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### THE DEATH OF ROBERT CRUMB by RAY SCHULTZ

This amazing tragedy almost occurred two weeks ago at a joint staff meeting of the *East Village Other*, *Kiss*, and *Gay Power*, the three publications that make up the corporate design for Amalgamated Fabricant enterprises. As usual, Mr. Fabricant, a hearty fellow, was doing all the talking, telling us why he did not appreciate the remarks written about him on the john wall, why he was firing several people for general impudence and incompetence, why he was lowering everyone else's salary.

R. Crumb, famous cartoonist, had just busted into town. He was sitting with a devilish grin throughout the meeting, chatting with his old buddy D.A. Latimer, and trying to make time with the new crop of runaway chicks at the office. Suddenly, though, a pain came across his face at something exceedingly stupid that Mr. Fabricant had said. Crumb left the room and returned a few minutes later with a whipped cream pie. Fabricant was in the middle of a heavy speech.

"I'm telling you fuckers, one more remark and none of you will ever work on another paper in New York. I mean business. Latimer, wake up." Crumb stole up to Fabricant, and squashed the pie into his face. Bedlam!

"Fuck!" Fabricant shouted, as he bolted from his chair.

He chased Crumb into the back room. Crumb was never closer to death in his entire life. Fabricant was about to break the slender artist in two when he realized that

- 1) Two wrongs do not make a right
- 2) There were several people watching who might be sympathetic to Crumb
- 3) Crumb had just done a beautiful cover for the paper which always means bigger sales.

"I'm telling you Bob, one of these days I'm going to wipe you out," Fabricant said.

"We're still friends, Joel? I only did it because I love you, Joel," Crumb said.

Fabricant turned on his heel and went home, leaving the meeting in chaos. Crumb was extremely shaken by Fabricant's reaction and he immediately booked passage on a fast train to Philadelphia, and he was seen no more. As of this writing, the underground is still in an uproar.

photographs: JOSEPH STEVENS