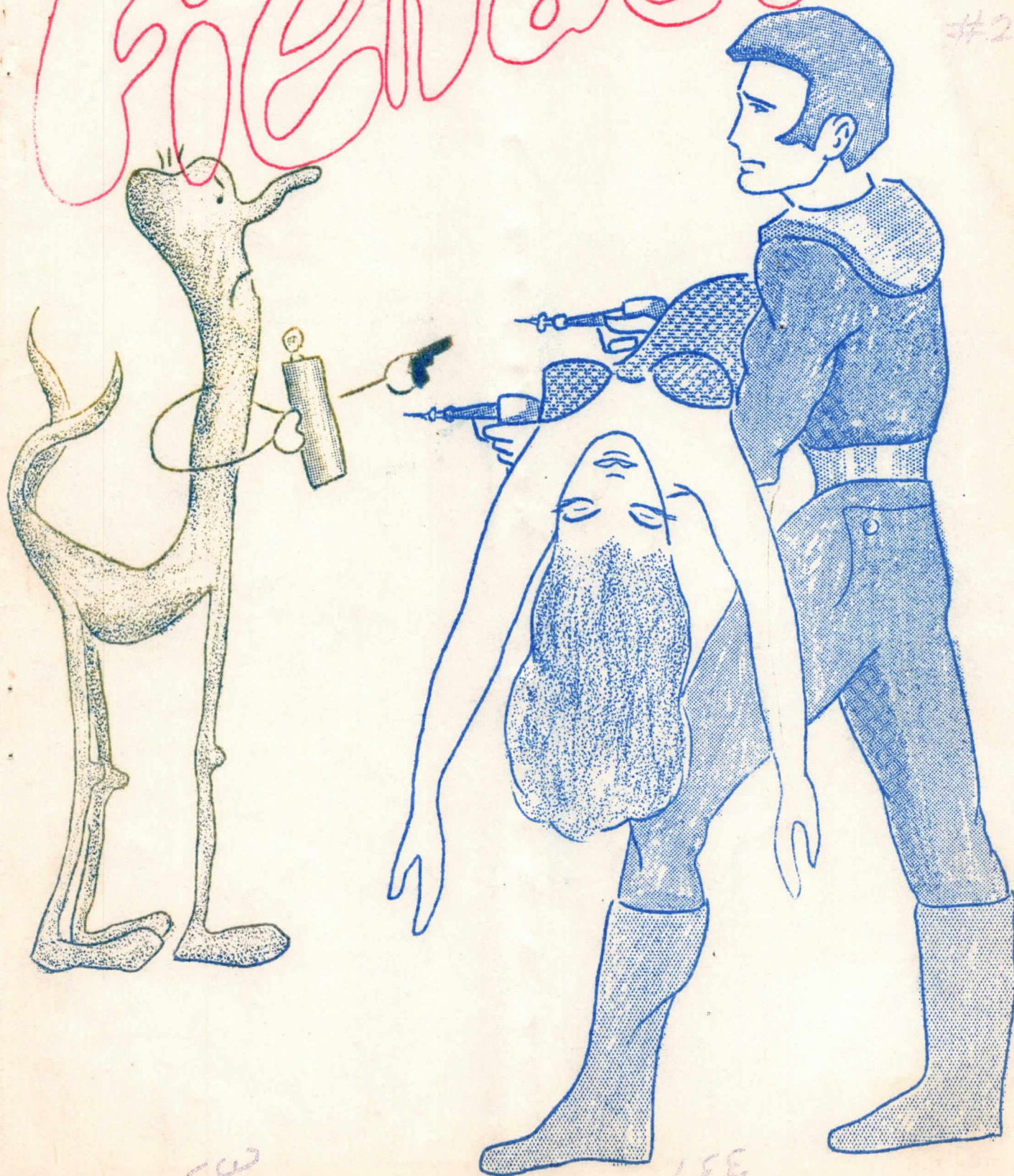


Faint rings But I Don't Want Lovers - Dr Lee Hoffman - also Faint Rings

2

Fiendetta



LEE

Fiendella

December, 1952

A Charred Wells Publication

vln2

FICTION:

FANDOM: 1950-2000

--yed

D

BUT I DON'T WANT
LITERATURE

--Lee Hoffman

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MARTIANS, YOU ALL

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DEDICATION

N

Edited and Published by Charles Wells, 405 E. 62 St., Savannah, Ga. Lee Hoffman, nominal assistant. Russ Watkins and Lee Hoffman, advisors and general nuisances. Phone: 45233

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Price: 10¢, 3/25¢. We will trade with any fanzine except FAPA and SAPSazines. Foreign subs: free on receipt of a letter of comment each ish.

Artwork by Dave English, Sol Levin, and yed. Cover was drawn by Lee Hoffman and Charles Wells. Stencilled by Hoffman. Mineoed by Hoffman with the dubious aid of Wells. Dittoed by Wells with no aid from Hoffman, and it looks it. Paid for by guess who.

Ad rates: 50¢ per page; 30¢ per 1/2 page; 25¢ per 1/4 or more depending on space. These rates are for purple only. Foreach other color, add 5¢. Circulation thish: 70. Nextish, 80.

Several copies of #1 left, 10¢ per. Contact yed.



Steeet

BRINK ABUCE

OUT OF THE NULL AND VOID

EDITOR'S
BLABBERINGS

Well, I promised you color. Now you have it.
Happy?

Of course, I never did get the blue. But ~~this~~ this is the Christmas issue, so red and green ought to be appropriate for the occasion.

Various nice peoples wrote in and complained about my confused editorials. Let it never be said that Wells' editorials are confused; They won't be no more, I hopes.

This is shaping yp pretty good (now I ask you, how can anything shape yp?) so far. I have sixteen pages typed up, which is not the twenty I promised various people, but it will have to do. Of course this editorial could run three pages, and the contents page one, and that would give me twenty. Boggs promised me something or other a few days ago, but it hasn't had time to get here. It probably won't get here on time at all. Hack. I guess I'll have to save it for next issue.



Merry Christmas

FANDOM-1950-2000

ged

PART TWO

FAN CLUBS

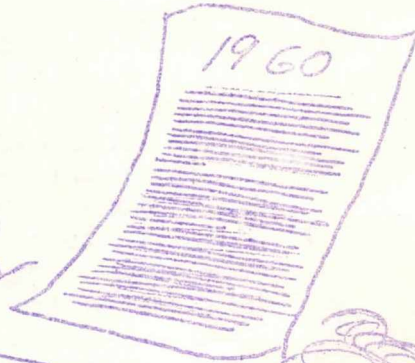
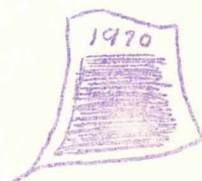
Condensed from The Immortal Storm, Part I and II, 7th revised edition, by Sam Ibs-kowitz, revised by David S.

Unlike the history of fanzines, the history of fan clubs isn't so markedly divided into two parts—"growth," and "stabilization." The outlook of fans on fan clubs hasn't changed much since the beginning of fandom. The only major change was that fans have stopped looking for a "final authority" type fanclub. This shift appeared in the fifties. No longer did fans try to form one single fan club that would be representative of fandom. They stopped wishing for an international and all-encompassing organization. The National Fantasy Fan Federation (NFFF or N3F) proved that fans would not—could not, by their very nature—unite in a common organization, much less one that would have any authority.

In the fifties was formed one organization that still exists today—the DARING YOUNG FANS (DYF). It was then considered a sort of joke, but nevertheless it is today the largest organization in fandom with the single exception of the ISA (International Stf Association). It is also the second oldest, only FAPA (founded in 1939) being older. In 1959 (it was founded in 1954) the DYF changed its name to the Fan Federation (FF).

In 1963 the famous AJC (Amateur Journalism Club) was organized. This was not a fanish organization, but was connected with all forms of amateur journalism. It, however, was the first to recognize stfanzines as "belonging" to amateur journalism, no strings attached. This recognition was very nearly disastrous for fandom. Floods of nonstfish amateur "literature" descended upon the poor fans who were unfortunate enough to join and take advantage of the special "benefits" and "advice" offered by the club. A great many semistf fanzines were started by people with little or no real understanding of fandom or stf. The world stf cons, already choked by stf readers, were further choked by people attending the cons thinking that they were amateur-journalism cons. Fandom was rapidly losing its identity by people coming into it from a new direction—the AJC—rather than the normal route thru stf.

Then the Save Fandom Crusade was started. This is probably the only crusade in fandom to actually accomplish very much. Hundreds of fans joined. Practically every fan (and a lot of non-fans too) resigned from the AJC. All AJC mags were returned to the senders. The AJC folded and everything was returned to the nor-



FANDOM--1950-2000 continued....

mal uninflated condition of a few years back. All this was started by a highly inflammatory mimeographed letter sent out by six fans from all over the country namely: David Lowe, Ashton Wiers, Stayce Kairst, John G. Morrison, Gregg Calkins, and Vera Linsky, who authored it. ((For the text of the letter, see the unabridged history.))

In 1976 another club was formed that is remembered thruout fandom as a major blunder. This was the SFReaders of America (SFR of A). It went along all right, at first, tho it was nothing spectacular, but in 1978, on its second anniversary, the founder and leader of the club, Marian Daviss, got national headlines by announcing that he had uncovered a plot among six fans to overthrow the American Government and form a sort of dictatorship, a radical plan too involved to go into here. ~~Mr~~ Daviss was judged insane, but not before agitation among the publis for prohibiting stf. Needless to say, there was ~~h~~ no plot.

Of the cohntless clubs formed in the past decade and a half, one stands out of major importance...the Leag ((sic)) of Ghastly Ghouls and Men from Mars. It is remembered by all olftimers of the present day for its stormy histroy. There were no less than six splitups on a national scale, not to mention local bolts, before it finally broke up last year. Why its history was so feudish cannot be judged so early after its collapse, but one reason would be its founder David Lowe's hot temper and rather radical views.

There have been eleven known APAs founded in fandom's stormy history. Only still exist. In chronological order, they were/are: FAPA --1939-present; VAPA (Vanguard ~~of~~ APA)--1942-1950; SAPS (Spectator AP Society)--1947-1962; CAPA (Cosmic APA)--1952-1954; GAPS (Galactic AP Society)--1960-1965; ISFAPA (International S.F. APA)--1964-present; SAPA (Stellar APA) --1970-1977; GMAPA (Green Men's APA)--1976-present; ASPA (Amateur Stf Publishing Ass.)--1980-1999; SFAPO (S.F. Amateur Publisher's Organization)--1985-present; and the C of IAP (Confederation of Imaginative Amateur Publishers, a combination of ASPA and SFAPO)--1999-present. SFAPO is unique in that it allowed only offset magazines in it; it was started by Jack Arey, who was very influential in offset circles and managed to get special reduced rates that made it actually practical to publish offset magazines. There was no limit on its size. In 1999 it split up, a large faction combining with ASPA to form the C of IAP because of the unwillingness of Arey to permit other forms of duplication in it. Today it is merely an organization of offset fanzine publishers with only 18 members, in contrast to its former 350 odd members. They recently even abandoned the mailing principle, so it no longer should be called an APA.

To tabulate some of the other outstanding organizations not heretofore mentioned; the South American Science Fiction Organization (La Organizacion de Cienciaficcio de Sud America, hence its initials OCSA), the first foreign-language-speaking stf organization in the world, founded in 1965; the S.F. Translating Association, a non profit organizaiton that translates stfish works ~~into~~ into any language spoken by fans, at very reasonable rates, founded in 1979; and the so-called Neo-fan's Education Commission, which is just what the name indicates. There is disagreement as to the founding of this organization; Jack Arey said "it just Grewed."

PART THREE proxines

On request of Donald Wollheim, we will not print this portion.

END

--yed

There were some surprises in the returns of the first issue. Almost all the way thru these months as the polls came in it looked like the 1974 Con had come in first. But when I finally tallied them it seemed that the

future history won. I was surprised, to say the least. It turned out that it all hinged on the fact that one person had put the Con in fifth place. If he hadn't voted, then the first two would have ~~been~~ tied! As it is, ~~no~~ no one placed the Con below third place except that one (he placed it fifth). No one placed the future history below fourth, and at the other end of the scale, no one placed Pludto higher than third, except one (not the same one.) Also, in case anyone's interested, One Fan's Demise never placed below fifth, and the City of Faceless Men placed nearly a point below any other, it received votes for all places except first. Cistern was voted all the way from first place to "x" (dislike--7 points). That surprised me; I was expecting it to rate higher. To me, it was hilariously funny. Exactly 27 of the ballots were returned, which was considerably higher than I expected. And it would have been even higher if I ~~hadn't~~ didn't count the ones to whom I sent it after I mailed the main bunch, on request. The Quandry Poll, if you remember, had 24.7% returned, whereas we had 27%. Haw. Hooah.

As for the other votes, for author, Heinlein came in a resounding first. By the way, included in the vote for Tucker is Tucker's vote. He's a wild one, he is. We note with extreme pleasure that Bradbury didn't get one single vote. However, you must remember that the vote was limited almost entirely to a small group of actifans, who tend to think differently from the main run of fandom. In the pro-

PRO AUTHOR:

HEINLEIN -- 4

TUCKER -- 2

Williams, Robinson, Brackett,

Lylie, Clarke, Shiras, and Ne-

ville: 1 each.

PROZINE:

aSF -- 3

MoF&SF -- 3

Galaxy -- 2

SS -- 2

AS -- 1

OW ((!))--1

PROED:

MINES -- 4

GOLD -- 2

Bixby, Palmer, Campbell, Mahaffey (Tucker's vote), Boucher--
1 each.

zines, aSF and MoF&SF tied for first, and GSF and ~~SS~~ SS tied for second. That one vote for OW surprised me. I never thought anybody-- aweel. In the proed vote, something unusual happened. Mines won by a landslide. Not that I have anything against Mines, but his mag tied for second. Why didn't his mag come in first too? I protest. And the eds whose mags tied for first got only one vote each. Someone is nuts around here...

We have seen the errors of our waysre the votes for the best drawing. We did not mean the best pro drawing; we meant the best drawing in that ish of Ital. And we see that we should have given them a second choice; several noted a second choice in this voting. Nearly everybody liked the cover best, so it didn't give me any real help as to what kind of drawings youall like. Fmf.

We sure made a typographical and semantical mess of the above paragraph and the returns for the best drawing, didn't we? Sorry. Honest, Lee, we didn't mean to spell your name with no caps.

--yed

BEST DRAWING:

COVER -- 8

PAGE A -- 1

PAGE B -- 1

PAGE F -- 1

SEPTEMBER MORN -- 1

(Tucker voted for this one)

EL GRECO'S TOLEDO -- 1

(hoffman voted for this

one. Actually she voted

for the cover, but I thought

that the cover had enough

votes, so...)

SWING THEM THERE MARTIANS, YOU-ALL

By J.T. OLIVER
President,
HUCKSTERS
UNITED

REPRESENTING SUCH FAM-
ULOUS PERSONAGES AS:
ROGER DEE -- BOB TUCKER
DAVID JOHNSON -- D. EISENHOWER

This has got to stop. Fanzines, prozines, and sometimes people, are always giving free publicity to some northern fisherman named Sturgeon, because he is said to be the only gee-tar strumming fellow in stf and/or fandom.

That ain't so!

In our own fair city of Columbus, Georgia (the Center of the Universe) we have a twelve year old boy-type (he likes girls) fan name of David (if you're a hillbilly Democrat you call him a "Little David") Johnson, who not only plays the gee-tar, but has his own hillbilly band, plays over the radio on Saturday evenings, plays for a square-dance every Saturday night, and just to keep busy, plays for free at the Warm Springs hospital and Ft. Benning.

I never heard him sing a science-fiction song, but he sings others that are probably just as risqué---things like BLACKBERRY BOOGIE, which they won't let him sing on the air. The program is about like others of that type, except, of course, much better. David has a nice sense of humor, as well as being a good singer of the hillbilly and novelty type song. Sometimes he even mentions fantasy on the show.

When I discovered him he was happily reading fantasy comics, POGO, etc. He had read one copy of Galaxy, but it was a bit advanced for him. So with the true fan-ish spirit burning bright within me, I hastily gave him a load of things like IMAGINATION, FANTASTIC SF, etc. Now he seldom reads a comic, except POGO, which he clips from the paper and keeps.

David has had a couple of feature stories, with pix, in the local paper, and is quite popular among the hillbilly element here. His show, I understand, is scheduled to be the only hillbilly program on WDAK-TV when they get that station built. He doesn't make a lot of money, as yet, because the Democrats ((oh what you said)) take 20% and the union another 25% of everything he makes.

In person, David is a nice looking kid, surprisingly well mannered, and very friendly. Besides singing, he likes to draw BE's, rocketships, write songs, and now he is hard at work on a stf story. (Saturday he called me for some technical advice: "What do they shoot in zap guns?")

So you can just start looking around for other fields to conquer, Mr. Sturgeon---us swamp critters is gonna replace you!

---J.T. OLIVER



FANTASTF

MUSICORNER

(*)

Starting with this issue, we are presenting a column of stf and fantasy music, in an attempt to stimulate interest in this disregarded branch of stfantasy. To clear up possible misunderstanding,

I want to say this: we are not presenting the kind of stf music Joe Green in his columns in Confusion and Alien presents. He presents what is often known as pop music—which may be described as music sung in the manner of the popular singers of the day, and, usually, music with words. In other words, "shorthair music." We are presenting "longhair" type, and are not trying to interfere with Green in any way. Besides, Green's columns are mainly poetry.

All the music this time is written by yed, from our own backlog. We hope the interest will be great enough to sustain this feature of fta, even tho it may contain only one or two songs per ish. Because I have been taking music only about three years (or a little more), and because I tend to write music more simple than I play anyhow, most of it is quite simple. So it should be simple for you other amateurs.

War Song of the Martians—

tempo ad lib.

(SORRY—WE MADE A MISTAKE IN TITLES—THAT'S
DEATH SONG OF THE MARTIANS)



quietly

cresc.



You will forgive us if we contradict our-
self. We have discovered just how messy
copying music onto a ditto master can
be. What with dittopruple, a ballpoint
pen that leaks like a swiss cheese crossed
with a watermelon would, and our hands
sweating with holding the sharpcornered
pen, ~~and the pen~~ (it's one of those cheap
Scriptos) it is somewhat messy. Some-
what. So, henceforth, we will present
but one composition per issue. Unless
any wouldbe contributors would con-

tribute on master. We have a rather large stockpile of music written by us our
ownself, so we're safe if at first no contributions come in. But if we don't
get any contribs after three or four ishes, we will have to discontinue it. Get
on it, you latter day Tchaikovskies (we did that without a dictionary, yet).

"CB loves FTL"

—YED

—JN



How to enjoy a Convention

SOME HELPFUL HINTS
ON HOW TO ENJOY STF
CONS TO THE FULLEST EX-
TENT

by Russ Watkins

1. Be sensible. If you're an active fan and your companion is a fake-fan, reach an agreement beforehand that you're not going to argue about Bob Tucker. In short, send him over to Lee Hoffman's house, and let them talk over foolish things.
2. Remember to be nice to the CCFers. They are interested in the con too, so wait until at least the 2nd day before you get them drunk and start them praising Fanvariety. Then take them to their room. They should be asleep by 10 if you have enough chairs piled against the door.
3. Don't be a gloater. At least until the votes are in for South Gate and Savannah. After all, New York can't win the con site every time. This should be about four o'clock in the morning when all southern fans' heads start nodding. If your city wins, then wake up all the other fans and break the good news that their city has lost. Before doing so, however, make sure there are no rockets in their zap-guns.
4. Don't be a sorehead. In case there are indications that some other fan are going to come in and wake you up at four o'clock in the morning and tell you that their city won, just lock yourself in room 770. You can leave by the window in the morning.
5. Be considerate of other fans. Unless, of course, one of them starts quoting Bob Tucker. If they are quoting it to prove anything you may strike them with anything available. Then notify the nearest fanzine.
6. But don't be too considerate of fans. If one of them starts screaming "I Go Pogo!" before the opening talk, start waving around your copy of Fiendetta. This will make him so nervous that he'll go join Keasler in the corner. If you're scared to wave Fiendetta ((who, me??)) an old battered copy of Q will do.
7. Mix the drinks yourself. This is just in case your fan guests get too unbearable when you have a rock party. If you can't reduce him to a coma by slugging him, tell him that you've run out of whiskey. That should get rid of him fast.
8. Don't be a spoilsport. If the speaker is boring don't sit there in front of him yawning. Just move three chairs together and lie down and go to sleep. He won't take the hint but you'll be fresh and ready for the next speaker.
9. Don't let anybody else be a spoilsport. If someone else starts yawning and doesn't like your favorite speaker hit him over the head with your copy of the Quamish. But be ready to stop anytime. Things might change pretty fast.
10. In short, don't go to the convention.

--Russ Watkins

TABLE OF CONTENTS FOR THE SECOND ISSUE OF

VULCAN

STORIES BY:

TERRY CARR
EMIL PORTALE
GIL MENICUCCI
PETER GRAHAM
JAMES DAVIS
PETERRY CARAHAN (see samples of his work in Q)
DAVID RIKE

This big second issue will contain 44 pages of material, with every story and poem illustrated!

CARTOONS GALORE

1/3 OF THE ISSUE IS ARTWORK

AND ALL THIS FOR ONLY

15¢ (yeah, we know that 100 pages sold for 25¢, and we know it was better stuff anyhow, but we gotta eat, don't we?)
(50¢---four issues)

Send your dough to: TERRY CARR, 134 Cambridge Street, San Francisco, Calif.

ALL THIS WANTED!

Quandry's #1, 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, & 17.

Also, all issues of CHOCOG, Wobaj, Tangent, and other Hoffmanstuff.

I will pay up to \$1.00 for Q13, and up to 40¢ each for the other Q's.

The rest I'll pay no more than 20¢ for... I gotta eat, don't I?

RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST's 1 to 16, 19, & 20. Copies of Cosmag and Science Fiction Digest when not c/w'd. OOPSLA! #1, all STEPFANTASYs up to #22, MADs #1 and 2. SPACESHIPS #1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, and 13. TORQUASIAN TIMES #1. Any issues of Tucker or Inman VULCANs, any LeZombies, VOIs, etc.

Wanted also! -- Early issues of AS, aSF, FA, MoF&SF, and PLANET. Also wanted: WORDS BEYOND #4, OOTWA #3, 10-STORY FANTASY #2, and ODD TALES #1.

NOTICE: Will all subbers of SeeTee please take heart? The nextish is well into production now. Should be out by November 1st. To nonsubbers: price is 10¢ per ish, 50¢ for 10 issues. I must admit, tho, it's a pretty shoddy zine.

Answer to--

PETER GRAHAM
BOX 119
FAIRFAX
CALIFORNIA

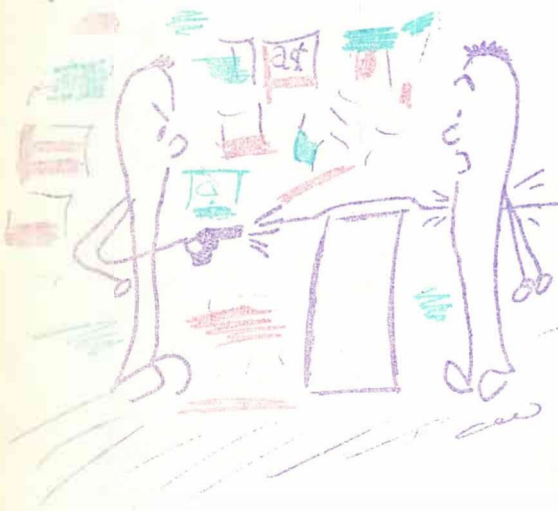
The star of certain ita stories...

K

But I Don't Want — LITERATURE

by Forrest J. Understung

as told to Lee Hoffman
and police reporters



Well, the tenth of every month I go down to this newsstand for my copy of SPICY SHOOT'EM UP WESTERN, or maybe THE RANGERRIDER'S HOME COMPANION if I'm feeling in the mood for that sort of thing. So this month I go down there but Old Smoky isn't behind the counter. Instead there is this young feller with big thick glasses and a propeller beanie. The minute I sees him I sense trouble. Like an Indian, I can smell trouble when somrthing ain't right. But I pick up a Western which I am fond of and thumb thru it. The novel, Death Trappers of Montana looks good so I read a passage: "Trigger Eshbach raised his weapon and aimed at the broad muscular back of Wild Horse Bloch. "White Horse," he said, "Yore a-gonna die." "That's where yore mistook!" Wild Horse snarled, swinging about and striking at Trigger. Eshbach crumpled into a heap under the powerful blow. "Not so fast, Bloch," came a voice from the doorway and Bloch turned to face Snake Evans, scourge of the Southwest, and Moose Korshak, a lumbering lumberman from the far North who was famed for his skill with his hammerlike fists..."

A thrill chased down my spine. Here was the reading matter so daer to my heart. Here was the call of the West, the life of adventure. Echoes of a bugle calling Charge over the sounds of gunshots rang thru my mind and I pictured the blue clad Cavalry galloping ((galoping? galloping?)) over the hills and into the band of painted savages that had been attacking the innocent wagon train. With my minds eye I could see the tall handsome fearless young cavalry captain on his mighty steed, charging into the midst of the red men, riding them down, picking up the beautiful young schoolteacher from the East in his sinewy arms and setting her before him ~~on~~ on the saddle, meanwhile doffing his hat and saying, "Howdy ma'm."

I caressed the volume with it's brightly colored front cover and the bacover ad for an athlete's foot cure. And I knew that I must own this magazine for my very own. So I reached into my pocket and pulled out a coin which I handed to the fellow with the propeller beanie.

He started to smile when he saw the title of the magazine I held he gasped like a fish ashore and said, "Surely you've made a mistake. You don't want that."

"Surely I haven't made a mistake," I said, "I do want that."

The Queen of the Cowgirls (the Queen of the cow, girls), Hopalee Hoffman, gallop s on:

"No! No! No!" he said.

I clutched my magazine tightly and screamed, "Yes!"

"But that's -- that's trashy Escape Fiction," he muttered.

"I want Escape Fiction, " I told him.

"Look," he picked up a volume with a red and purple cover and a shocking pink spine. I read the name: STAR-BEGOTTEN SCIENCE FICTION. "Now this is Real Literature, none of that hack crud. This is Real Literature." He emphasized the capital letters.

"But I don't want Real Literature," I pleaded, "I don't care about Literary Writing. I want plain old-fashioned formula escape fiction."

He turned a fetching shade of ~~PURPLE~~ purple and continued, "Listen to this." He flipped open a copy of the Western magazine I was trying to buy and read: "Hoofs drumming, Bat Durston came galloping down thru the narrow pass at Eagle Gulch, a tiny gold colony 400 miles north of Tombstone. He spurred hard for a low overhand of rimrock...and at that point a tall, lean wrangler stepped out from behind a high boulder, six-shooter in a suntanned hand. 'Rear back and dismount, Bat Durston,' the tall stranger lippled thinly. 'You don't know it, but this is your last saddle-jaupt thru these here parts.'" He waved his copy of STAR-BEGOTTEN SCIENCE FICTION and continued, "You'll never find that in this magazine!" He caressed the shocking pink spine.

I could feel my blood begin to boil and the vein in my temple throbbed as did Wolf Willis' whenever his wrath was aroused by injustice. I clenched my fists like Captain Stronghart Keasler in Drums of the Death Trappers when the halfbreed Pecos Shaw had threatened the fair school-marm, Lily White. I set my square jaw with the grim determination of the young Clarke Vincent in Arizona Death Traps when he was trapped in a cave with a collapsing roof by Blustering Bulmer, leader of the pack of renegade Indians that had murdered all of the San Antonio wagon train except four mule skinnners, Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, and Evans, who'd lived ~~into~~ to tell about.

I was growing angry. Violently I said, "Well, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll buy my Western magazines elsewhere."

"No you don'T ." He pulled out a strange-looking weapon that buzzed. Zap! A blue-green ray shot toward the Western magazine. Blat! It struck and the magazine disintegrated.

"Great horn-toads!" I exclaimed. Like greased lightning I whipped out my six-gun and fanned 18 slugs into his middle. He folded up like a tent and collapsed on the floor in a puddle of the green stuff that dripped from the 18 holes in him.

I blew the smoke from my revolver, stuck it back into its holster, picked up a copy of LONG-HORN LOVE STORIES COMBINED WITH THE BUFFALO-HUNTER'S GAZETTE, and left. Like I said, I didn't want Literature.

--Lee Hoffman

LH. RIP.

M

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO
EARLE K. BERGEY
WHO DIED SUDDENLY
A FEW WEEKS AGO

IN OUR OPINION HE WAS JUST HITTING HIS STRIDE
HE WAS FAST BECOMING ONE OF SCIENCE FICTION'S
BEST ARTISTS

AS THE EDITORS OF STARTLING STORIES SAID:

"WE SHALL MISS HIM"

THE CRYING FAN



I'm writing this here now letter column as I receive the letters, so this is being written rather early. October 19th, to be exact. So if we happen to contradict ourself between here and elsewhere in this we hope you will forgive us.

REDD BOGGS 2215 Benjamin St., N.E. Minneapolis 18, Minn.

Dear Chas: ((We hate that nickname. It's been plaguing us ever since we became a fa-a-an.))

After looking over your fanzine, I'm almost afraid you, instead of Lee Hoffman, are publishing Flop. But at least you tried hard and the mag's shortcomings are not your fault, most of them. ((Most of them??)) They're merely the normal mistakes of any first issue.

Very nice cover -- but why is Adlai represented? Is that a quote from one of his speeches ("I'm here -- hope you like me")? ((That was not Adlai!! Especially not Adlai! Because We Like Ike. */**/*!)) Contents page and editorial: why not tell each contributor thanx individually, via letter? Seems a better way to do it; that way you won't bore everyone else. ((Everyone else didn't contribute; they oughta be bored.)) You know of no other afnzine that will accept Laney type articles? I'm not sure what an afnzine is ((it's a typo for fanzine, that's what)), but a Skyhook is wide open for Laney Type articles. Your schedule plans are amazine and amusing. Conservatively I'd estimate that 99% of such schedules are never followed by any fanzine editor. You'd think fans would never allow themselves to be ~~misled~~ caught saying something they'll never be able to live up to, but nearly every faneditor declares that his mag will follow such-and-such a schedule and then he folds his mag next issue. I remember Morton Paley last winter making the statement that his fapazine would be in every mailing. That was the last time he was represented in any FAPA mailing ((my typo)). Typical.

I'll bet Tucker will writhe to see his witticism (?) ((?)) interlined here.

Best thing about the 1974 Convention thing was the neat lettering in the title. Second best thing was the line "Puerto Rico demands a recount!" Damn ((tch)), I'd forgotten that delightful scene till I read this. Both this item and "Fandom -- 1950-2000" makes the assumption that Lee Hoffman will ~~remain~~ ((darn)) remain Lee Hoffman for the next few decades or more, I aint never seen the girl but I'd bet against her keeping the name Lee Hoffman for the next two years, let alone 20 or 40. ((It took us a long time to figure out what Redd meant by that. We see now what he means. He's right. We're wrong. We hadn't thought about it before.)) Apparently I've a much higher opinion of her than you or Daniel Small (who?) have. Tsk.

The alleged Immortal Storm excerpt foresees increasing longevity among both fans and fanzines that isn't predistable from evidence so far. The oldest regularly appearing fanzine of all time (except those like The Fantasy Amateur which have changed editors often) is Harry Warner's Horizons, only 13 years old. ((If Harry is present, I want a copy or a sub to his fanzine already.)) But Small has magazines lasting 20 years, "Much to the editor's surprise", and fans lasting longer than that! ((Tucker has lasted 20 years, and the only reason he hasn't

Doggs--on and on and on:

lasted longer is because fandom hasn't given him time.)) Makes me tired just to contemplate such things, which no doubt is why I can't laugh at them. ((Huh??? It wasn't supposed to be funny. It was supposed to be a serious prediction of future fandom. However, having read Silverberg's article in a recent Q, I can see I was all wrong.))

Incidentally, the Futurians already issued a fanzine called X around 1942. And the first prozine editor to publish a fanzine while he was an editor was probably Charles Hornig. At any rate, both Robert Lowndes and Donald Wollheim published fanzines while they were promag editors. ((Wollheim doesn't count.)) ((Heck)).

Enclosed is a dime for issue #2. ((Ah.)) I just realized I didn't mention any defects in this issue that I referred to in par. 1, but the hell with it. You them just as well as I do, and will no doubt remedy them next time. ((I don't know whether I will or not, so thr.))

Sincerely



"I think I'll start a fanzine"

-----undidentified neofan

BOB BLOCH 704 Plankington Ave., Milwaukee 3, Wisc.

Dear Sir ((Ah)):

I was deeply grieved to receive FIENDETTA!! in the mail today. Please accept my sincere sympathies.



You see, I can imagine what it must be like to live in the same ~~swamp~~ community as Lee Hoffman. I can see where the constant strain, the continual awareness, the gnawing realization of her presence could do. A year or so in the immediate vicinity of the "Walt Willis of Wagner Street" as she is generally known, would be bound to produce a serious reaction on the part of any fan.

But I never dreamed it would go so far.

I never thought you would weaken, and finally crack up to the point where you'd publish your own fan-mag!

Still, I suppose it's inevitable. I've seen it happen to many a poor soul who entered fandom blithely, with head high--only to degenerate, in a few short months, into a snivelling, yarn-cadging, pun-snatching editor.

I feel for you deeply.

If there was only something I could do to alleviate your suffering,,,if I could only help to remove some of those minor delusions (such as the compulsion to mention Tucker's name, the continuous references to Keasler, etc., and other examples of coprolalia ((huh??)).) But it's no use. I can see that you have divorced yourself completely from the world of reality and are now veering wildly in the direction of Willisism, Vickophilia, and Hoffmanism.

The next steps seem inevitable, too. Already you are shamelessly soliciting ads...pretty soon you will develop a hypochondriac worry about your circulation...before long you'll get yourself "reviewed" in still other fanzines and acquire a bad case of egoboo.

There is only one way to cure all this--nobody can do it for you--you must decide to help yourself.

More Bloch--

Pull yourself together. Go out and buy a gun and some cartridges. Rush over to 101 Wagner Street and destroy, once and for all, that corrupter of innocence, that minion of Satan, that witch of Wagner Street.

Make yourself free again!

And while I think of it...better use silver bullets.

Earnestly,


Robert Bloch

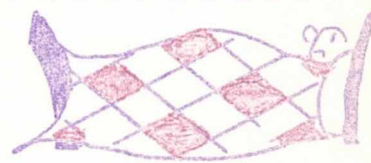
((Wells, clutching letter from Bloch in one hand and a gun in the other: "Zap!!!"

Hoffman: "Ugh"))

InbeginningtothinkPeterGrahamistoWilliewhatOliveristoTucker

PETER GRAHAM Boks 149, Fairfax, Calif.

Dear Charlie:



So I am sitting me down by my bed, reaching over to put my bacissues of Sship away (youre not going to be like PuLP used to((That's the most peculiar-looking "to" I ever saw)) be, are you??) ((What means this here now parenthetical remark, alreddy?)) that I had just been reading ((these parentheses are getting awfully complicated. Mine are the (())'s, and his are the (())'s.)), when my mother brings in the Mail.

"Get back in bed, O my darling son," she sez. "You have a cold, or so you say, and you are home from school today, so you should not be out of bed."

((Ugh))

"Stop this quibbling," sez I, "And give me the mail!"

She stopps over, lifts up the Mail again, and deposits It on my bed. As she props up the middle of it ((middle of the Mail, the bed, or you?)), I begin the day's labor of love, the game of "Looking Thru The Mail."~~It~~

In between a request for a copy of ~~Magnum~~ (15¢ a copy, 50¢ a year) and a letter containing \$1 for a coupla my ~~Blackboard~~ mags I have for sale, I find

it.

((NO UNPAID ADS, PLEASE!!!))

Ita looks rather good. Just to hepl (what means hepl?) ((I dodnoz)) out a bit, I am enclosing \$1... ((Yea team))

Haven't read any of the stories yet, but they look rather good ((oh what's in for you...!)). I like your paging system. ## Did Hickman angel that cover, or did you have to part with some of your own hard-earned money? ((The latter. Same for ~~this~~...))

You mean FSF's folding is doubtful??? Oh, Ghu...

Just read Fludto. Ik. ((?)) A couple of good ones were pulled off tho. Best thing in the issue, about, was that cartoon on page B. Yoboo! Yippee! Hooray! Calloo, callay! My name was in Fandom--1950-2000. I don't quite get the point of what you meant there, unless maybe it was a gentle hint..??

[Peter]

"Sailing, Sailing, sailing back to Belfast; he can't afford to fly..." --PG

"...And Lee Hoffman is my favorite fan editor, so there!" ((This should really go with the Poll Results, inasmuch as it was on the front of his ballot...))

Dear Charles,

I AM HADDER THAN EVER! I JUST WENT TO THE DOOR REAL FAST WHEN SOMEBODY KNOCKED AND SLEEPED AND FELL ON A THROW RUG!!!!!!!!!! ...

((Can somebody give me Su Rosen's address?))

Oh, I nearly forgot, I got Fiendetta. I was expecting a little more of you. I liked ((liked--are you dead or something?)) the ... cover, and just gobbled up Cleburn ((thass nothing--Graham disgorged his)), insinuations and all. It was a masterly job. I liked Fiendetta, don't get the idea that I didn't. It was just that it was sort of confusing ((I dislike this past tense)). Why don't you leave all the little comments in strips like this:

out of the editorial and put them at

figure if it came only on years with three Easters and a Christmas each or three Christmases and an Easter each.

The 1971 Conventuon was really in the groove. It had me laughing for an hour or more and with you committing seweride in the end, it made me laugh all the more. ((!!!!)). # Mildly disapprove of Fludto. ((I violently disapprove of Fludto!)) # I liked Fandom--1950-2000 very well too. ** # Who is Chanz? ((Military secret.)) I want a story of that quality in Scilly. So you see, fta wasn't bad, I just don't approve of your mixed up editorial.

Oodgaa Eyebaa,

[Larry]

"Why did he laugh when I said that?"

...So when we heard Harlan Ellison had discovered Lonny Lunde the Quiz Kid as a fan and brought him into fandom we were very mad because we thought we had discovered him because we had written him after seeing his name in SFQ and he had answered and said nothing about Harlan discovering him so I thought I had discovered him not Harlan so I wrote him and he wrote me and said:

LONNY LUNDE 306 Elmore, Park Ridge, Ill.

Dear Charles,



I can't honestly say for sure whether it was you or Harlan who "discovered" me. I got in touch with Harlan thru Sally Dunn at about the same time you wrote to me.

I like fta. Good fiction, good name, good cover, good personality. ((He's the first one who liked all of it!)) I like the fiction articles; keep them coming. Out of the Tull and Void is Nice and chatty. Keep up Typos, inc. --it's a good idea.

Sincerely

PS: I'm sending the fta ballot in about a week along with 25¢ for the next three issues. ((Them's the kind of words we like. That sentence was a masterpiece of grammar, wording, etc. Especially the twelvth word. Hot dog.))

"I'm still modest, dammit!"

-BT

On that pleasant note, we are closing this here now letter column. The response to #1 was most gratifying; we thank you every one for writing us a letter or note, or sending in your ballots. Remember, this isn't my fanzine, it's yours, and if you don't like something, say so; if enuf say so, we'll improve it or drop it. Thanx, all of you.

--yed

I WILL PAY \$2.00 FOR A COPY OF QUANDRY #1.

CONTACT: DAVE E. N. PARKER, % CHARLES WELLS,

405 E. 62 ST., SAVANNAH

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RFD #1

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