

JANUARY TIGHTBEAM
MAY SUPPLEMENT

I almost titled this little sheet *An Explanation of the Obvious*, but I've used that title before--not once but twice. The obvious, in that case, would be that the January *Tightbeam* was late, and the explanation would be as follows.

Note, please, the date on the zine accompanying this. It is absolutely accurate. I began stencilling the January *Tb* on January 19. I finished stencilling it on the 22nd and ran it off in two sessions, on the 23rd and 24th. Then it just sat around for more than a quarter of a year. What happened is that I had no idea in the world where to send it.

You see, I've got all my fanzines packed up in boxes right at the moment, and that includes any rosters the N3F may have published toward the end of 1973. Digging such a thing out is out of the question (assuming it exists), as anyone who has uncrated 14 cubic feet of mimeo paper looking for one two-sheet item will attest. Just before I ran it off, I wrote to Stan Woolston, my erstwhile opponent in last year's election (whom I haven't properly congratulated yet--congratulations, Stan, if that's the proper word), asking for a Xerox or somesuch of his roster so I could send it out.

Stan wrote back that he'd asked Janie Lamb to send me a copy of the current roster. I'd already gotten a carbon of an update on an older roster from Janie, but what I had in mind was something more complete. A couple of weeks went by, and I was beginning to wonder what had happened, so I dropped Janie a postcard. A couple more weeks went by, and then a couple more after that. No word from Janie.

After several couples of weeks, I gradually forgot about it. See, I don't do this sort of stuff 24 hours a day, and other considerations clamored for my attention. Such as earning money to eat, and finding a new apartment to sleep in...little, inconsequential things. So three months went by.

Then came the current *TNFF*, and it contained...glory be!--a roster. Something clicked in my memory, and I dug out all those dust-covered copies of the January *Tb*, did up a hastily-mimeographed sheet apologizing, and sent it out. Or will have within a few minutes of this writing. If this hurts any campaign I might put up for N3F president this year, that's just one of those things. I'll let my insidious campaign managers, Ned Brooks and George Wells, worry about that for me.

This whole thing reminds me of the guy who worked out a unique method of recruiting for the N3F. Stop me if you've heard this one, okay?

Nobody stopping me? Astounding! Anyway, there was this guy who worked out a unique method for recruiting for the N3F. See, he'd tie the applications to his front like a fig leaf, put on an overcoat on top of it, and stalk the halls of conventions. When he saw a beautiful young neofanne, he would expose himself, crying out, "Join the N3F or I'm going to rape you!"

This worked out just fine for awhile, but then one day, he was up to his usual tricks, and one of his prospects merely stared at him with disdain instead of immediately signing the form. He repeated the alternatives, whereupon she said, in a withering tone, "Better laid than Neffer!"

The Greeks had a word for the proper response to that sort of story--*πεταρδ*. In any case, here's the January *Tightbeam*, better late than never.

This has been January *Tightbeam* May Supplement, slapped together on the 8th of May, 1974, by Don Markstein, who stops short of assigning a Pemented Turkish Dwarf Press publication number to it but still insists that it is Printed in Occupied CSA and is AM95. TSSA, if you can dig it.