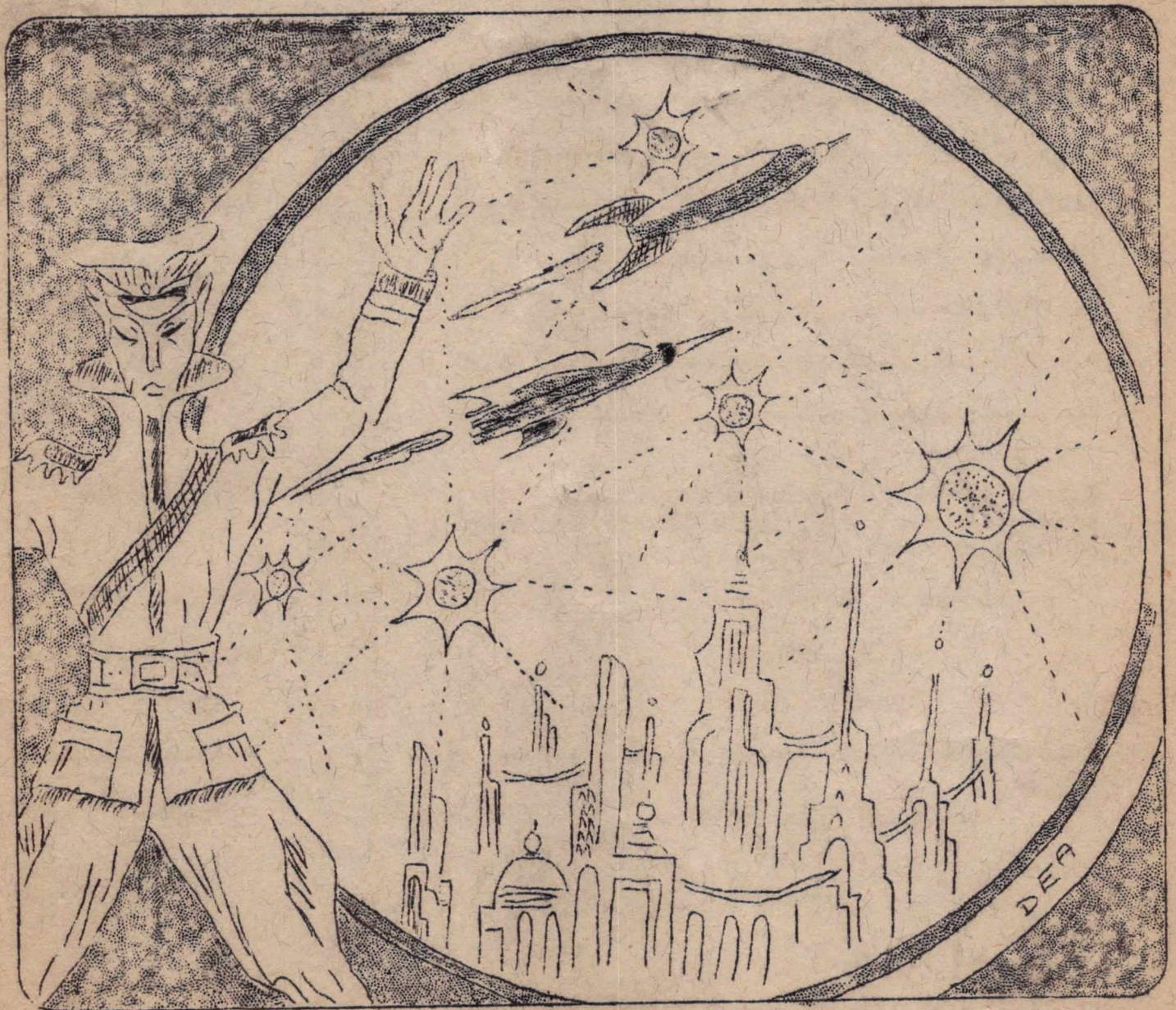


FART



NO. 3

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OF
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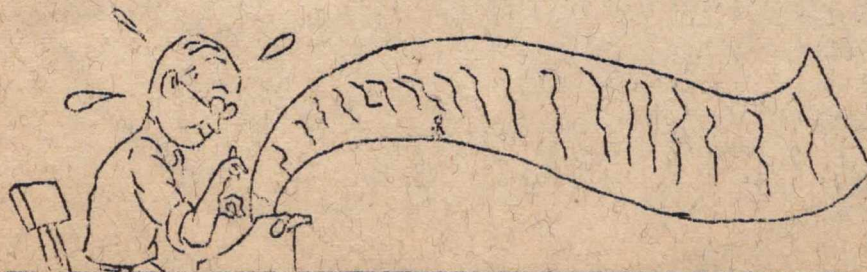
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Thank a lot to the fanzine material pool for the article "A BROKEN FAN". The pool can really help eds in need of material.

Address of the FMP is:

PETER GRAHAM
POX 149
FAIRFAX, CALIF.

-----*-----*-----*



George Jennings,
Editor

Published irreg-
ularly at:

11121 Tascosa Dr.
Dallas, Texas

A FFRFLUTCHE FAN-
ZINE--publishing
name carried on.

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6 issue sub:

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VOLUME I
NO. 3

A BROKEN FAN

LARRY ANDERSON

I was once a fan. I have my own fan magazine...my own audience...but I'm a broken fan. Once I was a happy fan. I was on the upgrade...a focal point, or so it was claimed. I had all that a fan could want. A magazine...belonged to an APA, wrote numerous letters, and in all, had a gay, fannish time. But then came the realization that fandom wasn't all nice. Fans were people, after all the propaganda to the contrary. I wasn't in heaven, but merely a more enfeebating form of purgatory.

It started, I guess, with a young neofan on the west coast. She was young, inexperienced, and, as usual, knew everything. She put out a zine on a postcard mimeograph, and was waiting for the world to fall at her dainty size number nines. She sent me poetry and henscratches...well, you might call them illustrations...for my magazine. I blushingly accepted the poetry and unblushingly rejected the illustrations, returning them to her. She'd said that I might use the poetry however I pleased...in my forthcoming collection, or for my magazine. Unthinkingly, I used it in the magazine. She received the zine and...to quote Mr. Heinlein, "BLOWTUPS HAPPEN." She was outraged that her little poem didn't get reserved exclusively for the collection. She wanted her illustrations...works of art that they were...back, and wanted nothing more to do with nasty old me. I, in return, wrote a cautious reply, explaining about what she had said and not said in her letters. I even attempted to placate her by promising to ditto a cover for her zine. It was the last that brought her around, I imagine. But anywee, I received a cautious, but yet a bit brazen reply, accepting the cover offer, and wanting all the poetry I'd collected for my collection. It was like this; she wanted to issue a poetry collection herself, and thought my collection might do well as a starting group. -Fiercly clinging to my poetry, I told her to send the damn cover and be through it. She sent it about two weeks ago...wanted it on the lightest possible stock and 275 copies. In color yet. At the moment, my ditto's in the shop, and in any case, it won't go 275 copies, and it's venerable age, too. Now I have in hand a post card, threatening life and limb if I don't have it ready four days from now...oh well, I didn't want to be a fan, anyway.

And then there was the gentleman fan, editor of one of fandom's most prominent zines, and formerly a friend of mine. Upon my inquiry about including a one page magazine of my own with his, he graciously gave me permission and urged me to make it nice. Now, after running off not one, but TWO issues of the little zine, I finger a post card from him (another post card-? ..Ed.) saying, in effect... "Dear Larry, I think the world of you, but I want one fanzine instead of two, so farewell, Dear Larry." Grrrrr!!

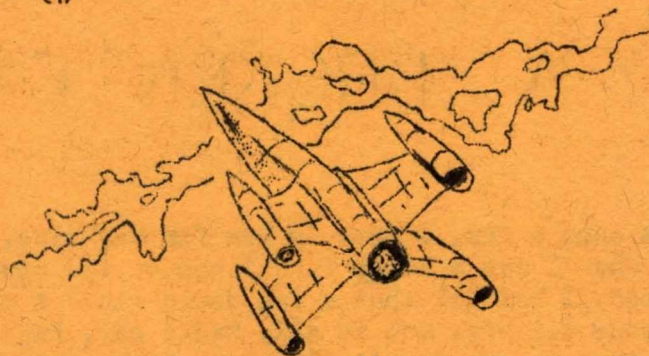
Oh, yes, we don't want to forget the nice columnist for my zine. He was a personel friend, and always most reliable. He was a grand guy, in all. We corresponded faithfully, sharing ideas, and being, in general, pals. Then all of a sudden, no letters, no column, no nothin'. I send a card or two asking about his column. No answer. I publish an issue or two without him.....and lo and behold, in the letter column of another zine I find the announcement that due to too much activity he is dropping his column in my zine. BIBBITY BLIBBITY BLOBBITY FLIBBITY...

I was once a fan.....

(4)

TARTARIC ACID

$C_2H_2(OH)_2(CO_2H)_2$



DEAN A. GRENNELL

402 MAPLE AVENUE

FOND DU LAC, WIS.

Dear George:

TART trickled in the other day but I haven't had a chance to mention it till now. Hope this is soon enough.

Seems like a fairly nice mag you have there, George. I'd say you have the knack of stenciling artwork better in hand than most faneds do and your editorial writing shows quite a bit of promise. Just as yet, I'd say you were more deserving of encouragement than praise, but when you have a few more issues behind you and when contributions start turning up in such numbers as to give you a wider selection from which to be choosy, then I predict TART will be a very good fanzine.

I think you're under a slight misapprehension about Sales Tax. We don't have it in Wisconsin either and I'm glad of it. But I think you'd find that in Illinois they pay 3% (or is it 2%) of the value of certain purchases...not 3¢ on a nickel, which would be a .60% tax and which even Illinois wouldn't stand for. You think Tucker would stay in Bloomington under those terms?? Hah---you don't know Tucker if you say yes.

I translate "El Cuento Fantastico" as "The Story Fantastic"...which seems, somehow, drabber in English. But it is brightened by the fine resounding phrase, "Enrique Hernandez de Sucre is a louse." Obviously--tho I haven't looked it up----- "Enrique Hernandez de Sucre" is how you say "Yngvi" in Spanish?

"Steal away into the moonset" is a nice touch.

Enclosing a dime for TART #2...and I predict that you'll get some comments of the more exotic semantic connotations of that name,

Very gruly yours,
DEAN.

As far as I can make out, "El Cuento Fantastico" means "The Fantastic Story". Spanish adjectives are reversed..... and I have a slight suspicion that it's really a plug for Ron's mag. I judged my little filler on Taxes on some of the articles I noticed in Ill., but more than likely, I just wandered into a high priced store.

If you look back in your files, I think you'll find that the first ish of TART was entitled "FWF DIGEST". Below is a letter on that zine which arrived late.

WARREN DENNIS

511 PLAISANCE AVE.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

Dear George,

Received the first ish of FWF DIGEST. Although I rarely like a small zine (under $8\frac{1}{2}$ by 11 I mean) I have taken exception to your zine. It's quite nice and could become much better. Surprisingly good format for a first ish although justified right margins could do wonders for a zine that size. Am sending a copy of the first and third ishes of my mag in trade. (Thurban I) I'll send the fourth ish when it comes out in a few months. I'm going to review your zine in my 5th ish. Saw your comment on THURBAN. Thank you very much. That's the highest compliment ever paid my zine and I hope I can live up to it. 4th ish has 40 pages. Howzzat? Your art could stand some improvement, but the all over repro is fine. You trimmed the edges didn't you? Material was org to excellent. Hoping to hear from you soon.

Yours truly,
Warren

You call FWF good? Well, we all make mistakes. How do you manage 40 pages? Got a secret er somethin'? I'm looking forward to those back issues as well as number 4. Send it on bwah. (Mad language) Yeah, I know my art's lousy. That's why I've got me a new staff. Hope you like 'em. Onward.....GFWJ....

DON WEGARS

2444 Valley St.

BERKELEY, CALIF.

Dear George,

Here I sit surrounded by my typer and collection of mags and I'm writing you a postcard. Your letter mentioned the fact that you're pubbing a fanmag and need material. It also hints that your need of material is great for #3 and that the mag (#2) probably reached me already. But it must be that something went wrong. No mag. So if your material backlog is nothing and you still want the material from me, send another copy of TART. Then I can tell what kind of material you want, and I also will probably have some by then.

Sincerely,
Don

I sure do need material. This part of the letter column is being printed early, so I don't know if I'll have any of Don's stuff or not. This brings up a point. If you have any material you don't need...anything...please, I have the same trouble as any other neo-ed.... no material. I'll rest my pleas and go on to the next letter.....



TART'S XYLOTOMY



With all due respect to SPIRAL, I shall begin this issue's drudge column. In other words....keep turning.

But after all is said and done, what is the editorial compared to the rest of the zine? A few words said by a striving editor, that are inevitably tossed aside. So, I thus remain that a long editorial is not necessary...except that if I don't make this one at least two pages, there will be a gaping blank page found somewhere in the contents of this bit called a fanzine. Having no choice whatsoever..... I'll keep writing.

But with what do I begin? Surely I can't mention a few facts about how Joe the barber has sinus trouble, or spread my woes that my team lost the series (any Giant fans in the audience?)...no, that does not seem right. So I shall work my troubles into fandom by enumerating my feelings upon observation of a certain Gestetner a few months ago... like so.....

It was about the time that TART II was scheduled to come out when I decided that it was necessary to purchase a few odds and ends such as mimeo bond, stencils, ink, etc., in order to finish up the issue. While roaming around downtown Dallas, in search of a very cheap office supply, I came upon one which bore the sign, "We handle Gestetner products exclusively for Dallas." I had heard rumors of the all worshipped mimeo from England known by that brand name....so I conceded to enter the place. After all, I needed supplies, and this was probably as good as any, or at least that was my excuse to myself, for I knew da....er...darn well my real reason. At any rate, I first bought my supplies there, then, being of brave heart, I asked the salesman if they had any of the famous mimeo's on display. They did was the reply and I was lead to the back of the store where my eyes fell in amazement upon the great and unchallenged GESTETNER. From the way the salesman hung around, he must have thought I was going to pick it up, deposit it in my pocket, and make for the door. Hah....that I'd like to see! The thing reminded me of a printing press. It was at least twice the size of my TOWER. One of these days when I get to be a BNF (Gad...I'll be dead before then), I expect to purchase two or three or them. Ahem.

Well, that subject's gone. Anybody got a suggestion? Well, there may be a blank page after all. Come to think of it...that would look novel! Tallyho!

PLUG: If you want to see a pretty good new zine, drop a line to: MARK SCHULZINGER, 3423 LARONA AVE., CONCINNATI 29, OHIO, and ask for a copy of sCINTillation. I think you'll find it enjoyable.

Up above I mentioned my TOWER mimeo. The thing cost me \$35, and it's the same type that Carol McKinney uses on Deviant. I've had it for about a year, and by now I know all it's strange characteristics. This issue I'm using ROYAL BLUE stencils, which seem the best so far. Last issue I used some two year old A.B. DICK ones, and the repro wasn't quite the best. Well, I've struggled through one page, maybe I can do it again..... (Cont. next page.)(I hope)

Oh, yes, I mustn't forget my announcement. It seems that with this issue TART goes irregular. I'd sure like to stay on the old bimonthly run, but I'm getting behind in other things. Hope you don't get me wrong on this.

You're probably wondering where I got all those crazy names like TART'S XYLOTOMY, and TARTARIC ACID. It's simple. In desperation of need of new titles, I resorted to FUNK and WAGNALL'S NEW PRACTICAL STANDARD DICTIONARY. First, I looked up Tart (which, by the way, means a loose woman), and then investigated all the words in the surrounding area. The titles used are the results. TARTARIC ACID is an acid used in printing, (see the relationship) while XYLOTOMY (not near Tart) is a scientific fluid.

I've got something that I want to get out of my system before anyone writes me about it. I know that TART lacks some of the inevitable fannishness, but by Gar, I am a neo! I just found out about Fandom during the summer. I don't like GALAXY. My favorite Pro*zine is SPACEWAY. But I'll learn. Around number five you can look for a typically fanfished zine. (I hope.)

So far thish I've wasted some \$5 worth of supplies trying to make the printing perfect. I've succeeded to a point. Goodbye, My love.....

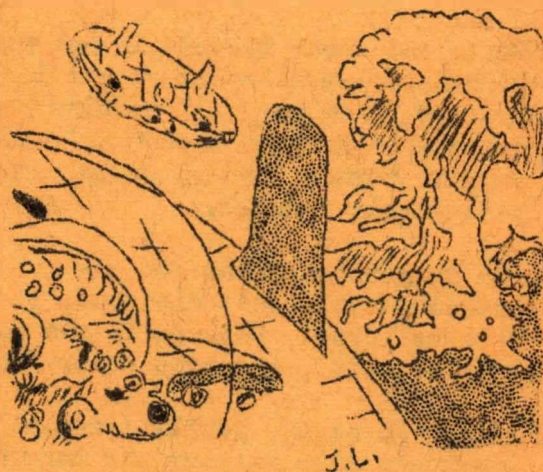
IT HAS BEEN PROVEN THAT THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE ARE NOT FANS!

Now why did I put that?!!

Well, nothing else to do but go on to fanzine reviews.....

DEVIANT / Carol McKinney / Sta.1, Box 514 / Provo, Utah / --- / #3

I'd say the cover was offset if I didn't know that it couldn't be. The registration of Carol's TOWER must be perfect...she probably inks it every two copies. It's a wonderfully good job for a third ish...and it features a number of BNF's too. 32 pages, including.....



SEETEE / Peter Graham / Box 149 / Fairfax, Calif / ----- / #8 / ----- / This ish of the postcard size-sideways zine is the last one..."for a while,". Terry Carr occupies a lot of the mag with his masterful poems, articles, artwork, etc. SEETEE #8 was dated March, '53, but it came out in July, '54. A sad passing of a poeticly beautiful zine.

--*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*

I heard it mentioned somewhere...from Ron Ellik I think it was...that in 1949 there was a zine that used to come out of Dallas. If anybody knows who pubbed it, be sure to drop me a line....

AL FIN.....GWJ
(I'm just copying DAG, you know.)

Well, it seems that I forgot to put (cont. on page 8) back on page 4. Mistake or no, the column shall continue,

RICHARD E. GEIS

2631 NORTH MISSISSIPPI

PORTLAND 12, ORE.

You've got good reproduction, good layout, and a neat typo free (well, almost free) set of pages. All you need now is good material which should be attracted if you are any kind of an editor at all. I would advise, though, that you take a lot of pains with your editorials. They reflect you and people judge you by them; they won't contribute if you write sloppily. Very few editors can dash off editorials and make them good.

I'll suggest getting a lower case lettering guide for the one you have...if they are available. If not, and if you care to spend the money, get a couple others of different types. Try to work up a better letter column.

Keep up the good work

DICK

RON ELLIK

277 POMONA AVENUE

LONG BEACH 3, CALIF.

The best thing I have for you is THE MINICON REPORT, recently off the typer.

Mind you, its an article; a one shot; solitary. NOT A CONTINUED COLUMN, COMPRENDES?

Nota bene: Your trouble is not new. Every faned goes through many, many periods of hunting up material at the last possible moment, during the first year of his mag. Then you will acquire steady columnists, regular fiction writers, and dependable article hackers. As soon as TART settles down to a steady schedule, regular format, and an ordinarily un-changing circulation figure, you'll stop having this trouble.

One suggestion: Plan for the future. That is, get a backlog of material on hand. Articles that won't die soon, stories, plenty of artwork (filler work is your greatest asset, because it can wait for ever and ever before using, and it's always good) , and some poetry for filling out a page or two.

Ad you go along, you'll learn all sorts of little tricks for filling up space ---stunts like cutting the margin five spaces, running the page five lines shorter, two and a half spacing between paragraphs, etc. Only to be used in emergency of course, but you'd be surprised how many times an emergency comes up!

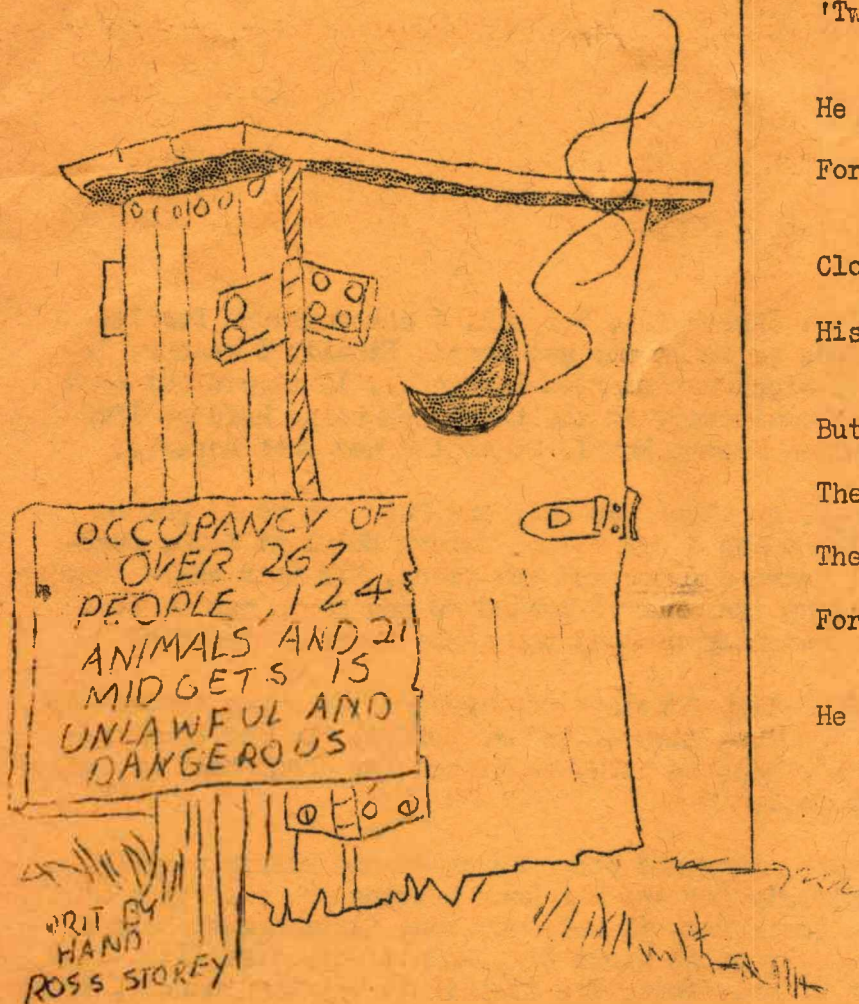
Happy hurrying,

Ron

Well, my letter bin's exhausted...so I gotta go. If you've enjoyed the zine, be sure to write, and if you didn't, be sure to write too.

George Jennings

ALIEN
STOPOVER



There it shone in the moonlight.

It's mission was complete for the night.

But, ho, a light from beneath it's surface blinked.

'Twas an alien from another world inside.

He slithered from the structure

For a better glimpse of this strange land.

Close by lay his spaceship.

His spaceship that had paused for this brief stop.

But neccessamty above all.

The door rattled open.

The outhouse door rattled open.

For though the alien could kill by fright,

He was only human.....

ANON

THE

---a small-sized con report
of a small sized con...



MINICON

BY

RON ELLIK

The circular said to go to 1301 W. Ingraham... Well, sir, I asked around for it, and got several varying directions as to how to get there. Finally I reached Ingraham and the thirteenth hundredth block and started looking... It turned out that it was a typo, and the twentieth anniversary of the LASFS was being held at 1305 W. Ingraham, in the same old Prince Rupert Hotel. Sigh. I'd had such hopes...

I'd had to leave Long Beach early, as there was only one bus that would get me there before eight o'clock, which means I was in the Rupert Hotel at 6:30, reading THE INCOMPLETE POGE, when I heard a voice ask the clerk, "Is this where they're holding the science fiction meeting tonight?" I looked up and saw a man of some fifty or sixty years looking expectantly towards the noble woman at the desk.

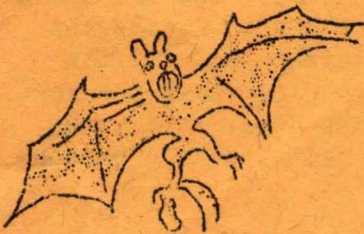
I walked over and mumbled respectfully, "Skylark of Valeron." He swung around with a wild gleam in his eye, and introduced himself as Mr. Hoffer, who had been the first director of the LASFL league, back in 1935. We talked for about half an hour, and then people started pouring in...

The Ackerman's, EEEvans', Clintons, fans and other assorted and highly varying type critturd milled around aimlessly for another hour setting the club room up for the meeting. Some fans from Costa Mesa (I only got some first names) hooked onto me, and we sat talking jovially until about 8', when a very dignified, loud voice said, from right in front of me, "Well, Mr. Ellik!" It was Don Donnell, being followed by Laddie London, Dave Wilhoyte, Jimmy Clemons and Burt Satz (and Burt's two friends, Hill and Hill). We stood talking for maybe ten-fifteen minutes, and I was informed of the whereabouts of the LA WesterCon this July next, and that the blonde from Catalina Island was there, when the gavel rapped and EEEvans asked us to quiet down.

(Cont. next page.)

The meeting had started. Ev made a few polite remarks, and then turned the whole shebang over to one of the charter members, excusing himself on the grounds that he was relatively a new-comer, and altho he was actually Director at the moment, he was out-shadowed by the fannish vintages represented here. A noble speech.

The charter member was Daugherty, I believe. There were only 4 of them present Thursday night, but I'm not quite sure who took the gavel from Ev. Anvho, then he turned it over to Ackerman, who didn't relinquish it all night. He led off by introducing Mr. Hoffer, who presented the club with several mementoes he had shown me before the meeting, and made a brief speech on the beginnings of the Los Angeles Science Fiction League. Then Forry introduced a few more old-timers, among them Bob Olson, the first pro to give fandom any real notice, and one other charter member. As the man said, "What's in a name?" From there on in, it was all talk. Ackerman completely monopolized our attention, and although the reminiscences he told were interesting all right, it was a bit much of a one man show.



It must have been on to about nine-thirty when Forry stopped talking for a few minutes--for what, I can't recall off-hand. A raffle, or the movies...no, it must have been the raffles. Twelve new and mint sf books were being raffled off, quarter a chance.

Not having any money, I turned to talk to the Costa Mesans for a while. But they were standing up, looking towards the door, and waving violently at someone out there to come in.

In trooped four more Costa Mesans, among them a big bearded chap named Mike, and Betty Jo McCarthy, who didn't remember me from the SFCon. . .sigh. Betty spotted my POGO book, and sat down, happily enough, right beside me, causing one of the Costa Mesan boys to remain standing. Mary MacDougal, a non fan friend of the Costa Mesan mess, was sitting next to Betty, and asked her what that was I was holding. I handed her the POGO book. She thumbed through it, mumbling.

"Is that POGO?"--MacDougal

When she said that, Ackerman had started talking again, But I couldn't stop laughing. That was a raze remark. Immediatly I copied it down. But that was not all!

" I don't understand this..."--MacDougal

Really, Forry, I'm sorry I ruined that speech.

Betty was laughing, too.

The raffle was held, and the foreigner from Catalina walked off with three books (weird arrangement: first winner gets three, second gets four, third gets five; gain). Then Ackerman started in talking again. Then, about ten, I guess, they showed some old photos of LASFSans, with an ancient magic lantern type thing. Two fen were recruited to squat by the machine while Ackerman talked about the pic in it,, and then they stood up, changed the picture, and squatted again until Forry was finished. There were forty pictures. Ug.

(Cont. next page)

Ray Bradbury, Chad Oliver, Kris Neville, Bob Heinlein, and Vargo Statten were introduced. Chad was standing outside (that thing was packed, with a capital Xeno) when Forry called him in. Everybody yelled "Speech," so he said, "All I want is a place to sit down."

Forry couldn't resist it: "We were all born with one, Chad."

Oh, Ghod.

Then more raffle. This time the bearded chap, Mike somebody, won four books. The Costa Mesa Mesd went ape. We were in the back of the room, and as he'd look at the books, they'd yell out, "Get SKILAKK, you idiot!" "No, no, not that one; I've read it!" "I don't like the jacket design!" Things like that, you know.

They didn't have to worry. Not fifteen minutes later, as I recall, the third and last was held. Forry Ackerman's mother won it, & Forry asked her to donate the books, then she was allowed to draw the substitute ticket (after all, all the books were already in the Ackermanns's library!). It turned out that the remaining five books were won by another of the boys from Costa Mesa. That group pulled in nine of the twelve books. There were hisses of "Fiz!" from the onlookers, but they were ignored.

The meeting broke up then, about ten-thirty. I went over and talked to Catalina for a few minutes, and then got in my share of the refreshments.

I was drinking Cola, but it was in a can, and it drew several remarks from Satz and others who had been at the convention. Heck, we were only on the first floor. What fun would that have been?

I milled around for forty-five minutes. I talked to the Crosely mother & daughter team from Whittier--Wayne Strickland and I had gotten on the same Greyhound bus with them going up to Frisco, and were old cronies by the time we got yo San Jose. Sure shocked me when they didn't recognize the name of Furbee. But that Roxanne sure has a sense of humor--laughed herself silly when Wayne made a pass at her.

Ho! I leave the subject. . . Looks more like an SFCon report.

Anyway, all good things come to an end, even the boring ones. It was one way to waste a Thursday evening, although I suppose some people enjoyed themselves silly. Me, I can't take three hours of listening to Ackerman recount the many and glorious deeds of the LASFS.

Then I got into LB just after the local buses stopped running, and had to hitch-hike home (three miles) at one a'clock Friday morn.

I enjoyed the POGO book.

--RE:gusted.

THE DISK

In the ozarks, the hillbilly's shouted,
"The Feds are at it ag'in!!"

In Egypt, Arabs committed suicide by the
hundreds.

In China, human sacrifices were
made.

People trampled each other in New York
City.

The world was in confusion.

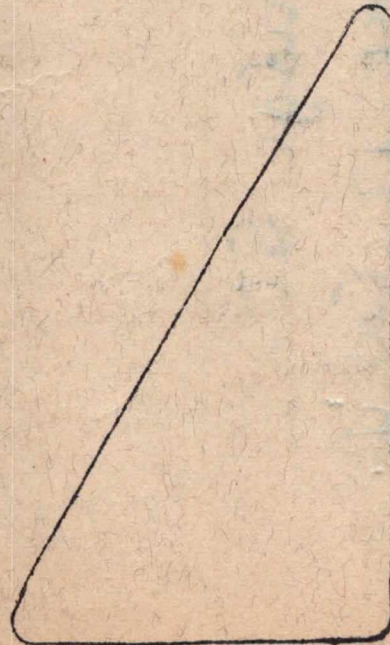
People became cannibals.

The oxygen diminished.

The end.

And then there was satisfaction.
The universe was safe now.

The disk hesitated, surveying...
And then sped home.



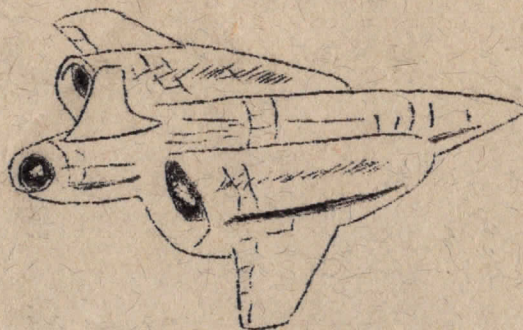
DALLAS, TEX. (57)



DALLAS, TEX.

TART

11121 Tascosa Drive
Dallas, Texas



3RD CLASS

Sample _____
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? _____

FMP?

TO:

Jerry Carr
134 Cambridge St.
San Francisco 12, Calif.