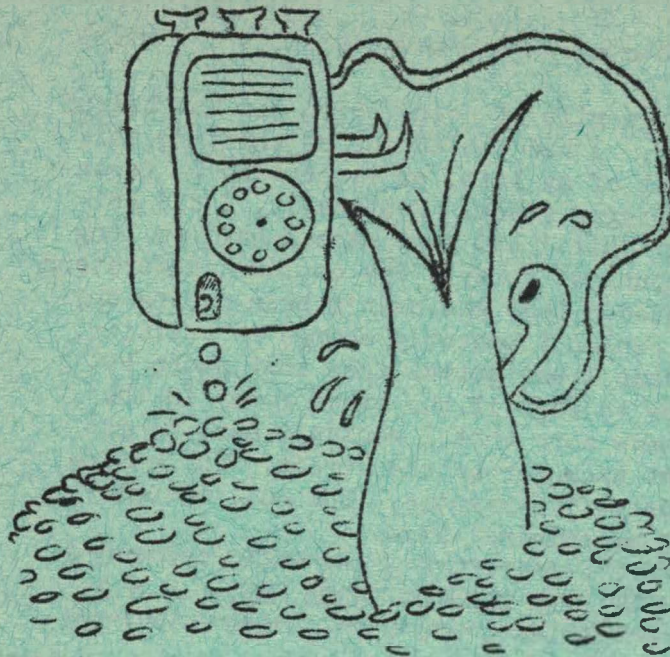


Gremlinkin



This is Gremlinkin #77 From Ellie Turner, El Cortez Apts # 17, Sierra Vista, Arizona for APA L # 16, February 4, 1965. This is being done on my new (to me) Royal Electric Typer. I finally recieved the missing part and the repairman here in town spent two hours trying to get it on and also, because he'd practically had to tear the machine completely apart to do it, putting it back together. I'm not real happy about it now that it is fixed, because it does all sorts of nasty things like refusing to type, refusing to have its margins set and a regular clicking in the background which indicates that the drive belt is knocking against the shift lock or maybe the margin release. Also if you'll notice, the lines are not printing evenly. Aparently this bargain weren't no bargain.

NEVER MIND THE CALL, OPERATOR,
— SEND AN ARMORED CAR!

@ LONG BEACH IN '65, TOO!

KIT KAT # 4...LYN STIER

As you may or may not know, the area around Sierra Vista is mostly mining and cattle country. It is THE Old West. However, I've discovered that you can mine more than copper, silver and gold around here. My favorite diggings are the Sierra Vista pay phones. I have yet to make a call when I didn't come out ahead. This creates a problem tho because I never feel comfortable spending it so I try to return it. Let me tell you about this one call I made to L.A. It started out in one pay phone where I dropped in my dime expecting to get the dial tone so I could dial the long distance operator. Nothing happened. I hung up. My dime didn't come back so I jiggled the cradle quite thoroughly and three dimes popped out. Being an optimist, I reinserted one of the dimes in the slot, hoping to hear the dial tone this time. No such luck. Again my dime didn't come back until I wiggled the reciever cradle. This time two quarters came back. Not knowing when to quit I put in another dime. This time I got back one quarter. I am now a dollar and five cents to the good. (Not really, because I never got back my original dime.)

Disparing of ever reaching the Long Distance Operator on that phone (I'd made calls before in Sierra Vista), I went across the street to another pay phone and went thru the same routine again, this time netting four dimes. But I finally did reach the operator. I explained to her that I was trying to call Long Beach, California and gave her the area code. After a great deal of consultation with the other operator (I think there are only two. Of all the calls I've made, I've only contacted one or the other) Anyway, after this long consultation, in which they decided that they couldn't find the rate book and therefore the rate couldn't be more than seventy cents for the first three minutss (Only a couple of days before they had charged me sixty cents to call Tucson just seventy miles away) ... seventy cents for the first three minutes, and tries to figure out how to put a call all the way thru to Long Beach. They did, too. Then they had trouble with the Long Beach operator who insisted that the number which we had retained during the move was disconnected. I insisted that it wasn't. And It wasn't. Eventually, I got thru and talked for awhile. The Sierra Vista Operator came on and notified me that my three minutes were up and she would give me the additional charges after I had hung up. She never called back.

I now had the problem of having a huge pile of coins which did not belong to me and which I was not capable of spending. I had the choice of shifting this stack from one place to the other for the rest of my life, or attempting to recontact the operator and maybe getting an even bigger stack. Eventually, I did get the operator back and tried to explain to her that I had just made a call to Long Beach and that I owed them a considerable amount of money. She couldn't understand that I didn't want it. Eventually, she conceded that she hadn't been paying any attention to when I finished my call and so couldn't honestly charge me anything. She allowed me to redeposit the four dimes that I had gotten from that phone but I would have to go across the street in order to deposit the other money in the phone I had gotten it out of. I carefully made sure that I wouldn't have to get hold of her in order to do this and then went back across the street. The entire time spent in making this call was almost forty-five minutes. The call actually lasted about four. And I never did get back my original dime.

...OF COURSE, I'M OUT OF BREATH...I'VE JUST BEEN CHASING THREE MEN.....M.G.

MALAISE...DAVE VAN ARNAM (#9)

When I was in L.A. over the New Year's weekend, Bill Blackbeard and I got into a discussion about why I don't much care for poetry. He pointed out that you had a poem in the recent disty (#11) that he liked very much and suggested that I read it and see if I didn't like it very much too. And then he asked me to explain exactly why I didn't care for it. I am not an expert on poetry. For that matter I know almost nothing about it. But as the saying goes (sort of), I know what I don't like. I thought you might be interested in my comments, because Bill felt, reluctantly, that I was right.

I personally...It just occurred to me that I haven't mentioned which poem I'm talking about. It's the one at the top of page two of Malaise # 9. To get back to what I was saying... I personally felt a great shock of transition between the first part of the poem and the last. I originally thought that you were describing the simple pleasure of walking on a cold, snowy night. and then to have it switch of a sudden into a love poem was a little hard for me to adjust to. I also objected to the combined images of a snowfall and fringe-fires around the rising moon because I know you can't see the moon when the snow is falling. It's not like the rain when it is possible to have the sun shining at the same time the rain is falling. And except for one spot, the arrangement of the lines did not seem to advance the meaning of the poem. In at least one case, i.e. the isolated word "beneath", the arrangement actually detracted from the meaning of the poem. The one startling arrangement was the combination "not fallen but like sunsets of forever" and then the long pause while the eye traveled back to the other side of the page to "and I" and then a shorter pause "I stand on the rocks". This was very effective.

After going thru my very meager supply of my own poems and finding nothing to illustrate my point, I wrote the following. Pictorially it is supposed to give the idea of the wetness or I should say the receding of a wave from the shore sloping into the deeper water farther out. The arrangement of the words and the rhythm of the lines is supposed to convey the motion of the waves. The words themselves are to evoke the related sensations of the ocean shore, while the repetitiveness of the four major words are to convey the timeless unchangingness of the ocean. I'm going into all of this explanation because I'm not sure that the message has come thru. Any way, the poem: (on the next page) (darn it)

