

Welcome, friends, to the
small, new, tenth-anniversary
issue of

THE VINEGAR WORM.

This is Vol. II, No. 10, and
it is published at 2615 Broad
St., Bethel Park, Pa. 15102,
by Bob Leman, for FAPA 121 and
some other long-suffering friends
and relatives.

*

Last Spring I saw in a science fiction magazine an advertisement that said: "No Special Talent Needed! You Can WRITE STORIES FOR TV! And Movies. . .says Leslie Goodwins, dynamic Hollywood Director of MY FAVORITE MARTIAN, F TROOP, GILLIGAN'S ISLAND and many more! Use our services: send us your story; we do the rest! Send story or story idea (from 1 to 20 pages, not more) for free examination to: LESLIE GOODWINS PRODUCTIONS, Dept. 4376, 7551 Melrose Ave., Hollywood Calif. 90046."

There was a very strong smell of swindle about this thing, and it aroused my curiosity. I decided to find out what they were up to, and I sent them a letter purporting to contain a story idea. There was actually no story there, but the letter was calculated to persuade them that the writer really believed he had a great idea.

This letter will be found overleaf. On subsequent pages I have reproduced in chronological order the letters I then received from Leslie Goodwins, Dynamic Hollywood Director. One cannot help feeling a certain sour admiration for the tenacity with which he pursues a signature on his contract. It would be interesting to know how many people have been hooked for that \$279.00.

You will find that your copy of this issue has a blank page four. Don't worry about it. All the copies have a blank page four. The five pages relating to the Goodwins matter were all run from Gestefax stencils, and this is the first time I've tried putting Gestefax through the machine. All the page threes had so much show-through or offset or general slobber that it wasn't practical to put page four on the other side. Page five is thus actually page four.

I might also mention that page two was run from a Gestefax stencil made from a Xerox copy. This accounts, in case you were wondering, for the ghostly reproduction of the large black print at the top of Goodwins' ad.

Leslie Goodwins Productions
7551 Melrose Ave
Hollywood, Calif, 90046

NO SPECIAL TALENT
NEEDED! YOU CAN
... says Leslie Goodwin, dynamic Hollywood
Director of MY FAVORITE MATRIAN, F
TROOP, GILLIGAN'S ISLAND and many
of more! Use our services: send us your story; we
do the rest! Send story or story idea (from 1 to
.p- 20 pages, not more) for free examination to:
he LESLIE GOODWIN PRODUCTIONS, Dept. 4376
rst 7551 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif. 90046

Gentlemen:

I saw your add where it said write stories for TV! and movies. It says no special talent needed. I have a good story and would like to have it in the movie. Or TV. I have no special talent. You will like the story. It says from 1 to 20 pages not more. it is not hardly room enough. But I will try to tell the story so you can tell how to get it onto TV because it is amazing & partly true.

A man I know heard this from his fathers second wife so it is partly true and "amazing" It starts in a store in Fidlow, west Virginia but I know you have to change the name, call it Woldif, west Virginia. a man name Arthur Comley owned the store it was about 1860 he knew Elbert Rennels who was the anchester of my friends stepmother. Well people were fighting then about slarvey and Civil War and W VA was still part of "virginia. " You know how the English are, they faught against us in the revolution, they never like us, there is a lot of them in virginia, well there was one of them came to Fidlow in 1860 , I forgot to mention he went to colleage.

There was a girl name Minnie Minor "you oughth to change the name to Minnie Ronim" to protect the inocent " She was a GODfearing girl, yellow hair could sing like a performer. Pop & western. this was long ago about 1860. you should put it that they sang diffrent songs then you know like they sang then. But all kinds. And this man came to buy cattle for the army. I forgot his name was Denmin or Denam or like that. Well he was a fine man and Comley was not and Minne like him better. But Comley have the money, owned the store. Minne was promise to him. But she crawl in the bushes with Denman. and one night Comley cought them with it right in there, he had his adz with him, he chopped them both for quite a while there was not much left but dog meat. He left them by Millers run, I know the exact place, I will show you if you want to see it and then he went back to the store, Ellis Goarb was there. "Why are you all bloody said Ellis"

"Because I killed a deer said Comley"

That is not deer blood, O yes it is deer blood, & he killed Ellis to. to make a long story short his ghost still lives in Fidlow.

This is the greatst story I ever heard and it would make a great movie or TV but I do not know the exact way. I will be glad to give you half the money, do not try to steal the story, many freinds know it is my story. Let me hear from you.

Yours Very Truely:
Thurlow Faylbetzer

Thurlow Faulbetzer
2615 Broad St



8831 SUNSET BOULEVARD

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90069

May 16, 1967

Dear Mr. Faulbetzer:

We take this opportunity to thank you for sending us your story idea tentatively titled "HIS GHOST STILL LIVES".

Leslie Goodwins Productions has examined your material and has agreed to accept your story for collaboration. We are going to develop your story idea into a completed television screen play, to be filed, indexed and catalogued in our story library created for the exclusive use of producers who are in search of new story ideas.

As you know, Mr. Goodwins is the well known writer-director of motion pictures and top rated television shows, but more important, a leading discoverer of new talent. I feel certain you will find it a rare opportunity to collaborate with a company such as his.

I first, however, request your cooperation in giving us your permission to rewrite your material and/or make any revisions we feel are necessary in order to develop a suitable script. I must also ask you to make a necessary payment, covering all required collaboration expenses and registration fees involved in Copy-writing your story.

Kindly sign and return the enclosed contract (keep one copy for your files) together with your payment for immediate action. Let us hear from you at your earliest possible convenience as we are most anxious to proceed with "HIS GHOST STILL LIVES".

Sincerely,

LESLIE GOODWINS PRODUCTIONS, INC.

HARRY MARTIN
Staff Director

HM/rt
Enc:

**Highway
Patrol**

**Pete &
Gladys**

**4 Star
Theatre**

Topper

A FEW OF THE MANY TV SHOWS DIRECTED OR WRITTEN BY LESLIE BODIN

A FEW OF THE MANY TV SHOWS DIRECTED OR WRITTEN BY LESLIE BODIN

A FEW OF THE MANY TV SHOWS DIRECTED OR WRITTEN BY LESLIE BODIN



Contract

Date May 16, 1967

WHEREAS Thurlow Faulbetzer Does hereby warrant and represent to be the author and sole owner of the original story tentatively titled:

"HIS GHOST STILL LIVES" and

WHEREAS, the author wishes to revise, re-write, or otherwise develop the above mentioned story into a professionally written TV Screen Play ready to be submitted for production, in collaboration with **LESLIE GOODWINS PRODUCTIONS, INC.;**

NOW, THEREFORE, it is agreed that:

1. LESLIE GOODWINS PRODUCTIONS, INC. AGREES:

- (A) To accept the above mentioned story to be revised, rewritten, or otherwise developed into a professionally written TV Screen Play ready to be submitted for production, and to supply the above mentioned author with two copies of the completed script.
- (B) To obtain and pay all expenses in obtaining a Certificate Of Copyright from the Copyright office in Washington, D.C., including the additional manuscript required for this purpose. This Copyright will remain in force for twenty-eight years.
- (C) To have the completed screen play permanently filed, indexed and catalogued with our Motion Picture and Television story library.

2. THE AUTHOR AGREES:

- (A) To hereby authorize and permit **LESLIE GOODWINS PRODUCTIONS, INC.** to revise, rewrite, or otherwise make any changes, as may be advisable or indicated, in the above mentioned story in order to develop a suitable script.
- (B) To permit the above mentioned story, and/or the completed script to be published, used on radio, television, and motion pictures with compensation to the author to be paid according to the profit agreement below.
- (C) To pay **LESLIE GOODWINS PRODUCTIONS, INC.** the sum of \$279.00, payable in full, or \$25.00 with this contract, the balance of \$254.00 to be paid \$ monthly.

WHEN THE TOTAL SUM IS PAID, THE COMPLETED SCRIPTS AND ALL LEGAL DOCUMENTS FROM THE COPYRIGHT OFFICE WILL BE SENT TO THE AUTHOR.

PROFIT AGREEMENT

Any and all royalties from published novels, Radio, Television and/or Motion Pictures, are to be divided as follows: 30% to **LESLIE GOODWINS PRODUCTIONS, INC.**, 70% to the above mentioned author. Nothing contained in the printed material of **LESLIE GOODWINS PRODUCTIONS, INC.** is intended to be or is to be construed as any guarantee or promise of financial reward of any kind. **LESLIE GOODWINS PRODUCTIONS, INC.** limits its activities to professional services and performs no promotional services other than those outlined in this contract.

LESLIE GOODWINS PRODUCTIONS, INC.
Hollywood, California

AUTHOR'S SIGNATURE

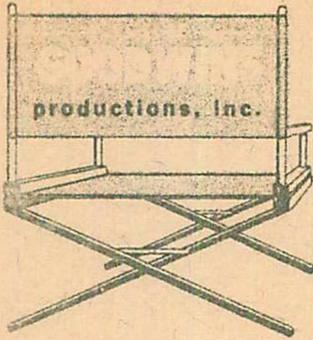
By Jerry Martin

Name

Address

Citizenship

Sign and return one copy of contract together with payment. Receipt will be sent to you by return mail.



8831 SUNSET BOULEVARD

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90069

Dear Author:

As you know, we are holding one of your story ideas in our files as we have accepted it for collaboration.

Our records indicate that we have sent you a letter explaining this rare opportunity together with a set of contracts to be signed and returned to this office with your payment. However that was many weeks ago, and we have still not received your reply.

It is most important that you take care of this matter at once. If you are unable to send us the \$25.00 at this time, we will accept your signed contract together with a smaller payment of \$15.00 in order to avoid any further delay.

I shall be looking forward to your reply by return mail, as we are most anxious to get started on this project.

Best wishes

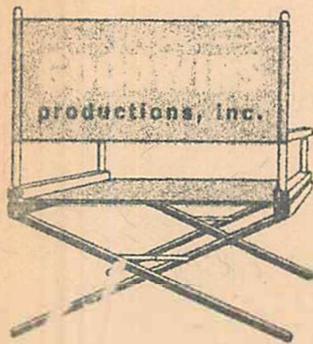
HARRY MARTIN
Staff Director

Highway
Patrol

Pete &
Gladys

4 Star
Theatre

Topper



8831 SUNSET BOULEVARD

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90069

Dear Author:

No doubt you have received our contract and more recent letters informing you of our most keen desire to develop your story idea into a screen play.

However, we are unable to get started on this project until we receive your signed contract together with your payment.

I sincerely hope that you will give this matter your immediate attention, and I shall be looking forward to receiving your contract with any reasonable down payment, that you can afford at this time.

Regards,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Harry Martin".

HARRY MARTIN
Staff Director

Highway
Patrol

Pete &
Gladys

4 Star
Theatre

Topper

A FEW OF THE MANY TV SHOWS DIRECTED OR WRITTEN BY LESLIE GOODWIN

A FEW OF THE MANY TV SHOWS DIRECTED OR WRITTEN BY LESLIE GOODWIN

And that was the last I heard from The Dynamic. I gathered from the last letter that he would have been happy to accept nothing more than a token dollar bill to get a signature on his contract. One shudders to think about the series of threatening letters and the beginnings of legal process that would have ensued if poor Thurlow had signed up and then failed to mail in the other \$278.00.

How many people are there, do you suppose, who have been snared by this dodge? How many amateur scripts and "story ideas" have been handed to these people by innocents who really believed that they were on the road to fame and fortune after they had paid their \$279.00 and had received two copyrighted copies of whatever it is that Goodwins cranks out? It would have been interesting to have signed the contract in order to see what they'd have produced, but I'm not curious enough to spend that much money to find out. Perhaps I'll "develop" the idea myself. I see it as starring John Gielgud, Cass Eliot and Porter Hall.

*

Over the Labor Day weekend, while most of you were attending the Scientification Convention in New York, the National Conference for New Politics was holding its convention at the Palmer House in Chicago. The antics that took place there have afforded me an inordinate amount of vulgar laughter. I find a great delight in watching the unrighteous claw at each other, and there hasn't been a more satisfactory display of uglies chewing each other's throats since Hitler and Stalin squared off in 1941.

The M.C.N.P. convention, as you probably know, was a convocation of delegates from groups of Americans who hate the United States. They had been called into convention on the basis of a common opposition to the war in Vietnam, which of course took in a wide spectrum of the funny folk. There were decent little ladies in tennis shoes who were hard-core pacifists, and there were representatives of the C.P.U.S.A. There were great numbers of Black Power people, and there were some people from the outfit whose raison d'etre is using dirty words (they call themselves F.S.M.--Free Speech Movement). There were Zionists and black anti-Semites: the most vocal of the latter, I gather from the press, was Dick Gregory, whose main contribution to the proceedings was this: "Every Jew in America over thirty years old knows another Jew that hates [redacted]. Well, it's even, baby." The Progressive Labor Party was there, too; the Progressive Labor Party is communist, but is oriented toward Peking, not Moscow. (It's an inconsequential distinction; they both want to murder us.) The convention was a mixed bag of screwballs, but they had one thing in common: they all wanted a revolution in the United States.

Now it may be that if you have the revolutionary spirit you must necessarily abandon sense and reason, as most of the people at this convention seemed to do; but there were also present some cold functionaries who manipulated the nuts in their own direction. I am speaking here of the C.P.U.S.A., if the ideological tint is relevant, which I rather think it is. The Moscow communists and their cubs, the W.E.B. DuBois Society, were there solely to further the ends of the Soviet Union. As it developed, they eventually got control of the whole affair. That will come as no surprise to anyone who watches politics.

Perhaps the most comical aspect of the thing was the behavior of the liberals. They gave a fascinatingly abject and debased performance, and those of you who appreciate black humor will find a chuckle or two in it. As the convention was set up, each delegate was to have in session a number of votes proportionate to the membership he claimed for the organization he represented. The Black Power group entered with something like one-sixth of the votes. Through threats and general belligerence they secured agreement that they should have fifty percent of the votes, and then proceeded to pass the adoption of a set of thirteen resolutions on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. They achieved all this by the simple expedient of threatening to walk out if they didn't get their way. (There was also, I gather, some strong-arm stuff in the hallways.)

The people who forced the resolutions were black. They were mostly villains, of course, but they were black, and that was enough for the liberals. They snivelled and crawled and piped for a time about their concern for the democratic process, but when it came to the sticking point they caved in and approved the Animal-Farm motto: "Black Good--White Bad."

Among the Black Power principles were a condemnation of the "Zionist Imperialist War"; a call for the formation of "white civilizing committees to deal with the beastlike character of all white communities as exemplified by George Lincoln Rockwells and Lyndon Baines Johnsons"; and the endorsement of all resolutions passed by the Black Power Conference in their Newark meeting. This last was most interesting; no list of those resolutions was ever issued, and, indeed, it is doubtful that any was ever drawn up. Yet the liberals, fawning and cringing, gave up their votes and insured passage of the principles. This was done, they said, in the interests of interracial unity. Their reward for their debasement of themselves was to be called "Masochistic Fascists" by the reverend James Bevel. The "Masochistic" part, at least, appears to be perfectly correct.

The whole performance was pretty funny, and I suppose most men of good will took a certain amount of comfort in the confusion which insured that the convention accomplished absolutely nothing at all. But we must pause and reflect before we cheer too loudly. The liberals were eager and panting to submit to the radicals (Arthur M. Schlesinger, a member of the Steering Committee, said, "One thousand liberals are trying to become good radicals, and they think they can do it by castrating themselves"). The radicals--those of the New Left and Black Power--showed themselves to be people of savage hates and violent temperament and almost total ignorance, and they were manipulated with contemptuous ease by the Muscovites through the Du Bois Society. It was a familiar picture, and as simple as ABC: the liberals followed the radicals who were controlled by the C.P.U.S.A.

One of the sages (Santayana?) said that those who do not learn history are condemned to repeat it. Anyone familiar with radical politics of the thirties and forties will see in the N.C.N.P. convention a repetition of history. The Communist Party we have always with us.

*

I would like to call to the attention of any of you who may have missed it the fact that the Gormenghast trilogy has now been published in a uniform edition in this country. The publishers are Weybright and Talley, a new firm in New York, and the prices are \$7.50 each for Titus Groan and Gormenghast, and \$5.00 for Titus Alone. The last two books have not been published before in the U.S., and Titus Groan, published here in 1946 by Reynal and Hitchcock, had most of its first printing remaindered. One hopes for an excellent and continuing sale for this new edition.

PAINT THE COFFIN FUCHSIA

by

J*hn D. M*cD*n*ld

It was an ordinary afternoon aboard the Reading Railroad. There were twenty or thirty smooth-rumped kittens with heavy breasts running around the flight deck, and Moss and I were sipping Bols gin over Angostura rocks in the lee of the abaft luft. Moss lifted his glass in a toast: "Minnows don't sing well," he said. We drank.

He's a subtle man, Moss. He looks like an ape who has bad genes somewhere in his ancestry. I'm the only one who knows that when he came here to live on the beach he had seventy-two million dollars in the bank, even though he had started in a slum. When money-making palled, he had tried scholarship, but even the Nobel prize in physics seemed to leave a lack in his life. And after a gold medal in the high hurdles in the Olympic Games failed to satisfy his hunger, he had, at twenty-seven, retired from the world to see whether he could find happiness among smooth-rumped kittens with heavy breasts on the beach in Florida. We had hit it off immediately, and now he spends a lot of time with me here on the Reading Railroad.

The Reading Railroad is my home. She's a converted aircraft carrier I won from a Liberian Rapid-Shave tycoon in a Monopoly game. She's named after the investment that broke his back in the game and gave me her ownership. He had invested several million in converting her from a warship to a comfortable floating dwelling, and when the New York police asked him to remove her from the port of New York because he was using her as a site for parties involving people whose sexual tastes ran toward parrots, he brought her to Florida, where we had our game and she became mine.

There's a golf course on the flight deck, and the body landed close to the dogleg on the seventh fairway. A helicopter clattered down close to the deck and suddenly, in a pale sprawl of arms and legs, the body burst out of it and slammed down and bounced.

Moss and I rushed out to calm the kittens and examine what had fallen. I wasn't surprised at a body falling out of the sky. Everything else seems to be falling out of it. Despite the sensible warnings of agencies commissioned to measure the deadly dangers of pollution of the atmosphere, people insist on driving automobiles and heating their houses in the wintertime and puffing pipes and cooking food, while the deadly fumes permeate and poison the formerly clean air so that even the newest baby is born tiny and weak and disgusting.

I examined the body. I didn't feel enthusiastic about the thing. Gee, body, I said, you don't look well. Look at the crusty cavities where you used to have eyes, and the raw hole that used to be your nose. Why, my gosh, look, I can see through the shredded flesh and slippery white ribs to the squashy purple viscera beneath. You don't look well, body, I said, sweating.

Out of the frozen flock of kittens burst a wildcat who flung herself on the broken lump and embraced it passionately. I dragged her off the damned thing while she hissed and spat and clawed at me. "Stop it!" I snarled. She kept on clawing and hissing. That's the way youngsters are raised nowadays. She was spoiled. like the rest of her generation.

All of today's parents, fat with the satisfaction of attaining a middle-class income and doing their inferior best to imitate upper-class ways are spoiling their children rotten. They think they have it made, with an Oldsmobile and a Volkswagen in the garage and a barbeque grill in the back yard and a wall-to-wall Nylon carpet, and they try, with their Book-and-Record-of-the-Month clubs, to acquire Kulcher. The women talk about Pop Art while the men drink boiler-makers in the kitchen and the children zoom along the highways in hot rods, high as kites on airplane glue.

So I was kind to the kitten. "Who is he, kid?" I asked. She writhed with a smooth, slippery rolling of haunch and thigh. I licked my lips and slapped her. She calmed.

"He's my grandfather," she said. "He came down here six months ago from our home town, New Sphincter, Ohio, in pursuit of a confidence man named Carlo Grutt, who had bilked most of the townspeople of their life savings through a scheme to purchase a stolen Rembrandt to hang in the City Hall."

A thin thread of memory unravelled at the back of my mind. "How did he work, this Carlo Grutt?" I asked.

"It started with an old woman," she said. "She came into town last summer and day after day went strolling up and down our streets. Then Carlo Grutt arrived. The old crone had sized up the town by then, and knew who the influential people were. My grandfather was one of them. After Grutt had made his score and fled, Grandfather vowed to recover the money. He followed Grutt here, and when we failed to hear from him, I followed as well. I never found grandfather--until now--but I found Grutt. He's right here on your boat! That's Grutt!"

She shrieked the last two words. She was pointing at Moss.

I stared at him. For the first time since I had known him, he looked sheepish.

"I suppose I'd better tell you about it, McCurd," he said. "Carlo Grutt is my twin brother, and he's a criminal, all right. My father and I have worked for years to forestall his nefarious schemes. We almost stopped him in New Sphincter, but he slipped away just ahead of us. The old woman, by the way, was not Grutt's accomplice; that was my father in disguise. I didn't dare show myself, because Carlo and I look exactly alike."

That made sense. I turned to the kitten. "Have you found any clue to Grutt's whereabouts?"

"Quelkey Choase," she said. "He's been associating with a woman named Quelkey Choase."

I said to Moss: "Do you know her?"

He hesitated, and then said, "Yes. She has an exclusive shop where the rich and fashionable buy their whoopee cushions and dribble glasses. Its address is known to very few."

"Do you know it?"

"Well--yes." He gave me the address. I rumbled over there in my Hispano-Suiza garden tractor and halted at the Olde Englyshe front that bore the proper number. I sized the building up and stepped inside. Quelkey Choase was standing there, staring at me wide-eyed. She fell on all fours and began to bark like a dog. I wondered about her mental health.

"Here, puppy," I said. "Good puppy." She rolled onto her back and wagged her tail. "Come here, puppy," I said.

When we got up in the morning she was no longer the twitching, shambling wreck with wild eyes and fissured skin that I had first seen. Now her eyes were softly bright, and her creamy skin was fresh and

blooming. She was dressed in the height of fashion and her grammar was impeccable. Her voice was gentle and cultivated as she said, "You did this for me, Arvis McCurd, you six-foot-four of experienced muscle, you with your steely gray eyes and short pale hair, you with your languid air of total sophistication. It seems incredible that only last night I believed that I was a Weimaraner with an ear infection. The world may be a rotten place, but I can face it now, thanks to you, Arvis McCurd. I'm sane again."

A cold wind from the far reaches between the stars squeezed at my heart. I knew what had to be done. I softly took her tear-wet chin in my hand and tilted the elfin face up toward mine. "Quelkey, you'll have to tell me where I can find Carlo Grutt," I said. My voice was harsh.

She gasped. "Carlo Grutt! He's a hard man, McCurd."

I tightened my grip. "Tell me, Quelkey. I don't want to hurt you."

She whimpered. I squeezed harder, and she said, "All right. He'll be going aboard your boat this afternoon, disguised as the old woman, so Moss will believe it's his father and let him come aboard. He plans to kill Moss and the kitten. Then there'll be no one who can identify him."

Except you, I thought to myself as I roared back to the boat. He'll be after you, next.

All was quiet aboard the Reading Railroad. I climbed down to the gun locker and selected a Spittlicher .707 with a telescope and some magnum cartridges. Back on deck I took a position along the rail behind a spinnaker-baffle. I was concealed, but I had a clear view of the dock.

At the far end a figure was approaching, strolling along in a casual fashion. I peered through the telescope. It was the old crone, right enough. I centered the crosshairs on her belly.

"Drop it, McCurd!" barked a voice behind me.

I didn't move. "Ah, there you are, Grutt," I said. "Or should I say--Moss?"

"Damn you, McCurd," Moss snarled. "How did you know?"

I turned slowly, just in time to see his knuckle tightening on the trigger of the Ruger .28 with carved walnut grip. I launched a Hung Fo kick at the bridge of his nose, and his face dissolved into a red mush. He collapsed to the deck, and I turned around to see what the crone was doing. She had whipped out a submachine gun and it began to stutter a leaden hail in my direction. I lined up the crosshairs and fired. She dropped to the dock and lay still.

The kitten popped out of the taffrail bulkhead, where she had been hiding. "McCurd," she sobbed, "McCurd. Moss was Grutt all the time. But who's that down there?"

"Quelkey Choase," I said. She's been his accomplice from the beginning. She was going to come aboard and finish you off after Moss had killed me."

"But how did you know?"

"I knew as soon as he told me that the old woman was his father in disguise. I knew that it had to be a lie, because it was contrary to a truth I learned very early in life."

"What was that, McCurd?"

"'A strolling crone fathers no Moss,'" I quoted.

She began to groan loudly and to beat at me with her small fists. I picked her up and carried her to my cabin. She seemed to be in a disturbed mental state, and in need of treatment.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, AND IS NOT A COPY.

-11-

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, AND IS NOT A COPY.

-11-