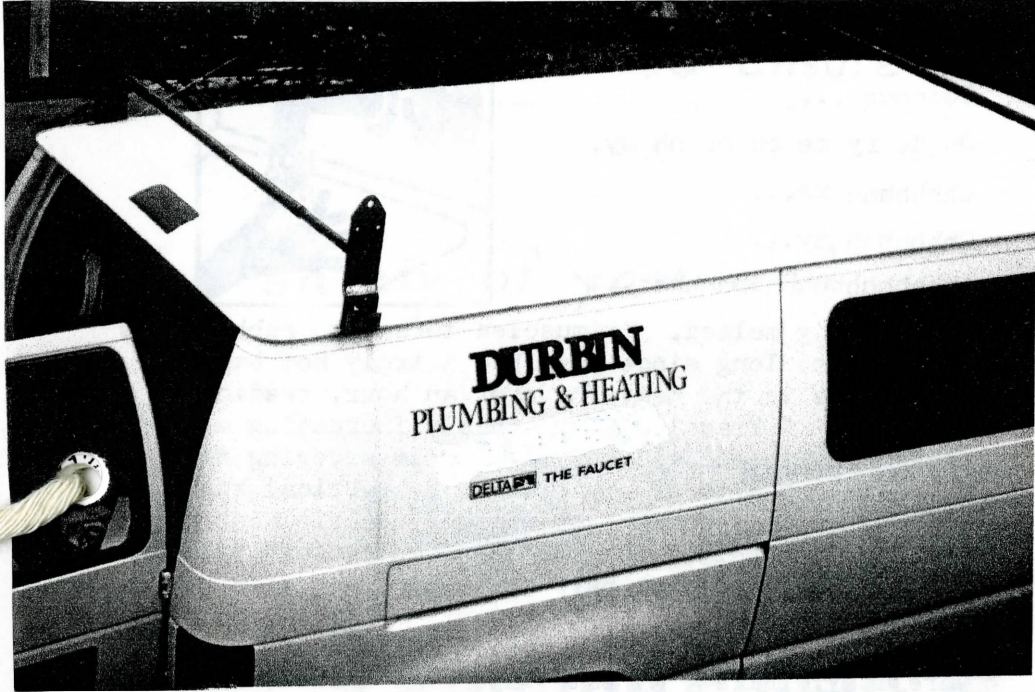


I've been using the term "hot water heater" even though it's a silly phrase. Technically, it's a cold, or at most, tepid water heater since it obviously doesn't heat hot water because hot water doesn't need to be heated. I should probably go back and edit the "hot" out of every "hot water heater" but I'm used to adding "hot" and too stubborn to change. Plus I heard the plumber himself refer to it as a "hot water heater" and if a professional can use "hot" then I can too.





The plumber from Mickley Heating & Plumbing drove up in his Durban Heating & Plumbing van shortly after I finished writing Part I of this essay. A Mickley bought the business from a Durban about seven years ago, but hasn't changed the logo on the vans yet. Now that's someone I can relate to! Durban and Mickley are two of the most common surnames round these parts. There's a whole mess of Colopeys round here too, but I'm figurin' that clan doesn't heat or plumb.



When he saw our old Sepco, he referred to it as a dinosaur. Says it's gotta be over 50 years old.

Me: "It sure has lasted a long time."

Him: "They sure don't make 'em like they used to."

Indeed.

As he left, he instructed me to wait at least one hour

before I did anything that used hot water, like taking a shower. Yessir. I waited



IX



Page number eleven has

been reinforced to ensure

the safety of you and

those

you

love.



# Pining For

**PAT**

Those of you who have read 28PLEWT #4 will most certainly remember Pat. Pat's not a fellow one easily forgets. For those of you who haven't had the pleasure of meeting Pat, just look below and his suave image will be forever burned into your brain.



Actual Size

Pat is a photograph that mysteriously found its way onto a corkboard in the breakroom of a large office building and subsequently found its way into my home and my heart. Pat was once my source of inspiration and hope, but now he has abandoned me. He's run far far away to Chicago and left me here in Millwood,

Ohio, dejected. It wasn't supposed to happen like this...

In 28PLBWT #4 I announced the "Pat Essay Contest"

whereby any fanzine publisher who wrote a short (200-400 word) essay could win Pat if they too promised to pass Pat on to another, who would in turn pass Pat on &c, &c. The last day to send in entries was January 1st 2003. Pat was to be mailed to his new home on "Pat Day", which was March 1st. No one even entered the contest. Somewhere I read the advice that a fanzine publisher should never have a contest because no one would enter and it would just be sad. The first Pat Day, <sup>day</sup> of promised happiness and celebration, was hideously transformed into a day of mourning and despair. Not only did no one enter the contest, but I did not even have Pat's compassionate, constant gaze to console me.

Actually, I did receive one essay (which will be printed below) but it was disqualified because it was only six words long. However, through a cruel and ironic twist of fate, the very person who penned this "essay" is the one who stole Pat away from me! You see, I came across a publication called Found Magazine, which publishes only writing and pictures that people find and send in. The magazine is a voyeuristic tour de force and well worth checking out. I thought that Pat's striking image would be a huge asset to this magazine if he were to grace their pages. I sent a copy of 28PLBWT #4 to Davy Rothbart, the publisher of Found, with a note asking him if he'd be interested in publishing Pat in a future issue of Found. Here is his reply:

Christoph,

I love 28PLBWT! The whole thing is great but my favorite might be the OSU alumni cartoon thing. As far as Pat, he will appear in Found #3 fo' sho'.

My essay on Pat:

I love Pat

I want Pat

Well, now you have him.  
Are you happy now?  
Huh? Are you happy now?!

Please send Pat to the Found Magazine webmaster and we'll put it on the site and send it back to you before Pat Day so you can send it on to the zine publisher of your choice.

Maybe include a short note explaining where you found it, and also that I promised we'd put it up under Find-of-the-Week or in the photos section. Also, please include a SASE to ensure Pat's safe return. That'd be rad.

Peace Bro! Davy

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With a tender kiss on his ruddy cheek, I sent Pat off with a First Class ticket (i.e. First Class Postage) and a First Class return ticket (i.e. a SASE) home. Since I don't have internet, I asked a friend to check the Found Magazine website for me and tell me when Pat appears. He reports that the "Find-of-the-Week" is changed monthly at best, and Pat has yet to appear on the site. And what's worse, Pat has yet to come home in his SASE.

Pat is no doubt painting the town red and drinking lots of red, fruity drinks. On the rocks of course. And you know that he's breakin' lots of hearts in Chicago. Women love a man who's secure enough to openly quaff umbrella drinks. Here's my advice to all you ladies in Chicago: if you're fortunate enough to hook up with Pat, just enjoy your one night together and try to move on. Pat's a rolling stone and he's gotta roll on. No woman could ever tame him so don't try.

Davy and Jason (the Foundmagazine.com webmaster) are just having too much fun with Pat and don't want to send him back. They're probably up to their eyeballs in sweet lovin' trying to "console" all the broken-hearted honeys that Pat leaves in his wake. Plus, Pat's just such a gosh-darned swell guy; it's hard to give up his company. Once you've gazed directly into those mischievous, fun-loving eyes how can you give him up? You simply MUST give him up! After you've gazed into those eyes for too long, there is no going back. You'll be under Pat's spell and may never want to return to the real world. Pat is too much for anyone to handle and that's why I tried to pass him on via the essay contest. When I do get Pat back, I fear that I may never be able to part with him again. But ask for him I must. Please Davy and Jason! Send Pat back! I beseech you!

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I miss you too Christoph



# Let's take a peek in the ol' mailbag...

...if they are going to build a Death Camp Crematorium in my neighborhood, you better damn well expect me to have put graphitti on the walls and taken photos of the human smoke." 1101112131

-R. John Xerxes, Love Bunni Press

"So far, none of your zines have sold. Don't worry though, I'm sure they're just waiting for the right person to come in and buy them!" 516171819

-Ali, Boxcar Books (11-1-02)

"We sold out of 28 pgs #5. Here's a check for those. Please send us more..." 111213141516

-Keith, Chicago Comics

"Unfortunately, your zine still hasn't sold any copies." 22232425

-Ali, Boxcar Books (1-28-03)

"But please don't think I'm calling you a fool, in fact being that Lisa's a dentist you seem like you have your shit together." 128123456789101112131

-Travis Klein, Sunshine Capital

"Be it known that I bear no particular grudge against the Good People of Ohio, and that I respect the sovereignty of the Buckeye State no less than I do that of New Jersey. And while I used to live in one, I now live in neither." 516171819

-William P. Tandy, Eight Stone Press

"They'd have several people in a row give their shoutouts -like 10 straight minutes of shout outs- and it was always crazy stuff like, 'Yo, this is Nate-dog, chillin' like a villain down here at the UDF on Parsons. Mainly I'm runnin' the register, but when there ain't no customers around, then I'm getting' my sweep on...you know what I mean, getting' my mop on..." 1111213141516171819202122232425262728293031

-Jacob Snodgrass, Factory Wounds, St. Comso, I Come to Adore You

Do you have a SHOUTOUT that you'd like to see printed in a future issue of 28PLBWT? If so, send it in... I'm going to be very selective about what I print and will only do it if I receive enough good submissions. Keep 'em short & funny, 1111213141516171819202122232425262728293031

28PLBwT reader Professor Jason A. Sykes wrote the following in the note he enclosed with his subscription...

"...enclosed is \$10. I would have gotten the 12 issue sub but I'm tight on money right now. Love your zine."

In a subsequent letter he not only revealed that he was not truly a Professor but enclosed the following photograph...



→ \$50 Bills →

The caption on the back went as follows...

Christoph  
I love your zine, here I was shortly after reading it for the first time. Needless to say you've changed my life!

Careful examination of the photo reveals the personage on the bills in the good professor's hand to be none other than Ulysses S. Grant, who only adorns the fifty dollar bill. And all the bills are identical! I count at least sixteen \$50 bills, and that means at least \$800! Can't afford a 12-issue sub, huh? It looks to me like the pizza business is treating you just fine.



# The Saga of Herbie Continues...

## One Two Three Ten Anecdotes about Counting

Herbie started learning to count around 19 months. By 20 months, it became an obsession. He's 22 months now and though he still counts things, he now knows his alphabet so a letter obsession has temporarily displaced the number obsession. The following anecdotes illustrate his obsessive need to count everything. These all occurred on the same day, within less than one hour, when he was about 20 months old.

### I. (counting to two)

I had our only car for the day so I needed to pick Lisa up from work. Herbie had a poopie diaper so I was changing him before we left to get her.

"Herbie, do you wanna go get mama at work?"

"Mama! Mama! Work!"

"Yes, we need to change your diaper first though."

"Diaper. Pee-pee. Poo-poo."

"Yep, let's change your diaper."

Moments later, while changing it: "Come on Herbie, be still. Papa's gotta put a diaper on yer bum."

"Herbie's bum. One bum," he says, pointing at his butt.

"Yes, Herbie, you have one bum."

"Papa's bum! One papa's bum!" he says, pointing at my butt.

"Yes, papa has one bum too."

"Herbie bum...papa bum...two bums!" he says, pointing an index finger at each of our respective butts.

### II. (counting to three)

Later, in the waiting room of Lisa's office.

"Herbie, say 'hi' to Anita, Kelly and Kathy."

"Ladies. Three ladies!"

"Yes, there are three ladies. Say 'hi' to them."

"Hi three ladies."

### III. (counting to one two three ten)

After playing with the toys in the waiting room, he inevitably wants to go check out the table of little pencils, toys and stickers that they give to kids after their appointments. He always gets a sticker but now that he's learned to count, one sticker just won't do.

"Please? One sticker."

"Sure Herbie, here's a sticker." I stick one on his outstretched hand.

He looks at it then asks, "Please? Two stickers."

"Sure." I put a sticker on his other hand.

He looks at both of them then asks, "Please? Three stickers."

"No Herbie. You already have one for each of your hands. One. Two."

He considers this then asks, "Please? Ten stickers."

You see, at this age, his counting skills were limited to three. Four at the most. Usually he just skipped to ten after that.

### X. (counting to one)

When Lisa came out, Herbie was too occupied with the toys in the waiting room to even give her a second look. Toys at home are boring but the same toys in an exotic new location are endlessly fascinating. So even though he has been begging for Mama all day, now he ignores her.

While Lisa and I are standing there talking, Lisa's last patient of the day walks over. She introduces him to Herbie and I, and it's then that Herbie realizes that the mama he's been begging for all day is right there in front of him. He runs over to her, arms raised, saying, "Mama hold it! Mama hold it! Noose chair!" "Hold it" means "pick me up" and "noose chair" means that he wants to go home and sit in the rocking chair and nurse.

The man says, "Hi there, you must be Herbie."

Herbie stares at him.

"Say 'hi' to the man Herbie."

Herbie doesn't like some stranger getting in the way of going home with mama so he continues to stare at him suspiciously but finally gives him a reluctant, "Hi man."

"Hi there Herbie. How old are you?"

That's all the conversation Herbie can take when he's got noosin' on his mind so he puts an end to it with a terse and final, "Bye-bye one man."



Page  
one  
two  
three  
ten!



When Herbert

needs an

A\$T\$M, he

knows where

to go.

And while

he's there,

he picks

up some

lotto tickets

(with lucky #28)

and a

few lbs.

of ground beef.

He's not

sure how

much a pound of ground beef costs but the prices here are

always fair. Oh, and he can't leave without a case

of suds.

At Herbert's

Market, the beer is

always

ICE COLD.

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# Dino vs. The Bully

We took Herbie to the Houston Children's Museum while we were visiting my family down in Texas. Herbie absolutely loved the entire museum. Lisa and I had fun through him; it was so exciting to see Herbie so excited. He ran around from exhibit to exhibit laughing and smiling and happy. There are so few places that one can take a 21 month old. This place was Herbie Heaven.

There was a room, actually a series of rooms, that were set aside as a play area for kids 2 and under. We rarely get to see Herbie interacting with his contemporaries so Lisa and I sat back and watched as our little angel ran around and played with the other wee ones. I'd like to report that Herbie played nice but, well...ummm... he was sort of a toddler bully. Herbie was bigger than almost every kid in the play area. Hell, he's almost as big as some of the kindergartners and first graders that were there on field trips.

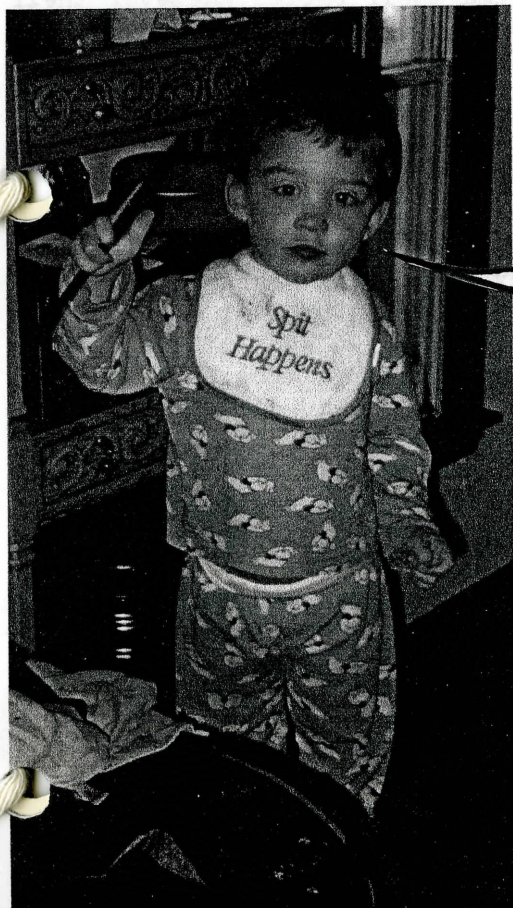
When Herbie saw other kids with toys he wanted, he grabbed them out of the little hands that held them. When he needed to get from point A to point B, the kids between Herbie and his destination were callously pushed aside. Mom and dad kept running after him to return stolen toys, pick up fallen toddlers and apologize to the kids' mothers. All attempts to explain the concepts of playing nice and sharing to Herbie's 21 month old brain, which was focused on playing, were futile.

But then Herbie "The Bully" Meyer met his match. This kid was just as big as Herbie and was sitting in the driver's seat of a little car. Since this car was equipped with two front driver's seats, both of which had steering wheels, turning ignitions and honking horns, Herbie walked around to get in the empty driver's seat. The other kid, let's call him Dino, had switched to the passenger-side driver's seat by the time Herbie got there. After stopping and assessing the situation, Herbie walked back around but Dino switched back before he got there. Herbie, showing an uncharacteristic amount of patience, went back around but Dino wasn't about to share. Dino stood up and planted one foot firmly on each seat.

Herbie was not going to be denied. He tried to climb in but Dino wouldn't move over so Herbie pushed against Dino's foot. The foot would not budge.

Herbie redoubled his efforts and gave a mighty shove against Dino's immovable foot, but in vain. "Move tootsie! Move!" shouted Herbie. (You see, we indulge in the occasional baby-talk and that's why Herbie refers to feet as "tootsies". I'm not proud of this, but it's just the way things are.) But still, the tootsie would not move. And what's worse, Dino had tired of this silly game. Dino placed his hand on Herbie's head and with one seemingly effortless push, knocked Herbie to the ground.

Lisa and I would have felt bad for our little boy if it wasn't for all of the bullying he had been dishing out just moments before. Maybe Herbie learned that violence isn't an effective way of solving problems since someone bigger will eventually come along. One can hope.



I'm ready  
for a  
rematch  
whenever  
you are  
Dino...  
just name  
the time  
and the  
place —  
I'll be there!

# Mo' Wibbs

This is why we don't own a television set: while staying in a hotel in Chicago, I watched an episode of Maury Povich while Lisa attended a dental seminar. If we had a television at home, I'd neglect Herbie and get less work done for sure. This episode was on the topic of very young kids who were very overweight. Slackjawed, with a TV-zombie stare, I watched the entire episode.

The children were mostly around three or four years old or younger. They were all extremely fat and ate astonishing amounts of soda, fast food, chips, cakes, candy &c. The parents of the kids fell neatly into two groups: those who were ashamed that it had gotten so out of control and wanted help, and those that were without regret and vowed to feed their babies whatever their babies wanted. The parents were, of course, overweight too. The kids ate just like their parents. I felt bad for all of them. One of the unrepentant moms proclaimed that "big is beautiful" while another one boasted that her little "baby" loved to eat cracklins. That's fried fat in case you were wondering.

They took their cameras to one kids house to watch him for the day and see what he ate. After a massive breakfast and many midmorning snacks, the big boy and his family went out to eat lunch at a soul food restaurant down the street. They walked but the poor boy couldn't even walk the entire distance. He had to stop several times along the way to sit down and catch his breath. When they got there, this kid, who was under 4 years of age for sure, ate an entire rack of ribs. Plus there was lots of soda and fries. When he was done, he simply said, "Mo' wibbs," in the cutest baby-talk voice imaginable.

The Maury show was good enough to provide a translation at the bottom of the screen: "More Ribs."

He got his 2nd rack of ribs, ate them, then went home for a nice long nap.

Herbie loves to get "got". I tell him, "papa's gonna get you. Papa's gonna get you." and he gets a huge smile on his face and runs away squealing

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with anticipation and delight. I catch him and tickle him. He loves to get tickled. Whenever I stop he says, "more tickle. more tickle." or "get Herbie." Of course I oblige him and "get" him again and again. I always tire of the game before he does.

His ticklish spots include his knees, armpits, neck, chin, feet and ribs. Often, when I get him, I grab both of his hands in one of my hands and hold them over his head. With my free hand I tickle his ribs saying, "Mo' wibs! Mo' wibs!" The other day, when I tired of getting him, he looked up at me pleadingly and asked, "More mo' wibs papa?" How could I ever deny such a request.

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## The Temperature of Frozen Soy Balls

We sometimes buy these bags of frozen "chicken-style vegetarian meatballs. When Herbie eats them, he refers to them as "hot balls" since we of course heat them up before serving them to him.

So one day we're unpacking groceries and Herbie sees Lisa putting a bag of these meatballs in the freezer and he starts yelling, "Hot balls! Hot balls! Please?" Since we're already cooking supper Lisa says, "Not right now Herbie. We have supper cooking already. They're cold anyway." She hands him the bag to show him.

He looks up at her and says, "cold hot balls."

"Yes Herbie, They are cold. Let's put them in the freezer."

As she shuts the freezer door, he waves his hand and says, "Buh-bye cold hot balls." which to my mind is the cutest phrase that ever has or will be spoken.

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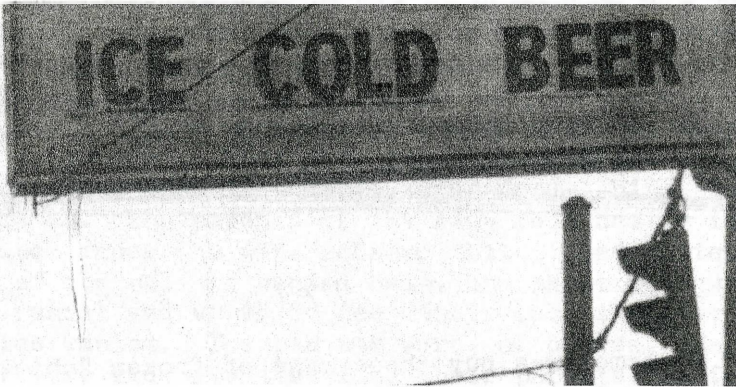
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Here I am with two inches of blank space left at the bottom of page 23...so here's a little joke I heard from my uncle Earl:

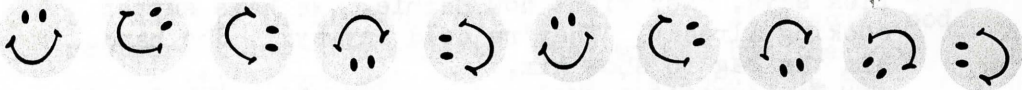
*Q: How do you make a handkerchief dance?*

*A: You blow a little boogie into it.*

Even while I was laying out page #19, I didn't notice the icicle hanging below the word ICE. It didn't show up on the other photo on page #19 because I had to lighten the picture a lot for the words to be clear.



THE MORAL: Pay attention! The beauty of the world is all around you right now and you are missing it.



~~PAY~~ Attention to Kids  
~~They~~ KNOW HOW TO →





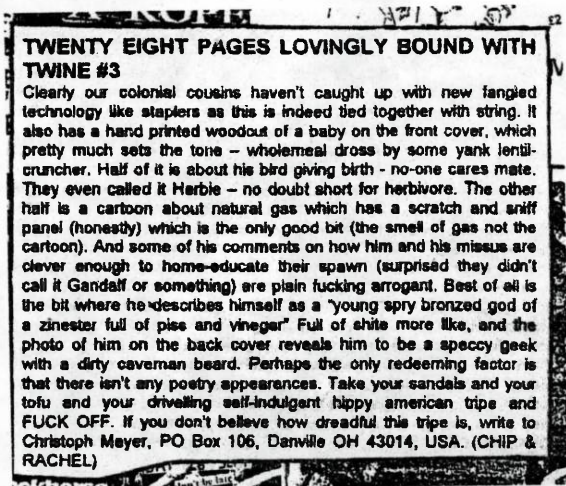
enjoy life



Dale Speirs wrote the following review of 28PLBwT #3 in Opuntia #51.1A:

**Twenty-Eight Pages Loving Bound With Twine #3 (The Usual from Christoph Meyer, Box 106, Danville, Ohio 43014) Mostly taken up by an account of the editor's wife giving birth and some poorly-drawn cartoons about natural gas.**

It's true; the comics are poorly drawn! The sad part is that I had to draw some frames more than a dozen times just to achieve the "high" level of quality that I ended up with. You should have seen the rejects Dale! This was my favorite review for a long time until I finally got the best bad review that a fanzine publisher could hope for in an English "DIY Punk Rock Fanzine" called Head Wound:



I couldn't stop laughing when I first read this review. Even over a week later, I might recall a phrase like "yank lentil-cruncher" and have a giggle fit. When you get a review like this, there's only one thing to do: write a letter...

3-7-03

Dear Chip and Rachel,

Wow, that was some review you wrote of 28PLBwT #3. Being that I'm just a peaceful yank hippy, I usually don't use foul language but for this letter I'll toss in a few expletives so that you two will find it a little easier to follow along...

My fanzine is pretty fuckin harmless, so what the fuck is it about 28PLBwT #3 that made you assholes write such a violently abusive review. I don't give a fuck if you don't like it, but issue #3 consists almost entirely of 3 pieces: 1.) an essay about my enthusiasm for zining 2.) The story of my "bird" giving birth to our son 3.) a silly comic about natural gas. None of these "drivelling self-indulgent" pieces are worth getting angry over. I'm amazed (and thoroughly amused) by your violently hateful reaction to such trifles.

After reading *Head Wound* #14, I'm astounded by how intensely hateful and intolerant you both are. It's hard to pick out just one example of this, but I think your review of a fanzine entitled *Savage Amusement* (which you liked) is illustrative of how intolerant you fuckheads can be. You write, "[*Savage Amusement*] is a bloody good way of finding new bands and the opinions are generally

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spot-on." Here is my question to you...How can opinions be "spot-on"? They're fuckin OPINIONS!!! You idiots are so fuckin intolerant that you won't even allow others to like music that you don't approve of! Do you realize how fuckin stupid that is. Even within the small insular world of British Punk/Hardcore there are the "right" bands to like which are, of course, the ones that you like. So is everyone who enjoys listening to music you don't like worthy only of your scorn and insults? It's just music; quit being fuckin idiots and just chill out.

Another funny thing that I noticed was that out of 41 fanzine reviews, the only review that both of you jointly wrote was the review of *28PLBwT*. You're both just itchin' to be mean, aren't cha? It makes you feel big and important when your both just a couple of losers drunk on cider. Maybe what you both need is a healthy heapin' helpin' of American hippy flower-power peace and love.

Just the fact that you find such harmless things as vegetarianism, poetry and birth stories worthy of ridicule shows what complete insecure assholes you both are. There's a lot of big corporate evil out in the world. There's war. There are politicians. There are right-wing Christian fundamentalists. And then there's my harmless little fanzine. Pick your fights more wisely.

I must give credit where credit is due: your "herbivore" comment was very funny. And I did take one criticism you made to heart. The comments I made about possibly home-schooling Herbie were a little arrogant. So I may have even learned a little fuckin humility from Chip and Rachel, the two pillars of all that is humble. And since you were fuckin kind enough to review me in your fanzine, I'd like to return the favor:

Head Wound is full of "the usual fanzine shite", and it even uses that exact phrase its front cover. And true to their word, there are several dull interviews with punk bands. The obligatory music reviews all follow the same formula: they inevitably compare the bands being reviewed to other bands so that the reviewers don't have to strain their inebriated little punk brains and come up with something original to say. The only amusing parts are when Chip and Rachel's irrepressible hatred for everything that falls even slightly outside of their hardcore aesthetic inevitably erupts. Take your combat books and cider, and your drivelling, unoriginal, derivative English tripe and FUCK OFF.

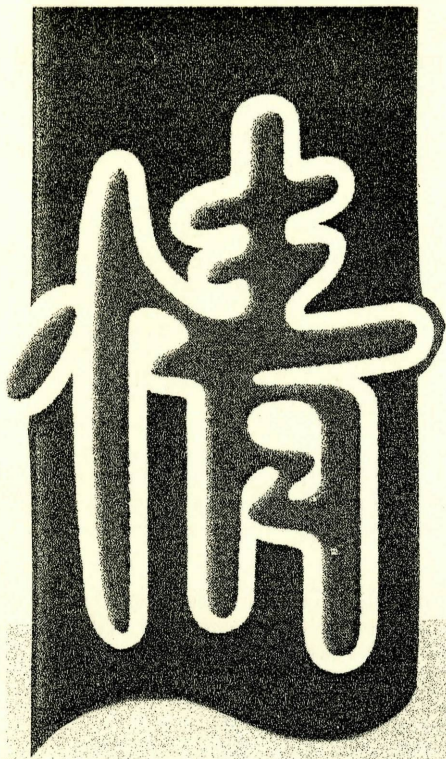
Enclosed is a copy of *28PLBwT*#5 for you to review. Tell it like is and send me a copy because I really really enjoyed reading how thoroughly angry #3 made you. I only wish that I had an issue with some poetry in it to send you. But fear not, I write reams of the stuff and some of it will eventually find it's way into my fanzine and when it does you'll be at the top of my mailing list.

Lots of Goddamned Fuckin Hippy Love,

*Christoph Meyer*  
Christoph Meyer

That letter was, of course, a parody of their orneriness. The funny thing is that Chip and Rachel have far more in common ideologically with me, than they would with the average person. I'm very sympathetic to anarchist thought, and I think that big corporations and nationalism are doing great harm to society. But I don't usually want to write about that stuff; I prefer to write personal essays, fiction, silly comics and, yes, even poetry.

My writing, like all fanzines, is idiosyncratic and not aimed at a mass audience. *28PLBwT* is merely an outlet for me to publish what I feel moved to write. I just write what I like, without anyone editing what I do, and send it out into the world, were maybe someone will find something in it they like. And actually, *Head Wound* isn't nearly as bad as the ornery parody review I wrote in the letter. There were a few bits that I really and truly enjoyed. But I must confess, I eagerly await the next issue to read how badly they trash *28PLBwT*#5



Final Facts: On Friday, November 1<sup>st</sup> 2002, Stacy Meyer (my sister) & Laura Gutierrez (her intended) flew into the Columbus, OH airport on Flight # 1492. On October 12<sup>th</sup> 1492, (also a Friday) Christopher Columbus set foot on an island in the West Indies.

I was  
punk rock  
when  
punk rock  
wasn't  
cool

