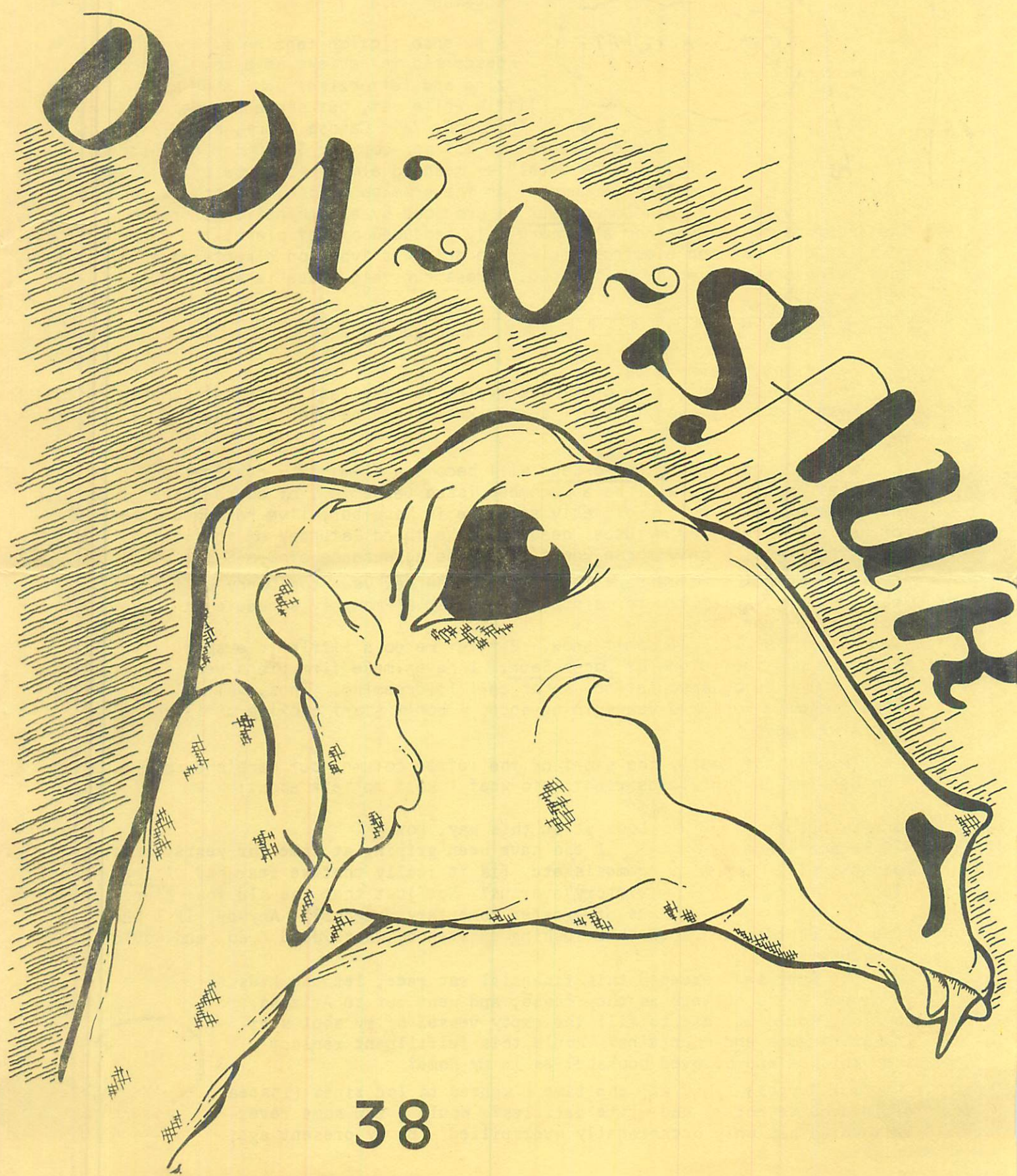


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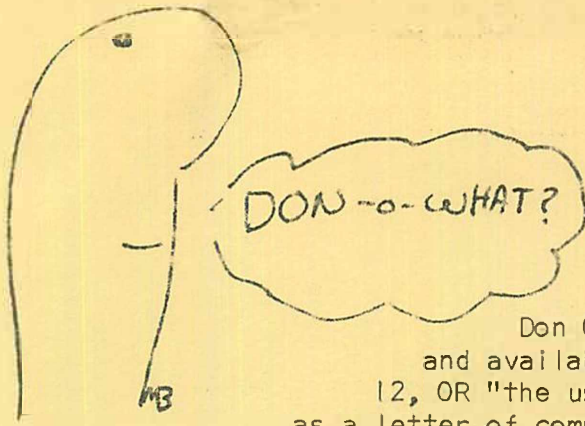




# DON-O-SAUR 38

November 1974

Vol. IV No. 2



A science fiction fanzine of sorts (most often described in reviews as a combination personal-zine and letterzine) published monthly (for a little while yet, but see announcement below) by Don C. Thompson, 7498 Canosa Court, Westminster, CO 80030, and available for 25¢ per copy or \$2.50 for a subscription of 12, OR "the usual" -- meaning almost any show of interest, such as a letter of comment or the promise of one, artwork, or a copy of your fanzine. Don-o-Saur is produced by a combination of repro techniques: The front cover is run from a commercially produced offset plate; the other artwork in this issue is done on electrostencil; the print is typed on direct-image offset masters. The press is an AM Multi-1000. Press run this issue is about 300.

Any questions?



All right. Here it is.

The Announcement. The one I was trying to make last month but somehow managed to talk myself out of, even though I surely knew the 'nature' of what would have to be done.

Starting next year, Don-o-Saur will become a bi-monthly publication.

That means there will be a December issue (assuming, of course, that I can get the November issue out, preferably sometime in November; I've resigned myself to not having it ready by my usual deadline, the third Saturday of the month. That's the 16th, which is only three weeks after the appearance of D-o-S 37!).

There will be no January 1975 issue. The new year for Donny will start in February, and I will try to maintain a regular bi-monthly schedule at least through that entire year.

After that . . . I don't know. But let me do a little idle speculating about my future and the future of Don-o-Saur. I never make firm plans very far in advance, but I enjoy speculating -- or call it dreaming. Thus, while I buy memberships in World Cons two years in advance, I don't start packing until the night before we leave.

This is not really the start of the letter column, but here's a communication from Ben Indick that leads right into what I want to talk about:

Ben P. Indick  
428 Sagamore Ave.  
Teaneck, N.J.  
07666

Look at it this way, Don,

I too have been griping at Time for years. Enemy, nemesis etc. (is it really that we fear his ultimate victory over us? Not just that the old foof simply robs us of greater momentary freedom?) Anyway, IF I had

time and decided to chuck this rushing existence, what would I do, and would I be happier?

1.) Suppose I escaped this financial rat race, let the kids go or not go to college as they chose, and went out to Arizona. How long would it take to fill the empty vessel of my soul staring at canyons and mountains? Would this fulfillment replace the vanished and beloved bookshelves in my home?

2.) Suppose I had all the time I wanted to loc zines (instead of inadequate notes) and write articles? Would I tap some reservoir which has only occasionally overspilled? By my present age, unlikely!



Nope. Time is no real enemy and we are not always our own worst enemies either. "Life," according to a song in the play "Zorba" adapted from the flam- ingly alive Kazantzakis book, "is what you do until you die." Yup.

In your case, DOS is, I would think, of great personal importance. I suspect that you would do it even if only a hand- ful of readers felt it was good. It is like a story or article (or play, yesterday- decade) I would write. I do not really write it because I want approval; and once written, I do no more with it. The writ- ing, the act of catharsis, is enough. It is an act of pure Wagnerian love/hate -- even death. You will do DOS so long as it fulfills a creature need -- and when there is no longer the need and it is therefore a chore, you will cease. Those of us who enjoy your convivial personality hope this won't be for a long time . . .



Incidentally, a number of people seem to have gotten the idea from last month's discourse that I was actually contemplating the demise of Don-o-Saur. Sorry if I scared anyone. At the same time I apologize if my true intention -- cutting back to a bi-monthly publication schedule -- seems awfully dull, bland, anticlimactic. To me it seemed like a major development.

Ben Indick is right: DOS is of great personal importance to me, and it was with an enormous sense of . . . well, of defeat, almost . . . that I made the decision. That's really silly. I decline to try to explain it. Ben's word "catharsis" provides all the clue that should be necessary.

Ben is undoubtedly right on his other points too, including the one that time is no enemy. My protests about the injustices of time may very well be nothing but a reflexive verbal shudder. In any event it is undeniably true that I manage to find the time to do the things I really want to do. (I take time off to attend World Cons and MileHiCon; I make time to do Don-o-Saur -- and will for as long as it re- mains something I really want to do).

I was going to do some dreaming aloud -- some organized speculating -- about my future. I had a birthday not long ago -- the 10th of this month. It was my 47th. The age of 50 looms ominously.

It's about time, isn't it, that I started doing some serious thinking about what I want to do when I grow up?

Lately I've been telling people (seemingly in semi-jest but partly with inner seriousness, at least to the extent of listening carefully to my own words just to hear how the idea sounds when spoken aloud) that I intend to retire at age 50 -- to quit all (well, both) my jobs, and . . .

Yeah, AND what?

And write, is what I usually manage to say, but never without hesitation, for I have no deep inner certainty that I could go to full time writing. I don't know whether I have the discipline, or the will, or even the talent.

But damn! I'd sure like to find out, and there's only one way to do it.

An infinitude of objections can be and are raised, some by Carolyn, some by friends (not intended as objections but as simple observations, not the least telling



of which is that ordinarily anyone who has the ability to write commercially knows about it and is in fact doing it long before the age of 50), and quite a few by myself.

One of Carolyn's very valid objections coincides with a point touched upon by Ben Indick. I have a daughter in college (also a son, but he's been pretty much self-supporting for the past couple of years and is a burden only in that I can no longer claim him as a tax exemption; but there's another son who'll be ready to enter college just as I'm ready to make my big withdrawal). Claudia's college career has not placed any appreciable strain on the budget so far because she's attending Metro State College (which is where I teach, but children of faculty members do not get a tuition discount as at some schools, because the cost is already the lowest of any school in the state -- \$116 per quarter). However, Claudia is planning to spend her senior year abroad -- in Scotland. That will be expensive. I have promised her that there will be no financial problems.

I have no answer to this argument of educational obligation. If it is necessary for me to work two jobs (or even three or four) to send my children to college, then of course I will do it.

But I can hope.

All my own objections are based on an absence of self-confidence. Just suppose (even as Ben Indick supposes) that I could summon the courage to escape my financial rat race and either let the kids take care of their own education or counted upon my writing to provide for their needs and my own -- what would I write?

Fiction, maybe? Do I really think I could write and sell fiction if I turned my full energies to it? The evidence is underwhelming. None of my recent fiction has sold, not that I've written very much and not that I've kept it constantly on the market, but I felt that I've given the editors a fair chance to snap up my stuff if they really wanted it.

(At MileHiCon 6, Lois Newman was selling copies of the March 1954 Galaxy, and I was giving 20th anniversary autographs; what I was careful not to call attention to was the fact that my story in that issue was written just about a year before it was published, which means that the high point of my writing career occurred more than 21 years ago!)

I've never been very much interested in writing the kind of non-fiction articles that there's the biggest market for -- personality interviews, exposés, in-depth news features, etc. That's basically reporting, and if I wanted to I could (probably, if I really wanted to) get myself assigned to the reporting staff of the Rocky Mountain News, but I discovered a long time ago that the life of a copy editor is a great deal more suitable to my temperament than is a reporter's.

The kind of writing that I do best (I mean easiest, of course), there seems to be very little demand for. Who would want to pay for the kind of highly personal, totally subjective, rambling, often pointless discourses that I do in Don-o-Saur?

It occurs to me, in an almost mind-boggling, embarrassing hot flash, that there is actually a positive answer to that question.

I do have a certain number of paid subscribers -- individuals who have paid real money for the privilege of receiving and presumably reading DoS!

It's kind of a sobering thought, but I hasten to add that it does not impel me to a total emulation of Richard E. Gels, who does, almost, manage to make a living of sorts with The Alien Critic. Gels has only himself to support, not a wife and children -- and anyway, I believe, he still has to pound out a porn novel now and then to make ends meet. So to speak.

Pornography.

That's still a lucrative market, I guess. I wonder if I could write porn?

I think I probably could -- if I really wanted to. The prospect doesn't stir much enthusiasm in me, and so I doubt that I'll ever want to do it strongly enough to make a determined effort.

(I used to read pornography, back when it was difficult to get and there was a certain thrill of the forbidden about it, in addition to whatever sexual stimulation it provided. But now that it's everywhere I seldom bother. The last one I even tried was Bob Vardeman's (sorry! I mean Edward George's) Pleasure Planet. I know that the writing quality of that book is considerably higher than the average for that type, but I still just couldn't hack it. It amazes me that anyone still reads the junk, especially now that the ultra-explicit, triple-X skin flicks are so accessible and at comparable prices, or better. Denver has at least two porno movie palaces [all right, hovels] with an admittance price of 99¢, wherein anyone can and some probably do spend hours and hours in observation of the fleshly delights. The average porno book is at least double that price, I'm sure. And yet people still buy the books. Probably it has something to do with the imagination still being the strongest aphrodisiac. I would have said that pornography books leave nothing to the imagination, but I suppose that compared to the films, they do).

While I'm already off on a tangent, and while I'm trying to remember (or decide) what I was talking about, I hope you'll permit me to interject an explanatory note about Pleasure Planet.

Not the book -- the movie.

You may remember that a few months ago I described in some detail a DASFA meeting during which we planned, wrote, cast, rehearsed, and filmed a low-budget movie. I indicated both by implication and by coming right out and saying so that the film was based loosely (and I tried to emphasize that word) on Vardebob's book. To be really clear I should probably have said that the only thing the book and the movie had in common was the title (okay, and the fact that BV had a hand-- or at least a finger--in both of them).

The movie had its world premiere, not at World Con as some of us were hoping, but at MileHiCon, right here in Denver, on Oct. 26, and was viewed by approximately 300 people. Some of those, I fear, were disappointed (though perhaps an equal number were relieved) because the advance publicity had somehow led them to expect something a good deal spicier than what was actually offered. Some of the mail I have received on the subject has seemed to hint at a similar misconception. Really, I didn't mean to arouse unfulfillable expectations in anyone with my report, and I apologize if I did so. Actually, in spite of my vivid descriptions, there is not a single scene in the entire 20-minute production that could justify even a single-X rating. (Although . . . that scene where Gail Barton as the alien throw-rug devours the Mad Professor is sure as hell exciting!).

So for those of you who have inquired as to the availability of the film for private showings, my honest advice is this: Forget it. You'd be almost certain to be disappointed, especially if you don't know the actors and director personally. And here's some additional frank and friendly advice: If the idea seems like fun, why make your own movie! I just know that yours would be as good as ours -- at least.

+++++

I remember now what I was talking about previously -- my "plans" for retirement: I was wondering aloud about what kind of writing I might have a chance of being successful at. (It was two or three days ago, in case you're wondering about my uncertainty of recollection).

There's still no answer in my mind to the question of what I could or should write, but I've thought of a couple more things I want to say on the general subject.

One of them may not have anything to do with anything much, but I think it's

kind of interesting. A few days ago I got a letter from Tony Jones in New York, inviting me to become a staff member or contributor to a resurrected Harper's Weekly. But maybe you got the same letter, in which case you know it isn't quite as impressive as it sounds.

Tony Jones is -- or was, if he really did quit his job -- associate editor of Harper's magazine, and what he has in mind with the new publication, apparently, is for it to become a sort of journal of opinion -- but written by the readers, not by staff writers. It would be "a collection of points of view. A swatch of our consciousness. An on-going biopsy of our civilization. . . A kind of extended variant of the Op-Ed page of The New York Times, the letters to the editors of all times, hubbubby, and reflective of our civilization..."

Far out.

(With the letter, Tony is also trying to sell subscriptions, of course. They are \$3 for 12 issues. But the form includes a coupon for reactions, whether you subscribe or not).

I haven't done anything with the letter or the reaction-subscription form, except not throw them away, and that's a fairly significant step in itself, even though in a negative sense. I don't even know whether I will do anything. I thought I might at least write to Tony and tell him that the proper name for his project is "letterzine," and suggest that if he would consider patterning it after some of the ghould zines in SF fandom, he just might accidentally come up with something worth reading. But I expect it would be wasted effort, involving a more detailed and drawn-out educational process than either Tony or I would have time for. And anyway he probably has his own ideas about what he wants to do with his new zine.

Probably the real reason I haven't thrown his letter away is that he mentions the prospect for a \$25 "honorarium" for contributions used. I'm considering HW as a potential market for my stuff when I turn to full-time writing.

The other thing I wanted to mention is that next quarter (Jan.-March) at Metropolitan State College, I will be teaching a new course in Science Fiction Writing.

I feel sort of silly -- guilty, almost-- teaching such a course in the absence of any evidence over the past 20 years or so that I know anything about writing SF. The fact that some of the MSC professors who teach creative writing have never sold anything is of no special reassurance either -- especially since there is one MSC creative writing professor -- Vance Aandahl -- who is far better qualified than I am to teach the subject. Vance not only has sold, he still does sell (he'll have a new story in F&SF within the next couple of months), and what's more his name is known and respected by knowledgeable SF critics -- one, at least.

(What I have in mine with that last comment is Don D'Amassa who, in MYTHOLOGIES II, has a





perceptive and scholarly analysis of Aandahl's works, which have been few in number but outstanding in talent ((that's my evaluation; but Don says basically the same thing)). I showed the MYTHOLOGIES article to Vance. His reaction was a mixture of pleasure and . . . well, I'm not sure. Embarrassment, to some extent at least. A touch of pride, possibly, but not unmixed with chagrin. He expressed surprise that anyone would consider his works worthy of analysis, but my intuition is that he would much rather the article had appeared in something like EXTRAPOLATION or RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY (or better still THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR!) instead of in such an obviously amateurish and virtually unknown publication. However he read the piece carefully and said he'd like to have a copy of the publication for his files. I suggested that he write to the editor and ask for one but he seemed disinclined to take such action, so I'll have to ask Don to send a copy to Vance, c/o English Department, Metropolitan State College, Denver CO 80204. In exchange I'll even loc MYTHOLOGIES, Don -- promise!

Anyway, about this SF writing course -- I had tried for several years to get Vance to offer the class, but he declined on grounds that 1) in his regular creative writing courses he permitted and even encouraged the use of SF and fantasy themes for students who were interested in them; and 2) his own writing, even though published for the most part in F&SF, could not properly be classified as science fiction, nor does he claim any special familiarity with the SF field.

He maintained that I should initiate the course.

At an English faculty meeting last spring, for reasons that are too complicated, obscure and downright dull to go into, a consensus was arrived at that creative writing courses could and should occasionally be taught by people other than the three or four who usually teach them. At some point in the proceedings I became aware of my voice proclaiming a readiness to teach science fiction writing.

And the next thing I knew the class had been scheduled.

And now I'm worrying about how I'm going to teach it. Don't fret; I'm not going to inflict the details of my concern upon you. I have some fairly definite ideas for the course and I'm actually sort of eager to see how they work out.

But it would sure be nice to have some kind of inner assurance of my competency -- or better still some evidence . . . like a check for a recent sale, for instance.

Well, it is unlikely that I'm going to sell anything between now and the first of next year. But another wellspring of my shakiness is the fact that I haven't even written anything science fictional for well over a year now.

There is a chance I can do something about that. (I'm writing it down here in an effort to put it on the basis of a fairly firm self-promise; I'm more likely to keep such promises if they become a matter of public record). During the full month that I'll have off from Metro between Fall and Winter quarters, I will try to get a story written. And if I can't do it, how the hell can I expect my students to do it?

Okay. Meanwhile . . .

Since I have not yet written anything new, and since I have not been able to sell anything old, and since I have the problem of somehow filling DOS 38, and since I did more or less warn you about this last issue; you can't accuse me of taking you utterly by surprise; what I do intend to inflict upon you now is one of my old and unsaleable stories.

It's not so very old, actually. It's one I wrote for the Writers Workshop. The members liked it, more or less, but were unanimous in their verdict that it could never sell because it was too fan oriented. I disagreed, with reference not only to some of Barry Malzberg's stuff but to Robert Bloch's classic "A Way of Life" (and if you have never read that but do have access to it -- it was first in Fantastic Universe Oct. 1956 and anthologized in Rulers of Men, Hans Stefan Santesson,

editor, Pyramid 1965-- then drop everything and go read it; forget mine, read Bloch's; it's the best fan story ever written, that i know of, and if you know of a better one please tell me. And I was also thinking of another story, not published in a SF periodical, called "The Fantasy People," by (I've tracked it down since) David Allen Ish in New World Writing #9, 1956. Basically that story is nothing but a con report (and by no means one of the best I've ever read, I decided upon recent re-reading).

I honestly thought that my fan story had a fighting chance of being published for a general interest audience. I was wrong, it seems, and so you are stuck with:

## A PROUD AND LONELY THING

"It is a proud and lonely thing to be a name collector!" said Krystel Wonder proudly and defiantly.

The reporter shrugged. "I suppose so. But I honestly don't see how I can write the story. I mean, you're not even a group. From your letter we understood you had some sort of local organization."

"But we will have. If you write the story." Krystel's voice was pleading. "Don't you see? This is the sort of thing that's bound to catch on, and to grow. Before long, people will be changing their names in order to belong. All it needs is a little help now, while it's . . ."

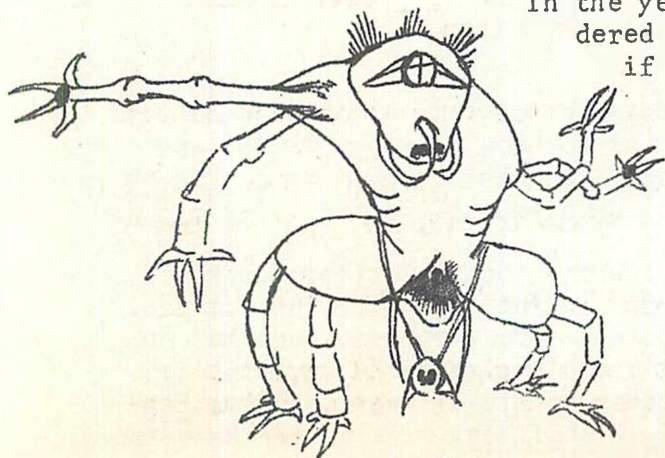
The reporter stood up. The check for their coffee remained undisturbed on the table between their cups. "Really, I'm awfully sorry; I can understand your enthusiasm for this hobby, and I do wish you success in organizing your club, but I have other assignments, and so I'm afraid you'll have to . . ."

Krystel stood up facing him. She nearly matched him in height. Her eyes narrowed to gleaming slits and her lower lip trembled, but her voice was unwavering:

"Name collecting is more than just a Goddam hobby! Name collecting is a way of life! And you sir are one of the rudest, most arrogant, most ignorant examples of journalistic ineptitude that I have ever encountered, and I intend to tell your editor so!"

The reporter picked up the check and bowed stiffly, if ever so slightly. "You may tell my editor whatever you please, of course. It's possible he will assign someone else to work on the story. But I think he will understand why I cannot do it."

"Your name please?"



In the years that followed, Forrest Land often wondered how much different his life might have been if he had refused to answer that question, or if, suspecting the nature of her reaction, he had given her a false name. It was an idle and harmless form of speculation, leading always to the same conclusion: It would have made no difference at all. Krystel would still have found out, and events would have followed much the same course.

He told her his name and turned to leave, but she clutched his arm



with both hands, pulling him. "You're kidding! Forrest Land? You're not kidding? Oh, my God, this is incredible! Sit down. Please sit down. I've got to talk to you! This is so very important. You're the man I've waited for all my life!"

Forrest could have put up some resistance at that point, since he had no way of knowing then that it would be futile. He sometimes wished that he had, just as a gesture, but at the same time he realized why he had yielded so easily to her supplications, not just in the matter of listening to her story and to her dreams, but in the subsequent events as well.

As much as anything, it was the fact that she was undeniably different from any other girl he had ever met. Also (quite apart from her physical attractiveness) he was impressed by Krystel's forcefulness of personality, and by the richness and smoothness of her vocabulary.

Anyone who, in the heat of anger, without stumbling, could rattle off that phrase about "ignorant examples of journalistic ineptitude" must be worth listening to, Forrest had reasoned.

And so he had listened.

He even wrote a story -- about a young woman with a lifelong interest in unusual names who made a hobby of collecting them and had dreams of forming a nationwide organization dedicated to the furtherance of that interest. Most of the story was simply a listing of some of Krystel's favorite names: Camelia Busch, Mac Aroni, Etta Apple, Cigarellio Stubbs . . .

Forrest was not happy with the story; Krystel was clearly furious, but she tried so hard to seem pleased and grateful that Forrest was touched; his city editor was mildly disgusted.

Forrest was convinced that the story was responsible for his being transferred to the state legislature beat, which was much closer to his real interests than the features about flying saucer nuts, psychic phenomena nuts, medieval nuts and science fiction nuts that he had been handling. Perhaps his story about the name-collecting nut had finally shown the city editor that Forrest simply had no real knack for that sort of thing.

"All things work for the best," Forrest assured himself.

The sense of fatalistic optimism implicit in that statement manifested itself even more strongly in his marriage to Krystel. He felt very strongly, both then and later, that the marriage was a matter of destiny -- of fate. The question of choice seemed never to arise.

It was time for him to marry; a lot of people had been telling him that -- his parents, his older brother, his city editor, his friends . . . After all, he was 27 (three years older than Krystel); he was making plenty of money. And no one else seemed interested in marrying him right then.

Moreover, Krystel loved him, or seemed to.

Only a few weeks after their first meeting, they found themselves in bed together, in Forrest's apartment.

After their sexual introduction was over, Krystel murmured: "If we have a daughter -- if we decide to get married -- we could name her Allyson Wonder Land."

"And if it's a boy," Forrest responded sleepily, "we'd call him Winter Wonder Land."

"Oh, beautiful!" Krystel trilled an attractive chortle of approval and threw herself upon him again, crooning, "I love you, I love you, I absolutely,

honest-to-God really do love you!"

Forrest, of course, mistook the nature of her enthusiasm.

For many months after their marriage he tried courageously to become infected with her fever -- he had quickly become convinced of the truth of her assertion that it was more than just a Goddamn hobby. With her it was a passion, in every sense of the word, including the sexual.

She would talk about names in bed, during love-making, and during the drowsy afterglow. Forrest found that if he could suggest a name or two that she hadn't thought of, or, better still, provide actual names that she hadn't come across, it vastly increased the warmth of her affections.

He particularly remembered the afternoon that he came home with a clipping from the paper mentioning the election to the presidency of the Lions Club of a Mr. Will B. Able, and at the same time telling her the paper had hired a new photographer named Wiley Foxx.

That was probably the afternoon that Allyson was conceived.

Forrest assumed that with the prospect of motherhood, Krystel's pre-occupation with names would diminish, and so he allowed his own forced interest to fade as he pursued with greater energy his increasingly successful reporting career. He received a number of bonuses in a row for a series of reports on inefficiency in the state purchasing department. The administrative loopholes were closed, the state thereby saving several hundred thousand of the taxpayers dollars; and the governor himself called Forrest in for a private and extremely friendly chat.

Forrest tried to tell Krystel about it, hoping she would share his pride and elation. He got only as far as mentioning the governor's name, and Krystel said:

"Waters? Is he still governor? What's his first name -- Clarence? Isn't that disgusting? Honest-to-God, I get so furious at the narrow-mindedness, the blindness, the appalling lack of imagination of some people! With a name like Waters, not to have named a child Clear, or Coole, or Still -- or maybe even Deep -- it's hard to understand . . ."

"None of those are really plausible first names," Forrest pointed out quietly. "Anyway, the governor said he admired the -- harumph! 'cogency,' is the word he used -- the cogency and incisiveness of my stories, and he hoped I'd be . . ."

"Still isn't such a bad name. It's a perfectly legitimate last name; I knew a 'Holden Still' in high school; and lots of times a child is named for a grandparent. But all right though, how about Branch if you want plausibility? Branch Waters is perfect! Loan me your pencil."

"Oh for heaven's sake!" Forrest flared, barely suppressing the impulse to throw the pencil at her. "Don't you ever think of anything else?"

His next impulse had been to stalk from the house, perhaps go to the Press Club and allow his well-wishing compatriots to get him drunk -- to celebrate his journalistic triumph and to perform a symbolic act of marital defiance.

But he suppressed that impulse, too, and the suppression represented a basic change in Forrest's philosophy. For much of his life he had acted on impulse; but recently he'd begun to decide it was a potentially dangerous habit.

He had already planned a celebration that would include Krystel, and anyway he suspected that he was being a bit unfair to accuse her of never thinking



about anything else.

She was, after all, aside from her absolute obsession with strange names, an extremely intelligent, competent, level-headed girl. She was an excellent cook, a neat housekeeper, a thoroughly satisfying sexual partner -- and he was confident she would be a loving and efficient mother.

And it seemed to Forrest that after his near-explosion, Krystel really tried to be more attentive when he talked and to not interrupt with irrelevant comments about names. Though, for his part, Forrest was always thereafter reluctant to talk to her about his own accomplishments and aspirations.

At Forrest's celebration party, Krystel seemed to enjoy herself, and somewhat to Forrest's surprise, she made an extremely favorable impression on many of his friends. Several of them told him later what a delightful conversationalist they thought his wife was.

Forrest had overheard parts of some of those conversations, and he was forced to the conclusion that most people don't mind talking about their own names.

Krystel's pregnancy, far from taking her mind off names, served the opposite function of providing a focus for her energies. It provided a powerful motivation (as she explained it to Forrest) for her to start doing things to make her dreams come true.

She kept Forrest ruthlessly informed of her progress.

The first step was to make phone calls locally to people with interesting names. Most of them were disappointing -- either unresponsive, or puzzled, or in some cases, actually hostile.

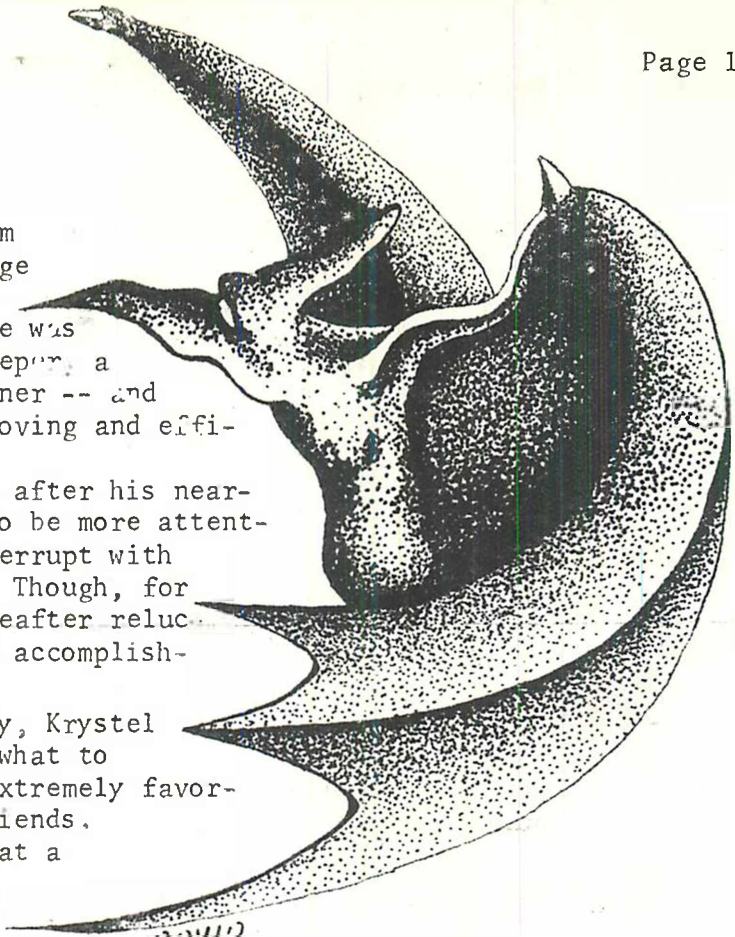
Will Be Able, for example, the new president of the Lions Club, seemed convinced that Krystel was making fun of him, and he saw no similarity between his name and that of Krystel Wonder Land; and furthermore he saw nothing the least bit amusing or remarkable about either of them.

Welcome Bender turned out to be a teetotaling religious fundamentalist, a John Bircher who strongly suspected Krystel's call of being part of the Communist conspiracy.

On the other hand, among the hundreds of calls, a few made it all worth while, fully vindicating Krystel's faith in the rightness of her cause.

Achilles Heele, Lyons Denn, Ginger Ayle, and Mae Gettsoem, along with Krystel Wonder Land, formed the nucleus of the world's first National Organization for Memorable and Enlightening Names (NOMEN).

The name, method of the group's functioning and most of the practical ideas regarding its operation were suggested by Ginger Ayle, a 19-year-old college student who was already deeply involved in something known as science fiction fandom; she simply applied the practices and principles of SF fandom to name fandom. Her mimeograph machine produced the first issue of NOMEN-Clature, a sort of club bulletin, or newsletter -- or 'fanzine,' as Ginger called it.



Krystel continued as the driving force, the primary inspiration, the unflagging fount of energy for the group. In short, she did most of the work.

Allyson's birth did make it necessary for Krystel to suspend her NOMEN activities temporarily, but it was both a shorter and less complete suspension than Forrest expected or desired.

Krystel had become a telephone book collector and an indefatigable letter writer. She insisted on taking a stack of phone books and a portable typewriter to the hospital with her, and she spent a part of her time there both before and after the birth in writing letters to such people as Rose Budd of Silver Springs, Md., Harry Bottom of Cleveland, Ohio, and Wright Foote of Phoenix.

Forrest had been correct in his assumption that Krystel would be a good mother. Allyson never wanted for either attention or affection, and if the cooking and housekeeping dropped off slightly in quality, Forrest couldn't find it in his heart to complain.

As a matter of fact, though the meals tended to be simpler than before, their palatability rating remained excellent; but the neatness of the house did suffer considerably.

Partly, it was a matter of the telephone books from all over the country piling up in the living room, in the bedroom, in the halls -- even in the bathroom.

They moved into a larger house, and Forrest persuaded Krystel to throw away some of the older phone books, but new ones came every day, and they were being joined now by Xeroxed copies of Birth Registry lists. In the bigger house, Krystel decided there was room for her own mimeograph. The house became the regular meeting place of NOMEN, once every two weeks, and a fantastic clutter of club supplies and paraphernalia accumulated. Krystel tried at first to keep it confined to a designated area in the basement, but it proved impossible.

Forrest became acquainted only marginally with the other members of the club. He considered Ginger Ayle quite attractive -- even sexually desirable -- but it never occurred to him to do anything about it. Mae Gettsoem was a middle-aged, middle-weight housewife who told him she adored his name and that she was trying to get her husband, Harvey, to change his name to Gotta. Forrest asked why -- and that was the extent of his relationship with Mae. She seldom spoke to him again, and never in a confiding tone. Achilles Heele was a 60-year-old homosexual bartender, and Lyons Denn wrote pornography, true confessions and term papers and drove a taxicab; he was about 30, a high school dropout.

The club members quickly concluded that Forrest, despite his name, was not really one of them, and for the most part they ignored him, and he tried to make it mutual. A change in his job made it easier.

As a reporter, Forrest had achieved an unusually close personal relationship with Gov. Clarence Waters. When the governor became Senator Waters, he offered Forrest a position on his staff. Forrest consulted Krystel, and then accepted on two conditions -- one his, one hers: his, that the job not entail a move to Washington; hers, that it involve no entertaining.

Forrest was hired as state press liaison and public affairs manager. The job, in its simplest terms, was to keep in contact with the managing editors of the news media throughout the state and to try to keep them friendly to the senator. He maintained an office in the capital city, only a block from the newspaper office he was leaving, but it now became necessary for him to make frequent trips throughout the state.





Because of Allyson, if for no other reason, Krystel declined to accompany him. Winter was born when Allyson was two years old.

Sen. Waters was re-elected to a second term, and Forrest was not only retained in his job but received a generous increase in salary.

The Lands moved to an even larger house, which quickly became just as cluttered as the other ones, but Forrest was now able to seal off one room as his study, and he managed to pay less and less attention to the affairs of the NOMEN-claturists.

Nevertheless, he was aware of the sense of tragedy when Achilles Heele died of a stroke a month after his retirement. It was nearly two years before he was replaced by Brook Trout. Myles High joined a little later.

Ginger Ayle had moved into an apartment with a boy named Ellis Dee, but she would not marry him because she refused to change her name.

In the second year of Sen. Waters' second term, the first annual world NOMEN-con was held at the largest of the airport motels -- and Forrest Land discovered that he was a celebrity.

He had hoped to be able to time one of his out-of-town trips to coincide with the convention, but Krystel had firmly informed him that he would damn well by God attend at least the major functions -- the costume party and the awards banquet -- or else.

Even so, Forrest balked at attending the party dressed as a tree. He compromised by agreeing to sit with Krystel at the head table during the banquet and to help with registration.

After weeks (no, weeks!) of dreading the ordeal, Forrest found the registration procedure almost enjoyable. His task was to hand letter each of the four-incy by six-inch name tag cards.

The names themselves had a certain cumulative fascination. For the first time, Forrest felt a touch of the magic in these names that Krystel had tried to tell him about from the beginning.

Ernest Endeavor, Frank Truth, March Hare, Wilde Rivers, Sheere Flattery, Candy Kane, Bea Goode, Jack Frost, Jacques Strappe, Cherry Pye, Royall Flusche, Oral Love . . . and on and on and on, for something like 75 names (these were in addition to an approximately equal number who had registered in advance and whose cards had already been prepared).

Forrest could not help being impressed by the warm personal greeting he received from most of the people whose cards he lettered.

"Oh, you're Forrest Land! The Forrest Land! Well, I'm really glad to meet you. Hey, Wendy, here; this guy and his wife is where this whole thing started -- you know, Forrest Land, Krystel Wonder Land, Allyson Wonder Land and Winter Wonder Land!"

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Land. I'm Wendy Dayze, and I guess you've just met my husband, Stormy."

After the first dozen attempts to explain that it was really all his wife's doing, Forrest gave up and simply tried to be as pleasant and helpful as possible.

At the end of his first four-hour stint at the registration table, as he strolled toward the coffee shop, suffused with a curious glow of elation, he was joined by an extraordinarily bushy-haired and bushy-faced young man.

"Excuse me. My Name is Wilbur Jenkins. I'm a reporter for the Daily Sentinal, and I . . .

"Not much you can do with a name like Jenkins, is there?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing. I'm sorry. Come on, have some lunch with me and I'll try to fill you in. I used to be a reporter myself. I guess you find all this sort of bewildering, huh? The convention?"

"I'll say I do. I've been wandering around here for an hour and I just don't begin to understand what it's all about. A little while ago some gorgeous little girl came up to me and said, 'Hello, my name is Alice in Wonder Land,' and that's just about the way I felt."

"It's Allyson, my daughter. A-l-l-y-s-o-n. My wife's idea. She's the one you really should be talking to; she's the one started this whole thing. But you're not likely to be able to catch her, so I'll . . . come on, there's a table. I'll try to give you the story."

As they nibbled at chilled sandwiches and sipped lukewarm coffee, Forrest tried to deal with some of the young reporter's questions.

"Like, I went into this one room where there was a panel discussion scheduled on 'Great Names of the Civil War,' because I'm kind of a Civil War nut myself, you know? But these people didn't know anything about the Civil War. Some of 'em weren't even sure who won. All they cared about was the names. Not about the people or what they did. Just the names; and the whole idea seemed to be to try and improve on the names. They thought U.S. Grant was okay, but . . ."

"I believe U.S. Grant is an honorary member," Forrest said. "Salmon Chase might be, too."

"But they didn't like Nathaniel Banks or James P. Blunt or Braxton Bragg, or Howell Cobb, or . . ."

"I see their point. Howell Wolfe would be much better. Did anyone suggest Corning Cobb?"

Wilbur Jenkins shook his head. "Is this sort of thing all they do? Just play name games?"

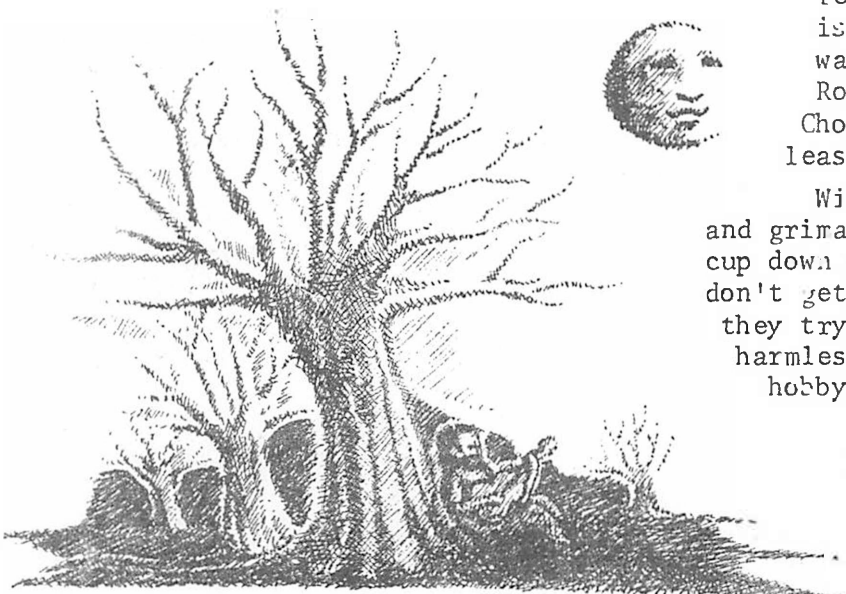
"Well, the real objective is to find real people with real names that meet their standards. And to persuade people

with good names to give their children good names. Like if your name is Bloch, for instance, it'd be a waste to name a son something like Robert when you could name him Chopping, for instance, see? At least this is how . . ."

Wilbur Jenkins took a sip of coffee and grimaced, shook his head. He put the cup down and blurted: "But why? I just don't get it. What's it for? What are they trying to prove? I suppose it's harmless -- just like any other kind of hobby, but I'm damned if I . . ."

"No. For most of them it isn't just a hobby. It's a way of life."

"But that makes it even more absurd. I mean, my God, people





are starving -- right here in our own country, to say nothing of the rest of the world. All the corruption! Everywhere! In government, business, entertainment . . . all the things wrong with the world! And these people just seem to ignore it all; they're off in their own little fantasy world. Christ! It's all so . . . irrelevant!"

Forrest smiled weakly, shrugged, and spread his hands. He tried to think of something wise and mature to say, something profound and responsible -- something about the impatience of youth, the relevance of irrelevance, the practicality of fantasy. But for one thing, Forrest thought it might sound empty and pre-tentious for him to be saying that.

And anyway, it was something he himself had learned so recently -- just this morning, in fact -- that he wasn't sure he could put it in words.

He experienced a sudden pang, a wish devoid of hope, that this horribly hirsute and sincere youngster with his horribly bland name, and despite his too-obvious lack of any kind of sense of wonder, might somehow be able to write a better story about the NOMEN dream than he had been able to do.

It seemed to Forrest now that possibly he had muffed the most important story of his newspaper career.

There was no point going into all that.

Wilbur Jenkins was waiting for him to say something. So finally, dropping his hands limply to the table, Forrest Land said softly:

"I guess I just can't explain it, but . . . it is a proud and lonely thing to be a name collector."

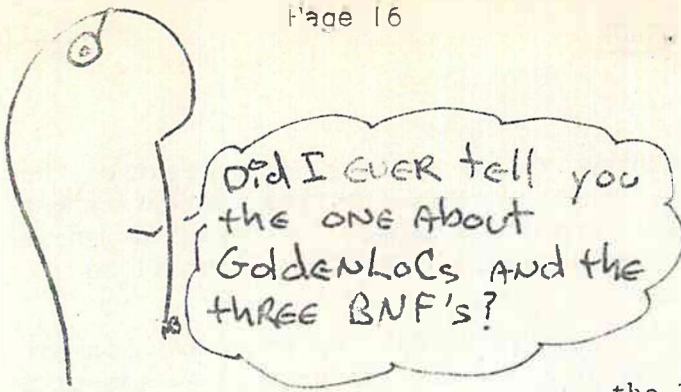
the end

Occasionally in my science fiction classes, I will read a story aloud, just to see what kind of reaction it gets, or so I'll know there is something in the literature that the entire class has been exposed to. (My personal favorite for this purpose is Heinlein's "All You Zombies" because it is such a compact bundle of incredibly complicated plot and utterly mind-boggling concepts; there are always some students who don't get it, and others who are more than willing to explain it to them). But always when I finish reading the story (That one or any other), there is a period of dead silence which, if allowed to drag on, can become embarrassing, either to me or to the class. I'm reluctant to break the silence myself if only because I feel physically like I've been talking for 20 minutes or so and now it should be somebody else's turn. But the students are even more reluctant, because . . . well, how do I know? Ask them. It takes a while for the story to soak in. Generally at the next class session they're more prepared to talk about the story. I have learned that when I read a story aloud it is wise to time it to end as the class period ends. It avoids some of the awkwardness.

I had that same feeling of empty silence when I got to the end of my story up there. I had been talking. Now it was your turn. Obviously I should have planned things so the story would end at the end of the zine instead of so close to the middle. It's a bit awkward this way. But there's really nothing I want to say about the story, knowing how futile any excuses would be.

However, I will be interested in hearing any comments you want to make about it -- next class session. If you like it, let me know. If you didn't like it . . . well, let me know that, too.

For the rest of this issue, though, I'll print some locs on last issue, and before.



Starting with the portion of Ben Indick's letter that wasn't printed at the beginning.

... Since I knew what Coprolites are, I rather regretted your reprinting the early piece. Isn't it strange that what seemed daring and comical in 1971 to you is sophomoric today? The one virtue of

the liberation in sexual and taboo matters is

that one no longer need get fussed up about them; thus, we can return to examination of classics with zest. Last night on TV I saw a 1912 R. Strauss opera, Ariadne auf Naxos, with the incomparable Dejah Thoris of opera, Beverly Sills. How nice to appreciate its superb artistry knowing that I would not have to spend tomorrow worrying about the use of four-letter words or even scientific euphemisms! Indeed, I could spend the day at galleries, theaters, rock concerts and never sweat a gland over now-forgotten taboos.

Your comments on the other Don's zine I echo (and wrote such to Don). He is a worthy friend and fine mind even if he is a Wop! (We have frequent raps about Israel by mail. I, of course, am a kike).

Tim Marion is, unhappily for you, right. I have to date received 3,133 letters from people who definitely saw you with a "Carol Thompson" at the con, and later at the Merry-Inn Motel. You were both highly inebriated and making remarks "coprolitic conventions." I didn't want to bring this up, but one must be honest. It is, after all, for your own good. Make a fresh start!

[It would never have occurred to me that Ben Indick has a vicious streak, but there it is! You see for yourself! Coming up next is a short loc that may actually serve a useful purpose...]

Sam Long  
Box 4946  
Patrick AFB  
Fla. 32925

An English friend of mine, Mervyn Barrett, wrote me the other day and asked me if I could help him locate a film for the British Easter convention Seacon to be held this spring. The film he's looking for is Dark Star. Have you heard of it in your dealer-dealings? If so, could you tell me who its agent and/or distributor is? And...what would be the chances of getting a copy of Pleasure Planet for that same Seacon? You might like to write Mervyn directly, 'cause he's the film committee for the convention; his address is 179 Walm Lane, London NW2, England.

[I think I already answered the question about Pleasure Planet. Concerning Dark Star, I know absolutely nothing, but I'm running the query here in hopes that Ken Millett or some other film scholar will have the information and be willing to help.

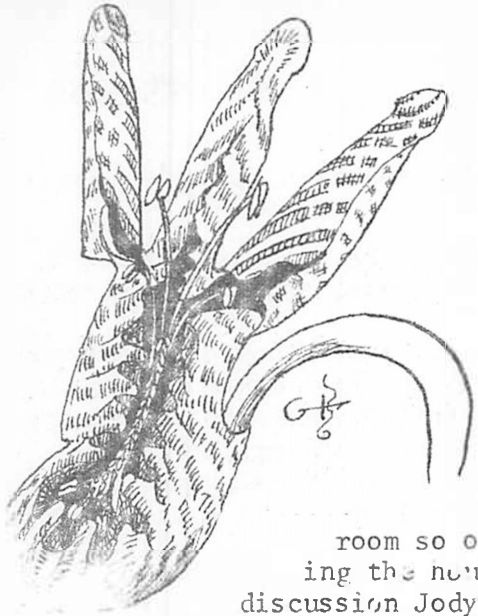
[You'd never guess who else I got a letter from, and I'm not going to keep you in suspense . . .]

Bob Tucker  
34 Greenbriar Drive  
Jacksonville, IL  
62650

Cheers: Like you I found it impossible to locate all the friends and foes I wanted to meet at that monstrous Washington convention, but past experience has taught me that most of the people I want to find will be found in either the N3F or the huckster room. I haunt those two places, telling everyone there to keep watch for my target. I wouldn't be surprised to learn that fifty people told Sheryl I was searching for her, and another fifty must have spread the word through the huckster room that I was bent on tracking down Mike Gorra.

I found him first. Sheryl was more elusive.





Mike's weakness is hoary old fanzines and I had the pleasure of laying some on him when I finally trapped him. Later, at some party (perhaps the Australian party) I discovered Mike had another and more damaging weakness: he is fond of hoary old convention stories) and because he trapped me there in a small room, I laid some of those on him. He seemed particularly entranced with the explanation of Rosebud. (Page 42, All Our Yesterdays).

Flushed with the victory of finding him, I renewed my efforts to locate Sheryl. I was in and out of the N3F room so often the people in there got suspicious and considered calling the house detective. I finally found her in that fanzine panel discussion Jody Offutt had set up, but I didn't recognize her until Jackie Franke pointed her out to me. I felt she was trapped and patiently waited my turn, for I was sitting in a rear row between her and the door. Can you guess what she did when she saw me? She left abruptly by dashing out a side door I had overlooked.

The relative peace and calm of the N3F rooms offer an oasis that I hope the 4000 roiling fans outside never discover. One evening in Washington I stumbled in there to find Juanita Coulson and Anne Passovoy having themselves a filksing, without being helped by drunken fans who imagined themselves to be songbirds worthy of stardom. Kelly Freas and his tape recorder were also there, taping the session, and it lasted an enjoyable two or three hours before the vocal chords got tired. Later, at the Windycon in Chicago in October, that tape was auctioned off at something like \$80 and the money donated to the DUFFund.

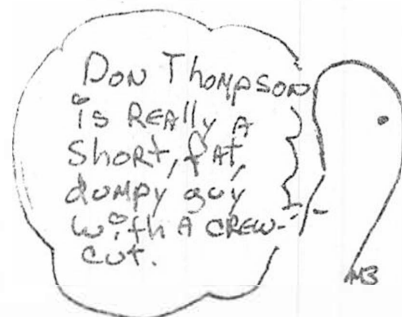
On another occasion when I was in the same vicinity, someone brought word that a lady in the room wanted to see me. She was waiting at the head of the stairs in the corridor outside the room, smiling down at me with a "I hope you remember" expression on her face. I remembered, and when I reached the top I did just as you did, and more, with Sheryl: I gave Janie Lamb a great big fat hug and a kiss. If my memory is correct (but it often isn't), Janie and I last met 19 years ago at the Cleveland World Con. I was there with my wife and infant son, and Janie offered to babysit while we went dancing or partying or whatever it was we did for amusement in 1955. Janie asked about the boy, and seemed croggled to learn he is now a college junior.

Fandom may be a way of life.

Charley Tanner once had a genuine coprolite. I held it in my hot little fist, marveling at it, and reflected that the world had indeed come to a strange pass. Do you suppose the future owners of this world, the dogs or the ants or the grasshoppers, will prize human droppings?

PS: whatever happened to the other Don Thompson, the one who used to write columns for Le Zombie?

[What can I say? I mean . . . really. What can I say? I'm speechless. Well, not quite. And maybe next year at AussieCon, when I should have a chance to meet Bob Tucker in person, I will have the presence of mind to ask him to explain to me the full significance of Rosebud. Warner's rendition in AOY has never fully satisfied my curiosity.



[Turning now from one of the most venerable and venerated names in fandom to one of the least . . .]

Gordon Garb  
C-31Y Corbett Hall  
Ft. Collins, CO  
80521

You did not 'get' me elected OE of D'APA. It was I who pointed out that election month had come, and announced my candidacy.

I enjoyed the reprint of DC #1; it showed how even you started from the humble beginnings the rest of us now are in. You might mention GVP and SUPERAMALGAMATION when you mention your mitotic split; we all did it together. Speaking of SUPERA, you have the honor of being the first fanned to print its obituary notice. SUPERA is dead. It was a crud-zine [just because Charlie Brown said so? Who's Charlie Brown?] I didn't like it. I didn't want to be pubbing a crud-zine. So I killed it. RIP.

However, I am not quitting fan pubbing. On the contrary, my new genzine, SUPERAMALGAMATION PRESENTS, will premiere this next month. It will be published tri-monthly. Issue #2 will print the keynote speech from MileHiCon 6 by Poul Anderson!

[Quite a coup that Gordon has pulled off with that one, it pains me to admit!]

Mike Kring  
PSC #1 Box 3147  
Kirtland AFB, NM  
87115

One thing MileHiCon did do to all of us Albq. fans who went up there (quite a few, considering) is inspire us to do our own movie. Which we did at our monthly meeting. It has a chocolate pudding bondage scene (with whips and everything!), death, destruction, and a lot of rotten acting. It doesn't matter though. We're going to show it at next year's Bubonicon. The title of our mighty epic? If you really want to know: The Revenge of the Return of the Son of the Torture Chambers of the Bride of Dr. Sadism. I think.

John Robinson  
1-101st Street  
Troy, NY 12180

What's this with a depression? Have you heard of any banks failing? I haven't, except for two or three in Europe that went under from too much speculation in foreign currency. Oh yes, we are in a recession, but where are the Nixonvilles?

Look for higher taxes and possibly an end to deficit spending.

I don't know why Davidson had so much trouble getting a coprolite. I saw ads for coprolite jewelry and accessories back in the mid-60s. And I never realized that there was anyone who would distinguish between sources of coprolites -- they're all paleo, or something.

Ken Millett  
1930 E. LaSalle St. #102  
Colorado Springs, CO  
80909

Thanks for the D'APA nostalgia. I wasn't involved with it at its beginning, so really didn't know much about how it got started. The Elder Ghoddess was responsible for getting me to start my first apazine too. I see that your famous "death" issue (#32) is mentioned

in THE SPANISH INQUISITION #3 (Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, 622 W. 114th St. #52A New York, NY 10025) SpanInq was a film/personalzone in CAPRA (Cinema Amateur Press Assn.) which has now graduated to a full-fledged genzine. Kaufman is a very fine fan writer, and all the other contributors are, like Jerry, literate and interesting writers. I recommend it as one of the best 25-cents-worths in fandom today. (Incidentally, for fans who are also movie nuts, there are two openings in CAPPA. Write Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main St., Madison, WI 53703. Level of writing in the apa ranges from semi-literate to semi-pro. Somewhere in between is a keen little zine called Double Feature, which is currently running a feature on sf films in the 20s. End of plug).

John Carl  
3750 Green Lane  
Butte, MT 59701

Love those Kinney illos  
Believe it or not, I hope Warren Johnson does come back to fandom. For a time, when he was writing utterly fuggheaded things, I was actively against his remaining, and I didn't



hesitate to tell him that. Then, just before his gafiation, he started writing much more mature and better things, and now that he's totally gafiated he's writing better than ever.

Warren Johnson  
131 Harrison St.  
Geneva, IL 60134

Warren Johnson  
131 Harrison St.  
Geneva, IL 60134

Leah Zeldes, being one of my closest friends during my short stay in fandom, hits closer to the truth: I am not coming back in. I have not yet sold professionally, but I feel that the first sale will come soon. Although perhaps I have not used my time the best I could have, recently I have been working a little harder and I hope that begins to show pretty soon -- in checks. Even though I might have learned a bit more about people by staying in fandom (Buz Busby said that helped his writing in a letter I got today), I still feel that my decision was the right one and that I can learn just as much, if not more, about people by not spending all my time on fanac.

Henry Bitman  
P.O. Box 968  
Azusa, CA 91702

Thanks for the Kapalka fun cover. I see that others are also mocking Sherlock by an ad in L.A. Times book section -- The Seven Per Cent Solution -- Holmes accompanied by his analyst Sigmund Freud!

Harry Warner  
423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerstown, MD  
21740

Harry Warner  
423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerstown, MD  
21740

The cover was amusing, but it brought up one chronic mystery connected with Sherlock: Why have I never encountered a copy of that one-volume complete Holmes collection at those used book sales and garage sales? Almost everything else imaginable turns up eventually, but never the Holmes omnibus which I keep meaning to buy new in a book store and never get around to.

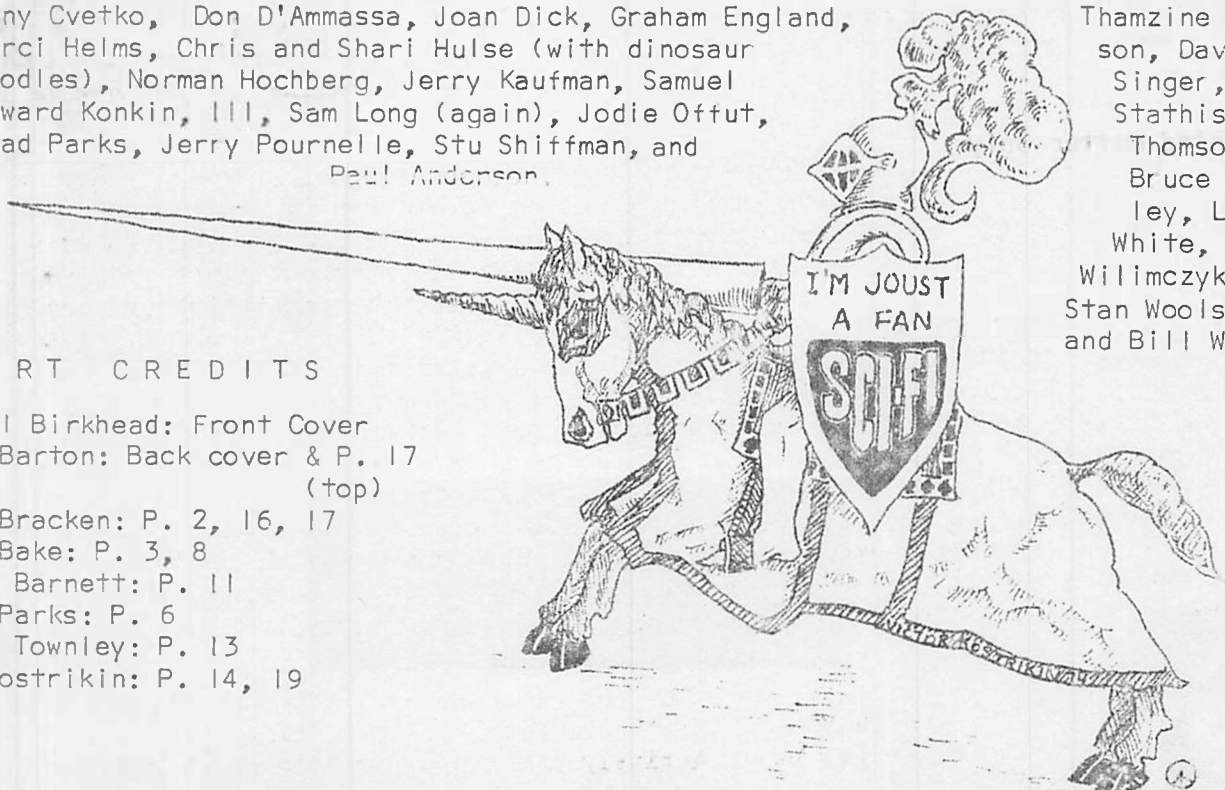
ALSO HEARD FROM: Sheryl Birkhead, Mike Bracken (with art!), Lt. Howard John Brazee III (with money!), Greg Brown, Ann Chamberlain, Cy Chauvin, Brett Cox, A.B. Clingan, Tony Cvetko, Don D'Amassa, Joan Dick, Graham England, Marci Helms, Chris and Shari Hulse (with dinosaur doodles), Norman Hochberg, Jerry Kaufman, Samuel Edward Konkin, III, Sam Long (again), Jodie Offut, Brad Parks, Jerry Pournelle, Stu Shiffman, and Paul Anderson.

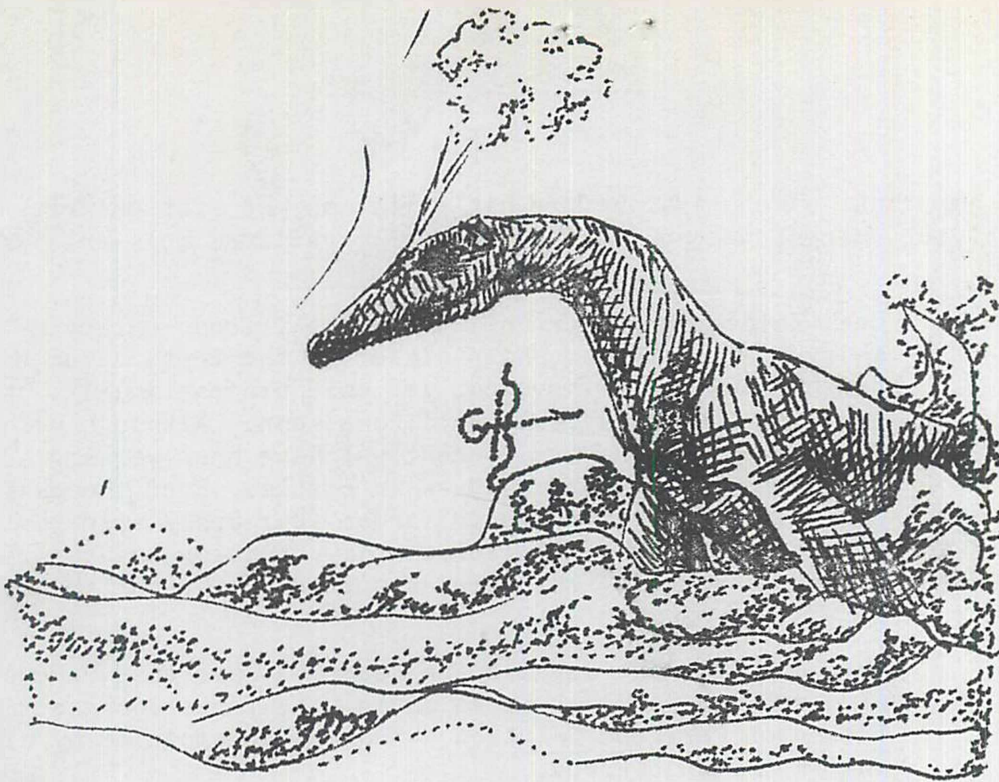
Thamzine Epper-  
son, David  
Singer, Lou  
Stathis, Jake  
Thomson,  
Bruce Town-  
ley, Laurine  
White, Frank  
Wilimczyk,  
Stan Woolston,  
and Bill Wright.

## ART CREDITS

Sheryl Birkhead: Front Cover  
Gail Barton: Back cover & P. 17  
(top)

Mike Bracken: P. 2, 16, 17  
Todd Bake: P. 3, 8  
David Barnett: P. 11  
Brad Parks: P. 6  
Bruce Townley: P. 13  
Vic Kostrikin: P. 14, 19





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