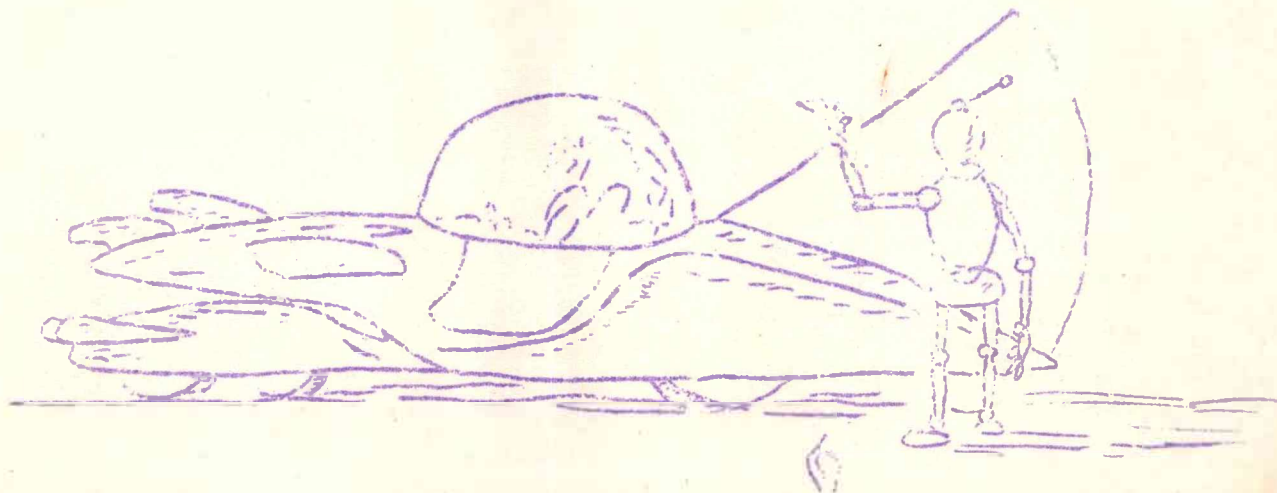


# POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC



NUMBER 13 \* THE OSTENTACIOUSLY COLORFUL ISSUE \* FAPA MAILING #6 \* AUGUST 61



POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #13, which happens to be the number of this particular issue, is edited by rich brown, as always, but from 36th Tactical Fighter Wg, APO 132, NY, NY. Letters must bear that address and also be addressed as follows: A2C Richard W. Brown, AF 19646261. Sorry, pipple, but tha's how it goes. Publisher is Bruce Pelz. Distributed, despite what it says on the cover, through the 99th FAPA mailing. This issue is just a wee bit delayed.

c o n t e n t s

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Cover - Robert E. Gilbert  
(illo)  
rich brown  
(lettering)  
pp 5 - Robert E. Gilbert  
pp 11 - Bill Pearson  
Bacover - Thomas Smith

The poem on the bacover is  
by Don Marquis via rich brown

E"D#I@T@O\_R&I'A\*L

THE letter column in this is  
sue -- the first time such  
a column has appeared here  
-- is, if I may be permitted  
the expression, pretty piss  
poor. While this may fit the  
title of the magazine, I'd  
like to take the space here to  
say that it will not happen  
again, and to explain why it  
shall not.

Bob Lichtman came thru  
with a trufine letter -- and  
there are four other passable  
responses; five, if I can fi-  
gure a way to work in Harry  
Warner Jr's late, but other-  
wise fine, letter.

I sent out 25 copies of  
the last PRA (outside of FAPA,  
that is), 40 extra copies of  
#10, 40 copies of #1, 90 co-  
pies of #9. The fact that I  
had not previously sent out  
extra copies of PRA, and that  
I had never had a letter co-  
lumn here, may have had a hell

of a lot to do with the poor, quantively speaking, responce I  
received.

I like to know whether people are reading my fanzines, or  
not. That is, when they're readable, I do.

So forthwith (which is a pretty fancy word, I'm sure you  
will agree) the following policy goes into effect for non-  
FAPAnS: I will send 20 extra copies to the first 20 wlers and  
others to friends and contributors. Those who respond -- with  
a fanzine, a letter, or even just a li'l ol' pocsarcd, -- will  
continue to receive it. Those who don't, won't.

Sometimes, if I don't watch myself real carefully, I find that I feel just exactly like Holden Caulfield. I really do. I mean, I feel just like I could think up about twelve million things that really give me a case of the running gripes. Little things, aggravating things; miniscule, microscopic, infuriating things. If you know what I mean. I mean, I really could.

Take, just for a grubby 'for instance,' coffee.

Now, it used to be that you drank coffee to keep awake. I mean, if you were going somewhere -- say, driving yourself -- and all of a sudden you felt pretty goddamn sleepy, or something like that, then all you had to do was to pull the hell over at some way-side restaurant and get a cup of coffee. You drink the coffee, because the damn caffeine in it stimulate the hell out of you; it goes right out to your nerve ends and really lets you know that you're alive and awake. That's what the hell it does.

I'd be willing to bet that if it hadn't been for coffee, there would have been a hell of a lot more dead truck drivers. (Among other things.) They would have fallen asleep at the wheels of their trucks and cracked up. They would have been splattered all over the road, all messy and gory and everything.

But coffee kept them alive; kept them from splattering all over the road and getting all messy & etc. Coffee kept them awake.

In fact, now that I think it over, I'd even be able to bet that coffee has saved more lives than Superman and Captain Marble and Batman combined. I really would.

But these days, they've taken the caffeine out of coffee. People want to be able to drink it and be able to go to sleep right after that. Which is pretty damn silly, if you want to know the truth. It's about as silly as taking the alcohol out of such horrible tasting crap as Beer, Gin, and Rum. I mean, without the alcohol, nobody would touch 'em. And without the caffeine, you would think; I mean, you would probably think that no one would drink coffee, either.

But it just ain't so. Dammit. For some damn reason, some people actually like the taste of coffee. And these people want to have their cake and eat it, too. Or, to get out of the world of Little Mental Pictures, they want to drink their coffee and then be able to drop in the goddamn sack right away and snore like a bat out of hell.

That's the whole trouble. You get something like coffee, which has prob'ly saved more lives than Superman and Captain Marble and Batman combined, and people just want to go to sleep.

It's disgusting.

It really is.

\*\*

LOOK WHO'S STEALING FROM BURBLEE DEPT.:

"About how many top leaders are there?" Martin asked. "You want to tell us, sir? I mean, top leaders. Inner circle."

(continued on pp 20)

QUO

VADIS,

ROCKET

RANGER?

by  
Michael L. McQuown



LET me say here and now that I am not a Fan -- in any way. I am a Science Fiction Reader, and I have never had any particular contact with Fandom before. (I'm just trying to clear the air before I start, so as not to cause any hard feeling -- I don't mind arousing strong feeling, but I hate to be ignored.) I am neither a Science Fiction Collector. I don't go out of my way to get ahold of particular stories or editions of SFLit; I just read what I can get, when and how I can (although I've almost been caught occasionally) and I do read other things besides SF -- the KAMA SUTRA, the Clavicule of Solomon, Little Albert, the Red Book of Appin, and such as that.

As you may gather, I have a certain interest in Satanism, witchcraft, and related subjects (we used to have a thaumaturgical fan society in Salem, Mass., but some oppressor of minority groups by the name of Mather closed it down -- he got his on Black Sunday; several of our witches were from Moravia). Also sex, which doesn't seem to be thick enough in SF for the readers of slicks. I read Playboy and there's a great amount of good SF to be found there; but why not when they pay the prices they do? I really enjoyed Asimov's "Playboy and the Slime God." 'Twas pretty sharp stuff.

Anyway, what got me to writing this article was the fact that one of my spies went to the Pittcon last year and gave a quite enthusiastic report on some of his conversations with various writers, editors, illustrators and such-like. I was especially fascinated with this taped interview with Willy Ley. Good thinkstuff.

So, here I sat at Tyndall, trying to figure a way to gafiante (see, I'm a linguist, too -- I also speak Russian) when I ran into a fan known as Ricj Braun, the Meekon, or one of the Wandering IAS'S.

Within the first ten minutes of talking SF, the name Bjo comes into the conversation. Now, this is not the first time I have run into the name. My spy at the Pittcon was telling me about self-same type; also movie shown along with "The Mesquite Kid Rides Again," the Genie bit -- you know, "Make me a Martini." Anyway, I'm starting to realize there is more to Fandom than merely the idiocy of superannuated adolescence and retarded Hallowe'enism. There is also



bootiful weemin and sources of information I might be able to tap. Besides, I'm one of these people who has a bone to pick with the world and I believe there are kindred spirits to be found behind the Luck Rogers masks.

For instance, I am particularly fond of good (I cannot emphasize the word too strongly) SF and Fantasy Films, i.e., 'The Terror of Dracula,' 'The Curse of the Werewolf,' 'The 27th Day,' and a few other really top-notch, well-done flicks that kept the story line and the tradition of the original details and script. I have several beefs with Hollywood about their filming of horror stories:

1. When will these people learn that a werewolf is a man that turns in- to a wolf, not some mutant monstrosity that looks like both?
2. that old crumbling ghost-infested castles are dirty, not sterile creations with spotless floors and neatly-draped cobwebs?
3. that brontosaurus are not carnivorous?
4. what a nineteenth-century laboratory looks like, even with apparatus for making people?
5. there are other ways to subdue a vampire than just a crucifix -- a rose, for instance, fastened to the coffin will keep a vampire from rising.
6. that people with good sense, especially beautiful heroines, do not take long evening strolls in vampire-infested territory.
7. that aliens might just as conceivably be friendly and even handsome critturs.
8. it is quite possible that 21st Century Man will not revert to Renaissance dress; -- and I could go on like this all day.

In England, where I once lived, there is a society which governs the publication and filming of mystery stories, and establishes a criterion for the mystery writers and publisher to follow; something to the effect that all films must show a logical and plausible method of committing the crime, that the criminal must not be revealed before the end, that no unnecessary or senseless brutality not in keeping with the story line may be shown. Of course, there are exceptions: man-hunts, historical grimes, etc., but the general qualification has caused the quality of the British mystery, lit., and flick to be somewhat above average.

I am informed that there is a group trying to make The Lord Of The Rings into a film. I have not read the book as of the moment and may never get to it with all the other reading that I have piled up already, but I would like to think I could take time out to see the film and get a good reproduction of the book without the usual Hollywood distortion. It would be a good thing if there were a group which could, speaking for the true SF reader, collector, fan, and discriminatin' film viewer, control the quality of future SF films and give the average slob a clearer idea of what SF really is. His present conception is pretty badly warped by such garbage as 'Teen-age Frankenstein,' 'I Married a Monster,' 'The Leech-Woman' etc., ad nauseum.

Questions: How can I get hold of Richard Matheson, the vampire expert?

Is Asimov really a human being?

IS Blish a sex-fiend or is it just his way of hiding the fact that he's very shy?

Thank you for listening to my tale of woe, Fans, and before you wind up your propellor beanies, the name is

--MICHAEL L. McQUOWN  
Box 283, 4756ABGp  
Tyndall AFB, Fla.

P.S. KNOW ANY GOOD GAFIATION TECHNIQUES FROM THE MILITARY?

THE FOLLOWING IS REPRODUCED  
BY PERMISSION OF THE  
L. S. G. CLUB, AND  
IS TAKEN FROM "COURTESY OF  
THE FALL OF '25"

"I'm gonna do my stuff for FAPA, and since you're an old time fan I know you'd love to do something for me. Of course, you haven't been in Fandom for a long time, and maybe you don't feel up to writing a little..."

The above quote should be justification for homicide, but sadly so, it isn't. More happy friendships, boon companionships, just plain buddies have come to riff because of that simple little quote.

Let me explain.

Active fan comes calling on old inactive. He has his arms laden with the good things of life. The old life, that is. Beer, fanzines, beer, etc.

He sits himself down and slyly begins far afield. He regales you with tales of loose women and red wine. He discusses everything under the sun -- except fandom. He knows that you have been long in the boondocks and that your mental tongue hangith out.

Finally the thread will stand the strain no longer.

"Tell me, please tell me. Let me hear what I want to hear. Give me the scoop! Oh please, oh please, what of FJA and is Laney still mad at fandom? Does Space Warp still warp? Does BEM still stand for Beer Enterprises and Moskowitz? I die for a word of the old life. I thirst for a drop from the fountain of true fandom -- Give."

Active fan sinks into his seat and leers. From a tattered tattersal he drags forth a pulpy wad of crud. Your eyes bulge, your breath comes short, your hands shake. You swoon.

It's all there. The narcotic narvina. You sprain his wrist as you seize upon the foul, maggot-infested sheets. The lurid pics, the purple phrases, the misspelled words. The suggested meanings, the high-flown verbage, it is all a set to your arid soul.

You are HOOKED.

For what seems centuries you drink his beer, you read his fanzines. Then, slowly, through the pink haze, a voice begins to touch your ear. The first quoted phrase begins to make itself heard.

"Whattaya mean maybe I don't feel up to writing something. Hell, I got a million things. After reading this stuff I can see that fandom ain't what it used to be. What these guys are all sissy's. The dames sound like Dikes. There ain't no sex in SF anymore. Where's the guts? What's happened to the Old Masters? I guess I'll have to do something for you, if this is what fanzines are like today."

You go on and on and on. Then, slowly, you realize that Active Fan isn't saying anything. He merely sits and smiles. He smiles and smiles and smiles.

Then you know you're HOOKED.

Active Fan leaves you then, and the horrible truth comes and sits on the arm of your chair and it leers and leers and leers. It whispers to you that you haven't a damn idea in the world. You haven't gotten frantically fannish in years, you are, in a word, a jerk. You have committed yourself to a fan. A fan is a thing that never forgets. A fan is a sub-species of the human race that never lets a promise (real or fancied) go unaccounted for. You must produce or all

Fandom will know your perfidity.

It's easy. You got a million of 'em. You tell yourself, and the horrible truth fades, laughing.

Let's see, I'll do a satire on Prozines after the manner of Chaz Burbee. I'll write an article on fanzines called "Through Darkest Drivel, with gun and beer-can." I'll write a witty story about a fan who dies and has millions hidden in the pages of old fanzines. I'll write a nasty history of the local fan club. I'll write a double-meaning poem about the sex habits of fans. I'll, I'll, I'll

You are stumped.

You tear off to your tripewriter and you reel in a fresh sheet of paper. You begin with a wild, loose, disjointed ramble into the personal habits of all the old fans you used to hate. You tear it up. You start again. You tear it up. You start again. You...but why go on?

So what? You'll do a picture story, after the manner of Briggs' ZAP. You get out paper and pencil. For a long time all is quiet, only the scratching of your feverish pencil can be heard. Your pencil and a small haunting laughter. The laughter of the horrible truth!

The days draw on and the nights grow cold and publication day is nigh. What to do? What to do? Simple. At last, the perfect solution. You got to Active Fan's home. You draw him aside, you clutch him fondly, you whisper in his ear, you embrace in goodfellowship, and then you slip the knife in.

Thrice blessed is he who dispatchith a fan.

CALL ME NOT JOE DEAKES - Poem by Chick Derry

---Chick Derry, 1953

Call me not Joe Deakes  
My name is Apollo Sarakopis  
Call me not Joe Blow  
My name is Fenimore Arthurokes  
I live in a suburban duplex apartment in a rolling country estate  
I drive my supercharged supercharged motorcar through pitch-black rainy  
snows with effortless horsemanship and an old man's sure hand  
Smashing corporations with a flick of my long-sighted knowledge  
I point delicate minutiae of fantastic inventions and die every day, probably  
for a good reason to write my own comparisons and contrasts  
The ventures of my stage mistress drive me to work little shaggy  
whores I always return to my lovely responsible wife, who's had my  
eternal unyielding fidelity and who passed me many children  
I stalk across the stage I crush across the world I shake the pillars of  
complex and cities

Call me not Joe Deakes, call me not Joe Blow  
This begrimed crumpled marble counter where I dally restaurant  
is but a stopping place where I collect my thoughts and make my plans  
This job is a job where my foot is caught but I'll tug loose I will  
This Mary girl is after all a real one but after all a woman, Mary,  
and once is all and just for now  
I'm going places once I get started I'll be on my way I've got plans  
I'm like the people in the tabloids I'm the type things happen to  
I'm like the people in the movies I'm somebody special with plans  
I must be

Help me  
Call me not Joe Deakes, call me not Joe Blow

((Reprinted from HAIR Vol. 1, No. 500, November 1967, VAPA))





The space-river rushed toward the ship and poured over its air-tight water-proof skin. The two space navigators sat in their dry rain coats watching the swirling water bubbling against the port windows. David began reciting:

"Through the waves of Gitchee Gumee,  
Through the shining Big-Space Water,  
With the rocket's precious cargo,  
With the cargo — Tom and David."

"Conrado," replied Tom, "Our armor all is strong, our cause the best; then reason wills our hearts should be good."

"That was a nasty word you used there, Tom."

"What?"

"Reason."

"Oh, excuse me. This fine old world of ours is but a child."

"The river's all passed, Tom."

The men took off their dry rain coats and walked toward the lockers. Tom stepped on the edge of his rain coat and fell flat on his tail.

"Nice shot, Straight Arrow," laughed David.

"Ah, go to hell."

"Really?"

"Well, since you put it that way, let's both climb up into the observation dome."

"Callooh!"

They climbed up into the crystal-domed observatory and sat watching the stars and worlds and all the thousands of things that fill space.

"Look ahead, friend Tom. The red planet Mars. We'll be there soon. Happy?"

"Yes, Dave, very happy. Hey, look at the pig flying by!"

"Don't be silly. How can a pig fly?"

"I don't know. Ask the pig."

"Where did you hide whatever it is you've been drinking?"

"On the contrary, David, I was never more sober in my life. I saw a pig flying by, cross my heart and hope to die."

"Ok. You saw a flying pig. I suppose it had wings?"

"Yes, it did. Made of horsefeathers."

"Horsefeathers! Well why didn't you say so? I thought you were going to tell me they were made of pig feathers."

"Certainly not. You know there's no such thing as pig feathers! And that reminds me, Dave, did you hear the one about moth balls--"

A sudden serious, then sinister, expression crossed David's face. In measured and menacing tone he spoke to Tom.

"The time has come to talk of many things."

Tom's mouth hung agap. Then in a hushed voice he asked, "Of cabbages and kings?"

David laughed wickedly, then whispered loudly, "No, of lettuce and queens."

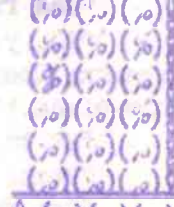
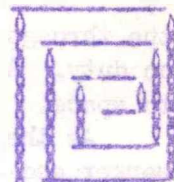
"Oh?"

"Yeah. In our last game I had four queens, and you never did give me my lettuce."

"Is that all? Here's a three-dollar bill."

"Thanks, pal."

It is not possible to tell in words of the beautiful region popularly but inappropriately called "space." Here all the celestial multitudes reveal them-



selves in their full splendor, undimmed by the eternal haze possessed by planetary atmospheres. The two young men sat in silence for a long time.

"Isn't Polaris beautiful, Tom?"

"Yes, beautiful, Dave...."

"As your bright and shiny spark,  
Lights the traveler in the dark,  
Though I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

David smiled, then replied:

"'Twinkle, twinkle, little shtar,  
Now I wonder wha' tyou are!  
Aaall th' resht have thirde-one  
'Ceptin' February, an' it don't.'"

"Don't what?"

"Don't twinkle."

"You mean 'doesn't'."

"Don't, doesn't, it's an elephant."

"Dave, you're a perfect fool."

"Now, Tom, boy, I know you love me and want to pay me a compliment, but you know I'm not perfect. Rather, say we are both very happy fools. We, and all the stars...and happiness. Listen to the stars, Tom. Isn't the music lovely?"

"Yes, Dave. A perfect symphony containing only perfect chords."

They sat listening for a long time. Then Tom yawned and said, "I guess we'd better go to bed."

They climbed out of the observatory and went to bed. All was still and dark.

"Dave."

"Yeah?"

"What time was it when you turned out the light?"

"Ten 'til eleven."

"Thanks. Pleasant dreams."

"Same to you, Tom."

The room was then very still. That was because there wasn't any noise.

It was morning by David's watch only; outside, "space" was without day or night, the stars still shone, Mars still glowed red ahead. Tom and David ate breakfast. Later they played a game of handball in the ship's gymnasium, followed by a game of chess in the study. Then they went up into the observatory to watch the stars and Mars and to talk.

"The disk of Mars is quite plain now."

"Yes, Tom, it won't be long 'til we get there."

Tom sang: "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

"You sound like a rusty waterfall," laughed David.

"Thanks."

"You're welcome."

"Oh willow, titwillow, tit-- what time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock."

A meteorite rushed by. A few moments later another whizzed very near the observatory.

"I wonder," mused Tom, "what would happen if an extra large meteorite, and maybe composed to contramatter, say, should hit the dome."

"Now that's an optimist for you." A large meteorite zoomed directly overhead.

"Well, that's enough for me," blurted Dave, diving for the exit.

"I'm wid you, bhoy," yelled Tom, dashing behind him. The control room was below the observatory, so it took practically no time at all for the men to get there.

"Better seal off the dome," called Tom as he turned on the video.

"Right." David replied, pushing a button on the instrument panel.

The scene on the video showed they were in a large meteor swarm, but most of the 'space-stones' were very small. The sound of meteorites hammering against the crystal dome filled the room. That was because meteorites were hammering against the crystal dome.

"Well, nothing else we can do," said David, "We may as well feed our faces."

And once more they ate, drank, and, uh, made merry.

"This stuff tastes like mashed potatoes and gravey, Dave."

"I'm not at all surpris~~ed~~ed."

"What is it, then?"

"Succotash."

When the men finished eating, Tom checked the view plate. "Well," he announced, "We're out of the swarm."

David flicked a few switches, then, satisfied, said, "No damage done to the dome. We can go back up."

Once more the space travelers took their seats in the observatory and watched the red world filling the heavens ahead. The canals were very distinct now, and they could see the tiny Martian moons, Phobos and Deimos, making their endless race around their primary. Watching the scene, the two men drew the same conclusion: they were nearing Mars. And they were right, too.

As they kept getting closer, they reached other conclusions. Like, it was time to start guiding the ship in to land on the rubby surface of the nearing planet. So they climbed down to the navigation room.

Guiding the ship into an orbit, they circled the planet again and again, until their speed was reduced enough to make the landing. Mars filled the entire scene below the ship.

"Big, ain't it, Tom?"

"Yeah, but not as big as the earth."

Then Tom sang: "Mid pleasures and palaces, tho we may roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home..."

Down they guided the ship. Down to the shining Plain of Nonsense. Down to the fair city Illogical.

They landed on the landing field of the city. A huge crowd gathered about the ship. The two young men appeared and came triumphantly down the ramp.

"Welcome," the crowd shouted, "Welcome home from Earth!"

SOMETIMES WE GET COMMENT ON PRA AND WHEN WE DO WE PRINT THEM IN A COLUMN UNIMAGINATIVELY CALLED

Letters . . .

MIKE MCINERNEY comments on #12: First chance I get to write a letter I'll write to Bill Evans and get on the FAPA wl. 'Till then, it is nice to read a FAPazine telling a new members thoughts after having sweated out The Long Wait. :: You know, of course, that they could use the slogan ELECTRIC if he wanted to copy and change his nickname all at the same time. An electron of itself left alone does no work on anything else, but electricity is one of the greatest sources of power around. :: You say that the only cartoons that end with "That's All Folks!" were the Bugs bunny ones. Since Porky Pig is the character who says these immortal words and since he appears in some that bugs doesn't, isn't it more likely that most, if not all, Porky Pig cartoons also end with these words? No? Yes. :: What position did Fancy II take on the FANNISH II photocover?

But, Mike, Bugs Bunny is the one that pulls down the screen (as I remember it) that says "That's All Folks!" So, I still contend it's Bugs. However, since I am probably wrong wrong wrong (I usually am), we won't have a feud over it, or anything. We might turn the subject over to XERO, or some other New Fandom fanzine, but we won't get into a feud over it. I mean, I could imagine it, if we did; I mean, everyone taking sides and All Fandom Plunged Into War, and fans throwing around nasty insults and half of fandom gafiating with parting shots that say, "I don't give a damn if it's POGO!" and other cynical-type things. And just when it looks like The End Of Fandom As We Know It, some bright young neofan suggests that someone consult an authority. And this same bright young fan sends out his fanzine with the announcement that he's consulting fandom's movie authority -- 4e Ackerman. And he prints Ackerman's answer, which turns out to be "I don't know," and then everything goes to hell and thus, a hobby of some thirty years is destroyed. :: I guess we better not have a feud on that, Mike. :: Fancy II was being read by Trina Costello when she posed for the photocover of the Fannish II. Just her and the Fancy II. :: Oh, yes -- she was wearing a beanie.

Yes, really and truly, I got a \*p-o\*c-T\*s-c\*A-R\*d from the inventor of that word, LEE HOFFMAN; Much thanks for bundle fuz!

You're entirely welcome.

My suspicions that JEFF WANSHELL was a postcard-sending \_\_\_\_\_ were confirmed, because that's what he sent me: Just a note to a) confirm your suspicions; I am a postcard-sending \_\_\_\_\_, and b) to let you know that I like your FAPazine a lot. I mean, I really do. You know, you've the kind of author who I'd like to call on the phone and have a long conversation with, except I'd probably talk about the damned N3F, for Ghu's sake. I'm not a very good conversationalist, you know. But what I wanted to say is that it's FAPAtime again and I wanted to assure you that I'd like to keep on receiving PRA, and am even willing to go to the lengths of continuing to send my fanzine on an all-for-all basis. I really did and I really am. I mean, I'm not shooting the old crap or anything. You know. Sometimes I think that if it wasn't for THE CATCHER IN THE RYE I'd never be able to write decent postcards... :: PS: Say,

did you know that I'm a hoax and you're a third of me? You learn something new every day...it came as quite a shock to me.

That's redickledockle. I mean, it really is. I mean, how, for CHRIsake, could you be a hoax created by me and a couple other pipple (who, by the way?) when our writing styles are so ghudamn different it's pitiful. I mean, it really is. We both write pretty well -- I say that because I don't believe in any of that false modesty crap -- but there's a Big Difference that anybody could notice if they tried. I mean, I won't even point it out, its so ghudamn obvious and all. :: Sometimes I think that if it wasn't for THE CATCHER IN THE RYE I'd never be able to write decent answers to postcards.

I thought ROBIN WOOD had gafiated, but I sent him a copy of the last PRA because his story was in it, and he says: Well, man -- I was glad to dig your fanzine -- good heavens, this is the 12th of the ALMANAC series? Man, have I been out of it. But it looks like I may withdraw back into the sheltering arms of fandom once again (with a little urging I may even start writing things again, as I've already tried writing short stories while in this raunchy outfit and failed miserably). I feel I could knock off a good one or two right now, as I've just gotten back from a leave to fabulous northern california. Actually I didn't do much of a goddamn thing but loaf, but I still got to feeling with it and once again in contact with Life and Real People, at least for a little while. :: I'll have to admit I was a little surprised to see this thing by me in #12. A 'classic reprint'? Isn't this getting carried away somewhat? I doubt if this thing will bring me a deluge of letters and zines from people begging for material tho, as it was readable this time. Man, this was written in 56! In those days I didn't even have the excuse of being crunk. What monster have I created? :: Actually I doubt if I could write such senseless all-in-good-pointless-sha-gy-dog-type-fun stories any more. No longer am I the unsuspecting happy little hillbilly, dedicated to running around, having fun, and drinking Pepsi with the rest of humanity. Somewhere along the line I suddenly realized that atomic fallout, mustard gas, germ warfare, and innumerable other things and such goodies are Real Things. Hence, I became disillusioned with humanity. I have grown old. I even read a few books by Kerouac. :: I may kiss the entire mess off, go AWOL and retire into the hills to become a Druid Monk. :: Well, at least, in looking over this zine of yours, it appears that this here rich brown cat has matured a little in the past few years. Swinging. :: Am I compelled to comment on Harry Warner Jr's bit on xmas cards? I mean, seeing as it was written in 58, when I was no doubt graduating from high school, perhaps even created at the moment I stood before the Good Parents (after drinking it up at the graduation orgy) at the ceremony and delivered a hypocritical speech about Dear Old HS and How Wonderful It Was and How We Are Now Preparing To Take Our Places In This Great and Wonderful World and All That Good BS. Man, that was a long time ago. I could go on for pages about xmas cards, but I won't. As far as I can see them, they are a reasonably good way, a socially accepted way, of getting in touch with someone you haven't dug for many a moon. Otherwise, the hell with them. In fact, if this commercialization of xmas keeps up I may write a nasty letter to the Pope. If only I was a Catholic. If only the Pope could read. I wonder if God talks Latin... :: I'd better quit knocking religion. I often get carried away on that subject. Just read a book on Zen. It almost makes

sense. I may read it again. Now that the Beats are gone and nearly forgotten it may even be Socially Acceptable to read about Zen. I'd like to get a good book on Druids, just so I could bone up on the subject and bug these religious fanatics who keep telling me I'm on my way to hell. :: Well, I believe I have said whatever I have said so far, so I do believe I will pull it to a halt for the time being. If you find time to drop a line or zine or something my way I'd appreciate it. Meanwhile, hang ever loosely, and as I said previously, I am seriously considering returning to fandom. Matter of fact, at this moment I am actually smoking a corncob pipe at this very moment.

Druidism is Nice, but Satanism is Better. I mean, I've had these religious fanatic types approach me and go into their long spiels and suchlike as that; when I offhandedly mention that I'm a Satanist and they start to turn on the scorn (or should I have spelt that without an 's'?) I loftily reply, 'Well, at least with my religion, I'm sure where I'm going...' :: Another thing, too. A friend of mine works in finance here at Tyndall, the place where they punch dog-tags. So I now have myself one which reads "BROWN, RICHARD W., AF 19646261 T59 O POS ICONOCLAST." As you might imagine, this also causes Much Good Fun. :: Lovely water.

Last, but far from least, we have a lengthy epistle from BOB LICHTMAN; It's difficult for me to say what I intend to publish for FAPA when I first got on the waitlist. I really didn't give it much thought, because I started out #28 on the list and that was enough to put the stall on any long-range plans (if this gets printed, and someone who started out #44 or something like that on the waitlist reads it, I'll bet he's laughing like crazy). I mean, getting on the FAPA waitlist was something that one did, and still does. You just had to, or else — well, or else you were out of a sort of fannish social security, maybe. I dunno. Anyway, I didn't have many ideas of publishing specifically for FAPA when I got on its waitlist. Hell, I wasn't even in SAPS when I did it, and Psi-Phi had only seen its first issue (remember the Bottom Of Page Ten, rich?) and the second was in the dummy stages. :: Of course, I did get ideas as I went along. For quite a while, well over a year in fact, I had some idea about hitting every mailing with a moderate-sized magazine, which was around 20 pages in those days. I no longer have such delusions of grandeur, though. Since early this year, and with my change in attitude towards all of fandom, I doubt if I will be as active in FAPA as I would have been. I sort of expect to make two mailings a year. But I can't really say. It all depends on a lot of willy things. I have some idea about quitting all my apas except for FAPA, SAPS and OMPA, in which case I'd be able to do more for FAPA. In fact, I am going to quit N'APA at the end of this year, Cult by the end of this summer, and CRAP sometime in the near future (when the blow-up comes, like). That leaves the Big Three I listed three lines above, plus IPSO which I am going to stick with for at least its first year to see what it evolves into. I've already ceased my general fanzine publishing and much of my letterhacking to genzines. I've cut my correspondence by around 80%. In short, I'm sort of retiring to the apas. :: Why I am doing this is not too easy to say. I know, rich, that from your writing in this PRA and elsewhere you must have had the



same idea about fandom that I did: that you would, by Roscoe, stay in Forever-and-Ever. I had that notion too. But face it: it's pretty sick, sin't it? Devoting oneself to the concept of "fandom" is about as sick as devoting oneself to an "organization," and if fans put down the Organization Man why can't they see their way clear to putting themselves down somewhat, too? I stay in fandom now because, primarily, of my friends here. Also partly because I'm interested in amateur press associations, and not just fannish ones (like, by the time the next FAPA mailing comes out, I ought to be a member of the National Amateur Press Association), from a sociological and archivist's viewpoint. :: "My friends in fandom." Who are they? This is something that I can't really say in print, especially since there's an offhand possibility that you might print this. (Yes.) It's hard to differentiate between the people whom I honestly consider my friends and those who are just interesting to me because of their interests in fields that interest me. And if you're interested in where I would put you, rich, I can't really say too well. I have a feeling that if I knew you better I'd either be one of your best friends and you mine, or we would hate each others guts. From what I recall of your past writings, we both seem to have been raised in the same sort of family. My father is also a machinist, and I seem to recall you saying that your father was, too. We're both chickenshit about getting hurt. But you're probably not as chickenshit as me about fighting back. Only I'm not as c.s. about it as I used to be. I've gained more self-respect than I used to have, and this makes a lot of difference in many aspects -- I think. Our highschool lives are apparently quite different in many respects; I was always a good student in high school. But I did tend to sluff off more the further along I got. In the first two years, I got top grades and hung out with the hoods, and in the last two I got not-so-top grades (but still enough so that I graduated with an A- average) and hung around with the intelligentsia. I can still get along with both, though the violence-prone attitude of the hoods makes me nervous. I can speak both their languages and can put on either pose. But the real me is somewhere inbetween, and I haven't quite managed to sort him out so that I can describe him on paper. He was the person who wandered around UCLA this semester, though: the person who found it easier to get along with girls than either of his extremes. This real me showed up for a brief time when I was 15, but only in a transitory way. But that leads to something in my Deep, Dark Past that I'd rather not discuss in such a possible wide audience. :: Hell, let me paragraph and finish up what I started to talk about in that last paragraph before I go on. Namely that my friends in fandom are there, but I'm not about to set their names down here. They know who they are, anyway. Now back to what I was digressing on... :: No, I won't do that either, not directly. The inhibitor has just taken over and is wondering why the hell I just wrote all this. This is an interesting line of thought in itself. Why did I? I am, as you point out impersonally in your comment on Bandwagon on page 11, an introvert. I would dare say any of the stuff I've said here I wouldn't say to a large group of people, (??) even if it were a large group of people whom I knew. I wouldn't say it to the assembled members of SAPS, for instance, or even the assembled members of CRAP to narrow down the size of the group. I have said all this to groups of two or three people at a time, people whom I knew would Understand. But

then, what I've done here is merely to scratch the surface of the whole truth about one Bob Lichtman. There's an old saw and I know how people are wont to put things like old saws down, but it goes "Honesty is the Best Policy" and it's 102½ right. ~~Nothing~~ Nothing screws you up with your friends, those people you care about and who care about you, than a lot of lying. It gets you all backed up into a corner that you can't get out of. But the old inhibitor does take over in situations when I'm not talking or writing with my very dearest friends. Why shouldn't it? There are things about me that are none of most anyone's business. :: If one is to believe a particular school of thought, there is nothing wrong with selfishness. According to this school of thought, whose tenets I do not to the letter believe, all human action is motivated by selfishness. This I doubt very much, because there are innumerable instances where human action is not motivated by selfishness. For instance, answering a telephone when it rings. Or urinating. :: Reading back over all of this letter again, I am struck suddenly by the fact that, to quote another old line, I am all things to all people, I suppose. I mean, don't you find yourself at times having to be a sort of actor to get along with people? I know that, for instance, I can't be myself with my family, because...well, you know. Like if I told them what I think of them at times, I would very likely get booted out. I can't even be myself to all of fandom, though I come pretty close at times, especially in things like this letter. I can be myself at college, but still with reservations. Perhaps the only conclusion to this is that there is no Real anyone, but I think not. It is possible to act completely according to one's natural patterns, when one is with people who will do the same thing. I've not been in this situation as often as I would like, and I wouldn't like to be in it, I think, 100% of the time, but I would like to be in it more and I'm going to try to pattern my life so that I can. :: Art is emotion. Before I stop working in the advertising department of the Broadway, which is my summer job (I am a proofrunner), I am going to ask the very lovely artist near my desk whether she still keeps this maxim in mind, even though her workaday world is nothing more than advertising art, like designing Broadway ads. I have a feeling that she is rapidly getting the impression, because of the joe-job nature of my work, that I am a Clod. I am going to have to dispel that notion or else I just won't feel right. What I want to do this I don't know, but she seems like a Nice Woman. But remember art is emotion. Art contains love, hate, fear, everything like that. Each painting is part of the artist and only he/she can fully understand it. The painting that the art "critics" pan unanimously may be the artist's personal favorite, for these reasons.

I am at the point, now, where I am no longer sure what I'm going to do about fandom; I've already told a lot of people that I don't intend to gaffiate — but that was because I didn't want any of them asking me silly stupid questions or trying to keep me from. I mean, I didn't want to go through the whole convention meeting people and having them say, "Why are you gaffiating," or "Why don't you put your gaffiation where your mouth is?" or "Man, whatever you do, don't gaffiate — Fandom Needs You." It would have been rather sickening to say the least, and not allowable by the post-office to say the most. So in a way, I guess we're both in the same boat, up the same local tributary, without sufficient means of propulsion, and/one each type ticket marked "One-Way to Nowhere." Where do we go from here? :: But yes, I had the same idea about



fandom that you did; except that I would have sworn by FooFoo rather than Roscoe. And actually, our environments and especially our reactions to same are closer connected than you possibly suspect. My father is a turret-lathe operator — a machinest. He never went passed the eighth grade and my mother survived the tenth. My father is a tremendously honest man, with too many debts, and a driving urge to Get Them All Paid. He is, I realize now that I can step back and try to judge him objectively, an admirable man for a laborer. But, and this isn't widely known in fandom, I reacted to my environment the same way — if recent reports are to be trusted — the same way you did. I don't know what your trouble was with your parents, Bob, but mine was the one that is common with most adolescence; I was growing up, and I was thinking over their heads, and through fandom, I was used to being treated as an equal regardless of my age — I wanted a measure of respect from my family. At least for my opinions — because I was convinced (and still am) that I can think as good as either of them, if not better, because what they have in experience I have in concrete knowledge of things as they be. I can see, now, that in some cases I was wrong and they were right; but, with my usual facility for remembering hazy detail, I can also remember instances when I was right when I had actually felt that I might have been wrong. Time changes a lot of things — even people. :: Before I get to the blow-up, let me try to show one other similarity — we were close in school, too. I mean, in what we did and how we reacted to it. To begin with, I entered school already knowing how to read, print, and do simple arithmetic. I was precocious and knew it and felt proud of it. I was skipped one grade, early in grade school (I think I spent half a year in second and half a year in third, tho it might have been third & fourth — that's a long way back to try to remember). I did perfect work all through grade-school; I got a long string of E's (for Excellence; S was for Satisfactory; U was for Unsatisfactory). And even into Junior High I carried good grades easily. But along about eighth grade I met a few people who were smarter than I was, and that ruined it all. Oh, my ego could have taken the blow — I knew there were probably others who knew a lot more than I did about a lot of things. But from them I got a view of how the other kids saw me. They certainly weren't admired for their intelligence; to hear the other kids tell it, they got their good grades because they were sissys or because they were teacher's pets. So I became a JD-type and picked up their attitudes; I kept them from the 8th until my senior year in High School. During that time, I never opened a school book. I Failed German and Geometry, but coasted through the other subjects. In my senior year I started hanging around with a few of the intelligensia — Paul Stanbery, for one — and, like you, starting feeling more at ease with girls than with either of the two extremes. Considering the time I Never Opened A Book and the fact that I failed two courses, I still came out with a B- average — exactly one grade point below you — which isn't too bad. And I graduated at 16. :: But then came the Big Blow Up, in the form of Mike Deckinger's HOCUS. I don't remember the number of the issue, but it was the one that had a letter by me in it which went, "Although I am an Atheist myself, I do not agree with ———"(I forget who it was that I didn't agree with). My mother (a devout Southern Baptist) read it and, as when uncontrollable rage hit the ruler of a near-East country, the fit hit the Shan. There was a drag-out knock-down fight, which had (anyway) become the before-dinner pastime for some time, and I lost — as usual. There were blows struck — between my mother and myself, and then (because she couldn't handle me) between my father and myself, and I ended up with the torn pages of Deckinger's HOCUS lying around me on the bathroom floor. I was bleeding, but that wasn't unusual — add, as I say, hadn't been for some

time. The important thing was the HOCUS, or seemed to be. It wasn't a particularly fine issue, and what I had written had not been an example of my finest literary talents -- but it had been (as I put it to myself) A Part Of Me, a work of my art, crude as it may have been; it expressed my feelings; it contained part of me, and the tearing up of that fanzine was like tearing me in half...or so I felt. I knew that there was still a few weeks of school left, but I went to my room, picked up a coat, returned to the bathroom and set about making a little noise. I turned on the shower; snuck back to my room, and went out the back door. I stayed with a friend -- tho a non-fannish friend, it was, in my case -- that my parents didn't know. I finished school, and joined the Air Force. I had been away from home nearly two months, and in the process turned 17 -- I returned only to get them to sign a release to let me in the Air Force, which they did. :: Why have you said the things you have said here, and why have I said the things I've said here? A good question, buddy; I'm not sure that there's a good answer. There are all sorts of answers, but probably none of them are any good. I'll keep it in the first person. Perhaps it's catharsis. Perhaps I'm crying out, Know Me! Perhaps, as Bob Coulson suggests, I'm like a lot of other fans; mentally cripple. Perhaps it's merely Something To Fill Up Space And Get FAPA Credit. Perhaps. Or it might be something else. It might be that I'm trying to find out who I am. It might be that I'd rather write that than something else. It might be that I just like to string words together and see what comes out of them. It might. It could be any of these, or all of them, or a combination of them; it could be none of them. Quien Sabe? And the old inhibitor comes in, perhaps, because we want to present only our good sides, feeling that to present anything we consider really bad would let us know that the Image we hold of ourselves (dammit, how did I get into this 'we' business -- I've said I'd keep it in first person, because that's all I can really speak for anyway) is nothing more than an Image, and that we (read: I) fall short of it. There was a time when I did not have an inhibitor -- remember the editorial in PRA #7, Bob? -- but that time is long since past. It is no more. Kaput. Gone, like. :: If selfishness is not the motivation for answering a phone or urination, what is?

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...and there will be no beans in Coventry.

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"About three thousand," said the Great Judge.

"They must have a headquarters," said Marin, in that urging tone. "A center through which communication is carried on. You want to tell us."

"I don't know where it is."

"Marin drew back. He was disappointed. But after a moment he thought, Only three thousand. That's no so many."

--A.E. van Vogt, The Mind Cage

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I really like to think of myself as more of a poet than a writer. Really. I realize, however, that I'm not a very good poet -- there's an example of that in Cry Of The Nameless a few issues back -- but there was once a time when I considered myself good enough to try to emulate the life and poetry of Don Marquis.

I have long since given up the idea.

I realize that I will never be the poet that Marquis was, anymore than I'll ever be, say, the artist that Rotsler is. I use the comparison between Rotsler and Marquis, and I think it fits: it looks so damn easy, but... Well, try it yourself some time. It seems so simple...

Maybe it is simple. It probably is, if you're a Marquis or a Rotsler; if, however, you happen to be rich brown (which is my unfortunate plight), you end up with a bunch of squiggly lines that do not in any way, manner or form look even slightly like a cartoon, or something like "O, the pangs and sorrows I have spent, / on these words of dubious intent / trying to write and think and see / what this sad world holds for me / and then you find you cannot find / just exactly what you had in mind / O, weary me / My soul on fire in righteous ire / don't query me / or ye shall feel mine mightiest fire."

Not only does this sound horrible, I realize, but it doesn't say anything, it doesn't scan, it doesn't make sense, it doesn't stay in the same tense, it doesn't even rhyme very good.

And the thing is, friend, when Oscar Wilde (who was a pretty damn good poet himself, irregardless of his sexual practices) said that "a poet spends half a day putting a comma into his poem, and the rest of the day and half the night taking it back out," he didn't say the half of it! When you keep coming up with crap like the above after about the thirtieth draft, it's time to call it a day; time, in fact, to decide that you didn't want to be a goddamn poet anyway. Which is what they call rationalization.

I wanted to be like Don Marquis; I gave up the idea.

I did a batch of archy parodies (which were practically word-for-word translations into the fannish vein) called Ichobodings, for Bruce Pelz. He might even have one in this mailing, for all I know. Some of them -- mostly the ones that were practically literal translations -- were rather good, poetry-wise. I have four 'chapters' of a "book" entitled "The Olde Soake's History Of Pandom." It is, however, more than slightly libelous in some cases, still not too well written, and lacking a lot of the Marquis wit because, by their very nature, they required a lot of originality in their translations. One of

these days, I keep telling myself -- like, when I Get Organized, Real Soon Now, etc. -- I may try to re-write them, or at least try to do something on that line, and maybe even run it through here. Right up the fannish flag-pole, to see if they show their fannish colors...

But the thing is, I haven't got the time to be a poet, I'm too lazy, I haven't got the stamina or strength or fortitude or vocabulary to be a poet; I haven't even got the guts.

I wanted to be a poet, just like Don Marquis, but I gave up the idea. None of the above, however, has the slightest thing to do with why I gave up trying to emulate him.

You see, by my imitation of Marquis, I had something more in mind. I was, indeed, thinking on a grander scale than perhaps you might have thought; more on the line of trying to live a life that was exactly like his. Detail for detail!

In order to understand this completely, you have to realize that I am a great believer in cycles. The way I see things is this: nothing is really new, and all things fall in cycles, which is just like 'cycles' only without the second 'c.' Everything that I do, as far as I can see -- or that you do, for that matter -- has been done before by someone else because he or she has fallen into the same cycle you (or I) have.

There are big cycles (in which world events follow) and little cycles (in which personal events follow). Just ask Robert A. Heinlein, or some other immanent scientist, if you don't believe me. There are also motorcycles and bicycles, but they don't enter in here at all. We'll ignore them completely.

Everything which has happened to you has happened to someone else before and will happen to someone else again. There is no new experience, only new personal experience. (We might even say that experience is a subjective, rather than objective thing -- except that we don't want to jump into a subject with wild abandon, now do we?) For instance: eating crab may be a new experience for you, but there are some people who have eaten crab a thousand times. Having sex may be a new experience to you, but there are some people who have had sex a thousand times. Shooting yourself may be a new experience to you, but there are some peo...

...well, that shoot the hell out of that logic.

But you know what I mean. I think.

Anyway, I was planning on following Don Marquis' life to the hilt because, since I felt that life runs in cycles and that people are just doing the same thing over and over again (being born, growing up, eating, sleeping, hobbying, working, having sex (which might, depending upon the case at hand, be considered either working or hobbying), Striving Toward A Goal (which is the English word for Jail), Searching For Truth, dying, and other droll things), I thought it might be best if my life fell into the pattern of someone who's life deserved being patterned after...if you're still with me. I might not write as well, but I could work at the same place, eat at the same places, do the same sort of thing.

But I got hung up and had to let the idea slip through my fingers. It just so happened that, right at the height of my enthusiasm for following through with this project, I remembered that Don Marquis started out archy and several other things in his column in the Chicago Daily Sun; and that may well have been fine for Marquis, but it knocked the props right out from under

my Big Scheme. I mean, couldn't you just imagine me going out on an assignment for the aboveandpastpage mentioned newspaper; going, say, to someone's door; knocking; waiting patiently; and, when the occupant arrives, me introducing myself by saying, "I'm rich brown, from the Sun."???

I keep thinking I should pattern my life after somebody, is the thing. Sallinger, maybe. Or Walt Willis. Or Shakesphere. Or Harlan Ellison.

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I make no claims toward being a Big Name Fan, or anything, because I know I'm definately not; this is definately not False Modesty, either, because if I were I would certainly let you know it. But the thing is, lately, requests for material written by me has been, for some unknown reason, going up.

These requests range from the bacover's of some fanzines with the little  checked that is beside the words, "I'd like you to contribute to my fanzine," to letters from neofan's saying real egoboosting things like, "You're one of the best fanzine writer's around, up there with Willis and Boggs and Rapp and Deckinger and I'd certain really would indeed truely like to see something by you in my fanzine, so why don't you contribute?" This amazes me, especially the latter, because just a few years ago I was writing letters like that myself.

But in either case, I usually don't contribute. And it's not out of snobbishness, I assure you. I'm about the most un-snobbish guy you could ever find, really. (Just remember that, you grubby little neofan.)

No, you see, I really do have my reasons. In the first case, I'm always just a bit afraid that that little tic the fan editor made might have been made by accident. If you want to know, I keep thinking that he probably meant to put it down in the  that comes right after that; the one that reads, "You crumb, unless you do something I'm going to kick you the hell off my mailing list. SEND MONEY!" In such a case I'm afraid that if I contribute I'll get a letter back saying, "Thanks for the extra slip-sheets. Tell you what: I'll send you the next two issues of ~~-----~~ if you promise not to contribute," or something to that effect. Things like that, as you might guess, tend to deflate one's ego just a bit.

It is in the second case that I really feel that I am a bind.

I mean, here is someone I hardly even know, saying nice things to me, and expecting a half-way decent piece of material. Why, I don't know, but I have my suppositions. The first possibility is that some fan has used my name in connection with some BNF's, in a purely humorous manner, such as I used the name Harlan Ellison above; and this poor neo, unfortunately, will get the butt of the joke only. Or, more possibly, this neo doesn't know that most of the stuff that I have had printed in the fan press of any worth (which he might have stumbled on) are worthwhile almost solely due to the fact that it was printed by a Good Editor, ie, someone who could revise like mad whenever I went astray.

And so, as I say, and regardless of the reasons, here is this fellow telling me I'm one of the best writers in fandom. It's a nice boost to my ego, I have to admit, but I keep looking up the mountainside of fandom with my telescope and noting that above me the slopes are many-peopled: Willis, Berry, Boggs, Carr, Elik, Burbee, Johnstone, Lichtman, Breen, Pelz, Nirenburg, Donahoe, Fitch, Lewis...Mike Deckinger?

Still, I tell myself (sometimes) (translation: usually), my judgement of my works don't necessarily count. For all I know, this character, neo or not, just might be right. Perhaps, I hear myself whispering, I really do belong Up There with Willis and Berry and Carr and Burbee and Elik and all those.

From there, I go on. Perhaps, in me, there lies dormant a talent that will dwarf them all! Indeed, I am probably the most fabulous writer (fannish or otherwise) of all time! It just might be that I have Salinger and Miller and Rimbaud and Marquis and Kerouac all beaten, with one hand tied behind my back. For all I really know, this neofan may have the rare perceptivity to recognize that I am a potential Shakespeare, needed only a little encouragement to start me on my way toward writing something that will knock the sky right off the world...

I think this and keep right on thinking it. Until I sit down and try to write. And even then I'm pretty sure I can at least give Miller and Kerouac a run for their money.

I work feverishly, whenever I work; I crucify myself to my typer, spilling hot blood and guts, tears and more tears over each sweatily constructed (one might even say tiered) page.

And then I read it over to myself.

Brother, there's nothing more depressing than seeing the world's greatest writer turning out tripe.

It's really quite depressing, you can believe me.

And so, as I've already said, I usually don't bother to contribute to the neofan, either.

And the things that I've written? Well, usually they go into the wastebasket. But sometimes...well, sometimes I hang onto them just so that I can use them for critical evaluation; you know, so that I can have a ready-reference file of crud to compare with some neofan's first effort so that I won't tear into him too badly. And then, occasionally, I save them and make editorial material for my fanzines...

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In line with the above -- or, rather, exactly 180° out of phase with what I have said there -- I have decided that I would be perfectly willing to contribute material of mine to other fanzines...provided they are willing to pay me what it is worth to me.

I have been thinking about this for quite some time, actually, and I have been thinking about the kind of things which I am willing to write for money, and most especially I have been thinking about the kind and amount of money it would take to make me write them.

After considerable due deliberation, I have decided that I'm actually willing to write damn near anything, provided I get paid enough for it -- deep down inside I'm not an artist

but a hack.

And having decided that, I have been preparing a price list. It is not yet complete, but I'll give you what I have worked out so far.

For articles dealing prominently with science fiction, not too well thought out, \$5. For articles dealing prominently with science fiction, well documented, \$25. For articles dealing with science fiction, in which I actually have to have read the books, magazines, or stories I am talking about/criticizing, \$500.

For articles tearing into the personal habits of a well-known fan, \$45. For articles tearing into the personal habits of a well-known fan, your choice of fan, \$145. Note: For articles tearing into the personal habits of Dean Grennell, \$3500 and the premium on a life-insurance policy to cover my death by shooting, of up to \$10,000.

For articles on old comic books, my choice of comic book, \$50; your choice of comic book, \$175; if I must actually like the comic book, \$1150.

For articles in which I agree with Dick Lupoff, Bob Leman or Richard Bergeron, \$1500.

For a charge of only \$25 each, I will say something funny about John W. Campbell, ANALOG-ASTOUNDING, Psionics, Dianetics, the Heironymous Machine, the Dean Drive, Horace Gold, GALAXY, Galaxy art, The Shaver Mysteries, The Fan Trophies, or the NSF, in any of the above articles.

For the low price of only \$75, I'll crib gags from Willis, Berry, Carr, and Bennett Cerf for the abovementioned articles.

For only \$35, I'll load the thing with Burbee quotes. However, I'll charge \$10,000 if I have to use the line, "That's Not Too Many." \$10,000. That's Not Too Many.

Special: For articles tearing into the personal habits of Dean Grennell because he doesn't like old comic books or doesn't agree with Lupoff, Leman or Bergeron, w/plenty gags cribbed in all above manners and including a usage of That's Not Too Many, etc., \$15,000. But do hurry -- the supply is limited.

For humorous sf/sy stories, \$1.00 a word. For straight sf, \$2000 for the first thousand words, \$500 for each additional fifty. Minimum of 2000 words.

For humorous faasn fiction, \$50. For humorous faasn fiction on the John Berry line, \$150.

For serious faasn fiction, I charge by the type. With old fan & tired, showing the sadness of gafia (guaranteed to leave tears in your readers eyes), \$85; showing his inability to Cope With Life, \$125; showing his disillusionment of fandom, \$75; showing him finding millions in the pages of old fanzines, \$800; having the money turn out to be confederate money, \$1000. For stories about neofan's who are immediately BNF's, the charge is \$12,000 per page. For stories about extremely active fans giving up fandom in disgust, \$73 (this, you will note, is quite close to Old Fan, showing his disillusionment of fandom, but slightly under-played; hence, the reduction in rate); For stories about fans who are Burnt Out, also guaranteed to give a good pull at the heart-strings, \$115. Stories about fandom as we know it coming to an end cost only \$25...a word. Stories in which your name is mentioned prominently, showing you to be a Fine Fellow, \$500. Stories in which you & your group of personal friends are shown to be fine fellows, the biggest BNF's fin fandom, the guiding lights, etc., \$35,000.

Stories in which you and/or your friends are mentioned, but where how I show you is a matter of my personal choice, \$75.

For sf/fy poems, predominantly mentioning the Star's and Man's Soul (if 'Eternal' soul, price is increased by \$25), really not very good, \$15; actually pretty fair, \$39.95; good, \$50.

For fannish poems, rather humorous, \$25; for serious fannish poems, \$35; for fannish poems translated from mundane poetry (archy, Gilbert & Sullivan, etc.), \$19.50 while the supply lasts.

As an added attraction, on faaan-fiction; for only \$75 each I will throw in a sexy femme-fan, or a drunken BNF, or include a lurid scene from a fannish orgy, ie, contention.

I am waiting with expectant expectation for your orders.

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This is about the messed-uppedest (if I may be permitted the New Word for the occassion) issue of PRA I have ever had the fun to put out. I want it fully understood that any and all defects in this issue are All My Fault. This includes such things as losing the title page to Chick Derry's bit (so for your information, the whole title was, Hindsight On Fandom OR Thru The Atomic Age Via Tricycle, Being Reflections On Things Learned), to the deterioration of certain master-sets; and all that falls between. This issue isn't even ostentaciously colorful, like it said on the cover, except, perhaps, on the cover; and this is because I lost all of my color units before I got around to putting everything on master. Ah weel, ah weel. You have my apologies, my sympathy, my fanzine.

--rich brown, 1962

A LATE LETTER FROM HARRY WARNER JR THAT WOULDN'T FIT THE LETTERCOL. unfortunately won't be printed here, either, because I just discovered that I can't find it. Typical rich brown inefficiency.

This has been POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #13, distributed to members of the Fantasy Press Association, thru the 99th mailing, and dittoily I told you things were messed up around here!



"For I have loved this earth,  
Its rocks and its grasses and  
its flesh...  
I have stood solid on its cold hills,  
a silhouette against the dawn,  
I have made a black shadow at noon,  
And I have held wonderful women in mine  
arms under the passionate stars —  
And still I thirst, I thirst, I thirst  
for life!"

—don marquis

