

Right now, Jim S. and I am in the midst of indoctrinating a non-SF reader into Fandom. His entire experience concerns fanzine reading and odd as it may seem, has a great desire to enter fandom.

Still, He care little about reading SF or fantasy. Is it possible this type of thing is widespread? It seems completely unlikely, however, what if it does become widespread and SF is pushed out and plain takes over?

As I said before though, it hardly seems likely that something like this would happen. Getting into fandom is usually a slow and lengthy process. It was for me at least, first reading stf, maybe you see something about a fanzine in a prozine, possibly subscribe to a fanzine clearing house, then LoCs, correspondence, contribs, then maybe a genzine or apazine, and possibly joining a club.

Check TYRO and MUSIC MAN this distribution for info on some of the slander being broadcasted by Dwain Kaiser....



MUSIC MAN-Fred Whitledge-- Where did "12 Cardinal Principles" come from? I'm certain I've read it someplace in a wide distribution mag.

D.B. INTRO-- An excellent peice for APA L. Batman appears that it has made it. Within a week it has 4 song take-offs appearing on radio.

ANDY PORTER-- What are the chances of getting an ALGOL?

FARGAS-Dwain Kaiser--When will you ever run out of Pederson reprints?

galoot -

No. 3 is Mongoose Pub No. 6 for the 65th, or if Dwain Kaiser doesn't get these masters in time, 67th APA L. From Jim Keith, 2834 Santez Dr., Pomona, Calif. 91766



THE PIER GLASS

—Jim Keith

Madness the devil's spawn
Said they.
Under lock and key
They thrust me away.

Me the Mad one'
'Tis plain to see;
Fools they are
Had they be.

Weeks of stumbling
Blindly groping
Never stopping
Always hoping.

Feverishly working
Night and day.
Broke my shackles
Ran away.

Climbed their ramparts
scaled their wall.
Thinking only vengeance
I burst into their hall.

I heard their shrieks
Saw them shiver.
The women quaked
The brave men quivered.

Then!
The object of their fear.
A startling visage
Drawing near.

On came the spectre
Closer, closer still.
A death's head grin
To make the blood chill.

Burning eyes
Fangs abare
A drawing fascination
In that awful stare.

My hand reached out
Nearer, yet nearer.
Touching cold, smooth glass—
A full length mirror.

