

COLLECTOR

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PRODUCED BY HOWARD DEVORE

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in '66

COLLECTOR

THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE



WATLING STREET I bought another car this week, a '51 Hudson that I know is in good condition, for \$50. I figure it will do for Cheryl to drive to college - the Chevy has reached the point where I don't trust it any longer. I've pulled the two good tires off it (the Chevy that is - the Hudson has \$50 worth of tires on it) and am willing to take anything from \$15 up for it. If I have to junk it I'll first pull off the rest of the good parts. I figure there's enough to fill an ornage crate.

I too laugh at your thought of hauling away fifteen boxes. I moved into this house almost exactly nine years ago. Roger Sims & George Young helped me move. My book and magazine collection was hauled in installments. We needed the boxes for re-loading so each time we would stack them against an upstairs wall. We wound up with a stack six feet square by four feet high. I suspect that I've more than doubled that since that time. For the Chicon; I loaded the hearse up window high and had only one copy of most of the duplicates. Then I also had a few pieces also that I'd taken to Chicago in May.

Matter of fact Nancy Kemp told me one of the nicest things about the Chicon was the thought of getting my boxes out of her living room. Dean Mc Laughlin and I made a Chicago trip in May. Kemp had said that he could store some stuff till Chicon time so we took along a load. Earl said; "Just stack them here in the living room. I'll store them somewhere tomorrow". Nancy say's that he never got around to it and furthermore that other material kept coming in through July & August. It was stacked wherever it was easy and by Chicon time there was just a path through the living room.

STUPEFYING STORIES I think the cover far outranked the written matter. I rather liked Coventry at first, but I really don't care to plow through a lot of it or of similar stuff. By the way Betty Kujawa brought up something that deserves mention.

"With all these city folks walking around Blanchard & tramping through pastures I do hope they'll watch where they step".

FLABBERGASTING You shuda entered the N3F story contest, there were so few entries that you'd have stood an excellent chance. I think the old Flash Gordon serial is still making the rounds as a full length movie, saw an advertismnt for "Mars Attacks The World" recently & I think that was the re-title.

My daughter is over 18 now & the current boy friend has been around for close to two years now, he hasn't called me Pop yet but I think the thought is there. He tows the line just fine, but doesn't seem a proper teen ager to me. He works regular and is putting himself through college.

Your mention of the Foundation series reminded me of an oddity. Doubleday has just issued one or more of them in trade editions. Somebody slipped up! They are obviously reproduced by photo-offset and they reproduced the title page listing Gnome Press as the publisher. They have used Greenberg's name, his gnome symbol & stated that they are a "First Edition". I think Marty's got them over a barrel legally.

PER QUE Something else from the Chicon. Martin Alger suggested to Bloch that we get out the hearse (from the garage) and take Bloch sight seeing. Before it was all over Alger had offered to send Bloch a set of the hearse curtains, well seeped in pschic emanations. Well, Bloch got his curtains some months ago and has expressed deep plea asure in them. I've got one of the remainigg sets & am trying to decide how to frame my Weird Tales with them.

You & Jim going to make the Discon? I don't expect to but if enough of you nice Seattle people show up it might change my mind.

STUMPING Jim, do you know anything of a hand made cannon produced in Africe by a native. Sew an article on it once. The native served in the British (?) army and when he returned to his home produced this one on a gasoline lathe. Barrel was made in short sections & screwed together. Having no shells he machines some from solid cast iron & supposedly the accuracy was better than British army equipment.

Disgusted ?

None more than I. I finished the stencils and started to run this off on December 30th. Tried the latest acquisition, it had some minor troubles so I put the machine aside and pulled out the A.F. Dick 77. This machine has a closed run, automatic feed, ect and it would be only a matter of minutes to start it running.

I filled the drum, stuck Lewis's first stencil on, and it was a total flop! He'd mentioned that the typewriter he was using might not cut good stencils, so I switched to my own stencils.

After much experimentation I found that I'd used a batch of very bad stencils. I couldn't get enough ink on Lewis's stencils, and no matter what I did I wound up with too much ink on my own stencils.

I finally gave up in disgust after running my own stencils.

I dug back into the attic, sure enuf there was another mimeo (much of my equipment is still stored across town). In any case I tried it. It did a fair job, but the automatic feed had been disconnected and mounted on the multilith.

I hand fed Lewis's sheets through and called it a day.

In any case; I've finally got a feed back on the last machine and am finishing this final stencil as an apology and experiment.

I will accept without protest the CElephant's ruling on legab-ility & accept whatever portion of credit he announces.

HOBGOBLIN This one will be directed primarily to Ted White. I too, am sick and tired of hearing comments to the effect that something is pornographic. I'm reminded of various times when I've worked in local factories and my co-workers wanted me to find them some "hot books". Rather than bother explaining standards to them (and I did that for several years), and legalities I worked out a counter move.

I explain, "Well, yes, I handle a little of that stuff, but only the best material. Now, I've got a batch of paper-back stuff from Belgium, but it'll cost you \$10 flat & because of the law I've got to sell it to you in a sealed package. If you want to take a chance give the ten to me now and I'll bring you the book tomorrow". In the last ten years nobody has trusted me ten dollars worth. When and if they do I'll have to send them elsewhere in any case.

There is very little of that stuff in Detroit. Roughly ten years ago the boys in blue cleaned up the town, some of the local book dealers did from 30 days to 18 months in the pekey. This was awfully discouraging to the others. In '58 I dropped in to see a local dealer. I'd done business with the owner for close to fifteen years (and with the previous owner). He knew me as running a mail-order business and we often discussed the other book dealers in town. I was (I believe) considered a member of the fraternity. In any case; He mentioned that a local dealer was being watched and that he was glad he'd never fooled with the stuff. As an old friend & wholesale buyer I had the run of the place, so a little later I said, "Think I'll look over the attic and see what you've picked up". I went off to his store room.

A little later I ran into a box in the attic containing about a hundred pieces of "hard core" pornography but for fifteen years I'd been told he wouldn't touch the stuff!

I'd disagree with you completely on the Chicon, but then as you say, you blew your wad & I made around \$400 for the week end. Fanny, how these little things will make a difference isn't it?

.....
If it works properly I'll be running this zine on my latest acquisition. Saturday (Dec 22) I wandered into the Salvation Army. I sneered at an old NeoStyle hand feed mimeo (at \$5) and pounced happily upon a Lettergraph manufactured by Heyer Corp. It appears to be in exc condition with the exception of the link arm between the cam and the paper feed (it's now been replaced) and I pointed at it, asked the clerk, "What's that half of the mimeo worth and do you have the rest of it somewhere?" Convinced that he couldn't sell "part of a mimeograph" he priced it at 50¢ and I bore my price proudly through the door.

.....
PLEASURE UNITS It seems to me that Midwestcons are stagnating, it's the same old crowd but "it's the same old crowd" and there's no new excitement and I'd lay this to the dying magazines. I can't help recalling Midwestcons of ten years ago when people flew 1,000 miles to attend a minor convention. People played the piano & threw fire-crackers until dawn.

Oh, it was never like this in the good old days. I think perhaps these neofen are ruining things. That in turn reminds me of an incident at the Pittcon. This young self-important fan walked up to me and said, "The place is just lousy with neofen" and I was feeling so generous that I didn't point out that he was one of them! He'd been around for all of six months at the time.

I had a minor run-in with the post office last year with a pkg at the P.O., so I took a trip there. The pkg was plainly marked "Printed Matter". Someone had tampered with it and they wanted their money. I paid it, turned the pkg over to the post office, forcible entry & asked the clerk why it was 1st Class. He said "so - thereupon I cut the string, opened the pkg, put it back in the box and showed him to show me any 1st Class matter enclosed. He said "put out my hand palm up and told him to return my \$1.25. After a long run I got my money.

Know Ye, that,
being possessed of periphastic vision
and a vivid imagination has been
accepted as a charter member of the

Peeping Tom Society

Evidence of advanced age or senility
shall not serve to qualify, invalidate
or limit this membership.

W. Ballard

PRESIDENT

THE ZED Karen, you've brought up a point that leads me to complain of still another injustice regarding The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction. Many of you are aware that Doubleday issues an annual anthology from the magazine. Therefore when the magazine buys a story the contract specifies that they have first reprint rights for which they pay a niggardly sum! Let us assume that Heinlein sells them a short story. The story is good, Conklin wants it for a collection. He offers \$150 (course with Heinlein you hardly make an offer, it's more like Flamingam gets the price) but in any case he has an offer of 150 rocks BUT the magazine ties his hands and provides him with their \$25 hand out.

THRU THE PORTHOLE My complaint with Brian Aldiss's writings are not as he seems to assume. I do not consider him another John Russell Fearn but I don't feel that it is worth wading through his current material. It seems to me that he is rushing at his work & doing far less than his best. I for one voted for him as "Promising Author" in '59. I did my best to encourage local fans to do likewise, but I feel that he did not fulfill the promise! The Hathouse series started out well enough, but as they progressed errors kept popping up - not technical errors but inconsistencies were all over the place. Someone, (I believe it was McKenna) listed a huge number of them in a examination of the series in WINTER.

I for one, do not believe they (the Hathouse series) were eligible for a huge award at Chicon. Why, you ask, have I not mentioned this earlier? For an excellent reason ... In '61 I worked on the committee that set up the permanent Hugo awards. We had a lot of discussion on how to define categories and reached the conclusion that a story should be classed as fans voted for it. If a publisher listed a story as a novel & the fans voted it in as best (novelette) "Short Fiction" then the committee would be morally bound to accept it as "short fiction".

I find no fault with the fact that Aldiss may write a story based on sex. If Brian does one & does it well I'll be the first to admit it. He can write for the pure sex outfits if he wants to. This is a money matter, I ask only that it be done honestly and under his own name. I have respect for Jim Harmon because he admits that he is doing it to earn a living. I may titter at the idiots who read it but Harmon has become (to me) a follower of the great Barnum.

Brian says that he is doing what he can to further Science Fiction. I have no reason to question this statement. I may not agree with him but I respect his statement and can only say that I frequently express myself badly. If I've done him harm (from his letter I assume he feels that I meant to be vicious) then I offer my object apology.

Two weeks ago I got an advance copy of Podkayne of Mars (Hard cover, Doubleday, to be released in February). Now, I've admired Heinlein for better than 20 years, and still consider him the Master - but I'm getting awful tired of his superior teen age girls. Starting with Star Beast he's done far too many with the same characterization

I've finally recalled just where I was in England. I was at Chelveston, ran across the name in Black Thursday, story of the ball bearing raids in Germany. I was a ball turret ganner in a B-17 at the time. I wouldn't have been parking trucks in the village square but I might well have leaned a drunken bicycle against the pub wall somewhere.

The name Chelveston was brought to me rather dramatically in the book, when the author mentioned the first big ball bearing raid. It seems that Chelveston sent out 16 planes & only three returned. I was one of the replacements for the thirteen lost crews! We checked into the base & were assigned to a barracks. We were told that this was the "lucky" barracks. Individuals had been injured but in two years they had never lost a complete crew .. so, ten days later one of the crews suffered bad damage & were last seen heading for Sweden. This was just the thing to cheer us up!

I never knew how the final scoring went. I left the base (& that particular crew) some eight weeks later & never saw any of them again.

IGNATZ You expect to like Europe? If you're willing to do without what most American women consider essential perhaps you will - but, if you go over there expecting something quaint & cute and at the same time think you're going to find it a duplicate of America you're going to be surprised.

Just remembered one of the times Sybil made a hospital trip. Two-three years ago she was working as a Secretary at Ford Engineering. It's about 1½ miles from home & I'd pick her up every evening. So, one evening I take the run over, she wasn't there.

I figured she must have got a ride home and came home - she wasn't here. There's only one logical route home, she wasn't walking & she hadn't called home. I made the return trip & asked the guard at the gate if he would check the building corridors as she'd been sick & might have fainted. He told me minutes before quitting time they had taken her to the local hospital in an ambulance.

It turned out that she had fainted just minutes before quitting time. The plant doctor made a flying trip, saw that nothing serious was wrong and since his staff was due to leave at 4:30 had the company ambulance take her to the hospital for recovery.

At the hospital they gave her a shot to keep her out for an hour or so. Everybody thought I'd been notified. So, I pulled up at the emergency door, and walked inside to see her walking down the aisle toward me. She walked up to me, said; "I fainted, they've released me and I'm ready to go home now".

I turned to the admitting desk, staffed with an aide, intern, or something and announced in a loud clear voice; "Don't you bastards own a telephone? This would be a goddamn good place to die". Before he & I could discuss it any further Sybil had pushed me through the door and I was on my way home.

The Detroit papers have been running a series of article on so-called ranches being sold around El Paso, Kingman, Arizona, etc. Apparently there's been a batch of them sold in Michigan. I've seen book matches advertising the fool things and last year at the Michigan state fair some outfit was promoting them. They'd hold a daily drawing and give away a lot. After the fair was over several thousand people found that they'd also won 2 acres or some such thing. There was the small matter of \$49.50 for legal fees, clearing costs, etc.

Eventually the state heard of it and they'd like to see the promoters again, for about 2 to 5 years. Naturally they're back in New Mexico, or Arizona, or wherever they came from.

SPACEWARP Add to personalities now in the N3F Ted Cogswell, and I didn't even notice that he was drunk at the Chicon! Being in the Air Force I knew a different version of "Take Down Your Service Flag Mother ... for your son's in the ATS (Army Transport Service) which flew back and forth, giving the man roughly 50% of his time in the states.

RETRO You mean to say it took you six weeks to leave Chicago. Right! There's just too many APA's. There's the question of what to do with the new fan .. in previous (oh say 10) years the average would-be fanzine publisher simply didn't have the cash to spread around. When & if he could afford to get into any apa he was probably limited to one of them. The majority of would be fan producers contented themselves with supplying material to publishers. I think this was a good thing, in that it made it possible for him to gain a little experience before he committed himself by buying a machine & spoiling paper in larger amounts.

I think there's little doubt that more good fanzines are being produced than there were in the 40's but do we need that many fanzines, good or bad? In the early and even mid-40's a publishing fan knew just about every other publishing fan and they were aware of all discussions going on at the time. Now, a man would have to work full time just to keep up with the apa's. Consequently most publishing fans fall into a rut, they join one or more apa's and may lose interest in what's happening elsewhere, soon you've got a round robin of subjects that run in circles, much like their masters.

Fred Prophet doesn't need a reason for drinking ten double scotches in an hour & a half. Tho' if you insist, availability seems the logical answer.

You need not fear that fans will go hungry at Blanchard. I am attempting to make arrangements with Mrs Ballard. he'll pack box lunches each day and I will personally deliver them to those fans who are in the mood to eat.

I am opposed to any apa where you are required to produce for each mailing. Where I've got a choice I can manage to produce something but if I was compelled to do so I have a feeling that the pressure would force me out of the organization. Using your figures it's entirely possible that Wrai might be the only one continuously active longer than me. I've always thought of myself as being a stand-by, sort of following the old timers. Would someone check and see if this is the situation.

Your vague mention of swashbuckling reminds me of Arthur Louis Joquel at the Chicon II. He ran down a flight of steps with cloak flaring behind him screaming, "Watch me Swashbuckle".

Did you notice PAUL SMITH of Chicago at the Chicon? This is the same creep that has shown up at Detroit, Pittsburgh, & Chicago. He pushes his way into a party, grabs someone by the shoulder & says, "You've got it all wrong, here, I'll tell you how it works" and goes on, in a loud firm voice until everyone leaves the room. We had him at Detroit. I knew only that he was objectionable & that he wasn't a portion of the Chicago crowd.

He broke up several parties on the first night of the Pittcon, the second night he tried to force his way into a First Fandom meeting. I'd been downstairs, about the fourth or fifth floor & wandered into a private party by mistake. Seems three old Army buddies were getting together, they had 3-4 fifths & the wife of one of them.

They were quietly dancing & getting drunk. So, I excused myself & headed up to the First Fandom meet. I knocked on the door & Skirvin opened it. I walked through and good old Paul tried to come in behind me. He was dead drunk & had a fifth in each coat pocket. Skirvin explained that it was private party but this wasn't sufficient.

Smith had paid his three bucks (& convention dues) & he wanted in. While Stan and I argued with him Ferd walked up. We finally convinced him he couldn't come in but he wanted to go to a party! I then suggested that he go to the party I'd just left, figuring that in his condition the soldiers would either slug him or call the house dick. Even then he suspected we were putting him off and threatened to come back if the party wasn't ~~xxxxx~~ on the fifth floor. "You don't want a fool with me, I'm a kurate expert". Whereupon Ferd told him that we had three Black Belt men at the party and I suggested that he hunt me up personally if he couldn't get satisfaction on the fifth floor.

I didn't hear any mention of him at Seattle but he was definitely at Chicon. He wound up the dancing after the masquerade ball. Some hours later I was leaving the Washington party when I saw Fred Prophet coming down the hall. In each hand he bore an untarnished bottle of goodies. I stopped him and admired his lovely children, asking where he'd found such treasures.

He said, "Remember Paul Smith? He was making an ass of himself in the N3F room and Jim & I decided to rescue them from him. I'm taking his liquor to help out the Washington boys & Jim is trying to get him out of the elevator. We figured that we'd better take care of the important things first."

Soon after Jim Broderick appeared, with Smith draped over his shoulder, bleary eyed, asking, "Have they got enough liquor at this party? I've got a lot of it in my room, I could go get some for the party".

I suspect that Jim played shepherd on him for awhile & then sent him off in all directions.