

# Bandwagon



"Mars is the god of  
love and bunny rabbits."  
-- Mr. Bear

summer 1960 number six







# EIGHT YEARS AGO

Ε (V) Η

this summer, I was working on an issue of another fanzine, with my attention periodically diverted by the political conventions of that year. It seems like a long time ago. It was a long time ago. Beyond the excitement of the TV coverage of what has since become the regular leap-year carnival, I don't recall too clearly how I felt about such things. I think I was still declaring my independence, in various ways, and was affecting an impartial, wait-and-see, vote-for-the-best-man attitude. This is the thing to strive for, I suppose, but partisanship has its place too; perhaps a more respectable one as practiced by Adlai Stevenson than by Harry Truman. I don't know at all that my professed independence in 1952 resulted in my casting a wiser vote. It had no more weight than a vote cast purely as an emotional reaction, and I can't imagine a workable system in which it could have.

You have to stop and think about things, but in the end probably everyone votes his prejudices -- or beliefs, if you will. "You tell me where a man gets his corn-pone, and I'll tell you where he gets his politics." And the system seems to work. Most people can find their prejudices satisfied by some segment of the two parties, and the parties somehow manage to hold themselves together long enough to fight an election. This political system is probably the most stable one in the world, and the only one that hasn't had some sort of violent upheaval in 170 years -- a few of the limited monarchies excepted.

There are complaints that the two-party system stifles the rights of minority groups who may agree with neither party. On the other hand, there are complaints that there is already too much dissidence; that an even more united face should be presented to the world. But some of the worst-managed nations have the widest and most fragmented political spectrums -- and the nations presenting the most united facades are acknowledged to be the most lacking in freedom.

The individual who is dissatisfied may come to realize that the best hope of working his desired changes lies in working within the system. As a practical matter he will have to make compromises, and those who consider any compromise a sell-out will refuse this acceptance of reality. They will lose none of their principles, and they will accomplish none of their objectives. In the pragmatic workings of American politics, the radical right and the radical left are dead ends.

Herewith the sixth issue of Bandwagon, the compromised fanzine, coming to you this time from 224 broad street newark ohio, and attributable to dick ryan. The one-year moratorium having ended, one might expect bw to become more regular; that is, unless one had heard me make such promises before, in other eleventh hour publications. Wait and see; I am.



# JOTTINGS

It's good to be back. This will be a somewhat abbreviated issue of bw but it has all your good old favorite features. It also has, for the second consecu-

tive issue, a bacover, courtesy of William Rotsler. The pic at the beginning of "browsing" is also by WR. They are from a windfall of many months ago, much appreciated and not yet quite depleted. Also on hand is some new work by Dave English, at least a few of which should be in next issue.

your attention, please:

The announcement I should have made on the first page along with other factual information follows here: It is that from the first part of September my address will be somewhere in Washington, D. C., or environs. Probably the former. I had an announcement of this all readied for a two page Ad Interim to be included in the last mailing, but I didn't get it published. The stencils are still lying around somewhere but they contain nothing worth publishing in its original form, though I may re-write a few of the mailing comments for this.

I had planned to go down to D. C. about the last week of August with the Lippincotts for some sight-seeing, but he was bumped from his vacation week. I may still get a buddy to go down with me to tour a bit (and help lug some of my junk down there). Then I'll come back, pack some more belongings, spend a few days in Newark and then head east semi-permanently.

I hesitate to use the word "permanent" in connection with any move or change of address, but I'll probably be in Washington for a couple of years anyway. The training portion of the job will last till about March and be followed, presumably, by a regular appointment. To Don Wilson's comment in "Gas Jet" in this mailing, I would respond that the first two possibilities suggested seem quite possible but I don't think even my efforts could bring about the early demise of the Library of Congress.

and then I read:

It was a little surprising to me to find, last fall, that the library school program wasn't so tough that there'd be no time for other things. It wasn't supposed to be hard, but it was claimed by recent graduates that it was time-consuming. I suppose it could have been if every assignment of required and suggested readings was completed. At any rate I managed to take in a few of the attractions a city the size of Cleveland has to offer: Pro football and baseball games, a couple of concerts, the museum, libraries (it seemed like thousands of libraries), a couple of good movies, and two or three fancy expensive restaurants, which I hear some consider a Badness. I consider them so only when I am broke, which was a good bit of last year.



## Jottings 2 --

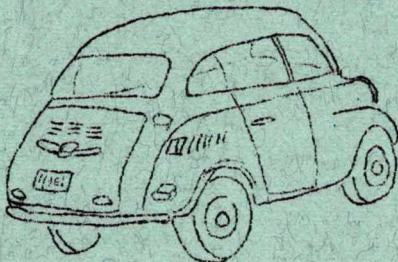
I did some reading too, which is the point I was getting at. Usually I try to Keep Up by reading the papers and magazines; in addition last year, I did a little purely recreational reading. It's good, occasionally, to read something that doesn't make an urgent claim on your attention or action. Something like science fiction or a fapa mailing (perhaps that doesn't really qualify) or my current favorite, British novels of the last century. These latter are especially relaxing, I find.

In the s-f field I picked up several paper-backs: Heinlein Sarban, Aldiss, one of the Star collections (full of quality stories, I found). To read on the train one weekend I bought a copy of The Mouse That Roared I hadn't seen the movie. The book whiled away a few hours pleasantly. So did another p-b I'd wanted to read for some time: Graham Greene's This Gun For Hire. Anybody remember Alan Ladd as Raven in the movie version? Or if it varied from the book? I didn't see the movie, but the book is a pleasant "entertainment."

I would recommend a couple of others: Books which are fine examples of their type, with a little something extra. A Canticle for Leibowitz should be remembered by those who read the series in F&SF; the device of tying together events occurring over a long period of time by describing them from the viewpoint of a religious order is an effective one. Finally, although I'm not a western fan, I enjoyed Paul Horgan's A Distant Trumpet, which is a cavalry-and-Indians story with superior characterization.

### on the road:

There wasn't much in that unpublished Ad Interim. The longest section was a description of the BMW 600 addressed to Ger Steward and any others who are interested. I'll re-copy it for posterity, since it looks as though the 600 is a dying breed: It has a two-cylinder, four cycle air-cooled opposed type engine, bore 74 mm, stroke 68 mm, cubic capacity 582 cc, compression ratio 6.8:1, 23 hp at 4500 rpm. A single dry plate clutch, 12 volt electrical system, 4 speeds forward, all synchromesh. Tires 5.20 - 10, dimensions 9½' long by 4'7" wide, kerb weight approximately 1236 lbs., fuel tank 6 U. S. gallons, oil sump 4.2 U. S. pints (5 and 3.5 in Imperial measure, respectively).



It's a good little bug but it's turned over 26,000 miles and will be starting its third year soon. I want to trade, but I'm not sure yet for what. I could hardly help but get a bigger car, but how much bigger is yet to be decided. I still like VW's but I want to look more at Volvo and Saab and a few others. Even (!) the Falcon is a good-looking car.

Stay tuned.



# QUOTE

"Diplomacy . . . is not the art of asserting ever more emphatically that attitudes should not be what they clearly are. It is not the repudiation of actuality but the recognition of actuality, and the use of actuality to advance our national interests."

-- Adlai E. Stevenson, Call to Greatness

"Inconsistencies of opinion arising from changes of circumstances are often justifiable. But there is one sort of inconsistency that is culpable: It is the inconsistency between a man's conviction and his vote, between his conscience and his conduct."

-- Daniel Webster, Speech

"How dreary to be somebody!  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!"

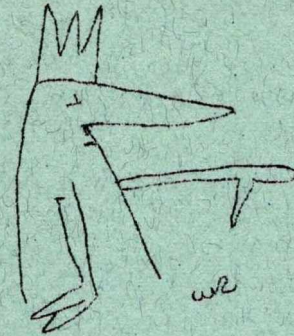
-- Emily Dickinson, Life

"At the top there are great simplifications. An accepted leader has only to be sure of what it is best to do, or at least to have made up his mind about it. The loyalties which centre upon number one are enormous. If he trips, he must be sustained. If he makes mistakes, they must be covered. If he sleeps, he must not be wantonly disturbed. If he is no good, he must be pole-axed."

-- Winston Churchill, Their Finest Hour



# BROWSING



Keeping up my tenuous contacts, I have been reading the mailings faithfully; comes time now to resume the Great Conversation or the Great Debate or whatever. We're off.

## The Fantasy Amateur

(Officialdom): The jiffy bags are a fine idea. My mailings have been arriving in perfect shape. # Forty-four on the waiting list. New members must feel like Alaska or Hawaii. # The clarifying amendments are helpful; the third is in line with the toughness policy of recent administrations. # A. Young, that was a sneaky way of getting us to read the constitution.

## Ego

Beast (Wilson): Greetings, colleague. # I don't think you would have to go out and join the Adventists; their per capita contributions are fabulous, and 78% (according to our church bulletin) goes to missions. They'll be coming after you. A sect I've not heard much of recently is Jehovah's Witnesses. Are they still expanding? We had a salesman come to the house once whom we suspected was from this group. He was selling religious books, and one of his talking points was that the house would be visited by seven devils who would tell us not to buy them. Indignantly, my grandmother sent him packing along with his books. I was a little disappointed. I kind of wanted to see what would happen, and we didn't have that first visitation.

## Deukalion (Speer):

Your common-sense advice to new fapans should be helpful to some of us older members, too. I'm glad you pointed out that there's no law against writing directly to the publisher, and that it might be more appropriate in some cases. I suppose that some of us look upon fapa as a substitute for correspondence rather than an adjunct to it, whereas each enriches the other. # Salesmen who bamboozle the public into buying a product, and politicians who bamboozle them into buying a program, are in the same class. They are in the business of persuasion, as are some other occupational groups, such as ministers. Leaving aside the question of whether or not persuasion is a necessary function, I think it is justifiable if the persuaders believe in what they are selling. Unfortunately, it's difficult to distinguish between sincerity and a good act. # As I was going to say last mailing, have you invented a Civil War game? And have you seen or heard of "Courtroom?"

Lark (Danner): I finally got my low gear back. Took the car in when I got into town in June; they tore out the rear end and found a broken synchromesh gear, which they had to order from New York. In about ten days it was ready to go, at a cost of \$45. I had just gotten home with it when the accelerator cable snapped.

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Bear witness, B.C., to the discovery of the fapazine  
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browsing 2 --

Back to the garage, where they put on a double-strength cable. They were always breaking, they said. Anyway my only current worry is why the car is using such a damnable amount of oil. Gas milcage is still excellent, having seldom varied from 35-40 mpg. # The way to eliminate completely government by bubblehead is to eliminate government. This does not seem to be feasible except in "Little Orphan Annie." The next best way would seem to be to become politically interested and active, and attempt to effect desirable change. # Speaking of old cars, as I'm sure you were somewhere, have you noticed the old Loewy-designed Studebakers still looking fresh and modern? That is, if you overlook the rust spots.

Alif (Anderson): Beautiful. And Doheug was wonderful -- literally.

Sercon's Bane (FM Busby): Mayhap we will meet at a Peugeot, but right now I'm inclined to regard them as a little too much on the living-room-on-wheels side. Bucket seats are my present criterion; those cars which have them are in, those without them are out. Eminently sensible, don't you think? # If juries now back-water rather than deciding on death or freedom for the accused, maybe we're going through another period of reviewing our criminal code(s). Well, of course we are; all the recent discussion of capital punishment is sign enough of that. But the last time juries started refusing to convict because of doubt as to the punishment fitting the crime was when 12-year-olds could be hanged for stealing handkerchiefs. Death seems to us far too severe for such a crime, but this is only because of the greater leniency of our age. In 200 years the Biblical concept of "eye for an eye" vengeance -- a barbaric concept, actually -- may be superseded and seem as horrible as, say, the blood feud seems to us. # I'm not much for dogs. I'll meet them half-way, and I have made friends with one or two; but dogs in general seem to take an instant dislike to me. Maybe they have telepathy on a working basis.

Catch Trap (Bradley): For some reason, trapeze artists, high-wire walkers, jugglers and trained animals bore me to tears. And I lump them together because they seem all of a piece -- all part of the gaudy-tawdry circus milieu. Kids are supposed to be/have been fascinated by circuses, but I don't recall ever having been. I went to a couple. They stank. Moth-eaten animals panting inside cramped, hot cages; clowns in cheap outfits practising broad "humor;" over-priced, wormy peanuts; dirty narrow seats; and the constant, cynical importuning. I lamented the passing of the circus about as much as I would the passing of the Ed Sullivan show. # Over-emphasizing a specialized subject in fapa can result in loss of egoboo, all right. For instance, talk about guns or opera gets no response from me since my ignorance on these subjects is practically complete. But the rewards may be as great if both parties know and are interested in some subject; sort of like a few people getting together for a

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If we're so rich why ain't we smart?  
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browsing 3 --

fairly private conversation at a large and noisy gathering. # You have compelling, humanitarian arguments in favor of birth control. I would say Christian arguments, were I sure that the points of view espoused by church members are the same as those taught by Christ. But there does seem to be an occasional discrepancy, doesn't there? As if they stopped reading the Bible at the words "Be fruitful, and multiply." The argument that it's none of our business if nine out of ten children die in infancy in India or Africa is, of course, a logical extension of the individualist philosophy to which most of us subscribe at least partially. I think Buz expressed it as the right to mess up your own life if you want to. But this implies that the individual is in possession of the facts regarding the consequences of the various courses of action he may take. You can't (and shouldn't try to) ram birth control down the throats of superstitious illiterates; but every effort should be made to educate them into an understanding of facts, alternatives, and consequences. Concern for human beings is a basic Christian tenet (I think); and this makes the position of certain churches on integration, for instance, an extremely shaky one. # A lot of meat in this. I like your stuff better all the time.

Wraith (Ballard): Prince Valiant isn't a grandpa yet, but I think he's approaching middle age. At least, he and Alca just got together again after a trial separation. And Pat Patton is chief of police all right, but doesn't appear in the strip much anymore. Tracy's partner is now Sam Catchem. Don't you get any comics out that way? I've been looking through an interesting volume: Stephen Becker's Comic Art in America, which surveys the whole comics field from the beginning, and includes such fringes of it as animated cartoons and editorial cartoons. Runs from "Little Nemo" clear down to "Peanuts."

Vandy (Coulsons): In baseball, ninety per cent of your time is spent not "in watching nothing particular happen" -- but in trying to figure out, from the numerous possibilities, what is going to happen. Basketball moves too fast for that -- play combinations dissolve almost as soon as they're formed. Trouble with all this talk re the relative merits of sports is the difficulty of getting a really objective argument. We wind up saying "this is best because I like it." So I still say baseball is best. # I'd sometimes thought of writing different variations of my name on coupons or orders or such -- but never at the time I'm filling it out. So I don't know how widely the mailing lists with my name circulate, but from the occasional floods of ads I suspect it's fairly widely. # I'd never heard of calcium propionate before seeing it mentioned in fapa, but today's (31 July) Times has a letter from Massachusetts describing the product it's used in as "the unhyphenated American contribution to the panoply of national breads/. . . . It is untouchable by human hands, infinitely compressible, limp and immortal. . . . The squeeze test is infallible: place the fingers at each end and apply delicate pressure; if the fingers meet in the middle it is indeed the American loaf! Thanks to calcium propionate, a thousands ages in its sight are like an evening passed." So says Mr. J. A. Elias of North Egremont, who concludes with a plea, in this election year, to "vote for the man who will give us a staff of life we can lean on."

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"A hot dog just doesn't taste right without a ball game behind it."  
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browsing 4 --

Le Moindre (Raeburn):

Literal-minded critter, aren't you? The Christopher Robin stories are Edwardian in atmosphere as far as I'm concerned, and would be even had they been written in 1950. (That's why I didn't even check the dates.) # Did the FM broadcasts in your plant boost production? # I'm going to work early again this summer -- that is, the work is 35 miles away, so I have to get up early -- and the only stations on the air at that time are of the Top Fifty type. One actually has a Top Sixty. But they also have frequent weather reports, so I listen. The worst part of the Top Fifty-type stations is the idiot announcers. # Mitch Miller strikes me as rather two-faced. He introduces these nauseous "new sounds" which use echo chambers, multiple tapes of the same singer, and the like, and then blasts disc jockeys for selling out to a tasteless audience. If they hadn't sold out he wouldn't be doing so well. # The White House stenos will probably be very happy to have a new boss. Eisenhower's press conferences must have taxed their powers of punctuation to the very limit.

Gasp (Steward): Martini

is plural; the singular is Martinus, as your very own Wayne and Schuster have pointed out.

Target: Fapa (Eney): Did you drop

the exclamation point? And, apropos of nothing, wasn't this once called Targets of Opportunity? That's a good title. # I'm convinced that beliefs can be changed through an intelligent, intensive campaign. That's what worries me about China.

Bleen (Grennell):

Fine cover. Enjoyed the too-brief bit about your trip to N'Orleans.

Phlotsam (Economou): Now you've got me wondering about Shalimar. It's from Indian Love Lyrics by Laurence Hope, and it sounds like a river to me too, but I don't find it in the atlas. You and your place names -- first Meddibemps, then this. # As an antidote to the sick teen-age "Love" songs I still find my Stan Freberg LP is excellent. Listened to it the other day for the first time in a year and still found it chucklesome. # Congrats to the Morses. . . . One could take off at some length from his brief paragraph on party responsibility. Off-hand I don't think the viewpoint of the Prime Minister's son is entirely indefensible. To vote responsibly, a congressman or senator must make himself a near-expert in a dozen fields. A system in which the bills in each field are written by experts in that field has something to recommend it. This is a tentative opinion and I'd be interested in what others have to say. # Thanks for the survey. Now why don't you do a piece on us slobs who have been around for five years and still haven't made the top ten? Sort of a roll of dishonor?

The Big Three (Boggs): Things stay quiet in Minneapolis for two-three years, and then just when you've almost given up hope, wham! Something like this comes through. Real fine. # My own "golden age of sf" comes in the early fifties, and a lot of titles brought back pleasant memories. But I've kept drifting away from

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Hans Brinker and his Silver Overshoes  
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browsing 5 --

the field until now I buy only F&SF. I bought my last issue of aSF when it began metamorphosing earlier this year, and my last issue of FSF some years back. Occasionally I will buy one of the latter or some other zine for a particular author, but to me the Big Three has effectively shrunk to the Big One.

The Rambling Fap

(Calkins): Photo page much enjoyed. I've never met him, but that can't be Raeburn. Where's his Healey? Come on, admit that it's a left-over still from Bicycle Thief.

Celephais (Evans):

I can tell the difference between science fiction and fantasy, considering each story as a separate case, but I can't define it for you. It's a feeling. Fantasy is more "yonder-ish;" more poetic; less mundane. Sf depends more on logical extrapolation; but there's no particular place to draw the line. So much depends, I think, on style. Heinlein couldn't write a fantasy if he tried, while Bradbury writes nothing else. I realize all this makes no sense so far as classifying stories is concerned, but I also realize the near-impossibility of constructing any logical classification system. (This doesn't stop me from trying, occasionally.) # My appetite's really being whetted for this Pratt naval war game. Anybody? Incidentally, I ran across the Avalon Hill game, "Dispatch," in the Kiddie Korner Shop the other day. (What I was going there is another story, and a dull one.) I took a quick peek at the board; it seems to have as its object the shepherding of trains over given rights-of-way, and the avoidance of various obstacles. Avalon Hill, I've probably mentioned, is the outfit which publishes "Gettysburg" and Tactics II," the war games I've written of. # Ahah, a non-smoker. Used to be that a man would ask if the ladies minded before he lighted up; perhaps the ladies should now ask the men. Sometimes it seems that more women smoke than men. # Yes, I can't help but think that Eisenhower would sweep the country again if he were running. That man's popularity is fantastic. Discussing Truman the other day, a friend and I were wondering if some of his troubles didn't stem from his being a human being -- and between Roosevelt and Eisenhower, too. # I used to read and enjoy Penrod, 15 or more years ago. Probably he would seem out of style right now. There's something to this business of fashion cycles; consider the social protest novels of the thirties. They read rather oddly in our present environment of abundance, and aren't old enough to be historically interesting -- but wait twenty years. # Dad used to put salt in his beer. I asked him why but never got a straight answer. # We do so read the FA. Not that it would rate very high on the egoboo poll. # Scotch straight? A purist. I enjoy it on the rocks, or with water, or with soda. Different hosts have different mixes -- it pays to be adaptable. Gin seems to be mostly for the ladies, in groups I've been associated with. I considered rum undrinkable until someone introduced me to rum-and-Quench. Cool and smooth. # A very commentable issue -- as usual. You write fine mc's.

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"Feel secure or I'll hit you."  
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browsing 6 --

Klein Bottle (Carrs): Rotsler's column is aptly titled. Fine stuff, as usual, but what can you say about it? We mundane people are fortunate to have Rotslers in our midst. # Tucker, the letters, the comments -- all fine. But so non-controversial. # Beautiful ditto work. Who's Trina?

Phantasy Press (McPhail): I wouldn't favor upping the membership to 75. Something in your "Out of the Past" this time is pertinent: Martin's note on the activity of the various apas in 1939. The larger the group, the less activity. Ten would be a small increase, but I wouldn't care to have the precedent set. # The "old-fashioned" virtues you mention -- morals, ideals, and faith -- seem inevitably to be eroded as a nation becomes more powerful and sure of itself. Part of the historical process, I think. Sometimes the leaders feel that merely invoking them is enough to keep them viable.

Limbo (Rike): Or maybe Donaho. Interesting comments, anyway. # I can't see any justification for stereo except for the fun of tinkering. My outfit is monaural and will remain so, though I hope to add an FM-AM tuner, and perhaps eventually get another amplifier and a larger speaker. My present one is only 8", but it is finally housed in a real cabinet rather than a cardboard box, and I'm not about to initiate another carpentry project. # You've found a fellow Jane Austen fan, although I doubt that I'd call her the greatest English novelist. Beautiful style of course, but needlepoint, and I think the "greatest" novelist would have to be one who worked on a larger scale. Who? I dunno. Still, I would think Jane Austen would rank high.

Salud (Elinor Busby): You're a Trollopian? He's one of my favorites, too. And there's so much of him to read. He and Dickens were the Publishing Giants of their day. # I'm having second thoughts about Heritage Club. If I owned a house with a nice big library, and had the money to stock the shelves with attractive editions, it would be fine; but my present peripatetics indicate that a collection of paper backs is more suitable. Hard-bound books are heavy.

Xtraps (Linards): Is an Xtrap anything like a satrap? Or an extract? # You have had your troubles, haven't you? I'm glad you're here, though. Fapa benefits from your tenacity and your friends' assistance. # Good luck on translating Kelly into French. There would be special difficulties, I think, since word play is the basic component of Pogo. I can understand why you're interested in American cliches and idioms. . . . Of course, now that I was going to explain a few, I can't think of any. # Anie's drawings remind me of Dave English 1952. # I who knew her not at all am still puzzled about Helene. Both this and the previous installment leave me with the feeling that either I'm awfully dense or you are being too obscure. If not comprehending is the first step to understanding, tell me what I do next. # In any case, come back again soon.

Horizons (Warner): For you I saved the whole next page.

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"To jump plain -- this was his strong."  
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browsing 7 --

Bit of a shock, this, finding Horizons at the bottom of the heap. Another proof that the OE has no respect for tradition and like that. # I still don't know about these covers. (grumble) But if you must affront us with them, I suppose they might as well be good ones, like this one. # As I mentioned to Elinor above, and as I could have mentioned to several other fapans who don't seem to care much for attractive editions, Heritage Club is not an un-mixed blessing. I'd already accumulated a number of books in varying formats -- pb's, hard covers, a few second-hands, some ML's and other reprint series -- and with the HC books I'm acquiring my library runs the gamut physically from beautiful to crummy. Not that I want them to all look alike (c.g. Classics Club), but I wish they were a little less dissimilar. I may do some weeding when it comes time to move. Wonder if a book ad gets activity credit? # If women are not yet being trained for space flight it may be because traditional beliefs about the relative strengths and abilities of the sexes die hard. Only in recent years, I think, have people come right out and said that women are the fitter sex. Look at the time it took them to get the vote -- and many women still don't believe in their own competency to use it. It will take a while but women will be taking their places in the space flight picture. # The inequitable allocation of legislative seats is, as you point out, the reason for the farm bloc's disproportionate power. I may have mentioned an article I once saw in a farm magazine which piously explained how lucky the country was to have this situation, in which the good solid right-thinkers could offset all those radicals in the wicked cities. Both parties are giving lip service at least to the problems of urban area this year; maybe we'll see less catering to the smaller portion of the population. 'Tis the farmer feeds us all, but he'd have a hell of a time doing it without the ideas and technology that come from the city. # I hope your new mimeo doesn't reform your character. The punctual, excellent Horizons it now produces are quite satisfactory. # How do you mean, you are "sitting out" the campaign? You're not going out and ring doorbells as usual? Or do you mean you are not voting? I'll grant that there's not much choice this year. As a friend of mine put it, "It just doesn't seem possible that we have to choose between Nixon and Kennedy." But the similarity of the candidates means that, whoever wins, we will have a president who wanted the job, who is young, energetic, ambitious, and more devoted to his duties than the incumbent. The voter will have to choose between party philosophies, I think, unless September and October bring a sharper outlining of the issues by the candidates. # Oh, those Fourth of Julys. Ohio outlawed the sale of fireworks sometime in the early forties and thus deprived me of part of my childhood. I had about reached the point of trying some of the more daring stunts, like setting salutes off under tin cans -- and then one day, no more fireworks. Sob. # This was all fine, but I've got to stop so I can name the ten zines I liked best: DEUKALION, ASCENT. . . , SERCON'S BANE, CATCH TRAP, VANDY, PHLOTSAM, THE BIG THREE, CELEPHAIS, KLEIN BOTTLE, and HORIZONS. 'Twas a good mailing.

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"We're giving A Comedy of Errors and Arthur is Technical Advisor."  
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