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"May I cut in?"

So the cat kept trying to steal this turkey thigh-bone, and every time I had to rescue it back to the table; and Poul and I kept taking turns calling her

"Bad cat!"

"Evil cat!"

"Malicious cat!"

"Perverted cat!"

"And you know it, too!"

Or have you met Topsy? Full name: Taffimai Metallumai, Small-Person-Without-Any-Manners-Who-Ought-To-Be-Spanked. Age: Five months. Breed: Blue-point Siamese. Nature: Unnatural.

And why? All because Irene of Sloop came to dinner, and I decided the only thing to have was pre-stuffed frozen turkey. I felt lazy.

Me? "Karen, of course." Haven't you read BRAINWAVE?

Him? Him Poul. Him-fella readee him funnee-papah. Him laugh like clazy, my word!

That-fella white mary, her Irene, her makee him-fella cover this-fella one-shot. Her clazy, no?

You-fella Poul, you take over now. Topside galow!

This is Poul. First time my name was ever spelled that way, but think of the saving in ink and typewriter ribbons during a lifetime.

In fact, by such economies a fortune could be built up. For instance, instead of buying expensive fish for the cat, let her chew on our fingers. This is a double saving: not only in cat food, but in our own, since we'll have progressively less body to nourish. (The limit of this process could be found by a differential equation of the same form as that for radioac-

Anybody know any good limericks?

Dirty, that is. (Yes, Phyllis Berg, I've gotten converted.)

Well, there was the one about the Turkish cadet, who did the goddamndest thing yet, his---never mind. Not now. This goes through the mails.

I hope.

Tipsy is murdering a pencil. Snow Leopard, j. g.. You have to live with her to appreciate her. We have--- for four months. aaaaAAGH! Ia! Ia! Yog-Sothoth! Be merciful to thy servant!

She is now chasing after a ravening, searing, indescribably destructive rolled-up pipecleaner.

Murder it! (Not us---it. Please?)

A LIKELY WAKE DIRGE

This ae zine, this ae zine,
Every zine and alle,
Fire, and sleet, and benzedrine,
And Fapa receive thye saule.

When thou from fannedom art paste,
Every zine and alle,
To mimeographs thou comest at laste;
And Fapa receive thye saule.

If ever thou used obliterate,
Every zine and alle,
Sit thee down and stand up clean;
And Fapa receive thye saule.

If obliterate thou ne'er used nane,
Every zine and alle,
The ink shall soak thee to the bare bane;
And Fapa receive thye saule.

tive decay. Which reminds me, does that process result in radioactive decadence?)

That pidgin Karen was using reminds me of a sign in a Chinese tailor shop: LADIES HAVE FITS UPSTAIRS. This would be a fine time to mention a certain Danish town whose name is--- no, this has to go through the mails. See: "The Third King," by Fletcher Pratt, p. 209.

But we were discussing economy. There are innumerable ways of saving. Consider, for example, how much shoe leather is saved by keeping one foot on a brass rail. (Somehow, though, Karen has never understood my reasoning here.) Then---

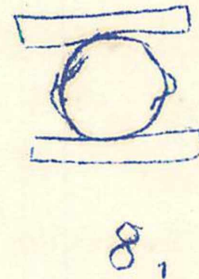
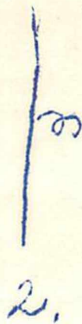
I HAVE SO! Any time he wants to put his foot on a brass rail, I'd be glad to accompany him. Anybody for baby sitting?

The little monster is beginning to look vaguely human, and you ought have seen what she---- oh well, I'm probably boring you. If you've had one, you know all about it, and if you haven't (to quote) you don't deserve to know.

Irene?

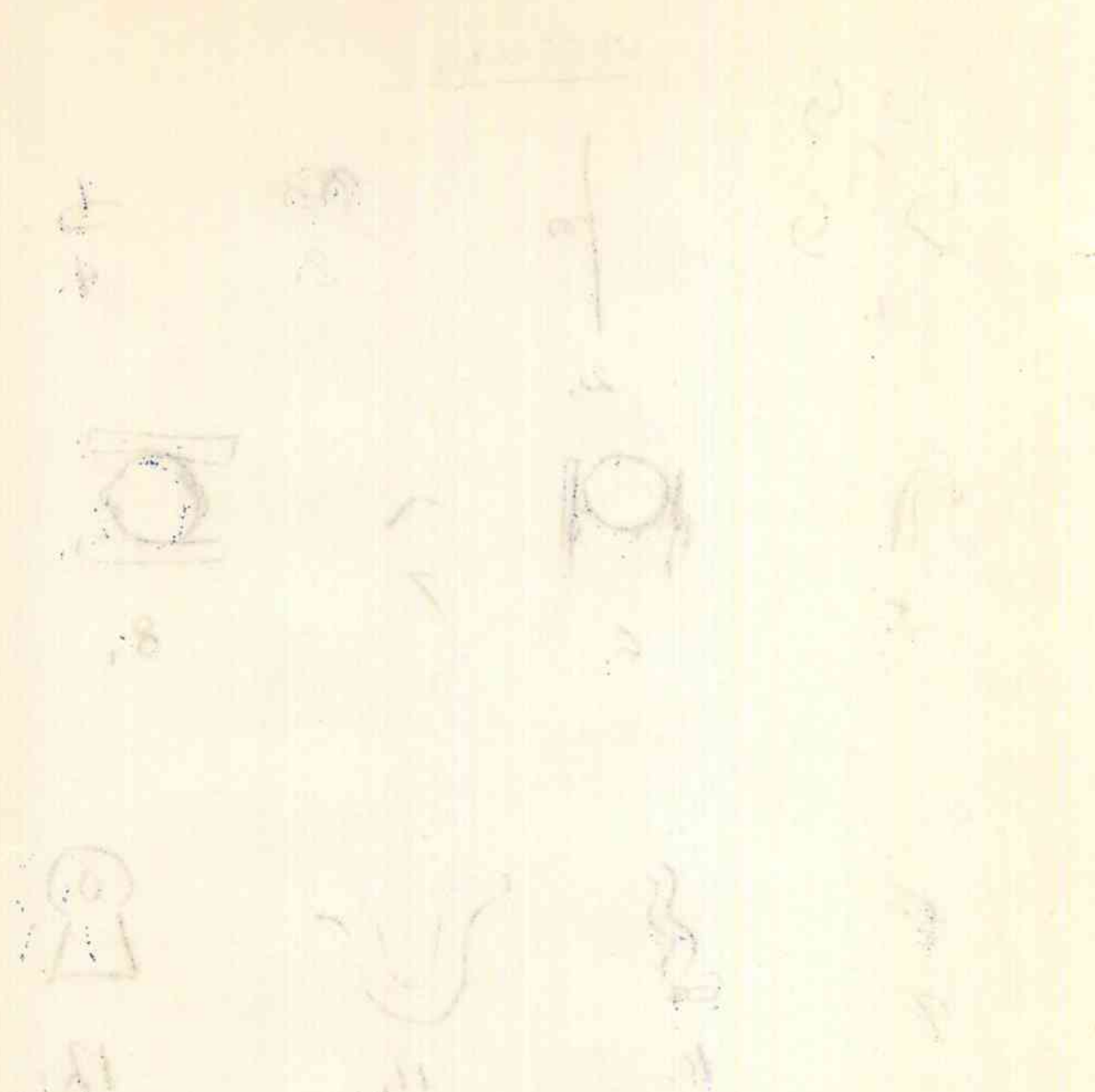
Er, uh, yes. I don't know why a blank stencil and a type should leave me so uninspired. It is very unfannish of me, I know, and I am a fan, yes, I am, but so it is. The Anderson's cat and baby are both very interesting creatures, especially (at this stage anyway) the former, who bares her claws at the slightest provocation. She also appears in the strangest places at the strangest times. There is something unnerving about suddenly finding yourself with a lapfull of cat when you are in the middle of devouring a plateful of turkey. The cat and Karen are now breathing at one another, exchanging fishy scents, that is. There is something weird about that, but I'm not at all sure what. Anyone else?

DROODLES



In case these aren't obvious--

- (1) Explosion in a doughnut factory.
- (2) Pig going behind a barn door.
- (3) Head on a beer.
- (4) Candlewick.
- (5) Eye on a BEM.
- (6) Grapefruit on stilts.
- (7) Eyebrow with a haughty expression.
- (8) Lemon sandwich.
- (9) Finger on a typewriter key.
- (10) Toothpaste descending on a brush.
- (11) Worm whose two ends have not been formally introduced.
- (12) Chimpanzee which the psychologist saw looking through the keyhole at him.



12. Chinaman with the head tilted and looking
 through the window at him.
 11. Chinaman looking out of the window.
 10. Chinaman looking out of the window.
 9. Chinaman looking out of the window.
 8. Chinaman looking out of the window.
 7. Chinaman looking out of the window.
 6. Chinaman looking out of the window.
 5. Chinaman looking out of the window.
 4. Chinaman looking out of the window.
 3. Chinaman looking out of the window.
 2. Chinaman looking out of the window.
 1. Chinaman looking out of the window.