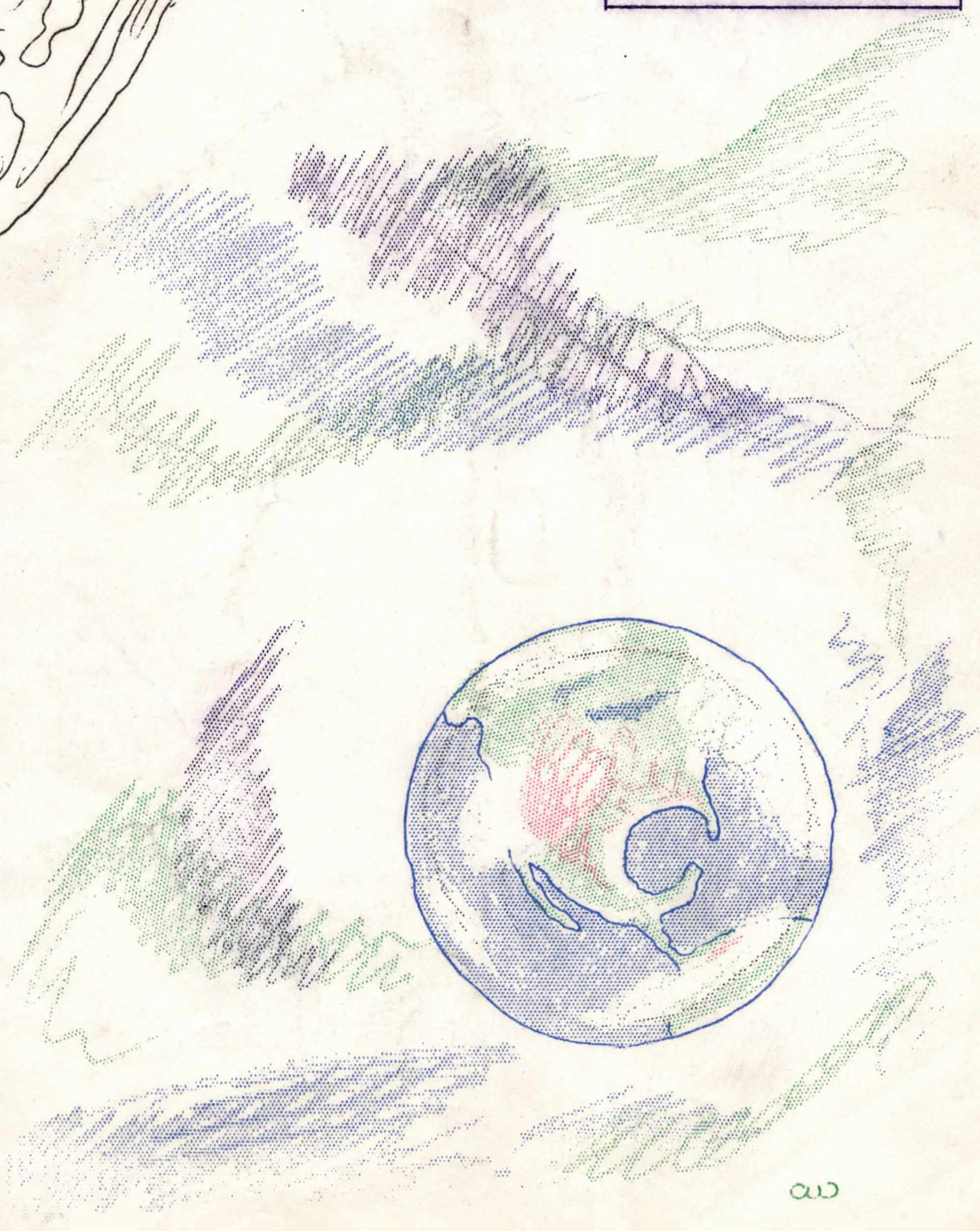


Tiendetta
#6 — first annish —



Fiendella

FIRST ANNISH



December 1953

whole #6

first annish

squunch!

v2nl

Edited and published by Charles Wells, 405 E 62 St, Savannah, Ga. Ass't ed.: Russell K. Watkins. Advisory staff is now nonexistent. Chief inspirers: the Plutonians and Redd Boggs. Chief delayee: Lee Hoffman. Phone: 4-5233.

Published irregularly, and highly so.

The next issue, out sometime next year will be an all-Hoffman issue. If you know of any Hoffmanstuff which ought to be included, please send it or its name in. Yes, we know this issue is 3 months late.

Price: 15¢, 3/40¢, 8/\$1.00. Will trade with any zines, including all apazines except fapazines. Foreign subs free on request.

Ad rates: 75¢ page; 40¢ 1/2 page; 20¢ 1/4 page; 5¢ column inch. No color in ads. Circulation: 100 this issue. Next issue, around 125. Retpost.inMSSunneey.

wells	ALBUM OF FOOPS	20	"art"	wells	COVER	0	"art"
russell k. watkins	RUSSELL'S-RANBLINGS	22	column	wotsinit	CONTENTS PAGE	1	feature
philip petmecky	PROJECT DESPAIR	24	fiction	yed	EDITORIAL	2	feature
lereaders	THE CRYING FAN	26	feature	bob tucker	MOUNTAIN JUSTICE	4	fiction
bacover	BACOVER	bacover	bacover	anonymous	MORS IABROCHII	7	poem
art by texfan stewart, english, rotsler, and wells**lettering by wells-HOO-HAN!				karl j. chanz	I'M WALKING BEHIND YOU	7	poem
				jerry hopkins	THE LITTLE WHITE PLANET THAT CRIED	8	poem
				karl j. chanz	WITH AN EYE ON THE SKY	8	poem
				terry carr	PLEDGE OF FANLEGIANCE	8	poem
				bobby stewart	FIENDETTA'S FIVE STAR SHELF	9	satire
				yed	POLL RETURNS	11	feature
				david english	THE LITTLE BOY WHO BIT PEOPLE	12	fiction-satire
				john g. fletcher	MISTAKE	14	fiction
				karl king	A FAN HISTORY	16	humor
				donald cantin	DEDICATED TO POGO	18	column
				david poisoningreene	A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND	19	fiction
					over thataway		

It's that editorial again! ~ ~

OUT OF THE NULL AND VOID

Well, it's amish time, sometimes known as "thanking" time. ('S odd, I'm writing this the day after Thanksgiving.) Or nostalgia time. But darned if I'm going to waste two good stencils telling you of all my fannish remembrances. I refuse to tell you of that February 15th when I got that phone call from Lee Hoffman in reply to a letter I sent her requesting a copy of QUANDRY. And how we discussed the correct pronunciation of "Simak" and how she talked of the "N3F" and Issaid "yes" and "of course", meanwhile wondering wothehell the "N3F" was. And I abolutely will not tell you of the indescribable pleasure I underwent upon receipt of my very first letter from a fan—a half piece of notebook paper with a penned letter on one side and a beautiful illo of the confused neophan entering fandom on the other side (see the bottom of next page)—from David English, who to this day I would rather get a letter than anybody from.

And I'm not going to give the names of other people with whom I was (and am) especially happy to fan with. . . Redd Boggs, Larry Anderson, Gregg Calkins, Bob Bloch, and all the countless others. Why should I? Bah. I wouldn't think of telling you of the high point of my entire fannish life (other than my entering it)—the editorial is no place to wander sentimentally thru one's memories! Why, if I told you that my receiving a real live letter from Forrest J Ackerman (no less!) was the high point, the epitome, of my entire fannish life (other than my entering it) I'd never forgive myself for so wasting the metal on my typewriter keys! I received several books from this Mr. Science Fiction (he says there are more than one Mr. Science Fiction), but they were only incidental—I actually got a letter from him! But I won't tell you of that either.

Nor will I tell you of the sudden acquisition of a hekto and the hektic publication of two issues of STFSTUFF on it before I gave up in disgust. And the start of this magazine? I acquired a typer and a ditto during the summer of '52 and published my first issue that October, after a delay while waiting on a cover from Lynn Nickman. It had for contents a story by David English and a lot of stuff by me, one under the penname David Parker, who not everybody knows I am yet. And #2 had a polycolor cover by Leeh & me. And color, Lee Hoffman, JT Oliver and others on the inside. This issue marked the moving of Russ Watkins down here and his introduction to the insides of fta. He's had his finger in it ever since. Number three was again delayed by a cover from Hickman, and had Boggs, Ellison, English, Watkins, and "Parker" on the insides. Number four had a cover by Keasler, and had Cantin, Anderson, Watkins, "Parker", and Wesley as columnists, and other stuff by these people and Karl King and Dale Tarr. But will I mention all that. No!

And I won't mention the belated acquisition of a mimeo last summer, and the
ABD/1260 PAGE 2

publication of #5, a news issue, and the three months' late publication of this issue. And I won't—won't, mind you—mention the person I traded for the mimeo my ditto with: Russell Watkins.

Oh there are other memories which should be included, but won't because I think it's silly to. Like the many times I helped with QUANDRY, and Lee, as she mimeographed and I counted & assembled, explained to me the many facets of fanodm, and gave me hints in mimeographing, fmz publishing and fanning in general, all of which today comes in handy. Or the time when I learned that Russ Watkins was moving down here and in my neophannish confusion wondered if it was Russ Watkins or Ray Nelson who started the CCF, and what the other one did. Or my former tendency to think that all Leeh's Li'l Peepul that had crew haircuts were supposed to be Bob Tucker, and the resulting mixup when a drawing turned up with two crew-haircuted Li'l Peepul. I'm not going to mention them at all!

You! What are you reading this for? You know I can't resist telling you of all the things I'm not going to mention. It's a proud but frustrating thing to be a fan!

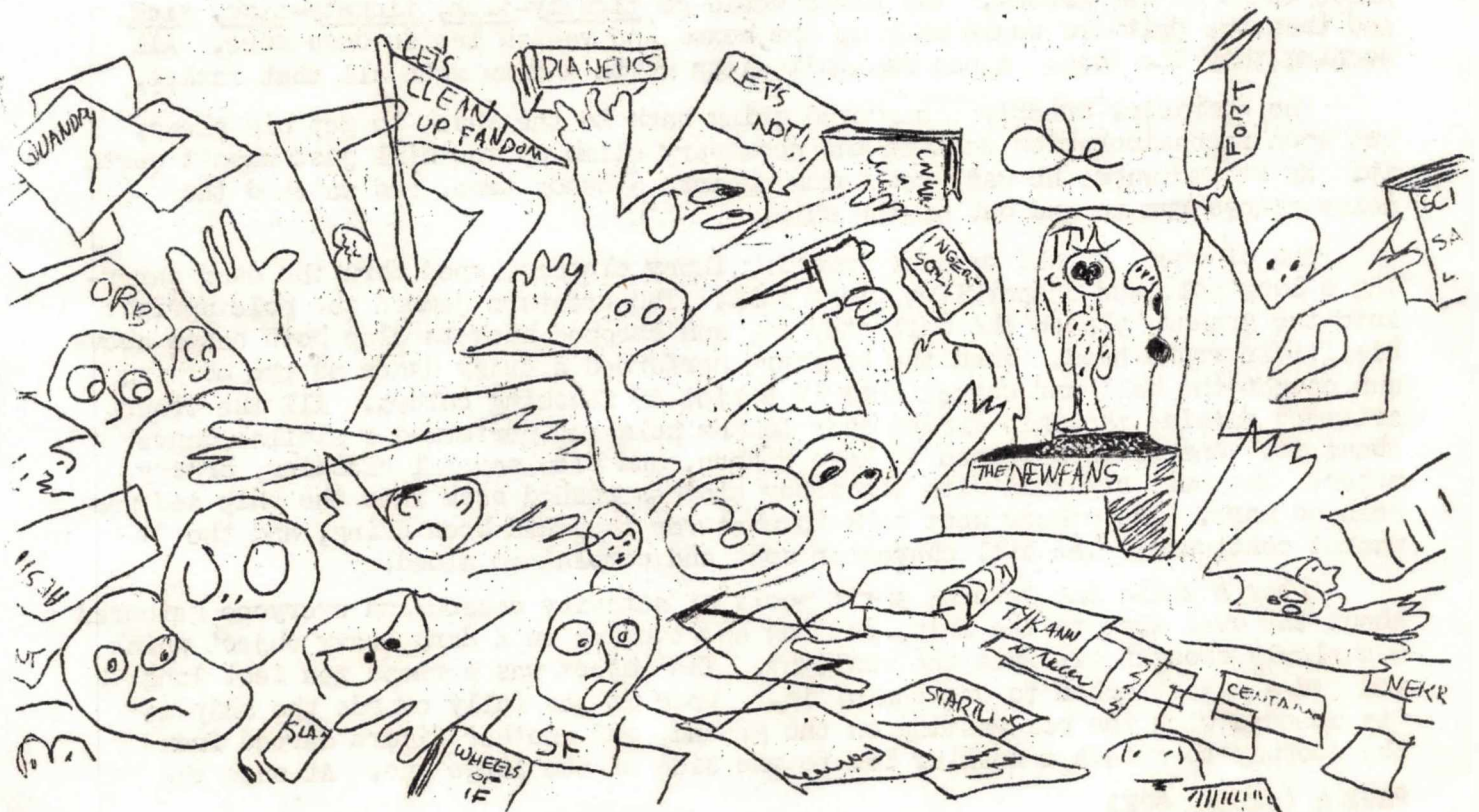
—CW

Leeh paints pictures but Jesse as First Mate of a rowboat pitches painters...eh?

Anyone who wants covers of previous issues of fta can get them free by asking. Mailed with a stiffener, flat. / People who trade with fta but have portions of their QUANDRY subs remaining please note: I'm starting a little gab zine and you are assured of getting it forevermore. Hokay? / Gloria in excelsis Deo et Merry Christmas to you too.

—CW

I wants my interlineations intrinsically funny...



MOUNTAIN JUSTICE

by bob tucker

The character who lived in a rickety wooden shack on the side of the hill spat out a mouthful of tobacco juice and watched the fantastic parade streaming along the valley.

He had been rudely awakened from a mid-morning doze by the thunderous noise of the spaceship settling in the valley, and had found it quite impossible to go back to sleep again because of the infernal racket the critters made. Grumpy, but curious, he watched them. They would run out of the round door in the side of the ship and set up queer instruments on tripods; sometimes the instrument would make equally queer noises like burp and pffffft and squeelunk, and then the critters would make other noises and run back inside again. Soon others would appear and place boxes on the ground. The boxes would go tickety-tick, tickety-tick, tick. And then the critters would pick up the boxes and vanish inside once more. All morning they did that. A man couldn't sleep worth a damn with all that racket.

The character briefly considered going back to the shack to get his sleep, but upon reconsideration decided the necessary climb up the hill just wasn't worth it. He stayed where he was, reclining against a handy tree, and watched the noisy things run in and out of the ship.

One of them, a tall creature wearing fancy clothes, sped thru the door carrying a long pole and a sparkling glass ball. The creature jammed the pole upright into the ground, placed the ball atop it, and stepped back to clap both hands above his little round head. Then the creature performed a crazy dance as the morning sun caught the ball and coaxed from it a riot of flashing colors. All the other critters outside the ship dashed over to the pole and performed a similar dance about it. One of them seemed to have a horn, and blew several clashing, brassy notes. The tall creature with the fancy clothes rushed back into the ship and was seen no more. The others went back to whatever they had been doing, and the racket continued. The hill character spat and complained aloud.

After a while the several small pools of activity ceased and everyone gathered about the oval door to the ship, pulling and tugging on a dark heavy object which was slowly brought out into the sunlight. The object was perhaps ten feet long and had a box attached to one end of it. When it was fully outside the ship it was upended with the box resting on the ground, and another figure darted from the doorway to attach a smaller box to the side of the large one. At once the

great ten-foot ram began moving up and down, whunk, whunk, whunk, biting deeper into the hard ground with each jarring whunk. The hill man volubly cursed the new distraction, and while he was at it, cursed against the critters who were responsible for his lost sleep.

He wondered briefly what they'd do if he aimed his shotgun in their general direction and pulled the trigger. Both barrels maybe. He was sorely tempted to try it, just to see if it would call a halt to the activity and the noise—but on second reflection it might be a sheer waste of ammunition, and good shells cost money. He settled back against the tree and tried to ignore them. Danged pests.

Whunk, whunk, the machine continued, whunk.

It finally ceased about noon and the character breathed a sigh of relief, hoping the end had come. He opened his eyes to look. A circle of the critters had formed about the hole into which most of the machine had sunk, and seemed to be holding a conference. More little boxes were brought from the ship and placed around the hole. As before they tickety-ticked for a while and then were carted inside. The gaping circle broke up and the confounded noise began again as the machine whunked itself up and out of the hole. The entire group massed together to tote the affair back into the ship. For a spell there came a peaceful quiet. The man closed his eyes and thought about something to eat. He almost dozed.

The near-doze was shattered when the band began to play.

He leaped to his feet in mild astonishment to watch the spectacle parading along the valley floor beneath him.

The long pole and the shining glass ball came first, carried by a creature in resplendent clothing. Behind that one marched fully twenty others, all blowing or banging or twanging on noisy, raspy, screeching instruments and all dancing as if they had taken leave of their senses. Behind the bellowing band came another pack dressed in colorful clothing, each individual swaggering, prancing, dancing, strutting, or hopping as the mood struck him. The entire mob of them kept little semblance of line or column, flitting in or out as they desired, trompling on one another's heels or falling back until the creature behind collided with them. They moved along the grassy valley floor, making a noise calculated to wake the dead. Along the sidelines, first in front and then in back and then dashing alongside the column scurried a solitary critter carrying a black box. This one would dart in front of the parade and aim the box at the leader carrying the pole and ball. Unheard above the din, the box would go tickety-tickety-tick. And then the thing would run to the tail of the mob and aim his box for a rear view.

The hill man decided that enough was enough.

"Dammit to hell and tarnation," he shouted, "stop that racket!"

The parade went merrily on, unhearing.

The man picked up a chunk of rock and hurled it at them. The rock sang thru the air and neatly removed an instrument from a startled mouth, continued on to bowl over the musician marching nearby. The first player clapped his hand over suddenly bleeding lips while beside him his companion fell to the ground. Two others stumbled and fell over the prone figure before they could stop their dancing. The discordant musical noise took on strange new screeching tones and the leader whirled around to seek the reason. At once the entire column stopped and fell silent.

In the sudden quiet the hill character shouted again. He balled and shook his fist at the parade, and yelled, "Now take warning, dammit, or you'll get more. A body's gotta have some peace around here!"

The startled column stared up at him.

In an instant the hill man was surrounded, pulled down, mugged, shoved this way and that, **punched in the ribs, and then picked up** bodily and borne toward the ship at a rapid pace. He grimly clutched the shotgun to his body and threw abortive kicks at his captors. They held him the tighter and darted toward the gaping oval door. In the flickering of an eyelash—or perhaps two flicks—the door flowed around him and he was in a darkened room, still struggling vainly with the creatures. They rushed him thru the first room into a second and brighter one and then on into another and another, until he had lost count and no longer was aware of the route or the direction he had come. At last they flung him into a small bare place and then retreated quickly, to slam a door on him.

He sat up groggily, reached out for the old weapon with one hand and with the other shook an outraged fist in their faces. Many of the faces hung just beyond an open grillwork in the door, staring curiously at him. The hill man spat at the faces and they darted quickly **aside** to avoid the steam of tobacco juice, flowing back into position again when it became apparent that there was nothing more to spit. The room was small, barren, and metallic, and smelled of animal stink. **This stalemate** continued for some little while, the critters peering excitedly at the specimen in the cage while the specimen glared back, offering them choice phrases from his rich mountain vocabulary.

Far off in the depths of the ship a bell clanged, and the faces vanished from the grilled door.

The hill character threw a parting blasphemy after them and struggled to his feet, bent on testing the strength of the door to his prison. Reaching for it, he was hurled to the floor and pinned there as the ship lurched violently and seemed to zoom straight up, shoving his hungry stomach deep into his backbone. The man fought for new breath to hurl still more startled curses and found that he could not speak, his body crushed beneath a terrifying weight. He lay on the floor, frightened beyond his wits and struggling to remain alive, his heart pounded as he had never heard it **pound** before.

At last it was over, the weight gone and his breath returned. He sat up, half blinded by a glaring light pouring thru the little round window just beyond the cell door. Climbing to his feet he ran over to shake the door, found it unmovable. Burning with a deep desire for revenge, the hill man rammed the shotgun thru the grillwork and aimed down the empty corridor.

"Hell and tarnation," he shouted at the absent faces, "I've had enough of this damned foolishness!" And he pulled the trigger on both barrels. Buckshot peppered the walls, the window.

Space leaked in rapidly.

—bt

— "...meanwhile dripping green all over the sofa, the new rug, and the cat..." de

The above space, of course, was due to Hoffmanothung Inc. Tucker paid the usual rates for it, of course. Nothing.

—cw

Mors Iabrochii

anonymous

Coesper¹ erat: tunc lubriciles² ultravia
circum

Urgebant gyros gimbuculosque topi;
Moestenui visae borogovides ire meatu;
Et profugi gemitus exgrabuere rathae.

O fuge Iabrochium, sanguis meus! (i.e.
my son) Ille recurvis

Unguibus, estque avidis dentibus ille
minax.

Ububae fuge cautus avis vim, gnate! Ne-
que unquam

Faederpax contra te frumiosus eat!

Vorpali gladio juvenis succingitur:

- hostis

Manxumus ad medium quaeritur usque diem:
Jamque via fesso, sed plurima mente
prementi,

Tumtuniae frondis suaserat umbra moram.

Consiliae interdum stetit egnia³ mone
revolvens;

At gravis in densa fronde susuffrus⁴ erat,
Spiculaque ex oculis jacentis flammica,
tulseam

Per silvam venit burbur Iabrochii!

Vorpali, semel atque iterum collectus in
ictum,

Persnicuit gladis persnacuitque puer:

Deinde galumphatus, spernens informe
Cadaver,

Horrendum monstrum rettulit ipse caput.

Victor Iabrochii, spollis insignis opimis,

Rursus in amplexus, o radiose, meus!

O frabiose dies! CALLO clamataque CALLA!

Vix potuit lastus chorticulare pater.

next column

1. Coena plus vesper
2. Lubricua plus graciles
3. Cf. segnis
4. Cf. susurrus

Coesper erat: tunc lubriciles ultravia
circum

Urgebant gyros gimbuculosque topi;
Moestenui visae borogovides ire meatu;
Et profugi gemitus exgrabuere rathae.

I'm Walking Behind You

No,
Don't turn around.
If you do,
you will have found
That he who
Walks behind you
Is one undead;
Yes, you will find you
Very much dread
Your pale follower,
Who is a ghoul
And would be a swallower
Of you, poor fool.

- Karl J. Chanz



The Little White Planet That Cried

Out among the nothingness,
With lots of room to spare,
A planet wanders slowly,
Playing solitaire.

Wishing for a playmate—
a sun, or moon, or star;
It gets awful lonesome,
Out where nothings are.

The planet's bare and empty;
Not a living soul.
A great big dent up yonder,
But nothing but a hole.

The planet wanders slowly,
Sad enough to cry.
He has no one to play with;
A tear slips from his eye.

The tear falls and freezes
Away up in the sky,
And circles 'round the planet,
A twinkle in its eye.

Now the planet understands
He'll have a neighbor soon.
Then he cries out happily,
"Gee whiz, I have a moon!"

—Jerry Hopkins

PLEDGE OF FANLEGIANCE

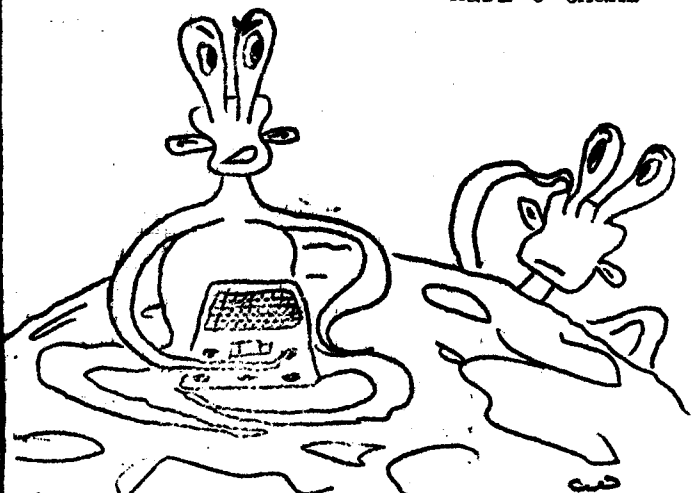
I pledge fanlegiance
To the zine
That will rise to lead Seventh Fandom;
And to the zineditor
By which it stands,
One fanzine,
Mineographed,
With wit and humor for all.

—Terry Carr

With An Eye On The Sky

He kept his eye
On the sky,
And looking skyward, his eye
Was not looking on the sparrow;
Rather, it followed the Ship
Straight as an arrow,
As it seemed bent
On seeking entertainment
In the oceans of raiment
Of the spacial tent.
Yes, straight it went,
As if seeking some galactic
Climactic
Out there.
And he watched, the wind
In his hair,
Blowing hot from the vast
Desert, hotter
Still because of the rocket's blast.
Yes, standing there
In the hot air,
He eyed
The skied
Moonward-aimed arrow,
And, as I said, his eye
Was not on the sparrow.

—Karl J Chanz



"SH—I'M LISTENING TO ARTHUR
GODFREY!"

14"

15" gold *Shore*

Silver + ^{gold} 13.22

gold ore + Silver Ore



fiendetta's 5 star shelf

SCIENCE FICTION OMNIBUS—Coff Gronklin—Round Publishers, N.Y., 1955, 599 pages, \$6.00.

Who can ever forget the Gas-For-The-Bus-Before-54 campaign conducted by Shelby Vick? This book is an account of the gas raising campaign and the trip by the omnibus to the 1954 stf con. As you remember, it was finally decided that the gassing would all be done by the fans, and so Vick kept the money for himself.

The trip is given in full from the time Shelby starts out alone from Lynn Haven to the time the vehicle reaches San Francisco packed full of fans. The book relates many of the weird and wonderful adventures that took place during its one month cross-country tour. It tells of such things as the Little Willie Writing Contest which ended up with Dean Grennell and Ray Thompson tied for first place. (When the bus stopped in Frisco, all of the 103 new "Little Willies" were turned over to the Convention Committee. Committee chairman, Bill Knapheide, was heard to remark, "Grennell and Thompson give me the Willies.")

The front of the bus was occupied by hold overs from Sixth Fandom, and the rear of the bus was inhabited by members of Seventh Fandom. An interesting part of the activities that occurred on the bus was the three day marathon in which Sixth Fandomists hurled POGO quotes to the rear of the bus, and were answered by lines from MAD. It finally ended when Lee Hoffman gave the first line from the first Pogo story, and was topped by John Magnus who gave a quote from MAD 57 which had not yet been published.

Altho this is a heart-warming account of one of fandom's greatest projects, it cannot compare with Art Wesley's book about the part of the bus occupied by Seventh Fandom entitled OMNIBUS IN RETROSPECT. over—
(aABD/1260)

PAGE 9

bobby stewart

THE UNIT MASTERS—Robert Plumbline—Doubleornothing and Day Co., Y.N., 1953, 2 pages (rats you know), \$2.50.

This story is about a mysterious purple substance that attaches itself to the hands of its victims and refuses to let go.

The nation's department store counters go unguarded as the United States Government calls out the counter-spies. The counter-spies find that the source of this invasion is somewhere in fandom. They figure that they should turn the problem over to some fannish organization that knows more about fandom than the counter-spies do. The problem is then taken up by the NFFF, but the counter-spies soon have to begin working on the case themselves after they find that the NFFF is about as well-organized as a new jigsaw puzzle.

The case is finally solved by detective Dan Druff and his assistant, Lana Lin. Druff finds that the purple substance is started by fanzine editors who use hekto and ditto equipment. It is then spread across the country by anything the faneds happen to touch. Druff has a plan and thinks he can remedy the situation by giving mimeographs to all the ditto and hekto faneds. The story ends by the world being invaded by a mysterious black substance...

YEAR'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS: 1954—E.F. Bleileier and T.E. White. Fred Fell in New York, 1954. 11, 638 pages. \$8.00

At first glance it is easy to see that the publisher made a mistake in putting 1,954 novels in one volume. It makes for a very bulky book. In fact, unless you are seven feet tall you will need a pole to turn the first thousand pages.

When I read it last night I found the contents scrappy, but interesting.

THE CITY IN THE SEA—Tilson Wucker—Galaxy Publishing Corporation—N.Y., 1952, 4 quarter sized pages, \$0.10

This pamphlet is well-written, but is made rather dull by the fact that the plot is a little too simple. The book opens as a tidal wave comes crashing down onto the last city on the earth. Everyone is drowned and the story ends.

GRAVY PLANET—Tenfoot Pohl & C.M. Bluecorn—Purses, Inc., Y.N., 1953, 253 pages, \$2.50.

Reprint of a serial that appeared in GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION, this book recounts the adventures of the first people to land on Mars. They find out that the reason that Mars is reddish colored is because it is completely covered with ham gravy except for a number of long thin solid areas encircling the planet. For years we have called these areas "canals", but actually they were strips of ham.

The first people to visit Mars land in a hole in a hambone and are killed.

The second expedition is more successful. It succeeds in bringing part of Mars back to Earth. Some members of the expedition settle down to a happy existence eating ham for the rest of their lives. The Captain of the expedition, however, opens up a roadside diner and names it "HA'S".

—Bobby Stewart

 "What do you mean by, 'What do you mean by, 'Who sawed D'Courtenay's Boat?'?"

POLL RETURNS

The poll return this time was rather small, in comparison with previous returns. The material in number four was not up to fta's usual standards, which in the past has been rather low anyway (I like to compare myself with Doc

Q: DO YOU AGREE WITH THE CONCEPT OF SEVENTH FANDOM AS PROPOSED BY SILVERBERG? Fourteen people replied, as follows: YES-6; NO-4; "All these divisions are a load of--! Why? Why? Why?"-1; "Eh!"-1; "Personally I crawled from the muck & mire of fifth fandom & have now firmly associated myself with the muck & mire of sixth fandom. That answer yo' question, Melvin?"-1; plus one indeterminate answer from Ken Potter which he said not to print. I wouldn't anyway; it's too long.

again. --Which reminds me: since so many people have indicated dislike of the poll, I've decided not to continue with them. It's no longer necessary for me to know the readers' preferences in material, and as for other questions--Well, I could include one once in a while, I guess. But not every ish. Certainly not thish. This lets me out of my usual space for a last minute editorial, so if necessary I'll include a back page editorial.

As for the readers' preferences in material this time, you see it at right. The new 10 point system worked quite well. Only one person got mixed up and thought that the higher the score the less it was liked, like it use to be. There was no great variance in peoples' scores--no one graded overly high or low, as I had feared.

The votes divided themselves into three parts. The Cover, Wesley's column, and the letter column came in highest, bunched over a range of six tenths of a point. Anderson's column and Moon Local Dropped 'way down in the bottom fours. And all the others were bunched in the middle--seven articles and stories covering only four fifths of a point!--cw (aABD/1260)-PAGE 11

Lowndes and SFQ. It gives me a good excuse for being lousy.), which may have something to do with the low returns.

In the votes for the Seventh Fandom theory, I was disappointed to find that more people seemed to favor Seventh Fandom than reject it. But it must be remembered that these votes came in during June and July, mostly in June, over three months ago. Opinions may have changed a good bit since then. I am not planning to include a poll in thish, or I would ask the question over

Votes on the material were as follows: (Column a gives name of material; column b gives point score; c gives range of votes (highest & lowest score given); d gives the score most people gave; and e gives the % people who gave that score.

A	B	C	D	E
COVER	7.14	1-10	10	36
THINGS YOU MAY NEVER HAVE KNOWN	6.82	3-9	7&9	21
CRYING FAN	6.57	3-9	8	29
RUSS'S Ramb.	5.75	3-9	5	36
PRIS. PLANET	5.69	4-10	5	46
EDITORIAL	5.68	1-7	6	43
RKW-FANFILE	5.54	4-9	4	36
SF MINUS	5.43	1-8	6	29
DED. TO POGO	5.29	2-8	5	38
FANTOMS	4.92	1-6	5	38
A BLOODY FEW				
BLATHERINGS	4.43	1-6	5	36
MOON LOCAL				
RIDES AGAIN!	4.14	1-9	5	36
MLRA's range was really 1-5, with one other vote for 9.				

de

The Little Boy Who Bit People by dave english

de

ONCE UPON A TIME, there was a little boy who bit people. He had bit people right along from since he had teeth, but he found his victims mostly among his playmates. One day, however, his Rich Uncle came to visit.

"Gad, how this young man has grown," he said. He poked the boy in the guts with his thumb.

The boy took a chunk out of him.

Without a word the man walked out of the house, climbed into his sixteen cylinder huff and left in it.

Actually, all along he had intended to leave his money to that cat hospital, but the boy's parents didn't know that.

His father was exceedingly ~~wroth~~.

He whipped the child.

The little boy bit him.

"My God," said the father, "that I should see the day when a son of mine would bite me! Terrible and unnatural monster that you are, to bite your own father! Ah Lord!"

The little boy felt guilty. He had read child psychology books, and wondered if he shouldn't bite his fingernails. But he didn't feel like it.

Instead he bit his mother.

He was sent to bed without any supper.

The next day, at school, he went mad and in one afternoon bit more children than he had ever bit before in one day.

This attracted some attention.

A teacher went to visit his parents.

"Mr. and Mrs. Soandso," she said, "today at school your little boy bit twenty children. How about that?"

"Yes," said his mother, "he bites at home too."

"Ah."

"Fiendish ((what?)) and unnatural monster that he is, he has bitten his own father," said the father. "I have lived to see the day he should do this. Ah Lord!"

Whereupon the little boy bit the teacher.

They took him to a psychiatrist.

"What seems to be the trouble, young man?" he asked.
(aABD/1260) PAGE 12

"I think he has an Oedipus complex," said the teacher. "Or maybe he feels insecure. That'll do it sometimes."

"Is he nuts, doctor?" wanted to know the mother.

"He must be," said the father. "He is an awful and unnatural monster, and I am sorry that I have lived to find him so. Ah Lord."

"Please," said the psychiatrist, Dr. Schrenck-Notzing, "please let me interview the boy alone, and then I will reach my conclusion."

The little boy bit the psychiatrist.

They left the two alone.

For two hours they waited without the office. Occasionally there was a shrill cry, and they guessed that the doctor had been bitten again.

"I think it must be an Oedipus complex," said the teacher.

"Do you mean he is nuts?" asked the mother.

"He is certainly unnatural," declared the father.

"I think he must be nuts," said the mother.

At length the door burst open. The little boy ran out and bit his mother, his father, and was kicked in the face by the teacher. But he bit her anyway.

"Did you find out why he bites people?" asked the father.

"Yes."

The teacher, asked, "Was I correct?"

"No, no Oedipus complex. I'm sorry."

"Then what...?"

"Why, he simply likes to bite people," said the psychiatrist. —do

"The whole head."

The illo at left is on of several Dave sent me in three colors. In previous issues I've found Dave's illos don't look so well colored. But he colored these himself so we'll see. —cw



invasion #8—the beetle horde

MISTAKE

The clock ticked on.

Jarvis waited.

-- John G. Fletcher

The doctor's waiting room was a small one, he thought. About fifteen by twenty. An easy chair about five years old stood in one corner. In the center of the room was a glass-topped table with magazines piled neatly on it.

He, all alone, sat on a divan that seated three people/

The clock ticked on. Tick, tick, tick, tick,. The door to the doctor's office opened. "Next!"

Jarvis rose to his full height of five foot ~~two~~, brushed off his bright sport coat, and entered, looking at the leggy nurse as he did so.

The nurse left and Jarvis turned his attention to the doctor. "Definitely not as good looking," he thought to himself.

The doctor motioned to a chair. Jarvis sat down, crossed his legs, and surveyed the doctor.

Dr. Heppley was a strapping six footer, all of them wearing blue suede shoes. His green medical jacket looked like it had just come from the cleaners.

The doctor spoke, "Now what can I do for you?"

Putting a six-fingered hand to his mandible, Jarvis answered, "Lower the back of the seat, Doc, it's hallucinations."

The doctor pressed a stud and the seat gently reclined to a psychiatrists couch. "Now, tell me all about it."

"When I returned home from the store, my book store on fifth street, I came across a street that I didn't recall seeing before. I forget the name, oh yeah, Main Street. Ever hear of it? Neither did I, till this afternoon.

"I walked all up and down this street looking at the buildings. They weren't buildings like the kind that people like us would build. They were straight up and down.

"Then someone, something, emerged from a doorway. Then I knew that the buildings were different. They were built by and for people with two legs!

When this creature passed by me he didn't even look at me/ Suddenly he stopped and warily pulled a pair of strange glasses from his pocket.

"After he had them on he walked over to where I was standing and kept on walking. Right thru me!

"It was then that I remembered that I had my ultra-violet glasses on for reading black light books. Startled, I removed them and the hallucination disappeared. When I put them back on again the scene did not reappear, so I went home, took a

hot bath, and made up my mind to see you. And here I am."

There was a long silence before either said anything.

Finally the doctor said, "Sound like a rather common case. You're the third I've had this week. All the others were quite similar. I wouldn't worry if I were you. You're probably overworked. Running a book store isn't exactly an easy job. I used to work in one before I got my degree. I earned enough money to go thru college that way. Used to read more books than I sold tho..."

The nurse came into the room. "If you're ready for the next, Dr. Heppley, it's Mrs. Neurotic and her seven little ailments. She...Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you had already left, sir!"

"That's quite alright. I was just leaving anyhow."

"I'm sure you'll be fine sir. Just fill out the register on the counter in there and I'll send you your bill," said the doctor.

Jarvis walked home from the doctor's office. "Never again will I wear those glasses outside of the reading room."

When he reached the spot where he had seen the new street he was tempted to put on his glasses.

He did so.

"Oh no! Not that!"

Back at the doctor's office, Doctor Heppley had just convinced Mrs. Neurotic that she didn't have seven odd and sundry diseases. She left firmly convinced of her insanity, tho.

The doctor removed a chlorophyll cigarette from his case and lit it. It was then that the knock came at his door.

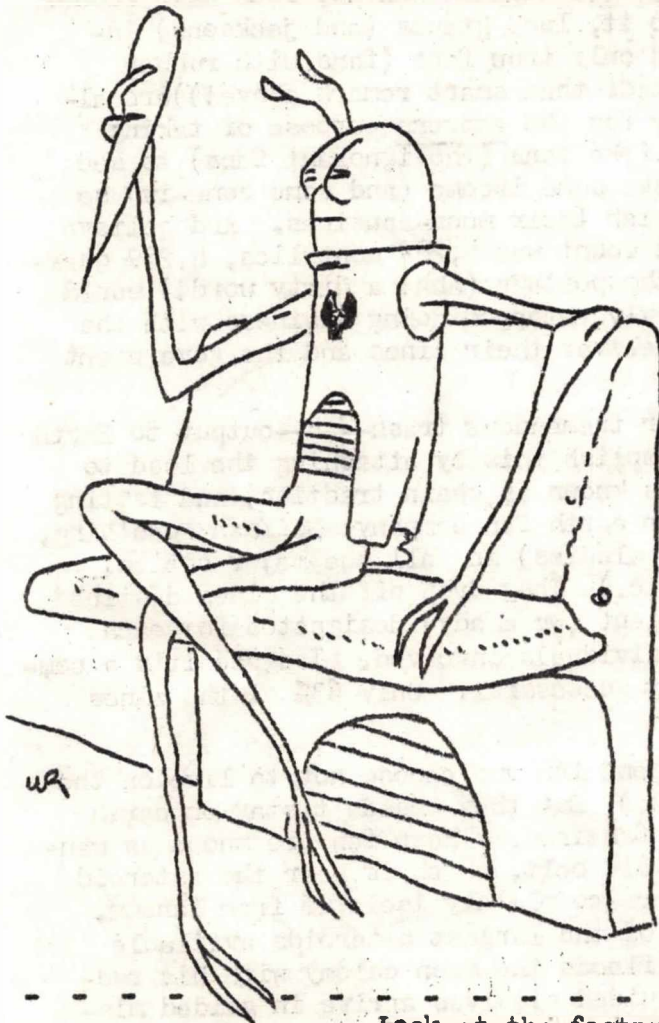
He opened it and let the raving Jarvis in. "Jarvis, not again!"

"It's a shame they had to put him thru the energy converter. I liked him. I was going to make him a general when we take over," said the doctor to his nurse. "I'm tired. Let's fade back." The doctor and the nurse both faded back from the range of the aliens' eyes. They removed the ultra-violet treated contact lenses from their eyes.

"That's better," said the doctor.

—John G. Fletcher

Look at the footprints on the ceiling



WARNING! Read this at your own risk! This story has more puns per square inch than any story yet published, and therefore all persons with weak hearts are cautioned against overindulging. Be forewarned!

A Fan History—by Karl King *as told by the conductor of the Moon Local*

Have your fare ready, folks. Ah, it's fare weather! Standard (and Street & Smith too) rate is six science fiction magazines or eighteen earth fanzines. (You know what an earth fan is—a dirty cuckster.) Of course if you have any old and rare promags the price decreases depending upon their age, (I had one zine 5 years old that was bottled in bond. Man! Talk about shewing the rag!) and rarity. Why you can go to the moon for just one Unknown. (This is an unknown fact.) It all depends upon the current rate of exchange. (AC or DC.) I'm sure that you understand the reason for these ODD (or DIFFERENT) fares. You see, the moon has been taken over by stf fans. (Fans with steel blades.) ((I suppose fantasy fans have rubber blades?)) They officially own all rights to it, land grants (and jacksons) included. It's called the EAN MOON COLONY and only true fans (fans with rubber blades) ((oh foo! I didn't see this when I made that smart remark above!)) are allowed to live there. This Moon Local is now for the express purpose of taking visiting tourists (the ignorant public) and fake fans (the ignorant fans) to see the colony. After all, the colony has to have some income (and some come-in) so they can purchase stencils and paper to publish their moon-fanzines. And believe you me, they put out a lotta zines. The last count was 6,286 monthlies, 4,239 quarterlies, and 64,948 one shots. Naturally, the postage (ahh! a dirty word!) would amount terrifically for such a volume so they've stopped doing business with the post office. (HA). Instead they privately deliver their zines and the government can do nothing about it. (HA).

They hire this Moon Local to carry tgeir tremendous trash—ah—output to Earth daily (and a couple to Dan Daley.) We accomplish this by attaching the load to the rear of the ship by a long chain (this is known as chain traction) and letting them sag—drag afterward. We dump them to an earth fan company, Hoffman McNothing, Inc., in New York, which has fan agents (and aladies) in all the major cities. (Such as Sterling, Va., Cartersville, Ga., etc.) They drop off the zines destined for each city from a helicopter to the fan agent (or alady) designated for each area, and he in turn delivers them to the individuals involved. I agree it's a complicated system but so far it has been highly successful. Only 53% of the zines has failed to show-up.

It is also rumored that there are insurgent fen who choose not to live on the entire fannish moon. (It's only a paper moon.) But they couldn't stay on earth (they weren't grounded) due to the influx of fanzines. These fen are known as wandering gypsy fen and are located in the asteroid belt, which is near the asteroid suspenders. They each have an asteroid and are completely isolated from fandom. The most famous of these, P U. Roddy, has one of the largest asteroids available complete with built in mimeo. He constantly floods the moon colony with his radical ideas via the printed (?) page. These guided missives arrive in guided missiles. He dances with glee (and Glo too) when he observes in his telescope (Name taken from newspaper terminology--tell-a-scoop) the consternation (a slight fee of 25¢ will be charged for the use of this big word) his zines evoke. Thus was born the famous saying (made up when the moon fans saw Roddy in their telescopes) "Dance, ABE/1260 PAGE 16

Gypsy, Dance." They say his mimeo has gold bearings. This was later misconstrued and a song was written erroneously titled GOLDEN EARRINGS. He signaled by radar code to the moon once that he wasn't angry with them. He sent—NO MAD. ((Really? How does he live without it?)) This was the beginnings of the term nomad and the fan wanderers are still called nomads to this day.

Another famous isolationist is Fuss Whatkins. He is located on the inner belt well away from the garter belt—ah, the outer off color fan. (What color is an off color fan?) ((The same color as a horse of another color.)) When you see a pure white asteroid that is his. The CCF is actually dead as far as usefulness goes tho, because the tremendous volume of zines has killed. Anyone could smuggle smut into such a numerous pile of stuff and Fuss would never know it,

And other radical is Mess Oil, tho he is considered a conservative radical. (He's only half safe). He's a very serious minded fan and publishes a mag called WHEELDOEQUILIBRIUM MYMESS. He's in the fan belt under the radical sign, ((He's not a square, he's a square root?)) He hates all other generalzines including Major Generalzine of the fan colony Moon Guard.

This outfit guards the Slush Pile, where old mimeo ink drums are thrown after their usefulness is over. They have a beautiful color guard too. They take care of all the color drums from CONFUSION and MICRO. Here in the Slush Pile all old mimeodrums are given a decent burial and honored forevermore. General Zine's aides include Colonel Fiction, Major Arts, Captain Peet, and Lt. Article. All able men, and well qualified to honor those aged creators of themselves.

Enough lecture for this trip. Have your fare ready. What's that? A copy of STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES! Agad, you can stay on for another free trip!—karl king

"Bon jour? There are two kinds of jours—bon jours and orthodox jours." CW

CONVERSATION:

CW: I generally type on my bedroom dresser. I get a dining room chair and put several thick books and two pillows on it to raise myself to the proper height.

LH: Have you ever had a sensation of falling?

"....." —Aristophanes

DEFINITIONS:

The Prohibition of alcoholic beverages as practiced during the 1920s could be called
Teetotalitarianism

The exercise of dictatorial practices by the present dictator of Yugoslavia might be referred to as
Titotalitarianism

The exercise of monopolistic control over the trade of a certain beverage as practiced by China before the Communistic regime came into power could very well have been called
Teetotalitarianism

And—The tendency, when a Big Wheel of a big company plays golf with his subordinates, for the Big Wheel to win, should most certainly be called
Teetotalitarianism

"You did too know D'Courtenay had a boat!"

what's the title of this column again?—oh yeah,

Dedicated to Pogo

(Ever notice that Ian Maccauley looks like POGO? No offense meant there, POGO.)

I have already guessed what the reactions to my column will be. Ah, but I have a reason (a poor excuse etc.) That first instalment of this column was accepted way back in 1952...and since I've been a fan for about a year, one (by 'one' Here, I mean myself) may safely assume that I was a neo at the time. Now, this isn't saying that this column will be any better...might be worse, but it won't have that neofannish air about it ((sometimes I think that neofannish air hasn't enough oxygen in it-cw)). Corrections: I'm not putting out a mag called PFFT! The name is MICRO-...but I won't give you my address, because my circulation is already large enough...unless you find out my address from some other source, you'll never get to see M-. Sorry. And as for The Last Convention, as I said, I was a neo when I wrote that (wrote it even before the column) and I hadn't read the idea anywhere before (I don't like to point) McCain. Maybe it wasn't witty, but you'll have to admit it was long. (Whatever good that does.) DOUBLE FEATURE ON A MARQUEE: "Katy Did It" with "The Fat Man." Are letter columns defeating their purpose? Most zines have letter columns, but might as well not, for all the good they do. Most of the letters just don't seem to say anything: "This was good, and this was not; can't understand Loomis, and don't like etc." Look around, 80% of the letters are like that. Some of the complimentary letters have ulterior motives:

Dear Chuck:

Say, that last issue was great! Everything was perfect; you're the BEST editor in fandom!! By the way...I've inclosed a story which I bothered to illustrate for you. I'm also inclosing a few articles which you might be able to use. You'll find the first instalment of a column I did for you in this letter. And some illustrated poems. I did the illos on a stencil to save you trouble. Right in the middle of the page. My friends tell me my stuff is pretty ~~bad~~ good.

Overly thine,

P.T.Fandros

You'd like to see something different in letter columns, wouldn't you? Something besides "I like this but not that." When a faneditor begins to get too many of these letters, he wisely takes hints from other faneds and drops the letter column, in favor of other material. As Riddle did. But this is your fault, you, reading this. You who want egoboo by seeing your name in print (By the Way, This Column Is Written By Donald Cantin) in letter columns. Unless you say something other than "This was good and this wasn't" you'll never get your letter printed. ...unless your name happens to be Bloch or Hoffman or Tucker or Fitzgerald. Try to extrapolate, delve in deeper on a topic in a issue, with a BNF or something.

Try to write like McCain. Him I like; for his letters if nothing else. He's a good example to follow. Your opinion may not be the same, but if you write about it at great enough length you might convince others that you're right. Give your opinion, don't pass judgment on a piece of writing by saying, "This is the lousiest piece ever to see print." Tho it's obvious what you mean—that you're giving your opinion—a BNF may disagree with you and you will go down a notch or so

A Good Man Is Hard To Find

by DAVID POISONGREENE

—Mother...

—Yes, son?

—I don't like the way the Cat is acting.

—How come?

—Well, she was howling like anything.

—I was wondering what that noise was. I thought it was the baby and was going to yell at it.

—Then she stopped.

—I'm kind of glad.

—But that 's not the end of it.

—Good God and Charlie Moss!

—She ate dad, ma.

—Sp that's what the other noise was. I thought it was the baby and was going to yell at it.

—We're going to miss dad around here, ma?

—A good man is hard to find, son.

—Poor old dad! He read a lot. He was a smart man.

—And a good one, son. They're hard to find.

—Nobody could understand the books he read, boy, ma! Die Welt Als Wille und Verstellung, he read...

—Well, that was in German.

—That explains it. Oh God, ma, why'd the Cat have to go and eat old dad?

—Did you feed her this mroning?

—Oh gosh, ma—

—You didn't. Oh son!

—But ma, I did!

—Well, that damned pig of a Cat! I always said the Cat was a pig! Didn't I always say the Cat was a pig?

—Poor dad, he was a good man...they're hard to find...

—I always said that, too!

—So did the Cat. I mean, she said dad was a good man. Funny way she said it.

—Dumb animals, even, loved him. A man like that is hard to find!

—Shall I go out and look for one, ma? Maybe I can find another.

—Oh no, son! It wouldn't be seemly!

—So soon, huh?

—Yes. Wait till tomorrow.

—David
Poisongreene

"I hear another of Gunther's 'Insides' is coming out." de

Here's that Cantin again!—II

in other fans' eyes. By saying, "I thought this was the lousiest piece this year," you'll better convey your intention.

Comments on this column will run something like this:

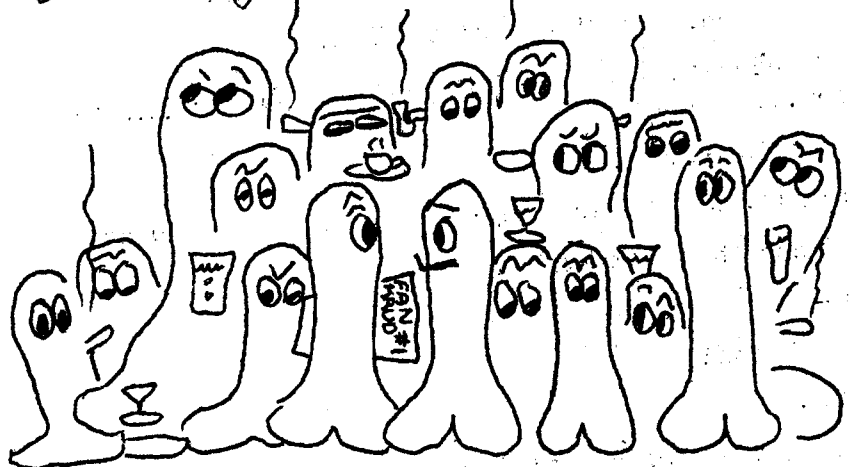
"Don't he like us fans. His column stinks (opinion).

"Sounds like a fake fan to me...by the way, I've inclosed a column and an article and a story and a poem and some illos and..."

"1-2-3-4, 3-2-1-4, who for, what for, who ya gonna yell for? MARS HIGH, YAAAYY!!!"

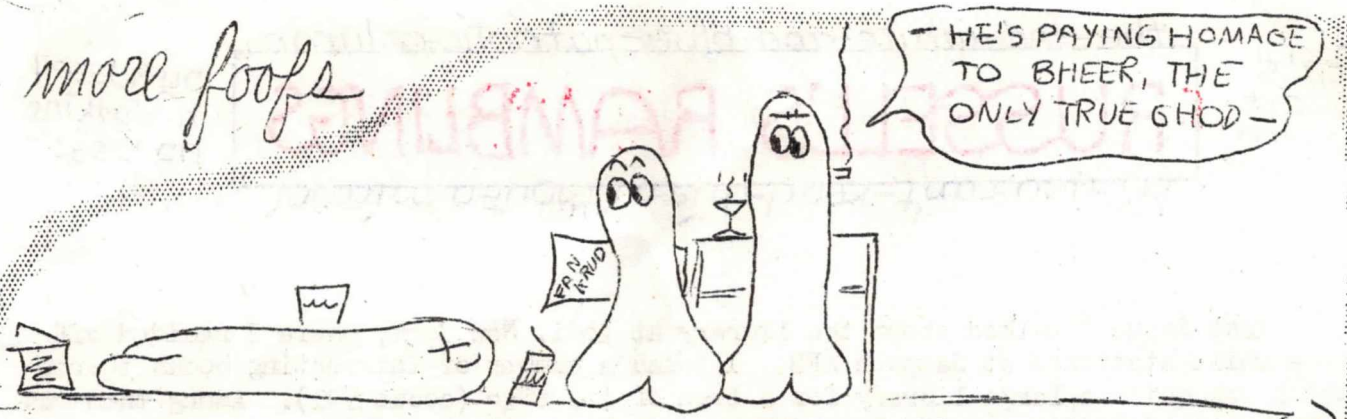
An album of Fools—by Wells

more on
page 21

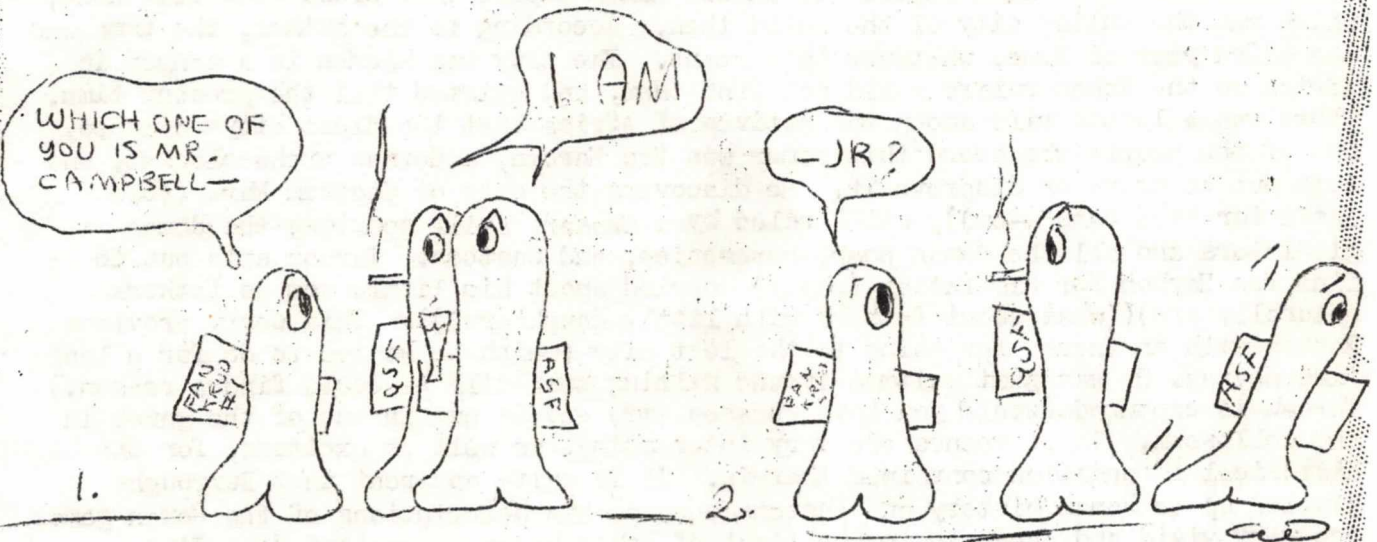


THE NEOPHAN AT THE CONVENTION—I—
"YOU MAY HAVE SEEN MY NAME IN THE
MAGAZINES. I'M A PENNAME FOR HEN-
RY KUTTNER."

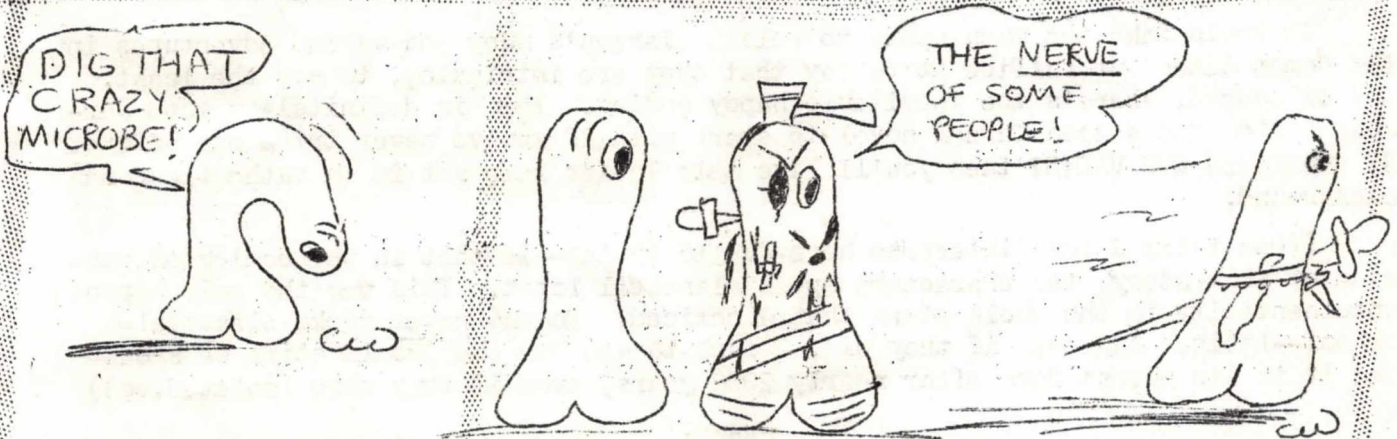
more foofs



THE NEOPHAN AT THE CONVENTION - II



THE NEOPHAN AT THE CONVENTION - III



fta's
oldest
column

the-red-white-and-blue-patriotic-column

RUSSELL'S RAMBLINGS

by Russell
K. Watkins
no less!

the-red-white-and-blue-patriotic-column

Last issue I talked about the library at Lodi, New York, where I resided off base while stationed at Sampson AFB. I found a number of interesting books there, which was quite a large library for a town of its size (about 500). Among them was a book titled TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE, of which I'll give a short review here. It was a 1928 edition put out by Metropolitan books of New York City. I think this was one of the better Tarzan novels and one of the longer ones, being 313 pages in this edition. The "lost empire" is an old Roman empire that broke away from Rome, which was the ruling city of the world then. According to the author, the time was the 853rd year of Rome, whatever that means. The city was hidden in a canyon in Africa so the Roman rulers would not find them, and existed till the present time. There was a legend rife among the natives of Africa that the "lost city" existed. One of the people who heard this rumor was Von Harben, a German archaeologist, who sets out to prove or disprove it. He discovers the city of Castrum Mare ((bad Latin for "sea camp"—cw)), still ruled by a Caesar, still sporting the Roman gladiators and all the Roman pomp, ceremonies, and customs. Tarzan sets out to find Von Harben for his father (who is worried about his little son as fathers naturally are)((what about fathers with little daughters?)). This worry provides Tarzan with an excuse for going to the lost city (which he wanted to do for a long time anyway. He was just waiting around killing time till he could find a reason.) Tarzan is captured (would you have guessed it?) and is put in one of the games in the colloseum. These scenes are very interesting, as well as exciting, for the historical information contained therein. It is quite apparent that Burroughs studied up on Roman history and customs because his descriptions of the Roman games are very vivid and accurate in the light of other books on ancient Rome I've read. This again shows Burroughs' prolificacy in the writing field. Pure imagination or history, Burroughs is at home in either.

It would take too much space to relate Tarzan's many and varied adventures in the Roman times but suffice it to say that they are intriguing, to say the least. And of course, there's the inevitable happy ending. This is definitely a good Burroughs item and a good Tarzan novel to start with if you've never tried one before. If you liked QUO VADIS? then you'll like this Tarzan tale set in an authentic Roman background.

((One thing I must interpose here—Wells typing—is that in the comicbook version of this story, the characters speak classical Latin. This was the only bit of unauthenticity in the whole story that I noticed. Romans never spoke classical—school—Latin. And even if they did, I fail to see how they would still be speaking it in its purest form after nearly 2000 years, even if they were isolated.cw))

--*

I heard a radio program up in New York that should be of interest to fans, entitled THE SEALED BOOK. This was a weekly mystery program which occasionally featured stf and fts, very similar to THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER program. This particular station, in Syracuse, broadcast a different mystery program every weekday night

in a series called MYSTERY AT SEVEN. This series consisted of the following programs (in the order of their appearance): BOX 13 (crime with Alan Ladd), THE HAUNTING HOUR (another one having its often), THE SEALED BOOK, BOSTON BLACKIE (crime again) and THE AVENGER (crime & detection taken from from the old Street & Smith mag of the same name.)

THE SEALED BOOK featured some good fantasy. I remember one called TIME ON MY HANDS. This concerned a poor man who had run out of friends and couldn't find a job. He found a fountain pen as he was walking along and decided to pawn it in an attempt to get some money. He went into a strange pawn shop he hadn't seen before. The proprietor couldn't use the pen and asked if there wasn't something else he had to sell. The man replied that all he had was time on his hands. The proprietor said he could purchase that at a nice sum; would the gentleman care to sell? "How can you purchase it?" asked the man. "Well," replied the pawnbroker, "I can give you \$1000 a year for five years. This means that you'll die five years ahead of your natural death." The customer, being so broke, agreed to the terms and found the cash in his pocket. He went happily from the store and spent his money foolishly in three months. Again he found himself in the same hopeless position as before. He decided he was still young and that he had enough years left to sell five more. This time he wouldn't waste his dough. So he found the dealer again, who informed him that the price was now lowered and he could give him only \$500 a year. The helpless man could only agree again. He asked the dealer to check his records to let him know how much time he had left. Alas, the shop owner replied that he wasn't long for this world, only two hours and three minutes!

The gentleman, finding his money would do him no good tried to back out on the deal, but the broker (whose name was Benedict) would not allow this. However, he offered one other deal; the man could sell him his soul for more time. The only way to get more time was to kill another person and that person's remainder of life would be the killer's. What could the man do but agree to the terms? What would you do for more life if you knew the exact time of your death? So he went out and killed the first young person he could find. Going back to the shop, he asked Mr. Benedict how much time he had gained. Benedict told him only seven months. He would die on August seventh at 11:00. This nearly drove him mad and he ran into the street screaming "Only seven months! Only seven months!" The police arrested him for murder. He was judged guilty and sentenced to die on August seventh at 11:00.

Ironic, eh? ((Ironic? 'Twas plumb steeleric!)) I thought this story was very good fits for radio. It was naturally better portrayed than I told it. This same program a few weeks before had a robot story that was excellent stuff. THE HAUNTING HOUR had a tale of psychology that stands out in my mind. I didn't get to hear many of this series and often wonder if it is still on the air. I've never been able to discover it elsewhere. Has any other fan heard of them? I've never seen them mentioned in any fmz either.

rkW

Out of the mouths of babes oft comes saliva...

The programs Russ refers to above may have all been agency programs. I know two of them were—Boston Blackie and Box 13. An agency program is not a network program, but a program recorded by independent producers and sold to the stations individually, regardless of network affiliations. It could have been that the Syracuse station bought up five programs and presented them one each night in a series. By the way, I don't think either Boston Blackie or Box 13 are produced any more—at least they are not broadcast down here.

—CW

QUOTE OF THE YEAR: "He was fascinated by her chest. It stuck out."—recent SS

Project Despair

by Philip Petmecky

"Dick," said Dr. Donaldson, laying aside his comic book, "This worm is more dangerous than a hundred hydrogen bombs and as valuable as an oil well."

Dick Stewart liked his superior. This little man with the habits of a child and the mind of a god was always willing to explain things. He cast an appraising eye at his roommate, a transparent slug the size of a lemon.

"I wish he didn't smell so bad."

"Nice kitty," said the Doctor, as Cleo, his pet cat, jumped into his lap to take a nap. "Only when we feed him. I'm afraid that's part of your contribution to science. I wish you wouldn't call him worm, slug, and such names. Oswald represents eternal life or complete annihilation."

"Eternal life?"

"You see, when a bacterium reaches maturity, he divides, and each half has the ability to divide again indefinitely, the same life running on into eternity; but Oswald is the only one-celled creature in the universe large enough on which to base a study.

"And I," teased Dick, "am a valet to a maggot."

Dr. Donaldson winced. "All right, if you think that's funny. I'm going to bed. Down, Cleo."

Dick and the Doctor lived in the lab. Dick had the dubious honor of sharing the room with Oswald. The room was refrigerated and the odor was not bad except when the temperature was raised to feed their subject.

It was three o'clock when Dick sensed something was wrong. He sat up in bed just as the temperature alarm tripped. The room was warm, a pungent odor filled his nostrils. He jumped up and ran to the table. He was much relieved to find Oswald was all right.

Dr. Donaldson, awakened by the alarm, joined him, and they made a rapid examination. They determined that their refrigeration equipment had stopped and by comparing charts concerning Oswald's weight, etc., they decided that Oswald had split in two.

A splash of green toxin proved he had fallen to the floor, but a frantic search failed to produce him.

Dr. Donaldson pressed a button marked "General Alarm" and flood lights came on over the entire project, gates closed, electric current charged their cyclone fence. A group of soldiers came out of their barracks which surrounded the laboratory and began to converge on the building. A radio alarm went off in the Houston Police Department, and another in the Department of Justice in Washington. Motors of nearby aircraft began to warm up.

Colonel Howard, army security officer, and Mr. Chester Davis, FBI representative, reached the laboratory almost as soon as the soldiers.

The doctors quickly explained matters and half the soldiers were retained and the others were at once put to searching.

"Doctor," said Colonel Howard, "Many of themen here don't know what they have been protecting. We have exercised profound secrecy. But my orders are that in case of emergency you are to disclose all facts that have any bearing on this project."

Doctor Donaldson motioned the soldiers toward the table. "This is what we must find. Eons ago a volcano erupted on the planetoid Ceres where our subject lives. Part of the planetoid was hurled into space and became a meteor carrying many of these germs with it. It remained in flight millions of years before it reached earth. The frigid temperature of space, meanwhile, drove the bacteria into suspended animation and they shrank to microscopic size. They never regained their original size. They are known today as the bacteria of ptomaine poisoning .

"The government sent me to Ceres by spaceship to procure this specimen. It is the only one on earth aside from the one you seek. Ceres will not approach Earth again for a thousand years.

"Remember if all the secrets of the atomic bomb were public knowledge we would be in little danger because there is not another country on Earth with money to produce and deliver them against us in war, outside of the ones that already have the secret.

"But Oswald, and a ten dollar bill, would produce enough toxin to destroy this nation. A tea spoon full solidified and powdered could annihilate Houston. Oswald produces that amount every day. If he were incubated and divided once every 24 hours, in a month there would be 328, 628, 512 specimens. This number would double every day thereafter. Actually, however, Oswald is capable of dividing every hour. The very oceans and air will become venomous. Find him!"

A sergeant came in to report that the camp had been searched and disclosed nothing, that traffic had been halted, and that all cars were being searched, that they were being aided by the Highway Police, and that the planes had reported nothing suspicious.

"Tell the planes to search for a man on foot, in uniform, and carrying a lunch kit," said Davis.

"Why," asked the Colonel.

"Here's what happened," answered Davis, "The thief came in during the day. He was in uniform and therefore went unnoticed. He hid here till everyone was asleep, jimmied the refrigeration unit, allowed Oswald to reproduce, copped the duplicate, waited for the soldiers to arrive, mingled with them, and escaped. It's impossible to approach the building unobserved otherwise. He'll have a lunch kit to make the thermos bottle inconspicuous. It's the safest way to transpost Oswald. By the way, I think you'll find one of your gate guards dead. Better check it."

One was dead and altho the medical officer said heart failure was the cause, Davis held to his theory.

Dr. Donaldson was very tired the next day. There had been no news from the searchers and he was blaming himself for the incident. He went to bed in Dick's room. His room was upstairs and he felt very old. He was running a temperature.

"Dick," he said, "I'm going to relax for a couple of hours. Get me my latest copy of Flash Gordon."

continued on p 28

THE CRY!

Mess o' letters, this time. . .

HARLAN ELLISON, Cleveland, Ohio: I'm sorry to say this, Keasler cover included, but this issue of FIENDETTA is the worst I have ever seen, and it rates high in the category of Horrible Fanzines. There was not one single worthwhile item in the entire twenty-six pages. All the items were either insipid or of such utter insignificance as to be pointless.

Hell, this is a good way to make enemies, I know, but I just can't bring myself to be hypocritical and tell you it was good, when I know that I'd hate to have published something akin.

- There are plenty of fellows in fandom who edit fanzines who think they have true editorial ability. Many of them have. Fellows like John Magnus, Gregg Calkins, Joel Nydahl, or Bob Silverberg. But, being brutally blunt, and hoping no offense will be taken, you don't seem to have an overabundance of the quality.

Your layout (though I'm the last one to be opening his mouth) is very poor, being not so much crowded or slovenly as just characterless. The lettering of pages, in direct opposition to the staid numbering system, is, true enough, an innovation. But one of such complete idiocy as to be a sign that you are mentally incompetent. You, yourself, admit the system is difficult to use, so why not dispense with it?

Your selection and presentation of material is below par, and your artwork (take for instance that Weatherly scribble on ToC page) is of the poorest sort. Max's cover, for instance, far above most fanart tho it may be, is still not good enough to have been rendered on fta's front. An inside illo, it would have been outstanding, but for a cover something near-flawless is expected, and W. Max's piece this does not stack up.

Dave Parker's column was nothing but slop. Pure, unadulterated hack! How a person can take up so much space and say NOT ONE THING is amazine. Dave's capabilities as a writer may be great, but they are not exhibited in this.

Again, let me plead with you not to take this wrong. I've enjoyed past ish of fta, and I'll know I'll enjoy forthcoming issues, but it might be better for you to get a book on amateur journalism and study it carefully. You would be surprised at the pathways of ideas it will open for you.

My most humble apologies for having said anything in this letter that might have offended either you or your contributors, but that is the honest way I feel, and any other expression would be sheer lying. /harlan/

REDD BOGGS, Minneapolis, Minn.: Fiendetta #1 may deserve a few comments, and then again it may not. Anyhow, it's going to get a few comments and the fewer the better.

Keasler's cover is a wierd thing. Why is that macrocosmic woman clutching her throat? And who's she going to tickle with that feather? She doesn't tickle me. She'd better lift her left hand or the St. Lawrence river is going to back up right over Niagara Falls and through the Great Lakes and probably drown the editor of VEGA. ((Tsk. He's my competitor. He & I are racing to see who can get his annish out first.)) Chubby vertical fin that spaceship has got; I fear for what's
ABD/1260 PAGE 26

NG FAN

Letters -
from
Leg Readers

going to happen when the ship reaches the atmosphere!

Cantin's "Science Fiction Minus" was clever in spots, and the use of several running gags through it added continuity to the thing.

When you reprinted Dale's Tarr's ((sic!)) poem, "Prisoner's Planet" from Pluto, you neglected to reprint the most important part of it: the multicolored mimeo-pic that accompanied it. Tarr's thing is a thing, but the pic was and still is a major achievement in the field of mimeoed artwork.

"Moon Local Rides Again!" puzzles me. The only reason for it that I can imagine is that it has something to do with the famous spaceship Hoffman once rode in that stopped for railroad crossings. There doesn't seem to be much reason for Cantin's column, either. I hear that he writes seven or eight columns, and this must have been the eighth, which he wrote when his idea trough was as dry as a story by Stanton A. Coblentz. Parker's column was even less vibrant. The "regular column" situation in fanzines is getting out of hand. Everybody's writing a column, or columns, without having anything to say. Do you figure that we buy a fanzine just because it features some big names, as people are reputed to go to the movies just because some big stars are in the picture? Incidentally, The Worm Ourboros is a well known book, and it's even one of Dr. Keller's five favorite books—or so he said in a fanzine once.

Watkins' notes about "The Time Capsule" radio program were interesting.

Art Welley's column is promising, but I wonder if the extreme haphazardness of it is necessary to its humor. I just wonder, that's all. The "Little Willie" rimes were good; I'm glad somebody remembers 'em—for I'd almost forgotten these. The one I always liked specially goes

Willie, in one of his bright new sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes;
By and by the room grew chilly,
But I certainly hated to poke old Billy.

Tucker's letter was fascinating. But "Conjure Wife" appeared in Unk Worlds, April 1943, so could hardly have been a movie 12 years ago, as Bob hazards.

What's next issues "big surprise"? Another regular column?

/redd/

BOB SILVERBERG, Brooklyn, NY: fta 4 came today; a poor issue. Outside of Grennell's work, I could hardly read any of the dittoing, and I suspect most of it wasn't worth reading in the first place.

Tell Cantin that Nydahl & I will never be brothers-in-law unless he has a sister; I don't. Very little of the material in #4 deserved print anyway; they're mostly rehashes of jokes that were barely funny in the first place, and rather sloppily dished up. Your columnists have nothing much to say; your feature articles seem to be all the same stuff every issue. Thank Foo that you have a letter column, and Grennell. I know you can do much better than this. Are we still friends? ((Well...))

/bob/

this here real bodacious like letter column is continued on the bottom of the next /how do you like that? just one more word and it wouldnt go at the en of the line/ page.

Dick supplied it. "Is there anything else you need?"

"Yes," the Doctor replied. "Where is Cleo?"

"Doctor!" Dick cried, pointing to a corner, "Cleo's dead!" He knew how fond of his pet the Doctor was be he was not prepared for what happened.

The scientist leapt out of bed, grief, amazement, and surprise registering on his face all at once. "Colonel Howard! Davis!" he called at the top of his voice, pressing the general alarm button again.

As the officers approached on the run, he picked up a small shovel from the shelf, stepped outside, and knelt beside the steps where along with other unsavory objects he unearthed the remains of Oswald number two where Cleo had buried it.
 ---philip petmecky

 "That's AWOL jazz. Real gone."

The letter columninopodisioson: II:the following are only brief excerpts:

VERNON MCCAIN, Nampa, Idaho: fta arrived the same day as the FAPA mailing (plus VEGA and FANTASY-TIMES) so didn't get as close a perusal as normally would have. Bad timing, my boy. ((And both VEGA & I had pink ballots.))

WALTER WILLIS, Belfast, Northern Ireland: I just read the latest FIENDETTA, having neatly sidestepped the holocaust of coals of fire that descended on my head the minute I opened it...Cover excellent. That fine line work might have been done by Bob Shaw—Robert Fineline as we call him. I like your editorials too—they make me feel so calm and levelheaded. ...Russ Watkins' Fanfile was unexpectedly humorous. He deserves some sort of medal for writing an autobiog without mentioning OCF: It's a bit like doing one of Hubbard without mentioning dianteics. ((I understand Hubbard did that very thing at the last LocCon.))

TED DAMECK, Sav'h Ga. & New Orleans, La.: Nice idea in new titling techniq.

JERRY HOPKINS, Haddonfield, NJ: The titling has got to go. ((You two want to fight?))

RUSS WATKINS: Man, you have a lot of columnists. But the more the merrier. I like columns. They support a zine. ((WELL!!))...What this page Stird? I donna get. ((That was Stupid, stupid.))

DON CANTIN, whose address I've lost: Like the title "Fiendish"...just great...whose idea? ((Why son, that's why I named this mag FIENDETTA, so's I could have a Fiendish...my idea))

BOB BLOCH, Weyauwega, Wisc:
 ---((No letter from Bloch thish! Gaah...))---

BOB PEATROWSKY:Norfolk, Nebr.: As you can tell from my rating on the backside, I think Art Wesley's bit was #1 as far as I'm concerned. Or maybe it's just that I'm particularly susceptible to his style.
 that's all—

 Entre nous, I think he has the je ne sais quoi like Humphrey Bogair, comprenez vous?

This is the last page of the Fish. Hope you liked it....

 "Ego et meus rex"

Fiendetta

number
six yet

The Herald of Noll-Fandom

Mimeographed matter only

Chas Wells
405 E 62 St
Savannah, Ga

Return postage
Guaranteed

First
Annish

AIN'T-THIS-FANCY-THOUGH?

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
HAS EXPIRED

~o: Richard Bergeron
RFD #1
Newport
Vermont



VANNAH, GA. (02)