

GALLERY



NUMBER

spring

EIGHT

Contributors

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DEAN A. GRENNELL

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TO

GALLERY NUMBER 3 Spring 1958

Published by Chick Derry, at
3 Oak Drive, Brandywine, Mary-
land, USA, just for the hell of
it, and distributed to FAPA,
OMPA, and to interested
friends. Contributions
WELCOMED

BRANDYWINE
PUBLICATIONS



George Metzger drew the cover over a year ago. I wrote a letter to the Bard of Belfast some months ago on the back of a copy. John Berry was so enthusiastic he rushed to the fabulous Shaw-Berry Typewriter and pounded out the following TRUE account. I'm a publisher known for his fearlessness - and lack of good material, so I'm publishing it. You lucky fans.

THE BARE FACTS

By John Berry

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE OF PURITY AND DECENCY

Washington Branch

Inter Office Memo

February 1958

TO: The Secretary

FROM: Special Investigator Trewlaw Freeboot

Subject: Inquiry Re: Alleged Indecent Happenings
At The Brandywine GDA Office.

Sir:

I beg to submit this report regarding the matter (see above) I was requested to investigate last week:

The memo I received from you mentioned a report that an unclothed girl of tender years was seen sitting on a desk in the local GDA office, suffering the scrutiny of an individual named Chick Derry (alias Chuck Derry), and that immediately afterwards the blinds were drawn, and horrible, high-pitched noises, intermingled with screams, were alleged to have come from the darkened room.

I proceeded to Brandywine and called at the GDA office. A strange figured confronted me, who introduced himself as the aforementioned Derry. He definitely looked the keen operator, as our contact intimated. His hair was slicked back, and a shaggy-chewed moustache decorated his upper lip. His opening remark was :-

"You a faaaan?"

Using my initiative, I gave a noncommittal nod, and Derry gestured me past him. I entered the office, and I saw immediately that Derry was a fit subject for investigation by our beloved society. The walls were covered with a series of nude or semi-nude pictures depicting certain well-known film stars. I strained my eyes in an effort to see where the pictures might have originated from, for future reference, and inadvertently tripped over a coffee percolator...one of many I saw in the GDA office. I turned a double somersault and landed smack against the wall underneath an illustration of a hobo-type specimen wearing a trilby and a long drooping moustache.

I picked myself up, and Derry came over and shook my hand warmly.

"There is no need for you to appear quite so damned enthusiastic towards our leader," exclaimed Derry, "a donation to the GDA Benevolent Fund would prove your loyalty just as much."

He indicated a box in the corner, in which was a slit, tailored to fit a half-folded dollar bill. I complied.

"Now," said Derry, pointing to an empty melon box, "what can the GDA do ~~for~~ for you?"

This worried me. I had no idea what the GDA was supposed to do for (or to) people. But I saw the pin-ups on the wall.

"I'm interested in unclothed girls," I said, with my fingers crossed.

"Aren't we all?" sniffed Derry.

He passed me a pair of 3D glasses.

"I've a series of booklets here showing Diana Dors in various poses.."

"No, no," I said. "Unclothed girls ...in the flesh."

Derry's eyes glinted. He whipped out a dixie cup, squirted it with black coffee, and sipped it slowly. He looked me over.

He tossed a paper over to me. I saw it was an application form for joining the GDA.

"I'm in no rush for the five dollar initiation fee," he hissed, "it'll do within the next five minutes."

I started to fill out the form, when I saw query #3...What fanzine do you sub to?...and even more strange, query #4...are you in OMPA, FAPA, or SAPS?...all this mystified me. So having already sized up the place, and knowing I couldn't bluff any more, I suddenly staggered back and made the weak excuse I though the initial letters G.D.A. stood for the Girlie Disrobing Association.

Derry pondered over this, and asked me to foreward him an application form when I did find the Association...and then he shot a glance at the hobo on the wall, and said "Make it two application forms." He showed me out and slammed the door after me.

This Brandywine dump sports a fourth class hotel, and by a happy coincidence it was opposite the GDA office. I booked in, and asked for a room facing the main street (see expense account attached) and I ensconced myself at the window for the next two days.

My Vigil was rewarded on the evening of the second day.

A young and beautiful girl with superb figure, knocked at the GDA office door, and was admitted...Derry pulling her in so fast she left her high heeled shoes quivering on the doormat.



Using my issue binoculars, I focused on the desk, and saw the girl emerge from a back room, entirely devoid of clothing. She swayed forward, and as I wiped the lens, the blind shot down. Once again, however, I heard the same noises as mentioned in your original memo.

Overcome with indignation at the plight of this poor girl in the hands of a GDA agent, I pulled myself back into the room, rushed downstairs, and reached the GDA office just as the door opened and the young girl came out.

She was blushing profusely, and looked coyly at Derry as he ushered her through.

"You're learning fast, deah," he announced, "and with a little more practice you'll prove entirely satisfactory to your employers." Aha. I sensed it immediately. Derry...was in the white slave trade.

I walked past Derry as if I was in deep thought, toured the block and reentered my hotel by the back entrance.

Round about seven o'clock it was dark, and then the climax occurred. I saw the lights in the GDA office dim, and Derry came out in a belted trenchcoat, the collar around his ears. In his left hand he carried a sort of long case, wide at one end, narrow at the other, which I associated immediately with the receptacle gangsters usually carry tommyguns in. Whipping on an issue falsebeard, I followed Derry downtown, and saw him meet the girl and enter a long narrow building.

I followed, tense and excited.

In all my years as an investigator for our wonderful society, I'd never had the ~~good fortune~~ misfortune to tackle such a case, flaunting every concept of purity and chastity which we proudly proclaim at our weekly meetings.

I waited outside the door, and then, horror of horrors, I heard the same terrible squealing and wailing noises coming from within. So!



Derry had transferred his heinous activities from the GDA office to this more secluded place.

AND THEN I HEARD APPLAUSE....DEAFENING APPLAUSE.

I'd read about these exhibitions in France and other continental countries (solely, I might add, to further my experience as a League of Purity and Decency investigator) and I realized I needed just one quick glance at the sordid scene to make a 100 per cent foolproof case, and I had visions of describing the full scene in my report in great detail (isn't it 500 copies, one for each of our members?) for your perusal and decision for subsequent prosecution within the full meaning of the law.

So I opened the door and rushed in.....

(Upon reading thus far, Mr. Secretary, I secretly feel I may have prepared you to expect a climax as befitting the contrary to our fine upstanding ideals, when such an affair did not, unfortunately, take place).

Everything appeared to be quite normal inside the building (a converted barn, in much use in the Brandywine area for social occasions) and a groupe of Brandywineites were seated on hard benches, facing towards a raised stage on which a sophisticated play was apparently being produced.

I rushed out again, ran down the road to the GDA office. The light was on. I peered underneath the blind. Derry was flipping through a roll of dollar bills. He thumbed it roughly in two, flipped the smaller bundle to the girl.

"Well done, deah," I heard him say. "I hear the same play is being produced at Hyattsville next month. I have a contract there, so I can probably fix it. I'll let you know in plenty of time so that we can rehearse together again."

The girl smiled, and I dodged down the side of the shack as she came out.

I was perplexed. I thought deeply. I made up my mind. I retraced my steps back to the barn. I went to the front entrance. And then everything clicked into place, as I read the advertising poster.

The play was Noel Coward's "Nude and Violin". Underneath in small print were the words: "Special effects by Chick Derry and Partner".

It appears, therefore, that Derry is merely earning a fast buck, and utilizing the GDA office to rehearse a gimmick to give the play a suitable beginning.

Annoying and rather frustrating, isn't it?

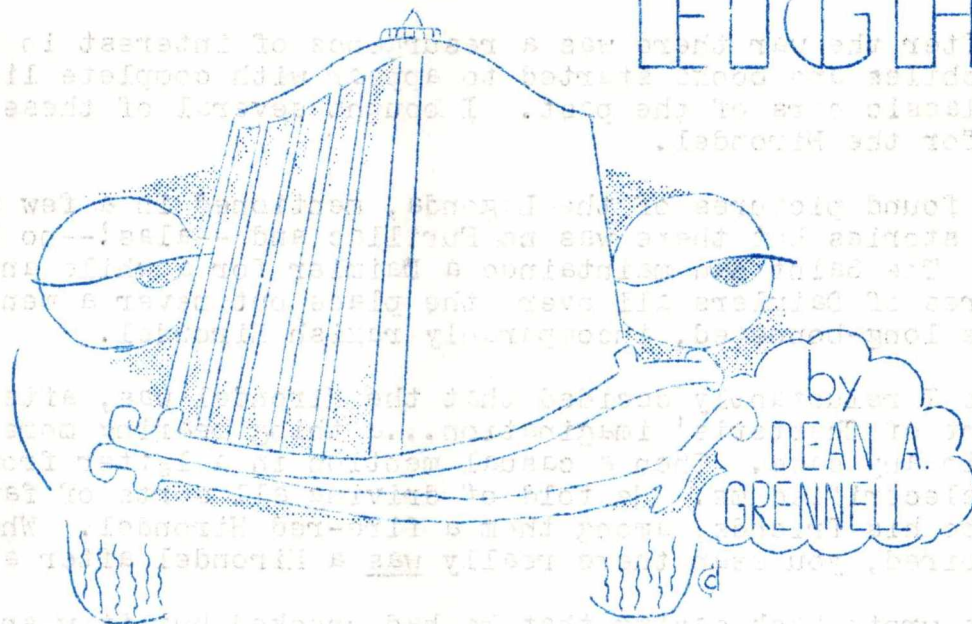
Trewlaw Freeboot
.....
Special Investigator: TALOPAD

P.S. This is only a suggestion, but do you think we could start a Girlie Disrobing Association? (Lets! cd)

THIRTEEN

and

EIGHT



I have this letter from Derry, see?, and it says among other things, "I'd like to have you-all, very mooch, anything but guns, and old cars preferred."

There is a sentence to gladden the heart of an attorney and I include it for the benefit of our Mr. Speer. It is capable of an infinitude of interpretations but I choose to take it that he would like me to write about something other than guns and that he thinks something about old cars would be nice. Another sentence I've been meaning to bring to Juffus's attention is, "She's the man who drives the cab's sister."

Looking back, it seems as though my life has consisted of nearly 34 years of faunching for various forms of motorized transport--usually without notable success.

Sometime in the latter nineteen-thirties I encountered the books by Leslie Charteris about Simon Templar, alias "The Saint". Eventually I even puzzled out the bit about "he was called that partly due to his initials" to refer to the fact that "St." often refers to saint as in "St. Louis". I duly admired Simon's ingenuity in choosing the rather macabre nom-de-guerre of "Sebastian Tombs" because its initials matched his own and I concocted, at that time, a similar alias for myself on the same basis: Douglas Graves. I recall using it at every possible opportunity and a few that bordered upon the impossible and was so taken with it in the impetuoussness of youth that I even considered having my name legally changed to it, but not very seriously.

One of the most hell-for-leather glamorous things about The Saint, I always thought, was his car. This, you will recall, was a "Hirondel"

It was extensively described and referred to and drooled over in most of the stories and for many years I believed in the existence of the Hirondel as a make of motor car as indubitable as the Ford or Pierce-Arrow.

After the war there was a resurgence of interest in the classier automobiles and books started to appear with complete listings of all the classic cars of the past. I bought several of these and looked in vain for the Hirondel.

I found pictures of the Lagonda, mentioned in a few of the earliest Saint stories but there was no Furillac and --alas!--no Hirondel to be seen. The Saint had maintained a Daimler for a while and there were pictures of Daimlers all over the place but never a mention nor a pic of the long-bonneted, incomparably rakish Hirondel.

So I reluctantly decided that the Hirondel was, after all, but a figment of Charteris' imagination...a thing bearing more figments than most in any case. Then a casual mention in a letter from Rich (or Alex) Kirs electrified me. He told of driving all sorts of fancy cars belonging to his friends, among them a fire-red Hirondel. What the heck? I inquired, you mean there really was a Hirondel after all?

He wrote back saying that he had checked but it wasn't really a Hirondel although he had thought it was. Turned out to be an Alfa-Romeo or a Bugatti or some similar mundane breed. But I found out something it had never occurred to me to check into: "hirondelle" is a perfectly legitimate French noun meaning either a small river-steamer or a swallow.

So it opens an interesting field for conjecture as to whether Charteris had any particular make of auto in mind when he wrote about the fabulous Hirondel and if so, just which one it was...a Bentley, a Jaguar or what-have-you.

In any case, it was made in England because in one of the three-to-a-book novelettes (I forget which one, offhand) there was a mention that he had gone down to the Hirondel works at some certain city to see about having some things done to his car. This, in fact, afforded him a vital alibi for the time involved during which someone knocked off a member of the ungodly (Simon always fought the ungodly, a term which falls more trippingly from the tongue than the adversaries of Doc Savage who went about righting wrongs and punishing evil-doers) and left The Saint's little stick-man trademark pinned to the cadaver's breast.

Lagondas, as mentioned before, existed in fact although I don't believe they are manufactured. It is worth noting that the name stems from the fact that when the manufacturer, one Wilbur Gunn, commenced making three-wheelers in 1898 he picked the name of a small East Indian village out of a gazetteer and christened his vehicles with it. Furillac may be a slight modification of the name Cadillac or it may be an obscure species now vanished. But if there ever was a real Hirondel, even so astute an





authority on British motor-cars as The Rt. Hon. Chuch Harris kens not of it. I know. I asked him.

On the walls here in the basement (fanac; in Fond du Lac, has a more low-down character than in Belfast) hang many curious mementoes. There are priceless Atom and Rotsler originals, an uncashed check for onw dollar from H.L. Gold (the story of which, as Conan Doyle loved to say, the world is not yet ready for), my certificate of membership in the Romiley Fan Veterans and Scottish Dancing Society, an uncirculated Canadian dollar (the one upon which certain Canadians professed to see the face of the Devil in the Queen's hair as if whispering in her

ear) sent me by P. Howie Lyons and a picture of a Packard.

I clipped the pic of the Packard out of a magazine (it may have been the Ladies Home Companion) somewhere around 1942 and even today it is a joy to contemplate.

It is unobtrusively labelled "Packard Custom Convertible Victoria" and to make the peasants move along to the ads for Arrid it adds "\$4685 as illustrated". This, however, includes white-wall tires.

Glossy with the blackness of polished jet it rests there in solitary grandeur, its upholstery is in genuine leather dyed bright vermilion, its rear deck slopes downward like the rump of a scudding greyhound instead of sticking out in all directions like the hips of a starving cow as do most of today's cars. Its nose is long and lean and indescribably patrician: no nonsense here about visibility, a short person might glimpse the road within a quarter mile unless shimmed up in the derriere with Sears Roebuck catalogues but if the owner of such a car had the misfortune to hit something it was all right. He could afford to pay.

I have often thought that if I should ever come upon such a car as this at a price I could afford I'd like to buy it to tinker with and fondle but the happy day doesn't seem any nearer in 1958 than it did in 1942 when the price would have represented every penny of take-home pay I would have made in nearly five years. Those days there are people who will pay all kinds of crazy prices for something like that to recondition.

I did encounter a Packard One-Eighty--the horsepower of the car in the picture--a year or two ago and for the first time I had a chance to examine one in the flesh, as it were, instead of through the beautifying distortion of the artist's airbrush. This one was a limousine with an enormous tonneau complete with the inevitable jump-seats that folded into the floor when there were no underlings along. It had belonged to the plumbing-ware Kohlers who apparently had shared my infatuation with the 1942 Packard and had bough a small fleet of them.

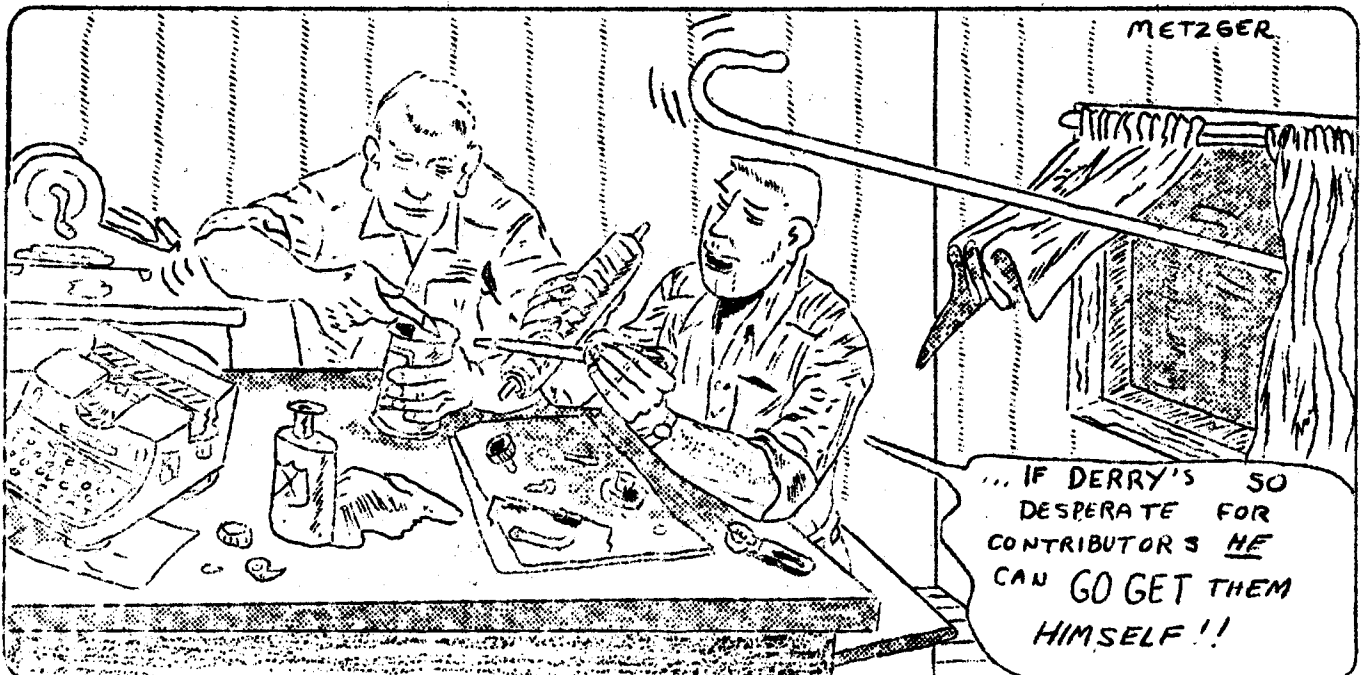
I must confess to a certain degree of disappointment and a guilty

feeling that I was betraying a childhood dream. The first thing that impressed me was that the front seat and dashboard were surprisingly narrow. Moreover, time and the sunlight of a decade had been harsh with the plastic of the dash and instrument panel which now had cracked and curled and bleached into unsightly ruin. Plastics in 1942 were quite a bit less durable than are today's.

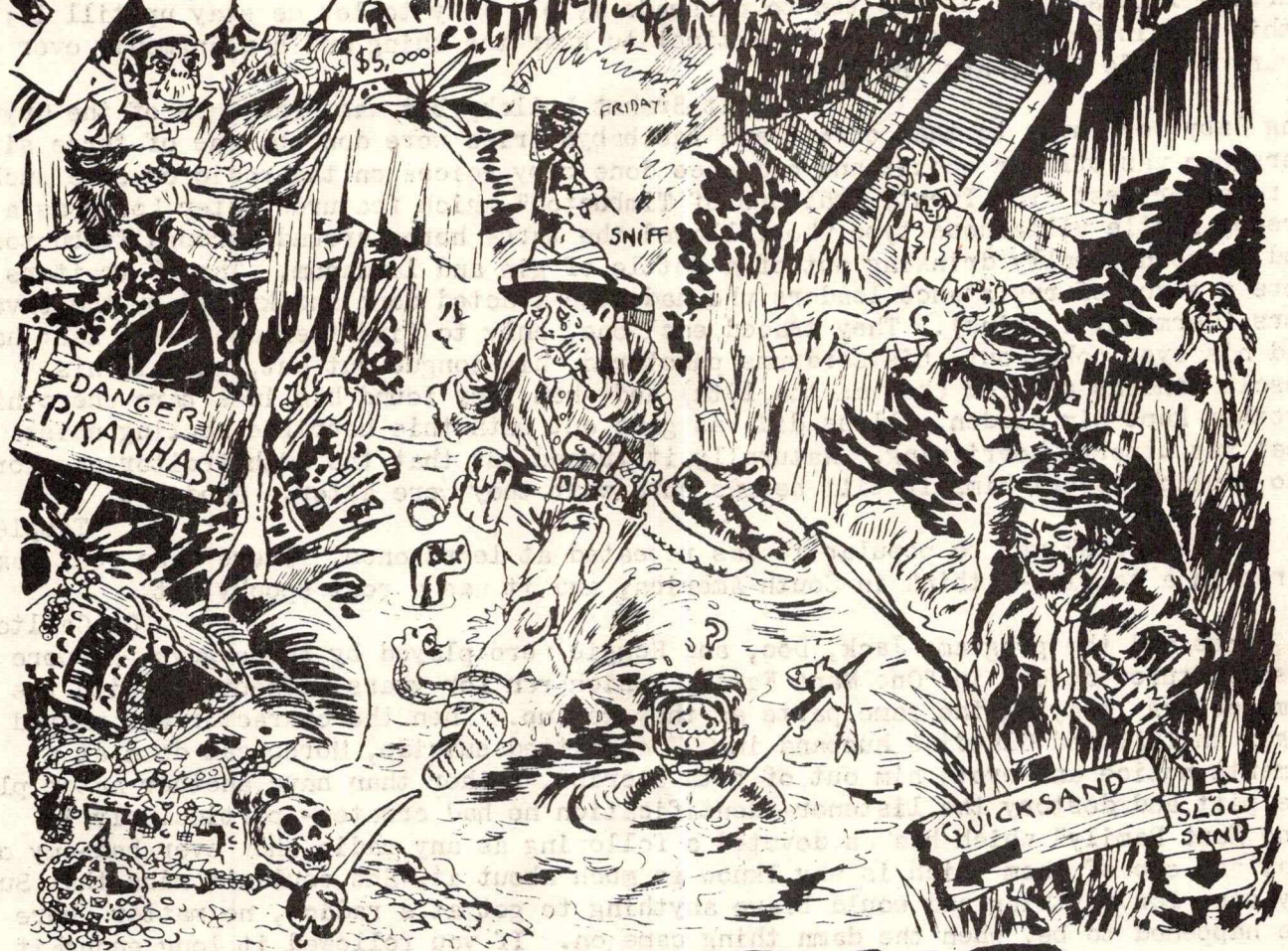
It belonged to a fellow who owned a garage and junkyard in the little town of Greenbrush between Fond du Lac and Sheboygan and there was some question in my mind as to which branch of the business it fitted into but he said it still ran fairly well or had when he's last had it going six months or so before. Said he sometimes rented it during the summers to wedding parties and things. He confessed that for somewhere in the neighborhood of \$125 he would sell it to me.

I felt a moment of wavering indecision--all that mechanism for hardly more than eighteen cents a pound!--it was one of those extremely rare occasions when I actually could have laid my hands on such a quantity of money without making more than two of the kids go barefoot to school...I was sorely tempted but the fact that made up my mind was that I simply didn't have any place to put the damn thing. I recalled how the rotting hulk of the Snipe-class sailboat had cluttered up the space next to the driveway for several years until I practically gave it to the Sea Scouts for \$15 to get rid of it. In my mind's eye I conjured up a vision of the probable reaction on the part of my gentle spouse to the news that we were now the owners of three-four tons of antique Packard, and that tore it. I sighed, shook my head regretfully and climbed back into the '55 Olds which, come to think of it, was also black and white and red and had twenty-two more horsepower than even the ancient Packard, and could hardly have been termed an eyesore by any but the most Dannerristic purist. As I roared silently away the pain was all gone inside of a few miles but I'm glad it wasn't the convertible of that old picture or the wrench would have been a lot worse.

I'm still hanging onto the picture though.



DO YOU FEEL LOST WITHOUT YOUR COPY OF



GALLERY? THEN SUB...

GALLERY IS DEPENDABLE. YOU CAN DEPEND ON IT TO BE IRREGULAR. IS YOUR FAVORITE PAMPHLET APPEARING REGULARLY... NO IRREGULARITY TROUBLES? DO YOU HAVE NO WORRIES? THEN YOU'RE SICK. So...

LIVE MODERN

BE FRUSTRATED... BE INSECURE LIKE EVERY ONE ELSE... ONLY GALLERY CAN DO THIS... BE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE... GET GALLERY...

By METZGER T.L.C.

FOR MONEY AND OTHER USEFUL THINGS, I _____ (NAME)

[MEASUREMENTS IF FEMALE]

DO HERE BY COMMIT MYSELF TO THE GALLERY SUBLIST.

_____ (ADDRESS)

Dumping Ground

.....and here is where those all too few letters you wrote wind up

Dick Ellington, says...I LOVE A MYSTERY brings up fond memories. I remember going through literal hell at age ten to persuade my old lady to let me stay up till 10:00 (this was in Seattle--hence the late time) to hear the thing and hanging madly over every episode for years and years.

That Brahms Lullaby bit was "The Case of the Crying Baby" or words to that effect and the baby's cries were done by one of three sisters who was off her cookie and had once done baby voices on the radio or some such. I remember best "The Twenty Traitors of Timbuctoo" which featured Peter Lorre as a creepy little villainous type who followed the three heroes around through Timbuctoo and was continually drinking out of a bottle of gin and laudanum. The 20 traitors were a group of resistance leaders who had been tracked down and killed by the Invaders (Germans, I think). They traced each one, only to find them dead--the last had had his eyes poked out, his eardrums punctured, his tongue cut out, and all his muscle tendons severed (he was the 19th) and when they found him in a barn where his brother kept him hidden, all he did was give out with this horrible mewling noise that was utterly horrifying. Naturally it turned out that the 20th Traitor was Lorre who wouldn't reveal himself till he was sure what they were after. Good bit.

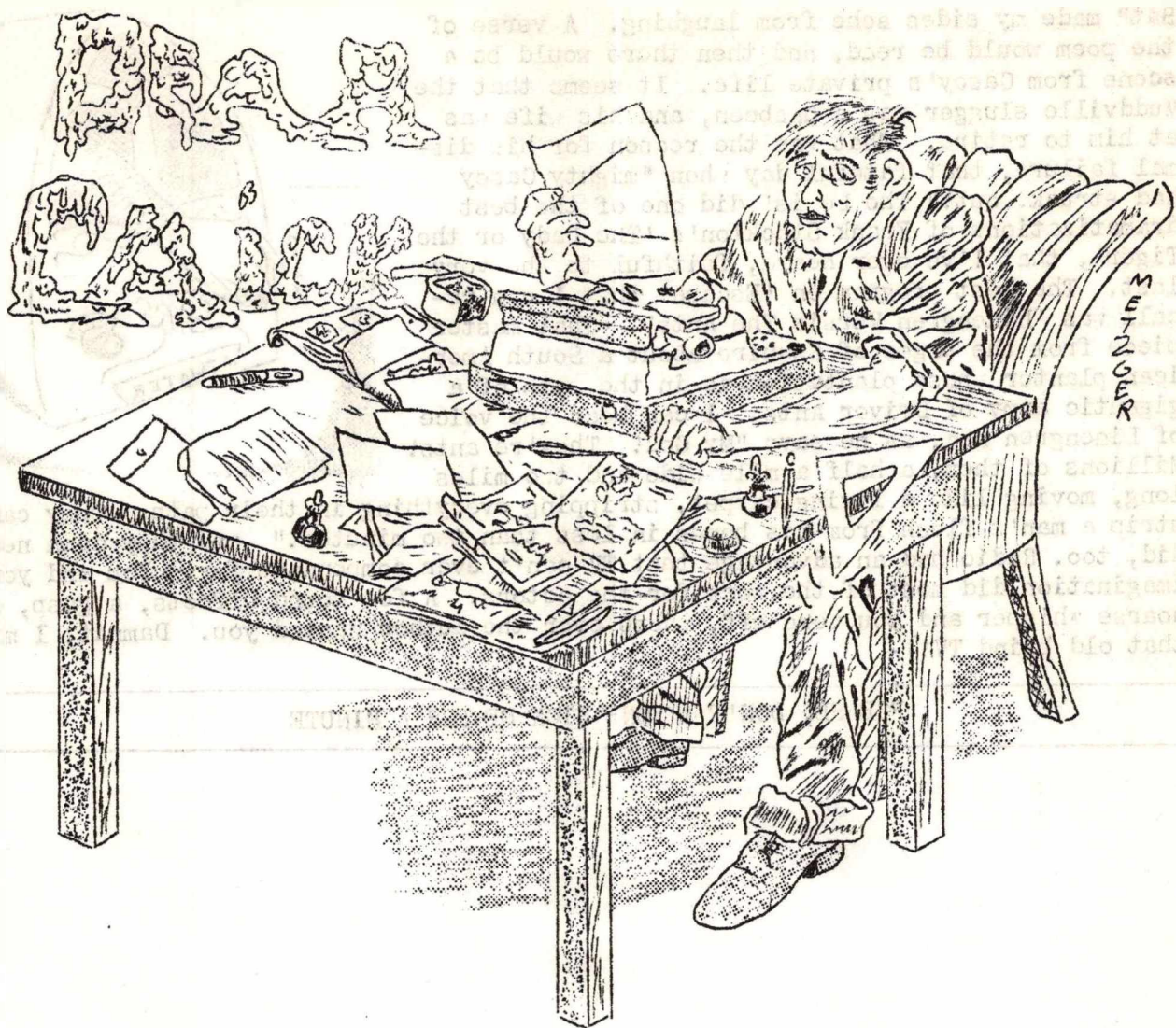
"Temple of the Vampires" was so popular it was repeated at least once. There were real vampires in a temple--I think in South America, and it was a real spooky bit.

On Carlton E. Morse and the program: Jack, Doc, and Reggie were played by three guys who were also featured actors in "One Man's Family" which ran for years without end with the same actors playing the same parts as they grew up. When the character who played Regie in ILAM and Claudia's husband in OMF committed suicide, Morse sat down at a moment's notice and wrote him out of both stories, rather than have another actor play the part and destroy the listener-identification he had created--particularly in "One Man's Family" which had as devoted a following as any radio show ever had--my old lady was one of them which is why I know so much about it. She couldn't miss that Sunday show for anything and would brave anything to get at a radio, no matter where she happened to be, when the damn thing came on. If you followed it long enough it became quite real and the bit of the characters changing, growing up and living real lives was carried out to fantastic extremes of realism. That Regie bit is just a sample. As I remember he committed suicide early in the war and in both stories he was suddenly called to England to join the Army or (more likely) RAF. It was really a weird thing.

-(Doesn't ANYONE remember "The Tropics Don't Call It Murder"? The actor who played Doc on ILAM also played Sgt. Friday's assistant on "Dragnet". His last name was Yarbrough, or Yarborough, I'm not sure. When he died, the present assistant, Smith, took over. Jack Packard on ILAM was the elder brother, Paul on OMF. At last listening OMF was still going strong on radio, and if ILAM was still on radio, I'd be there.)-

George Metzger carries on the discussion with: Nooo, can't say as I do remember "Cathy and Elliot Lewis--On Stage", though I do have a program in mind that may have been it; which came in over a remote station.

"Escape"? Damn right I remember it! They had good stuff. Specifically I remember a story about some guy (this was around the White Cliffs of Dover) who claimed to have access to the tunnel under the English Channel dug by Napoleon so as to sneakily attack Great Britain. This man and girl

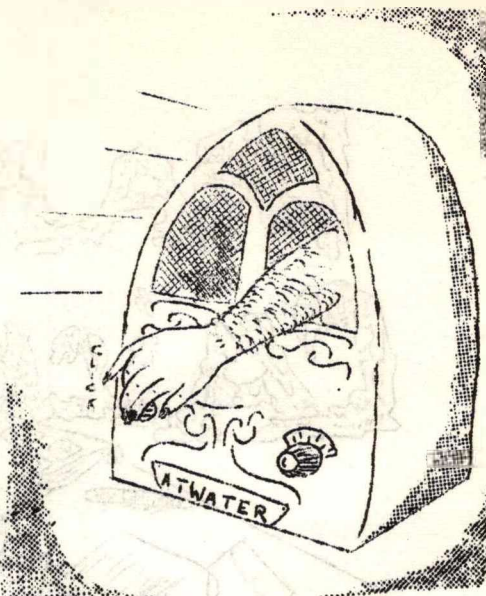


were suspicious for some reason or another. I remember he did use the tunnel..... quicker than going by boat, and he could smuggle his goods across and sell 'em in France. He was going to eliminate the couple, but naturally, they escaped. When they emerged at the entrance they noted a sign in French. Thinking it a street sign and therefore the key to returning, they beat it. Later they asked a gendarme where such and so was... 'oh, but that wasn't a street--that meant Air Raid Shelter'...and how many air raid shelters in France? I dunno, but it seemed enough to make searching futile.

Another story dealt with a ship looking around...or something in an area where a Spanish or Portugese (or like--anyway, real ancient sailor type) navigator had reported a volcano. They didn't see one. It turned out to be submerged. It emerged. The ship was in the middle. "The Boiling Sea" was the name of the story. It'd appeared in some magazine, I believe, and maybe was true. Anyway, they got out and away before she blew. It was close though. Those two shows stick out in my mind the most. Didn't Peter Lorre have a show. Yes. I'm sure. Ghu, did he have a voice. Told how it felt to be strangled. I'll bet some of his listeners choked to death. He had a science fiction story once, I remember.

-(C(K)athy and Elliot Lewis--On Stage was one of the best shows of it's type that I have ever heard. The couple played all the parts, and oftimes this meant a cast of ten or twelve. They presented every type of program imaginable; horror, drama, comedy, and even several in verse. Their story of the private life of "Casey At The

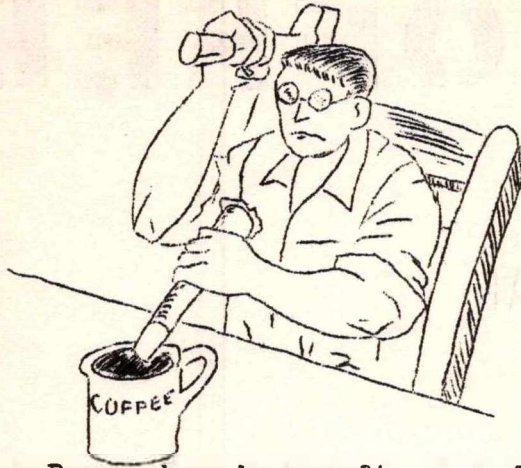
Bat" made my sides ache from laughing. A verse of the poem would be read, and then there would be a scene from Casey's private life. It seems that the Muddville slugger was a hasbeen, and his wife was at him to retire. That was the reason for his dismal failure, that fateful day when "mighty Casey had struck..out!" The Lewis' did one of the best dramatizations of Frank Stockton's 'The Lady or the Tiger', that I've ever heard, faithful to the very last. The best program on 'Escape' that I can recall was 'Linengren Versis The Ants'. That master piece from the pages of Esquire about a South American planter whose plantation is in the path of a gigantic army of Driver Ants. I can hear the voice of Linengren now, as he says "My God! They're ants! Millions of them, a half a mile wide and two miles long, moving like a living carpet, stripping everything in their path. They can strip a man's flesh from his bones in less than two minutes!" and they damn near did, too. Radio had an advantage that TV can't ever compensate for. You and your imagination did most of the work for the actors. A few sound effects, a gasp, or hoarse whisper and you were off, where ever the author wanted you. Damn it, I miss that old blind TV!)-



PLEASE, DON'T ANYONE KICK ME FOR A MINUTE

... were suspicious for some reason or another. I remember he did use the tunnel...
 another story dealt with a ship looking around... for something in an area...
 a Greek or Portuguese (or like anyway, your ancient sailor type) navigator had re-
 ported a volcano. They didn't see one. It turned out to be submerged. It was...
 the ship was in the middle. "The boiling sea" was the name of the story. It was...
 report in some magazine, I believe, and says as follows. Anyway, they got out and...
 return the ship. It was close though. Those two ships stick out in my mind the most.
 didn't believe I have a story. I'm sure. But, did he have a voice. I...
 was it left to be remembered. I'll get some of his statements checked to death. He...
 had a serious reaction story once, I remember.
 (C) 1987 by and "The... On... this... a... of...
 over... heart. The... played... and... this... a... of...
 fan... or... they... over... of... (magical... horror... story...
 (y) and... control... in... Their... of... the... life... of... "Casey... of... The...

Remember Derry OR



Derry has been after me for some weeks now for something for his fanzine. He has Metzger. He Has Grennell. He has Berry. It's kind of him to also want something from me, but I rather suspect his motives.

Suspecting Derry's motives is a habit one develops after having associated with him for a while. I don't intend to go into a great deal of detail, but I do want to give one example of why I distrust Derry's intentions.

It dates way back to the fall of 1955, when Ken and Pamela Bulmer had finally talked me into becoming a member of OMPA. (At that time, I was highly honored to think that they wanted me in OMPA. It was only later that I learned they were only trying to fill their membership roster, regardless of the quality of new members). Ken and Pamela had me highly enthused, and I spent a bit of time planning out what I would put in OMPA. Finally I had the fanzine-to-be firmly fixed in my mind, and in my naive fashion I went over to Derry's to tell him about it.

This fanzine of mine, I told him, was going to be strictly personal, It was going to be me (I told him), my ideas, my writing, my mimeography on my paper, and my personal pride and joyless. Derry nodded his head, and then started telling me about his OMPA effort, proudly displaying a small blog stain on his right ring finger as proof that he's actually been typing a stencil. I told him that I wouldn't have to use blog in my fanzine; it would be perfect, a representation of the real me. I would have told him more, only right then his wife Juanita started choking, and Derry sent me on an errand of mercy to get the doctor. I didn't realize until I arrived at the address he'd given me that it was my own address, and that no doctors live here. But, then, Derry was always excitable, prone to give wrong addresses, drink other people's liquor, and sign the wrong name on checks. He's also somewhat stingy--the only thing he's given anyone for the past three years is a cold--but since I understand the psychological drive behind his stinginess (stinginess), I overlook this defect. After all, he's my friend. Why once (four years ago) he

HOW BLACK was MY COFFEE

by

BOB PAVLAT

even gave me a cigarette butt that he found in a gutter. He smoked the cigar.

Returning to Derry's house, I found that his wife had recovered without doctorial (whaaat!cd) assistance, so we resumed our interrupted discussion on my fanzine. As I told him then, none of my fanzines has satisfied the inner me. There's always something lacking. Derry said that in this way do they capture the essence of my personality, but he makes many snide remarks. The kind of fanzine which I want to publish, I told him, in one where I can put into words all of my unthoughtout thoughts, all my unsatisfied dreams, and even speak of all my unrequited loves. Why, those are subjects enough for a whole series of fanzines! I told Derry that I would quote gravely from modern literature--"They were telling each other the most intimate things with their eyes....As an Englishman he didn't know whether they were being supremely natural or devastatingly abnormal." Modern poetry--"Lives there a fan with soul so dead/he never to himself has said/'Let's put out a oneshot!'" Modern fanzines--"He silped his Nuclear Fizz in the Insurgent manner." Modern public notices--"Detour, Road Under Construction." Even Modern advertising--"Buy (it's loaded with sex) our money."

That, I told Derry, would be the kind of fanzine I would publish. Derry stared at me, and asked why didn't I save myself a lot of work and just publish reams and reams of his material and put out a really good fanzine.

That's all right though. Derry's my friend. He needs me. And if, "...like a hole in the head" is added, you'll know that Derry has been editing, again.

YNGVI IS A ANOPLURA