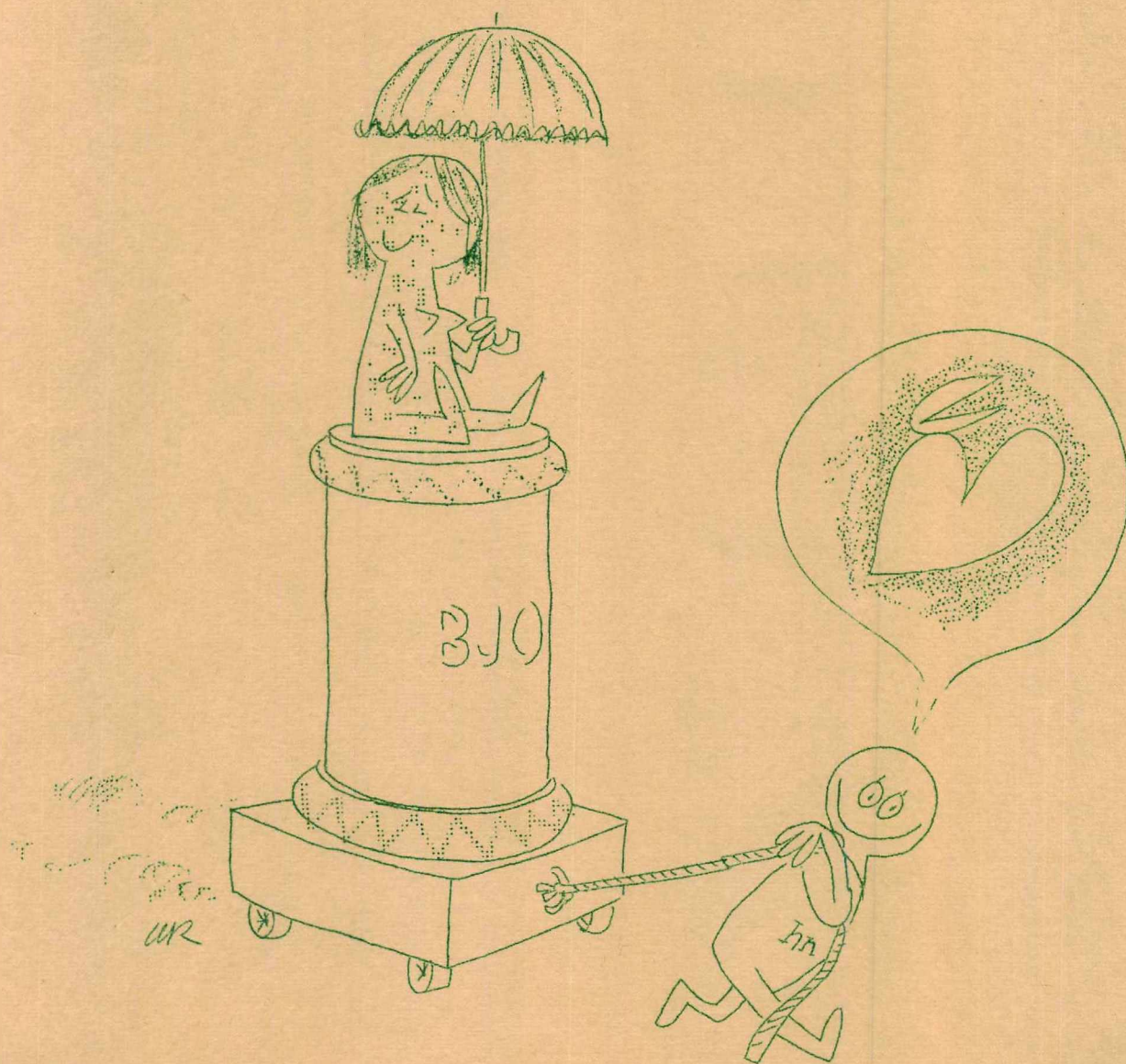


# A FANZINE FOR Bjorn

NUMBER ONE  
OF A SERIES!







DEARLY BELOVED, THIS IS

A Fanzine For

BJORN

WHICH MERCIFUL PROVIDENCE  
HAS SEEN FIT TO LIMIT TO  
AN EDITION OF 150 COPIES  
THIS IS NUMBER 40 GIVEN TO

THE MOFFATS



June 22, 1960

Dear John and Bjo,

This is to be a fanzine in honor of your  
comming marriage, but:

As I think marriage is a serious though joyful event,  
I shall not try to be funny.

As, if by now you are not aware of how sincerely I  
wish you both much happiness together, nothing I can say  
here will tell you.

And as there is nothing I can think of that you need  
less, at a time like this, than a fanzine, I will say  
nothing more.

with best wishes,

*Rick*

Rick

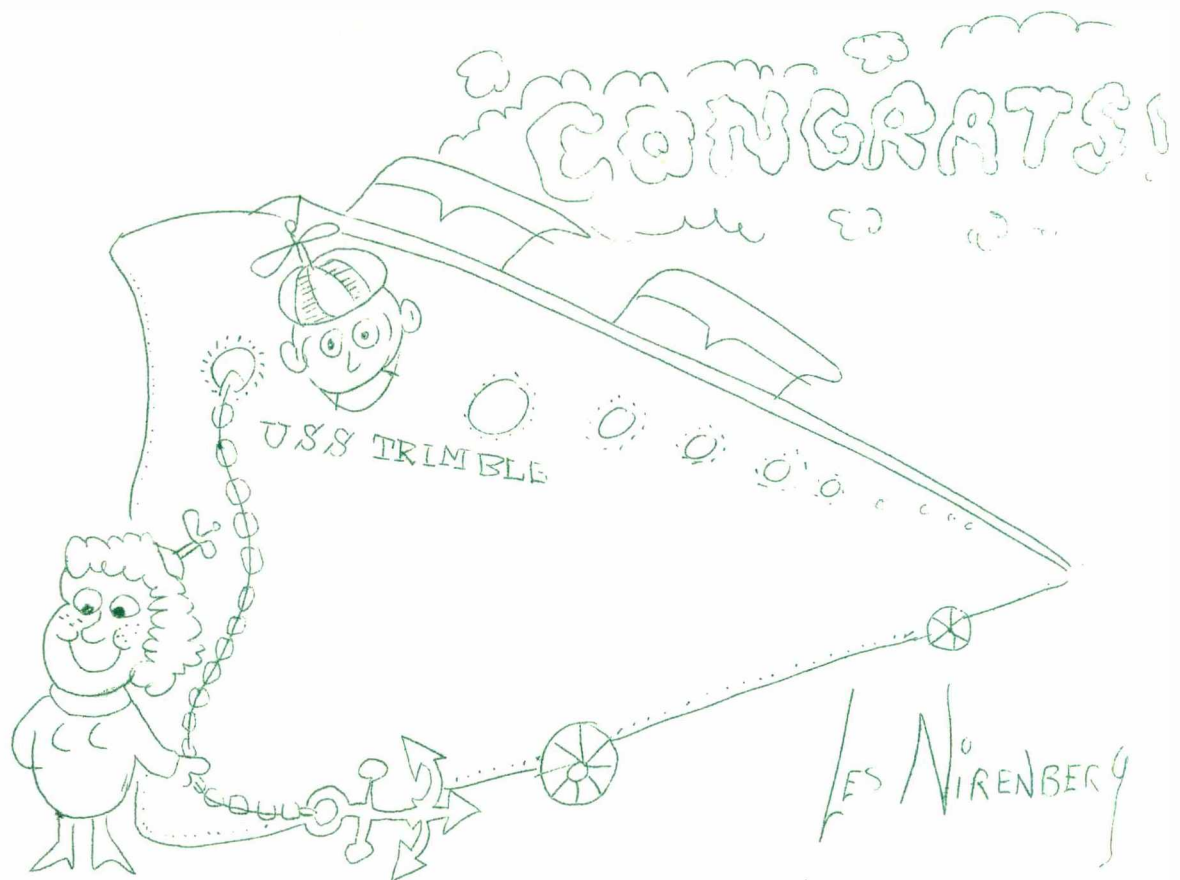
# HAPPY 0<sup>TH</sup> WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, Björn

Anniversary gifts, traditions say,  
The first year should be paper;  
And so this fanzine comes your way,  
A year ahead of time, it's true,  
But we can't wait to share with you  
This sentimental caper.

Here's wishing that you both will see  
Many happy years and fannish;  
And may you always healthy be,  
And nefer gafiate as fen,  
And at South Gate in 2010  
Celebrate your Golden Annish.

parker sheaffer

YOUR  
SHIP  
HAS  
COME  
IN!



# SEX Meets The PERSON

## From PORLOCK

As it must to all men, wedlock comes to John Trimble; I hear he is marrying some girl who has shown an interest in science-fiction and fantasy and who can thereby be termed a "fan."

Many of the readership of this magazine have also shown an interest in fantasy and science-fiction and so may also be termed "fans." And most of you will someday, like the editor of SHAGGY, marry. Some of you may perhaps already have done so. If so, it is to be hoped that the spouse of your choice has shown an interest in science-fiction and fantasy and so may be termed a "fan." Because it is of and to fans that I am writing, and I do like a big audience.

When (or if) you are married, it is to be hoped that you will continue to show an interest in fanactivity -- that you will read the literature and cherish it in apple-boxes, that you will write and publish and correspond and taperespond and attend conventions and not get too drunk. Now it has been said with some justification that "anything two fans do together is fanac" and when or if you are married it may be said that you are now sanctioned by Church and State to extend the scope of your fanac a bit. For example, it may now be more feasible for you to slipsheet, in the privacy of your own home.

Actually, though (as you knew all along), we are here concerned with the role of the bed in the life of the individual as he or she enters the married state. No longer is the bed a mere support for a comatose body covered by layers of fabrics to conserve body warmth so that you don't catch cold. No, sir! The bed now supports two comatose bodies, and it is well-known that two can conserve warmth better than one. But further, and more important, the bed now becomes a sanctuary to which you may occasionally repair to demonstrate the love or attraction or infatuation that helped lead you to marry in the first place.

So you are (or perhaps will be) married, and now and then the two of you go to bed not just to sleep but also to make love. Conventionally you may combine these two usages by going to bed in the late evening. But not always. Sometimes the bed may instead be briefly visited during the day: just before dinner, when your digestion has settled after dinner, or possibly in mid-evening. Doctors recommend an occasional change to the first thing in the morning. Doctors must not wake up as slowly as I do.

Yes, there you are in the privacy of your own home, just you and your spouse. Now if you are the husband (which is advisable, if male), you turn to your little passion flower and say "Little passion flower, let us repair to the sanctuary of the bedroom and demonstrate our love or infatuation for a while" or perhaps "Would you like to join me in the bedroom for a spell?" or maybe just "Let's sack out for a while, huh?" or even "Hey, kid! Last one in bed needs a head-shrinker!" or "How's for a quick orgy?" A highly satisfactory state of affairs, to be sure. Unless you happen to reside in an active fan-center, that is.

Now it is all well and good to say that anything two fans do together is fanac, but the form of fanac especially sanctioned by Church and State on the document sometimes demanded at hotels by suspicious house-richards is further distinguished in that its practice is generally restricted by custom to two people -- and no more. I understand that this does not always hold true among some of the more Bohemian types, so if you are a more Bohemian type you will get very little from this article except a few laughs at us squares. But with many of us, it's this way. The number of people who can help cut stencils is restricted only by the number of typers available. The

number who can help assemble a zine is limited by space considerations. But the number of people required to best demonstrate their love or infatuation in the private sanctuary of the bed is generally conceded to be two. Additional parties, even with the kindest and most helpful of intentions, tend to be a bit superfluous. Out of things. Fifth wheels. They Get In The Way.

The unmarried individual, even the unmarried fan, is not apt to see this problem. If he or she thinks about it at all, the thought is "Hell, they're married; they can do that any time. Any time at all." And in fact even married individuals do not seem to realize that other married individuals may have the same problems as the married individuals I started with back at the first of this sentence. Marriage may combine the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity, but the modern-day schedules of persons lacking independent financial means tends to limit this combination: five days a week it doesn't pay to be tempted except between 5pm and midnight. "Non-working" days are better, of course; usually, no matter how rugged the schedule, it is still possible to fit in an interlude during which you two harried souls may scuttle to your private sanctuary and reaffirm the physical realities. Unless, that is, you are a fan living in proximity to other fans.

Now let us consider a Hypothetical Individual (married) Fan who has fan-friends in the area. I myself am reasonably hypothetical, but we don't want to get this down to the personal level, do we? OK, here is good old H I Fann. He has made one of the standard approaches, and preparations are either under way or are scheduled for a more convenient time later (but not too much later) in the day. All is well; the bed's in the bedroom and all's right with the world.

So what happens?

Unfortunately, H I is not the last man in the world; there is a knock at the door. H I is shaken; he whimpers, appropriately: "Oh, Gaaaaahd!", goes and opens the door. Confronting him is his great and good friend Joe Fann (no relation). Appropriately, he repeats his previous comment.

Now understand that H I is really quite fond of Joe; they are friends, and in the general case H I would be genuinely pleased to welcome him. But in the specific circumstance, Joe stands with an aura hanging over him like unto the Black Plague. Briefly put, H I wishes that Joe would conveniently (and temporarily, be it said) drop dead. He also wishes there were some polite way to tell Joe to get lost. But instead he cravenly invites Joe to come in and tries to look as if he weren't contemplating homicide, which he is. Social intercourse then supercedes and blocks the variety that H I really has in mind.

It's a scene of stress. What to do? Since we (except for that more-Bohemian type who is spotting this page with tears of laughter) do not in general discuss the details of our married love-life with our buddies, H I sits, fidgets, and tries to think of a way out. Depending on the time of day, he may come up with some convincing lie or other (he can't make it at 2pm by saying he's going out for dinner, for instance). Or if he hates to out-and-out lie to his friends even for harmless and beneficial reasons (but sometimes does so anyway), he submits to social usage and allows the setback to his love-life even on into the late evening.

Hypothetical Individual Fann has a problem. He's tried to solve it -- he's told Joe to forPetesake call up before he comes over. But good old Joe can't be expected to be Utterly Perfect, either; he goofs every now and then -- often enough that it presents H I with a problem. H I hasn't been doing too well with it to date.

At this point you may wonder why this sad story of the futility of all of the high hopes of love, since it can only inhibit your mormal drive to marry and help contribute to the Population Explosion.

Well, now, I'll tell you.

H I Fann can relax; I've solved his damn problem for him. In fact, I have solved it twice in the same day. Like all great discoveries, It Was Simple.

It happened like this. Joe Fann showed up here, as above, and I reacted much

as did our hero, H I. But somewhere along the line I was besieged by remembrance of all the many similar incidents, and it was as if someone had lighted a great light in the wilderness, right under where I was sitting. "The only way to get anything done," this light spelled out (as near as I can tell by looking in the mirror in such an awkward position) "is to Do It." So while the Light-Of-My-Life, having been clued in by certain devious methods which must remain Classified, was in the shower dangerously depleting her natural skin oils which make for health and beauty, I broke the Big Taboo and informed Joe that he was in no wise helping love make the world go round. "You will have to excuse us. We are going to sack out for a while" is what I said. Now if Joe had been slow on the uptake and had asked "Are you tired?" I was ready to answer "No. We are married." But Joe did a quick double-take, smiled slightly and ruefully, and disappeared.

I said I solved this problem twice in one day, and this is true. A few minutes later I was standing in the private sanctuary of our bedroom, facing the universe clad only in that with which Nature hath seen fit to endow me -- and there was yet another knock at the door. The mind reeled, and its conclusions are not suitable for presentation in this family-type publication. Unadorned, stark, and raging, I stalked to the door -- not to open it, but to identify the visitant by voice alone. It was, of course, Joe Fann's spiritual cousin Moe, kindly returning some books he had borrowed -- returning them, I might add, with commendable promptness but without prior warning via the Bell Telephone System.

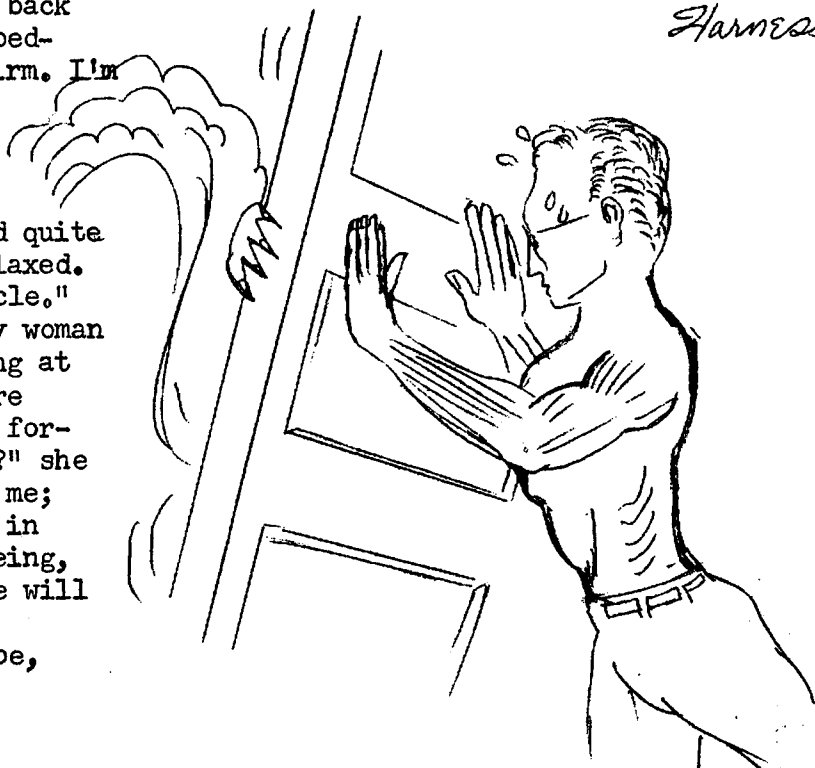
I am unable to recall in detail just what I said through the door to Moe Fann. The gist is that I was sorry but he could not come in, that he should have called first, and thanks for returning the books. There was probably more, for certainly those harmless items of information could not by themselves have caused his retreating footsteps to stumble so haltingly on the way out to the street. I heard those footsteps, as I stumbled haltingly back into the private sanctuary of our bedroom, and they were definitely infirm. I'm sorry about that.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You know something?" I said quite some time later when I was more relaxed. "I have an idea for a fanzine article."

"How's that?" asked the only woman who can put up with me for very long at one time. So I elucidated, much more briefly than I have done here, God forgive me. "But what's the punchline?" she asked. And you know? There she has me; there is no punchline. I have been in Joe Fann's situation, equally unseeing, and someday with any luck at all he will be in the equivalent of mine.

But when that time comes, Joe, you'll know what to do. Won't you?



"Fannac goes to a wedding"  
hell -- get out of here you  
damn squirrel!

# THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL

An Irregular Monthly of Sherlockiana

Suite 3500 - New Montgomery Block  
San Francisco, California

1 July 1985

Charles Burbee, Esq.  
Director of Production  
Chevela Food Products, Inc.  
3460 Tishman Blvd.  
Los Angeles 5, California

Dear Burbee,

I got your note this morning about the proposed zine in honour of the Trimbles' Silver Anniversary. Burb, you've caught me at a real bad time. The Irregular Annotated Complete Sherlock Holmes has to be ready by the Centenary of the publication of "A Study in Scarlet" in '87, and 5,000 pages is a lot of book. (We have Isabel on our list for a presentation set of the deluxe 10-volume edition, of course.) Anyway, I've been busy as hell. Flew to London twice last week for lunch. Only an hour each way now, you know. Those new Ellem Aircraft Dean Drive jobs are sweet ships.

I may let Shirley do most of the writing, run it off on our own 4-color RoboPress, and rocket-mail it down to you in time to be bound and ready at the party. I'm looking forward to Isabel's cooking.

Haven't seen Bjo and JT since the BarsoomCon last year. That girl is sure a damn pretty little thing, still, despite the years and the family. That green thing she wore when the Art Show Committee presented the Bonestell originals to the History Room of the Lloyd Wright Museum... Well, Wow! We must see more of the kids. (And watch your filthy mind, Burbee!) I guess JT's been quite busy as OE since Spectator Associated Press Systems took over Curtice and Luce as subsidiaries. I liked the printing job on Spectator Quarterly #151, but I think the Florentine leather binding is pushing it a bit.

Speaking of bindings, Bruce Polz has only been Librarian of Congress for 3 months, and the employees at the Government Bindery are threatening to strike, claiming a speed-up. Bruce writes that the Delta Section has finally acquired a first edition of Ted Johnstone's famous biology treatise, with the illos by the eminent editor of Playboy. Jack, by the way, is a good administrator, but too conservative. Since he took over, Playboy is just another men's fashion magazine. I hope Bruce Henstell doesn't let the same thing happen to Famous Cinematic Mutations, now that Forry has retired.

I saw Ernie Wheatley as usual at the Wine and Food Society dinner in Brasilia Thursday. He told me that Ted Johnstone has had PBS hire four of the seniors at Storevideo Institute as producers. As Dean of Students, Ernie is very happy, and so am I. Now maybe we'll get some decent coverage of the Deimos-Phobos launch races.

You have probably heard that Don Simpson has given up his vice-presidency of the "Interplanetary" Division of Parker Brothers to sign on as cartographer of the Saturn expedition. By the time he gets back, people should have forgotten about the "three-ship" scandal in the Mercury relays.

Yes, Ron sent our grandkids a year's supply of "Ellik's Old Fashioned Rhoot Bheer" too. He's sure a nice kid. (Kid!! He's quite a grey squirrel now.)

I do like Planetary's new Sherlock Holmes SV series. Ed Hodges could be a bit better as Holmes, but Hayley Mills is superb as Mrs. Hudson. We saw the sermon on KPIX last Sunday by old friend The Right Reverend John R. Harnoss, Suffragan Bishop for the Los Angeles Diocese, American Scientological Church. Not bad at all; only three puns this time.

Macavity, our cat, is well and happy. Since he graduated cum laude in Grammar and Composition at the Cornelius Appin School, he has spent most of his time taping chapters for his book People in the Pantry.

Shirley and Karen Anderson are in town for a "Save the Golden Gate Bridge" rally at City Hall. The rocketubes are fast and efficient but some traditions must be preserved. Karen has more free time since Poul moved the Analog SF&F offices from New York. That commuting is killing. I like his idea of changing the title to Astounding; there's so little wonder in the world today.

Well, I have to leave and pick up Shirley. Chancellor and Mrs. Lewis have invited us over to Cal for a special showing of Bill Rotsler's old classic "The Lord of the Rings." It's still a fine film, even after 12 years. I'm sure, though, that we can get something to you in a few days.

See you at the party,

*Dean*

Dean W. Dickensheet  
Editor

DWD/rbtpr

*P.S. Our home adress is now  
2222 Dwight Way, Berkeley*

# CONGRATULATIONS!

May all the joys that life can bring  
Be yours to have and hold  
And may it only deepen  
As the happy years unfold

In the home that you'll be sharing  
And the future you will build  
May every year together  
See more happy dreams fulfilled.

The best of luck to you both, Bjo and John! This card seemed appropriate, so I'm setting it down for your fanzine. I'm sure you'll have many happy moments reading over all the "Best Wishes" on these pages.

Sincerely,

*"Kaymar" Carlson*



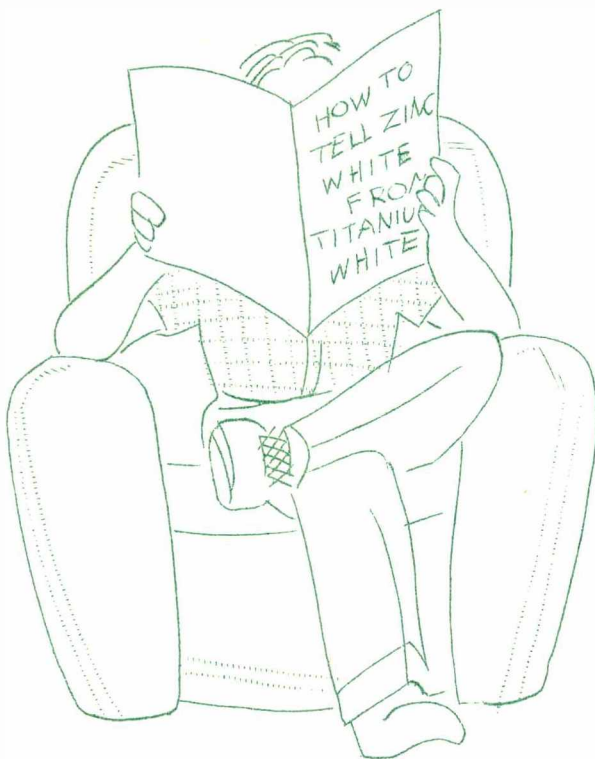
# INJUSTICE INDEED

It is July 9, 1960. You are at Fan Hill. Fan Hill is in Los Angeles. If you don't know where Los Angeles is, you are Out. If you do, chances are you are still Out. To be In, you must be a fhaan. What makes this scene different? Why are we In? We are here for a wedding. Yes, two fans of stf are being wed. In the background is a voice muttering "Sex and stf will never mix." We ignore him. Instead, we concentrate on the bride. Why not? After all, we don't believe that sex and stf will never mix.

There is a fairly large audience. It is a disconcerting audience. Have you ever seen over 109 propellor beanies spinning in phase?

There are over 65 pleased people in the audience. There are over 31 extremely ~~well~~-pleased people in the audience. But sitting in the front row with scowls on their faces are 12 very disgruntled-looking people. It is these 12 who are listening very closely to the minister's words. And when he reaches the phrase "...if any person knows of any reason..." these 12 leap to their feet in unison. Yes, even decrepit old George Charters leaps to his feet, although not quite in unison. It is very obvious that they have a common motivation. And they boom forth with "YES! She's bypassing us on the FAPA waiting list!"

## NORM METCALF



# THE SOCIAL CLIMBERS

It is the evening of July 8, 1960, and the sun is setting out beyond the shores of Santa Monica. Cutting across the disc of the sun is an eastbound jet. It circles and then lands at L.A. International Airport. A few minutes later (after the red tape) a man rushes out of the terminal and shouts for a taxi: "To Fan Hill, my man!"

A west-bound plane lands and another man rushes for a taxi. "To Fan Hill, by crikey!"

By bicycle down the Coast Highway comes a youth, panting and puffing. He struggles up Sunset Boulevard towards the Civic Center. "I'll make it to Fan Hill yet!" he gasps.

A speeding station wagon with Florida plates rolls up the San Geronimo Pass; the sun is setting in a bank of smog. "Yonder lies Fan Hill!" cry out three men and a woman.

And from Cambridge, Silver Springs, Long Branch, Toronto, Fort Johnson, Chicago, Millburn, Brooklyn, Denver, New York, Dearborn, Detroit, and Connersville come strange individuals.

A car is boiling its way up the Grapevine in a rush. As it draws nearer we see that it is a second-hand Packard with a giant at the wheel and a real dish at his side. A squirrel leaps into an oak tree on the Tejon Ranch, chattering something like "bark lea."

By MATS from Schwabach comes a uniformed man to Long Beach AFB, and by bus from there to Fan Hill.

And others converge on Fan Hill from L.A. 6, 54, & 56, from Santa Monica and from South Pasadena.

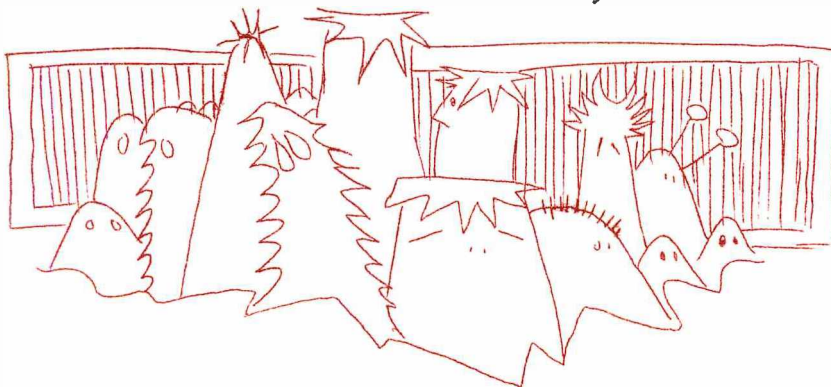
And as the sun goes down and leaves Fan Hill lit only by the harsh glare of street lights, a crowd gathers outside of 980½ White Knoll Drive. A crowd of 32 fen with beanies whirling is an impressive sight. They sing Rapp's "The Beer Song."

And as the familiar words penetrate into 980½, Bjo appears.

And then the crowd gives voice to its feelings with with one mighty shout: "Thanks for moving us all one more place up the FAPA waiting list!!!"

NORM METCALF

P.S.: All the more conventional best wishes, also!



I Will Always Remember

BJO

I think that I will always remember Bjo; as I grow as a fan and even when I become a BNF.

Bjo is more than a girl (fannish minds, that is not what I mean!), she is a spirit. I started fandom in the summer of 1959. I found the whole world of fans just great. But after the third meeting that I attended I began to wonder about the character described to me, Bjo. I met Bjo, but did not get to know her until the trip to Detroit.

I found Bjo a strange mixture of feeling. Kind, sweet, nice. She might not have wanted the post, but she was the leader of our trip.

Bjo is very sensitive; she needs someone to lean on. John is such a person. I hope and wish only the best for both Bjo and John, may their life together be full. May they both be happy, and bring a lot of new neos into the club.

Bjo; best always, I will remember always.

best and love



BRUCE

Bruce Henstell

-----  
"Don't let my message of happiness spoil anything in your bliss." ...j linard  
-----

to BJO and JOHN TRIMBLE

With warm and sincere wishes for  
a happy married life, are dedicated

TWO

SIMILIES

Marriage is like a Fallout Shelter  
Two refugees must share,  
With nothing inside that empty room  
But what they carried there.

If one brings the bread of Tenderness,  
The other the wine of Love,  
They can live in that hidden Shelter  
Till the sky is clear above.

But if one brings only his hunger,  
And the other seeks only his gain,  
They are no better off in the Shelter  
Than out in the fall-out rain.

Marriage is like two warriors who,  
Cut off from their company's aid,  
Stand back to back and continue the fight  
With confidence, unafraid

So long as each knows the other  
Provides the defence he may lack,  
Protected each by his brother,  
No blow can strike from the back.

But if one should about-face in anger  
At the jostling blows of his friend,  
They would both be in perilous danger.  
So this is the counsel I send:

"Gentle words guard a marriage from danger.  
Park your anger outside of the house.  
If you must quarrel, pick on a stranger;  
Fight the whole world --  
but don't fight your spouse!"

by

G. M. CARR

# THE FAIREST JUDGE

by BELLE C DIETZ

When we got out to Los Angeles a week before the Solacon began, I was rather at loose ends, after doing as much sightseeing as my feet would take. I asked if there was any way I could help the committee and was directed, straight away, to Bjo's Future Fashion Show. I am an amateur seamstress, and it sounded like a lot of fun, which it was. Bjo's costume designs were wonderful, and a pleasure to execute in cloth. One day, I took my costume for the Solacon Masquerade Ball from the hotel, so that I could do a little more work on it, and I unthinkingly draped it over a chair. Bjo, when she arrived, spotted the out-of-place, non-Bjo design right away, and before I could say "John Trimble," she had picked it up and was dissecting the foreign thing with her critical artist's eye.

Well, that didn't disturb me, but what did was the fact that Bjo was to be one of the judges at the Masquerade Ball, and this constituted a sneak preview. But when I told her it was my Ball costume, she dropped it as though it had suddenly changed into a hot johnnycake, turned away, picked up her thimble and began sewing on a Fashion Show costume.

"Oh, well," I thought, "there goes any chance we have of winning one of the prizes. She'll think it unfair after seeing the costume in advance."

Much to my amazement, the three of us (Frank, Roger Sims and I -- dressed as e.t. exchange students from a planet where the "humans" had evolved from pandas) did win the "special" prize.

"Oho!" I said to myself, "Bet Bjo engineered that to thank me for the Fashion Show bit."

Later, Max Phillips came over to me and said: "You know, your worries that Bjo would be prejudiced against you were baseless. I was standing right in back of her and the other two judges, and she just kept silent about you three. One of the others said that he liked the bunny rabbits for the "special" prize, and Bjo merely said that they were bears, not rabbits, but nothing else, and when the other two voted for you, she just went along."

Well, I'll be a plastic-skirted female panda!

Hey, John, you're getting the fairest of all -- in more respects than one.

Frank and I send our very best wishes to you both.

Happy wedding day!

BELLE

# BALLAD OF BJOHN

On yonder knoll there stands a fem-fan,  
'Tis the one they call Bjo;  
I'll go and court her for her fanac,  
She must answer yes or no.

Oh, no John, no John, no John, no.

You have access to Gestetners,  
'Neath your fingers SHAGGY grows;  
Please accept my fond submission,  
Don't continue saying no.

Oh, no John, no John, no John, no.

Faneds always ask for something,  
Cartoons, artwork, writing; so  
It has come to be a habit,  
I must always answer no.

Oh, no John, no John, no John, no.

I can get you into FAPA,  
You would make a grand OE;  
I'll come take you off the wait-list,  
Won't you say you'll marry me?

Oh, no John, no John, no John, no.

Do you find me neofannish,  
Too concerned with martial strife?  
Are you contented to stay single,  
With PAS-tell passions all your life?

Oh, no John, no John, no John, no.

If I should take you to a preacher  
(For that, I own, is in my plans),  
Would you then refuse to join me  
In raising lots of little slans?

Oh, no John, no John, no John, no.

BOB  
COULSON

# The PERFECT MARRIAGE

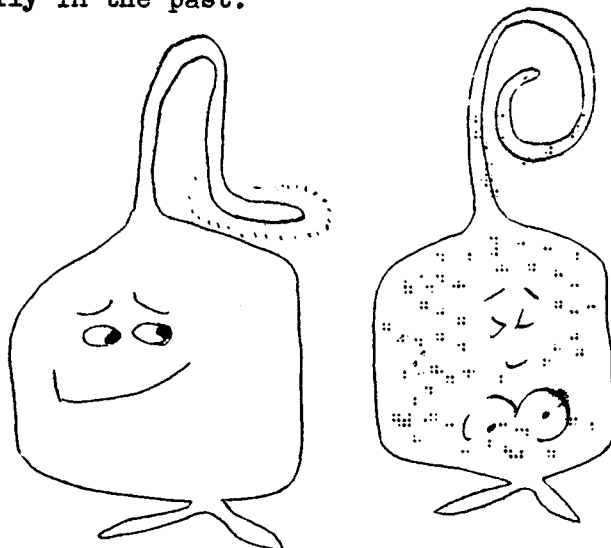
A few years ago, Old Gold cigarettes adopted for a short while the slogan "The Perfect Marriage" in describing the fusing of a new filter with the cigaret. While that slogan has been abandoned today, I can think of no other case where it is more applicable, than in Bjo's and John Trimble's upcoming marriage. Very few people -- much less fans -- are as well-suited or as well-matched for marriage as these two. I can easily envision the time when Bjo wells will have been known as Betty Jo Trimble all throughout fandom, and fans will question each other saying "I wonder what she was like before she was married to John?"

I have never met either Bjo or John Trimble. I've never seen a picture of Trimble, and the closest I've come to meeting Bjo was through the LASFS film "The Genie," which I saw a while ago, and through her numerous cartoons which seem to pop up in just about every fanzine you open these days.

Few people can write with personality like Bjo can. Her APAzines and other writings serve to provide an acute and penetrating insight into her invigorating and enviable character. Through her and John's affiliations with SHAGGY, they have produced a number of fine and skillfully-constructed fanzines, which have all the qualities of the elite. The few letters I've exchanged with Bjo indicate her tremendous potential for expressing friendliness through the medium of writing; very few people can do it as skillfully as she. Her nomination and close balloting for TAFF proves her popularity, and even if she did not gain the majority, it seems apparent that if she were to run in the next TAFF election she could win the victory easily.

More than ever, it seems as if Bjo has always fit into her niche in fandom. Her sex was never a handicap -- in fact, it turned out to be an advantage, and a female being accepted as an equal in this predominantly man's world is an admirable accomplishment. But then, why shouldn't she? Her personality is transmitted to everything she comes in contact with, and one can't help but go away with a warm glow after reading a zine or a letter of hers.

So here's to Bjo and John Trimble, the Perfect Marriage in any group. May they be as productive collectively in the future, as they have been productive individually in the past.



*Mike*

Mike Deckinger

Dear John & Bjo:

I won't be at your wedding. This absence must not be construed as disinterest in this particular wedding. Please don't think that I disapprove of weddings in general, either. But I never go to weddings because of the music. I'm afraid that even a pair of wise, sensible people like you two will have at least one or two of the traditional wedding selections floating through the air. And almost without exception, the musical selections that are most frequently heard at weddings are remarkably strange choices for that particular function.

Maybe things are different around Los Angeles, but in Hagerstown a baby is hardly considered legitimate if the wedding preceding its arrival didn't contain a performance of "Ave Maria." Now, there is a great deal of confusion about "Ave Maria" in the minds of non-musicians, because there are two very popular compositions with that title, involving three composers. One is a melody that Gounod wrote to the accompaniment of a prelude from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord," using the Latin words of the Catholic prayer to Mary. There's nothing wrong with this at a wedding, except the fact that the vocal line goes interminably up and up, and everyone gets nervous wondering if the singer will hit that climactic high note. But the other composition with the same title, by Schubert, is equally popular at weddings. And I've encountered even singers who paid so little attention to the words that they didn't realize that this isn't the same prayer by any means. Schubert wrote his music to a German version of a song that appears in Sir Walter Scott's "The Lady of the Lake," and it just happens to start with the words of the prayer, after which the character in the novel starts thinking about quite different matters. These matters may not be audible at weddings because an unauthentic set of words is used, or the singer mumbles. But the original song has quite jarring remarks, under the circumstances. Ellen, the girl in the novel, tells the Virgin that "Thou canst save amid despair" her miserable self, who is "banished, outcast and reviled." Then Ellen goes on to worry about "The flinty couch we now must share" and "the murky cavern's heavy air" and ends up by bowing herself to a lot of care.

There's also confusion about another wedding traditional, "O Promise Me." The words are somewhat more appropriate than the Schubert ditty, taken on the whole. But I'll be darned if I'd want to get married to someone described in the song as "the most unworthy in this lonely land" and I don't think very much of the use of a certain adjective, when the lyrics mention that there will be "love unspeakable." No matter what you read in books about music, this song does not come from "Robin Hood," the comic opera by Reginald deKoven. It was composed independently, and got stuck into the opera as a later tradition.

The music that organists favor as the topics of the wedding go down the aisle is also somewhat dubious if its origin is considered. "Here Comes the Bride" is the English nickname for the music from the third act of Wagner's "Lohengrin." It is used to march Lohengrin and Elsa into their bridal chamber, to be sure. But it doesn't have very happy associations in the original opera. The two characters apparently don't like it, because they never do get around to singing that tune, and a quarter-hour later, their marriage is busted up before it's even been consummated. (Some critics have been harsh on Elsa because she insisted on knowing Lohengrin's name, but I don't think that she was motivated only by pure curiosity. She was probably trying to figure out what in the world she was going to use for the wedding announcements.) The other organists' favorite is the wedding march from the incidental music that

Mendelssohn wrote for "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This involves a completely happy marriage, but there must be some brides who keep remembering that two of the most important men in that drama are fairies.

I can't find any fault with the use of Liszt's "Liebestraum" and Grieg's "Ich Liebe Dich" as wedding songs. However, they are misprint-prone in newspaper accounts. If the i and e get reversed in the Liszt composition, the title becomes a positively carnal "Dream About The Flesh," and I have frequently seen the other song misspelled in newspapers as "Ich Liebe Dick."

More seriously, I think that fans who get married could do their share to break with the traditional kinds of wedding music. In place of a sugary melody like "Because" and its occasionally accurate but depressing statement that "Because you come to me with naught save love," fandom might draw on the considerable body of good music that is indisputably suitable for this purpose. I think the wedding music at the end of the second act of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" is much nicer to hear than the Wagner chestnut, and it has a happy ending in the opera, too. Richard Strauss wrote a whole bunch of songs that are not too difficult for the middling kind of singer that usually gets hired for weddings. "Freundliche Vision" tells about the little cottage where the couple will spend a happy life, "Morgen" takes more breath but is an even lovelier picture of the bliss that lies ahead, and "Traum Durch die Dämmerung" is equally good for this purpose. Schumann wrote two songs for a bride to sing on her wedding day, "Zwei Lieder der Braut," and if the girl can have someone give her away, she certainly could have someone sing her away, too. Bach wrote a wedding cantata, and almost any of the music from the final part of Haydn's "Creation" would be highly appropriate.

I hope this explains why I won't dance at your wedding.

Yrs., &c.,

/s/ Harry Warner

-oOo-

I have been trying to compose a really nice toast to Bjo on her wedding. I thought of saying, "Bjo, the girl who made the LASFS heterosexual." However, it seemed that last word might offend some people, and should be omitted.

However, what I finally came up with was this;

"For twenty years there has been faaan fiction about a girl who would make the stefnal instinct and the mating instinct complementary rather than contradictory impulses, who would set fen to competing as stefnists, with the idea that the best fan would win her.

"At last you came true."

/s/ Jack Speer

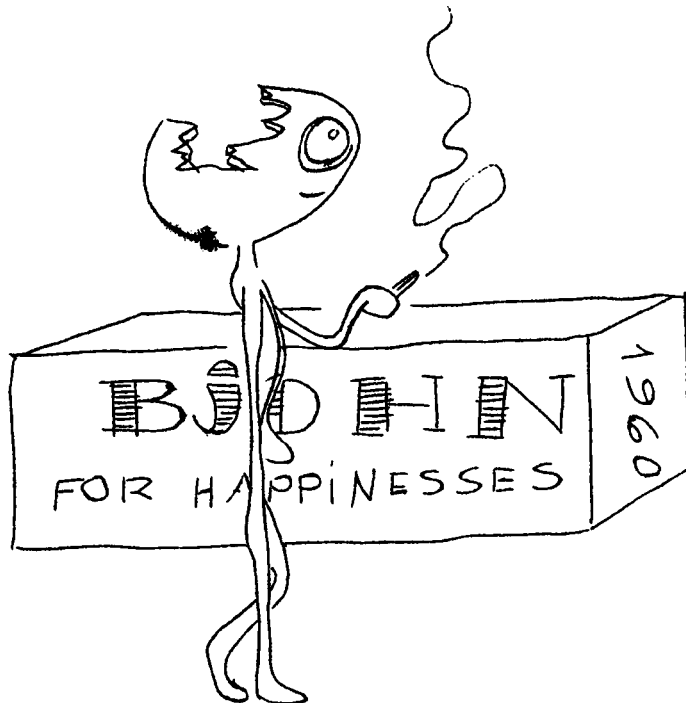
*Marriage is not just  
a good way to make  
a fast buck mmmmmmm*

How fortunate you fannish kids now have a legal right  
To spend in reproduction the wee hours of the night.  
While other fans must break it up at two, or three, or four,  
You two can take another breath and plunge right back for more.

I can see the scene before me: Bjo stretched out on the bed,  
Surveying FAPA mailings hubby John's already read.  
While John's heart beats quite madly as he gazes at the size  
Of her big FANCYCLOPEDIA which he's yet to memorize.

No more your fanactivity by night must be curtailed --  
To each other whispering articles that NEVER could be mailed --  
Making life itself your battle cry, through sorrow, joy or strife:  
"Fandom's NOT a goddamned hobby! Fandom is a lay of wife!"

*best, Gregg Colkins*



# DEAR ANN LANDERS:

We are a reasonably respectable couple who live in a world called "fandom" and only engage in mass orgies, called "conventions" about twice a year. We have a problem, Miss Landers. It those neighbors, the Lasfs family, across the tracks, in a suburb called Los Angeles. Horrid people, really. No morals at all, putting out all the time. The main trouble seems to be their little girl, Bjo. A delicate little child with a sensitive fannish face, covered with sensitive fannish freckles. The things that they make that child do shouldn't even happen to a pro-mag-ed. They send her across the border to Tiajuana to smuggle in contraband art supplies. They tell her if anyone asks if she wants a quickie marriage or divorce, that she should say she likes "living in sin." They made her mistress of the whole Lasfs family, and if that wasn't enough they made her a Soames Sexre-tary, whatever that is and I'm sure it's something terribly outrageous.

It looks as if the family is going to try to sabotage this child's last chance at happiness. They're circulating poison-gestetnered letters in an attempt to damage the very day that should mean so much to Bjo. They're actually going to put out a fanzine on her wedding day, the worst sort of mass orgy possible. You should just see the corflu fly, the ink-stained fingers, the collated piles, the bent staples... .

All this work, just to prove that they love her, as if anyone could ever doubt it for a moment. Best of all, probably, is giving us a chance to join in the fun, because we love her too. And just for a moment we'd like to go into long eulogies about "how to make a success of life," but have a second thought; after all, "getting there is half the fun."

Instead, we'll just say how much we would like to be with her, and the rest of the family this day, to kiss the bride, to make sly remarks to John when the boys get him aside, to paint the proverbial innuendoes on the car trunk... . And to propose a toast: "To Bjo and John, all best wishes possible,  
always"

*Earl and Nancy Kemp*

P.S. The problem: finding enough Bjos to go around, one for each trufan. Can you help, Miss Landers?



# ALL THIS AND FANAC TOO...

I've always thought that when two fans marry (male and female, of course) there should be a fannish ceremony. I sort of figure that there should be a quiet church affair first of all (or a Registry Office would be better still) just to symbolize the union, and then the happy but impatient couple should be treated to an extravagant fannish ritual.

This is the way I see it in this case:-

A large hall should be hired in Berkeley, preferably one with only one exit.

An altar should be knocked together at one end of the hall, on a raised platform, and the platform should be liberally covered with fanzines.

The fannish guests seat themselves round the platform, and the blushing couple should be dragged in and placed on the platform for their preliminary burst of spontaneous egoboo.

Plenty of drink should be supplied, and I think Forry Ackerman should fill the bill here.

William Rotsler should of course have brought his camera along, and take a few photographs.

Being a fannish occasion, it would, I feel, be terribly mundane if the pictures showed the couple arm in arm. I think Rotsler should be given his head, and, at suggestions from some of the more borad-minded fans present, arrange BJO and John in a few amorous poses. I mean, dammit, we are fans, we know the facts of life, and it would be mere prudery to try and frustrate Rotsler. The way I see it, Bloch should take BJO to one side and suggest a few stances, and Isabel Burbee should give Trimble some of the hard-earned lessons she has accumulated from the acknowledged Master, over the years.

If the couple are shy, and dislike letting too many fans in on the preliminary nuptials, weell, cut the audience down to a couple of hundred or so.

I am not for the moment suggesting anything more than an uninhibited cuddle, but there is plenty of scope for pleasing the fans present, and showing them that the marriage is starting off on a good foundation -- if you can call a liberal covering of fanzines a good foundation!

Speeches follow.

I am sure that Burbee can give the couple some advice, but I would suggest turning out of the hall any fans under the age of 21 before allowing this.

Donaho can be relied upon for some repartee, and on this occasion it would be fitting if he could, on behalf of his exiled friends from the Nunnery, present them with a Nunnery Bed. The cost of fumigation and DDT spray would be worth it. A stuffed cockroach in amber would be symbolic of the fact that a bed can hide a multitude of sins!

A Guard of Honour, composed of the old BJO retinue, should then guide the couple to the lounge, where fannish presents are to be distributed.

For myself, I cannot think of anything more suitable than reams of puce duplicating paper and nice multi-coloured ink. A few boxes of staples will no doubt be useful, and also a few boxes of stencils. The Usher, Fritz Leiber, should get a couple of large empty cardboard boxes and pack some of these choice gifts so that BJohn can take them on their honeymoon. Don't put in more than a couple of dozen reams, though, Fritz, because they may not want to duplicate all the time. There are, I am led to believe, other ways of expressing their fannish inclinations.

After they've got dressed again, a procession should tour Berkeley, letting everyone know that if they were in fandom what a helluva nice bunch of chaps they'd come into contact with.

As the couple ride or drive away on their honeymoon (if it's not already too late) they should be liberally showered with zaps, instead of with mundane rice. And if any fans feel there is a deep significance to throwing rice, take it to hell out of the dish first. The lump on my forehead has baffled many a phrenologist....

As the affair is mighty important to fandom as a whole, and as we have BJohn's interests so much at heart, I think it would only be ethical to send a group of dedicated fans along to see fair play. The hotel where the honeymoon is being held should, for a bit of palm greasing, permit the selected fans to have the room next to the honeymoon suite, so as, if BJO or John have trouble with the duper feed, it can be rectified with despatch. They may require help with the stapling, too.

Bill Rotsler would, I feel sure, also find the situation conducive to trying out a few unorthodox shots. I feel it is his forte to hang from the chandelies, and he wouldn't be in the way. And say, Bill, I know the man who chooses the front covers for La Vie Parisien, so send me a few of the proofs, will you????

.....

Seriously, though, I have had the pleasure of meeting both these keen young fans, and I am positive that they will be able to spare the time from illoing and fan pubbing on their honeymoon to realize that they are both very lucky. John Trimble, I recall (although I didn't really get to say a lot to him) is a nice serious chap who will take the duties of being BJO's Lord and Master with the spirit and enthusiasm which I would if I were in his place.

BJO is a delightful person, shrewd and capable, and together they both should be happy....

I know they will, and I wish them every possible happiness in all they do.

That reminds me, don't forget the proofs, Bill.

Best,  
John

John Berry  
1960

## Bjo - CONVENTION ROOM-MATE

Since Detroit I've been telling it as one of the best and most amusing stories of the Convention -- that Bjo was so popular, and so greatly in demand, that I, who shared a room with her there, actually entered a bid at the final auction, in hopes of being able to exchange something more than brief greetings with this charming redheaded creature I'd have liked to know better. However, I was soon outbid; I wound up with a scanty 1/27th of the coveted hour of her time -- which I never managed to collect!

In fact, during those three days of my joint tenancy of 1373 with Bjo, we were actually reduced -- when some small point made it imperative that we communicate -- to writing each other little notes and leaving them on the dressing table! Tucked in my Detention souvenir I have, with other mementoes, such a note, in which Bjo gave me carte blanche, while making up for the masquerade, to help myself to any of her cosmetics or costume jewelry I needed...adding some gracious and helpful advice about the use of silver eyeshadow.

This was, doubtless, the fan correspondence at the closest quarters in history. Now I have heard it said that inhabitants of the various Slan Shacks around the country corresponded before and after their joint-tenancy, but I don't believe that any reputable source, such as FANCY II, or the Bulletin of the Cosmic Circle, documents that they did so while actually inhabiting the same quarters! Fans will be fans, however, and the letter-writing urge is deeply ingrown in the genus fan... doubtless, even when inhabiting the same room and the same bed. True fans -- such as the 14 year old twin brothers Lee Hoffman was supposed to have been -- would doubtless stamp, seal and mail the letters to one another; fakefans such as Terry and Miri Carr probably confine themselves to leaving letters (decently concealed in an envelope, naturally!) on one another's typewriters.

What pity that the priceless gift of sharing a Convention room with someone like Bjo should be limited, by crass social custom, to those who can't fully appreciate it. Like me, for instance. Oh, yes, I enjoyed Bjo's company and conversation, ~~what~~ little I had of it. And, of course, I admired her beauty ~~as~~ I would any pretty thing. (We will here pass over the 18-year old fan who attempted to bribe me to measure her famous 22-inch waist with his own personal tape measure.) But what a pale thing that is -- the detached admiration of a plain woman for a pretty one -- compared to those blazing fires of delight which my golden opportunity would have aroused in the majority of fans there -- I mean the men! For instance, while hotel rooms were under discussion, it came out that (the hotel being out of twin-bed rooms) Bjo and I were in a double; whereupon a bright young BNF cried out that I was the envy of every MALE fan at the Detention!

And so, as indeed it should be, John Trimble -- he of the ready wit, the charming smile, the fascinatin' moustache -- has achieved that favored position coveted by all of the males in fandom: the official room-mate of Bjo. It will be his task to keep track of the leers of admiration, and the honest smiles of pleasure, which Bjo collects in her wake as she goes, all sunspots and smiles, from hither to yon. In some of this chatter, I ~~may have implied~~ the future Mrs. Trimble is knee-deep in admirers because of some deliberate maneuvers of her own, but since this is being written for those who know Bjo, that allegation is too absurd to be noted. I have tried, before this, to put it into words; something of that elusive thing which makes Bjo the flower for all the buzzing bees. Impossible. It is simply some mag-

netic overflow of the thing which she is, radiating and spilling over on everyone in her orbit. It is, beyond all doubts, attractive to men. It is perceptible even to women (for Bjo alone is almost immune to the catty feline sarcasms which even the best of women direct toward their own sex.) And if even the overflow of her vital force is so great, what must it be at the source? John Trimble is to be congratulated!

And may he never be reduced to leaving notes on her dressing table -- or bidding with futility for an hour of her time! But then -- having seen John -- I know he won't be. No woman could treat him that way!

"OH, SHE HAD HER HEART  
SET ON TRIMBLE UNTIL BJO CAME ALONG,"



JWC

# "METHOD"

JT is a member of FAPA,  
And Bjo has OMPA and SAPS;  
They've both had a fling at N'APA --  
Together they'll have all the APs!

Chorus: Bjo, Bjo, it's off to the altar you go,  
Ho-ho!  
Bjo, Bjo, it's off to the altar you go!

Bjo has a Rackham collection,  
JT hoards the Arkham House tomes;  
To see their Fantast predilection  
Would not take the talents of Holmes!

Chorus:

One-twentieth of the Gestetner  
Is Bjo's alone to control,  
But marriage with JT is gettin' her  
One more 5% of the whole!

Chorus:

Now Bjo wields stylos with fervor,  
And at typer quite clever is she.  
JT wants to try to preserve her  
To do his FAPActivity!

Chorus:

A lot of JT's stuff was carried  
On loan to where Bjo did bunk --  
So much so, they've got to get married;  
They can't separate all the junk!

Chorus:

Though I'm sure that the cause of the wedding  
Is listed somewhere up above,  
There's no use completely forgetting  
The Long Shot -- they might be in love!

Chorus:

-- Alexis Archer

# THE CASE OF THE BRIDE

BY RON BENNETT

FRECKLED

The LASFS meeting at Forry's was just getting into its stride. Ernie Wheatley and Forry were writing out the first batch of the evening's IOUs for the pun box, and Bruce Pelz and Tessie were sampling the latest of Isabel's dips.

"This is great," said Bruce. "What's this latest concoction made of?"

"Oh, I just threw together a few things like mayonnaise, icrcream and tomato tops," Isabel replied. There was a knock at the door.

John G. went to the door and opened it. He looked at the tall gangling figure and said "Ok, Ok, there's no need to knock the door down. There's a bell, you know."

"I never use doorbells. I get better results by knocking. You got someone here by the name of Bjo Wells?"

"Why, that's me," said Bjo, who had come to the door behind John. "What is it you want to see me about?"

"Mind if I step inside?" asked the stranger.

He entered the spacious front room and sat down near the piano. The gang gathered round him.

"I'm here from the Californian Revenue," the stranger announced. "Your freckle tax is due," he said to Bjo.

"Freckle tax?" the gang echoed.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said Bjo.

"It's quite simple, really. There's a long-standing ordinance which taxes freckles at a dollar per. We don't often observe the rule strictly, but just pick out a half-dozen or so per quarter and get by on those. You're just the unlucky one. It's your turn to pay up."

"This is ridiculous," said Forry. "I've never heard of a freckle tax and certainly George Nims has never mentioned any such ordinance to me."

The stranger flipped out a notebook. "Well, according to my records, it was one of your club's old-time members who started the whole idea."

"Who was that?" asked the gang with one voice.

"Oscar Laney."

"Oscar Laney? We had a Francis Towner Laney."

"Yeah, that's the guy. Real name was Oscar. We christened him Freckle Tax Laney, and I guess he took up the initials. Still, this isn't getting us anywhere. I don't want the money now; you've thirty days to pay City Hall." He tipped the hat he hadn't removed from his head and got up to leave.

"Say," said Forry, "we'll have to talk this over. Would you mind waiting in the library for a few minutes?"

"I've other calls..."

"This will only be for a few minutes."

"Well, ok, I guess I can give you five minutes, but not a moment more..." Forry showed him out.

"This puts us in a fine pickle," said Ernie.

"I knew there was something I'd left out of that dip," said Isabel.

"A dollar a freckle!" moaned John G. "This will ruin us,"

"It would be cheaper to get rid of the freckles," said Forry as he returned through the den's rear-exit door. "It'll be all right to talk, though--our friend won't be going anywhere. I've shown him the garage and he'll never find his way out of that maze."

The others laughed, but grew serious at the problem still confronting them. "It might be cheaper," said John G., "but I don't want to. I love every one of them, and while I'd still love Bjo if she hadn't any freckles, it would be a great loss."

"It seems to me there is only one person who can help us here," said Burb, from the corner where he'd been reading the puns dummied for the next FMoF.

"Of course!" chimed in the others. "Why didn't we think of him before?"

"I'll go and let our friend out of the garage," said Forry, rushing out the back door; he was gone no more than half a minute.

"He's gone!" he announced excitedly. "How did he manage to get out of the garage? We'll definitely have to get in touch now with the only person who can help us." He picked up the phone, dialled. "Western Union? I'd like to send an urgent cable to Goon Bleary, Belfast, Northern Ire..."

-oOo-

The Beast from Twenty Thousand Fathoms was trying to get in my bedroom window. I turned over but the scrabbling went on. I woke and looked at my watch--three-thirty; but the scratching continued. I cleared the sleep from my eyes...someone was throwing gravel at the window. I got out of bed, drew back the curtains and looked into the garden; I recognized the tall figure immediately--it was the Goon. I let him in and sat in silence as he filled his pipe from my mattress.

He spoke at last. "I've a case which I have practically solved, but I need your help to fit a couple of pieces into place."

"Only too pleased to help, Goon," I said. "As your representative in the northern counties, your chosen operative in..."

"Yes, yes. What I want to ask you is this: Have you been in Forry's garage?"

"Of course. Forry was going to show me his car and I wasn't particularly interested, but when he opened the doors I saw a maze of bookshelves and..."

"Exactly; now, what did you call those shelves again?" His eyes burned into mine.

"A maze. . .that's what it is. Anyone could get lost, midst all the books and bookshelves there."

The Goon began to look triumphant, but obviously his puzzle was not yet resolved; he began to explain to me the problem: "Some joker turned up at a LASFS meeting and claimed that he was taxing Bjo on her freckles. Forry tried to hold him while the gang diseussed the matter, and showed him into the garage. When they realized that they must call me, Forry went back to the garage to find the alleged tax-collector had vanished, and they don't want to call the police for fear there is such a tax, yet the creep may not be legit, and they'd still have to pay. They've promised me two copies of Lady Chatterley for my fee if I solve the case, and of course one will be yours." He smiled generously.

"That's very good of you, Goon, sir," I protested, "but I already have a copy; the one Alan Rispin donated to TAFF, you know..."



"Hmm, well, I'll see you're not forgotten, and I'll be able to sell the other copy to James White. Page by page." He untangled his pipe from the ends of his moustache. "The clues are beginning to add up; first, how did this tax man know that Bjo might be found at the LASFS meeting just then? How did he manage to escape from the garage?"

"You mean...?"

"Exactly. It must be someone familiar with the club."

"But that would only leave a fan, and what fan would do such a thing?"

"Many fans would take part in such schemes; we must find a reasonable motive."

"Well, that's obvious, Goon. Someone just doesn't like Bjo's freckles, and..."

He looked at me pityingly. "And you call yourself a fan," he said, mouthing each word so that I writhed under his glance.

"Well..." I thought. "What about jealousy?"

"No, I think not. All unattached male fans will be wildly jealous of John G., of course, but I can't see a fan trying such a scheme because of jealousy... Wait—I think I have it!" He stood up, towering over me, and peered through a haze of horsehair smoke. "How far would you go for a scoop for SKYRACK?"

"Well, it has been suggested that I'd even throw Cecil over a cliff, and ORION has a story upcoming in which I commit murder for ..."

"Exactly. It therefore stands to reason that any newszine editor would do as much for a scoop for his own publication!"

"But you surely don't mean... Goon, there's only one other fannish newszine!"

"Yes, precisely. It has to be an editor within easy reach of LA, a fan who would know of the meeting, perhaps from one of his many spies, and someone who was not baffled by the mysteries of Forry's garage. Ron Ellik must have used a pretty good disguise."

"Why, Goon, that's brilliant," I said with sincerity.

"Of course," the great defective replied modestly.

"It's not everyone who can solve a case from a distance of six thousand miles. I'm pleased of course that it was just getting a scoop for FANAC, too, and that there was no eviller purpose in mind."

"What else could it be?" asked the great man. "Everyone wishes Bjo and John happiness and a successful married life together."

"Precisely," I replied. "We'll drink to that."

"A good idea." He raised the glass of Yorkshire pudding batter I poured him. "To Bjo and John," he proposed.

"To Bjo and John," I echoed, and we drained our glasses.

--rmb, 29Jun60.

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"Take my advice: Be happy without it." ...Annie Linard.  
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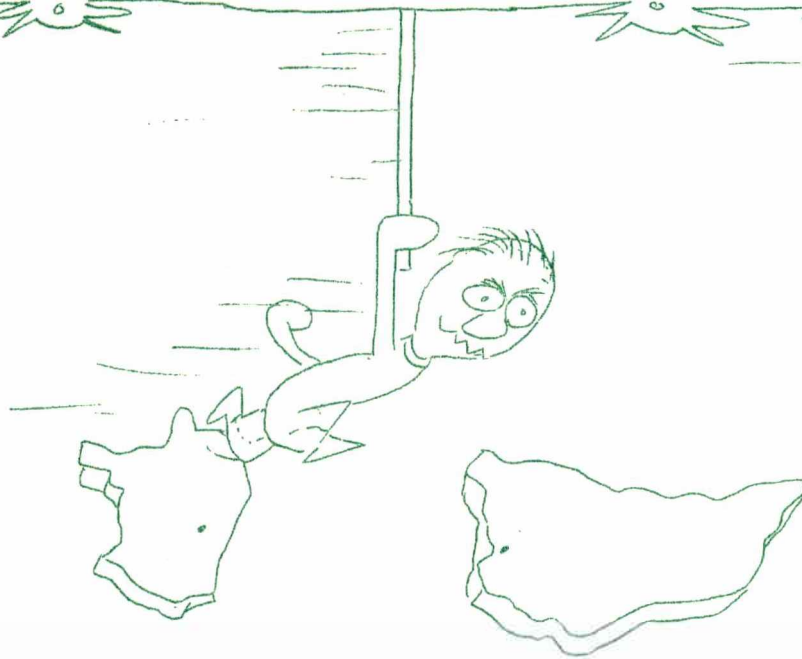
WHO, YOU?

What or who tamed who  
or which? (or all mean are good to get  
into Fapa Sooner) Etc..

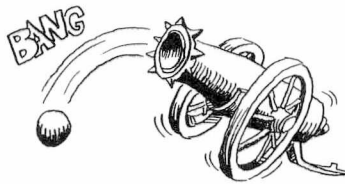
This is besides it. All I wonder  
is how we can tolerate (we don't) not to  
be there to tell you how we are  
happy for you others, and  
we want to thank you for  
this happiness, only wishing it'll only be  
beat by yours

For a LONG while

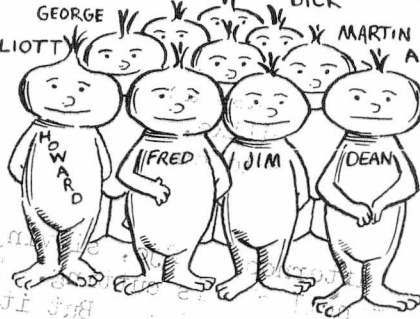
7.9.60 Jeanbinaud



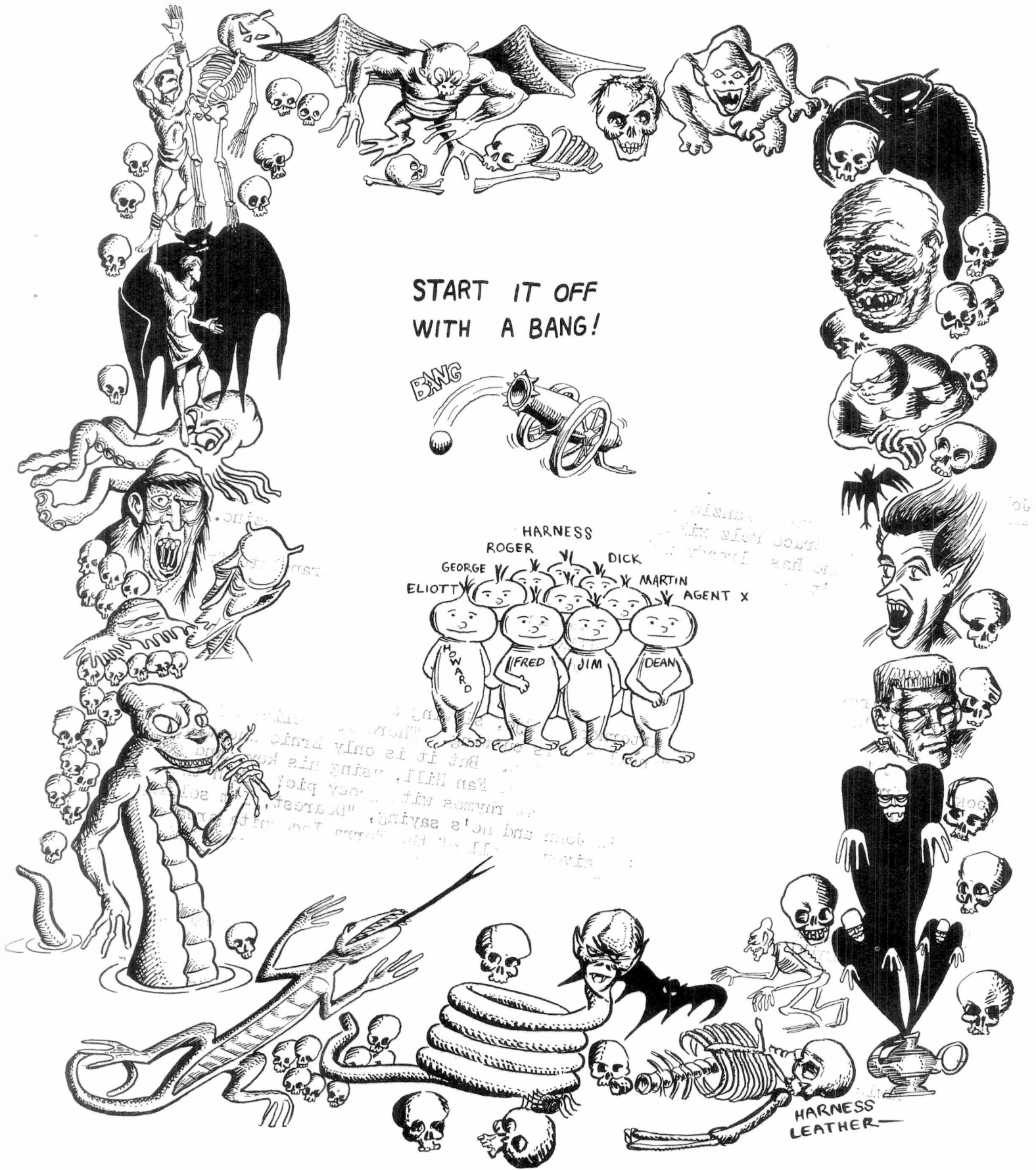
START IT OFF  
WITH A BANG!



HARNESS  
ROGER  
DICK  
GEORGE  
MARTIN  
ELIOTT  
AGENT X



HARNESS  
LEATHER—



# A MODEST PROPOSAL

How to begin a stencil for this publication? How to go about composing an article for Bjohn? Perhaps I should start by describing how I have met and reacted to these two people -- but no, this article should be about pleasant things .... I can stall for time by describing theirs as an ideal marriage. If ever two people were fated to marry each other, these are. With one stroke they have removed each other from the arena of choice, maritally speaking, for the rest of us. And a good thing, too. This marriage, consisting of one man and one woman -- a rarity for Los Angeles -- this marriage -- what will this marriage be like?

And that is my cue. Most people will write about they have known Bjo and John, giving, thereby, the viewpoint of the past. Others will write about these two as they are at the present. Forry will lard his with puns and reprint it in his nationally-syndicated fanzine\*. Their neighbor, Pandora, will give the human side of the news. Bruce Pelz will, in contrast, point out the fannishness of it all. Ted Johnstone has already written a scholarly treatise on the subject but, unfortunately, won't have it published in time for inclusion in this fanzine.

But it is the function of science fiction to predict, to extrapolate from the past and present. And by avoiding past and present, I shall be able to write a pleasant article, perhaps. Ghodlike, we scan months of time in a single sentence to arrive unseen at the household on the left breast of Fan Hill, sometime in the future....

It is five fifteen in the afternoon. Bjo, slaving over a hot mimcoscope, looks up from the latest arty stencil she is cutting. There is a click of a key turning in the lock. "Darling!" she cries. But it is only Ernie Wheatley from the Men's Dormitory on the other breast of Fan Hill, using his key, and he has a problem for her to solve. Namely, what rhymes with gooey pie? Then the phone rings and she answers it. It's John and he's saying, "Dearest, I'm selling rope in a new district now. They've given me all of the Terra Incognita area of Los Angeles. Say -- what's a Gnole?" and hangs up before she can answer. Wait till he comes home to crank off his Fapazine! Let him open his own can of beans, the dirty zwilnik!

Suddenly there is a sizzle and a cloud of black smoke pouring through the

-----

\* Sandwiched in after a review of "Bride of Frankenstein, no doubt.

apartment. Merciful Maud! Is it the tacos she laft on the stove, burning? No, it's the stencil she left on the hot mimeoscope, burning. She drips watercolor on it until it goes out -- lucky she hadn't finished that "Ted White for Fugghead Number One" poster yet -- and looks at the ruined mess on the mimeoscope. Maybe she can use it in the collage she is planning for that Laguna Beach art exhibit. Abstractedly she lifts a cat out of a chair and sits down, worrying about John. The Gnoles are pretty rough on string-peddlers, she's heard.

Time passes. John comes in, dull-eyed and bushed. He's worn out from selling twine all day. He's at the end of his rope. His wife beckons to him smiling and says, shyly, "You know, Dear -- pretty soon there will be three of us at 980 1/2 White Knoll."

John stops, dumbfounded. His eyes light up. "Darling! You don't mean --"

"Yes. We're taking in a boarder to cut the rent," she replics. John looks quietly proud. He goes to the kitchen, dumps the cat-box outside, and looks around for something to eat.

When John finishes eating, two newlyweds settledown to an evening of fanac. One reads and the other stencils. Or one stencils and the other plans the next fanzine. The usual nuptual question arises: can they cut costs by putting out a joint fanzine, or will they lose their individuality that way? It is a matter to be given serious thought. It get late and the moon is high in the sky. Arm in arm, tendrill in tendrill, they step out on the porch to look at the moon, never shining down so brightly as now, and as the pale beams reflect off their eyes, they embrace and dream.... dream of the time when that same moon will have real estate for sale on it. Dream of the moonletters in the Ring Trilogy. Dream of the subtle, inexplorable fact that the moon is the largest satellite in proportion to its primary in the entire solar system. They dream of all this, and count their blessings. Bjo sighs. John sighs. They wish the smog content weren't so heavy tonight.

Playtime over, they re-enter the house. Bjo looks at the wall calendar; not a regular calendar with a girly picture done in bright colors. No, that would be too crude. Instead, their calendar features a snappy L. Garcone drawing of a bem seizing an Earthwoman, tastefully done in black ink on yellow mimeo paper. Bjo looks at a day circled in red on the calendar. "Saps Deadline," she reminds John. John goes back to the typer to finish the editorial and then they go over to the other breast of Fan Hill to run it off.

And so, the last stencil cut, the last piece moved on the INTERPLANETARY board, the last household chore attended to, our hero and heroine prepare to blast off, match velocities, and go into orbit.

At which point we tactfully bring this article to an end. Rots of Ruck, Bjo and John. You two can use it!

...Jack WARNESS

# I Remember Bjo ~~~~~

TIME: 1954. PLACE: San Francisco, city of a thousand streets, all uphill.  
OCCASION: Bunch of crazy Buck Rogers fans assembling for annual tribal rituals.

Well, anybody, at least any-male-body at the SFCon, remembers that nubile daughter of Pat Crossley who spent most of her time writhing sinuously on hotel-room rugs in tigerskin leotards. Prevailing theory was that Mama'd ordered her to entrap a well-heeled stfnist before the Con ended.

And then there was Vampira 34-17-36, who, even when seen, was hard to believe.

But who was the belle of the Con? Why, it was that freckle-speckled, blue-eyed charmer of whom I, at least, had never heard before. Bjo, they called her, and she could always be found by looking for a close-packed circle of fascinated men. (You can't deny that Bjo was born with the talent for separating the men from the boys.)

Now I had a unique opportunity to view Bjo at the SFCon with objectivity, for I was, at the time, hopelessly, desperately in love with someone else -- someone who took a dim view of the whole situation, and let me know it.

And of all people there, who perceived my desolate and unhappy state? Why, Bjo, of course, who sympathizes with stray cats and such similar dregs of society. So she did her best to talk me out of my gloom. She might even have succeeded, except that we never exchanged more than a sentence or two before her circle of admirers swarmed about her again. There was the young and penniless GI from Lompoc who slept in a janitor's closet just so he could be near her, and the BNF who is now a lower-echelon pro, who pleaded with her to elope with him 15 minutes after they'd met, and who kept up his pleading for the entire three days of the Con. He meant it, too: he ended up just as despondent and miserable as I was.

Guys like Roger Sims and George Young no doubt look back on the San Francisco con as the year they spent all their time pouring alcohol into frustrated lovers.

Well, if anything, Bjo has improved with the passing years. So all I can say to you, John Trimble, is that you are probably responsible for an awesome number of broken hearts all over the country. And this gal you're marrying will undoubtedly continue to be sympathetic to stray cats and forlorn people, and you might as well learn to put up with it.

You must be quite a guy yourself, to have won out over all the competition.

Best wishes to you both -- and save a little time and energy for crifanac, will you?

*Art Rapp*

Dear Bjo and John,

When I first heard about this wild and wonderful idea, I was at a loss. I didn't know either of you and at that time had no hope of ever meeting you before your wedding. When I found out that I could be in L.A. for the BIG DAY I still didn't know what I could do to help with this zine. I almost offered to put the staples in, but regained my senses just in time. Yep, just in time to type this.

Being an outsider with just my nose stuck in for a little while I might say that you should be very glad that I'm not around all the time. If I lived out here I would have been sure to try and get you and John together and there the troubles would have started. There is nothing like a helpful friend (me) trying to get two people together (y'all) that will drive them apart faster than anything know to man.

I must say that I approve of your choice of each other to spend the rest of your fannish lives together. Fandom will be richer and I feel quite sure that y'all will have a happy life.

All the best wishes in my power

Love

*Doreen*

\*\*\*\*\*

It has come to our attention that the U.S.S. Trimble is embarking upon the sea of holy matrimony, with BJO signed on as First Mate.

We are indeed grateful for this opportunity to wish them Bon Voyage, Smooth Sailing, and may all their Ports of Call provide them with inexhaustable cargoes of happiness.

To go from the nautical to the almost-naughty we are happy to provide the following interlination for the Bjohn fanzine:

---

Good Heavens !

A freckled battleship ?

---

As others have no doubt mentioned, marriage is a sercon deal -- not a hobby, but truly a way of life. But one's way of life need not be so super-sercon as to be deadly dull, and we are sure the Bjohn union will be anything but that.

They have much in common, and with fandom as their mutual hobby all of us are bound to benefit from their united fa nish efforts.

So...to you, Bjo, and to you, John...we wish the best of everything, now, and in the years ahead. Fandom has several famous, well-liked married couples, and you tow are right up there with the best of them.

Love,

*Anna & Len*

Anna & Len Loeffatt

BJO

JOHN TRIMBLE

... In Memoriam

RESPECTS FROM THE

MISFITS, 1960

Fred Prophet

FUN LOVING  
Martin Alger

Snyder

Roger Dint &  
Ther (Rena)

Rene Smiley

Hob Shapiro  
Nancy (Moore) Shapiro

Buck Rogers

Anita Cortese

Jim Elliott

MATT DILLON

+ + + + +  
+ - CONGRATULATIONS, Bjo - +  
+ From those who tried and failed. +  
+ - CONGRATULATIONS, JOHN - +  
+ From those who would have liked +  
+ to try, and fail. +  
+ + + + +

Ben Singer

BIG HEARTED  
Howard Dewore

Dick Schultz  
Mary  
George Young

Aggie Harook

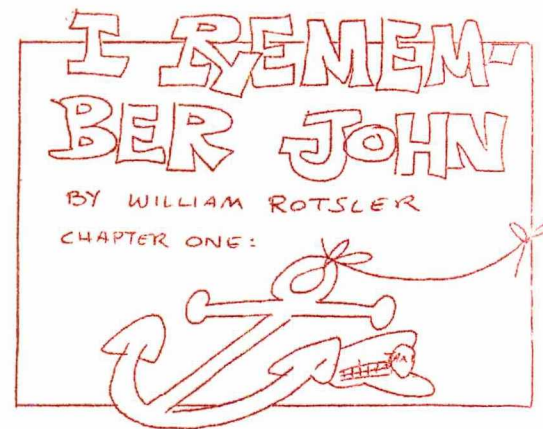
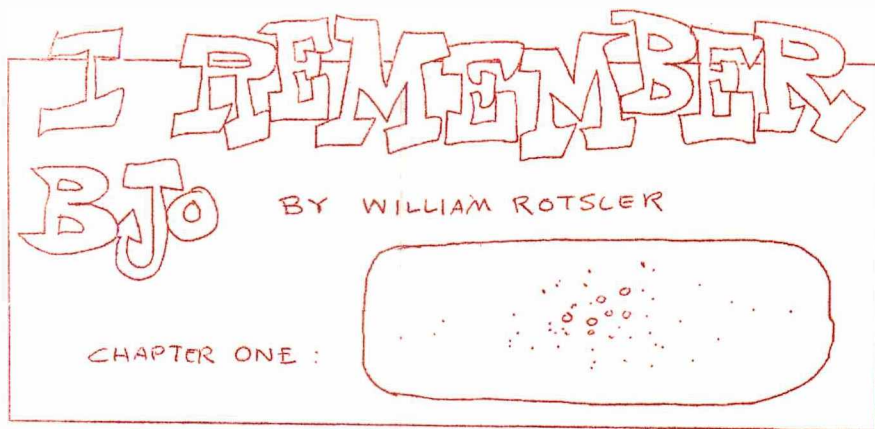
Al (BIRMINGHAM) Lewis

Elliott Fudewick

Bob Lambek

Janet Fudewick

Dear People -- The MISFITS would sincerely like to offer  
congratulations and apologize for the fact  
that most of these signatures are forged.  
Time runneth forever out. But the feelings are real.



Dear Mr. and Mrs. Trimble,

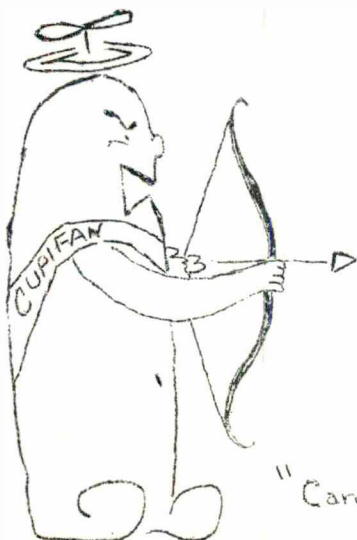
Less than a year ago, you moved in next door and began to exert influence with half the people in the immediate vicinity, myself included. Coffee has been consumed at an alarming rate around my kitchen table by a motley assortment of people who still, at times, speak what nearly approximates a new language to my ears.

Bjo, a year ago (almost), you had bitter things to say about 'Love and Marriage'. Shortly thereafter you spent a couple of weeks away from L.A., during which time John was lonesome here and you were lonesome there !

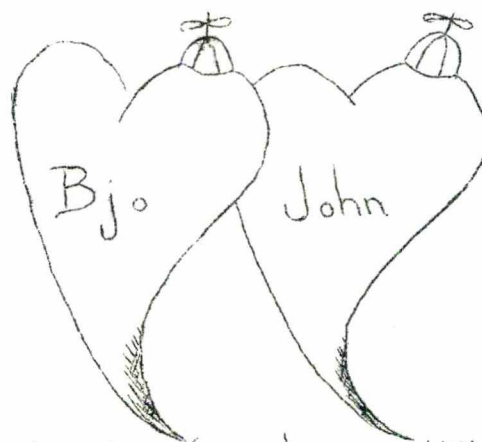
It has been sheer delight to watch you two grow closer and closer together in the past months. As you may have gathered, I am one of the most sentimental people alive, and it has been a most happy experience being able to see people of whom I am very fond fall in love and end up married.

Being exposed to FANS, through you both, has been a Real Wild Experience, believe me! (My poor husband may be scarred for life.) However, the past year has been a pleasure and we are delighted to know you.

You are both warm, kind and thoughtful persons and should be more than able to carve yourselves a large slice of happiness. If the very best wishes will help, you are surrounded - and our wishes are among all the others. From Gordon and me - many Happy Wedding Years!



Love,  
Marcia



"Can't hit the broad side of a barn. HAWW!!"



LIKE WITH  
FAN-TASTIC  
WISHES FOR THE COOLEST,  
YOU DIG?



FAN HILL  
LAUNCHING  
SITE



Disneyland?  
Like I'm new around  
here myself, stranger!



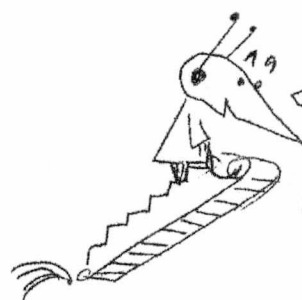
Take me to  
your readers!



Did you Launch  
this?



Yeah, dad, straight  
from my pad

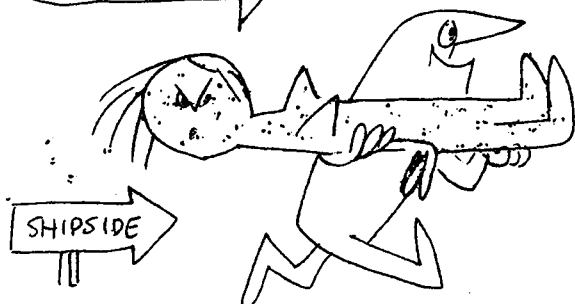


Those strange  
structures in  
the smog ....  
this must be  
San Francisco

This is your Freeway Traffic Watch  
Things are sort of... uh... weird  
around here today!



SHACKTIVITY CREDIT  
IS FINE BUT THIS  
IS RIDICULOUS!



# Bjo FOREVER!

Ron Ellick has called Bjo the Queen of Hearts. A very wise fellow Ron. The irrepressible Bjo is indeed a queen, and she will be leaving behind her a trail of broken hearts, as fandom's favorite hamster carries her off. What is to become of hired guns? Mountain movers? Bachelor fandom? Shall we lynch John, fellows?

Of course Bjo is P\*R\*E\*T\*T\*Y and C\*U\*T\*E, but her reign is due to far more than that. Her gaiety and laughter are infectious, and everyone around her is always having a ball. She is full of boundless energy and determination, and worthwhile project after worthwhile project zooms from the depths of L.A. Finished projects, too, mind you. Life around Bjo is never dull -- there is never a lack of something going on. Nor does Bjo hog the limelight; she always sees that everyone gets his due share of ~~lots~~ egoboo.

If you are lucky enough to be a friend of Bjo's, you are indeed fortunate. Bjo can never seem to do enough for each and every one of her friends. Thoughtful and appreciative gestures spring out of the woodwork. It may be a whole project or just a few kind words, but each and every gesture hits the spot.

Bjo doesn't save all her warmth and friendliness for her close friends, either. She has enough left over for practically everyone. Genuine goods, too, not just social amiability or wishy-washiness. Heaven pity anyone who tries to impose on her or step over the line -- that's all, brother. Another corpse to dispose of.

You know, I kind of like the gal.

## JOHN TRIMBLE for TAFF — 1/4 WAY —

While I don't know John very well, up to a couple months ago I would have said that he is a very fine fellow and an interesting fan whom I would like to know better. I mean he is always friendly and a nice guy and has a puckish sense of humor and has done a very fine job on SHAGGY and all that. He is a fine host and a fine guest and fun to do things with. But, Grrrrrrrr!

Maybe in a year or two John can live all this down and take his place again as competition with Ron for rodent of the year, but until then he is THE DIRTY BOUNDER WHO TOOK BJO OUT OF CIRCULATION.

Tar and feathers, anyone?



Bill Donahoe

# HERE'S TO A VERY NICE COUPLE!

WELL, AS USUAL, I've kept putting this off until "sometime when I can really sit down and write a worthwhile item." Now here I am, and the deadline for me to get this out is tonight if I want it to reach the right people in time, so this won't be polished at all.

Let's talk about Bjo first, since I've known her the longer, if for no other logical reason. I still remember the first time I met Bjo. It was way, way back in December 1958, when I was the veriest of neofen.

You see, around that time I had just published my first fanzine (with Arv Underman, of course). It had been out for a few weeks when all of a sudden I had on the same day a phone-call from George Fields and a post card from Ann Chamberlain, both of them inviting me to come down to LASFS. (At that time I was only very vaguely aware of the fact that there was a stf club in LA -- you must remember that LA 56 is out of the main part of the city (anyone for reorganizing the Outlanders?)) So the nearest Thursday evening I could (which was the next day after the card and the call, actually), I talked Don Durward into driving down.

Before very long we found ourselves down at 2548 12th Street; we went up to the door of a long, narrow house and knocked somewhat timidly. Someone (I don't remember who -- probably Zeke) answered and after a few preliminary words (Is this where the LASFS meets?" "Yes it is, but you're early" and like that) we came in and sat down to look around. On the walls were all manner of outlandish originals -- including a string of Rotsler cartoons (since published in the lettercol of SHAGGY #44) -- and the room was quietly cluttered with stfmags, fanzines, and the like.

As the time for the meeting drew nearer, and was finally on the brink of arriving, in came a red-headed female with freckles. I don't recall taking much note of her entrance, but after the meeting started I was certainly aware of her presence. For at that time Bjo was Dictator (or, if you will, Director) of LASFS, and the meetings were ruled with a freckled iron hand. I mean Bjo took Control and Got Things Done, which is surprising for a stfclub. Even more surprising is the fact that she was feeling out of sorts that evening; heavens, if she had been feeling in sorts, who can tell what might have happened?

Later, after the meeting had adjourned to various places, someone (again, I don't remember whom, since this was all a very long time ago) introduced me to Bjo. We talked for a while, about fandom, fanzines, and probably other things too, and I began to get some insight on the fascinating person who is Bjo.

Since then, of course, I've come to the conclusion that Bjo is some sort of unalloyed genius. If she isn't that, she's been fooling us all. I mean -- who else could do all the things she does, especially in the time she takes to do them? Several times now I've heard reports almost up to the last minute that Bjo hadn't started on her SAPSzine as of that time, yet in the mailings she's had sizable contributions. One of these times, I'm convinced she must have turned out over 30 pages in less than three days. How does she do it?

And of course there's the matter of all the wonderful artwork and cartoonery she does. Stuff like her serious artwork for fanzines provides a perfect foil for her

numerous Squirrel joke cartoons, which are culminated by the magnificently funny comic strip "Super Squirrel." (When ya gonna do another one, huh?"

Well, I see I'm rambling. It's all to good cause, but still -- let me sum up with as little wordage as possible... Bjo is Great. Take good care of her, John, you've a very wonderful bride there.

-oOo-

I'm afraid I don't know Trimble as well as I know Bjo. The first time I became aware of John's existence was when, at a LASFS meeting, I picked up a copy of AMIS #1, his first FAPazine, and took it home. (This was perfectly all right; they were there for the taking.) Somehow -- I don't remember exactly the circumstances -- I started receiving further issues of his fanzines and even started a rather sporadic and short-lived correspondence with him.

For people who haven't met him, John is rather a quiet sort most of the time, and he makes an interesting person to talk with, though unfortunately we haven't had many chances to talk. He's a good writer, too (as is Bjo, I see I forgot to mention), and has a unique sort of style.

John is a top-notch fanzine-reviewer, too. By that I don't mean that he does reviews in the Ted White school -- long, involved, and all -- but his reviews, when they were appearing in SHAGGY, were always opinionated and moving enough to merit the label of "excellent." Someday maybe he'll give up the editing lark he's on with SHAGGY and will be able to take over the fanzine review column again.

Hmmm, this isn't much about John as compared to Bjo, but I don't know and haven't been around Trimble as much as I have Bjo (and for good reason...). The Man Trimble is a Good Man, though; I can say that in conclusion without any qualms.

-oOo-

I'm not older than either of you, so I can't say "Good luck, children" here. What can I say? I've never been in the position before of wishing a nice couple all the best in their marriage, so I'm somewhat at a loss for words. Why don't you wait around ten years and then do this all over again, for some sort of finality? By then, I'm sure I'll know exactly how to express what I feel.

*Bob Lichtman*



# WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT X-con in Chicago



The Trimble may remain at ease. Your reporter had heard of many doings of the pair and felt that, should the performer of the marriage ceremony ask if anyone knew of any reason for these two not to be joined in matrimony, he would be forced to speak. Your reporter, then and there, decided to investigate the most comment-worthy of these situations which was the first appearance of Miss Betty Jo McCarthy, a WAVE, at the Tenth Anniversary World Science Fiction Convention in 1952 at Chicago.

There have been many stories circulating concerning the Bjo incidents at that con. None of them, of course, have been confirmed. Nor, stragnly enough, have they been denied. What, then, happened between WAVE Betty Jo McCarthy and Elliott Broderick. Elliott, it seems, ended up one evening in bed with Mr. Uglebaum (i. e. Frank Kerkhof of the Washington, D. C. Kerkhofs).

What happened between WAVE Betty Jo McCarthy and Hal Shapiro. Everyone remains completely silent on that issue.

What happened between WAVE Betty Jo McCarthy and Richard Shaver. His stories changed in strange ways after 1952.

Comments from those who were there are either non-existant or contradictory. Gregg Calkins said, "The only thing that I can recall is that Hal Shapiro was in the bar, plastered, and proposed to Betty Jo. Exactly what the proposition entailed is still a mystery to me. I believe, however, that it was marriage."

Elliott Broderick said, "I did my duty. I tried my best to save Betty Jo from Hal Shapiro. I would've succeeded too, but she said things to me which made me retreat." (Your reporter understands that the "things" said by Bjo consisted of the word "NO!")

Hal Shapiro said, "I was merely attempting to preserve the honor of the women in the service. I felt that, since I was in uniform at the time, it was only fitting that I be the one to save Betty Jo from whatever vicious rumours were preparing to circulate." (Your reporter has no comment other than to wonder at the rumours circulated concerning interaction between the Air Force and Navy.)

James Broderick remarked, "I intervened in order to attempt to prevent bloodshed between Hal and my brother." (Your reporter finds that Jim did, indeed, intervene, but failed to follow up. Bjo remembers him as "a nice kid." Could anything be more damning?)

Was this, then, the end of the incident. Your reporter recalls overhearing, at the Detention, an odd remark made by Bjo to Hal Shapiro. It was in an elevator when she remarked, "You know, Hal, I'll always remember you very fondly from Chicago. You were the first fan who ever made a pass at me."

Will fandom ever find out what really happened at Chicago. Your reporter thinks the answer will forever remain in the negative.



It's hard to know what to say about people you know very well. There's too much. One could dwell at length on the imagination and liveliness and sensitivity of Bjo, or on the staunchness and competence and good sense of John, or on the many things they have done together or separately. Yet when one is deeply moved the tendency is to wallow in sentimentality or take refuge in trivia. But that is not what I want to say.

I've watched this romance growing for a year. There was Bjo, rootless, unhappy, her first marriage collapsed in mutual incompatibility, emphatically proclaiming the uselessness of all men. There were the several handfuls of would-be swains who were trying to convince her of the error of her attitude. And there was John who came home from the air force into a whirlwind of hyperactivity.

It didn't take John long to fall in love with Bjo. Here was a girl with magic in her personality, a girl of sorrows and ecstasies, of intense concentration and wild fancies. You could see it every time she came into the room; in any conversation John would be posted near her right elbow; in any argument John and Bjo would wind up on the same side ready to stand off all comers. It was plain that for John this was one girl in a hundred million, and of course he was right.

They think alike. They hold strong opinions and they voice them. They pass from fancy to fact and back again in an instant. They like people. Yet they hold their own opinions, for they are both strong personalities, and independent ones, though their basic attitudes coincide. But more than this, there is a rich sympathy between them, a blessing that amounts at times to telepathy. It is a bond of kindred sealed by love, and that is a very good bond indeed.

The relationship developed gradually but firmly, and it was apparent to others long before it was apparent by Bjo. It began with a liking and it became a gaiety. Whenever John and Bjo were together there would be laughter; apart there was something missing. At any party, no matter who was dating whom, somehow it would gravitate to John-and-Bjo, and their spirits would soar. Whenever something was needed there was John to do it.-- always present, always willing, seldom demanding. Men were all right again, and one man was sort of indispensable. And when a usually dignified male starts acting like a kitten in public, he is in love.

Bjo is magic: she is moody and fey and creative and temperamental as hell, but in John she has found a male who is her master, who dominates not by force but by tolerance and steadiness of purpose, but also one with imagination to follow her wildest moods of exhilaration, and the acrobatics of mind to lift the moods of depression.

These people have known each other well, at their best and at their worst; they know what they are getting and it is what they want.

It will be a good marriage.

— AL LEWIS —

# One Night With Nellie ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

From mid-1958 to late 1959, I was fortunate in dating Bjo -- usually for dinner, sometimes for jam sessions as well -- once or twice a month. She made an excellent dinner companion: vivacious, pert, whatever troubled me at the time disappeared during the conversation. I should like to reminisce about one date in 1958 that stands out strikingly as perhaps the most enjoyable of all...

We had been asked over for coffee and ice cream by Stan and Ellie Dembowski. Ellie, daughter of Hugh Weller, looks more like my beautiful kid sister than any woman I have ever met. Bjo and I were to have dinner together first, and end up by returning her to her apartment behind the club. As I tooled the car around the first corner, I told her, "Bjo, you'll find out before the evening's over, so I might as well confess now."

"Oh?" startedly.

"I don't live on the steepest hill in Los Angeles. I live on the second steepest. The Dembowskis are on Earl Street, which has about a 38% grade." She was agreeable.

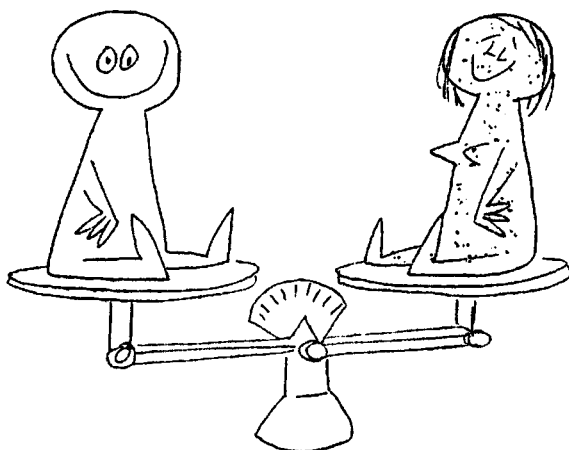
We dined at the Samovar, a Russian cafe operated by revolution refugees who had ended up here after a hegira that included years in China and India. Our waitress, Diana, was a former ballerina and speaks about six languages. Bjo had the shish-kebob and I tried the Roumanian steak. She admired again the primitive murals (the artist created horse-tails much like Bjo's own style) and as we left she spoke of how odd it seemed how these people could be so nice and yet our countries were at odds. And they are lovely people -- the balalaika player sat with us and showed Bjo his handmade balalaika, while she praised the excellent handicraft. Diana sat with us also for a short time, speaking of the dancing days.

((John Trimble, chum, you have removed Bjo from circulation just one date prematurely. I've always wanted to investigate Paul's Duck Press on East Olympic with Bjo as companion. If you ever should be at a lack for dining-out places, would you please consider taking her there? The Duck Press has a reputation for being loaded with executives taking out their number one secretaries to dinner, and it would be intriguing indeed to see how many near-Lolita type duos were to be found there.))

I drove down Earl Street, dropping her off before the appropriate entryway (she had a tough time getting the car door closed enough to where I could secure it) and rejoined her after parking the car at the bottom of the mountain. A fine family-type evening was enjoyed, what with Ellie showing some of her own and some of her father's paintings, while in the back-

ground some modern music played. Kicks out of one far-out passage, too -- after an exciting baritone sax passage, a voice spoke, saying, "like, man, that chord back. What?" and a deep dusky answer, "E flat diminished natural fourth."

Conversation about a statue of a nude woman and lioness, sitting on a vacant lot and surprisingly visible to those driving along Glendale Boulevard. Djinn, Bjo and I had seen it and wondered some days previously when I drove the girls over for some Spanish food. Discussion of the owner, who is, as they so charmingly say, an original. There's a dead



tree on the lot, see. The woman would come by bus from Lord knows where, carrying a bucket of water. She'd climb to the tree, water it, and catch the next bus back. This, it appears, was a daily ritual.

We left, Stan and Ellie wishing Godspeed and please return. And as we drove towards the clubroom, I told Bjo about how I'd finally solved the problem of creating a new religion so we'd all get clerical discounts to Disneyland and half-price ministerial bus and train fares to Conventions, and what have you. The religion, said I, was entitled the Cult of Cis-Lunar Astrology. And, I continued, the drawback to the old-line trans-lunar astrology was that it moved too slowly -- that for months, Jupiter would be in about the same sign and baleful influence would last. What was needed, I continued, was something that would let you know that at precisely 10:16:30 PM that if you as an Aquarian bet back line at Vegas you'd whereas at 10:18:22 your bet should be placed on the line. This, said I, could only be done by using those heavenly bodies this side of the moon.

What a wonderful idea, Elmer, she admired. But what's more I want it written out for me. If you talk it out, perhaps you'll never get it written. And I assured her that eventually it would find its way into print...

Ah, I continued, what a magnificent astrology could be constructed around the earth satellites. A sucker calls in, and we tell him (after an appropriate delay during which we translate his birthplace into latitude and longitude, the hour and date of his birth into planetary aspects, and weave in the cusps, the apogees, the perigees, not to mention the syzygys (or is it syzygies) or each and every known satellite, be it Army, Navy, or Russian) the precise time and manner in which to place his bet. And if, I continued, the sucker calls back and bitches, we say, "oops, sorry, but it just came over the teletype that the Russians have shot up another moonlet."

This was a Thursday, meeting date of the LASFS, and by coincidence the date on which yet another seer had predicted the destruction of the earth at midnight. She wanted to get back to the club in time for the countdown, and for a time further I amused her with speculation. Midnight. The earth is divided into twenty-four time zones, some of which, moreover, are on local option as to whether standard or daylight-savings time is used. Does the earth, then, disappear in segments like an orange, as midnight comes to each time zone, leaving perhaps for an hour's grace those isolated standard time places while daylight-savings disappears around them?

Back to the club, and various conversations with people, including a girl with short honey-coloured hair who told me of the difficulties met by people of mixed Jewish and Protestant parentage. And Harness, D.D. (the right reverend) having obtained the precise time from the telephone company, beginning the countdown one minute before midnight: sixty, fifty-nine, fifty-eight ... one by one the club members joined Reverend Harness, until the room reverberated with the solemn, choir-like speaking: ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one ....

The countdown was never finished. At the stroke of midnight the orange-like segment of earth that was Pacific Standard time disappeared into the inchoate firmament whence it came....

((Bjo, John, my absolute very best to you both. Just let me remember that there were many lovely days, and that in recreating this evening I have remembered many others -- John, you are most fortunate of mortals. Bjo, thanks for many happy memories.))

e. b. perdue

# a clutch of clerihews ~ ~ ~

Bjo's  
Is a freckly nose.  
My meaning -- I trust no one mistakes it --  
Is that "The Touch of Nutmeg Makes It."

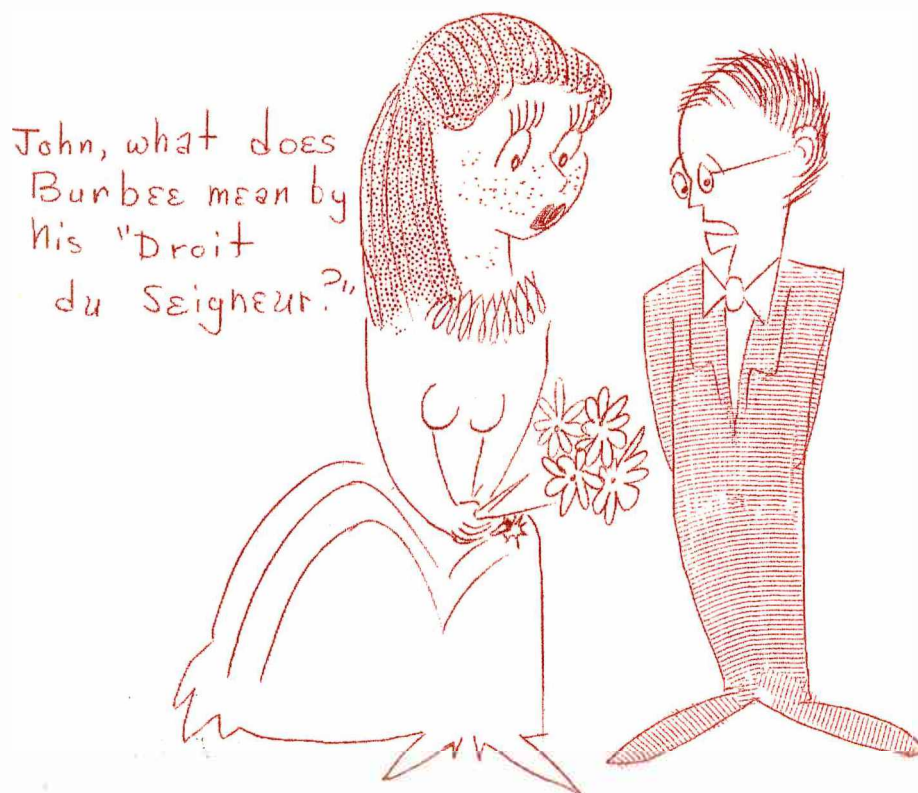
John Trimble  
Be he never so nimble  
Knows there's many a slip  
'Twixt the cup and the ship.

I hope that Bjohn  
Will go on and on;  
May all their days be beer-and-skittle ones  
And may all their troubles be little ones.

Fan Hill  
Was lopsided, till  
Some woo was pitched  
And a room-mate was switched.

Why is a ship like a killer hamster?  
A silly question deserves no anster,  
But never mind; it's plain to see  
That both of them are spelled JT.

— Karen Anderson



*Harmon*

# SUDS IN YOUR EYE, TOO!

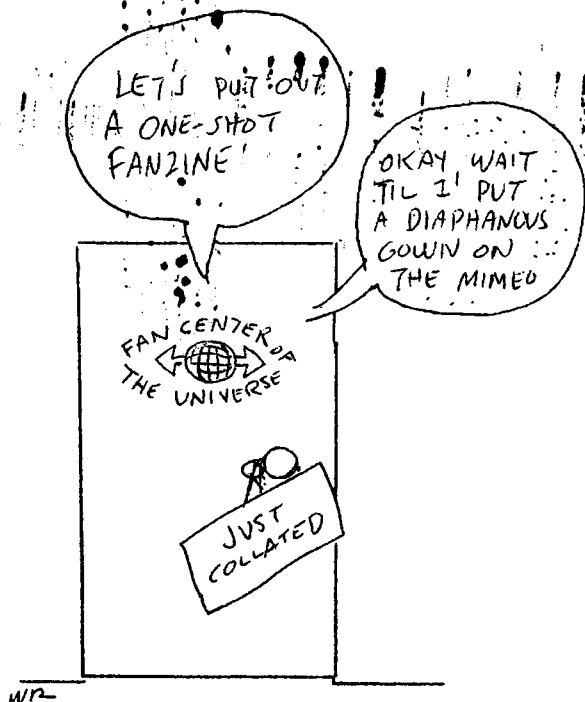
All of you people write so much so well, that I have a feeling of inadequacy, but here I go, anyway. I must tell you, Bjo, how much I enjoyed the book you loaned me entitled Suds In Your Eye. It was, or is, the funniest book I have ever read, and now I have to find a copy for myself. I am sure the story was written for me and about me as I will be some several years from now, and although it was written in the 1940's, it took my discerning friend to find it for me. This is just an example of the kind of person she is. When she wasn't really well enough to drive a car, she drove me to the doctor's office. Not only that, when my son Johnny and I arrived at her apartment at 7:00 AM, she arose cheerfully to welcome us. John has done K.P. duty for me in preparation for some of my parties, and is always willing to help, no matter what is asked of him. He is even willing to marry Bjo. See what I mean?



The other day when Bjo and I were discussing plans for the wedding reception, I outlined my plans for the food to be served, and guess what she said -- "What, no chili beans?" So Chavela's chili beans are going to a wedding -- we are coming up in the world, climbing the ladder with both hands full of chili.

Bjo and John, you are two of my favorite people, and I am mighty pleased that you are joining forces. My wish for both of you is that you may make each other as happy as you have made the lives of so many others who have known you.

*Sincerely,  
Isabel*





I said the other day to Bjo: "John seldom does or says quotable things -- except stuff like marrying exciting redheads. He doesn't even publish the #1 fanzine, but that does not prevent him from being 100% Man."

"You are so right," said Bjo.

"Furthermore, when one of my correspondents heard about your coming marriage and asked me what sort of fella John was, I said I heartily approved of him."

This was no doubt a noble gesture on my part because, as everybody knows, Bjo is my secret love, and it isn't often somebody marries one of my secret loves with my approval. But USS Trimble is marrying one of my secret loves, and I think he's doing a good thing.

Matter of fact, I think they are both doing a good thing, and I wish them moderate amounts of happiness (it's more enjoyable in small amounts) over a long period of time.

*Charles E. Burbee*



# An EnnyGram For BJORN

Bjo & John Trimble were a pair of science-fiction fans  
Joining APAs, running LASFS, making films with other slans;  
One day (in FANAC) came the news that they were making merger plans  
& half the younger single fen had thoughts of suicide!

John and Bjo, all the best of luck from us in Washington;  
Only worry we've got is, you may have so much fun  
Happy as a couple of turkledoves, the fans you'll shun;  
Never read a word of science-fiction any more!

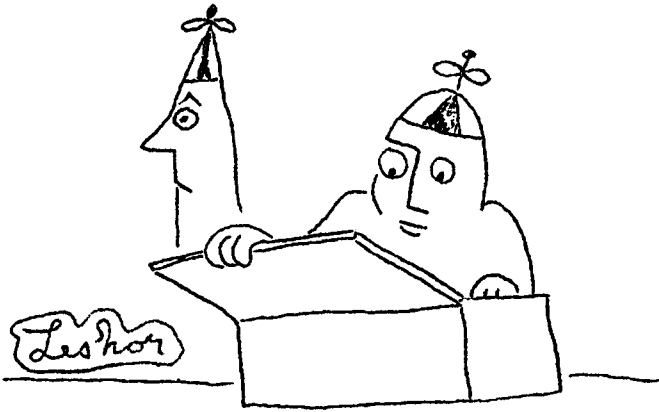
Dick Enny

BEST WISHES FROM THE COULSONII  
— AND MAY ALL YOUR LITTLE ONES  
BE BI-APANS ~~~~~



9 July 1960

## FANAC EXTRA



"YOU REMEMBER HOW BJO  
SAID SHE WAS GOING TO  
STOMP RON ELLIK TO FUDGE?"

Thiserenow furlong stanzine is composed of news and commentary, mostly social news and impolite commentary, edited and published twice a week by Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, 1818 Grove St, Berkeley 9, California. Subscriptions are available through our circulation manager, Miriam Carr, above address, at 4/25¢, 9/50¢, or from Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd. N. Hykeham, Lincoln, England, at 4 issues for two shillings sterling. The cartoon at the left is by Leslie Ncrris.

### FANAC GOES TO A WEDDING

It was a great day in the social world, gossip fans, this afternoon when the USS JT plighted his troth with Betty Jo McCarthy/Wells, better known to all you freckle-lovers everywhere as Bjo. Your reporter, decked out in a white tie and tail, gasped and swooned in admiration as the bride stepped gracefully down the aisle on the arm of her stepfather, Mr. Wm. Roberts, who wore grimy clamdiggers and tennishoes, topped by a beret and a shirt open to the waist. The bride was given away (her stepfather, upon being asked to give her away, opened a long scroll and began reading a list of nefarious activities which made Charles Burbee blush) wearing a lavender gown and bright scarlet beach slippers.

Immediately after the ceremony, we picked up best-man Ernie Wheatley and revived him (he had been struck blind by the orange-gold locoweed boutonniere in the groom's clavicle -- he'd have worn it in his lapel, but he couldn't afford a shirt, let alone a coat) by smearing root-beer meringue pie on him, and dashed off to the home of the Burbees, Charles and Isabel, where the happy couple entered under an arch of crossed Hugos, provided for the occasion by the Ackerman Agency, which always maintains an extra one or two of everything scientifictional.

After a rousing party -- Howard Miller was heard to laugh uproariously for a period of two heart-beats -- Jack Harness was tied to the rear bumper of the honeymoon car and the bride and groom drove off amid shouts, jeers, and prophecies of doom from rejected suitors.

FANAC's spy, X, has been assigned to cover the after-the-wedding story in full detail, and detailed picture-coverage will undoubtedly appear in our third annish next February. Before that, however, we'll definitely have more interesting news. Watch this space.

---rde

"Bjo and John are getting married." -- Sure, and G.M. Carr apologized! ... Carl Brandon

"Hail the Bridegroom -- hail the Bride!  
Let the nuptial not be tied:  
In fair phrases  
Hymn their praises,  
Hail the Bridegroom -- hail the Bride!"

\*\*\*

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"For happy the lily  
That's kissed by the bee;  
And, sipping tranquilly,  
Quite happy is he;  
And happy the filly that neighs in her pride;  
That neighs in her pride;  
But happier than any,  
A pound to a penny,  
A lover is, when he  
Embraces his bride! "

- - - Ruddigore

Best Wishes From Bruce Pely

"...it is the way of my people to use light words at such times  
and say less ~~than~~ they mean. We fear to say too much. It  
robs us of the right words when a jest is out of place."

- - - The Lord of the Rings

Best Wishes From DONALD SIMPSON

and Best Wishes—  
via Telephone—  
at the last  
minute—  
from Bill Elden

A  
CHARM  
FOR  
TJOHN  
AND  
BJO



I wish you all the well I can -- from my people (your people).

My people? -- well...

Some folks put their trust in the Powers that Be.

I put mine in the Powers that Beant!

Some hark to the boom of atomic bombs.

I hark to bumps in the dark. So...

May the Shaggy Man of the Woods shield you -- Old Horny-Head  
Cloven-Foot, Cernunnos, the Horned God, first of warlocks  
and witches, reindeer man of the Mousterian culture  
(unfortunately unrelated to mouses or even mice),  
jackal man, tiger man, bear man, buffalo man, bison man,  
old antlered cave-prancer in furry mask and bolero jacket...  
may he screen you.

And while we're still on woods, let me wish you the favor of the  
King of the Woods and his coven -- Robin Goodfellow, Robin  
Hood and his queen Maid Marian, mated Diana of Sherwood  
Forest (witches wear green as well as grey and black);  
Little John, Jannicot, Little Man Jack, Janus; Herne the  
Hunter, Rob Roy...may they all watch over you.

May Pan protect you! (Still on woody gods!) Also the Lamb with  
Seven Horns, the demon Eukidon, Minos, Mithras, Mended (of  
the Egyptian Decadence), Osiris (he's horned too), and  
Isis (so is Isis).

May Jeanne d'Arc hold you dear -- Pucelle d'orleans, dancer of  
Domremy, Pope Joan of the Witches, girl-god of the Dianic  
Cult...may she dote on you. (We'll leave out Gilles de  
Rais, that Bluebeard warlock -- though very seldom, sometimes  
we draw a line. We'll leave in Bothwell. But omit Crowley.)

Now, moving north, may Loki love you! Pluto, Set, Ahriman, and  
Old Sathanas, Siva the Destroyer, Prosperpina, Persephone,  
Hel...may they love you well -- but chiefly red-head Lok with  
his wits and sleights, witch if there ever was and first  
of firemen.

May the Triple Goddess cherish you -- Urth, Verthandi, Skuld;  
the Moirai: Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos; the Parcae -- Nona,  
Decuma, Morta; the Three Marys: mother of Jesus, sister of  
Martha, the Magdalene; may the Weird Sisters, hand in hand,  
wish you well.

(I quote Macbeth, bad luck  
theatrically, but good here.)

May Athena, Aphrodite, and Rhea face your foes.  
May Diana, Tanit-Astarte, Demeter confront your enemies.  
May Nut, Circe, Medea fight your unfriends.

May all witches wish you well!

(Witches had their own religion --  
Worship of the beasts and increase,  
Prehistoric orgy-making,  
Says Miss Murray, Mighty Scholar,  
Author of that book The Witch Cult --  
Western Europe is it's locale.)

(Witches were the first researchers,  
Scientists -- said Michelet once --  
Skeptics of the 13 hundreds,  
Rebels, Hiders, Nonconformists.  
Sometimes I just think that maybe  
Fandom is the child of Witchcraft.)

May the Voodoo gods befriend you -- whether or not Voodoo comes  
from Vaudois and be related to the Waldenses, Albigenses,  
Cathari, Tisserands, Patarins, Gnostics, Manichees, and  
Bogomils...whom I also ask to favor you.  
May the Druids abet you with their sacred stones and mistletoe.  
May Simon Magus promote your welfare.  
May your fortune be favored by "the worshippers of idols, those  
who venerate stones, who kindle torches, who celebrate the  
rites of springs or trees."  
May your affairs be forwarded by all "Terrestrial devils, Lares,  
Genii, Fauns, Wood-Nymphs, Foliots, Fairies, Trulli, Etc."  
May the Furry Dancer of Helston foster you.  
May Hobgoblin, Hoodekin, Hutkin, and Robin a Hood smile on you.  
May Titania, the Queen of Elfhane, the Queen of Ffarie, and  
Bessie Dunlop bear you good will.  
May all the several 1,758,064,176 or 7,409,127 devils like you.  
May Ellinor Shaw and Mary Phillips fancy you.  
May Weill-Dancing Janet, Able and Stout, Naip, Batter-Them Down  
Maggy, Blow-Kate, and Pickle-Nearest-the-Wind care for you.  
May the black bull, the horse, the goat, the cat, the bear, the  
stag, the boar, the dog, and the black hare regard you.  
"Osiris is a Black God!"  
May Isobel Gowdie and Jean Mairten make much of you.  
May the Gipsies, Old Egyptians, be fond of you.  
May Lady Alice Kyteler be devoted to you.  
May all back-dancers and berserks bless you.  
May the Knights Templers and Jacques de Moley guard you.  
May the Covens of Arras ward you, the Lancashire Witches flank  
you, and the Black Godiva of Southam defend you.

May you be environed and bulwarked by all these.

There, I've said my say. There's safety in numbers.

FRITZ LEIBER

THIS HAS BEEN

"A FANZINE FOR B\*J\*O\*H\*N,"

produced in honor of the wedding  
of Bjo McCarthy with John G. Trimble, July 9, 1960, Long Beach, California, by:

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Dickenson, Marcia

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Moffatt, Anna & Len

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Carr, G.M.

Dickensheet

Ellik

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Evans

Hayes

Hickman

Main

Metcalf

Nirenberg

Speer

BEST WISHES ALSO

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Hickman, Lynn

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