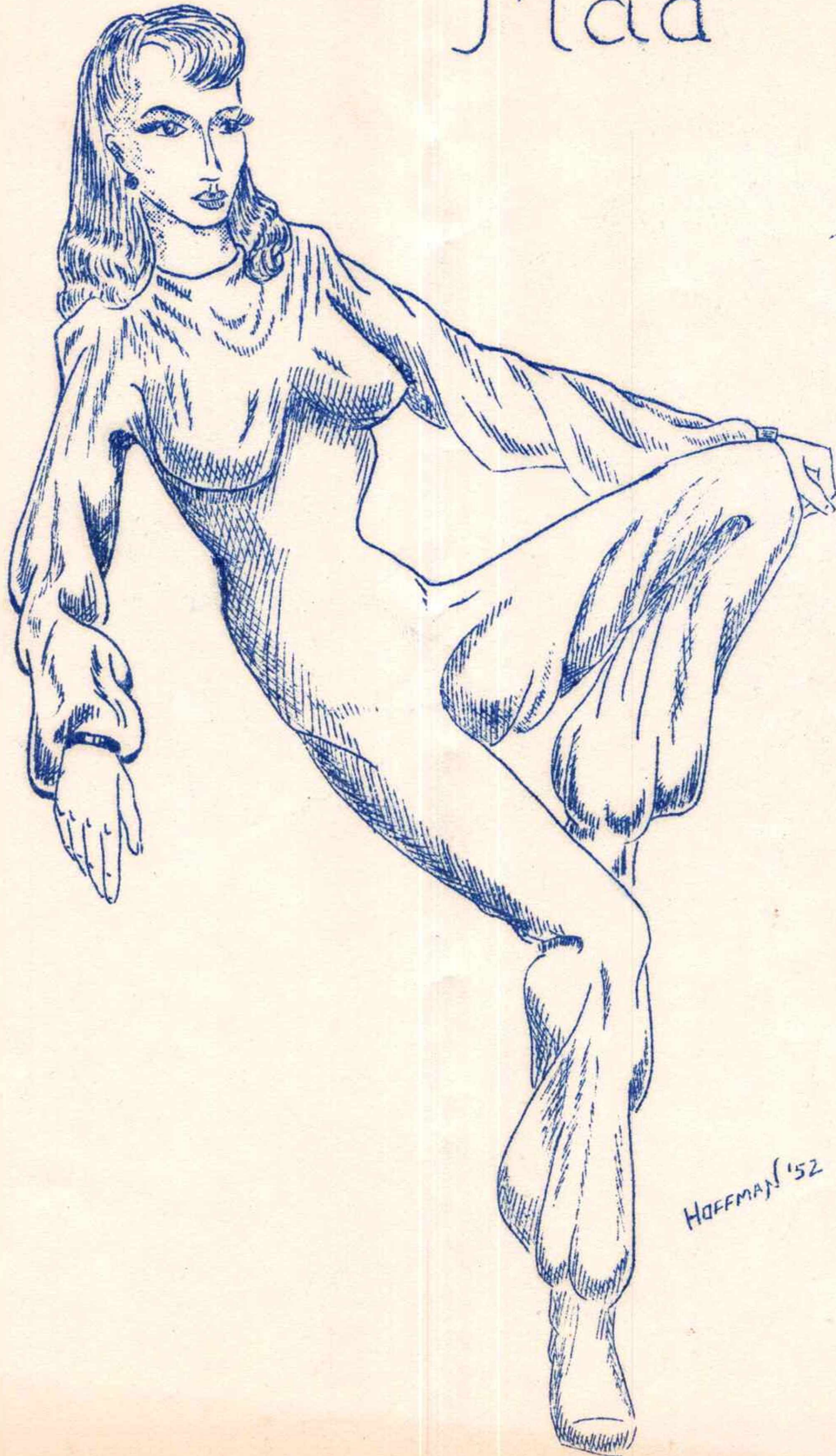


Mad



MAD: THE WILLISH

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Cover by Lee Hoffman. Other artwork: page 9, Lee Hoffman; page 12, Dick Lippincott; page 15, Dave English; page 28, Dave English; page 31, Dave English. Believe it or Rip by Bill Venable. Backcover drawing by English. Lettering by Lippincott and Ryan.

.

MAD, number 5, the Willish, was edited by Dick Ryan at 224 Broad Street, Newark, Ohio, assisted by Dick Lippincott, and hindered by banquets, pageant rehearsals, the Republican Convention, the Democratic Convention, hot, swimming weather, letters to entrance boards, and various other trivia to shaming to mention.

The color in this issue is for the purpose of going out in a blaze of glory, as it were. As we say, it may not be good color, but it's sure colorful. The multi-deal on Little Small Town Fan was done by brushing three colors of ink on the pad in distinct sections; then cleaning the brush, and slapping a mixture of colors on the pad somewhat in the manner of one burping a baby.

I'm most pleased, tho, with the blue. Prettier than black. and legible too. Hope you like the issue.

... the stream of the subconscious.

EDITORIAL

... no comment on #4 yet, huh. . . too early. wait a week
. . . that color came out nice, didn't it? Great. . . we'll have to
try that next issue. . . what've we got for material? the usual;
the regular stuff. . . sposed to have something from Walt, too. It's
his issue, you know. . . yeah. . .

... Around the Moon coming? got anything yet. . . how much
do you need? Oh, three-four pages. . . better get out the blue pen-
cil. . . you've got more? well, it's easier to cut than expand. . .
they liked the color. . . the letters that came in so far. . . oh,
we've got lots of time. this is the first of June, we've got a
whole month to get it out. . .

... when can you work on MAD? yeah, I thot we'd run off a
few pages at a time, get out of that last-minute rush deal. . .
got a wedding to shoot this week; pretty well filled up. how
about next? . . . ok. I'm getting it dummiied; I'll cut a few
stencils. . . tho I've got a helluva lot of letters to answer. . .
they sure do pile up. . .

... no, nothing from Walt yet. . . I'm going to write him.
how about ATM? . . . not so good. . . I thot you had six pages?
in my head. not on paper. . .

... going to think I'm a skunk for not answering their
letters for two or three weeks. we'd better move the deadline up
a little. . . earlier? . . . don't be silly. . . got a piece from Walt;
not by him, but still good. . . oh, she writes a column for / . . .
good stuff. . .

... told you about the Covington article, didn't you? It'll
take up five pages at least. I think we'll have a 30-pager this
time. . . the heads you cut look fine. they should; I could have
sworn I heard that stylus grating wood a couple times. . . oh, that
is what made those grooves in the card table? L#E-T-T--who's
rubbing it in? . . .

... well, no. the convention was on last week. . . bc
reasonable. who can cut stencils when the great pagaont of American
Democracy is being revealed before one's very eyes? . . . I'm not
being overly dramatic. you know me better than that. . . maybe lazy
is the right word. . .

... sure, four pages are ready to go, but not this week.
the conven-. . . Yeah, I feel the same way sometime. . . but I've
got to be impartial, don't I? I can't watch one and not the other
. . . how about ATM? . . . I thot so. so we're both lazy. next week.

Editorial--

. . . got a terrific article by James White! . . . we'll make room. . . Jan couldn't do his column anyway. . . you're free tonight? come on up. we'll get some work done. . .

. . . I asked you where ATM was. where my editorial is is beside the point. . . here's a typewriter and two stencils. Write whatever you want. . . no, not that! you've got plenty of other material. . . what am I going to do? Calkins' Willish came today. does that answer your question? . . .

. . . Yep. It's all on stencil, except for a few odds and ends. . . well, the editorial, and the contents and a little more . . . all right, so just half the issue is on stencil. . . so what? I'm not either being belligerent. . . we can run off the rest, any way. . .

. . . well, we've got yellow, blue, and red. you should be able to work out some sexy combinations with that. . . that's pretty . . . maybe they won't blend so much this time. . . page 7, the tribute to Walt. . .

. . . they sure didn't blend, did they? they're so damn sharp you can't read the right-hand side. . . maybe you better blend them from now on. . .

. . . that's more like it. how much yellow we got left? . . . is that all? better go easy. you can't read the yellow anyway. . . yes, it is a beautiful day. . . well, we can finish tomorrow. . . my heart isn't in it anyway. . .

. . . ten more pages! will the ink hold out? . . . no, we'll use what we've got; we'll change pads and run a few blue pages. . . Now what's the matter. . . well, I suppose the paper is damp. . . it's been lying down here for six months. . . now it's creasing the sheets! wait a minute, let me try. . .

. . . that copy's getting awfully close to the bottom of the page. . . I'll adjust that thingamabob. . . try that. too high? . . . here. . . that should do it. . .

. . . gee that cover's beautiful. . . yeah, we're almost out of stencils now. . . what time is it? . . . 11:30? early yet. . . might as well knock off anyway. . . I'll cut the editorial and letters tomorrow. . . like to get it in the mail by Monday. . . it is kind of sad in a way, but just think. . . no more of this midnight oil burning. . . right. see you later. . .

Sunday, August 3, 1952, 2:30

As I sit here, surrounded by the debris of production, I wonder what lasting message I can give you. What words of mine would not be inadequate? How can I tell you, especially those of you who may even now be contemplating publishing a fanzine, the horrors of such an operation? Obviously I can't. So I'll just say, to

Editorial--

remove any doubt you might have had, that this is absolutely the last issue of MAD. I should think everyone would know it by now, after the perpetual griping I've done recently, but just to make sure.

This is also the Willish. It goes to several philanthropists who sent in their quarters, and also to all subscribers who have issues coming on their sub. If any of you latter object to such cavalier disposition of your money, write in, you cheap so-and-sos, and I'll cheerfully refund your subscription.

Several minor matters were noticed only after the page involved had been run off, and should be apologized for. (1) Nobody can read typescript printed in yellow mimeo ink. This is the only fact that ruined the effect we attempted on pages seven and eight, the tribute to WAW by Fiske. (2) Page nine didn't turn out as badly as I had expected; in the face of the result, my abject apology thereon looks a little silly. If you'd seen the stencil, you'd have known why I had doubts. (3) Drawings, such as those on the bacover and insidebacover, bleed through like crazy. Or like MAD, if you prefer.

Clarification of position department: I am not withdrawing from fandom. Sorry to disappoint you. The fates willing, I'll be doing some writing for other zines. It's so much cheaper and easier on the nerves.

Several people helped MAD a lot in its brief span. Lippincott, for instance; without the assurance of his help I probably wouldn't have tackled it in the first place. And whose prodigality with mimeo ink caused both my bankruptcy and MAD's legibility. Bill Vanable, who contributed our first article as well as the fine feature in this issue. Dave English, who's done most of our artwork. Lee Hoffman, who contributed two fine covers, and Max Keasler, who did another. On stencil yet, which was the greatest boon of all. Ed Noble, first subber. Several others, whose hearts are too great to be hurt by my failure to mention their names.

Quite a bit has happened since last September. Q's had its second birthday. Gregg Calkins has zoomed from obscurity to BNFdom simply by publishing OOPSLA! on time. Shelby Vick has built CONFUSION into the top fanzine now being published, merely by working 30 hours a day. (Incidentally, a tip of the hat to Shelvy. He certainly deserves the title of the U.S.'s number one fan of 1952.) Max Keasler let FV lapse and brought OPUS, an improvement, if possible, on the former zine. (Don't let Nelson get away!)

Bob Silverberg, the sane fan, celebrated the second or third anniversary of Sship with a 40-page annish. Several new zines were born, from the ambitious ETRON, from right here in Ohio, Norm Browne's VANATIONS, with photo-lithed cover, to the BARSOON BUGLE, a hectoed cardzine which should make Sam sigh nostalgically. No promising new prozines except FANTASTIC, which still has to deliver. The top three are still safe. All of which is to say that it's been great fun. . .but it was just one of those things.



WALTER A WILLIS:

A TRIBUTE

by
ERMENGARDE FISKE

A good many fans think that Walter Willis, so varied and so limitless are his talents, so unflagging and unbounded his energy, must be something more than a mere man--a demigod perhaps, or even (now that the requirements are being relaxed for everything) a whole god. In the course of a recent deportation from the land of my birth, I was privileged to meet this rare creature in person, and I am happy to make public the fact that Walter Willis is a human being! True, he clanked as he walked and paused at four-hour intervals to extract nourishment from an oil can, but the Irish have very peculiar habits, being foreigners, and we must not love them the less for all that. (unfortunately, Mr. Willis does not speak like a real Irishman--his accent tends more toward the miscellaneous British than the proper Barry Fitzgerald--but he has promised faithfully to develop a brogue so as not to disappoint his expectant admirers.)

Yet Mr. Willis is more than a mere man. For did not Anthony Boucher himself write, concerning the periodical of which Mr. Willis is the guiding star, "SLANT is one of the loves of my life, the only source of true wit in fandom." And Jerome Bixby made some extremely flattering remarks in my hearing both about Mr. Willis and SLANT. I forget exactly what he said--which is just as well, because I haven't asked permission to quote him--but it was very favourable indeed.

Despite all this praise from exalted quarters, Mr. Willis remains modest and unspoiled and willing to converse affably with anyone who has the price of a subscription in his pocket. He loves his work and prefers to set each piece of type by hand, because he feels it brings him closer to his readers as well as keeping alive the hallowed art of hand-printing. (However, if anyone reading this happens to have an old linotype machine or two lying about that he doesn't need, Mr. Willis--so great is his heart--will be delighted to give it house room and even an occasional run to keep it glowing with use like a pearl.)

I have been asked to write how Mr. Willis struck me, but forbidden to mention what he struck me with--a bitter request because I feel that, given time, I would have thought of the pun for myself. Suffice it to say that I regard Mr. Willis as one of God's noblest creatures. His character may be marred by one or two minor flaws--as whose is not?--such as altering contributors' copy beyond recognition, not forwarding encyclopedias left behind in Belfast, and practicing cannibalism...but they serve merely to heighten

Walter Willis--A Tribute--

his spiritual beauty. It will be a pleasure and a privilege for us benighted Americans to welcome him to our shores (and I am willing to fight the first person smaller than I am who dares to contradict me.)

And, who knows, we may persuade him to stay forever, for, coming from a country with a climate that, even at the summer solstice, approaches the glacial, he might find the equatorial temperatures of New York and Chicago somewhat overpowering. Perhaps in some quiet corner of the New World he will rest underneath a grey slab bearing the simple but touching inscription: "Here lies Walter Willis, Man and Editor" (not, of course, that the two terms are mutually exclusive).

NOTE: I asked my esteemed columnist Ermengarde Fiske to write this piece for the Willish because the idea of a magazine devoted to me was just too dreadful to contemplate without a contribution by someone who isn't devoted to me. I thought that a candid article might help to prevent people asking why I don't just walk across the Atlantic. / Miss Fiske is a good deal nicer than I'd thought she would be--it's just as well I held on to these encyclopedias--but I feel that this tribute cannot be allowed to pass without some words by the..or..tributary. For one thing, I do not practice cannibalism, and I'll bite the first person that says I do. For another, I do too speak with an Irish accent. However, I gather from Miss Fiske's allusion to this 'Barry Fitzgerald' that she was expecting me to speak like the ignorant and downtrodden peasants of the South of Ireland. This I will never do; I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon. Much rather. In the North here we speak with a manly and virile intonation, pronouncing each syllable with such clarity that it is almost immediately comprehensible to anyone who has lived here a mere 20 years. / In any case, Miss Fiske has no call to criticise my lack of brogue. Actually, the foot is in the other mouth, because she doesn't speak like an American. She didn't say "Gee" or "Waal" or "Pardner" or even "Say Bo." She didn't even behave properly, and was so unAmerican I'm sure she'll be investigated one of these fine Dies. She didn't fire a gun the whole time and not once did she use the spittoons we had specially bought for the occasion. That was not the only one of our thoughtful little gestures that went unappreciated. Take meals for instance, where we went to immense trouble to make her feel at home. Knowing that Americans subsist on corn on the cob and hot dogs we went out and bought a horse and a fine fox terrier bitch. The dog got away but we managed to kill the cob and served Miss Fiske a tasty slab of horsemeat generously sprinkled with freshly cut corn. You will scarcely believe this, but she wouldn't even touch it! / However in spite of her peculiar behaviour, Miss Fiske is a nice girl. Pretty too. She is a brunette--or was when I saw her last. I'm not allowed to tell you her real name but she has sold to GALAXY and F&SF. She is unmarried. She is attached to cats. (No, not like a tin can.) She uses cosmetics and puts beer on her hair. (If the latter doesn't stop her hair from falling out at least it makes it feel better when it hits the floor.) She uses a long green cigarette holder: I don't know where she gets the long green cigarettes. --WAW

AROUND THE MOON

THIS IS A PICTURE.

IT WAS DRAWN BY LEE HOFFMAN.

IT WAS LOUSED UP BY DICK RYAN.

IT WAS ONCE A FINE, COMPLETE PICTURE.

BUT: ORIGINAL POSITIONING ON
STENCIL NECESSITATED A SHIFT UPWARD.

SAID SHIFT WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY
SCISSORS, MIMEOGRAPH CEMENT, AND
GLUE.

AS IS RATHER OBVIOUS, THE BEST
POSSIBLE RESULTS WERE NOT OBTAINED
BY THE TRANSFER.

THE BLAME FOR ANY SMEARS, BLOBS OF INK, AND BLANKS IN THE
ABOVE PICTURE, AND/OR ON, ABOUT, OR AROUND THE PICTURE, MAY
BE LAID AT MY DOOR.

AS A STENCIL-PATCHER, I PLEAD GUILTY TO MALPRACTICE.



Have some free white space

--dr

AROUND THE MOON

by Dippincott

I was told once that composing on a stencil was a great help to inspiration. I think that it was Mr. Ryan that told me that. At last, he let me get next to a fresh stencil. So- on with the show.

---*---*---

Alot of mail has come to the office of MAD. None of it ever gets to me, So I have to steal my material for this "thing" from all the fanzines I can get my grimy little hands on.

---*---*---

Got one the other day that was really something. Ryan drooled all over the cover. I am still wiping. This little gem is VANATIONS. Never in all my born days (which are many) have I seen such a cover. It is a beautiful job of photo and airbrush. This zine (first of its kind) came down by dog sled from the wiles of Canada (I think it's wild)! Norman Browne - 13906 101a Ave Edmonton, Alberta, Canada puts it out on the PAR plan. But be careful, he wants money!

---*---*---

Have also (or, also have) Ish #1 of DARK UNIVERSE. Arather good start I think. Dave had the same troubles that a lot of new zines had (some still have them). But it is good reading. Dave Yan Arnam at 1740 34th Ave. N. St Pete Fla. does most of the work. This zine (I guess) is put out by the St. Pete Senior High. And also thanks for the nice bit of egoboo Dave. We like every bit of it.

---*---*---

Ryan is trying very hard to give me a little insporation. I think I need a little. I don't think that he is doing such a good job. I still don't feel anythink (stop hitting me with that ball bat!)

---*---*---

Cosmag & SF Digest are out. Good as ever. I think that I must like everyone tonight.

---*---*---

At last, it started to rain. I have melted long enough. The rain sounds nice as it hits on the roof (M' Ghod, I forgot to put the windows up on the car)! Ryan said that while I was cutting ATM, he would cut some heads (stencil). Ryan, Are you going to get to work. or do I have to do ALL the work around here? I know that I have five lines left (he just told me) what the hell am I supposed to do about it????

---*---*---

This is the last time that you will see ATM on these pages! In fact, this is the last time that you will see these pages at all! MAD is going out of business. Due to several things, we have to fold now. Both Dick and I have so much such important stuff that we have

Around the Moon ---still more-

to do, like going to college and running a business (photographic) that we feel that we can't do justice to both (justice must be done. If any Ed reads this and would be fol-dinged crazy enough to want this col, just write R.R. Lippincott 12½ E. Park Pla. Newark, Ohio Any Eds that would like to have something nice said about their Brainchild, send to the above address. I like to say nice things (if they are true).

---**---**

WE LIKE IKE! WE LIKE IKE! WE LIKE IKE! WE LIKE IKE!

---**---**

There are two sides to a coin. I never heard of German. The hell you never did, I speak it most of the time. Now being given- A SHORT COURSE IN ENGLISH- by R.W. Ryan. I think th at I just said something. This supposed stuff that you have just read (I hope) is the writers side of a conversation with the Ed. I hope that you can make sence out of it.

---**---**

It is raining harder now. I think that it will keep it up for a while. We are also having a little thunder to help me along. Lightnin' is still reading that zine! Ryan, are you going to get to work? I sure hope that this rain cools things off around here. It was so hot today that the mice in my studio were getting on the print dryer to keep cool!!

---**---**

Just had a bit of information from Capt Charles (Noisy) Smelt. He says that all of the girls in Fla. are going water skiing on bare feet. That's nothing, most of the girls that I know have feet so big that they could use them for surf boards!

---**---**

Ryan is sitting in the corner reading OOPSLA. It must be a good ish. All he docs is laff.

---**---**

We haven't had a good (or poor) SF. movie in this town for a long time. What's the matter, dod Holly give up the gost.

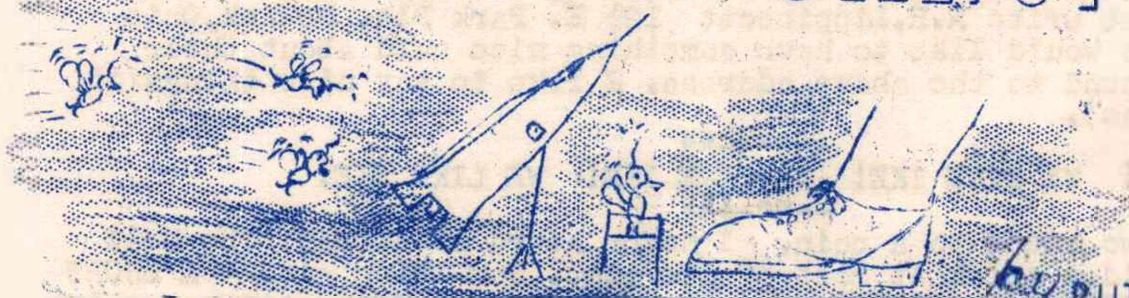
---**---**

We are now looking at the (pardon the statement) Dem con.. Ryan just turned the volum down. I don't think that that was very nice/ he now has a broken arm. I'll be out of the hospital in about three weeks. The doms are so dumb that they have to be knocked down. I have know this for years.

---**---**

Well, there isn't too much more that I can say. I am glad if you have had a little fun out of this col. I hate to try to put this to bed without thanking several people who have done a lot of this col. The first is Ryan, without his wit on these pages, I don't think you would have liked it. Also to all of the fanzines from which I have swiped at one time or another, a lot of information. But I suppose that most of the thanks goes to the little woman, who was kind enough to let me work on this stuff. Also to Ryans family, who were kind enough to have some coffee when we needed it. And last but not least, to Lippincott Studio, in who's offices this zine was first started. Well, I think that I have thanked everyone that had something to do with this col. So I guess that this is the 3-0 mark. It sure has been fun. I hope that you will be able to read this in a nother zine soon. T_hanks, and Bye. rrl

THE LAST OF THE GLEEPS!



by RUTLEDGE

I was returning home from an all-night (almost) Battle with my Boss, on certain policies of MAD. The night was very clear, and after parking the car I stayed outside for a smoke before turning in. It was then that I noticed something was amiss. I had by this time grown used to having the Gleeps about all the time, they were rather nice companions, but now I could see them with those strange little boxes that I had seen almost a year ago, when they buried their space ship. Only this time they were digging UP the ship.

I hurried out to where they were working and looked about for Gomer. I found him busily giving orders to several Gleeps to get the bow of the ship clear of the ground. On seeing me, he asked if I would help! Well, I must admit that the Gleeps have been very nice to me, so I was glad to help them a little (the ship wasn't heavy).

As soon as the ship was above ground I asked Gomer what was going on. "Mr. Rutledge," he said, we have been on this planet for almost one of your years. We have studied you and your kind and found many things we like. You are our friend, you have been nice to us. I hope that we will be able to come back and see you one of these days. But now we have run upon something that we can't stand."

"What is that Gomer?" I said.

"Some of us were flying over a town that you call Chicago, and we saw a lot of people. We decided to investigate, and do you know what we found? Well, there were a lot of people that were talking all at once about a lot of different things, and none of them knew what the other was talking about. They were talking about leaving some union and some were saying that they were going to leave the party, but we didn't see any party. There was this one people that was standing up on a platform banging a club on it and shouting for everyone else to shut up. No one knew what he was talking about and I don't think that anyone gave a damn. There were a lot of people that were acting like a low form of reptilian life, moving around a lot of other people that didn't seem to notice that anything was going on."

All this time the Gleeps were getting in the ship and getting it ready to take off. I couldn't understand yet what they had seen.

(continued on page 17)

THE FIRST ISSUE

by BOB SILVERBERG

When the first issue of Marvel Science Stories, dated August 1938, appeared in the summer of 1938, few fans realized that the beginning of an awesome s-f boom was at hand. For when that first Marvel appeared, there were just four other magazines in the field: AMAZING (which had been taken over by Ziff-Davis several months previously and was somewhat the worse for wear); THRILLING WONDER STORIES (which had been taken over from Gernsback by Standard Publications two years previously); ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION (in its sixth year of Street and Smith publication after a few years of publication by the Clayton chain, and also in its first year under Campbell's editorship) and WEIRD TALES (still barrelling along under its original publisher, and in the fourteenth--but next-to-last--year of Farnsworth Wright's editorship.)

Marvel, then, broke into a field completely dominated by pulp houses. It met the competition in grand manner. Marvel was a pulp magazine which out-did all others in winning itself a reputation for near-unmailable fiction. The first issue--and indeed, all nine issues until its death in April 1941--was standard pulp size, untrimmed (but smooth) edges, 128 pages (this became 114 before long) and a price of 15¢.

It contained quite a bit of fiction for that 15¢ tag, too. #1 had "Survival," a fine 50,000-worder by Arthur J. Burks which was one of many contributions the prewar Marvel made to the field to balance its undesirable features. Along with the Burks novel, the mag published these other fine booklengths before shifting entirely to the sex policy: "Exodus" by Burks (#2); "After World's End" by Williamson (#3) and "Tomorrow" by John Taine (#4).

In addition to the Burks novel, #1 contained "Avengers of Space," a short novel by Henry Kuttner. This was one of Kuttner's early sales, and is a cheap bit of pornography which the author of "Mimsy Were the Borogoves" and "Well of the Worlds" would doubtless love to forget. (But he sequelled it with an even hotter item the next issue, a novel called "The Time Trap.") Also included in #1 was a novelet and three short stories, one of the latter by Stanton Coblentz, and clean.

The cover, by Norman Saunders, "pictures a thrilling scene on the planet Mars taken from Henry Kuttner's thrilling science novel, 'Avengers of Space.'" At least that's what the contents-page blurb says; the cover, like the description, was quite dreadful.

Marvel had an unusual pre-war history, much like its postwar record in the matter of changes of title and policy. It lasted

The First Issue--

for five issues under the Marvel Science Stories name; the first four featured the novel mixture of half heavy science and half sex, while the fifth issue jettisoned both the science and the sex and ran a dull adventure novel by F. A. Kummer. The sixth and seventh issues saw a title change--to Marvel Tales, and a complete shift to pornography, featuring two pseudonymous novels which are reputedly by Jack Williamson. (I don't believe it.) Presumably Marvel was persuaded by the postal authorities or by New York's actively anti-vice Mayor LaGuardia, for the eighth issue appeared under the title of Marvel Stories (the dropping of the Science from the title is significant.) It published some hackneyed, unsoxy fiction for two issues, and then folded, unlamented, until 1950.
(Fifth in a series)

"...suffer from acid stomach? Why don't you stop drinking acid?"
--Jim Lawler, The Late Show

Norley's --- Believe It or Rip!



TWO WEEKS WITHOUT A BEER!



70 FANS IN A ROOM!
IN ROOM 770 AT THE INGLACON
THERE WERE AT ONE TIME 70
FANS IN THE ROOM.

OSCAR J. WHEELER,
ROSCOTE & HOLY MAN, WENT
2 WEEKS WITHOUT A BEER
DURING HOLY SEASON OF
THE ROSCOTES LAST YEAR!

GEN-TONES
AFANLING THAT PASSED
THE POSTAL INSPECTOR!
G.W. CARR'S GEN-TONES A SAPPZINIA
HAS NOT BEEN BANNED BY THE RA!

--bill venerable

WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA

WALT WILLIS

(Continued from Confusion 10)

(Willis and Vick have been captured by the New York Immigration Officers, all fanatical Ghuists, and have been imprisoned in the dreaded Chateau d'IF to await trial. While being shipped to the, however, they had contrived to give a message to a friendly fish called Ted (a Sturgeon by trade) appealing to fandom for help. Sturgeon delivers the message first to the office of Fantasy Times, and Taurasi, Moskowitz, and Sykora set out to the rescue.)

Humming softly to himself, Moskowitz speeds his truck in the direction of Newark. The traffic hastily draws into the kerb and air raid wardens rush to their posts. Through the deserted streets the truck rushes on until it reaches Moskowitz' house, where the three fans leap out and start loading the famous collection onto the truck. Hour after hour they toil, carrying out armfuls of books and magazines and hurrying back for more. The wheels of the truck gradually sink into the concrete of the road, but still the work goes on. At last the entire collection is loaded, and the truck moves off slowly in the direction of the Chateau d'IF, leaving deep ruts in the road.

It is dusk when they arrive at the Chateau, and they are able to drive the truck right up to the building.

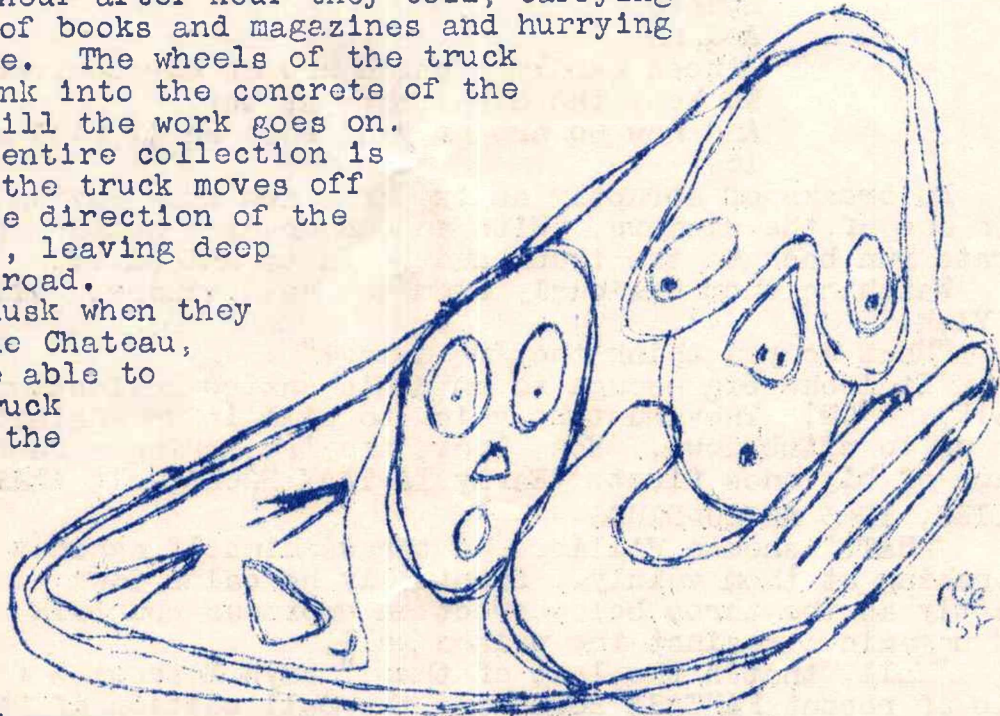
They park it on the narrow spit of land between the Chateau and the sea, and gaze anxiously at the enormous walls.

"What a lot of windows," says Moskowitz worriedly. "How are we ever going to find out which cell Willis and Vick are in?"

They all get out of the truck and walk up and down the shore, turning over the problem in their minds. Suddenly there is a twanging noise and Taurasi falls headlong in the mud. The others help him to his feet and start wiping him down, but he brushes their hands aside impatiently.

"Something just struck me!" he exclaims.

"No," says Sykora, "You fell."



Willis Discovers America--

"I know," says Taurasi impatiently, "that's the point. I tripped over a chord. Haven't you noticed this whole beach is covered with musical instruments?"

"It must be the remains of that band that was playing on the quay until it was drowned by the cheering crowd," muses Moskowitz. "But so what? They're all washed up now."

"It's given me an idea," says Taurasi. "We'll serenade Willis and Vick like Blondin and Richard Coer de Lion."

"Who's Blondin?" asks Moskowitz.

"Don't you ever read the funnies?" says Sykora in contempt. "Blondin Bumstead of course. Say, whaddya think of Li'l Abner----"

"Never mind that," says Taurasi. "Moskowitz, you sing and Sykora and I will accompany you." He picks up a trumpet and hands it to Sykora, taking a saxophone for himself.

Moskowitz takes out a copy of the DIANETICS HANDBOOK and clears his throat. He begins to sing.

We three
Intend to free
You from the penitentiary,
Taurasi,
Sykora
And me
I need hardly mention how at our convention
We kept the Michelists at bay.
And now we are prayin' that we'll find a way in
To-----

He breaks off abruptly as two arms are seen waving frantically from one of the windows. With an encouraging gesture the triumvirate run back to the truck and begin to unload it.

Watching them anxiously from the cell window, Willis turns to Vick.

"What do you think they're doing?"

"It looks big enough to be Sam's entire collection," says Shelvy. "OH! They must be going to pile it up against the wall for us to climb down. Yes, look, they're laying a fantasy foundation of big ones first. Early FANTASY BOOKS, old AMAZING QUARTERLIES, 1943 ASTOUNDINGS-----"

"WHAT?" shouts Willis. He throws himself against the bars, wrenching at them vainly. Eventually he calms down and watches quietly as the three below erect an enormous mountain of books and magazines against the prison wall.

"Well, that's the last of them," says Moskowitz finally, a file of recent FANTASY BOOKS and the Dell edition of UNIVERSE. I'm afraid it isn't enough. I wish they'd had COMMON SENSE." He broods grimly. The others steal a look at him and turn their eyes away hastily from his harrowed countenance. Moskowitz stands still for a long moment and then grits his teeth and walks slowly back to the truck. He emerges with a white face and a roll of black velvet. Unrolling the latter he produces a book, at which the others gaze with reverent awe. Still holding the book he begins to climb the mountain of sf. Sykora and Taurasi uncover their heads and stand in silent tribute.

Up above Shelvy turns to Willis. "He is making the supreme sacrifice," he says in hushed tones.

Even Willis is impressed. "Not.....not THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS?" he gasps.

"Yes," says ShelVy sombrely.

As Moskowitz continues his perilous ascent other fans begin to arrive in ones and twos and watch in anxious silence. There is a gasp of relief as he nears the top of the pile and places THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS on the summit. Then, very carefully, he climbs the few remaining feet and stands on the sacred volume. He is now only a short distance below the cell window.

Balancing himself precariously on the narrow peak he reaches into his pocket and produces a small saw.

"Here," he says, "Saw through the bars with this. It's a hacksaw I borrowed from Ray Cummings." He stands on tiptoe and reaches it up.

Willis and Vick both stretch out their hands but try as they will they cannot quite reach the saw.

"Another hundredth of an inch would have done it," says ShelVy, falling back in despair. "Ricky Slavin has a lot to answer for."

Overcome with disappointment and emotion at the recollection of his lost dust jacket Moskowitz has to rest for a moment before making his descent. He is just pulling himself together when there is a frantic cry from below and a wild-eyed figure dashes toward the pile, muttering incoherently to himself and drawing a fountain pen from his pocket. It is Clark Ashton Smith.

"For Ghod's sake stop him, Mike," shouts Alan Posotsky. "He's caught sight of one of his published poems with uncorrected typos!" But Michael de Angelis is unable to bring himself to restrain his hero. "No human power could stop him anyway," says Ken BeAle in horror. "That was a Keasler zine he saw. Run for your lives!"

But it is too late. Smith has already reached the pile of books and magazines. With maniacal strength he grabs a duplicated fanzine near the bottom of the mountain and pulls savagely. For a long moment the vast edifice shakes and quivers: then, with an carsplitting crash, it falls to the ground, burying Taurasi, Sykora, Posotsky, de Angelis, BeAle, Clancy, Smith, Gluck, Quinn, Krueger, Crane, Wesson, Sorxner, Friedman, Hoskins and Kirs.

"Well," says Willis callously, "that's the first time all New York fandom has been in Moskowitz's good books."

(to be continued in another one of the Willissues)

"You're nothing but a serious destructive fan. . ."

--WAW

The Last of the Gleeps--

Then it dawned on me what had happened.

"Well," said Gomer, "We are ready to go, but before we do, there is something that I would like to know. What did we see?"

"What you saw, Gomer, was a convention to elect a candidate for president of the United States."

"Well, I hope that I will never see anything like that again. Goodbye, Mr. Rutledge, I hope that we will meet again."

There was a blast of blue-green flame, and the small ship began to rise. In a moment they were gone from view. I hope that Gomer was right. I like the Gleeps. The Gleeps are our friends...

--GMP

TASMANIAN FORCE

by JAMES WHITE

At the highest altitude of which it is capable the airliner thunders through the night, a giant black cross in the starry sky tipped with the green, red and white of its navigation lights. There is no moon, but odd glints of starlight shine from its highly polished fuselage and flying surfaces, and its ports are blazing with the warm yellow lights of the passengers' compartments. In all, a common enough sight of the period--a plane full of businessmen and tourists going about their business with the maximum of speed and comfort.

Inside, however, the scene is far removed indeed from normality. Here are no groups of chattering tourists, no bored executives making their umpteenth trip. Instead, twenty-three men, dressed in a drab, non-reflecting garb consisting of webbed, steel helmets and dark overalls partly draped in netting hung with odd twigs and greenery, are grimly, and for the most part silently, checking their equipment. The solitary girl present is equally efficient looking, but she is not smiling as she rubs burnt cork thoroughly into the skin of her face and neck. She had a nice complexion, and now her hair is filthy with the stuff.

Now and then she looks at her watch. Zero hour is very close. The time seems to be flying by. Suddenly the lights go out all over the ship. She has been expecting it. She moves toward the aft escape hatch.

Far below, the clouds stretch endlessly in the starlight, like a rug of dirty cottonwool. They seem hardly to move.

(Extract from letter, SV to JW, 18th July, 1952. (Surface Mail.))

.....so he shouldn't have any doubts about his welcome. My telling him about the reception should clinch it.... We've got everything ready now. Nothing can possibly go wrong.....

(Extract from letter, JW to SV, 31st July, 1952. (Airmail.))

.....know what happened when he had to make a speech in London last year: I tell you he's a nervous wreck. You know how shy he is--what on earth possessed you to mention the three TV cameras, the mikes were bad enough. And the banquet! And that picture of the auditorium: I'm trying to calm him down, but it isn't an easy job. Try to play down the speechmaking end and concentrate more on the people he'll meet. Now, if you start by...

.....
Completely lightless now, and with the engines cut off, the

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plane is following the sharply declining glide path characteristic of a heavily laden ship in unpowered flight. It rushes lower and lower, silent, invisible, a shadow in utter darkness. Like the dread black angel of death it swoops down, and its purpose is just as grim and relentless. It is in the cloud layer now. Little swirls of vapour, cold and moist, blow in through the open hatch. The tensely waiting figures shiver slightly. They are through the clouds. Ahead and far below twinkle the myriad lights of the unsuspecting city. A red indicator flickers briefly and then burns steadily, giving their faces a faintly demonic cast. In silence they line up.

Suddenly a shapeless bundle detaches itself from the ship and goes tumbling into space. It is followed by another, and another.....Now there are twenty-four black figures swinging and twisting under slowly descending parachutes.

The leader is bracing herself for the shock of landing when, faint with distance, there comes the expected sound of the plane's engines revving up again.

.....
(Extract from letter SV to JW, 4th August 1952. (Airmail.))

.....but no one here took that convention report seriously. You know, dramatization for effect, poetic licence--- you know the sort of stuff he comes off with. How were we to know? I'm writing him as you suggested, but really everything depends on you now. We're counting on you. I'm a bit edgy I guess. I'm worried stiff in case there's a slip-up. The group met again last night. HB suggested...

(Extract from letter JW to SV, 10 August 1952. (Airmail.))

.....coaxing him till i'm blue in the face. First he said he wouldn't go unless I went too, and he knows that's impossible, if only because of what BS would doWe're taking spells at keeping his spirits up, but I don't like the wild look in his eyes. What about that plan of HB's?.....

Suggest you use code from now on. I'm getting a bit anxious about censorship. Use the Postal Chess Type F/.....

One has wrenched an ankle on landing, but nothing much can be done for him. They wish him a whispered "Good Luck" and leave him to make for the pickup point as quickly as he can. There is a short, whispered conference, and the plan is hastily modified.

The night is heavily overcast, but warm and close. They sweat terribly in their thick equipment--laden uniforms. However they make good time and there are no further casualties. But as they penetrate ever deeper into the city's sparsely populated outskirts they are forced to slow down. The quality of the street lighting is improving steadily and there are too many people about. Sometimes progress is delayed by as much as ten minutes while they wait for some dawdling pedestrian to pass a bare stretch of road. It is imperative that they remain unobserved, but their time is limited. Close decisions are called for time and again, and calmly

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without fuss or hesitation, the grimfaced girl makes them.

Down dark alleys, over backyard walls, she leads them. Sometimes light from a suddenly opening door or the headlamps of a passing car force them to drop motionless or melt into a convenient doorway. Or some young couple, who are probably completely oblivious anyway, force them to make a time-wasting detour. But they have memorized maps and photographs of the district until it is as familiar to them as their own incredibly far-off cities, and they reach their objective without mishap.

The house is in darkness except for a yellow beam of light coming from the back attic window where someone hasn't drawn the curtains properly. Quickly they move to their assigned positions. Four guard the rear: the others spread themselves over the grounds in front of the house. It is from here they will make their entrance, if possible. The time is 21.37 hours exactly. The signal is given to don gasmasks.

.....

(Extract from letter SV to JW (decoded), 15th August 1952. (Air))

.....and there is always HE's standby plan which can be put into effect at a moment's notice. In case the worst happens airmail me the following maps and photos.....also weather information, data on police controls, radar installations. MB will print them for distribution to the rest of the task force.

(Reply from JW to SV (decoded), 20th August 1952. (Airmail.))

.....be away for three days, he says, on a cycling tour of Donegal, and his boat sails tomorrow night! He has a wild hunted look on his face and I just can't talk him out of it. Says he owes it to fandom to preserve its illusions and I'm to tell you he has broken his leg or something.

We'll have to fall back on the HB plan. The data is on its way to you disguised as travel folders and letters to homesick emigrants.

Here is a schedule of the usual movements in the house from teatime onwards.....

.....

The hall light clicks on and a young man in a leather jerkin comes out carrying a sheaf of drawings and wheeling a bicycle. He has forgotten to lock the door, which will save a lot of trouble. On his way out his foot misses the girl's blackened face by a few inches, but his eyes have not yet become accustomed to the darkness and he sees nothing. She waits until the red tail light has disappeared into the distance, and then whispers: "That's Shaw out of the way. Move in!"

Three shadowy figures follow her noiselessly up the carpeted stairs. The others are grouped tensely in the hall below, ready to fight their way out if the plan misfires, their sole purpose to protect the smaller party and its burden. They are expendable. At the head of the stairs the girl sees a strip of light showing under the back attic door. She edges toward it, motioning to the

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rest to follow. Low voices, one female and two male, and a steady clanking noise are heard. They pause and draw weapons. In a voice that sounds oddly gruff through the respirator mouthpiece the girl shouts:

"O.K. Take them!"

(Cable from SV to JW, 11.07am 28th August 1952.)

QUERY MOUNTAIN CROSSWINDS STOP BEACHLENGTH OK STOP FAST
RETURN ARRANGED THREE PEOPLE STOP SAFER YOU KNOW NO
DETAILS STOP MANY THANKS GOOD LUCK GOODBYE ENDS.

The door flies open and crashes against the wall. Three fragile glass bulbs shatter together on the floor. The two young men operating the printing press whirl around and are frozen for an instant in ludicrous poses of surprise before they slump bonelessly to the floor. The other occupant of the room, a girl, is seated with her back to the door. Her head merely sinks down as if she had dropped quietly to sleep.

When the horribly efficient gas has done its work the four black and mud-streaked figures enter quickly and set to work. The girl, resembling some fearful subterranean monster in her saucer eyed gasmask, points to one of the still forms on the floor and they carry it out to the landing. Then they start searching feverishly along the bookshelves that line two walls of the tiny room. Suddenly the girl crouches down and gives a choked cry. Slowly, reverently, she draws out six slim volumes and holds them up. Her companions are awestruck at the sight of the priceless, almost legendary books. Then, grimly resisting the temptation to glance inside, she slides them into a specially prepared waterproof, heat resisting and almost indestructible container. She waves her party to the door. "Let's go," she says quietly.

"Wait!"

Her second in command points to the other still figure crumpled on the linoleum beside the press. "I thought he moved just then. Shall I.....?" His hand moves hesitantly to his pouch of gas bombs.

"Skip it," she mutters, her voice charged with emotion. "He was our Fifth Column." She gives a last, slow look around, then goes out and gently closes the door.

The little stretch of pebbly sand is much too short for normal operation, but the three-man pursuit ship makes a rocket-assisted take-off that lights up the countryside for half a mile around. With a highpitched whistling roar it climbs frantically and hurtles at ever-increasing velocity out over the sea. A mile further down the coast a submarine comes foaming to the surface. Twenty-two weary mudstained men are already waiting. One man with a tightly bandaged ankle slips while embarking and takes a ducking. It just doesn't seem to be his lucky night at all.

(Excerpt from a very long letter from Henry T. Wiedenbacker to his friend and fellow fan Wilbert Schultz, dated 21st September, 1952.)

".....and then they brought him in. He sure stood out among
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LITTLE SMALL TOWN FAN

By TOM COVINGTON

So you're a science fiction fan. And you like to pick out the errors in John Quack's latest epic in Slambastic Stories and write the editor about them, and read the fanzines, huh? And you hope to publish a fanzine of your own someday. But you're from Ponchetuck, North Dakota, and you've never seen another fan, so you're bound to the big city now. Go back, young lad. Go back. You don't know what you're in for.

When most of us think of fandom, we visualize great conventions of glassy-eyed, average-looking individuals with expressions of awe on their faces and their mouths agape; we think of the group that gets together and puts out their club zine, and of proudly showing our latest Bok original to all the guys and gals. But this isn't the true perspective. It doesn't include the people who make up over half--or maybe more--of our great group. I'm speaking of the small town fan.

Perhaps the small town fan is the most courageous of all of us. He hasn't had anyone to introduce him to science fiction. There's been none to stand over him and tell him who Ghu is, or whether two old women really edit Startling Stories. He's had to find his first science fiction mag by himself, and puzzle out the complexities of a new type of literature alone. He's had to answer his own questions and gain his own knowledge of what is transpiring and what has transpired in this world which he catches glimpses of through the web of the prozines.

In an isolated development of this sort erroneous ideas and false values are bound to form. One of these is the assumption that city fandom is a happy utopia, and that those fans who live in the great sprawling metropolises among hoardes of their kind are the happiest, most fortunate people in the world. Every small town fan seems to make this assumption, and the one ambition of most is to get to a big city and meet these lords of urban activity, to attend a meeting where the "big names" are present, and to gawk at the majestic authors who frequent such gatherings. This attitude is dangerous. It is dangerous in that it may someday lead them to an attempt to do this very thing. Beware, dear innocents, and lend an ear:

When I found that I would be able to get away from my Aunt Marcia's home in San Francisco a little earlier that Sunday, my pulseskipped six beats and jumped. This meant that I would be able to stop in Berkeley and meet Les and Es Cole and go by the Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Chowder, Science Fiction, and Marching Society! I, Tom Covington, formerly of Wilmington, North Carolina, was going to enter a real fan club! I was going to talk and laugh with, and be able to see and touch some real fan!

Oh, had I only known....

After promising Aunt Marcia that I'd go to the zoo for my remaining half day in San Francisco, and that I didn't mind that she'd promised to attend the picnic before she knew I was to spend

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the weekend with her, I launched myself, with a prayer and three dollars, into the hoarde of the city. The trip to the Greyhound bus station was uneventful. I didn't miss any bus connections or even get on the wrong one once, which is surprising because in San Francisco even the busses are hooked to overhead cables to keep them from getting lost. At the bus station my troubles started. The transportation system of this progressive state is slightly fouled up. There are about twenty bus lines which, it seems, have put all the towns in a grab bag and grabbed. Only one line is allowed to take the passengers from one city to another, while other lines take the passenger from that city to the next, and so on. Anyway, Greyhound didn't go from San Francisco to Berkeley. However, Key, at First and Mission, did. But where was First and Mission? I asked the clerk. He told me. I asked a man who was standing outside. I asked another man. Since they all told me that it was only seven blocks away, I decided to walk.

But I had forgotten the crazy lay-out of San Francisco. One half of the city (as anyone who's ever gotten lost there can tell you) conforms with the directions, while the other doesn't. This makes most of the streets caty-bias to each other, and the numbers on streets do not conform with those on the next parallel one. Hence, when I walked one block on Mission, I found myself in the nine hundred block instead of the seventh as I, judging by the street I'd just left, expected. The logical conclusion was that I was walking away from First Street instead of toward it.

"Is First Street down that way?" I asked a man who had been walking in the opposite direction.

"Yes," he said.

"Then why do the numbers increase as I walk toward it?"

It was a long argument, but finally logic won. He turned and walked back the way he had come, cursing softly.

I wanted a bus, but took an "F" train to Berkeley since there were no busses to Berkeley on Sunday. The sign on the car read, "Shaddock Avenue--Berkeley." The train moved and soon the water of San Francisco Bay was far beneath as we passed over one of the longest, largest, most awe-inspiring bridges in the world, the Oakland Bay Bridge.

Though I was fascinated by the trip, I woke from my contemplation of the marvels of engineering when the shore and buildings of a large city came into view. "I'd like to get off someplace where I can make connections to the 2500 block of Telegraph Avenue," I told the boy in the Key Lines uniform who was reclining in one of the seats. He continued to snore.

"I'm going to the fourtieth hundred block," said a voice from a nearby seat. I turned to see a specimen of humanity very familiar to all servicemen: a "helpful civilian." These characters come in assorted sizes, shapes, colors, and clothes, but can be identified by one thing: a long, drawn-out story as to why they "just love to give the boys in uniform a hand."

This one was about forty years old and had been in the engineers during the First World War and the Scabees (he went into long explanations that the scabees were part of the Navy which I, being only a sailor, didn't know) during the second world-wide step in the extermination of mankind. Therefore, he knew just what it was like to be alone in a big city and just how I felt. And he would be very kind and very helpful and show me right where I wanted to go.

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He'd even give me the privilege of hearing of all the places he'd been and how tame his home life seems after all the glorious adventures he'd had. I listened to his glorious adventures and his family troubles, but my thoughts were elsewhere. I was thinking of what lay at the end of my quest: The Garden Library and the Little Men. We got off the "F" car and raced for the orange bus which was pulling away from a corner.

Only thirty minutes elapsed before the next bus arrived upon the scene. But to me it seemed quite a bit longer. And it wasn't because I lacked companionship!

Upon passing a point three blocks from 2524 Telegraph Avenue, I shut my eyes. I feared that the dazzling sight of Garden Library in its sudden brilliance might blind me. And to make the wonderful experience of seeing my first fan club last longer, I wanted to look upon it by degrees.

The bus ground to a stop, and the noise made by the varied specimens of California fauna ceased. They were quiet as I got up swayingly, feeling my way toward the front of the bus. A hand took my arm softly and a gentle voice spoke, "Perhaps you'll come and visit my son sometime. He was blinded in the last war." Gad! Did I look that salty! My heart swelled with pride. Then I missed the last step and hit my head on the sidewalk, killing an ant which was already late from work. The bus pulled away. Muttering a prayer for the ant's brave soul, I painfully pulled myself up on all fours, remembered the time I'd tried to pick a swap up from that awkward position and the result, and jumped to my feet.

Garden Library was on the other side of the street. But where was the street? I sat down to think, hanging my feet off the curb. But it was useless. The cars rushing by in the dark bothered me. I thought of opening my eyes and taking just one little peep. But no, I must get the full benefit of such a sight. It wouldn't do to view the Library from afar!

I heard sounds of people passing behind me. Pedestrians. Maybe one of them could orient me. I got up and faced the sidewalk. Ah. Someone was coming. I waited. The footsteps came closer--closer. I waited. Closer. I waited. Then I struck out with my hand and felt only air. Again and again this happened. I began to lose patience. Then I succeeded in tapping someone on the shoulder.

"Eeccccck!" a shrill scream made me recoil in astonishment. It hadn't been her shoulder.

"Excuse me, Madame," I pleaded, blushing.

"Eeccccck!"

"Please." I advanced toward the noise.

"Get away from me!" she shrieked. "Get away or I'll push you into the street!"

I didn't stop. I advanced closer and closer to where I knew she was cowering against a fence. Closer.

So she pushed me.

"Yippecccc!" I yelled. My plan had worked! This was just what I had wanted.

Crash. A sickening thud. The sound of something splitting. Red stuff all over the road. Big chunks of what had once been life sliding from the curbing.

Someone had dropped a watermelon.

I paid no attention to the small catastrophe, since I couldn't see it anyway, but started inching my way across the street. Automobiles whizzed by on every side of me and a low jet plane added to the noise by thundering overhead. A group of girls (I'm handsome, you know) yelled at me from a passing truck and a dog barked. Then someone in a car grabbed my whitehat and uttered an insane laugh. The laugh vanished into the distance as I heard the stolen article hit the pavement some hundred yards up the road.

My honor was offended. The chief in boot camp had said so. He'd said that the whitehat was a sailor's most prized possession: a symbol of what he stands for. Besides, it was my only clean one.

Helped by a firetruck behind me, I sped down the road. As the whitehat bounced under a passing car, I was only two feet behind it. I still get goose pimples when I think how close to death I came then. If I had landed just five feet to the left, I might have hit a beer bottle which might have broken, maybe killing me. W hew!

I slid from under the car. My head struck the curbing. Yippee, the curbing! I was on the same side of the street as the Garden Library! I climbed to my hands and knees and, facing the direction in which the library lay, praised Ghe three times, Foo-Foo three times, and Roscoe once. Then I scampered down the street.

Preparing myself for the awful brilliance, I relaxed the muscles in my eyes. No light penetrated. I inched them toward opening. Still nothing. I opened them a little more. Light. Light, but no burning radiance. An awful suspicion flashed through my mind. I snapped my eyes open. "Joe's Place," read the bold sign extending across the front of the dinky building. Next door was Oakland Cleaners, and on the other side of that another bar!

"Lo, sailor." A Bergcy fem with some clothes on was coming at me out of the door of "Joe's Place." As she approached, I backed. I knew what happened to sailors who frequented bars with fast women. She was smiling prettily and her... I ran.

In a nearby alley I leaned against the side of the building to recover my breath. I was dazed. The numbers on the buildings had read: "2520, 2522, 2526." There had been no 2524!

I didn't shoot myself. I didn't jump off the Golden Gate Bridge. I didn't join the Marines. I had an idea. I turned toward the business section of the city.

The YMCA came into view on the side of the street on which I was walking, the blue, red, and white and the triangle making me momentarily homesick for my old job back at Wilmington "Y." I didn't cry on the steps, however. I went inside, looked around, and entered a phone booth. I had always wanted to meet Les Cole. This was as good an excuse as any to call him.

As I looked for the telephone book in which to look for the number, I ran over what I was to say in my mind. But, about half-way through, I found a hitch: Was the name of the club the Little Men, Elves, and Gnomes Chowder and Marching Society, or The Elves, Dwarfs, and Little Men's Science Fiction and Chowder Society, or were there any dwarfs in it or what? And how was Rhodomagnetic Digest pronounced? I decided to hunt up a copy of the latest SS in which the club and mag were mentioned.

By this time it was four o'clock in the afternoon and I was hungry. As I walked out of the "Y" past the Oakland Theatre and toward the drug store I saw some few blocks away, I took account of my finances: Two dollars and ten cents. Idly I wondered how

Little Small Town Fan--

much a ticket back to Vallejo and good old Mare Island Naval Base would cost. Terrible things happened to sailors who were AWOL. I didn't wonder so idly.

A half hour later I was back at the "Y" wondering how Berkeley could have a fan group when there wasn't a place that sold stf mags in what my feet told me was the whole business section. I decided to call Les anyway.

As I was thumbing through the telephone book in search of his number which I'd forgotten in my quest for the stf mag, I had a brilliant idea. I looked up the Garden Library. Sure 'nuff, it was listed, and in back of the address was a small "B" in parentheses. I took this to mean "back." Gha, is it in back of the bar, I wondered. That would be a rather unusual place to put such a marvelous thing as a library which served as the headquarters of a science fiction club. Perhaps Gladys Fabun was the fcm I'd seen. No, I pushed the thought from my mind. They must have put the library back there so it wouldn't blind the populace of Berkeley and so they could convert the drunks to science fiction. Yes that was it!

Relieved, I called Les.

He'd moved.

I called his new residence.

"Hello," someone with a quiet cultured voice said.

"Hello, I'd like to speak with Les Cole, please," I said originally.

"This is..."

"Les, this is Tom Covington." (I waited for him to say, "Oh yes, of course I've heard of you.") "I was passing through Berkeley and thought I'd come around to see the Little...or...Garden Library and get in touch with the club..." I told him where I was from, what I was doing in California, how active I was in fandom, what I'd done, what kind of stories I liked, who my favorite authors are, how nice it was to have an opportunity to meet some fen, that I liked the title of his fanzine, Orgasm, that Ed Ludwig and I were driving up to see Clark Ashton Smith soon, that I enjoyed his and Es' letters in SS and TWS, that the covers of those mags looked much better now that Bergey had gotten out of his rut, and a few miscellaneous things.

Once he said something to me: Sam Merwin was no longer Ed of SS and TWS. They'd been taken over by Samuel Mines. In another bit of conversation, I noted that he called the club "The Little Men" and the zine, "The Digest."

Then I got around to my excuse for calling him:

And found that I wasn't in Berkeley at all. I was in Oakland!

Cursing all civilians, particularly the kind who were going to the fourtieth hundred block of Telegraph in Oakland rather than in Berkeley, I left the "Y."

"Will the Telegraph Avenue bus take me all the way to Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley?" I asked a Spanish-looking guy who happened along. I was proud of my knowledge that the streets of Oakland and Berkeley didn't stop at the city limits, but ran on through the other town.

"I don't think so," he said. "You can catch a bus to Berkeley two blocks over."

I took the Telegraph Avenue bus, and soon found myself, at last, in the twenty-fifth hundred block--in Berkeley!

Little Small Town Fan--

The Garden Library was closed!

And, when I reached the bus station (after walking what seemed scores of blocks, wondering whether I dared catch a city bus on my depleted finances), it had moved!

The new location, I learned, was some three or four miles away. I decided not to walk. I took a bus (which I waited on the wrong corner for, but caught by sprinting a block on strictly exhausted legs) and was soon at the bus station.

Upon inquiring, I found that the cost of a ticket to Vallejo was seventy-five cents. I searched my few pockets anxiously and came out with a dollar and a half.

Boy, did I eat!

Then I waited for the bus (which was late) and, with the assistance of the food which I had begun to feel the effect of, collapsed into the soft seat where only my companion, a flyboy, kept me awake until we reached Vallejo.

So think twice before you take off to the big city to gawk at the "better half," dudefan. You're liable to run into the stark reality. You're liable to find that what you've dreamed of all these years is just that, and that your conceptions of the social aspects of fandom are quite erroneous. Take care.

What's that? You're still going! You still want to see what it's like to be an acti-fan in all the true sense of the word. Well congratulations. But, if you come with me to the next meeting of the Elves, Gnomes, and Little Men's Chowder, Marching, and Science Fiction Society, you'll have to bring your own shotgun! --tc

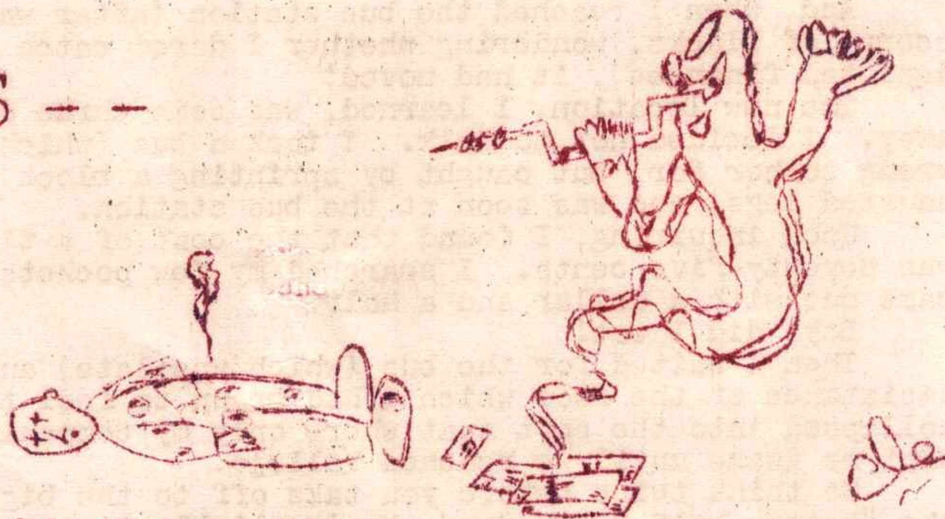
I don't like anybody, but I dislikes you least.

Tasfic Force--(from page 21)

all those disgustingly well-dressed people, all pros and hucksters I expect. Guys with pressed pants shouldn't be allowed to call themselves fans I always say. He looked like a true fan. He was escorted by two fans got up as swamp critters, in costumes made of dried mud and twigs and things. They stuck to him all the time. He was the picture of a real true-blue fan, with no fancy airs and graces: patched trousers; torn carpet slippers, sweater covered with holes, and leterally smothered in ink to the eyebrows. He started his speech the minute he came in--I never saw anyone as keen. He must have been feuding with someone there because he started in calling names right off and kept it up for more than three hours. It was great stuff--he never repeated himself once and I'd always wanted to know how some of those words were pronounced. The audience lapped it up and screamed for more till everybody including him was hoarse. He sure was mad at somebody. The TV and radio boys got it all either live or recorded, and were grinning like cats, even though some blue-nose called Watson or something started screaming about what the FCC or the CCF or some organisation or other would say about it all and Mrs. Firestone was carried out in a dead faint...That first night he managed to swap a file of SLANTS for a tommygun but he hadn't the proper contacts to get ammunition for it, though he asked nearly everybody. In later sessions he quieted down a bit but he was always a model of unpredictability and a roaring success. He definitely made history at that Convention and he left an indelible mark on many people present, especially on one poor neofan who asked him did he have much trouble getting here....."

--jw

LETTERS --



Claude Hall, Box 611, Winters, Texas

Dear Dick,

Mad has at last gone crazy! With issue No. 3 I had a sneaky suspicion and now, with issue No. 4, I know it!

First, there was that cover. I hung it on the wall and stared at it for a day or so, but I still couldn't tell what it was all about. I have to admit that after turning it upside down it looked better. But I see in your editorial that you had a flimsy excuse. The light was probably very bad in that damp, dark cellar where MAD was dissolved in acid to weaken it before the final mailing.

I like the idea of using color tho. It has a gay, carefree appearance, something like the state insane asylum.

My Favorite Bem was good. So was around the moon and Bob Silverberg's piece and It Makes You Think. I liked everything in this ish. In fact I even liked the cover. ((My pal!!))

But on the back cover comes the sad part. My sub has run out. So enclosed you'll find a dollar for a longer sub. A fourth of it should go for the next ish, the Willish. Bye now.....

Claudius

Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St., Brooklyn 13, N.Y.

Dear Dick:

. . . As for Mad 4. . . The cover: I don't care for English's work, but apparently you do, so I won't quibble. For my money Ward is one of the best mimeo artists in a long time...English is a scribbler, not an artist. ((But what a scribbler! I could go into a long discussion on why English beats everyone in the game with the exception of Hoffman, Nelson, and maybe a couple others, but it would be fruitless. If you don't like a detoon at first sight, they won't grow on you; it's a matter of personal preference, entirely.)) The colored cover, a la Q, was nice, though I consider such extravagance a waste of money (which is why I don't use'em. But you edit your fanzine and I'll edit mine.)

I'm at a loss to explain why your format looks so loose and

Letters--

blank to me, but you might try narrower margins, please, at least on the outside margin..Layout nice, despite the lack of any art at all, and I liked the use of your lettering guides. ((credit Lippincott for the majority; also majority of this issue.))

Letter column a bit on the brief side...My readers howled for my head when I cut it to three pages, from five...but good. Other material not so much, I'm afraid. Editorial was fine, solid-written stuff, and perhaps should have taken up the whole 20-odd pages. I did not get past the first sentence of the Mosher story. Lippincott was light going, but this sort of stuff can be overdone. . . My piece seems to suffer with age...I'll try to have another in the series ready soon, and that should hold you for a while. ((I informed Bob that #5 would be the last, and suggested he sound other eds who might want the series. His reply was that it'd survived two or three zines already; to pass it on to another might seem like the kiss of death.)) It Makes You Think was, I'll consider, an extension of the editorial, and, as such, good. . .

Credo I liked, if only because you mentioned my name. I presume you wrote it. . ((Huh-uh. Credit the Sage of Savannah))

Yours,
Bob

Gregg Calkins, 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City 16, Utah.

Dear Dick:

. . .Re this ish: the cover (as far as the multi-colored inking goes) was terrific. As for the drawing...well, let's be safe with a "no comment" shall we? Contents page layout nice--I like an illo on that page, particularly--but THAT particular illo you used ...I guess I just don't like English's doodles. (I absolutely refuse to consider it anything more than a doodle.) ((I'm outnumbered Dave. But I still love you...Laney, shut up.))

Nice editorial you wrote. But, your Black Dahlia boy is wrong. Yep. You see--I'M a freshman (won't be long, tho) and I prefer POGO. Who is this nut, Freud, anyhow? Never heard of him.

Science fiction fandom, long may it reign. Okay Ryan, since you put it that way, we might as well face it. Re your editorial, I guess I am a dreamer and ambitious--YOU are the discontented and maladjusted, I guess. From this to "It Makes You Think" (and in my case that's awful hard) is quite a jump. It's hard to tell whether you're riding Taurasi or praising him. Personally, I think Jimmy had quite an editorial there, and I'm all for it and strictly supporting him on that, at least. So much for that. ((It wasn't, tho. I answered Gregg, and we traded arguments for three or four letters, with neither of us converting the other. We're just a couple of irreconcilables.))

My Favorite Bem--well. well. well. Very nice. Mosher wrote a nice (?) yarn here--very funny. # Around the Moon--well...I think we should send RRL a strait-jacket, myself, but I don't have to put up with him around, so that's your problem.

"The First Issue" is just that--first issue stuff! # Romanoff is l&e, long, and lousy. What a sterling columnist--I don't think! The only thing I can agree with him on is the down trodden rights of the little-known fan. I am a lmf, and that's why I am for it. ((Not any more, you're not.)) However, when (and if) I am a BNF

Letters--

I won't care.

CREDO was excellent!

Fine stuff in Letters, but much too few (ha!) of it. Myself, I like about four-six pages of editorial and about the same amount of letters per ish. When you can fill in the remaining space with relatively unimportant things like a column by Willis or a Boggs-
atire, or something. But, get the editorial and letters in first! ((You're right, old boy. Next zine I edit will have two or three pages of material by the ed and fifteen or so pages of letters. I'll be sued as often as Keasler.))

Fanedishly,
Gregg

W. Max Keasler, 420 South 11th, Poplar Bluff, Missouri

Dear Dick;

So your spys found out the secret for the multi-color cover. It seems to be leaking out all over fandom. Hickman had a beautiful cover an issue back using that stuff on TLMA. Besides the use of color, I can't say much for the cover. Liked Hoffman's much better. ((Try this issue's cover--it's much milder.))

I was sort-of-half-expecting to meet you at the MIDWESTCON. Newark isn't too far from Beatley is it? That was the cheapest convention I've ever went to. End up cost me \$25, and since I traveled 800 miles, that isn't bad, as-a-bit-of-hardtack, it's damn goodie. ((Search me. I don't know what it means either.))

Hope you can swing it to make the Chicon. There are 400 signed up, ((gee, this is an old letter)) and they're expecting 800 all-toll. You could get a raft and float up the Great Lakes. Make the raft out of old mimeograph drums. I'm going to be there if I have to tread-water all-the weigh up ole man Mississippi. Of course I'll have to detour at Iowa, but there should be some flood-water going my way. ((What's that, Walt? No, I don't know if he can swim or not. What are you going to do with that anchor?))

But then maybe you don't want to meet faaans....you sensible fool you. I was rather shocked to find out so many of them were jerks, but that's the bumps. ((You've guessed it, Max. As long as I stay in Newark, nobody knows about me.))

As ever lovin yers
Max

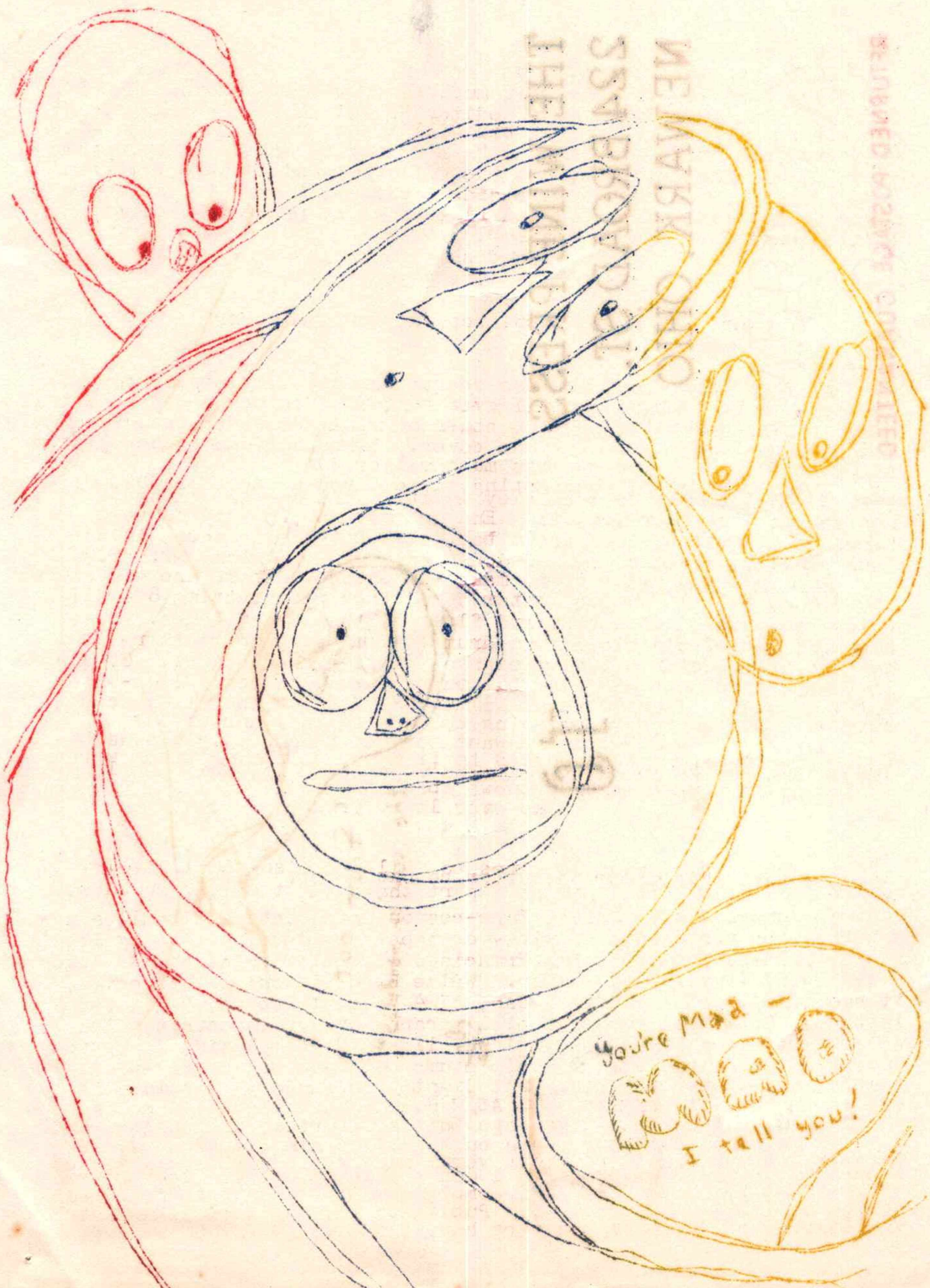
I see I have about 18 lines to fill. I also see I'm going to start fouling up til I got on a part that didn't matter so much.

Some announcements to make: Tape-respondents, International, a new organization for owners of wire- or tape-recorders, got up by Fred Goetz, 3488-22nd Street, San Francisco 10, California, sounds like a live-wire ((pun! pun!)) club. Write Fred if you're interested, it should be good. Biblio Press, 1104 Vermont Avenue, N.W., Washington 5, D.C., has pubbed a bibliography of H.P. Lovecraft. The editor describes it as "a scholarly listing"--completists, are you there? # Join the BSAW and help stamp out fandom! No-no--wait, that's not right--help stamp out dignity in fandom. I think that's right. Write Hal Shapiro, 790 AC/W Squadron, Kirksville, Mo. # *I GO POGO!* I have an I go Pogo button, courtesy of Keasler, and that of going to Chi this month on behalf of him...A group of OSU faculty members considered that very thing seriously enough to get a mention in the Cois. paper. I don't think they made it, but two of Newark's Keystone Kops did, complete with signs urging the nomination of Thomas Jefferson. . . Publicity for our Sesquicentennial. The Chamber of Commerce was very happy.

--dr

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