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Spring 1967

RACKHAM

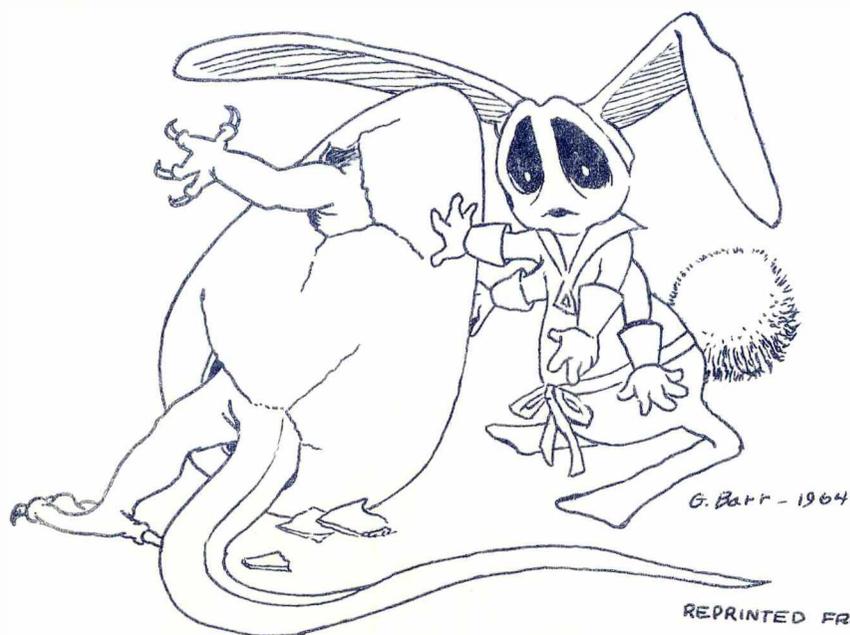
T R O A T issue number two

Spring 1967

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Written material this issue is by Gary Zacrich, John Phillifent and Lynn Hickman.

Artwork this issue is by John Rackham, George Barr, Jay Kinney, Robert Gilbert, and Joe Staton.



# CAPTAIN POW

by Gary Zachrich

Return with us now to another thrilling episode with that remarkable man of the future, Captain Pow. If your memory serves you correctly, you will recall that our hero had answered a call for help from Governor Farteed of the planet 847635 of system 765000022334. Better known as Gu. This particular Governor's daughter had been kidnapped by the fearsome Glurgles as was in dire need of help. Pow, showing much daring, had quickly brought matters to a head by blundering through the pertinacious facts of the case, and forcing the Glurgles to show themselves in the garden from which they had kidnapped the Governor's daughter. Through some fluke, they had managed to overcome our hero and capture him, along with Chako, his faithful companion who never let him down, Governor Farteed and Commissioner Touchable.

## Chapter two of CAPTAIN POW

Pacing the floor of his prison, Captain Pow wondered at the ease with which he had been captured. It must have been some kind of nerve gas, he decided, for never had he been coldcocked so easily. Steeling himself, he turned to Chako, his faithful companion who never let him down. "Chako" said the icy-nerved Captain, "By some fluke, these nasty Glurgles have captured us. At this time however, I shall not worry about just how they did it but how to escape. Taking stock of the situation, I find that we are confined in an icy cubicle approximately four feet, by four feet, by four feet. Not a breath of air stirring, not a light showing, not a single chink or crack in the walls to show where there might be a door. I also find that there are no chairs. It's a good thing I can think on my feet. They have taken my boots with the built-in laser units, my gloves, with the built-in stun gun and needle-gun, my helmet with the built in radio and miners light. But don't you people worry, for they forgot to take my belt buckle with the complete portable workshop and minor weapons compartment. I shall have us out of here in jig time."

Reaching down, Captain Pow tripped the secret mechanism that released his buckle and shrieked. "What happened, Captain Pow, did they deactivate your belt?" asked Commissioner Touchable. "No, they did not." replied the stout fellow, "My pants fell down." "Commissioner Touchable, why don't you be still and let the man do his job." cried Governor Farteed, "After all, he is a trained hero."

"Right you are" said Pow, "Now all you people stand back while I cut my way through this wall with my secret electronic granite cutter."

A burst of sound racketed in the small chamber as Pow depressed a hidden, recessed stud in his belt buckle. Nothing happened. "Is something wrong? Didn't your secret electronic granite cutter work?" asked the Governor. "Well, not exactly," said the intrepid gallant, "I depressed the wrong hidden recessed stud. That was my Dick Tracy model electronic police whistle. An easy mistake. Now stand aside while I try again." Grimly, Pow turned to the wall and tried again. A low hum filled the chamber, and molten rivulets of rock ran in puddles as he cut his way into the granite. Stepping through the sizeable hole he had made, Pow found himself in a low damp corridor. Intently, he listened for the sounds of alarm. This was hard to do, because of the screams of his party, who didn't have super insulated socks to protect their tender little feet from the glowing rock as they followed him through the hole.

Tiptoeing down the long dark passage, the undaunted band came to an intersection. Peering around the corner, Pow observed a single Glurgle, apparently guarding a low doorway. With a scream of rage and a bound, the valient nemesis of evil crossed the intervening space and leaped upon the hapless Glurgle. Mighty muscles bunched, teeth clenched with fury, the two grappled in mortal combat. He struck. It struck. They both struck. The hairy, long armed Glurgle seemed to have the strength of two, but Pow, in his righteous anger felt more than equal to the task. He struck. It struck. They both struck. Pow tried to move off to gain a little fighting room. A clawed hand reached out and snagged the posterior portion of his resilient black suit. The suit (a good one) did not tear, and Pow came hurtling back to the combat. They struggled on. Knowing that they were evenly matched in strength, the wily Captain executed a brilliant judo throw. As the hairy being pressed the mighty Captain to the earth, Pow gripped his wrists in an effort to keep the horny hands from choking him. Slowly they neared his throat. With a surge of effort, the hearty soul screamed "Oh, you nasty old thing you," just as the Glurgle's bony fingers squeezed his esophagus shut. His razor sharp vision began to dim. Then from somewhere a thud. The vice-like grip relaxed, his esophagus opened and the now dead weight of the Glurgle rolled over and lay inert on the floor. Groggily he dragged himself to a kneeling position. The blurred image of the Commissioner standing over him with a large rock in one hand, came slowly into focus. Dully the victorious Pow wondered if he had struck the Glurgle with it.

"I struck the Glurgle behind the ear with this rock" said the commissioner. "Did you see how Pow exposed that creatures back?" chortled the Governor. "Did you see that, Commissioner Touchable who doubted my judgement in this matter?"

Meanwhile, Chako, faithful companion to Pow, had slipped into the chamber that the unlucky Glurgle had been guarding. Suddenly

his low screechy voice screeched "I have found our weapons and Captain Pow's accoutrements. Come and get them." "Good man, Chako, faithful companion who never lets me down" shouted Pow. Swiftly they dressed and armed themselves.

Courageously Pow led the gallant band further into the mountain stronghold. Rounding a bend, they came to a large entrance passage leading to an immense brightly lit cavern. Turning swiftly, Pow whispered thickly "I think we should return to the city now and work out some more comprehensive plans for this rescue operation."

"I think we should take advantage of the situation now!" returned the commissioner, "After all, they think that we are confined in that cell and are not expecting any resistance from us at this time. Don't you think that that is a good idea, Captain?" A determined look came over Pow's face. His mind raced like a Mark forty computer. The cold steel of a police issued Dingle-Meyer rapid fire dum-dum pistol pressed into the small of his back. "You are right!" decided the Pow, "We shall take them by surprise, and do it now!" Turning then, he flinched on down the passage. Dropping to their bellies as they neared the tunnel mouth, they stealthily slithered forward. The tunnel mouth was set high in the wall of the cavern, and as they reached the edge, they peered out over a hideous scene.

Hundreds of Glurgles lay about in various positions, literally covering the floor of the cavern. In the center, a raised platform held the figures of several Glurgles dressed in filmy robes, and the gentle form of the fair Miss Farteed. Evidently she was being held for use in some sort of alien ceremony. The figures on the dais handed her a basket of green stuff, which resembled lettuce from this distance, and was probably part of the ceremony. In return she handed them a large box of long white tubes which they began to distribute among the assembly.

The Glurgles lit one end of these tubes and sucked greedily at them. One by one they fell into a semi-stupor and lay about the floor dreamily smoking and scratching their hairy hides. At this the mighty Pow saw his chance. A wooden ladder led from the tunnel entrance where he stood, to the floor of the cave. From there he could sneak to the rear of the platform with little chance of being seen. The robed figures had left the platform now, and all eyes were on them as they passed out the remaining tubes.

Slowly Pow descended to the floor and crept to the dais. Reaching up he tapped the lovely Miss Farteed on the ankle. With a start she whirled to face him, her eyes widening in disbelief. Smiling and winking his steely blue left eye, Captain Pow whispered "Quickly Miss Farteed, this is our chance to get you away from these monsters. Your father awaits you in the passage above!" Still winking his steely left eye, Pow noticed, from his low position, Miss Farteed's finely turned thigh and her appalling lack of underwear. He did not ponder this long however, for the dainty young girl pointed one slim finger at him and screamed. "Please Miss Farteed, you will alarm the Glurgles against us." He whispered between desperate winks. Still pointing, she screamed again. Quickly Pow realized she must be drugged and jumped lightly to the platform. Though she did not seem anxious to be saved, he would save her anyway. Later when she was out of the influence of the drug, she would thank him for his brave deed.

lightly to the platform. Though she did not seem anxious to be saved, he would save her anyhow. Later when she was out of the influence of the drug, she would thank him for his brave deed. In his desperate motion to grab her, he struck his knuckles on her beaten iron halter and bruised them badly. (The knuckles, that is.) She evaded him and fell to the other side.

The Glurgle pack was fully aroused now. With long armed, red eyed yellow tusked adults surging toward him from all sides, Pow had no choice but to run for his life. Reaching the ladder, he clambered up in a flowing motion. His companions had seen the commotion, and were even now racing down the corridor ahead of him. A quick glance behind showed the Glurgles swarming up the ladder. Globes of phlegm shot from their jaws as the huge green sacs beneath their chins collapsed and they screamed "GLLLUUURRRGLE GLURGLE". Laser beams reached for him in the darkness, striking sparks of incandescent rock from the granite walls. No choice but to retreat.

Being fleet of foot, he shot past the fleeing three and on into the darkness, shouting as he went by, "Last one out is a rotten ruckle egg."

Flicking the light in his helmet on, he pounded on down the passage. For hours he ran, his splendid body responding to the challenge. Just as he spotted the exit, his small band passed him still running. With an effort he redoubled his pace to catch them. Kness sore and bloody from the small stones and pebbles on the floor, the best he could do was to match their speed. He arrived panting as Chako was slamming the door of the lone three man flittle at the opening. "I say Chako, faithful companion who never lets me down, let me in. There is no way out of here," cried Pow. "Sorry boss, but we discussed this and decided that you were the most resourceful of us, and therefore the most likely to survive if you were left. Besides, there is only room enough in this thing to carry three people. We'll send help as soon as possible." So saying, Chako locked the door and took off.

By now, Pow could hear the enraged Glurgles rapidly approaching. What to do, what to do. The gallant captain lay on the rough hewn floor and bawled and kicked his feet. Still the Glurgles came on. Coming to his knees again, Pow crawled to the mouth of the tunnel and looked down. He was at least five thousand feet from the valley floor. The network of tunnels had been carved out of solid mountain. To get down he was faced with a five thousand foot climb on a sheer cliff that went straight down. Still the Glurgles came on. His steely blue eyes hardened, his face took on a set look, and his hands shook as he eased his toughened body over the edge and down the treacherously smooth rock.

The Glurgles had arrived, and were milling around on the cliff top, muttering and stamping their over-sized feet in Frustration. Seeing only the fleeing little flittle, the black, hairy pack failed to look down to where the valiant Pow was struggling on the slick rock face. A well placed laser shot, or even a dropped rock would have done our hero in.

Pressed flat to the wall, and holding on only with the toes of his boots and the tips of his fingers, Captain Pow was beginning to tire. One hundred and three feet down, he found that he could go no farther. Even the mighty muscles and iron will of the hearty fellow called Pow had a limit. The corded muscles in his fingers stood out with exertion from clinging to the inch deep cracks and holes in the rock. Suddenly he thought of his belt. A smile crossed his rugged face and he remembered that he had an anti-gravity device in his buckle. All he had to do was turn it on and he could float down like a feather. Too late! He knew that if he let go with even one sinewy finger he would hurtle to his death, and what's more, his underwear was beginning to crawl up on him.

(Continued in the next issue)

Actually, this fine action-packed serial will be concluded in the next issue. So be sure to read the exciting conclusion to this stirring serial.

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THE PULP ERA a bi-monthly magazine devoted to the old pulp magazines. Sample copy 50¢.

The Pulp Era Press : 413 Ottokee Street : Wauseon, Ohio 43567.

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#### FOR SALE

Many old pulp magazines. Western, adventure, detective, fantasy, science fiction. All types. Will also trade for other issues that I need in my collection.

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Most issues of Bill Barnes, The Lone Eagle, Sky Fighters, Pete Rice Western and Buck Jones Western. Will buy or trade.

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## E D I T O R ' S

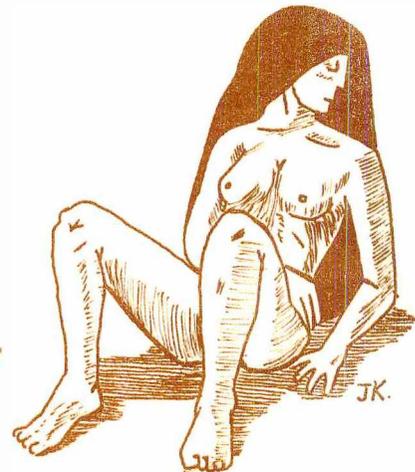
### C O M M E N T S

I was sorry to have had to miss the last mailing, but things piled up to where I had to let something go. I sincerely hope that don't have to miss any future ones. As far as TROAT #1 was concerned, comment from outside the group was favorable with the the most popular item being "The Drape of Things To Come" by John Phillifent. The artwork was liked and Capt. Pow received some mixed reactions.

I did get to a couple of cons since the last issue, The Octocon in Sandusky, Ohio and The Marcon in Toledo, Ohio. Both were enjoyed, but the Octocon was the better of the two. Too much formal planning at Toledo as if they were trying to run a small big convention. My wife called it The Minicon.

For any of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance that may be interested in my generalzine The Pulp Era, there have been two issues published since I put #64 through the apa. The size of the zine has been increased and the rates are 50¢ per copy, a 5 issue sub for \$2.25 or a 10 issue sub for \$4.00. The next issue (#67) will be my 17th publishing anniversary issue and will be a giant one. Rates for that issue only will be \$1.50 per copy or it will count as two issues on a subscription. It will feature some excellent articles by Robert Lowndes, Frederik Pohl, Basil Wells, Fred Cook, Bob Jones, and most everybody that has anything to do with the old pulps. Artwork by Plato Jones, Amos Moon, Jay Kinney, Gary Zachrich, Ray Sower, etc. Also the 2nd part of Dave Prosser's fine WW II airwar artfolio. It will be published in mid-June.

Comments on the 23rd mailing.....I'm not going to attempt to comment on each and every zine at length even though it wasn't a real large mailing. I have an issue of First Fandom Magazine to get out plus work on PE #67, and a couple of other projects I'm undertaking that all take time. Was pleased to see Quip #5 entered in the mailing. This is the first issue of it that I have seen and was quite impressed by it. A beautiful reproduction job and quite interesting. Utgard #12 Not up to its usual standard. Iscariot #21 also not up to its usual high standard. Al says that it is in a flux of a "change". I sincerely hope that he will continue to publish serious sf articles. I enjoyed the article on the Letters of Jack London. Such & Such #2 short but interesting. I wish there had been that much activity in the St. Louis area





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when I was living in Mt. Vernon, Illinois and in Hannibal, Missouri. I got into St. Louis quite often and would have been interested in attending the OSFA meetings. This year as of now, I'm only planning to attend one more con. That will be the MidwestCon in June. It is very doubtful if I make the Worldcon. I would like to St. Louis bid for a Worldcon.

Florimel #4 Best artist in the group and only a cover illustration? More artwork please. Falchion #2 Interesting article on knives. Warlock #15 is another zine not up to its usual high standard this time. Cliffhangers & Others #11 I have never been able to get interested in this one. The New Newport News News #1 Mild, but it could turn into a very good zine. Mel #8 I feel you have done an exceptionally good job as OE, but I'll want to see who else will be running. I do feel the OE should be in the south if at all possible. Very good issue. Damnyankee #13 I enjoy reading life stories. I think my favorite is by Henry Ford, but you come in

2nd. I can't quite agree with you on the paperbacks

outshining the magazines. I still get all of the magazines regularly and while the majority are not as good as they used to be, I feel Analog, If, and the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction are doing a good job of furnishing good readable stories. I am exceptionally fond of Famous Science Fiction, Startling Mystery, and the Magazine of Horror because of their policy of reprinting good stories of the pre-1938 period. Robert Lowndes has done an exceptionally fine job in selecting the material. I do feel a series of SF paperbacks in the manner of New Worlds would be a good thing. I would also like to see Famous Fantastic Mysteries and Fantastic Novels reprinted as a paperback series. I think they would sell well and give some of the newer fans a chance to read them at reasonable prices. All in all this wasn't the

best of mailings, I hope #24 is better. Best of the mailing in my opinion. #1 Quip. #2 Mel, #3 Damnyankee. #4 Iscariot. #5 Falchion.

My reading has also suffered quite a bit and I have a huge 'to read' stack on the bookshelf. Besides wanting to catch up on such books as "The Weird Adventures of The Shadow", "The Worm Ouroboros", "The Spook Legion", "The Shadow: Destination Moon", "B.E.A.S.T.", "The Insect Invasion", etc. I have quite a few old magazines I want to read or reread. I also picked up a few books in a little used bookstore just outside of Toledo a while back that I want to go through. "Over The Top" by Arthur Guy Empey who wrote the Terrance X. O'Leary series, "Turquoise Canon" by J. Allan Dunn, "The Ghoul" by Frank King, and "The Velvet Hand" a collection of Madame Storey mysteries by Hulbert Footner.

I am also hoping that my oldest son will have the time this summer to help me recatalog my collection. I haven't made any additions in the past 8 or 9 years and of course all the magazines I've picked up are now mixed in with the cataloged ones. Doug is in his second year of college and is attending The Defiance College in Defiance, Ohio. I'm not yet sure where he'll work this summer, but probably will go back with the State Library branch in Napoleon.

(continued on page 14)



## Erotic Tarzan ?

by John Phillifent

It's strange how pregnant a single phrase can be. In a letter in 'THE PULP ERA #64' Seth Johnson sighs, "if only Farmer or Garrett could do an erotic Tarzan!" If only, indeed. The mention of two possible writers for the task helped the train of thought along farther than it might otherwise have gone. You see, those two have something of a reputation for being very thorough in research and treatment. And that -- but maybe I'd better make my own position clear as regards Tarzan, and ERB in general.

I read the Tarzan pentateuch -- the first five books -- when I was ten years old. That's forty years ago (shocking thought!) and I haven't so much as looked at any one of those since. But I remember them well. TARZAN OF THE APES ... RETURN OF TARZAN ... BEASTS OF ... SON OF ... and then TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR. I enjoyed them immensley. But then I lost all the joy somehow. I have picked up several Tarzan tales since then, and found them flat. Recently I got Fritz Leiber's attempt to add another to the ERB canon, and it was an effort to read the first third, after which I gave up. And I have reasons. At least, reasons for me.

ERB began by making his ape-man a plausible figure, perhaps not a three-dimensional character, but very thick cardboard. Believable, if you weren't too critical about abstruse items such as the impossibility of learning to print English from a book without tuition, or the sad but unshakeable fact that any infant raised among animals -- deprived of speech example and learning -- is a hopeless and irreversible imbecile by the age of twelve. One had the alibi, then, that such facts were by no means hard and established except among the more advanced biologists, and the folk-myth of the wolf-boy is still by no means dead, even now. One could overlook such things because ERB had the gift of being convincing, by using commonplace ideas to convey startling scenes.

But then (perhaps the effort of repeating his character pushed him into it) he slipped over the border-line into fantasy, and a flesh-and-blood apeman became superman-in-a-sarong. And that's where I got off. That's why I couldn't read Leiber. I admire him as a science fiction writer (all too seldom) and envy his talent -- would that I had half as much -- but I can't read him in fantasy. Nor anyone else in that kind of fantasy. This is no place to get into an argument about fantasy types. If anyone is interested I can do it some other time. In any case, Leiber ghosting ERB is like asking Aubrey Beardsley to draw a strip in the Dick Tracy series. Wrong style altogether.

So back to Tarzan as a superficial but meant-to-be-taken-for-real man who was raised among anthropoid apes. And erotica. And another point; there already is erotica in Tarzan. Not grunt by grunt and in clinical detail, true, but there by implication. Women fell for him in a large way. There was Jane Porter in the beginning. And there was Olga, the French Countess, in 'RETURN'. And that Ouled Nail who turned out to be the daughter of a sheik. In 'SON' there was Miriam (Meriem?) the waif who lived with Korak, and turned out to be the daughter of a French personage. And the gorgeous priestess, of a degenerate race where all the women were luscious and the men ugly old gnarled creatures, and Mendel should

turn in his grave at the thought. ERB had fixed notions about beauty and gentility of character being genetically transmitted -- and again, even now, that kind of thinking is not dead. In his case it was handy, because it guarded against the kind of erotica Seth Johnson has in mind. The dictionary says 'Pertaining to sexual love, amatory, amorous ..' Now unless we are to believe that Jane got Korak (Jack -- sorry!) by parthenogenesis, the sex bit was there, that once. But Tarzan behaved himself otherwise because here again ERB relied on genetic transmission of character. And old ape-man really was a Lord, of the nobility. And we are explicitly told how he treated Jane, at that first encounter, like a 'natural gentleman'. He had a gentleman's instincts all the time. He had to. He had to have something to tone down that superhuman strength and the savage upbringing.

So, if anyone tries to do him erotic, he's in for trouble. Especially if he researches his material. You see, our boy was a grown man when he first met Jane, his first woman. And, as Freud and just about everyone else has shown, and teen-agers are happily ~~discovering~~ ~~eroticism starts a long time before that~~ ~~Not just~~ ~~with us, either.~~ ~~Busy little scientists have recorded and con-~~ ~~firmed~~ that prostitution and homosexuality are rife among the higher primates -- which knocks the 'churchy' theory that sinful Man invented sex-for-pleasure as a notion. And it offers a provocative picture of Tarzan as a youth, with all those excitable she-apes to learn from and with. He would have been thoroughly experienced by the time he met Jane in the jungle. He may even have observed some performances in that native tribe he used to plague, and thus added to his repertoire. My imagination stalls at the thought of him and Jane -- or him and any ordinary woman -- involved in sexual combat. But I do not have the imaginational power of either Farmer or Garrett, more's the pity. If it ever happens, I want to know, and to read!

As I've already admitted to being queer about fantasy, there's no harm in also admitting that I'm queer about erotica too (Not that kind of queer!) I just donot believe it can be done in words, any more than you can learn to swim from reading a book, or describe music in spoken or written words. For just one of many reasons, both music and sex are shared experiences, whereas an account is essentially a single experience, and so it comes out wrong, as it is not possible to describe two or more experiences at the same time. (Yes, I do know about the person who sits and plays the piano to himself -- and you can work out your deductions about that)

Incidentally, and before somebody screams that I'm making ERB out to have been naive, not so. He was well aware of the possibility of games in the woods between Tarzan and the young lady apes. Refer to that time when he was being fingerprinted by the French police, and asked the usual 'intelligent questions' that all heroes do. He asked, remember, if it would be possible to tell, by fingerprints alone, whether or not the person was the result of a cross between an ape and a human. As Tarzan himself was obviously fair-skinned -- d'Arnot had actually remarked on it -- the only conclusion one can come to is that this must refer to some odd doings involving either Lord Greystoke senior, or his lady wife. One boggles. ERB obviously did, and very sensibly let it lie untouched.

But, for me, erotica has to be visual. It's the only way. It is why almost all visual art, somewhere and somehow, has a sex-content, and why all artists, ever since the beginning, have gone for nude figures at some time or other. A picture is a gestalt, whereas words are a linear code. The erotic Tarzan could best be done by some kind of strip cartoon format. After the style of Barbarella? Now there, indeed, would be an art portfolio to treasure. Wouldn't it? If you could get it through the mail, that is !

-John Phillifent

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FOR SALE OR TRADE

Sir Knight: Vol. 1 No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Adam 1957 Annual, Adam 1958 Annual, Adam Bedside Reader #1.

Adam: Vol. 1 No. 1, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Vol. 2 NO. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Vol.3 No. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Vol. 4 No. 7.

Will sell at \$2.00 per copy or will trade for issues of the following: Bill Barnes, Pete Rice Western, Buck Jones Western, The Lone Eagle, Sky Fighters, Double Detective, Red Star Adventure, Thrilling Adventures, Black Book Detective, Black Mask, or what old pulp magazines do you have to trade?

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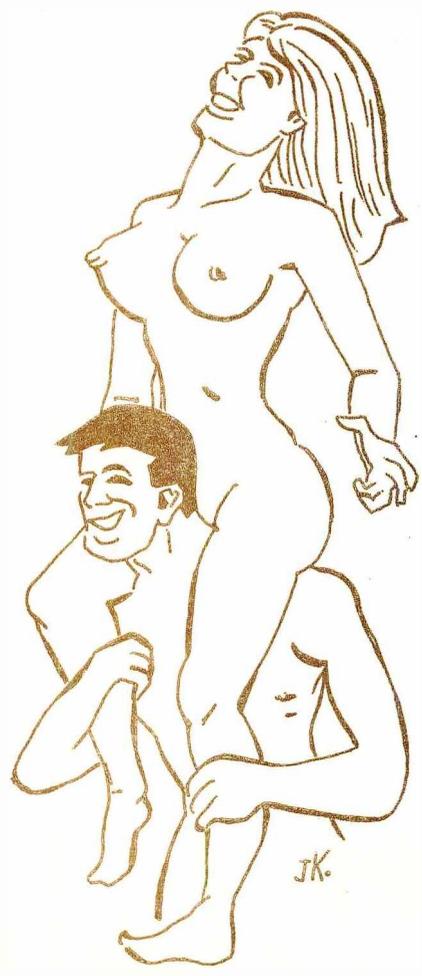
THE PULP ERA issue #67 (17th annish) will be published June 15th. It is a huge issue with articles by Robert Lowndes, Frederik Pohl, Henry Steeger, Basil Wells, Bob Jones, Terry Jeeves, Bud Overn, Mac McGregor, Fred Cook, Wilkie Conner and many more.

\$1.50 per single copy. Or \$1.00 along with a 5 issue subscription at \$2.25 or a 10 issue subscription at \$4.00.

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The Pulp Era Art booklet has been delayed in printing and will appear in August of this year. Copies still available at \$1.50 each.

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(continued from page 10)

May 15th now and drawing close to deadline time. My poor ole Multilith has really been getting a workout. Just finished an issue of First Fandom Magazine and of course I'm working on my "Annish" for the Pulp Era. It will run about 150 pages and with a printing of 500 copies that is a lot of paper through the old girl. I'm fighting to have it finished by the Midwestcon and I still have about 90 pages to go, so my evenings will be pretty full this coming month.

Still haven't decided on my vacation time this year, but doubt very much if I'll go to the New York Con. Somehow I have a feeling that it will be a poor con. Might try to go to Expo 67 though. As far as cons go this year I'll make the Midwestcon and the Octocon yet for sure and probably skip the others. I would like to go to the Ozarkon in St. Louis the last weekend in July but its on the doubtful list.

Plan to go up to Detroit the last weekend in May. Always have a fannin' good time with the gang up there.

May 20th now. Jim Caughran and wife and little one were over to visit the other night. I understand they are going to Panama and then Jim will teach at the University of Kentucky this fall.

