

LeeH
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Gee whiz, fellas!

The Lilapa mlg #24 just arrived and revived the Feelings Of Guilt I've been having every two weeks for several months now. Like, every couple of weeks (plus or minus, as you know) I've been getting a Lilapa mlg and saying to myself, I will read this in depth and produce a welter of incisive, witty and astute commentary on the vital issues discussed therein for the next mlg. As to why I haven't done this so far....

I will begin by telling you the Story Of My Life (at least insofar as it applies to the question at hand). To begin with when the Lilapa mlg's started arriving, I was in a period of feeling right poorly and lacked for the energy to do many of the Thing That Are Important. I didn't get a lot of stuff done, a Lilapazine amongst them. I applied myself and managed to get some stencils cut for FAPA with the intent of keeping myself from getting kicked out of that organization. Before I got them run off, though, I made the mistake of trotting up to see a doctor about my blah feeling, dizzy spells and the like. Next thing I knew I was in the hospital and in debt. That killed much of May and a large part of my bankroll.

After I got out of the hospital and home again, I began worrying about that old FAPA deadline. Eventually, I got some of the debris in the bone room cleared and managed to tunnel through to the mimeo. I found that a year of inactivity had not gone well. Some several days later, after giving the machine a thorough scrubbing and a new ink pad, I got my FAPA pages mimeoed. They are stacked now, waiting collating and shipment.

Also there were a few Other Things that required doing. So I never got that brilliant, witty and astute Lilapazine done.

At the moment I am sitting on an unmade bed, letting fresh-washed hair dry. I have almost finished packing. I am awaiting two phone calls, one from a friend with whom I am supposed to go see Shakespeare In The Park this evening. The other is from Dave Van Arnam, with whom I am supposed to confirm final plans--the Fanoclast Annual Expedition Into The Great American Landscape is to commence Friday morning at some unghodly hour. I am supposed to be picked up sometime tomorrow, so's I can camp with the gang that is assembling in the Bronx in order that we can get a quick start. (i.e., so they won't have to wait for me to wend my way up on the subway, getting lost en route, as is my wont.)

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Before the mail came, bringing me this Lilapa mlg #24, I had just finished some hand laundry, which I hope will be dry in time, and was contemplating the Other Things that have to be taken care of before I leave.

And that, friends, is a quick survey of some of the primary reasons why I do not have a witty, erudite and charming contribution in this mlg.

SOME MISCELLANEOUS COMMENTS TO SOME MISCELLANEOUS COMMENTS:

On Turning Thirty, that was no big deal to me. What I am looking forward to is turning thirty-five so that I will be as old as Helen Trent...

I had the experience of Meeting Phil Harrel at the Lunacon. That's what comes of wearing one's name badge (next time--Elmira Schultz!). He came up and fawned on me a while. Then he asked me how I liked being fawned on that way. I answered that it was embarrassing. His response was to assume that I Didn't Like Him--so he told me that he wouldn't annoy me anymore but would go on Admiring Me From Afar.

On music: About the only music I hear these days is likely nigh as cubical as one can get. When I am typing or doing something else for which I want background music, I listen to WPAT, which occasionally plays some fine oddball stuff, but generally features motion picture scores, orchestral arrangements of folksongs and stuff like that there which nobody seems to even bother talking about. There are several reasons I prefer this station: they interrupt with talk at like 15 minute intervals instead of between each selection, the stuff they play makes a quiet blanket for the general noises of the city without making much distraction, etc. I don't even bother with the record collection much anymore. And all this stuff you folk talk about is so much gibberish to me. (Don't get me wrong--I don't object, either to the music or your talking about it--as long as I'm not required to listen.)

I find it hard to understand anyone making a blanket condemnation of chesses--there are so many of them and such a variety. But I suppose I have food prejudices that would seem just as peculiar to some other people.

So--those of you who were Prodding--here you have a contribution from me. Big deal, hey?

-LeeH

Beware of falling airplanes
