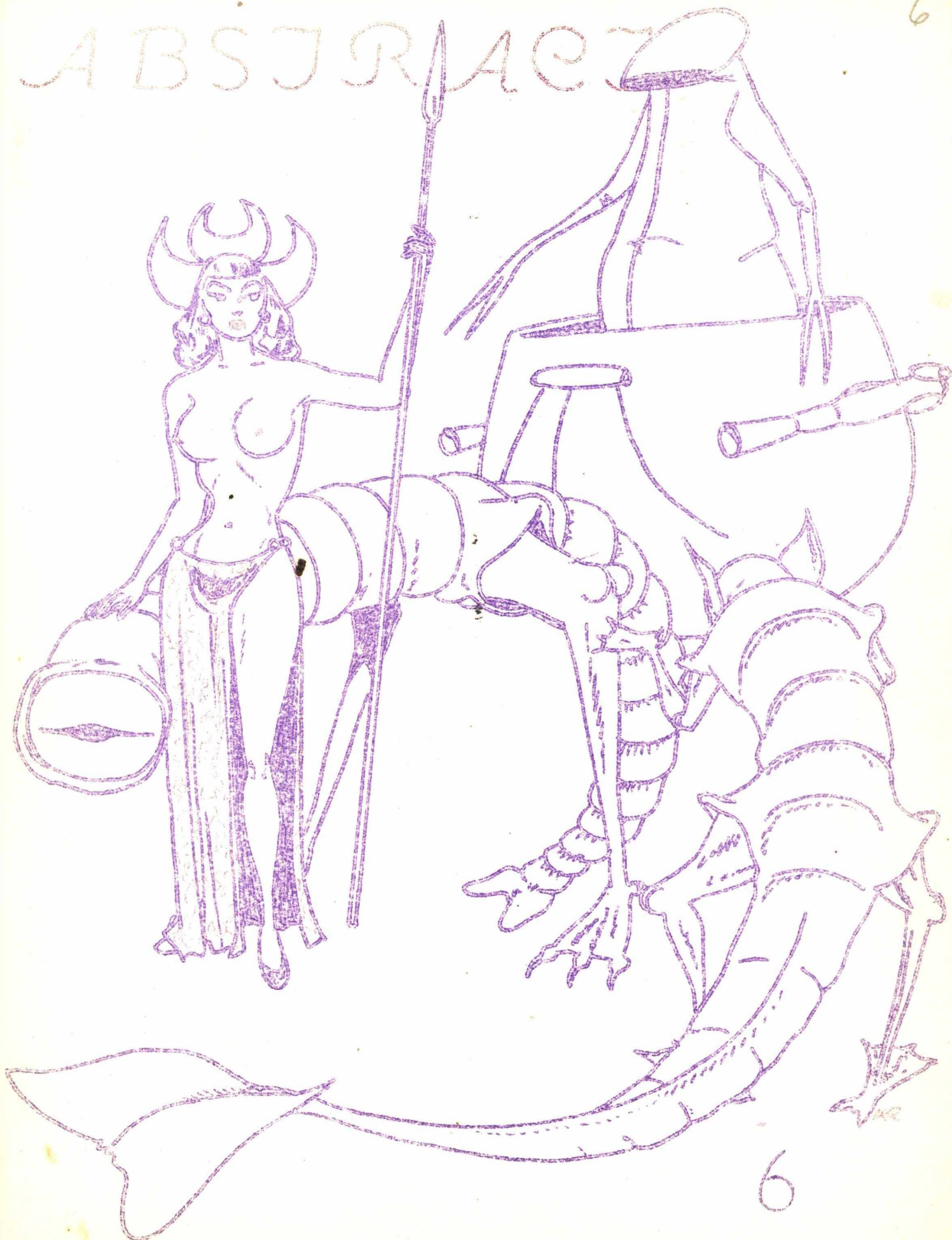


# ABSTRACT

6



6

NUMBER

SIX

# ABSTRACT

## A B s t r a c t

, has been published monthly since April, and will continue monthly thru October. It will resume schedule on the 1st of January, 1954 on a bi-monthly schedule from then on.

### Prices:

10¢ per single issue for any issue other than a Convention Issue or an Anniversary issue. 25¢ for CONish, with trade--35¢ without. Annish 25¢ per copy, free with trade.

### EDITOR and PUBLISHER:

Peter J. Vorzimer

### ART EDITOR:

William Rotsler

34 pages this issue, not including mailing wrapper.

AUGUST, 1954

I want no subscriptions whatsoever. Issues are 10¢ apiece. 3 Issues are 25¢. 3 ish subs only.

Cover: William Rotsler

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MATERIAL DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISH: August 8th.

NEXT ISSUE OUT ON: September 1st.

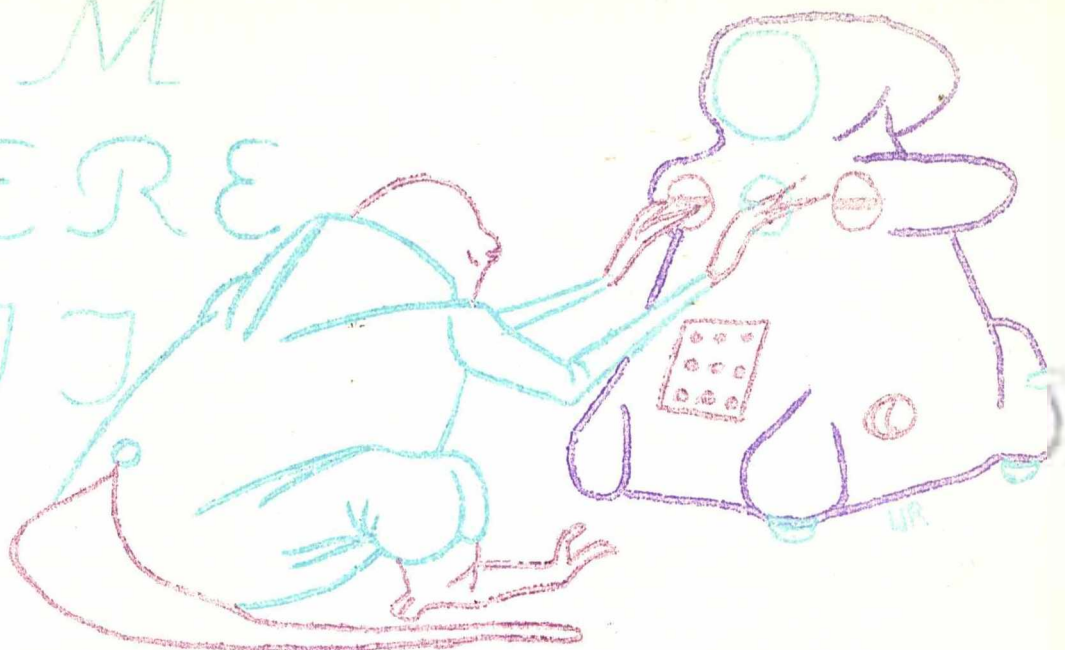
CONVENTION ISSUE DEADLINE (for both money and material): August 15th.

CONVENTION ISSUE OUT ON: September 17th.

Entire list of Convention Issue purchasers to appear in next issue...let's see that dough!

ABSTRACT published at 1311 N. Laurel Ave.,  
W. Hollywood 46, California. Ho. 7 - 4000

FROM  
WHERE  
I SIT



Brother! What a fan won't do for his hobby. Right now, I'm sitting at my typer, rather indecently clad in my BVDs, banging away on this stencil. I am red/raw from broiling at the beach yesterday. While two of my College friends were busy manufacturing sand-castles, I decided to lie down for a little sun. Today I am raw from head to foot, exuding an extraordinary amount of heat from this burn. Not only do I have to suffer with this burn but there is also the heart (and body)-warming fact that it has reached 90° this afternoon.

I just came back from L.A. City College where I have just enrolled. I had the extreme misfortune (since my last name begins with a "V") to miss about ten times, a class in American History before 1865 that I wanted to take. I finally landed Psychology 21 and might also take an English or Trig class. Since I'll only be going to school between 8 and 12, this won't put much of a crimp in my fan-pubbing.

Man, is it hot out! Ghod, it's even hot in! There's no excaping it! I notice that my Rex0 stencils are alittle on the soft side today, the heat has softened the carbons a wee bit, and they're much easier to type.

That reminds me (I don't know how), but the Daddy of Science-Fiction, Forry Ackerman pulled up to where Don Donnell, Dave Wilhoyte, Burt Satz, and I were waiting for the bus, and gave us a lift. It was totally unexpected--Forry said we were saved by Burton's profile, the existance of another like it, is doubtful. We were on our way to the Hawthorne Show (L.A.'s answer to that fellow up in Frisco, who's name I can't remember), to give Hawthorne a full-size portrait of the Ruby-throated Quime-Quime bird. If I find a spot in the mag, I'll throw it in as a filler.

O.K., you said you wanted it that way, so ABstract is not a letter-zine! I'll stick with from 16-20 pages of letters and from 12-16 pages of the other stuff. As of now, ABstract #5 has been mailed out just a scant four days, without time to write in the column, the general reaction to it. However, even from the small announcement in #4 of becoming a letter-zine evoked enough comments to show me I was wrong. (ohh, this sun-burn! Never again...AND I USED "SKOL"!)

This, remember, is the next to the last ish you'll get before the CONish.



The response to my many pleas, thus far, has been lousy! Damn it, If I have to publish just 50--I'll publish it! You'll regret it, mark my words, if you didn't order one. The day of this typing is July 7th, very premature considering you won't be getting this until around the first of August. Up 'til now, about 32 have been payed for, I put down no one who hasn't sent me 25¢ in cold, hard cash. YOU HAVE about less than TWO WEEKS to order your CONish..from the time you recieve this. I expect another 30 at least before and a few days after this ish goes out...leaving about 48 copies that have to be sold. I figure about 10 conishes will be ordered at the con. I would very much like publicity from some of you faneds out there. .

I hope for this to be the best single issue of any fanzine to come out thus far--bar none. I have already 17 top-name writers submitting to the CONish. I won't tell you the names now--you'll see a complete roster of names in the September ish--after you've ordered! There will be no fan-fiction in the ish--reports, face critturs, articles, columns, letters, reviews, editorials, pictures, and cartoons. A full- 100 page CONish--well worth 25¢.

Together with Charles Well's and other people's assistance, the TEN TOP FANZINE poll should be completed (with about 300 names) by the Con. I hope you've all mailed in those ballot sheets.

VORZIMERZINE, hereafter to be known as "THE VINE", is delayed, but will probably come out sometime in Mid-August, a week or two after this. I also appreciate your support on this mag too.

Latest CONish additions:

Remember: DEADLINE FOR CONISHE ORDERS IS AUGUST 15th!!!

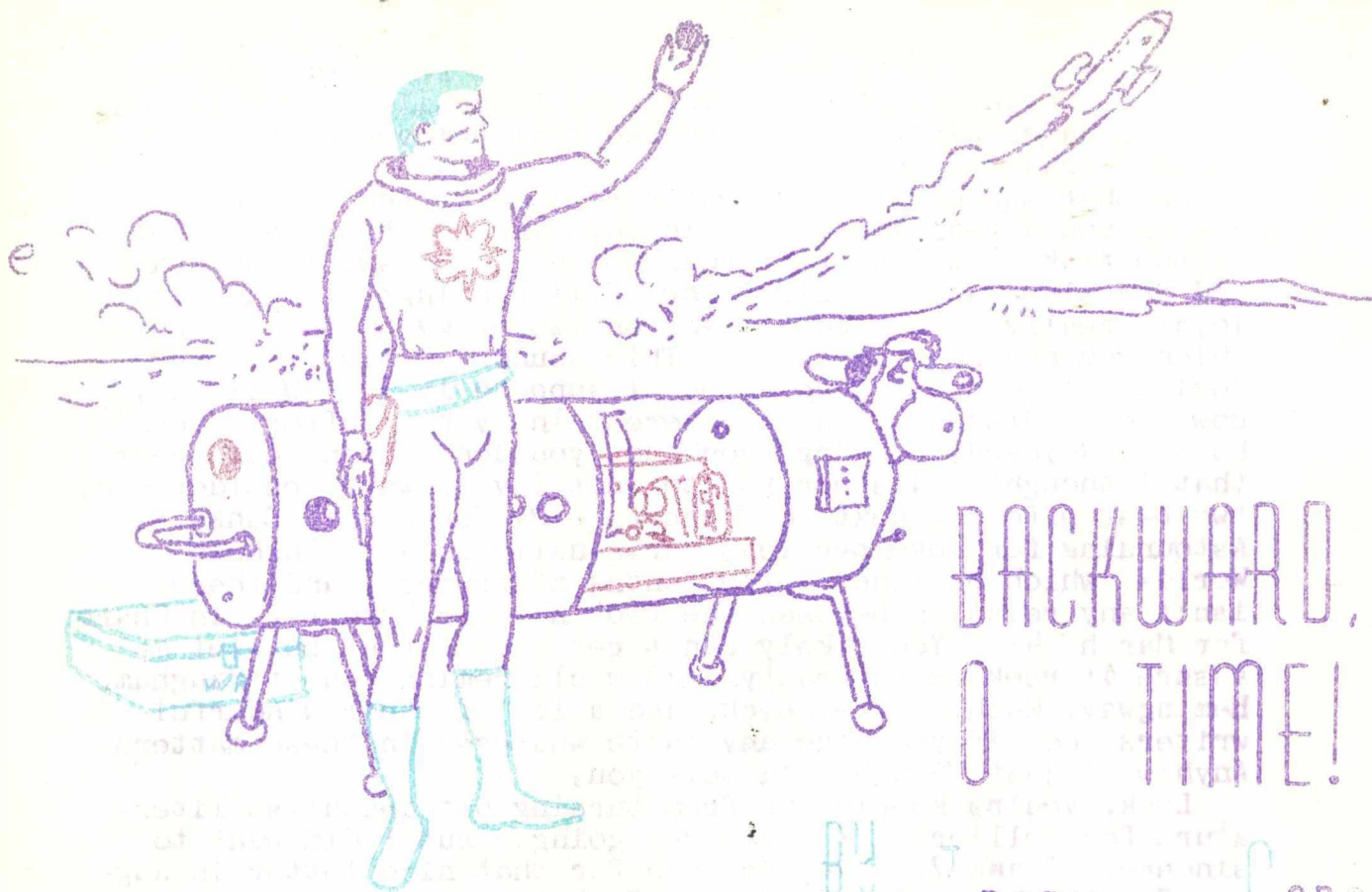
22: DEA  
23: Carol McKinney  
24: Paul Mittlebuscher  
25: Claude R. Hall  
26: Lynn Hickman  
27: Jan Jansen  
28: Arthur Rapp  
29: Mari Wolf

Must have 90 orders by then. Final list of who will appear in, and who have ordered the CONish will be in the September, 1954 ABstract out to you around the 30th of August, so you will receive it before Convention time.

It looks like AB will finally be reviewed in MADGE. Quite a while ago, I gave Forry about 12 magazines that I've published. You know, 3 HA's, CRUD, Saturday Review of Trash, NAPA Newsletters, 4 ABstracts, and Vorzimerzine. I thought if he dumped them all on Mari, she might get around to reviewing on or two of them. Forry said he spoke to her about a week ago and she said they would be in---Forry gets the ishes in advance, but hasn't as yet gotten the Aggust ish.

Again, a few more words about the CONish that are vital. For those of you who will be the contributors: I need all pre-Convention material by August 17, latest. About 82% of the mag will be done before the Con. I will only have six days in which to finish AB before I leave for Santa Barbara on the 13th. You will receive the CONish by September 20th. That will be #8, ABstract's OCTOBER issue and the last one 'til the ANNish in January, 1955.

My sunburn won't let me continue this much farther, besides, I'm near to the end of the page. I'm going to quietly go to sleep in our deep-freeze which is the only cool spot in the house.



Boob Stewart and I have a sort of unannounced contest between the two of us dealing with the amount of fannishness that we can inject into our rooms. Through various additions to and rearrangements of these rooms, each of us has been trying to turn out a more fannish room than the other. One of the ideas we dreamed up was the dumping of all of our mail into boxes, as untidily as possible (to simulate repeated perusings of the piles). Now, I don't intend to ramble on about our methods of achieving fannish rooms at the moment, because I'm saving that topic for some future article when more research has been done; however, while going through many of the letters in my box, I found that there are a great many which would be of interest to other fans. Some are humorous, some are of interest historically, and others provide interesting sidelights on well-known people. They are worth printing, and therefore I plan to include one or two of them every issue in this column. To start off with, here is a letter from Robert W. Krepps, dated July 20, 1950:

Dear Terry,

Okay, okay. So I usually acknowledge the kind, not-so-kind, and/or peevish epistles in FA's letter columns with a discreet card, signed with my "well known pen name" -- here I quote Hamling -- and I feel fairly certain I've sent you one or two, since you've given me a couple of plugs in your printed letters; but this last effusion of yours (I see by my Webster's that effusion means a gushing utterance, and hasten to assure you that old S. R. means no offense) this last letter of yours, shall we say, would seem to require a more complete and dignified reply. Receive me as sitting here pounding my torture-rack with the two fingers, as dignified as hell.

I'm still not 99% sure that you are a "hag", but I'll name as is. As for my name, I spit in the eye of Mr. Ice who --- (continued)



says that "Geoff" is effeminate and effete. Bah, I continue.

As I recall, I had a specific object in starting this thing. What it was I don't at the moment remember. Allow me a moment to think, gnawing my talons meanwhile. (All fantasy writers have talons, a long forked tail, cloven hoofs and no money. Trade secret.)

Another squint at your letter reminds me that I wanted to ask if you'd read my fantasy in anything but FA. Yes? No? At the risk of being traitorous to the dear, sweet, splendid old magazine--are you listening, Bill Hamling? I'm always loyal, really--I wanted to mention two of my better things which you may not have seen. This sounds egotistic as the devil. On sober consideration, I suppose it is. Well, anyhow, you expressed such an interest in my poor efforts (oh ho, St. Reynard, you dog, you know you don't mean that "poor") that I thought I'd steer you to what I've always considered my two best efforts, next to Usurpers: By Yon Bonnie Banks, in Astounding for November 1945 (originally sold to Unknown Worlds, which perished a few months afterwards, and there isn't any relation between the two, no) and Wanderer, in Charm for March '45. You likely can't get that latter but let me assure it reeks with beauty, and would remind you of Mangham, Hemingway, Machen, Steinbeck, and a lot of other wonderful writers too, if you have any taste whatever in these matters. Anyhow, I just thought I'd tell you.

Look, you're keeping me from turning out deathless literature for Colliers. I gotta get going. But I did want to sincerely Thank You Ever So Much for that nice letter in August Fa. Thanks. That's done. Back to the money-making.

Cordially,

Geoff St. Reynard

(Bob Krepps)

P.S. I just read the best darned yarn called Mistress of the Djinn. I highly recommend it. Watch for it in FA. I had an advance copy.

"Mistress of the Djinn", of course, appeared in Fantastic Adventures for November, 1950, under the by-line of Geoff St. Reynard.

An amusing sidelight on this letter is that Boob Stewart, upon reading the part about "By Yon Bonnie Banks", came up with the Boob-rillicant question, "Is Yon Bonnie Banks" his pen name?" Fie on thee, Boob. To say nothing of Fah.

Another thing to which I want to devote this column is a bit of reminiscing. Now, I'm not the oldest fan in existence (neither in worldly years nor fannish years), but in my practically-six years as a fan I've seen some amusing things happen. Maybe you'll be interested in hearing about some of them.

For instance, I could tell about Alfred Perez, a neo who lives in either Berkeley or Oakland, both of which lie across the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge from San Fran. It seems that Perez, a chubby little chap who fits Vorzy's description of Burt Satz far better than does Burt, had read quite a few of my letters in the letter column of FA around 1950. At that time I was a letterhack of the worst degree, and used to write in to FA after almost every

issue. Perez, bright-eyed as only a neofan can be, called me on the telephone one evening. Beneath the wrathful glare of my father, who doesn't like me to use the phone when he is watching television (which he was doing at the time) and disapproves even more violently when the other party is a fan (he hates 'em worse than Freiberg does), I sweated through a half-hour session with Perez the Menace. That first call went something like this:

Carr: Hallo?

Perez (high, sing-song voice): Hello, may I speak to Mr. Terry Carr?

Carr: Speaking.

Perez: Oh, gee...is this the Terry Carr who writes all them letters to Fantastic Adventures?

Carr: Yes.

Perez: Oh, gee...well, Terry, this is Alfred Perez, and I live in Berkeley, and I read a lot of your letters in F.A., and I decided to call you up!

Carr (dubiously): Oh.

Perez: (racking his brain for conversation material): Uh...how many letters have you had printed, Terry?

Carr (thinking back and making a rough estimate): About fifteen, I guess.

Perez: Oh, gee...

Silence, during which Perez is wracking his brain for something to say to this wonderful person who gets letters printed in a "prozine".

Perez: Uh, gee...are you a real Pro-Fan?

Carr (puzzled): What?

Perez: Are you a Pro-Fan?

Carr (again puzzled): What's a Pro-Fan?

Perez: Well, gee...you know, one that makes money writing letters to the S-T-F mags.

Carr: They don't pay for letters in the prozines.

Perez (deeply disappointed): They don't?

Carr: No they don't. Fans just write in for the egoboo of seeing their names in print.

Perez: Egoboo? What's that?

Carr: ~~Never~~ A boasting of the ego.

Perez: What's that?

Carr: Never mind, I've got to get off the phone now.

Perez: Oh? How come?

Carr: (lying, he hopes glibly): My father wants to make a phone call.

Perez: Can't he wait a few minutes?

Carr: I don't think it's a good idea to keep him waiting.

Perez (disappointed): Oh, gee...well, I'll call you tomorrow night then.

Carr: What time?

Perez: About nine.

Carr mumbles something and hangs up, trying to think of someplace else he can be the next night at eight besides at home.

In contrast to Perez's sickeningly juvenile introduction of him self is the way Val Golding introduced himself to me:

Golding: Hello, Terry Carr?

Carr: Yes.

Golding: This is Val Golding. I've seen so many of your letters in prozines that I decided I might as well call you up and get it over with...

I wasn't the only fan that Perez pestered. Les Cole reported the

following incident a couple of months later. It seems that Cole's back yard is quite a bit lower than his house and as a consequence he has to run up a long flight of stairs to get to the telephone from the back yard. Perez called him up one afternoon and got Es, his wife, who called Les from the aforementioned back yard. Les came bounding up the stairs, thinking it might be something important, like Pete Finigan calling about a card game that night or something. Instead, he picked up the phone only to hear:

Perez: Hello, is this Mr. Les Cole?

Cole: Yes.

Perez: Oh...well, I wanted to call about joining your S-T-F club, the Little Men's S-T-F Society or something. What do you call it?

Cole: The Elve's, Gnome's and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society.

Perez: Oh, gee...why did you call it that?

Cole: It comes from a comic strip called Barnaby.

Perez: Oh...well, how do I join your club?

(Cole gives him some instructions.)

Perez: What do you think of Milton Lesser?\*

Cole (who didn't hear his meek voice): Well, we'll see you on meeting night then. Goodbye.

He hangs up and descends the stairs to the back yard again. The phone rings and Perez asks to speak to Cole once more. Cole dashes up the stairs, reaches the phone winded, and pants:

Cole: Yes?

Perez: What about Milton Lesser?

Cole (angrily): What about Milton Lesser?

and

\* Perez' favorite writer.

## LITTLE WILLIE



Willie split the baby's head,  
To see if brains were gray or red.  
Mother, troubled, said to Father,  
"Children are an awful bother!"

Little Will, with father's gun,  
Punctured Grandma just for fun,  
Mother frowned at the little lad,  
It was the last shell Father had.

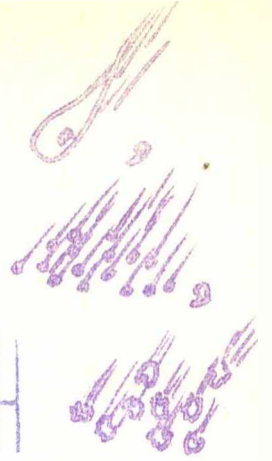
Little Willie hung his sister,  
She was dead before we missed her.  
"Willie's always up to tricks,  
Aint he cute? He's only six!"





"where  
the  
readers  
fire  
away!"

THROUGH  
THROUGH  
THROUGH



-----  
Here we are again at the biggest feature--and best liked--of the magazine. I think Terry has a great idea for his column, that of printing some of his really unusual letters. Terry himself--especially when he is with Boob writes some pretty snazzy letters. You'll find some interesting ones in here. If you don't pub a magazine--a letter in here gets you a free ish, depending upon whether or not you have something interesting to say. Enough, let's commence with all theses letters...  
-----

Alright, alright, so I said I wouldn't have time to do you a column. So there's a column enclosed. So I got a little energy last week and writ it up. So what? So reject it.

I hear from Boob that yer deadline was last Friday. TS, I guess. Incidentally, man, Boob and I have the script from the second GGFS program sitting around, and it looks like it could be revised for publication. You want it?

Boob and I are now pros. Yep, you heard me, we're pros. We've both sold stories. I bought one from him for fifty bucks and he bought one from me for the same price. Neither of us had to pay a penny, and now we can say we're pros. How's that?

Seriously, Boob and I are embarking on an effort to become pros. Saturday night and part of Sunday morning (till 2:30 am) we were over here at my house working on a collaboration. We're rewriting an old story of mine, with Boob doing the rought draft and me doing the re-write. He brought his typer over, and it sounded real fine, with two typers on the same desk, both clacking away, in the wee hours of the morning and also in a smoke-filled room. We didn't get much done, but boy, was it a proish atmosphere! Boob has been sending short-shorts around quite a bit, and also a good deal of poetry. Me, I'm getting some of my free verse ready, and also am doing up some sketches of cartoons to submit to Hamling. Lemus and I are slowly getting up a batch of artwork (done by both us us) to send the rounds of the pro-mags.

Man, you'd better get your gafia-prevention society to work on me. I haven't written a letter in three weeks (this is the first.), and I cut out of the last GGFS meeting. I may cput out of the next one, too. Haven't written any fannish materila for a goodly amount of time, and have done exactly three pages of fillers and one page of Face Critturs the last three weeks. My usual average would be about two or three

pages of Critturs and eight or nine pages of fillers. See what I

Speaking of Face Critturs, the set you suggested is enclosed. How's it strike you? Strikes me as being pretty bad.

Boob tells me you're turning AB into a letterzine. Don't do it, Pete. Fandom has two good letterzines right now (REVIEW and CONFAB) and another would just make the novelty wear off. Personally, I'm in favor of a long letter column, but other material to balance the issue, too. AB so far has been darned good. Keep it that way.

I'd like to talk to you on one statement of yours. I think it was in the Vine where you said that VULCAN would fold this fall when I went to college. It's not likely, Pete, though it's quite possible. If this gafia continues at its present rate, V will not fold, but if it gets worse it might. At any rate, I have plans of making some drastic changes in V. Firstly, the slant will be more toward whimsy of the Lewis Carrollian, John Collierish, or David English type. Articles will center around fandom and must be interesting or informative or something. I'll be using less artwork, probably, and better layout. You'll see what I mean when V-~~8~~ comes out. Watkins' column will be dropped after #5, and will be replaced by a Boob column, and maybe another one. Maybe not. I've dumped a lot of the Vulcan backlog into the/fmp/ because it doesn't fit into my present plan for V.

Incidentally, Pete, in VORZIMERzine you said that you'd run off fanzines for people at cost (they pay paper, postage, and incidental money). Well, I've always wanted to see what I could do with a ditto master, so how's about you running off my FAPazine for me? DIASPAR usually runs about 10 or 12 pages, comes mailed only as far as to Burbee's pad. If you want to do it, let me know what the price would be per issue, and maybe give me some tips on doing up the masters, particularly on artwork. Incidentally, the first issue you'd be running off would be the third, which is not due until November. The second is currently in production on Boob's mimeo. If I've got an extra I'll send you one.

134 Cambridge St., San Francisco.

(( Your Face Critturs did not make the grade, but I'm sending them back in the hopes that you'll re-arrange them a little. Then I might use them. My saying that V would fold was listed as a prediction -- not as a piece of news. The odds are that at least 7 out of every ten fanzine starters to college will soon find that fan-pubbing and studies don't mix. The odds are against us, ferby, but we'll give it a try. Yes, what I said in VORZIMERzine was right -- but after you, I'm charging for labor. It'll cost you \$1.50 per ream of paper you use, about \$1.50 for the ditto fluid and mailing costs -- that is, if you supply the stencils. From now on, I have to charge people. By putting out DIFFUSE, SPACEWAYS, SHANGRI-LA, STARLIGHT (after next ish), ABSTRACT, and DIASPAR, I can't take any more without charging people. Anyone interested, contact me. I'm running out of Green Carbons.))

BILL ROTSLER:

Recd your very long letter with all the ego-boo with amazement. Such energy! Frankly, I cannot get that excited about fanning -- but it is fun!

As to myself (as you requested) I am 28 -- in fact, I just had a birth-



day 3 July 54 complete with candles, cake, drunks, nude swimming party at midnight, folk singers in the bedroom, famous artists, lotsa liquor and even some presents! I'm 5'10" and a little too heavy now, running to 195. I have light skin (too-light, this summer sun is terrible!) and dark brown hair. For the first time in my life I got a crew cut a few weeks ago and am leaving to swim in my folk's pool. Seem rather late to learn that but that's life. I don't care for beer -- leaning more to bourbon, rum, gimlets, etc. I'm a rancher. My father has a walnut & citrus ranch near Camarillo and I "manage" it for him. I'm married and expecting in October. My wife is called Abney (I couldn't resist it --ed.) She's an actress but outside of a coupla bit parts in HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE, EASY TO LOVE, and stage plays in Frisco & LA hasn't done too much. I'm also an artist. A sculptor. That's what I like to do best. Right now I'm hoping to land a very special deal with the new Beverly Hilton Hotel in B.H. -- two pieces, one 30' high, one (a fountain) 30' long --that may get me around \$15,000! If I get it. I've been in fandom since about 1944 and fairly actively since 1947 when I met Burbee and joined FAPA, putting out six or eight MASQUEs, several WILD HAIR and one-shots and (I counted the other day) appearing in something like five dozen different fanzines. I'll enclose a picture, if I can find one. I have a number of other hobbies. Photography is one. If I get the Hilton job I'm buying a Rolleiflex and trying better shots. A good friend of mine is a pro photog (Tommy Mitchell); a fashion photographer and I've used his studio & darkroom a lot. Love to shoot nudes. Done a lot of pinup stuff but mostly to get girls in a state of moderate undress as a basis for future activities. Had a mistress once that had a great body but somehow I never took too many pix...always got off on other things. I'm veering. Love to read, go to movies, mess with girls, sculp, shoot, etc.--tho not necessarily in that order.

Camarillo is about 40 miles northwest of LA on Highway 101. A few miles from Oxnard. I recd a letter from Boggs in the same mail as yours saying he noticed a fan from Camarillo area was editing a fanzine but forgot who. I noticed in "thing" sent along with your letter there is a Ron Smith living in Oxnard who is a fan. God--a fan living within phoning distance!

As to this portfolio of my work you plan...how about sending me what work you had planned to use and enough stencils and tell me how many pages you want and I'll draw them. Be sure to send a few extra. Are you afraid to use slightly naked women in your mag? I love 'em. Ass to Art Editor of AB, I dunno. I'll be glad to do the drawings, covers, etc for you but don't think I'd care to be listed as art editor...unless you're really hept on it.

Box 638, Camarillo, Calif.

(( I could resist publishing your letter. I know you won't have expected it, but I just couldn't help it. I've said many times that whatever comes to the door, unless previously marked otherwise, is eligible for publication in AB. By the bye, I just passed the Hilton today on the way to the beach...looks like it'll be a grand place, night even hold the 14th World Con there! I wish you all the luck in the world on that deal. Ron Smith lives now in San Jose (5th & South Tenth) don't know when he'll be in Oxnard...so sorry, no fan in calling distance. Bill, old boy. I really want you to be art-editor...here you are doing all sorts of things for me and AB and you don't want to be Art Ed..you're doing all the work of one. I just thought it fair to put you on the semi-non-existant staff--I am hept on it...and you are now a co-editor of ABstract. I'm still not sure about the nudes...it isn't that I'm afraid...it's...it's ch, to blazes...I'll use any and all you send me. Thanx again ))



Gad! This is going to be the shortest letter column yet. Finished the whole mag allowing only 4 pages for letters...that is, and still maintaining my 32 page limit. What with the mailing wrapper thish, I'm afraid to add another page for fear I'll be in the old 4 per ish category. Oh well I'll give it a try. I'd better stop wasting space and print some letters.

BILL REYNOLDS:

Gad! That cover #51 Rotsler and I must have been admiring the symmetry of eggs about the same time. About June 13 I sent a batch of art to Tom Piper's FASCINATION whose publication is held up by lack of material, not Gafia. One alien scene had egg-ships strung out toward a city. That's a hint for you to send Tom some stuff. Why not remind your readers?

Bill's work comes out beautifully in hecto. (PAUSE: While I pop a gut-ed.) The variety of machines should make Paul tremble with envy; while fen tremble with something else admiring those handsome lasses. What a beautiful contrast between the girls rounded form..right down to the drapery of her gown..and the machines linear simplicity. The machine seems to be a reflection in different terms of the girl. This filler for LB easily assumes first place. The cover is good, though some of those gadgets within the ship seem to jar my sense of perspective; or is that box-thing, on the pedestal to the far right supposed to be tilted? I like the tile covering part of the drawing; looks less like the practice of the pro's making cover art inviolate within a frame. Seems sort of friendly; the jingling of print and art. Hope you have more Rotsler in the future ABs.

The "Fan-Fare" columns were disappointing. The WAW thing was full of adulation, the Hickman job was too brief. And the latter had a similar piece in Sam Johnson's SFzine a few months ago.

Your reviews fill the gap left by Dick Geis' decision to abandon the "Observation Ward" though you appear to have tendency toward personal bias (PROTON) and the repetition of such phrases as "for the birds". I had the impression of this department being run off heatedly and rapidly. A continuation of this column will smooth out these minor problems.

Though I advocate an occasional feud in a zine, despite Dick's contention that it will wreck a zine, I must admit that there is an excellent chance that such goings-on might wreck the editor. You seemed close to that in #4 when your mag had some departments. Now that it is a letter-zine, I wonder if you will be able to "sit back and relax (a la Geis)" as you say. So far you've been in the thick of battle which has been a reason why AB has been so enjoyable. AB's been like a party, everyone talking; but like a party, the lapses into silence might become more pronounced despite such beverages as fandoms, fiction, and fans. And drink, as Johnson said, causes some to think that's what makes them entertaining. It's amazing how some people become eloquent on any subject. Watch out when you have to provide the stimulants though!

One thing more. In your reviews be sure to mention the price and whether the zine is available for subs. Following your advice in AB #3, I sent some dough to PROTON only to discover in #4 that it was strictly for Bnf's. Even a non-Bnf (what's that? Big noise fen?) deserves an acknowledgement that his sub wasn't accepted and hence not returned. I might have fallen into the same trap with GRUE if I hadn't been enlightened in AB#5. Since I detest waiting-lines, I'm afraid that GRUE will never darken my mail box, though I'd be interested to see how it would do me "the most good."

Paul Mittlebuscher had the best letter with his parody of Boob Stewart's gafia. Wasting time has always intrigued me because I've never have been able to figure out how it's wasted. One graduate course in History, two years ago, had a twenty-five page job that demanded typing and careful consideration for oral reading. Some of those ghoulish feasts, called seminars, lasted for hours with cross-questioning and defending each footnote. My turn was three days off; plenty of time to copy from your carefully prepared notes. And now a friend wanted me to help him prepare a thesis on increasing the quail population in back of the Univ. of Calif. ...Strawberry Canyon. Two days, ever to Cal then to his home plus my own classes and that deadline drawing near! His paper finished with a beautiful map showing proposed cover, etc. Monday evening at six I began my paper. At one the next afternoon the keys were slippery with sweat and I was literally glued to the chair. Class at two, a tremendous distance (25 miles) for a busscommuter. It's a nightmare even now; letting my own work go to pot...almost. Looking back I wonder why I even attempted to satisfy that jerk pfof that I avoided in my undergrad days, but marks were important, I guess. To me the marks were the "for what?" that Nydahl was seeking outside of fandom, that bit of culture that Boob is apparently exulting elsewhere. But the effort of that thesis didn't kill my love for History. Reading stf (vintage stuff, of course) isn't going to give you great ideas, no matter how "hard" you read, no matter how hard you fan. Its like building a model locomotive "with all your might" so that it'll come out a million pound steam engine. And what for? Often the model is more beautiful than the original. Maybe I'm not what you'd call an acti-fan; but gafia to me is a temporary state for any of my interests..things besides stf. Just a rest, a change of pace with apoloigies if needed. By God! Wasting time, for what! How I should have studied, instead of spending my time reading stf, or drawing or...just not studying, I guess I should wail. I only wish that I could have found a way for less studies. My friend that I helped? The next semester we worked on restocking Lake Temascal in Berkeley.

Just thought of a funny incident. My last semester as a senior was pleasant taking what I wished. No papers to slave over. Another kid I had known for years wished his paper typed, over. I offered to do it free. (And I assure you, the papers I did for my friends were really beautiful ...the ego thrives on compliments and good deeds..mine does at least) Ole Bob looked doubtful and decided to think it over. A few days later: He was going to pay to have it done, that way you can be certain it's neat. I guess money can do anything. Yes, maybe you should "place a purely arbitrary value" upon any work you do; it reassures the customer and forces you to assume responsibility. Maybe that'll improve my fannish writing, except that I'm a misefable writer.

Here's something debatable. Is the Westercon financed by the Worldcon funds this year? I've believed that a regional convention was independent in financing and administration, that some visitors would not care to attend a local gathering. Or is this not new?

Pleaseremember to mention Bill Knapheide's new address if you have some space: 220-A Fierra Point Rd., Brisbane, Calif.

A good letter section. Grannell and Geis had some fine stuff. Hell..er..Hall sounds worthy of a Fan-Fare; see if you can get him as a steady columnist. See you at the Con, of course. By the way, what happened to Nowell? I sent him a quarter for Diffuse on June 16. Do you know if he got it? (I keep records of my subs, now)

P.O. Box 688, Hamilton AFB, Calif.



I particularly enjoy the Rotsler portfolio in which he is going to be doing all the artwork for the book. On the other hand...they come out a heck of a lot better that way. Man, are you a mixed-up kid...this is ditto man, not hecko! To call this stuff hecko is an insult. PROTON (as great as Park thinks it is) with all its fabulous Willis, Grennell, Geis, and Tucker material, will be forced to fold unless I let Park use my ditto. He's going into his 4th ish now (if it ever comes out). I guess it's all up to me whether PRO folds or not. I'm tempted to let it go ahead and fold. This'll break Park as he'll have to return a lot of money he was counting on to help him get to the CON.))

Although I've received letter from almost everybody that I know withing these last two weeks, I just can't publish them...some are very excellent and do pertain to matters herein. Within the last two weeks, I've received 107 letters...averaging somewhere around 15 letters a day. Also the money has been rolling in quite a bit...tho still short of what it should be. In Looking Back, I've got 36 listed, now I have four more: 37) Dean Grennell; 38) Redd Boggs; 39) Gray Barker; 40) Dick Clarkson. Need 50 more by the 15th of August...approx. two weeks from the time you read this. That's bad. I know I can sell some 25 or so at the CON, but 65 is a rather poor number to stop at--as a matter of fact that's 35 short. Please, I beg of you, get that dough in. Unless you're one of the fortunates to buy a copy (a reserve copy) at the CON, they'll be none sold after the 15th of August.

As I've already announced, the next ish will have but 24 pages. I believe it will contain a column by Terry Carr, by Stuart Nock, by Bob Stewart and by Claude Hall. This, with the reviews, letters, and editorials, will certainly mean that the letter section will again be cut down to about six pages containing only two letters.

You'll be receiving next ish, the Sept. ish, as usual, on the 1st of September or before. I'd like to make sure it goes out in plenty of time for you who are going to the Con to receive it. The CONish will be mailed out on the 13th of September...you'll get it on either the 15th, 16th, or 17th, depending on where you are. The dang thing will cost me 6 or 7¢ to mail each ish, if not more...any more than eight ¢ and I'll deliver each one personally. Don't forget either, the price of 25¢ was quoted for AB, providing you trade.

One last thing..the CONish is the October ish...there won't be another AB until the 1st of January (the ANNish). I will pay for all of your November and December ishes, upon receipt of same. Not that I don't trust you fellows, but it makes it easier on me, less bookkeeping. As soon as I get your Nov. or Dec. ishes I'll drop the money in the mail.

There's still more...the CONish will have my final change of address, that is, my college address. There will be no changes after that for quite a while.

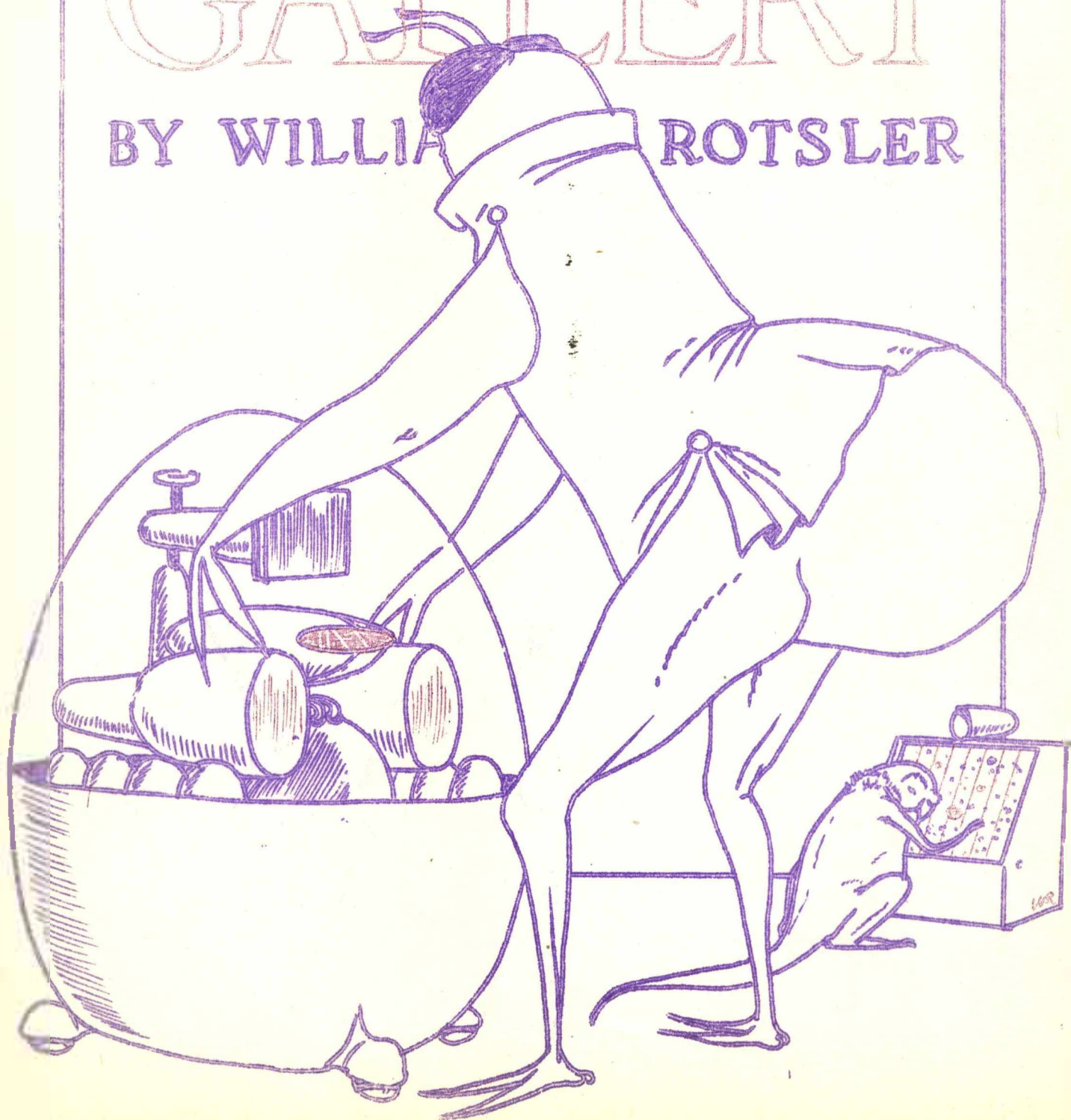
Right now, as soon as I finish bashing out this stencil and running it off, I'll be all finished for this ish and ready to dash out #7..the cover's already done. #7 will be done on the 15th intime for my to start the CONish.

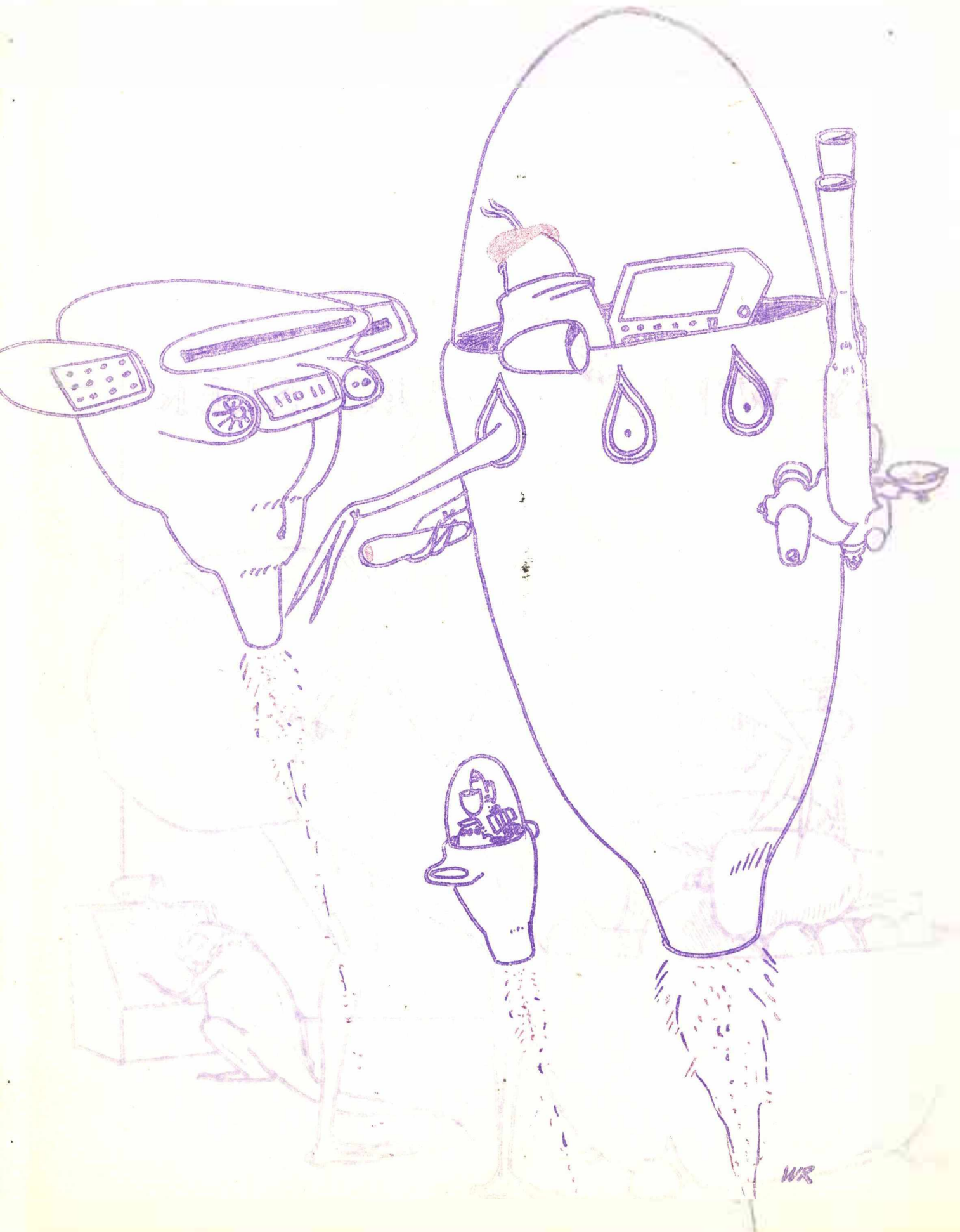
On Sept. 2nd, I'll be motoring up with Don Donnell, Dave Wilhoyte, Chuck Wilgus, Jim Clemons, Laddie London, Henry McKee, Burt Satz, Ron Ellik, Larry Balint, and a few others for the SFCON. We'll be there the night of the second, plus fourrmore days and nights. I'll see you there...bye.



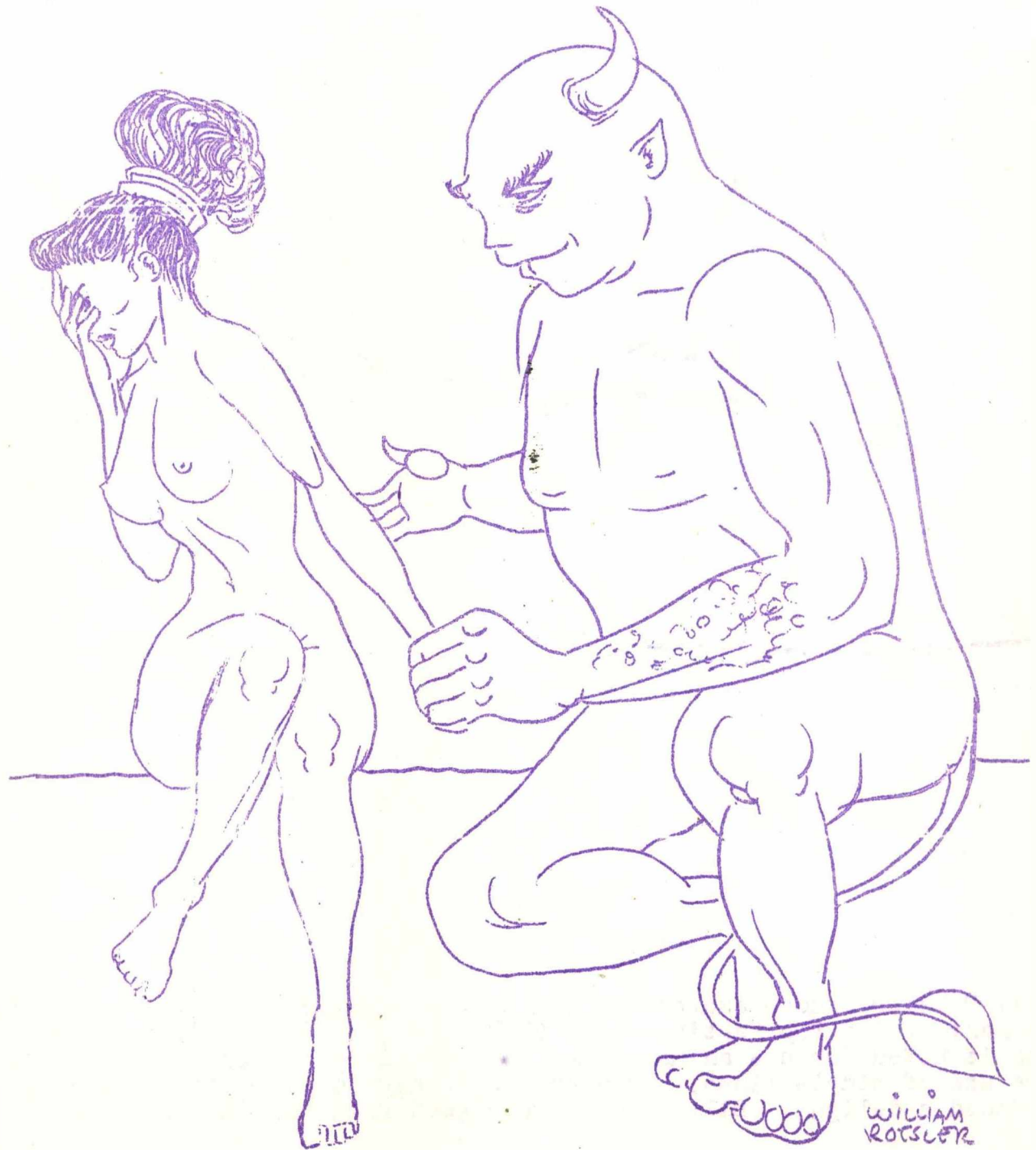
# FANTASY GALLERY

BY WILLIAM ROTSLER

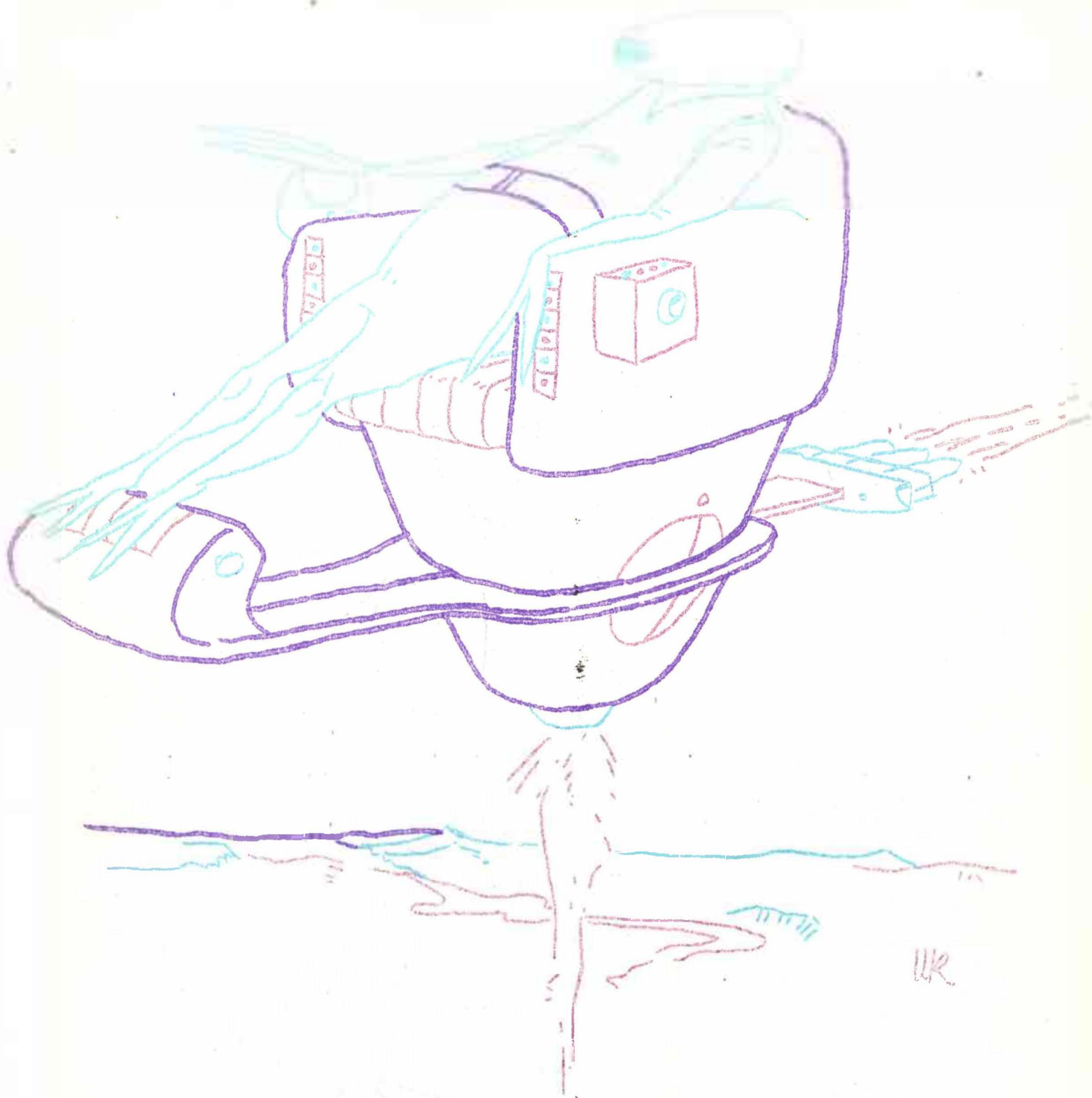




# ROTSLER ART PORTFOLIO







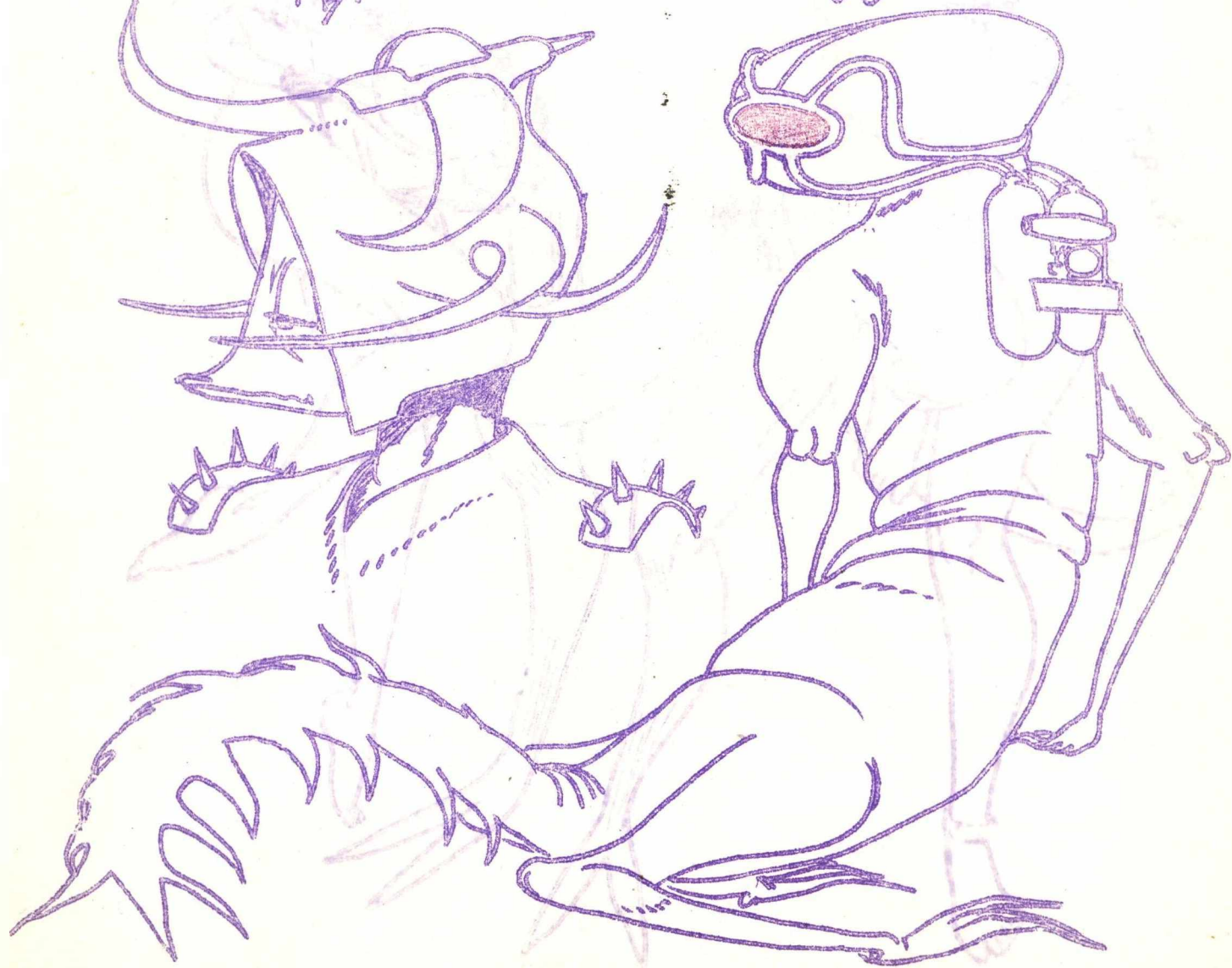
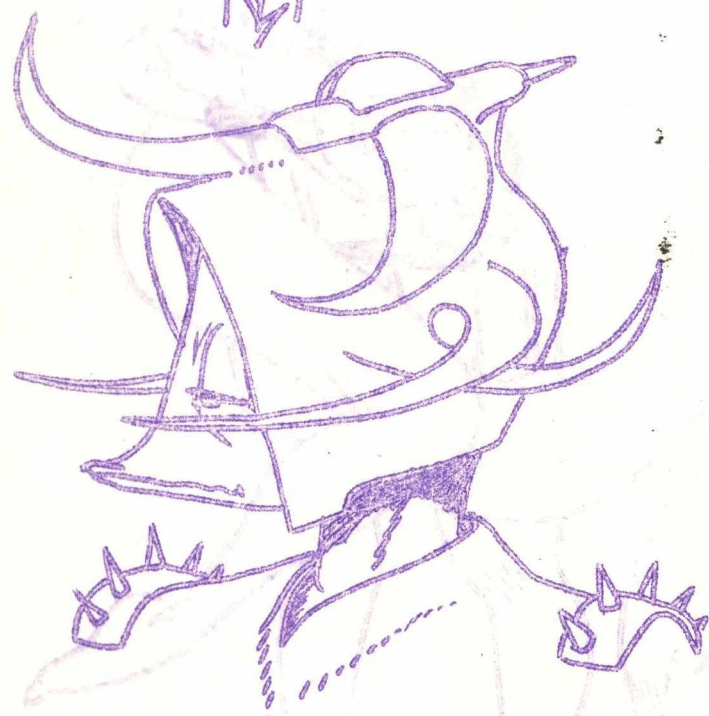
WR

Bill Rotsler, whose address is Box 638, Camarillo, Calif., has appeared in many of the top fanzines like GRUE, VEGA, SF BULLETIN, and SPACESHIP, and is noted for his animal-faced people and machinery drawn with just the use of simple lines. They are very easy to put onto master and are a faned's delight. Bill also is very good with the female figure. RJV

# THE INVASION OF EARTH









THE

TERRY

CLARK

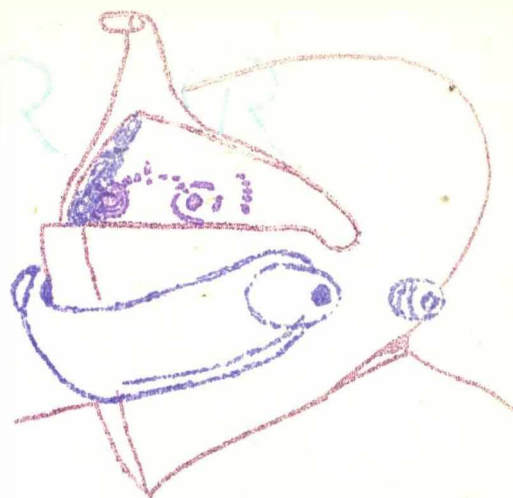
UNPAID

PETER

CRASH

FAN

M



He walked down the halls of the hotel, listening to the murmurs of conversation that reached his ears. "...next year it'll be Cleveland..you ...hope...I call...five aces...what've you got?...four aces...you beat me..yeah, but how's he gonna get back?...ShelVy's raft, of course..... they salvaged it out of the New York harbor..."

He walked into the elevator, and pushed the "15" button. The lift whisk-ed him to the 14th floor, where he got out and walked up one flight. "Doggone things--ever since they fiddled with it the last time they were here it's never worked. Goddamn hard-headed old..." He walked down the hall and stopped at the door of 1571. There were voices inside. He knocked. The voices quieted down, all at once. The door opened.

"Yes?" said a voice, belonging to a pretty brunette.

"Whose room is this?" asked The Man, while the noise began again.

"Mine. Who wants to know?" said a person with a shirt on that said 'I am Shelby Vick'.

"I'm the manager of this--" said the Man, but he was interrupted by the brunette.

"Look, we've paid the rent on this room, and we're not bothering anybody. So waddaya want?"

The manager looked at the ominous appearances of the fans within and decided not to say anything about the horse. "Well, your phone wasn't working, and there's a man downstairs that wants to see you. I wanted to know if--"

Again he was interrupted, again by the girls: "A man? Well, send him up, don't just stand there!"

The manager coughed slightly. "He says his name is Walter Willis."

The room was suddenly quiet. Very quiet.

"Who did you say it was?" asked Shelby Vick.

"...the answer.

"All right. Stand him up." said the brunette decisively.

"Hey, wait--" said Vick, but the manager was already gone. "Now what'd you do that for, Lee?" he asked the girl.

"Look, Shelby, if this guy says he's Walt I wanna see him. If he isn't Walt, well--we can take care of him. But if he is, why keep him out?"

"Well--all right. But I don't know..." said Vick doubtfully. Then he walked over to where there were a couple of other people. "Hey Geis--Wells. I wanna see you two for a minute," he said to two of them. He took them over to a deserted corner, and began talking: "You heard what's going on, didn't you?" When he got an affirmative answer, he went on, "I have an idea why Walt's here. Myself, I'm behind two months. As for you, I think you're both behind at least a month.

Geis frowned. "So what can we do about it?"

"I could give him a free sub to everything I put out," suggested Wells.

Vick sneered. "Don't be a fugghead," he said. "Willis puts your stuff out, not you."

"Oh, I put out a couple of issues of STF STUFF," muttered Wells, but he was ignored.

Some more fans wandered over, among them Denis Mcreen, Bloch, Freiberg, and Peatrowsky.

"What in Ghu are you doing here?" Geis frowned at Freiberg.

"He oozed under the door," said Rike, walking over to the group.

Vick explained the situation to the newcomers, and asked for suggestions.

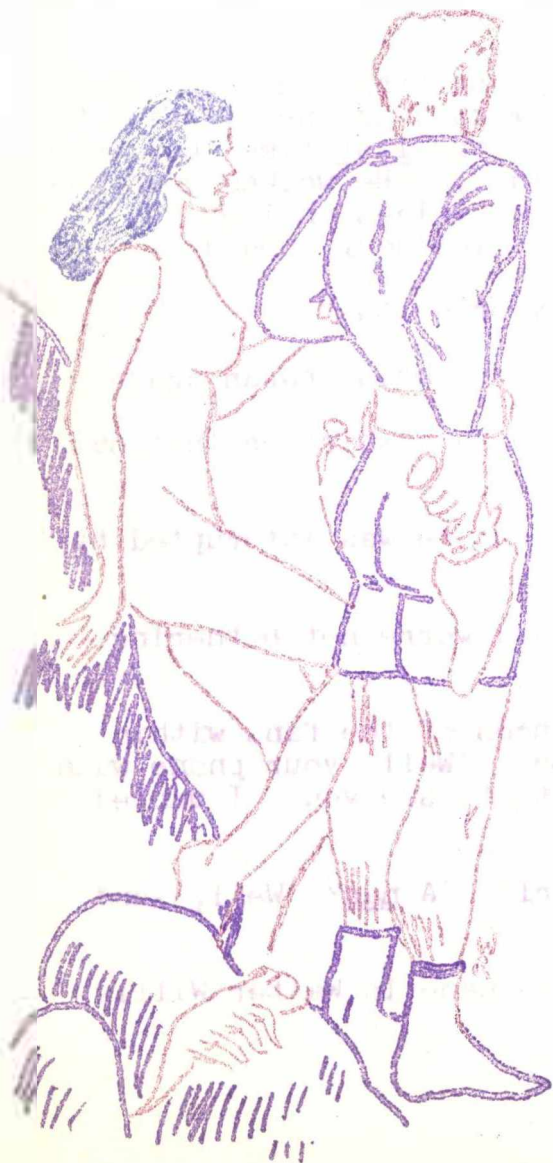
"As far as I'm concerned," grumbled Bloch, "here's what you can do with Willis..." (He made an unprintable suggestion).

"No, come, be reasonable," protested Vick.

"I am reasonable," muttered Bloch.

Freiberg raised his nose to the air and said haughtily, "Well, you jackasses can worry about it. Myself, I have not trouble, since Willis has nothing to do with BREVIZIN ADVENTURE

"That's obvious," frowned Geis. Freiberg sniffed and left. He was immediately replaced by a tall, blond man who viewed the proceedings with interest.



Moreen muttered, "Lemme see, Graham's always had a grudge against Willis..."

"I don't believe in Peter Graham," said Vick.

"Well, neither do I," repeated Moreen, "but it was a nice idea."

The tall, blond man stepped a little more to the center of the group and suggested "Why not get Willis and Semenovich into a feud? That should do the trick."

Ellison, who had just wandered in, stared coldly at him. The man backed away, aghast.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," said the man.

"Who in hell are you, anyway?" snapped Ellison.

"Oh, just a common ordinary, Willis-type character."

"Oh," said Ellison.

"Oh," said Peatrowsky. "Oh, Ghod!" He passed out.

"Well?" said Willis mildly.

"Hell," said Moreen.

Willis looked around him. "Well?" he repeated, a bit more loudly.

There was a mad scramble for the door. Shaw stepped into the room before they reached it and locked it quietly, but with a note of finality.

Everybody looked toward the window, but White stood there menacingly.

"Hell," repeated Moreen.

Ellison walked over to the corner, pushed a hidden button, and dropped out of sight. "I think of everything," were his last words.

Everybody made a scramble for the trapdoor, but Madeleine climbed slowly up the ladder with Ellison over her shoulder.

"So do I," she said, dumping Ellison on the floor.

"Now," said Willis expectantly.

"Hell," said Geis, "What'll we do now?" He frowned again.

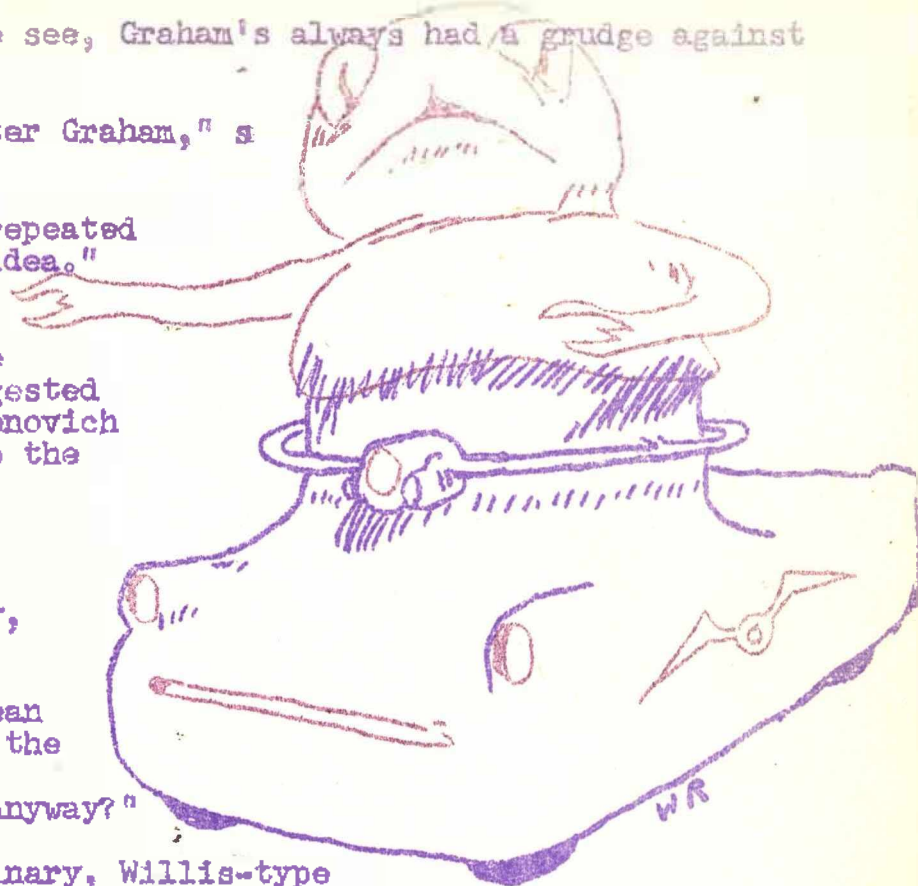
"Ever think of paying me and getting it over with?" said Willis quietly.

The fans stared at each other, awestruck.

"No," they said in one voice, and reached for their wallets.

THE END

-- Terry Carr  
--Peter Graham





# AIN = FARE #8

JOE SEMENOVICH



Lately, I'd say in the last three months, I have been reading up on sexology. And through my readings, I have discovered that I wasn't really brought into this world by a stork. I have come to the conclusion, for I can find no other answer, that I was born. Yes, although strange as it may seem to many a fan, the stork didn't drop me down the chimney. I have also realized (I weep when I say this) I am not a slant. Sob, now my dreams of conquering the world have shattered--I am a human being.

Seriously, though, I was born in Czechoslovakia. Our family, it is said, was the richest in town. The population of the town, I am also told, was somewhere in the low hundreds. We were farmers on my mother's side. My father was a carpenter, and in his spare time, wrote music. At two--that was in 1937--I was brought to America. I lived on the lower east side till five, and then moved to the Bronx. From there we moved to Queens. And up to a month ago, I lived there: I now reside in Flushing.

I got interested in sf when only a kid, but didn't know there were books on it until a year and a half ago. Almost immediately after reading PLANET STORIES--or OTHER WORLDS--I became interested in fandom. STARTLING STORIES found me with Bob Silverberg's SPACESHIP. He used one of my stories, and since then, fandom has been my main hobby. Unlike most fans, I still read the prozines.

Also, in my spare time, I put out a fanzine. It was first called COSMIC, but that changed when I realized another zine had a similar name. It was changed to RENAISSANCE. This name didn't last long either, since with my third issue I joined Warren Freiberg. Then a big mixup occurred. His mimeo suddenly broke down, and we had to restencil for hectoing. He did the whole job himself. The name he used for that issue was SOLAR SCIENCE STORIES. It will now return to Renaissance, combined with SF Cometeer. So actually, we've had a different title for each issue.

All in all, we've had some pretty good material in it. In fact, I pride myself on the fiction. I'd almost swear it was pro.

Now for my description. I'm 5'6" tall, have a sort of pale complexion, hair and eyes are brown. I have a deep voice--I think.

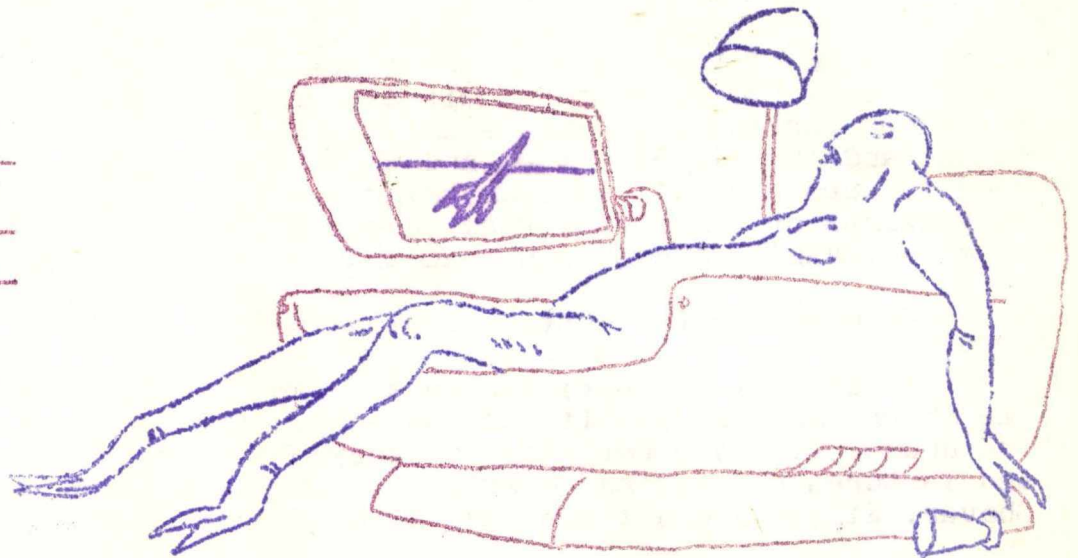
JOE SEMENOVICH

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The above biography is a reprint from a zine which never went into circulation. It is rather old (not quite a year) and within the last two months, I've lost contact with JS. At last letter, he told me he was going into the Army. He hasn't written me since, I'd appreciate anyone giving me his address if they know it...I'd like to send him a copy. PJV

# FAN HEAVEN

CPL  
CLAUDE  
HALL



The fan lay dying while his kinfolks stood about the whiteness of the bed, staring and thinking, "Well, maybe it's all for the best." -- because they all thought he was a little crazy, him and his magazines (with nude gals and rocket ships) and his fanzines and his duplicator in the closet. But the fan was paying them no attention. He was preparing himself to travel to the place where the great fans go--heaven wasn't for him. Even as the forces of life were ebbing swiftly from his shrunken, poor body he'd asked to be propped up in order to read a late copy of Incinerations. He lay there now, against the pillows, his weak, thin fingers idly turning the pages from dirty item to dirty item.

The kinfolks all put on their sadest expressions (which they saved for only the sadest occasions--like funerals and such) and shook their heads as if to say, "He's gone already."

But they never knew when he left.

As the fan crawled out of the weathered husk of his body into the etherial plane of existance, he reached over and touched each of them in turn as a parting gesture. He minded not that his hand seemingly passed through their 4-D bodies.

He flew over and tried to pick up his treasured collection of OPUS-es, but his hand weren't material enough. A voice startled him. It was an Angel.

"What's the matter, bub. Don't you know you can't take it with you?"

"Well, I-- that is, I--" The fan stuttered in confusion.

"Don't feel embarrassed. All of them try it. OPUS never would be passed by St. Peter anyway, but they don't know that. You ready to buzz?"

The fan glanced around him, waving mentally good-bye to his everything, wondering what he would have to occupy his spare time with where

he was going. Then he remembered what the ANGEL had said about OPUS not passing the censorship of St. Peter and he asked him, "Am I going to heaven?"

"Tucker forbid! No, lad. You're going to join the nameless ones in the realm of Last Fanicm. It's where all FAPAns and SAPS end up. Great place. Everyone has their own Marilyn Monroe. Each one puts out their own fanzine and there's all the gooks you want around to pass them out to and they'll read them and write you long letters of comment, even send in subs and material, anything you ask. Great workd. No postage on fanzines or fan-letters and each fan can obtain an original painting by merely asking the bureau head and 1st Editions are for the having."

"Gosh!" The fan muttered, wide-eyed.

"Tain't all, either. There's a fanconvention every week with everyone attending that you'll want to meet. And beer and whiskey are all on the house, with a poker game in everyroom except the official 770 number. And lectures pertaining to stf, etc., will be given by De. Vinci, Bacon, Shaver, Kinsey and all dem favorites of science-fiction fans."

"Wow!" Gried the fan.

"No, on the contrary, it's "WAW!", the initials of The Holy One."

"I can hardly wait to get there!"

"Oh, you'll get there soon enough," Said the ANGEL. "For now, though, how would you like to hop up a couple of days in time and see your body being dropped into the sod?"

"Well," the fan was a little undecided, "---I don't know."

"Sure! It's the rage. Come on. Be fun to watch."

"The ANGEL grabbed his hand and jerked him forward--somewhere. And then, they were there at the graveyard and the Fan was watching his body being lowered, noticing all of the great, still living, BNFs grouped around his grave. There was Lynn Hickman, Nancy Share, Redd Boggs, Dave English, Harlan Ellison, Larry Balint, Vernon McCain, and his sworn enemy Dick Geis. The fan almost shed a tear when Ray Palmer appeared and kneeled at the head of the grave to say a little prayer that Shaver might treat his body well.

"Some pary, huh?" The ANGEL stated.

"Sure pretty, alright. Makes me wish I'd died sooner because--HEY! He can't do that!!"

The ANGEL grabbed him.

"Let me go!" The FAN cried. "That Dick Geis can't drop no copy of Psychotic in my grave and get away with it!"

The ANGEL let go of his arm. "Oh, go get it out. Can't blame you there."

After that incident, the ANGEL decided they maybe better head on around to the processing gate and get him cleared for shipment.



They approached the golden gates rather quickly and an old gent in white beard and robe of the same color, stopped them with a wave of his hand.

"Slow down now. Any more of this speeding and I'll have to give you a sub to Slant."

"Gee!Q Said the fan. "For Real!"

The ANGEL moved over and told St. Peter, "Won't work, old man. This one's another fan."

A grimace marked St. Peter's face.

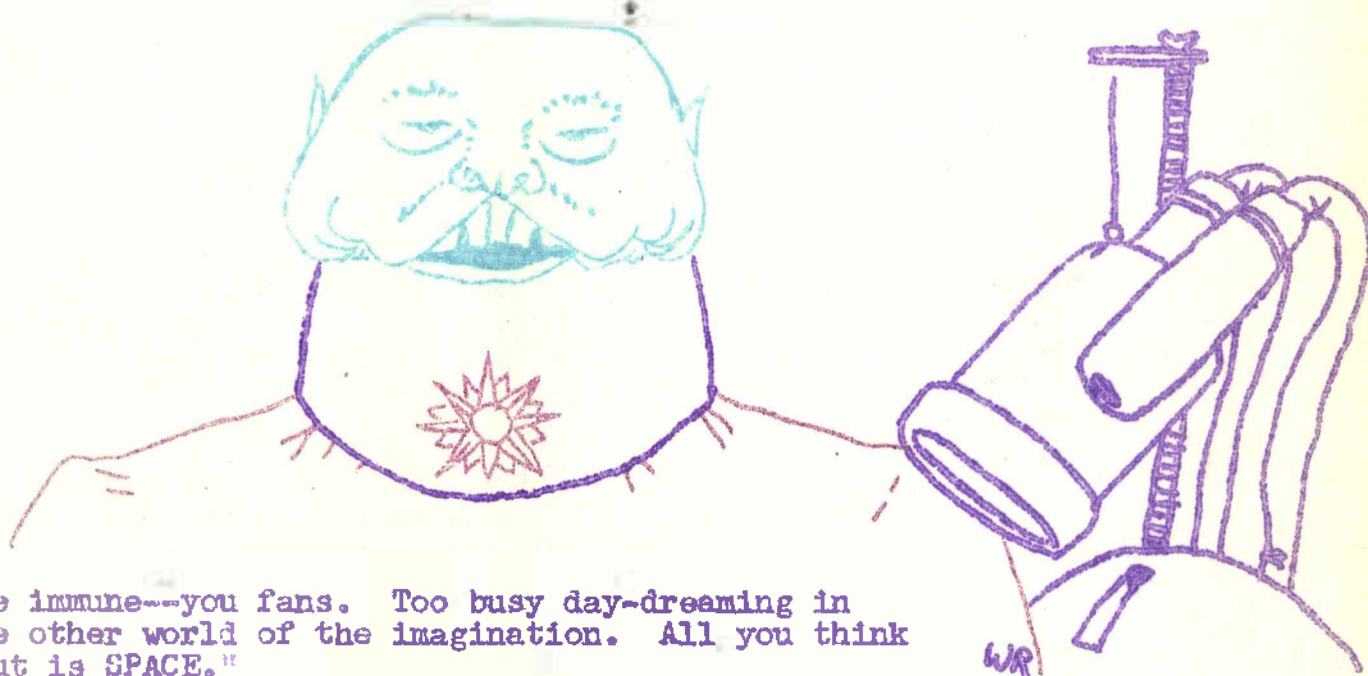
"The Devil!" was all he said.

The fan was impatient. "Let's go."

"Lord!" Muttered the ANGEL. "Just like a fan--always on the go. Settle down for a moment till your number is checked off...you won't be coming back this direction--not even at the end of eternity."

St. Peter sadly shook his head, swiftly checking figures here and there in a snow white book. "Yes. It's a shame you can't be saved."

The ANGEL perked up, whipping a little red book out of his hip-pocket. "Well, it wouldn't do any good to send you to hell. After perfecting all of those tortures, pits, etc., it was found that some people



were immune--you fans. Too busy day-dreaming in some other world of the imagination. All you think about is SPACE."

"What the hell you talking about?" The fan asked.

"Call it what you will---THE LAST FANDOM."

The ANGEL took some huge door keys and opened a recessed hatch placed at an obtuse angle in a bank of mist and fog. "Through here," He said. The fan jumped. The ANGEL took off his disguise and the old bearded gent let his white beard fall to the cloud bank. "Well, that's another one we got rid of." Said Ghod. "I'm damned glad too," said the Dhevil. Together, they shut the black door into outer space where there was absolutely nothing. THE LAST FANDOM exactly that. THE END.

--Claude Hall

# FAN-FARE #9

## CHARLES LEE RIDDLE

I've asked many people, both fans and pros, in the past to give me a few details about themselves for inclusions in my fanzine, PEON, but this is the first time I've had to write something about myself. And now that I'm doing it, I find it is one of the most difficult things to do. However since the editor of this zine insists, here goes.

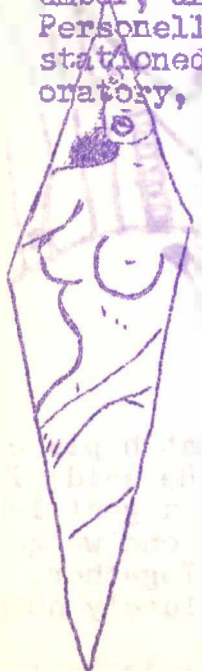


On the next January fifteenth, when I reach the thirty year old mark, I can look back on about twenty happy years of reading science-fiction, and fantasy. I can also remember my first fanzine way back in the 1930's and how puzzled I was over it. However, I didn't become a so-called "active fan" myself until about six years ago, when I started to subscribe to a few fanzines that I found mentioned in the review column in THRILLING WONDER STOREES. In 1948, I started publishing my own fanzine, PEON, and have continued publishing it ever since. I believe it is one of the oldest fanzines in existence today.

I am happily married and have three sons who will refute any statements to the contrary.

As a sidelight to my marriage, I realize now, that it has been my wife Rosella who has been mainly responsible for my activity in fandom, for she has helped me publish PEON, has stood for all my magazines stacked to the ceilings in corners of the house, and has in general been one of my inspirations.

I will complete ten years of service in the U.S. Navy this coming December, and will have only ten more years to till I retire. I am a Chief Personell Man, the top ranking enlisted man's rate, and am at present stationed in New London, Connecticut, at the Navy's Underwater Sound Laboratory, a hush-hush project.



My home town is Poteau, Oklahoma but we like the Connecticut country-side and will probably settle down here for good. In the event that any of you ever get up this way, be sure to drop by at 108 Dunham Street, Norwich, Connecticut and pay us a visit. The telephone number is Norwich 9-8719, and we'd be more than happy to see you.

LEE RIDDLE

\*\*\*\*\*  
The above biography is quite aged by now, so some of the dates and years are about 8 months or so older or more advanced. Starting from next ish, and from then on, we'll have only first-hand autobiogs. Can't tell who'll they'll be now. PJV

RESJ

JN

PEACE

"where the fanzines  
get blasted"



SPACE DIVERSIONS and THE LIVERPOOL SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY presents:  
THE SYMPOSIUM - Dave Gardner - 63 Island Rd., Liverpool 19, England

I must highly recommend this magazine for its highly-interesting "Symposium On Sex and Sadism in Science-Fiction". It is by far one of the most interesting stf articles I've come across since I've been around. In an article in Authentic SF, John Christopher wrote a guest editorial blasting the Sex and Sadism in Literature (including, primarily, Stf Literature). In a letter to H.J. ("Bert") Campbell, Dave Gardner, an assistant editor to Norm Shorrock, set down his objections and asked for comments. In Dave's words, "Two days later I received the shock of my life when through the letter box tumbled a ten page reply from Mr. Campbell." All three articles: Christopher's initial article, Daves letter to Mr. Campbell, and the 10-page reply from Mr. Campbell, are included in this issue and make wonderful, intelligent reading. I suggest, if only for this highly-interesting article, that you get a hold of this mag. Mimeographed wonderfully, with excellent illos and plenty of other interesting columns and articles. Excellent mag. A-

A BAC - Boyd Raeburn - 14 Lynd Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada V2, 4

A small, neatly-mimeod zine published by the derelicts, among whom are Norman G. Browne, P. Howard Lyons, Gerald Steward, and Boyd Raeburn. I think these boys have a terrific group here with their share of editors writers, and humorists. Mostly humor of a Canadian sort, I enjoyed it very much. A Mid-Westcon report by Steward, complete with all varieties of interlineations, some very humorous poems of a fannish type and a few other interesting columns. Try a copy. Very good. B

DEVIAHT - Carol Holliday - Sta. 1, Box 214, Grove, Utah Vol. 1, No. 3

An excellently-laid-out magazine. This time a litho'd cover by DEA... Carol puts out a very neat-appearing magazine. On yellow paper with excellent mimeography. Outstanding parts of the mag were Terry Carr's column, Bloch's column and letter, and Don Donnell's autobiography. I



think DV is improving quite rapidly. The magazine has that "well-done" touch. With 200 copies there must be a lot of work in putting out this zine...and with just one girl editor! I do think Carol could save a little money by not mailing every issue in envelopes. It's a penny more for postage and the envelopes must cost something. The price is out of range a bit...that being 20¢ for a single ish. However, that's Carol's business. A very good magazine with some excellent features and articles. I don't care for "DOZFAC", but that's about all. Try this one. B/

I know Warren must get great fun out of publishing his magazine, but I for one, don't get much pleasure out of it. The mag is rather poorly mineed (reminds me of a cross between Whispering Space and Reason), and has some very poor inside illos. A rather large percentage of the material is by one "Warren Denis of Illinois". I don't know how the boy got it, but he's got two things (though not too good) by Ken Slater and Lyle Kessler. Warren could get better material if he had better reproduction. As Grennell put it, you've got to show your would-be contributor that his work will appear in a neat, readable fanmag and that it will be read by interested people who might enjoy and comment upon it. A rather humorous note in the magazine was on the contents page where Mr. Denis put the following: "Cover (mimeographed) 17 Words by Warren Denis of Illinois". I counted them, including the mag name, the blurb, the date and issue number, the words, "Denis Publications", and the artists signature, there were 17 words! Sensational.

By sticking to one color ink, getting somebody other than himself to do the artwork, and by securing a lettering guide (and using it!), Denis could have a fanmag worthy of some decent material. This mag and its editor have a long way to go. Not recommended at the present time. D-

STF TRENDS: Lynn Allison - 105 W. Main St., Dupelant, Ohio 43115 SAPS 26

First, I have a question to ask: Why use such an expensive means of reproduction on printing letters and articles? Seeing as how the editor himself is quite an excellent artist and does the interior and exterior illos, he could just as well use mimeo or ditto on the zine for the same effect. I imagine (and this is just pure speculation) that one could buy a rather good used mimeo or ditto for the price it must cost to run four or five of these issues off. I DO NOT LIKE THE LETTER COLUMN. And I feel I have sufficient reason...it is not readable. No, not in the printed sense, but in the sense that the letters are not interesting. With the exception of one or two, the letters just say how wonderful STF TRENDS is and have nothing else to say. Enough is enough. Some twenty letters of praise is too much to print. I'd like to see some nice healthy discussions..on anything. Lynn succeeded in wasting four of his nicely printed page on just praises of himself. Too many of those, "I liked this and didn't like this" business, I like letters that contain something of interest to all.

Don't let what I have said effect you too much, for this definitely doesn't greatly affect the rest of the material. The MIDWESTCON CAPER by Jim Harmon was very good. Gibson's article was rather interesting. Not over loaded with material, but quite excellent for a SAPS zine (no reflection on SAPS intended).

An interesting thing that just struck me was the great similarity with this issue and Psychotic #14. Naturally, with the same artist it would look rather similar...but the format looks similar too. Methinks Lynn did the whole cover for both of them. On STF TRENDS I like it, on PSY I don't. This zine is intended for the SAPS, but Lynn says within that you may purchase it on a sub basis. RECOMMENDED. b

Alley St., Berkeley, 2, California. Letter  
Aha! Geis, take cover! When I blurbed about three issues ago, and said that Fog was Eighth Fandom's successor to Psychotic, I hit the nail right on the head. Now don't get me wrong. Eighth Fandom isn't here, nor is Fog ready just yet, to start giving Psy real competition. However, with Rike covers, good dittoing, it has all the earmarks of good competition. Most excellent column this issue by--my Ghod!--GEIS! He writes better here than he does in his own zine. Other columns by me, Elrik and Denis Moreau. This is fandom's greatest bargain--only 5¢ per ish! Fog seems to be bettering itself with every issue. Extremely readable throughout and certainly worth purchasing. Here is a zine to watch. Great. B/

Richard E. Geis - 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon.

Ahhh! Geis, that cover! My ghreat ghod Ghu! I thought the damn thing was A LA SPACE or something. What is Psychotic coming to! How far down can a mag go and still stay up there. One thing, Psychotic is a terrific example of terrific material--it must be that way. For he's come down from 36 to 24 pages, his dittoing has gotten poorer--and now, this...this cover. I'd much prefer to see that sort of thing on a less serious zine like ALICE. In this, Geis finally wakes up to the fact that we do get and read the mag to read GEIS as well as others...he's lengthened his editorial ramblings--and very nicely. I like MCCAIN although I don't agree with him--his way of saying things helps him put across a point effectively. Letter Column was also highly interesting. Better than 12 or 13. B/

CLAUDIUS: Cpl. Claude R. Hall (address given on request) SAPS

All I can say is, "tch, tch." Really, Claude. I like your articles and the piece you wrote for this ish of AB, but to fill a whole 26-page zine with your unmitigated ramblings is too much. It's hard for me to comment much on this, except to say, "noted". One thing, if the SAPS get this, I'm glad I'm joining FAPA. It's not really that bad, old boy, it's just that I can't take 26 pages of pure Claudius. It puzzles me. D/

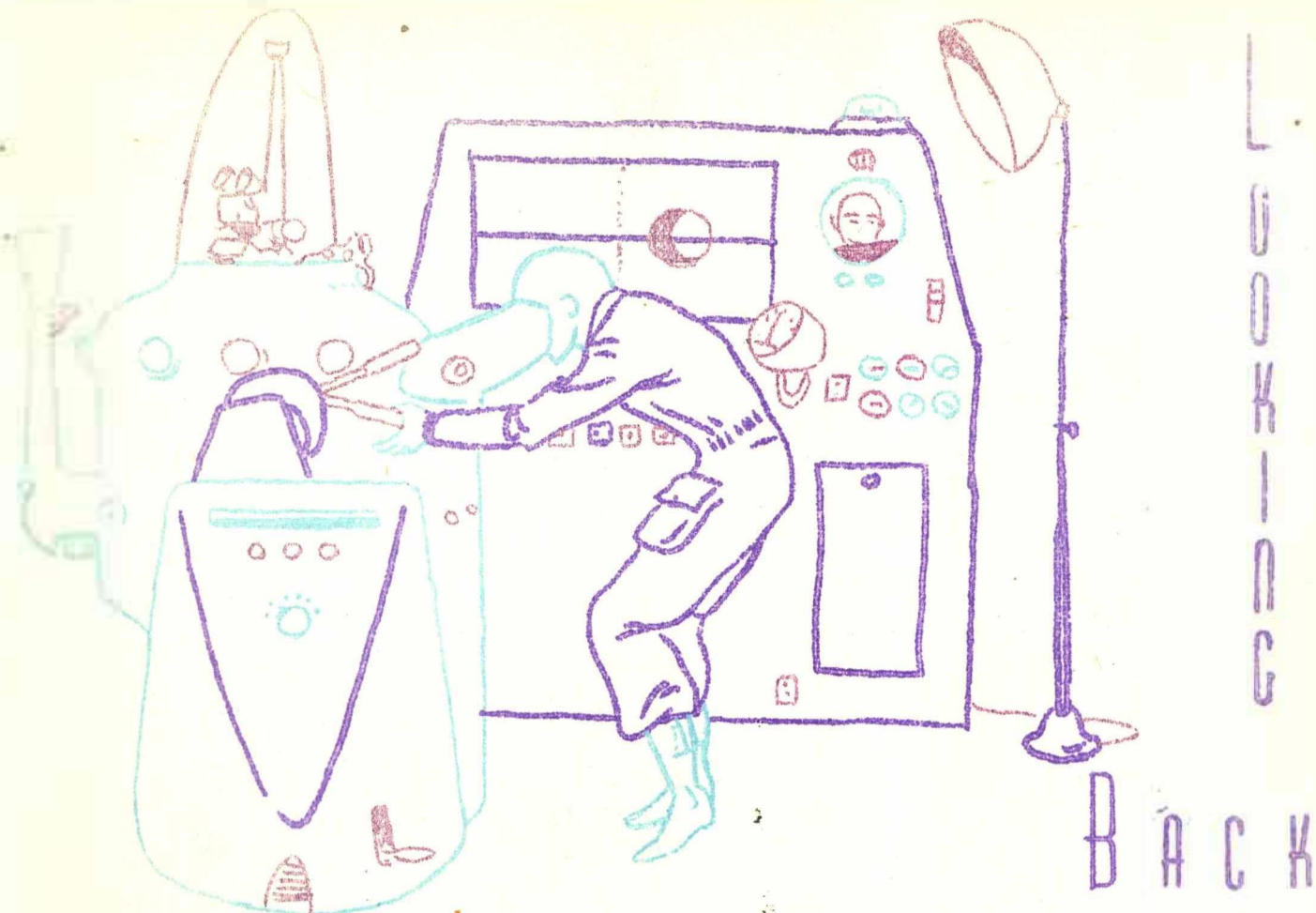
EAYMAR TRADER: R. Martin Carlson - 1028 3rd Ave., Moorhead, Minn. #84

A pretty good cover. The mag serves its purpose, not much to comment on. All ads. If you're interested in buying stf literature..it's handy. B-

A LA SPACE: Kent Corey - Box 64, Enid, Oklahoma. Volume 2, Number 1, #2

Not too bad a cover this...tho most look like they're scribbled on. The best thing in the ish was MagnUs' SF & THE MASSES..very well done. Curto lingers around through ALICE's pages. Balint is quite interesting. Kent Corey believes, that with this issue of A LA SPACE, he ranks 3rd in the nation. Such egotism..he's second only to me! Kent rates STF TRENDS and some zine called, and I quote, "PHYCOTIC" sounds like Calnek and Geis got together (FIEcotic). Shapiro is interesting. Letter column seems to me to be too cut and dry to be interesting. Kent, I feel I learned my lesson...now you're the one with a shake-down cruise coming. I can see what the fellas mean....if you are anything, you're about 20th when ranking the fanzines in order of how they're liked. I would consider myself lucky, if I were you, to be in the top 20. Enough, I shouldn't talk. ALICE seems to be improved..altho Lhord knows it certainly should with that means of repro and 8 ish of experience...MUST GET BETTER.....C/





I'm afraid my Psychology Prof is beginning to wonder about me. He entered the class a few minutes late and found most of the students talking informally with each other, others doing some studying. But here, in the second seat in the first row, is some character reading a magazine. Out of mild curiosity, as he passed, the prof leaned over to see what the name of the mag was. He was stunned.

For here in the Lecture Hall where Psych 21 meets, was a guy reading a mag called "PSYCHOTIC". Now, I couldn't read his mind, but I can sure imagine what he was thinking. Of course, I could always tell him, "Extra-curricular work, you know."

Seriously, there are a lot of fan-type characters in my Psych class. They are guys, the type of which one might find lingering around a convention. No, not hydrocephalics, microcephalics, or Mongolian idiots, (impressed you, didn't I?), but the more intelligent, deeply-serious-type individuals. All more or less intellectuals. In beginning Psych. one find wide-eyed jerks who think they'll be able to hypnotize when they're through, people who need a good psychologist, and other people of that caliber, but when you get up a little ways, you find some very interesting and intelligent people.

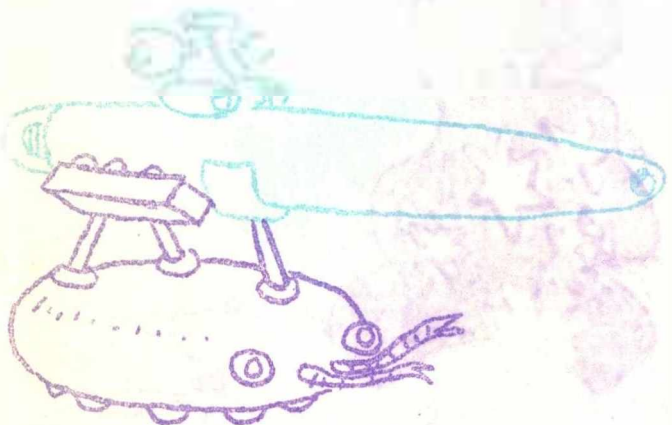
Today, for instance, I gave the fellow sitting next to me a short rundown on what exactly Fandom and the fan-pubbing business was. It all started with that dang copy of PSY. Every once in a while I grab an old fanzine (by the way, that ish was PSY#4) and yank it with me when I go to the beach or have time to kill somewhere. This time I took it to read between classes.

AB

On the way home I got to thinking about/and this my last editorial. I



invariably wind up babbling through these last two or three pages, so I thought I might think of something to babble about on the way home. I plan to cut down my reviews a little as you have probably noticed this issue. Not in size, however, but in number. Instead of average about four to a page, I'm going to have just about two, and devote a little more time and space to each one. The old way you have to either pan a mag or praise it. This way, I have time to bring out a mag's good points as well as its bad--and will have plenty of space to do it in. My letter column, of late, has been getting bigger and bigger. As a matter of fact, too big. I average about 25 letters a week (lately, about 38) and almost all of them are fairly interesting. I can't print them without going top heavy and not having room to include some of the excellent articles, stories, and columns that I get. From now on, I'm going to pick about 6 or 8 of the most interesting letters and print them. One cannot possibly run all letters with a few tid-bits thrown in, or all fan-fiction in an issue without being topheavy in that direction. Naturally, fandom has need of at least one good fan-fiction zine, one or two good letterzines, its quota of humorzines, its reprint-zines, and its other specialized zines...but the thing is, you have to be either one way or the other. I prefer to be more of a general-zine.



#### More names for the CONishs:

- 30: Raleigh Multog
- 31: Sam Johnson
- 32: Howard Lyons
- 33: Don Wegars
- 34: Bill Reynolds
- 35: Fred Malz
- 36: Mary Southworth

That's still not very good. I must get 54 more sold before the 15th of August.

Next ish will contain the complete list of all receiving the ish. Oh yes, a few words about next ish. Due to the fact that I must conserve money, the next ish will only have about 16 or twenty pages. Anything that'll go for 2¢...that'll be \$1.10 saved on postage and about \$5.40 for materials. That, together with the \$9.50 I've gotten for the CONishs so far, and the 13.50 I've saved totals \$29.50 put aside for the CONish. The cover has already been done so I only have \$22 left to get...\$14 of which should come from the sale of the rest of the Con issues. Leaving only \$8 more for me to scrounge up. Simple?

All this great expenditure on the Convention issue only means that it'll be harder for me to get up another \$50 for the Con itself.

NOTE: To Terry, Boob, Stuart, and Claude: Your columns/articles for the Sept. ish will appear.. you must get them to me as soon after you finish reading this ish. They must get to me before August 10th. I've got to start working on that Conish at the latest, by August 15th.

I'd like to take the extra space to thank everybody for their support of ABstract....especially for the coming Convention issue. From today (which is the 22nd of July) there are only 41 more days till the Convention. Going up from Southern Cal will be: Gregg Calkins, Don Donnell, Chuck Wilgus, Dave Wilhoyte, Burt Satz, Laddie London, Jim Clemons, Larry Balint, Ron Ellick, and myself...not counting the Outlanders and LASFSans. Bye.







this is a mailing wrapper.....you may tear it off if you wish

ABSTRACT #6

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