

MUZZY

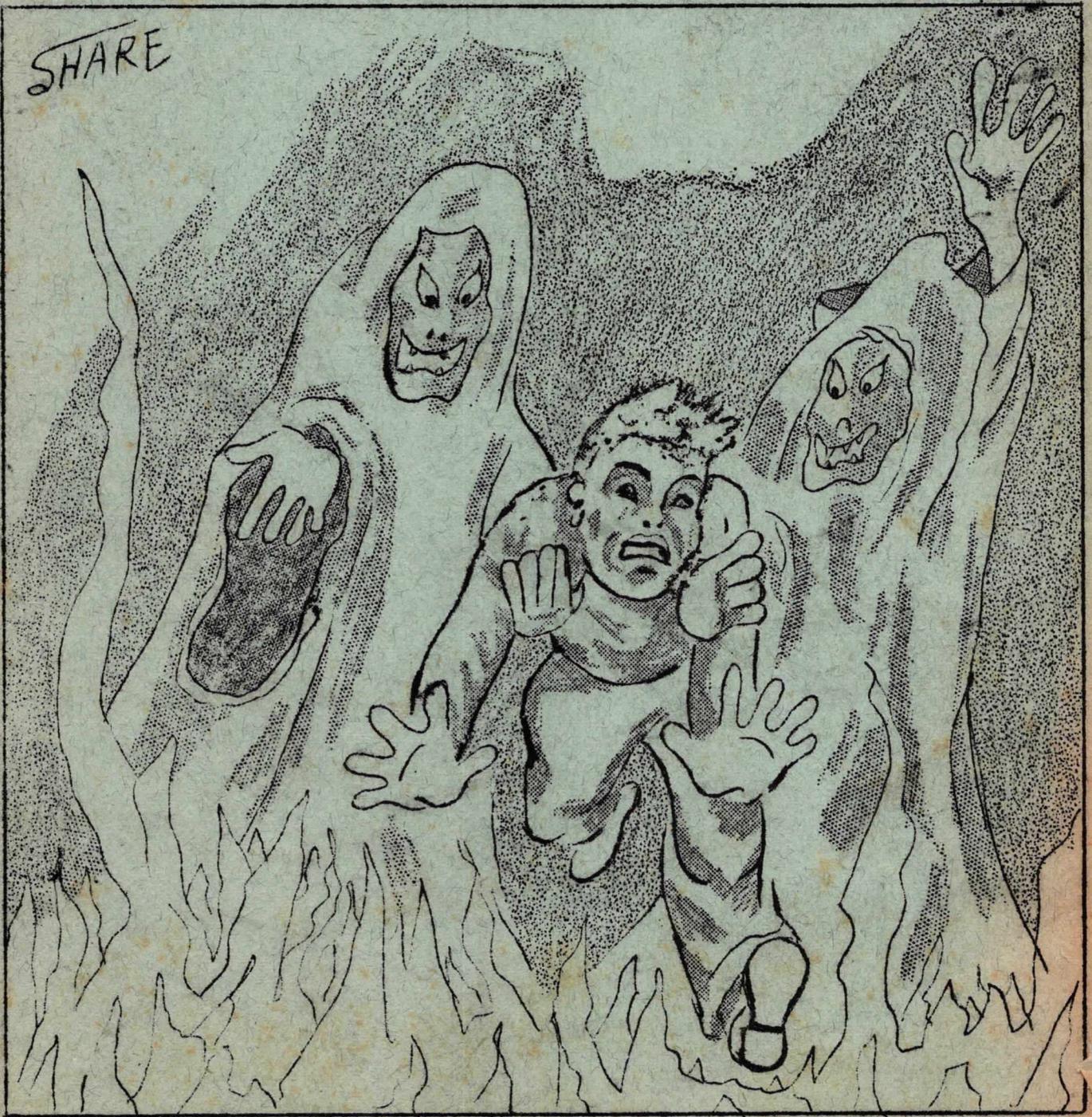
A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION -- BY, OF, & FOR FANDOM

EDITOR: CLAUDE R. HALL, 100 East 20th, Austin, Texas

No. 7

20 cents

"Blessed are they who go around in circles for they shall be wheels"





ARTISTS FOR THIS
ISSUE:

Nancy Share
Plato Jones
Bergeron
Harness
Claude Hall
DFA
Aga Yonder
Juanita Coulson
Bill Rotzler



MUZZY...

7

MUZZY, a zine that Claudius emits as the urge warrents from a torture chamber at -- 100 East 20th, Austin, Texas with a telephone number of 8-9275 just in case thee should happen by or die and go to Heaven (Texas, of course)---besides, it rained here recently.....

MUZZY, a zine that sells for twenty cents, in case you're rich or something and have money to throw away. Subs for five issues will be accepted but not encouraged. You see, I may decide to study someday and Muzzys maybe a little far between. If you wish to sub, remember that Muzziforever...whatever that means.

MUZZY, trades enjoyed; letters, reviews, any odd sort of thing.... All blank space in this zine is for the enjoyment of Mari Wolf, who likes that sort of thing.....

MUZZY, in future issues, probably shall not be this huge. Count on thirty to forty pages as the average. If I'm rushed, I'll cut down as far as twenty pages and make up the amount on the next issue. All material will be the best found in fandom though. Whereas you can't win, you also can't lose.

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MUZZY

The **HALLS** of CLAUDIUS

I. Introduction

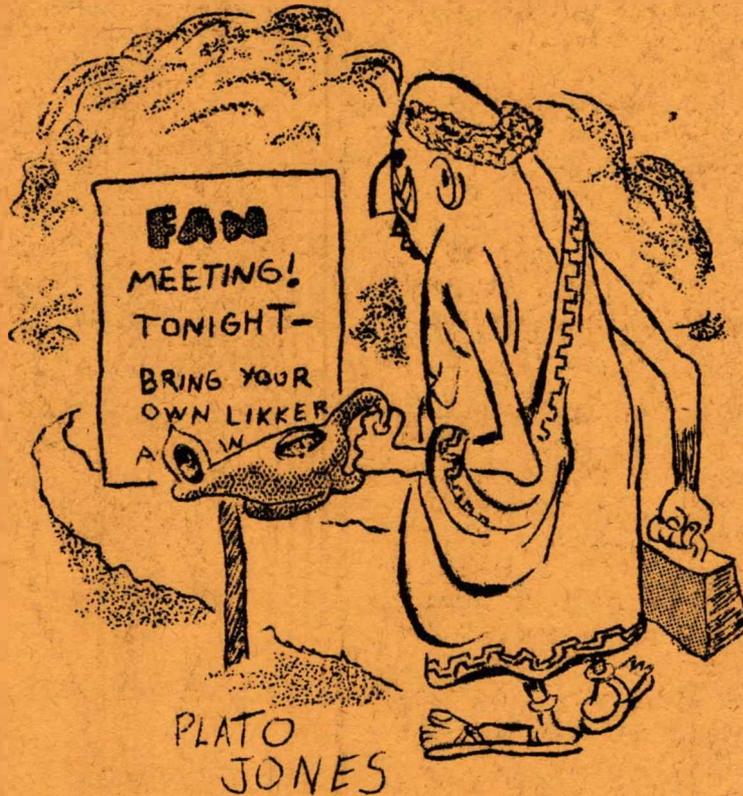
This fanzine was created originally because I desired something to boost my ego. Not including a couple of disdainful fans, everyone has granted my fanzine and myself with ample amounts of that soul-satisfying element--egoboo. But egoboo is like a drug. One sip of that head-swelling nectar and you crave more, and more. So, MUZZY is back. Need I say anything further?

The policy of this fanzine shall tend largely toward fictional content. However, I hope to acquire a steady columnist of the serious vein and to continue with the very humorous column initiated in this issue by Nancy Share. Articles of almost any nature shall be considered for publication if contributed. As an editor, I would favor articles of humorous or fanish nature and fiction leaning toward the fan-

tasy angle more than science-fictional. Why? Because science-fiction is merely a branch of fantasy, while fantasy includes all types of situations, generally leaving the author more room in his imagination to work his story. Science-fiction isn't doing too well these days anyhow. For example, consider the five thousand word story (a fine one) by G. M. Carr in this issue. I intend to make progress with format and content each issue, but this is not a fanzine intended for professional approach. Thusly, this is just a darn old fanzine, which it will remain. I hope it will be a good old zine.

Past issues of this fanzine were pretty hectic. They were also greatly argumentative. First issue featured such fen as R. J. Banks, Ron Smith, etc. And it was very muzzy. I mailed out the freshly mimeographed copies of that zine right before boarding the bus for the induction station into what I now laughingly call, "That Goddammed army." My fanzines published while in the army

OUR VERSION OF THE CYNICS
CORNER...

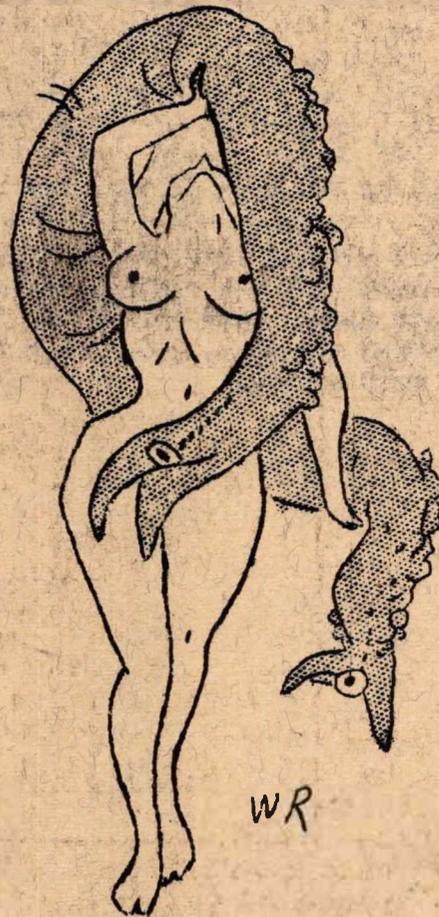


Does he think he'll find one there?

improved to a great extent. I published four issues while stationed at Fort Bliss featuring such fan as Art Rapp, Lyn Venable, Bobby Warner, Lee Huddleston, Bob L. Stewart, Robert McMillan, James Davis, Jimmy Glemons and more, whom I can't seem to remember at this late date. One more issue was published before I went overseas. It was a small issue published by Robert McMillan, Bob L. Stewart, and myself when I stopped through Commerce, Texas enroute to Germany. Other than a few SAPS zines, published by proxy through Nancy Share, I accomplished nothing while overseas. Wrote a few columns but none worth bragging about.

As for the present condition of this magazine, I hope you like it. This issue has some very good material. I'm proud of everything in it and I hope the next issue fares as well.

In the future, I hope to obtain some articles from the fan mentioned in the all too short letter section of this issue. MUZZY will be published on a quarterly schedule, more or less. Price is 20¢ and subs will be accepted to the extent of five issues. If you think that 20¢ is too much--just remember that you probably didn't even pay for this copy you're reading, which doesn't necessarily mean you'll receive the next issue either. Even if I sold every copy, out of



you wish. I will trade with almost all fanzines. Those who I owe zines to, you're on the sub list already.

II. Dr. Donald Menzel Lecture

Dr. Menzel lectured here at the University of Texas on the 11th of Feb. upon the subject, "Sun Spots, Magnetic Storms, and The Aurora Borealis." As you probably know, Dr. Menzel is the Director of the Harvard College Observatory and also President of The American Astronomical Society. Among other things, he was the first scientist to denounce the flying saucer fad of a few years ago and his book against the flying saucers was widely acclaimed.

a
run-
off of
150 or
160 cop-
ies, I
still would
not break
even on my
paper and stamps.
You should have
no complaints.
Counting my first
issue and my
mimeograph, I've
spent about \$100
bucks on MUZZY.
I was making
money is those
days. I am not
making money now.
I am enrolled at
the U. of Texas
under the Korean
Bill of Rights.

For all contributions accepted I'll send at least two copies of that issue in which your contribution appears in a sealed envelope from the prying eyes of humans and more copies if

The lecture room with a seating capacity of 280 filled and overflowed. People were sitting on the floor and scattered all around. Dr. Menzel insisted upon getting everyone seated, to the extent that he had people crowded around the floor at his feet. Before he started his lecture, he commented that he had not expected so many to attend, otherwise they would have used the auditorium, and that he had not visited Austin to make this speech but to visit his sister. However, he further stated, "I always have some slides and movies with me just in case."

Dr. Menzel was dressed in a grey single breasted suit. His hair was white and there was lots of it. His glasses, in a semi-plastic frame, perched on an indian like nose. His voice sounded like he had permanent hayfever--a low nasal quality.

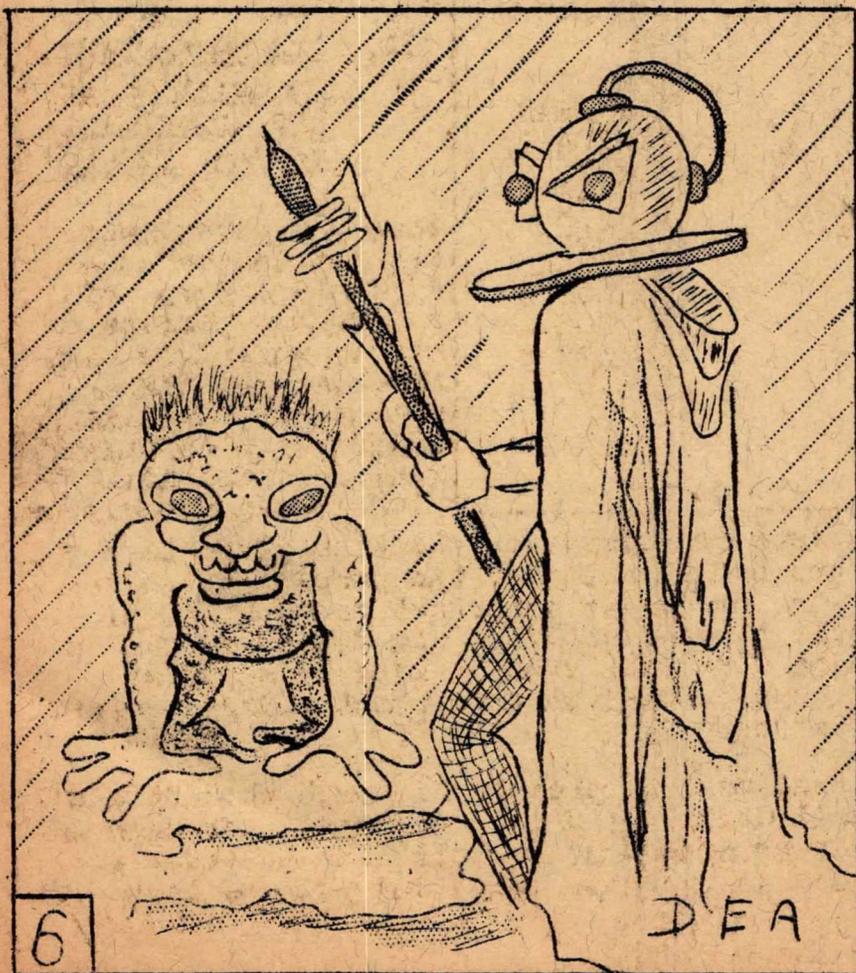
Some of the highlights of his commentary were: New theories had been advanced to the concern and influence of sunspots upon the weather here on earth. He also said that the northern lights varied according to the sun spots.

Sun spots had been a major question with astronomers for some time. Films taken by the staff and himself at a Colorado observatory of the sun had discovered several things before unknown. For instance, the sun was over six hundred thousand degrees hot while the sun spots were two thousand degrees cooler. It took ten million, million amps to produce an ordinary sunspot. These sunspots formed deep below the surface of the sun in a circular form, not unlike that of a doughnut. Whirling, they soon reach the surface of the sun, ex-

ploding outward, shooting gas, etc., into outer space for millions of miles. Some of the minute particles from a cloud that expands outward. When the earth passes through this cloud form, the Aurora Borealis (or Northern Lights) is seen.

Dr. Menzel stated that his project was supported by the government and that basically, he and his staff were trying to predict the darn radio disturbances.

After a few slides, movies that he had taken of sunspots in action followed. It was extremely interesting to note that some sunspots flung themselves out so far into space that all of the gaseous matter did not return to the sun. Dr. Menzel, commenting at





"YOU MEAN
YOU REALLY
BROUGHT ME
HERE TO
SEE YOUR
SILLY OLD
SCIENCE
FICTION
BOOKS?"

times, informed us that the sun did not rotate with the same speeds at the poles as it did at the equator--meaning the angular velocity--of the sun. He pointed out that most of the sunspots formed in a parallel line on either side of the equator.

Most interesting of all, however, was his comment that the sunspots ran in cycles of five years. At one point of the cycle there would be many and these would slowly grow fewer in number--then increase in number after a five year period. Some magnetic influence from another star?

Dr. Menzel did not say.

III. The Human Body in Relation to the Probable Perfect Body..

Have you given much thought to the condition and form of a probable perfect body? Were I to make MAN, imaging for a moment that I might be a Ghod, you certainly wouldn't recognize yourself in the mirror.

First, I would have to take into consideration the type of world I was going to place my own form of MAN on. For the purpose of this short article, I will be trying to devise a perfect man for earth. And I would have to ask myself these questions: Do I want my man to walk or gravitate? Communicate with each other? Live by means of solar energy or internal combustion derived from plant ~~matter~~ matter? Use telekinesis or physical effort?

There are thousands of alternatives.....really too much thought and too many decisions for a small Ghod like I be. So, Taking in hand a small amount of mud (dust has no cohesion) I would slap together a small brain (the present brain is much too large and you use less

than a tenth of it anyway--some people use less). To form a cover for the brain, I suppose you must have a face. On some people, I would find it necessary to improve a bit (for instance, I've got a teacher that I would swear could gain intrance into the Kentucky Derby.) The nose, I would flatten a bit, inserting gills (I like to swim.) I would plug in three eyes instead of two for the reason that stereo is becoming quite popular as a fad among camera fans and why should they be the only ones to enjoy tri-D? I like the form of the mouth pretty well. The other Ghod outdid himself on this. So I will leave it be. But those huge, grotesque, obtruding ears.....HORRORS! Do away with them, immediately, I say! Antennas are much better..... Not only would they give better reception of soul-satisfying sound waves, but you'd find that buying a radio wouldn't be necessary. Imagine....two lovers, kissing silently in the dark, their antennas wrapped lovingly together. My heart beats faster at the thought.

The body--well, we'll consider only the outer form (I never did care for blood and guts nor sight of such.) Except for the processing of food, furnishing or converting energy for the brain, and sexual intercourse, the body has no purpose. Come to think of it---who cares for more purpose? Hehehehehe! And the female body does have two main points of interest that I'm in favor of keeping in style.

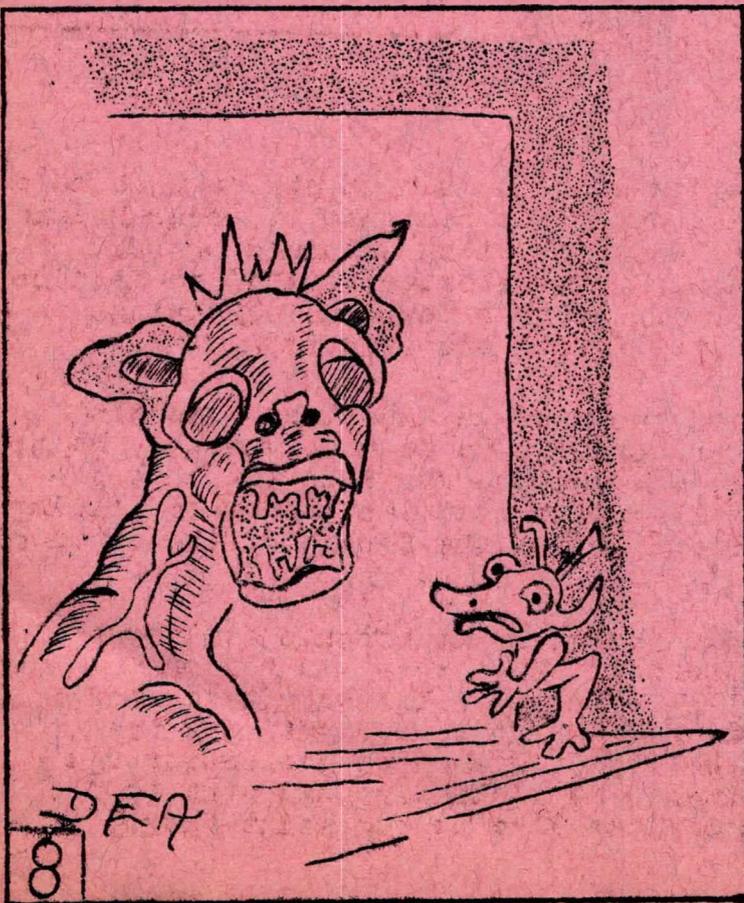
The hands.....pretty useful, I suppose (especially for cranking mimeograph handles, etc.) but these choice members are placed in the wrong position. Do you realize that one millionth of a second must pass between the order given by the brain and the completion of the duty by the arms and hands? To eliminate this time delay factor, we shall place the arms and hands of my new man at the head. Join them right where the ears are now. This new position will also facilitate reaching for articles on high shelves, tipping the hat to ladies (if you should ever meet one by accident), playing basketball, fighting the fan with whom you've been fueding for a long time and happen to meet at some convention, etc..... you realize the numerous advantages, do you not?

The feet.....? Ach! What a problem.....What would you do about the feet? My dogs

have barked plenty loud at times, especially after a ten or fifteen mile march while in the service. If I were a strong enough Ghod to grant my man teleportation or gravitation, I would do away with the legs and feet altogether. But I'm only a small Ghod. Guess I'll leave them be. I can not feature myself as crawling on my belly like a snake.

Now, about the female body-- anyone care to change anything?

Better not!



IV. The Southwestern Rocket Society

One morning while entering my Algebra class, I noticed a weird poster on the bulletin board. It advertised something about a meeting of the southwercwolf----er Southwestern Rocket Society that evening. I always had lofty ambitions-- maybe they needed a pilot.....

About eight o'clock I entered the huge experimental building and finally searched out the room designated. As I entered, I got a few sneaky glances, as if I was an intruder. Later, I learned that the meeting was the first one, but that feeling of not being included never left the atmosphere.

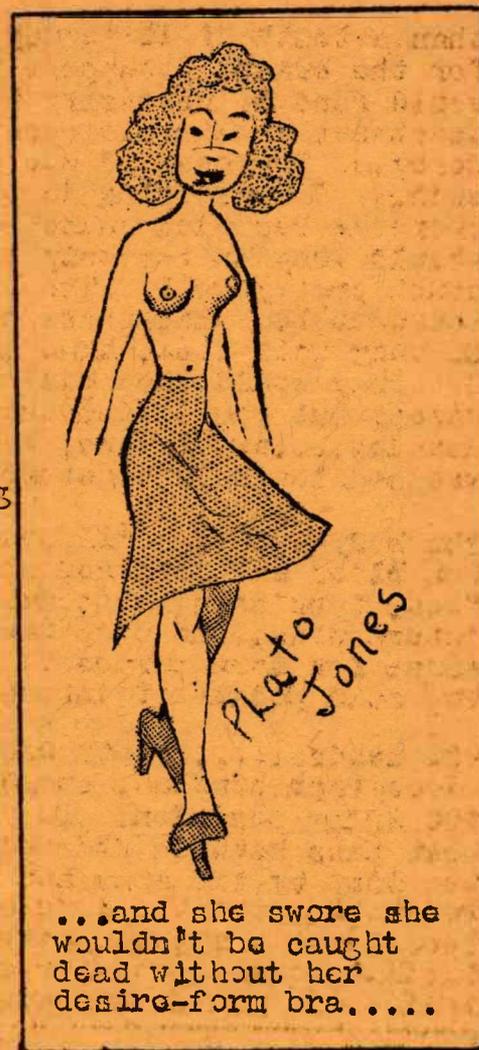
To start the meeting a few pictures of the years previous rocket were passed around and Don Botts, the President, introduced a brilliant, if not egotistical, fellow by the name of Fred Becker. Becker explained that the Houston club, who had built the rocket in the pictures, fired off of Padre Island a four stage solid fuel rocket that attained ten thousand feet altho a fuel fault caused the lower or first stage to drop off without expending its full charge. That rocket had used a fuel composed of zinc dust and sulfur. It was about nineteen feet long and had cost the club about four hundred dollars.

The charter was then read.

Don Botts made a small impression with me when he stated that he'd written a couple of pro stories under the pen name of Oscar Friend. Later, the impression darkened when Bob Bloch informed me that there was a real Oscar Friend who wrote stories, edited a magazine at one time and was now agenting up north somewhere. I dislike riddles and refused to worry myself with the situation.

Although I found Fred Becker of superior in intellect than most young people of his age, it was definite to me that James E. Boggs, Assistant Chemistry Professor, was the one who held the club together. His age and wisdom will be the main factor toward holding the club together and be responsible for the firing of the intended rocket this summer.

I joined the organization and retained my membership for about a month. After that, I lost interest. More than one reason was responsible. Things were not En Rapport....Unauthoritative leader... and the old faction, "We'll do all the work, you just pay the dues." And, in this case, they didn't bother to use subterfuge but blatantly exclaimed the tuant. I would have had work to do, I suppose, in editing the club mag, so I've no complaint there.



When Don Botts phoned me up to ask why I hadn't attended the last three meetings, I explained that I'd been trying to catch up on my studying and then went on to slowly break him into the fact that I was out.

I was. Guess I'm just not interested in rockets or science-fiction anymore. I'm going back to reading vampire stories. Is that okay with you, Gem? No slur intended.....

V. Random

I haven't received many fanzines lately, which is certainly understandable when you realize that I am about two years late with this issue, but what zines I do receive now-a-days are very good, both in content and readability. Those are the things that count.

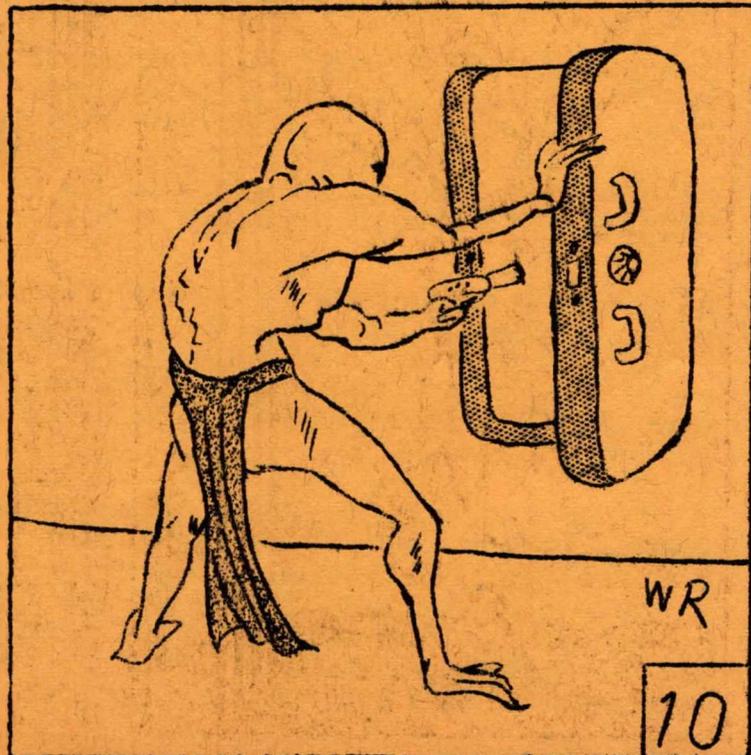
TACITUM, The Silent One was one of the zines I received a few weeks ago (by the time you read this) from Benny Sodek, 1415 South Marsalis, Dallas 16, Texas. Price is ten cents per issue and the zine is published about every six weeks or so. The most interesting tidbits in this, the first issue, was the editorial and a column of fanzine reviews by Randy Brown. Brown is another Texfan in Dallas. Seems like they now have quite a clan up there, including Orville Mosher, Brown, Sodek, Mike May, and someone they probably don't know about---Lyn Venable, the professional writer that appeared regularly in prozines right before I left for overseas. She may yet be hitting that market.....someday I'm going to read another prozine and find out.

Benny's cover wasn't too artistic, but I've a hunch the entire art material of his zine will be improving in issues to come.

Benny and his zine should gain the top batting list within a few more issues, if Benny can gain material from a couple of steady columnists. Anyone interested? Why don't you write him.....He'll give your material a good home.

EPITOME by Mike May, 9428 Hobart St., Dallas 18, Tex. Price is five cents per ish. A fan could get rich from his savings when buying this zine. Top quality. High standard of mimeography. A very good zine. I wish I could obtain that quality of production, but my old Tower, (Sears, Roebuck) model will do just so well and not a hootbat further. I've received two copies of this zine recently, so I'll just make a few comments about the earlier issue and then blast away at the ish which just came in.

Best item in ish #4 was the thing written by Don Wegars. Holly Cow! I see in this issue that there's another fan in Dallas--name of



George Jennings. Amusing bit in this issue by Boob Stewart that caused a few chuckles to burble out between burps. 11

And the latest issue to reach me, #5, was much better. "I Am Legend" by Boob Stewart was terrific. The letter section was interesting but not exceptional. About the only other thing worth commenting on was a fairly smooth editorial.

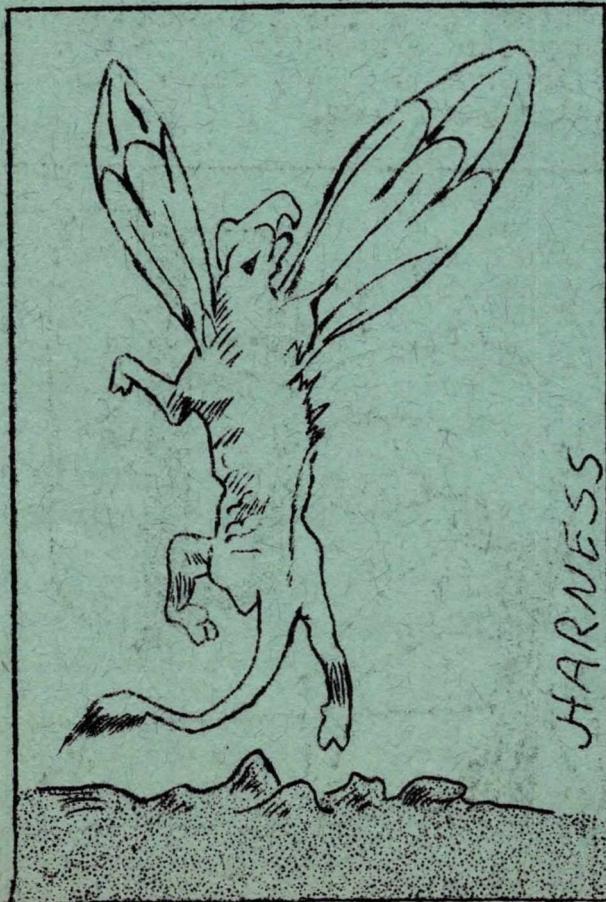
Mike puts out a wonderful zine.

HODGE-PODGE mixed and emitted by Nancy Share, Temptress of Box 31, Danville, Pa. This zine was for the elite of fandom. Nancy had a price tag of fifteen cents on this zine. It was worth fifty. But she gave most of the copies away or traded for other zines or gave issues out in payment for contributions. However, such fen as Bob Tucker, etc. had subs to H-P.....

Hodge-Podge is hard to explain. It was probably the best thing that happened to fanzine publishing since Keasler and maybe even prior to that. The Shares (actually Nancy was both herself and Marie-Louise) were terrific. Quandry never attained the quality of Hodge-Podge, nor humor, nor human interest. This particular issue, Number Thirteen, contained twenty pages of letters alone. Had columns by Watkins, Cox, Rapp, Mackenzie, and features by Ashworth, Marie-Louise, Bradley, Hickman, etc. It's impossible to name everyone.....

Warning::::: Write a letter or postcard before sending moola because sometimes Nancy is out collecting wrestlers.....

Incidentally, Nancy was very kind in contributing material for this issue plus granting me some of her backlog.



NITE CRY edited by Don Chappell though I think he makes his wife do all the work.

Address is: Don Chappell, 5921 East 4th Place, Tulsa, Okla. Price: 10 cents per issue.

Don has a very smooth editorial in this, the Vol. 2, Number 3, issue. But the best item of the magazine has been Dan McPhail's column, "Smoke Signals", for the past few issues.

Most noticeable in Nite Cry, is the color that Don places around at interesting points. It really gives this zine class, tho Nite Cry is a fanzine of that category anyway. Fiction in this issue by Shirley Ray and Paananen and Link. None of it very good. Aga Yonder has two poems in this issue and they aren't too good either.

I am present with a column but me and my ego-headed ideas of myself refuse to make comments on it.

Ron Ellik has a very good fanzine review column

and sooner or later he'll be reviewing this zine you're reading now. I had thought for a while that Ron was going to have a column in MUZZY this time. Maybe he'll appear in later issues.

ITEM Noticed that Shelby Vick will be forever glorified on Master Products' advertisement list. In their booklet, "Impressions", dated April 1955 issue, there was this note from Shelby Vick in Jim Leland's column, the President of the company, I believe:

"Shelby Vick of Lynn Haven, Florida wanted to add a touch of color on one page of the magazine he mimeographs -- yet he didn't want to get the colored ink on his black ink pad. How did he do it? Pretty cleverly, I think! He cut a piece of stencil backing sheet slightly larger than his colored ink area. To this he cemented a piece of cotton cloth and inked it in color. He then placed it on his ink pad and ran off his copies!! The suction of the ink on the pad should hold the 'patch' in place for the run."

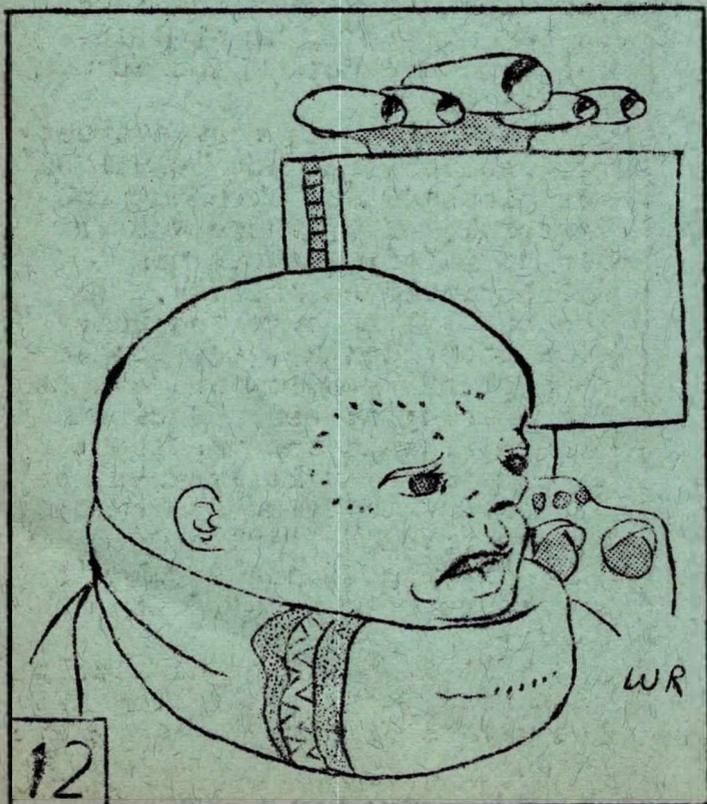
SO NOW WE KNOW..... What ever happened to Shelby anyway?

ITEM Just two quotes from a monument I saw the other day.....

"The troops of other states have their reputation to gain--The Sons of the Alamo have theirs to maintain" by President Jefferson Davis, CSA.

"Their ragged clothes make no difference, the enemy never sees their backs...." by Gen. Robert E. Lee, CSA.

ITEM Mad comics, after being banned as a comic book, came back with a 25¢ magazine sort of thing. Not up to par no more, though. There is a Mad Reader out in pb form that is terrific. Hope they do some more like this.....



IMPORTANT ITEM I would like a vote from the readers concerning the best item of this issue. To the author of that item, whatever it be, I'll send a german stf mag. I've about eight magazines on hand. They aren't good for much other than for your collection, unless you can read german.

But I figure that a small prize is better than no prize at all.

* * * * *

Suppose I've said enough for now. I hope you like MUZZY.

I DO.....

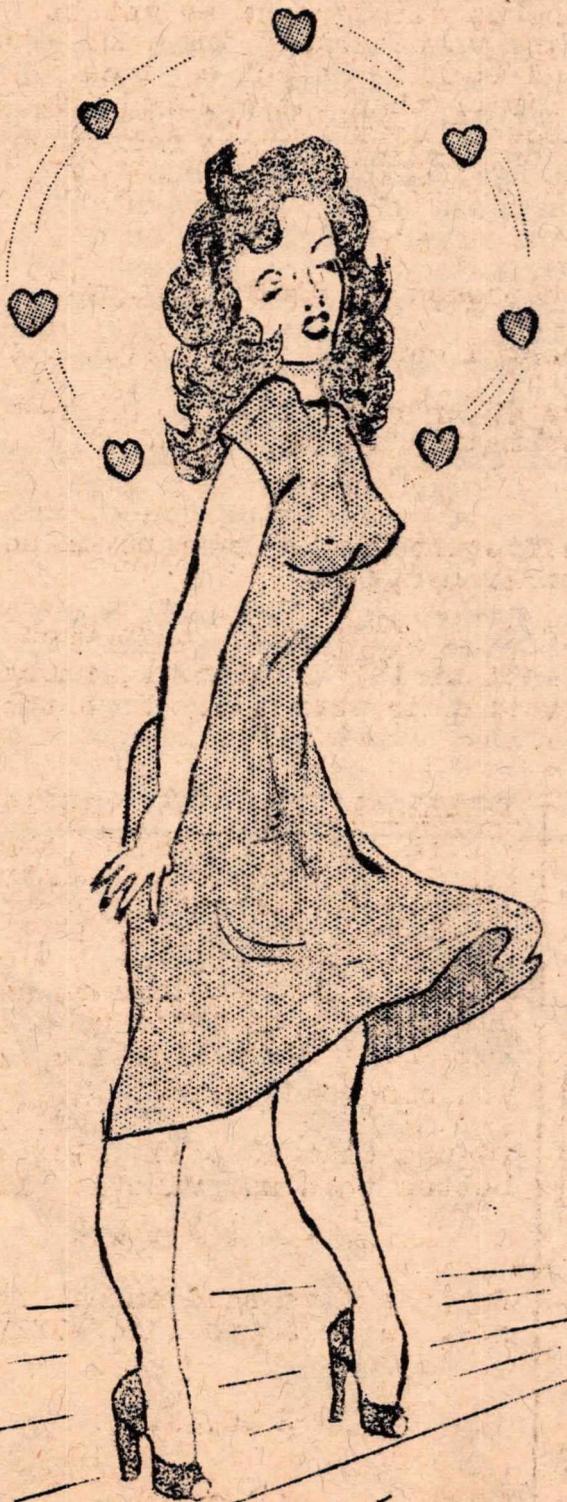
Claudius

A ROLLING

STONE

by
G A R T H

BENTLEY



SHARE

She was tall and slender, brown haired and blue eyed, and when she sank into the bus seat beside him, John Gordon noticed that her shoulders were almost on a level with his own. For some time, as the bus rolled across the Nebraska prairies, he watched her reflection in the window glass; and when she became absorbed in her magazine, he studied her covertly out of the corner of his eye.

Her face was very attractive, he decided; not beautiful but pleasant and cleancut and youthful. Yet, there was an air of maturity about her which hinted capability. As the bus jolted over the ruts of a short detour, she looked up from her reading and caught him staring at her. John Gordon flushed and was about to look away guiltily when she closed her magazine and smiled, a warm friendly smile.

"I suppose one shouldn't try to read on a bus," she said.

"It is a little difficult," he agreed. "Are you going all the way to Chicago?"

"Yes. But I'll only be there for a few hours. Then I go on."

"I'm headed there too. And since we will be together until then, may I introduce myself? I am John Gordon."

"And I am Janet Carewe."

They talked trivialities until the bus stopped for lunch at a wayside restaurant. It seemed only natural by then that they should eat together, and long before the afternoon passed the two felt that they had known each other for years. Travelers, especially lonely ones, get acquainted fast.

At dinner that night, they were already calling each other by their first names. Later, intimately, they talked until long after the rolling bus had quieted for the night. Eventually, Janet went to sleep and when her head dropped and finally came to rest on his shoulder, John slipped his arm about her. They rode thus for hours while the bus slipped through the darkness of the spring night.

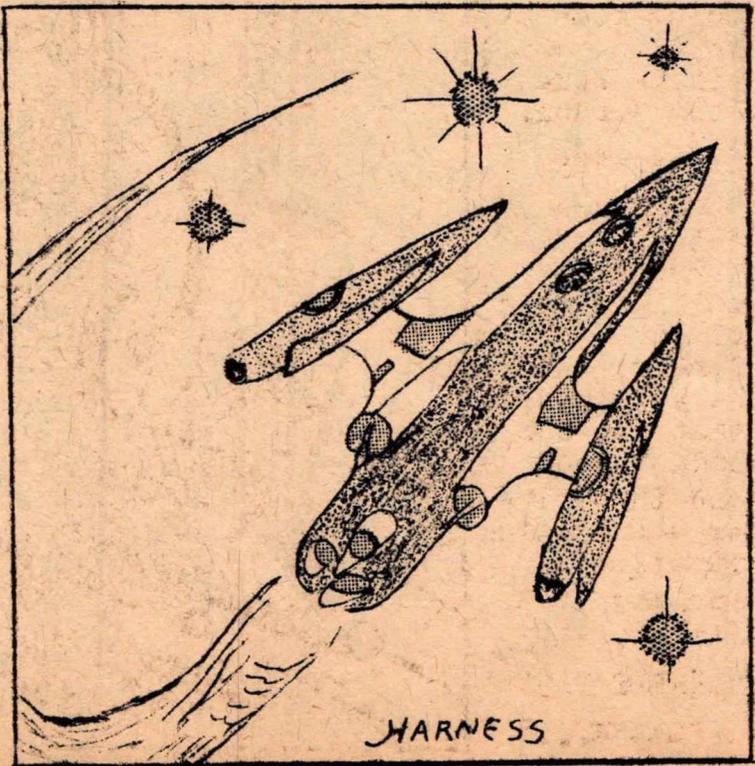
John Gordon was a lonely man, and never before had he met a girl like this. Usually, he was tongue-tied in the presence of women. But Janet seemed unique among the girls he had known. He could talk to her freely and naturally. They seemed to have much in common -- interests, viewpoints, even tastes. He especially liked the way she had avoided catechizing him about himself and his work. Nor had he in turn bothered her with personal questions.

For a few minutes, as he watched the lights of a small town sweep past, John wished that he were a business man in a place like this, with a steady job, regular hours, a small ranch house, and perhaps, with a girl like Janet -- no, with Janet herself -- waiting at the door to greet him each evening.

He sighed and looked out at the darkness. They made a pretty picture, these dreams of his, but he knew they were impossible. What kind of home life could he offer a girl? What woman would be happy with her man away for months at a time with a few days at home and then away again? A girl -- like Janet -- would never be satisfied with a part-time husband.

He shrugged his shoulders in a characteristic gesture and the movement disturbed the girl. She woke with a startled look in her eyes. Then she recognized him and smiled, a tired, sleepy little smile. Her head dropped again to his shoulder and she was soon asleep once more.

Could he, he wondered, give up everything he had worked for all of his life, give up the profession he loved and the freedom he now had, to settle down to the ways of a suburban commuter? He caught the faint perfume of her hair and he hesitated. But he knew in his heart the inevitable answer. Some men could put down roots and thrive in one spot -- like a tree or a turnip -- and some could not. Tied to a



desk, he knew he would inevitably grow to hate the one who caused his bondage. I'm just a rolling stone, he thought.

The next day was much like the first and they parted in Chicago, after a farewell dinner which was friendly and gay and a little sad. Several times he caught Janet studying him soberly. And when he took her hand to say goodbye, her eyes were wistful.

Alone in the taxi-cab, Janet Carewe gave her directions to the driver and settled back to enjoy a harmless day dream. She saw herself in the kitchen of a modern home, in a nylon house dress that matched her eyes, preparing dinner for a husband. The rest of the pattern of suburban life drifted through her mind -- children, PTA meetings, bridge at the neighbors, nights before the video screen -- mending socks and checking laundry lists, and haggling with the butcher. She laughed -- but the laugh almost ended in a sob.

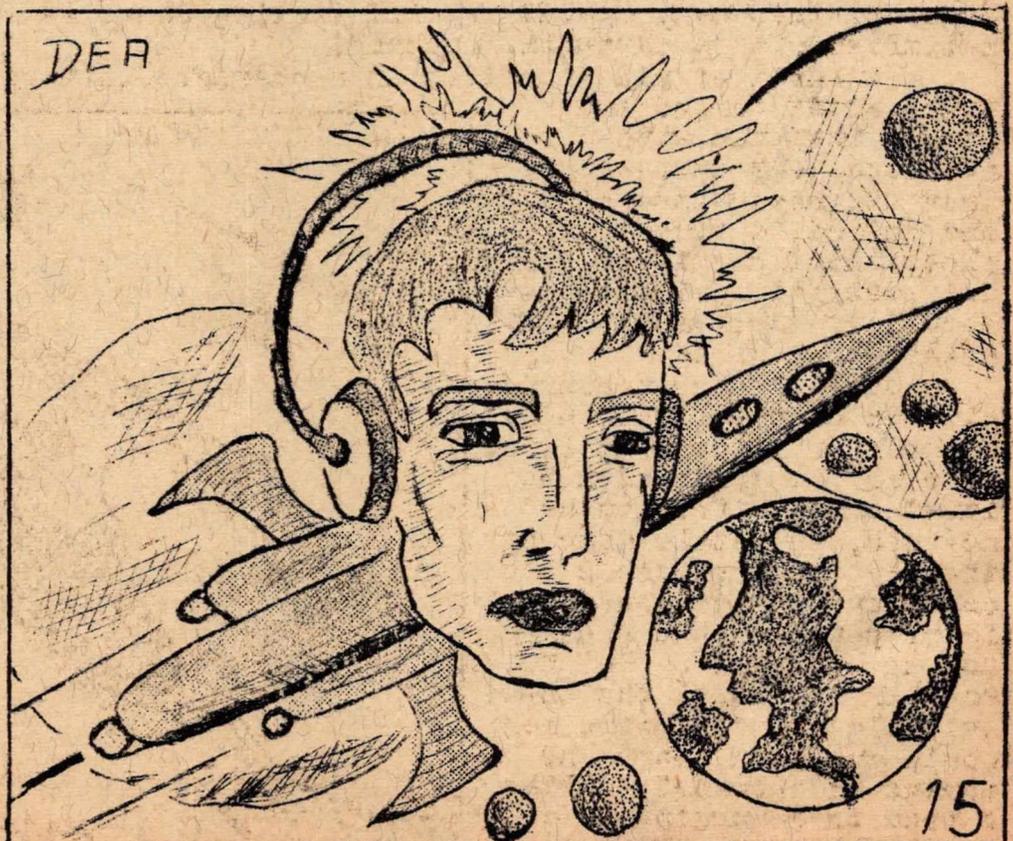
If only she were like other women -- content to live a normal, feminine life as wife to some man like John Gordon! He had made a tremendous impression on her and -- though she was inclined to scoff at the idea -- she suspected that her feelings for him were closely akin to what novelists called "Love at first sight".

But that was ridiculous! She was Janet Carewe, born in a spaceport and child of the spaceways. From the time of her birth, her only home had been the spaceships her father commanded. Now, an orphan, she was returning to the life she knew and loved. A graduate nurse, she had just signed up as Chief Stewardess of the passenger rocket, "Saturn VII".

No, the John Gordons married the Molly-Stay-At-Home's and it was time she stopped being silly and began to think a little about herself and her new responsibilities. As the lights of the spaceport came into view, she felt the old excitement growing within her and she realized, sadly, that while the roaring blast of the rockets was in her blood, you could never explain something like that to a person like John Gordon.

Hours later, John Gordon was still thinking of Janet Carewe, when he realized that his cab had stopped and the driver was waiting impatiently for him to alight.

"NEXT PAGE
PLEASE..."



Bag in hand, he threaded his way through the hurring crowd. As he crossed the large waiting room, a page in the uniform of United Spaceways hurried up to him.

"Mr. Gordon," he called. "I have a jeep waiting outside to take you and your baggage right out to the "SATURN VII". The Captain wants to check the course with you before blast-off time."

THE END

POEM

advertisement

POEM

by AGA YONDER

Now look! If you find fault with this world
of ours
And sit all day--just counting the hours
Until the sands of time run dry

But, on the day you're suppose to die
Should you then find
You've changed your mind

Well, bring your body and come to me
--Though my talents aren't quite free

With fluids and such
That don't cost much

I'll put you back in good condition.

Signed: JOHN GRAVES
Friendly Mortician

* * * *

A drunk and another drunk were sitting at a bar.
"Say," said one to the other, "Isn't that Hortense over there?"

The other drunk takes a long look in direction of the lady in question and says, "I don't know." He shrugs his shoulders, "She looks pretty relaxed to me."

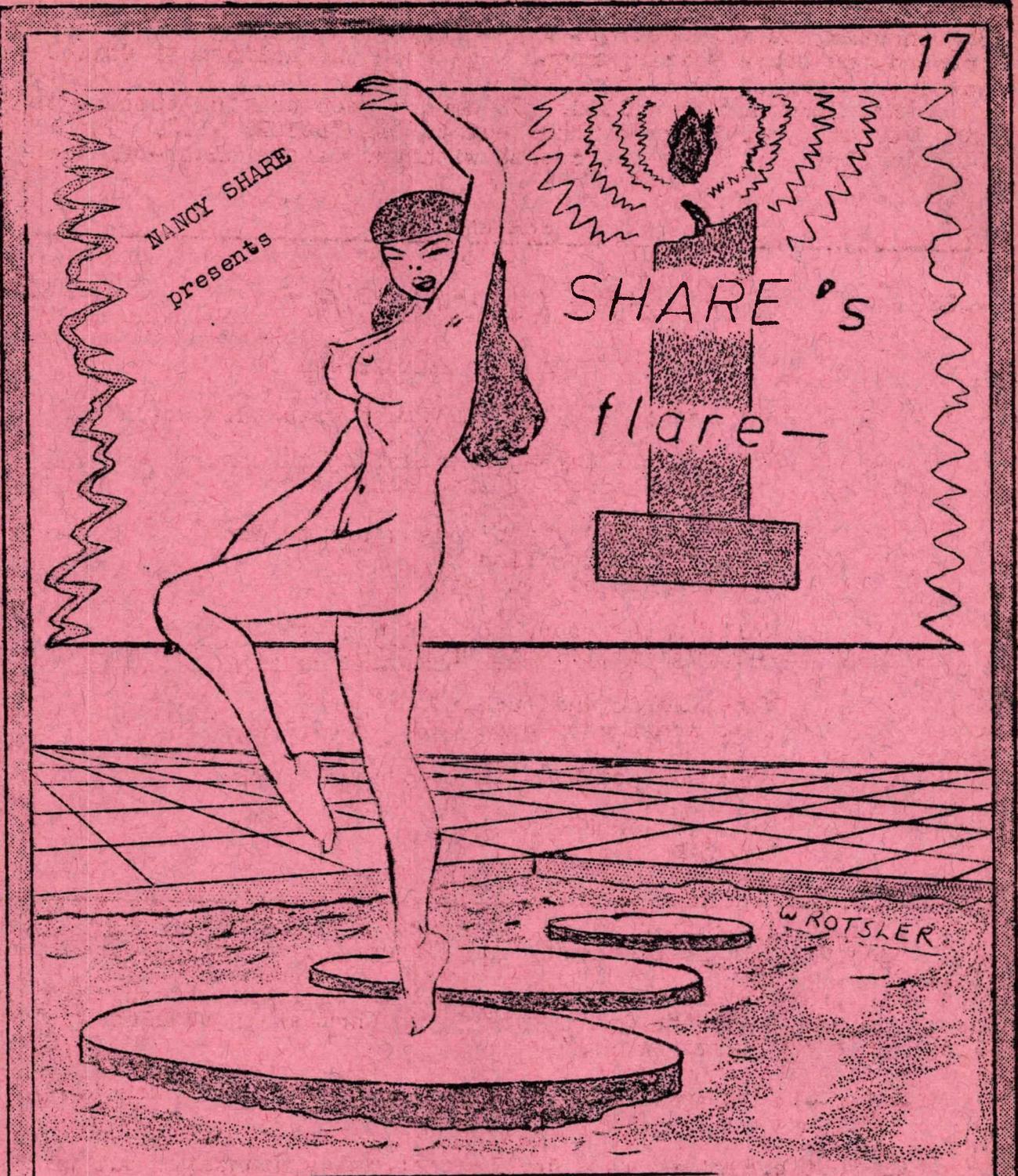
Did you know that: "Girls get minks the same way minks get minks?"

Or that brassiere is a device that makes mountains out of molehills?

I've also been told that a psychiatrist is a man who tries to find out if infants have more fun in infancy than adults do in adultery.

And that a sob sister is a girl who sits on your lap and makes it hard for you.

But I didn't know that an outdoor girl is one with the bloom of youth in her cheeks and the check of youth in her bloomers!



Greeting: Claude told me that I have to write some kind of column for his revived MUZZY, and since I wouldn't want to refuse him after he was kind enough to donate material to a couple of zines I publish, I will try. The mere fact that I can't write interestingly or intelligently won't stop me neither. I must be kind to the dear boy..... even though he is a heathen (anybody is who drinks beer). Anyway, I will write at least one installment of this column, even though I haven't the faintest idea what to write about.

Maybe I could copy off of Richard Geis and tell about the mail that plops into Box 31 during the week. This week, for instance, seven letter above, along with two postcards, two fanzines and a real snotty letter accompanied by a bill from a bookclub I once joined for 10 cents. They have some nerve--complaining. After all, their advertisement stated that I could join for 10 cents. I didn't ask them to send me four whole books for a dime...though I was real surprised and pleased at their generosity. Four big books for just one tiny dime! That was a pretty good deal, I thought to myself. So now the cads wish I would hurry up and send them six dollars or they will be forced to sue me, nasty creature that I am. Must be a dirty Capitalistic racket.

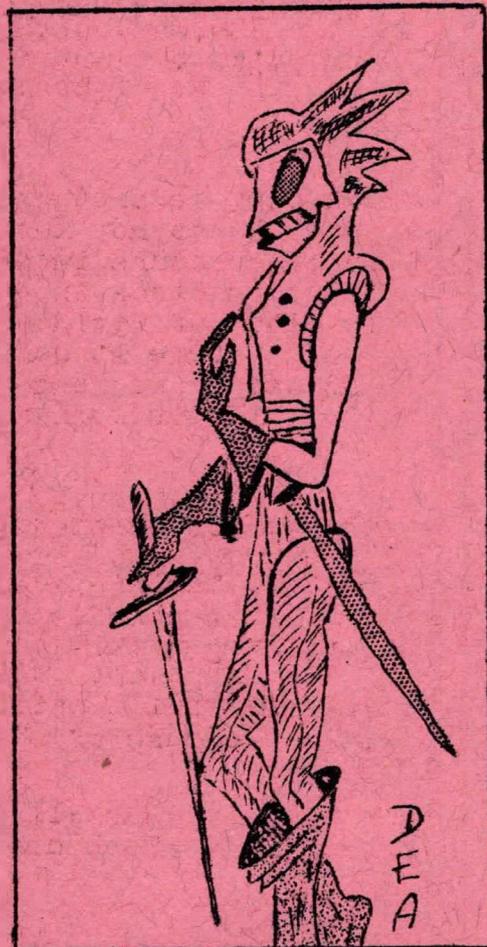
Doesn't anyone, in fandom, watch wrestling on TV? Everytime I mention wrestling matches I've seen, I get a sort of horrified-tolorant letter from fen--especially from Al Toth and Wrai Ballard. What's wrong with liking wrestling? I'd rather admit I like wrestling than publically proclaim that I watch Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon (like Wrai Ballard) or some creep called "Pandit" who is a poor man's Liberace, like Al Toth does. Besides, I have a good excuse for watching wrestling....I am just getting prepared for the CinCon this year. You ever hear of SAPS-type duels? Well sir, SAPS-type duels are the MOST! These are the duels where only female SAPS can duel with male SAPS via wrestling. So, you see, I have to watch wrestling so I can get some good pointers. And you can't hardly get them good pointers no more.

Did Dick Clarkson really die? Or is this another hoax. I'm just asking.

Who knows how to fix the inside inking brush on a mimeograph? Mine broke a couple of weeks ago and I'm getting kinda tired of squishing that goeey black ink around inside the drum with my bare hands. I already tried to spread the ink with a toothbrush but that's no help. Besides, I feel that it's beneath my fannish dignity to go around with oily black marks on my arms clear up to my elbows.

Ahhhh....this is a glorious spring day around here....at last! Lovely blue sky and beautiful sunshine all day long....I can hardly believe it, it has been so long since I saw the sun and a piece of blue sky. They must not have set off any bombs this morning, I guess.

If you want to broadcast news to fandom, just drop me a line and enclose a small fee of 6 dollars. After all, I wouldn't want to bankrupt a bookclub, would I? Oh, well....it was a poorish sort of bookclub....they didn't even publish any stf novels--the clods!



Flying Saucers

-- Garth Bentley

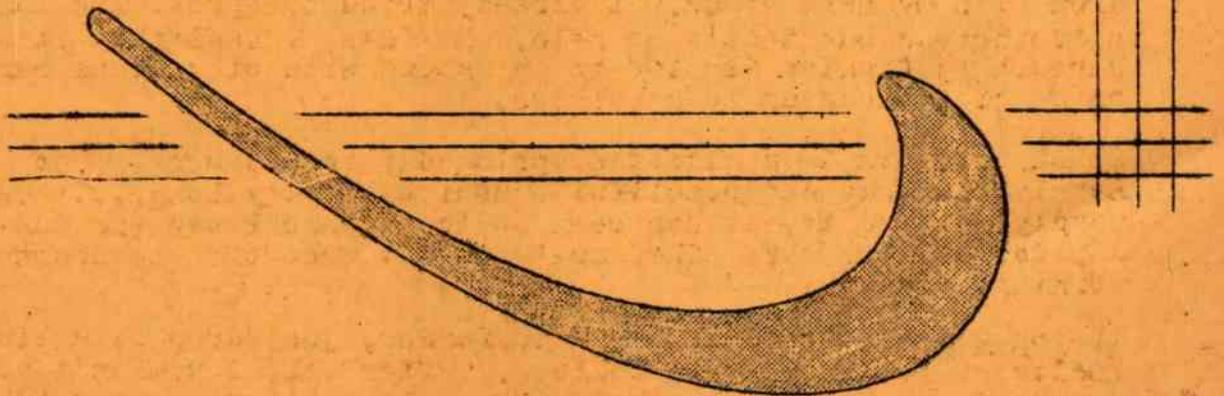
What are these things so many eyes have seen
Which flash in swift formation through our skies?
Some inter-stellar, alien machine
Whose portholes glow like cold, unearthly eyes?
Are these the ships of visitors from space
Who, stumbling on our tiny world by chance,
Now watch the antics of the human race
As we might watch the scurrying of ants?

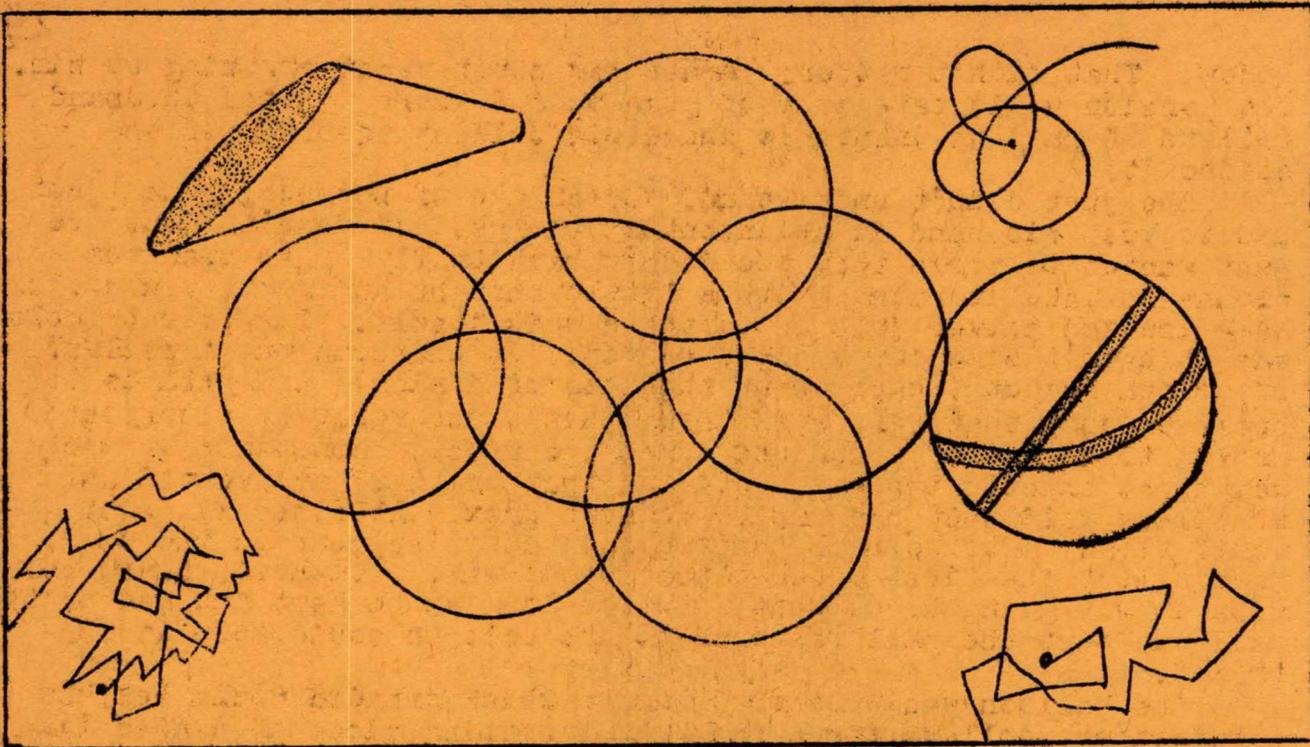
Can they be products of some natural law
We do not know? Or wandering meteorites?
Or temperature inversions which men saw
As discs when they reflected earthly lights?
In time our world will learn the answer. Yet,
Before it does, we argue and contend
And weigh the possibilities of threat
If our world's isolation is to end.

The men of science scoff the viewers' claims
And cast grave doubts on every layman's guess.
We read their statements, note their famous names,
But each report brings new uneasiness.
For, deep within our secret minds, exists --
Unspoken, undiscussed, but no less real --
This fateful question, and our fear persists
Because of what its answer may reveal:

Has all the universe enough of space
To house both humans and another race?

-- Garth Bentley





THE GOLDEN

FLEAS by Hal Annas

* * * * *

At the moment Jim Crowley pushed back his plate with a scarred hand and dunked the last fragment of the last doughnut, in conclusion of the morning meal, Zachray Showalter, in a secluded field three miles away, cut loose a hotair balloon the like of which hadn't been seen since carnival days.

As Jim Crowley put on his battered hat, picked up his trowel and level, and pushed out into the morning, Zachray Showalter wafted aloft on the trapeze of the balloon at a pace that would have given a jet pilot pause for thought as to how many G's an aged man can endure with nothing but a crossbar to keep him from falling through the seat of his pants.

The ascent was more rapid than Showalter had anticipated. To begin with, he had been a little nervous about getting launched. It had taken longer than he calculated to fill the big canvas bag with hotair, and he had finally flung a gallon of high-test gasoline on the fire beneath it.

It was all because of grandma. She wasn't his grandma, but that was what his grandchildren called her, and it had sort of caught on with him. She didn't like for him to waste his time inventing things, such as the golden fleas in the bucket fastened to his belt. The farm machinery manufacturers he had worked for until he retired ten years ago at the age of sixty-five had patented several of his inventions and paid him well, but he didn't understand finance and would back any scheme and soon ran through the

money. That didn't matter. Money had never meant anything to him. The pension would take care of grandma and there was ten thousand dollars of paid-up insurance she could collect tomorrow if she needed it.

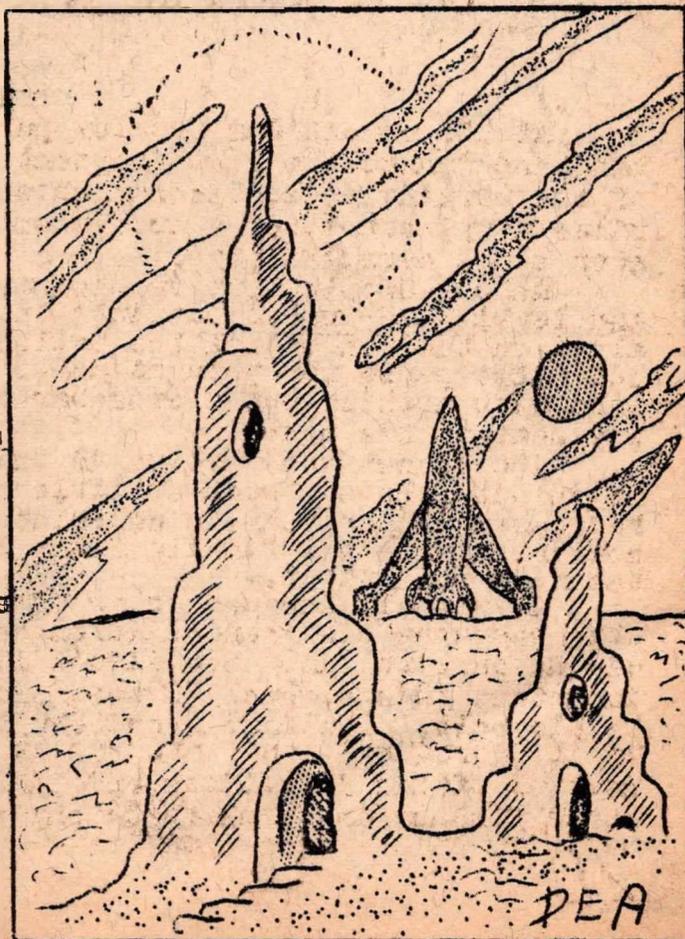
She just didn't understand. In an age of science, a man just had to keep his hand in at inventing things. It wasn't much. He just wanted to prove that you didn't have to fly up to seed the clouds to make it rain. With a little thought and work, you could make iodized silver jump up to the clouds itself. The only trouble was it hadn't come out iodized silver. It had come out a pailful of golden nuggets, each about the size of a flea. And gold is too heavy to jump that far, even though his countergravity theory had proved to be nearly a hundred percent correct. Sometimes it would weight at exactly the same ratio as that ordinary uninvented and worthless gold they had buried at Fort Knox. At other times it would float up to several hundred feet and disappear in the wind. He had lost the first three batches that way. You never could tell when it was going to do what. But so long as he kept the kid on the pail and kept the pail fastened to his belt he could keep it controlled.

The balloon was another matter. Think grandma would let him spend thirty dollars for a frayed and rotting piece of canvas like that? Not on your life! It had taken him six months to find an old carnival man who still had one in his attic. In that time he had saved up his spending money and cut down on his tobacco and was independent and didn't have to ask that young Martin fellow at the bank for a loan. It had worked out just right, and now he was going to prove that you could make it rain with golden fleas as well as with dry ice or whatever else they used, and if he didn't prove it, at least he'd make something interesting happen.

And if something happened to him--well, it was a noble way to die, and there'd be old Tom Edison up there in heaven inventing away without any interference from any wayward quarter, and they could sort of get together and maybe invent a new kind of harp and possibly a cold-thrust jet which angels could use without burning their tailfeathers.

The thing that troubled him was that the wind was blowing him directly over town, over that new subdivision where they were building those new houses.

Jim Cronley, on the other hand, like all good brick masons was cursing the weather at about this time of day. When the weather was too cold the mortar would freeze and he would have to use a special ingredient to keep it thawed, and this was a nuisance, because mortar can't take much cold even when souped up. This provided swearing ammunition in



In winter, and in summer he cursed when it rained because he couldn't work, and cursed when it didn't rain because he could work. It was not a requirement of the union; it was a matter of principle, and served to keep his interest in the elements at a peak at all times.

This morning he inspected the sky, with the proper language on the tip of his tongue, and prognosticated that it might rain or it might not, and in either case he didn't like it.

Then he saw the flying saucer.

Jim Cronley was a straight-thinking man not easily deceived. He knew the object was not a flying saucer because the newspapers had recently informed him that flying saucers didn't exist, but it looked like one, and judging by the way it was scooting along he figured it would fetch up at the Pearly Gates just about in time for lunch.

Not a devout man, but conscientious, and one who liked to follow the trends without too much questioning, he strove to put the

saucer idea out of his mind. They had been proved to be a superstition long ago by persons who couldn't see them, and it had got to a point where those who did observe flying saucers by glancing out the window of an airplane, or looking over the left shoulder when nobody was watching, were suspected of being unrefined. Such persons were shunned and had to resort to writing to make a living, where they could hide their shame behind a nom de alias.

Jim Cronley shuddered at the thought. But it was not a matter of selfish pride. He had the good of the community at heart. He knew he was a useful, respected citizen, and the loss to the community, should he sink to such a level--well, he was determined to not see flying saucers no matter how persistent they became.

So this classification was dismissed. And since no one but an old carney would remember anything about

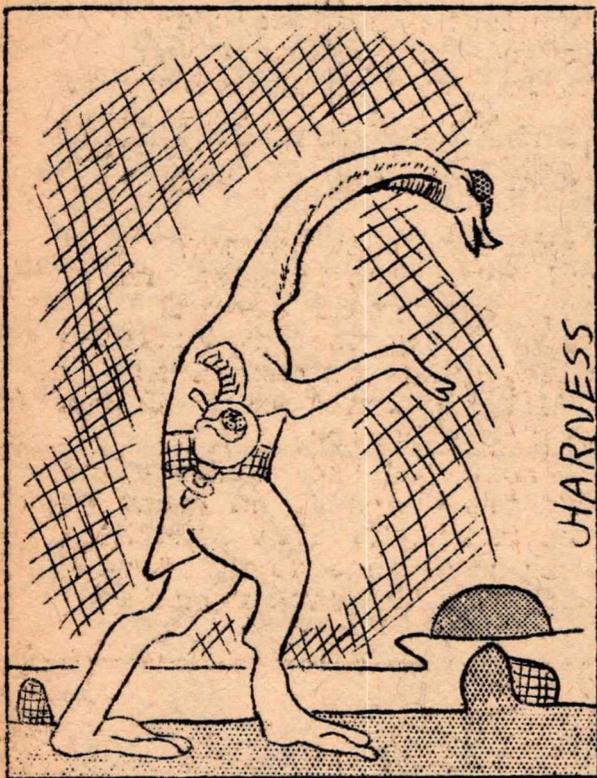
hot air balloons, he didn't place it in that category either.

That only left one possible explanation: It couldn't be anything under the sun but an audioscanner, on the order of a T.V. camera and sound equipment, let down by the Good Lord to get an idea of what was going on below, and yanked back suddenly after picking up language which would have to be edited out and channeled to the other place.

With the aid of a helper, Cronley got to work mixing mortar and would have forgotten about the heavenly audioscanner had it not been for the fact he had not been living right lately.

Take last week. Somehow he had got into a barron Friday night, and a lot of little things had slipped his mind, such as the two weeks' rent he owed the landlady. He remembered when Monday came around, but it was too late to do anything about it then.

He felt the need of spiritual uplift, and without a thought of being sacrilegious he removed his battered hat, looked up at the



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thing directly overhead, and breathed, "Lord, I'm figgerin' on turning over a new leaf, gettin' cleaned up all the way around, but it's goin' t' take some time t' do it, as it seems it will take a couple million dollars just to pay off my debts, and sorta gimme a free mind, so I can go at the thing without no bad thoughts and nothin' t' hold me back, but I reckon I can do it, and if you want some proof just keep your eyes on me, and while you ain't doin' nothin' else you might sorta give me a helpin' hand, like plakin' down the first million or so that'll be needed, as it won't cost you nothin', seein' you made it all to begin with, and got plenty more of it up there, so much you even pave the streets with gold."

Cromley paused for breath and reflection, then went on: "I don't see how gold would be so hot as paving, but since you're spreadin' it around like that you might dump a couple tons of it down here close, where I won't have to hustle around too much to get it. You just hold up your end and I'll hold up mine. Thanks. Amen!"

It seemed to Jim Cromley that the vanishing audioscanner, which would undoubtedly be the best make and highly sensitive, considering where it was made, did a little dance at the moment he was staring at it and turning over a new leaf, and that something fell from it. He shuddered, thinking it might be a flying saucer after all, but he put the heretical thought from him and went to work.

It was at this point, or a minute earlier, that Zachray Showalter began to study the clouds about him. The fattest ones, the ones holding the most rain, he judged, were still several hundred feet up. There was one so fat and fleecy that it looked like a cotton planter's wife, all in white, going to church on Sunday. What a splash it would make! Well, he would wring it out without more ado. But the wind was a trifle contrary.

Opening the pail, he got a double handful of the golden fleas and flung them gleefully, almost fell off the trapeze, he recovered and turned up his coat collar to keep the rain off. But something was wrong. It didn't rain. The fleas may have gone down. Sometimes they were stubborn. He tried again with the same result, and finally loosened the pail from his belt and flung it like he was flinging a bucket of water over the back fence.

They went down, darn it! Probably take them thirty or forty minutes to make up their minds to go up. Nothing to cry over. They'd make it rain later on. Best thing to do now was to get back down, and do it without grandma finding out about his skyrocketing about. Maybe he'd better stick to building atom bombs in the cellar for a few years. Yep! Ought to be able to build an atom heating plant that would turn all the water in the oceans to steam and uncover all the treasures at the bottom. Wouldn't be hard. Just a little thought and work. He pulled on



the cord to open the vent at the top of the balloon and let the hot air escape slowly. He'd checked that. It would get him down all right somewhere out in the country and he'd use the six dollars he had in his pocket to hire somebody to take him home. Maybe he'd bury the balloon, just to be on the safe side where grandma was concerned. At any rate, he'd never mention anything about what he'd done.

Jim Cronley mixed mortar with the aid of his helper, who sat nearby and offered helpful comment until such time as Cronley should order him to unship his ballast and make with the muscle, and Cronley was wondering if he'd made things clear to the listener on the receiving end of the audioscanner. He reflected that maybe he should have put the matter in simpler language and pointed out



that any unnecessary delay in answering might cause serious backsliding on Earth, and that the thing for the Good Lord to do was to cut the redtape and get down to business, and round up a lively crew and have them shovel the stuff through the hole through which the audioscanner had been lowered, as that would put it right in this vicinity, and not scatter it too much, and it would not take him all day to gather it in a pile and begin getting cleaned up and on the right path.

He was about to remind the listeners on the receiving end of the audioscanner that if they wanted cooperation down here they had better hump it a little themselves and make sure they were pulling their own weight--when, all of a sudden, down it came, right into the mortar.

Cronley flung his hat on the ground and jumped up and down on it. "Just when I was gettin' the mortar about right," he raged. "I mentioned that I wanted it close, but you didn't have t' take it so literally."

Then he felt ashamed. "Sorry," he breathed. "Didn't mean t' complain. Reckon you had an inexperienced crew on the job. I won't hold it against you, but give them a going over and make them toe the mark and plant the next load over where it's dry."

The next one was a ways over, close enough to the helper to frighten him and send him scurrying, and the third was still further.

"Thanks," Cronley said. "That's about right. Don't go no further, I ain't got no time t' go scurrying in all over the countryside."

The remainder fell in the same place.

Cronley walked over to inspect it. It was gold all right. He hadn't the slightest doubt of it, though he knew tests would be insisted upon by others. He raked it into a pile with his hands, puzzled briefly, then went back to work mixing mortar because he could think better while working, and wanted to figure out just how to handle it. He wished now he had asked for currency instead.

He realized that the mortar was taking on a dull yellow hue, not the color mortar should be. And it was becoming



unreasonable heavy like. He speculated for a time, then glanced at the sky and said, "You sure believe in doin' things the hard way, but thanks anyhow. I reckon you figured it about right. That much gold'll at least weight in at two tons. I reckon I'd better get a truck and haul it somewhere."

Just then Cass Bainbridge, the contractor, appeared on the scene to see how the work was progressing.

"What's in the mortar?" Bainbridge asked.

"Gold," Cronley said, "right enough. And pretty she is, too."

Bainbridge lifted an eyebrow, loosened the jacket over his big stomach, squatted and felt of the mortar. Brow furrowing, he bent still further and sniffed it. At last, dark eyes glowing, he stood up.

"Darned if it ain't!" he said. "You stay right here and guard it while I get a truck and haul it to the bank. It'll make me the richest man in town."

Cronley shook his head. "That's my gold," he said.

Bainbridge squared off. "I bought and paid for that mortar. It's mine. I don't know how the gold got in it, but I know my rights."

Albert Cantilever, owner of the building site, arrived with the object of learning how long it would be fore his new home would be ready to live in.

"Did I hear somebody mention gold?" he asked. "On my property?"

Cantilever inspected the mortar, walked a circle around it. "So you located it right here?" he said gleefully. "Fine! I'll pay you a fair wage for locating it for me, but right now I want you to get off my property. Leave your tools here. Some of it is sticking to them and if you carried them off you'd be stealing."

"That's my gold!" Bainbridge thundered from the depths of his big stomach. "I bought the materials in the mortar. Jim was working for me when he mixed it. I know my rights."

"You remove a grain of sand from this place," Cantilever roared back, "and I'll have you arrested for robbery. Get off my property. Wipe your feet before you leave. And be sure you wipe them on my property."

"It don't belong t' neither of you," Cronley said feebly. "I prayed it right down from the sky. It's mine."

Officer Flannigan, passing near, turned at the sound of the quarreling. He listened to Cantilever's story first because he was the wealthiest, then listened to Bainbridge. Cronley tried to get in a word edgewise, but the others pushed him aside.



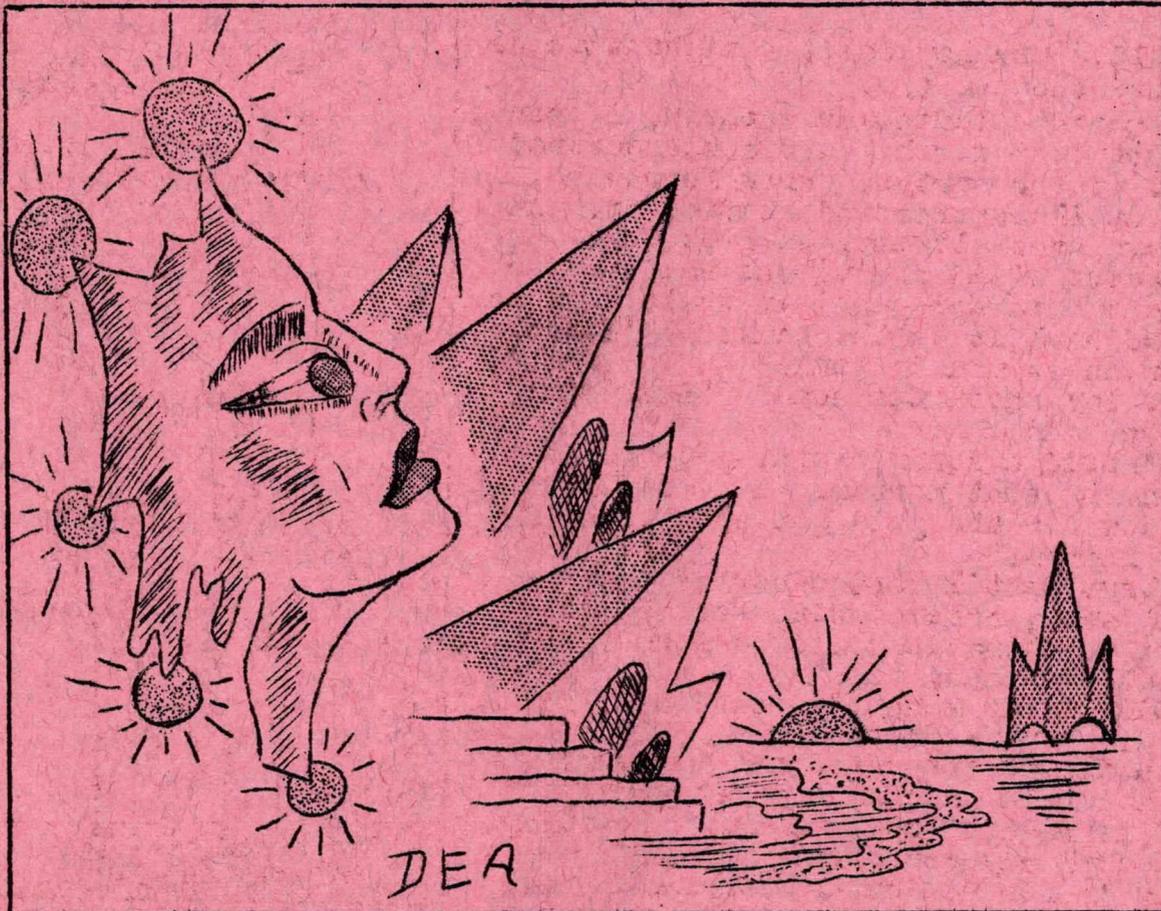
"It'd better get Judge Holson," Flannigan said. "This is over my head."

"Don't leave here until you throw these intruders off my property," Cantilever ordered.

Flannigan hesitated. He was reluctant to put a hand on Bainbridge, not only because the man was large as well as fat, but because he wielded influence with the City Council and might take a notion to shake up the department.

"I'm not leaving without the stuff I bought and paid for," Bainbridge asserted. "If you lay a hand on me I'll sue the city."

Flannigan swung about and faced Cronley. "What are you



hanging around for?" he growled. "Move on or I'll run you in."

"But I prayed the stuff down from the sky," Cronley insisted. "It's mine!" "He's crazy," Cantilever suggested. "Better hold him for a lunacy commission."

number of persons, on their way to work, paused, pressed close and stared.

"Keep those people off my property," Cantilever said. "Make them move on. Can't have people hanging around with millions in gold lying here."

Confused and unable to cope with the situation, Flannigan moved uncertainly in one direction and then another, finally dropped a heavy hand on Cronley's shoulder. "I told you to move on," he snarled, giving Cronley a shove.

Cronley moved to the sidewalk, stood with the crowd, and as he watched he saw Flannigan signal another officer who had been attracted to the scene by the gathering in the street.

There was a hasty conference and then the second officer hastened to a callbox while Flannigan stood guard. Both Cantilever and Bainbridge refused to budge.

Disgusted, Cronley stepped forward to get his tools. The weather was fair and he didn't want to lose a day's work when there were plenty of other jobs he could go on.

Flannigan came at him in a rush. "I warned you," Flannigan roared. "I'll send you down when the wagon comes."

Cronley picked himself up and dusted his trousers. He was thoroughly disgusted. He was able to see now that it had all been a mistake. It was up to him to right the matter before a riot began and somebody got hurt.

As the gathering watched and listened, he reverently removed his battered hat, looked up at the sky and prayed, "Lord, You held up your end, but I don't reckon I need that stuff. I can manage, especially now that I've turned over a new leaf. So take the stuff back up there and pave some more streets with it."

The gathering gasped as the mortar began to disintegrate, to come apart particle by particle. The dull yellow particles rose slowly. Over a ways, where Cronley had raked the remainder into a pile, other yellow particles rose. The air seemed filled with tiny gold nuggets. Too spellbound to move, the gathering watched as the particles wafted gently toward the clouds. Then somebody remembered Cronley's praying.

"Let's elect him mayor," somebody shouted, and others took it up.

The mortar became its natural color. Cantilever and Bainbridge looked at one another with an air of confusion and puzzlement.

"Elect Jim Cronley mayor," the shouting sounded.

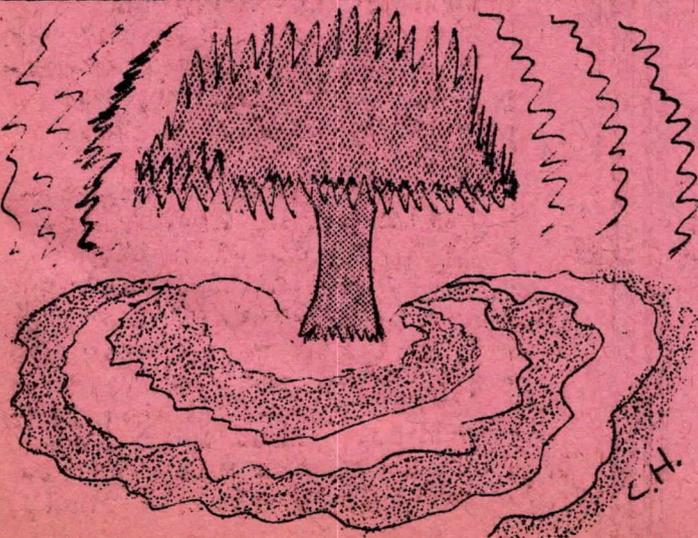
Cronley shook his head, moved toward his tools. "Can't do no more today," he told Bainbridge. "See those low clouds. The bottom's goin' t' fall out any minute."

Flannigan, listening to the shouting, removed his hat. "Sorry Mr. Cronley," he said. "In case you're elected mayor, remember I got a wife and kids."

Across town, Grandma, spry for her seventy-two years, raised her voice: "Where've you been Zachray? I've had breakfast ready half an hour. You shouldn't be out. It's going to rain in a few minutes. You might catch cold."

Zachray Showalter thought to himself it was about time somebody worked out something to keep it from raining. Wouldn't be hard. Just a little thought and work.

THE END



MUZZY, the slowest growing fanzine in fandom.....A monthly that's quarterly half of the time and yearly sometimes.....Published with money not spent for beer.....And yes, I do need a new typewriter and may get one someday.

BON A PA - TITE

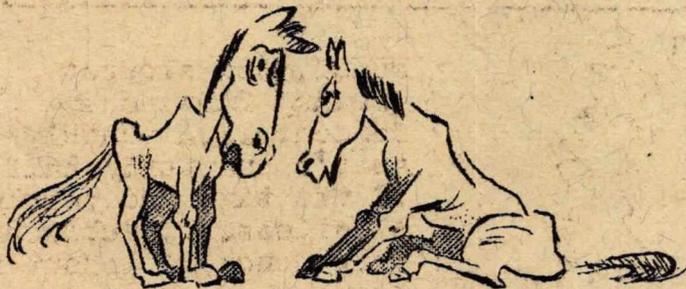
by FRED REMUS

There is, according to legend, an amateur press association that is reputed to be the only "good" thing that ever came out of New Jersey. It may seem incredible, but I have a hard time in believing that I am actually part of this magnificent legend. It isn't FAPS, which is where old fen go to die, but SAPS, the main citadel of Rosconian virtue.

Due to the overwhelming power of Roscoe, there has been a resurgence in FAPA even, led by the eager beavers. They are making a valiant attempt to eliminate the deadwood and put FAPA again back on its poor little feetses. I don't know of any type of fen critter more inclined by nature to eliminate deadwood than eager beavers, do you? It seems a natural sort of action, somehow. A beaver has the training and natural ability to accomplish this.

The Spectator Amateur Press Society is the home of the personality zines. Outsiders, Spacewarp, Bronc, Ignatz, Masked Marvel, Die Zeitschrift Fur Volstandigen Unsinn, and even (plug) Tales From Uncle Remus. Tales Fur, which is mine ain tru laaave, could well be classified as a personality zine. Of course, it has a rather obnoxious personality, doncha know, but it is still a

"YA KNOW - I BELIEVE THERE ARE MORE HORSES ASSES IN THE WORLD THAN THERE ARE HORSES!"



PLATO
Jones

personality zine, and what do we care how obnoxious it gets? Most of the zines in FAPA seem to be trying to please all of the members and end up by pleasing only too few. In SAPS, most of the editors try only to please themselves and end up pleasing almost everyone. Seems funny, but that's the way it is.

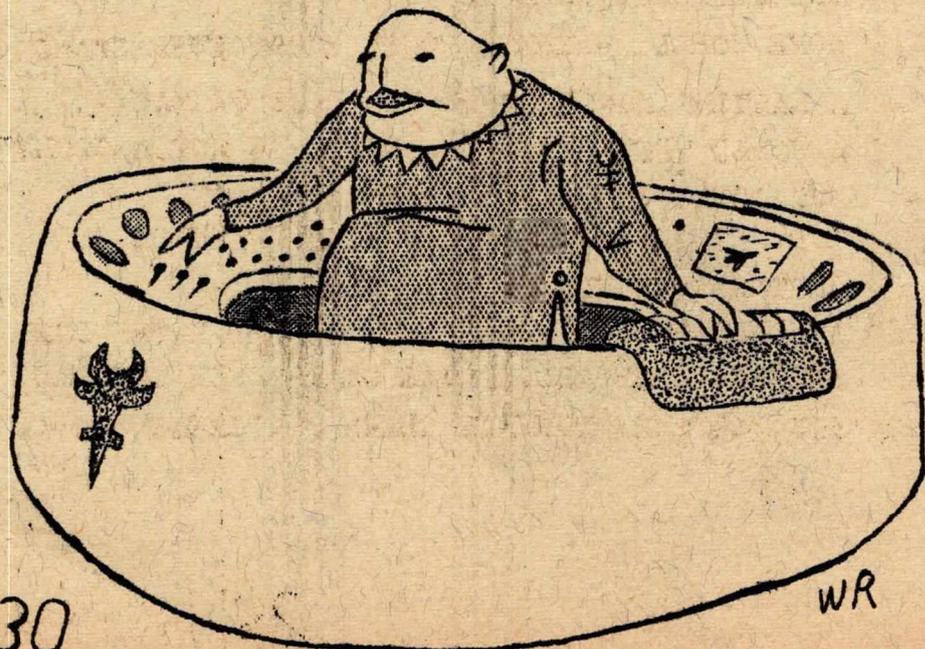
Our method of organization might have something to do with it. The Official Editor has all the power to make or change the rules, assess the dues, set the mailing dates, and otherwise reap egoboo. That's on paper. However, the vice presidents have all the real,

actual power, and in fact completely run the show, and everyone in SAPS except the OE is considered a vice president. You think I'm kidding? Not this time. Goswal coslet was appointed as the new OE by the resigning OE, and this gave him absolute power over SAPS, according to the rules on paper. Being the absolute ruler, he decided to change the whole nature of the organization in one fell swoop. WHAM! He came only too close to finding himself leading all by his little bitty ownself, while the rest of the group went their own way, leaving him all the way out in the cold. Of course, Goslet snapped to and joined the rest--but this goes to illustrate that things like this could only happen in SAPS.



I shudder to think what would have happened had FAPA, in all its bureaucratic complexity, had some incident of a similar nature take place. Poor thing, it would have never recovered. I want to get back to my primary assumption, though. I KNOW that SAPS is a legendary organization, but I just can't explain how or why I know this. Possibly, it's the special aura it has. All other organizations I've ever heard of have (attention, Dean A. GRUEnnell) auras of a different color. Which reminds me of the story about the stage hand at the burlesque theater. It seems that this guy was always having trouble with one of the dolls in the line, since she

was always giving with the practical jokes on him and all the others around the stage. So he decides to get even! He gets an old doughnut and dries it out to the point where it is about to fall to pieces and hands it to this busty beauty. She tries to take a bit out of it and the doughnut breaks up



into crumbs that deposit themselves all over her frontal upholstery and inside her bra. The guy really gave that "chorus wit an udder cruller".

To get back to the main drift of my thesis, you would find that S&PS is the nucleus of friendly fandom, and a heck of a good bunch to get acquainted with. Them, I like.

THE END

THOUGHTS TO FILL
SPACE

"Claudius"

THE SLIP OF TIME WALKS SOFTLY ON PAVED FEET OF FOUR, BUT
HIS CLAWS DRIP WITH ACID THAT DEVOURS THE LAND, THE SOUL, THE
MONUMENTS OF MAN.

WHAT THING SHALL BE HERE TO MARK OUR GLORY AFTER TIME HAS
TAKEN ITS COMMISSION? THE PYRAMIDS? BOOKS? ~~CHILDREN?~~

OR JUST A SMALL SWIRL OF SAND THAT EBBS AROUND SOME ROCKS
THAT HAD BEEN ONCE A MIGHTY MOUNTAIN?

O, THAT I -- COULD PIERCE THE SKY

TO LEAVE THIS WORLD BEHIND

TO SEEK THROUGHOUT THE HEAVENS

AND JOYFULLY HOPE TO FIND

SOME WORLD WHERE A HOUSE MIGHT EVER STAND

A LASTING MONUMENT TO THE RACE OF MAN

A WORLD WHERE "DUST TO DUST" IS NOT A CYCLE

BUT JUST WORDS LEFT OVER IN MEMORY

AND THOUGHTS WOULD SOON FACE LOSTNESS

IN THE CHANNELS OF THE MIND

A WORLD THAT I COULD LIVE ON AND LATER LIE

RESTING ETERNALLY, LIKE DEATH, FOR NOT ALL

ESCAPES THE TERRIBLE CLAWS OF TIME.....

MUZZY'S Letter

LOG

OF YORE

Letters are like fond memories -- to be treasured and enjoyed through the years.

Presented here are a few of the letters that have concerned Muzzy and its past.

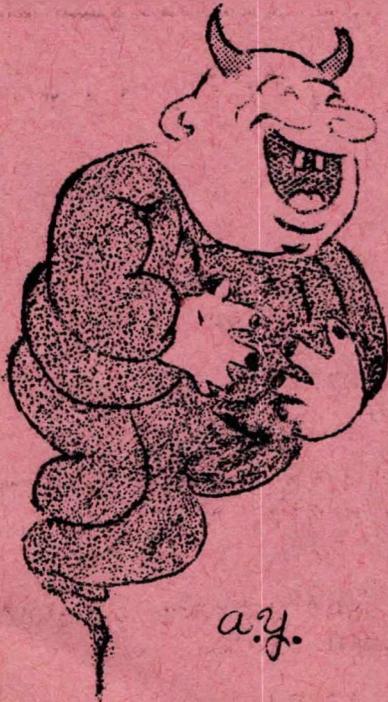
Letters here are uncut, to compose a picture for you of this magazine's past and to fill space.

Urey, the nucleon wizard, thinks life is possible on other planets. Given a little peace and quiet, it would be on this one, too.

gm carr

17 Aug 53 -- MUZZY 2
was far

less MUZZYable than MUZZY #1 -- in fact, hardly MUZZYable at all. Art Rapp's "I Remember Fandom" was best, of course, and I for one would like to see it continued in the present vein. Probably, since Nancy Moore & Hal Shapiro's surprise elopement is still news, it would be interesting to read his "Remember's" about them (if he knows them). The fiction in MUZZY was surprisingly good. I like fan-fiction when it is mature -- just like the little wild blackberries that taste good when they are fully ripe but sure can set your teeth on edge when too green. What was that cover supposed to represent? I presume from the plume of exhaust rather than bubbles, that it was supposed to represent an explorer leaving a spaceship, but it certainly looked an awful lot like a diver and a submarine! Good luck. (5319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Wash.).



joe gibson

23 Aug 53 -- Hall, man

Whazzis
comin' off in muh ole home-state
de Nuevo Mejico? An ish of MUZZY,
yet. And Art Rapp remembering
(sob) fandom.

That was a fairly
good gag, bhoy. Every time I hit
that remark about Will Sykora
representing the Hydra gang at
Toronto, it was worth a chuckle.
Too darned bad it won't register
(What I mean is, it probably won't)
in the ranks of Hydradom, where
pros don't give a damn about
fffandom. (and less about com-
mercial prodom -- the idea being,
I unnerstand, to get drunk and-or
otherwise spit in the Devil's
eye.)

Pussonally, tho, I get drunk
with fffans. But I knew the tale
of Toronto, so the Rappsody was
music. (Joe Gibson, 24 Kensington
Ave., Jersey City 4, N. J.)



squatt & leavitt, inc.

INVESTMENT BROKERS
23 Wall Street
New York City

Dear Sir:

Our records indicate that you hold a number of shares in the
following stocks:

1. The American Can Company
2. Southern Water Company
3. Pacific Gas Company

And, because of certain market conditions existing at the present
time, you are advised to sit tight on American Can, hold your
Water and let the Gas go.

It may interest you to know that Northern Tissue Company touched
a new bottom yesterday and thousands were wiped clean.

Very truly yours,

I. Will Leavitt

33

3⁴ shelby vick

29 July 53 -- Have been sick; polio... Not fully recuperated
yet, Claude --

However, I'll recover without crippling aftereffects, it seems.
Only thing-crippled was my fanwork. Got way behind.

Glad to hear from you. Did you get the cf. reviewing MUZZY?

I'm still pubbing cf. at not exactly regular intervals. Somewhat
more than quarterly, but not much. Be glad to swap for your zine.
We can work out a one-for-one arrangement. I'll send you each cf.
that comes out, you send me each MUZZY. If MUZZY eventually
appears more often, and then folds, I'll send you cf.s until I've
sent you as many as you've sent me MUZZYs. And vice versa.

As for fanwork,, and wot I could do --weel, I can guarantee a
puffin or so, but that's about all; I'm full of commitments, and
even pretty far behind. Besides which, I've got a batch of stuff
I've got to do for my own zine; #16 is past due out, and I've got
three Subtitles to fill.well, to be perfectly frank, there
is only one zine besides my own that I have to do something for --
but it's got to be in before Aug 10th, and I've been wracking my
brains for a good article, as this is for an annish. But, no luck.
(The zine is Vega.) I've a couple of bits of fiction I've been
wanting to turn out for two different zines, but I can put that
off. Also I have a few columns I've started, but I can turn out a
column without TOO much trouble, if I have to hurry. (Of course,
it shows -- but I can try to make up for it next issue.)

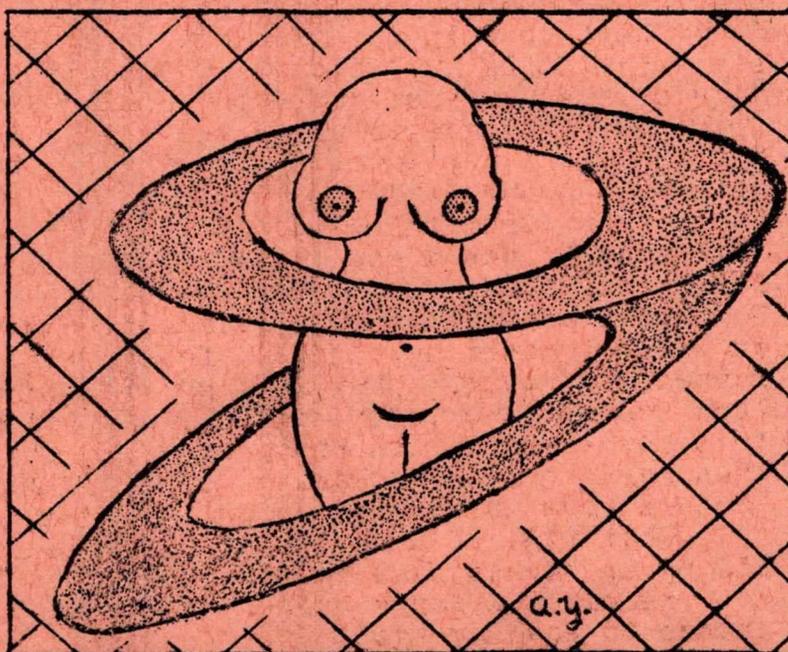
Tell you wot; could you give me some sort of an idea of what kind
of article you'd like? Ideas are wot I'm fresh out of right now.
If I only had a suggestion, might be it would work into something.

Bob McMillan is helping me quite a bit on #16. Turned out 13
stencils for me. Also
contributed a darned
good short article, with
an equally good illo.
And a cover.

Cerely, (Shelby Vick,
Box 493, Lynn Haven, Fla.)

ron
smith, Esq.

5 Oct 52 -- Well, time
has passed
and things are done and
I've finally got time to
knock off a few pages.
Let's get to that story



of yours which was rejected by Sam Mines.

One of your main troubles is wordiness. At least ten of these fifteen pages are unnecessary, unless you had some real humor on them, which you don't. You do have a lightness of style, which I like very much, and it is pleasing.

None of your characters, even his lowliness, are particularly outstanding. The theme of a hell on earth was submerged when you made the story humorous, so that without real humor, good characterization, and action, there was little point left to the story.

I hope I'm not being too critical, there were many good points about the story, but it's my feeling that it is the bad things that are important.

You should learn how to prepare a manuscript the way the editor wants to receive them. If you prepare them in methods other than the standard way, I feel that you already have one strike against you, even before the ed reads the story. I'll enclose a pamphlet which I received with my course. Have a look and then ship it back.

One thing more about the story--- unless you were trying to be completely humorous, with no seriousness at all in the story, you should have developed your conflict. You had your problem, but you didn't give it any complications.

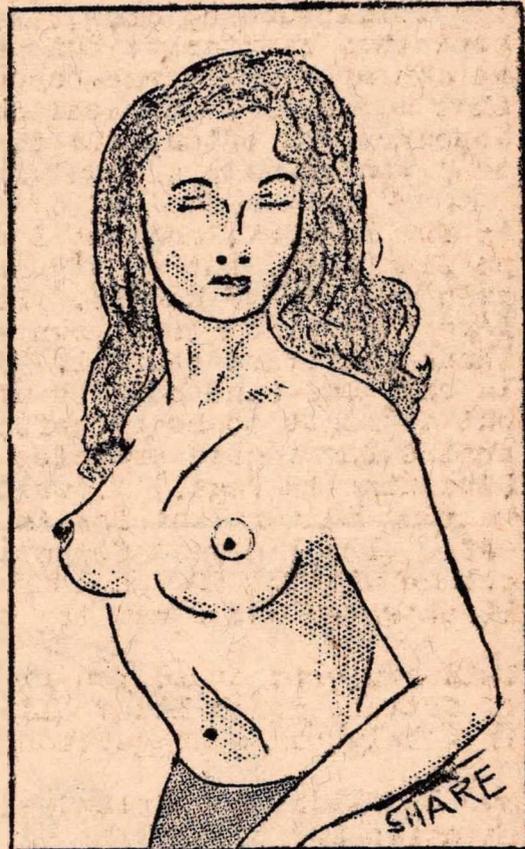
I think what Mines meant by "Parables" was that your story was preaching too much, and that the fact was obvious.

Got your mimeo huh? Congrats and my sympathies. You've got a lot ahead of you to get that first issue out. But for gosh sakes don't rush things! Make that first one the best you possible can. Now that I've made the hump I'm beginning to realize how much OR how little such a thing can mean. I'll

do my best to whip up a fantasy story for you. Right now I'm busy starting INSIDE #2. Stenciled the first page last night. First page of a ss by some guy named Hall. Jimmy's story is going in too. And I've got to write the second installment to that serial. You know, I haven't written that yet. Hey! I don't want it to get out that my middle names are _____ and _____. You think the changeovers from third person to first person jumbled up the story? I thought it was a good idea. I did it to make the story a little different.

I'll admit that my leaving out the bit about the circus was an error I could have helped from making, but I don't think it ruined the story. (Hey, I'm getting knack at this margin business, look over at the left. Whoops, spoiled it all.) Just to show you that your story still rated high, here's how the voting stands thus far: "Ides of March" 1.66, "House that Jack Built" 2.33, "Return From the Stars" 3.00, "Horror" 4.00, "Look Up" 4.00.

What kind of a writer does that make me? You pro, you! I'm adding up scores same way Campbell does it in aSF. So far, I have not received a large number of ratings, so I still have a fighting chance to save my ego.



I checked everything with the printer and, yep, INSIDE will be offset with the third ish, just like I planned. I can't wait! So far I know it will have 20 pages and I'm shooting for more. Twenty pages offset will hold as much as I'm putting in now, and more than that will mean a bigger mag! I need support tho--in the form of subscriptions and ads. So the campaign is on to make INSIDE the biggest and the best. And then, like I said, one day she'll be a pro. That'll be the day.

I got my mailing list by advertising. I let people send me their names instead of the other way around. This way I'm not throwing copies away on people who aren't interested and I'm building up a permanent sub list. True, I've still got most of the copies of #1 lying around here, but I'll eventually sell them. I won't throw them away on people who won't appreciate my hard labor. (Sob story.) I also sent out review copies to the pros and other fanzines and exchange copies.

Incidentally, I got the advice about sending stories out time and again from the WD editors. They'll tell you the same thing. Send a story out until it sells, it is bound to sell somewhere!

I gave you half credit on that cover because the contents page was run off before the cover and it was doubtful who would do it. Nevarez is anything but a willing victim. He isn't even a victim anymore, he escaped my clutches.

The illo for Horror was all, 100% yours. However, the improvement on the cartoon was all Nevarez' work. That boy was good!

Got an article in INSIDE #2 re: Reincarnation, by a guy who knows his subject. I wouldn't stink up the pages with a lot of hot

Cartoon by Bob McMillan



"ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT HOTEL?"

air. Not me. Not unless I write it.

I looked up the meaning to MUZZY when you first mentioned it. I didn't say anything about it because I just didn't have anything to say. I can't say whether it's good or bad. I like a serious zine better than one which tries to be humorous ALL the time. Because if it does, it usually fails. I won't pass judgement on yours until I see it. From what you have said about your plans, I think its going to be good. I wouldn't be surprised if you beat Q, Cops, Opus, and all the rest--except INSIDE.

Let's talk about promags for a while. OTHER WORLDS is really improving. RAP is having a good time. Back cover pics, semi-slick paper and such. What do you think of Shaver? I think we discussed him once, but I don't remember.

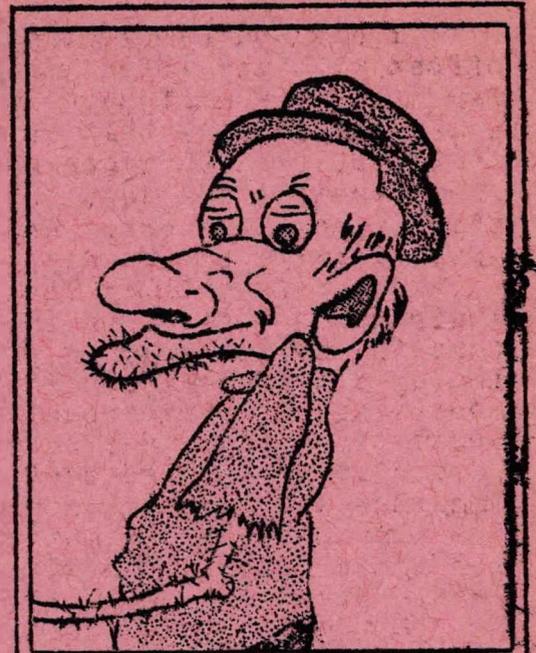
Did you notice? My first letter is in the last ish of OW! Goshwowoh-boyoboy! I've noticed a couple of yours, too. One in OW and one somewhere else. When did you start sending them in?

You don't care for Gal and you don't read ASF? What is the world coming too? I'm ashamed of you, Claud! How can you look a fellow fan in the puss and say those words? You must be a member of the beannie brigade. No?

How about the new Fantastic? Some really nice writing there, but the slick formulas and taboos are there too. Too bad.

I can't think of anything else. Gotta go eat now. Drop me a letter as soon as you can. I would answer sooner than I generally do, but I'm always pressed for time.

Time out, (Ron Smith, 332 E. Date, Oxnard, Calif. --AND THAT ADDRESS IS OLD! RON HANGS HIS HAT ELSEWHERE NOW. FOR THE PRESENT HE LIVES AT 111 South Howard, Tampa 6, Florida.)



This cartoon was done by a colored Sergeant I met while overseas, but I have forgotten his name. He added a lot to fandom, tho, because this cartoon also was used in CLAUDIUS, my SAPS-zine. ---ed.

bobby gene warner

April 8, 1953 -- Dear Claude, Along with your letter, I received a copy of BREVIZINE, which contained one of my short fantasy pieces. Talk about eggboob! I don't know--I suppose I'll get that little curling-pride feeling (I know that sounds like a very unlikely statement, but....) as long as I'm able to write a story which is worthy of printing.

Darn it, I've been so busy answering letters from my regular correspondents--and making new ones as well--that I almost completely forgot about writing Davis. In fact, I did forget it. Thanks for reminding me. Oh, NOOOOOOOOOOO! Just remembered. The other day I threw away a collection of letters which had been collecting (and what else would collect but a collection?) over

the past few months--and your last letter was in the bunch. Send me Davis' address again, huh, and I'll write him an Air Mail letter. We darn sure need material for our fanzine.

The Convention will be held in Houston. The decision seemed to be up to me, so---well, I couldn't choose both Houston and San Antonio. It's only a leetle over a month, now, before the thing is scheduled to go off. Guess if the fen don't like my decision,well.....

If R. J. Banks has desolved the fan club, well there weren't too many fen that seemed interested. Perhaps we tried springing it at the wrong time. If ever this Convention passes off, and IF ever those fanzine editors quit hounding, and IF I ever get caught up on fanwork, prowork.....(a hundred "if's" later).....I'm going to try to start the fan club back up again.

I've been working with Banks pretty steadily on the Con for some time now. He hasn't said anything about the fan club. But then, I haven't asked. Just don't know.

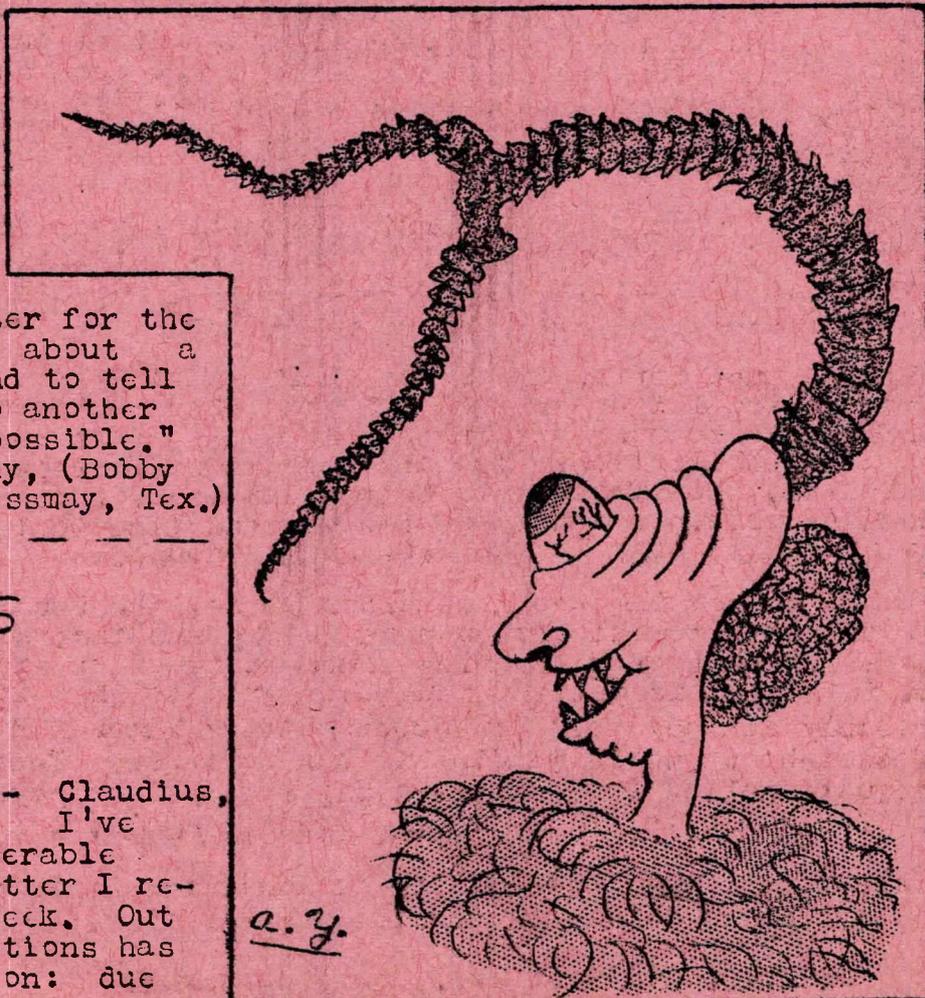
There has been an idea hopping around in my mind for some months now. I'd like to put it into operation as soon as possible. The idea is this: I'd like to round up all amatuer stf and fantasy writers in Texas and form a club (I'd call it something other than a club if I could think of a better title.) That way we could help each other, form a union of sorts, pool our information, tricks of the trade picked up by experience, etc, etc. I don't know what will come of the idea. I'm gonna try it sometimes, tho, if I can work out the details.

Better trot along. Got to go write that editor of BREVI-ZINE a thanks letter for the nice words he said about a story of mine. And to tell him, "Yes, I'll do another story as soon as possible."

Very sincerely, (Bobby Warner, Box 63, Bessmay, Tex.)

*james
davis*

August 17, 1953 -- Claudius,
I've been giving considerable thought to your letter I received late last week. Out of all my deliberations has come this conviction: due



to varied factors, it will not be wise for me to attempt a trip to Philadelphia this fall for the Convention.

There are many reasons, but the most important ones are these: (1) the folks haven't seen me and vice versa since Easter, and if I went traipsing off to Pennsylvania they wouldn't get to see me and vice versa at all; (2) my rent and other living expenses will be a little higher this fall and I couldn't stand the jolt an out-of-state trip would deal to my bank account. I've been having to make regular payments to the U.S. Government this summer anyway, due to the mixup in my Social Security payments that I've probably mentioned to you before.

So, suppose we take a raincheck on that long trip until we can go in style--no chugging Plymouths or blazing jet bombers, huh?

What I would like to do is this: head for Winters about August 29 and spend a few days at home to visit with the folks and see about some personal business. You swore you were coming to Winters around that time, so when you come you can stay out at our place and we can run around Winters for a few more days. Then, we might roll back up to Carlsbad--I've still never seen the Cave, and you swear we can have a high old time there anyway.

How does that sound? It still leaves us plenty of room for fun on a limited bankroll, I think. I sure would have liked to take in a few Philly ball games, though... (to hell with the Con!) but maybe I can do that sometime during the future.

Well, so much for that. I got MUZZY and INSIDE a day before your accompanying letter arrived and read them both with keen interest. MUZZY #2 is so much better than MUZZY #1, that you can't tell it's the same publication. The art work is definitely better than that of INSIDE, the mimeping is better and the story material is at least as good. I don't see how you had time to turn that thing out and still stay in the U.S. Army, though.

Haven't been doing too much around here, the usual stuff. Anyhow, the only excitement around here lately was that a woman was almost raped in front of my rooming house--none of us did it, of course, but this town is getting rough compared to what it used to be. I probably already told you about getting knocked down by a couple of semi-hoods while minding my own business. There isn't an adequate police force here--a University area rapist who has got to five women is still running loose. Again, I swear innocence!

Well, let me know what you think about the September situation, and don't get cut by any broken beer bottles,

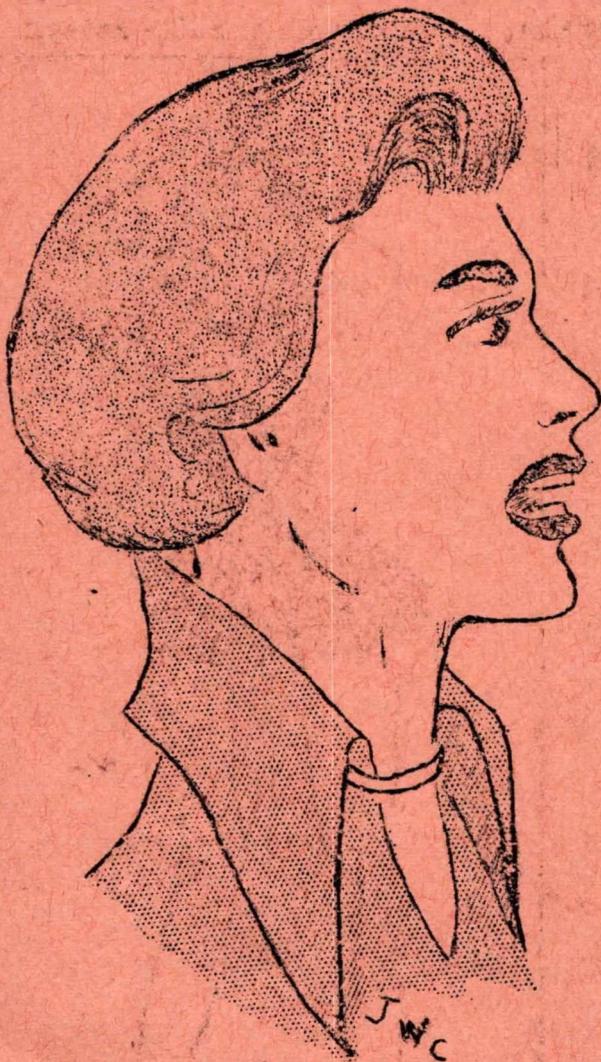
JIM....(1808 West Ave., Austin, Texas)

THE END

39

DOUBLE OR NOTHING

5,700
words



by
GM
Carr

"..... Turn in my 40 year
old model for two twenties.."

"There he goes again,"
Priscilla Van Dorne gritted,
yanking the handle of the
one-armed bandit with such
exasperated fury that it
clanked a mechanical protest
in a shower of half dollars..
The rattle of the falling
coins mercifully drowned out
the tail end of her husband's
ancient wisecrack, but
Priscilla knew it by heart---
she ought to, he pulled it
every time he got a drink
inside him.....

As she stooped to pick
up her winnings, awkward in
the tightly stretched black
satin which grew tighter with
every pound she gained, she
muttered,

"I wish he'd get his wish
just this once.. I'd like to

"I wish he'd get his
wish....."

see that housebroken, ex-shiek try to keep up with two twenty-year-olds." The thought amused away her irritation and she chuckled as she stood up, both hands full of money.

"That might be an interesting idea at that." The mellow, masculine voice surprised her. She turned to glance at a tubby little man, noticing the fringe of white hair and the cherubic face.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I merely said that it might be an interesting experiment....
...would you care to try?"

The glint in his eye struck an answering glint in Priscilla's. She laughed, a hearty, infectious peal that jellied her 240 pounds to a quiver. With tears streaming down her cheeks she nodded her head and whooped off into another paroxysm.

"Okay," said the little man, and carefully moved his drink to his left hand. He glanced toward the knot of men at the bar and noticed Mr. Van Dorne frowning uneasily at his wife's conspicuous mirth.

The tubby character smiled blandly toward Van Dorne and gestured casually in Priscilla's direction. The dancing reflections from the broad expanse of black satin increased dazzlingly for a moment, then caressed the shapely curves of the two laughing girls who stood there. The laughter ended in a double shriek.

"Priscilla! What happened?"
Van Dorne sprang to his wife's side,
"Priscilla, where are you?"

"Here we are..." the voices synchronized, "Looks like you finally got your wish. Now let's see what you're going to do about it."

The two girls looked at each other and burst out laughing again at the astonished expression on Van Dorne's face. One Priscilla took his arm and the other turned to bring the little man into the group.

"Why look. He's gone. The little man who split us is gone!"

The girls glanced around the club room, then--as one-- they shrugged.

"Well, I guess that's that. Come on, Charlie Boy, let's have a drink."

"Yes, we can talk it over later."

"I'll have a Martini."

"I want a Tom Collins." The two girls giggled.

"Isn't it nice to be double?"

"We always had such trouble deciding what we wanted to drink, didn't we?"

"Now we can order both...." They dragged the bewildered husband toward a booth.

"...B...but...where...what... Priscilla?"





"Never mind about that, Honey," a shapely shoulder cuddled up to his arm, "just remember that for years and years you've been wanting to take two twenties in trade for your 40-year old model wife.... well, here we are. Where do we go from here?" The girl on the left patted his arm and shoved him into a booth. He looked around wildly. Apparently no one else had noticed anything unusual. Van Dorne relaxed weakly against the seat and shook his head to clear it. Bewildered, he glanced from one to the other of the two girls. It wasn't hard to do.

"Priscilla?" he asked wonderingly. "You are Priscilla! Both of you!" The girls giggled and snuggled closer to him.

"Yes, Charlie Boy...." they both spoke at once.

"B...but...what'll I call you...I mean...I can't just walk into a place and say, 'These are my wife!' I...I... we just can't do things like that!"

"I've always wanted to be called Priss."

"...And I've wanted to be called 'Cilla, too."

"I never could make up my mind which..."

"...Besides, I always looked so 'Priscilla-ish'..." An amused glance of mutual comprehension passed between the two.

"What shall we do about the living problem?" Van Dorne muttered.

"Do you want to take over first or shall we draw straws?" Cilla asked.

"You can have him all to yourself if you like...."

Oh, no you don't--I don't want to be stuck with him permanently --"

"Well, I can't say that I blame you." They giggled. "Let's draw straws to see who is to be Mrs. Van Dorne and she's to be the ---the twin sister?"

"Then one of us could take a job in radio, maybe even get on TV.."

"Let's worry about that in the morning and have some fun tonight."

"Let's dance."

Van Dorne, apparently left out of the conversation to some extent, was sputtering vainly into his drink and claiming, "It can't be! Impossible! How could such a split happen?"

"But it has, Honey," the girls answered, "it has...and here we are." "You'll have to take us or leave us, Charlie Boy...."

"Let's go to the Trocadero....I'm tired of this old Country Club."

Still shaking his head, Charles Van Dorne picked up the remainder of his drink. As he tilted the glass, he saw in the

doorway the chubby little man with the white fringed bald head making his exit.

"Hey, you!" Charles bounded out of the booth, "You can't leave me like this..." He dashed out of the door, followed by the two girls and the amused glances of the whole club.

"Van Dorne's sure got a snootful tonight," was the last thing he heard as he grabbed his hat from the surprized hatcheck girl and ran after the elusive little man.

* * * *

Charles Van Dorne opened an uneasy eye, flinching as the dull pounding of his head increased with the entrance of light. He smacked his lips distastefully, vowing mentally that someday he would catch the brownie or imp who always wiped muddy feet on his tongue the morning after. A vague feeling of something to be remembered stirred within him. Then, suddenly he turned his head with a wrench that almost spun the room. He glanced cautiously at the pillow beside him and sighed with relief. There was only one dent in the pillow.

"What a nightmare!" He closed his eyes to ease the pounding of his head and sank back. "For a moment I thought....Shucks! That couldn't happen..." He relaxed and concentrated on his headache.

"Yoo Hoo! Charlie-Boy! Wake up, Lazybones."

"How do you like us?"

A long, rippling shudder passed visibly over his frame as Charles cautiously peered from slitted eyes. His face screwed into a grimace as he shook his head in complete abandon.

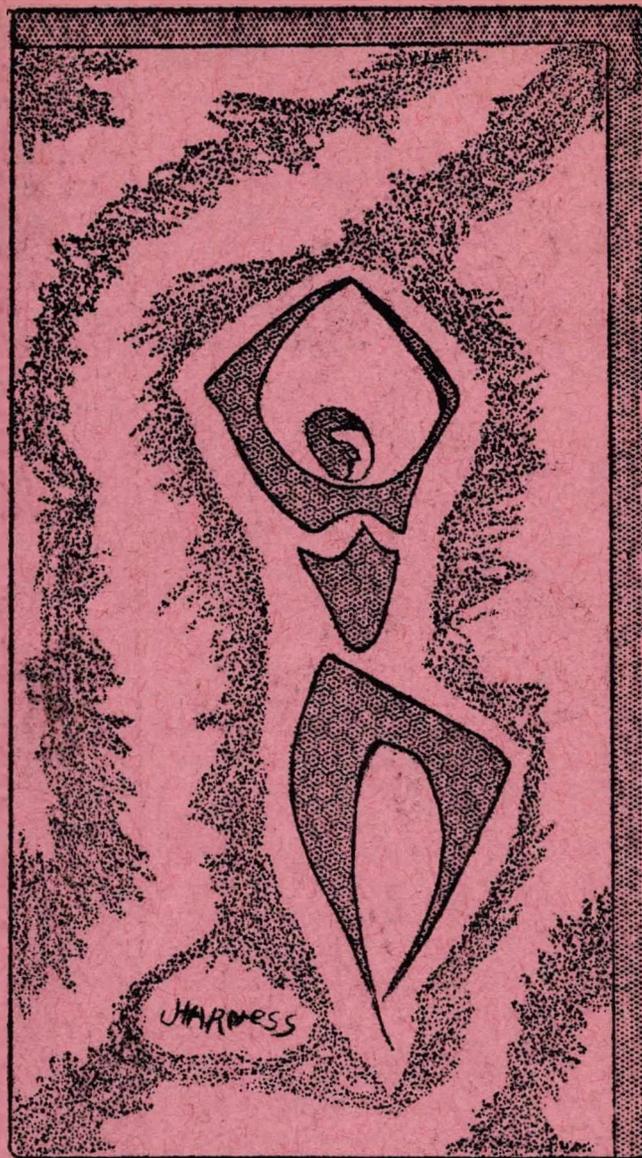
"No! No!" he moaned, "It can't be true. It just can't."

"He certainly is hard to convince, isn't he?" The mellow, disinterested voice was indubitably masculine. Charles opened one eye. A chubby, bald-headed man stood there between two smiling, nubile females.

Bracing himself to face the facts, Charles sat up and forced himself to look. Two beautiful babes smiled down at him. Two luscious twenty-year olds in the fullness of feminine pulchritude, one a blazing blonde and the other a gorgeous red-head.

"What have you two been doing to yourself?" He roared, "My wife had brown hair!"

"I know, dear, but we always wanted to change it....so mousy, you know." "The only reason we never did was that we couldn't decide whether to peroxide or to henna...." "So we drew straws and now we're both happy....."



The two finished their verbal duet with a chorus of giggles. Charles hadn't remembered that twenty-year-olds giggled so much. They pirouetted in a graceful model's walk before the foot of his bed.

"How do you like our new outfits?" "We just made them this morning..." "The stores won't be open until tomorrow..." "So we improvised these sunsuits out of some scarves..." The improvised sunsuits were clever as well as revealing.

A forgotten glow started up in Charles Van Dorne and he found the age old experience very pleasant. By the time the redheaded Priss and the little gentleman had left the room, Charles' headache had gone, too.....

* * * * *

Charles' voice floated from the bathroom, almost muffled by the buzz of the razor. "So you and the redhead finally decided who was to be my wife. Did you win or lose?"

Cilla's voice drifted back at him from the bedroom as she bustled about, making the bed and tidying, "I won on the first toss... I'm to be your wife today, Priss gets you tomorrow. We've decided to take turn about until...."

"Well, until what?"

"Oh, just until."

"Am I supposed to like that? What kind of business is this, you kids deciding to take turns at me like I was unwelcome work of some kind? What are the neighbors going to think?"

"I don't know. They'd probably already be thinking nasty thoughts except that our voice hasn't changed noticeably. We've been answering the phone all morning, hearing about you and those two hussies you were out with last night! Shame on you!" Cilla danced in and kissed him lightly on the back of the neck. "Did anybody ever tell you that you are an old roue? If they haven't, you're hearing it now. Mrs. Smithers herself told us so! So there!"

Charles whirled around in anguish, "Mrs. Smithers! You mean she called? What did you tell her? If she ever turns her old man on me my job is mud! She's had a personal grudge against wine and women ever since she caught old Smithers kissing a file clerk under the mistletoe at the Christmas party last year. What did you tell her?"

"I didn't answer the phone that time, Priss did. She just agreed that, yes, you must be an awful old roue and nobody knows what us poor wives have to put up with and that this must be the first time you ever took any of your fancy ladies out in public. She did say that she supposed you and old Smithers must usually hide away in some den of vice, but since Smithers wasn't there last night it must have been that other fellow that coaxed you out of hiding..."

Charles smothered a groan and almost sobbed as he mopped his face.

"Oh, no! Why did she do that! She knows darn Mrs. Smithers will never forget it and keep hounding Smithers until I lose my job, if I haven't already!"

Cilla brought a clean shirt and helped him in to it.

"That's why Priss did it, Honey. You know very well you'd never consent to leave Presstown as long as you've got this good job. Smithers has really sold you on it. But now that you're practically fired, maybe you'll consider that advertising job in New York....."



"But I don't want to go to New York. I've told you a thousand times that I like Presstown! And even if I did leave I'd strike out for Seattle."

"Well, Seattle's all right too, if that's what you want. But of course you can't stay here....not with two wives." She handed him a tie and then laid it down regretfully as Charles grimaced and blinked his eyes in pain. She selected another, plain grey, and knotted it about his neck. Charles resumed,

"We've been over this time and again. We can't leave Presstown. We've got this house, and the Country Club membership, and I've got a good chance of cinching the managership when Smithers retires...."

"Not any more, Honey, not any more. I called the Grand Realty Company and told them you would probably accept that offer from Harmon for the house if he'd make it cash. And they think he will. I even threw the Country Club membership in on the deal."

Charles' shoulders sagged in defeat. He stepped into his trousers and zipped them resignedly. "I give up...what's the use? Twenty years of hard work and struggling gone...just like that." He snapped his fingers.

Two soft arms entwined themselves about his neck and an amused smile gleamed up at him from a cute little face. Two soft lips coaxed him with kisses, and two little devils peeped out from under the blonde up-sweep.

"Is it really that bad..? Charlie-Boy, is it really that bad?"

"I'm hungry." He brushed her aside. "Where's my coffee? All this lallygagging around before breakfast." He stalked grumpily from the room. Cilla grinned as she picked up the towel and tossed it into the hamper.

Charles entered the dining room.

"Ah, good morning, my friend." The suave and mellow tones were somewhat muffled by a forkful of waffle. The bald pate beamed pinkly in the sunshine and the bland smile beamed even pinker. "Pleasant morning, is it not?"

"Yes, it is not!" growled Van Dorne, "and while I'm thinking of it, what in hades are you doing here this time of the morning?"

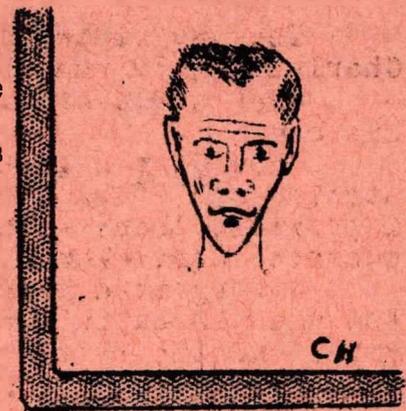
"Oh, we came in shortly after you did," the chubby one smiled, "Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind, you know. After all...." He cast a knowing glance at Priss.

"Listen here, you... you..."

Priss grasped Charles' arm and guided him to a chair, darting a chilling glance at him. She smiled at the little fat man, "Have another waffle, Swami, and don't mind my husband. He's never fit to be seen before breakfast, let alone be heard." She glanced again at Charles as she dropped a hot, golden waffle on the Swami's plate.

"Have a cup of coffee, Charlie-Boy, and you'll feel better." Cilla solicitously pulled out a chair and poured coffee. Van Dorne merely glowered at the Swami who sat at the head of the table in his place. Priss, her henna'd head glowing against the chintz-curtained window, sat next to him. Cilla stood beside Charles, coaxing him to eat.

"Be-have yourself now, Honey, and I'll get your breakfast. Diddums Charlie-Boy still have his headache?" Charles shrugged



off the caressing fingers that stroked his brow and hastily gulped his coffee.

The swami, from his position at the head of the table, beamed and breakfasted in silence. He was more or less tastefully clad in an oversize sport shirt and a pair of Van Dorne's slacks. The effect was unduly casual, inasmuch as Van Dorne was a lanky six-footer whose width was in his shoulders, whereas the Swami was a plump five foot six inches and his girth lay considerably lower.

"Charl..." Cilla began.

"Don't call me Charlie-Boy!" Van Dorne exploded, "You know darn well I never liked it."

"I'm sorry, dear," Cilla subsided meekly with a sidewise glance at Priss. Priss returned a knowing look while the Swami gazed discreetly at his waffle.

"Honey," Cilla started again, "Let's drive over to the beach after breakfast. It's been so long since we went swimming..."

"...and then we'll play tennis..."

"...and afterwards drive over to Point Pleasant for cocktails and dancing!"

"Better hurry and eat a big breakfast..."

"We can have a picnic lunch..."

"Dine at the Grove..."

"Stop both talking at once!" How can I figure out what you're saying? I don't want to go swimming...you know I look like a stork in a bathing suit!" Charles attacked the waffle on his plate vindictively. "And I don't like picnics. You know I prefer a quiet Sunday afternoon at home... besides, I have to mow the lawn."

"Oh, Pooh! Never mind the lawn."

"If we had some riding clothes we could go riding instead of swimming."

"Besides we are going to sell the house anyway."

"We can get some tomorrow."

"Let them mow the lawn."

"Maybe we could get some boating clothes, too."

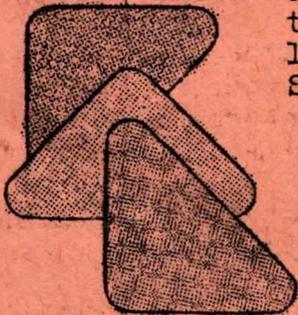
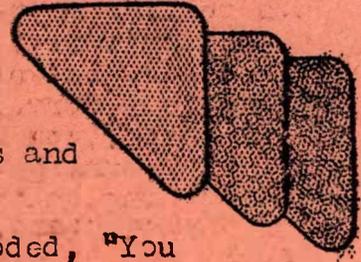
"Ahem," the Swami cleared his throat genteelly, "Might I offer a suggestion? How about you two young ladies doing the swimming and we gentlemen," he bowed toward Charles, "will watch from the shelter of the shore."

Charles received a sudden mental image of himself lying in a deck chair, a tall, cool glass tinkling in his hand, watching graceful swan dives performed in the scantest of french bathing suits. He brightened. As the two girls chattered about improvising the bathing suits from available materials, he felt the day grow perceptibly more bearable. In fact, when they discussed cutting up his very best brocade evening muffler for hal-ters, he offered no objections. On them it would look good. He ate a hearty breakfast. So did the Swami.

* * * *

The cool shade of the Country Club veranda felt comforting. The tall glass tinkled invitingly, but Charles Van Dorne shifted uneasily in the deck chair. Beside him the Swami beamed benignly.

"That dope..." Charles thought, "That silly smirk! How did he get in this picture, anyway?"



"I'm just enjoying myself, friend, just enjoying myself. Besides, I hesitate to leave a job half done. I have a suspicion that you will need me before long..."

Charles gulped his drink the wrong way down. The Swami patted him gently on the back.

"Don't feel embarrassed, my friend. It's an unfair advantage, of course, but don't let it bother you. I'm quite used to harsh thoughts. Serves me right for reading them. Eavesdroppers never hear good...you know."

The sunlight sparkled on the lake water, the bright colors of the bathing suited figures made an animated poster grouping near the diving board. Where the concentration of colored bathing trunks was thickest, Charles could spot the two brief french suits of his wife...wives.... A vague uneasiness crept over him. Shouts of laughter reached him. Suddenly they all splashed into the water and raced furiously toward the other float. Charles felt left out. He set down the drink and started for the bathhouse. Behind him, the Swami smiled gently and rang for another highball.

The sun finally consented to withdraw behind a decent veil of mist. Uneasily aware of an incipient sunburn, Charles dived off the raft for the last time to follow the two whispering, giggling women to the dressing rooms. He shuddered as the thought of what lay still ahead of him -- hiking, dancing -- he shuddered again.

* * * * *



47

Ten miles of hiking, twenty of dancing, partying, tennis, golf, and four hours of exhausted slumber behind him, Charles opened bleary eyes. He wavered out a weary arm in the direction of the cacophony in chrome which inexorably proclaimed the end of rest and the beginning of another week. Even as he glanced cautiously at the pillow beside him, he wondered why he had bothered to set the clock. His job was practically gone, anyhow.

Bright red hair cascaded out from under the covers. With a sudden explosion of energy, Priss sat up, wide awake, covers flying. Charles clutched helplessly at the satin quilt as it sailed by. He grabbed the sheet and tried to burrow under it, but Priss dragged it out of his hands and started tickling him.

"Cut it out...let me sleep," he groaned. She tickled all the harder.

"Come on, gotta get up. It's Monday and the stores will be open so Gilla and I can buy some clothes...real clothes!" Such a heavenly thought! Just to be able to walk into a store and wear anything on the racks...no alterations! Gilla and I can't wait." She tugged at him, "Come on, come on, get up!"

"Ouch, my sunburn... lemme alone...." Charles' heavy eyelids refused to stay open. Every muscle groaned in sympathy when he tried to move. "Lemme sleep...."

"Time to wake up, silly, come on." Priss tried another tactic. She grabbed him by the ears and started kissing him. It worked... at least he opened his eyes. Some how his muscles weren't so sore.

"There's life in the old boy yet," he thought as Priss snuggled closer....and so there was, so there was.

* * * *

Priss jumped from the bed and dashed for the bathroom like a playful kitten that just caught a mouse. The splattering hiss of the shower mingled with her lively voice,

"Come on, take your shower. It'll pep you up for all the things we have to do today."

Charles reluctantly got up and accepted the fact of daytime, the daily routine of bathing and shaving and dressing.

As he finally entered the kitchen, the pouting lips of Cilla greeted him with a kiss. She was alone. Cilla noticed his glance about the room and teased him as she kissed him again.

"No, you selfish thing, the Swami isn't up yet. You've got the both of us to yourself for breakfast."

Charles relaxed in a kitchen chair as the coffee started to percolate and the smoky scent of frying bacon filled the air with its delightful essence. His fatigue faded to a pleasant tiredness, and as he waited for his breakfast he began to speculate how he could handle these two wives of his. Maybe he shouldn't chase the Swami away. That pudgy little creature could take care of one of these livewires, take her off his hands, temporarily at least....or else.....

"By George! I've got it, girls, I've got it!"

"What, Charles? I don't see anything."

"What have you got, Charles?" Priss came into the kitchen,

"The Swami! He can do it. He split you...he can split me in two! Too!"

"That's a wonderful idea, Charlie-Boy. One of you could take that job in New York...."

"And the other could go to Seattle...."

"...and each of us would have a twenty-three year old husband."

"...instead of having to share one forty-six year old man!"

"Stop talking both at once and let me think!" One of you go wake the Swami and tell him to get busy. I don't know why somebody didn't think of this sooner... Why do I have to do all the work around here?" He glared around.

"No need to call me," the familiar mellow voice came from the doorway, "I thought you might need me again. Ahhh...coffee...May I?" He appropriated the cup that Cilla had just filled, relishing the savor with smacking lips. He was still in his sleeping garments -- Van Dorne's prized paisley silk pajamas -- and an orange brocade dressing gown from which his head emerged like a turtle's from its shell. He seemed oblivious of his appearance. "You were saying....?"

"Oh, Swami," Cilla exclaimed, "Charles just had a splendid idea!"

"Yes," Charles said, "Why don't you change me into two like you did them?"

"Give us each a husband..." Cilla said, "then one of us could go to New York and the other to Seattle..." "Or both of us could go to Seattle and take turns working at the same job...wouldn't have to work so hard..." -- "...or both go to New York and get a job in TV..." "Maybe go into vaudeville...double twin act..."

"One at a time, please." The Swami held up a calm protesting hand. "Let me see, you want to have two young husbands instead of the old one, is that it?"

"Of course..." they chorused.



"Ah, unfortunately...." the Swami paused and looked at Charles speculatively.

"Well," Charles scowled truculently, "Go on..."

"In your case, my dears, I had more — shall we say, — 'material' to work with. Consequently the product came out in good condition." He patted a plump, well rounded posterior appreciatively as Gilla giggled and twisted away. "But in his case —" he scrutinized Charles' lanky six feet of skin and bones — "Well, I don't know. Frankly, I don't know. It would take a most delicate bit of doing."

Six eyes gazed at Charles, mentally disrobing him. Charles squirmed.

"Well," he growled, "Got any better ideas...."

"Maybe we could fatten him up?" Gilla asked hopefully.

"No, it would never work. You know he eats and eats, like a horse, and never gains an ounce?" Priss answered. "But we can't

go on like this."

"I can appreciate your predicament, my dears, I can indeed. Well," the Swami looked doubtfully at Charles, "I must admit that I feel a certain responsibility. After all, I did get you into this. Drat that third highball...." He muttered to himself, gazing with concentration at a tiny cobweb swinging unnoticed from the kitchen ceiling. "...maybe that'll do it..." He raised his hand and waved it gently toward Charles.

Quite suddenly, there were four boys, apparently a little over eleven years old, trying to sit on the chair where Charles had been.

A brief moment of silence, then bedlam broke loose.

"Lemme at that guy!" "Gimme a poke at him!" "Who said you could do this to us?" "Stop pushing!" "Who's pushing?" "Stop pushing yourself!" "What's a big idea?" "Where's that fat lug? Lemme at him." "Aw, quit your shoving...you want a poke in the snoot?" "Oh, yeah, whose big enough to do it?"

The small kitchen seemed full of scrapping, noisy pre-adolescence. Priss and Gilla giggled. Raising her eyebrow toward the Swami, Priss said,

"They're undoubtedly Charles...but don't you think they're rather young for husbands?"

"To say nothing of the financial problem...what would they do for a living? Sell papers?" Gilla said.

The Swami chuckled somewhat distrainly and examined his hand as though to find the cause of the trouble.

"Well, I must admit this isn't what I had in mind..." he dodged quickly, grabbing up a kitchen chair with a speed belied by his pudgy shape. He backed into the corner, chair in front of him, like an

uncertain lion tamer with a litter of untamed cubs, to avoid a massed rush by the four lads and their eight clenched fists...

"Please," the Swami pleaded, neatly sidestepping, "Please give me a chance.. I told you it would take a bit of doing." The four sullen boys faced him, their faces hot with anger and fists still clenched.

"Whatcha think you're doing, wise guy!" "You can't do this and get away with it!" "You gimme back my shape!" "I don't wanna be stuck with going to school again!" "You said it, once was more than enough." "Anyway, who want's to be stuck with a couple of silly girls..." "Get busy and get me out of here." "Yeah....."

The Swami tried unavailingly to make himself heard above the clamor. Priss and Cilla ducked and covered their ears against the din. Finally, with a look of exasperation, the Swami gestured with a throwing motion at the noisy, struggling youngsters. Silence descended abruptly. Priss and Cilla looked around to see four beautifully carved stone boys, complete in every detail, glaring from various postures of defiance at the cornered Swami.

"Sorry to do it, but it seemed the only way." The Swami mopped his brow. "Those boys were making so much noise I couldn't concentrate."

"G...c...can you bring them to life again?" Cilla quavered, rolling frightened eyes at the perspiring little man, "I ne n... are they dead or alive? After all, he was our husband."

"We really ought to know," Priss added tremulously, "it is rather sudden to be widows..."

"Widowhood is always sudden, my dears," the Swami replied, "but in this case I can assure you that they are not dead. Merely not animate, if you gather the distinction. However, in just my opinion it would be preferable to be husbandless altogether than.." he gestured eloquently. Mutely the girls nodded. He had a point there.

"But what are you going to do now?" The Swami nodded toward the neglected frying pan, whose blackened strips of what had once been bacon were emitting a vile blue smoke through the kitchen.

"If I may suggest it, my sweet girls, I'd like a little breakfast while I concentrate on the next step. This could work out with some peculiar consequences if it isn't done just right." He mopped his brow again and sat down by the window. Cilla hastily removed the charred bacon and started a pan of scrambled eggs, while Priss poured a cup of coffee and made toast. The Swami ate in gloomy and pre-occupied silence. The two girls clutched one another and sat on the edge of a chair. Occasionally they glanced with horror at the stony figures taking up most of the kitchen.

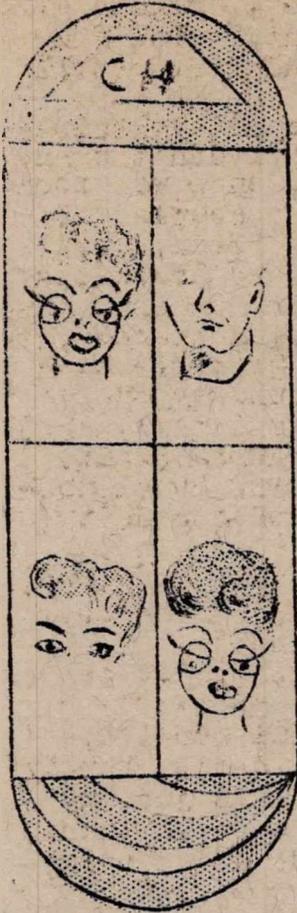
"I suppose, if we have to, we could each pick two," Priss said to Cilla with a grimace. "You baby sit with two of them and I'll take the other two."

Cilla sighed, "I guess that's about all we can do with these kids. Baby sit! I was looking forward to having a little fun."

"I guess we'd better be glad the Swami's gesture didn't turn them into sixteen two-year-olds." Her face grew pale with consternation at the thought. "Just think of the diapers to change and the formulas to mix!" Cilla shuddered agreement and glanced apprehensively at the sullen foursome who glowered back in silence. "Now what?" those stone eyes seemed to ask.

"I suppose if we left them this way, maybe they would get paper routes and with their combined earning we could get along,but we would have to get jobs too."

Priss couldn't help giggling. "The Manager-to-be of the



Presswood Mill Works as four paper boys....I wonder what Mrs. Smithers would have to say about that!"

They both jumped as the telephone shrilled. Priss picked up the extension in the kitchen. "Hello....Oh, yes, Mr. Smithers...Mr. Van Dorne?" She glanced toward the four boys. "No, Mr. Smithers. I'm afraid Mr. Van Dorne is a little broken up just now. Could you leave a message?"

She slammed the phone down upon the cradle. "He's fired," she said. "Mr. Smithers was quite emphatic about it. Did you hear that..." She turned to the stony figures, "Mr. Smithers says you are fired!" But definitely!" She filled the Swami's coffee cup disconsolately.

Gilla smile wanly, "Maybe we could sue the Millworks for having employed minors under the legal age. Smithers would probably settle out of court rather than argue with them..." she indicated the unhusbandly figures. Priss just looked at her. The joke was very feeble. Nobody laughed.

Uncomfortable silence descended as the Swami munched his toast and drained the last of the coffee. He sighed, patted his stomach, and turned to the serious problem.

"My dears, I have considered the matter from every angle. There just isn't enough of him to make two healthy young husbands. If I try again there is the possibility that he may slide off the curci tangent and split further -- even as you so jestingly suggested." He closed his eyes. The girls shuddered at the thought of eight five-year

olds rampaging through the house, or a day nursery full of two-year-olds all yelling for attention....

"Oh, no, Swami....." "Isn't there anything at all you can do?" "We wanted husbands, not readymade families....."

"I quite agree with you, I do. But my powers are limited... strictly limited. About all that I could do now is to return him to his original state."

"Oh, dear." Gilla drooped. Priss gazed unhappily out the window. The grass needed cutting. "Poor Charlie-Boy. Lost his job and his reputation, and now he has to try to keep up with two young wives."

"There is one thing more -- if I might venture to suggest it."

"What is it?" "Go ahead, what are you waiting for?"

"Why, ah...." the Swami gazed regretfully at the twin pulchritudes perched on the chair, "I could change you back again, too."

They gasped, and looked at each other in dismay.

"All our new clothes!" "...and our hairdo..." "Be so fat again..." "...no New York..." "...TV..."

"Yes," sighed the Swami, "I was afraid of that." He stared gloomily at the traces of egg on the plate. "I suppose there is no help for it. I'll have to get into this mess myself." He looked again at the girls, and his round little face brightened. "Well, it might be fun, at that."

The girls watched in dumbfounded astonishment as he stood up from the table and removed his dressing gown. In spite of the

ludicrous paisley pajamas, he walked with dignity to the very center of the frozen statuary. Turning to the girls, he bowed politely, and with a brief, "Excuse me, please," removed the pajamas.

The girls shrieked and turned away, only to look around again in horrified curiosity. There stood two handsome, well fed, young men, very much like the Charles Van Dorne that Priscilla Hoddwidge had married 20 years ago, but with a chubbier look about the cheeks, and a neller twinkling in the eyes.

"Charles!"

"Charlie-Boy!"

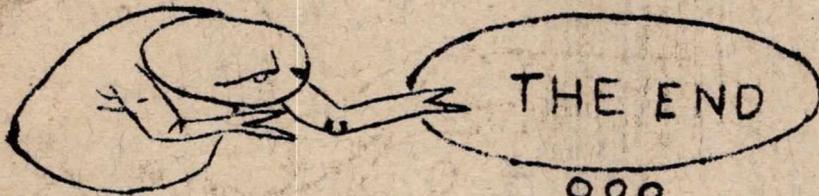
They jumped to their feet, then halted.

"But which of you is which?"

"Yes, which one is Charles and which is the Swami?"

The two young men looked at each other, winked, then one of them smiled and turned to the girls.

"You'll never know, girls, you'll never know."



52



Don't be disappointed with this --- THE LETTER SECTION --- because for this issue I am compelled to use a few personal notes. With the next issue, these pages will be filled with the usual fannish comments, insults and sexually maladjusted thoughts.

Incidentally, I reserve the right to edit letters as I deem necessary.

Especially if they are over one hundred pages in length.....



REDD
BOGGS (19 March 55)

WR

Claude: I was glad to hear you survived the army's complete training program for you, and that Muzzy is going to continue. Muzzy had a distinctive personality and I'll be happy to see it come around once again. Unfortunately, though, I have nothing on hand at the moment. Perhaps I can contribute something later. I do have some Rotzler pix you might be able to use, and I'll include them.

I'll be looking forward to the first revived-edition of Muzzy. I trust it will be uninhibited as it was in days of yore.

Sincerely,

Redd -- 2215 Benjamin St., N. E., Minneapolis 18, Minn.

I'm glad you said "distinctive personality" and not ~~DISTINCTIVE SMELL~~, Redd. However, I hope this issue still has all of the charm of the old pre-Germany mag. This issue has some very good material, but I think a great improvement would be made with a contribution from your typewriter. I'd appreciate it if you would keep this magazine in mind.....

GARTH BENTLEY

(22 March 1955)

Dear Claude-

As long as you're a friend of Nancy Share, I'll be glad to contribute an occasional poem to your fanzine. Writing verse is a hobby of mine and I get a kick out of seeing my verses appear in other people's magazines.

Happen to have one ScF poem on hand and was debating whether to send it to Hodge-Podge or to Starlanes. So I'll settle the question by enclosing it with this note.

Incidentally, the Shares have been recently reprinting various poems from my latest book -- "PINFEATHERS FROM PEGASUS" -- which is a collection of light verse.

Sincerely,
Garth Bentley -- 1450 N. Dayton St, Chicago 22, Ill.



Mr. Bentley, I dare say that you are not the sold person who gets a "kick" out of seeing your work. I speak from experience and proven fact when I state that you have many admirers in fandom, myself included. Not only your poetry, but your fiction, was definitely an asset for this issue.

ROBERT BLOCH 21/3/55

Dear Claude: All right, take a number and get in line. As of Jan. 1st, I swore off fanzine articles -- just too many requests and not enough time: I felt it unfair to discriminate, so I just cut off. There are still 6 or so to appear (all of them holdovers from '54 output) but as of now I am not yet free to write. However, I hope the time will come before the year is out, and if so -- then I may be able to do a piece for you.

Glad you like that yarn in Madge: I'm still doing such stuff for Imaginative Tales and have a 40,000 worder coming up next ish.

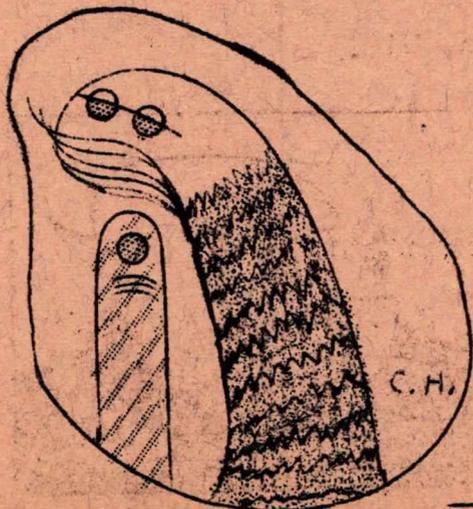
You mentioned a fellow named Don Botts writing under the pen name, Oscar Friend. You know, there is a real Oscar Friend: he is a former editor and now an agent.

Good luck with the fanzine project now that you're out of the service and back in circulation!

Robert Bloch -- P.O. Box 362, Weyauwega, Wis.

I'll be looking forward to the day you get enough dirty old green stuff on hand to resume writing for zines. Something must be fishy about this Don Botts I met. Well, I've dropped out of the Southwestern Rocket Society (see editorial) anyway. I read that story in IT. Was good. But when you going to do another story like, "The Devil With You"? Tsk.





DEA

(26 March 1955)

Dear Claude: So, you intend to revive your fanzine. Good. There are not many good fanzines.

Enclosed is some spot fillers and a couple of inside-back covers.

Hope you get plenty of good material for Muzzy. I'll be looking forward to seeing it.

Best, DE

Well, we hope that this will be termed as a "good" issue. We do intend to improve. Dea, if I may say so, I think you draw in about the manner that Bradbury would like to write. Definitely, a compliment.

JUANITA
COULSON

Dear Claude,

I was flattered to say the least by your proposal. It's the first time in quite a while that anyone outside of Indiana fandom or personal friendship has requested material from me. I'm also embarrassed that I can't say I know MUZZY, which is not unusual, since my fan activities have been sort of come-ci, come-ca at times. I don't know whether Nancy told you or not that I teach school, which won't leave me much time for fan activities until this summer. Things are further complicated by the fact that Buck, the better half, and I also publish a fanzine of our own (one of Indiana's multitude of fanzines) leaving me even less time.

Since I don't know MUZZY (oh, yes, I've heard the name but have no idea as to its characteristics, reproduction, etc) it's a bit difficult to submit material. I've had some rather sad experiences that way. Some

time ago, a fan named Paul Mittelbuscher requested art material from for publication in a fanzine he was coediting. I've seen some of my material, but by no means all of it, and no explanation thereof. May I humbly ask that if you don't care for what I send you, you send it back? Someone in Indiana fandom is always breathing down my neck for material. (We recently figured out that there are something like one and two-thirds fanzine for every Indiana fan -- well, practically that bad.)

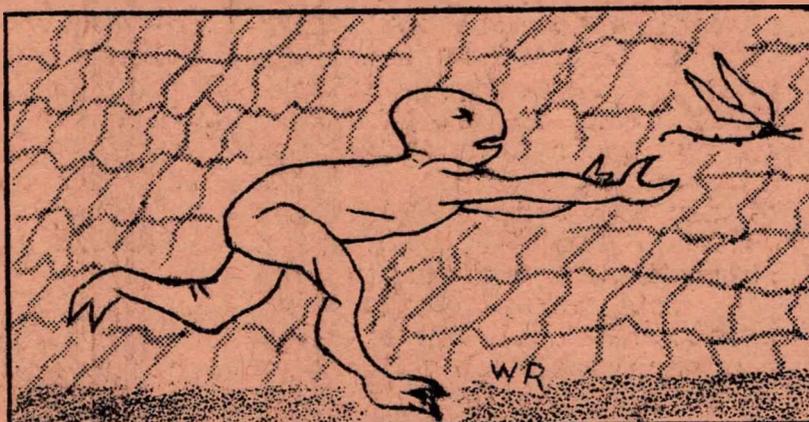
My writing is a little limited, mainly due to the lack of time. Ah, for the dear, dead days when I used to write letters to mags, pro and fan, articles, etc. What poetry, what rhetoric, what crud. But now, somehow or other, between grading papers, writing lesson plans, putting out a fanzine, cooking, and etc., I don't find much time for fanzine writing, or any kind for that matter.

Wellst, I wish you good luck and many staples, and may all your Muzzy's get #1 ratings. Let me know how things progress.

Sincerely, Juanita Coulson -- 626 Court St. -- Huntington, Ind.

Merci for the artwork. It came in handy on Gem's story. You see, Nancy Share was going to send me the illustrations she'd designed for that story--but her letter claimed that the artwork was misplaced. Thus, your artwork came right to my rescue.

How about giving some of your students a walk and do some more art for Muzzy? May your fanzines earn the gold staple award too.



LYNN
HICKMAN

Dear Claude,

I have no backlog of articles at the present time. I can, however, furnish you fiction by Hal Annas. Let me know if you want a story.

I'm enclosing three cartoons I have on hand, will do more for you later. If you don't care to use any of the toons, please return them to me. After seeing the next issue, maybe I can work out some column heading cartoons.

Yo's, Lynn -- 705 W. Main St. -- Napoleon, Ohio

Me? You'll never ^{see} turning down an offer of good material! As for the cartoons, I only wish I could force you to do about a hundred and make Muzzy into a cartoon type of zinc. Why didn't you ever put out a strictly cartoon zinc? Has the task ever been performed in fandom? I know that you have a collection of all the good cartoons over the years. Why not put them into a litho'd zinc?

NANCY SHARE

Dear Claude,

Got your letter yesterday, so I'm answering this morning and also enclosing some illos for MUZZY. Along with this letter, I'm mailing another small envelope that contains a short story by Garth Bentley. I'd have mailed all the material to you in a big envelope...if I had one, that is. Since we haven't H-P'ed lately, I haven't bothered to get any of those manila envelopes so the mss I send you will have to be folded into tiny pieces and jammed into my regular writing envelopes. I'd mail Gem's story to you this afternoon too if I had enough stamps for it...got a batch of stamps yesterday but since I had 68 fapazines to mail out I could only save 2 or 3 out of the lot and they'll be used to mail these illos to you. I'll send Gem's story Monday. Oh yeah...almost forgot...when you use Garth's story for MUZZY, I'd appreciate it if you'd return the original mss to me. I am trying to keep everything I can of his for personal reasons. He has sent me one of his watercolors and some books on art. This mss of his was sent to me about 2 years ago but I never got around to using it for H-P. Thought I might use it for #14, but we never reached that number yet.

You want me to do a column for MUZZY???? Wellll, I'm not a writer but I'll try to think of something. I can promise to keep you supplied with illos...but writing? Tsk, I have a tough time even trying to write for my SAPS and fapa zines! This column enclosed seems kinda stupid to me.

Best, Nancy -- Box 31 -- Danville, Penna.

Ah, the saga of the missing envelope! Nancy, you can see what I did to your letter.... Zut alors! After I try to take most of the personal stuff out of your letter, Lynn's, and some of the others, I find I don't have much left! I realize that I shouldn't have run this letter section this time (letting the Letter Log suffice) but I thought I would use a few letters to show off the swell and wonderful fun that I know--hah! Care to wrestle anyone? If you'd just make one uncomplimentary remark about Nancy's column. Of course, no one will. Although Nancy is noted for what she says--at times--she is more noted for the way she says it. This femme has more followers than a first grade teacher has enemies. Twists then around her finger to... Guess I'm just about through with this letter. I don't feel like using more stamps for something that doesn't gain the interest of everyone. Next longer letter section. No Letter Log though. I'll run just to fill up space--like I commented



*****THE END*****THE END*****

from:

C. R. HALL
100 E. 20th
Austin, Tex.

MIMEOGRAPHED MATTER
ONLY

to:
