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THANK!

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THE BEAST RETURNS

EDITORIALIZING

This sheaf of papers which you hold in your hand at the moment is BANE #1, an amateur science fiction fan magazine of no small ill-repute. It is edited an, loosely speaking, published, by Vic Ryan, of 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois, U.S. of A. Roughly 180 people will be receiving this issue, for one of two basic reasons: either I owe you a debt of gratitude for deeds or thoughts past, or I was so impressed by your eloquence or artistry that I thought that you might perhaps be benevolent enough to respond.

Further issues can be secured in a variety of ways, as I'm not particularly choosy. Letters of comment are fine indeed, especially thoughtful, constructive, intelligent epistles; however, since this magazine's audience is basically composed of science fiction fans, I have little hopes of getting any of these. Regular letters will do very well, thanks.

Please, when (and if) addressing letters, don't send them care of "Bane Publications" or anything so puerile; the local postal authorities are perfectly capable of losing or misplacing my mail without your aid.

Needless to say, I'm always interested in contributions. If you can bring yourself to reading this issue (really, it isn't at all bad, in fact, there might be something vaguely pornographic, or something I wouldn't know, I can't read) you'll see some of the things I don't read, like: book reviews, fan social activities reports, or like that.

As to fiction, generally, fan-written stf meets with little or no approval, so I'm going to be very selective: therefore, if you have some fiction don't send it unless it's very good, in which case I'd suggest that you submit it to a prozine in the hopes of more lucrative reimbursement. All I can offer is "clippings of egoboo", or extracts from unprinted letters of comment, which are forwarded to the author in question.

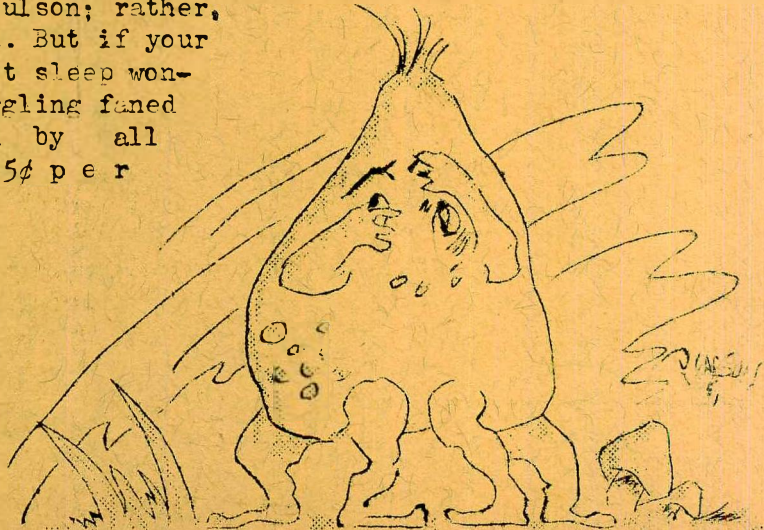
If you think you have something good; I need contributions to eliminated the neccessity of filling these pages with my own inanities.

Perhaps if you publish we could trade?

Or, you could always subscribe. I have no grandiose ideas of having hundreds of subscribers like a Hickman or Coulson; rather, I'd prefer that you comment, etc. But if your conscience bothers, and you can't sleep wondering about how that poor struggling faned is going to make ends meet, then by all means subscribe. The rates are 15¢ per copy, or 4/50¢.

Overseas fan can send their monies to Don Allen, 12, Briar Edge, Forest Hall, Newcastle-upon-tyne, Northumberland, Enaland, at 1/- per copy, or four for 3/6.

A bargain, eh?



BASHFUL

2.

On the bacover, you'll find some whys and wherefores pertaining to you getting this issue, and some suggestions about what I'd like you to do to continue receiving issues. A multitude of checkmarks is merely a multitude of suggestions; I wouldn't expect you to do that much - one thing is sufficient, and then some. However, just because I haven't checked the "contribute" or "comment" or "trade" or whatever, don't neglect to do so if you wish; like the rest of the world, I've neglected to see your true attributes and virtues.

A word about schedule. BAW will from this date be six-weekly, said interval being a compromise between the efficient presentation of columns afforded by a monthly and the convenience to overseas fen of a bi-monthly. Please send letters of comment reasonably soon after you receive this, or at least a postcard, telling me that you'll be late - all this to assure you of getting a copy.

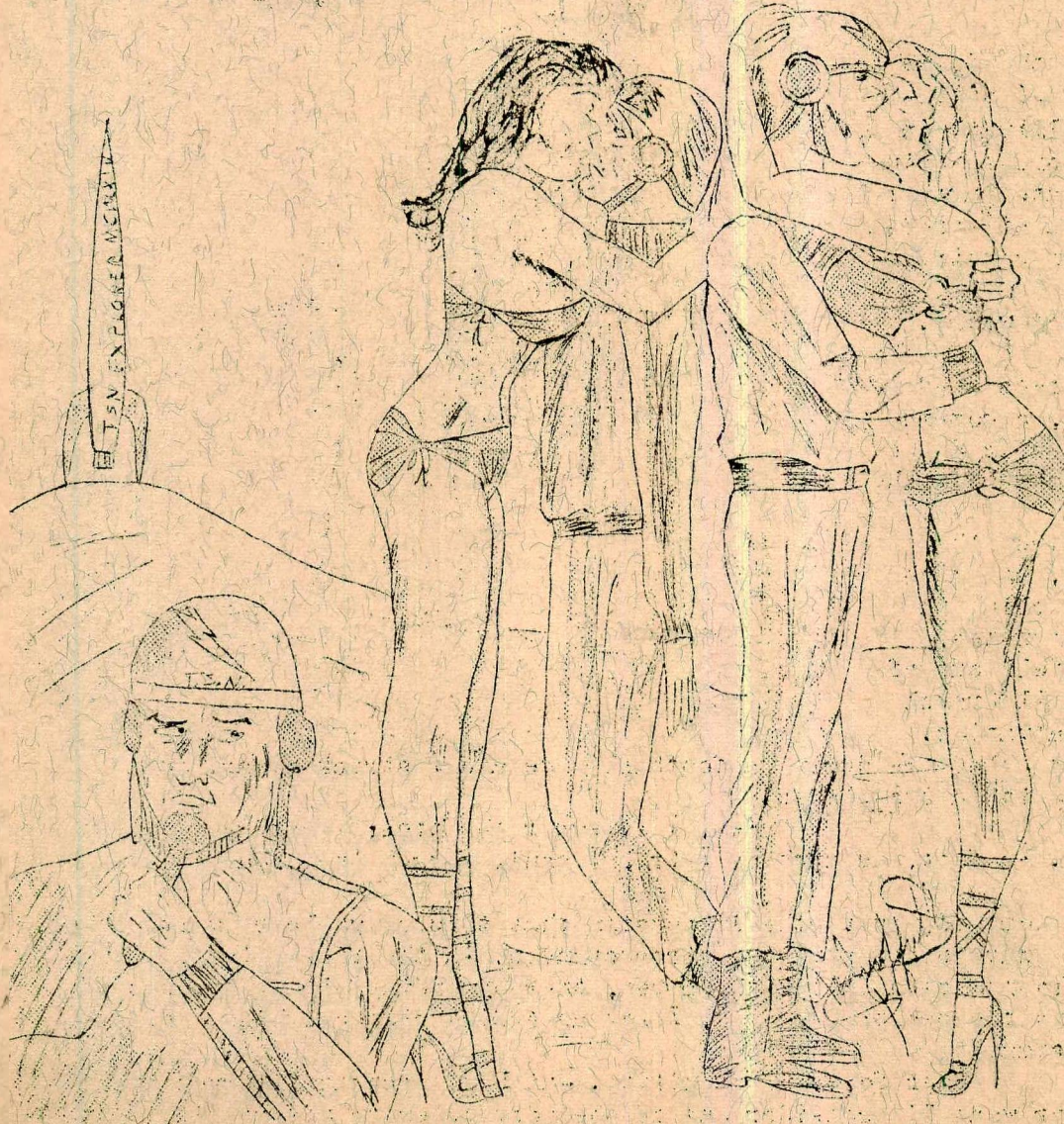
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A word about TAFF. The short filing time for candidacy and the same three-candidate system both rub me the wrong way. A few weeks really weren't enough to hash out details, check to be certain on some points, etc. But the deed is done, and, perhaps even more than usual, it's our "duty" to make a success of the campaign. Right now, I support no candidate, but this is likely to change soon.

And congratz to Don Ford for his decisive victory.

###

If anyone would care to send a rider to be included with BAW, fine, but check with me, PLEASE, regarding details about the number of copies needed to fulfill my mailing list, and content of the rider; like, such crap as FLIP is out, slander likewise. I have no intentions of making this Fandor's Leading Scandal Sheet, a Wetzol.



"Well, m. Sir, it's not that the natives are unfriendly...."

THREE

Here's a clipping from the Illinois State Register, from some date early in September:

BUILD A HOME WITH BEER!

LEIPZIG, East Germany (AP)

Communist East Germany wants to tempt the American beer drinker with a square bottle which he can use for a glass brick when it's empty.

The advertising slogan will be something like:

"Build your home with beer!"

If you already have a house, you can use the bottles to put a glass wall on your summer cottage or to insulate a garage floor.

Think of that, West Coast boys: a tower to the moon out of bricks, far better than mundane beer cans. Remember, glass bricks appreciated at 1909 Francisco Street, #6, Berkeley 9, California, and bath towels, as well as straw, always welcomed at Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois.

###

Alan Dodd was the first to wonder at the significance of the "Sylvan" in my address - sylvan being the Latin counterpart of "forest". Alan pictured a quiet, restful country abode.

But he was wrong.

The last of the trees died some time ago, a combination of neglect and the progress outward from the cities.

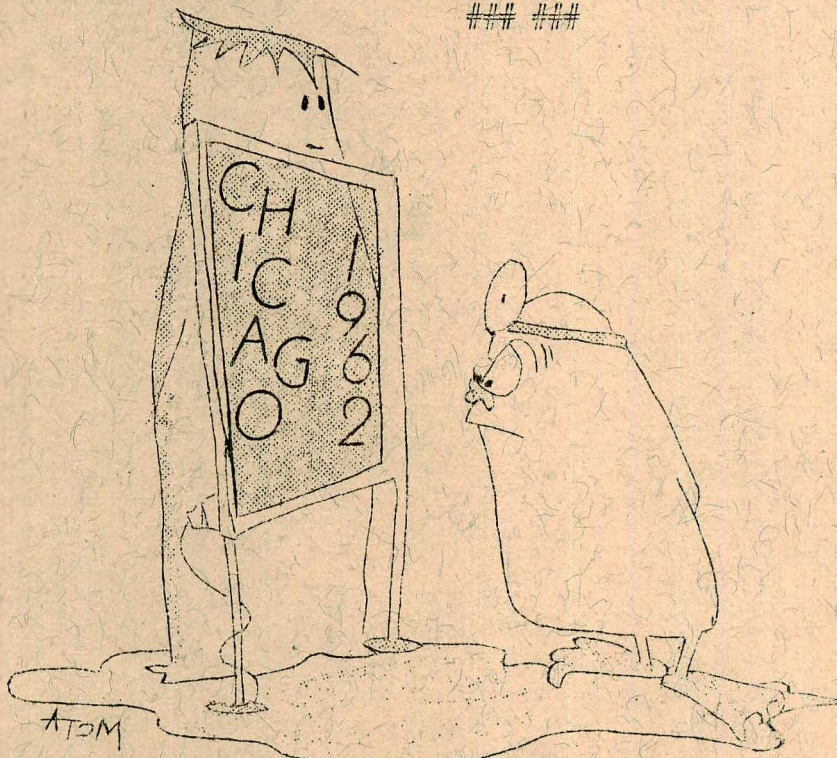
I remember the tress, though, how much fun it was to climb in their lofty branches, how I almost fell out of one, and a small branch was my only salvation, how a freidd tackled me during a football game and I struck my arm on a root, breaking it in two places.

Yes, I remember the tress that gave Sylvan Road its name. In fact, as much as I try, I can't forget them. Dammit.

###

I perhaps led some of you to the impression that this issue would be multilithed. Well, it would have been, save two circumstances. In the first place, Lynn Hickman, who loaned me a multilith, moved, thereby ending all my chances of learning to run the beast; secondly, I got an ABDick closed cylinder mimmy-graf for Christmas.

Therefore, no multilith. But Lynn Hickman deserves some egoboo here for what I'd consider one of the most generous offers I've ever encountered. He's still trying to sell this beast, which at the moment rests in my basement. I can vouch that it's in fine shape. Any buyers? \$100& worth it.



HARRY WARNER, JR.

This article is not going to increase my popularity with certain individuals in fandom and prodrom who are as anxious to seclude themselves from uninvited visitors as I am. However, in the spirit that I'll have myself in the morning for doing it, I want to offer some helpful suggestions which will help you to make certain you aren't wanted in an individual's home, instead of remaining in uncertainty.

I've been struck several times in recent incidents by the failure of fans in general to discover some of the tricks of locating people who are highly successful in many walks of life, not just when it comes to tracking down hermit-type fans and professional writers. I want to summarize these, then I shall proceed to put down another layer of barbed wire around Summit Avenue and make sure that the teargas bombs are ready.

One perfectly accessible and useful publication that seems to be totally unknown to many fans is the city directory. It's true that it isn't as easy to find a city directory as it is to locate a telephone book. But the former contains the names of everyone in town and frequently gives the names of those in suburban areas and nearby small towns. It also gives their street addresses, provides help in locating a particular block of a street by reference to cross streets, and usually gives telephone numbers. If you're unexpectedly in a town where you know there's a fan, but you can't remember his address, this may prove to be more useful than a telephone directory because the telephone may be listed in someone else's name. There are some subsidiary uses to which the city directory may be put. Usually, it has not only the alphabetical listing of inhabitants, but also a separate listing in geographical order, going right down each street, from beginning to end. If you're unusually persistent and the fan you're calling won't answer his telephone, you can usually look up the nearest telephone, and ask that neighbor to knock on the door and make sure that he's really at home, before you pay the unwanted visit.

There is one handicap about the city directory. It doesn't list the names of younger people. Although the rules may vary from town to town, in Hagerstown, you don't get listed until you're either gone to work or finished school. Another slight difficulty about the city directory is the fact that it's sometimes hard to find one at 3 a.m. However, during the daytime they're always available at the town's public library or at the Chamber of Commerce office. You can usually locate them at large hotels, telephone offices, credit bureaus, and real estate firms, but they aren't public display pieces at such places, and you might need to do some fast talking to get the right to examine the volume. The Chamber of Commerce usually has a whole library of the things, covering the entire state and many cities in neighboring states.

Fans sometimes have the annoying habit of living in tiny towns that other traveling fans can't even find on the map.

(over)

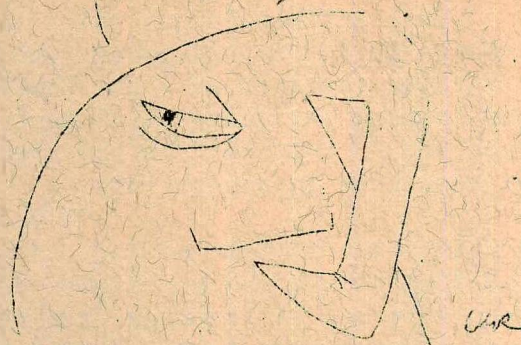
HOW TO GO WHERE YOU AREN'T WANTED



It is rare indeed that a fan has enough influence with cartographers to keep his home town off

the map, simply because he doesn't want carloads of unexpected fans to descend upon him. If you can't find the town at all on your map, it is more probable that it is simply too small a map to list every inhabited place in the state. In such difficulty the remedy is simple. If it's daytime, look up the nearest state roads or highway department office and ask for an official state map, which usually contains three or four times as many place names as you can find on maps issued at filling stations. If it's late and you're in a hurry, telephone the state police, who generally have their own list of every place name in the state, including those that are no longer in use, to speed up service when there's been a sudden bit of mayhem in an obscure area.

SOME FEMMEFANS ARE PRETTY, A FEW ARE NOT



The publishers of Who's Who have unaccountably forgotten to send their questionnaires to big-name fans. But this publication may prove useful if you want to visit or write to someone in prodom whose address you can't locate. It's available in almost any public library, it contains up-to-date home addresses, and it includes a fairish number of persons who are associated in one way or another with science fiction. Only one fan has grown up to enter its snooty pages, to the best of my knowledge, Ray Bradbury. But not to be overlooked are the cousins and nephews of the major Who's Who. These are more specialized publications of the

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same type that deal with the important persons in just one state or field of endeavor. Your hero in prodom may be just celebrated enough to have squeezed into the state-wide Who's Who, or he may have enough of a reputation in some field other than writing to be listed in a dictionary of some profession, scientific field, or other volume of the sort.

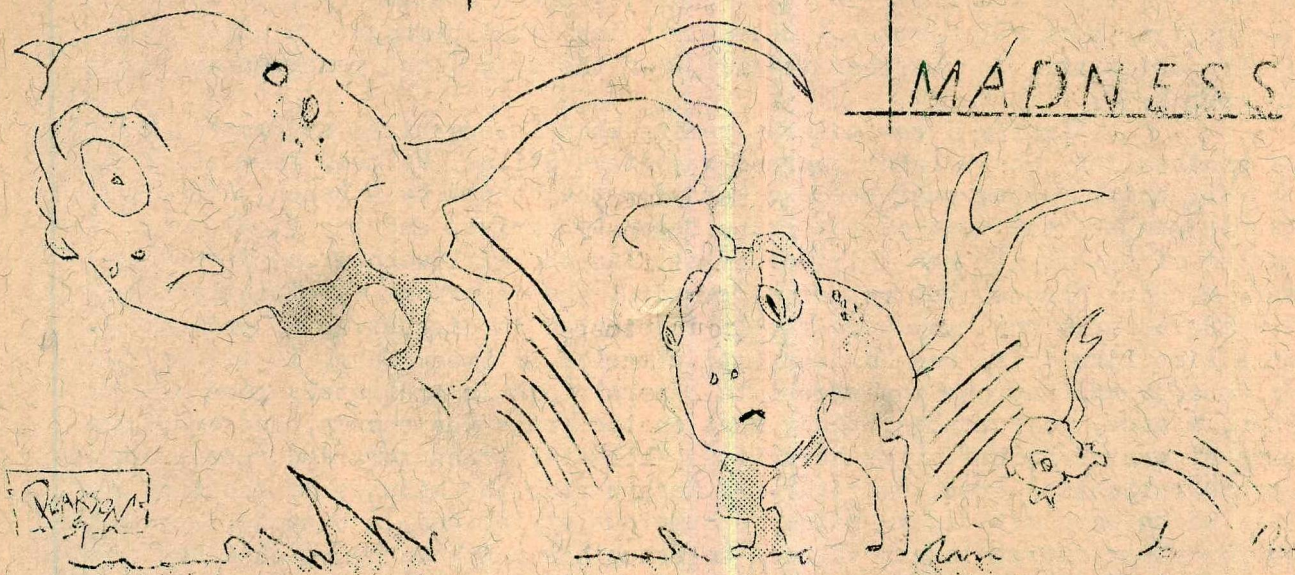
Some city slickers are completely helpless with addresses that include rural routes. I even ran across one who was convinced that the map was wrong because he was trying to find an individual who lived on R.F.D. One, and his map showed that U.S.1 doesn't enter the state at all. This will be an old story to those who live in the sticks. But to the innocent from the metropolis, I should explain that a route or rural route or rural free delivery address are all the same. Each number corresponds to the territory covered by one delivery man working out of the nearest post office. There are no generally available maps that show how these run. The best way to determine what roads these routes cover is to telephone the post office. Warning: sometimes these rural routes may stretch over a couple of dozen miles, so while you're talking to the post office you'd better try to locate someone who knows all the particblat people along that route, to pin down the location of the individual. One thing to remember is, the town listed in the guy's address may not be the nearest town to his house; it's actually the nearest post office. If you must hunt a fan the hard way on a rural route, you'll find most of the mailboxes along the road with their possessor's name, but you may do a lot of extra driving, as the addresses are on the side of the road which the carrier faces as he's delivering the mail, and if you're going the wrong way...

In particularly obstinate cases, when you've exhausted all other means of locating a carefully camouflaged fan, there is one sure-fire method. Telephone the fire department, give his name, and announce that the house is on fire. Then follow the fire trucks.

— Harry Warner, Jr.

METROFANDOM

MADNESS



MIKE DECKINGER —

METROFANDOM is a group which meets once a month at various places in New York City, and, under the guise of s.f.fen, their aim seems to be to have fun - at any expense.

Eager to learn more about this select bunch, I took it upon myself, one day in July, to attend one of their meetings. The note which I had received told me that everyone would meet in front of the New York Coliseum at 12:30 P.M. Taking a bus from Springfield (New Jersey, not Illinois) directly to New York, I arrived about 11:00 in the morning. I left the bus terminal and walked up to 42nd Street, which is noted for its profusion of book stores and theatres. For about half an hour I wandered along there, peering at theatre marquees, and leafing through back issues, many of these having nothing at all to do with s.f., but instead featuring females posing in complete lack of outer garments.

One thing I had always known was that s.f. fen were punctual; that is, if they say that everyone will be there at 12:30, everyone will be there at 12:30. I left the bookstores around 11:30 and wandered down the block to where the old reliable IRT subways stood; the greatest maze History has ever foisted upon Man. I had a few narrow brushes with cabs as I was crossing the street, but I didn't find this surprising, since, as everyone knows from the behavior of New York cab drivers, the hackles are given bounties for each pedestrian they hit, and it's doubled if they manage to hit a tourist. I'd think that a seasoned veteran, accustomed to the hackles' ways, would be a more elusive target, and therefore worth more in bounty...v/r. But then, they say that you shouldn't jaywalk in New York, but that's about the only way you can cross most of the streets. It's obvious that the majority of New York drivers have no regard for traffic lights, but I didn't intent to determine just what number this was, and hurried across the street where I entered the uptown entrance of the subway, got my ticket, put it in the slot...oops, slot, and waited five minutes for the train to pull in. After a reasonable amount of shoving, pushing, and cursing, I, and the crowd around me, managed to get aboard and secure seats. Two stops later I was leaving the train, along with a bunch of shouting kids headed for Yankee Stadium. It was near twelve then.

I still had some time, so I took it slow walking up the steps, and the few blocks to the front of the New York Coliseum, where a large crowd had gathered for the opening of the Russian exhibition at 1:00.

(OVER)

P 2

I stood lounging by the doors in the 80 degree plus heat to await the arrival of some fans. The only one whom I knew was Les Gerber, and I figured if there was a fairly large crowd, I could distinguish him in it. After waiting about 40 minutes I began to think that perhaps fans were not so reliable after all, and whether the 12:30 on the slip I had received was supposed to mean 1:30.

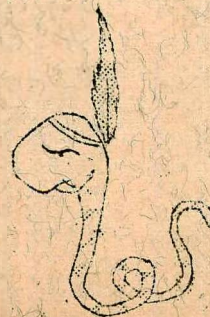
Finally I saw someone coming whom I recognized as Gerber, followed by another fan who I later learned was Steve Stiles. We met, then stood for a moment, until Gerber suggested we wait for the others by a bench. After about twenty minutes the rest of the group began to arrive, and the final total consisted of one female and thirteen males. And the girl wasn't one deserving of only a quick glance, but rather a few more. When everyone was finally assembled, I wondered just how many were really interested in discussing sf and fandom at a time like this, and how many had ulterior motives. None, it seemed. Well, so we adjourned across the street to Central Park in moderately good spirits. Then, a nice, comfortable, shady spot on the grass was chosen, and everyone present seated himself (or herself). While the treasurer, Joe Casey, went around collecting dues, Secretary Ed Meskys read the minutes of the last meeting, which were written in mainly a humorous style, and, I suppose, were purely for their entertainment value. The group has a system by which a new member can attend two meetings free, and thus I wasn't forced to pay anything (as if they actually expected that I would.)

After the business had been conducted, Ed Meskys took out the Hugo ballot, from which he proceeded to read off the candidates, while Gerber (who was sitting beside me) engaged in a grass-throwing fight with Joe Casey. I never found just who the winner was, because President Len Kassavan broke up the fray by hitting Gerber on the back. After Meskys got about half-way through reading the list of nominations, an old man happened to wander over to our group, and began to hand out small leaflets to everyone, said leaflets explaining why the Roman Catholic religion was wrong, and the truth about the "Virgin Mary" (sic) (there was a rather humorous mis-print on the leaflet.) At one point while this man was handing out the leaflets, Meskys said in a very loud voice: "As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted..." which I thought was funny, though I don't believe that the man did. But eventually he got moving and a discussion about the merits of the various Hugo nominees was brought up. A Case of Conscience was (prophetically enough) chosen as the best novel.

At one time Casey said he knew a girl named Martha something-or-other (Cohen?) who was nice, and Gerber proclaimed that he was right, that she was the only prostitute in fandom. After the discussion, and after Len Kassavan had made it clear that there would be no grass-throwing from the juvenile element (I wonder who he was referring to?) Andy Reiss picked up a clump of grass and tossed it at him, testing whether or not Kassavan could really blow his top, if he wanted to; he did, and engaged in a short brawl which was quite heated. A small crowd gathered at this, and I suggested yelling: "Rape, rape!" just for laughs, but nobody seemed to think that this was a very funny suggestion. The meeting was promptly broken up, and the various groups split up, with Gerber taking a package to the Dietzes, and Reiss, Stiles, and I walking up to 42nd. St. where we pawed through a few more bookstores before I eventually caught the bus and headed for home.

----- Mike eckinger

Would some LASFSer do something along this line?



THE PRESCRIPTION

Paul Hammet, M.D., composed his hands into the stock professional attitude and looked up at his patient.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, doctor," said the little man. "It's me' sense of wonder."

"What's the matter with it, then?" asked Doc Hammet.

"Nothing...er...well, that is, nothing's actually the MATTER with it, Doctor. You see, it's just that I've lost it."

"Good, good," murmured Doc Hammet, as doctors do. Then he recollected himself. "Never mind, Mr. What-sit, we'll soon have you right. When did you lose it?"

"Oh," replied the little man, "I didn't exactly lose it. I mean, it's been going little by little for years, only it's just lately that I've actually noticed it."

"Oh, is that it?" said the Doc. "Nothing unusual in your case, by the sound of it. I'll just give you a couple of simple tests. Tell me, what would you say if I told you my receptionist was an android?"

"Well, what difference does it make? She looks just like anyone else."

"So she does, so she does," said Doc. "Well, then - you know this satellite the Americans have put into perpetual orbit around the moon? Well, I understand that the Russians, in their turn, put a satellite into perpetual orbit round the American satellite? But they don't dare to release the news because some nation at present unknown, has promptly put one of their satellites into perpetual orbit around the Sputnik."

"So what?" retorted the little man.
"They're doing things like that every day now."

"Yes," mused the Doc, "your sense of wonder is markedly deficient." The Doc reached for his prescription pad...

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The girl brought the slip of paper into the back room, where a tall man with untidy hair was mixing things with a pestle, mortar, and brick-layer's trowel.

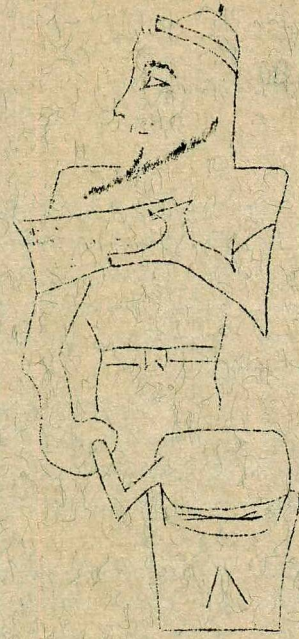
"Here's another one, Mr. Locke," she announced. "He's waiting."

George Locke, trufan and pharmacist (naturally, in that order), took the slip. "OK, Mary," he said, "it won't take a minute."

A moment later, he was back from the storeroom. "That'll be one shilling on the National Health." He turned to the customer - "Now, if I can just have your name and address..." he said, recording the information in the Journal of Habit-Forming Drugs. "Come back in a fortnight's time for the next dose."

As the little man left, George completed the entry in the Journal: "One subscription to FANAC, prescribed by Doctor Hammet."

Thus proving conclusively that FANAC is dispensable.



ARCHIE MERCER

AFTERTHOUGHTS

As many of you know, this issue's printing began in January of this year, shortly after I received, as a Christmas present, an ABDick closed cylinder mimeograph. By the end of January 24 of a projected 36 pages were printed. I set these aside, to wait for a column Terry Carr had offered. I waited. And waited. And as I waited, Terry became progressively busy, with a super Innish and the Fanac Poll.

Originally, Terry's column was to be a chronicle of social events in Berkeley during any given period of time. Since California fans never seem to be at a loss for entertainment, the notes that Terry took grew in volume. Then came a surge of fanactivity on his part which left little spare time.

On May 12 I received an air-pocstared from Terry, explaining that his notes were extremely dated, and that should he even have time to write them up, he wouldn't be able to make the Calendar a regular feature.

So ended the waiting. I can readily understand why Terry didn't want to add such a monumental task to his present faaaning. Along this line of understanding, I hope my other contributors can understand just why I've been waiting, while their works became dated.

Originally, I hadn't intended to wait very long. But after a month had slipped by, during a short fit of FAFIA, I decided to wait just a little longer... there were just so many other things that could be done...

But as time slipped on, I became more inclined to wait...reasoning, "Since I've waited this long, I might as well wait longer, or it'll all have been for nothing..." and so the thinking continued.

But now that this is resolved, I should be able to publish regularly. As often as finances permit, I'll publish six-weekly, but I imagine that it'll probably be two months before the next issue. This longer period of time can give me the opportunity to evaluate my mailing list, to see how many copies of number two I'll be mailing.

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Credit should be given where 'tis due, and the following people have been most helpful in the production of this issue: First, artists: Adkins, Dan; Bucholz, Rus; Castillo, Trina; Dominguez, Mike; Moffatt, Anna; Moffatt, Len; Offutt, Andy; Pearson, Bill; Rotsler, William; Thompson, Arthur; Writers: Coalson, Buck; Crudzine, Igor; Deckinger, Mike; Dodd, Alan; King, Alexander; Lewis, Robert Q.; Locke, George; Mercer, Archie; Press, Associated; Ryan, Vic; Warner, Harry Jr.; Mis.; Terry Carr, Bill Pearson, and Anonymous (Farmer?).

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REFLECTIONS

by

The Editor,
yours truly

I won't go into a long story detailing the trials and tribulations involved in printing this issue, but rather will ask, has anyone had any experience with closed cylinder mimeographs? The first thing printed in this issue was the lettercolumn, and with the exception of one page, it sure shows it. But I hope you'll find some of the pages readable, and will tolerate my apprenticeship with the beast, for it should have me trained soon.

Vic Ryan

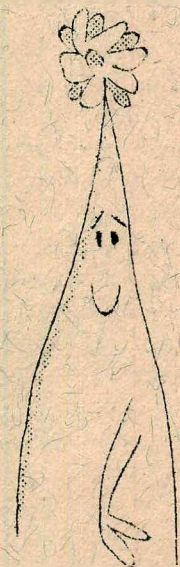
WHEEL OF FORTUNE

I'd hoped to start this review column with a nice meaty critique of Atlas Shrugged, thereby demonstrating my literacy, perceptiveness, and dogged determination. Unfortunately, my dogged determination failed, and I haven't read the book as yet. So we start with another fat offering that I have read:

A Treasury of Great Science Fiction, edited by Anthony Boucher (2 volumes, Doubleday Book Club, "2.20"). With better than a thousand pages, this costs less per page than the average paperback; it's a bargain that can't be passed up. None of the four full-length novels included are new, but all are worth having in hard covers. Bester's "The Stars My Destination" is probably the most familiar of the novels. Personally, I always felt that Bester was doing a bit of trading on his reputation for literary pyrotechnics in this one, but it's still worth re-reading on occasion. "The Weapon Ships of Isher" by van Vogt, is a good example of the author's work. Not as famous as "Slan" or the Null-A series, it is perhaps better written than either. The intrigue still gets in the way of both the action and the

ROBERT COULSON

logic, but not on as great a scale. Personally, I feel that Poul Anderson's "Brain Wave" is the best of the four novels, though possibly the least known. Anderson gets no farther in his attempt to describe the mental processes of supermen than other authors (such as van Vogt and Stapledon) who have tried it, but his characterization of an idiot suddenly brought to the level of today's "normal" intelligence is excellent, and his depiction of intelligent animals is fascinating. John Wyndham's "Rebirth" is the old one of telepathic children hiding their talents from normals, coupled with the equally old survivors-of-atomic war plot. There is absolutely nothing new in the entire book, but it's handled with all of Wyndham's considerable skill.



There are twenty shorter pieces, 12 novelets and eight shorts. The most interesting to me (because I hadn't read it before) was " The Lost Years" by Oscar Lewis, a long alternate-worlds story concerning what might have happened if a certain assassin had failed. One of the poorest is Judith Merrill's "Dead Center", which is pure soap opera in a sf setting, redeemed only slightly by the fact that the sweet little child gets knocked off in the end. "Lost Art" is a typical George O. Smith gadget story. "The Other Side of the Sky" consists of Arthur C. Clarke's six vignettes (total length, 15 pages) originally published not too long ago in Infinity. Heinlein's " Man Who Sold the Moon" is, technically, a trifle outdated now, with the chances of any private company getting to the moon first being just about nil. But it's still so realistic that the reader feels that the only reason things didn't happen this way is because the government failed to follow the script. It should have happened this way;

BOOK REVIEWS

Heinlein's talent for realism was at a height with this one. (At seventy pages, this one is almost another novel.) "Piggy Bank" by Henry Kuttner, is based on a fascinating idea: how do you catch a robot which has been specifically designed to be uncatchable? "Pillar Of Fire" is typical Bradbury: perhaps too typical, in that he spins out one of his frothy mood pieces for 29 pages, which is about twenty too many. Slick, but superficial. Heinlein has another short novel in "aldor", which Avon brought out in a job last year. More realism; in this fantasy, he almost makes you believe in hex doctors. Campbell could switch the explanation to psi powers, run the story in Analog next month, and it would fit right in - except that it's a better story than any he's likely to run next month. Ted Sturgeon is represented by "The (Widget), The (Widget), and Boff", which is one of the best examples of recent Sturgeon. (If this is good, recent Sturgeon, heaven help us.) "Gomez" by C.M. Kornbluth, the story of a mathematical wizard, is very worthy of its first publication in hard covers.

There are still more stories, most of them very good, some of them not so good. The book is a must for anyone who either has not read an overwhelming percentage of the stories, or for those who enjoy re-reading good stf.

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Pagan Passions by Randall Garrett and Larry M. Harris (Galaxy-Beacon, 35¢) This book has at least one air of rightness about it; Randy Garrett and Beacon Books were made for each other. I hope Randy keeps writing for them, because he is an expert at turning out the cheap pornography in the guise of science fiction that this series is looking for. The blurb states that this is "Adult Science Fiction, with the supernatural making complete sense", which is a flat lie. No intelligent adult would knowingly read the watered-down erotica that Beacon publishes, and Garrett's supernatural explanation is neither new nor particularly sensible. The book is hardly worth 35¢, but if you see a second-hand copy for a dime or so you might get a laugh out of it. I did.

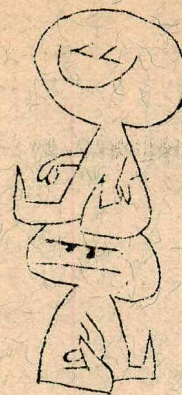
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Four from Planet Five by Murray Leinster (Gold Medal, 35¢) The old pro is at it again, turning out competent, unexciting literature. The publisher managed to mistitle the book, since the "four" are no more from Planet Five than I am, but this is a minor fault. (Yes, we like you anyhow.) The book starts well, with a mysterious spaceship appearing over Antarctica, and crashing. The investigating team (shades of Who Goes There and The Thing) discovers that the ship's crew consists of four super-children - and from this point the book goes downhill. The children themselves, and their gadgets, are well delineated, but the cops-and-robbers-international-intrigue plot is well-worn, and Leinster's comments on military secrecy are routine for stf writers. The trouble with Leinster is that he comes from the era in stf writing when authors had ideas but did little with them, whereas today stf authors are experts at making the most of the material they have because they don't have anything original to work with. Leinster's plots do at least hold together, which is more than can be said for some of his contemporaries, but his books are vaguely disappointing in that they always promise more than they deliver. Still, they do deliver as much as most of the modern stf authors' works, and while Four from Planet Five is hardly a candidate for a Hugo award, it is definitely worth investing 35¢ in.

#

Star Science Fiction #6, edited by Frederik Pohl (Ballantine, 35¢) Another book which is vaguely disappointing, mainly because previous Star collections have been so outstanding. (I shot #4 mediocre and #5 downright poor.) Two stories in the present collection could be considered Class A: "Danger! Child at Large" by C.L. Cottrell, and "Angerhelm" by Cordwainer Smith. Cottrell's story is possibly the best new

stf I've read this year; it's a chilling tale of a child who is lost and frightened - and who can, through psi powers, destroy anything or anyone that startles it. You can't reason with a terrified child; and if the child can prevent you from getting close enough to use anything else but reason, what can you do? The Smith story is utterly predictable, right up through the punchline, but the writing gives it a force seldom found in today's short stories. The remainder of the book is fair to good - overall, it's about equal in quality to one of today's better magazines, and since all the stories are original it's well worth getting. But the Star collections used to be superior to any magazine, and I'm sorry to see the quality begin to drop.



Since this is being written & stencilled in a hurry, I'll keep it short this time. Any suggestions for improvement will be welcomed; they may not be acted upon, but they'll be welcomed. There seems to be a recent trend toward reviewing out-of-print titles which are either rare or little known in the field. If anyone is interested I could include one or two of these in each column. I don't have many rare books, but I do own one that damon knight once said didn't exist.

----- Buck Coulson

DEPT. of Reprint Prophecies:

" Watch out, comic magazine fans. According to a recent issue of the Wall Street Journal. . . Dell has experimentally placed a 15¢ tag on its fifty-odd titles in three states (California, Nevada, and Arizona). If this goes over, it is expected that Dell and the rest of the publishers will make the 15¢ tag nation-wide! Next thing we'll have is a 50¢ stf magazine!" - The Spectre-Scope by Igor Crudzine, in Zodiac #1, April-June, 1957.

 " Zen Buddhism is a "ay of Life" - Alex King on the Jack Parr Show, September, 1959.....

Buddha seems a happy guy.
 He writes no poems, or reads them either.
 He merely sits all day alone.
 He never even takes a breather.

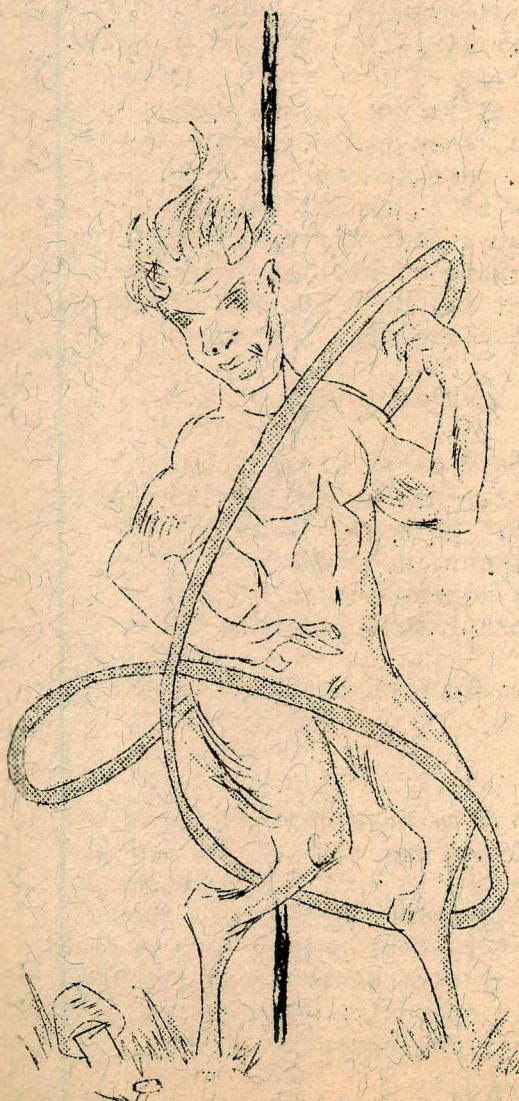
His gross old belly hangs down low
 As he contemplates his navel,
 And you can always worship him
 As Buddhists do, when able.

- Andy Offutt

4 ? 4

 NUDIST : "One who suffers from clotheastro-phobia" --- Robert Q. Lewis.....

And I guess I did manage to fill this page!



There was once a humourist who said that the best place to shelter one's self was in the cuspidor - it had never been hit yet. (That's not exactly the way I heard it...) The Selenites will now be taking this off their list of universal truths, with the Russians' success with technology's modern spittoon. Isn't it marvelous, though, the way science has progressed? Pretty soon someone will be sending somebody out into space, if not the moon, and it seems the Americans. (Motto: Publicity to the last failure.) have published a list of men being trained for the trip. The rest of us can breathe again. But the manned flight is still some way into the future. First, there'll be some more shots at the long-suffering moon, who has surely had enough to put up with with meteors.

This moon shot should give the fiendish pros new material. For one thing, the Russians are very accurate with their missiles. Each one will hit the moon in much the same place as the last. A.T.Vun Vote will get out his Child's Book of Equations (Simplified), quote the publisher's blurb on a chapter heading, and write about the long-term effects of the Russian rockets all hitting in the same place. Cause and effect. Each rocket will push the moon when it hits. Only a little bit, but while the Army, Navy and Air Force are busy glaring at each other, the moon will be pushed out of our solar system.

The Americans' landing there won't make much difference. That will only hasten the process. Americans, like Bruce Pelz (courtesy ATom in Orion 23) are frequently plump, and (as in the case of G.M.Carr) have a large Energy of Impact.

Even though the Russians have landed their first rocket, and have distributed plaques over an undetermined territory, they still won't be able to claim territorial rights.

Say Bruce Pelz is the first man on the moon. After the bump he checks the ship's cargo, then staggers onto the surface of the moon. As they say that the moon is covered with powdered rocks, he promptly sinks. But Bruce is a Resourceful Man, and a Faan. He claws his way to the surface, and starts hunting round for the Russian plaques. After a couple of million years, he finds a plaque. Without pausing to look at it, he belts off to the ship, and extracts a piece of the special cargo from the hold.

Then, for the first time, he notices the lack of inscription on the plaque.

He looks down at the pumice. He curses, kicks a footful of it at the ship. For awhile he says nothing. Then he speaks, shaking his fist at Washington. "We should have realized," he says, "that the pumice on the moon would clean off any inscriptions. We should have kept out original intention of merely ostracising the women instead of giving Gertie's tongue to the Army to make into sand-paper to obliterate the Russians' claims to the moon."

(Her typewriter would probably do a better job.)

To be an active fan, and really live, one has to have certain items of equipment, such as a typewriter, paper with at least one side clean, and an accomodating postage system at work which allows you to mail correspondence without paying for it. But there is one piece of fannish machinery I think I could do quite well without - the Gestetner rotary duplicator. They come in all shapes, sizes, and ages, upholding the company's no doubt proud tradition, "No two alike!". The first I ever got within operating distance of was Vinç Clarke's old machine, which possessed the indisputable advantage

(over)

COLUMN

TETANUS

BY - GEORGE LOCKE

of having spent at least ten years of its life getting used to the ways of
Fams.

Not so Ella Parker's.

This one is young and innocent, being not more than fifteen years old. By one of those strokes of luck which happen only to rival faneds, it sold its soul to Fandom for the mere sum of fifteen dollars, and has been bucking the devil ever since. It was, within a few weeks of its purchase, introduced to a certain fanzine called Orion, number 23, which was a mistake.

The first item duplicated was the cover.

Well, it was a beautiful cover. The first few were run off okay, then Vinç or myself - we were both sabatag- ing ORION on behalf of certain other London fanzines - noticed that one part of the page - about three inches from the left-hand margin and running from top to bottom - was heavily over-inked, and the adjacent strip, also about an inch wide, was coming through very faintly.

I stared at the phenomenon blankly. Vinç didn't know what to make of it either, so we tossed some more ink onto the area of the roller giving the faint impression, and let her rip again. The same thing happened.

What was going on?



Anyway, the effect wasn't too bad, and we were able to get sufficient present-able copies run off, before deciding to call it a day. There was nothing wrong with the machine, as far as we could discover, and, according to Vinç, it seemed we were operating the thing reasonably correctly.

We spent the rest of the evening in social fanish chatter too erudite and pregnant with the complexities of Mighty Minds to reproduce it here. (Mainly, this Mighty Mind has forgotten it.)

But Orion still had to be run off, and Ella had the notion a little later, of getting the thing out by the Friday Official Meeting of the then-existing London Circle, and before

P III — LOCKE

Archie Mercer came down from Lincoln. The weekend before these delightful events she could do nothing. The stencil cutting occupied the early part of the week, and that left Wednesday and Thursday to run the fanzine off.

After work, on Wednesday evening, having decided that Ella's frantic pleas for aid (over the phone, so I was spared her tear-stricken features) were a nobler cause than a football match, (That isn't cricket...) I went along to 151 Canterbury Road, to maybe catch the paper, if that was the trouble. It wasn't. Summarizing, the duplicator had been playing the following tricks: along with the over-linked and under-linked streaks down the page, still in fine fettle, we had: delivery, whenever, apparently, the machine felt like it, of large, black blotches on the back of the paper. Modern symbolic artists would have gone into a tizzy over these, but we weren't interested in developing a new art form, or for using new material for Rohrschach tests. Instead, we whipped the roller out, removed the dollop of ink adhering thereto, and returned it to its bed. All went well for awhile, until the stencil began to develop a large tear at the top left-hand corner. This gave us an interesting streak about where Ella's beautifully typed numbering goes.

We slapped gum paper a la Vinç Clarke ("Duplicating Without Tears") over it, but the gashes just widened and the streaks got worse and worse. Correctine didn't help it, either.

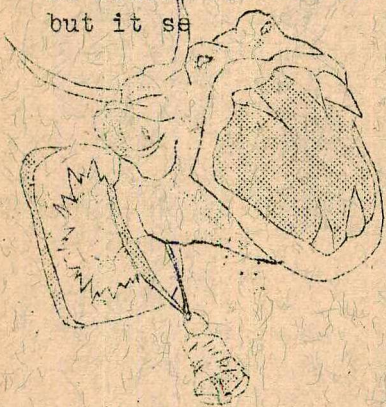
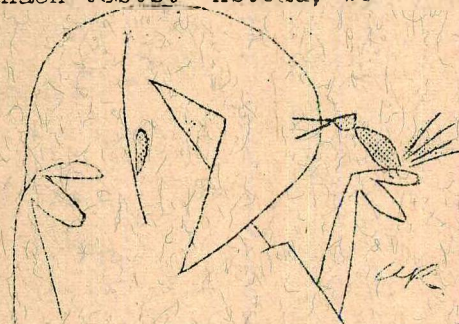
So we assumed from this that the stencil was in some strange manner being torn. This was where, obviously, our combined engineering knowledge, clawing madly at the door, was admitted. Ella looked at me, and decided I knew more about the duper than she did, having done some of the poorer pages of SMOKE on Vinç's machine. My knowledge of machines, though, is summed up by the fact that if anything goes wrong with my bike that isn't a puncture, off it goes, straight to the repairman, or, as time went on, to the junk heap.

Anyway, we got the flashlight out, and began exploring the innards of the Gestetner, which was chuckling to itself. Nothing appeared to be wrong. All was in order. One end of the roller started in a lower position than the other, but it seemed that when both of the rollers were brought into contact with the stencil, they touch at the same instant and with the same pressure. Obviously, if they didn't, you'd get uneven pressure, therefore uneven print on the paper.

But, we didn't think of that.

The next day, first thing in the morning, Ella started on the duper whilst I was peacefully keeping out of reach at the hospital. I was to call at 151 right after work to continue sorting things out. I duly arrived - and found Ella in a furious temper. Ella in a furious temper is something to be avoided, but I was crazy anyway, so I stayed.

(over)



RUBBY CHAZ



The duper had been going wrong all day. She'd found a small object, resembling one of those nut arrangements which are pinned to the shank to hold something else on - as a mechanic I'd make a good botanist - but she couldn't find where it was supposed to go.

This is the bit you won't believe. I took the torch in one hand, the nut in the other, squinted at the dark inside of the fabulous machine, and quietly said: "This came off here." And it did. It seemed it was that which accounted for the dark streaks - uneven pressure from this little nut which was attached, properly, to the roller... The Gestetner was conquered.

That is, until it got its breath back.

The beast then tried a different, subtler technique. Ella, whilst working on the issue with Archie Mercer's aid, discovered a nut in the feed tray - a different type nut altogether. Archie made a pun which Ella kindly refused to pass on to me.

The next morning, there was a large screw sitting in the feed tray.

"It definitely seems to be duplicating itself," Archie said sagely.

The machine burred happily to itself...

Did the machine finally duplicate itself - or did sinister things happen? Tune in next week.

IS THE "CHEETAH GIRL" A CHEATER?

Most fans, it seems, while in their neo-days might have been collectors, are no longer interested in the subject. Being a neofan, I still haven't grown out of it, and spend a fairly good portion of my time hunting around for early samples of this and that. But now I know why no sane fan is a collector. The task is harder than the controlling of any Gestetner. Take fantasy author Christopher Playre, for instance.

This bird used to write short sf and weird stories just after World War I (One, if the strikeover isn't clear...) A book of these yarns, The Purple Sapphire, was published by Philip Allan in 1921. In this book, Playre, represented as the registrar of the University of the Future, sometimes receives strange mss. which are unsuitable for publication until after the death of the author. The title story is about a jewel pinched from an oriental temple and the trouble it brings to its owners. The next story, and, directly, its sequel, concerns a man named Adila who, after bringing his beloved to Earth via matter transformer from Venus, dies an unpleasant death, turning into a pile of dust. This dust, in the next story, turns out to contain radium and the famous, fabled "Life Spores". However, the last story is called "The Cheetah Girl", according to the contents page. On the page in question, there is a short note: "The publishers regret they are unable to publish this mss." and the rest is blank. Okay, so what happened to the story? Why wasn't it published?

A reprint of the book, retitled The Strange Paper of Doctor Playre, and containing a few additional stories, was brought out by Allan in 1932 in their "Creeps" series, but The Cheetah Girl isn't mentioned in this collection. The Bleiler checklist has reference to a third book by this author, Some Women of the University, but this one was privately printed and ran to only 100 copies. I stuck the book in my wants list, and forgot about it, as there's little chance of picking up such a scarce book. But as luck would have it, I managed to get a copy.

Unfortunately, The Cheetah Girl wasn't there. But a note at the end of the book suggests that the story was just a mite too "unsubtle", and that the manuscript had been destroyed by the author's girlfriend. But, there were a few privately printed copies, perhaps a dozen. Perhaps I'll find one yet - is there anyone there who can help me? Who'd be a collector? END

BY:

LEFTY (ALAN) DODD

I

Basically, this is liable to prove an interesting dishonest article. For the first time on any stage I hope to demonstrate to the reader how to solve one of Fandom's most possessing problems - How to Save Money on Postage. The methods used are those listed officially in Volume I of Dodd's Dishonest Deeds For Fandom.

Now, there are five basic methods for economizing on buying postage stamps and we'll take the simplest ones first, working our way up to the greatest classic stamp swindle of all time. Here, then, is the first method by which to save on postage:

METHOD #1: Stop writing letters.

Now, METHOD #2 is equally simple and involves a sharp eye and the help of anyone who happens to work where there is a lot of mail or

YOU,

TOO, CAN BE A POST OFFICE ROBBER

who has a lot of mail coming in. One simply looks through the mail until one finds stamps which have not been cancelled. One soaks them off, dries them, and pastes them back again - and sends them on their way.

These two methods are, of course, more than obvious but must be mentioned as they are the two simplest that come to mind. Both work, and what more can you ask? It is with METHOD #3 that the danger comes in.

Continue searching the old envelopes and parcel wrappings - this is the basis of all these methods with the exception of #5. Soak off all the old stamps you can possibly find, dry them and then lay them out in patterns. Ignore all except high denomination stamps which have been cancelled lightly. Stamps with the cancellation marks all over them can be discarded - but save all that have one corner, one side, or just one-third cancelled. Then buy a selection of stamps from the post office.

Next you paste the used stamp to the letter, or as is more appropriate with this method, to a parcel. Paste it usually at an odd angle - the angle to usually be decided by the position of the cancellation. Then take one or two of the new stamps, and carefully, but with the impression of sloppiness, cover the cancelled fragment of the stamp. Take the remaining stamps to make up the postage on the parcel, having weighed it previously, and scatter them near and around the other stamps. When finished the final result gives the impression that a little old lady has stuck her own stamps on and carelessly let them slip all over the place. Posted in a large city post office with no return address, this method gets the parcels through almost 100% of the time.

Only one danger exists in this method - the stamp concealing the cancellation may become unstuck. However, the chances of this happening are pretty remote and the method is well-tried and true. Scary rumours that the post office X-Ray's all mail for such things should be discounted in view in the amount of mail going through. However, should you doubt this, reserve this method for Christmas when there are many amateur helpers working for the post office.

METHOD #4. This needs a skillful eye and fingers. Take the remaining stamps you have soaked off now and place them in groups

of the same denomination. Examine them carefully - the problem is to find stamps with one section blank of cancellation and in pairs. That is to say, we take a stamp with a blank lower half and cancelled top, and one with a blank top and cancelled lower half, and place one on top of the other. Then we tear neatly across. We then have four halves, of which we take the two which have cancellation marks, and throw them away, and with what are you left? Why @ that's the new stamp you just bought and carelessly tore in half while removing it from your wallet. How careless of you! But you bought the stamp just now, and, by crickey, you're gonna use it - so you stick on the two halves. After all, what is the difference between it and a genuinely accidentally torn stamp. No one makes you discard a stamp just because it's torn, do they?

This method is particularly effective with small denomination stamps, which are more plentiful. Needless to say, the tearing method is not always the same for each stamp - not just a simple half and half. Sometimes it is a corner and a corner, a semi-circle and a semi-circle. In fact, any pattern where the cancellation has gone. There is only one thing to remember - what you should be left with after tearing is enough little bits and pieces to be able to stick together to make one whole, uncanceled stamp. How many pieces doesn't matter - the fewer the less trouble - but if it is more...well, you should be more careful in the way with which you extract stamps from your wallet, shouldn't you?

And now we come to the final, the ingenious, the most stupendous method ever used.

METHOD #5. The Great Sydney Soluable Stamp Swindle. This is so called because it was originally invented in Sydney, Australia, home of the most ingenious conmen in the Eastern -er Southern hemisphere. This is a repetitive method involving the initial outlay of buying a bottle of clear, soluable varnish and the original stamps.

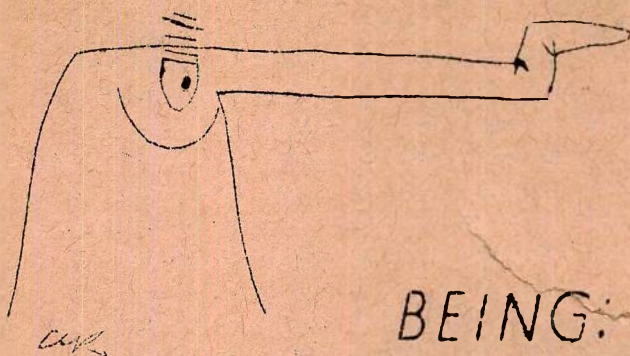
Take note carefully as to the method. The stamps are bought new at the post office and are stuck on the envelope in the usual manner - then they are given a coating of clear, soluable varnish. Not heavily coated so that it shines and gleams under the post office lights - but just enough - practice will show you as to how much is needed. The letter is then posted.

It reaches your correspondent at the other end, who tears the stamp corner off and soaks it in water. The stamps detach themselves from the paper and since the varnish is soluable it dissolves, too, taking with it the extra coating of post office cancellation as well. The correspondent then dries the stamps out, pastes them on his letter to you, and back it comes to its point of origin. You then soak the stamps off again and continue to use them. This method can be repeated indefinitely until the one set of stamps begins to show wear, naturally it is best if the carrier, i.e. the envelope, parcel, etc., is varied as many times as possible. Using the same type of envelope or package all the time is tempting fate a little. Should your correspondent live in another country where your stamps cannot be used - you merely soak them off your end and send them back to him inside the envelope for him to use. He in turn sends your stamps back to you. The method can go on and on.

I would tell you more about this but you see there's a fellow waiting for me outside and he seems to be getting rather... well, bye for now. Write me..

- - - Light-fingered Alan Dodd

(Editor's addenda: Under certain conditions, you can carefully remove the contents of an envelope through postal inspection openings, replace these contents with your own message, reclose the envelope and mark it RETURN TO SENDER. I haven't done so as yet, but I hear that it works. Can anyone speak from experience?)



CHEWIN' THE QUID

BEING: A lettercolumn composed of letters of
comment on BANE's predecessor, Quid #1.

If you received same fanzine, and commented, but your name doesn't appear here-
in, don't worry; this consists of only the letters I received; my ex-co-editor
Al Swettman will probably print a lot of the rest - those sent to him. If you
didn't receive the fanzine in question, I beg your indulgence, as much of the
material herein will be meaningless; but the contributors deserve their egoboo.

Barring a drastic shortage of printable letters, this lettercol will be around
nextish, too. But I wouldn't delay, the lettercol will go on stencil about
three weeks after you receive this - stateside fen, that is.

The addresses of
successful letterhacks will be printed, the alsoheardfrom's not so - this chiefly
to provide information for people, especially new faneds, desiring to build up
a mailing list of desirable letterhacks.

And write?

MIKE DECKINGER - 85 Locust Avenue, Millburn, New Jersey

← Mike had some erudite comments on a now defunct fanzine that, when received
(the letter that is...) would have been quite cogent, but now... well, he
did write something of interest.)

Had a funny experience at the ESFA meeting
last Sunday. ← this letter dated 16 September → Was sitting next to some guy
who had a copy of Famous Monsters of FilmLand with him and I was telling
him what was wrong with it, why I didn't like it, etc., etc., when some-
one walked up to him and asked him what his name was, and he said: For-
rest Ackerman. I didn't believe him at
first, but it turned out he was Forry
Ackerman, and was just returning from
the Detention. He's a nice guy, and a-
greed with most of the things I said. He
also mentioned that the text for the la-
test FMcF was written in the two days
which he spent in New York. ← That fig-
ures, I guess → .

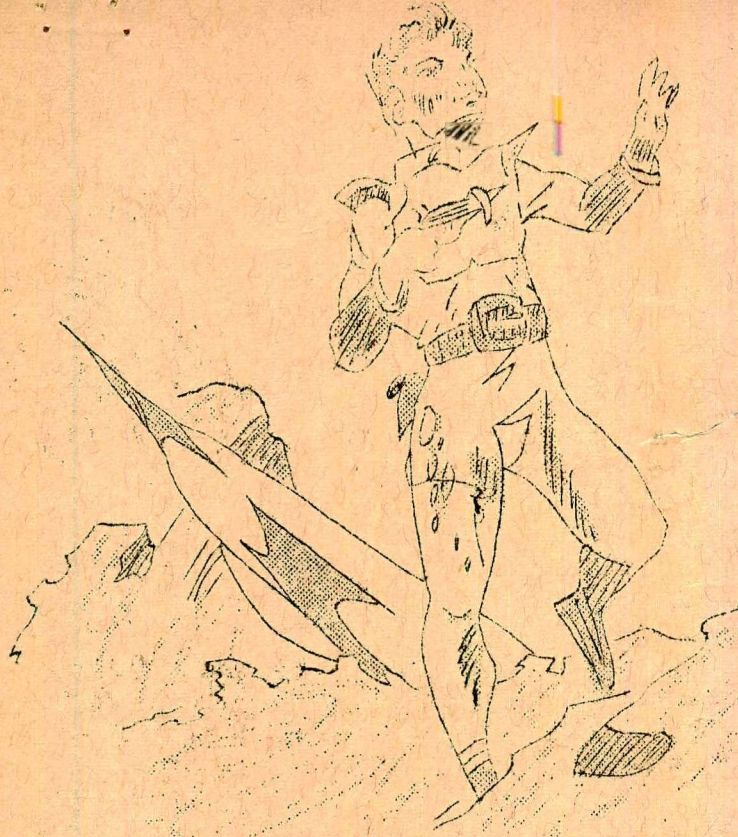
← Also let it be known
that Mike thought the cover well done,
McCarroll OK, and Dodd interesting. →

To fill this page it might be well
to let you know that all DNQ's in your
letters will be respected, but this
station doesn't appreciate unbiased
slander.

Let's return the DNQ to its
proper position in letterhacking,
whaddayasay?



ALAN DODD



I can't read who the cover is by but he has remarkable insight into one of the basic problems of fandom - what we imagine the fellow at the other end is like. Sometimes, like the cover of QUID 1 - they're in for a shock, while other times - a great surprise. This year, for instance, I was getting along famously with a girl named Janet in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. I felt I knew her better than some I'd known for years, even though

she only wrote two letters. Then back in May I sent her my photo - and she never wrote again. I wrote later on asking what had happened - but no reply. Who knows what she expected at the other end.

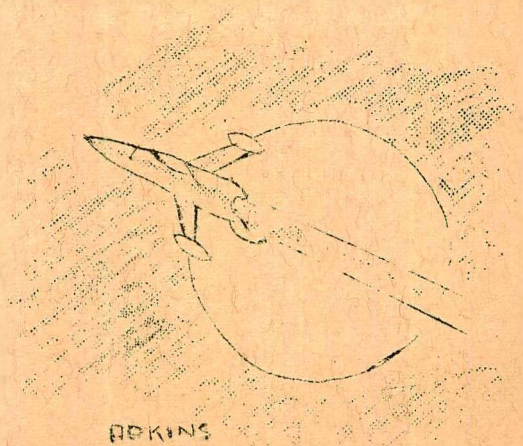
I liked Ellis Mills' travel article because I did something of the kind to Spain and Morocco as I've already told you and although the Spanish look exactly like the English to me, they knew that I was a foreigner. (You had money.) One tout thought I was "Francais" while at Burgos when I took my camera out two small boys started talking about "dos hombres Americains" so I'm not sure what I am these days.

Jim Moran's article is doubly interesting because I too feel machines have feelings but what feelings do they have towards their owners rather than what their owners think of them. We have an old car, too - which has taken us all over England to Nottingham to the North, to Bristol in the West, to Portsmouth in the South, and Hunstanton in the East - and I'd hate to get a new one and leave this old friend to go to rough hands.

BOB LICHTMAN

The cover was a little less than terrible, but I'm still in a Quandary as to what it symbolizes. (Your impressions of correspondents usually prove to be quite wrong.) You might tell Al that - pertaining to the fellow on the left - fans aren't interested in S*X as he seems to have assumed. (Bloch, will you set this kid straight?)

This bit about Gais not making a fool of himself irks me. Like, it's only been recently, in answer to Ted White, that Dick has seemingly stuck his foot in his mouth, but he's done lots of other writing where he hasn't, though I don't suppose you could be expected to know that from what you



{ Lichtman continues raving... }

read in the present day zines. So it's not a rare feat when Geis doesn't make a fool of himself. If he did it all the time, he wouldn't have edited and published the #1 fanzine some years ago.

{ You're right in one respect - I didn't make clear just exactly what I meant. The reference to Geis making a fool of himself with consistency referred only to the relatively recent times, after his return, and up to the last PSY.

I'm not as totally ignorant about the old-time (at least as far as a neofan such as myself is concerned) fanzines. Bob, and I fully know of PSY, the big gosh-wow focal point, and I wouldn't be so naive as to think that I could do as well. But Geis has undergone a transition from those halcyon days. It probably started with his drastic conceit and the charging of \$1 for his 'zine. The next straw was his return to London with the ridiculous dream-world PSY, the number of which escapes me. As you remember, Ted White very well summed up the idea of leaving fandom and then using your once-friends sick, sick, sick giggles, unaware juveniles, etc. The idea isn't new, others have done it before, but few have ever been so ridiculous with their little worlds of the erotica and so on.

Here I refrain from speaking to you, Bob, and speak in a bit more general terms. Here worship is an all right thing in some ways - a person can, through hard worship, get some very high ideals, and perhaps attain them. Rightly, PSY influenced some very fine contemporary fanzines. But fandom or respect aren't things which can be won only through a series of worthwhile accomplishments: respect is something that must be maintained. If Geis had just quit fandom and retired quietly, then there wouldn't have been much call for fuss. But instead, he calls general fans all sorts of uncomplimentary adjectives, and tries to get across the point that we are unaware of what goes on around us and who did intend draw tight the zippers on our cocoons, and live in a shadow world of abnormal passions, and downright sex. Do you still think that this is the same Geis who was once the friend of the Fan?

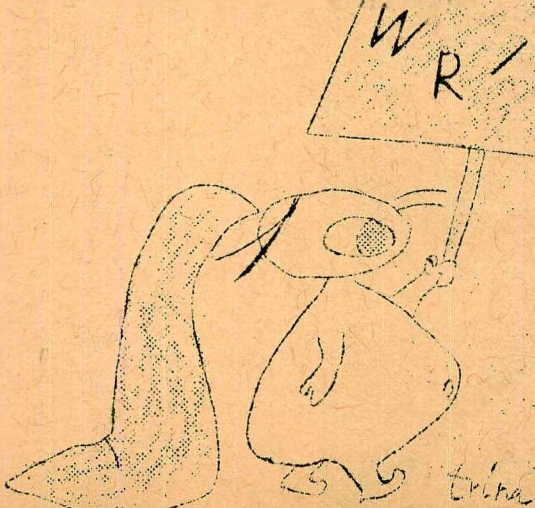
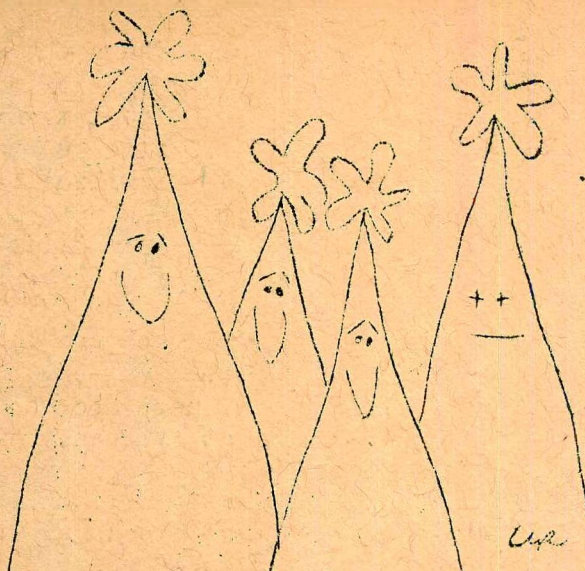
Perhaps I've been a bit too lengthy with a subject that seems dormant, but the point that I was trying to make is that respect must be kept up, as must all worthwhile things. Lack of activity

doesn't destroy respect, but activity which runs fandom the wrong way does.

{ Bob didn't like much of the issue, and thought that in the future, a sustaining article would be the thing. And thanks for your suggestions, Bob. }

LEN MOFFATT
10202 Redden, Rancho, California

Most interesting item was Ellis Mills' article on traveling in Europe. I have been introduced to Ellis several times, all of 'em at the Solicon. + Read on... }



4.



Which shows how the hustle and bustle of a con - especially when one is on the committee, drives one to distraction and forgetfulness. Seems like every time we ran into each other I'd recognize him as a familiar face and walk up to him saying: "I'm Len Moffatt, etc., etc." and he would say something like: "I'm Ellis Mills - we met yesterday in the display room"; or "in the hallway", or whatever - and then I would remember. Never have figured out why I developed this mental block re Ellis during the con.

I don't dislike the guy. In fact, I enjoy his fanzine, and the stuff he writes for other fanzines, and we didn't get into any disputes during our brief conversations at the con. It's not that he has an inconspicuous, "easy-to-forget" face. I'm sure I'll recognize him the next time that we meet. And Ellis Mills is not a difficult name to remember. Yet it was necessary of him to remind me of his name several times during the convention. Well, it won't happen again. I hope.

I suppose Dave McCarroll's instructions for making home brew are accurate enough, but I'm the lazy type who prefers to visit Burbee's or buy my own. Mildly amusing article, anyway.

(And Len thought that Dodd might cover his subjects just a little more briefly.)

LES NIRENBERG - 1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Ontario, Can.

4 Across the top of Les' letter is an interlineation, AMNOTBOYDRAEBURN, IAMNOT-
BOYDRAEBURNIAMNOTBOYDRAEBURN etcetc. Me, I have to be convinced. Read on!

What's all this jazz that I'm Boyd Raeburn? I never heard anything so ridiculous. In the first place, I don't happen to like sports cars. In the second place, I don't have a British accent. In the third place, I have a blue ribbon in my typer and Boyd has a black ribbon. Is that proof enough? Changing ribbons is comparatively easy. Also, many fans have more than one typer. Also, you might be the product of one or more of the other fans in that area. Lyons, etc. You see, I'm naturally suspicious, since I would probably have been fooled by Carl Brandon and/or Joan Carr had I entered fandom a bit earlier.)

I AM NOT CONVINCED I AM NOT CONVINCED I AM NOT CONVINCED
 I AM NOT CONVINCED I AM NOT CON-
 VINCED I AM NOT ARE YOU REALLY
 READING THIS CONVINCED I AM
 NOT CONVINCED I DON'T THINK.



ANDY OFFUTT

233 Savoy Road, Lexington, Kentucky

← Andy started out talking about typoses in letters and typoses in fanzines...sorta made me uncomfortable, as his letter was over two pages long, neatly typewritten on high grade paper, with all mistakes erased. And yes, Virginia, this is A.J. Offutt, the pro, see a recent Galaxy and "Blacksworld", or the results of IF's (the promag, that is) 1954 College Contest, and "And Gone Tomorrow".)

Say, do you think there's a possibility that fantalk..... the argot of the trufan..is overdone? (Oh, Lord, that's like walking through the Vatican City preaching Christian Science. But I've said it, so...) I mean thisish and nextish and lastish, and hashish and so on? I used to have this "aw, get off it" feeling when I read the lettercolumns (there's another: lettercol) in TWS and SS, rest 'em. That was several years ago, and evidently I'm not mellowing. Pardon my saying so, dammit, it sometimes seems sophomoric, or something. It reminds me of what's happened to Willie Faulkner. Once he wrote. Now he just sits around and mutters to himself -- on paper -- and if you want to listen, OK, but who ast ya?

I'm sending you some verse I wrote in my penultimate year of college. They are exercises in something, I don't remember just what. One's binossic, I recall. Buddha was supposed to be written in the sing-song Kilmer style. (Wait! That's binossic!)

← I'm confused. At any rate, apologies for trimming your letter so. →

i HEARD a FLY buzz
When i DIed
i THINK that I shall
NEVER see.

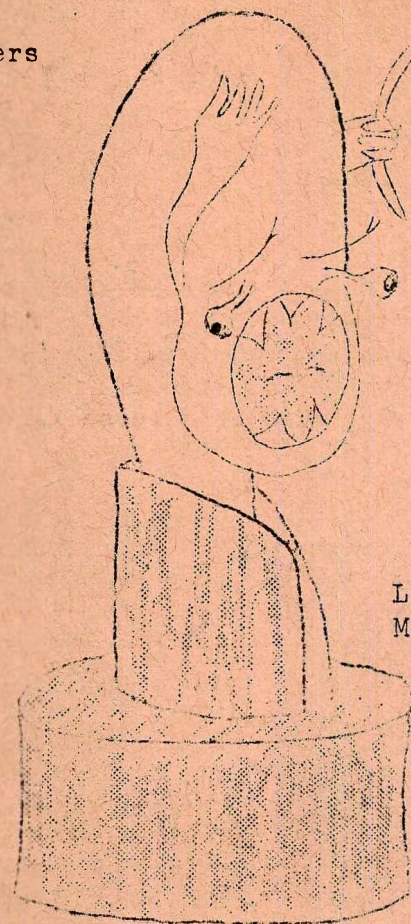
HARRY WARNER, JR. -- 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md.

The material is pretty good for a starter -- Ellis Mills had better stay out of dark places behind travel agencies if word gets out that he's written this heresy, because all patriotic Americans are supposed to pay the highest possible eating and sleeping fees in order to provide the greatest possible commissions. It would be nice to read more of his actual experiences in Europe, since the few anecdotes he includes in this item are quite interesting.

← Harry also has some interesting words about McCarroll's article, some good criticism on PARADOX REGAINED, and liked Moran's article. →

← On the next page begin the ALSOHEARD.

FROM's. I hope I haven't left anyone out. At any rate, your letter might not have been printed because of a slight crimpage of the letter; this issue, partially because the comments were on material some haven't seen. Nexish should find the lettercol



Len
Moffatt



in better form than this time, so don't neglect to write. Issues go to those who write - their letters need not be published. And don't delay too long, please.→

HON. MEN.

ARCHIE MERCER didn't like the cover, as it was "impeccable" and therefore misleading. In fact, he didn't like anything, but said that was usually the case. ELLIS MILLS wrote some interesting thoughts on modesty which would have been printed if they were still cogent. In a later letter he mentioned the possibility of another MEURLES HALLS article, as he's recently acquired some of his father's correspondence, written while the family was in Europe. TOM MILTON liked the pun on stowing thrones, and sent one of his own which I had intended to use, but space again... RICK SNEARY wrote on why Mills is a less exciting writer than Berry, but says the article was still good, and says that if Busby and Burbee say that home brew bottles can explode, they can. Liked Dodd's style, especially found something commentworthy on Moran's article, and tells me he was in Springfield this summer but forgot me... alas. DON ALLEN, faithful British agent, informed me of the little work he's had keeping up with the subscriptions. TOM MUGLIANN liked McCarroll, Deckinger. BUCK COULSON didn't especially like that, but that was to be expected. Anyway, his book review column begins here, so there should be something worth his while, as far as reading the thing goes. BILL ELLEPM enjoyed MEURLE'S HALLS, and says: "I suspect that at heart I am a globetrotter..." Hands down, Ellis' article would win the $\frac{1}{2}\phi$ /word bonus, if I was paying in the first place. Sorry, friends, ego-boo and thanks are all I can offer. ROD FRYE liked the items by Mills and Dodd, thought the editorials and Mike Deckinger's story were his favorite items. DEAN GRENWELL said: "Our warmest congratz as it (Quid 1) is a real honest-to-gosh gem..." This might be a compliment, depending on whether or not he means a precious stone - could be a Seattle femme-fan of some (ill?) repute. CLAY HAMLIN thought Jim Moran's article was easily the best thing, and urged me to get more. I'd certainly like to Clay, but, unfortunately, school occupies a lot of Jim's time, and he doesn't even get around to publishing his own zine very often. BILL MALLARDI reflects on his car which, like Jim's, met with a sad end. Like, tales like this sorta bring a tear to the eye. Thought Mills interesting, McCarroll handy, liked Dodd, and didn't feel Mike Deckinger was at his best with PARADOX REGAINED. BARRY MILROAD wondered why he got Quid free - well, old man, no one gets this free, see editorial. JIM MORAN thought that the standard of writing in #1 was quite high... thanks Jim, but, unfortunately, I didn't write the issue, so I had little to do with this. PAUL SHINGLETON thought Mills' article was drivel, and liked McCarroll. Also gave me some nice plugs in his fanzine, but I am below reproach. BILL TERRY thought there was too little self-centered material, but had some intelligent comments to make generally. BILL PEARSON kindly provided not only the work signed with his name, but some other stuff from his files - Terry Carr also sent some artwork by other artists. TERRY CARR (again) offered the column which begins in this issue. JOHNNY BOWLES commented on my review of Fanview, and BOB WILLEGER "muchly enjoyed" #1. And, as usual, PICK-A-BOOK managed to screw an order. That's it, like, if I forgot you, please let me know - I won't do anything about it, but at least you'll have the satisfaction of knowing you tried.

Also, unless you specifically state to the negative, I'll answer all letters - or at least make an effort. The idea is to let you know that I got your comments and more issues of this mind-grugging matter will be mailed to you. End of the issue, except bacover.

Victor

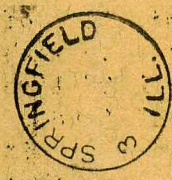
BAVE

FROM

VIC RYAN
2160 SYLVAN RD.
SPRINGFIELD,
ILLINOIS Printed Matter
U.S.A. only

TO

Richard Bergeron
110 Bank St.
New York 14,
New York



MMMMMM ?

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comment
trade ~~what~~ review
sub

Reply or be cut
Depending on other resp.
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You're reasonably well set.

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we traded, as you have sent your fanzine in the past.
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Neighbor
mentioned herein
You reviewed us
You snubbed, and the last issue due you is #

do the same thing, please?