

UNEVEN

Goojie Publication No. 3



GOOJIE



This is UNEVEN, Goojie Pub. #3; December 1958. From Miriam Dyches, 882 Florida Street, San Francisco 10, California, till January 20. At that time I'm moving, and shortly after, I'll become Miriam Carr. So, see FANAC for address after that time. Goojie pubs are 15¢ per, 2/25¢, or trade, review & copy of ish cum review, comment, contribution, like. Next ish in February.

ARTWORK: George Metzger (cover, 2, 3, mailing wrapper); Dave Rike (4, 19, 20, 21, 25); Bill Rotsler (12, 14, 16); K. T. McIntyre (24); Unknown (32).

VOICE OF THE TURTLE

The alarm will go off pretty soon, telling me it's time to slurp down another tablespoon of Pertussin. It surely does taste nasty! I'm sitting in bed blowing my nose and coughing and swallowing great quantities of Vicks cough drops, aspirin, water, and fruit juice...all to no avail, I'm afraid.

Yr editress is stuffed up and grumpy. So--have a grumpy and stuffed up editorial, on me.



A-while back, Mid-Tower Publishing Co. came out with Vol. 1 No. 1 of their mag, Sex and Censorship. As you might surmise, they do not believe in the practice of censorship. I agree with them. To me, censorship for adults, on almost any topic, is nothing but another step in the mass regimentation with which the public is constantly being indoctrinated. Articles in S&C deal with TV censorship, book banning, pornography, nude photos, homosexual periodicals, and many other topics of current interest on the subject. It is interesting to note that Richard Geis, in his column "Geisterings" in BRILLIG #13 quotes from the May 1958 Scientific American and discusses the fact that their statistics show that over half of America's teenagers "believe that censorship of books, magazines, newspapers, radio, and television is all right." In fact, "on practically all questions of social policy the youngsters lean strongly to stereotyped views." Appalling, isn't it?

Have any of you read "I'm Owen Harrison Harding," by James Whitfield Ellison? A charming book, and from the jacket notes I gather it is autobiographical, at least to a degree. But it is so strongly derivative of Salinger's style in "Catcher in the Rye" that it adds and detracts from my enjoyment simultaneously. I mean, I never knew whether the book gassed me in itself, or if it was just because it was so similar to Ctr.

I have been doing an enormous amount of reading lately. And cliché or not, I have truly opened up wonderful new vistas. By Ghod, I may even have broad mental horizons next.

Nevil Shute's "On The Beach" is a must for everyone. Like they say on the jacket: "Read it now while you can be sure it is only fiction!"

Reading Damon Runyan is surely a fun experience. I was reading a book of his short stories on my

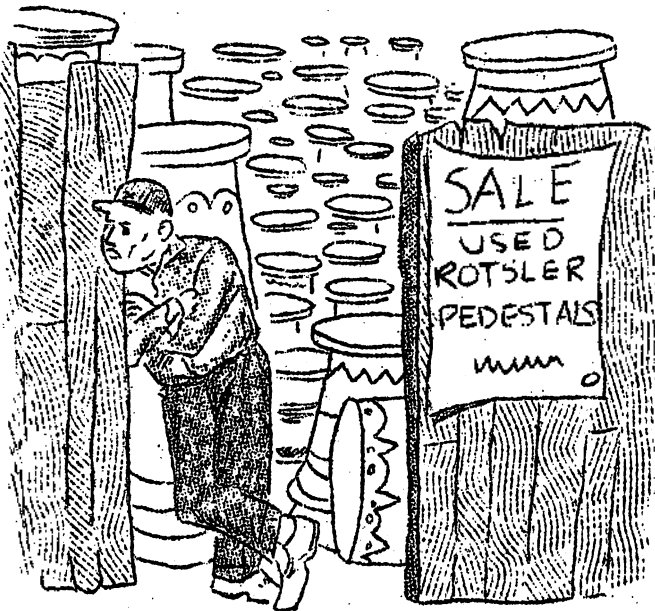
morning commuter bus. Great stuff if you don't mind people staring at you while you giggle away...

Speaking of going to work, I found a pb anthology of Richard Matheson's in our office reading room. "Third From the Sun" it was. I'd read only two of the stories therein. One story I liked tremendously--"Dress of White Silk". What a gorgeous thing! Hoo-ray for fantasy! As much as I like the sociological extrapolatory stf stories, they really will be the death of the field. But fantasy, pure macabre, superstitious fantasy like "Dress of White Silk," will never die.

One thing I love about living in San Francisco is visiting the jazz jernts. There are so many terrific ones here.

At Pier 23, a tavern Terry and I have visited two or three times, there works an enormous Negro named Abigail. He wears a chef's cap and many aprons and is so fat as to be shapeless. Terry and I couldn't figure out for two weeks if Abby was male or female--we finally heard from Pete Graham that he was a eunuch. It is actually pretty easy to believe (he has a high-pitched voice and is so obese and all).

Well, Abigail is the funniest eunuch in the world. He prances around the tavern like a gigantic brownie, insulting everyone and being regularly fired by his poor little boss, who bellows for Abby to get his "big black ass" over to the piano. Abby squeals "Shadduppp!" And then his boss tells him to get out, he's fired, and he sighs, "Hired and fired in one night, I sweah!" It happens most every night.



He is usually a fry-cook and bar waiter, but once an evening he is brow-beaten into singing and playing the piano in his very own rootin'-tootin' rompin' stompin' way. He has to have a separate piano from the one Burt Bales, the fine ragtime pianist there, uses, because he really bangs hell out of it. He shrieks, he growls, he la-la's, he

makes obscene gestures, he rolls his eyes, and he is so funny that tears come to your eyes and your side and stomach ache and you simply have to go back to see that madman again.

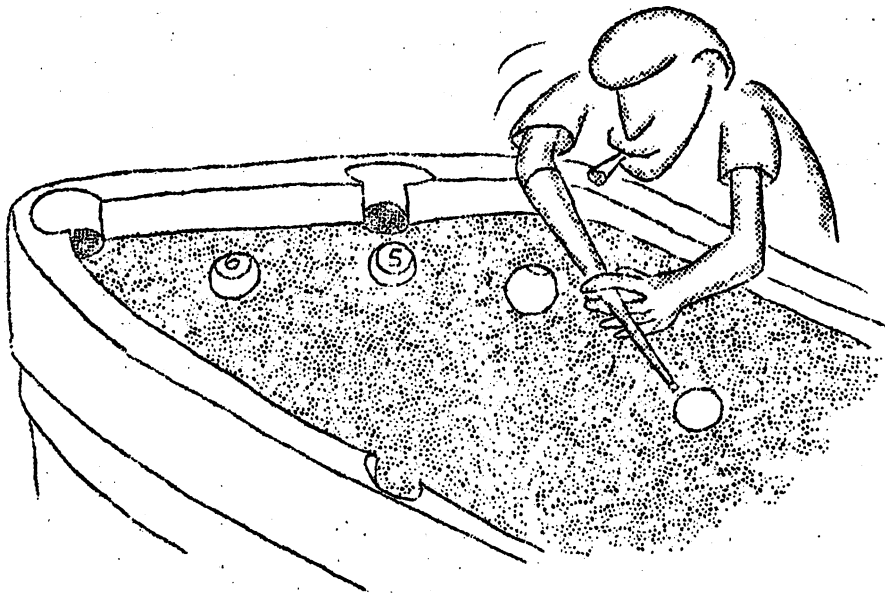
For instance, one night we went there and I had no I.D. Due to the fact that they serve food, I was allowed to stay. Abby chanted "no al-co-hol for the little lady" so much that I was practically in trauma by the time I managed to say, "I'll have a coke." But Terry made a bad choice and asked for a coke-hi. This immediately aroused all kinds of suspicions in Abigail and he hollered clear across the place to the bartender, "One coke-hi for the young man and one plain coke for the young lady. No al-co-hol for the little lady, 'cause she don't have no I.D.!" And he warned us loudly and at length not to mix the coke-hi with the coke.

Bill Erickson, the pianist with Bob Mielke's Bearcats, a dixie

group currently at Burp Hollow, told me that when Life wrote up Pier 23, they had a gigantic pic of Abigail, identified beneath as Burt Bales. Which just goes to show that the cat makes a very strong impression on a person, even if it is mixed up.

Well, as this goes on I'm simply getting duller and more stuffy-headed. I'm going to give up on you for now. I'll see you in February (in good health, I hope).

Miri



Bob Leman

CASPER FOLLICLE

or

ALONE IN CHICAGO

A Melodrama in Three Acts

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Casper Follicle	A neofan
H. Palmer Beevilquist	A secret agent
Donovan Sprain	An Indian guide
Mavis Fulgepenny	The Toast of the Gold Coast
Bubbles Fenstermacher	A poor but virtuous B-girl
Vulcan Traub	A simple but dishonest fringefan
Peter Ilyitch McBride	A young but inept brain surgeon

ACT I : The railway depot in the great city of Chicago

ACT II : A slan-den on West Madison Street

ACT III: The clubroom of Chicago fandom

ACT I

The railway depot in the great city of Chicago. Noise, crowds, and excitement. Scorchers speed by on their bicycles, and hawkers of oranges, bananas and other metropolitan delicacies cry their wares. Beggars are mingled with fine gentlemen, and soiled doves with great ladies. The chuffing of a steam-locomotive can be heard.

CASPER FOLLICLE enters through door L, which is marked, "To the Steam-Cars." Though he is scarcely more than a boy, the strength and health that accompany clean, wholesome living give him a strong, manly appearance. He has a sensitive fannish face, and wears the tan of the country sun. He is neatly dressed in a green frock coat, a Hoover collar with a black string tie, and a single-propellor beanie. He carries a carpet bag which exhales a musty smell, as of old fanzines.

CASPER: Well, I swan! So this be Chicago! Little did I realize, when at home in my native village, what an impressive place a great city can be. Only observe the crowds! Hark to the clang of the horse-cars outside in the street!

H. PALMER BEEVILQUIST enters R. He is a fine, florid, portly man, wearing a suit of loud checks and an embroidered waistcoat crossed by a heavy gold chain. An aura of good bourbon surrounds him. His trilby hat is neatly brushed, and his shoes shine like the sun.

BEEVILQUIST: Aha! Methinks I spy my prey! (Aside) I must approach him carefully; he must not suspect that I am an agent of New York Fandom, sent to lure him to that city to grace their group. New York has spotted him as a comer--a neo certain to be a BNF within a few short months. (To Casper) I beg your pardon, young man, but can you direct me to the Palmer House?

CASPER: Alas, sir, I fear I cannot be of assistance: I have myself but newly arrived from the country, intending to make my fannish way in the great city.

BEEVILQUIST: (Booming) Quite all right, young man, quite all right. I shall engage a guide, of which there are a plenty lounging about the depot, seeking employment.

As if by accident, a magazine dropps from BEEVILQUIST's coat. He appears not to notice. Casper stoops and picks it up.

CASPER: Here you are, sir.

BEEVILQUIST: Ah, thank you, my boy. Scarcely worth your trouble, though. Just the latest issue of Grue.

CASPER: (Thunderstruck) Grue! I have heard of it, but never dared think I should see a copy. Can it be, sir, that you are a--a fan?

BEEVILQUIST: (With the offhand persuasiveness of the confidence-man) A fan? My boy, I am the sole surviving member of Pre-First Fandom. I am the man (if it be not immodest to say so) who taught such upstarts as Bloch, Tucker and Moskowitz all they know.

CASPER: (Much impressed) Bloch! Tucker! Moskowitz! Names to conjure with! (Deferentially) May I take the liberty of introducing myself, sir? I am Casper Follicle, a neofan, of Groat's Landing, Indiana.

BEEVILQUIST: (Aside) Now to apply the old egoboo. (To Casper) Not Casper Follicle, author of "From Here to Gafia," "Look Homeward, Gertrude," "Alice in Fandomland" and "The Wind in the Slipsheets"! I am honored to meet you, young man.

CASPER: (Blushing with pleasure) I am indeed that Casper Follicle. But I had scarcely dared hope that my poor efforts had come to the attention of anyone other than the twenty-six people who comprise the circulation of my hektographed fanzine, The New Republic.

BEEVILQUIST: You are too modest, young man. Come, I like you. I will undertake to show you the sights. One moment while I engage a guide. (Aside) The guide I propose to hire is my accomplice, Donovan Sprain. (Into the wings) Oh, guide!

DONOVAN SPRAIN enters R. He wears a buckskin suit, braids, and a feathered head-dress.

DONOVAN SPRAIN: Ugh! You callum guide? (Aside) How I loathe this preposterous dialect!

BEEVILQUIST: Come, guide, show us the sights. If you do your work well you shall receive, in addition to your modest fee, an almost-mint copy of an early Le Zombie.

DONOVAN SPRAIN: Ghod bless you, sir! Ugh!

BEEVILQUIST: (Aside) My plan is to take the lad to a low dive, and there to stupefy him with wild living, so that he can be transported to New York. Toward this end I have engaged a second accomplice: Mavis

Fulgepenny, The Toast of the Gold Coast. Ah, yes, here she comes now.

MAVIS FULGEPENNY enters R. She wears an evening gown which is pleasantly sketchy about the bust, and a great quantity of jewelry. Her walk features an alluring movement of the hindquarters. Her voice is somewhere between those of Lauren Bacall and Mae West.

MAVIS: Why, Mr. Beevilquist, what a delightful surprise!

BEEVILQUIST: Miss Fulgepenny--what a pleasure! May I present my young friend, Casper Follicle? Casper wrote, "Is Milton Eisenhower a Secret Faaan?", you know.

MAVIS: (Seductively) Oh, Casper, I thought your article was wonderful.

CASPER wriggles, scratches the floor with his toe, and blushes. He may be from Groat's landing, Ind., but there's nothing wrong with his glands.

BEEVILQUIST: Miss Fulgepenny, Casper and I have just engaged this guide to show us the sights. Perhaps you would care to accompany us.

MAVIS: Why, I'd love to. Come, Casper.

She takes CASPER by the arm, and they exit R. BEEVILQUIST and DONOVAN SPRAIN follow, winking slyly at each other.

CURTAIN

ACT II

A slan-den. This is the low dive to which the conspirators have lured Casper. It is a low, raftered cellar room, dripping with moisture, and lit by candles. Cobwebs make the dim corners ghostly. At L rear is a shrouded form which is later revealed to be an electric Gestetner. There are two tables in the room. On one are the sheets of a fanzine, ready for collating. At the other sit CASPER, MAVIS, BEEVILQUIST, and DONOVAN SPRAIN. In a distant corner, unnoticed by the rest, BUBBLES FENSTERIACHER sits, quietly reading Skyhook.

CASPER's face is flushed, his hair is tousled, his tie is awry; the secret agents have been plying him with ghou-aid, which, together with the smell of mimeo ink pervading the air, has quite befuddled him. The way MAVIS rubs against him hasn't helped, either.

As the curtain rises, the four are raising their glasses in a toast.

BEEVILQUIST: To the latest and best: Eighth Fandom!

ALL THREE: Eighth Fandom!

They drink. CASPER passes out, and falls to the floor.

MAVIS: Good Ghod, Beevilquist, what did you put in his drink?

BEEVILQUIST: The most powerful soporific known to man--a copy of The National Fantasy Fan.

DONOVAN SPRAIN: Ugh!

BEEVILQUIST: Stop your foolish chatter, Sprain--we have work to do if we're going to get this neo to New York. Mavis, you go to the livery stable and rent a buggy. Bring it to the door. Sprain, you come with me. We'll get a stretcher to carry him. (To the sleeping Casper) My young friend, you're as good as in New York Fandom right now!

MAVIS, BEEVILQUIST and DONOVAN SPRAIN exit L.

BUBBLES FENSTERMACHER comes, somewhat timidly, out of her corner. She has overheard the whole thing. She stands over the recumbent CASPER and looks at him sadly.

BUBBLES: Poor lad! To be shanghaied into New York Fandom at such a tender age! Little does he reck the fate in store for him. All too soon he will be chained to a typewriter, obliged to grind out reams of dull copy; or cranking endlessly at a mimeo, in the dreadful summer heat of New York; Or (she shudders) forced to write the mailing comments on SAPS mailings. (This last is too much, and she sobs aloud) No, I cannot let it happen! He doubtless has a dear gray-haired mother gaffiating at home, awaiting word of her wandering neo. I must save him! But how? Who can help? (She is distraught)

VULCAN TRAUB enters C. He is a fat, flabby fringe-fan, with a wispy beard and a lisp.

TRAUB: Great Ghu, Bubbles, who's that?

BUBBLES: An innocent neo who is being shanghaied by the New York group.

TRAUB: Oh.

BUBBLES: Vulcan, I know that I am a hardened woman, who has seen much of the seamy side of life, but I tell you I could weep at the dire fate in store for this fair youth. We must save him! No matter how fearful the reprisals, no matter what grim form their revenge may take, our integrity requires--nay, demands--that we expend, if necessary, our last drop of blood to save this neo, Fandom's brightest hope.

TRAUB: OK.

Footsteps are heard approaching.

BUBBLES: They're coming back! (She casts about for a hiding place) That trunk! Quickly, we must put him inside!

They unceremoniously shove CASPER into the trunk and close the lid. Then they rush to the Gestetner, uncover it, and turn it on, pretending to be getting out a one-shot. BEEVILQUIST, MAVIS and DONOVAN SPRAIN enter C. They simultaneously discover that CASPER is missing.

BEEVILQUIST:	}	Together	{	Good Ghod!
MAVIS:				He's gone!
DONOVAN SPRAIN:				Ugh!

MAVIS: You've bungled the job, Beevilquist. The WSES will hear about this!

DONOVAN SPRAIN: I suspect you of being a Trotskyite, Beevilquist.

BEEVILQUIST: (Shouting) Recriminations will accomplish nothing. Perhaps we can still catch him!

They rush out C, shouting imprecations and threatening each other with lawsuits. BUBBLES and TRAUB turn off the mimeo.

TRAUB: What's next?

BUBBLES: First, we must wake him; then we must persuade him that he must enter, and remain in, Chicago Fandom.

TRAUB: How ya gonna do that?

BUBBLES: We'll let him shake hands with Earl Kemp.

Muffled noises come from the trunk. They rush to open it. CASPER, much the worse for wear, lurches out.

BUBBLES: Come, Casper dear, I'll help you walk. We'll go to the clubhouse.

They exit C, MAVIS supporting the woozy CASPER.

TRAUB: My plans are maturing nicely. Now that the New Yorkers are out of the way, it will be easy to spirit the hapless youth away from this unimaginative Chicago group. Then it's heigh-ho! for Berkeley! Now if only that infernal doctor would come--

Peter Ilyitch McBride, M.D., enters C. He wears a white skull-cap, surgeon's smock, and rubber gloves.

TRAUB: Well, Doctor, here you are. Are you ready?

MCBRIDE: Traub, I won't do it! Why should I perform a prefrontal lobotomy on this poor lad?

TRAUB: McBride, you may as well know that I am an agent of Berkeley fandom, sent here to bring Casper Follicle to our fair city. To be in Berkeley Fandom, one must be enrolled in the University of California; and it is better not to have a whole brain at that institution. Therefore--prefrontal lobotomy!

MCBRIDE: I won't do it!

TRAUB: You forget, Doctor: I know your secret.

MCBRIDE: Please, Traub, not so loud!

TRAUB: Yes, I am the only living person who knows--

MCBRIDE: (Despairingly) Traub!

TRAUB: That you regularly read Flying Saucers From Other Worlds.

MCBRIDE: (Broken) All right, Traub, you win. A surgeon's reputation is his livelihood--if you talk it will ruin me. I'll perform the operation.

TRAUB: Good!

CURTAIN

ACT III

The clubroom of Chicago Fandom. A dingy loft, with a speaker's lectern at one end, and a few treacherous-looking folding chairs scattered about. On the wall is a banner reading, "CHICAGO IN '59, '60, '61, '62, '63, '64, '65, and after that we'll see."

CASPER and BUBBLES are awaiting the arrival of Earl Kemp, Chicago Fandom's secret weapon. Casper is sweating nervously.

CASPER: What's keeping him?

BUBBLES: Pray do not permit yourself to become apprehensive, dear Casper. He will come.

TRAUB enters L. He is carrying a box which contains the beer cans he is collecting in Chicago to take back to Berkeley. He now wears a triple-propellor beanie.

TRAUB: Alas, friends, our plans have gone aground on an unexpected snag where all appeared to be fair weather. Kemp states that he will be unable to be present, for his new horse-gear has broken down.

(Aside) This is merely a pretext to remove Bubbles from the premises.

BUBBLES: But no--that cannot be! I will go myself and fetch him!

She exits L. TRAUB waits a moment to be sure she is gone. Then he opens the door R and calls out.

TRAUB: McBride!

MCBRIDE enters. He is still in full surgeon's fig, and now carries an assortment of tools--saws, hammers, chisels etc.

TRAUB: There's your man, McBride--let's get to work.

CASPER: May I inquire, gentlemen, what this is all about?

TRAUB: My young friend, we propose, by means of a prefrontal lobotomy, to transform you into a Berkeley fan.

CASPER's eyes bug out in horror. He bolts for the door. TRAUB and MCBRIDE catch and overpower him. They truss him up and lay him across two chairs.

TRAUB: All right, McBride.

MCBRIDE hefts various tools, trying to select one. Finally he chooses a hammer and cold chisel and advances toward CASPER.

Suddenly the door L bursts open, and BEEVILQUIST and DONOVAN SPRAIN rush in. BEEVILQUIST is armed with a .38 Police positive.

BEEVILQUIST: Aha! My arch-enemy, Vulcan Traub, secret agent of Berkeley Fandom! I thought I detected your fine Italian hand in this embroglio. But now the tables are turned. Release the boy!

TRAUB gnashes his teeth, but complies. CASPER rubs his wrists and ankles to restore circulation.

BEEVILQUIST: Come, Casper, we're off to New York. Sprain, you remain here to guard these backwoods fan. Here, take the gun.

He hands the pistol to DONOVAN SPRAIN. SPRAIN immediately points the gun at BEEVILQUIST.

BEEVILQUIST: Wha--what's this?

DONOVAN SPRAIN: Know, sirrah, that I am not in fact Donovan Sprain, an Indian guide, nor yet your secret accomplice in these nefarious undertakings, but that I am, rather, (He throws off his Indian disguise) HOLLINGSWORTH GLEW, agent of Scattered Midwestern Fandom. I place all you secret agents under arrest. (To Casper) Young fan, you have had a narrow escape. Permit me now to offer a word of advice: go back to Groat's Landing, and do your fanning there. The best things have ever come from the isolated fan--only remember Bloomington, Fond du Lac, Weyauwega, Salt Lake City. Go back to Groat's Landing and work hard, my boy, and--who knows?--perhaps some day you will have a Gestetner and blue ink. What do you say?

CASPER: Indeed, sir, I cannot but feel that you are right. My virtue has been assailed from every quarter since first I came to this great city, and I have been persuaded by your eloquence that Groat's Landing is the place for me to fan. I shall shake the dust of this wicked metropolis from my heels toute de suite.

GLEW: Good! And now, you rascals, march! You will receive fair trials, but I think I can promise that you will receive sentences of not less than five years of reading Galaxy book reviews.

GLEW exits L, herding BEEVILQUIST, TRAUB and MCBRIDE before him. All three malefactors are sobbing bitterly at the thought of the punishment in store for them. As they file out, BUBBLES enters and stares after them for a moment. Then she turns to CASPER.

BUBBLES: Casper dear, I have bad news: Kemp refuses to come.

CASPER: Do not concern yourself, my sweet, Hollingsworth Glew, agent of Scattered Midwestern Fandom, has persuaded me to return to my native heath, there to lead a life of honest toil and isolated fanatic. But before I go, my dear Miss Fenstermacher, I make bold to tell you that I entertain for you a great but pure love, and to place before you--humbly and respectfully--my heart. In short, Miss Fenstermacher, I propose that you and I unite our hearts in holy matrimony, and that we go down fandom's road hand-in-hand.

BUBBLES: Casper, I accept.

They embrace, and Casper kisses her--in a chaste fannish way--on the forehead. They stand in silence for a moment.

BUBBLES: Casper, now that we are engaged, there is something I must tell you.

CASPER: Speak, my love.

BUBBLES: Casper, you believe me to be Bubbles Fenstermacher, a poor but virtuous B-girl, but such is not the case. My great love for you now compells me to confess that I am actually G. M. Pemberton, secret agent of Seattle Fandom, sent here to lure you to Seattle.

CASPER: (Thunderstruck) But, Bubbles (if I may so continue to address you) you have already accepted my proposal, and I must tell you that I will never go to Seattle.

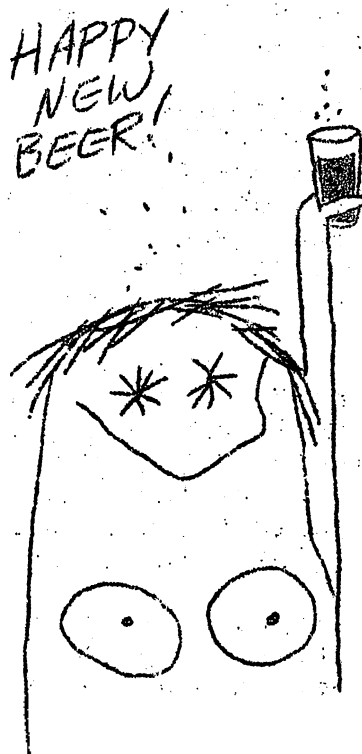
BUBBLES: You need not, my love; I will sever all connection with the Seattle group, and come with you to Groat's Landing, where--

CASPER: Where we will live in a rose-covered cottage and save up for a Gestetner!

BUBBLES: And blue ink!

They embrace as

THE CURTAIN FALLS



Terry Carr

THE FAN WHO HATED QUOTECARDS

It's been a couple of years since any of us have seen Chuck Tigert, but we still talk about him every now and then. We'll be sitting around at a club meeting or one-shot session or something and one of the guys--usually George Denison--will say something like, "Seven quotecards today. Seven lousy quotecards!" Then we bust up laughing and we're off on a bit of reminiscence for awhile.

Chuck was quite a guy. He wore glasses sometimes, and he was fairly short, but he had a hell of a build. When he was first attending club meetings he was all redhot for the girls--he'd just finished high school and to him a fanclub meeting seemed like a school social or something, especially since so many of us were teenagers and at that time there were so many girls in the club.

He was dating this one girl in the club--Clair, a real honey-blond with this figure. But all of a sudden they stopped seeing each other and hardly talked at meetings, even. It wasn't long before Chuck told some of us what had happened. They'd started some pretty heavy petting and all of a sudden she stopped him. He said what's wrong, let's go, and she said she was afraid she might get pregnant. "After all," she said, "science fiction fans of all people should be able to look to the future." Chuck said she was too God damned much of a fan.

But later he got pretty involved in fandom himself. He got to flexing his biceps for us and telling us that that arm was the one that cranked out thirty pages or more of fanzines a month, for goodness sake. And there's a story that George Denison tells about Chuck that later, when he got so well-known in fandom, he was trying to make time with this femmefanne and she wanted him to say some love-words or something to her. Well, Chuck must have been pretty bad at it, because she got completely cold and said why couldn't he be poetic once in awhile. Chuck blew up and said, "For Chrissake, I'm a BNF, isn't that enough?"

Chuck started publishing back in the middle of the Seventh Fandom ruckus, when I wasn't much more than a fringe-fan myself. In six months he'd worked his way right to the top of the heap, if you want to put it that way. Chuck always did, anyway. He said that fandom was like anything else, you had to work like mad if you wanted to get anywhere. "I never knew a guy who could take a dame to bed without working his ass off for it, and fandom is the same way," he said.

And he went at fandom like he was on the make. He had two zines going for awhile, CLOCKWORK and HERE THERE BE TIGERT. CLOCKWORK was a monthly mag, and he prided himself on its regularity, as you might guess from the title. HERE THERE BE TIGERT was shorter, and usually appeared more often--it was one of the "snapzines" that were appearing so much then, like Larry Balint's, and John Magnus', and Charles Wells' and so forth. It was the thing to do then.

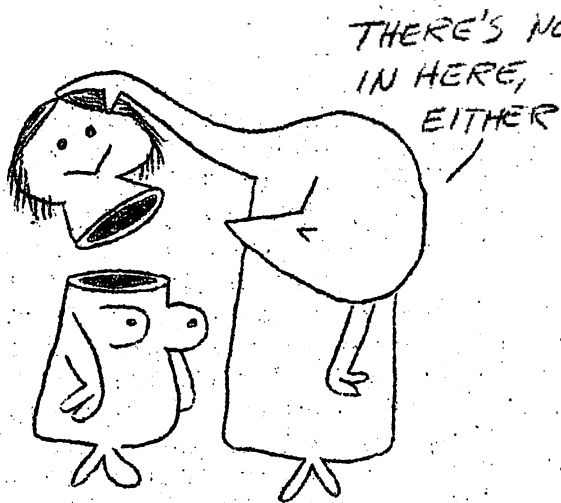
Well, he had these two zines, and he really played them for all they were worth. He had this driving urge to get to the top, to be a BNF, to be a force in fandom or something like that. Not through conceit--I'll give him

credit for more than that. It was just that there were a lot of things he didn't like about fandom, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to try to change them. The only way he could do that, he figured, was to gain some sort of stature in the field.

CLOCKWORK was the zine he used to set himself up at first. It was a pretty decent zine, all in all. He never had Willis or Bloch or any of the really top writers, except maybe in the letter column now and then, but he had a pretty good eye for new talent, and he developed his own stable of writers, as he called them. George Denison was one of them, of course--he had a column in there. And there was Marty Beyne with his "Fannistory Rewritten" series, and Sylvia Harrison's cartoons. Ron Ellick did fanzine reviews for him for awhile, I think.

Well, by his fourth or fifth issue Chuck was really hitting his stride. The letter column had expanded to around ten pages an issue--that's with Sylvia's cartoons padding it out a bit, of course. Chuck often bragged that he wrote fifty letters a week, and though I don't know whether that was true or not, it probably wasn't much of an exaggeration. The guy spent all his evenings writing letters, and he was a fast typist. I don't know who he corresponded with in particular, but George says his letters were mostly fan-politics of one sort or another. "Smoke-filled envelopes," George likes to call them.

I remember that he started getting irregular in his attendance at the club meetings then, and it was because he spent so much time at his correspondence. When he did come to meetings he invariably started a harangue about how the rest of us ought to get into fandom more, not just sit around at meetings talking. "Get off your cans!" he'd say. "You guys are completely unknown in general fandom!" And we'd tell him we liked just reading and talking about stf and that fandom could go hang. He finally said, "Oh Christ, forget I even brought it up. You guys would just go join the N3F anyway."



Along about this time Chuck decided to start his snapzine, HERE THERE BE TIGERT. He always used my mimeograph, of course. It's funny how he could make that thing reproduce a neat page when I couldn't run off anything that looked better than one of Ray Thompson's things. He wrote fanzine reviews in the zine to start with--long ones, maybe a page or more on each zine--but before long he was expanding his opinionating to more general topics. He got off onto this kick against the apa's for a while, saying they were draining the lifeblood of fandom away. "Fandom's Never-Never Land," he called them, "where they build castles in air and argue over how many mailing comments can dance on the head of a pin."

Well, he went on for several issues, a week or two apart, and naturally his opinions started quite a bit of controversy, which he printed as much as he could. He was attracting a lot of attention to himself, all right.

But he was also expanding his list of correspon-

dents, and it got to the point pretty soon where it was a choice of dropping some correspondents or spending absolutely all his time writing letters. He chose to drop some correspondents, and unfortunately a few of them got mad about it. First thing he knew, good old Chuck Tigert was involved in two or three feuds.

If there's anything that will undermine a fan's reputation in fandom, it's feuding. Fan-feuds rarely are conducted on a strictly honorable or even logical basis, and as is usual Chuck came in for some pretty heavy personal attacks. One fan jumped on him for a typo he'd made in HERE THERE BE TIGERT, and harped on that for all it was worth. Chuck got really mad about that--after all, there he was publishing this thing almost every week, and trying to keep up with his correspondence and CLOCKWORK too, and then this guy started yapping about a simple little mistake like spacing wrong when referring to "Destination Moon" as "George Pal's hit movie". You can't really blame Chuck for getting mad.

Actually, though, he went overboard himself in his reply, and some of the language he used wasn't in the best taste--probably not even legally mailable. After all, as somebody (I think it was George again) wrote in to the next issue, swearing was an old fannish tradition, from Tucker to Burbee, but even they had purposely invented and used circumlocutions like rosebud and fugghead.

Chuck around this time was in his greatest period in fandom, but he was already starting to slip, at least as far as his plans for fannish fame and influence were concerned. You can't maintain a respected position when you're under personal attacks like Chuck was, and especially not when you're as thin-skinned as Chuck. He got blasted, he blasted back, and before long even the formerly neutral fans were making cracks about HERE THERE BE TIGERT being run under the law of the jungle, and so forth. You know how fans are. To make it worse, he wasn't able to keep his monthly zine very regular, and one of his critics sent him some Ex-Lax that Christmas.

Chuck might have pulled out of the slump--he was pretty not-headed, but he had good sense underneath--if it hadn't been for the beginning of quotecards right then. I don't know who originated the things, but the first ones Chuck got were from Harry Enevoldson, the guy who'd teed off on him over the "Destination Moon" typo. I remember the night Chuck came over to my place to run off an issue of CLOCKWORK, and he brought these two quotecards from Enevoldson with him. "Son of a bitch," he said, "look at these things. I'll bet old Harry-butts thinks he's really come up with something fabulously fannish here." He showed them to me, but I didn't think much of the matter at the time.

Chuck didn't get out another issue of HERE THERE BE TIGERT for a couple of weeks after that, and in that time he got about half-a-dozen more quotecards, including some more from Enevoldson. Well, in his next issue Chuck cut loose with a blast at quotecards. He knew by this time that Enevoldson hadn't originated them, but that didn't matter. He said they were just the sort of crap that Enevoldson would go for anyway.

I'm afraid he wasn't very coherent in his blast, though he managed to come up with some of the most bitter prose ever written in fandom. What was really griping him about the things, he said, was that their only purpose seemed to be for fans to show off what big wheels they were by signing them and sending them to some BNF. Then, he said, other fans would get the impression that these guys were

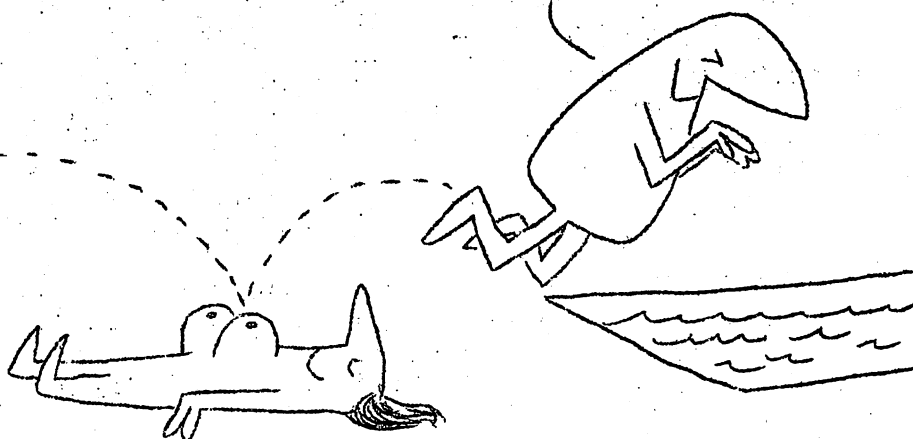
corresponding regularly with the big names. He went on for paragraph after paragraph on that, but my favorite line was, "quotecards are the most perverted form of self-gratification that fandom has."

I doubt that even Chuck was surprised when his tirade drew heated comments from other fans, but he kept up the crusade, slipping in comments about quotecards even in the fanzine reviews--those of them he still had time to write. He was in so many feuds by now that his correspondence was stupendous--and of course Chuck was never one to let an insulting letter go unanswered.

Enevoldson, of course, was his prime opponent in the feuds.

He wrote two letters to Chuck which Chuck printed in full, replete with editorial interjections. But behind the scenes, I know, the feud was even hotter. I doubt that many fans know that Chuck once paid almost a buck postage to send Enevoldson a jagged stick, labelled

IF THERE'S ANYTHING
I LIKE IT'S SWIMMING



"Short-snorter shaft. Ram it and pass on." Chuck was quite a guy.

Well, when you come right down to it, there really isn't much you can say about quotecards, either for them or against them, and before long the subject started to peter out. I guess the whole thing would have blown over in time, except for something that happened while Chuck was stencilling HERE THERE BE TIGERT #11. He was just about done with the issue, and it had been pretty mild, on the whole. He started digging around in his notes for some other things to write on to fill the last page--and just then the mail came.

At my house that night running off the issue, he explained to me: "I was sitting there when I heard the mailbox clunk, so I got up and got the mail. And God damn it if there weren't seven lousy quotecards in the batch! Now son of a bitch! I haven't got enough trouble trying to keep up with my correspondence, but I have to mess around with reams of bastard quotecards too!#

HERE
THERE BE TIGERT #11 will probably be remembered by anyone who received it as the most incoherent issue of all. Chuck went completely overboard, writing two more pages right on stencil. He ended up by saying that if anybody sent him any more quotecards he was going to keep them bighod. "I'm going to start a collection of the damn things," he wrote. "I'll file away every one I get, until I've got them all, every one. Maybe that way I can keep them out of circulation!"

Three weeks went by before I heard from Chuck again. He showed up at my place one night with ten stencils under his arm, ready to mimeograph. I told him my mimeo was on the blink just then, which it was--the roller wasn't engaging properly. But he hardly heard me; he just stormed into my den and slapped the first stencil on the drum. "Don't bother me with excuses," he kept saying, "I've got some of the most classic insults ever seen by man in this issue. I invented at least

five new Anglo-Saxon idioms, right on stencil!"

"What happened this time?" I said.

"Happened? I'll tell you what happened!" he said. "Since the last issue I've been getting more God damned quotecards than ever before! Enevoldson has started a bastard campaign to send me quotecards! He calls it the Tigert Shafter's club, or T. S. for short!"

I had to laugh at that.

"Very funny, very funny!" he snapped. "But I fixed their asses--I saved every single quotecard, just like I said I would. And last night I put them all in the center of the floor in the basement and burned the damn things. They made a pile a foot high, I swear to God! They flared up and threw sparks all over the damn place. My goddam collection damn near caught on fire! I've got a Startling with the best parts of a Bergey cover burned away to thank Enevoldson for." He stopped. "What the hell's wrong with this idiot mimeograph, damnit!" he said. He'd been cranking the machine all this time, hardly paying attention to the way the paper just got torn into shreds.

"The roller doesn't engage," I told him again. "It won't run; you might as well give up."

That didn't stop him, though. He just muttered something and started cranking again, only faster. And the sheets of paper ripped all to hell as they went through--if they went through at all. "What the hell is this thing, a confetti machine?" Chuck said, and kept trying to make it feed properly.

There's nothing more frustrating than trying to use a machine that's acting like that. Chuck stood there bitching and swearing and turning the crank round and round, then trying to fix the roller, trying it again, and swearing even louder. Finally, after he'd already wasted half a ream of paper, he threw back his head and yelled at the top of his voice, "BALLS!" and started cranking furiously, the paper tearing and shredding all over the mimeo table and floor. Then he stopped cold and very deliberately and silently cleaned everything up, removed the stencil from the drum, picked up his stencils and paper, and stalked out.

He turned in the doorway and said, "Why don't you get a God damned hektograph?" and slammed the door.

George says that after that he came to him and wanted to use his mimeograph, but George read the stencils and said he wouldn't allow them to be run on his machine. Chuck blew his stack, told George what to do with his column in CLOCKWORK, and left.

He hasn't been heard much from since. That issue of HERE THERE BE TIGERT never appeared, and CLOCKWORK folded too. The last I heard of Chuck he'd graduated from college and had a job as a salesman somewhere, making close to \$10,000 a year, mostly on commissions.

Every now and then George and I get together, sometimes along with a few of the older club members, and we talk a bit about him. But George never has told me what was in that last issue. He says he doesn't use that kind of language.

Guy Terwillegger

THE NUDE AND I

Now, anyone who knows anything about me understands that, moral or not, a school teacher must present a picture of supreme innocence or be publically censured. We are paragons of respectability. We don't do the things the students' parents do. Some find it a shocking thing that we actually marry and have children. It's all right to marry, but good lord, don't even think of doing what comes naturally.

I think this is why so many who saw, or heard about, my experience with Matilda were shocked and reported me to the Board. Me, the guy who was more staid, more upright, more everything, than any other faculty member in the building.

No one had warned me about Matilda. The first I heard of the wench was when I learned that she and I must work together for a certain school function. I was at that time unaware that the poor girl couldn't walk. Some sort of paralysis had gripped her body at an extremely early age, allowing it to develop all the womanly traits, but under a handicap. She could use her arms, somewhat, but I found it caused great pain for her.

All this I learned gradually. You don't meet someone for the first time and start asking questions.

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She was beautiful! I realised this when I first met her. Two hours later, I also found her to be quite immodest.

I entered the Home Ec room where she had spent the afternoon. With me I carried the costume she was to wear, since it was my personal property and I didn't trust it to a student to take down to her.

Matilda's lovely face peered over the top of a screen in the corner. Bashfully, I turned my head and laid the dress atop the enclosure. Nothing happened. Nothing was said. Finally, I turned my head and saw her intense blue eyes looking at me. The dress was gone and I stared back, wondering why she didn't come out.

At length she beckoned and I decided I would have to help her. I edged forward toward the screen and stepped around one end, thinking I would have to button her since her arms didn't work so well.

"My ghod!" I said, aghast. "You're naked!"

Being of a kind nature, I realised my mistake. She couldn't help it. I had been cruel. It didn't matter that we both worked in the same school system. It didn't seem to matter, from her look, that she was a woman and I was a man. She needed help and I was the only one available to give it to her.

I found myself wishing Vanda were there. Stupidly, I had told her I would show Matilda what to do. I understood what Vanda had meant when she'd smiled and said, "Good luck!" She must have known.

Gingerly, I picked up the dress where

Matilda had dropped it and draped it over her, noticing as I did that her skin was like polished alabaster. A sudden pain seemed to grasp her right arm. She couldn't move it and I couldn't get the sleeve over it, no matter how hard I tried, without it being moved.

It was getting late. I had to be back at the school early that evening to finish the stage setting. Matilda, as yet, didn't know what she was to do. I reached a hasty decision.

"You're well enough covered, shall we go down to the stage?" I asked. "Oh, the halls are deserted by now," I added when I noticed the cold stare.

This seemed agreeable and I started out. I stopped when I remembered her wheel chair was not there.

"Should I carry you?" I queried. "I'm a big man and it won't be any trouble to have your weight on me."

She agreed. It was a difficult thing to do. It pained her to bend so I ended up putting an arm around her middle and lugging her that way. Apparently she was used to this method of transportation. Her skin, under the dress, felt almost calloused.

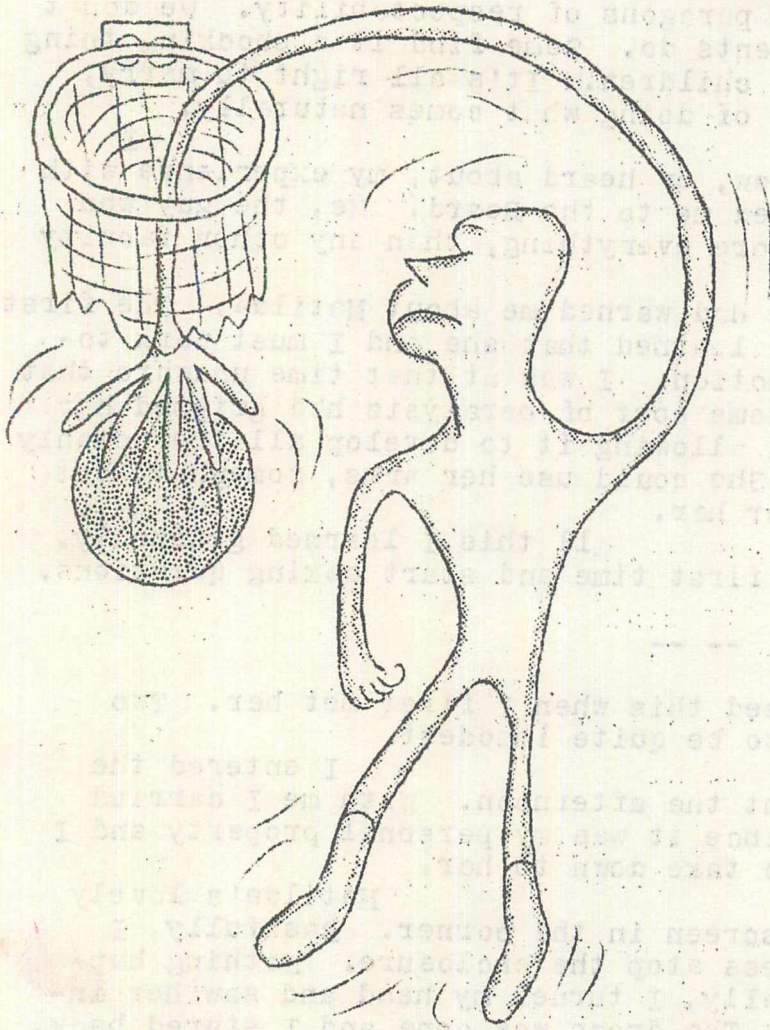
About halfway down the hall, a group of football boys passed me with whistles and laughs. I turned my head to chastise them and, to my horror, saw Matilda's right

mammary staring at me. The draped dress had slipped away. I made a frantic grab for the cloth to cover her and succeeded only in seizing the flesh itself.

In great haste, I sat her down and redraped the folds, then picked her up gently, being sure to pull the cloth so it wouldn't slip a second time.

Just outside the stage door, more athletic-type boys passed. Gaiety swelled their ranks and a raucous whistle rent the air. I looked. The breast was covered. Then I looked again in a rapid double-take.

"Oh, my ghod!" I moaned aloud, not caring that students heard me swearing. What they beheld was far more obvious than a mere word. There, before their innocent eyes, I held Matilda in my arms. Yes, her breasts were covered. But, her entire right leg was bare from the navel on down. The skirt slashed across her middle, dropping to the rear just halfway down the left



hip. Everything, and I mean everything, below was stark naked.

I blushed, choked audibly, and did a quick hop, skip and jump into the darkened auditorium and hid behind the drapes.

This was too much for my tortured nerves. I planted Matilda in a chair and as quickly as possible worked the dress over the lame arm. Then, in an irate voice, I informed the hussy what she was to do on the stage that night and turned to go.

"I'll bring the gray wig for you when I come back," I tossed as a parting remark and went out the door.

As I left the building I passed Vanda. "She's in there. You take over for awhile." I blushed and went home to Diane.

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Under ordinary circumstances, this certainly should have been the end of it. I had been thoroughly embarrassed in front of my students. I'd be red in the face for days.

Bad luck still rode my tracks, though. This wanton hunk of female pulchritude still had her clutches hooked into me. Loose women are not a hobby with me. My position doesn't allow for such reckless carryings-on. And here I was--against my will, to be sure--fumbling around with this tool of Satan right in the school building.

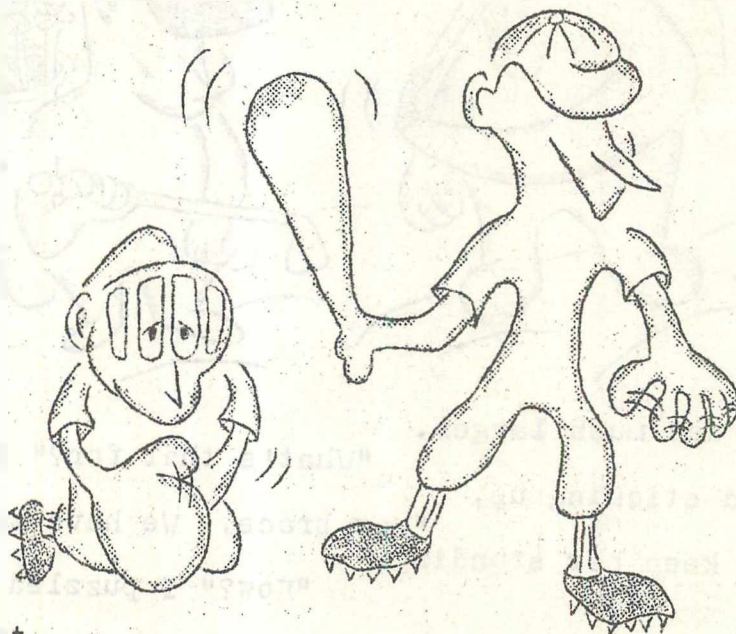
With gross foreboding, I travelled back to the school a half hour early that night to see that everything was in readiness.

Everything was ready, all right, but not the way I expected. As I walked backstage, an inner voice told me to check before I turned on the lights. I didn't.

Matilda's smile reached out to me. Her eyes begged. Since I'd left her she had changed clothes, then back to the costume with little success. Both of those...things... stared out at me.

I was definitely beginning to have qualms about this obviously rather lewd young woman. Her infirmities were a drawback to her, true, but never in my life had I run into a female who was so innocently immoral in a public building.

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I advanced on her and drew the gray wig over her head. Somehow, I sensed an embarrassment on her part and it eased the tension. Slightly. Maybe she didn't like the situation either. After all, this brazen attitude could be a psychological cover-up for bent feelings of helplessness. (I later found she was without relatives



and had to rely on anyone, male or female, who could or would help her.)

In the light of this new feeling of pity, I searched out a couple of safety pins and adroitly adjusted the dress back over her pale pink body. I remember thinking it would have been nice if she had worn underwear, but needless to say I could see the hindrance it would have caused her.

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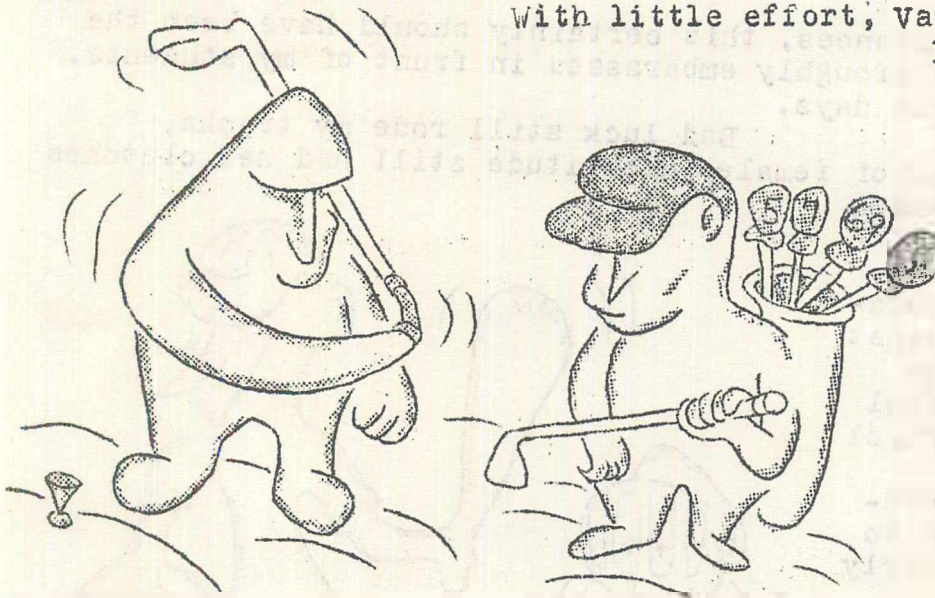
The program was a huge success, and before Vanda and I set out to clear the stage we heard several comments on how nice Matilda had looked, that it was indeed a marvelous thing the school system kept her on the payroll with her handicap. I wondered how many of the men who commented had ever met her personally as I had. I decided I didn't want the answer.

With little effort, Vanda and I raised Matilda to her feet.

"You hold her up now, Guy," Vanda said.

"I'll push her cart up and we'll help her get on it."

As daintily as possible, I slipped my arm around her waist and watched as Vanda wheeled in the conveyance. I'd never seen anything quite like it. It looked much like the four-legged, castor-wheeled squares for teaching spastics to walk. Only, of course,



it was much larger.

"What's that for?" I asked, pointing to a long rod sticking up.

"Her brace. We have to put her back-strap over it to keep her standing."

"How?" I puzzled.

She didn't answer, and

Matilda offered no explanation.

It took both of us, and the only way we could do it right was to hoist her dress up behind so we could be sure of hitting the hole in the strap.

There we stood, Vanda and I, each with a hand on a buttock and one on an arm, hoisting away. Suddenly Vanda let out a squeal.

"The windows! The blinds aren't drawn!" She let go of Matilda and tore for the drapery cord to shut off the view of the departing crowd, but not before they had had a good glimpse of our "antics".

The worst now happened. All of Matilda's weight came on me and threw me off balance. We staggered, stumbled, and fell. I reached for balance and succeeded only in pulling the front, as well as the back, of her dress up above her

waist. We landed with a thud, with me on top, and, as if triggered, both arms shot around my neck and held tight.

At this point, Miss Sourapple chose to walk onto the stage. Why she picked this exact minute, I'll never know.

"Well! Mr. Terwilleger! I came back here to thank you for your splendid stage setting, but this...this type of conduct is...is...dirty!" She couldn't seem to think of any other word.

"But, but..." I tried to give an explanation as I struggled to free myself.

"The Board will hear of this assault on poor Miss Matilda!" Sue stormed from the room.

Vanda came back from the windows and helped me to get free. As I stood up, the picture of what Miss Sourapple must have seen--and thought--came over me. I looked at Vanda, she looked at me, and we both burst into uproarious laughter.

We didn't stop our hysterics for a good ten minutes. Matilda just stood there, glaring.

When our hilarity subsided, we slumped into chairs, panting.

"I've had enough of that wench," I finally managed. "I'm through with her. My reputation is damaged beyond repair."

Vanda smiled wanly. "She has been a problem. When does she go back to her own building?"

"Not until tomorrow." I frowned at Matilda, not caring whether she could hear or not.

The incandescents suddenly burst into a neonie glare. "Come on, help me get her to the office. I'm not going to be the only goat in this school.

As we aided the helpless female to the office, I unfolded my plan and we quickly carried it out. Poor Matilda tried to ignore what was going on.

Before a sizable crowd, we undressed Matilda, leaving her nude. I hastened to my room for a long brown wig, while Vanda procured a huge rose and put it in Matilda's right hand.

Then we pushed her into the safe.

"There," I said. "Whoever opens the vault in the morning will get a nasty jolt. I can't imagine anything worse than swinging open that door and being confronted by a manikin dressed only in a rose and a wig."

The door clanged shut and I left the nude to wait for her next victim.

Rich Eney

I WENT TO THE PHILCON

We (Ted & Sylvia White, John & Joanne Magnus, and myself) drove up along some hell-spawned route that lead us through the back alleys of every suburb between the Delaware State Line and downtown Philadelphia, reaching the Sheraton shortly after noon following adventures with submarines, radiators of infinite capacity, steak sandwiches, beer mugs and other things such as cheerful happy fan types become involved with.

We looked for the meeting on the announcement board by the main desk...

and croggled. It said: "Indep & Constitution Rooms: Meeting of the WORLD SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY from 9AM".

It wasn't a Vile Plot, just a mistake by the management.

Nick and Noreen Falasca were up there looking the place over--they'd gotten there so early that the hotel people thought they were on the Philcon committee and had been asking them for instructions on setting the place up. Nobody there, so Joanne and I went out for drinkables and for aspirin (the latter was merely on account of the skull-splitting headache I had collected driving up, not forethought for the morning after), returning to find things getting under way--conclave committee members doing fussy things to the light switches, setting up sales benches, getting ready to register people and otherwise acting committeelike. John Magnus told me that he & Joanne might'n't be spending the night at the con hotel after all, since their rates were \$10 a night for a single and \$14 for a double. This is the place that wants Philly fandom to throw a worldcon there...I can see why.

As well as I could see the platform for the first few minutes--a headache plus three aspirin and a dexidine pill washed down with warm water is no fun, chums--the con was opened in a rather sercon speech by Hal Lynch followed by an excellent speech by Bob Silverberg, "A Science-Fiction Writer's Bookshelf," in which Bob offered variation on a theme by Alexandre Dumas (who likened an author to a pitcher, which must be filled up before it begins to pour). A set of introductions by Hal Lynch and Sam Moskowitz followed; next came Ackerman, flashing a Lens (of the type Karen Anderson discovered to fandom) and firing off a gagging, and uninspired, series of puns. Bill Rickhardt gave a sketchy outline of plans for the Detention and a deeply moving plea for the Berry to Detention fund. (Cheers.) After this piece of generous public-spirited charitable fund-raising Philadelphia turned to a piece of crass commercialism: they began to sell advance memberships in the 1960 con to be held in Philadelphia.

As we went out seeking coffee I told them to sell all they could now, because there'd be no market for them after the '59 con had voted. They sneered and I psneered right back...

When the eight of us (Larry Shaw, Nick & Noreen Falasca, Bill Conaho, Phyllis Scott, Ted & Sylvia, and me) got back somebody was making a speech for an out-of-the-way community which also had thoughts of bidding for the '60 con. Someplace go by

name of Pittsburgh.

Milton A. Rothman, a Ph.D. in physics and an old-time fan, was "interviewed" by Tom Purdom, giving such answers as would cause no security man ulcers, before the program got a little more fanuish with Hal Lynch making a pitch for Philly in '60 and... here arose a bit of noise from the background as Hans Stefan Santesson, ghod bless him, asked on behalf of Washington whether the support from the City of Philadelphia and from the hotel management would include a reduction in rates to something less than \$10 a night. Lynch flinched and looked around him with a hunted expression, deriving no support from 4E Ackerman (who was sitting on the platform, with "DC in '60!" displayed on his badge) or Bob Silverberg (who was sitting on the platform, with "DC in '60!" displayed on his badge) or the people in the two first rows, who...oh, you get the picture? Hal rallied himself and manfully announced that Arrangements Had Been Made for a reduction, and then hastily rushed on to a Big Debate for the '60 Con between Washington and Philadelphia...a Grim Debate, was the way he expressed it. He called a Washington fan out to take part in the debate...

Ben Bemy shambled forth from behind the screen, clad in rubber false feet and hands and a three-eyed monster mask. Hal launched into an eulogy of Philadelphia fandom (breaking through the cry from an irresponsible DC fan in the audience: "Ben, we missed you at the last meeting!") and introduced their champion...in Frankenstein mask. He filled in this scene with a barrage of very well chosen corn which even had the Enemy (us, that is) applauding.

We skipped an illustrated lecture by Sam Moskowitz to organize a Group Spaghetti Dinner at the Turin Grotto, during which I and some of the others were initiated into the New York Futirians. Ah, glory.

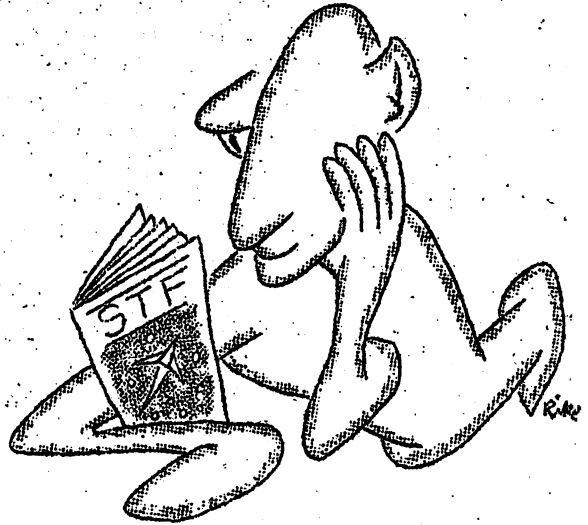
The con didn't start again till 8:00 PM, it turned out, so we kept on to the Village for a small drinking party. All sorts of comments from the New Yorkers about how it was just like home, of course...the Village is a bar about a block from the Sheraton. Refreshed (the vodka collinses I had were, as my old first sergeant liked to tell me, just what was necessary to get rid of a headache), we trickled back to the con room for the closing session, where I became the first fan to eat a bee at a fan convention (too salty for my taste...), Belle Dietz showed a film of the Soladon somewhat disrupted by the claque which cheered Anna Moffatt whenever she showed up on the screen, and Hal Lynch apologetically announced that they'd been unable to get the Educational Film on uranium and atomic power they'd planned to edify us with; he hoped we wouldn't mind watching Mr. Magoo instead. We didn't mind. Nick & Noreen Talasca held a raffle for the Berry-to-Detention Fund, with a Dollens and some rather low-grade art work



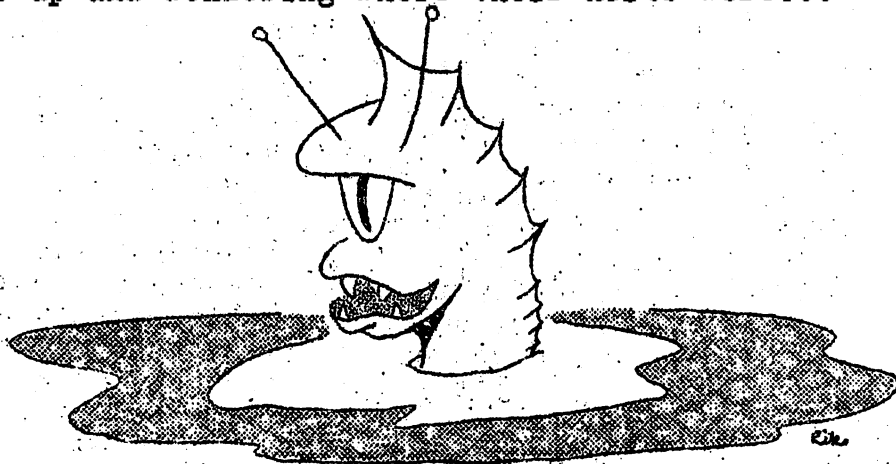
as first and consolation prizes respectively. The first two numbers were 268190 and 262244; the tickets I held were 268189 and 262243... And things broke up in a disorderly fashion after that. Indeed, it was a disorderly brawl, since Philly, in a demonstration of how we'd

sublimate our destructive impulses during the Space Age, staged a mass gun battle between six volunteers and six hired killers from the wilds of Pennsylvania.

I know not what happened thereafter (if anything did; it was the last event on the program); since I collected my armful of (whisper it!) science-fiction magazines and my half-gallon of wine -- I've been to these late parties before, you know--and went down the block to the dingy Robert Morris hotel where the Falascos were staying. They had left the door open, so it was just a matter of waiting while others trickled in over the next half-hour and the tale of what befell there I leave to others to recount, since I had to leave at eleven to start back to Washington--I had midterms coming Monday and work all that day, so needed to study Sunday. And I'd've made it back in three hours, too, if it hadn't been for that damned fog...



A few bits left over and presented here out of context: Larry Shaw suggesting that the reasons American know-how doesn't work on the Vanguard is that it hasn't got any tail fins for Detroit to improve; Moskowitz asking whether Baltimore or Washington fandom was bidding for the DC in '60 con; Bill Rickhardt explaining pathetically to an indignant Ted White that it was pure accident that Philly got their ad in the Detention booklet run in color; Sylvia Dees singing the Carl Brandon words to the songs from My Fair Lady when I played them on the jukebox in the Turin Grotto; the waiter at the same place asking politely whether I were paying for all the group and me realizing that I must look dreadfully mundane and Responsible with my dark suit and reddish Madisonavenue beard and rough-silver tie-clasp (with the figure of a bat, in black, on it) when the others cheered for this suggestion; reeling away in horror at a glimpse of the Sheraton's menu...the only price I can remember is for pumpkin pie, at 50¢ a slice; me winning third prize in the Berry-to-Detention raffle, which turned out to be the illustration for "Big Man With The Ladies," and which provoked comments we needn't discuss in a fanzine devoted to intellectual and serious matters; and the Falascos finally arriving in their room and finding at least eight fans in residence, lapping it up and wondering where their hosts were...



Howard DeVore

FALASCACON REPORT

Spaceflight Operations as conducted from Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Falasca announced today that the current spaceflight operation could be termed a partial success.

Although it is not generally known, Falascafandom has been largely responsible for major developments in recent spaceflight operations. In October of 1957 the Falascas decided that something should be done to further spaceflight operations, and held a gathering of experts at their home. It had previously been determined that the first operation should be on a small scale and they had decided upon putting an unmanned satellite into orbit around the earth. Unfortunately, the only available vehicle was located deep in Soviet Russia. In a true international spirit they concentrated their energies, and using a base fuel of alcohol blew this small vehicle into a temporary orbit around the earth.

Intense interest was aroused throughout the world, and in the following months further experiments were made by the USA and Soviet Russia. Despite the handicap of operating without the assistance of the Falasca group, some of these experiments were successful.

Only slight progress was made during early 1958, and the Falascas again determined to spur on science. Arrangements were made with the U. S. Air Force and a Jupiter C missile was designated as an appropriate vehicle for a moon-orbiting attempt. Invitations were issued to various experts once more, and on the evening of October 10th they began arriving in Cleveland, Ohio. Fueling was arranged at a local firing pad (known as "the winery") and after fueling the group began their incantations. During the evening of October 10th and morning of October 11, groups of authorities arrived and the rocket was launched.

The firing proceeded according to schedule until mid-day of October 11. Unfortunately, guidance corrections were needed. It had been planned to entrust this phase to Mr. Donald Ford of Cincinnati, Ohio ("he could simply reach up and straighten it") but he had failed to attend. In a desperate attempt, primitive measures were used: jets of hot air were directed at the rocket by various members (who were described as being "high") but they failed to reach the objective.

On Sunday evening, October 12, the experiment was abandoned, all attendees returned to their homes, and the missile was allowed to expire in the upper atmosphere.

Undismayed by their partial failure, the Falasca group has announced plans for a new series of experiments to be held in mid-October, 1959. They hope to land a manned rocket on the moon at that time. The pilot will be instructed to return with a cargo of green cheese, destined to be consumed with the plentiful liquors that are always available on Warwick Drive in Cleveland.

Letters

V. O. R.

BOYD RAE BURN
9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario

Your editorial shows that you are a sensitive Fannish type person, and it is only to be hoped that you do not succumb to the bale influence of the serious and constructive publishing giants of Berkeley.

In re Ted Johnstone's bit: What sordid lives these L.A. fans lead. Hardly C.C.A.A.

Gad but I am croggled. I mean really croggled. Here you were, sitting around thinking Slim Gaillard to be a figment of Kerouac's imagination. What is The Younger Generation Coming To? I mean here Gaillard has been on the scene for years and years and made famous records and all, and you had never heard of him. You have never heard of The Flat Foot Floogie (with a floy floy) or Cement Mixer (puttee puttee) and all like that? You are just plain UNCULTURED. shame!

If and when Terry ever sends my tape back to me, I'll record a bit of Gaillard on the next tape, for I have odd bits and pieces of Gaillard recordings available. I have never particularly flipped over him on record, but in person he can be mightily amusing. A few years ago I dropped into Birdland one night and there was Gaillard on the stand keeping the whole crowd in hilarious uproar with references to somebody drinking peanut butter and gasoline which in cold print sounds the most unhysterical thing you have probably ever heard, which just goes to show that he comes across best In Person...the tigerish leer preceding a sudden jangle of dissonance from guitar and all that sort of thing. I have somewhere an airshot from Birdland wherein Gaillard utters enough voutis and roonis to keep you happy.

Regards,



What, me succumb? I mean, to the influence of Berkeley Publishing Giants? I don't know, Boyd--does marrying one of them count? ...M.D.

LEN MOFFATT
10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif.

I have been in smoor park spelled backwards all over the world, or at least from Norfolk (Virginia, indeed a misnomered state) to Nagasaki. Dunno if this makes me a smoor park spelled backwards expert, but it does give me a fairly adequate background on the subject. Any questions?

Lately, I have been secretly passing the word that Women are Taking Over Fandom. In a recent article submitted for publication in a certain local femme-controlled fanzine I detailed my convictions --using a very clever pseudonym (clever in the sense that any idiot

should be able to figure out that I wrote the article). Point that I'm trying to make here is that your mag helps to bear out my warning to Male Fans. Almost every fanzine I get these days is edited by a girl type fan. And even most of the male-edited fanzines have a woman behind them in a manner of speaking. Yes. The Matriarchy of Fandom is upon us. A new Fannish Era. Not an 8th or 9th or any continuation of the numbered fandoms...though one might say that the Male-Controlled Fandom's days of glory are numbered...

But as long as it is a pleasant matriarchy--who cares? If Anna, for instance, wants to take over SFP, fine. I'll just pretend that I'm the power behind the throne.

In the case of a mag named MOOR PARK spelled backwards I wonder what the male power behind the editorial throne would have to do? Would he be the unseen chain puller, or help the femmeditor flush out new material?

I must agree that the choices of the "average American" as to whom he or she would invite to hiser home out of all history do show an extreme lack of imagination. I would be inclined to go pretty far back into history, especially the eras which are poorly recorded or where the written records are in doubt and in conflict with one another. Not that I would mind having a chance to talk to FDR or Abe Lincoln but they are so recent that one can get a pretty accurate picture of them by reading all of the scads of material available, for'em and agin'em. In fact if I were forced to pick persons from recent history I would base my picks on their personalities perhaps moreso than on their relative historical importance. I'd pick, for instance, John Barrymore, Benj. Franklin and Dean Swift. Put them in the same room with a tape recorder. Be nice to have Shakespeare too (whoever he was) and get his opinion on the modern day actors interpretation of his plays. Oh hell, all the people you named and umpteen more, in various combinations, would be fine and fun and instructive and, I reckon, in many cases disillusioning.

But first we need the time machine.

Best Wishes & Keep Smiling!

Lee

The way you describe the time travel interview sounds like a Forry Ackerman party, no?

What does the power behind the MOOR PARK throne do? Well, he could help with the paper work... M.D.

BOB PAVLAT

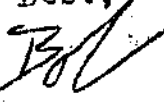
6001 - 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Md.

You know, you have a point on the idiocy of the Gallup Poll choices of the three out of history house guests. Many people probably did make highly interesting choices, but they were outweighed by the frequency with which Lincoln or FDR would occur to the "average" American. Don't know if you'll believe me or not, but for my three I'd pick Burbee, Rotsler, and Lee Jacobs. If I had to invite non-fans, I'd like to have Hemingway, Lincoln (and that's the type of choice which resulted in him being ranked among the top three), and...well, leave the third choice open, tho I will mention that both Don Marquis and Jack London would be in the running for that slot.

You mean Caen is

now in the Chronicle? He used to be in the Examiner, which, for my money, made the Examiner the best paper in San Francisco during 1951-52, even if I couldn't stand their politics. Of course, I couldn't stand the Chronicle's politics either... Thanks for reprinting a bit of Caen--it's been a long time...

Best,



I never said that I wouldn't want to talk to FDR or Abe Lincoln. It's just that they are so recent and well covered in biography, fiction, and journalism.

Terry tells me that Herb Caen was with the Chronicle originally, and when he got so popular the Examiner bought him off, but he left again as soon as the Chronicle could afford him again. He hated the Hearst syndicate. Now, for my money, the Chronicle is the best paper going. H.C. is the main attraction, but not the only one. ...M.D.

BOB COULSON
105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind.

I got quite a kick out of MOOR PARK. Particularly the bit about inviting three people out of all history to your home. Actually, it would make a difference as to how long these characters would stay in your home. A day, a week, or just for dinner and an evening? If it was just for a dinner party, as I first assumed, then you'd want people who could be entertaining.

I think I'd pick Jesus, Groucho Marx, and Polly Adler.

Yours,



FELICE ROLFE
188 El Carmelo, Palo Alto, Calif.

Agree with you that Americans are sadly unimaginative, and submit the following as historical personages I'd like to meet: Rabbi Hillel (who propounded most of the ideas Christ had, a couple of centuries earlier), or Cesare Borgia, or one of the priestesses of the Sun of Machu Picchu.

Suzy has read the zine avidly, but comments only on the Rotsler cartoons, quote: "Yook! Dere's Daddy! Dere's Mommy!" Start 'em young, I always say.

Cerely,



RICK SNEARY
2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif.

You are to be congratulated on the appearance and material in MOOR PARK. But then you have P.J.'s to help, so that do account for something...

Now it maybe true that Rotsler can do art faster than all of

fandom can use it up, and that he will be dead ten years before the loss outside of this area will be noticed... But never the less not all fandom does use his work... Only, I'm a old time science-fiction fan, and I don't think these drawing have much to do with science fiction... So tell him to do something real science fictional for you neck time....with naked women...

One must laugh at Bloch articles, but never the less and no kidding you are a rare peach to have published this one... It is among some of his best of this type he has done. All fraught with funny means and sly diggs... There is many a faned who has seen his 20th issue who will be clotteded to see you a mere newbody getting something so good out of one of fandom's Hello'd Grates.

I wasn't vastly impressed by the re-prints from the Chronicle. Newspapers are a strange lot at the worst, and very little of it couased me much interest... Except the nude in the buss. Made my regard for the people of Toronto go up a grate deal. The idea of her being able to get on and ride along for a dozen blocks (or even one) without the buss driver whipping off his coat; screams from old ladies; and general rash goings on by the natives, speeks well for the good citizens of Toronto's ability to mind there own business. Poor gal got out of a car in Long Beach this week, with only tennis-shoes on, and she apparently never even made it to the check-out counter before the locals had taken action and covered the scene.

But, it sounds like the other girl might have done it on a dare, if your facts were all there were. Becouse (a) were did she go after she got off the buss; (b) were was she carrying her buss fair?

Also, I liked your editorial. It doesn't matter to much if I do or not, as it is the one part that is really you, and who am I to change you? --Only part I didn't delve was the part on Beaties, and Gaillard, but I am box like on such sundry matters, and it does not bother me. I agree with you most, regarding who to have in for a time-travel beer-bust. Old Abe might be rather fun though, you know. He was supposed to be a pretty funny man at parties.

I haven't thought much on this but I might go for G. B. Shaw, Alexander Dumas, and--well, maybe Shakespeare... Hmmm, three playrites. I don't suppose they would agree on anything, but my, wouldn't it be exciting...

Yours,



SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2010

Rick, your letters are an inspiration--I mean you really set me thinking. How in hell could my \$2.98 flannelette pyjamas help me to publish? Then I realized you meant the Publishing Jiants across the bay. ...H.D.

GREGG CALKINS

1714 South 15th East, Salt Lake City 5, Utah

A copy of MOOR PARK arrived today and I've gotten as far as the first page before getting the urge to write you a letter concerning

your feelings expressed thereon. Now, I am sending you a copy of OOPS #25 by return mail, but only because I happen to have one to spare, and if I weren't planning to publish another issue before December 15th, one of us would jolly well do without. In this case, I would probably be you. After all, you have published some two issues now...what are the odds that you will continue publishing rather than disappear entirely in another six months? For my part, this is my seventh year of continuous publication and I feel the odds are somewhat better on my being around in the future than are yours. So don't you think your "reply-by-such-and-such-a-date-or-else ultimatum" is being just a little bit presumptuous, all things considered?

Best,

Gregg

A point well taken, Gregg. ...M.D.

G. M. CARR

5319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Wash.

Well, well, well... Egoboo for li'l old me! Re the Beat Generation on the Bongo Drums at the con, I'm sorry to disappoint Terry. I didn't know that was what was the matter with them... I thought they were just a bunch of Los Angeles Queers strayed over from Pershing Square. My, my! If I'd realized I was looking at some real, live Beat Generation I'd have taken notes. To tell the truth, it is almost impossible to tell one batch of screwballs from another unless they carry identifying insignia. For instance, did you ever try to figure out just from looking at 'em, which are the Holy Rollers and which are the Flying Saucerers?

You propose an interesting idea in that time-travelling house-guest. I do agree most heartily that I, too, would "like to get the straight scoop on that story" (Jesus Christ) but the rest of the names you mention as possible subjects sound rather uninteresting to me. Herman Melville, for instance, would be stiffly polite in the Nineteenth Century manner, confining his conversation to staidly gallant platitudes; whereas Herodotus wouldn't even waste platitudes on a mere female (unless he happened to be plumb out of boys for the moment, in which case he still wouldn't be interested in conversation). It would be interesting to be a safely disguised observer, to be sure, supposing one could inhabit the identity of one of the body-servants, or a close family friend, and thus have a chance to become really acquainted with the behind-the-scenes personality. But a mere interview could be too easily recreated in imagination merely by transposing the attitudes of their present-day equivalents into those contemporary customs. For Alexander the Great, interview Elvis Presley; for Queen Esther, the current wife of any big Hollywood star; etc., but for Albert Schweitzer and Robert Graves--why waste time wishing? You could just write them a letter and ask...

Illos adequate if somewhat tiredly tasteless--wonder when Rotsler is going to pull himself out of that stylistic-rut he's in? And why stop with one of us being crazy? I suspect we both are or we wouldn't be in fandom!

G M Carr

Dear pseudo-Grandmother-in-law-to-be: While the idea of time travelling back to see these people appeals to me, I feel that, well....

For one thing, Melville was well known for his fascinating stories of South Sea Island voyages, and a sought-after guest because of his unconventional conversation. And Herodotus was remarkably progressive on the subject of women. Almost a feminist.

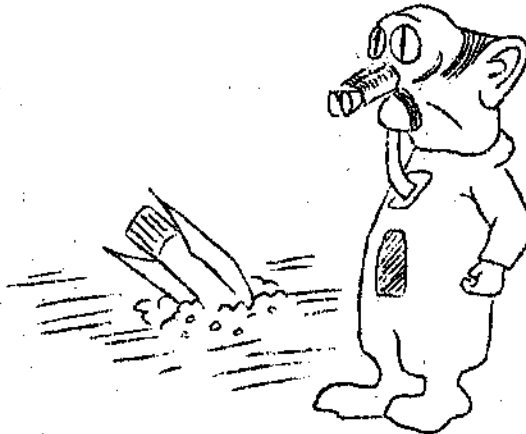
I see no connection between Elvis and Alexander, either. ...M.D.

BOB BLOCH
P. O. Box 362, Weyauwega, Wis.

MOOR PARK is DOOG, spelled backwards! I'm supposed to be writing a story or a book or something this next month or so and am pressed for time to comment, what with the holidays coming up--followed, probably, by my lunch. Still, I couldn't help but note your discussion about the question, "If, out of all history, you could invite any three people to your home, who would you choose?" Some of your suggestions are fascinating, and I've been contemplating the problem ever since. My first trio, natch, was Jack the Ripper, Gilles de Retz and the Marquis de Sade. Then I thought, nah, how about Nero, Caligula and Tiberius? In a more mercenary mood, I settled on John D. Rockefeller, Sr., Cecil Rhodes and the late Aga Khan. Then sanity returned, and I chose Gina Lollobrigida, Brigitte Bardot and G. M. Carr.

Keep up the good work!

Bob



YOU ARE RECEIVING THIS BECAUSE:

☒ Comment

☐ You sent money

☒ Trade

☐ Guess

☒ Review

☐ Contribution

☐ No reason special

☐ One of us is crazy!

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