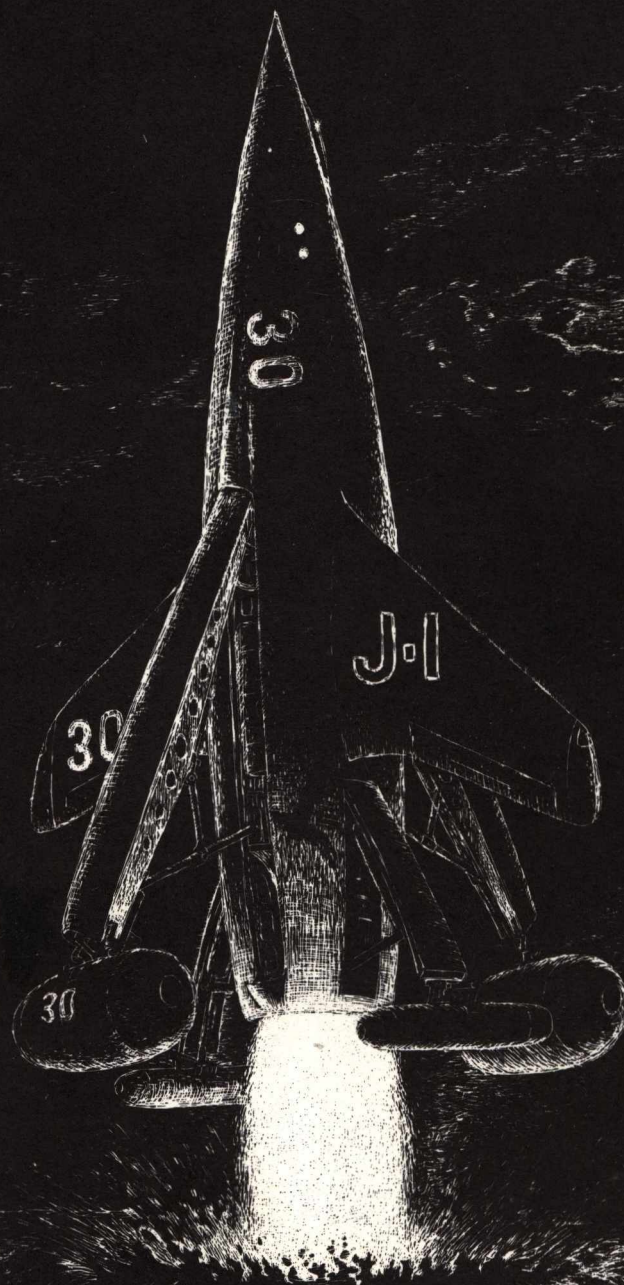


ABSTRACT

*C
o
n
v
e
n
t
i
o
n
I
s
s
u
e
8*





FEATURES.....

CON PREVIEW by Art Kunwiss.....	5
CONVENTIONEER'S PRAYER by Bob Bloch.....	7
3 STAGES OF STF ENJOYMENT by Carol McKinney.....	19
J'ACCUSE by Denis Moreen.....	23
THE SIR FRANCIS DRAKE--THERE I WAS by Don Wegars.....	37
NOTHING BUT FILLER by Wilgus, Satz and Vorzimer.....	63
FILLER #97 by Dean Grennell.....	69
NICKELS, PLEASE by Don Donnell.....	75
CLAUDE SUPPURATES by Claude Hall.....	81
SWAMP DUST by Harlan Ellison.....	88
ABSTRACTIONS by Boob Stewart.....	92

CONVENTION FEATURES.....

HANGCON REPORT by John Hitchcock.....	9
OKLACON REPORT by Don Chappell.....	11
FANVETCON REPORT by John Fletcher.....	15
STFCON REPORT by Peter Vorzimer.....	40
CONVENTION PICTURES by Graham and Nowell.....	48
FACE CRITTURS by Terry Carr.....	77
STFCON PERSONALITIES by the Editor.....	61

REGULAR FEATURES.....

FROM WHERE I SIT by the Editor....(editorial).....	4
THROUGH RAIN, THROUGH SLEET, etc.,(letter column).....	27
FAN-FARE #10 by Carol McKinney....(fan-personalities).....	84
REST IN PEACE by the Editor.....(fanzine reviews).....	94
LOOKING BACK with the Editor.....(editorial).....	99

Abstract is edited by Peter J. Vorzimer - Univ. of Cal. at Santa Barbara -
44 Toyon - Goleta, California. Art Editors: James Bradley and William
Rotsler. Interior illustrations: Dea, Rotsler, Gilbert, Bradley and Cobb.

DEA: #6, #15, #37, #84, and the bacover. Rotsler: #3, #5, #9, #13, #21,
#27, #69, #71, and #94. Gilbert: #6, #17, #85. Bradley: #4, #7, #10, #11,
#14, #39, #41, #42, #43, #44, #45, #47, #49, #75, #87 and #99. Cover by Cobb.

Circulation this issue: 125. Subscription rates: \$1.20 per year -- \$1.50
for manila envelopes. Single copies: 25¢ Next issue out around January 1.



FROM
WHERE
I
SIT...

I knew I'd make it. Maybe for a while you might have had your doubts, but I knew I'd make it.

Things were really stacked against me. First, the pictures not coming out--none of them. Then, this College coming up. How I ever scrimped up enough time to publish this is really quite a mystery to me.

But it has finally come out. Six long months of preparation, two and a half hard months of typing and printing and 12 solid hours of assembling have finally paid off. Here is ABSTRACT's greatest issue!

Don't get any ideas about that picture on the left. That is not me! Well,

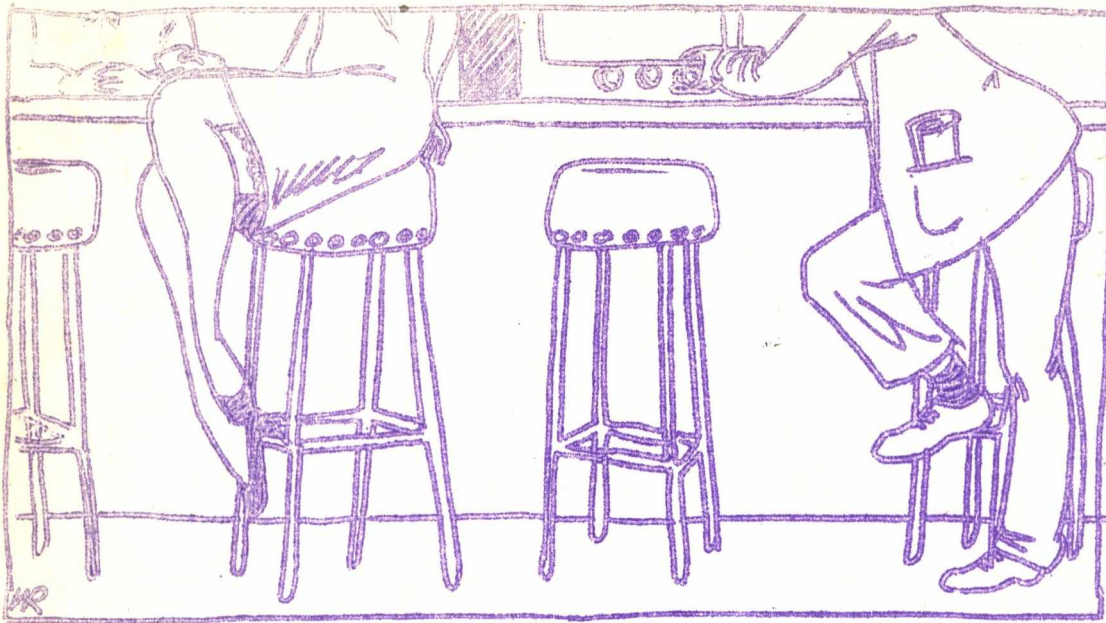
it's what I'd like to be doing for a while. But as soon as this gets to you, I'll be back again at the books--studying like a mad fiend.

I realize I owe bundles of thanx to many, many wonderful people who've rendered me a hand. Thanx especially to my Art Editors, Jim Bradley and Bill Rotsler. By now you know them as two of fandom's best artists. And thanx again to all my wonderful subscribers and contributors.

Did I mention something like a three-month gafia period when I finished this? Bother, I've got some words to eat. I must start preparing for the ANNISH about one month from now. Fortunately, I've already gathered 3/4 of the material, so that point is well taken care of. However, there are those long toiling hours at the crank which spell more back-breaking labor.

Well, I'll go quietly into my corner and peddle my fanzines while you go ahead and read on to all the terrific material inside. I do hope you all get some reading pleasure out of this, and I will greatly appreciate your comments, via letter or through fanzine reviews in the near future. I hope this has more than lived up to all that was expected of it.

Pete



CON
PREVIEW
BY
ART
KUNWISS



It's the Friday night before Labor Day weekend, 1954.

The place is San Francisco and the stf con members are drifting in. There's a new stf program to be shown on TV and all the fans present want to see it. Of course, you know where they'll all go. To Suds Shortigan's tavern, "The Longhair Bar and Grill" where they have a TV set among other interesting things.

Let's take a run over to Sud's place and see how he's preparing for the fan Onslaught. We find Suds going over his battle plans with his staff.

"OK. The fans'll be in tonight. We got a TV set. There's a stf program on the con hotel is around the corner so we'll be the target. We're gonna have so many bums watching we're gonna look like a neighborhood branch of the Salvation Army. Which may be symbolic. For all the money we'll get out of 'em we may wind up in the Salvation Army. IF WE DON'T HANDLE THEM RIGHT!"

He turns to Joe, the head bartender. "You got the reserved seat list all made out?"

"Yessir. All the whiskey drinkers get the bar stools right in front of the TV set. I got the nameplates all made out. I got the info from fanzines the Little Men gave me. Weeper Wesley, Shakes Shapiro, Peathead Peatrowsky, Hardliquor Harlan..."

"OK, Peathead gets the center stool. I heard he's a scotch drinker. You said he just finished a tough issue of Confab, so it should be a busy nite."

He turns to Eddie, the #2 barkeep. "You got your list? Know what you're supposed to do?"

Yessir. The gin drinkers get second priority. They get the seats on either side of the whiskey drinkers. Got their names all listed; Mumbles Moreen, Tearful Terry, Vociferous Vorzimer, Rant..."

"OK, but do you know about Rant?"

"Yessir, put him on the end. You don't want him ranting in any of the whiskey drinkers' ears and scaring them off."

"Right!"

He turns to Mabel, the head waitress.

"You know what you're supposed to do?"

"Yessir. I stick the beer drinkers in the booths. Got the seating arrangement all worked out.

"Got this beer drinkin' Shorty Stewart on there?"

"Yessir. But I know about him. I've got him on the outside in the last booth. If he starts tryin' to nurse one bottle all nite, I accidentally spill a mug of draft on him."

"And if that don't rout him out, you flick ashes in his ears. Now what about Edgy Ellison and Fisticuffs Semenovich?"

"I got 'em four booths apart."

"Ghod. Last fight we had in here scared off four whiskey drinkers."

He turns to Annie, the #2 waitress.

"What about you now? You know what you're...."

"Yes indeed. If any of the beer drinkers start slowing down I keep hovering around their booth and getting between them and the TV set and asking them if they don't want another round."

"And if they don't want another round, if they just wanna sit there free, whadaya do?"

"I hang a sour bar rag over the back of the booth."

"Right."

He turns to Bump Bradley the bouncer.

"OK, Bumps, you got the big job. You know what it is now."

"Yowser. I handle the standees. And the others that wander in."

"OK what kind of others get the priority?"

"Thirsty others."

"Fine, what about the soft drink boys and the winebibbers?"

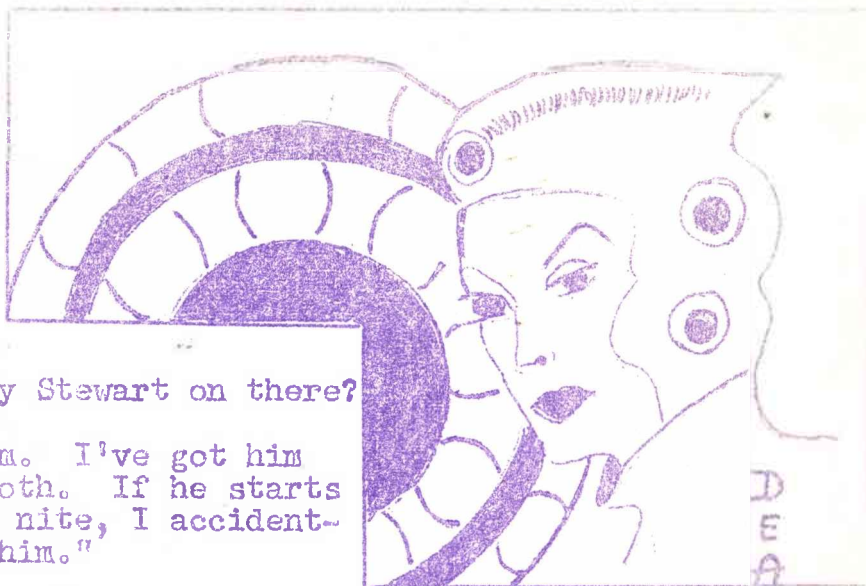
"I let the soft drink boys stand in the front door and the winers in the back door."

"OK, what about teetotalers?"

"They don't get in. They stand out on the sidewalk and look in."

"Right," Suds bellos. "Let 'em come!"

THE END



THE CONVENTIONEER'S PRAYER

BY

BOB BLOCH



Hail to thee, Kali, Goddess of Death, Black Mother of Murder, Guardian of Thieves, Stranglers and Science Fiction Convention Fans!

If in my heart evil prevails and I succumb to the temptation to attend the Convention in San Francisco, I will have need of your guidance.

Protect me, oh Kali, against such perils as:

1. Encountering the people you've met once before umpteen years ago at some fan-gathering. That is, they have met you, but you have never met them, because you just happened to wander into this party and the room was so crowded and noisy that the host merely mumbled introductions or said something like, "I guess you folks know each other" and let it go at that -- whereupon you looked for a comfortable place to roost in and found there was nothing except on vacancy under the bed. So you crawled there and never said another word to the strangers. And now here they are again, and they expect you to introduce them to the people you're with, and how can you when you don't know their names? It is so inadequate to say, "I want you to meet a couple of people whose bed I spent the night under in Denver". Do something about this, will you, Kali, old girl?
2. Mutants. Every convention has a tendency to attract a small number of mutants. These are people who are not governed by normal physiological laws. They do things such as getting up 9 or 10 in the morning and eating breakfast, and they want you to follow suit. Some of them even shave. (Mostly the males). A few are even cheerful. Please, Kali, spare me!
3. Peas. Every Convention has a banquet. And every Convention Banquet includes peas. Not fresh peas, but Convention peas. I think they come out of special barrels. On long sea voyages in the days of sailing ships, they used to preserve the bodies of dead officers in casks of rum, and then give the rum to the crew the next voyage out. Well, I've a hunch those barrels are still in use today, storing Convention peas. If you've never been to a Convention, you've perhaps at least eaten in a Chop Suey joint,

where peas are often served as a vegetable. Those are the kind of peas I mean. And since San Francisco has a Chinatown, I'm terribly afraid. Great Kali, be merciful -- I'll even settle for Sauerkraut!

4. Boucherism. You go to a Convention like this and a beautiful dish walks up to you -- a Livin' Doll. And she smiles at you fondly and holds your arm and you think (well, it depends on you what you think). Anyway, it always turns out that she just came to you because she wants you to introduce her to Tony Boucher. Kali, this has gotta stop!
5. Look-alikes. A Convention being what it is (or worse!) you must expect to encounter an amazing number of people whose ill fortune it is to resemble one another. Dozens of fans have the same sensitive pointed heads, (at least one each), and dozens of pros have the same artistic, palsied hands. In such a gathering of physical counterparts, full doppelgangers and half astral doubles, it is easy to make mistakes in identity. In Philadelphia, I was mistaken for Samuel Mines and nearly got lynched. Mother Kali, I beseech you!
6. Speech Impediments. For some horrid reason, most Conventions schedule the best speeches for the worst times. Many of the most interesting and entertaining performers are placed on the program at the most fantastic and inopportune hours -- that is to say, somewhere between 10AM and 10PM. In consequence I very seldom hear them. Why can't these people be put on at a time when everybody is wide awake and around, such as from midnight to 5 in the morning? Goddess, be kind!
7. Intelligence. I have nothing against intelligence in its place, but as anyone who has ever attended one knows, a Convention is certainly not that place. And yet, I'm afraid that I'm liable to run into people like Campbell, the Kuttners, Matheson, Anderson, Brown, Gault, Evans, Day, etc., who insist upon rationality. Whereas I am much more used to specimens like Marty Greenberg and Lloyd Eshbach. Please, Kali, don't expect me to talk to anyone above the level of Dave Kyle! Of course, nothing lower, either.

So Kali, if I weaken and attend this clambake, I rely upon thy protection upon all seven of these deadly dangers. And in return, I shall gladly offer up unto you sacrifices in the olden manner.

In return for the first point, I will slit the throat of a black goat at the crossroads -- or Richard Geis, if you prefer. For points two and three -- Les and Es Cole, or their offspring. For point four, I undertake to strangle Gregg Calkins. For point five, I will inter Terry Carr. For point six I'll arrange a wake for Finegan.

For point seven, I shall serve thee Peter J. Vorzimer. With an apple in his mouth. Garnished with a ring of Ackerman clients, yet.

This I swear unto you upon a stack of MF&SF: a solemn and bloody oath. Exercise your Kalisthenics and Kalifornia here I come! But if you let me down, I will never attempt to attend another Convention again. At least, not until next year.

Devoutly,

--Bob Bloch

HANG-CON

REPORT

JOHN

HITCHCOCK

Due to serious financial disability, Baltimore fandom was forced to abandon Multog's wild dreams of wandering out to San Francisco; there fore, on the last week of July, the aforementioned and I took the trip we had scheduled for the last week of June.

We left on the 23rd on the Greyhound panting up to New York, got lost three times in Penn Station, twice in Times Square, and twice in Grand Central, took the A.K. to Albany. There Stuart Nock the elder whisked us out to his rural hideaway between Rensselaer and Castleton.

Stu came home from work at 10:30 that evening, and we three bulled around for an hour and a half before retiring. Raleigh and I slept together, and by seven the next morning I had picked up three hours of sleep.

Fannish activities did not resume till six in the evening when Stu came home. We decided then to put out a one-shot, and got a general idea of the first page. Composing it was the highlight of the "Con".

We slaved over it from then till ten thirty, or so, half the time being taken up by the prolonged merriment. Most of the lines, I wish to point out, were ghost-written. We were just exchanging jokes, and every time we thought we had something, we put it in. The only times we skipped someone was when he was in the bathroom.

I will skip over the signatures. The next problem was to put something on the flip side. So stu ransacked his files for something too cruddy for TCF, and came up with an inferior article by Don Wegars, under a penname for obvious reasons. Nock casually estimated that he had enough room for it and the address.

However, he ran out of room, so he left out the last



9
ROTHGER



two or three paragraphs. Next, he typed the word "stamp" in its normal place, and feeling a touch of ennui, put a box around it. But this wasn't all. He had to put crosshatching in the box. And sure enough when we got the stamps on, the lines showed through and the stamps were for all purpose and intents, cancelled.

The Nock ditto is quite a machining. First, one must obtain some fluid. To do this, Stu extricated from under the ditto table placed strategically at the exact foot of the cellar stairs the following: one packing crate containing a rattly nose; one rag dating from 1924, a vintage year; one half box containing one half ream of paper and one half of mysterious objects, the other half, half, and half being sequestered under the table; one cobweb; several other spider threads; one frustrated spider; and a gallon of fluid labeled Esso (Raleigh will deny this as his father works for Texaco.)

Next, Stu attached to the muzzle of the can a section of hose emblazoned in a stencilish sort of way CASTLETON FIRE DEPARTMENT. The other end of the hose he fastened to a lantern-like structure stamped NEW YORK CENTRAL and poured in the liquid. After reversing the entire process, making sure the frustrated spider got to a respectable psychoanalyst, he inverted the structure into a socket protruding from the far side of the machining.

Next, Stu put on the master and rolled a sheet thru. To do this, he put the sheet in the feeder and cranked rapidly on the cumbersome crank. You see, the crank is geared so that half a dozen revolutions are required to put a sheet thru. This process is known as "power steering" as the power of a steer is needed. When Stu finished clunking out twenty-five of the fifty copies, he offered the honor of publisher to myself; but I refused it because I was afraid I might not handle his machine correctly, and mainly my power is more of the mousey type.

So the main activity of the get together centered around HANGNAIL--hence the name HANGCON (which I gave it two hours ago--13 August): If HNL is a one-shot, we may refer to the "con" as the HUNGCON. But, if no one drops out of fandom, if interest holds, if Nock or we two can scrape up train money, there will be a HANGCON II. I hope you will pardon my commercialism if I remind Mr. Nock here that it's his turn to come down here.

I am afraid we must terminate our visit here, as I must save my analysis of the Nock character for some other fanzine. At the risk of coining an impossible word (the second), I whisper here a fond Codladh uramhail.

THE "55 WESTERCON!

LA AND NAPA
WON FOR '55

Just a brief editorial note to remind you fiends out there that there's going to be a real blast of a 12th WesterCon here in LA over the July 4th.

OKLACON

REPORT

CON

CHAPPELL



The ringing of the alarm clock at 5:15 in the morning of Saturday, September 4th started Oklacon II for me. Telling my wife, Dolores, to get up...whereas she informed me she had been awake for some time...I started to toss my clothes around the bedroom as is my usual procedure in dressing or undressing. Out the bedroom window I could see a car parked in front of the house which pulled into our drive upon our turning on the lights in the house.

This car was that of Don Ford of Sharonville, Ohio. With him were Jim Holtel of Cincinnati and Larry Touzinsky of St. Louis. Jim and Larry looked beat but Don looked fresh. I thought this guy Ford must be superhuman (he's 6'8" for those who have not met him) but found out later that he slept while someone else drove during the night.

Dolores and I had the few remaining items packed and were ready to leave at six o'clock, leaving my mother-in-law with our three children. We left with Don et al trailing behind and headed by to pick up Gerry Greenstreet. Gerry, whose story "The Squirrels" appeared in the July ish of Amazing, is not a man as the name would lead one to believe, but a very charming woman.

Southwest of Tulsa we drove onto the Turner Turnpike and were on our way to Oklahoma City and the Baltimore Hotel, the site of the Oklacon II. The lack of rain had left the countryside burned dry. Only blotches of green showed in the fields where some slight trace of moisture remained in the earth. The trees, normally still green at this time of year, have a pale yellow pallor as a result of the drouth.

Leaving the Turnpike some two hours after starting we threaded our way through the residential area past the State Capitol with its oilwells on

the Capitol grounds, on into town and the Biltmore Hotel. Pulling up in front of the hotel a garage mechanic in the guise of a doorman tried to remove the doors from the car as a swarm of vultures dressed as bellboys gobbled up the cowhides we had wrapped about our clothing.

The doorman informed me that if I would go down through the alley to the back door (No, he was not trying to slip me in) he would have a porter meet me with a truck (a hand one, that is) to unload the two hundred some mags and books that Val Walker and I had contributed to the auction from our collections, the art work contributed by Ray Palmer, the slide projector and other things for the con. These items were taken to the Derrick Room where the con was to take place.

My wife had registered for us and told me our room number which I promptly forgot necessitating my asking the room clerk where my wife was. He, with a fish-eyed stare, told me it was 524 and as I turned away he inquired if I was not the president of the Oklahoma Science Fiction Convention (sic-Donfederation) which was holding its convention at the hotel. Upon my letting him know that I held that honor he gave forth with the sigh of the type of a man might give before starting to clean out the cow barn.

The restraint attitude of clerk might have been due to some of the pre-con activities of those who had arrived at the hotel the night before and those from Oklahoma City that had dropped into welcome them. I did not find out too much of these activities but they seem to center around Wayne Briesel, Pres. of the Enid Science Fiction League, Commander Corey (Kent edits and pubs A LA SPACE), artist Walt Bowart, a couple of smoke bombs and a few bottles suspiciously labeled as if to designate that they contained spirits. This could not have been true for Oklahoma is a dry state.

Kent, Wayne and I left to pick up some two boxes of 1930 mags that a woman had for the auction and did not get back until after 10 o'clock. The program was to start at 10:30 but the lateness of our return delayed it until 11:00. I called the convention to order and turned the meeting over to Corey for the introductions of guest and notables. His mispronouncing of such names as Sam Martinez, pro writer and editor of SHADOWLAND, and Larry Touzinsky was slightly hilarious. Also the misinformation on the people he was introducing cause much ribbing and comment from the floor with but one small riot when he accused Bill Shell, who publishes SHADOWLAND, of using paper and other materials of the company for whom he works.

As a part of the introductions Dan McPhail, old time Oklahoma fan, told of early day fandom and the first Con held in Oklahoma.

With the introduction out of the way Jann Hickey as Oklacon Secretary presented the gavel with a short speech. Someone goofed though and there was no gavel to present. Jann's speech was very flattering.

By this time it began to look like it might be Don Chappell appreciation day with the many generous things said by those making introductions and those commenting when introduced. But this did not stop me from making my welcome speech to those attending, on behalf of the Oklacon and the OSFC. We then adjourned until 2:00 for lunch.

Room 215 was used as a display room for the art work from UNIVERSE, IF and PLANET and the mags and books to be auctioned. Some jello head talked us into holding our afternoon meeting in this room. This was much regretted later for it was not air conditioned.

13

Science Fiction as a Hobby was the first topic on the second session where I discussed fan clubs and Dolores gave a talk on "I Married an SF Fan!" When talks on Science Fiction as A Career with "How I got Started Writing Science Fiction for the subject. Gerry Greenstreet's enacting of the events leading to the writing of her story "The Squirrels" was a performance., clever beyond description. Sam Martinez, Elmer R. Kirk and Neil Coble further entertained us by telling us how easy it is to write. They sure made it sound easy...way Elmer Kirk put it all you had to do was put paper in the old typer and a story will practically arite itslef. (HA!)

The speeches were concluded with one by Alpha Hart, Dr. Scn., on Diagnostics with questions being asked from the floor. A short recess was called before the auction.

The auction was divided into two parts, with the first being held preceding supper and the second after. Heighest bids were paid for issues 4 through 9 of Amazing in very good condition and some 1936 through 1940 Astoundings and the cover painting Sunbathing In Space from Universe #3. Dan McPhail auctioned mags and books and Walt Boward did the same with the illos and paintings. It was decided that something must be done to speed up the auction next year.

One of the highlights of the convention was the showing of slides of the Mid WesCon, Cinventian and other fan activities and personalities by Don Ford. These slides in full color were excellent even though they were shown on a white hotel sheet rather than a screen. A near catastrophe was just bearily avoided as the fanzine editors present dashed forward to get a better look at the picture when a shot of Harlan Ellison was shown and tripped over the electric cord to the projector. (It seems they wanted to be sure they murdered the right person if they ever met up with him.)

TMulsa was chosen as the sight of the Oklacon III to be held over the Fourth of July weekend next year so as not to conflict with the World Con.

At 10 p.m. the more-or-less formal portion of the program ended and everyone that could squeeze in had managed to find their way to room 524 which Dolores and I had been calling home. People were draped all over the furniture and floor like Dali watches. They were six deep on the bed, two to some of the chairs, sitting on the suitcase, rack, sitting and lying on the floor and as my wife commented if the door into the bathroom had opened in the right way they would have been sitting on certain of the furniture in there also.

The battle cry of the night seemed to be "Let's put out a one-shot!" And then everyone would take another shot. Someone suggested it be called "Oklacorn"...undoubtedly under the influence of the corn consumed during the evening. Sam Maritinez did the only real contructive work along this line and composed



a poem which when published I hope you all get a chance to read. I wrote a limerick on phonographic literature but was promptly beaten into submission.

One of those present hypnotized Kent Corey and will never be forgiven By the others for awakening him again. Kent later went to sleep on the floor without any help. He was taken up to his room by Bill Shell and Walt Bowart and the next morning could not remember how he got to his room.

The last person felt his way out of our room about 3:30 Sunday morning. It took me another thirty minutes to clear enough room so we could get to bed. A little later Larry Touzinsky called down asking if he could come down and get his coat which he had forgotten and Dolores told him yes before I could stop her. He made it down and took off with his coat but where in the heck he was going at 4 a.m. is beyond me.

Seven o'clock and Dolores got me up. Boy, if that isn't grounds for divorce I don't know what is. The Sunday morning activities consisted of bidding some of the attenders goodby, seeing the sights of the town and visiting about.

After noon a game of twenty questions was started in the Derrick Room. Sam read his Oklacorn poem to us at this time. The fans had started leaving a few at a time and at 2 in the afternoon, Dolores, Gerry Greenstreet and I left for Tulsa. Others waited until later to leave, perhaps to drive when it cooled off in the evening.

For only its Oklacon was a attendance varied as some drifted curiosity. Enough from registration pay all the expense left over Con.

Dan McPhial new president of in Oklahoma in bring us an even We are looking old friends and next year at the

second year, the success. The between 35 and 40 in and out from money was taken in and the auction to pennies and have for next year's

was elected the the first con held 1936 and should better Con in 1955. forward to seeing making new friends



FAN-VET CON REPORT

--- JOHN FLETCHER

In every fan's life there comes a time when he has to face reality...Attend a Con or stay a neo.

I think now that I'd rather stay a neo.

My first mistake was to tell Lyle Kessler I'd got to the 4th Annual Fan Vet Con with him. I could have stayed home and saved ten bucks. As it is I've got to sell a mess of books and mags to make up for it. Either that or do without lunch for two weeks.

Kessler and I left Philly at approximately 9:00. We arrived in New York at eleven (A.M.). At one o'clock we arrived at Werderman's Hall, the hole where the Convention was to be held. Due to the fact that this one sunday, Dayligh Saving was to take over we had one hour to waste in doing nothing. So naturally we did it in the bar.

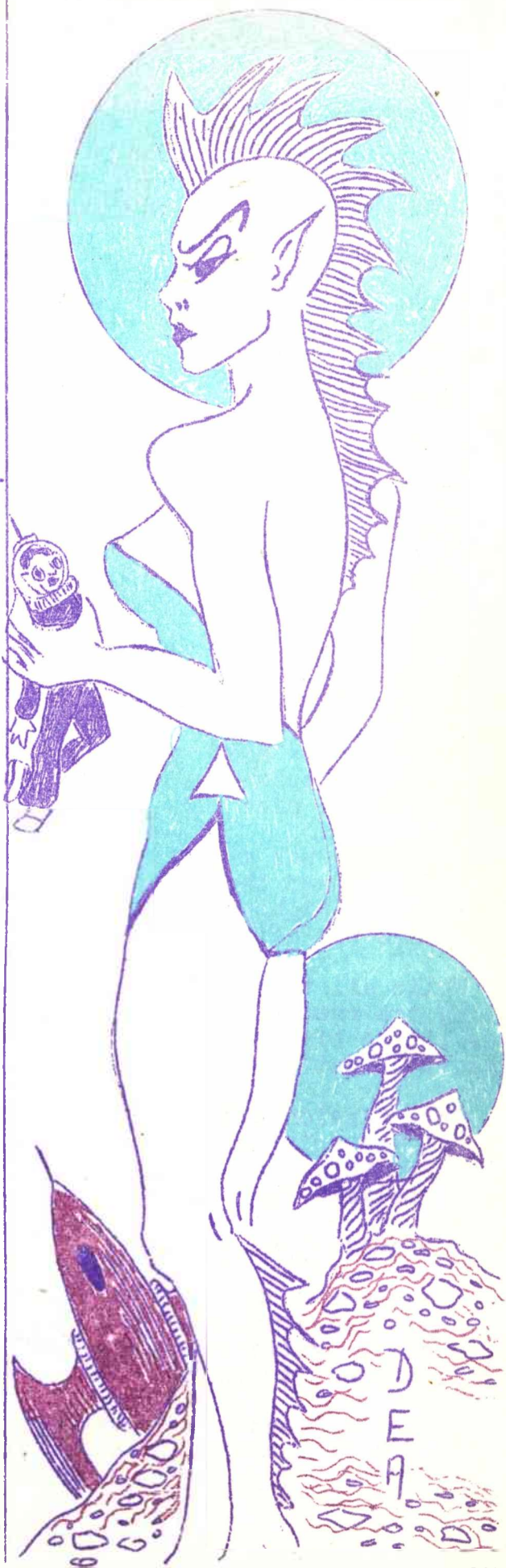
But I'm getting ahead of myself.

First we entered Werderman's Hall and spotted Taurasi contemplating his pipe. Or I should say his Franklin Stove. The G.D. thing was twice as big as any other pipe you ever saw.

After we registered we wand@red around sloshing through the fringe fans till we at last reached Charlie Harris. Harris took a photo of Kess and me, at the same time introducing Burt Beerman. That's why the picture looks lousy. Not because Beerman annoyed me, because he was introduced at such an awkward time.

After I fought off the autograph hound (They though I was Ellison--god forbid), Kess and I walked to the bar. There we saw a couple of queer-l@oking ducks and figured we had found ourselves some fans.

We had. For the first time in my life I met a man after my own heart. John



Closson. He was drinking Coke in a bar. A good boy.

Kessler ordered two cokes. We picked ourselves up from outside the bar and walked back in again. This time Kess whispered the order.

After messing around in the bar I grabbed Closson and Kessler (and boy were they mad...they hadn't finished lick the foam of all the glasses) and we walked back to the Hall.

After much talk and a lot of bull the meeting started. Van Houten kicked up a hell of a fuss at our not getting started on time, but we didn't mind.

The first speaker was Robert Frazier, book reviewer for FANTASTIC UNIVERSE and co-teacher of the N.Y. Stf writing course (Sam Moscovitz is the other teacher). Frazier gave one big blurb for the writing course. A hell of a boring speech if I must say so. It wasn't even a speech, he read from a pile of notes.

Dr. Thomas S. Gardner was next, with a talk on something or other. I couldn't make out what it was. Mainly because Beerman and I sat next to each other, and gabbed and generally crapped around.

Harry Harrison of SFA was next. He gave a brilliant speech on a subject imperative to our times...The revival of Space. He injected a few notes of humor and a remark that they're in the process of sending out checks for stories. (Everyone in the place sat up when this was mentioned).

Cal Beck was next on the witness stand. He gave a discussion of The American Science Fantasy Society, but I didn't catch what it was about except that it was a nice big, juicy plug.

Willy Ley was the principle speaker. He gave a humorous talk on his latest book and the coming movie based on one of his and Bonestell's yarns. Ley was the highspot of the day. Or I should say of the meeting, for the best time was after the Con.

While all this biz about speakers and stuff was going on, I was circulating the room seeing what kind of crap was to be auctioned off. Then I saw it! A big, lovely manuscript. NATURAL STATE by Damon Knight. That was it. That's what I wanted.

Intermission finally came. Everybody dashed out to the bar and sopped up all the spirits they could lay their hands on. (Kessler told me later that he had gotten served, but he's a bull artist ((ask Viksnins)) and I don't believe him. Kess looks about thirteen at the most.)

The auction started.

There was muchadeaboutnothing. I picked up an original Poulton for two bits and a motheaten manuscript by Kurt Vonnegut. But lurking in the back of my egotistical mind there was the Knight manuscript. I wanted it and I wanted it bad.

I called Closson, who was busy introducing me to Dave MacDonald and Marin Jukovsky and helping out with the auction at the same time and told him my plan. I would crook the mss. and sit on it till the auction was over. Then I'd shove it in his brief case and disappear.

Trouble is, it didn't work out that way. I sat on the manuscript all right. I put it in Closson's briefcase all right, but it turns out that

some fringe fan who was there wanted the damn thing also.

When the auction was over the simple fringer asked the guy who registered everything the thing that was auctioned off (he was also the cashier) if the ms. had been auctioned off yet. After glancing through the books, they came up with the answer. No.

All this time I was standing around looking suspicious. So I grabbed the ms., walked over to the cashier, and gave him a buck. He asked me what for. I said NATURAL STATE. The dumb fringer stood there with his jaw cleaning up the floor. He asked me when it was auctioned off. I said just then.

The fringer turned, tears running down his cheeks. I couldn't be that cold-hearted. So I told the kid he could have it--for \$5 of course. The little soandso offered me three, expecting to get it. All the time aI'm doing this, Dave McDonald is wandering around guzzling a few beers (at the same time yet) and trying to auction off Closson, who said I looked like Ellison (the bum!).



During the Con, I was introduced to Hank Moscovitz by Kess. (Moscovitz, incidentally, sold two mystery yars. One to London Mystery mag, the other to another English job). Moscovitz had a car, so naturally we all liked him at once. Kessler then introduced me to Deretchin, Dave Kyle, and Lee Riddle. Deretchin was quite a guy. When Kessler told him my name he jumped back, faked a fight. We fought. But it was a short fight for Deretchin's an old man of twenty.

Ed Emsh was circulating the room autographing drawings that were auctioned off all the while. Sam Moscovitz came in to the convention late, staggered out and back into the bar after a short period of time. But the greatest thrill of the day was when Evelyn Gold leaned on me. I nearly fell over. (She's heavy.) She leaned on me, sunglasses, and all. (No, she had on the sunglasses, even though I had them on too. Sunglasses, that is. We both had them on. Not the same pair. A different pair.)

Dave Mason was the hit of the day on his bike. Seems it's the most sensible way of transportation in New York City Proper.

After the Con, the fun began in full force. Seven of us left the hall and stood outside trying to decide which way to go. Finally Moscovitz (Hank) and I walked down to his car to put our things in it. On the way back we spotted the other five talking to a drunk who was trying to beg a nickel off one of those cheap Stfen. Nobody would toss him a penny even. So we tossed him a fish and moved on. Trouble was, I was the one who gave him the nickel. Now I'm broke.

The seven of us...six people and MacDonald...walked down the street trying to find a place to eat. We walked about seventeen blocks before the argument was over and we decided to eat at Horn and Hardart's. An automat yet.

We just about wrecked the place. Deretchin messed up one of the servers, Closson messed up the milk dispenser and one of the servers, Moscovitz mess-

ed up the food. Martin Jukovsky messed up the meal, Dave MacDonald messed up the people there, and Kessler just messed up.

After we were finished eating, MacDonald left us. Then dinner was much better. After we were tossed out of Horn and Hardarts we wandered up the streets of New York, yelling at cops, truckloads of army men, and anyone around; crossed streets in the middle of the block; and thoroughly establish a bad reputation for Science Fiction.

After much knocking around we wandered up to Union Square. Three guys were yelling and gathering crowds. We walked closer to see what was going on. They were merely expressing their opinions about different issues. Communism, pacifism, McCarthyism, and a lot of other bull. Being Science Fiction fans we weren't to be out done. So naturally we did the one thing that you all would have done.

Kessler began reciting THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH and drew quite a crowd. Jukovsky and Deretchin phutsed around while Closson, who looked like a diplomat from another country or even another planet because of his briefcase looked on in half interest, protesting whenever Kessler made a mistake. I got into an argument with Kessler after he calmed down; an about McCarthy and Crumminish.

After a while and much arguing with true Communist and queers we drew a crowd of really interested people. About fifty people all together. And we had a damn good argument going. After half an hour of this enthralling occupation, we got bored out-arguing communists. 'Twas then that Closson came up with an idea. We had a discussion, while all the other people were arguing among themselves. Then we filtered back to the crowd. Closson, the mastermind, then yelled, " THE DELEGATES, THE DELEGATES FROM CENTAURUS ARE HERE!! "

Then we all ran like holy blue hell. One of these days, one of those bums in Union Square is gonna get curious and look up Centaurs. And when he finds out what it means...Look out! The Government'll be investigating Stf.

All in all, the Fan Vet Con stunk and was the worst con ever held in the history of Stf.

And if Taurasi reads this, I hope he doesn't feel too bad; after all, next year's will be better. At least it couldn't be worse. ---THE END.

For a while there, it didn't look like Cleveland stood much of a chance of winning over Detroit for the '55 World Con cite. Ellison really worked hard putting on the propoganda for Detroit. With him were George Young, and Rog Simms. They spread the word that the Cleveland fan group had split and they were divided into two groups, the one headed by the Falascas was supposed to contain nothing but a pack of juveniles.

Don Donnell, gave a rather half-assed bid for Buffalo which succeeded, in the long run, of getting all of 12 votes. I believe it was EEEvans speech regarding the juvenality of the Detroit members and how maturity was a real pre-requisite to putting on a convention.

And so, Cleveland has won the bid for the World Con on Labor Day weekend of 1955. I'd like to see all of you their--let's give it our support!

18

THE 3 STAGES OF

SCIENCE =

FICTION

ENJOYMENT

Carol McKinney

The first stage begins the day you discover your first stf mag. That's a simple statement to cover the wide range of possibilities on just how you did discover it. One fem-fan I know made the great discovery in the midst of a stack of old newspapers and magazines she was helping to gather for a waste paper drive, while another picked up the deadly habit from an older brother. I suppose the majority found their first mag on the stands of the corner drug store, where it was snuggled cosily between Two-Gun Western and Horrid Romances.

And just what was it that first drew your interested attention to it? Perhaps the male fen, red-blooded men that they are, were attracted by the certain stage of undress affected by the inevitable female upon the lurid cover, or maybe if they were slightly young for that sort of thing, say 8 or 9 it was probably the Ship that drew their fascinated gaze. There is the possibility, growing more towards a certainty every passing month, that the 1st Mag you found was not a pulp at all, but a digest sized creation, sporting a more varied cover.

Only one thing fen seem to hold in common is a more than normal amount of imagination, and the ability to use it freely. That's why a potential fan can look at the cover of an unfamiliar magazine which portrays that came out of a warped mind, and somehow know that it is what he's been consciously searching for, while someone else will pass it by with a contemptuous look, seeking more prosaic reading material.

This stage is actually the most important because it is the basis of all future fan activities. No one could become an actifan without knowing something about science fiction as it is, and though some fen let their crifanac take up most of their free time so that they hardly have any time to read prozines at all, still--even they will admit its importance.

The great majority never go past this stage, of just reading and possibly collecting various mags and books dealing with stf and/or fantasy. Perhaps it is a matter of time, but most probably it is interest. Most people read stf just to relax of an evening or Sunday, and never consider the possibility of it becoming a hobby.

It takes a certain something inside a potential actifan to push onto the next stage in stf enjoyment, but no one ever entirely discards a stage while enlarging upon his fan world. You might say that he just broadens his

horizons a little, and rearranges his available spare time.

II

The second stage is that of an actifan. This may be only a feeble attempt at first, starting with communication with other fen via the mails. Letters to the editors can certainly be classified in this category, but only in the lower stratas. Again, many more stop at this level of Stage II and only write a few letters to fan friends and an occasional one to editors, while reading and collecting take up the greater part of the time which they spend upon stf.

Joining and becoming active in various fan clubs can be called the middle level of Stage II, and once again many more stop at this particular level and consider themselves very busy fen. More go on to sub to the horde of fanzines, avidly reading all the ones they can afford, or have interest in, but seldom if ever trying to submit anything for publication therein.

The top level of II, is, of course, the actifan who not only has time, or makes time for reading the various stf mags and pubs, scribbles and occasional or habitual missive to the prozine editors and several of the faneds, sends out his stories, articles, etc., to those same faneds, but also miraculously has time for such mundane things as eating and sleeping. In his spare time he answers the 2 dozen letter that are crammed into his mailbox daily... This is the lad about whom all the neighbors have their doubts, who has caused fatalistic resignation in his family, and also the resignation or request for transfer by several erstwhile contented mailmen.

And this is the stage where those at the top levels try desperately to discover the nature of Time. There never seems to be enough of it. The more projects they try to cram into the few short hours, the faster Time flies.

(In the demension just beyond us, a conspiracy is afoot. Grqwert, a particularly chartreuse specimen of the genus, BEM, long ago grew very enraged about being written into a story and plotted carefully the down fall of all stf fen. This was so they would never progress (?) to become pros and perhaps be tempted to take his name in vain again. With his superior knowledge of the Laws of Things That Are, and his terrifyingly tremendous intellect, Grqwert calculatigly built a Time Matrix Warper, equipped with a Confusion Indicator. Then, he turned it on... The results are known only to a few who have been able, through sheer will power and genius, to see the Truth, to carefully rebuild their lives--and spare time--so that this bilious Bem would not suspect. They are the only ones who have ever been able to confuse the Confusion Indicator, which is, indeed, a noteworth accomplishment. All the rest must grope blindly along, wondering sadly where all the Time goes to, while non-stf beaders always seem to have more than enough, even to become bored at times. These befuddled fen don't know, and wouldn't believe even if the evidence were offered to them wound around the pulsating fuschia-tinted eye-stalks of Grqwert, that he is the cause of all their troubles in time-lack. He watches them eagerly, and when they become interested in some phase of cri-fanac, vanishes their Tim, turning it over to some noj-fan who has more than he knows what to do with in the first place. And they'll never believe, these frantic fen, even when the Truth is presented to them.....)

III

It would not be too far wrong to estimate that only 1 in 100 acti-fen ever makes the plunge for Stage III. This is the ultimate in stf enjoyment,--for what other reason would cause a perfectly happy, sane, actifan to suddenly choose to spend dozens of hours and dollars in----

putting

out

a

fanzine???

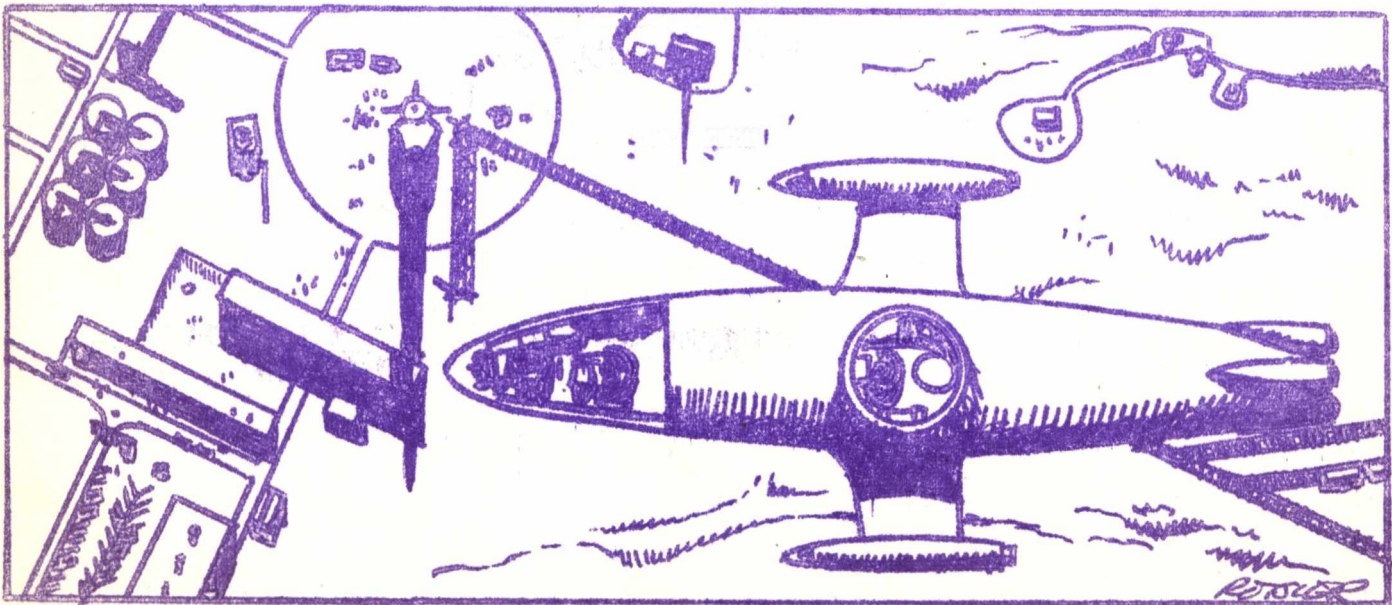
Some neos are actually naive enough to think that a faned dows it because he makes money...That might well be, that he ends up making money, that is...

A fanzine is an expensive hobby. A fanzine is a headache producer. A fanzine is an egoboo blaster. Also a very effective bomb attractor.

A fanzine comes to occupy a special place in your life, that nòthing can be allowed to usurp if you are to make a Deadline. It can be a faned's pride and joy or his intangible nemesis, depending on how much time he wishes to devote to its care and feeding. Time again, to remind you that the majority of Stage III's have discovered how to confuse the Confusion Indicator. It's practically an indispensable necessity...

Faned's must not only put out a top rate zine if they wish to remain unscathed by the barbs of the horde always watching for glaring errors and cruddy material, but also answer the 59 letters the mailman staggers up with every morning (118 on Mondays), read most of the prozines (some read them all!), write letters-to-the-eds, at least 14 a month, and then in their spare time write material for other faneds who are in the same enjoyable predicament. Those who have learned how to foil a certain BEM also have plenty of Time left over for such pleasant pastimes as eating, sleeping, movies, paring their toenails, and other entertainment.

Putting out a fanzine is not all taken up with buying the right kind



of paper, stencils, ink, staples (#)#! These won't fit--I told you to get No.53's!!), typing up the layouts, the stencils, running off the whole works, assembling, addressing, mailing, and then leaning back with a sigh of relief. Oh no, it isn't all that simple. In a few days come the letters.

"XXXXX stinks. Why don't you get better artwork/stories/articles/writers, a new ed?" "After the editorial, my tummy upped on me. After this please delete the editorial. On second thought, delete the whole damn thing..." "The article by Joe Fann, How to Eat a Martian Foozer, was very ripe. In fact, it smelled up the place..." "You sure are a sly one, old boy--giving us that story by Heinlein--one of the better ones, too. When are you going to let the rest of the world know that you are his ghost writer anyway? When do we get another of your masterpieces?..." "Like the article, 'You too Could be a Budding Genius,' because it described me so perfectly. I didn't like the feature, 'How To Build Your Own Interstellar Spaceship In your Own Basement'. If you don't publish my letter this time, I won't sub any more..." "XXD stinks!"

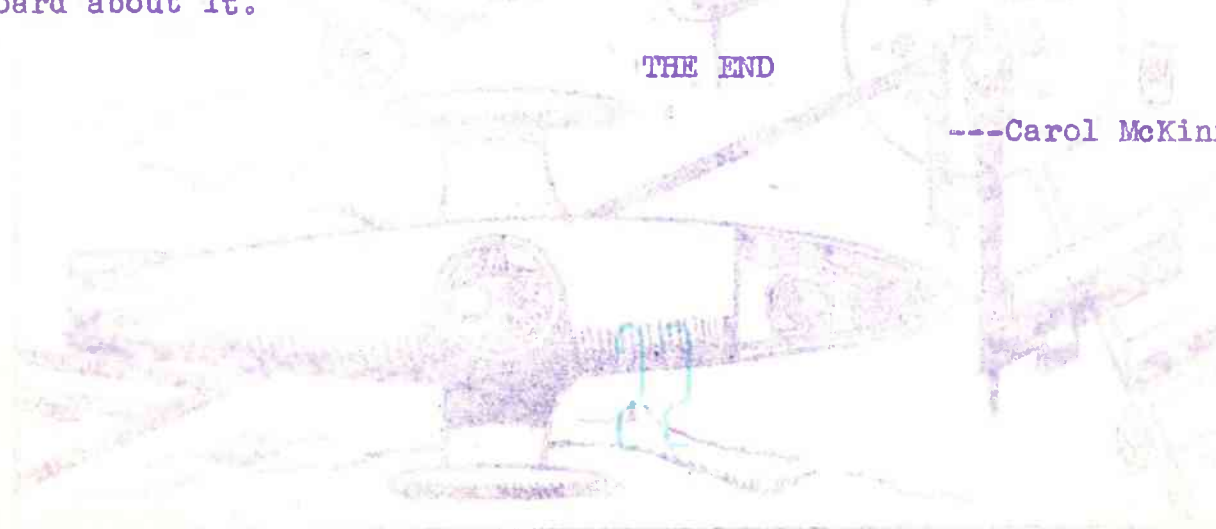
But the other part, the best part, of fanzine pubbing is that you have the Joy of Creating. This is very lightly mentioned in the hallowed circles of faneds, but they can't deny it's there. Else, why would they do it??? You--Gregg Calkins, Rich Geis, Pete Vorzimer, Terry Carr, Don Wegars, Charles Lee Riddle, Denis Moreen, Ron Smith, Ron Ellick, Charles Wells, Earl Kemp and Male Willits, Georgina Ellis, Harry Calnek, --and dozens of other less well-known; WHY are you pubbing your zine??? Perhaps if you knew the reason, would you then quit? Are you only continuing because (as one faned--who for apparent reasons shall remain nameless here! --confessed to me) you couldn't afford to return all the subs you've collected??? Undoubtedly, it's all tied in with that curious combination of pride and desire for recognition known as egobool, one way or another. Each faned has his own reasons, and perhaps some of the deeper ones aren't even know to himself.

A fanzine is a fine hobby if you let it remain in its proper niche in your life. When it starts taking up time best spent on other necessary items, you have a real problem--whether you will admit it or not.

To those actifan who have never yet had the dubious pleasure of becoming a faned: Go ahead and put out your own zine if you want to; it's like growing up,--no one can tell you exactly what it's like because everyone will meet different problems. But it's fun if you don't go overboard about it.

THE END

---Carol McKinney



denis moreen's

"G'ACCUSE"

In a quick reading of the 200th-Anniversary issue of Fantasy-Times, one is informed, in a single breath of air, that Sam Mines has resigned from Standard, that Spaceway will skip an issue, that George Pal's proposed prozine has been junked, that Space SF will not be revived, and other equally disallusioning facts. All of which just goto prove, again, that we are indeed in the midst of a science-fiction depression. There have been a multitude of articles in the fan press attempting to explain the current phase we are caught in. But I would like to comment on a few things I have noticed in relation to all of this, somethings which perhaps may be a clue to how long the uncertain state will continue.

This was all brought about by my reading a certain story in the October issue of Future which was entitled "Conventional Ending". It was constructed in a "letter by letter" menthod, where the whole story is told in the form of letters from this person to that. The unusual twist to it was that the letters were between the "Scott Meredith Literary Agency" (a very real science-fiction agency) and Ted Gogswell, Poul Anderson, and Gordon Dickson (3 very real science-fiction authors) in which we learn how the three battle against the time element to write a story for Future in time to make the issue coming out right before the Frisco Con, because the story concerns that convention. (Which is probably the only bearing this article will have with the Con, much to Vorzimer's consternation!) We never see the story, but only the correspondence.

The average science-fiction reader will look at this story and ask himself just what sense it makes and why it is handled in such an unusual vein, but to the fan such a story in a prozine brings applause--"For one," says Bartholomew Fann, "the prozines recognize us fans." And after reading the story, I asked myself just why such a normally unpopular piece of material was used. Here is a big-time publisher, sitting there talking about how he gets material and hos his writers are treated, as if he were a mere fanzine. Then I started doing a little investigating.

What I discovered for myself was a clear-out and definite trend in prozines today--a trend where the publishers are stooping over, sometimes even backwards, to recognize the normal reader and fan: a trend where the editors are daring to speak more openly about how they feel about the science-fiction business today; and, what's more, a trend where today's magazines deem not only to recognize their competitors but are willing to give each other pats on the back, a very strange practice among publications who are supposedly out to get each other's throats in order to sell enough copies to stay in business. Witness just a few examples of this rare change in attitudes in the pros; and remember that each one is just an over-look glimpse of the sudden shift in feelings among publishers and editors:

(1) The classic example of someone who has always said what he felt like saying is Ray Palmer. For some years now The Noble One has admittedly fought many odds to try to get his ideas down in reality. Rap has continually made

appeals for money to expand; he has always stumped all over everywhere saying why this and this and this of his are better than anything else, no matter how little he pays for his material; he has always given nothing but a rosy outlook to the future. It is therefor rather surprising to read his editorial in the July issue of Universe, in which he explains in detail just why he had to fold Science Stories. He goes on to say:

"In rejecting a manuscript last night by Mack Reynolds, we note a brief comment penned to Bea, which we think is worth mentioning. He said, "What's happened to the science-fiction field?" That's a good question, Mack. In your case, it is asked because you are getting rejections from all over the place, just as hundreds of other writers are. Well, the publishers are asking the same thing. "Whar in tarnation are all them thar magazine buyers?" What's happened to the big boom that science-fiction entered on, going into the movies, the radio, TV, the big slicks...? Well, the answer is, that science fiction got too big for its britches, and it want burst. Plain and simple bust. The new depression is on. Things are going back to normal. Rates are going down. Stories will have to be terrific to sell. And the day of the amateur who can sling a few wisecracks and call it science-fiction and get 3¢ a word for it is over."

Now I'll admit that perhaps some of Rap's words were brought on as an answer to his many critics who can't see why he continually pays such a low rate for his material. But at least here is one example of an editor who, just in the last few months, has told the facts to the public in so many words. Another indication of Rap's belief that we're all going back to the science fiction of a few years ago is his idea of bringing back Rog Phillips' fine "Club House" and the personals section, both of which made exits when the "boom" was supposedly just beginning.

(2) Another example where the editors of prozines seem to have suddenly become palsy-walsy with the readers occurs frequently in the last few issues of Imagination. I notice that, not only is Madge's infamous letter section actually daring to print letter that are not completely ecstatic of that magazine--but editor Hamling goes along with readers to some extent! In a reply to a letter in the September issue, for instance, William H. says, "So you didn't like Smith's cover on the June issue? What about the robot he painted--we think Malcolm outdid himself on that cover. However, we will go along with you that perhaps his figure work was not as "par Smith" as usual." Sure, Hamling praises Malcolm Smith in the same breath with criticism, but the criticism is there nevertheless.

And in the August issue, Hamling suddenly devoted two columns in the letter section to telling, step by step, how he was cheated out of representation in the recent anthology, EDITOR'S CHOICE OF SCIENCE FICTION. Such an article has not been seen before by me in pro science-fiction magazines; in the attack, is Bill trying to show even more clearly that people should buy Imagination because it is friendly with its readers? That's what it appears to be.

I notice that in the 200th issue of Fantasy-Times there appears an article written especially for that issue by William Hamling, entitled, "Alas, What Boom?" --a title which is indeed self-explanatory. It should be apparent at this point that editor Bill is making an appeal to the fans for support of his magazine, and why should he do that over and over again unless he felt that such support is needed?

(3) But let us jump to the dean of them all, Astounding and a certain Mr. Campbell. Now John W. Campbell Jr. has never been the one to lean,

even slightly, to the fans for advice--he has run his magazines the way he wanted to, and it has paid off (apparently JWC's ideas are mutually acceptable by the majority of readers). It is because of that fact that I was fairly surprised while reading the September issue. In the section, "In Times to Come," which is usually devoted to letting the proverbial cat out of the next issue's bag, Mr. Campbell instead gives an essay telling that the next issue will mark 21 years with Street and Smith, and what he has accomplished during that time. "Astounding is anything but the same as it was 21 years ago," says JWC, "the continuity is not in Being but in Direction, in motion. But motion is change and the motion of the magazine must be growth. Some of you long-time readers may be interested in checking back over more than two decades to see if there is continuity of growth."

It is indeed a fact that Astounding is better than it was 21 years ago. It is also indeed a fact that for the past few years ASF has been receiving a countless number of thrown bricks protesting that fact that its editor has seen fit to just sit around and sell copies on the basis of past reputation, rather than go out and look at the other magazines and base changes on the over-all growth of science-fiction. In this small statement he is clearly talking back to those who have protested Astounding's prostrate position as the top SF mag. But he is also showing that he is at least being affected--if not influenced quite yet--by what the majority of readers say.

ASF's Change in the last six months to a full-cover format shows that JWC has succumbed at least partially to reader-request. And, by the way, Campbell's return to full-cover format parallels Palmer's return to reader-fan columns both of which indicate a return of science-fiction in general to the pre-boom days, where the reader played a much larger role than he does today...

(4) But one of the most important changes I've noticed in recent months is not so much that the prozines are acknowledge the fact that fans and readers are important, but that the important prozines are acknowledging each other. Not that I'd expect Horace Gold to write an editorial about how wonderful Fantasy and Science Fiction is, for that would be absurd. But the careful reader of ASF and Galaxy will notice, especially in the book-review sections, that no longer is care taken to avoid as much as possible mentioning a competitor, no longer is P. Schuyler Miller prohibited from reviewing such things as the Galaxy Reader, no longer are novels which appeared as serials in "another magazine" originaless.

Galaxy for the past year, or about from the time that Gold stopped feuding with Campbell, and vice versa, has seen Conklin repeatedly discuss the products of other magazines favorable. Astounding's Miller has been more cold to the idea, principally because Campbell himself was cold to it; but ASF too has suddenly jumped on the band-wagon. And when something like "Tales from Cavagan's Bar" is practically revered by both reviewers, who take pains to point out that all the stories originated in F&SF, times have indeed changed.

Perhaps the most striking example of all is this sentence of Miller's when he reviewed THE BEST FROM STARTLING STORIES: Don't look now, if you haven't been watching, but in the last few years Startling and Thrilling Wonder, under the skillful editing of the Sams--Merwin and Mines--have begun to breath hotly at the heels of the Big Three, Astounding, Galaxy, and Fantasy & Science Fiction." To have a reviewer for ASF mention two top competitors in the same breath with his own magazine is rare enough, but to actually find a place where JWC admits that there are other magazines which are as good--or even as nearly as good--as his own just doesn't

happen--but here it has! Campbell obviously let his review admit the fact because again Campbell wants to associate himself with the reader, and show that everything is just ducky between fand and pro. (Not that other top prozines haven't brought up the subject of competitors in their pages, but this is the most memorable.) Yes, things certainly are different.

: : : : : : : : : : : :

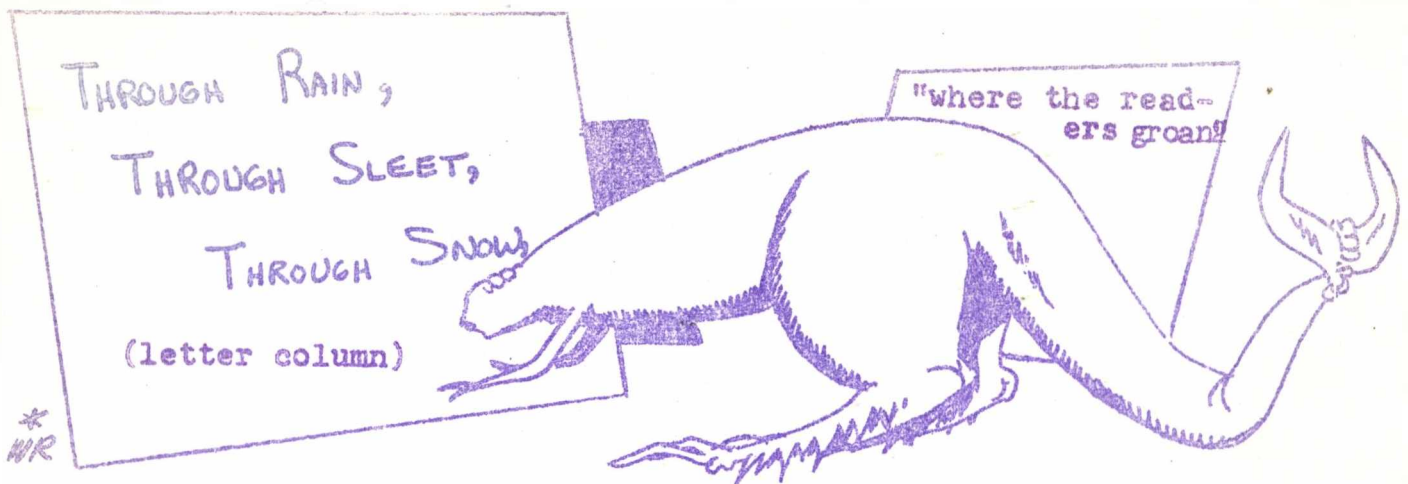
So what does all this prove? To me it proves one thing--that the pros no longer can afford to be considered as a separate entity from the fans and the readers. In these days when a reading and buying depression is upon us, the many prozines are realizing the fact that they must prove to their readers that the buyers are masters, and not the Sellers. To be crude, the pack is huddling together for protection. The watch word is, "all or nothing at all", and the prozines have chosen the all. Will they eventually get back to better selling times? We'll just have to wait and see, but in the meantime, let's glory in the fact that were being noticed!

--Denis Moreen

THE STF DIRECTORY: The Editors - 740 South Olive, Los Angeles, Cal. #47

I've got a really neat 'zine here. It's packed with all sorts of big names...Bradbury, Evans, Ackerman, Gold, Campbell, Boucher, Palmer, Donnell and Vorzimer and many more. This zine has 1440 pages! And what does it cost? 10¢. It kind of makes AB's CONish look like a shrimp. One deterring factor is that this has only one or two illos for all these pages. The format is rather original--having 4 columns per page. The margins are justified. If you haven't seen this one--you really should. It's published three times a year here in Los Angeles, nay other cities have similar publications...all directly stolen from this one. For 10¢ you can't go wrong. I'd give this one an A*****!

28



Back in full swing once more, we find the letter column. Back in issues #2 thru #5 the letter column ran up to 22 pages in length. It was AB's best liked feature. The great attraction in those days were the numerous feuds I was carrying on--all at the same time. You might not agree with me, but I think things are a little different now. Watch and see.

BOYD RAEBURN :

Your letter was certainly a surprise to me, as I anticipated all sorts of rantings and ravings. However, I guess the good mood business is just an excuse, and actually you are afraid to tangle with A BAS for fear of further blasts.

First I wish to make clear that Browne and Ellik had nothing to do with the stuff on you in A BAS. Browne didn't have any idea at all what was going to appear in the issue, and had said nothing about you to me except to mention that he had received a letter from you about the Con issue. Howard Lyons knew that I was making some sort of attack and that was all. I had never received a letter from Ron Ellik until after the issue appeared, and although he may have had contact with others of the Derelicts, apparently he never mentioned you. All my material was taken from fanzines.

I had no intention of insulting your mother, and don't see that I did. I merely used a reference at the beginning of Ellik's article in the last Fog, and if you disagree with what he says, you had better write to Fog repudiating it, otherwise everybody will take it for the truth. I had been informed that Le Ackerman had checked up on the NAPA business for you, I think it appeared in a fanzine somewhere. Somebody should have checked up for you anyway. NAPA has been running since 1876 (I think that is the year) and you did rather makes idiots of yourselves using the same name.

O.K., so you apologized in ABstract #5 and #6 for things you said in #3 and #4. How in hell are we to know? Nobody, but NOBODY in Toronto received #5: a few weeks ago you said you had sent me #6 but it hasn't arrived yet; and also #7 has yet to make the scene. If you are going to be so squirrely about your distribution, you can't complain if people don't see your subsequent apologies and repudiations. Further, material was on stencil when #5 which we didn't see came out. Another thing, if you receive a fanzine in the mail, you should presume that it is sent to you by the editor unless informed otherwise. You can make lots of enemies that way. Better cut out calling ABstract "Abby" as there used to be a fanzine of that name.

As far as all your old idiocies in ABSTRACT having been cleared up is concerned, I am afraid you are indulging in a bit of wishful thinking, judging by the mail I have received regarding the A BAS attack. As I said in my editorial though, you have a good fanzine there, and it should get even better. Just THINK a little occasionally. Don't take the attitude that because you have been in fandom for a year or so you are a big noise, because a guy can make an awful fool of himself that way. Sure, you are very active, put out a good zine, and have access to a lot of name writers, but don't think that fandom centers exclusively around the teenage group; it doesn't.

Thanks for the compliment on A BAS. I must decline to write anything for your Con issue, as anything I write at the moment I want for my own mag. Looking forward to the Con issue, and I hope I get it (unlike previous issues of ABSTRACT).

This is by no means a truce. If you shoot your mouth off in future issues of ABSTRACT, A BAS will be jumping on you, but don't consider I am running a vendetta on you alone. ANY faneditor who makes an ass of himself will get the treatment.
--BOYD RAE BURN - 14 Lynd Ave, Toronto 3,

((It's not always a good thing to do--copying remarks other people make in fanzines about another person. For one, just because you are quoting people does not make it the truth. Now, I for one, am not going to go around saying that so-and-so is a dirty liar--for the most part, a lot of the things said about me have been true. There were numerous occasions back through the earlier ABs where I made a royal fool out of myself. I've had many months of living up to it. I had many months also, before the A BAS attack opened a healing wound.

My circulation is not squirrely. I print 110 copies of this mag. About 5 I keep for myself. I do not have any Canadian steady subbers--or traders. You cannot expect to receive AB's 1,2,3,4,5, because when I circulated them I was not aware of your presence in fandom. Obviously, you got your copies of AB's 3 and 4 from other sources--you should have, therefore, gotten your AB's 5 and 6 from the same sources wherein my apologies did appear.

Regarding my old idiocies. I have forgotten about them. If I am indulging in wishful thinking, then it is a small group that wish to keep up the fight--not me. Those that were, at the time, hurt by my degradations, accusations, etc., have accepted my apology. The fights and feuds are no concern (of no direct concern) to anyone other than those of whom I was fighting.

Thank you for your few compliments that you mixed in with the letter, at least you admit that material-wise (editorials and letter answers proving the exemptions) and repro-wise ABSTRACT is a good magazine. As far as your receiving a CONish goes, you should not get one. You did not pay the 25¢, nor have you as yet sent in a trade. (The last A BAS was trade for AB#7).

I am glad this has not proven to be a truce. I shall continue sending you ABSTRACT and hope I'll receive your most interesting mag in trade.))

C H A R L E S W E L L S :

Thank you for your sneak preview of the poll results. My returns as yet fragmentary (about 20) but nevertheless I'll tell you that PSY is in first place with Skyhook and "A" trailing closely behind. ABby is around 10th place, but a great many polls from people who didn't get Fta and therefore got the polls mailed to them just the other day (or will get it mailed them in some cases--I'm not through yet) haven't come in yet, and since these people include a lot of Californians, ABby's score should rise later on.

Which reminds me that I got ABstract #7. I feel I must refute Mr. Nock's statements. It is true that fta goes mostly to older (fannishly speaking) fans than ABstract goes to, but only on a percentage basis. The sub edition goes to about 35 more people than ABstract, and these people are mostly former Quandry subscribers. I suppose fta goes to most of the younger set that ABstract goes to--no less than 75% of that group, anyway. But the percentage, because of that Senile 35, is less.

But, this has nothing to do with the poll. Sure, nearly all fta-subbers got the poll, but so did about 100 or more other people, including all the California set in the sense that he belongs to that clique, that fta does not go to--at least, all who were former fta subbers, or whose addresses could be gleaned from other fanzines or from anyplace else I could find.

I note you now have 232 fans, on your poll. I probably won't get that many returned--in fact, I only sent out about that many. But my poll will be more accurate, perhaps, than yours, because it wasn't spread out over a long period of time. Yours have been coming in since AB#2; mine will all be in in the space of two months AT THE MOST, unless I decide, because of low returns, to lengthen the deadline again. Your poll is like trying to decide the temperature at 12:00 by making a continuous record of the temperature from 10:00 to 2:00, and then averaging this continuous record together (with more emphasis on certain times, by the way--because your poll returns probably didn't come in at exactly the same rate over the whole period to find) the 12:00 temperature. You're not getting a very good idea of the temperature, I'm afraid. But I admit that if you had sent them all out at once, you would not have gotten such high returns.

By the way, I dislike your giving the results as you go along. That way, someone who hasn't voted yet is likely to see that the mag CRUDEATERS' GAZETTE is leading the poll, and decide to vote for it because "everyone else is, so it must be good." I'm not giving out results ahead of time except privately, to people like you who have already voted.

Dammit, you had better have a long letter column in the CONish. (How did you guess?-ed.)

Your review of Fiendetta: my boy, if anyone is stealing from anyone else (referring to my foofs and Stewart's Boobs) Stewart is stealing from me. I had foofs in the Fiendish, number six that was, which came out about a year ago. I had foof long before that in Scintilla, but you will have to ask editor Anderson exactly when, since I've forgotten. I do know that I had foofs out long before I ever saw the Boobs, tho whether that means I saw the Boobs the first time they came out or not I don't know. Besides, foofs aren't exactly like Boobs. Look again.

And if you think my ditto ishes were better than my mimeo ones...well! I'm not so sure I will ever trust your judgement again. Personally, I thought my earlier ditto issues were AWFUL. Boy! what I could do if the same people who contributed to those issues would contribute now!

McCain is NOT a column. Have to go now. ABstract is a most enjoyable mag; as meaty as PSYCHOTIC if it is not as "homy" feeling to read.

--CHARLES WELLS 405 E. 62nd St., Savannah, Ga.

((About the polls. You're slightly mistaken. I collected 232 votes--ALTOGETHER. But you forget. I ran two polls. That's right. The first poll ran from #2 (the returns didn't come in--as they were in letter-form) until after #3 was out. So the first poll actually ran from AB#3 to AB#5.

About two months. In AB#5 the second and most up-to-date poll started. The total returns on that were 82 out of 106 sent out. I published, in AB#7 and again later on, the results of the first poll--then the results of the second poll, bringing the final poll up-to-date. The results were then published. You confused the revealing of the first poll results with my giving away the places of the 10 top zines. There were many people who wanted to know where they were situated. Geis even wanted to know who the suckers were that gave AB 46 first place votes out of 232 votes cast. I couldn't reveal it, but I did reveal the names of all who took place (the 232) in the poll. MY poll is over. AB was voted 5th place and I'm happy--why couldn't I be?

One more thing, I believe I have the most well-rounded circulation (in proportion to my number of copies handed out) than any other fanzine. I have Tucker, Boggs, Silverberg, Wells, Watkins, Moreen, Grennell, Nydahl, Willis, Browne, Raeburn, Donnell, Carr, Stewart, Norman, Nock, Hitchcock, Satz, Clemons, Piper, Sadler, Calkins, White, Geis, Reynolds, Mittlebuscher, Multog, Ackerman, Nowell, Staphenhorst, Dea, McKinney, Hall, Hickman, Rapp, Jansen, Wolf, Johnson (Bob and Sam), Lyons, Rotsler, Wegars, Malz, Southworth, Gerding, Hoffman, Bergeron, Clarkson, Viksnins, Madle, Phillips, Touzinsky, Chappell, Bloch, Beerman, the Stewarts, Ellison, Gilbert, Kunwiss, Bradley, Kellogg, Menicucci, Rike, Burge, Graham, Elik, Balint, Magnus, Peterson, Burbee, Riddle, Smith, Thompson, Shorrock, Jacobs, Cox, Kessler, Fletcher, Knapheide, Semenovich, Moskowitz, Dietz, Young, Simms, Weber, and about 23 others whose names escape me. That's a pretty darn well-rounded audience if I must say so. How bout you?))

B O B B L O C H :

When I arrived back home here I found a mountain of mail, and I've been climbing ever since.

So my comments on AB will be brief and to the point. Just can't seem to recuperate from the UnConvention, which (in case you didn't notice) afforded me a wonderful time.

As usual, there were just too many things to do -- the couples who took me in tow showed me all of San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, the Redwoods etc.,...by day and by night. It was just one long procession of beautiful scenery, lush hotels, fine restaurants, exotic bars-- plus the Convention itself. So I find myself (as usual) regretting that I didn't do more visiting and that there weren't 48 hours in the day instead of 24.

But I loved every minute of it (though I did get tired spells) and now I'm eagerly looking forward to the CONish which should really be something. Let me know, please, if I can possibly obtain prints of some of the photos you think might interest me...this is one Convention where I'm determined to have a pictorial record because I had such a fine time and met so many swell people. Hopp this reaches you before you're off to college!

--BOB BLOCH Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin

((Thanx for your numerous compliments--glad to hear you got such a bang out of Frisxo, Calif., and the Con. I hope this CONish lives up to your expectations--though I doubt it. I didn't get it finished before I left for college as you can see. None of my 77 pics turned out--so I'm up the well-known creek. However, I'm doing my best--which is all I have to offer, and hope that you'll remember so, before panning, this, possibly my last effort. Bob, you're a wonderful person. Though I could only snatch a few moments with you at the Con, I do admire your keen wit and winning personality and hope that I may have the pleasure of meeting you again at perhaps the 13th World Science Fiction Convention.))

JIM BRADLEY:
Got your material for the Con Report--I really enjoyed reading it--darn near split a gut at times. After listening to J. Mehmet ---you-know-who, and Maic Willits, then reading your con report I would have given my right arm to be there (that's all I'm willing to give tho, seeing as if I went I would have made it my life, and I value that.) I was kind of sick with streptococcus, seticoccus, pneumonia, and infectious mononucleosis. First I thought I was going to die, then I was afraid I wasn't. My emotions changed as my temperature went up. Back to the subject. Kellogg, unexpectedly, went back east to college so that leaves little lonesome me to do the illustrating. I'll tackle it, but I don't promise 25 illos--that's a couple full day's work. Perhaps I can do them ALL--but no promises. I do promise some anyhow--also I like that ad proposition.

In reading about the parties that you attended at the Con reminds me of some Saturday nights at my place. Usually I will put an extra hard day's work in on Sat. and when I get finished with supper, I usually like to go to Dave's place (The best gol-darnest tavern on the west coast--if you're there long enuff, everyone you know in the world eventually walks in--probably see you there sometime!), and drink a few COLD beers--usuall shooting the bull with other inhabitants and gathering ideas for the next LYRIC (my best fans are there). I put one beer away and am ready to start on the next when Kellogg will pop in and say "Jim, let's go over to your place, and work on LYRIC." Greedily I gulp down my beer, buy about four or five quarts to last the evening, and dash home. We enter my huge room and find Rollie Robonson, and Max Clothier (two staff members) making themselves at home and consuming beer from a case that they constantly bring over--always full to start with. --Before I continue, let me describe my room. It's a huge half basement room with a door leading outside. I have a partition running half way through the middle made into book shelves and crammed with Stf. My desk runs half the length of the room so loaded with papers and stuff that to sit and work I have to continually shift piles. I have a cabinet stuffed with guns with a liquor cabinet underneath it--tho it's empty now. I have a couple of hundred dollars worth of American Folk music, a bunch of sabers and foils, a teap recorder, German officer's hat, a guitar painting, drawings and paints everywhere, a hundred or so more books and mags, and other things that are beyond name or description.

So the four of us began on LYRIC, not really getting too much done between consuming beer, Kellogg trying to convert everyone into jazz lovers, stories and the such. About this time my brother and his brother-in-law Tom, drop in (yep, they brought beer too). LYRIC is forgotten and they start a jam session. Tom gets out my guitar, my bother his harmonica, my father comes down with his mandolin and we're really going hot.

Finally my brother and Tom take off. Kellogg and myself start on LYRIC again. This ends up when someone comes up with an idea for an illustration. Bob draws while the rest pour ideas at him. That was the result in the last two bacovers of Lyric. That's how we work on LYRIC. How do we ever get it done? We don't. I do it all early the next morning when I'm alone. The only solution I can think of. It's a lot of fun trying the preceeding night. Tho.

At the cond, did you attend any parties with Jim Shah---? He's quite a character when wound up. Geis and I hoped both to make the Con, but were bother a victim of circumstances.

31 --JIM BRADLEY 545 N.E. San Rafael, Portland

CLAUDE HALL:

Nope, I couldn't call what meager writing I've done for your zine--a column--but I've not the less enjoyed appearing in there now and then. With '55 I wouldn't be able to continue writing for fanzines at the pace I'm going now, you know, because I'll be back stateside hacking out MUZZY for external consumption and my SAPS zine Claudius, for the holy clan of SAPS themselves. Be looking forward to your "new" zine. Sounds like you'll have some terrific writers there.

I've just received VINE and ABSTRACT #6. Vine was okay but deserves little in the form of comments. ABby was the best issue I've read to date from you. It contained some excellent material. And I really liked your art set up. Rotsler is tops. I've had the good graces of Chu to view his zines in FAPA through the kindness of Art Rapp, who loaned me his bundles about this time last year. What impresses me most though, is that I didn't know he was interested in photography and such matters of such state. Now I've snapped pictures galore while over here, and I've even taken pictures of the beautiful parisian women. But I've yet to take cheesecake or nudes. Mr. Rotsler and I will have to get together some day. I'm a contaxman myself, though I am adding a Rolleiflex to my equipment two months from now. With my Contax IIa, I've taken some excellent pictures and with such an expensive camera grain isn't too noticeable on large blow-ups. But I want the large negatives that a Rolleiflex will offer. I suppose that Rotsler is pretty lucky. I have to use an army photo-lab for my work. He has a better lab to work in. I don't know what I'm going to do upon reaching the states. Guess I'll have to go back to having my developing and printing done professionally. Or maybe I'll be able to find a handy photo-lab on the college campus.

Say, look.....I think you've done me a bit of wrong in publishing a review of my SAPS zine. It's not that I give a damned what anyone thinks of it--because I published it with only one type of people in mind--the SAPSian. Evidently, you're not the type. I didn't actually want any review made of it. I just sent it to you for your own enjoyment and mostly to repay you for sending me ABby so faithfully. And now you've gone and threw a little mud in my face...just because I thought my zine might be enjoyable to you. Actually, I meant it only for SAPS and I suppose that it should have stayed there. But, since I was running, or getting Nancy to mimeo, a few extra copies for some fen who do like my ramblings, I thought I might as well include you on the mailing list. Normally, I would have mailed CLAUDIUS to only those who claim to like my odd way of saying things. There aren't too many fen on that list. For some reason, Boggs and Willis like them--or my junk--and J.B.Davis, a life long friend who fans only occasionally every two or three years. And a few more fen that live in Texas are the only ones outside of SAPS that I intend CLAUDIUS FOR. I was only trying to repay a bunch of swell guys--including you, Ellik, and about four dozen more--for sending me fanzines continuously while I was overseas. Ellik says that he might review it. I've written him saying that I didn't particularly give a damn whether it was mentioned or not. I didn't have that in mind when sending it to him. I do have about ten or fifteen copies left out of the 45 that went to SAPS and the 30 I had printed extra. I wouldn't mind giving these to someone who might like my stuff. But whether they do ~~with just putting it out~~ ^{remember:} it was for SAPS only. I have a feeling they'll like it. Of course, I may be wrong on that score too. But I won't know until the next mailing bundle comes out. It was a hell of a thing to state that you're glad you're joining FAPA if I'm in SAPS. If many SAPS read ABby, which I doubt, you're liable to get a butt-chewing over that statement. Saps is a good organization. I like it. About 35 other fen do too.

DAVID C. NORMAN:

Received AB #7 at this domicile a while back. Mind if I make a few caustic comments? But, first I'd like to say that I didn't receive #6. As of now, I have numbers 4, 5, and 7. I would like to have #6. Maybe you sent it off, but it didn't get here. So if you did, enclosed is 30¢. Take 10¢ out for it, and the other is for 2 ishes. That is, if you continue to pub -- rumors say you're gonna give up after the CONish. Say, as long as the money is here, send me a copy of each of THE EGO-BOO LOVER'S GAZETTE and your other zine, THE FANTASY INTERLINER. And, I guess I'll put in another dime for your next ish. (The one after the CONish) So, try to get off the above zines, if you could.

Too bad -- your cover gave you away. Without noticing the ABstract on the top, you could tell it was a Californian zine. Why can't you guys think of something else to illo than from Mad or Panic? Anyhow, I liked your heavy stock cover -- reminds me of Psy, a long, long, while ago.

Your robot pics at the head of each dept. were wonderful. Whoever drew them can do some good illoing. I trust they will still grace the pages of ABby.

Yeah, I latched onto a copy of Diffuse. I guess it's as good as you say, but...

Strange...you give Hyphen and Grue their just deserved marks, but when it comes to ZIP, you goof altogether. I'll admit #5 wasn't like Grue, but I think it would rate a B, not a C--. And how can you give Hyphen only an A/? Should be up there with Grue. ZIP #6 was very good--especially RETURN TO WATCHMACALLIT. It was one of those stories with a switch-switch ending. Anyways, it would/should rate an A/.

Thanx for saving a copy of the CONish for me...seeing as how I'm 45. Gads, how can you cut "de", Ish, DOCantin, Nydahl, and Taurasi off your list just like that? Hmm, 5 easy ways to lose freinds and start feuds. Anyways, this just about does it. Don't forget #6 of ABby, and those other zines you pub. See you in the mail.

DAVID NORMAN, 236 Kenyon Ave., E. Greenwich RI.

((Let me first explain how a person gets ABstract (under classification: an amateur Science-Fiction publication with a limited circulation of 125). I have at present 27 subbers way back since AB#3, AB#2, and #1--the people who were instrumental in giving both AB and I our start--they get first benefits. Then there are always about 15-20 contributors who must get copies. After that, there are 4 reviewers (pros) who get copies. Then, after that, I have to deal with some 50-60 faneds who trade. The gist of the whole thing is that when I'm all through, I have about 9 copies that I can distribute at random. I don't believe I became acquainted with you until around AB#6. AB has had about 70-80 followers from the start, there have been some 40-50 late-comers since then...people who have heard of AB and are just now getting interested. These people--like yourself, believe me, are extremely valuable to a faned, he must treat them with the utmost of care for most of them have all sorts of money waiting to purchase his zine. I have the fortunate position of being highly independent. I don't have to depend on these people. If you didn't get a particular ish, it's because your response to the previous ish might have been nil without any dough coming in for the next ish. There's always someone wanting an ish--always more than I have issues for.

I don't like your insinuations regarding how it was so easy to tell that AB was a California zine. My reviews are my reviews. I like "-", but it has to have that extra something to beat Grue. No more AB #6's left.))

PAUL MITTLBUSCHER:

The 7th issue of your publication ABstract has been received and read. I am somewhat puzzled as to how you arrive at some of your conclusions. According to one Mr. Peter Vorzimer it is "Grennell vs. Mittlebuscher", it is also indirectly stated that I am involved in a feud with Grennell...well its nice to know these things, personally, I wasn't aware I was feuding with Dean. Are you quite sure I'm alive Pete? I may be dead and not aware of it. Perhaps you could set me straight, you seem to know more about me and my actions than I know myself.

Seriously, this is the first I knew about my feud with Grennell. I have as you must know, read his letter in which he gives me some very frank opinions, however, I respect frankness...furthermore Dean has the privilege of holding whatever views (re this person) that he wishes, As a matter of fact I have much regard for persons who say what they think. I would have even more respect for Dean if he had seen fit to address said letter to Me rather than to chose such an indirect method of letting me know that in his opinion I am a jerk...believe me if I felt Dean Grennell was guilty of being the same I would not hesitate to convey such feelings to him DIRECTLY (via personal letter of course), As it happens I do NOT have such an opinion.

Dean mentions that I have "a sublime gift for rubbing people the wrong way". Look people, I give my FRANK OPINION. Please try to remember that my opinion is that of ONE (1) specific individual, as such it should not be taken as the "final word", just as the opinions of anyone...be it Grennell, Willis Boggs, or Einstein...should not be accepted as the "last word" in the matter.

I haven't a copy of the issue of AB in which my letter appeared and thus can't be certain of exactly what I said but from indications, I must have chastized one Vorzimer for being too overly enthusiastic about GRUE...I don't know ..in any case I have THIS to say about GRUE:It was (and is, as far as I know...it's highly improbable I shall be receiving any more copies) a very fine amateur publication, probably one of the better FAPA publications ever issued. The humor was outstanding unquestionably, however to me the best feature was Grennell himself reminiscing about things like old Air War mags and the smell of hot horse shoes being applied. To be blunt, GRUE was a most enjoyable mag, very suited to FAPA. It wasn't the equal of SKY HOOK of course and along with that mag (and all FAPA zines) it should not be compared or ranked with "general zines", this is unfair both to the editor of such and the FAPAN.

As for terming it the "best in fandom" No...I c n't go along with that Pete, however this doesn't necessarily mean that it is without worth...is everyone able to understand that? If I say "The Naked and the Dead" is not the best book ever published that does not necessarily mean it is worthless.

As for my having a contribution in that issue...is that supposed to make me praise it as a "wonderful zine"?

As for my treating my personal opinions as self-evident laws of nature..I have attempted to stress the fact that anyone has the right to disagree with my opinions if they like (I would like being afforded the same privilege). If Pete Vorzimer feels that Richard E. Geis is a better writer than William Shakespeare he has a right to do so...just as I have the right to disagree with him. It doesn't follow that I think Geis is Without Talent.

As far as my stating what I "would do if editing Galaxy"...well don't most fans have such opinions..isn't it ture that the cry is constant, "now if I were running this country..."? Dean, like so many fans is not seemingly able to distinguish between criticism of ART and criticism of the ARTIST.

To me they aren't the same. Naturally, I suppose it is a form of indirect criticism of the individual ("this is an inferior painting/manuscript" implying that the creator is an inferior artist/author) however, I regard it as assinine to consider this a personal criticism. Let's follow through with this train of thought. Suppose I say "H.L. Gold is an inferior editor." Now Dean interrupts (sic--interprets) this as "H.L. Gold is inferior." The two statements have no relation, yet by twisting logic it can be made to seem an attack on Gold as an INDIVIDUAL. Now as most of us know, Dean is a friend of Mr. Gold, once when I mad derogative remarks about Gold's editing, Dean replied that Gold was a fine fellow. I have no quarrel with this idea. On the contrary, tho I have no relationship of any kind with Mr. Gold I am inclined to accept Dean's word that Gold is a "nice guy". However, this does not necessarily make him a good editor. Furthermore, I am not certain, nor can I be, that Mr. Gold has a free rein to run Galaxy as he wishes, it may be that his hands are tied, if so I am going Mr. Gold an injustice by thinking that he isn't up to par as an editor. Potentially he might be another JWC jr. However, I have no way of being certain. I am certain, however, that his present editorship of the magazine Galaxy is less than competent. I base this solely on the fiction sometimes used in Galaxy. I have not said nor do I intend to say that Galaxy hasn't published some reasonably good science fiction, however unfortunately as some other critic (who's name escapes me at the moment) put it, a far too much is Futuristic Soap Opera. To be perfectly frank, Galaxy has printed a great deal of material which is not just bad SCIENCE fiction, but is bad FICTION OF ANY KIND. In other words, sheer crap with nothing to recommend it. It is not "straying from the narrow path". If it was away from the conventional STF, a departure etc., one could go along with the idea and perhaps even appreciate the effort. However, when writing is so inferior as to be witoutworth from all standpoints, I call it INFERIOR FICTION and I classify the editor who uses it as an INFERIOR EDITOR. This is true whether it is a Science Fiction magazine or the Horticultural Journal. I have little reason to doubt that Mr. Gold is an intelligent gentleman nor that he possesses many fine abilities. However, in my personal opinion, editing is not one of them. Anyone wishing to disagree with me may do so. I certainly do not wish to stifle thinking on the part of anyone. By all means consider the question individually. Don't just accept my word or anyone else's without devoting thought to it yourself, if indications point to another conclusion (to you) than so be it.

I am sorry if I gave anone the impression that I consider myself a God (or omniscient). I have not, nor am I likely to achieve such heights. I most certainly make mistakes and am far from being a SLAN.

May I be permitted to express the thought that it is extremely unlikely I should be put out a "tub of creadle", unless what I had accomplished came reasonably close to my specifications no one would ever see it. Believe me, I'd take a financial loss before dumping a crude, nearly unreadable (both reproduction-wise and material-wise) publication on fandom. I wonder if anyone realized that I have been most unsatisfied with almost all of my efforts at fan writing. That I've tossed away 5 times as much stuff as I've submitted. That unlike many fans I've refrained from submitting stuff to the pros because I felt my efforts weren't what they should be. I'M not interested in taking a standard plot, throwing in a few futuristic sounding names and references to heli-cars, trans-walks, etc., and calling it "Science Fiction". Nor am I going to write about sweet old ladies who meet Martians. Believe me, I am my own most severest critic. Insofar as my writings or my actions in life are concerned. I am not proud of any of my published material, ask Ellison.

I might do many stupid things in times to come but publishing a crudzine is not one of them. In case anyone doesn't know what Dean meant about tye typos,

I'll tell you: You see I make typos relatively frequently (HA! What a laugh! -ed.) in my letters, quite often in my manuscripts also. In relation to the last mentioned I might state that I've always felt it was the responsibility of the EDITOR to check for such things and correct them. However, in reference to the other I will simply admit that I do make typos sometimes few, sometimes many depending on how rushed I am. It might be compared to the difference between a short chat between friends where an error in grammatical usage, while not praised certainly can be condoned as against the making of errors in delivering a speech to an assembly. I definitely would not publish a fanzine filled with typos.

Well, this has reached a length far beyond that which I planned, thus I conclude this opus and allow your long suffering readers to be spared from further boring explanations. I would like to say in closing that I am not feuding with anyone. If Grennell is convinced I am a slob than so be it, he is entitled to his opinion. I hope you can see fit to print this, Pete, as I'd like an opportunity to present my side of the argument.

PAUL MITTELBUSCHER c/o George Werneke, Sweet Springs, Missouri

((You'd think I might have learned my lesson in AB/4 didn't you? Well, you might be wrong. In short, get out your pens and pencils, Middles, for Vorzimer's going to clear the floor once more.

Mittlebuscher, you evoke one main comment from me--YOU ARE A SLOB! There goes that vile Vorzimer mouth again. I'm fully aware of what I'm doing. Paul, this is your very last letter to appear in ABSTRACT--with a few possible exceptions. Your three-page letter to me contained about only 30 punctuation marks and just two paragraphs. You used the beginning "however" in about 20 or 30 sentences. I tried valiantly to correct your typos. There were about 4 dozen to a page. I believe I got only about 2 or three of the dozen. Your average sentence, due to the fact that it is always a run-on, averages about 40-50 words in length. You stated that you believe it is an editor's job to correct typos. You are right--with provisions. I will try to fully correct a manuscript--however, the manuscript must not be a rough draft, but instead a final copy. Yours look like rough drafts--they probably are. Anyone is allowed typos within the limits of reason. But when a slob like you comes along and averages dozens to the page, then I break precedent. Until you paraphrase, punctuate, and correct your letters and mss., to the point where they contain no more errors or misspellings than the normal mss., then I will print and accept some of your work.

Grennell started this little tussle, therefore it was Grennell vs. Mittlebuscher, whether you like it or not. I don't care what happens between you two, just leave my name out of this. So I think Geis is greater than Shakespeare, eh? To use your own words...Paul, I may be dead and not aware of it, perhaps you could set me straight, you seem to know more about me and my actions than I know myself. Thank for telling me the way I feel about Geis as opposed to Shakespeare. Thank you and good day, Mr. Mittlebuscher. Mr. Grennell, I am with you.))

WALT BOWART:

Hope you had a nice time at the Con. The Oklacon Wasn't as big as we had hoped, but a huge success to all, except me. I am afraid Don Ford, and Larry Touzinsky got the wrong impression of me, for I was suffering from a hang-over through the whole Con. The whole thing is a blur in my memory.

Now to settle this dispute once and for all. Please write Don Ford or some of the other boys that met me at the Con. I am not Ken Corey. You've heard about Gog. I bought me a lithograph machine. It's the same size as Lynn

(LETTER COLUMN CONTINUED ON PAGE 73



THE SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

--- THERE I WAS

Don WEGARS

I arrived at San Francisco's world-famous Sir Francis Drake Hotel on a foggy, but humid Thursday, having journeyed from my home in Berkeley--a grand total of 5 miles. Thoroughly wearied from the excursion, I entered the lobby of the hotel and looked for a chair in which to recline and wait for the fannish multitudes.

The only vacant place to sit was an empty Burgie Beer Carton, so I propped it up in a corner and relaxed. I was soon asleep...

Upon awakening, I was surprised to find an ungainly crowd gathered around the entrance to Drakes' Tavern, one of the swankier bars in town, located in the hotel proper. I deduced that one of the pors had made his appearance, so I got up and wandered over. On the floor, by the massive Oak door, was a non-descript character of about 40 years of age, juggling two little bits of ivory in his hand. Knowing he was a pro, it wasn't hard to deduce that the two ivory cubes were in reality a tape recorder, used by all the filthy pros to gather material when not wanting to be bothered by pen and paper. My suspicions were further confirmed when the man began whispering to the cubes in a low voice.

Just then, the man rolled his recorders to the floor, letting them hit the wall in front of him and bounce back. Two holes were showing, one in each recorder. Somehow, the rolling must have caused injury to the instruments because the man muttered "Craps!" under his breath. The recorders were passed to another person for his scrutiny. He rattled them by his ear for a moment as if trying to discover how much the damage had been. Then he rolled them across the floor and up against the wall. This person seemed to be pleased to note that more holds appeared in the cubes. The number was now seven.

"Aha?" I heard him yell. "Lucky Seven."

From that it wasn't hard to deduce that Lucky Seven was the brand name of the recorders. But I could not be sure, for at that exact moment another man, dressed in a blue uniform and wearing a silver badge, entered the room. He grabbed one of the men, and then took the recorders in his hand. This man in the blue uniform was obviously a repair man, sent for by the recorder's owner, for I heard them say something about a "fix" to the man in blue. The repairman just smiled and said, "Tell it to the boss." I wondered what the price would be to fix the recorders, and hearing the man in blue remark, "There'll be Hell to pay!" only made me a bit more curious.

The crowd started to disperse, so I made my way once more to the hotel's lobby where, I hoped I would meet some fans. I hadn't progress farther than 15 feet when a girl in a tight red sweater came up to me. She said something about being very, very lonely, and couldn't I come up and see her etchings? For lack of anything better to do, I agreed, and soon found myself climbing in an elevator to her room on the 8th floor. Once inside the room, she pulled down the shades and tuned the radio in low. Excusing herself, she vanished into an adjoining room. I sat on the bed and looked for the etchings, but there was nothing in the room but the bed and the radio. The girl re-entered, wearing a silky dress that revealed all the smooth lines of the female body. Sitting down beside me, she let her hand slip behind me. Then she laid down on the bed and dangled her shoe - less foot over the edge of the bed. It was then that I noticed she was using her foot to pull out a box from beneath the bed. In it were her etchings. Not being an authority on the subject, I actually didn't know the finer points, but I enjoyed the etchings muchly. I would say that Grego Bucken-shuck and Salvador Dali influenced her style the most. But that is hard to say because of the bold design. In most cases of this type (We regret to say that five pages of this manuscript had to be omitted, because of the space problem. However, nothing is actually missed, since it was entirely devoted to a discussion of the Ming Dynasty's influence on Modern American Etchings. -ed.).

I emerged for the girl's room in the wee hours of the morning, thoroughly refreshed. It was an education in itself spending a night with that girl--and her etchings. Utterly fascinating.

Walking down the hall, looking for fans, I was confronted by a little boy of about 8 years old. He walked up to me and asked, "You on the mainline?" I told him that I was just walking in the hall, but he wouldn't take no for an answer. "You taking H in the mainline, Buddy?" "You know, H in the stream?" "Dope in the blood?" "Dig me, Kid?" I told him that I doubted his need for spading, but that I'd be glad to recommend a doctor. He just gave me a queer look, did an imitation of Peter Lorrie, picked up his copy of Harper's and walked away.

I watched the youth disappear down the bleak corridor until even his GO POGO button was out of sight. Still hoping to find fans, I kept going. The hall was quiet at that time in the morning, but even so the dripping of beer was just barely audible. I traced it to room 969 where I found the amber liquid running from beneath the door. Fans must be in there, I observed, and so observing I opened it a crack. Inside I saw a huge pyramid of beer cans stacked against the wall next to a phonograph. A guy was sitting on the floor with a pad of paper drawing nudes, their heads cut off, walking in a river. And another was banging away on an old beat-up typewriter. Still another was trying to out-pen another. One person in particular caught me eye. After giving it back, I observed him more closely. Truly a neofan, I thought. Yelling his head off and drawing phallic-symbols on the wall with his tobacco-stained thumb.

38

I took leave of these people and wandered down-stairs to the lobby once more, where I received the surprise of my life. The calendar on the wall was set at AUGUST 26... That meant I was one week too early for the SFCon! It was a devastating blow! All my fannish achievements gone to waste viewed by the eyes of those not sharing THE DREAM OF THE THINKER. I was an outcast...so I joined FAPA!

--the end

At this point, I'd like to make a few editorial remarks. As mostly all of you know, NAPA and Los Angeles won the bid for the '55 WesterCon! Don Donnell is chairman of the Convention Committee, and I, a committee member. The Convention will be held here over the July 4th weekend. Things are still in the planning stage now.

The last Convention here in LA--the '53 Westercon--was at the Commodore Hotel. Don seems to think that we can swing it again. It's a perfect convention hotel as it proved to be in '53. My job for this Committee, is the securing and printing of all printed material--quite a job.

Memberships are now open. Those of you who'd like to get low numbered cards can send in your \$1 membership fee--with no added assessments providing we get a good 300 or so. Send all money to Don Howard Donnell, 5425 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 28, California. Apt. #205. Cards will be printed around Christmastime. Progress bulletins will be issued free.

Fandom's Elite Prefer

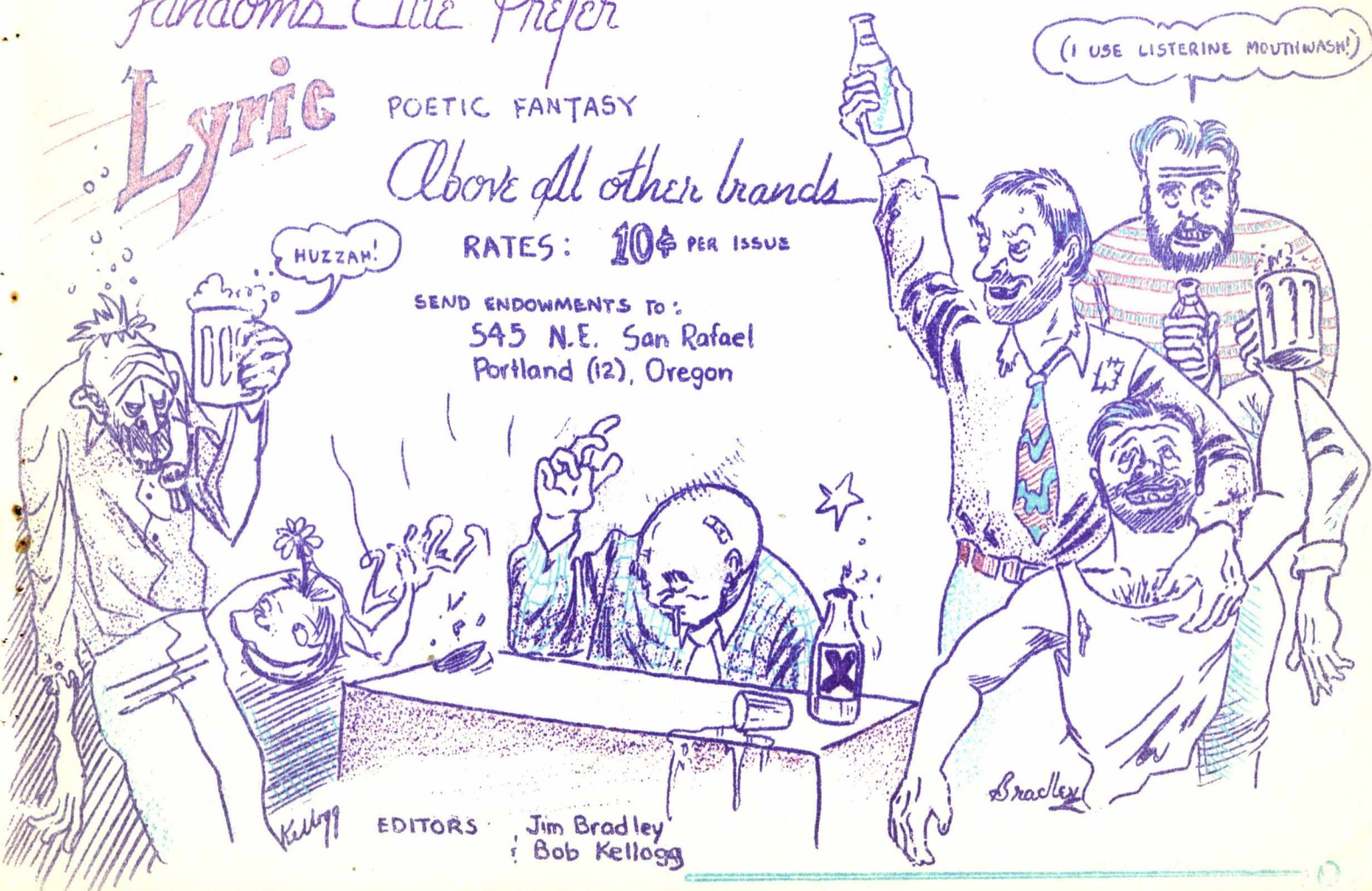
Lyric

POETIC FANTASY

Above all other brands

RATES: 10¢ PER ISSUE

SEND ENDOWMENTS TO:
545 N.E. San Rafael
Portland (12), Oregon



EDITORS

Jim Bradley
Bob Kellogg

SF

CON

report

A long, detailed, boring report on the happenings--fannish and other-wise--of the 12th World Science Fiction Convention held at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco over the Labor Day weekend, 1954. Written by the editor of this magazine, illustrated with drawn artwork by Jim Bradley of Portland, and by photographs taken by both V. Paul Nowell and Peter Graham, and added FACE CRITTURS by Terry Carr on p.77

For many months, I had been looking forward to the coming SFCon. I had ordered my room and had received my Con membership card early in May, and as a true neophyte, was all prepared for my first big convention. After a whole summer of sleeping late (except for a six week's period when I was going to college at the crack of dawn,) it was quite a thing to get myself up at five in the morning.

I grabbed up most of my fannish belongings (one suitcase), looked carefully around to see if I had left anything--little did I know--and took off. It was a rather long ride from my new home in southwest L.A. to the corner of Hollywood and Highland where I was to pick up Paul Nowell, but I made right on time. I was kind of surprised to see Paul with only a very small overnight bag and his camera case. I'd brought a complete wardrobe--well, perhaps I'd be one of the best dressed fans at the Con.

With Paul, I met Dave Wilhoyte, Jim Clemons, Burt Satz, and Laddie London at the Greydoggy Depot. Laddie was not going with us, but he came down to have breakfast with us before he shot up to Beverly Hills where he works. We gathered together at the small, rather dingy-looking cafeteria where a bunch of bums, hobos, and weary-faced soldiers were slopping down a quick breakfast. I must confess, though, that we didn't look any much better than they did. Myself, not caring to wear anything good on a bus trip (I have travelled by Greydoggy before) wore a pair of old levis, an old green shirt three or four day's beard and a pair of dark sunglasses--a real Hollywood character. The other boys were dressed similarly.

Our breakfast was rather skimpy (although I downed two slabs of boysenberry pie and a Coke), consisting mostly of what normal people would call "desertS".

Clemons decided he'd like to show off, and immediately proclaimed that he was going to see what he could do on one of the dime shooting machines. I

was going to I believe the one we were all taking turns at was shaped like a pistol range. Clemons did rack up the highest possible score--that's probably what he started the whole thing for--with me coming in second, partially due to the damn stationmaster blurting out that our buss was half way out of the station, causing me to get flustered enough to hit Clemons with a beam of light instead of the target.



We spotted our Gryhound in the station--it was #153. It was rather ignorantly marked "Los Angeles". It remained "Los Angeles" all the way up to Frisco.

We all boarded the bus, myself and Nowell muttering curses against dear Burton Satz, whose convention-wrecking reputation had been well established at the ruins of the '53 WesterCon. We didn't see why he had been taken along, but Donnell insisted--so Satz went.

We were the only fans on the bus--I'm sure that most of the other passengers were glad of this fact, but we thought we might find some other fan to converse with on the way. As we got to the back where we planned on taking our seats, there was a mad scrimmage as we all tried valiantly to get a seat that would not permit Satz to sit next to any of us, and still retain a window seat. Paul and I, using the old buddy system, took two seats together, mine nearest the window. Dave Wilhoyte had the extreme misfortune to have Satz as his bus-partner. During the entire trip that I was sitting directly behind Satz, I purposely propped my big-boned knees in such a position as to render constant irritation to Satz' jelly-like backbone. (Illustration) Many times, as Satz made irritating remarks about me, I would sharply shift my knees in their position--sometimes deeper into Satz' malformed back, sometimes spread farther apart to widen the field of irritation. Satz was rather annoyed at me--as I was twice as much with him.

One of Burt's favorite--and most annoying--subjects of conversation is jazz. Oftentimes Satz would just sit there and whistle singular notes, one or two at a time--giving off no particular tune--and when asked to stop nicely by either me or any of the other boys, would just declare that it was "jazz" and continue to annoy a majority of the people riding in the bus.

I think it was Jimmy Clemons who came up with the brilliant idea that we should pound on Burton at every rest stop until he behaved, but at any rate, that was the idea we all followed. I can't particularly recall the names of the rest stops--but they were anything but that. When the bus stopped, we forced Burton out, nudging him forcefully with elbows and what-not, took him from the public eye, and pounded him but good. I don't think Satz ever did really get the idea that we didn't particularly care for him, even at Frisco, some 6-8 rest stops later.

I didn't take most of us with the true-fan's blood long to get acquainted with two of the nicer-looking young girls on the bus. Even with Satz and

his driving personality--the kind that drives the girls away--we managed to get rather well-acquainted with the two nice young species of the opposite sex--one of which was getting off at SF, but would not go near a stf Convention.

The most memorable thing of the entire trip--and the one that proved most enjoyable to me, was when Burt Satz jumped off the bus at a non-stop in Oakland to play a jazz record and the bus driver (with a lot of extra prompting on my part) took off without him. Dave and I howled with laughter, though the other guys felt somewhat sorry for him.

We crossed the Golden Gate somewhere around 6:30 Thursday evening and were almost there. AT the SF terminal we were met by the rather portly Andy Nowell, Paul Nowell's big brother, a soldier stationed at the Presidio of SF.

I got my bag unchecked and left with Paul and Andy for the hotel, while Dave, and Jim waited for Satz to arrive in from Oakland and for Don Donnell to get in from Buffalo (we expected him to arrive before us, but instead came in some 10 minutes later).

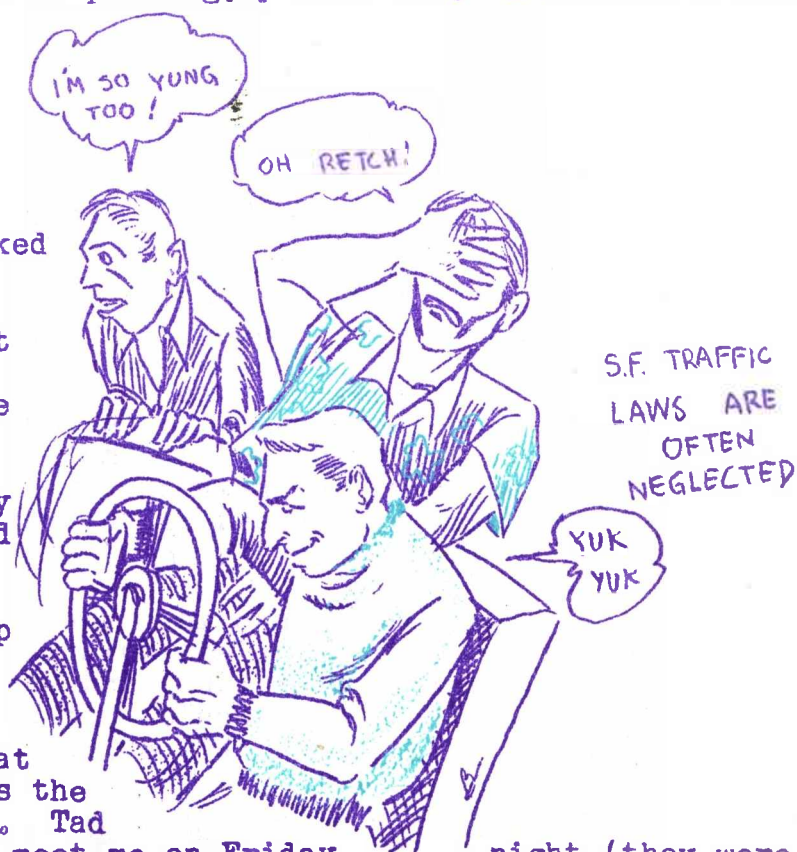
After an extremely crazy ride through the streets of old SF, I quickly learned that most of SF's speed and safety laws were easily neglected and felt that Andy, though an old man in his twenties was just another speedcrazed youth. A U-turn through two red lights, with pedestrians moving all over the narrow streets really had me pulling my hair out. I believe I could write another report on just the traffic and driving situation in SF. But at any rate, we all got to the hotel safely and I proceeded to get my room.

I pounded on the desk and asked for a room. I was shattered and in the darkest depths of despair when I found out that SF's world-famous hotel was without a "770"00--I took the nearest thing to it, 727. A few minutes after I checked in, Donn Donnell, Dave, Jimmy and Burton arrived. I glared at Burt, whispered something to the effect that he should have stayed lost, and went up to my room to wash up and change.

I had rented a double for that first night even though I was the only one in it for the night. Tad Duke and Dick Finney were to meet me on Friday night (they were coming by train) and were to share the room with me.

The first thing that greeted me when I got in my room was a big hairy copy of Campbell's Astounding Anthology as the book club selection to be placed in my room. Hmm. They knew we were coming so they tossed in stf literature.

Worn and haggard from pounding on Satz at the rest stops where I was supp-



used to be resting and staggered into the bathroom and lo and behold I found a nice little tap adjacent to the sink marked "Ice Water". My eyes lit up like those of a terribly thirsty traveler on a dried desert and I made a lunge for the tap holding a glass underneath. The water came out in a slow trickle, but I patiently waited for the glass to fill. When filled, I gleamed like a mad man and started to gulp down the water. I almost vomited. The water was so sickeningly warm I couldn't stand it. What a lousy trick! I could have torn the damn spout from the wall.



PIPE SMOKE CAME FROM THE CENTER OF THE HUDDLE!

Knowing that room service for ice was all of a dollar, I contented myself with a glass of luke warm putrid SF water. I washed in more of this crude liquid and changed my clothes. My next objective was to get some dimes and make a few calls around SF to see where everybody was and if I couldn't liven things up a little.

It was in the phone booth downstairs in the lobby when I was talking to Gil Menicucci, that this odd, but familiar-looking character marches by the booth I was in, nodded knowingly and walked on. In a split second this character does all of a triple-take and who is it but Peter Graham! Amidst french-type embraces and screams of long lost buddies, Menicucci was trying to make out what had happened to me from his end of the phone. He didn't know whether I was being attacked, had an acute attack of Geistric acidity, or what. I calmed down enough, peeled Graham off me, and explained what had happened. Gil said he couldn't make it down to the Con as he was going somewhere, out of SF, with his parents.

Graham took me, in a brotherly fashion, by the arm and asked me if I had met Harlan Ellison yet. I said that I hadn't and was anxious to and he led me the way upstairs.

Carefully dispersed at the most oddest places in the hotel, I noticed, were little blue pieces of paper, with the immortal words, "Big Brother is watching You" mimeographed upon them. I found one in the clear blue water at the bottom of my toilet bowl--they were posted and handed out everywhere. Also smuggled around were just millions of Grennell and Willis quote-cards. They prove to be a constant source of amusement as many were worn inside the glass-line ID badges.

When we reached something like the 9th floor, we found a rather large crowd of some 15-20 fans surrounded in what looked like a huddle. There was pipe smoke coming from the center. (Illustration) Graham looked at me straight in the eye and declared that "Ghod" was somewhere in the middle. I pushed my way through to get a glimpse of Ghod, but one the way through met many old friends like Stewart and Joseph. There were more fannish cries, "Stewart!" "Vorzimmer!" "Joseph!" "Oh, you..." Ellison heard the name Vorzimmer and was immediately struck. (I believe it was Ellick wielding a Xeno jug...) "Where's Vorzimmer!" he cried. "Where's Ellison?" I cried. And in a matter of seconds the meeting that fandom will take long in forgetting, occurred. We stood face to face, looking each other over rather carefully from head to foot. I heard Ellison mutter something like "Must have this for my museum." under his breath but paid no attention. The usual caustic remarks

passed between us. This was inevitable as we were both at present two of fandom's most disliked fans. We grunted a few times at each other and took off for neutral corners. I left the group with Stewart, Rike, Carr, Joseph Graham and McElroy in search of a better thing--like a party.

It was about 10:30 when we sauntered down to 318, a room shared by Harlan Ellison, George Young, Roger Sims, and John Magnus. There was a small party down there and most of the fannish nectars like bheer and vodka and stuff were being passed out--none of the fans had passed out, but of course that was before Satz came down and began sopping up the stuff like an over-empty sponge.

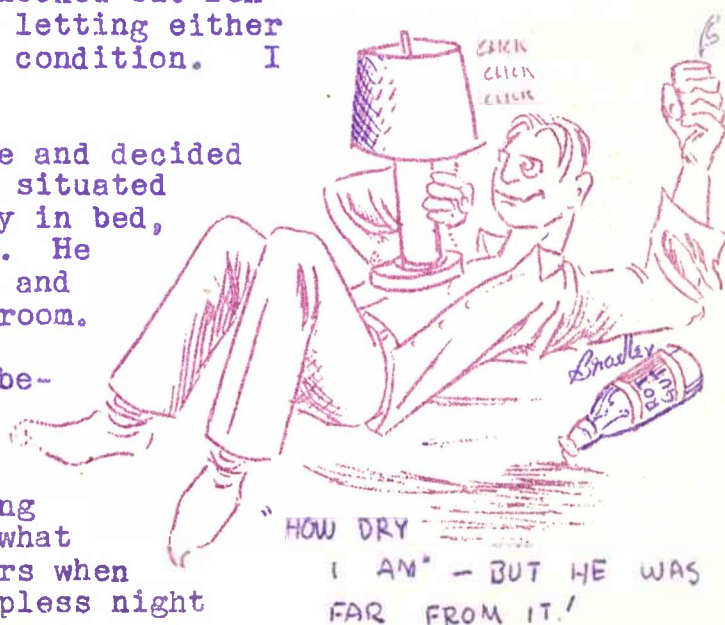
Down in this room I met its owner plus a striking redhead named Irene Baron. I also met Sergeant Art Rapp in full military regalia. During the whole party--where Boob and the Slan Shack Five (Terry, Keith, Dave, Frank and Pete) were singing all sorts of fannish drinking songs--Magnus was recording. I believe most of us were aware of this fact, though there were moments where we went wild and forgot. Magnus, are they decent? What a foolish question: of course they are!

There was a small blackjack game going, George Young, Al Ficzeri, Keith Joseph, Sid Coleman and myself were the main constituents. I left the game some \$2.40 ahead, quite happy that I'd paid for quite a few gallons of the fannish nectar. When I turned around from the blackjack table, I noticed that Satz was getting stinking drunk.

I struck out on my own that night hunting up more mad parties. I know there were plenty. I found myself in room 1026 with half a bottle of Tequila in my hand and a girl under my arm. My memory, quite conveniently gets a little blurred here, and the next thing I remember is pounding on the door to Satz' and Clemons' room. There were drunken groans coming from within--then shouts and a large crash. Clemons opened the door with a rather palsied and glassy-eyed look. As he opened the door I could see Satz within. Clemons had a great time pretending he was drunk. I didn't quite see the object of the pretending, but I played along with him for fear he might get violent. There was Satz, sitting up in bed, with the table lamp upright on his chest. He was pulling the light on and off, on and off, singing, "How Dry I Am". He wasn't dry--by any means. I walked over to the door leading to Don and David's room and found it locked. I knocked but Don wouldn't open it for me for fear of letting either Burton or Jimmy in in their present condition. I had to go around.

I said my goodnights to Don and Dave and decided to head on up to my own room. Once situated in my own little room, snuggled away in bed, the phone rang. It was Peter Graham. He decided that 903 was rather crowded and took me up on my offer to share my room.

During various intervals dispersed between 1:00 a.m. and 9:00 a.m., I would find myself without covers, shoved into the crevice between the bed and the wall, with Graham snoring away right next to me. Graham has what I'd call a "death grip" on the covers when he sleeps, I spent most of the sleepless night without covers.



Friday morning marked the official start of the Convention. I was quite pleased with all the great activities of the night before considering that the Con hadn't even started yet and there were four days to come.

I had breakfast with Don and the boys, and then we came back to the Convention meeting hall where we registered and bought activity cards which let us in to the Art Exhibit, to the Opera and which gave us a 50% cut on the banquet. I spent most of Friday just getting acquainted with various individuals. There were many people there that I met at the last WesterCon. You might have perhaps heard of that. There were Kris Neville, Dave Watson, Mari Wolf, EEEvans, Forry Ackerman, and lots of others. Walt Dougherty and his lovely wife, and a number of the LASFS members were in attendance. Also Don Wilson, Howard Miller, and Mrs. Wilson, three people whom I had met at Burbee's house were there. Lee Jacobs and Ed Cox couldn't make it. Burbee declared something to the effect that he wouldn't be caught dead at the same convention with Walt Dougherty.

Two people that I met Friday that rather impressed me were Bill Knapheide and Bill Reynolds. I believe at the convention, that Bill Knapheide sold more Xenerns and Xenern Indexes than any of the top fanzines did in all their latest Issues. Bill also gave away free pencils with every issue sold. Bill is an extremely congenial man of about 28-30. (Don't kill me, Bill, if I miss it by too far!) Another extremely nice person was Bill Reynolds. Bill, a slightly overweight young man in his late twenties or early thirties, with a pleasant smile and a pleasing manner, and I talked for great lengths of time on almost every subject from Psychotic to Steam Engines. Bill, by the way, has a mad fetish for all kinds of steam engines and when a guy appeared at the Con with about 200-300 negatives of steam engines, Bill was a gone goose.

Ben Stark said hello to everybody and officially began the WesterCon--then there were some short speeches by Tony Boucher and Poul Anderson. Poul Anderson's was by far the most memorable...he talked on the relative intelligence of extra-terrestrial beings and why they would fall pretty close to our own here on earth.

A chance to get a good swing at Hollywood for ruining all stf yars by putting them on film was given to Forry Ackerman, James Gunn, Ed Clinton, and Charley Beaumont. The talk held my interest for a while, but kept on rolling until I finally took off to find better things.

Spent a little while snapping pictures, lugging around that darn Strobe unit (the one that gives multiple flash without bulbs). I dined with the boys over at a neabby cafeteria, then headed back so as not to miss the two thrilling stf movies that had been proposed for that evening.

The name "Atomic Attack" didn't stir any memories as far as stf movies were concerned, so I though myself in for a good evening's entertainment. I seated myself in the midst of a good fannish group (Al Ficzeri, and John Davis (SRPS) Boob Stewart, Terry Carr, Keith Joseph, and Arlene Brennean (around whom Carr had his mangey arm--the cad!) so they would be the lucky ones to hear the brilliant remarks that flowed from my mouth during the picture. (Illus.)

THE LUCKY ONES TO HEAR
MY BRILLIANT REMARKS SAT
AROUND ME....

When the film rolled, showing the Motorola TV Hour bit, I almost screamed in anguish for it was a TV film I had seen some months ago, gloriously over-acted by almost everybody but the CD Block Warden (who only had 2 lings). I held myself in check during the first film, but when the overly amateurish job of "Born of Man and Woman" came on, I couldn't take it any longer. Here was a most excellent story being torn to pieces through Amateur photography (and that's what it was). When the last frame passed on the screen I was overjoyed. I sprang from my seat and dashed over to Andy Nowell.

Andy Nowell was the nectar purchaser for us poor fellows around that awkward age (over 18 but under 21). Wherever Andy went there was sure to be a party.

For a while there was a dandy party going on in 318--and again Magnus was recording the whole thing. This time there were a few more females to liven things up. However, Rog Sims was so pooped he slept right through all the dames. It was a real kill to see some four dames lounging all over the bed in the most vampish positions with Rog Sims right in the middle of them, fast asleep. We sang more fannish songs (led by Boob Stewart and starring the GGFS Quintet--Carr-McElroy-Joseph-Graham-Rike), drank more of the Brew of the Ghods, and played some more blackgack.

Again, things began getting alittle too slow for this boy, so I went on up to 1026, Roy Squires room where the drinks were a little harder and where the girls were a little more plentiful. Before I got up there, however, I dropped over to the 9th floor where I met a rather odd-looking couple standing by the elevator. There was a blond woman and a short, fat, drunk man--they were both drunk. They started talking to me and asking me to show them Harlan Ellison. Well, I hesitated no longer, I brought them with me to Ellik's room searching for Ellison.

However, on the way down the hall towards Elliks' room, I heard the strange couple whispering. They had stepped back a few steps from beside me. I padded my feet a little slower and sharpened my ears to listen. You could have knocked me over with a feather! The guy and the dame (both well over 40 and partially preserved) were "cannon"--professional pickpockets who work the Conventions. They guy was going to lift the wallets and deposit them in the dame's purse. I also heard him whisper that if someone was to catch on, that he would yell he was a cop and nab all of us for the under-21 liquor law. This made me damn angry--the idea of lifting wallets from a bunch of kids who came so darn far to attend a Con. I ushered them into the room and then left in search of the hotel dick. Fortunately, he was around the corner breaking up a party. I then saw he was coming towards the room anyway, so I got back in and warned two or three of the boys (Carr, Nowell, and Stewart) to watch their wallets. It wasn't moments later than the hotel cop comes in to quite the ruckus, than the couple gets cold feet and take off like a bolt of lightning. I didn't see them again.



"I LEFT IN SEARCH OF
SOMETHING BETTER —
LIKE A PARTY!"

This is all the gospel truth, believe me. I felt rather proud that evening and also quite happy the incident occurred to give me something of added interest to add to my Con Report. I believe this must have been how John Magnus lost his wallet with all that money in it. Perhaps, John, they are the ones that absconded with it.

After all the ruckus was over with, I found myself up in 1026 in the middle of a dirty joke session. This lasted well over an hour--with hard liquor running like water. At about 3:00 in the morning what they called a "vigilante committee" came up clearing the place of any kids. I had the supreme honor to be the only exclusion on their list of under 21 year olds. Members of this so-called committee were Dave Watson (Mari's husband), Mari Wolf and a number of others.

At four o'clock I finally decided to go to bed. That day, Tad and Dick came and our rooms changed hands quite a bit--I was now rooming with Don Donnell and Dave Wilhoite--they'd do anything to stay far away from Satz and Clemons. However, Clemons and Satz didn't get along so I drew the short straw and minded Clemons while Satz went up and roomed with Don and Dave.

When I came bounding in Don's room at 10 in the morning I almost fell flat on my kisser tripping over Satz who was lying prostrate on the floor. (Illustration below.) Donnell and Wilhoite were in each other's arms in the bed dozing happily. I quickly yelled a loud reveille and they all got up snarling at me. I gaily used the old "rise and shine" technique but met with violent barrage of pillows. Donnell informed me that Satz didn't hold his liquor well and the place had a father familiar rank odor. The boys cleaned it up and shoved Satz on the floor. The odor, however, lasted most of the night and added a rather fannish fragrance to the room.

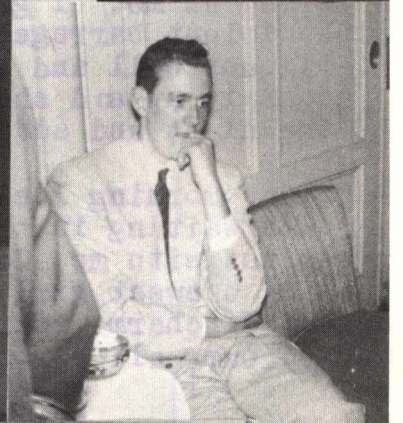
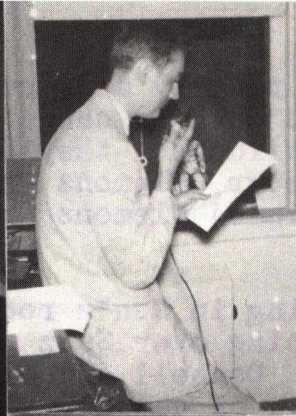
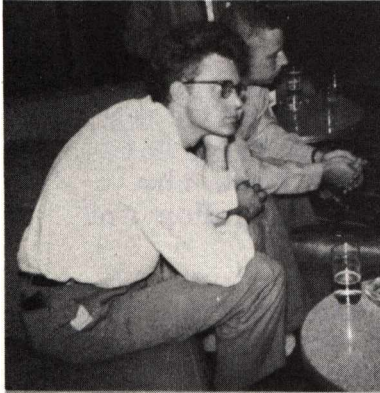
Saturday morning I slept rather late--to 10:30. When I got downstairs, and was waiting in the meeting room for Don and the boys to come down and breakfast with me, Carol McKinney arrived--as did Jim White. Carol is one heck of a sweet girl, an extremely good-looking girl with an even greater amount of charm. Carol did me the honor of having breakfast with me. We talked over all sorts of things as I downed my extra helping of Chop Suey which promptly slid down my gullet to meet the 1/3 bottle of Tequila I partook of upon arising--I had a minor Vesuvius in the pit of my stomach.

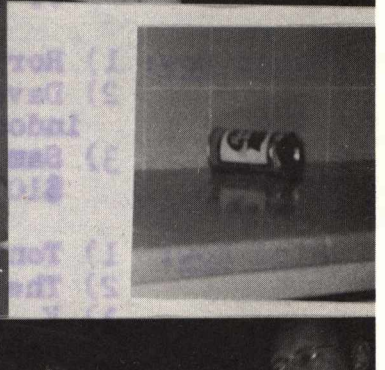
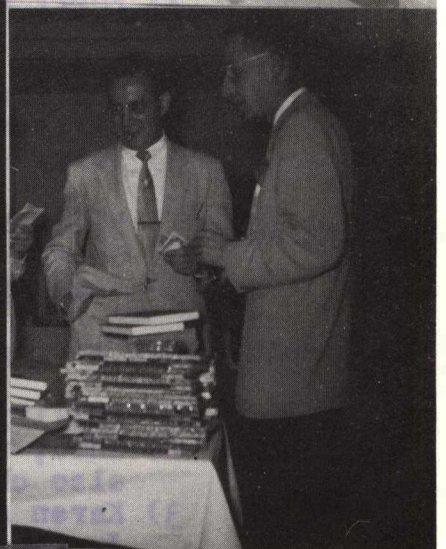


I ALMOST FELL FLAT ON MY KISSER
OVER SATZ

convention

pictures





PAGE ONE: (left to right)

First Row: 1) Poul Anderson sitting meditatively in the bar.
2) Irene Baron plants a kiss on Roger Simms.
3) John Magnus, egoboost deluxe, talks into his own recorder.
4) That look of approval from Harlan Ellison--it must be a girl!

Second Row: 1) Forry Ackerman salutes all of us with his beanie.
2) Mr. and Mrs. E.E. Evans record on Maggie's recorder.
3) Forry again--entertaining one of his many female admirers.
4) Magnus, trying to outdo Poul Anderson, dons his thinking pose.

Third Row: 1) Mr. and Mrs. A.E. Van Vogt (left and center) talking to a fan.
2) Ellison dons Confederate gegalina and threatens us with his pipe.
3) Forry confessing deep secrets into Maggie's mike.

Fourth Row: 1) Ellison gone camera-shy--CAN THIS BE?
2) George Young and Art Rapp in all-night bull session.
3) Frank Dietz shaking the hand of Eva Firestone.

PAGE TWO: (left to right)

First Row: 1) Phillip K. Dick and A.E. Van Vogt smile for the camera.
2) Ghod, who goes under the pseudonym of John W. Campbell Jr., also chuckles at the camera.
3) Karen Anderson and husband Poul (left and center) talk with J. Ben Stark.

Second Row: 1) Rory Faulkner with the man bearing the Chesire Cat smile (4e).
2) Dave Kyle (lloking like a dope fiend with his dark glasses indoors) and Dale Hart enter the banquet room.
3) Sam Moscowitz milking Steve Schulteis (right) out of his last \$10 for a copy of The Immortal Storm.

Third Row: 1) Tony Boucher, at the speaker's table makes an opening speech.
2) The Convention Banquet in progress.
3) V. Paul Nowell's valuable souvenir: the beer can that got Ron Ellik hauled out of the Con Hotel by the cops. He dropped it out of a high window.

Fourth Row: 1) The speaker's table with the Morris Scott Dollens artwork in the background (they were auctioned off later).
2) Mrs. Es Cole, Secretary and sweetheart of the convention.
3) Bob Bloch with simply scads of women around him--notice: another guy's girl yet...Oh that Bloch!

PAGE THREE: (left to right)

First Row: 1) Ellison assuming his Continental pose before the camera.
2) Sgt. Art Rapp gazes eagerly at a passing femme fan.
3) Larry Balint looks on...
4) as does Ellison and Irene Baron.

Second Row: 1) Frank Dietz, well-pickled, hoists his beer on high during a SAPS meeting.

2) Wally Weber, a fellow photographer decides to pose.

3) Dale Rostomily seems to be quite the guy surrounded by Pat and Roxanne Crossley (furthest and second furthest) with his arm around Phyllis Scott.

Third Row: 1) Dave Rike pounds on a weed while Irene Baron (looking at her beanie) lets Art Rapp swipe her drink.
2) Ellison, (right, with pipe in mouth) prepares to hang Rogers Simms.
3) Mari Wolf with two of her admirers, smiles and holds drink.

Fourth Row: 1) That divine couple, Vampira and Poul ("Three-Eyes") Anderson.
2) Here's the team that really killed 'em: Vampira and Bob Bloch (both with dictator size cigarette holders--only look where Vampira has hers!)
3) Magnus smilingly tries to stop Ellison, the mad fiend, from attacking an innocent femme fan at the Masquerade.

PAGE FOUR: (left to right)

First Row: 1) A.E. Van Vogt at the speaker's table.
2) Forry Ackerman deliberating at speaker's table.
3) Ellison and Simms clash in a "battle-to-the-death" duel while Betty Jo McCarthy (left) and Irene Baron look on.
4) John Davis of Tucson, and Dave Kyle (still wearing sun glasses) gleam for the camera. CORRECTION!--this should be #2 in the Second Row.* Instead, it is of V. Paul Nowell.

Second Row: 1) Rike stares at camera while Stewart (through reflection in mirror) steals into the picture.
2) Kyle and Davis (*)
3) Dick Finney performs mad Charleston with Vampira.

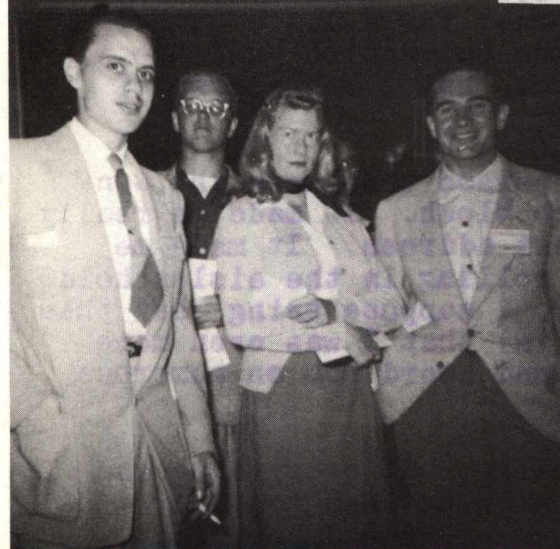
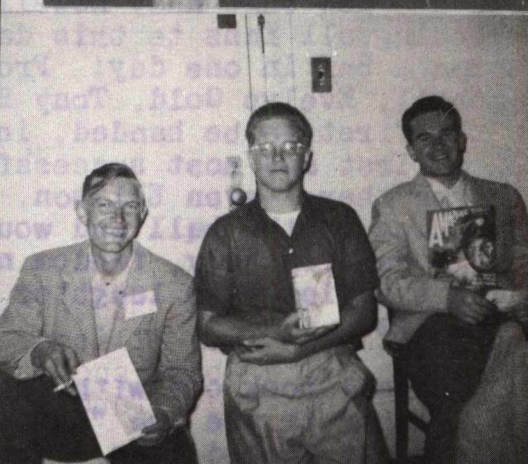
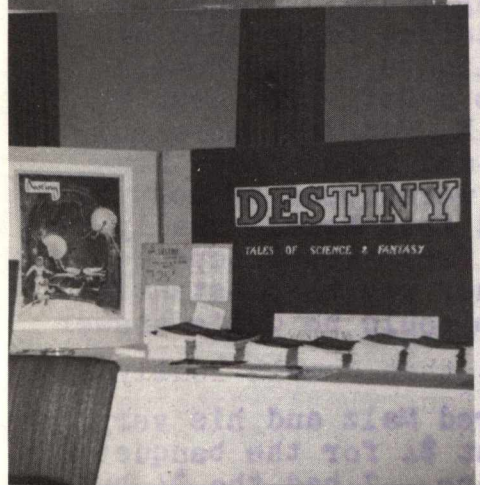
Third Row: 1) Male Willits' DESTINY display stand in the meeting room.
2) Rog Simms and George Young (who brought piles of zines to sell) have their stand in the meeting room also.
3) Johnny Christensen, Ron Ellik, and Larry Balint hold up various stf mags.

Fourth Rows 1) The motley crew--Jim White, Ron Ellik, Carol McKinney and Larry Balint.
2) The twelve-year old neo that thumbed his nose at the cops and almost got the whole convention kicked out, Wayne Strickland and Pat Crossley.
3) Califandom, enmasse, minus their most outstanding representative (ME) and Paul Nowell the photographer--Peter Graham, Boob Stewart, Frank McElroy, Terry Carr, Dirty rat who sneaked in, Don Wegars, Bill Reynolds, Larry Balint and Andy Nowell. Members of Califandom that are missing--Roger Canales, Fred Malz, Gil Menicucci, Bill Knapheide, Tom Piper, Val Golding, Nowell and myself.

PHOTO CREDITS:

Page One: All taken by Peter Graham. Page Two: All but Row 3, pics 1 & 2 were taken by Nowell. Page Three: All taken by Peter Graham. Page Four: Row 1, pic #1, Rows 3 & 4 incl. by Nowell--others taken by Peter Graham.







SOLD TO VORZIMER /

When we all got back to the hotel, there was an N3F meeting in the hall. I plopped down on a divan next to Tom Piper and let Merrill Malkerson and Stan Woolston try to sell me on the N3F. Jim White lectured a bit on the N3F manuscript bureau which he heads and then I took off. I'm one of those who believe there is no place for an mss. bureau in fandom.

Upon leaving the N3F clan, I ventured into the Empire room where Walt Dougherty was getting the auction underway. I stayed at the auction a good while. I got the most terrific kicks out of just raising bids on certain stuff when I knew darn well some other character on the other side of the room wanted it real badly. Sometimes, just because I was the only other guy bidding, I'd get a guy as high as \$10 or \$12 on something that I had bid up from \$3 or \$5. There were times, however, (see illustration) when I was covered with a cold sweat like the time I had an original Hunter bid up to \$14 with only a dime in my pocket. It was going once when Graham saved my hide only to discover that he didn't have the dough. Luckily, he was overbid also.

After getting a meager copy of Amazing Detective Tales for 25¢, I quit. I had bid the starting bid of 25¢ in a quick and hurried voice, hoping to get the worthless thing up into the \$2 bracket. Bids went up to 35¢ and 40¢ but since the only legal bids went by the 25¢, Gleaming Walt sold the dang thing to me for 25¢. (P.S. I just sold it yesterday to Tom Piper for 30¢!)

During the lull in fanac, Andy Nowell, who had never heard of STF Fandom before in his life, pubbed a fanzine called the, "Thing-zine". I must state here and now that Andy Nowell has done something heretofore impossible and something all fans to this day would also like to duplicate. Andy Nowell became a Bnf in one day! From an ignorant neophyte to a Bnf. Why John W. Campbell, Evelyn Gold, Tony Boucher, Poul Anderson, A.E. Van Vogt were some of the first to be handed, in person, a "Thing-zine"--and it was Andy Nowell's first and most successful fanzine. Andy became worshipped by most of the fen there--even Ellison, Ghod himself had to admit that Nowell really had something on the ball and would make a heck of a good fan. Let's hope we hear more from Andy, fandom need more of his kind. They way he constantly had his audience in laughter kind of makes me think he could be Cal's answer to Willis.

Don Donnell took off with the rest of the boys with Fred Malz and his very cute sister to see the "Egyptian" instead of paying out \$4 for the banquet. However, it looked like I might be in a similar position. I had the \$4 but was not going to spend it. I dashed around the corner for a quick hamburger while the banquet was going on, and sneaked into the Convention Hall the minute the speeches started. It's sort of a foul trick, but I was spared of all those Convention Peas that Bloch talked about.

The speeches following were excellent but the one person that made the Convention banquet what it was, was my good friend Bob Bloch. It made me really proud in a way, when Bob gave off with his Toastmast address. It made me feel great even to know him. He had the audience rolling in the aisles holding their sides. That boy was really a knockout. I suppose being that this was my first convention (--World Convention, that is) that I was even more impressed than some of the old-timers who've seen and heard Bob on numerous occasions...but I thought he was simply terrific.

Tony Boucher and John Campbell Jr., were also terrific, but everything and everyone was really overshadowed by Bob's terrific humor between the introductions of each of the speakers. Harlan Ellison pulled what I think was

the greatest laugh of the whole convention when J.W. Campbell came up to speak.

When Bloch finished calling the name of John W. Campbell Jr., the audience cheered and applauded like I have never heard before. As Mr. Campbell rose to get up the clapping got louder and the entire hall stood up. As he stepped to the rostrum where he was to speak, the applause still rang. Harlan started clapping and yelling with the rest, then yelling, "Speech! Speech!". That had me in tears. That was what Harlan himself would call "a winner."

Things were kind of dead after the banquet. Neville was making everybody show draftcards and ID before he'd hand out a bottle of beer--and kids were being shut out of all the parties. However, thanx to numerous pro friends of mine, I was able to get into a few of these. I enjoyed myself tremendously that eveing.

Getting to sleep that night really proved a problem. You see, Don, Dave and I were doing things rather illegally as far as the hotel management were concerned--we were sneaking three to a double room. This night it was Burton, David and I in the room, with Burton and David taking the one and only bed. My problem was to find something to contain me for the evening's rest. I tried the bathtub first; but it was too cold, and there was no pillow available. I gave that up as a lost cause. Next, I shoved a chair and another chair together to form some sort of a bed. This lasted for about twenty minutes--then my posterior began to sag from between the two. I then propped a bench-type thing under my tail section but it proved to be too hard when lying on my side. I settled for the floor.

I woke up bright and early in the morning (7:00) with the maid peering down at my prostrate form and gasping--she shut the door behind her quickly. It looked like it would be quite obvious that there were more than the required number staying in that room as evidenced by myself on the floor. However, because the hallway in our room was long, she didn't see Dave and Burton in the bed. I dashed after her, told her that there was just Burt in the bed and the reason that I took to the floor was Burt couldn't control himself and had wet. It convinced her--she had seen Burt.

I got myself alive and took off for breakfast with Tom Piper and Dale Hart. and Bill Courval. It was a quiet Sunday, the day--or rather the afternoon was devoted to going out to the Palace of the Legion of Honor to take in a stf painting display. However, somebody forgot the fact that the buses that go out in that distant vicinity weren't running on Sunday--so that took care of that. I bummed around the Con Hotel and Frisco with the boys and came back after dinner to see the Stf Opera.

Now Opera is something I can do without--but when the name Bradbury or the term "Science Fiction" is connected with it, then I'm willing to try it. Now, I regret it. By the time I got there all the seats were taken so I had to stand. Then the little epic started. "A Scent of Sarsaparilla" by Ray Bradbury adapted by Charles Hamm into an opera. It was better off the way it was before. I took turns sitting down with Boob Stewart who had a chair. The opera was short, so I stayed. When it was over, I left gladly in search of a party. I wandered around the Drake until the second performance of the opera was over, then got together with Andy Nowell, and all the boys. (Carr-Rike-Graham-McElroy-Joseph-Stewart-Donnell-Wilhoyte-Clemons-Satz-Nowell-Malz-Collins-Courval) We went up to 903 for a little party. Arlene Brennan was the only girl (oh yes, Wegars was there too--chaperoning her).

We started pooling our money for liquor and then, like real cloak-and-dagger men, organized a brew-procuring and ice-and-glass procuring party. Andy Nowell, Boob Stewart, Jim Clemons, Don Donnell, Dave Wilhoyte and Terry Carr were on the brew-procuring committee. Fred Malz, Bill Courval and I were to get plenty of glasses and ice. The rest of the kids stayed in the room. We were pretty sure this was going to be our last night at the Con. (We had planned to leave at 8:00 Monday nite.)



No one took the elevator--we wanted to avoid snoopie elevator boys and the house dicks. We went, one party at a time. Andy and his group left first--using the old spy technique of having one person leave at one minute intervals. Finally Bill, Fred and myself got out--we roamed the streets of San Francisco looking for a place that sold paper cups--we finally found one not far from the hotel. Next we headed back to the hotel to get the ice and meet the boys in 903. We thought we could save dough by getting the ice ourselves--but they had to give it to the bellboys to send it up--it cost us 73¢ for the damn ice--had to give the bell-boy \$1. Such fabulous prices for mere frozen water!

WILL WILD ROOT CREAM OIL
TAKE THE PLACE OF ALCOHOL?

The given series of knocks were heard at the door and we opened it for Andy and the boys. There were purchased two quarts of mixer and about 2/5's of Burbon. Everybody indulged but Satz--it was our little campaign to see that Satz remained dry for at least one night of the four. Everybody steadfastly refused Satz anything alcoholic--he was even refused the mixer because we had to have plenty of it, to spread the drinks thin enough for a couple of rounds. Satz was in a furor, he kept asking "why" all the time. He did everything conceivable to gain attention--and a drink. Malz was laughing so hard that he almost fell out of the open 9th story window, the ledge of which he was sitting on.

Finally, I got a brilliant idea. I questioned Satz as to whether or not he really wanted a drink. He pleaded yes. As I prepared a glass with ice I asked him again if he was really sure. Again he said yes. I quickly yelled for Dave Wilhoyte and Boob Stewart to nail each of Satz' arms. We pinned him to the bed. My scheme was now partially completed. I amazed all by grabbing a full pint bottle of Wild Root Cream Oil from the dresser and pouring it, "Over the Rocks", into the cup filled with ice. Nothing but Wild Root Cream Oil and ice. I set this concoction on the dresser. (As I write this now and imagine it, I begin to get that queezy feeling in my stomach--the mere thought of such a drink sickens me.)

I quickly sat myself down on Satz' chest, Boob and Dave hold fast to his arms. I held Burt's nose, forcing him to open his mouth, and promptly poured a few tablespoons of the greasy-white liquid into his mouth. I yelled at him to swallow but he refused. I told him he'd better. He asked me if I would offer him a drink of Gin if he swallowed and I agreed. He swallowed. He grimaced. He almost regurgitated. Feigning bravery as well as stupidity, Satz said that the combination was most agreeable to him and asked for more--this time with a spot of Gin.

Reaching for the concoction that I had laid aside, I poured about 1/4 a drop of gin in, declaring that that was the liquor I had promised him. Satz then downed about 1/2 pint more of the Wild Root. Boob, on cue, grabbed his camera and snapped a picture of Satz guzzling down the Wild Root. It wasn't but a few moments later than the contents--the entire pint bottle of the hair

lotion had been drained. There were quite a few humorous comments (which, because they are rather unclean in more way than one) that cannot be quoted here, regarding Satz' movements for the next few days.

Wayne Strickland an obnoxious little neo about 12 or 13 years old, picked up a glass somewhere and strolled into our room--with the house dick following close behind. That ended things for that night. The house dick said everybody had to go. It was a shame, for even though most of us were over 16, but were under 21, we were still very quiet during most of the time and were disturbing no one. That's what I mean about kids under 18, which brings us to another point.

I was having a long discussion with some of the older folks, Ev Gold, Bob Bloch, Dave Watson, Mari Woff, Phyllis Scott, Bob Buechley, and Dale Rostomily. I brought up the point that kids under 18 shouldn't be allowed into these World Cons without adult sponsorship. To say that they shouldn't be allowed liquor is like banning family poker games--they can always find someplace to go--and even though everybody knows about it, no one will stop them. It appeared to us that the best thing to do would be to exclude them altogether with the single exception of those who would have adults vouch for their good behavior. Too many characters like Wayne Strickland and Ron Ellik, and Burt Satz,--13, 15, and 14 respectively--roaming around the Conventions picking up liquor and getting drunk--uproariously drunk--and disorderly, ruining Conventions for all others concerned. Even if the age were dropped to those under 16, a lot of people would rest easier.

Wayne Strickland started cursing at the hotel detective--a man who was valiantly trying to do his job--that of keeping 12 year olds like Wayne away from liquor--and Wayne had the nerve to call him names and swear at him. The detective almost called the juvenile squad had not some of us intervened and yelled at Wayne to cut it out. He was yanked off and out by the detective and I had the extreme fortune of not seeing him for the remainder of the Convention. After the break up was over, I went downstairs, to Clemens room to spend the night.

One other person, by the way, who proved himself to be one of the most thoroughly obnoxious personality of the Convention was Ron Ellik. Ron decided that he rather enjoyed the art of throwing beer cans out the window, and proceeded to do so. Thank god the San Francisco police came and took him away. I hope he enjoyed the San Fran jail--did you Ron old boy? People like this, who've proven themselves too juvenile for one convention, should not be admitted to any of the following ones until perhaps they turn 18.

Monday morning I woke up rather late again--at 10:30. I went downstairs to the meeting room--said good morning to my dear buddy Harlan and took off with Tom Piper for breakfast. As I write this report, it's rather hard to give in detail about the more or less scheduled happenings at the Convention to form, nothing ever comes off on schedule. There was a rather good panel discussion...Is Stf Unduly Restricted? It was rather interesting with Willy Ley, Poul Anderson, and John Campbell. I personally didn't care for any of the panel discussions. They had rather poor moderators who let the panel get off the track and in two of the discussions, the panel never did get around to answering the question that was put to them in the first place.

Pretty soon the Con bidding started. There were a lot of additions and corrections and new resolutions made--most of them were of little importance. There was an impressing one wherein further Oklacons that took place on the very same date--or even within one month of the World Con date were to be outlawed. The reason was quite obvious--the Oklacon was drawing a

number of pros and fans away from the big Con. And with this large number went an equal amount of money--and the World Con needs that stuff. The resolution went over unanimously.

After all the resolutions were over...I began to think. Officially, that is as far as records are concerned (and this concerns me very much), the '54 Con was the last World Convention--for officially, at this convention the only cities that could hold a world convention were divided into three parts of the United States. The bid will go from West to Middle to East Coast, then start all over again. This undoubtedly means the following schedule...Frisco in '54, Cleveland '55, New York '56, LA '57, Detroit '58, perhaps Buffalo in '59...then it'll probably be Frisco or Portland in '60! Unfortunately--and quite impossibily, it won't be South Gate in '58--unless it be a WesterCon.

The bids for the WesterCon came next--only one serious bid was presented (Ginny Faine gave one for Catalina) and that was by Don Donnell, representing our fan group, NAPA (National Amateur Press Association) of which he is president. (I am Secretary-Treasurer, by the way.) We naturally won the bid and are now stuck to put on a WesterCon in '55. As of this writing it will be the Sunday-Monday (July 3rd and 4th) of the July 4th weekend. No firecrackers. My job on this whole dang thing will be to take care of all printed material (membership cards, progress reports, convention gbooklets, etc.,). Running off the subject a little..ads and other information will be handed out within another month or so--watch for it in AB.

There were three serious bids for the World Con site for 1955. The first bid was made by Harlan Ellison for Detroit, seconded by Dale Rostomily and George Young. Harlan stood a darn good chance of winning. He presented the usual letters from Mayor, Chamber of Commerce, and Hotel Manager. He gave good solid facts--but forgot that the audience was watching him as just a kid--and I suppose they took his promises to be just that--promises. Don Donnell, who very nicely wasn't around to do much of anything--especially convince people they should vote for Buffalo (he saw three shows while he was in Frisco), gave what some people thought to be an insincere bid for Buffalo. Don's fault was that he wasn't around and many thought the bid to be just juvenile folling around. In the outcome, Don got 12 votes out of close to 200 cast.

Next bid was from Noreen Falasca for Cleveland, seconded only by EEEvans. They had all that Detroit had, plus Evans. Evans swung the whole thing bringing up the subject of maturity on the part of the convention committee. Obviously, the younger committee was that of Detroit--and Evans swung the entire (all but 69!) body of voters for Cleveland.

The votes were 113 for Cleveland, 57 for Detroit, and 12 for Buffalo!

There is no sense in going into detail about all the panel discussions or the auctions. The most important highlights were the opera, the masquerade, the banquet, the elections, and the movies. The best part for the fan of the convention, is really and truly what goes on after the various programmed events. The parties, the fan gatherings, the private discussion groups. They are what really go towards making a good convention. I've gone into little detail about the opera--it was putrid. The banquet was wonderful, but again detail would do it very little justice, you really had to be there to appreciate it. The movies were quite bad, necessitating no detail. The masquerade was by far the biggest and best of the '54 Con highlights--and Vampira (a local ghoul) was the one who helped make it what it was--and she is a non-fan!

The masquerade started off rather slowly. I would like to say right here that the floor was waxed especially for it and it was extremely slippery. Myself, laden down with camera and strobe, in slick-soled shoes, I went sliding all over the place--like in an ice-skating rink--but what a lousy show!

I must commend highly the music as pushed out by Turk Murphy and his little group of six--I think it was six--unless I was embalmed and seeing a double trio I'm almost sure it was six. I hope it was six. At any rate, the music was darn good. Don Donnell, Dave Wilhoyte and Jimmy Cleoms brought along some girls (one of which was Fred Malz' cute sister) and acted like a couple of junior high kids at their first dance.

Most distinguished dance couple of the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Everett Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dougherty, Dick Finney and Vampira, and Harlan Ellison and Betty Jo McCarthy. Free ego-boo to all of them--especially to Harlan who is addicted to it.

The masquerade produced a number of good--nay, even excellent costumes. Mrs. Willy Ley won the prize for the most decorative--she came dressed in black, spangles and spaceship--dressed as Deep Space. Phyllis Scott came as Dead on Arrival--killed six different ways. Then there was a character dressed as a mad scientist who proved to be not so mad after all when he ran after one of the gorgeous looking chicks. Andy Nowell, the non-fan supreme came darn close to winning a prize with his get up as the big green man (no, not the jolly Green Giant!). Andy had his face and hands dyed green--his hair dyed white and had a zap gun. Most humorous costume was the one Walt Dougherty was not wearing when he flashed his badge, "Galactic Patrol--Plainclothes Man". Then Dale Rostomily came in as a character from Orwell's "1984", carrying a BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU and wearing an ANTI-SEX LEAGUE banner across his chest. Sam Moskowitz came as a paper from the future, wearing a bare chest--amply supplied with fake hair off dead bodies which were, in turn, supplied by Vampira. There were loads of costumes--Roxanne Crossley came as a cat from one of Doc Smith's forthcoming books. I came as Vampira disguised as me. Willy Ley ("I don't know--will he?") came in with the most extraordinary life-like Willy Ley costume I have ever seen.

And so the Masquerade went on--the best affair of the Con. The judges for the winners (they were five) of the masquerade were Bob Bloch (nicely situated next to the buxom Vampira), Vampira, Ev Gold, Tony Boucher, and John W. Campbell, Jr. The winners of the masquerade were given Faraco originals and the door prize was a free sub to Galaxy--there was also added a free sub to F&SF, courtesy of you-know-who and a free sub to ASF from Ghod himself.

As the masquerade came to a slowdown, I grabbed Don and the boys and told them we had better say our goodbyes, since we were leaving on the two o'clock bus back to LA. I said long goodbyes to most of the people I met--all extremely wonderful people and took off with the boys for the Greyhound depot.

We finally boarded the bus, after a long wait which almost looked fruitless (there were some 50 people hoping to get seats on a 40-passenger bus). We finally got seats and were terrifically pleased to find Roxanne Crossley--rather THE beautiful Roxanne Crossley (you may thank me in person, Roxanne, at the next WesterCon committee meeting...). There was a mad scrimmage to see who would get the only vacant seat near her. When the cloud of fan-nish dust cleared, I was sitting there glaring at the others. I happen to be the biggest of the group. Donnell, in a frustrated effort to find, what was to him, a better strategically-located seat, wound up without a seat at all. He was even more frustrated until San Jose when someone finally got off leaving him a seat.

59

Again, Satz proved to be a terrific pest. This time it was night time and the whole bus felt it--most of them wanted to catch some sleep. The conversation went from jazz to its constituents then on to their habits which consisted mostly of marijuana and opium--Satz gave long boring lectures on the merits of one as opposed to the merits of the other. Various sleepy servicemen in different parts of the bus yelled, oaths which though extremely unfannish, didn't faze Satz in the least.

At the next stop, in front of the entire crowd, I collared him with all the boys in the bus watching, and missed smashing the tar out of him if it was not for the glare of the driver--blood proves rather hard to wash out of Greyhound seats.

You'd think Satz might learn a lesson what with us guys taking turns pounding on him at every rest stop--but that boy is a glutton for punishment. I wish to heck some of my pictures had come out. I was planning to take snaps of our little group, as we stopped at every rest stop on the way back. First stop at 2:30, then at 3:00, then at 4:15 and so on. We got more pooped and haggard-looking after each stop. Finally, looking as bad as we possibly could, we stopped at a little water hole called King City for breakfast.

The bus rolled us into LA at around 2:30 and I left the boys and dashed off to get to the Dentist's by 4 o'clock.

THE END

Editor's note: I just received the interesting news that it might be possible for me to goto Europe this coming summer. The rates quoted were remarkably cheap, and as I have to be in New York this coming summer anyway, it will be very possible that I might travel abroad.

The boat on which I can get these rates leaves for Northern Ireland--I guess you know who'll be there. From From there on to England and all over the place, I can travel. This will give me a wonderful opportunity to meet all of Anglo-Fandom and those from Belgium and other countries.

As it is now, I'm still not sure that this will ever become a reality, but I'm strongly hoping for it. This is more or less being told to you to use up filler space. This is just about one of the very last pages in the whole magazine...and I'm glad of it. I wish to thank Jim Bradley for his terrific illustrations--I just wish there were more of them. Thanx are extended to Norman G. Browne who very obligingly kept me waiting for a MidWesCon Report which he obviously never intended sending in the first place. Thanx to Bill Reynolds for forgetting his article. And one sincere thanx to Lynn Hickman who at least dropped me a line to the effect that he couldn't possibly do the back cover intime.

Next issue of AB, as most of you know, is the Anniversary Issue--one year as a subxine for AB--also a year and a half in fandom for me. The issue will have approximately 50-64 pages--the final number as yet undetermined. Some of the material already in is by Ellison, McKinney, Moreen and others. There will be many more. If you'd like to receive the Annish (AB#9), the price will be 20¢ if you subscribe for all six issues of 1955, it'll cost you \$1.20 for the full year. The single issue, as a complimentary copy as well as future issues of AB, will cost 25¢ apiece. 60

S F CON PERSONALITIES

HARLAN ELLISON:

Harlan naturally comes first on my list because he, by far, stood out from the rest. In some ways he stood out in more of a bad light than a good one, but my general over-all impression of him was a good one. He's about 5'5" tall, dark brown haired, and a sharp dresser. He wears those distinguished horn-rimmed glasses--more black than brown. He's constantly with that Benjamin-stove pipe of his. I won't go into the psychology of Harlan Ellison--too many people have done the same. He's got a lot on the ball, and he knows it. He's been dragged through the mud for his "name-calling" as a guy I know put it. He likes to hob-nob with the pros calling them all by their first names. However, Harl is a swell kid and a damn nice guy to know. He's always been okay to me--and I like him a lot. If you're ever an enemy of Harlan's--watch out! He's got a sharp tongue, a good body, and a quick wit to match. I tried a battle of the chops with him, but died laughing at that, "You were a test-tube baby--test failed."

CAROL MCKINNEY:

One of the sweetest and nicest of the fen I've met. She impressed me as a country-type of girl which is just the type she is. Real cordial and sincere, it was a pleasure meeting her. I could kick myself around the block twice for ever feuding with as sweet a girl as she is. She is about 5' 5" tall, blond and most attractive. She could pass for a girl of fifteen, and when she pulled out her wallet showing a picture of her two kids----one of which is 9--I could have flipped--and that was when I was eating that bowl of Chop Suey!

BILL REYNOLDS:

Here is another one of those really nice people I met at the Con. Bill is also 5'6" or thereabouts (I seem to be putting everybbody at that height.) He is very soft-spoken and quite intelligent. He is somewhat on the plump side--but really pleasingly plump. Bill and I engaged in long conversations ranging everywhere from my fake-fannism to his love of steam engines. Bill was always smoking a pipe. He impressed me as being very mild and docile, the kind of guy that wouldn't hurt a flea. He was a wonderful guy and one of those very few it has been a pleasure to know.

DAVE RICE:

A fun-loving fellow with a pleasant smile. He is blond-haired, about 5'11 or 6' tall. This boy has a quick wit and a very winning personality. He's made some rather dumb remarks, but he impresses you with his oozing personality. He's always up to something--always after fun and a good time. He proves the comedy relief in so many instances and has the good sense to

know when to turn it on and off. A truly wonderful fellow whom I'd like to meet many more times.

BOB BLOCH:

When this guy got up to speak at the banquet, you could've knocked me over with a feather! He was an entirely different person. In a small group, or just person to person, Bob would impress you as a really shy guy. He sometimes talks to you so low you can hardly hear him--to say he is soft-spoken is overrating him. He seems to be more of the introvert type that is, until a good looking dame walks by. But Bob is not the guy to make the first move. He's somewhat like a magnet. They (the girls) flock to him. Then our boy goes to work--he seems to be notorious for this. He breaks open like a bursting bud when he gets that microphone in his hand--and his humor is unsurpassed by anyone.

ART RAPP:

Here is a Sergeant who should be a colonel. A tall, young man, dark-haired, wears rimless glasses, that's Art Rapp. A very highly intelligent guy, he's usually always the center of a group discussion. He can talk on end of his experiences--both army and fan. He is extremely well-liked by everyone. When by himself, Art placidly smokes his pipe. (What fan these days in his right mind doesn't have a pipe?) He's soft-spoken and is more than quiet until someone codgers him into talking. A very nice fellow that Rapp--it was a sincere pleasure meeting and talking to him.

ANDY NOWELL:

Here is a name to remember. The name might already be familiar to you through V. Paul Nowell, Andy's brother. Andy came to the convention a veritable neo and walked out a Bnf. He's a new star on the fannish horizon and someone to keep your eye on. Andy is a rather portly man, dark-haired with a mustache--quite a distinguished looking man--looks more like the General than a corporal. He pubbed a zine on his very first day as a fan--one read by Boucher, Campbell, and Gold--he handed them his copies in person and they read them and thanked him for it. Andy has a sense of humor almost equal--though I would say quite a bit different--than that of Bob Bloch. He could pub a zine that in no time at all would wind its way to the top. I'm going to try and codger this boy into doing something for me--or publishing his own zine. Watch this boy--he's got it one the ball.

STAN WOOLSTON:

Here's one man that really impressed me. He labored long and hard trying to get me to join the N3F--explaining all its many advantages. Stan has now offered to help us--as far as printing goes, for the coming Westercon. What more proof can be offered than Stan is a swell guy. I hardly knew him when I asked him whether he'd print up our membership cards--yet he's gone out of his way to help us. A terrific fellow, Stan, whom you can't help but like once you've met him. He's kind and sincere and I believe would give you the shirt off his back if you were in need of it. Both the N3F and the WesterCon committee owe him a lot--I think we all know it.

REYNOLDS

con personalities

by Bill Reynolds

AT LARGE

Frank McElroy, Terry and Boob used to kid me about my love for steam locomotives. So you can imagine my suspicion when Terry and Pete Graham announced that they had found another steam-fan that second day of the SF Con. But how can you doubt when a fellow named Maurice Powell asks me if I had seen a cab-in-front conquer Donner Pass? Mr. Powell is about fifty whose age doesn't deter him from collecting an appalling file of rail-photos. Besides that hobby, he's been enjoying stf since the early twentys. To my horror I learned that he doesn't enjoy the inconvenience of collecting. Until a few years ago he tossed away each worn copy of a zine. Now he sends all magazines to Australia despite the suspicion of customs officials down-under. To avoid any squabble fen shouldmark packages as a "Gift", as Mr. Powell learned through experience. Though we expect something in exchange if we don't get it don't yell or we'll ruin things for other Aussie fen.

Meeting a rail-stf-fan is a reward enough. But when Maurice totted in a huge bundle of negatives and treated me to shish-kabob at Omar Khayyam's I thought the SFCon was a magnificent success! At Union Square we stopped to chat with two fen...Maurice with a nap-sack of negatives and me with an half dozen old zines under my arm and a cigar buring furiously in my other fist. A lady of delicat descent and scent stepped out of the frowning ram-parts of the St. Francis and clucked in disdain at our moldy crew. "Well!" was the only remark I could convey under my upturned nose though I felt tempted to use my more favorite comment, "Just what kind of toilet-paper do you use; mink?" But the critter was walking like other plebs, so we must be merciful toward this answer against the Communist threat.

At the bar we could hear the reception of the first performance of Brad-bury-Charles Hamm opera "Scent of Sarsaparilla". But over each negative I was exclaiming: "How did you get that, whow!" or "You don't see much of that stuff!" Naturally, amore stalwart fan decided that the con-morals were at stake with the display of lewd pictures. To protect the innocent of course, he asked to examine a few of the negatives. He was disappointed when a Mike and a twelve-wheeler stared back at him...instead of an undraped model...human, that is.

Bill Knapheide decided to go capitalist at the Con. Saturday morning he carried a puny envelope filled with XEVERN'S that he hoped to sell over three days. Being cornered by Bill weakens a fan, especially when he has a foot on your chest and his hand on your wallet. A few hours later a glassy-eyed Bill Knapheide staggered by muttering that he was going for more X's. I was visibly shaken and fearful of the juggernaut that I had encouraged to roll at the Con. In the lobby I was tempted to get a shoe-shine from a seedy looking old man carrying a large box suspended by a rope. The house dick was giving him a merciless stare, poor devil. A hail from the shoe-whine boy identified him as Bill with several pounds of XEVERN! I couldn't disturb Bill since he was introducing another fan to X. On Sunday evening a neo asked the old huckster if X was representative of the leading zines. A hasty assuranch brough a quick sale of each number of X.

Each evening Bill would announce his sales to an incredulous audience of friends. When he sold six dollars worth of X, he tried to persuade us to buy duplicates for our files. Our resistance didn't discourage Bill who was now sporadically attending meetings to track down an unwary fan.

Bill's madness had purpose you can be sure. A real fan, Bill accumulated an enormous following of local fen who inundate the latest meetings of the CGFS. If bill can sell the CGFS like XENERN I hope X prospers with a richer following.

Monday had me cursing in the Monterey room being late and understanding that the tardy must remain outside while certain resolutions were passed before the site voting began. I was more enraged to see a few fen trotting into the the Empire Room and the Monterey Room. With a glass of water in my shaking fist I stalked among the booths ignoring the loudspeaker that broadcast the proceedings in the next room. Amid all this bedlam a serene elderly lady was resting, seemingly exhausted by all the proceedings. Guiltily I looked at the cool glass of water and the perspiring fen about me. I stole a glance at her badge to more formally offer her the glass. Isabell Dinwiddie! She really existed and lived on a street called Gormley! --over in the East Bay! I told her I was honored to meet a Baf. She enjoyed fandom through the delays of acknowledgement that often irked her. To meet such a vigorous person made me proud of associating with Fandom. Certainly we can't call fandom totally adolescent. The site-voting interrupted our delightful conversation and I left with the hope that she would be as successful as a pro as a fan writer.

Ultra-polite was Andrew Adam Whyte (100 Memorial Dr., Cambridge, Mass.) a neo with hopes of fanedding. First he started to discourse on the Scotch Whytes--not the English, he apparanetly has great pride in his family name. Or is that how a New Englander talks? Well, it will be interesting to see how he meets fandom as an editor, if his more reserved mother permits him to persue such a devious path. A few fanzines other than Xenern might acquaint him with fandom--that's the reason for the address. He might make a good faned since he will welcome any suggestings.

"College Boy" was my impression even before I saw Harlan Ellison, though he was shorter than I had supposed. A neat dresser he appears to have none of the snobbishness that I had supposed of a Bnf. I must admit that he tried very hard to associate with the Pros. But because he did, he probably gained a wealth of information that would make other, less-gifted con reporters droll.

Rehearsed humor, careful to get the facts he related the Harmon-fist incident on tape. Half-through, some mechanical difficulty forced him to relate the incident again. Every detail was rehashed to our roaring amusement. When the tape was played, we had the first half and the first half again. And we laughed all the time.

He was with one girl during the Con. At least I suppose it was the same girl since he said the same endearments over again. When he entered his room with her, he beat his way through the smoke to change his dress shoes for track shoes. At least I suppose they were track shoes, since the girl looked fast.

Then I had a fascinating time talking to Jim Mehmet Shahnakhiroglu (that's a real name!). I could go on and on about all the fascinating and wonderful people I met at the Con, but it looks like Pete is forcing me out at the bottom of the page

--Bill Reynolds

Let's face it. If you put out a fanzine then it is to your advantage if your "readers" read it. I will confess to receiving magazines every now and then that--time being as short as it is--I merely scan and shudder over.

Let me hasten to assure you that this probably doesn't apply to your magazine. That seems to be the danger of making derogatory comments without naming names. Instead of making one or two people sore, you make whole scads of people worried or mad or both. But when a fan sends me a copy of his magazine on his own initiative, it seems rather callous and ungrateful to tear it to pieces. Gift horses and all that sort of thing.

But there are a couple of ways that you can make a magazine more readable. If you're already using the tips I'm about to let fall, then just nod sagely and ignore them. Let's discuss them, first as regards to presentation and then regarding the material itself.

First there's the matter of paragraphs. Try to break your copy up into appetizing "bite-size" chunks. There is something very formidable about huge blocks of solid type, with the edges going clear out to the sides of the paper and no "land-marks" to guide your eye to the next line.

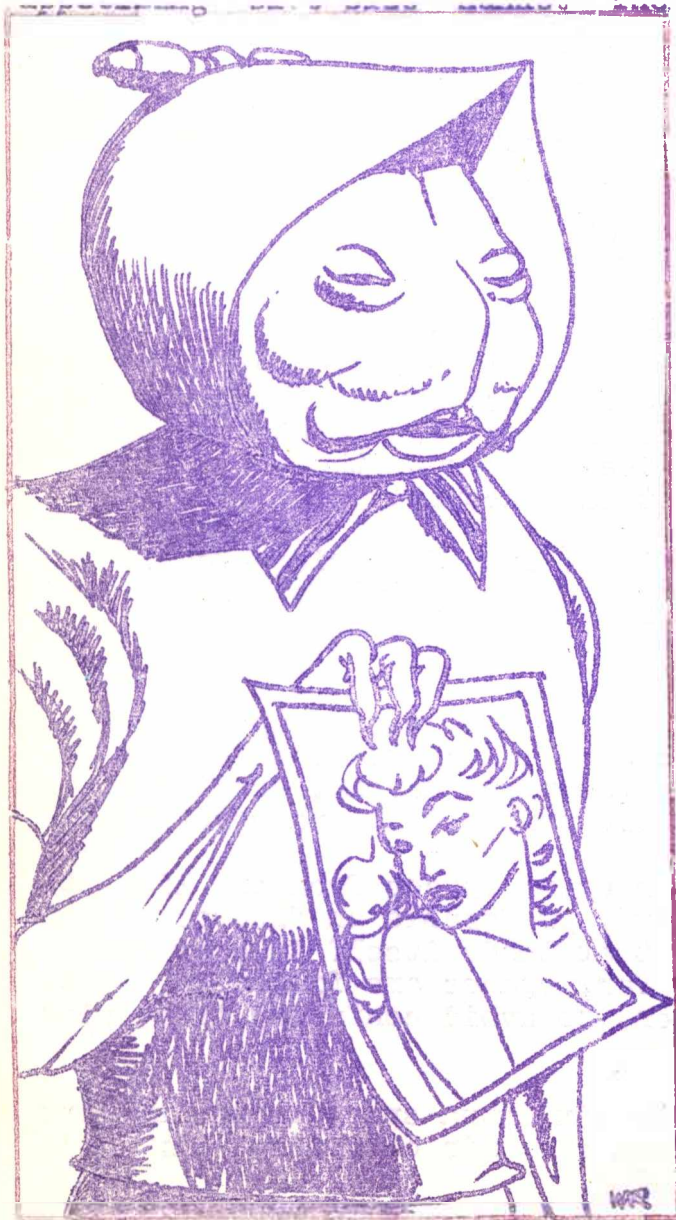
The tendency for the average reader--and most readers are average readers--is to read to the end of the line, skip back and make a false start at the beginning of the same line. This annoys most readers and the slight saving on paper does not begin to offset it.

If you use the popular 8½x11 size paper, a single column page has lines anywhere between 6" and 7½" wide. Very few books have lines this wide and most of them that do run 6" columns will "lead" their lines...that is, put a thin extra space between each line to keep the reader's eye from repeating like a phonograph needle stuck on a faulty record.

So break your copy up into paragraphs if you can conveniently do so. Then allow at least an extra half-space (a full space is better) between each paragraph. Typing in a format such as the one used here reads most comfortably if you don't use much over 8 lines to the average paragraph.

Isolation give a one-line paragraph added emphasis.

But don't overdo it.



That looks silly.

It isn't mandatory to indent for each fresh paragraph if you allow a full space between each one. But it does look rather nice and it lends that neat "professional" touch. It's customary to indent five spaces.... that is, to make your first letter on the sixth space in.

Let me set forth my own personal views on justified margins. I do not claim this to be a Universal Truth; just my own opinion. But I don't recommend justified margins in typewritten copy. And I'll tell you why.

Copy produced on "letter-press" (such as a conventional printing press) LEAVE THE printer no choice. He has to justify because he has to "lock-up" his type in the forms to keep it from falling out when the press is in operation and it must be clamped in from both sides as well as the top and bottom.

But the printer has something you don't have on your typewriter (unless you have a \$2200.00 Varityper). The printer has spaces of several different widths and he can use all of them to achieve even margins without sacrificing the uniform appearance of his copy. I should qualify that statement. He can if he is a good printer. There's more--much more---to setting really good copy in movable type than merely arranging the letters in proper sequence.

But most fans set up their fanzines on a typewriter; a machine that allots exactly as much room to the normally chubby letters like "m" and "w" as it does to the humble comma. Most "office-model" typers and some portables are capable of half-spacing but two words half a space apart look too closely related for comfort. You can justify with $1\frac{1}{2}$ spacing but it takes a certain amount of concentration.

Some justified typing is better than others. But even the best of it suffers to a lesser degree from the maladies peculiar to the species. For one thing, it becomes necessary to hyphenate words very profusely...sometimes even at a place removed from the normal "breaking-point" between syllables. A word continued on the next line interrupts the smooth flow of reading. They are better avoided if it is reasonably practical.

Furthermore, even edging frequently suffers from "gaposis"--to borrow a term for the Sanforized people. It displays what printers call "lakes and rivers". These are areas of light appearance where a lot of extra spaces on adjacent lines clump together.

Many typists, particularly in the early stages of their experimenting with justified margins, are very prone to make all of their adjusting spaces immediately prior to the last word in the right margin, leading to an effect of which some of these paragraphs are only slight exaggerations.

The trick, of course, is to spread your extra spaces from one line to the next. Best bet is to type up a "dummy", preferable on "Ezerase" or "Corrasibile Bond" or some similar paper that lends itself to easy erasure. Then if an offending word sticks out too far, spaces are filled in with red hyphens (if you use a two color ribbon) to avoid confusing them with bona fide hyphens (Hi, Walt!).

Then, in retyping, you can spread up to six extra space across the line without having to use more than two between any pair of words. Six is about as many as you'll ever encounter. 70

But with so many better things to do with your time, why bother with even-edges? Some of the finest fanzines that fandom has ever seen had copy with the right margin as shaggy as the edge of a pre-war issue of AMAZING.

And now, having dwelt briefly upon the paragraph and the margins, let's take a look at the sentence itself.

Beware of four things:

1. Long sentences.
2. Long words.
3. Excessive commas.
4. Excessive adjectives.

Generally speaking, if you can't read a sentence out loud in comfort your reader will find it indigestible to read to himself. Write the way you talk. The words of a given sentence pile up in the reader's mind like concrete in a wheelbarrow until he reaches the end, extracts your meaning and dumps it into that vast bin that holds every other sentence he ever read or heard. Don't overload that wheelbarrow.

You needn't confine yourself entirely to short sentences--by no means. The important thing is the average length of the sentences you use. Roughly, they shouldn't average much over 20 words. If a 60 - word whopper is necessary, offset it with a few shorter ones.

The topic is too big to cover here but if you're interested in the subject I'd recommend a book called "The Technique of Clear Writing," by Robert Gunning. I borrowed it from a library, then found it so helpful that I bought a copy.

A "long word" may be considered to be any word with more than three syllables. Here again it's the over-the-page average that counts rather than the individual line or sentence. If a big word is necessary, and if you are certain that you are using and spelling it correctly, (this is ever so important!), then use it. But if you know a shorter, better known word that carries your meaning just as well, use that instead.

Mark Twain had the right idea when he said, "I never write "metropolis" for 25¢ when I can get just as much money for "city". I doubt



if he ever got as much for "clty" as did Clifford Simak, but that is irrelevant.)

Whoever edited the collection of Clemensiana called "Mark Twain in Eruption"---a delightful book incidentally---I think it was Bernard de Voto, mentions that little re-writing was done except to expunge whole bushels of commas. Commas were more popular in Mark Twain's day but the modern trend is away from them if they are not absolutely essential. If a comma's absence won't alter your meaning, then leave it out.

Adjectives...the hack-writer's dearest, staunchest, truest most beloved friend. For an adjective is a word and all words bring the same rate and a chap named Roget (ROGG-ay, not Ro-ZHAY) wrote a book just chock-full of synonymous adjectives. Comparitively few writers today suffer from the dread scourge of adjectival diarrhea although Sam Merwin seems subject to occasional mild attacks.

An occasional adjective is necessary, even beneficial. The sentence you just read would be quite indecipherable without the adjectives it contains. The key-word here is moderation. Examine each adjective before you drop it to the paper and ask yourself if the sentence can get along without it.

But shun this practice of laying a string of adjectives in front of every noun. Don't say, "The dead blue-black, metallicly- glinting scarabold-shaped, atom-driver, gigantic, colossal, gargantuan, extra-solar spaceship..." when you can substitute, "The black spaceship....." You may kid yourself into thinking that you've imparted a lot of information to your reader in a few words but the sober truth is that you have bored the hell out of him and very likely lost him as well.

I'm not going to say much here about typographical errors and strikeouts and things like that. The less of them you have, the better. I'm aware that some people wouldn't notice a typo if it spat in their eye. They leave the proof-reading to the readers and the readers love it. But before you remove the master or the stencil from the typewriter, it is good practice to read it over, slowly and carefully and do what you can to correct the most glaring errors in spelling and sentence structure. Nothing looks more awkward than a word or phrase unintentionally left out or misplaced.

The reason for re-reading it before you take the work out of the typewriter is because that is the easiest time to correct it. Once it's out of the machine, it becomes quite hard to wipe out the mistake and type it back in without its being terribly obvious.

All of the foregoing applies pretty much equally to anyone who tries to set up pages for publication and some of it's of possible interest to those who write for other's magazines. I'm not going into the operation of various duplicators here. I assume that you know about that or that you'll learn.

But the point I wanted to stress is that there is something besides reproduction and subject-matter to be considered. There is that quality called "readability" that is as hard to define as it is important.

I think I can safely say that nobody makes money publishing an amateur magazine. Even if they cleared enough to cover their materials, they'd never begin to get an adequate return for their time.

Hickman's and gets the same kind of reproduction. Wish me luck.

I thought I'd sneak that in the same paragraph just so you'd read it.

I have been counting the days till I receive ABstract. I can hardly wait. Good luck with her. I know this issue is going to be a big task on your part. I'll try to enclose a picture of myself and Kent to rid your mind of doubt. If it's not in this letter, you can go to the MidWesCon, or the World Con or maybe even the Oklacon next year and see the slides that Don took of the whole drunken mess.

Next year the Cons will all be several months apart so that we can make all of them. I'll make the World Con for sure. I want to meet HARLAN ELLISON. Here's the deal with Ellison: I saw some full length pictures of him, and I know how little he is and how much he must be kidded, razzed and/or threatened because of his size. Well, I'm in the same boat 'cause I'm not much bigger than he. So if we can unite we can hold our own.

WALT BOWART 306 E. Hickory, Enid, Okla.

((Letters like yours, Walt, are a pleasure to receive. Believe me, when I say this, but those terrific fellows who dropped me little notes while I was busy up to my ears coming home every weekend for six weekends to publish this, will long be remembered by me. It is a little courtesy and kindness that won't be forgotten. You don't know how much you make me happy when you tell me how you look forward to AB--not many people take the trouble to write me along that line. Okay, I believe you boy, Carol McKinney at the World Con kept ribbing me at the World Con for believing your little hoax--so I took up the battle anew. After this, I'll believe you. Don Chappell verified it in his Con report. One thing I won't believe is the remark you made about the "whole drunken mess". I also have been informed by Chappell in his con report THAT OKLAHOMA IS A DRY STATE! Tsk, tsk, no beer!))

Got a letter from an "M. Lubin" this morning. Watch out for this fellow. He requested a number of zines I advertised as Free in Kaymar Trader and then proceeded to lick 8 2¢ stamps (on top of each other) on the letter proper. A real ass. The whole top part of his letter was devoted to Gaaaaaa! typed across the page. Should such an unmitigated crud go unchallenged?

Slightly run out of letters--just postcards demanding the appearance of AB. From where I'm sitting right now, it looks like AB will be three more weeks in the process. Man, when you depend on other people getting your material done, then it's rough. At present, I have only finished 55 pages--this being the 55th page completed. I'm waiting patiently for: Carol McKinney's auto-biog, A Bill Reynolds column, a Norman G. Browne MidWesCon report, and Jim Bradley to hurry up and finish illoing my Convention Report.

On the last weekend of October (I hope this will be finished by that time) I'll be going to Berkeley and Frisco for the All-Cal weekend. I plan on dropping in on the boys up in Frisco. They were the nicest group of the Convention. I have more or less at present, divorced myself from Southern California Fandom. Southern Cal fandom has degenerated into a group of raving neos. Ron Ellik, Larry Balint, Wayne Strickland, Tom Piper, Ralph Stapenhorst are typical examples of the type of fan I'm trying to escape. The northern group is a little more serious and constructive.

P.HOWARD LYONS questions: Did you enjoy the Con? Get in any fights? Meet Ellison? Puke? P.Howie signs his letters, "The Good Fairy from Toronto".

Turn the page, fathead, for some more interesting missiles.....

LARRY ANDERSON:

You're in. You're the eleventh WAPAn. Your mailing date is Oct. 25. Within one week of that, either way. You'll get the bulletin soon. You're 3rd in mailing line. Ted White and I are Before you. You misunderstand. Mailing dates are separate, and you mail your zine directly to the other members. It's timed so you get one WAPazine each week. Yours wouldn't have to be over a couple of pages for the first time, if you're unable to do more.

How about putting me on the waiting list for the Cult? I notice you only listed 2 as being on it.

Mailing requirements were on the second bulletin. They are $1\frac{1}{2}$ pages per month, a mailing for each member every three months. That means the minimum mag, after the first few months, should be $4\frac{1}{2}$, or 5 pages. We have to accept less, for the first month or so, because of short notice. Even then, this shouldn't be too much. Wot the heck, only 20 pages a year--TWENTY PAGES A YEAR? We're going to be busy as fleas on a hot griddle. It's mean to keep the members active, but in short bursts, instead of sometimes once per year, as in FAPA, or once per six months as in SAPS. If we all push hard, this ought to go over big!

LARRY ANDERSON 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana

((I'm more than glad to be a member of your organization! I'm printing your postcard here--yes folks, you heard me right, all of the above was written on a postcard--he has the most minute type--in the hopes that some of our really talented AB readers might consider joining. There's one big difference between WAPA and the Cult, although they are quite similar, and that is that we don't care for any new members--for once the Cult gets more than its present 13, it loses the one thing that makes it so good and so original. And so, you go down as #3 on our waiting list. Our turnover, because our org is so closely knit, is rather slow--we'll probably be only taking 2 people a year. I think Bob M. Stewart is dropping out, being replaced by Magnus and leaving you and Piper as #1 and #2 on the list. I expect that the entire Frisco entourage will be asked to be put on the list--just about finishing the waiting list...then we'll have to have a waiting list to get on the waiting list. I'll see you with my WAPazine on the 25th of October!))

BOB BLOCH:

You had best write me again about that column in December. Something very freakish happened to me last night--apparently I ripped the tendons in the middle finger of my left hand: a very rare kind of accident according to the doctor. It is in a splint and now I must await a specialist to see if surgery is necessary and if so how long before I have use of it again. Naturally I can type only awkwardly and inaccurately...this keeps me from my livelihood and from lengthy projects of a fannish nature. Please write to me again in December. Sorry to hear about the photographs..that was a cruel blow. Hope you can handle your heavy schedule and emerge triumphant.

BOB BLOCH, Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisc.

((Really sorry to hear about that finger, Bob, hope to heck it isn't too serious. Fandom's at a loss for really top writers--I'd hate to see you not writing for an extended period of time. I'd also hate to have to turn "no" for an answer to my request that you continue your column in ABby. Hope you enjoy the photos in the picture section. I'd like to take the space here to add that offset copies are available of this picture section for those of you who want to hang them somewhere without mutilating your copy of AB. They'll cost you 10¢ plus postage for 4 or more. See you.))

MICHAELS, PLEASE...
Don Donnell

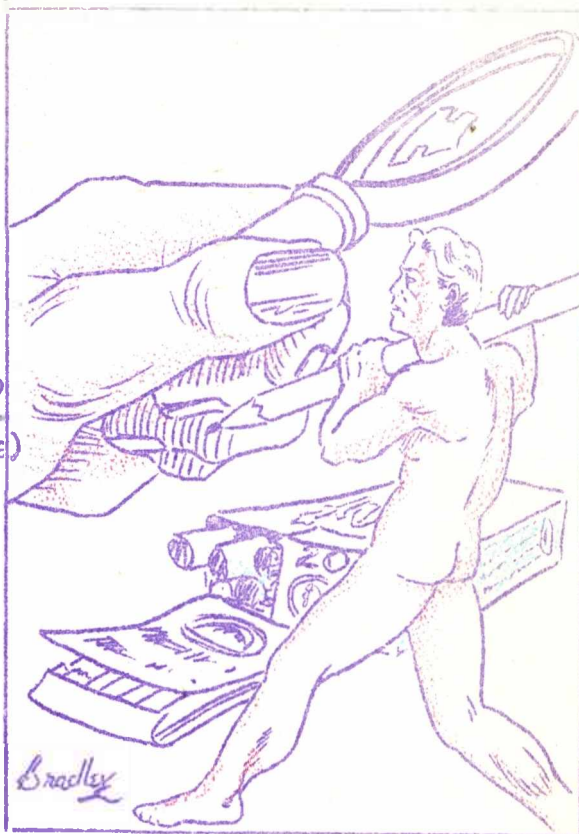
(NOTE: This was submitted to ABSTRACT prior to the San Francisco convention. It was primarily intended as "Vote-for-Buffalo" propaganda)

A silence spawned in horror settled over the Greyhound Bus Depot in Los Angeles as we entered. We looked at each other self-consciously, pulled our collars up a little further and found some seats. "They're fans," was the horrified whisper that rippled through the crowd.

There were five of us. Pete Vorzimer, editor of ABSTRACT, Laddie London and Dave Leigh, co-editor and art editor respectively of the now defunct STARLIGHT. The other staff member was there, Burt Satz, assistant editor. I was there, of course--and Pete's mother, my grandmother and uncle. This festive little mob was there to see that I got on the bus for Buffalo. (They didn't want any slip ups--it's not often they get rid of me for six weeks.) The other passengers waiting must have thought all of us were going, and I noticed several hurriedly cancelling their reservations. AT last the time arrived, and with parting shouts of "See you in Frisco" and "Long Live 7th Fandom" I boarded the bus. Before I knew it, my beloved state had left me far behind and I was on alien territory. I didn't sleep much, consoling myself that I was practicing for the Con. All went well until we pulled in at Sherman, Texas to discharge passengers.

I had been sleeping, but I always wake up when the bus stops. I staggered out in the general direction of the "Hohn", still woozy. Once in, I woke up. A horrible realization spread over me. It wasn't a rest stop! I was, however, in no position to charge out to check my suspicions. Further adding to my distress was the sound of a bus engine starting in the distance. When I walked out, there was a big empty space where the Tulsa Express should have been. Muttering fannish oaths, I went over to the ticket agent and explained my plight, asking when the next bus to Tulsa would come through. I was overjoyed to learn I'd have to wait 5 hours. I'd have to buy another ticket, he informed me, smiling politely. My wallet suffered from chronic anemia, so this news was not received too enthusiastically.

This was Texas, nothing excites Texas too much. Even I felt this calmness, and outwardly I did not appear too disturbed. Quietly, slowly the agent said that the bus was making a regularly scheduled rest stop in Dennison Texas, 8 miles distant, and if I'd get my tail over there, he'd call ahead and have them hold the bus. How? I wanted to know. Take a cab, he said. I was very lucky too. The cab already had a fare, and I was treated to a breathtaking scenic tour of Sherman before we even started to Dennison. I re-entered the bus amid the jeers of my fellow passengers some \$2.75 poorer, but a little wiser. I was very careful about rest stops after that.



I had a three hour lay over in Cleveland. I took a walk downtown, looking for the latest copy of ASF. I wandered. I walked. I strolled. I peered, inquired, begged, searched. The only stf material I was able to unearth in Cleveland was an outdate Galaxy novel. My requests for ASF were greeted with blank stares, giggles, and piteous looks. I wonder what the Cleveland fans do, subscribe? (I realize that somewhere in Cleveland fans must find some newsstands that carry stf material--it's just a question of finding them!)

I had somewhat the same experience in Buffalo. I looked in vain for stf material, cursing it's lack of prominence. I finally found it--in the lobby of the city hall. Maybe the mayor's a fan...

I attended a meeting of the newly re-organized Buffalo Fantasy League which meets on alternate weeks in Buffalo, and in Niagara Falls, Ontario. W. Paul Ganley, who has just revived his Fan-Fare suspended for over a year, was in attendance. (It was through him I gained information about the club, and the invitation to attend a meeting.) Paul is interested in publishing books, with several already out. He is studying at the University of Buffalo here. I met Ken Krueger, another book pubber who invited us up to his apartment to browse through his books. There I met his charming wife, and discovered he was also a proud papa. One item of interest in his collection was a first issue of "The Ship of Ishtar" which he picked up for fifteen cents! There were two other fellows there, but dammit, I can't remember their names. I hope they'll forgive me.

The main topic of the meeting was the possibility of Buffalo getting the Convention in '55. It was agreed that Cleveland so far has made the strongest bid and is the city we have to beat. None of the Buffalo fan can make it to the Con this year, so I agreed to place the Bid for Buffalo and try to sway a few votes their way.. They impressed me as capable people, the people who would work to make the '55 Con the best yet. I could tell having a Convention come to Buffalo would mean a lot to them, and I was convinced that Buffalo would be the best spot for it. The Conventions have been leaning toward the west lately, so it would only be fair to bring at least one back east. Buffalo is a pretty fair sized city, and is certainly capable of handling one. Before I leave, we're getting together and selecting a hotel for the Con ahead of time, so we can present a prepared location complete with prices, etc., before the voting takes place. They seemed determined to make a good try, and I think they deserve some support. Buffalo is fairly near most large cities in the east and midwest; 160 miles from Cleveland, 400 miles from New York, 600 miles from Chicago, 300 miles from Detroit...(these are approximate distances). Downtown Buffalo is compact and easy to navigate, with most major stores and hotels in a very small area.

The BFL will be working immediately to make the '55 Con the best yet. I'm from LA, living 2500 miles from Buffalo (although I'm visiting here) so there is no particular advantage to me of having it here, other than the fact I think it would be a good meeting--and I'd like to see these guys get it. They want it badly.

Well, the end draws near. I'll depart (I hope!) in two weeks in the general direction of San Francisco for the Con on the way home to L.A. There, I expect to have a good time. I'll meet a lot of people I've corresponded with, and also my old friends from L.A. who are coming up. Oh, yes, the title of the column..Anyone who has travelled by bus will appreciate the vital part that nickels play in the scheme of things. If you haven't gone by bus, perhaps you can guess. If not, then stew.

---don howard donnell
Buffalo, 13 Aug, '54

FACE CRITTIURS

at the '54 World Con.....

Is it true that John
W. Campbell writes

FANDORA'S BOX?

Mother told me
there'd be rooms
like this!

Please Harlan,
sex and food don't
mix!

We hate each others
guts, but when it comes
to hoaxing somebody --
we're bosom buddies!

Oh well, never
mind, I've
lost my
appetite!

Ackerman isn't
Ghod -- he doesn't
have

**IMPECCABLE
TASTE!**

We call her
GINNY
because she is
an alcoholic!

Have I been
immortalized in
SAPS yet?

Fanzines...
Feelthy fanzines...?

Stf fan? They look
more like stiff fans!

All I can say is that
the Guest of Honor at
this Con seems to be
the

HOUSE DETECTIVE!

Ellison, your pipe's
on fire!

But Harlan, how
would you feel if
Ghod passed himself
off as you?

He's just smoking
his pipe because
he wants to be mis-
taken for a pro!

FACE CRITTURS vs. Ellison

Ellison vs. FACE CRITTURS

You were a test-tube
baby -- test failed!

There's an awful
lot of cruds at
this Con!

I know what sells!

Little boy, why don't you
go out and play in the
traffic?

Must have that...

Said anything recently
that you want me to
make Face Critturs
of Vorzy?

20

Let's crawl under
the table and have
a bull-session!

21

MY GHOD! Turn the
tape recorder off!

22

I know you.....
You're Claud Degler!

23

Mr. Ackerman, will
you please pose in
this propellor beanie?

24

Did you say house
or souse detective?

25

You should die
your tendrills green!

26

Alright, I
know what you're
thinking!

27

I've always wanted
to look out a window
when I was drunk!

28

Here I thought he was
some pro editor and he
turns out to be the
house dick!

29

Do you agree that
the Adam Bomb is
the true father
of Science Fiction
?

30

But I'm not a member
of this thing!

31

A lot of it was
that Degler never took
a bath!

32

You know what this
con need?

More beer!

33

79

GHOD, what is your
first name?

34

I hear P. T. Barnum's
got some Talent
Scouts here....

36

I ain't had anything to
eat all day except liquid
food!

38

Don't mind me...I'm
a neo.

40

There's someone
crawling up the
elevator shaft!

42

I don't mind the
smoke in my eyes,
but will you quit get-
ting my sideburns
burned!

44

GHOD gave me a
cigarette!

46

Keasler may talk in
interlineations, but
Ellison speaks in
telegrams!

48

is that THE Roscoe??

35

What other consite
can offer you a
Stanislaus Bem?

37

Are you passing your-
self off as Forr-
est J. Ackerman
again?

39

I'm going to the
masquerade ball as
a Bnf!

41

Your hat's alright,
but your head's on
crooked!

43

...but a dirty joke
session is the
ultimate peak!

45

I'm not advocating
beer or things like
that....

47

I was talking in free
verse last year...

49

Got to have
that for my
BATHroom!

50

LOOK THIS ONE UP!!

I would like to know why John W. Campbell, Jr. had an article in the Sept. issue of PIC. I would like to know why PIC magazine has his name listed on the contents page as Science Editor.

It was a good article, written slightly in the layman's language-----which was one reason why I was able to read it.

But why should John write it? If I had a Nuclear Physics degree, I wouldn't bother with such low-brow trash. Not I. But that's evading the issue. What we're more concerned with is--"Why John would be lowered to writing for minor magazines?" Can't the field of science-fiction support his 3 wives and forty offspring?

No. Science fiction is dead. Long live Panic, Mad, Pogo, King Aroc, and cheap TV epics and box-top rocketeers. Quiet!--you ghosts of the past. Can you not see that you're dead--gone--buried. Fandom wants you no more. Why do you hang around? Are you just taunting us, F&SF, Galaxy, Imagination? Are you trying to stir the grave-dust ASTOUNDING, Planet, If? And what are you doing Universe---trying to build a skeleton out of rotting bones? Quit. All of you. Stop. Science fiction is dead. And fandom, bravely hanging on, with teeth, fingernails, and chewing gum, is drying up, being over-run by the psycho, the degenerate, the little kid with the big bottle who thinks only children drink milk.

And the most comical statement of the entire generation was missed by all. That was when Ray Palmer, with four fly-by-night magazines, stated that stf had been flooded by "Get rich quickers" putting out cheap science fiction magazines. He blamed other for flooding the field. He shifted the blame of the death of stf onto someone else's shoulders.

Not mine though. I might have helped kill fandom and stf with my fanzine and its feeble material. I doubt it, but who can say? Yet, I am not to blame for the actual murder of stf...

WHO is???

Gentlemen that I be, I don't blame such as Palmer, not Pogo readers, nor the lack of new scientific field to explore.

I claim that stf was just a passing fad of the basic field of fantasy. Good old horror tales, ghost stories, monster stories, vampire stories, werewolf stories, goblin stories merely altered to fit a pattern for a small period of time until the fad wore off.

And now, stf will revert back. WIERD TALES will once more rule the roost. Gone will be these changlings. Once more we'll be able to thrill to the chase of the werewolf and shiver to the flight of the vampire's victim. To jump at the squeak of a rusty door hinge. To glance nervously about in

the cool, darkness of the black night. To wonder and worry about the old lady next door whom you suspect of being a witch. To glory in the safety of Halloween Night.

You want proof of what I say? You don't believe? Well, why did J. W. Campbell, Jr. turn to other fields to supplement his income? If it were another writer or editor, I could understand why. Most writers in the field of stf started in other fields and quickly latched on the comet that was science fiction during its boom. Now, those writers will turn once more to writing mystery and westerns.

An atomic explosion has two different phases--PRESSURE AND SUCTION. Such is the displacement of air at the time of the blast, that the entire section is left in more or less of a vacuum state. All of the atmosphere that has been forced outward at the time of the explosion follows the law of nature and resumes its rightful position to some extent within a period of from three to four and five seconds after the initial blast. Scientific estimate of the outward flow of pressure begins anywhere from one complete second to one and one half second after the explosion has taken place. Thus the outward flow of pressure lasts either a slight bit more or less than one second. Five to six seconds after the blast, the force of the pressure should be null.

The question that now arises is: What happens during that first second period before the blast pressure begins its effects?

During this all too short interval, the fire ball is forming, erupting its force of man-made, God-like destruction. After that, comes the bellows-like blast pressures that are responsible for the damage effects to most of the buildings, etc., that lie beyond the fire-ball area. Regardless of what you may think, the blast pressures are guilty of minor injuries. Why? Actually, the body is able to stand pressures that would shatter a mere building. The give and go and adaptability of the human body is something that has not previously and will undoubtedly never be incorporated into a structure of any kind. Witness the few fatalities that occur in any hurricane, tornado or cyclone, etc., that can be traced directly to the force of the wind. Most injuries occur when the person is either hit by or forced into some other object of a solid nature. Indirectly, of course, the blast pressures of the atomic bomb will have great effects upon the humanity that might suffer an A-bomb dropping. Any loose object that lies in the force of the blast will be thrown about at speeds faster than bullets. Were you to be struck by such an object, it would kill you as quick as anything. However, according to combat standards, the blast effect of the A-bomb is the least thing you will have to worry about. It is presumed that you will know prior to the explosion about it in order to take in the stand-by of the service, the army fox-hole.



Heat will be the greatest fear. The atomic explosion releases forces hotter than the sun which last less than one second and that being the second of the fireball. This is called the flash. Of course, after that, you'll have to worry about objects that have caught fire, etc., Considering the fact that you're supposed to be in a fox-hole, you shouldn't have too much to worry about. The safe-zone for fox-holes is beyond 3000 yards.

Radiation is considered to be only a side worry and one of the harassing after-effects of the A-bomb. Men are expendable. And equipment such as clothing, etc., is more so. Aid stations will be set up and men processed through to be thoroughly bathed and re-outfitted and weaponed.

Truthfully, the effects of an atomic bomb are too numerous and complicated to be discussed in a short article. Even a book could not contain the full information. And, at this time, the full effects are not known. More tests are being conducted to find out in case of attack--offensively or defensively.

A while back, during a weekend trip to Paris, I searched for some science fiction mags printed in French. Evidently, I didn't look too hard--for I never found any. Of course, I could have been so interested with that sort of nasty literature which filled their newsstands, that I would have failed to notice any stf anyway!

Germany has many stf comics of one sort or another. And there's a reprint novel mag similar to Galaxy novels which comes out each month that must be popular. I think that the last issue I bought was about the eighth or ninth issue. A couple of the novels reprinted have been written by English writers, one by an American and the rest by German writers. Titled UTOPIA, it's strictly a collector's item unless you can read German. --END

Con-Interlineations...

"Satz slipped off the bar-rail and sprained his leg."

"He's drinking beer alright---ginger beer!"

"Who's trickling beer into the intercom?"

"Keith Joseph and Burton Satz are two of the best reasons for birth control I've ever seen!"

"Call room service and have them send up some marijuana!"

"CONVENTION: The place where you throw caution to the winds, money to the dogs, and beer cans out of ten story windows." Roxanne

"Her dress was very low cut---she was obviously a mammal."

"....that stupid, insipid smile...."

"...the pitter-patter of little fannish feet..."

JAN = JARE #10

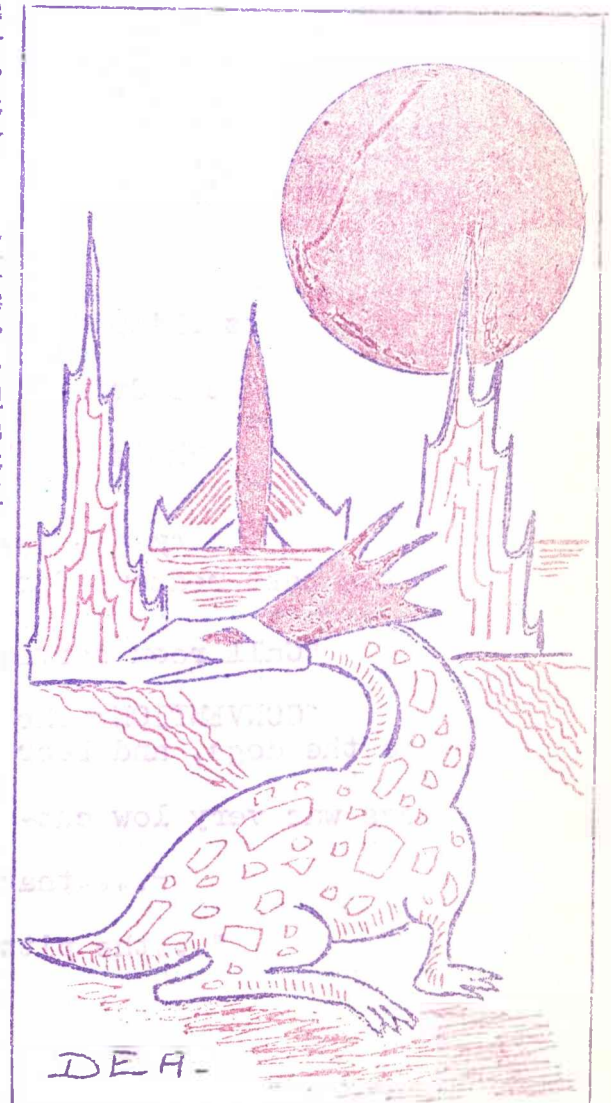
carol mckinney

Science fiction was a term I'd never heard, a realm of imaginative adventure I never knew existed until I picked up the January 1949 issue of AMAZINE STORIES, back in January, 1949. It was the cover which drew my immediate attention, as I seldom bought any mags off the stands with the exception of the Reader's Digest, etc. The scene depicted a cave man fighting a dinosaur (or Tyrannosaurus Rex, if anyone wants to technical). The artwork reminded me strongly of J. Allen St. John's--he who illustrated so many of Burrough's books--and so it was, it proclaimed on the contents page. "Dinosaur Destroyer," the words ran across the cover in large letters. "The story of Daarnajd, the strong, mighty king of the prehistoric world." That did it--I was hooked but good.

Since discovering the spell-binding books of Edgar Rice Burroughs at the age of 9, that type of story had always been my favorite. The various libraries had been searched from then on, almost book by book, for the highly imaginative stories which told of other worlds, the prehistoric past, the far-distant future, lost lands and peoples, or perhaps an incident which took place right under the noses of the plodding crowds who never dreamed any thing unusual was happening. The search for science fiction/fantasy went on when I didn't even know it even existed as such, especially in magazines.

There were several science fiction classics I ran across at various times--"The Girl in the Golden Atom" by Cummings; "When Worlds Collide" and "After Worlds Collide" by Balmer and Wylie; H.G. Wells' hord, which undoubtedly wouldn't even interest me now, if I had not already read them. The works of Jules Verne, however, failed to catch my interest somehow. Then there were the Oz books, and the tales of Dr. Doolittle, all read before I was 12.

Of course, all my reading while growing up wasn't limited entirely to the imaginative type tale; scores of others, even hundreds, of all types, including plenty of non fiction, were read with mixed interest. It can be said that reading is an all-consuming hobby of mine. I've always loved to read, perhaps because it came so easily to me, perhaps for other deeper reasons. But I feel the world would be a very dull place without books. Pessimists to the contrary, TV and wire recorders will never entirely supplant them.



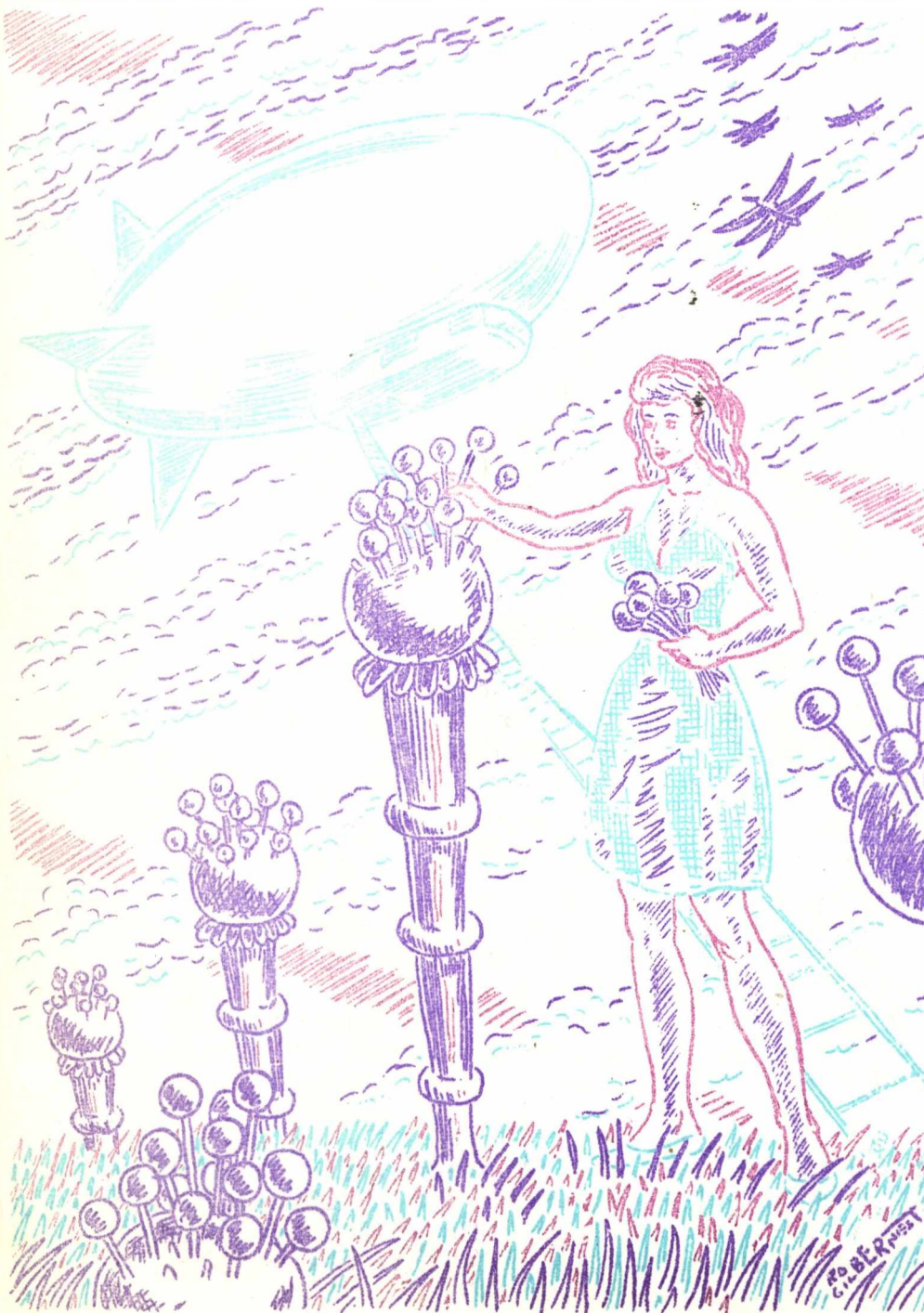
84 After reading through that one copy of

AMAZING STORIES, I paid a visit to the local second hand book store to try to find back copies of it. Let a blind man suddenly regain his sight at sunset; a nomad raised in the desert's heat be placed among snow covered pines,--and you have a small idea of my own feelings while surveying shelves and shelves of stf mags I didn't know existed before. The store owner must have thought me nuts when I staggered out in a daze with a huge armload of them. And he certainly knew it when I came back every few days after that and repeated the procedure...

An entire new world opened up for me, and it couldn't be assimilated fast enough. It took less than 5 months to read the entire stock of second hand stf mags there, including AMAZING STORIES, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, THRILLING WONDER STORIES, STARTLING STORIES, PLANET, ASTOUNDING, AVON FANTASY READERS, FANTASTIC NOVELS, ASTONISH STOREES, and FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES; in fact, just about all stf mags begin published at that time from 1944-1949, and many issues of them before 44.

After that, I had to be content with reading new ones as they came out, and I've never missed an ish of any Stf mag since that time. (I don't believe many in fandom today can make that statement-----that they've read every ish of every stf mag from 1944 to date, and many before that. Not every fan likes to read as much as I do.

During 1950, I wrote a letter to the ed of TWS, and a few months later to SS, all of which were published. That opened up a barrage of fanzines: letters from fans, who wanted me to join various clubs circulars from book stores, etc. I became aware of fandom, what it did, and so on, but at that time it just didn't interest me at all. The fanzines were fairly interesting (some of them), I understood what they were, but the imm-



ortal prose of Joe Fann and the doings of the Little Green Men of Podunk Center S.F. Club held my interest far less than the stf mags themselves. Even today, if I had to make a choice, the stf mags would win in a walk.

In the summer of 1951 we moved up here to Utah (from Sacramento, Calif., where we'd been living). That slowed my stf reading to a trickle, because Provo has a sad lack of any Stf mags, besides no second hand book store anywhere in the state. I'd get some on our infrequent trips to Salt Lake City, 50 miles away, but they didn't last long. I missed many issues, too. This went on until the middle of 1952 when I began writing letters to Sam Mines of SS and TWS, asking for correspondents, those who would like to trade mags with a stf-hungry fan. The response surprised me, and soon I was getting all the back ishs I'd missed and making many new fan friends.

Almost every month from then on my letters were published in SS, TWS, PLANET, and others, which started another deluge of fanzines, circulars and letters from fans who wanted me to join various stf clubs. I joined the N3F, sent for a few fanzines, and began writing to more fans. This was in the early part of 1953. By the summer the fannish bug had bitten and I began writing for the various zines. (Some of my work has appeared in ALA SPACE, PEON, STAR ROCKETS, ECLIPSE, NITE CRY, FIE, SFANZINE, DESTINY, FOG, IT SWARM, RIDEA, and ABSTRACT).

It wasn't until in November, 1953 I began thinking about my own zine. The first problem, of course, was the method of reproducing it. I didn't know the first thing about hektoing, dittoing, mimeoing, etc., but from the looks of the various zines I'd seen, the mimeo work--when it could be read--suited me the best. Step 1--look up the price of the mimeos. I didn't expect them to be cheap, but--! According to the office supply stores here in Provo, if you didn't spend at least \$75-\$100, you wouldn't have anything at all. Of course, that their machines happened to cost that much was incidental...

I searched out Old Reliable then--a Sears Roebuck catalog and looked over its presentation. There were several in different price ranges: 1 for about \$35 was stripped down to the bare essentials, even excluding an automatic paper feed. The one for \$35 had that and a couple of other thingamajigs, too. I didn't know anything about a mimeo, but it seemed that things could be expedited if each sheet of paper didn't have to be hand-fed. So the \$35 model got the vote, and with enough hints dropped casually around, became my Xmas present. That was the first mimeo I'd ever seen...

It was loads of fun (in varying degrees) learning to operate it from the booklet of directions enclosed. I couldn't find a person around who knew from beans about running a mimeo, so it was entirely my baby. I'd typed several stencils in a high school typing class before a few years but that was the extent of it. Putting art work on them was a new experience. With the aid of a home made scope--a piece of plate glass, sitting in a frame with a small light under it (who can afford a professional job costing \$30??), I began the adventure...

Almost everyone I wrote to for material responded, and Terry Carr sent some from the Fanzine Material Pool, which has lately been turned over to Peter Graham. The first ish came out the middle of February, dated March, 1954 (mainly because I thought it would take me that long to get it all done.) Thus, DEVIANT was born.

Three bi-monthly issues appeared--March, May, and July. The first of July we went to California for the rest of the summer. Since we were staying with relatives, that meant the typer, mimeo and other items stayed here in Provo. Now that we're back, **DEVIANT #4** will make its appearance, as soon as some time and money accumulate, probably the first part of November.

I won't go into detail about the contents, etc., of Nos. 1, 2 and 3 because some of you already have them, and others can send for them if they are interested. (If Pete will allow me to put in a plug here, my address is Sta. 1, Box 514, Provo, Utah; **DEVIANT** is 20¢ per copy or 3/50 mailed in envelopes.)

One of the high points of my fannish career was being able to attend the SFCCon in September, meeting the various authors, editors and fans. It wasn't quite what I'd expected--better in some ways, not so good in others--but what dream is ever exactly as it is pictured? I knew when I went that it would probably be the only convention I'd ever be able to attend, so perhaps it meant a little more to me than to others who go every year...

I intend to continue in fandom, perhaps indefinitely, writing once in a while for the various zines, publishing **DEVIANT** on an irregular basis (with a lack of time and money it's impossible to keep on a regular schedule), also publishing my **GAPS**zine, **IMPACT**, and above all--even if other aspects of fandom fail to hold my interest--reading science fiction. Who cares if it's the literature of the future, or juvenile crud, depending upon the viewpoint? As far as I'm concerned it's the most interesting fiction available.

--Carol McKinney

FILLER #97 by Dean A. Grennell Cont'd. from 72

Most fanzines are produced in hopes that every body who gets a copy will read it and comment on it. Certainly if the recipient doesn't read it, the chances that he'll comment on it are cut way down.

So I hope that you may find something in this article, some fresh aspect (Aha, Willis! -----you thought I was going to say "Slant", didn't you?) that will help you make your writing and publishing out put just a little bit better. I've scattered a few good and bad examples of what I was talking about through these pages. How many did you notice?

--Dean A. Grennell

Editor's Note: I guess I needn't explain that Dean writes a terrific column. I hope you enjoyed the above one as much as I did. There's one thing, however. There's plenty left still to be taken up. Dean's left himself wide open for a **FILLER SERIES** which would indeed be the best of its kind. I can say I've learned something from the above--and it's a sure bet most of you have too. What's the point? Well, I'd like some good response to the article (if you liked it) and maybe ask Dean yourselves whether you want him to stay on and continue this in a series form.

A writer's chief source of ego-boo comes from you, not just seeing his name in print. He'll continue writing if the comments are good, so let's see them letters! --pjb



'SWAMP

(fiction)

DUST

HARLAN ELLISON

There wasn't an awful lot of use to it. We knew Mose was out there. We knew he was logged up somewheres out in that five mile stretch of big stink and green nothing with his forehead sweated and his hand wrapped thick around the gun. The trouble was, where in the swamp was he, and how were we supposed to get him out?

We all met on the front porch of the Sheriff's office, with our squirrel rifles or Lugers brought back from Anzio or Paris. Fred Shutt was there, wearing his big brown glasses. He was looking sick about the whole thing. But then, maybe he should have--you might think he was the cause of it all.

Mose Oliver had been a pretty silent type. We all knew he wasn't right up there, but we didn't see no call to be pestering him, so we just avoided him like. He'd walk along the dirt street past Naylor's General Store, wearin' those store shoes of his. That was one of the things about him was queer. He always wore store shoes, cause he couldn't get much work around town, and he didn't need to wear the sod-boots we all wore. But that was just one small thing. If he'd pass one of us by Naylor's or somewheres he'd kind of light up from the inside all over the outside of his face, and look real odd about raising his hand to say hello. So we'd kind of make it easier on him by just mumbling as we passed, looking down at the mud caked on our sod-shoes. At least it seemd like the right thing to do. I don't know.

We were all as startled as Fred when Mose said he was takin' up with Vivie. There wasn't no cause for Fred to get so all fired sore about Mose liking Vivie, even if Mose was part n----. It could of been put to a stop right then if Fred had "played his cards right." But no, he went and hollered something big and powerful when Mose walked in and said it.

I was in there that evening, and Mose walkid right up to Fred in the store and told him right out, Fredd Shutt, I'm taking up with Vivey. And Fred bounced up like as if he'd had someone tell him his traps had snared a cougar. "Like Hell you are," he screamed, and it was easy to see Mose was shook up by it, cause Fred is a big man and he looks like the devel sometimes when he gets all mad, when he's got them big brown specs on.

Mose didn't know what to do so he just turned around and walked off, and we had to sit there for an hour and listen to Fred rave about how he was going to Jeffersonvill and see the man there about the Klan, and whether wouldn't they come up and see what they could do, and about how he was going to strangle Mose with his own hands, and slap the living hell out of Vivie for even seeing a goddamned n-----.

44 We tried to tell Fred that only Mose's old man had been a n-----, and that he'd up and left Miz' Oliver when she was big with Mose, but he didn't listen none to that. He was carrying on something fierce about goddamned crazy n----s touching his clean little girl.

Nobody mentioned Vivie going down by the skeet shoot all the time with the Hatfield boys or with Ervie Belman. Fred was in a nasty mood and didn't nobody want to say nothing against his Vivie at a time like that. Fred can be a devil sometimes.

We didn't hear nothing more about it till last night when Fred came in the store and sat down and wiped his forehead with his sleeve.

"I just done it," he said, and we all wondered what, cause we had just about forgotten what had happened with Mose. So we asked him what.

Fred looked white and kind of like he'd had someone punch him in the stomach so that all the energy had gone out of him, and he said, "I just hit my girl." And we just stared, cause we figgered it was about time anyway, her loving up anyone she saw fit, even a n----- kid, and that givin' the town a bad name.

"I told here if she ever saw that Oliver again, I was goin' to beat the hell outen her, and she said, no, you can't run my life, and I got up from the table, so the stew spilled, and came round and slapped her. Hard. She was a-cryin' when I left. I don't know what I'm gonna do, but she ain't marryin' no sonofabitchin' black!" Fred was running on something large.

So we just shrugged our shoulders and wandered off, cause it ain't healthy to be around a man when he has a trouble like that.

Then the bait fisherman from up by Four Forks, the one that come through about ten o'clock on the way back home from the sites, came busting in and started hollering that there was a shooting and blood all over the place and didn't we even give a damn what was happenin' in our town and we'd better make tracks over to that house by the trap sites. The only house over that way was Fred Shutt's.

So we made it over and sure enough, there was Vivie Shutt, all stretched out and bleeding like a sunfish hooked through the mouth. There was blood all over the place, like someone had dipped their hands in it and then flung it all out and over everything. It was in Vivie's hair, and it made the yellow all brown and sticky looking with it, so you wanted to be sick right there.

Fred started screaming and we knew who he'd thought done it, and we was pretty sure he was right cause there was bloody prints of shoes all around that room and they was of plain shoes, not sod-boots like everyone round there wore. And the only one wore store shoes like that all the time, not just on Saturday nights or Sundays was Mose Oliver. So there it was.

And now we knew Mose was back in there. Back where they say if you stay long enought you never come out, just turn to a frog or somethin'. They got all kinds of tales about them swamps. They talk about zombies and the quicksand, and the swamp dust that get to men that have been alone too long, and all.

Why in hell did he have to get himsefl staked out in there?

There was a whole lot of us in flatboats getting ready to go on in there, with guns and baling hooks and the like, even the Hatfield twins and Ervie Belman and his old man, the drunker. They was all friends of

Vivie and her old man, one way or another.

So we poled out into the muck and started down through the opening. We couldn't even see any prints or nothing, cause once you've walked over swamp mud, it closes over and don't leave a trace of nothing. You could lose a regiment of foot soldiers in there and they'd never be found again.

It was weird. Around these parts we avoid them swamps, they ain't so nice, but here we was, going in there with the call of all them odd birds slipping by over our heads and the squish-squish of the flat-bottoms poling along, and every once in a bit someone caughin' or snufflin' and everyone else turning around to look.

We split up after a while and I was in the boat with Fred and Ervie Belman and his old man, the drunker, who's another guy we avoids, and Algy Foss from the barber shop and one other guy, I think was Dave Dunn from over Four Forks way. We went up one of the little cleared branches of the big mud, and was poling out in pretty clear water for a while.

It's one of them weird places in the swamp. Clear water under the flat-bottom so's you can see right to the solid mud down 'neath, with the little shells and mosquito crawlers and everything lookin' like they was all together in a mirror, not some on top and some on the bottom the way they are. It's quiet in there, too, even the birds stayin' out near the fringes of the swamp.

And, of course, the snakes don't make no noise.

I could see how the swamp dust could get a man in there. They say that when you're all alone and ain't got no one for miles around, the stuff starts whispering around you and it gets in your ears and your eyes and makes you cry and it gets inside your head and drives you nuts just from loneliness. There was an old trapper used to bring out moccasin skins for shoes and pocketbooks and the like a few years back that was found like that. All bawling and broke up like.

It sure was quiet like in there.

Fred just sat up straight as a new struck pine shaft in the front of the flat-bottom, looking this way and that, back and forth, his swivellin' on his neck like as if he was on scent. And nothin' but shadows and hangin vines and creeper and the stink and quiet of the place, so that it made you think there was omeone with a razor blade sliding it up and down across your backbone.

Then I saw Fred cock his head to one side and motion Davey Dunn to stop poling for a bit. And we slid along for a moment with nothing but the whump-whump of the blood in our ears, till Fred made a sign to pole over toward a little outcrop just set in the middle of the stream, peeking round the bend in the water. So he did and we saw Mose then.

I tried to stop Fred, but it happend all so whip-fast:

Mose was all hunched over on the bank, sitting with his knees pulled up close under his chin and his hands draped over the knees so's

he's was looking at the fingers, and his head down on his knees, too, so that he looked like a scared kid. And he was crying and moanin' something weird, so that the nose was a kinda wail out there in all that big nothing of silence.

All I could hear was him coughing and catching his breath like, and gasping out, "They ain't nobody...all by myself...just a smile... she coulda told me she wasn't gonna marry me...all alone....all..."

Then I saw Mose jump, and I heard the snap of Fred's rifle at the same moment. N'then Ervie Belman and his old man and Fred and Algy Foss and everyone was pumping shots into Mose, and he was just as dead as he could be, and I guess I got forgotten or something in my head, cause I took a couple shots at him too. But he just twitched a couple times when the bullets hit, like he was hamstrung and still kicking, then he pitched over good onto his face and slid down the bank into the water, raising a cloud of mud and mosquito wigglers offn' the bottom.

We piled him in the flat-bottom, after Fred had kick him a couple times, and was takin' him back when Davey asked it:

"Why didn't he run off when he saw us? He was facin' us?"

And I thought, and, yeah, he had been facin' us, so why he hadn't run off deeper into the swamp, I don't know. Guess he was too busy cryin' and all. Now what would a man be sittin' in the middle of a swamp cryin' for?

Only thing I could think of was that swamp dust.

---Harlan Ellison

ABSTRACTIONS

...the second and perhaps final installment of a column...

BY—

boob
stewart

Editors Note: Boob has an apology to make. If accept his apology, but still not keep him in the mag, we're contradicting ourselves--and surely not helping Bob. Bob can write a pretty interesting column, so why not keep him? Let me hear what you readers have to say about this.....pjv

This, as you may have guessed, is the final installment of ABSTRACTIONS. From now on I'm going to try to stay out of the pages of ABSTRACT, since I think I've earned a pretty unfavorable reputation through the writing of the last column and my fan-fare. But this one is an apology of sorts, mainly to the fans I offended; it is also an appreciation of the fine people whom I've finally realized are known as fans.

To those of you who are new to ABSTRACT, I might give the gist of that assinine column and fan fare here. Well, it seems that when I wrote that I had just had a bout with gafia and the after effects were wreaking serious damage on my ego: namely, through the acquaintance of a few undesirable fans I'd fallen into the misapprehension that all fans were, to put it bluntly, queer. I also regarded them as being a bit silly to spend all their time writing, publishing, and reading stf with no real compensation, when they could be spending their time doing their other things--like boozing with the boys, etc.

This met with some very barbed comments, particularly the ones stated in the following issue by Ted White. I apologize, Ted White, and I apologize to everyone else who thought me a bit juvenile to say such things.

What made me change my mind? The SFcon, maily,--but don't think for a moment this switch is a rapid decision inspired for a moment from the after effects of a convention. It is something that I've been considering ever since I wrote that article and the convention only cinched it.

Fans. The dictionary defines them as enthusiastic devotees; a tightly-knit group of people pulled together under one common interest, and in this case that is Science Fiction. We (and I hope I've been reinstated far enuf to use the first person plural) have our feuds and fights and disagreements, but when you break it down we're all just fans under the denominator of stf.

Now that I've met so many different people at the convention I can say with a fairly substantial conviction that fans are really the nicest people I know. Dave Kyle, for instance, or Les and Es Cole, or 4e Ackerman, or Harlan Ellison, Nick and Noreen Falasca, George Young, Art Rapp, Carol McKinney, John Davis, Al Ficzeri, --need I go on?

And then there are the fans I've known for years, like Pete Graham and Terry Carr and Frank McElroy, Bill Knapheide, Helen Vasquez, ad infinitum. And Tom Piper, Dave Rike, Pete Vorzimer and all who I've met in various different places over a long period.

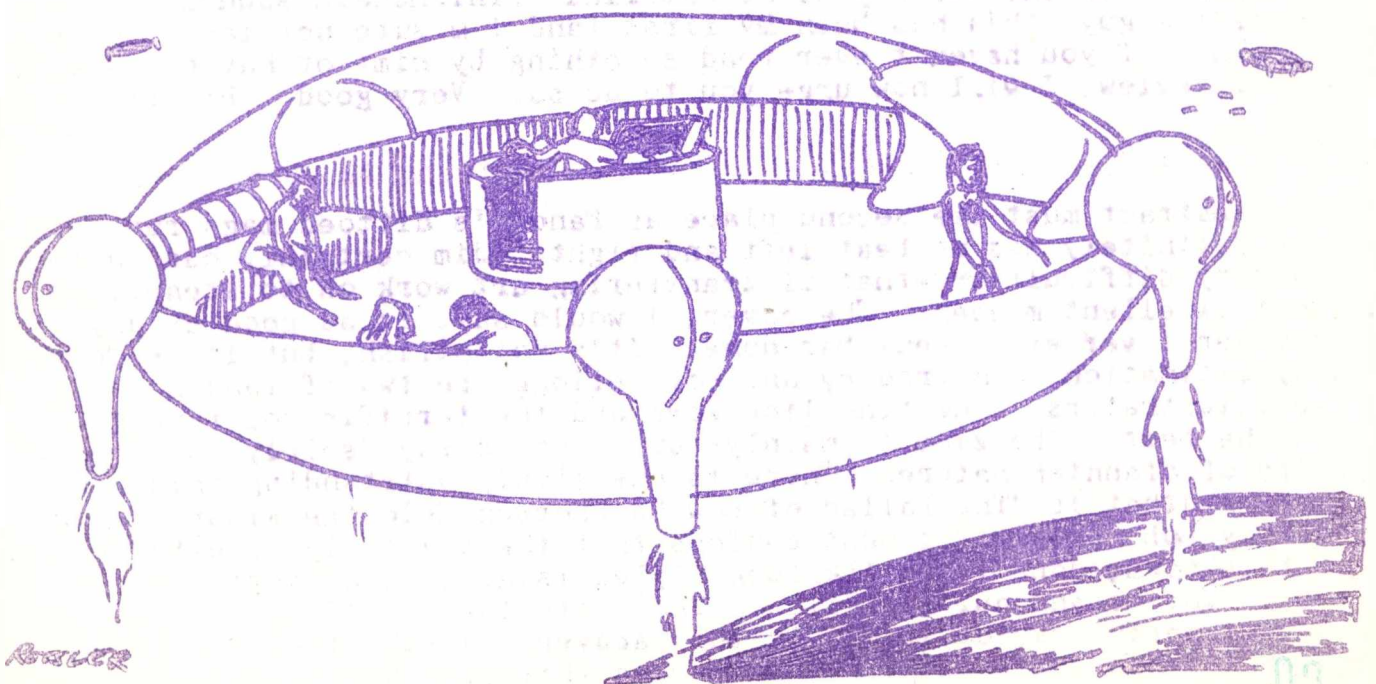
Yes, Sam Moskowitz, you had the idea when you said, "They're grand."

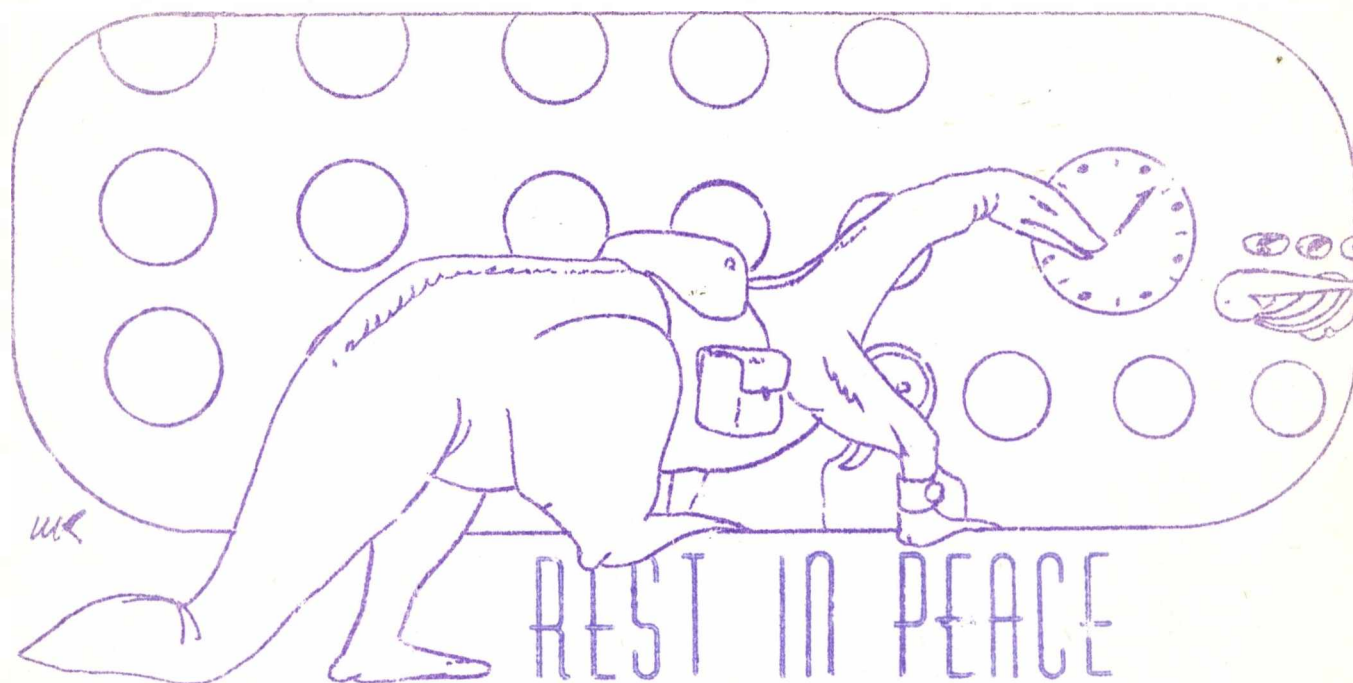
Not simply because they happen to be a swell bunch of humans, but also I'm beginning to see how superior they are to me and non/fake fannism in general. Ackerman's case would be superfluous to mention here--so many people have acknowledged him that I think you all know what he's done. And Harlan Ellison..besides putting out a very fine mag consistently (well, almost) he's done quite a lot to pull the threads of sixth and seventh fandom during the transition period, but unhappily has received only cat-calls and insults from the majority of fen. And Frank McElroy: a guy who's put more into San Francisco fandom than anyone else I know of and who has been the main force holding the tottering GGFS together. Dean Grennell--I --well, what hasn't he done? And there's a million other people who I couldn't mention because in doing so Vorzimer would have to put out a special issue containg only their names.

Yes, Sam Moskowitz, they're grand.

finis

--Bob Stewart





(the fanzine reviews...
 .."where all good fanzines
 come to die..."

REVIEW: Vernon L. McCain - Box 876, Kellogg, Idaho. Vol. 1, No. 5 Whole #11

Yes, I'm listening, Vernon. I got a great kick out of being labelled the "Erich von Stroheim of Fandom"--the fan you love to hate. I got a great kick out of that review. As a matter of fact, I enjoyed all of your reviews. On the whole the magazine is a very good one. Review is mostly a gab sheet. The mag is basically divided into three parts--reviews, letters, and Vern's babblings. This issue, there was a letter from London (mor or less of a column) plust an article by Willis which is very good. The mimeography on thisrag is indeed of the poorer quality and the paper a rather sickening shade of green. This is a good example of the type of zine in which you are willing to overlook the bad reproduction and artless format for the quality of the material. This McCain sounds like an interesting guy--this has been my first (and I'm sure not last) contact with him. If you haven't ever read something by him--or haven't seen a copy of Review, I will now urge you to do so. Very good. Hi Vern! B/

LYRIC: Jim Bradley - 545 N.E. San Rafael, Portland 12, Oregon #3 10¢

Well, ABstract must take second place as Fandom's dittoed mags run, for Lyric definitely has me beat left and right. Jim certainly has mastered a very difficult art--that of transferring art work on to stencil in a most excellent manner. The cover, I would say, is as good as any dittoed cover I've ever seen--bar none. It's not stfish, but it is terrific. In my estimation, Jim Bradley and Bob Kellogg are two of fandom's top five illustrators. The fine line work and the terrific coloring make them the best. The zine is mainly--or I should say "solely" devoted to poetry of a fannish nature. There is one simply outstanding thing this issue, and that is "The Ballad of How MacPherson Held the Floor" illustrated by Bob Kellogg. I must confess that the six fully illustrated pages for this poem, done in comic book style, is as good as anything I've seen in E.C. comics and quite similar. The most hilarious thing in the issue--and well worth the 10¢ alone--is the back cover. It typifies the Bradley den on a fan pubbing night. I recommend this zine very highly. A

TELLUS: Page Brownton - 1614 Colingwood Ave., San Jose 25, Calif. #3 - 15¢

This zine starts out with a terrific cover piece by an unknown artist. I say "unknown" because his name isn't on the cover and Page decides to keep it a mystery inside the zine. This zine is offset--or lithographed. It looks more like lithography. All I can say is ~~that~~ the magazine is pure crud for the most part on the inside and this is one of those zines where I hate to see the valuable expensive space go to absolutely nothing of any value. Another minor point: Page has had every sheet halved (the zine is $\frac{1}{2}$ size). Instead of folding it around which gives it a much more "professional" look, Page had the sheets halved and then stapled it along the side instead of down the middle. The material by "etzel, Beerman, Joseph, and Ellik is strictly third-rate. However, the reproduction is very good in case you're interested in writing for it. The format is something awful--gosh, a guy could certainly do a lot with that type of repro--Page doesn't. This should definitely get better--it has the advantages. C/

ORION: Ken Margolis - 5786 Valley Oak Dr., Hollywood 28, Calif. #4 - 15¢

Ken, at the Con, dared me to pan this one. Kenny boy, that's an awful daring thing in itself--especially with my reputation as a reviewer. Generally the fanzine is poor--below average. The cover is the neatest thing in the issue. This zine bears no prominent names--which is O.K. providing the material is still good--but it isn't. At present, it is a Neo-Fans Gazette. However, I will say this. Ken is a very promising editor. He's a good editor and has a good head. I would suggest your writing something for Ken. He needs good material--he has good reproduction to offer and once he gets started, will have a good circulation and reading audience. Some one of you has to give Ken a good start--why not you? Take my word for it, this boy has it on the ball. Give him a hand and it'll do you both good. I'd suggest that one of the first helps you could give him would be to send him a 3-ish sub--45¢. The zine is rather high-priced at present considering he has only 16 pages of mediocre material. Still, by the time you get your dough in, this will have probably been changed. Try it. Help Ken. C

PEON: Charles Lee Riddle - 108 Dunham St., Norwalk, Conn. #32 Mthly. 10¢

This presents a rather lovely package. It has an excellently mimeod cover a drawing by Jerry Bixby. Old Faithful Peon #32. 32 consecutive issues. Quite a mark. I think it was LeZombie that hit the high mark for number of issues pubbed. Last one I saw was #87 I believe. I've been swatting moths with it up at the College. But let's not deviate. Peon has more than excellent mimeography--good even compared to Grue or Can Fan or Oops. Material by Stark, Harman, Carr, Macauley, McCain, Riddle, McKinney, and others. FANTASTUFF by Carr and WHO'S A PAKANOID? by McCain are the best things in the ish. Peon, in my estimation, is must reading for a true fan--not for fake fans like me. P has 40 pages this issue--for only 10¢! A very good bargain. One of the top ten--should be read by all! A-

SAUCERIAN: Gray Barker - Box 2228, Clarksburg, W. Va. #4 Bi-monthly, 35¢

This is Gray's Flying Saucer zine...supposedly (very probably) the World's Largest Flying Saucer publication--all the late sightings. A most excellent job of offset--a good zine if you like reading saucer material. Gray had previously dittoed 350 copies of this zine, before he went offset, I don't blame him a bit--I envy him. The 35¢ mark is a wee bit high, but if you're looking for saucer material definitely get this one. Good. B

LYRIC: Jim Bradley - 245 N.E. San Rafael, Portland 12, Oregon. #1 - 10¢

Here is another issue of what is fastly becoming one of my most favorite magazines. Only a fair cover for this one--still a good cartoon. The inside illos are as usual, terrific. Jim does mostly all of this ish by himself--Kellogg took it easy this. Lyric, like it says on the cover, is comprised of Fantasy, Humor, and Poetry. One thing, I'll bet Lyric eventually turns into a generalzine--especiall with Geis' influence. There's not much place--nor much ego-boo--for an all-poetry zine. The sign of a fairly long letter column shows that it very well could become such a generalzine. I, for one, hope it does. My fans, I prevail upon you, get this magazine--it has a charactiture of me in it--a very recognizable one. It's in the Psychotic ad. Oh yes, I knew there was something else that I got a hint of--PORTLAND FANDOM IS ON THE RISE! Yes, bundled up in this little innocent package we have the PSYCHOTIC, LYRIC, and DESTINY groups. The 1st place and 9th place fanzines--with a comparative newcomer that is destined to go places. By all means, get this one--very, very good. Try it and see. A

SPACESHIP: Bob Silverberg - 760 Montgomery ST., Brooklyn 13, N.Y. FAPazine#26

Mediocre for a FAPazine, poor for a subzine, we find SPACESHIP, since it left the subzine field, slowly dying--rather fading away. Tch, tch. I think #20 was the last good issue of this mag. Bob, I did like SPACESHIP--no matter what I said back in the days of AB#3, I liked spaceship. You, yourself must certainly see what has happened to it since you cut it as a subzine. I realize you're quite busy with your professional activities, etc., but 4 times a year is not a difficult schedule. At present, not recmd. D

CANADIAN FANDOM: Gerald Steward - 166 McRobertt Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.CANADA

The #1 zine of CANADA. I must now agree with V. Paul Nowell in his contention that Canadian Fandom is becoming hostile towards the U.S. Fandoms. It is so. Not because they have the singly annoying facet of constantly blasting me, but because they just have a generally disdainful outlook on American Fandom. P. Howard Lyons has alienated himself from me by taking mostly "half-quotes" from AB--deliberately twisting the words of a few, tho carefully marking them thusly " " " so they would be a scape for him if I accused him of wrongly quoting. Norm Browne seems to be my only buddy north of the Border. You know, I wouldn't be half surprised if they could boast of something really halfway decent that they turn out. The majority (A BAS and CAN FAN)--excluded--are pure crud. They boast about how good the stuff is going to be that will come out. I say damn them--we can all do without them. Therefore, though this issue be above average, I will pan it. Their attitude is obnoxious and therefore their zine is also. Strictly for the Canadians. B

MIMI: Georgina Ellis - 1428 - 15th St., E. Calgary, Alberta, CANADA #2

Another Canzine. Now I won't let this suffer of a bad review because of my hostility towards Canzines, it has some good material and doesn't reek of the "we hate American Fandom" line. ON EDITING A FANZINE by Norman G. Browne is excellent--RECOMMENDED READING for all those fans--neos and Enfs alike--who are intending to--or who are already publishing fanzines. Rest of the material is just mediocre--nothing special. The cover is a conglomeration but has some clever humor hidden in it. Hidden, heck, anyone could spot it. Georgina does a good job on it. I'd like to see more as long as they don't take on an alien attitude. Recommended temporarily. B

DESTINY: Malcom Willits - 11848 S.E. Powell Blvd., Portland 66, Oregon #11

Whenever I look at Destiny, I kind of wonder why D isn't Fandom's most popular fanzine. My Ghod, what other fan mag can give you a Bonestell cover? What other fan mag can give you 64 offset pages every issue? What other fanzine could give you names like Bonestell, Bloch, Leiber, P.J. Farmer, Leigh Brackett? I can't think of one, can you? Yet, this mag is #9 of the 10 top fanzines. Less fiction would raise its popularity a big-- with a fan column by a Bnf thrown in. Maybe a page of two of really funny face critturs. Perhaps a fanzine review section. A letter column I con't think could be arranged too easily--too much of a waste of valuable offset space. D goes down in my book as about 5th best in fandom. Destiny, on the other hand, has something that other fanzines don't have--that is, appeal to the public--it could (and does) sell on newsstands--therefore, all of this must be taken into consideration. I'd advise to all the purchase of this copy--and future copies. It is a most excellent magazine. 35¢ A

CHIGGER: Bob Farnham-204 Mountain View Dr., Dalton, Georgia. #4, 25¢ Yrly.

Here's a mag that makes just one big showing a year, but a good showing. I must confess that there is one article here (by coincidence, it happens to blast me--written by Ellik) that is very, very much out of date. Not that blasting me isn't the vogue right now, but it's just on the subject matter--all extrapolated from a paragraph in Vorzimerzine #3--published back in March. Material by Nan Gerding, Joe Gibson, Richard Eney, Stan Woolston, Ed Cox, Ken Slater, Ron Ellik, Russ Watkins, Don Susan, Harlan Ellison, Orma McCormick, and Garth Bentley. There's not too much ego-boo involved in a yearly mag, let me tell you. I was all set to write a long lengthly reply to Ellik's column, but knowing that it wouldn't see ppint for entire year, put a damper on the whole thing. A terrificly mimeod mag, with plenty of good reading for all types of fans. This also gets the Vorzimer seal of approval. See if you can't grab a copy of this one. Very worthwhile. It says 25¢ on cover and 15¢ withing. Try 25¢. A

KAYMAR TRADER: K. Martin Carlson - 1028 3rd Ave., S., Moorhead, Minn. #87

Thank you, Martin, for running those ads for me for nothing. Two ads-- for nothing. Of course, one was giving away things--the other a swap ad, but Kaymar did it for me without hesitation. And so I will plug his mag-- the still in unbiased viewpoint. Kaymar does the following, and does it well. He prints nothing but ads. He puts them all under one cover and calls the mag the Kaymar Trader. He has a neat format and good mimeography. He guarantees a 200 circulation. I don't think a fan advertiser could ask for anymore--except from SF ADVERTISER which naturally charges much more. One more thing, if you're looking for exceptional bargians in the used and near new book field--or anything (mimeos, dittos, etc.,). You'll find what you're looking for in the Kaymar Trader. K-M-T is in its 88th ish now, and has been going for many years. It's all you need for your advertising. B

DROLL: Larry Anderson - 2716 Smokey Lane, Billings, Montana. #2 WAPA 2¢

Here we have what is now, "the world's smallest fanzine". As far as size goes, it easily wins over spoltch, Ted White's zine. But Ted has that 3 color mimeography to offer that Larry doesn't. This is a WAPAZINE--one of the first of this new org--of which I am the 11th member. If you want details on The Whimsical APA, write to Larry at the above address. Droll is exceedingly small--interesting as a collector's item. Not much else. 97 C

STUART K. WICK - RFD #3, Castleton, N.Y. #10 - 10¢

Man, I was really worried there for a while. I thought for some months that I had seen the last of TCF. TCF impresses me as being one of the old stand-bys of Fandom. Nothing spectacular--unlike ABSTRACT (of which it appears to be somewhat of a Junior edition) it keeps its nose clean and out of feuds. I know this must sound conceited as hell, but I rather got a kick out of the last of the 3 types of the 6 fans. It's been well over 6 months since I wrote it and I forgot it all. Ron Ellik calls it stagnant, but the wind must have reversed its direction when Ron dangled his nose in the air. This mag is a terrific "little zine". Terrificly good ditto repro with Rotsler yet! WHIRLPOOL by Wegars still the best thing in the ish--however, 2½ ½-size pages doesn't make a very long column, especially when Wegars talks. An old stand-by, TcF is in it's 10th issue. I'd advise getting a copy. B

UMBRA: John Hitchcock - 15 Arbutus Ave., Baltimore 28, Maryland #5 10¢

Congratulations, John. Yes, you've finally joined the ranks of fanzine editors that produce legible fanzines. Indeed, you certainly show a remarkable contrast with your last issue. Still, however, I believe this issue was published before my advisory letter reached your domicile. I hope you finally do get the Rex-O-Graph stencils and other accessories. One main fault, which when you correct it, will certainly bring your mag up: Pull in your margins all around. You run all the way off the page. Always leave ½" on either side of the page. Your pages are too cluttered. Another thing which isn't helping you is the absence of illustrations. I know darn well that you know the names and addresses of many good artists. Well, get out man and send those artists some stencils to draw on. Then you'll be all set to offer your prospective writers a terrifically well-reproduced mag to appear in, and then you'll start rolling in some excellent material. I can see there's going to be a Renaissance (no puns intended) in Umbra. RECOMMENDED now. Try it. B---

PSYCHOTIC: Richard E. Oeis - 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon #16-20¢

Man! Dick, you've got it. PSY has really risen! This is the best issue of Psy to date. Outstanding thing is the immense improvement of the fading ditto work. I'm afraid the same thing will have to be done with the AB ditto. Psy is once again the best dittoed mag in the country--together with its companion Lyric. Psy is the #1 fanzine now, for sure. Material is the greatest--and the funniest I might add. The INCIDENT revisited by Harlan Ellison was precious and worth the price of the entire issue. PADDED CELL BY McCain was also great. 50 jam-packed pages for 20¢ is indeed a bargain. Beautiful ditto, beautiful everything. Lots of good Bradley and Kellogg illos. By all means get this zine. PSY gets an A*****.

ALPHA: Jan Jansen - 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Belgium. Number 6. 15¢

ALPH is coming along very well. This is the 6th issue and ALPH has really shaped up. Jan is doing extremely well under the semi-handicap of being all the way over in Belgium. Between the letter column and Vinz Clarke's now-famous GRUNCH, the mag is pulling in some top grade material. The mag could do with quite a few illos (which it now lacks terribly) and then it would really be something. Vendelmans and Jansen sound like two wonderful guys and as the sole representatives from their country, do a magnificent job. Keep your eye on this one...in the very near future, it'll be a contender for the top ten fmz. A really readable mag with fineprinting. B

LOOKING BACK



In the immortal words of John Paul Jones after he fought that terrific battle on lake-whatever-it-was, "Whooooew!" It's over with--and I'm glad.

Okay, I bragged about it, and now I'll probably have to eat my words. I goofed in a number of ways--but at least I had honorable intentions. Just like that honorable intention I had in getting this issue out around the middle of September. If all of you have received this by the middle of November, I'll be glad. Yes, I sure over-estimated the old Vorzimer power. Not like the good old days of HA! and CRUD and the numerous other things I always managed to publish.

You might have noticed (at least I hope you have!) that I am now accepting yearly subscriptions--something I had never done before. Previously, only one issue subs were allowed...actually, that was more-or-less for your protection. I had no desire to cheat people out of their money (as I never return money--it's always spent before I ever get around to returning any of it) by folding sometime during the year. It was a little bit of a pain, and I wanted to be able to fold if I wanted to--without worrying about the scads of money it would be my duty to return. But now, with 7 good sized fishes and a monster like this one, I feel that I'm now able to take on the responsibility of accepting yearly subs--I just feel I'll be around that long.

I do hope some of you that have been waiting for this opportunity, will get with it right away--as this advance, so-to-speak, serves to found a little "treasury" for AB and can get me started in the planning for future issues. I plan to run all offset covers on AB if the turn-out is good--and if you would like to continue seeing them.

ABstract has 125 copies circulated this issue and will have 150 with the next. I don't want to add any more after that. Once I finally get a nice compact list of people who are going to receive AB in '55 then I can sit back and type out some tags on ditto masters (a la Geis) instead of hand-typing 150 for every single issue. It's a minor point, but it does tire this editor.

A recent vogue in fandom for the last six months or so, has been an Anti-Vorzimer campaign. I wish to make public--for the second time--my apology for any and all derogating and insulting things I might have said in any previous issues of AB--and with that, I wish some of you characters out there that have been heckling me on the same thing ever since AB#3, would now desist--or perhaps that's asking too much...

Next issue of AB will be out around the first of the year...time to get to work again...dammit. For a while there, I hesitated on publishing any further issues of AB as I didn't think the number of people who wished that I would continue publishing warranted my large expense. I've received some rather nice comments from some people--kindly asking me not to go Gafia with this issue--and am complying. However, if this issue proves to be the dull thud I think it might be...well, I won't think about that...

Pete 99

ABSTRACT #8

FROM: Peter J. Vorzimer
U. of Cal. Santa Barbara
104 Toyon,
Goleta, Calif.



TO:

Dave Rike
Box 203,
Rodeo, Calif.

