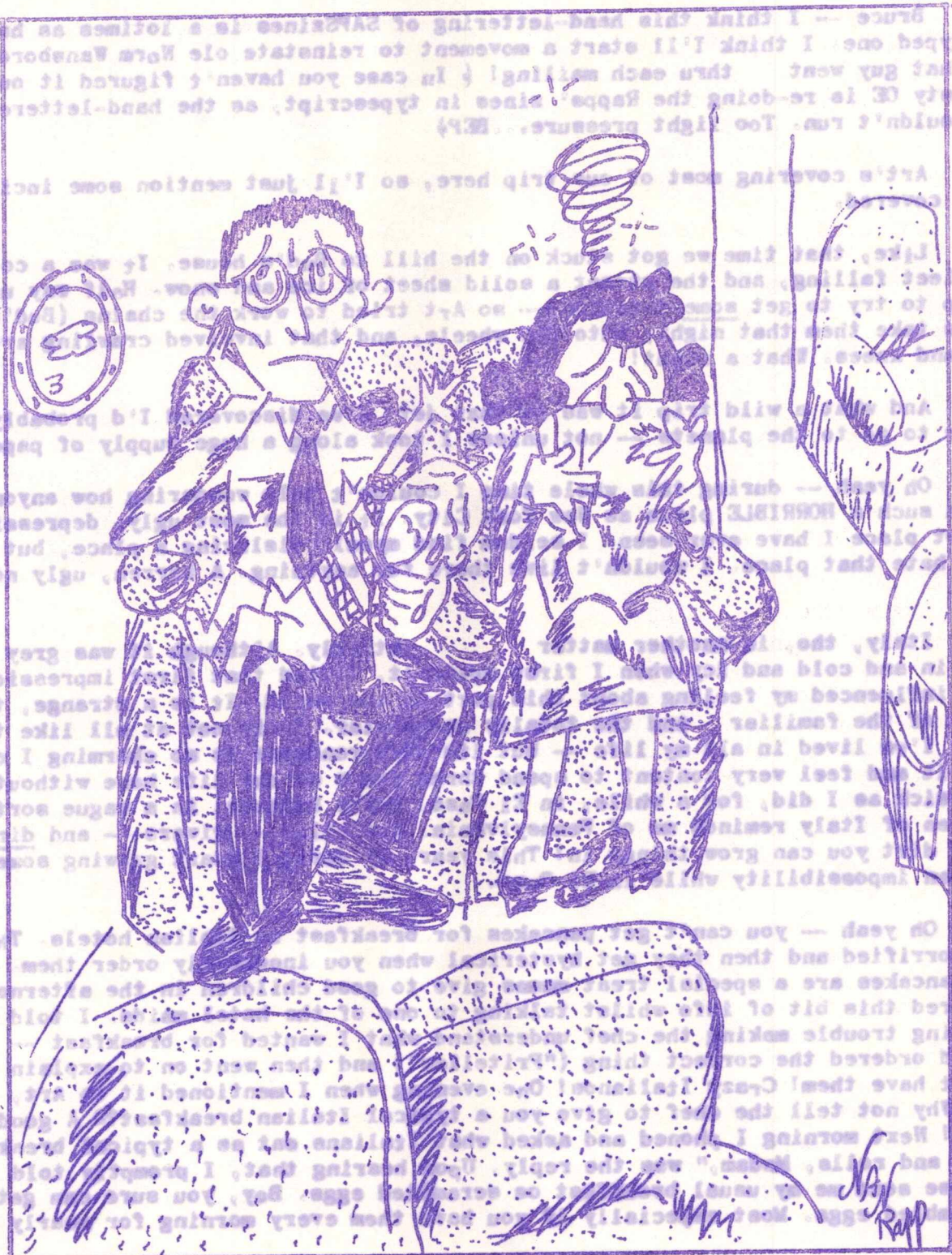


IGWATZ

#33



BON VOYAGE!

March 3, 1963 --- and, ye gods, wot a way to get SAPS credit! Our typer is presently somewhere on the Atlantic Ocean (I hope!). Don't ever believe moving company lies -- they swore our things would get here around Jan. 28th. Haw! Oh well, it's a good thing they aren't here yet -- we still have to find a place to live before we can collect our household goods. Cheech!!

Bruce -- I think this hand-lettering of SAPSzines is a lotimes as hard work as a typed one. I think I'll start a movement to reinstate ole Norm Wansborough. The work that guy went thru each mailing! In case you haven't figured it out by now, the nasty OE is re-doing the Rapps' zines in typescript, as the hand-lettered masters wouldn't run. Too light pressure...BEP↓

Art's covering most of our trip here, so I'll just mention some incidents he haen't covered.

Like, that time we got stuck on the hill to Bud's house. It was a cold night with sleet falling, and the street a solid sheet of ice and snow. Half way up we had to stop to try to get some traction -- so Art tried to work the chains (Bud's -- he made us take them that night) onto the wheels, and that involved crawling around on hands and knees. What a night!

And what a wild trip it was on that jet. I've discovered I'd probably never be able to go to the planets -- not unless I took along a huge supply of paper bags.

Oh yeah -- during this whole time I couldn't help wondering how anyone could live in such a HORRIBLE place as New York City. It is the most ugly, depressing, and dirtiest place I have ever seen. I seldom find myself disliking a place, but I actually hate that place. I wouldn't live there for anything. A barren, ugly nothingness.

Italy, tho, is another matter entirely. Although it was grey and snowed-in and cold and icy when I first spied it, I find that first impression hasn't influenced my feeling about this part of the world. It is a strange, to me, mixture of the familiar and the totally unfamiliar. It is not at all like the country I've lived in all my life -- but its differentness is so charming I can fully accept it and feel very content to spend three years of our life here without feeling as homesick as I did, for a while, in El Paso. Maybe because, in a vague sort of way, this area of Italy reminds me of Pennsylvania. The hills -- rivers -- and dirt! I mean -- dirt you can grow things in! This year, by darn, I start growing some flowers again, an impossibility while in El Paso.

Oh yeah -- you can't get pancakes for breakfast in Italian hotels. They sound horrified and then they get hysterical when you innocently order them. It seems pancakes are a special treat mamas give to good children in the afternoons. I discovered this bit of info whilst talking to one of the hotel maids. I told her I was having trouble making the chef understand what I wanted for breakfast -- and she said I'd ordered the correct thing ("Fritelles") and then went on to explain why I couldn't have them! Crazy Italians! One evening when I mentioned it to Art, he said, "Why not tell the chef to give you a typical Italian breakfast?" A good idea, I gleed! Next morning I phoned and asked what Italians eat as a typical breakfast. "Coffee and rolls, Madam," was the reply. Upon hearing that, I promptly told him to please send me my usual breakfast of scrambled eggs. Boy, you sure can get tired of scrambled eggs. Most especially if you have them every morning for nearly a month.

BON VOYAGE!

The first thing I did when we moved into this government flat was to brew us some coffee. I'd been living on tea all those weeks at the hotel since I don't like strong coffee and I'd been warned about Italian cafe! And then I made some pancakes for our first Sunday breakfast. Ooooh, I never thought I'd live to see the day when I'd actually want to eat my own cooking -- but I did! The Italian cooking is vastly over-rated in my not-so-humble opinion. At least Italian hotel cooking.

UGH!

The houses in Italy are a bit odd. The first floor is usually on the second storey. Like, you have to tromp up a long flight of narrow marble steps to get to the first floor. And the ceilings are so high! It takes a small fortune to keep the houses as warm as we're used to keeping them warm in the U.S. Of course, the natives get around this by dressing sensibly. The women all wear heavy black (or plaid!) cotton stockings, and several layers of slips and heavy dresses.

The men are clothed in heavy woolen suits and coats -- and in some cases are covered from chin to knees in a swirling cloak. These look as heavy as blankets, and most sport short fur collars as ornaments. And then, this is topped off by a long woolen scarf wrapped around the nose, mouth, and on down to the neck. Like, they keep warm! They need to -- their principal means of transportation being bicycles and motor scooters. It's a bit disconcerting to see a woman all dolled up -- glamorous hairdo, etc. -- and pedalling along a busy street wearing spike heels! Gad!

This traffic is really wild -- Art will no doubt have a lot to say about that topic, but I've just gotta mention it from a non-driver's view. Like, one look is enough to make you stay a non-driver! You can easily tell which are the non-European drivers. The ones going slowly and observing all the speed and traffic signs are NOT from Italy. Ye gods I've never seen such wild drivers! Not even New York can compete with Europe in that respect. They get in the wrong lane for turns; bicyclists usually ignore all the signs and all the other traffic! I wonder how Europe manages to keep such a high rate of population?

Living (except for the rent, I suspect) is very inexpensive, I'm happy to say. Like, you can become known as a big tipper for the mere sum of 16¢ here!

Why, I even have a maid! Imagine that! For a mere \$1.30 I get two days' work from her. Tsk, it was rather odd the first week she worked for us. I'm not used to such things, and that first week I did most of the work before she got here in the mornings. The second week, tho, I did less. In fact, the third week I was real experienced in being the Lady-of-the-house, and was still in bed when she rang the doorbell! Yeah--!

I also gave less of a tip, too. That first time I paid her I gave her the only 500-Lira note I had (boy - will this come as a shock to Art when he reads this!) as a tip. Which was pretty stupid, I know. Live and learn. Heck, I felt so sorry for her -- she did our wash and all the washers were being used by the other women in these apartments, so she did my wash in the bathtub, using an old board to scrub 'em on. So I thought it was worth an extra 500 Lira (\$1.00 = 620.60 Lira).

There's just one problem. I'm going to fire her (now that I'm over that flush of awe, I've decided I get my clothes cleaner). Only I don't know how to tell her. H*E*L*P ! !

Well, enuff of that. This is as good a place as any to begin mlg. comments. Not complete ones, tho, since we hanev't enough masters for that. Before I do -- Bruce, you mustn't give me credit for the cover, I've used it before, on our CAPA letter. Honest, huh? (CAPA is not recognized as a genuine APA by the Association of APA Completists, therefore anything circulated through CAPA is still eligible for "original publication" in SAPS. Good thing, too, or you wouldn't have even the number of pages you have now...which looks like about 4 or 5 from here...BEP‡

MAILING COMMENTS

-- and I've just had a horrible thought! I wonder if you're supposed to write on the blue paper instead of the white part (as we've been doing)? Urk --

OUTSIDERS:

--- only now it's March 17th and I think I'll skip doing Mlg. Comments again this mailing. Maybe if I get more spare time tomorrow I'll do some. Naw--- I guess I won't (make up yer mind!)

Haw - I solved my maid problem. I mean someone solved it. The maid, like, she fired me last week. What an odd sensation that was! Oh well - I'd rather do my own washing and ironing.

Tsk - shades of my youth! I remember how I used to help Mom do the wash, using a scrubbing board. And so I asked Art to buy me one. Now, I get the clothes cleaner, even, than a machine! Got a real neat setup to dry 'em, too. Besides the portable wooden dryer Art got me, we've also a back balcony complete with several small clothes lines. Heb - I'm really going native - tho not as much as I could. The Italian woman across the court has a cement washtub outside by her back porch. A cement scrubbing board is built onto the tub and she's out there every day slapping the clothes against the 'board' and then really scrubbing them with a scrub-brush (the kind we use to scrub the floors with). THAT, I will refuse to do!

Spring has really arrived here in Vicenza. People have been starting their gardens this past week. The air has that lovely fresh aroma of green wetness about it, and the afternoons have been warm enough to permit opening wide all windows and doors. Glory! G L O R I O U S!! (There is a certain disadvantage in trying to imitate written material in typescript...BEP‡

-- cheech, tho, I wish someone would inform the local radio station that just because a record has a U.S. label on it doesn't mean what they think it does. Imagine hearing Bing Crosby singing "White Christmas" in March. Urk --

Despite a bit of very beautiful music aired over here, I seldom listen to the radio any more. It's too Americanized. All you hear is some weak-voiced teen slobbering in a rock 'n roll beat.

These European stations have a wild habit of just staying silent at times. When the show ends ahead of schedule they just keep quiet. No extra commercials even! Or idle chitchat by the D.J. Nice.

Venetian blinds here are quite different from those in the U.S. These are on the outside of windows and French doors. Come to think of it, I find myself liking this arrangement much better. The blinds are built in tracks inside the door (and window) frames, and are of wood. They're controlled by a strap that is inside near the frame.

One thing -- I have yet to see any screens. No screendoors, even, unless the people take them off for the winter. Gads -- I hope there're screens to fit windows and doors -- I can't abide flies, and I'll suffocate this summer!

I've been in the mood to paint -- now if my art supplies would only get here. They're with our household goods and ghd alone knows where that is. Been inspired by several things and had to be content to merely outline them for future work.

G*N*A*S*H!!! blasted shipping company. Just wait till I make out that report if our stuff ever gets here.

Hey Wally Weber -- where is my (and Art's) copy of that dazzling zine of the NJF, TIGHTBEAM? Rat! You never did send us our copy. And no WARHOON. No mail -- scbbb, sniff -- everybody hates me just because I never answer mail.

-- and no cold beer. All there is is gin (not sloe -- foo) and some whiskey and collins mix. Only I've decided to go on the wagon. Two weeks of 2-3-4 drinks a night have gotten the best of me. I feel so good at night, but the next day is horrible. Ever try bending over a tub of hot sudsy clothes and scrubbing them while you have a hangover? Gakkk --

My head feels cold and lighter than usual. Maybe I shouldn't have gone so wild this morning with those scissors.

Wal -- guess this is it for this mlg. Except an extra Hello (and Swat!) to Grandpa Wrai; and cheers to Jane (how's that little doll of yours doing?); Busbies; Dee and Jim; good ole Eney; John Berry (ooh -- maybe I'll get to meet you!); Howard (but Italy is exciting. A hodgepodge of both countries tho --); Wally; Bruce; and all the rest of you nuts.

See You --

(And at this point the hand-written masters end for IGNATZ. So ye OE will have to airmail a demand for another page and $\frac{1}{2}$ of material to save membership. Else some of the membership would scream about favoritism and we don't want them to know -- or be able to prove -- that we play favorites...BEP 3/24/63)

March 31st -- just got a note from Brucifer informing me that I owe $1\frac{1}{2}$ pages yet. Cheech! But then, I guess I won't whine since he is being nice enough to type all these pages for us, plus dittoing them. He is a nice OE -- nasty and mean; but nice. In a vague sort of way.

Art's on guard duty today -- again. Hooboy, I didn't really believe it when (in the states) Art told me what to expect once we got overseas. The army cer-

cainly does believe in keeping its overseas men on their toes. Besides working 6 days a week as normal hours, they also have this darlin' little alert system where every ten days or so they yank everyone out of bed at 4 a.m. and have them report into base in full field gear. Most of the men, then, don't get back to their families for 7-10 more days. Then comes weekend guard, which means that this week alone Art's gotten up at 6 a.m. 7 days in a row; didn't get home till 7 or 7:30 p.m., and had to take over all the work since his section chief has been off all week and the other Sgt. caught pneumonia on that field alert and has been in the hospital. And now he's pulling extra early guard (in place of the hospitalized Sgt.) and we won't see him till Monday morning -- for two hours, before he has to go back to work again.

I would like to get my claws into one of those characters who are continually sneering about service men and how they chose military life because it's so safe and certain! Boy!

We've finally got an apartment. It's a brand new one -- so new, in fact, that it isn't even finished yet! It's supposed to be done and ready for occupancy around April 15th (well now --?) and I hope to heaven (or hell -- whichever's handier and mightier. I ain't particular) it IS. It's time we got settled down again. Tak, our son is apt to be highly influenced by all this moving, and end up an eternal nomad. Besides, it's springtime, and I have that old urge to grow things, and I'm afraid if I don't soon satisfy this urge with green plants I'm apt to satisfy it growing another neofan. And bingo! there goes another year of minac for SAYS.

One of these days I'm going to have another normal 18-20 page IGNATZ. Marriage certainly does things to people. (I hope to hell you have your typer back by the time you decide to do 18-20 pages...BEP)

Hey -- tomorrow's our second anniversary already! (How'd we ever manage to get through two whole years?) Haven't had a chance to do any shopping, so ole Art will get a homemade present. A weird one. Like I'm going to invent another cake (like once I invented one using salad dressing, and it was good! Heavy, but good.) and decorate it with icing in the form of a purple heart medal. One of us deserves it -- that's for sure! Maybe both. We-1-1- honestly tho -- I guess I'm the lucky one and Art deserves the medal. Even if it is only an icing one. Never thought anyone would be able to put up with me for one year, let alone two years.

Anyway these past two years have been two of the most exciting, happy, sometimes upsetting, peaceful and life-filled years I've ever known. A public "thank you" sir.

Oh yeah -- the N3F. Now there's a topic to cause some blood-boiling. Jeeze, and to think I was dumb enough to vote for Alma Hill in the 1961 elections. Oh, well, no one can ever say that N3F isn't exciting at times.

