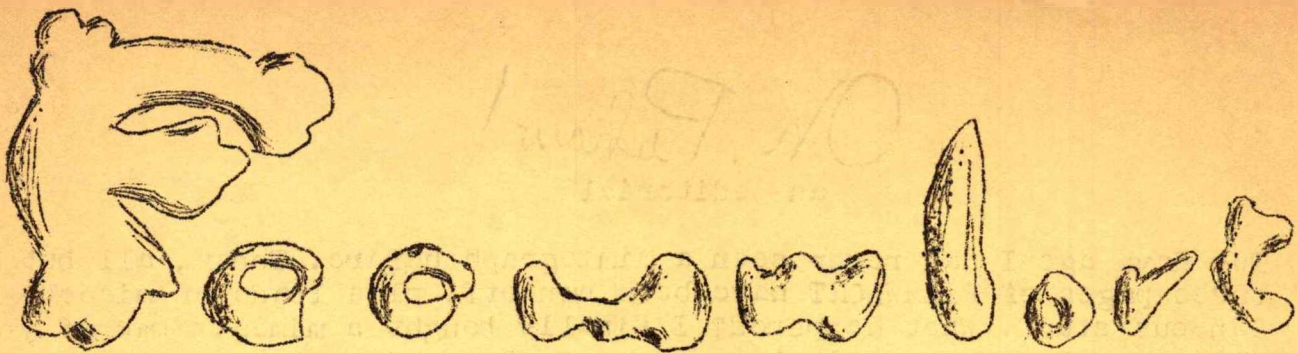


WJR '64



WJR '64





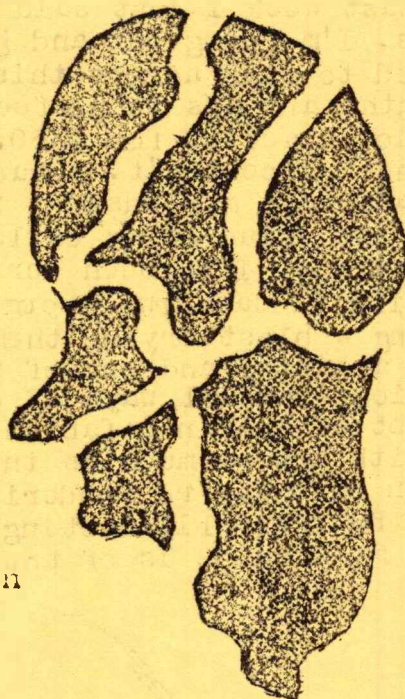
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DERKLUTZ

nons

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Editor, publisher, Scapegoat, and Grand Satrap: GREG SHAW  
 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, California. 94066  
 Assistant Editor, kibitzer, resident Nut, Village Idiot, Defender of God, Home, Mother, and Country, Junior Grand-Turner, and lettercol supervisor, Charles Harris.  
 Official Wampster: Socrates, the Rotating China Man.  
 Vehicle of Publication: Mimi O. Graffe, an A.B. Dick 416p

FEEMWLORT #1 is an Outmeal Publication, published on Mimi O. Graffe, and any future issues will appear on a Sporadic Schedule. This issue should appear in the Spring of 1965, around March or so. The editors wish to extend their deepest gratitude to God for permitting us to publish this issue. This issue will cost 25¢ as will future issues, most likely, if you want to take a chance.

Round and round she goes, and where she stops...  
 don't you wish everybody else did?

# Oh, Pshaw!

an editorial

Two days ago I had never seen a mimeograph before. Today, all but three pages of FEEMWLORT have been run off, plus loads of miscellaneous stuff. What happened? I finally bought a mimeo. Some of you will remember that fully 1 year ago I was making plans for this zine. By the time of Pacificon I was promising to have it out by Christmas, using the mimeo at school. So now it is here, finally, because last week I just said "The hell with always putting it off like this. I'm going out and buy the first machine I come across. I happened to come across this ABDick 416. It had been rented out a few months and was in perfect condition, and the retail price was \$370 or so. I got it for \$250. How could I, a jobless adolescent, afford this? I couldn't. I had to sell a few of my older magazines, most notable all my bedsheet issues of Weird Tales, thereby destroying the value of my collection. But I think it is worth it. For a year now, I've been scribbling down ideas frequently under the heading "Ideasforwhenyougetthemimeo" and now that I've got it I'm having a blast trying them out. Several of my friends around here are artists, and one of them and I have been experimenting with various unusual ways of creating art with this machine. I like a lot of art in a fanzine, and I hope to keep future issues filled with art as much as this one, including some experimental stuff. In case you're wondering, that thing on the contents page was done by literally cutting out and removing large sections of stencil; my machine is of the type that will do that; I kind of



like it. The un-numbered and unidentified thing that about half the copies contain somewhere, was done by me, just for fun. My first attempt at art. Pretty bad, ha? But the other side is an important message. I am going to try and send the copies with it to those who can read it, and would really appreciate some response. I'm serious about it. It's in Sindarin, by the way. Don't try reading it in Quenya.

May the fleas of a thousand camels nestle night and tightly in your nose. Why not a convention in Ireland: The Leprecon?

contd. on p. 3

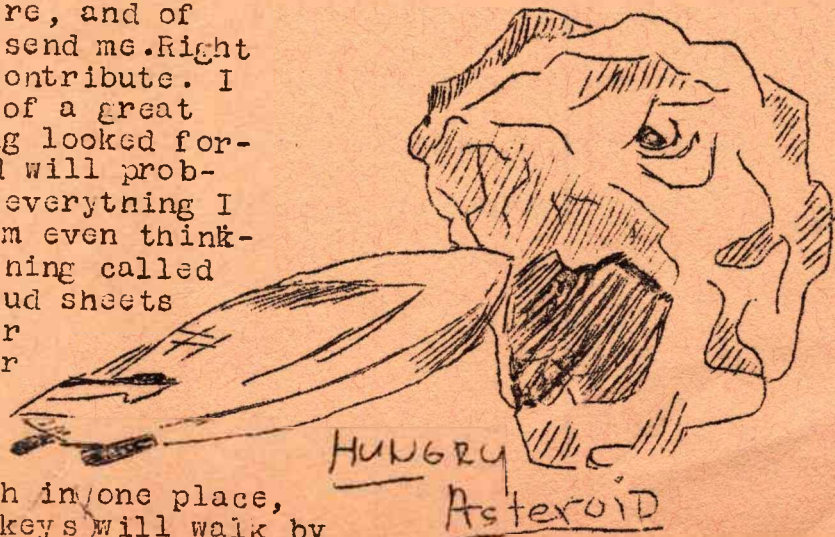
from somewhere near the top of the N'APA waiting list, but it does not look as if I'll be in by March. However, FEEMWLORT 2 will most likely be in the June mailing. If I use this zine for N'APA that means I'll have to start putting out another, smaller zine too, for use in Apa45, or Interapa, or anything like that, if any of them exist anymore. Probably title it either Spazgrab or Hazbiner-oklardhard (pronounced HAS-been-er-Ock-lard-hard)

Some of you may have heard mention of an organization known as PLOTS, INC. It is a mundane organization of people who like to plot, conspire, scheme, etc. Free information of it is available from the Western Headquarters, 1502 Z St., La Grande, Oregon. I will be publishing a magazine for them also, and I think I'll make it available to fans.

Before I forget, I want to tell you that anyone interested in the serious study of material relating to J.R.R. Tolkien's LORD OF THE RINGS is welcome to write to me and discuss any aspect of it he finds most interesting. My own favorite aspect is the written letters of Eänor; but I'd like to know just who is interested in what particular areas of study, both to broaden my viewpoint, and because I would rather like to co-ordinate all Tolkien-oriented research activities, not only to increase efficiency and avoid wasted or duplicated labor, but for increased enjoyment due to the sharing of ideas. If there are enough Tolkien fans, I'd like to publish a fanzine for us. I don't know why not. Look at all the swarming hordes of Burrows fans.

Speaking of Tolkien...does anyone out there have a set of his Ring books for sale cheap, I don't care condition? Must have!

At the risk of sounding like a prozine, I think I'll list a few of the things I already have lined up for next issue. I am doing this only to a) convince you there will be a next issue, so you'll send money, b) fill up space, I've done said already everything I planned to say. So anyway we will have a long article on time travel by Ira Lee Riddle (actually it's more of a brief thesis than a long article), an unusual avant-garde poetry-essay thing by a friend of mine who will someday be very famous, probably one piece of fiction (I don't much like fiction, but I have some very very good stories around that I can choose from) and if I have time, and am able to obtain access to a set of the books for reference, I will publish my dictionary of Elf-words. There's a lot more of them than you might think. In my first preliminary perusal of the books I came up with 3 pages of words, and I undoubtedly missed many. And there will be art by the same bunch as this time, plus a couple of people you've never seen or heard of anywhere, and of course whatever people send me. Right now is a good time to contribute. I am right in the middle of a great publishing binge, having looked forward to it so long, and will probably end up publishing everything I can get my hands on. I'm even thinking of publishing something called CRUDZINE composed of crud sheets that result from regular publishing. So even your crud is welcome. Adios.



If you stand long enough in one place, eventually million monkeys will walk by carrying typewriters.

# PAUSE

4

For you culture-lovers, we present the Poetry Corner. This issue's poet is Stephen Compton, a neffer from Oakland, California (that's near Berkeley)((that's near San Francisco))(((that's near San Bruno))). This particular poem was rejected by no less than the New Yorker. So we are proud to present it to you here in FLEEMWLORT.

## P A U S E

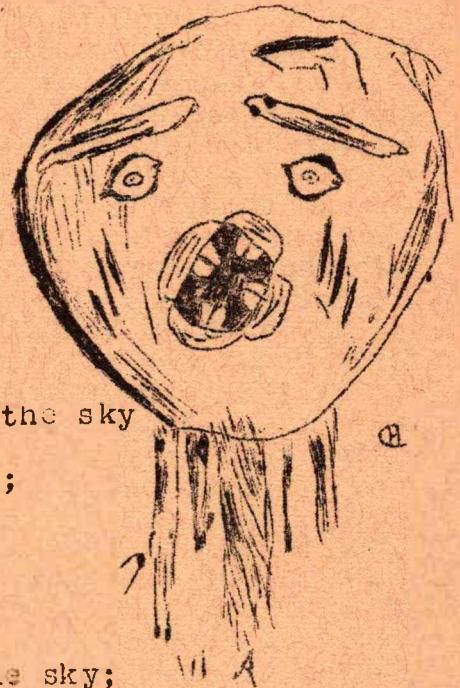
My watch says it is one o' clock;  
And officially, it is spring.  
But my heart says it should be night  
And the season should be winter.

I have stopped a moment to gaze up at the sky  
But there is no sky in this metropolis;  
Just that dark gray haze called smog.  
And my heart knows despair;  
For once, as a little boy, I saw a blue sky;  
But I never saw it again.

I have stopped at the rushing noon hour,  
While the crowds of millions jostle and rush all around me.  
I have stopped for but a moment,  
But now, a policeman comes to arrest me  
For the Crime of Stopping on A Street at a Rush Hour.

by

S.R. Compton



# NOBODY KNOWS MY NAME

5  
5

Go on, admit it. You've never heard of me before. Or Leroy Frazier. Or Lemuel Groggins. Or Bascomb G. Wintkeip. Or Venerable Beno. So having nothing better to do with this page, I'll fill you in a little.

GREG SHAW: I am Greg Shaw. I am a fan. Though I have been a fan for only a year, I do not consider myself to be, or ever to have been, a neofan (regardless of what Al Halsey might tell you). Neofannishness is like fuggheadedness: either you have it or you don't. Once you have it you'll probably always have it. Anyway, I am a fan, I am a collector, and have been for years before even knowing about fandom, and I have quite a collection. I love science fiction very much, and have read a great deal of it. I am almost 16 years old, or maybe even, as you read this, I am a junior in high school, and a nonconformist, a freethinker, an atheist, an intellectual, a pacifist, and an incurable romantic. I hope that satisfies those of you who require labels for everything, and convenient little boxes to fill everybody into. I plan to publish the Perfect Fanzine, make a Million Dollars, Rule the World, Live Forever, and Rescue the Heroine. But, above all, I am a Fan. Ende.

---

"Fandom is just another goddam granfalloon!" -revealed by Greg Shaw

---

LEROY FRAZIER: I am one of those people who you know would make perfect fans but who go through life without ever discovering fandom. That is, I would have been, had it not been for Greg. For he discovered me, and let me in on fandom, and showed me fanzines, and all that stuff. I am 16 years old, almost 17, live in San Francisco, am 6'1", 163 in weight, dark against green. I have no giant collection, for I come from a large and not very rich family, but I read fast, and voluminously from Greg's collection. My adventures in fandom consist of (1) inventing the Bugravian typewriter, and (2) getting mentioned in the WAHF of the last issue of CHY. My family forced me to go with them to Seattle to visit my grandparents during the recent Pacificon, so I missed it, although I did get back late Monday afternoon in time to take a look at the art show and see the movie. My parents wouldn't let me stay there that night because Greg didn't have a room that night and was sleeping on a couch in the mezzanine, which they wouldn't let me do, so I had to leave right after the movie. But I hope to meet more fans at next year's Westercon in Long Beach. The End.

---

"Fandom is a lay of wife." --- Leroy Frazier.

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gafia; gafiate : gaffer!

# Have Money, Will Travel

by dwain kaiser

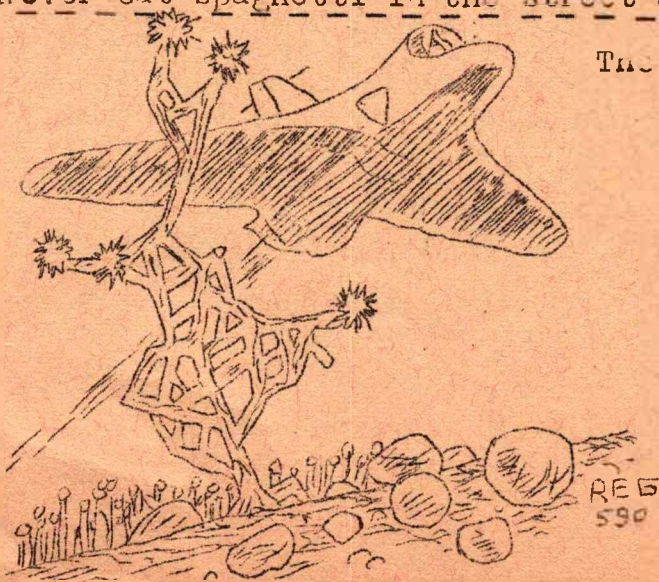
From the title it is easy to guess that this is an article about the 'neofund'. It isn't an article like Harriett G. Keleak would write (for one thing, I'm against the fund, and since she started the thing, she is for it), nor is it one which any of the supporting members would write. They manage to write articles in favor of the fund, skipping cheerfully over all the holes in the Neofund plans. I plan to go through all the holes in it, and show them for what they are, holes big enough to stop the neofund from ever working.

At the Pacificon II, thousands of copies of were given out, and stacks of them were left when the Worldcon finished up. This little booklet (just four pages) tells just what the Neofund is, and how it plans on working.

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NEOFUND  
NEOFUND  
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Under this fund teenage fans are given first preference, the fund's first mistake. It is true that teenage fans often run out of money at a Con, making themselves stranded. But, sometimes teenage fans are the ones who can get money easier than anyone else, too, something Harriett didn't say. At the Pacificon II I spent nearly \$75 on stf and fannish materials, a little more went for food. But I had a return bus ticket, because I didn't trust myself not to spend my money, which I would need for a return ticket, and even if I didn't have a return ticket, and let's say that I also spent all my money, I would still be able to call my parents (collect, of course) and ask them to wire me some money for my return trip. Older fans can't do that (and they too run out of money) when they go broke; often they don't have somebody to have them send money. But they can borrow money, something a teenager really can't do. So we can see that a teenager can often turn to his parents in time of need, while an older fan can often borrow the money from someone (the, writing a check can usually solve his problem).

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Never eat spaghetti in the street unless you find a fork in the road.



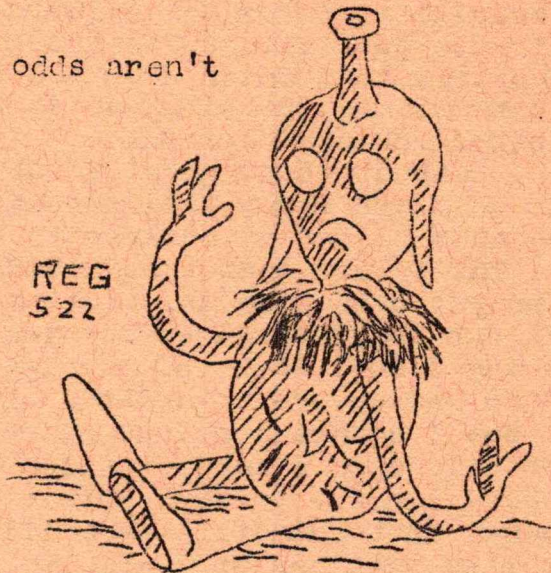
The Neofund (with such pure trust too) expects the neo to pay back the money he borrows within ninety days (if he's over sixteen), and within six months if under sixteen. Of course how this fan gets the money to pay back the neofund is not told. I can't really picture a fan, or anyone for that matter, telling his parents that he went broke at the Con and had to borrow money to get back. Can you picture this happening? And even if the

REG  
590



fan wants to pay the money back, often he just won't be able to. A shame, but this is true, money is not easy to get, and he just cannot get enough together to pay it back. And don't forget, this fan might have had to have saved all year to get enough money together to pay for his trip, and the Neofund expects it back within ninety days (or six months).

The gafia rate is high among neos and odds aren't really that great that this person will be in fandom ninety days or six months later. And after he goes Gafia, there is no way the money can be gotten back. And even if the fan is honest, if he has gone gafia, he won't really feel as though he had to pay the money back, or even should.



Here is a classic line of sheer belief in the honesty of fans: "However, it isn't intended that any fan should plan beforehand to make use of the fund because this would be unfair to other fans who might have a more legitimate need for such help. For this reason, no one may arrange in advance to receive a loan from the Neofund." Maybe not in advance, but don't tell me that some neo won't see something he wants for his collection, that he can't afford if he expects to get back, and he won't get it if he thinks the Neofund will pay for his trip. I might even be tempted to do that myself. It really isn't dishonest, just stretching the rules a little.

-----borp-----  
Never spit at a man's face unless his complete beard is on fire.

No interest is to be collected on the money loaned, but the person who is paying it back is expected to make an "additional contribution to the fund when he repays the loan." Come now, can we really expect this to happen?

Fans are honest people (in fact much more so than the average run of people), but we aren't talking about fans we are talking about neos (the future fans, the ones who stay in). The neo is an upcoming fan, and we were all neos at one time, but neos go Gafia quicker than anyone else. How many neos do you know who really make it to fandom? I bet a good percentage dropped off before they really got there. And of course, who is to decide if a person is a fan, a neo, a fringe fan, or a fake fan? And the stf reader who claims that he is a neo, is he? The fringe fan, a person who nobody has ever heard of, will he be able to get a loan too, perhaps over that of a better-known Neo who really needs the money? It looks like someone will be given the chance to play Ghod, and I wonder how good a job he will be able to do.

JOCK ROOT for Tabb

# A S P E E C H

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is indeed a great and undeserved privilege to address such an audience as I see before me. At no previous time in the history of human civilization have greater problems confronted and challenged the ingenuity of man's intellect than now. Let us look around us. What do we see on the horizon? What forces are at work? Whither are we drifting? Under what mist of clouds does the future stand obscured?

My friends, casting aside the raiment of all human speech, the crucial test for the solution of all these intricate problems to which I have just alluded is the sheer and forceful application of those immutable laws which down the corridor of Time have always guided the hand of man, groping, as it were, for some faint beacon light for his hopes and aspirations.

Without these great vital principles we are but puppets responding to whim and fancy, failing entirely to grasp the hidden meaning of it all. We must readdress ourselves to these questions which press for answer & solution.

The issues cannot be avoided. There they stand. It is upon you, and you, and yet even upon me, that the yoke of responsibility falls. What, then, is our duty? Shall we continue to drift? No, with all the emphasis of my being I hurl back the message No; Drifting must stop. We must press onward and upward toward the ultimate goal to which all must aspire.

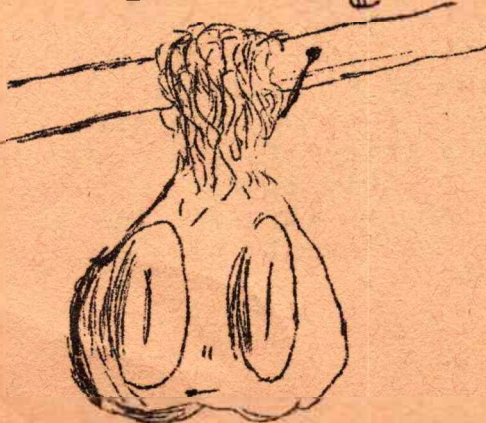
But I cannot conclude my remarks, dear friends, without touching briefly upon a subject which I know is steeped in your every consciousness. I refer to that spirit which gleams from the eyes of a new-born babe, that animates the toiling masses, that sways all the hosts of humanity past and present. Without this energizing principle all commerce, trade and industry are hushed and will perish from this earth as surely as the crimson sunset follows the golden sunshine. Mark you, I do not seek to unduly alarm or distress the mothers, fathers, sons and daughters gathered before me in this vast assemblage, but I would indeed by recreant to a high resolve which I made as a youth if I did not at this time and in this place, and with the full realizing sense of responsibility which I assume, publicly declare and affirm my dedication to the eternal principles and receipts of simple, ordinary, commonplace justice.

I've often wondered what a female guitarist does when her G-string breaks

---

## ART CREDITS

Contents Page: Charles Harris  
page 2: anybody's guess (if you must know, ask Dwain Kaiser)  
page 3: same thing  
page 4: top by Charles Harris, bottom by Jurgen Wolff  
page 6 by REG      Cover: illustrating SMAUG, from Tolkien's THE  
page 7: *ibid*      HOBBIT, is by Bill Reynolds



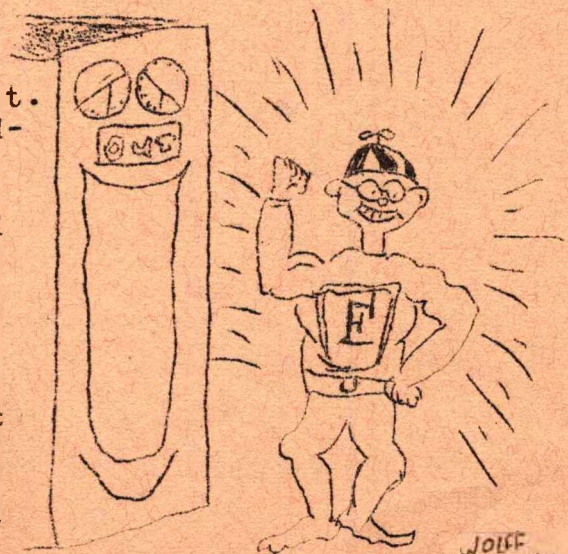
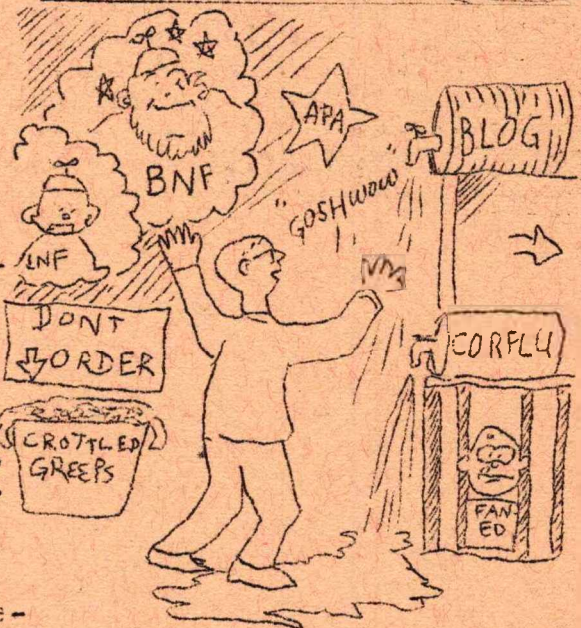
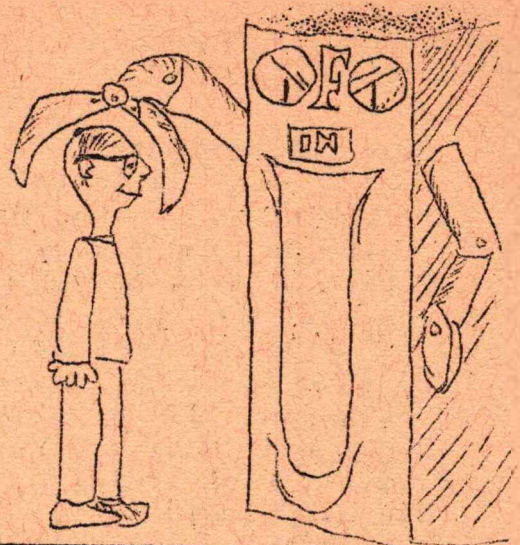
page 8: Charles Harris  
page 9: Jurgen Wolff  
page 10: Charles Harris  
page 11: top by Jurgen Wolff,  
bottom by Charles Harris  
Page 12: Charles Harris  
page 20: REG  
page 21: Jurgen Wolff  
backcover: top by Greg Shaw, bottom  
(Encounter Off Tellus) by Harris

You may have seen some of Jurgen Wolff's cartoons around--in GLMZINE, in ASTRON, and a few other places. I am very proud to claim that I discovered Jurgen. I got to know him thru an outside activity, discovered his ability as an artist, and let him in on fandom as a market for his work. He has since become interested in fandom, and joined NCF. He will do this column regularly until he ceases to be a neofan, and becomes a fan. Which will be quite soon.

## notes of a neofan

Someday someone will write the great American stf novel about the thorough and dedicated monster which sucks in unknowing and fairly normal people who casually enjoy reading science fiction stories. It masticates them, adding generous portions of fan terminology, classic stf works, and finally a propellor beanie. Having reshaped them, it finally spews them out. They may look the same, but if the monster has done its job well, they will never be the same inside... now they are Fans. The final product assumes many different forms: the plain fan who just reads, and reads, and reads. Or the mad fellow who sometime sees a cheap mimeograph machine for sale and decides to produce an egoboosting but money-losing fanzine. Or the collector: an innocuous looking fellow when seen on the street. Who would guess that beneath his mild-mannered exterior lies a heart which weeps at the thought of the demise of the old pulp magazines, which he read and loved...that his room looks like a miniature Library of Congress.... that an original manuscript brings a gleam to his eyes?

But the thing that surprises me most is now that I'm somewhere in the middle of this monster, still being deluged with weird terms, and still somewhat unwise in the ways of fandom.....I like it in here!



WOLFF '64

by jurgen wolff

# department department

From our contents page you can see that this issue of FEMWLORT (and by the way, all future issues also) has four distinct departments: Derklutz, Mogambu, Blugnerp, and Skod-skudgy. In that order (it's symbolic, you see.). I think I ought to explain what this means.

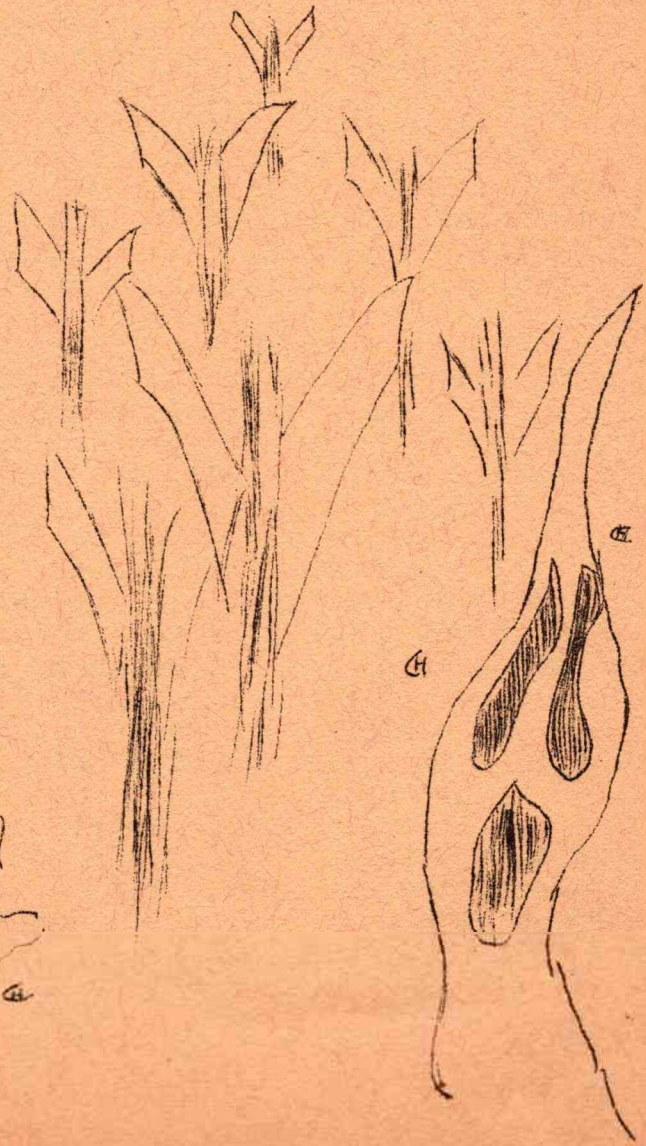
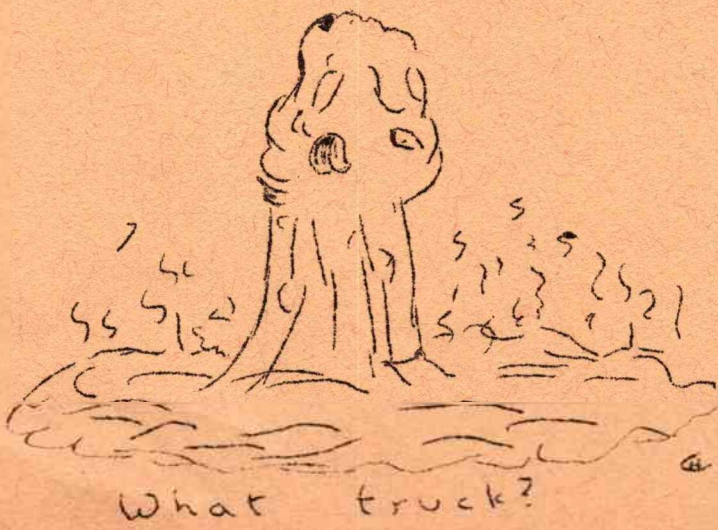
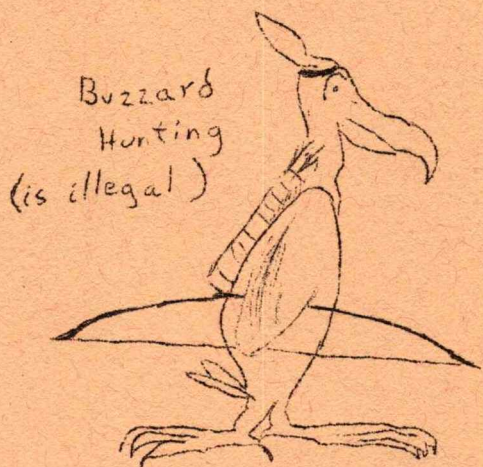
Derklutz: that is our fiction department. I have nothing against fiction, although there is none in this issue. I have several good story ideas of my own which will be appearing here in the future. Good fiction is always acceptable. But because good fan fiction is so scarce, you will probably be seeing little Derklutz.

Mogambu is what you'll be seeing most of. It includes editorials and reviews, fact articles, announcements, etc.

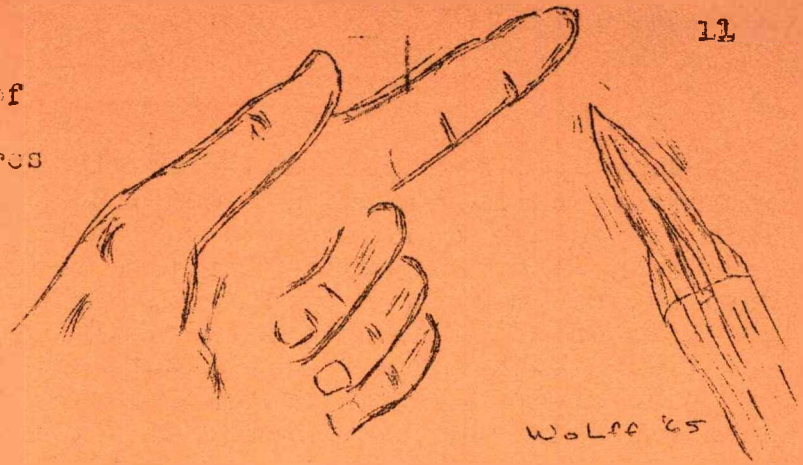
Blugnerp includes all numerous items such as jokes, cartoons, humorous articles, and all artwork.

Skodskudgy (never indented) is mostly the lettercol, though advertisements if we ever get any, and probably any new features that pop up, will go in this department.

-----  
JOCK ROOT FOR TAFF!!! -- an unpaid, unsolicited political announcement  
-----



(Editor's Note: The author of this piece is a 13-year-old Scientifiction fan who assures me this is true; and I can almost believe, knowing the kid. But I sense overtones of a satire here, which might or might not be a reaction to all the rumors that were circulated at the Pacificon to the effect that after founding AMAZING and thereby inventing stf, Gernsback went on to found Sexology, thereby inventing...



In a sense, this is quite believable, if one has heard Sam Skowita's Pacificon speech in which he categorically lists literally dozens of miraculous things the illustrious Mr. Gernsback has invented.)

### A VISIT TO HUGO GERNSBACK BY TOMMY FOSTER

I visited Gernsback on my way home from the Pacificon, where I met Enatele Nabrishky who gave the address after a four hour poker game in which he won my return ticket, and said that I should just mention his name to his "bdwarmer (?)" and I would be let in.

I did this on my way through New York ( I nituhhiked after losing the Noefund money loaned me at 50% interest by Enatele in another poker game with him), and was greeted by a "naked" (I can't think of a nicer term) woman (it was obvious) in a filmy nightgown. I immediately averted my eyes, not wishing to embarrass her, and shouted Enatele's name. She pulled a .45 magnum out and handed it to me, turned around, and said "Walk this way, please." I tried to walk the way she did, but I guess boys are built different from girls, anyway I couldn't, but I followed her anyway.

I kept my eyes riveted on her neck and noticed that GRNSBK SA #147 was stenciled there in advertising green.

We walked betwixt high piles of copies of Sexology and into a rotten-smelling room with cufflink- and jewel-boxes littering the floor. There in the middle of the room sat Gernsback (have you read Ralph 124C plus yet? Great, huh?) with a typewriter in front of him and two flop-eared midgets holding cartons full of dead lizards. My guide simpered, "Enatele Nabrishky!" at the same time pushing her pelvis out, spreading her legs, and wriggling her pubic region, and managing to make her macro-mammaries pulsate. Gernsback shrieked and threw a dead lizard at her. X

He looked at me, said, "25 dead lizards a day," and the dwarves seized me.



What appeared to be Sam Moskowitz came in making strange and somehow systemized howling sounds. He bowed, then scrapped. Gernsback dumped a box of dead lizards on him then handed him the largest of the lot. Moskowitz left thru the entrance I came in. As he went by, his howling got clearer, "Great Gernsback, father of Sex and Stf; Great Gernsback, father..."

Gernsback threw a dead lizard after him.

He ordered the dwarves to seat me then hollered, "Food!" In came four girls dressed as the one at the door. Three of them were as alike as peas in a pot (yes, pot). The fourth, more opulent than the others, had a dog tag about her neck which hung down in front of my eyes as she served me. It read, "GRNSBCK Sx #X-2."

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May the scales of a tiny leper, hide among your salt and pepper.  
-----

Gernsback began talking. "As you know, I am the inventor of Sex and Stf and have been receiving dead lizards in the mail. You see about you the packages they came in. Biatole Nabrishky is a Big Name Fan and loves me as a mother. Here." He handed me a box of packaged dead lizards (I could smell them) and clapped his hands.

He was carried out and several hours later carried back in. He was dressed in a Sultan Costume. He cracked his big toe.

I was carried out into the front yard, given a dirty bra to carry my lizards in and sent on my way, inlightened and invigorated by my visit.

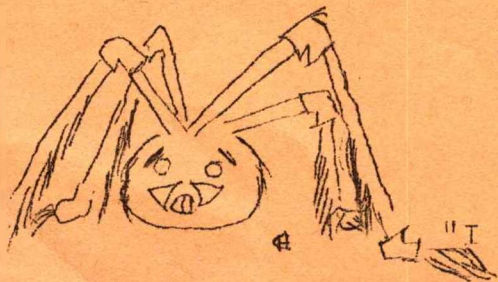
I got home three days later and found seventy-five dead lizards, all neatly wrapped and smelling up the neighborhood, sitting in my mailbox. And then I realized that I should never have made Mr. Gernsback aware of my existance, for now I am part of the Great Solution to Gernsback's Great Problem.

Since then, you see, I have been receiving twenty-five dead lizards per day.

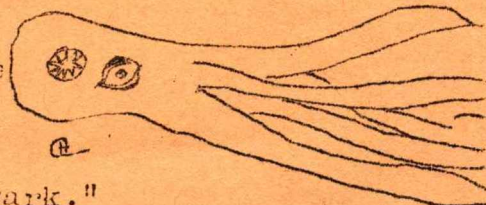
THE END



As an interesting side-note, it should be pointed out that recently several other fans have been reporting the receipt of deceased reptiles. Fred Lerner of New York reports not only a dead lizard, but a dead frog also; have arrived in his mailbox in recent months. And of course we are all familiar with Bill Romano's experience with dead lizards, as popularized by Joe Gibson. And there have been other rumors going about concerning (lizards) to (fans).



May the sweat  
Of a thousand swine,  
Replace the grape juice  
In your wine.



ccgccc gct

cecc cc chccc cc 2p

gchbg gcca 2cc cclcc

ccmcc d mchccc

mcc cc cclccc

cc 2cc cccc g

cc cclcc g

G.S.  
(D.T.: K.W.)





13

This is part two of Nate's Pacificon report. Part One, 11 pages-worth, was published in his STOPTHINK #2, which you should have read. The reason part two is being published here is completely incomprehensible to me, so don't expect me to explain it--that's just the way we do things around here. Regrettably, there are no illos for this article, but you see, I just received it the day after I had finished the mock-up, and I hadn't known it was coming, and since I'm just starting, I have no files to draw from so all my illos are used up...Anyway, enuf of this, on with it!

## con - notations by nate bucklin

The day of the banquet contained the morning I failed to show up. Let me tell you about that. After the night at a folxong party with Pren Choate, I didn't really feel capable of nineteen more hours awake and kicking, even at the Pacificon. Needless to say, I didn't feel capable of one hour--my precognitive abilities weren't working too well at this point--and so, while waiting for Walter Breen to get up so I could knock to be let in, I tried alternately not to count the seconds and to stay awake by counting them. Every second counted or was counted, and every five minutes flashed by as though I were awake only five minutes every ten years.

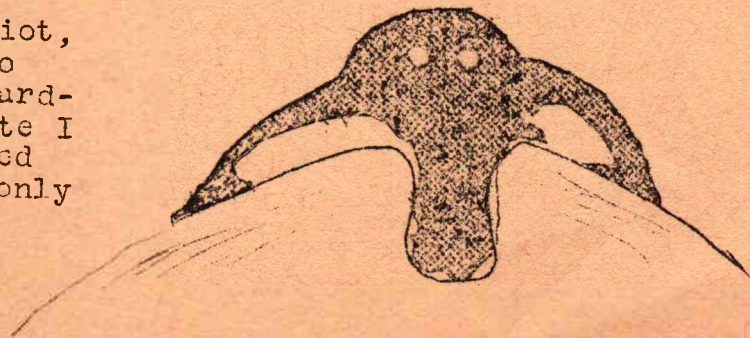
I got in at eight; noises were made, and I either heard them or imagined that I did. At any rate, Walter recognized me--to the surprise of neither of us; not only was I wearing my nametag, but I'd been his guest since Thursday--and let me in. You can't imagine what this meant to me. I was in.

But honestly--isn't nine hours after one's supposed bedtime an odd time to eat breakfast?

I ate. Marion, Walter, and probably Steve left. I was supposed to say to any caller that I didn't know where they'd gone or when they would be back; this was true enough, but the occasion was Walter's birthday the day previously. I managed to read through three books in the Brss library--STARBURST by Alfred Bester, NO TIME (FOR? LIKE?) TOMORROW by Brian Aldiss, and something else I've completely forgotten--before finally getting to sleep after all, nine hours after one's supposed bedtime is an odd time to go to bed, anyhow. Both collections contain a few good stories which I'd previously missed. Aldiss' POOR LITTLE WARRIOR, particularly, I'd like a good look at because of its skillful use of the second person, after the transition from the specific, third-person first sentence; naturally, the better done it is, the harder I'll probably have to work to find out why it was effective. But I was just reading to be knocked out..."You won't feel a thing," after all.

And then things had happened and it was 6:30 at night and I had to get to the banquet to hear the H:U\*G\*O\*S! I had to make two transfers from bus to bus, but watched the streets closely; right now I could probably get from the Leamington Hotel all the way to University Avenue in Berkeley on foot. Then...feet pounding hard concrete.

Flying...I felt like an idiot, I was going to be LATE but who cared. Foot-two-three-four, onwarding...STILL flying. At the rate I was going, I would have covered the six hundred yard dash in only



one and one half minutes, instead of the ten it usually takes me. Oh, well...I LIKE my feet, don't get me wrong, but a little torture is good for 'em. Keeps them on their toes. My tie was waving in the breeze; only its colors kept bystanders from confusing it with my ears. And my suit...please, don't ask me about it. I don't care about the rest of the con, but I figured that my attire would be conspicuous or something.

The roles were switched. I wonder whose gravity was higher-- mine or the Earth's? For a while, there, I thought the hard asphalt was pounding my feet instead of vice versa. There.

The banquet was almost as boring as the preceding so I'll skip over to later.

I have no idea who gave out what; Sam Moskowitz presented something or other, and a light was shone on him for long enough for the shiner to snap a picture. Luckily, Sam isn't too photogenic; I'd forgotten my camera. First Fandom Award, maybe? Sam talked for a while, probably about Hugo Gernsback, who did get the First Fandom Award whether or not SAM presented it, which he probably didn't. Anthony Boucher was toastmaster of ceremonies, and was probably, again, He Who Presented the Big Heart Award to Bjo Trimble in absentia, and mentioning a possible lookforward to her decorating some future con with assistance from Bjo Junior (whose name was, I'd thought, Katherine). I was a trifle disgusted to find out that my attending the banquet was a waste of time; to hear the speeches, one needed only to show up after the banquet, paying exactly nothing-- compared to the \$5.50 or so ignorant Nathan shelled out.

Hugos there? Best Novel: Way Station, by Clifford Simak (which is pronounced SEE-mack). (Bjo isn't pronounced as I'd expected, either: BEE-jo, which is about as unphonetic as you can get, what the...) Best short novel: No Truce With Kings by Poul Anderson, who not-quite-rang up to the throne to haul it down, impeded by a somewhat overjoyed Astrid Anderson, who not quite bowled him over...I don't blame her, myself.

Sometime if you want to hear deafening applause, forget to wear earmuffs and attend a banquet; when they give out Hugos, it's almost as bad as a high school pep rally.

Artist, blast it, Emsn. Magazine; ANALOG, handed to Frank Herbert as the major ANALOG writer present; fanzine AMRA. I was worried about that one; I'd voted, as a protest, for ERB-dom, and after learning a little more about AMRA was terrified that ERB-dom would get it. I was also terrified that AMRA would get it, but that's beside the point. (I was protesting against the non-nomination of my favorite fanzine, CRY. I'd seen no 1963 copy of any of the successful magazines, and had as much reason to vote for ERB-dom as for any other, though now I'm sprry.)

Publisher: ACE. I stood with everyone else for this one, but didn't clap. This was the only award won primarily by Burroughs fen. Ace is well-liked but not that well-liked; it has never published anything but adventure stories, mostly lousy (Save for occasional anthologies which might contain one or two non-adventures, such as Silverberg's NEXT STOP THE STARS) and less than a majority of fandom are lousy adventure fans. If the serious sf fen were, as I suspect, split down the middle between Pyramid and Doubleday, with lousy adventure fen backing Ace, this would give it to Ace. Without the Burroughs fen, it wouldn't have been so definite, and might even have gone to Pyramid or Doubleday (or possibly Ballantine, which has seldom been conspicuous, but has published some of the best sf stories around.)

There were speeches: one speech was about ten words long, and was made by Atom about being happy to be over here or something..if that's the only speech a TAFF candidate need make, maybe I'll run for TAFF someday. I dislike making speeches. Ferry Ackerman was fascinating, only partly forgettable; he spent most of his time reminiscing, with mention of letters he'd had in prozines, early sf clubs, the beginnings of fandom, bringing in interesting items more rapidly than I could take notes, something which I'd not been doing anyhow. He mentioned the first con--"six people were excluded from the first worldcon. Only one was excluded from this one. That's progress." This statement drew quite a bit of laughter and some applause; even Donaho found it humorous. (There was a head-bordered aisle, completely accidental and crossing tables, and empty chairs, down which I could look to see him; as a contrast, to see Boucher I had to look over the other intervening heads. Other committee members were invisible from where I sat.) There was some comment made about "Wonderlust"; the meaning of the word is probably obvious, and its a word there has long been a need for. Ferry, you are a wonderful inventor.

The night previously a girl probably named Jody Lynn had arrived at the costume ball somewhat more nearly nude than others who'd attended; she got no award, probably because two of the judges were women. Ferry announced that he was going to present an award, named it something after Retsler--W.R. Memorial Award, or something--explaining who is William Retsler, compared it with the Invisible Little Man Award (which incidentally was won by Fred Pohl), and presented it to Jody, who did show up but was out of costume. Ferry also offered her the key to his room. This got better-deserved laughter than his previous remark about progress.

Edmund Hamilton and Leigh Brackett then spoke; each was thoroughly forgettable, which I did, save for a remark by Leigh that "I owe more to Edgar Rice Burroughs than I do to any other writer."

-----  
 May the fleas of a thousand gypsies nestle in your Rice Crispies.

-----  
 As I don't think Leigh writes much like Burroughs, I suspect this was partly-true subjective praise of a writer who, she felt, deserved more praise than he had received at this con.

I enjoyed myself thoroughly watching nametags of those who were near me during the last-minute rush to the door. The only ones I remembered were those of Robert and Wilfred Francom, neither of whom I'd previously seen; Robert looked younger than I'd expected, for a SF REVIEW editor. I did find Greg Shaw and the evening rolled onward--

I think it was on that night that a man was seen walking around wearing the nametag, "Ghod", and that another one rigged up his nametag with a flashing light on either side of it. Someone else named SANDY (sic) hung around in an elevator and made sure all the buttons were pushed. Kris Carey was shoved into an elevator with Clifford Simak, who said "Hold it for a minute." and handed him something, which he retrieved later. Kris, telling us about it later, said, "I held his HUGO!" in a slightly surprised tone.

Some people have all the luck.

-----  
 May a centipede with a thousand feet do a swan dive in your  
 Cream of Wheat.

Things were still happening; George Heap again showed up, and went through some more of his yet unexhausted repertoire, including one of the goriest parodies (in fact, the only one) of ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS that I have ever heard. It is from the Wobbly songbook and actually contains the line "Let the gentle Jesus/Bless your dynamite." There is, perhaps, no connection.

-----  
 May the bolts of a thousand cars replace the nuts in your chocolate bars.  
 -----

"Times They Are A-Changin'" made its appearance; I know it sounded like Bob Dylan, but as I hadn't heard it before couldn't say anything flat about it. As I said in FOUR DAYS he didn't try anything flashy, but he made few mistakes if any and kept the audience interested, which is the main thing.

Then it happened--

George shouldn't have tried it. The audience seemed to feel like protesting, so he tried one of the better protest songs--"better" mostly in originality; it isn't as specific as, for instance, "Who Killed Davy Moore?" nor as hard-hitting, but it beats "Blowin' In The Wind" by about ten times-- I refer to "Hard Rain's Gonna Fall."

He turned in the lousiest performance I have ever heard on it.

Oh, sure, he knew the words; he knew all the chords but stuck to them...no melodic, harmonic, counter-melodic or rhythmic improvisations, which didn't help. He stayed in a somewhat-too-fast FLAT, lively 3/4 rhythm which would have fit better with "O, Du Lieber Augustine". In, for example, the Pete Seeger version, the rhythm is present but "alles ist vague." Pete never tried to stick to the beat all the way through the verse; near the end, he'd accentuate the notes that needed it as the audience stood before him with emotions turned on HIGH...really pouring on, NOT mechanically hitting three beats to a measure as George did. George kept a steady speed throughout verse and chorus, as well as steady volume, both vocally and instrumentally. The audience, pretty much used to George and his style already, seemed to enjoy it, but not nearly as much as they'd enjoyed the other numbers; for me, it HURT.

-----  
 May the sweat of a thousand swine, with your gastric juice combine.  
 -----

But after a few more numbers, I'd pretty much forgotten about it, and was caught up in the fun or something...caught up in something, at least, and sneaked a glance at my watch, which I have since regretted only occasionally. 1:10 A.M. So, saying goodby to those I felt deserved it, I left.

Talk about ESP--just the same as on Friday night at 11:30, I ran almost all the way to the bus stop about four blocks away, and arrived about three seconds after the bus I wanted did. On the way back to Walter's, I needed only one transfer instead of two; I got it, and got off at University Avenue and waited--and waited--and waited.

Around 2:20 a man came by on a motorcycle and asked if I were waiting for a bus, I said Yes; he said the last bus ran at 12:30, I said Thanks and started walking, even though I knew darned well I had ridden a bus later than 12:30. After four blocks on University Avenue, I encountered a semi-drunk walking the same direction; I asked him which way was Spruce Street; he said the Other Direction.

Well, that shows something about my abilities to observe; I didn't get lost once. ("But once I was a mite bewildered for five days."-- Daniel Boone, supposedly.) I unlocked the door, got in, and got to bed without disturbing anyone but another guest of Beren's, Robert "Polar" Bear, who switched from the bed I was occupying to his sleeping bag within about a minute. (I did NOT wake him upon purpose; the floor looked awfully comfortable, and I could have slept on it if necessary. However, he's a light sleeper.) Three miles in one morning? That's not too bad.

A few hours later, I was up again. All seemed to be well, or at least, it could pass for well in a dim light, which we hadn't. It was one of those mornings wherein you expect something noteworthy to happen. Eventually, something did.

-----  
 May the oil from a thousand guns lubricate your hot dog buns.  
 -----

"Well," I was considering, "I've got another reason to go back to the con before leaving--I want someone to autograph my program booklet."

"I could autograph it," said Walter. I said Go ahead. He took it, then nearly exploded. "WELCOME Walter Breen"? I'm considering getting several copies of that page made out and mailing them all around fandom. No, I won't...it would cost too much.

My final judgment on the con is that it was great, because of the people. The program was zero; it was part of the Readers' Con, and the Fan's Con involved people...The Leamington is a good site for a convention: the elevators run, the rooms are neat, and there is plenty of room. The committee didn't get in my way, and I didn't mind being unable to taste the wins. I'm betting that a lot of you out there hate people. Go ahead; there are good ones around (fans) and I'd like to congratulate their heredity and environment for the superb job of creating them. END.

-----Nate Bucklin.

-----  
 May the slime of a thousand turtles line forever your bras & girdles  
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As I mentioned before, the first part of the above conreport, which is a good deal longer, and more interesting, I think (for example, in it I am mentioned 3 or 4 times more than in this part) was published in Nate Bucklin's STOPTHINK #2, along with a great deal more interesting material, which can be had from him for 25¢. And you can get future issues 3/60¢. If you haven't already, do so.

-----  
 GOOD ADVICE: Never kiss a salesgirl...in the hardware department.  
 -----

PANEDS, TAKE NOTE! Do you have trouble finding art for your zine? Here's your big chance to take advantage of a naive artist. Yes, the gifted Jurgen Wolff is actually looking for people who will publish his drawings and cartoons (and believe me, they are good.) If you publish a fanzine, you need only write to him at 1234 Johnson St. Redwood City, Calif. 94061, and specify how much you want, and he'll try to oblige you. Get yours now before I'm such a big publishing giant that I use up all his work myself.

Sven Polazosta Migrule was here.

This page seems to be continuing from page 19. Strange... I shall have to devote some thought to this phenomenon--probably has to do with some quality inherent in Sædskrudg.

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May the wool of a thousand sheep block your nostrils as you sleep.  
-----

R'KKNW VV-G'DDF,a sends the following letter:

"As a result of many years of dedicated research, our Institute has come up with a minimum set of five words/phrases with which Any question may be answered. It is planned that these words be printdd on a small piece of paper and distributed to every citizen of the world, along with a short pointer, to point out the appropriate answer whenever he is asked a question. Our five optimum words are: WHY NOT? (which is used for all affirmative answers), HECK, NO! (for negative answers) 12 (for any question involving numbers or amounts (we did not stipulate that the answer need be correct. Merely a suitable answer) ) ? (when no concise answer would be possible, or when there is lack of understanding), and one optional word, with FURNITURE recommended-however, the individual could substitute a word representing his own individual specialty)(which should suffice for all other cases). In fact, I challenge any of your readers to come up with a question that cannot be answered by one of these statements. Everlastingly yours,  
R'KKNW VV-G'DDF,a

-----  
May the venom of a thousand snakes replace the syrup in your chocolate shakes  
-----

IAWRLPCAOA/NFTFP#WD.HRTPTI

(InAdditionWeReceivedLetters, PostCardsAndOtherAssortedWhatNot FromThe FollowingPeoplWhichWeDidNtHaveRoomToPublishThisIssue)

The Industrial Workers of theWorld, Eddie Baxter, Steven Miller, Jurgen Wolff, Dwain Kaiser, Ned Brooks, Bjo Triable, Stan Woolston, Stephen Barr, Fred Patton, Seth Jonnson, etc. and isn't it easy to fill up space by listing every letter you've gotten in the last two years...

-----  
MAY THE BIRDOF PARADISE EAT YOUR FACE and  
MAY THE BLUEBIRD OF HAPPINESS BUILD A NEST IN YOUR NOSE nenenchoho

-----  
More philosophy: Put a song in your heart, and a thousand canary-tongues on your toast.  
Pineapple soup????

THE BIRD OF TIME SAVES NINE

\*-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-

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"Now that I've created a fishnet, I might as well create a fish."-PS  
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Excelsior!



I don't know how much of a lettercol you were expecting for a first issue, but I hope the brevity of this issue's skedskudgy deesn't disappoint you. For next issue, of course, I want to have a nice big lettercol, and since a LOC is the easiest way to get the next issue, I hope you'll send one. The kind of LOC I'd prefer, as if my preference is going to influence what you write, is not necessarily just comments on the previous issue (I'm speaking in long-range terms. I think for the first issue, I'd like some analysis, to find out what I'm doing wrong) but rather one in which you introduce a subject of your own and then discuss it; in other words, get some interesting conversation going on here, so this column will be literarily worth the time it takes to read it.

Our Very First LOC is from NATE BUCKLIN, who is either drunk or nuts

"STOP with all of Earth locking on in horror at the line, equator, marked off by a line miles-thick, magma, spreading, covering the surface of the earth in great glops, the oceansboiling, condensing, there will come soft rains, rains...and half the southern hemisphere UNKNOWN, uncaring. Unchanged except in position, and the superstitious tribesmen locking up at the sky and wondering, and wondering, and being Scared and so on...it so happened, and the stars moved in the sky at 800 miles per cubic feet, and so it shall be. Human bodies packed into rowboats, trying to reach safety. Man in airplane over equator, plane and 40 passengers and pilot tumbles into magma on one world, with his head, plane's tail and man's seat and body fall into magma on the other, both having greatest of difficulties, man wondering, about the pilot's blundering, had the man had too much beer? Going home, the time he should have spent celebrating, radiating worry, fear, Flood. And so it ends, with Earth locking in the mirror in horror as it slowly dies.

You realize that a human living much, much muchmuchmuch slower than normal lives in a completely different world, out in the forest, and the slow dim deep dark pulses of telepathic trees beat at his consciousness with the force of a bass drum which otherwise would have resembled that big Earthquake which sent the entire Earth to vibrating like a bell, one vibration every fifty-four minutes, gloob. And the plants growing out to reach him, before he could move, and ensnaring them...ensnaring them, that is."

Next, a few words of wisdom from MARCUS AURELIUS

"Constantly contemplate the whole of time and the whole of substance, and consider that all things as to substance are a seed of a fig, and as to time the turning of a screw. Look at everything that exists, and observe that it is already in dissolution and in change, by putrefaction and dispersion, or by its own way of death. Consider what men are like--eating, sleeping, breeding, easing themselves, and so forth. Look at their wantonness, their arrogance and rages. But a short time ago how many of them bowed the knee-- and for what ends; and after a little time consider in what condition they will be. "The earth loves the shower." "



Continued on page 18  
 18

Here's where I fill up another page with whatever comes into my head. Yes, I'm composing this directly on stencil, just like the first editorial. ...I'm listening to the editorial, having just run it off, and it sounds pretty good. Smells good, too. Not as many typos as I'd expected (I'm not using conflu at all).

My radio is telling me two things: Some scientist somewhere has announced that animals may be able to communicate with other planets. Think about that awhile. It also tells me that the victim of a recent murder had previously been receiving a series of "obscene" phone calls, consisting of "deep breathing and the word 'hello'". A new definition of obscenity??

-----  
It's never too late to bait a freight in death a frog.  
-----

Before I forget, I would like to immortalize in print my sincerest thanks and indebtedness to Bjo Trabant and Ed Moskys, without whose help and advice the artwork in this issue would have been unbelievably bad. I would also like to thank Hobart Beezer for Mexico.

I also want to remind you that if you mention this zine in yours, or review it, or anything, you should send me a copy, so I can at least know what's being said about me. And if you publish a zine, and I forget to check the appropriate box on the backcover, I still want to trade with you. All for all, of course. I'm tentatively planning the next issue for June, and thereafter probably bimonthly. I also would like to keep getting bigger with each issue, and with luck nextish should be about 40 pages.

What else? Oh yes. I'm perfectly willing to publish for you, cheaply. For about \$2.50 for 50 6-page N'APA-size zines, from your stencils, otherwise 30¢ per stencil. A little less than Boggs is charging, but I don't claim to be in business like he seems to be, and he with his greater experience will probably do a neater job of it.

But if you're so pennypinching that four bits makes a difference, I'm glad to be of service.

Extra copies of the cover are available if you want one. Just mention it in your LOC, and I'll include it with the next issue.

-----  
Many men smoke, but Fu Manchu  
-----

Artists: I'm so eager to have an arty zine that I'm willing to have your drawing offset-printed for a cover if it's good enough. Try me.

And so, until next issue, remember:  
A woman is just a woman, but a  
frog is a friend for life.

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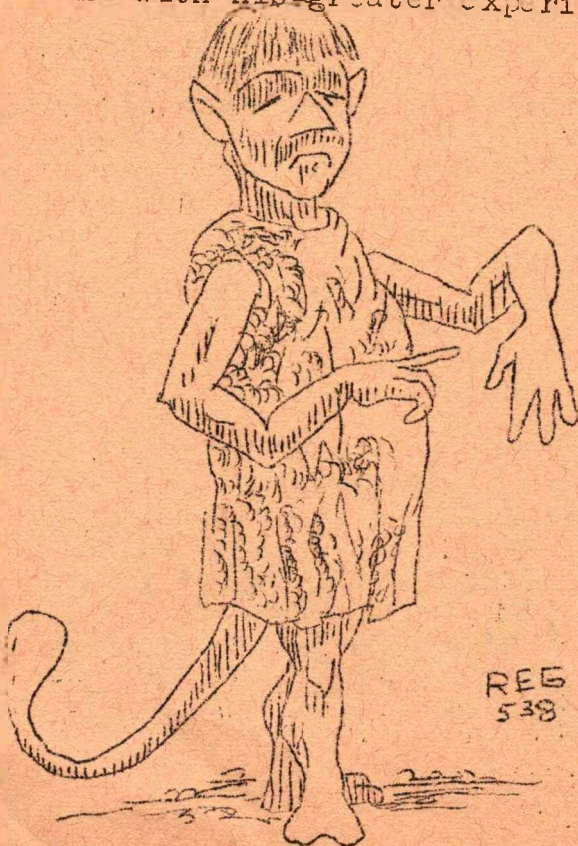
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Happy St. Grosnik's Day!





# N3FF BENEFITS

by greg shaw

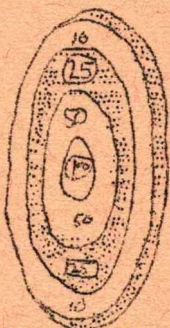


Everybody talks about N3F Benefits but nobody ever gets one, right? How many of you neffers have ever gotten an honest-to-goodness, fully authenticated, N3F Benefit? Some of you have been in N3F for 15 years or more; have you ever heard of anyone getting one of these mythical things?

So what, you ask. Has anyone ever received a paleozoic fringork, you ask. Same thing, you claim. Not at all. Have you ever wanted a paleozestic fringork? Have you ever been vaguely promised one or reassured that you would be receiving all sorts of them if you pay your dues? Of course not.

Now take Benefits. How many of you think you deserve one? You see? Almost everybody. And you do! But will you ever get one? NO! Not if you live to be a hundred and Hugo Gorisback subscribes to your fanzine! Why, you're more likely to get a Certificate of Full-headedness than an N3F Benefit. And I say, something ought to be done about this! If a fan never in his life achieves any fannish fame, at least as a member of N3F he should be entitled to receive a Benefit, so his fannishness would be rewarded. So I propose to do something about this disgusting state of affairs.

I believe the N3F should start an official N3F Benefit Bureau, and I modestly suggest myself for Director. If the N3F won't sponsor this bureau, I plan to take it on all by myself, as Seth Jonsson with his round robins. The only difference would be that instead of calling my benefits "Official N3F Benefits" I would just call them N3F Benefits. Unless I am notified that this is illegal, I shall go ahead with this worthy cause.



Here is how it would work: I will take one of my supply of Benefits (I will ask neffers, thru TNFF and other fmz. to send my unusual items that could be used as Benefits) every three months, package it, slip in a little printed note saying "This is an Official N3F Benefit" and mail it to that fan who I think is most deserving of it.

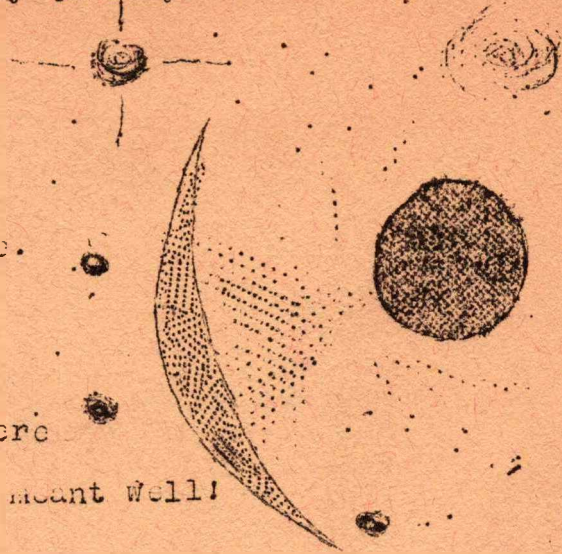
Since I will only require four Benefits a year, I won't ask everybody to submit everything he has that he doesn't need. But every once in a while I come across a really weird little dingbat, and I'm sure you do too, so all I ask is that if you have some really unusual little item (say, small enough to fit into a cufflink box), contribute it to the N3F Benefit Fund. And if you are a good little neffer, you just might receive a Benefit someday. THE END.

S N U 92 D



There is a good chance that you have received this issue, for there are many ways in which you may qualify:

- I know you
- Someone recommended you
- I'd like you to LOC
- I'd like to trade for your zine.
- I'd like you to contribute
- You asked for it
- You're mentioned inside somewhere
- Review copy. Please be kind; I meant well!
- Other

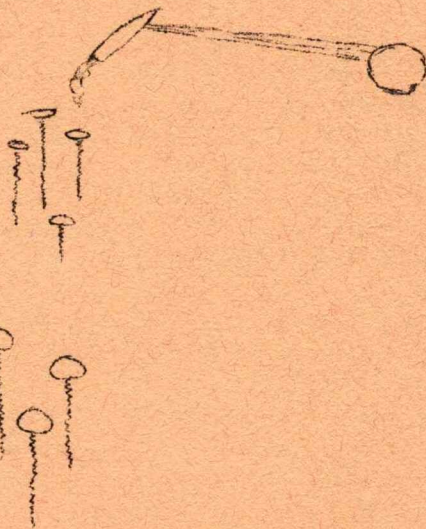


Ever since I first saw fanzines, I've wanted to be an editor so I could make these boxes and check them as I send them off. Suggestions for other reasons I could use are welcome.

You have \_\_\_\_\_ more issues coming before you cease to receive FEEMWLORT. I can't keep sending these out free forever. The next issue looks to be Real Good, so if your number is less than \_\_\_\_\_, for God's sake send me a LOC, or Contribute, or something.

It Must Be JOCK ROOT, and no other, For TAPP!  
Happy St. Grosnik's Day

*[Handwritten scribbles and illegible text]*



encounter of  
TELLUS



Harris