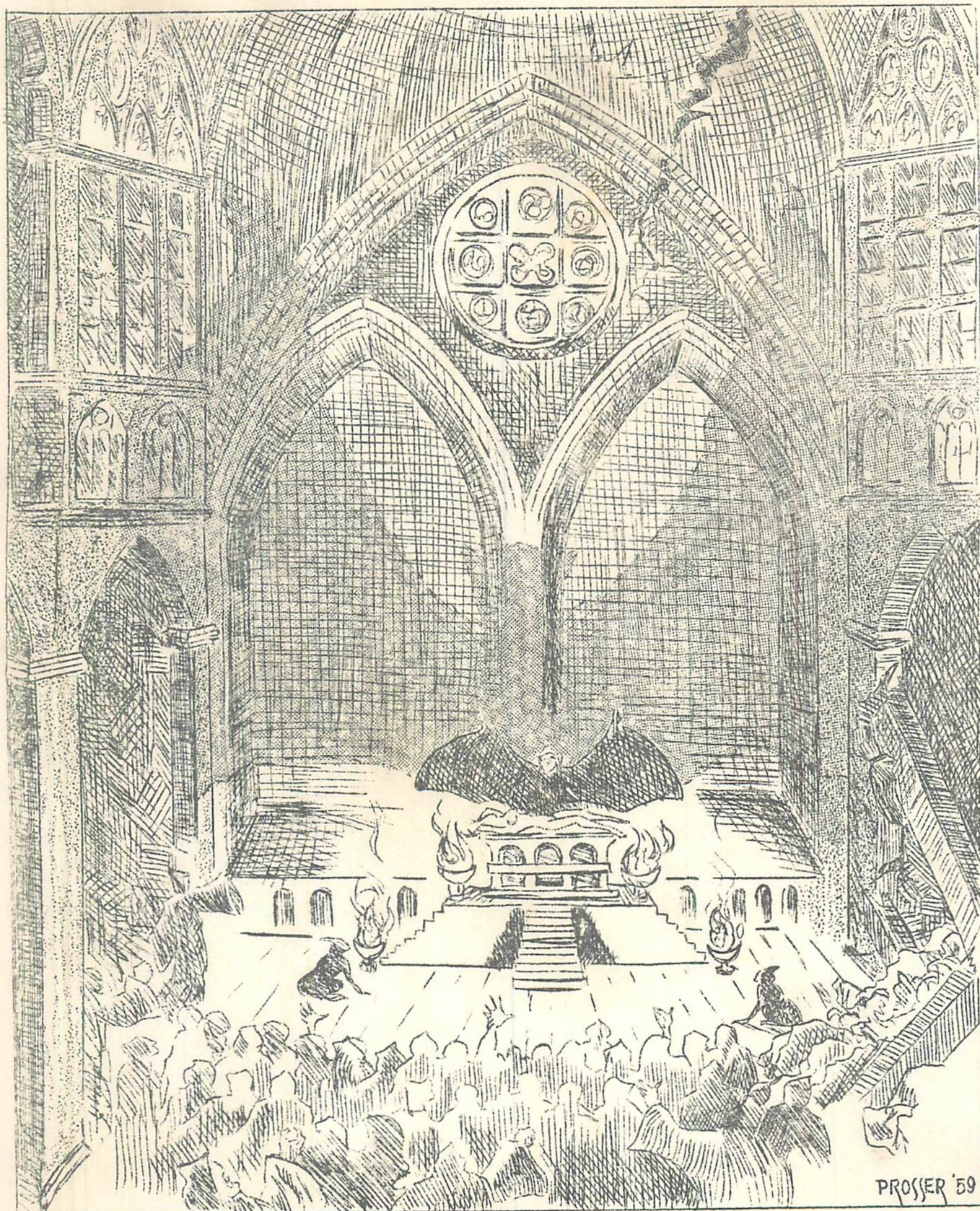


D_WE

REVOLUTION



REVOLUTION!

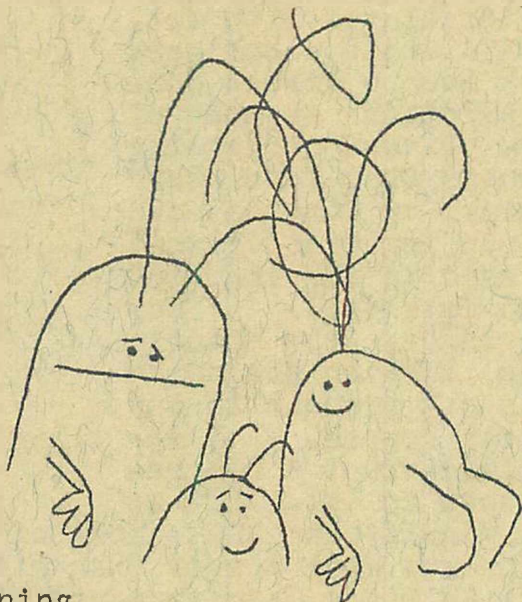
A ONE SHOT FROM PUBLICATIONS

OFFICIAL
EDITOR:
John Koning

OFFICIAL
unofficial
Co-Editor:
Colin Cameron

UNOFFICIAL
unofficial
Co-Editor:
Gary Deindorfer

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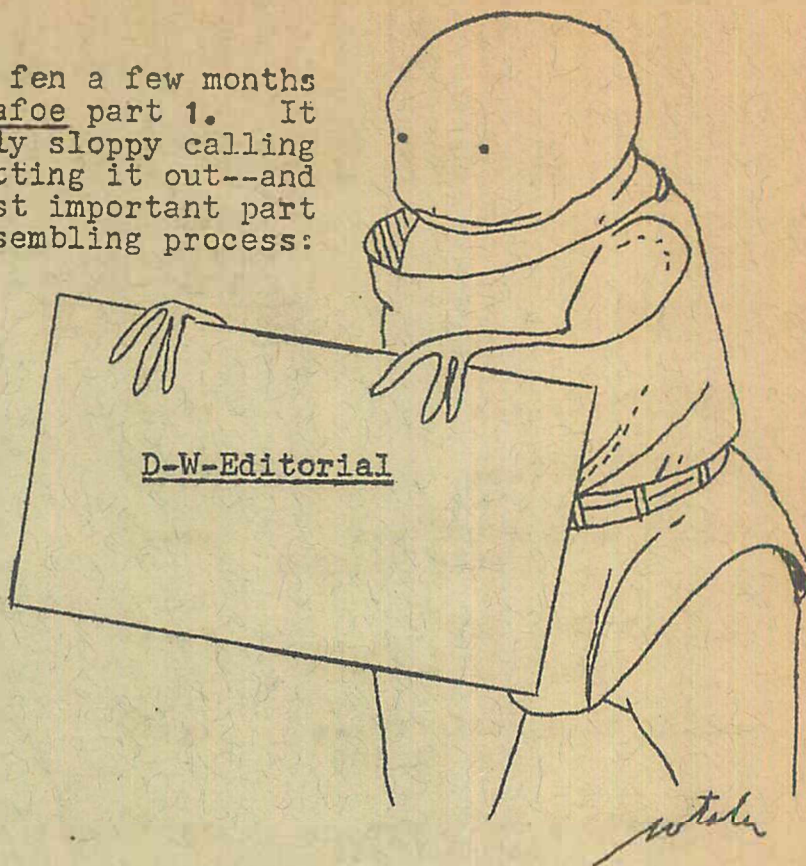


I met many of you fen a few months ago, via my firstish, Dafoe part 1. It was, I admit, a fairly sloppy calling card, but I enjoyed putting it out--and to me, that is the most important part of the whole fanzine assembling process: that I have fun.

This one-shot is a little different. I am not writing half of the thing myself --- I have help, both with material and with art. This whole business has been a direct contradiction of much of the cries of struggling faneds that I've heard during my fantime, and a confirmation of what I said in "BNF vs. Neo" (in Twig #10). For instance, the notorious BNF-ish prejudice was not present to any great degree. I received about a 25% response to D#1, but it

is significant that most of the comment came from fans whose fantime was much longer than mine (but then, very few neofans received D#1 -- since I am in contact with few neofans). The comments were good, and a look at the length of the lettercol (it has more pages than D#1) would seem to indicate that I got carried away and did just what I advised others not to do in "Letter to a Neofaned." Perhaps I have, but I cannot help feeling that most of what I printed will be of interest to some and has some point to justify its seeing print. Then, too, there is the proposition of material. I am not a neo to fandom, but all I'd published was a small fanzine. Yet, I sent out requests explaining my project and quite a few fen (Good Men, all of them--even Bjo and Barbi Johnson, in a manner of speaking) responded with artwork and material -- one even went so far as to send some late artwork in by Airmail-Special Delivery. But the nature of Revolution, some will say, and they will be right, made the contributors more willing to submit material. Certainly we all know John Berry (or will, because his name is mentioned in this more times than I can ((or care to)) count), and since this is practically a John Berry Appreciation Issue, it makes one feel real happy about contributing.

The credit for suggesting Revolution (not the title, that was Franson's work) is not mine. It goes to Gary Deindorfer, in a letter dated 25 June 1958: "Y'know, I can't wait until you start publishing the DWE zine. You gotta admit though; the DWE'll never measure up to Irish Fandom for two or three reasons. One: it must be admitted, at the present state of membership, there



just isn't enough real talent in the DWE to measure up to the shining members of IF. True, most of us are talented enough by American fandom standards, but next to Willis, Berry, White and the rest we look rather pale. Two: Northern Ireland seems further away and hence less real than Youngstown, Ohio. In addition, the DWE is not a geographical group as Irish Fandom is, but has its members spread over the world. I wish there were another trufan in Youngstown. I mean, Eugene, LeRoy, and Don are little more than sf readers.

"So anyways, there are the reasons why DWE'll never measure up to the Wheels of IF. Now let's proceed to forget those reasons and show fandom what we can do. Suggest when you start the zine to follow Berry's specialized zine formula. I think that if the original purpose of denouncing things was carried out the zine would be rather distinctive. Of course, you could always relate the thrilling Scooball matches if you didn't make them sound too much like Ghodminton. In the zine you could have such scintillating Berry-type features as "The DWE Denunciation" (each issue a full length denouncement of something in fandom. Leading off with the NFFF, maybe?), and the "DWE's of the World" in which you could introduce the readers to the DWE corps of denouncers." So it started. We worked out the idea, finally, of a GDA parody, with Gary as co-editor. However, in September 1958, he gaffiated, and now holds the position of DWE Official unofficial Co-editor, and a DWE membership. If the rumors of his return to actifandom are true, I am overjoyed, for he was a charter member of the DWE & my closest US fan-friend.

Since this one-shot is being sold at a convention, there will likely be a number of convention or neo fanzine fans (a small number, of course) into whose hands this will fall. If I can, I'll get their names and addresses when I sell them this. I am wondering how much of Rev's contents will be too esoteric for them. I hope that they will not be scared off by the jokes they do not understand, and the absense of SF slanted material. I hope also, to hear from them after the con in relation to their views of this production.

Eugene has said most of what I would have said, in his "Herbage", but he says it better than I could have. Producing this one-shot has been a dream of mine, I never believed it would come true. My thanks go to all who have been kind enough to make it possible.

This is produced with sincere apologies, thanks, and congratulations to John Berry, from whom this has all been a secret until the fateful meeting at the Detention. Someday the account of the moment Koning met Berry may be written, but that is pure neofannish planning.

ART CREDITS:

ATom -- 10 (top), 11 (left), 22 (top)
Bjo -- 9, 10 (bottom), 11 (right),
25, 31, 34
Colin Cameron -- 40, 42, 43, 47
Joy Clarke -- 46
Barbi Johnson -- 12, 24
Dave Prosser -- Cover, 27, Bacover
William Rotsler -- 3, 4, 5, 7, 19, 22 (bottom), 35, 39

ONE MAN'S FAN IS
ANOTHER MAN'S
DAMN FOOL



WHO'D BE A

DWEEF?

SUPPOSEDLY BY

DON FRANSON

(ACTUALLY) By Dwgef (formerly Goon) Bleary

ANSWER TO CASE 13.....THE CASE OF THE HEXED HIERONYMUS MACHINE

From far Belfast comes the correct solution to the problem in the last issue. Walt Willis wins the prize, a ghoddminton bat, for the following solution, which I don't understand myself, but which I publish here as proof of his subtle reasoning:-

"Why didn't this particular Hieronymous machine work, when it had always worked before? Remember, it had just been repaired. The repairman claimed that he had changed nothing in the circuit, had followed the blueprints carefully, and had to the best of his ability restored the machine to the condition it had been in before it was thrown out of the tenth story window of the convention hotel, together with the former operator. The present operator, however, had not been able to get it to work, even privately, and, embarrassed lest he be called an unbelieving scientist, had gone to the Goon for help. Finding the GDA office padlocked by order of the police, he had looked up another defective agency, and so came to the DWE, and Agent Bleary.

"It was but the work of a moment for the Dwgef to find the source of the trouble. It was the repair job--but what was wrong with the repair job?

"Many are the false clues that obscure the facts. The hexing had nothing whatsoever to do with it....because hexing helps the machine. The misplacing of the glue bottle has no significance. The wiring has no connection. The jigger that fixes the gimmick was in the usual place. But...one new part, put in by the repairman, was made of the wrong metal. Instead of platinum, or copper, or zinc, this tiny gadget was made from an old fountain-pen point the repairman happened to have, and it was made of (and this is why the machine didn't work) Gold."

Many fans sent in solutions, but they were all incorrect. Isaac Asimov, Clifton Fadiman, and Dr. Edward Teller, thanks for trying. Aldous Huxley was miles off the mark, suggesting that Soma was the solution; what a man won't do to publicize his favorite drink! Ellery Queen threatens to discontinue his subscription unless I let him win one of the cases occasionally. Sorry, —6— no favoritism.

Walt's solution was not only the sole correct one, but

also the first, in fact, it arrived as I was assembling the lastish. Joe Fannn, of Byrdland, Antartica, was second. No one was third, fourth, or fifth, but 31 fans were sixth. I'm pleased at the response to this contest, and I hope you keep on sending in solutions, even if none of you have a chance against Willis. But I honestly can't disqualify Walt, because not only is he a genius, but he is kind and considerate. He helps me make up all these puzzles.

Someone asked me point blank, the other day, what "Dweef", or rather DWE, stood for. I whispered it to him, making sure no neo was within earshot. He gasped, "Even fand--?" before I could clap my hand over his mouth, knocking him unconscious with my brass knucks, so I think the secret is in danger of being revealed. Many innocent neos will ask innocent questions at the convention, and get far from innocent answers. But what must one do? One must be polite, and give some kind of answer. So I have devised a series of false answers. Study them, memorize them, so that we can protect the

real meaning, especially of the key letters, DWE. Here are a few of them and there are seventy-two others available at sixpence when you have digested these.

PHONEY MEANINGS OF D.W.E.:-

Daily Worker Enterprises
Daisies Won't Enlighten
Dark, Weird and Eerie
Debates Easily Won
Declare Willis Emperor
Deduct Withholding Estimate
Deport Without Extradition
Destroy Whatever Emerges
Devastate Whole Empires
Diet Without Eating
Disagree With Everybody
Discuss Women Exclusively
Dispense With Egoboo
Disrupt Work Entirely
Dissolve World Extentionalism
Divided We Erode
Does Weber Exaggerate?
Don't Wake Esmond
Dream Worlds Explained
During Wartime Emergency



Now to Case Number 15. Ah, you are awake. Yes, Case No. 14 was expunged after due consideration. It

dealt with a subject too hot to handle, so the Dweef dropped it. He decided that the question, "Who started the hassle?" is insoluble anyway.

CASE NUMBER 15.....THE CASE OF THE FRAUDULENT FANZINE.

Let the Dweef loose so he can get the facts! A cor-

tain Coulson came to the Dweef with a problem. Among the many and varied writings that snow down upon that famous reviewer's doorstep, fluttered one that was more suspicious than the rest. This he sent to the Dweef, with this question: was this a fraudulent fanzine?

If so, Coulson did not wish to review it, and lure unsuspecting neofans into its trap, thus becoming an accomplice to the crime (whatever that may mean) and losing his reputation as a fanzinereviewer, to the detriment of his scrap-paper business.

For the nominal remuneration of always getting a "10" rating for anything he published, the Dweef agreed to take the case. It interested him, especially as he examined the alleged fanzine.

If this was indeed a fanzine, it was the fanzine to end all fanzines! Slick paper, fine artwork, a snappy title ("Efil" spelled backwards) and strong staples proved this no ordinary firstish. The written material was not very fannish, and this is what had made Coulson suspicious in the first place. Definite proof was wanted by the Dweef, however. He shoved the suspicious fanzine into his zine-cinerator. It would not fit, however, and he had to touch a match to it. He sifted through the ashes, and at last, satisfied, he penned a note on his typer, addressed to Wabash, Indiana. "Do not review this zine," advised the Dweef. "I suspect Alan Quartermaker, the Con Man, of using this obviously fraudulent fanzine as a come-on to get subscriptions for his real zine, which is written in pencil on cheap grey cardboard, has only one page, and is always sent first-class mail with insufficient postage." How did the Dweef know this was not a real fanzine? See next issue for Walt's correct answer, or try your luck.....

Thanks for your attention. I've a snorter for next ish: The Case of the Lost Weekend.....Watch for it!

- - - - -

I produced a glass of iced tea which seemed to truly delight him. He took the tea in one huge gulp, producing strange facial contortions, and then played with the ice cubes for quite awhile.. He was so fascinated with these new phenomena, ice cubes, that one could almost imagine he shed a tear when they melted.

--Karl Brandon in Usque-Baugh #4, January 1963

Looking about my ultra-comfortable fannish bedroom....with the originals by fan-artists on the walls, the fanzines stacked in one corner, the orange-crate shelves of prozines covering the opposite wall, the correspondence in the big box next to the fanzines, and the fannish relics here and there.....a strange, all-knowing, feeling comes over me. Surrounded by my fan souvenirs, I at last realize a great truth--my ghodi, I am living in a dump!

--Gary Deindorfer in Lyddite #17, October 1977

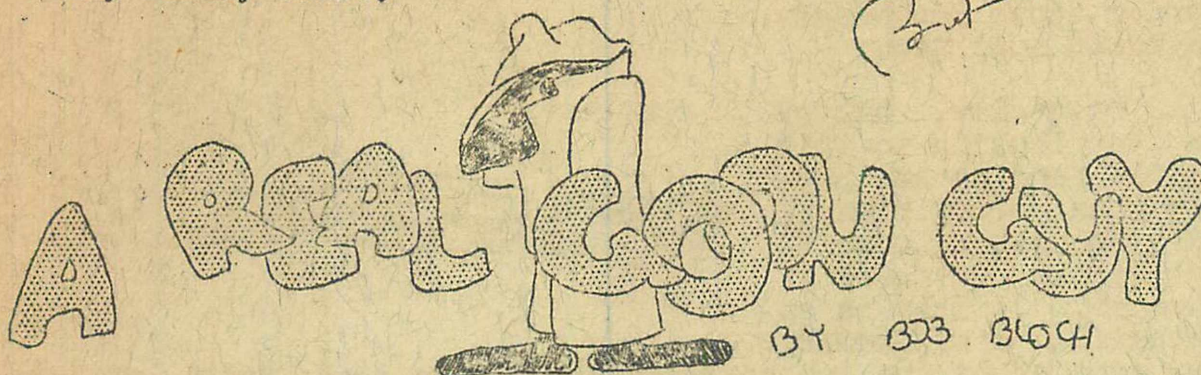
Hryb is one of those fellows with an aura of destiny about him. When you meet him you realize right away that this is a man who will go a long way, to great heights, and will likely be modest about it. You think, "What a wonderful person."

The only soil on the vision appears when he says something like, "I'm superior, you know."

--John Koning in Microtome, 104th FAPA Mailing

"Your request arrived simultaneously with a revision-job from my Simon & Schuster editor, giving me a two-week deadline.

As a result, I can only do a short bit. But here it is, and I hope it will be of use to you in what I think is a very worthy cause."



I would like to say a few choice words about John Berry.

Unfortunately, this is a family magazine.

However, since the day that Mr. Berry first heaved on the fan-nish scene (and you can interpret that phrase any way you like) he has taken a place in our interest formerly occupied only by Claude Degler. I have therefore made it my business to investigate his antecedents, in the true Goon tradition, and present them now in the interests of science.

Genealogical research discloses a number of Berrys on his family tree, not to mention quite a few nuts.

I have been able to discover, for example, that somewhere along the line the family boasted identical twin brothers who both visited the tropics together and came down simultaneously with the same disease -- beri-beri. Perhaps this accounts for the origin of the family name. At least it may account for certain hereditary physical characteristics in John Berry himself.

Not that I mean to imply John Berry is a weakling. By his own account, he is a considerable athlete, and once broke the world's record for the broad-jump -- after backing into a javelin.

But as to Berry's exact familial genesis, I've been unable to find data. It is possible for me to trace him back to Roger Casement and the time of the I.R.A., but that's all. More information should shortly be available; I understand that any number of people are interested in tracing John Berry, including several dozen bill-collectors.

What we are interested in, however, aside from liquor and sex, is John Berry the fan; John Berry the writer; John Berry the creator of the fabulous Goon. Over three hundred manuscripts attest to his prowess in these capacities, and if I devoted — 9 — less time to liquor and sex I might have read a couple. As

it is, I can only take the testimony of others who have, and who say that John Berry is perhaps the greatest thing which has happened to fandom since RickSneary invented spelling.

Naturally, all of us contributing to this little fanzine are hoping that Berry himself will be coming over to the States in order to read it. This is an optimistic view indeed,

for none of us are too certain that he can read. Still, we long for his coming, even if it requires a miracle, such as St. Patrick appearing once more in Ireland and repeating his legendary feat. That would bring Berry over here in a hurry.

Speed the day!

- -/- -/- -/- -/- -/- -/- -/- -/- -/- -/- -/- -/- -/- -/- -/- -/- -
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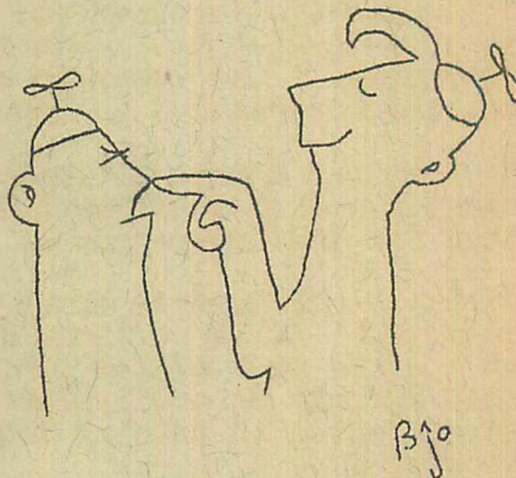
LETTR TO A NEOFANED

Dear Joneophan,

I've received your firstish and I'm offering a bit of friendly criticism in hopes that it may aid you in your publishing future.

Your ramblings are interesting, but there is no need to be so self-conscious. All fen were neos once, and they don't expect you to be humble in their magnificent presence. You'll find that being yourself will please your readers more than any assumed identity or manner ever can.

This firstish is a little small, but that is the normal trend among firstissues. I suggest that you either wait until you get a bit more material or write and ramble a good bit more in your next ish, though. Padding is not great, but a larger fanzine will make some sort of impression. Your four pages tend to be ignored and forgotten, while a more respectable size will be remembered and perhaps contributed to.



Steer away from the tendency to print fan-written sci-

ence fiction stories in your fanzine. Most fan fiction is poorly written and only makes a poor impression; better to include something more fancish or at least more interesting. However, don't go overboard on the reviews. Book, fanzine, movie, and television reviews in one issue are liable to have a deterrent effect rather than an encouraging one.

"Goons with whiskers"....

A lettercolumn is usually an interesting feature, if you don't print letters just for the sake of printing letters. Publish only those excerpts which you feel will interest your readers, not those which interest only you. Pure egoboo, like "This is a great issue," can usually be omitted--you already have the egoboo, why reprint it? Personal correspondents can be relied on for comment, so try to gain a fair number of regular correspondents.

...."Neath their noses"....

Don't be afraid to reject material if you think it is bad--that is your prerogative as an editor. However, give a more careful consideration to the material which you have requested, since rejecting requested material is an easy way to lose a contributor. Keep in touch with your contributors; they will feel more willing to submit material for future issues.

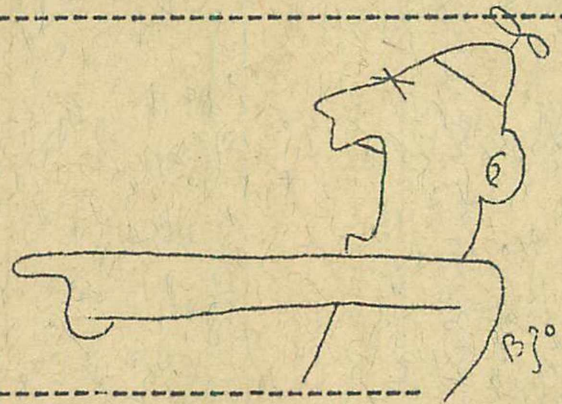
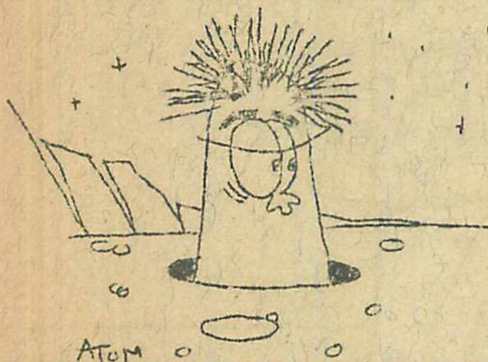
...."Ought 'a kiss"....

Above all, put out your zine when you want to; print what you like--take advice but don't be ordered around. Don't be afraid to say something controversial, but don't say it merely because it is controversial, and don't be too proud to back down if you know you are wrong. Let your personality show--it can make your fanzine a leader.

Sinceahly yoahs,

John Koning

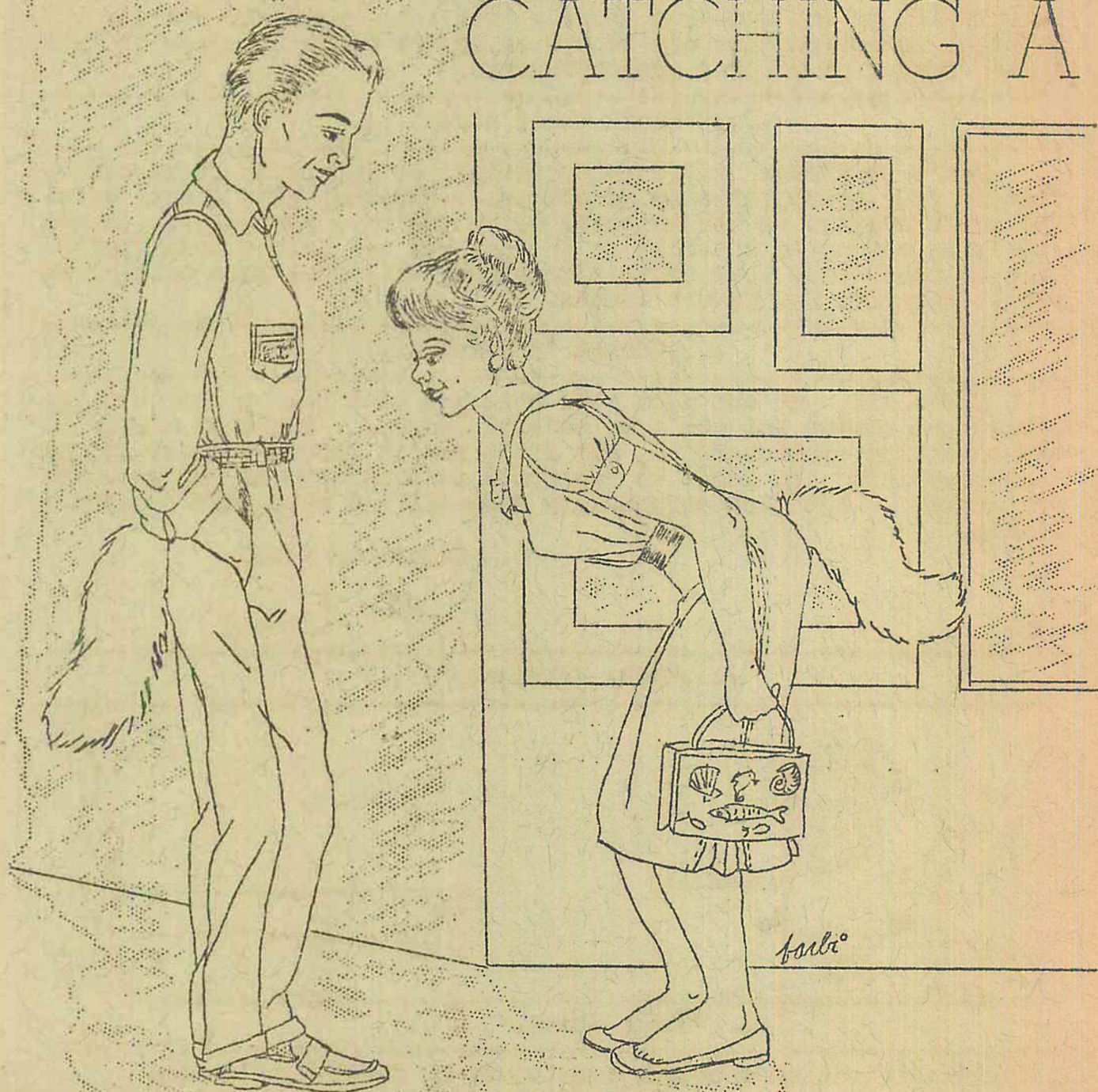
...."Like Eskimoses"....



...."Burma-Shave."

Splinterlineation spotted, courtcousy of Dweef Schultheis.

CATCHING A



"I can't resist the chance to write for a mag dedicated to John Berry, or at least published for his special amusement. So here is a fan fiction piece, which I found the other day in the old time machine gadget. (The time machine is leftover from the old Outlander Days, but that's another story....)"

THE FOLLOWING is an excerpt from the Fan Memoirs of Campbell Parker II, published in July, 1985:

HOBBY

BY

LEN MOFFATT

I met her at the Big Con in '79. Back in the old Brandonish days I might have walked up to her, and said something like, "You make my beanie prop really twirl!" But beanies were old hat by then.

The big thing in the Seventies was Squirrel Tails. Ronel, having learned well from his bearded mentor, was no the Father Image of all fandom. Just about everybody wore Squirrel Tails in his honor.

She was looking at the George Fields Art Display when I walked up behind her, and gave her tail a little tug. I figured she was a neofan, but hoped that she had been around long enough not to take offense at this standard fannish greeting. She turned around, smiled at me, and leaned close to read my name badge. She told me that she had heard of me, and I leaned close--guessed 38--and read her name badge. I had to admit that I had never heard of her--but was willing to listen.

But she insisted that I do most of the talking. As a neo, she was eager to learn more about the wonderful world of fandom, and as I had been active for about five years she thought of me as a BNF.

She had already picked up some of the fannish words and phrases, and knew that the Squirrel Tail had replaced the beanie, but she still had a lot to learn. She understood that a lot of fantalk was pretty esoteric, and that one had to be around for awhile--or latch on to a good teacher--to be really in on everything. She was a pretty young thing, so I was more than willing to play teacher.

Besides--up until the time I met her--the Con had been pretty dull. For years the trend had been away from Too Much Program, and at the '79 Worldcon there was no program at all, except the Auction--and even that was held in the bar. I'm glad to see that the Cons nowadays are improving again, now that they've gone back to having programs. Programmed cons are fun, as long as there isn't Too Much Program. With a program to sit in on once in awhile you don't have to spend all of your time in the bar, listening to some old hasBNF's doing imitations of Burbee telling the Watermelon Story.

So we kidded around, exchanging fangab, with me occasionally correcting her usage. Then, after we had stopped for a bit to corner Ted Johnstone---so she could get his autograph on her copy of his latest book, she sort of got me in a corner, and said she wanted me to explain something---privately. I nodded, speechless for a change, and she said:

"I overheard two fans talking about me, when I was in the bar awhile ago. You know how noisy it is in there, and maybe they thought I couldn't hear....what they were saying. Or maybe they wanted me to hear, to see how I would react..."

I nodded encouragingly, and waited. She took a deep breath, causing my eyes to grow as big and round as hers, and went on: "Well, one of them said that I was a beautifully reproduced issue, obviously chock full of delightful fannish articles, and the other one said, 'Yes, and no padding either....' Did they mean what I think they meant?"

"If I'm thinking what you're thinking they were thinking--yes," I answered. "That is, they just meant that you are pretty....uh...have a nice figure, and you don't have to...er....resort to.....ummm, false pretences...."

"I see," she murmured. "Some more of that esoteric fantalk..."

"Well, yes," I said. "But it was a kind of compliment....I mean..."

I went on to explain that some fan-terms tend to collect more that on definition, depending on how or with whom they were used. This caused her to frown, and not wanting to discourage her into an early gafia, I hastened to explain that fans didn't talk pure fantalk all of the time, and that with a little patience and guidance she would soon be able to follow (and participate in) a fannish conversation as well as any old time fan.

We got off on other subjects, such as sci-fi, music, and the like, but I finally got around to asking her up to my room--to see my mimeo. I really did have my mimeo with me. I had planned to issue a daily newsheet about the con and mail it out to absentees. But just about everybody on my mailing list was there at the Con, so it didn't seem hardly worth it. I mean, I wasn't going to make like a traveling publishing giant just to send a copy to Harry Warner.

She finally said Okay, she would come up and see my mimeo, but of course she couldn't stay long, as she wanted to go to her own room and freshen up before dinner. (I had already made a dinner date with her.)

When we got to my room I took her by the hand and led her directly to the mimeo, which was sitting on the dresser next to the bed. It was a rather old fashioned machine, but it worked well enough for one shots and the like, was small enough to be portable and I was a bit proud of it. Just looking at it, & thinking of the fine mags I had pub'd during my few years in -14- fandom, gave me the old inspiration.

"Here it is at last. You darn near didn't get anything from me.....I can only write good material when I'm inspired. I was about to send you my apologies, and nothing more, when the idea of this bit came up one night, and was tossed back and forth by Virginia and I."

Steve

JOHN BERRY,

STEVE
by SCHULTHEIS

TRUFAN

"Well, John," said I, just a month or so ago, "you're looking in remarkably fine shape today."

"Errr...." said John.

At this point, Virginia came charging through the front door, enthused and invigorated from a day's work at the Warder Public Library of Springfield and Clark County.

"John Berry's here, darling," I quickly cautioned. "Don't trip over him!"

"Oh, John, I didn't see you," she said, stepping over him agilely, and putting down a few packages. "Cleaning your whiskers again, I see."

"Murrp," said John.

"My Goon-trained senses detect the fact that John's pretty hungry," I said, modestly. "He's been out fanning all day, and must have worked up quite an appetite."

"Well," said Virginia, looking at the littered floor, "I see he's been in the fanzines again, so he must have had plenty of egoboo already. Come on, John, and have a snack, but after all that egoboo you won't need much cat food."

"Mrowr!" said John.

When we first considered getting a kitten, the question came up of feeding it.

"It's not that we're poor," I said, "it's just that we're poverty stricken. We could have taken up one of the better paying professions. I might have been a brick-layer and you, a lady plumber. But here we are, poor white-collar librarians, and how can we afford to feed a kitten?"

"Alas, alack!" said Virginia.

"Now, if we were trufen," said I, "we could live on egoboo, like in the BNF OF IZ. Think how economical that would be! We already have the fanzines; that's where all the money goes. —16— If only they mentioned our names, we could live on a nour-

ishing flood of egoboo. We could let our subscription to S-F TIMES lapse, without endangering our status, and feed a cat on the money saved. How delightfully uncomplicated life would be!"

"But that is not for us," Virginia said woefully. "Not only are we librarians, but we're fake fans. Yea, verily, we are lower than fake fans! We are convention fans, the lowest of the low."

"Only too true," I agreed. "The fanzines hold no egoboo for us."

"Wait! What if our cat were a trufan? It'd cost nothing to feed a cat that was a trufan, not with all the fanzines we have around."

"How could the family cat be more fannish than we are. It doesn't seem likely. Cats are seldom known for their fan activity even in the most fannish of homes. Except for Dick Ellington's cats, of course, but that was an extreme case....."

"But if we gave the kitten a fannish name -- John Berry, for instance; there's no name that appears in the fanzines more often -- it need never know about the other John. Its sweet, unspoiled, neofannish mind would accept all that egoboo as its own...."

And so it was done. John Berry promised to grow up into a handsome black and white tom. His luxuriant whiskers were a credit to his mustachioed namesake; and only a strange indifference to THE CALENDAR betrayed his feline nature. As a kitten, he took to fanzines like the most enthusiastic of neofen. Indeed, he would have nothing else in his litter box.

We did not attempt to wean him too quickly, of course. We reduced his regular diet of milk and cat food slowly, making sure he had plenty of fanzines to read, all the while. On Sundays and other special days, he had RETRIBUTION. On his first birthday, THE COMPLEAT FAAN arrived in the mail.

But John Berry, the first trufan cat, a credit to both the feline and the fannish races, on the day when his mundane diet was reduced to zero, on the first day when he knew the glory of living on egoboo alone -- at that supreme moment, he went Gafia and has not been heard from since.

Too late we realized our fatal error. Springfield is not a suburb of Amber City, and even the truest of trufen could not live solely on egoboo in this Land of Mundane. John Berry left in search of Purple catnip Pastures, so we sought a furry non-fan to share our fireside.

Our present cat is named Cuthbert. He gets his nourishment from cans, and never looks longingly at the mailbox. Upon his nocturnal strolls he may meet another black and white tom who has quite forgotten better days as a BNF. But still, every time I see the name John Berry in a fanzine, I wonder.

"Vive le culte du chat!"

In the interests of bringing S*C*I*E*N*C*E F*I*C*T*I*O*N back to fanzines, I herewith present a SF PROZINE REVIEW: aSF, Galaxy, and F&SF -- I like. Amazing and Fantastic -- I don't like.

Down with EVERYTHING
RS-

DWE

By:

EUGENE

HRVB

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This is one department I wish we weren't featuring, for I like to castigate another fan as little as the next fellow. Still, there are times when one comes along who goes too far....

It is not a pleasing thing to see a fan go bad; to see a once happy, carefree neo turn into a gestalt of the bad points of Ted White, G.M. Carr, Chuck Harris, and Kent Moomaw; to see him publish a fine fanzine and fill parts of it with inane, bigoted writings which mean little except Watch-Out-Or-I'll-Slap-You-Down-Someday.

Fans said we needed a letterzine to fill a need in fandom, to unite us, to become a focal point for discussion, to do a more thorough job of what the genzine lettercolumns were doing. They hailed Ted Pauls' Disjecta Membra as that fanzine, and, to a certain extent, they were right: DM has pages of discussions, controversies, and arguments; it is published at regular, monthly, intervals; it is highly readable.

Yet, over that fine cover, those well laid-out pages, those intelligent letters hangs an atmosphere of Gloom. Gloom caused by the caustic and adamantly fuggheaded statements of its editor.

In DM #5 (the first copy I've seen, I might add), in his reply to Rich Brown, appear the first clear indications in that issue that Ted Pauls is pretty sour on most things, and determined that Ted White will come out on top in the White-Brown feud if he (Ted) has to edit and editorialize all afternoon. In reality Ted White needs no help, he is capable of conducting his own feuds. Rich Brown does get a little weak-headed and foolish while making his statements, but Pauls, in his return, shows that he is guilty of the things he accuses Brown of: infantile conduct; egotism; vindictiveness. And certainly, out of context quoting is just a little underhanded.

His cynicism shows itself as he declares that this year's TAFF campaigning has been a lot of fun, but that there is no doubt in his mind (as well as the minds of every other actifan on Earth) that Don Ford has won without any campaigning despite all the trufans being for Carr and Bjo. Fout! Suppose we wait until the TAFF race is decided by vote, Ted. You seem to feel that the fanzine fans in the US have no say or influence in the matter, while a perusal of Ken Bulmer's Steam, V4N4, discloses that most of last year's TAFF voters were acti-fen. And why should fringe fans vote for Ford instead of Carr or Bjo? I am more inclined to believe that they will not vote, or contribute, at all.

and

JOHN

KONING

Ted White reviews Aporrheta, but confesses that he has only skimmed the zine and not really read it at all. As a result, what purports to be a "review" of Apé is only a commentary on Sanderson's lack of a sense of humor, and how the stolid Sanderson, unable to go-along-with-a-joke, has criticized Void via cartoons. It would appear more like White is afraid that, now that he has his hands on it, someone is going to pull the Mantle of the Leader away from him. Ted can really delve into a zine and come up with some rather profound criticisms--too bad he didn't try with Apé.

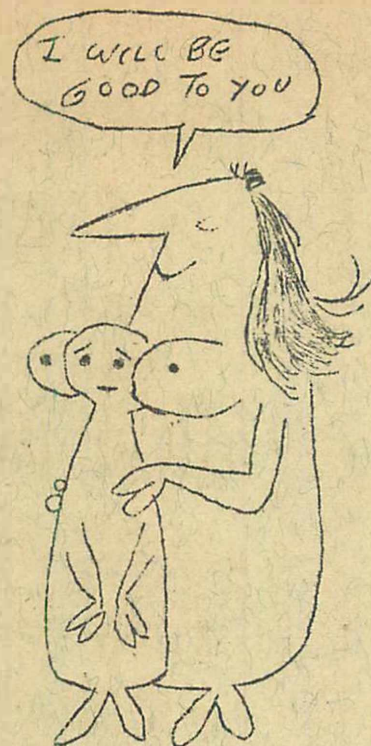
One wonders when, after reading an entire issue of a letterzine in which the editor surely has more room to express himself than in a genzine, he encounters purely negative comments on most everything. There is nothing wrong with a fan having his dislikes, but I have yet to find evidences in DM that Ted Pauls likes anything, except perhaps the way Ted White lays out his fanzines. Such a sarcastic attitude becomes depressing after awhile, and the only spot where all this acid invective does not seem out of place is in Ted's retorts to Les Gerber.

Certainly, I'm dealing with personalities here, since it is Ted's personality as it is expressed in his writings which has made him and parts of DM so offensive and disgusting to me.

I myself am not above reproach. I act like a neo, an all around ass, a child, and a damn fool once in awhile, but I do not make a continuing thing of it. DWE Publications do not equal DM in bulk or in frequency and I've been around no longer than Pauls, I suppose. No, I am not above reproach, but I am not so in need of reproaching as Pauls, either. (And no, it is not significant that Ted found "nothing of interest" in Dafoe #1---If that is how he really feels I respect him for saying so---but I begin to wonder if anything can please Ted Pauls.....but Ted Pauls.)

I am wrong in saying Ted has gone bad (back in para. 2), he has at worst gone wrong, and then only from my point of view. If my point is not the majority's, then Ted is right and I have gone bad. Right and wrong are not eternal, they change with popular opinion.

I can't say that Ted is trying to emulate Ted White, since I've read so little by that worthy, but it is certain that Ted has gone wrong attempting to emulate someone or some ideal. I find it hard to believe that any fan could become so one-sided and wrapped up in his own bitterness on his own. It seems likely that Ted has assumed his role of the wrathful fan in order to create a notable personality on the fannish scene---one that will at least be remembered for its fire. Perhaps he also believes that this will make DM more interesting. But he does not seem to understand that it is a long way from incompatability to immortality, and that cynicism does not make controversy.



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BY:

GOON DEFECTIVE AGENCY OFFICIAL INTERDEPARTMENTAL
REPORT (FORM: SG 58)

FROM: Bob Lichtman, Los Angeles Op
TO: Goon Bleary

Dear Chief:

Maybe I should've told you sooner, but this Koning fellow wrote me and told me that he was going to be putting out a mockery of our Beloved O-O, RETRIBUTION, and I just couldn't see straight.

Naturally, the first thing I did was go straight to Youngstown, Ohio, where this Koning lives and see what he was up to. That's really sharp GDA tactics for you, Chief: promptness, you know.

I was sweating as I pulled into Youngstown, riding my newly-bought Porshe Spyder, but I had the honor of the GDA to think about, and no personal discomfort was too great. It really wasn't so much the heat as it was the humidity. In fact, it was so hot that I was sprayed now and then by the moisture that condensed on the rapidly twirling propellor on my beanie. It was a real S*C*O*R*C*H*E*R, as someone would say.

It didn't take me long to locate Koning's house. In fact, when I pulled up, he was walking around to the backyard via the driveway. He was wearing a black turtleneck sweater (& in all the heat, too) and carrying some iced tea.

I honked my horn and pulled into the driveway. He dropped his iced tea (I wonder why it wasn't in a glass?) and ran. Evidently a guilty conscience. He wasn't expecting me, but he must have known that the Forces Of The GDA were upon him.

"Stop!" I shouted, shooting a stream of liquid from my shoulder-holstered zap, "in the name of Fandom!" He froze in his tracks.

After I had defrosted him, I spoke: "I hear that you're going to be doing a slander on the GDA?"

He remained silent.

—20—

AT GREEN GOONA

"Well?" I enquired, throttling him around a bit.

"Yes," he said, quaveringly, "I was. I mean, I - I - I was going to...."

I beamed. "So what gave you the idea that you could tell a GDA Op that and still get away with it?" I asked.

"I didn't know that you were one when I wrote and told you," he admitted. "I guess I should have kept my big yap shut, but..."

"But what?" I barked.

"But I just had to tell someone!" he wailed. "You know how it is."

I had to admit that I did, but that was no excuse for his plans. "What sort of progress have you made on it so far?" I questioned.

"Well," he said, "I have this material by...."

When, ten minutes later, he finished rattling off his list of contributors, I eased up on him. I secretly admitted to myself that he had a Good Thing here. Keeping a grim face at all times, of course. Must keep him guessing.

"Well," I said, breaking down. "I am a loyal GDA Op, but if you have something suitable for a fee, I could be persuaded to keep my big yap shut about this. The Chief wouldn't know until it was too late."

"Aha," he said. "I know just the thing."

He ran into the house. I heard a mad scrambling sound, as he tore through his closet. He finally emerged again, covered with sweat and dust, and bearing a box full of books.

"What's that?" I asked.

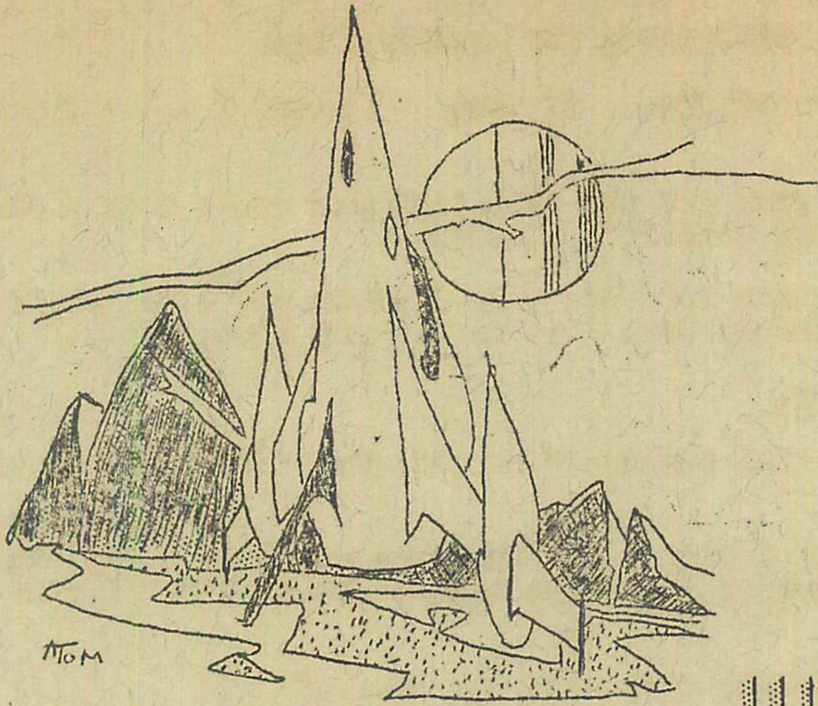
"An illustrated set of The Decameron," he replied, beaming "Color illos, yet!"

That was that. "It's a deal," I smirked. "The Goon will never know, until you give him the one-shot at the Detention."

I put the set of books into my Porsche and, after exchanging some fannish conversation with Koning, left for Los Angeles with all possible speed.

So now Koning has put out this one-shot. I have it right here on the typing table. I hope you'll forgive me, Chief.

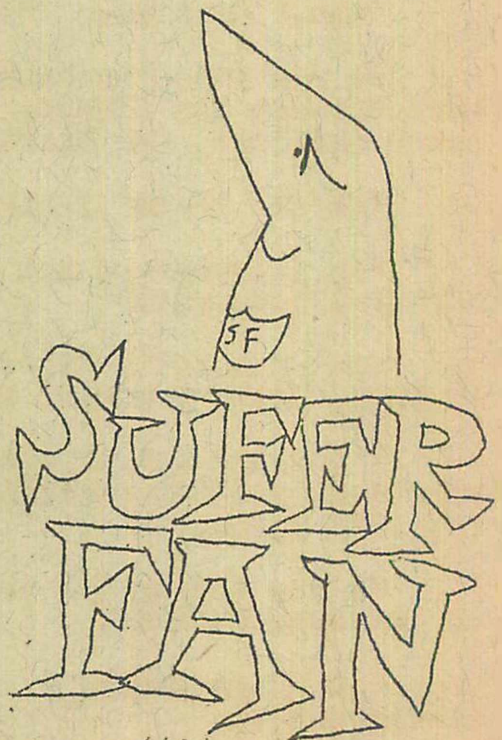
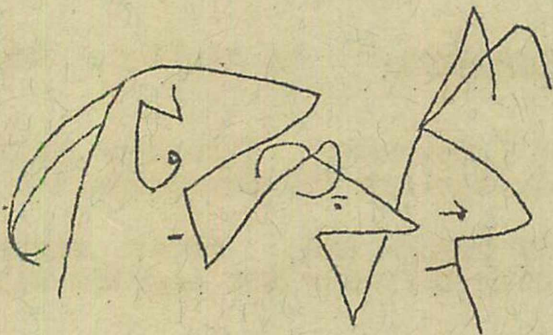
But these books. I mean, like Wow!!! Bhoy, what—21—
a smashing....



THE

DOWN
WITH
EVERYTHING

BUSINESS
SECTION



AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF IMPORTANCE TO ALL PRESENT OR PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS:

In the several years since its inception, the Down With Everything club has been known, lauded, praised, despised, noted, joined, hoo-hawed, and PooPooed for its priceless memberships. In fact, we have long suspected that our N*O D*U*E*S policy has been responsible for the flocking of fen from all over the world to our doors. However, now that we have reached the size of 23 members, I fear the rising costs of inflation must begin to take their toll.

The present financial situation in the US, with our National Debt having increased by over 1800% in the last thirty years, is one of a continuous upward spiral of rising wages, faster rising costs, and ever accelerating debts. The policy set forward in "An Economist's Nightmare" (in Dafoe part 1) was merely the first step in our fight to protect the DWE and, ultimately, fandom, from the horrors of inflation and financial degeneration.

Now, though it pains us deeply, we are forced to take an even more drastic step in our campaign -- we must convert the DWE to a dues-paying (dis)organization. No more can we let years go by without worry about renewing our memberships -- we must all face up to our duty, and pay the piper (or, in this case, the Dweef).

However, so that the misfortunes of fanac will not weigh too heavily upon our members, the cost shall be small, laughably so. The DWE Dues shall be one cent (1¢) per year. (I realize that this is an amount infinitely large when compared to our former dues, but what can one do?) There is, unfortunately, one catch: The Dues must be paid to me, in person. (That is, placed in my hand by the member itself.) Naturally, since all DWE members are such honest characters, I will give credit up to and over ten years' membership -- but sooner or later, you will have to pay. (Sort of like judgment day.)

This is not all too bad, so cheer up. This dues policy may give rise to a whole new set of fannish sayings and customs. For instance, "Pay your DWE Dues" might come to mean "Make a visit to Koning" and eventually "make a visit to any other fan." Instead of saying they went to visit me, fen will make pilgrimages to Youngstown to "pay their DWE Dues."

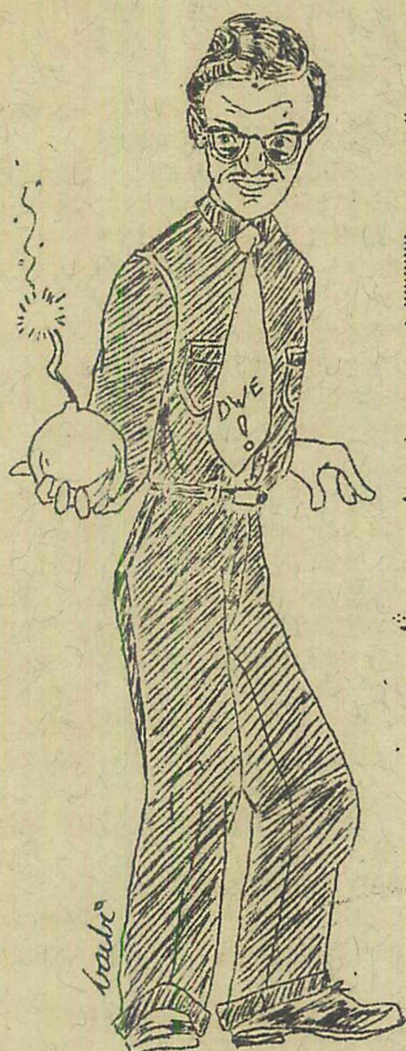
Should fen become reluctant, after they have enjoyed several years of DWE membership, to pay their dues, we will have to form a body of DWE Dues Collectors. These will eventually become a body of storm troopers, using force to enforce our economic decrees -- for the "good of fandom", of course -- until we are forced to completely take over control of fandom, fans, conventions, fanzines, etc. to protect fen from their own wasteful selves.

I envision a future in which the names of Koning and Hryb join that of Claude Degler in that special place reserved for our type in every fan's.....heart?

All of this anarchy and chaos in our future because, against our will, we are forced to take steps to protect fandom economically. And why are we forced? Because the government cannot balance the budget (I suppose we will have to take them over too, eventually, to protect fandom)...naturally, if they did get busy and straighten out their finances, fandom would, I'm afraid, get a reprieve from (our) paradise. I suggest you all start writing your -- 23 -- congressmen.....as soon as possible.

RON

B E N N E T T



It is doubtful that any fanzine fan has not heard of Ron Bennett (though if such a one does exist, and if he will send intelligence of his ignorance to 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England, Ron Bennett will cheerfully send him four or five glowing pages about Ron Bennett). Still, I feel that some of the lesser known facts about Ron should be presented in a spirit of scientific scandal-mongering.

It has been intimated to the DWE by persons who should know (Carl Brandon, and the justly infamous Cedric Tweep) that Ron was laying his plans to win TAFF as far back as 1949, before TAFF existed (in fact, before he knew SF or fandom existed). Actually, he didn't start planning until 1955.

Ron presents a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality in his fan publishing activities. On one hand he edits a top humorzine, PLOY, and on the other is tenuously connected with THE NEW FUTURIAN, a serious, SF-oriented fanzine.

The GDA has called Ron an "agent of the Antigoon"; the Fanarchists have called him a "bloody Englishman"; Chuck Harris has called him names. Neither the Antigoon nor the Prime Minister of England is available for comment.

He is a terrible chess player.

His correspondence must be huge, for I have never known Ron to turn a neofan away who didn't deserve, or show through inactivity his desire to be shown, such treatment.

Fandom has known Ron Bennett in many guises: as Red Grayson, columnist in Orbit; as Wren Bonnett, prolific contributor to Meuh; as Goon Bennett, Frederic Brown-like master of defecating; as the husband of Joan Bennett, who turned out to be nonexistent; and as the master of Cecil, the only fanning elephant.

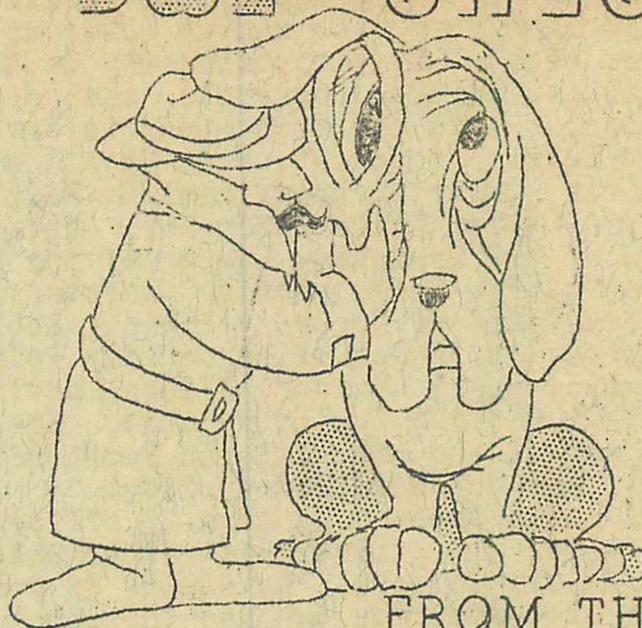
Yes, you have known Ron Bennett as many characters, but in all of these roles he has appeared a completely good and kind fan. Yet, Ron Bennett has a tragic, darker side which casts a shadow over his personality. Under its influence he does strange things and commits cruel acts, which show him to be an embittered sadist. "What acts?" you ask, in shocked amazement. Well, he joined the DWE.....

MEET THE DWEETS

THE DWE SALUTE

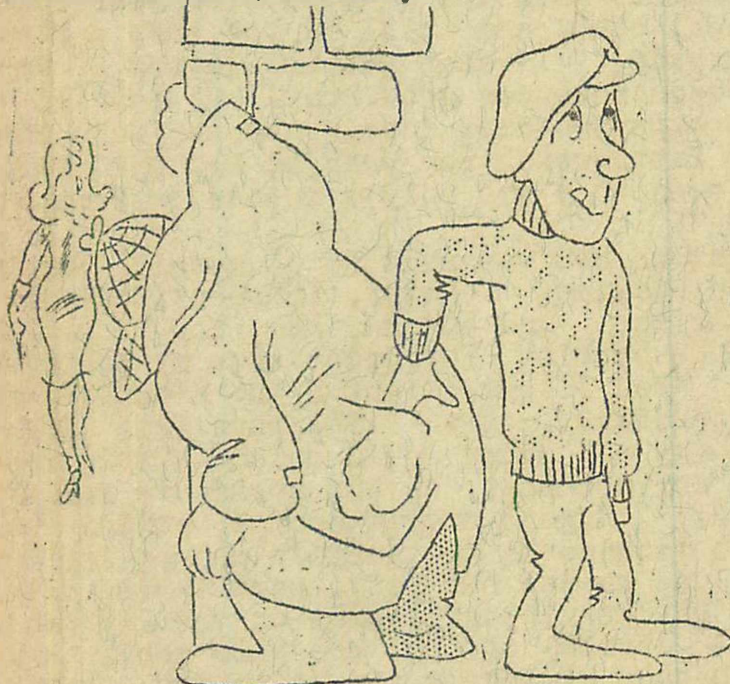
TO THE G.D.A.:

JOHN BERRY
ARTHUR THOMSON
Ethel Lindsay
Archie Mercer
Ron Bennett
Terry Jeeves
Bob Shaw
Bruce Burn
Chick/Chuck Derry
Steve Schultheis
Dick Ellington
Joe Lee Sanders
Greg Benford
Jim Benford
George Metzger
F.M. busby
John Champion
Gary Deindorfer
Lars Helander
John Koning
Robert Bloch (Honorary)



FROM THE DWE:

John Koning
Ron Bennett
Eugene Hryb
Sandy Sanderson
Vinç Clarke
Joy Clarke
Guy Terwilleger
Marijane Johnson
Gary Deindorfer
David McCarroll
Colin Cameron
Donald Franson
Robert Bloch
Jim Caughran
Len Moffatt
Dave Prosser
Alfred McCoy Andrews
Steve Schultheis
Bob Lichtman
Barbi Johnson
William Rotsler
Bjo Wells
LeRoy Meredith
Don Kishton
Arthur Thomson



DOWN WITH THE G.D.A.!

AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF NO IMPORTANCE TO ANYONE:

The DWE is, at present, in a crisis. As many of you know, the DWE is a democratic (some would say "anarchistic") society. So democratic, in fact, that each member makes up his own sets of rules, constitution, etc. This explains why we have so many presidents, kings, leaders, emperors, monarchs, managers, regents, regulators, and potentates. To end this mess, we have set up a well-defined series of offices: President, Vice President, Official Editor, Unofficial Editor, Official unofficial Co-Editor, Unofficial unofficial Co-Editor, Chief Knife Sharpener, Assistant Chief Knife Sharpener, Keeper of the Treasury, Keeper of the Keeper of the Treasury, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, President's very private Secretary, Chief of Security Police, Real Chief of Security Police, Psychiatrist (Chief of Insecurity Police), Official Assassin, Private Assassin, Legal Advisor, Illegal Advisor, Head Critic, Head Cynic (possibly one man for both jobs), Invective Copywriter, Commander-in-Chief of the DWE Airforce, Reorganization Man, Chief Bodyguard, Esper, Apa-Watcher, and Janitor.

The crisis is this: We have 29 offices, but only 24 members. A club made up of all officers is rather unique, but we would have no ordinary, plain members. We could, of course, return to the old democratic system--but you can see that that was just plain chaos.

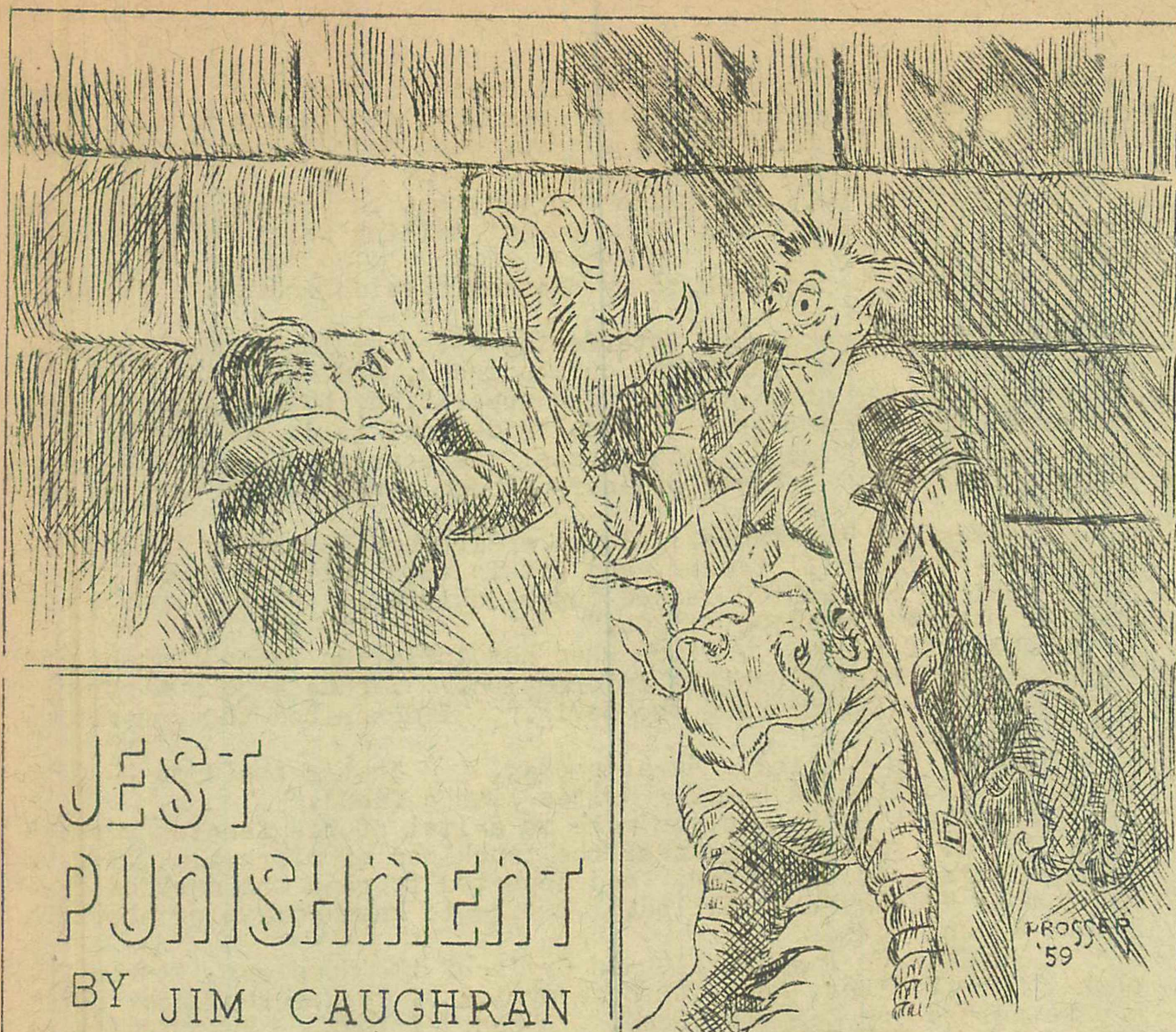
AN INSIGHT INTO OUR MUDDLED AND SHADOWED PAST:

The DWE came into existence in March of 1957 when, in a letter to Ron Bennett, I invited him to join the "Down With Everything club". It was merely a mythical club, and still is for that matter, organized for its own name's sake. Later we were joined by more men as my circle of fanatical acquaintances grew, until we totaled about fifteen. Those were the happy, no-dues days, when the only membership requirement was 1000 letter-words per year, to any DWE member or combination of members (even this was only a method of removing the gaffers from the "roster")

In those days, the Youngstown DWE was made up of myself, Eugene Hryb, LeRoy Meredith, and Don Kishton. Later, LeRoy drifted away on a cloud of teenage gangsterism, and Eugene, Don, and I used my mimeo to put out a ten-page DWE booklet (one-shot) for my campaign for Senior Class President. When I lost, Kishton got discouraged, and got a job working for...shudder...money. (The poor fool didn't realize that on Eric Ericson day all money would become obsolete--- Ron and I are still waiting for the rest of the world to realize this and burn their money too.) Eugene stayed around, coming down two or three times a week to trounce me at bhaadminton or the DWE passtime, Scooball. Last June we put out Dafoe part 1--the Dafoe meaning the "Decline And Fall Of Everything", a play on the DWE name.

Now the DWE has become a circle of men who were early members or gained entrance (whether willingly and knowingly or vice versa) by contributing to DWE Publications.

Most of you reading this have contributed to fanzines before--the DWE is open to you, all you have to do is contribute--I think you'll find that in spite of our name and general--26--cynical approach, we're not such a bad lot after all.....



JEST PUNISHMENT

BY JIM CAUGHRAN

"Rotsler is a bearded lecher!" I cursed. "Lars Bourne is a-
fraid of sex!" I was summoning one of the 50 Greater Demons of
Fandom. "Sanderson is over-complacent!" "Void is fit only for
convention fans!" Then, finishing the curse in the classic, un-
printable fannish style, I looked for the Demon.

"Begorrah," said a voice from the tin can (I can't afford
brass lamps).

"What?" I asked. "No one says 'begorrah' except Hollywood.
"Willis says so."

A moustached figure in a police uniform appeared. "Begorrah,"
it said again, and disappeared.

I quickly went throo the ritual again, adding a few extra
curses for good measure. This time a slimmer Demon with glasses
and a thinner moustache slid out of the beans. "I wish you'd find
a better exit," he complained, brushing off his coat.

"Ah, Bennett." I sighed with relief. "Who was just here? I've
never seen the fellow before."

"Someone was just here?" he asked in an incredulous
tone. "I don't usually meet any of the other Demons — 27 —
en route -- there are so very many paths here---the trail

stretches back and forth throo Maple Avenue to Inchmery to Southway to Clonlee Drive to Upper Newtownards Road to Pioneer Blvd. and to the rest of the Demons. It's a maze, and hell trying to get anywhere. No, I didn't see anyone."

"It bothers me. It isn't often that one comes across a new Demon. I wish there were some way of telling which Demon is coming."

"I've got to get back to my classes," said Bennett. "What do you want?"

"Damned mundac, always interfering with The Important Things in life. Well..." We transacted our business, and he left. I couldn't help thinking about the strange apparition, however. I wondered for some time who it was, and finally decided to do something. A strange Demon in the Fannish Circle was nearly unheard of -- very strange business. Maybe ordinary fandom could supply the answer.

I descended the several planes of Trufannishness to the ordinary, run-of-the-mill fandom, and got in touch with my agent there.

"What do you want?" asked Super-Squirrel. "It'll cost you a case of walnuts, whatever it is."

"Hold off there! Since when has inflation risen that high?" I protested. "All I want is information. I came across a strange one, and I'd like to know who he is." I described the apparition which bothered me.

"Hell," he replied, "that's easy. That's the Goon -- Goon Bleary. Prolific as hell. Writes like a fiend."

"A writer, hah? Can you give me a list of his fannish works?"

He did. Staggering under the truckload of microfilm, I gave Squirrel his root bheer fee, and departed to read the mass of fanzines this "Bleary" had filled. I like to know something about the demons I deal with.

I read throo faan-fiction in Cry's of the Nameless, throo Hyphens, Retributions, Apés, throo a myriad of lesser fanzines, until I came across The Compleat Faan. "Hah," I thot. This fellow is quite a writer. I looked the volume over carefully and decided that, after sufficient time to prove himself, this "Goon" might well turn out to be a Compleat Faan.

All of a sudden my eyes crossed a fanzine entitled ProFANity #4, with a Bleary story entitled "Hauty Culture."

"This changes things a bit," I thot, and raced for the tin can.

I repeated the curses I had summoned the Goon with, trying to say them in exactly the same manner as my previous curses. After three or four false starts, Bleary appeared. Immediately, I confronted him with The Three Unanswerable Questions. "Who sawed Courtney's Boat?" I demanded. "Why is Yngvi a louse?" "But if you don't like crottled greeps, why did you order them?"

"I don't know," answered Bleary, and he sat down to ponder The Questions.

"FIJAGH! FIJAGWOL!" I shouted at the tin can, and immediately, all 50 of the Greater Demons of Fandom appeared.

"Get him!" I yelled, and pointed to the Goon, who was still pondering. "He wrote a science fiction story for a fanzine once!" I screamed, accusing and convicting him of the utmost crime at once. ETERNAL DETENTION FOR THE GOON!"

And so it was.

HERBAGE

RETRIBUTION 1-13:

This isn't exactly a normal review of a fanzine -- it is more like a tribute. A tribute to a grand and wonderful idea; to the fen who carried it through; to the mythology which surrounded, and will always surround it. A tribute to the GDA.

The truths which the protagonists in "The Fen Who Sold the Goon" (a GDA epic to be pubbed about RET 15) discovered in 1976 have come about today, but in a far different way than that story predicts. Fandom has not rejected the Goon Defective Agency (except for some few agents of the Antigoon), rather the GDA has closed its doors (be they made of oak or orange crates) to fandom.

The GDA; the Goon; John Berry have changed over the more than three years since RET first appeared. John is a little older now; a bit more mature; a little less wild. But one imagines that behind that mustache there still lurks a friendly grin; that a wild, but suffused gleam is still present in those cold eyes; and perhaps even that somewhere in those back pockets a small square of cardboard, the ghoominton bat, which has come to symbolize all of Irish Fandom, is stuffed.

The Goon no longer has his special magazine--he may be be gone from the pages of other fanzines also. He may even be dead, Gafia.

Yet, the Antigoon has not been vanquished; Cedric is still at large; Chuch Harris continues to menace the fannish side of the mundane and fannish worlds; Cheeche Bel-done still wanders around, an exact replica of Harlan Ellison; and the GDA Port Authority still functions (though its creator, too, is gone). The fate Bob Shaw envisioned in his "Chance of a Ghost" has arrived -- we can only hope that there is no infernal machine to exorcise the wraith of Goon Blcary and his cohorts from fannish minds and fannish history. It would kill just a small part of us.

Without being sentimental, I can say that the Goon will never die. Though his name be forever removed from future fanzines, he will live on, fumbling his way through life to emerge victorious. He be no Bradburian "Exile", we will never destroy his printed word--live on, Goon, thou live and lively character, live on.

- - - - -

The above was written in the belief that John Berry was folding Retribution. That this is, hap-

pily, not true does not make the above words and conclusions any less valid.

The years since January 1956, and RET #1, have seen the GDA become a most integral part of fanish history, mythology, and thought. If for nothing else, the GDA will be immortalized in some future Immortal Storm for the Loncon caper -- where the agents of the Goon and the Antigoon clashed in full view of the whole con assemblage.

In thirteen issues, Retribution has undergone a small change, like its creator. Until recently, ATom as co-editor gave RET a definite visual personality which has faded since he stepped down from the editorial chair. In this, RET could undergo some retrogression -- Like, come back, Arfer.

RET started as a pure GDA Organ and has become a genzine with a partiality for GDA material and departments. John has proposed that he start a separate genzine and issue RET only for GDAaddicts. This appears to be a good move, since it will satisfy both Goons and non-Goons, and supposedly provide double the amount of Berry-edited and written zines. However, there is the possibility that both will be extremely irregular as mundac demands prevent strenuous fanac & JB burns himself out. This would be a Bad Thing. For all its mutations, RET still retains an atmosphere of mad, mad adventure--reminiscent of older Hyphens. Regardless of the other material, excellent though it may be, the Goon is still the undisputed ruler of RET, and his twisted viewpoint---as he views the world from his office, surrounded by the illustrated Decameron, copies of THE CALENDER, tea chest and plank desks, and bean-can operated typers--pervades every page of HIS fanzine. We await eagerly the advent of the next Retribution.....and the next.....and the next.....

This one-shot is in itself a tribute to the GDA, and John Berry. That it is done mainly through satire and parody may be attributed to the non-serious attitude of the GDA -- the Goon would feel out of place among too much straight, serious fawning praise--(like this column)---but few fans bother to satirize something they do not have a liking for, so the writers herein have shown their approval of the Goon Mythos.

RET has a definite personality of its own, compounded of equal portions of ATom/Berry and the GDA itself. We have attempted to retain a bit of that personality through the use of Goonish writers, GDA departments, and a Goonish humor. Some of the departments, like "Meet the Dweefs", "Who'd be a Dweef", the "DWE Business Section", and "DWE Denouncement", have been translated into DWE terms, to facilitate the satire and make this one-shot OUR publication.

This is of little consequence---we are dedicating this to John Berry, Arthur Thomson, the GDA...it might be called a GDA Appreciation Issue, for it is issued for the amusement of the GDA and the enjoyment of fandom in general. In the GDA and Retribution Index, John blames those who have subscribed to, read, contributed to, and commented on RET for the GDA. He says, "It's YOUR fault." Well, John, that might be true, but you and Arthur masterminded the GDA; without it, this one-shot would have had no basis. You sec, this one is YOUR fault!

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DWEEF

BY JOHN KÖNING



"Well, officer, it was like this...."

I was relaxing in my office, on the threshold of sleep, planning my date for the evening; all I needed was a girl. I had just put my feet up on the desk, to keep them out of the water, when I heard a sloshing sound coming from the ~~pipe~~ corridor leading to my office. It came closer and closer; louder and louder; a chill traveled the bumpy road down my spine as I finally identified the sound -- I had a client. A few second later a black-suited figure literally slipped around the corner and abruptly sat down on my best chair, knocking one of the staves out of place.

"Now see here...", I started to say, when he interrupted me.

"You gotta help me, you just gotta! They'll get me if you don't, Koenig. I can't go to the police. I can't stay here. They'll get me if we don't do something. You just gotta..."

I take no interruptions, so cut him off. "Look here, mister, you can't just come sliding into my office and break up the furniture. That bheer keg cost..."

"That's not important! You just gotta help me!!!" he insisted frantically. "What's your fee? Is five thousand enough? My..."

He didn't seem to realize the damage he had done. I take pride in the appearance of my business headquarters. "You'll have to go down to the brewery right now and get me a new..."

"My secretary...."

"I'll take her....it! Er....the case, I mean." I could always get another bheer keg.

As I walked to the surface with Mr. Traylor he explained that he was the Smoke Control Commissioner of Youngstown. My hand went nervously to my shirt pocket, but he revealed that ci-
garettes were out of his jurisdiction. Traylor led me to a

large black Lincoln, replete with chauffeur, and slumped down in the back seat. He was a big man, with large pasty hands, but they were trembling now. He had the look of a man hunted and perpetually mopped his brow. It was obvious that, unable to go to the police or a more ~~reputable~~ well-known detective agency, Traylor had come to me as a last resort. The previous day a letter which alarmed him considerably had come to his office. I attempted to learn more about this missive, but Traylor ignored me and poured two generous drinks from an ornate whisky flask.

Refusing the offered drink, I watched as Traylor gulped both of them, then returned to the contemplation of my date, or lack of date, until we arrived at an office building in downtown Youngstown.

An amazing change came over the Commissioner as he entered his office. His nervousness, his trembling, disappeared, and a firm attitude of superiority, of unquestioned command, took their place. His secretary, seated at the receiving desk, looked up as we entered and I could see that my fee would be worth any work I might have to do to earn it. She smiled a receptionist's smile, but there was nothing but bitterness behind its radiant facade.

"Miss Jansen, there are seven hundred questionnaires to be addressed, stamped, and mailed by tomorrow morning. I am sure you will not mind working late to finish them." The meaning of the leer on his face was unmistakable. I frowned sympathetically.

"Certainly not, Mr. Traylor, I'll have Mr. Higgins in to help me." The leer changed to a grimace of dissatisfaction as Traylor stalked into his office. Miss Jansen smiled honestly at me, and after a long look at her I followed Traylor.

He was mopping the perspiration from his brow as I closed the door. He waved me to a chair and fumbled with an envelope in the top drawer of his desk.

"Three weeks ago I decided to test the air currents around... Youngstown, in the interests of smoke control. It wouldn't really have meant much, but I got a newspaper spread, and we commissioners can't be too careful with this new administration moving in." I nodded at him understandingly. "Well, I sent up a dozen helium-filled balloons with tags attached. The tags instructed the finder to return them, along with the location at which the balloon was found, to this office for a small reward. Three of them turned up, and the newspaper gave me another spread.

"Then yesterday, I received this letter from overseas." He handed me a creased envelope, the one with which he had been fumbling when I came in. "It had a Polish postmark and stamp. Read it."

I examined the envelope, then remarked, "The stamp seems to be missing."

"What? Oh, yes. Miss Jansen, my secretary, has a small

brother who collects stamps. Whe asked me for it and I, of course, gave it to her." I had a vision of Miss Jansen begging Traylor for the stamp, pleading and entreating. Finally I saw him, with a casual flick of his hand, generously throw the precious bit of paper to the floor. Less and less I liked this John Traylor.

I opened the lettr. It was typed on crisp official stationary with a lettrhead looking suspiciously Russian at its top. It read:

Bureau of Internal Affairs
1132 Tolen Square
Warsaw, Poland
25 August 1959

Mr. John Traylor
Smoke Control Commission
612 Central Tower
Youngstown, Ohio
USA

Mr. Traylor:

We are advised that several weeks ago you conducted an experiment in wind direction for the Youngstown Smoke Control Commission, of which you are head. Yesterday, 24 August 1959, two of your balloons landed on the farm of Polish citizen-farmer Johann Lebitz.

The balloons swept in low over the farmyard, frightening several of Lebitz's cows. One cow, a sturdy farm animal, crashed through a fence, injuring itself and the inclosure. Another cow has given no milk since the incident and stands in the darkest corner of the barn with its head buried in a hay mound. It whimpers in a most un-cow-like manner.

One of Lebitz's roosters attacked one of your balloons, in defense of his family, biting through the skin of the object. The fowl inhaled a considerable amount of helium, and was last seen floating over a neighboring farm, some twenty miles to the east.

Tags bearing your name and address were recovered from the balloons. One such tag is enclosed. There is no need to forward the monetary consideration mentioned; we are happy to aid you in your program, without thought of profit.

However, Mr. Traylor, as much as we respect your spirit of scientific inquiry, be assured that your capitalistic acts of sabotage, sedition, and overt invasion will not be forgotten at the next summit conference. Your attorneys should be advised that you are now the subject of a two and one-half million dollar lawsuit for property damage and mental anguish caused farmer Lebitz and his faithful cows and chickens.

Yours,

/s/ Gregor Illyvich

GI/jj

"What can I do, Koenig? If I go to the police they will undoubtedly take me into custody until the Government takes

action, and if I wait they will be here to get me in a day or so." He sounded unsure of just who they would be.

I carefully considered all the facts: the secretary's coldness to Traylor's advances; her brother being a stamp collector; her figure; the letter; her initials; Traylor's mental state; her figure; my bleak prospects, date-wise, for the evening.

"My advice to you is to leave town, Mr. Traylor. Change your name, never return to Youngstown. You have no family, have you?" He nodded negatively. "Well, then, you have nothing to hold you. Just go to Seattle and mention the DWE to any newsdealer. Go right now. I'll arrange with Miss...ah, what is her name?"

"Jansen, Joan Jansen."

"Yes, Miss Jansen. We'll wind up your affairs."

He looked at me sharply, then quickly stuffed several packs of fresh green bills into a brief case, walked to the door, turned, and said, as if as an afterthought, "Your fee...?"

"Forget it, Mr. Traylor. You'll need the money and I didn't really do much. I'll find something I can use around here."

He smiled thankfully and, with a wistful look at Miss Jansen, walked quickly out of the office, still with the same air of superiority. I wondered idly what the chauffeur would do with that Lincoln.

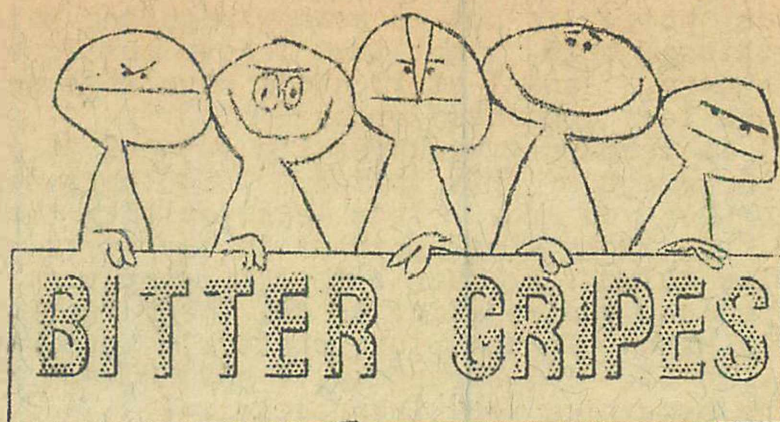
I sat motionless for five minutes, to assure myself that John Traylor was gone for good. Then, I rose; it was time to collect my fee.

I watched appreciatively as she slipped into my...uh, "borrowed" Lincoln. She cuddled up to me warmly, purring in a contented tone.

I looked into her deep green eyes and chuckled, "How could you send that nasty lett'r to Mr. Traylor, Miss Jansen?"

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Revolution is a one-shot "fanzine" published on a nihilistic schedule by DWE Publications, Unc., presided over by the chief knouter, John Koning. The DWE Hall and attendant Koning residence is located at 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio. The price of this is 25¢--35¢ by mail...DWE Pubs are sent out according to a complotcated system, but send me something & you'll get a fanzine, or fraction thereof, in return. —35—



First, letters of comment on WRETCHED CONTRIBUTIONS:

"How can you, all by yourself, produce a sixteen page fanzine for only twenty cents? At these prices, profit is likely, it would seem." ...Charles Barbee

"I've come to the conclusion that Walt Willis is almost finished as a fan. Each fan has a certain quota of fannishness, and Walt has been around so long that he has used up most of his. Already he has spent all his Major Comments for fanzines, so that now during the infrequent times when he does comment on zines, he must seize upon some minute fact, usually one sentence, and write his whole letter on these ten or fifteen words. Being Willis, this is not bad, but the time will come when he is reduced to commenting on typos. I therefore propose that each of us package up a bit of our fannishness and send it to Walt, for surely few of us will use all of ours, and this ambrosia could spur Walt into new fannish creativeness." ...Scratch Falasca

"I answered your ad in the lastish which proclaimed that you were offering special rates for Good Men and BNF's. I sent you my ten page firstish in which I promise that I will be a BNF at least three times on each page. Why didn't I get a letter of comment and the special rate?" ...Lass Gibber

"I've solved your last case! I know who the antagoon is! Goshwow! Boyoboy! Yobberyobber!

"You will of course remember the sordid encounter with the antagoon at the Loncon? Well, I have discovered that James White has been misjudged, sorely misjudged. He was not trying to escape with the official gavel, he was trying to return it to Chairman Carnell. But the antagoon had discovered that White, disgusted with the whole mess, was going to turn states' evidence and was waiting. When poor James tried to get to the platform, the antagoon and his men gunned him down. Yes, that's right! The antagoon is.....Arthur Thomson!" ...Brush Pills

AND NOW on to comments on Dafoe, part one:

JACK SPEER I am in a fannish mood because of the recent Wester-
North Bend con, so I am taking time off to comment on Dafoe. My
Washington usual policy is not to acknowledge, and seldom to read,
subzines; this not that I love subzines less, but
that I love FAPA more, and I still don't have this quarter's FAPA
mailing read, much less commented upon.

One (fault) is perhaps a weakness I'm subject to also, as wit-
ness the first paragraph of this letter. You talk too much about
why you're doing what you are. This is especially true of the op-
ening editorial, but it is also apparent in the first paragraphs of
the fanzine review column. Much better to simply go ahead and do
whatever it is you say you're going to do. Many fanzines are over-
loaded with this kind of Bandarlog chatter, but you'll improve
yours if you stifle it. ¶-Strangely, I have always found a fan's
reasons for doing something very interesting.-¶

Another obvious fault is the carelessness of the typing. Any
fanzine worth turning the duplicator crank on is worth proofreading.
A proofing would surely have caught "prestiege", "bliaming", "fa-
bot", etc. In some cases, "exceppend" and "sweet, ind mother," I
can't tell what the word was supposed to be. Fandom is so full of
neologisms that more accuracy is requisite than in mundane writ-
tings. ¶-You're so right! Those words were "excellent", and "sweet,
kind mother."-¶

The record reviews were good. The records were two that we
have all heard. ¶-Are you being facetious?-¶

Commenting on something mentioned in a review of a reprint
magazine is no place to try to correct an apparent error, especial-
ly when, if an error, it was made by a man now dead; yet I am moved
to express doubt at the title "Lovecraft is 86", since I don't think
he was born nearly that long before. ¶The "86" was a waitress slang
term which Laney used to refer to the fact that he considered Love-
craft passe, rather than to HPL's age.-¶

Widner always pronounced "faaan" with a bleat.

I don't know whether your announced system of allowing credit
for contributions was seriously intended, but I'm sure it would be
more trouble than it's worth. As even straightforward subscrip-
tion recordkeeping often is. ¶-It was seriously intended. I have
a mathematical mind and enjoy keeping records, files, etc.-¶

"He has a great talent for saying the most and meaning the least."

ALFRED McCOY ANDREWS When I first looked Dafoe over I thought:
1659 Lakewood Drive "Well, a zine of this quality would reject
Birmingham 9, Ala. anything I submitted." But after reading
all the depreciation you applied to your no-
ble effort I feel like I would be doing you an unrepayable favor to
contrib a bit of trash to your zine, after which you would forever
sit at my feet singing great odes of undying praise. In short, why
knock your own zine? ¶-Implying that others will do a thorough
enough job?-¶

COVER: If you did all this fine lettring with a ruler and a pencil
(as you claim) it is quite remarkable. I think you're lying, but
who cares since it looks good. The illo isn't much, but it
serves to make it look sf-nish. ¶-Or DWE-ish?-¶

THE SCRATCHY NEEDLE by Franson: The most masterful and

penetrating insight into the music of Mozart I have ever heard or read. (Are you sure damon knight started this was, sirrah?) I never knew Franson was such a hi-fi enthusiast, but how can I doubt him after that wonderful plan of his for pure hi-fi? Oh, yes, to what "institution" is Franson committed? This man may bring back radio. A fine spoofing of record reviews, Don.

THE ANSWER by Boyd Raeburn: Well, I must VIOLENTLY disagree with Raeburn on this. I've never liked this Moyd Thighburn anyway. And hereafter we will have no more articles by this Sordid Sideburn. Is this clear! I-I believe that you, Al, were one of the few who wrote in that understood, from my remarks in the first editorial and "The Answer" itself that Boyd Raeburn did not write this at all. It was a small joke which I felt everyone would catch on to. Unfortunately, they did not.-I

HERBACE by Hryb (and how does one pronounce it?) I-Hryb is pronounced "herb", hence the title of his column.-I I read it and I think it is a good to fair fanzine review, but I just never could get excited about fanzine reviews.

AN ECONOMIST'S NIGHTMARE by a sleeping editor: I too do not think a page or two of comments is worth a 30 or 40 page zine, BUT since your zine is only 15 pages you end up owing me money, so take your foot out of your mouth and put me on your mailing list like a good kid should. I-You, and many others, got it all wrong. Dafoe #1 was FREE; you didn't have to do a damn thing to receive it. All comments, contributions, etc. are credited under my system onto future DWE Publications, which will be either over 30 pages or also free.-I You are lucky to get comments in the first place, after all, we don't have to write anything...be they comments or material and then where would you be? Comments are the only measure a fan-ed has to see what reaction he is getting to his efforts and work; and making it harder to get, by imposing a strict value in money on them, is a dandy way to cut one's throat. Fans figure it this way: If he doesn't respect my having taken time to comment by sending me another issue, then to hell with him. John, the only things you are going to get out of pubbing are some trade on zines, meet more people and egoboo from letters of comment, so if a guy even sends you a three-line post-card of comments, give him a free next issue. I-Dainis Bischeniks did (a card reading "Down With Fanzines!") and I will.-I Money-wise you are going to end up in the hole; there is NEVER a money-profit in pubbing a zine, so value each and every comment you get, for it is what makes your zine tick. Without it you're dead and to me that system of yours is the silver bullet. It is your zine and you can run it any damn way you please, but I wouldn't contrib on such a strict basis. And I want to contrib. I-There are many things about my system that few people understand. I have no intention of making money on my zine---I got a return of 56¢ on #1. However, my mailing list for Dafoe #1 was over 160, about half of that trades. Some on this list were people I've never had any contact with. If they don't respect my efforts enough to comment, then I'll be damned if I'll continue sending to them. I won't send out notices saying "You owe me 12¢ for this", but I intend to use my system to keep things square in my mind. I value comments as highly as the next fan-ed, and any fan who comments will get #2--after that I can not promise that he-37- will receive anything.-I

THE RETURN OF THE MASTER: The last part has a nice balance, like the confessions of the Marquis de Sade and a Ray Palmer editorial.. ..but I get your message, dad. Though it didn't put a tear in my eye and a lump in my throat and make me want to clasp you to my manly bosom and cry heartrenderingly "MY LITTLE FAAAN!", it did remind me that fandom is a sort of nice comfortable place to meet people and get different views and ideas.

The Summing Up: The zine is good in repro-quality and neat and readable. It seems more on the humorous side of zineing and might use a little more serious or thoughtful material to give it more balance. I didn't miss the artwork which it lacked, but good artwork can enhance the prose. If humor is the aim of the zine, try and keep it balanced in fannish and non-fannish humor. Hold your in ¶ ¶ personal comments to a minimum in other peoples' articles, being sure that they follow the vein of the material or are pithy and add to the material. ¶-I hope my commenting in the middle of letters will not rouse too much wrath, but some on-the-spot comments would be meaningless if held until the end of the letter.-¶

"Don't you be cynical around my house."

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY
Box 158
Rochester, Texas

Donald Franson's record reviews convulsed me. I hope they are meant as a parody on something, because they are quite funny, but so seriously so (if you know what I mean) that I was slightly in doubt as to whether the guy was really reviewing records. Seriously, I mean. ¶-A very confusing paragraph. Don was reviewing a record that exists, and parodying the many fannish record review columns and articles. Seriously.-¶

The fanzine review column. Since I consider 9/10ths of the fanzine reviewers less competent than the fanzine editors they are judging, I didn't even bother to do more than glance through this. Unless a reviewer's opinions are worth something (which Eugene Hryb's definitely are not, the chap is almost illiterate) he should confine himself to facts such as "Thirty pages, good paper, not very legible, contains material by so and so." ¶-I regard that sort of fanzine review as entirely useless. Reviews (a) give egoboo to the contributors and editors of fanzines, (b) give the acti-fans something to compare their views with (sort of a one-sided discussion) and (c) perhaps guide the poor neo in selecting his fanzines. You are very discerning to discover that Eugene is illiterate and a lousy reviewer when merely glancing through "Herbage".-¶

Your system of crediting trades is almost unbelievable. Here-with are the facts of life as I know them from publishing):

If you want any sort of readership, you must cling to your letterwriters. They are the sound nucleus of your fandom. If you don't send the writer of a letter of comment a copy of the issue in which his letter appears, pretty soon he will stop writing letters of comment. You can't get snooty about lopping your mailing list until you have built up a large, active fannish circle. Then, when people are really anxious to get your fanzine, they will start sending money and contributions. But if an old fan writes a neofan a letter of comment, and the neofan cuts him off the mailing list, the old fan will say "Oh hell---there are bil-

lions of those cruddy little new fanzines around", and forget the new fanzine's existence. He certainly won't send any money or material. ¶-I am not being snooty when I cut my mailing list, just realistic--I cannot afford to send 160 people a free fanzine 4 times a year, so I cut deadwood. I do not consider commenters deadwood, and until I've sent them, say, \$1 of free fanzines I'll not consider cutting them. It's the people who say "Oh hell--there are billions of those cruddy little new fanzines around" and then never respond whom I cut--if they aren't interested, neither am I.-¶

Later, as I say, when everybody feels they would rather be sentenced to read Ray Palmer Flying Saucer magazines for 99 years than miss an issue of Dafce, you can get tough with your subscribers and say "Look, you, either you contribute or I'll throw-you-to-hell-off-the-list!" ¶-That phrase has a nice ring to it.-¶ But a new fanzine can't do that. People will just say "So throw me off, who cares?" and pretty soon, no readers.

The final bit of material was about the best piece in the issue. It empathized with me on all cylinders, since I entered fandom for similar reasons. I was sixteen, young for my age but intellectually for too advanced. My school friends considered me a "brain," but peculiar. (I hesitate to use the word queer because of the standard implication of that term.) I wasn't allowed to have dates like other girls, my parents were frightfully strict and by the time the restrictions came off, I had built up too many of my own to mix easily with ordinarily people. Besides, I was (or thought I was) frightfully homely for a girl. Photographs ten years later show a girl who looked neither better nor worse than other teenagers, but at that time I considered myself too hopelessly ugly to interest anyone....so I welcomed a field where I could get along on wit and intelligence rather than my ability to walk on high heels without stumbling, or to fill out the pretty clothes I didn't have. In person I was bashful and suspicious; in fandom I simply became extroverted and belligerent. Oddly enough, the acceptance I won in fandom either altered my own personality or else gave me enough self-confidence to show my personality. I'm still nervous in any gatherings except fan gatherings, but with fans--not necessarily science fiction fans, but people who are enthusiastic about things, and don't have to rely on personalities--I can feel very much at ease. ¶-But are not wit and intelligence two of the most important factors in personalities---especially fannish personalities?--¶

Now your letter. I am NOT a Berry fan, and found nothing funny in the Goon Defective agency, which was, for me, just defective. For this reason I do not intend to contribute one damn red cent to bring Berry anywhere except to the end of a boardwalk where he can jump in (if he can swim--I don't wish him any harm, but he is already all wet, so why shouldn't he get a dunking again?) I would much rather spend the money to bring somebody like Rick Sneary to Detroit. For this reason, also,
 —39— I see no point in contributing to a one-shot to give to Berry, as



"Berry? Defective? ..."

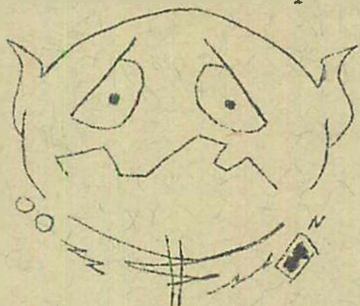
I don't give a hang whether he is there or not. ¶-I would rather bring Berry to the Con than Sneary. I have nothing against Rick, but during the past two years I have gotten some very enjoyable stuff from Berry and comparatively nothing from Sneary. Poor Rick, getting shoved back and forth from California to Detroit and slandered and berated, without ever getting into or knowing about this thing.-¶

See you in Detroit---I'm thinking of giving a Coke Party for fanzine publishers only! ¶-A Coke Party? Perhaps all fanzines are edited by teenagers, after all. (And Raeburn is 16?)-¶

"Gary Deindorfer is dead! I got a postcard from him yesterday telling me so."

HARRY WARNER, Jr. You may run into some disagreement from fans in 423 Summit Ave. general on your iconoclastic remarks about trading fanzines for letters of comment. You overlook one important matter, the time element. I find it harder to find time to write letters of comment on fanzines than I would experience in locating dimes and quarters to pay for them. It takes considerably more time and thought for a person to write a moderately lengthy letter of comment than it did for the fanzine editor to crank out the pages needed for that particular copy and to staple, address and mail the magazine. ¶-Perhaps 25 people commented on #1; if the other 140 had sent in 10¢ apiece it would have paid for my costs, but I didn't ask that--#1 was FREE. However, I find it hard to believe that any fan would spend the 15 hours I spent stenciling, duplicating, and mailing #1 (not to mention the time taken writing it) on writing a letter of comment. THAT is the letter-of-comment I would like to get. Still, the time factor is a point well taken.-¶

The only thing that I can really find wrong with this copy of Dafoe is that you seem to have suffered a slight case of first issueitis, trying to forestall any criticisms by making them yourself. Now that you have that out of your system, you should be able to relax with the next issue and devote more space to being yourself and less to fake apologies. ¶-I'm sorry.-¶



CAMERON

"You mean there's no fund to get him back.....??

I quite agree that there's no reason why the Berry fund sponsors should apologize for competing with TAFF; on the other hand, I occasionally feel that TAFF should be embarrassed for taking money that might go to Berry. TAFF has undergone so many disturbing controversies in the past few years that I think it should be scrapped before it widens further the breach it has created between fanzine fandom and convention fandom. A substitute organization along slightly different lines that could start afresh might be advisable, or it might be better to confine efforts to spontaneous things like the Berry drive, without a permanent

organization. ¶-Then, there is the alarming thought that there might be no fund to send Berry to Belfast again.-¶

Faaan was originally meant to be derogatory, as you I-I?-I suspect. The repeated a's are supposed to be pronounced in a bleating manner, to reproduce the melancholy utterance of a sheep. The association is that faaans are driven hither and you with lamblike docility. However, over the years the spelling of the term seems to have become more generally used without the nasty overtones, apparently by people who just want to be sure that faaans aren't confused with baseball fans or movie fans. I-It is strange that I knew Harry Warner the Pro before Harry Warner the Fan---yet never connected the two.-I

"DAFOE, THE DIFFERENT FANZINE!"...

BOB TUCKER for Eugene Hryb: "faaan" with the triple a is the
P.O. Box 702 correct spelling, and its exact meaning is similar
Bloomington to "you old horsethief!" or "hello there, you s-o-b!"
Illinois when said with a broad smile.

In other words, faaan was never meant for an insult, altho I do like Hryb's suggestion that it conveys a mental sneer. Perhaps it does, when referring to a person or group of persons you might disapprove of. When I use it, in speech or in writing, it is with the gentlest of sneers but still with a half-smile concealed somewhere in my beard. I-And here, all this time, I thought Buck Coulson was insulting Ted White!-I

The best page in Dafoe part 1 was page 15...not because it was the last one, but because on it you remained yourself, speaking your mind (or so it appeared) and did not allow that strained humor to intrude. More like that last page, please. I-I rarely get serious about fandom (but moreso than ever before), but when I do I am usually sincere in what I say.-I

..."dafoe, the readable fanzine?"

GEORGE WELLS I always enjoy fmz reviews, even written by a pen-
Box 486 name??? I-Eugene Hryb is as real as I am--several
Riverhead, NY fen have his picture.-I I appreciate reviews even
more if mine is reviewed, something I hope you do.

Don't you know how to spell "letter"? I-Certainly: L-E-T-T-E-R.-I
I don't really charge a price for The Sick Elephant. I used to charge 10¢ but now I don't want any subs, so what's with this anyway? You can't expect to break even in fanzine publishing. I think the right system is to spend your money on your own fmz and let everybody else do the same. You can't expect to get the exact no. of pages you send out in return, I thot everybody had given up that idea. I-Is that idea any sillier than expecting a fan who publishes a monthly 40-page zine to trade for an irregular, 6-page, hectographed effort? And what about those fen who don't pub any zine? You use your system, I'll use mine.-I

"I don't like Eric Bentcliffe." ...Eric Bentcliffe

BUCK COULSON Mostly, I guess I like your attitude. (Sort of "I'm
Route 3 putting this out because it's fun and if you don't
Wabash, Ind. like it the hell with you.")
I-Now that you mention it, I suppose that—41—
is my attitude---Now you can say you have formed a neo-

fan's attitude.-I I suppose, though, that even if I didn't like it I'd have to say that I did, since I've said much the same thing about Yandro. (Not as tactfully, of course....but then people have hinted at times that I'm not very tactful.) I-Oh, I don't know. You seem tactful in a blunt sort of way.-I

I'm slightly confused by one item on page 13: "his tall, clean-living father, and his sweet, ind mother." Ind? Indian, possibly? Indecent? Indelible? Inedible? Indoor-type? I-Kind-I

I don't believe in anyone named Eugene Hryb. When I first saw it, I tried to make an anagram of it, but I'm afraid I don't believe in anyone named Bryh, Byrh, Hrby, Yhrb, or any of the other combinations I could make, either. Confusing...and if he's really a non-fan, I'll enjoy reading his reactions. (But somehow I find it hard to believe that he's really a non-fan, either.) I-Hryb does exist, a good many fans have pictures of him, Dave Prosser has met him. I am having copies of one or two of his photos made up to mail to unbelievers. He is rather hurt that anyone thinks his name impossible---he thinks it quite normal. On his non-fan status, see the letter from Rick Sneary following.-I

Back to comment. Don Franson is getting good at satirizing various fan and pro columnists. I must say that old Grafonola must have been an inferior instrument, however; the old Brunswick I started with would play one side of a record all the way through when wound up halfway....when fully wound it would play both sides---and probably more than that of today's 2-minute wonders. Anyway, Franson is good, Racgurn is good I-Hah!---another one!--I, and Koning is good. Reproduction isn't anything wonderful, but I could read every word, which is more than I could do with the third issue of such up-and-coming zines as Phi-Psi.



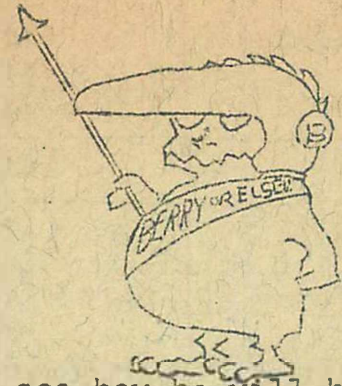
"He is a man of few words, none of which have any significance whatsoever."

RICK SNEARY Thank you for DEFOE. I (Sneary spelling?-I I don't know about puns, but if you brought it out only once a year you could refer to it as "da annual Dafoe." Hog! I-Yes, hoog!--I 2962 Santa Ana St. South Gate, Calif.

My other major remark is about Hryb and his reviews. I can't see how he or you can say he is a non-fan, if he has been reading fanzines for two years.. The adding of a personal letter exchange would make him a more well-rounded fan, but for reviews he is as good as anyone listed as Actifan.. Infact, two years experiences means he knows more than a number of fanzine editors....Pardon..... I should not say he knows more, but that he has had a chance to build up more back ground information and opinions than newer though more active fans.. His reviews are quite good. I only wish I could remember why I placed a check mark by his remarks about the Laney cult.. I-So do I.-I

Fans griping about the Berry Fund, seem to me, to be mainly the poorly informed, and non-active type.. As you may know by now, the fund went over and Berry is coming.. I-I know, huzzahbobble!!!!-I

The next question on this line is the possibility of bringing him all the way west.... The Los Angeles group that are driving to the Detention are more than willing to drive him back with them....but no one knows how he would get East again.. (It has been suggested that he could wait till next year, and go back with the TAFF candidate, whoever she is..... But I'm not sure Diane would go for this.)



[-See that you haven't decided yet who is going to win, either, eh Rick?]- [-In a letter to me, Berry says the trip is on starting on Aug. 26 & ending on Sept. 7--if this is so, I don't see how he will have time to get west too---or is he staying until Nov. 7th? He didn't specify which.-]

Your reasons for getting into fandom, and the change in you, partly as a result, are pretty common. One of the things I've always thought of as being on the "credit" side for the whole idea. A great many fans start out introverted, but thanks to the feeling of reassurance and acceptance of other fans they seem to be helped.. Too bad that some, when they no longer need (have time for) fandom, claim that there is something gone wrong with fandom.. Actually fandom is the same, it is you that have changed. [-Leading to the same conclusion: that fandom is full of misfits. The one difference this time is the concept that perhaps fandom helps them mature--the only question being whether the maturing is due to fandom or just to growing up. In my case, I believe fandom had a big hand in it.-]

 "Nobody invited me to start eight fandom."

TED PAULS I received your fanzine yesterday. Can't honestly say I found much of interest therein....
 1448 Meridene Dr. D. Franson should be shot. [-Comments like
 Baltimore 12, Md. this are not especially conducive to the circulation of egoboo, but I am rather glad he wrote it. I respect Ted for speaking thusly, if that is the way he felt. I get so damn sick and tired of people who eternally spout sweetness-and-light. I would rather have a fan say he thought my fanzine stunk to high heaven than spew out a lot of pleasant inanities which say nothing, and mean less. They are discouraging. On the other hand, Ted didn't like Dafoe. Ok, I'll publish until I print something he does like, and the egoboo will be all the more precious.-]

 "There is no Arthur Thomson!" ...Norman G. Wansborough

ROBERT N. LAMBECK 20¢ for a 7-sheet fmz. I'd be interested in
 868 Helston receiving future issues, but not at that price.
 Birmingham, Mich. [-If you'd read carefully you'd have seen that #1 was free and if other issues are not over 30 pages they will be also free.-]

Racburn has the right attitude. [-Racburn who?]-
 Your method of figuring whether you owe or are owed is ridiculous, if you are serious about it. Reading it for the third time, however, I fear that you actually are

serious. It has its good points, but... ¶-At last! One for our side!-¶
Return of the Master (especially the Neofannish Planning Section and following parts) was the best part of the zine by far.

"I don't care if the sun don't shine"...

NICK FALASCA I'm commenting on Dafoe Part 1, only because you
5612 Warwick said I would ¶-In a note on the contents page.-¶
Parma 29, Ohio and I have no intention of making a liar out of
you. I don't have any really great comments to
make, but it was nice to receive it and it provided a pleasant half
hour or so. I could go into hysterics of how great everything was
¶-and that's just what I don't want-¶, but let's face it. It isn't
that good. It gasses me muchly, when I see others commenting on
other fanzines and get all goshwowboyoboy. I'll grant that they
are necessary to life but hell, once people start on H they can't
stop either. So I will be very conservative and say only that I
like Dafoe very much.

Was pleased by "The Answer". Haven't decided whether this is
an actual Raeburn contribution or whether he actually wrote these
lines in all seriousness. They are very Raeburnish in nature, if
nothing else. ¶-Perhaps I should write a derogation next?-¶

That is an elaborate setup you have for accounting but I fear
that you will become so occupied with keeping an accurate account
that it will be difficult to find time for publishing. Besides, no
one is going to pay any attention to it. Of course this is my o-
pinion and I am wrong at least thirty percent of the time.

If Fanac ever gets out you will find that Berry's ticket has
been mailed to him and HE WILL BE THERE! ¶-You see, John, you are
here!-¶ We're still pushing for some extra money to pay his trans-
portation from the west coast back to New York. We've already made
arrangements for him to travel west with the car caravan and we
need about a hundred dollars to get him back. ¶-Sounds like ransom-¶

...."I'm an umbrella salesman on the side."

CLAYTON HAMLIN, Jr. You do O.K. on humorous writing, but by far
28 Earle Ave. the best item in that issue was the second
Bangor, Maine editorial. What you might call one of the
most realistic appraisals of fandom in gene-

ral. A fine philosophy for a fan. Excellently written. The
Scratchy Needle? Funny. More Please? ¶-Of Franson? Definitely.-¶

Your descent into the intricacies of the economics of fanzine
publishing is sort of amusing. To tell the truth, it is funny,
muchly so. But where does that leave The Odd One? Should I write
a cost of 20 cents on your copy so we come out even? Even when
everyone else gets it free? Or have I got to write manuscripts

of ten pages every few months to deserve the fate of receiving your
zine? Horrors. Twenty six hours a day is enough for that. ¶-You
hit a flaw in my system. I'll evaluate your zine, so don't worry a-
bout the ten page lettrs--four page lettrs would be enough.-¶

Fanzine reviews, well I don't particularly care for them. Not
just your particular variety of the things. None of them.
I can decide for myself what is good. But most fans pro-44-
bably like them. So that will reduce me to the stage of

a minority of one opposing them. ¶-No, Clay, not one, two. MZB doesn't like them either, at least not Eugene's. However, for the actifan, a fanzine review is not to tell him what is good, but inform him of what he is missing, get others views to compare with his own, and give egoboo to the editors and contributors. To the neo it might be a help in selection, but any fan should decide for himself what is good, not go by a reviewer's opinions.-¶

"Fandom is just a ghoddamned way of life!"

JOY CLARKE
"Inchmery"
236 Queens Rd.
London S.E. 14
England

First of all, let me say--without wishing to make your head swell too much---that I have seldom read a first issue which has pleased me so much for its personality. I was a bit confused about the cover, mainly because the crater's didn't seem to be cut heavy enough to come out clearly. But not to worry---a bit more practice and you'll be well on the way. Your note inside the little box was highly appreciated and we do thank you for sending us a separate copy. ¶-Fan-cds note: Sanderson is too greedy to share his copy of any fanzine with the Clarkes, so send "Inchmery" two copies, huh?-¶ Like your idea to have the title for apun--but I'm not THE punster in the house, so I'll leave it to Vinç to think one up; I've not doubt that his will be more atrocious than any you could think of---even after years of hardening, I still shudder at the ones he perpetrates. ¶-I don't know, I've spoken a few when I shudder kept quiet.-¶

I like your idea of getting a non-fan to review fanzines; unfortunately, I don't believe you--either of you. He's as fannish as the next one, and apparently as canny. Keep it up however, I enjoyed it. ¶-Eugene is now a Fringe-Fan---a non-fan would betoo hard on fanzines--I have a friend who labels them all as "Cruddy, Crud-Crud, Crud-Crud!", a phrase which he, ironically, picked up in an old Sata lcttrcol.-¶

Don Franson had some very good ideas, and put them over well. The mind boggles at the effect of his experiment with the Victrola and Grafonola. ¶-Is it true that Sandy has junked his \$600 outfit for the revolutionary Franson rig?-¶

Liked the bit by Boyd---he's a character and I love him very much, and his A BAS too (mit der accent and like that).

I was extremely impressed with Eugene (Gene)'s reviews; especially his opinion of Yandro, which strangely enough coincides with ours. It is a most peculiar thing that most fan, once they have read Yandro, feel that, however good the articles, the personality of the zine is not to their taste. It's something I cannot understand--I don't like Yandro's personality and I don't know why. Wish I did. ¶(I don't mind Yandro's personality, just the eternal sameness of the fmz. I rather enjoy Buck's "untactful" voicings of his opinions. ENH)¶ ¶-Eugene has spoken.-¶

His comments on 'faaan' are most apposite. We use it in an almost derogatory style for ourselves. It seems this has been built up from the time it was first used to denote an extremely active fan. It then seemed to have been taken up by someone opposed who used it as a sneer and it does definitely carry that sneering effect. It seems to have given way to the word trufan nowadays, to express the extremely active fan or

even the all-round fan, such as we have so many of in Britain--i.e. convention, cum fanzine fan, cum clubfen all in one. Over here we are so small a group that if anything is going to be done, it must be done by the same fen who are already doing something else; hence the fact that the complete divergence between the straight fanzine fan and the straight con or club fan in the States causes so much confusion over here.

Liked your Economist's Nightmare, but is it going to be worth all the effort to you to sort everything like this out. With the quality of stuff you issue, and with the hope that you'll be getting contributors you should very shortly be putting out a top-notch zine which I hope to enjoy during a long future. In that case, you'll be perhaps worrying about an odd .05 of a cent on the difference between your zine and another. But it is a nice idea and shows a strong sense of fairplay. ¶-I'll never quibble over ½ of a mill, or even a dollar in cumulative difference--as I've said before, this system is merely for my own convenience. It only takes a minute to make an entry on the file cards I keep for mailing list members, and I run a loose system. I'll be rehashing and redoing my system in Dafoe #2 in "An Economist's Nightmare--Revisited."-¶

Your humor is tempered with acidity which has great appeal, over here at Inchmery. ¶-Ah, Inchmery; home of acidity tinged with humor.-¶

"Sure, man, anyone can speak to me;
but down on your knees first!"

GUY TERWILLEGGER
1412 Albright St.
Boise, Idaho

Enjoyed Dafoe muchly. The Koning humor came through nicely. A bit of it was out on a limb, but for the most part, think you did a fine job with your first. If Dan doesn't review the zine in TWIG, then I will. I wait to see which ones he does, then write my own on ones that he didn't. It works out well this way.

Think Franson did a marvelous job with his "Scratchy Needle". I used to go for Spike's music when he was really popular and it was a breath of the old home town music to see these reviews.

JOHN BERRY IS GHOD, YOU KNOW!!!
¶-Strange, I always considered fandom a monotheistic group.-¶

"Oho! Oha! Ohoohaw!"

BOB LICHTMAN
6137 S. Croft Ave.
Los Angeles 56
California

Naturally, your cover illo is cribbed from a very early 25¢-sized MAD---#26

or so, I believe. It seems to lose something in the translation. ¶-Yes, lack-



ing coverart, I modified the illo and used it. That was the meaning of the "MAD Reproductions" sign on the cover.-{

One thing that annoyed me all the way through the zine was the use of {these} for interlineated comments in your text. I do wish you'd stop it. Please. They're hard as all get-out to follow, and not really good construction either. {-Are these better?-{

You might as well know right now: I Do Not Believe In Eugene Hyrb. {-Hryb.-{ No one could have a name like that, not even in fandom (or fringe-fandom, that sneaky phoney). Assuming then, the fanzine reviews to be yours, I must admit that they're not too overly bad, nor are they too good. What is needed, I think, is a bit more delving into the individual zines. {-Eugene is real--I will send you his picture. I'll see if I can't persuade him to do lengthier fanzine reviews, that is--individual reviews, but it's his column.-{

Your editorializing is interesting, but nothing memorable. Most hilarious line was, "I was fourteen when I became a neofan; fourteen and queer." Hoohaw, you don't really mean that, do you? {-I mean queer in the sense that I was different, not homosexual.-{

The Economist's Nightmare is just that; I suggest you forget all this nonsense and conform to the usual methods of trading fanzines. (& it's "letters", not "lettrs"). {-That's just your opinion.-{ I figure this will be worth 3¢ on your system, and I have 10¢ credit for my review of your zine in CRY, as well as money for my trades I've sent you. {-I'm not crediting trades received before Dafoe #1 was published. You have 2¢ for comment, and 5¢ for printed comment, plus 10¢ for your review.-{

Raeburn was Conclusive. He means it, Koning, because I asked him once, too. {-But I didn't.-{

"Ron Bennett is always the last to know."

ARCHIE MERCER It reads like an apazine.
434/4 Newark Rd. And it's not quite as much
North Hykeham of a mess as you seem to
Lincoln, England think, at least my copy isn't. All legible, anyway.

As for the lack of artwork, I'm not too sad about it---if it's Bjo or Atom or somebody who's lacking, that's a pity. But if it's only DEA or Harness you're better off without 'em. Rot-sler falls between the two catagories. {-I rather like to think it's the artwork of Salvador Dali and the material of James Thurber that I'm lacking.-{

Don's record reviews are terrific. I've had that record since many years ago, and I can now contemplate it in an entirely DIFFERENT light. Boyd's piece also has its points. And your ramblings and things are not without interest.

The idea of the DWE society is an excellent one. In fact so much so that I'm thinking of sponsoring a rival DWEE society, Down With Everything Else (including, of course, the DWE itself.). Trouble is, I don't think it'll



be a hit. After all, you got in first. Still, let me sound my wacery: DOWN WITH DWEI ¶-Why not just wait until the DWE has downwith-ed everything and then step in and downwith the DWE? That way your society would have much less work to do.-¶

"Some people might say that I have an enchanted duplicator."....

J. ARTHUR HAYES Dafoe #1 on hand. Dafoe might be a variation on Cardiff, Ontario Daffy, or Default.
Canada

Only complaint about cover, shading of atmosphere made the whole cover pic hazy.

I don't know if your deal with Boyd Raeburn was as you state, but if it was, it wouldn't surprise me in the least. I'd say that nearly all of the Toronto bunch would be similar to this, even after you get going. Fuggheads, the works of them. ¶-Sorry everyone took "The Answer" wrong. However, you're a bit mixed. I played the article as though it was a straight contrib, so if the Toronto bunch turns out to be like that deal, I'll be overjoyed. I doubt that any of them are fuggheads.-¶

I am still against the Berry Fund. I see no reason why Berry can't wait and take his chances on a TAFF vote. I will not be contributing to the Berry Fund, will not give it any mention other than critical, in any of my zines. ¶-I doubt that any defeated TAFF candidate has ever run again. That is the tragedy of having several wonderful TAFF candidates running against each other. The Berry Fund makes it possible to have our cake and eat it too, since both Bennett and Berry will have seen a US Worldcon.-¶

...."(In other words, that I am a trufan?)"

WALT WILLIS A low mist is still sweeping down from the moun-
27 Clonlee Dr. tains and I'm a tall man, so I'll try to conquer
Belfast, N.I. this endemic lethargy. Apparently all the energy
on the West Coast of Ireland is concentrated in
the inhabitants of the Blasket Islands (hence the expression, put-
ting all your ergs in one Blasket).

Thing that roused me to my present fever pitch of activity was the arrival of Dafoe this morning. I kind of liked it. The effort of trying to think what huge pun you had in mind involving the title has exhausted me so I can't think of anything clever to say (nyaa)but I like all that crazy stuff in the editorial and in Fran-son's record reviews (suggest that he tries repairing a cracked record with the grooves on one half slid along one) and in the back pages. As I say, I liked it and I'm glad you evaluated H at \$1.00. ¶If I send two copies of the next issue will you refund a dollar?) ¶-No, but if you then send me a dollar, I'll return one of the copies of "-".-¶

The mist has cleared and the sun come out in the half hour or so since I started this, so bye for now. This has been my fanac for the day. Next time you hear from me I shall have returned to Belfast like a dwarf refreshed. ¶-Walt was on a holiday.-¶

"I can't help feeling Laney would have liked me."

DONALD FRANSON
6543 Babcock Ave.
No. Hollywood
California

I see you have gotten a good review in Yandro, so I guess it is okay to say I liked Daffy.

Who is helping you with the spelling and typos, though? Fire him. There are several new words in Daffy #1. What is a "nonfon"? Whose fanzine reviews "contanis controversier"? Must be a quietneogan. ¶-My original intention was to title my fanzine "Typo", but I found that the name had been used previously. A "nonfon" is just the opposite of a "nanfan".-¶

This fanzine was as enjoyable, for its size, as another zine that shall be nameless. I like a fanzine that is fun to read, as well as thought-provoking. The contents page and editorial bits here and there are laughable. Your knock-kneed parentheses are something new, but have me confused. Most confusing of all is "An Economist's Nightmare" -- please don't make it clearer, as you threaten to do nextish. ¶-I mentioned in a letter to Don my intention of pubbing "An Economist's Nightmare--Revisited" in Dafoe #2.-¶ It's bad enough when I don't understand it. The only thing I can think of to get the next issue without losing money is to trade in issue number 1 for issue number 2. Is this a fair trade? ¶-No.-¶

If Eugene Hryb understands fanzines so well, how can he claim to be a non-fan? ¶-Or even a nonfon?-¶ I sake he's a fake non-fan or maybe a fringe non-fan. He should be expelled from nonfandom for these fannish reviews.

"If you name the one-shot Revolution, with a 'Down With Everything' slogan, J. Edgar Hoover might subscribe."...Franson

J. ARTHUR HAYES ¶-In a letter to Art I mentioned that the line in again Rick Sneary's letter had originally read: "Fans griping about the Berry Fund, seem to me, to be mainly the poorly informed, and non-active type. (Like Art Hayes)." I also mentioned that MZB shared his view of the Berry Fund and favored one to bring Sneary to the Con....Irony, isn't it?-¶

I think that my area of fanac covers almost all types. I am in OMPA, now in SAPS, in NFFF and ISFCC, in ISFS -- F.E.W. possibly in SFCE, SFA. I have not contributed widely to fanzines, but have been contributing some. I've written over 1500 letters a year to all parts of this globe. It would seem therefore, that Rick Sneary is the one that is not "Informed", since several of my fanzines have reached a circulation of over 300. I have published over 40 issues of EIGHT different fanzines, most of which are still active. It is ironic that Marion Bradley should voice similar thoughts to mine, after we had a fairly rough argument, not so long ago. No, I do not believe that Rick Sneary is justified in saying that I am non-active. If I am uninformed about the Special Funds and TATF, then it is the fault of those funds for keeping things on a secret level, for, if the hundreds of correspondents of mine do not have the information I would need to be 'informed' then it is obviously the fault of the funds for not publicizing the information.

¶-This closes the lettercol -- late comments on D#1, and comments on REV will appear in the lettercol of Dafoe Part 2, out in October. I would again like to thank all who have contributed to this, whether material, artwork, or letters. I would also like to express my sincere thanks to Mr. John W. Belcamp, whose letter I did not print, because I could not understand the three and four-syllable words he uses. JK -¶



PROSSER '59