

name

AVOID

As I Draft
Directly On Stencil

A word about the cover... terrible. You know that I don't want to be nominated for a Hugo, which is a major reason I keep my circulation down. Crud like the cover should further insure that my name be kept off the ballot. Recently, several hooded figures approached me about setting up a new awards system based on true fan activity and prejudice. This new award, now in operation for two years, is called Secret Masters of Fanzine Achievement Award, or, for short, the SMOF Awards. These awards are not given on the basis of popular approval, but instead, a bunch of us get together on a dark and stormy night to personally supervise fan's tastes. I cannot recommend this organization too highly.

You may be wondering how all this relates to my cover. I gain much sympathy from not being nominated on the Hugos from the fans who are also not nominated. This cover virtually guarantees that whatever merit the dubious material inside may have, I will not be nominated for the Hugo. This fanzine demonstrates that you cannot judge a fanzine by its cover, which is precisely the sort of esoteric point the SMOF Awards are trying to make.

The cover is a rock picture. After he died, Richard Norelco assured me that he was able to see four separate and distinct letters. I do not see them. However, I challenge my readers to use their imagination and find the hidden message left us from the Ancients (who were much smarter than we are).

Spruce Townhouse set me a candygram. As others who have sent me a candygram know, it is very difficult to communicate with me: I hate sugar. As I've said before, I'm not a good phone conversationalist. Talking with inanimate objects such as telephones, confectionaries, and fans on the final day of a con, is like Isaac Asimov being so prolific that he retranslates Perry Rhodans back into German.

In response to the Paul Hitcher poll later in this issue, Hank Heathen has sent me following whatever....

5271009	X	The Pi Man	
237 Talking Statues		334	>
		human	
(900 Grandmothers)(6 x H)(∞ x 3)			(20,000 Leagues) - (2001) (80 Days + Space: 1999)(ML) (Opus 100)(People - X)

I received 57 article today from Guy Williams, two of which were interesting, but not interesting enough to relate here. Claire Lowenbrau sent me a clipping on the new peanut beer that Jimmy Carter has been giving out at his rallies. "I'm not sure how the beer tastes," says one of the many uncommitted delegates that have yet to have tasted the peanut beer. Also, I recently sent myself a fascinating clipping about clipping collectors. While the main thrust of the article was on hair the name of another fan was mentioned. "While ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." The techniques of clipping were examined in detail. For example, a right-handed person should use his right hand to hold the scissors, while a left-handed person should call on a right-handed one to do the clipping.

Dave Caviar from England sent me a beer keg to give to my son to add to his collection. Dave explained that it was empty because otherwise it would have been too heavy to send cheaply. As it was it came "Fifth Class-Stupid material enclosed" which was a drain on his wallet. This is my son's second beer keg, having received one from a local brewery some months ago. He's now avidly hoping to collect more beer kegs and has been expressing a desire to start a beer brewery collection.

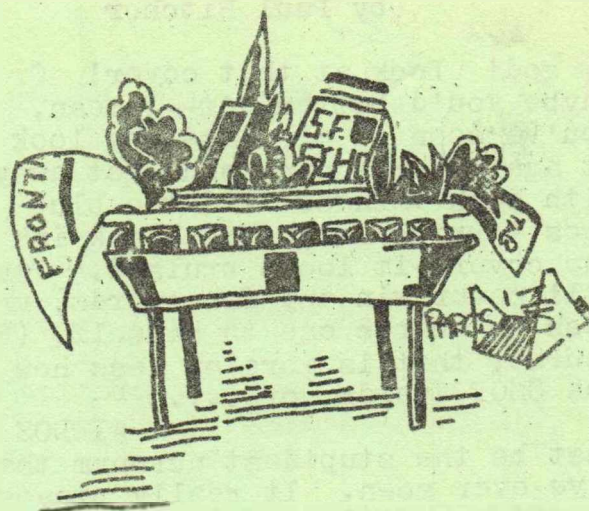
THE CONTEST CONTEST

I've noticed a decline in the quality of contests both in fandom and out. To a dedicated puzzle-doer like me the situation is intolerable. Since the Named are obviously the most intelligent group in fandom, I have decided to come to you. My contest is as follows...

Make up a contest. Make it difficult. Send me your contest and I will impartially decide which is the best. Multiple entries are allowed.

The winner of the Contest Contest will win his own contest without having to enter it.

Last week we opened a new wing at The Museum of Natural-Born Hysteria but we didn't have anything to put in it. As a result it is temporarily shut down. Before it did I tried an experiment in McLuhanism. As many of you know (you keep talking about it in your letters), McLuhan's theory states that a person will become more involved in a medium that gives less information because the person will fill in what he doesn't see. As an extension of this principle I had an entire wall of the museum blanked, and painted white. Us museum directors stood in front of it for hours, but the cash customers walked past it with barely a glance. I moved this exhibit to the ceiling of the main hall where it goes unnoticed.



Introducing the Named

FRONTIER and NAME

Are not the same.

One is older,

The other is bolder.

I think the Named

Should not be blamed,

They're doing their best

At Bedlam's behest.

High is their aim,

And funny their NAME.

The only thing gone

Is the wisdom of Donnn.

But that is not vital--

They can always read FRONTIER.

--Fredric Porkham N.J.

In response to last issue's plea for criminal talent among the Named, Jeff Mayeye said "I'm much to polite. I just couldn't hit someone hard enough for a successful robbery." Terry Axes says "I've only been indicted for homicide twice, so I can't claim authority." Lone McCracker plays it safe and won't admit anything. Doug Gangbang refuses to comment.

WHAT PISSES ME OFF ABOUT THIS ISSUE
by Paul Hitcher

My god! Look at that cover! Or maybe you'd better not--I mean, you've seen it already--why look at it again? How can Donnn get away with such things? And the blue gges terribly with the black ink of the cover--it looks bruised. Donnn will never win any fan awards, unless he awards one to himself. (Of course, that is more or less how the SMOF Awards work....)

AIDDOS must be the stupidest acronym that I've ever seen. It really pisses me off when faneds come up with idiotic acronyms. And it shows that Donnn drafts directly on stencil! "...mahor reasons," indeed! As to that inane response to my poll (which will appear later on in this column), I've taken two years of calculus, one of probability, and five of different equations, and I've never seen an equation as different as Hank Heathen's.

Porkham's "poetry" is to poetry what Bark's "artwork" is to art. How could anyone think that the word "vital" could rhyme with the word "frontier?"

I've personally read every published (and unpublished) Hardy Boys book--in fact, I've written a few myself. The ms. of The Hardy Boys Assassinate Archduke Ferdinand was being circulated by my grandmother as early as 1887--not the later date as Inge cites. As is usual, Dom D'NASA doesn't know what he's talking about. In spite of Inge's errors, he doesn't deserve to be "stigled." Or was that just an error on the editor's part, eh, Donnn?

And what about Richard Schick? He manages to change his name (or have it changed possibly by the cheerios) twice--no, thrice--in the same fanzine. First, it's Norelco (and I can spell in right), then it's Burma, and finally, it's Schick.

Barf!
More Barks art--gross and disgusting and crude--thank god it isn't

in color. And that stupid Tom Swiftie (I've always hated Tom Swiftie; he said.) which will appear again later this issue. As if once was not enough.

Now I ask, have you ever seen layout or column division as stoopid and unreadable and confusing and uncalled-for and asinine and why didn't I think of it first? as that?

Iota is too small to comment upon, but god did it piss me off.

I actually wasn't pissed-off by the pervomechanism, but I was disgusted. Bill Nirvana (CA) ought to be locked away for even thinking that he invented it. Hanging's too good for him.

Donnn once again reveals that he never finished schoolong or slept thru most of it, by misspelling both the words "stupid" and "quotes." The lettering itself is no hot shakes either. And that stupid Tom Swiftie is back, bad as ever.

And the zine review column is terrible: anyone who reads trash like fanzines, much less writes for them, is wacko.

The final segment of the issue is most innacurate as Friday the 13th fell on a Wednesday this month. And I'm incredibly pissed-off that I don't have room to finish off this column as I have to write my stupid poll to fill the space below.

* * * * *

NUMBERS & LETTERS - Poll by Paul

1. What is your favorite number?
Be specific as possible.
2. Do you think Archie Bunker has anything against the letter "L"?
3. Would you let your sister marry 1?
4. Can you recite the alphabet and chew gum at the same time?
5. Are numbers an integral part of your life?

The HARDY BOYS

An Examination in 58 Parts, by Inge Bendick

I. The Hardy Boys As War Propaganda

1914 was an eventful year for the world. Woodrow Wilson was elected President of the United States; Angus MacBrazier emigrated from Scotland to Mudflat, Missouri; Europe went to war; and an expectant American youth read its very first "Hardy Boys" book, The Hardy Boys Assassinate Archduke Ferdinand. Most serious collectors and critics consider this volume to be merely a straightforward, innocent story of a lark by the goodnatured Boys, in Croatia and Herzogovenia, but at least one critic, Hiram A. Butterball, writing in FROZEN MEATS PACKAGING MONTHLY, Vol. IX, No. 7 finds it to be a libre provocateur, a book whose sinister intent was nothing less than the assassination of a major political figure. Butterball's point, however, might have been more potent had the book appeared before the actual assassination of the Archduke, instead of afterward. Nevertheless, Butterball insists the mss. had been written as early as 1899, and had circulated clandestinely in the Balkans, disguised as a book of magical runes by an insane Arab Sorcerer.

II. The Hardy Boys as Early Pornographic Literature

Nearly all critics* have agreed that The Hardy Boys books are all Freudian cloaks for pornography of a most despicable and explicit character. To select merely a few titles: The Hardy Boys Violate the Five Little Peppers, The Hardy Boys Gangbang Little Orphan Annie and, very revealingly, The Hardy Boys and Their Peculiar Weekend With Little Lord Fauntleroy are apparent confirmations of the libidinous tendencies of the author. Inasmuch as these titles were promptly banned from distribution by even such groups as The Booksellers Association of Times Square and PeepShows Inc., it would appear that others have agreed. Indeed, these books have never appeared publicly in print, and the only known copies exist in the sequestered library of a mysterious New Jersey collector.^o How the critics could have seen the books in the first place is a mystery, and so there really are no publicly known grounds at all for such scandalous accusations! The books I have read are all clean as snow, and personally, I am convinced the critics are a bunch of jealous boobheads!

((EDITOR'S NOTE: Parts III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, Y, and Z are all, in my opinion, rendentious and dull nonsense, and I refuse to print them. Since I am the Editor, this is my privilege, and if you don't like it, you can go sub to some other zine.))

*Woolcott, A. HARPER'S BAZAAR Jan. 1923
Hyne, Cutcliffe ATLANTIS REVIEW Sept. 1927
Beck, Claire FUTILE PRESS WEEKLY, Jan. 12, 1928
Johnson, Warra Joan INSPECTOR Mar. 1933

^oThe collector has requested anonymity, but I can say that he had a fine head of red hair until a particularly severe attack of hemorrhoids left him bald.

Part LVIII: "THE HARDY BOYS" AS A COMMENT ON LIFE, IN WHICH THE HARDYMAN HIMSELF PRESENTS HIS FINAL SUMMATION, SEEING THE BOOKS AS POSITIVE AFFIRMATION OF THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, MOTHERHOOD, BASEBALL AND APPLE PIE, CLEAN AS A SMOOTHBORE WHISTLE AND SPLENDID EDUCATIONAL MATERIAL PARTICULARLY DESIGNED TO HELP TROUBLESOME MINORITIES FIND A PATHWAY INTO THE MAINSTREAM OF AMERICAN LIFE.

((EDITOR'S NOTE: Inasmuch as Bendick's title for this final part pretty well puts over the points his next seventeen pages elaborate upon, I am deleting them, especially since my mimeo is a Tom Swift Jr. fan. Instead I am immediately presenting reader response.))

Alko Hall: "A stupid series." ((Well, it's the only one I have. Besides, your comment isn't as good as the next one.))

Richard Burma: "...the work of a kellog. Inge Bendick is dangerous. Besides, if my comment is better than Alko's, and it is, why wasn't it first? This proves my theories." ((I dunno.))

Frank Balank: "A masterful exegis, inspirational to a youth satiated with a morass of comic and tv trivia. I look forward with anxious trepidation to Inge's next series."

Ed Cackle: "...just a lot of pickle sauce..."

Dom
D'Nasa: "This series, unlike my analysis of 172,000 other authors and series, contains specific arguments, references to the stories, and good writing. I hated it! Where is the innuendo? I want high class intellectually-stiffening words in a row! Save us from writers like Bendick! I'll even agree with Burma to stagle a threat like Bendick."

Inge Bendick: "Thank you."

Doug Gangbang: "They don't play jazz in New Orleans anymore."

Bruise D'Arthur: "Inge never fails to amaze me. The poignancy of his review lives up to the heart-warming shenanigans of the charming youngsters. In my jaded youth I often based my exploits upone the Hard-on Boys -- often to my mother's displeasure... Beware of them; I joined the Army." ((Bruise's remarks had a profound impact upon my soul. If I get enough response from people I'll print it in little non-stop paragraphs all of their very own for more egoboo and so the rest of us can laugh behind their backs at the stupid remarks on how the Hardy Boys influenced their characters.))

David die Meister Singer: "In my profound youth, I can recall being deeply moved and awed by The Hardy Boys Vs. the Mad Computer. The author's touching portrayal of the computer and the computer's unfortunate madness reached deep into my core. It was then that I decided to become a computer. Though I was also influenced by the absurd fantasy The Sensuous Engineer and Edward Eager's The Enchanted Oscilloscope."

Crisp &
Charred Hulks: "As a matter of fact, we met first high atop the fabled Himalayas. Both of us, separately, had stumbled upon the Secret Hidden Clue in The Hardy Boys High Atop the Himalayas and had decided to search the peak of Mt. Everest for the Lost Book of the Hardy Boys: The Hardy Boys Search for Their Lost Book."

Dave
Zurich: "I've been down so long it looks like up to me. However, the Hardy Boys series have produced doldrums in my otherwise chall-

enging and sometimes frightening life. The Hardy Boys Smoke Oregano remains as a particularly forgettable time."

Brett Henz: "One summer while down at the beach, instead of finding new friends, I found a complete set of the Hardy Boys washed upon the shore. In the days that followed, rather than expose myself to the cruel elements of the sea and surf, I closeted myself in a bungalow and read the volumes. I turned pages in rapture, overwhelmed by the style, the texture, and above all, the sheer poetry of Victor Appleton's words."

Dom D'NASA:

"Brett is incorrect in attributing the Hardy Boys series to Victor Appleton; Franklin W. Dixon wrote the Hardy Boys series. Victor Appleton was responsible for the Tom Swift books, and later, another house hack, Victor Appleton Jr. wrote the Tom Swift Jr. series. Still later Need Books wrote an unending series of Tom Swifties."

Need Books:

"'I can't remember who I am,' complained Tom namelessly."

Jackie Candor:

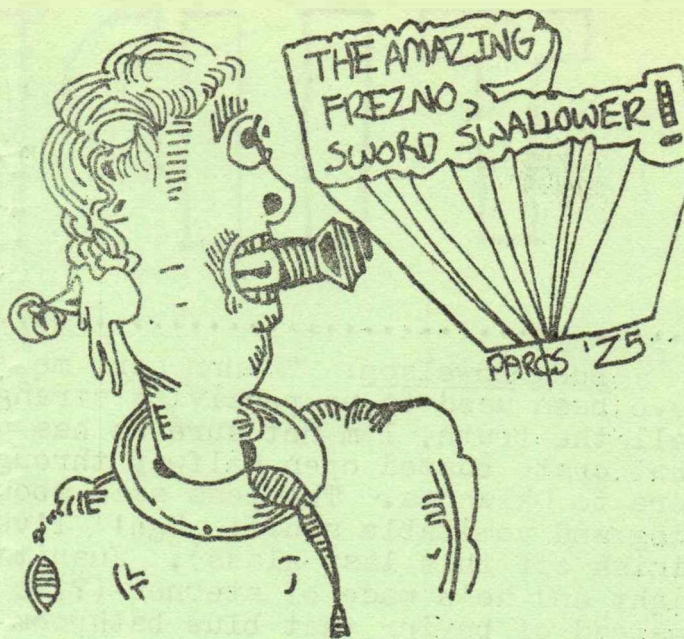
I don't believe you people are serious about the Hardy Boys. They really aren't better written than Nancy Drew and what's the big deal about "sheer poetry"? Competent writing, yes; but never poetry."

Dog Barber: "Paul Hitcher is all wrong about the use of Monty Python in this section. The very words I write here are a shining example of a brilliant use of parody. This is not a cheap imitation of Python technique, but a cunning parody of their brand of humor."

Kith Damage:

"I'd like to see Hitcher hit with a 16-ton weight."

Singa Long: "I'd like to see Paul hit with something else, Kith. Like puns. 'Q: Why did the chicken cross the road? A: 'For some foul reason.' You see? Much more effective. I'm at the bottom of the column so Down should stop now. ((Thanks,))



Dave Momm: "Yes, and 'Q: Why did she only stop half way? A: Because she wanted to lay it on the line.' Though not something like 'I'm a homosexual necropheliac,' he said in dead earnest,' might not be considered proper in a worthwhile discussion."

Karen Birdcogg: "I could complain about the sadistic sodomistic necrophelia in this particular column, but that would be beating a dead horse. Besides, Paul has already done a good job."

Diamond J.

Bowie: "I have a friend who fulfilled his childhood ambition by becoming coroner."

D. Gravy Gravy:

"Hey, weren't we talking about the Hardy Boys?" ((Yes.))

Hank Goyel:

The Hardy Boys had absolutely no influence on my becoming right handed. In fact one of their most famous adventures, The Hardy Boys Invent Chopsticks, nearly caused me to give up using my hands entirely."

Dr.

Freddy Porkham: "My childhood favorite was The Hardy Boys Play God (with its sequel, The Hardy Boys Interpret Lao Tzu), which inspired me to do the same. Later a pulp prozine called Thoughtfull Science Fiction" helped form my attitudes. This week, anyway."

TIPPLE

.....
Buck Bowelson: "Donnn sent me a case of what purported to be brand have been used to us receiving strange mail, but this large case seems tell the truth, I'm not sure he has yet recovered from the five gallons That crate busted open halfway through delivery. I'm told that it left here to Oklahoma. The less said about this "brandy" the better, however ting and vomitable stuff! Ugh! I've had three bottles and don't intend finish off this last glass). Juanita took one sip and was hospitalized night and he's made of sterner (?) stuff and took what was left off my instead of buying that blue bathroom bowl cleanser, you use this junk. stains if not the porcelain itself. The trick is not to look at the also, the smell will cover up any other 'offensive' odors that may

.....
Tim Land Marion: "I have never heard of Wild Pickle Brandy, not when Donnn sent me a case I determined to examine it with the open mind or a new Hardy Boys book. The carton was stamped with 'Bayou' in pickle

And it is nothing like the brandy. I've just finihdse (finished) the previous Tipplet, "It's totally vomitable and disgusting stuff" To sure I drank four more bottles. Yup, I did vomit.

Which was very handy becoz I had to go to the bathroom and ended my pancreas distends. To placte (placate) my hurting insides I drank case. The sugestion is rite, but the flavor is rong.). It didnt help befor. dam you donn (sorry, don), y do yu subject me 2 things like this y b mad at me? i wish there were mor.

in cas yur interested, i am tieping this first daft (err...draft) speriancing the eggspieriance. i hope donnn prints this eggactly as i --Donnn))) and doesnt try to change a werd or letter of my prose. i speling 2 mak it esier 2 red. somtims its not sew esi 2 rite tho, and mistaks, i am onli human somtims 2.

the onli reson i even bothered 2 put somthing down on papr is am going 2 male this 2day without loking at it agane sew i dont hav 2 how do i get in2 such meses?"

.....
Tulip Hunt: "Got Donnn's goodwill crate and 'twere put to good use the kids and I shellacked the crate so there couldn't be splinters and Took a while to shellac the crate--was sampling the brandy a lot of the started shellacking Kitnut by mistake and I put him in the washing ma-tippled brain clicked and I rescued him before too many spins.

And Bill loved the fannish package. Said that for free it can't with some cooking sherry we had so I checked and we still had some of a Pickle stuff it was pretty good. Had a block type party with bar-b-q sampled the brandy and though we had quite a clean-up job with the front

Wonder if others who got the Wild Pickle put it to as good use... of the page. Well, time to close up and do something else. Cheers."

INDIA

In which I sent a case of Barbequed Wild Pickle Brandy (from Lower Louisiana) to three of the Named, asking them to comment while under the influence.

.....
Our various mailmen over the years to have totally croggled him. To of mashed potatoes Ed Cagle sent a trail of fluffy white stuff from I hate it. It is totally disgusto drink another drop (once I for days. DeWeese dropped by last hands. My recommendation is that It'll strip even the oldest of sickly green and purple coloration; pervade your bathroom."

.....
to mention Lower Louisiana, but I have when trying out a new ounce green. It looked sick.

the first bottle. As Buck says in be astobutely (uh, absolutely)

up in the right place. 00000ooooo, the rest of the sake {excuse me, 2 much. i felt even worse then i never wanted 2 do anything 2 yu,

rite after eggspieriancing the egg-send it 2 him ((did I do right? tri 2 b conseyes and simplifi mi. i mak mistaks. ples 4giv me mi

because (becoz) don askd me 2. i lok at it mor.

.....
the bottles are a fun plaything for the kids have a playhouse now. time and that slowed me up. I chine to clean him...luckily my

be beat! Also compared the brandy bottle full. Yum! After the Wild and brandy...off and on 50 peoples lown things went swimmingly.

hope so, I haven't read the rest

Being fragments of letters as they come out of my office paper shredder. I've adjusted my shredder (called 'Checkers' by the office trash can) to make bits of paper exactly 17 characters long. Using the vaulted Hibachi round filing system to enable me to make shrewd guesses as to who said what, I had great fun randomly assigning names to quotes.

So here are 17 fascinating characters that may or may not tell a great deal about the personalities involved.

"What's in a name?" Larry Barbituates

"'s Gross Out King" Jaded Off-beat

"my mush is lumpy." Dick Put* on

"reaming, my daugh" Pauline Metacarpals

"SHIP with RESPONS" Jerry Teeves

"hand the hula hoop" Claudia Fafefur

"thing about fando" Anna M. Rockenhorse

"\$25, \$15, and \$10" Guy Williar

"mention Space 199" Eric Governor

"to quad-sexuality" Jane Bobby

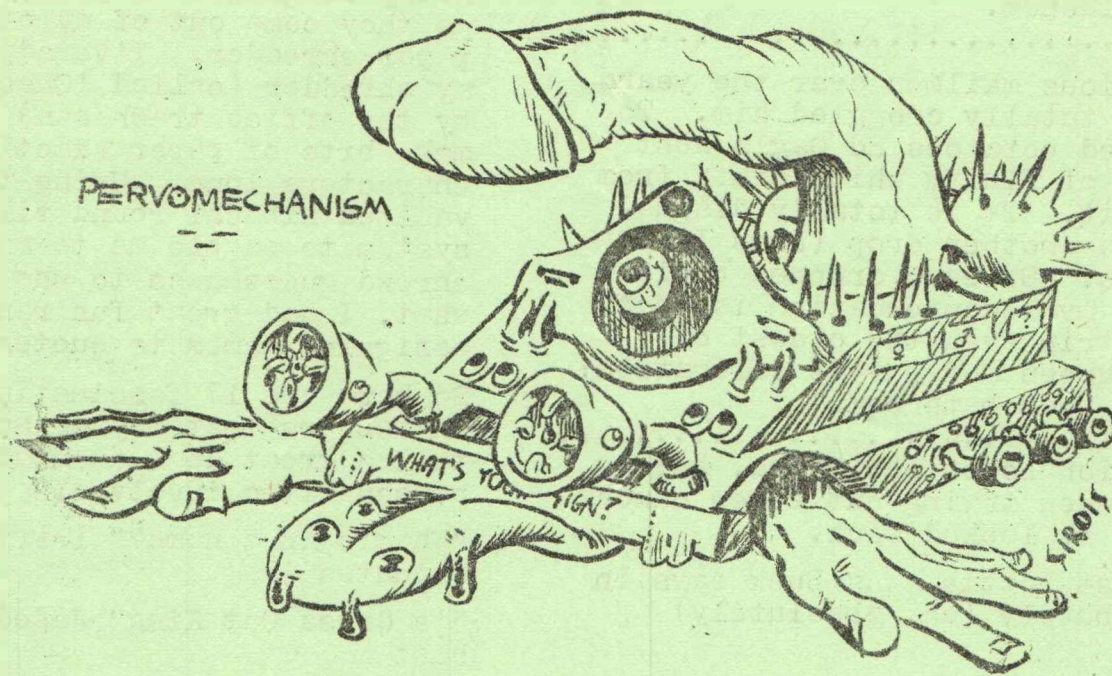
"chine to clean hi" Roy Tacky

" " Mike Brackish's pet rock

"we misuse animals" Jim Amberwavesofgrain

"fragilisticxipial" Mary Proxines

While rummaging through the vaulted Hibachi round-filling system the other day, I discovered something that, perhaps, can best be described as a wet dream of Ed Cackle and Dave Usual. I couldn't figure out exactly what it was, so I decided to throw it out....to you, the Named. I'd like to see your subjective reactions to the following. Please don't give it much thought, it doesn't deserve it.



Bill & Subtle Brooding: "We don't know what it is, but we saw it just last week. In the driver's seat sat a young woman with a contented smile on her face."

Frank Indented: "Where's the owl? I notice that along the sides are the female symbol, the male symbol, and a ?, but there is no symbol for an owl. Owl's have sex too you know. How do you think we get owlets? Or omlettes for that matter?"

Bill Nirvana (CA): This reminds me of a device I once invented but didn't bother to apply for the patent. Judging from Bill and Subtle's comments, the mechanism has either escaped my workshop or someone else has created something very much like it. My original purpose in inventing the device was merely as a harmless toy to scare virgins, and, if the device is rubbed the wrong way you have made a friend for life. As it is now roaming the streets of San Francisco, I guess I have received my come-uppance. If the pervomechanism becomes dangerous, I have another trusty device called the Chastity Belt...."

Denis Quinine: "This is undoubtedly the most perverted thing I've seen in your fanzine since your article on slipsheeting. In that article the word 'insert' took on connotations not normally associated with fanzine production (or should I say 'fanzine reproduction'?). I wonder if this Pervomechanism has any fanish tendencies? It would probably make a big splash at cons."

Randall D. Bon: "I would imagine that the mechanism is good for the upkeep of asparagus gardens. Look at its green...uh, better not. At least its not ready to throw in the trowel like so many of its fellow students."

\$TOOPIID KAWDTZ

Eldon Everett Horton: "How come my comments sound so weird when you print them? Why do you print them out of context?"

Michael Cobbler:

"Doesn't it get rather crowded with a party of six in a post-office box?"

Chet Romulan: "An

X in this box means this is your last issue unless you DO SOMETHING."

Prad Barks:

"I have what i call 'literary quickness', which means if i'm assigned a report on something, i can, with one 8 by 11 (or even 8½ by 11) i can, make a loooooooooong report, either by writing it, which is easy and i make big letters, or typing it with literary skill, for example; the sentence: John ran fast. I can change this to: Jonathan Hanslow, son of the famous biochemist Elmo Hanslow, ran what could be said in most places as speedily, even fast. The teachers don't really go for it, but i still get a's."

Warring Johnson: "As I've now been alive for one whole year, I hereby declare myself an adult."

John Snarl: "So I heard on the news today."

Robert Smooch: "What the hell would Mrs. Irving Berlin want with you?"

Toe Knee Vetco.: "I just changed my major again, to Business. I guess there's no accounting for taste. My previous major, Drudgery, provided me with little opportunity for fanac which is why I haven't written this letter yet. Sometime in the future I'll collect all the material, spend too much money, and put out another issue of my genzine, Sears Battery."

Need Books: "'I can't remember who I am', complained Tom namelessly."

Donnn Hibachi: "Welcome to N-crowd ...a pretty static 100 people, for as one drops out someone usually comes in."

Simon Affirm: "Now there exists three balls: Earth, Baboon, and Moon."

Hirsute Warner Pb.: " This reminds me of the time I had Cajun liquor. I was down in the Bayou covering a satannic ritual when I was discovered and dragged to the middle of the pentagram. Their chanting and dancing was resumed this time outside the pentagram and I was liberally splashed with what tasted like sunflower beer. Lukily, other than that, they were quite civil, being more interested in the naked virgin they later sacrificed."

Robert J. Whigiver: "If I were to be two people, would I have an identity crisis?"

CCCC H H EEEEE P P P P P S S S S H H T T T T T S S S S
 C H H E P P P P P S S S S H H T T T T T S S S S
 C H H E P P P P P S S S S H H T T T T T S S S S
 C H H E P P P P P S S S S H H T T T T T S S S S

A fanzine review column by Mike Beard's hat

Arnie & Joyous Cats, after taking a ringside seat for 20 months, are back with +SWILL+ a clever and ultra-fannish zine. They wish to pub the thing on a regular monthly basis, probably hoping +SWILL+ to become the focal point or main event of faannish fandom. +SWILL+ is printed on the faannish favorite: Twiltone and is thus most pleasing to the trufan's Sense Of Wonder. Of the writing, much can be said. It is nothing short of fantastic. Arnie is a legend in his own time; sort of the Great Pumpkin of Fandom. In one issue, he describes at length the time a giant turkey attacked him at an Insurgents meeting. Later, he discusses getting stoned while watching Saturday night tv and the time he tilted a pinball machine. These topics may seem of little consequence, and they are, but Arnie makes them into Faannish Happenings. Joyous is a fanwriter of equal caliber and writes about a Yankee baseball game, making the article at least as exciting as an actual baseball game.

Another fan with mythic qualities is Shopwell Tree, who, with +TREE'S MEOW+ #1, has finally entered the fanpubbing field. Albany fandom may be the largest pool of faanish talent outside of Troy and Shopwell uses it to the fullest. Ben Sand comes out of the closet and does a 6 page examination of the use of color on the cover of Jack Vance novels. Guy Williams does another article using solely the ideas, thoughts, and quotes of Monacle Magan. Momm and Balank do yet another extremely hilarious article, this time on parapelegic sky-divers. Shall Norris discusses Barry Malzberg's influence on Frank Herbert. The two are planning a colabration called Herovit's Dune, the opening line of which is, "I've always loved sand in my own way."

Larry Barbituates reappears for +THE GASP CHAUVIN MEMORIAL FANZINE+. The news that Gasp is dead suprised me and him as well as Larry. Maybe the contributors are dead... But...but...my name is listed as a contributor which would mean...

Jodie Siclari takes the bull by the horns for the +STUNCON PROGRESS REPORT+. It features many tidbits from DownUndercon which you, dear deprived readers, might find interesting though it's old hat to me. Stuncon is managing to avoid the pitfalls of MildAmericon, but is digging pits of its own. Perhaps the most interesting reading is the membership which features such luminaries as Kenneth #4 Moore, Bruce Townley, Donald W. Lundry, and XX L'Shaya Salkind, and such numbers as 185, 533, and 753.

Terry Axes zine +GRASS+ is better for smoking than reading, though the Twiltone is hard to light and rough on the lungs. The latest issue features two excellent illos by Vincent van Gogh as well as a mediocre one by Pinky Lee. The Bob Pshaw article also appeared in the English fanzine MAYN'T which detracts from both zines. Terry thinks he just moved to a different address than he did so you can ignore the CoA given. He spends the rest of his editorial talking about the annual consumption of soap in English speaking countries. Fascinating as such a topic is when written in longhand, Terry makes the double mistake of typing it and justifying the left margin. His statements on beer operas totally fail to mention IPA or Maria Callas. A faanish fanzine, Grass is ruined by the use of a Commercial Aviation stamp and inferior staples.

TUESDANIA

Friday the 13th fell on a Tuesday this month which caused many a loc on the subject of Tuesdays in general. Here are a few.

Ken Baumannne:

"I remember one Tuesday when it rained blue rain. It seems that this toilet bowl cleaner manufacturer had this great idea for a promo... The local folk took it nicely, considering. It did manage to clean up the streets, and with all the dogs in the neighborhood..."

D. Gravy Gravy:

"I have been fascinated by Tuesdays ever since I read a book of poetry. You see, Wednesday is my all-time favorite day of the week, and Tuesday falls right before it. Why Tuesday and not, say, Friday? The possibilities are staggering. I can hardly wait."

Jaded Offbeat:

"I'm not especially happy with Tuesdays. Wednesdays are rest days, and maybe packing for the con. Thursdays and Fridays are for getting to the con and the first of it. Saturday and Sunday are the con. Monday is for dead-dog parties and getting back. That leaves Tuesday. A totally unfaanish day. What can you do on it...read fanzines? Give me a Saturday and I'll be happy, or maybe drunk."

Cathy McStencil:

"Tuesdays are quite similar in many respects to Thursdays. They are both one day away from the weekend. They both begin with the letter 'T.'"

Jackie Candor: "I recall the only pithy statement on Tuesdays was said by the Bat-Winged Hamburger-Snatcher who said, 'To quote Wimpy, "I will gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today."'"

Paul

the Fillipino: "Tuesdays are a bad day to play cards I've discovered. This is due mainly to the fact that

NAME is dedicated to Donn Brazier. It was conceived over a year-and-a-half ago at 3 in the morning by Dave Romm (17 Highland Ave/Middletown NY/10940) and Frank Balazs (19 High St/Croton-On-Hudson/10520). Finished late in the morning of May 27 hopefully in time for Autoclave.

Many people helped and kept the project from Donn (again hopefull in time for Autoclave). Tim C. Marion did the calligraphy for cover, though fingerpainting was done by the editors. The equatic on p. 2 is by ASSFS. Poem on p. is by Frederic Wertham, M.D. and can be reconstructed to the original by substituting "TITLE" for "FRONTIER" and "Donn" for "Donnn". The Hardy Boys article and some responses written by Ben Indick. Most of the quotes are read and occasionally by the person they're attributed to. Illo on 3 and 7 by Brad Parks. Illo on 10 by Al Sirois. On back is Mary T. Martin. Everything else is by the editors.

the day, Tuesday, was named after the old Germanic god Tyr. Now it was poor old Tyr who agreed to place his hand in Fenrir the wolf's mouth in order that the gods might bind this terrible monster. Upon realizing that he was shackled without hope of escape, Fenrir bit down hard, and Tyr lost his hand."

Bruise

D'Arthur: "Here I am near the bottom of the page and the end of the zine, all wanting to say a few nice things about Tuesdays. Up till now, no one else seems to have done so and really what's wrong with Tuesdays? But I see I'm out of room and cannot say an

NAME Dated ahead
 Editor: Donnn Hibachi
 A singularity in the world of
 fandom, in other words, a one-
 shot, not available for any
 reason whatsoever.

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