

Gremlin #3



Happy New Year

This is Gremlin #3 from Ellie Turner, El Cortez Apts #17, Sierra Vista, Aridzona, being hastily stenciled on Bill Blackbeard's Typer while I wait for my plane to take me back to the wilds and javaline.

This publication will absolutely not be responsible for the opinions or statements of the author herein expressed.

I've finally gotten some old disties to comment on and I hope I've got some thing to say about them.



I suppose I should put in my two cents about us out sidiers getting the disties from now on, altho things seem to be pretty much settled. I was delighted to discover, when I was in L.A. over Thanksgiving that APA L had been discovered. I had been feeling rather lost and neglected keeping company with the s corptions and javaline despite the frequent letters from people in L.A. I had been pretty active in L.A. fandom before I left and was now feeling pretty much out of things. He re seemed to be the easy

way to keep in touch with people without having to go thru mountains of correspondence. As for the number of copies, I'm willing to put in as many copies as Bill Blackbeard is willing to run off. I figured out the extra cost of running off ten extra copies of say six pages once a week for one year would be something like four dollars and sixty-one cents or about eight cents a week. That doesn't seem exoessive to me, tho it may to others. At any rate, I'd like to stick with APA L so long as I don't starve to death. (I have to type my stencils on my half hour lunch period otherwise they would be unreadable).

...Nothing is more confusing than errors on the errata sheet.....

Being a mother and all that jazz I can't resist passing on some of the neat little things that I discovered when my kids were smaller. The little spoons made out of plastic that they sell for ten for a dime for picnics are just baby size. They're ideal for keeping in your purse for emergencies or when you're out somewhere. Also when the kid gets big enough to want to do things his way, which means trying, very messily, to feed himself, these spoons are just the right size for small hands and tharrecheap enough so that you can keep plenty of them on hand so that you don't have to keep jumping up and washing his spoon when it gets dropped on the floor, which can be as many as ten or fifteen times during a meal when they're not too handy with these fool contraptions yet. Another thing that makes trips and everyday jaunts easier is to fill a bottle half full of water, put on the top and sterilize it that way. Then buy a bunch of the half sized cans of canned milk. When you're ready to feed the kid open the bottle and pour the other half full from the can of milk. There's a little more than four ounces of milk in one of these cans and a little has to be thrown away. The cans are also a little more expensive that the eight ounce size but the convenience and lack of danger because of spoiled milk more than overcome the added expense.

I just noticed that in the first paragraph of this thing that I refer to APA L as being discovered. Don't ask me why I said that. I'm just as surprized as you. But it does seem like a good way of looking at it. Maybe it was discovered under an apage leaf? Help! Bill Blackbeard's typer is making me write horrid puns. Help!.

Well, That's all for this week. I hope the New Years party is a blast. I wish I could be there. HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYBODY.

This is the one & only shot of AULD SODOMY BHOYHOCD, a Gaelic at Irish life through the Waltery eyes of Belfast's very novel writer, Elfin WAW. Mr. WAW, author of such works of low comedy and hyphen as A Handful of Bust, the less well-known but still delightful spoof of the British campaign against smoking, Put Out More Fags, and that memorably gamy account of a shattered wedding night, Bride's Head Revisited, has here ~~under~~ ^{put} outdone himself with a Christmas Dialogue yeolept Peace On Sol III: Goodwill to Mellow Fen. One pictures Mr. WAW, a genial country squire with ~~an~~ ^a quill in hand, reference works at his side (particularly that great work of Irish genealogical research, James Joyce's Willises), ~~pouring~~ ^{poring} ~~over~~ ^{spiritually} over his parchment, the while humming an Occupied Eire, "Won't You Come a-Willising, Madeleine, With Me," as he sets forth the following:

Come with us once again to romantic exotic Ireland, this typical December day in old Belfast. The sun has long since sullenly set behind the gasworks; the time is what the country folk call dayligone. Through the mystic Celtic twilight there threads towards the rolling Castlereagh Hills a glowing topaz necklace, the sodium lights of a new dual carriageway. I'm sorry if this is not exactly how you imagined Ireland, but from our point of view it's better than starving in a picturesque museum. We can't have archiac and eat it. Along the dual carriageway come three status symbols, a sleek black 1959 Vintage MG, a new Fiat and a recently decarbonized Morris Minor. Walt & Madeleine arrive first, are greeted by Bob & Sadie Shaw, and together we wait for James & Peggy White, George Charters...and you.

WALT: It's starting to snow. The velvet glove on Winter's iron hand.

MADELEINE: You said that in 1958.

WALT: You can't publish a fanzine with clockwork regularity for 15 years without repeating yourself. Besides maybe more exposure is all I need to get my one line into the charts along with "A rose red city half as old as time." In the hall of fame I tell you I have a niche.

Enter Peggy & JAMES: Well, why don't you scratch it?

WALT: This is no ordinary skin ailment I'm talking about, it's the acne of success. Talking of which, I wonder could I get the London Worldcon Committee to institute a Hugo for poetry?

BOB: I hear Ella Parker already intends to give a special award to Harlan Ellison for dramatic late night phonecalls. My own opinion is they should have left the Drama Award to be voted on at the Convention. The Con itself might win it as the best tv presentation.

JAMES: When George hears about the closed circuit tv he might stay in the Convention hotel for once.

Enter GEORGE: Indeed I might. It would be a nice chance to lie in bed watching Sam Moskowitz as well as hearing him.

WALT: With close-ups of Wrai Ballard's hands actually brushing the ground as he walks. I wonder how many complaints the BBC will get from other residents for not having announced the programs as unsuitable for those of a nervous disposition.

BOB: Let's all go to the Fancy Dress disguised as Wrai Ballard. I hear you can hire gorillas' legs very cheap.

JAMES: I know I shouldn't ask this, but why?

BOB: Come now, surely you've heard the expression, two ape-knees for a penny?

GEORGE: You should have saved that until we were in London, and then I could have said, "Wasn't that very pat, Ella?"

WALT: Trouble is the Americans might not know that pronunciation of ha'penny. You should have suggested a pirate's headdress instead. It's cheap, too.

JAMES: I'll never learn. Why?

WALT: It's only a buccaneer.

JAMES: Let's kneecapitulate. If there happens to be a BBC producer in the hotel the Convention might get a contract for a weekly series. "Not So Much A Way Of Life, More A Goddamn Hobby."

GEORGE: Or Conanza.

WALT: Or Cheyenne's Fiction.

PEGGY: My Sister Ethel.

MADELEINE: Doctor Dandare.

BOB: The Fuggheadive.

GEORGE: Amis and Android.

MADELEINE: The Blackball and White Minstrel Show.

WALT: Bill and Breen, the Flower-Pot Men.

BOB: Talking of tv, I wonder is there any news about Mariner? (He switches on the ten o'clock news.)

ANNOUNCER: ...rugged reliability. Why, believe it or not, even a Ford in this condition will still go!

BOB: Why, it's Ian's car!

WALT: I thought they bought it just to keep it out of sight. (The phone rings.) Well, I see he got two shillings for it anyway. (Bob answers the phone.)

SADIE: What was that? Have they fired Ian's car into space?

JAMES: No, it was just a commercial. The way he drives, he figures he'll get there himself one of these days. Like Biddiver in the Sturgeon story.

WALT: Didn't Biddiver go all hairy? So that's what he's after.

BOB: Ian says he phoned Ella Parker and she hung up on him. He wonders if she's not shouting at him any more.

WALT: I'll bet it was just that thick Dublin accent of his. She must have thought he said he was speaking from LA, not to Ella.

BOB: He wants to know when the next Hyphen is coming out.

WALT: Tell him Real Soon Now and ask how many stencils he can cut.

BOB: He wants to know how we're voting in TAFF.

MADELEINE: Tell him it's a terrybill choice to have to make.

BOB: He wants to know if we've heard about any more Americans coming to the Worldcon.

WALT: Tell him we hope they'll all come. A lot can happen in nine months.

SADIE: You can say that again.

BOB: He says Olivia says you can say that again. He says his time is nearly up and to send his best wishes to everyone in the Christmas Card.

WALT: So's ours, but there's room to wish everyone from all of us a

M * E * R * R * Y X * M * A * S

and a Happy London Worldcon Year. (Published MDCCCCLXIV by MROCCM (More Reading On Christmas Cards Movement), 170 Upper N'Ards Road, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland.)

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Thus the Voice of Irish Fandom on the threshold of the 1965 Worldcon, set down in a twinkle of Atomic snowflakes on a fourfold Xmas Card from the Willises which must have reached other Local fans, as it did me, after the long mailless holiday weekend. I'm not sure this accidental prolongation of mailbox cheer isn't a Good Thing; certainly a word from Walt & Madeleine tops off the year like nothing else could. Needless to say, the wishes of WAW & Co., Unltd., are Eire-Borne by Ellers & Efferes. bb

Stapled right-side-up at this point, I hope, is faithful CAULDRON BUBBLE the 11th, drummed out 'mid the waters and the wild back of Castle Splitrent by Bill Blackbeard for Apas L & F, with a sailor's ditty-ation to Jack Harness's top Gallants...

Fanniest dice you ever saw. Roll Boggs Carrs every time...

APA TIES IN DESSERT Jack's and Bjo's covers, fore and aft, were the artstanding contributions in disty #10. From boots to spikenik, Jack's Sant' Eclipse was apa inch an Eller, what with the no-timepiece, radioactive radishes and electronic carrots he is placing in the sock (borrowed from the gal with the L in her stocking?), the hotwater bottle in one boot, the dollar stine on his vest, the Owen-spiring sword at his waist, his distinctly black beard and nautical earring, the glittery gallstone harnessed to his belly (which, one presumes, shakes like a bowl of hecto-jelly), and doubtless a dozen other aparopriate subtleties I missed. I am, I admit, particularly baffled by the cockeyed critter on top; it's a ringer for Mufti in The Explorers, but its Apa Location seems nil. :: Bjo's engaging augury of a LASFS Xmas party failed, alas, to engender much energetic bussing by Santa or anyone, but did pang me with memories of SHAGGIES past and give me to wonder when either of our clubzine's dual editors, Redd or Taj, plans to grace the new year with an equally new issue. For that matter, where are the SPIROCHETES and TAILPIECES those regular copies of APA L are supposed to be promoting from 317 Moon NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87112? Where, Steve Stiles, is your DIRTY CAPITALIST, intended for these pages? (And where, Bill Blackbeard, is your promised piece on Nixon? Where * sob * is QAR?) I suppose the replies from all of us can do no more than echo Walt Willis: Real Soon Now...

KIT KAT -- Despite Bjo's doubts, I'll back you up on that title, MEMOIRS OF A MANGY LOVER -- I've seen it once or twice, at a distance. I think it's another volume of Gracho Marx's autobiography, which started desultorily back in 1930 with the rakishly titled BEDS...

CARCASILLA -- This CB is easily the worst thing in this disty. What with SKYE, my first APA F zine, and copying the Willis card, I'm forced to knock off this single page long after midnight Tuesday in order to get it run off Wednesday eve on the club Rex, and what small amount of wit I may possess seems to have long since gone beddy-bye (as if that unhappy interlineation up there hadn't already tipped you off). Would that the rest of me had the sense to do likewise. :: I'm surprised at your telling Steve Stiles (in CALLASTHEON) that I've been "pretty soundly thrashed" by other Ellers on my Rand remarks. On the contrary, I'm still, and rather impatiently, waiting for a consequential riposte from one or another of our local Randers. Stine has only grumbled and promised a lengthy rejoinder "in due time," Beker has only grumbled -- and who else is there? There has been, sadly, no specific rebuttal of any of my criticisms; perhaps Castora's observations on my original piece were a start in the right direction, but he allowed himself to get sidetracked onto another issue and never returned to the main point. I eagerly await DIRTY CAPITALIST's appearance in APA L, lifting, in the meantime, a plentitude of ammo for my case from a thing Signet has just published by Rand called (believe it or not) THE VIRTUE OF SELFISHNESS. (Ayn's publisher selfishly demands 60¢ for this dash of balder.) End of news note for Randists...

ALTERNATIVE -- No comment, because it wasn't in disty #10. But why not? I missed it. (Incidentally, a spot of bad news -- The Man From U N C L E doesn't seem to have made it with the general public; it's being dropped from its present slot early in January. Sic transit gloria Tuesday, I guess...)

"Shoot if you must this old gray head, but spare your country's buck." - AR

GALLANT GALLSTONE -- I see we both agree on Stine's stylistic lack of felicity. (See my remark to Hank in CB #10; your comment in GG #10.) Also, I have to conjur that in sooth Harlan has a gutsy sytle, only I thought it was a secret between him and his doctor...

maIAise -- I can't find that remark of Tom's on Pound either. I doubt, however, if he is inclined to underrate Pound's poetry and/or criticism because of his latterday aberrations anent usury and them sneaky usurers, the apo-calyptic international elders of Zion or whatever. The one sure hallmark of genius is the ability to transform imbecilic nonsense into moving poetry -- Wordsworth did it easily and often; Pound does it handily in the CANTOS. I'd like to see those broadcast transcripts; where are they available? :: A (yawn) happy (YAWN) new year to yez all.