

ALPHA & OMEGA

THIS IS A MEGAZINE

OCT

1951



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Guest Indexertorial

by
Eney

Yesterday--10/18/501--(make that 51) I got a suspicious-looking parcel.
The reason it looked suspicious was, probably, because it was illegal--writing
is illegal in parcel posted stuff--and also because I'd gotten something like
it last mailing from Henry Spelman.

It was a bunch of stencils and a letter:

"Dick darling: (If it weren't for the ulterior motive, that I could enjoy)

"I am in a pickle! Could you run these off for the current issue? Pretty
Please?

"I need a contents page too! Alpha will explain the delay.

"Love N stuff

MEg"

Oh, well. The duties of an oe don't, officially, include things like this,
but I enjoy them.

I got a postal from Elsberry, too..."Hold up the mailing!" (He's published
two issues of Snulbug--this's the second--and had to ask me to hold the mailing
for him both times, something of a record, I believe.)

Today I got a heap of loose pages from Gordon Black, with a note--another
illegal one, by the way; living dangerously must appeal to s.a.p.s.--indicating
that he wrapped his zines for posting at 11:57 pm the 17th, and wants me to sta-
ple them. (He scrawled "Note""Note" all over the inside of the wrapper; just
noticed it now when I tore it apart to read the whole note.) I did, assembling
them according to my idea of the right way. Unfortunately my idea of the right
way didn't doincide with Black's, and he'd stapled some already; his have the
Zodiac cover just inside the "Operation Quilt", mine, on the front. So...

I guess that fills that up, doesn't it?

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.....Bill Venable.....Where else?

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For more news visit a publisher

Omega International
by
-Randy

Yesterday--10/18/201--(make sure #1) I got a suspicious-looking parcel. The reason it looked suspicious was, probably because it was illegal--writing is illegal in parcel post--and also because I'd gotten something like it last mailing from Henry Spelman.

It was a bunch of acetate and a letter. "What's this?" (If it wasn't for the letter, I would have thought it was a parcel. Could you see this off for the current issue. Pretty please?

"I need a contact page too! Alpha will explain the delay. Leave it alone."

Oh, well. The entire of an or don't, offensively, include things like this, but I enjoy them.

I got a postcard from Heberly, too... "Hold up the mailing" (He's published two issues of Heberly--the first second--and he is asking to publish the mailing for his both times, something of a record, I believe.)

Today I got a couple of letters from Gordon Black, with a note--another illegal one, by the way; living dangerously must appear to be a p.a.--indicating that he wrapped his sides for posting at risk, on the 17th, and wants me to see his them. He returned "Let's Hope" all over the inside of the wrapper; just noticed it now when I took it apart to read the whole note. I did, assembling them according to my idea of the right way, unfortunately my idea of the right way didn't coincide with Black's, and he'd stopped some already; he says the "Operation" never had to be the "Operation" (mine, on the front, 80...)

ALPHA

Am I in a mess! Her it is, October 16th, and my carefully cut stencils for A & O have been lost, mislaid, or spitted off by gremlins! See, now I can't even type straight. So I'll cut six pages in one helluva hurry, ship them to Enoy and pray like mad! I seem to remember a very vitriolic Nut's to You too page, but the only things I can remember (Cant't even find the last bundle of sapsines) are

Coswal)))I am not a minx! (Am I Redd????) And I am entitled to my opinions too-----COSWAL IS(in MEG's opinion)AN EGOTISTICAL TYRANT! So there! And what's wrong with science articles? I like them, and A & O is for my own amusement. Consult Boggs for information on fotos---he's my manager.

Hurkle----lovely lovely lovely----but then I like Boggs.

Whassa matter with GM Carr????She's beginning to sound like a frustated old maid! (What's wrong with sex? Hmmmam? Personally, I love it)

Orgasm(oops, The BigO) Ha! Give Gemtones another slam, kids I love you anyhoo!

Someone somewhere mentioned Carrie's infatuation for Ray Nelson---p'raps it's only wishful thinking on her part that makes here dream he's a wolf! Besides, what man isn't---at heart?

Ah well! On with the show--such as it is, and have mercy!

MEg

Alpha and Omega is a sapsine produced and edited by MEG at Sinclair Avenue, Steubenville, Ohio

IF MEN KNEW WHAT WOMEN THINK THEY'D BE TWENTY TIMES MORE DARING

ONE ROAD HOME

(The Reims-Marseille highway, October 1945)

South through the dead land the long road runs
over the rolling fields impotent in ragweed
down the valleys of the Saone and the Rhone
where the shattered bridges lie indolently
rusting in the pale water

past the blind ruins
in the changeless day and the lean farms
with shuttered windows

DUBONNET vin tonique au quinquina

HOTCHKISS le juste milieu

whisper the signs
in blue paint fading on the gray stone barns

and the static land stretches fallow and worn
stagnant as the rivers the meadow
and the damp vineyards

the sterile landscape
monochromatic in the autumn afternoon

and only on the road is life beyond and beyond
is emptiness

only the old men with wheelbarrows
at the heaping ruins only the captive Boches
resting on their shovels beside the road

and a girl in St. Rambert who waves
and a Chalon mademoiselle who smiles

----REDD BOGGS



by
BILL VENABLE

The sign said,

ROCCO-COCCO IS A FALSE GOD.

That's what it said. It was painted on the side of an office building in downtown New York, painted in a very stubborn black enamel that defied attempts at eradication. It didn't make any sense, of course, since nobody had ever heard of Rocco-Cocco. It had been painted on the building at 2 a m the night before by one of a band of inebriates, all of whom were apprehended on the spot by the cop on that beat. The drunk who was guilty of painting the sign, having slept and sobered in the municipal jail, admitted that it was just a joke, was fined \$50 for defacing property, and let go pending action by the owners of the building.

Officials of the building stopped to look at the sign on their way to work, and assigned one of the janitors to clean it off. That worthy, having tried soap, turpentine, and an

VENGEANCE

continued

inordinate amount of profanity, duly reported to his building officials, who determined to send for a sand blasting crew.

A dignitary of the Catholic Church passed the building at 9:30 on his way to the opening of a charity playground in the Bowery, and stopped to examine it. Having decided that Rocco-Cocco did not refer to the particular God of the Catholic Church, he mentally endorsed the veracity of the statement and determined to use it as the basis for an article on the increasing acceptance of Catholicism in the United States

The Mayor of New York passed by in his limousine and denounced the sign as a disgraceful defacement of the city's beauty.

At ten o'clock the chairman of the building corporation passed by and became so furious that he fired the watchman on the spot. He discovered later that the sign had been painted at night, while he had fired the day watchman.

These personages were not, however, the only ones who saw the sign.

At eleven o'clock the same day laborers working around an open manhole in the six hundred block of 181st street noticed an unusual amount of heat and combustion gasses issuing from the hole. By-passers reported that huge flames and clouds of black smoke rose from the opening. They explained it as "probably an explosion of trapped sewer gasses." A few minutes later a rather plain gentleman dressed in a grey tropical suit emerged from the manhole and walked away. No one present could describe this personage beyond that.

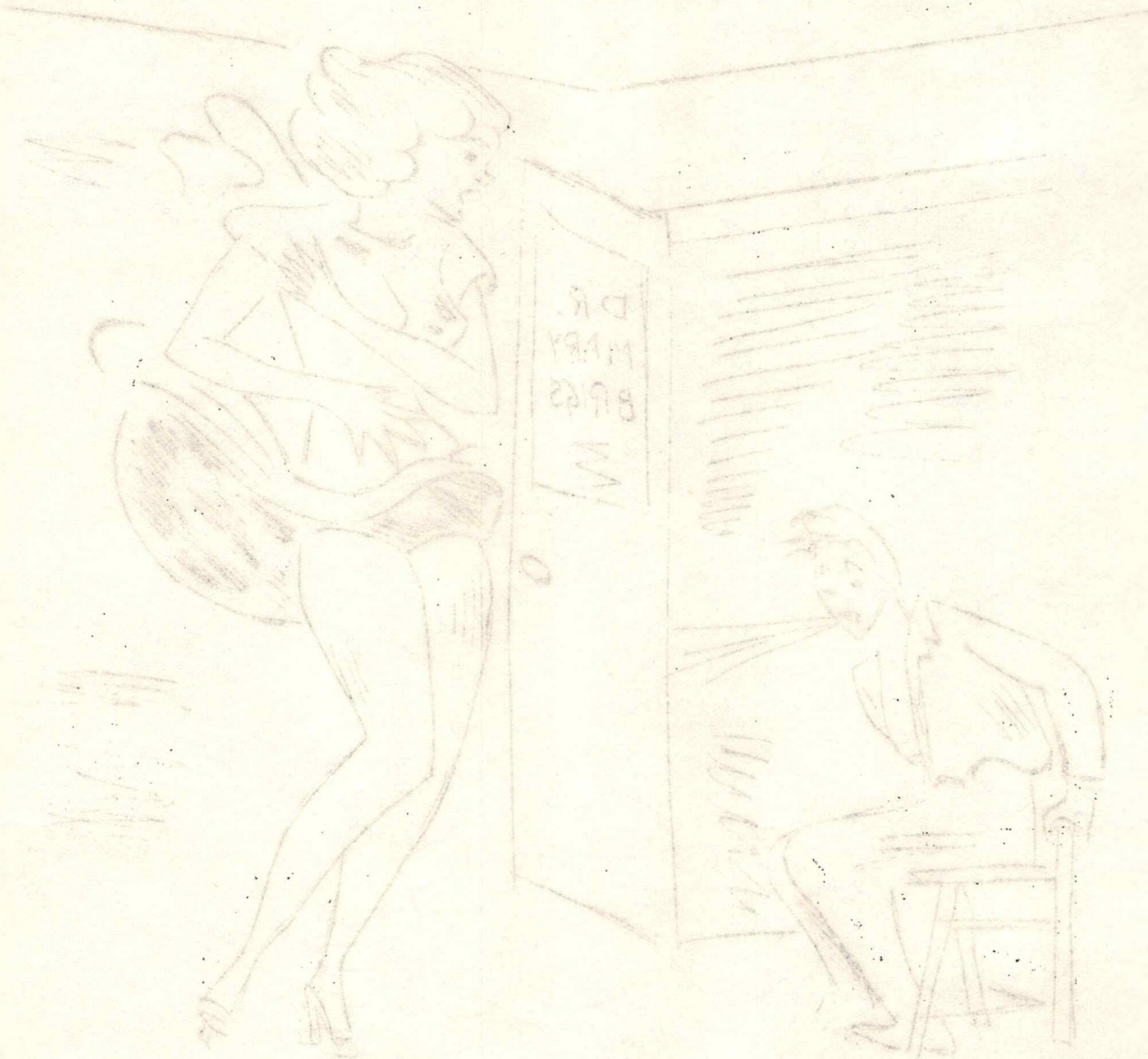
At eleven thirty the Bronx house of the drunk who had painted the sign was entered by a man in a grey suit. The inebriate, a Mr. Hemming, was taking a nap. Neighbors reported that a few minutes later the grey gentleman left the house, leading Mr. Hemming. The two men passed by the building on which Mr. Hemming had painted the sign. Several seconds later the building trembled, the sign on which the sign was painted fell into the adjacent parking lot. Miraculously no one was hurt. Neither the grey gentleman nor Mr. Hemming have been located.

New York police have a rather solid theory as to the whereabouts of Mr. Hemming. They also have a pretty good theory who the grey gentleman was. They are not, however, prepared to reveal at this time the results of their deductions nor the identity of the gentleman in grey.

It was, of course, Rocco-Cocco



WHEN I ASK YOU TO EXHALE
MUST YOU DO IT SO FORCIBLY?



MUST YOU DO IT SO FORCIBLY?
WHEN I ASK YOU TO EXHALE

M-F 9 31

O M E G A

Well, fello sapians, there it is. A very small issue and not what I'd like it to be, but I faithfully swear to have a better deal next time.

Coming attractions will be a double feature by Carrie & story by Clare, and an article on yours truly for all the boys who have requested same done by someone who says he knows MEG very well.

Perhaps if it is possible, and Rodd gives his permission, we'll also include a pin up of your girl friend/

as over

MEG