

EXCALIBUR



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10

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ART CREDITS

Joe Staton: Cover* 14, 19,
 R.E. Gilbert: 9, 18, 31,
 Andy Porter: 11*,
 George Proctor: 13.
 Dave Locke: 28
 Steve Stiles: 22, 24, 26
 Gary Deindorfer: 23, 24, 27,

* = stencilled by the artist.
 All other illos butchered
 by Len Bailes.

Art. Contributions and Cash go to:
 Len Bailes
 1729 Lansdale Dr.
 Charlotte, North Carolina
 28205

Letters of Comment to:
 Arnold Katz
 98 Patten Blvd.
 New Hyde Park, N.Y.
 11043

Please note Arnie's CoA back to NHP.
 (after the end of May)

Steve Stiles Dept.

While reading an Apa F mailing, I found something that was Just Wonderful. I

KATZ

jumped up and down for joy. I could not contain my happiness and decided to share it with the world. So I called up a very well known fan (if I mentioned his name, you would recognize it instantly).

"Hello, is this a very well known fan whose name everyone would know if I mentioned it?" I queried (disclaimer).

"Yes, this is he speaking. Who is this?" he said.

"This is Arnie the K, Kid Fandom." There was a pause at the other end of the line. Probably the shock of having an upandcoming (disclaimer) fan like me call had unnerved the very well known fan whom you would all know if I mentioned his name.

"What the hell are you calling at 4:00 in the morning for, you idiot!" he answered at length. BNFs often feign indifference, you know.

"I have something important to tell you." I managed. I heard some female type talk in the background. "Who's that?" I added.

"That's a girl. Two girls in fact. You've interrupted a very important intellectual discussion, you know."

"A discussion on the Breen Business again?"

"No, we're discussing which girl is going to get laid first." I heard the two girls giggle in the background. "Say, how would you like to come over and help me out by laying one of the girls?"

"No, I have something very important to tell you." I didn't want to get involved in somebody else's problems.

"Some friend you are, Katz," the very well known fan whose name you would all know if I mentioned it said. I wish he hadn't been such a poor sport about me not helping him out with his difficulty; it took a little bit of the joy out of my Great News.

"Never mind that stuff, this is really important,"

I protested. "I was reading my Apa F mailing, and Tom Gilbert said he liked an issue of the FANOCLAST WEAKLY!" I still can't figure out why the very well known fan whose name you would all know if I mentioned it hung up. I mean, I was just Tickled Pink that Tom Gilbert, The Tom Gilbert, mind you, liked that one particular issue of TFW.

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ARNIE (D.J.)

I'm sure you all know who Tom is, too, so you can see how important praise from Tom Gilbert can be. There may be some EX readers who don't know who Tom Gilbert

KRAIDIE

is. I hope someone will write in and tell these poor Deprived Souls. Then they can tell me, and we'll all know, Or Something.

* * * *

Three fans were sitting around shooting the breeze. Not just ordinary fans, however. These were true blue trufans. Not only that, but they had a Sense of History and Reverence for the Elder Ghods.

The first fan said, "I had a strange dream after the Fabulous Fanoclast Christmas Party. I dreamt that I was visited by the ghost of Fandom Past, who looked like Morojo, and she and I made Passionate Love. Then Came the spirit of Fandom Present, who looked like Dian Pelz.

"Did you make Passionate Love to her?" asked the other two.

"No, I had the feeling that Bruce would be along any minute with that big sword of his. And then came the spirit of Fandom Future, Astrid Anderson, and no, I didn't make Passionate Love to her. But it was a great dream."

The second fan thought a bit and said, "I had a dream myself. I dreamt that the Ghost of Fandom Past came to me in the form of Pogo, and we made Passionate Love together. Then came the Spirit of Fandom Present, who looked like Ardis Waters, and we made Passionate Love together. Then came Poopsie Ellington, as the Spirit of Fandom Future. I didn't make Passionate Love with her, you can bet. I don't want to be Excluded. Still, I think I had a very fine Fannish dream." The first fan nodded.

"Yes, he said, "I think your dream was very fine indeed, and, in truth, I think it was much better than mine."

"Wait a minute," said the third fan, who had listened to the two stories with rapt attention. "I had a dream which was quite a bit like the ones you two had. First, I dreamed that the Spirit of Fandom Past, Harry Warner, came to me and gave me a set of all the back issues of Horizons. Then came the Spirit of Fandom Present, Harry Warner, who gave me a chance to read the first draft of his Fanhistory. Then came the most wonderful of all, the Spirit of Fandom Future.

K A T Z

"Was it Lois Lavender?" asked the second fan.

"No, it was Harry Warner, and he gave me the chance to read all the issues of Horizons which were to be published in the next five years."

"Gee," said the first fan, "your dream was certainly the most wonderful of all. In fact, I have never heard of a more faanishly wonderful dream in all my six

weeks as a fan." The second fan then felt moved to speak.

"What are you guys, queers or something?" he demanded as he stood up and stomped out of the room. In a few minutes he was back. "Oh, excuse me, but I forgot my pocketbook," he said as he slung its strap over his shoulder and left again.

* * * *

And there you have two Highly Suspicious Steve Stiles-like stories. Or Something.

WORLDCON DEPT

Last issue Len made some statements on the WorldCon, and he says he has since changed his mind. I'm sure he'll tell you all about that. I can only speak for me when I say that I support Cleveland in '66, and I have since the news of the Cleveland backed by Detroit bid broke. They will, I'm sure, do a good job and give us a fine Con. Even if that weren't the case, I would still support them, because the alternative, Syracuse, is too appalling to contemplate. There seem to be just three fan interested enough to work on a Syracuse ConCom, and the chairman's credentials seem to be made up of helping to ruin the NYCON II.. In fact, unless my History is off, he was in charge of ruining that convention. I will concede that it took no mean ability to put on a rotten con in a fan center like New York City, but Dave Kyle did it, by Ghod.

And who do I support for 67? You didn't really have to ask did you? I support the NYcon III bid by the Dear Old Fanoclasts. The 'clasts are the most active club in New York, and certainly one of the top groups in the country. The club is composed of names fanzine fan have come to know and cherish. Ted White, Dave Van Arnam, Steve Stiles, Andy Main, Lee Hoffman, John Boardman, Mike McInerny, Joe Pilati, Andy Porter, and even Me. Compared to us, Baltimore are a bunch of little neofen. Granted that Chalker is one who can be trusted, who else is there on the committee that is known to fandom at large? How many of these Boy Wonders will even be Responsible Adults by Convention Day? How many will be attending out of town colleges and not even be on the spot to help out the winter and spring before the Con? How many, one wonders, will still be in fandom? Ted White, Dave Van Arnam, and Steve Stiles, to site just three examples, are not just going to dry up and blow away all of a sudden. Teenage neofen like most of the Baltimorons have a way of vanishing into the woodwork, as I'm sure you all know. Pick a group you can depend on; vote NYCon III.

L*O*V*E* Dept.---Attention APEX!

Out on the West Coast, at a Southern California College, a noble experiment to further the cause of ~~Science~~ ~~the~~ L*O*V*E* was recently conducted. A complete Personality Profile was gathered on every student, and the results were fed into a Giant Computer. Then the mighty brain, a la People Are Funny, matched up every student with another. Something went wrong, or maybe something Went Right, and the President of the Sophomore Class was (attention Bill Donaho) paired up with a three year old. A three year old female ape, that is. (You can relax now, Bill). According to the teacher responsible for the inclusion of the ape's card, the information was quite accurate. The ape and the class president were perfectly suited to each other, sharing many interests in common. Speaking for the entire editorial staff (that means you and me, Len,) I'd like to wish all possible luck to this pair of swingers. Come to think of it, I may have met the guy at a Lunarian's Meeting. Of course, there is a possibility it was the Monkey.

NOSTALGIA DEPT.

I've now been in fandom for Two Whole Years. Goshwowoboyoboyoboyoboy!!!! This second year has been Even Greater than my first. I hope I've continued to show

improvement in my fanac, and I hope you get as much enjoyment out of Excalibur as I get out of the various zines that come through the mail as trade copies. A lot has happened since last March. For one thing, I've learned to run a mimeo. Besides that, I've become a Fanoclast and helped found Apa F, the original weekly apa. I've met and gotten to know a lot of fine people to a greater or lesser degree during the last year. That's probably what I've enjoyed most about fandom; the people. Enough of this sentimentality, which, as Jean Shepherd says, lies within each of us hard hitting people who expose the sham of modern life. Yes, just poke a social critic, and you strike solid cream of wheat which comes oozing out in a turgid stream. Or Something.

PHONEY DEPT.

Before I boarded the plane for Buffalo to return to school after intercession, my mother asked me to call home when I reached Buffalo. To save the expense of a phone call, I was supposed to make it person to person for Arnold Katz, which would let my mother know that I had arrived safely. My brother Ira, who is almost fifteen was being somewhat obnoxious in that he reminded me to be sure and call at least six times before I got on the plane. After getting back to the apartment I placed the call and I listened to the following conversation between the Operator and Ira, which I will reproduce here without comment.

O: I have a call from Buffalo... Arnold Katz.
I: I can't accept it.
O: But it's not collect.
I: I still can't accept it.
O: Is Arnold Katz there? This is a call for Arnold Katz.
I: He's not here
O: mumbles something.
I: They won't be back till eleven. They're out.
O: (quite confused for some reason) Is Arnold Katz there, this is a call for Arnold Katz.
I: (also a little punchy) No.
O: (with a note of triumph) Where is he?
I: In Buffalo
O: When will he be back
I: Oh, in about two months
O: (to me this time) I'm sorry, you'll have to call back later

I had another interesting phone experience on my vacation. I called Andy Porter, phonephan, to see how he was getting on and I somehow misdialed. "Hello," I said, "is Andy there?" The person on the other end of the phone went more than a little berserk at the mention of the name Andy.

"Get off the phone you rotten bastard. You know there's no Andy here. You'd better leave me alone you bastards!" said the hysterical voice at the other end of the line. I hung up. I think I have discovered a Sinister Plot on the part of Andy Porter. He has been giving unwanted callers, or possibly everyone the wrong phone number in the hopes of driving some poor devil out of his mind. Ah, the tortured life the poor unfortunate I talked to must lead. Oh the horrors of having a phone number similar to Porter's. I Shudder. Only Maybe Not.

I've much more stuff, but alas, no room. Write letters and send fanzines in trade. Hawkaa!

- Arnie the K

EXPOU

Well, here we are with our slightly delayed Annish. Came March and Arnie gave me a long distance phone call from Buffalo. The gist of the thing was, "Len, do you really feel like putting out another issue of Ex this month?" Laden down with apazines to produce, I replied, "No, not really." So we decided to wait. We also decided to stop sending Ex through N'APA, mainly because the N'APA deadline coincides with the deadlines of OMPA and SFPA. That's just too much stuff to produce in one month. This issue is being circulated through SAPS to celebrate my becoming a member of that Wonderful Organization. As for next issue, who knows? It may also go through SAPS or we may circulate only to genfandom for the first time since the first issue. So don't any of you Spectators feel shy about writing a letter of comment or anything.

DEPT. OF RED FACES

Last issue I came out with a premature attack on the rotation system and the Cleveland bid. At the time, both Cleveland and Detroit were in an Extremely Confused State of Affairs. Since then, with the help of Cincinnati they seem to have ironed out their difficulties, so I wholeheartedly support Tricon in '66. What I said about a city having to be enthusiastic about the con still goes, but now the shoe seems to be on the other foot. There are several good reasons for not supporting Syracuse in '66 which are no longer outweighed by the advantages accruing to the bid. The one most obvious to me is the monkeywrench it might throw into the NY group's chances of bagging the '67 worldcon. There may be some among you consider this to be Syracuse's strongest asset, but in the next year or so, it is to be hoped that the NYCon III committee can convince you otherwise. I can't understand the dislike some fans have for New York as a city. To me NY always has been and always will be "Bagdad on the Subways." In short, I love the place.

Another disadvantage to the Syracuse bid is the squeeze it will put on Los Angeles to get ready in a hurry. I don't like the idea of seeing two damfine cities like New York and Los Angeles knocking each other out of the running when both can have worldcons in two successive years. One other disadvantage to Syracuse in '66 is that fewer west coast fans would attend the con than would if the thing were held in Cleveland.

Busby's article in Yandro has also succeeded in convincing me that it might not be a good idea to return to the bloodthirsty days of Spirited Competition anyway.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL DEPT.

Fans being what we are, I'm sure we've all run across our fair share of screwballs. There seems to be a quality which many of us possess which causes them to seek us out instinctively. Some might say that we attract such attention because we ourselves are crazy, but I feel that the real reason has to do with fannish tolerance. A fan will listen to someone who seems sincere no matter how fruity his

ideas happen to be. He may later decide that the speaker is unequivocally off his nut, but first he will listen. This applies to me anyway. I'm constantly being singled out to listen to Revelations of Truth. Not only that, but the real wacks seem to be able to sense that I'm a sympathetic audience. I'll admit, however that I do encourage this to some degree. I get a real charge out of seeing some of the hypocrites around here get shocked out of their skulls when they see someone who's really off. More than in any other region of the country, here, people have an obsession with conformity. A tremendous pressure is exerted over people who differ from the mythical norm even within the expected interval. The norm is especially tenuous in North Carolina. This area is caught in the angry currents which blow over from the conflict between the Mississippi style rebel and the Avant-garde northerner. The good citizens can't quite decide on a proper Image. The result is, as I've mentioned, hypocrisy coupled with tightrope walking. A delicate balance exists. The kids can't be fooled, but they know which side their bread is buttered on. So outwardly they are model conformists, while inwardly they seethe.

Anyway, into this hot breeding round of tension came Hunter. Hunter sensed immediately where he might find a receptive audience. He sought out the table at which a bunch of us damnyankee transplants usually sit during lunch period. The cafeteria in a high school is traditionally a sociologist's paradise. The group interplay and subgroup sociograms which could be constructed couldn't possibly be understood without intensive study. Here Hunter found his milieu. After listening to him talk for 45 consecutive minutes a day over a period of weeks without coming up for air, we managed to pick up a few salient points of Hunter's life history.

Hunter came to this garden spot of the south from upstate New York. He arrived about three months ago. Loosely put, Hunter is a pyromaniac. Each of us manages to pick up his particular hangups in his life. Hunter's hang up is anything which will explode. Since he had arrived he had done nothing but talk about the police cars he had blown up, bombs he'd exploded and rockets which had blown up in his face. Naturally, we all suspected him of hyperbole, and so one day just to see what would happen, I asked him what he had blown up since moving to Charlotte.

"Well," Hunter said, "I can breath a ten foot flame out of my mouth." He then proceeded to describe his past executions of this performance, touching on an account of what had happened when he did it outside of a bar and one of the patrons had spotted him

Intrigued, I asked him, "Could you do it here?...Now?"

"Sure," he said, waving a piece of pie in my face. "But we'd better go outside. I don't want to scorch anybody." With that he rose, and twenty of us followed him outside. Hunter was unaware of his large audience as he commenced his

preparations. He withdrew a vial from his coat and swallowed something. He fumbled in his pocket for a match.

The students in the cafeteria caught the tension. The ones who couldn't squeeze outside began to cluster at the windows. Several classes in a nearby building saw the crowd gathering outside the cafeteria and they rushed to the windows. Gone was their southern reserve. Their eyes glinted fiercely.

Hunter lit the match, placed it in front of his mouth and exhaled a ten foot tongue of flame. For an encore he exhaled a few fireballs.

One member of the faculty, an effeminate library assistant, was about to enter the cafeteria when this exhibition took place. His glasses fell off and his eyes widened. But by god! he was a southerner. He couldn't afford to lose his composure in front of the students.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he said in an oily tone. "In this wind, it's liable to backfire and burn you."

For a minute-- only for a minute-- there was a buzzing throughout the school. Those fortunate enough to have witnessed it began to regale those who weren't with blow by blow descriptions of what had happened. Then the crowd stood still. There was silence. These once self contained students stood poised ready for an orgy. Someone shouted--

"Do it again!"

"No," said one girl quietly. "The teachers are coming!" The crowd melted away, and the normal flow of school life resumed. There was no trace of the scene which had just transpired except a few blackened blades of grass. But there was a certain strangeness in the air. For one moment it had happened. That primal passion which lurks deep in the human animal had bubbled to the surface. The moment had passed now. Hunter walked back into the cafeteria, sat down primly and resumed eating his lunch.

DEPT. OF SOUTHERN SUBVERSION

It may be that living here in the south has warped me, or (even worse) made me somewhat more conservative, but I view with alarm what has been happening lately in the Civil Rights movement. The thought of all the recent deaths in the Montgomery march makes me wonder if the protests are really worthwhile. We seem to be losing our sense of perspective. The high tension emotions involved in the rights crusade have pressured the President into a hasty action. I'm in complete sympathy with the Negro cause, but I object when an unfair law is proposed simply because no one took the time to think things through. The 50% clause in the new Voting Rights bill is a deliberate attempt to single out six states. As the bill stands presently it is useless in many areas where it is needed. What irony to discriminate against a voter because he doesn't live in Alabama or Mississippi.

-Len Bailes

FM BUREY

IF BURBEE HAD TRIED TO PUT IT ON THE MARKET IN 1927

from Klein Bottle #6

(You know, marketing a new invention is a difficult thing. It's specialized. Now if you had been in the office of a new-products company in 1927, you might have heard something like this, as the office manager answered his phone....)

Hello; who is this?...Mr. Burble...Oh, Burbee. Well, what can I do for you?

You have an invention. What does it do?... Oh, it's a little difficult to explain. I see. Well let's put it this way--what's it for?

For fun. I see. Well, how does it work?

There's these two people...right. The big fella is a fella--and the little fella is a what... a girl. I see. What's a girl, Mr. Burbee?

I'd have to see it to believe it? Well, you may be right about that. Okay, we have these two people, like you say. So where does the invention come in?

You say the two of them get together and they--they what? I'm not sure I understand you, Mr. Burbee. You say they...yeah...yeah...yeah... Look, are you sure... Why yes, I believe you, Mr. Burbee. Certainly I believe. It's just that in my entire life never have I ever heard of such a thing... Oh, you're not surprised, eh? Well, look-- all I mean is, are you sure it works like you say?

Oh; you've tried it out yourself. I see. And how was it... You wouldn't let the public in on it at all, if you weren't so public spirited? ...And besides, you need the money. I see.

All right. By the way, do you have a name for it yet? ...Sex? How do you spell that, Mr. Burbee? ...S-E-X. I see. Pretty concise, isn't it? I mean, don't you think that maybe a name with at least one more letter?

Well, all right, Mr. Burbee. ...All right... Okay, so Sex isn't a four letter word. It was only a suggestion... Yes, three letters will be perfectly all right.

Now, Mr. Burbee, the way you describe this--well, I was just sort of wondering ...well, won't it be a little bit conspicuous, maybe? ..Oh, you figure it for more of a home-type operation... In private...Like taking a bath, huh? ...

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Well, I don't know, Mr. Burbee... Well, I'm just trying to visualize this bathtub...

Not in the bathtub? ...In bed. Well, I don't know about that, Mr. Burbee...

Well, it just doesn't seem to excite my interest, somehow. In bed. I'm not sure the public will go for it very well. You're going to need some sort of a tie-in.

Oh, you have a tie in. And what is it, Mr. Burbee? Babies... Everybody likes babies? Yes, well--well, sure they do, but... well, how are you ~~going to~~ tie it in with babies?...You...? You...? I see.

Well, if you say so, Mr. Burbee. Sounds pretty far-fetched to me, but okay...

Hey, wait a minute, Mr. Burbee, how about the stork? We don't want to have the S.P.C.A. on our backs; you know.Gotta make way for progress, huh? Well, could be.

But hey--what about the doctors? That Little Black Bag is a pretty solid item with John Q. PublicOh, you're working on that angle... You're going to cut the A.M.A. in for royalties on the baby end; well, that's fine, Mr. Burbee. I do wish you had waited and let our legal department write the contract on that...

No, it's all right... It'll be all right... Yes, you're right, Mr. Burbee; we'll have our hands full with the stork, anyway.....

Okay, fine, Mr. Burbee. Now when can we have a demonstration...

We have to demonstrate it for ourselves. Well, now how do we go about that?

Like you said before, huh? A big fella who is a fella, and a little fella who is a girl--and they...Yes...Yes... Uh-huh... Um...Okay...

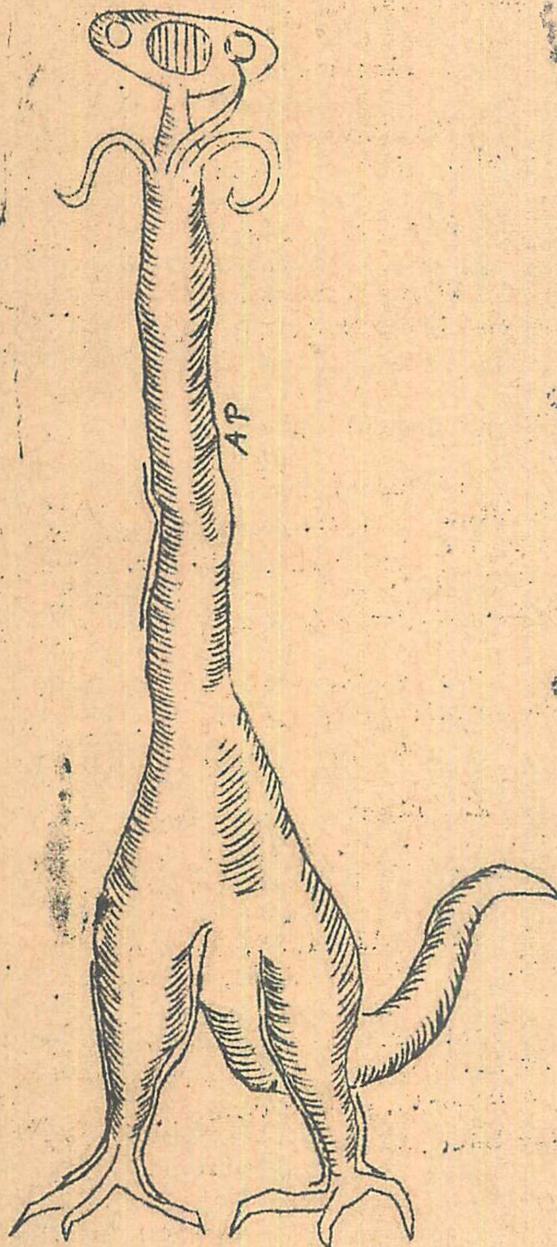
Yes, that's fine, Mr. Burbee. We'll give it a try here at the plant and let you know how it goes.

Oh, just one thing, Mr. Burbee. Do you suppose you could drop around here for a few minutes later this week?

Well, it's just that it would be a big help, Mr. Burbee, if you could come in and look over the fellas here at the plant, and tell us which ones are girls.

Yes, that'll be a big help, Mr. Burbee. Okay, fine. We'll be seeing you. //

EXCALIBUR 11



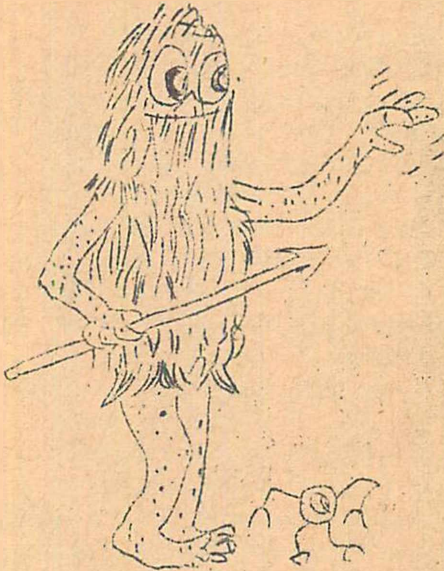
Joe Walcott reflected upon the many years he'd spent as a fan. He thought of himself at 17; tall, gawky and shy. Joe laughed wistfully as he recalled his first letter to a fan. From the very first, he had been hooked. FIAWOL was his cry. Then, college had loomed up to check his meteoric ascendancy in fandom before it had truly reached full flower. First to go was his genzine, Le Wombat. Folding it was the first step in retrenchment - the one which had caused him the most pain- Then he resigned from Apa L, Apa F and OMPA because of the trouble he had meeting their deadlines. SFPA and the Cult were next. Into his junior year in college, when he was 19, he hung on grimly with his favorite apas, N'APA and SAPS, and with his writing for other fanzines. By the time he entered graduate school in law two years later, Walcott had become a stranger in both apas. He also felt that he was losing touch with his old fannish friends. Although he tried to see them and write when he could, a whole new bunch had come into fandom during his fannish naivete. With these, quite naturally, he felt he was nearly a stranger. At last, near the end of his first hectic year of law school, SAPS went by the boards, followed by N'APA, when he missed having a needed zine in the June mailing due to finals. His once total fanac had been reduced to just letters to friends, visits to the Fanoclasts, and the receipt of a couple of fanzines a month, if that.

When he was 24, and about 7 months from becoming a lawyer his separation from fandom had been nearly complete. But in the breast of an outwardly mundane law student, a trufannish heart still beat.

Every spare moment was filled with thoughts faaanish. His dreams were haunted by the vision of a come back at some future date. He had still kept one spark of fanac alive, however. He had dutifully sent in his quarter every year to the FAPA treasurer. As of the February mailing, he was number one on the waitlist.

He had a sudden flash of inspiration. "Check the roster," a little voice said, recalling the reflex action of his fannish heyday. He had drifted so far that the old instincts had been submerged. He blushed with the shame of it. Carefully, meticulously, he went down the membership roster. Every FAPA who had an "ATM" next to his name, Joe checked against the contents page. At each "ATM" his heart leapt, only to be plunged into gloom at finding a zine from that person on the contents page. As he moved down the roster, his fannish desire was slowly rekindled. Even the relatively minor act of looking over the FA was enough to start the mad faunch for fanac. At last he came to "Wilson, Chet" and he was in. Wilson, Chet, had flubbed the dub. He needed 8 pages and there was nothing by him in the mailing. Joe felt like jumping up and down and turning hand springs. Here was a chance to recoup all his bygone glory in one fell swoop. "Again," he exulted, "I'll be able to do memorable fanac.

And he was not vain, merely truthful. For even as he was cutting down on activity, his stature had grown. When he stopped his fanac, there was much wailing in N'APA and SAPS, where he had gained the reputation of a one man Brilliant Deadwood. His filk songs were still being sung at cons and conclaves, and his prose was much admired. His brilliant imagination conjured up vistas of future fannish successes, perhaps, even a genzine again. "A genzine," he mused. "I faunch to publish a genzine again! I haven't even published an apazine in 2 years." He turned pale. He began to tremble. He had not published in 2 years. He had no credentials! He was doomed to go



back to the bottom of the well unless he had credentials. His mimeo; it was still in the basement. He got up and walked briskly to the basement den. He reached along the half lit wall and turned on the light. After hurrying down the stairs, he went directly to the back room. Almost lovingly, he uncovered his once shiny Gestetner and gave the crank a few perfunctory turns. That is, he tried to give it a couple of turns. It was with great effort that he got the handle to move.

"Lubricant," he moaned. "I need lubricant!" Walcott began to turn his erstwhile fender upside down, looking for his long unused can of lubricant. No luck. He ran to the machine and with an effort which bordered on the superhuman he hoisted the huge Gestetner onto his shoulders and quickly climbed the stairs. He left the house and, his face suffused with divine inspiration (Ghu works in strange ways) he threw the machine into the backseat of the car.

The engine roared as the Chevy swerved from its parking space and zoomed down the street. A few minutes later, Joe pulled into a gas station.

"My mimeo needs a lube job," he said to the attendant. The attendant scratched his head perplexedly.

"I'm sorry, but we only service cars, sir," he replied.

"Give me the lube can!" said Walcott curtly. He held out his hand.

"I-I couldn't do that, sir," the attendant didn't really know what to say next. Joe extended his hand and looked directly at the grey uniformed man.

"I said give me that can!" he spit the words out loudly, one at a time. The attendant saw the twin fires that burned in Walcott's eyes, the fires of truculence, and he ran for the can of graphite lubricant. Meekly, he placed it in Walcott's hand. Without another word, Joe began to work on the mimeo right there in the back of his car. The only time he paused was to demand a screw driver. A crowd gathered, but Joe worked oblivious to their stares and murmurs. After all, he was the Joe Walcott who had single handedly written the mimeo maintenance section of the N3Fandbook on Fan Pubbing. He stripped it down and put it back together. He gave the crank a push. It turned beautifully, noiselessly. He hadn't lost the old magic touch which had caused even such as Redd White to gawk in admiration.

He took the can and screwdriver and handed them to the astonished attendant along with a dollar. Even as Joe heard a mumbled thanks he was starting the car.

Stencils! He needed stencils! He drove to the nearest stationary store.

"Miss, do you have stencils?" he said. She looked at him quizzically. "Stencils like for mimeographs," he added.

"Oh," she said, and went to a shelf behind the counter. "Blue or green?" she asked.

"The color doesn't make a difference," he replied. The clerk looked around furtively, and took a pad from her purse.

"All right, what horse do you want?" she asked matter of factly.

"I don't want to place a bet. I want stencils. Gestetner stencils," he said, rage entering his voice. A look of comprehension crossed her face.

"Oh," she said. "We have Daisey, 40-21-35 for \$25 and Margo 39-24-37. \$30-And me, I'm \$25," she said. With a mental note to return later, Joe said,

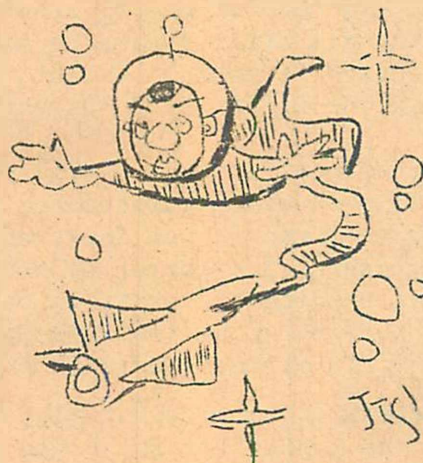
"Not now, baby; I've got fanac on my mind. Later, maybe." Joe Walcott was a trufen. Also, he felt he might need the \$25 later. He continued on his fury driven search for Gestencils. All the stationery stores were unable to provide them, although he got many other interesting offers. Nothing could stop his quest. Locking his car, he headed for the subway on the chance that one of the city stores could help him. For hours he rode around underneath the city until he at last found a mimeo supply shop.

"I need stencils, corflu, a ream of paper, and ink," he said. The clerk nodded and went into the back room. He returned with a pile of stuff which he quickly packed into a bag. Walcott forked over a \$10 bill. He got a few cents back. Satisfied, he lifted his burden and left the store. The subway was a six block walk. With a prayer to Ghu on his lips, Joe fought forward against the icy wind that blows down the streets of New York City in mid February. The glaze of ice prevented him from making much progress. Inch by inch, Walcott moved forward toward the safety of the subway. The bag began to fall apart in his hands. Cursing the fates, he had to put on a burst of speed to avoid being run over by a speeding garbage truck. The bag ripped and the ink-the precious ink- rolled along the street and into a sewer. Joe hastily grabbed the bottle of corflu and shoved it into his pocket to avoid losing it, too. Reluctantly he turned back towards the mimeo store to get another tube of ink. He made the return trip to the store in no time flat.

The door was locked and the blinds drawn. He sighed heavily and truged back toward the subway. The FAPA deadline was a week away or so. He supposed that a letter from Sec-Tres. Burns was somewhere in his unread mail. He had missed the boat. After a hard struggle against the wind, he at length gained the subway station stairs.

Riding back on the subway, he had a long time to think. He really didn't have till the FAPA deadline. If the Sec-Treas invited someone else, that would be It for him. Of course, he could ask for a Special Rule to exempt him, but how many FAPAns still knew him? Not many, he supposed; besides, that was not the trufannish way. If he couldn't make it fair and square, he didn't want it.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity of time, the subway reached the station at which he had left his car and he jumped out of the subway car door just before it closed. In deepest gloom, he mounted the stairs to the street. It had begun to snow, but the little that had stuck to the windshield the wipers easily cleared away with a few strokes. Minutes later he was home.



He grimly set his teeth and accepted what Ghu had decreed to be his fate. If he couldn't have FAPA, he would still make his comeback for faaanishness now flowed in his very blood. He realized that he had but a semester to go until graduation. He rummaged through his file of as yet unread material which had accumulated over the last year of null fanac. Finally he found it, the latest edition of the N3F Fandbook on apas, with its precious listing of current officers.

He got out a stack of paper, and he composed letters of application to the waitlists of OMPA, SEPA, SAPS, and N'APA. He also renewed his N3F dues. He thanked Ghu for having taken a long term N3F membership three years ago. Without it, he would have had much digging to do in order to find out who the officers were. He put each letter in an envelope with the appropriate amount of money, addressed them, and immediately went out and mailed them. He returned to his home and began to catch up on fanac. He hauled out the cation of fan stuff that had collected in the preceding year. He turned the carton over and began to look through the stack oldest material first. He read the Tightbeams and TNFFs and Yandros through and through. Also there was a Filksong Compendium from Bruce Brown which he, of course, found particularly interesting. He even took out his guitar and played a few of his old favorites, including the one he had written at the NYCon III. Next in the stack were personal letters inquiring after him. These he set about answering at once.

He awoke next morning slumped forward across the typer. His body was sore from the awkward position, but inside, he felt good. It was already afternoon, so he went to the kitchen and fixed himself some tuna fish for lunch with a bottle of Pepsi. Naturally, he brought some of the fanzines in to read while he ate.

"Humm," he said as he read, "it seems that N3F president Rawlings wants to get all the fandbooks reissued and back into print. What else is new?" Getting fandbooks back into print seemed to have become as much a standard goal as "Getting The Mailings Out On Time, By Roscoe" was for OEs. Maybe Rawlings had made it. Although he only took occasional bites of his sandwich mainly between fanzines, he soon finished it, and had to get up and make a second one.

Slowly the pile of TNFFs, Tightbeams, Yandros and such diminished as he began to come up to date. Near the end of the day he reached a small pile of half-sized booklets.

"So Rawlings made it," he mused to himself. Then he came upon the new edition of the Fandbook on Fan Publishing. Excitedly, he thumbed through it. Most of the articles had been redone by newer fans, he saw, but Redd White's article on mimeographing was still there, he saw. It was then that he found his own article. They had used it again. Walcott flopped back to the front of the Fandbook. "Published on the LASFS Rex " it said in the colophon.

Joe Walcott let out a yell of joy to end all yells. He would be a FAPAN yet. His article on mimeo maintenance had been printed in the last year in Los Angeles. Bruce Brown lived in New York, and his Filk Song Encyclopedia had also come out in the last year. Therefore, he had FAPA credentials after all. Abandoning his procedure of reading the stuff in chronological order, he dug down in the stack, looking for a letter from the FAPA Sec-Treas.-Bensen, or something like that. Finally, in a pile of unsorted mail held for him while at school he found it.

Carefully, suppressing his excitement he tore along the edge of the envelope. He took the letter out and began to read. He found what he was looking for, the

date that he had to have in credentials in. He found it, and was dismayed to see that it was today. He supposed his dues were also due.

He got the FA and ran to the telephone. "Give me long distance information," he said to the operator. A series of clicks ensued and he heard a nasal voice ask him what he wanted. Joe gave the address, in Philadelphia. A minute or so later she was back with the number. He thanked her and hung up. Walcott carefully dialed the number. It rang. Three-four-five.

"Hello," said a voice on the other end.

"Hello," replied Walcott. "this is Joe Walcott from New York."

"Are you kidding me?"

"No, really, I want to join FAPA so I'm phoning in my credentials.

"You mean you published a fanzine? Can I get a copy?" There was a note of pleading in the voice which surprised and amused Joe.

"No, but I've had two pieces printed in 2 different metropolitan areas in the last year; A folksong in Brown's Encyclopedia, and an article in the N3F Fandbook on fanpubbing."

"That's quite satisfactory. Are you really serious about joining? I mean, you've pretty well dropped out of sight these last couple of years."

"The old faaanish spirit never dies. It sounds corny, but what the hell, Meyer, it's true. I'm going to be fanactive again. I graduate in June, and after I pass my bar exams, I'll have lots of time for fanac, just like the old days."

"That's great. You know you've become sort of a Fannish Legend or something."

"I hadn't realized, but getting back to FAPA, I owe dues, and today is the day you send in your report, and---" Bensen interrupted him.

"Oh, that. I'll put in the two bucks and you can send it to me by mail, later."

"Thanks a lot, Ron. I'll get the money out in the next mail, but how come you're being so nice to me. I mean, you don't even know me."

"Everyone knows Joe Walcott. Besides, now I have an OB on you."

"Huh?"

"Well, I have this genzine, 'PUNishment! and a contrib from Joe Walcott... if you can spare the time to write something that is. I can imagine how busy you are.."

"I'd be glad to write an article for you. I'll write you a letter when I send the dough. And thanks again."

"Don't mention it. Good by, Joe." Joe hung up the phone. Bensen seemed to be a good guy. They were all great guys. It was a proud thing to be a fan, but not lonely. Never lonely.

-FIN-

COIN COLLECTOR

IF A NEW COIN

Nostalgia by Len Bailes

It is really no coincidence that Arnie and I managed to blunder our way into science fiction fandom. All my life, I've been associated with fandoms of various shapes and forms, usually sharing membership with the afore mentioned Ex co-editor. I believe it is a trifle unusual for fans to have known each other before they got into publishing fandom, and can think of only one other example of this, which really doesn't count anyway, since one of the fans didn't stick around. Most fans are vaguely aware that there are other fandoms in existence. In fact, our own sf fandom is tangent to one or two, such as the mundane ayjay groups and the other literary groups like BSI and Burroughs fandom. But there are many fandoms which have a relationship less direct to our own. SF fandom seems to be open to invasion from the fringes, whereas many other fandoms are closed.

The first real fandom I was ever associated with was coin fandom. I never really got beyond what would correspond to the "reader interest stage" however. I was touted on to coin collecting by Arnie. In virtually no time at all, I was lost in the world of Fell's Coin Handbook. The Breens among you may chuckle, for Fell's is undoubtedly one of the lousiest references in existence as far as appraising coins is concerned. Nevertheless, in those days, the Blue Book and Red Book were unknown to me. My conversation was dominated by topics like "were there ever any real 1943 copper pennies?" and "was a 1937-D three legged buffalo nickel worth more than a 1955 doublestrike Lincoln penny?" My real hang up was collecting Jefferson nickels. You can't imagine the pure joy of finding a date you need and triumphantly plugging it into the hole in the coin book. (All right, Freud worshippers, down, down...) Within a fairly short time I obtained a complete set, except for the big three, 1939D, 1938S, and that mythical coin, 1950-D. I was very proud of myself for picking up a 1951S in change. Arnie completed his collection by buying the rare dates from a coin shop. As far as I was concerned, this was c*h*e*a*t*i*n*g*. To me, the whole raison-d'etre of coin collecting was the thrill afforded by finding a needed date in change. Paying Money for It would have defeated the entire purpose. I can still remember my satisfaction when the big three became the big one. I lacked only the '50-D. Come to think of it, I never did get that damned '50-D. Feeling that I needed New Worlds to Conquer, I started a collection of Lincoln and Indian head pennies and a collection of Buffalo nickels. For a year and a half, when ever my relatives saw me coming they would immediately reach into their pockets and fork over some change for me to inspect. Too bad I never learned how to work this trick on outsiders.

My coin collecting took an entirely different turn one day when I met my first "pro!" The "pro" happened to be an extremely fat ugly little kid named Jack Glasser. One day I was in school, doing what one usually does there when I heard Jack say "I have a 1913 Liberty nickel."

My jaw dropped. There are only six 1913 Liberty nickels known to exist. "That's impossible," I said to him snottily, there are only six in existence."

"Yes, I know," said Jack. "I only have one, but my father and uncle have another two." At this point, the teacher walked up to me and said, "Lenny, you don't look well, would you like to leave the room to take a drink of water?"

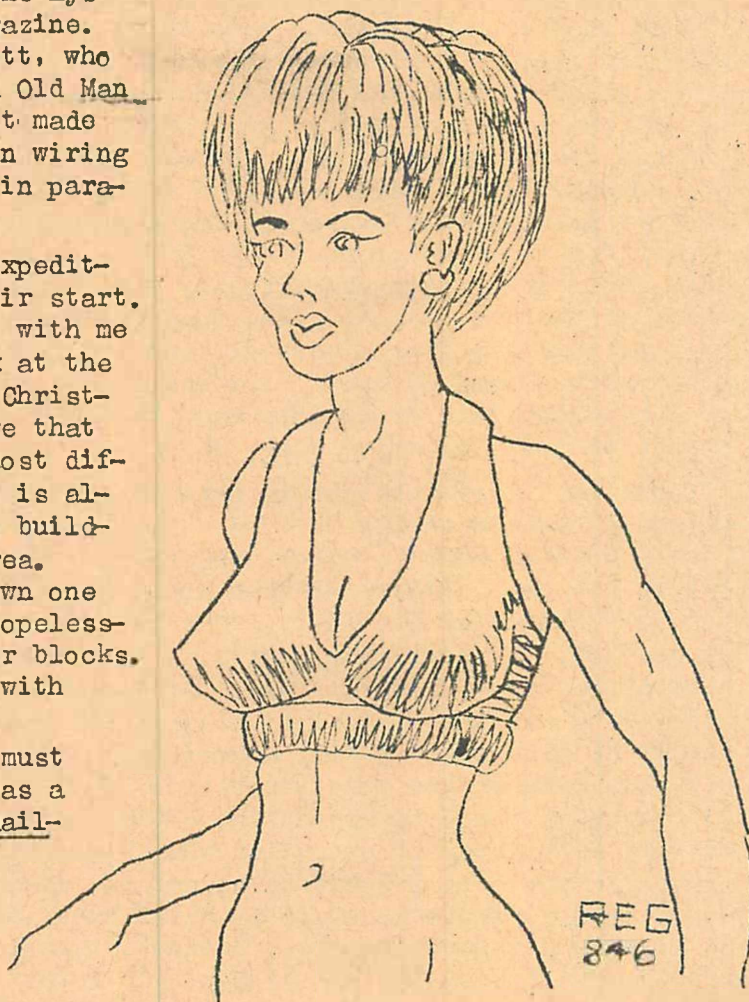
I left the room. When I returned I had gotten a grip on myself. I asked Jack if I could see his nickel. I was informed that it was locked up in a safe deposit vault. I never had cause to doubt him. I was shown so many other rare coins at his home, that the thought he might be lying never occurred to me. To this day, if someone asked me I'd maintain that Jack Glasser's family owns three 1913 Liberty nickels, which must show something. Meeting Glasser changed my outlook. Previously, the Big Coin Man in the neighborhood had been Roger Wunderlich. In my callow inexperience I had made a very bad deal with him. I traded an Uncirculated 1910 Lincoln Penny for a 1900 Barber Half, an 1888 (Without cents) Liberty nickel and an old HO Caboose. Net loss was approx \$7.00. My interest in coin collecting faded. I had seen the real pros at work, and I knew that my collection was just greasy kid stuff.

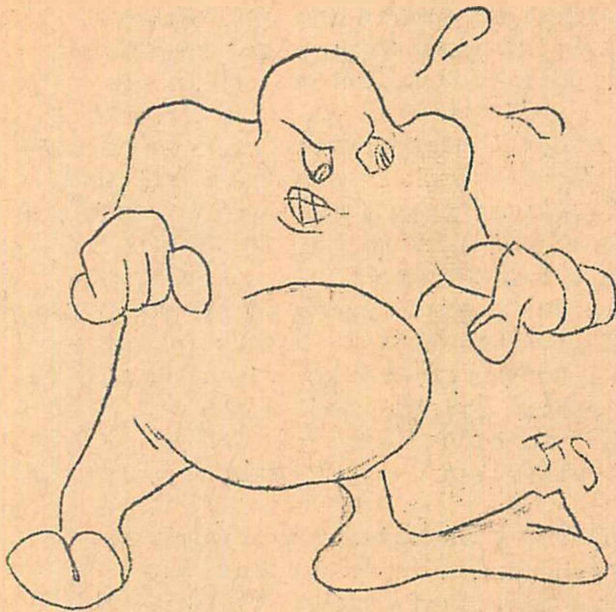
It didn't really matter. Within a few months I found myself a new hangup and a use for the caboose I had so dearly bought. I became a model railroad nut. Arnie and I actually got each other hung on this kick. Arnie had had an "O" gauge layout lying around his basement for years, and seeing my set and some of the others on the block got him interested again. With typical Katz enthusiasm he soon far out-matched me. With the aid of his cousin he began constructing a monster empire. Soon he had indoctrinated me into the mystical rites of Model Railroader magazine. I now had a God named Lynn H. Wescott, who was the editor as well as The Grand Old Man of model railroading. When Westcott made a pronouncement on an improvement in wiring switches or setting up accessories in parallel, it was Law.

At this time the Katz-Bailes expeditions to New York City first got their start. One day I suggested that Arnie come with me to see the Lionel Building and look at the enormous layout they set up around Christmas time. He agreed. Now I believe that the Lionel Building is one of the most difficult landmarks in NY to find. It is always moving around from building to building around the 23rd St.-Broadway area. Finally, I understand, it closed down one or two years ago. Anyway, we got hopelessly lost. We walked on aimlessly for blocks. Eventually, I saw a place up ahead with trains exhibited in the window.

"Hey," I said to Arnie, "this must be it. We went in. On the right was a display case with issues of Model Railroader and other magazines of that ilk. On the left was a phantasmagoric showcase of electronic equipment. Arnie stood still and thought a minute.

"Len," he said in an awestruck tone, "This isn't the Lionel Building, this is





Madison Hardware!" Now, in order for you to appreciate this, you have to know that to a tinsplate model railroad fan, Madison Hardware is a Legend. Located somewhere in the City, both of us knew, was the place; the place that issued catalogs stamped "Madison Hardware"...the place with all the Lionel equipment in the world, for all we knew- in short, Eldorado. And here we were. We were actually standing in it. It was like we had entered a holy temple. We gawked at all the equipment until our eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets. We didn't have any money that day, but we vowed to come back. And back we came, again and again. Arnie's layout began to look like a science fiction movie set. As for me, I was realizing for the first time how much it would cost to build a layout even $\frac{1}{4}$ as big. I also

became disenchanted with "O" gauge because of the space it took up. Then, like a neofan discovering the hectograph I found the cheap way out, HO gauge. I usurped the little HO set my brother had gotten as a present and began to build upon it. I obtained some cash by selling some of my "O" gauge stuff to Arnie. Accessories switches and track for HO were infinitely less expensive. I printed up a bunch of passes to my empire, the Western Railways System. I lifted that idea from Arnie, who had lifted it out of Model Railroader. Soon Arnie Got The Message and also ditched his set in favor of HO. We were spending every weekend now foraging for boxcars, discussing the disadvantages of the X2F uncoupler and considering whether we'd be better off with a switch to Kadee Magnematic coupling systems. I might point out that in these pioneer days Lionel didn't even have an HO line worth mentioning. We wasted our cash on Varney kits, Mantua kits, even, ghod help us, a Revel kit or two. We bought Atlas Snap Track which Arnie rechristened "Atlas Crap Track." We were spending almost all our money during vacations going to the city to hunt for even more HO stuff. It was on one of these trips that I noticed a little shop which said "Back Date Magazines--Science Fiction 15¢!" Now I know I don't have to tell you where that led.

Gradually I lost interest in establishing my own pike. Once in a while my interest would be momentarily revived. Katz packed his stuff up in cartons. Once in a while we'd go over to Roger Wunderlich's house and watch him use his HO set to torture his cat. Roger was what Arnie called a "cat homo!" He used to walk around with the cat inside of his shirt. Our neighborhood had a Thing about cats as a matter of fact. Wunderlich's next door neighbor, another fat kid named Dean Piesner, had once attempted to hang his cat. Piesner was one of those little brats who was shipped off to military school by his parents because they didn't know what else they could do with him. I will never forget the look on his face as he stood in his uniform, beneath the venetian blinds, reading a court martial order to the cat. He had then placed a cord around the cat's neck and stood the feline on a chair. The cat did get a stay of execution when Piesner's mother came home from a shopping trip, but I'm not certain whether or not the cat would have been better off dead knowing Piesner's sadistic streak. But I guess that's slightly off the subject. Actually, this paragraph has been a sneaky transition so that I can discuss the next fandom which engulfed all of New Hyde Park in its wake.

Arnie can be given full credit for getting this one started. While other kids were busy beating the crap out of each other and climbing peoples' roofs and playing marbles, Katz was constantly on the look out for new fandoms. This one was discovered through sheer exasperation. He had allowed himself to intercept a softball right in the eye while rounding second base. The upshot was that he was confined indoors for several months. He bought a game known as APBA baseball to pass the time more amicably. We were all staunch baseball fans, and this seemed like a dream come true. The game consisted of cards for 400 major league players. The cards would perform on paper just as their counterparts performed in real life, during any particular season. So if Mantle hit 42 homeruns in 1953 the Mantle card in APBA would also hit close to 42 homers and would have the same batting average etc. The game gave us the chance to be real Big League Managers (esoteric pun for the cognoscenti)

We quickly formed a league out of neighborhood kids and began "playing out a schedule." The cards were placed in an enormous player pool and the four of us picked our own teams. We took down each player's individual performance records eagerly, for we desired to send them into the company to show that they worked. You see, there was a hard core of APBA fans around the country who would write to this APBA bulletin once in a while listing their records and casting insults on a Rival Company.

It was in our attempt to actually play out a whole major league schedule that trouble developed. After the first 10-20 games it became progressively harder to get people together to play. Finally, out of greed, we sacked Wunderlich out of the league and lustfully absorbed his players into the remaining teams. Then Heller lost interest and we did the same thing. Then we realized that there just wasn't any league anymore. Arnie would mournfully finger the cards which composed his fabulous Dodger team. We organized a new league...and another...and another. There was a temporary upsurge each time someone bought a new set with players from the current season, but finally we decided that spending \$7 dollars a year was Too Much. Gradually the intellectual level of the kids we sought as players decreased. The level of intelligence grew so low, finally, that we invited Marc Brasz to join.

Now I am going to attempt to describe Marc to you very conscientiously, but I know I'm not going to be able to capture him. Brasz used to walk around with the same sweaty teeshirt and baseball cap all summer and winter long. He carried a mit and was constantly shoving a ball in and out of it. Every three steps he took, he would leap up into the air and make an imaginary catch. Then he would pirouette and fire the ball to an imaginary infield. He would waltz up and down the street looking like something out of West Side Story...Only Brasz was as clumsy as a mack truck trying to back down an icy hill. Every once in a while he would trip over his feet and sprawl out flat on the ground. Then he would get up and start the drama all over again. His entire vocabulary consisted of "How ya like them Yankees, huh?" and "Hey Mickey-Baybee! Hey Yogi!" He would accompany these exclamations with arm movements, and every once in a while he would throw his head back and yell.

"Sooooo-Pig. Sooooo pig pig pig!" Then he would cackle and jump into the air again. He was like this all the time. In the middle of school he would sit at his desk mumbling about the Yankees to himself and describing imaginary plays. Every once in a while he would jump up and knock the desk over. It got so the teachers began to twitch every time they looked at him.

"Why?" you might ask, "did we ask Marc to join our league?" You guessed it, he had been enough of a sucker to buy the current season's set of player cards. Both of us wanted to start another APBA league very badly. We even consented to

SOME NOTES ON THE FOLIO

These drawings were done around the turn of the year by Steve Stiles and Gary Deindorfer. Gary came in to attend a FISTFA meeting all the way from Trenton, the first, and to my knowledge, only time he has made that scene, though he's attended Fanoclast meetings.

It's difficult to say how the cartoon contest began, but all at once there were Steve and Gary taking turns drawing on an old sketch pad with magic marker.

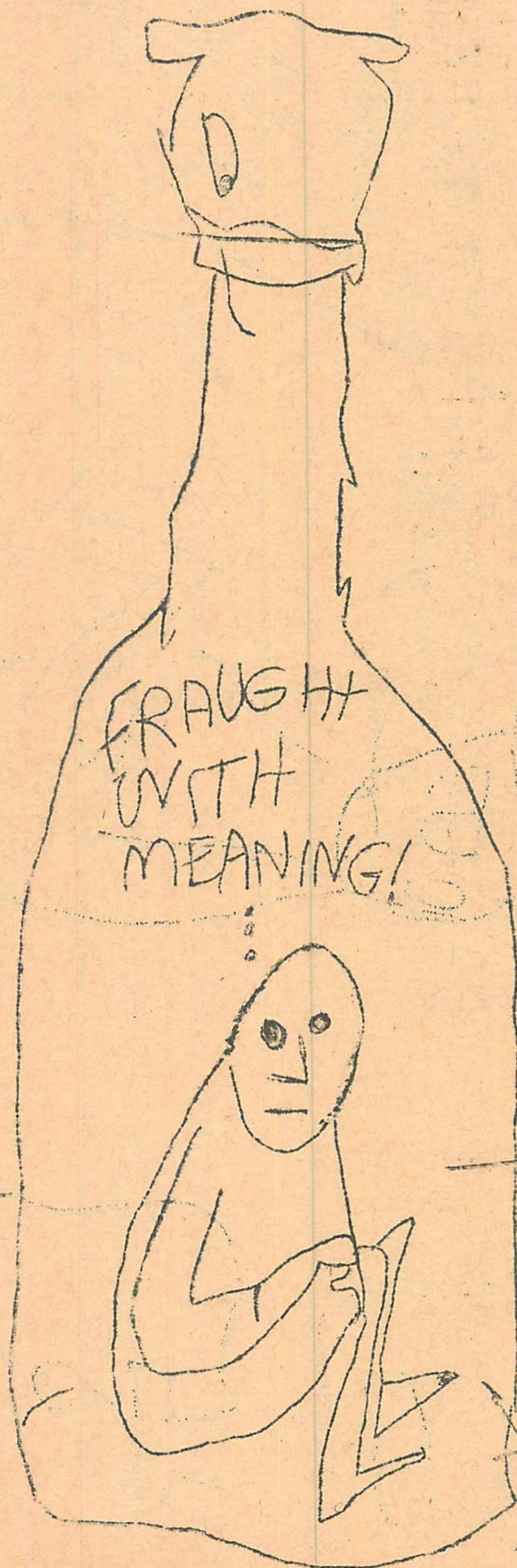
The drawings were done alternately, and I think it's interesting to see how each uses the previous cartoon as the spring board for his own creation.

One must admit that there is a certain primitiveness of style due to the fact that neither was *Very Sober At All*, but I find this something which adds to the total extemporaneous effect. It isn't often that two such fine humorists can Draw. It happens that they face each other across a sketch board far less often. I thought the results were good enough to collect from the floor where they were thrown and publish them in Ex.

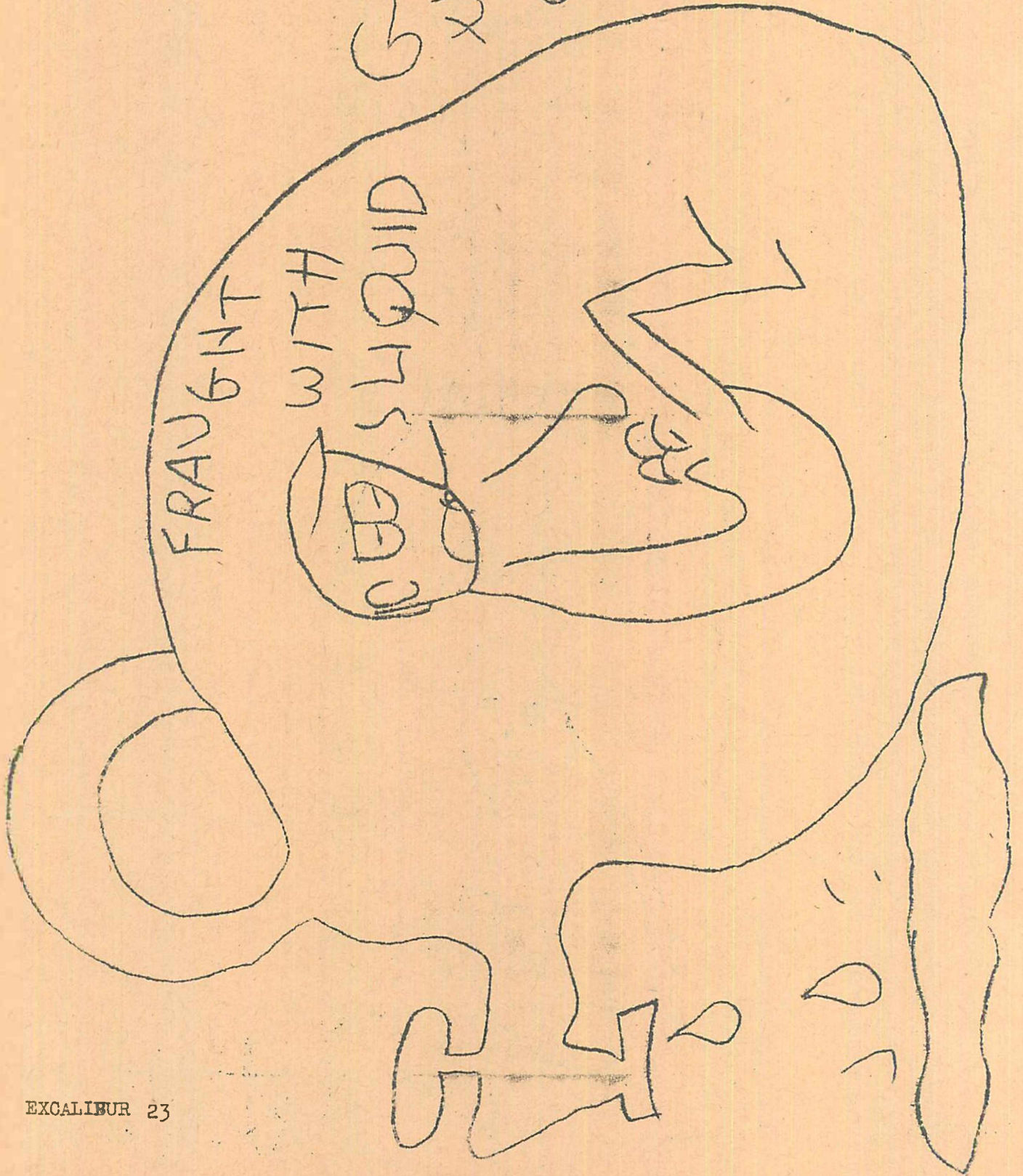
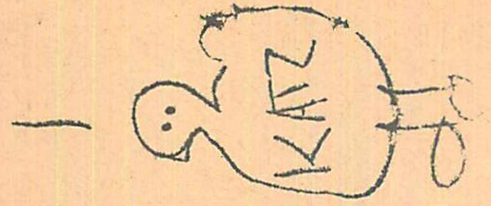
This has been Significant Comment on Art Maybe to bolster the egos of Stiles and Deindorfer. Now, go look at the pretty pictures already.

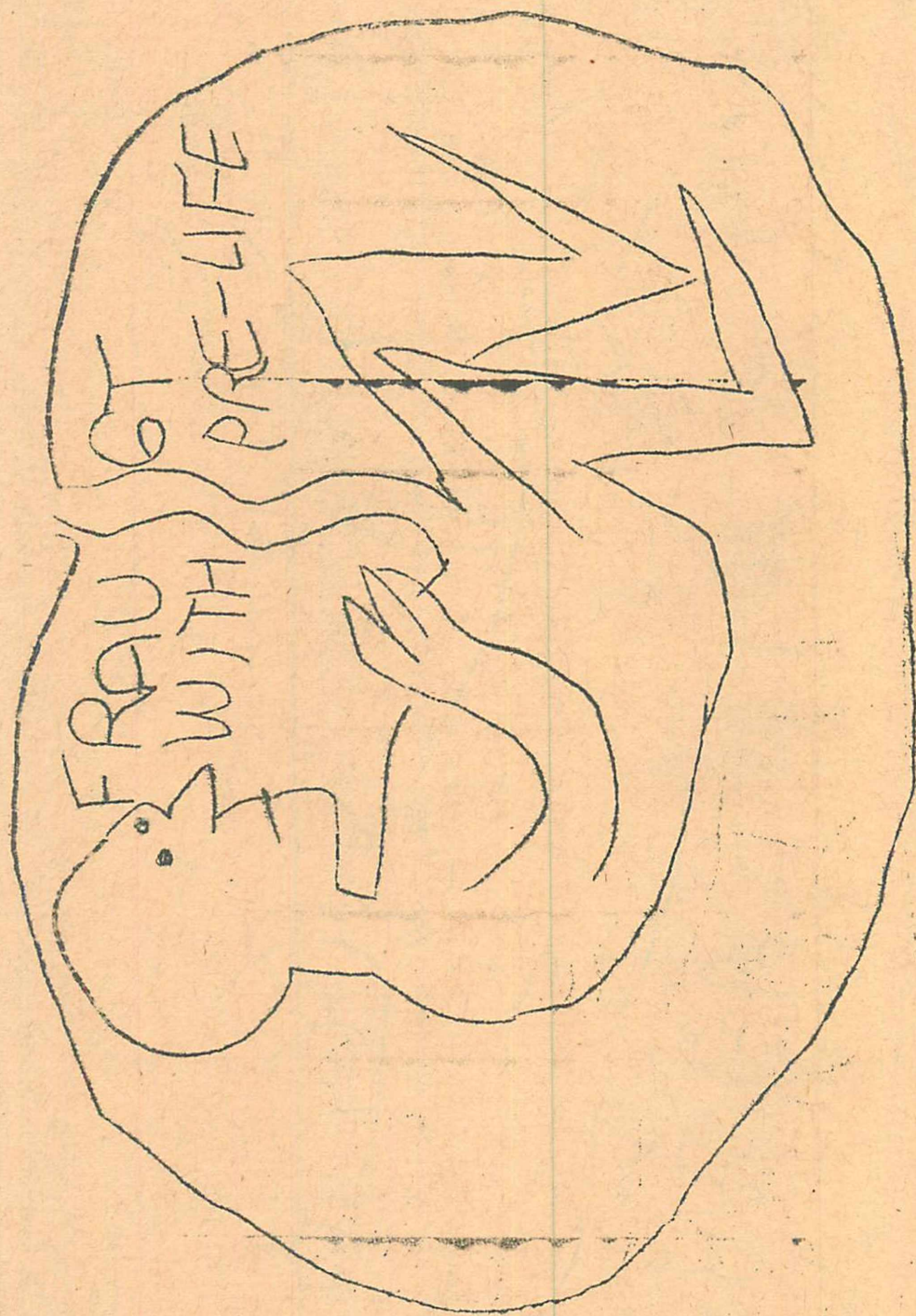
---Arnie

((The other co-editor of Excalibur wishes to disclaim all responsibility in the event of the untimely demise of Arnold Katz, when Stiles and Deindorfer take another look at what they drew that night---LB))



get a
shot
good



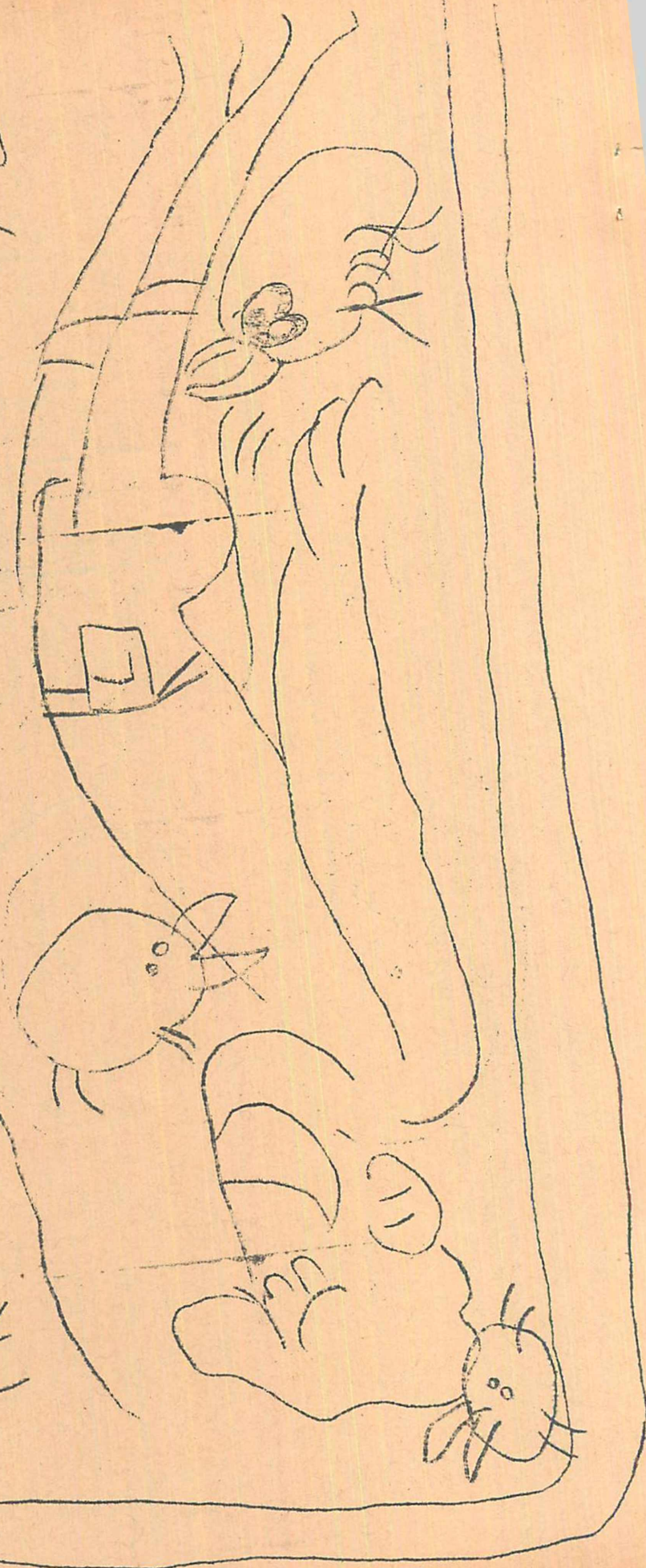




RIP



FRUGLY ! ! ! WITH POSY-LIFE



PROMINANT PSYCHOLOGIST GEORGE VOSS
DECLARED THAT FEAR WAS LEARNED
RATHER THAN HEREDITARY. TO PROVE
HIS POINT, DR. VOSS PUT SCORPIONS,
SPIDERS & RATTLESNAKES IN HIS
YOUNG SON'S CRIB. THE INFANT
COOED HAPPILY &
SHOWED NO

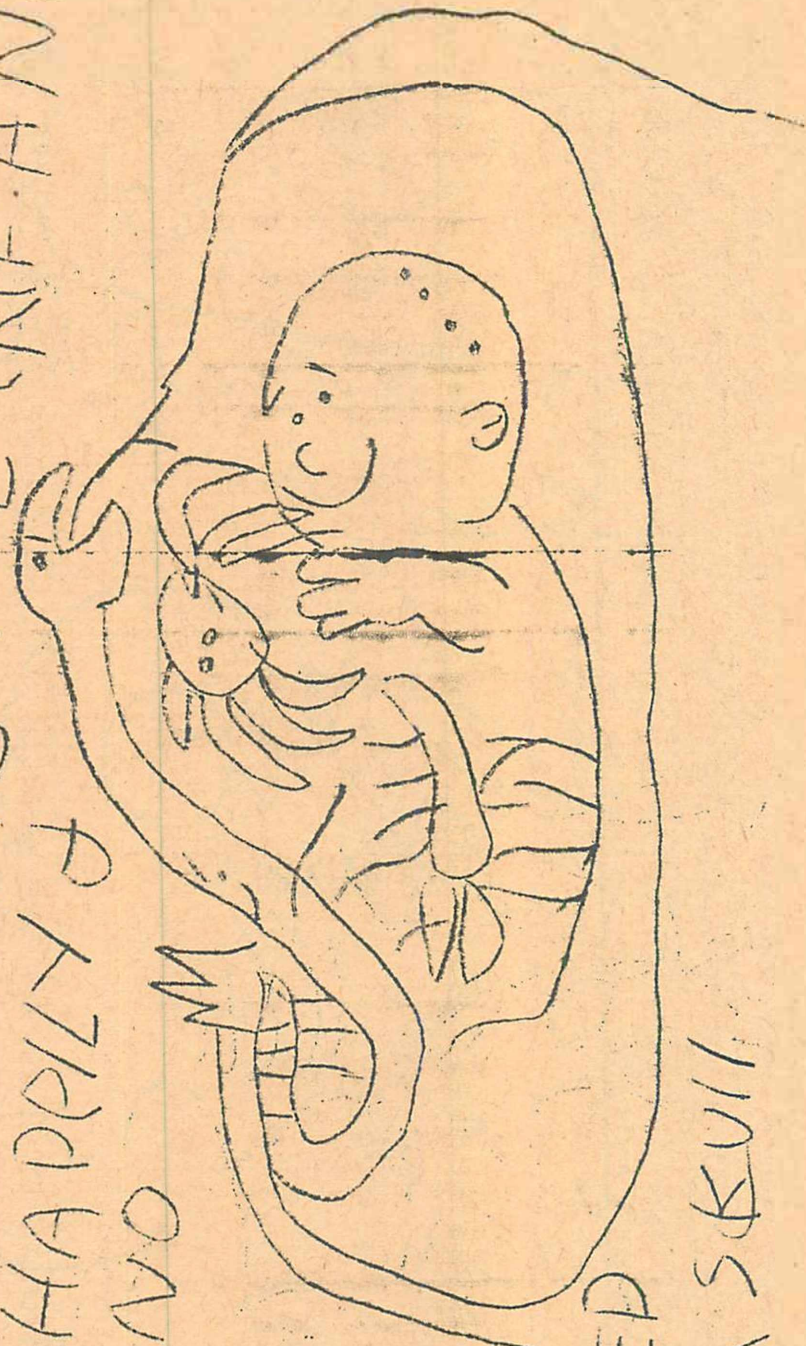
SIGN OF
FEAR.

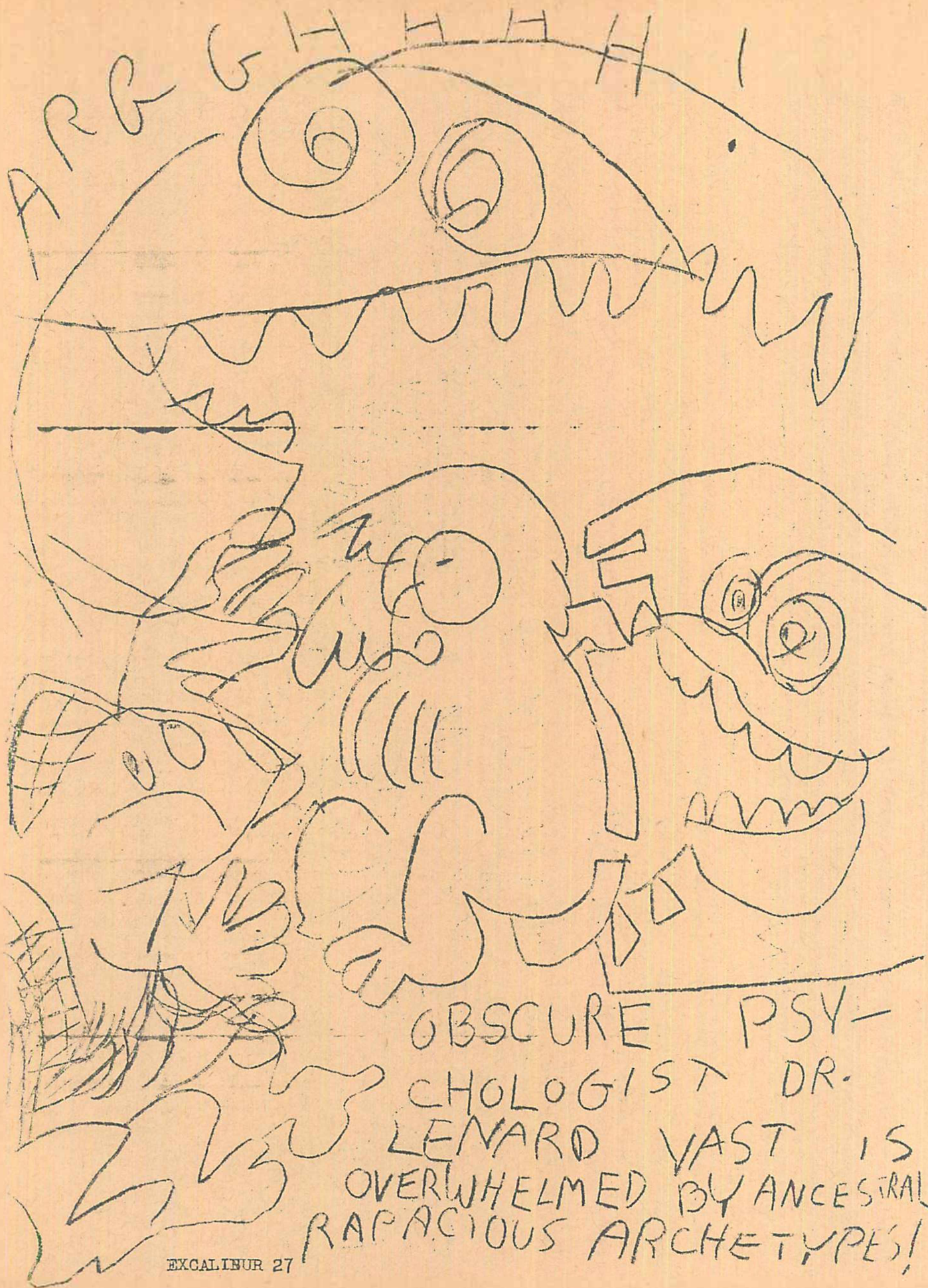
HOWEVER

MRS. VOSS

FRACTURED

DR. VOSS'S SKULL.





CHEERS AND CURSES

STERCOL

DAVE

Harry worries about leaving pelvic marks on fanzines

HARRY WARNER 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740

Your adventures at the Lunarians event fail to include the crucial fact: why Frank was so agitated at the base suspicion that you were sitting on a pile of fanzines. It would be easy to understand someone getting angry at me for this activity, because I'm so skinny that the fanzines might bear marks of my pelvis to their dying day. But a normal person does no particular harm to a pile of fanzines by using them for a sitting place. And even more basic is the question of why he asked you if this was going on. Suspicion can be a terrible thing if it concerns something like the treachery of a friend or favoritism by an employer, but it's pretty hard to keep it alive when it involves a simple situation like an individual who is right there before your eyes and a pile of fanzines that would be visible if they existed, whether or not they were being sat on. Maybe this will develop into the lengthy inquiry that once swept fandom over the culprit involved in the desecration of Courtney's boat...

These awful events at post offices in other cities are the only reasons that I've ever found why anyone should want to live in Hagerstown. The local post office has its faults when distribution of mail is under consideration...but I have next to no difficulty with mailing stuff. Even when the clerk thinks that parcels for overseas might involve customs, he resorts to only a tiny green stamp on which I need fill out only the contents of the parcel, its net weight and value.

The John Berry article was doubly joyful in nature: both for its worth and for the intimation that it offers, that Berry may again be writing for other people's fanzines. Unfortunately, John picked the worst possible subject from my standpoint, for a couple of reasons. I come closer to neuroticism when my teeth are involved than in any other direction, and I have a very large amount of long-postponed dental work in my future, the exact date depending on when I get up the nerve.

Len's essay on Odd John is the best book review I've seen in a fanzine for many months. I felt much the same way about the Stapledon book when I first read it, and probably wrote along the same lines in briefer and less convincing manner somewhere or another. However, one point that should be considered about Odd John is the world in which it was written. Humanity was on the verge of a second world war, one which many intelligent people believed would doom civilization and most men as firmly as we now believe that a nuclear war will have the same effects. Fascist nations screamed about superman as the basis of their own population, for reasons of strength and alleged racial purity. And there had been enough novels about supermen by the 1930's to make it hard to write something new about supermen with the obvious superiorities. There were several other superman novels written

about the same time that treated the supermen in the same low key as Stapledon employed... I don't pretend to know Stapledon's motives and intended message in the book about Odd John, but I suspect that these factors all entered into the superman's makeup: pessimism about the real future of the world, disillusionment with the way the political leaders were describing superman, and desire to write about a different kind of superman.

44 I more or less agree. I never said Odd John wasn't a readable book. In fact, I find his treatment of the superman mentality to be the best attempt I've ever read, but his constant use of John as a mouthpiece to lend authenticity to his own petty political views irked me. In order to show that he isn't entitled to do this it is necessary to show that John is not really a superman. John is, instead, a man (homo sapiens) who has developed intelligence and ability in certain fields which exceeds that of his fellow men. With the treatment of the psychological effects the world has on him I have no quarrel. It is only when Stapledon himself starts using the Ubermensch concept as an excuse to get away with anything that I take issue--LB-->

Mr. Lang was an excellent sketch, particularly because it conveys a truth in addition to its entertainment quota. Parents will back up some teachers no matter what excesses these teachers do, even though the same parents will crucify other teachers who don't have the ability to impress the parents. I'm thinking about a private school run by a crackpot fundamentalist religious group in Hagerstown. Two of its teachers beat a first grader so badly that he was hospitalized for weeks. They spent three months in jail for assault (refusing to pay fines that would keep them out of jail because their religion is against it), and they're back at their teaching duties again. On the brighter side, I'm glad that even big city children are fond of pretzels. This is pretzel country around here, on the edge of the Pennsylvania Dutch area, and my great grandfather was famous throughout three states for his giant soft pretzels. He kept the exact recipe as complete a secret as the formula that goes into Coca-Cola and it died with him, otherwise I might have inherited it and wouldn't have time for fanzines, because of work involved in an international soft pretzel cartel.

44 City kids love pretzels. In fact, it's always been my impression that the best pretzels of all come out of those dingy little city candy stores. Certainly, Hymie's which Arnie discussed a few issues ago, had delicious pretzel sticks. I do like the soft pretzels best, which is very saddening because they don't have them here in Charlotte. That's one of the first things I'm going to do when I get back to NY, go on a pretzel binge. Who knows, maybe I can work out a reciprocal trade agreement with some of the NYfans, sending up A&W Rootbeer in return...except that the pretzels might get awfully mouldy sitting around a post office for a few days.--LB-->

...Most of the art is good, but I hope the girl on the cover doesn't find it necessary to start running fast; the motion of her left thigh is either going to be badly hampered by the breechcloth or will loosen the not.

* * * * *

Buck is terribly smug

BUCK COULSON Rt. #3, Wabash, Indiana, 46992

The trouble that so many fans note with the post office department lies in the fact that there are so many regulations. Very few clerks know them all (especially since in the bigger cities they either quit or are promoted by the time they've been around long enough to learn them, and in the smaller towns they don't get enough Educational Material or third-class packages to Britain to become familiar with the rules.) SW had one very good clerk in Wabash. When he first took the job, he and I had two disputes over costs -- it turned out that I was right once and he was right once, so after that we respected each other and got along fine. He was in about 6

months before taking the better paying job of rural mail carrier (he now delivers our mail) and I had another new clerk to break in. Now there is still another new one, but so far he's made as many errors in my favor as he has against me, so I'm not complaining.

John Berry's article makes me feel terribly smug. A long time ago, a dentist told me that my teeth were hopeless. "Never let anyone fill them; the filling will come right back out and it's a waste of money." He said that if the teeth ever bothered me, to come in and have them all extracted. Since then I've never been to a dentist, and my teeth haven't bothered me at all. Occasionally one of them will break in half, but it doesn't bother me-- it doesn't hurt, and my appearance has never bothered me. However, if one's teeth do hurt, one old remedy that does work is to get a big chew of tobacco. This kills the pain inside of 10 or 15 minutes and keeps it dead for several hours. (Be sure and use chewing tobacco, however; I have, in desperation, used cigarettes when no other tobacco was handy, and they'll make you sick as a dog. Of course, I haven't had any toothaches for several years--I think the nerves are all dead -- but I used to suffer considerably, and this always worked. Whiskey just makes the pain worse)

In defense of Odd John, many normal men have felt the need to strike out against animals, especially when they were men who lived constantly with animals. ((ah, but were they normal at the time they struck the beasts? If John was not a "normal" superman at the time he decided to kill the humans, then by Stapledon's own reasoning he had no authority to kill them, for he was acting in a 'sapient' way in the same manner that the normal men who struck animals were temporarily acting bestially--LB)) However, I fully agree with you that the novel is over rated. Stf authors cannot --ever-- convincingly portray supermen, for the simple reason that the thoughts and motives of a superman would be incomprehensible to humans (as ours are to a monkey) and stf authors are human and therefore uncomprehending. Poul Anderson did one of the best jobs, in Brain Wave because he recognized the problem and bypassed it by concentrating on the lower animals whose intelligence was enlarged to that of the present day human. His real "supermen" are called incomprehensible and dismissed to the wings, while he chronicles the life of a moron raised to present-day genius level coping with animals endowed with the stirrings of intelligence. That, humans can comprehend, and thus describe.

Like Clay Hamlin, I was all in favor of Bob Taft in his efforts to get to the presidency. But I had no intention of "settling" for Goldwater. I agree with something Derek Nelson said; it's not that the man was a conservative, but that he was a stupid conservative. (Unfortunately, most conservatives of national rank appear to be that type.)

* * * * *

RUTH BERMAN International House 437, Piedmont and Bancroft, Berkely, Calif. 94721

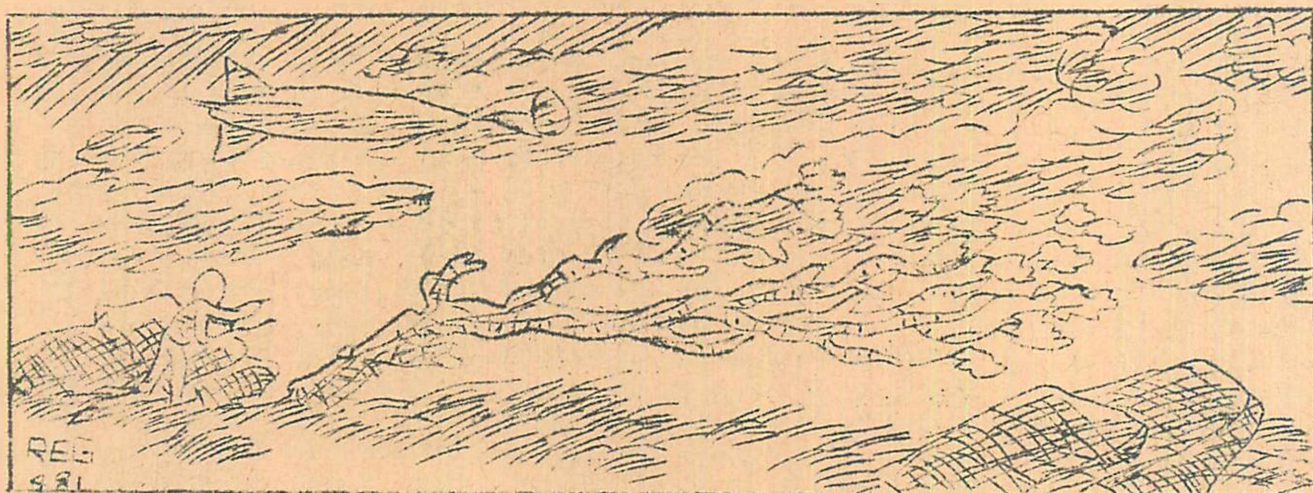
Come, come sirs! what do you mean by arranging that my copy of EXCALIBUR 9 should arrive two hours before I had to leave to go have a wisdom tooth removed. Fortunately, I've had wisdom teeth out before, and knew how much pain to expect, so your nefarious scheme of terrifying me with John Berry's "Pain in the Mouth" failed. As it was, I merely found myself in a mood to enjoy the article even more than I would have at another time.

"Was Odd John A Superman" was hardly a fair attack. Of course no human writer can really create a superman (or, as Poul Anderson said in a convention speech once,

"If I could really think of a way to build a time machine, I'd be down at the patent office, not writing stories about it."). The question is, do his gimmicks--telepathy, invention, precocity, or, in Odd John's case, appeal to snobbishness--work. They did for me in Odd John, although I agree with you that it's pretty hard to take John's "clearing the forest of wolves" justification for murdering humans. I did take it, nonetheless, when reading the book, because the other gimmicks had worked well enough on me, but in recollection found the murders spoiled the book for me. Incidentally, one of your points is that John's diatribe against psychiatrists is unjustified. I'm not so sure it is-- at least within the context of the story which supposes a genius whose intellect is far beyond the psychiatrist's.

((That's the point...to me John's intellect wasn't so superior. His demolition of the business magnate was extremely superficial. He never once exhibited any real wisdom. He didn't come forth with any verbal gems of a Shawian class. I guess for me the gimmicks didn't work. I kept wanting to step into the story and tell John off))

* * * *



OTHER FANDOMS (from pg.20)

let Brasz have Mantle and Maris to start out with..he wouldn't have joined otherwise. I did draw the line when he insisted that I wear gloves before touching the cards, however.

Gradually, after a few weeks, Brasz's enthusiasm began to wane. He refused to answer the phone. Arnie and I decided we would pay him a visit and attempt to find out what was wrong. So one evening we alked over to his house and knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" came a timid quavering voice.

"You know damn well who it is," screamed Katz as he kicked the door open.

"Where the hell have you been for the past two weeks?!" Brasz approached the door with a knife in his hand. "You better not try anything," he said.

"For chrissakes put that idiot thing away," I yelled, "we just want to talk to you

"No," screamed Brasz. "You go away or I'll harm you!" (that is too what he said) At this point Arnie took the knife out of his hand, folded it up and tessed it back into the house. H then turned away, shrugged his shoulders and stomped off. This, needless to say, spelled the end of the league, but I'll tell you something. There is a whole legion of APBA fans in this country. I've met them in every town I've lived in, even here in Charlotte. Arnie tells me that the old gang have a league again in New Hyde Park. Let this be a lesson to you...there are fandoms all around us which none of us knows anything about. We are not alone in the universe. -LB

EYES

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The searing, probing, menacing eyes were everywhere. It made no difference where he looked. Hanging in the misty stillness of a room winking into pre-dawn, he saw the two orbs suspended in the air, hovering slowly and lazily above his unmade bed, piercing his half-asleep form. Escape was unthinkable. There was no escape for there was nowhere to escape to. The eyes knew it. They revelled in the knowledge that the insignificant being whose very torment was caused by their unnerving presence could not exercise them.

If Cramer sought a change of Venue he had achieved it. He would rise breathlessly, and perhaps notice for an instant that the eyes had vanished. His furiously pounding heart seeking to drive him into a further tremor of delirium, he unbolted the door and raced down the corridor. At the end was a massive wooden door with a single metal lock that gleamed with an eerie glow. He unfastened it with trembling fingers and darted out into a dimly lit street where half resolved shadows flitted in and out of the uncertain light. There was neither substance nor form to the unfilled human-shaped containers that stumbled along in a purposeless daze. Their clumsy spatulate hands flayed the air constantly, their legs were tree trunks uprooted, striving for the comfort and warmth of the soil. The minds were empty and deadened, devoid of reason or thought. He blundered into one and the man roared heavily. The eyes descended immediately, winking above him, bathing Cramer in a deep yellowish hue that shut out everything else.

A store with a long grimy counter, several pitted stools, and a few bleary customers beckoned as a place of refuge. He entered and shut the door heavily. A heavy bolt rested by the handle which he thrust into the lock and tightened. Then, feeling a little more secure, but still not rid of the dread, he approached the counter.

A short bald headed man with a featureless face and thin knobby hands approached.

"Name it." His voice was deep and hushed. His words came with great difficulty.

"I...I don't know." Cramer answered quietly, too agitated to focus his mind on the business of the store.

"You must," the man told him ominously, gripping a portion of the counter, charred by some unnameable accident, "or you can't remain here."

"What do you have to offer?"

"Whatever you need."

"And what do I need?"

"A stronger back that doesn't bend under the load of accumulated worries and the over-burden of despair; An intellect that will permit you to grasp the basic ramifications of the situation without needlessly laboring over a meaningless cipher in an attempt to unravel the enigma; Awareness to recognize and combat your enemies, the desire to advance yourself, and steely cold and impervious hate and

resentment which can only reinforce your determination.- There is much more as well, but these remain the most important."

"And how am I to get them?" In spite of the illogic and disorder that Cramer was confronted with, he felt compelled to pursue the matter further, unwilling to cease the flow of words.

In answer, the man behind the counter turned once and whistled shrilly. The high pitched tone echoed within the small confines. A furtive shambling figure moved forward in the dusk, slimy, scaly body pressed to the ground, his broad pointed nose making a perceptible track in the coating of dust that covered the floor. His body was bent and twisted, his hands were thin and small, and barely provided him with enough propulsion to painfully ease his body forward. His eyes, small and slitted, gave forth an identifiable scent that made Cramer feel like retching. He turned away, but the man gripped him and propelled him forward.

"Speak your name," the man ordered commandingly, brandishing a wicked curved stick which had suddenly appeared in his hand.

"I have none!" the creature who crawled and exuded fear replied. "No name has ever been given to me."

"Nor shall it," the man said approvingly, "Until you prove yourself to be worthy."

"I know that."

"Do you?"

"I could not forget it."

"Then raise yourself."

Cramer gripped the sleeve of the man, as if to summon him, but the latter impatiently tugged his arm free and motioned Cramer to silence with a finger across his broad lips. He indicated the creature with unconcealed contempt.

"Raise yourself," he repeated sternly, "You know how. Surely a simple task like that is not beyond you. Others have accomplished that. My friend here," he pointed to Cramer, "Has done so with no discomfort. Have you been so weakened that you are unable to perform even this painless yet significant action?"

"You know the truth," the being spat.

"Show me."

The creature moved its pitiful feeble limbs under its squat frame and began to exert pressure. Moisture appeared on the numerous wrinkles over its sleek body, but it moved not an inch up. With visible pain it managed to raise its nose so that it did not drag across the floor, but only rubbed its tip to the surface. Its struggles exhausted, it sank down again, expelling rancid breath and hot oaths.

"Why did it try if it knew it would fail?" Cramer asked.

"Someday it will succeed. Not today, nor tomorrow, but perhaps the next day or the day after that. And when it does succeed, as it knows it must, the creature here wishes to be ready. He only lives for the day that his grovelings and whinings can end and it can elevate itself to what it feels is the proper posture."

"And when it does raise itself," Cramer felt compelled to question, "what then, what becomes of us?"

The man stared at him as if he hadn't heard the question. "Why then it takes our place and it becomes our turn to rub ourselves in the dust and grime that is everywhere. You know of course how it works, in the cycle of change, so that in this cycle we are liberated and he is the crawler, while in the next, things will work just the opposite. What other system could there be but one founded on so equal and so meaningful a basis? I can remember when I did the crawling and how the vermin

(cont. on pg36)

THE UNEARTH PEOPLE Kris Neville
Belmont, 50¢,

This is a novel with very little plot. It concerns itself with the doings of a pale imitation of a Philip K. Dickian society. The basic premise of the novel, that an elite based on heredity cannot be a ruling class even when heredity is controlled by man, is easily demonstrable in a short story one quarter the size of this, yet Neville has difficulty proving it with a whole novel to work with. In this particular instance, the elite is chosen via artificial insemination. The sperm donors are all supposedly competent leaders of the past, the theory being that great fathers beget great sons. The civilization, named Malneen, has grown up after the atomic war, and is virtually unique in a world of mutations, ruin etc.

The characters are made of paper. The protagonist, Paul Wilks, is a Bingo, one of the chosen elite. He just can't seem to make the scene, and he has a great deal of difficulty trying to figure out why not. He supposedly represents the individual, and the choice he is offered represents the choice each individual must make. Wilks finds out that the sperm bank is a fraud, that nobody knows whose donation has impregnated whom, i.e. the bingos aren't any different than the rest of the people. He is now faced with the decision—should he let the cat out of the bag and help set up a saner society, or should he keep the truth to himself and continue to rule the roost as a member of the worthless elite? Wilks chooses to be selfish and use his knowledge to blackmail some people and increase his status even more. However, in spite of his effort to keep the bingos on top, the civilization does crumble, thus supposedly showing that civilization will not stagnate forever, and that man will progress etc etc.

Actually, that effect is created with a sort of 'typewriter in the sky technique.

The Bank is destroyed almost through an accident. The author never really shows what the problem with the rule by elite is. He shows some of the little people being subjugated, but on the whole shows a fairly humane and efficient government. The narrative is episodic...seems to lack cohesiveness. The minor characters are all stock types. Summary? I wouldn't buy it!

B Y

THE VIEW FROM THE STARS Walter M. Miller Jr. Ballentine, 50¢,

Here we have a superb collection of short stories...in fact the best collection I've read in a few months. A lot of these are old favorites from Analog and Galaxy with new titles. For instance 'Triflin Man' which I'm sure most readers are familiar with, was renamed "You Trifling Skunk."

"The Will" is from an old issue of Fantastic. It's an interesting piece of emotionalism concerning a boy dying of leukemia who appeals to the future for assistance. It is logically reasoned and well written.

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Two of the other stories, "Crucificus Etiam" and "I Dreamer" are also emotional pieces, but they lack the impact of "The Will." The former, however, is good for the portrait it paints of a teenaged laborer on Mars, and his genuine concern over his lungs becoming vestigial organs. It seems that the laborers obtain their oxygen through an aerator device hooked directly to the circulatory system since there isn't enough air for them to use their lungs to get it. The situation comes across vividly, although the conclusion is weak. A justification for loss of lungs is offered in that the boy is sacrificing himself for future generations. The job he has been working on is discovered to be an Oxygen generator, but somehow it seems a little corny, and the boy's acceptance of his fate because of this solace doesn't jibe with his earlier anxiety. "I Dreamer" is another rework of the sentient "human type spaceship" theme. It isn't as good as Bradbury's "I Rocket."

The best (and longest) story in the collection is "Blood Bank" from ASF 1952. This is a sort of space whodunnit condensed to novelet size. The style is what makes the story. The plot is stock...a human type space cop with a rigid alien morality attacks and destroys a Terran hospital ship because the ship had failed to identify itself. Rokk, the cop, is branded a murderer, and sets about clearing his name. He stows away to Terra with a hardbitten lady space trader. It is the wry touch Miller employs in characterizing the relationship between the two which holds the story together, plus the interesting technological gadgetry he employs. The tension builds as the reader tries to guess why Rokk shot down the ship and why the Terrans are bbad guys.

The rest of the stories in the collection are not outstanding, but they are pleasant reading, and all of them deal with people and the reactions of people as opposed to mere technological trickery. It's well worth reading, but then Miller usually is.

BEYOND THE BARRIER Damon Knight MB, 50¢

This is the novel Tree of Time from F&SF two years ago which was published in hardcovers last year. To tell the truth, I still can't figure out exactly what Knight was trying to prove, so I classify it as a pure and simple Van Vogt pastiche. Looked at as a conscious attempt to make fun of the "World of Null-A" school of writing, it does have its funny moments, but when a pastiche is dragged out to 2-3 hundred pages it ceases to be funny after a while. The plot concerns Gordon ~~App~~ Naismith, a professor who has no memory of who he is, yet who gradually realizes that he is a pawn in a larger game. He is captured by a race of reptilian humanoids from the far future. There is a good deal of doubledealing and 'surprise' plot twists which culminate in Naismith becoming God, or more exactly, an alien who decides to play God to man because he himself has been a man for awhile. The book seems to be almost a direct parody of the Null-A series in spots, especially during the sequence where Naismith is trapped in a vehicle traveling through the center of the earth. The thought processes he uses to get out are exaggerations of Van Vogt's non-Aristotelian logic. On second thought, I guess a 2-300 page pastiche can be fairly funny after all, but the sneaking suspicion keeps cropping up that Knight wrote this to be taken seriously. If you didn't catch this the first two times around it won't do you any harm to read it now...then again it won't do you any good either.

FIRST LENS MAN E.E. Smith Pyramid 50¢

This pb release may be a little stale to the rest of fandom, but it only managed to wend its weary way to Charlotte a month or two ago. I'm kind of sentimental about this book because it's the first one in the Lens epic I ever read, but I think, putting sentimentality aside that it does compare very favorably with some of the others

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on purely objective grounds. Our beloved co-editor has stated elsewhere that he can't see the Lensman series for beans, to which I reply that's his loss. Smith is a taste which usually can't be acquired. Either you ignore the horrible prose and love him for his imagination or you can't stand him and are amazed at anyone who can. I dig Smith. I really wish Pyramid weren't releasing the series in such a cockeyed order. I also hope that they will reprint the Fantasy Press versions of Children of the Lens and Triplanetary rather than the magazine versions.

Actually, First Lensman was probably one of the most difficult books Smith ever had to write. He wrote it after all of the others, and with the Universe smashing level the epic had reached in the later books, it must have been hard to return to the comparatively tame cosmos of the pre-Patrol world and write a readable story. The characterizations in First Lensman are better than any of the others in the series with the exception of the alien lensmen like Worsel and Nadreck. The Kinnisons here are entities. Rod Kinnison and Virgil Samms come across as people far more than does Kim. Kim Kinnison is sort of like a super-machine where you yourself supply his finer characteristics in identification. The characters here are too well drawn to permit any such identification. Rod Kinnison is too overbearing a personality to tolerate anyone to "identify" with him. And Crusader Samms comes across just as he should. The reader naturally expects a great deal out of the narration of how Civilization first comes in contact with Arisia and gets the Lens. Smith does not let the reader down. Mentor is portrayed correctly. He is not the milk-sop of Children of the Lens, nor the distant unreachable being of Galactic Patrol. Instead he is presented as a powerful being, yet maintains the characteristics which make the Mentor of the latter portion of the series such an interesting figure. He has more majesty here, yet he seems to communicate his purpose too. The plot is more organized than is usual. The skirmishes with Boskone are all related to the Kinnison drive for the Presidency. The space battles are also more interesting because there aren't so many superweapons to destroy the thrill Smith can give you of two space fleets clashing.

In sum, I think Smith did an amazingly good job of returning to the low-key struggles of the pre-Patrol cosmos and fitting the novel into the series while at the same time writing an engrossing book. I won't even pompously tell you to read it to this time...if you haven't read it, what kind of non-entity are you?

--Len Bailes

* * * * *

EYES (Cont. from pg.33)

rooted in my fibres and crawled along my bones. I can remember the dust, the filth that was unavoidable, the stench that stunned me and the crawling hordes and the feasts we'd have. I hated it then, but I recall it well. Was yours any better?"

"I...I don't remember."

"Aha, transforming with no previous memories is the best way to do it. That way, everything is a new adventure and all experiences provoke no prior comparisons. Is there more you wish to see?"

"No, Cramer answered urgently, "nothing else. "I must go now. Sorry, I'm in a hurry." He stumbled blindly to the door, careened against a soft cushiony object that yelped with surprise, and then was outside in the darkened street.

A long, low whoosh rattled in the air and was gone. Cramer looked about him and began to run. The eyes, he saw, were still behind him. They hung like faint beacons pulling him closer. They twisted, turned, dodged and righted themselves. The escape was futile, the evasion temporary and the delusion that perhaps they would tire unjustified.

The stars looked down upon him, totally relaxed and composed.

-FIN-

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___ We already trade

___ Do we trade or not?

___ This is a sample issue

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___ We don't like the sound of your
name

___ Get off the dime...this is your last
issue till you do something

___ Other mysterious reasons which you
alone are aware of.

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