

SPECTRUM

No. 3

Aug. - Sept. '59





SPECTRUM is published each six weeks by George Jennings, at 11121 Tascosa Drive in the city of Dallas, Texas, and the zone of 28. There is no charge for the zine, except for a letter of comment, which will place you on my mailing list for #4.

FEATURES

The Spektroscope ----- Jennings

Mutual Interests ----- Noreen Falasca

Speckulations ----- Ted White

The Demolished Fan ----- Richard Koogle

Spatter Dash ----- Greg Benford

An Afternoon in Dallas - Clifford Gould

The Incredible Shrinking Fan - Tom Reamy

Art by: George Shelton, Robert Gilbert,
Frank Stack, and Wm. Rotsler.



Tom Reamy

Ted & Sylvia White

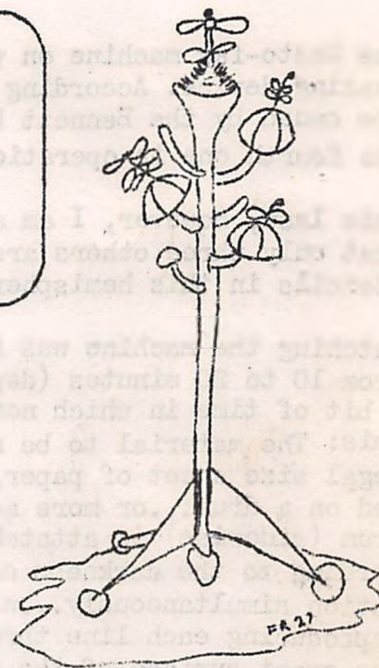
Photo Key:

George Jennings

The Benford Bros.



the specktroscope



A few years ago a group of fans who shared the common habitat of Dallas, Texas began saturating fandom with zines of both questionable quality and intent. The publishing was strong for about twenty or so months, and then, one by one, the fanzines died, leaving behind them an array of bad tastes throughout fandom. Their titles were, in order of disappearance, EPITOME, SPECTRUM, TACITUM, and HARK.

Being one of the villains in the case, and Speck being one of the zines, I can only offer my apologies for the crimes I've committed, and hope that no one will try hard to remember the old zine when evaluating this one.

Looking over a dummy copy of what has been completed (this being everything except the editorial and rear cover), I can't say that I am too displeased with the results. True, just about all of it could stand great improvement, but this I plan to accomplish in succeeding issues. After all, my wounded pride retorts, this is my first attempt at fanpubbing in three years...

Many thanks go to Ted White, as well as to his big D associate, Greg Benford. When I wrote Ted informing him of my plans, he replied with encouragement (which I very much needed), and the initial installment to the column which appears in this issue (for which may he be eternally blessed). Although Greg has been residing in Dallas for the past two years, I first had any contact with him about three weeks ago, after I had already begun work on the zine. After having one or two phone conversations with said fan, I journeyed to his residence one evening after work, and proceeded to sit for hours as he filled me in on various things that have happened in fandom since I was last in it. Greg then gave me some interesting ideas for the zine, promised to make a contribution, and tried to sell me a few fanzines. 'Tis a lucky thing indeed that I had left most of my money at home that night...

The mimeo on which this is being produced is, I'm afraid, far from perfect. Somehow, during the months that the \$35 Tower has been lying dormant in the top of my closet, the splitters were lost...the result being that every time a page with any amount of heavy inking upon it goes through, the sheet sticks to the drum. I tried everything to put this to a stop...including an attempt at constructing my own splitters using bobby pins and thread. What ensued was helaciously messy, in that the paper was not only smeared by the full length splitters, but would catch on one side and crumple beautifully on the way through.

Of course, not all pages are heavily inked, and I did not always run into the problem. The fatality rate on the cover and photo page, however, was about 50%.

I understand that Randy Brown also has a Tower, and that his splitters are in excellent condition. A visit might very well be in order...

The Gesto-fax machine on which the photos in this issue were cut was to me quite an amazing device. According to the salesman, its cost is a little over \$2100, and the one owned by the Bennett Printing Company, where the work was done, is only about the fourth one in operation in the United States.

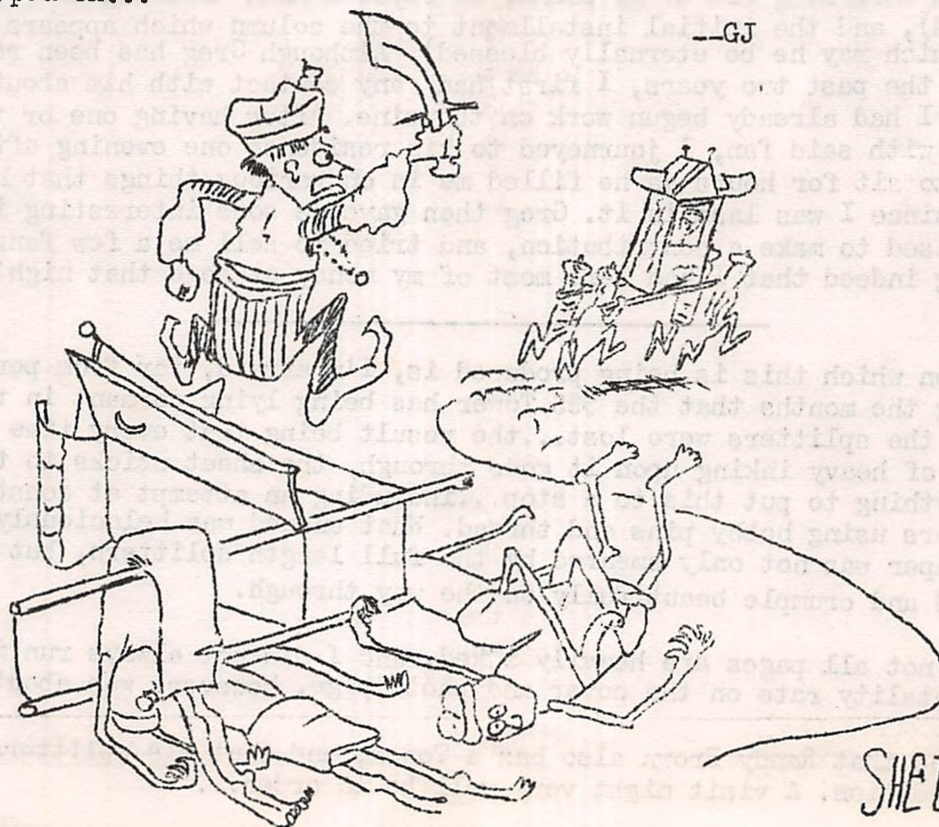
This last, however, I am a little hesitant in believing. It seems highly unlikely that only three others are spurting forth their amazing little electronically cut stencils in this hemisphere.

Watching the machine was indeed an experience in itself...and since each stencil takes from 10 to 20 minutes (depending upon the number of lines per second), there's quite a bit of time in which nothing else is handy to do. Its operation goes something like this: The material to be reproduced, if smaller than stencil size, is pasted on a legal size sheet of paper, and flattened as much as possible. The sheet is then clipped on a drum...or more accurately, to one-half of a drum. To the other half of the drum (sidewise) is attached the 'Gesto-fax' stencil. The settings are then made, according to the darkness of the original, detail desired, etc. Both pages are set into motion simultaneously...with an electronic eye of some sort scanning the original and reproducing each line through the vibrating motion of a microscopic needle located at the exact surface of the stencil. The result is a pattern of lines so minute and so close that the ink blots enough to create a solid effect. Ingenius..eh what?

One further note. If there are any amateur radio operators in the group of fans who receive this issue, why not drop me a line with your call. Mine is W5ZAN...and I think that a conversation with fans via radio would be interesting indeed...

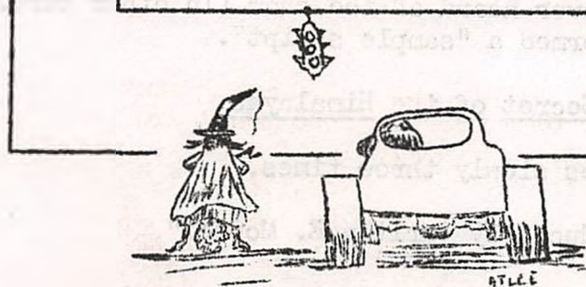
Next issue will be done on a new typer (I hope). The machine I have in mind is a Remington quiet-riter...keyed with the new "Roman-face" type. Those of you who noticed lines going at various angles around the zine can blame this wreck of a machine it has been typed on...

--GJ



DAMN TEENAGE DRIVERS!

MUTUAL INTERESTS



NOREEN
FALASCA

Let's recreate an era, shall we? The time is 1938. The place - anywhere in America within earshot of a radio. In the Midwestern time zone, it's about 7:15 pm and people have just stopped whatever they were doing and are listening to a radio program.

The program opens with a distinctive musical theme, "Valse Triste" and, in the background a clock begins to strike a very low note. The announcer says: "And now, I Love a Mystery, written and produced by Carlton E. Morse."

You recall it now? The wonderful what's-going-to-happen-tonight feeling that came over the audience? Radio programs have come and gone but none has ever taken the place of "I Love a Mystery."

What made it different? That's not easy to answer. It might be what Moskowitz calls a "sense of wonder". The show did feature adventure with liberal dashes of fantasy. It might be that Morse could really write well and project you into his story. All of this aside, it might be that memory is kinder than fact, and if we could hear the program today, we might find it trite and boring. You can't really explain the mood it evoked and perhaps it's better not to try. "I Love a Mystery" was, and, like a lot of memories, should not be dissected too closely.

The three heroes of the show were Jack, Doc, and Reggie. Jack was an all-American type who possessed the unusual attribute of being able to think. Reggie was what his name implied, an Englishman of the I-say-old-chap, playing-fields-of-Eton sort who could be counted on to have a stiff upper lip whenever a stiff upper lip was needed. Doc provided the inevitable comedy relief and admirably fulfilled his duty as Sancha Panza for the other two.

The world was a toy to Jack, Doc, and Reggie, and life was meant for adventure. Accomplished pilots, fighters, gun shots, etc., they sought justice and avenged evil from Hong Kong to London.

One of the most thrilling episodes was called "Stairway to the Stars," and it concerned this lost plateau "high in the Andes," see? Somehow, our intrepid trio got there and found a regular Shangri-La, complete with lost race, giant pterodactyls and all the accoutrements a really proper lost plateau should have. Just at the most exciting part of "Stairway to the Stars," the program was discontinued, disenchanting listeners all over America. It seems the show couldn't meet the

competition of musical and news programs which were making inroads on the 7 to 8 pm time.

"I Love a Mystery" is gone, but hardly forgotten. If enough of you remember and would like to talk about it, try writing to George and maybe we can continue this discussion. There might even be enough response to justify another article; but, in the meantime, for those of you who have never heard of the show (In other words, all those under 24), here is what might be termed a "sample script".

Jack, Doc, and Reggie and The Secret of the Himalayas

Music, Theme rising and swelling. Clock chimes slowly three times.

Announcer: "I LOVE A MYSTERY, written and produced by Carlton E. Morse."

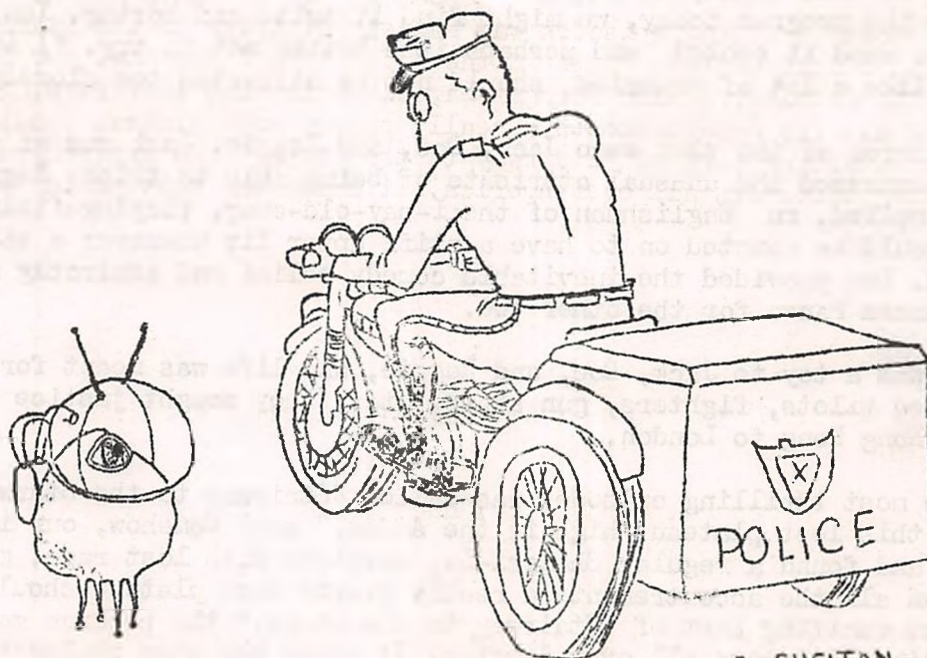
Sound effect - the low drone of an airplane.

Announcer: "Somewhere over the Himalayas flies a plane bearing Jack, Doc, and Reggie to an unknown destination. Outside the ship, it is midnight, and only occasionally does the moon reveal a glimpse of the wild landscape below. Jack is at the controls, and the atmosphere is tense as Doc speaks."

Doc: "Jack, do you think old man Trevor expects to get anything out of this trip? There's nothing out there but miles of mountains and I don't like their looks. I also don't like this flying according to his navigation."

Jack: "I don't know any more about this than you do, but you can be certain that whatever he's after, it must be pretty important to make a trip like this."

Reggie: "I'm with you, Jack. It's important all right, but what can the old man be thinking of - to bring his daughter, Patricia, on a trip like this?"



-G. SHELTON-

Jack: "Well, we'll soon have the answers to all our questions. I think we're almost over the Sherpa village where we can land. That is, if Doc Trevor got his coordinates right!"

Voice over Intercom: "Gentlemen, we are approaching our destination. After we land, I may need your aid at any time. Please remain near me or my daughter at all times."

Doc: "That won't be a hard assignment to take."

Jack: "Enough of that talk, Doc, and help me sight the landing strip."

Reggie: "Look below! They've lighted oil drums along the runway!"

Jack: "So they have, and it looks like we have a reception committee."

(Sound of plane landing and crowd noises in the background)

Reggie: "Here, Miss Trevor, let me help you down."

Dr. Trevor: "Thank you, gentlemen, for a safe trip. Ah, I see the chief is approaching us."

Chief: "So, Doctor Trevor, you return to our land again. We did not think you would ever come back."

Dr. Trevor: "Yes, Lin-wan, I have returned and brought my friends with me."

Lin-wan: "My house is yours, Doctor."

Doc: "Jack, the chief seemed to be surprised to see us and yet someone must have known we were coming. These landing arrangements were made in advance."

Jack: "The whole thing mystifies me, Doc, but this isn't going to go much further. Tonight, I'm going to corner the good Doctor and find out just what this is all about and what he expects from us."

Announcer: "It is very late and an uneasy sleep has fallen over the little village. Jack is awakened by a voice that softly calls, "Jack, Jack, wake up..."

Jack: "Who is it? What's the matter?"

Patricia: "It's me, Pat. I must talk to you before tomorrow."

Jack: "Wait a minute, Pat. There, that light is better. Now, what's wrong?"

Pat: "I'm frightened. We should never have come here, but Dad is so stubborn and he wouldn't listen to reason."

Jack: "You know that we weren't told a darn thing about this trip. Your dad paid well for the plane and any special services, as he put it, that he might require. I wish we'd have questioned him more closely."

Pat: "Dad could have hired a plane anywhere. It was you three he really wanted."

You three and the reputation you have. He needs you to help him solve one of the greatest mysteries left on earth. But that's not all! He is in deadly danger every minute we remain here!"

Music rises again and announcer returns...

Now, reader, turn off that radio and snap back to dull old 1959 again. That was "I Love a Mystery."

--NF



"There's a guy out here who says he's got a complaint."

Editorial remarks on the above: What you have just read as an article was originally a section of a column intended for the pages of CRIFANAC. Unfortunately, Tom Reamy, the zine's editor, has decided to fold it. Both Tom & I agreed that this fascinating bit of reminiscence should not go to waste, and thusly, it was lifted from the pages of the original Mss, and transplanted in the pages of Speck. Perhaps, as Miss Falasca suggests, an article delving further into the subject of Jack, Doc, and Reggie, and other shows of its type, can later be published. No doubt, many of the older fans among us have their nostalgic remembrances. I have a couple of my own-not so old, of course-but without doubt as meaningful to me at least, that I just might launch into on my own...

--GJ

Interesting, how things like this happen when you compose on-stencil....

HERE'S WHY YOU GOT SPECK

and how to get more



____ You pub a zine with which I would be most honored to trade.

____ Contributor.

____ Contributor?

✓ ____ Just write and tell me what you think of the zine.

____ Review?



SPECKULATIONS

Ted White

A Column

Midwestcon 1959 Dept: We didn't go. There wasn't too much actual consideration of going, since the Detention would require what few funds we might have. And while I, singular, can make it to a Midwestcon on \$20 easily, we, plural--Sylvia & I--couldn't do it on less than \$50. So much for the Midwestcon, figured we.

Periodically we make trips to New York City. Originally, these forays were intended to find us a domicile in that great city, but once this was found, it was discovered that the premises wouldn't be ready for another month or so. So our proposed move to NYC was postponed --much to the dismay of Ron Ellik, who had reported our departure many months earlier in FANAC, and who so dislikes being made a liar of that he refused to report the true situation, and insisted on sending our mail in care of Bill Donaho, who had, naturally, to forward it back to us. Which is a longwinded way of saying that we still make trips up periodically, ostensibly to bug our new landlord into getting his improvements in and finished ("I should have it ready for you August 1, Mr. White." "If you're going to be up here again in two weeks, why not see me then. I should know how things'll be, and whether it'll take till August 15, Mr. White."), but actually to dig the Good Times and revel amidst the Fourth Avenue bookshops and record shops.

We were planning a trip to New York before the Midwestcon, to see what the landlord had done. We weren't sure how we'd finance it, but whathell, something always come up. And it did. The weekend before, John Magnus came over and said, "What're you doing next Wednesday?" Without thinking, I said, "Nothing much." And John said, "That's fine. How would you like to go to New York?"

Which is how we found ourselves ferrying John and two aged parents of his philosophy prof up to NYC. We didn't go wednesday after all--they decided to leave on Thursday. The Two Aged Parents would be paying \$20 for the trip.

After leaving the Two Aged Parents, John, and the remains of a fine dinner at Riverside Drive, we went down to the Hunnery where we would spend the night. "Hello Bill," we called out, "Surprise!" Donaho looked up from the stove where he was cooking a massive amount of pudding ("I had a dozen eggs, so I thought I'd increase the recipe. I didn't know what I was doing!") and said, "I was just wondering when you'd show up again."

"I would have written you in reply to your letter about when we'd be up again, but then I thought it'd be just as easy to tell you." I said that with a straight face.

Sylvia said, after our one small overnight bag was stowed, "Are we going to see Larry tonight?"

"We'd better, I guess. We won't have a chance tomorrow," said I. Bill: "How long

are you folks going to be here?" We told him that we had planned returning the next night. "Well," said Bill, "I was just thinking about the Midwestcon."

"Yeah?" I said.

"I was going with Kyle, but he says his car is full going out, but he can give me a ride back. Now...if I were to pay gas and tolls going out, and we were to get a double room and pull a 'Holbrook'..."

"Hmmm," I said.

"Hmmm," Sylvia said. "What would I do for clothes? I haven't any extra." "That's right," I said. "We don't have any swimming suits with us, either. A Midwestcon without swimming suits just isn't a Midwestcon."

"You could probably buy some cheap," said Bill. Non-fan Vince spoke up: "You could probably get some good ones cheap at a Thrift Shop."

We began planning things out. We had twenty dollars coming as soon as Magnus cashed the check he'd been given. If Bill paid our way out...how much would it cost to return direct to Baltimore...? "I'll go out and phone Magnus up where he's staying the night, and tell him we won't be able to take him back and see if he wants to go too..."

I went to a nearby pay phone, and tried to call the place where John was staying. No answer. "Fout!" I said, and climbed back up to the Munnery where the first sight which greeted my eyes was John Magnus reclining in a chair. "Well John," I said, "Coming with us to the Midwestcon?"

"No," he said, "I'm expected back." He seemed utterly calm, but later I found out he'd been staggered when Sylvia had first made the suggestion. "Oh, come along, John," said Bill. "There's always room for one more," he said, eyeing John's wallet. When four split expenses, it's cheaper than three....

"Let's go on over to Larry Shaw's," Sylvia said. So the four of us climbed into the Weiss Rak IV and drove over the six or so blocks to Larry's place. Larry invited us in, and we sat down to a pleasant discussion of why both Larry and John should accompany us. "How come you are going, Bill? I thought you had a job," Larry said. "I have Friday and Monday off," replied Bill with a grin.

"Well," said Larry, "why are you going to the Midwestcon?"

And we began to think about that. Nobody was going this year, from all reports. "Bob Leman will be there," said Bill. "He'll be at the Detention too," said Larry.

"I don't think we're convincing Larry," said Sylvia. "In fact," said I, "He's starting to convince me. Think about it: swimming suits, that's ten, fifteen dollars. A room, another ten or twenty minimum. And the trip back is good for at least ten more...Wow. We'd be in the hole. And we'd have to leave early tomorrow morning. Couldn't see Richman (our landlord), couldn't browse our record shops, couldn't..."

"Yeah," said Sylvia.

"What do you think?" I asked. "We'll go by what you want."

"Well..."

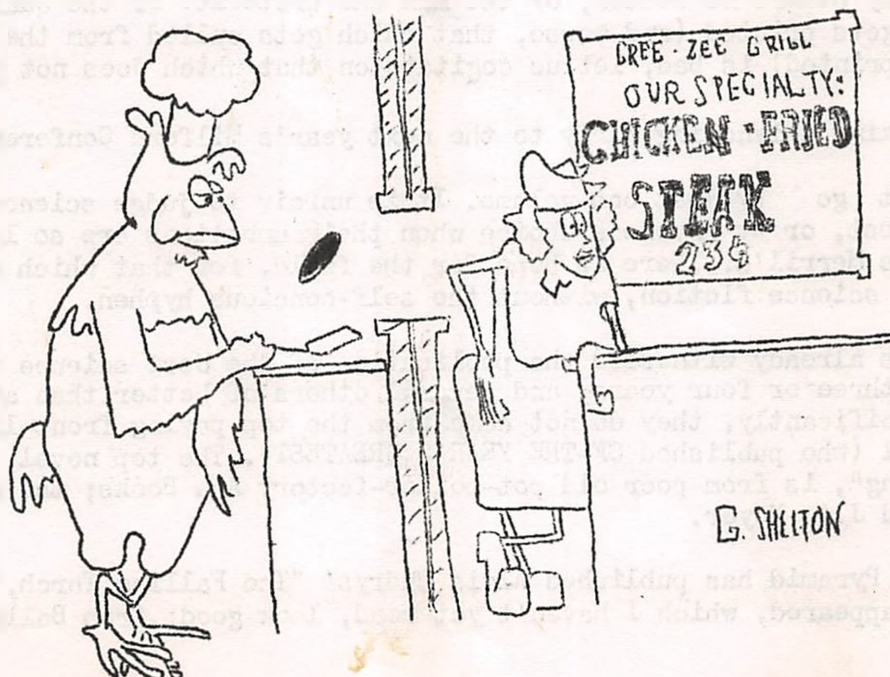
"I'm sorry, Bill," I said. "I don't guess we'll be going after all."

"Score one for Our side," said Larry, and John cheered.

"I hadn't really planned on going anyway...." said Bill.

The State of Science Fiction: There's been a lot of hullabaloo about how cruddy science fiction (oh, you read that stuff?) has gotten lately. And to judge from that which is being published in the magazines, it's true. For a quick confirmation (but not a painless one) I refer you to SF--THE YEAR'S GREATEST SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY, volume four. If this isn't enough for you, please reread your handy box score of the 1958 "Hugo" winners. The short story winner, "Or All The Seas With Oysters", is contained in the above slim volume. "Big Time," the best novel (they say), was mercifully left out.

Not much else was. Judith Merrill is a pretty good anthologist, and to see her printing this bunch of pap--some of the thinnest, slickest, most pretentiously clever fiction of superficialities--is, I guess, a condemnation of both her and her sources: the sf mags. Of the fifteen stories, culled from such sources as the SATEVEPOST, PLAYBOY, and THE FOURTH GALAXY READER (not from GALAXY magazine?!), only four struck me as good fiction, written on more than one shallow plane, and only one (not one of the four, I might add) as decent science fiction rather than watered down women's magazine pap or out and out fantasy. Two pieces, "Hickory, Dickory, Kerouac", a satire on the Beat Generation by Richard Gehman, and "The Short-Short Story of Mankind" by John Steinbeck, don't belong at all, and presumably were printed only for the value their author's names might lend the book. A shoddy practice. Only one story attempted to actually construct a plot in more than a few short pages, Sturgeon's "The Comedian's Children," significantly, from VENTURE--a magazine whose authors knocked themselves out to provide good material. (In fact, I think the entire book could have been filled with material from VENTURE's short life without decreasing its value a bit.)



If the fiction—representative only of the contents of an average issue of an uninspired stf mag—is a drag, then the final forty pages, devoted to fact articles and essays on Man's New Challenge: Space (and presented in just such an inspired fashion) have no place at all in the volume. They are neither science (hyphen) fiction, nor fantasy, and hardly any year's greatest.

The volume is a total washout.

A reason for this may be found in Miss Merrill's report of the Milford S-F writers conference (and why this obsession to hyphenate a word which hasn't been hyphenated in twenty years?): "I want to say the same kind of thing, but I'm tired of saying it to the same people," some of them summed it up. But one way or another, almost all wanted to write 'a sort of s-f' or 'something in between s-f and mainline fiction,' for a wider market. S-F (the category) is, if not dead, moribund; then long live s-f (the literature and the way of thinking)!"

And thus has Miss Merrill and her ilk sold us down the river. "Something in between science fiction and mainline fiction" doesn't exist. If it is mainline fiction, that's what it is. And if there's an element of science fiction, it is then (and maybe even to Judith Merrill's way of thinking, when there isn't that veriest element of "s-f") science fiction. This "in between" category is simply a pretentious name for something which fails inadequately to make either category, something too watered down, too unimaginative, too fake to be science fiction; and at the same time as deficient in basic story values as a soap opera, and aimed for the same "high paying" markets: the women-controlled slicks. If the category of "s-f" is moribund, it can be laid only at the doors of these same dolts who are now looking up towards Higher Word Rates, the authors of science fiction stories. We can no longer cast about for an unknowing scapegoat. Monster movies, Sputnik, Evil Distributors, editors who'd rather be editing a mystery mag; maybe they're contributing causes, but science fiction had them to put up with, and much more as well, many years ago. If science fiction is now moribund and dying (Cheers! says Miss Merrill; Now I can reprint from PLAYBOY, SATEVEPOST, and LADIES HOME COMPANION, and all those respectable markets), it is due simply to the stuff itself. If a story lacks sparkle, imagination, and reader enjoyment, who do we blame? The man who didn't distribute a copy to our newsstand, the man who selected it out of a pile of many others no better, or the man who wrote it? If the quality of the stuff which gets printed (and worse, that which gets culled from the printed supply to be reprinted) is bad, let us cogitate on that which does not get printed.

Who's for taking a lynching party to the next year's Milford Conference?

But we musn't go by just one volume. It is unfair to judge science fiction by the Year's Best, or by anyone's choice when their ambitions are so lofty and so blind as Miss Merrill's. There is hope for the field, for that which unabashedly calls itself science fiction, without the self-conscious hyphen.

This year has already witnessed the publication of the best science fiction novel in the past three or four years, and several others of better than average quality as well. Significantly, they do not come from the top-paying front-line publishers like Dell (who published SF-THE YEAR'S GREATEST). The top novel, "The Invaders Are Coming", is from poor old pot-boiler-factory Ace Books; the authors, Alan E. Nourse and J.A. Meyer.

In addition, Pyramid has published Algis Budrys' "The Falling Torch," and two others have appeared, which I haven't yet read, look good: from Ballantine George



O. Smith's "The Fourth 'R'", and from Galaxy-Beacon, disguised as a sex book with a sure fire title to sell, Raymond F. Jones' "The Deviates" (Originally "The Secret People").

THE INVADERS (undoubtedly the publisher's title) is unusual in that it contains every element which has been worked to death in previous novels--governmental intrigue & power politics, Van Vogtian plot interweavings, Pohl-Kornbluthian social extrapolations, realistic use of sex, 'science fiction-y' gadgets, even the Utopia-Which-Isn't --and uses them in such a manner so that combined with powerful characterization the result is top grade

science fiction. The book need apologize to no one. The politics are realistic; the consideration given to foreign powers is credible; the plot holds together beautifully, with concealed clues, ala Ellery Queen, dropped along the way to confuse the unwary and delight the intelligent; and the final kicker, the punch-line, is absolutely beautiful. That this book should first appear from Ace, of all people, is indication that things may easily not be that which they seem... Read it.

Budrys' novel is harder to deal with. Expanded from the novелlette of the same name in VENTURE, and a follow-up, I understand, from ASF, it deals basically with a young, disoriented man coming to grips with himself, and finding a meaning for his life. It does all of this in a well laid out science fiction setting, with no cribbing. Unfortunately, the book is far too short to do what it tries--this may be due to editorial cutting--and instead of showing his protagonist's development, Algis is forced to tell us about it. The result is pages of objective description, without a clue to the protagonist's feelings or motivations, with sections sandwiched in between in which the protagonist's shifting thoughts are presented too hurriedly to become really believable. Budrys' ambition is a worthy, even laudable one, and his execution of it falls only slightly short. With an additional 30,000 words, I think this would have been a very good book. Even as it is, it is definitely a good one.

The blurbs to the remaining two books (purchased on the day this is being written, are intriguing, and the books look worth reading. Both authors are good performers, whose material has generally pleased me in the past. At a quick glance, I can only bring myself to bemoan the insanity of whoever was responsible for the "sex-sell" of the Galaxy-Beacon books. The packaging is repulsively cheap, and the book is usually displayed on large stands only, and then with other imitation sex books from Beacon and its companion fly-by-nighters.

It's good to see another fanzine from Dallas after so long a time of silence. Sure, there were, during the last part of Dallas' first incarnation, some pretty cruddy zines emanating from that city, but there were also some pretty good issues of EPITOME, and various other good zines from time to time (all of this discounting my Dallas cohort, Greg Benford, who does not care to think of himself as a Dallafan). Maybe now that Jennings is back with us we'll be seeing more of a newer and better kind of Dallas fandom.

--TEW

THE DEMOLISHED FAN

by Richard A.
Koogle

The trap had closed just a moment before. Coulson had handed him a copy of YANDRO and said, "What do you think of it?" Should he tell him he liked it, and risk alliance with the YANDRO crowd, and exclusion from the groups that surrounded CRY, VOID, APE, and S-LA? Or should he tell him that it was cruddy?

Coulson stood there stroking his beard impatiently. He had to do something, ANY-thing. But what?

Slowly, very slowly, the fan fingered the magazine. Then: "Nice Paper." He turned around and strode away.

Norman Wansborough had been up late hacking out poetry the night before, but he rose early as was his custom. Sitting before his typer, he tapped out a few lines.

He looked at them. Somebody had said that poetry had to have good meter. Must've been a Frenchman or someone like that where the English system of measurements isn't used. It hadn't made much sense then. But maybe it was so, maybe every line had to follow a definite beat, fit into a certain pattern. Only, if that was true...what work it must be to write poetry!

He stopped dead, feeling a trickle of ice-cold bheer run down his back. GREAT OOGO! What crud he wrote!

Fandom seemed to fall away, leaving him standing alone on a plane, surrounded by reams and reams of cruddy poetry. His.

He quit fandom.

The neofan rose early, even if breakfast wouldn't be ready for a while yet. The neighborhood was still asleep, so he decided to write a fan article.

As he stared at the virgin-white sheet of paper, he thot of that copy of HYPHEN he'd read a week before. He liked that type of material, but so far he hadn't been able to master it. He had heard that if he really wanted to be a BNF, later on, he'd have to learn to write fannishly.

He started typing automatically, letting his mind wander. It was fun to see how you could inject fannish things into your writing. You had to sort of sneak up on your piece, change it just a teeny little bit, and then --

He had written half of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR when his mother called him down to breakfast.

Boyd Raeburn settled down to looking over the latest FAPA mailing, wearily. Things hadn't seemed right today, not right at all. Claude Hall had written a good article on atomic physics for ASTOUNDING. The latest SHANGRI-LA had an excellent takeoff on the Derogation by Rich Brown. He received ten neofanzines from the United States, and all of them had been as neat and well reproduced as his own fanzine. Their humor was sparkling, witty.

Symptoms, but...symptoms of what?

He looked at the FAPA mailing. GMCarr agreed with three people in her mailing comments. Twenty-four members had suddenly taken up progressive jazz as a hobby. Ellik had stopped reading science fiction.

The trend was beginning to change. Another symptom. Of what?

Fans were getting smarter.

Selections from FANAC, July 17:

CAMBELL COMISSIONS BURBEE FOR FANZINE COLUMN

GOLD ANNOUNCES ALL FAN-WRITTEN ISSUE OF GALAXY

TED WHITE NEW ASTOUNDING CO-EDITOR

FREAS DOES COVER FOR OOPSLA!

The Detention began early in the afternoon when Bob Tucker and Dean Grennell met in the lobby. They were the only fans in the hotel at the time.

Tucker smiled, raised an eyebrow. He did not say anything aloud, but to Grennell his meaning was clear: (Hi, Dean; long time no see. Got any JD?)

Grennell's eyes flicked to the stairs briefly: (Up in my room.) He moved toward them, nodding a little: (Come on up; I'm kind of thirsty myself.)

They settled back with cans of bheer in their hands, smiling happily.

The fans sat around in the livingroom, smoking, and drinking beer. They were panting a bit heavily after their bout of five-dimensional ghoddminton. Willis sat forward, and put an intent expression on his face:

(All fans are geniuses now. We have to find something to channel all that potential. They're going crazy.)

Shaw nodded. (I know. Sanderson has taken to wearing black, mourning Wansborough's resignation from fandom. Crazy!)

Madeleine smiled, and looked around the circle of sensitive fannish faces. (Well, any suggestions?)

Suddenly George Charters grinned. (I've got it! We could form a monstrous publishing company, and with all fans holding stock! Then all fans could have their names in hardcovers, like me.)

Shaw frowned. (Yes, but what would we print, besides our names?)

Charters grinned even more broadly. (Nothing, egoboo.)

All sat in silence for a while. The idea was put aside without a word.

At last Berry leaned forward, his whiskers twitching. "Recruit," he said, breaking the silence. (We could send missionaries into the mundane world and recruit new fans. That's a BIG challenge!)

There was a silence, then all the room smiled.

The missionary group was composed of Willis, Carr and Bloch. They left fandom one afternoon and made their way into the world of nonfans, not really knowing what lay before them.

When they had been outside fandom for a day Terry shrugged his shoulders. (It's getting late. Dinner?)

The other two looked at him. "What?" said Bloch aloud.

Carr stared at him. "Dinner?" he said.

"What about it?" asked Willis.

"Let's have some. I'm hungry."

"Oh," they said. "Why didn't you say so?"

Then it hit them all at once. They had left the star-begotten influence of fandom! They had lost their new-found intelligence. They were...normal again.

"Hell," said Carr. They knew what he meant by that, at least.

A month later they found a copy of THE VINEGAR WORM skipping down the street in the wind. Willis made a dash for it and snatched it up. He looked at it in wonder. (It's Wansborough's copy.)

Bloch nodded. (He must have thrown it away when he quit fandom.)

They all smiled, and as the realization set in, the smiles grew wider. They were back under the influence of fandom. They had their slan powers back.

"Hello, BoSh," said Willis when he got back. (Where is Madeleine?)

Shaw frowned. "She's in the other room." (There's something wrong with her.)

Willis frowned back, one eyebrow raised slightly. (What is it?)

Shaw started out of the room. (You'll see.) He led Willis into his wife, then left.

WAW smiled. (Hi.)

"Well," Madeleine smiled, "aren't you going to say hello?"

He knew what had happened immediately. He had been through this experience before. She had lost her slan powers.

He sat down next to her. "What happened?" he asked. "Why?"

"I couldn't adjust," she said. "You just sat around plotting probability factors in mail shipments and playing five dimensional ghoddminton. It isn't right. I wanted to go back."

He was silent for a moment, then said slowly, "What did you do?"

Her eyes dropped. "I read Harper's all the time you were away."

"This...this means we won't be fanning together any longer," he said at last.

"No," she said. "I can't understand your puns now. They have meanings that go into higher semantics that you keep making up as you invent the puns. It's not the same."

He knew what she needed. Quickly he grabbed the ghoddminton racket and blasted the piece full in her face.

It wasn't enough, however, and as the weeks passed they drew farther and farther apart. She was a normal pre-change fan, and she could not keep up with the rest of them. Something had to be done.

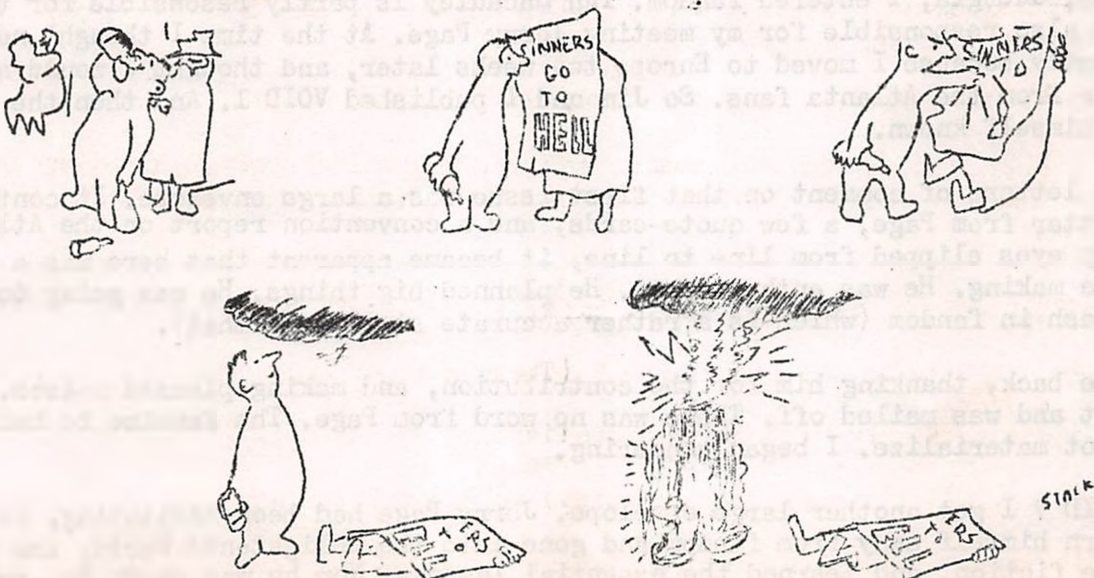
One day when she was out buying ink, Willis said to Berry, "Well?" (What can we do about Madeline? She's not happy.)

James shrugged. (There's only one thing.)

Willis nodded. (Yes, the Reservation.)

The next day Madeline joined the N3F.

--RAK





Related to BalderDash and
being a column by Benford

THE QUANSI-FAN A few years ago, when I began publishing a fanzine, I thought I had more or less run into every type of fan there was. The insurgents, sercons, BNFs, actifans, neos...they were all pretty easily classified. But shortly after VOID came on the scene I had a few brief encounters with a type of fan who rarely turns up, or achieves notice.

Perhaps some of you remember Jerry Page, whose one notable deed in fandom (thus far) has been "The Armadillo Pulls Through", a satire which appeared in GRUE 28. I believe this is the only time fandom at large saw Page, but I have more intimate connections with him.

In Atlanta, Georgia, I entered fandom. Ian Macauley is partly responsible for this, and he is also responsible for my meeting Jerry Page. At the time I thought nothing of it, mostly because I moved to Europe two weeks later, and thought I would never again hear from the Atlanta fans. So Jim and I published VOID 1. And then the quansi-fan made himself known.

Among the letters of comment on that first issue was a large envelope. It contained a long letter from Page, a few quote-cards, and a convention report on the Atlanta-con. As my eyes slipped from line to line, it became apparent that here was a true fan in the making. He was enthusiastic. He planned big things. He was going to make a big splash in fandom (which is a rather accurate simile, at that).

So I wrote back, thanking him for the contribution, and making pleased noises. VOID 2 came out and was mailed off. There was no word from Page. The fanzine he had planned did not materialize. I began wondering.

Around VOID 7 I got another large envelope. Jerry Page had been meditating, it said. He had torn himself away from fandom and gone into the Enlightened World, the world of science fiction, and learned the essential lessons. Now he was ready to spread

this about fandom through reviews and articles of brilliant perception. And, in his own modest way, he was submitting stories to the magazines. Enclosed was the first in a series of columns, "Fan On A Hot Beryllium Hull." Another could quickly follow, but not too quickly, as he had other commitments. He was also thinking of starting that fanzine again.

I returned the column in the stamped, self-addressed envelope he had enclosed (!), wrote a note indicating my interest in his writings, and forgot about him.

So it has remained to this day. I saw the item in GRUE, and heard of one in SIGMA OCTANIUS, and thought for a moment that he was coming back. But he isn't. I can feel it in my bones. I think Jerry Page, quansi-fan, is gone. But any day now I might receive another large envelope full of Daugerty-type plans, and that column. In a way, I look forward to it.

THAT'S RICHARD KOOGLE Dallas fans, as they go, are not very legendary. How many times, for instance, have you heard Orville Mosher compared to Charles Burbee. But occasionally among that strange outcropping of fandom known as the Dallas Futurian Society there arises a personage of truly giant stature -- a person whose everyday activities are almost incomprehensible to us. That's Richard Koogle.

Take, for instance, the other day when Jim and I went with Koogle to trade our STF collection. As I climbed into the back seat of his car, I remarked to him on the sloppiness of the floor. "Koogle," I said, "your floor is sloppy."

Richard Koogle looked at me. Beneath those handsome gray eyes (which were themselves hidden beneath thick lenses) I could see the mighty gears in his mind mesh together, integrating my statement with previously conceived thoughts, sifting among them, straining to detect a resemblance in concepts. "Sloppy?" he said. "Floor?"

As it developed, the pages of his forthcoming fanzine were piled on the floor of his car. I thought for a moment on the absurd logic of keeping clean mimeographed sheets in a car and allowing sloppy fans to walk all over them, but soon my head began to ache and I decided to stop.

I'm glad I did too, for the rest of the day was filled with other Koogle-isms. His glove compartment holds a letter to Nick Falasca with his contribution to the Berry fund, but he hasn't gotten around to mailing it yet. The fanzine he publishes contains cartoons centered around references to a character in a satire he hasn't published yet. He says he plans to send it to Terry Carr any day now, though, for use in INNUENDO.

Sometimes people ask me about him. "Greg," they say, "why is he that way. Why does he do these things?"

"Well, George," I will reply (it's usually Jennings who asks things like this), "that's Richard Koogle."

GEORGE JENNINGS told me that he was considering using steno-fax in his fanzine. He says it will improve the looks of the zine. Well, Ted White has been using a similar process in VOID for several issues, and fans have employed it on and off for years. It's a good thing. Steno-Fax enables fans to reproduce drawings and pictures that otherwise would have to be passed from hand to hand, or not seen at all.

But I've always personally favored the picture side of Steno-Fax. Perhaps because

I'm more concerned with fandom than stf, and thus have little use for stf drawings. Photo offset is the same.

So after George told me that he was going to spend his hard-earned money duplicating fan drawings with precision and accuracy beyond that of ordinary mimeography, I balked. Why not use pictures, I asked. Why not use your vast file of fan photos?

He said that he didn't have any vast file of fan photos, but that he did have a pol-
aroid camera.

"Fine!" said Jim. "Take your camera around and get pictures of all the Dallas fans. There'd be no trouble with the layout -- just run yourself in one corner, Reamy in another, a spread of Randy Brown, Jim Hitt, and Albert Jackson on the bottom, along with the title of the zine and an enlargement of Rich Koogle in the middle."

I think George is going to run a Gilbert illo this issue....

- Greg Benford

Comments by Jennings: The photos in this issue were done by the "Gestofax" process, which supposedly is the best. Any faults in their reproduction is to blame on my Tower mimeo, which is not quite as accurate as the Gestetner for which they were actually cut. I'd like to hear what your opinion is on the process, as I am thinking seriously of putting it to extensive use in the future.



AN AFTERNOON IN DALLAS

by Clifford Gould

Having originally been published in the FAPazine of one Gerald A. Steward, for the Seventy-sixth mailing.

INTRODUCTION: Currently there is in fandom a phenomena known as the "Dallas fanzine". These fanzines more often than not are referred to, not by their point of origin, but by the simple word "crud", which indeed all of them are.

Indeed from the first time that I laid eyes on one of these, I have wondered why the editors bothered to bring them out. An issue of one of them is not presented because the editor feels that he has on hand some interesting material that he would like to share with fandom....it is published to meet a "deadline" I suppose, for Lord knows if there could be any other reason, or rather, excuse for these things.

Yes, I have often wondered :bout them. Pondered. Why would a fan bring out a zine that he KNEW was crud. Why would he bring it out if he KNEW it would not (could not) be well received....if he knew that he could do much better if he tried..WHY?!

I thought and thought....and came up with absolutely nothing. So I decided to conduct this little experiment: I decided to edit and write a genuine Dallas Fanzine. I decided to join all the fun that all those lucky people who are resident of Texas seem to be having with their fanzines. What follows is not as ridiculous as it may seem; what follows could happen tomorrow! Beware!

)C(o)O(o)

EPITOME, combined with TACITUM, combined with HARK, combined with SPECTRUM, is published somewhere in Dallas, Texas, which is the home state of steer manure and Clod Hall.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Mike May ----Benny Sodek ----Randy Brown ----George Jennings

This is a DISAGREEABLE publication, published in association with the Fan-Hacks of America.

E D I T O R I A L

Today we would like to pay tribute to a great TEXAN and a great faneditor, Claude



Editor May reads Crudzine
imitation of EPITOME.

Raye Hall, as well as Mr. Hall's sister, Claudia Raye, the well known authorass. What astounds us even more than the Hall family's phenomenal talent(s) is their great modesty. "I am not trying to set fandom or the world on fire..." is, what would seem to be a typical, frank, honest, forthright statement--one of many such made by Mr. Hall in his fanzine Fuzzy.

We wish to point out that although it may not appear to be so at first reading, FUZZY is actually a good magazine, or rather a fanzine of the type which is really DOING something. Witness this starkly dramatic statement of Mr. Hall's..."Fuzzy would like to feature more fiction. The word length should range between one thousand and five thousand words. I would like stories of two thousand or three thousand words. Anything of even slight fantasy nature shall be considered worthy of publication..." this set of high standards, that is, of printing absolutely nothing that does not meet up with the high quality test of being of a "slight fantasy nature" should surely give us a magazine really worthy of the name.

Furthermore it should be noted that Mr. Hall, as well as providing us with an interesting and usefull magazine, is providing a training ground for young, struggling authors such as Hal Anas, and is really helping them along. (Note Mr. Anas' phenomenal climb to fame and fortune after his appearance in Fuzzy via a novel published in OTHER WORLDS, which is surely the epitome of the science fiction world!)

page 1 page

RON ELLIK REVIEWS FANZINE S777 !!!

(a fanzine review dept. by Ron Ellik)

QUANDRY #1 - Published by Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St. - Savannah, New York.

It seems to me that this fellow Hoffman is going into fanzine publishing sort of unprepared like. One example that I can find that show up immediately is the fact that the title of this mag is misspelled...it should be Q-U-A-N-D-A-R-Y...Oh well, you know these neos!

It really isn't too bad for a first issue -- as first issues go that is -- the editor really ought to get someone to do some art work for him as the scrawling he calls art are really most shamefull! .



The reproduction is pretty much o.k. but there seems to be room for improvement. With hard work and dilligent devotion tho, this may turn out to be a pretty fair zine, that is if the editor does stick to the more serious side of fandom, instead of leaning toward the frivolous as the trend in fan editing seem to be doing today.

I long for the days of FANTASY MAGAZINE and THE TIME TRAVELER, when fanzines discussed science fiction, and authors and magazines and like that, instead of the mundaneities which we see today.

LATEST PHOTO OF MR. HALL

It seems to me that all fanzines should have

something of interest for the science fiction enthusiast as well as the science-fantasy collector sprinkled liberally with news of the Science Fiction World, and once in a while feature Good Articles about HOW TO WRITE SCIENCE FICTION.

I'm sorry to say that is Mr. Hoffman does not change his ideas about what constitutes a Good Fanzine we will be stuck with yet another Moundane frivolous worthless production, of the type that are all too numerous today.....

page 2 page

THE LOUD MOUTHED PSYCHOTIC
a column by Claude Raye Hall.

It seems to me (as it would to anyone else with half a brain) that Quandry (see review column) was far inferior in nature to Fuzzy, my publication....and also to HODGE-PODGE because Share once contributed to my excellent fanzine, (Fuzzy.)

GEIS is a ghoddam _____!

Some people have made it known that they would like to know a little more about FUZZY, and my policy for it. Well, to begin with I don't think that enough fiction is being published in fan magazines. That is, I feel the main trouble with the fanzine field...we need more ~~good~~ fiction for our fanzines. We do have some fiction..but not enough! And some of what there is is not at all written with SERIOUS INTENT! It is not honest science fiction....it makes fun of things and uses fan names for characters which detracts from the plot. I think most science fiction in fanzines should be of the planet STORIES type of science fiction, because next to FUZZY, and HODGE PODGE, PLANET STORIES was one of the best sf mags ever!

Geis is a dirty ghoddam _____.

I think it should be clear to you that I am right in this matter as I get "A's" in journalism all the time. I doubt, for instance if Geraldtee Steward could say that!. That proves it.

You _____, Geis.



(LATER PHOTO OF MR. HALL)

REMEMBER THE ALAMO! and HAPPY
BLASTOFFS!

Claude Raye Hall

page 3 page

D A L L A S T E R R O G A T I O N

Sodek: O.K. men, let's get to work...let's show them what we can do!

May: What can we do?

Sodek: Well, we can ALWAYS publish a fanzine, you know, that is always a lot of fun and like that, and besides Ellik and I like to do this sort of thing you know, it is a lot of fun and all!

Hall: ...you know that I'm going blind...you know that...I have glasses like the bottom of beer cans, and all. And it is all Geis' fault, and all.. he purposely sent me poorly reproduced issues of PSYCHOTIC, and made me blind with rage....and all. And besides that he is a ghoddam _____. A ghoddam dirty double-dealing _____ with _____ tendencies! Besides that he consorts with that ghoddam ghoddam _____ Geralt Stewart....it is well known from coast to coast, in the Fare State of Taxless that Stewarte is a ghoddam _____ who hangs around with a lot of frozen-assed sports car drivers, with _____ tendencies.

Ellik: Be quite Clod! You're taking up all the room...Heey Beeny, this isn't fair you are letting Hall take up all this room and not letting me say a thing. And after all I've done for you! I'm surprised at you... (This Terrogation has been shortened dues to circumstances beyond our controll, this is Ellik decided to not write any more terrogations for us and...)

page 4 page

LETTER DEPT: consisting of letters to the editors.

BOB BLOCH: I'm sorry boys, but I am tied up at the present time and won't be able to write that article of which you spoke. Hoping you are the same....

BOYD RAEURN: I'm afraid that you were wrong. There is no such thing as a manual on writing derogations, though I dare say that you boys need one.

Claude Raye Hall: Would it be possible for me to obtain a copy of E/T/H/S in braile?

(Sorry folks, but tha's all that's in the old mailbag right now. But just you wait till next issue....we'll have the same fabulous line-up of columnists, our letter column, the editorial, and a 1,500 word trillogy by Race Matthews, along with some poetry...don't miss it!)

-C.G.-



THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING

FAN

or

THE MOSHER CHRONICLES



by Tom Reamy

CHAPTER ONE: Mosher vs. the N3F

My name isn't Boswell and Mosher falls a little shy of being Dr. Johnson, but a similar situation seems to have niggled its way into existence. As I have become the unofficial chronicler of the Mosher Saga, Dallas branch, I might as well begin at the beginning —

In the beginning I joined the N3F. This, I understand, isn't an unusual way to start a tired fan career. Mosher was running for president. Later, he told me about the dirty deal he was dealt. It involved poison pen letters, stuffed ballot boxes, misdirected ballots, insidious character assassination, and various other flavors of skull-duggery. This, I listened to for hours at a time...

But Mosher was a Big Thing in the N3F. I considered him a BNF of the first order. Later I found out Mosher lost the race for president and was made director. Naturally, this wouldn't do, so Mosher resigned in a huff. I myself resigned a little later. Two years more saw Mosher and I once again cross paths.

CHAPTER TWO: Mosher vs. Personal Contact with Fans

While in Fort Worth, where I had moved on my twenty-first birthday, I noticed an ad in Other Worlds for the Dallas Futurian Society, signed Orville Mosher. I dropped him a postcard and soon went to Dallas for a DFS meeting. The meeting was at Randy Brown's house. Randy was a kinetic teenager whom I liked immediately. The only other person I remember being at the meeting was Mike May. I don't remember a great deal about him though. Jennings may have been there but neither of us can remember.

I sat in awe, surrounded by faans. True, I had never heard of any of them, but it really didn't seem to matter. My anticipation for Mosher's arrival was murderous. What exactly happened at that meeting is not clear, except that I vaguely recall being elected president a little after Mosher finally arrived. I later learned that this was a favorite Mosher tactic. He always maneuvered the newest member into the presidency and he would grandly offer to "advise" and "council". This way he always kept control over the red tape machine.

I made several trips to Dallas for the meetings, held the first Sunday of each month. Most of them went something like this: Mosher collected the dues and made out quadruplicate treasurer's reports while everyone squirmed in boredom. I then conducted the business meeting which lasted ten words: "Is there any old business? Is there any new

business?" There never was. Mosher then conducted his auction while everyone squirmed in boredom. The prozines usually went for less than a nickel. Mosher bought all the ones that nobody else wanted, and auctioned them off again at the next meeting. He then would buy most of them again. The members would yell awhile and break a few things and adjourn the meeting for lack of anything to do. Mosher's method's would have worked fine if the membership were made up of several hundred people who thought exactly like Mosher.

After about a year I moved to Dallas. (April 1957) The club consisted of about three members, and its 'founder' had in the meantime aquired a print shop and a car. Mosher got into the habit of coming to my apartment every night about midnight to treat me to lengthy discussions of The Dirty Deal. I soon began to believe firmly in the old addage: "Early to bed...etc." and would lie quietly in bed while Mosher pecked on the door with his car key. I went with Mosher on several of his menu delivery rounds on which I met, rather violently, some of Dallas' smarter curbs.

CHAPTER THREE: Mosher vs. Dallas fandom



During the summer of 1957 the DFS took a turn for the better. A second club developed in Dallas. It was headed by Jim Hitt, whom Mosher soon approached with offers of a merger. This was carried out, but much to Mosher's concern, he found that Hitt had ideas of his own. The club grew to about twenty-five members, including four or five girls. Mosher maneuvered in vain. It finally reached the point where all of his suggestions were rejected automatically. He objected to everything, and generally kept the club in a turmoil.

It was an enjoyable summer. The meetings were large, the discussions lively, and the debates heated. The anti-Mosher movement was spearheaded by Alice Hirsch, the club secretary. Mosher's auctions were ruled out. He made a last fighting effort, however, and pushed an ideas committee. The committee was to provide ideas for club activities and Mosher made no bones about who would be in charge of it. The motion was defeated at every meeting and he would usually stage a huff. The Ideas Committee became an obsession and he kept it on the floor constantly. His main argument was his position as founder of the club, which, he believed, entitled him to permanent control. He finally succeeded in squabbling the club to death.

The DFS went almost en masse to the OKLACON that summer, and won the bid for the 1958 convention (Since no one was bidding against us). In retrospect this could easily be regarded as a colossal error. Randy Brown and I were voted co-chairmen and Dale Hart voted honorary chairman. Mosher stated later that he was sure that he would have been elected had he attended the convention. He evidently was disappointed that he had not been elected by proxy.

Toward the end of the summer the Benfords moved to Dallas, and turned up their collective noses at Dallas fandom. Ah, the wisdom of youth. They attended the last meeting of the summer before the club fell apart. It was an election meeting, at which Jim Brophy and I were nominees. Since Brophy didn't show up I was elected. Mosher, of course, was indignant.

As president I called off regular meetings and all other signs of organization. Everyone agreed that it was wise. A good many members were about to go away to school.

The new arrangements suited everyone.

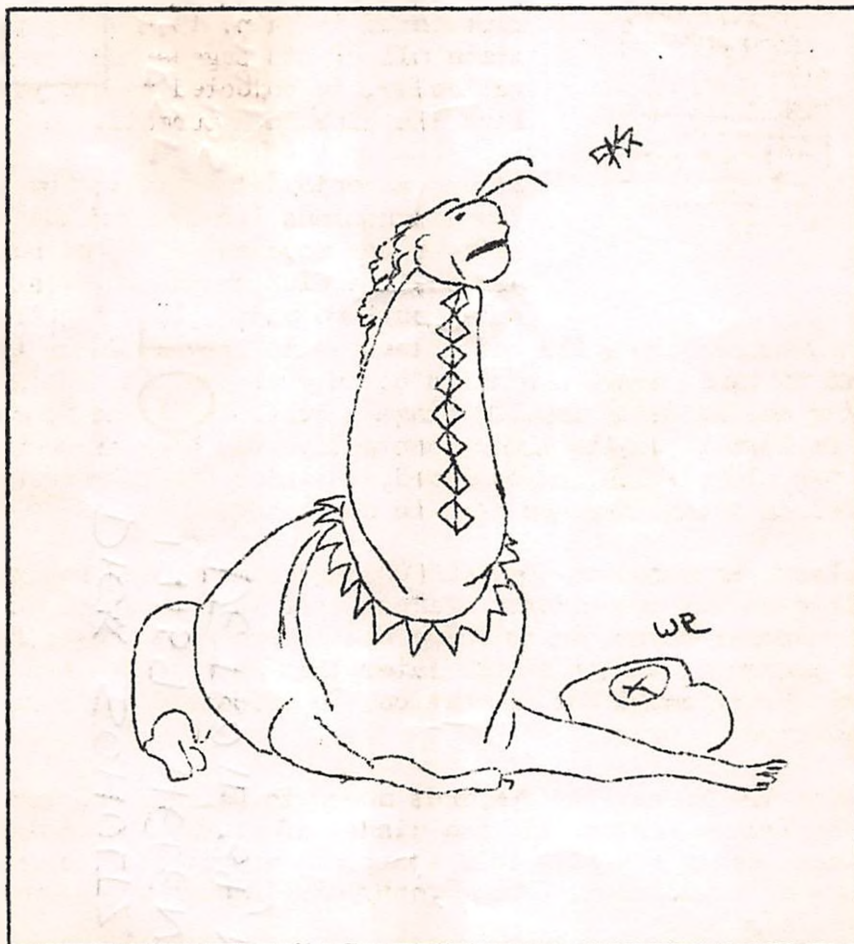
Except Orville, who entreated, pleaded, begged, threatened and huffed that I hold meetings again. I was letting the club go to ruin. I was a delinquent despot. Of course, Mosher's sense of organization said that only I could do it. I was president and it would be foully improper for anyone to call the meeting but me. So I called one. Three people came. Five, if you count Mosher and me. They were Dale Hart and Bob Dejongh (who both lived with me) and Bill Sievers (who has since disappeared).

I resigned as president, and nominated Mosher for the post. It was seconded, and he was unanimously elected. Then all of the members resigned. Mosher was pleased despite all that he was once again in charge, and proceeded to rejoice that the club could get going again...

And so it has remained until this day. Mosher somehow exists on the income he receives from his small print shop (which consists of Mosher and one lithograph machine), and quietly plans the new club. I have no doubts that someday I will be calmly thumbing through some stf book in the library, and come across an innocent stack of leaflets that read:

"Science Fiction fans! Do you long to meet others who share your interest? Would you like to hold a post in the most interesting club in Dallas today. If so, contact Orville Mosher III at....."

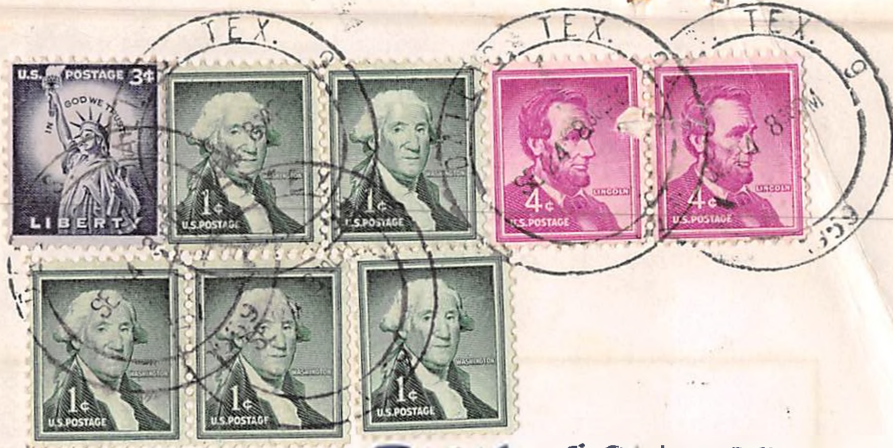
--TR



GEORGE JENNINGS
11121 TASCOSA DR.
DALLAS, TEXAS



FIRST
CLASS
MAIL



TO: DICK SCHULTZ
19159 HELEN
DETROIT 34, MICH.

THE HOBBIT
TOLKIEN
LORD OF THE RINGS
3-VOL.