



**BIBBILTY** IV

ATLANTA

THE AGA CON

The First Annual Southeastern Science Fiction Conference

to be held in

ATLANTA

April 2 and 3, 1955

- Who will attend? Fans and professionals from all over the South and the nation. Already, groups from such Northern cities as Cleveland, New York, and Cincinnati have announced that they will attend.
- What will happen? Although this conference is primarily a get-together affair for fans from the South and the nation, its committee is now at work preparing a program that will be enjoyable to all.
- How much cost? No more than is necessary to bring you to Atlanta, and pay your expenses, and a registration fee of \$1.00.

The annual Midwesterncon will be held this year on June 3, 5, according to a recent letter from Don Ford, so as not to conflict with the conference in Atlanta in April.

LET THE SOUTH BE YOUR HOST IN APRIL OF 1955  
PLAN NOW TO ATTEND THE AGA CON

Mail your dollar registration fee to:  
1st Annual Southeastern S-F Conference  
c/o Ian T. Macaulay  
57 East Park Lane  
Atlanta 5, Georgia

Periodic progress reports will be issued; the first of which will follow shortly after this mailing.

By way of a friendly plug; The Terrans--Cleveland SFF Association--announce that the registration fee for the 13th World SF Convention, held in Cleveland over Labor Day weekend of 1955, is \$2. Said sum appreciated.  
Address:

13th World SF Convention  
PO Box 508--Edgewater Branch  
Cleveland 7, Ohio

Plug #2: Hardcover edition of THE IMMORTAL STORM, Sam Moskowitz, now available from ASFO Press. Illustrated, \$5.00, Carson Jacks, 713 Coventry Road, Decatur, Georgia.

THE EDITOR'S RAGES

No, your eyes don't deceive you...yes, it is me...gaily dancing the mambo, hunting for things which have, like the worthy arab, packed up their tents and fled in the night...which is actually very unpoetic, and I can't figure why they wrote it like that in the first place...

Yes, kiddies, once more we venture forth into the unknow, virtually let torless this trip, due to the fact, obviously, that when the readers--bless their money-lined little pockets--discovered that I was to cut down to quarterly publication, they immediately betook themselves unto their weeping, and have not had time to write

letters, haha. At any rate, we again wander through the unknown, casting about us for something to say, some way to make ourselves useful, other than to dive out the nearest window.

I have become enamoured of that blight upon honest humanity known as hi fi. I am, as Pete Vorzimer put it, in hock up to my elbows. (You did put it that way, didn't you, Littul Pete?) I have invested in a Columbia Model 318, a monster which will play a stack of LPs, intermixing 10's and 12's indiscrimanately, and then shut itself off after the last one is done with. At a cost of \$109.95, (payable monthly, 10 bucks a throw), I am making a brave effort to enjoy the Boston Pops with a flute that sounds like Paul Desmond with the jumps.

This 318 Columbia has a big brotyer, the 346, which sells for something like 149.50. Some of you may have seen it. It's bound in Neolite, and has three or four speakers. The thing I don't like about it is, you must play all 12's and/or all 10's. Now, there, I have trouble. You see, I've got the Peer Gynt Suite #1 on Columbia, on a 12-inch disc, and #2 on a 10 inch platter. To get the full benefit of the thing, you've got to play the whole thing, which is impossible on the 346.

The automatic turnoff feature has proved, on occasion, to be somewhat of

distraction. You can imagine how one might feel, when, after lifting the lid to flip the stack, the machine suddenly shuts off. Very disgusting.

There have been creeping into the house, certain little things disguised as apazines, carrying the letters, "WAPA" Mrs. Carr even had the terri-ity to send hers rolled up in the form of a scroll. I've finally discovered what led to the downfall of the Roman Empire...

It wasn't the Huns, believe me!

Note-of-incogruity-department...Frank Skully, author of the book, BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS, also wrote a book entitled, FUN IN BED. All kinds of meanings could be read into a thing like that...

If you notice any difference in the reproduction of this issue, you're not as blind as I thought. God help you if you don't. Actually, I've gotten an office typewriter to cut stencils on, in hope that this will give me a better job. I rather think that all my troubles reproduction-wise (No wisecracks, Geis! Even I have a breaking point...) are due to the fact that my Skyriter, though new, just doesn't have the snap to turn out a good job of cutting. This one, a BURROUGHS, has got the best touch of anything, for this purpose, that I've ever tried. It feels, at times, as if it's got springs in the keys. If you're a mouse in this typewriter, and somebody starts typing, you step mightilylively to keep from being pounded to a pulp by the keys.

A couple days before Christmas, I removed myself to the abode of my venerable father, who lives in Salina, Kansas. When passing through Lincoln, Nebraska--the capital of our fair state--I was accosted by two young men--more accurately, they were accosted by me--who turned out to be readers of mine. They were Jim Caughran--the younger--and Tom Perry, the elder--of the two. Being famished, I held myself into the lunch counter, where I downed several pounds of cow, while defending myself from the unnumberable questions fired at me by the two gentlemen. One I remember in particular, which struck me somewhat like a teacher asking little Pe--er, Johnny--to identify the first 16 presidents. "Account for your sense of humor," says Tom. I was taken somewhat aback. Thought I to myself, all the while blushing prettily, "How do I account for something I don't have? It's no-'count..." I mentioned these facts to friend Tom but he was unabashed. So I muttered some excuse which I can't recall at the moment, and hope the time never comes when I shall have to.

After being deluged by questions, half of which I could not answer, and falling into and escaping from, the clutches of the law, we bid farewell, I climbed aboard the southbound bus, and five hours later, arrived in Salina, beaten, bedgaggled and cold.

A copy of this story, told under the title, "THE POLICE AND I", is available at no extra cost, to regular subscribers.

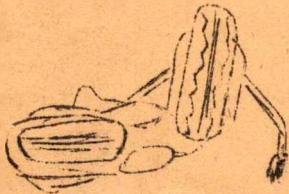
I must get to reviewing fanzines....

ahoo...Once more we tread the weary path of the reviewer, sadly licking our wounds, contracted in the honest pursuit of our woman--er, duty . By keeping very quiet, and not moving about overly, we might be lucky enough to hear the croak of the cracked potzreble, and again we crawl forth, beating the bushes in a vain effort at making a laughable attempt to be funny. And across the bridge and over the hills, to Grandfather Peatrowsky's trailer we go...

And since this is supposed to be a fanzine review column, don't you think we ought to...? There's several fanzines that I've had for some time, and did not get around to reviewing last issue. Quite an involved story surrounds the whole situation, but I won't go into it right at the moment. Women and children might be present.

To wit;

SATELLITE: Don Allen, 3 Arkle Street, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England. Number two, subscriptions 3/ for four, 1/- each, exchanges gladly welcomed.



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This displays, at the outset, a cover, which I would consider to be the best cover I have ever seen on any fanzine in recent months. It can be described best as ENGLISH. Inside, there are such things of interest as the editorial, which reports on progress and doings of a local fanclub, except the Nez Fez, a name which evidently means something to the members, but nothing to me, which of course is beside the point. Also, an article by Bryan Berry, which asks the question, should science fiction appeal to the heart or the head, i.e., should it appeal to the emotions. Personally, my own vies on the subject are that a story is about people; therefore, it should, if well-written, deal with human emotions. A report on Canadian fandom, by Harry Calnek, and letter column follows. One thing wrong with the letter column is the fact that Don evidently has nothing to say, and a letter column without the editor's remarks is not quite as good as it could be. SCIENCE FICTION OUGHT TO BE FUN--BUT OFTEN IT ISN'T, by Jon Deegan, maintains that, being as humans will make jokes, and whistle in the dark, if only to keep up their courage, in certain circumstances (agreed) science fiction ought to be more humorous. Some-

times, though, it would seem to me, there are better things to be doing than reciting Little Willies. I mean, after all, if a man is being threatened by a torture worse than death, is he going to try to tell his assailant the one about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter? G. E. Mason maintains that a society is needed to raise the standard of fan fiction. It may well be that such a thing might help, but it brings to mind the fact that, any time a poor situation exists, of any kind, the first thing you hear is, "There oughta be a law!" A stright science article follows, to round out the contents of a fairly readable fanzine.

ABSTRACT: Peter J. Vorziner, Univ. of Cal. at Santa Barbara, 104 Toyon, Coleta, California. Subscriptions, \$1.20 a year, \$1.50 with manila envelopes; single copies, 25¢ each. Dittoed, 100 pages in this conish. The amount of work that went into this issue staggers the imagination. 100-plus copies of each page, making five thousand sheets of paper that went through the machine, not to mention the fluid, carbon masters, etc. Gasp! However, it looks as if I might have a few words to eat, having been somewhat sceptical about Pete's future, fanwise. It turns out that he made the conish bigger and better than I was expecting it to be. The high point for me, of course, was the section--four pages--of convention photos, having had, since birth, an insatiable desire to see what people look like. Unfortunately, I was again disappointed, as no people were present. Pictures that had me somewhat non-plussed: the first one, of Poul Andersen. I had pictured an ancient man with a long, grey beard...: John Magnus, looking pensive...! John W. Campbell looking like my mental image of Bob Farnham--and to complete the cliché, I suppose Bob Farnham looks like my mental image of John Campbell... Perry Ackerman looking just as I'd pictured him...Ellik and Balint...and as for the rest of the thing...I seem to see an overabundance of Rotsler illos--why can't you guys let him rest? Grennell being very helpful with hints on the physical appearance of your sentences. The other high point of the magazine was the editor's convention report--and I know he won't believe what I say, because of a couple of personal reasons...but anyway, it's true. I have a hard time digesting some of the described incidents, and am left somewhat with the impression of a country rube at a cocktail party. And the cartoon on page 14, by Bradley, for some reason reduces me to helpless hysterics every time I see it. With a photo offset cover this thing is highly overwhelming.



CRUI: number 22, Dean Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Why something like this has got to be circulated through fandom, when all the rest of us struggling fans have to try our best to be even half as good, is more than my poor mental facilities are able to comprehend. Immaculately--the only adverb capable of the job of description--mimeographed, this presents the appearance of a little magazine constantly

bumming amongst its uglier contemporaries. I am absolutely convinced that it is impossible to get any better copy than tis, from any method of reproduction. Material-wise, we have Vinç Clarke reminiscing about one Augustus Bickerstaff, who one day, decided to publish the Ultimate Parzine- God...QUEST? by Colkins. was, to me, the high point of the magazine, touching as it does, the efforts of several persons in finding a hostler who's not heard of science fiction. A most enlightening especially with Tucker's flashlight-piece of writing. Enmeshed between a couple pages of less conical writing, is a page of advertising with such hits as; "AVOID HARSH LAXATIVES; Send \$1 to: Faith Dynamic Company, 2631 North Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon! Remember--"Faith Will Move Mountains!" "Why Wear A Truss?--Then, again, what else can you possibly do with one?" "LOOSE BANDRUFF--Tightened Immediately--or your money refunded." There's a letter column, several pages of Grennell's priceless ramblings, and such readings as, "THE REAR VISIPLATE, A department of stern necessity", all interspersed with delightful fillers--"Seems a ragun backfired and Boyd suffered a nasty Bo-burn."--and fillers by Harness and others. If you can possibly wrangle a copy...

SAPSYHE: Bob Featrowsky, Box 614, Norfolk, Nebraska. So, awright, aaw ready, I'm reviewing sapsines now...Being Feat's first effort in SAPS, due for the thirtieth mailing--it says here. Contains six pages of babbling, and mailing reviews. Somehow, Bob, I can't feature you in SAPS. You strike me as more the FAPA type. I'm gonna wait awhile, until you loosen up a bit.

FANTASY-TIMES: The magazine to which there is no necessity for introduction: however, to be continually continued. Published by WANDOM HOUSE, which, I assume, is, or is closely connected with, James Taurasi, at Box 2351, Paterson, New Jersey. Wandom's New York Times, containing anything and everything worth knowing in the fields of fandon and sf. Makes mention of the fact that Jim Harmon's first issue of "XX Science Fiction ADVENTURES" should be another staple in any fan's diet.

PSYCHOTIC: Dick Gois, 2631 North Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. I don't care to count the number of times I've written that address, but I always have to check back to make sure I've not included too many 'iss's or 'ippi's...Mr. Gois has outdone himself with this issue, no. 17, having spent close to a hundred--according to his own statement--dollars in having this issue photo-offset.

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DINGDINGLINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDING!!  
Cheers, everybody--tis now 12:01 A.M., Saturday, January 1, 1955.

Features a Kellogg cover which I just keep sitting here, LOOKING at...letting out a yibble of humor now and then. Vernon McCain babbles about collaboration amongst pros...Hank Martin and myself collaborate quite often...he punches one key, and I punch the next...Pardon, everybody...

With eat-time bread, and wicked sneer,  
Willie stole his father's beer.  
Now Willie's dead, and shed a tear,  
Father can't steal Willie's wier...

Boas, letters, replies, photo-offset; need I say more? GET!

# MISER

HOARDS COUNTLESS ISSUES OF

# Lynx

POETRY

FANTASY

HUMOR

MAN IT'S THE BEST - REAL GONE!

BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT THEY ARE IN NATION-WIDE DEMAND AND SOON WILL BE WORTH A FORTUNE

PER ISSUE 6 ISSUES \$0.10 ETC.



EDITOR  
JIM BRADLEY  
ART & ASST EDITOR  
BOB KELLOGG



SEND YOUR ORDERS TO  
515 N.E. SAN RAFAEL  
PORTLAND, OREGON



**COUP:** the coup group, 14 Jones Street, New York City. A curious little item subheading itself, The Voice of Fanarchy. A first issue, and quite will done for such. It reflects a sort of go-to-Hell attitude which I find quite amusing, and an editorial style which complements the attitude like a hand in a glove. The editorial states that Fanarchy is, in a "very real sense, a Left Opposition." Also, we are informed that fandom hasn't had one since the Futuriansk and they weren't too awfully left. Interesting. Fred Chappell writes on MARGINALIA, or, the art of making, finding, collecting, and observing, notes in margins. One particular form of this malady hits the very young, and it is not mentioned by Mr. Chappell. It is this form which constitutes entering the number of a page about halfway through the book, on the front flypage. When you turn to the mentioned page, if you are the curious type, you find the number of another page, usually back toward the front. On turning to this page, you find still another. This goes on, until you either end up back where you started, or find yourself face to face with some such comment as, "Lot of work turning those pages, wasn't it?" I'm not sure exactly who these coup people are supposed to be, but keep an eye on this thing--promises to be highly interesting.



**NITECRY;** Don Chappell, 5921 East 4th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma. A very interesting effect on the cover--dead black with a mimeograph. Pray tell, how, Don? A rather interesting controversy making the rounds at present... Rump conventions--they seem to be hurting the big conventions--according to the committees planning these big conventions.

Nuts. I don't believe a word of it. The next big convention will be held in Cleveland. Several hundred West Coast fans aren't going to be able to be there, because of the fact that they can't travel that far, and still keep body and soul together. So, a rump convention. All the people who are planning to attend the big affair, have registered long before. Therefore, if the people left over should hold a regional, this should not, under any circumstance, hurt the big convention. I regard this move to censure the CSFS, a rather silly affair, and it is, I think an outgrowth and an imitation, of the Censure McCarthy mess., which I also considered silly. Just like Junior trying to play Daddy by walking in his shoes.

**HARK;** Randy Brown, 6619 Anita Street, Dallas 14, Texas. Has a very fine cover by Ross Sterey, and, as you go to the back, the magazine slowly deteriorates into nothing. I dunno...I get the impression that he's trying to act just a bit too fannish. A sort of Hey-may-look-I-know-all-about fandom-too impression. Has a very long way to go...

**THE SATURDAY EVENING GHOST,** Robert Lee, Box 4251, Tulsa, Oklahoma.  
EEEECCCCCCHHHHHHHH !!!!!

STF TRENDS, Lynn Hickman, 705 West Main street, Napoleon, Ohio. Filled with Convention--the Midwesterner, from what I can gather...--by Brown, and the Detroit blowout, by Bob Coulson, (I might have written 'Robert', but 'Bob' is about three letters shorter.) and Dick Clarkson. Letters. So-so...

GEMZINE 4:5. Carr, Seattle. Blast you, Missus Carr, why don't you put you address inside you fanzine? You know I'm too lazy to look for it somewhere else...I think you should be drqn and quratered--and believe me, being drqn and quratered is much worse than being drawn and quartered! --for not making MONSOON longer...Like your reviews and/or comments on the last MAFB mailing. Though I'm not a dues-paying member, I sort of consider myself an unofficial ornament...get the mailings from Featrowsky, so I'm one of the few non-Saps who knows. \* Tell me, did your husband let that little boy on the first page of the mailing comments suffer too long before he took the magazine away from you? Watch these dangling particples!

FCG: Don Wegars, 2444 Valley Street, Berkeley, California. Don, let us get one thing straight right now. BIBILTY is strictly a trade or complimentary deal. Whichever way one gets it, if at all, I do not charge for it. There. Editorial, columnia, letters, reviews...readable.

LEZOMBIE; Bob Tucker, Dean Grennell. Came from 402 Maple Avenue...

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\*And that's a good trick, considering that you're reviewing an FAPA mailing...  
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I'm speechless.

DWAN--ah...DAWN, Russ Watkins, 110 Brady St., Savannah, Georgia. Probably the most helpful contribution to fandom is FANZINEO, which, this issue, hits 125 publications. Reminiscences about a trip to North Africa along with letters, etc.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GCG, Book one, complete and unabridged. Walt Bewart, 306 East Hickory, Enid, Oklahoma. Multilithed...a humorzine, which, wonder of wonders, just about succeeds in its aim. FANDOM AND FUN by Larry Stark, tops; cartoons are by Bewart, I assume. YehhOho, and a haw besides...obtain.

GUNG HO! Another one from Anderson in Motana. Yibblings by Anderson and Irene Baron...too much quantity output for quality to be seen.

\* \* \* \*

Which leaves us with a few lines of space...space: that which is undefinable, intangible, and what we know nothing about, yet we have it between our ears. 'f you want to laugh, go into the other room.



In lieu--or something like that--of the regular letter column (well, I did get a couple), I give you:

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:

Recently, I bought a number of science fiction books from a Boston book store warehouse, which I am selling at bargain prices. I would like to place an advertisement in your magazine, Bibbilty. Please send me your advertising rates. I am also interesting in purchasing your mailing list in order to build up a list of persons to whom I could send my catalog. ((That's nice, 'cause I'm not interested in selling.)) I would appreciate your giving me a price.

((I am deeply touched by your request, sir. However, the sensation does not penetrate that far. I would suggest that you take your books and insert them into your...well, maybe I'd better not say it. I might get in trouble with the publishing associations. Your plight is common in this field. You have bought books; you have read them; you suddenly have found that the hall closet won't hold them, and clothes too. Well, isn't that a shame? You should have thought of that before you spent all that money you could have used on women. Go somewhere else and peddle your papers, and remember what Confucius said; "He who try to sell old books is like blind man at burlesque show--out of luck.")

Dear Ray; Enclosed please find ((that's going to be a chore!)) 10¢ to pay for one copy of ECLIPSE. Sorry I have to write such a short letter and use such paper. ((Why do it, then?)) I'm in a big rush to get all my material ready for shipping to Germany. ((Leaving the country, eh? Told you the Feds'd catch you yet. It just goes to show that you

can't get away with income tax evasion very long...look, if you want a good fence for all that hot money, try Lucky Luigi in Rome, or Petulant Pierre in Paris--and watch it so you don't spray everybody asking for Pierre...))

Enclosed you will find a dime--somewhat thicker than usual--((don't put so much lead in the batter)) but a dime nevertheless. This is to pay for a copy of ECLIPSE. And now that I've said all I'm going to say, I really think it's time I stopped. Don't you agree? So I think maybe I will. ((THANK HEAVAN!!))

dear MR. THOMPSON:

Please find enclosed ten cents (\$.10) for the current issue of your fanzine, "ECLIPSE" ((Really, my son, the quotes and caps weren't BOTH needed...)) I read the excellent review of your zine in the November issue of "IMAGINATION". ((Oh well...)) Your kindest attention to my letter will be greatly appreciated. ((Even now, I am staring raptly at it, absorbing the fullness, the rolling phrasing, the deeply intriguing content of its entirety. What more could you possibly hope for?))

I did get one or two letters that were more pertinent, however. In fact, even that wonder of the Pacific coast, that fabulous fan editor, that... that...wull, anyway, I got a letter from Peter (Littul Petey) Verziler, the Fanatical Foe of Canadian Fandom. To wit:

You have some words to eat, m'boy. ((Wull, thank you, Daddy.)) and I quote, "...He will make his Conish scaller than planned, and forget the large Annish altogether. F!uck one." I'm publishing a 48 page annish. It will be offset entirely. It could be 100 pages dittoed, but I'd rather select 48 excellent pages to offset--no 'feeble' attempt. Your review of DIFFUSE was horrible. ((Well, like fanzine, like review...)) You didn't give him a fighting chance. ((Let him give me some reason for giving him a fighting chance, first.)) You babbled about his use of the @ sign, but nothing else. You didn't once mention anything about the material. ((WHAT material?)) Did it ever occur to you to have some material in BIBBILTY by someone other than Ray Thompson? ((Yes, as a matter of fact. Then I quit editing ECLIPSE.)) Yeah, you got letters, some of them fairly good. Others just yak about BIBBILTY? ((How many of those you get don't yak about ABSTRACT?)) You make yourself a trifle obnoxious ((Hey, look who's calling the kettle black!!!)) when you say that a certain fanzine has no right to existance. Maybe a lot of people think the same of your mag, and would you be hurt if they said it. ((Land sakes, chile, they already has. And let me tell you something, Littul Petey; if ever a magazine comes across my eyes, which I think is no good, which leaves me absolutely and irrevocably, cold, as did DIFFUSE, you can bet your bottom beanie prop, I'm going to say so. And if you don't like it, that's just too damned bad.)) ABSTRACT #9 will arrive shortly after the first of the year.--bimonthly. ((Wull, I'm waiting.))



# ON 2<sup>nd</sup> THOT...

In looking back across numberless centuries, I find that I'm not quite as far behind schedule, as I thought; in fact, it seems that I'm right on schedule...shall wonders never cease...

Included with this issue is a oneshot that started out about a year ago; in fact, over a year ago. The briefest of histories: When I was in Omaha last Christmas--that is, a year ago last Christmas--I was at Martin Graetz's house for a couple days. Not knowing anything better to do, we started this one-shot. We sweated, and typed, and giggled and snickered--we thought there was nothing funnier--and out of the ruckus, one year late, came WURF! Erge.

DEPARTMENT OF USELESS GESTURES: I gave Peatrowsky, recently, a couple Sherlock Holmes books, to get them out of the house. Last night, he showed up with two boxes of pulp science fiction magazines. Tennesian, anyone?

I knew a magician one time...quite a good one, too. Terrible thing happened to him. Had a taste for the happy grape...seems one night he went out and got ~~stunned~~, and somebody started making snide remarks about his ability to perform the black art. Being a vain mag to begin with, he forthwith set down his beer, made a few magic passes, said a little mumbo--I SAID MUMBO? NOT MAMBO!--jumbo, and hexed himself, the beer hall, its clientele, and six square blocks of the surrounding business district, clean into nowhere. The last anyone has ever seen of him, he was observed walking down the street of Melbourne, Australia, muttering something about disbelievers...

This magazine, by the way, is published, edited and mailed out, by one Ray Thompson, a fact which is of no interest whatsoever to anyone, who resides at a small padded cell down on South 4th street,--410's the number--in Norfolk, Nebraska, the pheasant capitol of the nation. Every so often, your venerable editor gets ambitious, and gets his ancient typer down out of the attic, and starts beating the bejessus out of a set of stencils. Then, he takes a gallon of black bat's blood, smears it on a mimeograph, and the ultimate result is the worst mess of crud you ever saw. (Might as well be honest, eh, Dick?) This particular issue consists of nothing but editorial and fanzine reviews, along with some bad poetry (worse verse), because your aforementioned editor is lazy this trip. Maybe next time we get somedings, ah?

In reading others' fanzines, I read about how they get ideas, and keep them, by using high-powered, and technical methods of recording, etc. My trouble is, when I take a pad and pencil to work with me, I usually lose the pencil. The epitome of ineptness...

So, as we fade slowly into the sunset, in the distance we hear, faintly, the strumming of an ancient vihuela, making sad music to the gods. If we look closely, we might see a tiny figure, tattered and torn, upright

still, however, a very paragon of fitness and fortitude, bearing a small sign, on which big black letters spell out the words, THE REASON THERE IS SO LITTLE SPEAKING IN PUBLIC IS BECAUSE THERE IS SO LITTLE THINKING IN PRIVATE. Pausing only long enough to ascertain that our false face is not on crooked, we proceed to withdraw, albeit in no little haste, for yea, the bloodhounds are upon us. Adube, kind friends; may we meet again, in a happier plane of existence...

\* \* \* \* \*

(FINAL CURTAIN)

A certain philosopher once said, "The pen is mightier than a sword, but a Thompson sub-machine gun is mightier than either." All of which goes to show that Man is never satisfied with the ease with which he can eliminate himself.

THE FLOWER BUSINESS  
BY THE EDITOR

You there, Mr. Aphid!  
(Or is it Mrs.?)  
What do you mean, sitting on that flower just as  
if you owned this whole damned greenhouse?  
I'll have you to know that a floral business cannot survive if your kind  
is allowed to remain free and unhampered in your operation, such  
being that you proceed to lay eggs on the plants

(The editor regrets to inform you that the poet, just as he was getting well-started, remembered appointments elsewhere. It seems his grandmother in Bermuda suddenly took sick and he was on his way out of the country, "...to ditch the Reds..." which I gather must be some sort of dead disease...I shall prevail upon him to finish, when he returns, if at all.)

LETTER FROM A NEG:

"Nope, I didn't see FIVE, because I read the advance reviews and didn't think it would be worth it. I decided not to write to you, tell ((type courtesy the author)) I read the April issue of TWS. Now I see I shouldn't have read it. Yeh Gads! What an issue. I thought it stunk Double Jeopardy... was just wat you said it was. A Detective story howcan Sam Mines do this?????"

Signed,  
The Jumping Jupertarian.

