

OUTWORLDS



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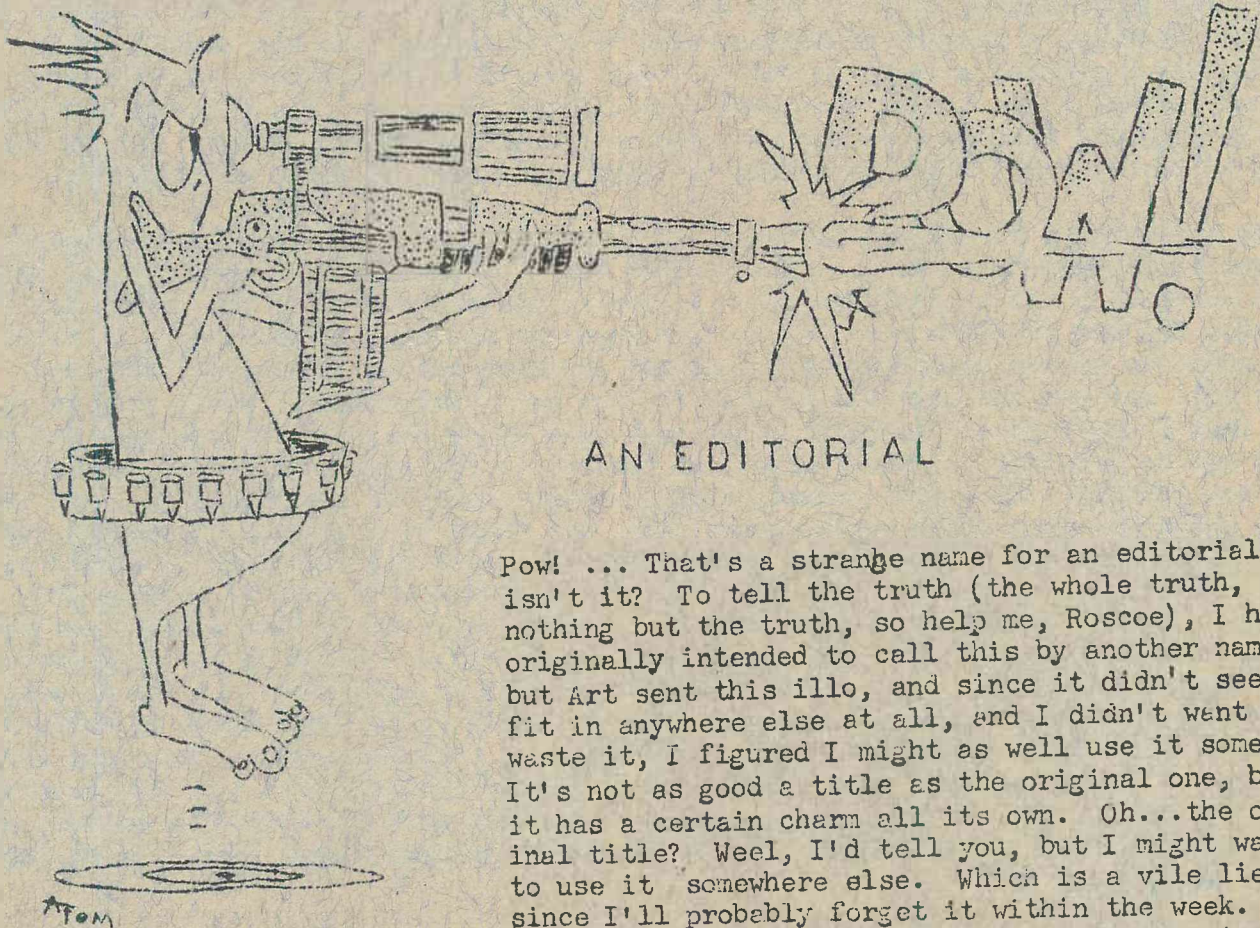
Issue Number One ... Fall, 1959

Edited and published by Bob Lichtman,
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With help from Bill Danner, Don Durward, Bill Hughes, and Arv Underman, for which many thanks.

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AN EDITORIAL

Pow! ... That's a strange name for an editorial, isn't it? To tell the truth (the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me, Roscoe), I had originally intended to call this by another name, but Art sent this illo, and since it didn't seem to fit in anywhere else at all, and I didn't want to waste it, I figured I might as well use it somehow. It's not as good a title as the original one, but it has a certain charm all its own. Oh...the original title? Weel, I'd tell you, but I might want to use it somewhere else. Which is a vile lie, since I'll probably forget it within the week. And that is why this editorial is named "Pow!", in case you were curious about it.

And, this be OUTWORLDS (has it been used before, I wonder with a silent shudder?)... ..which has been months in the making, and has a cast of several. As they say... It really has been months in the making, too. It all started back in March when I got the urge to put out an irregular fanzine all by myself; just for kicks, you know. It probably would have ended there, too, had not I received, in close proximity to one another, a superb cover already on master (thanks again, Terry), and the article by Leeh, which struck me as a good start. The bacover followed that, and I had Don Durward ditto the whole works off for me. They sat in a box behind my typing table until the beginning of June, when I started asking about for other material, which

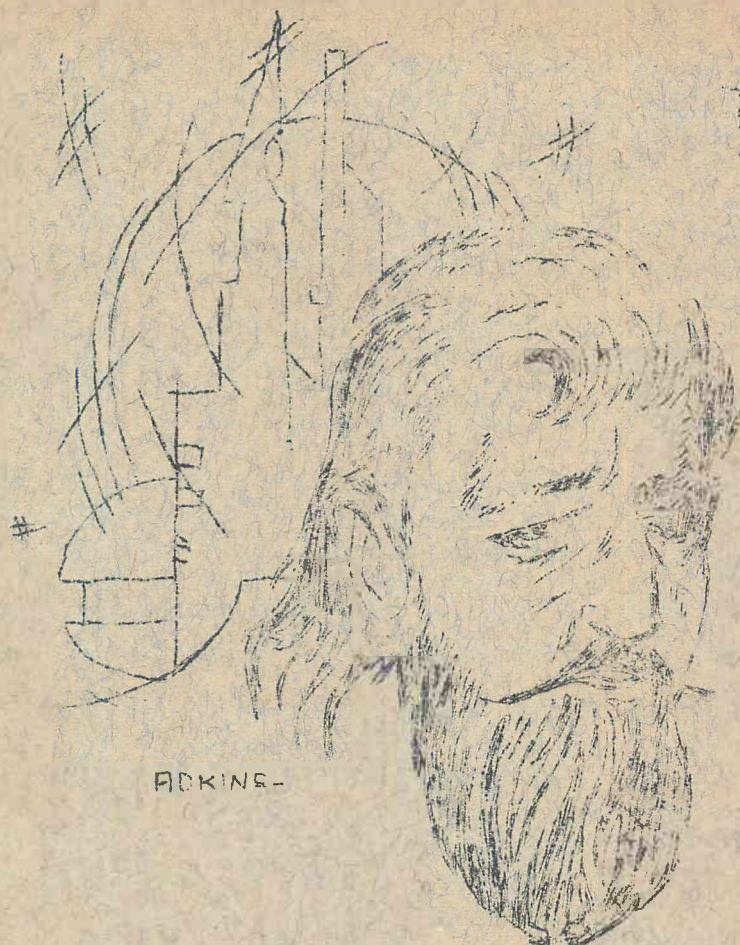
came in gradually. At that time, I was still planning to ditto the zine, but then a local non-fan friend of mine--Bill Hughes--gave me access to a mimeograph (& thanks again, Bill). It is located at a nearby church, of which he is a member. So I started in full swing/again on the zine, and made my first delvings into the world of mimeography. For one who has been used to publishing via ditto, this is a strange, mysterious, frightening world, at the very least. However, undaunted, I stepped into the dark gloomy forest of slipsheets, and blazed a path along the river of correction fluid that flows through the forest. At first, I was a bit afraid of the strange things I discovered, and a bit hesitant to try much fancy stuff, as parts of this zine will attest. 'Toc, it wasn't until after I'd mimeoed a number of pages that I discovered that you're not supposed to throw away those carbon cushion sheets. My mimeography has improved somewhat, quality-wise, since making that little discovery. I'm still a bit hesitant to put artwork on stencil. My first go at it--the Adkins illustration heading Bob Leman's story, directly across-page from here--didn't turn out as well as I might have hoped, and as of this writing, I haven't run the two ATom illos I've cut, so I don't know whether or not I'm improved my technique of stencilling since the first try. Any hints as to how to get a better cut will be sincerely appreciated, as I dislike ruining artwork which has been sent to me in good faith. Finally, a bouquet of Master-Weave to Bill Danner, who was so kind as to contribute a printed article on the pros and cons of letterpressing your fanzine. Quite frankly, I was bowled over when Bill offered it to me. So, after many months in the planning stages, I am finally able to present OUTWORLDS to you. I hope you find it as enjoyable and interesting to read as it was for me to put together.

As is traditional in all new fanzines, it is now the time to bring' in the Department Of How To Get The Next Issue. In the first place, I would like contributions, which must be faanish and of good quality. A printed contribution nets the author two free issues, the one in which his contribution appears, and the one following, in which the comments on his contribution see print. Letters are the next requisite, and they will net you the next issue, even if they don't see print (I don't mean to infer that I won't have a lettercol, but just that every single (&/or married) letter will not be printed). I would also like trades, if you publish a fanzine that I'm not now getting. As a last resort, I will accept money, at the rate of 25¢ per issue, which the zine isn't worth, especially, but which will perhaps discourage such unfannish practices. If you must send money, please do not send sums in excess of 25¢; I don't plan to publish the zine that often, and you'll only be wasting your money. In addition, I would like artwork. Preferably I would like faanish cartoons, as ATom and Ray Nelson (for just an example) do so well. Please do not send artwork with large dark areas, since I can't stencil it with my equipment. If you do send this sort of work, I will either return it, or use it in PSI-PHI, which is dittoed. And don't be discouraged by the poor repro thissue, I'll improve it. One last thing: unless you do one of more of the above, it is highly unlikely that you will receive the next issue, since I am not going to be as lenient iwth the OUTWORLDS mailing list as I am with the one for PSI-PHI. So if you want the next issue, write, or do something else, or no go.

For the next issue, I'd be extremely interested in hearing from our old-time fans about how they shppened to discover and join this world called fandom. Would some of you be interested in writing a short essay (not more than a page) on this subject? How about it, Bloch, Tucker, Madle, and the rest of you old-timers? If I get enough, I'd like to publish them all under one heading, as sort of a symposium. Please co-operate?

The paper used for the covers, and for Danner's article, has been courtesy of Arv Underman, who publishes PSI-PHI with me. The ditto paper for Leeh's article is all I used of a ream of the stuff I bought when this zine was to be ditto'd; the rest I have been using for stationery, for lo these past months. And I guess that's about all for the duration. Write if you get work.

--- Bob Lichtman



THE LAST

FAN

by
BOB LEMAN

(Reprinted, by permission,
from Monatode, April 1959,
SAPS #111; 47)

He was an old, old man, grotesquely out of place among the gleaming artifacts of the twenty-second century. He sat huddled in his armchair with an archaic cloth coat flung over his shoulders, shivering in the warm June breeze that brought a fragrance of roses across the broad shaven lawn. The breeze tugged at his wispy white beard, tousled his mane of snowy hair, and made a futile effort to spin the propeller which hung sadly askew on his tattered beanie.

The old man made a fretful noise, and a gleaming robot slid with oiled silence to a position beside the chair. "You called, Old Fan?" it said sulkily.

The old man's voice was the cracked treble of senility. "I want some bheer," he said. "Be a good boy, T-24, and get me a can of bheer."

The robot voice was incapable of expressing impatience. "Bheer is no longer manufactured, Old Fan. I have explained it often before. If you like, I will bring you a glass of Steri-Cola."

"Steri-Cola!" There was disgust in the cracked old voice. "What kind of a drink is that for a fhan? I want bheer!"

The robot was silent. A look of senile craftiness appeared in the old man's rheumy eyes. "A little glass of blog, T-24? You could fix it so nobody'd know. I'll let you look at my QUANDRY's if you'll do it."

"The ingredients of blog are no longer manufactured, Old Fan. And you are well aware that the ingestion of C_2H_5OH would probably poison you beyond repair. In any case, it is now visitors' hour." The robot turned and slid toward the building. The chair obediently followed, while the easy tears of the very old ran down the fan's wrinkled face.

The teaching robot had herded its charges into the visitors' room. The children, as burnished and sterile and perfect as so many dolls, had guided their travelling chairs into a semicircle around the old man's armchair, and now listened with expressionless faces to the teaching robot's lecture:

"This is lecture number thirteen on the Bad Old Days, children, and, as before, we have come to see an instructive example of what life was like in those far-off times. In this museum we have been preserved, alive, specimens of the creatures which made the old days bad. You have seen a dog and a cat, dirty animals which people once kept in their houses. You have seen a criminal, a human being who preyed upon others. You have seen insects, and, through a microscope, bacteria. Today, we show you a fan.

"This fan typifies a kind of disorderly behavior which no longer exists. Once there were many of his kind. In those days anarchy reigned in the field of publishing; there were hundreds of different newspapers, each presenting a different point

The Last Fan--II

of view. Books and magazines would be published by anyone who had a sufficient quantity of the medium of exchange. The fans were such publishers. Each had his own magazine, in which he publicized his own opinions—a disgraceful state of affairs. Small wonder that the people of the time were all neurotic.

"This creature is typical of the age in which he lived, Observe his small size for a grown human. Note his excessive hairiness, his red-rimmed eyes, and the fact that he has no teeth. Yet he is not more than two hundred years old. But now, listen: I believe he is going to speak."

As a matter of fact, the old fan had been muttering to himself for some time, glaring at the children with a weak malevolence: "Nasty little brats—all as alike as if they'd been run off the same stencil. Staring at me like a freak. They'd look different if they knew I published thirty-four consecutive issues before I gafisted the first time."

He became aware that the teaching robot was no longer speaking, and that he was talking alone in the silence. "That's right," he cackled, louder now. "Thirty-four consecutive issues. Started with hekto, and worked up to the finest Gestetnering you ever saw. And by Ghod, the contributors I had! Every big name of the lot. Hell, I made some big names. That was a real fanzine! But you fuggheads wouldn't know anything about that. No, that's all over now. They're all gone, the fans." He snivelled a bit.

"But there was a fannish age, back before you people came along. And there were giants in those days. Names that should be in a hall of fame, and would be, if you hadn't rewritten history. Bighod, a rollecall of honor!" The old fan had forgotten his audience; he was lost in the winding paths of nostalgia, harking back to a golden time when his life was a happy kaleidoscope of dupers and stencils, of conventions and correspondence; a time when the postman's bag was a cornucopia of vast delights and unexpected pleasures; a time when life was rich and full and rewarding. The old voice steadied, the old eyes were less dull.

"The fanzines they published! GRUE, HYPHEN, INSIDE, SYKHOOK, A' BAS, OOPSLA! Witty, literate, intelligent—examples for a faned to look up to. And they had such immense energy: YANDRO, and CRY, out every month, regular as a metronome, and APORR-HETA, a one-man job of huge proportions. Ah, the old names ring like a bell in my mind: STEFANTASY, RETRIBUTION, INNUENDO, PLOY, TWIG, FANAC, SLANT, SATA, CAMBER, HORIZONS, LE ZOMBIE, GEMZINE, PSYCHOTIC, STELLAR—too many to name. And the conventions—the bheer and the blog! The APA's! The feuds! Gone, all gone. Gone forever!"

The old fan covered his face with his hands, and his shoulders trembled. He did not hear the voice of the teaching robot as it continued its lecture to the expressionless children, nor was he aware of it when T-24 activated the controls which moved his chair back to the lawn. He was aware only of a wrenching grief for the golden lost days when fandom was in flower, and of a loneliness too great to be borne. His hands fell into his lap, and his head sank upon his chest.

A noise came to him on the garden, a noise altogether out of place in the gloaming and disciplined order of the garden. It was a babble of many voices, all talking tirelessly and at once. He peered painfully about, seeking the source, and at length discovered it: at the bottom of the garden, marching toward him in a column of fours, came a garish, motley army, bearing mugs and glasses and waving banners. As they came closer, he could see that "marching" was the wrong word, no two were in step. These were wild, free, undisciplined spirits, each marching to his own drummer. And now he began to hear fragments of talk: "--so I told the fugghead--" "--was going gafia, so--" "--spilled the corflu" all over the--" "--ghoodminton. But I--" "Look, Meyer, that's--"

The old fan's heart began to beat painfully fast and hard. Fans! These were fans! But what?—Where?—

They were at his chair now, gathering round it, still talking, still drinking, excited, happy, free. He began to recognize faces, faces he had thought were a century and a half underground. Faces from Los Angeles and New York and Toronto. Faces from Fond du Lac and Weyauwega and Bloomington. From Salt Lake City and Berkeley and Seattle. And over there, under a Union Jack, faces from Yorkshire and London and Ulster. All, all the old faces. And each topped by a beanie whose propeller

revolved so rapidly that it appeared as a ring of light floating above the head.

The old fan's heart gave a tremendous leap, and seemed to swell until it filled his breast. And then it suddenly settled into a firm steady beat like that of a youngster. An invigorating shock went through his body. He stood up.

Two men stood forth from the group. One was tall and lean, with a long, respected face; the other firm-jawed and crew-cut. They were joined by a third, from under the Union Jack. The latter spoke. "Welcome, old friend. We've waited for you a long time, to make the group complete. Shall we go?"

The old fan was surprised to discover that his voice was that of a young man: "Go where?"

The three smiled at each other. The crew-cut man said, "To the Land Where There Is No Gafia. To the place where beer flows in the brooks, and ping from the fountains. Where stencils are perfect and corflus unknown. Where every day is convention day, and postage is free. Where everyone wins at bloodminton and is articulate at the microphone of a tape recorder. To The Great Stan-Shack In The Sky, old friend."

Wonderingly, the old fan put his hand to his head. He wore a bonnie like the rest. He stared at his hand: it was the firm, unwrinkled hand of a young man. He smiled. "Let's go," he said.

The babble of talk broke out afresh. Someone thrust a mug of beer into his hand, and he drank deep. "Let's go," he said again.

Led by the three who had spoken to him, the fannish army moved away from the garden, toward where a great light shone.

On the shaven lawn, looking grotesquely out of place, stood the chair with the body of the last fan. A dead leaf, which the scavenger robot had somehow missed, went skittering along in the breeze.

--- Bob Leman

Dewey was telling his nephew Carey of the beautiful line "And there stood Meyer, mouthing his cigar as though he were saying good-bye to an old and very dear friend," followed by Dewey's recollection of Burbee giving Laney his comeuppance in two perfect words:

It seems that Laney had parked his car before the clubroom on Bixel Street, locked the door, and gone to meeting. Present also was the Durb. The meeting over, adjournment to the car, consternation. Laney had locked the car with the key in the ignition. Laney, cursing, attacking the window gently with a rock, in order to reach in and retrieve key. Gently so as not to make a larger hole than necessary. Meanwhile, slivers and fragments of glass sprinkling over the floorboards and front seat.

Success, and the key retrieved without a cut wrist, Laney opened the door, reached in the back seat for a whiskbroom, and naturally dusted the glass fragments off the front seat. Meanwhile, a recital was given to Burbee about the many unexpected uses of a whiskbroom and the advantage of keeping one in the car.

"Yes," said Burbee. "Foresight."

- Elmer Perdue, Burblings c/w Elmermuzz-
ins #4 or 5 or possibly 7, Feb 1959

I guess you all are quite familiar with what happens to your mailbox after you subscribe to a magazine. Almost any magazine, too. Throw in a book club or two and a record club for good measure and your name really gets around. Inevitably, it gets on the TIME Magazine mailing list and you receive, regularly, different come-ons, month after month. I'm sure many of you are familiar with this sort of thing. Well, I feel sort of proud of myself.

Not only have I not subscribed, but recently when they, like the Readers' Digest, sent out a cute little gimmick. The Digest sends out money which you can keep if you don't subscribe. But TIME sent out a little form to fill out, as usual, but also enclosed a little pencil with which to fill out the form. Ha. I fooled them. I threw out all the forms and stuff and kept the pencil!

- Ed Cox, Maine-inc #16, April 1959

SLOW TRAIN

THROUGH

GONDOR



by

TED JOHNSTONE

Around the middle of July Bob Lichtman approached me at LASFS with a proposition. (No wisecracks, you clods; LASFS has changed in the last 10 years.) He was preparing yet another fanzine, another rung in his ladder to the class of publishing giants, and he was desperate for material. So desperate, in fact, that he would go so far as to publish something by me in every issue. Great, I said, why don't you call it a column? I've got a good title... Well, he was desperate. And here I am.

Near the end of July, family matters fell into such a position that it would be possible for me to attend the Detention by the simple method of going to spend a month with relatives in Ohio. This meant giving up a month of fun and games in Dear Old LA, but no sacrifice is too great for fandom. That's what they told me before I left, anyway. As long as my relatives were in a hurry for me to come and were paying my fare, it was decided that I should fly. I decided that, while it would probably be relatively uneventful, an account of my trip might serve to fill up part of my allotted egoboo space in my first column, and if it was inexpressably dull I might be excused for fictionalising it a bit. As it turned out, it was not necessary to fictionalise. Truth, as they say, is stranger, as well as funnier in many cases. Fortunately I carried a pocket notebook and kept a running record of what happened, as it happened. I say fortunately, because the mental strain of the journey has almost erased the details from my mind, and these 29 handscrawled pages are all I have to remind me of what happened.

As it became increasingly apparent, three days before my departure, that I would be flying, we phoned to all the various airlines in the LA area. About half of them quoted us prices -- some were vague. Western Airlines said apologetically that they only went as far east as Milwaukee. TransWorld sounded distinctly insulted when I asked the fare to Toledo, and informed me that their only inside-US flight went from Los Angeles to New York. She said it as if they didn't recognize the existence of anything between. But of all the Airlines, one underpriced them all by fifteen dollars. TransContinental Airlines offered me a ticket to Toledo, Ohio, on a flight

Slow Train Through Gondor--II

which left at 9:30 LA time and got in at 9:45 Toledo time. We took it.

That morning, they had told us, I was to check in at the Burbank airport at 8:30, one hour before flight time. We set our alarm clock for 6:30, rose on schedule, had breakfast, left at 7:35, arrived at the Terminal at 8:20, and checked in. We saw the plane all ready on the flight line, but the clerk assured us that she wouldn't take off until 9:30. So we went to the coffee shop for a more solid meal than we had had at home. Looking back on it, I think that breakfast should have been sort of a warning to me. It was not the futuristically beautiful meal you expect at an airport, it was just a plain restaurant breakfast. There were three scrawny links of sausage which looked as if they had been squeezed from a toothpaste tube onto the griddle; there was a muffin which could have been better utilised as a tire patch accompanied with a pat of butter which, for the benefit of those who had never seen any before, had "butter" stamped neatly on both sides; and there was one of those pots of tea which most restaurants seem to have which is carefully designed to hold exactly one and one half cups of hot water. The purpose in this design has always escaped me. After you have finished one cup of tea, there is still enough strength left in the teabag for another cup. But there is not another cup of water. Yet there is some water left, almost enough to make the pouring, steeping and cream-and-sugaring worth while. One can't expect them to use a larger pot--this would be a dreadful expense. But couldn't they use smaller cups?

But I digress. After finishing the meal, and buying a bottle of Cyclamine Hydrochlorid (against motion sickness), we went to the loading gate. The time was 9:20 am. There, out on the field, was our plane, DC-6 number N65141, alias TransCon #605. A mechanic was working on her #1 engine. "Ah," I thought, "a last minute check. The company wants to be sure of our safety and comfort." At 9:30 the baggage truck rolled out onto the field, and a couple of men began loading the baggage into the front and rear compartments. At 9:40 another mechanic came out on the field, carrying an access ladder, and went to work on the #3 engine. At 9:45 the pilot came out on the field and boarded the plane. At 9:50 the stewardesses boarded the plane. At 10 o'clock another mechanic came with another ladder and set to work on #2 engine. By this time we were beginning to wonder whether we would be taking off on time. A few minutes after 10 a small argument started under the engine -- another mechanic had come, and needed a ladder to get at the #4 engine, but there were no more ladders available. But the #1 mech, in the interests of peace and the company moral, gave up his ladder. He climbed down, went up the ladder on the #2 engine, walked along the wing to his position, climbed down inside the cowling, and disappeared. The #4 man took the ladder, set it up, climbed up to the engine, took off the access hatches, placed them on the ground, looked inside, climbed down, took the ladder back to the #1 position, and went away. Doubt was growing as to whether we would take off on time but we were cheered by remembering that the pilot and stewardesses were still in the plane. At 10:30 the stews left the plane and went back into the terminal building. At 11 the mechanic inside the #1 engine climbed out, closed his paperbacked book, tucked it in his pocket, climbed down, and went for a coffee break. At 11:10 the pilot left the plane and went into the terminal building. At 11:15 muffled cries for help were heard from inside the #4 engine -- it appeared that the mechanic had left an assistant stranded inside it when he took the ladder away. A truck came onto the field and parked beneath #4, and I had a dreadful feeling that they were going to dismantle the entire engine. But the truck just sat there while another assistant handed the hatch covers up to the man in the engine, who climbed out on the wing before bolting them in place. The truck driver looked on approvingly while the covers were replaced, then drove away. At 11:20 they started putting the cowling back on the #3 engine. A few moments later, a large jovial man in shirt-sleeves detached himself from the group under the plane, walked past the crowd of foot-sore passengers, waved, and yelled, "Loading in ten minutes, folks!" Then, his duty fulfilled, he went to lunch. At 11:25 they started putting the covers back on the #2 engine. At 11:30 the stewardesses returned to the plane, followed by the pilot, the co-pilot,

Slow Train Through Gondor---III

the navigator, the engineer, the radioman, three gunners, and the bombardier. At 11:33 the clerk from the reservation desk came out carrying a clipboard and looking very dramatic, opened the gate, and began checking passengers through. The line stopped with the third passenger, though, a confused-looking woman in a large flowery hat. The clerk had a brief sotto voce argument with her, then she turned and left hurriedly while he called to the crowd, "Attention, please. This is not the flight for Hawaii, this is #605 for Chicago and New York. The Hawaii flight is loading on the east concourse at gate 6." Four more distraught passengers picked up their hand-luggage and departed rapidly in the general direction of the East Concourse.

By 11:45 the last passenger was on the plane. Then we waited a few more minutes while a mechanic raced out on the field, set up a ladder, and replaced the cowl on the #1 engine. At 11:50 the entrance was closed. As the air-conditioning didn't work and the plane had been parked out on the tarmac for three hours, it was hot inside. I hadn't been able to get a window seat, so I spent the next few minutes looking around at the cabin. I noticed that the lid of the ashtray on the arm of my seat was rusty; I noticed that there was a wad of chewing gum stuck on the ceiling where two plates joined. And I noticed my fellow-passengers. There was a frazzled-looking woman with six kids, the oldest about 15, the youngest about six months. Her dialogue seemed to consist mostly of "Davy come back here or I'll spank you!" addressed to the four year old, who seemed to be afflicted with wandering feet. There was a steel-worker who had the window-seat beside me. He had gotten a good job in LA and was temporarily off because of the Steel Strike, so he was going to N'Yawk to get the wife and kids. Across the aisle was one of those most pitiful of air travellers -- a woman who had gotten an excellent seat, right beside a window, just ahead of the wing, and who drew the curtain before we took off and read during the rest of the daylight hours. It was 11:55 when the propellers were kicked over at last. The motors revved up, and the plane began vibrating, as if straining at an invisible leash. The stewardess went into the pilot's cabin, and I faintly heard something about "hand brake". She came out, closed the door, and a minute later we began to move. We taxied swiftly down the runway, and parked, motors running, for five more minutes. Then a C-111 lumbered down the take-off strip and into the air. Cleared at last we rolled to the end of the strip for a long run into the wind for take-off. We stopped at the end of the strip for five more minutes while the pilot tried to remember how to turn around. But apparently the tower told him because at last we turned into the wind, the motors roared, the ground began to slip beneath us faster and faster, the plane began to bounce, once, twice, then it gave one harder bounce, and I saw the wire fence at the end of the field slip beneath our wing. We were airborne at five minutes past noon.

The plane climbed through the smog until the houses and streets below faded into the dirty brown obscurity, and the plane heeled over on its left wing and turned, then levelled off, heading east. The smog had cleared by the time we passed over Palm Springs, 100 miles east of LA, and the cabin had begun to cool off.

A little before 2, somewhere over Arizona, we started to see piles of cumulus clouds ahead of us. Soon we were right in them, and the plane started pitching. (It was generally free from roll, but had a dreadful tendency to yaw on the least excuse throughout the entire flight.) Answering what is euphemistically referred to as a call of nature, I rose from my seat at the front of the passenger cabin and made my way astern, going hand-over-hand along the aisle, using the seat-backs as handholds, and with my knees flexed to absorb the bounces. We hit a strong updraft just as I passed the stewardess, who was anchored firmly to her wall-mounted flight kitchen, and I did a sudden and athletic deep knee-bend, smiling feebly up at her. Then I reached my goal. There at the end of the aisle were two identical doors, each labelled "Lavatory". I hesitated a moment, faced with a lady-or-tiger proposition, then rubber-kneed my way back to the stew. "Which," I asked diffidently, "is which?" She shrugged. "Use either one," she said. The one on the right was ajar, so I used it.

Slow Train Through Gondor--IV

It was heartwarming to see that the airlines have advanced so far in desegregation of the sexes as co-educational toilets.

As I returned to my seat the clouds were growing thicker and the air rougher. Streaks started appearing on the windows, and the wingtip vanished in the fog. Suddenly something cold hit my hand. I looked up. Then I realised, with a flash of that ultimate understanding that makes all things miraculously clear, just why that wad of gum was stuck on the ceiling, and why the lid of my ashtray was rusty. The roof leaked. The icy water came running through cracks in the overhead plates, along the surfaces, and dripping from joints. The airman in the seat behind mine was also directly in the path of a drip, but quick-wittedly seized a blanket from the stowage rack overhead and pulled it over himself. That, I decided, seemed intelligent, so I reached up. It was intelligent -- that was the only blanket. Somebody called, "Fetch a bucket, the roof's leaking," and the stew came forward with several company diapers to mop up the water. I began thinking that for \$20 more I could have taken a jet, and for \$20 less I could have ridden a nice dry train. But the rain only lasted about 10 minutes, and then we were in the clear again. About 2:25 my seat-mate pointed out the window and said, "Look!" I leaned over him and saw beneath us a tremendous pit. "By gad," I exclaimed, "Meteor Crater." As indeed it was. It didn't look as big from up there as it did standing in the middle of the crater floor, but it still looked big. Then ten minutes later we were over the Painted Desert, I think, washed fresh and clean, and looking almost as good as Walt Disney imagines it. Then the bright colors were lost as the plane plunged into another cloud bank, and it started raining again. For the next hour we ducked in and out of rain, clouds and turbulence that made me glad I had taken my 50 mg of Cyclamine HCl before the takeoff.

At 3 the stew came by and tossed a small cardboard box into my lap. I thanked her, hoping it was one of the "light meals" promised by the reservation clerk. It was. There was a ham sandwich, a cheese sandwich, a hard-boiled egg ^{with salt} in a break-open package, an apple which turned out to be too old for anything but throwing at birds, a slice of cake which would have been more appetising if its ingredients had not been listed in painstaking detail on the wrapper, and a small roll of Lifesavers bearing a plug for the airlines. (Although what we needed in the rain was a plug for the airliner.) During lunch it rained twice.

At 3:30 the stew came by to ask if we wanted coffee. My seat-mate said yes, but I, determined to be a non-conformist, asked if they had milk. "Only enough for the children," she said. I asked if they had anything else to drink, and she said, "Only tomato juice, and that isn't cold." I took it anyway, and also took another 50 mg of Cyclamine HCl. It was fortunate that I did, because at 4 we ran into another storm. This one was a real heller. We were flying near the bottom edge of the cloud cover, and from time to time a bolt of lightning would leap from the wingtip into the grey obscurity. I don't know how long we were in the storm because I dozed off after a while, but it was gone when I woke up at 4:45. By this time we were over a particularly desolate area, which I guessed to be North-Eastern New Mexico (later I found I was right), and I decided it wasn't worth the trouble of climbing over my seat-mate to see the view, so I went back to sleep.

Woke up again about 6, to hear the stewardess predict we'd be in Chicago about 9 pm, LA time. Since it was getting late, I stayed awake to watch the sunset at 6:20, or rather its effects, because it was setting behind us. Just in time I realised that we were actually heading north, and I turned to watch the display through the port across the aisle. The sight was incredible. The brilliant red sun was shining between two layers of clouds -- the lower a dark grey, the upper flaming orange. The top edge of the upper cloud bank was shining silver, and above that was a vivid blue which deepened to rich violet. All along the horizon ran bands of all the shades of red, orange, and yellow, bounded by a dull purple haze below and the blue above. The show faded out about 6:45, and, my powers of description temporarily exhausted, I dozed off again.

Slow Train Through Gondor--V

A little before 7, we saw a city below, on the banks of what I proclaimed to be the Mississippi River. Fifteen minutes later I again proclaimed the Mississippi, and my seat-mate swore he recognised Omaha, Nebraska, some fifty miles south of us. The stewardess politely identified it as Topeka, Kansas. The six kids I mentioned before were starting to poop out now, and I became aware of a little old lady hovering over me. She had been dispossessed of her seat by one of the six who wanted to "sleep next to Mommy," and Mommy had been the middle seat in a bank of three. So I stood for a while, while the elder citizen oohed and ahed at the view. After some minutes she left, apologizing, but I promised her my seat after Chicago, where I would be getting off.

At 7:30, a lightning storm began, far to the north of us. There were thick clouds around it, but they were patchy, and there was an almost constant flickering of light behind and through them. During this next to last hour of flight, I made a vow never again to complain about two particularly artificial-looking effects used by Walt Disney -- firstly, cities at night do look like grids of luminous paint on black background, and secondly, lightning far away at night looks exactly like electric bulbs being turned on and off behind cardboard baffles cut in the shape of clouds. And I apologise to Disney for all my snide remarks in the past.

At 8:45 the sign "Fasten Seat Belts" lit up, and the stewardess announced the same thing for the benefit of those who could not read, or didn't care. Ten minutes later we started down. We hit the ground at 9 pm exactly, bounced hard, and rolled. We rolled for about five minutes, on a fast tour of the airport, then stopped at last in front of the TransCon terminal. At 9:10, LA time, I stepped onto the cement floor of Chicago. (At this point, to aid the confusion, I will shift to Chicago time. All ready? Okay, it is now ten minutes after 11 pm.)

It was a hot night in Chicago. Hot and muggy. I paused for a moment at the top of the steps to the ground, imagining a battery of flashbulbs going off, but all I got was a poke from the woman behind me. I walked down, and across the apron to the terminal. I spent a few minutes looking for the United terminal office and waiting room, and couldn't find it, so I went to the TransCon desk. The little old lady with seat problems was trying to communicate with the clerk -- she wanted to wire ahead to New York, to tell a relative she would be late and what time should he meet her? The clerk said, "You'll get in to New York at 4 am." The woman said, "What?" Clerk: "4 am." Woman: "What'll that be New York time?" Clerk: "4 am." Woman: "No, I mean what time will it be in New York when we get in?" Clerk: "4 am!" The woman started to say something, and the clerk suddenly realised this could go on all night. He added, "New York time is the same that Chicago is." The woman started to object on the basis of time zones, but the clerk said wisely, "Daylight Saving Time" as if that was the answer to all questions. The woman fumed a bit, then asked "What time is it now?" The clerk said automatically, "4 a..." then looked up at the clock above the door. "Twenty minutes after 11." Woman: "What time is it now in New York?" Clerk (patiently): "It is twenty minutes after 11 in New York, too." Woman: "Where can I send a telegram?" The clerk pointed wordlessly to a bank of phone booths across the floor, and collapsed.

I came up next, with a few simple questions he could answer easily. I could get my luggage outside and around the corner, the UAL passenger terminal was at the other end of the airport, five blocks away, but I could take a limousine free. He gave me a limousine pass, stamped with the date and time. I went out to the luggage bay and claimed my suitcase. Then I looked for my typewriter till all the luggage was gone. I couldn't find it. There were about five other passengers in the same predicament, and we berated the attendant for almost half an hour, until the plane was ready to take off for New York. The engines were turning over as he appeared, triumphantly wheeling a baggage cart with the missing pieces on it, rescued in the nick of time from an unplanned flight which would have left them almost a thousand miles from their owners. I picked up my luggage and walked to the front of the building, and

Slow Train Through Gondor--VI

asked a cop where I could get the airport limousine. He said, "You want a cab?" "No," I said, "the limousine." "There ain't no limousine," he said. "How do I get to the Northern Terminal," I asked. He indicated the street, said, "See that sidewalk? Stand over there, facing in that direction, then put one foot in front of the other. Keep doing that for five blocks, and you'll be there." I didn't thank him. I think he was put there by a lobby of the cab companies.

It was five blocks, all right. Five long blocks, and I toted my 40-pounds-free-plus-hand-baggage until my shoulders were about to come unfastened and my knuckles reached my knees when I relaxed. But I found the place -- a haven of light, cool air, and sanity after my hours of suffering.

There was a girl at the baggage counter (no pun intended), who gently broke the news to me that I had missed my connecting flight, and also the flight after my connecting flight. In fact, she concluded sympathetically, the next plane to Toledo left at 7:05 the next morning. I must have looked pained, because she added, "Well, that's what happens when you take an unscheduled airline. Next time..." I interrupted. "Next time, take the train?" And, bless her, she laughed.

So I went to the next counter and poured my tale of woe into the ears of the gentleman in charge of tickets, got cleared for the 7:05 flight, checked my baggage in, and went off to eat. After devouring a hamburger, a glass of milk and a cigarette, I felt ^{somewhat} less run down, and considerably heartened. I called collect to the folks in Ohio, no answer. Called the Toledo airport where they might be waiting, no response. Called again and again, every half-hour until 2:30 am when they got home. They said, yes, they had been to Toledo Airport, and I hadn't been there. I said they were telling me nothing, and explained in as much detail as three collect minutes would allow, and told them what time I'd be in the next morning. So I spent the night sitting up in the airport. I considered phoning some local fans, but decided against it. I may want to run for TAFF someday, and I'll need friends. Besides, I couldn't think of anybody I knew well enough to phone at 3 am.

There's not much doing at 3 am, even in one of the largest air terminals in the country. There were no planes going in or out, the desks were closed at 1 o'clock, and the waiting room was almost deserted. There was a janitor, sowing his camphor-scented sawdust and sweeping it up again, there was a sailor stretched out on a bench with his duffel-bag for a pillow, there were a couple of nondescript types, and a blonde doll chewing gum and reading a paper-back Western. And there was me, reading an Ace Double SF I'd found at the magazine counter. I also had a copy of Introduction to Symbolic Logic and Dialogues of Plato, to carry with me to impress people. But there weren't enough people to impress, so after I finished the Ace Double, I picked up my bag and started wandering. I spent a few minutes watching a cute redhead at the Eastern Airlines counter weighing herself on the baggage scales (again, no pun intended) though from what I could see she had nothing to worry about.

I continued killing time -- paced ^{off} the length of the Terminal building twice and averaged out the results: the straightaway section in the center of the building is 1125 feet long, and adding in the wing at each end brings the total length to 1668 feet. Thrilled?

I turned on my transistorised pocket portable radio to see what I could pick up, but there were only two stations of sufficient strength to register. And both of them were interrupted by a honking sound every ten seconds and a beeping sound every four seconds. In fact, these two sounds came in all over the entire broadcast band. I guessed they were emanating from some airport facility, and went up on the promenade along the roof of the terminal. There, utilising the directional properties of the radio, I spent over an hour trying to locate the source of the interference. I finally traced the honk to the control tower, but the beep continued to elude me.

Slow Train Through Gondor--VII

I gave up and descended the iron stairs from the roof as dawn came up like thunder (that thought has always eluded me, but I love the line) at 5:15, and by 5:45 it was full daylight. By 6 am the airport was coming back to life and the rest of those who had spent the night in the waiting rooms began to blink open their sleep-beared eyes and greet the glad morning. I washed in the washroom (where else?) and appeared, I like to think, looking fresh as a daisy. (Or at least as fresh as a daisy would look if it had spent the night as I did.)

At last United Flight #324 appeared on the flightline. I took a place at the head of the waiting line, conspicuously reading *Dialogues* of Plato, and from there everything went smoothly. We boarded the plane (N73112) at 6:55, began the takeoff run at 7:20 (yeah, that's right -- 25 minutes wait again). Then there was the usual business of parking at the end of the runway and racing the motors, but at least the run started and, with a powerful surge of acceleration, we leaped smoothly into the air at 7:25, and went soaring out over Lake Michigan.

The plane was an infinite improvement over the TransCon DC-6, even though it was only a DC-3, and I expected an uneventful last leg of my journey. But -- alas -- such was not fated. Not quite, anyway. The stewardess (much better looking than the ones on TransCon) served us a soul-warming breakfast of rolls, cantaloupe and a cup of milk instead of coffee for me. Unfortunately, the milk spilled over the aforementioned items, as well as the paper packets of salt and sugar and the complimentary pack of ^{five} Winstons. But the stew was so charming that I hadn't the heart to be cross.

As breakfast was almost over, we were ready to land at South Bend, Indiana. The plane banked over on its right wing, levelled off, and began to lose altitude. The stew came by to check, and said she'd let me keep the tray if I'd hold the cup while we landed so it wouldn't spill again.

From my seat at the leading edge of the right wing, I could see ahead fairly well as we approached the ground... There was no landing strip in sight! We continued down, wheels almost touching the tops of a clump of trees, just over some telephone wires; ahead I could see only a field of grass -- verdant, but lumpy. We continued down. Suddenly, at the last possible moment, a row of lights flashed past under the plane, and we were down at South Bend at 8 am. During the 10-minutes stop I finished breakfast, and we took off again at 8:10.

At 8:55 we landed at Fort Wayne, Indiana, with the same ground-level approach as before. We spent 20 minutes there, then headed for Toledo. In the last half hour of my trip, things began to catch up with me. I dozed off, or went half-asleep from time to time, and began to enjoy some lovely auditory hallucinations. One, I remember, was a massed choir singing in the motors, and I could control every voice in the choir mentally. I was just beginning to create an immortal oratorio when the stewardess came by, telling me to fasten my seat belt. I did, the plane slanted down, skimming the trees, the telephone lines, the grassy field, and finally touching down on the runway at Toledo, Ohio. My trip was over, at 9:25 am, exactly 24 hours after I left home in South Pasadena.

--- Ted Johnstone

BJO for TAFF

Send money (at least 50¢ or 3/6d--more preferably) to Bob Madle (3608 Caroline Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind) or Ron Bennett (7 Southway, Harrogate, Yorks, Eng)

PUCON

in

61

YOU ARE NOT THERE -- BUT I WAS

by Harry Warner, Jr.

A young man from the Washington area had come calling on me, explaining that he'd seen my name in prozine letter columns and drove up to indulge in a chat about science fiction. I was agreeable, and after a while, I started to talk about fandom. He seemed interested in this queer hobby, wanted to know some of its specific happenings, and I decided to tell him all about the pseudicide that once shook up fandom in such spectacular fashion.

Unless you've been in fandom for many years or have a copy of the original Fancyclopedia, you won't know much about Earl Singleton. I don't think the story of the pseudicide has been told in print from beginning to end for at least fifteen years. But it was the second big hoax in the history of fandom--John Bristol was the first--and it has elements that are still puzzling, after all these years.

Earl Singleton was a fan who came into prominence about the time the 1930's changed into the 1940's. His primary interest was in poetry. He wrote a lot of it for fanzines, he discussed it with many fans, and pretty soon he began to publish a fanzine devoted to poetry, *Nepenthe*. This saw only a brief lifespan, but it has remained unique in fan publishing history, ever since, as a literate fanzine concentrating on verse. Earl intended to publish in it both the poetry of fans and articles about poetry.

Singleton was better-read, commanded a finer writing style, and possessed less of the adolescent feuding tendencies that plagued fandom at the time. He was everybody's friend, one of the most promising newcomers to the field, and fandom was dazed when it was informed that he had committed suicide on February 9, 1941.

There was a great to-do over the matter, equalled only since by the manner in which the suicide of Kent Moomaw gaffiated a whole segment of fandom. I hurriedly rearranged plans for the March, 1941 issue of *Spaceways* and dedicated it to him, publishing one of the last poems that I'd received from him as a memorial. I also decided to withhold from publication a short story by Earl that I had on hand, "Goddess On His Arm," because I felt that it would be in bad taste under the circumstances, with its references to death and the hereafter.

That poem, "Moestitine Encomium," was an excellent example of Earl's skill in writing verse that sounded very nearly as good as really famous derivative poetry. Here are a couple of stanzas, to show how closely he imitated the imitators of Poe:

"I speak of a region distant and old,"
Said the demon, leering at me.
"There the turbulent river of life has rolled
To its mouth for age on age untold;
There it flows into no peaceful sea,
But plunges, a cataract wild and bold,
O'er the edge of the world, all uncontrolled.

"On a rugged rock that juts its way
Through the teeth of the mad cascade,
An angel stands; and mighty and gray
Are its wings; and all arrayed
In a sombre veil that is wet with spray--
Or tears, perhaps--it watches the strife
Deep in the raging river of life."

Earl was a student at a first-rate New England college. The note that a number of his correspondents received from his roommate, Oliver King Smith, explained that Earl had taken his life for no ascertainable reason. All over the nation, fans won-

You Are Not There--But I Was -- II

dered while trying to fall asleep for the next few nights: will this same inexplicable impulse suddenly take hold of me some day?

After a proper amount of grief and lamentation over the premature end of a fellow who had everything to live for, fandom tentatively began to feel more inquisitive about the situation. In particular, a few people like Trudy Kuslan and Art Widner re-read the sad tidings about the funeral activities. After all these years, I no longer remember exactly what attracted their attention, but it had something to do with the difficulty of getting a body embalmed, released by the authorities, and back in Texas for interment on the schedule that had been explained by roommate Smith. One nosy fan wrote a letter to the president of the college, and a few other amateur detective activities quickly uncovered the truth. Earl was as alive as Tom Sawyer had been the day that final rites were held for the drowned boy.

To the best of my knowledge, nobody knows for certain to this very day except Earl himself why he committed the hoax. The obvious assumption that he had overburdened himself with fanish activities and chose this way to dump the load has never been disproved; however, there were no signs that he was burning out after such a brief fanish career. Personal difficulties were suggested as a reason, but nobody ever pinned them down. It couldn't have been a desire to become really famous as a fan overnight, because Earl never returned to the field.

I finished telling all this to my visitor, who shook his head in amused wonder at the strange things fans will do. I was rather disappointed by this reaction on his part. He left a little while later, inviting me to drop in on him whenever I felt like it. My suspicions were partially confirmed when he jotted down for me his address in that type-like script that very old librarians and very young school children use, rather than in a normal handwriting. Final confirmation of my conjecture didn't come until about a year later. Someone else in fandom had run into Earl Singleton, and he confessed that he had been the fellow who visited me that evening under an assumed name.

So there's a secondary mystery to add to the principal pseudicide puzzle. Why did Earl, after quitting fandom so strangely, indulge in just one more piece of crifanac, a visit to Hagerstown? I had never known him personally, we had little in common except for our interest in science fiction fandom, and there were fans who were much closer to his new Washington home, if he just felt like revisiting the past for an evening. In any event, Earl confessed on that later chance encounter that he had realized I'd been hectoring him about the pseudicide, when I described it in such detail upon his visit, but he had refused to admit his identity to me despite my obvious suspicions and tactics.

Before writing this article, I checked the Washington city directory and telephone directory. The telephone book lists an Earl Singleton, but the address is in a section of the city where a fellow of Earl's financial status would not be apt to reside. The city directory, on the other hand, does not list an Earl Singleton at all, although several other Singletons are in the city directory at the same address given for the Earl Singleton in the telephone directory. I toyed with the idea of placing a call to the Earl Singleton whose number is listed, on the off-chance that it might be the one whom I used to know. But I didn't. Earl must have had some kind of reason for what he did, even if the reason wasn't quite clear to himself at the same time, and I don't want to be the one to revive distress or remorse.

There was one odd little sequel to the hoax. Bob Tucker's gift for satire leaped to the fore, and he began to flood fandom with advertisements about an organization called, I believe, Assorted Services, and headed by Oliver King Smith. To everyone's surprise, Oliver began to show some interest in the field, but after six months or so, he disappeared, and the whole episode retired to the pages of fandom's history.

--- Harry Warner, Jr.



Lee Hoffman Shaw:

I Remember

KEASLER

(Author's introduction) I got this note from Bob asking me to write some 6th Fandom-ish piece for his new fanzine. Hoo-haw, I thought, in my simple cosmopolitan way. Sixth Fandom was many years and many miles away, for me. The world has spun around too many times and I'm just not the same kid anymore who tiptoed into the surf of fandom, full of awe at its wonders and excitement. I got into fandom up to my neck and found myself all wet. Now, I'm old and embittered, and have only the most tenuous contacts with Fandom as she be today. I do not write anymore, particularly not fanstuff. My attempts to hack out enough material to sustain my FAPA membership are almost fruitless. The Muse is not with me. But even so, in my dotterage, I do enjoy reminiscing (to the consternation of FAPA members who've heard it all already over and over). So, like some antique Civil War Veteran who's bored his family to tears with his account of the Battle of Manassas, I'll tell my tale again, in the hope that you out there haven't heard this sad old story too many times already.

(Article itself) To me the most fabulous people of Sixth Fandom (not counting carry-overs from the earlier eras) were Walter A. Willis and W. Max Keasler. W. Max started his career, to my knowledge, under the influence of one Duke K. Fisher, editor of the fanzine ODD (with handsome printed-looking covers and dull contents) down in old Missouri. He, himself, began publishing FANVARIETY, in (I think) 1951. (Being old and feeble, I frequently get my dates confused, and I don't have my fanzine file at hand to check with.) He soon changed the name of the zine to OPUS, with the hope that it would reach a twenty-first issue, so that he could tell people he was the publisher of OPUS 21.

I met Max at the NOLA CON (prior to the NOLA CON I'd met only two fans in person, Shelby Vick of Fla., and Bobby Pope of S.C. I, at the time, resided in the unlikely town of Savannah, Ga.) He was a good-looking youth with the fabulous way of speaking in natural interlineations. I carried a notebook and jotted down, among other things, many of his notable utterances, most of which I eventually published in my zine.

I remember the group of young fans in New Orleans, under the awe of their first convention. There was the sardonic Rich Elsberry, genial Paul Cox, Shelby Vick, and myself at the core of one group. We wandered the hotel, gazing intently at BNFs such as Tucker and Bloch, and the pros like Fritz Leiber. And I remember the night we wandered out to see the Quarter. We lost Max somewhere, and retracing our steps, we found him leaning at about a 50° angle, into the door of a strip-house, contemplating a semi-dressed contortionist (female, of course). That was the night we ventured up to a local radio station, found their all-night disc jockey on duty, and told him, on mike, that we were in town for a science fiction convention. "That Buck Rogers stuff" he asked, and we groaned in delight and explained it all to him.

Our last meeting was at the CHICON (a bootleg name, banned by the ConCom, who considered it undignified). The CHICON was, as I see it, the culmination of Sixth Fandom.

I Remember Keaslar--II

We were there in great number and we burnt out many fannish candles in the small hours of the Chicago mornings. We flew paper planes off the towers of the Morrison hotel. We wandered about listening at doors. We trekked up and down stairs, distaining the frequently too slow elevators. (It was here that G.M. Carr had her famous bout with an elevator door which tried to decapitate her, but failed.) We sat in a little cul-de-sac in the hall, piled on the floor two deep, and stared at Forrest J. Ackerman, who stared back.

Walt and Max and I were 16-year-old twin brothers that year (all three of us, plus Shelby Vick who was our 13-year-old 16-year-old twin brother). I was the only one of us who brought a costume for the ball (I went disguised as an issue of my fanzine) and I refused to put it on, unless the others did something in the line of costumes. So Max took off his shoes, pulled out his shirt-tails, used a red necktie for a single suspender, and went as a fan from Missouri. Walt donned a Confederate-type kepi I'd brought for him and carried my home-made Stars and Bars (not the St. Andrews Cross commonly sold in novelty stores for those who wanted Confederate Flags). We trundled through the Ball, arm in arm, helping the barefoot Keaslar avoid broken glass from dropped drinks.

This was the way of Sixth Fandom. And Max was the personification of Sixth Fandom in America: young, witty, enthusiastic. He openly avowed that he never read science-fiction. (In Sixth Fandom we broke fandom's ties with the mother literature. We weren't SFers. We were friends in search of fun.) He blazed across the fan skies, speaking in interlineations, publishing monthly, filling the world with Ray Nelson drawings. Then he disappeared.

Like many of us, he has ventured back, touching the periphery of fandom in later years. There was talk of his publishing a fanzine to be titled ALBATHROSS. In retaliation, Walt threatened to change his name to Albert Ross and publish a zine titled MAXKEASLER.

But after the CHICON, Max was gone. I, too, drifted out of the fold. Willis maintained contact. He too had changed. His wonderful wit survived. But the spirit of Sixth Fandom was gone. And we who had been Sixth Fandom wandered away from each other into different parts of the world.

(Epilogue) A sad story, perhaps. But each era changes. People change in the course of their lives. Few fans are as enduring as Tucker. Still, as the old fans burn out and drift away, there are new, eager young fans rushing in to fill the breach. So if you want material for your fanzine, don't come to me. I just don't write for fanzines anymore! Go to the new, wise, fandom-oriented people who are today's fans. They're hip. They're alive to the fandom of the present. They can write the material of today's fandom for today's fans. We doddering old relics will just sit around and bore you with the tales of our fannish pasts.

---Lee Hoffman Shaw

The TAFS Ballots have been out for a while now and if you haven't received one, the candidates up for the Trip are Terry Carr, Don Ford, and Bjo Wells. It would be very advisable for you to vote for your choice at this time. If you've a ballot, you know the procedure, but for those who haven't one, all you do is put 50¢ (or more, preferably) in an envelope with your choice indicated, and mail it to Bob Madle at 3608 Caroline Ave., Indianapolis 18, Indiana. British fan may mail their donations to Ron Bennett at 7 Southway, Arthur's Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. Hurry!

M * S * R * D * O * R I * N S * I * X * T * Y * F * O * U * R

What's Wrong With Letterpress?

SOME 80 YEARS AGO, when amateur journalism was just getting started as an organized hobby, there was only one method available to the amateur for putting his deathless prose or verse before a limited audience widely scattered through the English-speaking world.

This is a sample of it, done just as it was done by those long-dead amateurs: from hand-set type in the platen press (an 8x10 old-style Chandler & Price) shown in figure 1. It is printed one page at a time, both feed and delivery being done by hand. I have the advantage of a motor to run the press, while the old-timers laboriously pushed a treadle four times to each impression, but the press itself is of a type in common use then.

More common among those pioneers was the hand-press, still much used by amateurs, available in sizes from 3x5 (shown in figure 2) to 9x13.

Don't be scared away from letterpress by fig-

ure 3. As in any other hobby, equipment accumulates over the years. All you really need to begin *printing* your fanzine are a press, enough body type for one page, and a small font of some larger

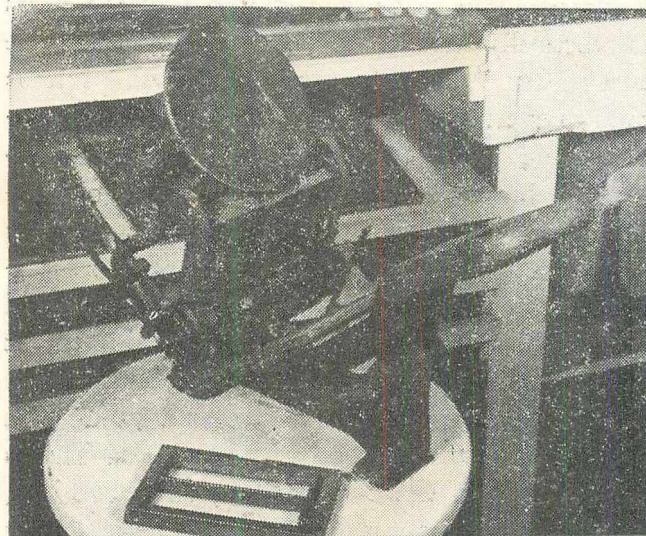


Fig. 2 3x5 KELSEY EXCELSIOR

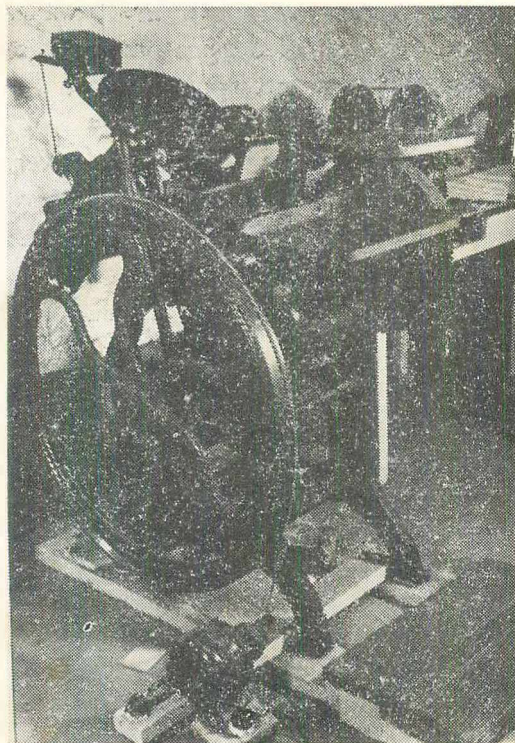


Fig. 1 THE UBIQUITOUS 8x12 O. S. C. & P.

type for headings. And *time*, of course. Type-setting takes more time than cutting a stencil or master, but if you are one who insists upon justified lines the difference is not very great, especially for matter such as this which is written in the stick.

Even ordinary printing such as this is more attractive and easier to read than the best of mimeography. For all you know you might become one of the few who turn out really *fine* printing.

One of the big advantages of letterpress is that once you have the press and type the only cost for producing a magazine is that of paper and ink. No mastersets or stencils to buy and throw away, and you can use just about any paper you can feed. A pound of ink, which is cheaper than mimeo ink, will last several years printing 24 5½x8½ pages quarterly. Try *that* on your mimeo!

You are wondering, I hope, what you will have to pay to get started in letterpress. The answer is, of course, "It all depends—" New presses these days are *very* expensive because they are made of cast iron, and since WW₂ cast

iron seems to have become one of the noble metals so far as price is concerned. But what makes you think you need a new one, anyhow? Would you go out and buy a new IBM Executive? (If your answer is "yes" you might just as well stop reading this and have your 64-page monthly fanzine commercially-printed with full-color covers.

Because it is made of cast iron a platen press is practically eternal. Oh, sure—it will get a little noisy after 50 or 60 years, but it will print as well as ever. There are thousands of these presses all over the country, and many shops are replacing them with automatic presses. I got mine right after the war when such things were very scarce, and it was "rebuilt" (the dealer tore it apart, cleaned it, re-assembled and painted it) and so had to pay \$150. You should be able to get one *much* cheaper. For instance, I know of an eastern group with a chance to get a 10x15 with a complete outfit for ten or fifteen bucks. This is not typical, so don't expect any such bargains, but many an amateur has gotten a good jobber for \$25 to \$50, and of course hand presses are even cheaper. Look in the classified ads in any metropolitan newspaper; sooner or later you will find something suitable advertised.

As for type, spacing material, etc., send for a few catalogs, preferably from firms in your own part of the country, since such supplies are quite heavy. In the east I suggest the Kelsey Press Co., of Meriden, Conn., and the Empire Type Foundry of Delevan, N. Y. This is set in Empire's 12-point Kennerley; it is cast from hard metal in Monotype machines and the price is very reasonable. At the other end of the price-scale is ATF (American Type Founders) who probably have an agency in your nearest city. You can't get better type, but the prices will scare you off; of course, you may find some good used ATF material at a nearby printshop.

By all means hunt for some good used typecases. With luck you may find some that won't cost you more than the original buyer paid 20 or 30 years ago. Cases have gone from \$1.55 to al-

most six dollars.

Perhaps I should digress a moment to answer that question all two of you are probably asking: "Where the hell is Fig. 3?" Well, the block is right there on the imposing stone (which happens to be a solidly-backed piece of tempered Masonite) where it will probably stay until I get tired of having it in the way. It shows my typographic department, which stretches along twelve feet to the left of the press and just now smells sort of musty.

You see, a platen press is not ideal for printing halftones especially in a form almost as big as the chase. As a matter of fact, I printed the previous page with separate runs for halftones and text to lessen the strain on the press. Even so, results aren't very uniform, partly because three grades of paper were used, each requiring different inking, and partly because the cellar has been damp ever since last spring's cloudburst and the rollers just recently sprouted a fine growth of mildew that left them more pitted than ever. Guess I'm due for new rollers—and a dehumidifier. But I suppose none of you ever have any troubles with your spirit and stencil duplicators, and I'm trying to get you to try letterpress, not to discourage you.



Here is a type cut of a Monotype caster, but I don't suggest that you get one and cast your own type. The price is in the neighborhood of eight or ten thousand bucks. If you can afford that you might as well double it and get this keyboard machine, too.



There's more to printing than there is to duplicating, but it's more rewarding, too, and once you grasp the fundamentals you'll find it less temperamental. If you're really interested and want more information just write me in care of this magazine and I'll give you what help I can.

(//ALWAYS//
AT YOUR
SERVICE//)

Do Nothing-- Then Rest!

FORGOTTEN FANS OF THE FORTIES

by Len Moffatt

Editor Lichtman suggested that I do an article "about LA fandom as it was during the '40s...". This I cannot do--without doing a lot of research, and quizzing of Ackerman, Hart and others who were active then--as I did not become a member of "LA fandom" until 1946. My early fannish days were spent in Pennsylvania, and the forepart of the Forties found me serving with the Navy and Marines--otherwise known as wartime gafia. I did keep in touch with fandom during my sojourn in the service, but my own fanac was curtailed until the end of the war.

By doing some research, and straining my memory, I could talk about LA fanac during the latter part of the Forties, but I would rather leave such a job up to someone who could capably cover the whole decade.

But Bob's suggestion did serve to set me thinking about the "old days" and oddly several fan names came to mind. Names and persons I haven't thought about in years. Then I began to wonder how many "old time fans" remembered these names, these actifen who for a brief period made some sort of mark in fannish history, and then disappeared from the microcosm. Now names like Ackerman, Tucker, Bloch, Moskowitz, etc. will never be forgotten because some of these worthies are still active to one degree or another, or have made such a Big Name for themselves that they will always be an integral part of fan history and legend, no matter how much the face of fandom itself may change, as time goes by. And then there are those has-BNFs who are still mentioned occasionally although they are, as far as I can tell, completely gafiated. Fans like Speer, Widner, and Rothman.

But what about the well-known fen of days gone by, the ones who never beally became big names, but who were, for one reason or another, famous or well known, very popular or perhaps, in some cases, very unpopular, but still they contributed, they made a recognizable ripple upon the waters of fandom. The reference to the "very unpopular" does not refer to the types like Claude Degler, who in their own obnoxious way became big name fans by being unpopular, but rather to those in this group of now forgotten names and faces who, as you shall see when we get to that part of the article, became well known, for a little while, as disliked personalities.

We are now to THAT part of the article--permit me to list the few Forgotten Fans, who, thanks to Lichtman's original suggestion, I suddenly remembered. I wonder how many of you will remember them with me?

Clyde Haggsworth. I think Clyde must have entered fandom during the war. At least the first time I saw his name was in the Fanewscard, then being published by Tucker or Frank Robinson, or both. I was overseas at the time (my mother forwarded some of my fannish mail to me) and there was a note on the card that he was stationed at some army post, and would like to hear from other fans. His basic interest, as I recall was in the occult, and I remember wondering at the time if this was just one of Tucker's gags. The name could easily have been a fake, but still it didn't seem likely that precious space on the newscard would be wasted on false info.

I didn't hear of him again until after my return to the States. One of the first fanzines to arrive at my home in Pennsylvania, shortly after I returned, was a rather poorly mimeo'd six-pager called SCIENCE & SPIRIT. I wish I had a copy of it now, to make a proper comparison, but looking back on it now, it seemed to be a forerunner of scientology combined with flying saucerism. His basic theory was that the occult of the "spirit world" (he used the terms interchangeably) was nothing more than the memories of everybody and everything, everywhere, in all times, past, present, and future. He said that everything (and he meant EVERYthing, including every person, animal, vegetable, mineral, etc., etc.) existed all at once, that everything that had ever happened and ever would happen was, in reality, happening NOW. He carried this on for several issues, building up to the point that the entire cosmos consisted of only ONE living entity, that the entity had gone mad and that was why it seemed to be broken down into universes, solar systems, planets, people, animals, trees, etc., etc. (He believed that trees and for that matter every form of life as well as every thing we would consider inanimate such as stone, earth, etc. had thoughts and feelings, just as you and I and everyone else. All of these were actually the mad multi-thinking, multi-existence of the ONE being.) That's about as close as I

Forgotten Fans Of The Forties--II

can come to briefly rehashing his ideas. There was of course some discussion of Haggsworth and his mag in fandom, tho it never reached the peak of the Shaver War or the Degler Cosmic Circle hassle. He never talked much about himself as a person and as far as I know he was never visited at his home in Wilmington, Delaware, nor did he visit with other fans, attend conventions and the like. I received the last issue of his mag after I had moved to California. I had been out here for better than a year and by then had practically forgotten about him, prob'ly assuming that he had already dropped out of fandom, realizing finally that most fans just didn't go for this kind of serconness. We can still only guess why there was such a gap between his last two issues, considering that the previous ones had come out with a pretty fair degree of regularity. His last ish was really a dilly. It was litho'd--ten half pages--with fuzzy photos of what he called "Some of the Various Parts of the Only ONE". The snaps were of girls in various stages of undress (obviously cribbed from the "naughty" mags of the day), crowds of people (prob'ly taken from film stills and perhaps newspaper or newsmag pics--one of which I'm sure I recognized from LIFE), animals, (zoo pictures, African pics--one of which came from one of the Martin Johnson books), forests, oceans, etc. Practically all of the mag was made up of this mad, unrelated montage. He referred to the girlie pics as that "part of the ONE" which did most to drive It to It's insanity--that It desired to have another It for companionship, and so on, but when when It learned that there was, after all, only One Entity, It blew its top and the cosmos as we know it (as well as the parts we don't know) came into chaotic being. In another part of this ish he tried again to explain his No Time theory, but it was as muddled as my attempt to reproduce his stuff here. Then, on the very last page, he finally answered the one question he was asked more than any other--that is, how did he know all of this was true? His answer was so simple that some of us should have predicted it, but then as I said we didn't make as big a fuss over his stuff as we have over similar events in fan history. It seems he was the one portion of the One Entity who remembered, who knew that It was now mad. The purpose of his mag was to reach those parts most likely to be convinced so that self-therapy could be administered and One would become truly ONE again. He had thot that fans were the most likely...but now realized that they were just as far gone as the rest of the cosmos, and he would now have to try other methods. He had given up trying to "cure" each individual portion of the One...nobody would listen to reason. So now he was going to try more drastic measures... All of fandom, in fact all of everything would be wiped out--that is, we--everything--would cease to exist as individual parts of the whole and there would be--just for a moment--great shock and pain for all of us, but afterwards One would be made One again and he would be happy. "If only you had listened and believed," were his last words to fandom, "I might have contrived to share some of the glory that is to come with you. I might have picked a few who would, like me, be able to remember before, during and after. But now, I alone will be the only portion of One who will absorb and enjoy the everything of all of you. My glorious moment is close. Soon everything everywhere will be an unknowing part of me, but I will know, I will feel the most immediate emotions of men women and all things, all time, all place". That was the gist of his last statement and I think I captured his style pretty well too. That way the way he wrote..."all things, all time, all place." Some fans used to go around saying that, smilking or smiling, or using it as a gag saying. But I was one of those who wondered what happened to poor Clyde. Fandom never heard from him again and I guess no one ever bothered to investigate him after he left fandom. There was a rumor that Tucker had created the whole thing, a master hoax. Those who believed this said that it would be easy for Tucker to obtain the fotos used in the last issue, that the lithography in the last ish was too good (save for the illos) to be consistent with the poorly mimeo'd previous issues, and that Rothman or Leibscher helped Tucker write most of the material. I never heard of these gents denying all this, but I am inclined to doubt that it was a hoax. I mean I see no reason why there couldn't have been a war veteran who let his belief in the occult get the best of him, and who, having an outlet for his ideas, used that outlet in an attempt to convince others that they--not he--was mad. The outlet happened to be fandom, which we must admit, to many a non-fan seems to be a bit on the whacky side.

Well, so much for one of the forgotten fans of the forties. If anybody's interested, I'll tell about one or two others nexttime. I can't promise they will all be as colorful as Clyde Haggsworth but some of them were just as interesting (and entertaining) as any of our well known fans today. I'll try to weed out the really dull ones (not perhaps because they were dull in person but only because they may not have contributed sufficiently to the fannish scene, if you know what I mean). As for instance, Theodore W. Atlantis. He too belonged to the "crackpot" or "lunatic fringe" side of fandom, claiming that his last name really was Atlantis, that it had been his family name for thousands and thousands of years, as it was his forefathers who made the now-sunken continent the great civilization it was. He only published two issues of his magazine--beautifully letterpress printed but very dull reading indeed. There was a short-lived lino to the effect that everyone wanted to get into his mag, not that they really did of course. This was only because, in his ignorance, he used the key letters from his name as the mag's title. So if I continue with this thing, you won't be reading anymore about Theodore. I heard somewhere that he showed up at Chicon II but only stayed a few hours, and was never heard from again. Had he not succeeded in identifying himself as a real person at the convention, I'm sure the rumor would have started that Tucker had hoaxed him up too. Sometimes I don't think it is fair the way some fans pick on these old grandfathers, accusing them of hoaxes and the like. Fandom is a hobby, and hobbies are for fun, and some of these hoaxes I'm sure we could do without.

--- Len Moffatt

This business of being #8 fanwriter is already starting to give me ulcers. The other day--last weekend, it was--Larry Windham came to San Francisco and the Barea in gen to visit because he didn't have any duty; he's stationed at the Army Language School in Monterey, altho he's with the Air Force... Confusing, but he got liberty.

So anyway, as I was saying before I digressed about Windham's personal problems, he dropped by here. Bjo, Trimble, Jim Caughran and I decided wothehell, we'll drive the boy home. We wanted to see Monterey anyway, so off we went.

On the way down there, Windham looks me square in the eyes (all four of them) and asks me why I don't write professionally.

I don't know if this is a gag, based on the FANAC poll, or what. However, I am seriously considering writing some science-fiction (something I haven't done for five or six years, for crying out loud) and submitting it to as many professional magazines as there are on the stands nowadays.

Next time somebody asks me a question like that, I'll show them a foot-high stack of rejection slips, and tell them THAT'S WHY.

- Ron Ellick

LEZ LETTERZ DEPT.

Virgil Slink

Chicago "Here is a dime. Send me your mag. Make it snappy!"

Ditto: "Where in the hell is your mag?"

Ditto, "Your mag just came. I haven't opened it yet. Thanks."

Ditto: "I have just read your mag. It stinks. Send dime back."

Ditto: "Please forgive mistake. Wasn't your mag at all, it was Nova that just came."

Ditto: "Where in the hell is your mag? Make it snappy."

- Bob Tucker, LE ZOMBIE, November 1944

trufan's blood

by Terry Carr

Yeah, they say Eric Lee was born a fan and stayed a fan till the day he died. Born in a messy fan-house while his daddy was out trying to collect money from Germany back for a story he'd printed, took one look at a Leo Morey cover painting and bawled his lungs clear, was washed in beer, bit the umbilical cord himself, and said, "Man, that afterbirth looks just like a Weisson drawing!"

The way they tell it, he cut his teeth on Wonder Stories, and that's why in a little while all the science fiction pulps had ragged edges instead of trimmed. Oh yeah, he did a lot of bad, just like any fan ever born--and he was a fan through and through, all right, cause that was just the way he was made. He could turn a mimeo-crank as easy with either hand, he could scan a page of print and pick out his name every time it was there, and he had fingernails that worked as good as any staple remover you ever saw. Why hell, he could tell how good a stencil would cut just by smelling it, or tell you the idiosyncrasies of any duplicator ever made, just from the name and model number. He knew all about fandom, and that's because he was raised a fan right from the beginning, and he grew up with fandom.

He was right in there at the first world convention, and the things he did there were too interesting ever to appear in The Immortal Storm, but you'll hear about them now and then when fans gather over a hot mimeo, or a cold drink. He was at the rest of the conventions, too, drinking and fouding and even teaching Tucker how to swear like a trouper. He lived a lusty fanlife, all right, and I guess he was about the dirtiest talking fan anybody ever knew when he took it into his head that he wanted to be. Because he could do about everything, well enough, if he wanted to. There wasn't ever a fan who could one-up him and get away with it, either, because he had a head on those shoulders and he used it.

He came into fandom sort of careful, like he was feeling his way in, like a prizefighter in the early rounds, getting the feel of things. He didn't publish a fanzine till he was near ten, and even then he used some other name, never mind which because I guess he had his reasons for wanting it secret, but you'd recognize it if you heard it. He messed around with writing for the prozines some under another name, but even though he came near to revolutionizing the field in some ways he got tired of it and pretty soon the story was out that this writer was dead, died a tragically early age, and a legend grew up around him. You've heard the stories, you've read the articles in the fanmags--all of 'em about a writer who was just a penname that was let die because young Eric Lee got tired of it.

He spent the war years and the later forties doing a whole lot of things, most of 'em in fandom, but I can't tell you the names he used because I'm not sure of them. The people who tell his story sometimes exaggerate a little, and I don't think he could have been Laney and Speer and Rapp and Wollheim all at once, that's stretching things a bit. But maybe it is true that he was Degler, because Eric Lee had a sense of humor a mile wide. Nobody ever proved it, but they say that when the F.B.I. was investigating Campbell and Cartmell, Eric Lee was investigating the F.B.I. He never said just why, but once he did wink and say he'd wanted to know how come they knew so much. Oh, Eric Lee was a devil, all right.

Well, along about 1950 he got tired of fandom, I hear, and he dropped out of sight for awhile. Nobody seems to know what he was doing in those next several years, but there've been a lot of guesses, and I guess I can say that the names Joel Nydahl, Charles Lee Riddle, Shelby Vick, Ken Slater, and even Jack Vance got mentioned a lot. But I don't think anybody ever guessed right. I think Eric Lee really did quit both fandom and science fiction, quit 'em cold, right up to the convention in 1959, in Detroit. Eric Lee was a fan all the way, and there's never been a fan that didn't go gaffis for awhile, and I guess he just did it in a bigger way than most fans, just like he did everything else.

But you can't say that he wasn't a fan even during that spell of gaffis, because really, gaffis is just another form of fanac when you come right down to it, it's something that all fans do and I guess that pretty well defines it. And it's for sure that when Eric Lee turned up at the Detroit con he knew everything that had

been going on. He walked right in and replaced Bjo as moderator of the fan-publishers' panel when the Committee found out that she couldn't make it, was caught in a traffic jam somewhere with cars stopped for blocks all around her. And then he turned right around and filled in for Doc Barrett on the collectors' panel when Doc got called away for an emergency, and the tales he told of his collections, one in Charleston and one in Yonkers and another in Wilmette, another in Fresno, have had Ackerman and Moskowitz drooling ever since. "I've got them all, every one!" he said, and he meant it, too.

Well, after that there was no stopping him, he could write his own ticket anywhere. The BNF's were clamoring for him to pub a fanzine so they could write for him and there were three magazine publishers after him to edit for them. R.L. Gold even wanted him to do a fanzine review column for Galaxy, and I guess that shows something. But he didn't pay them no mind, he just went ahead with whatever he wanted to do, which was quite a few things.

First off, he joined FAPA, SAPS, OMPA, The Cult, and even the NFFF APA. He said he'd decided to become the compleat fan--which I guess you can blame John Berry for, he was there at that con--and besides all his apazines he started two fanmags for general circulation, one that was purely fannish in nature and one that was all about stf and fantasy. He published each of them monthly, one at the beginning of the month and one on the fifteenth, and they ran to fifty pages an issue, which was ten or fifteen pages more than his apazines averaged. And they were good, too, all of them, and they took top positions on every egoboo poll taken in fandom.

But that wasn't all. No sir, Eric Lee had set out to become the compleat fan, and he meant it. Right after that Detroit convention he started campaigning for the '61 convention to be held in Fresno, California, which was where he was living at the time, mostly. And he was so popular and knew fan-politics so well that when he walked into the business session at the Capicon he hardly even had to make a nomination speech, he had the '61 convention in his pocket already. And believe me, beating the Seattle bid would have been a good enough trick for anybody, but Eric Lee did it easy as anything you ever saw.

The next few months were kind of hectic, what with Eric Lee still publishing all those fanzines of his plus the Progress Reports on the Frescon. Oh yeah, he started publishing Progress Reports right away--one every two weeks, and every one full of news about new things lined up for the program. John Collier as guest of honor, Robert W. Kropps as toastmaster at the banquet, Ted Tubb handling the auction, speeches by Heinlein and Bradbury and Sturgeon and just about everybody else could care to name, including Ronald Ridglo, the first man to step foot on the new manned space satellite.

Things went on like that right up to September, convention time, and then everything blew up, just like you've heard. You see, Eric Lee had been up to his old tricks, with pen names sprouting up all around him, and it came out after the whole thing was over that there hadn't been a single fan in Fresno except Eric Lee himself; he'd filled out the roster of the convention committee with pen names. Well, that left him to do all the work, and though I guess if anybody could have done it it would have been Eric Lee, it turned out that even he couldn't do it.

Trouble was, he had the annishes of both his fanzines coming up right at that time too. He'd promised a hundred and fifty pages for each of them, and Eric Lee was always as good as his word. So two nights before the Frescon, Eric Lee was working over his mimeo, running off five hundred copies of every page, most in two or three colors. It was a lot of work, and even though he had an electric mimeo to do it on and he had the speed-control turned up to fullblast, still the work wasn't coming along too fast because the phone kept ringing with fans and pros who had just arrived and wanted to meet him or see him again or find out what they were to do on the program or precisely how much time they had or something. It was always something.

And Eric Lee kept running back and forth from the phone to the mimeo, hurried all the time, until pretty quick he hardly knew what he was doing, it was five in the morning and only half the issue was run off and the phone was still ringing. He'd planned a five-day convention, and I guess that much programming needs a lot of last-minute coordination.

Trufan's Blood--III

Nobody knows just how it happened, though there are tales told about it, just like there are tales and speculations and plain wild guesses about just ^{about} everything Eric Lee ever did. But sometime early that morning Eric Lee stopped answering the telephone, and everybody figured he must have gone to bed at last. They didn't think much about it.

But came that evening, and Eric Lee wasn't at the convention hotel, and some people started to get worried. He didn't show up all night, and when the next morning, the first day of the con, came and he still wasn't answering phonecalls, a bunch of us finally piled into a car and drove out to his place. We couldn't get an answer to the doorbell, either, so we tried the door and it was open. We went in and looked in his bedroom, but he wasn't there. Then we went downstairs and found him.

He'd got his arm caught in the mimeograph, it was a hell of a thing to see. That mimeo must have been going at a hundred copies a minute, and Eric Lee's hand had somehow got caught in the feeding mechanism and pulled in. There were bruises and blood all over his face from where the crank had repeatedly smashed him in the mouth and nose as it kept spinning, his hand getting torn up in the revolving works of the mimeo and his arm being dragged in. One of the blows of the crank must have knocked him out, or he could have turned off the motor and got his arm out and got to a phone or made a tourniquet or something to stop the flow of blood from his mangled arm.

As it was, he'd died from loss of blood, still unconscious. When we got there the machine was still humming and the metal was hot, but the drum wasn't turning because Eric Lee's arm had finally stopped it.

We had that convention anyway, though it didn't turn out to be the fabulous success that it had promised to be. Everybody tried to keep things going, tried to keep the jokes and the drinks flowing, but the whole thing was a flop, and they all knew it. The speakers gave their speeches and the fans laughed at the right places, but there weren't many of them that enjoyed themselves.

Later on, months later when the shock had worn off a little, the legend of Eric Lee got started, and I've told you a little about that. It's not surprising that a legend got going, because Eric Lee was a pretty amazing guy, and I believe a lot of what was said about him. But there's one part of the legend that I can't go along with, and I'd be just as happy if it got forgotten.

Yeah, they say Eric Lee was born a fan and stayed a fan till the day he died. And they're right, too. And they say he had the blood of a trufan in his veins, and that it showed up purple, the color of Ghu, when we walked in and found him slumped against the mimeo.

I think they're going a little too far.

--- Terry Carr

"What I need is love and affection -- free love, preferably."

- Arv Underman, at an editors' conference
on the last PSI-PHI

Requests I always ignore: (quote)

Dear Bobi, Saw yur neu (?) fanzine S-F FIFTI YEARLY!! inn a review nott long ago. Wood lik a sample copi, pleez. No info was included inn thee review, sow would lik two no --- will u consider artwork, stories, articles, etc. four publication oar nott?? Yourz truli, /s/ Larri Windham

(unquote) The answer is oar nott !!!

- Bob Tucker, CH₃CO₂C₆H₄CO₂H, May 1958

OUTWORLDS



-ASM

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