

"Up there in the sky!..."

"It's a bird!..."

"It's a plane!..."

"It's a mild-mannered reporter!..."

"No, gorbliney, it's a great bloody blob of:

Bleen

? Quien sabe ? For Aug'78/No. 163 mlg.

"Play the cheong, Sam!"

FA (Officialdom) How come ? : No listing of those who voted ? No e'poll category for best humorist ? Welcome to (1) Andruschak; (2) McPHARLIN; (3) Sween and (4) TARAL. It may be awhile before you get your name in upper-case again, so enn-choyy ! We glad you joined and hope you are, too. The referendum for dual membership has much to commend it, imho, but should we spell out the indicated procedure to follow when the twain decides to split up again ? I'm not being contentious, it's just that I hate to see Soccorro Burbee fade from our ken.

DORMOUSE (Ortlieb) Pleased to meet you, we're positive. ("Are you positive, Doctor Wassermann ?") You sound like a fair dinkum clobber, or however you might phrase that in local patois.

SYNAPSE (Juffus) Oh foosh, Spper, you of all people needn't worry about meticulous in correcting errors in the typing of (this) issue because you alone don't have to worry about smuggling your 'zine past your own aquiline scrutiny and catching what-for next mlg. For "Spper," please make that Speer and sorry. Bobbling the spelling of Speer is a hard scrape on a raw nerve to me. I'll tell you why. One of the leading ---perhaps the leading reference works on cartridge reloading is the Speer Manual, currently in its 9th edition. In the days before we acquired in-house typesetting, we took from Burns T'set, in Inglewood and any reference I made to the Speer Manual was certain to come back as either "Speed Manual" or "Super Manual." They just didn't believe in Speers, Burns didn't. FYI, the British refer to kerosene/coal oil as 'paraffin.' Once long ago, writing to Archie Mercer and full mindful of the Br'ish penchant for calling everything something else, I wanted to refer to clay pigeons (shotgun targets), so I went to great lengths to define and describe them, ending by saying we called them 'clay pigeons.' Back came his reply "We call 'em that, too." Well, somebody musta' goofed. To an Australian, as Ortlieb may inform you, a dunny is an outdoor privy. Someone recently sent me a whole big book full of nothing but Anzac backhouses; title is 'Dinkum Dunnies.' No, I don't know if it's etymological relation to 'donnicker,' carnival slang for the same thing. I am glad to see you recognize the jocular use of improper form. I liked your 2-liner for Stan Woolston. I'm trying yet another approach this time, but don't know if it'll work out any better. It was Billy Batson (in the comic, Capt. Marvel) who was fond of ejaculating 'Holy Moley!'. Serious ? I once was motour editour for the London Daily Mirroure ! Well, Markstein having plummeted from our midst, he never heard your question and I didn't see his anonymous slur because, sooner than read his stuff, I swim in buzzard barf. FAPA without Markstein is like a 6-day bike racer without hemorrhoids... That is vintage Rotsler, by Gar.

DREGS (Pelz) Sorry I couldn't make it to the affair and, after seeing this, even sorrier. This is a noble and admirable effort. Oddly, I felt I knew LeeJ better when I lived in Wisconsin, before I'd met him. He used to send tapes, recorded in that rich, mellifluous mike-voise and I really felt I knew him better on tape than in person. Squirrel was a shattering loss, to us. Ron had stopped at a cheese factory to send us some cheese, just before it happened and the receipt with our address was about the only clue to his origins

the cops could uncover, so they called and broke the news to Jean (our fone # was listed in those days) and we had the unpleasant duty of breaking the news to the rest of the locals. I recall Al Lewis calling and cross-examining endlessly, as if convinced that he could make us break down and confess it to be a hoax. And I'll never forget Bill Rotsler's response when I told him: "Oh, shit-shit-shittt!"

I'll always resent it that Ron didn't last long enough to see a copy of his book. It was one of the Man From Uncle series, #14, "The Cross of Gold Affair," bylined Fredric Davies. Somewhere in the files, I'de a letter he wrote in his last week or so and I fired off a reply, enclosing an episode of the Little Known Game Animals (a wacky series I was doing at the time) wherein I had implanted him as a recognizeable character, "the trauma critic for the Santa Ana Register." That letter, he never lived to see.

Ron was, at one time, quite interested in taking up motorcycles and I was fairly well into 2-wheelers by then. He sought my counsel on which to buy and I tried to dissuade him from it. I did not see him as a good actuarial risk for sputterbikes. I'm not sure that I'm one, either, but I viewed Ron as less so. I convoyed his aquamarine Volks-beetle many a joyous mile up and down the freeways in those days, riding the YDS-3 Yamaha and sometimes it'd break into impromptu steeplechasing of spooky sorts. The Yamaha flattened out around 78 or so and even a VW can go faster than that, but it can't filter through cracks in the traffic like a 2-wheeler whose rider does not know the meaning of fear and is pretty vague about several other words.

I remember the time --must've been '67 or so -- when Ron and I decided to put out a 1-shot for FAPA so we adjourned to his Gargling Grove pad, only to find he hadn't any film-topped stencils. So we improvised with Saran wrap and titled the 'zine "Sar-andipity."

I remember the time he fetched George Locke to Covina and we knocked out another 1-shot in the GW offices, every little while going next door to the liquor store and calling for "Two more bottles of Old Threeborg!" By the time we were finished, it had gotten a trifle overentertained and, as I was locking up, Ron threw back his head and, in that gargantuan bellow of his, split the welkin with, "Dean Grennell got me drunk and I'm only 16 years old!!!"

And the night we were polishing off a pizza at Shakey's, up in Glendora. They were having a sing-along and the pianist had just completed that stirring old Israeli marching song, 'Tzena, Tzena, Tzena.' Back went the Squirrelish head to bare the Squirrelish tonsils for a fortissimo, "LONG LIVE THE UNITED AY-RABB REPUBLIC!!!" We got some hard looks, about then.

But if Ron was a touch gauche and gross in spots, it was an endearing trait, really, for it enabled him to make forgiving allowances when his associates were the same, as most of us were, oddtimes in those days. We shall not see quite his like again and one of the many things I mourn is that I once dreamed up the scenario for what I deemed to be a notable Bjo Squirreltoon, but procrastinated over long and didn't get it executed in time. As envisioned, there was a furious tug o' war in progress and the 6' Squirrel was on the end of one rope, tugging right squirrelfully and snarling at the bloke ahead of him, "Goddammit, stop referring to me as the Furry Anchorman!!!"

Eheu, goddam' fugaces...

More I could say, but the time is not.

DAMBALLA (ChucH2) No inscrutability intended. Just that, imho, Chuck Harris will be forever ChucH1 to me. I heard from 'Arris briefly within the recent past. He had a bit in some 'zine, quoting the difference between a buffalo and a bison ("Blimey, myte, yer cahn't wawrsh yer blinkin' 'ands in a bloomin buffalo!"), with his address listed, so I joyfully dotted off (arf?) an epistle his way and got one reply back and riposted another response (as I b'leev they spell it) and never heard another word. Well, perhaps some

time up in the '80s, we'll encounter again. One can hope so.

Be that as it may, it is a pleasure to encounter a fellow tape freak. If the others will bear with us or skip over, let's talk shop for a bit. I run pretty much to cassettes. I look down upon 8-track cartridges. I'm convinced that even my sorry ears can distinguish between the fidelity of the two. The decks consist of three Pioneer CT-F2121s; two are in the den/office, here, harnessed to a Pioneer SX-750 tuner-amp and one is out in the shop, hooked to a Radio Shack STA-45 that I bought back in '74. Thus, I can scavenge the FM bands for possibles while engaged in other pursuits, without endlessly having to rush in and sponk-out the station breaks and commercials every 15 minutes. As capture tapes, I use the UD Maxell C120s and have ten of the admirable artifacts, capable of storing 20 hours for scan and retrieval. Actually, when you delete the inane twaddle every 15 minutes, it'll can a lot longer than that.

When the capture tapes are filled, I park them in the den for scrubbing. I put them on the top F2121 and play them, with a keeper tape in the lower deck. If something turns up worth retaining, I dub it off onto the keeper. The last time I took a nose count, I think I had about 4.5 solid days of accumulated keeperstuff. I use reasonably good 90-minute cassettes to store upon. What I've got to do, one day soonishly, is make an invenotry of the keepers and boil them down yet again to the creme de la creme de la creme. I'm scrubbing as I type this and picked up a rather nice scrub of Ora Lee as I was starting this stencil.

The admirable Maxell tapes were bought a few years back at \$2.78 the each, from Dixie Hi-Fi --- up through the moment they went bankrupt. Yes, I know, that's an old joke. But, like you, I try to shop craftily.

At risk of sounding less than modest, Chuck, I'd theorize that I may've been a bit responsible for the ungodly bloat of waiting listers at one time, though perhaps not recently. When Grue was in its heyday, if it ever had one, a lot of people seemed to be queuing up on the w/l and it took a long while for this to subside. I'd right readily concede that I hardly recognize a name on the w/l today, but nothing against them, for sure. Any one of those unbekannt names, I remind myself, could turn out to be a second Bob Leman, or a first whomever.

I hardly play any games at all. Over a lifetime, I've built up a monumental distaste for athletics in all forms, spectator sports in all forms and the disenchantment has fairly well slopped over into games, per se. I sort of enjoy hearts, chess and poker, in about that order and loathe any/all other games. I know from nothing about Diplomacy. My idea of total misery is playing Scrabble. Or, for that, Ping Pong.

Despite misimpressions, I'm far from a rabid CB'er, local CB types term me a worse fake-fan than Fapans do (incroyable, n'est-ce pas?). But I like having a rig in the car in case I need it and I've squirmed out of many a tight traffic spot with it, long ere this. Driving a car without CB is, to me, like riding a motorcycle without a helmet. That is to say, very spooky. I prob'ly spend 20 hours listening to hi-fi for every one spent listening to CB, yet I've never heard CB interference except for one night when I was auditing a tape on an inexpensive am/fm/cassette unit in the darkroom and Jean, AKA Button Lady keyed up the big Cobra base in the dining room and came in on top of the tape. That continues to puzzle me.

The base unit in the shop is hooked to the same antenna as the bedroom base and, if I key-down on the shop unit, Jean hears it in the bedroom, even in the unit there is turned off. That's; a little spooky, too. If we ever key down simultaneously, we'll blow hell out of a pair of transceivers, but we try to avoid that. So it goes...

Drop a line some time and we'll discuss this further without boring the bejayzus out of the rest of the mem'ship, no?

QUANT. SUFF. (Foyster) Your comments have been relayed along to Ferg, along with those of the others who mentioned his Homerun; merci beaucoup atcha, allaya. By an odd coincidence, we had guests here just last week from your favourite city: George and Nevis Lee Sye. They had some snapshots, but just of their house and back yard, so I've little concept of the overall terrain. George is a custom maker of knives, quite possibly the only one in the Australian continent and I plan to do a brief article (or as we're prone to spell it, 'arkle') on his operation. While he was here, I portaged them about to visit some of the local custom cutlers and, to my delight -- as well as the Lee Syes -- Bob Loveless invited them to stay with him for a few days. Loveless is, most would agree, the leading custom cutler in the world today and I'm sure George picked up a lot of invaluable lore from him. He had one problem, though: As you know, Cairns is about 17° below the Equator, with very high humidity ("In the winter, the temperture sometimes drops to 70," he noted). His handles were of several handsome Australian woods -- silkwood, gutta percha and a species of ebony -- and by the time he got his samples to the moderate humidity of SoCalif, the wood had dried and shrunk back from the original painstaking fit. He plans to build a wood-drying kiln and took back several hunks of micarta, including a piece I sawed from a slab that Burbee gave me several years ago. Micarta is a tough, reinforced plastic often used for knife handles. His trade mark is a tiny, stickman depiction of a coolie, in honour of his Chinese grandfather. His four current knife patterns are named Whiptail, Wallaroo, Saracen and Khan. The first -- a sub-species of kangaroo, I understand -- he pronounces as 'WHUP-tile,' at least to my Usanian and feeble ears and Cairns comes out somewhere between 'Keens' and 'Kenns.'

It Marcus Welby spring.

DORMOUSE (Ortlieb) Do they spell it 'shiela'? I'd always assumed it was sheila, same as the customary spelling of the girl's name. I'm not asking to be Speerian, just curious. For sure, you plaint a glowing picture of the delights of train travel. Can't recall the last time I rode a train and I'm sure the last time I rode a bus was so long ago that the accepted plural was still busses.

JDMBB (Len & June) Bet you wish you'd made that two unused 15¢ stamps, no? For the benefit of Travophiles, the most recent word from the Moffatts on the upcoming McGee book is that it's now A DEADLY COPPER SEA (I think--?) and the hardcover edition may appear about September. Bouchercons are fun. At least we enjoyed the one we attended.

HORIZONS (Warner) Further to prior comment -- bottom, p.3 -- my antenna for the new Pioneer SX-750 is just the tiny folded dipole affair supplied with the unit and I have the top loop fastened to the inside of the window sill here in the den with a pair of draughts-person's stickpins, running about NE/SW. Reception is, generally, excellent except that I can't seem to get KOST on it, though I can pick up the same station nicely on the job in the garage/shop with the Realistic's internal (ferrite?) antenna. I rarely listen to AM and I've yet to detect the faintest trace of cbi when listening to FM. There's another cb, somewhere backlots on the next street and he bleeds onto my garage cb rather dreadfully at times, even when he's using another channel, but he certainly doesn't affect our FM reception in the slightest. Eventually, we wound up with 5 cb sets: dining room, bedroom/garage (one in each, on the same antenna) and in the Buick and Opel. Most were acquired at eyepoppingly modest cost, all are 23-channel, two are SSB.

FANTASIA (Helen's) What a broad and catholic range of interests! Alley Oop to Kabuki! With Halliburton on the side... Tardily, may I note great appreciation for your account of Oop's creator. The strip runs in the Santa Ana Register and I note that Oola has reappeared after much too long a time. Has anyone, I wonder, paused to reflect that if they ever married, she would be Cola Oop? Missing much longer is the Moovian renegade, Dootsy Bobo, whose name intrigued me. Hamlin showed touches of the slys in some of the names. I blush to think how many years it took me to equate Dr. Wonmug with Dr. Einstein and, of course, there was G. Oscar Boom, originally introduced as an explosives expert. (g. o. boom--?) I remember seeing the first-ever episode when it was introduced about (?) 1934. At the time, being but 10 myself, I hadn't heard of Mu and, when I did, it took years before I happened to connect it with Moo. I'd very much enjoy corresponding with Dave Graue, if you'd care to give one of us the other's address and if he has no objection. ## Who was it who wrote, "Hellespont, may conscience plague/Leander you slew and I've the ague."--? Was that Halliburton? I got several of his books awhile back in a used book store shopping orgy, but could not find THE FLYING CARPET, my favorite in high school days. Another book on my wantlist is SHIPS IN THE SKY, by John Toland; heartily recommended to all. Recently, I sent Tucker the account therein of Solomon Andrews, who invented and demonstrated a ship he called the Aereon. It was unique in that it could be sailed upwind/downwind/crosswind, much in the manner of a sailboat. At the time (early 1860s) the world wasn't ready for such a wonder and the discouraged Andrews dismantled it, leaving what he believed to be a clear account of its construction and operating principles, whereupon he died, considerably disheartened and disgusted. No one, says Toland, has ever duplicated his feat nor doped out how he brought it off.

A tangential sidenote: Proofing the p. 4 gestencil before taking out of the Beige Beask, I noted the entirely fortuitous 'plaint a glowing picture,' and chose to stet it. Don't give me credit for being clever as it was created at the digital level of consciousness.

"... ordered a great pyramid of fish and cheops..."

Poem quoters all evenchley
Get around to Robert Bently.

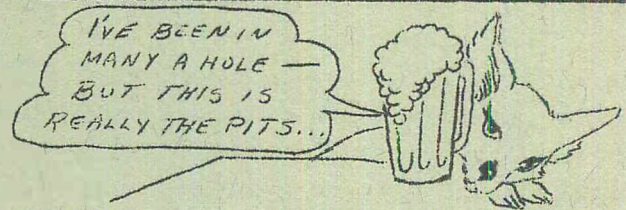
--Provo Rambler

GNOMEN'S ISLAND (Chamberlain) Well, as I keep telling people, procrastination would be a way of life, if we could just get around to it. I note the typer you use speaks a voice highly reminiscent of this one, which gives GI a strange flavor in the reading, imho. It's a bit as if I'd written it myself and then forgotten what I said. Rosemary Hickey has a typer whose font resembles that of the Grey Beask, olive witch leads to occasional flashes of deja vu in going through the mlg's. This'n (Beige Beask) cost me \$25 plus sales tax about 1971 and I can remember when the first ballpoint pens cost that much (and smeared dreadfully, recall?), Dunno what you call 'em but I usually think of them as sig-boards, since I pull mine out for signing letters after taking the paper out of the typer. It should be no problem to craft a replacement from 3/4" plywood (tho of course you longer have the desk). I covered the tops of both sig-boards on this desk with smooth formica in a pretty brown marble finish, making it a real pleasure to write on them. The natural walnut of the desk top has a bit too much texture for holography, I got this desk with the house and have come to grok it in fullness. I built a separate typing table, with top surface a comfortable 25.5"/65cm above the floor. This desk is a full 4" higher, but it's easier to put BB on it than disturb GB.

Tread Corporation, of Roanoke, VA, makes a line of security storage chests that help frustrate the less intrepid burglars. I've one here, about the right dimensions to serve a casket for the late Sydney Greenstreet (tho I'm sure the prospect of being buried in vertical posture would deepen his habitual sullen pout). It -- the chest, not Sydney -- is made of 10-gauge coldrolled steel and the padloc is up under the door skirt, immune to anything short of a cutting torch; special hinges, concealed and inaccessible. Weight, with contents, I'd guess to be uppard of 1200 pounds. Unless they get in here with a forklift...well, I wouldn't want to argue with the guys who could pick it up and carry it away. It was a puppy-muthah lugging it in here and that was empty. ## Burglars hit our office in '71 and, among other things, took a small, cheap tape recorder. What smarted was that it held a cassette bearing an interview I'd just done with the boys in the LAPD crime lab, so I not only had to do the interview again, but had to rankle at the mental image of the lousy burglars playing it back and laughing their heads off. ## What's so unusual about a managing editor acting strange and vague? We all do that. It's in the union rules.

"No man is an island," remarked Pliny the middle-aged, whilst catching a brew at the corner pub with Socrates, "And the converse is at least equally true." "Yeah," agreed Socrates, "and there are no foxes in Atheist holes, neither..."

"... Ben Hur, Ben Hymn & Bengue..."



DETOURS (Chauvenet) I can't attest as to the combat actuarials of WW-1 pilots, but a great many of the gunners in WW-2 bought the farm on their first mission, particularly the tail gunners. Personally, I've never heard a shot fired in anger, though I've come uncomfortably close, a time or two. Of the guys who went thru gunnery school with me at Harlingen in late '43, all too few are still about. Most of the ones I know of got plucked out and sent to gunnery instructors' school, as I did (a fact that may've contributed usefully to my longevity). One of the guys who went thru instructors' school was assigned to the 8th AAF (based in the UK). Hohenstein, his name was, a florid, redheaded, gnomish soul. In the ETO, 938s (gunnery instructors) had to fly two missions before settling down to teach. Hohenstein, I'm told, bought it on the second. Another fellow instructor graduate, Proehl, survived the war, graduated as a chiropractor, set up practice in Fond du Lac during the time we lived there and, one fateful night, while driving back to FdL from Oshkosh, rammed the rear of a semi-trailer truck at high speed, killing himself somewhat fatally. So it goes. Me, I have this guardian angel, name of Mulligan, and yes I appreciate him. ## I enjoy Detours, Russ.

ORNITHOPTER II (Edmonds) Oh yeah ... telllllll me about it! If they ever decalre open season on helicopters, I'll build the world's greatest blind, right in our back yard. We're just a comfortable pistol-shot off the freeway and they shuttle from MCAS El Toro down to Camp Pendleton and back, flying the concrete beam, often agitating my little windmill in the front yard with their rotorwash. We moved here in May, '72, in the days before Watergate, when 'is nibs used to fly in to El Toro in AF-1 and get portaged down to San Clemente, trailed by a whuttling entourage bearing Secret Service types, press corps flunkies and wotnot. I've never met Nixon (nor he me, poor sod) but he's been back and forth over this house countless times, but not recently. ## My neighbour across the street, a retired Gyrene jet-jockey, tells me helicopter speed is limited to the point where advancing rotor tips hit Mach 1 and you can't pick up a copter by the rotors; they depend upon centrifugal force to achieve their working strength.

WHISPERS (Sween) Your mention of Otto B. Sween twangs a faraway chord. When doing the heavily spoofy series called 'Little Known Game Animals,' I came up with a name for one character --- Otto B. Schott --- and thought I was being frightfully clever, right up to the spring of '76 when I was hauled over to Germany to tour the Zeiss works and learned that the glassmaker whose expertise meshed so effectively with Zeiss's math wizardry was named ... ja, ya guessed it! So, natch, I asked, "I suppose he invented the Schott glass?" and was icily informed, "That's a cheap shot, and everyone takes it," ## Yes, Ferg took liberties with Horner (who no longer minds much) otherelse I'd've not published the cottonpicker. This's ever the humorist's pitfall: If you don't heap on the hyperbole with a flippin' backhoe, some won't spot it and, even if you do, some still won't ((Juffus: Can I get you a glass of water or something? You is looking mighty peaked...)) About '65, in a maudlin moment (Paudlin Maudlin 'ome, I was...) I created a remarkably singular-looking cartridge and decided to christen it the .2240 Triple-Neck Terror. I wrote a page of broadly satiric copy on it, about the designer, Dr. Holabird Snommish, noting that, while on an expedition to Outer Mongolia, he had contracted rinderpest from a herd of infected yaks, forcing him to spend the remainder of his life under veterinary care. That he had achieved undreamed-of velocities with the cartridge and, what's more, had dreamed of velocities even higher. That the cartridge had given him half-inch groups; at 800 yards; firing from the hip... and so on. D'you know, they had readers write in, with perfectly straight faces, wanting the chambering dimensions on the damned cartridge and one of my painfully less gifted contemporaries since has included the original photo in a book he did, accompanied by a quasi-scientific discussion of the unlikely thing, played perfectly straight? I don't believe it, either, and by golly, I've seeeeeeeen it.

"Pick up a dozen accolts and we'll make some accolade."

BOBOLINGS (Pavlat, B.) Tell Pavlat, P. R. (Peggy Rae, we gotta stop meeting like this!) to be sure and remind me next February what fine mlg comments you churn forth, so's I remember to vote for you, early & often, eh? Well, I can reveal to you what the sinister initials stand for, but pour l'amour de Mihiel, don't blab it all over FAPA, hein? Renowned Toss-Pot & Buttock-Pincher. It's;a proven truism (finest kind) that no one in FAPA reads mlg comments except those on their own 'zines. ## If I were ever to miss Markstein, I'd sell the bloody gun for scrap metal, by Jing. ## Have you still got that Mercedes you drove to G'town, back when; the one you let me drive and I forgot to take off the parking brake? I wouldn't be surprised. My Opel is a third along on its second circuit of the odometer dial and running nothing but great. Which side of the &erson Gap am I on; huh?

RAM FAP (Greggeroonie) I still find it hard to believe that you, who've been longggg ensconced as one of my top favorite people, continue to make it as a real estate agent, imho, one of the dreariest pursuits yet invented by human creatures. The status of the quo is incompatible with every shred of ligic I hold dear and valid. But numbers atcha, anyhow, and to Charlotte as well, if not more so. Hang in there, ol' Happy Warriahh!!

Ecce Fanno (Hayden) Noted.

LOCSE TIGER (Boutillier) Don't miss the next 25, vraitment. Rarity of Ill Wind puzzles me at least as much as you (... it puzzles you/sorry Juffus!) Thanks for mentioning Grue. Hayden didn't, which led me to revive an ancient, long-defunct fappish practice.

TMN-12/B-1 (Miller) Good grief, I figure there must be something for which I felt even less of an aching need than a complete bibliography of the works of Kendell Foster Crossen, but I can't for the life of me think what it might be. If this was the only way you could see to save your membership, I'll try to be understanding. At least, one assumes, you won't feel impelled to do it again.

"Oh to have chains for a duckle!"

ESPACYOS N^o. 27 (The Phantom Doodler) Holy Nellie Macaroni, you is bin in FAPA for 30 years and only put out 27 ishes? Does you know something we ain't? All seriousness aside, congratulations, ole Happy Warrior, may your Polygrip never let loose and may Euell Gibbons never get in your greenhouse. Yeah, I know, the late Euell Gibbons, but that'd be even worse to have in your greenhouse, right? Right! (See what comes of eating all those health foods? Let that be a lesson!) Well, anyhow, I'm glad your'be still around and don't go away or we'll water your Coors for you; nat that you'd be apt to notice. I mean, how could anyone tell?

All generalizations are only approximate, including this one.

LASFAPA (Andruschack) Well, it's different and it sounds profound and I found at least one side of each page interesting. Sometimes the obverse, sometimes the reverse. I'll freely concede it was better than outdate boxing tickets.

In closing: 20th Century Unlimited/Muble Gepetter (? not sure I have that spelled right) /Heil Discordia/The Speed of Dark/ The Hog on Ice/Galactic Jive Tales: Noted.

Like a baleful basilisk,
Bas-relieved on a bunker at Angkor Wat,
I crouch over my typer
And stare at the paper.
Like a mindless Medusa,
Knowing not its power, nor caring,
Icy, aloof, unsmirch'd and unafraid,
The paper stares back.

--Eldrin Fzot

Well, as Snookie Lanson used to put it, goodbye for a while, that's all the songs for a while. If all goes as planned, this'll get ranned arf on Jackie Causgrove's Gestetner and, with a bit of luck, I may be able to print on both sides and halve my paper costs, thereby reducing the postal tab usefully. We can hope. In the meantime, I'll confess and concede that it was purely a delightful, deep-dish, Southern-fried blast

to sample the simple joys of Bleening once more. We ought to do this again, some mailing. I haven't had this much fun since the hogs ate the hired man.

This has been substantially the work of the member contributing (with a deep bow of thanks to Ms. Causgrove and her goodly Gestaltner); aforesaid being Dean A. Grennell, Box DG, Dana Point, CA 92629 U.S.A. A few words in the foregoing have been used before, but wot the hell archy, I'm home free on activity requirements this year, with yards to spare and yes, it's a glorious feeling.

Ciao for niao, y'heah?

dino