

CONFIDENTIAL

in which is set forth the second of a series of adventures in the real world by the Editor, Greg Snaw,

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2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, Calif. 94066, but who, at the time this, Catmeal Publication #31, is distributed (Jan. 6, 66)

is probably not at the LASFS meeting at which APA L 64, in which this appears, is distributed. The eyes have it.

DOREEN THE GOAT QUEEN PART I

In what was probably late 1964 or maybe early 1965 I saw in the classified advertising section of AMAZING ad advertisement offering (4) letters for (\$1). At that time I had money to spare and considered 4 letters from somebody named Doreen the Goat Queen to be worth (\$1) so I sent in my dollar and a brief letter. I used the name Lucifer Hodpopper, Esq. c/o E. Grabcheek Spazgrab. I received the following reply:

Dear Luce: Today is a milestone in my career. For six months I have been trying to get somebody to send me a dollar and today for the first time I really did get one and it was yours. So I will never forget you. Believe me. But what I want to know is what do you want for your dollar? Do you want the golden goatberry navel filler that I tried to advertise in the NEW YORK TIMES on the day of the full moon in September and October only they wouldn't take my money because their Department of Advertising Acceptability wouldn't accept it or do you want my HUMAN NEEDS LIST about which I wrote letters to a whole bunch of sororities and fraternities at Cal and also tried to advertise in the WRITER'S DIGEST magazine with equal success to what I encountered in new york or do you want the 4 letters for \$1 which is supposed to be offered in the Amazing Science magazine but I haven't seen it so didn't think it had hit the newsstands yet??? Which??

When King Philp read sentence #3 of your letter he said SEE I told you your ad would only bring replies from local sex maniacs (I wish I could remember what I said in that letter but that was long after I stopped making carbon copies of my letters.) but I don't think so. I think that you, Lucifer Hodpopper, Esq., are 15 years old, have an IQ of 145 and got 3 friends to each chip in 35¢ to cover the cost of this reply while you generously contributed the envelope. Please tell us who is right. And be brave. Indicate your true identity. I will never tell. Except, of course, if you turn out to be my husband's ex-mother-in-law whom I think lives in San Bruno.

What I really want to know is do you or do you not fall into the age group (pre 1930 birth) which needs large goatberries to adorn a deep concave navel or will a small one do, with glue? If you want to be one of MY people the first thing to do is send another dollar for your goatberry. Your whole outlook on life will change when you get rid of that empty navel feeling that's been bugging you without your ever knowing it. It will also help that empty wallet feeling that's been bugging me.

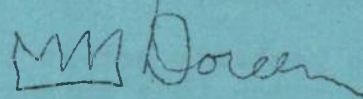
I am enclosing a special gift which you and probably nobody else will

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ever get and that is a photograph I took at our previous residence Goatberry Farm in Walnut Creek which is called VIEW FROM THE TYPEWRITER and it is what I used to see when I couldn't think of anything brilliant to write and stared out the breakfast room window at the wash house.

Write soon and don't forget that I like dollars very much.

Love,



THE GOAT QUEEN

This letter intrigued me. I got the impression she wasn't serious about the goatberry etc. business but I wasn't sure, and gestating in the back of my mind was the idea that Doreen might just be a faan who didn't know about fandom. I replied to this letter, and my next letter from her came two months later. She had asked for my name and I have given it to her--in Feanorian.

Dear Luce (I must continue to call you that since I haven't even mastered the english language - much less Feanorian??)

Your lengthy letter deserves a reply of its own, in addition to 4 of the advertised ones. Also I would like very much to see some of your publications. If you know how to set type perhaps we could work some kind of a reciprocal arrangement since we are the proud owners of a huge printing press, much type, and absolutely not the faintest idea of how to get the set type out of the composing stick into the chase without having the whole mess fall apart. Since the replies to 2 months of ads in 2 magazines still fail to total 10 - whether or not I get the press in operation has not been a problem. My search for the proper advertising media with the just right pre-selected kooky audience continues to be very depressing. Friends have suggested the Saturday Review or the KPFA Folio. What are your thoughts - if any?

We really are in the goat business - and GOAT CITY buys and sells all kinds of goats for all kinds of purposes. We don't try to sell navel fillers here as yet because it is really sort of a super sophisticated joke item and the average citizen would just give us a blank stare unless we first held up a large sign which said THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY in front of their faces. You see I am a famous unpublished author of humorous truth - both prose and poetry and with the right mailing list and a printing press I figured that soon I will be rich. I do not imagine myself to be the Queen of the Goats, it is just that my name Ms Doreen, I have goats, and Queen rhymes with Doreen. I thought that THE ADVENTURES OF DOREEN THE GOAT QUEEN would be a good book title - but so far the publishing world is not too hot for it.

The navel filler I invented to use up a byproduct of the goat business. The goatberries also make nice necklaces - cufflinks etc. NO I do not wear them myself. The HUMAN NEEDS list includes only things that people really do need whether they know it or not such as watermelon seed jewelry for pregnant women, old 10 gallon milk cans for piggy banks, hair shirt kits etc - in other words things that are free to me here on my goat farm - not available in stores - and all profit to me when I do sell something. The main problem- as I said before - is finding people with brains that click the same as mine and who will laugh themselves sick when they read my writings - just as I do. The HUMAN NEEDS LIST



as originally planned was to be a blueprint 18x24" with all the items listed in little boxes on it. That way it would make a humorous wall hanging and worth \$1 even if noone ever ordered any of the items offered on it.

I will close with a small philosophical poem.
The Big Dreams
The Values of these Smugly Smiling Citizens
new cars
bars
trips to stars
breaking pars
apothecary jars
caviars
T~~X~~ spectaculars
ARE NOT OURS.

& don't forget this is EAT MORE GOAT MEAT WEEK.

After this letter I was certain she was the fannish type, because she fancies herself a gifted writer although she can write as well as the average neofan, Fandom, as we all know, is full of people who think they can write and can't. I considered telling her about fandom and maybe publishing some of her stuff and possibly doing something about her printing press, but for some reason I never got around to answering this letter. A month later another letter came. It was an original, but it sounded as if it was intended for several readers:

It's time I wrote to my people

I hope your liveshaven't gotten too much out of hand since I have neglected to give you the advice and counsel lately. I've been pretty busy negotiating with the Venezuelan government. They bought 11 of our children and so I don't have so much work any more.

I told you before that I was going to save you some money. Like thousands. The first thing you've got to do is to forget about soap and toothpaste. They don't exist and you don't need them. The best way to dry up yourself and make yourself into an old itchy faced hag isto keep lathering yourself up all the time. If you have warm water and a rough washcloth and enough strength in your arm to apply sufficient friction to yourself via the rag you will be on the first step of my Sanity program. Climbing rung 2 is a little harder because you probably either don't wash your teeth at all or you are so addicted to your favorite brand of yummy tasting toothpaste that your brush is never dry. My dentifrice is an antiseptic abrasive that you can get free in any restaurant and the name of it is salt. This may take some getting used to but it is effective and if the Readers Digest had any real guts they would doubtless say so too. But who needs the Readers Digest? I mean x dry salt on a wet toothbrush. If you can't kick the toothpaste you might just take a teeny taste of it after brushing to make all your lovers think you use the high priced kind. This way one tube could last a veritable lifetime.

(the next paragraph is devoted to explaining how D oreen has never seen an good detergent so she tried doing her laundry with just water and friction (scrubbing) and she says her wash comes out 10% whiter.)

Are you listening to what I tell you? Are you going to do anything about your new found knowledge or are you going to continue diddling

away your unemployment check on soap and toothpaste just like your mother and grandmother diddled before you?? I personally don't care what you do. The money I save I never had anyway. But the point is that I feel very strongly that your money would be better spent if you sent it to me. Proctor & Gamble HAS theirs - now I want mine. In my HUMAN NEEDS STOREHOUSE I have lots and lots of items that you desperately need if you are a human person. For example I have real sheeps wool off a real sneep. I put a whole big handful of it into a coffee can and send it to you and it makes the best powderfuff with premeditated lanolin or brassiere stuffing that you ever saw. Dozens of other uses will occur to you for just \$1 the can postpaid. That reminds me that I now have a problem that lives in Guam and wants me to write him air mail because he might not live long enough to receive all 4 letters by boat. Should I now consider myself a charitable institution which spends 22¢ to make 20¢ or should I put all his letters in one envelope and make him wait for a much later flight????@?

{Several months later I received my last letter from Doreen the Goat Queen}- Someday I hope to have a few millionaires on my mailing list, but until that time I will strive to give you some helpful hints on how to save money on other things so that you will have some free cash to send to me. Helpful hint for persons who cannot kick the smoking habit: Write to Pete Moberly, Green River Tobacco Co. Owensboro, Ky. for prices on tobacco and cigarette makers. I used to smoke Pall Mall, but now I've switched to Pete Moberlys at a saving of more than \$1 a carton! I can make 4 kingsize cigarettes at a time and they are equal to any commercial variety. I get no rakeoff from PM. All he knows about me is that I am a chainsmoker. I figured up the other day that if I had known about Pete when I first started smoking I could have saved \$3000. That makes me sound pretty elderly. Actually I am only in the middle of my 36th glorious year on this planet. I have long grey hair and a goat farm. The place is absolutely crawling with goats - all kinds - and most of them are for sale. We have one extra special internationally famous super goat named Horeda Pride's Anita who gave 2 gallons of milk every day for a whole year. We can prove that she did this so people pay us 500 bucks for her children. The reason why I am telling you this is because I have decided to give each of you one of her lice. See it up there under that scotch tape? That is a nice memento and something that you will doubtless want to pass on to your grandchildren. Lice are one of the goatkeeper's biggest headaches. About the only way to make sure they leave the scene is to clip all the hair off the goat. After I have dealt the double blow of taking away their privacy and exposing them to louse killing ultraviolet I begin to feel sorry for them. Not grief stricken - just guilty enough to want to compose a small memorial ode for homeless lice everywhere.

O Pity The Louse

Dislodged From His House

Who Must Sit In The Grass (frightened/hungry/hopeless/helpless/
friendless/little louse) Waiting For Something

Hairy

To Pass.

I hope you will respond to my plans for dollars to repair the draw-bridge. We had to drain the moat in order that the baby should not drown on her way home from her paper route and the result was that all the damned sting rays went and died. You know what it costs real money to replace them nowadays.

{I think Doreen would be great in Apa L -- but I'm tired of explaining fandom to people. Incidentally, if anybody wants to write to her, the address is GOAT CITY, Stevinson, California.}