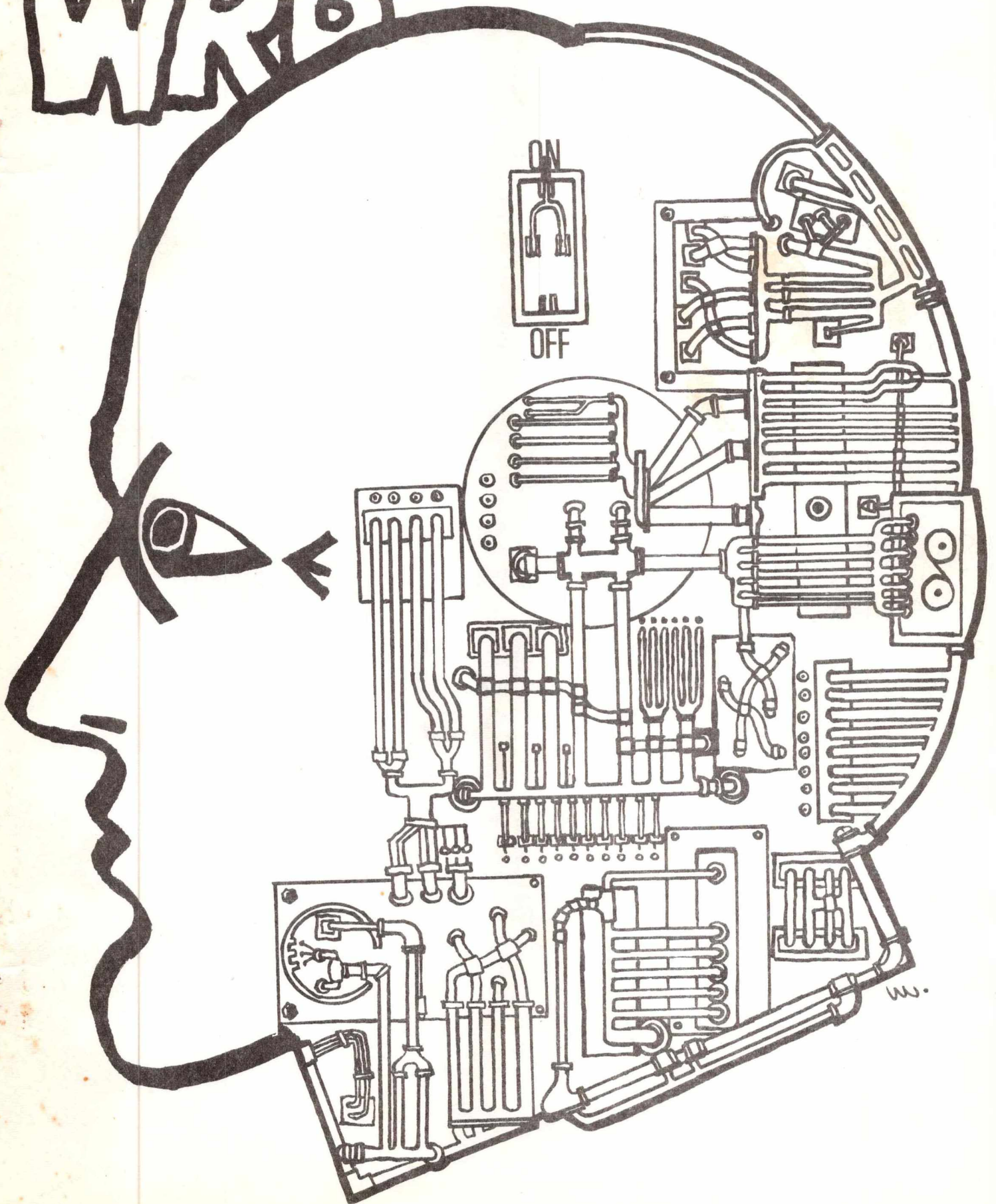


# WRD



WRR Vol.4 No.2 is a funzine put out 4 or 5 times a year solely for the befuddlement of Fandex. The instigators of this confusion are Blotte Otto Pfeifer, editor and Wallace Wastebasket Weber, publisher. WRR is free and may be had for trades, contributions and/or letters of comment. Mailing address for WRR is, Box 267, 507 3rd Ave. Seattle, Washington. 98104. WRR is a Wal-2-Wal Publication.

Before I get on to the Fabulously Famous Table of Contents, would like to apologize for looks of the typing on part of this issue. Mainly the pages I typed myself. The letters on the typer that I have been using, don't look like their giving a sharp impression. However, we will have a brand new Smith-Corona Electric for the next issue. Already WRR is improving.

And now on to our Fabulously Famous--

#### TABLE OF CONTENTS

First off, for you who like covers if you look at the page preceeding this one, you'll find that we have one. Yep..by Doug Levenstein, a mighty fine one at that.

Of course you all know what this page is. Page One.

And right after this on page two you'll find the editorial by Blotte Otto.

The next three pages after that are for the berries as WRR proudly presents Corn and Yet More Corn by John Berry starting on page 3.

Beware the Grapes of Rapp on page 6 which contains Mission: Improbable by Art Rapp.

Don't read page 8 until a Sunday it contains an article sometimes known as Banana Split by Wally Weber.

For you fanzish types, we have Return Of The Nee by Steven L. Muir on page 11

You can partake in a tale of great interplanetary derring-do as presented by Irene Wanner with StartWreck beginning on page 18

Our regular column of Panzine Review by Blotte Otto on page 30

Grab a banana peel and slither up to the poem A Snake Soliloquy by Betty Knight on page 32

Letters! We get letters. All sorts can be found in Hacking the Letterhacks conducted by Blotte Otto starting on page 33

The last page contains a political Advertisement.

Interior illes and headings were done by Wally Weber, Patricia Pfeifer, Irene Wanner and Vera Heminger.

That's our table of contents for this issue. Tune in next issue for the further adventures of Agent Contents.

SOME REVOLVING THOUGHTS FROM A WRRING DARYISM EDITOR .....

Betcha thought that this issue wouldn't be out for another six years. Just shows that you can't even depend on WRR to be as irregular as all that. One thing about being an irregular regular zines is that you can be as irregular as needs dictate. The main problem is deciding whether you really intend to be irregular on a regular basis but never regular on a irregular basis. Of course the real solution to this pressing and world-shaking problem is to keep a bottle of Phillips Milk of Magnesia on hand.

The response to the last WRR was very encouraging considering that there was a six years lapse between issues. We received quite a few letters, many tradezines (The Electrical Journal, The Gravediggers Gazette The Fence-builders Post etc.). Only six bombs, a one-way ticket to Cuba, and a Madagascan headhunter who was educated at Oxford and spoke perfect pigeon english. He was educated on a leftier plane. After helping him find his head we gave him the one-way ticket to Cuba, there he can beard Fidel in his den.

Now would be the time to tell you about some of the future plans that we have for WRR. Well, let me see, next issue we plan to ummmm...oh.. oh...hmm...oh yes, we plan to have one. This policy will be kept up for all forthcoming issues. Then, we are going to.....isn't that exciting news? Then ~~xxxxxx~~Blisk promised a story in the near future, this will be illustrated by none other than ~~KillyxRrnx~~, so you see we have great plans for you WRR readers.

Incidentally, there has been a lot of response to Banana Splits creeping criticism discussion. This is fine, keep it up but no fair criticizing WRR. After all, we know we're imperfect but you have to admit that we are only 99% imperfect.

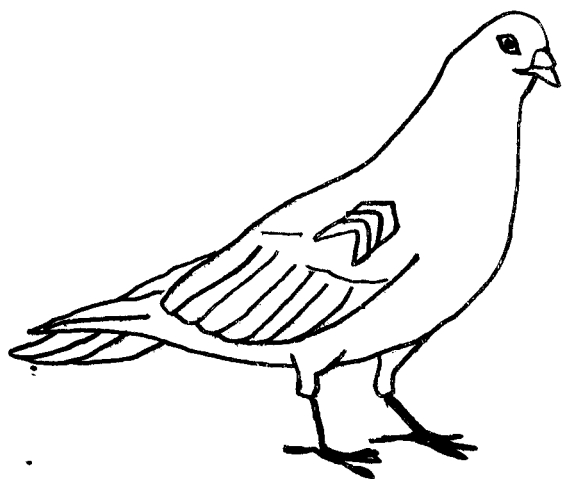
Many thanks to everybody who sent in contributions. I hope that this trend will continue. We need material badly, fiction and artwork especially, you know the type material WRR uses, so get yourself on WRRs fabulously famous Table of Contents...contribute. ISAAC ASIMOV, WHERE ARE YOU???

Seems to be about all for this issue. The next issue will appear sometime in the future. Visit your Fortune-teller for the exact date. We are. Look for us in about three months tho.

This issue has been fun I hope that you enjoy it.

--Blotte Otto--





# CORN AND YET MORE CORN

BY JOHN BERRY

I am confronted by a terribly difficult problem....er maybe I will be in a couple of years time.

It all started so innocently. One Saturday afternoon in May this year, I was waving the tablecloth at the back door to distribute the crumbs for the sparrows which flit about in my garden. I folded the tablecloth up neatly, and leaned against the doorframe, watching the new green leaves on the three large sycamore trees at the bottom of my garden. In the corner of my eye I noted a racing pigeon break his line of flight and sweep down into my garden. He landed, waddled towards me quite tamely and ate all the crumbs I'd just deposited. Then he flew up onto the roof, immediately above the back door. I thought he was just resting.

Next morning being Sunday, I lay in bed until noon, then staggered down into the garden, because the sun was shining brightly, which as I've said before, is a rare phenomenon in Northern Ireland.

The racing pigeon fluttered down and looked at me, head on one side. I fetched a piece of bread, broke it up and fed it to him. Experimentally, I knelt down, but he was quite unperturbed, and even let me tickle him seductively under the chin. He had a blue ring on one leg, a silver one on the other, and a long thin metal tag was affixed to the front edge of one of his wings. He was in fine condition.

And so he came to stay with us, and was affectionately dubbed Fred. He spent all day with us...sometimes sitting on the grass. I realised that a bird of this pedigree should not be fed on bread, and I purchased pigeon food at two shillings per quarter stone. This would last him about a week. But every night, just when the sun subsided, Fred always flew off in a westerly direction. After a month, I noticed the blue ring on his leg was missing, and then I also spotted that the wing tag was also missing. Always in the evening he flew directly in the same direction, but always came back next morning.

One day in early July, my wife said conversationally at lunch time, "Fred's got a friend." I asked was it another pigeon, and she said it wasn't, it was a greyish bird something like a pigeon, but smaller than Fred. It was a couple of days before I saw it...it hid craftily in the foliage of one of the sycamores, and when we threw Fred his corn, and Fred flew down, this other bird would flutter down and creep forward sort of on its stomach, grab a piece of corn and scuttle away. After a week it was bolder, and I observed it perform a most clever stunt. Whilst Fred was munching away, this other bird would creep forward, then suddenly rise, its wings fluttering like mad, making a peculiar screech. Fred would flap hurriedly away westwards, leaving the bird to settle down

and pinch all the corn.

No one knew what this bird was, and it took me some research to find out...it was a Collar Dove. I read, open-mouthed, that until the middle of the nineteen fifties, the Collar Dove was confined to Eastern Europe, and then suddenly exploded westwards, reaching England in the early sixties...and obviously in Northern Ireland a few years later. Someone said they had seen two birds with collars around their necks (I mean a feathered pattern, silly) a couple of years ago over Belfast. Anyway, we now had a semi-tame (and getting tamer) Collar Dove.

At the beginning of August, my wife said, "Fred has got two friends now."

Another Collar Dove had now joined the clan. It and the other dove and Fred sat on the edge of the roof, and swooped down for their corn. I was now using three bags per week.

The Collar Dove is a lovely bird. It's a sort of fawn/beige color. its collar consists of a black and white band around the back of its neck, rather as though the stud were at the front. Its little eyes are jet black and its probing beak has a slight curl downwards at the end.

I'll come to the climax now. This is the honest truth...we now have Fred and twenty collar doves permanently domiciled around the perimeter of my garden during the daylight hours.

As soon as I step outside the door, there is an expectant flurry of wings, and the first collar dove we 'owned' flies directly towards me, then flutters without moving about a yard away. The others wheel above my head, cooing like mad. I throw the corn and they immediately settle around it, gobbling up the corn, I can hear their beaks clicking. Fred makes a late appearance, landing with a thump in the center of the flock, his head sheer slashing poetry in motion as he hits the corn.

It now takes two bags of corn a day to feed them. A couple of weeks ago I tried to starve them, to drive them away, but they looked at me so appealingly as I walked to and from the house that I gave in. Now I appreciate that I started all this. Although it is costing me four shillings a day, I'm prepared to continue feeding them. But its the side affects which are so frustrating.

I have now discovered that the Collar Dove is a most fastidious bird, hygiene-wise. Also, a flock of twenty are susceptible to sympathetic bowel movements. You haven't lived until you've seen twenty Collar Doves, in unison, turning around so that their rear ends overhang the roof edge and going through their motions with something approaching a military maneuver. The 'splatt-splatt-splatt' echoes around the neighborhood. Fred is also adept at the quick turn-and-fire, as my wife discovered to her cost whilst sunbathing in her bikini in the backyard during the summer. I heard her scream in the office, a half mile away.

But this isn't the major problem. I mean, a few buckets of hot water and a box of detergent and my wife has the backyard as clean as new in half an hour.

No, there is nothing more harrowing at five P.M. than a flock of Collar Doves giving their version of 'Come to the Cookhouse door, boys'. I don't mind, but the neighbors are livid. I mean, give them their due, Collar Doves are damn clever birds, but they surely can't understand vulgar screams of abuse. I can, though, and it's only because I'm an extremely patient person that I don't yell back.

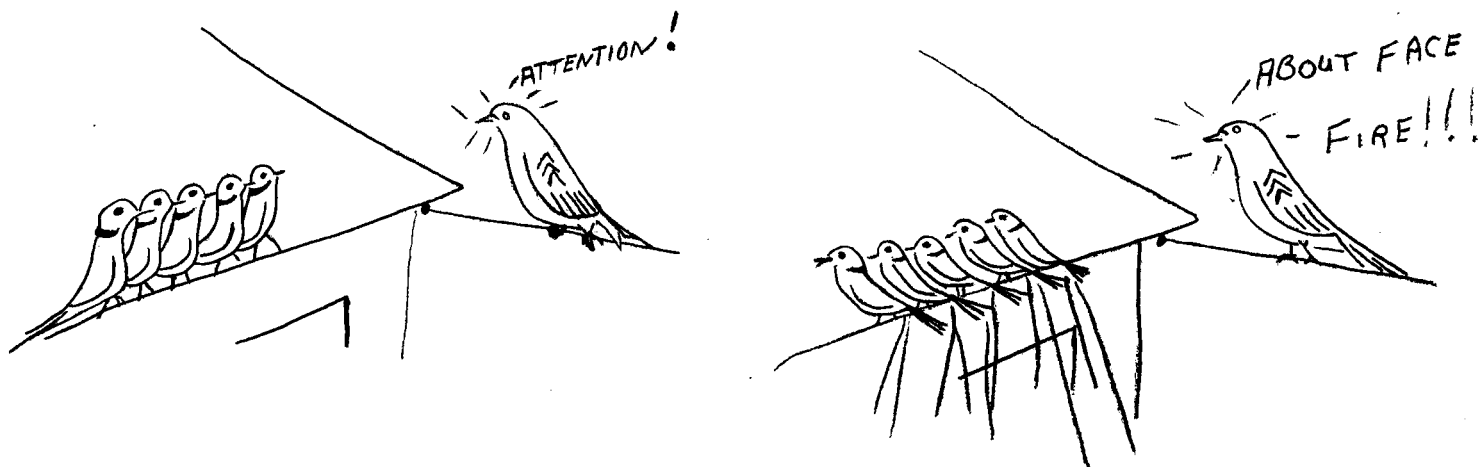
I'd like you to try this little experiment in the interest of science. I don't know whether the Collar Dove has reached America yet, but one day you might see one, and you can try out the call. Now then, gently mold a half mouthful of spittle at the reef of your mouth and allow it to roll down your tongue, at the same time make a noise as if your trouser zipper has burst at the Vicar's Garden Party. This is the mating call of the Collar Dove. Because Collar Doves are dead sexy, the male doves puff out their necks and prowl about whilst the females are eating the corn, the males keeping a beady eye open for a female who is too intent upon her food. I've heard the expression 'Lightning Genzales' before, and was perplexed at its meaning, but I know now.

If any of you own an aviary, I'm prepared to ship the whole lot to the States. Because I've worked out that if Collar Doves multiply as I think they do, I'm going to have three hundred in two years time.

My problem is, you see, that it's starting to get cold, and the birds are edging imperceptibly nearer my house all the time. Fred has been in the kitchen three times today.

Now I know why you shot all the Passenger Pigeons.....

John Berry 1968



## MISSION: IMPROBABLE

by  
Art Rapp

Ashen-faced, the Assistant Seattle Postmaster burst into the office of his superior, the Seattle Postmaster. "Mighed, have you heard what's happened?" he cried.

"Wipe the ashes off your face," snapped the Seattle Postmaster, annoyed at being interrupted in the midst of his dulcimer practice. "how do you expect me to learn 'Green Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair' in time for the Seattle Folksong Festival? By the way," he added, "it's not really necessary for you to address me as Ghod when we're alone. 'Your Magnificence' or something of the sort will be sufficient."

"A thousand pardons, effendi," babbled the Assistant Seattle Postmaster, prostrating himself on the luxurious Oriental rug, "but this is a crisis."

"Crisis, schmisis," snapped the Postmaster, removing the White Owl from his mouth and placing it in the onyx ashtray where it sat ruffling its feathers and hooting dismally. "I'll decide what's a crisis around here, Smedley. Why," he continued reminiscently, "remeber the time you were all running around wringing your hands because no one could think of a slogan to put on the cancellation machine, and I came up with SEND OBSCENEMAIL TO YOUR POSTMASTER? It not only solved the problem, but it built us up an interesting little library here." He gazed fondly at the bookshelves that lined the wall.

Turning back to the dulcimer he launched into the lilting strains of 'Down Went McGinty To The Bottom Of The Sewer' remarking as he played, "What do you think of this, Smedley? It's my own arrangement, in the key of H (that's four flats and a blowout patch, you know)."

"I've never heard anything like it," Smedley told him. "But Chief, you've got to listen. They're doing it again!"

"Doing what again?"

"Mailing out WRR."

"Aaaaarrrrgggghhhh!" remarked the Seattle Postmaster, jumping up so violently that the dulcimer crashed to the floor and even his peace beads and surfer cross went flying across the room. "They wouldn't! They wouldn't dare!"

"Oh, they dare, all right," Smedley assured him. "They right dare in the mail sacks, dozens of copies of 'em. We thought at first that someone had mailed an armadillo from Death Valley which had died in transit, or something. Then we thought maybe it HADN'T died yet, so we borrowed a couple of baseball bats the boys over in Parcel Post keep handy to swat FRAGILE packages with, and we beat the bejeezus out of the sack. But when we finally opened it, all we found were," he shuddered and took a long breath, "copies of WRR."

"The dirty doublecrossers!" snarled the Postmaster. "And after the solemn pact we made, sealed in blood and cursed with 'cross my heart and

hope to be bit by lightning bugs' too!"

"What do you mean?" cried the Assistant.

"It was several years ago, before your time," said the Postmaster. "We'd been putting up with Weber and Pfeifer and, ugh, WRR until we'd had all we could stand. Finally, I devised a fiendish but effective way to stop them. I called them into my office and laid down the terms, take it or leave it, and they had no choice but to stop publishing."

"What did you threaten them with? I mean, anyone so depraved as to publish something like WRR, he's not going to be affected by the usual subtle pressures, like Postal Inspectors or charging him First Class rates, or the usual stuff like that."

"Of course not," agreed the Postmaster. "We got them where it really hurt-- by a financial threat. You see, at that time there was another fanzine being published here in Seattle, called CRY OF THE NAMELESS, and in the course of the years we'd accumulated hundreds of copies which had supposedly gone to CRY subscribers but were actually piled up back in our storage area. Every month I used to grab the first issue that went through here, turn to the lettercolumn, and laugh myself sick at the complaints from readers who hadn't gotten previous issues they'd paid for. Anyway, we told Pfeifer and Weber that unless WRR went out of business, all those back issues of CRY would be returned to the Busbys-- EACH ONE MARKED POSTAGE DUE! Oh, it was a fiendish plan, I tell you. Especially since this guy Weber was the Nameless treasurer, and knew exactly how much dough was available to pay such expenses."

"A masterly ploy indeed," breathed Smedley in admiration. "Worthy of the Postmaster General himself, if I may say so."

"You may, indeed you may," beamed the Postmaster. "Of course, in the years since then, CRY has folded, and when my nephew became a fan I donated all these back issues to his collection, so now we have no weapon to use against these two foul blackguards."

"By the way," asked Smedley, "What does WRR stand for?"

"There has been a great deal of controversy over that," the Postmaster informed him. "We Repair Robots; Whiskey Rebellion Revisited; Wild Raunchy Ribaldry; Wally Resents Reality; Why Read RAMPARTS; Whither Ronald Reagan; Women Resent Respect; Weber's Really Responsible; the list is endless."

"How about Weekly Religious Retreat?" ventured Smedley.

"Widows Remain Responsive."

"Washington Represses Republicans."

"Careful, Smedley: election year, you know," cautioned the Postmaster. "But enough of this chitchat. This crisis demands action. Get on the hooter, Smedley. Tell the Postmaster General to raise rates across the board, and curtail a few more deliveries. We'll show Wally and Blotto Otto they can't get away with this!"

(But will they? Only time will tell; also newsweek and the Saturday review of literature, perhaps. Stand by for further adventures of Smedley and the Postmaster, in future issues of --ech--WRR)



# BANANA SPLIT

by Wally Wastebasket Weber  
& the C.C.C.

Last issue, WRR announced the formation of a committee to combat that terrible menace to all that is fannish, Creeping Criticism. It seems that this issue we are stuck with it. For you new readers who don't know the grand purpose of this committee, and for those old readers who tried to forget, here is a recapitulation.

A trufan knows that all science fiction is inspired writing and therefore is without flaw of any kind. Quite often, however, Truth takes on strange forms, appearing to be inconsistent or outright false. If these seeming flaws are left unexplained, doubt may come to the trufan and cause him to lose Faith, (and Faith's parents will beat hell out of him unless he finds her again quick).

The CCC (Committee for Criticizing Criticisms) has been formed to end this terrible threat to the trufan. No longer will fans be forced to nurse their secret doubts about the sanctity of science fiction, possibly going so far as to drift away from fandom and fall into the evil ways of the athiestic mundane.

If you think you have discovered a flaw in science fiction, don't creep around criticizing, but send your problem to WRR where our committee of experts can get their hands on it and make you realize what a stupid mistake you made.

Now it is time to present to you for the very first time anywhere the first report from the CCC.

## REPORT NUMBER ONE

Our very first problem for our very first report is brought to us by a nosey but completely bewildered mailman in the form of a letter from Good Ol' Denny Lien of Bad Ol' Lake Park, Minn. Denny wants to know, in the Star Trek, "Blood and Circuses," episode, if the planet's culture is identical to an Earth where the Roman Empire did not fall, how come the inhabitants speak flawless, idiomatic English? Well, Denny, don't feel bad about being such a stupid clod that you can't readily see the answer to that. That's why we're

here, to take away your feelings of shame by pointing out how many others are just as incredibly ignorant as you. Even the inspired writer who did the script for that inspired episode doesn't know the answer to that one. But the answer is simple; it had to be simple because the Committee got it from an OUIJI board with thirteen letters missing.

The reason the inhabitants spoke flawless idiomatic English rather than flawed unidiomatic Latin was that, with the type of students you get in the 20th or so century, no Roman would stoop to such a menial, degrading task as school teaching. All their language was taught to them by foreign slaves who spoke only flawless idiomatic English.

Jerry Kaufman was a little more all-encompassing in his criticism. He wants Star Trek explained. All of it. Well, Jerry, we happen to have an inside connection with Star Trek, and boy is that ever messy, being connected to the inside of Star Trek with all that anti-matter and green echor oozing around in there. There is a very good reason for Star Trek to appear incomprehensible at times, in addition to the inspired writers and directors that is. Star Trek is working on an extremely limited budget, and so to cut costs, they shoot the episodes on location in the future as they actually will happen and then ship the films back to now via time travel. Quite often events or equipment appear in the episodes that were not dreamed of in our time, even under the influence of LSD, and so seem slightly odd to our twentieth century viewpoint. Once explained, however, Star Trek is as easy to understand as a Bill Mallardi letter.

Ned Brooks has two criticisms for us to combat. The first, from a book, STAR QUEST, by Dean Koontz, Ned complains about laser cannons belching forth "corrosive froth". What, he wants to know, does corrosive froth have to do with lasers? Ned, the clue you should have used to explain this is the fact that the word laser is actually the initials of its true name which is -- um, er -- well everybody knows what the initials L.A.S.E.R. stand for so there is no need to go into that. The real point is that Corrosive Froth actually stands for Cannon Originated Radiation Reaching Outlandish Super-Intensity Viciously Emitted, Formidable Radiation Obliterating Targets Horribly. (And that's only the English equivalent.) Really quite a terrible weapon. It works on material objects much as a Blotto Otto pun works on a healthy mind.

Ned's second criticism was more difficult to cope with, but the Committee knew there had to be an answer and didn't stop searching until one was found, -- or given away, actually, since the original owner, who discovered the answer in a box washed up on the beach, wanted to be rid of it. Ned's criticism was of a film, "Five Million Years to Earth," in which a symbol consisting of seven interlocking circles (see Figure 1) is universally recognized by the characters in the film as a pentacle. Ned points out that the root "penta" means five, and that in any case there is no resemblance between the symbol in the movie and a pentacle.

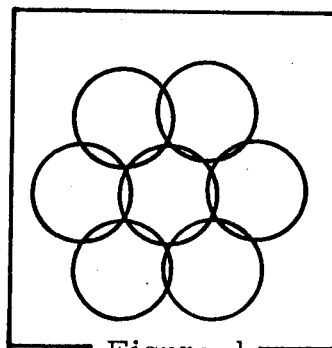


Figure 1

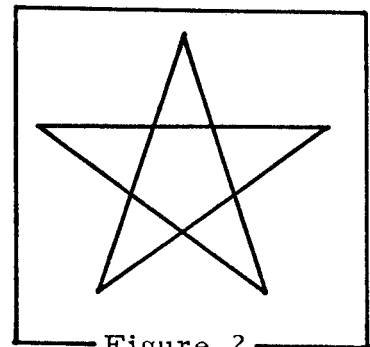


Figure 2

Well, Ned, it is true that we think of a pentacle as a star-shaped figure drawn with five straight lines to form a pentagon on the inside (see Figure 2). But even in our comparatively unenlightened age, we know stars are comparatively round bodies, except for a few like Leonard Nimoy, hence the circles instead of the sharp corners. As for there being seven circles instead of five, that is simply a logical extension into the future of a trend already well established in the present -- inflation.

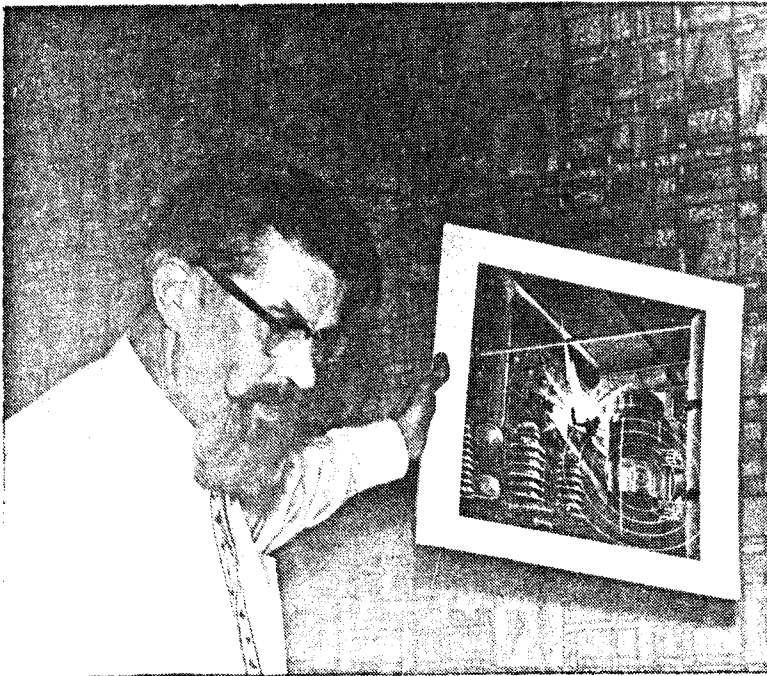
We have plenty of time and space for another question or two before we go to press. Anyone? We can answer anything, you know.

Ah, I think there is a customer headed this way carrying -- let's take a peek through the binoculars -- it appears to be a woman carrying a three-foot high stack of onion-skin paper. Good grief, do you suppose they could all be typed, single-spaced on both sides? Who can it be? It looks like . . . it seems to be . . . **OH GHU! IT REALLY IS!**

!SLAM!  
\*CLICK\*

((Sorry, Mrs. Heminger, but the Committee is closed for this issue. We had to send our report in to the printers already. Come back next issue. That will be -- oh, whenever the next issue of WRR is scheduled -- when is the next issue scheduled, anyway? Uh, why don't you wait for us to give you a call?)))

end of report number one



By some quirk of fate there seems to be some space left at the bottom of this page for a technical discussion of just how WRR is produced. Many of you, including the editor and myself, will be surprised to learn that the whole process from setting the type to printing a full-color likeness of a postage stamp on the envelopes is done by a single machine called a Weirdly Ridiculous Reproducer. To the left, if the experimental attachment works correctly, is a photo of Don Day holding a photograph of the machine.

# Return of the Neo

by Steven L. Muir

Bobbie-Joe Klanter walked carefully up the gradually ascending steps toward the Institute. The lawns were sparkling green. Sprinklers were making small rainbows with the morning sun's warm beams. Despite the beauty of the blue-bright sky morning, Bobbie-Joe felt apprehension churn his breakfast-laden stomach. This was the first time he'd gone to the Institute and the first meeting with any of the Science-Fiction Forever Society officers since his disgrace about a year ago.\* A lot of earnest explaining and hard-talking had finally convinced them that he had renounced detective/mystery fiction and that Spreading the Word to the Unenlightened was the prime objective of the sincere Science Fiction reader. Which, in fact, he was.

Now he was approaching the tall, wide, glass doors that led into the lobby of the all-white modern building of the STF FOREVER INSTITUTE. He went to the receptionist and handed the appointment card to her.

"Oh, Mr. Klanter. Mr. White in Membership is expecting you. Just go through that door and down the corridor." She smiled a routine smile. "Fourth office on your left."

He thanked her and followed the directions, knocking gently on the fine plastic panel. A voice within bade him enter.

"Bobbie-Joe, glad to see you!" White stood up and extended a hand across a wide, uncluttered desk. "Pull up a chair!" He sat down and opened a file folder as Bobbie-Joe uncomfortably pulled a modern chair unsmoothly across the deep-pile carpeting.

"Let's see--hmmm---" White studied a sheet from the folder. Bobbie-Joe grew more uncomfortable and warmer. He surmised that White was indeed looking at his dossier. He glanced around the well-appointed office, the reproductions mounted in built-in showframes in the wall. He especially liked the color cover by Paul from an old AMAZING.

"Well, I don't see why we can't accept you back as a member of the Society, Bobbie-Joe." He closed the folder. "You do have a couple of smudges on your record...I note that your parents publish a faanzine...but the Society is forgiving and we need People to carry on the Work." Here an Elmer Gantry-like fire blazed in his face. It faded quickly. "Of course, it will probably be a few additional years along with outstanding achievement before you are likely to be up for full membership in the Institute---" He stood up and Bobbie-Joe, who remained carefully silent, did likewise.

"Come, I'll personally show you through some of our activities in the work areas in the rear of the building." He led the way to the door. "The offices in this area, of course, contain the administrative activities. You can return here later and complete the forms. You'll once again be a Functioning member."

\*"The Missionaries", WRR, Sept. 1961

Bobbie-Joe grinned agreement and followed White down the long, waxy corridor that led from the carpeted mahogany row. They came to a large, sunlit room filled with tables and small chairs containing small children. Several adults were busy there.

"Here is our day nursery school for working parents of the Institute." He smiled benignly and waved negligently toward the respectful attitude assume by adults at sight of him. A young woman approached them. "This is Bobbie-Joe Klanter who is rejoining our group. Show him around the place and then send him back through Membership paper-cycle. Okay?"

"Yes, Mr. White." She didn't quite curtsy.

"This is Miss Bullock; she will continue from here." And he left.

She was small, round and blonde. He was still trying to think of a friendly, witty, engaging opening sentence to attract her interest when she began explaining to him, in a non-stop, mechanical, impersonal voice, just what went on in her area.

"Now this is the pre-school day nursery where we keep the children occupied, instructing them at once in regular nursery school skills and introducing them to basic principles of science-fiction." He saw them at their little tables pasting green rockets on black poster paper. The blackboard to one side had an alphabet: "A is for Atom, B is for Bomb, C is for Cobalt, D is for Doom." He shuddered.

He regretfully bid goodbye to the blonde as he went into the next area and so on through some parts of the buildings. He saw older fans poring over the publication of the Society's many and various publications. These did not seem to bear the appellation of "fanzine". There was the room where a few fans were compiling a basic document to govern the form and layout of all such publications so that there would be a basic standard of excellence. It's something like a MIL Spec, one of them told him, but he wasn't sure what that was.

It was near lunch-time before he finally completed the cycle and had turned in his membership re-entry paperwork. Somewhat dazzled by the scope and magnitude of the operation, he caught a bus home, determined to once again be a part of that dynamic, forward-striving organization.

If he worked real hard, he might have time to read some of the current science-fiction it was trying so hard to take to the masses.

The next day, Bobbie-Joe Klanter entered the neighborhood in which he was to work. It seemed to be an older part of town, full of two and three-story buildings infiltrated partly by modern new structures containing motels, small offices and the like. These he immediately struck off the list as potential habitats of unwitting non-fans.

Therefore, he proceeded up the cracked cement steps of a rambling old building fully expecting to find somebody home.

Remembering a previous experience\*, he was not a little apprehensive about what could happen, but a zeal inflamed him as he remembered the Mission. Bring the Word to the Unenlightened. They may watch STAR TREK and reruns of "The Outer Limits", but to read GALAXY is to live!

The old door swung open and a young girl stood there. She had dark hair, cute blue eyes and a sweater that was as tight as it was full. She came up to about his nose.

"What is it?" she asked, looking at his stiff suit and attache case.

"I..uh.." Again, in a moment of stress, the Technique deserted him. "Do you read Science Fiction?" To his amazement, she turned, without moving below her waist, and hollered into the confines: "Hey, gang, somebody out here wants to know if we read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff!" Tearing his mind from the scenery thus presented by her posture(it was a white sweater), he tried to assimilate just what she meant.

A voice from within bade him enter.

"C'mon in!" She had a lovely smile complete with white teeth and dimples.

"Thanks," he said and immediately rammed onto the edge of the screen door.

The attache case fell to the floor and, somehow, popped open. Sheets of paper and some digest-size magazines flew in all directions.

"Oh, let me help you!" The girl knelt down opposite him. It was then that he realized she was wearing shorts, black and short, to go with the white sweater. He tried to avoid looking at the smooth round expanses thus presented as they gathered in the contents of the case.

"Hey, these are science fiction magazines!"

"Yes, they are and I'm trying to help people start reading them if they already didn't realize what they're missing."

"Oh really?" The voice from down the hall again sounded over a clanking, chunkling sound that Bobbie-Joe had noticed before.

"Hey, what's keeping you two?"

"We'll be there in a minute. By the way, my name's Suzie-Lizzie, what's yours?"

"Bobbie-Joe Klanter." He snapped the latches on the case.

"C'mon, I'll introduce you to the bunch. Say, don't you publish that fanzine, FAMZINE?""\*\*

They arrived at a large room before he had time to answer. In it was a conglomeration of people, tables, typewriters, bookcases and a miscellaneous assortment of furniture draped with more people.

"Everybody, this is Bobbie-Joe Klanter, of FAMZINE, finally come into our midst!"

Some of them even looked up from what they were doing and one, that voice, said, "Hi, Bobbie-Joe!" and extended a hand. "I'm Harry." At the other end of its crushing

---

\*\*"A Family Fanzine", SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, Sept. 1960

grip stood a giant of a fan, over six foot and proportionally built. He had reddish-blond hair on his head and on his face in the form of a beard; blue eyes that bore right through you and a genial disposition. He promptly started naming off the people in the room, of which there were more men than women.

"Don't worry about names, you'll get to know them all later," said Harry.

"Say, I hope you don't mind my saying so, but I thought the last issue of FAMZINE was sort of square." Bobbie-Joe turned to find a tall, fairly heavy fan with thinning reddish-blond hair standing at his elbow, a beer can clutched in one hand. "I notice you didn't have your regular column in it, either."

"No, I didn't. I don't write it any more." Bobbie-Joe felt rather warm and wished he could remove his necktie.

"Well, I don't blame you. FAMZINE comes on less than cool, all this talk of publishing, publishing, publishing and what do they publish? Fan-poetry!"

"Take it easy, Steve, his parents publish that zine!" A squat, dark man, thickly bearded, was pawing through cartons of paper. Stapled paper, Fanzines. "It's not his fault."

"Oh, yeh, that's right," and with a deep pull from the can, the tall thin one named Steve ambled through one of the several doors in the room. Bobbie-Joe found himself standing alone amid a veritable cacophony of sound and activity. The girl called Suzie-Lizzie seemed to have disappeared somewhere and the atmosphere was so casual that he wondered if anybody remembered that he was there.

Soon his attention was attracted by several people standing around an electric mimeograph which was chunking out sheets with a smooth rapidity. Several of the people would pick a sheet out of the air as it shot from the maw of the machine and suddenly bend over in a fit of hilarity at the stuff they read on it. He wandered over to them.

This then, he thought, was a center of those so-called fanzines which had little or nothing to do with science-fiction. This whole area, though an original hung on the wall here and there, was a beehive of faaan-activity and ought to be a prime target for such as he with the Crusade to further.

Suddenly he felt a round bounceness off his hip. He turned to see Suzie-Lizzie standing alarmingly close to him. "Lost?" she asked.

"Well, I was wondering what they're doing here."

"They're publishing the genzine -- our zine -- " she said. One of the fans, a medium-heavy man with a roundish face, freckles and graying hair, broke up over something he was reading. "Don't mind him," she said, "he always loves his own material the most!"

"Here kid," said a tallish, thin fan. His hair was also graying, what there was left of it, and he peered sharply at Bobbie-Joe through glasses as he handed over what was evidently a completed copy of the fanzine.

"What is this?" Bobbie-Joe mumbled distractedly as the girl stood close to him to apparently look at the cover.

"It's GONAD, man!" chortled the thin fan. "Fandom's own funzine. Our motto is 'Have a Ball!' Read it and shriek!"

"Oh, 'Gonad', I thought that was a novel by George O. Smith."

"No, Bobbie-baby, that was Nomad, a long time ago," he said. "This is a lot more fun. Read it. Loc us." At Bobbie-Joe's blank look, he added, "Write a letter-of-comment." He turned back to the stapler.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," blurted Bobbie-Joe. He held the fanzine between finger and thumb like it was a necktie soaked in catchup.

"Why not?" Suzie-Lizzie was genuinely amazed. Her eyes were wide, her jaw dropped a bit, lips glistening full and red.

"Well, I, uh, I read science-fiction. I don't have time to read other stuff," he finished lamely. Somehow, in the midst of this group, the Directives of the Handbook seemed to pale.

"Well, why did you come to the Clubhouse?" She sat down in a basket-chair, one leg hiked over the side. He turned his eyes away. They came to brief rest on a large portrait of a nude on one wall.

"I wanted to---" He paused. Suddenly the room seemed dead still. Then the noise of the mimeo, the laughing fans, the clutch of the stapler, flooded back. A short eternity passed. "The Clubhouse? Didn't that used to be a fanzine review column in---"

"I don't know about that," she said, breaking in, "but this is the Clubhouse and probably the fan-center of the whole area. C'mon," she jumped up, a study in lithe movement, "I'll show you around."

An incredibly wild thought panged through him for a blazing moment. Then the allusion in all its desirableness fled as they went through one of the doors; he became conscious of the firm, utterly alive, warm hand tugging at his own.

"This is the Reading Room." He was almost stunned by the sight of it. Yea, and verily, science fiction magazines still existed. And Books. The room was literally walled with shelves full of them. "See?" She led him to a couch and they sat down. Her thigh rounded dangerously firm against his. He tried to concentrate on what she was saying. "---and all those are bound FAPA, SAPS, OMPA, APA L and other mailings and disties. Over there," she waved an arm which caused fantastic things to happen with her tight sweater, "are bound files of genzines... QUANDRY, YANDRO, LOKI, SPACEWARP, BLOOMINGTON NEWSLETTER, EXCALIBUR and, oh, just oodles more from all through fandom from the first right up to GONAD."

"Is, is that all?"



"Well, Bobbie, it is all of them all the fanzines from all fandoms, at least a good representation of them all."

"Well, what I mean is---" he glanced away from her accusing stare, "aren't there any other publications?"

"Oh, sure," she said. She bounced up and went over to a table strewn with fanzines. "Here's one." She handed it to him.

"STUMMEL," he read, "The Official Organ of Pipe-Smoking Fandom."

He looked up at her, eyes anguished. "This isn't exactly what I meant."

"Well, what do you mean? I mean, there's lots of other fandoms...we're not a bunch of snobs or anything..."

"Uh," here he took the bit between his teeth, "doesn't anybody read s-s-s-science-fiction?"

She idly flipped through a fanzine. "Oh, sometimes I guess. You?"

"Why of course. It's the only True Literature!" Now the rote of the Manual was coming back to him. Convert the heathen! Get at the Very Base of the Renegades for Verily, they are Most Active and Could help Spread the Word! A blaze leapt up in his eyes. "Have you read the latest issue of Ballantine Monthly?" He rummaged in his attache case and handed her a paper-bound book. "See?" It has new stories by Ted White, Terry Carr, Arnie Katz, all the top-flight sfiction writers of today. It has a letter-column and everything." She took it and flipped thru it.

"Oh, I suppose it'd be something to do if I caught up on my apa-activity requirements." She dropped it in his lap. "C'mon, there's lots more to see."

She tugged at his arm until he arose and stumbled after her, out through the door into a long, dim hall. A faint buzzing noise came from an open door on their left. As they passed it, he peered into the door. A man in a blinding sportshirt was sitting at a table, electric razor in one hand, a peach in the other. A small mound of fuzz lay on the table. There was a basket of peaches, a notebook and pencil.

"What's he doing?" She hauled him down the hall.

"Research, he says." She steered him into another room. Bookcases lined two walls, a cot nearly obscured by piles of fanzines and magazines, cartons all over the floor, a desk stacked high and obviously a fan sitting at it, hunched over a clattering typewriter. A yellow stencil was in it.

"Hi, Suz-baby! Who's the neo?"

"Kev, this is Bobbie-Joe Klanter. He just wandered in today." Bobbie-Joe stepped gingerly into the room. The fan, short, light and smiling, reached out and casually crushed Bobbie-Joe's right hand. "Glad to meetcha. Have a seat." He waved aimlessly in the general direction of the cot but it was obvious there was nowhere to sit.

"He's working on his FAPazine," Suzie-Lizzie informed him. Bobbie-Joe almost blanched. A real member of FAPA, that arch-organization of ex-fans, fake-fans, non-stf-readers. It was that citadel that The Institute most wanted to crack. It had members that continually referred to the Institute and its members as "SerCon", "Square", and "102%". Bobbie-Joe wondered how such a nice-seeming person could be a member of FAPA.

"Why," he asked, "are you in FAPA?"

"It's a lotta fun, baby." The typing stopped briefly. He handed Bobbie-Joe a fanzine he fished out of a slather of them on his desk. "Here's a copy of FNOOHG, my FAPazine. Read through it." Bobbie-Joe took it gingerly.

"Uh, I don't know---"

"Sure, read it. Maybe you'd like to get on the Waiting-List. It's down to 140 now."

"How do you pronounce the name of it?"

"You don't!" Suzie-Lizzie laughed.

"But, how, where---?"

"Oh, the title?" The typing stopped again. "It came from an Old Grandad ad on page 53 of the October 4th, 1958 SATURDAY EVENING POST. Took the first letter from each paragraph. We're original around here!" The typing resumed as Bobbie-Joe said: "Oh."

Suzie-Lizzie led him out of the room. "The main reason they are in apas, or any of us," she explained, "is that we like to see our name in print."

She stopped him in the hall. "Are you all right? You look sorta peaked."

"I guess so. But it's getting late and I've got a long ride on the bus back to Pasadena."

"Oh, too bad, we were going to whomp up a batch of spaghetti and all the crew could stay 'til way late and get their zines done. It's nearly deadline time," she added significantly.

He uttered a feeble "Goodbye" as they passed the entrance to the big room. A few waved their hands. "Come again soon!" somebody shouted. "Do that!" Suzie-Lizzie added. "It was nice meeting you. The club meets every Friday night, y'know. Drop around."

He mumbled something and stumbled down the stairs. A faint tug of something, a sense of loss, as he realized he wouldn't see Suzie-Lizzie again. He couldn't. But it was difficult to erase the visualization of her as he walked to the bus-stop. She was attractive. He sat on the bench below the triangular green sign. He sure would like to get better acquainted. With the group. Of Course.

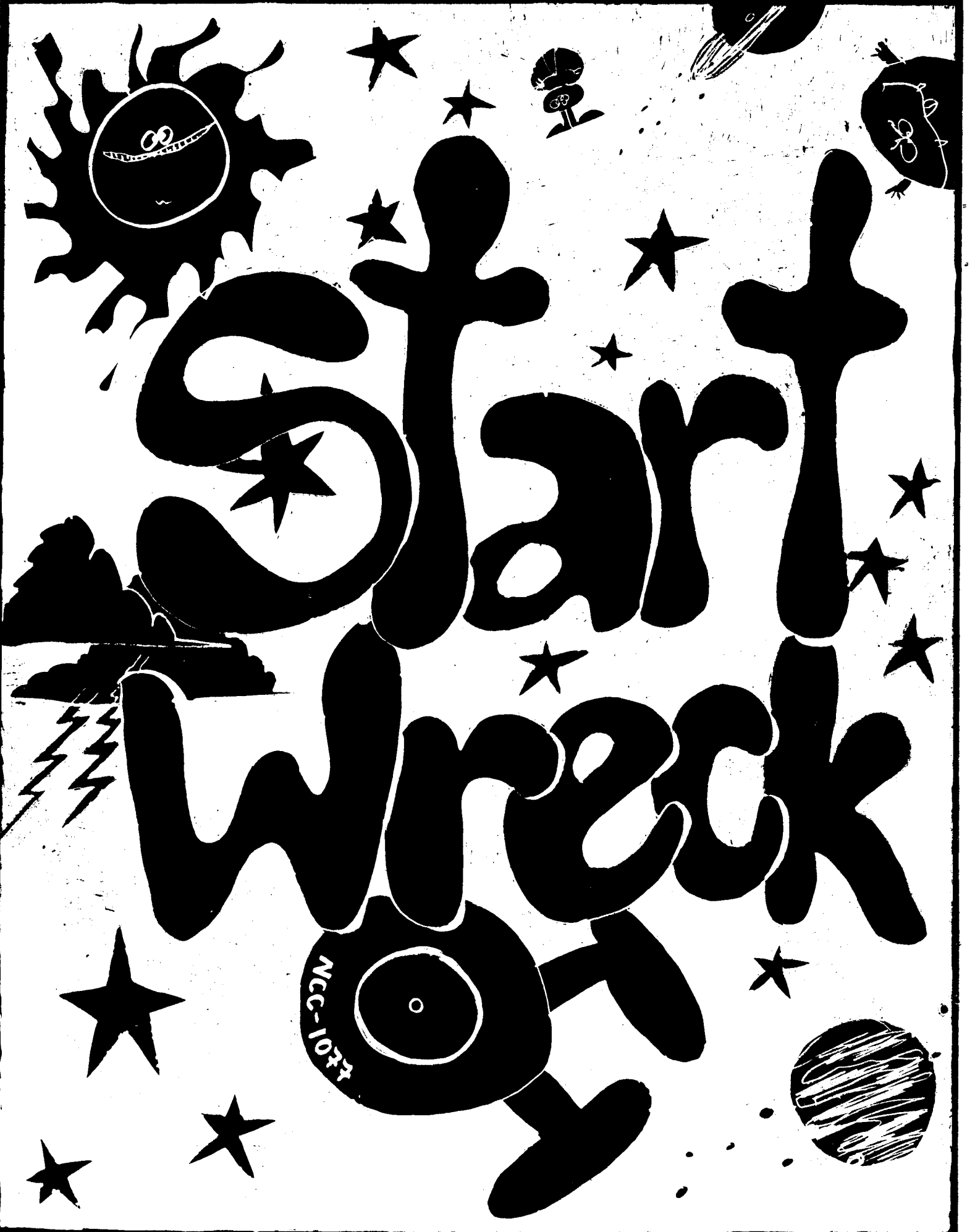
For the Cause. Of course.

He set down the attache case and discovered, in his other hand, he still held two fanzines.

The bus wouldn't be arriving for twenty minutes yet, according to his watch. Gee, Suzie-Lizzie was---

Idly, he opened GONAD.

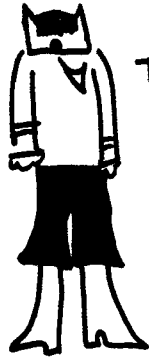
# Star Wreck







Where's Jim?



The captain went to a meeting.



By himself?



Yes, doctor, by himself... and he isn't due back for another 58 minutes, 43 seconds.



You needn't get technical.



And you needn't get worried, yet.



What do you mean "yet"?



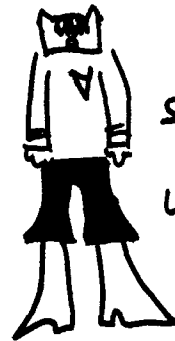
yet (yēt), adv. 1 At any time up to the present; as never yet revealed. 2. Continuously up to or as late as present; as a yet unanswered question. 3. In addition; further. 4. Eventually; as he'll be caught yet. 5. But for all that; nevertheless. Syn. However, still.



I assure you, doctor, everything is in order.



Mr Splotch!



Sort of... yes Lieutenant?



I'm getting a very strange signal, sir.



Hmmm



Now it's gone.



Mr. Splotch...



Yes Totty?



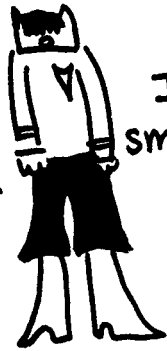
Maybe you'd come and have a look at the captain's log, sir?



The captain's log? What have you been doing in the captain's log, Totty?



He told me it smoked when he talked into it.



It smoked?

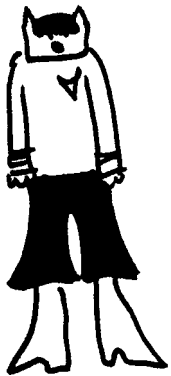


Aye, that's what he said.

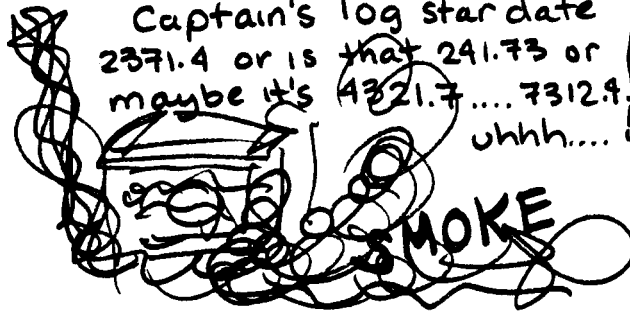


I'll go have a look at it. Maintain orbit, Mr. Screwloose.

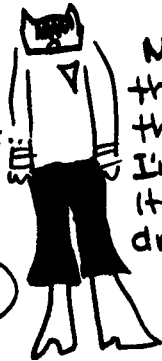
Yes Mr. Splotch



A smoking computer... we'll see....



Captain's log star date 2371.4 or is that 241.73 or maybe it's 4321.7... 7312.9... uhhh....



No wonder the poor thing smokes. I'm surprised it doesn't drink, too...

MR SPLITCH

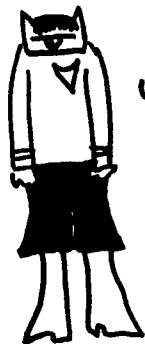
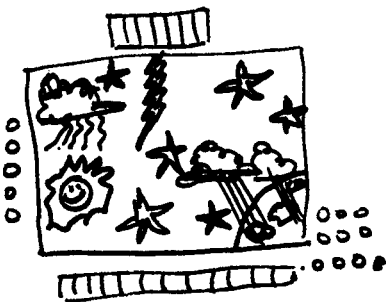


Splotch here.

WE'RE PICKING UP THAT SIGNAL AGAIN, SIR, FROM BEHIND THIS TIME... WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S CLOSING IN ON US.



I'll be right there. See if you can get visual contact.



What a mess.



Mr Splotch, I'm afraid you're breaking character... watch it, huh?



Yeah, but look at that... Stars, clouds, rain, Sun, lightning....

Well, it makes an interesting impression on our listening audience.



Let's hope they're just listening and not watching.



Mr Splotch... the captain...



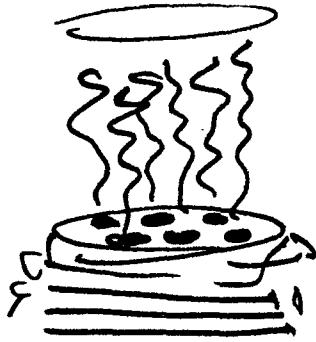
Yes captain?

THERE'S BEEN AN ATTACK, SLOTC. SEND THE DOCTOR AND BRING SOME MEN WITH YOU.

Right away, captain. Maintain orbit, Mr. Screwloose.

Why do you keep saying that -?!  
ARRGGGHHH!

ENERGIZE



Are you all right, captain?

It's just a flesh wound, Mr. Slotch.

CAPTAIN

Smirk here.

THERE'S AN ALIEN SHIP IN VISUAL RANGE, SIR...

Put up screens, take evasive action if they fire otherwise maintain orb...  
ARGH

(quick recovery)

Good grief...

Mr. Screwloose is a little sensitive to that order, sir.

Everyone take cover! They're making a second attack!

Did you see the ship, Mr Slotch?

No Captain.

And you were unable to contact it?

We received for a short time... but the language was quite unfamiliar.

Captain!  
over there!

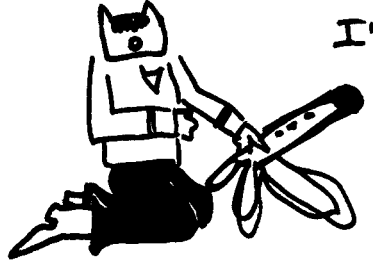
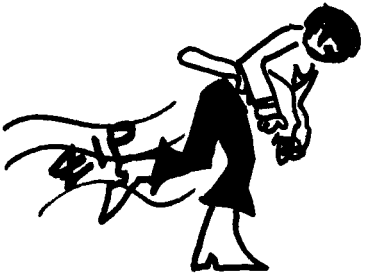
Look  
splotch!  
decending  
behind that hill!

Captain...  
Shall we  
set up the ...

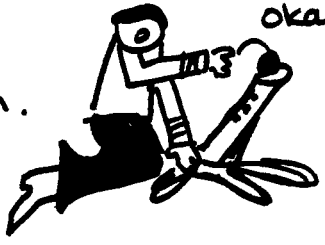
No...  
We  
should wait  
a minute and ...

POW  
BLAM

We'd better  
set  
it up after all.  
Follow me ...



I've got it  
set up,  
captain.



okay...get  
back.



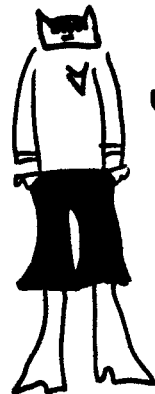
B L O O B L E E Y



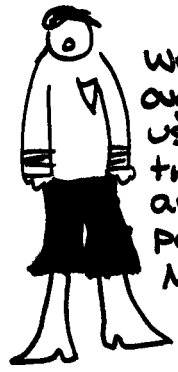
Fascinating.



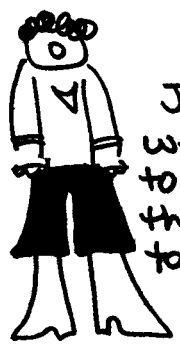
What is?



We hit  
them.



Well, that  
ought to give  
us some  
time... How  
are your  
patients,  
Moans?



Jim...  
we've got  
to get  
them back  
to the ship  
soon...



Smirk  
here.

YES  
CAPTAIN?



How's it  
look up  
there?

WONDERFUL.  
WE'RE  
SURROUNDED

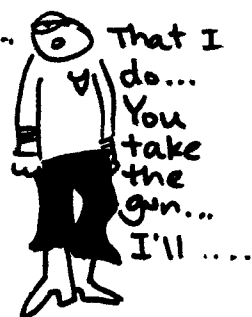
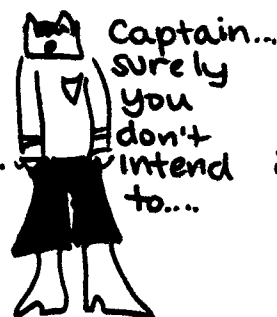
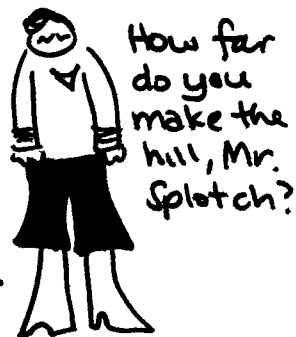
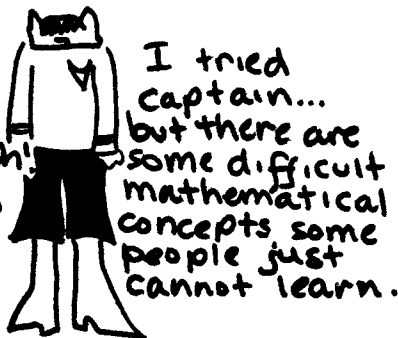


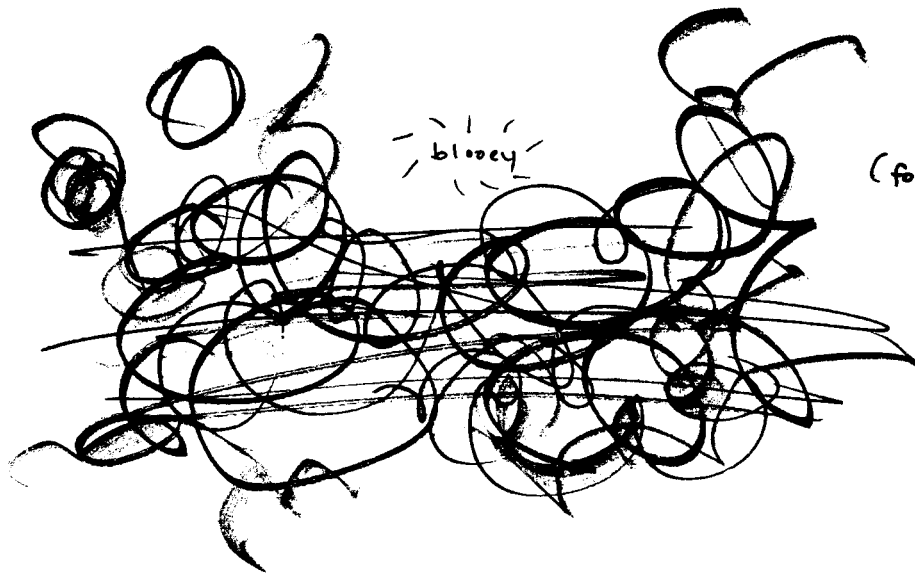


FIVE



AYE, AYE... SIR! THREE OF THEM HAVE JUST GONE!





bloody

(fooled ya, didn't i?)



Looks like it worked. Check around and make sure.



I'll go check over here....

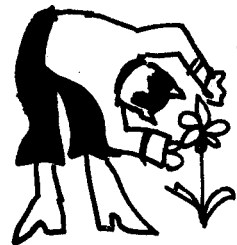
glurk



Captain....  
captain?...



ya  
in here?



ya  
under  
here?



EARTHMAN...



I'm  
not  
an  
Earthman



Sorry  
about  
that...



What do you want? I'm busy.



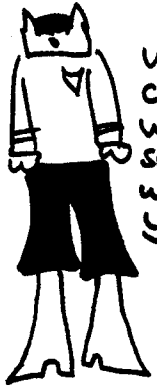
Do you ever want to see your captain again?



mm... not really...



Oh don't say that... then it's no fun.



Well of course I want to see him... what do you want?



You'll have to fight for him.



Get serious!



I am... and when I win I get to destroy you all and this planet with you.



All right... how 'bout slingshots at 500 yards?



Don't get funny, earthman.



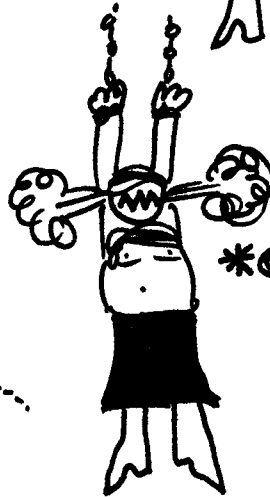
I'm NOT an earthman!



Here is your captain. He will watch you fail and



hee hee  
ha ha ha  
ho ho  
look at that dumb shirt!...



\*@\*#\*!!!



then I will destroy you all!

rats... that screwy Vulcan just blew a fuse.

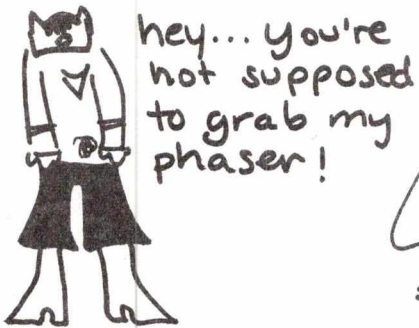
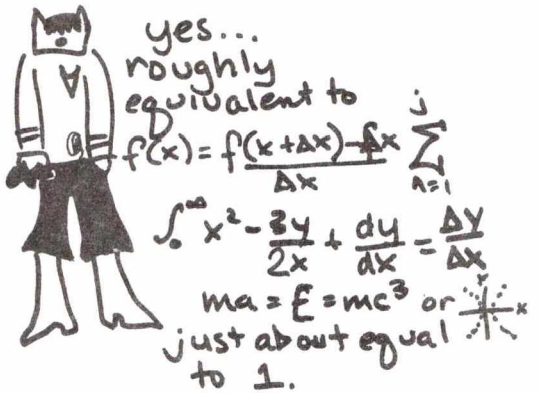
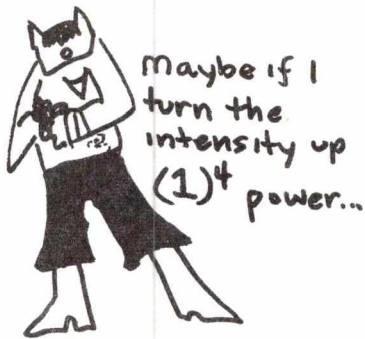
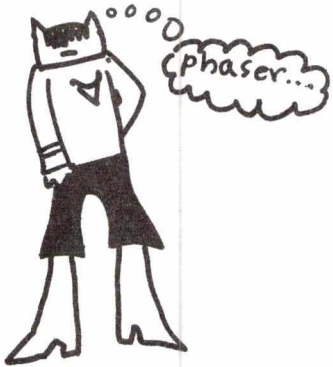
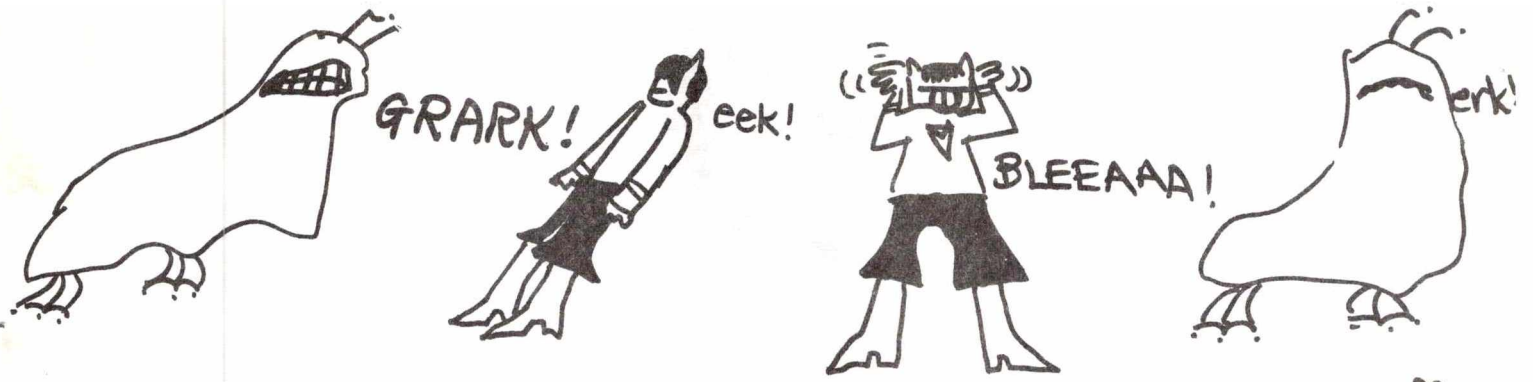
HEE HEE LAFF LAFF  
GIGGLE GIGGLE  
HYSTERIC



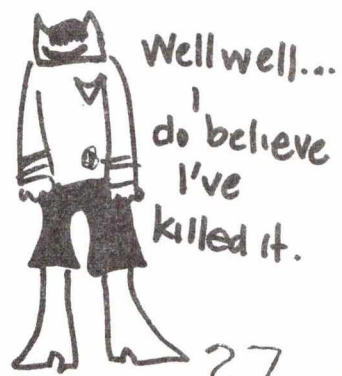
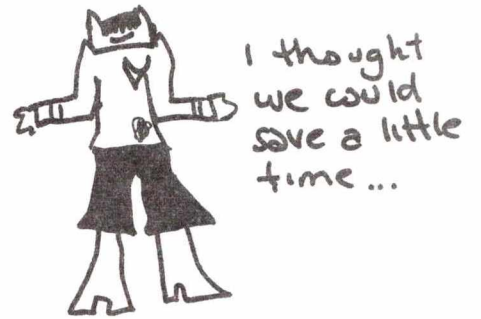
Come on you gunkie... he gets paid double for hanging there and we're running late anyhow.



Sorry about that... I couldn't help it... there's only so much a guy can take...



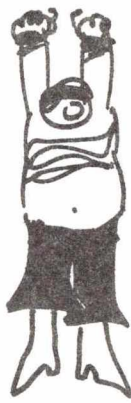
You're not supposed to have one for me to grab.



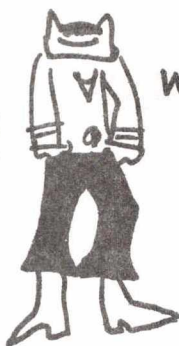
HEY!



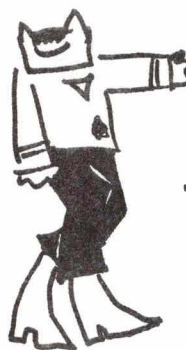
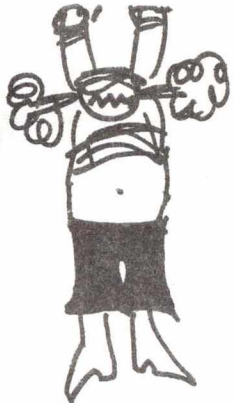
What?



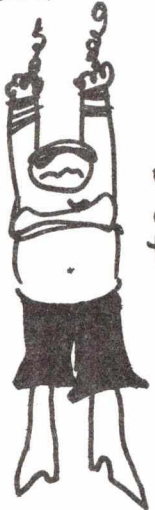
Get Me Down!



Why?



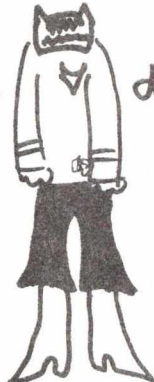
O.k.... hang on a second...



What do you think I've been doing?!



Apparently the antenna was the creature's vulnerable point...



duhhh

CAPTAIN SMIRK...



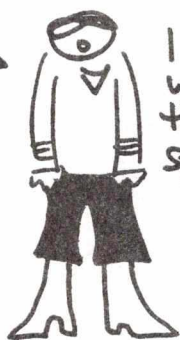
Smirk here...

ALL THE ALIEN SHIPS DISINTEGRATED, SIR



Good. Beam Dr. McGoof and the patients up first.

YES SIR



I wonder what made them attack, splotch.



It's hard to say...

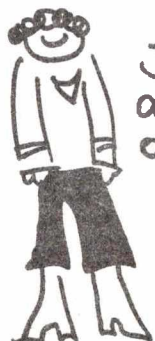


Consolation-prize... come in...

YES SIR?



Beam us up.

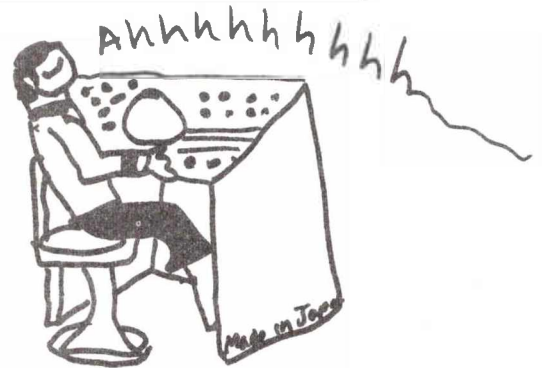
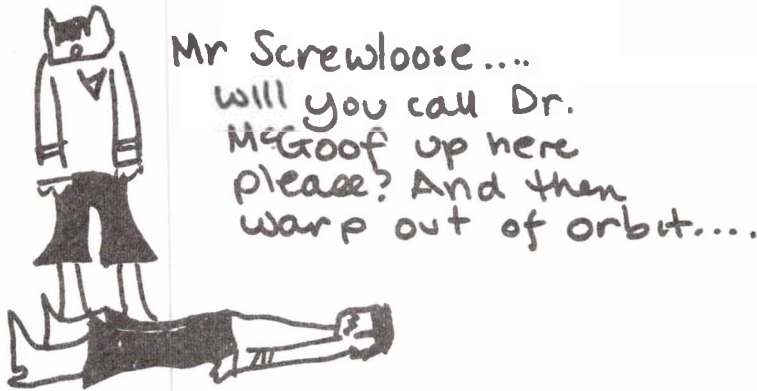
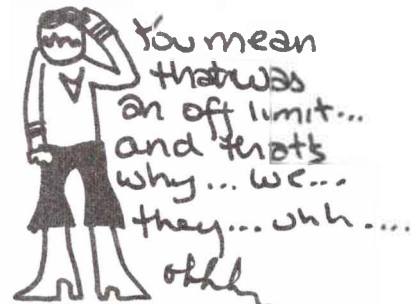
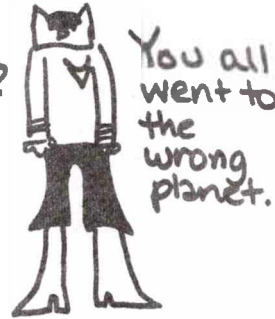
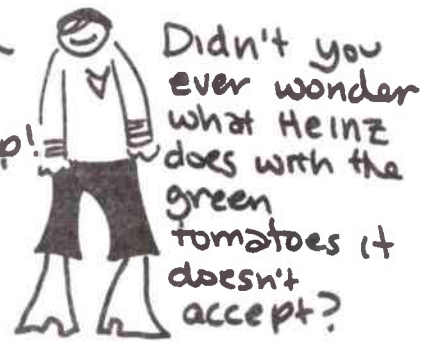
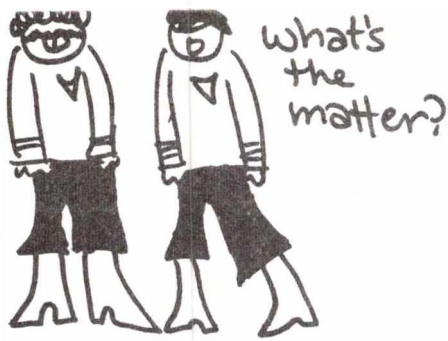


Jim... are you okay?



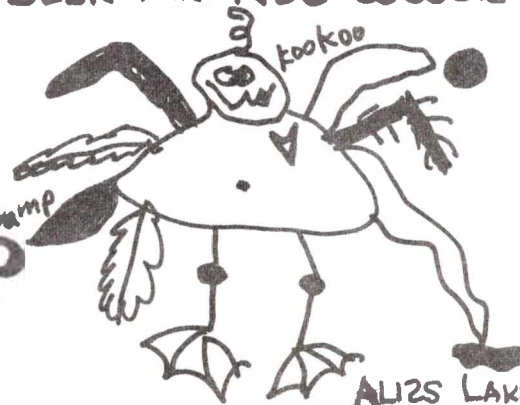
yes... but I think Mr. Spl...

CRASH!



THIS HAS BEEN AN NBC COLOUR PRESENTATION

Written by Peter Rabbit  
Make up by Dutch Boy Paints  
Hairstyles by G.E. Fans & Mixers  
Set designs from L.A. Municipal Damp  
Produced & Directed by nobody  
Music by Jimmi Hendrix & J.S. Bach  
Furniture by Truckee Taxi  
Rockets courtesy of NASA  
Choreography by HFTraviz



VB

ALIZS LAKE PARK RANGER Prod, Inc.

PANZINE REVIEWS BY BLOTTO OTTO

Since the last issue of WRR made its appearance, I seem to have acquired quite a stack of fanzines. Thick ones, thin ones, pretty ones, not so pretty ones and those in between. At the moment, time is pressing and I won't be able to review these zines. However, I can hear all those faneds, who have experience a Blotto Otto review, heaving a collective sigh of relief. So I will just acknowledge each zine that I have received at this time. Next issue, tho, comes der review. The only thing that will save you from a Blotto Otto review will be some courageous soul to volunteer to do a regular review column for WRR.

\*\*\*\*\*

FANTASY NEWS #7--Harry Wasserman, 7611 N. Regent Rd. Milwaukee, Wis.  
53217. 35¢ a copy or 3/\$1. No schedule listed.

LOCUS (various #s)-- Charlie and Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave.  
Bronx, N.Y. 10457. 8/\$1 16/\$2. Bi-weekly.

GRANFALLOON--Linda G. Eyster and Suzanne Tompkins, Apt. 103, 4921  
Forbes Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213. 50¢ a copy or 3/\$1.  
About 6 copies per year.

NIMROD 11-- Al Snider, 1021 Donna Beth, West Covina, Ca. 91790 and  
Dwain Kaiser, 1397 N. Second Ave. Upland, Ca. 91786.  
50¢ per issue 2/\$1. Bi-monthly-irregular. (hmmm)

STARLING 12--Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Rd. Kirkwood, Mo. 63122  
Leslie Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo. 63010. 25¢  
per copy 4/\$1. Except #13 which is 50¢. Monthly.

TRUMPET 7--Tom Reamy, Alex Eisenstein and Al Jackson, 6400 Forest Ln.,  
Dallas, Texas. 75230. 60¢ per copy or 5/\$2.50. Irregular.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES-74--Ken Rudolph, 745 N. Spaulding Ave., Los Angeles,  
Calif. 90046. 50¢ per copy. 4/\$2. #75 will cost  
75¢. Quarterly.

EN GARDE 5--Ricard Shultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Mich. 48234. Co-editor,  
Gary Crowds, 27 West 11th St. New York, N.Y. 10011.  
This issue 70¢. Irregular.

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This was a close call, Buck. Fortunately Vera warned us in time.

B.O.P.

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QUIP 9-- Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040. 50¢  
a copy. Bi-monthly.

PARADOX 8-- Bruce Robbins, 436 S Stone Ave., La Grange, Ill. 60525.  
Sample copy 35¢ 3/\$1.

FLIP 1-- Edward R. Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave. Charlotte, N.C: 28203.  
25¢ a copy, 5/\$1, 10/\$2. Bi-monthly.

SNNUI-- Creath Thorne, rte 3, Box 80, Savannah, Mo., 64485. 25¢ a copy. Bi-monthly.

HECKMECK 18--Mario Kwiat, 44 Münster/Westf. Stettiner Str. 38, Germany. Manfred Kage, Schaesberg (Lim.), Achter den Winkel 41, Netherlands. No price or schedule.

CPSIGN 16--Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio 43202. 35¢ per copy 4/1.50. Quarterly.

BEABOHEMA 1--Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951. 25¢ per copy. Irregular.

ARIOCH!--Doug Lovenstein, 425 Coolville Rdg., Athens, Ohio 45701. 2/75¢. Irregular.

DREEGH 1--Bruce A. Fredstrom, P.O.Box 647, Eugene, Ore 97401. 40¢ per copy. Irregular.

CRY 177--Vera Heminger, Wally Weber and Elinor Busby. Letters and contributions to Elinor at 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle Wash., 98119. Subs and trades to Vera at 30214 108th SE, Auburn Wash. 98002. 40¢ per copy. Bi-monthly.

Well that seems to be the stack. If I missed a zine or two I'm sorry, but I'll give you the full treatment next time. I should mention that all zines are usually available for trade, LoCing and or contributions.

I'm ~~amazed~~ amazed at the change in zines over the past few years. In most cases the repro has improved greatly. The material is pretty much the same. Oh well, WRR is back, things will change.

So much for this issue. Remember, we are looking for a kind soul to volunteer to do a regular column for us. No pay, just egoboo.

I forgot to mention, all you fans who sent in tradezines. It won't do you any good to quit pubbing, you are stuck with WRR for good. You can't move as we will search you out and send all of our crudsheets or some such thing.

Farewell and don't forget to review WRR, the ~~felid~~ fetal point of Random.

---Blotte Otto---



Keep the baby,  
Fath.



# The Snake's Soliloquy

The shining serpent slowly glided by,  
A tear was in her eye -- so sad she seemed;  
And this is what I heard her say, as woe-  
Fully she wrung her coils and scales:

"Ah me! To regurgitate or not to regurgitate,  
That is the question. 'Tis a problem hard.  
'Tis full I am, to breathe I hardly can.  
It seems that rabbits are too large for poor  
Sleek snakes like me; a tummy of the prop-  
Er size I fear I simply do not have.  
Ah, me! 'Tis sick I be and it's the fault  
Of that cursed rabbit that I gobbled up!

"On hand the other, that bunny surely was  
The swellest tasting bunny that I e'er  
Did swallow whole. So juicy, luscious, and  
Salubrious! How then could I e'er dare  
Regurgitate that oh so wondrous rabbit?"

Thus Lamia the snake-gal did coil, uncoil,  
And stew as she the pond'rous question in  
Her mind debated long without result.  
Then suddenly she half-way sprang from out  
The grass, her shimm'ring, gorgeous, multi-hued  
Form writhing like -- what else is there to say? --  
A serpent. And in bitter anguish this  
I chanced to hear her loud and shrill exclaim:

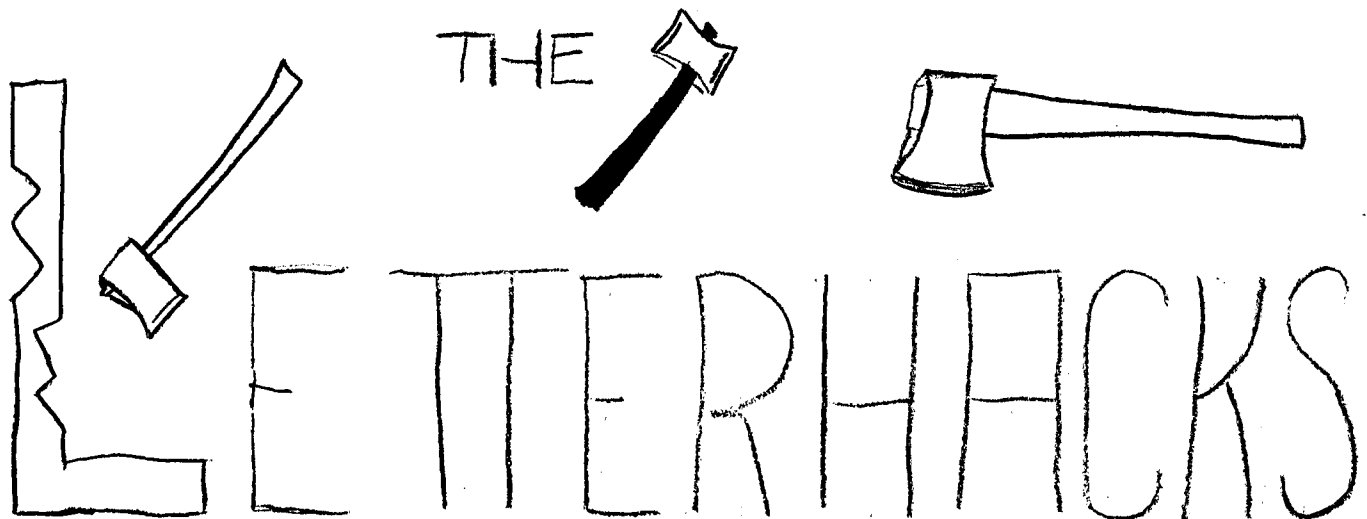
"Alas! Alack! I fear the moment has  
At last arrived. The thing is ta'en from out  
My hands. No more can I soliloquize!"

And then no sooner had these words she spoke  
Than all her scaly coils did writhe and heave;  
Her mouth flew ope and out was flung a bounc-  
ing bunny that was live and whole. And when  
He landed on his cottontail, he turned  
His head about and wagged his ears and winked  
At poor astonished Lamia and said,  
"What's up, doc?" So with that, he hopped away.

(With all due apologies to William Shakespeare,  
John Keats, and Bugs Bunny)

by BETTY KNIGHT

# HACKING



CONDUCTED BY BLOTTO OTTO

436 S. Stone Ave  
La Grange, Ill.  
60525

Dear Wally,

I'm delighted with the revival of WRR- like meeting an old friend after many years of separation, as was the case with Don Anderson at NyCon 3, and yourself very briefly. In fact it was Don who got me going in fandom around 1960, and WRR was one of the first fanzines I read.

V4. N1 was a riot. The penultimate paragraph on page 8 would be trite anywhere else but in WRR - coming from you, it provokes some rare genuine laughter in me.

I hope your letter column gets into its old form - half the fun of the old WRR was the letter column.

I'm sending Paradox 8 in exchange for WRR V4. N1. Since Paradox is a yearly affair I will be sending back issues also to make up for the extra WRR's you will undoubtedly be sending.

Yours truly,  
Bruce Robbins.

(You hope that the letter column returns to its old form?  
That is exactly what Pat tells me whenever I try to put  
on an old pair of pants## You admit that you actually READ  
a copy of WRK?BOP)

2769 Hampshire Rd.  
Cleveland Hts. Ohio  
44106

Dear Seattle-ites,

Got WRK and enjoyed it. I guess it's "out-of-the-woodvork" time in fandom. All these doddering old Fanzines come staggering to the mailbox and surprising the hell out of the older fans who think they're having hallucinations. The younger fans, like me, are just grateful. Maybe.. maybe CRY or VOM or QUANDRY or GRUE will now come back. (That's four hints to whomever's out there listening, and I hate wasting hints.)

I saw the name "John Berry" and my heart sank. There's a bronxville, NY John Berry, you know. But the moment I began to read "Total Eclipse" I realized my mistake. Belfast, I mean. That's not Bronxville exactly. Berry (the Irish one, now) deserves every bit of his enormous reputation as a humorous. I laffed and laughed.

Well, Mr. Weber, get your panel of experts together on this project: explain STAR TREK. All of it.

There isn't a great deal one can say to or about a humorzine once you've said it's funny (yes, I know I could say it twice). Using almost all John Berry material isn't the wisest thing you could do, since all your possible contributors know that they will be subjected to the following words, "Well, it wasn't as funny as berry." Who wants that sort of competition?

Yours truly....  
Jerry Kaufman

(Doddering? Anything but that. With a house full of females now, I don't need any more dodders.##Shux, even if we had only used one of Johns stories that 'not as funny as Berry' would still pop up.## By the time that thish gets published a revived CRY should be out.BOP)

577 E.91 St.  
Brooklyn, N.Y.  
11236

Dear Wally,

Tank youee for de mag WRR. After reading it, the only conclusion that I can draw is that I'm dealing with some very sick and dangerous people. Revolving thoughts wasn't too bad compared to the rest of the ish, which makes it great. Totally Eclipsed was a waste of time, it was not funny and not even vaguely interesting. Banana Split was nothing from nothing. The Waiting Game was a cheap story with a cheap stupid gimmick at the end. Why waste time on such crap. Twelve year olds make jokes like that. Mountain

Greenery was not as bad as all the the other John Berry trash, which by no means makes it good.

Believe it or not I wish you luck and hope you can get some real humor for the next ish.

Yours,  
Joe the B. Drapkin.

(Ours? I'm not too sure that we want it. What ever a Joe the )  
B Drapkin is.## I sure hope that you approved of the paper  
that WRR is printed on. We might have a hard time getting  
Papyrus.BOP.)

619 South Hobart Blvd.  
Los Angeles, Calif.  
90005

Dear Otto;

Well, I always thought if we held on long enough, time would come full circle and the old genzines and personalzines would come back. At the FunCon I heard about the impending revival of the CRX, but V4N1 of WRR appeared in my mailbox without a word of warning; it looks as if Seattle is likely to become a force in Fandom once again.

I don't know whether you're connected with the rumblings of Seattle in '72, but you're helping it along. I'd be perfectly willing to support such a movement at the moment; if I still feel the same way in 1971 I'll vote for you.

You and John Berry have a fun zine here. I won't go so far as to say it was waiting six years for, but even a child isn't worth waiting much more than nine months. On the other hand, all that time I didn't know I was waiting for a revival of WRR with an all Berry issue, so what with one thing and another it passed without dragging much.

I suggest you talk politely to your publishers and find out what happened to the lower half of nearly every page--at least in my issue, most of them are clear crisp offset at the top, progressing gradually and almost imperceptibly to an eye aching double image at the bottom which made me think my optical system was failing to track properly. It was, frankly, more than a little disconcerting. Besides which, I'm curious to find out what caused it. I've seen similar effects over the entire sheet when its been double-run and the registration was just a shade off--Jack Harness used to do that from time to time on purpose--but just the bottom???

Wally's column on criticism states a need that has long been felt in Stf-- far too many readers criticise needlessly what they think are flaws and errors in the stories and movies and books they absorb. By all means let WRR start this explanation service. May I suggest for your next issue an analysis of what is actually happening in 2001 ? Bear in mind, Wallace, that your statement that stf is an accurate report of actual events "somewhere along our space-time continuum" is awfully limiting--lots of them would have to be happening in some other space-time continuum, like the Burroughs Mars, anything of Bradbury's, and STAR TREK.

John Berry ought to be ashamed of himself for dressing that old chestnut up in narrative form and passing it off as a story. Just because it was well written and enjoyable is no excuse. By the way, you should put the Bullycuddymarlin SFC on your list for trades or at least samples; enthusiastic neos with a genuine interest in hard science are becoming rarer and ought to be encouraged. Hoping you are the same,

TAJ.

(Talk politely to my publishers? Ha! They wouldn't understand polite talk. Why they might run me through a reproducing machine and you know that fandom couldn't take two Blotto Ottos. However the problem you brought up was caused by our unpatented stretchable paper masters. They are fine at the top but as you get towards the bottom of the page they stretch and you pick up some of the former ink, hence you get eye-aching results. We have developed, just for you Ted, a shrinking master. With this master we start off with an eye-aching double image and gradually work down to clear, crisp print. That should balance things out just nicely. BOP.)

2330 N. Hancock St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
19133

Dear Wally and Otto;

So I have like a stack of 14 letters to answer and several personal notes pertaining to my planned visit to Calif. sitting here on my desk and I am trying to get an address file in order and make a costume for the ball, or I'll bawl and I am hoping, against hope of course, that no more mail will arrive. Just then I hear the click of the garden gate and the stealthy footsteps of the man from the postoffice. He has the nerve to drop a fanzine called WRK into my mail box.

I take it in and sit and glare at it, wondering how I rate this zine. Then I gingerly open the cover and start to read the top paragraph. I closed the cover fast and just sat and stared. I could not believe my eyes, so I opened it again and reread it. After a bit it hit like a delayed drink of Vodka or such. After a third look I finally convinced myself that all the old fen had not died, but just gotten lazy, like Rip Van Winkle that is. So O.K. says I, no matter if I am swamped with chores and trying to get all the ready for the trip west and all that sort. This I got to read. As I read, each little line made me chuckle more till I was actually laughing. I laughed so hard and long though that now I could not stop to take my nap, and that could kill me in my condition.

I have been trying to locate the Berries for over three years. I would like to call them black berries but I note that they must be a little blue from age. So here you turn up with them. Oh I see, you live in the right town for them eh? Well my father is a native of that town too. Seattle is nothing new to me. I traveled all the way from there to here at the tender age of 15, but I could never find my way back it seems.

Well, you said satire. Or- did I misunderstand you?

Ha! You think your family is large, how about my 23 cats and a husband, not to mention all my S.F. family and my own real family. In the past year I have gained 3 sisters in S.F. and gained a sister in law in real family. I lost this last very fast too. Seems she wanted greener pastures. Woman! Bah! Hey, what am I saying?

I made the Cincinnati and found it lacking in the good old time flavor. They tried so hard to put some real S.F. spice into it, they ruined the whole set-up and dropped in a little bitters by mistake. I think that if you are an ESPER you have the right to say so, and if your not, just shut up. Too, who wants to watch good old movies, when they can be out drinking and brawling and just having fun. Besides, who ever heard of a con without folk songs?

If that toilet is like mine it will take 3 flushes just to wash the first section away. Aw come on now boys, it aint all that bad, and really you should be proud that you could stay awake long enough to get the thing out at all.

Well my best regards to all of you and yours and please stay off the insomnia kick for a while. We do miss you, you know, and your snores are evidently not that loud.

Neo-Ficially yours,  
Harriett Kolchak

(I've heard of people gaining weight, but you are the first that I've heard of that gains sisters. I hope that this isn't a glandular problem.BOP)

1316 Lexington Ave.  
Charlotte, N.C.  
28203

I was merrily typing stencils and making corrections for my first issue when WRR bounded in. My fingers were already getting tired, so I stopped to read it. That made me lose enough time, but I felt guilty, getting it free and all, so I decided to loc. That meant delaying the zine, taking the stencil out, putting the ribbon back on. I hope that you guys appreciate this.

My ghod, you don't hardly get them multilithed no more. I hope you can afford keeping that up with the tremendous profits you make off WRR.

I used to be put off by faanish fanzines, but, through back copies of HYPHEN, some issues of DYNATHRON, and some of the younger fen's attempts at faanishness, I have warmed to that school of writing to the point that I enjoy them better than most any type. (The favorite is the not-too-serious sf critical-type zine.)

Berry's things were good, but were worth reading, if for no other reason, to get gems like TOTALLY ECLIPSED. That was one of the most well-written and entertaining things I have seen in a fmz in some time now (and I haven't been in fandom very long, so make sense of that).

Yes, Wally, I do agree that as fen get Old and Hardened they are much too critical of sf. I don't let one typo on page 130 or one illogical remark ruin my enjoyment of an otherwise good story, and others would do well to follow suit. I have been reading sf for about five years now (which isn't very long, I know), and I have read stories from all time periods, from Verne and Wells to last month's paperbacks, and I think we are entering a very good few years for sf. When I entered, I admittedly was fascinated and astounded, more over-awed than I have ever been in my life, but then I was reading primarily anthologies of the best from the various time-periods, so maybe I did have on hell of a good time. But I didn't think as much of the new stories. And I didn't until about the last of 1967, and now, 1968. We may have fallen down on shorter fiction (most of the stories in the prozines are pretty bad) but I have already read several novels that are Hugo-quality (at least four) with only half the year gone.

Did John Berry do those illos for his stories?

How do you get contributions from Berry? is there any magic formula or special praise or bribes he is susceptible to?

I hope you appreciate utterly ruining my day. I'll send you my Thing if I ever get it finished. Is that enough comment for a god-damned 20 page first-issue-in four-years?

Ed Smith.

(Those illos were done by none other than ol' banana splitting Wally Weber.# No we didn't bribe or threaten John. He happened to hear a rumor that we were giving G.M. Carr a one-way ticket to Belfast.#BOP.)

423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerstown, Md.  
21740

Dear Wally:

Where will it all end? First Psychotic, then Warhoon and now WRR. More important, what can fandom do for an encore that will not be an anti-climax? Discover that the South Gate convention was staged by mistake a dozen years early and hold it instead in '69? Or face up to the fact that the Ballard in fandom and the Ballard in prodom are the same? I've just watched The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde on television, and that served as a sort of mild preparation for the much worse personality split that the two Ballards would represent.

In any event, I'm most happy to see WRR again, and You can see that even at my advanced age, a little practice enables me to spell it correctly with capital letters just as in the old days. Now if I can just get out of the habit of writing You with a capital letter, I'll have the shift key under almost complete control.

I don't know how you got all this material out of a Berry that seemed to have gone to seed or something. However you did it, the feat should be repeated. I'm astonished to find how easily he has resumed writing in the familiar and inimitable style. Even his favorite words, like scruffily, are on hand again.

The first of the Berry contributions, *Totally Eclipsed*, must be the most effective use of this particular theme since the Mark Twain chapter in which it happened just a little differently. (They climbed a mountain at great expense and difficulty to see the sun rise amid spectacular scenery, but made a mistake and looked in the wrong direction and didn't look to the east until the sun was already ten degrees or so above the horizon.) *The Waiting Game* is not quite as much fun to read for a purely personal reason. I'm growing afraid of tin cans, because they seem to have formed a plot to take over the entire world, first the lovely spots of the countryside, and gradually they're intruding into the towns and the cities. What other explanation can there be for the fact that beer and soft drink cans are becoming ever more sturdy and complicated, while it's quite impossible to find any metal in things formerly made of metal, like childrens toys and Excedrin Bottle tops?

Mountain Greenery is also familiar, for a quite different reason. In this case, I don't suffer cold chills from reading it, because I had no personal contact with the illicit liquor industry that once flourished about fifteen miles south of Hagerstown in a secluded little valley known as Frog Hollow. Instead of rockets, they used as a warning signal a man on a white horse who galloped through the back roads every time an unidentified automobile entered the area. This white horse duly appeared in several books about Maryland folklore as a legendary phantom sometimes glimpsed by tourists who had lost their way. Some years ago, we had an assistant social editor at the office who seemed to know all the important people in town, even though she was simply a modest country lass who had seldom been in a larger city like Hagerstown before. Some people who came to the office used to look at her as if she struck some faint chord of memory, too. Eventually we discovered that her father had been one of the best-patronized bootleggers of the prohibition area and she'd grown to know so many ministers and high school principals and city councilmen as a little girl, when they'd come to her home as customers.

I'd always assumed that people cite the first science fiction they read as their favorites because science fiction gets worse all the time, but your mention of Einstein in *Banana Split* causes me suddenly to wonder if I wasn't wrong, thereby preserving my perfect record. Maybe the whole truth is quite different. If there is an expanding universe, with everything flying away from earth at untold velocities, this would automatically thin out the ranks of science fiction writers more and more as the years go by, thereby lessening the amount of good science fiction that could be written within the limited area represented by the American and European publishing ares.

The cover is magnificent, but I wish you'd made it clear about the identity of Pat Pfeifer. Is it the wife, the dog or the daughters? I'd include the goldfish in the list of possibilities except that this definitely does not look as if it had been done in watercolors.



Thanks for including me on the revived mailing list, and please don't tell me in advance that the Cry of the Nameless, Sinisterra and The Fanscient are next. It'll be such a nice surprise and I'll have lots of time to read them during the three-day Labor Day week-end.

Yrs.,&c.,  
Harry Warner, Jr.

(Oh, that was a clever one. Berry gone to seed. Ummm yes, Berry.....seed, uh-hu very good.## Of course, by this time you have received the revived CRY. Don't know about Fanscient, but an old issue appeared in the 85th SAPS mailing, Sinisterra, that is. BOP.)

713 Paul St  
Newport News, Va.  
23605

Dear Wally,

Much thanks for the WRE, it is great.... I don't seem to have the previous issue of six years ago, but I know I saw it, probably over at Harrell's. I had just become a fan in 1962!

TOTALLY ECLIPSED and MOUNTAIN GREENERY are the kind of thing I wish I could write. Sure am glad to see Berry writing again. THE WAITING GAME was not nearly as good as the other two - or maybe I am just too high minded to appreciate it!

On an emotional level, I agree with your ideas about Creeping Criticisms. But my scientifically trained brain just wont ignore those logical and technical goofs in sf stories. I try to have faith, but after spending 40 hours a week at NASA thinking logically, I can't just turn it off when I get home and pick up an sf book.

So I will take you up on that special service. There are endless examples I could bring up of details that annoy me in sf stories, but I think the following should illustrate the problem -

Book - STAR QUEST, by Dean Koontz. Situation - story open with a rip-snorting battle between super-robots armed with super-weapons. One of the robots suddenly realizes that he is human (he has a human brain), and not wanting to be killed in the battle, takes off on his own built-in rockets to escape. Now that is all perfectly reasonable. But in the description of the battle scene we have the following- "Laser cannon erupted like acid-stomached giants, belching forth corrosive froth..." FULL STOP!.. screeches my logical scientific mind... This makes about as much sense as saying that you sawed down a tree with your bow and arrow, or lit your way home across the darkling plain with a shotgun. A laser is a device that emits electromagnetic radiation at a fixed frequency, specifically, coherent radiation. A laser cannon is quite likely and they appear often under the names of "blaster", "beam cannon", and so on. But where does the corrosive froth come into it?

And there was the otherwise excellent film, FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH, based on QUATERMASS AND THE PIT. On the inside of the alien ship they discover a symbol scratched on the wall...Seven interlocking circles, a center one surrounded by six more. For some reason which is never explained, this is instantly seized upon by everyone as evidence of a connection with medieval sorcery, and it is continuously referred to as a "pentacle". A pentacle must be five-sided, as the root "penta" means five. And the pentacle is a standard symbol of medieval magic, i.e., a pentagram. But this thing is not a pentacle; If they wanted a pentacle, or even something resembling one, why didn't they use one? Or even a center circle surrounded by five circles...

Well, I hope you can return me to the True Faith, Just goes to show where to much thinking will get you...

Best,  
Cuyler Warnell Brooks, Jr.

(Questions, questions, always questions. Anyhoo Wally answers them in his colyum.## I didn't copy your circle design because I don't want the readers to think that our lettercolumn goes around in circles.BOP)

14524 Filmore Street.  
Arleta, Calif.  
91331

Dear Otto,

Gad, I almost didn't believe it! WRR did, just as you said it would, finally appear.

The cover sure seemed appropriate to the event all right. One nice thing about the medium, you can do so much more in the way of reproducing illustrations. In this case, do you work right onto plates or make camera readt copy? I seem to figure the former.

Luckily for you, John Berry came through. Of the three, "Totally Eclipsed" was by far the best, in the grand old tradition of the Berry stories. It uses the understatement to best advantage.

Ah, yes, BANANA SPLIT. It is like old times all right. And there is a certain Truth brought out in BS (oops, an unfortunate coincidence, that!) About the masterworks of science fiction, the deathless prose of the halycon years of the great prozines. Like PLANET STORIES. Let Hank Reinhardt and Marsha Brown write in envious agony as I chortle and gloeat (ever try that, gloeat I mean?) over my complete run thereof. Indeed, it, too was one of the first magazines I started reading when I became interested in science-fiction. And that Winter 1943 issue featuring Henry Kuttner's "Crypt City of the Deathless Ones" was the very first issue of PS that I bought. I still remember that classic cover trio. The lovely girl, standing in an attitude of terror best suited to show off her long limbed figure. The hero battling his way through the spiky-forest to head off the translucent blue human-shaped Thing bent on doing something

unimaginably Horrible to the girl. I never did find out just what it was that the Thing could do to the girl but in the process came to realize what good stuff old Hank could turn out. Much different from his relatively SerCon stuff as Lewis Padgett. But lest this turn into a thing about Kuttner and his many and varied talents (which the WRR staff might condemn as creeping serconism), I will continue to comment on WRR.

"The Waiting Game" wasn't quite up to the first story although it was a good transposition of a basic old "dirty" joke. Well done in that context but not up to the Berry standards.

I'm afraid, however, that "Mountain Greenery" wasn't with it. Not up to his usual at all. It was sort of forced and the whole thing depended on a couple of lame concluding paragraphs to sort of tie up the loosely knit bundle of fibres. It, too, of course, was a paraphrase of an old joke. In this country, during the Presidential tenure (or campaign) of Harry S. Truman, there was the joke going around that some WRR readers might remember. He visited an Indian Reservation and every time he gave a little speech or made some promise to them, they'd all holler "OOMPA! OOMPA!". As he was leaving the place, near a cow pasture, he was cautioned not to step in the ompa. So.

Right now there's a lot of ompa going on in Chicago, just like in Miami a few weeks ago...

Well, so much for that. There isn't too much to get wound up about this trip. Naturally, getting the zine off to a rousing start isn't all that easy. I imagine by the next issue or so, the letter-column will be abounding with the same type of stuff that made it so lively and uniquely WRRish, as it was before. Mebbe even it will again attain such heights and WRR letter-hack cards will be distributed...

Then again, mebbe not. Well, we'll see. Thanks again and best of luck.

Yours,  
Ed Cox

(As you see or will see, our letterhacks haven't changed, maybe some names have changed but the fierce WRR flavor is still there. Letter-hack cards? Well maybe. We do have some plans in the future for our dear letterhacks. HHHHEEEAAAHHHHAAAA!!! BOP.)

745 N. Spaulding  
Los Angeles, Calif.  
90046

Dear Wally,

I'm not LoCing WRR. The spectre of a humor fanzine that is really funny and good, is too much for this faanish heart. Of course there is

always the consolation that you cheated and published three items by John Berry. As if that weren't enough, you STOLE my (admittedly unpublished) idea about the dangers of addiction to criticism. I've always had the notion that it doesn't do one any good not to like the thing you're spending your time doing -- so why bother being critical? Now you've gone and spoiled the bit before I had a chance to write my brilliant and definitive article on the subject ## So, sir, I'm mad at you and absolutely refuse to LoC WRR. ## However please do not stop sending me this Wonderful Rip Roaring zine under any circumstances.

Best,  
R. Kenneth Rudolph.

(Humph, well in that case we refuse to print your letter. Oh, you may very well say that you see it here in print. But don't you believe it, it is just one of our many mind-shattering devices that makes you think that we are printing your letter. So there. BOP.)

369 Wildwood Ave.  
Akron, Ohio.  
44320

DEAR BLOTTO OTTO: ( AND INCIDENTLY? MR. WEBER, TOO)

SO YOU JUST COULDN'T LEAVE WELL ENUFF ALONE, EH??? YOU JUST HAD TO TAX THE TOLERANCE OF FANDOM ((SAY, I LIKE THAT FRAZE--SOUNDS REAL BOSS, MAN, BOOSMAN---UH THAT SHOULD SAY BOSSMAN ...mebbe we should make it THE offishul fraze of Fandom..for whatever good it would do!))...uh, where was I? OH. You just HAD TO TAX THE TOLERANCE OF FANDOM? didn't you?? How?? Why, by re-issuing WRR, of course. WHAT IN HELL YOU TRYING TO DO, MAKE WRR THE FOCAL PINT OF FANDOM? WE'VE ALREADY GOT ENUFF REVIVED FANZINES THAT HAVE RETURNED FROM THE DEPTHS OF FANNISH GAFIA, WITHOUT HAVING TO CONTEND WITH WRR. FIRST THERE WAS ODD, THEN PSYCHOTIC, THEN WRR!! IS FANDOM SLOWLY BUT SURELY GOING WRR-CRAZY?? Uh, I mean STIR-CRAZY? (There, you see how insidious your zine is.. already it's affected my weak liddle mind...)

At any rate, welcome back!

You may wonder why it took me so long to answer WRR's arrival, but then, I NEVER questioned the unarrival of WRR for all these years---NOT MUCH! Methinks I had even sent a contribution way back when--and then WRR folded! (do you still have it?) Truth to tell, I've been slightly Gafia myself lately, but that was NO EXCUSE on the Fateful Day that WRR arrived at my Parents House. No. Funny thing was, I was there, helping my folks paint the house (and natchurly I got more on ME than I did on the house!) When my mother brought the mail in. She didn't tell me I had some mail--altho I STILL get mail there instead of here off & on, even tho I've been here for a year and a half. So, out of curiosity I checked the mail, and saw a rather thin pamphlet addressed to me, with the unusual initials of "WRR" on it. "Oh my Ghod!", I yelled, "it's WRR!" "What's wrong?" me mither asked from the kitchen. "It's WRR!" I exclaimed

again, walking into the kitchen myself. "Is it a girl?" she asked. "No, it's WRR!" I explained once more, "and it's been a long time since I've gotten it!" "Is it a letter from a GIRL?" my Dear Old Mom persisted. (You see, she has a one track mind, seeing as how I'm 31 and unmarried yet!) "NO, MOM," I screamed loudly, "It's a FANTINE called WRR that I haven't gotten for at least..oh..." And quickly my alert mind grasped for what I thought was approximately the right answer,.. "uh,..at least SIX YEARS, anyhow!" "Oh," she said feebly. You can imagine my astonishment when, upon opening WRR to your Editorial page, you casually remarked that it was exactly SIX YEARS since your last issue! Howse THAT for E.S.P. perfection? Great eh? (Now that I've won this little victory, why don't you fold WRR for good now, since it's evident you cannot fool me, who (along with around 25 other faneds) claims to be the Secret Master of Fandom?) THE SHADOW KNOWS!! HEH! HEH! HEH! (( Your mind is getting foggy...cloudy...isn't it? Well if it is, it must be that booze you've been hitting again, Blotto Otto!))

Upon reading WRR, I must confess, Father, that I cannot tell a lie.. it seemed a bit too much on the SERIOUS side. Get rid of that Stupid Clod Of A Publisher (in initials, that's SCOAP)--WASTEBASKET WEBER. THAT PUTON in his Banana Split re:criticism has turned me off that dessert for life! (Banana Splits, I mean) All that foofawraw about criticism and all, why, THAT'S nothing but Creeping Criticism, itself. Wally Weber is nothing but a Creeping HypoCriticism, hisself! Nyah! Go back to being F\*U\*N\*N\*Y, Weber, ok?? It may not be better but it can't be worse! ( I hope this criticism of you is taken with a few pounds of Morton's salt, Wally, so you can spice up YOUR FUTURE COLUMNS! Heh!) Just kidding about it all, of course. (But just in case, I WON'T be at BAYCON--that way if you have ideas for revenge, you'll be foiled...again. Personally I prefer typerwriters at 2,000 miles instead of Foils.) The reason for not making BAYCON?? No money!

As for the rest of the Rag...uh..I mean Mag...Berry?----- John Berry?---Ghreat Ghu, it's good to see him back in Fanactivity again--keep getting stuff from him alla time. Must admit tho, that this stuff doesn't have the "Glow" that vintage Berry-tales had. Let's hope it is regained for future ish's. Of the three tales, I liked 1. MOUNTAIN GREENERY; 2. TOTALLY ECLIPSED; 3RD, THE WAITING GAME. And that, aside from the apropos cover by your wife, BOP., is, as they say, THAT

I enjoyed WRR, and more especially, enjoyed seeing it's resurrection maybe later I'll send another contribution, if you want. Use the first one tho, too.

Bemmishly,  
Bill Mallardi

(AND ED COX thought we might not have the WRRish flavor of old.##Whaddya mean fold WRR? Do you SEE THE SIZE OF THIS THING? and you want us to fold it. Ha! Envelopes is the only way.BOP.)

R.F.D.  
Lake Park, Minn.  
56554

Wowee Gang-

This morn, russet mantle beclad in suitable mornish fashion, I was awakened from a sound 10 A.M. slumber by a ringing telephone, a roaring trumpet (free plug for Unknown), a clanging gong, a whistling whistle, a steam calliope and a shy zither named Zachary. Bounding from my bed, I hastened to answer them in approximate order (or even "ordure") and swooped down the stairs to discover said ringing telephone was a wrong number (with 9,999,999 possible wrong numbers out of every 10,000,000 per one wright one, I'm not surprised). Bleary-eyed and hangdog (who barked, gargled, choked then died dead), I tottered on to discover the proximate cause of the rest of the noise, and approached the table on which my morning mail was reclining patiently. The trumpet, gong, whistle, and calliope all seemed to be emanating from a chunk of pulp paper with a Seattle postmark and a name like a helicopter in heat. (The shy zither named Zachary? He had just come along for the ride.)

"Gaahh, yecchh and \*GOOD\*LORD\*(O.E.C.)," I moaned. "Another crudzine to line the bottom of my amadillo cage." (No, I don't have an armadillo, just a cage. Don't bother me.) "Seattle? Whom do I know in Seattle? Oh yeah, the Busbys." But a little voice deep within my outermost being (I have no innermost being, but I have a very deep putermost being) whispered "Not so; the Busbys are Good Fen and True and would never desecrate fandom by issuing a thing with a name like a dragonfly belching. As Police Commissioner Gordon is fond of saying, "Only one man can handle this.... I don't know who (or in this case where) he is, but I do know this...that looks like his typing!"

"Halleluiah," I chortled, "A fanzine from Batman!" I danced about for a few moments with a somewhat less listless than usual air before attacking the sole and single and solitary and somewhat solidified staple that separated me from the fannish publication of Bruce Wayne, wealthy socialist (or is that socialite? If heat shall be given off by burning a copy of WRK, so shall lite. Wes.)? then pounced.

Well, I mean, it was only WWW after all. I mean, no offense, WWW, but could you climb up the Empire State Building on a Batrope? Even if BlottoOtto helped you? I must say the disappointment was crushing and how dare you raise my hopes, only to raze my hopes? (Subtle pun there.)

O.K., so Wally Weber lives! And all that and I wouldn't want, goodness knows, to begrudge you that share of glory (I'm very generous with my free plugs today)? but still, Bruce Wayne is Bruce Wayne and you are you. (Just try to find something to argue with in that comparison.)

And I'll bet Blotto Otto Pfeifer can't even fit into a Robin suit (assuming that you kick the Robin out first, along with any baby cuckoos who may have usurped the nest) or even Alfred's tux or Aunt Hattie's apron, so what good is he? Yeah, Blotto Otto, what part are you playing in this great comedy, or mediocre comedy anyway, called Life? (Which said great comedy was cancelled by ABC after thirteen weeks.) After all these years when Blotto Otto was just a name to me and at last you're real, with a goldfish and canary. Please send me a 3x5 color photo of your goldfish and canary and I will issue a permit to go on breathing.

Hey Wally, what ever happened to Alabama? (Yeah, I know, stars fell on it. Write your own straight lines.) It seems like only four years and a few months since CRY died...CRY die-ie-e-di-(sob...sob...)- well, you know- and then Scrunch and the Fakeery #1. and other than that and that one loc on my brilliant earthshaking collaberative one-shot, FIASCO (2 copies sold, 100 given away) and a 50¢ refund from Elinor Busby a year or so ago ( er...that doesn't sound very proper...the 50¢ refund was really from CRY, via Elinor Busby), aside, I say from these driblets and drabs and droplets, I've had to assume that the earth opened and swallowed The Old Gang (Buz, Elinor and Wally; as opposed to Bonnie, Clyde and C.W., that is). And now here among the mail reclining on my morning mail-mound is a chunk of something returning from the tomb with a name like positronic robot purring and Wally Weber lives! and so does Blotto Otto, a former name to me, and the latters entourage and Seattle and all of that and all's fannish in fandom.

So now I guess I'll have to read the damn thing...

Hey just a quick addition while reading "Banananana Split" before I forget or just in case I gafiate before finishing the issue. O.K., you want submissions of supposed errors and flaws in stories to explain away. Remember one of the more terrible Star Trek episodes this spring, "Blood and Circuses" (the gladiator one)? Here's this planet \*JUST\*EXACTLY\* like Earth only the Roman Empire never fell. O.K.? Physically identical, same Roman gods, customs, architecture, clothing etc., slightly futurised - the "Jupiter V-8 Automobile," for instance. O.K., Rome never fell, right? So how come everybody spoke English? Flawless idiomatic English? And it was English, not translated Star Trek-ish Basic Galactic or whatever, because the whole quote surprise ending unquote (not to say moral) depended upon a misunderstanding between worshipping the sun and worshipping the Son.--Gahh and double gaah.

Onward and upward and montgomeryward to note that John Berry also lives! Which is no mean feat in itself. "The Waiting Game" is a variation of a better known dirty joke which all fen probably knowbut I'll tell it anyway to prove to the world that John Berry is just a rewritten version of Hugh Hefner.

An astronaut landed on (take your pick (a) the moon (b) Mars (c) Alpha Centauri IV (d) his backside) and saw a beautiful humanoid alien woman stirring something in a pot. He used (take your pick (a) an universal translator (b) telepathy (c) sign language (d) his Diner's Club card) to ask what she was doing and she replied "Making a baby," to which he parried, "How long does it take?" "About ten minutes," she answered, and went on stirring until a humanoid alien baby crawled out of the pot and tottered off. Not to be daunted, the astronaut asked her if she would like to learn how babies were made on Earth, and receiving an affirmative answer, he pounced and they ( take your pick (a) made love (b) slept together (c) copulated (d) forget it- this is a family fanzine). Afterwards she smiled mistily and asked how long it took for the baby to arrive. "Nine months," says our heroand the alien woman pouts and says "then why did you stop stirring?"

But as I said everyone knows that version so it's a good thing that I didn't waste your time with it.

I'm surprised Berry didn't get suspicious earlier in "Mountain Greenery". The Ballycuddymarlin group sounded entirely too polite,

rational and sober to be fans.

And to think that Berry will be 83 before the next eclipse...five or six years is a long time to wait...Alf had the right idea; he doesn't need to worry about almanacs and time zones. And the thought of a globe of earth ringing is frightening enough without slipping into nightdresses and such.

Banana Split again: how dare you imply that 1943 Planets are the ultimate in sf when they're before my time? Everyone knows that the greatest sf was put out around 1954 or 55 and that the second greatest sf book ever written (being the second that I read) was Roger Lee Vernon's *The Space Frontiers* - which I re-read 2 or 3 times in the next few years, which fact may account for my becoming the shambling hulk (free Marvel plug) you know and love today. Maybe there's something to be said for '43 Planets after all.

I'm about to begin my second year of graduate school, hoping to finish my M.A. and make a start on a Ph.D., all in English, which is not that good a field, and at the U of Arizona, which is not that good a school. I was just given a so-called "permanent 1-Y" draft classification which means I don't have to join Canadian Fandom, and my most recent beard just passed the two-consecutive-year mark, though it's only a goatee these days. Still unmarried, poor and lazy as hell. I've run through two Ramblers (one accident, one junkheap), a motorcycle (resold after one day of terror) and a bicycle (given to Students for McCarthy for an auction). Currently I'm walking, staying at home, reading the Magazine Of Horror, and writing letters to ezines like yours that sounds like two Slinky toys fornicating..

Hoping you are the same.....

Good Ol' Denny Lien

(Eghads, if I hadn't left a few pages of this billet-doux out, I don't think that this ish would break a hundred pages.##Did Zachary slither? I used to know a slithery zither but not under the name of Zachary. Sorry no pics of the goldfish or canary at present, I couldn't get them to pose together.BOP)

THOSE WHODIDN'T QUIT MAKE IT DEPT: PAT BARNWELL sends us a little artwork. (We will try to find a spot for it, but we will probably have to print it anyway BOP) SETH A. JOHNSON thinks only Wally Weber can stop WRR and not the reader. (Quite right, since no fans by the name of Reader gets WRR, BOP.) LYNN HICKMAN comments on the fact that it seemed like such a short time ago that he ~~spelled~~ read an issue of WRR (Ahh, but the old odor doth prevail BOP) HAROLD PALMER FISER sends us a card of acknowledgement. (We will send you another WRR in acknowledgement of your acknowledgement. BOP.)

That's the lettercol for this issue. Hope that you had fun, the way it looks I would say that it won't be long before we have a lettercol to match the one of old. VAYA CON FANAC.....Blotto Otto.



