

Bob

NOVEMBER 1960

No 6, or 7.

THE WOODPINE



Great the light and warm the fire
Draw as near as you desire (See inside)

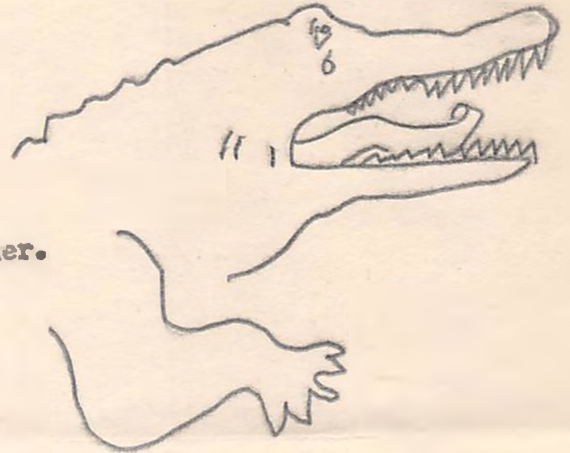
Why is a bumble bee striped
 Is he a marked-man like a biped
 Who resides in a cell
 Because he didn't act very well?
 Is the coat on his back
 A gold-braided saque
 Or yellow with patches of black?



(This is a SF Fanzine)

I would like to meet a wild,
 Though reasonable crocodile.
 I would like a friendly session
 On him and his profession.

A get-together chummy--
 But NOT chummy
 Enough for his tummy!



(I am just not a natural born publisher.
 It gets me completely upset!
 I'll go and take a tranquillizer).

Whence goes Mr. Cottontail
 As he bobbles down the trail?
 Goes he to a summit meeting,
 Or to an outlaw carrot eating?
 See that Rabbit on his toes
 With his twitchy-itchy nose
 Making surveys through my rows!

(Now, that's better.)

I would like a concise outline
 Of the roar of a lion.
 Does it come from the bottom level
 Of the hairy devil,
 Or is it all
 In his gall?

(Turn Page)



I have an inferiority complex
And, so far as I can see,
I have no way of getting him
To get away from me.

I would give my id instructions
To rid me of this cad,
If I were not half persuaded
He's not altogether bad.

For this lesser-feeling concept
Does all the chores for me,
Takes up the trivial matters
And lets my soul go free.

He doesn't mind the pots and pans
Nor stacks of dirty dishes;
For these inferior duties
Suit his inferior wishes.

Then let him be, and let him toil!
My other self and I
Will float upon a moon-spun cloud
Across a star-dome sky.



(This is a SF Fanzine)

Published by:

Loubel Wood
Star Route
DeFuniak Springs
Florida

November 10, 1960

Dear Sights of the Antique Table:

The Woodpile fell apart. Then Ann
set it on fire and now it burns with a rousing flame. Look at the very
special logs we have had sent in. What a Sight!

GUEST ARTISTS

TIME

What's time
To us who hold all time--
Multidimensional, space-enfolding--
In magic rhyme?

Tomorrow?
Yesterday - today?
All our days are held
In magic words, in poetic syllables--
So we say

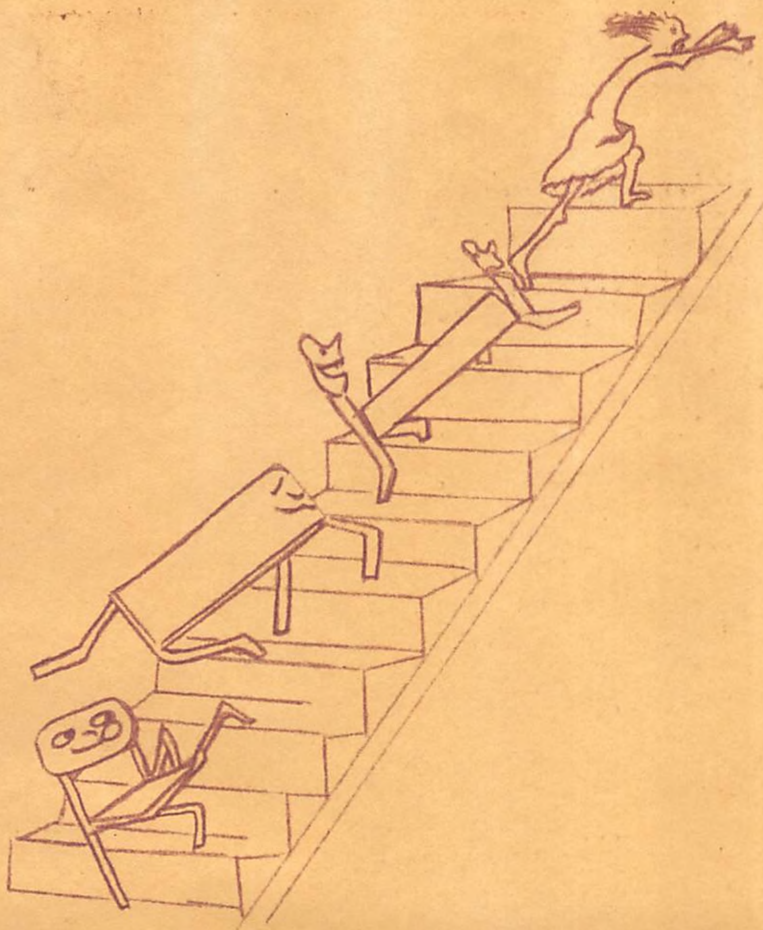
TIME?
Whose Time?
All time is ours--who know
Time is illusion, space a momentary frame.
Let's go!

-- Grace Warren

(Thanks Grace)

Many flowers --- pale,
Garish, or sweet, within
A friendship garden meet. -- G. M. Carr

(This is a Japanese form of poetry called Haiku).



(Marc saw fit to make a poem
about the bed--and possibly
tables and chairs, that
crawled about in our house
because our floors are not
level)

I have a little trundle bed
That goes in and out with me,
But what can be the use of THAT
Is more than I can see!

It follows me around the house
And sometimes up the STAIRS!
S'pose the Table takes this up,
Followed by the CHAIRS??

Marc



(This is the dog)

I itch in all my head of hair.
I itch in both my knees.
I notice that my dog has
Ceased to scratchh, 'cause

I'VE GOT ALL HER FLEAS!

Bob Farnham

The Fire Fly is a positive guy
 With a built-in electric supply.
 He is wired with a mixture
 Of volts for his fixture
 That gives him a flare on the fly.



GROUND WORK

What a wonder is a mole
 In his undercover hole.
 Begotten on the mezzanine
 Of a subterranean scheme.

Born in a velvet suit,
 Bred on a tangy root;
 Disciplined by the snout
 To build freeways round about.

With horny hands contriving
 And horny snout pile driving,
 He can excavate extensions
 Of fantastic dimensions,

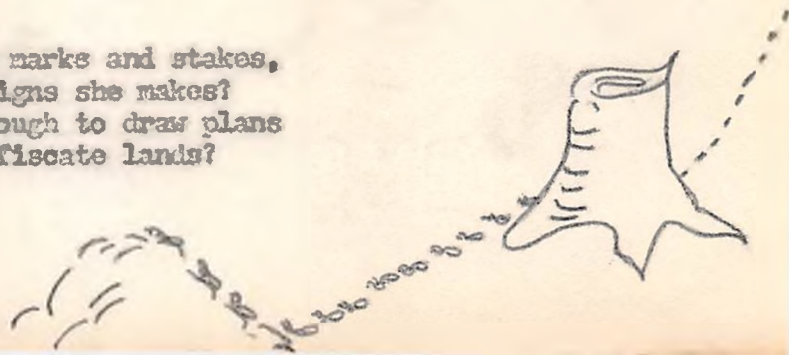
And, going over under ranges,
 Slant clover-leaf exchanges!
 Thus he wrestles all his wits
 Bidding for fringe benefits.



I feel so futile to look up a word for the spelling
 And find it isn't the word I can use for the telling.

I want to know are permits necessary
 For an Ant in her itinerary?
 And, does she fight for townships and plots,
 Or does she lay out her lots
 By ear
 Just anywhere?

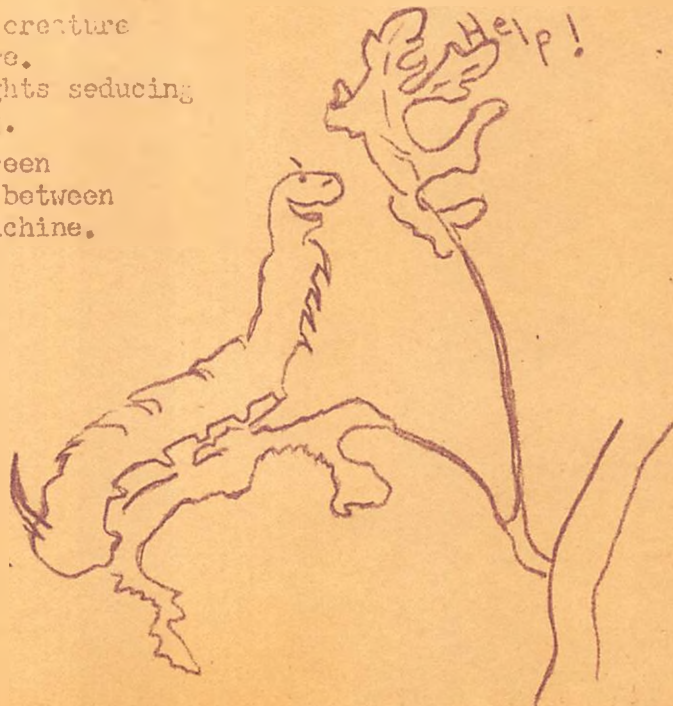
Does she look for bench marks and stakes,
 Fit to the plat the designs she makes?
 Or is she not stupid enough to draw plans
 When she marches to confiscate lands?





I would like to fathom the basic rule
Of the matter in a mule.
What makes him able
To disable
With such accurate aim.
A man at the end of a hame?

A tomato worm 's a scurvy creature
Having no redeeming feature.
He spends his days and nights seducing
My tomatoes from producing.
A gaudy thing in garden green
With horn behind and legs between
The horn and his intake machine.





We have four roosters and can't part with any of them. I never knew a bunch of roosters with so much personality. The Cock of the Walk of course is Little Caesar. He follows us around everywhere but won't be picked up. We call him Little Caesar because he walks away from you exactly like Edward G. Robinson with a cigar in his mouth. Herkimer is the pet who wants to be picked up, and who has had special feeding privileges since he was two weeks old when he got his neck broken, or bent. He also demands assistance on and off the roost-- not because he needs it now but because he got used to it that way and can't adjust to normal chicken behavior. Babe is Babe because he horned in on Herkimer's racket of being put up and down on the roost. Greenaleeves is Greenaleeves, not because he is a musician, but because he helped Woody paint the Green Door.

(Now you have a real surprise!)

INTRODUCING

MY FAN

by

Warfield Wood

I am married to a Fan,
A scientific-Fiction Fan,
Who does round-robins; fanzines too;
Who gets fanzines and reads them through.
Who writes fantastic poems, then draws
Creatures that don't conform to laws
That regulate my prosaic life-----
I'VE GOT A SCIENCE-FICTION WIFE!

The many fans Loubel may quote,
Or read me things that they have wrote,
Each has a family, I recall-----
Someone who loves them over all-----
A wife, a husband, dad, or one
Who places them above the sun.
Do these grand, long-suffering folks
Also laugh at Fanzine jokes?
Groan at Fan Club fueds, and shout
When they see what Fandom's all about?

My heart goes out to those brave,
Dear ones who always can behave
With proper enthusiastic cheers
When their own Fan quotes the Seers
On Fandom's role, which freely strains
Even a computer's brains-----
In proving how to live on Mars
Or get transported to the Stars.

Ah, to the Fans I must admit
A twinge of envy I often get
Because you have a lot of fun
Writing, reading, getting One
Or Two good letters every day
From other Fans who always say:
"Between you and me there are no bars".
Fans, you truly ARE: THE STARS!