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0593 (I just stuck the phone number in here because it looks
impressive. Doesn't it?)

Was kinda surprised at the results of eney's AS FAPA GOES
poll..I didn't expect Stevenson to get as great a percentage
as he did(in fapa). Cheeee,I thot old creepy ike would be
elected again,but since hope springs eternal I thot that
maybe..just maybe..he'd lose. He didn't..and like I said
to eney..stevenson was too intelligent to be president
anyway. He doesn't "uh.." "er.." ah"etc
enough while speaking. And..he didn't
bring god into all his speeches
during the campaign. According to
the republicans the past campaign
must have been a religious revival
..they all seemed so concerned
with god and prayers and whatnot..
(boy,for awhile there I thot I saw
a couple halos above those shiny
domes,but then decided it must be
my imagination or ther efection
of the bright tv lights).

January 24th: Didn't get a
chance to finish this last
night,and gee,is it ever a
beautiful type Springish morning
here. Its a bit overcast,but
who the heck cares! At least you
can see the sun and in these parts
you can't hardly see that during
our faalirr wintery weather. I'd
almost forgotten what sunshine
looked like.

Eney, given Rotsler credit for
the cover(1 page) ,and Edco gets
2½ pages of credit for his story.
Just thot I'd slip that in here
because knowing my memory I'd
probably forget to tell you when
I send the zines this weekend.

Is any other fapan having trouble with the P.O.??
Or do they just like to open my packages(and once,even
a letter / illos from Rotsler) and read them? Wonder
what(who?) started this recent binge of the p.o. I never
had this type of po snooping,before,and if I ever find out
that wetzel is behind this I'll wring his scrawny neck till
his eyeballs pop out. Grrrrr!...



DISAPPOINTMENT

... by: ED COX

The Jenson house was high on the hill. And the hill was the highest point for miles around. That's why us kids liked to go up and play around there. Of course, we were unduly interested in old Jenson. I guess the grownups called him eccentric because he had money.

We thought he was a mad scientist. Usually though, we know him to be just plain mad. At us. Mainly because the grounds around the house were a matted jungle and we used to go up there to play. He was a stooped little man, a stooped little old man, and he'd stand there on the sun-warped porch in a stained, tattle-tale gray coat waving his arms at us, all the time hollering for us to go away. We were disturbing his research or something.

After this happened half a summer, we suddenly got interested in what was going on in that big old ark of a house. We weren't too worried about getting caught. We could outrun that little old man alright. We were only afraid we'd get lost in the house.

It turned out that only three of us dared to enter that sprawling run-down mansion. Jackie, Tom and I sneaked in the kitchen entrance-way. I guess he never used the kitchen because it was all dusty and a mess. I opened one of the doors leading out of the kitchen and found a dark, empty hallway. We started through this hall and nearly jumped out of our skins when a big, heavy whine suddenly started up somewhere in the house.

"Let's go back," blurted Tom in a heavy stage-whisper. But I figured we might as well keep on going. The rest of the gang would call us chicken....

The noise seemed to be coming from upstairs so we proceeded on to the end of the hall. Beckoning ominously was a staircase. Hearts pounding in our mouths, we started up the stairs. They were very squeaky and I expected Frankenstein to come lurching down toward us at any minute.

But he didn't. We got up to the top of the stairs right after the squeaking noise stopped. And I heard somebody moving around pretty close by. We almost left then. Through a dirty cob-webbed window we got a great view of the city. There were all kinds of old things piled up on the landing. Old furniture, books, pictures, and a zillion other things in wooden crates and boxes and trunks all piled up under layers of dust. Jenson must have moved them out of another place years ago by the looks of them.

The door to the nearby room opened. Jackie dropped a book, he was so startled. As the dust rose, Jenson stood there with his hands on his hips. Tom croaked out a feeble hello. I almost laughed.

"What are you kids doing here?" he demanded. I heard Tom's silly answer but was intrigued by the bright light shining from behind the old man. All kinds of gleaming things were in the room behind him.

"And what are you looking for?" asked Jenson of Tom.

"We wanted to tell you we didn't mean to bother you all those times before," I said, suddenly inspired. "I'm awfully interested in science too."

Jenson's blue eyes pierced me as if he hadn't noticed me before.

"Well now...well," he mumbled. He pursed his lips and rubbed the back of his neck.

"We were wondering if you'd let us look at your scientific things," Tom said. Jenson looked back into the room for a minute.

"Well, I guess....," Jenson didn't look mad anymore. "Nobody ever did before..." he said, but I don't know who he said it to. He turned back to the bright room again.

"Come on in," he said briskly. He started into the room. "But don't touch anything, hear?"

I was the first to follow him and Tom and Jackie ventured in a little less confidently. It was a huge room. Maybe it was an old ballroom where they used to dance. Now it was filled . . . right full of all kinds of scientific things like you see in the movies. There weren't any bubbly gases in tubes or lights flashing, but there were lots of electric things. Things like huge electric motors and like transformers on toy train sets hummed and you could feel them humming right up through your feet. And there were lots of dials and meters and switches and wires that ran all over the place. I expected to trip over something anytime.

Old man Jenson was talking to us about what he was trying to do but none of us understood much, I guess. I know I didn't but it was exciting somehow. Out of one window you could see the whole city and the country for miles around. I was working my way through all the stuff so I could get a good look out the window and so maybe some of the kids down in the yard could see me, when I saw a big red switch.

It's handle was as bright as a fire-engine and part of it was shiny and coppery as a brand new penny. Big thick black wires round as a half dollar, and thicker, ran up to the switch from huge motors or something and other ones ran through things and down into a hole cut in the once polished floor. The switch looked like it ached to be pulled, just like a tooth.

"Hey, what's this one colored red for," I asked.

He whirled around quick to see where I was. "Don't go near that!" he hollered. He looked mad again. Jackie and Tom got wide-eyed and froze. And the switch looked bigger and redder.

"Why, what does it do?" I asked. The red switch seemed to fill the world in front of my eyes.

"That switch, mis-used, could destroy the whole world! Do you understand that? Do you?" His face was all pink and he looked real wild as he started across the room toward me. As I put my hand on the switch, he hollered some more.

"It couldn't!" I blurted, and yanked it down real hard.

For a couple of minutes everybody stood awful still and I could feel my heart beating out through my temples. Then the old man made us leave but he didn't even see us hardly. He kept mumbling to himself, real worried like, "What could've gone wrong....."

-30-

mMAILING COMMENTS ON THE 77th FAPA MLG

FA: good, good! And thanks for the 25 pages of credit you gave Torrents #6..but honest, I gotta be honest too, and admit that issue was mailed to only about 45-50 people, and thus it is not a legal fapa postmailing. Boy, am I ever sorry..lookit how many pages I'd have credit for if I could only be so ambitious during a regular mlg. Foo.. # A nicely reprood oo, Ency..and what a stroke of genius that was..folding the oo in half so it'd be easier to find in the mlg. At least, I can appreciate it since I always have trouble hunting for the OO whenever a new mlg arrives. In fact, the OO is the first thing I read, so having it handier to find is a most welcomed treat.

NULL-F 5: Any takers on that mimeo-colum??Tsk, if fapans (or Saps, or subbers or just ANYBODY!) could read my mimeoing, I'd take you up on it. As it is, what good would a column on good mimeoing be in a zine where it couldn't be deciphered due to faded, fuzzy, blank-in-entire-sections mimeoing?? # Good hitchhiking memories by ron ellik. Hawhaw.. lookit that mimeoing, tho. Its faded in spots. Tsk.#Good con reports all the way round.

AAA AAARGH: Noted.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST: Who wants to read a whole zine filled with old fanstuff. I didn't, so I didn't. Merely glanced thru some of the stuff here and there, noticing famous old names, but didn't bother reading a lot of anything. There's nothing staler than yesterday.

SEVEN SONNETS by JACK HARNESSE The "1976" sonnet saved the whole pile from being utterly nothing. None of the others seemed to make much sense..in fact, they were merely a group of fancy-sounding words and phrases woven together resulting in no emotions, no beauty, no sense, only pretty words/phrases. Or is it I just didn't understand the great Cosmic Thots behind them? Whatever the reason, I still maintain that "1976" was the only one with any real emotion, motion, or sense. Its the only one which gave a definite mental image accompanied by the feeling that "this is believable". #Tsk, did I break all your toes...?

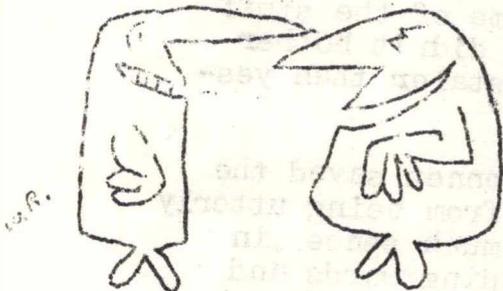
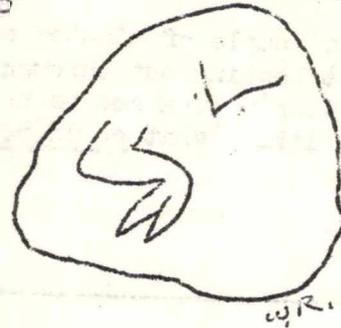
BIRD SMITH #14: Bully for you! (in re your remarks concerning people who vote for themselves in either the taff contest or the laureate poll)

TYKE: An excellent parody of TIME's covers; # What do you mean "Mind now, this is Rosicrucianism"?? How do you know if you've never been one? From what I've heard, seen and read, The Rosicrucians do not publically print their ideas, theories and methods.

No one gets any of those until, as a member, they've progressed far enough to comprehend them. There's also, I believe, a written agreement with each member to the effect that if a member should die during the course, or afterwards, all manuscripts, lessons, etc etc are to be sent back, by the survivors, to the Rosicrucian headquarters in California. And they do NOT practice mass-hypnotism. What they do practice, and perfect, is somewhat on the order of ESP experimenters, mass mental contacts. And I'd hardly call mental contact any form of hypnotism. Did you ever read any of their Digests? These can be subbed to even tho you aren't a member of their organization, and these digests give a fairly good idea of some of their beliefs without going too deeply into those beliefs. For instance, in the January issue there's a rather intriguing announcement, that all members (who have reached one of the higher degrees) are to contact their headquarters at 8pm on a certain date. You'd expect this to mean they were to write letters, phone or cable, but it doesn't. These men and women are to mentally contact headquarters, give their reports briefly, and all this without being there in the physical body. When you consider that there are members from all over the world, you know they can't possibly get their communique to the proper person in such a short time. (I think it was scheduled for the second or third week in the month) For pete's sake, where'd you ever get some of those screwy ideas anyway? Gaahh, rocks, plants and animals are degenerate humans!

Never heard anything so stupid in my life..and so far as I know the Rosicrucians do NOT believe, teach, or practice any such stupid idea, theory. You shouldn't believe anything you hear second-hand (without investigating it yourself), kiddo. I'm not a Rosicrucian, but I do read all I can get on that group, and one thing I found out is they are the decendants of the original group of Essenes. These were NOT a strictly religious group, tho they did have firm

beliefs in their religion. Yet they were also scientists, teachers etc, who had huge universities, hospitals and workable group-communities. I suggest you try to obtain books from their



"I'M VOTING FOR WETZEL AS THE BEST HUMOROUS-FICTIONAL CHARACTER OF THE YEAR ---"



"PERSONALLY, I
THINK WETZEL'S
LIVING DOLL!"

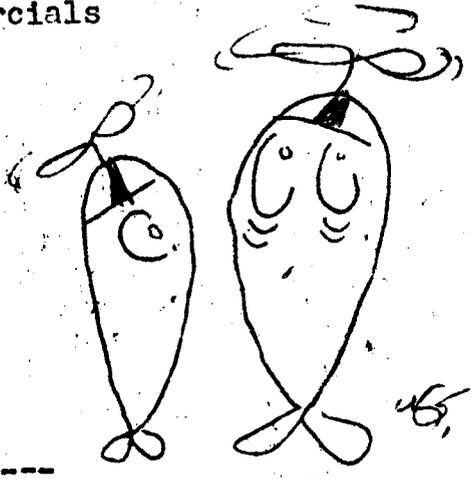
libraries, publishers and distributors,
THEN form your own opinions about their
theories. For instance..the best books
are written by H . Spencer Lewis. Try
to get his works if you can..they're
reasonably priced..between 2 and 3 \$.
For instance: His "Self Mastery and Fate",
"Mansions of the Soul", "Rosicrucian
Manual", "A thousand years of yesterdays",
"Rosicrucian Principles for the Home and
Business", "The mystican life of Jesus"
(This one in particular, describes the
lives, living, theories, and education
of those years..and those peoples),
"The secret doctrines of Jesus" "Rosicrucian
Questions and answers with complete
history of the order". The prices and
address of publishers will be listed
elsewhere in this issue of Torrents. Tsk,

who knows..I might even be able to work out a fairly long
article about all this and help fill up the pages of thish.

ONE/FOURTEEN: At least I THINK this was in the last mlg..
my fapa mlg's got kind of scrambled and even
tho I tried to sort them out into their proper mlg bundles I'm
not so sure I got all of them where they belong. Especially
the fapazines which don't list the mlg number. Ovi; what a
mix-up. I keep thinking I've already reviewed 1/14, but don't
know if that's due to reviewing it in saps or wot. A n en-
joyable conreport nonetheless,

THE COOGAZETTE (Lechs): Wonderful cover! And that bullfighter
illo is nice too..you get that from
one of the arena pamphlets? #Tsk, you mean NY has those all-
day movies on tv too? You should see channel 6 from Philly...
from noon till nigh onto 6pm every saturday and sunday they
have a continous run of old movies. And I do mean OLD.
There's only one draw-back..the commercials
are longer than the movies.

FANTASY PRESS: Interesting, but be
darned if I can
think of anything to talk about.
I must be more empty-headed than
usual today. Think I'll go read a
book or something instead of sitting
here in front of this monster (hey..
I mean my typer..not PP!) trying to
think of something to say. I shall.



WHO'S TRYIN TO GIT INSIDE MAH HAID???:

THE ROSICRUCIAN LIBRARY

(All books can be obtained from the Rosicrucian Supply Bureau, San Jose, California)

Herewith follows a list of the books dealing with their theories, history, and organization. Besides the titles and authors, is listed the price, plus a brief summary of the contents.)

ROSICRUCIAN QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS WITH COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE ORDER: by H. Spencer Lewis. Price, postpaid, 2.85

This volume contains the first complete, authentic history of the order from ancient times to the present day. The history is divided into 2 sections: one dealing with the traditional facts, and the other dealing with the established historical facts. Deals with the questions about the history, work, teachings, benefits, and purposes of the fraternity.

ROSICRUCIAN PRINCIPLES FOR THE HOME AND BUSINESS: By H. Spencer Lewis, price, postpaid, 2.95.

This volume contains such principles of practical Rosicrucian teachings as are applicable to the solution of everyday problems of life, in business and in the home.

THE MYSTICAL LIFE OF JESUS, by H. Spencer Lewis, price, postpaid is 2.95.

This book was in preparation for a number of years, and required a visit to Palestine and Egypt to secure a verification of the facts contained in the ancient Rosicrucian and Essene records. It's an account of the birth, youth, early manhood and later periods of his life. (for instance: Jesus .. whose name was Joseph (Jesus is, according to the ancient records, not his name, but a classification of the order of knowledge, training and enlightenment he achieved)), did not simply blossom forth from a semi-educated child into a god. He was given every possible training to prepare him for the set task he was later to perform. This included traveling to the centers of higher learning.. in Egypt, Greece and other eastern centers. He not only studied the teachings of his own people (the Essenes) but had to study and conquer all other major concepts such as Buddhism, Hinduism and Mohammedism. He was tutored by the greatest thinkers of his time. He, after learning, had to serve a period of apprenticeship. Then, had to undergo initiation to prove he could put to practical use all he had been taught. After his arrest instead of dying on a cross as modern religion claims, he was taken from the cross before he died, taken to one of the Essene caves and there put to use what he had practiced on others.. making his body regain its strength and power by his own determination, will-power(?) and knowledge of the laws involved in such work. He, according to these records,

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lived to be over 70 years old. After being taken from the cross, after healing his own body, he was taken to the monastery of Mt. Carmel where he lived for the rest of his life as a teacher of the students in that center of learning. He gave lectures once a week, in his later years, but aside from that, was rather withdrawn from the activities of the school. He did, however, counsel, and instruct, the teachers of the school. According to these records, Jesus did not die on the cross. What did occur was the withdrawal of that special life force (or god force, whatever you may call it) which was much more highly developed than that of Jesus himself. Its work had been accomplished (it needed a physical human body to do its work, thus Jesus's was chosen; Jesus in turn had to prepare to accept it, work for it, and try to explain it), and so it returned to its source, leaving the man Jesus on earth in place of the man/god creature it had been for those years of studying and traveling and teaching.

THE SECRET DOCTRINES OF JESUS..H. Spencer Lewis, price, post-paid is 2.95

(I haven't read this one, so all I can give you are the facts stated in the book-list, which are:) Do you know that from 325 A.D. until 1870 ad, twenty ecclesiastical or church meetings were held, in which man alone decided upon the context of the bible? Self-appointed judges in the four Lateran Councils expurgated and changed the writings to please themselves. And so on.

A THOUSAND YEARS OF YESTERDAYS (by Lewis) price: PP. 1.90

This deals with reincarnation

ROSICRUCIAN MANUAL (Lewis): 3.10, postpaid.

This contains a complete outline and explanation of all the customs, habits, and terminology of AMORC, outline of the subjects taught (which include the sciences, wonder of wonders) dictionary of terms. Contains also, biographical sketches of important individuals connected with the work.

MANSIONS OF THE SOUL (Lewis): 3.00 postpaid, Reincarnation.

THE BOOK OF JASH ER (price: 2.95 pp) .. being the book that is often mentioned in the bible, but the one not included in it. (I haven't read this one either, so don't know anything about it)

MENTAL POISONING (Lewis) .. price, 2.15 pp. Haven't read this either..

THE SANCTUARY OF SELF (by Ralph m. Lewis) .. 2.10 pp.

SEPHER YEZIRAH (By: Dr. Isidor Kalisch, translator) 1.40 pp. Concerns the study of the Kabala

SON OF THE SUN (by Savitri Devi) 2.95 pp. Is the story of Amenhotep IV.

" I do not believe in the creed professed by the Jewish church, by the Roman church, by the Greek church, by the Turkish church, by the Protestant church, nor by any church that I know of. My own mind is my own church. All national institutions of churches, whether Jewish, Christian or Turkish, appear to me no other than human inventions, set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize power and profit."

The preceding paragraph is from AGE OF REASON written by one of the great minds behind this country's declaration of independence. If you haven't read this highly intriguing book, then by all means do so. It can't harm you, but by heaven it can shake you from your bootstraps; The price is only 1.50 and you can get a copy from:

Liberty books
370 West 35th St.
New York 1, New York

Two other books I'm currently reading are Joseph Lewis' "The Tyranny of God" and a book of his lectures titled "Atheism and other addresses". Both can be obtained from the Freethought Press Association in New York. Price of the first is 1.00, and the second is 1.50. Bill Danner, you'd have the time of your life with these 3 books! They're a bunch of the most exciting and enlightening books I've ever read, tho I rather imagine Gem would fly into a perfect tizzy reading them. (By the way, liberty books and freethought press both have the same address in new york. forgot to mention that ..)

.....

January 22, 1957: Enough of this list of books. 'Tis almost time to get this zine mimeoed and sent to Eney, so without further ado I'll jump back into the reviewing of the last mailing. This is going to be mixed up since I know I've misplaced about half of that mlg. Owell, I'll jabber away about (to?) those zines which I did find. Before I do, tho, I want to publically tell mr wetzel to keep his cottonpickin sloppy "zines" out of box 31. I got a copy of that sleazy Conservative thing the other week and had the misfortune to read it. To make matters worse, I recieved that thing at suppertime and read it whilst eating. Read half of it whilst eating, I should say, for after going thru the second page my stomach started an upheaval and I had to stop rolling my eyeballs down those pages till after my meal. The only reason I did bother reading it was because of the many mentions to it that reached my ears.. that ~~the~~ and the knowledge of wetzel trying to get in fapa. And those letters of his in gem's zine sometime back whetted my appetite, so I had to read the Holy Scriptures direct from his honor's own little brain and patties. Jeezzzzzz.....!!! If this character wasn't so pitiful he'd be laughable. I was in a dilaminoodle about how to accept that zine..till I conquered my indecision by laughing till tears rolled down my face.

Hmmm..come to think of it,I think I'll omit any more mlg reviews. Got to get this issue off to eney by this weekend ..besides,I'm not sure I'll have enough mimeo paper to make thisish any larger than 10 or 11 pages. Oops..just thot of something..I have a couple mpre of those delicious JeanYoung cartoonaritters and I,d hate to have to wait till the next issue to mimeo them, so I think I ll get another ream of paper and run off a couple extra pages of this zine. H ey there,Jean! Greater love hath no faned,huh?

7:30 PM,same date: took time out to do the supper dishes and then read my mail which mom had picked up from the po box on her way home from shopping.

5.4.
"Oh, I just feel fiehdish sometimes."

Got your letter tonight,Jean, and it checkes! At least a big part of it does..I m talking about oure sp experiments(this is for the enlightenment of fellow fapans,youall.) Tsk, what the heck an I saying all this here for?I'll probably be writing to you tomorrow,Jean. This is one of the hazards of onstencil typing..I just ramble on and on about anything that pops into my head. Ovell..

GEMZINE: As a writer, as a feuder and as a fapan you're alright Gen, but yegods, as a poetess! Yoicks,NO! Thanks for the words of comment on T6. # Wh at an obnoxious statement.. "The catholci church has already doen all the thinking--all it expects is for its members to obey its teachings." May I be so bold as to ask HOW can anyone honestly obey(wholeheartedly) that which he/she doesn't understand..or that which they do not try to figure out and grasp at least a partial meaning of? And what could be more pompous than an assertion from a bunch of berobed,unnatural men that they, and they alone, have figured out what truth is, what god is, what his laws are, etcetc..What an utterly disgusting point of view that is. And by unnatural, I meant the unnatural mental attitude which will most probably prevail due to a hinderance or a complete absence from the normal human actions of living...and I include love, sex,understanding, the raising of a family and the ability to earn one's own living without preying on the fears and supersticions of your fellow humans. And just WHERE and HOW did these self-righteous pompous old men get their special understanding of religion,god,and life? By revelations? But what are revelations? A revelation myst come to ALL to be a revelation..if it comes(supposedly) to one man then it is not revelation,except for that one man. When he repeats his "revelation" to another,that revelation becomes hercsay.

While reading Dutch Ellis' letter in GT; most especially the section about Paul and Jesus, I couldn't help thinking.. Nobody really does know if Jesus existed (unless we can accept as concrete proof the old records found in the old Essene caves). There are words attributed to him by others, but do we have one single little words written BY Jesus himself? Or anything written by Mary and Joseph? Why, since Jesus was a literate man, did he not set forth his ideas and laws upon something more reliable than man's memory? This I could never understand. Or DID he, and those records were taken from mankind because they perhaps went against what ideas and fears religionists were striving to shove down the throats of humanity? Tsk, or is this another Supernatural Mystery?

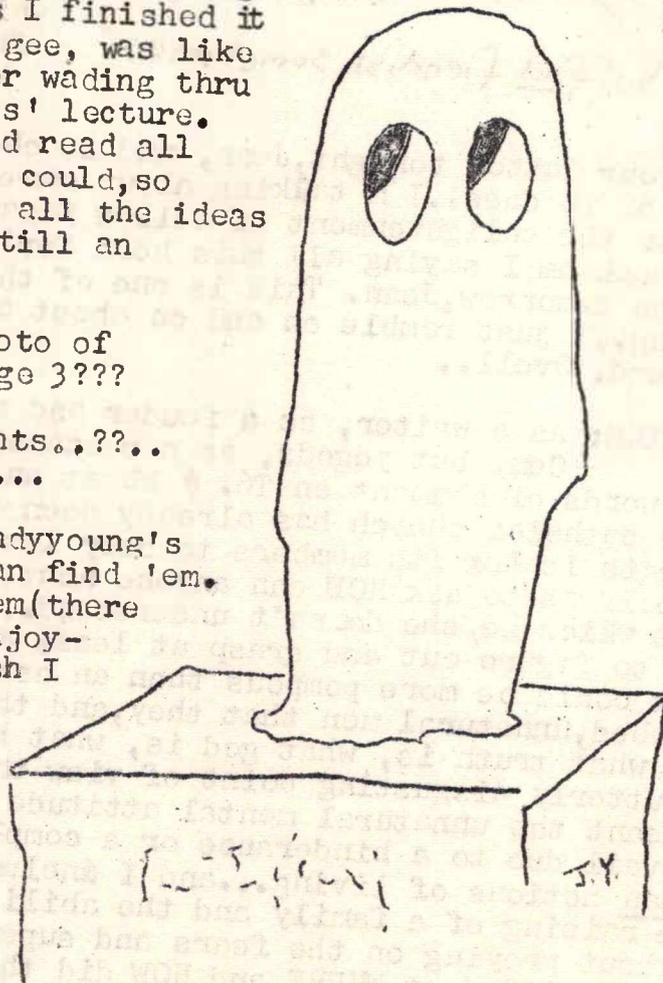
Same day..700PM: Just took time out to run off the preceeding pages, and see that I've omitted the author of Age of Reason in the book section. Thomas Paine wrote it in case some of you didn't know. I've also taken time out to read the entire book of lectures by Joseph Lewis. That's a rather difficult book to digest, mainly because his ideas are rather alien to my own. Its a depressing sort of book, too..but as soon as I finished it I grabbed Paine's book and gee, was like a breath of spring air after wading thru all the foggy smoke of Lewis' lecture. Owell, I promised myself I'd read all the different view points I could, so even tho I don't agree with all the ideas set forth by Lewis, it was still an experience reading them.

THE TRUE FAN: Is that a photo of Wetzal on page 3???

SPELLER: Nice cover. Contents..??.. Steller is better...

...and then there were J&andyyoung's aines only be darned if I can find 'em. Owell..I remember reading th em (there was 3, wasn't there??) and enjoy-ing 'em, and boy do I ever wish I had them now. Drat it, I'll probably find them after I finish stenciling this zine. Sorry, Jean..next time I'll keep all the mlg together and won't have this confused mix-up .

Haw, now I can't even find the FA. Which means I'll end all mlg comments right here since I can't be sure which zines were in the 77th mlg.

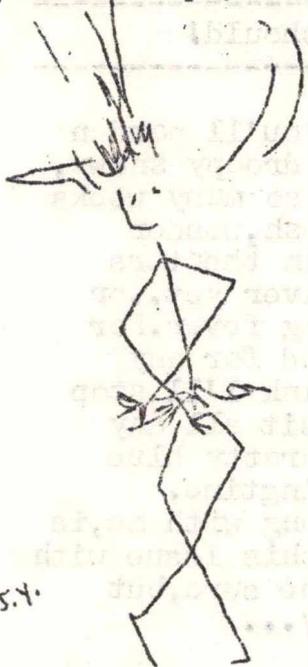


"But I don't like being a statue in winter."

Well lookit here! I found a zine I know belongs to the last mlg..the postmailed SAMBO. My, wot a sedate, artistic-type cover! # Enjoyed the Bradbury articles by Sal Moskowitz, muchly. # Nearly had hysterics over that Lone Ranger gag. Tsk, what sportsmanship Tonto displayed.

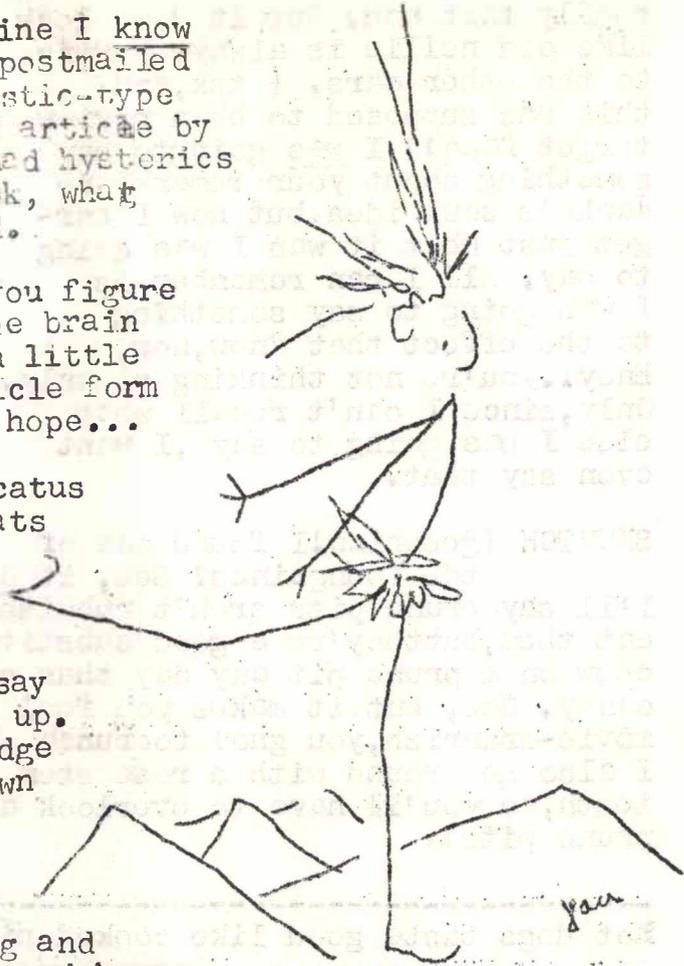
Hey there, Eney. Boy OE.. did you figure out what those ct areas of the brain were? Or are you gonna wait a little while and write it up in article form for Torrents? I hope I hope I hope...

TARGET FAPA: Dig that crazy catus cover! # But whats wrong with driving whilst the windows are down even in subzero weather? Its real bracing..tho you got a point there when you ~~say~~ say cold weather hardly peeps you up. Tsk, in dad's rickety ole dodge you gotta let the windows down so's you can shake and have your teeth chatter so much you don't pay any attention

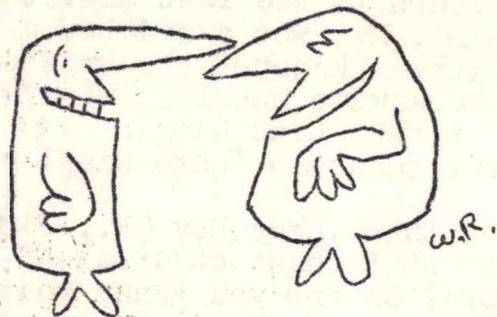


to the bouncing and jarring and bone-shattering shock-less rear end of the car. Boy, you haven't lived till you've ridden with my dad when he clips off the miles at 60 per on old back roads which ain't hardly roads anymore. Especially since our old dodge doesn't have any shocks under the rear end. We got heavy-duty springs there (we couldnt get shocks on because the doohickey was broken off) so dad put heavy duty springs in to keep the car off the axel. The two main draw backs to this is the teeth jarring sensation you get whenever you hit even a tiny hole in the road, and the rather startling experience of riding in a car that has a rear end that's higher than the front end. Tsk, owell we could always tell which car

is ours if it was mixed in with a 1000 other '49 black dodes. Foo, we like to live dangerously and differently. Dad's finally thinking of getting a newer car this summer, tho..and we saw a real lovely colored sh evvy the other day..its a new color (I think. at least I've never seen it before)..a color called "dusty pearl"..a sort of soft orchid greyish color. Doesn't sound pretty..but it is. Hope dad doesn't get it tho..I kinda like the idea of watching the front wheels while sitting in the backs eat. Naw, I'm joking, for it isn't



really that bad. But it does look like old nellie is always bowing to the other cars. (tsk, and this was supposed to be a review of target fapa!) I was going to say something about your remarks re Janke's soul idea, but now I forget just what it was I was going to say. All I can remember is I was going to say something to the effect that "now, now, Eney..you're not thinking clearly.." Only, since I can't recall what else I was going to say, I wont even say that.



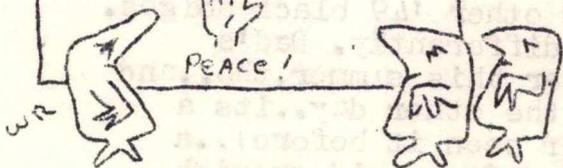
"IMAGINE meeting
you on this page!..."

SKWUTCH (gecwhizz! I found one of the Youngzines! See, it does pay to persevere.) I'll say prune pits aren't rubbish..not only do chipmonks eat them, but they're a good substitute for candy. I'd rather chew on a prune pit any day than chomp on gooey sweet candy. Gee, but it makes you feel earthy (so Italian-movie-starrish, you gno) to crunch on prune pits. (but then, I also go around with a rose stem clenched between my teeth, so you ~~will~~ have to overlook all this mad chatter about prune pits).

hot dogs taste good like cooked pig bladders should!

...Its now 1pm and the sun's still shining! You'll pardon me if I scream in wonderment...we've had such droopy snowy, rainy, cloudy, and cold weather around here for so many weeks I get kinda hysterical when I see sunshine. Gosh, wonder if the tulips are up yet... or if the drive in theaters are opened, ...or if the ice is broken on the river yet...or if...and onandonandonandon...I must have spring fever. For the past 2 days I've been keeping an eye peeled for any signs of green grass and singing robins. I think I'll stop stenciling, finish the mimeing, and then just sit all day long and stare at that pretty blue sky and pretend its springtime.

There's nothing much wrong with me, is there? #Think I'll end this issue with a joke..an old one to be sure, but I still think its funny...



Oops..don't have room here for it, so I 'll have to start a whole new page. Nertz, and I'd hoped to get the zine mimeed today.

BIG JOKE: At a dinner where both a priest and a rabbi were present, the following conversation took place:



priest: Max, is it true, th at your religious scruples prohibit you from eating ham?

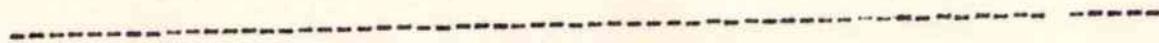
rabbi: Yes Mike, it is true. We do not eat ham.

priest: It's too bad Max; its delicious. You should try it sometime.

rabbi: Mike, is it true that your religious scruples prohibit you from marrying and from enjoying the sexual embrace of the woman you love?

priest: Yes Max, it is true. We are not permitted to marry.

rabbi: It's too bad, Mike. You should try it sometime. It is MUCH better than ham.



Now what do I do? I've got the joke on stencil and can't think of anything else to say. I did have a tiny pome I wrote especially for mr wetzel, Boy Crusæder, but I'd better not use it. Oh, and it was a dilly, too..one of the best, amsopomes I ever wrote. Too bad I'm such a coward or I'd print it. (this is all merely an excuse..I can't think of a last line for the pome; if I could end that pome I'd have no scruples about using it. None whatsoever.)

I have a red flannel fetish

and he does too. you should see the xmas cards he sent out.

This is IT! I refuse to sit here trying to strain my brain, and wasting your time and mine with idle chitchat. See you next mlg. I hope.



..nancy

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THE FIRST OF THESE IS A SIMPLE ONE
AND WILL BE FOUND IN THE FOLLOWING
CHAPTERS OF THIS BOOK.

CHAPTER I. THE FIRST OF THESE IS A
SIMPLE ONE AND WILL BE FOUND IN THE
FOLLOWING CHAPTERS OF THIS BOOK.

CHAPTER II. THE SECOND OF THESE IS A
SIMPLE ONE AND WILL BE FOUND IN THE
FOLLOWING CHAPTERS OF THIS BOOK.

CHAPTER III. THE THIRD OF THESE IS A
SIMPLE ONE AND WILL BE FOUND IN THE
FOLLOWING CHAPTERS OF THIS BOOK.

CHAPTER IV. THE FOURTH OF THESE IS A
SIMPLE ONE AND WILL BE FOUND IN THE
FOLLOWING CHAPTERS OF THIS BOOK.

I have a few things to say to you.

CHAPTER V. THE FIFTH OF THESE IS A
SIMPLE ONE AND WILL BE FOUND IN THE
FOLLOWING CHAPTERS OF THIS BOOK.

CHAPTER VI. THE SIXTH OF THESE IS A
SIMPLE ONE AND WILL BE FOUND IN THE
FOLLOWING CHAPTERS OF THIS BOOK.

