

This is Dave Van Arnam, of 1730
Harrison Ave, Apt 353, Bronx, NY,
10453, just like always, only this
time there is a new item of informa-
tion to add to the list -- my phone
number...

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Yes, the Revolution has come; I suc-
cumbed a couple of days ago to the
prevailing malaise (as it were) of our
age, the never-ceasing blind urge of
man to Communicate with his fellow-man, whether he really wants to or
not. I called up the phone company Tuesday, mailed a check for the \$30
deposit, at around 5pm that night, and by noon Wednesday a Nice Lady from
the phone company called me up, said the deposit had arrived, and in-
formed me that if I wanted, they cd put the phone in the next morning.
Which they did. I must say, I'm rather impressed by their service.

And now to start accumulating extensions around the house...

One of the reasons I always hesitated to get a phone after I moved up
here three or four years ago is the fact that I hate phones. With a
phone in the house, I am now at the constant mercy of the little beast;
I wd ignore the monster when I don't choose to pander to it, but unfor-
tunately I am one of those people who are constitutionally unable to sim-
ply let a phone ring until whoever is calling gets bored with listening
to it.

But it's sitting only a couple of yards from me at the moment, silent,
sleek, black, brooding, and I guess I'm stuck with it.

Oh, yes, the number -- it's TS 2-6720.

The phone company says it's 872-6720, but I refuse to cooperate with
this idiotic Direct Digit Dialling system. This is for a partly selfish
reason, as I find it almost impossible to memorize phone numbers as it
is, with the exchange there cutting down on the number of, er, numbers
my feeble intellect has to retain in its rapidly decaying memory banks.

So those of you -- Ted, Andy, Arnie, Alan, etc., etc.-- who have had to
call me at my office during the day when you desired to contact me (as
we stiff-necked "authors" sometimes phrase it when we are writing a bit
faster than our intellects can cope with), this shd prove something of a
boon. Especially since I've now embarked on a program of taking Mondays
off entirely to write. Um, and there we come up with another little
thing...

One antipathy for phones I have is being called too late at night or too
early in the morning. "Late" means, roughly, after 10 pm, and "early"
is, say, before 10 or 11 in the morning. I don't like to be called
during I SPY. (I also don't like to be called when I'm listening to
classical music on the radio, but since the radio plays classical music
constantly when I'm home, I can't insist too much on that...but if I
seem gruff and uncommunicative when you talk to me, it will probably be
because I was listening to a Carl Neilson or Sibelius symphony that I
particularly wanted to hear.)

Hm. Maybe I'll just use that beautiful new phone to call the wretched
phone company and tell 'em to take it back... ===== owell, hoping you

are the sane...

Null-Q Press
Undecided Publication #236

-- dgV

Dave Van Arnam, clever dog that he is, brings you, er, 3 fanzines for the price of two. Bombs (and fanzines) may be sent to him as usual at 1730 Harrison Ave, Apt 353, Bronx, NY 10453.

f/r 191.147/237/24H, maybe

This is primarily a Cult F/ractional, and will be sent to Cultists before it is distributed to any other fans. Be It Known. Actually, since FD 146 was, tho stencilled, not distributed at Ted White's Annual New Years Eve Party And Blowout, it is actually part of this f/r too, so Cultists are getting twicet the minac they usually get from me.

MANY INTERESTING THINGS have been happening to me lately; my spinal cord has declared war on me, and, struck with the thought that an ex-masseur from the Luxor Baths or whatever might conceivably know something about sprained spines, and since I was aware that a genuine (so to speak) chiropractor has an office on the ground floor of my apartment building, I decided to deliver myself up for five bucks worth of backbone-mauling.

Now, my view of chiropractic is identical with that of any other good Menckenian, namely, that they are on a par with osteopaths, Christian Science healers, Billy Graham, LBJ, RFK, and many other such faith-and-works practitioners of the amusing art of swindling the general public for everything it's got. As long as Oral Roberts and the Seventh Day Adventists and Mormons are able to purvey their risible lunacies in relative freedom (nay, one Mormon even aspires to the Presidency, a thought which makes me sad Mencken ~~is~~ not alive to slap his thighs and guffaw), I had always supposed it was legitimate to allow the more shadowy operators to bilk the multitudes in peace, on the principle that those bilked are non-survival types anyway and are merely being hastened out of the way of the rest of us a little faster.

Well, perhaps a chiropractor will never get the chance to treat my shattered appendix by rubbing two of my vertebrae together in the proper manner, but in New York State they license the back-pounders, and it seems pretty clear to me that they are required by law to at least know how to rearrange backbone plumbing. At any rate, I've suffered from destroyed spine intermittantly for the last 10 years or so, and for the first time I've been spared the one to two weeks' misery usually attendant on my affliction. I still won't go to one of these well-versed oddities for to cure charley-horse of the brain or anything, but from now on, when that little bone at the base of my spine throws its shoe (or whatever it does), as it does once or twice a year, I am heading directly for the nearest lumbar-soother and plunking down my \$5, baby, and I don't care who laughs.

Such revelations tend to retard a slow-growing conviction of mine that the world is almost entirely composed of swindlers and swindled, and in fact the thing that startled me most was that, when I mentioned my chiropractic venture to various people at Ted's party, rather than laugh they all agreed that, whatever the higher idiocies of the profession may be, they do, indeed, know how to, with calculated torture, rearrange venture-some vertebrae. Even John Boardman, the skeptic's skeptic... [] Hoping you are the sane...

-- dgv