

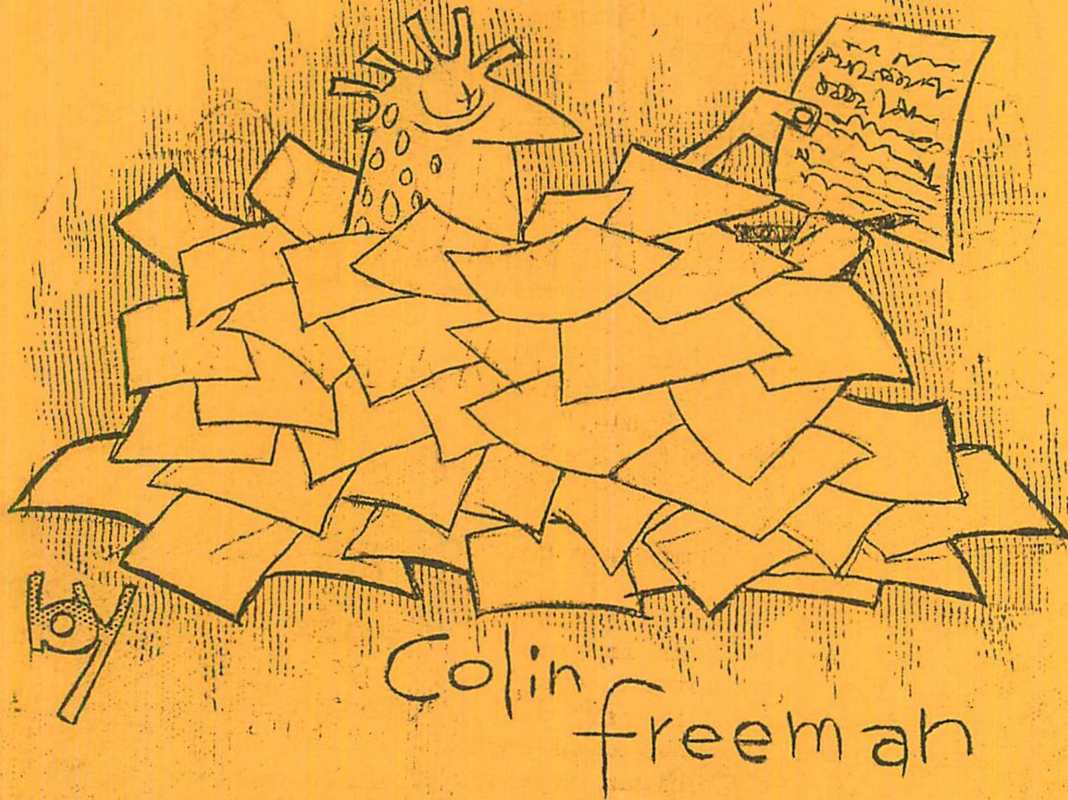
Scribble

NO 12

SUMMER 1963



Scribblings



Well, of course, I don't mind a bit of a laugh, but voting for Scribblings as the best fanzine column of 1962 in the Skyrack Poll is surely taking things a bit too far. Anyway, many thanks to all you voting floaters who perpetrated the joke. I appreciate it. Although the scroll was made out in my name, the credit should be given to the politicians and petty-minded bureaucrats who really write this column for me. Oh well, on to more important things.

God, or nature, or what have you, didn't make a particularly good job of it when woman was created. So says our old friend Salvador Dali. He has persuaded a pretty, young girl to undergo a few facial improvements with the help of plastic surgery. One of her ears will be transplanted to the centre of her face (where else?) and the ousted nose will replace the wandering ear. The result will be the perfect face, claims Dali modestly, although he does admit to one little snag. The organs will have to be returned to their original sites within two months or they will wither. I feel confident that a mind like Dali's will soon find the means to eliminate this slight obstacle. Where next I wonder? Why only the ear and nose? Surely some of our other organs could be more aesthetically situated. I guess I'll leave such decisions to God

and Salyador Dali.

Artists are not the only ones to give us a new insight into the realm of theology. Near the top of the Hit Parade, not so long ago, was a song called, "I Remember You." Four of the lines in it are:-

When my life is through
And the angels ask me to recall
The thrill of them all
I will tell them - I remember you.

Can't you just imagine the scene. It's Judgement Day and this chap is waiting at the gates of Heaven. The examining angel turns to him and says, "Now think hard because this is important. What has been your greatest thrill?"

I notice that an Italian film company has hired the volcanic slopes of Vesuvius to substitute for the devastated scenery of Sodom and Gomorrah. They are building an Ark large enough to accomodate all the animals Noah had as guests during the Flood. They have also purchased an Egyptian Pyramid upon which they intend to build the Tower of Babel. The film, by the way, is "The Bible." If they had waited a few more years they maybe could have hired Mars or Venus in order to depict The Creation. Well, it would save them the trouble of building their own planet.

It is rumoured that the company's next film will be called "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

Another company went on location in Spain to make a film about China. The Chinese girls, who had been imported as extras, were heard to complain that Spanish men were not as romantic as they had expected. "Why don't you have Chinese boy-friends?" one young beauty was asked. "Are you crazy?" she replied. "They nice boys, but they all look the same."

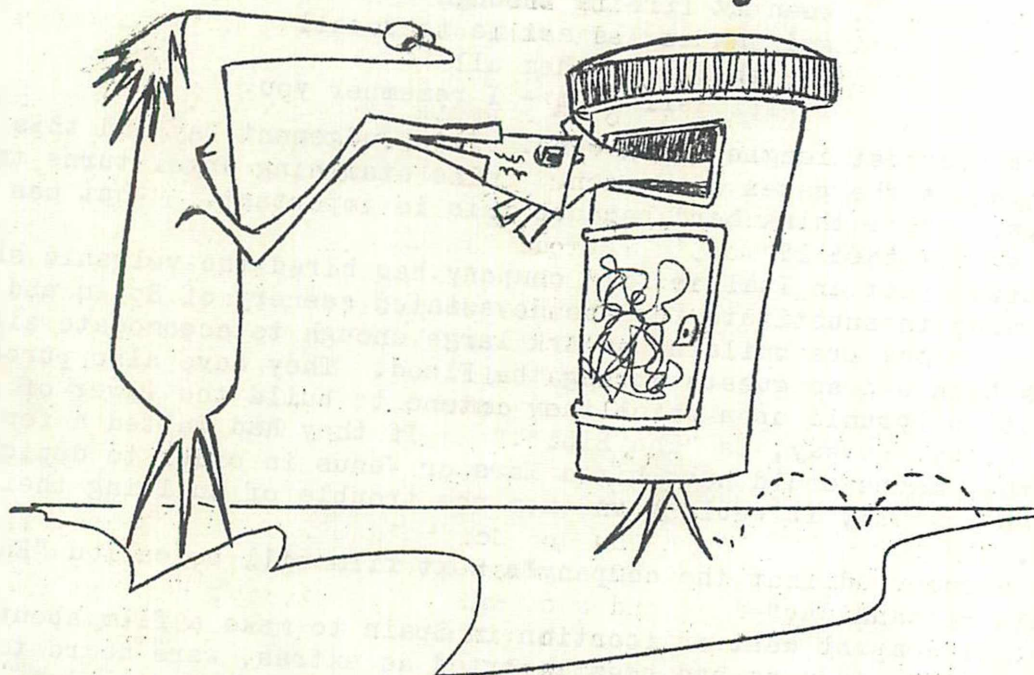
I am interested in the Michigan experiment where classes of school-children are conducted through Indiana State Prison. The idea being that the youngsters are so horrified at what they see that they are deterred from a life of crime. I think that this is a notion we could quite usefully borrow from the Americans and use as a deterrent in other spheres. For instance, we could show British children the House of Commons in action.

I notice that Jimmy Edwards is the prospective Tory candidate for Paddington North. If he wins the seat he should feel absolutely at home in Parliament - the place is already overcrowded with comedians. Like the M.P. who recently announced, "The number of accidents on the M1 Motorway has been immensely lower since it was built than before it was built."

The Government has just refused to grant M.P.s a rise in pay. It's a pity they haven't organised themselves into a union. Then, with a bit of luck, they would all have gone on strike.

The distribution of the Spies for Peace pamphlets caused quite a stir in parliamentary circles. The "secret" information leak concerned the whereabouts of emergency retreats for certain privileged persons should the country be subjected to H-bomb attack. Questions in the Commons revealed that the Government was not unduly perturbed that full details were broadcast over Prague radio. They were rather worried though, that these same details might be disclosed to the British public. At least, now we know who the Government's real enemies are. -----Us!

Scribble mail



BILL TEMPLE: Wembley, Middlesex.

Rafael Sabatini's "Scaramouche" was "born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad."

Seems an apt description of SCRIBBLE also.

Burton in The Anatomy of Melancholy said: "It's a mad world my masters." And I think so, too. That makes it unanimous.

I pick up today's newspaper... In Glasgow a couple of ambulance men arrive 10 minutes early for work. A four-vehicle crash has happened. People are lying injured in the road. No other ambulance men are available. So these two go and attend to the injured. So their union finds them guilty of "a breach of discipline," i.e., working while not yet officially on duty. And fines them 10 shillings each - a bob for each illegal minute, I suppose.

Turn the page - In Iraq, a new TV star is born - and dies. General Kassem presumably wearing the usual make-up for a performance, is ushered into a studio and deliberately machine-gunned to death in front of the camera. This is a live (!) broadcast - I forget the producer's name. It's followed - to balance the programme - by three Mickey Mouse cartoons.

Well, we've learned something. Iraq is civilised: it has TV.

PIERS and CAROL JACOB: St. Petersburg, Fla., U.S.A.

Your satire is beautiful ----- especially your parody of the English language, done as only the British can do it, when you say "The few non-fans still remaining on my mailing list." Naturally they are few..... only a time-traveller can "still" remain without being redundant. We have seldom seen a uniquer exclusion.....

CHUCK WELLS: Durham, N.C., U.S.A.

Harry Warner will be disappointed to learn that SINA was a hoax cooked up by a press agent or something. Disgusting. When you finally think you've a good, honest nut running around loose he turns out to be a hoax ----- Next thing Salvador Dali will be admitting he's really a little old lady in tennis shoes.

(((-Although SINA turned out to be a press stunt it did pick up some genuine converts before the truth was revealed. The cult even spread over here to England and many a wretched animal has been wandering around with clothes on recently. They look quite shamefaced too, but this is probably due to memories of their previous indecency. I even saw a photograph of a gazelle wearing a skirt. Some time ago a newspaper printed a photo of a prize-winning bull. The female proprietor of the newspaper had insisted upon the private organs of the bull being erased from the photo. The outraged owner of the outraged bull sued the paper for slander and libel. On behalf of the bull, of course. I believe the animal won its case too. -C.F.)))

WIM STRUYCK: Rotterdam, Holland.

I nearly forgot to thank you for Scribble 11. The Spring issue!!! Say, what do you mean, spring? I must have got this Scribble weeks ago when it was still freezing and snowing. Even today, when it should be spring, it's still cold. After this winter, a joke like this? Or were you trying to influence the weather?

(((-Not even Salvador Dali could influence the English weather. No, it's like this see. As with most fanzines I can never keep to schedule, so I always allow myself an extra season to play about with. This way I am never late through delay. The worst that could happen is that I might be on time instead of early. -C.F.)))

KEN BEEDLE: Scarborough, Yorkshire.

I enjoyed reading it BUT (you knew it was coming didn't you) it seemed to me like a super letter to a friend, and when I think of a mag I think of articles and stories...

(((-You have just about struck the metal spike on its cranium there Ken. Fanzines are never intended as an imitation of the professional magazines. Pro authors are restricted to the demands of the paying market, but we write what we please in any style we fancy just for the sheer fun of it. Thanks for sending on Roger's poems by the way. I hope to print more of them in future. -C.F.)))

ELLA PARKER: London.

I did like the Archie Mercer item. Naturally, it delighted me to find him as amused, amazed, stunned as I was when I first saw the advert for the stove with the built-in radio. Of course, the next step is the lavatory seat with the built-in radio and/or musical box.

(((-I don't think that's such a bad idea either. Judging by the vast quantity of literature appearing on lavatory walls it seems that some sort of cultural diversion is required as part of the fittings. -C.F.)))

BUCK COULSON Wabash, Indiana, U.S.A.

The article on women just shows that present-day females are more honest with the world --- and your complaints are typical of the short shrift that honesty gets nowadays. Rescuing maidens from mice is all very well, but when the chips were down it was always the women who came through. Ever read about the Donner party? The pioneering wagon train that got trapped in the mountains and wound up eating each other? Well, before they'd lost all their energy, a party started out to get help. This was over the Sierra mountains, on foot, in the middle of one of the worst winters in history. Ten men and seven women started --- two men and seven women made it through to the California settlements. And I don't think it was because the men were chivalrous, not when the members of the party who died were eaten by the ones still living. You don't find much chivalry under those conditions.

(((-I haven't so far come across any woman who wanted to eat me ----- unfortunately. The sentiments in that tongue-in-the-cheek article were certainly not sincere. I wrote it in the hope of stirring up some protest and reaction from the fair sex. I received several comments from female readers - all of them agreed with what I had written. -C.F.)))

FRANCES and BRIAN VARLEY: London.

Apropos of Archie's piece on the "Melody" cooker with the built-in transistor radio. The main difficulty in this business, presuming that you're idiot enough to get involved anyway, is that most transistor sets have to be rotated to find the position in which they get the best reception. One can readily imagine the proud housewife switching on the radio on her brand-new cooker, getting nothing but static, and eventually ending up trundling the cooker around the kitchen to find the best area of reception. What odds she'd end up parked in front of the fridge or kitchen door?

Now to John Berry's 'Chopin Block' which title suggests he's begging to be put on it, or at least his article is.

Take, initially, his conversation with Miss Witherspoon. He immediately reads affectation into her obviously kindly attempts to be friendly with her neighbour. Trivialities maybe, but then one doesn't indulge in complex abstract debates with complete strangers. Or maybe she thought he couldn't read.

Next re his neighbour's restlessness. Think Berry boy, had you had a bath recently? In any case, what was an aficionado like you doing taking precise notes of the lady's actions during the second movement? Shouldn't you have been upon Cloud No.7, oblivious to all except the magic of the Muse?

Finally her over-vigorous applause. Very suggestive to me of relief from tension. She'd probably noticed Berry surreptitiously eyeing her and suspected him of dark designs on her. After all, in his very next paragraph he describes himself as an "ardent type."

(((-I have no authority to answer for John, but might I suggest that his motives for not concentrating on the concert could not have been of a higher order. He was obviously gathering material for the Scribble article. -C.F.)))

A WEDDING HAS BEEN DERANGED

My wife has a younger brother named Terry. I felt sort of paternal towards him, you know ? When I got married back in 1949, he'd just reached his teens, and I did most of his homework for him, and taught him to play football. Then he shot into manhood, broad shoulders, etc, and one day he bought his girl friend Norma to see us. Things developed as they should, and banns were announced.

I was invited. Originally, I was scheduled as a mere guest, but at the last moment, the Best Man suddenly bleated that he was a country boy at heart, and couldn't face actually having to address people all the time. There was a hurried meeting of both families, which I attended, hoping to get plenty of free drink and maybe a coupla games of Solo. I was blissfully stalking a bottle of sherry when a phrase caught my ear ' and he made a speech to hundreds of people in America.' This sounded as though they were talking about me. Then I heard ' and he's always making jokes and he's really very witty ' and then I knew they were talking about me. No matter where or what the circumstances, egoboo is egoboo. I turned round with a puckish grin on my face, and the brides mother shrugged and said 'Oh well, I suppose in that case he'll be alright as Master of Ceremonies.'

This only gave me a couple of days to get organised. Groups of people came up to me and told me to tell plenty of dirty stories about honeymoon couples, and other people sidled up and whispered that some of the guests were 'good-living' and therefore smutty jokes were taboo. A strange man stopped me in the street and said that two Roman Catholics would be at the reception, and I wasn't to tell any sectarian jokes. One man said he had a weak bladder, and I wasn't to tell any jokes at all, and one man said this was a rare chance to be away from his wife for a few hours, and I was to make the party last for hours. The bride and groom said that they didn't care, because they would be leaving anyway. My wife reminded me that our two young children would be at the reception, and even more potent, that her mother would be.

The final insult occurred when the groom brought round a suit of 'Morning Dress' and he insisted I wear it at both the wedding and the reception afterwards. Normally, I am a scruffy dresser, and I was most nervous about appearing in public like a penguin with a guilty secret.

I tried to argue. I said that a Harris Tweed sports jacket worn by the Master of Ceremonies would be an original gimmick, and would ensure that the reception would get off to a somewhat 'different' start.

"Oh", said the groom, nonplussed "forgot to tell you, you're an usher, too."

So I waited outside the church until the guests started to arrive. I ushered them all about as best as I could, my only faux pas being when I put the bridesmaids half way along the back row of guests.

Admittedly I also handed out the wrong hymn sheets (for a Baptism, actually) but I mean, it was decision, decision all the way... there were two piles of hymn sheets, and you know my luck.

The reception was hold in a large country house outside Belfast. I discovered that two maids were opening bottles of gin and port. I went over and told them that I was the M.C, and it was my sworn duty to taste the booze. I said a nip from each bottle was the usual test.

I was placed (some people say carried) in a strategically-placed chair, where I could see everyone when I stood up (some people say held up.) The meal was punctuated by port and champagne, and one little maid kept nipping up to me with a freshly opened bottle and saying 'Hows this, sir ?' My wife told me later it was very undignified for a man of my position to actually tilt the bottle upsidedown and take a long pull out of it, but I wasn't worried about that, it was getting near the time when I had to take charge of the proceedings.

When the happy couple had been photographed grappling with the cake, I stood up and grabbed the tablecloth. (My wife says two strong men were holding the other end of it.) I decided to start by giving them a sample of my repartee.

"I'd like to introduce myself," I said. "I am your Master of Ceremonies for this afternoon. I'm sure some of you recognise me, particularly those amongst you whom I showed to the wrong seats this morning."

The hilarious laughter indicated that I'd shown more people to the wrong seats than I'd thought.

I leered at the blushing couple, and I've been told that one of my leers helped by booze and a dirty mind is devastating.

"Originally I was a mere guest," I explained. "Then, in order to help the groom, I was elevated to Usher. Later, the groom asked me if I would help him out by being Master of Ceremonies. You all know that the groom has been ill with a bad cold this week or so, and, er, Terry, if you think I can be of any further assistance to you, I've got my suitcase packed outside."

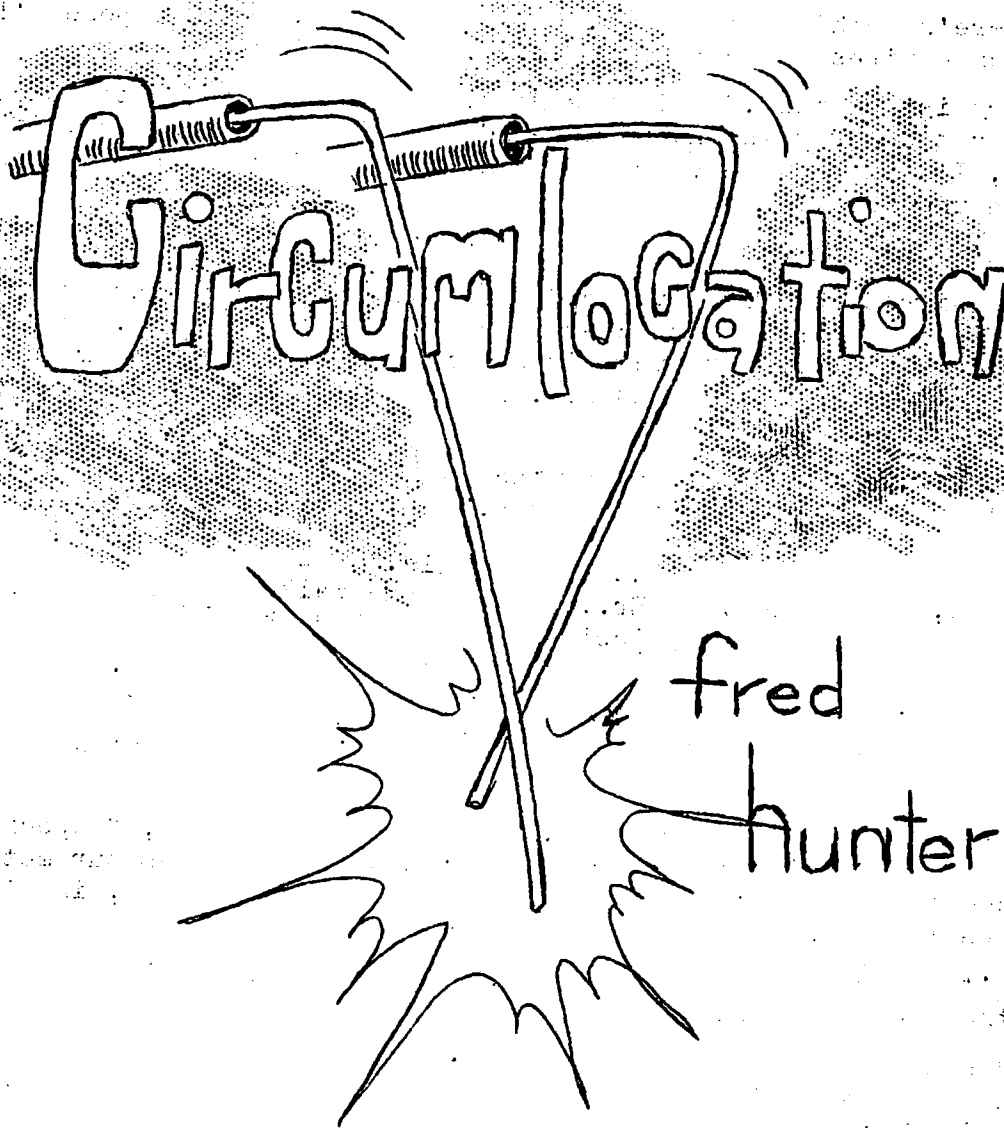
They had to open a fresh bottle of brandy to revive the bride, and the groom was seen to pop a couple of benzedrine tablets in his mouth.

When they'd carried the bride's mother away, and sent a maid to look for the smelling salts, I stood up again and introduced the various speakers. After that, things became hazy. I must have told some mighty potent jokes, because I've recieved three offers to do M.C. at Stag Parties; and I've been given to understand that the doorman at this country house has been told never to let me in again.

Yesterday we recieved an invitation to the bride's sisters wedding. Actually, they forgot to put my name on it. I went round to see them to get the error corrected, and I also offered my services as M.C. I said I'd made a speech to hundreds of people in America, and I was very witty.

They said they'll let me know.

John Berry
1963



"And if you cross an underground pipe or cable," I said with enthusiasm, "the locators will either swing in or swing out."

"What did you say those things were called?" asked the Boss.

"Locators," I said. "Psionic pipe locators. P-S-I-O-N-I-C. The 'p' is silent as in bath. I guffawed coarsely.

The Boss allowed a cold eye to rest on me. "Your sense of humour," he said at length, will be the death of me - or you. The latter, I think. But tell me, where did you get those....ah....locators?"

"Made 'em myself," I said proudly. "Just took a couple of three-foot lengths of welding rod, bent 'em into L-shapes, shoved the short ends into pieces of copper tube so that the long arms could swing about freely and, bingo, I had me a pair of psionic pipe locators."

"And what do you intend to do with them?" he queried. "I must confess

that I find it difficult to equate your position as office layabout and sometime book-keeper with the use of...um...psionic pipe locators."

"Mind you," he went on, "I have no wish to pry into the erotic aspects of your private life and....."

"Aw, there's nothing like that," I said quickly. "I suppose I'll use them to locate pipes and cables and.....er.....things."

"How very interesting," said the Boss, making no attempt to conceal a yawn. "I can see you intend to have lots of jolly fun but now, if you don't mind, I'd appreciate your assistance in keeping the big wheels of industry on the move."

"You don't want to see the locators working then?" I said diffidently.

The Boss sighed. "Frankly, no," he said, "but I can sense your eagerness to baffle me with the pseudo-science you have, I assume, culled from the untidy heap of books and magazines which continually litter the top of the filing-cabinet and, incidentally, I had occasion to look into your desk today and....."

"Yes, I know," I cut in, sensing that we were moving onto dangerous ground, "I'm going to clear it out soon."

"Very soon," he murmured.

"Ah....yes," I mumbled. "Er....watch this." I held the locators at chest level so the arms were nicely balanced and walked slowly across the office. Just before the tips of the arms touched the wall, they swung slowly together.

"There," I chirped in triumph. "I'll bet I've just located an electric cable."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said the Boss flatly, "especially as you are standing directly over the cupboard which houses our meter. Even you should be able to deduce that electric cables would, in all probability, be led to such a spot."

"I didn't notice the meter cupboard," I protested. "The locators swung of their own accord."

He said nothing but my keen eye noted the derisive curl of his upper lip and the sardonic quirk of his left eyebrow. Made his face look quite lop-sided, in fact.

"You don't believe me, do you," I said with dignity. "Very well, I will do my locating elsewhere."

We moved out into the corridor and I commenced my Wyatt Earp-like walk. Halfway down the corridor the locators again swung together. "Ha!" I shouted. "Another cable I think, and, you will note, not a meter in sight."

The Boss fell on his hands and knees. "Aw, shucks," I blushed, "there's no need to apologise just bec....."

"I wasn't apologising, you fool," he snarled, getting to his feet and brushing his trousers. He peered out a window. "I thought so," he said

with meaning. "You are standing, relatively speaking, behind the telephone kiosk which is situated outside the office and you know as well as I do that the cable to the kiosk was led, with my permission, underneath this corridor to a special power box in our meter cupboard. And, as I discovered by looking along the floor, there is still a slight raise in the linoleum where the floorboards were lifted."

"I had completely forgotten about that cable," I snapped, "but as there is obviously some doubt in your mind as to the genuineness and efficacy of my locators, I will go outside and do my locating."

The Boss brightened. "This I must see," he said. "Obviously, it has not occurred to you that the quay upon which this office stands is positively riddled with pipes of various kinds. There are water pipes, gas pipes, fuel-oil pipes and cables by the thousand; not to mention the vast mains which carry thousands of gallons of effluvial wastage from the - pardon the pun - bowels of the city to the sea. If you get genuine indications from all the pipes outside, those things will swing around so much you'll be carried out over the harbour as if you were hanging from a helicopter."

He delivered the final sentence with the air of a man who would enjoy such a spectacle; might even be thoroughly cheered by it. Indeed, had I been the teeniest bit sensitive, I might have suspected that the Boss, wathing me disappear over the horizon, would have thought in terms of "Situation Vacant" advertisements rather than lifeboats, sea-rescue craft, etc.

"Furthermore," he added as an afterthought, "How do you intend to prove to me that you have, in fact, located a pipe or cable? By digging up a portion of the quay? Don't you think the port authorities would view such a project with rather more than a twinge of misgiving?"

I gave the matter the deep think. There was, of course, only one thing I could do, so I did it.

"I'm afraid it is not now possible for me to demonstrate the locators," I gloomed.

"No?" the Boss queried, grinning widely.

"No," I said aloofly. "It's time for my coffee break....."

---oOo---

The Boss shied wildly as I placed the black box on his desk.

"What in Heaven's name is that?" he hollered.

I took a deep breath and savoured to the full my moment of triumph.

"This," I said carefully, "is an Hieronymous machine....."

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I was amused by the man who became fed up with the barking of his neighbour's 16 dogs so he tape-recorded the noise and plays it back to them over loud speakers. I wonder what the neighbour on his other side thinks of this, and can you imagine the result if the idea catches on: 16 dogs barking from every house in the country.



If it's IN it's on the way OUT: such is the fundamental creed of fashion houses, advertising consultants and other purveyors of high-class hokum. . . . This means, for example, that if every woman wears a wig hat, then the wig hat is old hat. And if every dramatist writes a kitchen-sink into his play, its box-office chances are strictly limited to coach-party bookings from the Women's Institute. As for the vogue for satire, when even the BBC features it, then it's time for slapstick comedy again.

Now I happen to be absolutely wonderful as a trend-setter. It was I who started the fashion for drain-pipe trousers, although admittedly this was due to my buying a cheap pair of trousers made in Hong Kong. What's more, I'm still wearing them. I know they're out of fashion, but I can't get them off.

Let me predict you a sample trend. No charge. Special introduc-

tory offer. What subject do you fancy? Fashion? Food? Entertainment? They're all easy to me.

Take fashion. It's quite clear, after the Arctic weather of the last couple of years, which way fashion is heading. Right into a snowdrift, more or less. Already you can't buy a pair of long woolly underpants for love or money, and the streets last winter were knee deep in frozen ears, if you can imagine the horrible sight.

All this shows that the coming look is the Eskimo Look. Next season's fashionable man will not be fitted for his suit. He'll be sewn into it about October and released the following Spring. A small tranquillised timber wolf will replace the poodle as Man's O.K. Friend, and hotels will provide hitching posts to which it can be tethered while Master is inside drinking a pint of Arctic Ale.

I shouldn't bother to get a new feather for that Robin Hood hat you bought last year. My long-range forecast envisages the Sugar Bag Hat, which will be a cleaned-up version of the Coal Sack Hat that coal delivery men have been draping round their shoulders for years. The new gimmick will be that the sugar bag will be worn over the head. A choice of realistic slogans will be overprinted on the bag, e.g. "Five shillings deposit on this bag" or "Use no hooks", "Stow away from boilers" or "Guaranteed free of weevils."

There will be various fascinating changes in our social life as a result of the Eskimo Look. For example, people will no longer shake hands when they meet. They will rub noses. This in a Sugar Bag Hat should look like a pair of glove puppets making love.

Ice cream will disappear from the menu. Instead, blubber sundaes will be served. Whale meat with frozen reindeer moss will be haute cuisine throughout the land, accompanied by wine, not chilled any more but steaming hot with a dab of seal-fat floating in it. Coffee-bars will give way to new social centres offering both food and fug in abundance, namely fish and chip igloos built over a hole in the ice.

The greatest change will be in sleeping habits. Much of the colour may go out of life when everyone zips himself or herself into a sleeping bag at nights. However, caterpillars manage, and no doubt Man's ingenuity will not desert him. Certainly the first successful attempt to eat breakfast in a sleeping bag will merit a write-up in the 'Daily Mirror'.

There will be one consolation in the Eskimo Look. Night-clubs will afford better value for money when strip-tease artistes have more layers to take off. But it would be just like the spoil-sport management to make them stop at the first layer of long woolly drawers.

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Who says that British initiative is a thing of the past? Donald Campbell was thwarted in his attempt on the world land speed record because of floods. He quickly revised his plans and is now attempting the world water speed record. If Australia should suddenly be hit by a severe cold spell, Campbell will undoubtedly go in for the world ice-skating championship.

PARADISE LOST

roger norris

(Posthumous)

Throw the smoke and holy water,
Spread the Gospel far and wide;
How the warden's only daughter
Is to be the curate's bride.
Ring the bells and swell the organ,
Let the congregation stand;
Pray for him who never more can
Squeeze a pretty maiden's hand.
Once he showered them with kisses,
On the outskirts of the town;
Now the very Reverend Mrs.
Holds him very firmly down.
Pals at "The Trafalgar" mourn him,
Flags are half-mast at "The Sun";
Beer is served in black-edged glasses,
Now his drinking days are done.
Oh, what alcholic splendours
Rang beneath this timbered roof;
Now his only consolation -
Vino Sacro - under proof.
What ambitious schemes await us,
If preferment she includes;
Purple stocks and fancy gaiters,
Mouthing pious platitudes?
No time then for sad reflections,
In episcopalian chains;
No more crafty genuflections,
Round the corner at All Saints.
SHE will have your every shilling,
SHE will end your life of ease;
SHE will have you, loth or willing,
Down upon your aching knees.
Oh, you poor unhappy curate,
In your shackles firmly locked;
I'd think twice about a woman,
Since Old Malton was unfrocked.

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More Scribblings

Colin Freeman.

You may have noticed that there are hardly any puns to be seen in Scribble nowadays, and most of those few are confined to the letter column. You have my mother to thank for this happy turn of events. She introduced me to a new game a few weeks ago - a game based on puns - and it turned out to be a pretty good cure. Gets it out of your system in one go. I recommend it to all addicts.

"My heart stopped beating for ten minutes," she said breathlessly.
"Get me out of this damned plane," he demanded balefully.

Those are the two examples my mother gave me to explain the idea. We spent the next hour seeing who could produce the loudest groans, and I don't see why you shouldn't suffer also. Hence a small sample:-

"Will you have a pint with me?" he enquired mildly.
"I don't drink the stuff," he retorted bitterly.
"I'm receiving unemployment pay," he announced dolefully.
"Are you trying to pull the wool over my eyes?" he asked sheepishly.
"I trapped my wrist in the washing machine," she said offhandedly.
"I always lose my way in Paris," she declared ruefully.
"Would your ladyship require a gamekeeper?" he asked chattily.
"That's 27 chocolate sundaes you've had," he accused icily.
"No more supper thanks," replied the cannibal manfully.
"It's a stunt," he announced shortly.
"I'm off," he muttered sourly.
"I feel sick," complained the Scribble readers retchedly.

I guess I'll leave it there. I don't want to push my luck too far. My next article will be called: "How to be Ostracised in Six Easy Puns."

"The whole world seems to be preoccupied with sex," complains actress Carroll Baker. "It used not to be like that ten years ago." With all respects to Miss Baker, other newspaper reports appear to indicate that just the opposite is true. There is the case of the council employee who protested to the head of his department that there was no desk available for his new secretary, and she had to sit on his knee. A desk was produced immediately. He didn't even wait a few weeks before voicing his 'grievance'.

I think Miss Baker would not deny that (even ten years ago) the one occasion when sex was permissible (perhaps even encouraged) was on the honeymoon. A recent report suggests that today's honeymoon couples are more preoccupied with other things. Adrian and Joan Boshier spent their's eating worms, lizards and bats in order to obtain information for a book that Adrian is writing about survival in the desert. I shouldn't imagine it would have left them with much appetite for sex.

Then there is the young beatnik couple who spent their honeymoon attempting to hitch-hike to London last December. Encountering some difficulty in the project, and possessing no money, they passed the second night in a ploughed field with just a bitter winter frost for company. At one with nature, but not very conducive to sex. Mind

you, their actual wedding night was more comfortable. They spent it in a room with six other beatniks. "Our parents don't understand us," admitted the groom. However, I feel sure that Miss Baker would have approved.

It is possible that this idea that the world is preoccupied with sex is a direct result of a lecture given in Chicago by a physical education expert, who advised men to hug their wives every morning. "The bear hug is great for a chest muscle tone-up," he explained. "If you haven't got a wife to hug, then your secretary will do." It seems likely that the next time a man is up in court accused of molesting a woman, he will plead - "I was only toning-up my chest muscles, your honour."

Recently, in court, a witness was asked to identify the accused man. He looked everywhere except at the prisoner in the dock. Finally, his glance came to rest on the judge, who remarked, "I don't think you will find him up here." Looks to me like a case of perverting the course of justice. The judge certainly sounds like a worried man.

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This, for the benefit of those who read only the back page, was Scribble Number Twelve - duplicated, as usual, by Ron Bennett. And I'll take this opportunity to say a BIG thank-you Ron for the many hours of reward-less toil you have put in duplicating Scribble over the past three years. Without you Scribble would not have been possible; and, it might also be added, without your generosity the world would therefore have been a far better place. But quite seriously Ron-----you're a grand person and you've been doing a great job.

The John Berry article on pages 7 and 8 was once again duplicated by John himself. I admire your modesty John, but readers will be wondering why the author's name isn't tucked in there under the title.

The cover and all interior artwork are by Arthur (ATOM) Thomson, bless his stylus. And to think that I didn't believe in hairy godfathers.

Locs and trades are preferred, but an occasional sample copy can be obtained for the measly sum of 6d.

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KRIS CAREY: Ooh, those puns! 'Traid your Loc arrived too late for inclusion in the letter column but I'll drop you a line as soon as pressure of pleasure eases up. Thanks for the zine and thanks also for life membership in SINA. I've to be grateful yet for such a favour?