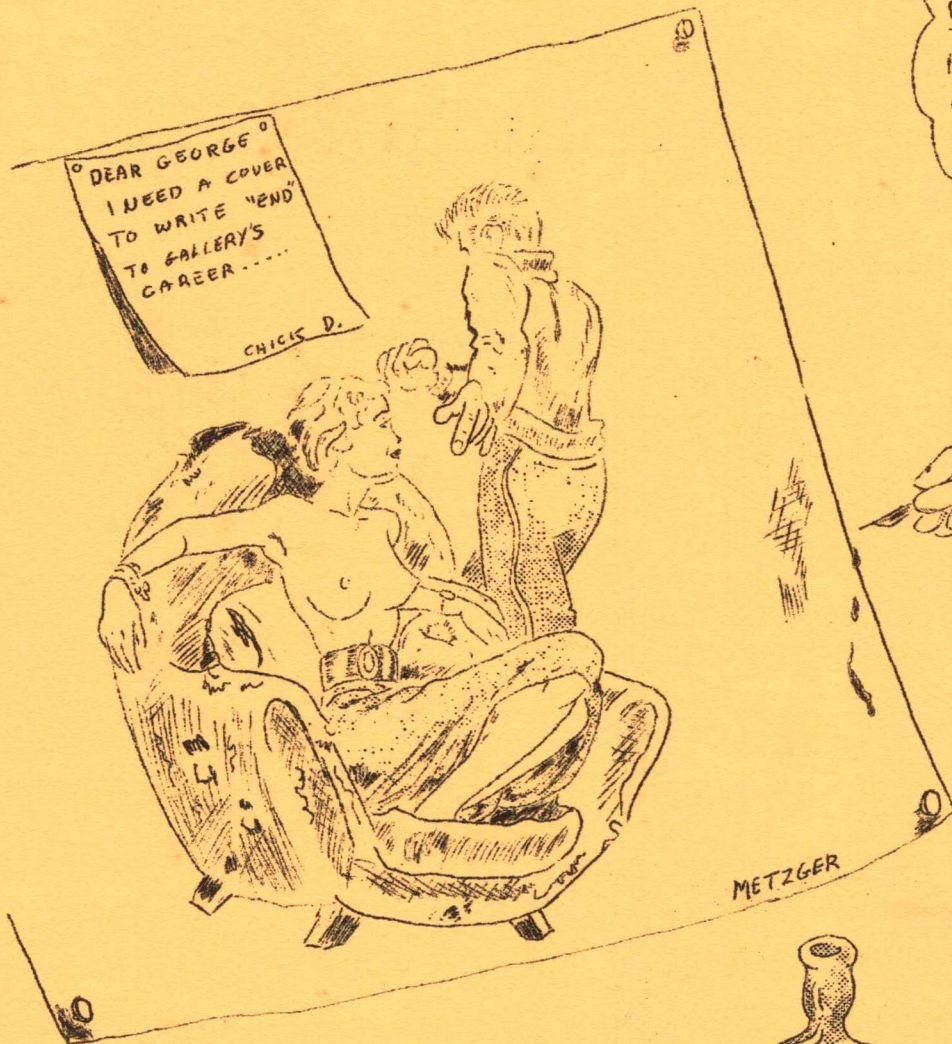


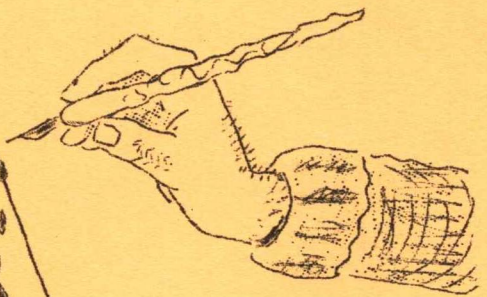
SUMMER

1959

GALLERY



So he wants a final cover — does he? After the P.O. Gets a look at this — FINI! he-he-he



* DEDICATED *
to

George
Metzger



Number

ten

Contributors...

DEAN GRENNELL
JOHN BERRY
HARRY WARNER JR.
GEORGE METZGER.

If of thy mortal goods thou art bereft,
And from thy slender store two loaves alone to thee are left,
Sell one, and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

*— and that, to me, is fondom
Chick Derry*

GALLERY number TEN summer 1959

Edited and Published by
Chick Derry at

7703 Alpine Street,
District Heights, Md.

Distribution: FAPA and OMPA+

DEATH!

BEFORE BY DINNER

LAMONT CRANSTON

Wells clutched the new briefcase in hands that sweated, and watched with ill concealed pride the sign painter. The man was just putting the finishing touches on the word "President". The "Vice" stood complete beside it.

After the last flakes of gold leaf had been brushed away, Wells opened the door and walked in.

He hung up his hat and put the briefcase squarely in the center of the huge polished desk. He looked around the office and a slow smile spread over his face.

With a subdued whoop he dropped into the chair that had taken him six years to earn.

"Anybody home? Or, do I have to salaam and kiss the hem of thy Ivy League, now?"

"Jocko!" Wells shouted and rushed to the door. The two men stood shaking hands and pounding each other on the back. "I'd begun to think that VPs lived in solitary", Wells said.

"I wasn't sure you'd speak to the rest of us pen-pushers," Jocko laughed.

"If I don't I'm going to be awfully lonely," Wells said.

"You can afford to be lonely in the office—with that girl of yours waiting for you evenings." Jocko winked broadly.

"You may be right", Wells smiled, "you may just be right."

"Don't let all this power go to your head," Jocko bowed his way out of the door.

Power, thought Wells, and laughed to himself. There was little power and less work to being a VP than to being just one of the pen-pushers. By ten o'clock he was finished and lounged back in his chair thinking about lunch. He might just ask Vivian to marry him. Between the martinis and the salad.

Suddenly he snapped his fingers and hurriedly went to the door. He peered into the hall and surveyed the situation. Satisfied at the emptiness of the corridor he closed the door and returned to his desk. There he opened his briefcase and removed a dirty manila envelope.



From the envelope he took the latest HYPHEN and A'BAS. For several minutes he just thumbed through the two and savored the clever atmosphere. If only there was another fan that he could talk to. Share his enthusiasm with; maybe tie one on together.

Admiring Atom's drawings and Raeburn's writing made him hungry for that staple of the fan's diet, egoboo.

He'd put out three issues of FLARE, a rather limited personal opinion fanzine.

It had been hard work. He was thoroughly conversant with sines, co-sines, quadrants, and radii, but when it came to the mysteries of the mimeograph, stencil, ink, 20lb versus 16lb, postal rates and such like, he had to start his education from scratch.

The first issue had been the hardest, and yet it had been rather well received.

Willis had averred that 'he had promise', in a letter, of course. Walt being much too prudent a fan to step into print, with anything so brash. Madle had mentioned in his pro column that he had received a copy of FLARE, and listed such important items as the editor's name and address. Bloch also went this far.

Ted White had called him 'fuggheaded'. Sean Hitchcock had used two pages and three languages to lament the pedantic tone of FLARE, and the waste of paper. Amelia Pemberton dissected his ten pages in two lines, neither of them favorable.

The second issue of FLARE had been better. He'd used twenty pound paper and stuck to black ink on white paper. He'd carefully waded through his verbiage and weeded out all six syllable words. As an experiment in art, and following in the footsteps of no less a personage than Andy Young, he'd included several graphs to illustrate his lead article: "Impossibilities In Some Of SF's Favorite Engineering Feats".

There had been a great deal more comment on the second issue.

Robert Bloch had said, "Wells does write English, correct English, a thing rare these days, but I must admit I haven't figured out what he's talking about. Maybe Oxford will put out a translation."

Madle: FLARE number two arrived today. Same editor and address as last issue.

Ted White, in ZIP combined with STELLAR combined with NULL F merged with GAMBIT, said, "This Fugghead Wells is just the type of fan we don't want in Fandom. If he'd just send his ten pages blank and let someone like Archie Mercer fill it with jazz talk, Fandom would be better off."

Bob Pavlat compared him with Dr. Bearles.

Sam Moskowitz drew interesting parallels with early and unknown fans who had flourished in 39 and 40.

Amelia Pemberton said, "There is something wrong with my mail service. I received issue number two of FLARE."

Ron Bennett admitted that Wells' material wasn't mainstream, and perhaps his repro could stand a bit of improvement.

John Berry sent him a story.

Walt Willis sent a long, serious letter in which he gave many helpful pointers and lead him to believe that nothing succeeded like success and the only way to achieve that was to keep filling the mails with FLAREs. He didn't say that FLARE was the bright spot of his fannish day.

Dean Grennell mentioned a new light in the fannish firmament. He didn't name FLARE outright.

(continued on page 6)

A YEAR AGO THE FOLLOWING ITEM CAME TO ME WITH THIS NOTATION:
Handcrafted Expressly for
Chick von Derry, Esq.

Bread

Stiff

and

EMBALMING FLUID

DEAN
GRENNELL

I'd never eaten there before but the schedule had got shuffled about and I was hungry and they had a big sign in front saying, with simple eloquence: HAMBURGERS. So I bellied up to the bar and ordered a couple hamburgers.

Soon came a couple chunks of ground beef that must have pretty well ruined an entire steer. Rather than the customary round buns they were laminated between massive slabs of unbakerish-looking bread.

"It's homemade bread," the barmaid/waitress/proprietress (?) informed me. "We make it ourselves. You like the bread?"

Well, it would take more boorishness than I ordinarily got to say no and as a matter of fact, I did like the bread. I admitted as much, though cautiously.

"It should be good," she said, complacently. "We don't put no embalming fluid in that bread. No, sir."

A hefty wedge of homemade bread, sans embalming fluid, nearly choked me off in mid gulp. Purple-faced and sputtering, I sluiced it down with Coca-Cola.

"How about potassium permanganate?" I asked. "None of that, either?"

"I don't know what that is," she said. "But all the bakeries put embalming fluid in their bread to keep it from spoiling but we don't use any in our bread."

I doggedly finished the hamburgers, but my heart wasn't in them. There is a sort of information you'd be just as happy for not knowing about. I recall that when we were down along the Texas/Mexican border during the war we were much fond of a Mexican beer called Carta Blanca ...up until the time one enterprising aficionado got clear down to Monterrey on a three-day pass and visited the brewery where they made the stuff.

Telling about it later, he still seemed a little shaken. "Jeezst," he muttered. "The stuff in the vats was solid black on top; anyhow an inch deep with those Muge Mexican flies...floating there...dead..... rotting.....STINKING....!"

The Carta Blanca people lost a lot of good customers right about then. I imagine the ingredient in baker's bread that she was referring to was calcium propionate. Norman G. Browne visited us in 1953, at a time when he was working for a bakery in Edmonton. At that time we had standardized on "Milk Bread" from the local A&P store. We kind of liked it and I asked him what he thought of it. He picked up the loaf, looked at the label, shuddered faintly and muttered something about having calcium propionate in it and the Canadian government not allowing them to put that stuff in bread. I didn't press the point.

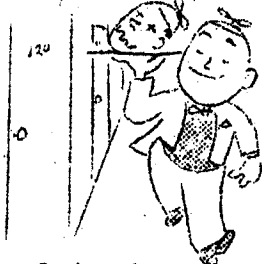
I couldn't say, offhand, if calcium propionate is an ingredient of embalming fluid. I remember, in a fapazing long ago, I made some passing mention of something being "about as funny as a quart of embalming fluid." Eney happily pounced on the remark and said that if you had the proper kind of graveyard humor a quart of embalming fluid was funny, what with all the "cigarette-type advertising on the label."

I had to agree with him, a few years later, when I was measuring up a funeral home for an air-conditioner and I went through one room stacked high with cases of the stuff. I remember one carton triumphantly labelled on the outside with the proud words:



"ANOTHER CASE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE EMBALMING FLUID IN THE WORLD!"

So I had to concede that Richard Harris Eney was right again. It is a funny thing but we always seem to come around to the same viewpoint, Eney and I. We had a mannerly set-to on ecology once and he gallantly awarded me the decision—which about squares us off. Outside of those two instances, I can't remember a thing he's said to which I could take exception and if he objected to anything I said he kept quiet about it...an act so uneneyian as to preclude its possibility.



Shooting off on another tangent (in order to conform to what Needham calls "Grennell's insufferably rambling writing style"), I usually sketch a very roughly doodled layout of a building's floor-plan, jot down the dimensions, then draw it up to scale later when laying out the ductwork, sizing the units, etc.

I roughed in the outlines of what the morticians euphemistically refer to as the "preparation room," busied myself with something else and gave Arnold, the dealer for whom I was designing the job, my tape measure. "Run in there, get the length and width and tell me how many windows," I told him. He came back looking pale and queasy with the info on a slip of paper. "He's got an old lady on the table in there!" he whispered. "It gives me the creeps, a place like this." "I figured he had a customer in there," I told him. "That's why I sent you in."

Mercifully, we didn't know it at the time, but within about a year the guy had Arnold in there, probably on the same table. No wonder it gave him the creeps, poor guy.

There was a time in the latter forties when we "took from" the Omar man. This is not a firm of tent-makers but a sprawling chain of bakeries. They load their various products into fleets of red, panel-body trucks and hawk them from door to door. As they seem to see it, their objective is two-fold: To put out products with an emmense amount of eye-appeal to initiate maximum impulse-buying and to make a

great deal of money.

Give them credit, they do quite well at it. I remember various times when I'd be home as the Omar driver came to the door and I was even more vulnerable to the stuff than Jean was. I could never resist those luscious, succulent-looking packets of a dozen rolls, with their snowy, powdered-sugar frosting and their little ruby inlays of cherry jam in the center of each one. And if he could, the driver always tried to place a loaf of the bread in your hand. Once your fingers felt that gloriously limp softness, your salivary glands started to spurt like Old Faithful gone berserk and you bought like a starving Armenian.

It was a different matter, though, when you got inside and started to eat it. The frosting of the rolls had a consistency like cold cream mixed with calcimine. The jam was a sticky, cloying horror but what was worst was the doughy gookum underneath.

You know this stuff they call styrofoam. They make toilet-tank floats out of it, and cut-out Santa Clauses at Christmas time and all sorts of gizmos as well. Imagine a special variety of styrofoam with a consistency sufficiently yielding to be bitten off and chewed. You got a perfect description of any Omar bakery product with the possible exception of their doughnuts,



which give the impression of being styrofoam stewed in cast-off fat from a soap factory. The revolting bit was the fact that by the time you'd gagged it down, when the guy came again you forgot all about the disillusionment and were all set to go off on another impulsive bread binge. Lord, wot fools us mortals is.

Finally we gave Omar the heave-ho, partly because of the stark inedibility of his wares, partly due to his cute habit of coming when nobody was home and dumping the whole porch full of whatever wasn't moving that particular day. If you questioned his wisdom in doing this, he would explain that he'd figured you'd be wanting it so he left it.

From Omar we progressed to "Wonder Bread" —named, presumably, because you wonder anybody buys the stuff. After Omar bread it tasted like ambrosia. Then they started emblazoning each loaf with the legend:

"HOWDY DOODY'S FAVORITE BREAD!" and I figured be-damned if I was going to eat the same bread as a blasted puppet so we switched to the A&P Milk Bread aforesaid.

I sometimes get the impression that there is a distinct parallelism between Omar baked-goods and certain of the contemporary science-fiction periodicals. You pick up a copy off the stands and there is the same irrational feeling that never in all time has there been so delectable a morsel as this. The cover makes you want to plump down, cross-legged, on the floor and read it right there. You leaf through, noting the intriguing interior illo's and drooling over the enticing squibs put at the head of each yarn by a crafty editor....stuff like:



The lives of all the beings in a galaxy hung by a thread and the grilk-palsied fingers of a grounded space-pilot fidgeted with the knot. Could the blonde, curvaceous Beulah make him see that, after all, humanity was worth the trouble?



WHAT'S
Dag's favorite
bread, KIDS?

So you plank down your dime-and-quarter and you take it away to read, only to find that the tempting camouflage of illo's and blurbs conseals

a pot-pourri of trite hackwork and you begin each story in turn, read a few paragraphs, a page or three, and finally put it away to finish later. But you hardly ever do because in the meantime you've found another mag on the stands and goshwowboyohboy, it looks so interesting and you can hardly wait to read it so you buy it and.....cycle, ad infinitum, ad nauseum.....

THE END

(Death Before Dinner)

Well, he'd put out a third issue. On this one he'd staked his whole future as a fan. If it got a good reception he'd continue. If it didn't, well, Vivian didn't know about fandom, he'd decided not to tell her until he had been accepted.

He didn't think about not succeeding. Fandom had come to be a very important thing to him.

He roused from his musing to find that it was noon. Lunch. Lunch with Vivian.

As he shrugged into his Harris Tweed he conceded that he had come a long way. A very long way from those days at college when he's pressed pants to get his degree. From a tenement delinquent to Vice President of one of the largest Engineering firms in the country.

Not given to vanity as a rule he couldn't help being proud of his success. He boasted very little, and then only to himself, but his eyes lit up when he opened the door of his Mercedes SL300 and got in.

Vivian was striking and she knew it. She held her 36-24-34 figure erect and here eyes twinkled as she saw Well's admiring appraisal.

"Like it," she smiled.

"If there are better curves, I haven't found them," he said.

"I do believe that I could call that a proposal," Vivian said, "and an honest one at that."

"It's possible, shall we discuss it further over dinner?"

"Oh, I accept now," she laughed, "I'm taking no chances with your wiggling out before dinner."

"I haven't made it official, yet."

All the remainder of the afternoon he basked in the glow of his good fortune.

He toiled the Mercedes smoothly through traffic with almost no awareness of what he was doing. He parked. In the lobby of his apartment house he unlocked the mail box.

He shuffled through the mail and extracted one envelope. Well, he thought, I have arrived. He tore open the expensive envelope that contained an invitation to join the most exclusive society of engineers. He muttered to himself, "Okay, you old snobs, I might take you up on it...in my own good time."

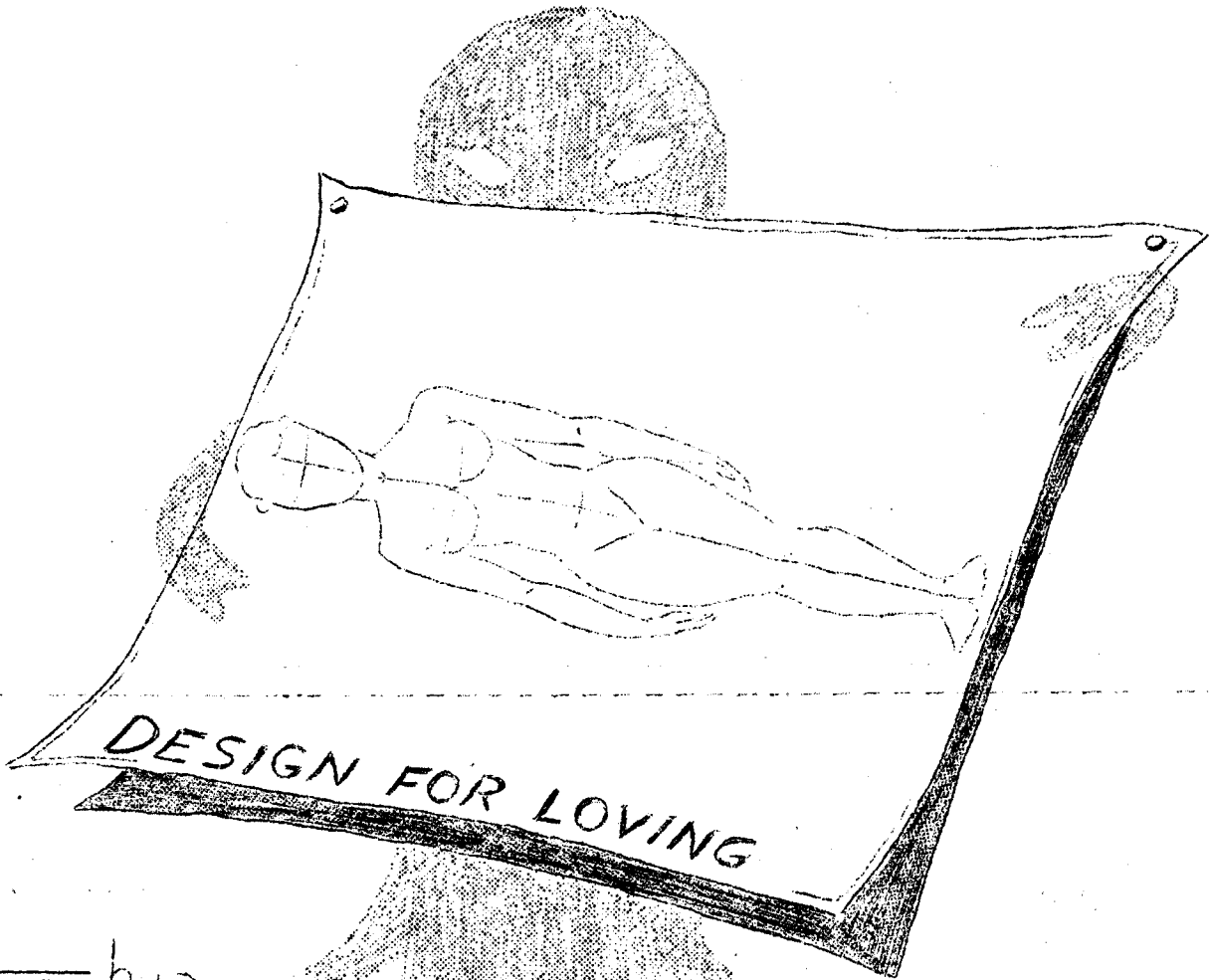
In the apartment he layed out his evening clothes and ran a tub of hot water.

His feet propped on the foot board of the bed and his head on two pillows, Wells proceeded to peruse the rest of the mail. It was with a certain amount of anticipation that he opened the first envelope. Flare three had been mailed out a month. It was time he heard something, one way or the other.

He shook the envelope and out tumbled IMAGINATION. He rapidly thumbed through to Bloch's column and read it through. He found Flare on the last page of the column.

From the second envelope came PLOY, and Mr. Bennett also mentioned him.

(continued on page 12)



by
John
Berry

Suddenly he woke up.
The room, or maybe the cell, was dark green.
Funny?

A dream?

He knew it wasn't.

He sat up, ran the back of his hand under his chin.

Stubble....four days growth. He knew that well enough. Back in Oakville he didn't need to

shave too often.

He looked around, saw his shotgun nearby.

Rabbits.

That was it. He'd been trying to shoot rabbits when.....

"What the hell am I doing here?" He thought, but he didn't seem excited. In fact he was strangely calm...his mind was icy cold... Everything was green. A square room, sort of plastic wall...and the stuff he had been lying on, was it...dried seaweed? Looked like seaweed. He felt it with his fingers....hummmmm.....

Shooting rabbits? Yes that was it. He'd crouched behind the bush and raised his shotgun....at the same time he'd heard the peculiar whine behind him...behind the hills...and then the cracking of dried twigs and then....and then.....

No doors or windows to the cell...just a green haze where the ceiling should be.....

And what was his name? Think...think...Roy...that's it.....Roy
...and why had they left his shotgun?

And who were they?

He got up, stretched...yawned. He felt good....very good...strong..
the muscles flexed under his thin shirt.

Then he heard the noise...buzzing...like the noise from the hives
his father had in the garden.....

He broke the shotgun, saw the cartridges were not there...he snapped
it shut, held the shotgun by the twin barrels, slung the butt over
his shoulder.

"Step forward."

He stepped forward.

"Walk"

He walked.

He walked...through a dark space that suddenly revealed itself in
the wall...and still the buzzing, getting louder.

The shotgun held like a club, he slowly moved forward...he seemed
to be in a tunnel...a dark green tunnel...a long tunnel...or maybe it
wasn't so long...it seemed to him that although he was striding fore-
ward now, the tunnel was rushing toward and past him....

It seemed that way.

But he didn't think it was strange...what was the expression?.....
conditioned.....?

Suddenly there was a chamber...large...circular...but still green.
..and the girls to his left...a lot of girls...white...dark...yellow..
all young...all fine physical specimens...and they looked at him.....
he was the only male...he counted them...one..two...five...seven.....
ten...fifteen...twenty...thirty...more...and they seemed unconcerned
too...funny...very funny...?

And then.."Foreward" and he looked forward and saw the..the.....
octopus...well...it wasn't an octopus, but it reminded him of one....
not tentacles but a pulsating mass of...of...well, and a large green-
blue head with saucer-sized eyes...and it was on a bed of seaweed..if
it was seaweed.

"Look at me"...and he looked.

The thoughts came to his head and he didn't think it unusual and
he knew he hadn't eaten for days but he wasn't hungry...just curious
slightly curious...he was conditioned.

"You are here for experiments"...oh...?...he gripped the barrels of
his shotgun and flexed his muscles...

"Physical experiments"...and he placed his feet wide apart and bent
slightly forward.

"Reproductive experiments"...oh...?...and...well...the girls were
young and attractive...he eased the shotgun on his shoulder slightly
...and hell...I'm the only male...and say, they're beautiful...and
they're looking at me....I may be conditioned, but this isn't so bad
...no sir...it could be worse...much worse...

"Not with them, with..." and he didn't know what the last word was
but he turned right and saw several octopi...for want of a better name
and they were bigger and fatter...and then he knew...and screamed and
swung the shotgun round his head and leapt forward.....

fini

ETCETERA

You are looking at the last issue of Gallery that anyone is likely to see for a long time (no cheers, please);

perhaps the final issue.

The foregoing is a statement quite common in the fanzine world. It usually heralds a siege of gafia. This is not strictly the order of events in this case, however.

Gallery had its inception four years ago, following a very pleasant and stimulating four days visit by Pam and Ken Bulmer.

Due to some very original and logical salesmanship, Pam wheeled me into joining OMPA. The first issue of Gallery was the result; with material by Ken, Bob Pavlat, and myself.

For two years it grew and it prospered. A regular column by Pavlat material by John Berry, D.A. Grennell, H. Warner, A.F. Riend, G. Metzger, etc. In fact Gallery has the considerable honor of being the first zine to publish Metzger-drawings.

THEN CAME THE RECKONING. Between number 8 and 9 over six months elapsed. Between 9 and 10 there has been over a year. Obviously this is a bit erratic for a quarterly. While GRUE can get away with it, I know that Gallery cannot.

I pride myself that Gallery steadily improved. So improved in fact, that even maintaining the present level, will be virtually impossible for the next year or so. In view of this I am retiring the title for the time being.

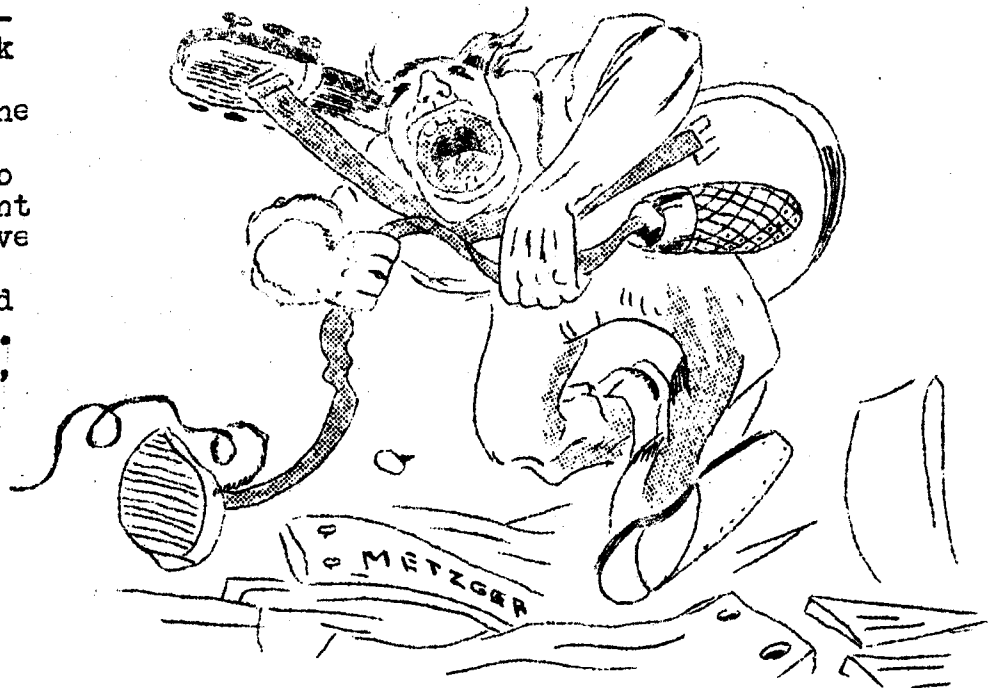
Between working two jobs, answering half of my mail, trying to do some work on the CAPICON committee, and about a million (conservative estimate) other things, there isn't time to do a decent job.

The last issue of Gallery wasn't all I wanted it to be; this issue isn't exactly what I had in mind either.

I was doing a little research into the matter of mimeographs that would be ideal for the needs of fans. I set up certain standards by which to judge the various makes now on the market. I compared only the cheaper models, since it is well known that fans are eternally in straitened monetary circumstances. Lack of time prevented me from writing up my findings. But this I can say. The Gestetner, for all its wondrous advantages

isn't the best buy, fanwise. In new machines, the A.B. Dick model 416 is by far the best bet. In the matter of foreign machines, the Roneo is a really excellent buy, and you can have a choice of either silk screen or fluid ink operation; nice.

One little tip, if you want a used machine go to a dealer of a competitive make, they either smash up other brands, or sell em dirt cheap.



(Con't. page 12)

Conversation in a

It was one hell of a dump. But it had a bar, which was good, and I couldn't see any sign of a television set or radio, which was even better.

The bartender raised his eyebrows when I explained how I wanted it mixed. "You must have troubles, bud."

"Plenty. Damned Mars expedition."

I should have kept quiet, because he looked harder at me for that blasphemous remark, and recognized me. "Say, aren't you the guy who--"

"Yeah, I'm the guy who, and I came in here because it's the only place I could find where people aren't talking about Mars or listening to news about the expedition. How about cooperating?"

He stared at me as I gulped down the drink. "Sure. I didn't know you were still touchy--"

Someone slapped me on the back before he finished. I jumped like a frightened cat. Pete was grinning at me. Behind him was an enormous fellow with bright red hair, stooped shoulders, and thick glasses. I blinked. The drink shouldn't be effective so quick.

"I hope you didn't mind me following you down here, Mark," Pete said before I could flare up at him. "Ivan here heard that you were in town and he's always wanted to meet you."

Ivan stuck out a huge hand, mine was lost in his grip, before I had time to say goodby to it. "Mark Wagner!" Ivan's first words removed all doubts about his identity.

"Hi, Ivan," I said, tugging at my hand until I'd worked it loose. "Lets form a club."

Pete was grinning at the barkeep. "Just think, man, you're looking at the only two men in the world who ever landed on Mars. Up to this new expedition, of course."

"Pipe down!" The words sounded odd, in Ivan's Russian accent, but their message got across. He took two giant steps toward Pete and the barkeep, which helped to put across his point. The shut up.

"I was wondering," Ivan said to me a little later over fresh drinks. "Did your American newspapers print the truth about what happened to you, or did they lie like Pravda did about me?"

"They didn't exactly lie. They were just trying to save face for the government," I told him. "The newspapers said that I landed on Mars but malfunction of equipment prevented accumulation of useful information, end quote."

Ivan belched, then emitted a rapid string of Russian syllables. "That's what they said about my trip. It amounts to the same thing as your long words. Stupid government. Oh, how stupid! How glad I was to get out of Russia as my reward for keeping silent about the stupidities."

"You might as well have stayed there," I told him. "This country's just as stupid. Imagine, sending me to Mars without any instruments to record data, just because humanitarian old women wanted the first interplanetary traveler to have plenty of room to move around the spaceship and because some of the Pentagon boys thought a human observer would be more trustworthy than instruments."

BAR

by HARRY
WARNER
JR.

"Bah! that is nothing, compared to the stupidity of the Kremlin. Can you conceive it, building a spaceship for me in which there was not even a window out of which I would look, nothing but dials and gauges and flashing lights from which I was suppose to report conditions on Mars! All this because someone at the top believed that insturments are infallible, human senses are fallible!"

We ordered fresh drinks. Both Pete and the bartender had gone out of the room, apparently wanting to hear if that report on the findings of the new expedition had been released. At least we could talk freely. I asked Ivan:

"Were those rumors that I heard true? About what a silly thing happened that made your trip useless?"

Ivan wiped at his cheeks. Real tears were flowing down, Slavic tears of imposing dimensions. "Da. You see, I was strapped down during the entire trip, like Laika, with automatic devices feeding me, eliminating wastes, even massaging me. This permitted the maximum number of mechanical devices in the spaceship. Above me and at my sides were those endless rows of dials, guages, lights. While on Mars I was to read off their actions to the recording device. On my return I would be a hero of the people. And on the takeoff acceleration, my glasses slipped from my face. They floated around the cabin all during the trip and finally landed on the floor when I landed on Mars. They were two feet away, but I could not reach them, strapped helplessly as I was. I am so very far sighted, I could see only blurs where the dials and guages were. I could not even distinguish the little light that was suppose to show me when to talk into the recorder." Ivan bent closer and shook his head sadly. "You know, I heard rumors that you also had an accident. But I see that you do not wear glasses, so that cannot be."

"Oh, I switched to contact lens when I got back from Mars," I told Ivan. "I'm nearsighted, so I didn't need my glasses during the trip. I spent a lot of time swinging around that weightless cabin for exercise during the trip, and I smashed them when I bumped my head against them. So when I got to Mars, I sat at that damned window and saw some things moving around outside that might have been living things or sandstorms, and I spotted some objects in the distance that might have been buildings or high rocks, but everything was so fuzzy that I might as well have stayed home."

We both cocked our ears. There were cheers floating through the door. Apparently the new expedition had been successful. "Of course," I said, "in a way, I suppose it was for the best. It taught Washington and Moscow that you mustn't put all your trust in either men or machines, when there is danger of interference from things that don't belong to either class, like glasses."

"Da. How else would the United States and Russia have decided to work jointly on a successful Mars trip, if they hadn't messed up the first tries, working separately? Damn, where's the bartender?" Ivan banged his empty glass against the dirty wooden table.

####

There were two more envelopes and one contained CRY OF THE NAME LESS and the last a letter from Chuck Harris.

For a long time he lay there. Finally he looked over at the clock. It was almost time to meet Vivian. With a sigh he got up and went in to bathe.

He bathed and shaved and dressed. But his heart wasn't in it.

He'd climbed so far, to reach this peak in his life. And now he was dead. Dead; stabbed by a fanzine. He'd go out to dinner, but he wouldn't taste anything. The consensus of fanish opinion was that he better should have stood in bed. Flare three was a flop; and as a fan he was dead.

30

ETCETERA

I have aligned myself with the less than popular faction in the TAFF argument and over a technicality: No definition of what constitutes a fan for the purposes of nomination. A whole list of rules as to whom may or may not vote (all adding up to 'anyone with a halfabuck'), but not one word about who may get the reward. TAFF either should be folded up and layed away, along with the 'exclusion act', or made as modern and loophole-proof as possible. What about a board of governors and an unvarying set of regulations. I am not here in laying out a blueprint, no one fan that I know of is infallible enough to do that...and please everyone, I'm setting down my opinions, a thing, I hope hasn't gone completely out of style.

I have been blissfully typing away at this tribute to the iron guts of all fans when I casually glanced at the Fantasy Amateur number 87. Know what? I am just now typing page twelve, and this is the official mailing day....WHAT? Today? Oh, well, maybe I can borrow enough for 66 identical stamps. If Summerfield will sell them to me....I'll not bother to tell him I'm a fan....no need loading the dice.

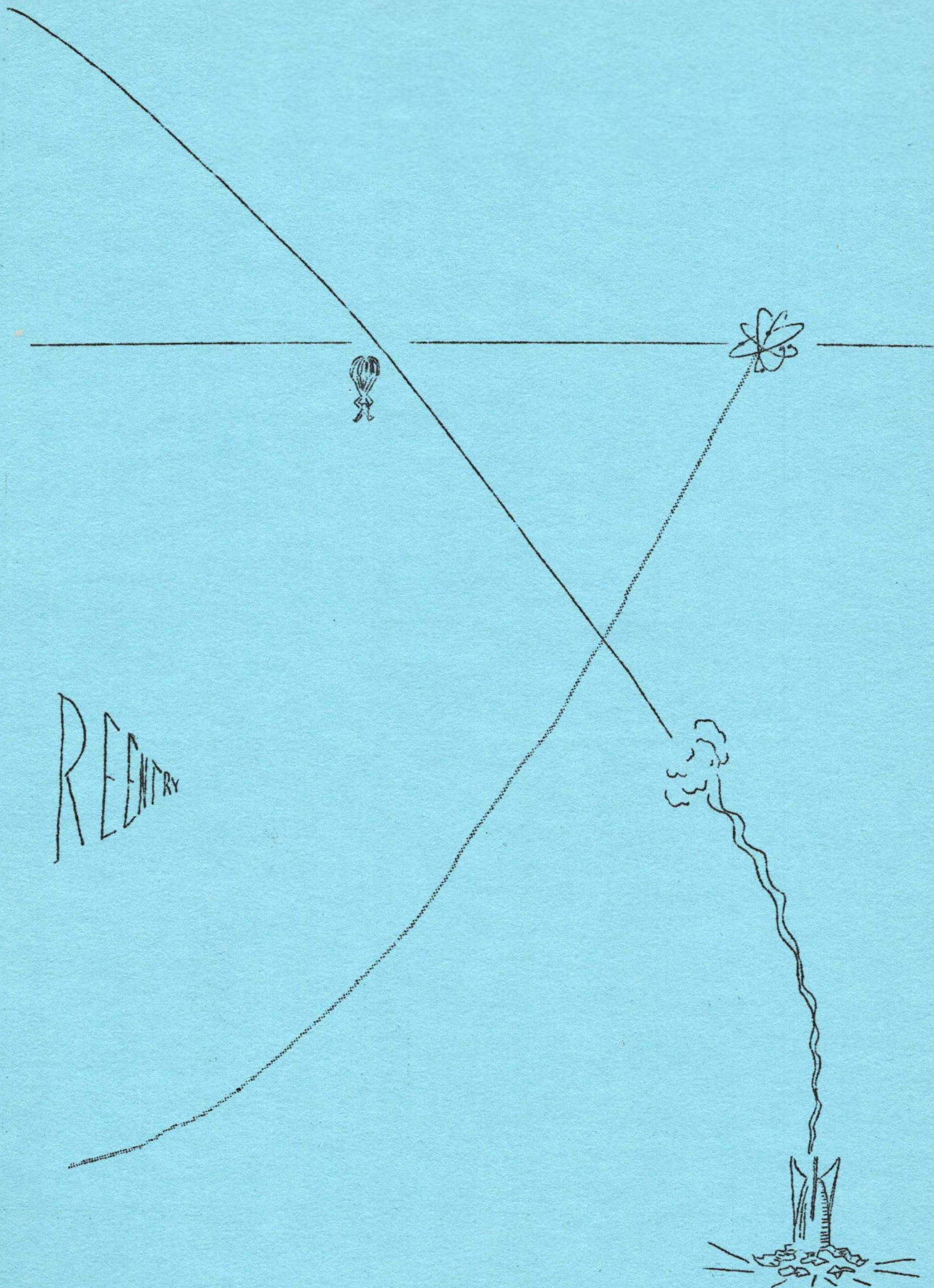
You know as well as I that the 88th mailing has come and gone and so the above paragraph is merely history, but so are alot of other things. Such as the Detention and WSFA's bid for 60. Berry has been here, and I have met him. GMC didn't make the con in Detroit, and White is being measured for a pine tux because of the 88th-mis mailing. Oh, yes, much has transpired. Including the fact that I failed to get my margins aligned with those of a couple of months ago.

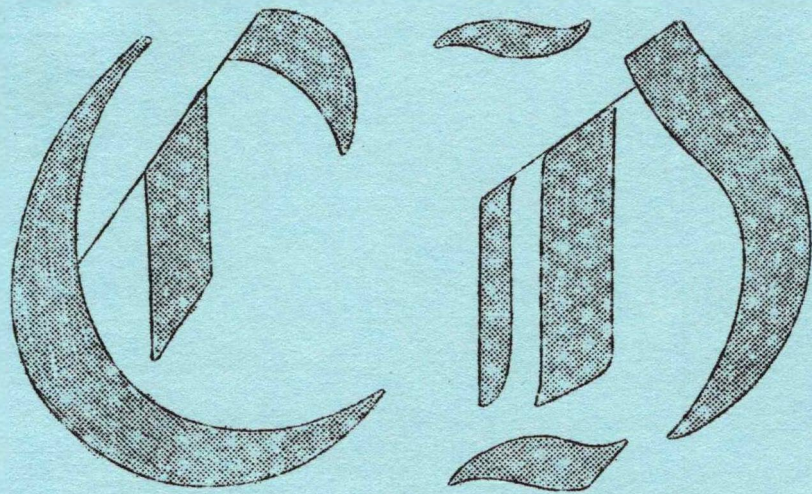
A WORD OF TECHNICAL details: The pages are being typed on a Smith Corona portable on the only stencil I have yet discovered that will produce a decent page on a portable. The ABDick 1960 Stenset, a stencil with a wax coating on the backing sheet, eliminating the need for a cushion sheet. Most of the pages have been run of an ABDick waste ink machine, on very cheap, (blotter) paper.

Dick Eney's monumental job of Fancyclopedia II is sold in the first edition (actually only the first printing of the first edition) and wonderful job it is. If I may be allowed a bit of neoism "Gosh WOW" A word to those who have copies of this first printing. The upsidedown pages can be blamed on myself and Bob Pavlat. We couldn't resist the temptation to produce a 'collector's item'.

Eddie Condon and others are, at the moment, filling the room with their wild, spirit-rising music. No jazz fan, I, I like it.

REENTRY





I hope that you have enjoyed this as much I
enjoyed getting it together — thanks