

EDOGAWA RAMPO say, "All CAULDRON BUBBLES high on pot..."

CB #3 \* 11/12/64

MEMO to Lord Greystoke: The Elephant's Graveyard has been found. Place called Phoenix, Arizona...

AN L LOG: Faience Section, or Ware We Get Down to Earth. I think the comment in APA L's Third Distribution which dropped my jaw the furthest was Tom Gibbet's ellergation that I had been too harsh in my criticism of APA L #1. I thought my remarks damnear constituted a rave in the guise of a gripe -- I meant them to -- but I guess some guise can get nothing but whine from a gripe...even the Seidlitz variety. Fact is, I thought the first distribution gave promise of shapaing up in terms of quality rather better than at least two extant mailing apas (there will be a pas here while you guess which I mean), and the two distributions which followed seem to have filled my expectations full (fulfilled them, that is).

In sum, Tom Gibbet, I think we're all swinging in this apa. The Ghus of our mileau grind small, but they hang exceeding high (or do you find this gaff old?) -- anyway, what better outlet for our clubhouse fun than a new apatat?

Having given this CB a little pun tang (old English term, that -- you've all heard of pun tang on Thames?), I shall descend forthwith to the distribution comments, or apataphs, as we call 'em up home...

Starting this time at the rear -- always a good idea in a pinch -- we lift HORSETAIL and find Gretchen Schwenn. Gretchen is one of APA L's three fannes (did I hear someone say, "Eller Queens, MM!") -- the others being Dian and Gail: may the triad increase -- but she is blunt, forthright, and provocative where the other two have been demure and detached to date. I like 'em b, f & p myself, at least in apas. I'm afraid, though, you'll be out-voted on your oard-playing position, Gretchen -- and by your own gender in APA L: both Dian and Gail spread the pasteboards into the weesmallier (or Tarzan) part of the night at any party where enough sentient flesh and blood with digital appendages can be assembled about a table. Of course, nous jouens aux cartes pour le sport: the winnings are incidental to the fun. With your grumble about LASFSians having no money, you make yourself sound like a play-for-pay girl. :: In conversation the other day, you objected to my terming Cole Porter's lyrics often-memorable verse, and denounced the gentleman as a trumpery ditty-monger. "Anybody can write that trash," you stated. Mulling this over, I decided to put your assertiox to the test, and dashed off a couple of lyrics in the Porter vein, which might form part of a song called...say..."The Lady's Not For Yearning." They came out like this:

Cheek to cheek me not, meek technique me not,

Seek me not faintly.

Turtledove me not, velvet glove me not,

Love me not saintly.

Sugar and spice me, heat and de-ice me,

Entice me to sin!

Mucho besse me, undress-e me,

And smash that violin!

Guess you're right, Gretchen. 'S a cinch to hack out that crap. I'll expect to see a couple of samples from you in the next disty. :: How about emulating the example of Tom Gibber and myself and making with four pages next time around?

I like a girl that goes against the groin...

Flipping a few pages, we find Hank Stine groaning "Ch God," and announcing himself as "Another Fugghead!" It is hard to take issue with this self-appraisal, and there is little point in raising vehement controversy by trying. Comments: My humor may go into bad puns, but yours belongs in bed pans. :: I don't need to attack Goldwater anymore; the country did it effectively and for all time last week -- he is one with Ninevah and Tyre...and Alf Landon. :: In fact, Barry lost by a Landon-slide. :: I enjoyed your typical quotation from Ayn Rand, where she delineates a point for her "new intellectual" in terms of "cowboys in western movies." She is, I must admit, very clever at concealing her learning and good taste -- you would almost think a crotchety housewife, who had leafned her standards and

insights from soap operas and lending-library fiction (which she writes with bare competence) was laboriously writing every word, every so often growling, "Not tonight, damn it: I've got to finish this great thought before I forget it!" at her meek and hollow-faced husband. Of course, we know that she is accepted by her intellectual peers for what she is -- and how! :: Once again you hang me up with this term, "values," in your second quote: I can only assume that this means "wealth" in Rand language, but if so, why doesn't she use plain English? Both of your quotes are of the soft-soap variety, which merely decorate the real and angry points of Randism -- one can find similar goody-goody bits in volumes by Hitler and Stalin, to say nothing of that hideous endorsement of intolerant bloodshed yolept Holy Writ. :: I've read enough of "Lord of the Rings" (some low wit once remarked that this title referred to Bell-itis, Goddess of Digit-Dialing -- same one, in fact, that said fortune-tellers used tealeafones) to know that I will enjoy it enormously when I find time to tackle the story en toto, and to make, as I did, a dour comment on the quality of much of Tolkein's poetry which is easy to read while browsing through the volumes. (I do admit, though, that Tom Bourine-Chinois's argument that the verse reads as if actually composed by Hobbits has merit, and I intend to read the book with this point in mind. My chief advance-criticism of the novel may thus be neatly abrogated.) :: I thought your easy joke on Gretchen's name in dismally bad form -- I could as easily, and with as much point, call you Hank Swine. :: I misspelled your name by error in CB #2, and I apologize; it wasn't deliberate. Let clank Steins on that, and drink the continuing good health of each other, APA L, and such other items as we cherish in common -- all two of them.

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"Well," as Sir Henry said on completing SHE & ALLEN, "Ayeshas to Ayeshas..."  
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Next we encounter Phil Castora's VOICES FROM A GOLDWATER VOTER -- actually, the name was slightly different, suggesting Phil wanted his hot water in '64 rather than '65. The American public supplied it -- for Barry with his own party, in fact. Comments: I had no choice with Stine's story but to concentrate on points of grammar and exposition: it was all I could do to understand what he was saying from paragraph to paragraph. "What he was trying to do or say" with the novel as a whole remained entirely beyond me; I still have no real idea of who did what to who or why -- and I made this quite clear to Hank in my initial remarks, where I pointed out that my literal inability to read him attentively for any prolonged stretch might very well be a point in his commercial favor, since I have the same difficulty with any number of exceedingly popular novelists of our time: Spillane, Robbins, Rand, Gardner and Slaughter, to name those most opaque to my eye. Hank, with his drive and enthusiasm and inventiveness, with a little more attention to grammatical and structural basics, may very well make it "big" in popular fiction; he has most of the creative attributes that are important to success there. :: What makes you think I'm under any illusions as to President Johnson's easy-going attitude to pocket-filling among his aides? In weighing "honest" Barry against "dishonest" LBJ, it is important not to forget that in an atomic holocaust, the corrupt man (and Nikita was corrupt in this sense) has his cherished money and flesh to lose; the fanatic idealist only his life. Existence is very precious to the corrupt man, a thing to be pampered and indulged, which is why he is corrupt; his life is only another pawn in the battle with Evil to the entrenched fanatic, and as readily -- even gladly -- thrown into the fight as another. Unless you are a Better Dead Than Red believer (I most certainly am not), Lyndon should have seemed to you, as he did a vast majority of the American voters, easily the more preferable of two evils. :: Hank had himself proofread this time, and was accordingly much more effective. Dian's spelling, on the other hand, not being used in serious argument or polemic, but only for light, chatty anecdote, is rather charming as it stands. Most good cartoonists are poor spellers, anyway -- you should see the balloons in early "Mutt & Jeff" and "Buster Brown" comic strips, before the newspapers began to get complaints from parents and teachers and such dull sops. They were a delight -- even e. e. cummingsesque at times.

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Christianity is a dying religion, thank God...  
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Forthwith to Dawn Fitch. (Egad, Tom Gilblas, if you want a really harsh comment on APA L, read Dawn's note to Pelz in his KITTY FOYIE this time!) Your point about the basic nature of APA L is well taken, I think -- it is a glommerate of individual zines, and it is copies of these separate zines which should be given to contributors, not the whole distribution. However, inasmuch as we usually have a half dozen or more complete copies over and above those handed out to those incorporating the thing, those having artwork therein would seem to have a slightly more reasonable claim on an extra than some of those who get them. :: Your criticism of Dian Pelz's oversight in connection with her zine strikes me as the most sensible thing said in the entire distribution. But how would Bruce bind a cookie?

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Published on yon Bonnie Brae and by yon Reddish Boggs, on the bonny, bonny drum of Gaf...  
eee...ya!  
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-- Decomposed on stencil by Bill Blackbeard