

Fragment from Polish

With smoke of holocausts,
with dust of brother's blood,
To you, O Lord, our voices billow up:
A terrible grievance, a last
despairing moan;
To hear such prayers, Lord,
makes hair turn white...
We know no songs that are not
filled with tears,
A wreath of thorns has grown
into our brow;
Up, like a monument to your
unceasing wrath,
Our pleading hand is stretched
eternally.

translated by SWPW

There!
Do you see it?
It is the shadow of my destiny!
It crosses the stage alone,
Utterly detached from reality.
When it passes near me,
I shall leap upon its back
And choke it to death.

LES SAMPLE

Letter of Comment:

"d" still remains difficult for me to comment on. Mostly, I'm just not interested. Not the fault of the fanzine, particularly; your subjects seem about equally divided between those on which my interest was exhausted years ago and those about which I never had any interest.

BOB COULSON

Department of Useless Information:

12½ million pounds of keys are carried each day in United States. Of these, three tons per day are lost.

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D I F F E R E N T I a l

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editorial

Go, SINA, go!

One recently formed institution I am 100% behind is the now notorious Society for Indecency to Naked Animals (SINA). This group raises a righteous objection to all those obscene animals running around with their bare genitals hanging out. The indecency SINA is for consists of making the animals wear pants, thus ending this abomination once and for all. To make crystal clear that it is serious and sincere SINA stresses that no crackpots need apply for membership.

I say long live SINA! May it prosper and multiply and attract enough attention to this splendid idiocy to cause some second thoughts about the North American attitude to nudity in general, not only among animals. SINA may well be the wedge which by reductio ad absurdum will make the first significant crack in the heretofore inseparable partnership of nudity with immorality in the North American psyche. Perhaps we will be able to shed finally our infantile dirty-mindedness about the sight of a naked body.

SWPW

The metric system is here to stay, so we had better get used to seeing and hearing expressions like these:

1. I wouldn't touch it with a 3.0480 meter pole.
2. You should take it with 0.0648 grams of salt.
3. A miss is as good as 1.6093 kilometers.
4. 28.3495 grams of prevention are worth 0.4536 kilograms of cure.
5. All wool and 91.440 centimeters wide.
6. Drinka 0.4732 litres milka day.

blank
verse

After staring at the page for a long time
After staring at the page for at least an hour
After staring at the page
neatly squared in the typewriter
A neat blank square has engraved itself in my mind
Meeting no resistance
The blankness which I hoped to fill
has filled my mind
The victory of nothingness is complete
And so I write this epitaph
For a blank hour
In blank verse.

SWPW

SPECIAL TODAY :

Phallic Symbols:

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| Carrots | Faucets |
| Cucumbers | Plugs |
| Cattails | Knives |
| Bananas | Pointers |
| Fingers | & Arrows |
| Fountain Pens | Ties |
| Knobs | Most of the |
| Bottles | alphabet |
| Corks | Cadillac Fins |
| Keys | Smoke stacks |
| Camera Lenses | Obelisks |
| Guns | Church Spires |
| Smoking Pipes | Skyscrapers |



The Grounded Flyer Speaks

Weep for me you circling gulls
You soaring eagles
Climbing upon the winds
To loop and glide.
Once I too strode up
into the sky's domain,
Circled into the sun,
Knew the joy of flight,
Heard the rush of wind
over my silvery wings
And let my heart run free
Among the clouds.
I laughed at earthbound ants below!
Now I weep,

My wings stilled;
No more: circling flight
No more: the upward lift
No more: wild joy of speed
across the raceway of
boundless blue.

Only a heartbreaking memory
As I gaze into the heavens
And clench my fist
against the powers
That force me to creep
along earth's tedious surface.

Weep for me you eagles
In your uncaged flight,
You gulls gliding through the skies
Far above me.
I am a bird with wings clipped close;
With mournful cry
I must spend my last remaining time
Looking into the sky,
Watching others play at tag
Among the clouds
Where once I was.

Dorothy R. Hansen

geometry

Imagination slips on a smooth curve
And with the speed of thought
Slides away along several slick loci
Screaming all the way in ecstasy
Soarcurvangling
Upparallelling and sweeping
to meet and cross and flow on
Parabarrelling straightaway
Into the hungry abyss of infinity...

SWPW

Rejects From SatEvePost Department

WHEN OUR MAID WAS TOLD SHE COULDN'T
HAVE THE NIGHT OFF

I may be stodgy
In archeology,
But it doesn't take
a special lore
To recognize that Dinah's sore.

SWPW