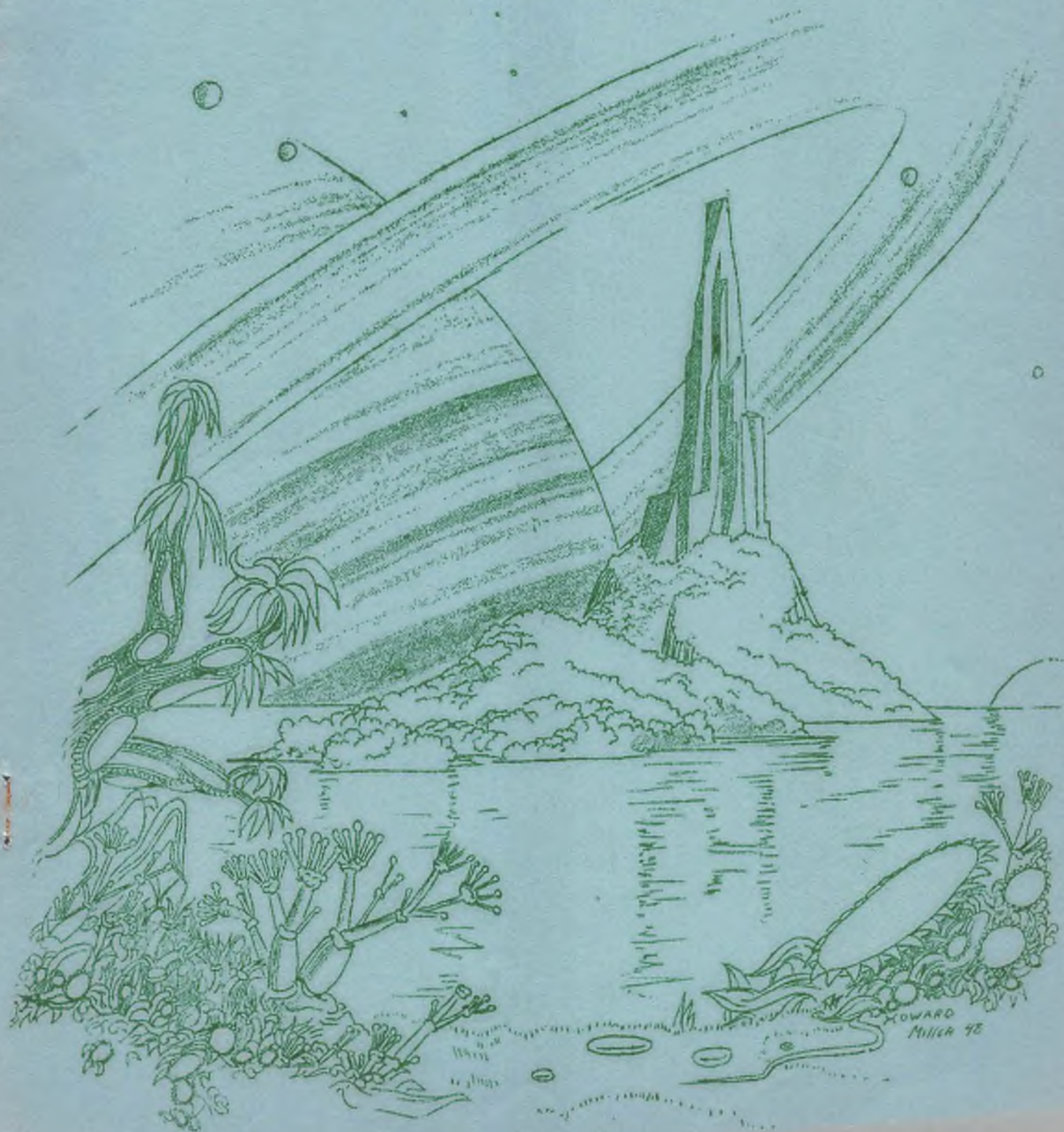


EGO BEAST 4



Beast is published for the FAPA by Don Wilson of 495 North Third St., Banning, California. This issue, #4 I believe, is composed largely on the stencil, without benefit of cushion sheets or correction fluid. It is mimeographed by Howard Miller, assembled and stapled by the same unworthy gentleman, and is dedicated to the spirit of work and progress through fandom. Unsigned material is Wilson's work.

#####

"Abelard /Pierre Abelard, 1079-1142 A.D. took the stand that universal terms have no objective existence as such; they exist only as thoughts or concepts in our minds. Thus, he distinguished between a thing itself (res) and its name (nomen). How do we get the mental concept "chair"? By experience, he would reply. By seeing many chairs and sitting in them, our minds note certain similarities among them all. We see that each has as its purpose the bearing of our weight, that in general each has four legs, is movable, and has a back. From all these similarities, our observation and experience build up a concept 'chair.' Therefore, there exists in particular things a similarity or identity of qualities, through whose abstraction a concept is formed by a mental act. To that extent, therefore, class terms are objectively valid."

--Wallbank and Taylor, Civilization, Past and Present, vol. 1, p. 366.

"Most differences between rational persons derive from semantics."

---E. Hoffmann Price.

"Thinking, therefore, may do no actual good in changing anything but men's minds, but it is at least harmless, which one cannot say of screaming."

--George Boas, "In Defense of Machines."

#####

It is not too late to give acknowledgments to some people for some help with fanzine work of mine in the past. With Primal #2, assembly was handled by Wilson and Miller, assisted by James Buck and Betty Smithpeter; assistance from these people was however more than negated by interference from Charles Smithpeter and Paul Ketcham. (Credit where credit is due.) Betty Smithpeter, Dick Williams, and Howard Miller helped me mimeograph the second issue of Bob Stein's Astronaut. ##

#####

This issue is published on the behest of Miller; I am trading him a book to do the mimeographing and purchasing of supplies. I would never have done it without his constant insistence. Oh, I forgot--Miller is me, I don't exist. Thereby hangs a tale which will be told in the following pages. # I have to get 12pp done in one week. Can I do it? I'll publish some leftover material from various places first, and then start thinking about original writings on my own part. Frankly only my desire to get rid of the book and get something in exchange, plus my desire to reply to WILD HAIR #3, prompted me to publish this thing at all. I'm through ~~xxx~~ with fan publishing.

Again this publication is blessed by material left over from one place or another. These three items were written for the 1948 Fantasy Annual, and were found unusable because they were repetitious of other material included therein. I hope that their publication here will offend neither Ladd nor Rapp. # Speaking of the Fannual-- look for its publication any year now. Work on the dummy is proceeding at a slow rate, but it is proceeding.

SELECT SCIENCE FICTION -- 1948
Arthur H Rapp

SSF's chief value is as an object-lesson to would-be publishers. I recall hearing somewhere that a new magazine is expected to wind up in the red for at least a year after its appearance--so if you ever decide to add your illustrious name to the ranks of the pro stf publishers, make sure your bankroll is of horse-choking caliber before taking the plunge.

It looks to me as if SSF's ultimate format was the best compromise its publishers could reach between what they wanted and what finances forced them to accept. However, it is doubtful that even the most avid of fen would remain for long on the subscription list of a publication which provides just 70 pages of mimeographed text (6" x 8") for 50¢.

Recognizing this, the editors included with VI #1 a notice that publication was being discontinued until such time as "we may present our subscribers with a better magazine at a more attractive price."

September 1948: "Bright Promise" by Jennifer Gray leads off the ish. This is a story of two Earthmen who discover a Utopian civilization in the Asteroid Belt and of the punishment given them when their greed for gold leads them to crime. It is told with a keen insight into character and emotion, and is a memorable story.

"Indeterminate Factor" by Martin Strong. The first chapter of what was to have been a serial. It is well-told, the story of a spaceship using a new hyperspatial drive, which returns to Earth to find itself in the age of Tyrannosaurus Rex.

"Barbaric Sea" by F. Julian Laumer. The tale of a Cro-Magnon boy taken to Mu and given there the rudiments of civilization. Escaping the earthquake which destroys the ancient island, he returns to his people. This tale, too, is marked by sensitive perception and a feeling for words on the author's part which make it pleasant reading.

"Resultant Vector" by Arthur H. Rapp. The mystery of disappearing shipments on a Terra-Lunar matter transmitter, with suspicion directed toward an official of a competing corporation. After some fairly standardized zap-zap, boy gets girl. #####

Now that ASF has apparently been sounded its death knell, the type of stf described in Art's piece will undoubtedly be standard fare for the field again. Lawdy. I wonder if I'll be able to learn how to appreciate SatEvePost short stories,

two book reviews
-- ----

The Torch, by Jack Bechdolt. Reviewed by Thvrii L. Ladd.

To this reader, The Torch, by Jack Bechdolt, was one of the most satisfactory books published during the year 1948, probably being so because it does that thing which a fiction-work should most seek to do -- thoroughly entertains.

The tale is laid in the far future, amid the ruins of once-proud New York. The people of that day have been enslaved by a ruling minority, and live in utter subjection and misery. The theme of the book is that of throwing off the yoke of the oppressor.

The working out of this theme is superbly done by Mr. Bechdolt. Battered, but still proudly rearing its metal head into the sky, the great Statue of Liberty still stands in the New York harbor -- known to the people of this new day as The Great Woman. Living within and near this statue is a small group devoted to the cause of Liberty.

Fortune, the hero of the novel, is an officer of the autocrat of New York City -- an autocrat who sternly sees to it that the people are kept in proper mastery. The autocrat -- known as the Great Towerman, by name Wolff -- has a daughter Alda, who attempts to allure Fortune, promising him herself and a great future.

Curious to investigate the Great Woman, Fortune is captured by the patriots who live within it, and, eventually, joins their forces -- especially after meeting Mary, of their group, with whom he falls in love.

The book goes on to tell of the revolt against The Great Towerman and his forces, a revolt which, though in the end a success, first sees the rebels defeated by Wolff's forces, and their efforts apparently nullified. Exciting situations -- tense moments -- activity, for example, in long unused subway passages beneath ancient New York -- pack the book.

Bechdolt has told his story well. The writing is smoothly done; the action skillfully paced. This story originally appeared as a serial in Argosy in 1920. Bechdolt revised it for modern presentation, and it is indeed a happy action which brings it again into print, for it is too fine a tale to be denied present-day readers.

It would be an even happier event were something of similar interest and quality to come from Mr. Bechdolt's pen.

** ** *

"...AND SOME WERE HUMAN" -- a collection of stories by Lester del Rey.
(reviewed by Thyril L. Ladd)

This collection by Lester del Rey impressed this reader most favorably. Not only is there wide variance of subject-matter, but the author's way of writing gives an air of almost normal aura to very bizarre situations.

The collection offers twelve titles to the reader, and there isn't a poor one in the lot. Of course, a certain theme may appeal more to one reader than some other theme -- but in this book it seems as if nearly any taste in fantasy has been accommodated.

There is not enough space for a synopsis of each tale in the book, so I shall give mention to several which especially delighted me. For one, I liked "Helen O'Loy," because of the idea of a robot girl and a human man falling in love, and actually getting married. This is, of course, an example of del Rey's lighter vein, as is the opening tale of the group, "Hereafter, Inc." A story like "The Faithful" is a more impressive job, but has, too, a serious theme. In this story the faithfulness of the dog above all other animals to man his master is beautifully portrayed, and I like the hint of a repetition of evolution with which "The Faithful" closes.*

The longest tale is "Nerves." This has seen recent appearance in Adventures in Time and Space, and its inclusion in the Prime Press del Rey book was, at least for me, duplication. But I cannot honestly resent its being thus included, because it is of exceptional quality, and is told with a mounting tension which indicates great deftness on the part of the author. Then, too, it is particularly timely, since it tells of disaster in the handling of atomic forces.

In contrast to the weighty theme written of in "Nerves," we have the light appealing tale of the gnome in "The Coppersmith." For a time this character is really pathetic, and there is a pleasant touch of irony when he cheerfully goes to work on the automobiles he so hates, to hasten that day when their creation is no longer possible-- a day which will permit the reawakening of his sleeping brethren.

There are other very excellent stories -- the appealing story "The Luck of Ignatz," or the tale of the intelligent apes and their human friends -- in short, here is a volume which promises exceptionally good entertainment to the reader, and confirms the opinion of Lester del Rey being an excellent writer.

I am happy for myself, to have "...And Some were Human" at hand, not just for reading -- but for the pleasant prospect of re-reading!

#####

THE REACTIONARY

I have here five pages of mailing comments ready for stenciling, mailing comments which I wrote some time ago. Inasmuch as they are apropos and are readable, I might as well publish them. My attitudes and feelings have changed in the interval since the writing of these items, but I'll publish them anyway.

It was easy to blame my reluctance to work on the FANTASY ANNUAL on lack of time; but I was not bothered by lack of time to publish DREAM QUEST. It was easy to let correspondence remain in the basket unanswered and excuse it by saying I hadn't the time to answer it -- but when I did get the time, finally, I did not answer the mail -- I only wrote postcards apologizing to the different people.

I still, as far as I know, have two regular fan correspondents -- Kedd Boggs and Harry Warner. If I feel like it, I'll continue corresponding with both of these people. If not, I hope that neither of them will feel offended.

Miller talked me into publishing this mag. Hell, I thought, why not. It won't cost me any work.

But unlike a year, or six months, ago, typing twelve fan stencils today is a big task, approached not with joy but with reluctance.

Does fandom interest me anymore? No. Why? Has fandom changed or become worse? Has it altered so that I can no longer be interested in it?

I'll leave that up to you to decide.

In the meantime, you might consider this column or this magazine an epitaph. I rather wanted to comment on the mailing--I did enjoy reading it. But why bother -- it's so much work to note things I want to say. I let it slide and slide and now it doesn't matter a damn to me.

I have eight pages left here that I have to fill. I'll finish off this editorial, stencil the mailing commentaries I have here, and then call it quits. I have other things to worry about besides what condition this magazine is in when it hits the mailing, or whether it hits the mailing or not. FAPA can survive without me -- I can survive without it.

I have run into some swell guys in FAPA and out. To ~~xxx~~ them I wish the best. To the rest of you, whether you sink or swim is a matter of the utmost indifference to me.

You'll find an ad elsewhere in this issue. Prompt service is guaranteed. I'm still interested enough (whatever that means) to do business with fans, if not to participate in their activities.

Don't blame this on any factor like a realization of the bad condition of fandom, or an awakening, or what have you. Just call it a growing away. I feel no great need to justify withdrawal (!) from fandom either to fandom or to myself. It's just another event in the passing parade.

I better get on with the rest of this. I may be back sometime if the urge strikes me. If not, shed no tears. It was fun while it lasted.

#####

"You're all a bunch of fogheads," I said in the last mailing. I implied that FAPA had gone to the dogs, that there was nothing remaining in this utterly foo organization to interest me that I was embarking on a course of permanent estivation.

But the newest FAPA mailing has ended my disgust with the FAPA. Lack of interest may still remain, lack of energy; I am not preoccupied with questions of fannish significance. But be that as it may I enjoyed reading the last FAPA mailing -- nearly all of it -- and I liked the trend of improvement in the organization enough to be inspired to heed Miller's requests and contribute something to this mailing. I had even resolved to maintain my participation to a degree that interest would not drop away from lack thereof. But I won't do that. All I'll do is to admit that there is nothing wrong with the FAPA as it goes -- that it is I that has changed, not the organization.

God, this sounds like Everett trying to write like Laney.

At any rate I discarded comparatively few magazines from this bundle. I tossed off the two copies of LIGHT after reading them and getting a mild kick out of the McCoy-Keller fracas, which reminds me in many ways of some of the fracasas I used to get involved in. Remember FANDOM SPEAKS? Remember the Palmer feud? I used to enjoy fandom then -- up to my neck in a bitter, stupid feud. When days is gone forever, but it is interesting to see that a few people still retain dead serious feuding interest in items like a slite misquote for humor's sake.

Very frankly I don't know what the previous paragraph was all about or just why I typed it. This must symbolize my current addled state. Ah well.

And I discarded SPARK after reading parts of the editorializations and ads therein. The joke about the papoose was enjoyed -- how many of you got the Philcon Memory Book and noticed Kennedy's transcription of a Tucker joke, to wit: why did the train stop in the forest to let the lumber jack off hahaha. This trend toward jokes may lead to something favorable to the organization. At least you will note that all fans aren't Everetts.

And I also laid aside my extra copy of GLUM (some joker as usual placed two in my bundle) and I tore off the legal hangover sheet from the bottom of the last page of YLLUM and threw it out -- it added nothing to the magazine and got in the way.

All the rest of the mailing I have preserved for both commentary ((!)) and future reference and rereading. This is quite a record, is it not? Last mailing I'd have preserved not more than five-six mags. I enjoyed more than 3/4 of this mailing. Will it happen again?

I might as well combine several departments which I used to run in EB and name here the magazines which I liked best. In the manner that Thompson uses here are the laureate ratings on the February mailing. Best magazines: 1, Phanteur; 2, Sky Hook; 3, Primal; 4, Horizons; 5, Synapse. Best articles: 1, Thompson; 2, Rothman; 3, Graham; mention to Boggs. Best humor: Laney. Best mailing comments: 1, Speer; 2, Thompson; 3, Boggs; 4, Widner. Best single performance by any one person I would call Thompson's article on the school system.

Before I start making observations on the

individual magazines I'd like to do this article (unquote) that I have been thinking of in a half assed manner since a few weeks ago. You will remember that Wilson and Miller took a poll (in collaboration with Boggs and the NFFF) and that commentaries on this poll were asked for from the participants. I got a few helpful remarks and one or two commendations and a bunch of deserved criticisms (all for me...Miller and Kedd had nothing to do with the makeup of the poll, it was all mine lock stock and Willmorth) and I also got a letter from Mr. William Lawrence Hamling.

You remember Hamling. The jolly little man who helps RAP edit FANTASTIC ADVENTURES.

Anyway, I sent Palmer the poll, because the year previous he had voted in the old Dreamland Opinionator poll. Back came this letter from Hamling and on another enclosed sheet were the words, "DITTO. RAP."

I no longer have this sheet here to quote from. I gave Miller all the poll material after I finished counting my part and he was getting ready to count his part. (He is doing penance in shame for the fan artist category. He came out in fourth position and some artist beat him by four votes. He re-counted just to see if he could go up a notch and after re-counting this artist beat him by eight votes. Miller is kicking himself.) Anyway the purpose of this paragraph was to establish that I have no way of quoting directly from Mr. Hamling's fatuous remarks.

These two little men (who are more sensitive than Rex Ward, more bullheaded than Burbee, and more childish than Tom Ludowitz) got all up in arms about the explanation sheet which accompanied the poll. On this sheet I referred to Amazing and its companion magazine as "cruddy" -- some remark referring to the other magazines beside ASF, that the voter should "consider the cruddy magazines which this year have printed some good material" or some damn thing which escapes me at the moment. It is that I had wanted to be fair and all by re-emphasising to the voters that there are really other magazines besides ASF.

Well, anyway. Hamling and his boss took exception to my remarks. It seems that they re-send the reference to their magazines as "cruddy" (though I mentioned Amazing in the same breath with Thrilling Wonder Stories, which many fans of respected standing consider a "good magazine," whatever that means.) These two feckless editors SINCERELY BELIEVE (to ape their editorial style) that their fecklesser magazines are GOOD. Hamling raved on how the great buying public who plunk their quarters across the counters are the true indicators of worth -- that if the general public likes AMAZING and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES then these two magazines are the BEST. Furthermore, shouts the editor of FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, a true poll should represent the opinions of the general science fiction buying public and not the opinions of less than 200 self styled intellectuals who call themselves "fandom." Mr. Hamling concluded this marvelous missive by saying that neither he nor his chief were voting in this poll because we (the takers of the poll, I mean) already had preconceived the results and so why bother to vote anyway blah blah blah.

I suppose Mr. Hamling and his god expect me to start another siege of Amazing-worship. I wonder if they imagine that anyone really likes a 146-page, lousily printed magazine with no stories at all except the louisiest stinkeroos which are condemned by even the drooling idiots who Palmer imagines are the "average readers". Gaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

I dispatched these two gentlemen a letter in which I pointed out some slightly obvious comebacks, which included that this poll being taken for the benefit of fans must be fan-slanted to preserve intellectual honesty, that they were being childish and bullheaded about all this and furthermore were fooling only themselves, etcetera. I invited them to reply.

Needless to say they didn't. I guess the pages of that godawful mess called a "magazine," AMAZING STORIES, will shortly blossom out with another ranting editorial blasting the evil defects of that utterly vile organization, fandom.

If any of you give a damn what William Lawrence Hamling and his fetish believe, I am sorry for (if I have done it) bringing on the fanRAP war again.

For myself, I'm rather glad it happened. I'd rather KNOW (Z-D capitalization technique, adds emphasis) that Mr. Hamling and his overlord hate me than to have to keep careful track of my actions and speeches for fear of getting him mad. But I don't care. If Amazing blossoms out with a ranting attack on fandom (two bigs gets you a buck it will) it will be a matter of utmost indifference to me. Hell with Palmer. If this little man resents it when we fail to worship his magazine (he identifies himself with his magazine) it is no skin off my nose or elsewhere. And he has so imbued his tool with his own exaltation that Mr Hamling is utterly blinded. He can't see the territory for the map.

Am I hurting your feelings, Graham? I do not identify you with this. If I have caused Palmer to turn against you because of this it is too bad. If I have caused you to turn against me then it proves that you too are part of the Z-D contorted thinking circle, and that is too bad. Either way, Graham, I would like to see you free of being eternally associated with Palmer.

If I have caused Palmer further maladjustment by this (which may reach him or not, mattering little to me) it is a damn shame.

Any way you look at it, never get involved with these pro editors. They'll screw you every time.

My god, I'm tired out after all that shouting. But I had to say something on this matter in print -- it was beginning to prey on my nerves.

I was talking about the FAPA mailing.

Well. The official organ pleased me for several reasons. Primary reason was that all our officers are now free of the NFFF-like preoccupation with official sanctity that ~~now~~ infests such people as Dunkelberger and Coslet. It is good to see Rick joking lightly with the exalted dignity of office. I wish to hell some others of our members would come down off it reformat the official organization and the like.

Mailings to the proeditors are banned? This is good but getting Mr Laney to comply may be easier talked about than done. I have begun to resent Laney's and Burbee's recently concluded method of raising the membership. They asserted they "ran up the membership by judicious publicity." Judicious is the joker. They publicized, nay begged, all manner of people to get into the FAPA. And today we are just now recovering from this surge of

fannism. Well, shall I call Towner a good man for getting all this membership or shall I criticize him for lack of greater judgment in his choices as to who would go good in the FAPA? # Miller asked me the other day if Laney is an Augustus or a Diocletian. The answer to this question will be a significant chapter in fan history, so you better get on your toes and observe tomorrow's immortal storm in the gathering.

Those damned Democrats? I believe it is Mr Hoover who has been advocating the raising of the postal rates to put the postal department on a sounder business basis. One of his suggestions was to make a postal sell for 2¢ rather than 1¢.

Let's not raise the membership to 75. I know that if I were intending to continue active in the FAPA, I would have grave doubts about the desirability of mimeographing, paying for, assembling and stapling 10 extra copies -- about 1/7 of the total present run. There is the matter of extra costs; and the extra work. As for invitation for membership, this I would be inclined to support. Having now attained the great honor of being invited to join the VAPA and turning them down, I am obsessed with the idea of godling capacity being vested in a committee of judges.

I admire Towner's willingness to admit alien matter into the mailings, but if this happens too often in any one single mailing, we will be stuck minus sufficient copies of each magazine to cover the non-member contributorship. I for one would balk at producing extra copies of my mag to cover nonmembers who get the mailings free without even paying dues! Oh well. As long as you let in only good material it's okay by me. But balk at giving people free mailings for COSMIC CIRCLE COMMENTATORS.

CATALYST, the yellow magazine which was donated by our friends south of the border. I might mention my bias against magazines which are bound at the corner. I also have another bias, against magazines printed on one side of the paper only especially when the paper is sufficiently thick that there is no reason for this. # It will be nice to see Messrs Fowler and Bennett become FAPA members. It is a matter of some surprise to me to note AMAZING recruits who can compose worthy material in a coherent fashion! There've been others, of course, notably Bob Dougherty, Thomas M. Sawrie, and Gordon Mack jr. # I wonder how serious B and F intended "Was Manhattan Necessary?" to be. Does anyone really suppose that kicking over technology will lead us to an ideal world (whatever that be) or even a "better" one? Would anyone who demands a "spiritual revival" actually prefer to live in a medieval world, say, dominated by the RC church? I think all of us would like to see a world wherein each person could be free from any control or pressure. I am not asserting that technology is the "means" to achieve this freedom -- no. I don't think there is any "means" to achieve the goals. But surely technology is one of those forces which is very desirable toward improving the lots of individuals throughout the world. # I would like to read the letters of William Simpson. But at \$4 -- no thanks. # It's refreshing to read pleasant material like this. I hope Bennett and Fowler will be back. # Pardon me Bennett -- misspelling a person's name is an inexcusable offense.

Next in the stack, in 'mongst the fapa stuff for some reason beknownst to no one including the god, I find the final issue of IF!, the Philcon Memory Book, and issue #2 of DAWN, successor to FANDOM SPEAKS. The Philcon item, which contained issues of magazines like SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES and TYMPANI,

brought back some memories, not all of them pleasant. Comparing the effusions therein to the average of modern fanzines I can thankfully state that the average coherence of fanzine writing and publishing has improved vastly in a year and a half.

No comments on MOONSHINE or MASQUE. Mofbatt leaves very little to be said on the subject of Paul D and his racial views, and MASQUE's material is as usual very entertaining and utterly impossible to comment upon. I second Notsler's statement of "policy." You have seen in EB and its twin magazine, Primal, which probably would never have existed if I hadn't advised its editor where to get material and how to edit, no consistent policy. Not even anti-sciencefiction!

The title of BUBBLINGS COMBINED WITH FANTASY AMATEUR #1 can be variously interpreted depending on where the comma is placed. # We should send you a thank you picture every mailing if it would cause you to come out of your "publishing torpor." # Let Bratton have it out with his detractors. I don't care what F Orlin Tremaine believes or published. Whether or not he is a mystic is a source of utmost unconcern to me. Is this a pose? # I wouldn't be surprised if Laney's collection is the biggest collection of fanzines in captivity. Certainly not many people can boast of such a high percentage of the total output! My own fanzine file, which may be nearly complete from early 1947 to late 1948 for all I know, I have piled in disused cupboard drawers with no attempt at all to keep them in order except that I have segregated FANTASY COMMENTATOR and some of the other best items. Someday perhaps, if my grab bag deal comes off, I shall dispose of the trash in this collection. Please won't you buy some of my fanzines? # The twin publication of the Wid piece will provide food for thought without a doubt. Probably some people will even wonder why it happened. I can shed no light on the matter, I'm sure.

Thus endeth this chronicle. From here on, I'll fill in adlib, though the heart is not in it.

■ GLUM: Graham can't spell, and in a pro this is bad. Check a few errors: "Forward" should be "Foreword"; suppose, apparently, etc., are spelled with double p; there is no consistency, to go sidewise a little, in the use of the dash, and there is often bad sentence structure. Care, Roger, care. # Why not copy-right the whole magazine instead of the individual pages? # Mimeography on this initial Graham fanzine is below par. # Gad, it will be presumed that I'm all against Graham! Not so. These little errors irked me, however, enough to inspire me to mention them in print. # Aha! Another error. "Born out" should be "borne out".

boy I'd intended to comment on the GAPA (Goshwowboy Amateur Press Ass'n) but I'll save it -- maybe there'll be room on the last page.

HORIZONS, as usual, leaves very little to be said.

I should also comment on SKY HOOK, SYNAPSE, PRIMAL, PHANTEUR and METEOR SHOWER, but I have come near the bottom of the stencil, I've run out of things to say, I'm tired, and I don't give a damn. Graham's school letters.

Will you criticize the last Wilson fan publication you will ever read?

F I N I S
TAMAM (Arabic for The End)

BIG FANZINE SALE

Collection going!

I'm offering for sale my entire fanzine collection, with the exception of my FANTASY COMMENTATORS and BRITISH FANTASY REVIEWS. These I wish to keep sets of. (Incidentally, I still need #2 of the British Fk...will pay 25¢.) I may also wish to hang on to scattered other items, such as those with articles by or about me, as mementoes of The Days. But most everything is going.

I have, as I have said elsewhere, a nearly complete set of all fanzines from the beginning of 1947 till the end of 1948 -- a two-year set. I also have other items. Many of my items are trash -- I wasn't a pick and choos-er. But scattered among all the voluminous piles are issues of such magazines as SCIENTIFUNCTIONIST, VAMPIRE, GORGON, FANSCIENT, and many other good ones of the past and present.

Here is the deal. I'll guar-
antee to pack up these fanzines in willy-nilly order to make up grab-
bag packs of twenty; I'll sell these ~~xx~~ grab bags for \$1.00 each, post-
paid anywhere in the US. Is that a good deal? Nickel a mag?

Those
that you don't want you can trade or sell.

I'll guarantee this: If
too many good issues glut up ~~xx~~ in one order, I'll thin them out; and
if one grab bag of twenty mags turns out to be entirely trash, I'll
make sure that a few good items get into it. If I find that only
trash is available, I'll double the number of items in a grab bag, or
make some similar adjustment. Single sheeters count as $\frac{1}{2}$ mag.

Send
me a dollar, damn you. Get in the swim. Buy fanzines! You can't
lose. The more dollars, the more you get. First come first served.

If anyone wants single issues of given fanzines, send me a stamped
addressed postal for my reply. If I have the item, I'll quote you a
price and reserve it till word comes from you. Thus if you want to
get Stf'ist #7, or Vampire #8, you will have a good chance to latch
onto what you want.

Get into this, let your friends know about it.
They won't last forever -- any day I may give them away or burn them
or shove them out for the garbage men to maul over. You don't have
forever. Fine introductory offer to fanzines if you are a newcomer to
fandom. If you want a bulk of old fanzines, there's no better place
to get them.

Dollars will be accepted by Don Wilson at 495 North 3rd,
Banning, Calif., and/or Howard Miller, 1421 W George, Banning, Calif.
It is never too early to act.

----- FANTASY ANNUAL

It's on its way.

It has material by Ackerman, Searles, Moskowitz,
Kothman, Warner, Laney, Sneary, Wilson, Day, and many others. It has
an utterly gorgeous cover by John Grossman, other artwork by Grossman,
Miller, and others. It comes to over 150pp; it has coverage of all
prozines, books, events, fanzines, of 1948: it contains the complete
results of the 1948 poll. You can't miss this item!

Watch for an-
nouncements concerning price, edition, etc., and keep some cash salted
away for purchase. Edited by Boggs, Wilson, and Miller--you can't lose!

TWILIGHT - Don Wilson

All of which leaves me with one more page to fill.

Laney has in WILD HAIR #3 a very interesting little bit of detective work which suggests that Don Wilson (ostensibly publisher of this magazine) is in actuality nothing more nor less than a pen name of Howard Miller, fan and publisher of PRIMAL MAGAZINE and operator of a presser at the Banning Cotton Works.

It's all too, too logical. Burbee once, though he didn't say it in print, did see Miller and "Wilson" together -- it was Jan. 31, 1948, the place was Normandie Manor (Ritz Burbee Shacktown) and also present (but not voting) were Johnnie, Linda, and Buddy Burbee, Isabelle, and Rex E Ward and Roger P. Graham.

That was Howard Miller that you met, Burbee.

But who was that tall, skinny, bespectacled guy with him that reminded you of Paul Freehafer? He said very little, you remember--he was soft spoken, took little part in the conversation, did a miserable job of writing for SOUPDEALGEIF.

Was this the fabulous Don Wilson, mover of fannish mountains?

There exists here in Banning a charming, tall, softspoken, quiet and bespectacled individual named Jep Peabody -- "Jep" being a combination of the names, James Ellington Peabody. He wrote fiction for DREAM QUEST.

Did he visit Burbee's on the night of 31 Jan? Was that Don Wilson, or was it Jep Peabody?

Deception. Ahhh! The clack of mystery.

I'm quitting fandom; this may be interpreted as meaning, well, thinks Miller, now that the deception has been discovered there's no point in trying to keep it up; I'll just let this other FAP membership slide and this fake, Don Wilson, will no longer exist. He'll be quietly forgotten.

Have any of you begun to doubt?

Does Don Wilson exist or is he a pen name of Howard Everett Miller's? Did Don Wilson visit Burbee's in 1948 or was it Jep Peabody?

Will this echo down the pages of fannish history forevermore? Will people wonder, as they wondered about Singleton, Bristock, Gillespie?

WHO IS ANTHONY GILMORE???

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The cover of this issue is by Howard Miller. If any other artwork appears herein, it may also be credit to the same feckless gentleman.

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