

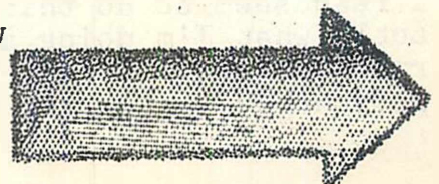
LETTERSVILLE

You have in your hot little hands with this a copy of FANZINE #1, the microscopic fanzine. Now FANZINE isn't really the smallest fanzine in the whole world, but it's not exactly the Bill Donaho of fanzines either. No it isn't.

You have before you 4 (count 'em) four scintillating pages, filled with creeping James V. Taurasi-ism (pretentious news items), a poem, a story, a lino, and 1 (count 'em) 1 filler. That's not too much. No it isn't.

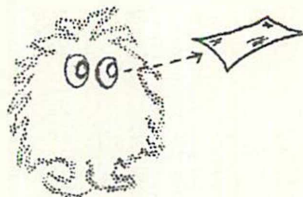
So howcum FANZINE is so...uh...unprepossessing? Well, that's a long, sad story. (Cue: schmaltzy violins softly play in background) Most of you remember FLAFAN. The first issue of FLAFAN was a modest neo-zine, dittoed on one side of the page. The second issue (published on my grueling annual schedule) was slightly more elaborate and printed on both sides of the page. Now what could I do to top that? (Cue: schmaltzy violins take on a menacing note) I got Carried Away. The plans for issue number three became more and more E*L*A*B*O*R*A*T*E. I spent hours planning things like fancy layouts, justified margins, 300 copies, 24 pound paper, planning five-color interior illos and all that garbage. And(schmaltzy violins take on a plaintive note) I got Boggled Down. The more I planned, the I changed things to make them even more P*R*E*T*E*N*S*I*O*U*S and I saw that at this rate I'd never get FLA FAN out. And I said, "This isn't good. No it isn't."

So now I've tried the reverse tack. I figure it shouldn't be nearly so plan-boggling to put out a small, but more frequent fanzine. Therefore I've purposely kept it small, and it's especially small this issue (to hell with the violins) because of this here zine called LETTERSVILLE. LETTERSVILLE is a collection of letters-of-comment originally intended for FLAFAN #3. Sound boring? Well, don't throw this away quite yet. Read LETTERSVILLE all the way through--you might like some of the fillers, you know, and there's letters too, yes there is...



LETTERCOL

Well, it's been a good while since these letters were written, but though dated (they include one of Kent Moomaw's last letters) I think they're still worthy of publication. Anyone know a better name for a lettercol than Letterdol? Suggestions appreciated.



Mike Moorcock, 19, Jubilee Court, London Road
Thornton Heath, Surrey, England

FLAFAN 2 arrived just before breakfast this morning. I read it before breakfast, during breakfast, and have just finished it after breakfast. Now, what I can't explain is why this particular fanzine should hold my attention for so long when other, longer established, fanzines do not. The presentation is of course excellent and your knowledge of make-up is probably due to your newspaper experience. [My ol' airy-fairy layouts are probably more inspired by magazines. Newspaper layouts have to be pretty stingy with white space.]

Tell me, before I forget, have you received any of the fmz I have put out? [Nope.] Not that there have been many over the past year—pro-work claiming most of my time, especially in recent months since I started free-lancing—if you're interested in folkmusic I produce a zine called RAMBLER. My next zine (which must be produced in time for OMPA (sob)) will be called PERINDEAS and I'll ease my conscience by sending you a copy—your comments will then be welcome. [Snif. PERINDEAS never arrived. The Gainesville PO doesn't forward most of my third class mail. They blasphemously think that fmz are circulars. Grr.] *WANT THEY FORWARD THEM IF MARKED FOLK + RETURN P'TAGE C'ANTED?*

Harry Warner seems to have almost the same views as me on fiction writing. (This business of writers writing from their own experience is interesting—and I'm sure true.) Most of the writers I know do exactly this, most of the authors whose books I read seem to do this also. In fact, let's face it, it's exactly what I'm doing at present. Maybe that's why I liked Harry's article. I feel the more experience (good or bad) that a person has (artist or not) makes that person a better human-

IT'S STILL TRUE.

being, richer, more free from dogma, etc. But I'm rambling in my usual incoherent way. You shouldn't send Ff so that it arrives so early—I'm still only half awake. I should add tho' that I'm talking more generally about all kinds of writing (I've never written an s-f story for the adult market in my life). However, I must admire the person who can write convincingly about experiences that they have never had and can never hope to have. Me, I'm the lazy type who writes fiction (for adults anyway) entirely based on personal experience. Got to admit tho' that any money I make worth worrying about comes through writing for kids—fantasy and historical stories and articles mainly. You're rambling again, Moorcock!

Dan Adkins' comments on pro-art back up my own findings while trying to sell Jim Cawthorn's wonderful art-work commercially. Jim's stuff is Art—but it seems that wherever I go an artist isn't allowed to have an individual style but must conform to a preconceived idea on the part of the editor of what style is commercially successful and what isn't. They're not even prepared to give him a trial by commissioning one small illo. It makes me sick.

The question of racial conflict has always interested me, in fact in the past year or so I have been actively involved in trying to fight against the various Fascist groups operating their filthy hate campaigns in this country. Many of my friends are negroes and I am sure that the average negro would not react in the way Larry's character did. In my own experience (naturally I am not fully familiar with the 'colour-problem' in the US) I find that the West Indian or African who is confronted with a situation of this kind, in his own words "Pays it no mind". They turn a blind eye to this kind of thing. I find that the intelligent whites feel no enmity towards him on account of his colour, but at the same time he knows that in many cases they are embarrassed, avoiding certain words, certain subjects, while in his company. The negro (again as far as I know) will not hurt anyone's feelings in any way, they do their best to relieve any tension that may be in the air and they generally have more sense than the negro in Larry's story to take offence at something caused by a few stupid people who don't command their respect or anyone else's'. (Larry had patterned his characters in Regional Con after real fans, and no doubt felt that in such a situation they might act and react as they did. The Negro in the story was supposed to be Carl Brandon (this was before the Brandon hoax was exposed); one of "Carl's" characteristics was his sensitivity about his race. The "Big Bad Baltamoron" who started the trouble was, of course, G_____ W_____.)

I enjoyed John's story but I do wish John's output wasn't quite so big—for one thing I'm sure his stories would be much more appreciated if he kept to a certain number a year (say fif-

teen). As it is he must eventually run out of ideas, his style will become over-familiar and he will cease to be appreciated as he deserves. (IT IS NOW '61, AND BARRY HAS CHANGED SOMEWHAT.)

Bob Tucker's short piece gives the impression of being not originally meant for publication but more something he sent to you on the back of a letter or something and which you thought good enough to print. It is good enough to print, I just got this impression. Maybe you are Bob Tucker and sent it to yourself.

[Hah! At last someone has discovered my True Identity. Whipping aside my cloak of peanut butter, I stand revealed as none other than Bob Tucker, Intrepid Boy Hoax. Oh, how diabolically clever was I, starting the Tucker Hoax all the way back in First Fandom. To maintain the Tucker myth, I even went so far as to become a Bloomington motion picture operator and to write several books, as well as letters and fanzines. At present I am living in sin with Fern Tucker.] (WHAT DO THE KIDS COME FROM?)

The letter column to my mind should have been criticised as overlong, but it wasn't. What I mean is that a letter column of this length generally apalls me, but altho' the look of it did, once I'd started reading it I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Now I must go and (literally) see a man about a dog. Gonna buy a dog today. Oops—I was so interested in Ff that I've forgotten to have my bath, shave and clean my teeth. If this happens to a lot more people who get Ff you'll have the Health Department on your neck. Just think about that for a while!

Claude Hall, 305 E. Rose
Carlsbad, New Mexico

Concerning Harry Warner, Jr.'s article, "The Matter of the Fact", I found it the work of an obvious imbecile. Warner used to do fairly well on reminisce-type items back in the days of Keasler; he should have stayed in that realm of writing. For, in this article you printed, he invades theosophies of writing without cognizance. Mr. Warner states in his second paragraph, "I'm not sure...." and the reader discovers in his article that he's not sure about anything. In criticizing the use of facts in articles, Mr. Warner quotes facts. He says that, "There was a time when it was quite possible to get published the familiar essay, the rather brief piece of nonfiction which consisted of the writer's opinions, reminiscences, deductions, or expostulations on any subject which happened to interest the writer."

Mr. Warner is full of crap! Since the days of Socrates, at least, thinkers have been able to get their thoughts published—

though the trend is that they had to publish the thoughts themselves. This pattern is still followed; witness the many, many "little publications" letterpressed over the world (such as: EPOCH, THE PARIS REVIEW, THE ANTIOCH REVIEW, DECEMBER, THE TEXAS QUARTERLY, etc, etc.). The Saturday Evening Post is now publishing a series of think-pieces. Henry Miller, noted for other things, has written several books of opinions.

But, there are several reasons why opinions are so unpopular: 1. Regardless of the person, his opinions are subjective, therefore biased and more-often-than-not wrong.

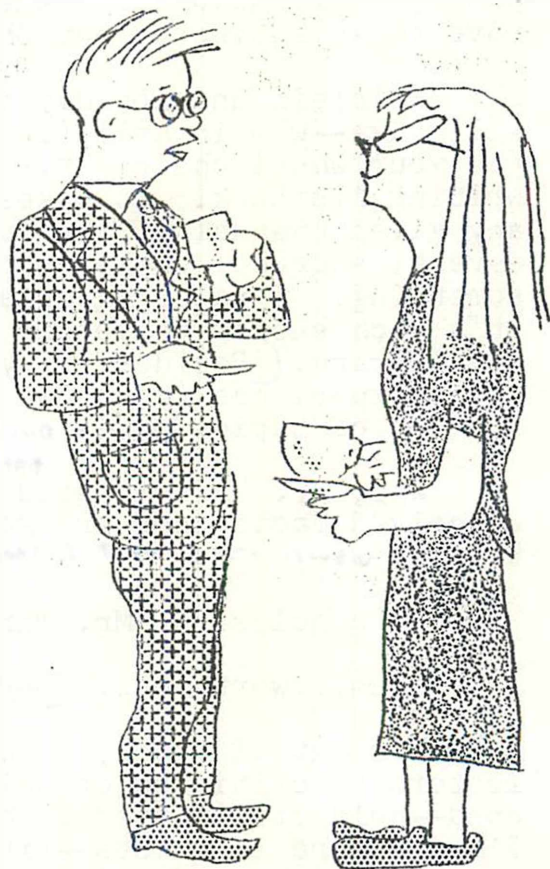
2. Opinions, by their very nature, are thin in substance, therefore as unpalatable to a conscious mind as water to a connoisseur of wine.

3. In the old days, trial-and-error sufficed, but modern technology has required precision. Man cannot hope to build a moon rocket on the opinions of Mr. Warner's Aldous Huxley or Bertrand Russel, *????? WHAT AN ILLOGICAL LOGICIST* n'est-ce pas? *INTUITIVE THAT WHILE NOT THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD IS STILL LOGICAL*

4. Due to the speed of a progressing culture, it has become necessary to communicate in the fastest manner possible in the clearest manner possible. If you have an idea upon any concept, it is faster to find a common denominator of expression—namely a fact of which you're both aware.

Whereas your own opinion might be misconstrued, the fact will likely not be. And yet, the end result is that you've expressed your opinion in a more interesting fashion.

Mr. Warner states that the only opinions that are safe, Lord help him, (if I may paraphrase) are the mass opinions. Having studied Public Relations under Dr. Scott, I can state sans doute, that mass opinions are the easiest variable things in the world—therefore dangerous because of their lack of stability. Would you claim the Winston buying population safe, all these Dial soap buyers, these Ike-lovers? The science of swaying the minds of the masses has developed to such an extent that no one can be



"No, I haven't read Adler's Great Ideas yet. I've been waiting for the Reader's Digest version."

sure their thoughts are their own or put into their crummy like skull-cases by the president of DAY.

Why, Mr. Warner, do you value your own opinion so highly. D.H. Lawrence wrote subjectively, yes. But the majority of his material was drawn from vicarious sources. Lawrence I'm familiar with. I've read some fairly critical articles on Joyce. Wolfe, I'm not sure about. But, for every writer you can name who writes subjectively, I can name another who didn't. I'm not against writing subjectively...I'm just wondering by what authority you set yourself up as judge?

You're criticizing the young stf-writer (whom I'm not sure but is either Silverturd or Hellison) and you bring out the fact (erroneously) that Shakespeare drew upon his own day for characters and used his own personal opinions. Any scholar of Shakespeare would ConSign you, Mr. Warner, to hell. Having delved into Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould's "The Tragedy of the Five Caesars," I can vouch for the FACT that Shakespeare did do research on his work—and complete research. He changed certain passages of Julius' statements in order to make them communicative to an audience, but Shakespeare had done the research.

Heinlein undoubtedly doesn't know what form high finace will take—who in hell (or outside of it) does? But you can bet your wheel chair, Mr. Warner, that he did research before writing his book. It takes knowledge in order to postulate in any given channel of the future. This knowledge can come from several sources: books, experience, or having someone tell you something. I value experience and I like to talk to people, but it's much easier to obtain information on a topic by visiting the library. (Besides, if you limit yourself to writing only about experience (your own, supposedly) you're going to soon run out of topics.)

And, Mr. Warner, good stories are not build [sic] with ill-conceived facts, nor are good stories written without facts entirely.

In conclusion, Mr. Warner, your opinion is all screwed up.

Thus...worthless. [Rebutals, anyone?]

I'm out of venom, I suppose, for I can find none of the letters to criticise or snipe at. Besides that, I'm disenheartened—hold still while I chake the dictionary about that word; I'm not sure it exists—it don't, I guess, so I'll use "disenchanted" (cheap dictionary). Anyhowever, I was dragged by some friends over to meet a woman named Dorcas something or other. Raeburn Miller, editor of DECEMBER, literary publication published by alumni of the State University of Ohio, was there. Pretty interesting guy. But Dorcas popped a private baloon of

mine.

Have you read stories written by Shirley Jackson? [Yep.] Her "The Lottery" is a classic. She is published often in F&SF and in the New Yorker. I've even read one book of hers. A great writer.

Because of her stories, I had formed the picture in my mind that she'd be quite feeble and old and drawn up, a recluse with only a couple of horrible cats to keep her company. Dorcas lived next door to her in Vermont and they became good friends. Dorcas says that Shirley Jackson is married to Hymen, critic for the New York Times. She's fat and Jolly and mother of a whole gob of kids, I think Dorcas said six, but I can't recall.

Writers are seldom like they write. *INTROD A TRUTH*

My French prof took his doctorate at the University of North Carolina. Knew Manly Wade Wellman and his brother. Said that Manly made about \$5,000 a year writing.

Dr. Eckman knew John Jakes. A friend of mine helped J. McConnell do the research that got him his doctorate. Chad Oliver teaches anthropology here. None of them look like they write, evidently. [I won't name-drop here, but judging from pro-authors I've met, I'd pretty much agree with you.]

Andy "Ol' Mayonaise Hater" Young
11 Buena Vista, Cambridge, Mass.

By ghod girl but you put out an excellent fanzine. Wow!

Like: Your editorial—on an old and familiar theme, but well done.

Or like all the excellent contributions your fanzine has. Gee, how do you get all those Big Names just like that? I mean, Berry, Tucker, Harry Warner.....

And especially, Gee, how do you get such impossibly good results and incredible effects from ditto?

I was crogged by Tucker's Bad Luck Chain Letter. We need more things from Tucker, especially these days, with fandom sort of dying on the vine. I think the most crogging thing of all was the list of names. Gads.

I think sort of a rebuttal to Harry Warner's argument in The Matter of the Fact can be found in a recent issue of Harper's, where an essay called "The Article as Art" argued that

(a) writers have formed an exaggerated and narrow view of what a novel ought to be, (b) that creative writing talent is being turned into producing magazine (not just fanzine) articles. And I, and the article, differ with Harry's opinion of current magazine articles: at least in the non-scientific magazines I read, articles generally contain an enormous amount of opinion and controversy. Often, it is true, the opinions are based on various facts, statistics, or other such objective observations; but the interpretation which accompanies these facts is pretty much pure opinion.... I read the Atlantic, Harper's, The New Yorker, and the editorials in Science, and I find them well beset with opinions, as well as facts. And in my opinion, opinions based on facts are a lot better than just plain opinions. There are plenty of those around, too; read TIME or Joseph Wood Krutch's column "If You Don't Mind My Saying So" (I do) in the American Scholar, to take two widely divergent types.

You have an excellent letter column, too. ÷ I think Mike Moorcock has the kernel of the thing when he says you edit, rather than merely publishing. Which reminds me...there was a letter in the latest Science discussing the subject of editing, pointing out that the "editor" really was the publisher back in the days of Late Latin and all that; the invention of moveable type was the thing which first allowed enough volume of publication to get some people interested in tampering with other people's manuscripts. The writer was complaining that the current publication system is strangling scientific research in some fields (e.g., his own, psychology) by introducing a two-year delay between research and publication, and by cutting so much material from articles as to make them incomprehensible. ÷ As I recall, someone asked you where you got that yellow ditto, and you replied that you got it from us...we get it from Linards. ÷ Where'd you come across that quote from Gamow at the bottom of p. 22? [I think I read it first in Gamow's Birth and Death of the Sun. Actually, ol' Gamow didn't make the statement himself; he was quoteing some chucklehead who meant the whole thing seriously.] I read it in an introductory astronomy text—why is it that writers of introductory books on astronomy always feel compelled to put a quotation, or a poem, or something, at the head of each chapter?—and either quoted it, or intended to quote it, in a fanzine somewhere. If I did you're too late, and if I didn't, now I won't be able to. Bah. See all the trouble you've caused? ÷ Damn! I just realized that I'd intended to write this letter on a fried egg. I don't have a shrunken head handy, though one of the Oberlin zoology profs has one, in an old Maxwell House coffee can. [Fried eggs are just dandy for bookmarks!] ÷ I thought Dan Adkins' letter was the funniest thing in the mag, maybe even funnier than Tucker's piece. Tucker, I am sure, must also have gotten a huge charge out of that letter. Goshwow, and so the big city didn't turn out to have streets of gold, eh? Hoo Hah. Chuckle.

÷ Ahh....I don't want to spoil your happy, blissful ignorance, but DAG has probably already done it, so here goes: Dean Grennell does not have a varityper. The only varitypers in fandom are circulating among the WSFA, plus the one used on Hyphen; so far as I know, there are no others. (Dick Ellington is the proud daddy of one young Marie-Louise, (three cats) *ABHAY! ECSTASY WITH EFFECT!* and a ferocious varityper.) Grennell merely has LOTS of typers.

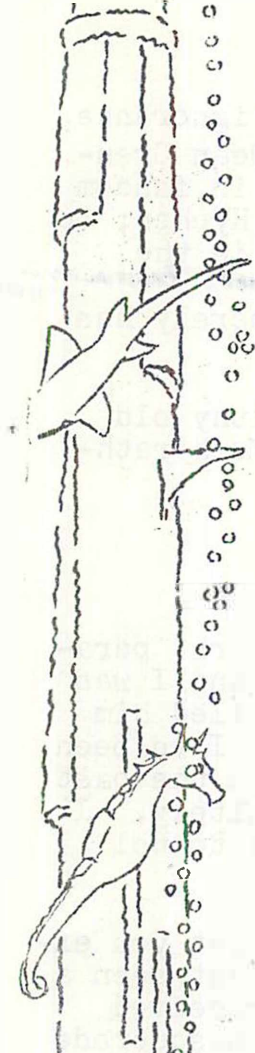
I hope we continue to get Flafan; if you want filthy old money for it, we'll pay..... (Money is evil, Andy. Much rather have your letters.)

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland

...the identity of the person I mention in the first paragraph of The Matter of the Fact is Harlan Ellison, and I was probably bending over backward to be polite when I called him one of the best young writers of science fiction, but I've been pretty rough on him for some of his fannish actions in the past and I don't want to seem to be picking on him indefinitely. I can't recall where he wrote that, but something seems to tell me it was in a FAPA bundle a while back.

It is interesting to learn from your editorial that you exist. I hadn't really doubted it, because I've never yet seen a fanzine from a non-existing person, although I have received several from individuals who were indulging in jolly masquerade tricks. However, I have been toying with the idea that Lee Hoffman Shaw has been reincarnated again or something. It would be embarrassing for her, if it happened while she's still alive, but it certainly looks as if something of that sort had occurred. There's some sort of indefinable atmosphere about Flafan that reminds me of the splendor that was Savannah. I hope that you put out at least 30 issues and top the existence of Quandry that way. I will relieve me of the suspicion that this is where I came in.

While I'm at it, I suppose that I should say some things about the remainder of the issue, too. Regional Con was very well done, both as fiction and as exposition of a state of mind. But it shares the same fault that plagued so much of the fiction about fans in the old Stellar; the use of names of existing individuals and completely obvious distortions of names of other real persons. It's playing with fire in any number of ways: the danger that some readers will overlook or disbelieve the "fiction" label and think that this really happened, the embarrassment that it could cause the named people if it reached the eyes of the wrong individuals, the possibility that a libel suit could result. Of course, Ron Archer isn't a real

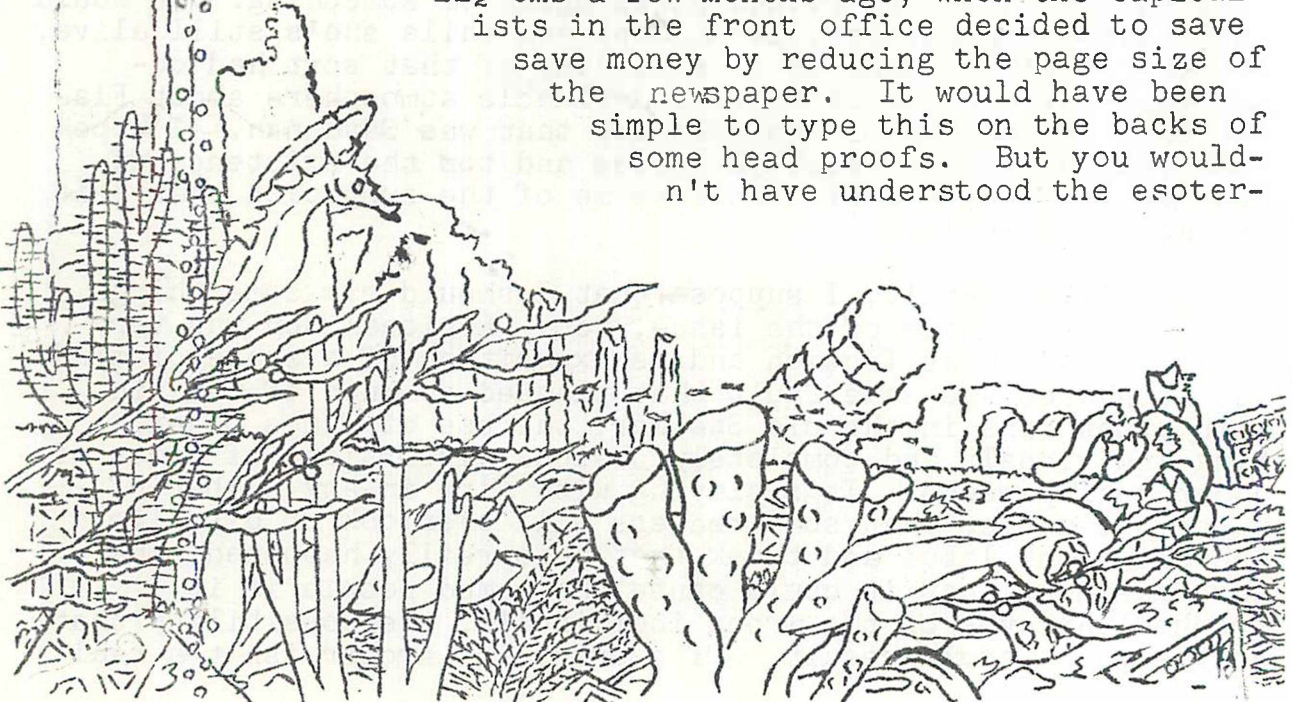


name, but that could be embarrassing, too, for the prototype whose identity is so obvious from the clues. It's better all around to write about completely unknown names, I should think, even though I know that Larry doesn't always attempt to give the fictional individual the same characterization as the real-life fan possesses.

I can't find a thing to complain about the Berry article. In fact, I think that it's one of his very best. There seems to be a reaction simmering in letter columns these days against Berry, but I suspect that it's caused simply by a mild numbness induced by so many equally excellent pieces, and a traumatic effort to convince one's self that no individual could possibly be so uniformly amusing. *NOWADAYS BERRY IS TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING TOO,*

Tucker is a lot of fun, too. I have vague intentions of making some carbon copies of this and distributing them to the more naive people I know in Hagerstown, substituting names where appropriate, just to see how many will swallow it. [Chortle.]

You almost got a letter written on shrunken heads, by the way. All the heads we use here at the office shrank from 12 ems to 11½ ems a few months ago, when the capitalists in the front office decided to save save money by reducing the page size of the newspaper. It would have been simple to type this on the backs of some head proofs. But you wouldn't have understood the esoter-



ic significance of this without an explanation from me, and jokes that are explained as they are created aren't funny at all, so I passed the opportunity by. The letter section in general—which brought on the start of this paragraph—was much pleasure to read, particularly in view of the refined choice of fillers that you made. The inverted Rotsler creature and accompanying caption were particularly chortling.

My life's ambition has always been to put out a fanzine printed on alternating pages of fried eggs, shrunken heads, and birdbaths.

Joe Pylka, Box 3763 University Sta.
Gainesville, Florida

Larry Stark's story was something that I had on my mind for quite some time. He did a very nice job, with a good point behind it all. Harry Warner's article was quite interesting. A strange thing happened while I was reading it. Every time I came up with a questioning point, he fused when he got to Scott and Shakespeare. It sorta faltered there, but just a tiny bit. I think it was me, not him. The Tucker Chain Letter was a stroke of genius! I just sent out my four.

Ellington gets around. I'm not sure, but I think I have his copy of "The Incomplete Burbee". It hasn't gotten here yet. I sent for one a few weeks ago, and this past monday, a post-sard (not postscarcd) came from Ellik, saying that he had mistakenly sent two to me, and would I send one on to Ellington. Fine, only the post-sard beat the beasts here. So finally, today I got it. Now where's the other? Ah, well.

A MODERN MYSTERY OF THE AGES. DID DICK ELLINGTON EVER GET HIS "INCOMPLETE BURBEE"?

"He's a little upset because I tried to kill him."

From The Deep South Says Never by John Bartlow Martin--
[description of the Alabama National (white) Citizens Council Headquarters] "In the lobby are an empty popcorn machine, a coffee urn on a counter, an old sword, a candy showcase piled with Carter's dusty literature, and a sign, 'Be Bop Promotes Communism.'"

The most IN food in the world is a Brownie Crumble Ball.

Sign on the back of a truck: "Contents--another load of golf balls for Ike"

Another sign, this time on a building: "NO at any time"

Oh you're Mr. Wetzel? Here, I've got just the thing for you--have a beer and carbontet...

Larry Stark, 11 Buena Vista Park
Cambridge 40, Mass.

FLAFAN continues to surprise, in the art department, and in repro. AND in layout. The colored lino's are a wonderful idea, and I'm glad to see you using restraint. I was very surprised when I read that you'd only used two colors for the magazine, but I realize now that the colored cover, and the many solid and not-so-solid effects you've used created a great deal of variety in themselves.

Material, I think, has improved over the first issue. I'm sorry to see the review-column absent; it was such a nice, UNASSUMING review-column.

A good idea to cut into it for letter-space, though, and here's hoping you can continue the large letter-space.

I would really like to see some of Metzger's serious-style art, cut well. I think his cartoon-style is cluttered, but satisfactory. These illos though, I think are horrible. Perhaps it isn't material he could take off with, nothing inspiring. Still, whenever he does turn in a decent job, one representing him at his best, I'd like to see it.

Lynn Hickman 304 N. 11th
Mt. Vernon, Ill.

METZGER DOESN'T LOOK AS
CLUTTERED IN FULL COLOR, WITH
NATURAL COLOR SHADING AND COLORS
EVER AN INK DRAWING. HE'S QUITE
EFFECTIVE.

Did you make the first N backwards in contents by mistake or just to see how many people would notice it? [Blush, well actually it was backwards by mistake. I had to type those masters without a ribbon in the typer, and it was pretty hard to read what was written or drawn on the right side of the master. Several years ago I'd discovered that I can read backwards or upside-down type, so I decided to proof-read the masters by reading them from the reverse side. Oh this worked fine for catching typos, but that sneaky backwards N got by.]

(I once received a note from Big Hearted Howard DeVore, written with yellow ink on a piece of sow-belly.) Since it was already getting a bit rancid & couldn't be used with my black-eyed peas, I made a quote card out of it and sent it on to Dean Grennell. He never received it. Must have been hungry postmen up there. Tell Larry there have been many one sided zines published. Probably the best example of a continued one would be SPHERE.

Sture Sedolin, PO Box 403
Vallingby 4, Sweden

For one years ago I write you and asked for a copy of FLAFAN and now I've (at last) got it! Thanx, very nice to remember me!

FLAFAN is a very good zine, but the dittorepro isn't as SATA. Try better. The most interesting in the whole zine is course the lettercol. And good illos too, specially Adkins. I'll look for him in the promags.

Gosh, you gonna be a good artist, such a lovely little bem on the bacover. [Goodie for you! Just about everybody else thought my lil' bem was a Rotsler. It was a pseudo-Rotsler! Ghu's purple curse on 'em all!]

Buz Buzby, 2852 14th Ave. W
Seattle 99, Wash.

Thank you very much for sending us FLAFAN. #2. Withought any niggling qualifications about "for a second issue", etc, I like this.

Stark is showing quite a talent for

(G.A.D.), WHAT A SPACE FILLER!
AS BAD AS ELLIOTT BRODRICK'S "HERMABICAL
DONUTS".

significant faanfiction, somewhat like the pieces MZB has been doing. The only jarring note is putting all those sercon idealistic speeches onto George Young. I mean, George would express himself all right, in a situation like that, and the theme is valid, but the treatment—well, let's say George might be a little more emphatic. (He cusses.) *INDREED HE DOES*.

"Gastrocomical" is one of John Berry's best of the season; this is the sort of situation with which he can double me up in knots, and does.

The Bad Luck Chain Letter is a trifle slight for Tucker (the ORIGINAL Psneeronicist), but after all, he was passing it on, wasn't he? [But how do we know that Tucker didn't start the whole chain in the first place as his alter-ego Gilgamesh?]

Good solid lettercol, too. But a major laudable trait of FLAFAN is your no-holds-barred approach to the ditto process, as evidenced in the negative-printing logo for Larry Stark and various mentions of similar work in #1. Yeh, now I understand how you did it, but it still amazes me that you not only thought of it, but made it work. (Of course, we always had such a bad time getting solid-color patches on our own former spirit-duper, that we would never have tackled such a task even if we had thought of it.) Incidentally, for the benefit of all the folks who thought you had run these things directly off the carbon; it is possible, using non-waxed carbons, to do just that, but the results are not exactly perfect. Color is not uniform, using cutout pieces of carbon, as the pressure is higher at the cut edges and lower in the middle of solid color areas. We ran some big white letters with solid red background once by this method, for SAPS-election campaign material, and if I knew where spare copies were, I'd enclose one as an example. [Ted tried a sort of scratchboard effect with uncoated masters in Stuart Nock's COSMIC FRONTIER.]

Ray Thompson, 6987th Radio Squadron Mobile
Box 138, Apo 63, San Francisco, Calif.

You know—it's funny, but the thing that impresses me most about Larry Stark's article on the Disclave is Ron Archer's extravagant case of self-pity. Assuming that this is a factual report of real incidents—and even if it's only fiction, the thing still goes—Ron's continuing refusal to open his door reminds me of a 5-year-old standing in a corner, pouting.

Berry good, as usual. His mention of Rory Faulkner made me realize how out-of-touch I've been the past year and a half. The Air Force doesn't leave one much time for fanning. But as soon as I get to England I hope to cure that.

*EVIDENTALLY RAY NEVER RECOVERED FROM DRK AMERIKANER
LUFFWELER*

Chuckled over Tucker's bad luck chain letter. Makes me remember some of the opposite number I've gotten. (One even assured me of luck in love & marriage, God forbid!)

I've always said that fanzine reading was worth something altho I've never been able to convince many friends of this—and Harry Warner only proves my point. But the familiar essay is not completely dead—it's just damned difficult to find. Also, I've an idea it's considerably healthier in England than in the U.S. I've recently come across two books that ostensibly deal with flying, but contain many, many more things. One is Wolfgang Fangewieshi's "A Flyer's World," and the other is the very fine essay on navigation, weather, history, sociology, and man, "Song of the Sky". I've read that one 3 times already. No, Mr. Warner—the familiar essay is not dead yet!

...and then we could always grind up powdered pickles and market them as instant pickle mix...

A2c John "TruHamster" Trimble
HqSSec, CCTWing, Williams AFB, Ariz.

Gee, I believe you exist. If you don't then maybe the whole SOLACON was a hoax, and I'm as tired as I am from nothing. Which, off-hand, I'd say was impossible. Besides, look at the money you won from me while playing Brag in Ron Bennett's room.

Berry was good, as always. Never do get tired of that man's writing. True, sometimes his stuff is mostly gimmick, but even then it's good.

Ah, and Harry Warner. A very interesting article by fandom's leading journalist, and a rather pertinent one, too. Everything I read by Harry seems to be some sort of warning, or cry of "wolf", but he's so often correct, and so interesting even if I don't agree, that I love to see his name attached to something in a fanzine.

From the little I've seen of Larry Stark's work, I think I find myself in agreement with Ted White about Stark's pro-writing possibilities. Look at some of the stuff Harlan Ellison used to turn out, and he's what you could call a successful writer (tho some may grouch at the thought).

Oh yeah, the "Bad Luck Chain Letter" by Tucker reminds me of something. I had the honor of receiving something of the opposite sort in the mail this morning from someone named Pearson (well known fake-pro). And I think it only fair that I should pass this blessing on to someone who, altho much prettier than most people (or fans) I know, is most deserving of good luck. You, you cute li'l hoax, you. And so there you are. [John encloses a for-real "good luck prayer" from Bill Pearson.]

Kent Moomaw, 6705 Bramble Avenue
Cincinnati 27, Ohio

I received FLAFAN #2 yesterday, and ghod, it's fine. I disremember whether or not I commented on your first issue—I dimly recall its being an above average, tho not truly outstanding first ish...but thish is outstanding, and I want to make sure you know it. In this time of fannish drought, with worthwhile fmzs being at best rare and neofans flipping over such things as YANDRO, CRY OF THE NAMELESS, and TWIG, a new fan of your evident calibre has to be encouraged. Types like yourself have been coming into fanpubbing much too infrequently during the past couple of years for fandom to be able to afford losing even one. Yes.

The ditto work, the layouts, and the overall format are all topnotch, and I note with glee the utter lack of neofanish pretentiousness displayed in your cover...combining the cover (a professional necessity, but often superfluous in fanmags) and contents page strikes me as an eminently sensible idea. Dick Geis employed the gimmick in his final issues of SF REVIEW, but I dig your use of it here even more. After punishing my eyes in vain attempts to decipher faintly-dittoed crudzines, I'd almost forgotten how well good, solid ditto repro can look.

You seem blessed with a sense for novel, imaginative layout; something that even many long-established faneds know absolutely nothing about. I thot the cover and the first pages of Starkov's bit and Warner's article worthy of Ted White at his best, and couldn't find a single page whose makeup displeased me more than a very little bit. I find that I am tiring of Adkins' Adonis-type heroes, but his cover illo was well executed, and Metzger's interiors were uniformly excellent...George is quite the best fanartist to emerge in the last couple of twelve-months. Rotsler, of course, is always great; I don't know whether to worry or not, but I prefer his bems to page after page of fabulously-endowed femmes. Sure, I realize he's a fantasy artist and all, but...

"Regional Con", even tho it dates seriously an item by Larry I have on hand for the upcoming ABBERRATION, is by far the best contribution in the issue. Altho many fans (even people whose judgement I respect highly, like Raeburn) profess not to like Stark's serious fanfiction, I've always dug it very much myself, being an intense, sensitive type; don't be surprised, tho, if you receive a letter of comment from Boyd in the near future asking why Larry considers conventions such sordid, emotion-packed affairs when he's always found them the very essence of sweetness & light and all like that. Oh well.

USED QUITE A NUMBER OF JAZZ/IN-GROUP TERMS, LIKE "DIG", ETC, DIDN'T HE?

I know where Larry got his idea for this story, and I'm also hip that he changed a few names, but just for the record, who is Ron Archer? Stark? White? I want the truth, men. (For the benefit of those who didn't read Adkins' "expose" in FANAC, Ron-Archer-the-artist is a house name for QWERTYUIOPublications art work, mostly Ted White.)

Berry's latest efforts have been far below his normal standards, unfortunately. That John would ever run out of ideas seems patently absurd a couple of years ago, but it's come to pass now, apparently. "Gastrocomical" is alas, typical of the forced type of thing Berry has fallen back on—he has no trouble getting his stuff published, being a Big Name and all, and in all honesty I must admit that even sub-mediocre Berry is better than many fans at their tip-top best, but I can't help wishing that John would cut his output now that the plots are more difficult to come by and concentrate on quality, having proved that he is fandom's answer to Silverberg and Ellison when it comes to Hacking Em Out. *Once again ---*

Tucker was fabulous. That wiff of chlorophyll you smell just about now is yours truly turning green at your having pulled down a Tucker contribution with your very first ish. Gad. "The Matter Of The Fact" was erudite and intelligent, as is all of Warner's material, but I have no further remarks to make regarding it.

The lettercol is a gass...long and completely faanish in the best traditions. I trust you'll make it one of the prime featured in future FLAFANs. Ghod, girl—White, Willis, Grennel, Shaw, Tucker, Bloch, Berry, Bennett...what're you trying to do, become a BNF?? Like wow, I mean.

Willis: Yes, Ronel is still among us. He made the Midwestcon, replete in Big Bushy Tail, and was at least healthy enough for footsie with John Magnus' girl and swimming at the crack of dawn in the North Plaza pool and suchlike. Tho I agree with ABBERRATION's pseudo-anonymous columnist, Adam Ehrlich, that Jean Linard's vast reputation is completely out of proportion to his actual fannish achievements, I thot his letter here one of the funniest damn things I've ever read...the first paragraph is probably the best single thing in your entire issue. Adkins: I'm not surprised to hear that Scott of S-SF is somewhat senile. It shows up in his magazine. *AGAIN, A WARPED OUTLOOK. THE LOCAL DETROIT IFEN COMMENTED QUITE A BIT ON KENT WHENEVER I PRODDED THEM. INvariably THE TERM USED WAS "WITHDRAWN." HE NEVER MIXED*

Hah! Benford's letter, I mean. If anyone is a Man to be Watched it's Greg; you should have seen him mugging those neo-fans in the halls outside the Roas Room at the Southwetzcon. (No typo.) Of course, neither of us had an opportunity to do much making of time with femmes there. I must admit that I am a hairy-chested hefan, tho; I have two. (Hairs, not chests!) I can't speak for Greg; tho he thot nothing of parading about

SLY INNUENDOS, MIS-STATEMENTS, A SICK BOY.

in short-shorts while I was at his place in July, he kept the upper part of his body well covered. If I were FT Laney, oh, the article I could write...

Archie Mercer, 434/4, Newark Road
North Hykeham, Lincoln, England

At any rate, I start out with the preconceived notion that you DO exist. Whereas in a great many cases I start out with the preconceived notion that fen DON'T exist. So at least you're one up so far. And personally, I don't see why you shouldn't courtsey with shorts. Not that I'm an expert on curtseying—I went to the wrong schools—but I've always understood that it's a simple mechanical movement of the body that can be equally well performed wearing skirts, shorts, slacks, a bikini or not a sausage. In fact, offhand I'd tend to say that it'd be somewhat easier in shorts than in a pencil-skirt. It's only a corruption of "courtesy", anyway. [I was thinking more of a full curtsey involving holding one's skirts. By the way, did you ever see that newsfilm of Marilyn Monroe being presented to Queen Elizabeth. Marilyn, in her low-cut, skin-tight sheath, make one of the most precarious curtseys I've ever seen!] Ugh, M.M.

Larry Stark's story is possibly the only thing of any particular significance I ever remember seeing under his byline. (Now HE's one I've never been quite able to imagine as actually existing). It contains much food for thought—not the least of the questions one is left pondering is that of just what ARE Larry's opinions on the matter?

For what it's worth, my theory is that Archibald Destiny is a horse.

Anyway, I enjoyed FLAFAN ANNUAL No 2. I look forward keenly to next year's.

[Hah! Fooled you--it's been over a year. Want to bet when the next issue's coming out...? Seriously, though, FLAFAN/FANZINE will be appearing at least more frequently than annually. You may be surprised...]

HERE'S HOPE I MADE THE NEXT ISSUE.

A review of Lady Chatterley's Lover by Ed Zern in "Field and Stream"--"This fictional account of the day-by-day life of an English gamekeeper is still of considerable interest to the out-door-minded readers, as it contains many passages on pheas- and raising, the apprehending of poachers, ways to control ver- min and other chores and duties of the professional gamekeeper. Unfortunately, one is obliged to wade through many pages of extraneous material in order to discover and savor these side- lights on the management of a Midland shooting estate, and ... this book cannot take the place of J.R. Miller's 'Practical Gamekeeping'."