

THE Incomplete TERRY CARR



ERRATA: Special bonus for Corflu members (also to be inserted into copies of The Incomplete Terry Carr).

The sharp-minded among you will have noticed that "Egoboo for Algernon" breaks off in mid-sentence. The stencils I worked from had no continuation of that piece, and Robert Lichtman's examination of the first edition showed that the defect was there to be reckoned with. I therefore published a second edition with the same mistake. However, Gary Farber turned up the original appearance of the piece, in Ragnarok 6 (not 8, as the bibliography in Jeanne Gomoll's edition of The Cacher of the Rye has it), from John Berry's collection, so I'm including the additional material:

"...all of them. They acted funny at first but they still like me I guess. I told them I was smart now. I forgot I wasn't suppose to. They said they always knew I was a slan. Thats someone whos very smart.

"I guess I mite not rite that article or anything. Everythings so hard. The smarter I get the harder it is to remember. The only thing I remember good is Algernon. He was reelly nice. I wish hed been smart enuf to understand cause I woud have like to tell him I thot he was nice. Everybody needs some egoboo even a mouse. Thats why I like it when Joe Carp and them make jokes like they use to. You got to have frends even when your smart I think. I sure need frends and Im smart because of that operashun. But everythings so hard.

"I have a cosmic mind. What do I do now."

THE INCOMPLEAT TERRY CARR

EDITED BY RICH BROWN
& ARNIE KATZ

Charles Burbee The Compleat Machiavelli.....	5
The Fan Who Never Grew Young.....	7
Trufan's Blood.....	10
The Chaser.....	14
My Fair Femmefan.....	17
Fandom Harvest.....	28
Egoboo For Algernon.....	38
The Fastest Ham In The West.....	44
Tailgate Ramble.....	54

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(printed by Greg Swinford)

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This second edition of THE INCOMPLEAT TERRY CARR is published by Jerry Kaufman on behalf of Corflu 5. Whenever possible, I've worked from the original stencils, saved by Gary Farber. He obtained permission to reprint from rich and Arnie, and I've confirmed this with Carol Carr. Collation is by the Corflu committee and friends. Some typing was done on a Selectric II lent by Denys Howard. Many thanks to all. This is Pacific Fantod Press Publication #4. March, 1988.

T H E I N S U R G E N T L I B R A R Y

How to get this: If you are an attending or supporting member of Corflu 5, this will cost you \$2; otherwise, it's \$5. (Prices are postpaid.) Send your money to Jerry Kaufman, 8738 1st Avenue NW, Seattle, WA 98117, USA. Make checks or money orders payable to Jerry. All profits go to defray Corflu costs.

PREFACE

Terry Carr undoubtedly stands high on any list of all-time great fan writers. Through the 1950's, 1960's, and now the 1970's, Terry has displayed an awesome mastery of every fannish literary form.

When rich and I decided to celebrate the brilliance of Terry Carr by publishing a fanthology of some of his best work, we immediately perceived that we had a major problem. Terry has been as prolific as he has been entertaining and some of his best works are among his longest. It will take several more volumes of "The Incomplete Terry Carr" to do his fan career the justice it deserves.

The current volume contains some of the finest examples of Terry's writing, including excerpts from his long-running column from CRY, "Fandom Harvest" and his LIGHTHOUSE editorials, "Tailgate Ramble".

We hope you enjoy "The Incomplete Terry Carr" as much as rich and I have enjoyed preparing it for you.

Arnie Katz, 14 July, 1972

THE INCOMPLETE TERRY CARR, Volume One, is edited by rich brown and Arnie Katz.

Stencilling was done by Arnie, rich, and Joyce. Proofreading was the work of Joyce Katz and Colleen Brown. Mimeography was primarily on the Gestetner with some work on the Rex, all by Arnie with the assistance primarily of Joyce, but with aid from Charlene and Bill Kunkel, Ross Chamberlain, and Dave Emerson. Collating by Arnie, Joyce, Bill, Charlene, Ross, and Dave on July 15, 1972.

Volume Two in the Insurgent Library of Fandom.

CHARLES BURBEE

THE COMPLEAT MACHIAVELL

Charles Burbee put one over on us.

Ron Ellik and I have been making periodic trips down to the Los Angeles area during the past several months, making it a point to drop in on Burbee each time. The first time we went to Burbee's, I brought along a copy of The Innish to give to him, the issue having been just completed. Burbee saw the 84 pages of the zine (85, if you count the page I ran twice), and he shook his head in amazement at all the energy it must have taken. "Why, that's fantastic," he said. "Eighty-four pages. That's fantastic." He was astounded, as they say.

We told him that in addition to this we were editing and publishing a weekly newspaper for Barrington Hall, the co-op boarding and rooming house where we live. We mentioned that we were also in FAPA and had magazines to do therein. We told him that eighty-four pages really wasn't so much. But he just shook his head.

I think he was scheming even then.

The next time we visited Burbee was a few months later, coincidentally right after I published the seventh issue of INNUENDO. Of course we took a copy to give to him. It ran to a little more than 40 pages.

"Forty pages," said Burbee. "Why you were just here a month or so ago with a fanzine that was almost a hundred pages. How do you do it?"

We just grinned, pleased at his amazement, and said that it was really nothing. Then we came back to Berkeley and published the Barrington newspaper the night we got back, dated it prominently, and mailed it to Burbee the next day. He wrote to us and said we were publishing giants.

That was when Burbee really had us going. He had a tag-line now, and he played it for all it was worth. "Publishing giants," he called us in postcards and letters for the next few weeks. "How do you do it?" he marvelled.

Well, he called us publishing giants so much we began to fall for it. "After all," said Ron to me, "look at all the stuff we publish. Wouldn't Burbee be surprised to find that one month after you published The Innish you produced your Cultzine, which was 56 pages!" I grinned and said, "Yes, I should have sent him a copy of that. I would have liked to have seen his reaction to that."

Our phenomenal feats began to obsess us. We even made plans specially calculated to astonish Burbee. With the next issue of INNUENDO, for instance, we planned to run off about 75 copies of one page (preferably one with no illustrations on it, just type) -- run off 75 extra copies of that page, that is. We were going to staple them in with a regular copy of the issue, to pad it out. Burbee wouldn't have noticed for awhile that it was a fake, and we were sure he would be amazed.

We made another trip to L. A., and again saw Burbee. While there we mentioned that we had just got the idea for a weekly news fanzine and would possibly start it up soon. Then we came home and published the first issue as soon as we arrived back, and mailed it to Burbee. He responded as we'd hoped, again calling us publishing giants and making typos in his amazement.

About that time Isabel Burbee wrote to us and told us that there would be a surprise birthday party for Burbee again this year, and she wondered if we would publish a collection of Burbee's writings to be distributed at this party. Now that I think of it, she had obviously been in on this whole thing with her husband right from the start.

Anyway, her suggestion fell on fertile ground. Why, we're publishing giants, we said to each other. Of course we'll do this Burbee anthology!

And we wrote back to Isabel affirmatively, meanwhile gloating to ourselves at how surprised Burbee would be when we came to the birthday party with a fifty page collection of his writings.

We didn't quite realize what we were getting into, of course, or we probably wouldn't have accepted Isabel's suggestion. And of course we didn't realize until later that it was all a plot on the part of the Burbees. First, they gave us all that egoboo about what energetic and amazing fellows we were, publishing reams and reams of fanzines effortlessly. Then Isabel wrote and suggested the Burbee collection, telling us to keep the party and the collection very secret. And we fell for the secrecy part, too.

We should have used our heads. You see Burbee wrote to a friend of Ron's, John Trimble, and asked him for some information about a LASFS member, and when John replied, he said the Ellik knew more about the individual than John did, and suggested that Burbee collar Ron at his birthday party and ask him then. Burbee didn't seem surprised at this. But we didn't suspect the great secrecy of the party yet.

Then the last time we were in L. A., we went over to Burbee's with Trimble, among others, and John forgot to pick up his camera tripod when we were leaving. Burbee phoned us up at Len Moffatt's that night to tell John of this, and John said, "Well, I can't come over tomorrow to get it -- tell you what, I'll pick it up at your birthday party." Burbee didn't make any questioning comment even at this second reference to what was presumably a deep dark secret -- and still we didn't suspect.

But now after days and days of typing stencils for the Burbee collection, we see the whole plot. A man's mind becomes sharp under pressure, and believe me the work

((continued on page 9))

THE FAN WHO NEVER GREW [] YOUNG

Maot is becoming fakefannish. Often towards evening, she puts down her Amazing and read John Fox, Jr.

But I sit by the mimeo and listen to the Planets Suite.

It isn't that she's just growing young. She is wearying of stf. I have seen it coming; for many years the magazines have been becoming fewer, the stories more and more simple. No more the complicated internal conflicts; now it's all simple trips to the moon, or invasions from other worlds.

Why do I cling to the more complicated stf? -- I, who have seen Campbell in power in the '40's, and in the '30's gradually fade from the scene!

I often wonder why I never grow young. I envy those who do -- I yearn for the forgetting. The return of the feeling of wonder in stf before the end. But I remain a beanie fan of thirty-odd, and it seems to me I have always been this way. Why, I cannot even remember my own ungafiation, and everyone remembers that.

There are no neofen among us anymore. All of them pass from the scene and forget stf and fandom so soon. Even hoary young fans like Tucker and Bloch are no longer with us... they too have forgotten all.

I remember the first ungafiation I witnessed. There was a fan named Hoffman who appeared on the scene in a short FAPazine saying that she was tired of fandom. After that she put out various fanzines until at last she slowed down and contented herself with brief appearances in FAPA. But a little later she began publishing a fanzine called QUANDRY, limited to a select sublist. Soon she let everyone subscribe who wanted, and her fanzine became more regular. But gradually, after her Quannish, the popularity of her fanzine diminished, and one by one her columnists left her, until finally she was a neofan and put out QUANDRY #1 and disappeared.

My first memories are difficult to interpret. They begin in turmoil. I am in fandom, but we do not know which one, and we argue about it more and more. Soon there are no fanzines that print anything else but discussions of this. Everyone says that they are tired of the subject, but they argue in the vain hope that the question will be solved.

For months that seem eternities we argue about what fandom we are in. Then, miraculously, the arguing lessens and Bob Silverberg writes an article which ends the discussion. Now we are in Sixth Fandom.

But soon we are in Fifth Fandom, as a popular member of SAPS puts out a subzine and everyone rallies round. It is not too long before he, too, fades from the scene, and we are in Fourth Fandom.

And so on.

I sometimes think (I must hold on to this) that time once flowed in the opposite direction, and that, in revulsion from the arguments about what fannish era it was, time turned back on itself and began to retrace its former course. That our present lives are but an unwinding, a great retreat.

In that case, time may turn again. We may yet have another chance to be trufans.

But no...

All my life is a forgetting. At first there are many great stories, many hilarious fanarticles... then there is a narrowing in that not all fen have read them. Then there comes a great author, and the editors send these stories to him, and he puts each page into his typewriter and erases the words.

I have seen Bradbury unwrite the great stories. I have watched Burbee undrink the Golden Treachery. I have seen Moskowitz unsell books at auctions.

There was once a book which seemed eternal. Each time I saw it, it was in mint condition, as if about to be unpublished. But for a long time it remained that way. One day Wandrei and Derleth got together and unpublished it at last.

It is the same in all we do. Our mimeos grow new and we take them to the store and sell them, haggling so we can get a low price. Our beanies grow new and we put them off.

All the fans are gone now. Only I and Maot linger.

I had not realized it would be so soon. Now that we are near the end, time seems to hurry.

Ours is a sad world, a backward world. Moskowitz writes a book and years later the things it describes happen. There are fewer and fewer prozines every year..... until in the early '40's, many spring up, and others are revived. But soon they, too, die. Ray Palmer leaves Amazing and T O'Connor Sloane takes over. SPACEWAYS is

published for awhile, but soon it too reaches its first issue and disappears.

Once I thought the tide has turned. A printed fanzine was published called FAN-TASY MAGAZINE... it lasted for many issues, when almost all of the others were gone. But it is gone now.

If there is a turning point, it will not come until the fan is one with the non-fan.

I read the second issue of Amazing. It is now put out by the grand young man of science fiction, Hugo Gernsback. He too is failing -- he is forced to print stories by Verne and Wells, mere up-starts. The old stf writers are gone. Only Poe, who once collaborated with Robert Bloch is around now.

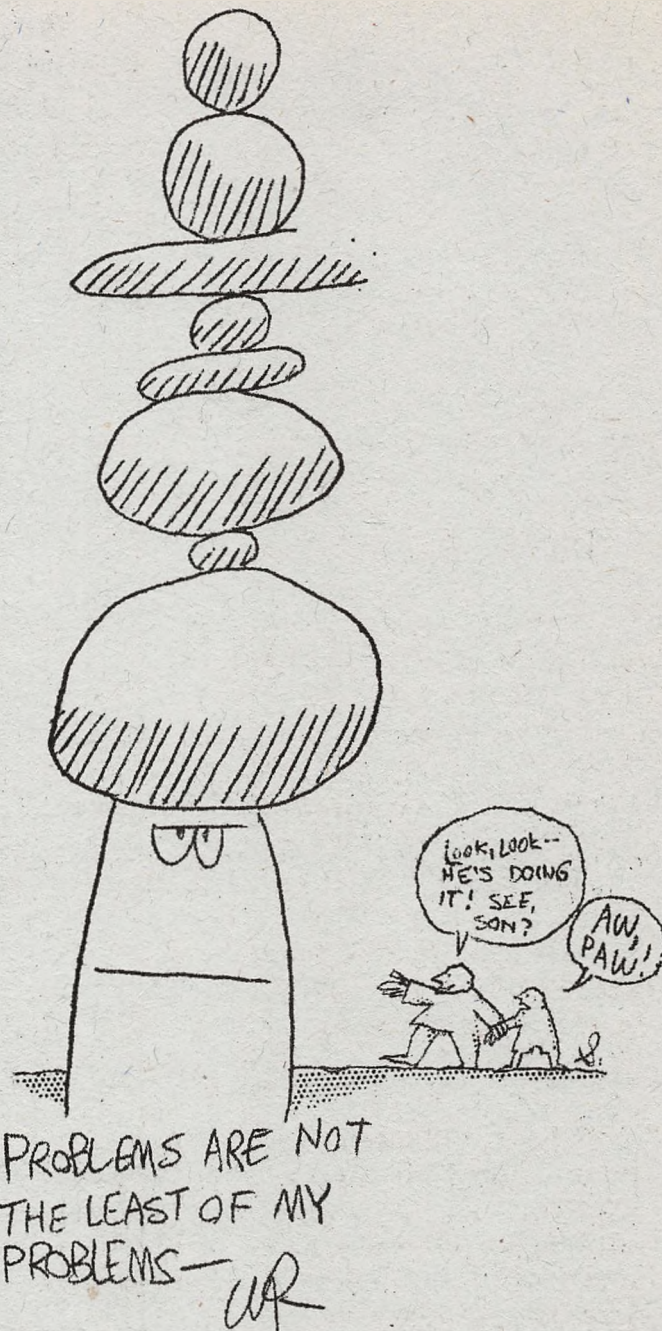
Soon Amazing must vanish, and then Weird Tales must go.

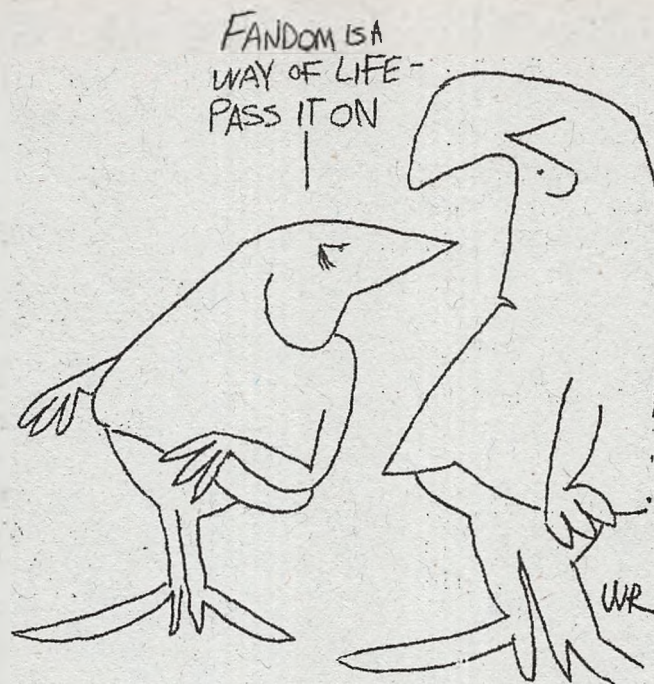
But I will go on.

((CHARLES BURBEE, THE COMPLEAT MACHIAVELLI, continued from page 6))

we've put into this collection and the work which remains has put us all under a great strain. So we have figured out the whole scheme, as you can see. And at last we realize that Charles Burbee told us we were publishing giants so that we would be duped into taking on the task of doing a collection of his writings.

If this article reads like pseudo-Burbee, I apologize. You see, I've been typing Burbee articles for the last five days.





Yeah, they say Eric Lee was born a fan and stayed a fan till the day he died. Born in a messy fan-house while his daddy was out trying to collect for a story Gernsback had printed, took one look at a Leo Morey cover painting and bawled his lungs clear; was washed in bheer, bit the umbilical cord himself, and said, "Man, that afterbirth looks just like a Wesson drawing!"

The way they tell it, he cut his teeth on Wonder Stories, and that's why in a little while all the science fiction pulps had ragged edges instead of trimmed. Oh yeah, he did a lot of bad, just like any other fan ever born--and he was a fan through and through, all right, 'cause that was just the way he was made. He could turn a mimeo-crank as easy with either hand, he could scan a page of print and pick out his name every time it was there, and he had fingernails that worked as good as any staple remover you ever saw. Why hell, he could tell how good a stencil would cut just by smelling it, or tell you the idiosyncrasies of any duplicator ever made, just from the name and model number. He knew all about fandom, and that's because he was raised a fan right from the beginning, and he grew up a fan.

He was right in there at the first world convention, and the things he did there were too interesting to ever appear in The Immortal Storm, but you'll hear about them now and then when fans gather over a hot mimeo, or a cold drink. He was at the rest of the conventions, too, drinking and

TRUFAN'S BLOOD

feuding and even teaching Tucker how to swear like a trouser. He lived a lusty fanlife, all right, and I guess he was about the dirtiest talking fan anybody ever knew when he took it into his head that he wanted to be. Because he could do about everything, well enough, if he wanted to. There wasn't ever a fan who could one-up him and get away with it, either, because he had a head on his shoulders and he used it.

He came into fandom sort of careful, like he was feeling his way in, like a prizefighter in the early rounds, getting the feel of things. He didn't publish a fanzine till he was near ten, and even then he used some other name, never mind which because I guess he had his reasons for wanting it secret, but you'd recognize it if you heard it. He messed around writing for the prozines under another name, but even though he came near to revolutionizing the field in some ways, he got tired of it and pretty soon the story was out that this writer was dead, died at a tragically early age, and a legend grew up around him. You've heard the stories, you've read the articles in fanmags -- all of 'em about a writer who was just a penname that was let die because young Eric Lee got tired of it.

He spent the war years and the later forties doing a whole lot of things, most of 'em in fandom, but I can't tell you the names he used because I'm not sure of them. The people who tell his story exaggerate a little, and I don't think he could have been Laney and Speer and Rapp and Wollheim all at once, that's stretching things a bit. But maybe it is true that he was Degler, because Eric Lee had a sense of humor a mile wide. Nobody ever proved it, but they say that when the FBI was investigating Campbell and Cartmill, Eric Lee was investigating the FBI. He never did say just why, but once he he did wink and say he'd wanted to know how come they knew so much. Oh, Eric Lee was a devil, all right.

Well, along about 1950 he got tired of fandom, I hear, and he dropped out of sight for a while. Nobody seems to know what he was doing in those several years, but there've been a lot of guesses, and I guess I can say that the names Joel Nydall, Charles Lee Riddle, Shelby Vick, Ken Slater, and even Jack Vance got mentioned a lot. But I don't think anybody ever guessed right. I think Eric Lee really did quit both fandom and science fiction, quit 'em cold, right up to the convention in 1959, in Detroit. Eric Lee was a fan all the way, and there's never been a fan that didn't go gafia for a while, and I guess he just did it in a bigger way than most fans, just like he did everything else.

But you can't say that he wasn't a fan even during that spell of gafia, because really, gafia is just another form of fanac when you come right down to it, it's something that all fans do and I guess that pretty well defines it. And it's for sure that when Eric Lee turned up at the Detroit con he knew everything that had been going on. He walked right in and replaced Bjo as moderator of the fan-publishing panel when the Committee found out that she couldn't make it, was caught in a traffic jam somewhere with cars stopped for blocks all round her. And then he turned right around and filled in for Doc Barrett on the collectors' panel when Doc got called away for an emergency, and the tales he told of his collections, one in Charleston and one in Yonkers and another in Wilmette, another in Fresno, have had Ackerman and Moscovitz drooling ever since. "I've got them all, every one!" he said, and he meant it, too.

Well, after that there was no stopping him, he could write his own

ticket anywhere. The BNFs were clammering for him to pub a fanzine so they could write for him and there were three magazine publishers after him to edit for them. H.L. Gold even wanted him to do a fanzine review column for Galaxy, and I guess that shows something. But he didn't pay them no mind, he just went ahead with whatever he wanted to do, which was quite a few things.

First off, he joined FAPA, SAPS, OMPA, The Cult, and even the NFFF APA. He said he'd decided to become the complete fan -- which I guess you can blame John Berry for, he was there at that con -- and besides all his apazines he started two fanmags for general circulation, one that was purely fannish in nature and one that was all about stf and fantasy. He published each of them monthly, one at the beginning of the month and one on the fifteenth, and they ran to fifty pages an issue, which was ten or fifteen pages more than his apazines averaged. And they were good, too, all of them, and they took top position on every poll taken in fandom.

But that wasn't all. No sir, Eric Lee had set out to become the complete fan, and he meant it. Right after that Detroit convention he started campaigning for the '61 convention to be held in Fresno, California, which was where he was living at the time, mostly. And he was so popular and knew fan-politics so well that when he walked into the business session at the Capicon he hardly even had to make a nomination speech, he had the '61 convention in his pocket already. And believe me, beating the Seattle bid would have been a good enough trick for anybody, but Eric Lee did it easy as anything you ever saw.

The next few months were kind of hectic, what with Eric Lee still publishing all those fanzines of his plus the Progress Reports on the Frescon. Oh yeah, he started publishing Progress Reports right away -- one every two weeks, and every one full of news about new things lined up for the program. John Collier as guest of honor, Robert W. Krepps as toastmaster at the banquet, Ted Tubb handling the auction, speeches by Heinlein and Bradbury and Sturgeon and just about everybody else you'd care to name, including Ronald Hidalgo, the first man to step foot on the new manned space satellite.

Things went on like that right up to September, convention time, and then everything blew up, just like you've heard. You see, Eric Lee had been up to his old tricks, with pennames sprouting up all around him, and it came out after a while that there hadn't been a single fan in Fresno except Eric Lee himself, he'd filled out the roster of the convention committee with pennames. Well, that left him to do all the work, and tho I guess if anybody could have done it it would have been Eric Lee, it turned out that even he couldn't do it.

Trouble was, he had the annishes of both his fanzines coming up right at that time too. He'd promised a hundred and fifty pages for each of them, and Eric Lee was always as good as his word. So two nights before the Frescon, Eric Lee was working over his mimeo, running off five hundred copies of every page, most in two or three colors. It was a lot of work, and even though he had an electric mimeo to do it on and he had the speed-control turned up full blast, still the work wasn't coming along too fast because the phone kept ringing with fans and pros who had just arrived and wanted to meet him or see him again or find out what he was doing on the

convention, or what they had to do on the program or precisely how much time they had or something. It was always something.

And Eric Lee kept running back and forth from the phone to the mimeo, hurried all the time, until pretty quick he hardly knew what he was doing, it was five in the morning and less than half the issue was run off and the phone was still ringing. He'd planned a five-day convention, and I guess that much programming needs a lot of last-minute coordination.

Nobody knows just how it happened, though there are tales told about it, just like there are tales and speculations and plain wild guesses about just about everything Eric Lee ever did. But sometime early in the morning, Eric Lee stopped answering the telephone, and everybody figured that he must have gone to bed at last. They didn't think much about it.

But came that evening, and Eric Lee wasn't at the convention hotel, and some people started to get worried. He didn't show up all night, and then the next morning, the first day of the con, came still wasn't answering phonecalls, so a bunch of us finally piled into a car and drove out to his place. We couldn't get an answer to the doorbell, either, so we tried the door and it was open. We went in and looked in his bedroom, but he wasn't there. Then we went downstairs and found him.

He'd got his arm caught in the mimeograph, it was a hell of a thing to see. That mimeo must have been going at a hundred copies a minute, and Eric Lee's hand had somehow got caught in the feeding mechanism and pulled in. There were bruises and blood all over his face from where the crank had repeatedly smashed him in the mouth and nose as it kept spinning, his hand getting torn up in the revolving works of the machine and his arm being dragged in. One of the blows of the crank must have knocked him out, or he could have turned off the motor and got his arm out and got to a phone or made a tourniquet or something to stop the flow of blood from his mangled arm.

As it was, he'd died from loss of blood, still unconscious. When we got there the mimeo was still humming and the metal was hot, but the drum wasn't turning because Eric Lee's arm had finally stopped it.

We had that convention anyway, though it didn't turn out to be the fabulous success that it had promised to be. Everybody tried to keep things going, tried to keep the jokes and the drinks flowing, but the whole thing was a flop, and they all knew it. The speakers gave their speeches and the fans laughed at the right places, but there weren't many of them that enjoyed themselves.

Later on, months later when the shock had worn off a little, the legend of Eric Lee got started, and I've told you a little about that. It's not surprising that a legend got going, because Eric Lee was a pretty amazing guy, and I believe a lot of what was said about him. But there's one part of the legend that I can't go along with, and I'd be just as happy if it got forgotten

((continued on page 16))

THE CHASER

Alan Austen, hopeful as a new faned reading his first review, went up certain dark and creaky stairs in a dimly-lit neighborhood, and peered at the names on each doorway on the dimly-lit landing before he found the name he wanted.

He pushed open this door and entered, following instructions on a postcard he had received the day before. The postcard had said, "This is a test. Bring this card to the address below and examine my stock of extraordinary fan supplies. Everlasting typewriter ribbons, psi beanies, hoax-finders, enchanted duplicators, oil-of-midnight candles, foolproof hektoes potions of all kinds. Featured this week: the fan-success pill. (All merchandise guaranteed. No sticky machines.)"

Inside the door, an old man sat quietly reading a book called "The Necronomicon." Behind him were many shelves filled with bottles, cans and packages. A door to the left led into a room in which the only light seemed to come, dimly, from some half-seen machines of all sizes and shapes.

"Sit down, Mr. Austen," said the old man. Alan sat down.

"I am interested," said Alan, "in your fan-success pill. That seems to be--er--quite extraordinary, as your ad said."

"My dear young fan," replied the old man, "my stock in trade is limited--I don't deal in used magazines or rubber stamps--but such as it is, it is varied. Nothing I sell has effects which could be described as precisely ordinary."

"The fact is--" began Alan.

"Here, for example," interrupted the old man, reaching for a bottle from the shelf, "is a liquid which is quite palatable, like blog almost, but which induces the purest form of gafia."

"Do you mean people take potions in order to quit fandom?" cried Alan.

"Some do," said the old man, "others find gafia quite easy--a natural talent, if you will. For those for whom it comes hard, there is the potion. A way of extricating oneself from too many unimportant responsibilities and imagined obligations. A way to get out of the rut. 'Fandom is just a goddam habit.' A gafia potion, yes."

"I want nothing of that sort," said Alan.

"Just as well, no doubt," said the old man. "The price for one teaspoonful--sufficient for all but the most hardened fan--is five thousand

dollars. Never a penny less."

"I hope you have less expensive mixtures," said Alan.

"Oh, my, yes," said the old man. "It would be foolish to charge that sort of price for the fan-success pill, for example. Neofans who need them never have five thousand dollars -- else they wouldn't need the pill. Eh? They'd pay the top fan-writers to write for their fanzines and so forth. Right?"

"Oh, of course," said Alan.

"I look at it this way," said the old man. "Please a patron with one article, and he will come back when he needs another. Even if it is more costly. You see? He will save up for it, if necessary."

"So," said Alan, "you really do have pills that will insure fannish success. And they are not just--just--er . . ."

"Oh, no," said the old man. "Their effects are permanent. This is no fly-by-night establishment. Within two years, your fan writings will be collected together in one volume. THE INCOMPLETE AUSTEN, perhaps. Or THE ALAN AUSTEN READER."

"Dear me!" said Alan. "How very enticing!"

"A permanent evidence of your mark on fandom," said the old man. "Your works collected. If you wish, a new collection issued every year thereafter. Volume Two, Volume Three, like that. An annual affair."

"I can hardly believe it," said Alan. "My stories have been rejected by every fan editor I know of."

"They will no longer reject them," said the old man. "Instead, they will write you letters by the score, asking for your stories. They will want you to write columns for them, articles, poetry, your biography!"

"Oh, my!"

"Never a day will go by without at least one request for you to write something. You will spend all your free time writing for your public. That is," he said, "all of it except that spent publishing your own fanzine."

"My own fanzine!" breathed Alan.

"Your own fanzine. The number one fanzine, of course. The focal-point fanzine. Contributions by all the other top writers in fandom -- the others besides yourself, of course. A long letter column in each issue -- fifteen, twenty pages. Each issue will make up seventy-five pages of the best of all possible material."

"Seventy-five pages!" said Alan. "That is a lot!"

"Yes, it's a lot," said the old man. "But as a contribution to fandom it will be worth the long hours required for its stencilling, of

course."

"Oh, of course!"

"Through all your most tiring days," said the old man, "that thought will be there to comfort you. You will be doing a service for fandom. A hollow comfort?"

"Oh, no!" said Alan. "It will fulfill me!"

"No young fan could have phrased it better," smiled the old man. "I think you will make a fine Number One Fan, Mr. Austen."

"That's odd," said Alan. "You know my name. How is that? You must have sent out many, many postcards."

"Just one," said the old man. "I sent only one postcard, and that to you."

"But why is that?" asked Alan.

"I have only one fan-success pill for sale at the moment," said the old man. "Naturally, everyone can't be Number One Fan -- the field is limited, by definition. I sent only one card. I won't have another pill for sale for some time. A year, perhaps two years."

Alan was lost for a moment in daydreams. "Number One Fan," he murmured. "How much do you charge for this wonderful pill?"

"It is not so dear," said the old man, "as the gafia potion. No. That is five thousand dollars. One has to be older than you are, and tired, to indulge in that sort of thing. One has to save up for it."

"But the pill?" asked Alan.

"Oh, that," said the old man, handing him a small bottle containing a black pill enveloped in cotton. "That is just a dollar."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am," said Alan, paying him.

"I like to oblige," said the old man. "Then patrons come back, later, and want more expensive things. Here you are."

"Thank you again," said Alan. "Goodbye."

"Au revoir," said the old man.

TRUFAN'S BLOOD ((continued from page 13))

Yeah, they say Eric Lee was born a fan and stayed a fan until the day he died. And they're right, too. And they say he had the blood of a trufan in his veins, and that it showed up purple, the color of Ghu, when we walked in and found him slumped against the mimeo.

I think they're going a little too far.

MY FAIR FEMMEFAN

I. The opening number takes place at a world convention. Iggens and Bickering, two BNFs, are walking through the convention hotel. In the background can be heard Sam Moskowitz. They are bewailing the miserable state of fandom when they come upon Martha Coznowski, who is hawking NFFF memberships.

IGGENS: Listen to her, mark the way she stutters,
Appalled by every horrid phrase she utters.
By rights she should be drummed clear out of fandom
For mispronouncing fannish words at random.

MARTHA: ...ess-tee-eff fans...

IGGENS: What a horrid thought!
...This is what that sercon foundation
Calls a truly fannish education.
Listen to this neo here, dropping aitches out of Bheer,
Using fanzpeak any way she chooses.
You, girl,-- ever heard of Rapp?

MARTHA: Whattaya take me for, a Sap?

IGGENS: Listen to these infantile abuses.
Hear this neofan or worse
Utter ideas so perverse--
I'd just as soon have Degler on the scene.
Neos blithering at a con,
Just like this one...

MARTHA: ELRON, ELRON!

IGGENS: I ask you, now, precisely what's that mean?
It's ess-tee-eff and Elron that keep her in her place.
She might be very different with a sensitive fannish face.
Why can't the Welcommittee teach new members how to fan,
Instead of trying to fit them into some great Cosmic Plan?
(to Bickering)
If you believed this hogwash, you'd soon be on the shelf...
Or have to join the N3F yourself.

BICKERING: Go to hell.

IGGENS: A trufan's way of thinking absolutely cubbyholes him;
He must be very careful when some rabblrouser polls him.
Why can't the Welcommittee teach new members how to fan?
The pros know how to write, and critics all know how to pan.
Drinkers always drink from birth (at least I'm told they can).
Oh, why can't the N3Fers learn...to...FAN!

II. Iggens and Bickering decide to tutor Martha Coznowski and make her a masterfanne who will be accepted in all fannish circles. As part of her early fannish education she joins the local fanclub. At a meeting of this Martha overhears some fans daydreaming aloud:

FIRST FAN: It's rather dull in town, I think I'll take me to Belfas'.

SECOND FAN: I've got some home brew here, I'll pour me out a glass.

THIRD FAN: Why wait for egoboo? -- I'll mail my mag first-class.

ALL: Wouldn't it be lovely....

MARTHA: All I want is a hektograph,
And beside me just plain Falstaff;
Fanmags to make me laugh
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely....
Lots of prozines for me to read;
What a trufannish life I'd lead,
Yes, that's the life I need
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely.
If I had my stf checklist all compiled and stencilled up,
I would be the happiest fan since Amazing was just a pup.
Someone there to slipsheet for me,
Sensitive and fannish as he can be,
Who likes to read ess-tee-eff, wouldn't it be lovely,
lovely,
lovely.

III. At the same meeting, Holloway, who is an old fan, tired and cynical, expresses his views on fandom:

HOLLOWAY: The Ghreat Ghod Ghu gave fans the blasted mimeo
'Cause hektographic repro really stank.
The Ghreat Ghod Ghu gave fans the blasted mimeo, BUT
With a little bit o' luck
With a little bit o' luck
Someone else will turn the goddam crank.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit o' goddam luck!

HOLLOWAY: The Ghreat Ghod Ghu made bheer for inspiration,
So that our zines would not be filled with crud.
The Ghreat Ghod Ghu made bheer for inspiration, BUT
With a little bit o' luck
With a little bit o' luck
You can drink your bheer and never pub.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit o' goddam luck.

HOLLOWAY: Great Ghu says we should always welcome trufans,
And give them food and lodging when they roam.
Great Ghu says we should always welcome trufans, BUT
With a little bit o' luck

With a little bit o' luck
When they visit us we won't be home.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit o' luck we won't be home!

HOLLOWAY: Oh, it's a crime when a faned folds his fanmag,
And fills subscribers' hearts with grief and doubt.
Oh, it's a crime when a faned folds his fanmag, BUT
With a little bit o' luck
With a little bit o' luck
The Better Business Bureau won't find out.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit o' goddam luck!

HOLLOWAY: Oh, you must work to help support your fanzine,
Which is the right and proper thing to do.
Oh, you must work to help support your fanzine, BUT
With a little bit o' luck
With a little bit o' luck
Soon subscribers'll be supporting you.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit o' goddam luck.

IV. As Martha's education continues she is spending more and more time
with Iggen, whose friend Bickering speculates that perhaps they are fall-
ing in love. Iggen protests to the contrary.

IGGEN: I find the moment I let a femmefan fall for me, she becomes lov-
ing, attentive, and completely fuggheaded. I find the moment I fall for a
woman I begin to gafiate. So here I am, a confirmed bachelor, and likely
to remain so. After all, Bickering...

I'm an ordinary fan,
Who desires nothing more than do the others of his mold:
To fan exactly as he likes and drink as much as he can hold.
An average fan am I, of no insurgent whim,
Who pubs a fannish mag, not some rag
Concerned with recipes and silly frilled lace trim.
Just an ordinary fan...BUT
Let a femmefan in your life, and your fannishness takes a nosedive.
She'll redecorate your room, sweep the place out with a broom;
When she's cleared out all the refuse she will give it to her nephew's
scrap-drive.
Oh, let a femmefan in your life, and fanning hasn't got a chance!
You've a deadline, but you find she has something else in mind,
So although you ought to hurry you spend your evening in worry at a dance.
You were a fan of grace and polish
Who never spoke above a hush.
Now all at once you're using language
That would make Charles Burbee blush!
Oh, if you let a femmefan squeeze ya, then you're courting fannishthesia.
You will join the nonfan rabble, playing games like bridge of scrabble!

I maintain it's less a pity to be on a con committee
Than to ever let a femmefan in your life.

I'm a quiet-living fan
Who, though he has a sense of humor, is content with silent laughter;
Who likes an atmosphere as restful as con-halls the morning-after.
A literary man am I, who finds stf quite a bore,
Who hasn't read a utopian novel written since Sir Thomas More.
Yes, a quite conservative fan...BUT
Let a femmefan in your life, and you'll say goodbye to fand m.
In a line that never ends come her dull, plebeian friends--
Though they're her friends stout and true, very soon you'll find that
you can't stand 'em.
She'll have an opinionated family, who will decide that fanning's sin;
You will explain it's just a hobby, but with plebeiāns...who can win?
Oh, let a femmefan in your life,
Let a femmefan in your life...!
I shall NEVER let a femmefan in my life.

V. Following this, Iggens makes it a point to treat Martha as coldly as possible. Martha, a typical young fan, wants to become a BNF, so she tolerates his coldness and applies herself to her fannish studies. But her indignation finds expression when she is alone.

MARTHA: Just you wait, Enry Iggens, just you wait!
For hell hath no fury like a femmefan's hate!
When your old typer will not stencil,
I'll hand you a sharpened pencil!
Just you wait, Enry Iggens, just you wait!
Just you wait, Enry Iggens, till your bills
From S.F. Bookclub are higher than the hills.
You'll say, "Mail this money order" --
I'll buy me a tape-recorder!
Ah-ha-ha, Enry Iggens, just you wait!
Ohhh, Enry Iggens, just you wait till you're in Raeburn's Dero-
gation.
Hah! Enry Iggens -- and you're stomping 'round the room in irri-
tation.
Though you're full of indignation,
I'll be laughing with elation --
Ah-ha-ha, Enry Iggens; oh-ho-ho, Enry Iggens,
Just you wait!
One day I'll be famous; every fan will be stunned
By my beauty and wittiness; I'll win the TAFF fund.
When Don Ford counts the ballots, he will write me and say,
"Your fare to England's shores is on the way."
Then an air-letter from the con committee is sent:
"Anything on the program that you want, we'll present."
"Thanks a lot boys," I write back, "but as I've always said,
The only thing I want is Iggens' head."
"DONE!" writes the chairman with a stroke;
"I'm sending you passage for the bloke."
Then you'll think that you're Big-Ponded, Iggens dear--
But you'll make no guest-of-honor speech, I fear.
You'll display your elocution
Only at your execution!

Ah-ha-ha, Enry Iggens; oh-ho-ho, Enry Iggens--
Just you wait!

VI. Martha's education continues. Iggens, assisted by Bickering, is teaching her some of the finer points of fannish pronunciation:

IGGENS: Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957.

MARTHA (hesitatingly): Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957.

IGGENS: Again....

MARTHA (more surely): Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957.

IGGENS: I think she's got it; I think she's got it.

MARTHA: Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957.

IGGENS: By Ghu, she's got it; by Ghu, she's got it!
Now, once again, where is the Blog?

MARTHA: In the fog, in the fog.

IGGENS: And what do fans do in the fog?

MARTHA: They snog! They snog!

ALL: Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957! (Hoohaw!) Snog and Blog in
the Fog in 1957!

IGGENS: In Bhoston, Bhloomington and Bhelfast,

MARTHA: Bhlighters all enjoy a bheerbust....
I have a Cosmic Mind, what do I do now?

IGGENS: Now once again, where is the blog?

MARTHA: In the fog, in the fog!

IGGENS: And what do fans do in the fog?

MARTHA: They snog! They snog!

ALL: Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957!
Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957!

(The number ends with Iggens, Martha and Bickering joining in a wild tango, amidst boisterous cries of "Arriba!" and "Los Cuentos Fantasticos!")

VII. It is months later, and Martha has completed her fannish education. Iggens and Bickering take her to the London Convention, where she scores a resounding success. All the con-goers wonder who the unknown femmefan is, assuming she must be a well-known fanne making her first appearance at a convention. After the last convention party is over, Iggens and Bickering celebrate their victory.

BICKERING: Tonight old man, you did it, you did it, you did it!
 I thought your plan was shaky, yes indeed I did.
 I doubted that you'd make it; I hoped that you'd forsake it.
 But now I'm very thankful that proceed you did!
 You should get a Hugo, or a Laureate Award!

IGGENS: 'Twas nothing, really nothing.

BICKERING: All alone you swept each difficulty from the board!

IGGENS: Now wait, now wait, give credit where it's due--
 A lot of the egoboo goes to you!

BICKERING: But you're the one who did it, who did it, who did it!
 Though our hopes at times were hazy, you were steady as Tau-
 rasi.
 There's no doubt about it -- you did it!
 I thought my beanie prop would wilt,
 The way you pushed things to the hilt.
 At times I was quite sure you'd pushed it too far.

IGGENS: Shortly after Registration, I discarded trepidation--
 I left her by herself and went to the bar.

BICKERING: You should have seen them take the pause.
Everyone wondered who she was.

IGGENS: You'd think they'd never seen a trufanne before.

BICKERING: And when the Masquerade had gotten started
 And BNFs flocked round her by the score,
 I simply said "You did it, you did it, you did it!"
 They thought she was so fannish that at midnight she must
 vanish--
 And they never knew that you did it!

IGGENS: Thank Roscoe for Goon Bleary -- if he hadn't been there I'd
 have died of boredom.

BICKERING: Goon Bleary? Was he there?

IGGENS: Yes...that man's so adept at the art of fansmanship
 That I knew Miss Coznowski would have to consort with him sans
 a slip.
 Every fan at the con who was famous was under surveillance by
 that phamus.
 Finally I saw it was fuggheaded not to let him have his
 chance with her,
 So I stepped aside and let him dance with her.
 Just to see what he could learn, he used fanspeak at every
 turn.
 Every gambit he could play, he used to strip her mask away--
 And when at last the dance was done, he grinned as though
 he'd made a pun.
 Learing beneath his moustache, that horrible fuzz,
 He announced from the rostrum that he knew who she was!

BICKERING: No!

IGGENS: Quite so!
"Her manners are quite poor," he said, "that clearly indicates
that she's trufannish.
"Whereas nonfans have their social rules, we trufans don't,
because we're slannish.
"And although I've only spoken with her briefly and at random,
"I can tell you that she is of--First Fandom!"

BICKERING: But she's only twenty!

IGGENS: Quite so.

BICKERING: This evening, sir, you did it, you did it, you did it!
You said that you could do it, and indeed you did.
I thought that you would rue it; I doubted you'd do it,
But now I must admit it--yes, succeed you did!

VIII. At the London convention Martha has met Freddie Bunker-Hill, an American fan. In the weeks that follow their return to the States, Freddie courts her in his fannish fashion, but as Tucker could have predicted, Freddie knows nothing of normal romance. Finally he gets up the nerve to propose to Martha:

FREDDIE: Your writing's the ultimate in humor, and there's a rumor referring to we two:
They say that our styles go well together; I wonder whether--

MARTHA: Egoboo!
Always egoboo! I get praise all day through,
First from him, now from you! Is that all trufans can do?
Don't drag emotion through fannish mire--
If you're on fire, tell me!
Ever since I met you at the London convention dance,
You've only spoken to me of fans!
If you think that fanac makes you consummately glad,
Sometime try to kiss a hekto pad!
Has some unlucky love twisted your mind?
Can't you unwind?--Tell me, tell me!
Don't talk of raising Twelfth Fandomites--
Certainly you must know how to tell me now!

IX. Meanwhile, the old-timer, Holloway, has decided to quit fandom, and in his honor the local fanclub throws a huge party on his last night as a fan, calling it the Gafianquet. Holloway arrives at the party feeling tired and not very fannish....

ALL: There's just a few more hours, that's all the time you've got;
You'll be a nonfan at midnight on the dot.

HOLLOWAY: My reputation's all over fandom, and I've got to live up to it
for just a few more hours....

I'm quitting fandom in the morning,
Retiring from this tiresome fannish life.

But this evening I must join this bheerbust
And let my fan instincts run rife.
I'm gafiating in the morning,
Giving my crifanac the knife.
Neos, come and zap me -- everyone be happy,
And let the fan instincts run rife!
If I am drinking, pour me some more;
If I get sercon, kick me out the door!
For I'm quitting fandom in the morning,
Retiring from this fascinating life--
I'll be normal tomorrow, but tonight I'll drown my sorrow,
And let my fan instincts run rife!

ALL: Oh, he's quitting fandom in the morning,
Retiring from this tiresome fannish life....

HOLLOWAY: I hate to leave it behind me, so everyone please remind me
That fandom's just a way of strife!

ALL: He's turning normal in the morning,
Giving his crifanac the knife....

HOLLOWAY: Though fandom is madness, ere I leave this sad mess,
I'll let my fan instincts run rife.
If I get plastered, put me to bed;
If I plan a fanzine, club me on the head!
For I'm quitting fandom in the morning,
Giving up this silly fannish life;
Tonight is my last fling, so let's have the bells ring!
And let your fan instincts, those crazy fan instincts,
Oh, cut loose and let your fan instincts run rife!

X. At the Gafianquet, Martha suddenly becomes angry with Iggens and rushes out of the room crying. Iggens subsequently finds that she has moved away, leaving no word.

IGGENS: What in all of Eyphen can have prompted her to go, after I
helped her rise to glory?
Hiding out in isolation...can this be a gafiation? I must say
it's a quite perplexing story!
Women are mundane, that's all I have to say for that! Their
reading matter's always nonfan rags.
Their lives are shaped by loutish, boorish, clownish, churlish,
lowbrow plebeian, proletarian mags!
...Why can't a woman be more like a fan?

BICKERING: Hmm?

IGGENS: Yes...why can't a woman be more like a fan?
Fen are progressive, with a free-thinking view,
More wise than Confucius, more strong than the Poo.
They've clear-thinking minds -- always know where they're at.
Why can't a woman be like that?
They dote on all that Billy Graham's said.
Their conversation's empty, and a babble, too.

Why don't they learn to think like Sociologists instead?
Why can't a woman just act like a fan?
Fen are so witty; I find that when I'm
With a fan I'm assured of a very good time.
A woman grows angry if just once you start to pettin' her.

BICKERING: How prudish!

IGGENS: What's even worse, their conversation's quite dull too.

BICKERING: Dim-witted!

IGGENS: Would you get shocked if I should swear at my Gestetner?

BICKERING: Of course not!

IGGENS: Well, why can't a woman be like you?
One fan in a hundred may watch TV
(For after all, one might see Berry there!)
And you and I each have some small deficiency,
But by and large we are a marvelous pair.
Why can't a woman behave more like a fan?
Fan-thinking is calm, open-minded and free.
We're never conceited; why, just look at me!
If fuggheads disagree with us, we just ignore them.

BICKERING: Naturally!

IGGENS: If we get panned by Claude Hall, do we make a fuss?

BICKERING: Of course not!

IGGENS: We don't start feuds with them -- we quietly abhor them.

BICKERING: Quite logical!

IGGENS: Well, why can't a woman be like us?
Why can't a woman be more like a fan?
Why, only a fan (and I'm sure you'll agree)
Would pub your last-minute FAPActivity--
Now, take Dean Grennell, he's a typical fan.
Why can't a woman be a Good Man?
Why is thinking something women never do?
Read GEMZINE and you'll see just what I mean.
Thinking with their typer's all they ever do;
Sometimes I doubt they keep their typers clean!
Why can't a woman be more like a fan?
If I were a woman who'd been to a con,
Been made guest of honor, and such goings-on
Would I start weeping as though I had due cause for sadness?
Act like I'd lost all rationality?
Would I run off and not announce my change of address?!
Well, why can't a woman...be like me?

XI. Iggens finally finds out where Martha has moved to, and visits her.

When asked why she left him, she delivers a tirade:

MARTHA: What a fool I was, what a dull, fuggheaded fool,
To think you were the earth and sky!
What a fool I was, what a bright-eyed, simple fool,
What a neofannish fool was I!
No, my trufannish-type friend,
You are not the beginning and the end!
There'll be cons every year without you;
FAPA will still be here without you.
There'll be good old J.D.
There'll be I.S.F.C.C.
Quinn will still send IF free without you!
Science Fiction Times will thrive without you;
Somehow Forry will survive without you,
And there will still be blog
Where they snog in the fog;
LassFass will meet in the smog without you--
We can do without you!
You, mighty drinker who's always plastered--
You're just a stupid cosmic-minded crackpot!
We'll have South Gate in '58 without you
(That con too will start late without you);
And if you must know, dear, Milwaukee still will make beer
without you!
Without your buying them, the prozines survive;
Without your carrying them, the mails arrive.
Without your lifting, drinkers all get high--
If they can get along without you, so can I!
I can still be well-known without you
I can put on my own without you
So go 'way, little man, I can still be a fan without you!

XII. Iggen subsequently learns that Martha is to marry Freddie Bunker-Hill. Alone at home, he mixes himself a nuclear fizz, and reflects that it is nowhere near as good as the fizzes Martha mixes....

IGGENS: Fout, fout, fout, fout!
I've grown accustomed to her fizz!
She makes housecleaning seem worthwhile--
I've grown accustomed to the aisles she's cleared through
messy piles.
And I'm not bothered by the glare from polished silverware.
It's quite familiar to me now,
This cleaning-up and putting-away,
My home was supremely fannish, quite a wreck before we met;
Sure, I could just mess it up that way again...and yet
I've grown accustomed to her typer,
Quite fond of her LP's,
Accustomed to her fizz.

Marry Freddie! What a starry-eyed idea. What a goshwowboyoboyish thing
to do!

She'll regret it! She'll regret it! It's doomed before they ever reach
the altar.

I can see her now, Mrs. Freddie Bunker-Hill, in a small apartment load-
ed down with stf.
Bunker-Hill proves to be sexless, but his wife's a woman still, so she's
mothering the good old N3F!
Each member now becomes her son or daughter,
and the Welcommittee's her delivery room;
She'll continue this perverted life he's brought her
till the day she's laid to rest inside her tomb!

HAH!

But perhaps she'll see the error in her way,
and she'll leave poor seedless Freddie in the lurch.
Then she'll come to me and kneel to me and say,
"You were right, you should've stopped us at the church."

HAH!

Poor, dear Martha! How simply frightful!
How degrading! How delightful!
How gratified I'll be when she begs me take her back,
When she huddles on her knees outside my door,
Maternally frustrated, all for Freddie's lack--
Shall I take her in, or send her right back home?
Should she live with me, or ever after roam?...
I'm a most forgiving fan...BUT
I will never take her back, tho she be crying in the snow!
Let her say that from now on she'll do all assembly work! --
I shall coldly tell her where to go!
Marry Freddie--HAH!

But I'm so used to hear hear play "The Planets" every day,
Its highs, its lows, the way the ending goes--
Of course, I could just buy the thing
And get all this off my mind....
I'm very glad she's not trufannish; I can treat her like a pet,
Rather like a lower form of life that talks--and yet
I've grown accustomed to the trace
Of...something...in this drink,
Accustomed to her fizz.

(Iggens disgustedly throws his drink into the fire. Martha enters; they embrace. Curtain.)

EPILOGUE: The next day Iggens and Martha have an argument, and Martha leaves again. She marries Freddie and lives happily ever after, Iggens remains a confirmed old bachelor, and George Bernard Shaw is content.*

*In a long addendum to Pygmalion, Shaw insisted for several pages that Higgins would always remain a bachelor and pupil Eliza would marry her young suitor, Freddie Eynsford-Hill. To assume that the heroine of a romance "must have married the hero of it" is "unbearable" Shaw snorted.

FANDOM

((From CRY #126, April 1959))

As you may already know, Lee Jacobs and Ed Cox presented their electric mimeograph, the Iron Maiden, to Berkeley Fandom several months ago. Since then it's been sitting at Ron Ellick's house, unused and unusable. Several things were wrong with it, not the least trouble being that the motor wasn't connected to the mimeo itself, besides which there seemed to be some missing parts. We've been sitting around wondering what to do about it for some time now, looking at each other now and then and saying, "We've got an electric mimeograph. How does an electric mimeograph work?"

Our troubles seem to be over now, though. Yesterday Dave Rike picked up the mimeograph to take back to his place with him. He says he's going to fix it, and we have faith in him.

You see, Dave Rike is a big fan of mimeographs. He collects them, in fact. I believe he already had two or three when he picked up the Iron Maiden. He says he likes to tinker around with them.

I was once going to write a Carr Factual Article about Dave Rike. It was going to be about how much he likes mimeographs, and how he was continually buying used mimeos to add to his collection. The punchline was going to be: "Fifty mimeographs," I said. "Well, that's not too many."

But it really isn't necessary to distort the truth about Dave Rike and mimeomania: the truth makes good enough telling by itself.

When Dave picked up the Iron Maiden, he looked it over gleefully. "Look at that roller," said Ron. "All caked with dried ink. It's pretty messed up."

"Mmm," mused Dave, "yes, it is pretty bad." His face suddenly lit up with joy. "Gee! I guess I'll have to put in a new roller!"

"And look in here," he went on, fiddling around in the interior of the machine. "This will probably need adjusting, and I'll see what happens if I take this out."

"Sounds like a lot of work," Ron commented.

"Well," Dave said, "I work all day, see, and when I get home I like to have something to fool around with."

"Why don't you get a woman?" Ron said.

HARVEST

"Women cost too much money," said Dave. "A mimeograph is what I need."

Ron Ellik has been ogling girls again. Not content with ogling Burbee's daughter, he has even gone so far as to take me up on my offer to let him chase girls now that he's twenty. He had a date last night, and he has another date tonight. With two different girls (neither of whom is Burbee's daughter, but then that's not surprising -- commuting 450 miles between Berkeley and Whittier on dates would be hell).

"You mean you're playing the field?" asked Miriam, shocked. Ron nodded. "Terry," said Miriam, "did you give Ron permission to play the field?"

"Well, not specifically," I said. "But I did say he could chase girls, not just a girl."

"But he seems to be catching them!" Miriam protested. "What about that?"

"Well, I haven't caught anybody yet," Ron broke in. "It's just that this girl said I could chase her to a movie tonight."

"Oh," said Miriam.

"Besides," Ron went on, "what's so special about me taking girls to movies? Everybody does it!"

"I don't," said Miriam with relentless logic.

Ron just sat there, a broken fan. "I give up," he muttered. "I'll phone her and say I can't make it. Then I'll see if Jim Caughran can go with me instead." He went away.

But I think he took that girl to the movie anyway. I wouldn't put anything past that Ron Ellik.

((From CRY#131, September 1959))

After dinner, Ron fell to baiting Miriam. He picked up a couple of her characteristic figures of speech and started tossing them back at her. This is an old Berkeley Fandom gambit which was used extensively by Pete Graham in particular. And now Ron was using it on Miri.

One of her pet expressions is "You drive someone crazy!". She utters this on oc-

casions such as when someone (usually me) cracks an obscure witticism and expects her to get it, when someone changes his mind five times in quick succession, and such. Ron is given to such mild forms of accidental mental torture, and Miri had been opining all evening that Ron drove her crazy.

Ron picked up the phrase. At appropriate and sometimes inappropriate moments he would say to her, "Miriam, you really drive someone crazy."

He kept on saying this for a half-hour or so (invariably leading Miri to say the same about Ron) until it became obvious that the joke was wearing thin. Then he turned to me.

"Terry," he said, "your wife will never become a Berkeley-type fan. She doesn't think in a Berkeley way."

"You drive someone crazy," I said to him.

"You really do, Ron," said Trina.

"But it's just a gag," Ron protested. "Why, we used to pull this stuff on each other all the time, don't you remember?"

"Sure I remember," I said. "But you're right, Miri doesn't think like a Berkeley fan. Her weltanschauung is completely different. This sort of word-tennis seems to her to be just running a phrase into the ground. Her whole philosophy on the subject of humor is different."

Ron nodded sagely. "Thus she refutes Berkeley," he murmured.

Which ended that subject.

A little later Trina left for the studio, and Ron, Miri, and I sat around talking in- to the wee small hours. One of the things we talked about was the upcoming FANAC Poll, which tries to determine fandom's favorite fanzines, writers, cartoonists, and so forth.

"You know, Terry," Ron said, "I think we're missing a bet on this poll."

"How's that?" I said.

"Well, we're not getting anything out of it for ourselves," he said.

"What do you mean?" I snorted. "We got tons of egoboo on the poll last year! FANAC was voted favorite fanzine, INNUENDO third best, and both of us made it into the Top Ten Fanwriters of the Year."

"Yeah," Ron said, "but this year we're distribution ballots with other fanzines than FANAC. We're probably not going to place so high this year. And anyway, I'm not talking about the egoboo. I mean we're not getting any money out of the poll."

My eyebrows shot up. "Fandom is just a goddam hobby," I intoned piously. "Fans shouldn't even hope to make money on their fanac."

Ron smiled slyly. "Ah, but what if people were to offer us money?"

"What do you mean by that?"

Ron shrugged casually. "Well, like what if someone slipped us five bucks and mentioned that he'd always wanted to place in a Top Ten Writers poll..."

"You mean we should accept bribes!" I said, horrified.

Ron's eyes narrowed to mere slits as he smiled. "Well, call it accepting payment for services rendered," he said. "We just accidentally count fifty extra votes for our friend in the Top Writers catagory..."

"But that's monstrous," I said.

"It wouldn't really be like acceptiong bribes," Ron went on. "Just doing a favor for a friend. And surely you'll agree that only a friend would give us five bucks out of the goodness of his heart!"

"A friend indeed!" I snorted.

"Of course," mused Ron, "I wouldn't do that for just anybody who gave us five bucks..."

"You mean...you mean, say, if Willis wanted to beat out Berry as top writer this year, you'd...?"

"Well, yeah, sort of. I mean, that's a hotly-contested position between them. They should be willing to pay more than just five bucks for it..."

"Oh, horrors!" I moaned.

"...and if Willis were to give us ten or fifteen, say, we could mention to Berry that it was a lot of work comiling the points-totals, and we didn't have much time left over after working to make money to keep us and ours alive. You know -- we could lay it on thick but subtle about how we just couldn't see how we'd be able to do a proper job of counting the totals in the best writer catagory, and maybe we'd make a mistake in counting and Willis might win."

My head was relling at the monstrous iniquity of Ron's idea. Willis and Berry trying to outbid each other in bribing us for Poll positions? But these fine fans would never do such a thing!

Nor would I ever accept a bribe!

"Ron!" I cried. "Ron, get hold of yourself, man! Come to your senses! We

couldn't do such a thing! Why, it would undermine the whole fabric of fandom! Fandom is built solidly on the rock of justly-deserved egoboo -- to hand out egoboo for money would make a mockery of all that is clean and pure and decent in our microcosm! The structure that is fandom would come tumbling down around our heads like a house of cards! It would be like that nightmare you keep having about The Tower To The Moon in a windstorm! Ron, we can't do it, Ron!"

During my impassioned outburst, Ron's expression had gradually changed from one of greed and cunning to one of curiosity, of surprise, of realization, and finally, now, of remorse.

"Oh, how could I ever have thought of such a thing!" he blubbered, crying on my shoulder. "I must have some evil spot upon my fannish soul! Oh, woe! Oh, woe, woe, woe!"

I patted his head. "Don't fret so," I said forgivingly. "You have obviously repented your evil thoughts. You see the light now. You have redeemed yourself."

"No!" he sobbed. "Not redeemed yet! I must dedicate my life to serving fandom, in order to make up for my evilness! I must pour my all into creative fannish endeavor to keep fandom a worthwhile way of life! Fandom is a Holy Cause, and I must serve it!"

"Gosh," I said, "you mean we're gonna put out FANAC weekly again?"

Ron abruptly froze. He raised his tear-stained face, dried it with his handkerchief, and frowned. "Pub FANAC weekly?" he muttered. "That's a lot of work."

"But it would be for the Cause," I said.

"Well, yes, but now let's not get too hasty about this," said Ron. "I mean, let's keep our feet on the ground. Let's look at this logically. What are we getting so excited about?"

"About your evil plans," I reminded him.

"Oh, those. Oh! -- those!" said Ron. "Well, heck, I was just kidding about all that anyhow! Good grief!" And he took a long pull on his bottle of Root Beer and leaned back in the chair and relaxed.

"It was all pretty silly anyway," said Miriam a little later. "You're supposed to be a Berkeley fan, Ron, but Berkeley fans are sensible, and if you were you'd have known that that whole idea was silly anyway. Fans don't have any money to spend on bribes." She pointed a finger at him. "You'll never be a Berkeley-type fan," she said.

You drive someone crazy," said Ron.

((From CRY #143, October 1960))

I've been reading fanzines for over ten years now, and though I must say that on

the whole I've been pleased and satisfied with the scribblings presented, still it seems to me that there has been an important omission. I've read countless thumbnail histories of science fiction and various sf mags; I've read biographies of the important men in the field; surveys of trends and ideas and styles in science fiction. I've read praise for John Campbell, Sam Merwin, Tony Boucher, Hugo Gernsback, Don Wolheim, and just about every other editor the field has had. That's why it is hard for me to understand the complete omission of praise for the greatest editor that we've seen in this field: T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D., who was Associate Editor of AMAZING while Gernsback was publishing it, and Editor in full from the time Gernsback left until Ziff-Davis and Ray Palmer took over in the late '30's -- in all, a period of about ten years.

During that decade AMAZING published a good deal of top science fiction; such men as David H. Keller, Jack Williamson, E. E. Smith, John W. Campbell, Miles J. Breuer, Francis Flagg and many others appeared regularly in its pages. It was an important decade in the development of science fiction, and yet one that seldom is mentioned; fan historians seem to prefer to write on ASTOUNDING during that period rather than AMAZING. They point to the pioneer work done by Campbell done late in the '30's as ASTOUNDING's editor, or to the meteoric rise of Stanley G. Weinbaum in WONDER and ASTOUNDING; they remember fondly the Brundage covers on WEIRD TALES then, or the work of Wesso or H. V. Browne. AMAZING and T. O'Connor Sloane rate hardly a mention, for some reason.

Mentioning the artists used by other magazines -- and we mustn't forget Frank R. Paul, who left AMAZING when Gernsback did -- perhaps provides an important clue as to why AMAZING isn't remembered fondly today. For during the '30's almost all the artwork was done by Leo Morey, one of the most lacklustre artists in sf's history. One can't get the great nostalgic feeling looking through a file of magazines sporting Morey covers that one can get by looking through mags bedecked by Brundage or Paul covers.

This is not, of course, a fair way to judge a magazine; the judgment should be made on the basis of the stories more than anything else. But I think this sort of thing -- the personality of the magazine, the "feeling" one gets by looking through its issues -- is the criterion which has caused Sloane's AMAZING to come up short in the reckoning of historians. AMAZING under Sloane seemed pretty dry stuff, there's no doubt about it.

Nevertheless, in this little essay I intend to concentrate on this aspect of Sloane's editorship -- the personality of his mags -- and try to show why I rank him as one of s-f's greatest editors. Because to me, AMAZING under Sloane was just as much fun as any magazine ever published in the field.

I'll say little about the artwork except to mention that for all his faults Morey was underrated, I think. He did come up with a fair amount of good covers and interiors -- some of them copying Paul, of course -- and if anyone still thinks all of his covers were dull he might remember that a 1934 Morey cover had no less than six nudes on the cover, five of them females, one of the latter complete with four bare breasts. You'd never have seen that from Frank R. Paul!

Sloane's forte, though, was in the editorial personality that was prevalent throughout the issues he edited. One of my most pleasant pastimes is leafing through my old AMAZINGs reading his tory blurbs and the lettercolumns with the wonderful titles he would give the letters and the straight-faced replies he always came up with. As I've mentioned, Sloane seems to be remembered as a singularly dull and pedantic figure, but from the evidence of his blurbs and such it's hard to think that this can be true. If Sloane was as pedantic as it seems on the surface of it, then indeed he must have set a new record for such things -- but frankly some of Sloane's editorial comments read to me like the height of straight-faced humor, and I simply can't imagine anybody writing some of those blurbs seriously.

It's always puzzled me how a learned, dry, dull man such as Sloane is assumed to have been could ever have got mixed up with a sf magazine in the first place. Stf had very little respectability then, remember; it was just beginning its long uphill fight to crawl out of the crackpot category. I think Sloane must have realized how silly some of the stories he printed were, how ridiculous were many of the comments he received from his readers, and how far-fetched were the "scientific" ideas of his authors. Just by reading his blurbs I get a picture of a patient, learned man who yet had an insidious sense of humor about him which kept him going even when he had to deal with brash youngsters criticizing Einstein and making like literary critics about the work of 17-year-olds who tried to sound older by using their middle names in their bylines (G. Peyton Wertenbaker, for instance). It was a thoroughly ridiculous situation; Sloane must have realized it. And he must have had a sense of humor; I categorically deny that he was always as serious and historians and fans have assumed.

For instance, there was this blurb from the Decemeber 1933 issue, for Otis Adelbert Kline's short story "A Vision of Venus":

This is a very nice short story, verging on the short, short order, and will be enjoyed by all our readers. We have not had a story by Mr. Kline for some time and we are sure this one will be welcome. There is a love motif, but not of an order to excite opposition from our readers.

A lot of people probably took that blurb straight, and thought "Good heavens, what a nut Sloane was!" And that seems strange: haven't we had countless satires on youngsters who read stf but blush at Bergey covers? Isn't one of the oldest fan-satire themes "Sex and Stf Don't Mix"?

Remember Cleve Cartmill's definition of a fan? "I am a science fiction fan. I am twelve years old. I don't like stories with sex in them. They make me feel funny."

I think Sloane merely knew his readers for what they were, and was following a practice of straight-faced humor in his blurbs.

And make no mistake about it, Sloane was a superb satirist in his blurbs. He had a way of going on for several sentences in his terribly dry manner, as above, and then hitting you unexpectedly between the eyes with an absolutely ridiculous punchline. Remember this blurb from the March 1930 issue, for G. Peyton Werten baker's "The Ship

That Turned Aside"?:

Perhaps because so little definite information can be obtained on the subject of the fourth dimension, authors with good imagination and an interest in scientific theories find in this subject a fertile field to work in.

Why, after all, might it not be only a thin and penetrable veil of vibration or radiation that separates the third dimension from the unknown and mysterious fourth?

G. Peyton Wertenbaker's reputation as a writer of scientific fiction is established. He gives us some surprising and unexpectedly good turns in this bizarre tale of travelers in unknown space and in the fourth dimension. Besides, this story is a true literary classic.

Notice the snapper at the end? What skill the man had for misdirection! He writes on for three paragraphs about authors with good imaginations and scientific extrapolation and such, and then in the last sentence, as if it were an afterthought, he blithely add ; that the story is a true literary classic!

A dry pedant, indeed!

By the way, it's a little bit difficult for me to decide whether or not he was kidding about that story being a classic. On the one hand, it would have been just like him to satirize his readers' overestimation of science fiction in such an offhand manner -- but on the other hand, that story was a damn good one, standing head-and-shoulders above most science fiction of the day. Well, in any case it was no "true literary classic", so maybe Sloane realized its worth by exaggerating it just for the hell of it. Sort of a touch of whimsy, like.

Sloane was very often whimsical, it seems to me. Glancing through the AMAZING lettercolumn, "Discussions", I'm continually amused by the titles given the letters. Most of them are just dry and stodgy ("Some Carefully Thought Out Criticism" .. "Some Curious Views About The Moon -- A Suggestion For A Story" .. "An Appreciation Of Our Artists And Stories" .. etc.), but others strike me as something that Sloane stuck on the letters with a little grin and a shrug: "Although A Flattering Letter, We Publish It" .. "A Letter Of Very Breezy Criticism" .. "An Author On The War Path" .. etc.

John W. Campbell Jr. was a regular contributor to the lettercolumns for some time, usually arguing science with E. E. Smith. Once a reader jumped into the gray and picked on one of Campbell's theories, and Sloane promptly titled the letter "One On John W. Campbell, Jr."

Another of my favorite Sloane-isms was the letter saying that AMAZING was slipping (this was in 1931), which Sloane titled, with his characteristically strange syntax, "The 'Downfall' (!) of AMAZING STORIES, But It Is Not Falling Down".

I tell you, the man was a genius!

Of course, all geniuses are sometimes hard to understand, and I confess that I'm a bit confused by one of Sloane's little peccadilloes. He had a strange habit of writing blurbs that made it absolutely pointless to read the story -- he'd synopsise the whole plot in the introduction, like this one for Stanton Coblentz's "In The Footsteps of the Wasp" in August 1934:

Mr. Coblentz is one of the best liked authors with whose works we have been favored. In the present story he appears in the role of a short story teller and very ingeniously brings everything to a happy conclusion where a whole nation is rescued from tyranny and almost extinction. We are sure that our readers will enjoy it.

After a blurb like that, I visualize Sloane leaning back in his old leather-upholstered chair and mentally adding, "...if they bother to read it."

To tell the truth, such blurbs by Sloane have never bothered my appreciation of the stories concerned, because actually there was seldom much suspense or emphasis on plot-twists in the Sloane AMAZING. The writers of his day just weren't interested in plotting, I guess; certainly this type of blurb Sloane so often wrote makes it seem as though he, too, assumed this. What was interesting to them (and, presumably, to Sloane) was the science and extropolation embodied in the stories. Certainly when he presented such a lovely satire as Miles J. Breuer's "The Gostak and the Doshes" he declined to mention the satire and instead advised:

But be sure to read the story when your mind is thoroughly clear and rested. There will be a marked difference in your reaction.

Sloane knew that his authors sometimes got pretty far out with their theorizing!

I wanted to mention in this little survey another of my favorite Sloane-isms, but I can't seem to find it in the issues in my collection, which is admittedly incomplete. But I remember it clearly, and it somehow sums up for me the personality that was T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D, the conservative, cultured, formal-mannered yet whimsical science fiction editor. In his reply to a letter from a reader in Australia, he wrote, "Thank you very much for your very well thought out letter of criticism. We are always glad to hear from our readers in the Antipodes."

Isn't that terrific? Where today can you find a stf editor with such old-world charm as had T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D. ? I regard it as a great loss to us all that Sloane is no longer connected with the field.

All sorts of visions swim before my eyes. What if Sloane hadn't left the field? What if, when Ziff-Davis bought AMAZING, Sloane had later come back to the field, perhaps as the editor of STARTLING or THRILLING WONDER in the '40's? It's very interesting to try to imagine how he might have edited a science fiction magazine in a different era. To imagine, for instance, T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D. as Sergeant Saturn in the STARTLING and TWS lettercolumns. Here was one typical quote from the Sergeant Saturn era, answering a typically rude letter from a reader:

Wart-ears, you must have slipped that letter in while ye Sarge was squeezing the juice from two jars of Xeno for his matinal uplifter. Go dip your head in a pail of aqua pura as punishment -- and hold it there there until ye Sarge tells you to take it out!

I really can't imagine Sloane writing anything quite like that, of course. Written by Sloane, it might have come out something like this:

One wonders, Wart-ears, if perhaps one of our companions consigned the above rather breezy letter to the stack of those for publication while this humble officer of our dear planet was engaged in partaking of liquid refreshment. However, we are always pleased to hear from any of our readers.

Of course, this immediately brings to mind another amusing thought. What if Sloane had been editing the PLANET STORIES lettercolumn, say, during the heyday of such flagrantly offensive letterhacks as Edwin Sigler? We might have read:

We are always pleased to hear from our racist readers in the Old South.

Or what if Sloane had been editing ASTOUNDING when van Vogt came up with "The World of A"? He might have written some such blurb as:

Mr. van Vogt has proved his popularity, and this story will surely add to it. It combines many virtues such as swift pace, intriguing situations, and colorful scenes. But be sure to read the story when your mind is thoroughly clear and rested, as it might make sense .. that way.

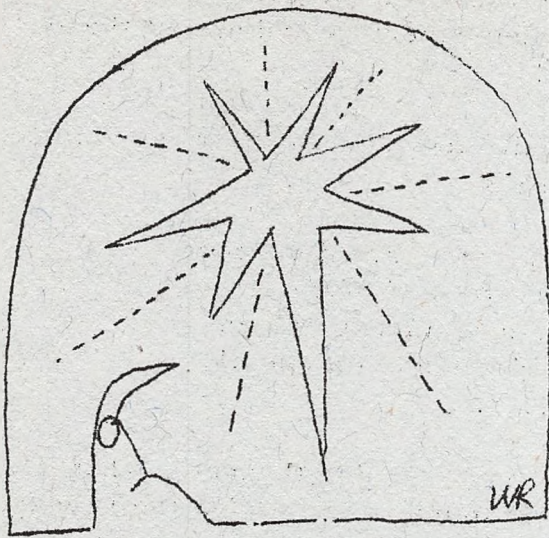
Or -- good heavens! -- what if Sloane were editing the GALAXY/Beacon series of novels being published currently? I immediately have visions of Sloane's blurb for Phillip Jose Farmer's "Flesh":

There is a love motif, but not of an order to excite opposition from our lascivious readers.

And finally (the Ultimate Vision) I imagine T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D., acting as editor of the CRY lettercol. I imagine letters from Bob Smith titled "A BREEZY LETTER FROM THE ANTIPODES" or "ONE ON MR. RAEBURN", etc.

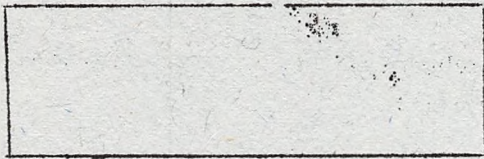
Or perhaps we might have such editorial comments as:

We are always pleased to hear from a stupid clod of a wmoan in the British Isles.



EGOB00

FOR



ALGERNON

progris riport 1--martch 5 1962

Dr. Strauss sais I shud rite down what I think and evrey thing that happins from now on on account of it may be important. I dont know why but he sais he has to file a riport to the head of his comitty. Hes from the NFFF. I sed thanks alot of times but he just shruged and said just another NFFF benifit. Miss Kinnian sais maybe they can make me smart they do alot with new fans. I sure hope so. My name is Charlie Gordon and Im 37 years and 2 months old. Ive been in fandom five years.

progris riport 2--martch 6

They gave me a quiz today but I couldnt figure it out. It wasnt a-boute Hugo Gernsback or Nenery Kuttners pen names like most quizzes though. What happind is Dr. Strauss showed me some white cards with ink spilled on them or something. He sed Charlie what do you see on this card. I was very scared and I told him it was an inkblot but I hadnt dun it. He looked sad and said that wasnt the rite idea he said ha wantid me to say what it reminded me of. So I looked at it some more and sed it reminded me of the reproduktion I get on my mimeo. But he sed that wasnt the rite answer eether so I guess I faled the quiz. But that was reely what it reminded me of.

progris riport 3--martch 7

Dr. Strauss sais its okay about the ink they know I didnt do it. He sais theyl try to help me. Miss Kinnian told that whenever we had a quiz at our ~~xxx~~ klub I always tryed hardest and they liked that. Dr. Strauss sed you noe if we make you smart it might only be tempirery. I said I noe. But

Ive never been smart like the other gys in the klub and just onse Id like to be able to answer those quizes. I dont care if its onley tempirary.

Then they gave me sum more tests. One was sort of a game with this mouse. His name is Algernon. Algernon was in a box with alot of twists and turns like all kinds of walls and they gave me a pensil and a peper with lines and lots of boxes. They sed it was a race could I get through the maze befor Algernon could. We raced ten times and it made me mad cause Algernon beat me all ten times. I got mad because I thought they mite laugh at me but they didnt. But I was mad a little bit anyway so I outsmarted them I picked up the peece of paper and looked at it for a long time and then sed Nice paper and dropped it on the table. Then I leffed. I red about saying that once and its a smart thing to do. Maybe Im getting smarter all ready.

progris riport 4--martch 8

I asked Dr. Strauss if Ill beat Algernon in the race after the operashun and he said maybe. I sed could I answer the quixes then and learn all the big words like they use in DISCORD and all. He sed I could probly rite a colum for DISCORD if the operashun works. But I dont noe. Some people say Im a fugghead now. Miss Kinnian sais that isnt rite that isnt what it means. She sais it doesnt matter if your eye cue is 68 that doesnt make you a fugghead. But when I start riting a colum for DISCORD I bet nobody will call me a fugghead anyway. I wonder what Ill call it. Their giving me the operashun tomorrow.

Progress Report 5--Mar 15

The operashun didnt hurt. He did it while I was sleeping. They took the bandijis from my eyes and head today so I can make a PROGRESS REPORT. Dr. Strauss looked at some of my other ones and he told me how to spell PROGRESS and REPORT rite. I got to try to remember now.

Dr. Strauss sais I should tell what I feel and what I think. I didnt noe what to think but I tryed. All the time when the bandijis were on I tryed to think. Nothing happened. I dont noe what to think about. I sed when I get the bandijis off I could read a discussion fanzine and it would tell me what to think but Dr. Strauss and Miss Kinnian both sed they dont help you to think at all reely. But when I got the bandijis off I did read Ted Paulses fanzine anyway. It didnt help me think so they were rite. Besides there were too many big words. I couldnt read it good. I guess to read those fanzines you just got to noe big words. I said that to Miss Kinnian and she smiled. She sed I could think without reading those kind of fanzines but I dont noe.

Progress Report 6--Mar 19

Nothing is happining. I had lots of tests and races with Algernon but he still beats me. Dr. Strauss sed I could go back to the club agen if I want. Im glad because I miss all my frends there and all the fun we have. Miss Kinnian is glad too, she sais not to worry Dr. Strauss is a smart man and has been in the NFFF longer than Ralph Holland and he noes what hes doing. She sais it might take a while befor I get smart but I should keep trying. She sed maybe I should get on a NFFF round robin letter and it would make me think. But I still dont noe.

Dr. Straus told me he operated on Algernon thats why he all ways beats me. I took a long time with Algernon but he got three times smarter. If I was three times smarter I bet I could rite that colum for DISCORD. I bet I could. On a typewriter even. I bet I could learn to type if I was three times smarter.

So far Algernon looks like he mite be smart perminent.

Mar. 25

Its fun to be back at the club again. They dont noe Im going to be smarter because I cant tell them. Dr. Strauss said its top secret in the NFFF because if I dont get smarter everybody will say its just another NFFF project that didnt get cone.

We have a lot of fun at the club. Joe Carp said when I came in Hey heres Charlie where have you been. I didnt want to answer but it was okay because he didnt wait for me to. He said We didnt know what to do without you Charlie. Weve been telling everybody for years that your the only real slan in the world and your in our fanclub and then you didnt come around for a long time. Then everybody laughed but I dont know why because he was talking about a story by Van Vogt and Ive never been able to read Van Vogts stories eether. But Frank Reilly says thats okay he cant understand Van Vogt and he has a cosmic mind. I dont know what a cosmic mind is but Ill bet its something smart. Maybe Algernon has a cosmic mind. If he does I guess Ill have one too sometime because I had an operashun like him. Ill bet Frank Reilly will be surprised when he finds out I have a cosmic mind.

April 2

Last nite at the club I told everybody that I was going to publish a fanzine some day. They laughed and slapped me on the back like they all ways do when they like me. They said it was a good idea and theyd show me how. Then Joe Carp got a fanzine from the clubs collection and said Can you publish something as good as this. It was called THE HAPPY SAP and it looked like those inkblots Dr. Strauss showed me only better. It had a story called The Battle Of The Gods but it didnt have an ending. Joe Carp said why didnt I finish it. Then everybody laughed again including me. Joe sure is funny.

But anyhow I borrowed the fanzine and brought it home. I didnt want to tell them I couldnt type. But Im going to buy a typewriter soon as I can. Im going to learn to type.

April 9

Everybody at the club is so nice these days. It must be because they know Im getting smarter. I sort of told them. Anyhow I said I was learning to type. They were all glad and said to bring my typewriter to the clubroom and theyd help me practice. Frank Reilly said hed loan me all of his TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS. (Thats how you spell them.)

I did take my typewriter to the clubroom and I practiced there. Frank Reilly and the others watched and we had a good time. I asked him where the TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS were but he said hed forgotten them. He said I could make some myself if I was smart enough.

Then Joe Carp gave me a lesson. He types with all his fingers which I cant do but he makes mistakes anyway. I could tell. But everybody said not too worry and pretty soon Id be able to type like him. They said its better to make mistakes with all your fingers than just one. I dont know though.

Miss Kinnian says Im really getting smarter all right. I dont feel any smarter though. I told her the guys at the club are helping me to type but she frowned. She doesnt like the club because shes in the N3F. At least thats what the guys say. Im all mixed up about it. It doesnt make any sense. In fact I keep wondering about all sorts of things these days. Joe Carp says if Im really getting smarter I should be confused all the

time because thats how things are.

April 11

I beat Algernon! I beat him eight times in a row today. Dr. Strauss said he wasnt surprised and this would sure show everybody that the NFFF could get things done no matter what they said. But Miss Kinnian looked at him kind of funny and said quietly that she somehow didn't think theyd be impressed if we told them that the NFFF helped me to beat a mouse in a maze game.

Algernon sure is smart though, and Im proud that I beat him. They let me hold him for a while, hes not so bad. Hes soft like a ball of cotton, and warm.

April 20

I brought my typewriter home from the vclubroom last night. I was there practicing typing with all my fingers. Several of the fans came in and gathered around me like they always do.

"What are you writing?" said Joe Carp.

I said I was just writing The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

"That's pretty good, but I think I've read it before," said Joe.

"I didn't make it up," I said. "I read it in a book." Everybody laughed and Joe frowned. I think they were laughing at him, that's why he frowned.

"Do you read books now?" he said. I said, yes, and went on practicing typing. But Joe was kind of mad. I guess, and he wouldn't let me alone. "Aren't fanzines good enough for you anymore?" he said, "we loaned you THE HAPPY SAP just a little while ago, why don't you read that?"

I told him I couldn't read it, because the reproduction was so bad. I always thought it was because I couldn't read real good, but I don't think even Joe Carp could read it.

"It's too bad, I was looking forward to reading the end of The Battle Of The Gods," Joe said, "I figure you're the best person I know to finish it. But why don't you go ahead and write something else, anyway, I've got an issue of my fanzine coming up pretty soon and I have a page to fill. They said if you take fifty million monkeys and leave them at typewriters long enough they'll write The Enchanted Duplicator eventually. Maybe you could write something for me."

"I'm not fifty million monkeys," I said. "You'll have to fill that empty page yourself."

I hadn't meant anything by that, but Joe got mad and said all sorts of things. He shouted a lot of words at me that I didn't know and when I asked him how to spell some of them, because I'm keeping a notebook on spelling now, he threw up his hands and walked out of the room. So I brought my typewriter home. I don't think I'll go back to the club for awhile anyway.

April 28

I saw Miss Kinnian again today. She told me I'm making great steps, but I still make mistakes. Like with my punctuation sometimes. She said I committed 37X, and I was horrified, because last night I was reading a bppk on sociology and I thought 37X might be something like sodomy or pederasty. But she said it wasn't, and explained that it was running two sentences together with only a comma between them. Somebody had called that 37X. I won't make ~~m~~ mistakes like that again.

Then I went by the clubroom again. There was nobody there, so when I borrowed a bunch of fanzines from the library I left a note. I borrowed issues of QUANDRY and SKY HOOK and PSYCHOTIC and HYPHEN and DISCORD and a lot of others. I borrowed a copy of "Slan," too. I'm going to read them tonight. I can read fast now.

May 15

I'll try to review all the things that have been #happening in the past several weeks. I first read all of the fanzines that I had borrowed from the club, then borrowed more from Miss Kinnian. She has a large collection. I was especially interested in some of the discussions of changing trends in science fiction, and I read back files of various of the magazines. In particular, I wanted to analyze the sense of wonder; I did experience something like it when reading a few of the stories, but on the whole the concept was a puzzling one. One fanwriter, for instance, claimed to achieve a sense of wonder while reading the works of Leigh Brackett. I'm afraid I felt no such thing, though Hal Clement was quite fascinating in places. Perhaps the sense of wonder is not strictly an intellectual-level reaction? I can certainly remember that in the earlier periods of this experiment I achieved a strong sense of wonder simply reading the comic section in Out Of This World Adventures, and, a little later, from the letter column of Planet Stories. The evidence seems fairly certain that whatever the experiment has done for me it has not sharpened my sense of wonder.

I have continued to read the older fanzines, of course. I was quite surprised when I mentioned to Dr. Strauss a clever satire on Jack Darrov in THE FORTEEN LEAFLET and not only had he never read THE FOURTEEN LEAFLET, he did not even know who Darrov was! Perhaps Dr. Strauss is not so well-read as I had thought.

But, again, how can this be? Engaged in serious research in fandom as Dr. Strauss is, surely he must have familiarized himself with the history of the fannish movement. There are levels of it which seem beyond him.

May 18

I am very disturbed. I saw Miss Kinnian last night for the first time in over a week. I returned some fanzines and books to her and made a few comments on them; she simply stared blankly at me. I was shocked. Surely she must have speculated beyond the superficial level about the implications of Tolstoy's theories of history on such fannish milestones as Bob Tucker and Claude Degler; the works of all three are in her own collection. And when I tried to refer her to "The Immortal Storm" in reference to a point I completely lost her by a mild side-observation on the psychological aspects of the book. Has she read it only as fannish history? If so, she has missed a fascinating psychological study!

May 23

It happened today. Algernon bit me. I visited Dr. Strauss to see him as I do occasionally, and when I took him out of his cage, he snapped and bit my hand. Dr. Strauss tells me that Algernon is changing. He is less cooperative, and eats less. Everyone is upset about what this may mean.

May 31

I have embarked on a project of my own. It is the result of a week's

steady reading of every fanzine I could find, good or bad--and a week's reading for me is a considerable amount. I have discovered, by the way, that I can now read THE HAPPY SAP. It is an effect of the experiment I hadn't anticipated, but the increase in intelligence has made it possible for me to read through the typographical errors and bad duplication, to sort through the syntax of the fanzine. If Miss Kinnian thought it a strange sort of victory when I first managed to beat Algernon at the maze game, imagine what her reaction would be if I should tell her that one of the most significant effects of the experiment has been my new-found ability to read THE HAPPY SAP!

In my readings of fanzines and prozines and books I have uncovered a wealth of material for speculation and research. It's surprising that no one has worked on the many fascinating and sociological implications of fandom before. I will make it my work. Leave the lighter aspects of fandom to those whose talent is for humor; I shall make my contribution in a sercon manner. (The word sercon itself opens vast vistas for analysis!)

June 10

Algernon died two days ago. Dissection shows that our fears were justified: his brain had decreased in weight and there was a general smoothing out of cerebral convolutions as well as a deepening and broadening of brain fissures. The effects of the operation were not permanent for him, and so they will not be for me, perhaps.

I am already becoming absent-minded. I guess its starting already. But I am determined to finish my study of fandom before the regression becomes too marked to overcome.

June 18

I am becoming irritable. I guess it may be the deterioration, but maybe not. I'm having trouble finding references for the points in my research. I had them in my mind, but I should have written them down. It's very irritating to have to concentrate so deeply simply to remember.

June 20

I asked Dr. Strauss and Miss Kinnian to leave me alone. Im having a lot of trouble with my article. Not only cant I find where I read something, I dont even agree with what alot of my notes say, what I can read of them. Yesterday I read a Captain Future novel and found the sense of wonder as good as its ever been. It doesnt fit what I wrote, can I be that far gone?

July 2

I havent been writing to much because Ive been busy. Every thing is so hard now. I keep wanting to get done with that thing I been writing but I hardly know what Im doing. I keep thinking of Algernon instead, I keep thinking he has some thing to do with the article. But the articles about fandom, not mice. What does a mouse, have to do with fandom, even a smart mouse. But they say fans are smart, maybe thats it. I hope Im still smart, cause Im still a fan. I dont feel any dumber, I just have more trouble is all.

Maybe I should have writen that colum for DISCORD. Everthings so hard now maybe I wont do it.

July 16

I went back to the club today. It shure was good to see Joe Carp and

THE FASTEST HAM IN THE WEST

It seems like only a few months ago that Miriam and I received the SAPS mailing containing Lee Jacobs' WRAI BALLARD, THE MUSQUITE KID, the latest of the Ballard Chronicles which Lee has been writing all-too-sporadically for several years now. I can remember it clear as anything...leafing casually through the zines in the mailing ("Where's my name? Do you see my name?") and coming across Jacobs' story. I remember how my eyes lit up and I said to myself, "Ah, I'll have to read that soon."

I've often wished since that I had read it. Because just a few weeks later I found myself acting in a movie version of the story, speaking lines in scenes which I couldn't place in their relationship to the whole of the story. Gee, what a silly feeling.

It happened this way. A few weeks after that SAPS mailing came out, Ron Ellik said to us, "Unicorn Productions is going to film 'Wrai Ballard, the Musquite Kid.' Bjo says she wants you and Miri to play yourselves in the movie -- you're in the story, you know."

I think we said something vague and noncommittal at that. I mean, what would you say if somebody asked you to play a part in a movie? And mainly, what would you say if Ron Ellik told you he was going to be the star?

Well, anyway, just a few days after that there came this letter from Bjo which asked us point-blank if we'd play the parts. It was a three-page letter; that question only took a few lines, of course, but the letter ran to three pages because she went on to make suggestions regarding costuming, shooting dates, and so forth. She seemed to have a lot of it worked out already.

Well, what can you do when Bjo asks you to do something? We flipped a coin and

it came up yes.

A few days later we saw Trina Castillo, who'd just returned from a party in L.A. She said she'd heard we were playing ourselves in this movie, and congratulated us. We nodded. Then I had a thought, and I said, "But Bjo couldn't possibly have had our answer by the time of that party! Who said we were going to play the parts? Did they say it was definite?"

"Sure," said Trina. "Bjo said so, anyhow. I think so."

"I'll be damned," I muttered. "I've a good mind to go down there and let them set up their cameras and scenery and microphones and all and then demand \$10,000. Then if they say no I'll stalk off the set and call Louella Parsons. Collect."

But I wasn't really mad, of course. Actually, from the moment I'd heard that they wanted us to play parts in the movie I'd known that we would. Things that that Shaggy crowd does have a sense of inevitability about them. As a matter of fact, I think I told Bjo that when we were making the movie. "Bjo," I said, "from the moment you people started on this movie I had a sense of the inevitability of it all. I knew it would get messed up like this!"

But I see I'm getting ahead of my story.

Miri and I went to Los Angeles to attend the annual surprise birthday party for Charles Burbee (which was actually a surprise party for Isabel Burbee, but that's another, happier, story). As it happened, we traveled down with Lee and Jane Jacobs, who had been visiting the Bay Area the week before. I told Lee that I hadn't even read his story yet, let alone a shooting script, and he fished out a copy of it for me to read on the way. Unfortunately, I got interested in a book that Jane had brought along instead... a novel about ancient Egypt. I'm a nut on ancient Egypt. I reclined in the back seat of the car and read avidly through the book, at times pausing to wish we were making a movie of that story instead. You see, there was this priestess...

But I digress.

We got to Lee and Jane's home in Van Nuys early in the afternoon of Saturday, and stopped there so they could unpack from the trip and we could have a beer or two. Van Nuys is considerably in the north of the L.A. area, though, so we had to go on pretty quick: we still had to stop at Miri's grandmother's place, where we were staying for the weekend, before going out to the party at Burb's that evening. Lee and Jane dropped us off there and went on to the party.

It must have been close to ten o'clock at night by the time we finally got finished chatting with Miri's grandmother and connected on a ride to the party. The party was in full swing when we got there. I talked with multitudes of people, and Miri got into a card game, and there was all this lovely food to eat and so forth -- we didn't get home till some ridiculous hour of the morning. We just hadn't wanted to leave, you see, it was such great fun, and... well, to tell the truth, Miri was busy most of the time cleaning up at the poker table. It's hard to leave when you're ~~with~~ having a

good time, so we sort of ignored Bjo's occasional anguished bleats that we were all supposed to be in Long Beach, 30 miles southwest of L.A., at 9:00 in the morning to start filming. The whole concept of being anywhere except in bed at nine that morning seemed like something out of another world anyway, so it wasn't hard to ignore her. Besides, she finally passed out or whatever it is that femmefans do, and was quiet for the rest of the evening.

The next morning dawned early. I dragged myself from bed and kicked Miriam. "Get up!" I snarled. "We have to go and make a hilarious movie today!" Miri hissed at me and arose too.

Halfway through breakfast Al Lewis arrived to pick us up. "The sun is shining and it's a beeyootiful day!" he said cheerily. We finished breakfast in dour silence and got in Al's car. He drove us to Fan Hill.

There were people there, and they seemed awake. They even spoke recognizable English and smiled now and then. I hated them with a passion. But somehow they herded Miri and me into Al's car again (Ingrid Fritzscht joined us for this leg of the trip) and we all went to Long Beach, where we were to rendezvous with Ron Ellick at a motel that had a covered wagon out in front. The covered wagon was a prop, like. Another group of fans was picking up Burbee and would meet us there, too.

Well, we found Ron, and we went to the motel and parked the car, and Al went to speak to the motel owner about hooking up the equipment to his power outlets. And it seemed that the owner wasn't there.

We shrugged, with the ease a person gets when he doesn't much care anymore. The fans who were to pick up Burb weren't there yet, so we decided to forget it for awhile and go have breakfast.

We left a note on the car for the others and went to this place a block down the street. It was early afternoon by now (I must confess that we hadn't got up at quite nine o'clock), and as we gazed down the menu we found ourselves actually feeling up to enjoying a meal. In fact, we were starving. Not even the ridiculous prices could deter Miri and me -- "What the hell," she said, "we'll eat out of my poker winnings." So we picked out a batch of things to order and settled back to wait for a waitress to take our orders.

We waited half an hour. Then we waited half an hour more. Bjo, Burbee, Bill Donaho and that crew showed up -- they'd eaten lunch at Burb's. Some of them joined us and we continued waiting for a waitress. It was getting just a wee mite ridiculous.

Finally John Trimble took a napkin and wrote on it, in big black letters, "FOOD, LIKE!" He mounted this on a fork and ran it up to see if anybody would salute it. A few other customers laughed, and a waitress sneered.

But eventually a waitress came by -- the one who had sneered at John's sign. She dumped a glass of icewater on his head as a sort of token of something or other,

and then apologized. She was really very nice about it. She took a napkin and wiped off the water from the table and all. Brushed some of it into John's lap, of course, but what the heck.

And eventually, about 3:00 in the afternoon, she brought us some food. We wolfed it down, and left. Somehow, in the rush and confusion, we forgot to leave a tip.

We all tramped back to the motel, where Al Lewis had succeeded in finding the owner and getting things straightened out about the power. They began to set up the equipment.

While we were waiting, Miri and I grabbed a script (they'd been handed to us at Fan Hill that morning) and asked somebody what we were supposed to do and say, what scenes to read, and so forth.

Ron told Miriam she had it easy; all she had to do was say "Don't be such a kook!"

"You mean I only have one line?" Miri asked.

"Well, sort of," Ron said. "That's all you say, mostly, but you say it about eight or ten times. With varying inflections, I guess."

So Miri wandered around the motel parking lot for awhile, muttering, "Don't be such a kook! Don't be such a kook! Don't be such a kook! Don't be such a kook! Don't be such a kook!"

I said to Ron, "Seeing as how Miri and I are playing ourselves, do you think we should try Method Acting?" He frowned at me.

Then Bjo came over and she and Miri held a consultation about Miri's costume and makeup. Miri had on a square-dance dress which fit the western motif pretty well, and somebody had brought a sun-bonnet for her to wear. Bjo had brought some theatrical makeup for her. Everything was pretty well thought out. Well, almost, anyhow.

"The only trouble is," said Miriam, "I didn't bring any shoes." She raised a foot to display a bright red pair of slipper-socks she was wearing.

Bjo sort of wilted. "Oh well, we'll shoot you from the waist up," she said faintly.

I wandered off to where Burbee was standing. He was to play the part of Big Daddy Busby, and he'd been provided with a long, flowing, moth-eaten beard for the occasion. He also had about the most ridiculous western hat I'd ever seen -- ghod but he looked silly! I laughed and laughed, then I said:

"Well, Burbee, I hear you have a big part."

"That's true," he said slowly, "but I don't take it out and show it to anybody."

I broke up laughing; Burbee is too quick with a comeback for me.

"That was pretty good at that, considering I have a hangover," he said.

I declined the double-entendre.

Al Lewis came by and I asked him what scene we'd be shooting first; he pointed it out to me in the script. It was this scene where Wrai Ballard, the Musquite Kid (Ron Ellik) and his sidekick Cyclone Coswal (John Trimble) come riding up to a covered wagon whose occupants have just been attacked by Indians. Big Daddy Busby (Burbee) had the first line; he was to say, "Waaall, I'm as pleased as a faned with a Bloch article!"

I read that and said to Al, "I'll bet you anything you care to name that Burbee won't read that line straight."

"You're probably right," Al said.

So I went over to Burb and said, "What's your first line, Burb?"

Burbee dragged out his script and paged to the scene. "Let's see..." he muttered. "Oh yes, here it is... 'Waaall, I'm as pleased as a faned with a Burbee article!'"

"I knew it," I murmured.

"Waaall, I'm as pleased as a faned with a TCarr article," said Burbee.

"That's still not quite it," I said.

"Waaall, I'm as pleased as a faned with a Rotsler wench!" Burb said.

I went away.

I leaned against a car and studied the script a bit. The scene went something like this: Big Daddy Busby, as the Kid and Coswal come riding up, introduces himself. "I'm F.M. Busby, and this is my child bride Elinor," he says. "And this is -- " He is indicating Miriam and me. I'm leaning against the wagon, with an arrow in my shoulder; I stand up with great effort of will and break in, "I'm Terry Carr and this is my wife Miriam. We were just -- " And Miri says, "Don't be such a kook! You lean back and rest, and don't go exertin' yourself like that!" She turns to the Kid and says, "They got 'im in his typin' shoulder! Do you think he'll be all right?" And the Kid looks at me and says, "Chucks, it's just a flesh wound; we'll take him to the doc in town." And there's a bit of chit-chat and they help me into the wagon, and in a little bit there comes from the wagon a bloodcurdling yell as somebody is taking the arrow out of my shoulder.

Well, that's how the scene goes...of course we didn't shoot it all at once. They had it all planned out for closeups and panning and group shots and so forth, so it

could be filmed in bits and pieces. I mean, I don't think they trusted any of us to remember more than two lines at a time. And come to think of it, they were probably right.

Burbee came over and stood beside me. "I'm F.M. Busby, and this is my child bride Elinor," he said, in a perfectly conversational tone of voice.

"Practicing your lines?" I said.

"I'm F.M. Busby, and this is my child bride Elinor," he said matter-of-factly, and wandered off.

I shook my head and went over to where Bjo was helping Miri with her makeup. "What about this arrow I'm supposed to have in my shoulder?" I asked.

"Oh, I almost forgot that!" said Bjo. "Bruce! Bring the arrow for Terry!"

Bruce Felz dug into some kit or other and produced a plonker arrow...you know, one of those with a suction-cup on the end that you shoot from a spring-powered toy gun. He handed it to me.

I turned it around in my hand a few times. "But that's ridiculous!" I muttered.

"No it isn't," said Bjo. "You'll be holding your shoulder, naturally, so you'll have your hand over the suction-cup. It'll look fine. And if it does look ridiculous, so what? This is supposed to be a ridiculous movie!"

"Whoever heard of an arrow without feathers on it?" I asked.

"Okay, we'll get you a feather," said Bjo. They rummaged around and took a feather from a hat.

"But that's even more ridiculous!" I shouted.

"Of course it is. Here, tie it onto the plonker." And they took a piece of string and tied that peacock's feather onto the end of the plonker arrow.

I shook my head in wonder and went over to Burbee again. "This is the arrow I have in my shoulder," I said.

"I'm F.M. Busby and this is my child bride Elinor," said Burbee.

I couldn't stand it. I went over and talked to Bill Donaho and Dick and Pat Ellington. None of them were in the movie (though Bjo had once talked of casting Bill as the covered wagon), but they'd come down for Burbee's party and had come out to watch the filming and help out in any way they could. We gabbed a few minutes, and when I saw Burbee again he'd changed his line a little bit. "I'm FM&E Busby and this is my child bride Elinor," he said.

"But F.M. and E. Busby are two different people," I said.

"No they're not," Burb said. "I've seen that name countless times, on fanzines and fanzine reviews and even in the FANTASY AMATEUR, which is an official publication. I've even written letters with that name on them myself. FM&E Busby. That's one person. I know it is."

"They are two separate people!" I shouted.

Burbee smiled calmly at me and said, "I'm Ephemandee Busby and this is my child bride Elinor."

I wandered off again, muttering, "Well, they might be sixteen year old twin brothers."

Eventually everything was set up and we were ready to start shooting. And I guess at this point I'd better explain about the ridiculous way we had to shoot those scenes.

You see, this motel was right beside one of the main streets in Long Beach. There were streams of cars going by almost all the time, and of course they made noise as they passed; this could play hell with the sound track. But fortunately there were stoplights fairly near on each side of us, and for about a minute they would stop traffic from passing by in either direction. We had to shoot the scene in sequences of a minute at a time. Bruce Pelz was stationed out by the street, and when everything was ready ("Places, everybody! Quiet on the set! How about it, Bruce?") Bruce would peer each way and then call out, "Okay!" and then it was "Camera! Slate... Action!" and we'd try to get through a scene before a horde of cars roared by.

Well, we shot that whole scene. It only took two or three hours, I guess. Burbee actually said his lines straight when it came time for the actual takes (and I think we were all secretly disappointed), and Miri and I did a little emoting and mugging for the camera. I haven't seen the rushes or anything yet, and I can't know for certain, but I'm pretty sure I remained impassive during most of that scene. (Bjo later said, "Terry ran the gamut of emotions from A to B," quoting an old Dorothy Parker line.) I mean, I just couldn't think of much to do -- have you ever tried to register pain from a silly suction-cup plonker with a peacock feather tied to it that you're holding against your shoulder? It was all I could do to keep a straight face. (Between takes I would wander around holding the arrow to this shoulder and saying brightly, "It only hurts when I try to act.")

Ron broke me up during one rehearsal. It was the sequence where he was to look at my shoulder and say, "Shucks, ma'am, it's just an arrer," and so forth. That was how he pronounced it in this western accent he'd made up.

We were rehearsing this bit, and Ron came up and peered closely at the arrer. Then he looked up at Miri and said, "Shucks, ma'am, it's just an error. I could fix it myself if'n I had some correction fluid."

"CUT!" shouted Bjo. "Ron Ellick, don't be such a KOOK!"

I guess I should mention that that seemed to be everybody's favorite line of the day. "Don't be such a kook!" we would say to each other at every juncture. It was infectious -- probably the best line of its type since Al Ashley called Burbee a bastard. I remember, for instance, another time when Bjo called Ron a kook. It was halfway through the second take, when she suddenly noticed that Ron was wearing his glasses during the takes. "Whoever heard of a western hero who wore glasses?" Bjo hollered at him.

"Shucks, ma'am," said Ron, "if'n you want me tuh be able tuh hit anything with muh shootin' arn here I gotta wear my glasses."

And about that time we noticed that John Trimble had been wearing his sunglasses during the takes. Oh well...it was supposed to be a ridiculous movie.

And now we came to the scene that was My Big Scene of the day. I wasn't even on camera, but I loved it. It was the place where I was in the wagon and Mrs. Busby (Ingrid Fritzscht) was taking the arrow out of my shoulder and I was to holler out in pain while some scene or other went on outside for the camera. Oh yes, the Kid and Big Daddy Busby were talking during that scene; that was it.

Well, Ingrid and I were in the wagon and Ron (the Kid) was leaning out talking to Burbee/Busby, see...and during the rehearsals Ron was having trouble remembering his lines. So he took the script and propped it up against the buckboard, out of sight of the camera, so it could be referred to if he got mixed up during the take. And finally everything was ready; we all knew what we were to do, and there was a lull in the traffic. "Camera! Slate!...Action!" Ron leaned out of the wagon and gestured to Burbee as he began his first line.

"AAAAOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWCCCHHHH!" I hollered at the top of my voice. I put my all into it; it was my last line of the afternoon. I saw Ron's back jump and the hair on his neck raised up a little bit.

Ron started to say his line again.

"Eeech, oooh, ouch...eech...yewp...urk," I said in the background.

Somehow Ron made it through a few of his lines.

"Ooch, eech, yikes," I continued, "urk...awk...kaff kaff...." Ron's voice as he finished his lines betrayed the fact that he was barely controlling the urge to break out laughing...or maybe to turn around and strangle me, I dunno.

But he did manage to finish his lines, and just before Al Lewis (who was directing the camera) could call "Cut!" I said, "Ooo that stings!"

"Cut!" said Al.

"That came across loud and clear on the sound track," reported Don Simpson, who was in charge of the sound system.

"All right, you, you can go back to Berkeley right now!" hollered Bjo. "You'll never get a job on another lot in this town!"

I grinned from ear to ear.

That was, as I said, my last scene of the afternoon, so I wandered down the street to where Miri was sitting in the Ellingtons' car. "What was all that racket?" Miri asked me. "Oh, I was stealing a scene," I said.

There were a couple more scenes to be shot with Burbee in them that afternoon and they got through with them in pretty short order. Still, it was almost sundown when I saw that they were about finished and went back to the set.

"There's just this one last take," said Al. "Let's get through it without any mistakes. Bill, what's the light reading?"

Bill Ellern, who was in charge of the light-meter, gave Al a reading. They conferred a bit. All of a sudden Al burst out, "WHAAAT?! What did you say? You've been figuring it how?" Bill said something to him that I didn't catch, and Al's face turned white.

Bjo came over. "What's wrong?"

"We've just discovered," said Al, "that we've been shooting all afternoon with the wrong light exposure. All these scenes will be overexposed; they may even be unusable." Bjo fixed Bill with an icy stare, and declined to call him a kook. Bill obviously felt miserable enough.

And that was how the afternoon ended. Bill drove Miri and me back to Miri's grandmother's place in South Pasadena, and told us that if the scenes were unsalvageable he'd pay for round-trip tickets for both of us to fly down again to re-shoot them. He was really feeling bad about it.

We had dinner and went off again for more shooting that night. This time it was at Dean and Shirley Dickensheet's apartment, and Miri and I had just this one scene to do. It was the one where they bring me into the Doc's office to get the arrowhead out of my shoulder. Jim Caughran played Doc Eney, and I guess he did all right, considering. I mean, there's this one bit of business where Doc is getting ready to probe for the arrowhead and he hands me a lettering guide and says, "Here, bite down on this; it'll help a little." Or at least he's supposed to say that. As it happened, under the hot lights and general tension following "This is a take!" and the realization that if he goofed a line he'd cost these people good money for film and such, Jim got a little shaken up and just forgot to say anything at all about the lettering guide he handed me, except "Here." I don't think I've ever felt quite so silly in my life as I did when Jim handed me that thing and mumbled, "Here," and I sat there realizing that the camera was rolling and this little bit of business suddenly was making absolutely no

sense. I didn't know what else to do, so I looked at it quizzically and put it down with a sort of "oh well" type shrug.

But it didn't matter, as it turned out. It seems the scenes shot that night got light-struck somehow, and we had to shoot them again a month later anyhow. (The scenes we'd shot that afternoon with the wagon turned out kind of muddy, I hear, but they were salvagable.) Unicorn Productions packed its gear into trunks and came up to Berkeley to re-shoot the scenes that needed it...and thereby hangs a tale too, but let's let somebody else write that one.

...Oh, are you still wondering why I never read Lee Jacobs' original story? I dunno exactly. In Berkeley we have a saying: "All the thrill's gone out of it." This was originally an allusion to an anecdote in Kenneth Patchen's Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer, wherein there was this fellow who carried a dead mole around with him which he would fondle from time to time. He just liked the feel of it, I guess. But eventually he gave it away: "All the thrill's gone out of it," he said.

I don't know why all the thrill's gone out of WRAI BALLARD, THE MUSQUITE KID. Do you think getting mixed up with the movie had anything to do with it?

I guess I'll read it. I certainly intend to read it. I'm sure I will someday soon.

The only trouble is that if I do, I'll ruin one of my favorite lines: "Read it? Hell, I've lived it!"

TAILGATE RAMBLE

((from LIGHTHOUSE #4, 1961))

As I was saying to somebody just the other day, you have to watch out for me because sometimes I go on a kick of thinking about writing, and at such times I'm quite capable of chattering on for an hour about the various influences, sources, and inspirations on, of, and for a single line that I have written. As it happened, I issued this warning the night before the latest WARHOON arrived from Dick Bergeron. I always like reading WARHOON, and not the least of my reasons for this is that Dick has a pleasant habit of quoting what he's writing about. And since he sometimes writes about things I've written, he sometimes quotes me. There's nothing I like better (at least in the context of this sentence) than being quoted.

In this WARHOON Dick quotes me quite a bit, but I'll spare you the bulk of the burden and confine my remarks to only two of the lines he quotes. One of them he calls a "lovely line", the other a "deadly barb". The lines in question are, respectively, "FAPA is a fanclub dreaming softly in the passage of the years" and (concerning an overly self-conscious and self-important faned) "hung up in marvelling over the superb fidelity and rifling of his navel".

Goddam; you know, I like those lines too. That's why I stole them in the first place.

Well, they're not complete steals; let me explain a little. (If Willis can get away with two pages in WARHOON on how he writes fanfiction for VOID, then I suppose I can sneak in half a page or so on how I write lovely lines and deadly barbs. After all, ghod knows, I'm constantly being stopped by neofans in the street who ask me, "Mr. Carr, how do you go about writing lovely lines and deadly barbs?"

The line about FAPA is from Robert Nathan -- from "Portrait of Jenny" as I recall, though it may have been one of his other short novels. The Nathan line went something like, "The city comes up dreaming in the passage of the years." (Go ahead and check it for me, Norm Metcalf, and tell me I'm wrong. I'll bet I am.) The line, and indeed the whole paragraph of which it was a part, has haunted me for years. The fact that I'm not at all sure I can quote it even approximately any more merely proves that what hit me about the passage was not so much its wording as the mood it evoked. It was that slow, dreamlike quality that I wanted to bring out when I wrote the line Bergeron quotes, so I fell back on the Robert Nathan mood or mode.

The other line, the one where I was castigating Ted Pauls for being, it seemed to

me, too self-conscious, was partly stolen from Dave Rike. A few years ago, in INNU-ENDO #6, Dave wrote a humorous profile of me; in the section subtitled Terry Carr, Patron of the Arts, he had me visiting an art gallery and enthusing over an old piece of burlap which was hanging behind a door: "He marvelled over the color-tone, layout, theme, volumetric efficiency, fidelity and rifling of it." The line just killed me -- it had a wonderful touch of the ridiculous. And so I borrowed some of it to convey how silly I considered Pauls' occasional lapses.

Incidentally, Bergeron apparently wasn't the only person who was struck by the superb volumetric efficiency of that line. A couple of months ago, shortly after that review of KIPPLE had appeared in my column in HABAKKUK, several of us visited Ted Pauls in Baltimore, and he asked me to become a co-editor of KIPPLE. We were all sitting there on his bed talking about VOID, and suddenly Ted said, "Terry, does the fact that you're a co-editor of VOID mean that you won't be reviewing the zine in HABAKKUK anymore?"

"That's right," I said.

"How would you like to become a co-editor of KIPPLE," he said.

Then the bed collapsed and we changed the subject.

But anyway, that's how I write lovely lines and deadly barbs. I steal from the masters, mainly. (I wonder if this is the first time Dave Rike has ever been catagorized with Robert Nathan?)

((from LIGHTHOUSE #10, August 1964))

Confessions of a Literary Midwife

Elsewhere in this issue Carol gives a bit of the lowdown on what it was like to be a minion of Literary Agent X. Most of you know that for about a year and a half I too was working for a literary agent, Scott Meredith, and it strikes me that I might take this occasion to tell you a bit about my experiences as a hotshot lit'ry agent.

Of course, the Meredith agency is by no means as, er, colorful as X's sucker outfit. There's a saying in the publishing business that any agent who advertises is a crook, but this isn't completely true. (I don't know exactly how that saying ever got started, come to think of it -- agents are not, after all, doctors, nor even psychiatrists, though at times I've thought that people who seek an agent should really be looking for one of the latter. But I digress.) Scott advertises regularly in both Writer's Digest and Author and Journalist, but his ads are true enough -- there's the usual inspirational salestalk about how many writers have found fame and riches through the agency, followed by a listing in some detail of services and terms, including specified commissions for working with bonafide pros and fees for reading and if necessary criticizing work by writers who haven't sold yet. The success stories are true -- Richard S. Prather submitted his first book to Scott with a reading fee, and Scott has since parlayed his Shell Scott novels into a (literally) million-dollar contract with Pocket Books; an unknown called

Sal Lombino joined the agency back in the fifties, and as Evan Hunter he now makes hundreds of thousands per book; etc. Reading fees are higher than those charged by other agents, but the potential returns are a lot better too -- which is to say, if you've got a story or book which is good, Scott is in a position to get you a good sale on it. No other reading-fee agent I know of it worth a damn.

I landed a job with the Meredith agency back in 1962 by answering an employment agency ad for an editorial position. I had an interview with a woman at the employment agency who warned me that the job was with "an agent who sells a lot of science fiction and junk like that." I told her mildly that I didn't mind, because I'd been writing and selling science fiction myself. I guess she decided we deserved each other, because she sent me up to see the Vice President at Scott Meredith.

The V.P., it turned out, was Henry Morrison -- or Henry Moskowitz, as readers of BREVIZINE and prozine lettercols of the fifties knew him. He remembered me from fandom and had seen my stuff in F&SF and such, so we got along swingingly. (As a matter of fact, back in the mid-fifties Henry and I had collaborated on a story. He'd seen one of mine called Fantasy Story in an issue of PEON, had written to me for permission to rewrite it and try to sell it. I'd said sure, and a little later he sent me a carbon copy of his version, which was, as I recall, a lot better written than mine but still only hackwork. It never sold, and I guess both of us would just as soon forget it now, because neither Henry nor I mentioned the story during the interview -- nor, come to think of it, during the year and a half we worked together.

The job is what is called formally Associate Editor, but it's usually referred to at the agency as "running a pro desk." It can best be described as a sort of sub-agent position. The setup is that Scott himself handles the really big deals of the agency, or the touchy negotiations, etc, while Henry as V.P. troubleshoots on those Scott doesn't handle. The genral run of agency business is handled by the men on the pro desks, of whom there are currently three. The agency's clientele -- somewhere over three hundred writers in virtually every field -- is divided among the pro desk men, each of whom is responsible for most of the correspondence, manuscript reading, submissions, negotiations and so on concerning his list of pros. Scott reads all incoming and outgoing mail in addition to that which he handles himself; he also sets policy and makes a lot of the touchy decisions that come up even on a \$35. sale.

For example, we took on a writer who had been selling regualrly to Amazing and Fantastic, at 2¢ and 1½¢ a word respectively. He was, like many writers, in need of quick cash, so when Fred Pohl, to whom we'd submitted one of his stories for Galaxy (rates 3¢ a word) said he could use it in If at 1¢ a word, we had a problem. Should we take the money now, or call back the story and try the 2¢ a word markets first? Scott said neither -- we'd shoot for a compromise with Fred, asking for 1½¢ a word, the author's base rate so far. After some negotiating, which Henry handled, we got the 1½¢, and everybody was happy.

The matter of when to ask for more money -- and how much more -- is a problem. Scott once told me the story of how he'd negotiated the sale of John Wyndham's Day of the Triffids, for instance. Wyndham was at the time a total unknown outside the s-f field, though this novel had just been sold to The Saturday Evening Post. Scott submit-

ted a copy of the manuscript to a producer who'd said he was looking for something "different", and a little later a call came in from Hollywood. It was the producer: he was interested in the property and offered \$25,000 for it. (Figures here are only approximate. I disremember the exact ones.)

"I could have just taken the \$25,000 -- it would have been Wyndham's largest sale by far. He would have been happy, I'd have been happy, and the producer would have been too. But there was something in his tone of voice, a trace of either nervousness or maybe just indigestion, that made me think he really wanted that story badly. So I told him I'd want \$100,000. He said absolutely no, then hemmed and hawed and then said he might be able to raise it a little. He said he'd call me back the next day.

"The next day was a Saturday, and I'd given him my home number. I was running around making arrangements for a visit of some relatives, and keeping as near to the phone as I could. He called at 1:00 that afternoon and offered \$45,000 top offer. I told him I had house guests coming in an hour and I didn't have time to play around; I said \$100,000 and hung up. Then I sat by the phone for an hour and sweated blood until he called back and we settled at \$75,000."

That was a swell success story, and I made appreciative noises about what smart agenting he'd done. Scott's enough of a public relations man to be unimpressed by compliments, though; he just grinned and shook his head. "Well, it worked out well. But if I'd been wrong about his tone of voice -- if it'd just been indigestion or a hangover -- I could have completely blown a \$25,000 deal."

Scott is an interesting, largely enigmatic person. I've met people who dislike him intensely, and other who think he's the salt of the Earth. I never got to know him personally, but I did see a lot of Scott the business man, which is probably his most important facet. In the office he's genial, casual, but always on his toes. He thinks quickly and can be surprisingly effective in getting you not only to do things his way, but to agree with him about them. After awhile I got to know when I was being manipulated, and how, but I always had to admire his technique. I had a few arguments with him, most of which I lost, but win or lose I always learned a lot about dealing with people.

One of the times I won was when I wanted to submit a really oddball article to a magazine that seldom bought non-staff-written pieces anyway. Scott said it was a waste of time; I claimed it was a longshot but worth taking -- and anyway, where else could we send it? So the article went to that market, and a couple of days later Scott called me into his office. He had a letter in his hand.

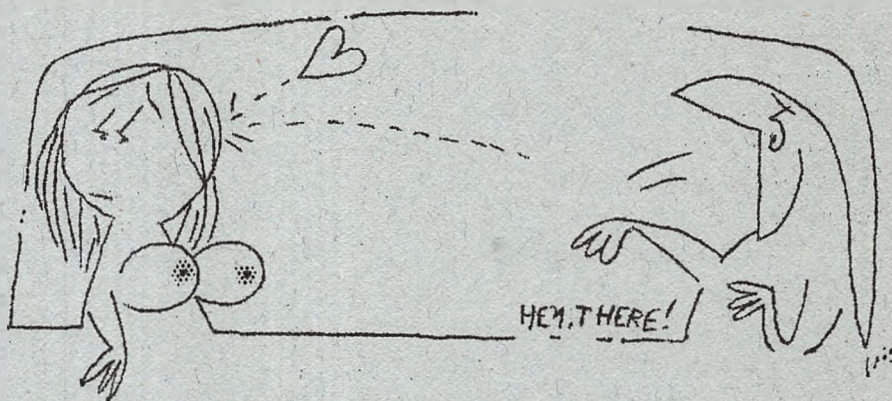
"What would you say," he asked me, "if I told you we'd been offered \$150. for that crazy article? Think we ought to try for more more somewhere else?"

I said, "Hell no -- nobody else would buy it. Let's take the \$150 and count our blessings."

He nodded. "That's what I'd say too. As it happens, though, they're not offering \$150 -- it says \$500 here in the letter."

Surprises like that were always pleasant -- moreso than you might think, considering that the manuscripts were not, after all, my own, nor was the money. But when you work with an author as his agent for awhile you get to identify with him. I even got fond of a couple of confessions writers, and God knows there's nothing I hate more than confessions stories.

One of the other nice surprises I got was also a bit disquieting. I was negotiating the sale of a hardcover book which nobody at the agency, me included, had figured had much of a chance. A small publisher liked it, though, and asked me to call and discuss terms.



"What do you think we'll get for it?" I asked Henry.

He shrugged. "They'll offer \$600. If you talk well, and the stars are right you'll get \$750, maybe \$800."

I decided to shoot not for the \$750, but for a thousand, so when I got on the phone with the editor I said, "Let's settle the matter of price first. How about \$1250?"

"Fine," he said.

I did a doubletake which I hope wasn't audible over the phone, then went ahead and concluded negotiations on royalty rates, subsidiary rights, and such. When I reported the sale to Scott a little later, his eyebrows went up. Then I went back to my desk and brooded about how easily I'd gotten twice what we'd figured to get. If I'd asked for \$1500 or \$1750.....?

Not all of the work I did at the agency was with the professionals, by the way. Whenever something would come in from a new writer which looked good, it would be given to one of the pro desk men for reading and marketing. I also handled some of the agency's correspondence with aspiring writers, as well as interviewing them when they came into the office. Some of those guys were real kooks. One Negro fellow came in to discuss his poetry book, and he insisted on reading several of his poems aloud to me -- with gestures. It was mostly love poetry, abominably bad, but he stuck in words like "breasts" and "thighs" here and there so he thought it was daring and commercial as hell. I tried to be polite.

A middle-aged woman came in one day with a book which was guaranteed to be a tremendous best-seller for any publisher bold enough to bring it out. It was a compilation of twenty years of her diaries, showing conclusively that she had been the victim of continual persecution by the international Jewish conspiracy. But the trouble was

that the Jews controlled the magazines and book companies, so no one would buy it.

One guy who was for a time calling me long-distance every day from California kept telling me he was a personal friend of Irving Shulman. I kept telling him that was nice. My phone-friend was a beatnik type who blasted around the country on his motorcycle, occasionally laying up somewhere to write stories. He finally sent one in, and it turned out to be a clumsy but sickeningly sweet little tale about a truck named Mollie which went to the Mardi Gras and had a good time.

Another of my frequent correspondents was a guy in college who was writing a novel. In fact, he'd been working on that novel for four or five years, as letters in the back-correspondence files showed. Every week or two I'd get a letter or note from him, saying he was just about finished with chapter eight, or revising chapter six, or he had a great idea for the fight scene in chapter eleven. I'd write him back an encouraging note saying we were all looking forward to seeing it when it was done, and in a little while along would come another letter telling me how well the tenth chapter was shaping up. I had about come to the conclusion that he wasn't writing any book at all, that it was all a monstrous put-on, when one day along came the manuscript. It wasn't bad, either, and as I recall we asked him to do some revisions and send it back. I imagine along about 1968 he'll have the revisions done.

Having seen a lot of work by aspiring writers while I was at the agency, I can tell you that most of them are either ludicrously bad writers, or just plain cranks. The classic example of the former, a story which is still talked about at the agency in amazed tones some seven years after it was submitted there; was a science fiction short about a guy who was in some terrible trouble, people were chasing him and trying to kill him, and this went on for 5,000 words until the climax. He was trapped, hanging by his fingers from a bridge hundreds of feet over a rocky gorge, and his pursuers were stomping on his fingers to make him fall. Then the author wrote, "Oh, I forgot to mention that he had wings. Spreading his wings wide, he flew away and..."

There probably isn't any classic example of a crank -- each is amazing and/or appalling in his own way -- but the one who stands out in my memory is the man who wrote in to say that he'd done an article telling what had happened when a Negro family had bought a house in his neighborhood. He mentioned stone-throwing, burnt crosses, threatening letters, mobs beating up the Negro children, and a few other things. "They finally had to move out," he wrote, "which proves how effective these methods are. I would like to see my article in print so that white Americans across the nation can be told how cooperation and neighborhood planning can protect our homes against BLACK encroachment."

Scott sent that letter out to me with a note that said (and this is a direct quote, because I remember it clearly), "Please tell this animal that we don't see a market for it."

Between the nuts and the incompetents there were a number of new writers who came up with good manuscripts, and it was always a pleasure to see them. I know that a lot of times I'd work particularly hard to sell a script by a beginner. I did sell a good number of them, too -- books to Macmillan, Harper, Putnam and others, stories and

articles to magazines in any number of fields.

To get back to nuts, though, one of the ones I had to deal with from time to time was one Pete Graham, who was wont to call me during office hours for various reasons. If it was a busy day and I didn't want it to be too obvious that I was just talking with a friend I'd intersperse our conversation with things like, "No, no, at least two hundred dollars!" or "Well, I can't help it, he says you've got to cut thirty thousand words out of the middle of it."

One day right at closing time, when all the typewriters in the office had been shut off and people were standing around putting on coats and preparing to go home, the phone rang and the switchboard girl told me, "Ray Bradbury's on line 01 for you."

Heads swivelled around all over the office. I picked up my desk phone and said hello.

"Hello," said Pete. "I've written this seven hundred word novel, it's all about a little boy with a jack-o-lantern in Kansas, and I wonder if you'd---"

"You bloody idiot!" I yelled, and all around me jaws gaped open.

When I resigned from the agency this past March, it wasn't because I didn't like the job. The basic reason was quite simply that the field I'm most interested in is editing, not agenting, and Don Wollheim offered me an editorship at Ace Books. So that's where I'm working now, primarily on the science fiction books there. If you'll wait about a year or so, maybe I'll write an article all about what money-hungry, argumentative, unreasonable s.o.b.'s agents are.

Especially Scott Meredith.

THE Incomplete TERRY CARR

