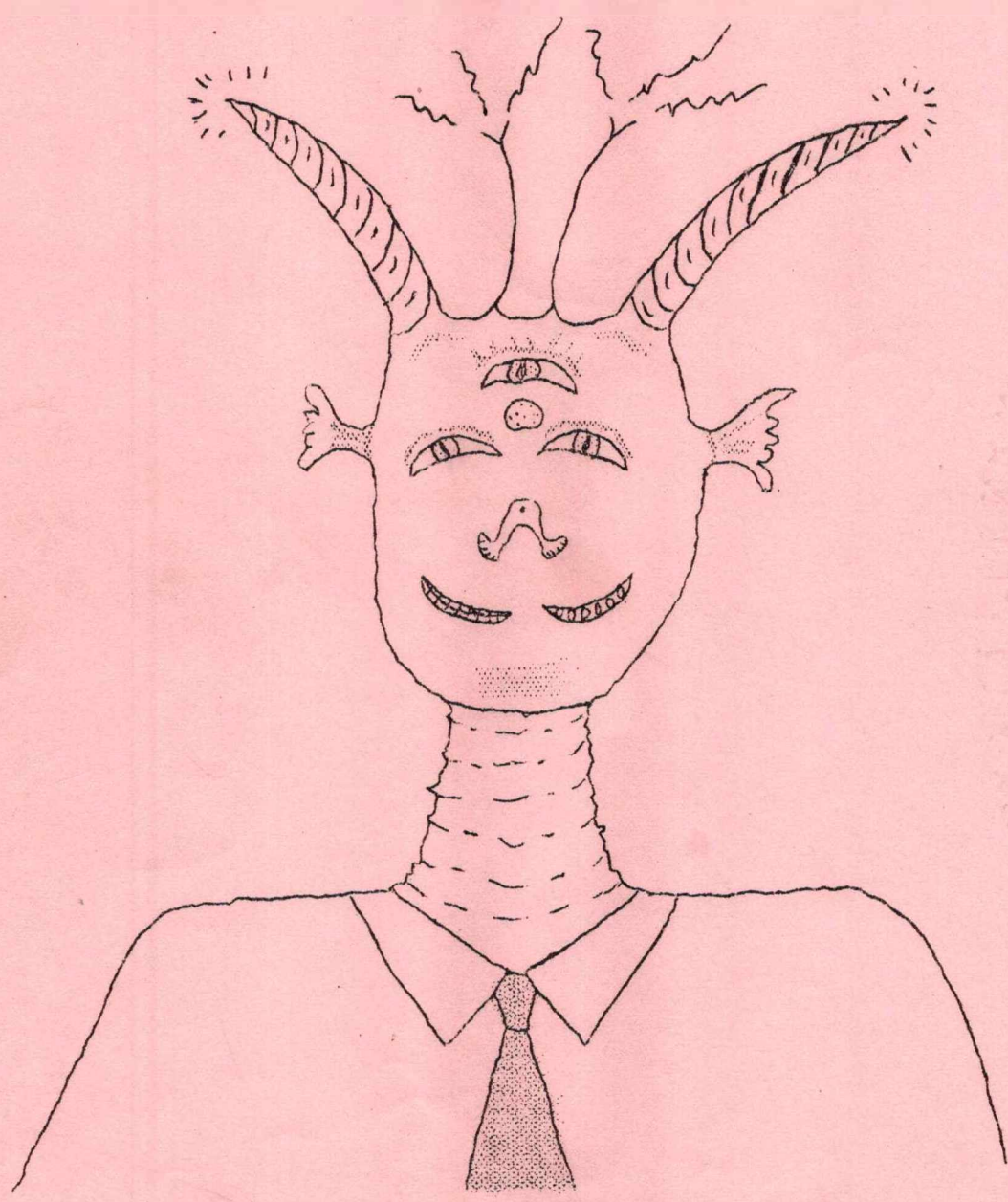


CHANGELING



C. J. U. -
'49

C H A N G E L I N G

Vol. 1

No. 1

August, 1949

C O N T E N T S

EDITORIAL _____	2
INTERVIEW WITH MR. U. _____	3
PREDICTIONS _____	7
I SLIPPED _____	8

Written, drawn, edited, & published by:

Franklin Kerkhof
1539 - 18th St., N. W.
Washington 6, D. C.

(Most of you out-of-towners have my address as 1705 Q st., N. W.
If so, please change it.)

If you want to pay for this, I guess 10¢ a copy is enough.

If you are optimistic enough to subscribe to it, you can have
three copies for 25¢.

The editor was ably assisted by Mr. Cornelius J. Unglebaum.

The editor expects to be assisted with the mimeographing.

CHANGELING, the fanzine that changes, both before and during issues.

How
else
can
you
take
up
space
on the contents page?

GREETINGS

A new fanzine--Why?

I suppose one could say that "Changeling" was born out of frustration, disgust, and cussedness. As some of you readers know, I became editor of "Quanta", official organ of the Washington Science-Fiction Association, after the first issue had gone out under the editorship of Miles Davis and the second was having all sorts of difficulties finding its way into print. It seems that Mr. Davis found it impossible, or maybe untasteful, to continue activities with W. S. F. A., and others could not find the time or inclination to take over his activities as editor of "Quanta". I finally grabbed the bomb by the tendrils (Ugh!) and told them I'd got the thing out. I did not find it easy; I was quite busy at the time with things unscientific, such as making extra money; officials of W. S. F. A. kept getting in my hair, telling me how to edit; I had to try to please the paid advertizers; I spent hours over an electric typewriter. During all this mess, I made one unsuccessful attempt to become plastered. After the 'zine was finally out, I sat back, relaxed, and dreamed. I dreamed of getting out a fanzine all by myself, cheaply and informally.

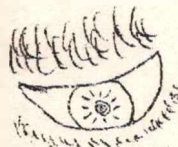
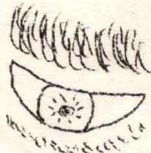
Well, here it is, at last. My plans changed somewhat, but essentially it is a one-man, cheap, informal fanzine. Mr. Uhglebaum will do some writing, and I may call upon Lizzy Glutz to do a few illustrations for me, but otherwise it is all my own.

Incidentally, nothing in this has been planned very far in advance. All typing is being done directly on the stencils, without any dummy being set up.

If there is, or has been another 'zine of the same name, please accept my apologies.

Well, I hope you get something out of this effort.

Franklin Kerkhof



INTERVIEW

WITH

M.R.U.



I was trudging along the hot, dank streets of Washington, debating the advisability of stopping in for a beer at the nearest joint. I happened to spy a likely place up the street; I was looking at the sign above a small dive when two dull thuds arrived simultaneously, and I peered down at the sidewalk. There were two objects lying upon the pavement, only one of which I noticed at first--and this was only natural, since it was a science-fiction magazine!! I picked it up, of course, and was preparing to take it home. I reached, but before I could quite get it, a palsied hand reached mine and sent a pulse of revulsion through my nervous system. Then I saw the second object...

It was roughly human in appearance. It was male. It was obviously quite drunk. Apparently it was the owner of the S-F mag. Beyond this I feared to guess. "Isn't it enough of an insult to be thrown out of one of the thirty-three joints left in this borg where I can still get a drink, without some bastard trying to swipe my only copy of that rare prozine, Flabbergasting Stories?" he asked querulously, but with remarkable control of his vocal organs. (Yes, I know I ran two words together and spelt one word wrong, but I want to get this thing out soon.) He pulled out a small black book and scratched out a name in it. "Thirty-two left," he muttered, as he absent-mindedly retrieved the 'zine. Two minds clicked; two voices uttered simultaneously:

"You're a science-fiction fan!"

My eyes opened and sparkled. His eyes opened momentarily, but he immediately closed them, probably fearing a fatal loss of blood. We immediately started a discussion, which I cut short because my sober mind began to remind my exalted emotions that I was still hot and still thirsty. "I'm afraid I'll have to get somewhere to cool off," I said. He immediately invited to his place, which he informed me was full of cool, refreshing beverages, and also remembered belatedly to introduce himself.

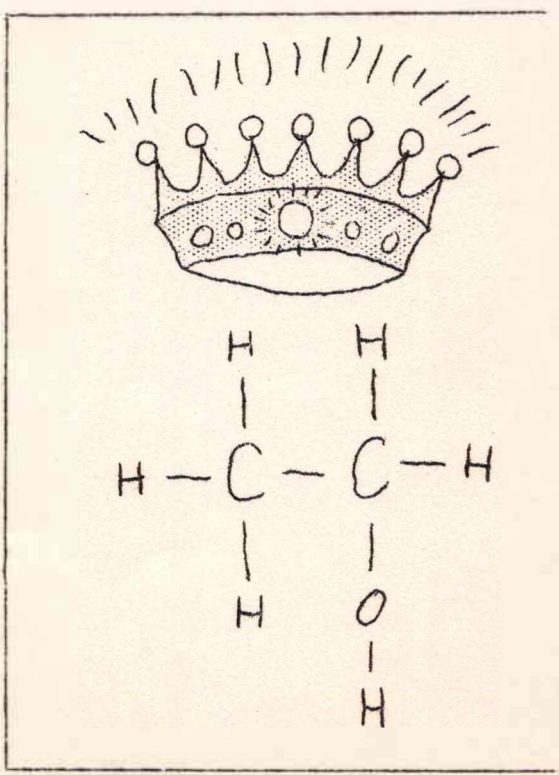
"My name is Cornelius J. Unglebaum," he said rather defensively.

I arched my eyebrows and said, "Uh, Huh, and I'm Murgatroyd Q. Schmooglebaum."

"Cut it out," he gritted. "I'm sick and tired of people thinking it's a fake. Incidentally, what is your name."

I opened my mouth, shut it quickly, hung my head, and muttered sheepishly, "Franklin D. Kerkhof."

Amid the guffaws that emerged with the flow of ginny breath, I thought I heard him say, "You're sure it's spelt with a 'K'?"



After we had both calmed down a bit, we took a cab and proceeded to Mr. U's place, quenching our thirst from a flask thoughtfully concealed in his hip pocket. The cab stopped in front of a gaunt and evil-looking old house in Georgetown. Mr. U's rooms were in the basement.

We entered, and I saw what appeared to be a typical fanroom--walls covered with cases and piles of books and magazines, tables and chairs covered with the same in disorder incredible to anyone but a rabid fan. A closet on one side was open, revealing to the observer a passive war being waged between clothes and books, with the former obviously losing. Two closed doors caught my attention.

"What's in the other rooms, if I'm not too inquisitive?" I queried.

Mr. U opened one door with a grin. I had expected corpses, or at least back issues, but instead I saw nothing but piles of barrells, crocks, kegs, etc., shelves of bottles and jugs, all apparently designed to contain things alcoholic. "No need to look at the other room," he said, "It contains more of the same, nothing else. What'll You have?"

When I expressed my preference for beer, Mr. U attached a rubber hose to a keg of Blatz and another to a barrel of bourbon, and we returned to the main room, sipping merrily. After a few hefty gulps, he proceeded, as I had hoped, to talk about himself.

"Don't ask me why I drink so much. My memory of my introduction to wholesale drinking is a little vague, but I think it came as an after-effect of a Borgey cover. Today sobriety is a totally alien experience with me. As you noticed, I have no glasses; the hose method is much easier for serious imbibing.

"Incidentally, I have a gripe to make about those authors who write about exotic drinks from other planets, such as Xeno, Soma, Vuzd, and their ilk. Most of them do not realize the real virtues of good old terrestrial alcohol. Of course you know that it has the effect of sending men back along the evolutionary line as far as mental processes are concerned. First the drinker loses the use of his frontal lobes, then the cerebral cortex, and he becomes bestial in behaviour. Usually, the process stops before too long because of the drinker's inability to absorb more of the stuff. However, with me this process is accompanied by actual physical changes. Once I went so far as to be reduced to the size and a shape of a fetus, but there I had to stop. I had not yet started using my hose method, but now, hmmm, I wonder. Incidentally, after a certain time, the brain starts back up the line, while the body continues along down."

He sat for a while in deep silence. Then suddenly he began gulping the stuff down so fast that my stomach began to feel a bit weak. Sure enough, his body began to grow smaller. When he reached the fetus stage, I began to worry. I had to stop looking after a while, for some of the stages of development of the human being before birth are not pretty. I began drinking my beer faster, toying with the idea of becoming pie-eyed myself.

After a while I heard Mr. U's voice and sprang from my chair, thinking I'd been tricked. But no, it was his mental voice. I looked at the chair he had occupied and could see nothing. Mr. U was now microscopic. But his mind had left the body that was too feeble to support it and was now insinuating itself into the fibres of my brain.

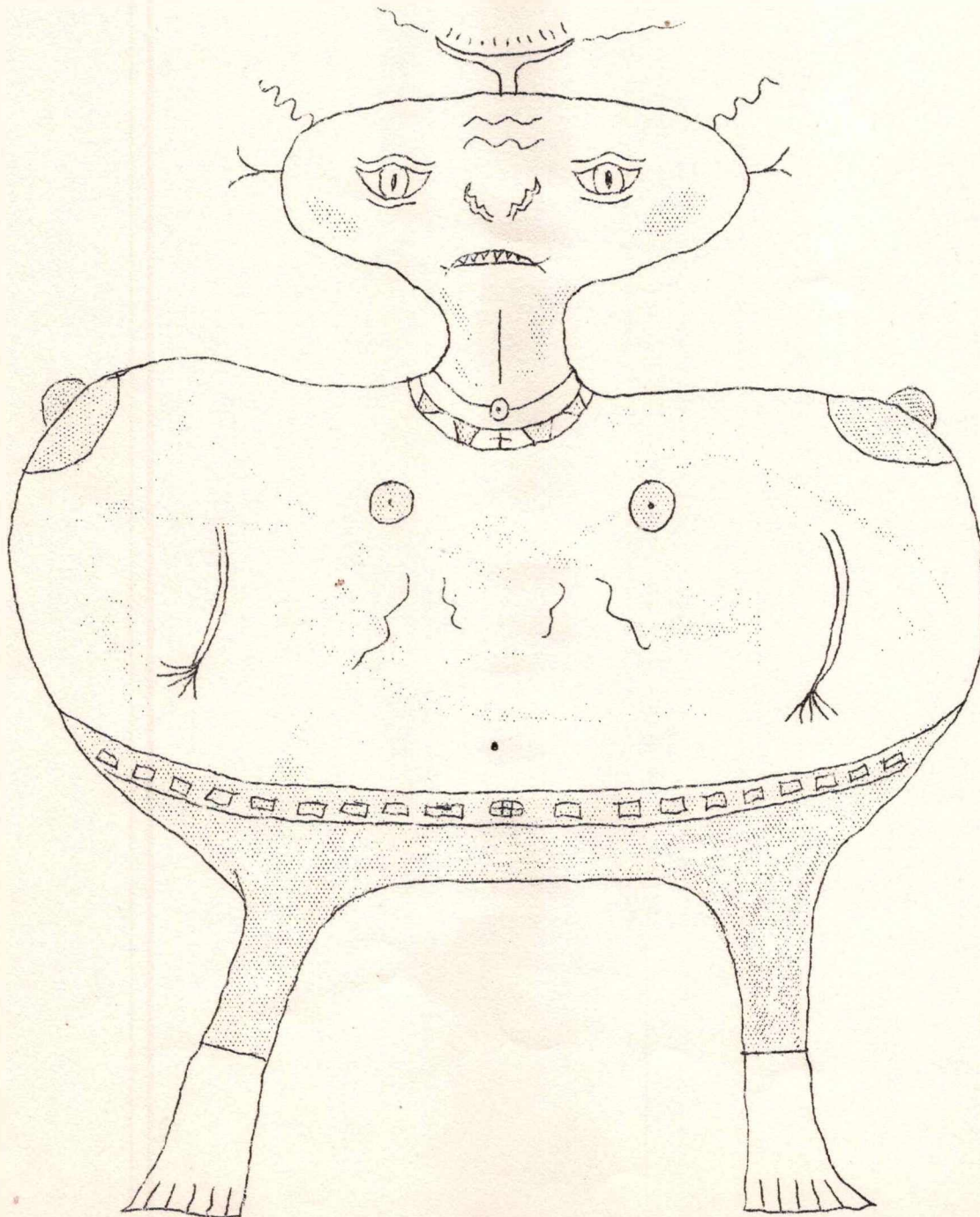
"Wonder if my body will ever start growing again?" he pondered. "Oh, well, I guess you'll have to put up with an alter ego until it does."

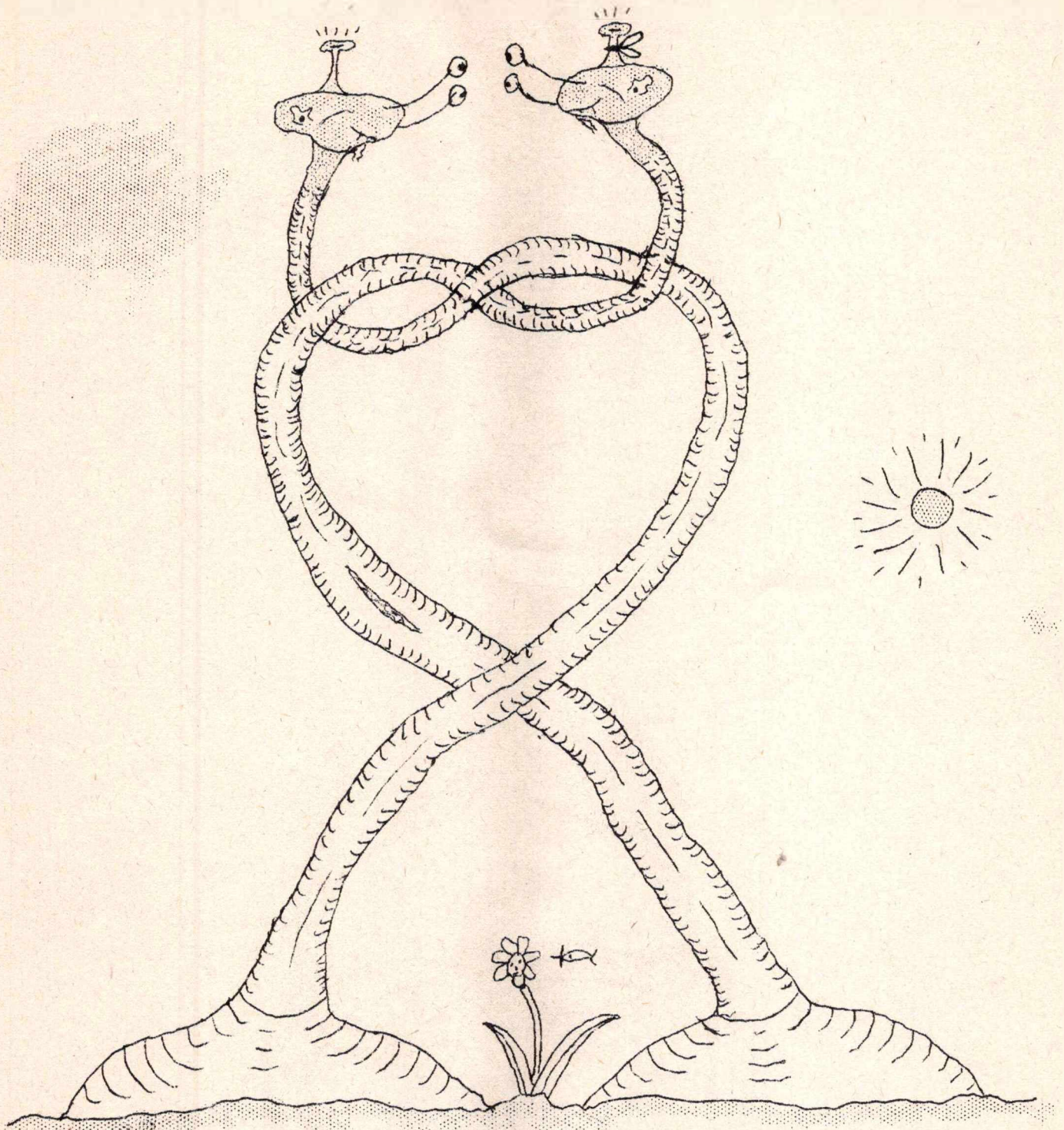
And till this day it has not. There have been some ugly rumors around D. C. fandom that this is not true. They don't think that Mr. U ever existed. In case some of these rumors ever reach your ears, I shall tell you what they are, so that you can refute them. You wouldn't want to spread a rumor that might ruin the reputation of two prominent fans, would you?

Here are two of these slanderous rumors:

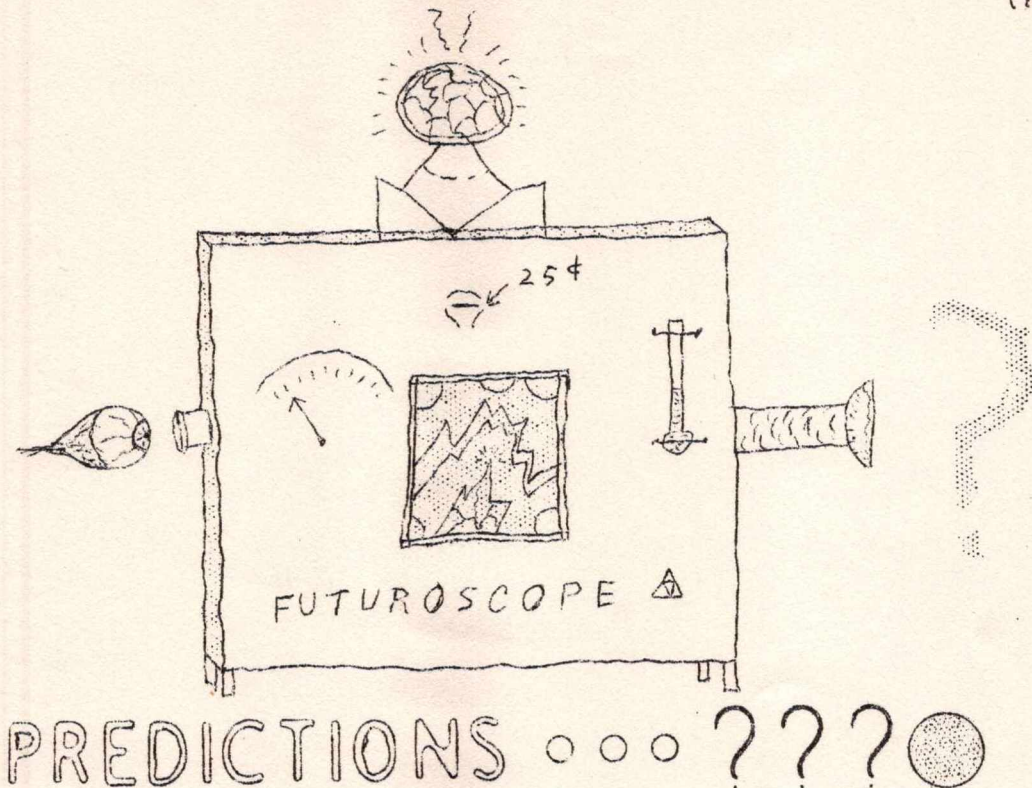
- 1) Mr. K's hard work for Washington fandom has finally ruined his brilliant mind, and he has developed a sad case of schizophrenia.
- 2) Mr. K, while disgustingly drunk one night at Brownie's, decided to try to act sober. As an explanation for this sudden change, he told those present that he was no longer Mr. Kerkhof but was Mr. Uhglebaum.

I sincerely hope that all my good readers will immediately see the obvious falsity of the above claims and act accordingly.





The above is a reproduction of the cover for the first issue of a new pro 'zine known as AMOROUS ASTEROID ADVENTURES. The editor is considering having each issue of CHANGELING feature a similar work of art from an obscure pro 'zine.



I PREDICT:

- 1) That at least three fanzines will be out before the CInvention, namely Quanta, Changeling, and Hazing Stories (which is already ready).*
- 2) That the next issue of Quanta will not be the same size as the last, if I can help it. Non-standard-size paper is too hard on the editor.
- 3) That there will be more issues of Changeling, even if the name is changed to something else.
- 4) That there will be a world science-fiction convention in Washington before 1954. My personal opinion is that '51 would be better than '50, in spite of WSFA's official resolution.
- 5) That I'll be taking a trip west around Labor Day, 1950.

NOTE: The only reason for this page is that I wanted to draw the machine at the top. Don't ask me why.

* I meant fanzines that will come from Washington.

I S L I P P E D

(A pox on the editorial WE)

Yes, People, I let myself get another issue of QUANTA out before this sterling effort. Now that the damage is done, I might as well air my grievances on it also.

- 1) I wanted to get it out soon, so that I could get some other things done before the Convention. Therefore much that happened shouldn't have. The stencil cutters could not agree on spacing, indentation, etc. This was my fault for not insisting on making up a dummy. The material was for the most part mediocre, in my opinion.
- 2) Louie (That's our president) got mad because I published something by Bob Pavlat that he didn't like. Also, we revised a poem he wrote about the cover he drew. Frankly, I didn't care much for the poem, even after revision. Sonia (Mrs. President) got mad because she mistakenly thought I criticized her stencil cutting. Actually I thought it was excellent. So far as I know, nobody else is mad yet.
- 3) Again the cover contained vast black spaces; this caused the Multilith operator all kinds of grievances, just as it did before. Only the person who looks after the reproduction end of a mag can appreciate such difficulties.

In spite of the mess, I think I have a little more to be thankful for on this issue. A few things that did work out all right might, possibly, make up for the rest.

- 1) Although Louie gets in my hair quite often, he did do a hell of a lot for this issue. He did all the art work, several pieces of writing, and even some stencil cutting. (Incidentally, the editorial comments stuck hither and yon were done by Louie, with my approval, unless otherwise stated.)
- 2) Roy Loan gave us an excellent book review. I wish we could get more like it.
- 3) I can't complain about help in stencil cutting and mimeoing. Everyone who was around helped, including Bill Brudy, who had never seen any of us before the night he came in and offered to cut stencils.

Anybody want to take over the editorship of QUANTA? I'll gladly give it up. Just a couple of things though: 1) Whoever takes it over should be at least twenty years of age. 2) Whatever happens, I don't want to handle the production of the thing unless I am also editor. In my opinion, this can lead to all sorts of mess, and I should know.

--oOo--

Well, people, I guess that's all of this issue of CHANGELING. If I feel so inclined, I may put another out some day. I may even let you write or draw for me on the next one. Who knows? It might even become respectable some day.

Good bye and good luck.