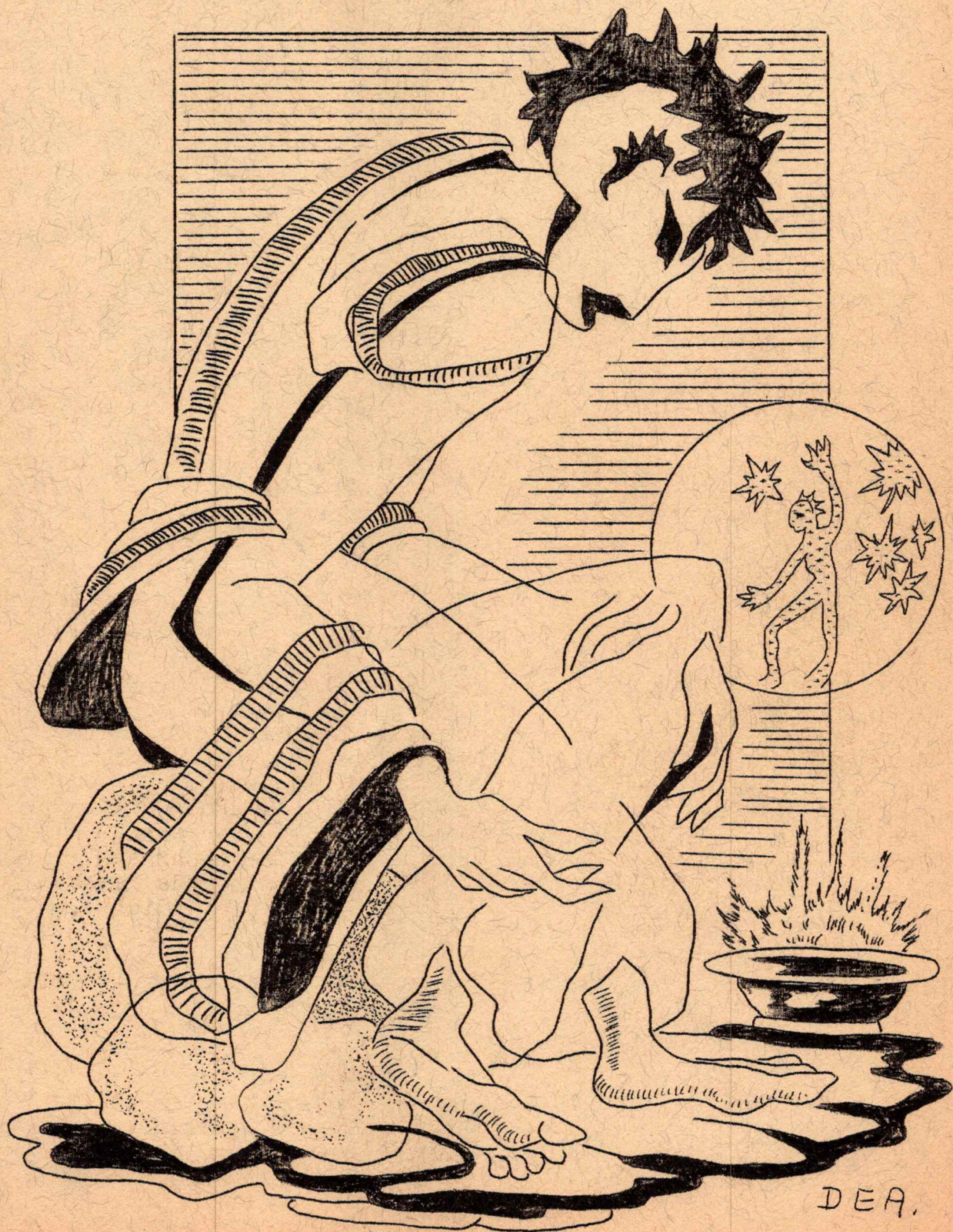


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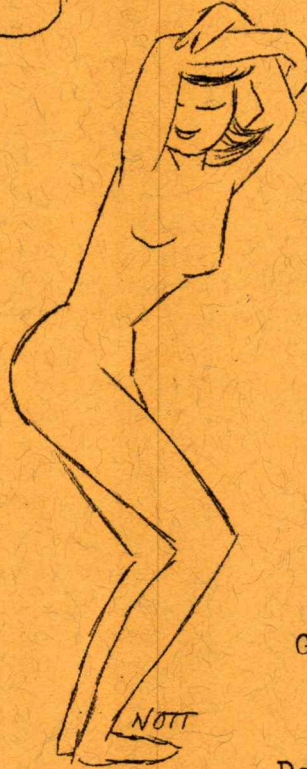
YANDRO 127

— VOL XI — NO 8 —

august 63



G. Barr



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Change of Address: As of August 10, Gary Deindorfer's address will be:
40 Atterbury Avenue
Trenton, N.J. 08618

Police Briefs (Wabash Plain Dealer): "Hubscher Jewelry reported its front awning was cut sometime over the weekend. Police said this was the second time the awning had been slashed." They don't do anything, but they're real good at keeping score.



est of ease. It's the important ones that slip by. At any rate, again Walt, thank you. We've written Speedoprint and ordered the needed stencils -- and we're still blinking over the price they quoted...for the product, it's indredibly low. I still suspect a (now unemployed) secretary made a mistake. We quoted back their own letter to them as a precaution when we ordered. We shall see, knock wood and cross fingers. Progress report later.

Like a number of fem fans of my acquaintance, I occasionally want something to "browse". This is something to read while you're stirring a stew or waiting for the clothes to wash at the laundromat. Something that doesn't require much thought or concentration -- something you can break off abruptly when the pot boils over without a struggle of wanting to see how the chapter ends. As a result I pick up these 10¢ women's mags in the supermarkets....occasionally I glean a usable recipe or dress pattern...but generally it's something to make otherwise wasted time pass quickly, then into the wastebasket.

But occasionally there's a thought-hook in one of these, though rarely in the way the editors planned. One of these hit me a few days ago amid scanning an article on nutrition and recipes. The author tossed off some kitchen homily about pretty table settings and a pleasant mealtime for the entire family -- as often the only time the whole family is together. To the writer, this was obviously terribly important. I have this picture of her slaving over her table setting and herding the whole family in and insisting on a big ritual feed, then watching them scatter to the four winds until 24 hours later...she only sees them at the table. They are receptacles for latest recipes.

I have no objections to feeding my family well, nutrition, good cooking and all that...but I must say this point of view, one I find with appalling frequency in these magazines, gives me the shivers.

Togetherhness, I guess. Quite frequently, particularly in the summer, this family may not eat a meal together -- that is all seated neatly around the table and making bright digestable conversation. -- except Sunday noon. We are together....hikes, trips to friends, relatives, state parks, untraveled and nearly abandoned back roads, long sessions over books or flowers or leaves or insects with Bruce, explaining how and why, and "let's find out". I make my food as palatable as I can, but I certainly won't feel crushed if everyone doesn't make a production of eating it. If Bruce's mealtime happens to occur when the imagination-stimulating tv program "Discovery" happens to be on, then he certainly would be missing something eating in the kitchen in-

Firstly, an abject apology: in my usual sulfa-dosedfunk part of the time during the typing of last issue, I was making a thank-you in the letter column. I meant to thank Walt Taylor for sending a Speedoprint catalogue. But in his letter, Walt had been discussing Dave Locke, and in my reply, something blanked out and I typed in 'Dave' instead of 'Walt'. Naturally, this is the sort of error I never catch until the issue is all mimeo'd and assembled. The little tiny typos I catch with the great-

stead.

Mostly, I wouldn't want to be in a position where my only communication with my family would be food.

The Rambler is being spectacular again. I love the little bug, but it does pick some hair raising methods of getting attention. It broke a leg -- almost literally -- but we have hopes of repairing it rather than shooting it. The right front wheel had been making grunkeling noises and we told the garage we'd bring it in next Saturday, to have it all tuned up before the drive to DC. It got tired of waiting, or something. Right front end went gaffloey and sat down and said not another revolution. So now we got to have the only decent Rambler mech in this area drive over from Rochester, Indiana (he doesn't have a wrecker), glue the thing back together and take it back for repairs. The interesting part will be getting it back from Rochester; Buck and a nice guy from work came rushing home this noon, jumped a charge from the guy's battery to the battered Ford and got it back into town, limping on a flat tire, spooming clouds of smoke from the broken muffler and reeking of gas from the leaking fuel line. The radiator also overheats when it's driven more than twenty miles.....more than five. It should be an interesting adventure all in all, and somehow I suspect we are not going down to Anderson tomorrow evening as we'd planned.

I knew things had been going too well recently.

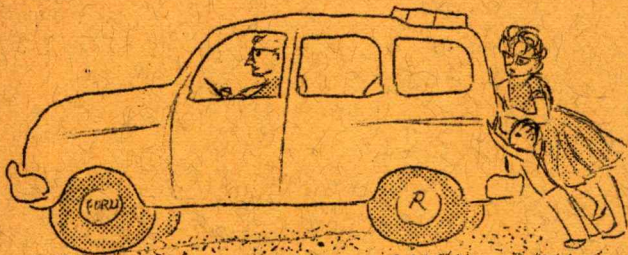
DC looms upon us.....at the moment, getting there looks a bit on the what-method-to-use-side (never be too optimistic--you tempt the wrath of the gods); but if worse comes to worse, we can borrow my mother's car, maybe. I can see it now, Don & Maggie Thompson and the Coulsons come hitchhiking into DC about the time the con is over. No, some how, onward.....

Although at the moment I must say the convention's selling point of an air conditioned hotel doesn't sound very enticing. It was 48 degrees (Fahrenheit, Lewis) here last night. This is August?

Not only is this the July issue, and it is July, but I have wildly delirious hopes of putting out the next issue before DC. In fact, I have to. I mean, all this thank you to Scithers to assure him my work is so much easier since I switched to.....what company is this commercial for, anyway? Oh yes.....Gestetner. But the Tower is sitting there, mimeoing envelopes and sneering and saying "One of these days that big oaf is going to break something, and then you wait and see.... you'll come crying back to me." Just like the Ford. The old derelicts in this household are the most conceited things. Irritating, too, they simply won't wear out, and you feel so stupid when they keep double crossing you.

Included with this issue are -- is? -- well, one apiece, anyway -- a Taff ballot. We asked if we couldn't just fill in the voting space with the obvious winner and save the readers the tedious task of making decisions.....but the administrators vetoed the idea. Seems they feel this is unfair, grossly. Fannish politicians are so unimaginative. You all know of course that it's Marion Zimmer Bradley for TAEF. JWC

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The advantages of having an easily-started car and/or a strong wife. Last Saturday we all got in the Rambler to go to town. I stepped on the starter. Nothing. Sad thoughts about how that service station attendant had warned me, three months ago, that our battery was in bad shape.... No help from the Ford; it's been sitting in one spot all summer and it would take a major operation to get it started. However, we made it to town. Juanita gave the Rambler a good strong

shove and I started it on the roll. (For you youngfen who have never driven a stick shift car, starting "on the roll" is a method which bypasses battery and starter. The object is to get the car moving -- the easiest way is to park at the top of a hill, but with some cars a good healthy shove is sufficient. Once moving, the driver puts the car in gear, releases the clutch, and simultaneously turns on the ignition. Come to think of it, maybe I should explain "clutch", too -- well, it's one of those little pedals down on the floor; looks just like the brake pedal, but it doesn't act like it.) I guess it's possible to start some automatic-shift cars on the roll, if one has a steep enough hill; you have to get them up to about 35 mph, or so I've heard.

Speaking of stick shifts and the like, I allus knew that all them newfangled automatic dinguses for cars 'ud never last; just a passin' fad. We got a catalog from one of these-here discount houses, that showed all the latest auto gadgets. One of 'em is a "Choke Converter"; converts your old automatic choke to the very latest in gadgets; a hand choke! Another item is a "floor shift conversion" -- I thought at first this was for converting an automatic shift, but I guess it's just to get the gearshift off the steering wheel and back down on the floor where God meant for it to be. The South may never rise again, but it looks like the 1935 Chevvy might.....

Don't bother writing in to ask if the addition of GRUE to YANDRO is going to be a regular thing, because I don't know. (Except that it can't be too regular, because GRUE isn't.) Anyway, at the Picnic Grennell gave us these old used stencils and, not being able to think of anything else to do with them, we ran them off.

I made out a list of the fans who attended our Picnic this year; it isn't complete because I was never introduced to a couple of the guests, and I've forgotten the names of a couple of others. However: Dean and Jean Grennell and 5 children, Earl and Nancy Kemp and 4 children, Martha Beck and son, Marion Zimmer Bradley and son David, Don and Maggie Thompson, Lee and Jim Levell, John Jackson and father, Bob Briney, Joe Sanders, Lewis and Jean Grant, Ann Dinkleman, Pat Somebody-or-other (what is her last name, Earl? I keep seeing her around, and I feel that I know her well enough that I should know her last name), Mark Irwin, Lou Ann Price, Bill Bowers, Bill Mallardi, Jim O'Meara, Joe Sarno, Rich Sarno, Richard and Rosemary Hickey, George Petterson (or some such name), Larry Pinsker and two nameless friends (Eisenstein and Laus, maybe?), Al Borse and friend, and Dale Brandon and friend. It was a swinging weekend, particularly since the Grennells, Bradleys and Thompsons stayed the entire weekend, swapping jokes, sneering at one another's taste in folkmusic, and sleeping on the floor.

It only took us two weeks to get the house back in order.....

In a postcard which I mislaid while doing the lettercolumn, Walt

Taylor wonders: "About this atheistic use of the word 'God'. When an atheist would take an oath, say, in court, morally he wouldn't feel obligated to tell the truth if he 'swore in the name of God', would he?"

Well, no; he wouldn't. Damned few people do feel morally obligated to tell the truth under oath, Walt; that's why we have perjury laws. This oath-taking is a holdover from **barbaric times**, anyway. If a man's word is good, he doesn't need to be placed under oath; if his word isn't good, putting him under oath isn't going to do any good anyway. A few people may still use the oath to good purpose in their religion; in legal matters it's a joke.

Some time back, Harry Warner made the comment in FAPA that perhaps our belief that we like older stf stories best because of "nostalgia" is a rationalization, since we don't have any such nostalgic regard for old stories in other categories. In the last VANDY, I mentioned that some of us do, too, have nostalgic memories of non-stf fiction that we enjoyed as children, but I didn't bother to document the comment to any extent. From where I'm sitting I can look across the room and see at least two shelves of books that I can recall with a glow of fond memory. One of them is NORTHWEST PASSAGE, by Kenneth Roberts. When I was about 9 or 10 years old, my eyesight was so bad that I was forbidden to read anything outside of schoolwork. This was a blow, but it brought me in touch with an oldtime family custom that has just about died out in these modern times; the "family reading". My father was perfectly willing to read aloud to me -- provided that the subject matter was something that he was also interested in. I can remember one period when I eagerly awaited each Thursday, because that was the day the SATURDAY EVENING POST arrived. After supper, and an agonizing wait while Mom did the dishes, Dad smoked his pipe, and I fidgeted, the time came for Dad to pick up the newly arrived POST, check the contents page, and then slowly and deliberately turn to the current installment of "Roger's Rangers". (It was 10 years before I discovered that the POST had serialized only the first half of Roberts' book, and I got to read the other half.)

From about the same period, I formed a mental association between Kipling's JUNGLE BOOK and pink crackerjack; I've never been able to think of one since without immediately thinking of the other. I was reading the book (must have been later, since I was reading it myself) the first time I encountered crackerjack, and I was highly impressed with both.

But to nostalgia. I suppose it's possible that NORTHWEST PASSAGE is just as good a novel as I think it is (though Juamita doesn't think so). But I also have an otherwise unexplained devotion to such mediocre items as LARAMIE HOLDS THE RANGE, by Frank Spearman (and most of Spearman's other books, for that matter), THE INDIAN DRUM by William McHarg and Edwin Balmer, OVERLAND RED by good old Anonymous, AN HEIR AT LARGE, by John T. McCutcheon (I did read some horribly trite fiction as a youngster), FRIAR TUCK and HAPPY HAWKINS by Robert Alexander Wason, and the Colin Glencannon stories by Guy Gilpatric. I not only fondly remember these books, I reread them at irregular intervals. My first collecting efforts were devoted not to stf but to the Asey Mayo detective series by Phoebe Atwood Taylor (and if anyone knows where I can obtain a copy of THE MYSTERY OF THE CAPE COD PLAYERS, OUT OF ORDER, THE CRIMINAL C.O.D., THREE PLOTS FOR ASEY MAYO, or ASEY MAYO TRIO, I'd appreciate knowing. I have the other 19 books in the series.)

We'll be seeing some of you at the DisCon and, with luck, handing out the next issue of YANDRO there. (Those not attending will have to wait until we return, recover, and get it in the mail.) MZB FOR TAFF!

Fandom: an Answer to a Paradox

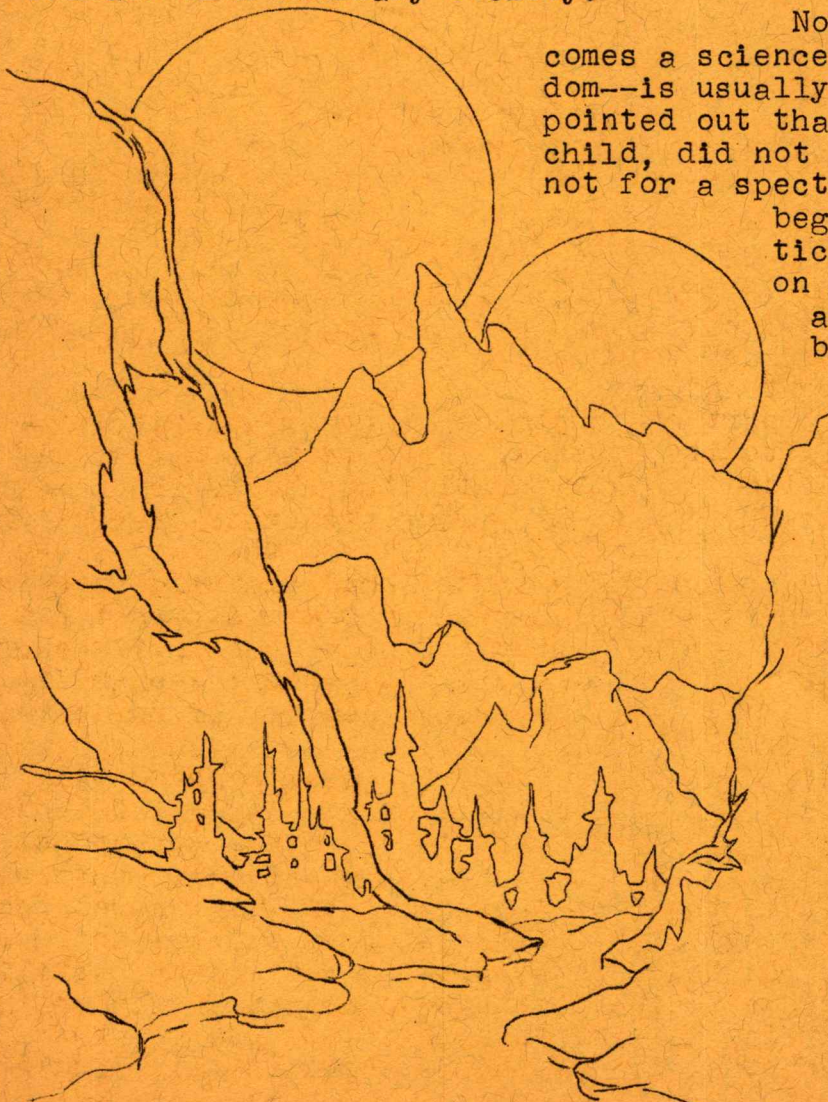
a theory by

ENID JACOBS

Ever since the first man felt the first awakening consciousness that he was a thinking being, separate and complete, he has tormented himself with the questions: WHO AM I? IS THERE A PURPOSE TO BEING ALIVE? WILL I PROVE ADEQUATE AS A PERSON? Usually overwhelmed and frightened by a sense of his own impotence as a single specimen of humanity, he has sought to affiliate himself with and lose himself within a larger pattern. This need for affiliation cannot be underestimated. All men are motivated by it, to a degree. But, as Eric Hoffer points out in his TRUE BELIEVER, it is the misfit, society's reject, and rejector of society, who is especially attracted by the patterns offered by "isms" and mass movements.. The apparent strength and forcefulness of such movements appeal to these people who cannot, for one reason or another, affiliate with ordinary society.

Now, the type of person who becomes a science fiction fan--a member of fandom--is usually a misfit. One fan writer pointed out that the potential fan, as a child, did not fit in with his peer group, if not for a spectacular reason, such as a star-begotten intellect, for a practical one, such as constant moves on his parents' part. Thus, as a teenager or adult, the would-be fan has not quite learned to view the world the way the majority of people do; he is a stranger and unsure, if not afraid, in a world he never made. And, it may be assumed, that the need to affiliate with some group, to be part of a pre-established, and accepted pattern, is greater in the lonely fan than in the average person.

Yet this particular breed of misfit is NOT likely to leap headlong, with a hoot and a holler and a dedicated gleam in the eye, into a mass movement or uprising. Why not? Some may point to the supposed superior intelligence of the fan -- potential or otherwise.

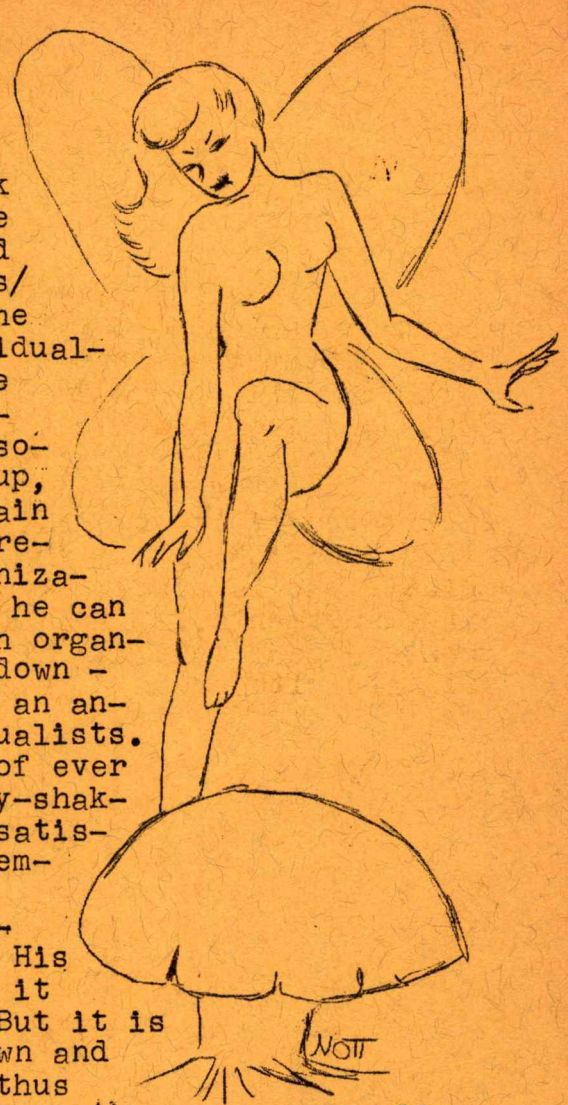


G. Barr

Perhaps, but I think a more likely answer is in the individualism of the person that gravitates toward fandom. Though not necessarily an ostentatious flouter of authority ("Look, Dean, I joined the Communist Party today! We're gonna meet in the snack bar! Wanna join us?"), this person has the strange confidence that accepts himself and refuses to be unduly swayed by the dictates/beliefs/prejudices of most of society. The average misfit is not necessarily an individualist—but this person definitely is. And he finds himself the victim of a paradox, combining as he does the need of the lonely isolate to merge with a strong, accepting group, and the need of the individualist to maintain his prideful independence. He solves the resulting dilemma by joining fandom: an organization consisting of kindred spirits, people he can relate and talk to, and yet, a loose enough organization to allow him autonomy--indeed, to downright encourage it. Thus fandom is itself an anomaly--a group composed largely of individualists. Perhaps it is incapable, for this reason, of ever becoming a "force" or accomplishing society-shaking feats, fandom is more than capable of satisfying the peculiar needs of its peculiar members.

And yet--the fan is still unsure of himself, not as an individual, but as a fan. His group is, to be sure, satisfactory in that it makes him feel accepted and less lonely. But it is a strangely nebulous group, hard to pin down and analyze, hold up to the light and define--thus it does not make him feel a part of something, the way a cynically - calculated movement appeals to its members. Part of his intense misfit's urge for identification is still unsatisfied; he is still in the caveman's position of wondering WHO AM I? Thus, he exhibits a slightly frenzied fascination for polls, tests, surveys and theories (like this one) that might help ferret out the truth about himself--as a fan. In his endless search for information, he ponders the questions: "Am I intelligent? Introverted? Likely to marry? Fond of smoking? Neurotic?" which are all part of that most important question: Who am I? Or rather, because he yearns to define himself as a member, if not a representative, of a group: WHO ARE WE?

It is interesting to note that those fans who regard fandom only as an interesting hobby are less interested in this auto-analysis. They are the ones who have made a good adjustment to society; they do not need the ego bolster inherent in the knowledge that one belongs to and is part of an in-group. It is the fandom-is-a-way-of-lifers, who are the greater misfits and, perhaps, the greater individualist, who need the security of acceptance and belongingness to be found in an affiliation with a group. And, since their chosen group is not easily defined, they take to fiercely analyzing it--and themselves--to put together a picture of who they are. Whether or not they succeed in this aim is a moot question.



I WALKED ALONG THE BANKS TONIGHT

I walked along the banks tonight
Of a canal long since run dry;
Across the plain a city stood,
In days now ages by.

I've often walked along its roads;
Stared silent at tragic tiers
Of war-maimed, mute and broken streets,
Dead now for untold years.

This death-still city once was rich;
Slender spires rose so high-
Unstained by fear and hate and strife-
Up toward the Martian sky.

Yet now those spires are broken,
Scarred stumps remain to tell
In agonized remembrance
Of war and atomic hell.

We've been all 'round the cosmos-
To Venus, Pluto, Mars-
We've been to countless places-
Nearest moons and farthest stars....

And all we've seen is ruins;
Silent cities, dead plains that saw,
Beyond the endless eons,
The hand of that space-wide war.

For Others left their planets,
To travel light-years abroad.
But all they found was extinction-
In the shape of a mushroom cloud.

Throughout the heavens but we yet live,
For we came to the stars so late
That only Earth was to be spared
In God's wisdom the Others' fate.

————— BENNETT GORDON —————

SPACE CRAZY

—fiction by — don whiteman

"Here's my five, and I'll raise you another five and call." I said as I pushed the last of my chips to the center of the table. I had been losing steadily all night, but I finally had a good hand and I was determined to win some of my money back. I didn't believe he could beat four jacks.

"I got a straight flush, nine high." he said with a grin on his face. I slammed my cards down and reached over the table and grabbed his shirt.

"That's impossible!" I shouted.

"See for yourself," he said.

"That's the fifth time tonight that you've had a flush." I was losing my temper. "Let's see those cards you discarded.

"You're not allowed to look at anyone's discarded cards."

I stood up, twisted his shirt and jerked him to his feet. "Since when?" I asked.

"Why don't you read the rule book?" he shouted.

"Why don't you?" I shouted back.

"All right, calm down now." Ed broke in. "We're all under a strain. Being cooped up in a space ship for nine weeks makes everyone jumpy. I'll lend you some money, Bob."

"After we count the cards." I said.

"So now you say I had some cards up my sleeve, huh." He gave me a shove and I lost my balance. I held onto his shirt as I fell. The back of his head slammed against the corner of the table as we fell. His head was bent at a funny angle when I got to my feet.

"Is he hurt bad?" I asked.

"He's still breathing." Ed said. "But you'll really be up the creek if he dies."

So they locked me up in the psycho-ward, under observation for symptoms of psychalgia. Just because I lost my temper doesn't mean I'm space crazy. Ed visited me the next day.

"How's Walt?" I asked.

"He's still unconscious. They believe it's a cerebral hemorrhage.

"It doesn't look too good for me does it?" I said.

"Well, they think you're space crazy."

"I just lost my temper that's all."

Ed leaned closer to the bars as though the whisper to me. "You know, it might go a little easier for you if they do think that you're space crazy."

"You mean put on an act?" I asked.

"Yea, that's it."

"But I wouldn't know how."

"Oh you just have to act like you're afraid you're going to be squashed, like you don't have enough room to breathe. Then every once in a while act like you've got a bumble bee inside your head," he explained.

"Thanks for trying to help me, Ed. I'll think it over."

"Sure Bob, anytime," he said.

That night I sat on the edge of my bunk and thought about what Ed had said. If Walt died I would be shown no mercy when we reached Earth. In

a few days we would land. If they believed I was space crazy I wouldn't be held responsible for my actions. Ed was right, I thought. They were probably observing me all the time. I got up and tried the door. I shook the door with all my strength. I banged on it with my fists.

"Let me out." I screamed. "Let me out. Don't keep me locked up in here. I can't stand it any more." I screamed and raved as loud as I could. I had to be convincing. I pounded and banged on the door with my fists. Again and again. It hurt at first, but then a numbness came into my hands. A slot opened up on the top part of the door.

"Quiet down or we'll have to put you to sleep." the voice said.

"Don't leave me locked up in here." I screamed and pleaded and sobbed. I continued to bang and pound on the door like a scared bird in a small cage. Then a sweet smell came into the air. It was sickeningly sweet. I gagged and tried to keep from breathing. I gasped and sweetness filled my nostrils and throat.

When I woke up I was lying on my bunk. I looked around wildly. Three men were in the room staring at me. I sat up and hung my legs over the edge of the bunk. They continued staring. I noticed the door was partly open. I ran across the room at full speed and lunged for the door.

Just as I reached the door it slammed shut.

I ran into it head first. It felt like my head exploded.

When I woke up I was in a different bed. The walls and ceiling of the room were white. "Where am I?" I asked.

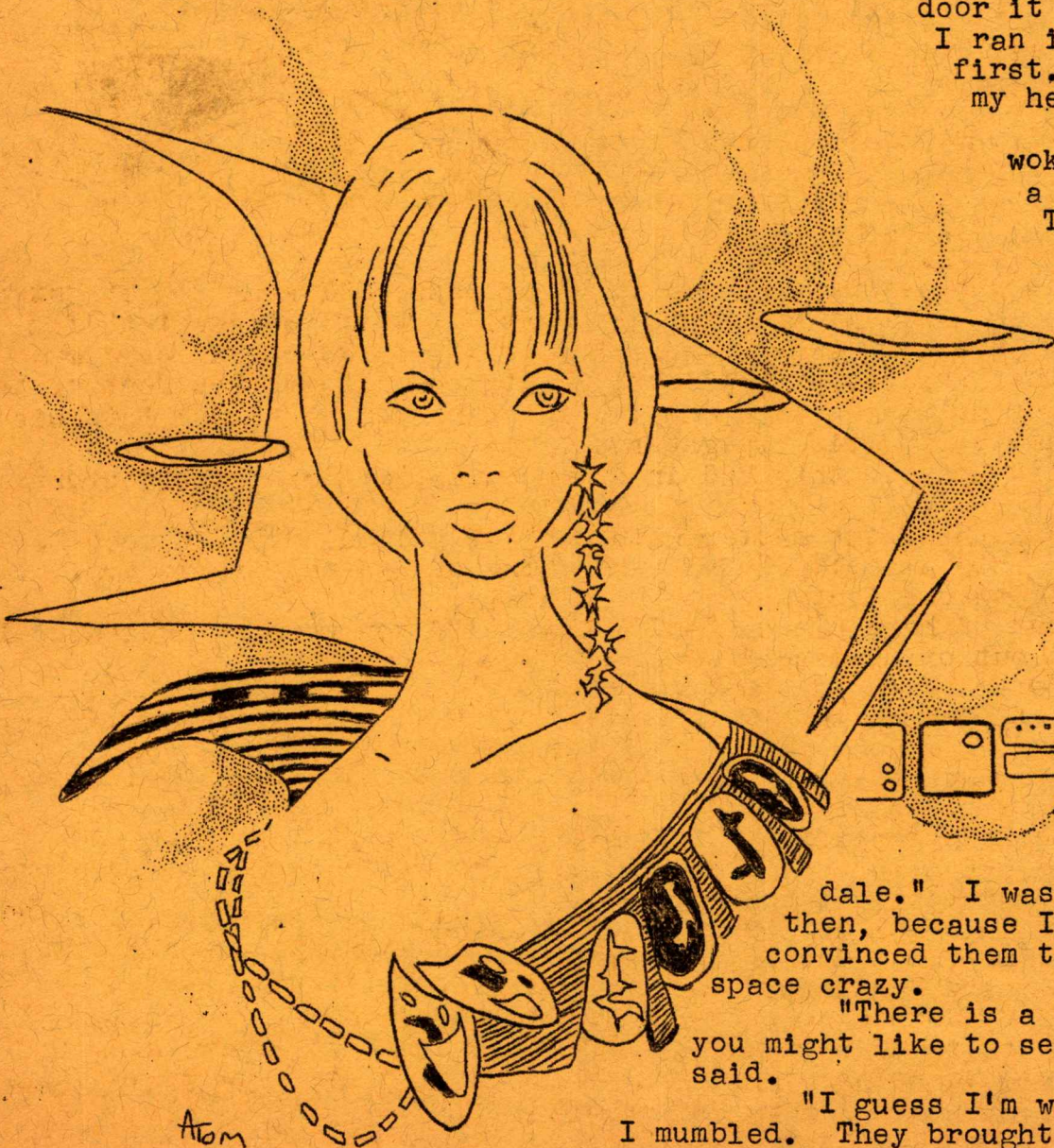
"You're in a hospital. Everything is going to be all right." It was a man in a white coat who was speaking. He stood next to my bed.

"What hospital am I in?" I asked.

"Sunnydale." I was satisfied then, because I knew I had convinced them that I was space crazy.

"There is a visitor here you might like to see," the man said.

"I guess I'm well enough." I mumbled. They brought Walt in.



"How are you Bob?" he asked in a hearty voice. "Are they taking good care of you here?"

"No, no, I shouldn't be here," I cried out. "I thought you were going to die."

"I was unconscious for a while but I got better after a couple of days." he said. "Then I heard that you were sick."

"I wasn't sick then and I'm not sick now," I said. "I'm perfectly all right."

"You need your rest now," the man said as he pushed me back into the bed.

"I'll be back and visit you again Bob. Rest now like the doctor said."

"Don't let them keep me here!" I screamed as Walt walked away. "I thought you were going to die. I'm not crazy."

After he left another doctor came into the room. "I want to get out of here." I yelled as I started for the door. "Can't you see that I'm all right?" Two more doctors came in. One grabbed me and held me while the other rolled up my sleeve. I stamped hard on the foot of the doctor who was holding me. He howled in pain as my heel dug into his foot. I frantically tried to get free.

"We haven't had one this bad in a long time." One of the doctors muttered.

"There is nothing the matter with me," I yelled. "Don't keep me locked up in this place." I felt the sting of a needle in my arm. The drug began to take effect almost immediately.

"Let me out of here please," I cried. "If you keep me locked up in here I'll go out of my mind."

Revised Motto: "Get Relief Fast, Fast, FAST!" - Colt Firearms Company
....Lewis Grant

Why is there never any filler of exactly the right length? Oh well; here are some recent additions to the Coulson library. Read 'em and weep. HUON OF THE HORN, by Andre Norton (40¢), WATCH THE NORTHWIND RISE by Robert Graves (75¢), THE WILD ONES by Vardis Fisher (50¢ -- we ought to be close to a complete Fisher collection by now), YOU'RE ENTITLED by Harry Golden (60¢, but I only paid 30¢), THE TRUTH ABOUT THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY by Richard Vahan (50¢, and a complete waste of money), THE TEXAS RANGERS by John Conway (35¢), THE BLUE NILE by Alan Moorehead (60¢ and easily worth twice that much), RALESTONE LUCK by Andre Norton (a hardcover I picked up secondhand for 35¢), SIGN OF THE LABRYS by Margaret St. Clair, which I may review next issue; one of the best sf novels of the year, and the best thing St. Clair has ever done. RSC

ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF

earl kemp —

WORKING THE GIMMICK

Like the girl in Gypsy says, "You gotta have a gimmick." And many years ago, Chicago fandom did just that. It was a tremendous, big, ploying, exciting gimmick that reeked of prestige. We called it the "Press Preview" gimmick, but somewhere along the line, someone got wise to us. Or perhaps we just got tired of what it was the gimmick was getting for us. But for about a year it worked very smoothly indeed.

Originally we tumbled onto the gimmick when This Island Earth was turned into a movie and the studio rushed a print into the metropolis of Chicago for special showing for Shasta Publishers and friends. The "and friends" quickly materialized into the then active ingroup of the UofCSFC. That particular screening room has never been the same since.

In case you aren't aware, the major film studios and distributing companies maintain offices and screening rooms in most metropolitan areas. Among other things they have a very luxurious (at least Chicago does) miniature theatre that seats around 75 people, a miniature screen about one quarter actual size, and a staff projectionist. They are ready to pull out any film they have and show it to you just to break the monotony of their dally routine.

At any rate, imagine if you can, some 50 died-in-the-wool sf fans, ripping into a major sf film epic. The screening room rocked with the laughter and cringed from the criticism as the fans ruthlessly slashed the production into shreds. The distributos must have spent days wondering if This Island Earth was really that bad.

But we, the "and friends", were hooked. The gimmick had ahold of us and threatened to ride our backs for some time to come.

You see, one essential ingredient of the gimmick's hold on us was the snob-appeal it offered us. We could ploy all our friends for months before the picture actually opened in a local theater with conversation like, "as I was saying to the Paramount ad rep the other evening in the screening room, you really ought to cut that scene where..."

And it offered another little bit of publicity too; some of our comments were actually picked up in a Press Book or two, not to mention a listing that "the Chicago SF Group" had seen the film in advance of release.

Actually, it was no loss to the film companies. I can guess that better than 100% (counting a few repeat viewers) of those seeing the preview also went to the movie during its regular run just to see if it had been changed any; I know I did. So everyone was winners all the way around.

We played the gimmick through the George Pal productions, War of the Worlds, When Worlds Collide, etc. Generally it amounted to one or the other of the local group who would call the advertising man, offer them advice and comments on local distribution if they could set up the preview showing. Usually, they would reply with something like, "tonight at 8:00."

And who got into the screening would be those the original caller was able to contact between that time and "tonight at 8:00."

We also worked the gimmick on some less spectacular epics, too. I remember It Came From Outer Space, the Bradbury yarn, was one of the

black and whites we saw this way.

What essentially turned us off the gimmick was the distributors themselves. It was fun as long as we could think we were playing them for something. But then they came to us...

Arthur Kingsley, in New York, had turned the local boys loose on us with something called Rodan. They came to us demanding that they be allowed to preview it for us, in all its Japanese-blood-and-guts glory. Fine, we said, and went to work at their direction to make it a really large-scale screening. Invitations were sent to the entire then active local mailing list. And they had to postpone the showing. This resulted in some 75 frantic telephone cancellations at the last minute. Then, with a maximum amount of apology, they sat about setting up the screening for another date. Fine, the 75 announcements were sent out again. And, you guessed it, they postponed the showing a second time. After some 75 frantic telephone cancellations at the last minute, I sat down and wrote them a nice little letter.

I reconstruct: "Gentlemen: due to your kind offer we have now mailed 150 announcements of your special screening of Rodan, not to mention the 150 telephone cancellations we have made. Frankly, we can't afford your kindness any longer. The next time you insist on previewing any movie specially for our group; don't. As a matter of fact, don't even bother to call to apologize; when we want you we'll call you."

And we never did hear of Producers Distributors Corporation again, after that. At rare times I wonder if they're still in business.

The negotiations and involved correspondence from both the New York and the Chicago office, not to mention the frequent telephone calls about Rodan, really turned me off on the gimmick.

I tried it only once more after then, until today. That was Psycho. I wanted to see it in the worst way. I called up Paramount and asked for an invitation to the regular press preview. "Mr. Hitchcock has forbidden a press preview," they told me. "As a matter of fact, the only print is under lock and key and will not be opened until it is booked into a local theater." The ad rep apologized profusely and promised to send me a couple of tickets to see it when it did open. And I forgot about him. The movie opened to long lines around the block. Suspecting this, I stayed away for the opening night. The second night, I went. The following day the tickets arrived in the mail. And they were beautiful things, too. A special print job with Hitchcock on them, as big as life, admonishing the holder not to tell the ending. I gave the tickets away.

At lunch today, I was struck by a bit of the nostalgic, tear-the-picture-to-shreds feeling that only comes from a room full of hyper-critical fans. God, that was fun while it lasted, I said to myself.

So, work it again!

For some weeks now, teaser ads have been popping in the local papers; radio and tv spots, too. They say, "The Birds is coming." And most people do a double-take at the ungrammaticalness of the blurb. It is really an effective gimmick.

So, back to work, I called up Universal.

"Good afternoon, Universal. The Birds is coming."

I laughed and asked for the ad-rep.

"Sorry," he said. "But there is to be no press preview of The Birds. It will open in three weeks downtown, you can catch it then."

Paramount was much better; at least they did send tickets.

STRANGE

FRUIT

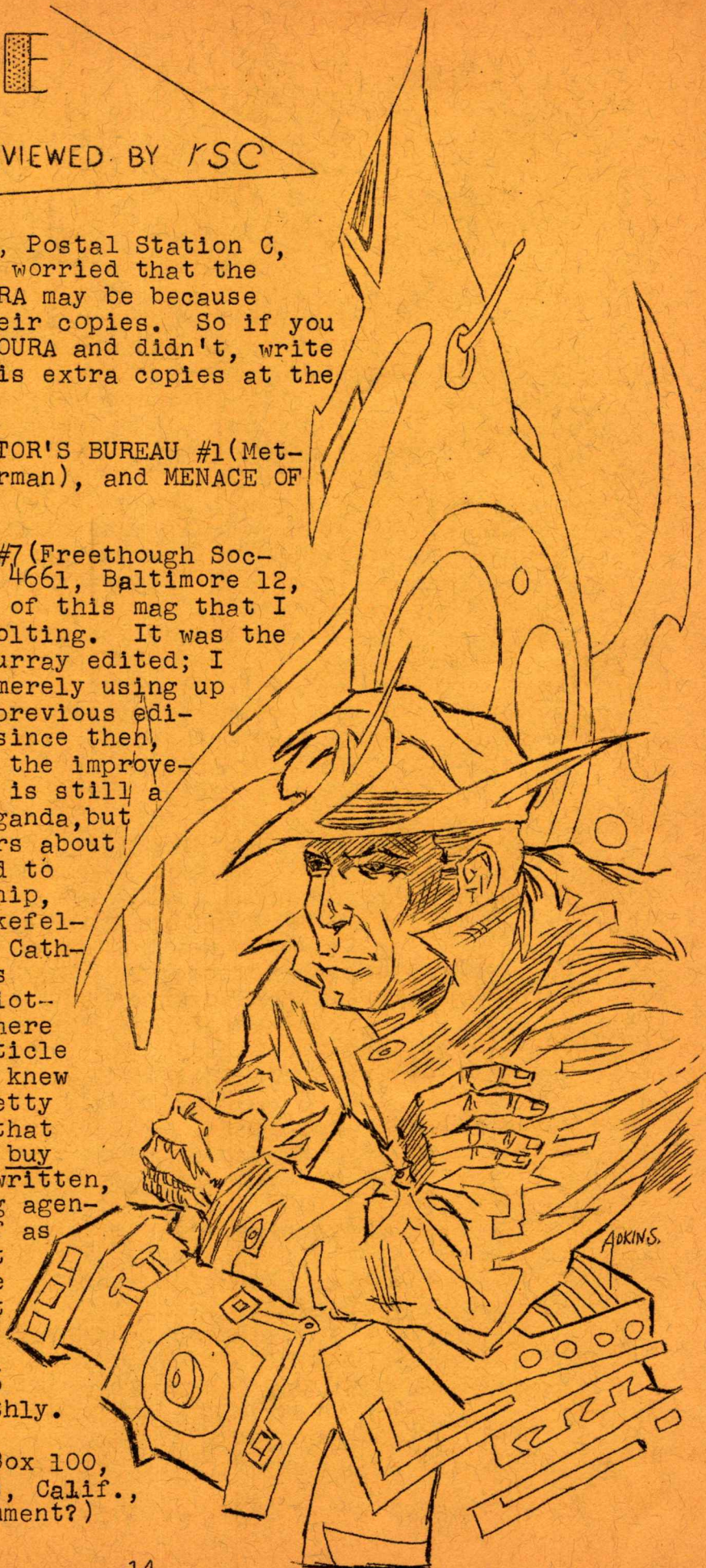
REVIEWED BY RSC

Phil Harrell (P.O. Box 3372, Postal Station C, Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada) is worried that the lack of response to DIANOURA may be because some readers didn't get their copies. So if you were expecting to get DIANOURA and didn't, write Phil before he sells all his extra copies at the Discon.

Received and noted: COLLECTOR'S BUREAU #1 (Met-calf), DINKY BIRD #6, 7 (Berman), and MENACE OF THE LASFS 72, 73 (Pelz).

THE FREE HUMANIST Vol. 5 #7 (Freethought Society of America, Inc., Box 4661, Baltimore 12, Maryland) The first issue of this mag that I received was literally revolting. It was the first issue that Madalyn Murray edited; I assume, now, that she was merely using up material collected by the previous editor. I've had two issues since then, this being the latest, and the improvement is tremendous. There is still a lot of anti-Catholic propoganda, but most of it this time centers about rational disagreements (aid to parochial schools, censorship, etc.). The furor over Rockefeller's divorce is blamed on Catholic influence, but I guess they're entitled to one idiotic paragraph per issue. There is one exceedingly good article on newspaper editorials; I knew that a lot of them were pretty stupid, but I didn't know that at least 12,000 newspapers buy their editorials, already written, from editorial distributing agencies and then pass them off as original material. I can't say that I think this issue of FREE HUMANIST is a great example of American journalism, but it is readable, this time. (Price is 20¢, 6 for \$1 - published bi-monthly.

SPELEOBEM 20 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024 - quarterly - for comment?)



Primarily a SAPS zine, but Bruce is running Madelaine Willis' trip report in installments, for those who care for this sort of thing. Incidentally, Madelaine, Alderson Fry may be a good fellow at heart; never having seen his heart, I'll take Ford's word for it. But he's a horrid bore at conventions; I try to avoid him if possible, though his vocal power does make avoidance a bit difficult. (I, on the other hand, am a thoroughly nasty person at heart, but appear fairly affable at conventions and parties.)

MINAC #1 (Ted White, 339 49th. St., Brooklyn 20, New York - irregular - no price listed - co-editor, Les Gerber) I don't know how you get on the mailing list; try writing White and saying that Dick Eney, Seth Johnson and Sam Moskowitz all recommended the mag. (NOTE: do not say this to White in person; write it.) This is really sort of a small VOID under another name; general fannish comments. Rating.....4

SAM #8 (Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y. - irregular - no price listed) When I first saw this, I thought "My, Stiles' artwork is looking more like Adkins' than ever." Then I looked again and saw that it was Adkins. Stiles' work looks more like Andy Reiss' material. This is sort of a big VOID under another name; all sorts of fannish joy and verve. Les Gerber's column is remarkably good (even if he does perpetrate an awfully old pawnshop joke). Several months back someone (possibly John Boardman, but I don't recall for sure) mentioned that Stiles was going to publish a slashing, witty attack on my fanzine reviews. I must say the results are terribly disappointing; Steve should have turned the job over to Ted White. Or John Boardman. Or Alma Hill. There is a good letter column, which again is reminiscent of VOID (or at least of the VOIDS I remember; I haven't re-read any of them recently). Rating.....5

FANTASY FICTION FIELD #14 (Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio - usually bi-weekly - 10¢) The best-written of the mags featuring professional news, FFF is still suffering from a lack of news to write about. Several of us at the Midwestcon decided that the obvious solution is for Harvey to get a New York reporter who really knows how to pick up the news items--somebody like James Taurasi. Then Inman could get the news out on time, and he could, in return for Taurasi's information, allow SF TIMES to reprint all the material whenever it happened to come out. In the meantime, he's making do with reviews, which are adequate but not Great Fanzine Material. Rating.....5

MASK & CAPE #1 (Margaret Gemignani, 67 Windemere Rd., Rochester, New York, 14610 - no price or schedule that I could read) This is the official reissue of the illegible mag which was sent out a couple of months back. I can't honestly say that my copy was a great improvement; this time I could read about half or two-thirds of each item, but never all of it. Since the material is on comic books, I can't say that I felt a terrible loss, but people who like comic book fanzines might be frustrated. Material seems average or better; the inevitable amateur comics included are far superior to those in most other comics fanzines. But as for reproduction: if you're using a hektograph, throw it away. If you're using a spirit duplicator, get in some more practise with it before the next issue, or trade it in on a mimeograph. Spirit duplicating is prettier, if handled right, but mimeography seems easier for unskilled operators. SPECIAL INTEREST.....

THE ARGENTINE S-F REVIEW #2 (Hector Pessina, Casilla Correro Central

3869, Buenos Aires, Argentina - quarterly - 15¢) Send commemorative stamps, not coins. A small fanzine, partly because the lead story is published in both Spanish and English--interesting to someone like me who is interested in Spanish but doesn't know much of the language and is really too lazy to learn more. Remainder of the mag is in English; mostly reviews of books and fanzines, though there is also a lettercolumn lurking under the heading "Editorial"--that's a sneaky way of getting out of writing an editorial, I must say. Reproduction is apparently offset, which makes a very nice-looking product. Rating.....4

CADENZA #8 (Charles & Jane Wells, 200 Atlas Street, Apt. #1, Durham, NC, 27705 - 20¢ - quadrimestrial) A KIPPLE-type format, with editorial ramblings and letters all mixed together, except that this format is broken into by an excellent piece of fan-fiction and a horrid piece of alleged humor. Generally well done. Rating.....6

MAELSTROM #10 (Bill Plott, P.O. Box 654, Opelika, Alabama - irregular - he says he'll take money, but he doesn't say how much) Another mag which seems to feature mostly the editorial personality (despite the fact that Bill, unlike Wells, runs quite a bit of outside material). Heavy on reviews and comment, though he finishes up with revealing the contents of his desk--I thought Ted Pauls had finished up that gambit years ago. Rating.....3½

LES SPINGE #11 (Dave Hale, 12 Belmont Road, Wollescote, Stourbridge, Worcs., England - irregular - 15¢) Dave, you make the numeral "1" by using the small "L" key (l), not the capital "i". Editorial comments on the Peterborough convention and the Aldermaston ban-the-bomb march, and Leon Collins has a remarkably inept comparison of fandom and religion--he doesn't seem to know very much about either one. (In a letter, Leon says "If the day has arrived when fans feel able to make dogmatic announcements without a single argument to support them..." If the day has arrived? That day arrived about 20 years ago.) Interesting letter column. Dave is attempting to inaugurate a sort of Be Kind To Artists idea; which should be appreciated by the artists. Too often they are ignored by letter-writers and reviewers. (But he goofed by not completely identifying the ones in this issue; is the "Harry" mentioned Bill Harry or Harry Douthwaite? He's good, but both of them are, so that's no help in identification.) And while I know who "RIP" and "REG" are, do the rest of your readers? I'll be Leon Collins doesn't.) Excellent multicolor production. Rating.....5

REBEL #5 (John Jackson, RR7, Box 137-D, Crown Point, Indiana - irregular - 20¢) A general-type fanzine, with editorial, letters, fiction, verse, and reviews. Dave Locke attempts to provide an objective definition of the term "crudzine", with only fair success. (All fanzines are unnecessary; Dave, and none of them serve any purpose except the pleasure received by the editor, writers, and readers. And the readers--at least the ones who wrote in--and contributors to such noted crudzines as PROBE and REALM OF FANTASY were just as pleased as the readers and contributors to WARHOON and XERO. Ed Wood could undoubtedly define "Unnecessary" fanzines without having to put any of his favorites on the wrong side of the line, but I don't think you can, because I don't think that you consider the publication of basic research material to be more important than publication of high-quality fan humor, or even high-quality fan fiction, if there is such a thing.) Harry Warner objected to "Camelot" being overlooked in the Hugo nominations--but how many fans know anything about "Camelot"? I certainly haven't the vaguest idea whether

it's good, bad or indifferent. This is, of course, a drawback to any sort of popular selection. But I keep thinking of the various All-Star sports contests, where the fans used to pick the players, but for one reason or another the job of picking was turned over to the "experts". On the whole, the fan-picked teams played better games than the present ones do. A panel of experts will not necessarily pick any better choices than a "panel" of fans. Rating.....6

GOLDEN MINUTES

—— books reviewed by —— RSC

THREE TIMES INFINITY, edited by Leo Margulies (Gold Medal, 50¢) The price has gone up this time around, but if you don't already have the book, these three novelettes—"The Golden Helix" by Sturgeon, "Destination Moon" by Heinlein, and "Lorelei of the Red Mist" by Leigh Brackett and Ray Bradbury—are easily worth 50¢. The first story in the book is one of Brackett's best fantasy-adventure yarns; to this day I can't see anything in the story that might have come from Bradbury, but it isn't missed. (And before someone reads it and asks; yes, our dog Rann was named for this story's villainess.) "The Golden Helix" is intermediate Sturgeon; after he had abandoned the early style of "Killdozer" and "It" and before he had quite perfected his later style as evidenced in "Venus Plus X". It isn't really exceptionally good Sturgeon, but it's still better than most stf stories. "Destination Moon" is Heinlein turning a fast buck. After the movie "Destination Moon" was made from his juvenile, "Rocket Ship Galileo" (Well, more or less), he turned around and wrote a novelette based on the movie. It bears no relationship to "Rocket Ship Galileo", and is pure hackwork, but Heinlein has yet to write a bad story, and this one is entertaining enough.

THE EARTH WAR, by Mack Reynolds (Pyramid, 40¢) This appeared in ANALOG as "Frigid Fracas", earlier this year. For the sake of completeness I wish Pyramid had included the earlier "Mercenary", which is really part of the novel; if it had brought the total up to 200 pages, they could have charged an extra dime for it. However, this is the way they did it, and it's still a good enough story, though it could stand some improvement. Reynolds is one of the few stf authors who writes about people as they really are--which is why he gets tagged "controversial", I suppose. People don't like to be reminded of what they're really like; not even fans. His cynical future probably won't happen, But it could; it's perfectly logical in terms of human nature and present trends in society.

RANDOM NOTES: Sprague DeCamp's BRONZE GOD OF RHODES is now out in pb; Bantam, I think. (We have the hardcover, so I didn't pick up the pb.) If you liked DeCamp's s-f, you'll probably like this historical novel as well. I've just finished GLORY ROAD in F&SF. The line between subtle parody and slightly overwritten drama is pretty thin, and at times it's difficult to divine an author's intentions. But I think Heinlein is making a little quiet fun of sword-and-sorcery novels--and succeeding admirably. It's entertaining adventure, as well, but then Heinlein has difficulty in not writing entertaining adventure. Read it for fun, not excitement.

GRUMBLINGS

Claude Raye Hall, 2545 Madrid - #202, New Orleans 22, La.

Congrats on your ZIP code number. It's pleasant to be accounted for, isn't it? I received a telephone call today (everybody calls the paper for every reason under the sun) and the man said he refused to recognize his ZIP code number. I gave him my best wishes.

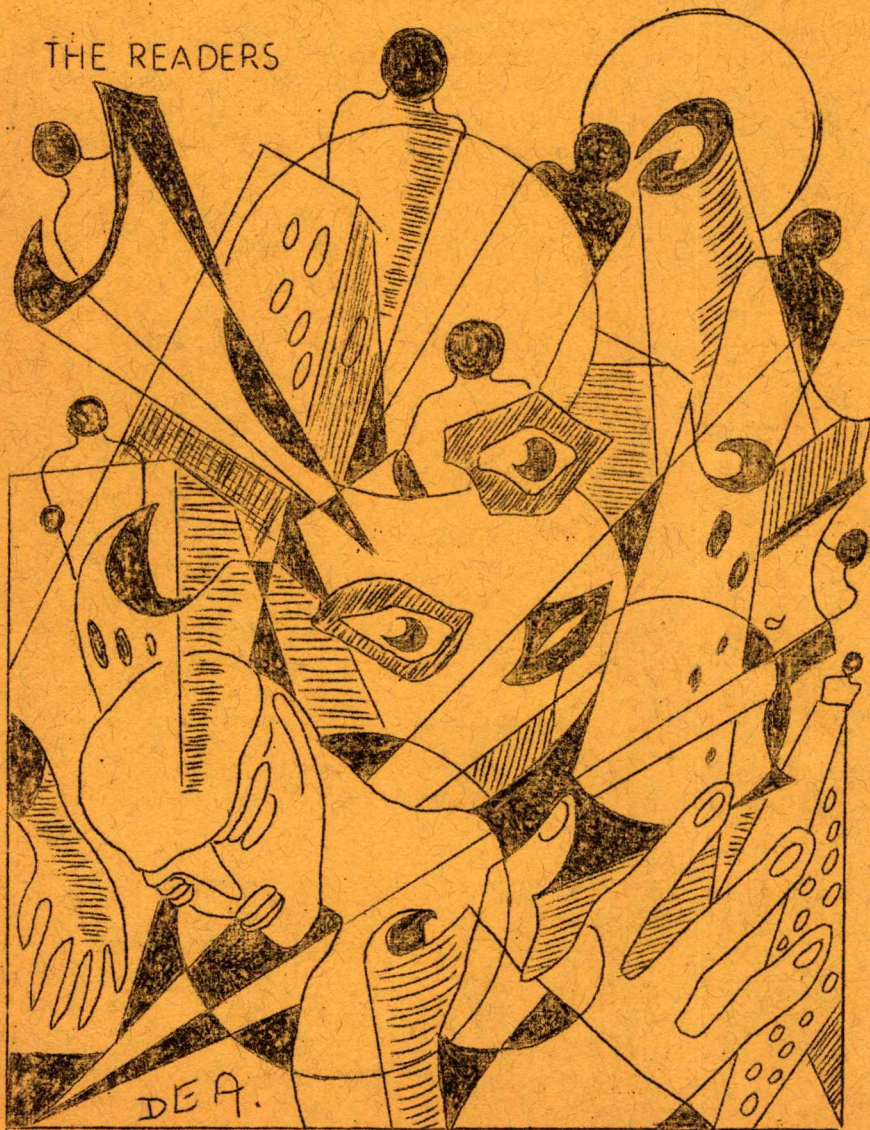
I admire Gene DeWeese, but I don't believe he's possible. He couldn't possibly exist, you know. Who ever, in their bald life, heard of collecting obsolete copies of the Yellow Pages? Now, comic books, there is something sensible; but I out-grew that finally when I reached 18 and mailed a box of them off to Ron Smith, who promptly sold them for enough for a bus ticket from New York City to California. Who's heard of Smith since? In this same vein of thinking...I won't contribute to DeWeese's phobia for collecting cheap used Yellow Pages by sending him my old one because we'd never hear from him again.

Mike Deckinger throws a dart or two into the rather scarred hide of Dan Adkins. I remember a time when not only Deckinger but most of fan-

dom considered Dan a respectable artist. Now, and not without reason, fandom has turned sour on Dan.

Face it, fandom is as fickle as a pickle. Always has been and I can quote examples from Richard Geis to Lee Hoffman to prove it. I will not attempt to defend Dan Adkins. I know him and his wife too well to be anything other than subjective. Besides, I've told him time and again my own feelings in person. So have Bill Pearson, Paul Irey...the people who know Dan well. Bill Pearson seemed irritated, the last time he was here, because Dan was plagiarizing art. In a sense, this is true. Dan has been doing entirely too much copying. In my opinion, however, Dan has been cheating himself. He has talent, but he insists in not using it. I have some sketches turned out by Dan better than that appearing in most slick publications, sketches which would have earned Dan a couple of hundred

THE READERS

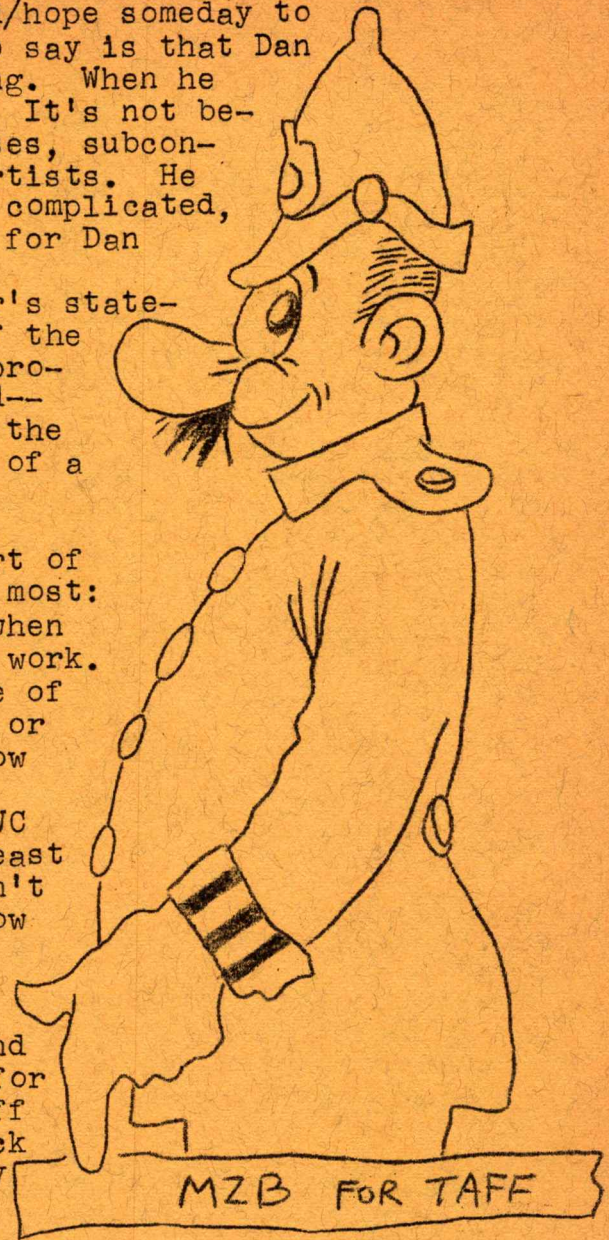


bucks apiece at the going rate. I hoped/hope someday to find a use for them. What I'm trying to say is that Dan can turn out good material without trying. When he labors at the subject, he drops a bomb. It's not because he hasn't the talent. In most cases, subconsciously he copies the ideas of other artists. He maintains a file of their best works, a complicated, extensive file. Perhaps the best thing for Dan would be to throw the file away.

Anyhow, I take offense with Deckinger's statement, and I quote, "to match the rest of the cruddy artwork he's been doing for the pro-zines." Some of the best artwork around--even if Dan copies the twist of an arm, the expression on a man's face, the stretch of a muscle--has been done by Adkins.

Of course, this is exactly the sort of criticism many artists resent the most: this suggestion that stuff done 'when they're not trying' is their best work. It makes the artist sound like one of the moronic lightning calculators or other phenomena associated with low intelligence--a simple, infantile genius JWC

Ron Smith kep right on going; at least as far as Australia. DeWeese doesn't really collect copies of the Yellow Pages, but I must say that Howard Devore is doing his Big-Hearted best to get him started. At the Midwestcon, we were rambling around in the various tunnels that pass for a basement under the motel, and off in one corner there was a big stack of old Yellow Pages from the Cincy telephone system. We wrapped one up and eventually presented it to Gene with due ceremony--but we had to resist Howard's efforts to pile the entire stack in the back of the Rambler. (Incidentally, if you want to join in the Phone Books For Phans campaign, send your contributions directly to DeWeese --do not pass Coulson, do not collect.) RSC



John Boardman, Box 22, NY 33, NY

Poul Anderson's THERMONUCLEAR WARFARE didn't make me red in the face. I have the impression that Anderson has read C. Wright Mills' works on the military-industrial elite that has so great a say in the running of this country, and far from being concerned about their power, has written this book as an application of admission.

I agree with you that the Neofund is a silly and unworkable idea. But this business about "doggoding that destroys self-reliance" is name-calling rather than a serious argument against it. It's the same attack that has been made on public and private charity since time immemorial--and, when applied to specific situations where charity is needed, it has a strong element of heartlessness.

In case you were wondering--the anti-Einsteinian physics in JELERANG is nonsense. See KNOWABLE #5 or #6 for further details.

I've just read THEY ALL DISCOVERED AMERICA, on which Charles Saxon comments in the last Grumblings, and find that the author is uncritical to the point of slovenliness. None of the authorities he cites are professional anthropologists; all are, like himself, amateurs with no anthropological training and a conviction that the professionals are doing them out of their just recognition. I had thought, from the volume of relativity crackpottery that crosses my desk, that physicists were peculiarly afflicted with these "gentlemen amateurs", but they seem to be common to all the sciences. The principal symptom is a plaint that professionals are engaged in a conspiracy of silence to keep the amateurs' discoveries unknown and thus preserve their own theories.

✓The "do-gooding" bit wasn't really intended as a serious argument--but then, what's wrong with a little name-calling and allied emotionalism? However; any fan with intelligence won't need to borrow money at a convention. If he doesn't have enough to make it, he'll stay home; if he has barely enough to make it, he'll budget his funds. (And if he can't afford the loss, he'll stay out of dark alleys and poker games and hang onto his cash.) If the fan doesn't have enough intelligence to handle his money, I'm damned if I think he needs either sympathy or assistance. He can phone his parents for money, or wash dishes for it, and he can keep doing this until he learns to handle money or learns to stay home.

RSC7

Rob Williams, 1515½ South Main, Elkhart, Indiana

John Boardman's "Josef Notgudenov" is quite gudenov. I suggest you send it on to Milton Cross for inclusion in his next anthology. However, I was surprised to find that John neglected to give the title of that famous aria Josef sings in Act II to the discreet accompaniment of a samovar obligatto, the so-called 'Fa-so-mi Aria', "Fa-scists, So-cial-ists, and mi".

Dennis Lien, Lake Park, Minnesota, 56554

Circlorama--Theatre in the Round

Mack Reynolds has a right to grumble, his African stories were the best things I've seen of his--and the last things that I've actually looked forward to in Analog (I don't even buy Analog any more), and better than, say, 80% of the current rash of s-f pocketbooks--an Ivar Jorgenson novel, for Crissakes!

Walt Taylor: I've said "God damn it!" a few times, not with the expectation that He would do anything, but at least with a realization of what I was asking for--it seems rather futile to damn, say, a sticking drawer. Also silly.

Sharon Towle: I don't feel GLORY ROAD is really inferior to MAGIC, INC., it just hasn't had as long a time to grow on me. I'll be damned if I know what everyone sees in END OF ETERNITY (no offense), I could barely finished the thing--the only Asimov novel I've ever had that problem with. I hope THE HUMANOIDS is not the last robotics story we will ever have, like Damon Knight said, the writing is so excruciatingly bad. For good, fairly recent writers, there's Ballard and--hmmmm. Maybe you've got a point there. Well, Brian Aldiss is still fairly recent, ditto John Brunner (British monppoly?) And I think A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ should be added as a modern classic in religious science fiction.

And for adventure fiction, Harry Harrison could be added to the roster for DEATHWORLD and SENSE OF OBLIGATION - especially the latter.

Ed Wood, 160 2nd St., Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

I do not wish to enter into an argument with Mr. Alan Dodd but I feel his comments about Ken Slater in Yandro #126 are grossly unfair. His comments as printed are:

'Talking of Ken Slater, someone mentioned to me...that Ken is currently selling American pbs for and 5/- and 6/- a copy...his profit must be quite enormous.'

Since I have been dealing with Ken for about 14 years now I really feel some clarification is in order. The reader should be aware that 1/- (shilling) in England is equivalent to 14¢ American. I have in front of me Slater's catalog for July 1963 and I find his prices most reasonable. For a 95¢ American paperback, Slater has a price of 7/6 or \$1.05, for many 35¢ paperbacks his price is 2/6 or the exact equivalent, for some 50¢ paperbacks his prices are 3/6, 4, 4/6, or 49¢, 56¢, and 61¢ for some 40¢ paperbacks his price is 4/- or 56¢. Surely it costs Slater money to mimeograph his catalogs and then there is the cost of mailing them out to a very chancy audience. I might add that Slater sells used copies at about 40% discount from the above prices. Keep clearly in mind that Slater has to keep a fair amount of money tied up in stock which may or may not sell. To those who have dealt with Slater, this defense is surely unnecessary, but there may be those who are new to this game who might gain a wrong impression of a very fine gentleman. Many has been the time when I have ordered a rare item from Slater at a fairly high stipulated price only to have him send it to me at a fraction of that price.

As long as there are buyers and sellers, there will always be those who try to gouge. It is a shame but it is true. Yes, I have been gouged many times but never by the same person twice! I have found that the majority of dealers, Witter, Day, Ben Stark, etc. etc. are extremely fair people. They have to be or else their trade would vanish. They state their price and I either pay it and get the item or do without.

[/I've always had fair dealings with Slater, both as to the price of the material I bought and the price of the US mags he took from me in trade. (I've never sent him anything that was valuable--I've never had a duplicate of anything of value to send--but his trade allowances for what I do send are about as good as can be expected. RSC/]

George Barr, 2480 South Fifth East, Salt Lake City 6, Utah, 84106

I sympathise with Ethel Lindsay. I too am continually being asked, when are you getting married? Immediately, I propose to the questioner. Male or female, it makes no difference, I ask them all. Of course they laugh, and I'm provided with an excuse...how can I possibly get married when every time I propose, I get laughed at?

[/Now that you've incautiously revealed your system, you'd better modify it; YANDRO turns up in strange places (if you don't believe me, ask Fred Arnold) and the next girl you propose to just might say "yes" before you can back out. RSC/]

Nettie Ott, 3356 So. 11th East, Salt Lake City 6, Utah, 84106

Don't particularly care for the cover. But I like the pretty grey paper. Enjoyed the entire issue. I guess because I didn't have to think very hard to understand it. I really like the Cawthorn illos. But

I would have given credit to Adkins for the Prosser illo on pg. 15.

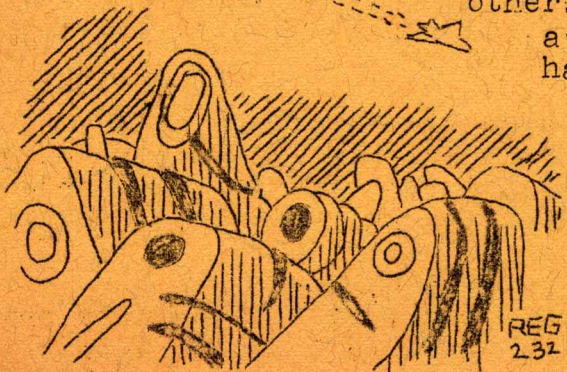
So DeWeese has a stupid cat. I've got two of them. We got a kitten in April. She still doesn't have a name. I guess that she will be one of these poor things that go through life not knowing if she is being spoken to or not. The kids call her baby cat or little kitten. (It stands to reason they should). The husband calls her Meow. And I call her Damned Fool Animal. But, she loves beer and iced tea. And she would rather have her beer out of the bottle than in a saucer or dish. She is cross-eyed and is just as apt to walk backwards as any other way. She also jumps straight up in the air and does double flip-flops. Her one redeeming feature is that she can and does purr real loud. She also tries to meow at the same time and it comes out sounding like she is choking to death.

Juanita, you get the business on why you are not having any more kids. It is just as bad to be on the 'what, not again!' end. Number six for us will be arriving in October. And you should have heard the remarks that came from both sides of the family. From my side we got some "Oh no" 's and some "Well, don't ask me to baby sit anymore." And from Glen's family we got "I thought she had been acting that way again" and "Why don't you tell him to leave you alone and drink orange juice instead"? Now days it seems that if you only have one child, there is something wrong. And if you overstep and have more than three, things are even worse.

[I'm not sure that being liked because we're easy to understand is exactly a compliment in fandom; fans like to think they're intellectual and all. But I'll take it as a compliment, anyway. RSC]

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107

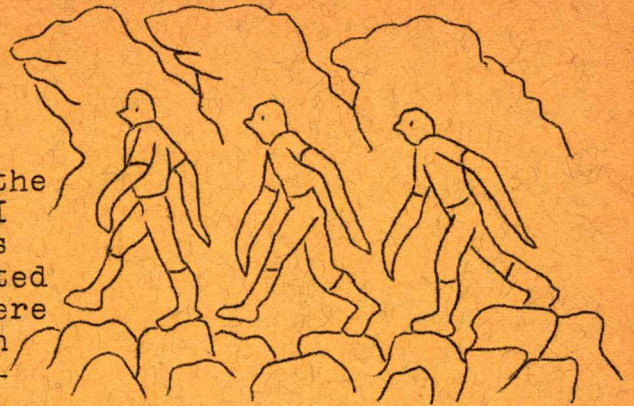
So you don't remember Tailspin Tommy. Well, I just barely do. Tailspin Tommy was a comic strip character prior to WWII and I think later appeared in a movie serial, too. I can't remember exactly if he was a WWI flyer or had taken it up after WWI. I believe the latter is the case--he was taught to fly by a WWI ace or somesuch. In any event it was a fairly average type flying strip. (Don Thompson ought to be able to tell more if you're interested.) As I recall Tommy was a farm boy and not overly educated. He one day became involved with this Professor who had invented a rocket plane--don't ask for details, who can remember?--which was also radio controlled. Tommy was the test pilot. On the first flight the Professor said: "I think I could send you to Mars". To which our hero replied: "Don't do that Professor, I don't know nobody on Mars." The bentwing rocket plane went over very large and was a popular item as a children's toy. I had one and recall that I then insisted on winning all the dogfights since my plane could fly higher and faster than any other. Or maybe I didn't. I dunno. Events of a quarter century ago tend to get a bit hazy.



REG
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Hmm I've been down that rustic existence path, too. We moved from Pueblo to Fountain, Colorado around 1935 or 36 and Fountain, as I may have mentioned, was a village of about 200 people. The Way side Inn, a beer joint/dance hall which we had there, was located outside of town and we had no utilities other than electricity. It was a shock for a

city boy like me to get used to things like that, We pumped our own water via windmill--later had an electric pump put in--and yeah, those outdoor toilets were rough. Of course we were fancy and had the WPA model which was the very latest thing in outside toilets. I cut wood and hauled coal and took baths in an old round washtub with water heated on the kitchen stove. Summer visits were to ranches in the area. They were even more primitive since most of the ranches were beyond the electric lines and used kerosene lamps. Which are still handy to have around. Chrystal has a small collection of same and we used one a few nights ago when the power went out for a couple of hours.



I was thinking that here in the Village of Los Ranchos de Albuquerque we are just a bit further along than when we lived in Fountain. The main differences being that instead of a windmill we have an electric pump and instead of an outdoor toilet we have a septic tank. All very modern. We also have gas for heating but we still burn wood in the fireplace.

Chrystal, who spent her childhood on an Arkansas farm, mentioned a few days ago that the new Sears catalog, which we had just received, sure couldn't be put to the same uses the catalogs of 35 years ago could--the paper in the new books was too slick and heavy.

Deckinger and warbooks. I disagree, of course. CATCH-22 is a gas but it isn't a "war" book as war books are considered. THE NAKED AND THE DEAD is far inferior to such as BATTLE CRY. I haven't read JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN so will pass on that one.

✓ We never did use Sears catalogs for that. Or corncocks, though I knew people who used both. I had a sensitive fannish...well, never mind. We had electricity (except during storms; we either had a very cowardly or very inefficient electric company and every time it thundered the power would go off). I used to look forward to those visits to my grandfather's farm; he lived a mile or so back off the road and didn't have electricity. He had a kerosene mantle lamp that put out a bright enough light to read by--equivalent to a 75-watt bulb, I suppose. RSC

 Then there was the Marine general who was rotten to the Corps.
Lewis Grant

 We have lots of letters left. One from George Wells that I had already laid out to use, and one from Sharon Towle and one from Norm Metcalf, and a couple from Bob Briney, and so on. Since we intend to get the next issue out in time to take to the DisCon with us, we'll start work on it immediately, and its letter column will be made up of the ones left over from this one. Comments on this issue (if any) will appear in #129, after the DisCon -- that issue will probably be all letters, to let us get caught up on them. (But don't count on it; these things are always thrown together at the last minute.)

 "Yeah, Jason; you and whose army?"
Lewis Grant

GRUE

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EDITED, PUBLISHED & PRETTY MUCH WRITTEN BY DEAN A. GRENNELL,
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CAVEAT LECTOR!

If I had been publishing mailing comments these past few mailings, doubtless Mal Ashworth would have had the largest number of lines out of the February Mailing. I enjoyed that particular issue of FRINGE as much or more than any other fapazine within recent memory.

I cannot, at the moment, locate the May Mailing although it is to be hoped that it will turn up before I come to the end of this issue. So, if you don't mind, I'll natter on about Mal's FRINGE, with perhaps other commentalia on the Feb. Mlg.

First of all, Maldemer Old Bod, let me assure you that I do not, by any manner of means, look down my curvaceous nose at air-guns. As a matter of sober record, I have owned a lot of non-powder type artillery one year and another. I still have one air-rifle and a brace of gas-powered, rifled, pellet pistols and I would not part with them --at least not with the rifle--except with the greatest reluctance.

The two air pistols are Benjamin. I have the formless impression that the firm is now defunct, not sure. They both operate on carbon dioxide rather than compressed air. One slips the little bottle into the lower barrel, screws the cap back snug, cocks and trips the striker, which releases the gas into the lower chamber and you are set for perhaps 90 shots or thereabouts...provided you fire them all within a short space of time, otherwise the gas leaks softly away, never again to be seen. I have two of them for various reasons: it is convenient if I wish for a spot of sociable shooting with someone else. Or it affords a fast second shot if it should ever prove desirable (it never has). You have to load the little skirted pellets into the chamber one at a time; both guns are calibre .177. They are, on the whole, reasonably accurate. There is none of the "lunge" which you find objectionable in the spring-driven air-guns. I have rarely hunted with them. As a matter of fact, I rarely hunt anything with any sort of weapon...which is a mildly astonishing admission from the owner of some forty-odd firearms of divers categories. Except for a few unsavoury vermin such as dump-rats, starlings and foxes, I find little or no pleasure in shooting at living targets. It's surprising how many other gun-fanciers there are who feel the same as I do. However, I did knock off a pigeon once with one of the Benjamins, somewhat to my surprise (not to mention its). I would not have thought the gun possessed enough pizazz for the job. It will not, for example, drive a pellet through a single thickness of the metal commonly found in tins...I've never encountered a CO₂ gun that could penetrate tin and I've had rifles in both the .177² and .22 sizes. But they're small, light and nicely fitted to the hand and I enjoy working out with them occasionally. It would be fun, I think, to get together with the Ashworths for a small schuetzenfest.

The air-rifle is 5 mm. in calibre and it is of the Sheridan persuasion. This, Mal, I wish you could try. It is my personal opinion that Sheridan is to air-rifles as Rolls-Royce is to motor cars. I believe that the Sheridan is not altogether unknown in the British Isles. I seem to vaguely recall seeing ads for them in a British gunzine I used to buy (a very good 'zine too, by the way; I wish they still sold it on the stands here). I know that the Sheridan is extensively covered in a small but very comprehensive book titled "Air-Guns and Air-Rifles," written by a Briton with the arrestingly euphonious monicker of Leslie Wesley (no known relation to Art Wesley!). Wesley (L.) affirms that when pumped up with 12 strokes of the handle, the Sheridan delivers a muzzle velocity of 770 feet per second...which is approximately equal to that of the U.S. point-four-five service pistol. I had the use of a chronograph for a while a year or so ago and checked out my own Sheridan at 12 strokes and it came out very close to that figure (728 f/s, if memory serves). Suffice to say that the Sheridan will drive its pellet enthusiastically through both sides of a beer-tin and will, moreover, bury the same pellet out of sight in a board behind the tin. For power and penetration, it vastly exceeds any other air-gun that can be purchased in 1963. I qualify that statement because there have been air-guns of very considerable potency in days gone by. Austria, I believe it was, that once had a military air-gun with which a number of their troops were armed; and this was something like half an inch in bore with a wallop comparable to the bumbling punkin-balls fired in the crude blackpowder flintlocks of the era.

Sights for the Sheridan can be had in open, peep or telescopic. Of the three, the peep variety is to be preferred. Mine has the open (v-notch) type but this is hard to use, not as accurate and prone to be knocked askelter. The scope type sounds good but in practice, it also comes a bit unglued while engaged in the strenuous drill of working the pump handle and, moreover, it requires a metal shroud over the receiver area which makes it difficult to cock the striker and clumsy to insert the pellet. One day I mean to have my Sherry fitted with with the Williams adjustable peep sight specially made for this gun. It costs perhaps a couple quid or so, which is why I've not yet got around to it. Even with the open sight, it's no great trick to hit a mark the size of a sixpence most every time from fifty feet or so.

The traditional American air-gun (which differs, technically, from an air-rifle in that it has a smooth bore) is the Daisy "BB" gun. I put "BB" in quotes because the air-gun shot so termed is not of precisely the same diameter as the shotshell pellets of like nomenclature. Long time back you could get air-gun shot in lead or cadmium-plated steel but the lead type has been off the market since sometime in the latter thirties. The only variety available today is the copper-plated steel stuff which is not inordinately accurate out of any arm known to me at this time. I had a Daisy once, of the slide-action type, which was not bad. I recall taking it out in the motorboat once, with a large bagful of spent flashbulbs. I was near the middle of the lake, where the water was a couple hundred feet deep and a goodly mile from the nearest point of shore-

line so I had myself a quiet little ball by tossing the flashbulbs into the water and cruising slowly back and forth past them, steering the tiller of the outboard with my knee and whanging away right merrily at the floating bulbs with the Daisy. It was neither powerful nor especially accurate but it could be fired with relatively great ease and rapidity (say 30-40 rounds per minute) and I was able to sink most of the bulbs with but a single pass of the boat, although this might entail 10 or 15 rounds. It was great sport but when I finally ran out of bulbs or BBs, I chugged back to shore and beached the boat, there was this cadaverous Norwegian from Chicago who had the cottage about five places east and he came galumphing up all ory-eyed and deeply grotched. "Didn't you hear me yelling at you?" he thundered. No I didn't hear him, what with the sputter of the motor and all (from a mile away? with MY ears? wotta boff!) "Well, I was hollering at you to stop shooting that thing out there. We could hear them rifle bullets rikkashayin' right over our heads!"

If you take this as proof that the Daisy will bounce a BB off the water and hurl it for uppards of a mile, don't. Commend yourself to the theory that the grotcher was full of birdseed and brickdust. In much this same connexion (I'm still talking to Mal, if the rest of you don't mind?) one of my customers was telling me of the time he and his helper were doing some welding in his shop late at night, trying to finish a rush job. Finally there came a harsh knocking at the door and they admitted a neighbour from a block away across a vacant lot. With considerable asperity, he demanded to know just when the blumfuzle they were going to shut off that $\$BM? \frac{1}{2}\%$ welder so he could get some halfway decent reception on his wireless as it was producing more static interference than the human psyche might reasonably be expected to endure (I'm paraphrasing and bowdlerising heavily as I go here). Eddie (Siedschlag, the customer) asked if the guy was certain that it came from their welder and the complaining one affirmed that he was positive beyond reasonable doubt inasmuch as he could hear the set crackling in perfect synch with the flicker of the welder that he could see through the window. So Eddie invited him to come in and take a real good look at their welding rig. "I wish you could have seen that guy's face," Eddie concluded, "when he saw those tanks of oxygen and acetylene!"

Getting back to pneumatic devices, Mal, have you ever experimented with blow-guns? Until you do, you could hardly believe the power and accuracy that can be attained with these. There's no need to hollow out a reed in the Jivaro tradition. Your neighbourhood ironmonger's should have some sort of tubing that can be adapted to use as the gun proper. Certainly the American hardware store has ample assortments. My own blow-gun (which I've not found since we moved) is a six-foot length of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch (O.D.) aluminium tubing which seems about right for a windy type such as I am. You can go as short as 3-4 feet and as slender as $\frac{5}{16}$ -inch (I.D.) and still get fairly good results...although the darts are harder to make.

The modus operandi for dart-making runneth like unto thus: go to a place selling supplies for model aeroplane making. Buy a few lengths of the heavy piano-wire they carry for landing-gear struts, in about

1/16th or 3/32nds inch diameter. Avail yourself of a powered rotary grindstone (else the process would be fearful tedious). Holding the end of the wire at a thin angle to the side of the stone (oh: wear glasses or something over your eyes!!) slowly rotate the wire as you grind until you have a nice slender (and, it is hoped, symmetrical) point on it. Then notch the wire about halfway through, about four inches back from the point and bend it gently a couple times till it breaks. The rear face of the wire should then be ground off square and flat. Now procure a supply of corks (dozen or so) that are just a bit larger in diameter than the bore of your blow-gun. Place one of these small-end-up and drill a hole slightly smaller than the diameter of the wire, straight down from the centre, about halfway through the cork (accuracy in this operation pays off--use a drill-press if you can). The rear of the steel dart is now shoved gently into the hole in the front of the cork (you may have to chamfer the edges very slightly to keep from tearing the sides of the hole). Now gently press the cork, point-foremost, into one end of the tube and square it up, leaving a portion protruding. Take a sharp razor blade and lightly score a line around the base of the cork, even with the edge of the tube. Remove cork; cut off the part behind the line. Tape a fair-sized piece of fine sandpape to a board and very carefully drag the rear of the cork across this, turning it by the spike as you do so. This removes a small amount of the diameter of the rear end of the cork. Keep trying it in the tube as you work, until it fits with the least little bit of drag. You're trying to get maximum air-seal with minimum friction. When you have one dart so it fits, make some more if you like or try out the first one.

Slip the dart into the rear (or breech) of the blow-gun; it matters little which end you choose except that this is the end you blow from. You could fire a blow-gun by sucking from the front end and yanking your head out of the way real fast but this technique is not recommended.

The customary method is to take a deep breath, put your whole mouth around the end of the tube and exhale with a vigorous, half-cough effort. You will quickly pick up the trick of this although it is devilish difficult to describe with any pretense of accuracy. The first time you try it, you may ingloriously fail to even get the dart out the end of the tube. However, velocity comes quickly with practise and so does a surprising degree of accuracy. A conventional dart-board can be used to good effect and you should be able to roundly trounce the most skilled of dart-flingers within a very short time (though I doubt if you'd get many matches with a round of drinks as the stake). As for range and power--with a bit of lofting you can hit (?) a 20" circle at about 50 yards; a playing card most of the time at 30 feet...and you should be able to make the point of the dart emerge from the far side of a piece of pine board 3/4-inch thick.

A few more refinements will suggest themselves to you in the matter of dart-making. Balsa fins on the rear of the cork will stabilise it in flight and will also serve to keep the spike aligned with the axis of the tube for better accuracy. Simply take 1/16th-inch balsa sheeting, cut into strips the diameter of the tube, chop off in lengths an inch long or so, cut out slots halfway through the centre

and cross-lap, fastening to the rear of the cork with a touch of model aeroplane cement or whatever. It is a good idea to paint the fletching (or corkwork) with vivid colours calculated to stand out against grass. It is an even better idea not to shoot the fiendish little things where they can get lost in the grass. You've no idea how nerve-wracking it is to cut grass with a power lawnmower, knowing that four inches of ultra-sharp tempered steel spike is lurking somewhere about. I would counsel against use of the blowgun on game. To my way of thinking, it would be extremely inhumane for the job. No, I will not print the curare formula...

I'm writing the Great American Novel and I need all the butcher's wrapping-paper I can get.

The Little World of Rand-McNally Dept.

One of the not-so-minor pleasures of life in southern Wisconsin is the "Green Sheet" of the daily Milwaukee Journal. I have been addicted to this particular flower in the garden of journalism since the days when they carried a comic-strip called "The Bungles" (that would have been Late Pleistocene, I b'leev)(and hewwo deh, damon knight!). The Green Sheet of 1963 runs the gamut (or, as we Milwaukeeans say, gamutlicheit) all the way from a stark nadir of "Country Parson" all the way up to Gerald Kloss twice a week. The Country Parson is a little one-column squib depicting an austere looking bloke who resembles a cross between Charles Bickford and Barry Goldwater topped off with Fiorello LaGuardia's hat; each day he delivers some smarmy little homily (Today's: "Don't ridicule failure---one man's failure may lead another to success."). It is sad to report, but "Sam's Strip" languished for a while in the Milwaukee Sentinel (recently sold by the Hearst people to the Journal Company) and passed beyond our ken (Does anyone know if this is still being produced?) however, the Country Parson pontificates (if that's the verb I want) on and on and on & onnnn. But that's newspaper biz.

Gerald Kloss, however, is an able practitioner at that all-but-vanished artform, the Humorous Essay. A recent opus of his dealt rather hilariously with the discomfiture of having to go into a dime-store to purchase several tubes of model airplane cement for his nephew (who had received several model kits sans glue for his birthday). What with all the sensational spreads on the evils of glue-sniffing, he made quite a piece of it. Unfortunately, that particular copy is long-lost so we can't quote from it. However, Mr. Kloss is no mean versifier. One of his specialties is plucking an odd item from the news to write a poem about, much as Len Norris does for his cartoons in the Vancouver Sun. There is a sample in today's paper which is fairly typical:

Fallen Archers

Bows and arrows have been outlawed as
dangerous in the schools of Notting-
hamshire, where Robin Hood roamed.

--News Item

((continued))

Where Robin drew his feathered shaft
 And sped it whistling to the clout,
 The schools have barred the archer's craft
 And ruled the bow and arrow out.

The leafy glades of Sherwood forest,
 Where merry men once romped and sang
 No longer hear a bull's-eye chorused
 Nor echo to the bowstring's twang.

The breed grows soft: They ban the bow
 For safety's sake and danger's terror;
 How Robin would have hooted, though,
 To find the arrow blamed for error!

The column--called "Slightly Kloss-eyed"--has recently been occupied with compiling new collective nouns (we all recall how Randy Garrett debated long and hard whether to settle upon "a flourish of strumpets," or "an anthology of pro's"). Suggestions by readers printed today include: a rip of tailors; a drip of plumbers; a beg of canvassers and a crutch of skiers. Yorkle-yorkle.

§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§

At the risk of precipitating yet another atrocity upon the world, here are a few things that have been moiling about the editorial dustbin for ever so long now. For want of a better term, I call them "Spoonitions." Exempla gratiæ:

Putton: What some people are a for glunishment.

Nins: What some people are on, and peedles.

Pince: What Mark Twain wrote a book about, and a Prauper.

Ploon: Best kind for picnics are the spastic ones.

Uhhh...y'getta idear, nu?

§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§

It well may be that I am the sole member of this august organization who shares a house with a tomcat who subscribes to Life. Every Thursday comes a copy addressed to Asmodeus Grennell. He lets us read it though. He prefers television. He doesn't watch the screen but leaps lithely to the top where it is warm and cozy for his catly meditations. He has long ago discovered that automobiles are sometimes warm atop the hood so, come winter (which he always regards as an exceptionally dirty trick played upon him, personally) he stalks around outdoors occasionally leaping atop the hood of some hapless car where he prowls around in search of a suitable spot for foot-warming. Since his feet are the size of cupcakes and usually muddy, this is not an endearing trait.

Noted on the "Humor" shelf of a local bookstore: "The Destruction of San Francisco by Earthquake & Fire, with Horrors of Vesuvius Eruption."

Doubtless by this time, the Swiftie, as an artform, is thoroughly passé (differing from newsreels, which are Pathé). However, Eugene DeWeese and I have compiled an ecch of Swifties which, unless you skip rapidly forward by a few pages, are about to be dumped upon your cringing headbones.

§§§§§§§§§§§§§§

"I've just landed on Jupiter," said Tom, heavily.

"But I'm enjoying it," he added jovially.

"J.Arthur," cried Rank-conscious Tom.

"Cinchona," barked Tom. Bitterly.

"Touché!" said Tom, piercingly.

"I've just discovered a new tomb," said Tom, cryptically.

"I just finished the latest Nero Wolfe book," declared Tom, stoutly.

"I've just written a brief play," confided Tom, skittishly.

"Bah," cried Tom, sheepishly.

"But I like hot dogs!" admitted Tom, frankly.

"Here, let me stop that bleeding," cried Tom, staunchly.

"Nutmeg!" grated Tom, spicily.

"I just dyed my hair," said Tom, mordantly.

"Everything's coming up roses," sang Tom, morosely.

"A bottle of Old Overholt," ordered Tom, wryly.

"That's the lake where they used to hold the Olympic Games, observed Tom, placidly.

"My Gran'ma died when I wasn't but only three," said Tom, ungrammatically.

"What fools these hockey-players be," quasi-quoted Tom, puckishly.

"I've been laying sewer-pipes all day," said Tom, trenchently.

"If I was War Minister you wouldn't catch me muckin' abaht wif no Party Girl," said Tom, tartly.

"There's no one quite like Hemingway," sighed Tom, Ernestly.

"I've just discovered Heinlein," said Tom, profoundly.

"Hey, there's a real party up on the 18th floor in Sturgeon's room," said Tom, condescendingly.

"Pratt & Whitney," said Tom, waspishly.

"I fear my mom and dad have been hypnotized," said Tom, transparently.

"My favorite fanzine was always '/'," declared Tom, obliquely.

"Calliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Melpomene, Polymnia, Terpsichore, Thalia and Urania," mused Tom.

"Come here, Guinevere," said Launcelot, knightly.

"But I never published anything pornographic," protested Freedom-loving Shaver.

((Did someone cry "Uncle" back there?))

And then there was the cannibal mother who fed her baby strained relations...

Does Willie Rotsler, I wonder, still collect cartoon gags? Here's a smirk of them anyhow:

Two workers in a cybernetics lab; one snarls, "For goodness sakes, can't you sing anything but 'Tanks for the Memories'?"

Sexy-looking babe is leaning in doorway, talking to authorish looking chap at typer, says, "That's nothing, I made my first professional sale at the age of 12!"

Battle ship in duck-pond; disgruntled-looking onlooker says, "It's hard to compete with these rich hunters!"

One prisoner in cell to the other: "They got me on a Fish Act rap --caught me transporting mackerel for immoral porpoises."

Beat type, looking at Pentagon building: "Maan, dig that crazy bus-token!"

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Shite: They used to go around in nining armor.

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Sage, friendly, well-meaning advice for one Richard. W. Brown Dept. ((Oh yeh, I just found the Mayling under a case of empty chotgun chells.)) Rich, ole truffe-shoot, you are just naturally going to have to wahtch that stuff a little closer. You are, I realize, a comparative newcomer to FAPA, having floated to the surface of the waiting-list within the past decade or so and it is obvious that it is time someone told you about the facks of life here in the Fantasy Amachure Press Association (or ambochure, as Gertrude used to say). Rich, it is time somebody told you about Tucker and I guess I might just's well play dutch uncle as anybody else. (Gather 'round, you other new faplings, you might as well hear this too).

Rich, when you started runnin' with the Fapa herd, you may not have known it but you was penned right up in the same corral with this here Tucker. Everything you distribute through Fapa, he gets to look at, whether you like it or not. Now you heard a lot of stor-ies about this Tucker and the helluvit is, most of them's stark ravin' true; understatements, if anything. You've heard things like his name used to be Gilgamesh and how him an' his buddy (forget the name he went by then but nowadays he calls hissself Robert Bloch; he's the guy made Alfie Hitchcock famous) played this real fiendish dirty trick on this ole Egyptian goddess name of Ishtar and, well, jus' take my spoken word for't; he been around a lonnngg time, that boy.

You know what his favorite pastime is, irredoubtless...hwhahh?...oh no, not any more, hardly...well, no, I mean one of the others...the one I mean is where he goes over all the other fan's magazines with an uncouth comb (no, not fine-tooth; this'n used to belong to Bloch) looking for some sort of little off-beat typo or minor gaucherie like that--there. He not only scrutinizes 'em, but he reads 'em real careful on top of that.

Well, when this Tucker cat does manage to find a typo in some poor helpless little neo's fanzine, he beats his chest and he r'ars back his head like a dawg jus' befoh' bayin' at the moon and he holler "Rosebud!" real loud. Now don't go askin' me tell you 'bout this Rosebud business (criminey fella, not here!) --'countin' it all bound up with secret societies and the '10 of clubs and phallic thimbles and like that there. Soo-fice to say, Rich, that when Tucker holler "Rosebud," you know he tickled about something and what it mean is that now nex' time he publish something, he can quote this poor helpless well-meanin' li'l ole typo right out for ever'boday to see and run some sort of smart-alecky New Yorkerish punchline under it.

Givya a f'rinstance: Like here in POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC 15, on page 20 you got this little parenthetical aside run like so:

(Resiliant might be an even better word.)

Now you know, and I know that you meant to write resilient and gosh knows, anybody can hit the wrong key on a typer because for every right key, a typer's got something like 40 or 45 wrong keys. So you hit a clinker, so what? Big deal. So this. You know what Tucker will do, provided he stay sober long enough to find that typo? Just as sure as Heinlein made little green Venusians, he'll do it up something along the lines of:

"(Resiliant might be an even better word.)"

--Rich Brown, POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC 15

(And resilient might be better still!)

--Hoy Ping Pong, VANDY 19

So there---you see what I mean? Every time you hit a typer key, you got to tell yourself, Tucker he gonna scruhtinize this here fanzine, lookin' for typo's. And you gotta be sure it's right, to 19 decimals, else you pays the penalty. Doan fohget now, heah?

Viva Bill Holden!

A propos of all that, there have been a few double features at the theaters here lately which might bear listing for the benefit of the aforesaid Wilson Arthur "Fighting Bob" Tucker and any other motion picture projectionists in the audience.

A Child Is Waiting/To Kill a Mockingbird

Who's Got the Action?/A Girl Named Tamiko

The Lovemakers/Carry On Regardless

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This is a good spot to note that the address to use is Box 949, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin (ZIP Code No. 53201). Please do not send anything to me "in care of" anybody else in town. We will be changing addresses before snow flies, doubtless, but will keep the rent on the box paid, meanwhile. My present business associates are not, and have never been, remotely connected with Papa.

"I hope Janke's in the August Mailing," snapped Tom, Curtly.
