

defenestration

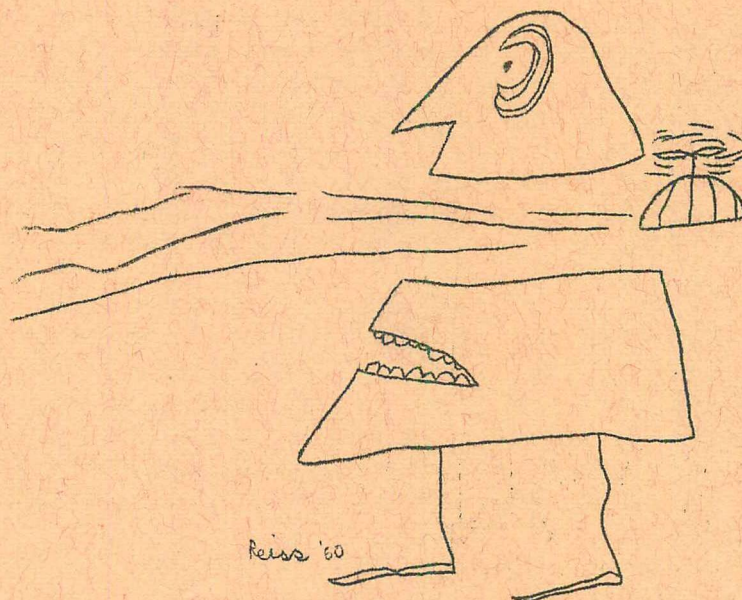
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trina

defenestration

NUMBER ONE



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DEFENESTRATION is published for OMPA by Terry and Miriam Carr, 1818 Hearst Ave., Berkeley 3, California. Some few copies go to non-OMPANS in hopes they'll accept it in trade for their sterling fanzines. The cover was mimeographed on the trusty Iron Maiden before we disassembled it when we moved; the remainder of the issue is Gestetnered on Dave Rike's machine by trusty Bill Donaho, to whom go many thanks.

Despite the date on the cover, this issue is published at the beginning of May, 1961. Our apologies for its lateness.

DOWN WITH FANDUM

BY CARL BRANDON

(Note: A year or so ago some friends of ours loaned us a copy of Ronald Searle and Geoffrey Willans' "Down With Skool," which Miri and I think must surely be one of the funniest books ever written. We've also more recently read "Back in the Jug Agane," which is another of the Molesworth books...more of the same outrageous hilarity. Anyway, we were so enthused over the character and penetrating analyses of Molesworth that one day one of us looked at the other and said,

"Ghod, just think what Molesworth would have been like if he'd been a fan!"

And so a brandonization was born. This one isn't finished yet, but we're printing the first two chapters here because it seems to us that OMPA is the logical place to publish such a parody. Further discourses by Master Molesworth will appear as we write them, no doubt. Eventually we hope to present the whole batch at once, with illustrations by some suitably talented fan-cartoonist.

A pity that Harry Turner has gafiated. He would have been perfect for this stuff.

Anyway, ladies and gentlemen of the OMPA audience...meet Nigel Molesworth...)

O.K., COME IN

This is me, e.g. Nigel Molesworth the dry rot of Fandum wich is the way of life i am in. It is utterly wet & weedy as i shall (i hope) make clear but of course that is the same with all ways of life holy causes & g.d. (hem hem) hobbies.

e.g. Fandum is nothing but pub deadlines, O.E.s, postage due, BNFs, fannish songs, fannish slogans, my bro Molesworth 2, & FIRST FANDUMITES everywhere.

The only good things about Fandum are the FANS wizz who are witty, intelligent, socialy concious & have broad mental horizons etcet. although you have various fakefans fuggheads sercons greedyguts & members of the N3F with whom i am forced to mingle hem hem.

In fact Fandum is a bit of a waste of time AS YOU WILL SEE.

FIRST FANDUMITES AT BAY

First Fandumites are always very old thirty yeres at least, think that Fandum is SIGNIFICANT chiz moan drone, & are always telling you about Sam Moscovitz Forry Ackerman Don Wolheim etcet. & they also keep MOUNTANS of old fanzines with which they hound and persecute you like my mother she say 'Now Nigel you must read these so you will grow up to be a good fan like your father who indexed the complete works of G. Peyton Wetenbaker & did Fandum a GREAT SERVICE.'

Down With Fandum--II

Next to necrophiles First Fandumites like best young fans who show RESPECT chiz and say yes sir mr. pro sir and such weedy things, tho they themselves only say to the pros such things as 'Well, Tony, Ill buy you a beer' or 'Say John, will you buy me a beer' or 'Hello Ted, let's get somebody to buy us a beer'. Then they go off and talk about the good old days (before i was born) when science fiction was SCIENCE FICTION, wot else would it be i ask, cookbooks?, and say wot good fans THEY were, always claiming to have read every story published until 1950 or 1944 or 1938 or 1927 or whenever it was they consider the downfall of SCIENCE FICTION. And of course they tell the pros that wot's being written today is no good, wich isnt showing much respect if you ask me but then they dont.

Personally i dont think UNKNOWN was so great it was full of weedy things about dead people, sprites, ancient gods with seaweed in their beards, djinnii, UNKNOWN FORCES & other completely wet things. I like modern science fiction becuz at least it doesnt have people saying 'Lo!' and such rot. But aktually i dont read science fiction too much anyway. I used to read it a lot but now a great deal of my valuable time is taken up in feuding. Aktually i dont like to feud at all but people are always getting mad at me writing letters or mailing coments they say 'Wot right has that Molesworth l got to say quote Ted Pauls is a big jerk if he thinks that eighth fandum has started just becuz of a bunch of new fans one of whom is him unquote?' Anyway faneds dont understand me probably becuz i have superior mental horizons wizz, & so i have to spend a lot of time feuding with my peers. & thats why i dont read much science fiction any more. Its not that im not respectful.

Wot has this to do with FIRST FANDUMITES? Elementary, my dear, FIRST FANDUMITES think science fiction is simply STUPENDOUS. Here is a recipy for a mad fanish evening acc. to a FIRST FANDUMITE.

Take 2 TRUE FANS (i.e. the weedier the better) place on opposite sides of table so they can look each other in the eye glare glare how can they stand it, then ask each questions wot hav to do with SCIENCE FICTION.

Molesworth: Mr Ladle, tell me old stfsop, wot did Hugo Gernsback eat for brekfast on the morning of Apr 18 1932?

Ladle: A v. interesting question, sir. If i recall correctly, & my worthy colleag Mr. Ackerham can correkt me if im wrong glare glare, he had squash & tortillas covered with maple syrup am i right?

Molesworth: Correkt, old fossil, to the best of my knowlege. (Aktually, i havnt faintest idea of correkt answer. Gernsback quite possibly had caviar & shish kebab served on flaming sword wich was lit with dunning letters from starving authors wanting their money chiz.) And now you sir, thou woodpulp completist, tell me briefly the plot of first science fiction story ever put to words, author title date and magazine.

Ackerham: Hem hem, that wd be The Second Stage Osiris by Nekh-bet Sinhru, published Nov 4812 B.G. (which initials you ought to be able to figure out if you know FIRST FANDUMITES at all) in v l n l of Book of the Dead Science Fakt & Fiktion. It is about

Down With Fandum--III

people from the stars wizz wot come to this world & are considered gods. Osiris is the Hero and is brave noble fearless etcet. but his bro. is a cutup wot takes a sword to him &--

Molesworth: That will be enuf, spare us the sordid details.

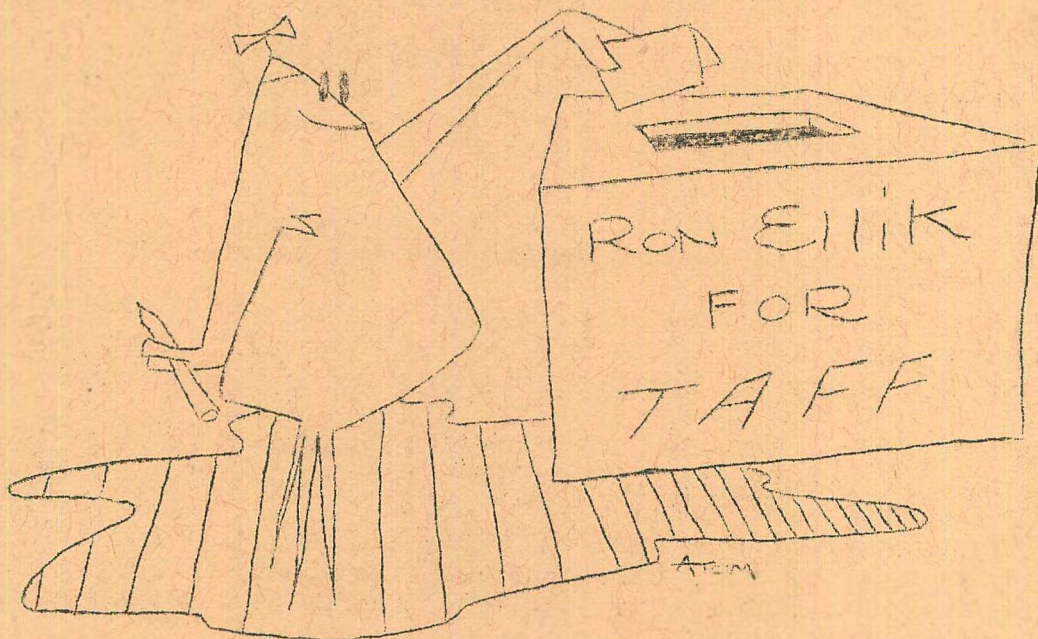
Ladle: But Gilgameshes Conquest of Mars was published befor that, old top.

Ackerham: Dont be such an oik, Tucker isnt that old.

Ladle: Fakts are fakts, thou clot, there is no room in serious research for--

(Happy fannish evening breaks up as FIRST FANDUMITES hurl sharpened churchkeys, bash heads with bound vols of Frank Reade Lib and slash each other with untrimmed edges of old magazines. It is a splendid show after all.)

--(Terry & Miriam Carr)



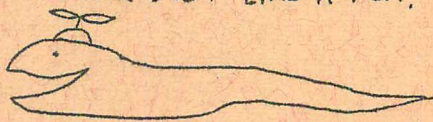
HEY ROGER



YES SHERMAN?



DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU
YOU LOOK JUST LIKE A PEA?



HO HO
HEE HA

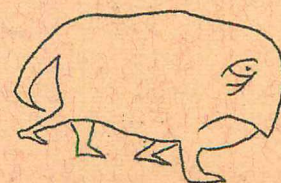
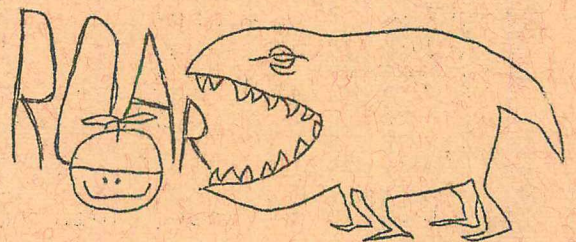
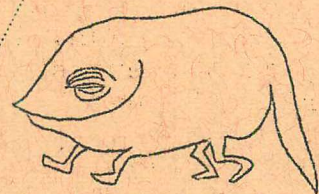


HE'S OUT OF
HIS MIND



ROGER

BY ANDY REISS



HOW CAN YOU
EAT SOMEONE
WHO'S SMILING
AT YOU?

SLICE OF THE PAST



by Terry Carr

A little over a year ago I contracted to write a regular column for a young faned, in which I would record the day-to-day happenings around Berkeley fandom under the title of "Berkeley Social Calendar". For the

sake of my own neat and orderly mind (...) I started taking notes for my chronicle at midnight Dec. 31 1959-Jan. 1 1960. I kept up my note-taking for over two weeks, at the end of which time I figured I had so many notes I'd better write an installment of the column. But just then the faned wrote to say that he was delaying his next issue for a month or two--reproduction considerations. By the time he got things straightened out it was several months later and I'd mostly lost interest in the column, and in my put-it-off-ish way I somehow managed not to get around to doing anything about the column for a couple more months, at the end of which time I wrote and apologized for my delay and said I wouldn't be able to do the column after all--I was too busy. (By this time, this was perfectly true.)

The other day, while rummaging through the Material To Write file, I came across my notes. It occurs to me that writing them up for OMPA might be as good as any way to introduce myself and Miri to the membership. So, this is what we were doing, a little over a year ago....:

Jan. 1, 1960: At midnight I was standing in the livingroom of the Burbee abode during their New Year's party, talking to Fritz Leiber about something or other. Isabel Burbee came by and wished me a Happy New Year and kissed me.

Miri and I had gone down to Los Angeles for the holidays, which we had spent mostly with Miri's grandmother in South Pasadena, one of the many towns in the L.A. area. Miri was sick nigh unto death with a bad cold which had hung on for weeks and had her flat on her back; Miri's grandmother, who is a doctor, was filling her full of penicillin and such stuff. I went to the party by myself that night, since Miri still wasn't feeling well enough to go out.

And so there I was at the Burbees' as 1960 rolled around. Lee Jacobs and Elmer Perdue were taking turns playing boogie on the piano. I wandered into the kitchen, where I got into a conversation with Don Wilson, whose only fannish activity these days is his FAPA membership. Don pointed a finger at me and said, "Ency was wrong."

"What?" I said.

Slice of the Past--II

He pointed his finger at me again and said, "Eney was wrong. I've just read the FANCYCLOPEDIA II. The stuff about fourth, fifth, and sixth fandom is all wrong."

"Well, Eney didn't dream that up himself," I said. "Bob Silverberg defined fourth, fifth, and sixth fandoms in an article in QUANDRY. Nobody's ever questioned his interpretations before."

"Well, they're completely wrong," Don said. "I was active in the late forties, so I should know. What he calls Fifth Fandom was actually just a short transition stage between Fourth Fandom and the next one. I can document my case to prove it. So-called Fifth Fandom was actually the Third Transition."

"The Third Transition," I repeated. "By ghod, you may be right at that. Write me an article about it and we'll plunge all fandom into war!"

"I will!" he said, raising his beer can in a toast.

He never wrote it, of course, so I don't know what fandom we're in, to this very day.

But we had a standing line for the rest of the party. Thereafter, whenever I'd run into Don (usually passing him on the way into the kitchen to get more home brew as he came out, having got more home brew) he would say, "Don't forget--Eney was wrong." And I'd say, "Yes--Third Transition. But it was Silverberg. Don't forget." "Silverberg," he would say. "Third Transition. Yep." And we'd go on our separate ways, muttering sage words about fanhistory under our breaths.

A little later, Elmer Perdue called upon Kris Neville for a sermon. Neville sermons are a Tradition in the better Lafandom circles--whenever Kris can be persuaded to give them, anyhow. He stands up and hollers and bellows and rains damnation on his audience, much to everyone's delight. He's a great extempore satirist.

"Mah friends," said Kris, "mah text this evening will be, 'He laid her in the manger, for there was no room at the inn.' I'm gonna talk about sin! The Devil is everywhere, in many forms--I tell you, you just can't ever tell when he's gonna pop up!" At this point, someone in the room spilled a glass of beer. "There! You see, mah friends! The work of the Devil!--would God permit beer to be spilled? No! The Devil hovers over us in this very room!" He looked at Burbee. "Of course, I might have suspected that," he muttered.

Unfortunately, I don't remember much more of the sermon. I do remember, though, that Perdue was soon laughing uncontrollably. He sure does like Neville sermons.

We were in the kitchen sometime later--the Burbees, Bill Donaho, Dan Curran, Bjo, the Nevilles, me, and so forth--and we were talking about cats. "Cats are great," I said. "Mainly, because when you have a cat, you can sit down and get the cat on your lap and then you don't have to get up to take the garbage out or change the record or anything, because cats are pretty temperamental about being displaced once they've settled on somebody's lap. So you just say, 'I'm catted,' and somebody else will get up and do whatever it is that needs doing."

At about that point, Danny Curran, who had Bjo on his lap, noticed that his glass was empty. "Terry, would you refill this?" he said. "I'm catted."

Bjo hissed at him.

The party went on all night, and my memory of the later hours are a bit dim. For instance, I can't remember the context of this next quote, but I like it: Burbee said, "I hate to say this to you so early in the morning, Ron, but you are doomed to eternal obscurity."

Slice of the Past- III

Most of the guests stayed all night, though about half of them slept from 4:00 to 7:00 a.m. I stayed mostly awake, though by 8:00 or so I was reduced to listening to conversations, being too tired to take much part. Around 10:00 a poker party started again, and it looked like the party was good for the rest of New Year's Day. But I wanted to get back to South Pasadena. Both Bill Ellern and Elmer Perdue offered to drive me there, and I went with Bill because he was leaving sooner.

This was the day after the voting-deadline on the 1959 TAFF campaign, and Bjo had arranged to have Bob Madle call her long-distance as soon as the results were final; she promised to call and let me know.

Back in South Pasadena at 12:30, I found Miri feeling a little better. After a couple hours' nap, I got up and we sat around talking with Miri's brother and sister-in-law till that evening. We watched tv for a couple of hours (seeing "Twilight Zone" for the first time, and being favorably impressed), then hit the sack.

Jan. 2: We slept till noon and arose; I felt quite rested but Miri still wasn't feeling tiptop. We went across the street and visited Ted Johnstone. (Ted had got Miri into fandom after knowing her for years.) With him that afternoon was Kathy Bernstein, a girl he was introducing to fandom. "I'm introducing her to fandom lump by lump," he said.

We talked for awhile, and then Ted said that he was going off that afternoon to a local radio station where he worked. "Paul Stanberry will be there," he said; "do you want to come along and meet him? He's often said he'd like to meet you two."

We'd heard a lot about Stanberry, who is a fringe-fan of about 20 who considers himself an erratic genius and just may be. But since Miri wasn't feeling well we decided not to go. "I'd prefer that we both met him together," I said.

"Yes," said Ted, "meeting Stanberry isn't something you should do all alone."

Kathy said, "Isn't Stanberry the guy that you told me has everything he owns filed neatly away under Miscellaneous?"

"Nearly anything fantastic you could say about Stanberry is true," said Ted.

That evening Bill Ellern, Jim Caughran, Dan Curran, Bill Donano, Bruce Pelz, Bjo, Ernie Wheatly, and Ted Johnstone all came over to see how Miri was, and we chitter-chattered a bit before they went on to the movies. I remember that we were talking about short-snorter quotecards, and the subject veered sharply to considering variations like short-snorter Christmas cards--you save all the cards you get one year and send them out the next year, thereby undermining the profits of greeting-card companies who do so much to cheapen Christmas. "You could print a notice on the cards explaining the ploy," I said, "and then add, 'DO NOT BREAK THE CHAIN. The last person who broke the chain was crucified.'"

Later still that evening (10:00 p.m.), Bill Rotsler came over and we went out to a coffee shop and talked for a couple of hours. He brought us up to date on his activities; at the time his main project was illustrating a planned book to be called "Fractured Hip," similar in nature to "Fractured French" and such. Samples: Felonious Assault: a famous jazz musician. Kicking The Habit: attacking a nun. We got home at 12:30.

Slice of the Past--IV

Jan. 3: We got up at 9:30 and packed for the trip back to San Francisco. Donaho, Curran, and Caughran were late, so we didn't leave until almost 2:00 in the afternoon. Bill confessed that he had drunk scotch and milk the night before, which may have explained why he hadn't been ready to go sooner.

Going through the mountains north of L.A. we saw lots of snow around, and Miri insisted that we stop. We did, and got out to stretch our legs a bit. Miri promptly throw snowballs at all of us.

We set off again. The sky ahead was overcast, and we worried that we might be heading into a rainstorm. "It's not rain ahead," said Miri; "it's just that it's dark up there."

"But it isn't night-time yet," we protested.

"It is up ahead," said Miri. "We'll be there in a couple of hours, and it'll be dark, you'll see."

We groaned, and changed the subject.

We got home at 1:00 in the morning, to find the mailbox packed with mail--mostly FANAC Poll ballots.

Jan. 4: We got up at noon, Miri feeling terrible again. Ron Ellick called that afternoon to tell us that he'd had an airmail letter from Madle informing FANAC of Don Ford's TAFF victory. He said a few consoling words, but they weren't really necessary--I'd figured a month before that Ford would win for sure, and had already written to congratulate him.

Ron wanted to get an issue of FANAC out in a hurry with the news, so I spent the evening writing and stencilling my pages.

Jan. 5: Bruce Pugsley, a nonfan friend of ours, came by and we drove over to Berkeley. I hadn't been working for awhile then, and we wanted to check on work-opportunities at the Berkeley post office, and also to check with Poul and Karen Anderson to see if we could move into the small apartment below their house for awhile till we could get an apartment of our own in Berkeley; we'd decided that we were tired of living in San Francisco.

The post office seemed fairly encouraging, and when we told Poul & Karen we were planning to move to Berkeley they offered to let us stay in the lower apartment; nice of them. We went on to talk about various things, including the Sikhs of India and what is "sick" about sick humor (the two subjects arising completely independently, honest!). Then we dropped by where Ron and Jim Caughran were living to notify Ron of our forthcoming change-of-address (FANAC is indispensable even to its own editors) while Bruce went off for an hour or two to see a friend of his.

We waited at Ron and Jim's till almost midnight, but Bruce never got back. So we took a bus back to San Francisco. (We didn't hear from Bruce again for 16 months--he'd gone off and got drunk that night, then had felt so embarrassed about leaving us stranded that he'd avoided getting in touch with us again; shortly thereafter he'd moved back to Los Angeles.)

Jan. 6: We were awakened by a special-delivery letter from Bill

Sarill reporting on a birthday party that had been held for Isaac Asimov--publishing FANAC is often fun. I showered and washed my hair, then went out to mail a postcard, wearing a hat because my hair was still damp. I seldom wear a hat, and when Miri saw me she exclaimed, "Good God, you look just like a Goon op!"

Slice of the Past--V

When I came back, Miri was in the shower. She heard the door open, and called, "Is that you, Terry?"

I walked into the bathroom, drew back the shower curtain, and said, "I'm with the Goon Defective Agency, ma'am; we investigate everything," meanwhile tipping my hat. It got a laugh.

Dan Curran called and said he and Bill would be renting a trailer the next day, and would help us move to Berkeley.

We spent the evening finishing up the masters for a SAPSzine.

Jan. 7: We got up and got busy packing everything for the move.

Bill, Danny, and Dave Rike arrived with the trailer--but it started raining. We turned on the radio and got a weather forecast--a storm was expected. I reflected to myself that with incident-prone Bill Donaho helping us move we should have expected something like that. But oh well...we used raincoats to cover our stuff, and moved to Berkeley.

Carrying in the FANAC Hugo, Dan Curran said, "If you or Ron ever decide to commit suicide, the fannish thing to do would be to fall on your Hugo."

That evening Bill drove us to Dave's place to run off our SAPSzine on his ditto. Unfortunately, Dave had just moved into his place himself, and things still weren't in order; we spent two hours searching over, under, behind, and among for the roller for the ditto, but couldn't find it. We finally gave up and settled down to listen to a two-hour tape that Eric Bentcliffe had sent us. It was a relaxed evening, and Dave simply went to sleep; Miri and I lay around and necked while listening to "Last and First Fen". We enjoyed it immensely. (Pronoun with indefinite antecedent.) By the time the tape was over it was pretty late at night, so we simply stayed the night at Dave's.

Jan. 8: We took a bus back to San Francisco to pack the last of our stuff; Bill was to meet us there later with the trailer. We got there and started packing, noting hopefully that it had stopped raining for awhile. But as soon as Bill arrived--sure enough, the rain started again. Dauntless, we drove back to Berkeley.

We were busy unpacking that evening when Karen came down and asked if we were coming to the meeting of the Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder, and Marching Society that evening. It seemed the meeting was going on right then upstairs in Poul & Karen's place, and Tony Boucher was giving a review of science fiction during 1959. We went up.

Boucher was talking about Heinlein when we came in. Grace Warren interjected, "I've been working in a library for years, and I've finally figured out the system they use to determine if a book is a juvenile or adult, like with Heinlein's novels. It's a simple system--if the main character is an animal, or if he's under 21, then it's a juvenile; otherwise, it's a book for adults."

"How about 'City' then?" I asked.

"Yes," said Tony, "and what about 'Lolita'?"

Jan. 9: We called Trina to tell her that we'd moved to Berkeley, and she was appalled; she thinks Berkeley is just terribly bourgeois and everybody there was incredibly square. I told her we could hold secret trysts at Dave Rike's place, which was $1\frac{1}{2}$ blocks south of the Berkeley city limits, and she seemed a bit mollified.

That evening I babysat Astrid Anderson while Poul & Karen

Slice of the Past--VI

went to a party and Miri, who was Director, went to the Golden Gate Futurian Society meeting. (The club was then being called the Yerba Buena Leprachauns, tho.) Before the meeting, Ron brought by the run-off pages of FANAC #50, and I spent most of the evening assembling and addressing them; Astrid, who was 5, stamped them. She had a ball.

I told Poul & Karen about it when they got home, and they were delighted, and started speculating on whether she might be the youngest fan in the world. "No," I said; "Nicola Belle Clarke is a dues-paying member of the SF Club of London, and she's only six months old."

"That doesn't matter," said Karen. "Astrid attended the SFCon when she was six weeks old. She was babysat there by the whole N3F!"

Jan. 10: We mailed the masters for our SAPSzine to Wally Weber along with a note asking him to run them off for us; we enclosed money for paper and fluid. (Wally ran them off beautifully, and sent our money back; he's a damn nice guy.)

That evening, Karen came down and we made tapes to Boyd Raeburn and Ted Johnstone. As usual, most of the best lines were said off-mike; odd things that are best out-of-context, like "How can I make a tape with only one shoe on?"

Then we went upstairs to look through Karen's fan-photos. Most of them were from the SFCon. We had loads of fun chattering about this and that. "This person has an expression like there's a bad smell in the room."--Miri.

About another picture: "Why does she look so startled?"

"She was a reporter covering the con, and Tony Boucher had just said Bem to her."

Eventually the session broke up, and we went off to bed.

Jan. 11: This was the evening we'd planned on going to hear folk-and-blues singer Jesse Fuller with Dave Rike, but we found we'd got our information wrong. So we went back to the apartment and talked all night; the conversations were too long and involved for me to remember too much for quoting, but I do remember Miri's line, "He's sort of the Larry Shaw of Leslie Gerber fandom." I think it was apropos of one of the not-quite-neofans-anymore of the time.

I fell asleep around 5:00 a.m., with Dave and Miri still talking a blue streak. I woke up about an hour later to find Miri, in a silly mood, fixing a snack: an unghodly concoction of chocolate candy, toothpaste, lemon jello, a bouillon cube, peanut butter, and instant coffee. She had a lot of fun making it (she threw in a collar-stay for good measure, but decided it didn't suit the works and took it out again), but it proved well-nigh inedible.

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I think that's enough for now, don't you?

I have notes on another week in our mad bohemian lives, but I'll save them till next issue if at all.

In case you're wondering, I eventually got a job at the University of California Library, in the Book Mending Division; I've been working there for over a year now. We moved to a real nice apartment across the street from Poul & Karen's, and more recently, through a mixup, had to move again. Our current apartment is around the corner from the last one, is considerably smaller, and considerably older.

FRANK — by Jim Caughran —

One of the people on the sixth floor of Putnam Hall, where I live, likes to throw things out of the window.

Like the other day, when I caught him throwing sugar out the window, in long powdery wisps, which were caught by the air currents and scattered wistfully over the courtyard below. "Frank," I asked, "why are you throwing that sugar out the window, depleting the kitchen's budget by wasting the stuff, raising our rent by messing up the kitchen's budget, and making a sticky mess out of the courtyard as well?" I'm a practical sort at times.

"I like to watch it fall, in long powdery wisps, which are caught by the air currents, and scattered wistfully over the courtyard below." Picking up a small packet of sugar, he tore it open, saying, "Watch!"

He threw it out the window, and sure enough, it drifted downward in long powdery wisps, which were caught by the air currents and scattered wistfully over the courtyard below. "Doesn't that thrill you completely?" he asked, reaching for another packet of sugar.

The other night, while I was studying peacefully in my room, Frank burst in and rummaged through the wastepaper basket. "Frank," I said, "I know the food here isn't terrifically good, but I don't think you'll profit much from the wastepaper basket." Frank took no heed, but pulled a Coke cup from the basket and ran off down the hall. Good grief! I thought, and went back to studying.

A couple of days later, after a few of us had gone out for pizza in the classical American tradition, we returned by the back way. "Wait a second," Frank shouted enthusiastically, and ran over to a position under the laundry window, where he rummaged around, picked up several Coke cups, then ran back. "Look!" he said, pointing out the cups.

The cups were split in several places along the sides, fanning out in a flower-like arrangement. "The effects of water pressure," he said, proudly, capitalizing Water Pressure just like that. Seems he'd tossed these cups out the window, full of water, just to see what would happen.

We've lived in a reign of terror since, wondering what Frank would throw out of the window next. Would it be our textbooks? The beer we smuggle into the hall? The lists of phone numbers from our bulletin boards? Someone developed the theory that living seventy feet from the ground produced important psychological changes in people, and that pretty quick we'd all get this way, and no one would have peace.

But we solved it all. We threw Frank out the window.

ISN'T IT DARLING! JUNIOR GOT A
CHEMISTRY SET FOR HIS
BIRTHDAY.....

