

DON-O-SAUR

34





# DON - o - SAUR 341

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Available for 25¢ per issue or 12 for \$2.50, or in exchange for other fanzines, letters of comment, or artwork. If this is your first issue, I probably found your name in some one else's fanzine. D-o-S started life in October 1971 as Don-o-Saur Coprolites, a contribution to the newly formed D'Apa. For nearly two years -- until July 1973 -- DC, published monthly and ranging in size from two to four pages, had a total readership of less than 20. Issue 22 was the first "public" one, and since then circulation has grown until it's now close to 200. In December 1973 the name was changed to DON-o-SAUR Coprolites (the apazine was Don-o-Saur COPROLITES), and in February '74 the second part of the name was dropped entirely. So much for history.

Well, I kind of left you dangling last month as regards the offset press situation, didn't I? I told you how Fred Goldstein had acquired it, and that I'd bought half interest in it, since it ended up in my basement, and I issued a frantic appeal for help and advice; and I said I might refer to the subject again in the zine, to give a progress report, but I never did.

Didn't matter. There really wasn't anything to report. The man who sold the machine to Fred was supposed to come around and help us clean it up and show us how to run it, but he never showed up. Fred and I spent a large part of the Sunday after the last DASFA meeting inspecting the device and seeing what we could make of it mechanically. We got the paper feeder working, but we bollixed something in the blanket cylinder--broke a couple of springs and bent some metal thingees--so we decided to quit messing with it until we could get some expert advice.

Since then I have received a considerable amount of advice, some of it expert, some helpful even though not expert, some of it unintentionally misleading -- but all of it well-intentioned. I want to publicly and specifically acknowledge some of the help I've received.

David Barnett, I believe, was the first to respond to my published plea. He sent me a small but fascinating book called Printing It (by Clifford Burke), which contains a chapter on offset. It's a useful book to have. I'll return Dave's copy and try to find one for myself.

Not long after the book arrived, I got a long letter (four pages, single-spaced) from Chris Sherman, telling in excruciating detail the agony he went through, and the Godawful expenses he incurred in producing the latest (and I certainly hope not the last) issue of ANTITHESIS, which is all-offset.

(And I just cannot resist slipping in a few comments about ANT here--not a review because I haven't read enough of it to comment intelligently--but just about the appearance of #4. It's incredible, is what it is. Down-right awe-inspiring. You have to see it to believe it. It is 76 pages, plus covers, on 11"x17" magazine stock, saddle-stitched, lavishly illustrated [sadly, the half-tones did not turn out well, and I hope Chris will give me the technical details of what wrong there], with intelligent use of color and typography. In short, it is one hell of an impressive zine--and oh, how I hope Chris will change his mind about NEVER wanting to do another fanzine!).

Chris also sent me some sample plates and paste-ups from ANT, to illustrate some of the points in his letter--which I have now read about four times and understand a little better each time.

Roy Tackett wrote saying that he knows of two fans in Albuquerque who



have their own offset press -- Bob Vardeman and Harry Morris. Very soon after that I received a letter from Harry Morris, who had heard about my problem from Dick Patten. Harry had some very helpful and very specific information and some names of other people who had offset experience (including Chris Sherman!)

And then, not very long after Harry's letter, there was one from Don Markstein, who referred me to The Mysterious Faruk von Turk and enclosed a copy of the color cover and a few pages from the Feb. 9, 1934, issue of The Mysterious von Turk Bi-Weekly. I assume those pages to have been done for an apa-zine, since they consist of mailing comments, one of which is a technical (and actually quite informative) discussion of the AM 1250 machine. I also assume there is a significant time warp involved here, since this 1934 publication makes knowledgeable references to such anachronisms as Xerox and Verifax.

[If anyone would care to volunteer more information (or even speculation) about the identity and nature of The Mysterious von Turk, I can assure you of an attentive audience -- me. My curiosity has been piqued].

Several other letters offered tips and advice, or referred me to someone who had more expertise, or simply recounted personal experience.

Thank you, everyone! It all helps, even the seemingly trivial details, even aspects that duplicate something I've read or heard from someone else, because all of it, little by little, is increasing my overall familiarity with the subject.

In addition to the assistance by mail, I have also received some in-person help. My son, Bruce, has worked in print shops using offset equipment, so he was one of the first I called upon to examine the 1000. However, apparently it is enough different from the 1250, which he was familiar with, (and all he's done was run the machine; he'd never had one apart or tried to repair it) that he wasn't able to provide any really concrete assistance.

My wife, Carolyn, has a friend in the League of Women Voters whose husband used to be in the Peace Corps and ran a Multi somewhere in the jungles of South America, and since he was far from any commercial repair service, he became a competent trouble shooter. Carolyn contacted her friend, who in turn sent her husband to the house one Saturday morning. He looked the Multi over and pronounced it in basically good condition (except for one inking roller that was thickly encrusted and would have to be either cleaned or replaced, and of course that thing on the blanket cylinder that Fred and I had damaged). Don Novey (the LWV husband that I'm talking about) declined to do any real tinkering with the machine, but he said he'd love to have it in his own basement to play with, and he offered to buy it for what Fred and I had paid for it! I told him I'd keep him in mind.

Then, let's see . . . If I'm taking this in chronological order, I think Gordon Garb is next. Some of you may have some knowledge of Gordon Garb already because I gave him my mailing list in exchange for his running off on Zerox labels several sets for me, thereby saving me quite a bit of work. But I fear Gordon has been using the list, sending copies of Superamalgamation to folks unfortunate enough to be on that list. Blame me. Anyway, Gordon's father runs an office that makes use of quite a number of futuristic machines, so this summer Gordon has had the use of computerized IBMs, Gestetners and Ghod knows what all. Well, one thing else, as it turns out, is an AM 20, which is identical to the ink roller section of the 1000. Which means that what Gordon learns about his machine also applies to Fred's and mine, and vice versa, and also that most of the materials and supplies are interchangeable. Unfortunately, at this stage, Gordon doesn't know much more about the Multi than Fred and I do. However . . .



Gerry Wallace, another friend in DASFA, knows a working printer, and he brought him to the house one morning. I can't think of anything he said that I hadn't gotten from someplace else, but as I said, every little bit helps, even the redundancies.

One of the first things I did, the very day after Fred and I did our damage to the machine, was to call the AM office in Denver and ask them to send a serviceman out. It was three weeks before he finally made it (or before he could catch me at home) and all the other experts had had a chance to look at and comment on the machine first. I felt that I'd had some preparation for the visit of the real expert, having read all those letters and talked to the professionals; but I quickly learned that I had not yet learned anything at all to speak of.

There's something very impressive about watching a competent craftsman at work. Emmett Flynn is not just an expert offset serviceman, he is also and specifically a Multi 1000 serviceman, and he says he may be the only expert on that particular machine in this area. Before he came to the house he had given me a list of supplies I would need. [An exasperating sidelight: I had been given an almost identical list by Gerry's friend, but he had given me the generic terms---general purpose ink, blanket wash, fountain concentrate, etc., and when I took that list to the AM supplies department the clerks were baffled. They had to have the trade name or the stock number; without that they were helpless; so Emmett told me I would need a cartridge of SF 10 ink, a gallon of BlankRolla, a quart of Sim Flo, etc. -- at a total cost of about \$50]. When Emmett arrived he immediately started doing things with and to the machine---things that other people had merely talked about. One quick look told him that Fred and I had done an adequate job of cleaning the rollers [did I forget to mention that that was the very first thing Fred and I had done?], but he said one would have to be replaced, not because there was anything wrong with it but simply because in this climate a solid roller is superior to the spiral grooved one that was with it. Then he mixed the fountain concentrate (Sim Flo), put in the rollers (and said one heavy roller was not needed at all) and started ink-ing them up. Only then, when he was satisfied the ink was flowing properly, did he even look at the rest of the press.





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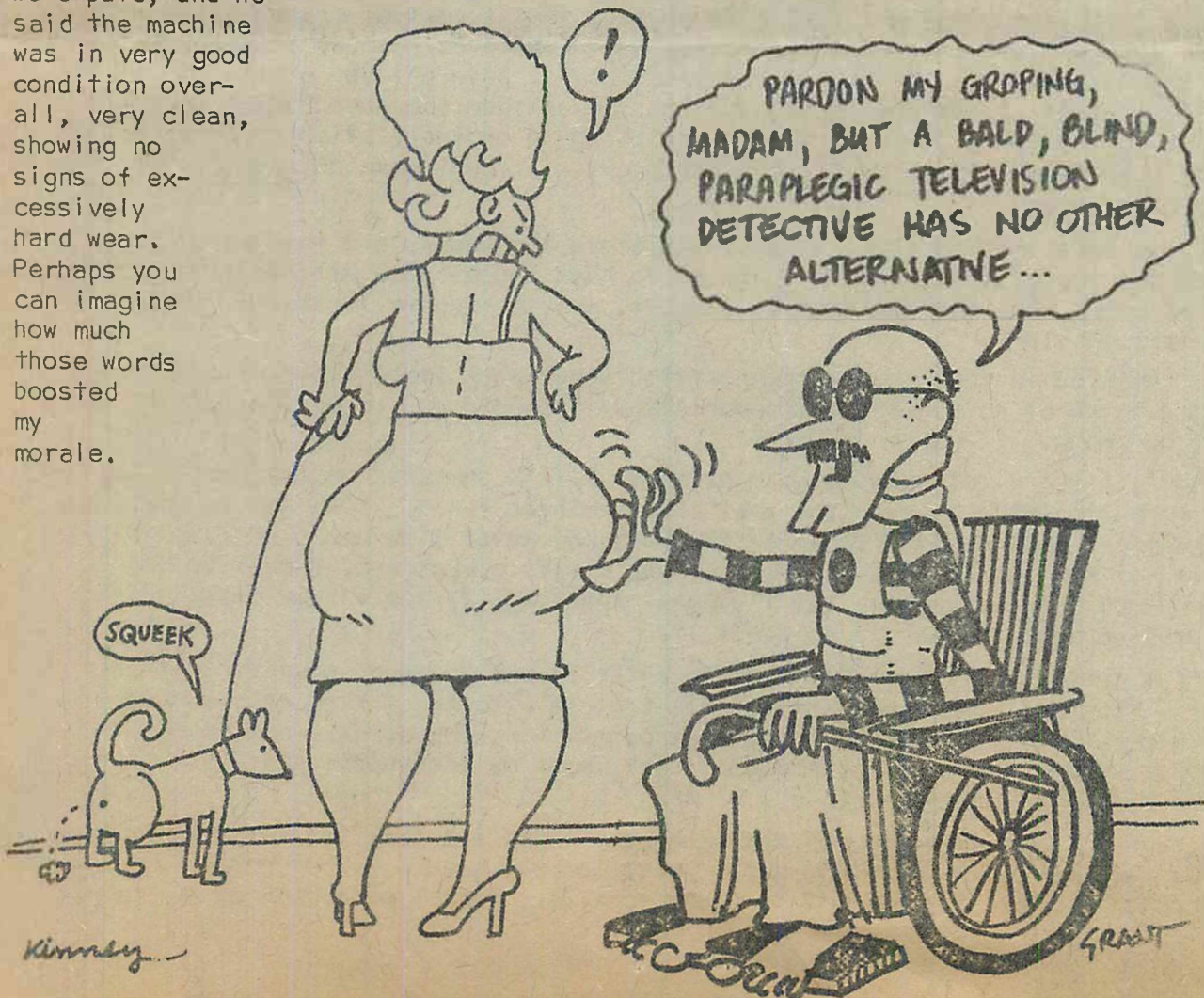
It suddenly occurred to me that I'm probably telling you more than you want to know about that offset -- that maybe not everyone is as totally enthralled by the subject as I am right now, and so I'm going to skip over all the details and get immediately to the upshot of the whole thing.

Which is that the press is now functional -- at a total cost (this is beyond the cost of the press itself; this is for supplies, including ink and 100 paper masters, parts and labor) of \$130. Another way to look at it is that including the initial cost of \$150, and with Fred and I splitting expenses, we each now have \$140 invested. After reading Chris Sherman's letter, and Richard Shaver's, and some of the others, I don't think \$140 is bad at all.

The serviceman did make one thing very clear, and that is that the Multi 1000 has definite limitations.

"Don't expect to put out a Playboy-type magazine with it," he said. [I translated that as ALGOL or ANTITHESIS type]. "Don't use anything heavier than 20-pound paper. Look, this thing's not really a printing press; it's a duplicator. As long as you use it for that you'll be all right, because it's a very good duplicator. You can do good color work on it, though no close-register jobs. [Not the sort of work Harry Morris or The Mysterious von Turk have done, he meant]. And beautiful halftones, when you get around to using the metal plates."

He expressed mild amazement at the low price we'd paid, and he said the machine was in very good condition overall, very clean, showing no signs of excessively hard wear. Perhaps you can imagine how much those words boosted my morale.





I was trying something on the last couple of pages, and it didn't work. An objective observer might say it was my own damn stupid fault, that I brought the trouble upon myself and that I deserved far worse than what actually befell. I find it difficult to be objective in such circumstances, so I don't try. I choose to blame fate, Kismet. The Devil, even. Or Ghod. Yeah, I think that's probably it: Ghod is basically on my side, but He just didn't feel that I was ready yet to try anything the least bit ambitious on the offset.

What I had in mind was basically quite should simple and should have worked (I still think so, but if Ghod says Not Yet, then I prefer not to dispute the issue). The art work on pages four and five is on electrostencils and was already pasted into the typing stencils, because the first thing I do on Don-o-Saur each month is to put in the pictures and number the pages.

But I was thinking: hummmm [said I] ... since the offset is working, and since the paper masters cost only about 10¢ each, and since, when I start using halftones, I will have to have separate press runs . . . therefore, might it not be a good idea to gain some valuable experience by running off the pictures all by themselves on the mimeo, but typing on the offset masters, allowing space for the pictures, and then to run the pages with the pictures through the offset, picking up the writing?

I managed to get that question untangled, and I gave myself an affirmative answer, and that's what I was doing. I typed pages four and five on the offset masters, after carefully marking in green felt tip pen where the art would go.

[I will interject here, partly to indicate a slight time lapse, but also because this is something I feel like saying, that I sort of enjoy typing on those paper masters. It's easier to see what you're doing, and actually a little quicker and easier to make corrections. I have not yet gotten the special kind of eraser you're supposed to use on them (because Emmett forgot to give me the brand name), but I'd been using an ordinary stick-style typewriter eraser and it seemed to work all right. I don't make an awfully lot of errors, anyway].

Okay, some time passed. I had typed those two pages, and they were lying beside the typewriter. I went upstairs to have lunch. The kitchen is directly over my room. The kitchen sink is directly over my typewriter table. Keep this fact in mind.

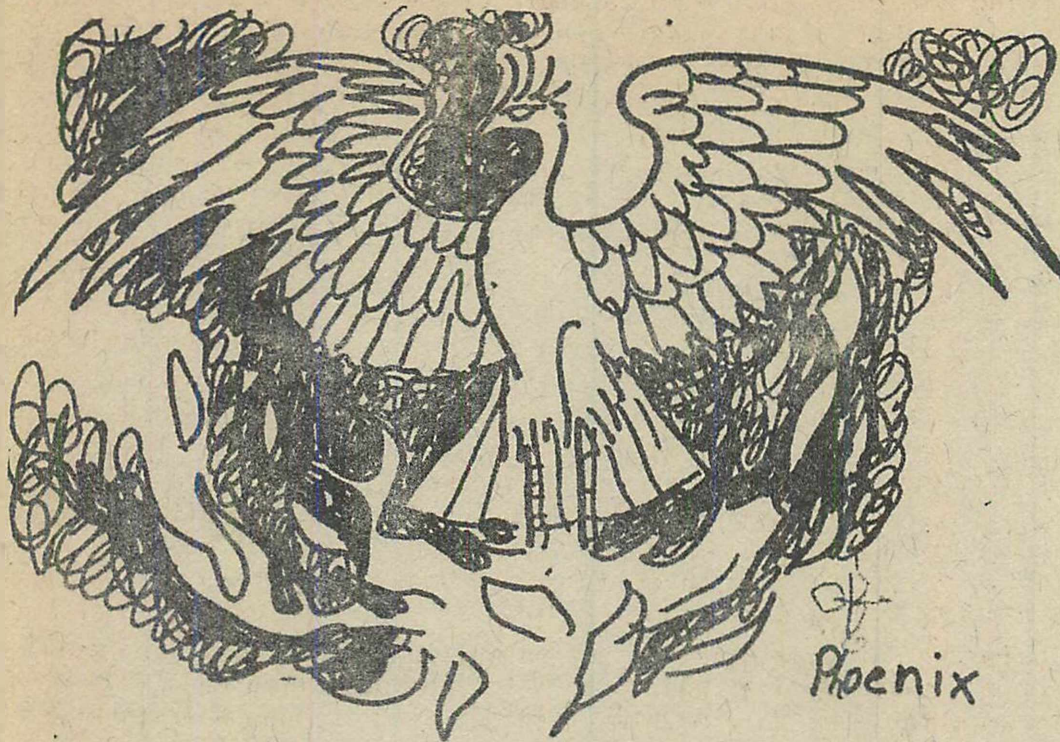
I intended to make the superimposition experiment immediately after lunch. I could think of no reason in the world why it should go wrong. Hell, nothing could go wrong. It was so simple.

Well, I got sidetracked by one of those little domestic chores that I suppose to be the fate of even the most single-minded faned. I walked to the sink to rinse out my cup and discovered that the hot water flow had diminished to the merest suggestion of a trickle. I was a little exasperated that it had chosen right now to happen, but I'd been expecting it, and I knew exactly what the problem was and what to do about it.

As a matter of fact, I was feeling a little bit proud of myself right then, because Fred and I had been having some trouble with the inking of the offset last night, and this morning I had figured out (or remembered) what to do about it. So I was feeling very confident about my mechanical ability. Hubris is the word I'm looking for.

I dashed downstairs to get the necessary tools and the little bottle of faucet washers, and I gave the master water supply handle two or three turns to the left, until it wouldn't turn any more, and then I went back up to the





sink and removed the hot water handle, and calmly used the crescent wrench to get the core out. It seemed to be resisting a little more than usual, but I was thinking what a brisk and efficient and professional job I was doing on this, so I didn't really notice . . .

. . .until the waterspout hit the ceiling.

You see what I mean about what an objective observer might say. Any idiot who doesn't know that if you want to turn the water off you must twist the handle to the RIGHT . . . well, he deserves what he gets, wouldn't you say -- as an objective observer?

On the other hand, look at it this way (my way):

I have been living in this house for nigh onto 17 years now, come fall, and I more or less know my way around in it; I know its strengths and its weaknesses. The plumbing is not one of its more conspicuous strengths, and I have therefore learned to cope with most of the plumbing problems that arise. The first thing to be done, in nearly every case, is to go to the basement and turn off the water -- by twisting the handle to the right.

I estimate that I have performed that action at least two dozen times.

And never once previously -- not even one single teensy time -- have I twisted the handle the wrong way. So while this may have been stupidity, my contention is that it was uncharacteristic stupidity, fraught with significance far more profound than immediately meets the eye. (I may be able to use this to write an essay proving the existence of Ghod--or at least a ghod).

It took a half an hour to 45 minutes what with mopping up the water in the kitchen, to make that simple faucet repair that should have taken no more than five minutes. and Carolyn kept assuring me that no damage had been done, that most of the water had, after all, fallen back into the sink and down the drain, that the floor needed cleaning, that the curtains



would soon dry out, and not to feel so bad because everyone is entitled to an occasional mistake, none of which really made me feel much better.

By then it was time for me to start getting ready to go out to do my Recording for the Blind stint, and it wasn't until I was just about to depart that I happened to peek into my room again.

And saw the puddle of water on the typing table.

My immediate concerns were two-fold, and I must confess that the first one of those was economic.

This IBM Selectric is an expensive hunk of machinery by my standards -- it cost more than twice as much as that Multi 1000 offset.

My second concern was aesthetic: There is a growing stack of books on my desk still waiting for me to make some kind of comment about them in some publication or other -- and water-damaged books just sicken me.

Both concerns were groundless. The water fell behind the typewriter; none that I can tell got inside; and the puddle did not spread to the stack of books; I can't tell that any of them got so much as a splash mark.

Like I said, [I mean of course as I said, but I'm striving here for a note of casualness and informality] Ghod is basically on my side.

The only damage that I could find (other than to the desk top itself, and that hardly counts because it was already scarred and chipped and stained) was to the offset masters and the mimeograph stencils. The top edges were soaked, and there were faint splash marks elsewhere on the paper masters.

I could tell that the mimeo stencils were still usable; I wasn't concerned about them. I wasn't sure about them. I had to wait till I got home from the recording session to find out.

And in fact I still don't know exactly how serious the damage was to the paper masters. I wiped page four with the etch (Platex) and put it on the press, and turned it on. The plate turned splotchily black, and I shrugged, thinking that at least I had proved something about not splashing the masters with water before use. But then I noticed that I'd forgotten to put the fountain concentrate (SimFlo) in with the ink. So I don't know. I also tried page five and it didn't work too well either, but I'm not sure whether it was the water splashes or the fact that I inadvertently wiped the plate after it was on the press with a cotton pad soaked with Blankola (or something; I; not even sure what was on that pad.

Anyway, that's roughly the point at which I began to have the very strong feeling that Ghod was trying to tell me something.

So I'm doing the rest of this issue of Don-o-Saur on old fashioned mimeo stencils (and if it's a shorter issue than usual I trust you will understand why).

I would like to move on now to other things (I have a special fanzine column coming up, along with the loc-col, but I still have to finish making the acknowledgements for help with the offset.





Carolyn does not basically, intrinsically, deep down, approve of the offset, any more than she approves, on the same level, of my other manifestations of interest in science fiction -- my collecting, or my dealership, or my fanpubbing or my contrekking, or even of my reading so damn much of the stuff. (No, I'm probably going too far here; Carolyn IS a staunch defender of sf as a library resource, but I'm not sure that her interest goes much beyond that).



HOWEVER comma . . .

Through the years, Carolyn has been amazingly tolerant and even, in many cases, strongly supportive of my idiosyncracies. I've mentioned previously that she distributes DASFA cards at the library where she works; and I'm sure I took note of the fact that she was a belly dancer at MileHiCon V (and she is not by nature that much of an exhibitionist).

Her attitude toward the offset press fits the pattern. She regards it as just another rather expensive toy for me to play with and she expresses virtually no interest in its purpose or function. But she did not object when I decided it would have to go in the laundry room (which also contains my workbench. And in fact it was she who first realized that the dust and lint from the clothes dryer posed a potential hazard to the press; and it was she who found a plastic sheet with which to keep the press covered; and who found an appliance serviceman to come and vent the dryer to the outside (as should have been done 17 years ago. [I've got to give Carolyn credit for at least some effort to display her feminine wiles; at first her intention was to use the offset as an excuse to buy a new dryer, but she shopped around and found that even the new ones have to be vented, so she settled for having the 20-year-old one vented]).

Emmett Flynn, the AM serviceman, wasn't satisfied with the lighting where the machine is. What I've got is four bare bulbs on extension cords dangling from the ceiling beams. Emmett says it would be much better to have a bank of fluorescent lights. I mentioned that to Carolyn and instead of grimacing, she started figuring size, wattage, location, price and such.

Emmett also said I would need a large work table, with a lot of surface space and even more shelf space for paper, chemicals and other supplies. Well, Carolyn didn't have any really helpful ideas about the table--the surface space--she allowed as how I might have to build that myself; but there's an enormous old upright freezer in the corner that we've been using for quite a number of years now to store the Christmas decorations, and Carolyn is willing to turn that unit over to me ('perfect for storing the chemicals')... if I can provide some alternative storage space for the Christmas stuff.

I have not taken her up on that offer. Carolyn is not, as you can see, utterly devoid of feminine wiles: she wants me to clean out another area of the basement -- to actually do some useful work! But you must not think I am utterly devoid of husbandly wariness either. In fact I have considerable talent in evading that sort of labor.

Still, I do appreciate Carolyn's tolerance of the offset (and of me), and I wanted to make public acknowledgement of the fact.

(In the end I may decide to do what she wants me to do anyway. Partly out of gratitude, and partly just because Carolyn's idea may turn out to be the simplest solution to the problem of storing the offset supplies. It often enough happens that way.



# ROCK 'N' ROLL ZINES

By B R U C E T O W N L E Y

Rock and roll fanzines!? Not quite as venerable as sci fi fandom but probably exactly as much energy contained in rockers:

ROCK ON! (Or as the co-editor sometimes quaintly spells it, ROK ON! Available for two bits from Krazy Ken Highland, 8452 Ridge Road, Brockport, N.Y. 14420). I dunno why I'm reviewing this. The copy I have is 15 months old, missing pages 5-14, featuring a free Move poster and is defunct anyhow. Well, why not. There's stuff here about the pre-Raw Power Stooges, The Kinks, and stuff I can't even see (those missing pages). Ken tells me that he's doing something called TRASH! so why not check it out? All this loud noise helps the digestion.

O. REXTASY #2 (25¢ from Solomon Gruberger, that's him on the cover with the guitar, 29 Avenue "W" Brooklyn, NY 11223). Looks like Xerox or something and that's only on one side so that makes this a luxury item. At least as irregular as CARANDAITH or KOSMIC CITY KAPERS or THE SATURDAY EVENING POST or something like that. In fact so irregular it's almost bizarre. There's just one space between all the sentences here so there's more room to write about Mountain and why Solomon Gruberger hates pro rock writers! THEY'RE ALL ON THE RECORD COMPANY'S PAYROLL ELSE HOW COULD THEY SURVIVE DOING SUCH A MARGINAL SORT OF THING!? You bet.

BEYOND OUR CONTROL and WUIS (it's a radio station) TIPSHEET (50¢ apiece for BOC and WIUS etc. is FREE from Bob Bear, 1302½ Atwater, Bloomington, Ind. 47401). A real biggie. Look at this, 74 pages; this is absurd. It's kinda like an apa in that there's sure to be at least a sentence or two to warrant your reading through the whole thing. And better than most apas in that it's given up being bi-monthly so you don't have to wade through the slop so often. From the depths of the fabulous fanzine rock band O. REX to the ozone of Weather Report and all these pages in between. And zillions of record reviews. Oh yeah, some poetry too. Worth the effort just to use as a sort of paperweight.

SCYTHROP 28 (I went to see John in Australia, wanna see my slides, to get my Scythrop pipeline you might even have to break down and write to Mr. Bangsund at PO Box 537-Kingston-ACT 2604 Australia). I dunno how this one crept into here either as it's a last issue and you have to be able to read to like this one so I guess it's not really a rock and roll fanzine. All you have to do there is know how to dance. Of course some people find it hard to do even that. If you know how to read then John knows how to write and is very deft in both his production and material. Try and get PHILOSOPHICAL GAS then. Nuff said.

SPOONFUL OF SUNSHINE (pick a name that amuses you: Fred Whitlock, 11 Randolph St., Teaticket, Mass. 02536 or Dennis Metrane, PO Box 1656, Newburyport, Mass. 01950 and check it out). There used to be two zines, one called SPCONFUL and the other called SUNSHINE and so naturally (it's all organic here, folks) these two guys merged and now they come out 26 times a year! Look out, Charlie Brown! These guys may not have Steve Stiles or any other big shots like that but they got NICK TOSCHES doing NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL with all the zoot suited moot loose scoops. Who knows what's gonna happen? Well who cares? These guys are mellow enough even if you are pretending to be a punk.

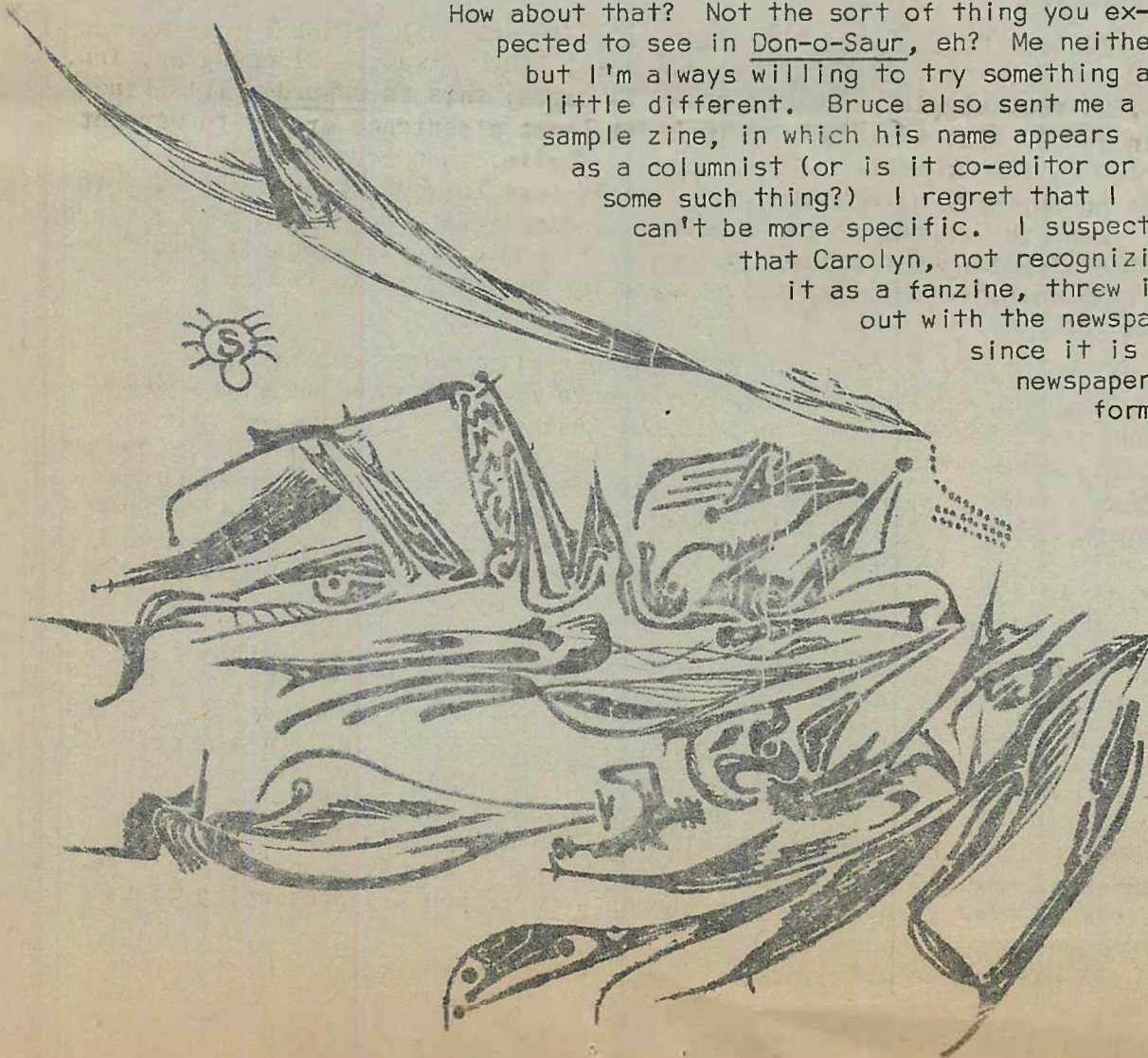


CLOBBERIN TIME (35 cents from Scott Duhamel, 131 Vine St., East Providence, R.I. 02914). Haven't seen one of these. I don't even know if it's out yet. But Scott has written one of the funniest (and of course most accurate) reviews of a Helen Reddy rec this year.

ROLLER READER (contribute 50¢ to Art Schaak who lives at 4338 Laurelgrove Ave., Studio City, CA 91604). Another person who hates pro writers. Great! And this because he's proud to be editor of a fanzine so what should be published is. Makes sense to me. Also the tip top low down on the Blue Oyster Cult (not of course to be confused with BEYOND OUR CONTROL even if they are) and fabulous novelty singles explained and even a readers' survey you can fill out. This flippant attitude I've slipped into doesn't match Art's love of rock (or any of those people's for that matter) and the intent way he goes on with his fanzine. Ah well. This is coming from Denver so that explains it.

THE ELECTRIC WARRIOR FREE PRESS (50¢, Natalie McDonald, 100 Prospect Ave. 2F, Hackensack, N.J. 07601). This is a phenomena fanzine. All about Marc Bolan. He's real big in England but a real flop over here. Well, the New York Dells flopped in England but the critics love em over here. Natalie has the Seal of Approval from David R. Wyder and K. Ken. Highland, so how can she lose even if R. Meltzer won't talk to her (some would see that as a blessing)? The business is fun.

How about that? Not the sort of thing you expected to see in Don-o-Saur, eh? Me neither, but I'm always willing to try something a little different. Bruce also sent me a sample zine, in which his name appears as a columnist (or is it co-editor or some such thing?) I regret that I can't be more specific. I suspect that Carolyn, not recognizing it as a fanzine, threw it out with the newspaper since it is in newspaper format.







John Robinson  
1-101st Street  
Troy, NY 12180

The latest Monty Python record is even more fantastic than the previous two -- it has three sides! It was done by putting two sets of grooves on one side. Just what you hear depends on which groove you track. Fantastic!

I'm amazed that the Firesign Theater and Monty Python fans haven't mentioned Conception Corporation, the perpetrators of Star Trip, a phantasmagorical journey on the starship Enterprise where the enlisted crewmen mutiny and leave the officers on a deserted planet so that they may finally have shore leave on the Planet Euphoria! And then there's Geek Travesty. Wcw! A genuine parody on 24 carat tragedy.

Sorry to hear Larson E. Glicksohn is dead. This means the end of the Lulu Snake Fund. We were raising postage to mail Lulu to Toronto to find out if Larson was really male. Now it will never be known. I'm going to have to return the 5 pounds of tribble lint to David Gerrold's Factory, the ashes left from the remains of the American flag Robert A. Heinlein flew from 1939 to 1969, the paper napkin Isaac Asimov burped on at Oshkoshkon (the World SF Con at E. Oshkosh, WI), Damon Knight's autographed picture of A. E. Van Vogt, and the two creative paperclips and square Surinam nickel sent in by Rose Hogue. Sorry folks, the auction is cancelled.

Eric Lindsay's hypothesis on fandom is true when you look back on fandom and even in large pockets today, but that is changing; at least it's changing as to the clear male majority. About one-third of the Albany State SF Club (5 of 15) is female and that has been increasing year by year. Bjo Trimble's words on the gift of Star Trek to fandom appears somewhat true -- there's a rapid growth of the femfan population by way of Trekdom. Our own local estimates are that one Trekfan in five converts to sf fandom by age 21. This is especially true of the so-called Trekkies.

What's a Trekkie? She's someone at puberty, plus or minus two years, whose one great fixation in life is the sexual fantasy that she will seduce that pointy-eared Gary Cooper and that no other Trekkie stands a chance. (Nice, safe sexual fantasy, eh wot? and it seems to be widespread).

But this cannot last. Trekfans who do not outgrow Star Trek join the committees, and you'll find a goodly number of those concommittee people are heavily into sf fandom; some even make it onto the Best Fanwriter section of the Hugo ballot!

Jodie Offutt  
Funny Farm  
Haldeman, KY 40329

I was anxious to read the reaction to Discourse #32. They were interesting. And no, I disagree that you made your point with too much subtlety; I understood what your concern was. I enjoyed the offset saga. Good luck to you and Fred with it. You sound like you would be great to take any kind of course under. [BLUSH. Honest, I meant to leave that line out!]

For a good many people fandom does indeed provide social outlet and replaces mundane social obligations. Fandom is full of people who are more intelligent than average and do not relate well with their peer/age group. In fandom these boundaries are bridged with correspondence, fanzines and conventions. Because of the lack in mundane social activities, these same people are often lacking in social graces. Fandom tolerates such behavior, sometimes to the extreme. I suppose partly out of empathy, and partly for the very practical reason that close personal contact lasts no more than three or four days during a convention. Writing letters, loccking and publishing fanzines are extremely solo activities

While no particularly normal, who's to say whether or not they are unhealthy?



Roy Tackett  
915 Green Valley Rd NW  
Albuquerque, NM  
87107

Ol' Don-o-saur. . .

Maybe it is that my way of thinking, conditioned by years in the insidious Orient, is more accustomed to detecting subtleties than are the minds of most fen who are, ghod knows, an incredibly naive group as a whole, but I got the point you were trying to make in your dissertation in D32. Maybe. Or maybe it is that the younger generation of fen, mostly raised on comic books, still have difficulties with the written word. . . . Eric Lindsay wants to do a social study of fandom? Ghod! Another one? Eleventy-seven college students have already done sociological studies of fandom. Most of which are, fortunately, buried in the files somewhere, unpublished and, most likely, unread.

Someone did a study of fandom in the early 60s and published it as 'Why Is A Fan?' Earl Kemp, I think it was. He won a Hugo for it, too. I forget just what his survey revealed although one point that comes to mind is that most fans are either an only child or a first child.

As for Lindsay's theories, I would say they were true up to about 10 years ago--and may still be true in Australia for all I know. Until about 10 years ago he could have added that all fans had some sort of physical or mental disability. The advent of Star Trek, and the increase of interest in heroic fantasy, particularly Tolkien, and the mushrooming of courses in stf at all levels in the schools has changed that. Star Trek, particularly, brought a large number of females into fandom so that the conventional picture of the fan no longer holds. I would say, though, that one statement which still holds is that most fans wear glasses. . . .

Brett Cox . . . People normally get into fandom through having read a lot of sf. People who read a lot of sf -- indeed, people who read a lot of anything -- often tend to be somewhat introverted. . . . Therefore, it stands to reason that the average sf fan would be somewhat non-social and introverted. After all, it takes a very special type of person to willingly spend a lot of his time writing to people he's usually never met, or turning out a private publication, or reading, and spending good money on the above to boot.

Or does it? George talks about the "shy introverted fan," and lists several characteristics of said animal. But somehow I doubt that he--the fan--really exists. Most of the people I've run across in fandom (of around my own age) don't really strike me as the social castoffs that Eric Lindsay proposes. Not completely, anyway.

Harry Warner . . . Now I've finished the first draft of the fan history of the 1950s, except for an assortment of minor points which must get attended to some day or other, and I'm plunging back into the loc campaigns. . . .

You must have become half-owner of a transistorized offset press, maybe one with IC components. Every other fan who has acquired one has been able to fill at leave six pages telling how he rented a large derrick to bring it home and then bought the house next door and tore out all the partitions so he could have it under a roof. I have only the haziest of notions about how the things work and I've never tried to operate one, so you won't get any advice from me. But there have been a smattering of fans in recent years who have owned offset presses and used them successfully. . . . the Coulsons had one for a while, then decided they'd rather use a mimeograph after all. . . .

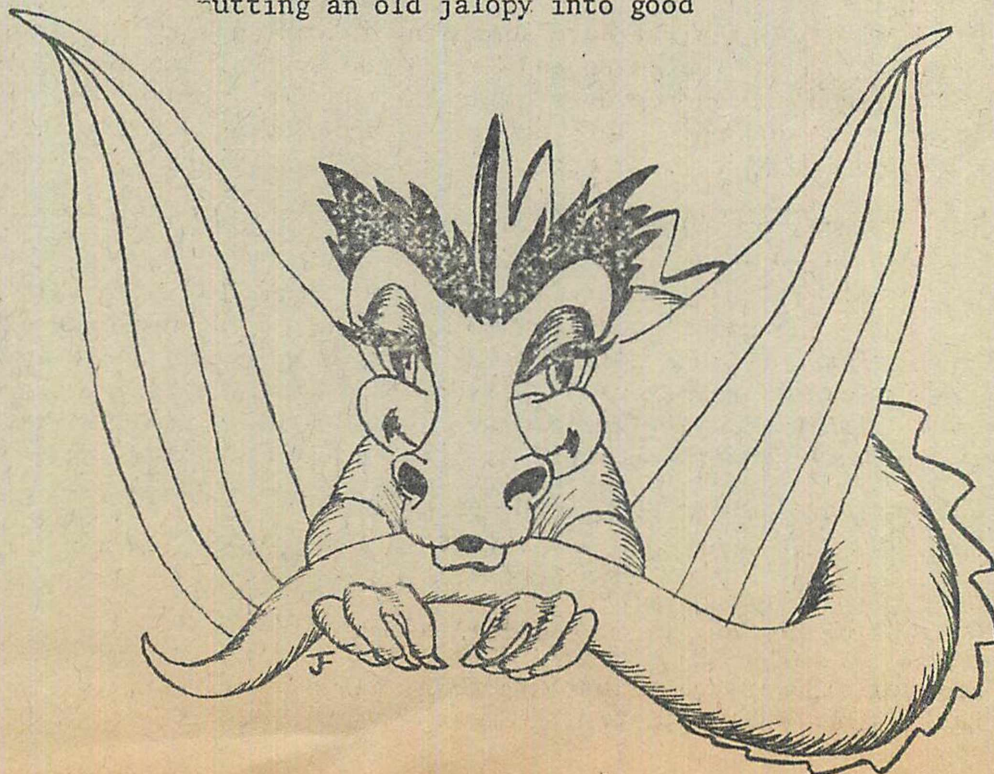
It sounds as if you're doing a dangerous thing in the most suitable manner. I mean, I've been scared to death that the vast growth in the number



of science fiction courses in high schools and colleges would cause kids to take the same attitude toward science fiction that they have for George Eliot or the Lake Poets, simply because it has become a part of the academic establishment. You may have the right weapon to combat such a peril, in your technique of allowing lots of leeway for students. One thing surprises me: I gather from what you wrote about your course that nobody has produced film strips or slides suitable as audio-visual aids to science fiction courses. I would have thought that someone like Morris Dollens, who sells lots of slides of his own artwork, or Sam Moskowitz, who has given lectures accompanied by prozine art slides, would have gone into this business by now. Students may have seen Bradbury or Clarke on television, but they must be curious to know what some of the other favorite authors look like, and projected pictures would be useful for such purposes as showing how early prozines came quite close in their illustrations to forecasting today's superhighways and some aspects of modern architecture. Besides, just think how nicely a dragging class could be awakened by a rapid-fire sequence of 20 or so helpless females in the clutch of various bems on covers of old issues of Planet and Thrilling Wonder, projected at the rate of one per second or so.

[The writer that students are familiar with from television is Kurt Vonnegut. I don't know of any library or other instructional resource service that offers the kind of visual aids Harry mentions. Fred Goldstein recently shot a new series of slides, using mostly my magazines, showing their history. I'm assuming I'll be able to use them for my next class. The predictive quality of the covers is mostly good for yuks. The back cover of the February 1939 Amazing shows "Future Ocean Liner" -- an enormous floating city. Well, nobody could have guessed that by 1974 there would be no ocean liners. What makes the illustration funny is that the cargo hold, if you look very closely, contains 1939-style automobiles.]

I'm not sure that the sociological study described by George Beahm would show much difference between fans and devotees of other hobbies. The fellow who spends all his spare time putting an old jalopy into good





condition because he loves autos and the three-letter man in high school sports are just as likely as the neofan to skip many types of social activities. If fans have less social life than followers of other hobbies, it must be mostly because a large proportion of fans still live inconveniently far from other fans. The person who gets active in fandom in Los Angeles can find himself just as much involved in personal contact with other fans as the religious person has among other members of his congregation, simply because there are a lot of superactive fans in that area.

So far, I've escaped a situation in which I could feel myself directly responsible for someone's death. It's lucky, because I have a larger than normal guilt complex and I might have a very difficult time. For instance, when I was covering court for the local newspapers, I would sit at the reporters' desk during a criminal case and start to try to remember where I was and what I was doing the night the crime was committed, and get the feeling that suddenly the prosecuting attorney would stride over to me with blazing eyes and point his finger just the way Perry Mason did when he revealed the real criminal in the courtroom. I'm constantly retracing my steps to where I parked the car, because I suddenly begin to fear that I didn't give the car in front or behind room enough to pull out. Hours after a casual conversation, I'll realize that something I said could have had a double meaning and then I'll fret and fuss for fear the person I was talking to thought I was making fun of him or being snotty or something. It's hard to live with but it's the best guarantee I can imagine toward an honest way of living. I'd probably shrivel up and die within 48 hours if I really did commit some kind of genuine crime.

Tony Cvetko  
29415 Parkwood Dr.  
Wickliffe, OH 44092

. . . Roy Tackett mentions that people who have died and then been revived recall nothing during their death, but I've seen an account or two in the newspaper about people who do recall things during their deaths. One guy remembers being carried out of his body and looking down at himself on the operating table. I don't remember all the things mentioned in the articles, but they certainly contradict Roy's words.

Many fans, including myself, that I know about are introverted, but in my case it's because I don't have much in common with most people. I'm more than happy to be with people if I have something in common with them, but that rarely happens and so I clam up and become the typical introvert. I love to read and that takes precedence over going out, so I'm introverted. I'm moderately intelligent and spend lots of time on my studies, so I'm introverted. I also dress conservatively, go to college, but don't wear glasses. . .

[Tony just seems determined to make a liar out of Roytac all the way around.]

Sam Long  
Box 4946  
Patrick AFB  
FL 32925

. . . I take issue with Roy Tackett when he says that there is 'no proof of continued existence of the ego beyond death.' There is such proof in the words of poets. Robert Graves, for instance, was 'killed' on the battlefield in WWI: officially and poetically his soul had fled. But he was revived and later wrote a very good poem about it, 'The Second-Fated':

Fortune enrolled me among the second-fated  
Who have read their own obituaries in The Times

\* \* \* \* \*

We . . . taking advantage  
Of a brief demise, visited first the Pit

And next the silver-bright Hyperborean Queendom  
Basking under the sceptre of Guess Whom?



And many are the stories of those who have come back from the very brink of death with tales of Fiddler's Green or Paradise or Hell. The ego cannot imagine its own non-existence: it is the last thought before the brain ceases to function that determines Heaven or Hell or Limbo, for like Achilles racing the tortoise, death never, by mind's logic, catches up with the mind. . . .

I'm glad someone took issue with Roytac on the life-after-death thing, because I was thinking of doing it myself -- even though Roy's statement, taken literally (that scientific investigation has revealed no proof of survival beyond death), is unarguably true. But the kind of laboratory evidence that is sometimes meant by "proof" is unobtainable anyway in an investigation of this nature. All we have is the testimony of witnesses -- and some of them DO contradict Roy. The problem of whether or not their testimony is reliable remains.

Don D'Amassa  
19 Angell Drive  
E. Prov., RI 02914

. . . I want to pay you a compliment. At least I hope you'll think of it as a compliment. I've been in fandom for about ten years now and, with minor exceptions, have confined all of my fan publishing to Apa45. This has been substantial (over 1,000 pages) and I have often considered devoting some of this effort to a generally distributed fanzine. But as time went by, I found I could satisfy my inclinations much more easily by simply contributing to others' fanzines. This has a drawback or two, chiefly that some things I've been interested in writing, no one has been interested in publishing. But it was never enough to spur me into exerting myself. The last few issues of DoS, however, have changed everything. You've produced one of the most entertaining publications I've seen in fandom, you publish on a regular schedule, you publish what you want to write, and you get fascinating letters as a result. Faced with success such as that, I have reconsidered my whole situation, and I expect that in another month or three, you're going to find in your mailbox a strange little fanzine called MYTHOLOGIES with a RI address. Just remember, while my name may be on it, you share the responsibility for its birth.

[GULP! I hardly know what to say. "I thought I was being careful"? "I refuse to pay child support! You can't prove a thing!"? No, I will take it as a compliment. But remember you saw the first announcement of MYTHOLOGIES here.]

Don's letter continues:

I was once talked into teaching an SF course at Michigan State University. I worked night and day preparing a syllabus and a detailed plan of attack, and the course was cancelled before the first class. The following year I was approached again. I dug out my work from the previous year, worked it over, updated it, and typed everything up. And they cancelled the damn class again. I turned those notes into an article that ought to appear in Bill Fesselmeyer's BRASS CANNON sooner or later.

I tried to structure my course somewhere between the two extremes you tried. I spent only one period on the history of SF, working other relevant details in along the way. I did assign readings, but the discussions were mostly designed to be spontaneous. I had a list of key questions to ask in case things became bogged down, but I was more interested in bringing out the possibilities of SF rather than its accomplishments. Apparently I'll never know how well I would have succeeded. I envy you people who actually had the opportunity to try your ideas.



Wayne W. Martin  
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Macclenny, FL 32063

. . . I really enjoyed your article on teaching sf. I was in a course in high school a few years back that centered solely on Bradbury, Heinlein, Poe and Wells. It was an eight-week course and was quite enjoyable, though it was disconcerting in that I was more familiar with sf than our teacher. He was well-intentioned, but didn't know that there even was an Amazing Stories. His whole contact was through paperbacks.

As a class project, I wrote an additional chapter to Robert Heinlein's Farmer in the Sky. I got an A/A on it and with extra credit ended up with 110 points out of 100 possible.

Gil Gaier  
1016 Beech Ave.  
Torrance, CA 90501

If my plans work out, I'll have a zine out within the year. It will emphasize teaching SF in the high school. I only hope it will be as clear and articulate as your article in D-o-S #33. The small details and

observations were particularly enjoyable. Thank you for sharing your experiences with me.

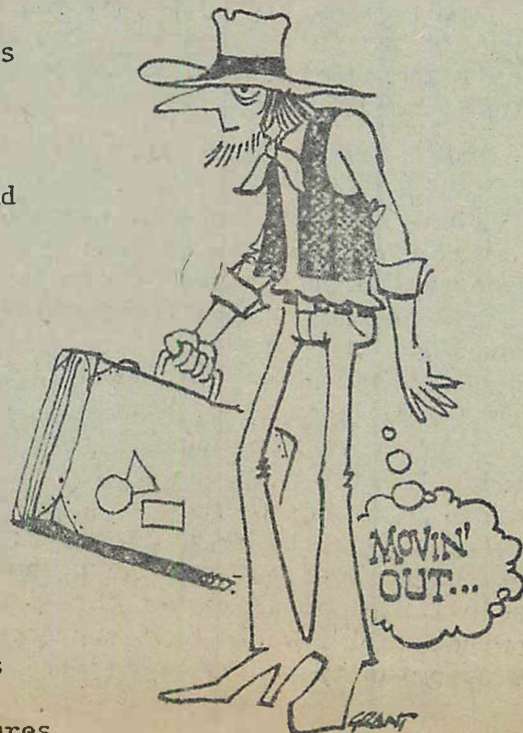
Roger Sween  
465 Division St.  
Platteville, WI  
53818

It is likely that you have discovered this yourself, but your method of teaching SF at MSC is very au courant with contemporary educational theory. Today the teacher is urged to become a helper -- one who aids learning -- as a facilitator, a guide. The role of teacher as disgorging of information via the lecture method is under attack; it is amazing it had held up so long. There was more justification when it originated in the medieval European universities. Books were holograph and scarce, a teacher was a master who had studied all the literature and proven his competency before his peers and was therefore recognized to tell what he knew to others. But since the invention of printing, the necessity to lecture has been weakened. Indeed since the advent of printing, there is little need for the university at all, but instead the institution has proliferated.

Your method has the virtue of working with questing minds, and those students are apt to learn. In my own teaching I would like to follow your method, but I find library students have few questions. They are a disgustingly docile bunch.

You said a ten-week quarter is not enough time to adequately do a research paper. I read this to my wife who is currently writing her thesis in the eight-week summer session, and she said something like, "I'd like to tell him a thing or two." My view is that ten weeks is ample time if students use the ten weeks. But from nine years as a reference librarian, it seems to me that most students procrastinate and try to write a paper in the last few days anyway, regardless of the length of the term.

... Regarding the matter of being introverted, I would like to say, "I should hope so." Perhaps all fandom is built on this single phenomenon, and what better foundation. It makes people prefer reading to other pleasures,





it kicks up the desire to write and to rush into print, it leads to self-examination and to integration of the consciousness, and it makes people reserved and polite.

[Can't say I've ever noticed that last bit, but I can go along with most of the rest of what Roger says. And while I've got him here, so to speak, I'd like to make a sort of apology to him. After nearly every issue of D-o-S, I've gotten long, thoughtful, scholarly letters (well, usually it's just one) from Roger Sween, and I always feel guilty (I'm as bad as Harry Warner) about not being able to run the whole thing, and sometimes it's tough to excerpt from a Sween letter because the line of reasoning is so tight.

[One other thing pertaining to RS: I hereby publically endorse his plan for a Fanzine Regional Depository System, even though I neglected to return the questionnaire pertaining to same that Roger sent me. It was dated, and I didn't start filling it out until after the deadline was past. I think it's a good idea to get fanzines on file in libraries across the country. Donn Brazier, in a recent issue of TITLE, declined to cooperate in the project on grounds that the stuff printed in fanzines isn't very important. That's perfectly true, of course, but that's also true of 99% or so of everything printed. But the main point is that we (fanzine editors of today) are in no position to decide what in our zines is important and what is not. That's for the future to judge.]

Bruce D. Arthurs . . . Your piece on teaching sf reminds me of a comment  
57th Trans Co. I made in one of my apa-zines: That the first serious  
Fort Lee, VA criticism and study of sf didn't come from outside the  
23801 genre, from the literary critics or educational establishment, it came from inside the genre, from the writers and fans who cared deeply enough about their favorite type of writing to spend much time and thought upon it. James Blish and Damon Knight come to mind immediately. Then, of course, you come along and remind me of Bailey's Pilgrims! Drat! I haven't read Pilgrims myself, but from what I've heard from other people, it was mostly a rehash of plots from various old-time sf books. Or is this a mistaken impression on my part? Why don't you tell us a little bit more about the book; very few present day fans have had a chance to read it and I'd like to know a little more about it.

[Well, okay, since you ask. (However, a letter from Chris Hulse, 955 Ellis Court, Eugene, OR 97405 reminds me that the book is now available for \$3.50, paperbound, from Greenwood Press). Your impression of Pilgrims is not too far off. It is more plot-summary than criticism, and mostly what it summarizes are the books and stories written before 1926. It's good for identifying the roots of science fiction].

Bruce's letter continues:

D. Gary Grady's letter reminded me of a little thinking I've been doing on the subject of alternate universes, as used by Keith Laumer, Larry Niven, and Jack Vance, among others. Laumer's model is about the most appropriate and easiest to demonstrate, so listen: Imagine that our world's time line is a thread running through a void. Our present is a point on that thread. Now imagine that our world is just one thread amongst a bundle of threads, a cable running through the void; those other threads are the alternate worlds, where something isn't quite the same as on our timetrack. Let us further state that the threads closest to our thread are the timetracks most similar to our own; the ones on the outside of the cable are radically different.



Query: Granted some way to travel to alternate timetracks, would we ever be able to use it effectively? I believe the answer would be a resounding NO.

Take a rabbit in a field, nibbling at a blade of grass. In the next alternate, he's nibbling the blade of grass next to the original one. In other alternates, he's nibbling every different blade of grass. Now take a million rabbits, nibbling away, with all their possible alternates. Add billions of insects, munching on leaves. Add a couple of billion people, scratching their right cheek, or left cheek, or their elbow, or their knee, or ...

All these little things, in uncountable numbers, and each has its alternate. And none of them is big enough to make a noticeable change to an observer crossing timetracks. And that's why you'll never reach a "different" world: there are so many unnoticeable alternates that you'll never be able to get far away enough from your own world to find one that you know is "different." You can spend forever just trying . . .

Cy Chauvin  
17829 Peters  
Roseville, Mich.  
48066

Your writing in Donny is very impressive, You write so casually, as though you were writing directly onto stencil [which I am; doesn't everyone] yet you always manage to say something interesting, unlike some faneds, who only fill space (or so it seems). I do wish you'd get rid of the illos, though; they usually aren't very good, particularly the cover, and in the kind of personalzine you publish they don't add anything, only use up space I'd prefer to see devoted to writing.

[Main reason I use the illos is that I like them--even the bad ones. They make the typing seem to go faster, for one thing. But I also think artwork -- even bad artwork (though I happen to think most of the stuff I use is very good!) -- makes the whole zine easier to read].

...I wish you hadn't compared banning marijuana with banning autos. You said something like you couldn't imagine anyone seriously considering banning the latter, despite all their hazardous aspects. I mean, it's just a matter of individual choice whether one chooses to drive. . . just as it should be a matter of individual choice whether one wishes to smoke marijuana or not, despite its hazards. OK; this is what I think you basically said. Only . . . I would seriously consider banning (private) autos! (Even though I own one myself).

In most parts of the country, one does not have a real choice between owning a car or not owning a car, unless you want to experience a lot of problems, or don't mind/are able to stay at home most of the time. The solution to the problem of personal transportation in the U.S. is nearly dictated to the individual to own a car. Now, if the auto was banned, we would be forced to develop real alternate modes of personal transport, rather than the poor substitutes that are passed off now. . . .

This isn't meant to criticize what you said about marijuana at all -- I just thought your comparison was a bad one.

I'd like to see an article written by a student who has attended a class in SF, contrasted to one by the teacher who taught the class-- and see the difference between the two. I've seen so many enthusiastic articles on teaching SF (ones that make me wish I could take the writer's class), yet I've found myself that most college classes (no matter the subject) tend to bore me. I do think that good student/teacher discussion and interaction are important -- in fact, that's the only point of having a classroom type of situation, in my opinion.

[The type of student who would write such an article is probably a fan, and what he gets from the course might be totally different from someone who had no previous knowledge of SF].



Victor Kostrikin  
Route 1, Box 4  
Gervais, OR 97026

Don-o-Saur is great. It's a rare fanzine. It's the kind I enjoy reading at one sitting, which I seldom do when reading other fanzines.

I thought it used to be called Don-o-Saur Coprolites, and I know what coprology's about. I guess you dropped "Coprolites" because dinosaur dung is hard to get these days. Petrified, even. ...

I see you use artwork. Do you want more? I've done some for Quane's Notes and Breiding's Star Fire; also Yandro.

[My answer is YES. Unhesitating and unqualified. Pay absolutely no attention to Cy Chauvin. I LOVE artwork, and I can always use more. Thanks in advance].

Donn Brazier  
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.  
St. Louis, MO 63131

. . . An unpainful death for myself doesn't frighten me; unpainful in the act-of-dying, physical sense. Never having believed in Heaven or Hell and all that stuff, I have always been happy just to be here, and were I to leave, I wouldn't know it anyway. So what's to fear?

I do get saddened when a loved one dies, though. But practically all of that sadness is selfish, i.e. that person won't be around anymore to give me pleasure. I don't have any obsessive needs based on other people except that I enjoy them, and hate to see them go. I recognize this as pure selfishness and don't feel guilty about it.

I have quietly longed to be dead, even sometimes when I'm feeling good. This generally happens, for some reason I can't explain, when I'm sitting, contemplative, on top of a windswept hill, grassy and sweet, and the only way I can stay there forever, I realize, is that I must be dead, right there. I'm always searching for little hills like that....

I read Indick's letter. I thought, don't let that man succumb to that 1965 heart attack! He's one of the people I've met through my zine who gives me a rare pleasure. . .

[Me too. Indick's account of trying to get his wife to say "I love you" in last month's TITLE left me absolutely helpless with hilarity. I gave it to my wife to read, and it got no visible reaction at all. Speaking of Ben Indick, I just happen to have received a letter from him:]

Ben Indick  
428 Sagamore Ave.  
Teaneck, NJ 07666

A brief reply this time, sitting near a crowded municipal pool, pleasant, hot, noisy; in bathing suit, wife, friends (kids at their own shindigs). Quite the opposite of Eric Lindsay's super-introverted clannish fan! Gregarious, that's what fans are! Some of the time, unlike mundaniacs (to use Donn's word), however, there are times when fans like to be alone too, so they can share a companionate interest with good souls far away. I write, I look up, I explain the esoteric zines I'm holding; no one cares to look at any... Each to his own & fans to their pens.

My wife looks at this scrawl: "No one can read that," she says matter-of-factly. It cracks me up. The way my wife says things -- it's funny. Last night, in bed, I happened to flop one leg across her, teasing. "Get off my leg and my body," she snapped. Now I can't say why, but it was funny. I laughed and she joined in. She is used to me and my teasing. She even liked my article in TITLE wherein I bemoaned her reticence.

I am pleased that schools have SF courses, but I must point out that SF books very rarely get reviews in the NY Times Book Section, The New Yorker, Time, etc. Harold Robbins and Jacqueline Susann, however, are big stuff. Even mysteries have a weekly review column in the Times, whereas maybe once every six weeks Theodore Sturgeon does an SF wrap-up. Vonnegut gets a big



write-up, but he is not considered, nor does this talented but grossly self-indulgent artist consider himself an SF man. (His latest book, essays, even demeans SF). Even Heinlein and Clarke titles get back-page write-up. So, cry in the wilderness & hope for better times for SF.

Nevertheless, your approach seems to be sound, and I hope it catches on with more students. Whatever other qualities young fen have, one I am utterly convinced of is a higher-than-average intelligence. Ergo, more collegians should be into SF.

You may be interested in an essay I wrote . . . I dittoes it, some 40 pages & distributed it through my APA, E.O.D., nominally Lovecraftian. The essay is a study of "the uses of Jews and Judaism in fantastic fiction." While many of the titles I discuss are fantasy, some are science fiction. I must apologize that I have only a few copies left so it would be only a loan, but I would be pleased to send it. It might provide some provocative thought. Clarke's "religion" in SF is only one side of the coin; the other, which involves prejudice, is far uglier. (I do not mean to imply such against Clarke! I only mean that religion, as an aspect of thought & culture, is different from the uses of one's particular religious preference as a weapon of sorts).

[Thanks very much for the offer, Ben. I accept, and promise to take good care of the essay and get it back to you promptly (after I make a photocopy). Sam Moskowitz did an essay on The Jew in Science Fiction. It appeared in IF in the early 60s but never made it into hardback. Or did it?]

Gene Wolfe  
Box 69  
Barrington, IL  
60010

If I may clarify my earlier remarks slightly in response to D. Gary Grady, I would like to say that I did not compare Britain to the U.S. because I am an anglophile (I am not) or because I feel that Britain is particularly well governed; but only because it was from that government that we rebelled in 1776. I do not subscribe to Punch, and I have to grant that I was unaware of the situation Gary says prevails in England. What offense is the Prime Minister accused of?

Even though there may be trouble in high places in Britain, it seems to me meretricious to say (as Gary does) that "Queen Elizabeth gets paid far more for being born into the right family than Tricky Dick was able to rip off." In the first place, President Nixon is not accused--or at least not primarily accused--of stealing. In the second place, it seems bad logic to compare the salary granted, legally, to one head of state, to funds stolen by another.

AGAINST THE WALL  
C. William George  
P.O. Box 444  
Westfield, NJ 07091

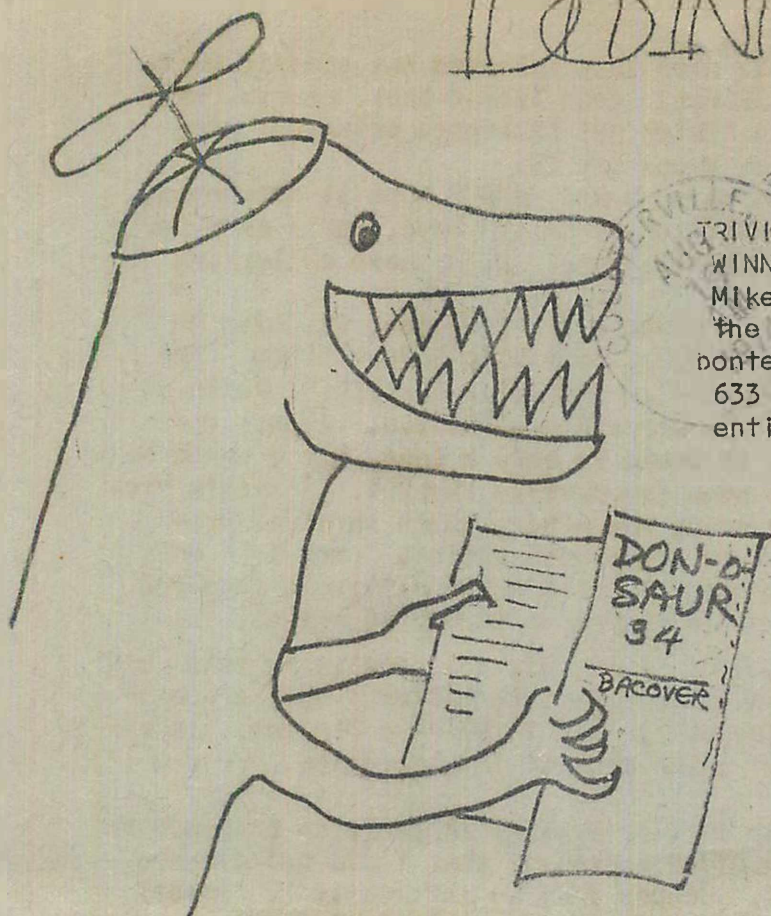
...Donny 33 contained a loc challenging me to produce an example of a libertarian society that actually worked in practice. Dr. Murray Rothbard has done some rather extensive research on Pennsylvania before William Penn. Here was a society without draft laws and without taxes! For more information, Dr. Rothbard can be reached c/o LIBERTARIAN FORUM, Box 431, Madison Square Sta., New York, NY 10010.

[Even though this isn't really my argument, I was hoping for a better answer than that, because Libertarianism does intrigue me. But that answer reminds me of a fellow I used to argue religion with when I was in the Army (back in prehistoric times).. He was a fundamentalist and I was a militant atheist. I would point out contradictions in the Bible to him (like in one place it says God is unchanging, and somewhere else it says He repented for having created Man). This fellow never had any answers, but his faith was unshaken because his preacher back home in Georgia did have them; and if I wanted the answers, I could write to the preacher. Well, sheeeiiiit!]



# DON-O-SAUR

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## TRIVIA WINNER:

Mike Glicksohn offered the points for the first person to name Richard La-bonte's last fanzine. Jerry Kaufman, of 633 W. 114th, Apt. 52A, NYC 10025, identifies it as Port-o-San Times, and adds that the title was derived from a scene in Woodstock.

I also heard from: Claire Beck, Ruth Berman, Sheryl Birkhead (two or three times, and, Sheryl, I shall reply in person!); Bill Breiding, Grant Canfield, Joe Hensley, Tom Jackson, Dorothy Jones, Jeff Kapalka, Bill Kunkel, Loren MacGregor, Brad Parks, Dave Sell, Dave Szurek, and Bruce Townley. (again? Yeah).

ART CREDITS: Front cover, Bruce Townley; Back cover, Sam Long; Gail Barton, pages 4, 7, 8, 9; Grant Canfield &

Jay Kinney, page 5; Canfield, page 17; Gordon Garb, page 11; Jackie Franke, p. 14.

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Third class mail

printed matter only

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