
MILARKY

No 74

FROM:

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IN LOS ANGELES WITH A ZAP Cold NUMBER f

90034 AND A phoney NUMBER f (213) ((cont.))
838-0297. INTENDED 4

APA-L Number 301. February 18, 1971

POVPEX - VEXOS PUBLICATION # 112

Above you see the colophon for this zine ((How's this one, colophon lovers??)) as done by a friend of mine by the name of Stumbo. He offered to do it and I said sure. He did the title logo as well but that doesn't fit on the stencil. Maybe next week.

(*) (*) (*) (*) (*) (*)

This has been a fairly odd week (and, no, were I even to think of starting that schtick again, may I be struck done done by lightning. And we all know who controls that.) starting with a caravan Tuesday nite, of fans going to find those fans caught in the San Fernando Valley evacuation and bring them out. Once the cars arrived, we discovered that they weren't at the evac. center and most hadn't even registered there before leaving for parts unknown. ((Free Plug: More news on the earthquake and other fun stuff can be found in the Current Issue of DE PROFUNDIS, which we published at Presicon.)).

Thursday night I got a call from Tom Whitmore asking if I could pick him up at L.A.X.; which I did. We returned to my place to eat and have dinner and quite a barking dog. We then headed for the LASFS meeting. At one point that nite, Tom, Vanessa and I set off on a jaunt to while away a deadspot in the aftermeeting festivities. We decided to

Start off by driving along Pacific Coast Highway for a while and then headed off on various sidestreets, all leading back to P. C. Highway. We then took Sunset and found ourselves along side of two girls in an MG, revving up the engine, with a look of, "Let's really tear out of here and show those kids what junk that Mustang reall is and how great this car is and generally make them feel saddened by being in such a poor car." (or ~~what~~ looks to that affect). I decided to ply a little of the knowledge imparted to me by the police department training academy, of the high speed chase sort, and to play their game. I bided my time and let them take off first. I then pressed down on the accelerator and this started a quick jaunt for all of us from Sunset and Pacific Coast Highway to Sunset and Fairfax. For the edification of others -- and this can be verified by either of those that were with me, we remained ahead of the other car for all but a minute or two when we got caught in traffic and had to do some "fancy lane changing." Danger was minimal due to training and the lack of traffic, in case you are wondering.

The weekend was the Convention, which included a jaunt out to self-help for supplies for running off the newsletter at the con. Commentz on the con will be expressed later.

Today, (Tuesday) in my A.P. Biology class, we started dissecting a fetal pig. Uck. It felt to be plastic and made by nat-tel but the insides sure gushed. I started the "operation" and with the first incision, a gushing out of formaldehyde and the fumes there-of greeted my face. Next time I don't work so close to the specimen.

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or let's all pretend that we're jeff cochran

MILARKY (ME) -- Gee, I've made it to the number one spot again. Sniff. It makes one feel humble. Sniff.

PROBABLY SOMETHING (TOM DIGBY) -- I guess you're right, I must of (or even must have) been thinking of something else. @@@ You're right, Fred and I were conspiring.

ANKH PTUI! (M.B. TEPPER) -- Re: your comment to Ellen Fox. I'm glad you think so Matt. I'm sure Donald will be pleased as well. @@@ The fact that the floors and walls are city property won't stop people, or even fans, from using them as ashtrays. It hasn't yet. An obvious example is the way Yampo put out Der Fitch's cigarette, just to name one.

WHAT'S NEW AT THE WOMBAT WORKS (BILL WARREN) -- The correct words are more like: I'm Henery

MILARKY PAGE THREE

Let's try that again. I didn't realize the bottom of the page was so close at hand. Words in parenthesis are sung/shouted by a background chorus of 3-6 people.

I'm Henery the Eighth, I an. Henery the 8th I an, I an. I got married to the widow next door. She's been married seven times before. And evry one was an Henery (Henery), nary a Richard nor a Sam. I'm her eighth old man, I'm Henery (Henery). Henery the 8th I an.

DE JUEVES (JUNE MOFFATT) -- I don't know the exact sound/distance rationbut CalTech got the readings as being 6:00:41 and U.C. Berkely got them at 6:01:50 -- a difference of 1 minute and 9 seconds. It works out roughly to about 5.8 miles per second, I think.

ORANGE JUICES GOT ARMS!!

FROM SUNDAY TO SATURDAY (DER FITCH) -- She hit me once, fairly hard, with a ping pong paddle, over the head just for making an astrological pun. A person sitting on the floor next to me ~~when I~~ ~~added~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~text~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~document~~ said that he felt it over where he was sitting.

EARTHQUAKE! (TOM WHITMORE) -- And I see by your eeg that page three is where you went banangs.

HARPO'S HAIRPIECE (YAMPO) -- Which "our Director" are you refering to? Since both the director of the LASFS and the director of the Park smoke in the building....

that

is

it

for

this

Week

