

WATLING STREET

NUMBER EIGHT



" I USE 'HALO' SHAMPOO —
IT LEAVES MY BIG, BUSHY
TAIL 'SQUEAKY' CLEAN! "

WATLING STREET



Issue number eight, April 1961, for the 55th mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society. Published by Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California. The front cover this issue is by Bjo, the rear one by Dick Bergeron. Interior illustrations by Bjo (4), Dave English (8), Jack Harness (10), Ray Nelson (2), William Rotsler (1, 3, 5, 6, 9), and Steve Stiles (7). We need more artwork for further issues. We're also in the market for lettering guides at a reduced price. Have you any? This is Silverdrum Publication #30.

The right to skip mailings is the right to be dropped.

THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OL' TARN TONIGHT

ARE YOU TOO LATE OR WAS I TOO EARLY

As should be obvious from the truncated size of this particular issue, something is very much amiss. Well, the truth of the matter is that these golden words are being set into purple print back in December of 1960 for your reading displeasure in April 1961. Worse, there are no mailing comments, none at all, to be found in sight. What has brought about this sad state of affairs?

The simple truth is that during the time after the arrival of the January mailing, I shall have no time available to prepare a contribution of the nature to which you are accustomed to read from me in each mailing. The mailing itself will arrive in the midst of finals (horrid word, finals) and thereafter I expect to be busybusy-busy with all manner of things. I suppose I could, by squeezing it in over various weekends, get together a zine of some sort. But it would not be the sort of magazine I'd like to see in a SAPS mailing. It would be chaotic, disorganized, poorly reproduced, sparsely illustrated, and would have only two staples. In other words, it would be just the sort of magazine that deadline-squeezers would contribute to a SAPS mailing. Look around you: there must be a few prime examples in this mailing.

This is the first time that my SAPSzines have shown signs of being affected by the college rush. I'm afraid it won't be the last. As I said back when this magazine was known under another title, April is the most difficult month for me to make the mailing. In fact, if I weren't doing this right now during the Xmas vacation, I probably wouldn't have done anything for the April mailing at all. However, my SAPSish pride prevailed and reason (or lack of it) said emphatically that missing a mailing after hitting seven of them in a row was a ridiculous thing to do. So here I am.



The next issue will be the second anniversary, presumptuous as that may seem for a quarterly magazine. I hope to have full mailing comments on the April mailing as well as a potpourri of the most interesting subjects in the January mailing. Since I will have some time before the mailing, after school lets out, I ought to be able to make good my plans. I would also like to run some outside material by other SAPS members in that issue. Stuff for the SAPShistory Corner is faunched for, as is SAPSish and normal fiction, and articles of divers nature. And if you'll put them on master yourself, I'll be even happier.

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THUS I REFUTE BEELZY

In my never-ending attempt to find out what's going on in this world outside of the vital events reported in FANAC, I find myself reading the daily paper now and then. It may come as a surprise to some more insular fannish characters, but people in The Real World Out There have feuds too. Only instead of shooting plonks and verbal parbs at each other, they go about it in much more spectacular and destructive a way. I understand that Premier Khrushchev has a plonker gun with hydrogen warhead plonks. Doubtless President Kennedy has one too, but that is neither here nor there. It is also not the reason for undertaking this subtitle.

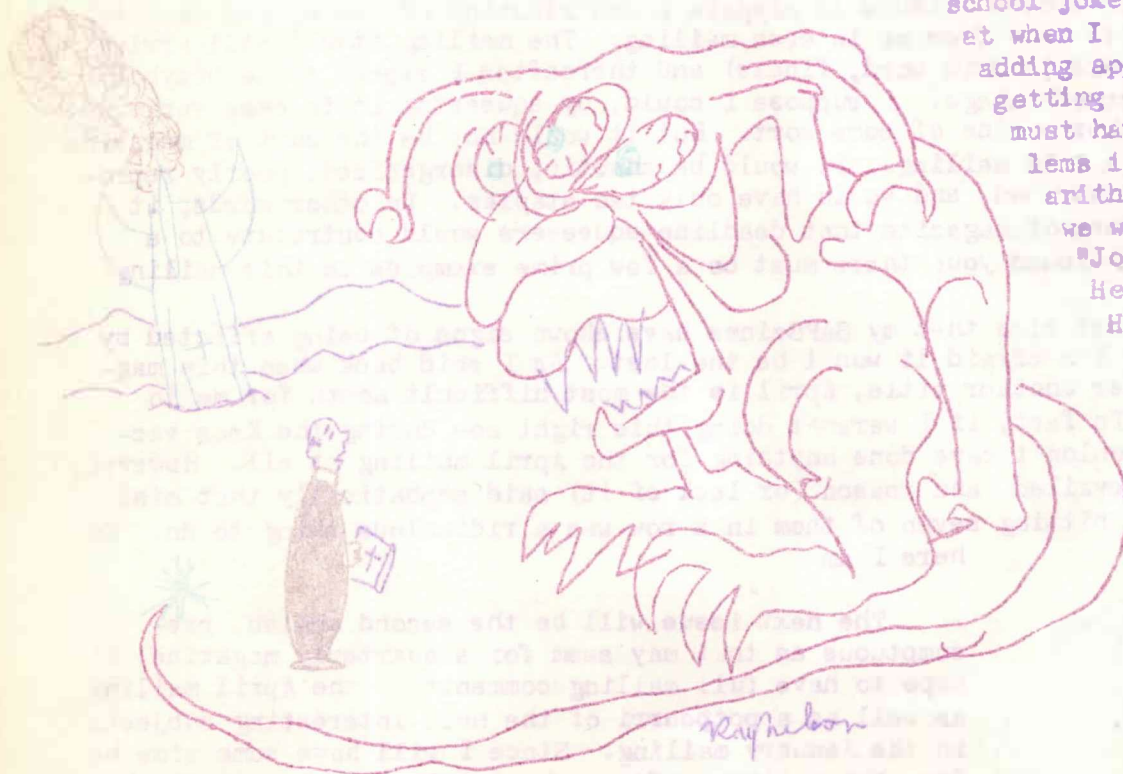
There is an education column in one of the papers we get. No, that isn't a typo for "educational"—I mean this column discusses the latest developments in educational practices. Like what kind of blocks our pre-schoolers are playing with this year. They discuss more advanced stuff than that, too. For instance, a recent column dealt with the way children in the primary grades are being taught arithmetic these days. According to the columnist, they are being given a sampling of algebra (real big word there, bwah; impressive Scientist stuff, you know) in grammar school. They "are being taught the nature of unknown quantities" and like that.

This, I submit, is a lot of nonsense. Why, I haven't been in second grade for nearly a dozen years, but when I was taught how to add and subtract, I learned it through "algebra" too. I'll bet all of you have. The algebra to which this columnist refers is the old business of adding apples to apples and getting more apples.

Or, to use the old grammar school joke we used to laugh at when I was in grade school, adding apples to bananas and getting fruit salad. There must have been endless problems in our beginning arithmetic books wherein we were asked stuff like: "John has four apples. He gives two to Mary. How many apples does John have left now?"

This is Old Stuff, yet it is being touted by our educators as if it was New Hot Stuff. How stupid do they think we are? Do they think we have forgotten what we learned in school? (I've not forgotten the answer to problems like the above at any rate.) It seems to me that

Madison Avenue writing has invaded the realm of the three R's, and this is bad. However, since education seems to be out of the hands of the people these days, there is apparently little to be done about it.



DO YOU WANNA BE SAVED?

However, there is a bright side to the picture, dismal as it may seem from the viewpoint of the parent (or parent-to-be). Teachers, bless their hearts, are not too inclined in most cases to follow the dictates of the Board of Education. For instance, I was taught to read by the phonetics system in the state of Ohio nearly 30 years after the progressive education mob had made it sound as if all the schools taught was the sight method. And in high school I ran across a considerable number of teachers who taught by their own methods, and effectively so.

But this talk of algebra in grade school. It bugs me.

FALLEN STAR

After a concentrated reading of HABAkkUK #5, it came somewhat as a relief to read my way through the paperback edition of Huxley's Brave New World Revisited. (Bantam #2124--50¢) Huxley, who wrote the book that has been banned by so many narrow-minded educators the country wide, writes interestingly and to the point. Why, it's even possible to agree with his viewpoints. I shan't quote an instance or two here, because it would be a waste of time.

One thing came to the fore when I was reading this book, however. As a matter of fact, it became obvious when I was in the process of purchasing the book. This is that the price of paperback books from popular publishers is getting entirely out of hand. This book, a slim 116-page volume with type not much smaller than this elite typewriting, cost a whopping 50¢. This was totally outrageous. Why, a 116-page book wouldn't be worth 50¢ even if it were a special edition of the New Lady's Tickler.

Apparently the publishers of these pocket-size books have revamped their thinking along the lines of how much to charge for a given volume. Where their prices used to go directly with the size of the book, now they seem to follow the size of the author's Big Name. Huxley is a Big Big Big Name, there is no denying that. So 116 pages of him costs the hapless reader 50¢, unless he chooses to paw through endless stacks of dusty volumes in a used book outlet. (Something which I used to do all the time, but for which I have neither time nor patience these days, for the most part.)

There have been three separate editions of Huxley's Brave New World put out by the Bantam people. The first of these was in their old short format, and cost I believe 25¢ (it may have been 35¢, but I doubt it). Several years later the pages were reset and a new edition in the now standard tall format appeared. This sold for 35¢ probably only because almost all books except westerns sold for 35¢ by that time. I purchased a copy of that edition the first time I read the book. The Bantam publishers, in a drive to give their books Snob Appeal, started their Classics series. The first book to come out in the series was another edition of Brave New World. This one had a new, more austere and arty cover and also sold for 35¢. However, about this time Bantam must have decided to revamp their prices along the lines they now follow, that of Big Name Author appeal, and this 35¢ Classics edition was withdrawn in favor of a nearly identical version. This version was exactly like the 35¢ edition except for one minor, yet very important, thing. Where the pricetag had formerly been 35¢, it was now 50¢.





It is amusing to note that science-fiction, our favorite literature-child, doesn't seem to fall under this brutal new form of price-setting. Science-fiction paperbacks remain at their usual price of 35¢ each. All in all, even this 35¢ tariff for stf seems a bit high to me. Using the publishers' reasoning. I must say that stf is pure crud and should be given away gratis. In fact, it's so terrible that they ought to pay me for the service of taking it away from them.

LITTLE MEMENTO

Local television scored another first of a sorts the other night. You've all been exposed, I presume, to the jokes about old movies shown on the little screen. Well, one of the local stations one-upped this long-running joke by showing the very first sound movie ever made, "Jazz Singer" starring Al Jolson.

The plotline in "Jazz Singer" is rather a simple one. Cantor's Son would rather sing jazz than Hebrew songs at the synagogue. His father (the Cantor himself) catches him singing rag-time songs at a saloon and beats him thoroughly when he gets home. Son runs away from home and gets into the jazz singing business. Finally works his way to Broadway. Before the show begins he pays a visit to his parents and is met enthusiastically by his mother, to whom he pro-

mises all sorts of exciting things (move to the Bronx, trip to Coney Island, new dresses, &c), but when the Cantor catches him showing his mother how he sings jazzy songs he says something like "Get out of my house, jazz singer!" (in a tone of voice much like mundane people today would tell a beatnik to get out). Soon after son leaves the Cantor gets very ill. Friend of Cantor goes to theatre where son is going to be appearing and asks him please to sing at the synagogue, because the sound of his voice would work miracles for Cantor. However, the date for singing at the synagogue and the opening night of the performance coincide with each other. Much indelision. Mother cries. Son balks. Finally gives in, and so on to a happy ending, except that during the middle of the singing at the synagogue the Cantor dies (evidently he doesn't like Jolson's singing).

(Of Cultism interest: during the program, the channel announced a lucky number for some contest or other. 'Twas 69, naturally.)

Anyway, it was all very interesting and amusing, and one of these days I hope they dig out "The Great Train Robbery" and one-up themselves again.

THE CHASER

There may be more from me later on in this zine, but now I shut up and present something which may prove to be of great interest.

--Bob Lichtman

(Ed's Note: Herewith a selection from the letters of various college-going fans. These are being reprinted entirely without permission and consequently may not have the good parts left in. It all depends on how I feel when I get to those parts....)

First up is stuff from Calvin Warren "Biff Dannon" ...

There are a bunch of sidewalks here. Most of them were made by a man in 1921. He stamped his name on them with some kinduvva stamp. Too bad he was never a caterer. His name was Forni. His company could have been called Forni Caterers.

You crummy dirty-minded clod! You would have to have a pretty crude mind to make anything out of that paragraph, and you know that darned well! So don't gimme no static about it. You would be laughed out of any law court with that case. Lockit all the evidence they hadda scrape up on Oscar Wilde. So don't go around accusing nobody on such flimsy grounds, or we'll get you good! The entire legal staff of Brimstone Productions is at this very moment working feverishly on your letter, and we are bound to come up with something, if only libel! So enough said!

Very glad to hear that Cafe (must be some significance in that typo) Carol Samsa is unchanged except for the better. However, I am sure that my present mental image of her would not conform to the real girl. I have some kinduvva tendency to idealize girls when I am far away from them. But I can also remember that on several occasions Carol Samsa looked pretty bad (even when she looked bad she was pretty).

I filed my study list today, after finding out that if I didn't do same today before five I would get the 10¢ shaft. So I whipped over to my advisor, whom I hadn't seen before, and asked him to sign the thing. He just about hit the ceiling, for some unknown reason. Seems that I was supposed to see the clod last week. He was really ticked off! He asked me what I was going to major in, and I told him English, and he said, "If you keep this up you won't get anywhere in that department! That is a hard thing and you are already showing lack of responsibility! etc!" and all like that. But he calmed down when he found out that I had all my classes already and everything was okay. But anyway, all the red tape of the University has passed me by at last, at least for one semester. This is good. I am sick of standing in lines all of my life. Today I stood in lines for about one hour. This is a waste of my precious time.

Jerry and Ronnie and I went to a movie the other night. It was a very good movie. It was a Marilyn Monroe movie. Marilyn Monroe is very good. Marilyn Monroe movies, therefore, are very good. This one was called "Let's Make Love." Perhaps you have heard of or even seen this good ol' movie. Marilyn Monroe does some neat stuff in this movie. Namely, she walks and talks.

I have been reading "The Lottery" by Shirley Jackson. It is a neat, funny, scary book. There is a funny thing in there about Macy's, N.Y. There is also some real scary stuff. These two things combined together make it a funny, scary book. It was a startling surprise shock to me to find out that Shirley Jackson could write scary stuff. I knew she could write humourous funny joke stories. But not about witches and like that. No, no.

I don't know why I am writing to you again, except for the fact of my boosted ego since your letter of the 7th (which I got today) addressed to me and me alone! Boy, was Knight ever lousy with jealousy?! No. But I was glad to receive it, anyway. Be-



cause you are such a neat kid. That is, I believe, what you call egoboo. It is the only egoboo you will be getting from me in this letter, which promises to be rather short.

Heh! You think this girl doesn't like me? She sent COOKIES! And many letters! Doesn't that prove something? Isn't that the real egoboo? You bet it's the real egoboo. There is, however, one minor detail. Namely, when I return home, and this girl sees me revealed in my true splendour, not as a witty and clever correspondent, but as a fat slob, she will probably drop me like a hot potato, and take her cookies back, to boot. This is what I fear. In fact, this is what I do well know, since she never paid any attention to me when I was There, and now that I am Here, and sent her only one tiny letter, she is all hot about me. You see, we used to be friends, but lately, from her letters, I gather that she gathers that there is more to be gathered, Plato, than is dreamt of in your philosophy.

I would tell you her name, only that would spoil all the fun, because you prolly know full well who she is. However, that also means that you know full well how sharp she loox. But I will stick to my former decision, and keep you in the dark. And if you are wondering how it all started, we used to play baseball together in the fourth grade, that's how.

I am very sorry that I haven't written lately, but I have been busy writing to Sandy Sell. She is sexier than thou.

And in re: your proposal that KIOB, *SKOAN*, and your thing be combined in One Grand Volume over Thanksgiving. Gee, Bob, it's going to be hard stuff explaining this, but no thanks, from me. You see, *SKOAN* is widely circulated at my home church, is posted on the bulletin board in the College Department of said church (I am taking steps to correct that right now), and is therefore subject to censorship. I have,

you will notice, refrained from even simple swearing like HELL! and DAMN!, let alone compound swearing and like that. And I have carefully avoided all references to Sex, Booze, or Communism that would make said Dread Diseases seem okay, even just a little. I have even refrained from mentioning my period (curb your mind) of pipe smoking, which has since passed. It passed because I got a good look at myself in the mirror with a pipe in my mouth. Fat faces and pipes don't go. But that is neither here nor there. You can see that I have to Patch It. Many people wouldn't understand the strange code of ethics that permits me to believe in Christianity and Girls at the same time. So nice!

It has been raining like hell (boy, that felt good: sort of—you should hear my theories on this, also, for they are Way Out In Left Field) around here lately.

The above paragraph stands alone, and conveys far more thought than I could convey in any other manner.

-oOo-

Now we stop the Demmon-quoting, and start wrenching stuff from the letters of Jerry Knight, who shares the Brimstone Pad with Demmon up there in Berkeley ...

Greetings from the land of the living dead. Yesterday was preregistration day in this land of the almighty Seaborg (hallowed be his name) and the almighty shaft was ours. But reading your miserable missive has brought the eternal hope springing back to our fevered brows. The sweat was in English 1A. For four hours (7 to 11) we stood in the line, and when we were ten feet from the door of the auditorium a nice man came out and told us all (about a thousand or so students) that registration for English 1A was closed. He was greeted by a very loud chorus of boos. Very loud. I was right in there with them. So consequently, as a result of standing in the line for four hours,



French 2 was closed out and I had to be put on a waiting list for a (guess what) 12:00 M class. So. Math 1A I got without difficulty, but Zoology 10, a snappy course I had been planning to take to fulfill some requirements, was all filled. We went back to the English office to try to get into Eng 1A on re-registration, and finally succeeded after about 2½ more hours of line-standing. I will be taking Geography with Ron Larsen, for lack of anything better to do. I will be carrying 16 units. Ha.

English class is going to be a blast and a half, I think. We have a neat professor (oh, and by the way, Cal and I are in the same Eng 1A section) newly arrived from England. He reminds me of no one more than the Mad Hatter of Alice-in-Wonderland fame. He acts all disorganized, but I suspect that this is a big coverup; some of the things he has said lead me to believe that he is really pretty sharp. Yesterday he gave us about 40 minutes to write a couple of 150-200 word things on. The first was to begin with the sentence: It was Sunday, September 18, 1960... The second was to end with: Hence the citizens were wild with excitement.

Back to the sweat of the fields. Back to the raging professors. Write soon, as I know you will. I am going to soak my head in neat's foot oil. I understand that improves the durability.

Last week, the week of the "big" game, some UCLA men may or may not have come up here. After putting the miserable KIOB to bed, both of us went to bed because we were very tired, although on Fridays we usually don't get to bed until 12:30 or 1:00 am. After my usual tossing and turning, I fell asleep. I didn't even hear the pounding on the door at about 11:30 or 12:00. But Cal woke up, and he heard it. It sounded like a bunch of kids or something. After a while they went away (after all, who likes to receive any kind of callers in the middle of the night when you're all sleepy and everything?). We figured it must have been some kids from UCLA. But if they were, they never came back. Not Saturday morning, when we were home; not Saturday night; not Sunday morning. The lousy cruds. So there you have last weekend.

ROTCM 145-20! Boooo! ROTCM 145-20! -- Army cheer.

The fabulous Knight brain is beginning to show signs of wear. I am slowing down. In my relentless 25 wpm pace across the page, my mind becomes fogged and in need of rest. So I will give you a rest too. Keep writing, even if I don't write back right away. Remember that the atmosphere up here is much more stimulating, and is likely to stimulate you right into a week-end long fit of depression. Remember.





*"It followed me home
from the circus, I tell you!"*

was aux droits du mariage, parce que (la) fille était si jeune." This guy, as I said, is nuts about her, so that doesn't stop him! So he marries her, and is determined to stick to the agreement. Finally the two years are almost up. But his wife is gone! He goes looking for her, and finds her snacked up with another man. You can quite understand his rage. So he drags her out to this bridge (pont neuf) to throw her into the Seine to drown her. But then he has a change of heart. Throwing her back onto the bridge, he says "You don't even deserve death!" and jumps off instead. Two passers-by fish him out, and he tells them the story. (Actually, I have narrated the story in proper order; the real story is told in flash-back-sswards fashion.) Pretty cool story, huh?

Last night there was a Senior Banquet at ol' Oxford Hall. Tablecloths, extra silverware, salad bowls, and--get this--waitresses. Also wine (red--California burgundy). Wowie. The food was excellent--at least mine was. Real steak, a baked potato, and some sort of vegetables. Wow. There was a lot of funny messing around with the wine--drinking of toasts, chugalugging, etc. At one juncture, a kid said to one of the waitresses, "I want some meat....I'm hungry!" This brought much laughter in the old Oxford tradition.

I do not care to relate the details of the evening; suffice it to say that at length we set off to see a play. Some distant secular arm of the Drama Department was presenting a one-night-only, free performance of a pretty famous play by Samuel

We had a pretty funny English IA assignment this week -- write a light humo(u)rous essay (not over 500 words) on the subject AFTERTHOUGHTS (my Mad Hatter English teacher's idea of a very open topic). After fumbling around until the morning the assignment was due, I finally gave in to the fates and had an inspiration. I rushed to the typewriter and started to work. In an hour and a half, I had produced a bit over 500 words of nonste-a-bonte doggerel verse, 19 stanzas in all! Wowie! I had also eaten my lunch and read my mail (a couple of lousy letters). The so-called (by me) poetry was little sweat to compose, but it was rather funny in its own miserable way. It was entitled (I think) AFTERTHOUGHTS ON A SEMESTER OF ENGLISH ONE-A. Ho-ho and ha-ha.

Yesterday we got an assignment to read this story in French by one M. Prevost, an old Benedictine monk. It's a pretty neat story. It's all about this 30-year-old guy who falls in love with a 12-year-old girl. He's really nuts about this babe, so he goes to her father, a doctor. Now, this guy has a lot of dough, I mean he's loaded, and the girl and her father are not real richies, but he likes her a lot and wants to marry her. The father agrees that they could get married, but only on one condition. That is, that "il renoncerait pendant deux

ans aux droits du mariage, parce que (la) fille était si jeune." This guy, as I said, is nuts about her, so that doesn't stop him! So he marries her, and is determined to stick to the agreement. Finally the two years are almost up. But his wife is gone! He goes looking for her, and finds her snacked up with another man. You can quite understand his rage. So he drags her out to this bridge (pont neuf) to throw her into the Seine to drown her. But then he has a change of heart. Throwing her back onto the bridge, he says "You don't even deserve death!" and jumps off instead. Two passers-by fish him out, and he tells them the story. (Actually, I have narrated the story in proper order; the real story is told in flash-back-sswards fashion.) Pretty cool story, huh?

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Beckett: WAITING FOR GODOT. Maybe you read some reviews of it a year or so ago. That is, if you are perspicacious. It was neat. It was funny. It was great. It was indescribable. Then we came home; yrs truly jk was still reeling a bit from the wine he had imbibed at the banquet. Ah me. Such is life.

-oOo-

Wrapping things up, we find a selection from the letters of Arv Underman, Big Stanford Scholar:

This is big game week. Stanford vs. Cal, the only game where both teams have a chance to lose. Well, anyway, the frosh class builds a bonfire on our dry lakebed and believe me it does New Salem justice. The fire was 64 feet tall (we tried to make it another 5 but just couldn't). Preceding the bonfire and rally is one week of Rfing (rodent fornication) on the side of both schools. Cal released 175 or so blue mice in a girl's dorm, painted the buildings with spray paint, and put detergent in our now-foaming fountain. Their biggest stunt was dropping leaflets on the campus from an aeroplane. All very high-schoolish. However, big brainy and rich Stanford students had a few better plans. First off we stole the Stanford Axe from the Cal safe. The good show was aided by several excellent courses offered here on the farm: Safe Crack-in Our Time and The Destination of the Combination. Next 800 pounds of lime were used in the making of a huge Beat Cal on a hill in San Francisco while a second S was made in Berkeley under the aid of a ground fog. The coup de grace or piece de la resistance (Stanford woman) was that one of the frosh houbas dressed themselves as workmen and drove onto the Berkeley campus with a ready-mix truck and a flat bed laden with structural steel. Starting out at 2:30 pm, they began welding a 2-ton structural steel S. Later on they placed this S in one truck load of ready-mix plastic cement. All this took place at Strawberry Hill near the Stadium and under the eyes of 500 Cal frosh who were guarding the hill and watching the Cal C on the same hill. The "workmen" placed the S following the C in the block of cement (another 2 tons) and painted the whole thing red. At 6:30 pm the "construction crew" left with a completed professional job done.

Also the Stanford in Florence hung a Beat Cal poster from the Leaning Tower of Pisa. I wonder if they were pissed off. Unfortunately we took gas in the game, but good news: Stanford is now going to buy animals, too!

My fannish life is even less than formerly which means it's microscopic. I got an invite to the Golden Gate Futurians by Terry Carr. But received the invitation the day after the meeting. I might be able to get transportation with Joe and Felicia Rolfe.

The dorms are great, all cement, and soundproof. I rented an original painting for the wall. Motto: "In these troubled times Christ is just a stone's throw away. So let's all pick up a rock."

I've got my hi-fi too. And we blasted the hell out of the upper-class dorms with the 1812 overture.



So that's that. Next time, if I have the energy, maybe there will be a series of anecdotes about things that have been happening to me at UCLA. However, I've written a number of these recently for my genzine and for another apazine, and the supply at present is all drained out.

GREEN THOUGHTS

New Year's Eve 1980-81 was not exactly as it should have been. At least it wasn't for me. I went to bed the night before with a temperature of 102.8° (that is Fahrenheit, John) feeling rather achy and miserable. The next morning my temperature had dropped to just below 100° but I decided that if I wanted to stay down at that point and attempt to return to normal (normal bodily temperature for Cult members is .03131313131...° below 98.7°) I had better stay away from New Year's Eve festivities. This was rather a hard decision to come to...I knew that the party would be an all-out blast and I wanted to attend...but it had to be done. No turning back, no chickening out, going, and catching another cold.

So I spent most of the day doing little of anything. The daily mail delivery didn't bring the stuff I had hoped would arrive (an OMPA mailing, due then) and so I read a few old fanzines, a number of mundane articles, part of a book, and like that. Nothing seemed too interesting, though. Jerry Knight called early in the afternoon and I told him all about it. He said he probably wasn't going to go to the party either and I asked him if he wanted to come over. So he did and we put the finishing touches on a two-page CRAPzine which we posted the same afternoon and then shortly thereafter he left.

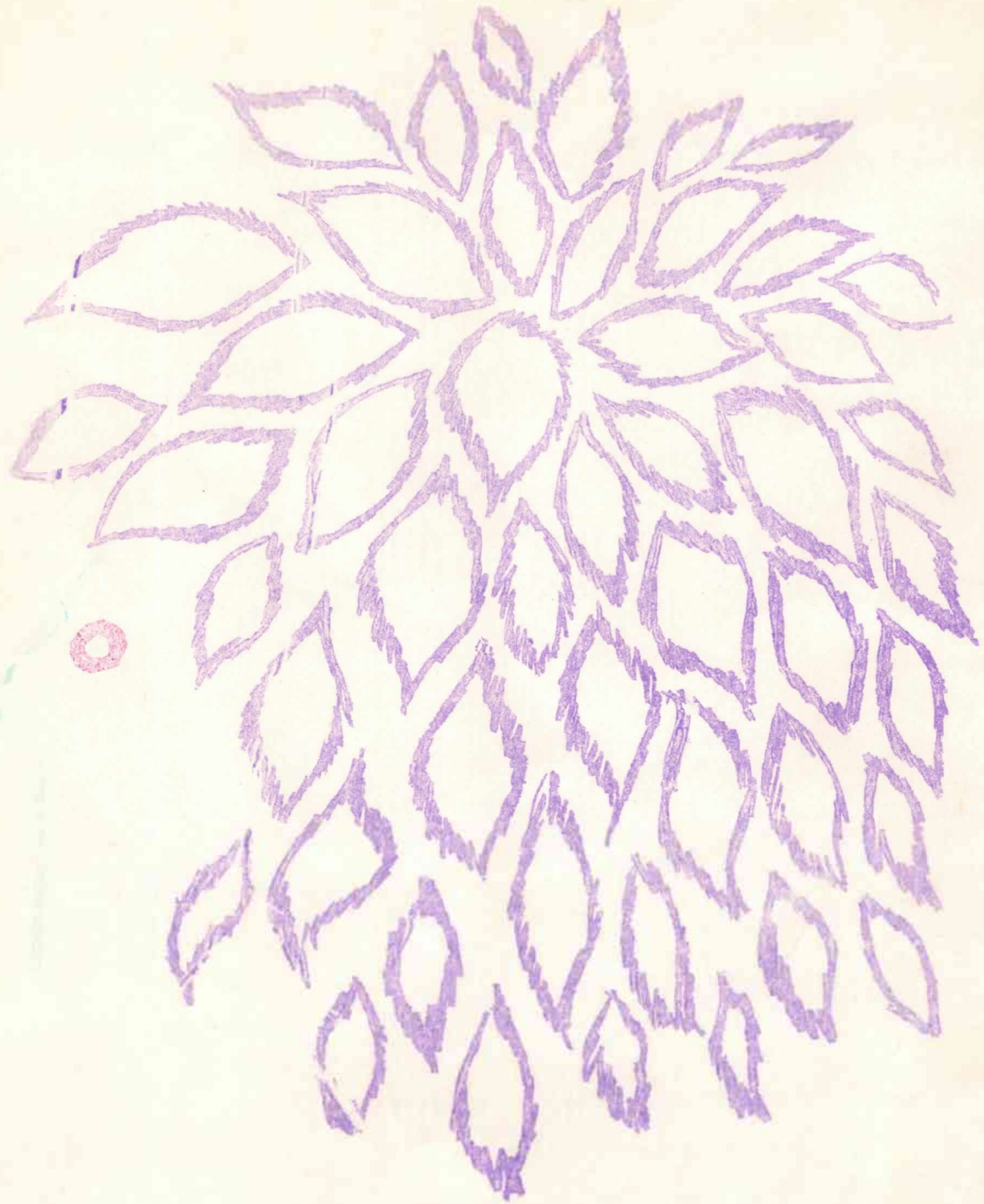
The evening went by rather slowly. I didn't feel like doing any reading, or writing, so I watched the little screen. There was a moderately amusing program on with Steve Allen and Mort Sahl. Then after twelve I started to get ready to hit the old sack. The phone rang.

On the other end were a bunch of fans. Someone (either Bruce Pelz or Ted Johnstone) said "Happy New Year" or something to the accompaniment of a lot of noise in the background. I'm afraid I wasn't too talkative. I feel very unfeanish when I'm trying to be sleepy. Colin Casernch was introduced to me over the phone and I said a few words. I really wasn't too enthusiastic about it though. I wished more than ever then that I had made the party—I wanted to meet you, Cameron. Maybe some other time. I also talked very briefly to Ron Elik, and perhaps to someone else (I forget who), and then the phone went back to Johnstone. Soon afterwards I terminated the conversation. Naturally, then I started thinking of the things I should have said. In light of the world situation, I should have said, "Yngvi is a Laos", and I should have told Cameron I liked his artwork (I really do, Colin), and all sorts of things. But I didn't. It was too late, and I was tired.

It's too late for this SAPSSzine, too. See you all in July, unless I have another mag in the mailing, something which I don't expect to have at the moment.

—bl





Bergson