

LYDDITE #1 produced by Gary Deindorfer, 11 De Cou Drive, Morrisville, Penna. Published by Larry & Noreen Shaw on the world-famed Pshaw Press (or whatever name by which their mimeograph is known). An irregular affair, to be issued at various Cosmically Fitting intervals. Contributions not particularly grotched after, because this fanzine must not become larger than a one-sheet; otherwise, Lyddite will cease being an Axe rider, and Axe will become a Lyddite rider (and that mustn't happen, must it?). This fanzine can be gotten by subscribing to Axe, becoming known to me as a hip-type fellow, or blowing your nose in an eldritch manner. N3Fer Agent, Nancy Marie-Lou Lisp, 9 Anal Way, Soodievale, Ontario, Canada. Advertisements accepted; exorbitant rates supplied on request.

The ugly old man of the lea;
God, he was an ugly old bastard
That ugly old man of the lea.

WE WERE ALL sitting around having a Hey-gang-let's-up-and-produce-a-fanzine-party. Grandmother was there, sitting in her rocker paging through a back-issue of Dafoe.

"Justified typed right margins surely do look very fine," said she. "I certainly trust, grandson of mine, that in this new fanzine which you are producing you will have such a very fine looking sort of thing as justified typed right margins."

"If the Lord Above had meant for Man to be able to produce typewritten copy with justified typed right margins," I said, "then He would have created typewriters in a way that Man could do such a thing."

"That is a very nasty attitude to hold," said Grandmother, "and you are a dirty boy to say such a thing."

"You, Grandmother, are an old sexually frustrated woman," I responded.

We speak very frankly around our house. As Grandmother once said, "I believe in speaking frankly, goddamit." She isn't a very influential woman, though, as a glance at the right margin of this fanzine might indicate. If she wants her right margins justified she can jolly well put out her own damn fanzine. I don't trust these fanatics like Grandmother and John Koning.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner, saying dirty things

GOOD OLD Dean Ford was at that same Hey-gang-let's-up, etc. party. During a lull in the proceedings (whilst somebody went out to the store for more bheer) he pulled from his back pocket an old yellow sheet of paper with gray, smudged pencil scribbles all over it.

Dean Ford put on his Philosophical Masque and said, "Do you know, gang; people are revealed by their choice of conventions."

"Of course," said lovable Pop Abscess, "some people pick Philly and some pick Washington and some Albany and—" It is Pop's lot to continually voice such lovably stupid statements as this.

"Hhhaaaahhhhaaaa," went Dean Ford; "You, Pop Abscess, are indeed an appealingly fuggheaded soul. That is not what I meant. I meant-- Well, here, let me show you what I meant. I read from The Dean Ford Assessment of Fans as Evidenced By Their Choices of Letter Sign-Offs:

'Best' -- The fans who close their letters thusly are our most upstanding people. Steely hard, mentally, morally, physically. Write long meaty-meat letters. Generous -- can be counted on for Giant donations to any fan-fund. Cultivate the "best's."

'Regards' -- Almost up there with the "best's."

'Yours' -- Solid, reliable. Not to be counted on for brilliance. Steady-burning, level-headed. Make good members of convention clean-up committees.

'Sincerely' -- Draw illustrations of girls with little bikinis on in fine, brushy little strokes. Kind of wishy-washy types.

'Sincerely yours' -- Very definitely wishy-washy. Read Mildred Clingerman stories a lot. Never break beyond the "we also heard from" bit in zines.

'Cheers' -- Insecure, trying to make a show of affability and latent wit. Write short and lousy letters.

'Fribbishly,' 'gloppishly,' other personalized sign-offs ending in '-ishly' --

Insecure as hell. Driving need to be different for sake of such. Write shorter, lousier letters than the "cheers" group. Watch out for these people.

'StFanActically' -- Oh ghod. Don't answer their letters; maybe they'll think that they got lost in the mails or something. They'll try to visit you at your house, too, so be careful. Tell them you moved and give them George Willick's address.

'Love' -- Sex-starved old N3F ladies, weirdies of many types, and a few nice broads. Find out if a nice broad in any particular case. If not, give them Willick's address as your new one as in preceeding case. Let him handle them."

N3F is the Gabby Hayes of fandom

THE OTHER DAY I received a letter from John W Campbell, Jr. You know, the JWCjr. who edits the expensive magazine with the funny name. Said John, "Yes, I built a fallout shelter. Or a diagram of a fallout shelter, actually. You see, it is a psionic fallout shelter. I buried the diagram in my backyard. It will protect me and my family against the effects -- secondary or primary -- of any nuclear bomb. Or from the secondary or primary effects of the diagram of any nuclear bomb, anyway."

CAN ANY of you helpful people out there advise me on a quieter format for this fanzine? I'm typing up this thing at what reads out as 3:00 A.M., and every time I type another damned hyphened separation across the page my mother rouses herself and stumbles into my room and says, "You are making too much noise with those hyphens. Like a bunch of machine gun bullets yatatatatayatatat. Enough to drive one mad and such."

------(here she comes again)-----

A fine car is like a watermelon; treat it nicely, and you won't get little black seeds on your shirt

"WE'RE ALL OF US off to the Kolchak Party!" sang Ted White, Sylvia White, Les Gerber and Steve Stiles (and I) as we strode in the brisk Philadelphia air over to a party which prominent Philly fan Harriet Kolchak and her husband were tossing in their pad for Philcon attendees.

"Oh, it will be so very wonderful," said Sylvia White. "All of us will sit at the fine faanish feet of good old Mister Kolchak and be regaled by stories of what science fiction was like in the Fine Old Days, when such Jiants as A. Hyatt Verrill and Anelia Earhart were writing."

And so it happened. Upon arriving at the Kolchak manse, all of us hid ourselves up to the third floor "dirty room" of Mister Kolchak, as he likes to call it (an interesting little room wall-papered with girlie magazines foldouts and furnished in Early Erotic). There was old Mister Kolchak (dressed in a very handsome outfit of gray burlap with very smart rope-soled shoes), and we gathered around his feet and he read the letter column of the June 1928 Amazing as we listened reverently. "It was great times for es-tee-eff in those days, folkses. Great, wonderful times. There weren't none of that 'litterary quality' junk in es-tee-eff back then, kids."

"You are so very right, Mister Kolchak. You may talk all ungrammatical and like that, but underneath that rough exterior throbs a fine and fannish heart," I said.

"Of gold," said Les Gerber, who was too awed with Mister Kolchak to plunk his guitar, even.

"I appreciates that kidses. And I'd like to give you little token-things of my thanks."

As we left the Fabulous Kolchak Party later, Good Old Mister Kolchak gave each one of the members of our little group a little dirty comic booklet.

RESPONSES I'M FAIRLY SURE ABOUT TO THIS ISSUE: George Wells will write, asking, "Can't you spell 'giant!'" George Willick will ask for a profile in Lyddite #2 of Murray McEachern. Raycee Higgs will wonder if special Lyddite sub rates can be given to N3Fers. Calvin W. "Biff" Dermon will write a Funny Letter with mostly Capitalized Words. Gem Carr will disagree with me. ---Well, Merry Xmas and all. --gd