

MAYHEM MYTHHOUSE



MAYHEM ANNEX #36 (NP66:6), from Felice Rolfe,
1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, 94301: Jan. 29, 1966.
Looks like drafting on stencil is becoming a habit.

I WILL NOT PUT OUT A ONESHOT I WILL NOT PUT OUT A ONESHOT I WILL NOT...

Mike Klassen, Ed Rosenzweig and Greg one g Shaw are here this evening. I'm not exactly sure why, but I gather that it's between semesters at UCLA and they -- Ed and Mike, that is -- wanted to see Fabulous Berkeley Fandom for themselves. I'm afraid we were something of a disappointment to them...but they can go into that in their own Lzines. Or maybe here, if I run out of things to say, which is quite likely.

THE LITTLE MEN

heard this week from the people who attended the AAAS (American Association for the Advancement of Science, and how does that grab you for a 1984-type title?) meeting during the XMas holiday; Poul and Karen Anderson, Paul Healy, and Bob Buechley. It was a very interesting report, but my mind just sort of blanked out after Poul remarked about one man whose specialty is the sediment of ancient lakes, "You might call him a Mud Scientist."

"An attic is just like a basement," sez Ben, "only on top."

Have you seen the new T-bird with it's strip of taillights all the way across the back? One moved over into our lane last night and Joe automatically pulled down the sun visor. Then it signalled for a turn. In sequence. Blinkblinkblink. Gawd.

WAS DR. WHAZZISNAME RIGHT?

In view of the learned psychiatrist's description of the Batman and Robin comic strip as "a homosexual's wish-fulfillment dream" or something like that there, the end of last Thursday's program was especially delicious. For those rabid LASFSians who missed it because of the meeting, it was like this. Batman, having cleaned up the rest of the Joker's gang, went to put the cuffs on the Joker's girl. Drawing her hand softly along his cheek, she said, "Can't we go somewhere and talk this over?" With great sincerity, Batman gazed into the camera and said, "Poor deluded child!"

I was wondering when somebody would think of giving Gregg Wolford some new blue masters.

Mike was sitting at the breakfast table Thursday morning, only half awake, with "Peanuts" in front of him. Ben (who is never only half awake, drat it) walked up and said: "Gee, I like Peanuts. But I can't read it myself, because you see I haven't learned how to read yet. I sure wish somebody would read Peanuts to me." So Mike did...

WELL, FOLKS

rather than natter on for the few lines left, and show you the complete emptiness in my head, I'll quit. Adios, and stay wicked.