

LE MOINDRE #21

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Here the mailing deadline is on me with a rush again, as always, and I have forgotten most of the subjects I meant to talk about. Possibly odd bits of chatter will turn up amongst the mailing comments.

Seattle and Whittier may be home brewing centres, but Toronto is surely making its mark as a home wine making centre. The wine making time is upon us, and it is estimated that five million gallons of home made wine will be produced in Toronto this season. (yes, that's five million.) By wine I mean stuff made from grapes - I don't count stuff made out of dandelions or whortleberries or aspidistras by Maeve and Mervyn.

Recently the Peking Opera (from C*H*I*N*A) was in Toronto for two weeks. A number of Americans snuck across the border to dig this rare cultural event, and now it turns out that the U.S. Govt. could throw them all in jail under the Trading With The Enemy Act, but hasn't done anything because "nobody has made any complaints." What a chance for a W-----. The group presented two complete operas, The Forest of the Wild Boars (for one night only) and The White Serpent (for two nights only) and the rest of the performances consisted of a "variety program", this consisting of extracts from various operas, and various dances. The dances ranged from a wild and exciting Mongol item to Radio City Music Hall, to pure cr*p. The operatic excerpts themselves also ranged from fascinating to extremely tedious. The White Serpent got ecstatic reviews, and in a way I was sorry I wasn't able to see it, but my sorrow was somewhat alleviated by the fact that one Tu Chin-fang (female) plays a large part in it, and I felt that listening to and watching Tu Chin-fang for any length of time would be a bit too much to take, even though she is one of the best of the Chinese classical actresses. I must now cease using Chinese music as an example of forms alien to Western ears, for although of course I missed all the subtleties, and thus found it a little monotonous at times, I found it made more sense to me than the outpourings on occasion of such as Benny Golson. Chinese opera is quite different in many ways from Western opera. The singing is still there, in places, but there is also some mime, and a great deal of extremely skilful tumbling and general athletics. However, "authorities" agree that "opera" is still the correct term to use.

I have watched with interest the second and third TV "debates" between Nixon and Kennedy. In order to avoid the outrage of at least one FAPA member, I shall not discuss these though. I won't even talk about the admirable domestic and fiscal policies of one whose initials are not RK, or unsound and inflationary policies of his opponent. However, in view of the fact that who becomes President of the USA affects Canada a very great deal, and other countries also, I cannot understand why this member takes umbrage at our taking an interest in the matter. I wonder whether this member has any views on the U.S. showing a semi-official preference as to which party should win the last British election.

Hating Toronto is a popular pastime in many parts of Canada (either out of envy or because it is traditional) and the jeers often take such form as "I spent a month in Toronto one Sunday" and variations thereof. In other words, Toronto is considered a dull and deadly place in which to spend a Sunday. There is, of course, no more basis to this than to the rest of the animosity. There is nothing one cannot do legally on a Sunday in Toronto that one cannot do on a week-day except drink in a bar and go to a movie. Furthermore, with the exception of Montreal and probably the rest of Quebec Province, Toronto has always been a pioneer in the "more open Sunday". Now, along with the forthcoming municipal elections, there is being held a referendum on Sunday movies in Toronto.

The Lord's Day Alliance (the domestic wowsers group) are yelling woe and damnation, but it will probably pass, and Toronto will take one more step towards being a Wicked City rather than the "city of homes and churches." Once in the past, when Sunday movies were proposed, the projectionists and other theatre employees were opposed, but now, with TV hitting movie attendance, they are jumping up and down yelling "Hoo boy" and "yeah man" and other gladsome exhortations. Cry the wowsers, "Once you get Sunday movies, Sunday D*R*I*N*K*I*N*G won't be far behind." Yeah, I guess so. This reminds me of an occasion, when I was a small boy in a far off country, and a rumor swept around the neighborhood juveniles to the effect that Sunday movies were going to be permitted. I relayed this rumor to one of my aunts whose reaction was, "Oh, wouldn't that be awful?" Possibly by this vague phrase she was expressing horror at the thought of The Lord's Day being desecrated by people going to the movies, but if Sunday movies had come to pass, in a way it would have been "awful", in that most "respectable" people would have still confined their movie-going to the other six days of the week, and the Sunday audiences would have consisted almost exclusively of the "lower element" and when it came to low elements, our Victorian city could produce some pretty choice specimens - but then I guess the "awfulness" would only be visited upon such of the Respectable who should momentarily forget themselves enough to so far sink in Sin as to go to a movie on Sunday.

Whenever a midway or fairground scene is shown on television, either in a play or commercial, there is always the sound of a calliope in the background. I have been on midways in three countries, including Canada and the USA, and in all my life I have never heard a calliope in such a setting. Do they still actually have them? One year, when I was about ten years old, I went with a companion to the city's "Summer Show" which was I guess somewhat equivalent to State Fair. This show always had a midway, (known as "the sideshows") This section had very few rides, consisting mostly of the "three balls for----" and tent show type of thing: "Tan Tan The Leopard Man" "The Boy With A Tail" and that sort of thing. (this was before freak shows were banned). My companion and I had only the equivalent of a dime apiece. This would get us into just one show, and the choice was hard. For some time we dutifully considered The Glass Blowers ("educational") and The Model Village ("educational" also, I suppose) but eventually we yielded and spent our money on seeing Anna John Budd, Half Man, Half Woman. Anna John appeared wearing lipstick (woman) and smoking a cigarette (man) and launched into his/her little talk.... "I was born in Vancouver...." (Gee, far off place in far off country) but I immediately felt cheated. Sure, you could see that it was half man, half woman...one leg hairy and muscled, the other soft and feminine, arms the same, and so on, but in the newspaper advertisements it had been pictured as wearing only a pair of trunks. In person it was also wearing a type of blouse, which only at one stage did it part to show first the masculine breast on one side, and then the very obviously feminine breast on the other. I wondered then, however, and still do, as to the arrangement of the one portion of anatomy which was not exhibited. Having shot our dough on seeing this show, we felt a bit cheated that we couldn't see anything else. Oh well, maybe we could sneak into one under the edge of a tent. Investigating this prospect at the back of the tent housing The Model Village, we were startled by a swift kick in the rear and a snarled "Get out of there, you little buggers." Unnoticed by us, the woman who had caught us had come out of one of the trailers parked behind the tent. We, to whom a mere "damn" was pretty shocking, were more startled by the language than the kick, which had been light. And from a woman! But then, she not only wore slacks (bad enough) but was also Smoking A Cigarette. How depraved. (I told you this was a Victorian city). We just know that a woman who not only smoked but swore (or vice versa) must have frightfully loose morals. But what, I wondered, did such women do about the resulting pregnancies? "Oh," said my worldly companion, "they just bang themselves on the c---, I guess." I had a mental picture of a woman in a trailer banging herself on the c--- as the trailer slowly wound through the misty mountains on its way north from the city.

Made my first visit to Montreal a few weeks ago. An attractive city, in some ways. Although the hotel at which I stayed, the Queen Elizabeth (le Reine Elizabeth) is only a year or so old, the TV set in my room didn't work. This is often my experience with hotel

TV sets. On the rare occasions on which they do work, the sound is usually poor, and only comes in well on the next channel, so I have to choose between picture and sound. Otherwise the hotel was very fine. It is so popular that all convention space has been booked for the next two years. The coffee shop featured the most interesting coffee shop food I have ever seen. Naturally, the menus in all the hotel eating places were in both French and English. Normally I only see menus in French in Fancy, Expensive restaurants, and it was interesting to note how exotic prosaic foods can sound when listed in French. "Hachis de boeuf sale bruni en casserole avec un oeuf poche" sounds much more goshwow than "corned beef hash with poached egg." The first evening, after a very late dinner, I was taken on a small tour of the night life of the gay and sinful city. The first place we hit was advertising "Willie Love and his Rock & Roll Orchestra." We looked into the room where Willie and his group were making sounds, but my companions decided to hit the place's other bar, where the only entertainment was watching the cocottes dicker with their prospective customers. A pity, I would have liked to have heard a little of Willie Love, having never heard in person a genuine poot-poot-poot-poot type rock & roll group. After a while we pushed on to the Chez Patee, a notorious place, featuring "50 beautiful girls, 4 orchestras, 2 floors." This might summon up visions of an extravaganza type floor show. Not so. The 50 beautiful girls only come on one at a time, it seems. While one is performing, the others hang around the joint's bars, hustling drinks and whatever else is going. So we passed by the babes round the bar, and the headwaiter led us through a curtain into darkness. We stumbled after him to a table. "Could we sit closer down front?" (the joint was pretty empty). "Yes Sir. You look after me, and I'll look after you." The table we had was pretty good, so we withdrew our attention from him. "Five bucks." Silence. "I'm Waiting For A Tip Sir." Silence. He went away. On stage a very pretty blonde, with Bardot figure, was wandering around in a satin garment like one piece bathing suit. The on-stage band (trumpet, tenor, and rhythm) wailed funky, soulful improvisations (hi, Ted White) on Happy-Go-Lucky Local and such. The blonde would wander off and the band would sit wailing for a while, then she'd wander back and the band would wail some more. This went on for quite a while, and between this and occasionally watching through the murk a stacked blonde in one of the booths who was working, but working on a guy, the whole scene swung ("as Harlem would wittily put it") Eventually the blonde on stage got tired, She was followed by pseudo-Persian (Maidenform and G-string, and I mean string) - Caravan - In A Persian Market - usual dull "exotic" stuff, and then a babe in a tight sheath with frills, who clomped around in an unnatural posture with her large behind sticking out constantly. It was very dull and we like split, going back to the first joint. Strip sign across bottom of windows of Montreal drug store: "BABY NEEDS INSULIN FILMS RAPID DELIVERY"

BLINGUAL CEREAL BOX DEPT. Rice Krispies has been running Dennis the Menace comic strips on the backs of some of their boxes. The balloons are in English, but French translations are run under the frames. A few examples, with English first, and the French in brackets. Yes (Oui) Yeth (Oui) Gee (Ah, oui!) Nah! (Oui) Well..er..y'see... (Mais...heu...) And then there was a sequence of several frames involving a golf ball ricocheting around... Whap! (Vlan!) Crack! (crac!) Clunk! (ping!) Bump bumpity bump (boun ba da boun) Most of the current cereal boxes confine themselves to recipes and free offers. The only one of interest this time is Sugar Frosted Flakes which says in English: 'Gr-r-eat Eatin!' says Tony the Tiger. Worth roaring for - crisp big flakes of corn that are toasted inside and out with Kellogg's secret sugar frosting. They're jumpin' with energy and they're gr-r-r-eat! Gr-r-reat for breakfast - gr-r-reat for snacking right out of the package.

French: 'For-r-r-r-midable' says Tony the Tiger. Yes, truly good, the crisp flakes of corn grilled through and through and frosted with sugar according to the Kellogg process. They are stuffed with energy and truly formidable. Formidable for breakfast - formidable for the snack which one takes out of the box.

Actually there should be many more 'r's in the "formidable"s there, but I got tired. The above is a bit dull compared to earlier ones. We need Pit Sugar Pops or Andy Devine to come back prattling about moseyin' down to the ol' corral, mes enfants.

THE 65 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS:
A MODERN CAROL WITHOUT MUSIC

Christmas began last Tuesday
On a bright fall day, with the leaves still clinging to the trees,
And no sign of snow --
No sign of any snow
Unless you count the kind
That's sprayed from Aerosol bottles
Onto the imitation Christmas trees
In the department store windows.

Christmas began last Tuesday
Just three days after Hallowe'en,
By which time the big emporiums,
Having disposed of the comic ghosts and candy pumpkins
And having burned all the second-hand witches,
Replaced them with more seasonal symbols:
A reindeer with a crimson nose,
A talking snowman and a terribly cute bear,
Fifty-seven varieties of Santa Claus,
And, here and there, an inconspicuous plastic replica of the Christ-child,
Entirely non-denominational.

Christmas began last Tuesday
With corps of workmen spraying rows of fragrant pines
With coats of every hue:
Passion pink, spun gold, and lavender;
Ivory white, lark blue, cerise and silver -
Every color of the rainbow
With the possible exception of green,
Which has long been out of fashion.

Christmas began last Tuesday
When certain Wise Men, from various points East,
Having followed a star
Named Bing Crosby
Into the record shops,
Began to dream of another White Christmas
In the guise of a trifle called Santa Claus Manbo:
And arrived bearing gifts
For the Man Who Has Everything:
Camel saddles imported from Tangier for TV viewing,
Sling beds for toy poodles,
Tubes of bourbon-flavored toothpaste,
Sets of authentic matchbooks from New York's fabulous niteries.
Inflatable dinosaurs, four feet tall,
Thundermugs lined with genuine mink,
And a partridge in a pear tree.

Christmas began last Tuesday
With the first faint, familiar sounds of Silent Night,
Sung by three blonde sisters in an echo chamber,
Stealing across the sleeping town
Courtesy of a sleepless disc-jockey
Who does not really believe in nights of silence
And who, every hour on the hour,
Is happy to oblige with Lawrence Welk
Playing his new arrangement of Jingle Bells
Followed by Elvis Presley singing Adeste Fidelis
In the original Latin.

Christmas began last Tuesday
Because the merchandise was ready.
The composition Yule logs were guaranteed fireproof
And so were the plug-in Christmas candles;
The Christmas spirit was guaranteed seventyproof,
Gift-wrapped in decanter bottles
With a Star of Bethlehem on the wrapper;
The new sexified greeting cards were guaranteed tasteproof,
Complete with buxom girls inviting you
To have a ball at Christmas,
And plenty of space for your name in 18 Karat gold.

Christmas began last Tuesday
And will continue for the duration
Of 1960; plodding steadily onward
Through a calendarful of shopping days,
And a gaggle of office parties,
And a flitch of constabulary warnings;
Moving right past Boxing Day and into the happy new year
Until on Tuesday, January 8, it will officially end
With the first of the post-Christmas sales;
At which time, the gifts selected at the last frantic moment
For the man who has everything but myrrh and frankincense,
May be returned at the first possible moment by his wife
Who, if she fancies, can buy for half-price, reduced to clear,
In the bargain basements of a score of Honest Edifices,
A mile and a half of slightly tarnished tinsel
Which may be stored away in case Christmas should ever come around again.

So then, when it is finally over and done with -
The sixty-five days of Christmas -
And there are three hundred days remaining
Before Christmas begins again,
And people look back and ask themselves:
"What kind of a day was it?"
The answer will have to be:
"A day like all days."
For the sad fact is that nobody can quite remember anymore
Exactly which, of all the Christmas Days
Was the one marked on the calendar
As December the twenty-fifth.

- Pierre Berton

Tape recorder chatter: The Pentron, after 8 years of faithful service, wore out its bearings, and, while it still operates, is no longer any use for music, having too much wow. Thus I needed a new taper to use as an adjunct to the Ferrograph. I considered a Wollensack, but finally settled on a Philips, model EL 3542. This is a monaural, 4 track machine, with three speeds: 1 7/8, 3 1/2, and 7 1/2 ips. Stereo tapes can be played (in stereo) on it, if it is hooked into stereo equipment. The frequency ranges claimed for the three speeds are 7,000 cps, 15,000 cps, and 20,000 cps. Music recorded on this machine at 3 1/2 sounds like 7 1/2 on other tapers, and at 1 7/8 like 3 1/2. It has various gadgets such as button for recording without erasing what is originally on the tape, outlet for monitoring material being taped, an excellent counter and other goodies. It is the best home-type taper I have heard. Price is pretty reasonable - \$269.00 retail list here. Don't know what it is in the U.S. Any of you thinking any time of getting a new taper should consider this one. Being able to use slower speeds, and four tracks can save a lot of tape. Only one drawback - if you are exchanging tapes with somebody who has a twin-track machine (as most are) you'll have to use a bulk eraser on the tape before you reply. You couldn't use this machine on a FATE tape.

HORIZONS - Warner. Yes, Tootsie roll is a bit rough, but at least the Americans put "roll" on the end - the English would just have called it a "Tootsie" or a "Chocky Nutty" or something. # Dean Grennell does not use Gillette blades, so his photographs cannot possibly have "Gillette sharpness". # "Civic and Community Notes" was fascinating. Harry, have you ever heard of a book on the ("serious") music publishing business called Menagerie in F? I want to get it, but don't who it is by or who published it.

PHLOTSAM - Economou. I have the impression that most people in most small towns tend to be "ignorant, uneducated, bigoted, narrow and provincial". Very possibly I'm prejudiced myself, particularly as I have never lived in a small town. I just have to rely on what others say and what I read. # From the only fragment of the version of "Teen Angel" I have heard, and from various references I have read to the disc, it was sung by a boy about a girl. You must have heard a feminine version. I wonder which you would consider worse - the Teen Angel type of thing, or such songs as "My Tears Have Wiped 'I Love You' From The Blackboard of My Heart." Apparently the T.A. type of thing is not new though - similar songs can be found extending way way back. # To say that I "don't like" Mitch Miller's Sing Along stuff, or for that matter ANY pop record produced by him, is quite an understatement. I am constantly crogged at the way this garbage purveyor has the nerve to sound off about other pops, and make remarks about taste. # Another game one can play with transcripts of Eisenhower's press conferences is to see how many of his answers start with "Well". # Al Lewis has misinformed you. Gestetner used to use a Stenofax machine for cutting stuff on their stencils. The last A BAS cover was made by Gestetner on a Gestetner stencil using the Stenofax machine. Shortly after they brought out their own machine, named "Gestafax" which is supposed to do a better job, and the cost of the machine itself is much lower. They'll sell a machine to anybody who wants one. # Now I suppose some people won't believe that I was picked up by the cops in Harlem on suspicion of looking for a rumble. (And had my arm checked for needle marks). Oh well, I guess it was a Kirsian sort of occurrence. # Berry's column was most enjoyable. I look forward to further episodes. MORSE: A country doesn't have to have a socialist government, with all its "planning," controls, restrictions, and shortages, for Welfare State stuff to come into being. (for that matter, you don't have the Child Benefit that we have, do you?) As for your National Health Service.... in North America one can get plenty of Health, Disability, and Ghu knows what else coverage with insurance companies which specialize in this sort of thing, and it is as cheap as, if not cheaper than, the British NHS charges, especially if one is covered by a company group plan. Why cheaper? For one thing, a government department rarely manages to run something as cheaply or efficiently as a non-government group, which can't dip into the tax till if there is a loss as a result of their inefficiency. The Ontario government (a "Tory" one, mind you) recently brought in a Provincial hospital insurance scheme, and made all the insurance companies drop hospital coverage. Naturally, the premiums are higher than for the old private coverages. And I've read plenty about the standards under your NHS.

KTRAN 4 - Linards. Yes, Canadian French contains a number of Anglicisms, e.g. "Fixez le windshield de mon truck." although this is an extreme example - for all things automotive the English term is used. One does not wish to give the impression that Canadian French is so heavily larded with English that it is understandable by the non-French speaker. There aren't that many Anglicisms - and I understand that in Paris anyway the term "hot dog" is quite common, whereas here it is "chien chaud". There are regional patoisses in Canadian French too. For example, here are a few things which are common in parts of Quebec, and which Montrealers find strange or funny. I'll give Montreal version first, and then the regional one in brackets. J'en ai beaucoup. (J'en ai ben manque.) J'en ai pas beaucoup. (J'ch ai pas point guere.) Fermer les volets. (Fermer les cuisses.) Une bouilloire d'eau chaude. (Une bombee d'eau chaude) Un impermeable. (Un ciré.) # The last I heard of Calvin Jackson was that he was in Los Angeles.

NULL-F 19 - White. Very interesting, Ted, especially to compare it with the version of it which reached print, and notice what was cut out of the latter. Of course, the newspapers, with their usual accuracy, gave the impression that the riot was by the people at the festival itself. (and that, I guess was what caused the idiot evening papers here to refer to a riot at a R&R show in Windsor as a "Jazz concert riot.") I guess this will be the end of the Newport Festival, but that will get no tears from me. Most festivals of this type are so nothing I wouldn't go if I had free tickets.

TIME FINDER - Coslet. Did you not realize that by printing the name of your car (Corvair) you are risking a tirade from GMC? Ingroup jargon, slap in the face to your readers, and so on? As if this weren't bad enough, you also used the term "oversteer". The only hope of LeeH and yourself is that someday GMC may refer to a "Frigidaire" and you can leap right back at her with her own accusations.

KLEIN BOTTLE - Ted Carr. I think parsley tastes pretty horrid. However, once upon a time when I was eating dinner at a hotel every night, they used to shove a sprig of parsley on some of the dishes, and, seeing that the stuff is chockful of vitamin C, and also seeing that their method of cooking green vegetables was certain to remove any C that may have been in them, I used to eat the stuff, although I guess it was just meant to be ornamental. Apart from their green vegetables, their meals were a gas. So were the prices. About 65¢ for dinner on week nights, and 50¢ on Sunday nights when they called it "tea". The waitresses used to take a motherly interest in me, and the meal would run like this: Soup, (and really imaginative soups) fish, (and none of your plain boiled or fried stuff - things like soused snapper, or terakihi with egg sauce and so on) an entree (such as Kromeskis Russe and other interesting goodies) a small steak or a couple of lamb chops, cold meat (such as roast pork) and salad, dessert, savory, Fresh bread, and masses of butter, a jug of whipping cream on the table, (which I usually drank) and on Sunday nights they added toast, hot scones, and jam. Often on Sunday nights some friends would join me, and we would order bottles of an excellent sauterne at \$1.00 a bottle. The dining room was run mostly for the guests in the hotel, and they didn't have too many non-guests eating there.. I suppose they at last wised up, for just before I left the city they started putting their prices up. #Les Nirenberg is misleading you. The Royal Commissions we have here are as comparable to the HUAC as is FAPA to the KKK. Thanks for reprinting that Hornig letter. Pretty funny.

THE EXPURGATED BOOB STEWART - TCarr. Enjoyed this. Wish you had told us the tale of Boob being investigated by all those agencies. I think I have read something on this in the past, but I've forgotten it. # It surprised me to realize that Sodek and Taciturn and Epitome and so on are now old famish history. Gad, time doth rush by.

APOCRYPHA - Janke. Nice to see you in the mailing again, and this was enjoyed. But where are the mailing comments, so I can make comments on your comments....? :

OLE CHAVELA! A most worthy production. I most sorry I didn't get to add my own tribute to Isabel's cooking. My own fault - time slipped by, and suddenly it was too late. Let me just say that both the Burbees are a reason I'm very glad I went to the Solacon.

TARGET: FAPA! - Eney. Distance was only one of the factors preventing AYoung and myself from getting to fdl before the Detention. I wish, though, that we could have made it.

ICE AGE - Shaws. Unfortunately, closed door parties were a necessity at the Pittcon, unless one wanted to be inundated not only with crushing mobs of people, but also Folk Singers who went about busily wrecking parties. # Yes, Mitch Miller was once a virtuoso oboist. I wish he'd stuck to it. Most interesting zine.

VANDY - Coulsons. I don't eat Sugar Pops as a rule, although have nothing against them. However, when I'm translating all the stuff about how they are formidable pour le gouter, I try it out. # I had a classmate (girl) named Ngairé Maxwell, and we didn't think it was at all unusual.

SISYPHOS - Speer. All I know about the war of 1812 is that the Americans seem to think they won it, the Encyclopedia Americana hedges on the subjects, and Canadians know they won it. #But do the "big food distributors" set prices? Phyllis? It sounds callous, but why should a farmer be saved from going broke any more than any other businessman? It will be interesting to see what actually happens on this scene. Surely these mounting surpluses can't be allowed to continue. # "Jesus probably turns over in his grave...." ???

LIMBO #3. Rike/Donaho. Dave: If you don't know enough about Cuba to "counteract the distortions and lies that the press in the U.S. print" how do you know they are distortions and lies? You imply that only a supporter of Castro is qualified to give the "truth about Cuba" Uh-huh. ? Sure there are good FM stations in Toronto, which is not a backwater. I was just pointing out that all FM is not goshwow, as some people seem to hold, but can be just as cruddy as AM stations (This last remark addressed to Donaho.) Like your comments.

DESCANT - Clarkes. At last, somebody who doesn't say "Huh?" when Big Jay McNeely is mentioned. And it isn't so long ago that he was around. Whatever happened to Darryl Sharp?

ALIF - Anderson. You're one up on me. I saw a performance of the Guthrie Oedipus at Stratford, but the movie of it, which was made in Toronto, while shown on TV here, has never been run here in a movie theatre. Yes, those masks do seem to have a surprising amount of expression.

SERCON'S BANE - F.M. Busby. If you change your currency into that of any other country, and then on return home change the unspent portion back into your own currency, I can't think offhand of any way to beat the bank charge for the service. Canadian banks maintain a difference of 1% between their buying and selling rates for U.S. currency, and 1% is hardly "losing your shirt". Of course, if the exchange rates have changed a bit in the meantime, you might either make or lose money as a result. Of course, you could always take along your own currency and change small amounts into local currency as needed, or operate against a letter of credit, and so on. # But LeeH only used one term not normally found in public prints. Newspapers have plenty of Corvair advertisements.

SALUD - Elinor Busby. The flight of U.S. silver from Canada as a result of the banks imposing charges produced quite a shortage of change here, and the mint has been going flat out ever since. Now that the huge amount of U.S. change is no longer around, and the noise has died down, U.S. coins are being accepted fairly freely once again. But Canadian coins are not freely spendable in the U.S. (and of course there is no reason why they should be, any more than U.S. currency is legal tender here).

That winds up the comments for this time. I wonder how come I usually wind up doing exactly 8 pages, no matter how much or little I write in the way of comments. Many zines not commented on were greatly enjoyed, among them the anecdotes of Martinez and MZB.