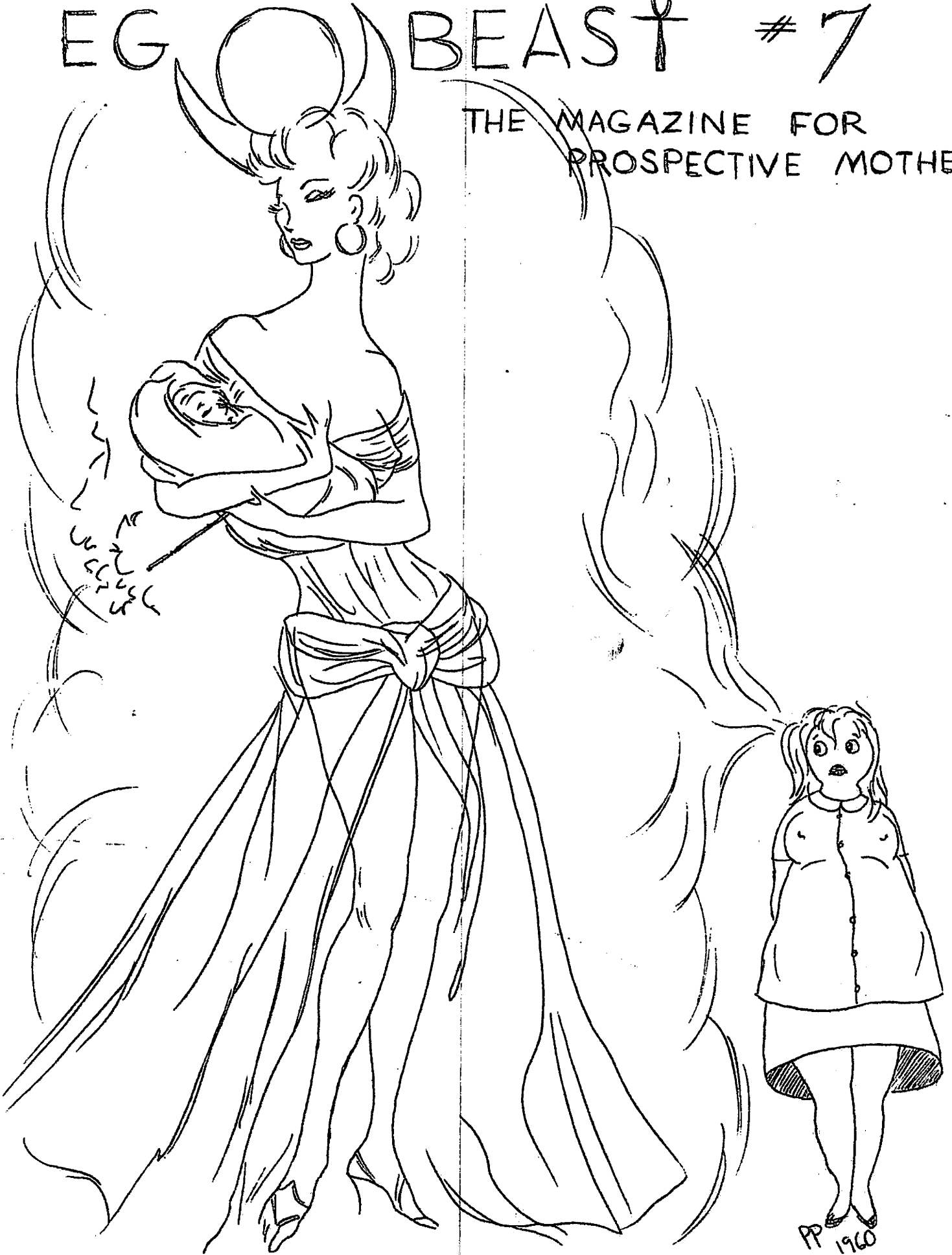


EG BEAST # 7

THE MAGAZINE FOR PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS



PP 1960

the GAS JET

I'M NOT USED YET to seeing Bruze Pelz in class. His is a face i'm supposed to see through a cloud of smoke and beer-fumes in Burbee's house. He doesn't look right behind the reference desk at the USC library ... and a classroom doesn't seem the right context to watch somebody reading the FAPA mailing ... (It's been 14 years since i read fanzines in class.)

I don't think there've been professional librarians from our numbers up to now, and here, in one year, comes three of us ... and next year, maybe, one more (Grady Zimmerman, author of a story which was accepted for publication in Fantastic). You can look forward to the early rise and development of special collections of science-fiction in three or maybe four libraries in the country, production of numerous scientifiably bibliographic articles for the professional journals, and an early demise of the libraries in question.

I feel even more out of place here in the Sacred Microcosmos than i usually do -- not having produced anything for the organization, in all truth, since August 1956 -- and hardly know how to go about flinging together a mag in the proper spirit. It's a good thing there are cahritable souls, whose works are bountifully represented herein, remaining alive in this age of the world.



It's been a matter of some pride with me that i've never visited a meeting of the Lassfass --- not even in my active days of 1947-48 ---; but not necessarily a matter of pride that i'd never attended a party on Baxter Hill, and, withal, those have been going on for practically as long as the aforesaid Lassfass meetings, perhaps. Couple months back, Mary and i went, with great pleasure at the hospitality and good fellowship. Wondrously enough, though, ... well, not "though," just wondrously -- i happened to haul out a 1953 Burplings the other week in which God in the person of Elmer Perdue bespoke the fate of parties on Baxter Hill. NOTHING HAS CHANGED. Being of that race which bounces from apartment to apartment and carries its minuscule share of artifacts with it, one comes to appreciate a citadel of permanence in this age of the world. And, hopes with a large amount of hope that God's Temple on Baxter Hill remains for many a year the place of warm friendship it is now.

Good Guzd! One draws nigh the end, and, verily, the end is here. I go now.
Hello.

-----dw

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READY, J.C.?

Greetings, onetime fellow faps! I have information which should prove essential to each of you.

I overheard my mother and sister talking the other night about the end of the world, and found out that the Seventh Day Adventists have set another time for the second coming of Christ. It's a definite prediction as to the time, the first since the days of Miller Himself, back a century ago -- perhaps you've heard of MILLER, and the Millerites, and of the Adventist movement which swept the country a hundred years ago?

The new date is not as exact as Miller's was, and, instead of being given to the entire world, it is being released only to the more devout members of the Seventh Day Adventist Church. Late in the summer of 1961 or perhaps 1964, Christ will descend, shining very brightly and with millions of angels accompanying him. The point of touchdown will probably be Los Angeles, though Christ won't actually come down to the ground. All good Seventh Day Adventists living and dead will grow wings and fly to join Christ from all corners of the globe. Then Christ is going to burn the entire earth down to bedrock, and, after making sure that everyone else is dead, he and his angels and the Seventh Day Adventists he's saved will flap off into interstellar space bound for the Horsehead nebula in Orion, and from there to Heaven itself to enjoy an eternity of blissful immortality.

I hope, onetime fellow faps, that you all will make good use of this startling information and immediately become Seventh Day Adventists. There is an S.D.A. Church in each of your cities; I am sure it would welcome you as a member. You have only to look in the telephone book for its number. Call it and arrange for their home study three-month training course. Some of their requirements are harsh; you will have to learn to live without liquor or soda pop, coffee, tea, and comics, movies, stage shows and television programs. The eating of pork is banned; meat eating of any kind is considered bad. Church attendance should be frequent; your wives should not wear jewelry, revealing dresses or cosmetics, and you each will have to observe the utmost of decorum in your relations with your women. Financial support of the church should be heavy; the sum they suggest that you give is one-fifth of the total amount of your income before taxes and deductions.

But if you do these things, you can be assured that in two years, or five at the most, you will all be immortals, with wings that will take you faster than light, a golden crown and a harp, a place set for you at God's own dining table for all of eternity, the right to walk on the milky sea of glass and under the tree of life -- all this in addition to a huge mansion all for yourselves, in a city of transparent gold with jeweled foundations a hundred and forty-four miles high.

All blessings to you, former fellow faps, and my best and sincerest wishes to you for a fine rare future in Eternity.

-----Howard Miller

X

TWICE UNDER HEAVILY

A soet
of
perambulating
column
by

Ed Cox

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE
A YEAR.....THANK GOD!

It isn't that I don't go for the Christmas spirit, even when it comes in plain bottles. But I've never been one for wrapping the furschug-giner packages! I didn't do many this year. In fact, I only did one. It was enough. It started when I went to this place across Western Avenue from a bar I've often frequented. The name of this place (not the bar) is "The Wedding Barr" and I've felt I could stay away from it for obvious reasons. But my barber recommended it when I told him I had to go buy Christmas cards.

So I go in ignoring a mechanical Santa Claus that gesticulated in the window. Searching around, I found something near what I wanted. She was married, however and worked there besides. So I got some cards and paid for them. She puts them in a neat bundle and then proceeds to tie it with some Christmas type twine. Curling ribbon, it's called. Taking a length of it, she puts it between her thumb and one blade of a scissors and "z-z-z-zzzzip!" she runs it through and it curls into a most professional looking cluster of bubbly curls right where the knot is.

"Gee," I said, "So that's how it's done. Wow!" And "Goodness!" Like. She smiles a warm blonde smile at me and does it with another length and there it is. Wonderful. So I take it home, tear it off and throw it away. I mean, what else could I do with it?

I should have saved it! For that night I bought paper and a roll of curling tape, take dead aim and proceed to wrap a package. I get the paper on alright altho one side of it had a lot more paper than the other. Scotch tape saved the day as far as securing the wrapping til the typing part came. Then I unroll a length of the tape and proceed to hog-tie the package, tying a knot making sure I leave a six inch or so length for curling. Taking the scissors in my hand so that one blade is in position, I take the tape and place it so that it will run ~~flatwise~~ against the blade. "Z-z-z-zzip!"

And with but a couple of long coils, it flops down on the package! I did it the way the girl did it. I thought I was going to come out ahead in this game. So I try it with the other side. It, too, flops down like a tired bed-spring. So I try it over again. This time it straightens out completely! A few more futile tries and the best I can do is to get a few miserable coils. I cut up the rest of the ribbon and slip the lengths in under the knot in an attempt to mimic yet another gimmick I've seen.

Tying these down, I find that this, too, doesn't quite come off. Instead of a frilly, Christmasy

burst of red, ribbon bubbles or a glittery sunburst of ribbon, I get more like a skeletal, discouraged Venus fly-trap.

Oh, well, maybe they

didn't notice and opened the package anyway.

*** **

HELPFUL RE- Coming from the drug-store the other night, I happened
MINDER DEPT.: to look a little closer at the bag I was carrying.
(Right here I could say "Dropping her and continuing on my way, etc.," but I won't.) I discovered a most thought ful act done on the part of the bag-company selling the bags. It was done, no doubt, so that the drug-store and a million like it, would buy the bags.

Other than that, it is also designed to help you, the consumer, be most economical with your time....if not with your money. For it says, and you've probably seen this too, "DID YOU FORGET?" in our efforts to save you extra shopping trips PLEASE CHECK THIS LIST." Then, under the heading of "Daily Needs Check List", 44 vitally essential items are listed. Note that when possible, the item is listed in plural. This is in case, of course, you have seen several commercials on television in which the doctor is equally appealing and saves you the problem of making a decision. They follow:

- | | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| Aspirin | Electric Heat Pads | Hot Water Bottles | Saccharin |
| Adhesive Tape | Face Creams | Insecticides | Sanitary Napkins |
| AntisepticBaby Oil | Face Powders | Lipsticks | Shaving Cream |
| Baby Foods | Fever Thermometers | Laxatives | Shampoos |
| Baby Needs | Foot Preparations | Mouth Wash | Talcum Powders |
| Bandages | Fountain Syringe | Nail Polish | Tooth Brushes |
| Chest Rubs | Hair Brushes | Nose Drops | Tooth Pastes |
| Cleansing Tissues | Hair Tonics | Photo Film | Toilet Waters |
| Cough Syrups | Hair Sprays | Razor Blades | Vaseline |
| Deodorants | Hand Creams | Rubber Gloves | Vitamins |
| Disinfectants | Home Permanents | Rubbing Alcohol | Witch Hazel |

Oh, we're a pampered an ailing race!

**** **

PLACES AND I've decided to satisfy a traveling urge which has per -
THINGS DEPT. sisted as long as I've known what traveling is. I've decided to go to Patagonia. Not that I've always wanted to go there, but then, I want to be the first one on my block, like. Not that it's going to be expensive beyond my means and like that. Although wouldn't it be worth it to go to such a place you've heard banded about for years by people who've never been there? Once I've gone, and come back, then I can say, "I've been to Patagonia....Arizona." It's really there, near the border south of Phoenix.

Of course, I could be real fannish. I could go to Fouts Springs instead. It's in Colusa Country, C lifornia and much nearer to Terry and Miriam and other S_n Franfans who all ought to make a pilgrimage there.

Or hungry types, like Ernie Wheatly, could go to Hambone. I forget whether this is in California or Texas but it doesn't really matter. I'd get sort of tired of it after awhile which would be a good excuse for me to go to Davenport...California. For sentimental reasons I'd rather go to Bangor and you guessed it, also in California which won't make any sense to anybody who doesn't know I come from Maine. And this fact will help when I mention that, in Bell, there is a Lubac Street. A guy named Cox lives there too, but his name is Conrad and that leads us into the next department which might be as tedious as this was.

EGOBOO IN THE PHONEBOOK DEPT: When you go to a different city, do you look in the phonebook sooner or later so see if there are any other Smiths or Joneses? I don't. I look to see if there are any other Coxes. The reason I do this is because my name isn't Jones or Smith. While you're recovering from that, I'll go on to mention that the Los Angeles Central Directory has nearly a page of us. In fact, there is an Ed Cox listed. He lives on Solano and he's therefore not me. Also there's an E. M. Cox listed. He's not me either. There's a whole slew of Edw. Coxes, none of whom are me. I'm beginning to feel anonymous. I can easily pick out cousins and brothers and nephews names in the long, long list, but it would be tedious. I'll end up by saying there's only one maverick in the whole bunch and that's somebody named Gerald A. Coxe.

I could keep on with the Telephone-Book Game for another page but I'll spare you that and save it for another time...not because I'm kind-hearted or nice or anything, but because I can't find my notes.

GOURMET DEPT: I so title this section jokingly, of course. But nevertheless, I'm at it again. It seems as if I'm always writing about food, cooking and eating, my personal sallies into these areas, that is. But I feel that it is all sort of important to me. In fact, I find myself looking upon the whole situation as more of a struggle to survive, a battle for existence against great odds. You might think I'm treating the matter with undue gavity. But then you are probably not an unskilled bachelor engaging in deadly combat with stove, cooking utensils and recipe book. I call it deadly because one can starve to death if 1.) he is unsuccessful and, 2.) he doesn't have a can opener.

This episode concerns my first encounter with tapioca pudding. That is, the first time I made any. Some months ago when I had fairly successfully coped with and overcome the odds with a number of relatively simple stapel-type dishes, I became enthusiastic and decided to try a desert type thing. So I bought a package of tapioca after first scrutinizing the formulae on the package to be sure there was nothing obviously insurmountable. Just recently I moved the gin bottle in the cupboard and discovered that same package of tapioca patiently waiting for the day that it would encounter me over a hot stove.

THE TREE

BY

MARLEY L. GASTONHUGH

It was a low-gravity world.

Before the crash, he hadn't had time to check the instruments for much information, but he could tell both the gravity and that the atmosphere was close to E-N. He pushed a generator and some bulkhead plating to one side, hoping that there were no live cables in the mess he waded through. But he was sure. After all, when the gyro-motors went out and the scout-ship lost headway, he'd had plenty of time to mash the "CRASH" switch and jump into the cocoon. The crash-switch had automatically sent the A-C riority Emergency call blaring on all patrol and commercial frequencies, damped the atomotors and killed all power.

He got to the beacon-kit. Of course, he thought, only Patrol craft would be anywhere in this quadrant, since it is largely unexplored -- and has been so since the superstitious dread of the Krull race permeated this part of the galaxy. The exploration, though, is my job, he thought grimly. He unpacked the Beacon from its everything-proof cocoon. Carrying it easily in the approximately half-Earth gravity, he set it up. He noted that no power-source in the ship remained undamaged. He switched the beacon to "Bat." He switched it on. Knowing that a powerful homing signal was being broadcast on the Patrol Emergency frequency, he turned to look around him.

It seemed a pleasant world. There was one sun, much like his own. Its rays were warm and pleasant on his skin. It appeared to be at the zenith, but he didn't know, yet, how long the world's rotation period would turn out to be. In the distance he noted old, worn-down ranges of hills and he appeared to be walking on an immense peneplain. If there were any rivers or streams, they should meander. And, sure enough, in the distance one did, with its contingent of ox-bow lakes dotting its bends. He examined the grass. It grew all around. It stretched away as far as he could see, uniformly three feet high and monotonously yellow-green. It could shelter small animal life. Maybe some of it poisonous. Larger animals might graze in it. Other large animals might prey upon the smaller. Creatures might crawl through it on their bellies, looking for bipedal prey. At any rate no flying life besmirched the cloudless skies.

Well, bigod, he thought, it's my job to explore this goddam world. I might as well get at it.

He put on a wide-brimmed hat to shield his head from the sun. He wore boots to provide, maybe, some protection against those lethal creatures who might be crawling through the interminable grass. He took no equipment but a canteen and binoculars. He decided against a camera and weapons; there would be time, later, for recorder-teams to do that kind of work. He wanted to be able to out-run anything on this world, if it should become necessary. So, he thought, I'll strike out and see what we have here, while the rescue-ship is on its way.

He found the grass easy to wade through. It wasn't very thick. He listened carefully at times, but heard no sounds he could attribute to animal life. Only the soft sough of the wind over the grass. It reminded him a little of grain-fields back on Earth. He watched the progress of the wind across the sea of grass. After an hour or two of marching, he spotted a tree. It wasn't noticeable, being minuscule on the horizon, unless one looked for it. He scanned the horizon and was able to pick out two or three more against the backdrop of the hills. He headed for the nearest tree.

As he approached the tree, he realized that he had traveled many earth miles from the ship. No animal life yet. He wondered if there were any insects. So far nothing but the goddam grass. None of the belly-crawling life he had suspected. No flying predators. No large carnivores. Only the goddam grass.

He reached the tree. It stood about sixty feet high. It had a small cluster of surface roots. It should, he thought, have some really deep ones. It had very little foliage. The shape was strangest of all. It looked like an inverted club. From a blunt, flat top, it tapered down to the ground, where the circumference of the trunk was about a third that of the top most part. Several smaller branches, each with one waxy green leaf, protruded from the top. A very few branched out from the sides, mostly near the top. No evidence of fruit. Was it hollow to contain moisture?

He turned from the tree and looked toward the hills. The sun was still high above him. He cast almost no shadow. There was plenty of time to try to reach the hills before the rescue-ship arrived, no doubt. By now it had begun to seem as if dark would not come to this world before he could reach the hills. He surmised that there may be a lot more going on around here after dark. As he pondered the question, something impinged on his thought. A sound. A faint swishing sound. As it reached his consciousness, he realized he'd been aware of it for some time. He looked around. As he alerted his senses, however, it stopped. A sense of danger quickly enveloped him. He always trusted it far more often than not, and it was always right! He changed course and started to walk rapidly. Until he knew what it was, this was the only course -- and much better than standing still.

Then they were up and after him.

He ran. He ran in great bounds. If it wasn't for the dangerous situation, he'd have enjoyed it with the half-gravity. He headed back for the tree in a great circle, realizing in dismay that he'd forgotten the direction of the ship. A babble of low-pitched noise followed him as he ran. There were four of the creatures. They looked apish. He didn't know quite what their intent was, but he decided to find out after the patrol ship arrived -- by all odds not now!

He hit the side of the tree about six feet from the ground, with a great leap against the half-gravity. He dug his hands into the spongy bark. He discovered he could kick the toes of his boots into it; in no time he reached the top. He stood there panting and seething, his heart throbbing as if to burst. The creatures milled around below, gabbling in what was undoubtedly their language. He took off his hat and wiped sweat from his forehead.

Time for a more careful look at his pursuers. They were larger than he -- about seven feet tall and a good 200 plus on the scales. Humanoid. But rather apish. Their arms reached down to their knees. Their skull shape was definitely sloped. They wore striped skin-like garments supported by one strap over a shoulder. Intelligent? Not necessarily.

He spotted his ship about three miles away. It glinted in the sunlight. He was sure he could reach it, but figured that it might be safer up here; after all, these goddam apes couldn't reach him here. On the other hand, back at the ship he might have to ward them off with weapons; their lack of climbing ability wouldn't do him so much good there.

At that point one of them started up the trunk of the tree.

How did these apes climb thhis tree with so few branches?

He looked more closely. He saw that they carried hook-like things in each hand, and were lustily hacking one and then the other into the bark of the trunk -- almost walking horizontally toward the top, for all the world like a Polynesian coconut-picker.

How could he get down? How could he avoid capture and run for the ship without being injured? He was sure he couldn't jump down, without getting hurt. And, to climb down would be difficult -- and, natch, it would put him in a position leading to easy capture.

Anyway, the creature climbing was nearly to the top, and repelling him was the prime matter of the moment.

He noticed, with relief, that the hooks were not metal; even as he realized that they were bone -- they must be PART OF THE CREATURE ITSELF! He shuddered. However, bone is not as resistant to blows as is metal. As the creature puffed and panted upward, he kicked down and broke one hook. The creature howled with pain, hanging on one hook. An other kick, another howl, and the creature, hacking and alshing violently yrying to maintain a hold with his broken and bleeding claws, lost his grip and fell to the ground. A thud and a grunt rose up. Possibly the creature had been cushioned by the cushioning grass. It rose, sucked its bleeding hook-stumps, and howled. Its three comrades joined it in a dismal wail.

What next? He took his binoculars and scanned the surroundings. He took a quick glance at the ship. How far? Three miles? ...Then he froze. It was covered with ants ... but ants at three miles? ... The ants were the ape-people! They were all over the ship! He looked at the beacon. They had turned it over! No doubt they were curiously investigating the moving part, but had lost interest after overturning the device. He must get back to it and right it! His chances of rescue depended on that beacon!

What to do? Half-ravity ... he pondered. Can I out-leap them? Am I stronger than they in the same porportion? Well, he decided, I'll have to risk it. Anyway, the creatures had no weapons, unless they could use their bone-hooks as weapons; maybe he could out-run and outwit them. He started climbing down the trunk.

Hey! Tge apes were not only quieting down .. their howling ceased ... but they were clearing away from the base of the tree! He reached the ground. They backed off into the grass. Why didn't they want him on the top of the tree? Why? Well...

He haded for the ship. Here they came after him! As soon as they'd been sure of his direction, they came running. He leaped and bounded toward the ship. It would be something, jumping out of the pan into the fire when he got there ... there were a dozen or a dozen and a half of them clambering over it!

He arrived at the ship hollering and yelling at the top of his lungs. It worked! They all fled away into the grass, away from the bounding apparation he presented. He got into the ship, easily enough through the gaping rent, and grabbed up a stun-gun. He righted the beacon. He got out on top of the ship. They gathered together a t some distandce from the ship and gabbled among themselves, constantly glancing skyward. He looked up and noticed that while the sun had barely moved, a huge moon was noticeably moving up over the horizon.

When he looked back at the creatures, they were fading rapidly into the distance,

heading for the hills. They must, he surmised, live in caves ... maybe they're afraid of this Moon; no doubt it's a god. He sat back to wait for the arrival of the rescue ship, feeling fortunate at having got out of trouble so easily.

* * * * *

Seventy-two hours later the rescue craft picked him up out of the inflated life-raft which floated calmly on an expanse of deep green water.

They brought the beacon and raft on board, and took him to the sick-bay for recovery from sunburn and exposure.

Later, feeling more alive, he answered questions. Mainly, where was his ship? It's on the bottom, he said, smiling weakly. If I'd put one and one together, I'd have realized what was going on. I should've known several things that were going to happen. The flat, flat plain covered with that grass, peneplained and with no hillocks or rises ... of course, I couldn't have known about the trees and the obviously FRIENDLY attempts of the ape-people to get me to go to the hills with them ...

All of it should've shown me that that was a tidal flat! After all, I grew up in Long Beach! Especially when those ape-people high-tailed it out of there whwn that immense moon came up!

When the water came, he went on, I had barely time to ifnflate the raft, grab the beacon and pile in, hoping my line wouldn't be torn loose from the ship! But it was. However, I didn't capsize, and once everything calmed down, I floated around serenely as could be, only with no drinking water. The sun really beat down too. The water has a very high salinity, and doesn't do you any good even after running it through the portable purifier a couple of times. There's something mineral in it . . .

The tidal bore, it developed, was about fifteen feet high, and moved very rapidly. It rolled the ship over a couple of times. But how do you explain the grass, they asked? Oh, the duration of the tide must be quite long, he said. If you'll check, you'll probably find that the moon's orbit is an ellipse; possibly the sun has something to do with it too. That will all have to e checked by the follow-up parties.

would've

But it was that gooddam tree that saved me. My raft . . . been carried along, and either upset or smashed against the hills, if i hadn't been able to catch hold of a couple of those branchlets. The tree is hollow, all right, but it's filled with air, and it's bouyant. Long roots trail down deep into the bottom, and the top part floats like a Portuguese Man-of-war . . . and the leaves can soak in sunshine. That thing held me as a sea-anchor until the tidal flow quieted down.

I guess all this goes to show that you can't be too sure of yourself in a new world, no matter how confident you are after a dozen previous worlds. Luckily for me, this situation had a built-in solution!

---Raymond A. Wilson and Richard S. Cox

a rose by any other ...

being the first chapter in an exploration
into the origin and meaning of words
and names

Are you listening Isabel? So 'elp me this is what it says:

ISABEL

Isabel is a yellowish-brown colour. Nobody, as far as I can discover, knows why. Professor Weekley writes of isabel:

inadequately defined by Brewer as 'the yellow of soiled calico', but easily recognized by anyone who has seen the 'isabelline bear' at the Zoo. The constantly repeated story is that, during the siege of Ostend, the Archduchess Isabella swore not to change her chemise till the fortress fell. As the siege lasted from 1601 to 1604, this imperious lady endured some discomfort and made a new colour fashionable at her court. If we turn to the Oxford Dictionary, we find that, in 1600, Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe included, 'One rounde gowne of Isabelle-colour satten set with silver spangles.'

O.E.D., of course, also turns down the Archduchess, knowing that isabel appeared far too early on the colourman's list. Isabel has been applied to species of pigeon, peach, fish, and bear.

As a Christian name it is a variant of Elizabeth, a fact which seems more easily explicable if the old spelling of Esobel is kept in mind. A child in the nursery, attempting Elizabeth, might well say Esobel. Isabel was the French and Italian form of Elizabeth, which comes from the Hebrew Elisheba ('God has sworn'). No Christian name has had more variants and abbreviations: Bessy, Betsy, Bess, Lizzie, Liza, Lizbeth, Tetty, Beth, Elspeth, Ishbel, Elsie, Elsa, Lisa, Lisette, Betty, Bettina and even Babette are all attributed to the great Elize. Of course some of these are now used without reference to or knowledge of the Elizabethan source. Camden (1605) wrote that the Spaniards 'always translated Elizabeth into Isabel and the French into Isabeau'. In Wittycombe's Oxford English Dictionary of Christian Names Isabel is mentioned as being one of the commonest English girl's names in the Middle Ages. But this does not explain why Isabelline birds, bears, fruits, fishes, etc. are yellow-brown and sand-coloured. Was there another unwashed, unlaundered Isabel long before the Archduchess, whose claim to a doubtful honour is now so vigorously pushed aside?

Ivor Brown: No Idle Words.

Ed Cray, of KPFK (the pay-as-you-go station)'s ethnic kick hour, was collecting synonyms for being, or the state of, intoxication. Here's one he missed:

CUP-SHOT

On the terminology of intoxication I have written before. It is, if you include the slang, an almost illimitable topic. The coarser terms are countless, but one may find, even in a coarse passage, a sudden delicacy of phrase. I like, for example, Herrick's cup-shot, which occurs in some lines about Anacreon.

A young Enchantresse close by him did stand
Tapping his plump thighs with a mirtle wand;
She smil'd: he kist: and kissing, cull'd her too;
And, being cup-shot, more he could not do.

The word was not Herrick's only: it is puzzling that so neat and so discreet a term should have been allowed to vanish.

Ivor Brown: Having the last word.

Everyone who has read T. H. White's Arthurian cycle knows the origin of the term "Tally-ho". You don't? Shame on you! Look it up in The Sword in the Stone. Here's one of the nicest that he didn't explain. The explanation is almost as good as the ones he gives - in style, I mean.

YOICKS

The learned scholiast can never trust the countryman to invent spontaneously or to enjoy a noise for its own sake. That 'Yoicks' should be the cry of an excited pursuer is not an idea tolerable to Master Pedant. So 'Yoicks' is said to be a form of illoegues, which is itself a form of the Latin 'Illo Loco' and so means 'there'. Believe it or not.

It is not, on the other hand, improbable that Soho is the French 'Ca' followed by 'Ho!' The English huntsman's 'Leu in!' bidding hounds to enter covert is attributed to the chase of Lupus or loup, the wolf. The fox-hunter's 'Leu in' seems to me expressive enough without reference to another form of pursuit. But that attribution is far more credible than is the hunting of our 'Yoicks' to some recess in the Latin Grammar.

Ivor Brown Ibid.

All this fascinating information is courtesy of Don's Uncle, Norman Anning, retired mathematics professor and co-editor of the New World Dictionary. In addition to being a mathematician he is a philologist, semanticist, paleontologist and the Lord knows what else. All this at the age of seventy-sixish! The complete set of Ivor Brown was a gift from him to us, and I've learned one thing: there are a hell of a lot of wonderful words going to waste in the English language!

My esteemed husband and expectant father says I must not run over this one stencil, because that means some of these geniuses would have to exert their brains and think of more wise, witty and wonderful trash to fill out an extra page.

Il est hault! mes amis!

-- mkw