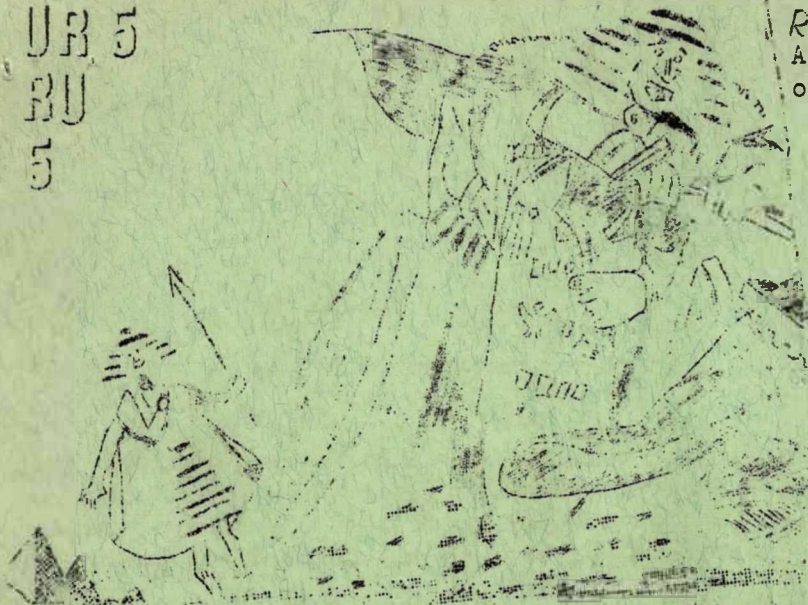


UR 5
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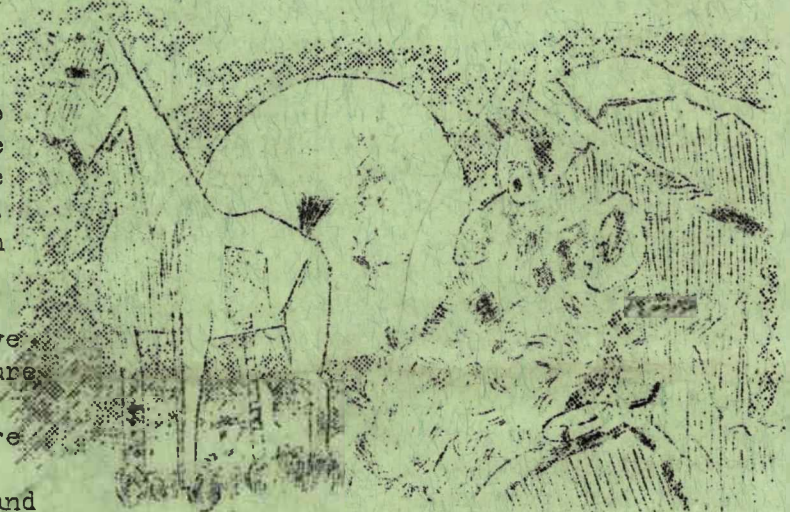


RAMESES SNOOD of the Army of the Nile joined the ranks of famous maintenance men in the year 5000 B.C. when he UR'd the squeaky axles of the Chariot Brigade and solved this vexing problem by the application of a small amount of Sabee Tooth Tiger fat in the wheelwells...

At the Siege of Troy, XERXES CLOD UR'd the Trojan Horse and insured the success of the decoy by strengthening the secret inner chamber with dobs of Sabre Tooth Tigerfat in all joints and knotholes. This not only helped strategy, but also gave a knotty pine effect to the secret inner chamber...

SPECIAL AD ISH

Also Special Front and Bacover Combo Ish... This is UR # 5 intended to be in the December 1958 mailing of the Off-Trails Magazine Publishers Asso. and to reach sundry others on my own list on or before 25 December 1958. Artwork in thish comes from Martin Pahls, a MAD reader, but I swear I've had the drawing long enough to be sure that he wasn't influenced by Kelly Freas, the two illos on this page are from the February 1956 Maintenance Review as was the bacover lastish, and the various other grotesqueries, esp. the grotesqueries are from mine own hand unless otherwise stated... Contributions were gleefully swiped from NEMATODE, a SAPS pub, from FANFARE No 1, an unpublished EC fanzine from Marty Pahls (Highway Signs) who incidentally gave me H___ for my treatment of the eyes on the Crust ad which, by the way I slipped into NEMATODE before mailing it out no doubt puzzling a lot of poor SAPS by the lack of credit references. Marty also points out that Dr. Boones best selling disk smash is TAILS OF HOFFMAN. (The flip side; another fine ditty, BONGO, BONGO, BONGO I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THE CONGO, with King Kong on traps and J. Fred Muggs at the Whirlitzer. They really SWING!) Happy Easter Everybody... etm. NOT TO BE SOLD OR TRADED IN A MUTILITHED CONDITION... Price is no object, WRITE...



From UR Press
T/Sgt E T Mills
PO Box 244
Carroll AFB
TEXAS

TO

Printed Matter

MERRY CHRISTMAS

URGENT UNSATISFACTORY REPORT # B 5

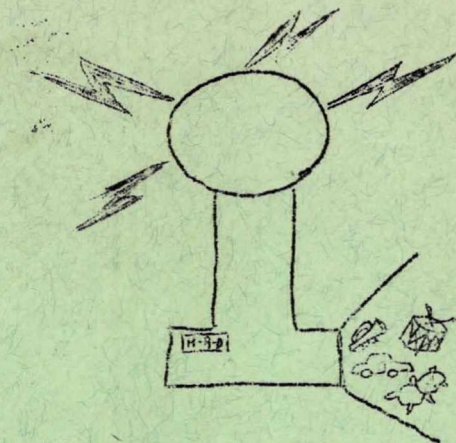
TO: COM GAL SECT V

FROM: DE GOODCHEER POLAR STA. SOL III

DATE: 5 NOV 58 (LOCAL)

ITEM: PACIFIER, Model Sol 3

DETAILS:



DESCRIPTION OF DIFFICULTY: The current high level of atmospheric radioactivity on this planet disrupts the focus of the Harmoniac-Ray Distiller (H-R-D) rendering preparation of this year's pacifiers, on the planet, impossible. These are normally produced at the psychometric laboratory adjacent to our polar distribution center.

CAUSE: The magnetic field of the planet concentrates cosmic radiation on a pick-up unit for the H-R-D which generates a field of concordium force in objects placed in the focus of the unit. While this force dissipates at an exponential rate, the usable field-strength lasts just over one planetary revolution (year). During its effective period it creates an atmosphere of well-being and trust in the dominant species within its range. The mythos of the planet was easily adapted to provide for distribution of the charged objects. However, the treatment has not proved highly effective due to the radioactivity of the planet and to the presence of a sub-species of the dominant race (Homo Misanthropus) which is resistant to the force. During the past several revolutions, experimental work in artificial release of nuclear energy has increased atmospheric radioactivity enough to defocus any H-R-D currently available. Any further increase in radioactivity will result in the mutation of all species on the planet. It is predicted that Homo Misanthropus will become dominant for a short period of time and that life will again evolve on the planet in 100,000 years. With proper decontamination procedures, the planet may be colonised in 100 years.

ACTION TAKEN: The laboratory facilities were removed to the fourth planet. The H-R-D in use here was administratively condemned and the staff of psychometricians remanded to GAL HOSP CAMPUS IV for remedial calibration. A new staff is preparing objects for distribution on schedule. The fact that the objects are of extra-planetary origin is not expected to arouse comment as there is currently a strong emphasis on "space travel" and imaginative objects are vended to the planet's inhabitants both as objects for amusement and as "genuine souvenirs from a Venusian Flying Saucer!"

RECOMMENDATIONS: That the reaction to this year's distribution of objects be closely monitored with intent to withdraw all facilities currently maintained on the planet if no improvement is shown in intra-species relations. That the Galactic Federation start preparing a colonisation project for the planet as it is probable that there will soon be an opportunity for expansion in this sector. That the staff of this project be isolated when the project is discontinued and recalibrated as I fear that we have been affected by the backlash of the defocused H-R-D.

INITIATOR: S. CLAUS
GOODCHEER POLAR STATION
SOL III, GAL SECT V

SUBMITTED BY: T/3gt, E. MILLS
STATION UR OFFICER

UR # 5 is prepared by unsURPressed Publications for OIPA and others, December mailing 1958. Happy New Year, Y' all...

This magazine is intended for sale at the full cover price. Resale at a lower price or without the cover is prohibited.....

HAVE YOU BEEN DRIVING IN THE COUNTRY LATELY?
 IF SO, YOU'VE NO DOUBT NOTICED THE TRAFFIC SIGNS.
 THERE ARE SIGNS FOR ALMOST EVERYTHING! THE FEW THEY'VE OVERLOOKED WE
 WILL TRY TO COVER IN A QUICK LOOK AT

HIGHWAY SIGNS

THIS SIGN
 IS UNDER
 WATER
 IF YOU CAN
 READ IT, YOU
 ARE UNDER
 WATER TOO

KEEP
 TO THE
 LEFT
 COURTESY
 FRISBIE
 FUNERAL
 HOME

SLOW
 DINOSAURS
 CROSSING

YOU'RE
 UNDER
 ARREST

"LOOK, NO HANDS"

THE SPEEDER SAID

if you can read this
 sign, and are reading
 it, you have very good
 eyesight, but are a
 very careless
 driver - you read
 signs instead of
 watching the road.

DON'T
 LOOK
 BACK
 IT'S
 GAINING
 ON YOU!

ARE YOU DRUNK
 OR CRAZY?
 THIS ISN'T
 A ROAD!

A MINUTE LATER

DONOT ENTER
 ONE WAY

SLIPPERY
 WHEN
 WET
 OR DRY

DRUNK
 DRIVERS
 GO TO
 JAIL!

"LOOK, NO HEAD"

NO LEFT TURN

CLOVER LEAF
 500 FT. AHEAD
 use
 BRAYER aspirin!

NO RIGHT TURN

DON'T YOU
 WISH YOU
 KNEW WHERE
 YOU ARE?

THESE SIGNS
 by
 BRADWELL
 HIGHWAY
 DEP'T.

NO
 TURN

GO!
 GO!
 GO!

Mumma Shave

DO NOT STOP

les Apres-midis d'un Fan

un Convention-ravissement

la ouverture

I gained final approval of my leave early on the 28th of August and boarded an airplane that evening for the Solacon. I arrived about half an hour before my suitcase did and missed one bus to town. After I had checked in at the hotel Alexandria and deposited my paraphernalia in my room, I deployed in search of fans. The lobby was extremely quiet so I decided to turn in. As I entered the lift I met Bob Lan-kau, an engineer in Sacramento and upon discovering that he was attending the con invited him to my room for a chat. We discussed a variety of subjects for about an hour before Bob left to get some rest.

le mouvement premier

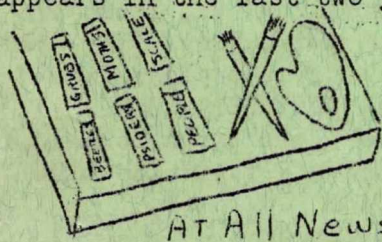
As I sat in the hotel drugstore having a late breakfast, I noticed the Detroit and Cleveland fans drift across the lobby and hurriedly downed my first cup of tea. I found that most of the crowd had disappeared but spoke to several fans I knew and joined Thelma and Everett Evans for a cup of coffee. Later, in the lobby, I was drafted to work at the registration desk. I was quite happy typing a mailing and an ID card for each new registrant, but quit after Honey Wood Graham told me that I was expected to turn the money I collected in to the convention funds. It was nice while it lasted. There was an informal program in the Ballroom at this time. Wally Weber even allowed Frank Dietz to interview him being under the impression that the sound system was undergoing preliminary tests. After I left the registration desk I wandered about greeting fans remembered from prior cons, meeting new ones and generally enjoyed myself. The center of activity in the early afternoon was the California Room with its display of auction material and particularly the corner with Morris Dollens' "Color Organ". The amorphous pattern presented by this ingenious device was altered by the changing frequencies of music played on a tape recorder. After a bit, the pangs of hunger drove Ron Bennett, Cecil, various fans from Cleveland and Detroit, Bill Donahoe and myself in search of a place to dine. We settled upon the Forum Cafeteria when the others proclaimed that it was just the place forum.

The Grand International Tea Drinking Contest got under way at 1655 with Bob Bloch and Poul Anderson judging a field of entrants representing the Queen, Great Britain, and the Knights of St. Panthony (Bennett); Irish Fandom (BoSh); Catalina Island (Djinn Faine); The Dominion of Canada (Art Hayes); *(Texas -Eleanor Turner) and various portions of the U.S. (Karen Anderson, Ted Johnstone, Cordell Mahaney, Rick Sneary and myself.) Mike Hinge refused to represent New Zealand on the grounds that tea made with tea-bags was not 'proper tea' although it was rumoured that his reluctance was due to a fondness for coffee. After a quick start on the part of Mahaney, Hayes and Anderson who consumed ten cups in the first half-hour closely followed by Faine, the contest slowed considerably. BoSh and I started slowly, pacing each other at a rate calculated to fulfill the ((Slow and steady loses the race)) ten cup requirement precisely at the end of the first hour. BoSh slowed up and conceded after eight cups. Mahaney quit at 21 cups, Anderson had left at 18, Faine surged ahead by extreme efforts to 23 cups followed within ten minutes by Hayes who also was forced to abandon the table with 23 cups precariously under his belt. Soon afterward I yielded at 17 cups when I realized that one more drop of tea would be drastic, and Ted Johnstone, the last hold-out dashed into the men's room as I prepared to rejoin the fen outside. Bennett had chickened-out at 13.5 cups, claiming to have consumed more tea at that sitting than throughout the entire previous year!



DJINN AND TEANIK

When 1900 rolled around the Solacon was officially opened by Rick Sneary who reviewed the history of the "South Gate in 58" slogan and its fulfillment. The Mayor of South Gate, The Hon. Leland R. Weaver, then spoke explaining that South Gate had no hotel suitable for a con, the only one large enough had, through an architectural oversight, been constructed without a single toilet. It was weird.* The Mayor officially proclaimed the Alexandria Hotel and the surrounding area within 150 feet in every direction to be within the city-limits of South Gate for the duration of the Solacon. The convention committee was introduced and the rules were approved in short order. Mr. Anthony Boucher and John W. Campbell, assisted by Ed Wood, presented one of the most interesting and informative panel discussions I have heard at any con. (Mr. Wood was in the audience.) Mr. Campbell responded to Mr. Wood's demand for more emotion in SF by describing the type of 'heroic' emotion writers for ASF should strive for. Cortez was a Campbell-type hero. New psionic devices are in demand, dowsing rods have been accepted by city engineers throughout the country to trace water, gas, sewer, electric, etc. pipes; psi has been used to destroy Japanese Beetles by painting photographs; a diabetic in a coma in one city was found to be suffering from insulin shock the morning after a 'doctor' in another city waved his hands through the air in front of a picture of the psick man; if there wasn't a great conspiracy to prevent publication of these things there'd be psi in the sky... I know of a fan who tried to eliminate numbers by painting a Paint-The-Numbers picture. He chose the number nineteen to begin with and sure enough, when he finished with the sections marked (19) there wasn't a psingle nineteen left on the canvas. Several people were heard to wonder what would happen if one painted out the word 'psi' in every place it appears in the last two years' ASF...

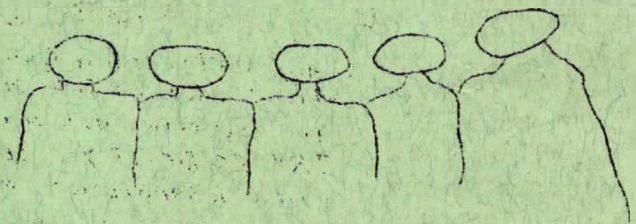


JWC
PEST
ERADICATOR
PAINT KIT

AT ALL Newstands \$3.50

*My proof reader informs me that Weird is not always a substitute for 'uncanny'

le mouvement second
Early Saturday afternoon I drifted into the convention hall to hear Mr. Bradbury, who proved as entertaining, in his way, as Mr. Campbell. The emotions involved, however, I must admit are quite different. Bidding at the auction which followed was rather curious, some items went at fairly exaggerated prices, while others created by the same person sold almost too cheaply. All a matter of supply and demand... In the evening, E. Everett Evans presented awards on behalf of the NFFF. I returned to the hall in time for the Auction Block and purchased Mr. Evans for the "adequate" sum of five dollars. Ben Jason was bidding for 'Doc' Smith when I suggested that we might pool our authors and out of this and, at our slaves' suggestion, grew a plotting session for an E E Smith short story in the new Campbell tradition of psi and Psillane emotion. At the end of his hours servitude I handed Mr. Evans the bill of sale I had received, endorsed with a 'Certificate of Manumission' stating that he, having fulfilled his obligation, was henceforth a free-holder. In return he gave me a document stating the conditions under which he had served me. Ben got a similar scroll from 'Doc' Smith, who sold for the 'princely' sum of twenty-one dollars. TAFF garnered \$95.0 for selling seven authors.



PRS held open house until midnight after which, or perhaps during which, I wandered about, trying to ensure that Bob Leman met the fans I knew. In their turn, they took him in tow and I expect that he met most of the fan in whom he was interested that were available. At least he found enough to have a successful party the next night.

LADIES! Can your husband make Everything?

Does he spend his days at the office -

and his nights in the workshop?

You can cure him of loathsome Homecraftitis

with the genuine Murray

TRY-TO-DO-IT-YOURSELF

it is no substitute for quality ...

The genuine Murray TRY-TO-DO-IT-YOURSELF kit has been carefully designed by highly trained mental defective, Quantum Z. Murray, to make absolutely nothing.

It contains 73 pieces of rare Amazonian "Swamp Wood" deported at great cost from the shallowest forests of Brazil.

Here are a few of the amazing qualities of Swamp Wood, the most useless material known to man?

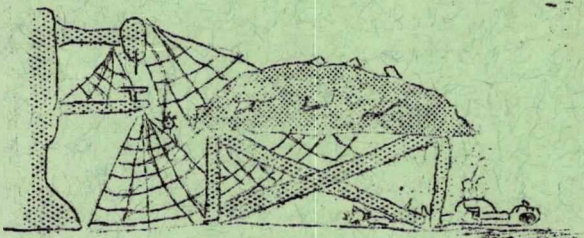
Will dull almost instantly any saw chisel, knife or other implement used to shape it;

Warps if sawed, while being sawed;

Splits if polished;

Produces a dense, sooty, green smoke and sulfurous odors when burned.

The 73 pieces included in this kit have so far survived the most strenuous and determined efforts of a panel of do-it-yourselfers to assemble them into known or useful forms. Tests by a leading independent laboratory prove that you will get double your money back if a project is successfully completed using this kit and this kit only. If you can catch us.



YOUR HUSBAND'S WORKSHOP CAN LOOK LIKE THIS, WILL LOOK LIKE THIS WITHIN 90 DAYS IF YOU GIVE HIM A GENUINE MURRAY TRY-TO-DO-IT-YOURSELF KIT. (INQUIRE ABOUT OUR SANATORIUM INSURANCE)

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS SPONSORED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY HOMEWRECKERS, LTD.

The kit contains (among other things):

8 chair legs (two differing sets of three with two odd legs.)

1 table top (mahogany-type veneer guaranteed to crack and/or peel within three weeks. Top does not fit any of the legs included.)

51 assorted boards (at least three of which are not split, full of knotholes or badly warped. These are ironwood and will bend any nail driven into them.)

1 large assortment of nails: (In three categories; too large, too small, and too bent.)

1 assortment of famous Planksplit Brand woodscrews (all sizes except right.)

11 unmatchable metal brackets and braces treated with rust-accelerator.

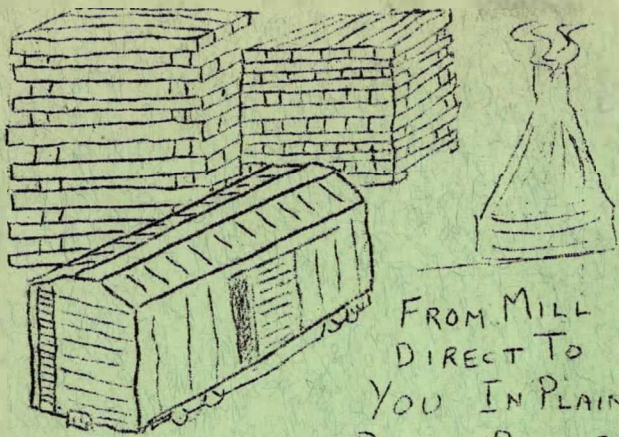
+++ P L U S +++

FIVE (YES 5!, FIVE!!, 5!!!) beautifully embossed, incomprehensible and misleading sets of plans are included at NO EXTRA CHARGE! These plans were fabricated by a prominent Pentagon Staff Officer for a classified project and are of course not even readable. The kit contains no parts for any of the plans, and the items are impossible to construct anyway. (Why do you suppose the project was classified?) This kit is sold in STRICTEST CONFIDENCE and is delivered in plain brown boxcars. DON'T BE A HOMECRAFT WIDOW... Write TODAY

SLAPDASH CO.

Division of

Altoona Garbage Mfg. & Dist. Agency Inc.
Little Elephant, Montana



FROM MILL
DIRECT TO
YOU IN PLAIN
BROWN BOXCAR
\$189.98
PLUS 20%
FEDERAL
EXCISE TAX

SELF KIT

90 days to happiness!
un.solicited TESTIMONIAL

Box 3x6, Pluto's Caverns, Oklahoma

Dear Mr. Slapdash,

Thirteen months ago I was married. I don't believe my mother-in-law approves of the marriage. Oh, she was nice enough to my face but she gave us a Cropsmith Home Workshop for a wedding present and I didn't see my husband for months after the ceremony. Three months ago I saw your ad in the Dentist's office in DRILLING WONDER STORIES. I wrote to you that evening, and recieved my boxcar of Swamp Wood the next afternoon! How do you manage to give such prompt delivery? (It's a Trade Secret) I presented it to my husband for his birthday and he determined to accept your challenge. After 89 days of concentrated effort and research, he discovered that five of the boards supplied had once been part of a coffin. He swiftly constructed an altar and invited me to assist him in dedication ceremonies. I was flattered to see that he noticed me and unaware of the role of the virgin in a Black Mass. Being young and innocent but willing I agreed. I suppose that I could claim double money back on the basis of his acheivement, but I'm having too much fun down here to bother about it, and I'm not sure there's an exchange rate here anyhow. I'll just wait for you to get here and take it out in trade.

Warmly yours,

Naiada B. Dant

SOUTHGATE WAS GREAT IN FIFTY-EIGHT...

les Apres-midi d'un Fan (concluded)

le mouvement terse

SUDDENLY, IT'S 1959 headed the program and as suddenly the business session convened and got down to the serious matter of choosing next year's convention site. Despite Chicago's appeals to thoughtfull fen to decide this issue on the merits of the cities and the abilities of the group involved and not to let dirty old sentiment muddle everything up, (at a convention having no emotional raison d'etre, "South-Gate in 58" being strictly a logical selection and anyway there wasn't a dream of opposition to the 1958 site). Thoughtless sentimental fen proved to be in the majority and DETROIT IS FINE IN 59.

The 1600 Banquet proved filling although, despite pictorial 'proof' to the contrary, I never did get any of that cake. Ron Bennett forgot 'is cockney accent and nearly gave an intelligible speech. Mike Hinge was understood by a few linguists in the crowd. Mr. Matheson's serious speech combined with the good food and the lack of rest struck a responsive chord and nearly put me in the aisle. I averted this only by toppling into the water carafe first. The Masquerade costumes were spectacular, as was to be expected from the locale, and the auction of the auctioneers topped it off well. Bob Leman had a party in his rm after which I toddled off to bed.

le mouvement force

I missed the FASHIONS OF THE FUTURE and most of Lysistrata. Indeed, the only portion of the Westecon programme I took in was Alice in Thrilling Wonderland. I have always enjoyed the Lensman series and the Upstage Lensman is a fitting addition to ((Have Lens, Will Travel...Up Uranus...)) to the ranks of those heroes.

Monday evening Ben Jason, Bob Lankau, Jerry Steur and I visited E.E. and Thelma Evans, at their home. Jean Carrol and Doc Smith and Jeannie were there. We discussed both Doc and Ey's stories and ogled Ev's collection of pictures.

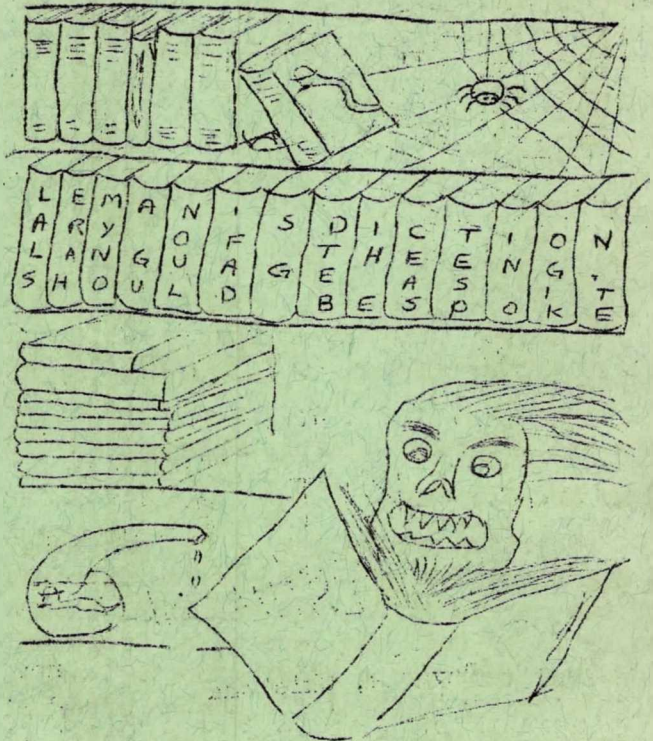
The next day was spent in saying goodbyes and in discussing food with BenJ and Ruth Kyle. This casual exchange of recipes led to the formation of FANDOM'S COOKBOOK, UN-Inc.. If you have any favourite recipes send them to Ruth Kyle, Station WPDM, Pot-dan, New York.

DETROIT WILL BE FINE IN FIFTY-NINE...

THE VINEGAR PRESS LEMAN

Le XICOGRAPHER

The URPress achieved concrete reality after I purchased the Speed-O-Print mimeo from Mosher, but it had its origins in the assistance I gave Bob Leman in producing The Vinegar Worm # 3. One might have expected Bob to have had no further interest in fanzine publishing after that, particularly not in conjunction with me. However, we all have our hidden weaknesses; and Bob's seems to be a desire to burst into print periodically. At the Solacon, he was informed that the SAPS wanted him to justify his presence on the membership roster with a contribution to the coming mailing. I had remarked that I would consider outside work on occasion so he took me at my word and sent a shoebox full of stencils to me with the request for early publication. I extorted permission to reprint an excerpt from NEMATODE that I felt deserved a wider circulation than he was giving it (and forced him to include some advertising which also appears herein.) Here then is good, old, lovable Bob Leman with a few words on the misuse of a term, "Satire"...



I must tell you that I am by nature somewhat loquacious--the more disaffected among my admirers go so far as to call me windy--and I should warn you that you may well encounter, before our acquaintance terminates, more verbiage than you are willing to tolerate. I am also powerfully opinionated on almost any subject that you might care to name. The combination of these two traits does not make for an endearing person, and I'll probably not be the most beloved member SAPS has ever had. It may be, though, that the constitution provides for kicking out offensive people; if so, you might do worse than to keep that particular article in mind.

As a certified fool who is perpetually rushing in where angels fear to tread, I now propose to make a foray into the semantic jungle of "satire," "parody," "burlesque," "pastiche," and kindred words, and to try to bring some order out of the chaos that prevails there. Not that chaos exists inherently in the words themselves; they are plain solid English words, with plain solid English meanings. But the public mind, and--what more nearly concerns us--the fannish mind have confused and misused these words so consistently that one is never quite sure what is intended when he is told that something is "satire." The truth is that in fandom "satire" has come to be used incorrectly as a substitute for all of these words, and for a few more in the bargain. I'd like to try to straighten this matter out.

Let's begin with what the dictionary says: (this is Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, Second Edition) "Satire, A poem or prose work holding up human vices, follies etc. to ridicule or scorn."

"Parody, A writing in which the language and style of an author is (sic) imitated or mimicked, esp. for comic effect or ridicule."

"Burlesque, Literary, dramatic or other imitation which makes a travesty of that which it represents." "Lampoon, A personal satire in writing, usually malicious or abusive." "Pastiche; A literary or artistic composition imitating, often caricaturing, previous writings or paintings."

Now I don't like that definition of "pastiche"; as the word is customarily used, the part of the definition that says, ". . .often caricature. . ." does not apply. I turn therefore to the other dictionary around here (World's Webster's New Twentieth Century Dictionary, Unabridged) which as a rule I don't like as well as the Merriam-Webster, but which in this case, I think, does better: "Pastiche, A pasticcio. . . Pasticcio, . . . 3., A work of art, of original composition as to design, but a direct copy of the style and manner of some other artist." The Merriam-Webster definition makes the word synonymous with "parody," and I've never seen it used that way, so let's use the second definition.

The authority on English usage is, of course, Fowler; but Fowler is of very little help here. "Pastiche" is not mentioned, and certain other of our words are lumped together thus: "burlesque, caricature, parody, travesty. In wider applications the words are often interchangeable. . . Burlesque, caricature and parody have, besides their wider uses, each a special province; action or acting is burlesqued, form and features are caricatured, and verbal expression is parodied." Fowler puts "satire" with an entirely different group, thus:

WORD	AIM	PROVINCE	METHOD
wit	Throwing light	words and ideas	Surprise
satire	Amendment	Morals and manners	Accentuation
sarcasm	Inflicting pain	Faults and foibles	Inversion
irony	Exclusiveness	Statement of facts	Justification

And now that we have the basic definitions at our disposal, we're ready to dig into these words and the matter of their proper usage. "Satire," naturally, as the one most abused, ought to receive first consideration. Webster and Fowler are in pretty close agreement on its meaning and use: it aims to amend manners and morals by accentuation; it holds human vices and follies up to ridicule and scorn. And a glance at the great satires immediately demonstrates the method: Gulliver's Travels and Swift's savage disgust with almost every attribute of human beings; Animal Farm and Orwell's biting exposure of the pretensions of the soviet union; The Loved One and Waugh's nauseated laughter at "morticians" and their prey; After Many a Summer Dies the Swan and Huxley's horrified look at Hollywood. (I note that Sean O'Faolain, in his recent book, The Vanishing Hero, says, ". . . Huxley is not, properly speaking, a satirist so much as a writer of brilliant invective." O'Faolain explains this statement apparently to his own satisfaction, but he fails to persuade me.) The satirist sees what is foolish and wretched in man and man's institutions, and he blisters and flays us, so that we squirm painfully even as we guffaw. Satire's intent, as Fowler says, is amendment; it aims to improve us. We should be cautious, therefore, in labelling writings

"satire"; if they don't conform to these definitions, they aren't satire.

They may be parodies, though--"writings in which the language and style of an author is imitated or mimicked, esp. for comic effect or ridicule." I have emphasized the words comic effect in quoting the definition because parody is almost invariably intended to be funny, and not to ridicule. Parody is on the whole a gentle art, as compared with satire. Even the most savage parody--and savage parody is a rare thing--is directed not at people, but at writing; and it intends not to wound, but to amuse. The parodist--and, the parodist hopes, the reader--is having some fun. He exaggerates a writer's mannerisms much as a stage mimic does an actor's; he's trying to make you laugh. He does not, as a rule, try to malign or ridicule his subject; the probability is that unless he admired the writer, he wouldn't be familiar enough with the style to write a competent parody.

Parody, then, is directed at writing, while satire is directed at people; that is the distinction. We are now ready to investigate the subsidiary words "burlesque" and "lampoon." Burlesque, the dictionary says, "makes a travesty of that which it represents"; which means, simply, that burlesque is parody with no holds barred. Mad should properly be called burlesque, not parody; Humbug, however, occasionally prints parody--I have Siegel in mind--and Mad, in its Kurtzman days, did so too, sometimes.

The other subsidiary word, "lampoon," is seldom heard nowadays; we should only note in passing that even in its heyday it was only thinly-disguised invective, and that only in rare instances has a lampoon deserved the "personal satire" label which Webster gives it.

"Pastiche" is generally used to indicate as close an imitation of style as is possible. John Dickson Carr's Sherlock Holmes stories, for example, are pastiche, as is the August Derleth "Solar Pons" series. So is the host of imitation Burroughs stories, clumsy though they be. And in the imitators of Howard's "Conan" we have the interesting phenomenon of pastiche pastiche, since Howard aped Burroughs. There has even been pastiche Lovecraft--although why anyone would want to imitate so stodgy and inept a writer is a question which I must leave to more scholarly minds to decipher.

Well, those are the distinctions between our words; and we'd probably be out of the woods at this point if every writing were pure satire or parody or pastiche or what have you. The trouble is that as a rule the kind of writing we're talking about is an admixture of two or more of our types. Let's take Carl Brandon's justly celebrated "The Cacher of the Rye" as an example. The style here is pure pastiche; Brandon copied Salinger with all the precision of which he was capable (and that's a great deal). He did not exaggerate the Holden Caulfield mannerisms, as he must have been tempted to do; showing commendable restraint, he resolutely refrained from parody. The style of "The Cacher" is as close to that of The Catcher in the Rye as Brandon could contrive.

On the other hand, Brandon's intent was purely satirical; he was poking fun at some of the sillier fannish conventions--and with none too gentle a hand, either. On the evidence of this oeuvre alone, I am persuaded that Brandon thinks that fandom, on the whole, is pretty

silly. "The Cacher of the Rye," then, is satirical in intent and pastiche in form. But I have not yet, in fannish writing, seen it referred to as anything but "satire." It is that, of course; but it is also something more than that.

Fred Chappell has contributed to Grue #29 a parody of The Immortal Storm. He has taken Sam's astonishingly clumsy prose and, with skillful and delicate art, has applied the subtle quarter-turn of the screw that turns on the bulb which illuminates just what it was that made us uncomfortable as we read TIS. It is a shrewd and tasteful and funny piece of work, marred only--as "Amelia Pemberton" has pointed out--by a lack of restraint in roasting Moskowitz's unbuttoned spelling. Yet nobody, to my knowledge--even Amelia--has called this small masterpiece anything but "satire." It's not satire; it's parody, pure and simple.

It may strike you that all this is something of a teapot tempest, and that I am using a lot of space to elucidate what is, essentially, a matter of no great consequence. But it has always seemed to me to be a pity when a writer with all the vast resources of the American language at his disposal fails to use the word which expresses his meaning with precision. If a writer does use the second-best word, he should do so deliberately--for example, where the precise word is too recondite or sesquipedalian for its meaning to be readily grasped by the audience addressed. In such a case, of course, the use of the proper word would result in greater misunderstanding than would the imprecise one. The writer should manfully resist the temptation to carry his desire for perfection to such a self-defeating end.

But I am addressing myself here to fan writers, and I think that the fan writer may safely assume that he has an intelligent and educated audience. He ought, therefore, to strive to find the word which conveys his meaning with exactness. If that word is a difficult one, he must remember that if he knows it, then most of his readers probably know it too, and that to substitute a simpler word is to show an unbecoming conceit: it is to say, in effect, "I'm so much smarter than you monkeys that I've got to write down to you." That is a dangerous line to take in fandom.

Technical terms, of course, are another matter. A good many fan writers have an annoying tendency to assume that their readers share their knowledge of a particular hobby or profession, and to throw technical terms about with cavalier abandon. I, for one, resent this. I am a well of ignorance in almost any subject you can name, and when somebody starts tossing things like "f.2 Tessar" and "straight-flute bit" and "glycosuria" at me, I just can't field them. A word of explanation, gracefully attached to a technical term whose use can't be avoided, would be a great boon to ignoramuses like me.

Conrad Aiken, in his autobiography, Ushant, provides an example of how this can be done. The word involved is "synecdoche," a technical term from rhetoric, meaning a figure of speech by which a part is put for the whole, or the whole for a part. Aiken recounts (somewhat boastfully, I thought) how a love affair of his failed of consummation because of the same disproportion that plagued Sturgeon's protagonists in "Affair With A Green Monkey." This, Aiken says, was synec-

doche--"The part was greater than the whole."

Some mighty strange things can happen because of an imperfect comprehension of the meaning of a word. I know of a marriage that resulted from such a misunderstanding--a perfectly happy marriage, to the best of my belief. I happen to know about it because I was the one whose word was not understood.

It happened that once when I was an undergraduate I had occasion to refer to a certain girl as being "inscrutable." Looking back, I'm not quite sure what I was up to; she was, if I remember rightly, about as inscrutable as a puppydog. But anyhow, I called her that, and the word was immediately seized upon by one of the group, who, misled by the second syllable, took it to mean that she was of unassailable virtue. Now this fellow was of the satyr--or Man o' War--persuasion, and a virtuous woman seemed to him to be an affront to manhood in general, and to him in particular. He immediately arranged to meet her, and began his campaign.

He went at it in a direct, forthright way, which left the lady in no doubt whatever of his dishonorable intentions. She chose to resent this. She was by nature friendly and affectionate--so much so, in fact, that the generosity with which she dispensed her favors had earned her a nickname which I choose not to print in a family magazine--but in this fellow's case she made an exception. She defended herself with a devout zeal that left her suitor hopelessly out-gunned and out-manuevred. And somewhere along the line his intentions became honorable--for what reason, I do not consider myself qualified to guess. At any rate, in the fullness of time, they became man and wife, and they have so continued to this day. It is my one and only venture into matchmaking, and I'm glad it's been successful.

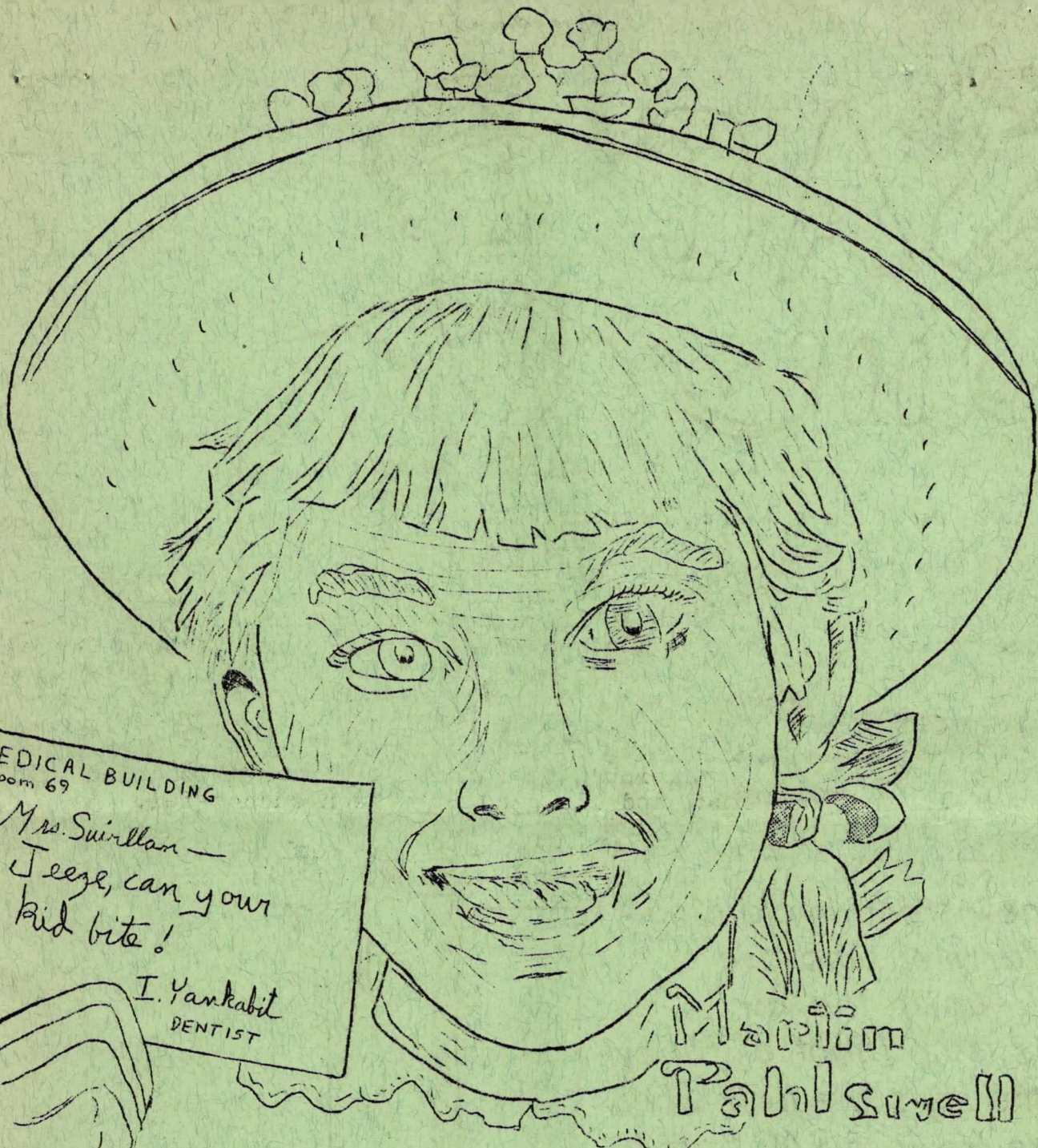
Which seems to leave us some distance from the goal we initially set out to reach. Still, I always admire a writer with an easy, discursive, anecdotal manner, don't you?

the military club

The removal of thousands of people from their natural environment and stationing these varied individuals throughout the globe creates many problems, not the least of which is that of maintaining morale at a high level. To provide innocuous entertainment for these masses, a benevolent government has established Service Clubs at military stations having a fair number of troops. These clubs are financed from Base Exchange profits which come from the pockets of the serviceman himself and not those of the long-suffering taxpayer. The clubs have dances, picnics, and other events designed to bring together the serviceman and the local populace in wholesome surroundings plus providing television lounges, card rooms (no wagering permitted), ping-pong, pool, chess facilities etc. Generally the exchange will operate a Snack Bar concession in conjunction with

the club but often the clubs will have a variety of 'free' refreshments paid for again out of BX profits. No alcoholic refreshments are permitted within 50 feet of these clubs. While the Service Club is open to all grades, officers are discouraged from spending too much time fraternizing with the enlisted men, and there's a certain amount of like sentiment about non-coms. Officers and non-commissioned officers have their own clubs, regulated by law, but funded from the membership of the clubs themselves. I cannot speak for the officer's clubs, but the chief support of the NCO clubs I have belonged to comes from the sale of alcohol. When I first entered NCO ranks, the chief source of revenue was the One-Armed Bandit followed by Bingo. Congress outlawed the slot-machine and Bingo has been thoroughly regulated.

to be continued (?) etc



MEDICAL BUILDING
Room 69

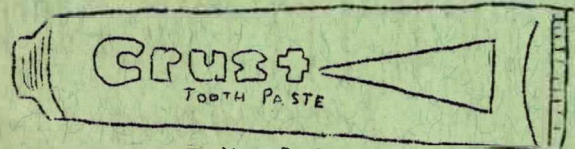
Mrs. Svirllan —
Jeeze, can your
kid bite!

I. Yankabit
DENTIST

Marion
Pahlswell

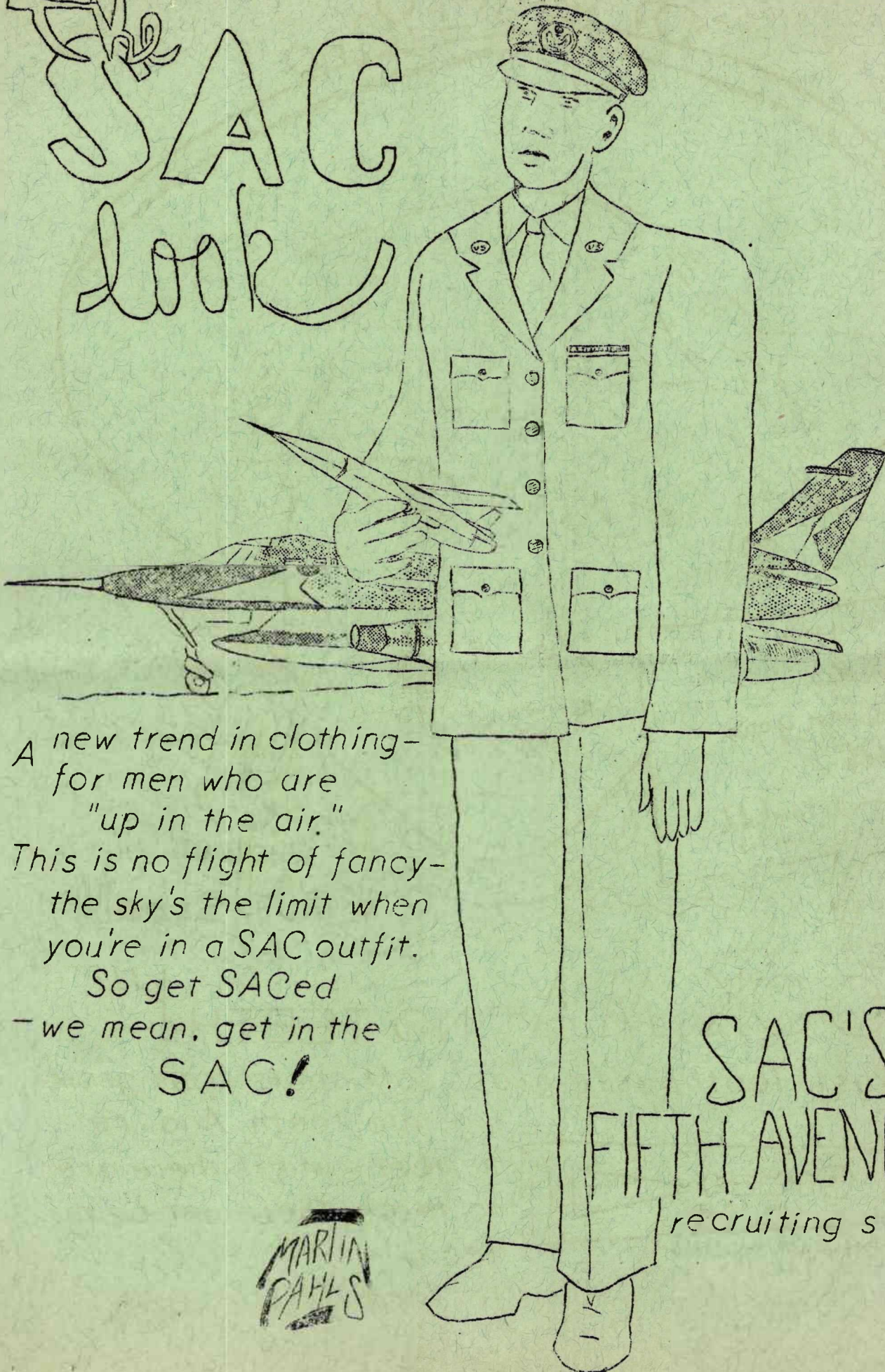
“LOOK, MA—NO TEETH!”

Crust Toothpaste stops soft spots from grow-
ing into teeth. And re-
member — where there are
no teeth, there can be no
decay!



BROUGHT TO YOU IN BETTER
INCRESTS OF ORAL HYGIENE
By ^{BUILDING AND} ~~FALSE~~ TEETH United Manurfactories

SAC look



A new trend in clothing—
for men who are
"up in the air."

This is no flight of fancy—
the sky's the limit when
you're in a SAC outfit.

So get SACed
—we mean, get in the

SAC!

SAC'S
FIFTH AVENUE
recruiting sta.

MARTIN
PAHLS

UR THE MAGAZINE OF APARTHEID TAKES A GLANCE TOWARD A NEW HORIZON

Dear Reader:

...
You are on our list, to begin, because we believe you are one of those "adult" Americans who (a) has a good education, (b) uses some of it to make a living, and (c) hates to see a great part of the rest go stale for want of exercise. This part of your education includes your cultural knowledge and likes -- those important values which allow us to claim we are part of a "high civilization." ...

With this forthright appeal to my literate snobbishness I was impelled to send for the first issue of HORIZON, the magazine that doesn't care at all about your relations with your spouse or the way you mold your Jell-o, on approval. In due time (according to Mr. Sommerfield) I received Volume 1, Number 1, September 1958, a bright red hard-cover 152 page 'magazine.' Mindful that I had only two weeks in which to determine the worth of this publication to myself, I started to read it the evening it arrived. I discovered that here is no Saturday Evening Post, no Campbell editorial or EQMM to be chortled over in an evening and forgotten in a week. No, nor is it as dull as, for example, '43,000 YEARS LATER.' Replete with illustrations and color plates this magazine is a joy to the eye of the beholder.

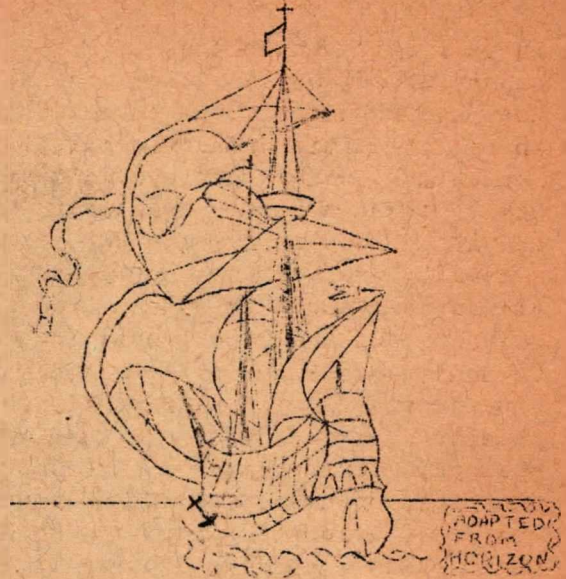
V1Nr1 includes an analysis of the motivations of the great explorers by Wilfrid Noyce, WHY MEN SEEK ADVENTURE; a study of the Golden Age of The Dutch Republic by C.V. Wedgwood illustrated with nine color plates of famous artworks and several in black and white; there is an interesting Memorandum from Prince Klemens von Metternich to John Foster Dulles on The Art of Outstaying a Dictator, "Esteemed colleague, I know that any communication between us may be suspect. My name is not popular in a country that still tends to look upon Old World diplomats as jaded intriguers. But then, my friend, neither is your name overly popular in European circles fearful of what they sometimes regard as New World moralists dancing upon the brink..."* (by William H. Halo)

I had been aware of the beat generation only through a few references in fanmags prior to reading The Cult of Unthink by Robert Brustein which plays the beatniks as "'existential' without having developed any substantial existence."* and speaks of the literary style(?) of their authors thusly, "Before this indiscriminate accumulation of details -- the hallmark of the new writing -- order, analysis, form, and eventually coherence give way. The result is a style like automatic writing or an Eisenhower press conference, stupefying in its unreadability."* (Is it reassuring to note the literary kinship of the helmsman of our ship of state to the beatniks?) Dr. Brustein has more to say about these rebels without a cause, most of it bad. An excerpt from H.R. Trevor-Roper's book MEN AND EVENTS points out that Coexistence: between Christendom and the Turks, was an accomplished fact for centuries. Julian Huxley challenges man to use the earth properly, to plan for the future; D.M. Marshman details the development of the Musical Comedy from the lojinks of Ziegfeld to the current trend to serious dramatic presentations as in the West Side Story. Fernand Auberjonois bemoans the fate of the Missing Mourners of Dijon in a little lesson in art history originally published in the Toledo (Ohio) Blade. Eleven 'great' nature photographs are assembled in an attempt to depict the story of creation from Genesis; Igor Stravinski's book, Conversations with Stravinski, is previewed; Freya Stark effuses over Ephesus; Irving Stone muses on the Perfect Beauty as personified by the ideal of the Renaissance, Simonetta

A GLANCE AT THE HORIZON . . . Page 2

Vespucci. Marquis Childs reveals the attempt of Walter Paepcke to inculcate the modern American businessman with a feeling for humanistic studies at Aspen, Colorado. A warning against the wine snob is included in the Perils of Drink, an exposé of 'fraud, adulteration, and sorcery' in the wine cellars, from the nimble pen of Raymond Postgate, peer of the Jurade of St. Emilion. Living Art and the People's Choice concludes that "...in America today we find a busy and tense coexistence of many styles, each hoping to outdo the other, which may mean either that our tastes are very broad or that they are somewhat unstable."* When Man First Left the Earth is Peter Lyon's account of the early days of the aerostat, and is accompanied by eight pages of etchings taken from the period when ballooning was in flower. Gilbert Highet discusses Sense and Nonsense and proves to his own satisfaction at least what members of the WSFS Inc. had strongly suspected, that the only true source of nonsense is the legal profession. The Oxford History of Technology provides a short History of Wheeled Vehicles which unaccountably omits the contribution of Ramesses Snood who discovered that application of Sabre Tooth Tiger fat to the hubs of the chariot wheels eliminated the annoyance of squeaky axles. As we turn to the last page of this book-magazine we discover Oliver Jensen On The Horizon in a gentle protest against the Law of Diminishing Transportation.

As if the one issue were not enough to elicit my whole-hearted support of this publishing venture, I have just received V1Nr2, a predominantly blue book with an illustration of the flower of chivalry gracing the cover. I have not had an opportunity to study this with care as yet having yet to finish the first issue but a cursory glance reveals it to be as diverse in content as the earlier edition. Andre Malraux' study of the Gods in Art is explored by Henry Anatole Grunwald, Hesketh Pearson reveals some of the behind the scenes work on his biography of GBS, Opera has its day with a defense by Joseph Wechsberg and an article on the proposed new Metropolitan Opera House, and a responsive chord is struck in my breast with In Revolt Against Together-



ness. As I read this offering of William Harlan Hale's I realized the need for an American brand of apartheid and was not surprised, but slightly chagrined, to note that Mr. Hale uses the exact same phraseology a paragraph further on. Oliver Jensen pops up again with a nostalgic exchange of comments between Henry I and Henry II in which Henry I asks, "What are you selling -- transportation or social position?"*and explodes a few of the Detroit myths. Horizon has relaxed its bar against advertising to permit a few suggestions for Christmas Gifts for People Who Have Everything. I am sure everyone knows at least one candidate for the Pop of the Month Club which will provide one large case each month of a new, stimulating non-alcoholic, nonhabit-forming drink to lucky members. Gert Carr would appreciate a Home Witchcraft Set as supplied by the Mather Novelty Co., Salem, Mass. and the other ads are as tastefully selected and presented, I assure you. Horizon is a good thing, even for a pseudo-intellectual. Six copies per year at \$18.00.

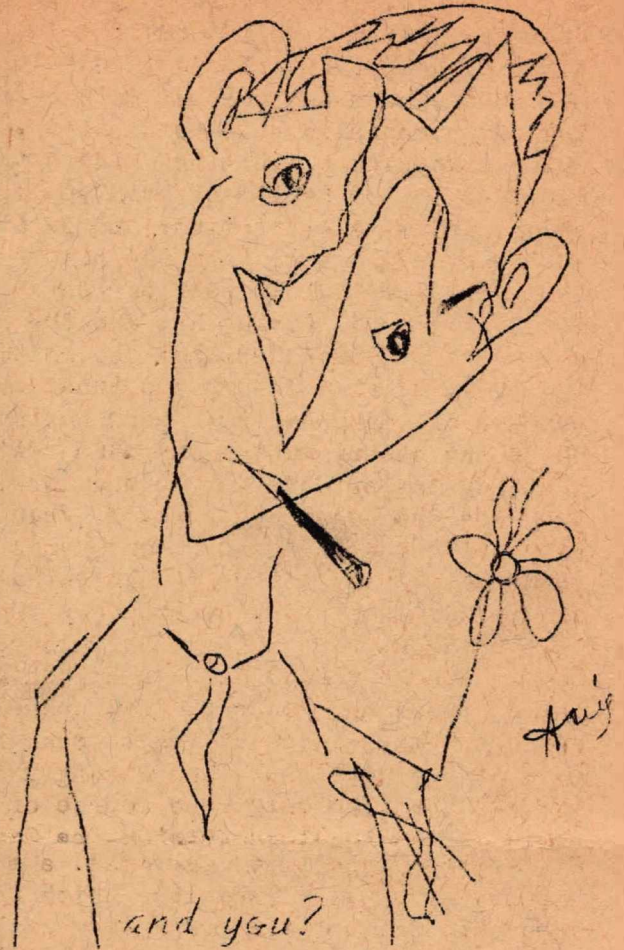
American Horizon, Inc. (a subsidiary of American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc.) at 551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York. (I haven't by any means covered the topics of V1Nr2, there are many more. 148pp,

e t m

*Note; Quotations in this review are excerpted from V1Nr1 & V2Nr2 of HORIZON to illustrate the reviewer's points and the copyright remains with American Horizon, Inc. which reserves all rights under Pan American and Berne Copyright Conventions.

THE SILVER SCREAM: *etm*

n It is little wonder that we have a short-supply of scientific talent considering the encouragement given to budding geni in the cinematic productions. I hear that movies are better than ever, and that the way to spend a lonely evening is to curl up with a good television set. Personally I usually prefer books, but I do relax my standards enough to watch two specific programs on the ubiquitous picture-box. On Sunday evenings I thank our British cousins and tune in Alfred Hitchcock who usually has a program quite out of the ordinary. On occasion I have identified the plots of his opera with recent B-F stories. (Marionettes, Inc. was on a fortnight past.) Saturday evening also finds me ensconced, enjoying the station breaks for NIGHTMARE, the LIVE portions of this program originate in the studios of KFJZ TV Charnell 11, and the undead portions of it are resurrected from the vaults of Hollywood. None of these namby-pamby current Teen-Age Monster epics need apply, our host Gorgon, and ourselves are quite contented with such old masterpieces as FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN, DRACULA, THE HOUSE OF DRACULA, and others of the ilk. Tonight's fare was THE BRIDE OF THE MONSTER, and I wish to take this opportunity to develop my theme that this sort of offering is undoubtedly the reason we have so very few scientists today. There have been a number of mysterious disappearances near Marsh Lake of which, naturally enough, the police haven't a clue as to reason. Of course we know all about it, having had a look at the most recent vanishments, that of a pair of hunters. Caught in a rainstorm they seek shelter in a 'deserted' house, only to be turned away by the scientist who wishes solitude for his experiments. The hunters are a weak-kneed pair, taking affright at the good doctor's assistant, an unfortunate mute who entered his service in Thibet. They flee and in their flight one falls prey to the 'monster' of the lake, a gigantic squid, fashioned so realistically that the victim has to struggle to wrap the clinging tentacles about his body. The doctor has, meanwhile, relented his hasty dismissal of the two gentlemen and sends Lobo out to guide them back to his hospitality. Lobo arrives too late to aid



the one, but gently carries the other to the house and into the laboratory as the ever-generous doctor has determined to endow this poor hunter with super-human strength through the judicious application of atomic radiation. Unfortunately, the experiment is a flashing failure, as have been the many preceding. The city near Marsh Lake is atypical Hollywoodish Southern Metropolis. The police Captain in charge of Homicide (why bother with a department for Missing Persons, Homicide will get the jobs anyhow) is a budgerigar fanatic ("birds never make trouble.") while the desk Sgt is a clownfaced idiot whose chief desire is 'to go out on this case.' The Lt. in charge of the case loves the imaginative girl reporter who keeps screaming "MONSTER" everytime there happens to be a little thing like somebody not coming home from the swamp. The police are unhappy at the state of panic arising from this and vaguely, attribute everything to quicksand in the bog. The
((continue d overleaf))

THE SILVER SCREAM . . . page 2
girl discovers that the deserted house had been sold for three years and determines to investigate. Another character appears in the person of an 'expert' on Monsters who proposes to investigate the possibility that there might be a hold-over from prehistoric times in the lake. After notifying the Captain of his intentions and making arrangements to be accompanied by the Lt. in the morning to the scene, he jumps the gun and approaches the lake in a rented car. The reporter has had an accident and been rescued by good old lovable Lobo, and hypnotised by the doctor, who has a knack for that sort of thing. Comes the new day and the monster expert calls upon the doctor, to ask him to 'come home as all has been forgiven.' The doctor is understandably miffed, since he had been driven from his family, his home, and his country with his reputation in shreds simply because he had suggested that atomic radiation might be utilised to perfect a race of supermen. For twenty years he was an outcast, hunted from pillar to post as it were and, on the verge of success, he was being asked to return to the country that had scorned him and cast him out, to return and create for them a race of beings to conquer the world. He was displeased at the temerity of the suggestion, particularly since he had determined that he should become the (benevolent) ruler of all the world. He has Lobo offer the gentleman to the monster. Despite the interruption of the Lt., he manages to prepare the woman for the great experiment, however, Lobo is also nourishing a spark of affection for the girl and overpowers the doctor, replacing the beautiful damsel with the not so radiant doctor. Evidently the amateur touch is required to achieve the desired results, for the doctor arises shortly to chastise the wicked brute. Poor Lobo is flung against a hot line by his ungrateful mentor and sets the place afire. The Lt. has been knocked about quite a bit during this period and wakes in time to see the doctor heroically carry the fair maiden to safety. He staggers outside and discovers that the bird-loving captain had decided to look for the reporter and has arrived on the scene with a squad of men and the eager desk sgt. This trigger happy goon proposes to shoot the doctor,

while he is carrying the girl, but is restrained by the admonition that he might possibly hit the girl. The scenes following depict mob madness at its Hollyworst, the faithful guardians of the law, champions of justice, defenders of the public weal, open fire upon the noble doctor as soon as he deposits the damsel he has rescued from immolation on the ground a safe distance from the holocaust. There is no communication from the Lt. advising this, it is simply the instinctive reaction of these legalised destroyers to shoot at anything that moves. The poor confused doctor staggers to and fro, not understanding how to escape this attack, until the Lt. (obviously anti-scientific) rolls a boulder down upon him. The impetus given the doctor by the rock rolls him into the waiting tentacles of the voracious squid, and the noble captain piously pronounces an asinine benediction, "He tampered with things not meant for man to deal with." Sick, Sick, Sick... With pictures of this calibre disgracing the theatres of a decade and more ago it is indeed small wonder that the youth of our nation eschewed scientific pursuits, who would wish to follow the example of the doctor in the above film? You try to benefit mankind and he not only refuses to offer himself to your experiments, but hounds you from place to place when you do try to accomplish something. It is far better to go into something like advertising which is more art than science and experiments on Homo Sap are not only approved, they are encouraged.

THE ENEMA FROM SPICE
Dr. Quartermast saves the world and his project to grow tobacco at Antarctica by courageously investigating a secretive program in the wilds of England. His inquisitive mind cannot overlook the challenge presented when a lass leads a lad to his car, explaining that a pepper mill had exploded when the young man held it, and that she thought she saw a bubble of something disappear into the resultant cut. The discovery of building identical to Dr. Quartermast's own proposed tobacco-in-the-Antarctic plantation leads to a suspenseful hour plus of thrilling excitement. You'll never use pepper again after you see this picture. (Don't, miss it if you can.) e t m

THE CIDER PRESS E.T. MILLS

A BARREL OF UNSPRAYED TRUST!

It occurs to me, upon perusal of the earlier pages of this magazine, that I have made several egregious errors, chiefly of omission. One notable one is that of the expedition to TAIX's restaurant organized at the suggestion of Mr. Charles D. Hornig on Monday evening. Six of us enjoyed Jambon et pommes frit; Mr. Hornig, Ron Ellick and Ron Bennett, in whose honour the meal was arranged, "Rory" Faulkner, Sylvia Dees and myself. Since this occurred on Monday it follows that the trip to the Evans was accomplished on Tuesday evening and I can stop worrying about what happened to that other day. I spent most of Monday, before Alice, with Ron Bennett and Mr. Hornig in an exploration of Santa Monica. This trip will probably be the only portion of Rons journeying that is not photographically documented as his camera jammed. There are times when Mr. Bradbury's statement about the microphones is the only possible philosophy.

I also stated that FANFARE #1 was unpublished, of this I am not sure after reading Marty's letter again. He states that it 'died aborning' which could mean that only the first issue appeared. Upon looking at the pages he sent I can see why.

If Mr. Toskey thought that UR #4 (Before & After, remember Burney?) had a strong flavour of Vinegar Worm, I'm sure this issue will really curdle his milk. Once again I have called upon Mr. Leman to permit unsUR PRESSED Publications to reprint an article from NEMATODE. Bob agreed in the fond hope that he could persuade URPress to continue to squeeze out his offerings for SAPS and the recipients of The Vinegar Worm. Take my warning and change your address before the end of the year as the next Worm is nearly all on stencil and is slated for publication at my earliest opportunity. Some lucky people, those who have given no indication of their disgust (or perverted pleasure) at (or from) the previous issues are to benefit from a careful review of Bob's mailing list and will not receive the next Worm or any other for that matter. If, for some revolting reason you want to see what I manage to do to Bob's meticulously-cut stencils and think you might not be on the Leman mailing list I would suggest you write at once or earlier.

I was the pleased recipient of a bulging envelope from Vesoul a few days past. Ma soeur, Annie sent me a drawing which now appears on the SILVER SCREAM. . .

EVERY PRESSING WORMIER From our Denver Vineyards . . .

Daily newspapers, as well as fanzines, frequently print interesting letters. I spotted this one in The Rocky Mountain News of April 17, 1958:

Dear Sir: Your columnist Plumb makes fun of flying saucers every week or so. If he knew the real truth he wouldn't do that.

Mervil Culvergast

This letter intrigued me: I collect whacks. I immediately wrote the author as follows:

Dear Mr. Culvergast: Your letter of April 17 to The News interests me greatly, and I would very much appreciate hearing from you if you can furnish more detailed information on this matter.

Yours very truly,

A week or so later, I had the following reply (the letter to the editor had evidently benefitted from the ministrations of a proof-reader, but the letters below are printed as received):

Dear freind; Well I apperciate your letter I will try to tell you more, this is some thing people oughth to know. I try to give it publicty it "important" to the world.

Well how could anyone doubt there is human beings on other planets. Some of us know it take "centurys" to create a planet by some of the cosmic beings, they would not create a planet and not put people, that is not logichal.

We have been "told" that this is so, we know that every planet has a differnt quaulity. and that these people do not all look like us. The men on venus are very handsome the ladies very beautiful, they are beautiful because there pure and holy as well as "luminous bodies". The children 10 or 12 can produce miricles, people on other planets are far advanced over us.

Their watching us wondering when we will come out of the "darkness" we are in, some of us know earth is the most uncivilized planet in the universe, they told us so. not very complimental is it.

the venutians have been wanting to visit us for a long time, they will not as long as we "behave" the way we do, we must reform. There is something coming from another galaxy the Venutians know what they are, they may destroy us. They are "not" human beings. Our freinds have a weapon that will protect us, they afraid to give it to us, we make war.

I got all the detials on this, if you want them write me I will write more.

Your freind,
Mervil Culvergast

I was all agog to hear "all the detials" and I answered him posthaste, setting out a list of questions which I hoped he'd answer. His next letter went like this:

Dear Freind; I like to tell you the source of the information you don't scoff like some. but it better if you don't know now, later everybody will know, that will be a glourious day.

The "creatures" from another galaxy are called VOLISCH that is the name the venutians call them they are evil. They are approaching at "thousands" of miles per hour, the Venutians saw them through there teloscopes. When they caphture a planet they enslave every body the men work in feilds the girls dance naked for the volisch. They have whips with steel barbs, the time is not far off.

The Venutians are called TULLIM that means people, they are pure and holy. Eat no meat all the animals are their freinds. that is one thing we have to do to deserve there freind ship. Stop eating the corpse of our dumb freinds, they have souls to. Tullim glow in the dark because they are pure and holy and they perform miricles. There ruler is a "king" also a spiritual leader, he is "best" of all these good people. About seven foot tall clean shaved long hair. Yellow hair blue eyes. Eat only fruit and veg. they like brusels sprouts best of earth veg and peaches best of earth fruit. They reproduce without "sex" I have'nt heard how. They have agents on earth so have the Volisch.

People sight saucers, some belong to tullim, some to volisch. they are made of metle that is light as air and

stronger than steel, it is called pazat metle. Their cloths are made of pazat metle woven into cloth, they dont wear suggestive cloths, they cover there bodys. Not like in mag.s where venutians wear bathing suits. they sing a lot, they are pure and holy.

Well I can't write anymore now, maybe next time. The volisch have agent every where, maybe they are watching. Here is a secret word that you dont know the meaning now but watch for it, it will prove I am right. The word is hmeenotop, sooner than you think you will see it and know what it means. Well thats all for now.

Your freind
Mervil Culvergast

Now this was all very instructive, but it still appeared to leave a number of loose ends, so I again requested further "detials." However, the press of affairs caused a delay of almost a month between receipt of the above letter and my reply. Some weeks went by without word from the professor, but just when I decided that he'd given up the correspondence, I received the following:

Sir; I was not going to write anymore, I don't like to be impolite so this is the "last" letter. To tell you I will not write any more. They have warn me you are volisch agent, this is not definate. But I have to be careful. So dont write to me any more.

Mervil Culvergast

And that was the last I heard from Mr. Culvergast. I followed his instructions and didn't write him any more letters, but I don't imagine he'd have answered if I had. He remained on the scene just long enough to whet my appetite for a personal interview, and then washed his hands of me. He was truly a magnificent whack, and I'm sorry to lose him.

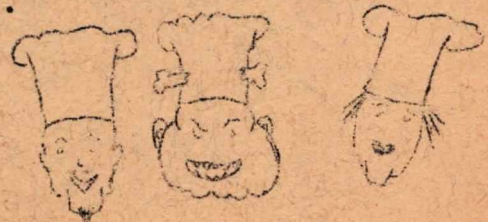
There's just one thing more: if any of you happen to know how the Tullim "reproduce" or the meaning of "hmeenotop," I'd appreciate your telling me. I assure you, I am not a Volisch agent.

CALLING ALL FANCY CULINARY ARTISTS!!!

TOO MANY COOKS HAVE SECRETS. I'VE GOT ONE or two myself, but I'm willing to share, and you? Send those recipes to FANDOM'S KITCHEN (Thanks, RonE) % Station WPDM, 14-70 Kylecycles, Potsdam, New York.

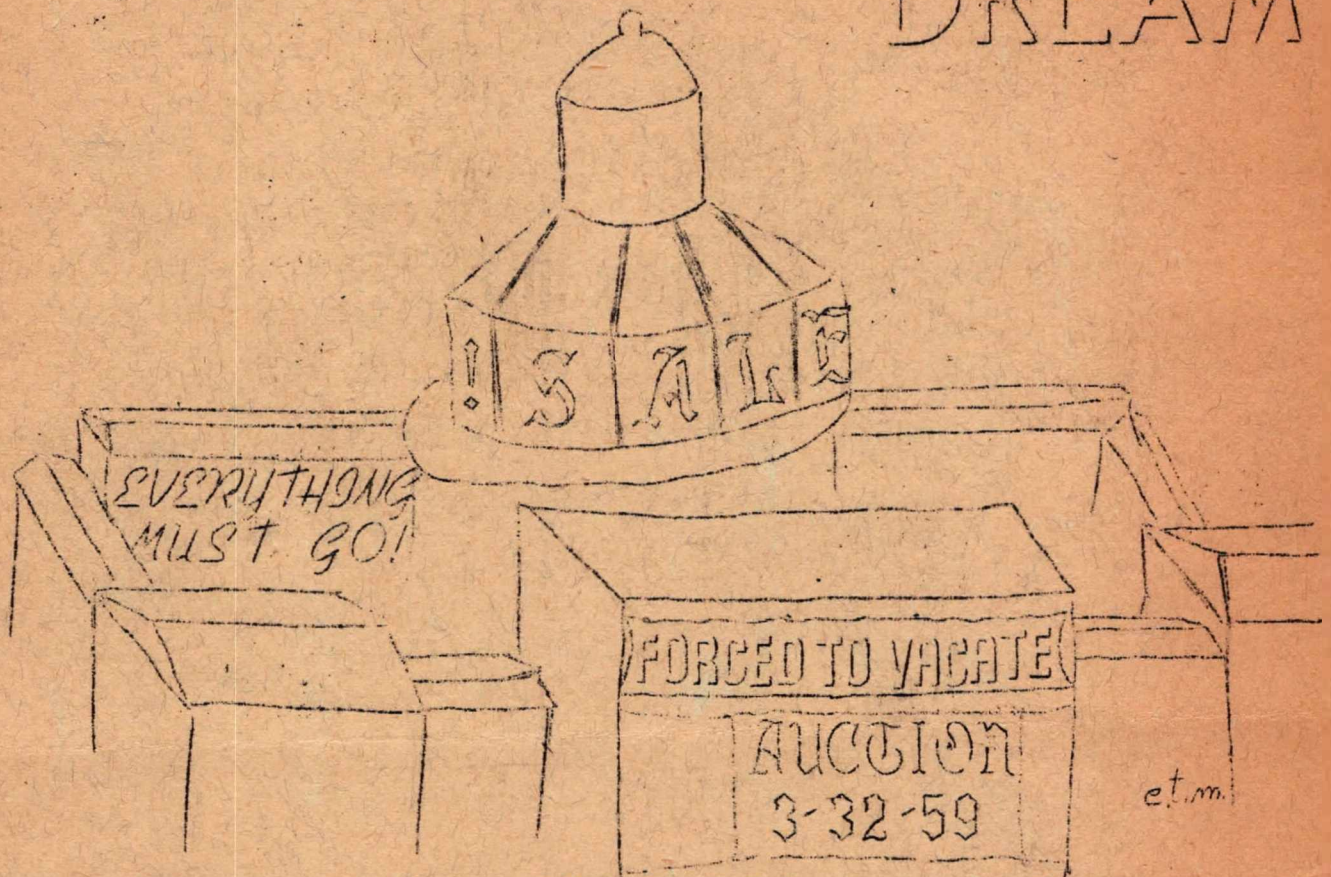
Ruth informs me that her cat has provided a quantity of offspring and that as a precautionary measure, she allows one of the kittens to sample each dish before giving it to Dave. Anybody want several fine cat skins? Bob Leman has promised to divulge his ancestral recipe for Spayed LENS MAN Sautè which is particularly good when served with a fine wine (a Rhysling).

DON'T SPOIL THE BROTH! SEND YOUR FORMULAE FOR HOME BREW, BARBAQUED VINEGAR WORM, sweet rolls, desserts, main courses, drinks etc. Ruth has a number of contributions already with more promised, but the more the merrier.



A COLLECTOR'S

DREAM



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IN OUR ANNUAL BUDGETS FOR 1959 AND 1960,
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ARE STRICTLY ALPHABETICAL: LOT ONE CONTAINING ALL MATERIAL
BY AUTHORS Aa Through Am; LOT TWO CONTAINING An Through Az;
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