

This is Horsetail III, by Gretchen Schwenn,
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And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star
from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon
the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of
waters;

And the name of the star is called Wormwood: and the third
part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of
the waters, because they were made bitter.

And I beheld, and heard an angel flying through the midst
of heaven, saying with a loud voice, Woe, woe, woe, to
the inhabitants of the earth by reason of the other voices
of the trumpet of the three angels, which are yet to sound!

--The Revelation of St. John the Divine, viii, 10-11, 13.

I. The woe, of course, may be only a terrible absinthian headache, for absinthe is flavored with wormwood, but again it may be withdrawal symptoms, for there is also opium in the brew. Really, I think the woe will derive from the coming voices of the trumpet (angelic by location) of Hörsetail, WHICH ARE YET TO SOUND! For I am not always in a good mood; sometimes I am bitter.

II. In his contribution to this mailing, Redd Boggs mentions the recent Hallowe'en party of the LASFS, and the costumes he and I wore. I would elaborate on mine to say that while the worshippers of Kali are various the Thug is one who demonstrates his devotion to the Goddess of the Winnowing, of Justice, by sacrificing travelers to Her. The Thug strangles the victims with a black silk scarf, folds the bodies into a suitable form, buries them, and performs a ceremonial sprinkling of brown sugar dissolved in water upon them -- there are other details, but these will suffice. An explanation of the reason for these ceremonies would take more space than I have here, and, unfortunately, there has been very little written on the subject, by serious writers. If any

members of the LASFS have been missing since the party, only the treasurer will know.

III. Redd Boggs's costume of ragpicker and beachcomber from an alternate time track had difficulties peculiar to itself. The problem was how to make people realize that Boggs was actually in costume, q. v. the illustration to the alternate Bete Noire.

IV. I have no objection to cardplaying, having spent 16 hours per day at it for quite a few years (I am now retired; besides, LASFSians have no money.), but I regretted the continuous cardgames at the Hallowe'en Party. I would suggest, instead, a series of card parties devoted to card games, I might even play, then, leaving the social parties for the purpose of social activities. I like to talk, and listen, and meet new people, and old. Mixtures of gambling and conversation are a bore. Separately, neither is a bore.

V. It was a good party, though. There were divers fascinating costumes, most of which are not adequately visualized through description. I objected, however, to Adrienne Martin's Cretan Goddess, a beautiful costume, but censored above the waist by her new husband -- which only goes to show that matrimony is a snare and a delusion. If this goes on -- I will come as the Cretan Mother Goddess next Hallowe'en. My favorite lover has read the Areopagitica, he says; he can spell it, at any rate.

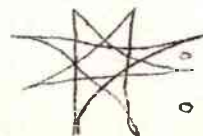
VI. I say to you, Don Fitch, that shyness among the LASFS members is little excuse for ignoring new people who come to meetings. I am as shy as the next person, Don, whether you believe it or not. I sometimes don't address people whom I should, because I am afraid. But I don't think that my fear is an excuse for my rudeness. If I don't excuse myself, I'll be damned if I'll excuse the rest of you. Also, as I don't at all like the feeling of isolation that comes to someone who goes to to a strange meeting and is utterly ignored by the old members. As I know how it feels, I don't want to do it to anyone else. I'm not for Puritan asceticism, but I am for doing one's duty.

VII. A question for Owen Hannifen, just how did the Lesbians near the early Labyrinth menace you, Hank Stine, Phil Castora, and Jack Harness? I how that you will give me a complete answer for the next PAPA mailing. I feel that it would be too simple to conclude that you boys are female impersonators while I'm not watching you.

VIII. Ed Baker, you are an Ayn Randist? El Manantial is the Spanish language title of Fountainhead. Please note spelling, however. The Latin languages are noble ones, and you, you vile Esperantist, must not mangle them! Not even to justify individualism rampant.

IX. My dear Mr. Patten, electronic carrots, while less dangerous than radioactive radishes, are no less vile. Take away yr disgusting vegetables, or I will infect all LA mushmelons with bubonic plague, and where will you be?

X. My dear Blackbeard, "I am not and never have been Gretchen Schwenn," if everything I said in my first paragraph of my first issue of Horsetail is true. Don't you know a logical inconsistency when you see one? Also, my piratical friend, yr renaming of my magazine, from Horsetail to Horsetool is perhaps appreciated -- have you been conducting research on my favorite boyfriend? Most apropos. -***- And Here Endth The Ten Commandments -***-



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Guy Fawkes