

GALLERY



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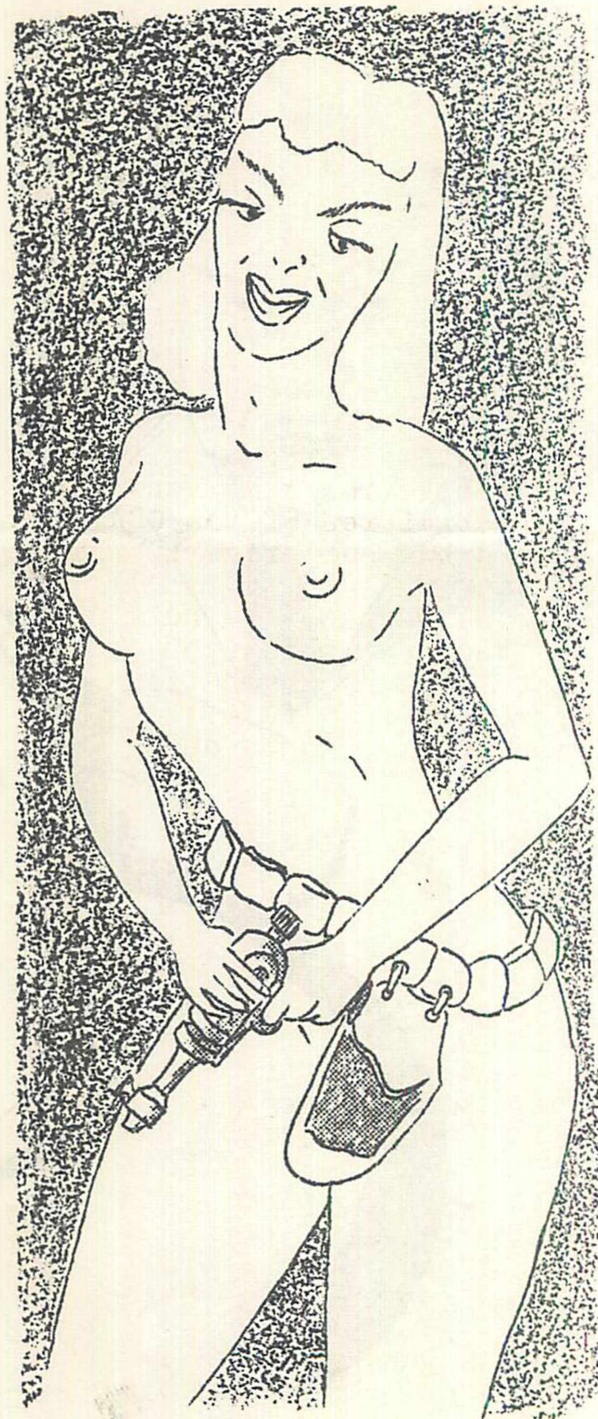
contributors

John Berry

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GALLERY, number eight. Fall 1957.
The casual fanzine, edited and
published for-the-hell-of-it by
Chick Derry at 1814-62nd Avenue,
Cheverly, Maryland, USA. Distri-
buted to OMPA and interested fri-
ends. Contributions WELCOMED!!!

WANTED: Letters; cards; fanzines.

In the last two GALLERY'S the heart-rending story,
I WAS AN AGENT OF THE G.D.A.

has been featured. Now here is the promised denouement written by the Goon (hissself) explaining in detail all the so-called unconnected events which drove the agent crackers, but which, in reality, are absolutely normal and straight forward. Follow this expert summing up, a superb example of forensic explanation:

THE GOON SUMS UP

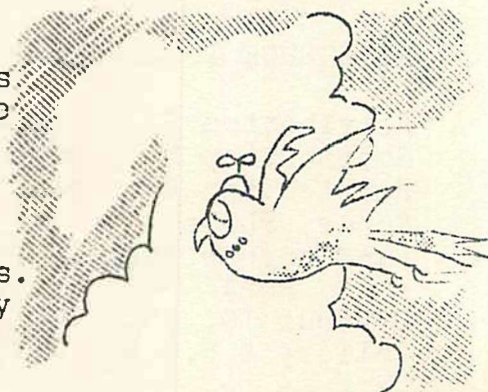
To make the whole position clear and concise it is necessary for me to go over the case in detail, and try and point out everything it it's logical sequence.

For the sake of simplicity, let me again quote the short conversation which Ex-fan says drove him halfway round the bend. Can anyone honestly say there is anything complicated about it:

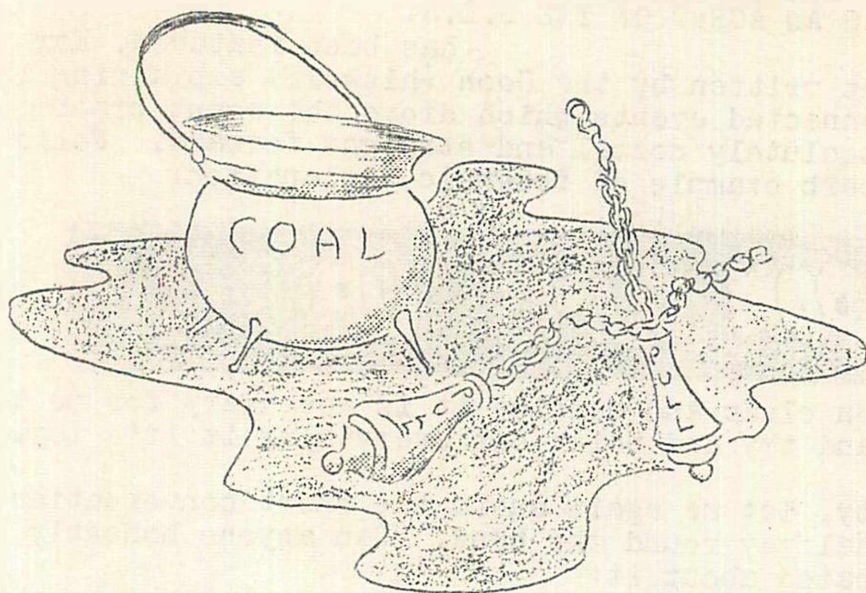
THE GOON. Shall we give him Mrs Beeton or Philip Harben?
ARTHUR . I'd suggest Mrs Beeton, Goon.
THE GOON. Any Particular reason?
ARTHUR . Carnell doesn't eat blue ones.
THE GOON. OK, Give him Mrs Beeton.

Besides being simplicity itself, this conversation is important because it gives the events an approximate date. Anyone who has followed the activities of the GDA knows that Mrs Beeton and Philip Harben are Bob Shaw's two budgerigars, which he left in my keeping when he went to Canada in January 1956. Carnell, of course, is the name of James White's cat, and the phrase, "Carnell doesn't eat blue ones" is therefore obvious.

The next point you should consider is the mysterious contents of the parcel. Many indications were given of it's contents. For example; 'three or four feet long'....'clanked and rattled with the slightest movement'....'cold and solid to the touch'....'a slight tear at the end of the paper'. I do not propose at this stage to reveal the contents, but a bit of hard thinking should considerably narrow the field. Let these descriptions linger in the back of your mind, whilst I move to the question of the parcel going to 'Ron Bennett at his Liverpool address'. Here were two clues. First of all, everyone knows that Ron Bennett is a very learned man, and secondly, bearing in mind the frequent inferences to James White, and the budgie flying in a North Westerly direction, it is obvious that the parcel was being sent across the Irish sea to James White, from Liverpool, after Ron Bennett, who is a learned man, had done something. I'll explain that later, too. I'm trying to let you figure it out before telling you, see. Because from now on, it gets more and more obvious. But of course, you all know now, don't you? Fancy making fun of the Goon!? But for the information of the very young neo-fen, I'll carry on.



The coal scuttle and the lavatory chains gave the whole thing away. If only the ex-fan had stopped to think. A coal scuttle on Art's head, Olive polishing it, the agent collecting 35 lavatory chains, less handles, me heating a poker, and Art sharpening a chisel. Heck, I'm wasting your



time.

The only person reading this now is a fan who has spent all his life in the wilds of Utah, (Calkins?) and, purely for his benefit, I will sum up the whole situation.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED:

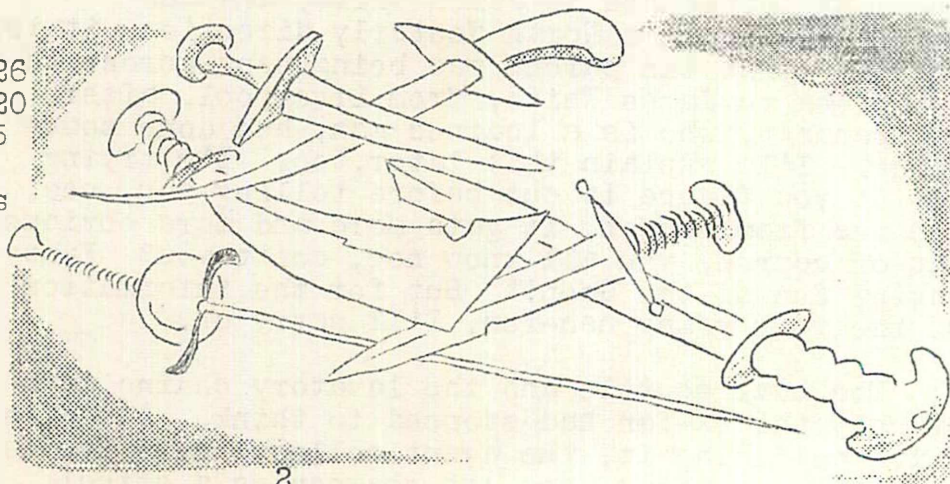
It came to my ears that two visitors to Oblique House wanted to purchase old weapons and other antiques to take home as a souvenir of their visit. As nothing really suitable was available in Belfast, what was more

natural than I should go to London, take charge of the London Branch, and organize a raid on the British Museum. (A story locked in the GDA files, and available to the highest bidder) We needed a scapegoat to keep the parcel immediately after the raid, so that if the police did manage to trace the weapons, etc, we wouldn't have them, and if the sucker was stopped, he'd have a lot of explaining to do, anyway. I took the parcel from him at Paddington (he had a hell of a nerve looking at the label, some people have NO scruples) and sent it to Ron Bennett. Now Ron, as I have said before, is a learned man, as is evinced by the fact that he got Bob Pavlat to represent PLOY in the USA. But in this instance Ron removed the British Museum identification labels, and replaced them with labels giving a whole lot of fictitious data about the previous history of the swords (yeh, the contents) etc. He then forwarded them to James White, who arranged with Willis which antique dealer to take the visitors to. James took the things to the dealer, who kept 40% as his commission. After James' fee, the remainder went into the Goon Benovolent Fund..... I've got to pay heavily for my pornography. The coal scuttle and lavatory chains, when welded together, made a perfect Persian helmet, and, in fact turned out to be the purchasers most prized possession.

Y'see, we wanted Lech and Larry Shaw to get the very best obtainable.

REFERENCE TO CLUES:

Retribution 2, page 26
Retribution 3, page 20
Retribution 4, page 5
Sundry PLOYS
(and anyone who knows
Ron)
Contour 10, page 6
Gallery 4, 5, 6, and 7



by Bob Pavlat

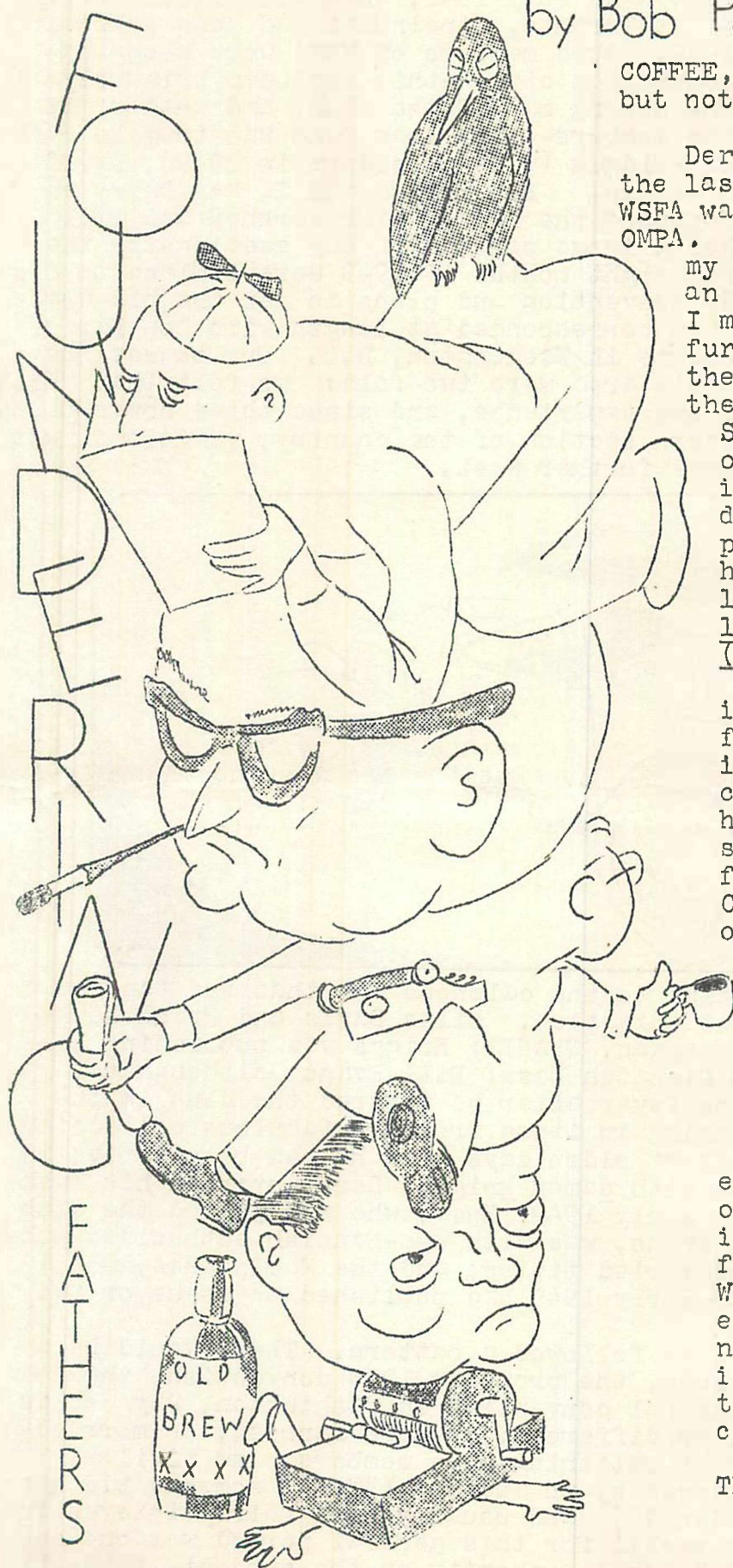
COFFEE, CREAM & SUGAR continues,
but not for long because....

AUTHOR'S NOTE

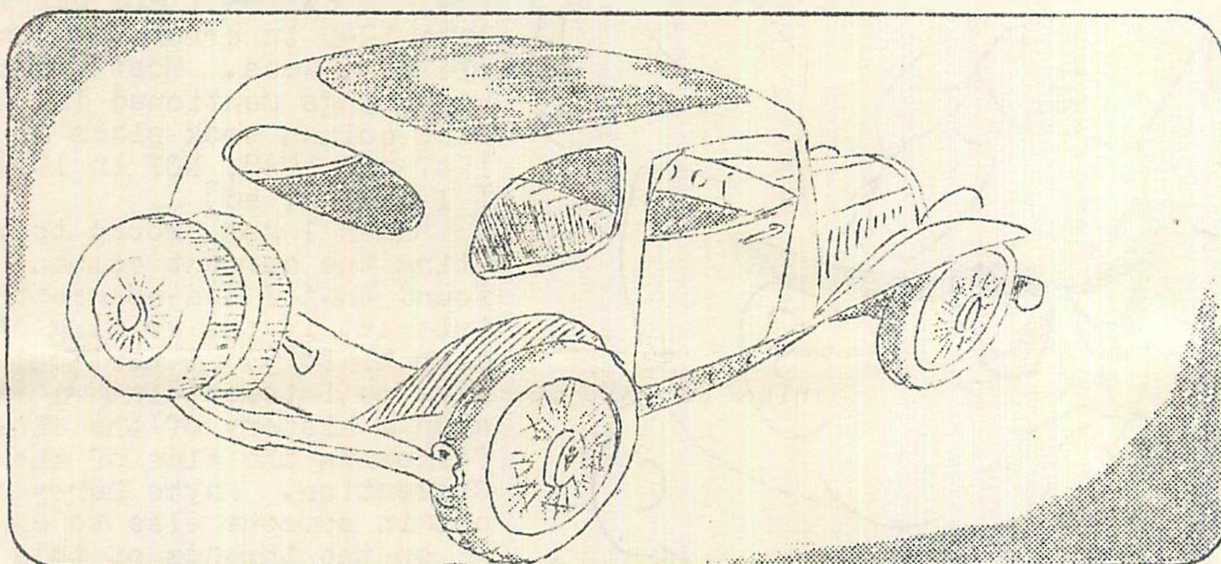
Derry and I both intimated in the last Gallery that a history of WSFA was going to be imposed on OMPA. This is only partly true. In my last column, you did receive an account of a trip Derry and I made. This issue, there is further accounting of some of the activities of WSFA up to the time of the Cinvention in September 1949. (and speaking of that date, in the last issue's column I did use the date 1949 in error in a couple of places. Most of the happenings mentioned in the last column took place in 1947 and 1948, NOT in 1949) [I goofed; ed]

When I got around to writing the current column, I found that I had no great interest in the writing of a club history. I particularly have no interest in writing such a history of the club following the time of the Cinvention. Maybe Derry can obtain someone else to carry on the threads of this history [Eney's busy; ed] or maybe he, as I, will let the subject drop. In future columns it is probable that I will touch upon WSFA in one way or another, or even devote entire columns to one phase or another of the club's existence. But as a subject for a string of articles, WSFA is dead. [any dissenters? Any takers?; ed] The next column may strike out in any direction of interest to me, and that is the way a column should be. [Amen]

The column begins...overleaf



When I returned to Washington in July 1948, WSFA was relatively calm, with three exceptions. At Toronto, Cincinnati had been selected as the convention site for 1949. Some members of WSFA were plugging for Washington as the 1950 convention site---this included primarily our president, Lou Garner, the strong man of the club, and what might be considered to be the sedate members---Roy Loan (who was to take over the presidency in 1949), Phil Bridges (vice-president in 1949), David and Pamela MacInnes, and few others. Bob Briggs and I, and Derry on his return in January 1949, opposed the idea, while Kerkhof and Bill Evans were fence riders. Thus a large portion of our meetings in the last half of 1948 and the first eight months of 1949 were limited to discussions on the proposed 1950 convention and plans to get the bid while Derry, Briggs and I heckled and corresponded at length with Don Day of Portland, Oregon on developments in Washington, D.C. Our objections to having the convention in this area were two-fold: we felt that WSFA lacked the necessary talent and experience, and since three conventions in a row had been in the eastern section of the country, we felt it was time for the convention to move further west.



The second item disruptive to the calmness was that the fanzine fever hit Washington at about this time. Miles Davis and Frank Kerkhof were publishing the club organ, QUANTA; Briggs was publishing his news letter, The Washington Dispatch Case; Bill Evans, although not publishing contributed to the fever after he entered the club in the latter part of 1948, by bringing in items from his fabulous collection of old fanzines, and by tales of olden days when he had been active in FAPA and had co-edited SNIDE with damon knight; Derry started his Washington (D.C.) News Letter in early 1949; Eney, who had joined the club about the same time as Bill Evans, was with neo-fannish enthusiasm publishing fanzines of many and varied titles; and the MacInneses, who entered WSFA in late 1948 or early 1949 had published an issue or two of Necromancer.

Club meetings in those days followed a pattern. There would be a short business sessions to dues, the proposed 1950 convention, the possibility of holding a regional convention in Washington, why couldn't we have better (or fewer, or different, or more fannish, or more scientific) programs, methods of obtaining more members, and similar matters. This would be followed by an auction ("Won't someone bid more than 5¢ for this '43 Astounding?") and usually by a fairly interesting program. Among those I can recall for this general period was one on General Semantics given by a local authority on the subject, talks by

Wiley Ley and Seabury Quinn, a summary of the history of Wierd Tales by Bill Evans (including an exhibit of early Wierds, complete with Brundage covers), a discussion of the earliest science fiction magazines, including such items as Science and Invention and Scientific Detective, illustrated with practically mint copies from the collection of Phil Bridges, and a discourse on color television by Lou Garner, who was and is a highly regarded electronics consultant. After this was over, most of us would adjourn in a body to Brownies--an eaterie about eight blocks from the meeting room which specialized in good food, of the between-meals variety, and didn't mind in the least that a herd of from six to twelve slightly bohemian characters decended on them and took over the place alternate Sunday evenings. We were probably good for the place---many and many a time I've noticed that everyone else at Brownies listened to our conversation in preferance to carrying on their own.

When Derry returned to Washington in December 1948, my habits changed slightly. Instead of going to the club meeting on Sunday nights, I'd drop out to visit Derry at Walter Reed Army Hospital---that man spent far more time in the hospital for



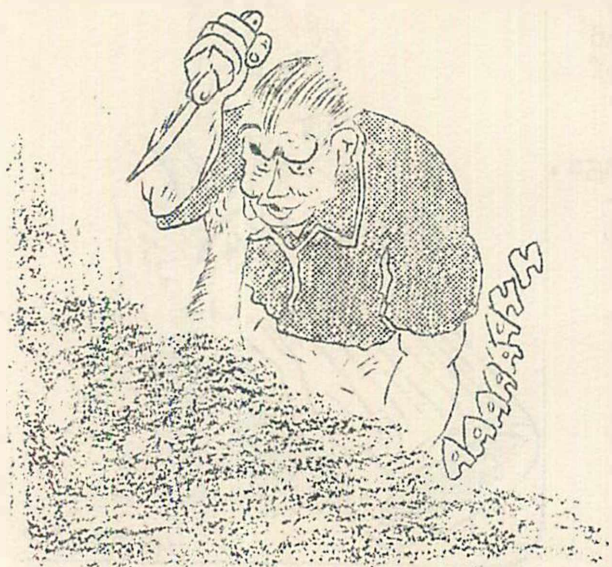
an ingrown toenail operation than his wife has for the three children she's borne him to date (LIES-LIES-LIES)-- and we would, at maybe 9pm catch a streetcar to Brownies to wait for WSFA to adjourn and join us. Once or twice we varied this routine and went in to the meetings of WSFA early. These fine times we picked up Kerkhof, Briggs, and Merc Mansfield, all of whom were always early at meetings, and adjourned to Captain Tom's -- a local pub---prior to the meetings. We were decidedly a disruptive influence when we got back---on those occasions when we DID get back. We were the third exception to the general peaceful existence of WSFA.

By March or thereabouts, it had definitely been decided that WSFA would put in a bid for the 1950 convention. Derry, Briggs and I were highly incensed. We did not sever relations with the club (tho some members were heard to mutter that they wished to hell we would) but we did stand up on our hind legs and state that the club be damned, we'd plug Portland, and none of this "our club--right or wrong" business for us.

I have frequently regretted that I long ago threw away the correspondence I accumulated during that time. As undercover agent number one, I carried rather a heavy correspondence with Don Day doing what I could to help strengthen his bid, and there were also a few letters exchanged between Don Ford and myself on the 1950 convention bid, but at this time my memory of what we said is quite hazy. I believe Ford backed Portland, but that's about as far back as my memory goes--- Maybe Don would like to say something on this in the next POOKA. I was also exchanging letters with either Dietz and/or Lee D. Quinn in New York on the possibility of a New York bid for the 1950 convention--in short, I was being real ser-con in my unhappiness about the state of conventions. I don't know to what extent Derry and Briggs participated in personal correspondence, but by the time of the convention I'd had several inquiries from various fans about "the rift in Wash-

fandom" so they or others must have gradually spread the word.

That there was a rift became pretty evident to some people--primarily the members of FAPA--in August of 1949. I was then on the waiting list of that august organization, and Laney, the official editor of the time, had agreed to allow the distribution of a fanzine in FAPA before I actually became a member (collusion!) The fanzine was HAZING STORIES, and it stated in no uncertain terms that some members of WSFA felt that Portland had both the most right to the 1950 convention and the best capability of putting on a good convention.



HAZING STORIES was more-or-less a freak of circumstance. Derry was still in the Army, and had time to kill. I had an article plugging the Portland bid for the convention. Derry, Briggs and I had drafted a skit to put on at Cincinnati (which perhaps proves that we weren't out for the club's blood) and we felt it should see print someplace. Derry figured out that what science fiction fandom needed was an annual fanzine with a basically humorous, but with a certain amount of meat, to appear at every convention, and to be centered on the topic of conventions. We had the two major pieces for the magazine, a few one and two page "articles" were easy to

add, Briggs was extremely facile with a stylus, and in no time we had a fanzine.

The Portland convention site was not selected in a smoke filled room. Without the Washington insurgents, I think Washington might have stood a good chance of getting the convention bid. New York still had two main drawbacks---Will Sykora and Dave Kyle (who produced, single-handed, Miss Science Fiction of 1949 at the Convention--to the disgust of everyone whom I heard venture an opinion), while Portland had the disadvantage of being on the West Coast while most of the people at Cincinnati wanted the convention to stay in the eastern section of the country. On the first ballot, Washington placed third, but neither Portland nor New York got the necessary majority, so a run-off was called for. Washington withdrew in favor of Portland, in spite of a protest from some New Yorkers that we didn't have the right to withdraw "in favor of" anyone. Portland finally won the bid by about 63 to 61, to the delight of Derry and myself, and many other fans who had been plugging just as hard for the rotation scheme. I like to think that the Washington insurgents played a part in the final result.

Reams could be written on the history of WSFA from that day until this. There were, for example, three "Disclaves"--30 April 1950, 29 April 1951 and 22 March 1953 (this latter nicknamed the "Proxycclave" since all the featured speakers found themselves unable to attend and mailed in their speeches to be given by proxy); there were the "Sons of Lord Calvert"--a drinking group founded by Dave MacInnes which held exactly one meeting; there were "The Elders"--our name for the Washington insurgents--and "The Youngers"--a parody of the name initiated by Bob Briggs; there were the innumerable one-shot sessions and the parties; and there were frequent chug-a-lug contests between Kerkhof, Lee Jacobs and myself to see who could drink a glass of beer the fastest (we were extremely well matched, and it frequently took all night to

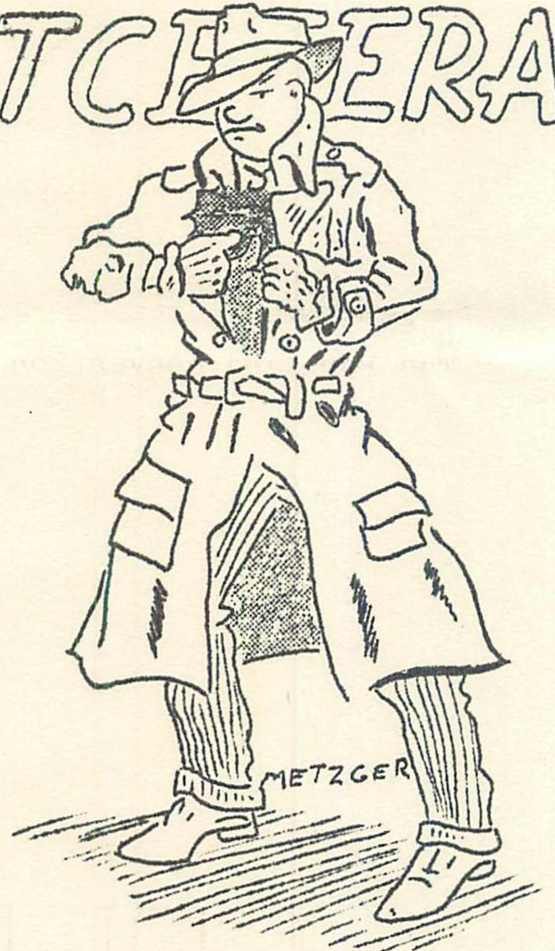
determine a winner). There were dull meetings and exciting ones, pests and pleasant periods of a surplus of femme fans.

I've enjoyed WSFA because of the people in it. I've enjoyed the moments of strain perhaps better than the present peaceful period. The group has aged over the years, and none of us get frantic over fandom any more--even Ted White has slowed down in the last couple of years. We sit and drink our beers and plan for a new series of conferences of the Midwestcon type and maybe hold a beach party now and then. We talk sex and politics and fanzines and sometimes mention of science or science fiction or fantasy creeps in, or scientology if Harness or Castora has attended, but most of the arguments are about facts, rather than the interpretation of facts. WSFA is far from dead, but now it is to me only an adjunct to living rather than something in which I'm deeply concerned. And that's probably as good a reason as any for discontinuing the history lesson, and the best place to leave it.

ETCETERA

Even before you got this far you've noticed the name of George Metzger, if you haven't you're as blind as the proverbial bat. You can also say, with little doubt of contradiction, that I am impressed with his work. I can't say for sure, but I believe I am reasonably safe when I say that I am introducing George to Fandom as an artist. I'm proud of this. I think he as good as anyone in fandom today, who attempts toward illustrating. Whether he is professional in his aspirations, I don't know. But judging from the artists represented in the current six, or so mags I've looked at, he is head and shoulders above the present crop.

I met George the way the average fan gets to know another. He wrote me a letter. I suppose that my ego should be a bit deflated because he wrote asking for copies of Gallery because of the Barry serial. He ended his letter with a small drawing and I liked it. We exchanged a letter or two and I asked him to do some pix for me. I have on hand several drawings and one piece of writing, not to mention the two covers that he drew as well. Unless present plans are altered you'll see George on the next cover. As much as I like his drawings, I can say that he is probably the hardest artist in Fandom to stencil. I have a couple of drawings that I would like very much to use but the thought of all the hours that it would take to stencil them makes me hesitate. If the company where I work ever gets it's Stenofax



MASTER

RACE

by John Berry

SELF

by John Champion

DEFENSE

.....AND NOW...TWO JOHNS IN A PAIR OF SHORTS
BERRY CHAMPION

The arena throbbed with excitement and tumultuous cheers and counter cheer roared out as the five runners emerged from the tunnel underneath the vast grandstand.

The five men slowly walked to the starting line area, each separated to his own little group of helpers, trainers, supporters. The athletes casually removed their track suits, and accepting this as a prelude to what the Russians called 'The Greatest Mile Race of the Century', the crowd grew silent. The gripping atmosphere could almost be felt, the tension was unbelievable.

The loudspeaker boomed out, and the gruttural voice, because of it's confident tone, did nothing to ease the strain...at least, as far as the Westerners were concerned. The Asians accepted the race as already won by Grankovitch, their idol, and the speaker somehow confirmed this by his tone of condescension, as if his announcement merely amounted to a sporting gesture to the West. To the Westerners, this race was a great challenge, it was virtually their last chance to retain even an iota of their former prestige.

"...and the Eastern Union has already gained seventeen gold medals, and created eleven new world records. It is our intention, in the next Olympics in 1976, to win every contest. Our athletes have shown the world the great power of the Eastern Union, and this race will prove no exception. The five runners in this race are as follows: Grankovitch, of Russia, number 3 in the red vest" Thunderous cheers. "...holder of the world record in the fantastic time of three minutes fifty-two point two seconds. Dawson, of U.S.A.," counter cheers, "running number five in the white vest, whose best time is three minutes fifty-five point three. Barrington, of England, "cheers, "who came second in the three miles yesterday, and whose fastest time is three fifty-six exactly, is number two in the white vest with red and blue bands. Klein, of Germany," applause, "number seventeen, recently ran the mile in three minutes fifty-seven point one.

"I have proven it without a doubt," Professor Samuel Fisher said to himself. "Our science is all wrong." Picking up the sheaf of papers he had been working on, he stuffed them into a briefcase and went to his car.

Five minutes later, he parked the auto in front of the Institute for the Study of Advanced Mathematics. The Professor picked up the briefcase and walked into the building. "I would like to see Doctor Menckel, please," he told the secretary in the front office.

The girl switched on her intercom, spoke a few words into it, and turned to Fisher. "Doctor Menckel will see you in a minute," she said, "please be seated."

"Thank you," the professor replied. He sat down in one of the office chairs, taking the papers from his briefcase, began to examine them. He was going over the second page when a man came out of the inner door.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir," the professor replied. At Menckel's gesture, he picked up the papers and the briefcase, and walked into the inner office.

"Doctor Menckel," He said, "I'm Samuel Fisher, from the University."

"Yes," the doctor replied, "I've heard of you. You're one of the foremost teachers of advanced math in the field. What did you want to see me about?"

"I'll come straight to the point, Dr. Menckel. I have apparently proven that all of our science is false."

Menckel leaned back, his eyes widening slightly. "That's a rather astounding statement, Professor. You have proof, of course."

"Right here on these papers, Doctor. Would you like to examine them for yourself?"

"Thank you." Menckel picked up the sheaf and glanced at the top sheet. Then he went through all the papers, examining each one carefully. "Well, Professor," he said finally, "congratulations. I find nothing wrong with your proof. Now then,

berry

The last runner is Tuang Ho, of Korea, who ran second to Granovitch last month."

The vast arena in Peking seemed to vibrate with the noise of shouting and cheering. Grankovitch was unbeaten. He had clipped three seconds off the previous record, which had stood for some years. He was invincible.....

Barrington and Dawson stood apart, whispering together, nodding slowly. Grankovitch, alone, trotted a few yards, seemingly composed, confident and capable.

The starter called them together, and once more, very gradually, the crowd became silent...deadly silent. Before they took their places, Barrington and Dawson touched hands.

The Pistol cracked.

The little Korean took the lead immediately, followed by the German. Grankovitch was third, the Englishman and the American ran together a yard behind. Three yards separated first from last. The large dial suspended over the middle of the arena showed that the time for the first lap was exactly fifty-eight seconds. At the end of the second lap, with the runners in the same positions, the time was one minute fifty-six point two.

It was strange, the silence of the crowd. Strange and unreal. Yet in the middle of the third lap, with the Korean staggering with his effort, the noise gradually started.....and rapidly increased in tempo.

At the bell, the Korean collapsed, and writhed in pain...yet no one moved to help him. The time for three laps was two minutes fifty-two point four. Chinese and Russian, usually bland or sullen, beamed, cheered, jumped up and down. Another world record for Grankovitch.

As one, the crowd leaped to their feet. The whole arena became a cacophony of roaring voices, as Klein also dropped out, and the Russian took the lead, and lengthened his stride. The two Westerners, their faces contorted with effort, maintained their distance behind Grankovitch. Twenty yards to go; ten; and the Russian a yard in front.....

champion

what's the trick."

"Trick?" Fisher said, dumbfounded. "There isn't any! As you said, all the proof is true. I'm not trying to deceive you. There's nothing wrong...nothing ambiguous...at all."

"You're serious?" Menckel asked, startled.

"Absolutely."

"Well..." the doctor mused. "I tell you what. Why don't we put this through our computer? That should verify it. After all," he chuckled "human beings are fallible."

"An excellent idea. How soon can you do it?"

"Well, I have no other business this afternoon. Why don't we see if we can get it done right now."

"Fine."

Samuel Fisher picked up the sheaf of papers, and followed Menckel out of the office. They went downstairs to the basement, and entered a door marked: ELECTRONIC COMPUTER--UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL KEEP OUT.

"Hello, Charlie," Menckel said to the man who was operating the machine. "The brain busy now?"

"No, I'm just running a few test problems through. You have something you want to put in?"

"Yes, please. Code this sheaf of papers. I want the proofs on them analyzed."

The operator took the papers and, translating them into the binary number code used in the computer, punched symbols on a tape and fed it into the machine.

"Well," said Menckel, "we'll know soon enough about your work."

They waited for a few minutes; then the operator went over to a slot and took a tape out of the machine. Fisher and the doctor waited wagerly while it was translated.

"Here you are, Sir," the operator said, handing Menckel a sheet of paper.

The doctor handed it to Fisher, who looked at the leaf intently.

"Excellent, excellent," the professor muttered. "Would you like to look at it? The computer shows that my proof is correct!"

berry

It was as if the noise had been cut off with a knife.

Within feet of the tape, Gran-kovitch stumbled, tried to regain his balance, then fell heavily into a group of officials. Barrington and Dawson hit the tape together.

The dial showed the world record had been broken, the time being three minutes, fifty-one point nine.

Their bodies heaving with exhaustion, the Westerners sank onto the grass.

.....

With thin fingers, the man jerked the blanket over the white face, covering the glazed, half-sunken eyes.

"He only lasted three weeks," said the man to his friend, running the back of his hand across sunken cheeks, and sinking wearily onto the floor.

"That's his good luck," grimaced the other, eyes closed, too exhausted to remove his snow covered boots.

"Wonder why he was sent here?" asked the first.

"Not sure," croaked the other. "Before we left this morning, he was mumbling something about forgetting to oil a knee joint. Must have been delirious."

()*

champion

"Impossible!" Menckel exclaimed. "Why...this would mean that everything we know is false. You've demonstrated that it is mathematically impossible for the universe to exist! There must be....."

He broke off suddenly, staring at the space where Fisher had stood. "Professor! Where did you go?"

"Who are you talking to?" the operator asked.

"Huh?" Menckel said. "I.... wasn't there a man here...or was there? I must have been daydreaming. What's this blank piece of paper?"

"I don't know. Did you have a briefcase and a bunch of stationery down here? There's some lying on this bench."

"I don't know where they came from. Well, Charlie, lets get back to that test problem."

The universe has a desire for self-preservation too.

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etcetera continued from page 7

machine back, I'll be able to fill Gallery with excellent Metzger drawings.

In Gallery 6 I ran a letter, with mixed up editorial comments, from John Champion anent the radio serials of long-long ago, meaning pre and war time, long ago. Well it seems that I hit the right key at the right time. To wander from the subject for a moment has anyone besides myself noticed that throughout Fandom several fans are 'hitting the right key at the right time' all the time? I mean that the same subject is always cropping up in different mags at the same time. Perhaps this current interest in radio serials can be traced to Good Man Grennell as I believe he prodded the subject a bit in either Grue 26 or 27. Then in the eleventh OMPA mailing Ethel Lindsay brought to light that she was a rabid serial fan. Then the worthy Ken Bulmer comes up with a stirring defence in the 12th mailing of some mob called "The Archers".

Well, in one of Metzger's letter he took the bait I'd thrown out and began to give his views on some of the programs he remembered.

Of the serials that I morn perhaps the foremost is "I Love A Mystery". This was an extremely fast paced melodrama that held a variety of times during it's life on the net-

works. It was a fifteen minute five times a week program. A half hour once a week show, and it's presentation time varied from 6pm to 9:30 pm. The princple gimmick were exotic locale, snappy dialogue, and a king-sized allotment of corpses. Weird characters were it's stock in trade and the main, or steady characters were types. There was the clean-cut all american Jack Packard. "Doc", I can't remember his last name, was the "Texas" type, slow talking-fast shooting. Reggie was a foil, and resembled nothing so much as Hollywood's idea of what an Englishman should look like, or rather talk like. I recall that the theme music was a medley of sonorous organ music mixed with siren and fading slowly into the tremedous tolling of a bell. The bell always struck a particular hour and the narrator would pick up the story thread and fill in the background. Every episode started with an set time of day or night. The breaks for commercials would bring back the narrator to bridge the time that had elapsed.

The story line always held together pretty well, and the dialogue was fast, with plenty of humor. All in all it was a better class of serial.

I recall one story in which every time a murder was committed the organ would play Bhrum's Lullby. It was laid in an ancient castle that had been transported to this country and reassembled. Ever since then I have associated the Lullaby with gristly duings. Then there was one called "The Tropics don't call it Murder" with every episode, it seemed taking place in a graveyard with a sarcastic gravedigger.

This series was written by Carlton E. Morse who also wrote a real daytime stinker called "One Man's Family"

TIRED OF THE EVERYDAY GRIND? WANT TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL? WE OFFER YOU "ESCAPE". Remember? One of the best all round adventure programs to hit the air. They presented all types of adventure fare. Usually the program leaned toward the slightly fantastic. The implausible made plausible.

.....
Sorry folks, but that is all for this time. I have passed the deadline already, and a wealth of material on "escape" came from a correspondent, and besides my memory was beginning to fail me. So...I am glad to have an excuse to call a halt to this horrible issue of Gallery.

Before the kind contributors take my assessment of this issue to heart let me say that I view it as horrible because what started out as a carefully planned mag disintegrated en masse. I tried to salvage at two different times only to finally give up and try to get it out in time for the mailing. I don't think I'll make it, but I'm cutting it off here in hopes.

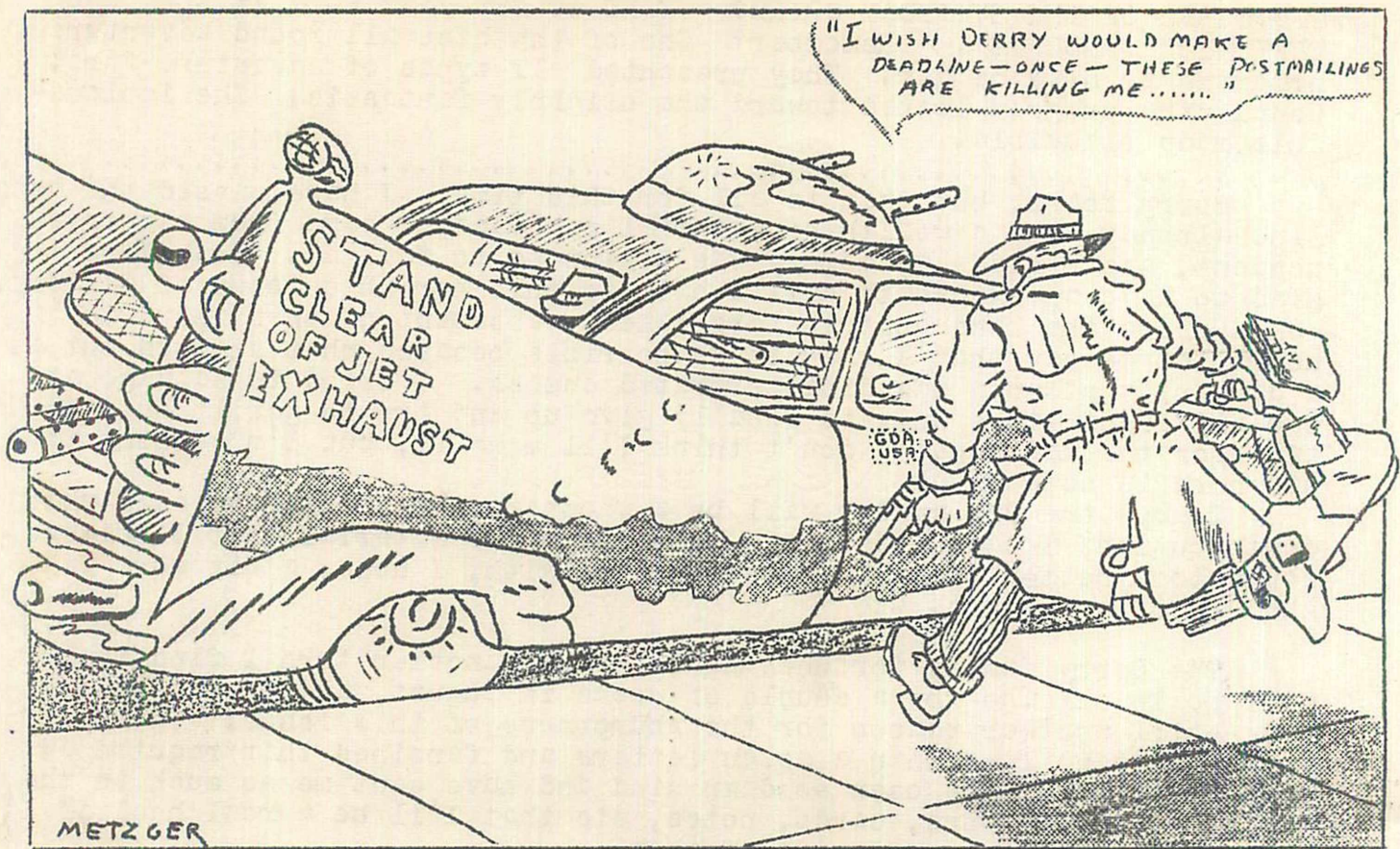
I hope the 2nd anniversary will be a whopper. I'm trying to cull what contributions I can, and I have some left over material that I believe would look better properly presented and with, I hope, a bit more in the way of a format.

The Derry family fortunes having taken another turn I find that I will be in Chicago for a couple of weeks in August, and therefore I have still another reason for the abruptness of this issue. On top of this I have no less than a dozen letters and fanzines that require an answer. People have been so damn kind and have sent me so much in the way of letters, zines, cards, notes, etc that I'll be a real heel if I don't turn to and answer some of them.

Lastly, I'd love to get some material. Either written or drawn. I'll use anything in the way of humor or serious material, so long as it's honestly written and interesting. In other words...HELP!

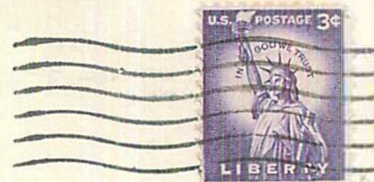
Oh, and yes, I hope that you enjoy this. I enjoyed getting it together.
Lots of luck,

Chick Derry



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