

MAYHEM ANNEX #5, by Felice Rolfe and Ed Meskys (felice this time) for that ultimate in fannishness, Apa L. 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif 94301. June 2, 1965

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'Felice,' said Tom Gilbert, looking down at me from somewhere around six feet, 'Why don't you join Apa L?'

'Tom,' I replied after at least two microseconds' deliberation, 'That is a perfectly appalling idea.'

Still he stood there, looking like an angel, smiling a smile of gentle innocence as he urged this foul deed on me. I am very susceptible to tall blond men. I wavered.

Suddenly Al Lewis was at my side, adding his insidious persuasion to Tom's. 'If you want to join Apa L, Felice,' he purred in that black velvet voice of his, 'I'll run your material off for you.'

I am supremely vulnerable to short dark men. 'I don't want to join Apa L,' I protested feebly, and trembled.

One on either side they stood, those two who should have been my strength, damn them, luring me irresistably into a life of weekly ~~st~~ fanac. But if Meskys hadn't sneakily started me off with that seemingly innocent announcement in Mayhem Annex #1, I might not have succumbed.

'...And the end of it's sittin' and thinkin',  
And dreamin' hell's fires to see --  
So be warned by my lot, which I know you will not,  
And learn about Apans from me.'

Unfortunately (unfortunately?), I'll only be able to engage in this happy lunacy for about three weeks. Summer school starts on June 21, and chances are I'll be pretty busy after that. I'll try to join in when I can, tho, because as one of our locers said about (ahem) NIEKAS, it sure looks like a fun way to sweat.

That announcement Ed mentioned last week was this: Would any of you be interested in seeing the Lamplighters do Die Fledermaus in English? They're putting it on during July and August; the next G&S they do will be Patience, in September. I'd appreciate your sending me a card if you're interested, because the next disty goes to Ed first and Ghod knows when I'll see it. (Ghod and the Post Office...)

Len Bailes: your pattersong was just about the best G&S parody I've seen!

Red Boggs: My favorite 'thin book' would be A Short Table of Even Primes.

Bjo Trimble: Mind you stir carefully around those lumps.

There were a number of notes on the margins that I intended to type up, but they were even more trivial than the above -- and I seem to be running out of room, and Joe has just reminded me that he has to leave for class early. Which in turn reminded me that I forgot to take supper out of the freezer. The modern wife doesn't get a chance to burn the roast; she can goof up much sooner in the process than that.

Bjo's interjections in the octopus recipe made it even funnier than it had struck me at first. But I think she ought to have told you that it's going to join my collection of 'Recipes I Never Got Beyond the Second Sentence Of'. There's only one other, so far -- for lobster. This cookbook I had didn't believe in boiling the poor things alive, so its section on lobsters started out, 'Place lobster on its back on a cutting board. Kill it.'

Such consideration for a lobster is commendable, but what about the cook? How other women would feel, I couldn't say -- but I've never been able to face a lobster since. Made me feel like a blinkin' murderer...

I enjoyed every word (I read every word, that't how I know), and apologize for not commenting at greater length. See ya next week/fortnight/month. *Felice*