

Rowrbazzle, the Even Dozen Fanzine, coming to you from June M. Konigsberg, residing at Fangorn House, 480 Fairview Avenue, Sierra Madre, 91024, ELvenhome 6-1615. This is the So-Long-For-A-While Issue, being published for APA L 68, 1486th Meeting of the LASFS, on February 3, 1966. A Fangorn Press Publication.

Well, you see, it all happened with my unceasing urge toward Higher Education, and stuff like that there. There was this class I wanted to take at PCC--namely, Theatrical Makeup and Costuming--and it was obligingly on a Wednesday night. Since it is a credit class, I went through the rigamarole of filling out alla forms 'n such, and in due time received my notice that my application had been Approved--come on in and program.

formal mispelling

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, my girl firend Betty, (who works at PCC) informed me that the class I wanted had been moved to Thursdays. Grump, grump, I said, I wonder if there is anything else worth taking? Growl, grump. I looked through the catalog with an exceedingly jaundiced eye and 90% negative attitude, and, of course, found absolutely nothing. So, after some Plain Talk and Advice Straight From The Shoulder (from Len, of course, who else?) (No, NOT Len Bailes!) I concluded that I would take it anyway.

I am particularly sorry that the first class night occurs on February 10, thus ruining my chances of hearing Al Lewis's talk. To say nothing of the meeting itself, which I find entertainingly zany, if nothing else. Oh, I forgot to mention that in order to get the course I wanted, I had to take another--not a "pre"-requisite, but sort of a concurrent-requisite--Acting Fundamentals. So I will be occupied on both Tuesdays and Thursdays for a while. (It was either that or Cosmetology!)

With the six-month Active Membership Policy in effect, I notice that I will not be dropped from Active Membership by my enforced absence between now and next June, and who knows? I might even learn something! See you at the Westecon Ball!

District of Confusion

Cover - Well, what do you know? Wing-walking in outer space! (Or: "Hey, Daddy-O, dig that crazy surfboard!")

Fred Hollander - Your weekend reports are always entertaining, and this was no exception. Only, you were laughing so much that Saturday at the Coxes', I'm surprised you heard as much as you did. I am a little disappointed in the Mushroom Fans--maybe due to lack of legibility.

Fred Patten - I found your original idea for a Nazi putsch in Disneyland to be in exceedingly Poor Taste--but your addition to it this week has somehow pushed it over the edge into fantasy (or Fantasyland?) and doggone it anyway, it's sorta funny. I'm sorry, but the Nazis give me the cold robbies, and I can't see much of anything funny connected with the crooked cross.

Incidentally, does "cold robbies" come from "kohl-rabi"? And does "kohl-rabi" have anything to do with "kohl", the ancient Egyptian eye makeup? And if not, why not? Yes, I know that "cold robbies" is a Pogoism.

I am looking forward indeed to the Sherlock Holmes night at the Booby Hatch--I loved those old Rathbone-Bruce epics, and likewise their radio show.

Barry Gold - Nov shmoz ka pop?

Jim Keith - The Pier Glass rather gives away its denouement in its title. I might be tempted to make some comment on the scanning, but I remember difficulties of my own in that direction. You kept mostly to an a,b,c,b rhyme scheme, I notice--

Andy Porter - You must be off your nut! Even if I had a copy of "Venus Equilateral" (which I do) I wouldn't sell it for a mere 95¢. Even if you were asking me, which I know you're not. Well, I could say more, but it's lunch time-- I think I'll go have a burrito from the catering truck--maybe a beef-and-potato--er, excuse me, a carne-y-papas one!

Jackson Moloch - What der Kaiser? It could be Through The Looking Glass, or King Kull's magic mirror, or any of a number of others, but it brings no specific one to mind. And are those fangs that you decorated Barry Gold with? I like your shirt--it looks like a real jazzy one. What's the color scheme?

Rowbazzle - And on an electric ditto, too!

Bruce Pelz - I don't think that you can judge the effectiveness of an attack by disinterested bystanders--it's like maybe I step on your pet toe, which may be exceedingly tender due to tight new shoes or something--you react by zooming straight up twenty feet, and the bystanders (who are all wearing comfortable old shoes) say "You're over-reacting!" Besides, to go to a verbal level, there are all sorts of words and/or phrases to which one person may be quite sensitive, and which don't bother another at all. (And with a straight face, too, just as if you were serious.)

Every time I read another installment of the Way of Life, I have the feeling that I've missed something in between. As far as an end to TV's Peyton Place is concerned--well, you see, one day this ship comes in to port simply loaded with bubonic plague--you say Peyton Place isn't a seaport? Oh, that's okay--we'll dig a canal especially for the occasion!

Greg Shaw - A Grunion by any other name--

Please, Greg, I appreciate the egoboo, but SPELL MY NAME RIGHT! (See colophon.) I assume then that the letter which I sent to Dave Hall was successfully forwarded to you. (Gee, what did I say?)

Russ Brooker - When I was at the racetrack the other day, I saw a horse named "Edward Smith". If I could have found out what his middle initial was, I might have bet on him! No, I don't know whether he won or not.

5/8 - Well, the other 125 Doc Savage fans aren't publishing in Apa L nowadays, I guess. As for knowing you are too young, I don't believe I've ever met you. From your name, I would assume that you are just over half-pint size. Being a full quart, myself, it's possible that I've overlooked you in the melee around meetings. (No, it takes somebody like Bruce to be a half-gallon.)

Tom Digby - I can't think of any clever comments, so will just say that I enjoyed your zine. Good wh'imsy. FHIWOL, indeed! And yes, I know what defenestration means--did you discover it in "Fables From The White Hart"? (Yes, Ermintrude.)

Applepedder - Truly the mountain labored and brought forth a mouse. A page and a half for that poor second-rate spoonerism? At least Ferdinand Feghoots were never over half a page! And it wasn't even a good spoonerism.

Fred Whitledge - Thank you. I had missed some parts of it, so I will certainly treasure this complete copy of your Macbeth. Would you autograph it for me?