

MAYHEM ANNEX #43 (NP66:20), from Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif 94301. 21 March 1966. For you collectors in the audience, the last three Annexes were numbered like so:

NP66:16 = MA 40

NP66:17 = MA 41

NP66:19 = MA 42

And that's what I get for forgetting to number 'em at the time. Left out NP66:18, I did.

OOPS! How could I forget? NIEKAS was NP66:18!

THEATER PARTY AND ASSOCIATED THINGS

I am in receipt of a letter from Dave of Dave Ken & Mary, part of which runs as follows (isn't it amazing how I get other people to write my APA L zines?):

"Do you know Diana Paxson? Ken, Mary and I were at her place last weekend. It seems that she wanted us to come over with sword and shield(s) and have some minor battle for her, so she could get some sketches. We did, and she did. Much fun was had. Now she is thinking of having a Tournament, probably on the First of May. It occurreth to me that, as you enjoy swashing buckles with the best of them, you might be interested. Even though I expect that Ken and I will be the only ones fighting with sword/mace and shield (and maybe we can find more, although the equipment is not to be found in every sporting goods store), there will be others watching, and it sounds interesting."

It does indeed sound interesting, and I wrote and offered the use of Mayhem House as a jousting ground, with the thought in mind that some of you LA people might like to take part; I also suggested that they have it on April 30th instead, and we could combine it with a Filbert & Whzzizname party that evening. Ken has not replied as yet, no doubt because my letter was only mailed this morning; but if it's OK with them, does the idea appeal to you? I think that the theater party will have to be April 30th in any case -- Ben gets his tonsils out on the 8th, and we'll be lucky if things have settled down by then even.

Bad Guy: "Undeniably, you have been committing espionage."

Good Guy: "Whaday mean, 'undeniably'? I deny it!"

HELLFIRE AND DAMNATION

I had another lecture of my Managing Women series written, and now I can't find the blasted thing! Blimey, that means I'm left with half a stencil to fill. You don't mind a few mailing comments, do you? After all, it's better than D'Artagnan's Memoirs. Isn't it?

Do you want an oxygen breather running your world?

Vote NO for Supreme Ultimate Dictator of the Entire Universe!

Let's Have At the 71st First

FRED PATTEN: You're absolutely right about sloppy collators. I don't mind getting a double of "Bjo for Dictator", but more than one of those Nazi inclusions...well, one is bad enough. Of course, if I'd gotten an extra Form 1040, I wouldn't have had to beat Joe off to keep the disty intact. ##That's more a general comment than one inspired by your 71st disty zine, but...

ITR NOTICE of withdrawal from fandom: The ITR is perfectly right. If there's one thing fandom can't endure in its midst, it's this kind of pomposity. (F'r cryin' in a bucket.)

Whatever became of Al Lewis?

Onward and upward, to #73 (don't ask me what happened to #72...)

JOHNNY CHAMBERS: an offset YMIR? Egad, sir; there isn't room in fandom for two eighty-page nothings...er...fanzines. Styli or lettering guides at twenty pages; your choice of weapons. (There is nothing like hitting a paren and then forgetting what you were going to say in it.)

ANDY PORTER: It was a simple case of guilt by association; New York has water troubles, California would have water troubles if. If, that is, we let them iggerant southerners at our water. Head 'em off at the pass! (Grapevine Pass, of course.) Why, if we keep our water, some day we may have 12,000,000 people, and smog.

BJO FOR DICTATOR!

THE ANNEX is going to be two pages again

DIAN & BRUCE: Congratulations, and all that. I'm a bit late, but I always try to defer these things until you've gotten the baby home and have some idea whether you feel like being congratulated or not. How do you like being a *family*?

GREGG WOLFORD: Hey, you're discriminating against Bjo! Hey, Bjo! Your freedom of speech with respect to "Peyton Place" has been violated by Gregg's mother! Stage a sit-in! Picket, even! I'll help, if NIEKAS gets to publish your signs.

While I'm thinking of it,

FLEIG FOR DICTATOR!

TOM DIGBY: Driving a hot dog? I'm asking! ##What Johnny said on the bottom of his zine was to ask me -- but I don't know a thing about it. Except that that's him, all right.

FRED PATTEN: We gave the Andersons a stack of Kennedy halves as a going-away present. Karen looked blank for a minute and then exclaimed, "Instant tips!"

SORRY about the light ink on dark paper, people. What Ed wanted with all this strange-colored paper, I dunno, but I'll try not to use too much of it on you.

Joe just brought home what he claims is some Kenmore ice cream.

RUTH BERMAN: Well, it isn't really a myth that women want to get married. I think that's true enough. What is really mythical is the idea that the only way a woman can be happy is to get married. I think marriage can be either the most stifling or the most free condition a woman can get herself into, depending entirely on what her husband's attitudes are. That may seem like I'm putting a little too much of the responsibility on the husband; but what it is, is that a man has eight or more hours a day outside the home in which to find some of his satisfactions, but a housewife's horizons are not expandable beyond what her husband will let her do. This is turning out to be a complete mess -- just what you'd expect of something composed on stencil. Say I'd married a man who didn't care for or approve of fanning. Say also that he didn't think I should go places or do things without him. Well, there go NIEKAS, the Little Men, visits to LA, conventions, etc. Say he didn't like Shakespeare either, or G&S, or classical music. That means I don't go to concerts or the Lamplighters or plays, or buy books and records. (That means I get a divorce, you betchum Red Ryder. Oog, what a thought. Wish I'd never think it.) ...Anyhoo, see what I meant?

FREE ENTERPRISE INSTITUTE: Absolute rightness in the physical sciences? Send that man to a Freshman Physics course. ##Before I forget...

KALI FOR DICTATOR!

On to the 74th: or, Joe put the Kenmore ice cream down on the electric blanket

JOHNNY CHAMBERS: But, Johnny, you were fighting off baby kittens the first time I heard from you, over a year ago. ...Oh. She did. She does? You ought to do something about it. ##The kids don't like Lassie. It's Chaplin I have a hard time pulling them away from.

LUANE KAISER: Thanks, but I'll stick to this misspelling. An artist. An apa (although that's questionable). An artist. By the way, that's a helluva way to judge artwork. If I were Lynn Pederson I'd be pretty highly insulted. An auction. Not too bad -- you're down to about one every coupla pages. Incidentally, as long as the Best of Fandom is under discussion, you may not reprint anything of mine (assuming you'd want to) until you've learned the proper use of "a" and "an". And I would want to proofread the stencils or masters.

And now for the punchline --

FELICE FOR OFFICIAL FENCE SITTER!

BARRY GOLD: Okay, so he's a clear. So what can he do for the Universe? I'm unimpressed.

Support the California Depopulation Committee, too.

And don't forget to Stay Wicked.