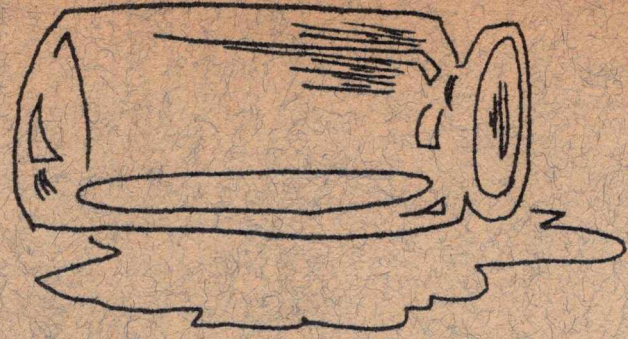




"HE MADE IT!"



Mammoth  
MILK



I guess it had to be this way. I always have to play the role. I sent a huge edition of Quagmire II to my friend and publisher Lars Bourne a couple of months ago but a log of things, including the National Guard, have come up and 8-Pager must be slapped on the behind by Lars. This is a good thing because it gives me a chance to pub a FAPA-zine in the true way it's done. This will be from the top of my head, will just squeeze by the deadline, and will probably contain mailing comments although I had no intention of doing such things until I became senile. I will say one thing though. I want the people who know me to listen right now. This is not a satire you hear. I wouldn't have opened my mouth about Quag II if it was.

I'm writing this with a can of beer and a bridge table. I'm in my bathing trunks about half a block from the surf. When my friends come by, I will leave this and go skindiving. I will dig a jazz quintet in Coronado tonight and the bullfight tomorrow. Lars must have three pages before the weekend is over and my editorial for Quag II is too long. So I will make very small chit-chat that would never have come about otherwise. In other words friends, this is going to be a FAPA-zine.

A little background music, maestro.

I left Notre Dame with a BS in one hand and an Astronautics contract in the other. I wrote technical copy on the job and free-lance advertising on the side for very good pay. I picked up 12 psychology credits in the evening and am seriously thinking about going on with it. I've done a lot of crazy things out here from eating a watermelon on top of some desert boulders to spending a weekend with Dave Rike, the Ronald Firbank of fandom.

I plan to leave this paradise and my draft deferment to make my way across the states to my Brooklyn home where I will volunteer for the draft. I would appreciate seeing the towns of all you reading this. Send me a card if you think we could swing anything when I come by. This will be in early September if you are in the West. I don't know when I will get East. I would also like to beg for paperbacks when I'm in the service. I'll need an awful lot of them. I'll send them back of course but you can see how dependent I will be on the generosity of my friends once I've learned how to put my M-1 back together blindfolded.

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THIS -- is a post mailing to the 84th FAPA mailing -- produced under the auspices of -- John Quagliano, 743 Isthmus Court, San Diego 8, Calif---

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this is an impeccable publication.



I guess I won't do any genuine mailing comments after all. I was a little amazed to find an R.C. Higgs and an Elmer Perdue. It just goes to show what happens when you use Laney's Memoirs and Gemzine as source material. Elmer was the best man in the February mailing you know. I admire the restraint in Sally Dunn's account of her hitchhiking across Europe and the writing of Mr. Warner. I was very happy to meet Burb, incomplete as he may be. I sort of resent the fact that Mrs. G.M. Carr has to run through every mailing like a rat over a butcher's chopping block. The croppled publishing giant Ted White shows how much of a fool he is. Imaginative Sandy makes us wonder. And rare talent Walt Willis, who has so much to offer, is forced to offer apologies. Can't you find someone better to waste so much space on? Why must you tell the old lady that she is all wet? We all can see her blowing water out of her snorkel. But maybe I should talk about her in my first fanzine. Maybe she isn't really making droppings all through the mailing.

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...and in winter, under my greatcoat, I wrapped myself in swathes of newspaper, and did not shed them until the earth awoke, for good, in April. The Times Literary Supplement was admirably adapted to this purpose, of a neverfailing toughness and impermeability. Even farts made no impression on it. I can't help it, gas escapes from my fundament on the least pretext, it's hard not to mention it now and then, however great my distaste. One day I counted them. Three hundred and fifteen farts in nineteen hours, or an average of over sixteen farts an hour. After all it's not excessive. Four farts every fifteen minutes. It's nothing not even one fart every four minutes. it's unbelievable. Damn it, I hardly fart at all, I should never have mentioned it.  
-- Molloy: Samuel Beckett

---

Maybe she isn't at that.

It's time to go. The tanks are all pumped up and the barracuda are at the kelp beds. I'll let Lars say a few words if there is any extra space. I don't know what will be in back of this but read it, you hear. It won't be in your copies of Quagmire II. I'd like to get some tapes if you want to talk that way. The title came from Wilder's Skin of Our Teeth which had Eartha Kitt doing a magnificent job as Sabina. I never would have finished this without my sunglasses but you know.....  
Well, maybe we'll get to that next time

# # #  
# # #

A few weeks ago, some men put up a sign at the head of our street which stated that the street was to be redone and fixed up. A short time after that, some more men came with all sorts of interesting instruments and proceeded to drive stakes in everyone's lawn, pulling apart trees and ripping up flowers in the process. I went away a few days after that and submerged myself in feminine companionship. Lack of money and an eventual lack of companionship brought me back home only to find that while I had been away the street had been gouged out with only a deep wide trench where the street had been, with heavy machinery blocking each end. "Ah, this is fine and good" I thought. "Now we'll have a nice new street and not be bothered with bumps and gravel." The next day the construction workers union went on strike and the machinery and torn up road is, to this day, still sitting there. -Lars



THE

WASHBOARD

CRANIUM



Old Holladay is up and around again, March didn't get him this year, he almost passed out in early April but the chickens saved him, you see his old woman had a hen that couldn't wait for spring to warm up and was a setting on some eggs, and blowing out steam in that cold chicken house.

His old woman got fed up trying to keep a fire going for old Holladay and see that, that hen kept on her nest. So she got the idea of packing the eggs around her bed-ridden husband.

Old Holladay says, he is the mother, but after three days the hen found her way into the house to help, the old timer didn't break an egg, says he wanted to live until he could give birth to them chicks and that gave him something to live for.

I wish you could have seen him, his beard full of chicks, — he lets the hen scratch and take his babies for walks — but they sleep under his beard — says, in the tone of a sputtering jealous mother that the little ones are smarter than that "Old Hen" — says, it took him two weeks to teach her to roost the right way around on the foot of the bed.

-----Harry Oliver  
-----



...  
Though there are people, you know, who really do read and enjoy Joyce and Proust and listen to Schonberg and Honegger, and who would fight like a tiger at being called "an intellectual," I know a few people who qualify as intellectuals in the old sense, and without exception they would resent having the term applied to themselves. I suppose this is a result of the insanely and consistently wrong-headed political positions taken for the past thirty years or so by those people who fly a flag saying, "I am an intellectual." Maybe it's better to be a pseudo.

By all means, let's have more of these remarkable poems. The Sweet Singer of Michigan just wasn't in it with these powerful expressions of the spirit of the age. Not since The Wasteland has there been such a lucid, cogent, compressed cry of desolation, despair and gafia as these polished jewels from the pen of one whose name will surely be written beside those of Milton, Browning, ee cummings, and Velva Schermerhorn.

-----Bob Leman  
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My principal complaint about Dove Soap is the television commercial that advertises it, with the moving pictures of doves flapping around and bringing the soap right into your front room. Nobody uses soap in the front room, of course, but even aside from that, it is sad to think how today's civilization has degenerated in its treatment of doves. In Noah's day, a dove brought an olive branch or something of that sort to signal the end of the rain, and doves were used for all sorts of cargo purposes during the Middle Ages for hauling around the Holy Grail and in good Queen Victoria's day the dove served numerous functions in bearing symbols of love and affection. Now it's reduced to bearing bars of soap.

-----Harry Warner Jr.  
-----

You know they really believe that I'm a poet. I'm turning them out like mad. And they're not bad. I'm going to do some for Shaw. Hold it. I feel one coming on.

### LOVE

love, love  
love is for love and the lovely lovers.

Love, love my lovely; loving love more than  
lovliness.

all is gone but love and lovers and loving.  
and love rings clear in my ears  
until love is only a word,  
and loving is a possibility.

Ohdamnistillhatetyposandpetergraham  
But I must  
Hang on tight to something  
Hang on to skin, to flesh, to egoboo





but don't hang on to love alone, lovers.

Hang on to 40-dollars-a-wwwe.

( don't  
let

got)

-----Ted E. White  
-----

Rich says he got his, face down. For me, they removed my shirt and gave me a pillow, then told me to lay on my side and curl up around the pillow as tightly as possible. This I did. They worked behind me, so I never did get a real view of what went on. All I know is that I felt a couple of painless jabs, something like the feeling you get when you hit a limb that's gone to sleep, and then a withdrawal of the instrument, also painless, and that was all. Quite a letdown. I don't think I screamed once. Maybe the process was improved sometime between Rich's encounter and mine, eh? Or perhaps we have different type backbones or something. Maybe no two backbones in the world are alike, and Hoover is missing a big chance to keep even closer tabs on the criminal populace thru backbone prints. Oh well. I just that you'd like to know how the thing works, in case you've never been tapped in the spine yourself.

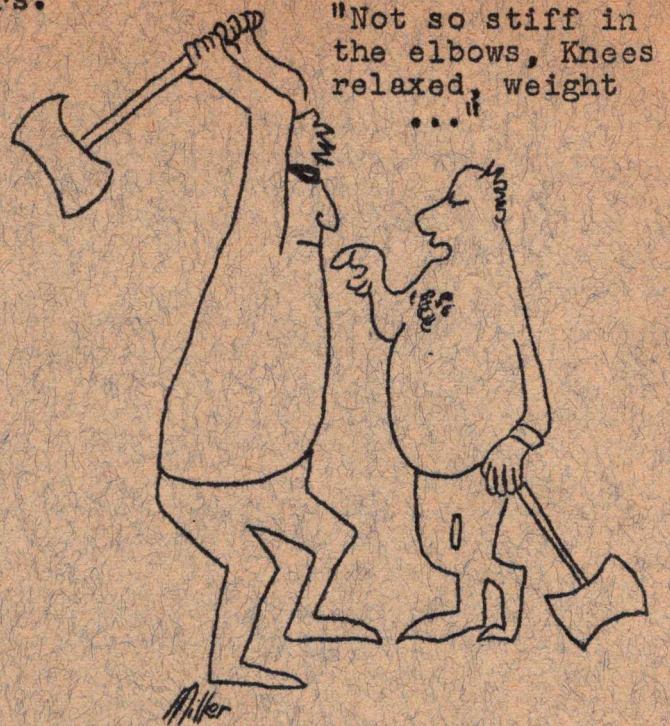
[ They did give you ice cream didn't they Kent? ]

-----Kent Moomaw  
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A cave man scrambling  
eggs, which squirt thru  
the pea-hole of a dead  
friend's skin, on lemons.  
that jump and rock to the beat of countless,  
senseless desires.

The startling crash  
of a falling leaf,  
as it joins it's kind  
to the sway of a strange  
wind. Blowing of a horn  
gathering the strays.  
Sunday - like with Christmas  
serenity. Walking  
down street, noticing Santa  
at a corner street.

-----Leon H. Sarsozo  
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A Riverside album containing a performance allegedly by a pioneer New Orleans jazz instrumentalist received unanimous praise from the reviewers, all of whom had clearly read the label but possibly had been busy answering the telephone when this track was playing on their turntables. Owing to a production error the record in fact did not feature this musician, nor any other instrumentalists: it was a mediocre and completely different performance by a group of singers irritating musical instruments. Not one of the reviewers pointed out the mistake.

I think that your critique of the Wake to be a brilliant job and I don't agree that you should track down more references before having it published. Henry Morton Robinson, who also wrote the Cardinal besides the Key, told me that when his publisher asked him to revise the book in '54 after ten years, he said that it would make a new and different book. You know how everyone has been speculating why Joyce picked Bloomsday as June 16, 1904 and no other. A.M. Klein has suggested that it was concerned with the witches Sabbath, and W.Y. Tindall has jocularly suggested that Joyce found an old copy of a Dublin newspaper at the bottom of an old bureau drawer that was dated June 16, 1904. I suggest that Joyce chose June 16 as Bloomsday because it is Fathers Day.

Fathers Day was established in 1910, when a young woman from Spokane Washington, wished to commemorate the memory of her father. The idea caught on, although not to the extent that Mothers Day has, probably for some obscure Oedipal-commercial reason. Fathers Day was June 16, in 1918, when Joyce was deep in Ulysses. We know that Joyce was fascinated by America and by its popular forms of expression. Such a concept as a day celebrating the mystical state of fatherhood would probably have intrigued him no end. In a book like Ulysses, which is salted with fathers and the effects on their children, we could expect something of the sort, and the anachronism of putting a holiday conceived in 1910 in a book supposedly concerned with 1904 would not have bothered him in the least. As you have pointed out, he has committed worse timecrimes.

-----Boyd Raeburn  
-----





Take a walk John, when the stars are playing in the sky and the luminous pearl is dancing with transparent wisps of breath. Choose a cluster of trees or a vastness of nothing, any place on this island world, but make it empty of everything save yourself, the sky and the essence which no one's explained. Take a walk John, and study your image in the heaven beyond you - if you can. What do you see...I wonder Do you see yourself or someone you think you are? Stay there and think, for a year or so, and then take a walk, John.

Walk into the least significant town you can find, take a year or so finding it, and share with the least significant begger there, all the knowledge you've both gained in your years. What does he know, John?...Nothing? I wonder if you can put up with his stupidity; and I wonder if he can put up with yours. Take a walk, John...

and see what makes up people, John, not books. Are they interesting? I'll bet they are, but what are they? One can be reflected in that heaven above you; the other can never be.

Take a walk, and let the wind which shares with all people blow away everything you know. Now you are the same as all people, for the wind mixes all in its turbulence. What are you now, John? Do you understand? Was the beggar right? Is the moon a pearl?

-----Hugh De Jonge  
-----

But Ann (or was it Lucille...?) had one fault, if fault be not too harsh a word, one flaw in her nature. She was a bit nuts. They had to send the little wagon with the screened-in back round for her one sunny morning—after she had done a bit of work with a cleaver on poor Mr. Idroe. But she was a cute trick. Dear saucy naughty Ann... damn! It wasn't fair of you, God, not to tighten up all her screws. (And that is another word that comes to mind in her connection.)

A bit of health; no wealth; and a life of stealth. Ah, me...the throbbing of devil drums. Next time round, you try to grab the ring.  
-----Kenneth Patchen-The Journal of Albion Moonlight  
-----

"Day like this," said Capon, unbuckling his belt and letting his hands fall loosely at his sides, "minds me of the time my granny lit the fire in the oven to get it heated for her to bake a pie. Meantime, she goes out to get more kindling, come back, stacks it, crumples the crust-edge of the pie a little, forks holes in the top, then sticks her nose in the oven to smell how the heat was and, lord! what a stench she gets.—Rears back.—Sticks her finger in her jaw, asking, what can it be? So, pinching her nose, she swings open the door wide and gapes in—and, you'll never guess! You know what it was? Ole Tearose, ancient aunt-gora cat she had all her life, crawled in there to take a nap and got baked instead. Well, Granny has almost a stroke, you know.—She got seven other cats but Tearose her special pet—and the stink! Well, she draw a bucket from the well and splash it on that fire fast as lightning—but ole Tearose a gonner—hair singed to a frazzle and I'd say from Gran's telling it, nearabout medium-sized done—her tail (what was so plumey and fine) coiled up tight as a rattler and her feet poked straight out, no fur on 'em, jist like four burnt matchsticks—and her eyes shot from her head like busted grapes...

-----Michael Rumaker-The Desert  
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