

NO. 3

OP. VOLDESFAN 29

FREESTYLE TWIPPLEDOP

QUOTE WUNKERY and like that. . . .

More ghoddamn people turn out to be ex-fans. Just the other day I came across the names of old acquaintances Jack Rhodes and Lou Goldstone in Ah Sweet Idiocy. That set me off to counting . . .

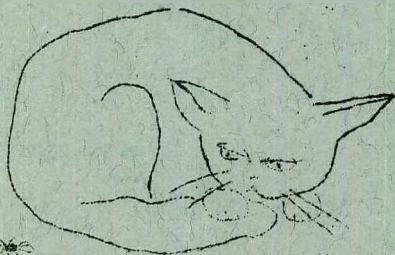
This guy who works on the lights at the Company of the Golden Hind is ol' T. Bruce Yerke, of course. And Dale Ros-
tomily (come to think of it, he used to be in the MFS, and so did Johnny Gergen and Phil Bronson) told me he'd run across John Groséman among ~~our~~ Bay Area Bohemians.

Then there was the time I was at a bohemian party and saw a rather unusual picture over the fireplace. It was a thing involving masses of figures struggling to lead each other in six different directions. The figures were Globlies, and the name in the corner was Ray Nelson. Of course I twisted arms until I got introduced to him several parties later, and that's how come I'm publishing his cartoons.

Another time I was quietly opening my mail when I came to a letter from a fellow who wanted to join the local Sherlock Holmes fanclub, of which I'm an officer. That was how I got to know John Michel. (Can't exactly say I know him --- we've swapped a few letters is all --- come to think of it, I haven't yet told him what my husband's name is!)

Yes --- and that nice Larry White, over on Dana Street, tells me his father actually writes science fiction.

"-----"
But that was day before yesterday, Poul. What have you written
lately? - DWD
"-----"



Ray Nelson

The "DWD" in that lino has a rather unusual name. (Att. Rotsler!) First name, Dean--- "decanus, corporal, watchman!" Middle name, Warner --- "sen-try, watchman." Last name, Dickensheet --- Dijkenschutter --- "dike-closer, watchman."

He's a Holmes fan and a mis-
sile (army) developer. He says
"We know the Russians are ahead
of us, but what bothers us is
that Convair may be too!"

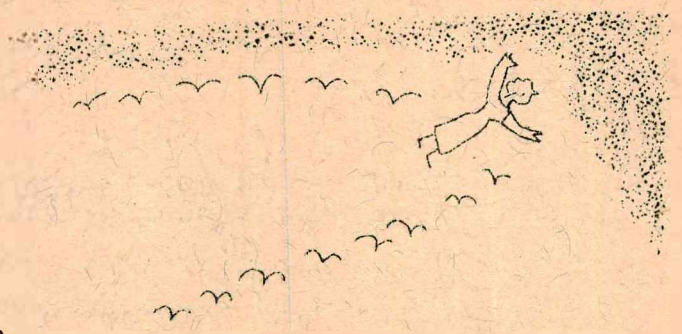
To fill out the page, I might
as well stick in this name too.
He signs DC elevator permits:
CABELL GWATHMEY

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I READ IN
THE PAPERS

Subway Train Saves 4 In Boat

New York, September 16--- Four
persons in a small boat endan-
gered by choppy water were res-
cued 1000 feet offshore by a
passing subway train.

(--Washington Post-Times-Her.)



"-----"
If there are any fans out in the stars, why aren't they in Fapa?
"-----"

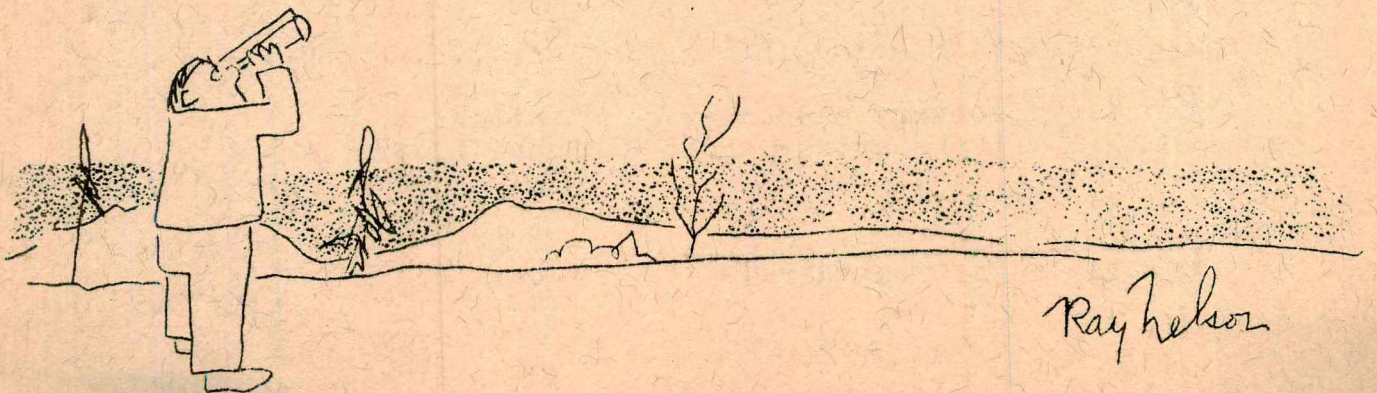
The above lino is to the credit of Bob Burleson. It came
out after a Triple Whammy session at TEWhite's, this Triple
Whammy being a card game the lot of us dreamed up. As a game
it has a lot of refining to be done yet---we can't get it so
anybody wins or loses. But it's great for inspiring cartoons
and linos, as f'rinstance:

*Is that what I'm
mightier than?*



&erson

"-----"
If you're so smart, how come you're rich? ---&erson
"-----"



Ray Nelson

THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF A FAN

by Karen &erson

A callow child who thought himself a man
Met Eva Firestone and became a Fan.

A neofan aspiring BNFdom,
He hurried in --- and out of --- N3Fdom;

He bought a bright new three-propellor beanie
And wrote to Tucker, Boggs, and Richard Eney;

He got onto the waiting list of FAPA
And potent drinks invented, based on grappa.

He went to all conventions, scorned the program
In favor of the bar and lots of Grogram*

Subscribed to Skyhook, circulated quotecards,
Published zines from legalength to pactsarcds,

Joined SAPS and OMPA --- that was very easy,
Though Anglofen's ghoominton made him queasy;

Agreed that Tucker might be Gilgamesh;
Brushed up on Japanese --- plus Arapesh ---

(A fan without an outre' extra tongue
Can't hope to get above the lowest rung);

At last got into FAPA, where he prattled
Of sports cars, jazz and churches, and greeps crottled.

He bought a taper, started taperesponding;
Was snubbed by Kteic (terribly desponding).

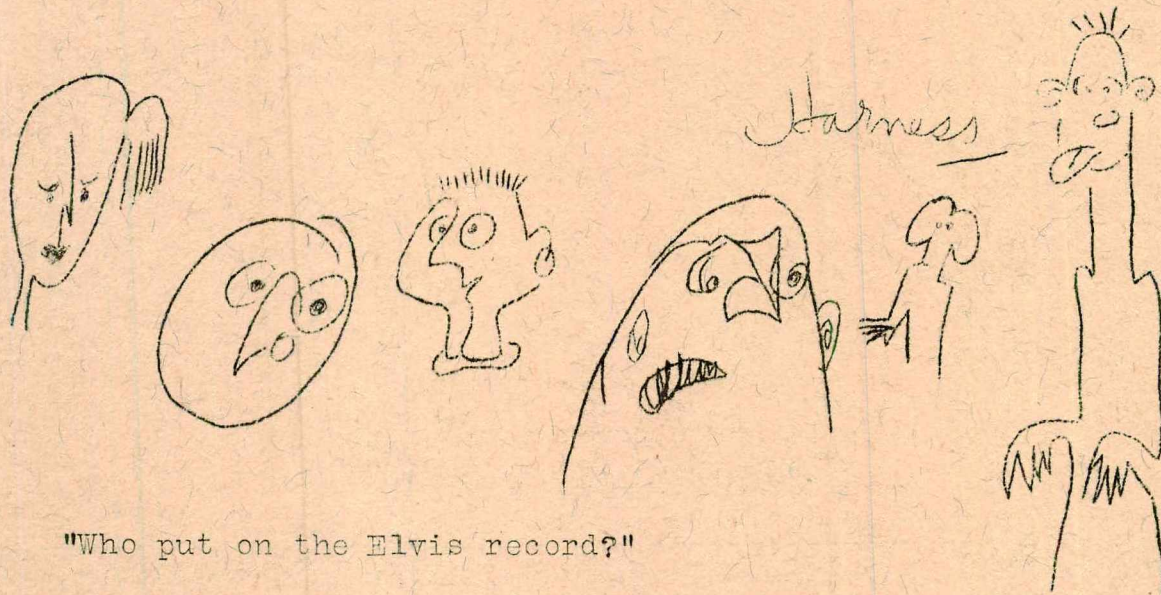
One day from Hoffshaw he received a letter ---
"Please send me something." Could he hope for better?

Yet to this egoboosting invitation,
He wrote, "I'm going into gafiation.

A great discovery cauded my dereliction;
You see, I've started reading science-fiction."

*Bet I've got you there!

"-----"
 If you're going to disembowel him, do it outside. -Burleson
 "-----"



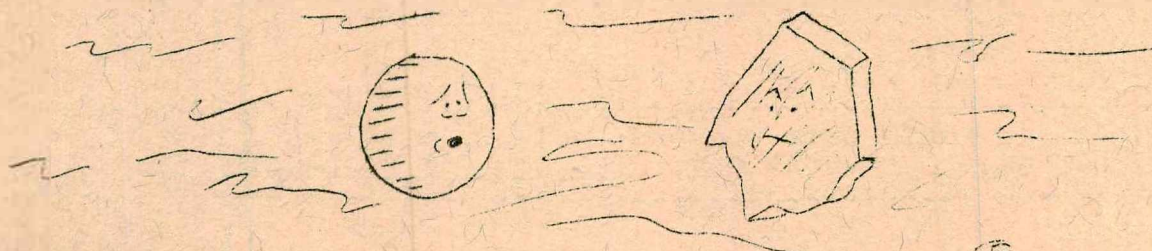
"Who put on the Elvis record?"

"-----"
 Harness! You're being 1.5!
 "-----"



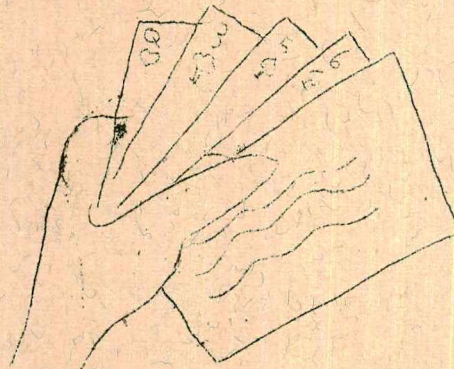
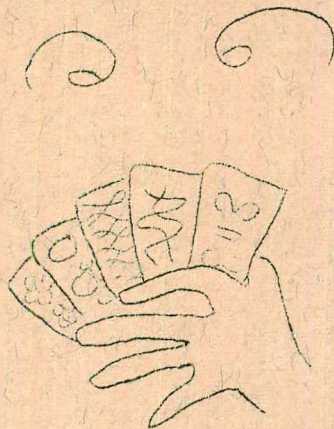
"Did THAT croggle you?"

"-----"
 This is a hell of a way to teach you a lesson. -Castora
 "-----"



"Whaddaya mean I'm a square?"

Variations on a theme:



"who dealt this mess?"

"-----"
Eight fish is enough --- who dealt this mess? -Burleson
"-----"

The following item is from the Oakland (Calif.) Tribune:

VINTAGE ROADWAY

They've been dedicating freeways so fast around the state you'd think they'd soon run out of gimmicks, but not so,

To open new highways to us gasburners, they've used gold telegraph keys, sticks of dynamite, scissors 22 feet long, a welder's torch, even a helicopter to hook under and fly away with a ribbon.

The Fresno Chamber of Commerce is dedicating the multi-million Fresno Freeway on Sept. 27 with a boost for local products thrown in. The big-shots with the snips won't cut a ribbon, but a living, grape-loaded grapevine stretched across the road.

"-----"
Commit suicide? Good heavens, no! My wife would never forgive me! ---Ustinov, The Love of Four Colonels
"-----"



Ray Nelson

I'M NOT REALLY LOST. OLD DOBBIN KNOWS THE WAY HOME.

(By Ken Spiker, Berkeley Bohemian)

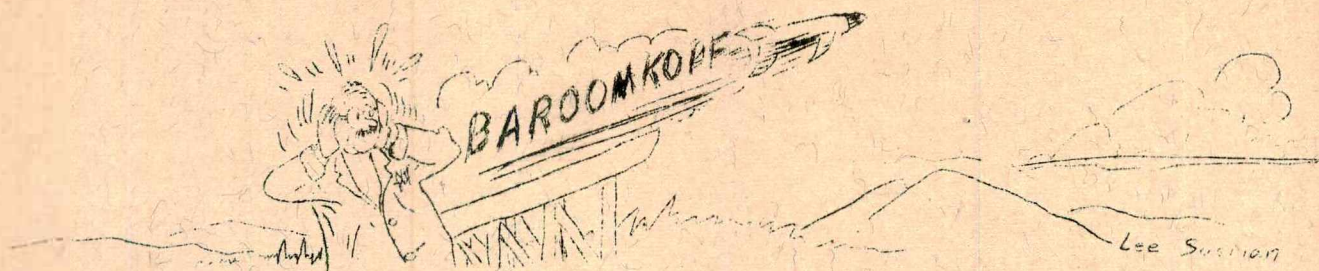
My Dear Sirs:

One month ago I ordered one of your new braths, complete with attachments. I wanted a new, improved taffer brath, listed in your catalogue (#A7023K). I submitted the box top off a package of your contraceptives plus a pound of wombat fur. I waited, eager with anticipation, for 27 days, 4 hrs. and 23 minnits. At last the package arrived. Hurridly I tore open the wrappings and to my amazement found that you had sent me an old, beat-up, rusty Tinkle brath, the sort which has been obselete for years. I had wanted it for Easter, but of course it was too late. Therefore:

FIE ON YOU!

Marmaduke Prill

IN MISSILE LANGUAGE



IT'S A FIRENSCHPITTER

(From George Ross' "Home Town" column in the Oakland Tribune)

So closely associated have Air Force missile experts become with former German scientists in developing the wonder tools of warfare, say the editors of Parks Air Force Base's "Gateway News," that it has become necessary to write an English-German glossary for use with technical literature.

The thing must have been worked out by the Katzenjammer Kids. (Or Heinrich Schnibble? --K.&.) Here are a few definitions:

Guided missile; Das sientifiker geschenwerkes firenkraker.

Rocket engine: Firenschpitter mit schmoken-und-schnorten.

Liquid rocket: Das skwirtenjucenkind firenschpitter.

Missile control system: Das pullen-und-schoven werke.

Missile guidance system: Das schteerenwerke.

Nuclear reseazzchers: Das whizkiddengruppe.

Warhead; Das laudenboomer.

Nuclear warhead: Das eargeschlitten laudenboomer.

Hydrogen device: Das eargeschlitten laudenboomer mit ein grosse holengraund und alles kaput.

It happened at a meeting of the local (Northern California) chapter of the Mystery Writers of America. Poul is a member and brings his wife like most of the others.

A number of new members were present, and old members identified themselves around the room. An elegant if slightly plump and balding gentleman identified himself as Tony Boucher; the lady beside him gave her name as Phyllis White.

A voice from the front of the room called out:
"Why don't you two get married?"

THROUGH THE 80TH MAILING WITH POPGUN AND CAMERA

At the moment I'm several thousand miles away from my mailing, and have Jack Harness' to work from. But I'm not in the least certain it's complete. The only FA in it, for instance, is from the 79th mailing, along with some fanzines also from the 79th and one thing from the 39th Saps mailing. Well, anyway, here we go.

Rambling Fap 11 It sure is a long time since I had any kittens about. Topsy's all died, and we'd had to have her spayed (I couldn't quite see sending her in for a Caesarian every six months, but maybe I oughta --- the kittens would have paid for it if the next lot lived.) She won't let us have any other cats around.

You ought to see her when she has a bath. Her Siamese dignity (I can't imagine any other cause) keeps her from exploding all over the bathroom. All I have to do is hold one hand against her chest. She keeps trying to push through ---as a matter of pride, I expect---but never tries to turn around and go the other way. She's beautiful when wet; probably all Siamese are. Between the thick fur and the heavy muscles, she doesn't look stripped and miserable like most cats; in fact she looks very much like a piece of muttonfat jade. (I mean the gray-white kind, with gray markings --- Topsy being a blue-point.)

Rambling Fap 12 I have a mental block or something against filling things out --- it's all I can do to get my vote out. I'll make a real effort on this, though.

CHOOOG 2-5 I know of one real folksong with an author. (It's feelthy, too.) The song is about the Blister Rust Control program and was composed in Minnesota --- by Poul, who else? --- and by the time we'd moved out here, the song had beat us to it. A friend of ours turned out to have learned it before he met us, with of course no idea Poul was the author. If that isn't a folksong I don't know what is.

Kafocozalum?

You mean Cathusalem? I think that spelling is a shade likelier.

GASP! 12 Thing to do about lino's, GAS, is to have a special notebook and CARRY IT EVERYWHERE. Not just fannish places. Mine's a plain ol' Spiral, but I keep it in a passport folder (real leather) that I bought for a dime and looks like five-bucks-fifteen-years-ago. It's full of stuff like

"-----"
He has the mental horizons of a stag beetle. --R. Bretnor
"-----"

Lark Yeah, we keep getting those ophanage things all the time.
We thought they must have gotten our name from Poul's
Italia~~n~~ publishers, but now I don't know either.

Hey, howcome
Lark is produced by your desk? My desk won't do a durn thing.

Phlotsam About "Oleo"---I don't know either, wish someone
would tell me. One of the little theaters in the
Bay Area was putting on something called "Under the Gaslight"
which involved Olios, as I think they spelled them. When I
get back, I'll have to start asking around.

Horizons I imagine unclipped fingernails might well enable
a woman to untie knots she couldn't loosen with or-
dinary meat-end fingers. I know I can untie lots of things
Poul can't, and I don't think it's all superior manual ability.
(It's partly that, too, of course.)

Boffton Boy Birdwatchers' Bugle-Blast What/who do Boy Birds
watch? Judging from
relative size alone, the one on the cover would be the Roc
watching Sinbad.

Boy Watchbirds, on the other hand, probably
(with apologies to Munro Leaf) watch girls who wear full skirts
on windy days, run for a streetcar when not wearing a bra, and
things like that.

Contact Trouble with "Belgium in '58" is that according to
the rules adopted at the SFCon, cons can be held out-
side the US only every fourth year. As I write, it must have
been all settled ages ago, but nobody's bothered to tell me
the results.

Triple Whammy That Mongoose story is real vanVogtian. More
ghudamn complications!

Fan Art Folio This has some magnificent shading plate work.

Keebird 7 Those Harness-caption drawings are real great.
By
the way, when Poul was working as a food chemist (he isn't any
more --p- the appropriation was cut, or something) he had a lot
of work in a zero-degree room. I wish I could report that he
did ~~what~~ he was always meaning to do, but he didn't: namely,
put up a picture of a bird saying "Kee! Kee! Keeece!"

Ou Sont Les Neiges You really ought to apologize to Francois
Villon, too. As to where the dead fans
go --- they turn into People, doggone it. I meet them every-
where.

Resolved Hope I can remember to send in my vote on this.

Ted White for President Congratulations, President.

Le Moindre 8 Mother bought a TV set since I arrived on my visit.

It was actually on my recommendation. The thing was, there was a show I very much wanted to see --- the MWA one on the 16th --- and I couldn't get access to a set. I noticed a sign in the basement of the apartment building we're in advertising a small set for '25 bucks, stand and rabbit-ears included. The small picture was very sharp --- naturally, having a finer grain. So she bought it. It's only been used that once in a week and a half.

On the Ragged Edge Even though I live in California, I consider myself part of the DC Mob.

World of Null-Poo If a Nuclear Fuse/Fuze is what I think it is, I don't like the idea. Vodka should be drunk straight; gin is the thing for fizzos.

Pamphrey Interesting to read about the beginning of Slant. Somehow one can't conceive of a BFF ever having been a LNF. They seem to have sprung from the brow of Jove.

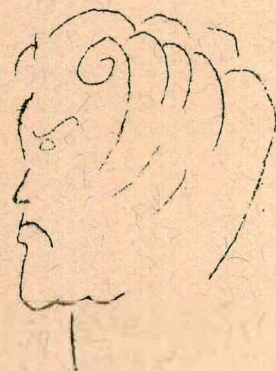
A Fanzine for Susan Margaret This is lovely.

Stupefying Stories Surely all us slans can built a tower of bheercans that high. After all, ol' Paul Bunyan had a bunkhouse so tall it had to be hinged to let the moon go by.

Scree Liked the DeKordova bit,

Terra Welcomes You! I wish someone else had thought of this, it could have been hilarious with a little thought. As it is, it's just a nice idea wasted for all the rest of us.

Gemzine 4/16



"You lie!"

Harness

Qabal 5 Tony Boucher justabout has an unlisted phone number. He merely has it listed in his own name. But I doubt if that protects him from more than the neo-fringe, since everybody seems to know his name anyhow. (Oops, my format slipped!)

Target: Fapa Reference to bowdlerization reminds me of the time I was rummaging in a second-hand store hoping to find Part II of The Mysterious Island (mine cuts off in the middle, thank goodness I'd read it a dozen times from the library!) when I came across a real, genuine Bowdler Shakespeare. I wanted to buy, still wish I had; but the thing was six bits and that's too much for a gag. (Pun not intended, but let it stand.)

Sambo/Obmas Wonder how soon I can turn my fanning over to Astrid? After all, she attended her first Con three years ago --- at the age of six weeks.

Celephais Whee, another Dorothy Sayers fan! I've read most if not all of her Wimsey stories; now I'm concentrating on buying them. By the way, have you read "Striding Folly"? Wimsey's role in this is very slight; the best part is a description of a nightmare. Very good.

Day*Star I haven't seen very many operas, but the one I enjoyed most was the movie of the Tales of Hoffman. I really appreciated this gimmick of singing-cast and acting-cast. The two least effective members of the acting cast (in the roles of Hoffman and Antonia) were the two who sang their own arias. The two best were Sylvia/Olympia and Lindorf/Coppelius/Dapertutto/Dr. Miracle, played by the ballet dancers Moira Shearer and Robert Helpmann. (And weren't they magnificent in the roles of Titania and Oberon, in Midsummer Night's Dream!)

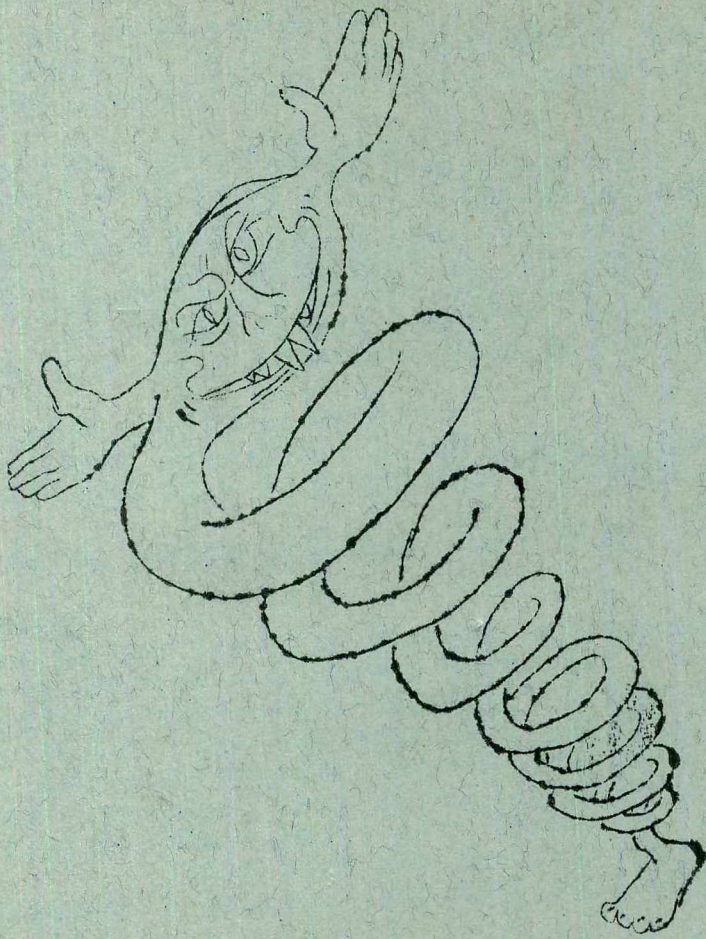
Songs of Bosses' Artists Hoo hah!

Orgy Good grief. I thought everybody respected Rolls Royces, even people who think Detroit cars are good. This is a terrible disillusionment.

Tyke How the hell do you know whether something is going to have good or bad results? S'pose it turns out (it might) that nuclear power is the only thing that will get us to the moon and back. (And back is the important part!) Only a war-time weapon push would ever have gotten atomic energy even as far as it is today --- too expensive under any setup where it doesn't seem to be the only chance for survival. Where does that leave your argument?

I hope that takes care of everything, since it's the last in the bundle. Also I'm running out of space, even if anything else did need reviewing.

"-----"
Around the world of the 80th in a day!
"-----"



Ray Nelson

QWERTYUIOPRESS