

THE GALLANT GALLSTONE 65

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A PAIL OF WOVEN WORMS

THROUGH TAME AND SPICE WITH ALOUSEHEIS APALPADDER # 1

In the year 4711 AD (Anno Dianetico), Alouseheis Apalpadder's Diplomatic duties took him to the newly-discovered planet Farnadvanss, the Galaxy's only known democracy. The planet was ruled by demons. With Apalpadder was the brilliant but essentially tactless Floyd Adrer the Younger, a Diplomacy Intern taking his final examinations in practical fieldwork, establishing favorable trade agreements. As their macrocosmic marinspace merchantman descended to the surface of Farnadvanss, Apalpadder reminded his companion that the intern would be completely on his own for the duration of the mission and that he must fend for himself at all times; Apalpadder was along not to extend any type of help but simply to observe objectively the success or failure of the mission. But considering the inexperience of Adrer, he did warn him, "Outré temps, outré mores."

Unfortunately, Adrer early began to show signs of incipient incompetence; the natives were even more tactless and arrogant than himself, and Apalpadder silently wished the intern safely back at the Big Board at Diplomacy Center in Tellus. As typical tourists they visited the Shrine of the Seventeen Satans, where the religious rites appalled even Apalpadder, and then went to refresh themselves at a new café on Spaceman Street (or, as the natives contemptuously called it, Beast Row) where detoxinated delicacies were served to outworlders.

It was with alarm that Apalpadder listened to Adrer sneer at the attractively printed illustration of the seventeen layers of the Hells of Farnadvanss's religions, which was printed on the back of their menu. Adrer translated it with many a wink at his senior diplomat, and let out a loud guffaw somewhat between a chuckle of ridicule and a snort of derision when the menu fell into a brilliantly burning blazen Baalistic brazier that illuminated the table. "Unfarnadvanssian unbeliever," screamed a passing waitress, "may your shrieking soul forthwith be enslaved to the Demons of the Dead for all eternity!" And she fired a hidden proton pistol and reduced Adrer in a twinkling to an insubstantial smattering of subatomic smog.

"Alas," said Apalpadder, "there was no hope for him in Diplomacy anyway for he made an unforgivable elementary mistake. The obvious first rule of this planet," he said as he ordered a whiskey-and-sodium, " ' Chortle on the pile of lit hells, and die!' "

A special not-prize will be awarded to the first person telling me the correct answer to the above---like, if you have a prize of some sort, I'll take it away from you. Shame on you if you manage to figure this one out!

TED WHITE: I assure you that the Applepadders in APA L so far have been actual phrases current in APA L. They resolve, however, not as puns but as monstrous spoonerisms. The first one (translation courtesy of Digby) "In whore art you row knees height" refers to the 1965 Presidential campaign slogans, and the second "Da far Gaines a-run a-hall" refers to something in the APA L Annish. The Apalpadder above refers somewhatly to APA L personnel; it helps if you've read Dr. Seuss.

LEN BAILES: I'll comment more on your remarks to me at a later date (like, I'm running out of stencil) but (a) the argument from fear of the unknown should never be used and may, in fact, be automatically suspect, and (b) it is possible to experience for yourself certain techniques that turn on past life memory and see what you think of the sensations that result---and make your own conclusion.