

...Barring the possibility of an error in the calculations, this is

Joe's Jottings

---issue the fifth, published by Joe Kennedy, 84 Baker Ave., Dover, N.J. for the tenth mailing of the Vanguard Amateur Press Association. September '46 is the date when these hallowed stencils shall brave the perils of the mimeo's rolling drum. A DOWN WITH _____ PUBLICATION.

WISDOM OF THE AGES DEPARTMENT:

Some people might euphemistically call this a magazine. Others, noting the weird format, might be inclined to hesitate before committing themselves. Frankly, our sympathies lie with the latter group.

Perhaps an explanation for the slightly wacky appearance is in order. Seems we'd had a ream of #20 legal-sized on hand, which had been hanging around for some time. Determined to use it up, we set out to devise a plan by which the off-size paper supply could be disposed of. Our typewriter has a small-sized carriage, which would necessitate cutting the stencils in half if we chose to use the familiar standby: half-legal format. Having had unpleasant results from a previous attempt at this, we found the idea decidedly unappealing. And of course regalength would be out of the question; probably 'twould require extra-large envelopes for the mailing if the mag were to escape being folded. 'Twas indeed a problem. The answer finally presented itself in the form of a copy of Down Beat magazine, a publication jazz lovers, swing-band followers, and other patrons of the arts may know of. Thus the half-size-on-the-outside-regalength-on-the-inside format of this JJ. Believe us -- it won't happen again.

OF VANGUARD AND THINGS

Lawzame, but if VAPA continues the standard of quality and quantity set with the 9th mailing, yours truly is going to be forced to print a retraction of that article in the last Jottings. Remember? We more than hinted that Vanguard was on its last, tottering legs, that the situation was approaching desperacy, that we'd all better go out and rope in a bunch of ambitious stfans to fill the ranks and swell the mailings.

However, after two consecutive mailings displaying a remarkable fatness and fitness, it is forced to revise our opinions drastically that we are. For the organization has not only pulled itself nicely out of its new year slump, but the general run of material is actually becoming more readable and enjoyable! Anyway, that's the impression we get. Does anybody agree?

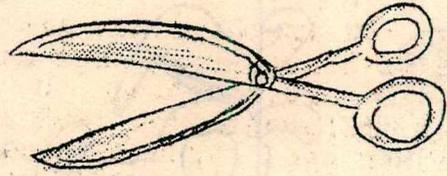
We seem to have stepped on a few corns with the suggestion of more fantasy material. Nonetheless, we can see no reason why VAPA publications should go out of their way to avoid material which might possibly be of interest to fans, nor fail to take advantage of the infinite and delightful possibilities of fantasy. Helen Wesson apparently resented our slam at the mundane APAs, and reported that a reply was probably in the offing. We certainly didn't intend to take pot-shots at the people who get a kick out of NAPA and AAPA gymnastics (we're overwriting here) --but, like fandom, mundane ay-jay work can be a most enjoyable microcosm. However, from what we've seen of the other APAs, our nod would still go to FAPA and VAPA publications, as far as red meat is concerned.

Incidentally, we blundered horribly in the last issue. While pleading the case for fen in "X-Ray on Vanguard", in the same issue we include some excerpts from correspondence which seemed to indicate a marked tendency toward illiteracy in fan circles! As we feared, both Lowndes and Blish took note of this (see Vanguard Boojum). This teaches us a potent lesson -- nexttime we blow drums and beat trumpets for the cause of dear old stefantasy and its minions, we shall refrain from spotlighting its worst aspects in the same issue. Now if the next couple mailings equal or surpass the last two, in both readability and the amount of stuff to be read, we shall consider the pessimism groundless indeed. The fingers are duly crossed, thank'ee.

)) - - - - THE MEAT GRINDER - - - - ((

Taking 'em in the order listed in the VA: Ahhhh, Tumbrils, and we're glad it's appearing each mailing again. The article on War Resister's League was interesting, tho it's apparent that the situation today is somewhat different from that reflected by the pacifist attitude of a couple decades ago. Though it might have been obvious to any thinking citizen that war in the near future was but another step down the road to total destruction, it's doubtful that anybody could have foreseen the advent of the A-bomb with any noticable degree of accuracy. And needless to say, the atom makes the prevention of WW #3 not just a fine, idealistic refusal to acknowledge the inevitability of another world conflict if the passive don't-give-a-damn attitude of the man on the street is continued (coupled with some prime examples of diplomatic stupidity) -- but an absolute must, an immediate necessity.. Other Tumbrils matter remains singularly uncommendable. Horizons: Welcome to VAPActivity, Harry. Horizons is particularly welcome, as it's a very good example of the more literate and interesting type of fantasy material we wished for in VAPA. Suffice to say that the material was good throughout, and to hope for more of the same; if possible, something slanted especially for Vanguard. Agenbite, we note, doesn't attempt to split the braincells with political and philosophical speculation this trip, but confines itself simply to producing an entertaining and readable issue. And doing just that is a creditable accomplishment. Gads, a science-fiction story no less! As W. Kermit III would say -- gaw! The little-boy perspective leads us to wonder whether the author has been digging Ray Bradbury lately. Poetry was swell stuff, in particular, "Epilogue", which carried overtones of the Lowndes of yesteryear, whose sincere, less complicated work we'll always admire. Snark was a novel idea. Vanguard Boojum wasn't, but should definitely prove a worthwhile addition. And we hope other subscribers will follow Al Lopez's lead by giving forth with some comments or reviews -- anything to indicate that they're at least interested in what VAPA has to offer. The Lowndes-Davis debate intrigued us, naturally, but Lowndes dares invite the righteous wrath of a thousand aroused scientifictionists through his disrespectful placing of the sacred name of Fandom in quotation marks (these things: " "). Why, you f a n, sir! : We love this item. "Missing Pages from Our Memory Book" and the shaggy-doggish "Sound and the Fury" are mah'v'lous, simply mah'v'lous. Belated posies for the lunar space-suit cartoon last issue, by the way. Stefantasy: Again, we can do naught but rave. This magazine has come a long way since the first Dangerous Thing. Technically, it's superb, and the material never fails to provide fun by the bucketful. "The Ten Keys to Everything" (hyaw!) and the Vitagunk Co's announcement take top place among the ads. Shame on Cheney, endorsing such dubious mail-order bargains. Danner's poetry is so utterly awful it's good! Ahhhh, but that print job... Do you make your own cuts, Bill? Cretin we liked muchly. Even a geek with a puny three years of hi school French can see that Emden's translation of the Verlaine poem is more than slightly on the hyper side. Blue Funk again demonstrates Shaw's genius for handling an original and unorthodox format effectively. The saga of the Absolute Manager of Vanguard amused greatly, while "The Fall of the House of Albatross" could pass for a satire on the HGWells style of storytelling. "Voice from a Clogged Colon" read like a Michel article -- but, then, comparisons are supposed to be odious... Temper: Thanks for the defense of the pocket-sized reprint field, Judy. We like 'em too. Prize for the best interlineation we've seen in a long time goes to your RATSWILLEATUSIFWEDON'TMOVESOON. Fan-Tods is neat as ever, with Norm's own comments, as is not surprising, the best thing in the issue. Gardner's review of Science & Sanity is about the briefest article or review on the book that we've seen yet in the ay-jay field. Is there anybody in VAPA interested enough, and well enough versed in the subject, to do an article or two on general semantics and null-A??... Vanguard Amateur: Huzza for the new constitution, except for item #3 part C: "Senior members * * may by a 4/5 vote impeach any officer, appoint members to fill Exec Comm memberships..." and so on. This is obviously an attempt on the part of the old guard to get all Vanguard in its slimy grasp. You cads, -sirs and mesdames. Power-mad, that's what you are. But we, the piffling newcomers who have only been on the roste since the second mailing, see thru your foul and evil designs. You bounders. You fans! Tomorrow on the March: 'owinell did this get in? To quogt van Vogt: "...I have only been using these methods ((of eye-training)) a short time. Yet I am delivering this speech without notes. I assure you I did not memorize my speech." Our problem, Mr. Anthony, is: what did he do? Have somebody in the back of the room hold up a copy so he could read it off? Make it up as he went along? Are we stupid or something?? Never mind that last question...

SNIP!



By S. EVERETT NEATLEY

a story complete on this page

The doctor peered at Mr. Quemp over thick-lensed glasses. "What you need is rest," said the psychiatrist soothingly. "Rest and fresh air will make you a new man. Why don't you go to the country -- for say, two weeks? You've been taking your job too seriously."

Ambrose Quemp sighed dubiously. "I only hope the scissors hallucination won't return. Do you really think it's cured, Doctor?"

"Certainly," the medic reassured. "You won't see it again."

"Lord! I hope you're right. It was so real, though. I swear I could actually hear the sound of its blades snipping. A giant scissors, jaws ready to close -- with my head between those awful blades -- ready to be snipped off! That hideous whirring noise -- the blades being sharpened! Ugh!" He broke into a cold sweat.

"There, there," syrupped the doctor of the mind. "That's all over now. You're cured, man! Go home and forget it. Ninety-two dollars, please."

Upon reaching his apartment Mr. Quemp hung up his coat. He then proceeded to drain the contents of a small, brown bottle.

Confidence somewhat restored, he seated himself by the open window. It was a quiet city street scene below. Mid-afternoon. Couple of cars. Kids playing jump-rope. Calm. Peaceful. He opened a copy of Fantastic Adventures.

But Mr. Quemp's mind was not on what he was reading. The type blurred and jumped beneath his

gaze. Somewhat nervously, he closed the magazine. The doctor had said to relax. Yes. He would relax. He settled back in the chair, allowed his imagination to wander.

The fender of one of the parked cars in the street below became a shining blade of polished surgical steel. It glistened evilly in the mid-afternoon sunlight. Like a pendulum of death it wavered unsteadily back and forth, to and fro. The scissors were being sharpened. The slicing, whirring snip-snap of the jaws filled his eardrums. Snip. Snap. A funeral dirge, the infernal clatter grew maddeningly louder.

And then, just as always before, Mr. Quemp felt his own head between the gigantic blades, felt sharp, cold steel graze the sides of his throat---

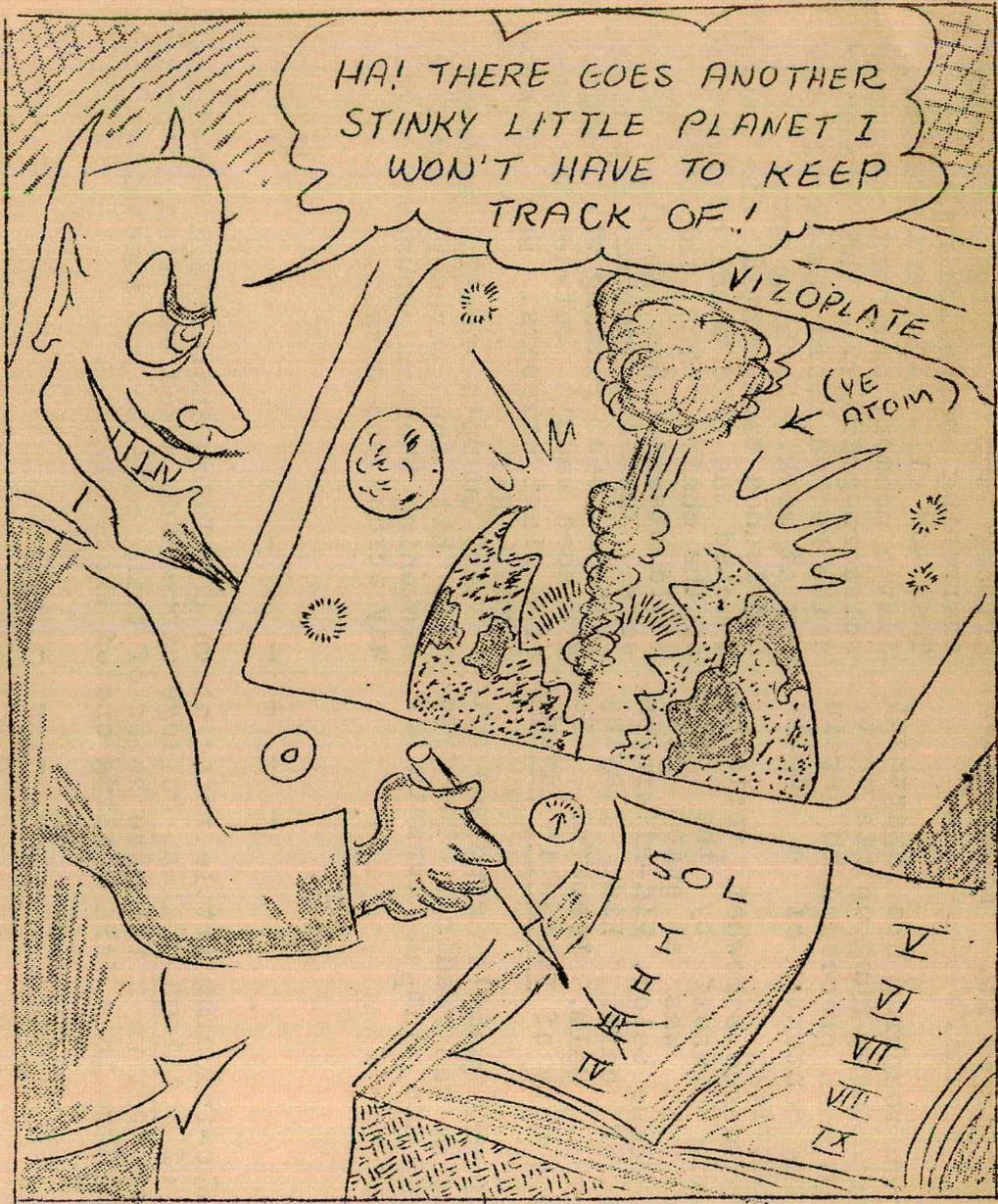
Rather abruptly, he screamed.

The next instant he felt like a damned fool. He looked down. Beneath the window, a scissors-grinder was vending his wares, sharpening and polishing a blade. That was all. No giant scissors. Just a common, ordinary, everyday scissors-grinder. The whirring noise he had heard was merely the man at work. Nothing more. He had leaned back until his neck touched the cold metal of the rim of the chair. That had been the "cold steel". Ha. No giant scissors. Just a daydream. His imagination was running wild again. His head wasn't between the jaws of a giant scissors. No. He was cured. Ha!

Mr. Quemp's neatly severed head hit the pavement with a sickening thud and bounced half-way across the street.

The puke-inducing little thing above concludes another all-too-flimsy issue of Jottings. Alas, college attendance makes our time at present limited, but we still have hopes of being able to put something presentable in a VAPA mailing one of these days . . .

HA! THERE GOES ANOTHER
STINKY LITTLE PLANET I
WON'T HAVE TO KEEP
TRACK OF!

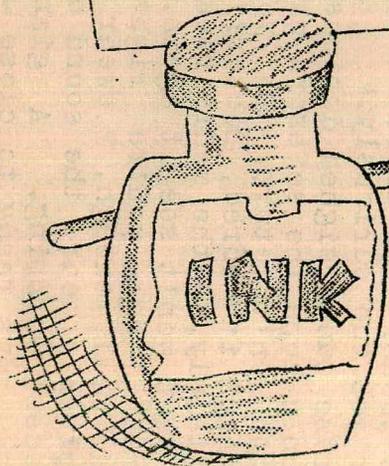


Joe's

#5

JOTTINGS

for VAPA



NEVER MIND
THE STAPLES--!
OPEN THIS
END--->