

BACK NUMBERS CAN BE EASILY PROCURED

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Corrections:

Corrections to Back Numbers, Issue Four

A correction to last issue's corrections, the lovely client of Miles Archer and Sam Spade in *The Maltese Falcon* is, of course, Brigid.

I neglected to print the address for the pulpgen website after recommending it. The address can be found in our pulp sources feature below.

Pulp Sources:

The latest issue of Golden Perils, #27, can be obtained in PDF form from Howard Hopkin's website at: howardhopkins.com/page4.htm.

Larry Estep's website continues to be the place to go to find a wide variety of pulp stories in PDF format. It can be found at pulpgen.com/pulp/downloads.

Bill Thom's Coming Attractions pulp-related news site is a great place to find the latest pulp-related information. The address is: <http://members.cox.net/comingattractions/index.html>.





As noted on the front page, I have a new mailing address. For nearly two years, I've been living in what used to be the manager's office of a broken-down ex-motel by the side of the old highway. It was also supposed to have been a hotsheet motel at one point. This had many drawbacks, and while it might seem to have a certain cachet, I've had enough and I'm looking forward to living in a decent place for a change.

While I've been less than happy with where I was living, it was a rent increase at nearly the same time as the City of Santa Rosa declared part of the complex unfit for human habitation that finally convinced me it was time to leave.

I've been somewhat of a refugee all of my adult life, living in college dorm rooms and studio apartments. There was the interesting few months I lived in a basement, sharing the space with pet snakes and escaped food mice. (I got rousted at gunpoint there one night by the cops who thought I was a burglar. Apparently the neighbors didn't notice I was moving stuff INTO the basement. The cops were impressed that I slept in such close proximity to the reptiles. The snakes were never a problem, it was those darn white mice that drove me nuts.)

The biggest drawback however, has been that I haven't been able to afford a place big enough for my books. I have had a storage unit in Reno for nearly 10 years now and every year I swear I'm going to get my stuff and me into the same state. Now that looks like it's going to happen. The new place is not only cheaper than the motel, but bigger as well.

It's a pretty nice complex within walking distance of work. It has a pool, covered parking and an on-site laundry. I'm really looking forward to the move, although I'm not looking forward to the moving.

Unfortunately, the move is coming about the same

time I need to get my pages off to Brian. The need to pack and move means this is not going to be a very good issue. I'll try to do a bang-up job next time. I decided to do a short issue rather than skip the January mailing for the second year in a row.

Back Numbers Can't Be Easily Procured

The other move I've made recently is to move to a new website. I know I just moved to another new website last issue, but this looks like the solution to my website woes.

After finding out that Geocities would cut off downloads if somebody tried to download a couple of issues at the same time, I switched to Angelfire. All seemed well until I received email from Bill Thom and Michael Saler letting me know that Angelfire had shut down my website for "violating the terms of agreement." They refuse to tell me what exactly their objections might be and which terms specifically I'm violating or how I might rectify the situation.

I was quite unhappy and, given the apparent lack of interest in the electronic version of Back Numbers, ready to give up on the internet. But several people came forward with encouragement and friendly comments that made me think my efforts were not in vain.

This still probably would have been the end of online distribution if it weren't for Bill Thom, who put me in touch with Bill Burns. Burns runs the efanazines.com website, a site that hosts SF fanzines. He has kindly offered to host the electronic version of Back Numbers.

I can't describe how pleased I am about being carried by efanazines.com. I've read zines from his site and been very impressed at the service he is offering to fanzine fans. I just never thought of Back Numbers as an SF zine, I suppose.

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Booksale finds

Some people have wondered why I spend so much time going to library book sales if I never find anything good. And yes, I do grumble at the silly way some of these are run. Not putting out all the books at once, using boxes filled with thousands of books to support the plywood tables that hold hundreds of books, charging by the inch, charging a buck for unsorted junk paperbacks.

Ah, but then there's the big score. A great sale with great books that happens just often enough to keep me in the hunt.

At the start of December, my favorite local sale was held. It is one of the few that is run the way I think a booksale should be run. I get up early and drive more than an hour to get to this one every three months.

Why? Because I've found several of Frank Packard's Jimmy Dale novels there. Instead of a buck, they charged me 50 cents for each one because they were old and a little beat up. I found a copy of the first edition of Bleiler's *Guide to the Fantastic in Literature* there. There's just enough good stuff there every time to make me keep coming back, and to choose it over larger sales held the same day.

But December's sale was the best one yet. Second only to the day I found dozens of Spider, Shadow and Operator 5 paperbacks at the Reno show.

I showed up later than I'd planned. I have a hard time getting up early enough to get there first thing. But I noticed a whole bunch of classic SF paperbacks. Nothing too exciting, mostly DAW yellow backs, but a few items I thought were worth the 50 cents.

Then I went into the better books room. Normally I hate the better books room of any library sale. The people running these things rarely know what a better book would really be. Usually it means recent best sellers and coffee table books.

This time better books included five flats of assorted classic SF paperbacks and pulp reprints, including some nice Ace Burroughs. They wanted a buck each. I scooped up a few of the most valuable and thought hard about some of the rest, but I couldn't see myself paying \$100 for the books I wanted. I thought, if these were out in the regular area, I'd pick em up. Maybe I should make an offer, but I hate to be one of those greedy dealer types that run roughshod over the average-joe buyer.

But as I was making my way out, the volunteer exclaimed in a pleased voice, "oh, somebody finally wanted some of those."

It was an opening I couldn't refuse. I said if they would be willing to sell them for 50 cents each, I'd take a stack. Negotiations ensued. I ended up having to take all five flats of books, including a lot of stuff I didn't want, to get my price. But I have to say, they were almost all in pretty nice condition.

I paid, got lunch and came back for the \$3 bag sale. I filled a bag with the DAW yellow backs and other classic SF. (Another reason I like this sale is that they hold the bag sale in mid afternoon, so I don't have to come back a second day.) It amazed me that the other folks at the bag sale passed right over all of the classic SF and went for the junk I wouldn't take home for free.

The total price was \$97.50—more than I've ever paid at a booksale in my life by far. But I had well over 200 books.

I sorted out the books I didn't want and was on my way to Kayo Books in the city to get some trade credit. What they didn't take, my local bookstores did. I was able to get \$75 in trade credit with bookstores I regularly haunt.

Besides the credit, I ended up with upgrades to some of my Burroughs, lots of trade stock for the next time I go to Pulpcon and dozens of science fiction books for my own collection.

And there is the stack of 90+ Doc Savages. Including the first 8 omnis and four high number doubles. I don't quite know what I'm going to do with them yet, sell them or read them, but having three flats of Doc paperbacks, with no duplicates, was too good to pass up.

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New Header Credits

Our new header for our Letters of Comment section comes from an issue of *Golden Fleece* that was supposed to be our featured issue this time.

It was chosen to pair with the index to 10-Story Book that I've been working on. Several collectors have come forward and offered to help greatly expand the number of issues covered. This is getting to be deep quicksand indeed, as my research progresses, I find out more things I need to research.

So our tribute to Sun Publishing/10-Story Book Corporation will have to wait until the April issue at the earliest. An issue of *Clues* is our featured issue instead.

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Vote Now—Curt Phillips for TAFF

Former PEAPster Curt Phillips (along with, I'm sure, several other worthy candidates) is in the running for the Trans Atlantic Fan Fund.

Brain is including some blank ballots in the mailing. For those reading this online, Bill Burns has a link at the bottom of the main efanazines.com site to the TAFF Fund web page. The deadline to have your vote in to the administrators is February 10, so there's no time to dawdle.

Needless to say, Curt has the endorsement of the Back Numbers editorial board.

Because the voting is restricted to those active in fandom since April, 2001, Curt suggests you might want to put down Howard's or Rusty's name in the spot at the bottom of the front page to verify your eligibility.

The Round Table



Warren:

I just perused the most recent issue of Back Numbers. As you know, the more inside information leaves me in the dust, but there is some material in this issue that I can very easily relate to. I refer to those Standard Oil prints and the article on Con Jose.

Those Standard Oil covers were just plain striking. I am guessing that they account for your need to split this issue into two files. You have always made Back Numbers a graphic intensive presentation, particularly in relation to other P.E.A.P.S. contributions, but this time you have outdone yourself.

I actually printed up that first cover art, the polar bear cover, on my little Canon inkjet printer. I don't often print things up but this looked very compelling and I wished to see how at least one of these covers would print out. The printer produced a very faithful reproduction of what Adobe displayed on my screen. These are extra-ordinary works, in my opinion. The originals must have been something to see.

I believe that this was a risk on your part. To devote so much bandwidth to what is only peripherally pulpish. I think the risk was worth it and I hope that P.E.A.P.S is pleased with what you have presented.

In reference to the Con Jose, I must say that I sympathize very powerfully with your experience. My memories of attending that Comic Con in San Diego are still easy to recall, and while the experience was generally positive for me, that is due largely to the fact that I have very little Con experience. I believe that you will get a LOT of feedback to the effect of "I feel the same way." And I also predict your article will have a polarizing effect on your audience. Some folks will be displeased to find that you dislike a significant portion of the Con attending demographic and it is likely that they will be vocal. Still, I can tell by the presentation that you are a veteran of Cons and you sound authoritative as I read the narrative.

Shane Roth

Shane:

I've had a positive response on the cover gallery so far. I did have concerns about running it when it had no connection to the pulps, other than being from the same time period.

I am aware that my comments are sometimes cryptic. That

comes from Back Numbers originally being aimed only at the membership of PEAPS. Now that I'm being carried by efanazines.com, I'm rethinking this. I hope to make my pages more accessible to a general readership, by providing more background to my comments, even if this background is obvious to my core audience.

I will probably also start to write more about science fiction in general. While I am a reader of science fiction, my issues up to now have mostly focused on other types of pulp fiction. I suppose it is just part of the on-going evolution of the zine.

Greetings from Finland,

My name is Jukka Halme, a Finnish SF-fan, who has had both the pleasure and the privilege to have bumped into Bill Burns' efanazine-website.

Your Back Numbers Can Be Easily Produced was a pleasant surprise and a darn good-looking zine too. Your lay-out is clear, easy on the eye and interesting (all pros here, though some may disagree). In a word (or two): I like it! (OK, three.)

I have to admit that I'm not much of a pulp-fan, though I have read some and even own a few copies, but as things are me living in Finland and of not that advanced age (at 35), I don't think its that probable. I don't think that there are that many 35-years old Finnish pulp-collectors in general, if any.

My own worldcon-experiences have both been rather pleasant. I attended Intersection in Scotland in 1995 and managed to squeeze in MilPhil in 2001, while living in New Jersey at the time. As you, I'm a SF-fan (even some might say I'm more of a fantasy-fan, as I do write about it quite a lot, but that's another story altogether) and I have had both the bad and good experiences with established fandom. But all in all, I have enjoyed both my worldcons and I'm planning on attending more frequently in the future (I'm hoping to go to Toronto and I am a member of UK2005).

But as said, I liked you zine, and I'll be looking forward for future issues (if and when available through efanazines). Thank you for proving me the opportunity to enjoy your zine and keep up the good work!

All the best,
Jukka Halme

Jukka:

I'm amazed and pleased to find out that I have an international audience.

I was probably too harsh in my con report. I probably would have enjoyed the convention more had I spent more than one day there. But then I would be complaining even more about the cost. I suppose I'm just not the sort of person who should attend cons. I know many fans have a good time at these conventions. I guess I've just learned that I'm not one of them and I should concentrate my fannish activity in areas that I do enjoy.

Mailing Comments:

Comments to this issue are going to be brief. Between the time it has taken for me to get the mailing and my recent move, I do not have the time to thoroughly read the October mailing and write intelligent comments before I have to get this in the mail to Brian. I'm going to be lucky to get this in before the deadline as it is.

So this time will be a few comments that didn't make it in last time, and comments on El Dorado 17, which John sent to me to pass along to Fred Woodward.

I will do my best to catch up next time.

Graham Stone: Fillyloo 29

You ran an entertaining excerpt from *The Sentimental Bloke* which is growing on me.

Is this a fairly common book down there? How much do copies run? If it weren't for the distance factor, I'd look into getting a copy.

Is the rest of the book as entertaining as the excerpt that you ran?

I'm thinking that my father might enjoy this book as well. Our taste in books does not often coincide. I was quite shocked recently when, after seeing me reading a Mike Hammer novel, that he said he'd read it when he was a young man. When I asked, he said "Everybody read Mike Hammer." Until then the only authors we had in common were Kipling and C.S. Forrester. And I was surprised at the Forrester.

John DeWalt: El Dorado #17

I don't think you paid too much for those Robbins' indexes. I think they'd be pretty hard to find even at that price. That really isn't much more than cover price is it?

As for making photocopies of that Hannes Bok tattoo, well, I've seen some weird things copied, but nothing like that. I suppose it would depend on whether we could get the image on the copier glass without breaking the machine.

You commented on my "souring" experiences at conventions. As far as my convention experiences go, I think the fault lies not in the convention, but in me. I'm just not a convention fan. In fact, I begin to doubt that I'm a real "fan" at all. I just like to read stuff. Being a fan implies a level of social activity in which I'm simply not interested.

I grew up in places that did not have real science fiction conventions. (Although I was the youngest attending fan, at 10 years old, at Galactacon '79, the first, and as far as I know, the only, Battlestar Galactica Convention.) I'd read about them, and the people writing about

them mostly are the sorts of folk that enjoy conventions. I figured that since I liked SF too, I'd fit right in. It turns out I'm not any more social in SF circles than in my daily life. Or less so, I'm disinclined to strike up a conversation with a Wookie.

I suppose the San Jose Pulpcon spoiled me. I had a great time there and made a lot of friends. I guess pulp people are just my kind of people.

I've been to enough conventions now that I should know better than to attend any more. Except pulp conventions, of course. (Although Richard Berman, a sometime contributor to these pages, is trying to talk me into going to a convention with him as we speak.)

You ask at whose table I bought the Thrilling Adventures. I'm sorry, I can't recall. That convention was a blur and as it was my introduction to pulp fandom I didn't know a quarter of the people I know now.

Larry Estep: Missing Back Page

I'm still waiting for my copies of your Blue Mushroom Press books. Mike Chomko is claiming the post office ate my books. I don't know what I'm going to do about that guy.

Ah, I finally got that shipment. Or what was left of it. It consisted of a strip of paper with postage on it, and a piece of cardboard with my name and address. Nothing else. Oh, there was a letter from the post office saying if I could tell them what was supposed to be in the package, they'd look around for it. Meanwhile, Mike got back a stack of shredded books.

At least it didn't show up dripping green goo like the envelope that contained the July mailing.

Usually book rate does just fine for me, but I suppose you lose one once in a while. I'm also having bad luck with UPS. They claim they delivered a package to my manager's office. But at my old place, I didn't have a manager's office, just an empty room that has a condemnation notice on the door.

Your work on the Pulpgen website is always appreciated. I will get around to scanning in a story or two for you soon.

My latest Research Project:

A final note: I'm trying to put together a 10-Story Book index for a future mailing. I've indexed about 35 issues so far, and I'm in contact with several collectors who are providing me with additional data.

I would appreciate it if anyone has copies in their collections if they could get in touch with me about adding the contents to my project.

The Men Who Make The Argosy



CUMMINGS, RAY

Author of "A Brand New World," "The Princess of the Atom," "The Man Who Was Two Men," etc.

"He is a Verne returned and, a Wells going forward," remarked "Bob" Davis, dean of American magazine editors. "He is the American H. G. Wells," say other critics. Cummings has an unusual flair for things scientific as evidenced by the fact that while in Princeton University he

accomplished the remarkable feat of absorbing three years of physics in that many months. His five years' association with Thomas A. Edison as the latter's personal assistant also added to Cummings's scientific knowledge. His bizarre early life, living on orange plantations in Porto Rico, striking oil in Wyoming, gold seeking in British

Columbia, timber cruising in the North, before he was twenty, also left its imprint.

Leaving Mr. Edison's employ Cummings began writing scientific fiction for many magazines. His stories gripped the popular imagination and they "clicked." Mr. Cummings's success as a writer has been meteoric, for in a few years he has become one of the world's most popular authors of scientific fiction.

Yet when asked about his own life and experiences Mr. Cummings is shy and evasive. He would much rather talk about Miss Betty Starr Cummings, his four-year-old daughter, whom he terms "the really interesting member of the family."

A few of her exploits include being wrecked and trans-shipped in a heavy sea; adrift with her parents in a disabled open boat when only three weeks old; traveling thousands of miles by automobile, train and

steamer; weathering a Florida hurricane and coming safely through an automobile accident. From all of which we can easily see that Ray Cummings leads rather an adventurous life himself!

Winter finds him at home in Bermuda, but when the temperature starts to rise he quickly makes tracks for Quebec. As we write this a letter arrives from Bermuda announcing that his next full length fantastic novel will soon be ready for Argosy readers.

—The Men Who Make The Argosy, February 8, 1930

LYNDE, FRANCIS

After a period of illness Francis Lynde passed away on May 16 in his picturesque home on Lookout Mountain, Tennessee. As recently outlined in our "Men Who Make The Argosy" department, Mr. Lynde was an ex-railroad man and a writer of years' standing. Nearly three hundred stories, articles and books he leaves behind him, among the last being his serial, "A Road at Stake," recently published in Argosy.

—Argonotes, June 14, 1930

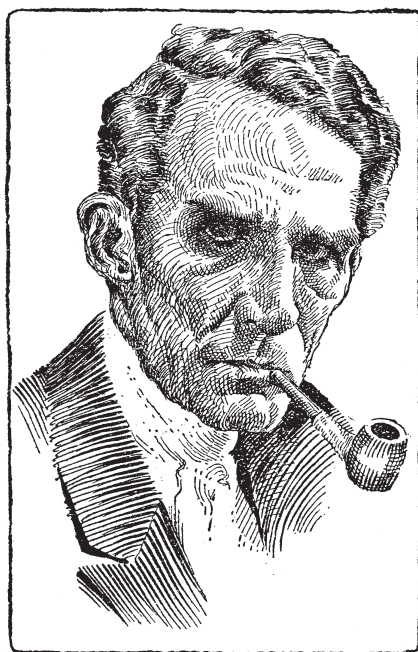
STILES, GORDON

Less Peaceful was the passing of Gordon Stiles, who met death in an automobile accident near Middletown, New York, on the night of May 14—a tragedy which brought to close a brilliant career as a newspaper and magazine writer.

The New York Herald Tribune sent Mr. Stiles abroad at the start of the World War and later he became its London correspondent. So well did he fill that position, his ability came to the attention of Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Stiles joined his staff until he enlisted in the English flying corps and became a captain. His military career was cut short by a bad spill. After recuperation in Scotland, he became correspondent in Berlin for the Chicago Daily News, and was one of the first group of American newspaper men to go into Russia under Soviet rule. Upon his return to the United States he became associated with the Fox Films Corporation, and then went into fiction writing.

Argosy readers will remember him for dozens of short stories, novelettes and serials, his two most recent stories being "The House in Kaiserallee" and "The Great Strafe."

—Argonotes, June 14, 1930



Our Featured Issue:

Our featured issue this month came as part of a whole stack of great pulps I picked up from Rob Preston. Along with a few Blue Book and Argosy issues, I bought two issues of Street and Smith's Clues Detective Stories Magazine from him.

I bought the Clues issues without knowing the contents, hoping that I would be lucky and get an issue with a Violet McDade story. While that didn't happen, the March, 1941 issue did have an all-star lineup of authors.

The "complete novel" that leads off the issue is a Race Williams adventure from Carroll John Daly. Daly was one of the creators of the hard-boiled form, and it's hard to dispute that Race Williams is the prototype of many of the private eyes to follow in his footsteps.

"Too Dead To Pay" is a typical Race Williams story, with the tough detective using his smoking gun and a crook's deathbed confession to solve his case. The case centers around a young girl who may be the heir to a fortune, if she is who her guardian says she is. Of course, there is the usual cast of a nefarious uncle, a deadbeat father, gangsters and friendly and unfriendly cops.

The title comes from the fact that Williams' first client ends up dead, too dead to pay Williams to work on the case. Unlike many PI characters, he doesn't decide he owes the dead client anything, he spends the rest of the story trying to get the situation to work out so that the heir to the fortune ends up as his new client.

While I think the series has gotten a little stale by the 1940s, the story is still pretty good. While Daly may not have been able to achieve the same level as the best that followed in his footsteps, he can still write a pretty good story that is more readable than many other pulp hacks.

Williams' first person dialog is here, with all of the usual blustering and bravado as when a thug gets the drop on him:

'I'm on the kill' (a gunman tells Race)

'So am I,' I told him, and before he could even close his finger on the trigger I shot him twice!

Williams actually uses his brain a few times instead of his usual technique of shooting bad guys until they're all dead. He also uses his brains a bit at the end to tie up the loose ends and solve the underlying mystery. He certainly isn't a master of deductive ability, but it is nice to see Williams do some brainwork.

It's not a great story, but not bad either. I thought that this was the most enjoyable story in the issue.

I was really looking forward to a novelette by Norvell W. Page. But the man who gave the Spider his unique flavor let me down in the highly improbable "Blue Eye of Death".

This seems like it might be part of a series, although I couldn't run down any information on other appearances. The hero is a scientific detective named Kosciuszko Dunn who spends most of the novel rushing about from one scene to the next, one step ahead of everyone, including the reader.

I can see the Page technique at work here, if the plot doesn't make sense, throw another action scene in. But Dunn is no Richard Wentworth. In fact, he seems to be more of a "Click Rush" type character with gadgets literally up his sleeve, or at least concealed in his trench coat.

There's a mad scientist on the loose, one with mysterious death-ray eyeglasses. Or is there? There isn't much

Vote for

Curt Phillips

For The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund

Send a pulp fan to Seacon '03, the 54th Annual British National Science Fiction Convention,
in Hinckley, Leicestershire, U.K. in April

Votes must be received by midnight, February 10, 2003

For voting information, visit efanzines.com and click on the TAFF link at the bottom of the page.

Back Numbers

of a plot here, more a series of action scenes that Page tenuously connects.

Page is one of my favorite authors, but I have to say, this story is a disappointment. It has a lot of movement, but lacks the insane excesses of Page at his best.

Lawrence Treat has the only short story in the pulp, titled "Confessional."

Treat, an early pioneer of the police procedural, has a pretty good gimmick, but he needed more space to fully develop it. This needed to be at least novelette length to develop the characters more. I didn't really feel for them

or see them as real, so it made it hard to care about the plot.

This is unfortunate, as the psychology of the characters is the key to the story.

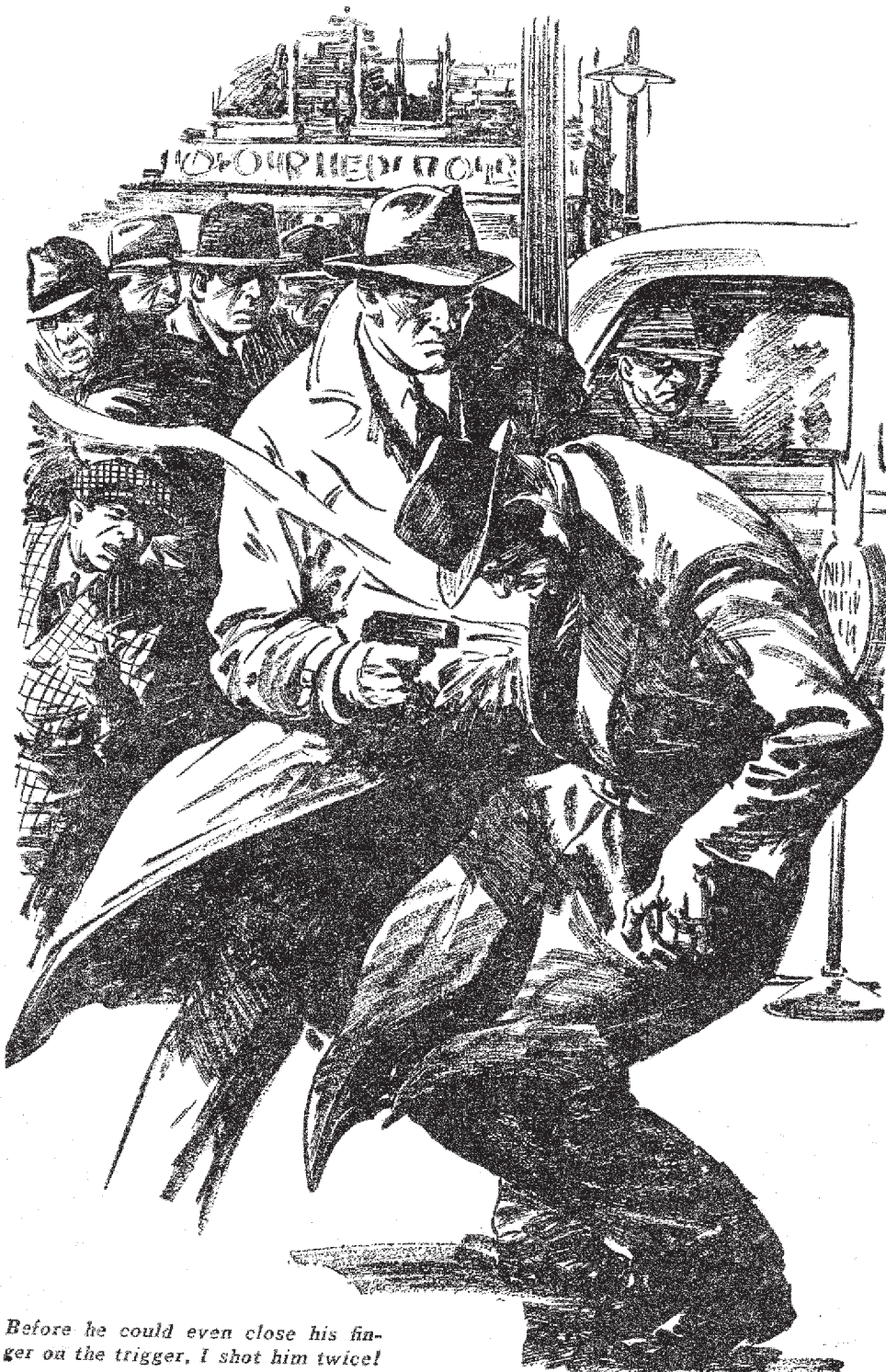
The narrator is the sidekick to a rich businessman. He's in prison waiting to be executed for the murder of his wife. The bulk of the story is the narrator reciting the personal history of the love triangle between himself, his love, and his boss. The story ends with the narrator confessing the murder to the businessman, who he thought was his best friend.

The ending was one of those, "ha, I tricked you into confessing while the police were listening in via the Dictaphone concealed in the table" bits that was old even in 1941. I didn't feel that the frame up would have worked for a minute, and I can't believe that the bad guy actually admitted his guilt.

The story was a typical set up for a noir-style plot, but Treat's writing wasn't up to it. It needed more atmosphere, more believable characterization to work. You don't feel for the narrator, so you don't care as the noose closes around his neck.

Edward Ronns, really Edward S. Aarons who is best known for the long running "Assignment" series of espionage novels, finishes off the issue with a novelette. "The Purple Candlesticks."

This was an entertaining, if light-weight, story featuring police detectives



Before he could even close his finger on the trigger, I shot him twice!

trying to solve a murder. Like the Page story, it had all of the hallmarks of being part of a series. The narrator is a police detective who is the muscles and leg man for a brilliant police captain.

There isn't much attempt to throw out convincing red herrings. The crooked DA is clearly going to end up as the murderer, it's just a matter of waiting for the Captain to back him into a corner and trick him into confessing.

And that's the thing I don't like about three out of four of these stories. Instead of the detective finding proof that would stand up in court, they have to trick the suspect into confessing. I find it hard to believe that the folks smart enough to pull off such elaborate murder plots would be dumb enough to spill their guts at the wrong time. I particularly don't buy it in this story, where a sharp, crooked DA doesn't know when it's time to lawyer up and use his connections to get him off.

The pulp is trimmed, with 116 pages, including cover.

While I don't think the cover is very good, there were a number of good interior illustrations. I'm not sure which story the cover is supposed to illustrate. There is a nurse in the Ronns story, but no scene as it is portrayed on the cover. I suppose it is supposed to illustrate the Daly story, which gets top billing.

Interior illustrations were by several different artists, including Ed Moyan.

Filler included "Know Your Money," a feature on how to spot phony money. The editorial matter was pretty uninformative. I would have liked to see at least some biographical information on some of the authors. The letters section seemed more concerned with ongoing arguments

over whether or not silencers really work than the stories in the previous issues.

I was surprised that there were only four stories, even with one long novelette (billed as a novel) and two shorter novelettes, it seems a pretty light issue.

At least it didn't have any serials. I doubt I'd ever be able to find the other parts to finish the story.

Overall, I thought it was pretty good, but not as good as the issue of Clues I reviewed in my first issue. I suppose I expected more from a pulp where every author was at least moderately famous.



by **EDWARD RONNS**

Four people cheered the Witch Woman's murder. Two confessed it. But was the killer one yet unknown?

STREET & SMITH'S


CLUES

MAR '41

10 *DETECTIVE*
STORIES

CENTS
12 CENTS
IN CANADA

MAR-1941



TOO DEAD TO PAY

A GREAT RACE WILLIAMS NOVEL
By CARROLL JOHN DALY

novelettes and stories by ● NORVELL PAGE
● LAWRENCE TREAT
EDWARD RONNS, ETC.