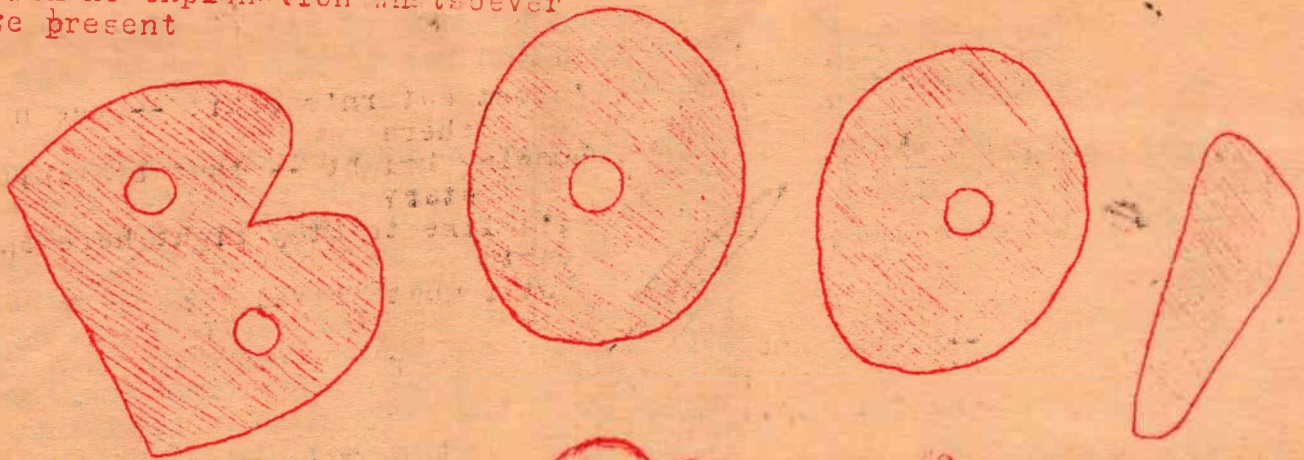


With no explanation whatsoever  
we present



#9

Well, maybe a slight one would do to keep Balint from sending me bombs disguised as packets of chicken noodle soup. I've decided that I'm much more liable to keep my fanpub bug in me if I don't spend so much money and time on my fanzine--and as you fans know, an issue can cost from 15 to 30 rocks on issue and in some cases more. So this kind only costs me \$3.00 an issue and if I have the material on hand I can put out 3 or 4 issues a month and still save money. And, too, these news-letter-type fanmags are much, much easier to read. And that's a big help to you fans who like to keep up on your reading yet want to do it in one sitting.

Herewith my policy: Material -- any short stuff, whether poems, stories, news items, etc not exceeding 700 words in length. I'm not going to make any pleas for material because all that brings is slop. But if you think you've got something that would fit the above-mentioned requirements please send it. I've got enuf stuff to last me several more issue but most of it would be best for a fullsizezzine. Schedules: -- None at all. Subscriptions -- Those who get this issue, outside of FAPA will keep getting it. I've made a permanent sub list and all those on it will received BOO! on the condition that they comment on at least every other issue. Of course, if you pub a fanzine yourself a trade copy would be appreciated and probably reviewed.

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"Who here is Capt. K.F. Slater?"

---

JOHN Q. FAN  
First of 6 parts by  
Peter J. Vorzimer

#1: The Letter-Writer

Now this type is not a writer, not a publisher. His main key to insanity is his enormous correspondence with 169 other fans. He spends nearly half of his spare time writing to his correspondants, and the other half reading letters from them. This boy usually subscribes to a great many fanzines, picking out the most controversial subjects and arguing them out by Mail.

McELROY

His tongue, over a period of years, has turned a sort of yellow color from licking to many stamps and envelopes. This is a trait found in many heavy correspondants. His fingers are also very knurled and warped from pounding the typewriter. The fingers most usually worn are



"And this is where they keep  
the Astoundings..."

the index fingers of both hands, as the average stfan has little time to take up typing.

When the mail s come in on Saturday morn-  
ing, he usually pushes everybody out of  
the way, and makes a mad dash for the mail-  
man. He usually succeeds in making the  
mailman a nervous wreck. When no mail is  
forthcoming he usually mopes around all  
day in a purple gloom, thinking that all of  
his fan-friends have forgotton him. On  
school day, this boy usually spends most  
of his last period thinking of which mail  
he is expecting. When gets home he's not  
happy until he has seen all the mail.

These fans are the type that support the  
post office.

last letter  
By Mike Rossman

off among the suns  
away out from a star  
journey long--danger high  
but i must travel far

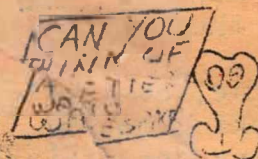
out from earth--full of hope  
reaching for a star  
if i fail no one knows  
but i must travel far

'crost saturn's orbit -- see her  
there  
burning bright -- that big-white  
star?  
i'd like to stay right here on  
earth  
but i must travel far

i've built a ship--nobody knows  
because i'm headin' for a star  
by the time you read this i'll be away  
for i must travel far

say goodbye to  
to the people mother earth  
to mary--sle i have known  
my questin' will understand  
to everyig for a star  
for i'm one that i have loved  
must travel far

...Not here, it draws files. Besides, it can't help it.



NOW LET'S SEE...  
I HAVE THREE MORE  
PAGES TO PRINT,  
AND THREE DROPS  
OF INK...



THIS IS NO MIMED,  
IT'S A CONFETTI MACHINE!



WILL YOU PLEASE  
SLIPSHEET FOR ME?



C'MON, MIMED, FEED!



OH WELL, WE CAN'T  
ALL GET PERFECT  
REPRODUCTION...



TERRY CARR'S  
FACE CRITTURES  
PUBLISHING A FANZINE



INK ON MY FINGERS,  
ON MY SHIRT, ON MY...

THIS IS REPRODUCTION



\*TYPED  
TYPED!

OH OH, I FORGOT  
TO INK IT!



OH NO! NOT  
THE ROLLER  
AGAIN!



FIFTY SIX, FIFTY  
SEVEN, FIFTY  
EIGHT...



FAN FILE: DON CANTIN

Due to circumstances that could have been avoided, but weren't, I was born. (I figure that this would be as good a place as any to start my autobiography.) I was born at the age of twelve in a log cabin which I built myself. Today I am 16 years old, have 69 inches of white skin and stand in my stocking feet. My name is Donald Cantin, and letter addressed to 214 Bremer Street will eventually reach me, provided a stamp is affixed in the upper right hand corner of the envelope. I collect Pogo comix, dirty limericks, photographs taken by Dean Grennell, and money. By the time this sees print I will have been a fan for 2 years. Will attend the Philcon, in case anyone is interested. Am a junior in high school, but what good is that? Will be in

the Air Force next year, and anyone saying it's for the birds will be absolutely right. After leaving home at 7:30 in the morning, I attend school for five hours, then go to work for four more...get home and attend to natural functions and fan-nish activities, then I hit the bunk at about 11:00 after watching the video. I find time to put out a few issues of MICRO- and do other things on the side. My romantic life remains a secret...suffice it to say that a woman's honor is at stake. My favorite fanzine is not defunct, so I haven't any favorites at the moment. But I do think that this zine offers the best bargain. I have about a dozen columns running consecutively and it's no fun, believe me. Have brown hair, brown eyes, am not fat...am not skinny. Fandom is a lotta fun, but one (meaning me) shouldn't attempt to undertake more than one can accomplish. That is why my zine is now irregular. If I had my life to live over, I'd live in a book store. I don't drink I don't smoke I don't swear and I'm a helluva liar. I suppose that I could give you a few more facts about



myself, but my teachers told me not to tell anyone my IQ is Nope, I won't say.

-----  
Hello Officer Sorrelli!  
-----

HOME STRETCH

Since the handwriting - I'd be damned if I'm going to foul up this page by using my own typewriter, and Terry's unit handy. # This issue's layout, I know, will bring many remarks that I'm a little over doing it. Any who this shouldn't be laid out ala PEON, SPACESHIP, etc but should have sides of some sort. But with the FSAA deadline coming up I didn't have time to worry about layout. Excuse it this time; I'll try to do better in #10.

Boob