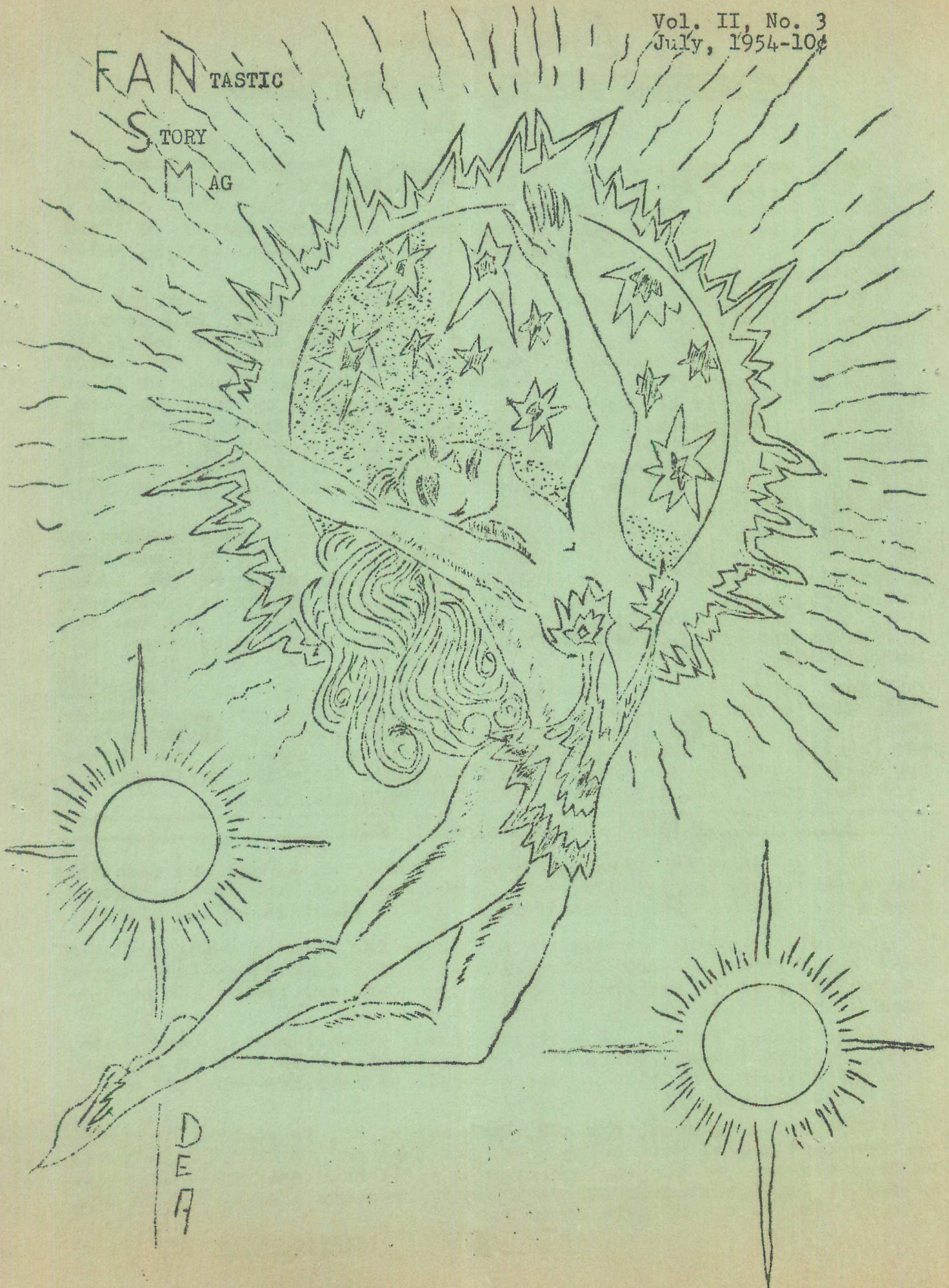


Vol. II, No. 3
July, 1954-10¢

FANTASTIC
STORY
MAG



A Department Where the Editor Meets Himself

BY RON ELLIK

Well, well, well. . . . on time at last. 'Twould seem to me that this is the first since last November that FANsm has come out on time --and all because I am no longer dependent on Larry Balint's mimeo. For I now have my own ABDick...a 1920 model purchased second- or third-hand for \$50.00. Nice, big, legal-size roller, internal inking, automatic counter... Fie on Balint.

This is my first issue with the new editorial policy and the new assistant editor. QUANDRY and Vick are here together, in a tour de force that I'm hoping will brighten up the old mag some and put a new lease on it's life. The selections from QUANDRY are not the best I could have made---I know that, but there's nothing I could do about it; my only sources of old Qs were Forry Ackerman and Stan Woolston. And Stan has a very unreliable collection; he calls it an accumulation rather than a collection. Forry turned out to have been in the unfortunate (for me) position of not having received all issues of QUANDRY, so I was a bit out of luck all around. I'm hoping those present will be sufficient, tho.

Next issue: LE ZOMBIE. Bob Tucker and I are already working on the thing. No definite plans for anything as yet--but just the name Le Zombie is enough to ensure a good issue. That will be the issue in January, 1955. My Annish, however, will be out in October, this year, filled with con reports and some short new fillers. Not one bit of reprint material. Con reports from Bellefontaine, Manchester and San Francisco.

Next issue also (in January), a change of title. Geis, Piper,--hell; most everybody has been jumping all over me, to get me to change the title. And lately I've come to agree with them.... It won't be a new fanzine---I'll keep the Volume and Number the same and just change the title. Watkins can keep listing FANTASTIC Story Mag until January 15. Then comes Vol. III, No. 1, Whole #7 of MALIGNANT.

"Who sawed Courtney's boat?"

That up there is a reprint from QUANDRY--for, as all who read this last issue of Psychotic know, Bob Tucker started the whole blasted mess off in fandom with an article in QUANDRY about interlineations.

One of the pages towards the middle of the zine--I don't remember which one right now---came out partially upside down. I noticed during the rolling that it was coming out upside down, and turned the rest around so most of it is OK.

Eric Jones, Xanadu, 44 Barbridge Road, Hester's Way, Cheltenham, Glos., England (whew), wants correspondents who would like to swap Br. mags for USzines. He also edits a couple of fanzines--ad for one of them on my bacovert.

Calvin Thomas Beck, Box 498, Hackensack, NJ, is popping back into the prozines again, with columns in SPACEWAY and SFDIGEST. He wants we faneds should be sending our mags so he'll have something to review ---and it won't be 'editorially-directed' reviews like he had in SFQ, either. That's why he quit Lowndes.

C O N T E N T S

	Editorial, by thed.	11
Ron Ellick, EDITOR	QUANDRY, selections by thed.	2

Shelby Vick,
ASSISTANT
EDITOR

art:
DEA, Page
Brownston
puffins by
Shelby Vick,
and li'l pee-
pul by Lee
Hoffman.

FANTASTIC Story Mag is edited and published by Ron Ellick, 232 Santa Ana, Long Beach 3, Califandom. Bi-monthly, coming out 15th alternate months, Jan-July, with the Annish in October. Five issues a year; three of them going for 25¢, single issues a dime; longer-term subs discouraged. Trades with any and all other fmz. desired. As would seem to be the custom nowadays, I'll state right here that I'm a vociferous 7th Fandomist, and will take on everybody that cares to argue. This, however, does not hold tru for Shelby Vick, the assistant-editor, who is a Six F'er and a Floridan to boot.

QUANDRY

2	A Reprint Edition	Wearisome Publications	July, 1954
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The Herein

The Harp That Once or Twice.	Walt A. Willis	2
Willis Discovers America.	Walt A. Willis	6
Fan File.	Richard Elsberry	8
The Tragedy of Fannius McCainius.	Lee Hoffman	9
Fan File.	Rick Sneary	14
From der Vood-Vork Out.	Bob Silverberg	15
Fan File.	Joe Kennedy	17
Said I to Myself.	Marion Zimmer Bradley	18
Fan File.	Bob Shaw	27
Nolacon Report.	Bob Tucker	28

QUANDRY is what Lee Hoffman laughingly called published with a frequency that she laughingly called monthly at the sign of the phantastically phizzled physiognomy. Editorial offices were at Hoffman Hovel, 101 Wagner Street, Savannah, Ga. (Lee still lives there, by the way.) It sold for 15¢ a copy, \$1.50 a year, 6/- a year. QUANDRY, as anyone who read it will tell you loudly, was the best Sixth Fandom zine. All material is reprinted by permission of Lee,

from QUANDRYs #11, 13, 17 & 20:

THE HARP THAT DANCE ON TWICE

by Walt A. Willis

I see that in DAWN & THE IMAGINATIVE COLLECTION the well-known litterateur Russell K. Watkins has something to say about my remarks on fanzine nudes. (Unfortunately he doesn't mention just who made the remarks, thereby reducing the egotism-content by about 80%.) He says it's ridiculous to say that nudes are easy to draw. Speak for yourself, Russell. Even I, who cannot draw an egg, can draw a recognizable nude. I admit that I'm not particularly interested in eggs. Mr. Watkins goes on to say that the squalid material of some fanzines is bringing fandom a "disreputable name". I say, that's bad, isn't it? We could have stood any sort of a name but a disreputable one. He then calls on all "high-minded fans" to help him form a "censor bureau." This is what I resent. The world is already cluttered up with pompous busybodies who think they are fit to decide what everyone else should read. Usually their minds are so high that they smell. If Mr. Watkins wants to improve the standard of fanzines, let him start nearer to home on zines that print things like this about DESTINATION MOON:

"In the outer space scene where one of the crewmen floated off into space, why didn't the ship leave him behind with a l l its speed? It was going thousands of miles an hour."

This, in a science-fiction fanzine! Though the rest of the zine is pretty good, I cannot forgive this. Mr. Watkins: The earth itself is hurtling through space at thousands of miles an hour, yet if you jump off it won't leave you behind. Unfortunately.

Fanzine fillers are sometimes so good that I suspect that whole zines have been published just to work one of them in. Or maybe it's just that the harassed editor is in such a frenzy to get the stencil finished that the genius which lurks in the subconscious of every true fan takes over. Anyhow, there are scores of fanzines which are memorable only for their filler material. I suppose that it's too much to hope for that fanzines should consist entirely of fillers, but I would like to see an anthology of them. (Clairvoyance, Norm?--ellik.)

Here's one that I would nominate for a start. It's from a prewar British mimeod fanzine called NOVAE TERRAE, whose title, translated into English as NEW WORLDS, became that of Ted Carnell's excellent present zine. Ted Carness was associate editor of the fanzine, along with somebody called Arthur C. Clarke. Among the fan contributors was W. F. Temple. In the June, 1938, issue, the following appeared at the foot of page ten:

Letter to the Editor from William F. Tumble

Dear Gore,

I am ¹2sorry to see that another of my artikles in the ¹2last issue of NOVAE TERRAE has been spoilt by by carless typing. How can a writer put his work in-to his heart when foolish misprints make it appear ridiculous? Please try to do better in future.

William F. Simple

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Sorry, Mr. Pemple. Great care has been taken to eliminate all such errors in this issue. Meanwhile we would say ~~xxxxxx~~ and ~~xxxx~~ and ~~sincerely~~ wish ~~xx~~ ~~xxxx~~ to you.)

It occurs to me that at the moment there are precious few faneds who could have been trusted to reproduce that last piece without adding a few errors of their own. ((Me included-- tho I did get through with only one change from the duplicate. Where I have $\frac{1}{4}$ there should be a three-fourths, but I don't have one.--ellik.))((Us included - though I did get through with only one change from the original. Where we have three-fourths there should be a five-eighths, but we don't have one.--hoffman.)) It's all very well to misspell for effect, as Snedry does. His misspellings are inspired. Some of them, like "rockous voice", are better than the original. But nowadays we are getting a lot of faneds who are just plain careless. Even if they really can't spell themselves, they should be able to copy someone else's stuff accurately. But look what happens to a contributor in one of these zines:

"the shirking universe theory." (I'll bet the theory doesn't work eigher.--waw)

"The only way to describe Bradbury's writing in this piece is poignate." (Go on, you can't have been trying--waw)

"What a scared cow stf is becoming." (This ed deserves the Scared Order of the Brass Neck--w)

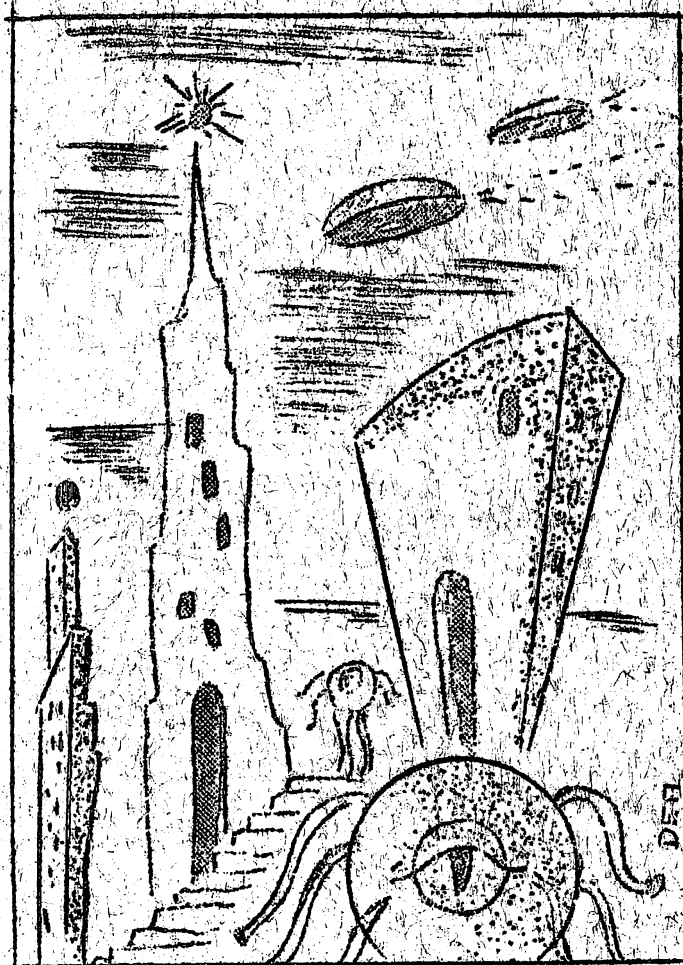
Today's new subber kindly pastes on the back of his letter a copy of our last review in AMAZINE. I can hardly believe it, but Phillips has done it again. In the first issue I ever sent him there was a mild little pun about my grandfather having been a printer and I having merely reverted to type. An innocuous little thing, compared to some of the monsters I have created, but it must have left a lasting impression on Phillips. In every review but one in the last two years he has quoted it. Less and less verbatim each time, but there's no doubt he got the point all right. I can just imagine Rog that first time, reading solemnly through the heap, restapling tidily the last disintegrating mimeod crudzine, and going home to a quiet read and a smoke and then to bed. About half-past-four he wakes up screaming hysterically, "REVERTED TO TYPE! Hahahahaha. Hohohohoho." Alarmed, the neighbors send for a doctor. "Nurse, the hypodermic." At last he quiets down, save for an occasional tortured murmur, "Grandfather, printer, type." The neighbors go back to bed. But Rog is never again the same. I can tell you, I'm dead scared to make another pun in case it kills him.

To a non-fan there won't seem anything so very extraordinary about the issue of British AUTHENTIC SF Monthly published on Dec. 15th. The full-length novel, by editor HJCampbell, is a simple story about a great scientist who is reaching the moon.

But, to the non-fan, this novel is merely one of the better efforts of AUTHENTIC which has been presenting--at least in Campbell's onw--a series of honest and well-written novels aimed primarily at the newcomer to sf. To Br. fandom it is much more. In fact, there has never been anything quite like it in the history of fandom. Joe Gibson used fan names in one of his recent prozine stories, but Campbell used fans. The great scientist is our own Arthur Clarke, thinly disguised as "Atan Cark". (And how did they disguise his Ego?--ellik.) And the devoted band of followers are the London Circle, appearing as themselves under the leadership of Sed Linell (Ted Carnell). Once all this dawns on you the book becomes a joy to read, an utter treasure house of fan mythology. It's fascinating enough to see contemporary events in fandom like the Clarke-Morley controversy in the PICTURE POST dealt with like this:

"But Atah had faith. Maybe that's what kept him going over all the years of frustration and ridicule. Like when that other 'scientist' back in 51 reckoned that Atah didn't know as much as he said he did. Reckoned in print, too. But when the world's experts in astronomy and astronautics mildly pointed out that Atah knew much more than he said he did, the other man climbed down---and Atah climbed up. It happened every now and then."

--but when our sophisticated London Circle romps out onto the launching site like a troop of Boy Scouts. ("They're good boys" says Atah Ark) it becomes excruciatingly funny to anyone who knows that hard-bitten bunch of charming loafers. As self-appointed scourge of the Circle it fills me with fiendish glee to read of them in Ecuador with this deified Ego Clarke. How this Beaver Patrol sets to with a will under Scoutmaster Sed Linell and are awfully helpful ("Thirty happy faces, sixty willing hands. . . Great lads, they were") (Oh, NO!--ed.) and how they have a moving little ceremony where they present Atah with a simply lovely chronometer which they had all clubbed together to buy out of their pocket money and how that must have been Just What Atah Wanted (The BIS seem to have forgotten to put one in the ship, or maybe they saw the collection going round) and how he hasn't just known what to say and had just stood there and how they all carried him back to the refectory and "made him drink ten glasses of orangeade in quick succession" and how Atah takes care of the chronometer as if it were the most precious thing on earth--or, rather, Moon--all through the excitement when the whole outing is nearly spoiled by a horrid cynical bespectacled fellow who hates Atah Ark and doesn't really believe in space flight and who has to be done away with in the end.



I got a review copy of this AUTHENTIC as early as mid-November and had the unspeakable joy of telling Wm. Temple all about it. He wrote: "I shocked Bert Campbell at the pub by hissing 'The Moon may be Heaven but there'll be Hell to pay when it comes out.' His jaw dropped and his beard with it. He'd been keeping it all dark--he thought. I tried to shock Atah Ark, too, but that of course was impossible. He'd read the book. In fact, I suspect rather he wrote it. Some Thursday I'll pull Campbell's beard off and find The Ego under there. . ."

Naturally the Belfast Triangle presented its compliments to the London Circle and asked if it started to contribute toward Mr. Clarke's chronometer could it come to Ecuador too, please. No reply has yet been received to this demarche, but a little Bert tells me we haven't seen the last of this immortalization of fans in the pages of AUTHENTIC. . .

(Note: AUTHENTIC is published at 1&2 Melville Ct., Goldhawk Rd., London W. 12. Six @ \$1.50--waw.)

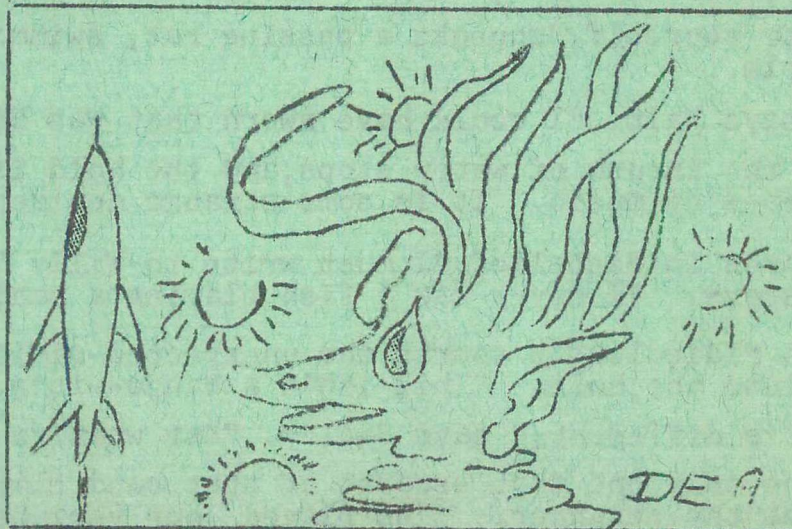
I got a fascinating letter this morning from Jim Harmon about my defense of GALAXY against him. He starts off by pulling my leg with a lifelike character study of the poor little LNF being unfairly persecuted by the brutal BNF--which might have fooled me for a minute if I'd been a bit more conceited or had forgotten his own harboiled column in PEON--an then goes on to say more cruel and hurtful things about Gold, including an accusation that he told lies about the reason he didn't have a letter section in GALAXY. According to hardboiled Harmon it seems he never really meant to have one and just pretendd he was going to do so so as to enlist the all - powerful support of fandom; once he had our irresistible might committed to his side he made up that yarn about his readers saying they didn't want a letter section. Thus racket-buster Harmon speaketh. Now, it so happens I have some confirmation that what Gold says is true. I don't like quoting his private letters, but if it'll do Gold any good with fandom I'm willing to take the risk he'll be sore at me. I like Gold. If you can ever judge people by their letters he is absolutely sincere and honest, and one of the nicest people I've come across since I entered fandom.

About the letter section business: I'd wondered if he'd found actifans wrote in as much without the prospect of seeing their names in print. He said:

Active fans do write in, regardless of the fact that there is little prospect of egoboo. They are simply outnumbered about 10-1. . . . When I was challenged on this point ((the votes versus a letter section--hofman.)) by Isaac Asimov and Judith Merrill, and some others, I let them slog through the crammed files month by month, and see for themselves. It amounts to a mandate the vote is so astonishingly large and clear. I was somewhat tossed by it, too. . . . I had announced a letter column and hastily had to cancel it when the protests I'd promised to listen to began streaming in.

Well, I suppose I may as well be hung for a whole hog as a lamb, so I'll quote from Gold's last letter, too:

Fandom was perfectly right in complaining about my horn-tooting. Bill Temple correctly diagnosed it as uncertainty, but that's only part of the answer. Besides my need to produce a better magazine than Astounding, I had some behind-the-scenes conflicts with S&S that goaded me all the more. These are pretty well out of the way now.



part two:

WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA

by Walt Hisownself

(In the last installment (CONFUSION 8) our heroes were arrested by the New York Immigration Officers, all fanatical devotees of Chu. Willis rashly reveals himself to be a worshipper of Roscoe, the True Faith, and he and Vick are disarmed (water-pistols, no doubt--ellik.) and chained in the hold of the Immigration Office Launch. They are now being transported to Ellis Island.)

"Your Immigration Service not only disarms me," says Willis, "it sends me into brasports."

"Oh, shut up," says ShelVy crossly. "Ghosh I wish I had a cigarette." He paces up and down the narrow hold, the ball and chain at each ankle clashing about as he waks and making his remarks sound like a Stan Kenton vocal arrangement.

"It's a good thing Im a chain smoker," says Willis, puffing reflectively at a link of mild steel. "While you've been stalking up and down there throwing your weights around I have figured a way to get us out of here."

"How?" asks ShelVy, pulling up his stalking.

"We'll bore a hole in the side of the ship," explains Willis.

"With what?"

"With one of my boring articles, of course." He takes the deadly thing out of his pocket and presses it against the side of the ship. It makes very little impression. "That's only to be expected," says WAW, "it had the same effect when it was published. Everyone said it had no point. Here, we'll try this very cutting one I wrote about Watkins."

This time the article rapidly bores its way through the ship's effete timbers. In a few moments it cuts completely through. A torrent of water pours through the hole, rapidly filling the hold.

"Hmm," says Willis, "something would appear to have gone wrong. Wonder if I have another article with a good plug in it?"

"PUNS!" shrieks Vick hysterically. "At a time like this. We are trapped! Trapped, I tell you, trapped like rats in a trap!"

"Speak for yourself," squeaks a passing rat, swimming confidently through the hole.

"Hmmm," says Walt, "I could have sworn that was Edwin Sigler."

Abruptly the inrush of water stops, and the hold is floodd instead with liquid notes of music. It is some strange denizen of the deep.

Shelby stares in disbelief. "I must write to Willy Ley about this," he awedly whispers. "I never saw a fish playing a banjo before."

"Don't be ridiculous!" snorts the unexpected visitor, wedging himself further into the hole. "This isn't a banjo--it's a guitar."

"Oh, that's different," says ShelVy. "But what're you doigg here?"

"I was the only one that escaped of that band playin at the quayside," explains the stranger. "WB played our very best, but we were drowned by the cheering crowd."

"You must have been playing in the wrong quay," comments Willis. "But what's your name, and what do you want?"

"I'm Ted Sturgeon," says the stranger, "and I'd like to help." He proffers a fin.

"Keep your filthy money," says Willis proudly. "As a true fan I would never accept money from vile pro--" He stops abruptly since ShelVy kicked him violently on the shin. There is a muttered conversation in which the words 'five dollars' can be heard. Willis rapidly divides by 2.82.

"On second thought," he says, "I've decided that since you are not a filthy huckster we can accept your help. We'll send you to rouse fandom on our behalf. I'll just dash off a brief note telling them of our plight."

Two hours pass and Walt is still battering away at the typewriter. Shelby goes over to him. "All you need to do is ask for help," he complains. "You don't have to write a column about it. And what's all this here about the April 1943 ast? How will that get us out from behind bars?"

"Well, it would give me a complete file," pouts Willis. "But all right; there." Tearing a small piece of paper from the roll in the typer he hands it to Sturgeon. "Go!" he points dramatically in the direction of the Sargasso Sea. "Tell Fandom!"

As Sturgeon wriggles out of the hole and darts away, the sea begins to pour in again. The water level in the hold rises. The ship takes on a heavy list, which is checked.

"As if things weren't bad enough," groans ShelVy, "they have to take aboard the DondDay Prozone Index! What'll we do now?"

"I think we could bore another hole and let the water out."

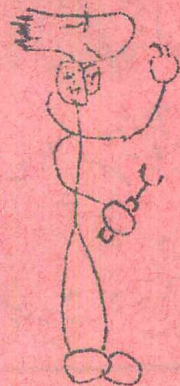
"That's absurd," cries Shelby. "What's to stop the water from coming in through both holes?"

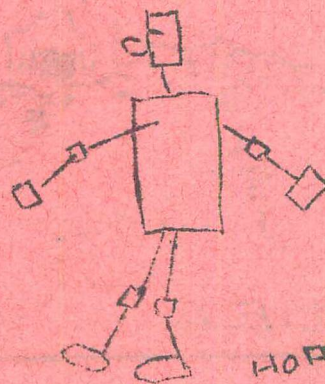
"Easy," says WAW. "We'll label one hole 'IN' and the other one 'OUT'. Any water worth its salt will be able to tell the difference."

"I don't think it's quite as briney as that," doubts Vick.

They are still arguing when the ship grinds to a shuddering stop and cries of panic are heard from above. The ship is sinking rapidly.

(What has happened to the ship? Will the brave Sturgeon get through with his vital message to fandom? Will fandom be able to rescue WAW and Vick from the clutches of the savage hordes of Ghu York? Watch your fanzines for further installments of the stirring saga. Part III in CONFUSION 9.)





HOPE 51

fan file:

RICHARD ELSBERRY

I was born---so the story goes---on Oct. 22, 1932. That makes me 18 now in case you're too lazy to figure it out. For years I lived in blissful ignorance of science-fiction until one day in 1946 when I somehow got hold of a copy of the antho, "The Best of Science Fiction." From that moment my fate was sealed. My stamp collection has gone to hell, as have the other hobbies I once had. I didn't discover fandom until early 1949, which means I've been active about two years.

Statistics: 69 inches tall, to the toledo at 200 plus lbs., blue eyes, blond hair (crew cut), and an appendix scar (this is for identification purposes only). Have worked in a body shop, clothing factory, interior decorator, and as a soda jerk.

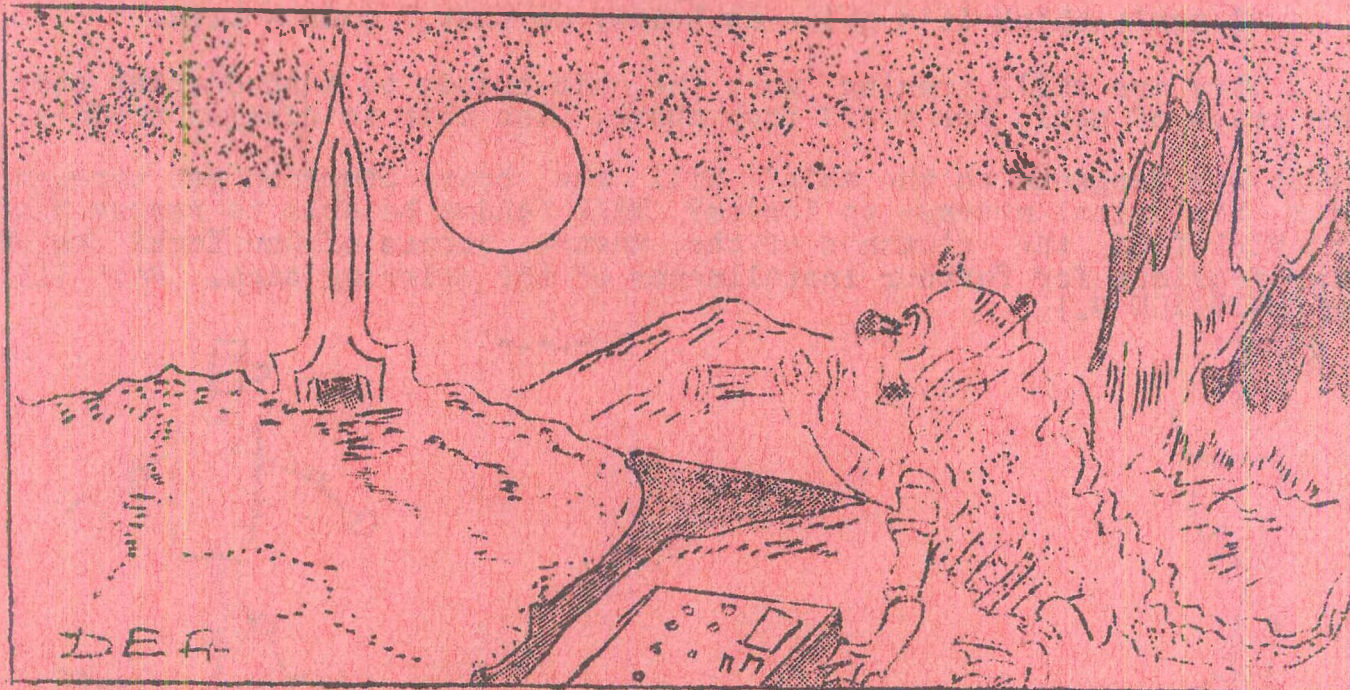
Right now my main occupation is studying. I'm a freshman at the University of Minnesota, majoring in Chemical Engineering. I wonder how many fans take scientific courses?

Hobbies: Naturally STF is first. Reading, that is. Then comes writing for the fanzines. Chess is my next ranking hobby and collecting Stan Kenton and other jazz artists also take up my time and money. Going to MFS meetings and functions constitute most of my local fanac. MFS is the Minneapolis Fts Society. And I recently found that some of the members actually read STF now and then.

Am a member of SAPS and FAPA for which I publish Snulbug, V-P of ISFCC, CoEd of ODD, Ed of the MFS Bulletin, and in the staff of the Minn. Technolog. Have also been Welcome Chairman of UM, and Trade Manager of ISFCC. About the only thing I do with any regularity is write "Nothing Sirias" for ODD.

Peeves: Dianetics, sloppy mimeoing, Wollheim's magazines, amz, people who dislike Kenton because "he's too loud", shaver, fanfiction, and people who say Astounding is going to hell.

Ambition: To get to New Orleans this summer.



The Tragedy Of

Fannius

McCainius

(A Shakesbeerian Play)

. . . by Lee Hoffman

Act One

Scene: A street in Eugene, Oregon, site of the 17th World Stfcon

Leecius Jacobus: Hence! Home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know ye not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon this day without the latest FAPA mailing?
--Speak, what FAP art thou?

Waltius Willis: Why, sir, an Irish FAP recently Big Poned,
Without funds to return home, and in this strange
land stronded.

Jacobus: Where is thy FAPazine and thy buck fifty, hey?
Knowest thou not that all must pay?
Unto the royal coffers must each man
Give one dollar fifty American.

Willis: Ay, noble sir, but how wouldst an Irishfan poor
And stranded on this shore
And not in the best of health
Gain such Yankee wealth?
Unto you this tale I tell;
If a bob would be acceptable,
Then Robert Shaw I'd gladly give, I will
For well he would the royal coffers fill,
And unto overflowing, with Irish wit
That, witless, plagues and give a fit
To those who press the slanted press
Till laughter hinders all progress.
Yes, Shaw I'd gladly give
For just the gnance to live
As once I did, midst hi-fi amps
Without a thought of mental cramps
And twisted wit and humor grave
Which, tho I face with courage brave,
I'd rather flee, unto the night
Where darkness reigns and there is no White.
I'd rather walk among the heather
And never hear the words "a feather".
Yea, if to give is FAPAn law,
I beg you let me give Bob Shaw.

Jacobus: Cease thy idle banter, Willis,
For surely thou does t try to fill us
To overflowing with useless prattle
Of Shaw and White and Irish cattle.
Not more of this blarney will we hear.
So pay your dues and let there be beer!

Willis:

Oh, sire, you do not hear me right,
For tho I speak of Shaw and White,
I would unto you make it clear
That I haven't a penny to spend on beer.
I've given you so many clues
To the fact that I've no money for dues
Think you that had I a dime
I'd waste my time on this silly rhyme?
For if I had some dough
I'd swiftly go
Thru yon door
To Bire's shore
A ticket to buy,
That would I. . .
For I'm not content
With the time I've spent
With Fannius McCainius.
Let me go
For now I know
That this McCainius
Is out for gain, he is.
My info's straight
He wants to dictate
O'er each fan
That's in the band
Called FAPA.

Bobus Tuckerri:

I'm very tired of listening to
This Irish stew
About the noble fan
McCainius, for e'ry man
Knows of Fannius' works
And of the potent thought that lurks
Behind each word
That's heard
From the noble fan, McCainius.

So here, Jacobus, take this buck fifty
And when buying beer be not thrifty.
We'll not deny this slanter of words
His right to be among the birds
Who put out FAPazines.
Let this poster of Outpost, this harping Harp,
Become a member of the FARE.
And though I blush at such forced rhyme,
My time shall come, and come in time.

Shelbus Vickus:

Listen, Willis, for I say
That a plot is underway
To free our land
Of the treacherous fan.
And altho it may pain us,
We shall kill McCainius.
For anyone who would dictate
To his fellow vertebrate
Deserves to die,
Say I.

Willis:

Aye.

Vickus:

So come and listen to the plan
To put an end to the man
Who would enslave us.
For you, Willis, will help save us.

Willis: Aye.

((fanfare, followed by Paul Ganely. Enter Fannius McCainius and party))

Coswalius: McCainius for emperor of the FAP!
There is no more deserving sap.
No member of this train is
Half as deserving as McCainius.
Now, peace ho, Fannius will fain speak.
List' to the words that drop from his beak.

McCainius: Caldonia!

Caldonia: My Lord?
Thy word
Has reached my ear.
You call for me, I hear.

Eneyis: Beware the ides of SAPS!

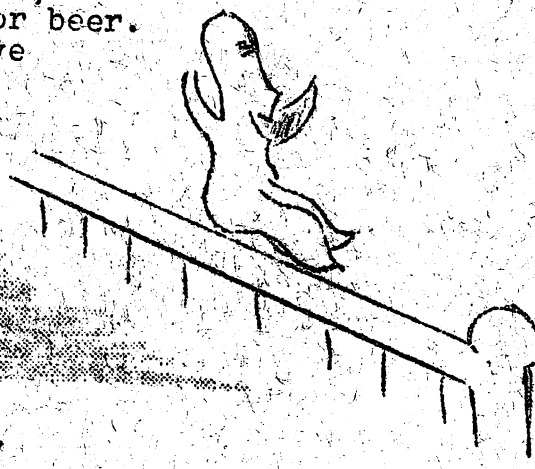
McCainius: What man is this that walks
Within my train and talks
of SAPS?

Coswalius: Out of the many, he is
The one called Eneyis.

McCainius: He is a dreamer. Let us leave him.
But scorn him not, for I would not grieve him.
A noble editor this Eneyis,
Some say better than FTLaney is.

Caldonia: Oh, noble lord,
Whose honored word
Doth proclaim
A fannish fame
An honored name
Which none dare shame:
I've seen a vision in the skies,
Which tells to me that danger lies
About thee in the men,
Who call themselves "devoted fen".

McCainius: A goodly prophet you, as well as a darn good cook.
--Among my men? Well...yon Willis has a lean and hungry look.
And when I look to Tuckerri
I see a wary, watching eye.
But noble Jacobius, I give
My trust, for I knew he'd as lief I live,
For when e'entide draws near,
I invite him to my house for beer.
In return I know he'd strive
To keep me alive.



Caldonia: Yes, sire, a good man is he.
But what if they offer him beef for free--?
Could you trust him then,
In the hands of unscrupulous man?

McCainius: List' to me, devoted wife,
I'd trust this Jacobius with my life.
He'd never join in nefarious plan
To do away with the noble man
That is McCainius.

Chorus: Yea! McCainius!
(exeunt all but Jacobius & Tuckerri)

Jacobius: I must piece it out.
Shall FAPA stand under one man's awe?
What! FAPA?
My zines did from the mailings of FAPA
The Hoffmaniac drive when Lee was called an emperor.

Tuckerri: Sir, October is wasted 14 days.
I we would mail, we must look to our ways.

Jacobius: Then we must go
To our mimeo.
But I'm in a stew
O'er what to do
About the affair
That's in my hair.

Tuckerri: May I ask
What task?

Jacobius: They say that this McCainius
Trying to make personal gain, he is.
They say that I've naught to fear
For they'll give me free beer
If I'll take part in the scheme
To end his dictatorial dream
And use my little knife
To take from him his life.

Tuckerri: To speak of such things is heresy!
--- They'll give a man free beer, you say?
Hmmm . . .if free beer they'll give,
McCainius has not long to live!

Jacobius: Listen, my friend, and you shall hear
That I've decided on Free Beer.
To the mimeo we'll away.
McCainius shan't live another day!

Act Two

Scene: Convention Hall. Coswalius is introducing guest speaker,
McCainius.

Coswalius: I say this now to e'ry fan:
We should honor this mighty man;
Honor the noblest fan to live.
Unto McCainius, what is McCainius' give.

Chorus: Yea! McCainius!

McCainius: Lend me your ears, for I have a plan
To elevate the noble fan
Known to his fellows as a FAP
Far above the common sap:
To the summit of his dream,
To a place of glorious esteem.

Willis (aside): Listen now, for we have a plan
To put an end to this bragging fan.
As Tuckerri said of those who rhyme,
"The time shall come" --aye, and now's the time!

Vickus: O, Fannius McCainius--

McCainius: Hence! wilt thou hold up the FAPA mailing?

Tuckerri: Great McCainius--

McCainius: Doth not Jacobius beerless knell
And ask a can to wash down the noon meal?

Jacobius: Nay, Lord--

Willis: You'd have each man on bended knee!
Well, let my typer speak for me!

(He draws a typewriter from beneath his robe and drives it onto McCainius' neck. Vickus and Tuckerri follow. Jacobius is last to thrust.)

McCainius: Et tu, Jacobius?

Jacobius: Drank two, McCainius. Free Beer for all!!!

McCainius: Then fall, McCainius. . .
(dies)

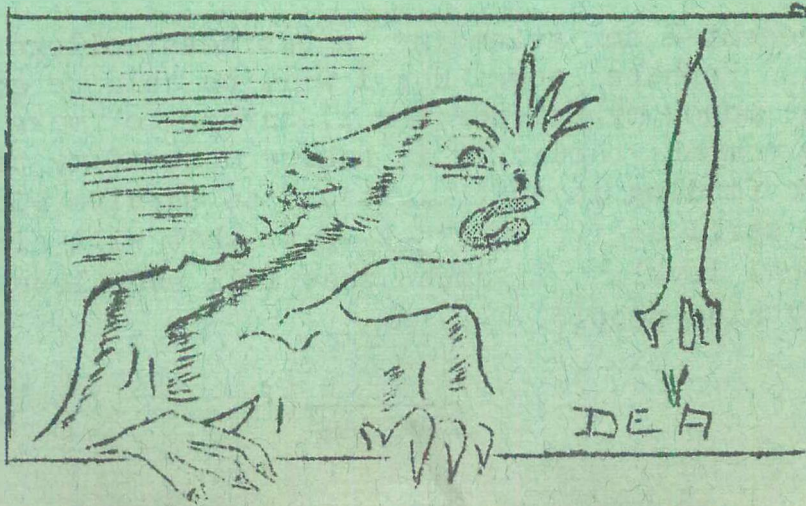
Coswalius: Oh, mighty McCainius, doth thou lie so low?
Are all thy FAPazines, SAPSzines, subzines, gratiszines,
Shrunk to this low measure? -- Fare thee well --

Vickus: Don't take it so hard, kid. We all gotta go.
Come on, let's go have a beer.

Coswalius: Vickus for emperor of FAPA

Vickus: That's the idea!

Willis: So call the field to rest and let's away
To drink as beer the profits of this happy day!
(exeunt)

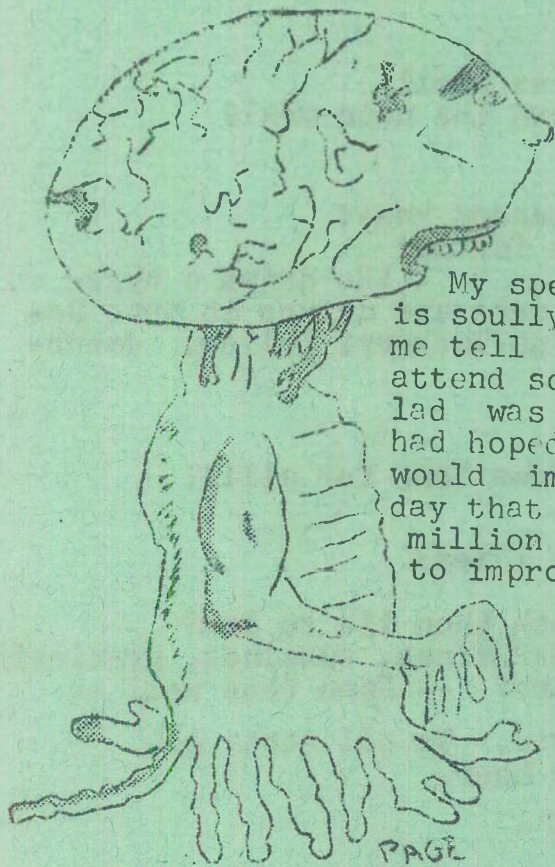


RICK SNEARY

It would seem that most sans when writing about themself eather try to be funny, or to fill up space with out saying much about their subject. I feel that if anyone is interested at all, they want to know as much as possable, and I shall try to follow that line.

I was born Richard Monroe Sneary on July 6th, 1927, of reather average uper middle class parents. My Father is a Union Pacific Railway Engineer, and my Mother is an ex-Harvy Girl, from the days when it was staffed from some of the better Eastern families. I have one sister, who married when I was 11, and thus left me vertually an only child.

In appearance I am told I resemble Ray Palmer some what. A fact that has not prevented me from feuding with that worthy gentelman at times in the past. I'm 5'3", and weigh 100'lbs, with blue eyes and brown hair and, at the moment, mustache. Do to the fact that asthma left me without lungs, I do not smoke, and while not averged to beer, still find it a bitter draft.



My spelling, my apparent greatest clame to fame is soully the result of the asthma which bothered me tell about two years ago. I was unable to attend school, and not being an abnormably bright lad was not overly interested in learning. I had hoped that by writing a great deal that it would improve. But after calqulation the other day that I had written in the neighborhood of a million words, I see there is still much room to to improve.

As with most shut-ins, I was an omnifarious reader, but we neather had, nor like so many fan, did I have access to a good library, so I was limited mainly to magazines. I didn't discover science-fiction tell 1944, but be came an ardent reader at once. I read all I could up untell about a year ago, when after finishing most of the good stories that ever appeared in ASE, I turned to other

feilds of writing which I am now exploring deeper and deeper. Sf is now only the frosting.

At the present I am attending a business college learning to be an accountant. Perhaps some day I will be able to get a job taking care of all the money my friends are planning to make as great writers. At the moment though it is taking most of my time, and fandom and friends are finding it quite possable to survive without my guieding hand. I'm still active in clubs, but that will also have to end, except at a local level. I doubt that I'll ever leave it completely, though, to many nice people.

FROM DER VOOD- VORK OUT

by bob silverberg

I. Received this morning: The Sept. 1951 edition of POSTWARP, which seems to be one of the perennial revivals of the N3F letterzine started by Art Kapp. Outstanding item in this was the solemn announcement by Editor Higgs on the tenth and final pg. of the issue: "Remember - Postwarp is NOT a professional magazine!" In these days of disturbance and turmoil it is indeed comforting to know know that there is one last bulwark of clarity--the fanzine which reminds us that it is a non-professional, rather than letting us judge for ourselves, which might lead to confusion. (Vick wants to know what's wrong with that--ellik.)

II. Time for a change: In their Dec. 10, '51, issue, Time printed an article about an unnamed member of the British Interplanetary Society who had printed up a "British Stellar Passport" and distributed it to a few friends and colleagues. With each ticket went a ticket on the "Flying Saucer Service" and the entire affair was done in a deadpan manner which made it seem completely authentic. The Time story went on to state that someone gave the news to a London tabloid which splashed the passport across half a page and many people took the whole thing seriously.

I wrote to Time, asking if the unnamed member had been Art Clarke, knowing Clarke's reputation as a wag. The following in reply:

"Arthur C. Clarke had a hand in the stellar passport joke, but it wasn't he who thought it up. William Courtenay, a member of the society and aviation correspondent for the Daily Graphic, made the passports. Clarke was so delighted with them that he called in the press. And then the trouble began. . ."

III. I always thought it square, not round: Quote from the jacket blurb of the first edition of Heinlein's "Red Planet":

"Many thrilling adventures come to Jim and Frank, two boy colonists, and to Willis, who is a Martian roundhead. Willis is one of the most fascinating characters we have met---and there hasn't been a character just like him in any book. Willis is unique."

IV. Willis again: I think the unique Mr Willis has already suggested as a fanzine title: "Abdomen, the fanzine with guts," but has anyone thought of "Neuron, the fanzine with nerve," or "Bladder, the galling fanzine"?

V. Copy cat: They tell the one about the copyboy who wanted to see just how many people actually read the long lists of footballsscores printed in the Sunday paper and inserted those three mythical scores in the list before it went to the printer:

Texas Laughing Academy 14. The South 7
Electoral 24. Shellfish 0
Anaheim 6. Again 3

VI. Ain't poverty wonderful? While leaving the post office the other day after mailing a package of magazines Australia-ward, I was startled to hear a voice from somewhere in the back of the building bellow, "Bob Tucker! Phone Call!"

I kept on moving toward the door and didn't realize the true significance of those awful words at once. My first thought was, "Hey, that's interesting---they've got a guy with the same name as Tucker working here." But as I moved out into the street suddenly I realized the full import of those four four fateful words. The truth is out at last! Poor Tuck, having been forced into squalor by rising expenses of fan pubbing, has been forced into living a double life, eking a miserable pittance as a Brooklyn post office clerk while maintaining a fictitious residence in Illinois. This residence does not extend beyond the confines of Box 702. The unfortunate Tucker shows his real starbeggotten fannish spirit, however, by gamely carrying on working for the ChiCon and by spending most of his poor salary in bribes for Bea Mahaffey and others ((Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans --hoff)) who know the truth.

Perhaps you ask how I can be heartless enough to expose poor Bob after saying that he has devoted his wages to keeping the secret? My motives are wholly altruistic. I realize that Bob would not want cash donations, for he has not yet been degraded to the level of charity. But I think we can do this much for the grand old fan: Send your old prozines to Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Ill. (I'm unable to locate his Brooklyn address, but all mail is apparently forwarded by his Illinois cohort.) Fandom can do nothing to alleviate the sad financial condition which fanzine publishing has forced upon Tucker, but we can see to it that he is not deprived of the literature which has formed his life's blood for more than twenty years. After reading your Amazing or Planet, wrap it up and send it to poor old Bob, who, after all, can read it and then augment his meager earnings by selling them to the Salvation Army.

(On the level, Tuck--your namesake helps to handle the Silverberg mail in the Brooklyn 13 P10.)

VII. Uncovered facts: Talk about artists having monopolies over prozine covers is just idle chatter when you discuss Rogers, Jones and Bergey. These guys are just ransient recidivents when you consider these statistics:

Leo Morey did every cover on Amazine from Feb. '30 through April '38, except for one in 1930 and a seven-month spell in '33. What's more, he did every interior pic but one from Aug. '31 through April '38.

Frank Paul painted every cover on Wonder Stories from 1929 through 1936, a total of 80/ consecutive covers. Bergey's best streak was only 38, broken with the Oct. '51 TWS after six years and 27 straight on SS up to the Nov. '51 ish, 44 out of 45 on SS.

Howard Brown (no relation to the Z.-D boss) held a stranglehold on aSF's covers from Dec. '33 to May '37, 44 in a row. After that, he transferred his talents to TWS and painted covers from Aug. '36 thru Aug. '40, 29 more in a row, until he was succeeded by Bergey.

The same Frank Paul who did more than 80 covers for Wonder, eleven for Air Wonder and 14 for the fly without any other artist ever doing a cover for those mags, also painted Amazing's covers from Apr. '26 to June '39, 40 straight.

Hubert Rogers painted 28 covers in a row on aSF from Apr. '40 thru June '42; William Timmins painted 47 out of 49 covers from 1942 thru 1947.

JOE KENNEDY

Were it not for the fact that I am not fully got done with my life, I would be a life-long resident of Dover, New Jersey, a town consisting of ten churches, twenty-four saloons and a reaction motor factory. I am six-foot-four lying down, two inches shorter standing up. I have brown hair, mole on the groin, a canary bird which chews tobacco if you give it to him, eyes the color of cold steel, countless inhibitions, and some three hundred books, ten of which are fantasy.

Eight years ago I blundered into science-fiction and have not yet discovered a way out. Meantime, I have puttered around putting out fanzines of various thicknesses and writing things for magazines, fan and pro. Since last fall I have been going to Columbia for a master's degree and once had the distinction of being greeted by General Eisenhower without recognizing him.

I dislike automats, opera, thousand-page novels, people who regard fandom as a grim crusade rather than something to get fun out of, spectator sports, ketchup bottles with unremovable tops, and the prospect of getting shipped to Manchuria in the infantry. I like jazz, Heinlein, women with lowpitched voices, Simak, Bradbury, steaks, James Joyce, Stapledon, VIP cartoons, champagne, cashew nuts, total eclipses, QUANDRY, dogs, and the smell of vanilla.

I am kind to my mother, believe in the inherent dignity of man, and chew gum all the time when riding motorboats.

FLASH!!

Due to the United States Navy, Joe Kennedy is no longer a life-long resident of Dover, New Jersey.



DEA

S A I D to M Y S E L F

by Marion Zimmer Bradley

"It doesn't make sense to me," said Marybeth uncompromisingly.

"But, darling," I argued, "it's perfectly logical. Stevenson worked it all out in the story of Jekyll and Hyde."

"A fairy story!" scoffed Marybeth.

"No!" I told her firmly. "Prophecy. Like Jules Verne and his submarine. He had the idea; all the scientists had to do was work out the mathematics. I maintain that all we have to do is work out the mathematics. . . or, if you prefer, the psychology. . . through which we can accomplish the schizoid split. And I think I've done it. You see, the recent discoveries about the space lattice and interpenetrating atoms. . ."

"Oh, help!" Marybeth put her pretty hands to her pretty head. "You talk like a textbook, Pete!" She sat down on the corner of my desk, swinging her attractively nyloned legs. "And what good is this going to do, anyway?" she asked. "Mr. Hyde, if I remember the story, was a horrible person. If you turn into that sort of thing. . ."

"Marybeth, you're missing the whole idea!" I insisted.

"I don't want to hear it!" she giggled, and brushed an imaginary spot off the immaculate front of her white laboratory smock. I gave it up. After all, Marybeth wasn't a scientist. But Dr. Marden of the psychology clinic had wanted another confidential assistant; and he already had one trained nurse and one lab technician and his daughter had offered to take over the secretarial end of it.

She wasn't much of a secretary, but she was the one girl I have seen who could look not only pretty, but luscious in the shapless lab coats we wore. I forgot all about my elaborate schizophrenia theories for, after all, the schizos were Doc Marden's business.

I leaned forward over the desk and kissed Marybeth. . .

"Ah-hem!" The acidulous tones of Roz Stratton, trim and dainty in her beautifully fitting nurse's frock, interrupted us. "If I'm not disturbing you, Mister Bent..."

I jumped off the desk as if I'd sat on a live wire, and Marybeth Marden was instantly preoccupied with a button on her lab coat. "It's my birthday, Roz," she fibbed. "Are you going to congratulate me, too?"

Rosalind Stratton was a receptionist-nurse and she was tall and brown-haired and green-eyed in more ways than one. Marybeth was the boss' daughter and Marybeth, she considered, was poaching on her preserves. She handed me a tube and a bottle. "Routine tests on these, Pete. Miss Marden, if you aren't too busy would you type these case histories?"

I guess I'm what's called susceptible. I kept my back turned to Roz while I made the tests, but I felt my ears getting red. There ought to be a law against letting nurses wear such perfectly molded uniforms. I was acutely conscious of the way the white belt drew together at her waist, and the way the dark hair lay against the snowy collar. Gorgeous girls oughtn't work in offices.

I mumbled, "I gotta work, Roz. You ought to let me know when you're coming in, and I'll put blinders on."

"That wouldn't suit me at all!" purred Roz.

"Nurse! Nurse!" came the impatient call from the outer office, in the pompous and fussy tones of the Psychiatrist. Roz grinned, winked at me, and whirled around so swiftly that her dark hair streamed. Everybody jumped when Doc Marden yelled.

I finished the tests, gave the chart to Marybeth to take out into the offices and went back to my interrupted study. This lab routine was only part-time at best, and I had plenty of time to keep up my own medical studies. I lit a cigarette, unbuttoned my lab-coat, and took up a much-chewed pencil, staring at the page before me.

Fundamentally (I had written), the schizophrenic is the man in whom conflicts have become so strong that he can no longer integrate his desires and drives within the limits of a single personality. He is incapable, in fact, of living with himself. The result is a split personality, which permits him to live alternately on two different levels. The case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is too well-known to need clarification.

I put pencil to paper. Now was my theory, and it wasn't orthodox.

"It is my contention," I wrote slowly, stopping to nibble at the eraser like a high-schooler taking term exams, "that every man is by nature dual; not only mentally but physically. In recent discoveries in the field of space lattice, it has been demonstrated that the spaces between atoms and portions of atoms.* Thus, by proper polarization and atomic distribution, it would be possible to pass one solid cube into another so the two literally occupied the same space at the same time.

"I further contend that two such basic bodies, each equipped with brains and identities, comprise the individual that is the normal man or woman. In the adjusted individual, these are permanently integrated and operate in a state of continuous symbiosis; but when the two individuals get out of alignment, a mental separation results, and the result is that the two live in disharmony, with one identity ruling, then the other, alternately. This is what is known as schizophrenia, or split personality.

"However, each of these separate identities possesses a separate physical body, as well. If, when schizophrenia threatens, some way were formulated to separate these bodies, there would be no disharmony.

*This is the way the story read in Q. Quien sabe?--ed.



"This could be done under certain conditions; perhaps, by some physical process or repolarization, possibly by explanation of the astral body, the Ka or Egyptian double, the "ectoplasmic materialization". The necessary conditions. . ."

I broke off there, furiously chewing the eraser. I was sure that the process involved was psychological; the process was a matter of sub-conscious conviction of the possibility and necessity for the schizophysical split, a conviction on the colloidal molecule-levels of the body and brain. What a cure it would be for schizophrenia! I thought jubilantly. Each half would have a body of its own. I tossed my pencil in the air. The Peter Bent cure for Schizophrenia. . . no, the Bent Treatment. It would give me a reputation as big as Doc Marden!

"Are you still working on that crazy stuff?" Marybeth came back to the lab, unbuttoning her smock, folding and stowing it in a locker. She was wearing a sheer silk blouse; she looked kissable and wonderful and Old Man Methusela would've whistled. And I'm only twenty-seven.

Just as the whistle died away, Roz came through the door, buttoning herself into a smooth grey wool jacket. "Five o'clock, Pete," she said chummily. "Are you going to take me home?"

"Why--sure-" I said indistinctly, fumbling with my papers. "Sure--Marybeth--"

"Daddy's calling me," she said tensely, and fled into her father's office. "I'm going home with him."

"Well!" said Roz, lifting her penciled brows. "Our little playgirl secretary has something on her mind! You can't tell me Marden's society-girl daughter has any great contributions to the world in mind!"

"Now, Roz," I protested unconvincingly. "Marybeth isn't really a society girl at heart. . ."

"No, of course not!" Roz said acidly. "She has the welfare of science---rather, of one scientist---very much at heart! Good night, Mr. Bent!" She whirled at the glass door to the hall. "I'll take the subway, thanks!"

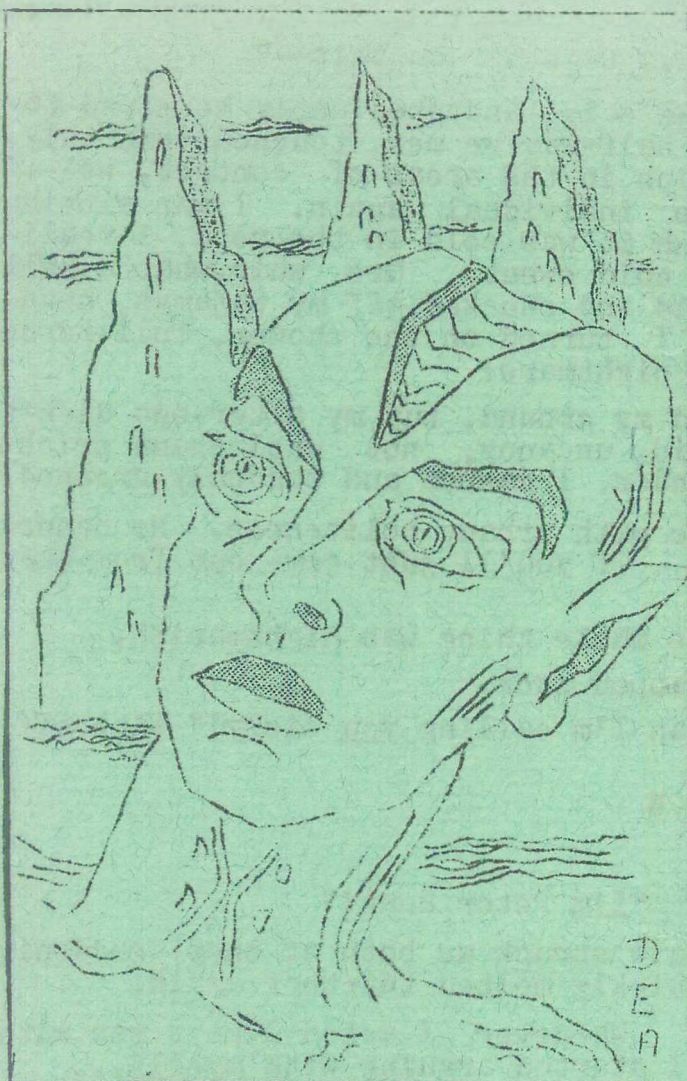
"Roz. . .Rosalind!" I moaned. But the door slammed with a rattle, and I frowned, slumping into my desk chair. Darn it, it wasn't fair to have two pretty girls in the same office.

That seemed to be what Roz thought too.

I had planned to take Roz to supper, but that had blown my plans higher than a kite. I went home gloomily, made myself coffee in the seldom-used kitchenette, and spent part of the evening trying to re-read Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and maybe get some ideas.

I thought hypnosis might accomplish something. I had the makings of a schizo, I knew; I could never make up my mind about anything. As the way I dithered over whom I wanted an office romance with! But self hypnosis was risky. Besides, I didn't know how to go about it. I'm no psychiatrist. I knew, vaguely that it was done with lights--.

I had nothing to lose, anyway. I reflected, and set about dreaming ways and means. My kid brother had left his Erector set here after a visit last spring, and I dragged it out of the closet; with the electric motor I rigged a whirligig device, and fixed a small shaving mirror at one end and the cover of the glass sugarbowl at the other end. Then I turned out the lights and sat staring at the thing.



But it didn't do any good. I stared and stared at it, until I must have fallen asleep in my chair.

When I woke, my whole side was prickling as if it had gone to sleep, and stiffly, stumbling over my own feet, I got up, turned off the still-spinning gadget, tidily put back the top of the sugarbowl, and laughed at myself for making such a ridiculous thing. But I was still convinced that the split could be made. My hand and left arm had gone to sleep, and my fingers were all thumbs, but I undressed, got into a pair of pajamas, and fell into bed. I resolved to try again in the morning.

But I didn't have to.

When I woke, it was one of those drizzly rainy mornings when the panes are washed by long streamers of gray rain, and the noise is like the roll played on a million two-inch drums with toothpicks. I lay there in the semi-dark, looking placidly at the alarm clock, which said three minutes to seven, and wishing I didn't have to go to work. One half of me knew I ought to get up and shut the alarm be-

fore it rang, but the other half didn't want to.

"Brrrrrraaaaannng!"

I cursed the loudness of the clock and with a quick automatic motion leaped out of bed to shut the commotion off.

Or thought I did.

The clock stopped. But I was still lying in bed, my side prickling as if I'd slept on it wrong, and wearing only half a suit of p-j's.

Across the room with his--his?--hand still on the clock, a man was standing. He was wearing the other half of my pajama suit and as I looked--he--reached up and switched on the overhead light.

And even before he turned his face toward me I knew who he was.

Because in a queer way I felt as if I was standing there with the light on. I was standing there.

"Look here. . ." I--we--yelled at once.

"Great- jumping- jee-ho-se-phat!" I yipped.

My other self used a less decorous expression of surprise and dismay.

"Come back here!" I yelped mournfully. I couldn't think of anything else. Holy smoke! Physical schizophrenia--or simple insanity--

My other self reached over, his face working. "Do you mind?" he asked inanely, and pinched me.

"Ouch!" we said together.

"Now, look," I pleaded, "let's get together on this--"

The other me grinned. "Okay," he said, and obediently he moved toward the bed. I rose, smoothly. Half-way we met, touched--smoothly, and with a gentle prickling sensation in the areas of contact, we---I melted in together and was a single individual again. I was sitting on the edge of the bed, and although it was cold in the room, I realized that my armpits were dripping cold sweat. Gee whiz, what a hell of a nightmare! I wiped my forehead and shucked off my pajamas, heading decisively for the bathroom. I turned on the shower, full-forde and ice-cold. That would rout the nightmare!

I hate ice-cold showers. I stood my ground, but my alter-ego didn't have that much nerve. With a liquid, uncanny, not unpleasant prickling, "he" slid swiftly out from under. I gasped and suddenly groaned.

"What's the matter?" inquired he with urbane politeness. He handed me a towel with a ~~sar~~castic bow. "If you'll just come out from that very unpleasant place..."

"Sissy!" I growled angrily. The whole thing was nightmarish.

"Who's calling who sisy?" he snapped back.

"I'm calling me sissy--no, I mean I'm calling you sissy!" With effort I got it straight.

"Well, just who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Peter Bent!"

"The heck you are!" he told me. "I'm Peter Bent!"

The ridiculousness of it must have struck us both at once; suddenly we both burst into laughter, and quickly melted together again.

I was beginning to understand. Whenever I acted like a man with one idea, I was one person. When I started arguing with myself...

At least, I thought grimly, I'll never lack a chess partner!

I dressed slowly, pondering. My hypnosis must have been more successful than I'd thought. On the table, my notes on "artificial schizophrenia" lay where I'd left them, and with a long shudder I reached out, tore them in two and dropped them into the wastebasket.

"Darn it, quit that," commanded an irritated voice, and I turned to see my other half trying to knot his tie. I had melted out this time, and was carefully retrieving the destroyed papers and meticulously pasting them together with transparent tape.

We melted together and again, weak in the knees, sat down and shuddered. It was a long time before I was able to think again. As soon as I could, I picked up the telephone and dialed the office.

Roz answered the phone.

"It's Pete..." I said. "Roz, tell Doc I won't be in today. I'm sick. I'm awfully sick," I elaborated.

"Why, Pete!" her voice was full of concern. "You sound so funny and shaky, you must've caught cold. You poor boy." The voice grew very soft, almost purring, "I'll run right over and make sure you're ok."

"No, no--" I started to protest in panic. "Roz, you mustn't--"

Suddenly---and with dismay---I felt that eerie prickling. Then the phone was grabbed out of my hand---or rather I wrenched the phone from my own hand---and heard my own voice say, "That'll be wonderful, Gorgons!"

"I'll be right over," said Roz, and hung up.

Now I was in a fine mess. I glared at the part of me that was hanging on to the telephone. "Give me that thing," I said annoyedly.

"I will not," I said to myself.

And both halves of me groaned.

Roz would be here in twenty minutes.

"Look here," I pleaded grotesquely with myself. "We can't let Roz see us like this."

"Well, then, come on back where you belong," said my other half amiably, and began to move ominously toward me.

Much as I wanted to be in one piece again, I didn't think I could stand that melting process again without turning into a gibbering, howling maniac.

Evidently this one half of me was in love with Rosalind. But for the first time in my life I was sure completely that I loved Marybeth, and nobody else, and this screwball extension of me would have to fall into line whether he liked it or not.

"You can't do that to me!" he snapped. "I love Roz, and we're going to marry her!"

Could I possibly marry both of them now? No, that was a crazy idea. Besides, I adjusted myself gravely, that would be bigamy.

"Well, look," said I to me sensibly, "we'll have to do something."

"We'll have to duck out before that woman gets here," I moaned. "She'll have me, hook-line-and-sinker, 'fore you can say schizoid."

"Look here," snapped I back, "you're talking about my girl. Shut up or I'll punch us right in my nose!"

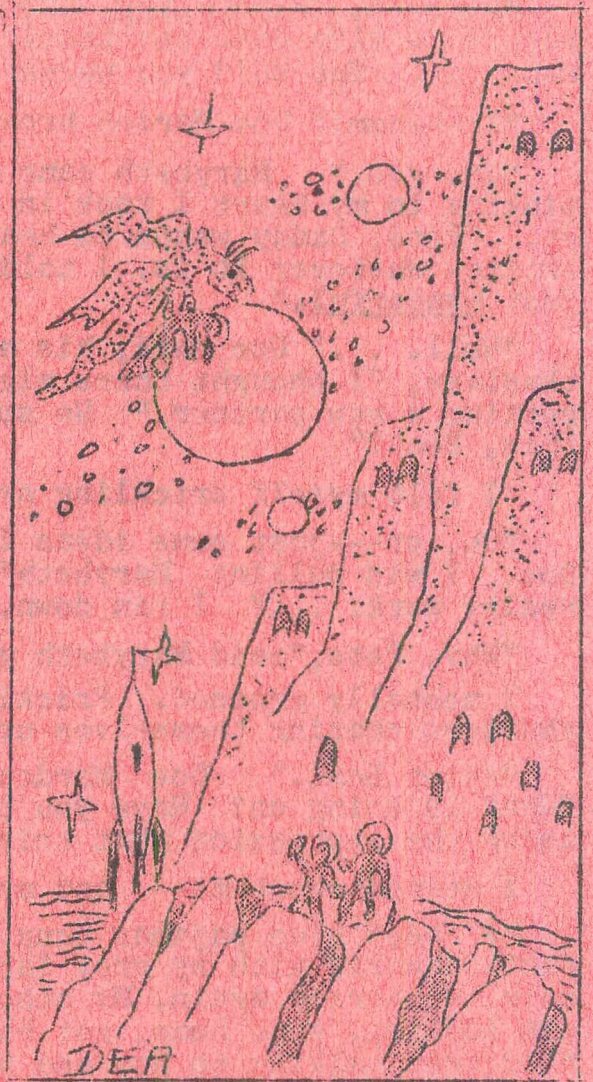
"Well," the alter-ego suggested, "why don't you go down to the office and let me stay here and talk to Roz." He snickered slightly. "I'm not so sure I want a third party around, anyway."

"You're only a hunk of me," I told him wrathfully. "You-- you-pseudopod!"

"You'll see what I am!"

We rushed at each other with only one thought in my two minds--and quite naturally melted together again.

I made my voice casual as I strolled in through the door. "Morning, Doc. Morning, Marybeth. Sorry I'm so late. "I pretended to just notice the empty desk. "I'm not the only one, it seems. Where's Roz?"



Marybeth, struggling into her lab coat with delicious wriggles, blew me a kiss over her shoulder. "Why, she got a telephone call and went out. She said you weren't coming in this morning."

"Er--ahem!" Doc Marden broke in. "Marybeth, you said--"

"Oh, yes." Marybeth came toward me, taking my hand. With a quick sinking in my heart I took in the large solitaire diamond on her finger. "Pete, Daddy wants to hear your ideas about artificial schizzy--- skizzo- whatever it is. I told him al about them and he thinks they're just wonderful."

"Well. . . ." Doc said, his ears reddening a little at the girl's enthusiasm, "I thought there might be something in them. After all, I'm getting a new partner." He spoke with a gruff kindness. "What is all this, Bent?"

"I felt myself prickling nervously, Frankly, I was scared."

"Oh, er---just some ideas I picked up from reading science-fiction, Doc. I was pulling Marybeth's leg a little. I don't guess it would really work. . . ." I ran down.

"Why, Pete," said Marybeth mournfully. "Daddy, he's just being shy."

I mentally groaned. Prickle, prickle, with little melting needly-shudders chasing themselves up and down my back.

"Peter Bent." Doc Marden's voice was suddenly icy and brittle. "What is going on? Have you taken up conjuring tricks? Or were you under the impression that this is a public dressing room?"

I stared about me-- and my mouth fell open.

My faded blue pajamas hung half-way about me, over and intertwined fantastically with my grey lab coat. "Ooooh!" I yowled. I knew I was only one person again. My other self must have sneaked out when I wasn't looking, gone home, got back into bed and put my pajamas on. Maybe he'd been talking to Roz and had vanished into thin air. Heaven only knew! I managed a laugh, avoiding Doc's eyes. "It's nothing--I must've forgotten to. . . ." I clawed at the offending pajamas.

"Eeek!" shrieked Marybeth. I felt my arm prickle. "He's sprouting!"

My obliging alter-ego had thoughtfully extruded one of his arms to help me disentangle the pajama sleeve from my coat.

Doc Marden's bushy brows began retreating to follow his hairline, and he looked at his daughter's disturbed eyes. "Marybeth," he ordered gently, "you'd better go in the back office for a few minutes."

"Yes, Daddy," she squealed, and fled. As the glass door rattled shut, I managed to disentangle the arm of the p-j's. It wasn't easy, for quite obviously the left half of the pajamas was under my lab jacket, while the other side was over the smock. The pajama pants, thank Heaven, had materialized completely under my trousers, and tho they felt like long drawers at least they were invisible, and I let well enough alone. I was wearing two sets of clothes and that's all there was to it.

Doc Marden watched my struggles with an ominous detachment.

"Doc--" I stammered.

That seemed to break the icy silence. He forgot the psychological approach; he forgot his office manners. "Now look here, Bent," he bellowed, "There is a young lady in this office, and I won't have..."

"Please," I pleaded, "let me explain."

The door opened---and Roz Stratton walked in. Her eyes popped and her luscious lips dropped open. "Pete," she gasped. "I left you home in bed."

"Well, Roz," I stammered. "I felt better after you left, so I came in. . ."

"What in the name of Freud is going on?" bellowed the Doc, almost dancing up and down with rage. "Is this a Psychiatric Clinic or a private lunatic asylum? I'll have you all committed! You ought to be in a straight - jacket, all ten or twelve of you! Yes, I'll say you left him home; he came down here so fast that he forgot to take off his pajamas! And what were you going there, anyway, Nurse Stratton? Answer me!"

I turned like a trapped rabbit between the angry doctor and the flabbergasted nurse. Just then a padded cell would have seemed Heaven to me. "Doc, let me explain--Roz--please--"

The problem was settled for me in the way I had subconsciously feared would happen all along. For the now-familiar prickling began---and one half of me, clad neatly in pajamas, stood meekly facing the Doc. "I'm sorry, Doc Marden," I murmured in my approved milquetoast manner--then gasped in horror.

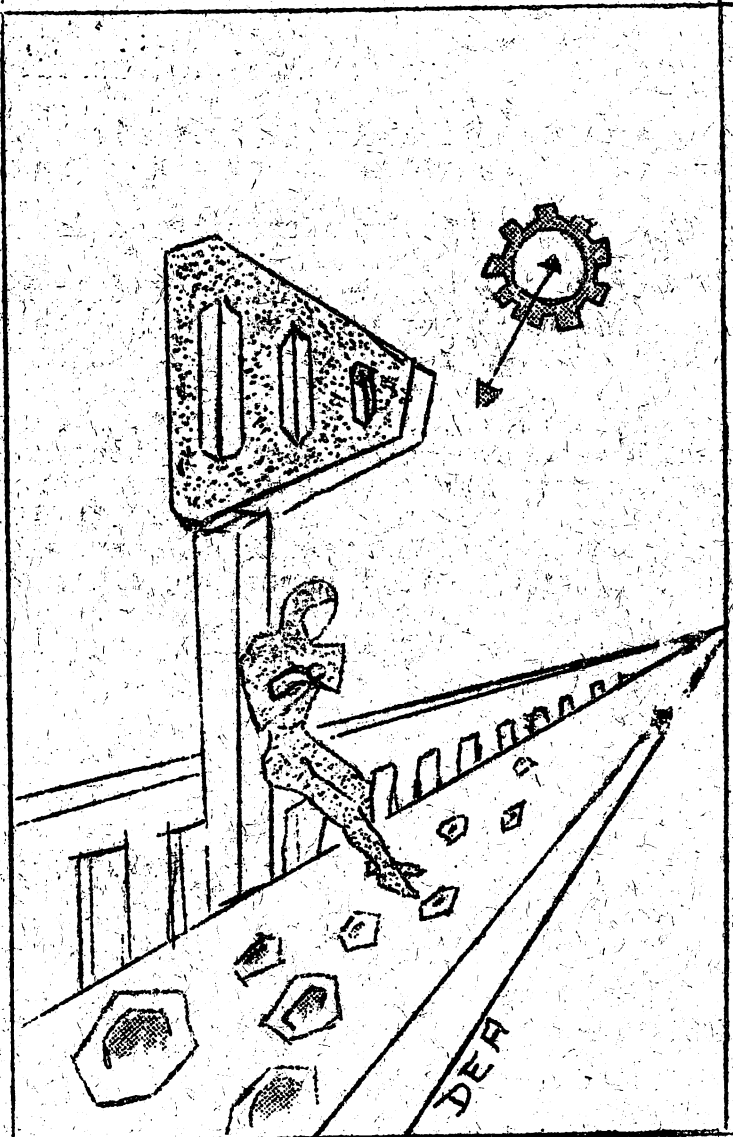
For the other half--wearing my lab coat and pants--strode up to Doc and gripped the huge red nose between my fingers and tweaked it fiercely. "There!" he said, with a savage grin. Then he strode over to Roz and, bending down, planted a kiss on her face. "There, too!"

"Marybeth!" I yelled.

My double turned on me savagely. "Keep out of this, rabbit!"

Roz screamed---broke away a step or two---swung her strong hand and caught my twin across the face with a resounding slap. Then she snatched up her coat from the desk. "I'm resigning! You can mail me my pay, Doctor Marden! I've leaving--right now!" The slam of the door punctuated her sentence. And that was that.

Marybeth peeped in the door---gasped---then suddenly she exploded into the room and flung herself on me, on both of me, pulling us close together, drawing us near. Then staring wide-eyed in innocence at her enraged parent who seemed on the verge of apoplexy, she remarked, "He did it, Daddy. He's just demonstrating his artificial schiz--er, aren't you, Pete?" Her high-heeled little foot trod savagely on my favorite toe.



I stammered, "Eh, sure, sure, Marybeth--" as my two halves melted together. Pajamas and lab clothes mingles in indiscriminate weirdness, but Marybeth's moist kiss cut off any statement. "You see Daddy, Pete told me all about it last night when he asked me to marry him and gave me my engagement ring." Her eyes rested fondly on her left hand.

Hmm. That had been some hypnosis.

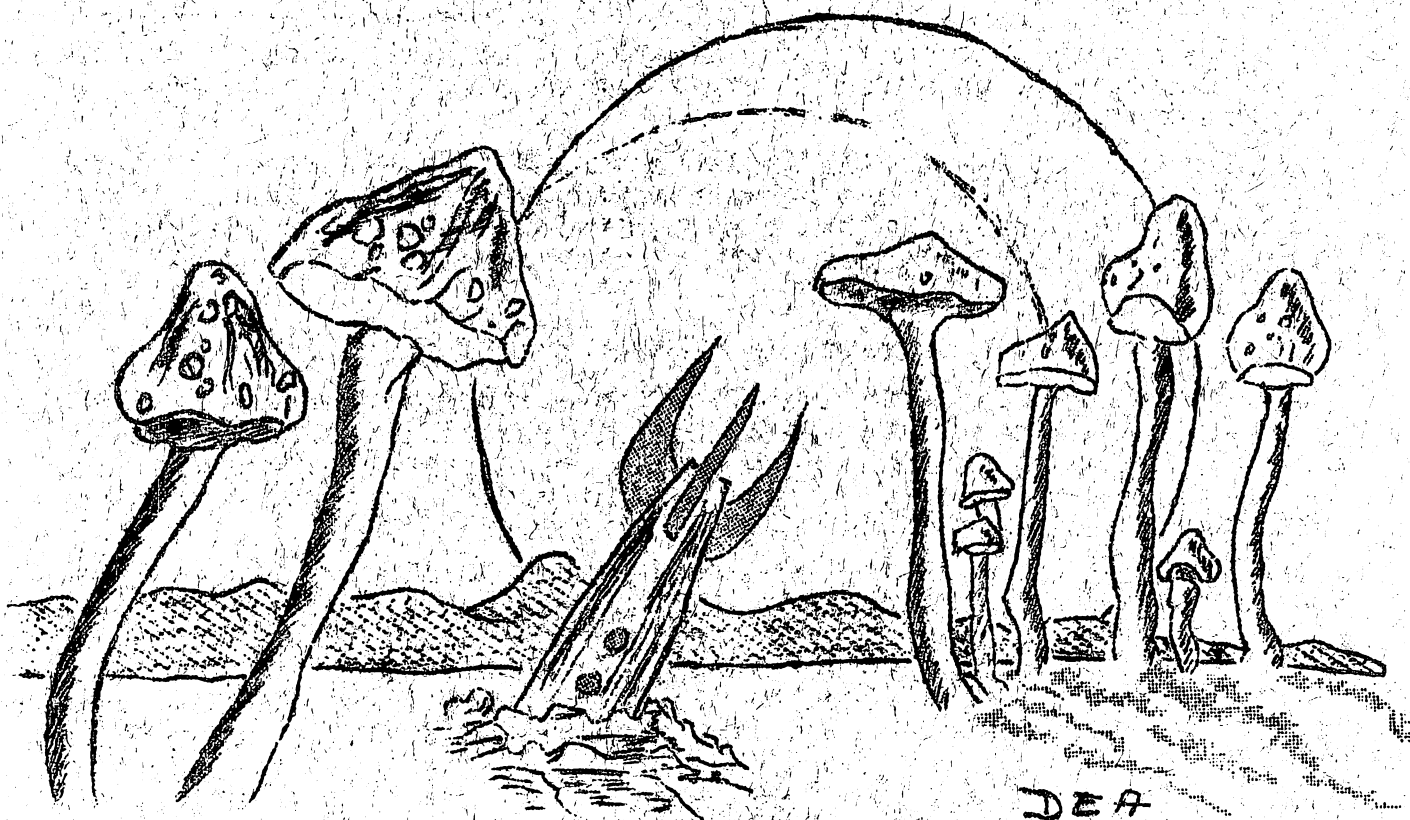
"Well," Doc Marden said, a little mollified, "this is--er--surprising. You must demonstrate further this afternoon." He grinned broadly and clapped me on the shoulder.

That's really all the story. Everyone is now familiar with the Bent Treatment; but I didn't demonstrate that afternoon. When I decided to marry Marybeth I must have cured myself of schizophrenic tendencies; for I was never able to divide myself again. However, the treatment worked perfectly on three of the Doc's pet schizos, and it's now standard medical procedure after a bare three years.

But I wish I could figure out if little Mary and little Beth are really twins!

---mzb---

~~~~~





fan file:

R OBERT S HAW

I was born in 1931 in the middle of the depression---our bedspring sags very badly. Due to a piece of thoughtless impatience on the part of my parents, my birthday falls on December 31st. This pure stupidity means that one present will square me for Christmas, birthday and New Year's---maybe they weren't so stupid. . .

At the age of nine a peculiar effect thrust itself into my notice. In every comic or magazine I bought I always wanted to read first the stories about rockets and space flight. For a while I refused to believe the obvious implications and laughed it off. After all, things like THAT never happen to people you know.

But it was futile--I found myself standing for TWO HOURS at a window looking at the ASF cover for del Rey's "Lunar Landing"---and I wasn't about to get the money to buy it! For years I wandered through life alone and laughed at my friends until I met James White and Walt Willis. The latter had been living less than a mile from my front door all the time.

I knew he was there, of course. The same way astronomers worked out the existence of Pluto by its effects on the orbits of Neptune and the inner planets, and various comets, I knew there was some person who periodically flooded the market (second-hand bookshops) with mags. Periodically, too, he drained it---generally just before I got there.

Before I became an actfan I was keen on severall hobbies such as living and being human, but I don't get time for that now.

LIKES: Illustrating SF, astronomy writing SF, booze, reading SF, girls, talking SF, rice pudding, poker, Robert Mitchum, arguing, being sarcastic, dancing, and SF.

DISLIKES: Getting up early, James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart, creamy milk, Krishnan stories, Shakespear's plays, atheism for bravado, and trying to reason with females.

RELEVANT DATAT: I am 6' 0" in my good socks and weigh 12 stone 12 lbs. (180 lbs.). Browness's one of my hair's properties, and it resembles an explosion in a mattress factory! My eyes are green and my eyelids keep dropping over them. I hate wearing braces.



## NOLACON REPORT

. . .by Bob Tucker

All conventions are dull, listless affairs. I discovered that a long time ago, after faithfully turning up year after year, city after city, card after card at each succeeding clambake. The same haggard old faces--Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans---repeating the same time-worn old words---gladtobehere, gladtobehere, gladtobehere+---; the same huckstering old professionals--Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans--repeating the same old hackneyed comeons--buythis, buythis, buythis. It was so dreadfully monotonous, so crass, so crude, so commercial. Weary of heart, I approached one more city and one more week-end, prepared to once again meet the same old beanie-wearing fans--Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans---squirtng the same old waterguns--squishsquish, squish-squish, squishsquish. It was all so boring, so repetitious.

With all this in mind and an ample supply of aspirin in my old suitcase, I checked into the same old St. Charles Hotel on a Friday afternoon and the room clerk repeated the same old question: "Are you with the science-fiction group?" I couldn't bring myself to lie, and admitted I was. "Welcome, sir," he continued then in the same old vein, "that automatically entitles you to a higher rate. Your Mr. Moore has aranged it. We can give you an \$8 room for \$10.

"Don't want it," I answered, swinging at once into the old routine. "Gimme a \$6 room for \$8."

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir, but I can't. Your Mr. Moore did not reserve a block of \$6 rooms." This too was familiar.

"Indeed?" I said wearily. "And what did our Mr. Block reserve?"

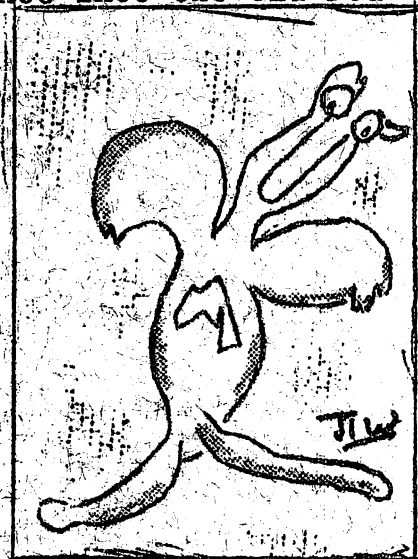
"Ah, sir," replied the clerk silkily, "in addition to the eight-dollar-moore's for ten dollars, your Mr. Block reserved a room of seven-dollar moore's for only nine-fifty."

"I'll take it," I snapped, tiring of the conversation.

"Do you want a bath?" He was as urbane as always.

"That depends," I hedged. "Will it be you, the manager or the house detective? I suppose the maids have a union?"

A motley crew of fans had gathered about the reservations desk as this byplay was going on, eager to learn the name of the new arrival. Other fans were coming on the run, attracted by frantic wig-wagging and a few smoke signals curling up toward the lobby ceiling. Tiring of this spotlight of unwanted publicity, I turned and spat in the eye of a fan standing behind me. Immediately he whipped out his water pistol, but of course I ducked and it was the room clerk who took the charge. I snatched the key from his hand and scuttled away.





Tired, weary, disheveled from a long day's drive, I slammed the door on my room, flung the suitcase into a far corner (where it promptly burst open and spilled my cargo of dirty books), stripped and jumped into the tub. Three waterbugs, a centipede and a dozing bell-boy jumped out. Coaxing water from the faucet drip by Bloch, I waited until there was a full inch covering the bottom and then lay back to soak in luxury. This was to be my only moment of peace and contentment in sweltering, hurly-burly New Orleans.

There came a sound at the door, the peculiar kind of half-hearted knock that could only be caused by a timid fan getting up nerve to kick the door in. I groaned and realized the same old routine had begun. Stepping out of the tub I reached for my pants, paused, and dropped them again, knowing it would be the same bunch--Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans---wanting to start a poker game. I wrapped a towel around my middle, began searching my luggage for a deck of cards, and yelled a bored invitation to enter.

Three strangers trooped in, wearing abashed grins: A girl and two men. The girl looked as if she were desperately searching for better company than the two characters trailing. I silently sympathized, and stared at the trio, the meanwhile dripping soap and water on the rug. The two gentlemen stared at the towel and giggled, while the girl looked at the puddle on the rug.

"Hello," one character said.

"Hello," another character said.

"Hello," the girl echoed.

Sadly, I shook my head. The same old worn out greetings.

"We're faaaans," the tallest character announced proudly.

"The hell you say!" I shot back, astounded.

"Yep." He was wearing a white t-shirt on which had been printed ,  
I AM SHELBY VICK. Turning to face me, he asked, "Know who I am?"

I gazed at the t-shirt. "Bela Lugosi?"

He wagged his head, vaguely disappointed.

"Richard Shaver," I guessed again. "Claude Degler, Ray Palmer?"

"I am Shelby Vick!" he exclaimed, in loud ringing tones.

"The hell you say!" I shot back, astounded.

I-am-Shelby-Vick then flicked a finger at his two conspirators.

"You know Lee Hoffman, of course?"

Of course. I threw a bored glance at the remaining character and yawned, "Hello, Lee."

"No, no!" contradicted I-am-Shelby-Vick. "Not him--HER!"

Mustering what dignity I retained, I picked up my towel from the floor and stalked into the bathroom, flinging shut the door.

\*\*\*\*\*

Knowing full well the monotonous proceedings that would be under way, still I wandered down to the con hall later to let myself be seen and admired by the younger element. Fighting my way thru a flying cloud of paper airplanes, I stumbled over the same old crap game Bloch Korshak, Eshbach and Evans were conducting on the platform behind the speaker's mike. Declining the inevitable but insincere invitation to join, I picked a precarious path through a mass of whirling beanies, and tugged at the chairman's sleeve.



Our Mr. Moore looked down at me. "Whatinthehellldoyouwant?"

"You'd better do something about them," I suggested mildly.

"Aboutwhodamnit?"

"A couple of chracters up in my room. They fainted."

"Whatinthehellareyoutalkingabout?" he wanted to know.

I explained patiently. "A pair of chracters have fainted, up in my room. Perhaps you'd better send up a bell-boy, or something."

"Tohellwiththem," he answered pleasantly. "I'vegotmyowntroubles. Thishereconventionhasgottastartrightnow."

I said all right, meekly though tiredly, and sat down with Lee. Our Mr. Moore approached the microphone, stumbled over the crap-shooters, and loudly suggested the floor come to order. Wiping off the simultaneous charges of half-a-dozen water pistols and neatly side-stepping a fireball from a Roman candle, he opened the con. The opening was the same old grind. He announced in a bored voice that the conclave had grossed a bit over \$4,000, had paid all debts amounting to a hundred-odd dollars, and that the balance would be used to pay train fare for destitute fans. After everyone present had put in their claim and received their share, he closed the convention for another year. We all left the hall and trooped back to our various rooms to conduct the annual business sessions.

Wearily knocking on the first closed door I found, I entered, to sit back and listen to the same old arguments--by Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans---as to where next year's con should be held. No one present in the room really wanted it, and the unholy quartet had the very devil of a time forcing it down the throat of a young, unidentified fan sitting off in the corner. Later, no one could recall who the stranger was or where he came from, so there still remains a small doubt as to where the '52 meeting will be. Popular opinion--that is, Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans--held that the stranger would eventually betray himself when he began selling memberships, and that it would only be necessary to read the postmark on his letters to discover the name of the next convention city.

Rapidly tiring of this dull conversation, Leeh and I left to wander along the corridor in search of another session. From behind a partly closed door came the sound of rockets zooming, accompanied by music in the background. Yawning, I remembered my manners in time to ask her if she wished to see the preview movie, THE DAY THE EARTH COLLIDED, and conducted her inside a dark, smoky room. Pushing aside several enthusiastic fans---Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans---we made room on the floor and sat. I promptly fell asleep, but she told me later it had been an extremely interesting picture showing the perils of the first space flight---something about a millionaire playboy and his three buddies---Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans---building their own rocketship after the governor of Iowa turned down a fantastic request that his state build it. The governor of course was in the pay of the dictator on the approaching planet.

Finishing and launching the ship just in time to avoid a tidal wave sweeping down on them from the New York City reservoir, the four playboys land on the Iowa Capitol's big ball diamond and demand that nearby Missouri be annexed to the state. The gov. refuses, being in the pay of the Missouri legislature, and a huge tidal wave sweeps him off the capitol steps just as the menacing robot from the invading planet lands in a flying saucer.



Lee admits to being a trifle hazy as to what happened after that, but in the end four strangers from Mars---Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans---arrive in time to save Iowa's corn.

Tired beyond caring, dazed, bored to death by it all, I allowed myself to be dragged into still another room where the guest of honor and several noted speakers---Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans---were giving out the same tired old phrases on the glory of science-fiction; the glory of s-f fandom, the glory of s-f magazines and the glory of s-f books. As they finished speaking, their assistants rushed about the room, hawking the wares of these publishers and writers. With a bored yawn I watched one rebellious fan asking if this were a FAN or a HUCKSTER convention. Rather fascinated, Lee wondered if this were a common occurrence and I assured her it was. Stretching back into my memory banks, I told the tale of a dreadful day in Cincinnati when some sixteen such upstarts were dipped in oil, feathered, and then tied to the coat-tails of sixteen wild bell-boys who were sent running pell-mell thru the lobby. These revolting sixteen, it seems, made the mistake of getting up a petition to exclude pros from all future cons. It was a sad, memorable day.

"What are 'pros'?" she wanted to know.

"SssssshhHH!" I whispered. "They're sensitive."

"But what are they?"

"Super fans," I explained. "Responsible people who have outgrown the beanie and watergun stage, outstanding adults with unimpeachable reputations who are saving fandom from itself, preventing it from becoming ingrown. By means of books and dollars, these superfen provide fandom with something to think about, other than themselves."

She gave that considerable thought. "I see a flaw," she said at last, "a flaw in that line of reasoning."

I gave her my tired attention. "What?"

"Us ordinary fans can't read."

The remaining days of the con were the usually sorry mess. Again and again I chided myself for coming, for using valuable time that could have been spent more profitably elsewhere. Late one evening I briefly thought I had discovered something worthwhile, something to make up to myself the time wasted. Avoiding the elevator because mobs of young fahs---led by Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans---had taken over the machine, tossed out the operator and were joyriding up and down, I was climbing the stairs to the seventh when a combination giggle-titter reached my ears. Pausing instantly, senses alert, I espied the location of the sound and cause. Someone had a home-movie machine and was projecting family pictures in a darkened room. Half-alerted to this possible saving diversion, I stood on the doorknob and peeped thru the transom---only to have my fondest hopes dashed. I'd seen it before at the last Legion stag.

Unlocking the door to my room, I was mildly astonished to find two characters stretched out on the rug in a dead faint. They seemed familiar, so rather than chuck them out the window I called the house-dick, whose joy, upon finding them, knew no bounds. It seems the blacked out twain were I - am - Shelby - Vick and Paul Cox, who had ben missing three days; the house feared they had skipped without paying. He congratulated me on the discovery, saying the manager would give a raise for this. After he left I locked the door, stepped over the fans on the rug and went to bed. It had all been so tiring.



Leonard Gleicher is going the way of the ~~ddd~~ Taylor into the RAF soon---should be in when most of you get this. However, thier column will most likely continue---it's not in this issue because I don't know quite where I'd put it. It will be in the Annish (Leo has a rather good report of a session with Dianetics that he and a couple of other fans went through).

---

"Anybody want a boiled waffle?"

---

Might as well mention the cost of the Annish right hereabouts. We all know about Vorzimer's cheap little system of charging everybody extra for his Annish. Now, it's not up to me to condemn Pete for that. It's his fanzine. If he honestly thinks he can offset the cost of it with such a method, it's all right by me.

But my Annish, in October, is not going to be any 100 pages---nor is it going to cost anybody anything extra. 70 pages will it have, & you can get it by just sitting back and waiting. It will come to you just like any other issue---if you sub it will cost you what one issue ordinarily costs you; if we trade I'll send it in exchange for one ish of your fanzine; if you're a contributor to the Annish you will get it as your first contributor's copy--but if you are a contributor to this issue you will not get the Annish as your second cont's copy. Tha t will be the Jan.55 number. That's the only stipulation.

---

"Doctor, I'm interested in rabbits."

---

Marion Zimmer Bradley replied to my request for permission to reprint SAID I TO MYSELF in the affirmative--much to my surprise and relief. For in my second issue I reprinted ADVENTURE IN CHARIN without her permission---and I'd heard from Bob Briney that she was mad as a wet pulpzine at me about it. But she told me the hatchet was buried--in the skulof a non-fan who had onec printed one of her stories in an amateur zine and had gotten her drug into court along with him after it turned out hiz zine also contained obscene material. You can see why this would affect her--she was sixteen at the time and it hurt a lot. Nice gal, really--even if she is a filthy pro.

---

"...but marijuana doesn't rhyme!"

---

This editorial is sort of taking the place of the letter section because I didn't get enough letters. This past month and a half has just been for the birds in the way of mail in re FANsm.

-----  
"I've seen a weeping willow--but does a beach ball?"  
-----

Larry Balint moved to 3912 Brayton, Long Beach 7, and plans to have a new issue of FANTASTA---under a new name, DEMENTIA---out soon. He just got a job, so his money worries are taken care of and he'll be at the convention in Frisco for sure.

(seeded shoulders!)

SHANGRI-LA has always been one of the best--everybody knows that. But now Peter Vorzimer is editing the next issue---and nobody has contributed any material. The LASFSans are actually begging everybody for something. I was ambushed June 10, and practically forced to write some fiction for them. For the sake of Ackerman, will everyone send something in the way of material---preverably humorous--to Pete Vorzimer, 1311 N. Laurel, W. Hollywood 46, California.







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Send some money or a fanzine in trade  
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-----  
Fantastic Fact: Did anyone else  
notice Sam Mines' reprinting of THE  
INVINCIBLE MIDGE in FANTASTIC STORY  
MAGAZINE after Merwin had reprinted  
it in WONDER STORY ANNUAL before he  
left?

-----  
"...yes, Harvey, I heard from Bert  
Satz that he's ignoring all votes  
for FANTASTIC Story Mag."

-----  
"He gave me this bottle marked XENO  
and said it was a cure-all."



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