VOLUME ONE — NUMBER TWO

AMAZING THRILLING SEXY ASTOUNDING INFAMOUS MONSTERS OF NEFFERLAND & DULL DRY MONOTONOUS ANALOGGED SCIENTIFIC FACT NEFFER STORIES AGAIN!

A GALAXY (free adv.) of TALENT! THE FANS YOU'VE READ ABOUT IN THOSE DNQ CARBON-LETTERS! NOW! HERE! LIVE! FANTASTIC!

IN THIS ISSUE:

THE TRUE LIFE OF BELA LUGUBRIOUS!

NEW JUVENILE STORY: DEAN DRIVE & HIS ELECTRIC PAINT MIXER!

SCATHING REVIEW OF FANAC!

TERRIFYING RITE OF SECRET IMPEACHMENT!

ALL IN FABULOUS BLACK & WHITE! NO GRAYS - NO TONES!

This is a one-shot. At the moment, it is an untitled one-shot, though we may end up calling it AMAZING, THRILLING,, SEXY, ASTOUNDING AND DULL DRY BORING SCIENTIFIC FACT NEFFER STORIES Number Two. On the other hand, we may not, too. A couple of years back, when LASFS was still inhabiting the Fan-Hillton, we put out the first edition -- June 10, 1961, to be exact, at the First Annual Neffer Pizza Party. Today, I suppose, we ought to call this the First Annual Neffer Spaghetti Feed. Then maybe we good have the First Annual Neffer Weinie Roast, and the First Annual Neffer Clambake, and the First Annual Neffer Roast-the Directorate Party.

Bjo is a hell of a hostess. She loves to throw parties, and today the party threw Bjo. In the pool that is. Clothes and all.

Perhaps I had better set the scene. This is 5734 Parapet, home of Bjo and John Trimble. At least it is home until the first week of July when John's cousin gets back from Washington DC and wants his house back. That's OK. But he wants his swimming pool back, too. Fandom will miss it.

As I said before, Bjo loves to throw parties (and today the party threw Bjo) and at the moment there is a pot of spaghetti simmering on the stove, tended by a squirrel. It is being tended by a squirrel because the Trimbles have gone to a wedding. Now this might throw some people (and the party threw Bjo) but just because Bjo had sent out invitations to half of California Nefferdom and then discovered that John's cousin with the five kids had picked that day to get married--but not Bjo. She simply threw a loaf of bread on the table, said "Here's lunch" and a pot of spaghetti sauce on the stove, and said "here's dinner," and to the squirrel, "if you want some, stir." It will be good, though. Bjo's dinners always are.

Bjo loves to throw parties (and the party...) Parties of two or parties of fifty. I'll bet in the last four or five years she has fed every fan in LA and half the country, on their way through here. Parties are usually pretty informal--there's usually somebody for dinner <u>at least</u> once a week--mostly because they usually end up consisting of the particular guest who is responsible for the occasion, and everybody else in Los Angeles, too. I don't know how many meals I've eaten here in the last five years--in fact, Bjo's hospitality has become such a common thing that I am afraid everybody tends to take it a little for granted. But there is never a time when an unexpected drop-in isn't offerred dinner--provided he's willing to take pot-luck. And whenever the opportunity offers, there is a party.

Like this one. Bjo is probably the Neff's biggest booster in Southern California. She is probably more responsible than anyone else for getting about half of LA NFFF-dom involved. Even if she had to pay their dues. There was that time for instance that John and Bjo and Ernie Wheatley sent in a set of dues for one Ronald D. Ellik, and that young ex-OE of FAPA, ex Sec-Treas of fapa, ex-superConfan and what not received bundles of letters from the Welcommittee welcoming him to fandom. A lot of people were a bit unhappy that he went and told all, but the Welcommittee tightened up its info system thereafter, too.

Anyway, here we are eating Spaghetti and publishing fanzines, and like Don Franson said a moment or two before I began this page, "The principle of a one-shot is that nobody gets to edit."

So here is AMAZING, SEXY, THRILLING, ASTOUNDING, DULL, DRY,BORING SCIENTIFIC NEFFER STORIES number two combined with LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS IN THE POOL Number Two combined with LET's THROW DON FRANSON IN THE POOL Number One, combined with HERE'S BJO; LET'S THROW HER IN THE POOL AGAIN.....

Al Lewis

HOW IT CAME TO PASS THAT I DID NOT ATTEND THE SECOND N3F ONE-SHOT SESSION --

by

ROY TACKETT

"Say," said Ron Ellik, proud as a peacock over the new permanent he had in his bushy tail, "are you going to attend the Second Fantabulous N3F one-shot session?"

"It's doubtful," I thought back,"you know I live 'lebenty-eight miles from the Trimbles and it isn't likely that I'll be able to make it."

"It will be a fine one," put in Fred Patten.

"What's the theme?" I wanted to know.

"Theme?" asked Bjo, joining in from Long Beach.

"Sure, the admirable Edco says every one-shot session has to have a theme."

"Well," said Ron, "we thought we'd throw Don Franson in the pool."

"I thought you did that at the last one-shot session."

"No, that was for FAPA and we threw Redd Boggs into the pool."

"I can't think of a better place for him," I said. "It reminds me of an event from my old Marine Corps days...."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes. An old infantry-type sergeant was giving instructions on combat signals to a group of PFCs and Privates. He lectured and demonstrated at some length and then asked questions: "What does two blasts on a whistle mean?" A lanky PFC in the back answered: "Well, Sarge, I dunno what it means in the infantry but in the air wing it means 'Everybody out of the pool.'"

"Ugh!" said Ed Meskys. "Come anyway, we're going to have fun and games."

"Oh, good," I said. "I like fun and games. In fact I have just thought up a new game. It's called En-three-eff."

"How do you play it?" asked Don Fitch hesitantly.

"You choose up sides first, of course. There are the good guys, otherwise known as the 'outs', or the 'old guard', or the 'do-gooders', and there are the bad guys, also called the 'ins', or the 'Directorate' or the 'do-nothings'. The object of the game is for the outs to get the ins out and the outs in. Now first, the outs write long, nonsensical and (usually) unintelligible letters. In at least 12 copies. The letters are then sent out to people chosen at random from the latest membership roster in an effort to create an impression of great activity and in hopes of getting a response. If an answer comes back agreeing with the out that sent the letter, that's good for one point; an answer disagreeing is worth two points as it gives the out the opportunity to write another long, nonsensical and (usually) unintelligible letter and send it to 12 new people selected at random from the roster. When the out has collected 25 points he is entitled to send out a petition demanding the impeachment of Al Lewis; if he can get four petitions demanding the impeachment of Al Lewis circulating he is known as 'one-up' on all the other outs who have less than four petitions demanding the impeachment of Al Lewis circulating."

"What happens then?" asked Dian Girard.

"When all the petitions are returned they are stapled together and entered in the short-story contest where the judges applaud them as great fiction."

"But who wins?"

"The ins win. They continue to quietly tend to the business of a dynamic and expanding NFFF while the outs run around making damfools of themselves by longing for a return to the old days when they were in and the N3F was a static and shrunken organization. The results of the game are announced in December after the votes are counted."

"It sounds like an interesting game," Bjo said.

"It is. It was, of course, thought up by (in hushed tones) the CAPAns."

"You mean.....?"

"Yes, the five secret masters of fandom."

And that is how it came to pass that I did not attend the second fantabulous N3F one-shot session.

ROY TACKETT

//////

CHAIN MAIL WILL NEVER REPLACE
THE HULA HOOP!

--- by Fred Patten

Typing for a one-shot is either a lot of work, or a lot of fun, depending on how you look at it. The people who think it's hard work probably won't be appearing in here. I'm finding it to be useful therapy as a release from nervous tension. Like, I just got through 3 hours of comprehensive examinations this morning, and I need some relaxation. For me, this is it.

Looking through AMAZING, THRILLING, SEXY, ETC. #1, I see that that sterling issue also came out at the close of a school semester for me. I hope this won't get to be a habit. I didn't enter Fandom because I wanted therapy (though I sometimes get the impression that a lot of fans could use therapy of one kind or another).

In fact, looking at AMAZING, THRILLING, SEXY, ETC. #1 brings back a lot of old memories, because that was the first one-shot session I ever attended. I'd gone over to the Fan-Hillton to publish my *first fanzine*, and got enticed into adding a page to the one-shot. I discovered it was a different process; FOOFARAW #1 had been first-drafted and comparatively meticulously planned. Now all of a sudden I was plunked down before a typer and given my first experience with on-stencil typing. Since then, over the following two years, my fanzines haven't all been so meticulously planned, and I've gotten a lot more experience with on-stencil typing. And now I see people around here first-drafting their contributions to this one-shot. Things have sure changed in the two years since I got into publishing fandom.

We've just gotten through a great spaghetti feed, and everybody's loafing around. Bruce Pelz, Ron Ellik, and Steve Schultheis just left to go see Gilbert & Sullivan's Ruddigore. John Trimble is demonstrating his new mimeo to Al Lewis and Bob Lichtman. Don Franson and Stan Woolston are discussing N3F executive business; Forry Ackerman is off in a corner working on the next issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS; and Fritz Leiber is sitting in another corner looking at Lovecraft material. Steve Tolliver is explaining what a one-shot session is to Virginia Schultheis, who is eating potato chips and drinking beer; and the cats have just finished dinner and are going to sleep. Yup, it's a pretty typical fan party. And what are you doing this evening?

I dislike typing for a fanzine without mentioning science-fiction anyplace, so I think I'll complain about the Lancer Science-Fiction Classics for awhile. You've probably seen one or two of them around someplace; they are the 75¢ paperbacks published in "Limited Editions" (so it says on the cover), that was supposed to be bringing old and rare s-f stories back into print. 75¢ may be a bit steep, was the way I heard it, but it's better than having this great literature completely unavailable. Now I'll admit that their first few issues that came out when Larry Shaw was handling the series lived up to this. Vance's The Dying Earth had been almost impossible to get for the last 10 years, for example. But now they're going commercial and printing Isaac Asimov's books, like The Currents of Space and The End of Eternity; and while I like Asimov as much as anybody else, these are not rare, almost-impossible-to-get items. So if you're going to just reprint the big sellers like everybody else, dear Lancer people, how about dropping your "quality" prices, huh?

LOVECRAFT: 25 YEARS AFTER

by Redd Boggs B.Stf

Leland Sapiro, a methodical mathematical type, warned me recently that to find anything in my old pocket notebooks -- of which I have a stack tall enough to daunt Tensing Norkey -- I would have to go to the trouble of indexing them. That's quite absurd. I have just been browsing through my old notebooks, and have found all sorts of fascinating jottings totally without the aid of an index. For instance, here is a note that says, "Philippine 20 centavos 1944." How about that, eh, Walter Breen? And here is one that says, "421-1186," another that says, "Agfa Memo," and still another that says, "Mar-Lee, Olive & Pico." Shock! Shock! Shock! Will fandom ever be the same after learning these secret data from my private notebooks?

It's true, of course, that occasionally I find a note scrawled here that has been temporarily overlooked, a circumstance that chagrins me so thoroughly that I spend two days folded up in a pull-down bed. Take this one: "H. P. Lovecraft: 25 Years After." I scribbled that into a notebook I wore in my waistcoat pocket during part of 1960-1, and since 1962 was the twenty-fifth anniversary of HPL's death, I suppose the note was intended to trigger an article that should have appeared about 14 months ago.

Nevertheless, I see no very good reason why this article cannot be written and published in 1963. All my fans from Abilene to Surbiton are happy to read my keen critical analyses any old time, and the great library of the University of Hawaii stands ready to add Boggs on Lovecraft to its rare book room as soon as I deign to write my authoritative treatise. I mean, there's really no good reason why I shouldn't write "Lovecraft: 25 Years After" 26 years after, except that I am 2017 miles from my library and can't recall any Lovecraft to mind except -- pretty vaguely -- his great story "The Yellow Wallpaper."

Who could forget the opening sentence of "The Yellow Wallpaper"? "The yellow wallpaper had long devastated the country."

Possibly, then, it would be best to refrain from any extended literary discussion of Lovecraft in this article and turn, instead, to personal reminiscence. Sort of a "HPL As I Knew Him." The whole trouble is, I didn't know him. At least not very well. I never corresponded with him, and unless he was that drunken pro in the hotel elevator at the Cinvention in 1949, I never met him. (It seems unlikely, by the way, that he was the drunken pro, though I have never been able to completely identify that person. The drunk told me, anyway, that her name was Ginger. She may have been lying, but I'm sure she was a real pro. Besides, Lovecraft had been dead since 1937.)

Nevertheless, from the very first time I ever heard of Harold Phillips Lovecraft, he took powerful hold of my imagination, and even after 25 years -- all right, 26 years -- I can conjure him up in my mind's eye almost as vividly as Dian Girard in a red dress. Possibly I don't conjure him up quite so often, but what the hell, can't I write an article about Lovecraft anyway? So I am stupid.

Tall, thin, cadaverous -- Lovecraft, not Dian Girard -- goatee beard, porkpie hat, thong sandals, and of course the true bohemian touch: the toga virilis he affected almost as habitually as Gail Knuth Daniels wears blue slacks. Of course the citizens of Milford, Pennsylvania -- his famous address "Ozcot" is now headquarters of the Planned Parenthood clinic -- still whisper that HPL was a nudist at home and in his hunting lodge, "Stormfield," at Sauk City, but this may be only a rumor started by D. Bruce Berry or somebody.

(Continued)

with brown hair having a reddish glint, slender, weighing 97 pounds -- Sorry! I was interrupted between pages and forgot who I was writing an article about. That reference to Gail Knuth Daniels in the preceding paragraph misled me and.... But I was really talking about H. P. Lovecraft, on second thought. As is well known, HPL weighed 237 pounds, although in other respects he looked like the other half of Robert Randall. The other half of Robert Randall gone to seed. That is, he weighed 237 pounds till the final days when he toured Baltimore with a political gang voting for Richard Nixon under such pseudonyms as Clark Ashton Derleth, Cambyses Bloch, and J. Belknap Sigafoos.

As we all remember, he was discovered in a delirious condition at a Meridene Drive saloon, a bottle of Coca-Cola in one hand and a copy of his collection Beyond the Great Oblivion in the other, from which he was reciting the "Tension, Apprehension, and Dissention" passage from his masterpiece, "Born of Man and Woman."

Upon being asked, "Aren't you Ernie McGonish of Strawberry Point, Iowa?" Lovecraft is said to have replied, "Hell no. McGonish has a beard." Oh yes, I neglected to mention that in those last days HPL had lost his beard (in a crap game) as well as 121 pounds and his toga, and had begun to look a little like Bjo Trimble or possibly Elmer Perdue. Not that those people look at all alike, you understand: I'm just a little vague who HPL did resemble. Possibly I mean Walter Breen. Sans beard, of course. Lovecraft's remark now appears on page 673 of Something About Rulls, with a long introductory essay by Edmund Wilson.

The odd thing about the whole incident, of course, is that it really was Ernie McGonish of Strawberry Point, Iowa. It develops that two minutes before, Lovecraft had stepped out to make a phone call to his old girl friend, Chris Haycock. He was last seen stepping into a phone booth and, so far, nobody has seen him stepping out. You know how long it takes to get a connection sometimes with General Telephone.

Lovecraft's fate may take us another 25 (or 26) years to unravel, but meanwhile we have his great masterpieces to read, so we shouldn't feel too downhearted, should we? No, we should get right at it, in hopes of being able to struggle through "At the Mountains of Madness" by 1987, so that an essay called "Lovecraft: 50 Years After" may be written without undue delay.

My theory is that he is still in that phone booth, talking to Chris Haycock. Has anybody seen Chris Haycock lately? Well, then. -- Redd Boggs.

"...GOLUX EX MACHINA"

"Hello," somebody said.

"Uh, hello," I mumbled into the phone. That was a beginning. "I'm Earl Noē." This, as I had feared, produced no perceptiple reaction with the person on the other end of the line. There was a glimmer of recognition when Ron Ellik arrived to pick me up on the corner where the bus from San Bernardino had deposited me.

So, in a manner of speaking, I had come 1200 miles from Texas to attend this one-shot session. But I realized that my arrival was somewhat symptomatic of my future in fandom. Mine is to be the role of obscure, benevolent observer.

But it was not always thus. I once had Plans to embark on a sparkling series of fannish articles that, if all went well, might have assured me a place in fandom's heart as at least a Faanish Boy Genius, Class C, sub-type B.

You see, Richard A. Koogle once said to me long ago, "How can I get back into fandom?" Koogle, I knew, was once a BNF many years ago. He had returned to fandom, published a fanzine, and quickly gafiated, only a month ago. Now, inspired, he again desired to return to the fold. Koogle sipped he beer and awaited an answer. I realized it was an auspicious moment.

"Well," I said, hastily swigging the beer of the inattentive fellow next to me, "maybe you could write a series of articles about Greg Benford."

As a matter of fact, however, it was I who had decided to write a series of articles. About Koogle. From the very first day I had seen Koogle, toting a battered Tower mimeograph loaded with red ink (It had been used, he explained, to do a somewhat left-wing publication), reciting Lawrence Ferlingetti poetry, I knew that I had to risk patent-infringement and write a Koogle-article. This urge is an infection that strikes just about every fan who ever meets Koogle. After all, I reasoned, Koogle can't be copyrighted, he's faanish Public Domain.

So that day as Koogle and I sat in the air-conditioned twilight of a Fort Worth, Texas, cabaret, drank faanish beer, listened to a faanish jazz combo, and discussed pithy faanish Burning Questions ("Is the Rosicrucians a recruiting device for the N3F?"), I could help but think back to the Day We Did It. It being the single issue of Koogle's fanzine, the intended show-

the last angry parenthesis

rides again

Earl Noē

case for the New Koogle. All of Fort Worth fandom turned out for this event, although it ultimately turned out to be a bit more than the three of us could handle. There originated that day, a new game, which I imagined as gist for a fannish article, and which I envisioned as sweeping all fandom: Musical Mimeographs.

There was a large, laden desk in the center of my workshop, taking up most of the floor space. On one side of the room was my old Model 90, on the other, Koogle's bolshevik machine. As the attempt to complete Koogle's magnum opus grew increasingly frenetic, Koogle and I would occasionally cease our furious cranking of the mimeographs, abpuptly churn through the bog of smeared paper on the floor, run around opposite ends of the desk, and catch the diametrically opposed machine in mid-revolution.

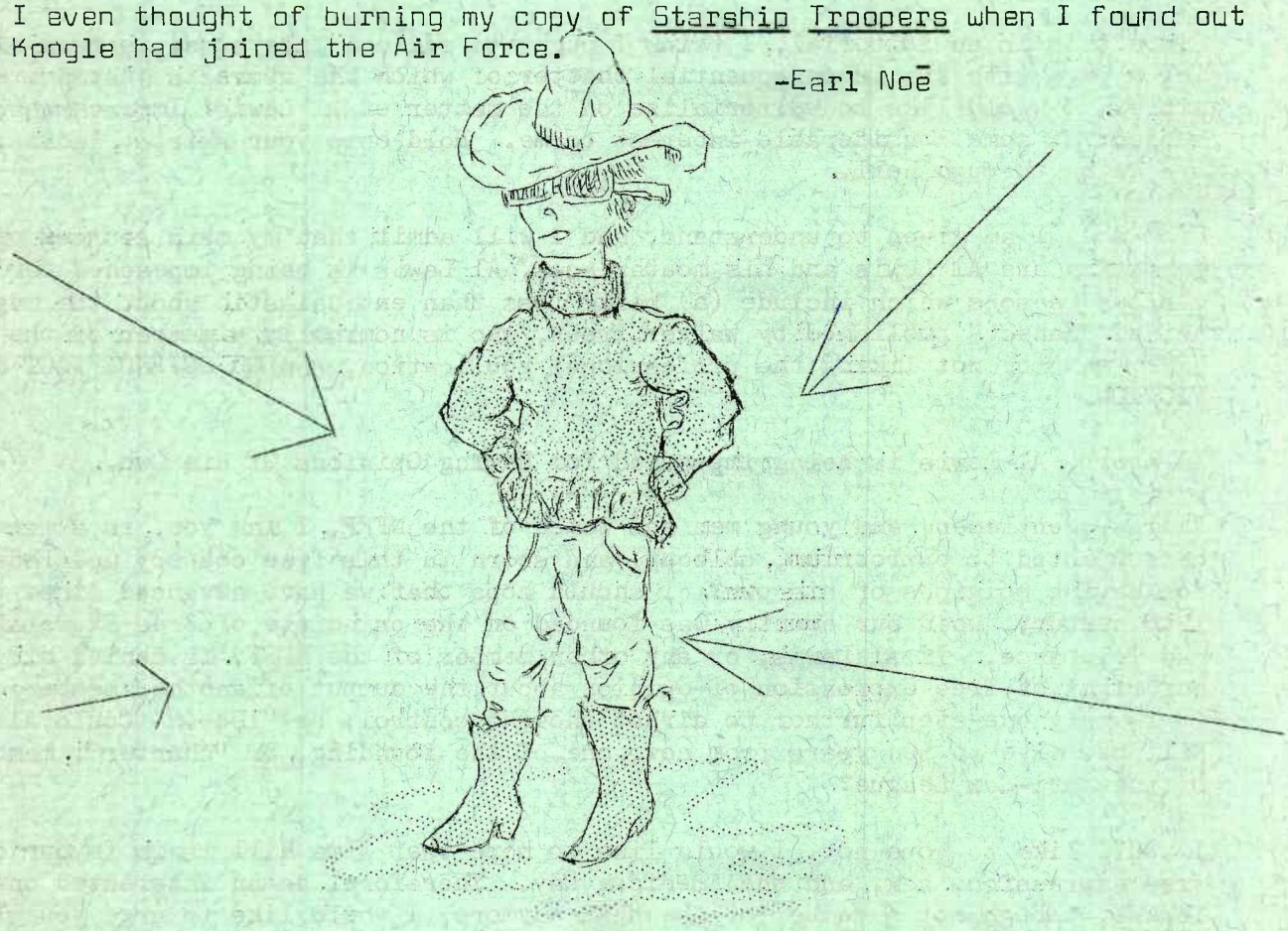
"Time for the 4 O'clock feeding," I would say with a twisted smile as I poured yet another quart of tear-mingled black gold into the Model 90. "When I first got it," I said, gesturing at my little poctsard mimeo, "it was no bigger than that. Soon, it will be a multilith!"

So when Koogle mentioned forsaking the Dallas Jazz Society that day in the local pub, I was secretly delighted. Now I could dip into the rich trove of very very faanish things Koogle was doing, and write a series of articles that would bring me fame and fortune.

But this was not to be.

I even thought of burning my copy of Starship Troopers when I found out that Koogle had joined the Air Force.

-Earl Noe



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This is IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO SAN BERNARDINO, a one-shot fanzine published for the National Fantasy Fan Federation, a world conspiracy, and dedicated to Earl Noé, who is present and may have material in these pages before "your very eyes." Birmingham, Alabama is the hotspot of the nation; it is cold today in Long Beach, but your editor is reputably told that people were out swimming in the pool of John and Bjo Trimble, who are Throwing This Bash. There are a lot of National Fantasy Fans present, most of whom are doing little or nothing save talking, drinking, swimming, eating, typing and some wenching. William Shakespeare spoke small Latin and less Greek, but every word of this one-shot is in the English language, or local equivalent if in sterling areas. Vote today to impeach Al Lewis and make the world safe for Godless Communism.

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Hello, my name is Robert Lichtman, and I am an ex-member of the NFFF. Since quitting the National Fantasy Fan Federation last December 31st, I find that there has been a Void In My Life which I have been forced to fill. I have successfully filled this void with talking, drinking, swimming, eating, typing and some wenching, and perhaps you could do the same thing. However, this is not the proper Attitude for me to be taking in an NFFF one-shot fantasy fan magazine, and I apologize.

Since this is an Editorial, I think I ought to editorialize some, instead of wasting a page with the inconsequential chatter of which the above is just one example. I would like to editorialize on the matter of Al Lewis' Impeachment, a subject of some considerable interest to me. Hold onto your skirts, ladies, we are going through hell.

From what I am given to understand, and I will admit that my main sources of information are Al Lewis and his mouthpieces,* Al Lewis is being impeached for various reasons which include (a) being less than enthusiastic about the magazine, "Fanac," published by Walter Breen, who is nominally a member of the NFFF, and (b) not liking the professional publication, ANALOG SCIENCE FACT & FICTION.

In short, Al Lewis is being impeached for Having Opinions Of His Own.

Ladies, gentlemen, and young men and women of the NFFF, I ask you, is a man to be subjected to opprobrium, obloquy, and scorn in this free country and Federation for having opinions of his own? I should hope that we have advanced since the 17th century, when our country was founded on the principle of Free Expression and Tolerance. If Al Lewis, or any other member of the NFFF, is denied his or her right of free expression of opinion about the output of another member, then it is only one step further to direct thought control, or "1984." Could Alma Hill be, five to ten years from now, one of the founding, or "charter", members of the Anti-Sex League?

I would like to hope not. I would like to hope that Alma Hill is in favour of free expression, sex, and the American Way. Therefore, as an interested onlooker, though not a member of the NFFF anymore, I would like to urge you all, should this matter come up for a vote, to vote against the Hill Conspiracy. Vote to give Al Lewis his civil rights as a citizen of the United States and a member in goodstanding of the NFFF.

-- Bob Lichtman, 18 May 1963

* also from a letter here at Trimblehaus written by Alma Hill, "an open letter to the officers and members of the National Fantasy Fan Federation," dated February 25, 1963 -- I don't believe mouthpieces exclusively.

No, We Don't Have the Necronomicon of Abdul Alhazred, But We Do Have the Nekromantikon of Manly Banister...

Ralph Bailey, who died in 1959, was a friend of the N3F in more ways than one. His contributions to TNFF livened up its pages at a time when almost nothing else was in it -- it seemed as if Bailey was the only writer in the club. His feigned illiteracy was denied by some of the brightest philosophy in fandom -- but it was part and parcel of the Bailey wit, and contributed to the humor of his writings, and dulled the edge of his critical blade. It was always constructive criticism, and Ralph Bailey remained friendly to the club.

Proof of this friendship still exists in the form of a donation Ralph gave to the club -- no strings attached, as far as I can determine. It is a complete set of Nekromantikon. Art Hayes forwarded it to me when he resigned from all activities in the NFFF a short while ago. Art had held it for years,waiting for its disposition by the officials of the NFFF, but none had ever been decided on. It was to have been one of the prizes in a proposed recruiting contest, I gather, but I can find no evidence that Ralph Bailey himself made this specific limitation. The envelope says, "For N3F from Ralph Bailey." It seems to me that better use can be made of the gift, than listing it as a prize for getting so many recruits per annum. The N3F, snowballing in membership now, needs a recruiting contest like a hole in the head. If one was desirable, however, more suitable prizes should be offered -- N3F recruiters are not likely to be fanzine connoisseurs, and this is a real collectors' item. I do have another gift from someone, that Art also sent, the first eight issues of the slick Fantastic, which could be used for this purpose, together with more contemporary gift items and possible cash and membership prizes, by the Recruiting Bureau.

Nekromantikon was to be something out of the usual in fanzines, announced Manly Bannister in the November,1949 Postwarp. It turned out to be just that; a printed quality "little magazine" rather than a fanzine, one of stories and articles on weird and fantasy fiction. Besides being a possible rare item (I don't know fanzine values --yet-- you'll tell me) it has intrinsic value, in the art, layout and interesting table of contents(I haven't read anything in it yet, so can't vouch for quality.) The issues I have are Vol.I,number 1,Spring, 1950; #2,Summer '50; #3,Autumn '50; #4,Winter '50-'51; and #5, Midyear '51. This is the final one, since it contains a farewell editorial, so this is a complete set, five issues. They are "pulp-size", the three middle issues being 7-1/2" x 11", number 1 slightly smaller, 7 x 10-1/2, and the last slightly larger, 8 x 11. They have 50-60 pages; the last has 90.

Condition is not perfect. The pages seem in good shape, but they are loose. The covers are fine(all but the left edges,which are frazzled.) It looks as if any damage came more from mailing and handling than from reading. Strangely, the staples have been removed. Could it be this was preparatory to binding? Or was it to prevent rust? Anyway, what these fanzines need is binding.Table of contents and 6 pages seem to be missing from #2(you see, I'm honest) but this is the only thing missing. All other pages in all the other issues are there and in good shape. Did someone remove his story from that issue, in order to have it reprinted in a prozine?

If anyone wants further particulars, I'll check and supply them,being careful not to wear out the magazines in the process. I won't be in too great a hurry to dispose of these, as I want to get the most good out of them that is possible. I want information on the possible value,from disinterested collectors, and possibly informal bids(which will not be binding,in the event of an auction.) I believe that an auction, mail or convention, would be the best way to dispose of these, but I am open to other suggestions. I want to see the N3F Treasury benefit, but I'd also like to see this remarkable set of amateur

magazines find a home -- better than I can give it. I'd like to see it bound. I shouldn't split the set, unless someone has a copy or two of his own to complete it.

I'm not going to list the table of contents (will,if asked by serious bidders) but there is amateur and professional fiction(by some well-known fan & pro authors,anyway); articles, verse, interior artwork and covers by Banister and Ralph Rayburn Phillips, some being linoleum cuts. The covers are printed in several colors on two of them. Walter A. Willis was UK agent.

Not only information on the worth of these(no wild guesses) but information on the history of Nekromantikon and even of these particular copies would be welcomed. Ralph Bailey attended the Newyorkon and may have bought them at auction there. Also suggestions better than mine for disposition will be welcomed. I think that collectors should get these, at a fair price,neither a gyp nor a bargain. Otherwise I can hold on to them as long as Art Hayes did. Maybe I'll even get a chance to read them.

Oh, I forgot. Send all correspondence on this to me. Don't expect quick answers, or publication unless you add something important to the story.

I think we have something here. Tell me if I'm wrong.

-- Donald Franson.

=-=

Lines From A Few Issues of Postwarp, 1949-50.

The latest Tightbeam contains the usual complaint that Ye Olde N3F Letterzyne isn't as good as it used to be...I doubt this. After reading a handful of old Postwarps just now, I seem to have time-travelled not at all. All the same kind of letters were there, in force, and it seemed like new times, once again. Perhaps the new TB could use a little less feuding and perhaps a little more humor, but outside of that, there's nothing wrong with it. Or with the old PW.

Just for fun, I culled some amusing and educational lines from the old Postwarps. I could do the same with Tightbeam, no doubt, but it wouldn't be safe -- people might remember their own lines, and deny they meant them just that way...which would probably be true,(also in the old ones.) But a thing of beauty is a joy forever, and a line of humor is a laugh,however created. Some of these are good enough to be fannish aphorisms, though, make you think. (The only difference between the new and old is that Postwarp was then a subscription zine, after the first issue which went to all Neffers,and reached about 50 instead of the entire membership of about 400.)

"Postwarp, the monthly letterzine....Postwarp began as an individual project but somehow or other the NFFF got entangled in it....The NFFF has no control over the contents of this zine. Neither, I might add, have I....It seems the Los Angeles fraternity was ready to run me out of fandom....I should like to see the NFFF dissolved....The motley crew of second-rate fanzines put out under the NFFF label will never be missed....My idea of a perfect fan club is a bunch of stf readers....Jimmy thought we were a bunch of crackpots....What does any of that have to do with science-fiction?....FLUG is the only washday discovery for which absolutely no use has been found. But buy a box anyway. Our scientists are working night and day to find something it's good for.... There is some discussion of profanity by a chap named Dedd Doggs or something like that....This is written in all seriousness....Some fan engaged in pursuit of the girl friend's amorous fancy might resent a fellow fan's whipping out his list and looking him up for an evening of wassail when he has other plans in mind. In my code of ethics you do not drop in anywhere except when invited,

and you never--no,never!--whip out your list in public....Let us do something to soft-pedal the feuding....Don't you dare cut this letter....Why all the fuss about N3F at this time?....I saved the N3F once and can do it again.... I mentioned that if Tucker was pulling another death hoax, he might as well be dead....May I ask,"What did you ever do for NFFF?"....Fandom must convince a lot of people that all SF readers are lunatics, and scare them away from reading any themselves....Fandom's real purpose is to amuse the fans....We used to be famous as the club that had Ben Singer, now we are just another fan group.. ..Fandom should be a planet, revolving around and shining with the reflected light of its primary, s-f and fantasy....I'd reather atend a conference of 30 or 40 fans I know, than one of 500, where I didn't know anyone....The Nov 49 PW arroved today and I notice that I'vd had mine haid chewed off a coupla times by people who took the grain of my idea, planted it, grew to a nice size, and then went to work on it....Unfortunately fandom is like the rest of the world; it has its nice people and its stinkers....these subs of mine run out so fast. ...The old NFFF seems to be in a state of expansion, turmoil, and growing pains. ...The next question is whether or not they are inimical....But fandom isn't very important....All it takes is work....There's been too much about the NFFF in your pages....These 102% NFFFers seem to think it is treason or heresy or both to utter a critical word about the club....The NFFF terribly needs a sense of humor or a much tougher hide....I feel that it is only my duty to resign... .I am gradually losing interest in the field of science fiction and gaining an interest in the much more abundant field of the occult....Oh,how the directors would like to hear what you think....The N3F does not by far represent the greater, or even the more important part=of fandom!....How about having a Lee Brown Coye portfolio?....I wonder if there are still any fans who read all the mags?....We are revising the NFFF application blank so that it will provide the information the WelCom needs to help a new member get full benefit from N3F....As a recently hatched fan, I'm completely in the dark as to the meaning of that phrase 'a la Degler' and I'm consumed with curiosity....Have no intention of starting my own fanzine....The Disc people are friendly. They intend only good toward Earth....I like a person who tells you what he thinks of you. ...We started to try telepathy experiments with cards. The experiments were successful but we weren't--we got kicked out for gambling....The only fault is that the same people write in every time.Do only about fifteen N3Fers know how to write?....Those people who aren't satisfied with N3F the way it is ought to get out and do something about it instead of just complaining....I thought the main purpose of the NFFF was to promote activity among its members....We can put forth an all-out campaign to awaken the spirit of actifandom in these lethargic bums....alternative is to shut ourselves up in our own shell and let the rest of fandom..the dissenters,loafers and disputers,go by....A happy medium is necessary, which the NFFF is trying to strike.... [illegible]tted for lack of space....You'll have to admit that if nothing else my letters stimulate a lot of comments....It is possible to raise funds enough to build a spaceship but I certainly wouldn't attempt it....Fan organizations should pass rules limiting their memberships;i.e.,the apas to no more than 100, N3F and similar clubs to 1,000....Applicants must have been infandom for five years or more, have had 25 or more pieces of writing published....The NFFF does not necessarily concur in all or any of the remarks made in this publication....The 00 is now over three weeks late....Some time ago you mentioned in Postwarp that you had completed a list of 23 different projects that were under consideration for N3F....A WelCom booklet is being prepared to acquaint new members with what N3F offers....I wish all fantasy publishers would stop publishing for one year. It would give me the breather I need to consolidate my collection....And why should anyone want you to resign? You got a persecution complex or something? ....The NFFF is functioning more efficiently and effectively now than at any other time in its history....It is impossible to make inactive people active if they don't wish to be. We've found that out....Frankly, I didn't realize there were 42 active fans in NFFF. About 10 was a more likely estimate....I am against the whole idea of a "Miss STF" Why do we need them? Do we want to

compete with the National Pickle Week?....The compermise plan has been aclamed by promanet fans on both side,and soon will be in general NFFF concideration.. ..I'm a member of the LASFS, and there I get to meet a lot of people interested in science fiction, ~~that~~ aren't fans....I'd love to write pages on this interesting topic but I see you're cutting letters already....Did you have to print it on the mailing wrapper? I wondered why my landlady tittered when she brought me my mail....Note:"Dis" is an abbreviation of "District of Columbia" and is not a Shaveristic prefix....Anybody else have any ideas?....Your subscription expires with this issue...."

-- D.Franson.

TAFF.

Wally Weber "letterhacked in Planet",

Bruce Pelz "is an avid comic fan",

MZB "contributed to Kipple",

But support TAFF regardless if you can!

Seriously, there are three fine candidates for TAFF this year -- and contests are fun!

All are N3F members, except Marion(whose son is a member) but that shouldn't mean anything,should it? After all, anyone who is anyone is an N3F member these days. Join the N3F....get in on the fun, while it lasts....

People used to complain about TAFF because it was hard to fold a fifty-cent piece and put it into an envelope. They've changed that this year. Fold two fifty-cent peices and put them in an envelope(this is twice as inconvenient as before) because TAFF has gone up to a dollar. I think this makes sense, because when TAFF was started, a dollar was a lot of money. Now a dollar is still a lot of money, but we don't mind taxation as much.

D.F.

DEATH OF A POEM

The Trimbles were throwin' a party,

The fans should have all been all wet!

Instead they're all sweating that one-shot,

And all my ideas have got wet!

--eet.

.....The Turner Kids and Me and a Half Cup of Hot Sake.....

Being the heart rending account of a day spent surrounded by the Nthreeeff...that is to say, the day wasn't surrounded so much as was the author, but it be pretty heart rending anyhow....

Read the stirring account of how...with nothing more than the promise of a truly ruly Birthday Present as bait...your hero and mine....was trapped behind a wall of elipsis...

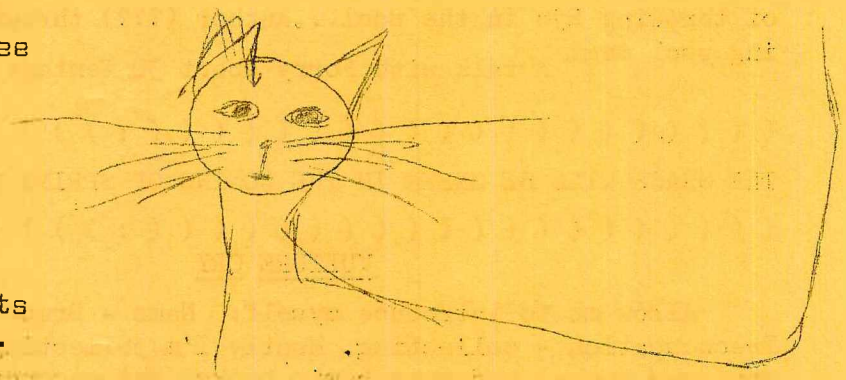
Find out the horrible fate that faced the poor innocent and somewhat pure and simple, not to mention honest and clean, and above all else...non-grammaticalistic young man. Find out if you can...read no further if you have a weak heart...for the truly nervous have been known to get pretty jumpy when the found out this horrible fate...and we wouldn't want that happening to you...well, maybe we would...

"Shocking" says the New York Times
"Sesquepedalian" says the Harrisburg Monitor
"Pedestrian" says the Eagle Rock Gazette

These comments and others describe to a "T" the tale enfolded for you. Some critics went so far as to agree with the vital message. Others did not. Some few saw both sides of the story, and, it was found than many saw neither. We dare you to make up your own mind in your own way. Mail it with a return-addressed-stamped envelope to anyone. Think of the challenge and adventure that this method offers. You too, in only fifteen minutes a day, for the next million days, might...and don't you forget it.

This offer may be repealed or revoked at anytime without warning...so take advantage of it while you may...meanwhile, back at our story we find our hero in a confused state of mind. Someone has just complimented him on his beautiful children, and he feels that they may be right.

After only half a cup of Hot Sake, half a cup of hot coffee and a full cup of root beer it was decided by those in power that it was indeed a better drink that way than in any other combination.



WISTFUL CAT by GAIL DANIELS

Except for a minority of purists who insisted that it was worse.

If you are officially registered with the unofficial registrar, or can prove a previous or subsequent interest in the activity you are not eligable...however all others may... and are urged to do so.

"Gruesome" says East Fanglian Times
"Cheery" says Cry
"Concise" says Yandro

Is the world ready to recieve and use such power? This stirring account of one man's afternoon probes this question and others of similar magnitude but disimilar direction

--- Steve Tolliver

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED NEFF?

by Stan Woolston

There is a time and place for forethought, but of all such times, the making of a one-shot would be the time. There may be a formula for organizing material regardless of such preparation, but the result will be confusion, and this world is full of enough confusion already.

There is, however, material of a general nature that can be converted at a moment's notice to almost any purpose. One such item is an all-purpose speech that is full of great, ringing generalities, suitable for converting for any occasion from running for the office of dogcatcher (or President) to...anything. It might be a good idea for someone with a few spare minutes and a modicum of genius to turn his mind to a conversion of this plan to fannish aims.

Science fiction and fandom, according to some, is a running-off-of-the-mind---suggesting fans would not need such a short-cut. Perhaps having such a method to fall back on, someone could feel at ease and then use that originality. If SF is related to ideas, and fandom has that element in the mind of its members, perhaps there is some truth in expecting a fan to be able to think in the midst of the discussions on all sides, and other distractions.

Don Franson felt the need to have something to say so he wrote his item beforehand. I didn't.

I wonder if there is some conclusion to arrive at from this.

JSW

(:)

UNHINGED IMPRESSIONS...The Tatooed Dragon Returns??? Popular pastime: Talk of throwing Bjo in the pool...Author (???) thrown in earlier (!?) for suggesting pool tag. A talk with Forry about 3D fantasy slides.

Dick Finch

(:)

THE GRASS WILL BE GREEN IN THE COMING OF SPRING (1-line poem by EET)

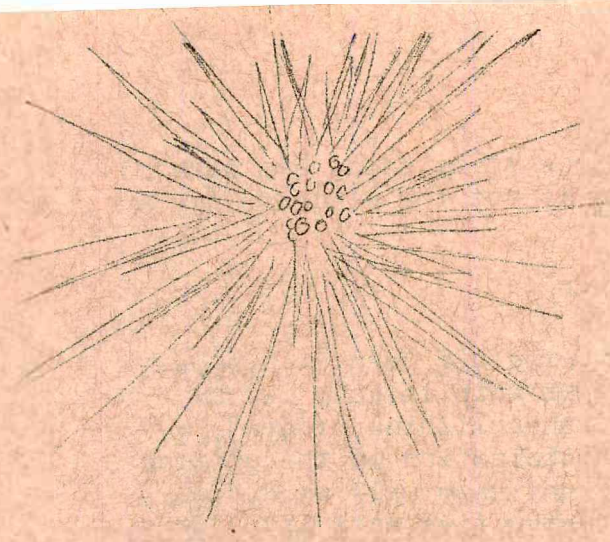
(:)

VULTURE CRY

Allow me to introduce myself: Name - Bruce Pelz. Occupation - Librarian. Preoccupation - collecting. Mostly I'm collecting fanzines these days, but SF mags and books, and even comic books, are secondary collections. But let's concentrate on fanzines.

Some of you people have been in NFFF for years and years, and have accumulated issues of TNFF, BONFIRE, POSTWARP, and other official and semi-official publications. A lot of these you probably don't want to keep. I'd like to get hold of them, even if I have a copy already. There are a lot of newer fans who would like to have them -- Dick Finsh was asking about old TNFFs just today, and as far as I know there is no place he can go to get them without an extremely difficult search. Same goes for Steve Schultheis, who has been trying to assemble a TNFF collection for both himself and for UCLA.

So....why not ship me your unwanted fanzines -- NFFFzines and any others -- for redistribution? Write first, and I'll supply postage. Fanzines are rather ephemeral things, and the more that can be preserved in the large collections, the better. . . . Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles 24.



star-flower by Gail Daniels

Who's on First? by Bjo

Everyone here is having fun, helping throw one whale of a party. Along with the Neffers in this sterling zine, we have other interested bystanders who really came for the party, not the one-shot. Steve Tolliver's brother Bobbie (apprentic squirrel their cousins Sally and Lawreen Aylsworth, and John Spaulding who came with Earl Noé. Also the Turners Paul, Ellie, Susie and Mark, plus Fritz and Jonquil Leiber, Ray Craig, and probably a few others we missed naming. Such as the Lavenders, Roy, Dede and Lois and Forry Ackerman. That should be egobbo enough for all! The party is swinging.

Of course, everyone has something to say, too; whether it is a pressing point or a simple "hello". That's what one-shots are for. To reach people like you Out There.

Last one-shot, I said that people didn't say "thank you" enough; that they didn't speak up and express themselves to eager souls who -- for instance -- put out one-shots. The response was great, as usual; proving once again that the N3F is an active body when it wants to be. I was impressed by everyone actually READING the zine, and commenting!

Now I'd like to speak out on another point, and I hope you all read carefully once agai This point is: ASK QUESTIONS! Not only that, but ask questions of the RIGHT SOURCE! Yeah. Asking the gossip to explain her sources of information will only get an ambiguous answer. Asking the rumor-monger for proof of his story will result in an attack on your own sanity, morals or loyalty to the monger. This line of questioning does not pay off, as any intelligent person can figure out for himself. But why take chances; repetition may help some.

Asking embarrassing questions is something which stops almost everyone. Yet coming right out with a straight question will very often not only save future embarrassment but your honesty will help strengthen the friendship and possibly ease the person in question. When in doubt of the -- for instance -- marital (or otherwise) status of a couple, I've always found it simpler to ASK one of them what the situation is. It has saved me from silly mistakes (such as approaching a new divorcee and asking "hey, how is your husband?"), and it has released the gal from the worry of how to tell me the news, or wondering when I'll simply blunder into it. The conversation relaxes from there, and we all breathe easier.

In many cases of fan gossip, asking questions is hardly necessary. D. Bruce Berry did his own hanging by accusing Kemp of things he could not possibly have done (Kemp and several other fans were on a beach with me in California at the time Beery claims he was robbed). The stupidity of talking constantly of how short he is compared to everyone else was brought to light when Berry published his discharge papers, which gave his height as 5'11"; hardly a midget. These obvious lies should make discerning people question the rest of his story.

My own case was less spectacular; Liby Vintus Jarvis published lies about me which any fan could have disproved by simply asking me. Thankfully, many did. It was unfortunate that she also made several other people out as mindless idiots as a result of her attempt at viciousness. ANY "fact" can be stated in print; any child can believe it, I expect more of adults or anyone who wishes to make the claim to being one. I can PROVE my facts.

Loud talking by anyone carries no proof of the truth. If you would know truth -- NO MATTER which side you hold to -- then ASK the person directly involved in the story you've heard! Don't be duped by holy words and high-sounding generalities; whole nations have been led to their doom by fanatics who accused their opposition of exactly what they themselves are doing behind the smoke screen of righteous indignation. Think about it; and ask then who is really wronging whom...who is really going to profit by this story, you or they?

AL LEWIS HERE AGAIN...

There seem to be several things of importance to be said, and perhaps composition on stencil in the middle of a party is not the place to try to get sercon, but I am going to, anyway.

The subject is the present state of the NFFF.

At the moment the NFFF is both better and worse off than it has been in several years. On the positive side, our membership is way, way up over one year ago at this time; we have an active publishing program, a highly constructive directorate, more member participation in the offices ot the club than we have had in some time past, and seem well on our way to winning the general respect of fandom for constructive activity. So far, so good. But in the minds of many, these positive achievements have been lost sight of in a rather serious set of accusations of misfeasance, malfeasance, et al. Most of these,have been directed at me, personally, but the other officers have come in for their share of obloquy because they have dismissed most of the allegations as false, irrelevant, or trivial.

I think the membership is entitled to know precisely what all the fuss and commotion is about. Now there is a good deal of fuss and commotion and it is about very little. A good many private letters have gone forth within the last several months, and roughly the follo wing points of contention may be summarized -- with the reservation that they are not the same from one month to the next, nor do the dissidents necessarily agree with each other.

Firstly, it is alleged that as Directorate Chairman I have misrepresented the activities of last year's directorate. No details have been stated regarding precisely what is supposed to have been altered, but four of five of last year's directors have expressed themselves as content with the reportage, as being both sufficient and accurate.

It has been alleged that the editing of TNFF has created a situation wherein the membership can no longer trust its official organ. This was stated in print by Art Hayes, in THRU THE HAZE. The fact is, that in the first place Art Hayes, former Directorate Chairman, Correspondence Bureau Chairman, etc. etc. has not submitted a report for publication since I have been editing TNFF--over a year--nor in the preceding year did he submit a Directorate report to Ralph Holland for publication. I was quite interested to learn, upon taking over the editorship of TNFF on Ralph Holland's death, that I was expected to compile the reports to be signed with Art's name from the files of correspondence of which I had been sent. This, I learned, was the regular practice of Ralph Holland, which may help explain one of the reasons he was a badly overworked President and OE. Art was asked to submit reports for publication but none were ever forthcoming. The point of this is that Art, who is making the accusation, is taking somebody else's word --not speaking from first-hand knowledge. All other Bureau heads have generally managed to comply with the request to submit reports for the membership.

It has been alleged that the editor edited material submitted to TNFF. That statement is quite correct. That is the editors job--not to print every last precious word of all reports submitted, or of all columnists writing for the magazine. And I will continue to edit, to the best of my ability, to produce as fair, comprehensive, and interesting a fanzine as material and budget will allow.

It has been alleged that as Editor, I used TNFF for personal attack against Alma Hill. Now I don't like libel, and I don't like liars, and I don't like would-be character-assassins. If the factual statement that Alma Hill is an ardent defender of D. Bruce Berry and a former collaborator constitutes a vicious personal attack on Alma Hill, why then I guess I am guilty of a vicious personal attack on the woman. I'd be pretty ashamed of it, too, if I were her.

It has been alleged that I published fanzine reviews in TNFF and one of them gave an unfavorable opinion of FANAC. I did and it did, and it is an interesting frame of mind that denies to a critic the right to hold an opinion. Ralph Holland ran Fanzine reviews in TNFF just as often as he could get them, and I do not recall objections from this coterie at that time. One assumes then, that the objection is to the opinion, or the holder of it, rather than the fact itself. I do feel that in a review column I have the right to express the opinion that Walter Breen is not publishing FANAC in as current and timely a manner as might be desired. (The January and February issues have just been distributed to subscribers).

I have been accused of a mad lust for power and a desired to take over the NFFF. Just why I am supposed to disire this, and what advantage I am supposed to accrue thereby besides a hell of a lot of hard work is unclear. It is also alleged that through my puppets Art Rapp, Don Franson, and Bjo Trimble, I have already accomplished this. Goody.

I have been accused of saying that Analog was not up to the standards of Astounding. That is quite true. I said it and it isn't.

Apparently, the editor is not allowed to express opinions that do not coincide with those of a small group of would-be saviours of the NFFF. One wonders what would be the attitude of this same group had he lauded FANAC, applauded D. Bruce Berry, worshipped John W. Ghod (whose prozine is the only one he regularly reads through) and joined with those who wish to save the NFFF from fandom.

Now all of these people are quite honest and well-intentioned, but I think we have an outbreak of that old N3F syndrome known as "102% Fuggheadism." I joined this club and ran for Director the first time in the midst of a discussion about "APA snobs." These were the members of FAPA and other such people who seemed to have the strange idea that the N3F wasn't doing an awful lot for fandom, when as everybody knew, all of fandom who counted were Neffers and the provincial members of FAPA, SAPS, OMPA, and the Conventions were

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ED MESKYS JUST BROKE THE ONLY BOTTLE OF CORRECTION FLUID IN THE HOUSE!!!

---

villains who refused to concede the NFFF its primary mission in fandom. Now this was a very comforting theory, apparently. It allowed a small group of people, the "we" to rise with righteous arms to hold off the invasion of the "they" who would destroy Holy Nefferdom. So then several things happenned. First, the N3F actually did something for the good of fandom and ran a hospitality room at Pittcon (and Alma Hill and Ralph Holland between them take full credit here), and the "Apa snobs" were as quick to praise the N3F for commendation justly earned as they were to prick with sarcasm when that was equally justly earned. And general fandom has been quite willing to accept that which was meritorious in the activity of this club. And this didn't accord at all with what was supposed to happen. "They" weren't properly conscious of their "they"ness.

In the spring of 1962 Ralph Holland died. A very large proportion of the really good work the N3F had done over several years had Ralph as its inspiration -- just how large a proportion I only realized after I found myself occupied in doing a considerable share (but by no means all) of the duties that Ralph had done as a matter of routine month in and month out. There were dire predictions of disaster--how could the group possibly continue to exist without the person who had done a lion's hare of the work? Well part of that lion's hare consisted of getting as much able assistance as possible -- and by sheer chance the active group of the previous several years had largely retired from official position, and their place had been taken by general fans who were newdomers to the club. In short, people who held no particular admiration for the correspondence club which had proved a happy haven. By long service and by right of seniority, the club should have passed into the control of those who had done the lion's share of the work. By a fluke of change -- the election of four generally active fans to the 1962 Directorate - it did not. And these fans totally confounded the stereotype, not by trying to destroy the club, but by working like hell for the good of the club.

Art Rapp suceeded to the Presidency as an almost total act of altruism. From the time he entered, he was subject to a continual harrassment, second-guessing, and non-cooperation from one member of the Directorate. That cause was subsequently espoused by "we" who felt her as one of their own, engaged in valiant defense against those who wished to change the club.

And they are quite right -- we do wish to change the club. We wish to see it do in actuality what it has claimed in theory--introduce new members to fandom. We wish to see it become a major and contributing part ot mainstream fandom. We want to see it lose the insularity which once led to the jocular definition of the N3F as a "large, uninformed group." We wished to broaden the group to include as many facets of fandom as possible. Now this was not something with which "we" could argue -- these were ideals to which they themselves had paid lipservice, and in some measure had sought after. But what they were quite conscious of, and correctly, is that the club was changing character; it was not the club they had known-- the cozy group of correspondents bonded in comraderie against the harsh outside world. It is a perfectly normal attitude, but one which they themselves were not conscious of. Since professed ideals were the same, it must be personalities that were causing the sense of strangeness and un-homeness. And, in the peculiar mentality of certain people, all that gives them displeasure must be purposeful. There is no such thing as chance, different goals, honest difference of opinon -- not if it interferes with basic values.

So we have a theory of diabolism -- and I happen to be the Devil. I am "the sole cause of all the trouble" (Art Hayes in TTH). But because the President and the other members of the Directorate could not see the force of the argument (couched not in the general terms of theory but in the mass of a bill of not-very-particular particulars) they have become sort of minor devils.

We have tried to consult with all factions--look at the rosters of Bureau chiefs, Story Contest Committee, and what-not. But the members of this particular faction will not work with the present officers. for emotional reasons they themselves do not entirely comprehend.

That is overly broad a generalization, but that's the way it looks to me---at 3AM---good night!

Put your name someplace in there, Fred Patton said, so. this page (or part of a page) is by Don Fitch, who is attending his first one shot session ever, despite the fact that he's been a fan for nigh on to three years, and in the LASFS at that. There have been any number of fine fannish one-shot sessions during that period, but I've never before been able to get to any of them (largely due to the unfortunate necessity of working on Saturdays and Sundays But this time I took the afternoon off, and came over here, stopping first in L.A to ght the typer fixed. (Those of you who belong to FAPA or on the Waiting list of that organization mav be aware that the typer has, for the past several days, been making a noise like the proverbial cross between a banshee and a stuck pig; this has been remedied and a number of other improvements in the action have been made at the astonishingly reasonable cost of $5 and I can write (and stencil) freely now.)

It's only the middle of the evening, somewhere around nine o'clock, but there's a hard day's work ahead tomorrow, and I'll be taking Earl Noe (supply your own two dots above the o, this machine doesn't have them) and his friend home to San Bernardino soon, so I'll at least put a token offering in the box for the NFFF, and actually Participate in a Genuine Fannish One Shot. *GoshwoW*

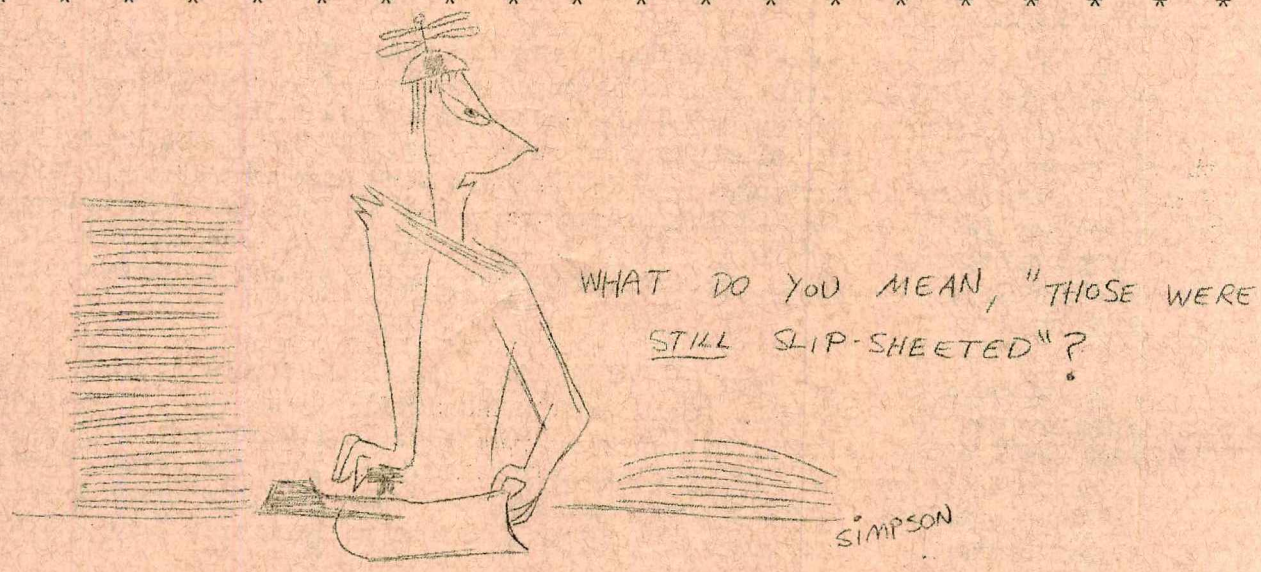
It has been an interesting afternnon, as you will undoubtedly learn from some or all of the other entries in this publication, with lots of NFFF members present, plus a number of other people (what's Bob Lichtman doing over there cutting a stencil?--his name isn't on the roster. The sentries have been lax in demanding the password and secret grip, apparently.) some of whose names I won't learn until the hard-working and long-suffering (I'm padding to fill out at least half of the page) postman delivers this monstrosity in a couple of days.

John Trimble and the RexRotary is/are running off Roy Tackett's page now, and boy, that Electric Rex sure looks easier to operate than the old Gestetner, but I just noticed that the Machine has chewed up about every fifth sheet, so maybe the old fashioned hand-cranked machine is better after all. (Though J.T. just called my attention to the fact that the Rex is working like a charm now -- apparently it was just a loose nut on the operating handle.)

And now for Covina and points ...er...East, I think--SanBerdoo, anyway. I'll leave the remainder of the stencil (kindly donated by Fred Patten) for someone else to fill. Sayonara, Go ki-gen yo, as they say in Japan, where sake comes from.

Don Fitch

* *



I HAD SOME TIME, BUT THAT CLUB OVER THERE....

Since moving to California (Livermore, to be exact, some 40 miles East of San Francisco) I've become a sort of traveling giant, junior grade, and have become familiar with a number of local S F clubs. From a knowledge of any one club, or even group of clubs, I have found it impossible to extrapolate what the next one will be like. Even reputation doesn't help...one club has a reputation for being a fine fannish group, f'rinstance, while in actuality it is one of the poorest currently surviving clubs I've come into contact with. (Some dead NY ones, like the Metrofen, were worse.) It's fascinating how a club can be driven into and maintained in a rut by a few determined people.

I think I'll use this opportunity to give my impressions of some of these groups. So if you want to avoid another of my Dull Dry Monotonous ~~Note~~ tales, better skip the next 20 or so pages.

I suppose I can start with the San Francisco Bay Area's "Elves', Gnomes', & Little Men's Science Fiction, Marching & Chowder Society." Its meetings rotate, for the most part, among the homes of three members...Poul & Karen Anderson, Alva & Sid Rogers, and J Ben Stark. There's a brief business meeting 'bout 8:30, and the guest speaker starts about 9. What with the questions and discussion, things finally end about 11 and we sit around, drink beer, and talk till about two. This is all well and good, combining a program with opportunities for social contact. Only trouble is, our last president, Paul Healy, had only a little interest in SF and most of the programs dealt with science. The science was usually off-trail and interesting, but still what the ~~£°=~~ does this have to do with SF? If Campbell's "Interplanetary Exploration Society" had ever gotten off the ground, its local chapters would ideally have been groups like the Little Men of today.

I met Paul Healy at a math convention and got to talk with him about his attitudes towards stef. [He doesn't hang around after the formal parts of the meetings.] He said he reads the stuff and likes an occasional program based on it, but if most programs were about SF he would tire of the club rather quickly and probably drop out. Paul is also a Gilbert & Sullivan enthusiast, so I started to tell him that all these LA fans were coming up the next day for a G&S party. He interrupted to say that he hadn't the slightest idea of who these people I was naming were, in a tone of voice which implied that he would continue not knowing even if it killed him. But he has just read and enjoyed Lord of the Rings, so I suppose he can't be all bad.

In the last few weeks there have been changes. Dr. Alvin smugly announced at the election meeting that he had arranged things and we can simply OK his slate of candidates without bothering to nominate anyone else. This naturally irritated those present, Joe Rolfe volunteered to run against the incumbent Healy and won 5 to 3...with many abstentions. (A few members were also dissatisfied with Paul because they felt too many of the programs consisted of films.) Al heLevy and Sid Rogers proceeded to bitch for 15 minutes. Only trouble is Joe Rolfe has a strong dislike for SF so I suppose the Little Men has lost its last tenuous contact with the field.

I attended only two meetings of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society... one regular and one informal. Both were in August 1961 when Carl Frederick, Matt Chlupsa and I drove down on the 1st & 3rd weekends. (I went into full details on these trips in a fanzine I had published for S.A.P.S.) At the formal meeting Tom Purdom gave a talk on where he got the ideas for some of his stories and the questions he is asked. I have heard, both then and on my last trip East a few weeks

ago, some members criticize the club "for too great an interest in civic planning." They say that they are usually "entertained" by films on "The Slums of Philadelphia" or somesuch. This sounds like the East Coast's answer to the Little Men.

The club's second monthly meeting is an informal gettogether in a coffee house. It was this which inspired me to get ESFA to set up a second "informal" meeting about which more later.

I8ve also attended Golden Gate Futurian Society meetings. The group is more interested in fans and fandom than the little men, tho there is a substantial overlap of membership, and it has NO interest in science. The meetings are fun, but there is little more contact with science fiction than at the Little Men.

The LASFS, on the other hand, is nominally a SF club which meets every Thursday evening. Unfortunately, in practice things don't work out too well. The meetings are called to order almost an hour late, at which time a few people like Bruce Pelz and Dian Girard will do their best to make the business meeting as long as possible while accomplishing as little as possible. [Bruce is quite nasty in disposition even to the extent that he would regard this statement as a compliment.] This usually lasts so long that if a program is scheduled for that night there is no time left for it. Often no program is scheduled, and after umpteen hours of nitpicking all attendees retire to Kal's for a snack and fangab session late into the night. Many attendees, in fact, come only for the post-meeting session. The nit-picking is fun only for those who participate regularly, and that requires a certain type of mentality. Those who don't enjoy doing such things tend to stop coming. (Some LAfenrskip the meeting altogether and go straight to Kal's.) This tends to develop into a viscious circle, and before you know it only the nitpickers are attending and it is impossible for the others to break the pattern. I understand a similar fate has befallen the "Nameless Ones" of Seattle, tho I have never attended a meeting of theirs. But this is a recent development in LA while it has been in effect from almost the origin of the Nameless Ones. Thus all need not be lost for the LASFS while there is little hope for the Nameless Ones.

The first few times I attended LASFS meetings the nitpicking was fun and I joined in. However, it got to be a drag rather quickly. I expect to attend a few more before moving back East permanently, but largely for the post-meeting sessions. (After all, I8m a member now--they forced me to join last time and they say that not even death will release me--so I might as well try to get my money's worth. And this little article is my form of revenge!)

It is my understanding that this is a recent development, and a substantial portion of LA fandom shares the above opinion of LASFS. Altho there are perhaps 200 fans in the area the average attendance is only 20.

When I lived in NY I actively participated in three of the local clubs and occasionally attehded meetings of a 4th. (That was something called Fantasy Film Society or somesuch, run by Chris Steinbrunner and meeting at the home of Dick Lupoff to look at old films and serials. I didn't attend more often simply because I didn't have the time.) I had also participated in several other clubs at one time or another, all of which have since expired.

The Eastern Science Fiction Association is the oldest club in the metropolitan New York area...it's been around for 17 or so years. It meets in Newark Sunday afternoons, and usually has a program based on SF. After the meetings most members go across the street to an inexpensive restaurant for dinner. Now at times the officers are quite dilligent and get good speakers from among the large reservoir of authors available in the area, and ESFA has good programs. But other officers try to immitate Alex Osheroff who had a talent for concocting good programs using the abilities of the members. Unfortunately the attempted immitations generally failed.

The after meeting social sessions are unfortunately way too short for my taste. A sort of compensation was set up in the form of a 2nd, informal, meeting each month in a restaurant in New York. However, it is largely a different group of people who attend these meetings.

So ESFA has, usually, fairly good SF based programs followed by inadequate gab sessions.

The Lunarians are a purely social club with no programs at the meetings. They have a 20 minute or so business meeting, after which the members sit around and gab for 5 hours or so. The only refreshments are in the form of coffee and cake, but then a sizeable portion of the membership consists of tee-totalers. So here we have a club which is rather enjoyable in that it provides ample opportunity for discussion in a congenial, uncrowded atmosphere. However a few members tend to ignore this, its main function, and come only for the short business meeting and go home right afterwards. Oh well, it takes all kinds....

The club in the New York area, as far as I am concerned, is the "Evening Session Science Fiction Society of the City College of the University of New York City." This, the newest club on the New York fan scene, has a meeting every Friday evening of the school year. It starts at about 8:30 PM with the speaker, film or whatnot for the week, in Finlay Student Center. When the following question and answer session finally breaks up, or the attendees are expelled by the closing of the building for the night, they all retreat to the "Hi-Life Bar" a few blocks away. The bull session then gets established there, and lasts untill the bar closes. Finally the group retires to the home of one of the members, usually Randall Garrett, Charlie Brown, or Elliot Kay Shorter, 'till things finally end well after sunrise. I don't think things ever broke up before 5 AM, and a noon breakup is not unheard of. Now that is what a fanclub meeting should be like!

This group is rapidly becoming a fusion of all the diverse factions of infamous New York fandom. Lunarian, Fanoclast and ESFAn all sis side by side.

The really strange thing is that when it was organized the club was utterly abominable. There was enough bit-picking to put LASFS to shame, and from beginning to end of the meeting all of the officers screamed at each other as loud as their lungs would allow...and even louder. Ghu, but the club has evolved in one short year.

Perhaps I should add that despite these criticisms I am a willing member of all the clubs discussed except the Philadelphia SFS (which I attended too infrequantly to join) and find enough of interest in them to continue my membership. I have,on the whole,enjoyed the meetings. One meeting more than another, and one club more than another, but still there are good elements in all the clubs. (Now if only LASFS could rid itself of Pelz & his ilk....)

Edmund R Meskys

STEAK AND EGGS

an article for the future of fandom, by Ron Ellik

It's a dying or dead man who can sit when his host says steak and eggs at him I said to myself, and I leaped to my feet knocking over damned little furniture and crockery considering the hour pause it's now five ayem pacific daylight savings time unpause and dashed insanely in here, giggling like a chap in a novel I once read, a story where the hero travels two worlds adrip with blood searching for the maiden whose form clouds his mind and for whom he so pulses with desire he can hardly stand as he hews through savage hordes to but gaze on her firm, high, mistily not quite concealed
ED MESKYS BROKE THE LAST DAMNED BOTTLE OF CORFLU IN THE PLACE

MALICE IN NEFFER-NEFFERLAND

by

J. Forester Eckman*

As the editor of FAMOUS MOON STARS OF FLIM FLAM, I have been asked to corntribute a massage to this issue. Oh, excuse me, I mean message.

Liebscheresque Poem

Lon Chaney Shall Not Die
And There'll Always Be A Neff.
Lugosi Lives Eternal.
Yours truly,
Mutt & Jeff

This is the 10¢-a-word talent that once edited such sterling fanzines as Madge (IMAGINATION!), Vom (VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION), Glom (FANTASTI-CONGLOMERATION) and others too humerous to enumerate?

In the immortal words of Rock Sneary, "T'is a proud & looney thing to be a monster fan."

Beast Witches...

*Furry Ackerman

§ §

A ONE-SHOT NAMED TOPSY - - - John Trimble

One-shots, unlike heros--are both born and made.

The traditional, impropmtu "Let's put out a one-shot fanzine," sometimes results in an entertaining fanzine chock-full of witty or profound thoughts. More often than not, however, this sort of half-cocked spirit of the moment type of zine shows tell-tale signs of the here-we-are-publishing-a-one-shot-aren't-we-having-fun-wish-you-were-ad-nausaum syndrome.

The better fannish one-shots of the past have generally resulted from a pre-planned one-shot session. Several fans with similar interests would plan to gather on a set date for to drink, eat, fangab, and publish a one-shot magazine. Each participant would have some material in rough draft upon arrival at the scene of the one-shot, and each would polish his contribution while stencilling it. Their contributions would lead into elaborations upon a theme by the others--each piece building on a predecessor, until the final result is achieved; a fanzine that is fun to read and to re-read.

This particular magazine falls somewhere in between the two extremes sketched in above; probably closer to the former, although several of the contributors rough drafted their material beforehand (Redd Boggs is a good example of this practice).

[continued]

TOPSY, cont'd

Most of the participants in this one-shot simply sat down to typer and cut a stencil or two...and the zine shows it, I'm afraid. There are times and situations where such "in-the-stick" publishing will achieve a spontaneously entertaining bit of deathless prose. More often, however, this impromptu approach results in sloppy sentence structure, ackward phrasing, and a hurry-up-and-get-through-I-wanna-say-something feeling. In the case of ATSAIMoN&DDMASFNSA!, this has resulted in an extremely uneven magazine.

But it was fun to produce, and we hope that it'll be fun to read. Let us hear from you as to your reactions to it out there in Neffer-Neffer Land, huh?

-oOo-

A lone copy of the 1961 Neffer One-Shot, ATSAADDBSFNS, v1n1, has been floating around the house today, and I was glancing through it. It appears interesting to me--and I think it's a reflection on the current group of officers--to note that we only ran 195 copies of that zine, in June of 1961, to circulate to the whole N3F. This is May of 1963--a shade less than two years later, and we're having to do a run of 345+50 in order to have enough copies to circulate to the entire membership of the club! If that's not progress, man, I'd like to have your idea of what is!

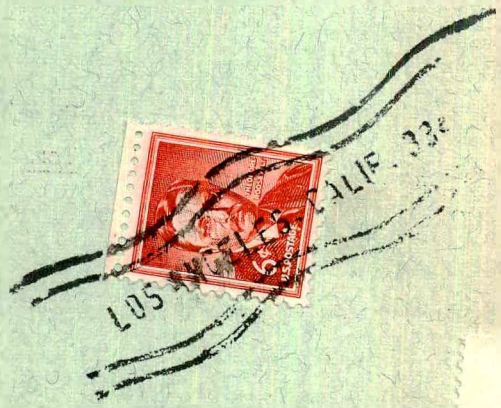
-oOo-

There has been in the neighborhood of twenty to thirty fans around the ol' Parapet Plunge today. Only a fraction of them have contributed to this magazine, as you can see. Such folk as Russ Martin, food-fan, Gale Knuth Daniels, Steve Tolliver's cousin Sally, John Spaulding, Steve & Virginia Schultheis and others added fun and frolic to the activities of the day, but did not feel they had much to add in the way of printed contributions.

-oOo-

This sterling magazine is currently planned for to be mailed our to the N3F as a whole; we're figuring it as a pre-mailing to the 17th N'APA Mailing, June, 1963, as well as a general entrippleff mag.

Since Ron Ellik is the return address for all of fandom, you'll find his (and Al's) return address over there to the right. This has been, however, a <u>let's throw somebody into the pool publication</u>; Accept No Substitutes!



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