

ROWBAZZLE #11

This is Rowbazzle, the fanzine with the astronomically high number--who ever that it'd get into two digits? Not I, for one. Published for Apa L 67, January 27, 1966, 1485th Meeting of the LASFS, and all stuff like that there, by June M. Konigsberg, in residence at Fangorn House, 480 Fairview Avenue, Sierra Madre, California, 91024, ELvenhome 6-1615. A Fangorn Press Publication. (Does that mean I should include woodcuts?)

PLEASE, doesn't somebody have copies of '62 and '63 that I may borrow? The operative word is BORROW--all I want to do is put my eye-tracks on 'em, and return them in practically the same condition. Fred? Bruce? Doesn't anybody trust me? Waaaah!

We went to see "The Great Race" recently. If you haven't seen it, allow me to recommend it. Jack Lemmon plays two parts in it--the second one, I didn't even recognize him. I thought first of Chaplin, then of Cantinflas, and it wasn't until I asked Len and found out it was Lemmon, and even then it took a while to reconcile it. (The grammar in the foregoing sentence could use some cleaning up, I think.) I had seen Lemmon only once previously, in "How To Murder Your Wife", and considered him an idiot. Now, having seen him in two more roles, I think the man is a genius. Shows you what a lousy script can do to a talented actor.

Tony Randall makes a marvelous Hero--Strong, Loyal, Courageous, Trustworthy--and Insufferable. The special effects are a delight--just enough of them. The iceberg was one of the most artificl-looking objects I have seen in a long time, but fortunately it didn't last long. (I wonder how they originally planned to cross the Bering Strait? Surely not by iceberg.)

District of Confusion

Ted White - The last time I had an abcess in my gum, I lanced it myself with my handy do-it-yourself medical kit. It's called "Suture Self".

As far as the anti-dancing and anti-card-playing of the Presbyterians is concerned, I can speak only from my own experience. The particular Presbyterian church that I went to is the Wilshire Presbyterian Church at Third and Western, in Los Angeles. I was a member of their C. E. group for about six months, and attended most if not all of the young people's parties. I learned many entertaining parlor games, but believe me, music was strictly for listening to, and when I suggested dancing a couple of times, I received shocked silence as answer. One time when they were having a bazaar in the basement of the church, I offered to tell fortunes to help them raise money. The minister liked the idea, until it occurred to him to ask if I by any chance used CARDS? When I said yes, he shook his head mournfully, and said, no, they couldn't do it, because if anybody saw me with CARDS, they would think we were GAMBLING down there. When I got un-croggled, it occurred to me that not once in the months that I had been there, had I ever seen cards being played, or any mention of it, not in the church itself, but in any of the homes that I had visited. When I mentioned it to my then-boyfriend, he looked at me as if I were indecently insane, and replied, "Well, of COURSE not!" It wasn't very long after that, that I decided that experiment was over, and went off to try the Catholics.

I am glad to know that this is not typical of all Presbyterians. I notice that no one has bothered to contradict my impression of the Methodists as strongly anti-liquor, however.

Happy to meet you, Robin!

District of Confusion Continued:

Ted White, continued - There were three J.N. Neill Oz books--The Wonder City of Oz, Scalawagons in Oz, and Lucky Bucky in Oz. Jack Snow did indeed go back to Baum's original mythos, indeed he shrank the Ozian world even smaller than Baum's own limits. I personally consider Thompson a genius--I enjoyed her books even more than Baum's, on an average. Besides, how can you ignore that much hoztry that came between Baum and Snow? I never thought of objecting to Neill's books on the basis of saccharinity--it was the fact that he thoroughly upset some of the "rules". Suddenly the Munchkins had blue skins, the Quadlings red, and so forth. The best thing I can say for his books was that at least they had those marvelous Neill illustrations. And come to think of it, some of his gimmicks were pretty good, too--such as the turnstyle. Now there's a piece of equipment! But plot and characterization were where he fell flat on his--er--face!

Fred Patten - Absolutely right! Give that gentleman the mink-lined sugar bowl!
What I don't understand about your Cyrillic is the fact that you gave the "dj" as in "djinn" to "Djack", but to an apparently identical "j" sound as in "June", you gave simply the "j". Is there a matter of gender here that I don't know about? I studied Russian once, briefly, and I know only one thing about it--the grammar is just about as complex as Latin.

Barry Gold - Nitpicker!

Fred Hollander - If you are still operating with a needle and a windowpane instead of a stylus and lightbox, I can understand your illos looking like that. If not, may I suggest that you try another kind of stencil--the KleanWrite XC 1000 is fine for art work. If you don't have any, I'll bring you one or two to try. (Just because I use ditto doesn't mean I don't know about other things, you know.) (All it means is that I don't have access to a mimeo any more.)

Bruce Pelz - It interests me to notice that in all the discussions of FIAWOL vs. Real World, the speaker is invariably a R-W buff, and the FIAWOL-type is always "Somebody Else". ("Who Else?")

What To Do - If you and Owen don't drink that champagne pretty soon, all the bubbles will be gone!

Fred Whitlege - It's not "Irabanos". What you took to be a capital "I" is merely the inverted exclamation point used in Spanish at the beginning of any exclamatory word or phrase. It is always followed by the ordinary "!" at the end.

Don Fitch - Have you ever seen the sun shining on the feathers of a healthy crow or raven? The bird is indeed ebony-black, and the iridescence is there! The word ebony was an adjective, not necessarily relating to the substance (which, if I recall correctly, is a kind of wood), but merely indicating color. Many feathers are iridescent (like the peacocks at the Arboretum), but few if any kinds of wood!

ODTAA - Hello, Frodo! - I hate to say it, but damned clever!

Expletive - It is interesting to note that dear, sweet, innocent Ron Ellick apparently retains perfect control of his grammar AND tenses, even when snobbishly imbibing. The only thing I question is the imagery--