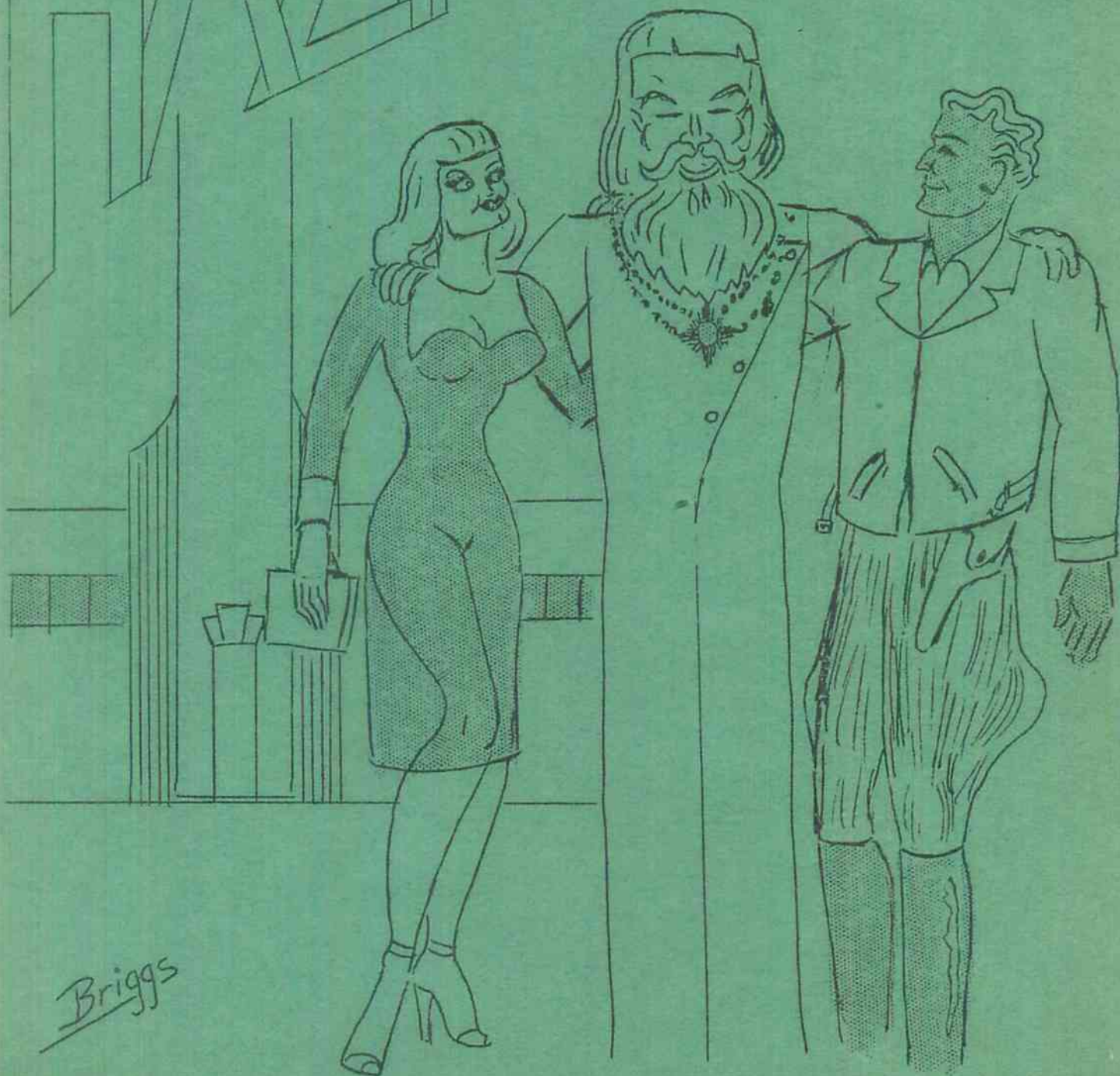


HAZING

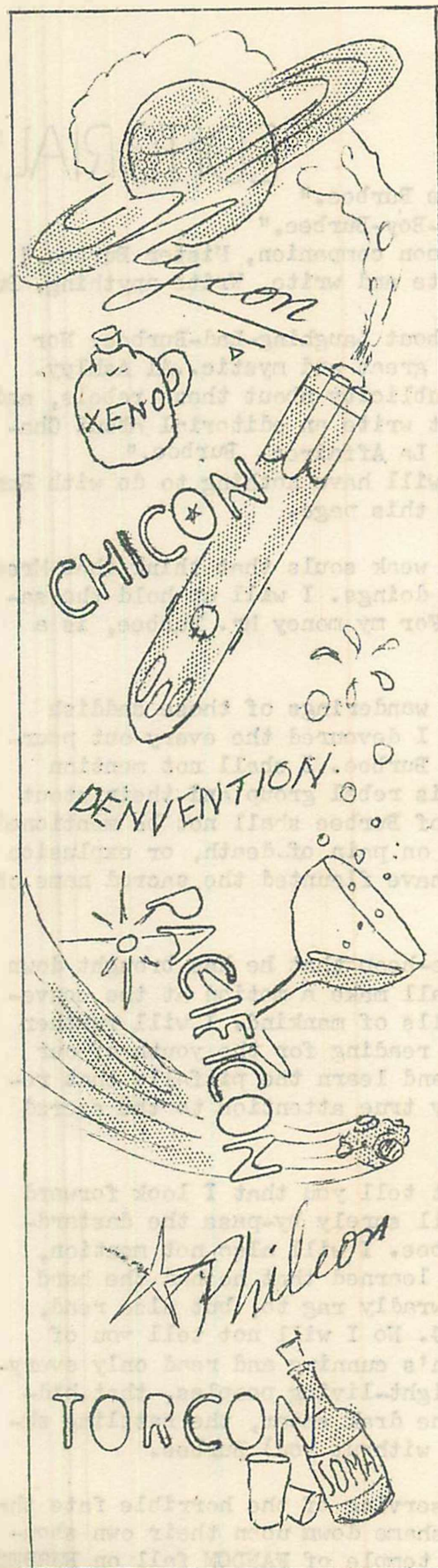
STORIES

VOL. I

NO. 1



Briggs



HAZING STORIES

CINVENTION! ISSUE

VOL. 1 NO. 1

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This is an ELDER publication.
Managing Editor..Bob K. Pavlat
Editor.....chick derry
Art Editor.....Bob G. Briggs
Publisher.....Frank Kerkhof

This MAY be a FAPazine, you can never tell.

This zine is published by three of the charter members of WSFA. This does not indicate approval of this publication by the Washington Science Fiction Association. In fact, they dissapprove of it.

The type this magazine printed in designed by: Underwood. Royal. L.C. Smith. Remington. Reproduction by A. B. Dick.

Run out of ideas.....the editors...

THRU THE HAZE

EDITORIALS

Mister Pavlat said, "Write an editorial about Charlie Burbee."

Mister Briggs said, "Write an Editorial about Buddy-Boy-Burbee."

Mister Oglebaum said, "Write an editorial about my boon companion, Mister Burbee."

Various other souls said, in effect, "Write and write and write, Write anything. But for Cripessake, shut-up."

To them all I said, "I will not write an editorial about Laughing-Lad-Burbee. Nor about Laney, nor Rotsler, nor Condra, nor even the great and mystic..Al Ashlgy. There has been," I went on to point out, "too much publicity about these rebels, and I for one will not bend the knee to them. I will not write an editorial about Charles, the hyper-hero of the editorial, a la Shangri La Affaires., Burbee."

You will be happy then to know that this editorial will have nothing to do with Burbee. I will not even mention that rebellious name on this page.

I won't have it said that I knuckled down to those weak souls that think that Mrss. Burbee & Co. are right and funny in their dastardly doings. I will up hold the sancticity of the noble calling of Organized Fandom. For my money Mr. Burbee, is a cad, and a bounder and several unprintable things.

I shall not say how I howled at the unholy literary wanderings of those caddish souls in "Wild Hair No. 1". I will not tell you how I devoured the every out pouring of the tripewriter of the L.A. Genius, Charles Burbee. I shall not mention how I snickered in secret at the lowly doings of this rebel group and their stout leader...Charles (I apologize) Burbee. No the name of Burbee shall not be mentioned in this dignified tome. I forbit any of the others, on pain of death, or expulsion from fandom, to mention this unholy rabble; that have flaunted the sacred name of Fandom.

Let the name Burbee, be forever buried in the rubble-heap that he has brought down upon himself in his cowardly attack on Fandom. I shall make a motion at the convention that the name Burbee, be stricken from the rolls of mankind. I will further make a motion that his libious writings be required reading for the youth of our great organization, so that they may see the way, and learn the pitfalls that rebellion brings. Then they too can learn that only by true attention to the sacred writings can they hope to prosper.

Since I am not going to mention Burbee here, I can't tell you that I look forward with hope that the younger generation coming on, will surely by-pass the dastardlyness of the likes of this degenerate, Charles Burbee. I will also not mention, that I first learned the truth about Burbee, when I learned that he had the hard heart to disobey and not only send a copy of his cowardly rag to, but also read, that loest, and most dispietable of promags, AMAZING. No I will not tell you of how I faught with my conscience against this mad-men's cunning and read only every-other-issue of AMAZING. It would not interest you right-living peoples, that hid-dēn always in our otherwise noble history will be the drak smear, the rattling skeleton of Charles (what would I do for an editorial without you) Burbee.

The name Charles Burbee, and his kind are truely deserving of the horrible fate that is in store for them, These fools have brought the shame down upon their own shoulders, and there may it rest. Like Sampson, let the temple of FANDOM fall on BURBEE.

Being rather inexperienced in the exigencies of fanack, I, like the inexperienced fan that I WAS, typed the editorial of HS before anything else was done. Now that the mimeoing is under-way (courtesy of Frank Kerkhof,) I find that the editorial must be rewritten. And the opening of the first ed. was so beautiful. "So, sucker, you paid your 15, 20, or 25 cents (we're not sure how much to overcharge you yet) and are beginning to wonder why. You aren't? Read on, friend, you will." Where, I ask you, can you find a more touching opening editorial?

HAZING STORIES is not merely another fanzine. It is an institution. Its name may never go down beside the names of Fantasy Review or the Moon Puddle, but there is an immense difference in purpose. Not to mention that this is the FIRST world appearance of our NEW JOURNALISM. HS cannot conceivably be compared with anything written before the introduction of this revolutionary style of writing. Our NEW JOURNALISM being so revolutionary, we have decided to keep it somewhat concealed behind the haze for a while. We don't want to be investigated! Comes zee revolushun, and the mists shall clear.

NO! HS's fair name shall never go down beside the names of FR or MP. Never! HS shall stay UP.

HS is, I'll admit, still in its infancy. It may stay there. It was originally scheduled to be a yearly. As far as I am concerned, it will remain an annual. Derry is discouraged, and he produced a good deal of this. Briggs, myself, and any others we can scrape up will try to keep it an annual.

Please, readers, friends, anyone. We will need material on conventions next time out. To keep this going, we will also need some encouragement in letters of comment. No letters, and we assume that HS isn't worth the trouble. Let's hear the worst. All stuff goes to: Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Md.

* - - - *

Now that Pavlat's thru, the one man committee, Bob Briggs, takes over with an editorial headed STABBED IN THE BACK.

Stabbed in the back. That's what. STA-A-A-B-ED in the back. After long and mighty labors we finished the script. It was to be a play to be played at the Cinvention. From a stage. Then Don Ford stepped in.... no stage. We pleaded, we begged, on bended knees we asked. But...no stage.

The hell with it, thot we. We'll put it on anyhow, and bygod, we can do it. We'll use a wire recorder and call it a TWONKY. Who knows, we continued, it may be even better that way. So we re-wrote the script. Aye, for hours did we work over this latest change. But they--the dastards--then, after all was finished, told us that the recorder was busted. Again. Stabbed in the back. Why doesn't DAM fix that mimeo? It's his, ain't it?

That's not all. Oh, not by any means. MacInnes has an excuse! (cont. on page 22.)

LET'S GO TO PORTLAND

by

Bob Pavlat

illos. by Briggs



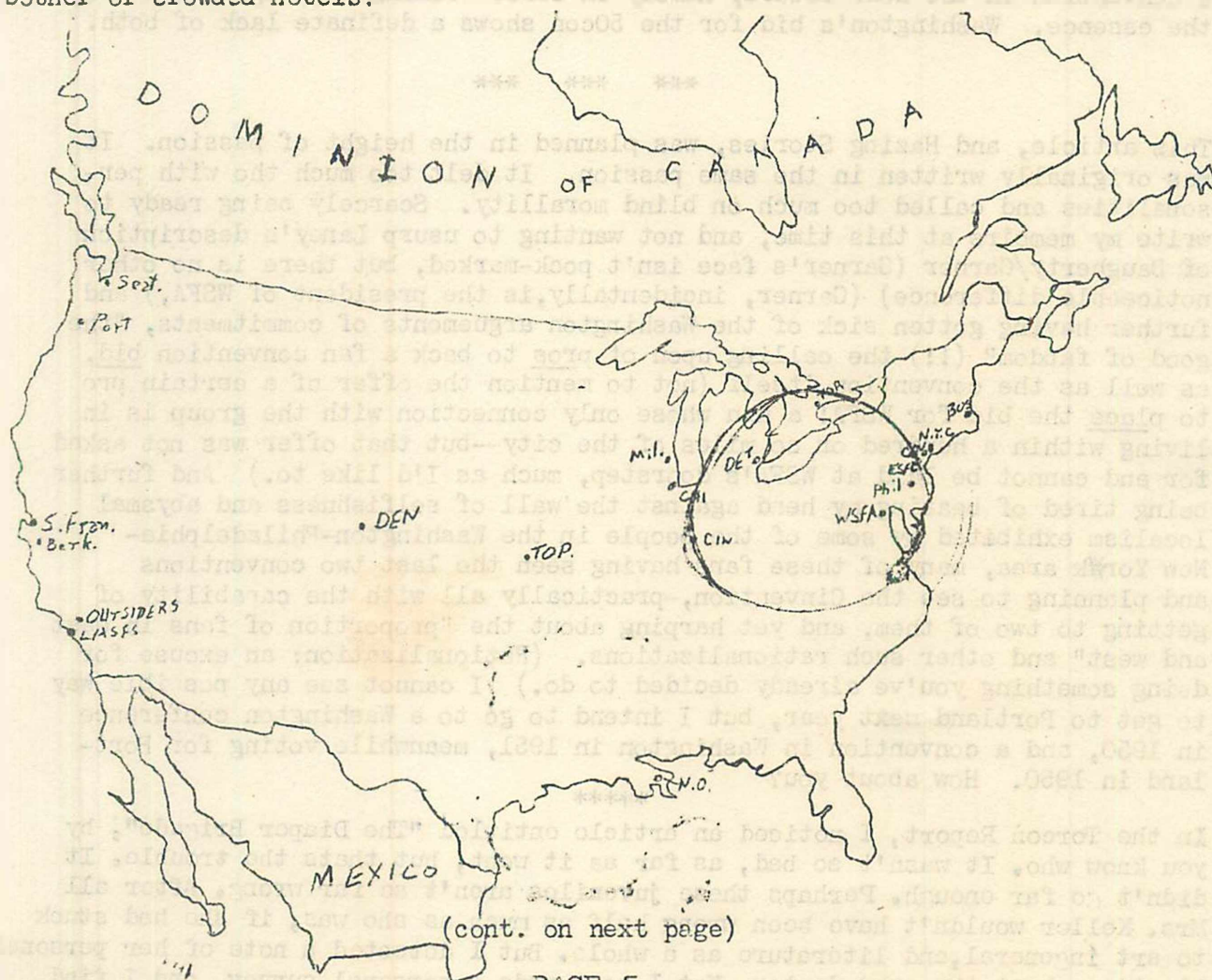
There's a refrain in an old song that goes something like "Where do we go from here, boys?" That's my question too--what the devil happens to the convention after we leave Cincinnati? Washington seems to think that it has a right to the convention because it has never before had a con and because they are backed by some of the pros that live near-by. Portland because they have never had a convention either, and because it's the West's turn. New York, or should I say the two New York cliques?--because they haven't had it since '39 and since N. Y. "is, after all, the biggest town in the U. S." These towns, I know, want the convention in 1950, others may make up their minds at the last minute. Right now the choice is east coast vs. west coast.

Considering only these cities--tho I wish some others had convention plans--where does the choice lie? There's no question when moral reasons are mentioned. The answer is almost invariably WEST. Ted Forbes, an unknown ex-WSFAn, is the only man I've ever talked to that said differently, and, weel, you'll meet him at the Convention. Take a look at the rough map (Briggs will probably kill me for that "rough,") and see the area the last three cons have covered. The map is on the next page. The center of the circle is Pittsburgh, and the radius of the circle is a mere 300 miles. It's a darn small hunk of the U. S., and a rather small hunk of fandom. Much too small to hold three, much less four, consecutive cons.

New York is too split up to hold a convention. There are warring factions in the city. The result of a con there at this time would be much the same as it was in '39, one group throwing out the other under some half-baked scheme like the "Commies in fandom!" of that year.

Washington, D. C. does, at least, have one group. Not an active one, but a reasonably solid one. The people in WSFA that are somewhat known out of town are David A. MacInnes & wife, Bob Briggs, Frank Kerkhof, Bill Evans, Lou Garner, and myself. Others, notably Roy Loan and my co-editor, Chick Derry, have plans that will make them much better known within the year. Of these, Derry and I are definitely pro Portland, Briggs and Kerkhof on the fence but leaning on the western side, Evans and Loan think WSFA has made too many commitments to back down on their bid, leaving only Garner and DAM strongly pro-Washington. Of the other WSFans, none that I know of back Portland, but many are along only for the ride in backing Washington, several having their doubts as to whether this is the right year.

Since next year is Washington's 150th anniversary, everybody will want to see the city. On that, Both pro and anti "Washcon"ers agree on that, one group using it as an attraction, one as a reason Portland should get it. Crowded streets, crowded hotels, crowded eateries and beer joints, and for those of a certain turn of mind, crowded tourist attractions. Washington is an interesting town for visitors in normal times, but coming to town on its sesquicentennial falls in the same class as going around Haines Point at the time of the Cherry Blossom Festival (average speed: $\frac{1}{2}$ mph) or going to New Orleans at the time of the Mardis Gras. If you want to see the town, come when it isn't crowded, if you don't particularly want to see it, why suffer the bother of crowded hotels?



Portland, as far as I know, plans only to be its normal self next year. It's a normally good town usually, has a fine fan group publishing the number one fanzine, and the group has experience with conventions. Here, maybe, I should compare it directly with Washington. WSFA publishes QUANTA irregularly--no quotes needed--and has never thrown anything bigger than a local Xmas party. Portland's Norwescon, on the other hand, was quite favorably received. In addition, Portland is in an area where most of the fans haven't seen a con since the 1946 Pacificon. Their probable attendance of authors would be as great as any that Washington could claim--vV, Bradbury, Moore, Kuttner, Richardson come to mind at once. Others whose addresses I don't have live in the area, someone, I know, in Montana, possibly Taine would attend, the new-pros of LASFS, Mullen; Tucker is pro-Portland as are most other mid-western fans--Boggs, ~~Grossman~~, Grossman, etc. Portland, then, is better located to hold the convention, morally speaking, equal in pro-backing (tho they haven't, bless them, ask pro authors to swing weight their way, as has WSFA), they have experience in putting on a conference and know some of the difficulties a convention faces, and finally, seems to receive the vote of the mid-western fan for whom either Washington or Portland would be as easy--or as hard--to reach.

I like Washington and the fans in Washington. I think Washington should have a convention in the near future, namely in 1951. Timing and experience are of the essence. Washington's bid for the 50con shows a definite lack of both.

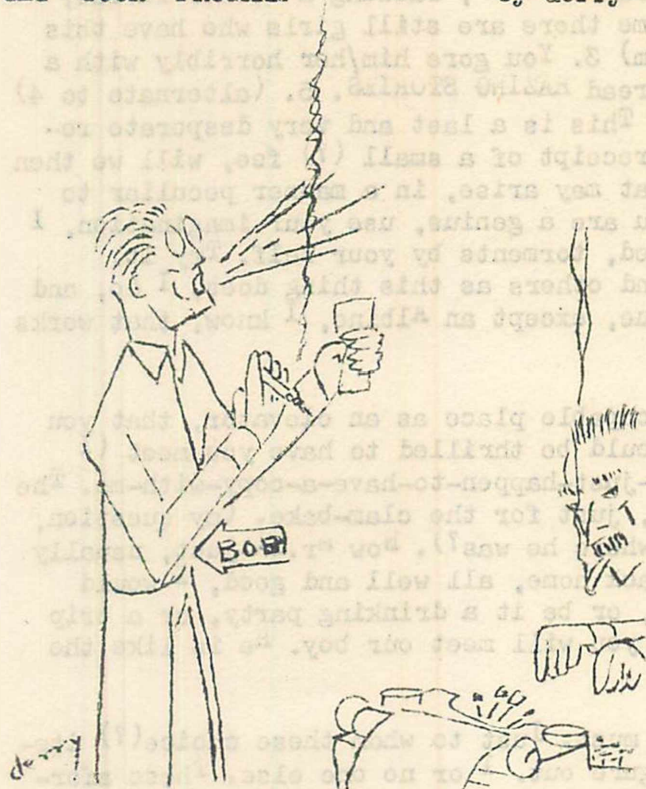
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This article, and Hazing Stories, was planned in the height of passion. It was originally written in the same passion. It delt too much tho with personalities and called too much on blind morallity. Scarcely being ready to write my memoirs at this time, and not wanting to usurp Laney's description of Daugherty/Garner (Garner's face isn't pock-marked, but there is no other noticeable difference) (Garner, incidentally, is the president of WSFA,) and further having gotten sick of the Washington arguements of commitments, "the good of fandom" (!!) the calling upon of pros to back a fan convention bid, as well as the convention itself (not to mention the offer of a certain pro to place the bid for WSFA! a man whose only connection with the group is in living within a hundred or so miles of the city--but that offer was not asked for and cannot be laid at WSFA's doorstep, much as I'd like to.) And further being tired of beating my head against the wall of selfishness and abysmal localism exhibited by some of the people in the Washington-Philadelphia-New York area, many of these fans having seen the last two conventions and planning to see the Cinvention,--practically all with the capability of getting to two of them, and yet harping about the "proportion of fans in east and west" and other such rationalizations. (Rationalization: an excuse for doing something you've already decided to do.) I cannot see any possible way to get to Portland next year, but I intend to go to a Washington conference in 1950, and a convention in Washington in 1951, meanwhile voting for Portland in 1950. How about you?

In the Torcon Report, I noticed an article entitled "The Diaper Brigade"; by you know who. It wasn't so bad, as far as it went, but thats the trouble. It didn't go far enough. Perhaps these juveniles aren't so far wrong. After all Mrs. Keller wouldn't have been wrong half as much as she was, if she had stuck to art ingeneral, and literature as a whole. But I detected a note of her personal bleating about the good doctor. Yet I have made a personal survey, and I find that people who like HIM are in a certain minority. ...derry

GET YOUR PROGRAM

by derry



I wrote the original of this over a year ago, but Pavlat, the louse, has said things that make it mandatory that I change it. In fact I doubt whether or not I can live up to what he has written, but none the less, here it is:

I really like conventions. And of course I have various and sundry reasons for my distorted likes and dislikes. Just the same the horrible fact remains. Still I am very glad they come only once a year. Why? Silly boy!! If your really don't know I shall enlighten you; it is my duty to the race of fans, hah!

First and foremost on everyone's list of fans-they-would-most-like-to-see-at-the-bottom-of-a-well, is the autograph fiend. Not so I, after all why should I be as normal humans (I'm a fan), I disriss this alien breed with the shrug of the shoulder blades, and a bum voyage.

The type, you can't call them anything else, I nominate for First on my Hate Parade, is a guy you would introduce like this:

"Joe Smoe I wouldn't like you to meet, anywhere, in a dark alley or a light one either for that matter, Mr.-I-know-Kuttner-van Vogt-Finlay-Paul-and-all-those-guys, he's here for the feast,....and the drinking too...natch."

No matter who you are, what you drink, who you sleep with, what color shirt you wear, or anything else, you can't escape. No siree, this character shows up at the damnest places, and at the damnest times, and you can say what you will, but I'll bet you can't get rid of him. He will corner you and regale you with the private (? and intimate (?) facts of this person and that character, till you feel like bashing in his head with a blunt editor. This IT pounds out his one bar refrain till you are driven to another type of bar.(by the by old boy, you will almost never find this IT in a bar of the more friendly type, he is usually a ball-bearing-WCTU) This is the guy who I have said before will profess to know Jesus Christ, to draw attention to yors truly.

If the urge to follow the Atavistic impulse that I mentioned above, sweeps over you, resist! You can be hailed into court for that, even in this particular case. Instead take my advice (thats what I'm here for, my rates for Egoboo, are the lowest in the country, provided I can get my name in somewhere). After Mr. I-know, has bleated for perhaps an hour or so, and you feel as if you were getting sober, and there isn't anything left to drink in your neighbor's room, and you feel that you couldn't stand it if you were to sober-up now, why, come out with this tried and true statement (said in a loud, and ringing voice, with piercing eye stare). "So What!" Now this probably won't rid you of this him/her, but you can always try to treat them human, can't you?

You have failed to cleanse yourself of this parasite, maybe you have, but for the sake of more lines, we will assume that you haven't. You gently, but firmly follow the following rules of conduct:

1. You forcably settle the ice bucket, with the ice in it of course, on his/her

egg-shaped dome. 2. You sicc your mother-in-law on THEM, failing a mother-in-law, use your girl friend's chaperon (they tell me there are still girls who have this rare form of sadistic animal life about them) 3. You gore him/her horribly with a swizzle-stick. 4. (alternate to 3) Make IT read HAZING STORIES. 5. (alternate to 4) make him/her read AMAZING for one hour. 6. This is a last and very desperate resort, you send him/her to the Elders. Upon receipt of a small (?) fee, will we then take over any such problems of this type that may arise, in a manner peculiar to our unique of conducting business. Or if you are a genius, use your imagination, I know that you could think of many, and varied, torments by your self. Try it. (aside) you probably know as many authors and others as this thing does, I do, and there isn't one of them that is overly unique, except an Albino, I know, that works for EBONY.

It is usually in some such lovely, and unescapable place as an elevator, that you met our next friend (?). "I say old boy I would be thrilled to have you meet (I can't get rid of him another way) Mr.-now-I-just-happen-to-have-a-copy-with-me. The dear boy came all the way from San Quentin, just for the clam-bake. (my question, Mr Anthony, is, why in hell didn't he stay where he was?). Now Mr.-I-just, usually runs a mail-order book sharper business back home, all well and good, I would like to run one myself. But be it business, or be it a drinking party, or a trip to the john, five will get you thirty, that you will meet our boy. He is like the Sun, he never fails to show up. Uh, huh!!

What ever he/she has to sell it is always a must. Just to whom these choice(?) items are a must, I have never been able to figure out. I or no one else. These aforementioned items are always a must, because they are always for sale. And if anyone does buy the only existing copy of a MUST, it again for sale, ten minutes later, and by the same bird that sold the first copy. Their supply of only-existing copies is like the magic pitcher that never ran dry. But it is interesting to note how fast your pockets can run dry if you try to buy up copies of only-existing items. This IT always shows up with something special, and I don't mean maybe. It is either a 1576 copy of the famous GAGGING STORIES, complete with both both covers, off-the-press-condition, mint, et al, (you know the one I mean, edited by that grand old man of science-fiction, Herkner Grusmact), or it's an out-of-print (fans were paying \$200 for this last year, but our friend is only asking \$150...and your right arm), human-skin bound, uncut, autographed, mint-condition, dust wrapper copy of the THE INSIDER AND NOBODIES. For this there is only one cure: Hemlock. And if you should be so crude as to refuse their shoddy wares, beware! You are marked for an unamerican activities investigating committee, or worse, they (the sellers) will spread the rumor that you read....Shaver. Or perhaps they will hire Ashley to spread a rumor about you. I understand that he has the lowest rates in fandom, I must remember to look him before I start to write my expose.

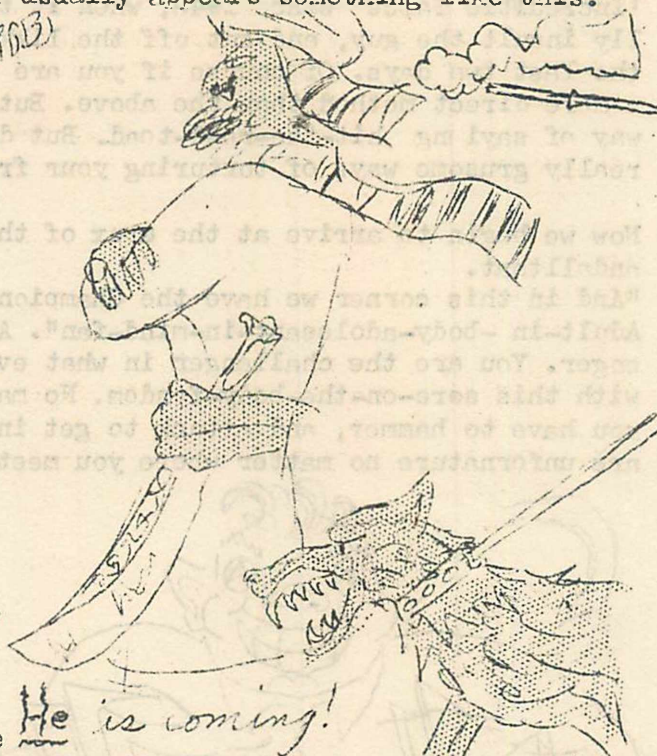
(aside) this is what Pavlat meant when he said that you would see what can be done to a fan. In case you haven't noticed we three editors really stick together. If one lies the other two will swear to it. So don't try to pull any fast ones; leave that to us.

Having pretty well shot up the roster of fans-we-would-like-to-push-off-a-bridge, we will now take a side-long pot-shot at the Authors-the-writing-profession-could-well-do-without, and the Editors-who-after-rejecting-all-ny-deathless-prose-should-drop-dead. This will be a sort of composite portrait and I will let you fit it to anyone you like, or can nail down. We take no credit for the idea of the frame, certain Chicagoians thought of it years past. Beside that we frame only those that oppose our cause, or for money, likker, women, reasons. You can have

these boys free (no charge at all) Our BOY usually appears something like this:
 Shirt by Arrow; Suit by Kuppenheimer; Hat by Adam; Shoes by Florsheim; socks by Esquire; Tie by Wembley; Brains by Vacuum. He is the last word, there is no doubt it, he is really the last word. Another one would spoil the effect. So what does he do? You guessed it. He talks from the time he arrives, till the last drunk is poured into the street after the shooting is all over. Naturally he is far and away the first to arrive, by several days, and the last to leave.

This continental is usually followed by the following, in varying amounts. The amount depending on the amount of dough he might happen to have:

One or more dogs. Now these aren't common, normal dogs; they are strange mutant breeds. (if in case he is the delegate from South-Africa, it is an ant-eater) One or more mistresses, or wives. Always far more sexy than anything you have ever seen at one of these clam-bakes. One, or several servants. Usually oriental, or at least weird. He smokes hand-made cigarettes three inches long (actually they are made of perfumed hemp) in a holder of solid Platinum, a yard long (he still owes two payments on it). He drinks (?) (guzzles would be a better word, but we are being gentlemanly even if it does kill us) a rare and stomach-corroding concoction of Gin, gasoline, oil-of-old-silage-drippings, in soda (naturally) and garnished with Mandrake Root shavings. But I love him, and he almost (?) always has a goodly supply of good liquor for the peasants (that's you and me).



Next we have the man that have traveled far to see. Many miles over burning sand, and freezing snows, through hail, and sleet, and rain, have you trudged to sit at his feet and learn the words of wisdom. Brother, were you robbed, you've been HAD. The great author that pens those immortal (?) words of prose, is now working his way through his ninth bottle of the day. He is telling all who will listen, how he came to write those deathless words of that short story that sent you into throes of rapture. (he has been telling the same damn story for the past two days, and besides the damn thing was over a 100,000 words long) But none of this deters our great-man. To him it is the greatest thing since the John's Town Flood, and I agree with his estimate. But must he drive the damn thing down my throat with a sledge-hammer? Answer for this guy? There isn't any, you just wait till he passes out.

Lemuel Q. Fluub, author(?), has cornered you. His line runs something like this: "Remember the 'Moon Goon'? Well I hope you didn't read it. It was terrible. I needed the dough and I dashed it off without even re-reading it. Besides the editor wanted it so bad that I wouldn't have had time to read it if I wanted to. I really think that it's pretty bad myself." And this damn nonsense goes on for hours and hours. Unlike his bedfellow mentioned above, this poor goof is so modest that it hurts. Truth of the matter is he really liked the thing, and why shouldn't he? But must he be so juvenile? The best way to rid yourself of him is: "I haven't read

'Incredible Tales' since 1942, when it turned so hacky." Besides this doesn't really insult the guy, and cut off the likker supply that you have been guzzling for the last two days. Of course if you are no gentleman (and what fan is?) you can use a more direct method than the above. But I recommend it just the same as a nice way of saying hit-the-road-toad. But don't take my advice solely, think of some really grusome ways of torturing your friends, by your own little self.

Now we begin to arrive at the arux of the matter at hand. Iknow, Iknow, it'sabouttime andallthat.

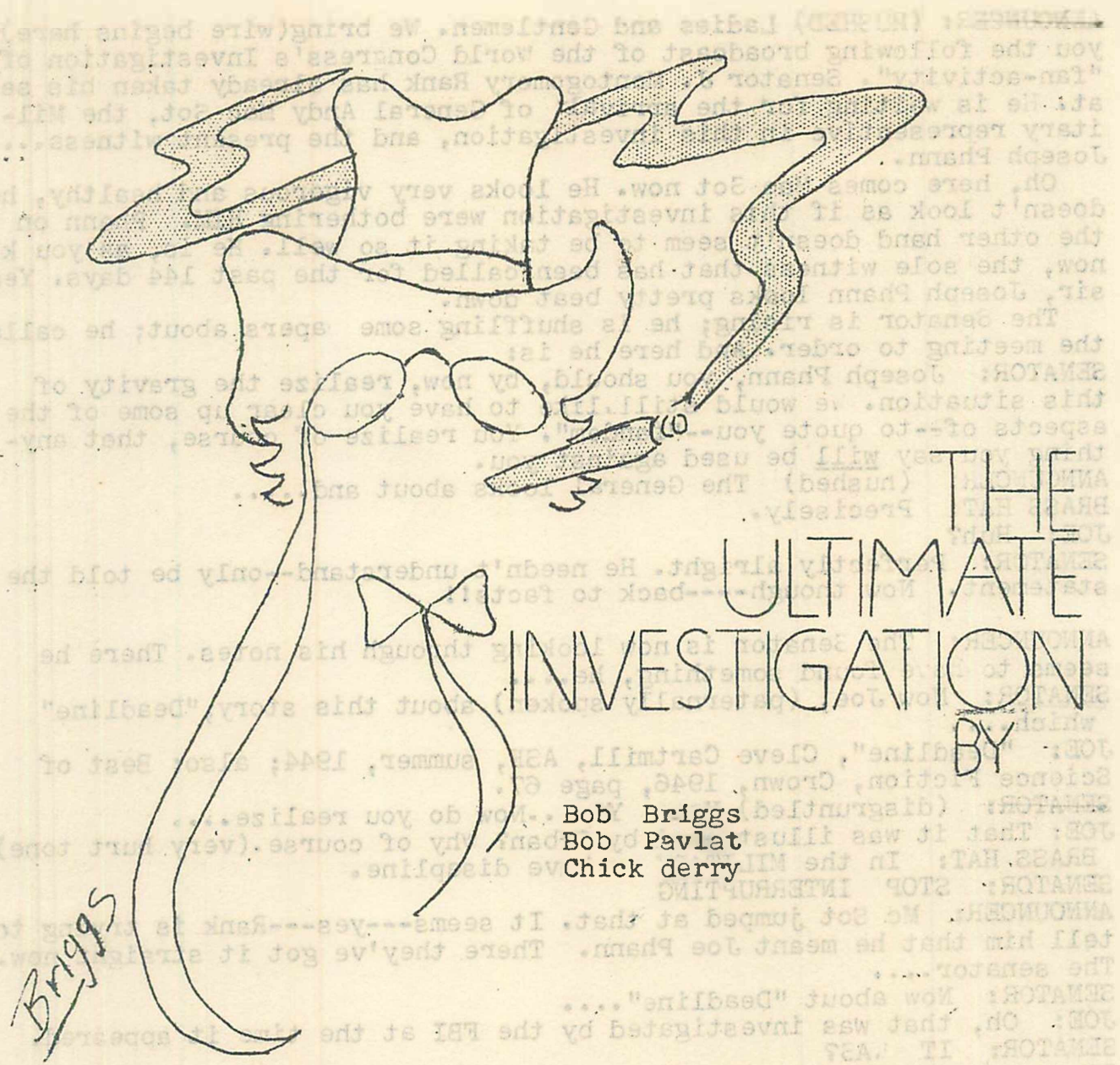
"And in this corner we have the Champion, weighing four-oh-nine-and-one-half., Mr. Adult-in-body-adolesant-in-mind-fan". And believe me brother, you are the challenger. You are the challenger in what ever you say or do when you come in contact with this sore-on-the-body-fandom. No matter what the conversation starts out as, you have to hammer, and attack to get in a word end-wise, much less edge-wise. You are unfornature no matter where you meet this...?..er..ah..I give up, you name it.



You will run into him/her in the most unusual places, cellars, bars, elevators (in case you haven't noticed it I have a phobia about elevators. I was trapped in once as a boy with two chimpanzies and a jackhammer), bed-rooms, under tables, in johns, or anyplace that you can name. IT is always many years past the voting age. But IT's mental equipment is always a helluva long way behind the times. The words, in case you haven't been in them lately(wahts the matter, prudish?) are full of them. I often wish that it were open season; I wish..... He/She comes swishing up to you with the most starry-eyed look. IT is weighted down with dozens of dog-eared, silverfish-eaten, wormy, poorly mimood, falling-apart, pulpy, sloppy, lously-written, personal-opinion, one-shot-fanzines. Among them, naturally, his own, writtem solely for the convention: (weknowweknowwebelongs to themobtoowhatdoyouexpectanyhow?roses)

This poor benighted son-of-a-.....has just talked to Floorset K. Wacky, and Winsome Bub Cabby, and he now knows why the former is that WAY, because the later told himso. He has just closed a deal with Fronly G. Furger for the complete 1342 to 1984 (after Gangly left it it wasn't worth the paper it was printed on, his comment not mine) SIZZLING STORIES. And have you read the latest SLOPPY zine? It's got just the cutest little poem about a lymrick that adaped from a pun that was made about a joke that was told by you-know-who because That Certain story was printed by I'll-let-you-guess. I'm more confused than you are. I'll bet.....

Well we have tromped hell out of all and sundry and I hope I haven't made anyone persohally mad. If I have I am sorry, I was under the impression that the thickest skinned people alive were fans, authors, editors, and the like ilk. Yes? No?



THE ULTIMATE INVESTIGATION BY

Bob Briggs
Bob Pavlat
Chick derry

THE UNWORLDLY INVESTIGATING
COMMITTEE 133th CONGRESS? REP-
RESENTING THE CIVILIZED PEOPLES
OF THE WORLD, CONVENING FOR THE
144th CONSECUTIVE DAY TO INVES-
TIGATE.....

joe fan
Presented by: The Washington
Science Fiction Association
for the
CINVENTION 1949

Any resemblance to anything is purely intentional. All characters
portrayed by real live characters.

ANNOUNCER: (HUSHED) Ladies and Gentlemen. We bring(wire begins here) you the following broadcast of the World Congress's Investigation of "fan-activity". Senator J. Montgomery Rank has already taken his seat. He is waiting for the arrival of General Andy Mac Sot, the Military representative in this investigation, and the present witness... Joseph Phann.

Oh, here comes Mac Sot now. He looks very vigorous and healthy, he doesn't look as if this investigation were bothering HIM. Phann on the other hand doesn't seem to be taking it so well. He is, as you know, the sole witness that has been called for the past 144 days. Yes sir, Joseph Phann looks pretty beat down.

The Senator is rising; he is shuffling some papers about; he calls the meeting to order. And here he is:

SENATOR: Joseph Phann, you should, by now, realize the gravity of this situation. We would still like to have you clear up some of the aspects of--to quote you--"fandom". You realize of course, that anything you say will be used against you.

ANNOUNCER: (hushed) The General looks about and.....

BRASS HAT: Precisely.

JOE: Huh?

SENATOR: Perfectly alright. He needn't understand--only be told the statement. Now though---back to facts!!

ANNOUNCER: The Senator is now looking through his notes. There he seems to have found something, he....

SENATOR: Now Joe, (paternally spoken) about this story, "Deadline" which....

JOE: "Deadline", Cleve Cartmill, ASF, summer, 1944; also: Best of Science Fiction, Crown, 1946, page 67.

SENATOR: (disgruntled) Hmmm. Yes...Now do you realize....

JOE: That it was illustrated by Orban? Why of course.(very hurt tone)

BRASS HAT: In the MILITARY we have discipline.

SENATOR: STOP INTERRUPTING

ANNOUNCER: Mc Sot jumped at that. It seems---yes---Rank is trying to tell him that he meant Joe Phann. There they've got it straight now. The senator....

SENATOR: Now about "Deadline"....

JOE: Oh, that was investigated by the FBI at the time it appeared.

SENATOR: IT WAS?

BRASS HAT: Well, that was an entirely different matter. WE are investigating it now.

ANNOUNCER: The Senator and the General seem quite nervous. Phann is taking it all with steady calm.

SENATOR: Didn't that story deal with...er...ah...weapons?

JOE: You mean the Atom Bomb, don't....

WHISTLES CRIES SHOUTS CENSORED CRASHES SCREAMS GENERAL BEDLAM !

ANNOUNCER: We are sorry but we dropped our mike. Here's the General about to speak.

BRASS HAT: "DEADLINE" will be investigated behind closed doors.

JOE: The lead Curtin?

SENATOR: Strike that from the record(wildly) It sounds--immoral!

JOE PHANN GIGGLES

SENATOR: Just how many authors write this subversive, immoral, sed-
itious, treasonous...STUFF?

JOE: (thoughtfully) and the Russians call it Capitalistic Propagan-
da.

SENATOR & BRASS HAT: HUH?

SENATOR: (recovering) Then you do read Russian papers!!?

JOE: No. That article was reprinted in the N. Y. Times. And in the
official organ of the Washington Science Fiction Society, QUANTA.

ANNOUNCER: The Senator and the Gen-
eral seem to be a bit bewildered
by Phann's reference to some person-
al periodical. Frankly I'm a bit st-
umped myself, but Phann seems to
know what he's talking about. At le-
ast he leads one to that conclusion.

SENATOR: Oh, well, if it was in the
N.Y. Times and QUANTA, it must....

BRASS HAT: What's Quanta?

SENATOR: (half whisper) sounds like
a scientific periodical. Must be OK.
(speaking up) As I was saying; how
many authors write this,--this scie-
ncefiction?

JOE: Hundreds. If you include pen-
names.

BRASS HAT: You mean---aliases?

JOE: Not aliases. Alter Egos.

BRASS HAT: We'll investigate EGOS then.

SENATOR: Can't, already have a subcommittee working on them. Mister
Phann, what else are these stories about besides--er--ah--that
unmentionable?

JOE: You've got the wrong slant on this. Very few science-fiction st-
ories are about women's unmentionables. (pause) Sex and science-fic-
tion...don't mix. (very rightously spoken)

SENATOR: I DIDN'T MEAN THAT

ANNOUNCER: The Senator is glaring at Phann and for that matter so is
the General. Joe Phann is, of course, glaring back.

JOE: Well, don't say things you don't mean.

SENATOR: what I meant was, what are some of the other science-fic-
tion ideas?

JOE: (eagerly, but oh so casual) Oh, pocket universes; invasions
from space; invisible men; intelligent plants; general semantics....

BRASS HAT: (musingly) General Semantics? Oh yes, he was transfered
to the Far East Command, Inefficiency, you know....

JOE: (as though he alone existed)....other dimmensions; time travel;
supersonic weapons;--oh, lots of things.

SENATOR: They must all be crazy...;

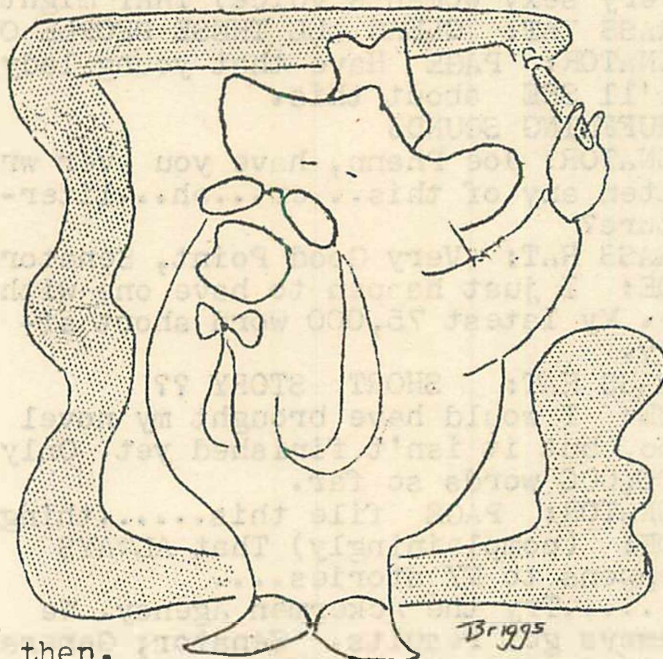
BRASS HAT: Or they DRINK.

JOE: Only one author drinks, and I don't believe all they say about
him. (defensively)

BRASS HAT: Then they DO DRINK.

.....Just a little water please.....

ANNOUNCER: No body seems to know where he came from, but someone just
walked into the room. He is being questioned. I'll try and get his



name. It's George...George O. Smith. (to voice off-stage) Thank you. From what Joe Phann is saying he must be the author he mentioned earlier. There now, the Senator and the General have gotten to their seats again. The redness is receding from their faces. The General is talking....

BRASS HAT:....Mister Smith, WE will investigate your activities. (very sexy woman's voice) THAT might be a little embarrassing....

BRASS HAT: CLEAR ALL THESE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE

SENATOR: PAGE Have that young lady wait in my office. (musingly) We'll SEE about this.

SHUFFLING SOUNDS

SENATOR: Joe Phann, have you ever written any of this...er...ah...literature?

BRASS HAT: Very Good Point, Senator.

JOE: I just happen to have one with me. My latest 75,000 word short story.

BRASS HAT: SHORT STORY ??

JOE: I would have brought my novel too, but it isn't finished yet. Only 600,000 words so far.

SENATOR: PAGE file this.....thing.

JOE: (complainingly) That ALWAYS happens to MY stories....

.....Try the Ackerman Agency. We always get results. Senator; General, have a copy of my latest exposé of fandom.....

SENATOR & BRASS HAT: WHO was THAT?

JOE: Oh, that was the greatest man in fandom. The number two fan.

SENATOR: Greatest MAN?

BRASS HAT: Number TWO fan?

SENATOR: Then the number one fan is a woman?

FAN: Well...no...well, Golberg Soda, MIGHT be a woman.

SENATOR: MIGHT be?

FAN: Goldberg Soda is a Scottish Terrier.

BRASS HAT: INVESTIGATE THAT DOG.

SENATOR: STRIKE THAT FROM THE RECORDS (pause) Where were we? Oh, yes.

BRASS HAT: Quite!

SENATOR: Now, these ideas that you mentioned before. Are there any more of them?

JOE: (grudgingly) Yes

BRASS HAT: enumerate please.

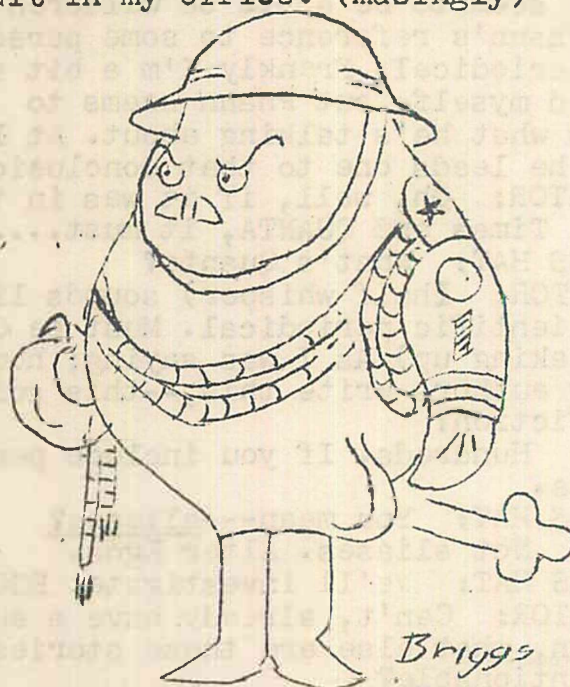
JOE: (chanting) Paragravity; mental telepathy; hyperspace; contra-terrene matter, and of course, RAY GUNS

WHISTLES SHOUTS CENSORED GRAB THAT GUN STOMPS CRIES BANGS AND ETC

ANNOUNCER: The Senator managed to grab the gun, and is now tucking it into his shirt. He and the General are muttering and glaring at each other. Lets see if we can pick up the General's words....

BRASS HAT: civilians

JOE: And then there were the flying saucers.....



BRASS HAT: The MILITARY has investigated THAT.

SENATOR: Mass Hysteria!!

FAN: Oh, yeah?

BRASS HAT: (sneeringly) What do you think they were?

JOE: Not WERE--ARE. Why Martain Space Ships, of course.

BRASS HAT: Matain Space Ships! Preposterous! That's as bad as some of the screwy ideas the Nazi's had.

SENATOR: Martains? Martains? Isn't that a Russian name?

JOE: (condescendingly) Martains are the inhabitants of Mars, the ruling planet of the Galatic Federation.

SENATOR: Are you suggesting life on other worlds?

JOE: (brightly) Oh, you mean the pocket book of the same name?

BRASS HAT: NO We are talking about this impossible idea of yours. People on Mars.

SENATOR: PREPOSTEROUS!!

JOE: Oh, yeah?

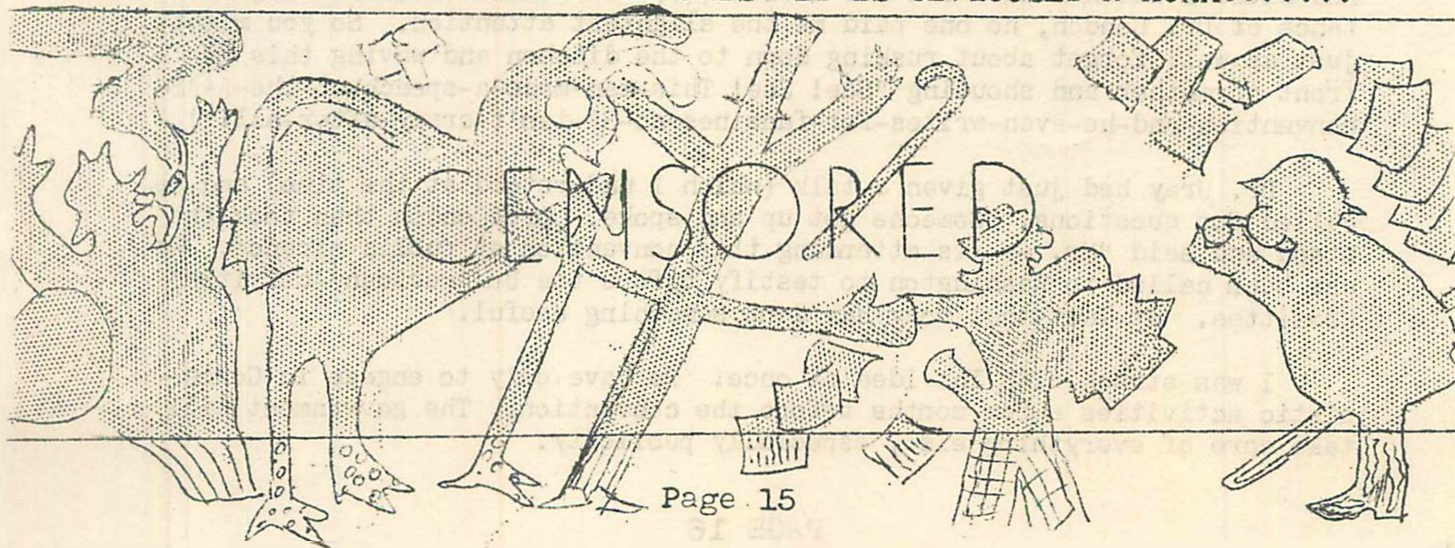
.....Joe Phann. Galloping Galaxies. Haven't seen you since we had that breakdown out in Arazonia.

ANNOUNCER: (very excited) SOMETHING just walked in, saw Joe, and shook hands with him. What IT is, is any body's guess, your's is as good as mine. IT isn't human. IT's all sorta purple ans st-

uff, the Senator and the General are backing away from IT. Guards are streaming in.....
(during this monologue the men remove the recorder from the stage, leaving in it's place a huge RECEIPT sign.)

A man strolls on stage, is impeccably dress, red cumberbund, and so forth, he pauses, looks around, smiles, and very sweetly says:.....

THE STATE DEPARTMENT DENIES ALL THIS. IT IS OBVIOUSLY A HOAX.....



PHILOSOPHICAL DISSERTATIONS
ON
ABTRUSE PHENOMENA

This column will appear in all issues of our convention fanzine, the renowned HAZING STORIES. What is it about? Why, I'll let the title speak for itself. As you can see, this is a "philosophical dissertation." What I mean by philosophical I will leave for you to decide, as I am much too clever to try to define it in the face of all these General Semanticists. As for dissertation, it is defined as a talk, or speech, or a presumed learned discourse. That's what this is, a presumed learned discourse.

As for phenomena, which may mean anything inexplicable, it is most often used in connection with something strange and surprising, with a wierd cast, such as the Northern Lights. I think we can call fandom a phenomenon even if there are Movie Fans and Sport Fans because of its differences. In fact, our fandom would be as strange to them as to anybody else. (Also, the Saturday Review of Literature called science-fiction a phenomena, and you can hardly disagree with the Sat Rev of Lit.)

Despite all the present publicity and hopes to the contrary, we are still little known to the world at large. Fandom is not only a phenomenon, it is an abtruse phenomenon.

TO BEGIN:

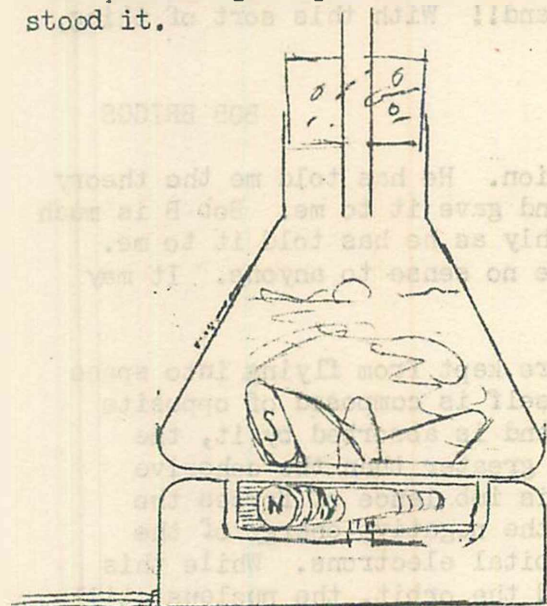
You are reading this just before, during, or just after the Cinvention. At least that is our plan, altho I'll bet that quite a few of you have let this kick around the house for months. Anyway, you have just, or are, or will spend a lot of money on the Cinvention. Well, if the next con will be in the D. C. ((How'd that get in HS? ed.)) I can help you. I have a plan by which you can come to Washington Free! No transportation expenses! No hotel bills! Even free publicity!

The idea came to me while I was attending the Centennial of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. (Right now I had better stop and explain to that Junior High student that I didn't speak at the Centennial. I wasn't invited. In fact, I just trailed in behind Watson Davis. And altho I shook hands with Dr. Moulton((?)) and came within hailing distance of Dr. Condon, no one paid me the slightest attention. So you might just as well forget about rushing down to the ditchen and waving this in front of mother and shouting "See! See! This-man-made-a-speech-at-the-AAAS-convention-and-he-even-writes-for-fanzines-so-SF-isn't-crazy-after-all!")

Dr. Uray had just given a talk (which I understood at the time) and he called for questions. Someone got up and spoke. Dr. Condon then took the stand and said "Mr. --- is attending this convention at public expense. He has been called to Washington to testify before the Un-American Activities Committee. At last that body has done something useful."

I was struck with The Idea at once. We have only to engage in Communist activities a few months before the convention. The government will take care of everything else, especially publicity.

Fans would have found the exhibits very interesting. (I was the only D.C. fan that went.) Most of the exhibits were on atomic energy. One exhibit on radiation consisted of something like the drawing on the right. Don't ask me what it was. Everything was labeled with percentage signs but I never understood it.

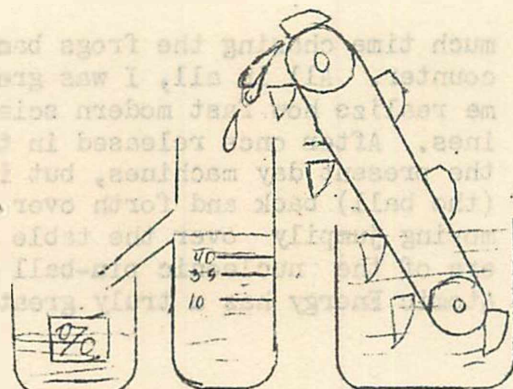


algae was that it was being agitated by a "magnetic mixer, consisting of a permanent, propeller-shaped magnet caught in the field of an electro-magnet rotating below the beaker." No help from it.

So I asked the guide who was standing next to the display. He said: "The algae are being agitated by a magnetic mixer. The object rotating beneath the beaker is an ~~electro-magnet~~ electro-magnet. There is a permanent magnet inside the jar, which is caught in the field of the magnet and rotates, agitating the algae." Knowing that if I asked him again he would merely repeat the same words, I kept quiet. I never did find out why they were agitating the algae. Something to do with radiation....

On one wall there was a big chart covered with different colors, chemical symbols, and sets of numbers. They had a diagram to explain the chart, and then 7 or 8 pages of paper covered with big words to explain the explanation of the chart. Finally, there was a guide to explain the explanation of the explanation of the chart. Very confusing

Being a science-fiction fan, and therefore interested in science and progress in the technical fields, I was of course attracted to the display of the Geiger-Mueller counter. There was always a group of serious, studious gentlemen playing with this machine. It consisted of a little Geiger counter in a huge glassed-in table. The floor of the table contained several frogs and everything that goes to making little frogs happy. The frogs were radioactive, and the Geiger counter, registering the intensity of their radioactivity, would cause lights at the four corners of the table to flash blue, green, and red, according to the intensity of the radiation. Being an sf fan and therefore interested in this deep scientific matter I naturally spent



The next display was a big glass contraption too. The one thing I recognized was a "magnetic mixer." A powerful electro-magnet spins beneath the beaker. Caught in the field of the spinning magnet is a propeller, made from a permanent magnet, which spins with the other magnet. This gadget (pictured in LIFE the week before) was being used to agitate some algae.

I wanted to know why the algae needed agitating, so I read the description. All it said about the

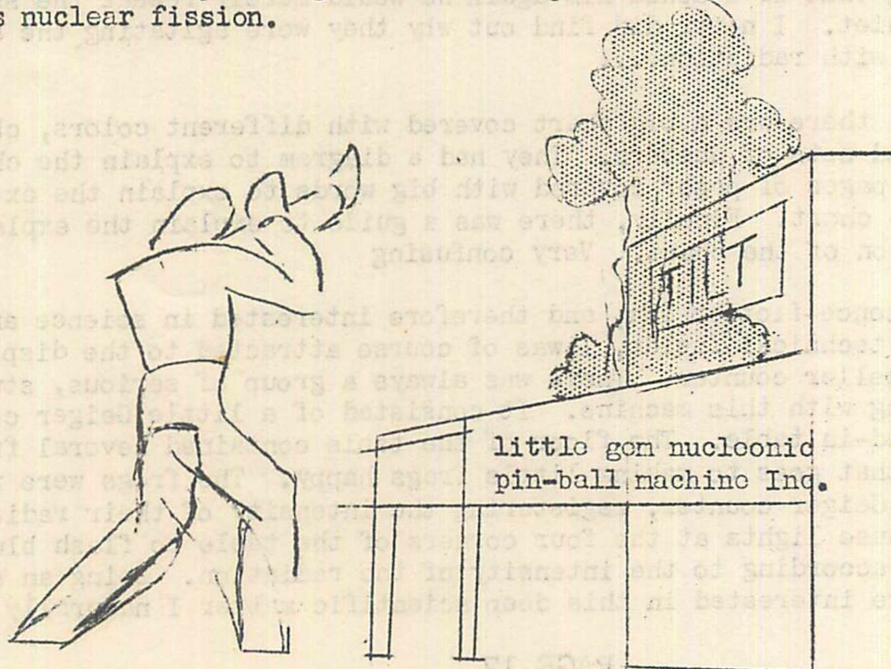
much time chasing the frogs back and forth across the table with the Geiger counter. All in all, I was greatly impressed with this display; it made me realize how fast modern science had passed our present day pin-ball machines. After once released in the game, you have no control over the ball in the present day machines, but in this gimmick one can drive the Geiger counter (the ball) back and forth over the table. Nor are the targets stationary, moving jumpily over the table and playing merry hell with your game. The era of the nucleonic pin-ball machine is at hand!! With this sort of thing, Atomic Energy has a truly great future.

BOB BRIGGS

((Bob B also has a theory of nuclear fission. He has told me the theory a number of times. Finally, he wrote it out and gave it to me. Bob B is much better as an artist, tho, so I'll tell it roughly as he has told it to me. If I merely copied what he wrote, it would make no sense to anyone. It may not anyway.))

U 235 is very unstable. The electrons are kept from flying into space by the force of the nucleus. The nucleus itself is composed of opposite forces. When a neutron strikes this nucleus, and is absorbed by it, the repelling powers of the electric forces become greater than the cohesive power locked in the nucleus. To counteract this imbalance of forces the nucleus discharges one electron, which lowers the negative energy of the nucleus, causing it to throw off one of the orbital electrons. While this balances the negative forces in the nucleus and the orbit, the nucleus still contains an excessive amount of energy and therefore fires a proton away, this proton dragging another orbital electron away with it. The forces are still unbalanced, the atom becomes panic-stricken, casting away a neutron. The neutron having both a positive and a negative charge, the balance of forces remains unchanged, while the energy has been reduced. The nucleus is worn out, its energy sapped, and is frustrated by its inability to find a balance. The frustration leads to the development of schizophrenia in the atom's debilitated condition, and schizophrenia is another term for split personality. This splitting of the atom's personality is what is commonly known as nuclear fission.

BOB BRIGGS



A FIE ON YOU MISTER PAVLAT !! by derry



It seems to be the habit among fans to explain how they got that way, and then after they are all through with fandom they again publish; this time their memoirs. Well being lately come to the vast assemblage, I am no exception.

I have discovered that once involved in this horrible fate, a man can't do anything but get ideas for more and bigger fanactivities. But I will pause in my idea manufacturing to tell the sad story of how I became this way. Besides it will give me more ego-boosting.

In the years between 1936 and 1937 I was snared into the drug habit and began reading science-fiction. At that time the letters I saw in the back of the mags were explained to me by my mother as having been staff written to increase sales.

IT NEVER STRUCK ME AT THAT TENDER AGE THAT THE NAME AND INITIALS OF THE GREAT FJA APPEARED ALL TOO OFTEN FOR THE LETTERS TO HAVE BEEN STAFF WRITTEN.

Well in the ensuing years I learned I could write letters, and did so. Then the collecting urge hit me. I never realized at that time that other's also collected. I depended on the second-hand book stores for all of my material. I bought such priceless items as the first "Science Wonder Stories" and the fabulous first copy of "Amazing Stories", for the huge sum of SIX FOR A QUARTER. I got several bargains like this, before the urge to make coin hit Washington, D.C.

Well along came the war and found me with only three letters written to promags, no knowledge what so ever of fans and certainly none of fanzines. I had a modest collection of perhaps 150 to 200 mags.

My mother kept up my collecting in the "Astounding" field, and the rest I let lapse. Upon my return I began to collect with a vengeance. I obtained in a short period of a year, over four hundred mags and books. The mag library numbered about 350 or so, and the rest of the copies were books.

....STOP FLINCHING ACKY.

Then I was hit by that devil, shortage of funds. I sold the whole lot (stop weeping, the worse is yet to come) for the same price I had paid for them. I never put two and two together, or I would have wondered why I could get the same price I had paid for them. The dealer had, in the meantime, learned the value of SF mags, and was more than eager to get them.

I still bought the better mags and sold them as soon as I had finished with them, naturally I kept on reading the stuff.

Then in 1947, the late spring to be exact, I was taking a beer in a local, not too respectable (yahaaaa and also Brack) dive, when I heard a fellow mention "The Writer's Digest" (it was a particular article that he mentioned "twenty-seven Captured Suns") I, being an aspiring writer (aren't we all?), joined the conversation. Without even knowing

each other's names we got off into Science-Fiction, and that was that,

Before the night was through, I was invited over to see the collection of one Bob Pavlat (rapidly becoming a big gun in fandom (so he said)). Among the respectable mags I spotted ragged, dogeared lumps of coarse paper with blurred words printed thereon. What were they?

"Fanzines! Fool!!"

Brother in the next week I learned a lot. I got the low-down on a world that exists side-by-twixt with that of mortal souls. Ah but the topper was I had met a man with the avowed intention of seeing one of those things I had so often seen advertised in promags. A convention.

Having a car (any rude noises at this point I know are coming from Pavlat, as he is the only mortal, save myself, to ever experience the death-defying thrill of riding in Lobealia) we planned to attend the Philcon together.

The Friday night before the big event, the Model A was loaded with one case of beer (the only true Ghod), one bottle of old "Forrester", and one jug of "Vat 69" and two more than slightly lit fans. At one in the ayeen Derry and Pavlat set out from a point about 135 miles South of Philly, and headed Northward. It took better than seven hours to make that memorable voyage, in that ancient and noble form of transportation. But it was a howlingly successful trip. HERRRRRRRRRR

Still slightly under the influence, the two fans arrived at the Philcon. We registered; we slept; we attended the first day. Bob, being a churly soul met more damn people from D.C. An idea began to grow amongst these hearty souls; a D.C. fan club. I, lucky me, was ignorant of all this at the time.

Upon our return to safety and sanity, Bob and I were invited to the liquor-ordored basement of one Frank Kerhof to meet other, er, ah, fen. There gathered Mr. & Mrs. Courtis, Frank, Russell Swanson, Briggs, a character named Garrett, Bob, and yers truly.

ell Swanson, Briggs, a character named Garrett, Bob, and yers truly.

That was the beginning of the end. An informal mob was formed that called themselves the "Washington Science Fiction Society".

For almost a year we floated along without officers, organization, fanzine, club room, or trouble. Then came the Torcon. Bob and I again attended (this time in another, but less ancient, model of Ford), and made the rafters and gin-mills ring. Bob unloaded most of his valuable collection of StF to finance the venture. We are TRUE fans you, see, we will sacrifice our very collections of promags for the price of a con. Needless to say we had a high old time as we did at the Philcon.

The story now picks up speed. I entered the Army, Bob returned to help trim the now existant constitution and heckle our first elected president, Mr. Garner. The club had by now dropped the society title in favor of "Association".

I returned to the fold, courtesy USA, and of course entered fandom actively. I married and began to convert my wife to right-thinking; then the bug really bit. I wanted to put out a zine. So the idea occurred to Bob and I, that our difference of opinion that we shared against the club about the '50con would give us a reason. So was born "Hazing Stories" solely as a vehicle to spout about fairness in fandom and the West getting the Convention. And that takes us up to the present.

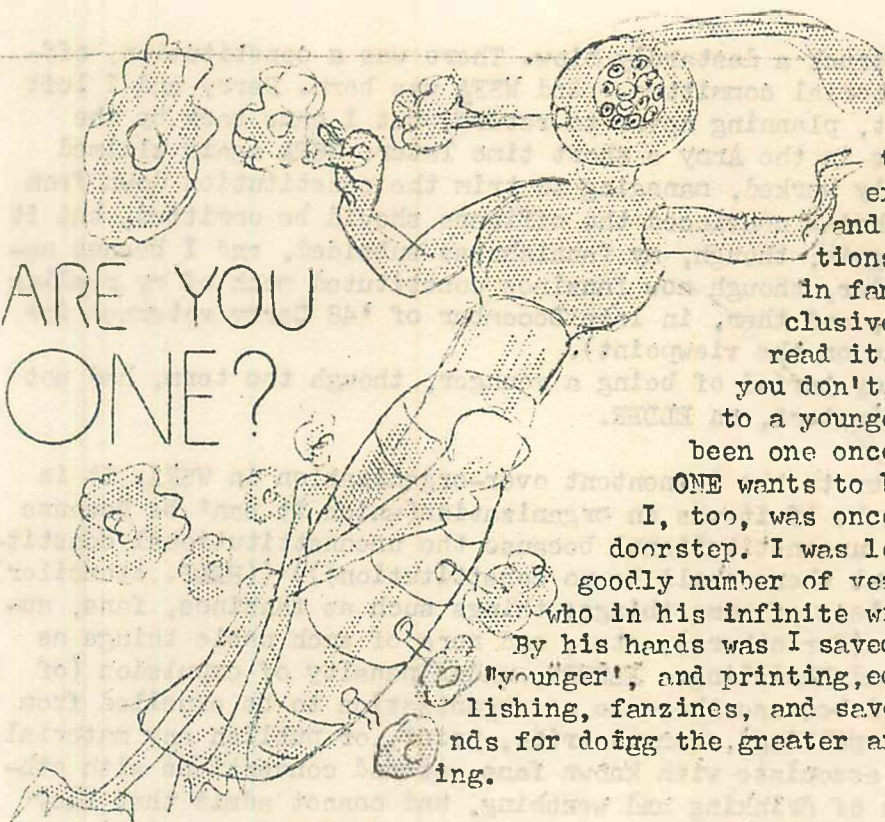
I hope you have stayed around to this point to hear one fan's account of his downfall. Sooner or later, no doubt, you will be treated, or subjected to his memoirs also. (apologies Mr. Laney)

Thanx for listening.

THE END

PAGE 20

ARE YOU
ONE?



So you are either new to science-fiction, or once were new, huh? Well, then, you need to read this. Not that there is anything in it except a personal history, and histories of two organizations, one the least exclusive in fandom, the other the most exclusive. Still, though, you should read it. Can't be a 'younger' if you don't, and even if you don't want to a younger, you almost have to have been one once to be an ELDER, and EVERYONE wants to be an ELDER.

I, too, was once a foundling on the StF doorstep. I was left on that doorstep for a goodly number of years, for which praise Allah who in his infinite wisdom, is always-all-wise. By his hands was I saved from ever becoming a 'younger', and printing, editing, writing, for or publishing, fanzines, and saved by his same merciful hands for doing the greater and more noble task of..loafing.

I lacked the strenght to stay on the path that had been paved for me. Through adolescence, and through the Army I remained soley a reader, and a wonderer, watching the birth and death of fanzines through the eyes of Merwin(who is also loved of Allah who in his infinite wisdom is always all-wise) guiding me on my lonely way.

All that these two had done to save me from fandom went for nothing. "MY GENIUS", I said then, "SHALL NOT BE DENIED IT'S RIGHTFUL PLACE". Little did I know.

I sent money to Burbee for a magazine, and got it, and read of the Pacificon, and I....yearned. I wrote to Burbee and sent more money to him, and I wrote to Merwin and sent money to Willmorth, and I got a letter from Moscow, Idaho. I was a FAN.

Then, ah, then I met another fan. Ha. We talked. We raved. We drank. We dreamed. And we went to the Philcon. Having once started I not when to stop. I talked to people at the Philcon, I drank the liquid refreshments kindly donated by other fans I met authors, editors, ex-senators; I signed my name in autograph books (I WAS A CELEBRITY) and I even sank so low as to have others signmy own book. (MAYBE THEY WERE (sshh) authors!) I bought an original, and I met more fans who lived in Washington. I WAS LOST!

I was glad, then, that I had met them, for I was yet enamoured of fandom. I had not belonged to clubs, nor argued about whether Kuttner was better than Padgett and Hammond put together, or whether 4sj was less of a commericalist than Weaver Wright.

Some of the Washingtonians and myself gleefully started the Washington Science-Fiction Society to discuss these and other burning problems, which we did, satisfying, temporarily, my quest for fanack. Bull-sessions galore were held, and never did serious organization rear it's head. As the time of the Torcon approached, I retired to my back issues of FANTASY COM.; FANTASY AD.; SHAGGIE, and other such, forgetting WSFS for the time. A few weeks before the Torcon, I returned to the fold to

find that organization had struck a dastardly blow. There was a constitution, officers, program director, editorial committee. And WSFA was born. Derry and I left for the Torcon and parts west, planning never to return, but I came back by the middle of July, and Derry was in the Army a short time later. WSFA again claimed me, and for a while I actually worked, managing to trim the constitution down from 9 parts to 4. I forget now what I convinced the officers should be omitted, but it has not since been missed. Again, though, my fannishness subsided, and I became merely another member, and reader, though now fanzines constituted much of my reading fare. I slowed more and more, and then, in late December of '48 Derry returned for good (or for worse, it depends on the viewpoint). With Derry's return I ended my period of being a younger, though the term, had not yet been invented. I became, instead, an ELDER.

The ELDERS were Derry's answer to the imminent over-organization in WSFA. It is an organization (or it would be if it was an organization (which it can't be because of its constitution (which is unconstitutional because the unconstitutional constitution specifically states that there shall be no constitution))) ((HELP..stenciler)) Of nonfannish-fans who want less of some things; things such as fanzines, fans, authors, organizations, egoboo (for others), etc., and more of such noble things as were praised by Omar Khayyam and Rheisling. ELDERS, under penalty of expulsion (of course they can't be expelled because there is no organization to be expelled from nor any officers to do the expelling), cannot write, print, or publish any material of a fannish nature, cannot associate with known fans, attend conventions with other than the avowed intention of drinking and wenching, and cannot admit that they know of anyone in StFdom, except Paul, Gernsback, and other ELDERS

To Briggs, who heard us mumbling in our beer one night (chick and bob refuse to listen to the other, and they have to talk to someone. Only a true entity like Beer (especially the Canadian kind) can properly understand our words, and maintain a respectful silence), something seemed to be lacking. "Where do people, new to fandom, fit in?" Neither chick, bob, nor the Beer answered. "The YOUNGERS", he yelled. "The youngsters," we answered. And thus was born: the youngsters. Membership is open to all in the youngsters. Read fanzines, letter columns, any after-Gernsback prozines, and you are a younger. (you will notice how simple this is) Publish, write for, edit, or write to fanzines or prozines, and you are a younger. Cease these activities, leave them behind for a sufficient time to prove your sincerity (not less than three years (Plutoian, of course)) and you may become an ELDER.

To those of you who will have your false notions of greatness corrected by this article, and will mend your fannish ways and disappear as completely as chick and bob, never again being heard of in fandom: SKOAL
To those of you who shall continue in your evil even after being told all: LACKS

* * * * *

BRIGGS (cont. from page 3.)

He has left town and won't be back till after the Cinvention!
Gone! Run out! Flown the coup

We're not through. No, not us. We'll go on to greater things. We may fail, but quit? Never!

If you don't hear from us again, if we don't come to the convention you'll know what happened. STABBED IN THE BACK.

POUR ONE WITH US AT THE PROCON IN PORTLAND IN 60

BYE-BYE, CRITFANACK

DERRY

I guess I am as unique a fan has ever paused for his brief moment on the comic stage of fannishness. With the publication of this the initial issue of HAZINF STORIES I mark my beginning and my end of active fandom participation. After the reading of the famed LANEY memoirs I find that I'm inclined to agree with the rabble-rousing Laney, fandom is a sore on the body humanity.

Fandom, as a word and way of life in itself is a rotten, and sick cell that should be ousted with vigor by the readers and more sane element of science-fictionists. But as that is nearly impossible I hold up this my personal views, for the observation of all to see. And by doing so I hope to dissuade any of the young, and idealistic in heart from ever getting involved in active-fandom.

The experience that I received in the preparation of this publication has taught me my lesson. I shall, I know, go on reading StF long after it has become passé as Redd Boggs has said in his pointed "Craters of the Moon". But I shall forthwith withdraw from the so-called ranks of organized (?) fandom.

The spectacle of grown men and, some times even women, figuratively bowing down to great god of science and it's bastard offshoot, StF, makes me roar with laughter. When I first helped to form the now, I can't find words for it, WSFA, I never had the thought of turning it in to an organization for the posturing of a lot of fools. People who think that a hobby, that is as small and limited as is StF, can be turned into a way of life, and so thinking try to stuff it down the throats of others. People who hold that StF is a God above Gods, and that science can remake the world. True science, could remake the world, if....if it didn't fall into the same pitfalls that all other forms of government fall into. My only original idea, and that of most of the others of us, was to form a general bull-session club, with the primary idea that StF and Fantasy were our foremost forms of reading matter. Think back, you other members, and see if that isn't the real reason that WSFA was formed. Really, when you analyze the situation, the only thing we have in common, is the reading of StF. A lot of us would never have come into contact with the rest of us, if it hadn't been for our reading tastes, most of us don't associated with many of the other members, except when at meetings, and some times not even there.

I can hear already the howls and yelps that will be set up when this gets before the general club, but, then the truth always hurts. I will be accused of all sort of things, Various members will come up to me and want to know if I didn't mean so-and-so other member. The answer is simply, I don't mean any one in particular, but the club as a whole. And I am not biting the hand that feeds me, I am pulling out and I want to leave this as a reason. I guess I was only tepidly interested in the first place. I never thought any time that it was nec-

to belong to a vast and petty-politic-ridden, quasiorganized, club, just to have the privilege of talking to others who liked to read good books and stories.

A goodly portion of what I read is not, in the greatest stretch of the imagination, Stf, or fantasy. I read a great deal of the better literature, and a good bit of nonfiction althgether. So I want to talk to people who read other things, than SUPER DOUBLE DELUX SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY STORIES AND TALES.

Within a couple of days after reading to my wife some of the better Stf she began to notice the magazines that it was printed in. Her comment was that it was "a red-headed stepchild," and that there was no need for it. That the high quality of the stories were dragged into the mud of cheap paper magazines with lurid covers, designed solely to attract the mentality of six-minus. I agree, and all that fanclubs have been able to do is to lower the standard of the professionally printed material. All of the prattling letters and floods of fanzines, must have surely convinced the various editors that all fans, and organized ones in particular, are morons and mental degenerates. I once thought they were wrong, and the fans were the most intelligent people on earth. The editors are probably right.

If it isn't bad enough that fans are a boorish, and egotistical lot, the silly and stupid fuelling that goes on among them is enough to convince anyone that they are not really more than kids mentally. Fans are always pointing to massive data in story form pointing to a way of a world government and a better way of life. At the same time they are holding themselves up as the vanguard of the race to come, and the great white salvation of mankind. But brother when it takes half dozen pages of fine typing to set forth rules to govern a group of, at most, twenty, then I am afraid that any world government would be so befuddled that it would take ten years to appropriate the money that would pay the salaries of the rulers. Laney mentions the vast, and disgusting collections of freaks that climb on the fanclub bandwagon because they find an atmosphere of security, where otherwise they would have to justify themselves to get along. I won't bother to bring them in, it is bad enough to view the mess, normal (?) fans can creat.

Just a personal line or two here about WSFA and this Capicon in '50 business. It is the sheerest bit of egotism that I have ever heard of for them to take it upon their shoulders to think that they can put on a convention when they have been formed (?) for almost a year. When their membership is so fluid as to run from three to thirty and with not norm at all. And of their so-called generosity that fans are so proud of, is a damn good front when you think of the small amount of bitterness that grew into a snow ball when it was mentioned that in fairness the WEST deserves the next convention. No WSFA wants to give it to them in '51, when actually WSFA should be happy if they can get some one to vote for them for '51. After all, after Portland, there is still Detroit, and then maybe Washington can think about asking for a convention. They might be ready by '52, but I doubt it.....hmmmmmmmm So move over Laney and you others, here comes old Derry, with his towel, all ready for the showers. And is he glad? Hell.....yes!!

I'm sitting in front of this typer, typing an editorial, because Chick says I've got to. I can't let these two be the only ones with editorials, can I?

Derry placed his beer glass firmly on the table and spoke: "Never again," he said. "You will never catch me going through all of this again," he said firmly. "This is the last fanzine I'll publish."

Now I don't doubt that my friend Derry is firm in his intentions. I don't doubt that he is sick and tired of stenciling and writing and mimosing. But..I don't believe him. I'll bet that in a couple of months, he will want to do this all over again. His serapation from Critfanack is only temporary; We'll do this thing again next year.

Pavlat says I should say something about him. So I will. "Bob Pavlat is a swell guy." I guess that fixes you Mr. Pavlat.

Of course Bob does have one annoying trait. When "Brownies" (a local, and very handy, and broadminded Bistro) is filled with talking fans, you suddenly realize that Bob has not been shouting along with the rest of the mob. He sits there, detached and observing with an amused smile.

Have some egoboo, Mister Kerkhof. This is a paragraph in praise of Franklin Kerkhof. His midnight watch, over the hot, and smoking mimographs, through the boiling D.C. weather, shall not go unrewarded. Frank even volunteered to do this. FRANK IS A SWELL FELLOW...PRAISE HIM!!

We have already used up one mimo in running this. The first mimo ran out of ink, so we discarded it (wealthyist fan club in the nation) for another. No telling how many this will take in the end. All this leads me to wonder how many electric mimos the big fan publishers use up in a year.

On ye left, is ye picture of ye ods as they can usually be found. Our detractors will no doubt point out that that is the reason this thing is as it is. But we never worry about bur detractors as we can always point out that they never do anything but detract.

In the illo (?) the foremost character (!) is none other than the Art Editor, Mr. Briggs. Second, only in the picture, is Mr. Pavlat. Lastly (I know I talk too damn much) is yors trewly, lowercase derry.

Bottles by the courtesy of some sucker that didn't have sense enough not to offer us a drink. (All this lets us in for a session with the WCTU) or maybe certain nontippling fans?



THE
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IS
THE
BEST
FOR
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FAN

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'50

TO

PORTLAND

It was discovered after page twenty-five was stenciled that we had an odd number of pages, and since we were "backing" them we would need a page twenty-six to fill out the issue. We offer as an excuse for this, the fact that this is the first time we three ever printed a zine. Since the contents page was already run this page had to be a continuation of my own "Bye - Bye, Critfanack". I had spread as much hack as I could in two pages, so I decided to give you a peek into the working of the putting-together of this (?).

The larger majority of the work, (errest, and consintrated work that is) was done on the night of 26 July 1949. We were working toward the 7 August 1949 FAPA deadline, and there was a whale of a lot of work to be done. I know that this will hurt the feelings and sesibilities of a lot of fans but this is the way that we worked that hot, humid, nerve-racking night.

There was Kerkhof to operate the Mimo, and run off the pages. Bob Briggs was working like the perverbial beaver with mimoscope and stylus, his art work was superb never-the-less. Bob Pavlat, was appointed corrodinating editor and he had the horrible job of numbering the pages, and making the rest of us get them done in time to be run off. I took the odd job, of stacking pages, storing stencils, filling in the blank pages, and anything else that had to be done. We had (this is the shocking part) a case of beer and a bottle of wine. Between drinks we managed to runn off 11 pages, of 225 copies each and finish our stenciling in the one evening, working only about three and a half hours all told.

If you are suprised at the amount of writing that I have in this thing don't be. I must confess that I had the time and the typewriter and the stencils. Being in the Army, and holding an office job, I had plenty of time, free (?) stencils, and the typewriters. That is largely the reason for the various and sundry types of type in our zine.

You will find many mistakes in this thing. I spologize for them personally. There was little or no proof reading, and a lot of the stencils were typed without any correction fluid at hand. The spelling I take no blame for. We hate the world's worse collection of spellers in the StF game. The zine on the whole I am very proud of.

Meet the editors and the publisher: Bob Pavlat, who was the first to go in with me on the original idea, which was to publish a mag to contain the "Skit", decided that the zine would also be a good place to air our minority views of the WSFA convention thing. (A personal word here to certain detractors that think that we are being bastards about this thing. In a Democracy the minority is obliged to go along with the majority, but there is nothing says that they can't hold different views, and the right to air them, is our so-called freedom.) Bob Briggs, who came in on the tide that swept in the "Skit" and also the dissention at the Capicon, was commissioned to do what he does best, art work. I think that you will agree with us that it is very good. I think that this will be one of the most illustrated, mimood zines, in the history of fan publishing. Krank Kerkhof had the machines and the time and the paper, and although he didn't have anything in this issue, he was more than valuable to us. He has the patience of Job, thanks a million Frank.

By giving this review of the activities I think that I can say that I am winding up my critfanack with a bang. I will say this though, if any one wants anything written, I will write for them, and even cut my own stencils, but I will never set about to publish another fanzine, never again!! THANKS FOR READING....the editors.....

