

bane 2

PROSPECTUS

Despite the above lettering, this is Bane #2, the work of Vic Ryan, who resides at 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois, and plans to continue to do so in the foreseeable future (September of '61 is a bit off, yet).

You will find that I am not at all particular or hard to please, if you feel you want further issues of this bi-monthly fanzine; I'll accept all the standard items: trades, on any basis that you prefer (within reason); letters of comment (postcards are acceptable, but not as a steady diet -- such minac is frowned upon); contributions (no serious fiction -- and, at the moment, I'm particularly looking for some stfnal material); old fanzines, in a manner which we agree upon (such things as Spaceways, Spacewarp, New Futurian, Skyhook, LeZombie, etc., are very much desired); mimeographing equipment other than ink pads, stencils, and ink (that is to say, lettering guides, plates, stylii, shading plates, etc.); artwork; and subscriptions -- in America, for 15¢ per copy, 4/50¢, from the editor, or, in Great Britain, at 1/- the copy, four for 3/6, from Don Allen. (Note, British subscribers: I suggest that you drop me a postcard, if convenient, since Don Allen, honest though he may be, has become quite irregular in his letterwriting since marriage (some honeymoon, hey kid?).

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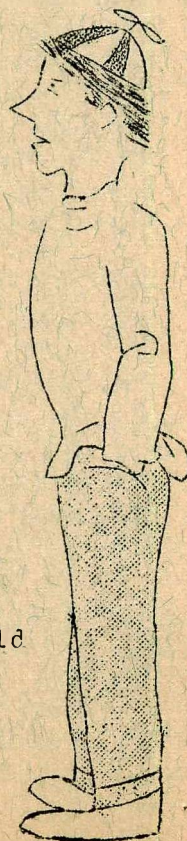
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(BABBLE)

homily

YES, FAITHLESS READERS, Alan Dodd's article of last issue had been printed before; specifically, in Andy Main's Bhismi'llah #3. I did not, however, "reprint" the article, as one reader suggested, but rather printed an article which Alan had originally sent to me. The story of the double-production is rather involved and painful, but, briefly, the article was sent to me early this year; it was then months before I contacted Alan again, and by that time he had mailed the carbon to Andy Main, believing that I was Forever Gafia. And we both printed the article, tho, as you have correctly guessed, Andy beat me to it.

Or, as Andy himself put it, in a review of Bane #1 in This #4 (which you should get, incidentally -- for trades, letters of comment, or contributions, from Andy Main, 5668 Gato Ave., Goleta, California) : "This zine is of particular interest to me for one reason particularly. When Alan Dodd sent me the carbon copy of the article that I had in the last BHIS, he told me that he had sent the original to Vic Ryan, but hadn't heard from him in some time, so he was sending it to me. So I pubbed it. And, it turns out, so did Ryan. Well, that's fandom for you..."

NEW BUSINESS is an index to the second Fancylopedia which I'm currently working on. I've been at it since June, and at this writing have progressed to the point of checking previous entries in my index and adding a few others. Still to be done, however, is the indexing of the Rejected Canon and the volume of additions and corrections which Dick Eney will be bringing out soon.

Basically, this is being done with the idea that the Fancylopedia II itself doesn't provide adequately for its potential in research; that is to say, while it contains a wealth of fannish information, a person who wishes to research a particular subject would be limited in the information he could readily find -- that information under the subject itself, in some instances, a cross-reference or two. This index, however, will list fans, fanzines, prozines, authors, books, stories, conventions, fannish allusions of all sorts, apas, groups, etc.

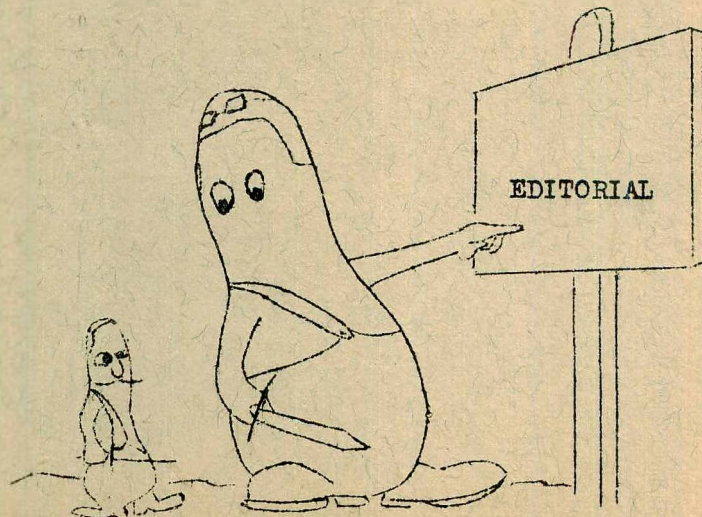
I'm mentioning this in the hope that 1) You will let me know your reactions, as well as perhaps guesstimate how many copies I need run (Dick Eney has, incidentally, given me permission to index his copyrighted volume.) and 2) you might be able to offer suggestions as to production and content itself.

At the moment, I only plan to distribute this volume through SAPS and OMPA, with a few copies going to those who have assisted, people to whom I owe a great many trade issues, and good friends. Comments?

DEPT. OF VISITING FANS (Including Department of visiting fans.):

Previous to June of this year the only fan whom I had met was Lynn Hickman, who at the time of his infrequent visits, lived in Mount Vernon, Illinois; however, the summer itself has brought a flurry of fan-visits -- in fact, two of them, Rog Ebert and Bob Tucker, respectively.

My first contact with Rog Ebert of Urbana, Illinois, was thru Bane #1; Roger, in return for said issue, made a valiant attempt at



a letter of comment, and it wasn't long after that that he first called -- long distance, putting the tab on the newspaper for which he works. Rog's account of our meeting, incidentally (large and unwieldy things that it is) will appear in either my first SAPS or OMPA zine -- or, for that matter, both. If you'd like a copy, let me know.

At any rate, we arranged to meet on a Wednesday late in June, when Rog and fringe-fan friend Hal Holmes would be in town on newspaper business -- specifically, to cover Boys' State at the Springfield fairgrounds. When they arrived near town they called; unlucky, said I, you're still some nine miles from my house, but I can't say exactly -- mostly because I've never heard of the place from which you're calling. So Rog tried again, this time from the capitol building which is near the center of town; that I had heard of, and, fine, I'll be right down to meet you and Hal.

So I met them. Hal, incidentally, is quite a tumbler; only a sophomore in college, he's twice been the National AAU tumbling champion, and in the Pan-American games held in Chicago this last winter, he won the tumbling division and placed second in the trampoline division. I spotted the fellows sitting on a curb, honked, and sat open-mouthed as Hal did a backflip right in the middle of the sidewalk along one of the busiest streets in town. After admitting the two to the car (I had my reservations about doing so) I goosed the gas pedal, hoping to quickly retire to the anonymity of the congested traffic.

Then to a drive-in for lunch; here, Hal did several backflips to impress a waitress he had (mildly) fallen for, but, luckily, this was after Rog and I had had a nice, leisurely talk about Buck Coulson's backlog of material, and Bob Lichtman's correspondence, and ditto's, to say nothing of widely diverse subjects.

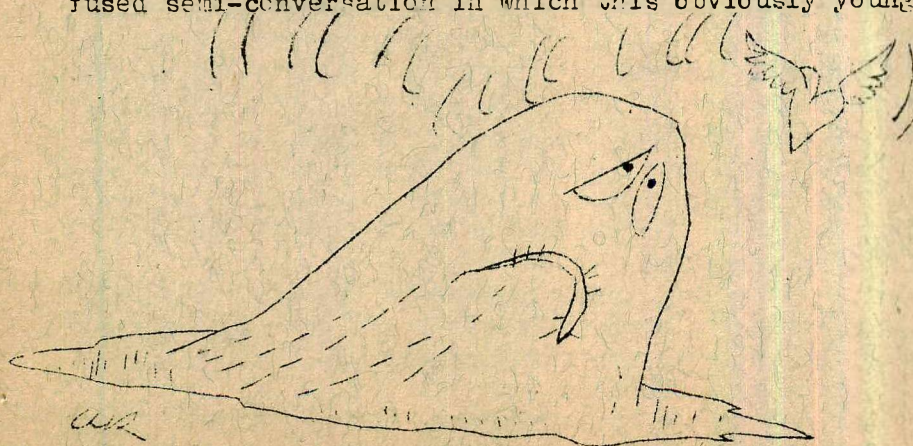
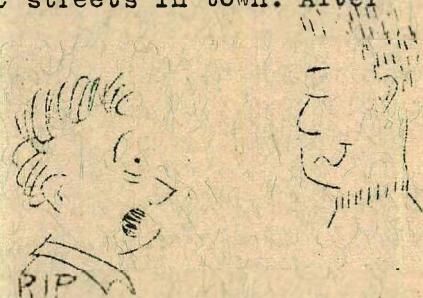
To my home, where I escorted the two to my farden -- I showed Rog some of this issue onstencil, some letters of comment on #1, and various other things; Hal was politely quiet considering he wasn't much interested.

But, unfortunately, they had to leave early to report to Boys' State, their original destination -- but not until we had passed a pleasant few hours.

And then there was Tucker -- yes, the Bob Tucker of story and song, no feeble substitute (just the feeble original). I had received a card or letter from Bob the day before Rog and Hal arrived, suggesting that I call Fern Tucker's parents (who live here in town on North Monument Avenue) Thursday afternoon in the possibility that Bob might be there, having dropped the family off prior to attending the Midwestcon.

About one o'clock Thursday afternoon I called the Brooks' home, and queried of the person who answered, "Is Bob Tucker there?" I then got a confused semi-conversation in which this obviously young fellow kept reiterating

that his name was Too-ker. Fine, fine, but what about Bob Tucker? Finally: "Oh, do you mean Wilson Tucker?" It dawned on me that perhaps this segment of his family knew him only as Wilson and not as Bob or Arthur or Wolfgang. "Yes, Wilson, is he there?"



I then found myself talking to a woman with a very pleasant voice, who said that she didn't believe that Wilson was there, checked and confirmed this, and then asked where I got that idea. I told her. She didn't know nothing.

I left a message for Wilson to call, should he get in; however, it wasn't until the next Monday that I answered the phone to hear: "Vic Ryan, you old so-and-so (or something to that effect), why didn't you leave your number so I could call?" I was guilty, admittedly. Several times in past correspondence I had sent Bob my telephone number, but he had just filed and forgotten; originally he had been through prior to the Midwestcon, and was wondering if I'd like to tag along, but didn't know how to reach me (Harry Warner, your article proved inadequate under actual conditions). At the Midwestcon he had cornered Lynn Hickman who gave directions as to how I might be reached. So I was reached. All I could muster at the moment was, "Is this Bob?". Naturally, it was, or I wouldn't be relating this.

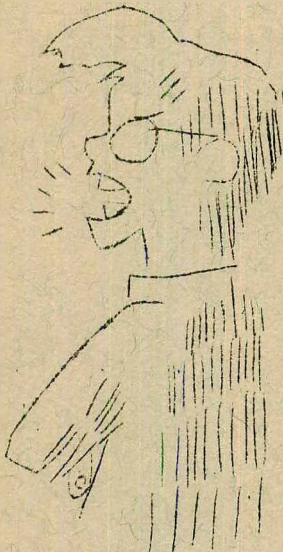
We engaged in a brief telephone conversation during which he told me of the latest Midwestcon (it didn't rain, by Roscoe!) and various things (including attendees); it was later that we met. Bob was, of course, promptly invited to my home, and was quite sure he could find it (you must remember, he grew up during the days of Injuns and stockades and pathfinders, and found it an easy task).

Later that evening he arrived, accompanied by his two of his many children, and his father-in-law, Mr. Brooks, a most pleasing gentleman. The children were promptly fascinated by the fireflies ("lightning bugs") which occasionally swarm down upon Sylvan Road from a nearby "forest".

I was presented with a copy of Slan, which I enjoyed greatly, and borrowed Moskowitz' The Immortal Storm, of which I read only the non-political information (a pleasant five minutes reading).

All in all, two very pleasant visits, and both of you come again, promise?

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This is the last time I compose my editorial onstencil!
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As most of you know, I recently took a trip to Florida, and, unfortunately, back again. The car-riding for fourteen hours a day left me mindless (tho the few early morning hours during which I did the driving were a pleasant relief) but still imaginative; I conceived several interlineations which will be foistered upon you in succeeding issues.

The trip itself was pleasing non-fannishly, as I got in some of the deep-sea fishing I deeply enjoy, as well as some swimming and putting on a nine-hole course.

Fannishly, however, the trip was not only zero, it was negative; I had a couple of chances to contact fen -- for instance, at one time my family was planning to travel through Opelika, Alabama on the way to Ocala, Florida, and so I would have had the chance to perhaps call Bill Plott; however, we went through Montgomery, instead.

I passed some forty miles from Shelby Vick's home-town, Panama City, Florida, but didn't bother to call -- after all, I'd never contacted Shelby, and he'd undoubtedly never

"Leslie Gerber has a
mimeo...Andy Reiss has
a mimeo....George..."

heard of me, so why intrude on his eardrums?

Again I was thwarted, as my father originally wanted to transact some business in Orlando, Florida, thus giving me a chance to at least talk to Bob Warner; however, Dear Old Dad fell so in love with the Superhighways he couldn't bear to leave them to stop at Orlando. So no fans.

Even "Fanning Springs, Florida" proved to be mundane, and not Degler's fabled fan-resort (formerly of the Ozarks). Disappointments. And the negative phase was the foot high stack of mail awaiting me on my return. Later...

FROM

-6-

BOB TUCKER

← Editor's note: originally scheduled for these three pages was a story by Bob, entitled "Dialog for Three Hams"; I sent the only copy of the manuscript to Bjo Trimble for a bit of illustrating, but, at the moment (early September) I've as yet to get it back. And, being a month or five weeks late, I decided to substitute some letter extracts and a short review; I hope you like them, and appreciate just what led to their being printed (mostly, desperation)

TO THE TOMBAUGH STATION: (Or, "How I'd Like to Get My Hands on Ben Singer")

Well, I hang my head in shame and shuffle my feet with embarrassment. I thought you did know. You see, I had told maybe a half-dozen people that the story was coming up in F&SF, and after a while I forgot who I had told and who hadn't been told...

What you read in the magazine was a chopped-down version of the novel -- what is called a "one-shot condensation" in the magazine trade. If you'll look closely among the paragraphs, you'll see the seams showing and the threads unraveled; you'll see conversation which has no previous excuse for being in existence, and you see bits of action for which there is no apparent explanation. Things just happen, without a proper "plant" earlier, to cause them to happen. The magazine version went through two cuttings, and suffered somewhat. And since you really want the whole bloody story, it goes like this:

The novel (nearly 60,000 words) was sent to Rinehart last fall, but they rejected it (Rinehart has rejected my last two or three books and broken our contract; apparently I no longer made money for them, and the honorable way to sever a contract is to reject a couple of books). Well. So my agent sent the manuscript around, seeking other likely prospects. Meanwhile, the second copy was making the rounds of the magazine editors. Cambell passed it, Gold declined to read it on technical grounds, and it fell into Bob Mills' lap. Mills liked the story but couldn't use anything of that extreme length -- he suggested that I boil it down to 20,000 words and try him again. The price he offered was decent, so I did, and he accepted the re-write. However, it developed that I had over-estimated my word-count, so he cut it again to fit into his space. And that is what you read.

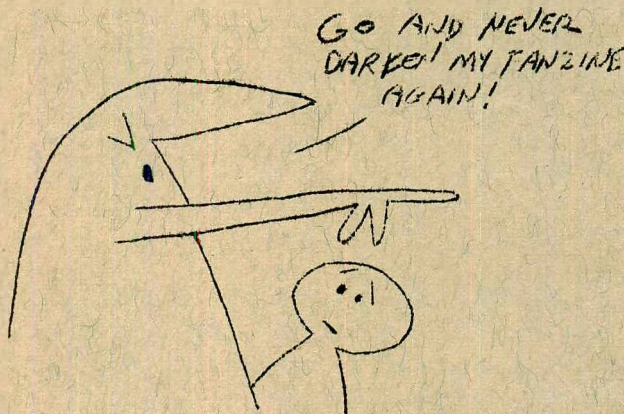
Meanwhile (and here is where I make up for the earlier slight), the first copy was being rejected here and there among the book publishers. However, on June 10, my agent sent a note saying that Ace Books was buying it. I have no additional information yet, but I assume it will be $\frac{1}{2}$ of an Ace double-volume.

Which brings us back to cutting. I am under the impression that Wollheim cuts all his scripts to fit tight "double-volume" space. If so, then fandom won't see the full-length novel unless they happen to get the British edition, if there is a British edition.



An awful lot of material (and a few names) were dropped from the magazine version -- 40,000 words were thrown away, remember. Most of the background on both the man and the woman were thrown away; almost half a chapter of Abraham Calkins was cut. A good deal more happened on that trip to Pluto, and the larger part of the astronomical stuff was pruned away. Andy Young was responsible for a lot of the story, you must understand. Three or four years ago, at the New York convention, he explained to me how a third party could be introduced into a ship in flight and still avoid the ridiculous -- that is, he outlined the "derelict on a collision course" bit and told me how to pull it off. Later, he was most helpful in working out the time needed to cover the actual distance. And still later, when he visited me after the Detention, he read the script for errors. Needless to say, he found some, and they were corrected on the spot. So I owe him a large debt of gratitude, and only hope that Ace leaves in enough of the original story to give him some satisfaction.

For example, it only took a few hundred words to get the "survivor" off that derelict and onto the freighter, in the magazine version; but in the original, however, the whole scene takes up the better part of two chapters with much jockeying for position and time, and it also takes quite a while to convince Webb to abandon his tape and go after the floater. He callously intends to abandon it until two or three outside pressures change his mind. (And earlier, a symbolic dream which was completely eliminated from the magazine comes back to him -- and again when he cracks up.) Well, that's the way it goes.



MR. BLOCH'S PSYCHO. SCREENWISE:

Our theatre is playing Psycho for two weeks, and who'd thunk it: Robert Bloch (aging boy author), Alfred Hitchcock (aging boy director), and Wilson Tucker (aging boy projectionist) collaborating on a movie!

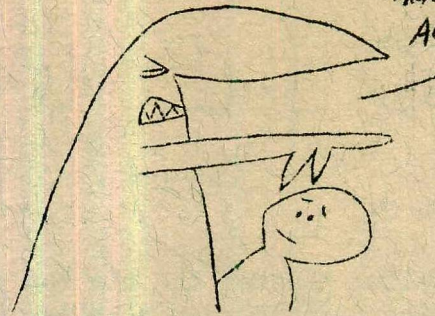
Alfred has changed the story around somewhat, and yet has followed it faithfully when you compare the finished product to some of the butchery coming out of Hollywood. The first two or three reels are nearly extraneous matter: Alfred uses them to act out much of the background material which Bloch had scattered through the book, as asides, to the reader. Al opens his movie in a hotel bedroom; the woman and her paramour have just finished a quick session on the bed and now they spend innumerable minutes yakking about their troubles. Bloch opens his story with a short scene between the motel manager and his mother and BANG! a short chapter later the murder occurs.

This nearly extraneous material is not as boring as it would seem., although Alfred uses it to establish characterization in strange ways, with some strange results. He shows us clearly that the woman is an able-and-willing bed-mate, and that the couple are in desperate need of money. A bit later, when a goatish millionaire happens by and waves forty thousand bucks in her face with the suggestion (not-so-veiled) that they go to bed, she shrugs him off, and does likewise to the money. And still another moment later, she steals the forty grand and takes off to find her boy friend. There is a moral there someplace, I suppose. Fleeing town, and fearing that she may be traced through her car and license number, Alfred causes her to goof in a manner which probably caused Bloch to laugh uproariously.

The woman sleeps beside the road the first night and arouses the suspicions of a state trooper. She trades her car for another model at a used car lot (with

the trooper still watching her) and continues on her way, acting in such a manner as to arouse the suspicions of the used car salesman himself. To what avail? Why does she do this when she has already thrown away her only reason for wanting to trade the car. Maybe Alfred H. knows. (Bloch had the woman trade twice, and the trades were not detected until a private detective got on her trail some days later.) But eventually she reaches the motel, has a bite to eat with the hotel manager, and the murder occurs. I prefer Bloch's direct approach.

GO AND NEVER
MENTION THE USFS
AGAIN!



A point should be made of the photography: like Bloch himself, it is Superb. Alfred is a shrewd director when he isn't goofing, and his cameraman was a marvel. If you have the time, which I greatly doubt, watch closely the murder scene in the shower and you will see something which hasn't been seen on American screens since the Hayes Code went into effect three decades ago. (Even before this, a flush toilet in action is shown, another thing which cannot be seen under the old, stiffer code.)

The woman is quite naked before the cameraman and the editor employs fast, dizzy intercutting with deliberately out of focus shots, and not until it is all over do you have the time to ask yourself how much you really saw. The cameraman keeps your rapt attention on little things: a showerhead, a knife, a clutching hand, a navel, all the while the Code-splitting naked woman stands just beyond clarity. (Yes, I confess: after ten days of watching the scene, I am able to ignore the little things and look beyond.)

Another marvelous piece of work is that l-o-n-g moment when the camera stares into the eye of the dead woman. I'm told it was done by pulling a single frame from the negative, blowing it up to life size, and then going back to re-photograph the photograph. Two clues point this way: water on the bridge of the woman's nose does not fall to the floor, and a few moments later when the transition is made from still life to live action, the film portrays a small jerking motion.

Write us another, Bloch!

- - - - -

Editor's note, or two:

First of all, any discussions of "To the Tombaugh Station", Psycho, censorship, the Legion of Decency, Janet Leigh, Robert Bloch, of the Death of Science Fiction will be accepted, gratefully.

And I have a comment or two on Psycho, too, none of which is elaborated on to any great extent, for fear of appearing to "upstage" Bob -- and anyway, he's said much that I considered outstanding about the film, and conversely. However, I favor to think that the film editing, and not the filming itself, made the movie a real standout (aside from the original script, of course, for which Bloch deserves an Oscar -- remember to vote for him, members, Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences) in all respects. Not only the shower scene, but the perfect timing when Vera Miles has entered the Bates home; the swamp scenes (are you listening, LeeH?), and the fade-out shot, with Norma's face briefly turning into that of the corpse, and then to the swamp and the dredging.

MARION Z. BRADLEY:

- 9 -

MORE FANDOMS THAN ONE

So I walked through the big red and white curtain into the huge lighted room where the calliope was playing, and while Steve scooted to look at the marvelous miniature circus I drifted briefly around to look at the paintings and then stood rather nervously near the desk. After a few minutes, the slim, grey-haired man behind it looked up and politely inquired what he could do for me. I told him that I was doing research on a novel and would like very much to be permitted to consult the Hertzberg Circus Collection of the San Antonio Public Library. He was gracious but noncommittal, telling me he would be glad to place the facilities of the collection at my disposal. Then I said, rather timidly, "Doctor Hartman wrote me about you."

It was like saying to the group at Detroit, "Bob Bloch sent me over here." Immediately his face changed from polite indifference to active friendliness. "Oh, you're the girl from Rochester, aren't you? Yes, Ralph told me you'd be in. Now what was your name again? Yes indeed, I can show you things here that you won't find anywhere else. Sit down and let's see just exactly what it is that you want."

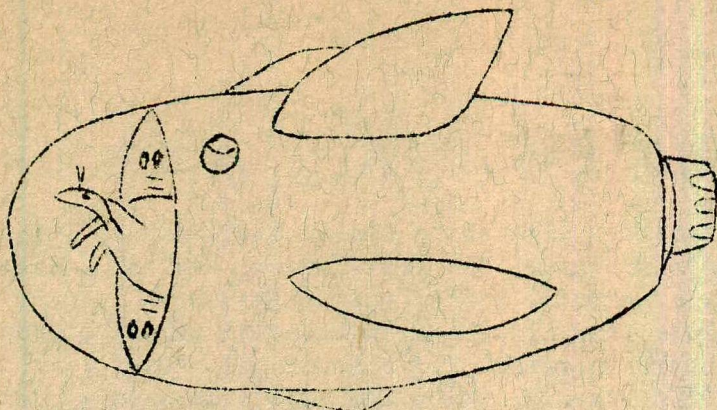
All that had effected this change was that I had been taken under the wing of the Alfredo Codona Tent of the Mollie Bailey Top of the Circus Fans Association of America. All during that day, and the next two, the librarian exerted himself as if he'd been writing the book himself, to locate fragile, crumbling scrapbooks filled with clippings from the 1920's, half-forgotten manuals dealing with training in athletics, gymnastics, and circus acrobatics, personal letters written by circus people, typical circus contracts with performers, and, in addition to all this, supplied me with a mine of rapid-fire, informal, personal chatter about all the parties involved, for which I could have nosed feebly in libraries for ten years without such success.

During my three days in San Antonio I met three members of the CFA, for my stay did not permit too much visiting; I was there to work, and the company of my small son, also, demanded that a certain amount of time be given to sight-seeing (alone, I'd probably have even passed up the Alamo!) and a fairly early bedtime.

Few fans have had the opportunity (though I suspect that there are many who would have liked to) to do as Harry Hertzberg, a circus fan of the early days who died in 1943, did for the San Antonio Library. From all that I can tell, from consulting early issues of the circus fans' official fanzine THE WHITE TOPS, Hertzberg was the Forrest Ackerman of circus fans, and at his death he willed his huge collection (as I believe Forry has already done) to establish a permanent library of circusiana.

One can't judge fans on a brief acquaintance (though I feel I know some of the fans I met in Detroit about as well as if I'd known them for years) and it's hard (being too soon) for me to tell if Circus Fandom, USA, bears any very close relationship to SF Fandom. But there is one similarity: the freemasonry of informality. Within a couple of hours the librarian I mentioned was calling me "my dear" in the same offhand way that Dan McPhail addresses me as "honey", and

with the same lack of personal familiarity.



Another thing the two groups seem to have in common is their love of shop talk. On the second morning of my work in the library, Dr. Hartman dropped in briefly. He is an anesthesiologist at a large San Antonio hospital, so his stay was necessarily short; but the conversation into which we immediately plunged might well have been one

you'd overhear in a smoke-filled room at a regional convention; it was too sober, too informal and too coherent for the wild blur of a Worldcon. I had brought along the program of a circus neither of them had happened to see, and we exchanged comments and various opinions on the recent circus movies, as I recall: *THE FLYING FONTAINES* and *CIRCUS OF HORRORS*.

One evening of my stay we were entertained at the home of Mr. S and his wife (name withheld because this is out of their proper fannish circles). Tom S. is a retired jeweler whose hobby has been to fix up the apartment above his garage in a fashion which even Dan McPhail's fanshack can hardly equal, probably because Mr. S has had the financial ability to carry it all out in detail. The chairs and couches have been covered with suede cloth, either in leopard spots or sebra stripes. Inside a miniature calliope wagon, a hi-fi sound speaker had been installed; the wagon is brilliant red and gilt, hand-carved by Mr. S. and a perfect replica of one formerly with a big circus. From the chandelier a tiny figure, a doll-like girl in tights, hangs by her teeth, spinning slowly in the currents of air from the fan, doing the well-known circus "iron-jaw" act, and at the far end of the room another doll hangs by her heels from a silver trapeze, near an autographed photograph in costume which leaves no doubt but that the tiny performer is none other than Pinito del Oro in a perfect replica of her own costume. Central tables and wall-shelves hold other bits of the three-ring circus; and on a table at the side is a miniature flying rig, perfectly built to scale, with every spreader rope in place and every knot hand-twisted in the rope net beneath the trapezes. From one swings a small but weighty metal catcher; from the other, a small flyer. Tom S. demonstrated this to us by first setting the catcher to his steady swing; then, fastening the flyer up on a perch, and then releasing the trigger-mechanism, the flyer swings down, comes free from his trapeze and links hands over the bar held in the catcher's hand — if the timing is precise enough. Tom said he hadn't played with the thing lately, and he couldn't make it work; time after time the little figure missed the catcher and went bounding into the net or into the "sawdust". The others present, however, assured me that they had seen it work, and that it could be done. Later in the evening we sat on the leopard chairs watching circus movies taken by Tom; the flying Codonas in 1930; a wonderful slow-motion film of Tony Steele doing a triple somersault. These were brought out for my benefit, because my passion is for the trapeze flyers; Tom S. has others, dealing with literally every facet of the circus world, in or out of the ring.

These circus fans, of course, were the ones who made a point of it, who made their hobby a large part of their lives. Doubtless there are others, more casual. But to an old serconfan like me, beset with fakefans and FIJAGH, it was an exhilarating plunge into a new world. And the strangest thing is this: in sci-fi fandom I am a dirty pro -- and a BNF. In this new fandom I was the rankest of neofans; yet they all went out of their way to co-operate with me, as well as showing me exceptional kindness. All in all, it was rather a breath-taking excursion into a new fandom

—HARLAN ELLISON EXPOSE—

—NICK=FALASCA—

Cleveland Fandom, which has often been likened to Cincinnati Fandom, Chicago Fandom, Indiana Fandom, and, more recently, New York Fandom, has had a disproportionately large share of nuts, crackpots, boors, and silly asses. In many fan circles, it has been traditional to think little or nothing at all of Cleveland Fandom. Many people have been heard to remark "I've never met a Cleveland fan that I liked." Others have said "Oh, them!", and a few have even gone so far as to say "Tumph!".

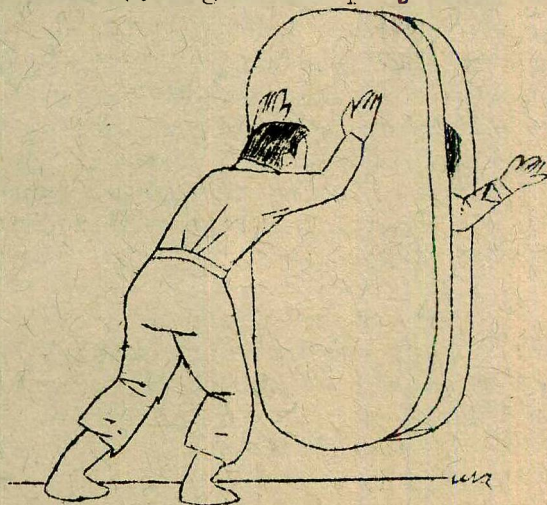
Be that as it may, a certain number of Cleveland fans have achieved an almost enviable degree of notoriety, and, I daresay, this most emphatically dispells or supports any rumors that may be floating about. Probably the best living example of Cleveland Fandom is the almost legendary Harlan Ellison. Fandom abounds with tales of this young man's adventures: his flight across the country in a Driveaway, with Magnus and the Detroit Beanie Brigade; his brilliant handling of docil Jim Harmon before and after the dramatic opening of the door at the Hotel Ingalls; the endless punning duel with Tucker and McKeown at that second Midwestcon, where Ellison emerged triumphant; the unending stream of garbage that flowed through the mails from his Shaker Heights address.

All this is the known Ellison, that most are familiar with, but there is much that can be said about him (in private discussions and behind his back) which is even more interesting. We won't go into that here. Instead, we'll recall his early Cleveland youth.

I met Harlan at one of the first meetings of the Cleveland Science-Fantasy Club where he was delivering a review of Edmond Hamilton's City at World's End. Amid gestures and cheap dramatics, he outlined the plot and, wherever he saw fit, improved upon the original story, by adding a bit here, and making a small change there. This, incidentally, was a practice which he profitably carried over into his adulthood. I was immeasurably impressed by his volubility; my first impressions of him were a) he was a genius and b) he was a midget. To-day (if you happen to live in Chicago) you can easily see that he has grown very little since 1950.

Later, on that initial evening, we had our first reading of his projected novel, The Adventures of the Aardvark. We were treated to the first two chapters, and, in the following weeks, we received subsequent chapters, as they were written. This, of course, included re-readings of the earlier chapters, and by the time he was expelled several years later, for non-payment of dues, most of us knew the story by heart.

Harlan established quite a reputation through the editing and publishing of Science-Fantasy Bulletin; originally, however, that magazine was the Official Organ of the Cleveland Science Fantasy Society. After publication of several issues, unenthusiastically edited by various club members, Harlan elected himself to the post of Official Editor and promptly changed it into an erupting Vesuvius, crammed full of non-existent doings of



Ellison and Harmon at
the '54 Midwestcon.

Cleveland fans. After awhile, he dropped the pretense of making the Cleveland club appear active, and he also dropped the word "Cleveland" from the title Cleveland Science-Fantasy Bulletin. More than a year later, someone noticed this and he was brought to task for his oversight. It was mutually agreed that he should and would continue to edit and publish this magazine, but with his own money and not club funds. From this time, Science-Fantasy Bulletin did not appear as frequently.

Although his enthusiasm for science fiction was boundless, Harlan sometimes had difficulty in attending meetings; but after he started scaling two stories in traditional human fly manner, we decided that we might as well open the door and let him come in like the rest of us. At one meeting, Bill Sponsler, who sometimes pretended to be an agent for the U.N., got fed up with Harlan and drew a knife, forcing him into the hall-way. When there were no witnesses, Sponsler gave him a shove down a flight and a half of stairs and put the knife back in his pocket. They later became fast friends (Harlan was usually faster and Bill couldn't always catch up with him), and this prepared Harlan for the days when he would be running with kid gangs in New York City.

After some time, many of us became immune to Harlan and some of us even began to develop a liking for him. Others became concerned over his welfare. One day Warren Rayle, an authentic genius, Bill Sponsler, Alan Wilson, a most unusual man, Verne Klinect, and myself decided that Harlan had been leading too sheltered a life. We decided that we should take him out on the town. We weren't dressed too well, but Harlan was sharp as a dude, complete with handkerchief in pocket. We started at a few local bars, moved later into a reasonably exclusive hotel bar, where Sponsler was a member, and then to Sammy's, a lesbian-homosexual hangout where they were having a drag. Sammy, the proprietor, was deathly afraid of us, and especially of Rayle and Sponsler. Rayle always gave the impression of aristocracy and Sponsler, with his monacle, gave the impression of a degenerate Prussian dueling instructor. Generally, we presented a terrifying picture to someone who ran a queer joint and "didn't want no trouble with the cops". As far as I remember, we never started any trouble, but the possibility that we might always opened doors that were forbidden to the non-gay. That is how Harlan learned some secondary facts of life.

As long as I have known Harlan, he has wanted to be a writer of science fiction. He was always writing, writing, writing, in haste with waste, but, undeniably, with volume. No one and nothing could retard him -- not even reason. His resourcefulness would always show when he came upon some subtle problem in sonstruction; if the physical universe posed problems in the telling of a story, he simply modified the universe so that it was consistent with Harlan Ellison. He knew little and cared less for the intricacies of Thermodynamics and heat transfer and Newton (who might as well have been a New York lawyer, for all the attention Harlan paid him). With this open-minded attitude, Harlan began to sell.

In spite of what others might say, Harlan has talent. Perhaps he won't shake the world with a Pulitzer Prize winning novel or make the Book-of-the-Month-Club, but he will sell copy. By now he must be approaching his millionth word.

I have been watching his recent writings in Rogue, where he is an associate editor; when one strips the verbal garbage and multi-syllabled excretions from the framework of his stories, some of his latent talent shows through. Perhaps this is because he no longer has to stretch already thin ideas to ten thousand words at a penny a word.

Today, Harlan's writing is a good commercial product, not great, but GOOD. He is a craftsman who has served a long, hard apprenticeship, and, perhaps, someday in the future we can look upon Harlan as a "writer", but today, he is merely competent, and slick.

~ ~ ~ ~ -Nick Falasca

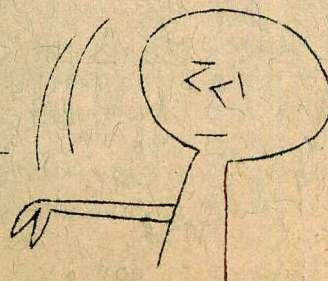
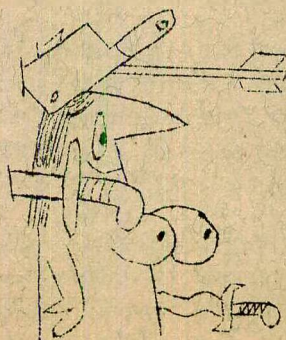
BUCK COULSON

wheel of fortune

In the interval since the last column I've read Atlas Shrugged, but I'm not sure that it deserves a long, meaty review. It has its faults, both as literature and as science fiction. Ideally, literature must reflect life; the author must present believable characters confronted by realistic problems. (They have to be confronted by problems; if literature reflected life too closely it would be too dull to read.) Atlas Shrugged reflects nothing but Ayn Rand's wishful thinking. I have no objection to books written primarily for propaganda purposes; both 1984 and Gulliver's Travels (to name fantasies with literary pretensions) lie in this category. But 1984 inspected the reactions of people like those you and I know, to a situation which, if not completely realistic, was at least within the bounds of possibility. Atlas Shrugged presents the reactions of people like no one on Earth knows to a patently artificial situation. This does not disqualify it as science fiction, but it does keep it well out of the category of "great literature". As science fiction it ranks along with the numerous "the world taken over by _____" (You supply the missing occupation: advertising men, lawyers, garbage collectors, coal miners, & book reviewers &, etc.) That is, it has not the faintest possibility of happening, and even if it did happen the results would not appear in the neat sequence that the author describes them for the sake of the plot. It is an extrapolation of one trend in society, coupled with the deliberate ignoring of all other trends. The little green valley in the Rockies, which provides every possible desire of the Supermen, is a strictly literary gimmick, and not too good a one. The heroine's vacillation between her beloved railroad and her knowledge of what is Right and Good is another gimmick, somewhat more believable, which allows the author to add a couple of hundred pages of padding into what would be a long novel without it.

With all its faults, Atlas Shrugged remains an entertaining piece of stf. (After all, "The Space Merchants" is entertaining, though hardly a literary masterpiece.) I can recommend it--particularly the paperback version, to anyone who likes big novels

Out of Bounds by Judith Merrill (Pyramid, 35¢) The first collection of the short stories of one of science fiction's foremost writers -- and, certainly, foremost anthology (contd. next page)



editor. Oddly enough, the oldest story in the collection (and the author's first sale, according to the introduction) is the best. "That Only a Mother" is a stf classic; if you haven't read it, you should. The other six stories, originally published between 1952 and 1959, show the author's own particular blend of sentimentality and cynicism. Recommended.

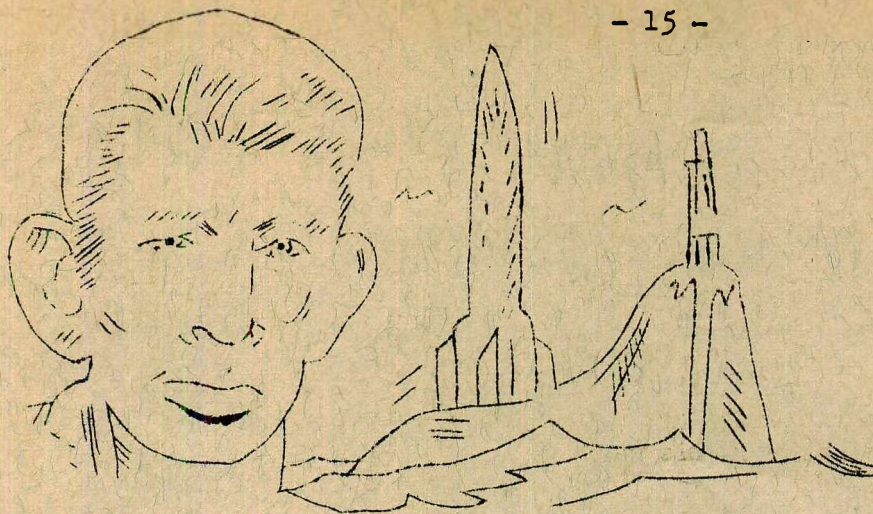
Virgin Planet by Poul Anderson (Galaxy-Beacon Novels, 35¢) This is the best novel that this improbable publishing combination has so far produced. The social customs of the planet Atlantis are at least as interesting as those of de Camp's better-known Krishnan series, and considerably more so than those of Vance's Big Planet. Of course, with Beacon doing the publishing, the sex is emphasized, but the novel contains nothing that could be objected to by any but the most Puritanical of readers, and it contains considerable science (even including an "author's note" in the back explaining the astronomical background of the story). And to cap everything, it's a rousing adventure yarn. Highly recommended.

Unearthly Neighbors by Chad Oliver (Ballantine, 35¢) This is the best stf book I've read since the last installment of this column, and I expect to cast my Hugo ballot for it at the next convention. Oliver is one of the very few writers of stf who can combine solid science with the oft-discussed "sense of wonder". This novel of first contact with an alien humanoid culture leaves the reader with the feeling, not of "this is the way it might happen" but "this is the way it will happen". So far, this is the novel of the year.

A Medicine for Melancholy by Ray Bradbury (Bantam, 35¢) Reviews of Bradbury are almost a waste of time; everyone is either violently partisan towards him or violently opposed to him. However, if you haven't already noticed, here is the information that a new Bradbury collection is available in a pb edition. It's the usual combination of stream of consciousness, penetrating insight, and gooey sentiment. (Not really stream of consciousness; stream of adjective-ness would be more appropriate.) Some of it is fantasy and some of it is not, but it's all typical Bradbury, which seems to be enough for most fans. (If I sound bitter, it's not because I don't like his stuff, because I do; it's just that I can't see him as a great writer.) One important point; this is NOT a collection composed entirely of stories that you've read before, unless you keep up with Playboy, Maclean's, The Saturday Evening Post, Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, and Lilliput as well as the stf mags.

The Haunted Stars by Edmond Hamilton (Doubleday Book Club, \$1.20) This story of first contact with an alien race is an interesting counterpoint to the Oliver book reviewed above. Old Space-Wrecker Hamilton can't resist filling his novel with adventure and melodrama, even when he's deliberately restricting his field of action to Earth and a relatively nearby solar system. Also, where Oliver brings up problems and shows you how they are solved, Hamilton brings up problems and tells you that they have been solved (though he does it with such slick competence that unless you're watching closely you might think that he did present the solution). Still, Hamilton is the only writer of the wild adventure stf of the early pulp days who has successfully adapted to the writing of modern wild adventure stf, and if you're looking for a book to liven up a dull afternoon, The Haunted Stars is your meat.

Space Prison by Tom Godwin (Pyramid, 35¢) Like Virgin Planet, this story originally appeared in Venture. It's been completely rewritten; a 35 page novelette has been expanded into a 150 page novel. Most of the changes have been made for the better. The planet Ragnarok has been transformed from a pulp writer's menace to a carefully constructed stf background, and the marooned colonists' fight to survive has changed from an impossible achievement of supermen to a believable struggle against the not-quite-overwhelming odds. A good stf adventure novel.



Murray Leinster has been having books published everywhere. I reviewed Four From Planet Five (Gold Medal, 35¢) in the last column; now we have two short story collections: Twists in Time (Avon, 35¢) and The Aliens (Berkeley, 35¢). Both are good examples of the short story writing of "the dean of science fiction" writers". Leinster rarely turns out a good story,

and even more rarely writes a bad one. Both are "theme" anthologies. Twists in Time involves fairly common (in stf writing) time paradoxes: the young couple who go back to the beginning and become the first humans (in this one they just teach mankind civilization); the man who writes a letter to his descendent and brings about a meeting with that descendent; the archaeologists who discover a time-traveling threat to our civilization and destroy it; the man who calls himself up from the future and instructs himself how to achieve his desires; the scientists who survive the end of the universe; the gadget that reproduces objects by revolving them through the fourth dimension; the man who discovers an alternate universe. All of them are competently written and one (the archaeological one) approaching -- but not quite reaching -- greatness. The Aliens presents Leinster's other favorite theme...that of alien contact. All sorts of aliens, from monsters who can imitate human form in the best pulp traditions, through the meeting of a human and an alien spaceship, to a couple of stranded aliens trying to survive in the face of what appears to be a human plot to destroy them. The longest story ("Fugitive from Space" from a '54 Amazing) is also the poorest and most Hollywoodish, but the remainder are worth reading. If you don't have the money or time for all of these books, The Aliens is probably the one you can most readily do without.

Get Out of My Sky edited by Leo Margulies (Crest Books, 35¢) Another Margulies trilogy; he seems to live three stories per book. The title story, by James Blish, appeared as a two part serial in Astounding under the same title; it's a good, unprepossessing short novel. "Sister Planet", by Poul Anderson, from Satellite, is an example of why Anderson is the best stf writer still appearing regularly in the stf magazines. It's not his best work, but it's better than the best of quite a few of today's authors. Tom Scortia's "Alien Night" is another decadent future society story, complicated by so many plot twists that the reader not only can't keep track of what's happening, but tends to lose interest in doing so. However, it takes up only slightly over one-fourth of the book.

There is a good reason for my being relatively enthusiastic over all the books reviewed this time. Mainly, I only read the ones I figured I'd like; I have an entire stack of unread stf atop one of the bookcases. Things like The Man Who Could Cheat Death, The Stars Are Too High, We Who Survived, Man of Many Minds, the Ace double Slavers of Space and Doctor Futurity, etc. There are a couple of good possibilities in the bunch: Alas, Babylon by Pat Frank and Night Ride and Other Journeys by Charles Beaumont. But mostly, I figure this batch is for completeists, only.

RECRUITING PROBLEM

BOB LICHTMAN



As I guess most of you -- or at least many of you -- already know, since the beginning of the year I have been a member in good-standing of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. So far, I've not really been involved in too much. This is directly in opposition to the spirit of the group, which is designed, obviously, to submerge the new member into such a web of activity that he will never work his way out. I've been invited to participate in everything from round robins to the manuscript bureau, from running for N3F President to editing The National Fantasy Fan. All this and more -- and I have assiduously turned down each offer, enticing though it may have appeared to me. In fact, the only visible activity in which I've participated under N3F auspices is to join and publish for and in N'APA.

But before you pocket-damn me for such laxity in my membership, let me assure you that I do have the club's best interests at heart. I have been silently working my way behind the scenes, conducting research into what the club needs to be able to continue as the "1 Fan Club.

Yes, I have been conducting much research and I have come up with the one main fault of the N3F. This is its recruiting bureau. Now I have no feud with whoever may be the present head of that department, but may I suggest that whoever she or he is, is not really qualified to hold such an all-important post? (It matters little whether or not I may do so -- I've just done it anyway.) After all, it is through the recruiting bureau that the N3F gets most of its members. This is, you see, why they call it the recruiting bureau. Logic.

What I suggest is that the recruiting bureau change its tactics entirely. How many recruits can one get by sticking leaflets in prozines and library books? Damned few. And most all of the other methods presently in use are equally inept. Therefore, the thing to do is to follow the lead of the men of the church. Fine, outstanding churchmen like Billy Graham have been using, for years and years, methods of recruiting members that the N3F has never even considered. We must not wait for the public to come to the N3F; we must take the N3F, all its ideals and customs, to the public. Like Billy Graham, we must make ourselves heard.

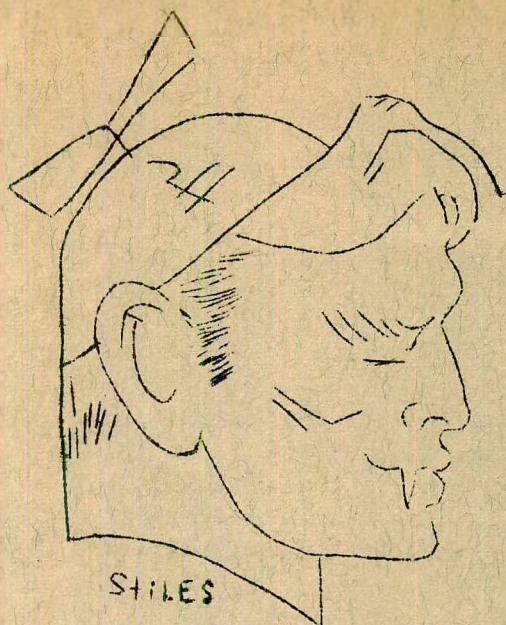
Imagine, if you will, a huge tent, full to the seams with humanity, all kinds of people from all walks of life. Billy Graham comes out to the speaker's box and says: "Welcome and good evening, neighbors!" There is consternation in the audience; a ripple of conversation crosses the group and then they settle down more or less quietly to listen.

"Ladies and gentlemen," says Billy Graham, "I stand before you not as a mere man, but as a SCIENCE FICTION FAN!" At this, approximately 85% of the assemblage mutters some obscene oath, gets up and leaves. The 15% left are either too drunk or stupid to leave -- we can ignore them -- or they are interested in hearing what Graham has to say. These are the ones at whom the speech is aimed.

Now that the audience is cleared of most of the riff-raff, minions of Graham pass through the audience, passing out leaflets containing The Word. Billy Graham continues: "You hold in your hands, friends, a Welcome Pamphlet. We invite you, one and all, into the loving fold of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, the world's NUMBER ONE FANCLUB!"

(Continued on page 30)

LONELY ONE



Al Conn stood in the open doorway of his house, looking hopefully into the rain. He was going to be late today, Al thought. He turned expectantly to the wall clock; he was already twenty minutes late.

Whether by mental connection, or just by coincidence, the mailman came down the walk, his heavy brown sack suspended from his shoulder. Al ran out into the rain to meet him.

Gathering his small stack of mail, he dashed back into the house, to the desk and his letter-opener, hurriedly slashing open the envelopes. Then he read. Read and absorbed.

Most of the letters were from friends, though some were pointedly critical, and some screamed at him: "Why don't you give up, you stupid neo...?"

Al was used to such comments. There were always people like that, even in fandom where people were supposed to be nice. Even in fandom...

Especially in fandom was more like it. Al didn't quite understand it. Everyone had seemed so friendly when he had first entered fandom. They wrote and he wrote back, and things went along just fine; that is, until he started to publish a fanzine.

It was a good fanzine for a first issue, Al remembered. Big, full of material, and most people liked it. Except the reviewers. The zine wasn't "fannish" enough for them. Too serious for fans.

"What's the matter, honey?" His wife interrupted his thoughts as she entered the den.

"Nothing, Julie, nothing."

The tall blonde looked over her husband's desk at the array of letters and the fanzines opened to the review pages. She glanced at the new typewriter, and the AB Dick mimeograph machine pushed back on the desk, along with a lot of papers and stamps. The machines weren't paid for yet, Julie thought, and there was a baby coming.

"Why don't you give this up?" She queried, "All it does is cause you trouble and take up money that could be used for other things..."

Al shook his head. "I can't give up fandom...there's too much at stake. My future, my reputation...and, and..."

"Money!" Julie said, waving her hand over the desk, "Look at all this junk. And for what? A bunch of Odds who sit around all day writing letters and reading this trash..." She picked up a thick illustrated fan magazine and threw it on the floor.

"But Julie, they aren't 'Odds'. They're people like you and I, and nice people. They don't come any nicer than fans..."

"Then how do you explain this?" She waved an unfavorable fanzine review in his face. "How nice are they? You spend all your time and money to produce a good magazine -- and they say this! How can you associate with such people?"

"They just don't like my magazine, that's all."

"Yeah, and they probably never will. You're just not one of them -- you're different! Can't you face that?"

Al stared down blankly at the desk -- the fan reviews -- the nasty letters (and, of course, a few good ones) -- all stared back at him. Maybe there was some truth in what Julie had said. Maybe he just didn't belong in fandom.

ROD
FRYE

Damn, he thought. I try hard enough. Nobody else spends this much money on a fanzine, surely. And no one puts as much time in it as I do...staying up past three in the morning cutting stencils, planning, editing...and they still didn't like it. By Ghod, I'll show them, he thought...

Flustered, he put his head on his arms and listened to the soothing sound of the rain pitting against the window. He slept.

Like flying saucers they came -- over the buildings, over the trees, and to him. Down from the sky they came, surrounding him. Red and blue, spotted, striped, all with propellers on top. Flying beanies, hundreds of them, ridden by BNF's and Pro's...great Chu..He was on one too...on one with the BNF's...on one with the Pro's...

He rode his beanie to the head of the formation. And everybody cheered him. Pro's and BNF's alike. Cheered him. A man came riding up and presented him an award -- the Hugo! The man shook Al's hand and rode back to the formation.

A pro had shaken his hand. A pro. The word kept turning over and over in his mind. Then he looked at the wa award. It read, "For the best fan magazine of the year".

He smiled happily, for he had made it.

His consciousness flowed back into him. No award. No BNF's. No Pro's. Only the sound of rain -- it was only a dream.

A faint thought came into his mind. He could do it if he tried, he could get the award. The best fan magazine of the year...he must start now, writing letters, planning...

Yes, he was on the right track now. His mind furiously conjured up ideas, dashing them about as if in a washing machine, then rejecting the poor ones. The fanzine was taking shape. It would cost a little more, perhaps, but it was worth it. He might even be able to sell subscriptions...

He jotted the best ideas on a pad, listed the fans he wanted articles and stories from, pulled the typewriter forward and began to bang out letters. "And include a recent photograph" he added at the end of every letter.

The days and weeks went by. Material started seeping in. Finally there was enough good stuff to start the dummy. The printer was very reasonable, Al thought -- only \$200 for the cover and \$15 each for the half-tones. Not bad.

He would have to start plugging his fanzine is he wanted any returns at all. Maybe an ad in Amazing and a personal in Flying Saucers. That ought to start the ball rolling. He could even put out a one-shot to announce the zine.

That was a long time ago, now. The one-shot had been mailed, subscriptions has poured in, and finally the big zine had gone out in all its glory. Al hadn't heard from it yet, but he wasn't thinking about that.

"Like I say," the doctor said, "I'm very sorry about your wife, but it's the policy of the hospital not to admit patients who have no money, in advance. I know your insurance expired, and I sympathize with you. But we're not a charity organization. Perhaps if you called Welfare?"

"No, doctor," Al muttered, "there isn't time for that. Isn't there something you can do? The baby is due any minute." Al glanced through the glass door at his wife sitting in the lobby, the hurt, pained expression on her face.

"I can only follow the orders of the Board of Governors, but as your case is an emergency, I'll try to help." The doctor picked up the phone. "Give me Montwagen," he said.

When Montwagen, the chairman of the Board, answered, the doctor explained the trouble. There was a brief silence, then the doctor hung up.

"We'll deliver the baby, but that's all. Your wife will be sent home within an hour after birth. You can obtain a private nurse or something, if you can find one. We'll bill you next month; maybe you'll have some money then...I'm very sorry, Mister Conn, I did all I could..."

A nurse rushed Julie to the delivery room and Al waited in the lobby. Hours went by. Al became tense, nervous. Finally the doctor returned. He wasn't smiling.

"Wha -- what's wrong," Al stuttered, almost knowingly.

The doctor's eyes stared at the floor. "Your wife wasn't built right for normal birth. Before we could even prepare for a Caesarean, she was dead. We tried to save the baby, but it too died. If you had only come earlier, a month or two ago and let her have an examination -- "

The doctor's words were meaningless. Everything was meaningless now. And it was his fault, rushing, pushing to finish his fanzine -- damn, he was sick of the word.

He drifted out of the hospital and down the almost-empty street. It was night and the darkness hovered over him like an evil curse.

Fandom. Fandom had caused this! No, he realized, not fandom. Me. I caused this. Spending, wasting money, throwing away time, trying to live fandom, ignoring Julie.

He wandered along the street and found himself on a bridge overlooking the river. It was misty over the water. Fog was setting in.

He stopped there on the bridge, gazing into the mist. A stranger walked past him, paused, and looked back. The man studied him a moment, then approached.

"Hey, aren't you Al Conn?" The man asked, then exclaimed, "Yeah! I seen pictures of you...and that zine of yours was the greatest. It'll be nominated for a Hugo, I'll bet. Hey, Al, what're you doing? Al..."

The stranger ran to the side and peered over. Not even the water was visible through the mist.

- - - - -Rod Frye

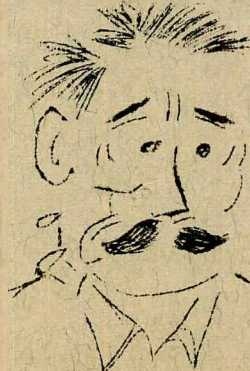
"Henry Fonda, stage and screen star, plays the bull fiddle."

A LATE (too late to make the lettercolumn, anyway) LETTER FROM SID BIRCHBY DEPT.

"One of the points I ought to comment on right now, is George Locke's appeal for information re the old-time SF books by Christopher Blayre..."The Cheetah Girl", especially. This was gone into as far as anyone could lo! these many years ago by ex-fan and biblio George Medhurst, and the write-up took place in Mike Rosenblum's Futurian War Digest. (That will show how long ago it was). If Glock wishes, I will dig through my files, and see just what happened. Seem to recall that Medhurst actually contacted Blayre, and got a royal brush-off.

Mercer's piece was fine. A good punchline like that is a treat after some of the feeble imitations these days. Mercer should be dignified with a brand-name. Something like "This is a genuine Mercerized yarn -- refuse all imitations."

{ I wish you'd go through your files -- as to Mercer, will someone make me a rubber-stamp to the effect that "Mercer was witty"? }



"Glad to meetcha, you must be Djinn Dickson..."

execrations



B L O S S I N G S

Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Ill.

I would give my first and second place votes, this issue, to Harry Warner Jr. and Buck Coulson, respectively. Warner's article carried between the lines a certain anticipation which, happily, was never fulfilled. I kept waiting for him to reveal some addresses which are more or less concealed from fandom at large ... and I was quite prepared to jump up and down and scream when he revealed mine. (All fandom would have been plunged into war!) Infrequently I'm accused of being snooty (or even snotty) by hiding out this way, but I hotly deny it. After nearly twenty years of playing host to every stray fan who came along, I feel that I'm entitled to peace and quiet in my old age.

Coulson read well, because I'm a sucker for readable book reviews; I read so darned few of them that I rely on someone to do my culling for me. I actually mean that I read very few science fiction books because non-fiction takes up most of my time; Coulson (unknown to him until now) is choosing most of my non-fiction for me, so he may as well choose the science fiction as well. I'm a literary vampire.

Nick Falasca's article on Ellison was greatly enjoyed and was one of the better spots in the issue -- probably because I happened to read it first, or because it called to mind several events of that rainy weekend at Beastley's-on-the-Bayou. His opening paragraph refers to an afternoon when eight or ten of us were sitting around a table waiting for the rain to stop; someone (one of the girls present) had just stolen Ned McKeown's belt and the poor man was having a time keeping his britches up. I don't recall if he ever recovered the belt, but while the byplay was in progress Ellison breezed in and Took Command (probably because he was young and very new to us and we tended to ignore him).

He hurled an insult or two at McKeown (it may have had something to do with the missing belt) and Ned promptly returned the fire. Nick Falasca calls it a punning duel and it may have been that at the beginning, but my memory is of a rather tortured duel of insults which grew nastier as the afternoon progressed. I believe it ended only when a number of us deserted the room and moved away from Ellison. It was that same Midwestcon when Ellison deliberately created a Grade-A Spectacle in a restaurant to draw attention to himself. He crashed our party (maybe twenty or so of us at a separate table), tried to monopolize our conversation, bedeviled the waitress because she couldn't deliver what he chose to order, and wound up calling loudly for the Manager Himself.

The Manager Himself came and tried to placate Harlan, but to no avail. Some of us finally got fed up with him, and one of us (who shall remain nameless for fear of frightful retaliation) stomped on him. He was permitted to stay at our table on the condition that he sit down and shut up. He did.

Good old Harlan. I saw him several months ago in Chicago and he hadn't changed a bit. He told us that he had just dispatched a war correspondent to Europe, for Rogue. He didn't say which war.

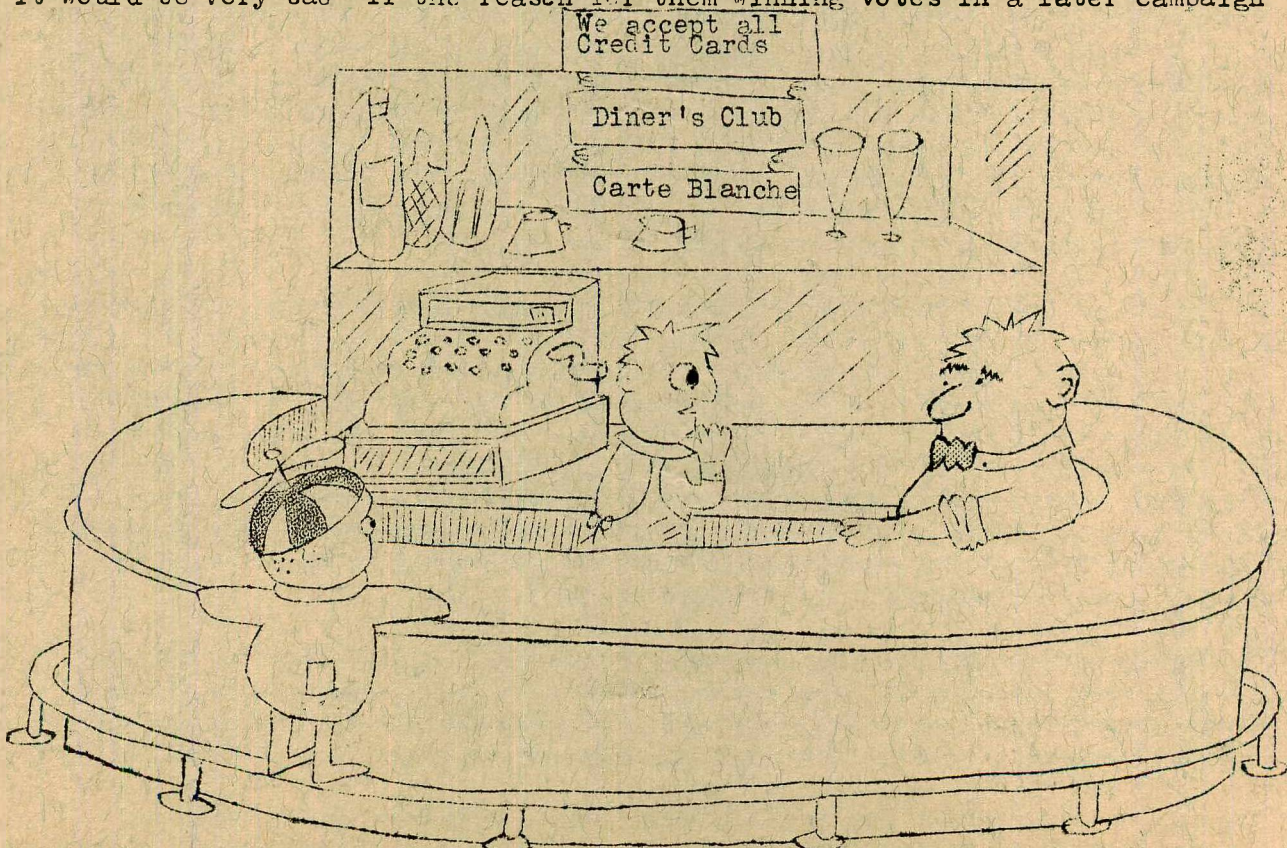
Art Rapp, 1st. Msl. Btn. (Cpl), 40th Arty., Fort Bliss, Tex.

Harry Warner's article has me wondering about his motives for writing same; finally I concluded that he is merely protecting his position as #1 Fannish Hermit, by suggesting ways for wandering fan to contact other fannish hermits. It's a dangerous game tho; I can just picture some beanie wearer arriving in Hagerstown, phoning the newspaper office and saying, "Send a reporter, quick, I've got a great news story for him." So the reporter arrives, and the fan asks him, "Say, do you know a guy named Warner?" "Sure," says the naive reporter (obviously they'd send only the rawest of cubs to check a report such as the fan had phoned in), "He's the guy who works as copyreader back at the office." "Aha!" screams the fan, "In that case, TAKE ME TO YOUR READER!"

I hate to try to one-up Deckinger's interesting narrative, but the Michigan Science-Fantasy Society once found an even better place for a meeting than under a bridge: we met on an excursion boat crossing the Detroit River. (The other passengers developed a marked hostility toward fans after some of the youthful members got careless with their water pistols; in fact, we had to beat a hasty retreat to the anonymity of the dockside crowd as soon as we docked.)

Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Rd., West Kilburn, London N.W.6, England

I saw Mike Deckinger suggesting that at least five stand in a TAFF campaign; do you honestly think that this would be better? (Yes.) As things have stood recently, at least two are bound to be disappointed, and if more than three are standing, a proportionately larger number are in for a disappointment. Admitted, there is nothing to stop the losers standing again, ^{later}, but it would be very bad if the reason for them winning votes in a later campaign



"He claims he has a new credit card. Cry Letterhack or something."

was because they'd once stood and lost out. Maybe a rule should be made stating that losing candidates shouldn't accept nomination again for a certain period?

It's nice to see Mike (Deckinger's article), but my, ain't he naive! Fen are punctual? Since when? I think about the only fan whom I know of that arrives anywhere near the time he said he would is Jimmy Groves, and we're still working on him, trying to break this disconcerting habit. When you get used to fans saying that they'll arrive at 6 p.m. and they don't turn up until 7:30, it can mess things up when they start sticking to the promised time of arrival.

Mercer was delightful! It was something like taking a ghodalmighty powerful steam hammer to crack a nut, but in this instance the effort was worth it. Archie is very much an unknown quantity; for ages he plods along with items that rank as "pretty fair" only and then, WEAM, he turns out a gem like this which makes the waiting seem worthwhile.

With the exception of PLOW in Cry I don't read book or mag reviews in fmz.

Locke, again! Can't I ever get away from him? (He had a day off from the army yesterday and came up to see me last night. He'd been gliding and looked it -- you know, windblown.)

- - - - -
Bob Bloch, 4303 Radford Ave., Studio City, Cal.
- - - - -

(In response to a query as to whether or not he was satisfied with the transference of Psycho to the screen)

Fandom is going to be disappointed, if it thinks Hitchcock butchered Psycho. On the contrary -- he filmed the book very much as written, with only one or two minor changes necessary. I, too, expected the usual frustrations experienced by most authors when their work is translated to the screen, but I was quite impressed with the movie. It's a genuine shocker, about as gruesome as they come, and has very little of the coyness or whimsy which have appeared in Hitch's most recent efforts.

Your suggestion that somebody refute Lichtman's notions about the sex-mores of Fandom is an excellent one, but I am certainly not qualified to deliver an authoritative opinion; during the years I've spent in fandom I've been much too busy chasing women to have had any time to observe what is going on about me. God forbid that I should ever have caught up with one of the women I chased -- but even so, I doubt if I'd have learned enough to venture a general opinion. Offhand, I would say that all fans are as pure and chaste as Bob Tucker.

Hoping you are the same.....

- - - - -
Buck Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Ind.
- - - - -

Mostly, I agree with Andy Offutt that fantalk is overdone, but I think he chose some remarkably poor examples. Thisish, nextish, lastish, and so on are just as valuable to a time and space pressed faned, and as valid linguistically, as the better-known isn't, wasn't, won't, ain't (which is now getting into dictionaries) and other contractions. They perform exactly the same function and do so for exactly the same reason; the writer/speaker is too lazy to spell out/pronounce the complete phrase. For the same reason, "faned" for fan editor is just as acceptable as WAC for Women's Army Corps.

Similarly, words like "egoboo" and "gafia" are acceptable because they perform a function which is not duplicated by any other term; they are as necessary to the fan as radar and "mho" are to the electronics student.

However, there are fan terms which are used simply for the sake of being different; there is no need for the terms "bhøer", "Ghod" and the other "h-additives", or for fugghead, croggle, or a good many other fannish terms.

(I'm not suggesting that all unnecessary terms be abolished, since they provide amusement for the people using them, but it should be understood that amusement is their only function.) "Croggle" is sort of a borderline term, but I think that the emotion can be adequately described by more mundane phrases. Fanta lk is to a large extent sophomoric; why not, fans are to a large extent sophomoric .

(And if Offutt thinks all the "ishes" are bad now, he should have been around when Dave Ish was a well-known fan-writer.)

Warner was quite good; I would hate like hell to hunt a fan down on a rural route, though. Especially around here. I have in my day failed utterly to find houses when I had explicit directions on how to get there. ("Take the first turn to the left." But when the road you're on curves to the right and a side road goes straight ahead -- is the side road a "turn to the left" or not? Either way you decide, you're wrong, by the way. (Thanks.) If you're asking directions, make the guy draw you a map or you might as well save your energy.)

- - - - -
Les Sample, 2735 Willingham Dr., Columbia, So. Car.
- - - - -

I suppose you are acquainted with the world portrayed in George Orwell's brilliant satire, 1984 ? A somewhat different story, although written along the same line, comes to mind. This story, the name of which escapes me, was written by Jack Finney; it concerned itself with a television dominated world -- TV is not only the main form of entertainment, it is the ONLY one.

Everybody watches TV; movie houses fold, there are no Broadway plays, no nothing except the omnipresent television. Nobody goes out to play bridge any more; so pretty soon the only night people are the cops, who prowls the streets in patrol cars, for the sake of peoples' safety. Then, even the cops stay home and watch TV, and they are replaced by robots.

But there is one nasty fellow who won't conform, see? He dislikes the cruddy television, so every night he goes for a stroll. This goes along pretty well for the first ten years or so, but finally the law of averages catches up to our hero. One night, as he's leisurely strolling down the street, this cop-car full of robots pulls up beside him and wants to know why the hell he isn't watching T.V., like all Good Citizens are doing.

So this fellow tells them T.V. is not worth a damn! He doesn't like it, so he's in the habit of taking a long walk every night.

The robots figure that this is subversive, so they clamp handcuffs on him and haul him down to the psych ward, and they do Ghod only knows what to the poor man's brain; end of story.

So what this is all leading up to is this: I am in the habit of Taking Long Walks at Night, or used to be in the habit, anyway. My parents disapprove, naturally. After all, what can you expect from parents?

I usually walk for about two hours, from eight to ten, although I sometimes stay out later than this -- once to 3:30.



Anyway, on one of these nights that I was out later than usual, a curious thing happened. I was strolling leisurely down the street, a mile or so from my house, when (this was approximately 10:30) a police car pulled up to the curb, a few feet in front of me. The cop stuck his head out the window and hollered: "Hey kid -- come over here a minute."

So then I did a stupid, fuggheaded thing. I stifled my first impulse, that of running, and walked over to the patrol car.

"Okay, kid, what are you doing out on the streets so late at night, all alone?" Asked the cop.

"It's really not so late, officer," I replied, "it's only about 10:30..."

"Don't argue with me! I asked you a question, and I want a straight answer."

"Okay, then, I'm just out for a walk."

"What's your name, kid?"

SILENCE

"I said, what's your name?"

"Leslie Sample."

"Where do you live?"

"2735 Willingham Drive."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"I figured you were about that old. Now let me get the facts straight..." He repeated all that I had told him about myself, then added, "...and you're takin' a walk for your health."

"Yes, sir, I guess that's right."

"Okay, son, get in the car," said the officer.

"Why?"

"Don't argue with me," he roared, "I said get in this car!"

I protested, "But I don't WANT to. I haven't done anything. Why do you..."

"Shut up and get in this car before I lose patience with you!" He was losing patience with me. "This is your last chance!"

I got in the car, naturally.

I ventured a feeble inquiry: "Where are you taking me?"

His answer sort of stunned me. The way I had had it figured, he didn't believe me, and, consequently, we were on our way down to the police station.

"I'm taking you home," he said.

"But Officer, that really isn't necessary! Why, I only live a little way from here ... it'd barely take ten minutes for me to walk home and...and... I suddenly realized that he wasn't paying a bit of attention to what I was saying, so I shut up.

When we walked into my house, my mother didn't say anything at all. My father sort of gave me a nasty look, then turned to the cop and asked, "What did he do?"

After a conversation of some fifteen minutes duration, during which my father told the policeman that I was in the habit of taking long walks at night, and Acting Peculiarly, and the policeman had said People Who Take Long Walks in the Dark (he made it sound very sinister) were Not Quite Right in the Head, the officer prepared to take leave of the premises.

As a parting shot, he advised my father, "If he were my kid, I'd have him undergo a mental examination."

Whereupon my father, by Ghod, said "I'll see to it that he doesn't get in any more trouble, officer. If he persists in this odd behavior I'll certainly see to it that he gets an appointment with a good psychiatrist."

The way things are now, I have to prove to my parents that I have a date, or that I'll be over at a friend's house, or whatever, if I want to go anywhere. Otherwise, I don't get within ten feet of the door after nightfall.

Take warning, for Big Brother is watching you.

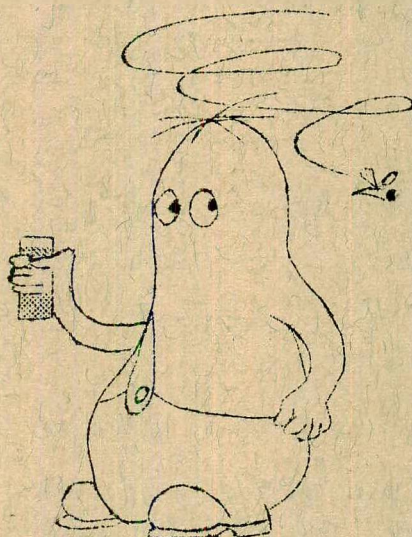
↳ Ted Pauls, would you like to add something to the subject? ↳

- - - - -
Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota
- - - - -

I suppose you'll start screaming about "drudgery" and such if I suggest that next time you sit down and do some planning before you cut a single stencil. Decide the exact order in which to arrange your material for maximum effect; know beforehand just about what's going on every page, and then stick to your plan. That way you'll have a fanzine that really looks published, not swept up of crudsheets blown in by a vagrant wind.

One ... practice you indulge in that I want to take time to Disapprove of is that of butting in on your contributors. I dislike this practice even in letter columns, though I suppose I'll never persuade faneditors to desist. After you've invited these people to "speak" to your audience, the least you can do is let them have their say without interruption. If you have comments, you can put 'em at the end...

- - - - -
Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey
- - - - -



Coulson's reviews were very good. I find that I generally agree with Buck, whether he mentions fanzines, prozines, or even books. However, I disagree with his thinking in saying that "Dead Center" is such a poor story. Sure it's soap opera (though not to the extent that television serials are) but it also contained sentimentality and thought, two things rarely found in modern stf. (This was also published in Martha Foley's annual "Year's Best Stories" anthology, for Buck's information.)

Also, I think "Pillar of Fire" is among the best that Bradbury has written, as well as being among the best that science fiction has produced. I don't want to make it seem that I'm already disagreeing with the second sentence of this first paragraph, so I'll add that I agree 100% with Buck's criticism of

Pagan Passions. How Horace Gold ever permitted a good name like Galaxy to become affiliated with Beacon Books is beyond me.

- - - - -
Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md.
- - - - -

I sympathize with your efforts to become friends with a new mimeograph. I've been going through the experience myself, only I had to try to become acquainted with identical twin mimeographs. The first one had a very serious fault, as mimeograph faults go: the drum wouldn't revolve. I'm practically speaking with the replacement now, thanks.

Unfortunately, I can't agree with George Locke on the subject of the schedule of getting men into space. I'm very much afraid that Andy Young or someone in some fanzine recently was correct in the prediction that the United States will kill at least one man this summer in an attempt to achieve human flight into space before the November elections. It seems even more probable now that the Republican administration isn't doing too well on the international scene.

That mental block against certain persons (mentioned by Len Moffatt) has affected me, too, at times. In fandom it involved one old-timer, not too well known, Dave MacInnes. He was living for awhile in Baltimore, was a traveling

salesman, and stopped by every time he came through Hagerstown to chat a while. I would accost him as a stranger every time he bobbed up, totally unable to recognize him or remember that he'd been here only a month or two ago. He seemed to understand the trouble I was having and didn't object at all.

- - - - -
Marion Bradley, Box 158, Rochester, Texas
- - - - -

I really liked Harry Warner's "How To Go Where You Aren't Wanted". I passed through Mason, Texas, enroute to San Antonio the other day, and saw Marland Frenzel's (I suppose) father's garage, but I didn't stop, having forgotten that a fan lived there and not wanting to arrive unannounced.

Thank God for someone with the nerve to say it: "No intelligent adult would read the watered-down erotica published by Beacon Books". In the course of my annual publication of the lesbiana Checklist, I have to at least glance through a lot of this (substitute your own favorite four-letter word meaning stable-sweepings) and one, at least, of my friends thinks me both prudish and immature because I just don't dig this Musical Beds which is the hallmark of the Beacon Books Novel. He says I'm just not adult enough to appreciate a "mature novel which deals with sex on a really adult level." Well now -- this "adult" level seems to center around three axioms: 1) everybody should want to do everything with just anybody; 2) a girl is always desperate, and ready to ravish the nearest male, if she has slept alone for as much as a week; if she has been alone as long as a month, she is on the edge of a nervous breakdown, ipso facto her actions are therapeutic; 3) anyone who doesn't happily engage in all forms of this and that with any and all comers at least three times a day is either frigid or impotent.

These axioms sound like that I've heard of Randy Garrett's jokes -- but if he has taken to writing Beacon Novels he ought to get some of that stuff out of his system sooner or later!

- - - - -
Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Cal.
- - - - -

Mercer was quite brilliant, but this is one item which should have appeared earlier, when the joke was still fresh. The line about Fanac being indispensable is as true as ever, but it just seems that Fandom doesn't seem to want to be reminded of it as often.

Coulson does a competent book review column, but aren't you afraid of being called "another Midwestern fanzine" by carrying them? (!)

Locke's column walks off with second best position in the issue, following the Warner article. George seems to be having a good time describing the horrors of duplication; he did another fine job along that line in his own OMPazine, describing the work and all he had getting his Gestetner to work. You know, everyone in England seems to have a Gestetner, while over here they're relatively rare because of price. I suppose this is because British Gestetners are easier to come by in used condition; every other little junk shop seems to have one for sale, or so it seems.

I should have worded my letter a bit differently: "Fans aren't as interested in S*X as he seems to have assumed." I shall leave it to you to decide whether they are more or less interested than he seems to have assumed...

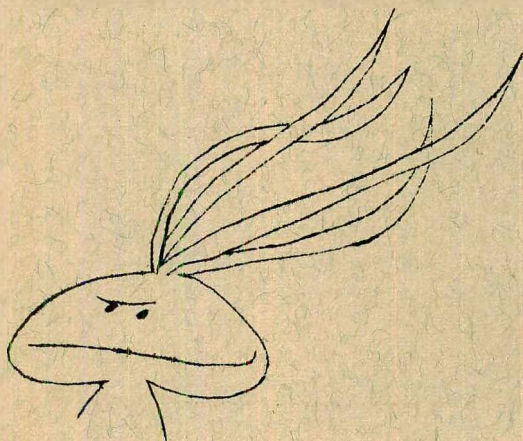
I agree with Offutt that fantalk is too often overdone. Except for rare occasions I don't use it. Naturally, one has to use, on occasion, things like "grotch" and "croggle" but I can't see much reason for "thish" and "lastish" and "thot", etc. Perhaps the best fannish word, and the one I use most commonly in the mundane, is the wonderful epitaph, "fugghead".

- - - - -
Dick Ellington, P.O.Box 310, Canyon, Contra Costa Co., Cal.
- - - - -

← Dick has a belated comment or two on Quid#1, directed to Dave McCarroll and Jim Moran, respectively.→

It's interesting to see Dave McCarroll writing on beer-brewing. This does seem to be becoming a fannish sport par excellence. Burbee (I was down to L.A. and attended a Fabulous Burbee Party) is of course the most famous home-brewer (but he had none on hand for the party) but the Bushbies make pretty fine stuff, too. Home-brewing is legal in Washington, with at least two stores in Seattle selling nothing but home-brew supplies. Donaho and Curran are also thinking of making some, and have even gone to the extent of procuring a lot of supplies, but they've yet to actually make a batch. Ron Smith lives out in here in Canyon and he makes a batch now and then, too.

Moran's bit on cars didn't excite me much when I read it, but now, on re-reading, due to the fact that for the first time in my life I'm a car owner, I enjoyed it. I own a monster of a '53 Ford Wagon, painted a hideous puke green (Bloch named it the Raunch Wagon) and a dumpy little fishwife of a '51 Hillman Minx and both of them have to be babied something fierce. It's a slow week that I don't spend an evening or two working on one or the other or both.



- - - - -
Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Ind.
- - - - -

Got much enjoyment from the Harry Warner article; having a home which requires bloodhounds to find, I felt a personal thing about the subject. Lynn Superman Hickman found our house from my stupid, halting, over-the-phone directions -- a mind-grogging feat. Buck Coulson I sent a map to -- but he still had troubles. The one fantastic

thing was that five years ago a fan from Athens, Greece, came here to our alien land and drove right up to our door all on his own!! Obviously he is a direct descendant of Hercules or some great God of ancient times -- to puzzle out these winding, twisting, dead-end suburban development streets round us.

Enjoyed Deckinger's report on Metrofandom -- being far far away from club-fandom it all seems too wonderful to be actually within reach of a whole club fulla fans! Imagine holding a meeting on the grass in a park! Geeeeeeee!

- - - - -
Paul Shingleton, 320 26th St., Dunbar, West Virginia
- - - - -

Buck's reviews were okay, I suppose, (but) I think he's nuts in regards to Anderson's Brain Wave, one of the poorest book's Poul's written. Its plot is dry, dull, and generally uninteresting, and saying that it's better than Bester's Tiger! Tiger! is a damn crime. And (when) did VanVogt ever write a novel that wasn't confusing, overly done, poorly written, and a rehash-mish-mash of a poor plot reworked and polished to general c*r*u*d* ?

I can't see how anyone could say that Four From Planet Five wasn't good. It's clear that Buck hasn't seen the true merits of the book. It was entirely feasible, to me. Leinster belongs with the greats of sf like EFRussell, Heinlein, Silverberg, Bloch, etc. You're an old fuddy-duddy, Buck.

← Comments? →

- - - - -
Jan Penney, 3524 Chestnut St., New Orleans 15, La.
- - - - -

What's on the other end? Simple, like this:

Bloch

RYEan



↳ Other possibilities include Cogswell, Penney, Berry, Carr,
and a number of others which I shall leave to the fertile
imagininations of Bane's letterhacks ↳

- - - - -
Norm Metcalf, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida
- - - - -

Coulson: The first publication of "Gomez" in hardcovers was
back circa '56 when Michael Joseph brought out the Kornbluth collection, The
Mindworm. As a matter of fact most of the book has had previous book public-
ation despite the blurbs. And how do you feel that "Cordwainer Smith"'s writ-
ing is so outstanding? The story had no force; the entire mess was so ridicu-
lous that no amount of writing could make it come across. If a writer with
more ability had the idea he would either have discarded it or else revamped
it near the middle and turned out a story.

- - - - -
Bill Conner, 155 West Water St., Clillicothe, Ohio
- - - - -

I am a very interested reader of sf book reviews and also re-
views of the mag field, such as those found in Eney's Speculative Review.
This saves me the task of wading through page after page of crud to see if I
like a story which may be appearing in Amazing or Astounding well enough to
read all of it. It also saves me money which might be spent on a pb which I
couldn't possibly force myself to read. I have several of these in my collec-
tion now, such as The Sirens of Titan and The Funhouse; I think these two pb's
are shining examples of sick fiction which the publishers are trying to contam-
inate sf with. I don't give a yngvi what Tucker thinks about The Sirens,
either. On page 15 of The Funhouse I gagged; if the world ever comes to this,
I hope an Ed Hamilton invasion by EEM's wrecks it.

- - - - -
Bill Donaho, 1441 - 8th St., Berkeley 10, Cal.
- - - - -

...there isn't the slightest trace of foundation in the
(comment about Martha Cohen). Good old Dave McDonald began spreading these
slanders about Martha when she broke off with him. Almost any one of the New
York Futurians could tell you that Martha keeps every male at arms' length
(although, of course, most have tried to overcome her deplorable prejudice
against sex.)

↳ Martha Cohen, please accept my apologies.↳

Beginning below, faithful reader, you will notice the column which handles
quotes from letters which didn't quite merit the usual form of quoting above
(mostly because other letterhacks have said basically the same thing) and men-
tions of those who didn't write full letters of comment but contacted me, anyhow.
Thank you -- your comments are appreciated since the unprinted portions are
sent, via clippings, to the respective contributors.

Rog Ebert: "After a cursory look at the bacover, I can see that the only reason I didn't get the zine was that I am not the reincarnated son of Tharn, Ghodless beast from beyond the stars." :: Boyd Raeburn: "Your comments to Lichtman on Geis were hard to read, due to poor repro on that page, but from what I could read of it I find that I agree with you, and feel you expressed yourself very well." :: Joe Sanders: "Warner's article is interesting, but the R.R. system, at least as practiced around here, is highly irregular...R.R.#1 is located all around Roachdale, with little bits of #2 thrown in for laughs." :: Bill Plott: "Harry Warner definitely has underestimated the ability of younger fen to search out and corner BNF's and Pro's. I doubt if the barbed wire fence and teargas could stop a mob of fan-hungry neos armed with wire clippers and gas masks." :: Alan Dodd: "A Lovely little one-pager by Archie Mercer -- first class example of how to get an article, a story, and a pun, all in one page." :: Bob Warner: "put in a plug for Adkins and Barr covers...and plead with friend Plato Jones Hickman for a few (I consider several dozen a "few") interior illoes." :: Jim Groves: "Besides being a damn good pun (Archie Mercer's piece) it's also a change to see George Locke on the receiving end of faanfiction." :: Sam Lundwall: "I LOVE Vermouth." :: Ruth Berman: "Dodd is obviously a devotee of Hermes, god of trade, dexterity, and thieving." :: Jim Linwood: "Gerber sounds like quite a character, someone should introduce him to Alan Rispin." :: Ken Cheslin: "Do you hope to survive the next war?" :: Archie Mercer: "I'd just like to mention that I rather approved of the way you cut my story -- short as it was you didn't spoil it by cutting, for which accept my Mercatorial thanks. # On the whole I liked Bane, apart from one page which was blank. (The one following the Locke column, but as it was apparently by Alan Dodd it doesn't matter as much as it would have normally.)" :: Bob Jennings: "The main trouble with commenting on Bane is that you can never add anything to what is said...at least I can't. This is because so much of it is rambling, that of course I can't find anything clever enough to say, on the spur of a moment, that hasn't been said by someone in a carefully built article." :: "But what if the thing backfires, and Harry (Warner) finds hundreds of fans converging on his house, not to mention half a dozen fire trucks?" :: Bart Milroad: "If 'The Prescription' is typical of Archie Mercer's work, then I don't want to be forced to read any more of it."

Rod Frye didn't comment on Bane #1, being in a state of "eternal GAFIA". He did, however, send an illo and the faanfction found earlier in this issue. Les Nirenberg sent a photo -- something I wish more of our readers would do.

Terry Jeeves, Dick Schultz, and Steve Stiles sent artwork.

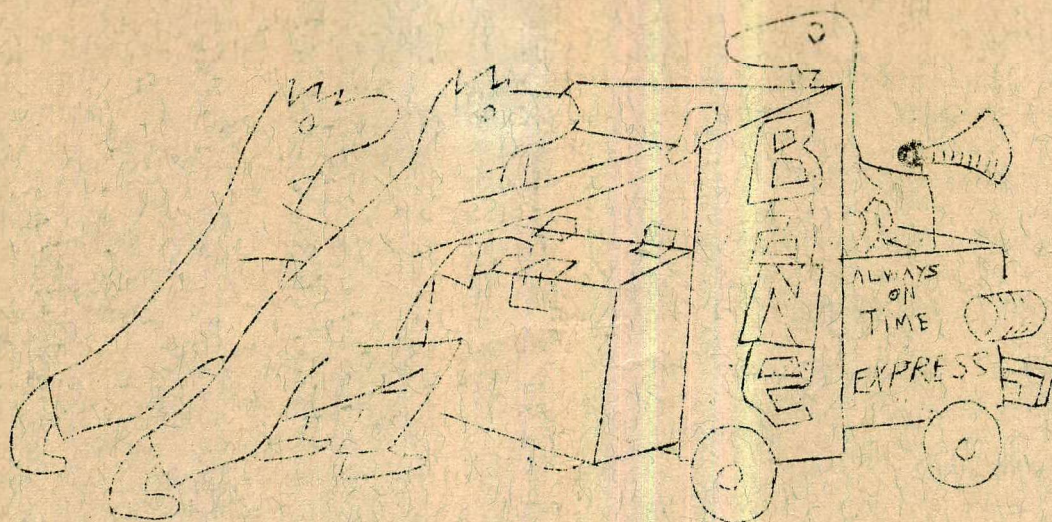
Thanks also, Gene Duplantier, Craig Cochran, Lynn Hickman, Walt Weiss, Dave Prosser, Bo Stenfors, Peter Singleton (through Alan Dodd), Carl Garrison, Chuck Owston, Jeff Wanshell, and Pete Skeberdis

- / - / - / - / - / - / - / - / - / - / - / - / -
("Recruiting Problem", continued from p. 16)

At this point, people start to life their heads and listen intently. "Brothers, the National Fantasy Fan Federation wants YOU!" (At this point, several draft dodgers leave the room, having taken the statement the wrong way.) "For only one dollar and sixty cents you can join our group, as well as receive our pamphlets and advice for an entire year!" The audience becomes more intent -- even those who were stone drunk begin to stir. Graham continues: "Come, friends, come up to the stage, and join our cause. We offer you everything for only a pittance in return." This does it, for most of the audience assumes this either means free liquor or free love or something of that order. As one they rush to the front of the tent, where Graham is standing, drop their money in the coffer, and thus trap themselves in the NSF.

Simple, isn't it?

All we have to do now is figure out a way to get Billy Grajam to join the N3F.
 - - - - - Bob Lichtman



Sept. 10, 1960

Friends,

This page is the only one yet to be printed -- the rest are done, and sitting, in neat stacks, in my farden. This page exists not only to make the page count come out accurately, but to get a few things off my puny chest.

First, the delay: this is explained on page 6, and is my only excuse; the next issue is due to be mailed the twenty-third of October, and this time, I'll make it, Oscar or no.

And the issue itself: Please complain not about the repro or suggest that it might be better. Redd Boggs has helped me (and Bob Tucker, too), to attain this state, and I believe it's pretty much all that can be expected of my old, second-hand, AB Dick. The tooling of the issue is another thing indeed -- I still have much to learn about using a lettering stylus (perhaps a T-square would help, eh?) but even more so about stencilling illoes. I intend to buy better stencils -- about 4¢ apiece better, in fact -- as well as purchase a mimeoscope, when finances permit -- and, for that matter, as yet, I've been unable to find even a drawing plate.

So, apologies to the artists represented herein; I hope to improve, in time.

Ray Cummings (1701 Butternut Drive, St. Louis 31, Mo.) has "several years" of completed issues of ASF, F&SF, and GALAXY, that he's willing to trade for hard cover sf and fantasy. Write him, if you have anything to trade.

I just can't keep up; that is, in addition to the eighteen printed letters (nineteen, counting Sid Birchby's), 32 also-heard-from's, for a total of 51 letters from various people, there've been 12 missives since everything else was printed, making a grand total of 63 people who wrote -- I'd say that was pretty good response, and doesn't include new trades without messages to me, or those who wrote twice (like Wilson, 'frinstance). The other twelve were Ken McIntyre, Sture Sedolin, George Wagner, John Boston, Alan Boatman, Andy Offutt, Don Franson, Tom Milton, Ken Herberg, Jim Turner, Ed Meskys, Chris Miller, Ed Gorman. Come to think of that, that makes thirteen, so revise the total number appropriately, please.

And it's just about over. Everything printed except this which I'm typing at the moment. To show my good faith, and optimism, I've dated this stencil, so you can judge accurately how long the finishing of the issue -- one page of printing, stapling, addressing, and mailing -- takes me. It's been hectic, this slipsheeting 260 copies of each and every page, and although I never want to print this many copies again, it has been sorta fun.

Best, Vic

Forasmuch as

- () You wrote
- () And your letter is printed herein
- () You contributed to #
- () You have sent your fanzine
- () You are a neighbor
- () There is egoboo for you within these here pages
- () You reviewed
- () You subbed

And the last issue due you is # _____

Perhaps?

- () You will write?
- () You will contribute?
- (✓) You will trade?
VORPAL GLASS?
- () You will review
- () You will sub

Miscellaneous

- () Reply or be cut
- () You're likely to be cut
- () Unfirm status
- () Well set
- () 9999. Like

Roughly the last issue due you, give or take one, is, # _____



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Paul and Karen Anderson

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CALIFORNIA*

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