

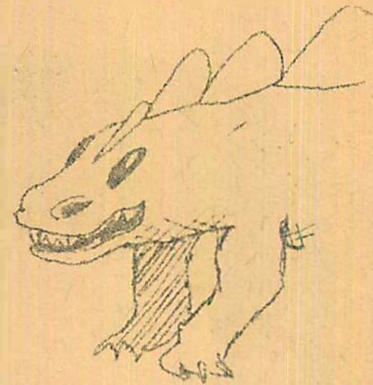
DON - o - SAUR

No.
30

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Published monthly by Don Thompson, 7498 Canosa Ct., Westminster, CO 80030. Available at 25¢ per issue or 12 for \$2.50 to anyone who insists on paying. Also available for trade, letters of comment, artwork, or almost any expression of interest. Because of the postal rate increase, I finally have started cutting back on my mailing list; I hope to hold it to about 100. For the same reason, I intend to try to limit the number of pages per issue to 12-- including front and back cover. My abject apologies to all who had to pay 8¢ postage last time because it failed to occur to me that 12 pages plus cover equal more than one ounce. In some cases at least, our ever-alert postal authorities did notice it. Sorry.



People in authority are always making decisions that vitally affect my life without even so much as asking me what I think about it. They've been doing it all my life, and I'm beginning to get fed up.

Nobody asked me if I wanted postal rates raised. Not this time, or the time before that, or the time before that, or . . . If I had been consulted, I would have said no, but no one even thought to ask.

Or take year-round Daylight Savings Time. Or the Pentagon budget. Consider the matter of shale oil development in Colorado, or the Alaska pipeline. Restoration of the death penalty...Amnesty ...

The list could be endless.

Some of these things involve the expenditure of literally millions or even billions of dollars. How much would a phone call or a telegram cost? (They could use evening or weekend or night letter rates; hell, I'm not proud). A mere pittance! And yet it never happens; never has.

Oh, I get questionnaires occasionally from my congressman, asking for my views on important issues, but with the questions so carefully loaded as to insure answers supporting the position he's already committed to. I either don't take the questionnaire or send it back with a note saying that I know he's being tricky and don't approve. But it's a punch-card form, presumably processed by a computer, and thus my response is invalidated. I know it's never heeded. Congressmen do encourage their constituents to write letters. But if they get a flood of letters that oppose something they're for--or vice versa--they accuse some pressure group of conducting a letter-writing campaign and issue statements saying they pay little attention to such concerted efforts. Someone who writes just on his own initiative can be ignored as not being representative of any significant body of opinion.

The same politicians who say they want mail from the voters also say the best way to find out what the people back home are thinking is to get out among them, to meet them face to face, to talk with them -- and, as they always say -- to listen to their views.

I'm going to digress here for the purpose of giving you an almost-intimate glimpse into one of the domestic paradoxes that characterize the Thompson household. In contradiction to the anti-authoritarian sentiments I've just been espousing, I'm not asking if you want me to do this--I'm going to damn

well do it (I don't mind me being authoritarian), and if I can remember what point I was originally trying to make, I may swing back to it; if not, there's no telling where we may end up.

My wife and I are basically incompatible. We've known this from the beginning of our relationship, and we decided to accept it, and that acceptance, undoubtedly, has been the key to what most people would consider an unusually harmonious marriage. When you actually start enumerating, Carolyn and I have very little in common. Our backgrounds, for example, are dramatically different, quite apart from the fact that she's an only child and I was one of three children. Her parents are Midwesterners, educators, with a long family tradition of education, culture, conservatism, middle class respectability. My parents were the end product of a long line of Virginia hillbillies. They fled the hills at a fairly young age, but to this day when they speak of "back home" that's what they mean. My father never finished fifth grade, but that was never a handicap to him. For most of his life he was a fireman and engineman for the Union Pacific Railroad, and for a time at least, early in Carolyn's and my marriage, he was making more money than Carolyn's father with his doctorate and full professorship. (I'm not trying to prove anything with all this; just dropping in facts as they occur to me).

My parents, when they moved west, brought with them many of the back hills and Old South attitudes. Politically, of course, they were Democrats (pre-Civil War -- sorry, I mean War Between the States-- states-rights Democrats). But they were also New Deal Democrats, and Franklin D. Roosevelt was more than just a President: he was almost a diety, because he was For the Working Man. (They rejected with horror the word "socialism" but they supported whole-heartedly those policies of FDR which had been lifted bodily from the platform of the Socialist party).

Carolyn's parents, of course, were staunch Midwestern solid-citizen, free-enterprise Republicans.

My parents were white supremacists. Niggers were all right, but they had to be kept in their place, and the only way to do it was with occasional lynchings. They supported their racial attitudes with scripture, being good Baptists (not really fundamentalist, "hard-shell" Baptists, but it's a pretty subtle distinction from any point of view that I've been able to achieve for the past 30 years or so).

Carolyn's parents were basically rationalists in their religious philosophy, nominally Methodists, but they didn't make a fetish of it. I don't believe Carolyn was ever forced to attend Sunday school, as I was.

All these differences that I've mentioned so far don't really bring us very close to the crux of the matter. In fact they're threatening to lead to a different conclusion from what I had in mind.

For by the time I met Carolyn, when we were in our early 20s, I had rebelled against my parents teachings and had systematically rejected most of their attitudes and values (with the sole exception, perhaps, of the Rooseveltian ideal of social justice). Carolyn had not blindly accepted her parents' views, by any means; she had made slight adjustments to fit her parents' philosophy to the world as she found it, but she hadn't found it necessary to rebel or reject wholesale.

So in 1949 or '50, Carolyn and I had reached about the same point in our intellectual and philosophical development. Our goals seemed quite similar. We both had a high regard for intelligence. (In fact we were probably unbearable intellectual snobs). We were both Liberal in religion and politics, though to differing degrees. I considered myself a militant agnostic; Carolyn was content with the term "skeptical;" I had swung to

a hybrid Bernard Shaw-Eugene Debs type of socialism, while Carolyn was still testing the waters of Harry Truman's Democratic pragmatism. At this stage, it must be admitted that I was much more involved in and interested in politics than Carolyn was. I was on the debate team in college (and a forceful and persuasive speaker I was, too!) and I wrote a firebrand column in the school paper the year before I assumed its editorship. Carolyn's main interests at the time were in literature and in dance. Both of us were interested in writing. (In fact it was through Quill Club that we really became acquainted, and it was our Quill pins that we exchanged when it became Serious).

Bear with me; I have not yet lost track of where I'm going with this line. I think I can bring it back to something relevant.

We recognized our basic incompatibility early. Though we had these few things in common (plus a certain totally irrational fondness for each other) we were already aware of more differences than similarities. At that stage I was a joiner, a doer--I was involved in all sorts of campus activities. No, not all kinds; not social, not athletic. I was a bitter foe of the Greek social organizations (Carolyn was a member of Chi Omega), and a sharp critic of the policy that was making Wyoming famous as a football power.

Carolyn was concerned primarily with keeping her grade average high (she achieved her Phi Beta Kappa key) and with the Modern Dance troupe (a highly physical activity).

Even our mutual interest in writing was rather superficial. Carolyn wrote very little -- rather delicate poems; I was writing Grimly Realistic short stories and beginnings of novels.

Nevertheless we married; we left school, after I'd gone another year to pick up a masters; we had children (and my word, what lovely children! We would have been satisfied, probably, with any kind of ugly brats, but instead we got three of the most beautiful, sweet, loving, intelligent and altogether charming children imaginable; and Carolyn and I were so impressed at each other's role in the production of such perfection that even if our incompatibilities had been more serious than they were, our mutual regard in this respect would have kept us together.

A certain amount of role-reversal was involved in the growth and development of our contradictory natures.

In school I had toyed with the idea of going into politics; I was intrigued by the oratorical and forensic aspects of it. In the years since then, that interest has diminished to virtually nothing.

Carolyn on the other hand has become increasingly interested in politics, and it is by no means inconceivable that within a few years she may decide to seek elective office. Through the League of Women Voters, particularly, she has lobbied for any number of worthy causes, and she has been sporadically active in Democratic party machinations on the local and county level. She is known personally to a number of office holders at various levels.

And this is the crux of the matter, so I'm cutting through a lot of other stuff to get to it. Carolyn and I are very different in many different ways. The one that holds the greatest potential for actual conflict is that I am basically a collector while she is basically a cleaner-outer, but we have managed to achieve workable compromises. In religion, we are both nominal Unitarians, but Carolyn remains a pure rationalist while I have veered more toward mysticism. I am no longer interested in Reality as such; I'm more concerned with exploring in imagination the infinitude of possible realities. Carolyn regards my preoccupation with science fiction (especially the madness of fan publishing which takes up so much of my time nowadays) with a combination of amusement and impatience. But she remains tolerant, and is even

willing occasionally to share in some of the foolishness. She has attended cons with me, and enjoys the costume parties. (She and Claudia, my daughter, were the belly dancers for MileHiCon V). Carolyn has been a very gracious hostess for the three DASFA Christmas parties held at our house, and even, at the one last Christmas, repeated her belly dance for the 4 a.m. dead-doggers.

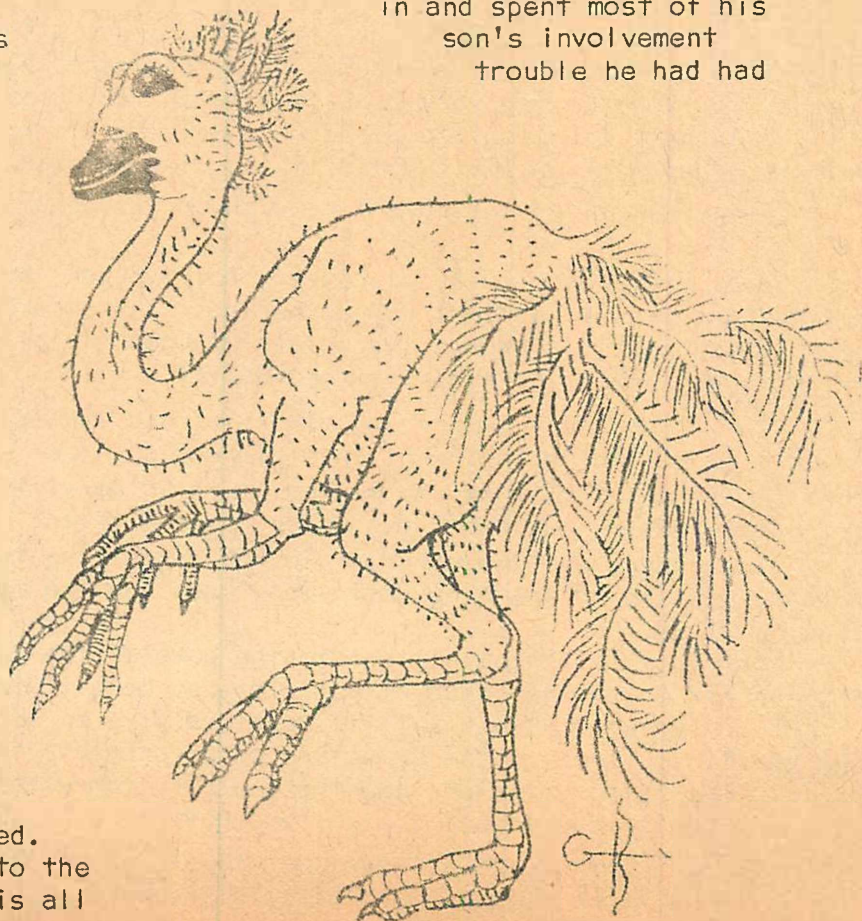
I appreciate all this, and in an effort to show my appreciation I now and then try to take an interest in or at least to participate in some of Carolyn's activities that are well beyond the scope of my true concerns.

For instance, not long ago the League of Women Voters sponsored a "meet your representatives" party at the home of one of the LWV members, and I was persuaded to attend. (The League is always doing things like that, and I have attended my share, though in the past few years I had managed to avoid them. But I was feeling grateful to Carolyn for her recent sacrifices to my interests).

The way it worked, is there were five or six state senators and representatives and maybe as many as 30 Interested Citizens (LWV members and their husbands). To give all the citizens an equal chance to talk with all the office-holders, we broke up into small groups of six or eight each, and the public servants would make the rounds, spending 15 to 20 minutes with each group. As such affairs go, this one went very well. There were two or three people in the group I was in who had definite interests to ask the representatives questions about, and the representatives gave suitably evasive answers, which is what everyone seemed to expect, but their exchanges kept the proceedings moderately lively. I maintained a discreet but attentive silence for the most part, honestly feeling that I simply had nothing at all to contribute. But then Rep. Eldon Cooper came in and spent most of his 20 minutes telling about his son's involvement with marijuana, and the trouble he had had "straightening him out."

He had prayed for him and with him (he runs a good Christian household) had taken the kid before the police, to psychiatrists, had beaten him... I don't know what all. Rep. Cooper made it very clear that he was adamantly opposed to legalization of marijuana, but had come around to the view that maybe it should be somewhat de-criminalized.

Well, here was a subject that I did think I could comment on with some degree of knowledge and understanding, and so I tried to do so. I said: "In the first place I think marijuana should be legalized. Also I think your approach to the matter of kids using drugs is all



wrong. Once you set yourself up as their enemy on something like that, you've lost them, of course, and . . . "

But that was as far as I got.

I was quite prepared and willing to explain to Rep. Cooper and to the attendant Interested Citizens how I had handled the "problem" when it came to my attention that my son was using drugs. (I'll tell you, since I didn't have a chance to tell anyone then, that I did virtually nothing, at least in terms of challenging, or confronting, or lecturing or trying to "straighten him out." Bruce knew that I knew he was smoking a little hash occasionally and dropping a bit of mescaline now and again; he knew I knew because he had told me, and I was perhaps inordinately proud of the fact that he had trusted me to that extent. I was sure as hell not about to betray him to the fuzz. I knew he was a bright kid; I knew he was inherently cautious and I knew he was aware of the possible penalties. So I didn't even tell him to be careful; I assumed that he would be. Okay, I admit I was a little nervous. I was very much aware of the risks involved, too--that there was a chance Bruce could spend some time in jail and I might end up paying a few thousand dollars in attorneys' fees. But what the hell! It's a risk just letting a kid go to school at all. Life is full of risks. ((For that matter, jail can be just as educational as school)). The one thing I did that maybe influenced Bruce as much as anything wasn't done with that in mind-- it was just simple curiosity on my part: I dropped a hit of LSD myself, and when Bruce found out about that it sort of blew his mind. Also at about this same time he graduated from high school and took a long cross-country driving trip with his grandparents--my parents, who, I am happy to say, had outgrown some of the outrageous attitudes against which I had found it necessary to rebel-- and when Bruce returned his head was in a whole different place).

Rep. Cooper reacted to my attempt to argue with him as though I had attacked him physically. He reeled back, recovered himself quickly and pierced me (yea, to the very heart!) with an icy, hostile gaze.

"You have the right to disagree. But there's no point discussing the matter because I know I'm right on this. I know from experience!"

He then noticed that his time with our group was up, and he left.

Rep. Eldon Cooper is, of course, not typical, not even of the other politicians present at that LWV gathering. The others were much smoother, much less dogmatic (perhaps I should give Cooper a plus mark for at least being honest where the others were evasive).

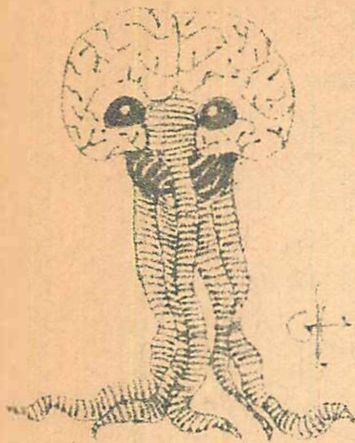
But it was Rep. Cooper and others of his ilk that I was thinking about clear back at the beginning of this digression, when I was saying something about politicians claiming to listen to their constituents. Many of them are great talkers but don't even know how to listen.

Then there are the others (I'm not forgetting them) who lack the guts to take a stand on anything until they know how the majority of the voters feel about it.

But this still doesn't get to the core of the incompatibility between Carolyn and me on the issue of politics, so here it is:

Carolyn still takes politics seriously; I do not. She believes that the political process, the structure of government, the legislative houses, and the executive divisions and the court system--that all this has some relationship to the actual control and governing of the country. I do not.

On the contrary, I believe that this entire elaborate structure is just a charade, a stage setting, an incredibly complicated game existing solely



(...A Secret Master...?)

for the entertainment of the masses -- and, of course, to provide jobs for people who have no useful skills.

In short, I have embraced the Conspiracy Theory. Now, I don't say which conspiracy theory. I have no idea who the conspirators are. Maybe they're the Deros, maybe the aliens from the flying saucers; perhaps it is the Communists, or that cartel of international Jewish bankers (personally I have very strong suspicions that the oil billionaires and the Pentagon generals are in on it). For all I know, the Secret Masters of Fandom may also be the Secret Masters of the World. That idea both appeals to me and has a high degree of plausibility and explains, in part, why I persist in my fannish activity. I figure that my chances of contacting the true sources of Power are at least as good through my fanac as Carolyn's chances are through her political activity. I'm going to keep trying, and when and if I manage to get through to the Powers That Be, there's a thing or two I want to tell them -- not the least of which is that really, they ought to consult

me before embarking on some of the courses of action that they take. They could save themselves a lot of grief, and it wouldn't cost much. A phone call . . . A night letter . . .

And that, strangely enough, brings me back to the thought that was in my mind when I first started this discourse (I wish people would quit referring to the things I write in DON--o--SAUR as editorials; they're not. I know what editorials are: I have written them for newspapers and various other publications, and believe me, these ain't them. What I do is discourses, if you please!)

You'll never guess what that thought was. It had nothing to do with politics or politicians, nothing to do with domestic disharmonies or with drugs or child-rearing or conspiracies-- not even with my fury over the hike in postal rates.

No. I was simply wishing that someone in the power structure of Metropolitan State College had thought to ask me if I thought this would be a good week to have final exams for Winter Quarter. I would have said, "No, because this is the week I have to do DON--o--SAUR, and if I'm tied up with giving and grading finals, then I won't have time to write anything myself and will have to fill DoS with locs."

However, I gather from the responses to DoS #29 that locs are in general far more popular than fanzine reviews, so I should probably be apologizing for having taken so long to get around to them this issue.

Anyway, here they are: mostly excerpts, or, as Ted Peak suggested in a loc that never got published,

"F L Y - B Y ' S"

Ted Peak
1556 Detroit #1
Denver CO 80206

Your definition of "where you're at", along with the capsule history, was fascinating. Don't feel that what you say in sections like that are too personal to be of interest to your readers. After all, we are of one mind in many respects. You may touch a personal chord somewhere, and that person will say, "Hey. That's me. I'm not alone after all." That's a fine gift to offer . . .



John Robinson
1-101st Street
Troy, NY 12180

It's interesting that you didn't know about the art of excerpting from letters. That's Donn Brazier's stock in trade. And the habit goes back even further to Bill Bowers, and perhaps others before the mid 60's... Are you certain that Don Thompson is not the secret identity of Carl Kolchak, hero of both THE NIGHT STALKER and THE NIGHT STRANGLER and a movie yet to come? The story of your life is a lot like Kolchak's, sort of.

P.S. Sheryl Birkhead is so gooey-syrupy that she gave me her banana split at Torcon. I ended up paying for it anyway.

Donn Brazier [re the energy situation] I think it was Tom Digby who proposed using the sewer system for a subway. Why not? 1455 Fawnvalley Dr. St. Louis, Mo. 63131 A small, long, flexible submersible craft enters and leaves spic and span locks, just like a spaceship. It zips downtown, rises to a station through an automatic washer and deodorizer and disgorges its passengers. You could wait for someone at the station, and when the sub-craft was late, you could ask, "Where in the shit were you so long?"

[and re my review of TITLE in DOS 29] You boost my ego by seeming to care about my personality. What I am, I think, more than anything, is this: I'm young. I still get a kick out of 'discovering,' following the 'what if..' to some sfictional conclusion. And I go for people of the same ilk regardless of their BNF standing in fandom; and T's success is due partly to quoting lotsaloc and doing it every month.

[message received!]

Charlie Brown LOCUS PUBLICATIONS Box 3938 San Francisco CA 94119 Your fanzine was enjoyable as usual. You're a fine writer and thank Ghod seem to lack the cynicism which seems to overtake most writers after a few years. Would you be interested in doing reviews and such for LOCUS on an infrequent basis?

[That one, of course, was thrown in as pure egoboo. Could any faned have possibly resisted printing such a note? I evaded Charlie's question by semi-accepting the invitation but asking for more details].

Mike Glicksohn 141 High Park Ave Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3 Listen, you festering pile of parrot droppings! Your kind make me puke! You vacuous, toffee-nosed, malodorous pervert!! There I was, fooling all of fandom into thinking I was a nice, even-tempered fellow, and you come along and tell them I'm really an unkind person. What kind of inaccurate crap is that?

[I almost hate to break into this rhapsodic flow of purplish rhetoric, but I really should explain that what Mike is so seemingly upset about is a comment I made about him in COPROLITES (the D'APA half of DON-o-SAUR, if you recall), and all I did was take note of the fact that he says he doesn't like cats. Well, my exact words were that he was a "notoriously unkind person," but how any reasonable person could take offense at such a self-evident label is beyond my understanding. Mike further demonstrates his essential uncharitableness:]

...I'm perfectly willing to vote for a complete ban on electric typers, as I don't have one. If this old office model Underwood was good enough for NERG, why do all you pretentious artsy-fartsy



effete creeps need all those pretty balls? Sounds downright unAmerican to me!... I'll have to hope that my snake is one of the "people" at TORCON that you knew through fanzines rather than through letters.

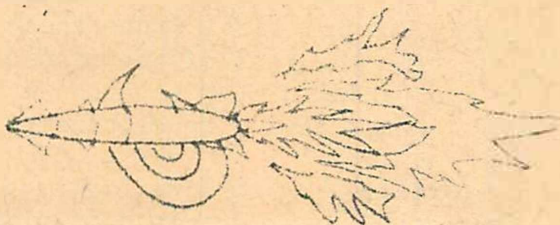
If I find he's been sneaking out while I'm at work and using this typewriter again, I'm going to have his hide... literally.

...Keep up the excellent work. Less frequently, though, fiend! And get some better artwork. And get rid of that shit lettering on the cover. Ugly, ugly! And don't stop writing as well as you do: we got need of people like you in fandumb...

Jackie Franke ...We have 3 cats (one pregnant and due to litter any
Box 51-A RR2 day now) yet I don't consider myself a cat fancier--
Beecher IL 60401 nor a dog/horse/goat or even wombat lover. Some animals
 and I get along; some don't. I've met cats I've loathed--
and the feeling was mutual--as well as individuals of other species includ-
ing Homo Sap. In fact all my relationships are individualistic. Relating
to a category is well-nigh impossible for my mental gearings.

But I would like to ask Mike just what is so endearing about boas. They
seem far more "petty, rather stupid creatures" than the majority of felines
I've encountered... Sometimes fanciers of particular animals can outdo
Heinlein in their statements . . .

Brett Cox Thanks very much for DoS 29--I
Box 542 enjoyed it, but I
Tabor City, NC 28463 can't really think
 of anything to
say about it. Next time, forget about
deadlines and put either some locs or
some perzine stuff in--preferably both.



Ken Gammage Jr. Oh goody, another Don-o-
7865 E. Roseland Dr. Saur. And from that nice
LaJolla, CA 92037 Don Thomp---whazzis? 8¢ postage
 due?! Who does he think he is!! Grrrr...
 [BLUSH]

Fan-zine reviews. Ho. Hum. Well. I like your fanzine reviews, Don. You
do an honest job at an unpleasant task, sticking with when other, smarter
people, like myself have said no way. But. I prefer locs. This is a per-
sonal prejudice, of course. But I find LoCs stimulating and they make me
want to loc back. As it is, what can I say about a bunch of fan-zine
reviews?

Don D'Amassa I feel much the same as you about the term "energy
19 Angell Drive crisis". In fact, I suspect that the "crisis" is be-
E. Providence RI coming a way of life. Larger automobiles seem doomed
02914 and I don't much mind. (I drive a Fiat 128). Gas
 lines are going to become the norm, despite everything,
as I see it. The overall standard of living in the US will probably be drop-
ped for the first time in memory. My only worry is that the mass of the
American people are going to be looking for someone to blame. Right now they
seem to be picking on politicians, Nixon in particular. But sooner or later
they are going to look for another target. Will it be blacks, hippies, lib-
erals, conservatives, educators, business, media, or who? I'm frankly a bit
worried.

[So am I, because I think you're right, and I fit into too many of those
categories myself (liberal, newspaperman, educator, businessman--even hippie,
according to some views) for me to feel at all comfortable or complacent].

Stan Woolston
12832 Westlake St.
Garden Grove CA
92640

I know "energy crisis" as a term bugs me, even if I walk more than I ride in a car... Entropy has us by the throat but whether it's a lack of fuel or a lack of greed-control is uncertain. Probably #2 causes #1. But "a wind-mill on every garage" is my current motto--even though

I have none. In my dreams I can see it though--Stan's Energy Savers-- with cash in every pocket (mine) resulting.

Sp4 Bruce D. Arthurs
527-98-3103
57th Trans Co.
Fort Lee VA 23801

...I won't be cutting back on POWERMAD, after all. I finally figured out that the amount of gas I use is so little that even with trips to Ned Brooks' every month or so, I'm still way below the average driver.

Living in the same building where you work saves a hell of a lot of gas. The mess hall is right across the street, and the library and moviehouse are a five minute walk away. And I'm a stay-at-home by natural inclination anyway, so I don't go out cruising the bars and such as a lot of soldiers do. Of course staying around the barracks so much does give me a reputation for being "strange" but whathell. So. . . PM and GODLESS will still be coming out on the same irregular schedule.

Glad my little bit on "Fandom and the Energy Crisis" set you thinking. Actually, when I first wrote those "rules" I meant them totally as a joke, but by the time the rest of the issue was written, the crisis had been propagandized and panicked over so much that they could be taken seriously, as you did. I'm not giving up electrostencils or electric mimeos either.

Jodie Offutt
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY
40329

You're right. Energy crisis has gotten tiresome. It puts one in mind of other words and phrases: war effort, duration, police action, Korean conflict. "The human condition" is another phrase that is rapidly putting me off. You are also right about just how much any of us is willing to sacrifice to the conservation effort. It's all relative and I'll bet nobody in this country is changing his/her life style. Oh, we're all doing a few little things (and feeling very patriotic about them), but nothing that really puts us out.

No lights on the Christmas tree. Big deal. I quit using the electric can opener and knife (which I didn't use much anyway) and paper plates. Shrug.

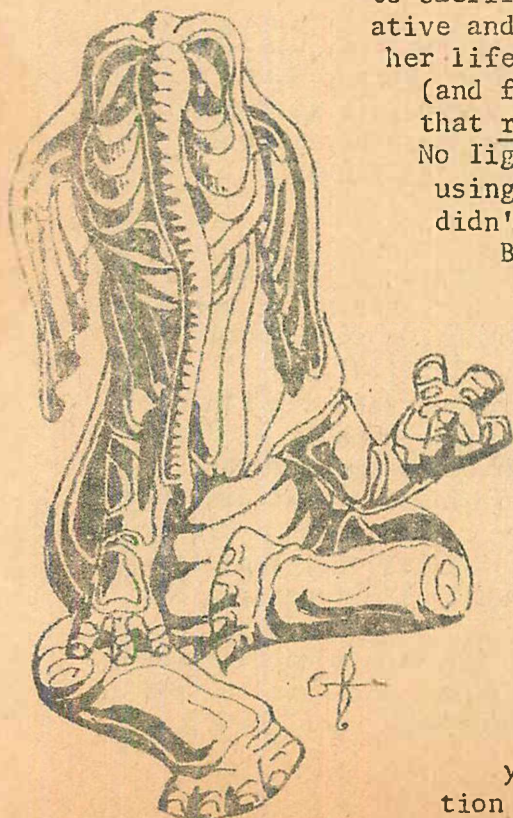
But give up my Selectric or my washing machine, or the radio? I'll be damned!!

As a nation we've been pretty lucky. The price of fuel all over Europe has been higher than ours is now since WWII. They've been using small cars and building mass transit systems while we've been Detroited to death and building highways. Our resources aren't running out, but it is going to cost like hell to get at them.

Around here we're on Sheryl Birkhead
the Oregon plan--with 23629 Woodfield Rd.
Saturday being a "free- Gaithersburg, MD
for-all" day--i.e., if 20760

you can find a station open

you are at liberty to try to kill off the competition and stay in line--hoping and praying the station



will open, the amount he's willing to sell you is "enough to at least get home" and that he doesn't close down before he reaches you...I don't think I'll ever take a tankful of gas for granted again! ...

Mike Blake I have been surprised that there has been so little discussion of the energy crisis in fanzines. Surely this is a situation which can have much more of a damaging effect on fandom than any other interest-oriented group.

71 South Bend St.
Pawtucket RI
02860

Amateur radio is one such group I have loose contacts with, having many analogues with the field of amateur publishing. A federal law would have to be passed before the "hams" of my acquaintance will give up their hobby (and they would do so very reluctantly at that)....

Fandom does not have the great potential for public service that amateur radio has and has displayed during emergencies and natural disaster. Thus they have a viable excuse for continuing with their hobby when energy is at a premium. Fans tend to display the extreme opposite of this reaction to society's non-acceptance of their hobby, flaunting their differences from the "mundanes" and wearing it like a badge..."Tis a proud and lonely thing to be a fan." .. if things keep going in the direction they are headed, con attendance is sure to be seriously affected in the future, and it will become a very lonely thing to be a fan.

Kevin Williams ...I haven't given up much, so I suppose I'm as culpable as the oil companies. But damn it, I'm not giving up my electric typer. Take my car, take my TV, but he who grabs my typer may very well pull back a pair of bloody stubs.

2331 S. 6th
Springfield, IL
62703

What this country needs is not a Simple Simon, but a Pi

Man. Perhaps the answer is for everyone to give up driving and start streaking. Or we could revive the rickshaw. Or the horse. And in winter we could all drive dogsleds...

[Barely room to include a couple other excerpts on other subjects]

Joe L. Hensley I've found that I grow nervous and a little depressed if I stay away from the typer too long. I can substitute for a while. I can write letters; I can read, but it doesn't last forever. But right now I'm sort of between. I've a book coming out this month [February] and I sold another to Doubleday last month. Then I sent 70 pages on a proposed book on to Virginia Kidd a few days back.

2315 Blackmore
Madison, IN
47250

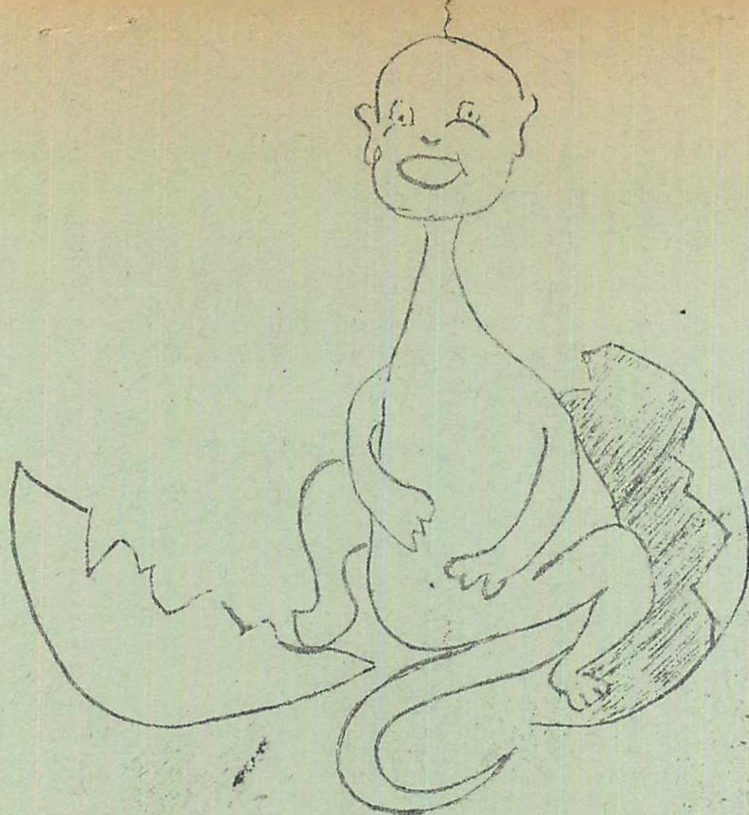
Might I hint that DoS is a substitute for you? Not that it isn't an acceptable substitute. It is of course. But anything which steals from your time must be cautiously approached, examined, and, if possible, discarded or limited.

Henry Bitman I don't know if the enclosed is a good likeness [see back cover; add whiskers, and it's embarrassingly close]...

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I would say you lead a rather ideal life as a writer. What with teaching in college, part-time newspaper job and story writing, plus DoS. You've sold some. You have good prospects for the present and future. You've hooked me. You're doing well in a well-rounded way, by my standards.

AHF: Don Ayres, Claire Beck, Bill Breiding, Karen Burgett, Ann Chamberlain, Moshe Feder, William Fesselmeyer, Gordon Garb, Fred Goldstein, Art & Florise Hayes, Rose Hogue, Dorothy Jones, Jeff May, Chris Sherman, Bob Peterson --and Harry Warner Jr. ART CREDITS: FC, Sheryl Birkhead; BC, Henry Bitman, logo, Mike Blake; all others, Gail Barton.



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