
SATYRIC

March, 1942

Since it isn't practical to attempt a printed paper for such a limited circulation, where quantity is oftentimes rated above quality--where artistic methods of duplication are desired anyhow (like hectographing)--the Martin literary props have attempted to mimeograph a paper solely for the FAPA. After daubing the bedroom from divers and devious explosive methods of duplication sans spending a nickle for proper equipment, we have been struck with a ritual utilizing the printing press for a mimeograph. Until the process approximates readability we are battered from mimeograph to mimeograph to produce this Satyric #1.

Our favorite journal in our last two years of "reading membership" has been Sweetness and Light. Months ago we sent articles and bits to SaL for publication (with enclosed stamped envelope) and have received no reply. Even SaL has disappeared.

The Reader and Collector has furnished us with merry anecdotes with every issue. His subtle and caustic humour is a high spot in every bundle.

The only other paper we can remember that sustained interest was the Phantagraph in its old printed days. Other papers show the so-called "pro" worth only occasionally. Every bundle has a few excellent papers. The editors seem to take turns. It's fun to hunt for them.

A year or so ago I enjoyed a weekend visit from Louis Kuslan. We talked of producing a joint format on Ye Olde Lycanthropy Presse, but that was the last I saw of him although we are only twenty miles apart--Manchester to Storrs College). At the time I was busily engaged in producing a series of plays and courtin' a girl. The plays are now produced, Martin is fired, and to salve my dismal condition the girl accepted me. All of which explains why Louis and I digressed.

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Erotically Erotetic Eulogy of Eroticism

Scene: Daddy and Blondie lounging on a lounge in the lounge of the week-end cruise ship to Venus. . . (Note: All implied is applied outside the Heavyside. . . ED)

"They're as smooth and cuddly as peaches, Blondie."
 "Remember what I told you, Daddy. Look but don't touch."
 "Never saw finer ones in my life."
 "I'm too lazy to move."
 "Now, Blondie, don't change the subject. . . You know what a trip to Venus is. . ."
 "Read any good books lately?"
 "Have a little pamphlet with me that might prove of value."
 "Mean - it might give me ideas?"
 "I hope so."
 "Maybe I'm a cynic but I don't believe in pollen."
 "Incredible! Pollen is the staff of life."
 "What? Now is that nice?"
 "Blondie, I bet you don't believe in Santy Claus, or -"
 "I believe in Santy Claus."
 "And what's your name?"
 "Oh, daddy, do you really mean it?"
 "Before I commit myself, let's go back to the - er - pollen."
 "Now, you're changing the subject."
 "Don't be silly. They sort of run together."
 "I don't like sports. Running gives me palpitations."
 "Palpitations and tremors are possible sans coverage of space."
 "Oh, daddy! Such a suggestion!"
 "Maybe I'm wrong. I suppose you'd like to play checkers."
 "Do you know any other games?"
 "Press - I mean, chess."
 "Entails thought, daddy. What about a quiet bout of strip poker."
 "Hardly necessary from where I sit."
 "Oh, dear, and I'm too lazy to move. What do you suggest?"
 "As if you didn't know!"
 "Oh, so we're back at that again."
 "Yes, Blondie. And we're going to stick at it until I get what I want."
 "You're determined, daddy?"
 "I don't think you should call me 'daddy' until the act is culminated."
 "But, daddy, even though I care for you, don't you think it'll be too much for you? You're going too far!"
 "As far as I can see - "
 "I'm still too lazy to move."
 "That's the whole trouble with you."
 "Perhaps. But we should wait a while, and think it over. Besides, I much prefer it in the night."
 "Where's that?"
 "Oh, daddy."
 "I want it now."
 "You're so manly and insistant - really, I'm weakening."
 "I bet you say that to all the boys. Blondie - you're lovely, you're ravishing. I'd love to rav - "

"Oh, daddy!"

"I was-going-to say that I'd love to rave about you to all the boys. But I won't unless you're a sport and go through with it."

"Daddy, you're so convincing. I'm afraid I'm going to acquiesce."

"Will you really acquiesce, Blondie?"

"Yes, I'll give in."

"Oh, you darling! Our trip to Venus is complete. Here's my book. The Pollen Cocktail is on the third page. Make it a double one!"

Meet Aloysius Quibble D. Twerp
 He is an expert hectographer
 Of scienti-fan papers
 For the ignorant rabble
 Who don't understand
 His modern art, and stuff
 Like no punctuation and capitals
 Or nude purple half-tones of women with
 typewriter heads -
 They think he's silly - slap-happy.
 But A. Quibble D. Twerp is a genius.
 He's sure of it.
 He's not of this age.
 A hundred years from now
 People will exclaim over his work:
 "He was ahead of his time."
 "Genius -
 "Misunderstood."
 A Quibble D. Twerp hectographs
 And hectographs
 Safe in his knowledge of things to come
 While the genius pours out of him
 Like the dripping of gilijex from a cracked **Plutonian**
 Aardferks egg
 Which he is, no doubt. . .

