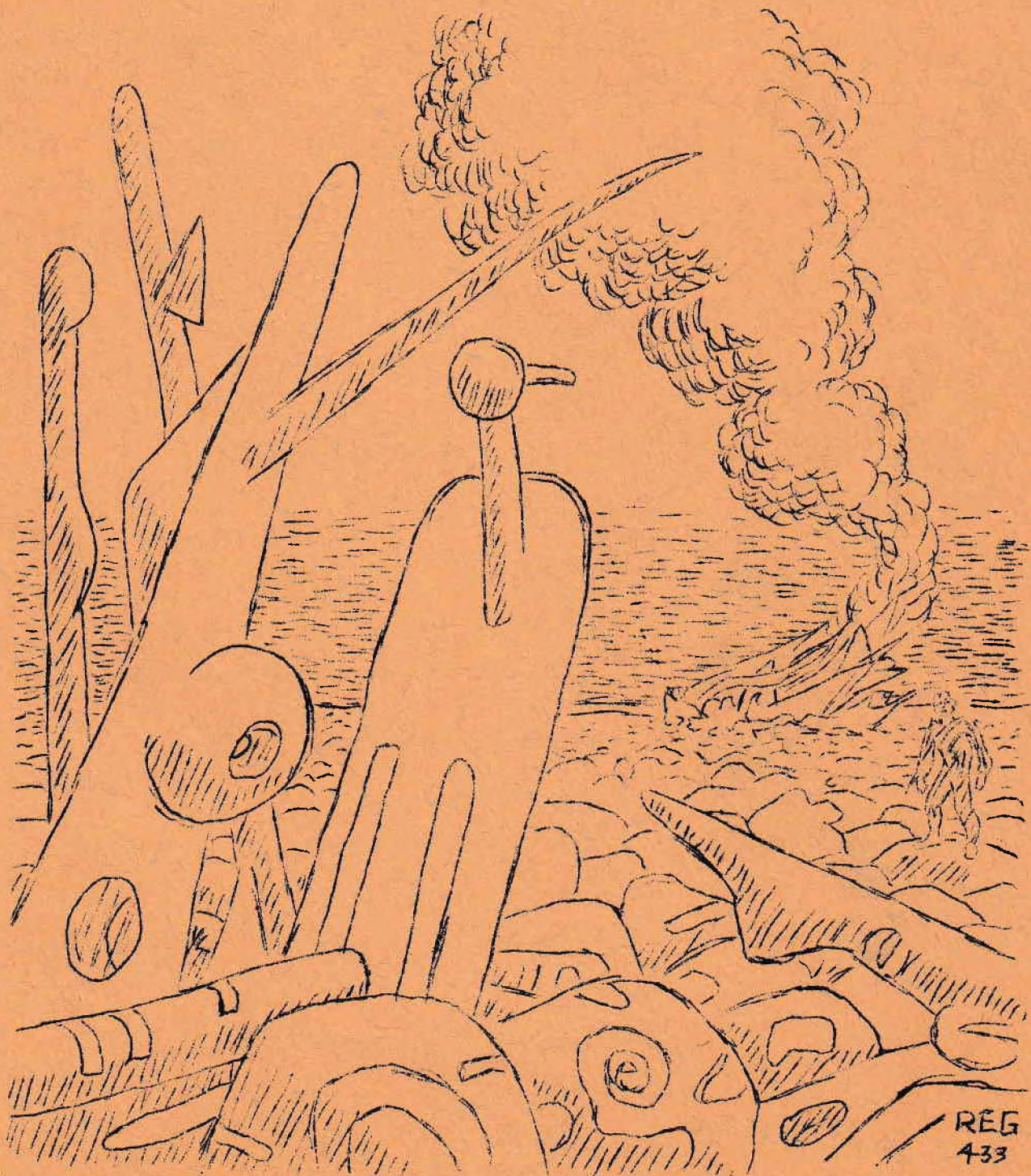


SPORADIC

NUMBER 9

*the faliater's fanzine*



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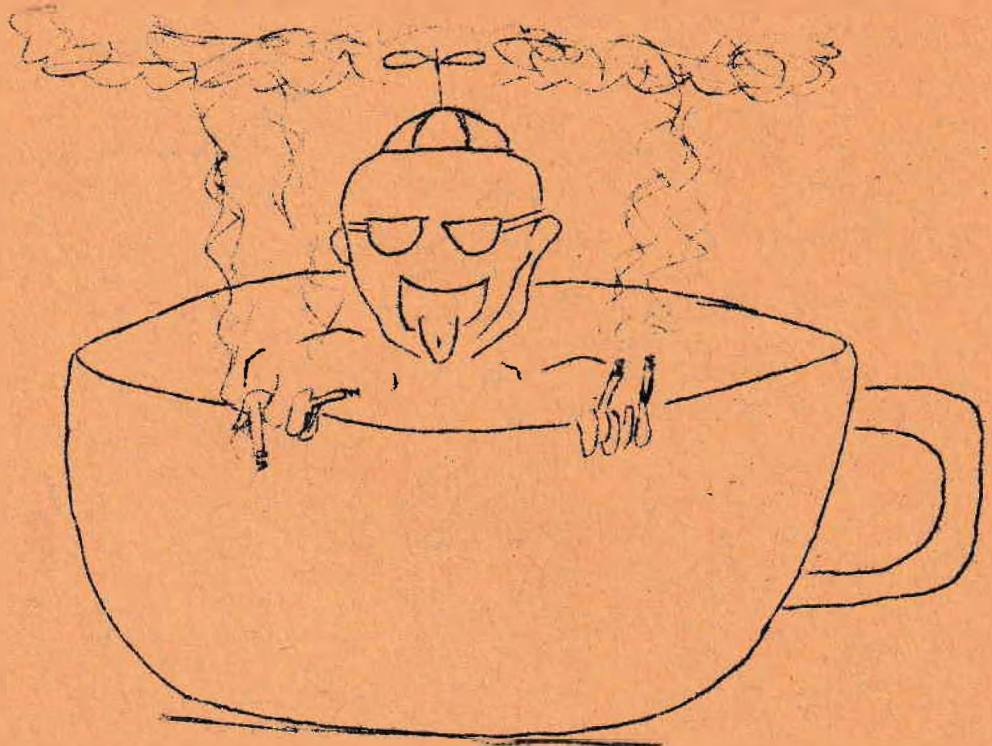
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TRAVELING FAN'S RELAPSE I had originally planned a long detailed report on the Discon, brimming with interlinos and funny happenings -- but I don't feel like writing it, and haven't felt like writing it since I returned from D.C. Hell, I'm not even sure I can find the notes that I made and the first draft outline that I put together early in September. This has been the busiest (and the most pleasant, I might add) semester of college that I've had so far. I am extremely busy almost every day of the week, including weekends. Such fannish matters as letterhacking, stencil-cutting, and even reading the incoming fanzines have suffered considerably these last few months. It isn't that I don't have time for them, but rather I won't take time for them. I just haven't had the interest or enthusiasm that I had back during the summer. I suppose my summer fanac may have exhausted me, but I don't think that is the real reason. It's just simply that mundane matters have captivated my interest so that fannish matters have been purposely ignored except for sundry SFPA activities. And that's why Traveling Fan's adventures at the Discon will be soley what is conceived in the process of writing on stencil. Bear with me. I may return to normal by the March mailing...

A FAMILAR MALADY Con fever struck me about five hours before my departure. Oh, I had spurts of it off and on all through the summer, but those last few hours before leaving were the ones in which the tension was at its highest peak. Any reasonably active fan who has been to a worldcon or a sizeable regional is familiar with that jittery feeling that is called "butterflies." My name for it is simply convention fever.

The bus station personal in Opelika didn't seem to know just what kind of schedules they maintained as I called them three different times during the last two or three weeks before the con, and was given different departure times on every occasion. So I finally decided to pack my bags on Wednesday morning and just take the next bus to Washington. That morning I got a long distance phone call from Rick Norwood who wanted me to ride up with him.

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I had already made reservations and other arrangements, however, so I turned Rick down and promised to see him in D.C. At 8:30 p.m. I boarded my bus and arrived in Washington some 25 hours later.

ON THE ROAD One of the most interesting things about this trip was that I would be traveling in a part of the country that I had not been in before, namely North Carolina and Virginia. There were many landmarks, cities and so forth that captured my interest en route. I was rather fascinated when we passed through the little town of Cowpens where one of the most famous battles of the Revolutionary War was fought. The Americans won that battle by using a tactical measure called a double envelopment. I remember that from my ROTC classes so be ye duly impressed.

We crossed several rivers that I had never seen before but had certainly heard of. There were the James and the Potomac, of course, but the one I really liked was the Rappahanock. I like that name.

Another interesting landmark was the town of Danville, Virginia. Folk buffs in the audience may recall that this is mentioned in "The Wreck of Old 97" and several other folk songs. I looked for, but never saw any mention of Old 97's fatal run. I'm sure it is documented, but maybe I was just in the wrong part of Danville.

Also we passed through Charlotte, North Carolina, the home of Harry Golden's The Carolina Israelite. Charlotte is one of those places where I wanted to get out and just walk around, looking at everything. But our stop there was only about 30 minutes or so for breakfast on Thursday morning.

I had only two riding companions of note on the trip. An elderly man got on in a little town in North Carolina and rode about thirty miles or so with me. By the time he got off we had straightened out the world's major problems. Such discussions usually bore me to tears, but I found the old guy rather interesting and enjoyed talking to him. After we crossed the state line and entered Virginia, I picked up the most interesting riding companion on my trip. He was a colored man who was a truck driver. He told some fascinating stories about the trucking business and the in-group flavor that flows among truckers. I was reminded very much of John Steinbeck's comment on truckers in Travels With Charley.

ARRIVAL Finally my bus pulled into the Greyhound terminal in Washington. I picked up my bags, tightened my tie and caught a cab to the Statler Hilton. After getting my reservations cleared up and everything packed away in my room, I went down into the lobby where a number of early fans were milling around. There I encountered Ron Ellik, who did not recognize me. Then I talked to Bruce Pelz, who also did not recognize me, and met a number of other fans such as Dian Girard, George Nims Raybin, Frank Prieto and so forth. George Raybin walked by me twice before I realized who he was. Apparently I've grown some since the Pittcon because I now tower above



"Princess or no princess,  
she's still an egg-layer,  
John Carter."

--SPORADIC--

George, who was certainly no shorter than I was in Pittsburgh. IN fact I thought he was taller than I was. Sometime that evening a bunch of us went to a newsstand and bought out all of the copies of the new s-f mag GAMMA. One of these days Real Soon Now, I'm going to get around to reading some of it.

THE SECOND DAY My God, it's hard to write from two month-old memories... I think that on Friday morning I met Bill Mallardi, John Jackson, Bill Bowers, and other assorted people. Bowers, Mallardi and I had brunch at one of the less expensive places near the hotel. And sometime that afternoon John Jackson and I sat in my room discussing Alabama, Northwestern, sports and college life in general.

That night I spent a great deal of time in the N3F hospitality room. There was a good crowd there for a while. Les Gerber, Lenny Kaye, Fred Patten, Peter Maurer and others were there. I hate to mention people at all, because I can't possibly remember everyone I met or talked to, and my notes are apparently hopelessly lost. I just searched for them and couldn't find them. Mike Deckinger also came in sometime that night.

I finally turned in about 3:30 a.m. in order to get a little sleep before Saturday's activities got under way. I was restless and had trouble sleeping, but finally began to doze after about half an hour of tossing and turning. An hour later just as I was settling into a deep sleep, I was rudely awakened by a godawful rattling at the door. Dave Locke, my roommate, had finally arrived. He had had trouble with his plane connections and therefore got to the con several hours later than he was supposed to. When he checked in they gave him the key to the room, of course. Well, when I went to bed I had tiredly left my key in the lock and turned it into the locked position. Dave couldn't get in consequently. When he couldn't open it the first time, he went down to the other end of the building; the rooms there were numbered the same as the ones at our end except that they were all W-something or other where ours were just plain numbers. After failing to get into the room there, he came back and tried our door again. That was when I woke up and opened the door for him. I stood there in my shorts, eyes blinking furiously in the sudden light from the hall. Finally I woke up enough to communicate halfway intelligently for an hour or so then we both turned in for a few hours sleep.

IN BETWEEN TIMES I think it was Friday afternoon that Jerry Hogg came by. Jerry is an occasional s-f reader who graduated from the University of Alabama last January. The Discon was the first time I had seen him since he left school. That night and I went out to Georgetown to look for the nightclub that was supposed to have folk singers. (Hmmm. This was Friday night before the N3F blast, I'm almost sure in retrospect). The Shadows had changed bills and now had a comedy team rather than folk singers for entertainment. So we went down the street to a restaurant-tavern for dinner. After a steak and a few beers I felt muchly rested and ready for a long night of fannish fun. From there we back into downtown D.C. to a place that was also supposed to have folk singers. This place was called Paddy's...I think...well, that isn't the name at all, but it was something like that.. Unfortunately Paddy's has a lounge, a cafeteria, and a coffee house-type place. The singers were at the coffee house, so where did we wind up by mistake? In the lounge, of course. We had a drink there and then decided to leave when we rea-

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lized that this was a losing night folkum-wise. The lounge did have a pretty good sing-a-long piano player though. I might have enjoyed that in a more sober mood, but I was fairly high by that and was feeling absolutely no pain.

So Jerry and I stumbled down the street to a large well-stocked book and magazine shop or newstand or whatever it was. I bought a few ERB paperbacks that I didn't have and Jerry picked up a few he needed also. After that we went back to the hotel and spent the rest of the evening wandering from party to party, stopping whenever we became interested in what was happening. Jerry left sometime between then and the time I turned in.

SATURDAY, I THINK Locke and I got up and had lunch at The White Tower sometime around noon or so Saturday. We spent quite a bit of time wandering around the huckster room, talking to Buck Coulson and others. I talked with Bill Thailing from Cleveland whom I hadn't seen since Pittsburgh. We discussed the way the comic prices had jumped due to the recent boom. I remember buying ECs from Bill at 25¢ each in Pittsburgh. Now his prices are considerably higher. It's amazing what an unquenchable demand can do to raise the price on an item.

That afternoon I attended one of the few programs of the convention that I managed to make. This was Larry Ivie and Dick Lupoff's slide and talk on comics. I was pleased with Lupoff's brief dissertation on comics fans. Anyone (an adult) who reads comics and nothing else in place of books, magazines, newspapers and so forth is definitely sick, said Dick in so many words. I was glad to hear someone else come out and say what I had been thinking for quite some time. The slides were quite interesting as were both talks. Then the whole thing was spoiled by that idiot who got up and praised Frederic Werthan...

Afterwards I cornered Don and Maggie Thompson after we had managed not to meet each other for a couple of days. Somehow we just never could get together. We joined Les Gerber and maybe a couple of other people to go out and get something to eat. At the place where we stopped, there were numerous other fans: Ted White, Les Nirenberg, Calvin 'Biff' Demmon, Larry Ivie, John Konig and others.

The costume ball was held that night. Lenny Kaye and I sat at a table in the back. Enid Jacobs came by, and I met her for the first time after our brief correspondance. Jerry Hogg strolled in a few minutes after it all started and we watched the whole bit from beginning to end. (Hoo, boy that's a lovely paradox, ins't it?). Jerry left kind of early that evening, I believe. Dave Locke, Frank Prieto and I sat in the N3F hospitality room most of the night. Before he left, though, the three of us went to the big Pacificon victory party and found it completely dry -- not that they didn't buy booze, but that it was all consumed before we got there.

An incredible number of obnoxious drunks and semi-drunks stumbled into the N3F room all evening. Frank, Dave and I sat at a table talking and smoking. Some drunk staggered in and plucked a cigarette from Dave's hand in order to light his own cigarette. Locke gave him one of those typical Lockeness Monster cold-as-hell stares and said, "I smoke, too, dad." If it had been for the undying devotion of Janie Lamb (God bless her and may her tribe increase!), the hospitality room would have fallen completely apart. Janie spent long hours filling in for the constantly absent hostess and helped make it a generally comfortable place for fans to gather, drink coffee

--SPORADIC--

and shoot the breeze.

Finally we left Frank and went back to our room to get a little sleep. But, as usual, we sat up talking for another couple of hours. We were interrupted momentarily by a policeman who stopped by to let us know that our hotel room door wasn't all the way shut. We turned out the light about 5:00 a.m. or so if I remember right. At 10:00 the phone rang. It was George Early calling to let me know that we hadn't seen each other yet. As it turned out, we didn't get together at all the whole con. The alarm went off that morning, I cut it off, and we both fell asleep again. By the time we finally got up, the morning's program was completely shot and we had missed the various films that were shown.

The luncheon was extremely enjoyable. I found Murray Leinster's non-speech a fascinating collection of anecdotes. Wish I could remember some of them off-hand, but I can't.

I'm sure something else happened on Sunday afternoon or night but I don't remember what. The day after I run off this issue, I'll probably come across all of those notes that I made. Assuming that I will, I'll kind of halfway promise to elaborate further on the Discos in the March issue of Spore.

AU REVOCER Monday morning we checked out of that Statler-Hilton.

Jerry picked me up and took me out to the Marshall Space Flight Center where he works. He was supposed to have checked me in at the guardhouse at the entrance of the plant, but he didn't bother to do so. Naturally we were stopped by a guard about half way thru my personal tour of the place. The guard was terribly upset because I didn't have a visitor's badge. He told us to go back to the gate and get me registered, but we didn't...we just left. Jerry wrote a few weeks ago and said nothing came of the incident, so I guess the guard either forgot about the incident or else he didn't remember Jerry's name.

That afternoon he drove me to the Greyhound bus terminal where I checked my baggage and prepared for the long ride back to the land of George Wallace. And it was indeed a long ride home, but I managed to sleep a good deal of the way so it wasn't as bad as it could have been. In Atlanta I ran into a girl with whom I had gone to high school. She was in Atlanta visiting her boy friend and was on the same bus back to Opelika that I was on, so we chatted all the way back.

And thus ends probably the most lifeless and colorless travelogue that Traveling Fan has ever hacked out.

SCHOOL AND SUCH This has been a weird semester, it really has.

First I enrolled in and signed the contract for the Advanced ROTC program. After a couple of weeks, I decided I was not particularly interested so I told the Army I wanted out. You can imagine how that went over -- yeah, like a lead balloon. They were pretty nice to me, though, considering the fact that they were in a position to really give me a rough time. After a couple of weeks of red tape, my contract was officially voided and I walked out of Touney Hall one October afternoon saying, "Uhuru! Uhuru!" I may regret my decision later, but right now I'm happier than I've ever been before in my life. Getting out of that mess relieved me of a tremendous pressure that I been bearing for a long long time.

Since

carrying only 12 hours this semester, four three-hour courses: Feature Writing, Critical Reviews (basic techniques of reviewing books, plays, movies, etc.), Television Workshop (all about how teevee shows are produced, directed, etc....a lot of fun), and Southern Literature. I'm actually enjoying going to class and studying.

In addition I'm serving as Associate Editor of the school weekly newspaper, the CRIMSON WHITE. If I make my grades this semester, I expect to run for editor for the 1964-65 school year. A campus weekly can be a lot of fun. I enjoy working with ours, even though the pay is low (\$15.00 a month) and the hours can be pretty long at times. Also I have another job, I am a UA correspondent to The Montgomery Advertiser. I get paid 15¢ an inch for all of my stuff that they use. I don't make much being as lazy as I am, but it's good experience and it keeps me in coffee and cigarettes.

TESTS, ETC., I had an interesting experience a few weeks ago. Staying up all night to study for a test is fairly prevalent among students around here. I've never done it because I've never had any reason to do so. However, I had a test at a particularly crucial time back in October. I studied until about 1:00 a.m., then turned in. I got up again at 6:00 a.m. and took a dexedrone pill for the first time in my life. "Dex" is similar to No-Doz and other similar stimulants except that you can't buy it without a prescription. A friend of mine got me some and I tried it. Here are some notes that I made that morning describing the effects of the stimulant upon me. I hasten to make it clear that these are not habit forming or dangerous unless they are misused in the usual manner. It was an interesting experience and here is how I reacted:

"I am now in my third hour on dex. My mind is extremely alert and fresh, but my body is exhausted. My body feels like I have been excessively drinking for a couple of hours -- except for my stomach and chest, which do not have that full contented feeling but rather feel hollow and somewhat queasy.

Perhaps this is psychological due to what I've read of the effects of "horse" and "weed" on initiates, or perhaps it is fairly accurate to say that when I think about it, my senses of sight and sound seem to be projected on a much higher level than before.

I wonder if perhaps the lack of sleep all week might not be responsible for the overall exhaustion that I am feeling. Perhaps a good deal of rest before a stint on dex would make the entire body as well as the mind vividly alert and active...

I noticed, while looking in the mirror before class, that my eyes appear to have a glassy, almost-wild look about them. On second thought, maybe a dazed, bewildered, or intoxicated look.

My conclusion at this point is that dex is certainly not something to try just for the hell of it. For passing tests, raising QPA's and thereby becoming eligible for C-W editorship it is okay though. I do feel that my mind profitted from the dex. I was completely alert and my memory seemed to be better than it had been before when I tried to take an exam for an 8 o'clock class after a night of extensive study and minimum sleep.

Right now I hope it will wear off by lunch time, so that I can try to get some sleep this afternoon. I'd hate to be as dopey as I am now when I pick up Anne this evening. I imagine that



lengthy association with me right now would soon prove to be a trying experience even for one...who has been through the same thing a number of times. (Bob can be quite funny and yet irritatingly irrational when he is coming out from under the effects of dex)."

Some of the things and people mentioned will be esoteric to you, but I think the main thoughts are quite clear in general. Places where the wording is strange and clumsy is not due to typos, that's the way it is in my notes which were written right after I took the exam that I was studying for. I have used dex several times since then, but the nasca and ill effects haven't been a part of it since that first time. They were a godsend to me during the week of homecoming when I was in and out of bed with flu all week and yet had things that I had to do for the Advertiser and for the CW. So much for that.

ALABAMA FANDOM PUBBING PARTY The second

(annual?) Alabama Fandom pubbing party was held last night at Mrs. Fletcher's house. Most of this issue was runoff and parts of it put together in a three-hour session. Miz Fletcher and Bill Jones, a University art student who did the filler to the right, stencilled artwork while Robert Fletcher and I cranked the mimeo. I'll hack out the last two or three stencils today and run them off in time for collating and inclusion in the 10th SFFA mailing.



Season's greetings and a happy new year to all of you from the gang at sporadic

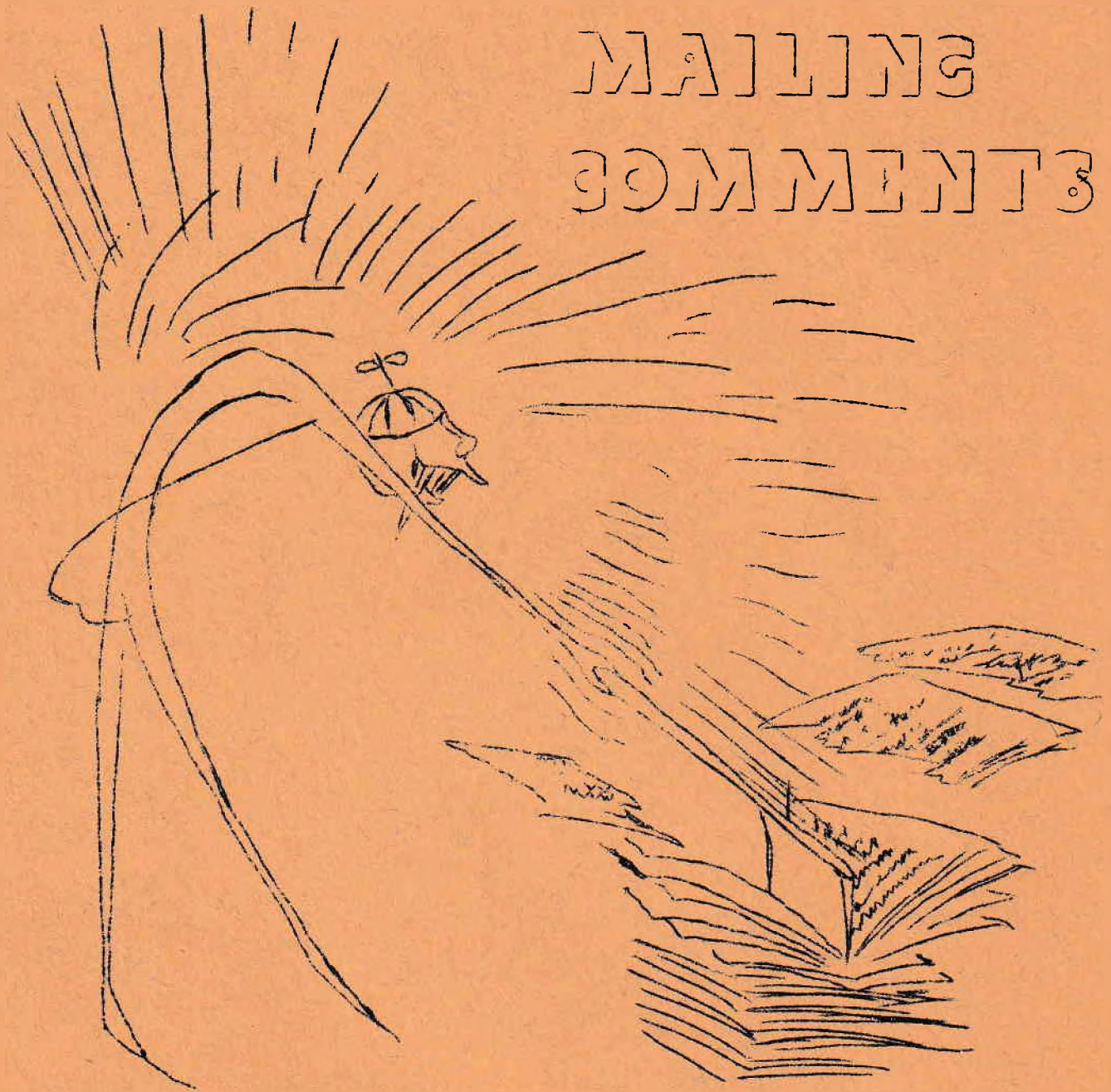


Bill Jones, I might add, did a very fine cover which will appear on the cover of the next issue of MAELSTROM -- God only knows when it will be pubbed; maybe during Christmas vacation, and then again, maybe not. It's a shame I'm so lazy, I have a lot of good material on hand for Maels #11.

ANOTHER TRIP Traveling Fan struck again the Saturday after Thanksgiving. I spent the night with Al Andrews in B'ham. Well, after all, you could hardly expect me to go home and face all of those jubilant Auburnites after Alabama

(cont. p. 17).

# MAILING COMMENTS



**CLIFFHANGERS** This will probably come as an enormous shock to you, Rick, but I actually enjoyed the fiction this issue. I generally dislike fan written fiction, particularly serialized fiction of the type you usually run. But I really enjoyed "Under One Moon" and kind of look forward to the next installment. Gibson's cover was very good. I've always been envious of you for coming up with a title like "Cliffhangers and Others." Bill did a marvelous job with the cover. It is probably the most appropriate cover that you've used on one of your zines, and it does nothing to lessen my envy of your title. The idea of a poem as a vehicle for mailing comments is good. I won't go into the literary merits of your verse, but you did a good job with it for the purpose you had in mind. If I were you I wouldn't worry about the reaction to "Goon with the Wind". I was among those who voiced complaints, but I think your long-story was a little to new and untried to expect immediate and enthusiastic acceptance.

**OUTRE** I dunno if you know it or not, but the title of your zine is also one that is used by Al Kracalik for his fanzine. He

dropped LUNAR LOOK and switched over to OUTRE with the second issue. It's no big deal, though, so welcome to SPPA anyway. You did a good job for a first issue. The biggest fault with your first issue was reproduction, and I think that can be blamed partially on yourself and partially on me since I ran off the zine. I should have warned you about the improper registration that my old Speed-o-print has.

Outside of reproduction, my biggest complaint is concerning the cover. It was, well, godawful to put it mildly. The lettering, though a little messy, wasn't too bad, but the illustration was very poor. I think you can come up with something better than this. I like your editorial style, though. You are much more casual and informal than many faneds are in a first issue.

Didn't care much for "John Campbell" by Arnold Katz. I'm no expert on poetry and verse, but I suspect that the piece is sadly lacking in meter. I tried to sing it and hum it to the tune of "Tom Dooley" and it was a very strained effort. Your review section is good, though brief. I generally prefer a handful of thumbnail reviews such as yours to a lengthy dissertation on a single book. I think that is mainly because most science fiction books (paperbacks in particular) don't really merit more than a few paragraphs unless the book is an original novel of exceptional merit. Your mailing comments were rather adequate. "Never Call A Reporter Stupid" is not a good example of Joe Staton's fiction - in fact it is probably the poorest thing that he has done.

WORMFARM WORMFARM has one major fault - it is too short. I am anxiously waiting to see if you are going to make good your threat to pub the best zine in this mailing. I found your first issue to be a delightful blend of Gibson-type matter and cartoons. I frankly don't see how you can keep coming up with so many good ideas. The interlions were good, too.

Your verse is strongly reminiscent of Lovecraft, C.A. Smith, and others of the weird tales school. I think it is style (not free verse style, but rather mood and theme) that reminds me of them when I read your poems. At any rate I liked all of your poems. In fact, I liked all three so well that I just realized that I can't even pick a favorite among them. Let's see some more of this stuff.

STRANGER THAN FACT #1 A zine like this, regardless of whether it is the first issue or the one hundredth issue, always leaves me rather awe-stricken. I am amazed that anyone could make a fanzine such a labor of love when my zines are always highly informal and look as if they had been thrown together in the midst of the year's worst hangover. You certainly deserve a great deal of credit for such an undertaking. I'd hesitate to estimate what you must have paid to have it printed.

Whatever fantastic sum you spent on the first issue of STF, it was scarcely worth the expense. Although the quality of the material wasn't too bad, the generally quality of the printing left much to be desired. For instance the multi-colored cover and the illustration inside were attractive inasmuch as they caught one's eye immediately, but the illustrations were very poor. Consequently the elaborate reproduction was completely wasted. It is hard for me to decide if the cover illustration or the artist's explanation is more ludicrous.

The fiction, much to my surprise, was quite good. C. L. Morris, whom I don't know, seems to be quite a competent fan-fictionist. I was a little peeved by the "pink elephant" conclusion of "Breaking Point" for a while, but I read through it again and decided that it was really quite clever. Bill Ameen's "Beyond the Mortal" seemed to be a science fiction version of the soul-searching mainstream fiction character who is trying to find himself and the real meaning of life. Ameen handled his theme very well and the writing was okay, but this type of story usually leaves me rather cold. "First Contact" was a loser from the word go. This has been done before - tho I can't recall any specific examples of it offhand. Instead of being humorous or even satirical, it was simply very juvenile.

Bob Adolfson's article on lettercols seems to take care of the situation. I realize that he was talking about how to write a letter for a particular market and I hope your readers realize that also. If they tried that approach in non-stf areas, they would probably have very little success. One point here: it has always impressed me as being extremely rude for an editor to insert a personal witticism in the middle of another person's story or article. Your comment was trite and irrelevant. It detracted the reader's interest away from Adolfson and placed you in the spotlight. Maybe I'm a nitpicker but that has always been a pet peeve with me.

STF #2 I'm glad you got yourself a mimeo. While that professional printing was nice and attractive, it was really an unnecessary expense. You can do a creditable job with mimeo, and you'll probably find it more fun as your zine becomes much more personal when you are actually producing the finished product yourself.

Joe Staton's cover was very good, although it does seem to have suffered somewhat from inexperienced stencilling. Also it would probably have shown up much better if it had been on a sheet of paper with a blank backside - the showthrough was pretty bad on my copy. Interior artwork was generally okay except for "The Creature Corner" which was a wasted half a page to me. I suggest you drop it with #3. I particularly liked Jim Hyland's illo on page 7.

C.L. Morris demonstrated again that he has talent; "Epilogue To Armageddon" was the best piece of fiction in your second issue. Dr. Keller is usually a writer I enjoy, but "The Guest of the Countess" is certainly not one of his better efforts. I don't know how old A. K. Davids is, but I assume he is a high school student. "The Vanishing American," like his story in STF#1, is very juvenile in style, tone and plot. If he is a student, then this is forgivable because I wrote some pretty trite stories when I was in high school also. I think most fans do at one time or another.

All in all, this was a very good second issue. It showed several improvements over the first issue, and as soon as you become more thoroughly familiar with the mimeograph process, I expect to see a top-notch zine from you. Keep up the good work.

SPECTRE Glad Dick talked you into joining, Larry. Your first issue leaves much to be desired as you no doubt realize yourself. But my first issue looked a lot worse than yours so don't feel too bad. Your editorial was about the best thing in this. I didn't care for the verse at all, and you've written better stories than "And the Children Came Home". Welcome aboard and let's see a bigger and better zine next mailing!

ISCARIOT This was the probably the best zine in the mailing. Dick really butchered a fine cover by Miz Fletcher, though. I saw the original black and white inking before she sent it to you, and it was much better than the finished product turned out to be. Interior artwork in general was good. You did a pretty good job of adapting ATom's extra black shadings to your mimeo.

Bob Williams's "Reflections on an SF Collection" was a delightful piece of reading. When I finished I found myself wondering why Bob doesn't write more often. He is probably one of the funniest and one of the least known fans around. He more or less sums up my collecting mania in three brief sentences: "I also collect back issue s-f magazines. I haven't the faintest idea why. First of all, they go unread." Yea verily, there are gems of wisdom and truth in those short lines!

"Moon Beams" is another fine example of Loubel Wood's talent as a poet. Her plea for the Missing Link might very well be a plea for the common man everywhere plagued by the high-powered fast-moving pace of the world today.

Joe Staton did an interesting job of comparing the film and novel versions of "The Phantom of the Opera". I bought the paperback last year, but like Bob Williams said, "...they go unread." It's been sitting on my shelves, collecting dust since I bought it. To make matters worse, I've seen neither of the film versions of "The Phantom..." so my comments here are pretty much wasted except that from what I can tell, Joe did a good job of reviewing.

Now, the lettercol. ISCARIOT has one of the most interesting lettercols in the mailing, but it has two main faults: 1) It is difficult, at times, to distinguish between your comments and Dick's, and 2) There are too many editorial comments, particularly there are too many unnecessary editorial interruptions. Although your remarks are generally quite amusing, about half way through the lettercol they become somewhat irritating because they break the train of thought that the letterhack has created. At an eyeball count, I'd say that you and Dick have a page of comments for every page devoted to your readers. That is hardly a commendable ratio. Of course, it's your zine and your lettercol. My opinion may be the only one of its nature, but I, for one, would like to see a little more of the readers and a little less of Dick and Al in the lettercol. You guys have editorials and mailing comments for your views. End of my beef - hope I didn't offend anyone.

CANTICLES FROM LABOWITZ Glad you got CFL out, even though it was postmailed. If you had let me know, I could have delayed the mailing about two or three days and your zine would have arrived in time for inclusion. I don't mind your running your zine through both N'APA and SFPA, but I think it would be better if you just provided separate mailing comments for each respective apa. But that's merely a trivial point and is offered only as a suggestion and not an admonishment.

Your interior artwork and the poetry was particularly good. Also you manage to come up with pretty high quality fiction for your zines. The bright red/pink Lolita-type cover was hard to take at first, but after I got used to it, I decided that I even liked it. Welcome back to the fold, Gary, after a rather lengthy absence.

DOL-DRUM You damnyankees are invading our happy little group in numbers of late, but I dare say you won't sweep through SFFA like Sherman marching to the sea -- mostly because we've got a little clause in the by-laws that keeps you people down to a comfortable minimum.

Your microscope idea is ingenious. I can't understand why I never thought of that before, it's really such a simple idea. I've always laboriously stacked books in two even stacks and placed a piece of plate glass across them and shoved a naked light bulb between the two stacks.

If you don't mind, I'll take my horoscope from the daily newspapers or from one of those astrology mags. It's not that I mistrust your judgement, bwah, it's just that I have my doubts as to where your divine foresight originates.

All right, already, I'm opposed to the merging of N'APA and SFFA. I only considered it that once several months ago when things looked particularly bad for SFFA. Besides rebel fanatic seems to be on something of an upswing at present anyhow. Let's see how far it goes and how long it lasts.

finis

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## WASP

Little creature -- why are you in my room  
When I am working? Go away.  
The food is no good, the sheets are cold, I'm no fun  
To sting -- I don't hold still.  
None of your friends are here.  
I don't know your mommy, daddy, brothers or sisters  
And I don't know their whereabouts.

The scenery isn't any good here; nothing worth looking  
Into, really -- books, clothes, cigarettes, junk.  
Maybe you just want me to kill you?  
I've felt that way, sometimes, too  
But nobody killed me.  
You, my friend, are luckier...

(WHAM!)

*Jeff Patton*

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"Thanks for the letter in reply to the postcard. It arrived along with some other mail, mostly bad news. This must mean something, unfortunately I don't know what." -- Dave Locke.

"...but it's always so anticlimactic to get a letter written before you saw someone after you've seen him, nicht wahr?"--Dave Hulan

"My spelling has improved. It may have even gotten worse."--Peter J. Maurer

# POCTSACRD AND OTHERS

Warren de Bra Rt. 2, Box 595A Pensacola, Fla. You and Pat McLean spell names better than the SF TIMES. On their cover they feature ROY KRENKEN. Who he? I, too, once had a curiosity as to the comfort of metallic bras, and I suggest that you do not try to profit from my advice. Research can be interesting, but also dangerous.

The second step is to ask for three volunteers, one to wear metallic, one to wear standard Maidenform, the third to wear none. The testing procedure would include temperature recordings while subjects are at rest and in strenuous activity in rooms with the air conditioning turned to the lowest and then after an interval with the heat turned high, accompanied with each subject's comments as to her degree of comfort, with a rotation of attire among the subjects on the second and third days to compensate for differences in the individual temperatures.

In my case (many, many years ago) the first step of procuring the six thermometers and the metallic bra was not necessary because I was too chicken to ask for three volunteers. Ah, memories of my wasted youth.

Robert E. Gilbert 309 West Main St. Jonesboro, Tenn. I find the Marty Robbins gunfighter ballads unbearable. I like the line, "So Pete sept the next couple of weeks with a local vet to determine if he were rapid." I can picture the vet entering the cat in the hundred-yard dash. Our long lost cats had all sorts of names, too. There were Uncle Tiger, Frenchie, Blackie or Skunkie, Fido, John Payne, Sidney. Some kittens stayed around long enough to acquire names such as Gourdhead, Piggy, and Tuxedo. There was one cat who only came to visit. He had one eye, a flopped ear, and bowlegs. He was solid white and was known as the Great White Father.

Conversely, wouldn't a brass brassiere get hot in direct sunlight? It might cause curdling.

Jeff Patton P. O. Box 735 Milton, Wisc. What SPORADIC needs, if you ask me (which you didn't) is more fiction and less yak....the issue is rather weak as a whole, tho' some good columns (esp. McLean's helped it out a lot. The outside cover was pretty good -- even my English prof noticed it. Wonder what Milton's art department would say about it.

Loubel Wood Route #4 DoFuniak Springs, Florida From your own accounts in SPORADIC you are on the High Road of an ONTHEGO Reporter. I can't think of anything more delightful and more fulfilling. Thanks for sending #8, which I have enjoyed muchly.

Harry Warner 423 Summit Avenue Hagerstown, Md. I wish I had the energy to come home from a worldcon and immediately mail out a fanzine. I gather that you had done most of the work on this one before you went to Washington. But it still shows a mastery over inertia and an ability to make the most of time that I envy. If you were resuming college simultaneously with the distribution of this issue, the wonder grows greater still.

--SPORADIC--

was glad for the chance to meet you at Washington, and to repeat what I've said in almost every letter I've written since then, I'm sorry that we didn't have more of a chance to talk. During this first worldcon of my experience, I tried to see at least briefly everyone (and failed miserably) and didn't spend long stretches of time with any individual or in any one crowd. I'm inclined to prefer a fan gathering of the size of a Phyllycon and the length of a worldcon, and this particular species does not exist, so I don't know which is better: one small enough to permit being around specific individuals fair amounts of time, or one long enough to allow you time to see a greater number of persons more briefly.

This new issue of Sporadic made pleasant reading. Your travel accounts don't make it clear whether you travel by intercity bus through preference or necessity, but I'm always glad to find someone else who remains cheerful through this experience. I prefer buses to trains, and have much trouble convincing people of this fact when they try to convince me that I live only once, that I should go ahead and spend the extra money for a train ticket, or provide me with a complicated procedure that would permit me to get to my destination on the train in only about 50% more time than on the bus. I've never had the traumatic experiences in Greyhounds that many fans complain about, except when I was foolish enough to try to get out of a big city at the start of a weekend holiday. In fact, coming back from Washington, I rode the Detroit express through the kindness of the driver who noticed that I'd just missed the bus that has a scheduled stop in Hagerstown. It's a good thing he got a red light in Hagerstown because he's not allowed to make unnecessary stops and I might have ended up staying aboard until he reached an Ohio restroom.

There aren't many experiences with cats that I can share, because I haven't owned one for many years. A group of neighborhood children came to the door the other day with a half-grown cat and tried to present it to me, explaining that they know I lived alone and were worried that I'd be lonely. It took some fast talking to persuade them that my hours conflict with the hours maintained by most cats and that I'd be waking when the cat would be sleeping and the cat would get hungry or would need to go outdoors while I was sleeping.

You will probably get much more response to Sporadic if you run a letter column. I've noticed that such a feature even seems to spur mailing comments in other magazines in ayjay mailings, for reasons best known to students of abnormal psychology or whatever minor deity was responsible for the creation of fans. Maybe the letter column provides the reader with the reminder that this magazine is not isolated in space and time but is linked to previous issues and will later become the subject of remarks in a future issue and maybe the letter column makes it plain that the editor is not an isolationist, in the case of publications written principally by the editor. I personally find it just as easy and pleasant to write a loc to a fanzine that has no letter column as to Cry or Warhoon but for others there may be the incentive provided by the knowledge that their letters may be seen by more than one person.

I'm glad to know that the SFPA has bright prospect. Evil times are descending on some of the older ayjay groups through dis-sention and loss of particularly active members, and I had begun to think that the great fannish movement toward ayjays had begun to reverse itself after three or four years of steady motion.

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# A NEO AT THE DISCON by Al Andrews Rick Norwood

[Ed. note: These cartoons were drawn by Al Andrews to fit the captions which were provided by Rick Norwood. The captions represent fragments of conversations which Rick overheard at the Chicon two years ago. Even though they are more than a year old now and they are based on another convention, I think they are still funny enough to print. Therefore I have slanted them toward the Discon rather than the Chicon.]



"Gosh, Mr. Harshaw, er, Hunglung, I mean, er Hangland..."



5  
floors  
later →



"Yes, Walter...FANAC ...next issue...my sub runs out...re-sub ...yes, Walter."

"One year, one issue...SUB RUNS OUT!"

Walter



"That's M-O-S-K-W-I-T-Z, and you ask if I collect fanzines."

Walter



"Gosh, Mr. Davidson, why doesn't your beanie have a propellor?"



"I, Michael Deckinger,  
do not read MIRAGE...  
anymore."



"Gosh, Mr. Silverberg,  
is is true that you sign  
all of your bad stories  
Randall Garrett?"



"Now let me tell you about  
life in decadent America,  
comrades."



"Gosh, yes, Mrs. Goldsmith,  
I read AMAZING all the time,  
and I think your husband is  
a great editor!"

+++++

SOLILOQUY: A G.I. IN LAOS SPEAKS  
OF MUD. (ALTERNATELY TITLED: "HOME-  
SICK.")

It seems like this mud is everywhere I go.  
And sticks to everything -- me, shoes, rifle, coffee.  
Whatever it is, there's mud in it, on it, or around it.  
I think I'll take some mud home with me to remind me of this  
place.

It's sure to go with me, whether I want it or not.

Why am I here? Until '61, I don't think I ever heard of Laos.  
At any rate, I'm here. Here to fight. Here to protect the  
American

Interest -- that is, I got drafted.

There isn't much I can do about it.

Just fight whether I want to or not -- whether I'm able to or not,  
not.

The worst thing about it is I don't care about Laos at all.

I just want to be back in the U.S.A. again.

Even if that means more mud -- at least it's be American mud.

I've seen all of the world I want to see.

Please, war, hurry up and end. I want to go home.

--by JEFF PATTON

lost to Auburn that Saturday...  
Al and I spent an enjoyable evening talking and straightning out fandom and the world in general.

MISC. THOTS     The repro on Dave Hulan's zine is my fault. TSAM was run off on by me on the machine that I bought from Hulan when he moved to LA. However, TSAM was the first thing that I ever ran off on that machine. I had not even experimented with it prior to running of Dave's stencil. Consequently the first page had already been botched up before I realized that it wasn't properly registered. My apoologies to Brother Dave.

As I predicted earlier in this issue, my Discon notes, such as they were, were discovered the other night after I had finished my report. There really isn't much to add, though, except to say that it was quite funny to watch Ken Kreuger and others play poker with Rhine cards. ("Isee you and call you. What have you got?" "Three stars." "Tough luck. Full house, three squiggles and a pair of circles.") That was the night Gary Vanderwerf rushed into the room to get coffee for some poor gal who had drunk too much and was now ill. Gary quickly mixed a cup of extra strong black coffee, turned it bottoms up, licked his lips, looked relieved and then began methodically making a cup of coffee for the poor feeling-no-pain girl.

See ya' next mailing.

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ART CREDITS

- REGilbert - cover.
- Howard Shockley -1.
- Al Andrews -2, 15, 16.
- Bill Jones-7
- Bill Gibson -7.
- D. B. Fletcher -8, 17.

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