

A SEMI-BOLOID PUBLICATION

# BLOODSHOT

THE

ONE

SHOT

THAT

IS

BLOODSHOT



# BLOODSHOT

THE

ONE

SHOT

THAT

IS

BLOODSHOT





# BLOODSHOT

o o o o A SEMI-BOLOID PUBLICATION

o PRICELESS o

BLOODSHOT, Where You See Red, is published one time only by Semi-Boloid Publications. Editorial Offices: Silver Spring, Md. — John Magnus, Jr., 9312 Second Avenue. . . . Baltimore, Md. — Dick Clarkson, 410 Kensington Rd. (29). This issue has no price-tag because it is priceless, and is distributed to the reading public with the grudging consent of the editors. All comments received are to be considered for publication in the future, if any, provided they are printable. We are not now and never have been responsible for rum pots, crack pots, kumquats, and how are you Mr. McCarthy? "Courtney never had a boat, or at least I never saw it." All brickbats will be returned. This issue's contents were conceived by the Virgin Forest, suffered under the Heat of Hell, was crucified, dead and buried. It descended into Fandom. Dates are: June 25 - July 1, 1954, during which time we wish this thing had written itself. This is not, Thank Ghu, a Seventh Fandomailing.... Blame it on the Micro-anthropoids. PRINTING OF 142 COPIES, OF WHICH THIS IS NUMBER 69.

|                                    |   |
|------------------------------------|---|
| OFF-SHOTS.....4                    | Incorporating editorial thought as required by tradition.   |
| SCIENCE FICTION IS KING.....6      | A borrowed cliché fancier interviews a fan through the eyes of John Magnus  |
| THE CONVENTION BANQUET.....8       | Fans don't attend. Who does? The problem is interpreted by Dick Clarkson  |
| CRAPA MAILING: SUMMER 1954.....10  | A not-so-new press association is massacred by the O.E., John Magnus  |
| THE SQUAWK BOX.....12              | Guess what? From Guess Who?   |
| THE FINE ART OF INTERLINEATING..13 | An analysis of the more exacting techniques employed by Dick Clarkson.  |
| LAIROTIDE.....16                   | impromptu cover by philip f. paige<br>bcover by bill dignin<br>lettering by a.b. dick<br>paper by hammermill<br>THE CHEAP SLOBS<br>(and let this be a warning to all prospective customers) |



Dick Clarkson... OFF SHOTS ...John Magnus

SHANKS  
HAI  
PIZZA  
PIE  
AND  
HAM  
ON  
BYE  
CLUB

It's been a year now. When HALF-SHOT rolled off the semi-boloid presses, we had no idea how it would be received. Naturally, we liked it. But it took about six weeks before we were sure that it was well received everywhere; but that was all a year ago. Now, with BLOODSHOT, we bring you another in the series, this time using experience gained to scratch what was subpar and accent the positive values (if any) of the mag.

This time, we're trying an unheard-of thing, so far as we can tell, in one-shot publication: we're substituting work for on-the-spot inspiration. The latter we got out of our systems with HALF-SHOT, and it shows in spots. We can't think of any one-shot that wasn't born of inspiration, but of calculated malice. This one is. We have no excuse for poor jokes and snide comments, which could previously have been ascribed to the heat of the moment. Also, we have some added features, not to mention subtracted ones. . . .we're numbering the copies, and reproducing comments made on HALF-SHOT made by those who wrote in — or most of them — about it.

Summer is no time to try to put out a one-shot. You get lazy and hot, don't feel much like working, even on a proverbial labor of love. Typing, cranking, and writing get to be sweaty work, as many of you know. But we somehow manage to get a masochistic pleasure out of it, which is just about the only reason any one-shot ever gets published. We sure wouldn't work and sweat off ten pounds just to please a bunch of fa-a-a-ans!

When you come to think of it, it's surprising the way a couple misguided guys will get together with nothing but ambition to begin with, take off a couple days, and end up minus the ambition and plus only the dubious value of a one-shot. If it were just as easily done as talked about, it'd be all right we suppose. But you spill ink on the mimeo and your hands,



EDITORIAL, continued.

smear grease on the stencils and hence on the pretty white paper, lose stencils and lettering guides and dozens of half-packs of cigarettes; you also drink gallons of assorted liquids, eat up much food in small, periodic quantities, and turn a house into an uproar of paper, pencils, styli, lights, lost articles and typers, not to mention several colors of ink. All this for a one-shot, which means nothing to most people, and even less to those who claim to know what it is.

The one-shot offers very little to anyone concerned. Any complaints, however, can usually be handled by: "Well, by God, you got it free! You don't like it, you can send it back" and an implied gothell. As it is too much trouble to send it back, the editors then may assume if they wish that it was actually liked after all. Fanzines offer less, though — those who get it have to pay, making the editor keep annoying files. In the long run, one issue of a fanzine will cost more in time and worry and planning than a one-shot. Depends how far you want to go. There exists a point of diminishing returns which varies from editor to editor.

A question of frequency also arises. If one fan were to put out a lot of one-shots in the same style, such as our HALF-SHOT and BLOODSHOT pair here, very frequently, the said returns would diminish like hell. Too far apart, though, and everyone forgets you put one out before. We decided on making it as close as feasible to one year. Some fans prefer putting out one one-shot, or one-shots singular, to one-shots plural. But we felt that one-shots are even more singular if they are plural, and HALF-SHOT seemed to get a good response in reference to a sequel.

It's hard to determine from year to year, though, what will be liked and what not. John Campbell Jr. has gone through much of that in ASF, so we need not rehash it here. But of all comments on HALF-SHOT, most frequent were those listing the format of the cover and the contents and editorial pages among the top three features of the mag. So we hold that. There is no point, of course, in repeating material, but certain pieces were so well-liked that we decided to follow them up wherever possible. You'll be able to see easily enough which those were. Those of you who didn't get HALF-SHOT missed out, but a card or letter to Dick Clarkson, c/o Harvard U., Leverett B-23, Cambridge 38, Mass. will likely produce a copy — a few are still left, maybe six or eight.

BLOODSHOT begins not so much where HALF-SHOT left off as being a real sequel to it. We've improved wherever we could and tried to leave out anything which we did not think through well. We expect it to be better than our last effort. So this is a sequel. It may or may not be the last, depending on conditions a year from now. Can't say. But as that year is yet some way off, let's stick with the present BLOODSHOT. We, the editors, leave — bleeding heavily at each eyeball.



# SCIENCE FICTION IS KING

BY

*John Magnus*

Willy B. Eneff takes the stand.

Q. Mr. Eneff, are you familiar with the cliches used by science fiction readers?

A. Naturally, as a stef fan.

Q. What kind of a stef fan are you, may I ask?

A. I am a dyed-in-the-Wollheim stef fan, sir.

Q. In that case, I suppose you read a great many amateur publications such as are published in the field.

A. I read a great many zines, if that's what you mean.

Q. If you don't read a zine, what do you read?

A. A mag, an ampub, or a humble offering.

Q. I see. Who reads these zines?

A. Fans, neofans, and other fanpubbers.

Q. And how do these fans get these magazines?

A. Mags. By subbing.

Q. Mr. Eneff, how can you tell a fan from ordinary people?

A. Nonfen, please. You can tell by his sensitive, fannish face.

Q. Is there any other portent that helps you?

A. You can always tell them from their propellor beanies and their unshaven faces -- clean unshaven faces.

Q. What does he do with fanzines?

A. Pub them.

Q. To reap?

A. Egoboo.

Q. To become a?

A. Big Name Fan.

Apologies...er, due apologies -- that is -- all due apologies are to be extended to Frank Sullivan and his series of "King" articles, from which this idea was sto--adapted.



SCIENCE FICTION IS KING, continued.

Q. What other kinds of fans are there?

A. Fen. There are also ell en and doublya en effs. Then there is the juvenile fan contingent. The beanie brigade, the army of goons, you know, the little bastards.

Q. What is a fan called when he writes and pubs a lot.

A. You're learning, Mr. Magnus, you're learning. He is called acti.

Q. And what if he doesn't.

A. Then he is regarded as passi.

Q. Don't actifans have gatherings of their own?

A. Yes, we have conventions. That is, we have cons, claves, and regional conferences.

Q. Could you describe one of these affairs.

A. Yes, gladly. The fan arrives early at the air-conditioned hotel, having driven non-stop from his place of residence. His reservations are misplaced, but he pins the cool femme until the manager arrives with a ready explanation. He then situates himself in his suite, and then goes down to the hotel lobby to greet incoming fen. He observes a promising young writer checking in and catches sight of a respected veteran in the corner. He then grabs his first chance to duck into a bar and renew old acquaintances.

Q. What does he see lined up in the bar?

A. Sensitive fannish faces.

Q. And what does he drink?

A. A short one.

Q. And winds up with?

A. One too many. Say, you're something of a cliché fancier yourself, aren't you?

Q. Oh, I dabble, I dabble. Nowthen, what happens to every fan in the course of time -- the due course of time, to be exact?

A. He burns out.

Q. How?

A. By pubbing an annish.

Q. What does he do then?

A. He retires to the comforting folds of Fapa.

Q. And succumbs?

A. To gafia.

THE END



# THE CONVENTION BANQUET

by dick clarkson

All real conventions have a banquet. This may or may not be a good thing, but you're bound to get 'em anyhow, so you who have never attended a convention — let alone an s-f convention — might as well get used to the idea and resign yourselves to fact. Of course, science-fiction conventions occasionally have other features besides the banquet: auctions, talks, people, liquor, smoke-filled rooms, and so on. But the banquet is the main part of the convention — or so they tell me. Don't be fooled by all the talk about how great all the people and parties are; I was. Keep in mind that the banquet, or better: Banquet, is THE event of the conclave.

Banquets are, actually, best attended by going quickly to the bar across the street at 5:30 and pouring your dinner early. You may even wish to eat a hamburger; this, too, is all right. Then you may go and sit in the gallery listening to the MC and the rest of the speakers, saving yourself five dollars, and watch the people eat. You won't know ninety-nine percent of them anyway — very few fans attend, and nobody seems to know where all those people come from. Matter of fact, nobody seems even to know who they are. Probably just people who like being in pictures.

But then, you may be different, and still wish to attend. This is encouraged. Once seated, you find yourself surrounded by cutlery of all possible types. However, you will be using only the knife, the fork, and the spoon. These are your major weapons. The rest of the stuff is just for show — don't be caught using it (as if you knew how). No food being in sight, the emcee for the evening is quickly introduced. Some are excellent, others only think they are funny. But the emcee will crack a few jokes and introduce another speaker who will talk. No sense getting hungry — eating is the smallest part of the Banquet. Protocol dictates that you sit there. You may stare blearily at the emcee if you wish. When he makes a joke, you may stare frigidly. You may also laugh. If you're not too hungry. That's up to you. Just do not snore.

They'll get around to bringing in the food after the proper length of time. It is necessary now, above all, to use proper manners. This is a formal public dinner. Best thing to do is to look casually and carefully around you and see what all the others are doing. They don't know any better than you do, but if you copy them, both you and they will be safe in the knowledge that somebody else is doing whatever it is also.



## CONVENTION BANQUET, CONTINUED.

The knife is used almost solely to cut with. It is also used for making clanking noises on glasses and plates. Anything a fork will not hold must be handled with a spoon. There are exceptions to this rule. Peas, for example, are not handled with a spoon. A fork will not do either, because you must not chase them about the plate trying to stab them. Peas are eaten most effectively with a knife.

This may be done in two ways. You may balance them on the knife and use the Inclined Plane principle to convey them to the mouth (which will always add sparkle to a Banquet), but this has the disadvantage that they roll off the side onto the tablecloth. Should this happen, a few may be surreptitiously flicked into the soup of the person opposite, others may be pushed under the plate or off onto the floor, while the remaining two or three may be squashed on the table very easily, all unseen by neighbors. The second method is the use of honey or jam to stick them to your knife. They taste funny, but it keeps 'em there.

Anything can be eaten with the hands, but only a very few things are permissable, such as: pickles, olives, potato chips and related glidgets, sandwiches, and stray pieces of macaroni. Fruit seeds or pits are to be removed via a spoon, and are never dropped, thrown, or flipped. They're too big and are easily detected. After handling anything except silverware with your hands, the fingers should be dipped in a fingerbowl and dried on the napkin. Make sure that you don't mistake your neighbor's soup for the fingerbowl, and since you have dropped your napkin on the floor, use the nearest below-table-level tablecloth flap. Elbows never go on the table; they are reserved for gouging neighbors and dueling with the left-handed guy sitting to your right. Keep your feet to home. If you do all this and manage still to eat, you'll get through okay.

More talks are on schedule, as well as certain special events which have been reserved for the most important of convention features. These always come off better on a full stomach, and when you laugh at the emcee's joke, try not to have a drag of cigarette smoke in your lungs at the time. It violates no rule of etiquette, but it hurts. When the picture is being taken, do not hop about and wave. Sit still and if you need help to smile, say, "cheese" and you should come out all right unless you're seated to the far right or left of the camera. If this is your plight there is nothing you can do about it; you'll just have to settle for looking sort of squidgy and slurred, and your nice smile will be totally destroyed.

When you leave, walk quietly to the exit. Once outside and you are free for the evening. Then you can go find a party and a smoke-filled room and get potted. It'll all seem funny then anyhow. Next time, you'll sit on the balcony with us and watch yourself down below.



*Horrible ---  
don't read!*

# CRAPA MAILING

SUMMER '54

*by john magnus*

I dislike writing fanzine review columns.

This is how I vent my anger.

This is little more than a repeat of last year's column, "SEVENTH FANDOMAILING", which actually had the distinction of coming to pass several months later. I sincerely hope that this one doesn't actually come to pass, especially if it is as rapidly as the last. You can easily see I'm pressed for material. There are few really good mags being published today that one can take advantage of.

I never did like to write under pressure.

And how would you like to have Dick Clarkson sitting on top of your head?

**DIRECTIONS.** Edited by Harlan Rowrbazzle. Mr. Rowrbazzle complains in his editorial about not being able to come out more often. But Mr. Rowrbazzle, sir, if you would only cut your size a wee from 475 pages each issue, you might be able to publish DIRECTIONS more often than just every five years.

**BLUE.** Edited by Charles Springs. Chuck boy, don't you think it would make a more interesting magazine if you did more than just list the fanzines you received every two weeks or so? And you're just as bad as someone else I know at mailing out two, three, and four issues at a time. I know. Postage. I costs money. You cheap bastard.

**THE COSMIC PIONEER.** Edited by S.K. Rap. This marvelous fanzine has gone through nine full issues without yet entering fandom. It has virtually manufactured a fandom all its own. The true vanguard of eighth fandom.

**TURBAN.** Edited by Foreign Menace. This fanzine is  $\frac{1}{4}$  handwritten,  $\frac{1}{4}$  hand printed, and darn near  $\frac{1}{2}$  typed. That is, I guess it's typewriting. Maybe he just let a mouse with sharp claws run over the surface of the stencil. I don't like your fanzine, Foreign. You know that, don't you? Don't You know I don't like your fanzine?

**REFUSION.** Hampered by the high cost of fanning, this magazine



CRAPA MAILING, continued.

The boy has a certain...er, mania for fanpubbing. He is the first faneditor since Quandry to publish 12 issues in one year. Let's all wish Cy good health...uh, physical health for at least one more year.

PROLE. Edited by C.L.Conundrum. This is a very well-reproduced fanzine, but has myriads of suspicious-sounding material, such as "Science-Fiction Undercover". Maybe it's time for the Navy to go on TV.

FANTASTIC STORY ZINE. Edited by Ron Chronic. FSM is a prozine dedicated to the re-reproduction of professional fiction. FSZ is, on the other hand. The only thing I can say about this mag is the reproduction definitely does the material a justice. You can't read it.

CONCRETE. Edited by C. Mennt. The best West Coast mag. The only one ever to improve by going ditto from litho. Maybe because its editor was able to spend more time on it after he quit the 60 hour week necessary to finance his former job.

DASH. Edited by Walter Willies. One of the lesser Quandry emulators, produced by a bunch of neofans with disarmingly American names. They even use green paper in their neofannish attempts. They even copy the style of some of the better Q. writers.

SKY SCHNOOK. I refuse to use the Crimson Marshes bit. This review column is far too worn out already. Continues to beat out Direction and Outside despite the profuse blowing of the lattermentioned.

SPACE BOAT. Edited by Bob Silverberg. Getting frank, aren't I? I'll probably also get irate comments. Latest issue consists of one article and excuses all of which we hope won't serve to sink the ship. Another mag we know folded just one big issue after it published just one article and excuses.

OUTSIDE. Edited by Forrest J. Ackerman. It's not a mystery, how this boy continues to get material by such as Van Vogt, Brad, RAH, and Elmer R. Kirk. It's just amazing at how he manages to do so little with it.

GLUE. Edited by David Grinnell. This boy likes the sizzling smell of burning horse hooves. Could this have anything to do with the title of his fanzine? Could it?

VARIOSO. Edited by John Magnus. A top-notch magazine, consistently featuring material by such greats as Silverberg, Hoffman, Bradley, Venable, Ellison, Markwood, etc. Without a doubt the top fanzine in regular production today. There's something about this magazine that makes me like it particularly well. I don't know what it is...a certain something, a certain charm all its own.



# THE SQUAWK BOX

EDITORS' NOTE: Herein are a few comments received in re HALF-SHOT. This page was not intended for intensive study; some of you might be interested in passing through it on the way to better things that follow, few though they be. Next time we'll try to squeeze in a few more if you-all say the word. Thanks to those of you who wrote in....we'd like to hear from more.

IAN T. MACAULEY, Atlanta, Ga.: "As usual, I'm late in commenting, but I thought I'd better let you know how I enjoyed your HALF-SHOT....better reproduction than most regular fanzines."

STEVE SCHULTHEIS, Warren, Ohio: "....HALF-SHOT slithered into my hands a short time ago. . . .I enjoy reading one-shots more than any other kind of tripe. . . .I'll keep my flit-gun handy for any more Semi-Boloid Publications that come my way."

DEAN A. GRENNELL, Fond du Lac, Wis.: "HALF-SHOT received and enjoyed muchly. Well worth the effort of reading, I'd say.... It was milder, much milder...."

JOE KEOGH, St. Catharines, Ontario: "Enjoyed the ish you were courteous enough to include me on, with extra special glee noted at the credit to MAD....Suggest you put out another in the not-too-distant future....this could become a fad."

RICHARD E. GEIS, Portland, Oregon: "Your Semi-Boiled Publication, HALF-SHOT, is hereby acknowledged....marvelous duplication, wonderful layout and poetry."

NORMAN G. BROWNE, Toronto, Ontario: "Best part of HALF-SHOT was the poem; liked much. Otherwise I have few compliments.... Next time try humor."

REDD BOGGS, Minneapolis, Minn.: "Impressed by the clean format of HALF-SHOT....One of the better one-shots; need to fill space quickly showed. Material better than usual in one-shots."

PHILIP F. PAIGE, Bensenville, Ill.: "Read with delight your flash in the pan, HALF-SHOT. . . .especially liked the classic nonsense on 'The Turbo-Encabulator in Industry'."

Thanks also to: HONEY WOOD, ROBERT BLOCH, HARLAN ELLISON, JOEL NYDAHL, ELMER KIRK, PAUL MITTELBUSCHER, and others whose letters were lost in the shuffle, as were those of some above.



# THE FINE ART OF INTERLINEATING

BY DICK CLARKSON

Bob Tucker's article in VEGA last year has had me doing some thinking ever since. There are other sides to that business of interlineating which he simply didn't consider. I did enjoy his article a lot, because it was funny as hell, but no matter where they originated (I have to take his word for that) or how they're supposed to be used, they sure serve a multiplicity of purposes today, besides being a good way to start a round-robin of confusion, the only modern use Bob mentioned. I'll try to show you a few, and you'll see what I am trying to tell you.

Interlineations interest me because (a) I love 'em, and (b) they give me hell trying to think 'em up. If you do not have just the right kind of mind — and thank Ghu few people do! — it takes a long time just to think one up. If you are in the mood, the exact right mood, you may come up with two or three before inspiration passes on. But once you have 'em, you got to figure out what to do with 'em. Meaningless ones, such as

---

"You heard me, you ain't blind, have I?"

---

are usually useless save for space filler to make a page come out even. That kind doesn't start an interlineation-war though it may increase your mail for a couple weeks after it appears, because people want to know what it means or why it was used or where it came from. It takes a different type to start a war. But they aren't satisfied either when you tell them you made it up, it's nonsense, and you used it to fill space.

There's also the misplaced interlineation which originally meant something, usually in reference to the article, the middle of which it was to have adorned, only the article either was never written or got lost. We had one for this ish, only it turns out we forgot what we were to use it for. It'd have appeared here somewhere anyhow, even were it not for this article, and it'd have been entirely incongruous, looking like a carry-over from someplace else:

---

"Don't worry about high forms of humor - let's work on Bloch."

---

Dean A. Grennell is someone we've never figured out what to do with; but he is a master at devising interlineations which defy classification. They're too good for mere use as space-filler, because you just feel they're too good for



INTERLINEATION, continued

something like that. But what do you do with

---

"Then her girdle blew a connecting-rod in the back-stretch."

---

But that's just Grennell. Always, some faned is out to put a touch of humor into a drab issue, and maybe those'd do for that. But they wouldn't go over too well because a Grennell interlineation is in its true medium only when accompanied by some bit of writing — article, letter, anything — of an equally Grennellian type, which only he can write.

For humor, there is no universal interlineation. I wish there were. I've always preferred something like

---

"And God spake unto Moses, saying, and I quote...."

---

but a lot of people think this is quite stupid, and a few object on other grounds, and you end up feeling frustrated that such a good bit is lost on your reading public. It may be too subtle, or it may just not be funny. I dunno. But yet I've had raves over something like

---

"Did I have three heads last night?"

---

which, frankly, leaves me frigid; I just get a mildly bad, odd taste in my mouth after something like that. Then why did

---

"I've got a headache in my left head."

---

seem funny to me, funny enuf to put into HALF-SHOT? I still laugh almost as hard at it every time I see it as I did then. It's almost identical with the one just above it, but that one leaves me dead blank.

Tucker started the D'Courtenay business with the well-known interlineation in VEGA #9, which went

---

Who sawed Courtney's boat?

---

and I still haven't figured out just how "Courtney" got to be "D'Courtenay". And worse yet, it seems that everyone thinks Tucker wrote "D'Courtenay". He didn't. I guess those things just grow on you. That one passed around like the other which he used as an example. Sometimes fandom mystifies me.

Some people speak in interlineations. One of my roommates at college speaks in clichés. The other makes up nutty theories at even nuttier hours of the night. And many fans seem to talk in interlineations. At the Philcon last year, one fellow I'd never met before kept walking around the room and talking into thin air. I noticed a couple guys following him about, and occasionally one would stop and write something on a pad. So I went closer, and heard:

---

"Which way is left?"

---



INTERLINEATION, continued.

Going over to a table I saw a page and a half full of things he'd been saying — some of which I'd heard without any attention paid to him — with "Interlineations" scrawled at the top. Another friend of mine also speaks interlineations, but only when potted, and these are unfortunately universally unprintable. Once in a bar, which had become quiet and boring, he turned around to the table behind him which seated four couples, and very politely asked

---

"Did you say (unprintable)?"

---

and all of us were thrown out. Fast. It was a classic remark, and perfect for an interlineation, only we can't print it in its entirety. That's the trouble with those things.

I have received several letters from time to time that intersperse the usual content with five interlineations, each one being one line of a limerick. This is a new idea; I've not seen it in fanzines, probably because the editors know no limericks which are both funny and printable. However, if you use the kind that sound bad thru' the first four lines and is made clean only by the addition of the fifth, you can worry hell out of those people who dislike such in print. For example:

---

There was a young maid of Alsace

---

and then commentary for a while, followed by:

---

Who had a most beautiful ass

---

This has everyone worried, just on general principles. The two lines following only serve to accent the issue, because

---

'Twas not as you'd think

---

---

All rosy and pink

---

And you let everyone sigh with relief, laugh, and feel a bit ashamed for being taken in by a clean limerick, with:

---

But gray, with long ears, and ate grass.

---

However, after a while some damfool would print a bad one, and this would raise pretty much of a stink. You could try riddles, but the only funny ones of those are also pretty powerful. And they're usually good only verbally anyhow.

So the faned looking for interlineations has a problem any way you look at it. Maybe Bob had some such in mind, for today you sure see an awful lot of

---

Seeded Shoulders....

---



# LAIROTIDE

**SNAKEBITE:** A condition resulting in an extended period of ridiculously bad luck, generally attributed to the venom of the Fluff Adder.

When we drove from Baltimore to Silver Spring on that fateful Friday, little did we realize that the dread disease had already struck. We should have known when it took just 13 gallons of gas to fill the tank.

When John observed Dick adjusting the margin to type the first stencil, his doubtful training made him lurch at the latter's throat, mildly coercing him to start the line just one space inside the printed margin on the stencil. He forgot that on BLOODSHOT we use wider margins than on VARIOSO. He goofed. Ever try to run off centered copies of 62-spaced copy which begins 6 spaces out of whack? We managed rather well after a few hours of cursing, inking, and adjusting.

It said quite plainly on the ink can: "SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING." It didn't say "WATCH OUT FOR LOOSE CAP WHILE SHAKING". We think it should have. In the proverbial two shakes we had a catch-pan, floor, and shirt full of bright, blood-red ink. Someone thought in time to hold the emptied can under the corner of the catch-pan. That is why we had some red ink left to use on this issue. It didn't take more than an hour and a half to unstain the catcher, and then sand-blast the sink it was unstained in. The floor needed washing anyway.

Mimeoscope glass is fragile. One shouldn't turn mimeoscopes upside down while trying to put in a new light bulb. It is indeed a bother for one to kneel down in broken glass to pick out the large pieces. One dislikes going into hardware stores and asking for pieces of glass 9 inches by 16½ inches. One dislikes paying for such odd sized pieces of glass. One finds it distasteful to cut fingers on such glass. It is painful.

Often in the course of human events it becomes necessary to make a difficult decision. Should one really continue publishing a one-shot one would care to publish, when in the face of seemingly overpowering difficulties the proverbial point of diminishing returns is approached? For example, when one runs off 150 copies of page 3, and then 150 more copies of page 4, when in undeniable actuality they should have preferably backed each other, what should one do? In this case, one threw away 150 sheets of pretty red mimeographing, and then searched through quire after quire of inky, used stencils in search of the proper one to run off in its proper place. The



LAIROTIDE, continued.

sheets did look so pretty in all their redness. A shame some fancy stationery or something can't be concocted out of the orphaned remains.

Have you ever cut your finger on mimeograph paper? It is a nasty thing to do. It hurts. The finger swells, forcing a purple ooze out through the flanged, green-tinged openings of the razor-like cut. You are advised to amputate. It is your typing finger. You are in a dilemma. You have had bad luck. You curse. You use juvenile symbolization by sucking the injured member. Red, lace-like veins begin to crawl up your arm. You feel as though things are not going right. You develop a persecution complex. They come for you; you go away.

It is good to sleep late in the morning after a wild hair session. It is not good when one must arise at 6:15 in order to attend an 8:00 college class. Especially when it is a public speaking course and you have not prepared a public speech. It is especially bad when one awakes at 8:45 for said 8:00 class. Family tensions are created when one misses class. After all, family paid for class. Too bad family needn't pay for sleep. It would be much more respected if sleep were of necessity paid for. We would that sleep were an accepted item of commerce.

Wild Hair Session ends as Baltimore fan necessarily returns to his home. Gafia sets in for the ensuing two days. Nothing of note is accomplished. Dick forgets correction fluid ....typing stencils is difficult. Magnus can not think of article. He does research. Halfway through book he looks at title to discover big research book, is wrong one. No article. One becomes depressed. One gets drunk. It becomes necessary to attend college again the next morning. One does so, and returns home with a will to write an article. One lies in bed to wait for inspiration. One falls asleep. One wakes two hours later. One stumbles downstairs, lies down on sofa to wait for inspiration. One falls asleep. One wakes two more hours later. One goes upstairs for one last-ditch effort to wait for inspiration. One falls asleep and wakes up six hours late to pick up partner fan in Baltimore. One was fatigued.

It is discouraging to have to bring a fanzine on paper of cellophane-like transparency. Especially when paper costs \$1.91 per ream. Especially when one has been getting damn good opacity with paper costing less than half as much. Namely 87¢. Especially when one uses what is reputedly the best paper available. We say it stinks. It is not good paper.

We have had trouble with this magazine. This magazine has cost us much money. This magazine has been a very difficult one to put out. But we are fans. It has been fun anyway. Why not make it more fun by telling us how much you adored the crispy thinness of the paper, the smeary redness of the ink? Why not compliment us on our clever typos and our quality material? We would be overjoyed.



shows 616 look as pretty in all their business. A shame some  
family stationery or something can't be associated out of the  
orphaned remains.

Have you ever cut your finger on micrograph paper? It  
is a nasty thing to do. It hurts. The finger swells, forming  
a purple core out through the flange, green-lined openings  
of the press-like cut. You are advised to amputate. It is your  
typing finger. You are in a dilemma. You have had had had  
You swore. You use juvenile expletives by swearing the in-  
jured member. Red, face-like veins begin to crawl up your arm.  
You feel as though things are not going right. You develop a  
persecution complex. They come for you; you go away.

It is good to sleep late in the morning after a wild  
hair session. It is not good when one must arise at 6:15 in  
order to attend an 8:00 college class. Especially when it is a  
public speaking course and you have not prepared a public  
speech. It is especially bad when one awakes at 8:15 for said  
8:00 class. Family relations are created when one classes class.  
After all, family ties are sacred. For had family needs't say  
for sleep. It would be well respected. It sleep word of  
necessity paid for. We would sleep were an accepted item  
of commerce.



Wild Hair Session Baltimore fan necessarily  
returns to his home. Baltimore fan necessarily  
returning of hope is accompanied by a forgotten correction fluid  
.....typing pencils is difficult. Memoes can not think of ur-  
like. He does research. He does research. He does research. He does research.  
to discover big research. It becomes necessary to  
One becomes depressed. One becomes depressed. One becomes depressed. One becomes depressed.  
attend college again the night before. One does not. and re-  
turns home with a will to write an article. One lies in bed to  
wait for inspiration. One falls asleep. One wakes. Two hours  
later. One studies downstairs. One falls asleep. One wakes. Two hours  
later. One falls asleep. One wakes. Two hours later.  
inspiration. One falls asleep. One wakes. Two hours later.  
One goes upstairs for one last-ditch effort to wait for in-  
spiration. One falls asleep and wakes up six hours later to  
pick up partner fan in Baltimore. One was fatigued.

It is discouraging to have to print a headline on paper  
of cellophane-like transparency. Especially when paper costs  
\$1.91 per ream. Especially when one has been getting down good  
opacity with paper costing less than half as much. Namely 67¢.  
Especially when one uses what is reputedly the best paper  
available. We say it ain't. It is not good paper.

We have had trouble with this magazine. This magazine  
has cost us much money. This magazine has cost us much money.  
sell one to put out. But we are late. It has been long way.  
Why not make it more fun by selling us how much you adored the  
crisp thinness of the paper, the creamy richness of the ink?  
Why not compliment us on our clever typeset and our drafty ma-  
chine? We would be overjoyed.