
Hello, my name is Tom Bubul; I'm an artist who has nothing to do with comics. I lived in Providence, RI, have had RAV in-brain for years, and Mickey is "my sister." Here are four parting thoits to mark the conclusion of this perfect-bound collection of her "first" five issues.

RAV FIRST COLLECTION OUYRO

HERE'S A SCENARIO:

Wake up in a cold house that doesn't ever get warm. Compose an outfit of many layers in which you'll move through the days of the house.

Through an indeterminate number of repetitions of the above you'll arrive at a heraldic relationship with your layers. They'll gather ceremonial leather, metal, or fur pieces, patches, mendings, and grime, until gradually becoming "unmistakably yours."

You'll become aware of other people around you waking up in similar cold houses. They are also accumulating character onto their layers. Due to the cold they leave their lairs to congregate with extreme regularity in hidden havens in different group permutations, pursuing different individual and ad hoc group objectives, but aware of each other, themselves, and you as both individuals and as a total recognizable whole.

Some of these people have pre-existing relationships that are not apparent, or that you may never understand. Your relationships with each of them, and each of their relationships with each other, as well as everyone's individual relationships with themselves, their layers, their cold houses, and the whole secret city, are in flux.

Meanwhile, your life appears to have a continuing, traceable narrative, in which you're "the hero." Picture a dumpster. What's in it? Perhaps your "continuing

narrative" is just your ego's interpretation of stuff happening cacophonously and pseudo-consecutively around you, and only related to you nominally, if at all. A cat clock swings its ticking tail, looking back and forth in a night kitchen. What time is it? A laminated breakfast menu blows through a twenty-four hour restaurant's parking lot.

You pick up this breakfast menu. Are your feelings on your life's recent happenings more or less "real" than the fact that you're hungry right now? More or less "important" than "breakfast" in "broad terms?"

YO GET A SENSE OF RAV,
especially #2 through #4; Make a morning french
press of Cafe Bustelo, a coffee widely available for
purchase in a yellow and red tin or for about US\$.50
less in a vacuum-packed yellow and red brick of
equal volume.



When your cups are made, drink them. Mickey drinks her press black, then loses her voice. In cold houses I drink my first cup with milk and 1/2 tsp sugar, then the rest of my cups black. I think Jacob (see introduction) likes it with heavy cream and no sugar, though he might "sugar down upon;" circa the winter of RAV #4 he sometimes did it with a little butter in the cup.

With regard to butter in the cup: The phrase "that's rich" means "whatta joke," while "it's rich" recommends you "approach the pleasing density with consideration." A nice thing about cups is that you can do them however and you can usually make more. A whole french press for yourself is like 3.5 cups of Bustelo. By the bottom you should feel psychotic, like you ate a cigarette sandwich.

Somebody once told me that Bustelo-world is "like being on angel dust;" I have no idea, and no idea if whoever said this to me has any idea. Currently I think of the coffee as "busty boy," of the pre-state as "being on a must-bust basis," of the post-state as being "on angelbust" and of the comedown as "being busted." If you're drawing, talking loud, eating an egg - all fine. Max the angelbust moment. If you did it right, you'll be able to unhinge your jaw and swallow all visible obstacles.

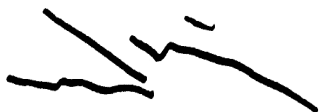
Then you'll settle into "being busted," which may feel like your life is falling forward into a horrendous cone-shape, like life on earth and human history are rolling like an unsurfable black or cream-colored wave into a dunce cap that's rising unfathomably above your head. It's definitely a weekday at this point in this sense-of-RAV, also extremely cold, and also breakfast is definitely over. You won't have a job to go to but you should be at least 10% and easily up to 90% thinking about money, which in lieu of a job, you will scheme and hustle around for inside of this dunce cap.

WOULD IT BE

"utterly rude" of me to ask: Did you go to the store today? Did you see someone you know? Were they your ex or present lover? Were they your band-mate? Did you owe them money? Did you see them yesterday? Are you going to see them again later today? Did you talk about something frivolous for one minute, such as what you just did prior to being in the store, or are on your way to do immediately after? Perhaps you avoided each other? Mayhap the lady deigned to consider a free sample? Did you dude sip upon a V8? Did stolen toilet papers rolls from the store bathroom overflow thy cluttered bag? Were you asked to do "a project?" Were you asked to contribute to a print compilation, or to a group show? (Will the print compilation be printed in whole or in part on a risograph? Does the group show take place in a non-gallery space?) Did Abba play on the store PA? Did you get a free coffee even though you're already kinda still busted?



Were you aware of the texture, color, flow rate, and oiliness of your urine? Did you defecate? Did you give your stool a "once over" prior to flushing? Did you photograph it with a pocket telephone? Have you masturbated today? Have you been intimate with a "special" someone," or are you "deathly certain" that you are going to be intimate later on, on this fine day? Have you wrestled anyone? Do you have a rash you're picking at? Are you feeling anxious about the perceived impact of certain members of certain food groups on your digestive processes and "energy levels?" Do your clothes fit? Do they fit the way they fit when you purchased them? Did you shower today?



TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND :

I bet you know where you are and how you got there. You probably have some concept of how where you are relates by processes and routes to other nearby places you've been, are going later, or like.

There're plenty of places you haven't been yet but that you're going to get to eventually. The weather and light in those places will be different than they are here, potentially calling for different layers. The cat clock's tail will continue to tick once you're there, and after your route back to the cat clock is no longer apparent.

Why don't you "climb a tree" and "put your head up through the top of the canopy?" Note the colors of the world, the clarity of the air on your face, the actually pretty surprising and inspiring distance of the visible horizon. If you can quantify your "followers" or "friends" in a specific number, think about how much space that number of followers or friends would take up if placed together in one group on the ground. Then turn your back to wherever you imagined that group to be standing, and look out across the uncomplicated reality of the rest of the afternoon-lit world. Pick at your rash a little.

When you're done thinking about the scale of your life on the planet, which may feel like a spread-out clean sheet with a small stain or nearly like a "blank slate," turn back to where your friends/followers were supposed to be on the ground. Pinch-zoom in on that area with your pocket telephone's built-in camera, remembering that you authentically and completely love several of the people who would be gathered there, and to some extent, enjoy or have to deal with the others. Take a picture and then climb back down to your reality's street.

YOM BUBUL, $\frac{XII}{XIII}$ * *
