

I

OBLIQUE



OBLIQUE is edited and published by  
Clifford Gould from:

1559 Cable Street  
San Diego 7,  
California

THE CONTENTS  
IN THE ORDER THAT THEY APPEAR  
FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

HELLO OUT THERE HELLO-----  
glorified space filler--better known as  
an

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES

A FANNISH DUTY by -----PETER J.VORZIMER

SEZ WHO?--DANN ROSS

BORN INTO FANDOM-----CLIFFORD GOULD

FICTION

THE BROTHERS-----MICHAEL R.BIRRELI

CONCENTRATION-----IRWIN GEDULD

REAR VIEW-----A BACKWARD EDITORIAL

Cover by  
Russel Hickman

Interior Art by  
Russel Hickman  
&  
Clifford Gould

RATES: FIFTEEN CENTS PER ISSUE







W.F.I.C.

## out there

About the most logical place to start making excuses, boasts and/or explanations for a fuz is the editorial so without further ado: Many of you are at this time wondering what means of reproduction for the cover of this the first ish of OBLIQUE. At first glance it appears to be done in photo-off-set, however after closer examination this theory is disproved. So, to openly bare my secrets to the world at large I shall go into an explanation of the process. First, I'll let you know that it is photographically conjured, or if you prefer --it's all done with mirrors--but to be exact a prism.

The first step in this process is to acquire a good illo. By using the "Scientific Method" we are led to the discovery that we must find a good artist. This brings us to Russel Hickman, and at this point I would like to let everybody know that without his "photogenic" ILLO THE WHOLE PROCESS WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH MORE COMPLICATED.

Now, at this stage of the game a faned is likely to be found loitering at the door of his newly commissioned artist, however I find this system most inadivuit--the only thing to do is to go inside and sit on him till he's finished; thats the only way to get results from these neurotic esthetics.

Now that you have the illo it's ALL rough sailing. First it must be transfered onto some extremely sturdy and non-exorbent stock, with India Ink, the paper must be white and the ink black, for if they aren't it will result in poor definition in the finished product. The Next all you have to do is center the drawing on a "copying table" or if you're cheap like me the floor. Now this is where this process departs from the realm of printing ordinary pictures (when did it enter) no negative is needed to produce the cover, yea, you heard right no negative is needed. The drawing itself serves as a negative. Of course this results in your original positive drawing being reversed to a negative, so that white appears as black and white. Now that you have the negative of your positive (which you used as a negative to get your positive, or rather as a positive to get your negative, or rather as a negative to get your positive to get you negative) you need only go through the above mentioned process once more to get your "master" for the cover, then all that is left is the long tedious hours over the little contraption to run-off the desired number of covers.

Now to give a quick run-down (in theory that is) of the entire process: You, "take a picture" of the illustration with a "regular" lens behind which you have rigged a mirror (thus making you prisim) this image is then projected on to some sensitized paper instead of the customary film. The reason for using a prisim is simple, if you did not the image would appear backwards--for as those of you who have ever peered through the "ground glass" at the rearward end of a view camera know a image is made upside-down and backwards as it passes through the lens, and is again reversed when it passes through the lens of the enlarger so that you needn't use a mirror to view the pictures--and in this process the "camera" serves not only as a camera but an enlarger as well. The type of paper used in this process is orthochromatic so that only black and white shows up--light colors black and dark colors white, and no inbetween greys.

Surprisingly, tho this process is extremely complicated it is not really "very" expensive, but would be impractical for use as a means of an entire fanzine, if only because of the time it consumes.

\*\* \* \* \* \*

If you happened to notice the title of the of the editorial department, it has probably rung a bell somewhere in your head: If you ponder it long enough you will probably remember that it is the title of a record~~ed~~ recorded some years ago by Jhonny Mercer, on the Capitol Label--you might call it a minor fannish classic--it's one of those tunes that you can hear Time And Again (First He Died) and still not dig the lyrics(as Mr. Freiburg would say "...Mumble man mumble...") so for those of you that are interested, and even you heathen enough not to be here be the lyrics of Hello Out There.

Everybody on you twinkling star  
Doesn't matter on which one you are  
If you're diggn' me on your r-a-a-dar  
Hello out there hello

Tho you are a strange and foreign race  
If you are equipt to fly through space  
Pay a little visit to our place  
Hello out there hello

If you got nothin' else to do--  
jes' rev up the rocket  
Ta pocket Ta pocket  
If you got a pair of wings you attach to a sprocket--  
fly on down

Don't you let appearance worry you  
We are pretty fu-n-n-y lookn' to  
Any way in case I'm comin' through  
Hello out there hello

---

\*1---In case you don't remember that line  
"...Ta pocket..." it comes from James  
Thurbers' classic fantasy short-short The  
Secret Life of Walter Mitty--cliff



I wonder why no one has ever compiled a list of "Necessary Items For a Fannish Record Collection" ; It would surely have to include such gems as, Hello Out There Hello, The Thing, Minky Were The Borogroves, The complete works of Stan Freiburg, The Moonlight Sonata--Yompo, I'm Sitting On Top Of The World, Starlust, Harvest Moon-shine, the perenial favorite, Bheer Barrel Polka, and of course that currently popular, that wonderfully melodic and rythmical----- Fa-a-a-a-mny. As of late there have even been attempts of the using the sf theme for 'clasical' music, most notable of which is Impressions Of Outer Space, an album, some of its selections are-- Beyond Gravity, Airless Moon, Luna Sleep, Asteroid Ballet, Primordial Matter, Space Entorication, Purple Planet and, Gravitayional Whirl Pool.

If any of you "out there" can think of any others I'd appreciate it if you'd inform me of their existance so's I can fulfill my fannish desires.

I realize that at this point I have roused the rath of all you completeists by opening a whole new feild for you to be complete in.

Not being a completeist myself, I wish, at this point, to ask those of you that are a few pertinent questions about the "art". I wonder if the works of such authors as, Robert Benchley and James Thurber are considered as necessary items for your collections, if not, why? In any case the should be considered necessary items on every fans reading list (completeist or not) ranking along side with Imortal Storm. Well I guess that by now I have lost a few small fortunes for fen here and there, as well as earning as much for book publishers and the record industry(wonder if they'll give me a cut) I don't doubt for a second that all you peoples "outthere" are hurridly scribbling out your new shopping lists, so I shall abandon this subject with the "Thought For Today"-- Just think it's deductable...

Well, I seem to have gotten off on a tangent, so I shall leave you now to wonder on your own merry way through the depths of OBLIQUE.

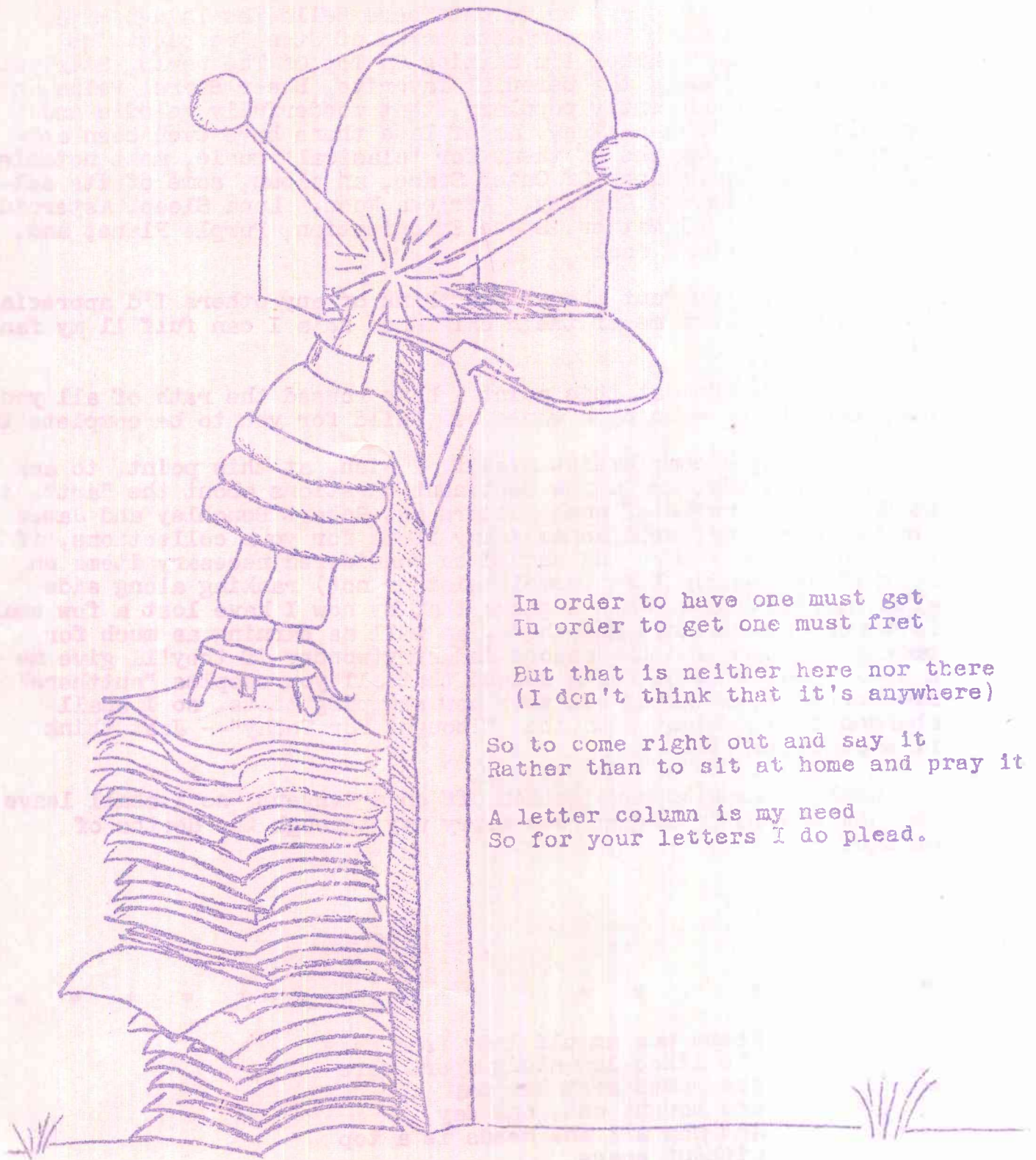
-- cliff--

\* \* \* \* \*

There was an old lady from Mars  
Who liked low-slung sport cars  
She saved most her pay  
and bought one, one day  
And now all she needs is a top  
without scars

There is nothing that embareases him more than slipshod women

# OBLITERATION IN RETROSPECT



In order to have one must get  
In order to get one must fret

But that is neither here nor there  
(I don't think that it's anywhere)

So to come right out and say it  
Rather than to sit at home and pray it

A letter column is my need  
So for your letters I do plead.



((Here we have an article from a fan, who indeed,  
does practice what he preaches))

### A FANNISH DUTY

BY PETER J. VORZIMER

All too easily our present day faneds forget to write for the less-well-known, seemingly unimportant new fabzines. Sure the excuse of not having enough time at the present to do anything, or being busy with previous commitments are valid, but how often are they TRUE? Granted that many of our fan-writers and editors are either grown-ups, working for a living, or students in college but there are just as many more that are not, and have ample spare time.

It's quite easy to forget your own neo-hood--the times when you had to put out a first issue using nothing but your own material --under a variety of pen-names. Just think how welcome a good article would have been at THAT time! Yes, but what fan-editor or writer would write for a magazine that he hasn't seen yet? Practically none. Reason? Well if you'd ask him he'd probably--if he didn't give you the "no time" or "too many commitments" routines--he would say something like--couldn't give you one right off the bat. Some might say--send me the first issue so I can see just what type zine I'll be writing in--or some such "excuse". After all, he doesn't want his reputation ruined by appearing in a ---- --CRUDZINE---, after all, it's like buying the pig in the poke, not seeing the zine that your drivel is being pored into.

Yes, it is indeed a difficult job. However there are many ways of going about it, that will save you from many hardships. If you are a new faned looking for material for a first issue there are a number of things that you can do. For instance, a neatly printed (mimeo--graphed or dittoed) with the name of your forthcoming zine and some art work on it, used as stationary. You accomplish a dual purpose--one, you have nice personalized stationary for you and for your magazine, and two, you have shown your prospective writer that you can print, neatly and legibly, rather than sloppily as is usually expected from neofaneditors.

Many would-be writers are lost before the letter requesting material ever reach them. Reason? Simple...the editor is not tactful or mature enough to ask in a way that will appeal to the writer. Yeah, I know what your thinking, but you must remember that these self-made egotists are constantly receiving such ego-bloating letters; and let us not forget that in his own fanzine he is "GHOD" one must appeal to his ego. Yes all this has been covered somewhere by someone (as in Fanmanship Lectures by Bob Shaw and Walt Willis)... humorous tho ringing with truth.

The old rule of.... "BUTTER UP THY BNFs." still stands, but it must be done in all subtlety. Oftimes it is far too transparent ...and tho it does appeal to the writers ego...he usually sees right through it, and often it has an opposite effect.

Still in all a writer shouldn't have to be drowned in a shower of ego-boo before he writes anything.... it is more or less a--FANNISH DUTY to give some of the new zines ahead.

This brings to mind a very well known Shakespearean quote which is quite appropriate for this occasion. "Where to the climber upwards turns his face, scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend!"

You might ask me, "who's job is it to write for these new zines?" I'd say it was everybody's. Yet there are many top writers who, not because they feel it would soil their dignity, cannot write for some new zine. They are invariably filled up to here with good, legitimate commitments. The best writers are usually always too busy to write for new zines. It is a pity... yet again it is a good idea. It is my personal belief that one can earn these so-called better writers. The way to "earn" them is to publish a better fanzine, and publish on a steady schedule. When one becomes more adept at fan editing, he achieves the so-called rewards in the form of better writers. In the meantime, however there still lies a good solution.

Why try for only the better or the best fan writers? You almost know, before you receive a letter from them, that they will probably decline. So why bother these people that are already filled with commitments? There are so many writers and editors in fandom that are GOOD, yet not the best. There are many ways to go about this and as many sources that have not been tapped. It is to these that one must write for material. Another thing, the further away they are from their own neo-hood, the quicker they are to forget how much a new editor is dependant on material. When you write to these other editors whose early days of editing are still fresh in their minds, you are using good psychology and will wind up with more than enough material...material that is good, besides.

There's a long bouncy road ahead of new editors and they can make it much easier if they think first, I guess I'm no one to talk, after all, I was one of those who didn't think. Just like parents and their offspring, no one ever listens to the wisdom of experience, and most often, new faneds, have to take the bumpy road themselves. I do hope, on the other hand, that some of you budding eds will take my advice to mind and will use it...it makes things a lot easier!

---peter vorzimer

---

\*\*\*

\*





# SEZ

# WHO?

by

DANN ROSS

A lot of (especially around this time of the year) people, like to unburden their feelings about sf. Some claim that it's good stuff, while others classify it with MAD. So I might as well pass an opinion myself.

Actually anyone can see for himself that there is a wide variation of quality in the various pro-mags, available on the stands. There seems to be quite a conflict of ideas as to the purpose of this kind of writing. Seems to me that it would be a mistake to assume that science fiction is written as a guidepost to scientific investigation. Most of it, being imaginative to a high degree, based on just enough truth or science to hold it together, would have to be classified as pure fiction, in the escape category. Nearly everyone does a considerable amount of reading, and most everyone, at one time or another, has wanted something amusing, to pass the time away, and sf fills the bill.

Most writers use reasonably good language and grammar, but this in itself isn't enough to classify it as Literature. Generally speaking, Literature has to pass the test of time, and whether the sf of today will have any lasting value, remains to be seen. There are some "classics" in the field of course: Wells and Vern came up with some stories that have taken their place in the modern literary field. The bulk of present-day sf takes the form of short stories with emphasis mostly on momentary entertainment.

This brings us to the subject of fanmags. I, personally have met very few dyed-in-the-wool fan, and, consequently, hardly know what to expect from them. Certainly it is surprising it is surprising that science fiction would lead to the development of a following which would get interested enough to write articles, fiction, poems etc. and pull them together into a definite format. It must be a "deep down" urge to write and express themselves.

The best way to learn to write is to try it, and it may be that the practice afforded in publishing fanzines is just what the Doctor ordered. Regardless of one's feelings about sf, it must have a pretty strong appeal to certain types of individuals to cause them to enter into fandom.

It matters very little whether or not science fiction itself is of great literary merit, if the appeal is great enough to stimulate enough enthusiasm and action on the part of its readers, it certainly warrants a place in our "modern" society.

--Dann Ross--

YOU MIGHT SAY THAT HE USES A DITTO BECAUSE HE'S A MASTERFULL TYPIST

HE WENT AHEAD AND DID IT WITH NEITHER CRIME NOR TREASON

PARDON ME, BUT---WHO WOKE COURTNEYS GHOST

\* \* \* \* \*

ODE TO THE---DEPARTED

Oh, dear Vortex  
Tis you that we mourn  
Tho not long ago we  
held thee in scorn

We worship your corpse  
(its pages all torn)  
Indeed we are forlorn

This may sound like  
a lot of Corn---  
But dear Vortex  
Tis you that we mourn

\* \* \* \* \* --anonymous-- \* \* \* \* \*



# Born Into Fandom

BY Cliff Gould

written in the manner if no the mood of--RICHARD MATHESON

X This night when it had dark mother called me a retch. I was carressing my Hektograph pad and she came up to me and said--- you retch. This day it had water falling from upstairs. It fell all around. And the falling water did fall through the roof and did land on my typewriter, making it red with rust, making the keys not strike when I hit them. I did not like it.

Mother is pretty, I know. In my bed place with cold walls all around, I have gaudy paper things that was behind the furnace. I can tell from what I have read in fanzines that these things are called pro-mags. I see in the pictures faces like mother and father. Father says they are pretty. Once he said it, and also mother he said, but then he say look at you, you with Hektograph under your fingernails, you with hands smeared up to the elbows with mimeo and you reaking of the oder of Ditto fluid, you unbearable thing you-- f-a-a-a-a-a-n (and then he put up to his mouth his hand and looked ashamed at the wicked word he had just said) I touched his arm and said, it is alright father. He shook and pulled away where I couldn't hear him. Today mother let me off the chain so I could go to the store to go get some paper and things for my new fanzine. That is how I saw the water falling from the upstairs. As I know, when I looked at the goldness that it had upstairs my eyes they hurt me. And after I look away from it, the celler it is the color of Mr. Boggs' name.

XX In this times they do leave me to my aloness at more often now, for I have fooled them to thinking I have GAFIATED. The big machine it swallows them up and tolls out passed and is gone. It is a secret, but I have pulled the chain out from the wall. And I can sneak away from the house and go to get typewriter ribbons and masters, and stencils, and paper, and other fannish impliments at more often times, I think soon I will go monthley. In this day when it came time for the mail to arrive I went to come, I went to get it. I looked through my newly arrived fanzines and was happy to find that in a very short time there was to be a Con. And it was to be a very fine Con. And like any other fan aspiring to be a BNF I did want to go. I took the chain thing off my foot and went to the stair things, that went up out of the celler, they do creak when I walk on them. I went up and opened the door. I was a very place and there were many-many non-fen so many of them that I never thought that there could be so much of them. And the femme ones were wearing jeweled things that at once did remind me of the lights in the skies that are stars. I walken to the center of the living room, which was the very room that they were all in. When I was first spied by the first of these non-fen, she let out a scream that to the rafters shook the house... and said l-o-o-o-o-ek a f-f-a-a-a-a-a-n (and then she up to her mouth put her hand at the nasty thing that she had said) one of the men non-fen turn- to my father and said, "My ghod, why didn't you Telles?" In a short time all the non-fen except mother and father had run from

the house. Father came up to me and say, "Whats the idea of scaring all of the people?" I look on him and say, "Me, I want to know if I can go to a most wonderous con, that is to be held very soon." He looked down on me, and I saw there was the anger in his eyes. He hit me and I dripped some bheer on the floor from one arm. It was not nice. It made ugly yellow on the floor. Father told me to go to the celler, I had to go, the light it hurt some in my eyes now. It was not so like that in the celler. Father tied my legs and arms up. He put me on the bed. And then father went back up the stairs and while he was going up the stairs I did hear him say, " Oh ghod, and only eight."

~~XXX~~ This is the day that father hit in the chain again, he come and did it before it was light. I have to try to pull it out again. He said that I was very bad for wanting to go to a Con. He say, that if I ever say anything about Con again he will hit me hard. That hurts. I hurt. I have slept all day and rested my head against the wall. And dreamed of many wonderous Cons.

~~XXXXX~~ I got again the chain out from the wall this day, and very soon now I begin to publish my fanzine again.

~~XXXXX~~ This day I saw a happy group of fen on their way to a Con. I called out through the window to them, and asked that if I could go with them along... At this mother heard me at atlking with them she came down the steps. Heard the anger--stay away from window. You have pulled out the chain again. She took the stick and she hit me with it, again and again, I didn't cry, I just thought of noble and fannish things to bear the pain. But, she hit me so hard so much that I dripped bheer all over the floor. She saw it and twisted away from it and sain, "Oh ghod why have you done this to me (me a western reader) I heard the stick go bounce on the floor. She ran upstairs. I slept all day.

~~X~~ This is another times. I have entirely away done with the chain. I am old enough to not to have to listen to what mother and father say what I should have to do. And now I can go to get paper and other fannish impliments when ever I want to... and once more I shall publish my fanzine... and too I shall go to every Con there is ever. And if they ever beat me more--- I will go daily. I will! I will!

--cliff--



# The Brothers

BY Michel R. Birell

The sun shone brightly from the hot, brassy bow of the cloudless sky, its light making the gaunt ruined buildings stand out like sore patches in the once busy streets of London. The Mall, pitted and holed where war had torn it's savage way on just thirty years ago. Admiralty Arch was standing, a miracle in itself, for it was the only thing standing within a radius of half a mile. On to the river where Tower Bridge had once spanned this mighty stretch of water. Now all that remained of this marvellous structure was one badly damaged tower from which hung the remains of the bridge, a few bent and rusted steel girders. Outwards then we must go, over the rubble strewn streets, cut away from the ruined, smashed center of the great Metropolis which had once been the center of civilization. Outwards then, until at last we notice a few buildings that are not so badly damaged. These still have their four walls and some have managed to keep a few tiles and slates on the roof. True! the walls are a bit blackened and the doors and windows mere gaping holes, but here at least there is the semblance of order. As the pitiless rays of the sun beat down on these shells of houses we see some that appear to be in better shape than the others. Yes, there's one with a door, true it's hanging hap-hazardly from one hinge but still it's a door. What's that over there, could it be smoke, a closer look is called for, yes it's smoke, that means... Someone is.. Closer, closer we come to the building, until at last we can see through the window, through one small frame which the occupants have tried to cover with a too-small sack. At first our eyes cannot see much after the brilliant sunshine outside, but there... a flickering, smoking fire burns in the large open grate and around it, some staning, some standing, some sitting are a number of human forms. As our eyes become more accustomed to the gloomy room, thick with smoke from the fire, of which more seems to be coming into the room than is going up the chimney, we can see that three of the forms grouped about the fire are women, the other five being of the opposite sex. As we watch one of the women, a girl hardly out of her teens, lifts the lid of a large, black pot that is stood on the fire and starts ladling the thick rich broth it contains onto thick clay plates and handing to the people in the room. At the sight of this food our stomach starts to remind us that we haven't eaten for two days. Two days of running and dodging them, ever since they had come from the North looking for signs of life, until at last we had lost them, lost them in the heart of what had once been the greatest city in the world, London, now nothing but pile after pile of rubble and ruin. No it hadn't been hard to lose them in that tangle. It would have been a different story if they had dogs with them, but they didn't ... Now here we are going hungry. Quietly we slip down out of sight and make our way around to the back of the house. A sagging back porch just manages to hang onto the back wall. A sagging back porch splintered and blackened, it seems a miracle that it is still left standing.

Making our way to this we pause as the sound of laughter rings out through the back door. Gliding up the the wall we slide along it untill we can see round the door frame. Standing with her back to the sink is a large, plump looking redhead laughing at the antics of the bearded man, trying to kiss her, shoulder, wich is showing through bare, through a large tare in her filthy dress. Our eyes take in the utter filth of the place,, the stacks of dirty cans, sacks stiff with dried blood. A half eaten carcass of some small animal, a cat no doubt, hangs from a hook on the wall, its flesh alive with maggots. The paper on the wall hangs down in long, damp mildewy strips. The floor resembles that of a slaughter house, bits of bone and meat litter the place. Not fit for animals to live in, let alone human beings, that is if you could call them that. As our gaze falls again on the two by the broken, dirty sink we notice the womans thick matted hair, and shudder at the lice running through it. Her skin is dirty grey in color, the dirt could be scraped off. The man could be discribed, as anything but better, the only clean thing about him was his beard. He must have taken a strange pride in it, for it was long and black, and had a silk-like luster, with not a spot of dirt on it, shining in all of its magnificent splendor. As we begin to draw back from the doorway the porch sways and something falls to the ground with a crash. We try ~~and~~ to run the the shelter of the side of the house before we are seen, but it is too late they have seen us, and they stop, five of them with guns in their hands... afraid to use them. Those, those things standing over there in their unwashed clothes and filthy bodies, these are the Lords of the earth from which we had been running since we were born, us and all of our kind. We step foward, one step, two... and still not a gun is raised. Suddenly we hear a sound from behind... its to late... there is a blast of sound and we feel something smashing into our body with a terrible force. Be try to run but both of our legs are useless, we stagger, ve we do not fall. Looking at the pair that had crept up behind us with the shotgun, we stand steady and straight, as we think they can not kill us all, someday we will turn and then... a blast of bullets hits us in the back, we falter, and fall to the ground. As our last conscous thought comes to me, I hear one of them say, "These freaks sure get queerer and queerer, imagine that a two headed one..."

-- Michael R. Birrell--

---

A MUTANT IS AN UN-EGOTISTICAL BNF.....

---



# Concentration

## by Irwin Gelula

Judge Williams slowly entered the control room, removed his hat and coat, then took his seat. In but a few more seconds court would be in session. According to custom, he glanced at the cue cards that had been left on his desk, he scanned them quickly eager to find out the particulars of today's case. From the very first it appeared to be a very clumsily handled murder, (this got the Judge angry because as of late the only thing he got was this type of case--which led to a sharp drop of his ratings) indeed it appeared that this was just another case of some crazy fool, trying to beat "The System."

Suddenly, the bank of television monitors light up--quickly coming into focus. First, the one on the right, a direct line to the district-attorney's office. Next, the one on the left hand side, being telecast from the office-studio of the defence attorneys. Then finally the middle screen came into focus, showing the defendant, Stephen Wayne, who was non-to-hurridly finishing his breakfast.

After a nod from the technical director the Judge called the program to order. It was started off by the procecutor, he was very confident looking, and presented his case in a very glib manner...

Stephen Wayne sat back in his seat, wryly smiling to smiling to himself, thinking what fools these people were, with their "perfect" system, of sending criminals back in time, removing their memories of the present, and supplying them with false memories and backgrounds in the past. Had they never considered the possibility that someone would catch on to, how to beat The System. It was simplicity itself, he was surprised that no one else had figured out how to beat it. Once he was "back there" the world would be his--he with all his knowledge of present day technology, the entire world would be right in the palm of his hand. All had to do was to think, and keep on thinking that, he must remember-- the secret lie in concentration. Yes, he must concentrate on remembering, it was as simple as that... he would remember, he would remember...

The trial was nearly over and the whole audience had anticipated it's result, they were certain that the defendant would be convicted. Judge Williams was happy, as of late the sponser had been hollering for a good coviction. Well, the Judge would be able to please him, all right...

It was seven-thirty in the morning, the alarm clock was ringing, time to get up, time to go to work. Ned Huntington reached over to turn off the alarm. As he groggily shook his head, it seemed to him that he had just fallen asleep, he then thought of the dream that had just been interrupted--it was just at the edge of his mind, teasing him--then finally he remembered, it all came back to him he was...he looked up for a moment, having heard his wife's voice calling, "Ned are you up, time for breakfast." He disgarded his thoughts about his dream, getting out of bed hurriedly, what ever it was it wasn't that important, he'd remember it later--besides he was hungry...

\* \* \* \* \*

#### REAR VIEW

I'm pooped! My house and clothes (among other sundry items) verily reek of the odor of Ditto fluid. Every few seconds a dull throb (present company excluded) shoots up my right arm. You say "From turning the crank (still excluded) no doubt." And I lustfully answer, "Most certainly not." You think I'm rich or something! You ask, "What from then." And I quickly retort, "Forsooth 'tis from manipulating the roller of the beastie used for the repro of thisish of OBLIQUE." You ask, "And what might that be?" Well it might (and is ) be, a flat bed Ditto (gasp, gasp!) Yes indeedie you heared right I used a flat bed Ditto, but never again(not till nextish anyhow) Besides, the pain, gleefully cascading up 'n down my right arm, there be the GRUESOME callouses on the fingeres of my left hand, from holding the rear portion of the "machine" to keep it from skidding all over the top of the table. Aside ffrom those two things my main peeve about the flat bed, is that the fluid must be replenished after about every twenty-five sheets of paper. The thing that bothers me most aside from those three things is...

At this time I'm wondering how you people like the color of the paper that I'm using, coments? Personally I think that it gives a better contrast to the purple of the master than does some other colors that I've seen used, (yellow for one.)

Since I've just about filled up the space 'tween the end of the story up above, and the bottom of this master my inner instinct tells me to cut this short as if I dont it'll mean just that much more work on Yon Dolefull Ditto. However, before I bid you A D-o-o-o-o I should like to tell the fannish world (at large) that I've given up my previous religion(I worshiped Ishcabible) I am now a tru member of the Devout I worship the Ghodess F-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-n-n-n-n-y. The bulk of copies of this here zine are going to be sent on "spec" to pubers hoping with all my might that they will be beheld as tradeishes. Thus hoping that in due time that I shall be sent copies of the various zines in question. Of course, all comments/reviews/and/or, cricisms will be greatly appreciated. So, to use an old fashioned phrase, which as of late has been disgarded by fen and people alike.....GOOD BYE.



UPTON

Nov 21

1900

How good a teacher

How good a teacher

1895-1900

How good a teacher

How good a teacher

OBLIQUE  
is Your'n  
Because

---

From me to thee free of fee ☐

How'bout a review ☐

Trade--? ☒

You actually Subed ☐

You're a contributor\* ☐

\* God bless You