

Hinkley-dinkley, Mardee Sue?

Patently vat-aged for
up to 60 days in old
gasoline drums to
make it mild and
mellow and
GOOD FOR
YOU!

Dial 54332869

This space
for rent.

Models viewed:
is a way of life

~~Affiliate~~

the fapazine of larky ambience

6076

Logo by Ron Ellick, RIP
The Fakefan's Vade Mecum

Honest fans & Pooper-

Definitely not
Energy's fault

Renegade, but right - D. Jevrette, but not

607
C. 100
C. 100

you can't sit there?

Beware of cheap imitations. *shoes 2/k 2r2r* Insist upon the cheap original.

The difference
between a but
is that you can
in a blinkin'

Wednesday, August 24th, 1757 — Juffus the Grammarian
invents the English Language, and You are there!!

Cover design by Eldin Fzo
 Video for his infectious humor, has
 been named staff cartoonist.


TOTI
EMUL
ESTO

A Niteburd Peroduction, from

Dean A. Grennell



P.O. Box DG,
Dana Point, California 92629
Etats Unis d'Amerique



Produced under the direction
of Robert Culpa's sister, Mia,
on a grant from the Guy Ter-
williger Foundation.

Substantially the work of the
member contributing: You
better fornicatingwell
believe it!
7-20-77, & counting; 2358 hrs

"If you wish a thing screwed up royally, screw it
up yourself; do not leave it to others." --M. Standish

NOT THIS AUGUST, MEYER — Yes, it's me and I'm late again. Of all the quarters in which one's deadline might fall, August is the cruellest month. Too many times over the last couple-dozen years, I've had to toil through the dogdays to preserve my mem'ship from foundering. Yes, if ever I should leave you, it wouldn't be in February, November, nor May.

Did this whole business commence in August of 1937? I couldn't say, because I was otherwise preoccupied at the time. I didn't make the scene until the August of '53. The Eisenhower years were still barely dawning and it was a different world out there. (What was the name of that tightass postmaster general in Ike's cabinet? Not J. Everett Osbourne; some other unlikely name. I recall, in splendid, vivid detail, Redd's cartoon with the nudes screaming, "Goodbye, J. Arthur Summerfield!" Yes, that was the name, J. Artsiefartsie Summerfield and at least we're rid of him. He had to've had the bluest nose since Comstock.

For a great many years of Grue's shambling career, I had kept my bumptious vocabulary under the tautest of checkreins. In the old days, I used to knock off up to 200 copies of this scrofulous screed and flog them off at two bits a specimen [if you'll excuse the expression] to non-Fapans. Liebergotterdamerung. Today, a quarter would not even get a copy out of the city limits! But, in those days, I had subscribers and they included inn-no-cent tender maidens, some of whom have got to be shuffling toward grandmaternity by this time. Eheu, tempus fugacet and all that jass. In this anno demoniacal year of 19-ought-77, nobody gets this unless [a] they're a member of Fapa or [2] — Rule V: Be consistent! — I want them to see a copy. I don't think I've any timorous vestals on my mailing list any more. We have reached the point where magazines openly displayed in neighborhood supermarts publish photographs that would've brought fiery blushes to the face of a gynecologist, less than a decade ago. And, perhaps a bit belatedly, I take this opportunity — and right joyously — to slip the leash of my inbuilt censor circuit, speaking with the expressive but sometimes puissant patois of my heretofore background.

If anyone objects to this, they are mos' cordially invited to pack their : with sand and go flatulate at hummingbirds. After about so long, pulling punches makes your arms tired.

A word to so to specific members: Juffus, admired amigo of long-time-since, do not take personal offense, please, at the coverillo. I have had that picture since about the time the crust of the earth commenced to cool and have been saving it with infinite malice aforethought for just this purpose. Having got it into print delivers a sense of fulfillment you couldn't possibly believe. Here and there in this effort, I'm sure you will find grotesqueries of usage that offend your puristical soul to the quick and beyond. Please not to plague me with details, QX? I'll tell you how-come, on the next page.

You see, it has come down to the point where the regallest luxury [yes, I know, 'regallest' is a bastardword, but I'm using it anyhow, QX? — I can pamper myself with is to employ usages non-sanctioned (sic!!!) by our vigilant and utterly omnipotent inhouse proofreading department. They would have me say nonsanctioned. I can't get a hyphen after non unless the next word takes a majuscule initial. Ditto for semi. Manufacturers refer to some given bullet in their line as a semi-spitzer design, spelled just that way, but if I say something about it, it comes out as semispitzer and semi-rimmed cartridges become semirimmed and world without end, amen. By fighting it to the supreme court, I'm still [look, I got my fingers crossed] suffered to say semi-wadcutters. I won a temporary stay of execution on that by pointing out that what they cut isn't semiwads. I have a nice, thick, pleasantly-selling book with my name on the byline that may well be the sole place in published literature where decibel is abbreviated as 'Db,' instead of the trite and customary dB, thanks to the high-motivated attentions of our adored and devoutly-worshipped proofreading department. At work, I can't-absolutely-nevvah put a hyphen after any word ending in -ly (but I just dood-it, didn't?). Nor can I evvver-ever/never...never use the verboten word [excuse expression?? merci tres beaucoup], very. I can say quite, or I can say extremely, and I might even get by with m-----r or c-----r. but I can't say 'very,' no-wayyy!

The optical organ, be it dexter or sinister, in my book, is a bull's eye, if it's in use by a male of the species Bos domesticus. The central core of a target, in my same book, very very very very very very very very very very very very very very very definitely is a bullseye [ah sweet release, O soul-balm; merde alors!]. Y'know, if I refer to a bullseye, they want to have it come out "'bull's-eye'"--? When we locked horns on that particular point of pettifogggery, I stopped using the word, bullseye, until further notice. Now, I refer to 'the inner ring,' 'the central circle,' 'the bull,' 'top pay-dirt,' or any number of possible surrogates. There are ways to beat the lovechildren at their devious game and I seek out and take any/every one with grimdest relish. With diabolical craft and guile, with the deviousness vouchsafed solely to those born beneath the Scorp=ish moon; bet on that. [I really don't know how the cottonpick that equal-sign got in the midriff of Scorpish, sorry 'bout that!).

So, Juffus, good firend, or friend, as the case may be. Please to suffer me these occasional lapses. What I am doing in Fapa, why I am staying in Fapa, is for the sweet sake of working off my personal foibles and frustrations and wimwams. Every time I employ the word very, it is a sweet spit in the eye of sovereign authority and it is ever so transfalucingly therapeutic, y'dig? When one is in the process of being nibbled to death by young ducks, one does not always respond with icy rationality. Fapa is my popoff valve and I appreciate it. That's why I stay in Fapa, all these many years. A good safety valve is a useful artifack. You betchum, Red Ryder!

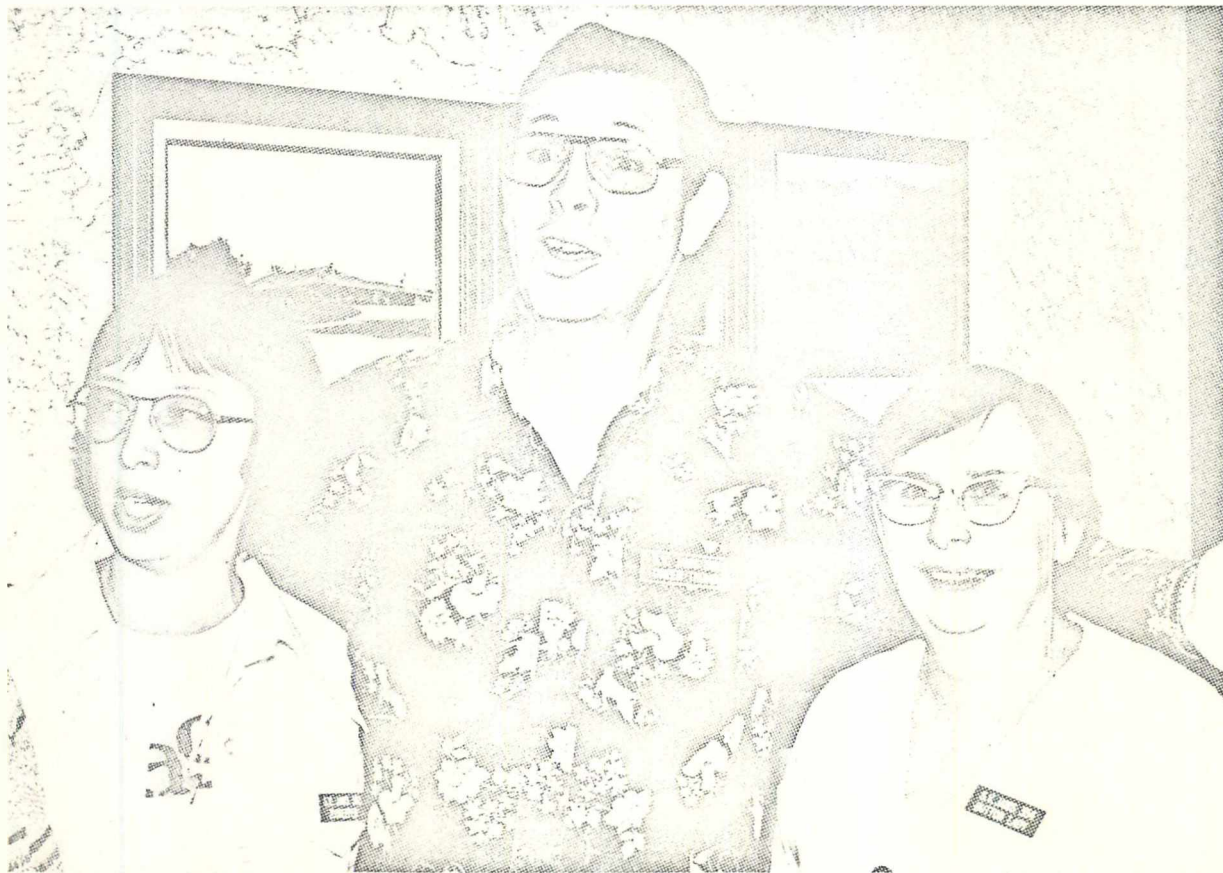
So, let it be hoped, having mollified, placated and perhaps even ameliorated the Petronius arbiter of Fapal grammatic employment, or at least pegged down an alibi, let us lurch onnardsly. Here there be structural boobos. Here there be missppelinggs (sique] and here there be all manner of improbabobble grotesqueries. Don't be overly surre they weren't done apurposely. When you groan beneath the grinding thumb of total tyranny for aboutsolong, you get a little feisty. Exempla gratia. You trend toward doing strange weird things to the mama tongue+and you feel goooooooooooooood about it!°Δ[

So, as I say, Juffus ol' bod, soddy 'bout thad. In our own private ways, I think we have a kindred reverence for the Anglais as she shouldoughta' be spokchren. Is jus' that I've been groaning under Lensman's load and suppurating somewhatly. Forgivvit, pls.?

This, in its picayune way, is my victory. And I relish.

SHORTCUT TO PARANOIA — Within recent times, Zookeeper, AKA Zook, has called to say, "Damn that Kincannon, this's too much!" and Ice Maiden, AKA Rebecca, has called to say, "Damn that Kincannon, this's too much!" In Zook's case, she had opened the door of her refrigerator and a large jar of mayonnaise had somersaulted to back itself to bits and messy-messy upon the floor. There just plain isn't hardly enniethang to put a gaudy gloss upon one's day quite like an acre or so of mayonnaise and broken glass on the kitchen linoleum. In Becky's case, she had just finished explaining to me why Garbage Gut — her XYM — could not come over to help me work on the Buick's radiator, this via a call on the landline. Whereupon they went outside to find that GG's nice old station wagon (yclept, with logical appropriossity, The Gut Wagon) had a spreading stain of coolant on the garage drive beneath the front end of it. Final score, something like 60 bucks for a new radiator and no, that ain't especially risible. Worse, once Kincannon zeroed in upon radiators, he couldn't stop there. Yesterday, Sweet Pea stopped to see Button Lady (my XYL) and, preparing to leave, there was a pool of fluorescent chartreuse beneath the front end of her stationwagon; yurp, ya guestitt!

((Please refer to 'Minor Errata' note, inverted @ the top of page 10. Merci tres beaucoup!))



Zook

Green Thumb

Button Lady

Mercifully enough, Kincannon didn't git the radiator of Zook's car. Even a Kincannon has trouble putting a geas on the radiator of a Volkswagen microbus. But about that time, Green Thumb — Zook's XYM — began having problems with the Vw and took it in to the garage after work and waited endlessly (garages, doctors, dentists and the like have sublime detachment for the personhours of their clients' time they waste, you've noted?) and, as they were closing down for the night, was told that they hadn't quite gotten 'round to even looking at it.

In Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary of Folklore [prob'ly in Vol. I] there is an entry for 'bogle.' Not a common term and no connexion with Humphrey Bogle, the late filmstar. I've not seen a set of the F/WSDF in a long while, but memory says there is an account of a family who was so insufferabobbley-enplagued by their bogle that they determined to move someplace else and get away from the creature.

So they made their arrangements and piled their household goods tottery-high on the wagon and were taking their last final lookaround when the voice of the bogle was heard from deep within the midden of furniture: "Well, if you folks are ready, I'm ready, so let's get going!"

A bogle, you see, is not quite like a leprechaun, nor goblin, pixie, sprite or even banshee. A bogle is a mischievous, sometimes deplorably-malicious manifestation that haunts a household and makes trouble like you wouldn't hardly believe. Not too many people know about Bogles and it well may be a case of ignorance being bliss. Until you get the word, you just think you're having a run of trotty luck. Happens to everyone: You schrugg & endure with such stoicism as you can clamp hands on. Fine Ming porcelain will get to its feet, with eerie pseudolife and stride to the edge of the mantel for a humpty to become a scatter of shards across the floor. [When devil'd



And this is an Ice Maiden watching YOU!

by poltergeists, write if the spirit moves you...] All this can happen and bygolly, duzz happen with no one nearby, without anyone having slipped a penny in Dr. Richter's scale.

I first encountered Garold Wesley Kincannon, DDS, circa 1950 or '51, and came to know him well; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy [Act V, Scene I]. We marched to the same drummer, he and I. He dug s-f, photography, guns, reloading — we co-founded the Brandon Dump Shooting Association, or BDSA. He practiced in

the tiny hamlet of Brandon, Wisconsin, where they had a splendid sprawl of public dump, just outside the village limits and, in those carefree days, you were suffered to set off firearms there. We had a blast — a great many blasts, in fact. He taught me to appreciate Don Marquis [who was Scottish, like Kincannon, and pronounced it as 'markwiss'], a service for which I'm grateful, since I'd always been put off by the lowercase schtick before that. We shared a keen relish for the Khayyam translations of FitzGerald and quoted them back and forth endlessly. Gerry probably could've been blamed for sending me off on this interminable typerpounding. He gave me the one thing I needed: an audience and feedback and on-eggery and the rest was history, though, of course, not very natural.

A splendid musician — I'd give any one thing of which I have at least two to have a recording of him playing 'Beer Barrel Polka' — he was harshly caustic of any manner of fumbly on the part of his contemporaries. He had a standard response to any booboo: "NICE GOING, OX!!!" he would bellow, never with less than three !s, each meticulously enunciated. We'll get back that in just a bit.

Compleatists will find occasional short stories in earlier issues of Grue, from the typer of GWK, usually on the bitter downbeat order. The Irish may come down with the Purple Blarks at times — assuredly, this one does — but the Caledonian can give cards, spades and big casino and still win in a walk when it comes to that. Gerry had much over which to feel bitter. Born near Blue Earth,* Wisconsin, he'd come down with rheumatic fever in early childhood. The only doctor in town was a hopeless lush. Gerry remembered the doc hanging woozily to the door jamb and blearing at him. "I'll come back and take a look at him when I sober up a little," he said, as he reeled away. By the time that happened, Gerry's personal clockwork was in bad shape. Even today, r.f. is not at all therapeutic; in the latter '20s, it was vastly worse. Strep throat nearly bagged me when I was about 14, I recall. But back to the topic. Rifling the archives, I came up with a page of poetry in my teeth, a quartet of epithetical epitaphs; take this'n:

*Wisconsin has a Black
Earth and a Blue River;
see inversion on errata,
top of p. 10, pls. Sorry.

Sam, a humble refuse man,
Fell head-first in a garbage can;
He choked to death, with fits of coughin',
And now lies rotting in his coffin,
But he surely made some horrid sounds,
With his gullet full of coffee grounds! --G.W.K.

The ferret-fest turned up a copy of the little printed leaflet passed out at his funeral, plus a clipping from the Milwaukee Journal of his obit. I was croggled to note that he was a Leo: born August 9, 1922 and departed April 19, 1955. If it helps to time-bind, he died about a month after Rotsler started publishing Kteic Magazine (though I see no clearcut case of cause & effect there).

It is now the evening of Thurs/21 July '77 and has been since the word, 'we,' third line from the bottom on p.5. In the hiatus, I had a prime specimen of kincannonading and I want to tell you about it. Came home late this evening: no breakfast — no, that's not quite true, come to think of it, I did have the traditional flier's breakfast [three cigarettes and a good, healthy barf] — and no lunch and no dinner 'til near 7ish. So I was marinating some ground sirloin patties in soy sauce mixed with liquid smoke and the soy wouldn't decant from the snazzy little restaurant-type decanter, well, not very well, I'd managed to dribble perhaps a fifth of an ounce onto the small dish, so I unscrewed the two-hole cap from the bottle and it slithered eelishly thru my fingers and fell with matchless precision, flatside-down in the little pool of soy sauce, spattering the stuff (which always reminds me of childhood experiments squeezing grasshoppers) garishly all over the front of my levis*, which were white, right up to that instant and, back in the upper outfield bleachers of my mind, clarion-clear, came the gleeful, too-familiar

cackle: "NICE GOING, OXXXXX!!!!!"

Five !s, that time; oh, he got me but, but, but, goooooo, I can tell you. Had I been wearing brown levis*, he'd neverent'a bothered, because it would not have shown up properly. He is, if nothing else, [#\$&*+%+!!*!] a perfectionist at his chosen craft, as always. In life, he was the best dentist I've ever taken from and you, gentle reader, have just witnessed yet another atrocity of his. Even as I say here writing about him, even then, the letters began going faint and, checking the carbon ribbon feed of the faithful (usually) old Grey Beask, I found the ribbon had wound around and around the little rubber covered drive roller, instead of being taken up on the big reel. So I'm now Senegambian to the fingertips — especially there — and I can still hear that demoniacal cackling, coming from odd corners of the room.

Breaking into the local CB radio scene, about a year ago opened a whole new fandom and, once your rig is bought, it draws perhaps 4 or 5 watts and the savings on postage stamps is fabulous. In the course of various kewso's (very well, QSOs) I happened to mention having had 'another Kincannon Day, today,' and others naturally asked for explanation, which I gave them. As a result, 22 years after his departure, Gerry has taken root as an authentic figment of folklore in the bedroom community of Missing Banjo, or whatever. He fills a need. People need someone/something to blame such events upon.

And it goes on. As I was typing the above, Ice Maiden dropped by and I went to show her how the ribbon feed had gone agley and demmed if the tiny coil spring, that serves as a drive belt on the takeup reel hadn't busted and now the spent ribbon is coiling up. like Nubian tickertape, to the left of the Grey Beask as I write this. I'll be darned lucky if he lets me finish this. Cross the fingers, won't you?

Oh. That asterisk back there on levis*. The levi strauss people will ask their lawyers to write you snotty letters if you mulily persist in writing it as levis. They want a majuscule ell and an aspotrophe in front of the ess. Spiral thread them. I'm plain downright barfsick of nitpickers telling me which key to hit next. I think I'll go mix a rum & coke, with a lowercase cee, by Gar. A Kincannon day the likes of this one leaves me in such moods. It has been Kincannon's month for radiators, as noted. The ancient family Buick has been winking its overheat idiot light at me for a long while. Yesterday it cost 40-odd \$\$ to find out that this was due to a defective Mensa switch. A whaaat? I asked the guy on the phone. I guess it must've been sensor switch but he finally cut the Gordian knot of semantics and said, 'You had a bad idiot switch.' Then, I knew what was wrong.

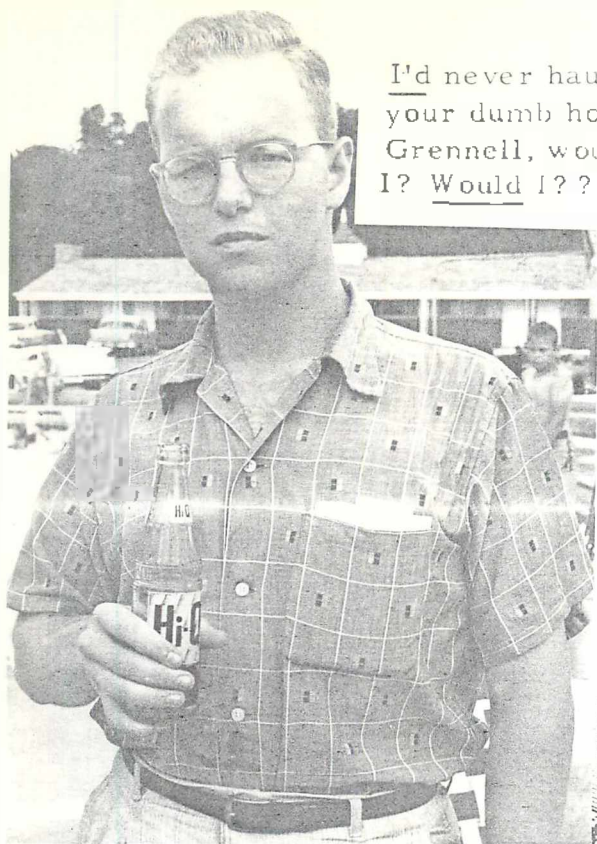
I have turned up enough artwork, easily usable in the present repro medium, to fill page after page. I'll fill at least another page by way of rounding-out documentation and nominal entertainment. Earl Kemp, for one, stoutly avows that Kincannon is no more than a fignewtonment of my imagination. I wish my imagination were all that prepotent, or whatever may be the word I want.

Apropos hardly anything, does anyone out there know the present name and whar'bouts of someone who, in March of '55 was Pat Scott, residing at 1565 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Calif. [zipcodes were yet to be invented].--?? I'd admire to hear details. She used to do cartoons of an engaging sort of zany style for G in those days. I recall, and you may too, the one of a couple of e.t.s: one shoving a trencher at the other, bearing a Homo sap., well baked, apple in mouth, the second protesting, 'No thanks. I like Terrans, but they don't like me!' I'd just admire to say howdy to ol' Scottie again, if she's not dropped completely beyond the ken of fen.

With a bushel or so of photos on hand, I could put out a giant nostalgia ish and may do so at some future time. It got pretty poignant in spots, going thru those old prints. Bjo, wearing my old cap with the gunner's wings and holding Asmodeus and a teenage Agberg holding a coffee cup with a giant rubber spider hunkered on the brim and Barbara clad in a gunbelt [+conventional garb, of course] wearing a handmade nametag in her decolletage saying, 'May be opened for postal inspection.' On & on & over, easy, QX?

*believe 'asotrophe'?

Two



I'd never haunt
your dumb house,
Grennell, would
I? Would I????

IN MEMORY OF
Dr. Garold Wesley Kincannon
DATE OF BIRTH
March 4, 1922
DATE OF DEATH
April 16, 1955
PLACE and TIME OF SERVICES
Blue River Methodist Church
Blue River, Wis.
Tues., April 19, 1955 2:00 P.M.
CLERGYMAN
Rev. Floyd Litchfield
and Rev. Gary Fritz
PLACE OF INTERMENT
Blue River Cemetery
Masonic Services
CASKET BEARERS
Clyde Carpenter
Bill Hannan
Albert Hillberry
John Lewis
Leigh Williams
Roy Schwingle
ARRANGEMENTS BY
Godager Funeral Home

Dr. Garold Kincannon

Services for Dr. Garold W. Kincannon, 32, a dentist, who died in Milwaukee Saturday, will be at

2 p.m. Tuesday at the Blue River (Wis.) Methodist church. Burial will be in the Blue River cemetery. Dr. Kincannon died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leo T. Kincannon, 7358 N. Port Washington rd., Fox Point, after a long illness. He had a heart condition and kid-

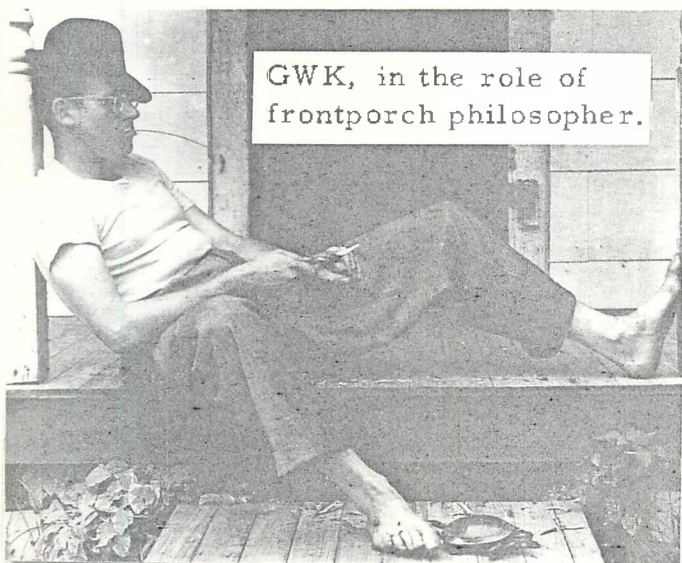
ney ailment. Poor health forced his retirement from dentistry in Los Angeles, Calif., last June. Previously he had practiced in Beaver Dam and Brandon, Wis. He was a native of Blue River.

Dr. Kincannon attended the University of Wisconsin, Madison, and was graduated from the University of Alabama, University, Ala., where he was active in musical groups as a saxophonist. He took advanced studies in children's dentistry at the University of Southern California, Los Angeles.

He was a member of the Methodist church, Kiwanis club and the Order of the Eastern Star at Brandon and a member of the Masons at Blue River. He also was

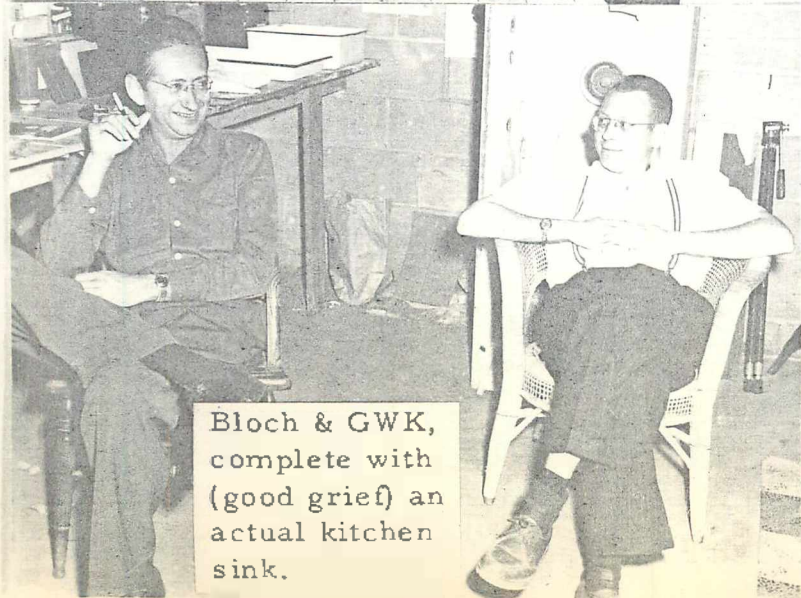
a member of the Kiwanis club in Los Angeles.

Surviving him, in addition to his parents, are his wife, Mary Lou; two daughters, Kathleen and Mary Elizabeth, and a son, Lon, all of Fond du Lac, and his grandmother, Mrs. Pearl J. Dingman, Blue River.



GWK, in the role of
frontporch philosopher.

DAG & GWK, AKA
Art Wesley, shot
reflected in a bent
ferrotype plate.
NB: Art is my
middle name...



Bloch & GWK,
complete with
(good grief) an
actual kitchen
sink.



"... & The Beat Goes On:" @ this point --- 1915 hrs/Wed/27 July 77 --- I have 72 identical copies of the Rotogruevure Section run off and it becomes ever more apparent that GWK does not appreciate having me spring word on his efforts to the rest of the world. Not only did my (excuse expression, please?) #1 IBM Exec, the good Grey Beask, brast its ribbon takeup belt while I was writing down the foregoing but, when I took the pasteup of the Rotogruevure down to the office to run it off on the nice Minolta copier, that faithful yeomanrobot went into nearterminal conniption-fits. As a byproduct, I'm left with maybe a dozen copies on which the copy-carrier went into a spastic samba and ground out pix of GWK that fill every possible mil-spec for authentically depicted ectoplasm. Yes, really. Samples to the first dozen SASEs received.

I talked to Zook tonight. It has been terribly kincannonoid of late. Mon/25 July was a veritable puppy-mother. I loaded Panatomic-X into the rollback adapter of the Graphic viewcam and shot five frames with the LunaPro still set at ASA 400 (for Tri-X) before realizing what I'd done. I came home and loaded a tank with Pan-X, checked the temp at 76F, souped it for the indicated 8 minutes in 1:3 Microdol-X, went back to the dkrm and loaded another tank with an accumululus of Tri-X, came back, rechecked the temp and souped the Tri-X for 8 minutes too, since the broth was still at 76F. BaaaAADD scene: At 76F in that mix, Tri-X wants 13 minutes, not 8! I ended up with some extreeeemly ectomorphic Tri-X negs, all of which'll have to be reshot. This very after-p.m. (see above time-binder, Eando), I had to shoot some stuff over the lunch break and, in opening the garage door to get out the copy stand, I had to move the photoscreen box for the chronograph; a hefty 24" cube-shaped gizmo. Finished, I closed the garage door and heard an ominous 'pop!' the last inch or so. I knew what it was and confirmed as I opened the door in a shower of murderous vitric shards. The night light --- the little mushroom shaped bulb on the lower edge of the swingup door (@ \$2-odd the throw) had collided with the photoscreen box and brast everlastingly. Bits of glass clung to the shagrug weatherstripping along the door's lower edge so that I ended up sweeping up the mess not once but four times. Each time as I'd go to lower the door, a fresh layer would come tinkling down as the shade of GWK rocked in helpless hilarity (even with 20/400 ears, I could hear him ever so plainly). "NIIIIICE GOOOOOOING, OXXXXXXXXX!!!!!!!!!"

On the landline to Zook tonight, a truly urpogenic thought snuck and grabbed me by the shorthairs.

"Zook, Muchacha-Macushla-Mia," I purred tomcattishly, "make me one little promise, won't you please?"

"Oh, for-sure, Tailgunner," was her instant reply, "like what?"

"Zook, promise you won't predecease me, pretty please?" "With sugar on it??"

"I'll certainly try not to, but why?"

"Zookie-presh, I just happened to think that if you ever were to join forces with Kincannon, I sooner'dn'tly be the butt of the madcap japes that the pair of you would surely think up and try out on me. Like, I mean, Sheeg-Louise, huh?"

She reaffirmed her promise, but I thought I caught a whirring undertone of computer gearwork humming in overdrive. To paraphrase a work of the recent Vladimir Nabakov, Live long, my Zook! I mean, I'm not ready to leave yet, myself ...

"The proper time for the martini is three days before the meal." --Boyd Raeburn

(Thanxx, Old Smuggler!)

Catch ya another August, if not sooner; 3s &/or 8s atcha,

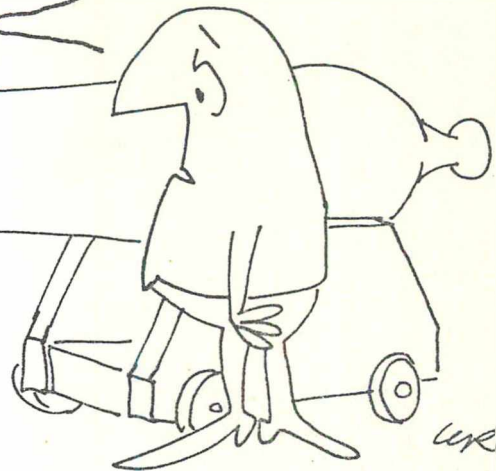
*As in Lagniappe; I mean, I only owed 8 pages, QX?

KABS-0734

And what would an ish of
 Grue be without a rasher or two of
 authentical Rotsleria by way of
 a horse's doover? This's typed in
 GB face amid the Beige Beask
 captions, all in one mad splurge, on
 a whole glorious sheet of the
 priceless stuff that has to've been
 aging in my charred-oak
 desk for 15+
 years.

Being a ballistics expert
 isn't ALL beer & skittles!

Not!



That address again:

Tailgunner

Box DG

Dana Point, CA 92629*

(*a palindrome)

Oveta Culp is just
 a goddamn 'Hobby.

I've heard quite a
 lot about you, Mr.
 Grennell!

The artwork is from the pen of that
 daught but craughty draughtsman,
 C. William Rotsler, Crown Prince
 of Camarillo and still one of that
 select group of humans I'm damned
 glad I managed to bunk into along
 the way. I am thinking very seriously
 of copying and enlarging the illo at
 left to have it imprimated upon the
 front of a T-shirt to wear to CB
 breaks. I may change Mr. G to
 Tailgunner. It still is one of my
 alltime favorite Rotslerworks.
 [Onct I finally got rat daown to it,
 this's been one of the most fun ishes
 of G to roll off the keyboard of the
 Mighty Wurlitzer in many an aeon.
 I had all but forgotten the pure,
 green, chatoyant joy of grinding out
 A Grue. Reminded,

Yngvi lives!

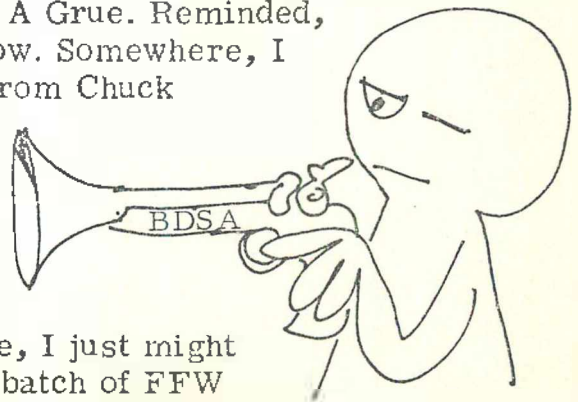


I jus'-possibobbley-might do it again Real Soon Now. Somewhere, I
 have [are you ready for this??] a Recent Letter from Chuck
 Harris and, if
 other missives



You can always
 tell which bank
 robber is ____;
 he'll be the one
 with a pair of
 pantyhose
 pulled over
 his head.

(*Fill in ethnic
 group of your
 choice. I prefer
 Romanian, myself.)



arrive, I just might
 get a batch of FFW
 friccasseed-up for
 nextish. If memory totters, that used to
 stand for 'Fickle Finger Writes,' our
 lettercol of ancient days. [You may think
 the GWK stuff is fiction. Alas, it ain't. If
 I were truly gifted, this could be the start
 of something to top Star Wars, Roots and
 Jaws. Y'think the world's ready for that? -Δ

Some of the parts in a grater are holes.