



Dup

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number one



FEBRUARY 1961





THE

GREAT

SHADING

PLATE

MYSTERY

by

JOHN

BERRY

Once I did a full page cover for one of my publications. It was the G.D.A. Casebook....issued about two years ago. This cover always pleased me...I'm too modest to tell you how neat it was...even such a great artist as Jim Cawthorn told me he couldn't have done it! But paramount interest, as far as I was concerned, was the mass of dots I put all over it to try and make a smooth effect. By the time I had finished a monotonous up and down movement with my stylo hand, I developed a nervous affliction which asserts itself even now in a quaint trembling of the little finger on my right hand every time I see a collection of dots. The job took me many hours, spaced over a few weeks, and by the time I concluded the job, the strain was unbearable. I didn't want to go completely dotty, so it suddenly struck me that ATOM and Eddie and Barr and Bjo didn't use such a primitive method of dot-making when they wanted to make subtle shades...I would therefore emulate them and equip myself with a device which made the dots for me...to wit...a shading plate.

Such a luxury, I felt sure, would be a great boost to my fannish career, and I felt, in that first flush of ecstasy, that when word got round that Berry had a shading plate, more than one accepted fan artist would look furtively over his or her shoulder and wince at the prospects of lost trade....

The decision was made...so came the time for action.

I went to the office of a well-known shading plate purveyor in Belfast, and in some detail explained my quest, and why I actually wanted one. I gave the young girl a fleeting glimpse of my little finger throbbing in anguish, and her face froze. She produced a sheet of different types of shading plates, and told me to select my choice. It was a superb revelation. Drawings of dinky plates with specimen collections of different size dots....I would like to have taken the lot, but such was the state of my childrens Piggy Bank that I was perforce restricted in my choice, and I finally settled for a superb dot maker....just the size I wanted.

The girl went ashen, and cringed behind the counter. They didn't have one of those in stock, she sobbed, but...BUT...she would send an Express Letter to the firms headquarters in London and they would send one directly to me if I paid her.

Frustrated, but satisfied nevertheless, I paid my six shillings and two pence and waltzed home.

In two days, this thick envelope arrived. I ripped it open, and my world fell apart. The blasted thing was broken in two pieces. At first, I was all for keeping the two chunks, and binding them together with cello tape. (Cello tape is a wonderful invention, isn't it? I've used it for mending socks, fixing punctures and keeping the ends of my moustache in submission when cycling at top speed). But I reasoned that I paid for one shading plate in perfect mechanical order, and I wouldn't accept an inferior item. So I sent it back...with a nice note explaining the terrible accident which had presumably occurred en route, and asking for a replacement.

Three days later...IT CAME.

I used up seven stencils practicing, and my finished dots were something proud and delicate and WONDERFUL.....

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Then everything went mad.

I knew the cause.

The London firm, due to an accountancy mix-up, or just plain inefficiency, would not....wait....the whole story....

In two weeks I received a letter, and it stated that I owed them 12 shillings and fourpence.

I had paid the girl, of course...6/2d.

Obviously, the Belfast firm had not yet sent the money that I had paid...and the London firm...working on the two advice notes which had accompanied each shading plate, presumed I hadn't paid for either, when I had in fact paid for one and returned the broken one.

Well...I was right, they were wrong, and 6/2d was sufficient cost, especially when I had had to post back the broken one. So I dotted away with abandon, hoping that eventually, the cogs of such a big and famous firm would grind inexorably onwards, and all would be well.

Two weeks later, another demand for 12/4d...framed this time rather more irritably.

I refused to write the London firm. Instead, I rang the Belfast branch and explained my complicated case to the manager. He said he would write to London and the matter would be cleared up to my satisfaction.

In ten days time, I got another letter from the London Headquarters. They apologized profusely...of course, a lamentable mistake had been made in their Accounting Department, and they wished to say that if they caused me any inconvenience, they were most terribly sorry. The matter was completely sorted out...all I had to do to end this correspondence was to send a postal order for 6/2d for the second one they had sent me.

I took a cold shower to sooth my wrath.

I reasoned that I had acted perfectly throughout...the mix-up was entirely theirs...and I wondered what they thought I was doing with two identical shading plates.

I was stubborn...and possibly ignorant, but I forgot the matter.

In six weeks, I received a printed missive on nice neat notepaper in olde englishe script :-

\*\*\*\*\* present their compliments and would greatly appreciate your kind attention to their account amounting to 18/6d.

It was obvious that the situation had deteriorated. My silence had created an opening on the Shading Plate Market. The firm, it seemed, had struck a slump...the Export Trade was weakening, and here was virgin territory to exploit. I had to act quickly, before I was paying the firms surtax.

My letter was a model of composure and decorum. In eighteen pages I reviewed the situation from the original hand-dotted GDAZINE cover through the preliminary negotiations an up to the ridiculous situation in which I was now billed for three of their shading plates. I admitted frankly that the instrument I had received had accorded me every satisfaction, and I was willing to indorse their wares on TV or in the press, but would they please get it into their heads that I wanted One ... I had got ONE.... I had paid for ONE... and I didn't want no mo....

I awaited their reactions with interest. I was a little worried about it, frankly. A well established firm say you owe them a sum of money three times in excess of the article you purchased and which you paid for. If they took it to court, it would look rough...



"My Lord, this is a shading plate. It is much in use amongst the artistic community in precipitating minute impregnations on to a utensil known in the business as a 'stencil'. The defendant, whom you see cringing in the dock over there, by a series of clever subterfuges, managed to abstract from the firm I represent a considerable quantity of these Shading Plates... a state of affairs which, frankly, I submit reeks of a severe psychological disorder. I have, My Lord, already approached the defendant through a third impartial body, and suggested he join SHADING PLATES ANONYMOUS for a course of treatment, but he has refused. It is not for me to judge this unfortunate being. One might even say that if he wants three thousand shading plates, he is entitled to have them providing he takes the recognised course of actually paying over the equivalent sum of money in the currency of the realm. The thirty seven large cardboard crates you see before you, My Lord, were found in the defendants bedroom, living room, toilet and attic. They contain the meat of his collection. He also made a, I must confess, delightful decorative tiled bathroom with them, and he has also replaced his roof tiles with this rather aesthetic form of self-expression. My Lord, it was only after much earnest consultation that the firm I represent decided to take legal action. If such an unwarranted action was allowed to go unchallenged, the whole sterling area would be in jeopardy. If the defendant will place 250 pounds in court, my firm will be satisfied and withdraw proceedings. I thank you, My Lord."

My dreams were pretty horrible. Once I dreamed I was a shading plate ... and I guess that's just about the height of horror. Edgar Allen Poe never reached such realms of fantasy.

My wife realised the strain I was undergoing. So I wasn't surprised when she telephoned through to the office and told me to come home straight away. It was with reluctance that she handed me the parcel.

It contained three shading plates.

The covering letter explained:

We thank you for your essay. It would appear, after careful checking, that you have indeed paid for three shading plates, and it gives us much pleasure to complete your esteemed order.

Well, I told you, didn't I?

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ADDENUM.

4th January 1961

Just got another letter.

\*\*\*\*\* present their compliments and would greatly, nay, peadingly appreciate your kind attention to their account amounting to 37/-

HHHHHHHEEEEEELLLLLLPPPPPP

John Berry  
1961.

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A short while back, I recieved a most interesting magazine in the mail. It was "The Journal of the Interplanetary Exploration Society". Edited by Hans Stefan Santesson, it 32 pages of the most interesting reading that I have encountered in quite some time.

I would like to be able to review it properly, but when it comes to writing a serious review, I'm just not capable, and this zine deserves more than the regular Blotto Otto treatment. For those who have not received this issue, I would like to mention some of the items that are in it. Lester Del Rey, Poul Anderson, Hannes Bok and George Gunnare are the more recognizable names in this issue. Fr. Daniel C. Raible discusses the possibility of rational life in outer space. Rom Landau contributes "Arab Contribution to Mathematics and Astronomy" and there is a reprint from PRAVDA by Academician N.M. Sisakyan, entitled "Towards Mastery of Cosmic Space".

This is definately sercon and Santesson promises more to come. The one drawback is that the Journal costs \$1.25 a copy and is quarterly. Santesson is asking for yearly subscriptions of \$5.00 and states that this money will help enlarge the page count of future issues. I think that there is definately a place for this journal and even though you may cringe at the thought of paying \$1.25, you will get your moneys worth. WRR wishes Santesson all the luck and hope that he manages to make a success of this project. We also thank him for sending us a copy. By the way all subrsiptions should be sent to:

Interplanetary Explorathon Society  
37 Wall Street  
New York 5, N.Y.

---BOP.

# B A N A N A   S P L I T

by Wallace Wastebasket Weber

The absolute, final deadline for this column was only three weeks ago, and already Otto is getting impatient. He calls from time to time, dropping subtle hints like, "Why don't you get off your fat hecto pad and cut some stencils?" or, "If you don't do your column pretty soon, I'll break your gafia-stricken neck." He even has taken to torture with puns like, "I almost took a job selling houseware, but it didn't pan out." The threat that did the trick, however, was, "If you don't get Banana Split done by Friday, we'll publish the issue without it."

Migosh! Publish an issue of WRR without a Banana Split? What would I ever do with it if WRR didn't publish it? Sneak it in the CRY lettercolumn under a psuedonym? Send it to the NFFF Manuscript Bureau? Submit it to Analog? Eat it?

As you can see, the reason you are reading this now instead of a month or two from now is that Otto still believes in deadlines. And that brings us to the subject of discussion for this evening: deadlines.

It's remarkable how many fans worry about deadlines. Considering all that a fan is reputed to be, one would think that, "Deadlines and fans don't mix," would be the second law of Fandom. In order to belabor this point, let us consider just what a deadline is.

My abridged dictionary (Webster's Collegiate, fifth edition) doesn't even define the word as such, but it does go to preposterous lengths to define various meanings of "line" and "dead." Taking the word, "line," first, because everything is always done backwards in WRR, we find that probably the most applicable sense of the word is that of, "a boundary; often, any definite division or limitation." Sounds pretty confining, now doesn't it? If you don't agree, go away and read somebody else's column. If you do agree, then keep in mind you haven't seen but half the dreariness of "deadline," because we have yet to touch upon the "dead" end of it yet.

"Dead" has several shades of meaning, but they're all pretty gloomy. "Lifeless" fits about as well as any, so by no less an authority than the dictionary itself, "deadline" boils down to a "lifeless limitation." Probably a lifeless limitation is harmless enough, but would you want your daughter to marry one? What is more to the point, a lifeless limitation has nothing at all in common with "fan," which Webster's fifth defines as, "An enthusiastic devotee of a particular diversion." You may search, if you wish, for an antonym for "enthusiastic devotee" more extreme than "lifeless limitation," but if you find one you'll have to feed it yourself.

Despite the logic of all this, fandom abounds with deadlines. Every fan and his zine seems to come up with a schedule of publication and a date after which no material can be accepted for inclusion in the next issue. Terms of offices expire, and nominations or applicants cannot be accepted after a particular date. So many pages must be submitted by such and such a time. If you haven't paid so much by a certain time, you just can't sit at such and such a place during the hours of this and that.

The motivation for all this foo is probably politeness. It's cruel to make the devotee of a particular diversion wait for the fruits of his labor which his enthusiasm caused him to do early, even before the dread, multi-tentacled Deadline threatened him. It's inhuman to make the eagerly awaiting fan wait endlessly for something he has been promised at a certain time.

An examination of Fandom will not show an over-observance of deadlines or politeness, however. Despite an occasional exception, shedules are made to be broken, manuscripts sent in on time are lost to the world forever, deadlines are missed by the bagfull, and fans sit when and where they please. Those deadlines that are met have generally been met out of force of habit, or because fannish enthusiasm would have carried through whether there had been a dea dline or not.

What I'm trying to say is that the reason WRR is three weeks behind its lack of schedule is because -- well -- because that was the fannish thing to be.

WWW



# WHAT'S MY FINE

BY

MIKE DECKINGER

John Weakly, moderator of the popular television show WHAT'S MY FINE entered the studio to a round of enthusiastic applause which continued in unparalleled moisiness till the stage manager lowered the APPLAUSE card and shushed the audience to silence.

Clad in his usual conservative charcoal business suit, and his sickly leer approximating the expression of a cow who has just experienced a short in the milking machine, Weakly seated himself and looked about.

"And now," he began very softly, "our panel..." He let his words drown out under the tumultuous ovation that greeted the cue card as the panelists Robert Bloch, Walter Willis, and Forrest Ackerman entered from the fire exit.

"Our quest panelist," Weakly stated nervously, "is Miss, er Mrs., that is, Bjo Trimble." The young lady bearing this name primly marched in and politely bowed to everyone including the panelists, the audience, the cameraman, and her husband who had fainted upon learning his wife was the surprise quest.

"If I had known we would have waited at the fire exit," Bloch quipped. "I would have brought along a hose, though..." his eyes caught sight of Bjo's shapely legs. "Speaking of hose I..." He cautiously extended his hand, an act which was immediately spotted by an alert cameraman.

"Ouch," Bjo screamed and turned red.

"Kindly control yourself, Mr Bloch," Weakly advised. "After all, this is a family show."

"I'll bet he was thinking of a family just now," Ackerman interjected.

"Or at least starting one," Willis added.

"Please, please," Weakly said kindly. "We must forgo remarks like that. Now panelists, we all know how to play this game, do we not? So let us meet our first contestant."

As the MILDLY SUBDUED APPLAUSE card was raised, a tall, thin young man entered the room. He glanced about nervously and then approached Weakly's desk, where he slowly seated himself.

"Since this man has an easily recognizable name," Weakly explained, "we'll refer to him simply as 'Mr X.' Would you kindly whisper your occupation to me Mr. X, so we can show it to the viewerw?"

As Mr. X leaned over to whisper, fiery dark letters slithered across the screen. I WON A HUGO FOR MY FANZINE AT THE MORDORCON the words read. This revelation was of course greeted by a wild burst of applause. The seated quest smiled nervously.



"Begin the questioning, Mr. Willis," Weakly said.

"Did you ever work on a train, Mr. X?" Willis asked.

"No. though I had a brother who was a conductor."

"I'd like to conductor myself," Bloch interrupted, indicating the blushing Mrs. Trimble.

"One down," Weakly said.

"Tell me Mr. X," it was Ackerman's turn now, "does your occupation have something fannish to do with it?"

"Yes."

"Aha. Is it connected with fanzine fandom?"

"Hold it Forry," Weakly said. "You must qualify your statement. Do you mean fanzine fandom per se, that is entailing all of fandom or fanzine fandom as apposed to convention fandom let us say?"

"Fanzine fandom as apposed to convention fandom."

"I'm active in all branches of fandom," Mr. X said.

"Two down, eight ot go."

"Tell me, Mr. X," Bjo began, "have you been in fandom for a very long time?"

"How long would you consider to be a long time?"

"Six, seven years, let us say."

"In that case the answer is yes."

"Are you well known in fandom?"

"Yes, I would say so."

"Have you published fanzines?"

"Yes."

"Good ones?"

"I like to think so."

"Have you ever attended cons?"

"Yes, several."

"Do you enjoy fanac?"

"Very much so."

"Are you the artist who gaffiated about ten years ago when it was revealed he was Salvador's Dali's brother? What was his name, Rotsler, oh yes, are you William Rotsler?"

Mr. X shook his head. "I'm not," he said succinctly.

"Your turn Mr. Bloch," Weakly pronounced.

"Hmmm, let me see," Bloch nibbled at a ball point pen he was holding. "Tell me, Mr. X, are you known in fandom for one specific thing, such as putting on a convention of publishing a top notch fanzine, let us say?"

At this question Mr. X was forced to confer with Weakly. For several minutes the two exchanged quickly whispered words and then Mr. X looked up. "Please rephrase your question," Mr. Weakly asked.

"All right, I'll put it to you another way; were you ever instrumental in starting First Fandom?"

"No."

"Mr. Willis, it's your turn again," Weakly stated.

"You know Mr. X, you look familiar, very familiar. Have I ever seen you before?"

"You might have."

"I'll need a definite answer."

"All right," Mr. X said. "Were you at the Mordordon?"

"Yes."

"Then the answer to your question is yes."

"Of course my being at the Mordorcon doesn't mean much." Willis laughed harshly. "There were plenty of things that went on that I didn't see. I did see the bar; too many times from what I've heard. I think someone spiked my drinks there, they must have, that's why they had so much difficulty going down. I don't know which room I can remember more fondly, the barroom or the men's room. I spent an equal amount of time in both."

"Mr. Willis," Bjo said in shocked tones, "I never..."

"No." Bloch cut in, "I'm sure you never. Why not come with me after the show and we can..."

John Weakly banged his gavel down heavily on the table. Mr. X let out an agonized wail.

"There's no need to be so emotional just because I'm cutting short this question period," Weakly said to his quest.

"It isn't that," Mr. X moaned. "It's just that you must have busted my fingers of something. Look, I can't even move them."

"Let me have a look," Bjo said arising from her seat and rushing over to the moaning Mr. X. She knelt beside him and carefully inspected his damaged hand.

"You have quite a swing, don't you, Mr. Weakly?" she said.

"Do I?"

"Certainly you do. Look!" She indicated the fingers. "Mashed flat!"

"Flat; I've never seen anyone with flat fingers."

"Flat as a banana-peel," she affirmed.

"You've ruined me," Mr. S cried. "I'll never be able to type another stencil; never crank a mimeo."

"Use your toes," Bloch suggested helpfully. "I knew some monkeys that did."

"I once had an Aunt that did the same," Willis added. "But she was a frightful old woman, always putting her foot in her mouth anyway. She figured it would do better good on a typewriter than in her mouth."

"What about my hand?" Mr. X moaned.

"Later," Weakly said, "later. And now, panel, since we've run out of time anyway, I'll introduce our quest as..."

"No," he moaned, "no! You've ruined my hand!" With his uninjured hand Mr. X dove into his pocket and gingerly removed a bulky object. He pointed it at Weakly.

"I'll get you for this," he vowed. "I'll get you!"

"Don't shoot!" Weakly shouted and dove wildly under the table. A stream of liquid shot out of the gun biting him squarely in the fleeing posterior. He immediately went into a series of incredible acrobatic contortions.

"You've never encountered a sap gun loaded with boiled blog, have you?" Mr. X laughed shrilly and then darted for the door. He bowled over two stage managers and dashed into the streets. Soon the audience and then the cameraman followed. In a short time the theatre was empty save for the entrepid panelists.

"This reminds me of a funny thing that happened to me on the way to the theatre..." Bloch began.

-- the end --

'thank ghod)



## GABINET IN THE SKY

by  
DONALD FRANSON

There's been quite a furore in the papers lately, as President-elect Kennedy has been trying to pick his cabinet, with the aid of the newspaper reporters and columnists. The newspapermen have been picking three cabinet members to every one Kennedy picks, resulting in much confusion. So in order to avoid this confusion in the future, when fans take over the government, we must be prepared. When we elect the next President of the U.S. on the N3F-FAPA Ticket, we must have the cabinet already picked out, so that President-elect Bloch and Vice-President-elect Tucker won't have any trouble.

I propose, for Secretary of State, Forrest J. Ackerman. Forry is a natural Good-Will Ambassador, can speak Esperanto like the natives of that country, and likes to fly in airplanes all over hell. He is easy-going, and wouldn't mind having rocks thrown at him.

A good Secretary of the Treasury would be Rick Sneary. As Treasurer of the LASFS, he doesn't let a penny escape him. He also lets it be known whenever he is over a penny, and this is a talent which the government needs. How long has it been since the US Treasury has been over a penny?

Secretary of Defense will be Art Rapp. I think Art has some fine plans for defense, from creating an army of Beavers to drafting neofans to launch jet-propelled fanzines. His experience with The Bomb is unique.

Attorney General - Bill Donaho. We don't need a lawyer for this job. I think Bill would command respect from lawbreakers as well as anybody, especially if there won't be any laws left to break, after Bill gets through.

Postmaster General, Mike Deckinger. This is a political plum that all fans will be after, but I think Mike deserves the job as much as any fan, because of his constructive suggestions in fanzines on how to improve the post office, including doing away with it entirely. However, I'm sure Mike has some ideas less drastic than that, such as franking privileges for fans, free mimeograph service, etc.

Secretary of the Interior - Bob Leman, who claims that he is much interested in interiors, especially his own. He is located in about the most interior section of the U.S., and he is handy to Yellowstone National Park, where he can keep an eye on the geysers.

Secretary of Agriculture - Wrai Ballard. This wasn't hard to decide, as Wrai is just about the only Farmer in Fandom, unless Phil Farmer is a Farmer. Wrai will see that the Science Fiction Field is properly Plowed Under.

Secretary of Commerce - Howard Devore. From Big Hearted Howard we will get the business.

Secretary of Labor - Bjo Trimble. While Bjo is on the job, there will be no question of fans being out of work and having nothing to do.

Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. This sounds like a job for a doctor, so I'll nominate Dr. Toskey. I don't know exactly what the duties are, but he can invent them as he goes along.

That's all the cabinet posts there are, sorry fans. If anyone feels he's been left out, he is advised not to worry. There will be jobs for all. See Bloch and Tucker, if you can interrupt their poker game.

the end

# THE UNTOLD FACTS OF THE CONVENTION INCIDENT

by

MIKE DECKINGER

Police Segeant Mulroney of the Pittsburg Police Department leaned back and scratched his ear. He felt very tired sitting at the large, uncomfortable desk and reviewing cases all day. He longed to go home, and felt thankful for the fact that the next case was the last.

"Bring them in," he motioned to his ordely.

The uniformed amn dashed out the door and returned a few moments later leading a tall, thin, not unhandsome man with glasses perched on his nose accompanied by a ravishing sexy blonde who was snuggling up to him closely, unmindful of the man's determination to keep away from her. Behind them milled a crowd of about 40 persons, shouting epitets like: "Keep your chin up, Wally," and, "Don't say a thing 'till you get a lawyer!"

The orderly let the two people down the aisle up to the Sergeant's desk where he stopped them.

"Name?" Mulroney asked tiredly.

"Weber," the man ventured. "Wallace W. Weber."

"What does the W. stand for?" Mulroney wanted to know.

"Wastebasket," Weber said proudly.

OH no, another nut, Mulroney thought. "Now on to you, young lady," he began very officiously, "Your name?"

"Joni Cornell." She said it very sweetly, her trim eyelashes bobbing assent.

Mulroney carefully marked this down. "What is the charge?" he asked, reading from an official form.

"Rape," Weber shouted, pointing an accusing finger at the young lady beside him, "She tried to rape me," He indicated the crowd at the back of the room, "in front of all those people."

"Good heavens," Mulroney said aloud, "You can't be serious!"

"I certainly am. What's more she tried it twice."

"Twice -- good heavens," he repeated again. "I've come up with odd cases in my time, but this is undoubtedly the oddest. Now what do you have to say about it Miss Cornell?"

"It was all self-defense," she explained.

Mulroney boggled. "Your mean you tried to rape him for self-defense?"

"Not at all, Sergeant," she insisted. "I only wanted to kiss him."

"It was rape," Weber blurted out sternly.

"Quiet you," the Sergeant said, pointing a stiff and boney finger at the protesting young man. "Now please go on with your story, young lady."

"Well, it was quite simple. I just wanted to give this young man, Mr. Weber, a kiss."

"Had you ever net him before?"

"No."

"Tell me, Miss Cornell, do you make a habit of kissing strange men?"

"Now why bring up a thing like that?"

"Well, do you?"

"Certainly not, or at least not all the time anyway."

"It wasn't a kiss," Weber hotly interrupted, "She tried to..."

"Look, bud," Mulroney told him sternly, "either you be quite when you should or I'm going to lock you up. It's easy to see that this nice, attractive young lady surely could not be guilty of the crime you accused her of. Why it probably occurred the other way around."

Weber turned white and backed away. "Now look here..."

"Yes," Joni said, "Look here. You told me that no one would see us, that it would be safe in ghe hotel, you told me..."

"I don't know what she's speaking about," Weber pleaded.

The Sergeant regarded him sternly. It was apparent to see which story he believed.

"But Wally," Joni snuggled up against him, "why not tell the nice man the truth? Surely you don't want to hide that fact. Go ahead, dear."

"Yes, dear," Mulroney said sweetly, "Why not tell me the truth?"

"Wally is like this," Joni explained. "He invites all the girls up to his room at the hotel, and when they're not looking slips something in their drinks. Well once whatever it is begins to take effect, there's not much else we can do but..."

"Don't believe her," Wally cried out. "She's making it all up; I never...."

"You did too. Twice, in fact," Joni said quickly. "And if you had given me any more to drink it might have been three times."

"He shot me, too," Joni said earnestly to Mulroney.



"He looks like the kind who would. Are you hurt?"

"Well my hair is a little wet, but other than that I'm ok."

"What did he shoot you with?"

"A zap gun."

"I've never heard of anything like that before, but that's another charge I have against you, Mr. Weber -- carrying weapons in violation of the law. I suppose you don't have a license for your zap gun, do you?"

"Well, no," Weber was forced to admit, "I don't, but..."

"Aha, you really are a cad, Mr. Weber. I don't think I've ever encountered anyone with more fiendish, a more diabolical criminal record than you have. What do you do in your spare time, run down old ladies on streetcorners?"

"Oh Sergeant," Joni said brightly, "are you going to lock Wally up because of my testimony?"

"I certainly am," Mulroney affirmed.

"Oh," she remarked sweetly, "I wouldn't want you to do anything like that to him."

"But after what he did to you, surely he deserves some punishment."

"Oh that's all right, I'm willing to forget it if he does."

"Everything?" Mulroney asked incredulously.

"Everything."

"Oh I'll forget it, I will, I will," Wally promised.

Sergeant Mulroney thought of the sane, happy life he would lead as soon as the infectious madness was cleared from the room, and even though he knew there were more formalities to the case, he felt he simply could not go any longer. He looked up at the two before him and shut his eyes tightly.

"Case dismissed," he said.

-- the end --

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BLOTTO

OTTO

Dear Otto & Wally,

"L.Garcone" should be destroyed. For that cover "illo" alone, if not for the interior "illos" in WRR, Vol.2, No. 7. Fortunately, a fanzine cannot always be judged by its cover; otherwise, I might have refused to read the inside pages....except, of course, I know that WRR always contains items of entertainment.

Varda's "most wanted inventions" were more amusing than Mike's "least wanted inventions," in that she showed more originality. The magnetic dolls or toys is a good idea, but I betcha some kids would somehow manage to lose the magnetic wrist band too! Re the Celestial Ceiling Paper, I know of at least one fan (George W. Fields) who has painted his bedroom walls and ceiling with constellations, etc. Luminous, so when he turns out the light at night he can count stars instead of sheep, or something. A mirror for observers to watch orchestra conductors is a fine idea, too.

Seems I missed quite a bit by not attending the Pittcon. I doubt if Wally needs hormones. I suspect he prefers to kiss (and be kissed) in privacy. But Bjo's account of the kissing tale (kiss-an'--tell? Oh well, forget it...) was wonderfully funny. My only gripe is that there should have been several Bjo illos for the piece. Wally's commentary was amusing too. Gosh, it has been years since I was ~~chaste~~...chased by women who wanted to kiss me. But there was a time, yes indeed...I was a pretty cute looking kid at the age of four, and....

Rich Brown's letter was the best this time, with Mike D's coming in second, and not because both of them were so long. Of course Rich is an "old pro" at letterhacking, and when he gets wound up, he's pretty hard to beat....

Just one more gripe. Not enough Weber in the ish, and certainly not enough Otto. Like, chaps, it is your magazine so don't let them stupid readers and contributors crowd you out...

So nexttime let's have more stuff by Wally & Otto, but not so much as to crowd out material by your fine readers and contributors, so we can have more text and illos by Bjo, Ed Cox, etc....

In short, what I'd like to see is More of Everything in WRR--except "Garcone". Not only is "it" a lousy artist, but "it" spelled my name with only one t!

West Bishes!  
Len Moffatt  
10202 Belcher  
Downey, Calif.

(The only thing about destroying Garcone, is that it can't be done. In fact, he is more of a destroyer, like, mind, man.## There is a hitch about this

Celestial bit on the ceiling. When you see a falling star, then you had better duck, because it is probably a chunk of plaster. BOP)

Dear Wally and Co.,

The L. Garcone cover for the new WRR wasn't as good as the cover Garcone drew for the last issue, there was more detail to it, but it was still a fairly good work of art. I'd like to hang it in my room. On second thought, I'd rather hang L. Garcone.

You know, you should get WRR out on an unscheduled date more often. Why not put WRR out at an unscheduled time every day? Then it would be the only regular unscheduled fanzine around. If you find it going irregular again, try giving it some Ex-Lax-- that might help.

A WRRcon interests me. I trust that it will receive suitable publicity in all the big prozines like LIFE, LOOK, SEP, etc. etc. I advise you not to have it coincide with the SeaCon though, because you wouldn't want to drain off all the SeaCon members, would you? Give us more details on the WRRcon by all means. And why not contact the National Geographic Magazine to get them to do an illustrated feature on it.

With all these most wanted and least wanted inventions, it seems as if everybody is getting into the act. I wonder what Tom Edison would say about something like this.

Hmm, I wonder what Tom Edison would say about anything, being that he's been dead for some time. At first he was called crazy but he showed them, he proved to the people that he was. Before you ridicule someone for their ideas, remember they said that Robert Fulton was crazy, they said that the Wright Bros. were crazy, they said that James Logan was crazy. (he was my uncle and he was batty as hell).

Bjo's article is interesting and well worth reading, though I must confess that with news like this I half expected to see it adorn some really big expse mag like CONFIDENTIAL for instance. I can see it now, the headline on the cover is in big red and black (or black and blue, which is perhaps more fitting) letters and read: WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT THE PITTCON BETWEEN WALLY WEBER AND JONI CORNELL.

L. Garcones lettercol illos were amusing but highly inaccurate. For one thing, why is each person given only one head? What's the matter, doesn't Garcone know how they look. Len Moffatt looks like an opera singer who's straining against her will to reach a high note. Don Franson looks like an inebriated alligator. I look like Mr. Clean on his day off. Ken Cheslin looks like....by god, I can't figure out what he looks like. Art Hayes looks like an animated hayfield. Ed Cox looks like one of the Birdmen that live on Venus (or is it a bird girl)? And finally Rich Brown looks like the artist had a hangover when he drew it.

Shucks, everyone thinks that Hal Shapiro is a damn bastard (which I won't dispute) but I learned through several nefarious means that the "db" stands for something more, which could even be taken in a complimentary manner.

Why all the comparison between CRY and WRR? For one thing, saying that CRY is the father of WRR means that there is no mother, and without a mother, it implies that WRR is...well, you see what I mean. If CRY is the father of WRR then who is the mother?

You may be interested in learning that when I first saw Garcone's cover, I took it to be a highway road map, and not a scene from a film as is explained elsewhere. So I took the trusty old Olds, drove out on the highway, and tried to follow the map. My first destination was the Eastern glacier, which I decided I wanted to see, for I had never seen a glacier before. I followed the route up Wally's spinal column till I reached the intersection where I made a left turn and continued along for several miles. It was then I noticed it appeared to be raining, for water was



dripping all around. It wouldn't have been so bad, except that I noticed the water was not only around me, but over me as well. I immediately donned my water wings, cautiously opened a window, and felt the onrush of the Atlantic Ocean smack me. Now you may think I'm mad about winding up in the ocean but really I'm not. You see, I figure that I reached the glacier allright, only after it had melted. Next week I'll go looking for the Guana mine.

In re; to all the confusion over the con fees; I hereby make a new proposal. If the registrees name begins with the letters A-L, he sends one dollar; if his name begins with the letters L-S, he sends in two dollars. If his last name begins with any other letter he's ineligible to attend. Upon arriving at the con, he goes up to the desk and gives his name. The person sitting at his desk notes the number of letters in his last name and multiplies that figure by 2. This gives us our divisor. She next asks the attendee how old he (or she) is and divides his doubled name letters by his age, or vice-versa, whichever is easier. Then a doctor who has been patiently waiting gives the attendee a quick jab with a needle to take a blood sample. If he has Type A, 100 is added to the results, if he has Type B, 200 is added to the results, if he has Type C, 300 is added to the results, if he has luekemia, he'll probably be dead soon anyway. Then these final figures are added together and that gives us the prime number. Say for instance the number reached is 730. Now comes the hard part, the person at the desk (who must also have MD, PHD and S.O.B. degrees) places a decimal point two places to the right of the figures. The attendees who have a score of 730 pay \$7.30. You see now---the hell with the \$2/\$3 registration system, the only fair and just one to use is the one I've described. I trust it will be put into operation as soon as it can.

My entusiasm for this issue has ended,  
I have nothing more to say.  
I could bid you all a good morning,  
Instead I shall bid you good day.

But as you toil on WRR,  
And the sheets there do roll.  
Beware, beware, for know that I,  
Will soon exert my control.

THE WEED OF EVIL BEARS BITTER FRUIT--THE TREE SURGEON KNOWS...  
SIN cerely,  
Mike Deckinger  
85 Locust St.  
Millburn, N.J.

(Now suppose Dracula should show up at a con, what type blood would you get out of him? Would you give him special rates? Maybe his rate would be so high that you would have to stake him.## How can CRY be the father of WRR, when WRR is the father of its country? BOP)

Greetings, BOP and Wally,

It was with some suspicion that I read about your plans for getting married in WRR #V. I thought that it might be some kind of hoax, but I guess it isn't, after all, so congratulations.

Best in both issues that I have here on hand are Wally's editorials (or should I say publishorials?). And I think the better of these was in #6, though I find some of his statements are a little far-fetched.

I'm not too crazy about the circulating review column, because if I ever publish again, I'd like to have it reviewed, but who to send it to, I wouldn't know. Though I guess I should send it to as many as possible.

One complaint I have, though, is L. Garcone. He seems to have as much drawing ability as a mongoloid idiot. Those pictures of his are like the sort of stupidity I would expect from a teen-ager killing time in study hall. I can't possibly imagine why you two published such rottenness in a good mag like WRR.

One thing I don't understand about #6 is: why the picture of Wally and his sister on the cover? I just don't get it at all.

Good grief, everybody's getting married, even Carl Brandon.

By the way, I sold my pigeon idea to the Federal Government. They're feeding the films to the birds (as you suggested) and are using them to smuggle secrets from Russia. There are a few kniks in the plan, tho, that have cropped up. The main one is getting birds that fly from Russia to Washington. I suggested that they go with airplanes and fly 'em out, but for some reason, they didn't much go for that one.

I suppose I should get my opinion about the raising of the con charges. I think it should be three dollars, if necessary, but it should be one dollar for absentee members, and three for attending. An absentee member is usually not an attendee because he can't afford it. So why add more to his expenses. However, an attendee can afford another dollar added to his expenses, if he can afford to go, in the first place. I am saying this, because, of course, it will be quite some time before I go at all.

I still can't understand why I'm getting WRR. I don't contribute, I don't send money or stamps, and I don't comment regularly (or well). But if that's the way you want to play...

Excelsior!

Thom Milton

6215 East Gate Rd.

Huntington 5, W. Va.

( You shouldn't talk about Garcone that way. After all, he is a mongoloid idiot and he is doing the ~~best~~ best he can.##I would think that you would have a harder time finding birds that will fly into Russia.Oh well, there's another good idea that has crapped out. Back to the seed pile.BOP)

Dear Mr. Pfeifer,

Please urge Mr. Garcone to do some more covers for WRR. The one on the November number was excellent. I have it framed and hanging in my living room with the caption "Hope" beneath it. Hope is my wife and her resemblance to the drawing is remarkable. Keep up the good work.

Yours,

Jim Carson

176 State St.

Exeter, N.H.

(Mr. Carson, seeing as how you are a Garcone fan, may I ask what part of Mongolia, you are from? Naturally we have to keep up the good work, with Garcone's artwork around, it is hard to keep anything down.BOP)

Dear Wally and Otto,

Well they were doing some repairs at my place of work and had ladders all over the place and if there is one thing I hate in the mundane world, it's walking under ladders;but not being a fly and with all other possible routes blocked by ladders, I had no choice but to walk under them. A couple of days later...no telly. Hah!

I am just starting to read WRR, ta for sending it to me.

How about BUILD YOURSELF A BLONDE, BRUNETTE OR REDHEAD KIT? Would come in very handy for cons, Or build yourself a bar kit.

I advocate #9 of Varda's inventions and add another; A button "IAFAD" meaning " I'm available for a date". Just the thing, both boys and girls could wear them.

You do need some horemones, if you'll excuse me for saying so, Wally, I ~~once~~ did the same thing myself, tho for the life of me, I can't think why. Thought control perhaps? Could be that somebody is exerting pressure? Well, that's all for now. Can you send me Joni for my birthday ( Mar. 19th, 1961)?

Regards,  
Norman G. Wansborough  
84, Wyke Rd.  
Trowbridge, Wilts.  
England.

(Keep walking under ladders and you may wind up with a lifetime sub to WRR.BOP)

Dear Otto and Wally,

WRR #7 is fine, the Garcone illos are outstanding, Bjo is Best ( also Wally's rebuttal) but the lettercol seems to lack something. I think there are too few letters, even if they are long (too long in fact). It looks as though the people who don't write, feel that the people who do write are hogging the lettercol, and that they (the people who don't write) would have no chance to be published if they did write. On the other hand the people who do write, realizing that the people who don't write aren't writing, feel that they are obligated to write longer letters, to fill the lettercol.

I have a solution for this.

Initiate a "Pocstarc Corner". Invite everyone to write postcards, and then when you get them, print them in full. I think a lot of hitherto silent fans would take time to write postcards, many of them interesting, if they thought they would be printed instead of ignored, as postcards usually are. The usual objection to postcards by fanzine editors is that they are too small an effort to use to exchange for a fanzine. This doesn't apply to WRR, which is free to subscribers anyway. So ask them for postcards, huh? Then print whatever you get. Audience Participation--that's what WRR needs.

You can have a regular lettercol too, for Deckinger and Schultz.

Yours,  
Donald Franson  
6543 Babcock Ave.  
North Hollywood, Calif.

(The thing that was lacking in the last lettercol...was letters. We printed everything that came in. Your Pocstarc Corner is a good idea Don, but WRR has a policy of printing everything anyway. If we don't get anything then we can't print it. This does give me an idea tho. Starting now WRR has a contest running. We will give an issue of Unknown to the fan sending us the most unusual postcard. This contest will run until Labor Day when we will award the prize to the winner. So let's see some cards coming in.BOP)

Dear Blotto:

WRR V2 No.7 Nov. 60 recieved.

The cover: GAAAAAAECCCH! Nothing wrong with Garcone that a prefrontal lobotomy wouldn't cure. The idea was clever, but ruined. A little effort would have made Wally's Adam's Apple into the Nanga Parbat of fandom. But instead? Ooog.

I think Wally is being really cagey-like by playing the bashful bachelor/ I've tried it, but without success. Every time I get around a gal like Joni, my teeth lengthen and fur sprouts on my ears. Which sort of short circuits any illusion which I'm trying to create.

But I can't sit by and let vile rumors be circulated to the effect



that Wally is deficient in male hormones. I have already taken action. Last night I wrote to FANAC, and gave Terry a real hot scoop; Wally and Joni's engagement. They're certain to print it, and it should quell any nasty rumors which are circulating about our ole buddy.

Wally, aren't you glad that you have a friend like me? Now you don't need an enemy.

The rest of the issue defies comments.

Sincerely,  
Emile Greenleaf  
1303 Mystery St.  
New Orleans 19, La.

(I'm glad somebody is looking out for Wally. I don't know how you found out about Wally's engagement. We've been keeping it a very big secret. So secret, in fact, Wally hasn't even heard about it. BOP)

Otto:

It doesn't make much sense, my writing at this late date, since it says in clear Gestetnerprint on the first page that letters ought to be in by 20 December. Well, since you've never published on schedule since your marriage, I might as well write some short comments.

The cover was typical Garcone, that is to say ghastly. You ought to be ashamed, Otto. I thought that after we finally got Lorence out of the CRY and thoroughly buried in the middle of the SAPS mailings, we could let general fandom rest easy for awhile. But no. YOU had to bring it back, out of the trunk of Toskey's new Buick, to illustrate for WRR. I'm almost on the point of throwing this letter away lest it get printed accompanied by a (blech) Garcone Portrait.

Humor magazine or no, I thought that the contributions from Murrell and Deckinger stank to high heaven. Really, I like good humor, but I dislike actively old, hoary chestnuts like the "ten most" and "ten least" wanted lists. You can do far, far better than this, I'm sure. Don't lose your perspective just because you seem to be obligated to fill up each issue with humorous stuff.

Besides, what's this, in Deckingers abomination, about "let's all defecate to Russia."? Who's responsible for that whopping spoonerism?

On quite the other foot indeed are the contributions from Bjo and your own captive columnist, Weber. These are choice. These are funny without being overly crass. These are original, witty, and the sort of thing I really like. I think you get the idea that I want more of this sort of thing, so please try to print it.

The lettercol needs something. Editing, maybe, but it comes out a little too, too much for me to take. There were some good spots in it, but overall it reads as if the writers were forcing out their "humor" through a sieve. About the only comment hook I note is in Cox's letter, regarding Instant Apa Members. Unlike Ed60, I find this quite a delightful trend, as a matter of fact, one of these days I rather hope to expand all five (six, soon) of my apa memberships to double memberships. It seems the fannish thing to do, and I've a girl picked out for it.

Happy New Year,  
Bob Lichtman  
6137 S. Croft Ave,  
Los Angeles 56, Calif.

(Sorry that we had to disappoint you, but Garcone couldn't do any portraits for this issue. We know that you were looking forward to his portrait of you; Maybe next time. BOP.)

Leslie Gerber  
Box 223, Franklin & Marshall College  
Lancaster, Penna.  
December 13, 1960

Dear Otto,

As you can see, I finally have my typewriter back; got it tonight. So naturally, I have to force it to break down some way, so I'm writing to WRR. Do you know a better way to ruin a typewriter?

The cover is magnificent, although even so it can't begin to compare with last issue's magnificent-plus cover. I notice that WRR has descended to the level of imitating another fanzine with the letter column caricatures of letter-writers, the way HYPHEN does it. Like, it's good to have Garcone back (he says, laughing up his sleeve,) but why not use him in some original manner, like on toilet paper included with each issue to take care of the reaction each issue that WRR inevitably produces.

Mentioning a sleeve, as I just did, reminds me of one of the oldest jokes anywhere, and since it's such an old joke I think I'll copy it down here just to take up some space. A man was talking with a friend of his, swapping dirty jokes and stories and the like. "Say," said the friend, "did you ever have a sleeve job? It's fantastic! It's the greatest sex I ever had, even better than 69." "Really?" said the man. "I must have one."

He went up to his mistress's apartment that evening. "Honey," he said, "I want you to give me a sleeve job."

"A sleeve job?!" she roared. "A sleeve job?! Why, you filthy bum. Get out of here!" And she threw him out of her apartment.

Naturally, his curiosity was still strong. He went to a whorehouse in the worst part of town. He asked for the most experienced girl in the house, and went upstairs with her.

"I don't care what it costs," he said. "I want you to give me a sleeve job."

"A sleeve job?! What the hell do you think I am? Hey, Oswald!" A huge hulking lout lumbered into the room and slugged the man with a blackjack.

He woke up in a dark alley, his money gone. He dragged himself painfully to his feet and walked home. The next morning, he went to his bank, withdrew a thousand dollars, and took a plane to Paris.

When he arrived in Paris, he went to the most exclusive whorehouse in all of Paris. "I don't care what it costs me," he said to the madam. "I'm willing to spend five hundred dollars if I have to. I want a sleeve job."

"A sleeve job?!" she screamed. "Help! Murder! Jacques!" The man found himself moneyless in a dark alley again.

Undaunted, his curiosity now stronger than ever, he wired his bank for five thousand dollars. Then he took a plane to Egypt, a camel to a small town, and wound up in what was supposed to be the greatest whorehouse in the world.

"I want a sleeve job," he said.

"Follow me," said the madam.

They walked up flights of rickety stairs until they had come to the top floor of the building.

"Matilda," said the madam, "the man wants a sleeve job."

"Yes, sir," said Matilda. "Go into the bathroom and cover yourself from head to foot with vaseline. When you finish, I'll give you a sleeve job."

The man was excited beyond control. At last, he was going to get a sleeve job! He hurriedly covered himself with vaseline, rushed out of the bathroom, slipped and cracked his head open on the floor. He never found out what the hell a sleeve job is.

My kookie roommate wants to say something:

this is quasimoto from the crypt---goober is a nebish \$\$\$\$\$ you fans would

be o, k, if you weren't so damn egotistical and neorotic, but since i live with one, yer o, k, in my book- the obituary page----

i thought that i was writing to wally wimple and otto but

since i'm not that is o, k, tooo --- all fanz should take gas, it would be an invigoratin expiranec --- BURN THIS LETTER \*\*\*

SOLLY NEEDLEMAN

That's my roommate! His name is Arthur B. Glickman and his father writes television programs, so it figures. He claims he's slightly inebriated at the moment and should be excused, but I say he's completely inebriated and should be thrown out of college. Bah!

You people really ought to stencil the whole fanzine in elite type. The more of this WRR madness I get the worse it is, and everybody knows that what's bad for Gerber is good for fandom.

Oh, yes. You printed some material in the last WRR, didn't you! And I'm supposed to say various inane things about it. Oh well. Here I go, degenerating this into just another letter of comment.

The hell with the inventions. I'm in a very uninventive mood tonight so I'm going to ignore all the inventions. One of the ten least wanted inventions is columns on most or least wanted inventions. Besides, I'm still mad at Varda because I never got to meet her this spring when she was supposed to be in New York; I still don't even know if she was or not. Also I'm mad because she got married. No fair! Suzy Vick says all fans ought to get married (although I suppose Wally Weber is automatically considered an exception,) but how am I ever going to make it if all the femmefans get married to other people? Woe is me and all that jazz.

What I want to comment on is this Wally Weber vs. Joni Cornell boxing match or whatever it was. Bjo's reporting is commendably accurate, but it's too bad she missed the rematch. That occurred at Bob Pavlat's party. Joni was telling us about the whole thing and how Wally fought so hard. I said I didn't believe it (I didn't) and several other people made similarly disbelieving noises, so Joni promised to show us. She went over to Wally, who was also at the party, and tried to kiss him. Wally shrunk back in genuine terror. Joni chased him across the room, finally forcing him to his knees. But he was still fending her off pretty well, until I grabbed one arm and Pavlat grabbed the other and we held him down while Joni kissed him. The poor cluck acted as though she were a queen bee with stinger extended. Yes, Wally Weber, you need an overdose of hormones.

In all fairness, I'd better report another incident which occurred immediately after the first one. As Joni finished off the gruesome task, I muttered, "I wish I fought as hard! I might have the same luck! Joni hear me (as, I admit, she was supposed to,) and said, "Well, all right then, I'll kiss you too." But leave it to stupid me, always the trufan. I said, "Well, are you sure you want to ruin your reputation for having good taste in the men you kiss?" She thought for a second, and said, "No, I guess not."

"No!" I shrieked. "NO! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! I WAS ONLY KIDDING!" But it was too late.

I'm reporting this in the hope that Joni will get to see it. Please, Joni, can I have another chance? Please?

And for the benefit of those who have never met her, I'd better report that Joni is not adequately described as "sexy blond;" sexy she is, and also stunningly beautiful. I'm still kicking myself, Joni; honest, I am!

I notice that the letter column is plagued by extremely bad offset. Is that to offset the effect the letters will have on the readers?

Moffat is right that three bucks is too much to ask the non-attending supporters to send, but I think \$1 is too little. After all, I'm sure that you won't double the number of supporters by lowering the fee, and the purpose of having non-attending supporters is simply to raise money. The best system is the one which raises the most loot.

The main reason the DAILY WORKER isn't reviewed anywhere is that it doesn't exist anymore. It went weekly two or three years ago. I remember reading one issue, which I enjoyed quite a bit because of a favorable review of some s-f tv program.

I'm sure that old prozines would be difficult if not impossible to obtain and to auction off at good prices. And old fanzines would have a very limited appeal, especially among the varied group you're likely to find at a Worldcon.

Deckinger's line about how WRR goes snap, crackle and pop when you put it in a cereal bowl got me interested enough to try it. I figured he was lying and had never tried it, and I was right. I put my copy in a bowl and poured milk, then ducked back quickly. I was not a moment too soon. Horrible noises emerged from the bowl, and the whole mess, which had turned a ghastly purple-green color, went shooting up towards the ceiling, smash-

ing the bowl to bits. That is why the dining room in Marshall-Buchanan Hall at Franklin and Marshall College has a big greenish purple stain on its ceiling, and why this letter is such a mess; I'm typing with my few remaining fingers and it isn't easy. Fortunately, I made some notes on the issue from which I'm writing this letter of comment.

Deckinger has missed the point of HaLynch's letter. You see, it's really quite a trick to write long sentences without making them grammatically incorrect through such faults as run-ons and mistaken punctuation, yet without even resorting to a semi-colon, which would technically maintain a single sentence but would actually be admitting defeat since you can tie two separate sentences together with one of the things, and while keeping the sentence as a single sentence by not including more than one topic or so-called "basic thought" and thus undermining the structure of the sentence and making it nothing more than a group of separate sentences tied together by the author for the sole purpose of writing a long sentence without caring whether or not it is grammatically correct. I wish I could do it.

The number of apostrophes in Berry stories would be fewer than there should be; John is notoriously loose in the use of the damn things, although he is one of the few fans I know who can use "who" and "whom" correctly.

Ghoddammit, I am not a pseudonym for Mike Deckinger. Nor am I, as has been claimed at various times in Seattle's second best genzine, a pseudonym for Stony Barnes, Peter Francis Skeberdis, Rich Brown, or any of the CRYhacks. Actually, I am a pseudonym for Walt Willis, and my writing isn't half as bad as most people seem to think. Take a new look at my writing, all you Gerber detractors out there, and see the genius of Willis shining through the blanket of simulated idiocy with which ~~he~~ I have fooled you all for over two years now.

A better use for that storeroom-full of letters would be for setting the evil factory which produces WRR on fire.

I don't think WRR's lettercol is anything like CRY's lettercol. CRY is literate.

It's easy to explain science-fiction conventions to a curious busybody. I just say it's a convention of writers and readers of science-fiction, and if necessary I add some bull about exchanging ideas and all that. It may not be accurate, but it seems to satisfy them.

Art Hayes reminds me somehow that I was disappointed when theis WRR came in the mail like any ordinary mundane fanzine. Two issues before, I opened up a SAPS mailing and WRR came bounding out. The last issue was delivered to me in person by Wallace Wesley Weber. I was half expecting to hear a knock on our door some day, open it, and find you standing there holding in your outstretched arms a copy of WRR. Or maybe, even better, it would be Pat with a WRR. But alas, WRR came through the mail, with 3¢ postage due because it was sent to Brooklyn. Don't you read FANAC?

Joining APAs through marriage is a fine idea, and seems to be getting more and more popular, but I'm in SAPS and OMPA already, just dropped out of N'APA for lack of time, and have only FAPA left. And I don't know of a single eligible female in FAPA who's anywhere near my age. It looks as though some day some femme will be marrying me in order to get into three APAs.

Another ridiculous explanation of what WRR stands for. Sheest, Rich, don't you realize the Truth? It stands for ~~Western Regression Report~~. Actually, the truth is so horrible that I had trouble typing it back there. I'll bet Otto doesn't have the nerve to print it.

I notice that hal shapiro has new initials, kl. I already have an explanation for kl but it doesn't sound too pleasant so I'd better not tell what it is.

And so ends another magnificent letter of komment on WRR wrritten by the one and only Elsworth Q. Kadiddlehopper of Armpit, New Mexico. Tune in next month or year or sometime like that, different time, same fanzine, when we w ill present out Winter replacement, "Captain Marvel Meets Superman And Beats The Hell Out Of Him."

Cheers,

Les

Mr. Pfeifer:

It has come to my attention and that of my fellow members in The Beaklaw Council of the Grand Knights of Liechtenstein, that you and your associates have been printing a fanzine called "W.R.R.". Unfortunately, it does not seem to contain any reference whatsoever to science fiction. Until this situation is remedied, we, the members of the B.C. of G.K.L., must indicate our disapproval of your publication.

Yours in Science Fiction,  
Leonard T. Quaile, Past Chief  
Knight etc., etc.  
73 Waite Court  
Phoenix, N.Y.

(Hmmm, your letter is inaccurate in two instances. First off, You must have us confused with another zine. This is WRR, not W.R.R. There is a world of difference, the zine you mention must come from another period. Also, we do mention Science Fiction. In fact, it has been mentioned three times on this page already. It is my duty to tell you that if your letters persist in stating inaccurate facts, we will have to look with disapproval at the members of the B.C. of G.K.L. BOP)

Dear Sir,

This is to tell you just how poor I consider your publication, "W.R.R.". It is an abominable piece of poor print and worse grammar, pretending to be a science fiction magazine, but never mentioning the letters "S.F.". Your November issue was especially poor. Please have the decency to go out of print before your poor readers turn upon science fiction in their despair and ban it forever from their minds. In the fond hopes that you will do this, I remain,

John Holt McWilliams.  
Newton, Mass.

(Aha! Another erring letter. Sirrah, I hope that you realize that almost this whole page is being devoted to Science Fiction. Since you are not on the mailing list, how have you been getting WRR? I bet you are the one who has been stealing issues from a dear, sweet little old lady who lives back east. You had better return them to her as they are her only enjoyment and the only zine that she is able to read and understand, you WRRnapper. Are you any relation to Leonard T. Quaile? Your handwriting is the same. BOP)

Sir,

Number 7 recieved and not at all enjoyed. Have decided to switch to PLANET for a cooler more refreshing smoke. M.G.L.F.T. and all that. You have one Carson of a cruddy publication. So long folks. No more lung trouble for me.

Peter McLaurin  
55 North Gallwey.  
New York, N.Y.

(That's what you get for trying to smoke WRR. You are supposed to eat it not smoke it. BOP)

DEAR GUY OTTOTOMITRIST:-

And what is the idea of putting the twentieth of this month as the deadline for letters and material?? Hell, I didn't even get the dang thing till the twentieth. I suppose that this is just a polite way of letting me know that you don't want my letters in your ol' crudzine? I might even nominate WRR for the Hugo if you keep this up. Everybody knows that if WRR won the Hugo it'd be the downfall of fandom.



## I'M FOR DICK ENEY: ISN'T EVERYONE?

Say, did you ever hear the story about the dead Dork? Well, it seems that once upon a time there lived a poor ol' laborer Dork and his wife Dork. They lived down in Ubangi land in South Africa by themselves. Mr. Dork worked in the Diamond mines trying to find a Diamond Dork to come and live with him. After twenty long and struggling years he decided that they'd never find a Dork so he and Mrs. Dork got together and had a little baby Dork. This little baby Dork was the cutest thing you ever saw. He played there in the dirt piles and smelters and lived with them until his 18th birthday. It was then that he discovered the most magnificent thing! He was a Golden Dork and had the psi powers that all Golden Dorks have. Well, when he discovered that he wasn't about to live there in Ubangi land with all his talent going to waste. So he bid his mama and papa good-by and struck out in the wild country all by his lonesome. He was planning on going up to French West MowMow and get a job in the Super Dooper spaceship plant. He'd be the interrogator for new workers and scientists. With his psi ability he could tell if any were Saboteurs. But things didn't go as he expected and he couldn't get the job. So he scrounged around for a living for five years until he got a job crunching Gordrs. It wasn't a good paying job but it was better than being one of these stupid Gord Stompers. Anyway, one day while he was out crunching Gordrs, he saw this little thing go by and he wasn't paying a whole lot of attention to his job because it was a job of a peasant. So, thinking this thing was a Gord, he picked it up and crunched it. Well it turned out that it wasn't a Gord but was a Thorp! After crunching a Thorp it was inevitable that he would die and so he did. End of story.

The moral of this story is: If you are a Dork with psi powers, don't crunch a Thorp by mistake.

Otto, if you don't immediately print a public apology in WRR, I shall sue you for printing a picture of my brother on the cover of #7. You know that you are supposed to get permission from the family or person before you can do such a thing, don't you?

If Mike Deckinger is serious, he is an unnatural American, sex crazy, an anarchist, bald, music hater, and an anarchist. Ghod! He must be kidding cos nobody can be all of those!

And Wally Weber really must be unnatural to play hard to get with a sexy blond. Why, I know a guy that, if stranded on a lone Pacific island by himself, would tie a grass skirt around a palm tree and be happy with that. But, Wally? No, he isn't satisfied with a sexy blond, female Primate, Chordata, Animal, Mammalia, Homo, and Sapien. Ghod!

Boy, but you sure have a lousy fanzine. Why, I haven't ever seen a fanzine worse than this. Wrr is made to look sick by a typical neo crudzine. Why... Hey! What are those little angel like things flying around up there? Eeek! They're coming towards me! One has a little machine that looks like a hair dryer and it has all kinds of wires. Here they come in a wild dive towards me! Halp!....Boy, Wrr sure is a great fanzine. I really enjoyed it this time and know that if the present trend of excellence keeps up, I shall forever and ever.

Craig Cochran  
467 West First St.  
Scottsdale, Arizona.

(That story was printed just so you can get what you deserve. Ghad, anyone with the nerve to write something like that deserves to have it printed in WRR. I just hope that none of those bombs are sent to WRR.## If you are finished with our WRRAngels, would you kindly forward them to Messers. Quaille, McWilliams and McLaurin.BOP)

Dear P&W:

I believe that it is customary with fans, even though it is logical, to begin locs by commenting on the cover. WRR 2:7 has the first L. Garcone cover that I have ever seen. Errr.... it isn't really obligatory to comment on the cover, is it?

The Inventions (most- and least-wanted) may be the start of a fanish fad (or has it been going on for a long time?); some of these are very clever, but I'm waiting for Ed Cox and Don Franson to join in.

Now all of fandom has, in hot print, the true account of the osculation of Joni Cornell and Wally Weber, as told by Bjo. (even though minus the classic line, "He kept trying to fend her off, but couldn't quite figure out where to put his hands."). We've heard the tale a dozen times down here, of course, and enjoy it more each time, but there was one little error; I've seen the Norris cartoon books since the "transformation", and, to me, they are not Squink Blog stories, though perhaps this is merely because I was not party to the insidious and evil plot. It will be interesting to see if they remain Norris books after the Syndicate purchases WWW at the Auction Bloch.

It would seem to be nearly impossible to top Bjo's account, but WWW does so (or very nearly), in his self-defense--or rejoinder--or apologies--or whatever the appropriate word may be (you realize that this is being written only a few days after the LASFS New Years Party, and I'm in no condition to grope for words, or grapple with an loc, for that matter, and wouldn't be doing so were it not for that blasted Resolution--you know the one; every fan has made it often enough: "First, I'll acknowledge that whole big stack of fanzines on hand, and then will keep up with them as they come in during the next year". We never do, of course, but if it lasts until February, it will have done some good.)

Mike Deckinger's letter sets forth some possible ideas for convention money-making projects, and I have a couple more, which may well have been brought up and discarded before. 1) a limited number of portfolios of frameable fanart--well reproduced by photographic processes; photo offset, silk screen, etcet., to be sold or auctioned off, with proceeds to be split among the artists, Project Art Show, and the Convention Treasury. 2) Because I probably won't attend the con, and because I suspect that there are others of the same ilk who are also somewhat mad on the subject of fanzines, would it be possible to make some sort of arrangement whereby we could partially sate our appetites for fanzines and old prozines, and at the same time contribute to the convention finances--perhaps an auction by mail? Or local auctions similar to that in which the LASFS raised some \$30.00 for the Eric Bentcliffe fund last year? I, personally, do not care for the idea of a bigger and better (?) Convention, but then I'm not a convention fan by nature, and if the confen want to make a really big project out of it, I'm willing to help to the extent of buying from them fmz I want anyway.

This idea (Moffatt's?) for you or various fanclubs to make SeaCon posters is quite a good one; I haven't sent in my \$2.00 yet because I don't quite know where it should go--I've seen the info several places, true, but never when the chequebook was handy, & I'd be more likely to remember the poster.

Wot? No Science Corner? Again? Maybe you could get Joni Cornell to threaten not to kiss Ed Cox at the next con, unless he contributes to each issue.

What's this? Rich Brown advising Dick Shultz not to aspire to the taking over of CRY? Rich Brown? The only living person who has taken over CRY? (How's that for a periodless paragraph?)

Let's see now, it's after the first of the year, so WRR 2:8 must be out by this time ( you said it would be, so that even little snippets of this loc won't stand a chance of being published--not that they would have anyway; even WRR people who are graduates of CRY must exercise some editorial Discretion in publishing letters received, but I do hope to keep on the mailing list of fandom's ~~best~~/~~new~~ best-known magazine.

Sincerely,  
Don Fitch  
3908 Frijo  
Covina, Calif.

(Never, never trust WRR. We held up publishing, just so we could get your letter. Once we got it, we had to print all of it. By the way, what is editorial Discretion?## Would a complete set of WRR sate your fanzine apatite?## Since the Pucon committee reads WRR, they will read your suggestions and mayhap answer them.## Oh yeah, how does writing WRR keep you on the RETRIBUTION mailing list? BOP)

Dear BOPraEd. WWW,

I am not going to comment on WRR #7. Why not? Well I'll tell you why not...it's Christmas and I'm still waiting for Santa Claus to come and I'm not going to let you make matters worse by making me write still another letter cause this is the millionth letter that I've written while standing here by the fireplace with a strong wire net to catch Santa in and thus end the reign of terror that he has been spreading throughout the world since before the dawn of time, and besides he had better bring me something new. I'm sick of packages either stuffed with coal or other giant packages that have a suspicious ticking sound and suddenly light up the house in an inferno of flames and burn down the house, which I wouldn't mind if only my marshmallows weren't so well done that I am forced to send them to poor unsuspecting faneds who should know better than to accept an letter or a package from this fffanish bem and it serves them right when they get the gooey mess all over their hands and can never again properly operate a typer or a duper and so I never have to be troubled by them again, ever, never, well hardly ever, I hope...so please don't expect me to comment on WRR for it was too funny to speak of especiaaly that cover which really croggled me and I know that you used a real ~~away~~-photograph to show the true WWW who is a horrible hacklike bem who is unfit to stay on this planet for any longer than it would take him to get off fast and never return or he dies unless he is a vampire also in which case he is already dead and can't be killed again or maybe he can for WWW can do all kinds of impossible things like taking this page which I put in my typer straight and making it crooked...the rat... but don't bother me anymore I told you I have to wait for Santa Claus who should be here any minute and then I shall collect 10 nilliom jelly beans as ransom but I shall never release him no matter how much WWW cries and yells for him back and WWW you better leave this typer alone you keep me from hitting the right keys and that is mean, mean, mran, MWRREAN, but I refuse to end here so leave me alone or else I'll ask for 20 nilliom ransom and then where will you be, nowhere that's where,... but your letter column is full of nuts really it is... the only trouble is that they often make morw sense than normal people like myself and Yogi Bear for we are the only sane beings left on the face of the earth and I'm not sure about him, wait...I think I hear Santa coming....yes there it is....the weird ringing of bells...I see two motheaten reindeers

and a maniac trying to drive his sleigh in the snow without snowtires... he's coming down the chimney...AHA..I've got you now..I don't care if your real name is Rich Brown and Santa Claus came last night I'm not letting you get away...now that I've got him I can stop writting this letter or can I?... akjm squk bjhrtd klptf wrmblwrrmblwrrmbl.....It's no use I can't stop I've got the habit....If you send me the next WRR I'll be compelled to write again but at least I'll have all those jelly beans for a consolation prize.

YOURS TRULY FFFANNISHLY,  
Mike McInerney  
81 Ivy Drive  
Meriden, Conn.

(I'll never know what I did to deserve this letter. All I can say is that I'm glad that I finally got it on stencil, though Ghod knows why I should have printed it. Worse part of it is, now that it is on stencil, you get another ish of WRR, then you willwrite another letter, which we will probably print then you will send another letter in reply to the WRR which you will receive for the previous letter...GGGGAAAAAHHHHHH, will I be termented this way for the rest of my life? BOP)

Hi BO,

That's a fine example of impressionist drawing on the front page... it has character. Whose, or what character, I'm not all sure....but character certainly.

Just above the E there, that looks like one of the little critturs from "Mission of Gravity"...uh, I guess climbing WW vibrating AA is a grave business...one "gllupp" and they're all falling rhapsidly doon S. Col., mebbe they land on his padded shoulders safe and sound, but a couple are sure enough certain to be impaled on his hairsuite, er...neck?

The one reallly good thing lacking this time is the scyentifik revelations dept....please...more?

Most wanted inventions...HONEST POLITICIANS. (now I'm off into the realm of fantasy I guess.)

Actually, what I'd like to see is not an invention so much as a construction...there are two areas in the Sahara a way below sea level... large areas...I want someone to dig a canal from the Niger to the north to connect to the smaller depression, a cut joining both depressions, and a cut from the larger depression to the Medd.. Fill them with water and there's a great climate change for N. Africa....for the better, I think. With modern equipment that isn't as hard as it might sound.....better than fiddling around with A bobms and making the desert even more uninhabitable.

Mike D...yeah man, doon with telly.!

Bjo...oh yus....werry good no doubt...but this is almost SERIOUS like....it refers to real people (Squink Blog like). Aw nuts, it was amusing....I'd do better just to read it and laff, and not write, or TRY to write letters of comment on it...a lot of humour falls to bits if you try to disect it...er,logical? Viva Bjo..... Now I know how Wally keeps up his fanac....he's got FIVE hands..

One thing about the lettercol...I find it, (the method (?) you use) very confusing...it's hard to see where the letters begin and end...I'd prefer to see the name & address at the beginning...and you comments maybe 2-3 spaces inset.



Mike Deckinger has got me worried...mebbe it was a SINERTERwhatever reprint...on the other hand...but then,, of course...only maybe...then again...aw L.

Sue, er, SURE WRR is the focal point of fandom, Mike, the only thing that worries me is, Which fandom?

Wish someone would reprint that article on numerical fandoms...I'm a latecomer and never managed to get it.

It wasn't Shakespeare who said those immoral words about Yorick, Mike, it was some Venitian lawyer bloke, the DA or like like, by the name of Omlett...seems this chick he was defending was haunted by her mother-in-law's ghost, after much ado, the lad proves that it was some humpbacked nit who did the deed, whereupon the DA marries the chick and sails away to some sultry island, Ceaser with another guy, stabs 'em both with a poisoned toothpick, and lives happily ever after with a bunch of fairies.

That supposed illo of me has a certain air, but it's not quite accurate...I have more hair...sides, er,, well the eyes should be "hazel" ...it says so on my ident thing..well, it did when I had an ident thing... card, paper, etc., oh, I see....sorry, thats L.GARCONE, so you did use one of my illos. See ya,

Ken the Cheslin  
18, New Farm Road,  
Stourbridge, Words.  
England.

(YOU find our lettercol confusing. You should be in my place. Seriously, next issue, we will try your suggestions and see if it makes much improvement.## Say, that story you were telling about, was it "Gay King Macbeth the Tempest", written by the Merry Wives of King Lear? If it was,I thought that it was a good story, even though I didn't read it.BOP)

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, that's the lettercol for this ish. Now before any of you send in your complaints about it. We decided that every once in a while, we would print everything that came in with no editing, just to see what would happen, after re-reading some of these letters, I know what will happen, we aren't going to do it again. At least until next time.

Also, this seems to be the last page for thish, personally, I think that this shapes up as the best ish of WRR yet. Actually tho, it is just the beginning, if our plans work out right, we may even have another good issue some time. But, dammit, we need material, fiction, non-fiction, artwork,etc. So how about sending some in. The worse that can happen is that we will use it. Which is about the worse that can possibly happen to anything.

The next issue will be out sometime in March. No definate date, so just sned your letters and contributions, if they don't make one ish,then you may have two items in the next. This, I think, is called double indemnity....or is it double jeopardy?

So as the sun sinks slowly into the sea and sizzles out, we say our sad farewells to the inmates of this WRRpool and bid you adieu, we would bid you two dieus but there may not be enough to go around.

Blotto Otto Pfeifer.



