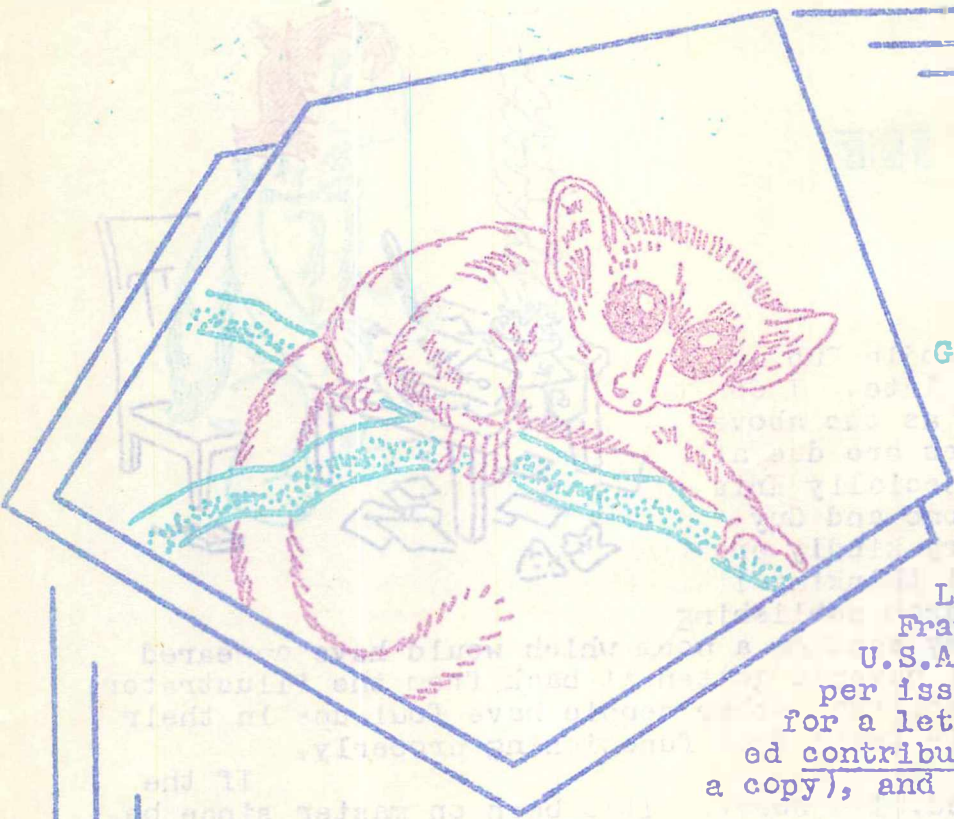


Googie Publication No. 4, August 1959

Syzygy







SYZYGY

Geojie Publication No. 4

from Miriam Carr, 70
Liberty St., #5, San
Francisco 10, California,
U.S.A. Available for 15¢
per issue (1/- in U.K.), or
for a letter of comment, accept-
ed contribution, review (if I get
a copy), and like that. No trades.

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i Terry Carr you 7A77!

VOICE OF THE TURTLE



Well, here's Google Pub #1, and only six months later. I don't really feel as flip as the above may sound: apologies are due all my contributors, especially Eds Neville, Ted Johnstone and Guy Terwilliger, who very kindly produced their material, thinking I had a letterbox or typewriter publishing machine. Marion Bradley sent me a poem which would have appeared Christmas, but I still haven't gotten it back from the illustrator, which proves, I guess, that other people have foul-ups in their lives that keep their papers from functioning properly.

If the letterbox seems dated, I'm sorry. It's been on master since before Easter.

Ted's column is a lot shorter than it would have been, but many of the things he wrote of were written up in Shaggy, a frequently-pubbed zine. Sorry again, Ted.

I was inspired to use ditto this time by reading the old Psychotics. Then when I saw the first ditto illustrated I was convinced. I've had a lot of fun with colour and all this time around, but I imagine Google Pub #5 will be coloured. This will partly depend on your reaction: which do you prefer?

Time out for credits. Szyxy will be run off August 1, 1959 on Dave Rike's Sears Robuck Tower at his place. Don Adams put the cover on master himself; ditto for most of Larry Bourne's work, which he did on a visit here Easter week. Larry Lindham put his own illo on master also (and it was his first experience with ditto carbons). Terry Carr --you know, the one who's running for TAPP, the fellow I'm married with--put all the other artwork on master. Thanks again, dear.

Two reams of this paper are, dollar a ream (on sale) Dittmark 20 lb., and I hope there won't be too much showthrough. The other three reams are Simpson "Expert" 20 lb. @ \$2.00 a ream. The colour carbons are by A. B. Dick, 10¢ each. Most of the purple carbons are Old Town "Super Klean", i.e. coated, and will probably not reproduce darkly enough for a run of a hundred. But what the heck, I got 'em for 55¢.

A few minutes ago I was interrupted by noticing a big black bug on the kitchen wall, which sent me gibbering into the livingroom to tell Terry. From thence I shut myself in the bedroom to wait till Terry came to tell me that it

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was all over. Gash! I hate bugs. Especially big ones. And winged ones.

Which reminds me of the summer of 1954 when I was staying by myself. One evening about 9:30 I was all ready to retire, very clean and pajamaed and slippers and robed and looking forward to a nice hour of reading in bed. I went into the bedroom, turned on the light, and eek! there was a big bug flying around the bedroom. I almost fainted. I screamed and ran out of the bedroom, closing the door behind me, and went into the kitchen to call my grandmother to come out and do something. But my grandmother said "Kill it yourself," and hung up. So I called Ted Johnstone, who lived across the street, and he came trotting over, also in pajamas, slippers and robe, fly-swatter in hand, and valiantly slew the bug.

Brave Terry, brave

Ted.

We have this kitty, a lovely Siamese named Pyewacket. She got out one evening while "calling" and she got pregnant. Fourteen weeks later, my mother-in-law suggested that maybe something was wrong, as seven weeks is about the average gestation period for cats, and maybe I'd better take her to the vet. The next day I called the SPCA, and they said by all means bring her in, as 58 to 68 days was full term. I said I'd bring her in the next day, hoping I could scout up an automobile by then. But about 4:00 the next morning Pye jumped up on my stomach, spoke to me in an excited manner, and then got in my bottom bureau drawer (the one

with all my slips and such) and produced five black kittens in about half an hour. All perfectly healthy and big and vigorous--but why did it take 100 days?

How utterly apropos, my telling you about our strange cat! As I am writing this it

is several hours later. I got home from the store about forty minutes ago and Terry greeted me with the news that our cat was gone, and we both realized that we hadn't seen her for three hours or so. I was terrified, because we now live on the second floor of an apartment house which is always locked, and so we wouldn't hear her if she asked to be let in. Plus the fact that she has never been out since we moved here and I was afraid she would get lost. And of course we love our crazy brown animal dearly and, like, good grief, the kittens are only three days old and would die without their mother. So we had a real chaotic time around here with neighbor children running around screaming "kitty-kitty" and us tearing our hair and running around likewise.

The land-people's son came around in the yard where we were looking for Pyewacket. He said, "Look up there, and sure enough, way the



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heck up on the top of our 3rd story, steeply-gabled roof were two pointy ears silhouetted against the sky.

→ No
best!!
So we climbed the back stairs, me with a chicken neck and Terry with one of the kittens, to try to coax her off the roof. But she was so scared that she wouldn't come down. The landlady, who is a rather excitable type and has been ill recently to boot, was squeaking about calling the fire department, and the kitten was squeaking his head off and Fye was squeaking in anticipation of kittens, chicken necks, safety, and fear of moving from her precarious perch on the edge of the roof. Well, finally Terry climbed out on the roof (while I nearly fainted with fear), got our kitty, brought her down, and peace was restored. Never a dull moment, I allude say.

Don't forget: we have fanzines for sale, grab-bag fashion, fifteen for \$1.00. Postage included.

By the way, you probably

noticed in the colophon that I don't accept trades any more (except as directly arranged). I never did trade with very many people and now that I am married to Terry it would be rather pointless. I mean, between Panac and Innuendo he gets just about every zine rubbed.

Archie Mercer (1434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham Lincoln, England), who already has three cents of my money, will probably submit to being my overseas agent. How about it, Ah-chee?

Which brings us to the unfortunate thing of...if you don't respond, I'm not going to send you my fanzine...like. So, if your name is below, and you want to keep on my mailing list, you'd best look to the colophon and act accordingly:

~~Tate Banteliffe~~
Rich Brown
Ray Capella
Jim Caughran

Rich Eney
Milo Jason
Bruce Palz

Boyd Raeburn
Bob Tucker
Bryan Welham
Tedsyl White

While we're on the subject of keeping on my mailing list, you will note in the colophon a request for contributions. I would especially like some articles on science fantasy, sf/sy artwork and like that. I have a confession to make: I'm a science fantasy fan. Shocking, wot? I do need material, tho. All kinds. Please help, huh? (But remember, I reserve the right to reject.)

I read an interesting, tho morbid, bit in Herb Caen's column recently: HISTORICAL NOTE: The Calif. Historical Society is thinking about publishing the memoirs of Faxon D. Ather-



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ton, founder of Atherton ((California)) and father-in-law of Novelist Gertrude Atherton. Including the macabre tale of how Gertrude learned that her husband had died during a trip to Chile. Via a letter from U. S. Customs which stated with chilling simplicity: 'Your husband is here, pickled in a barrel of brandy. Please come and get him.' Now!

San Francisco's Mission Street has a lovely method of public transportation called jitneys. They are limousines driven by jitney drivers and eight people can ride for 15¢ each (the same price as the buses). They are very fast, because when they fill up, which is quickly, they don't stop except to let people out.

Anyway, jitney rides are often quite jolly, because there are nine people all jammed together and you get a sort of "ships that pass in the night" camaraderie.

One time when I was riding in the front seat I heard a mild bit of commotion in the back seat. I turned around, and the people in the fold-up seats were turned around too, for you see, an old man had something alive in a paper sack. I asked him what he had in there and he said it was a bat or an owl and that he knew all about birds and that this crittur was ten years old and it would live to be a hundred if he took care of it but he didn't have the time and so he was taking it to the SPCA, because it was sick. Well, I've never seen a bat close up, and owls fascinate me, and anyway, who wouldn't want to see a creature that a bird expert couldn't be sure whether it was a bat or an owl? He showed us his charge: it was a very startled and healthy pigeon.

People tried to argue with him: "Man, that's a pigeon!" "No, it's an owl or a bat, I'm an expert, and I could take care of him if I had time but I don't." and so forth.

I wish I could have followed him to the animal shelter, because I can't imagine their reaction. Like, pigeons are a menace here second only to bad drivers. Who'd want to take care of a plain old healthy garden-variety pigeon that might be a bat or an owl?

Things have been very fannish hereabouts lately. Randy Brown came to town and we helped him get the beginning of his new mag Golem on stencil. Where is Golem, Randy? And we had a housewarming and lots of fans were here, and we've been putting out SAPS and FAPA zines, and...busy, busy, busy.

I'll bring this to a close by thanking Arthur Thomson for sending us the empty Charrington's London Brown Ale tin. Good grief! how fannish can you get? Like making Terry go all the way to the P.O. on foot after it, and him getting home all hot and thirsty, and the darn ole can is empty. What next?

It's unlikely that I'll be publishing before November, but I'll sure try.

Cheers!

Mini

WEDDING PRESENT FOR MARLENE

by kris newite



The star ships stood on their concrete pads. The sky was black and as cold as the winter land itself. Rain came intermittently, sweeping in upon the city with a little, lonely whispering.

"Hell of a night for a meeting," the girl said. She was twenty-two.

The labor organizer was a man whose face had been pushed in long ago. He was unemployable on age and record. He was also wanted in another state for murder. His name was Jimmy Johnson.

"Hell of a night," he agreed, trying to remember the girl's name: Marlene something, Hall a wife already by common law.

"I guess it's time to go," Marlene said. "It's about five blocks. I wish we had a raincoat for you."

"That's all right."

They walked in the dark night between the rains. She hurried him along, glancing apprehensively at the tall, silent buildings.

"They don't know I'm in town," he said to reassure her.

She was frightened.

For himself, he hoped the rain would delay another few minutes. Otherwise, he would surely catch cold in the chill hall while awaiting his turn to speak.

The walk up four flights of stairs left him breathing heavily.

There were fewer than twenty-five people waiting: huddled in miserable apathetic groups of threes and fours. Jimmy Johnson went to the front of the room and seated himself on one of the folding chairs.

He regretted now having consented to attend Marlene's wedding afterwards. They had waited so Jimmy Johnson could be best man: characteristic of Hall, putting the symbol of the Union before everything else. But he was already tired. He wished for a drink of whiskey.

He closed his eyes to rest for a moment. The introductory speeches would be interminable. He would be referred to time after time as the grand old man of the movement. The details of the trumped-up murder charge would be reviewed. The meeting was as familiar as though it were in the past.

But this time, before the first introduction was completed, the good citizens came.

They crashed into the room, an even dozen surging through the splintered door and lining themselves against the wall. They were armed and flush with hatred and alcohol.



The meeting crystalized to silence under silent guns.

"Okay," one said. "Where is he?"

Jimmy Johnson for a moment felt no emotion. He debated whether or not to rise. And then he was frightened. Death was occurring too unexpectedly. He had no time to prepare. The girl beside him--Marlene something--was white faced.

"There he is," one of the armed men said, pointing.

Jimmy Johnson had known there was trouble at the docks earlier in the day: but for an instant it seemed incredible that it was not he they had come for.

Still no one moved. There was a single little explosion almost without character: seemingly too faint to do as big a

thing as kill.

Hall pitched forward. Marlene sprang toward him screaming softly.

"Get back!" someone warned.

"Not the girl, damn it!" came a quick order. "They'd gripe about that in the papers. We got the one we came for." Then to the room: "The rest of you" (faces were being studied, pictures snapped) "you'll remember this. Here we don't fool with scum like you. You better remember our justice. You won't be stirring up trouble in this town soon: none of you better be here tomorrow!"



And then they were gone almost as quickly as they had come.

In the shocked and unbelieving aftermath, Jimmy Johnson saw a slow change take shape within the faces of those present. The man who said they would remember was more correct than he knew: and not only the immediate witnesses. A strange, sharp anger, like a jealous emptiness, came upon him.

He went to Marlene. The girl was crying deep in her throat without tears. He put an arm around her shoulder. "It should have been me," he said. "I wish it had been me instead of him. We must hurry and go. The police will be here soon."

"No, no."

He left her kneeling there since no purpose would be served by his staying.

He heard the squad car in the street and hurried. The memory returned of his instant of fear in the hall, before he learned he was not to be the victim. It filled him with a shame almost too powerful to be supported.

And then, after he lost himself in the black alleys, he could no longer face the prospect of flight. He turned from the direction of his emergency rendezvous point. The small audiences awaiting him in the next town and the one beyond needed him no longer. He stood in the darkness and wonderingly touched his disfigured face, now out of time. Tears came.

He walked toward the center of the city, where brightness was: bars, cabarets, all-night theaters. It was a long walk--rain came down as a fine, all-pervasive mist--until he came to

the corner across from the police building.

Thunder rumbled along the horizon. He was cold.

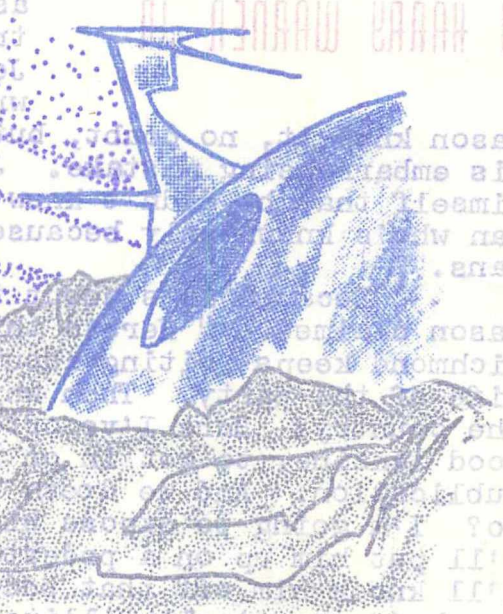
He stopped and began to speak in a reasonable voice about economic justice, an old man with a broken face. He was still speaking a little later when the policemen came with their clubs and for a moment after that.

Kris Neville

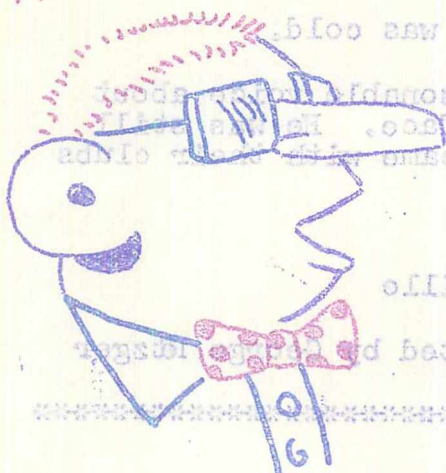
illustrated by George Ietzger

frightening

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS



ATOM



JASON AND THE CONVENTION FAN

BY HARRY WARNER JR.

Jason knew it, no doubt, but he was trying to storm his way through his embarrassing mistake. Jason was so vague about fanzine fandom himself that he didn't know Jerry's status as the archetype of the fan who's known only because of his gettogethers with other fans.

"Because it's about time that someone showed some gumption," Jason claimed. "Here's this Jerry Walker that everyone around Richmond keeps writing about. The fans down there say he's the life of the party. Then why doesn't he prove it to the rest of the country? Here I've offered him a chance to appear in a real good fanzine, to get in on the ground floor of an important new publication. And he doesn't answer me. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to expose him. That's what I'll put in my editorial. I'll put him up on a pedestal as the typical convention fan. Then I'll knock him off that pedestal and kick in his face by telling how he's practically illiterate and can't understand the deeper thoughts that fanzines publish and..."

to my friend Jason, "don't go off half-cocked like that. There's enough trouble between fanzine fans and convention fans already. And you'd run a risk of making a fool of yourself. He might be a

My friend Jason decided one day to publish a fanzine, and that marked the start of his fuss with Jerry Walker.

It was several months after he fell into the abdomen of the bug-eyed monster that was supposed to be a prop for our club movie, and the year before his trailerful of donations to the Berry fund fell into the Grand Canyon. At the former time, Jason had been nothing but a club-type fan who bummed fanzines off other members and never was interested enough to read one from cover to cover. By the latter time, Jason was unable to remember the title he had intended to use for his stillborn fanzine, and he was the conventionest fan you could find anywhere.

But Jason didn't do things by halves, and when he decided that he was a fanzine fan, he felt a mighty scorn for all other kinds of fans, particularly for Jerry Walker. Because Jerry Walker hadn't replied to my friend Jason's request for a contribution for this proposed fanzine.

"Why the devil did you ask Walker in the first place?" I was trying to make Jason understand that Jerry just wasn't the kind of fan who wrote things for fanzines. My friend

"For god's sake," I said

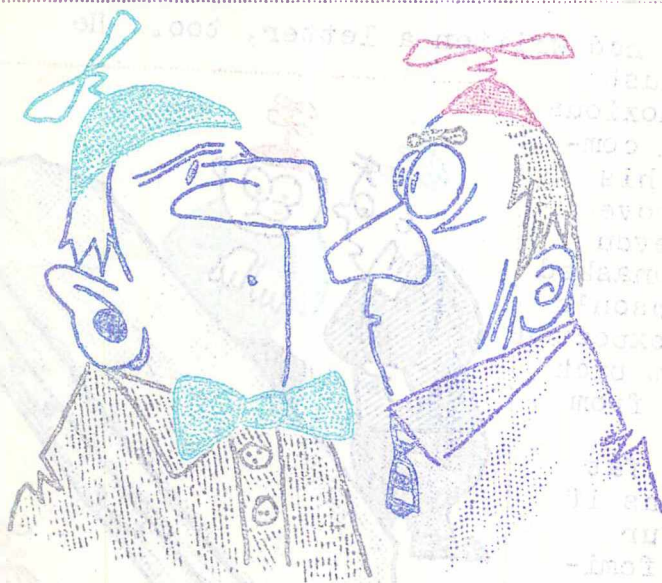
college professor who likes to relax around people but thinks fanzines are as dull as high school newspapers. Or maybe he's handicapped somehow--suppose he had to drop out of school and support his parents before he learned to spell properly? You'd better simmer down and put out your fanzine before you try to talk for fanzine fans."

Jason's roaring subsided to mutterings. "I'll write what I want to in my editorial. He just isn't acting ethically. So he's a convention fan. Suppose I went to a convention and held out my hand to him and he wouldn't shake it. I'd punch him for being such a snob. There's not a bit of difference when he doesn't answer my letter. I'll punch him in print."

But that editorial clouting didn't materialize, because two things intervened. Jason's fanzine didn't appear on schedule, because of an acute lack of material. Tucker promised an article if Jason would provide a topic suggestion and Jason couldn't think of anything. Ted White moved three times before Jason's letter caught up with him, then requested a delay while he caught up with personal matters. Bob Bloch sent a very funny story that I almost busted a gut over, but Jason lost the manuscript before he put it onto stencil and couldn't make up his mind to confess his crime and ask the writer for the carbon copy. Something like that balked him from getting material from all the others who had answered his letters. The other intervention was a letter from Jerry.

Jason's face was dark when he showed me the letter. "Just look!" he declaimed. "You'd think a kid had written it!"

It looked rather awful, I had to admit. The spelling and grammar were all right, but the typing was filled with all sorts of stupid mistakes that hadn't been corrected and a couple of lines ran off the right side of the paper. A couple of times, Jerry changed subject matter in the middle of a sentence, as if he couldn't remember what he was



"Horrors, Trimley, they've rejected my application to join First Fandom--say I'm too young."

talking about.

Some half-formed notion began to stir in the back of my mind. "You know, Jason, there's something funny about this letter. Maybe this guy is a hoax."

"Looks like it. Still, I know a couple of people who claim they've met him and said he was a wonderful guy. If he's a hoax, lots of people must be helping out. I still say he's an ignorant slob. Just look at this paragraph. He says he'd review 'Gulliver's Travels' or 'Mistress Masham's Repose' for me but he doesn't often get a chance to enjoy the prozines. If he's never read anything but the classics, how can he be a fan? And here he tries to apologize for not writing sooner because his wife's been having a baby. The hell with him."

I waited until Jason had left the club room that night, then appropriated our club typewriter and stationery to write a couple of letters without consulting Jason about it. Jerry had me curious, and in the back of my mind was that hoax idea. I'd never exposed a hoax, and this would be an ideal opportunity.

But the only fan in Richmond whom I know personally wrote me a nice letter in reply that gave me no help. He assured me that Jerry very definitely existed, that he was even talking about flying to the next big conference in the East or Midwest, now that he'd had such a good time at all the fan clambakes on the East Coast of smaller proportions. My Richmond contact insisted that Jerry was well above average in intelligence, held a fairly good-paying job doing some kind of delicate assembly work in a factory, and had a wonderful wife who was always with him at fan events, although she didn't get mentioned much in print.

And Ellik wrote to me shamefacedly that Richmond was the one city in the United States with more inhabitants than Podunk that he'd never visited via thumb, so he couldn't tell me a thing. Except that he didn't think it was a hoax. There had been several recent hoax exposures and it was unlikely that any fan group would start another until suspicions had died down a trifle.

And meanwhile, Jason had written a letter, too. He didn't show it to me. But he must have couched it in his most obnoxious fatherly attitude, and he did a completely typical thing. He put his picture into the envelope to prove that he wanted to be friendly even though he was giving a lot of unasked advice about fan etiquette. Jason's letter produced an entirely unexpected result. By return mail, he got back an answer--not from Jerry, but from Mrs. Walker.

"You look like a fat lump of blubber and you write as if you had lots of the same in your head," she penned in a dainty feminine script on pretty pink perfumed paper. "We aren't returning the picture to you because you might send it to some other poor fan. Before you start criticizing other people for not helping fanzines, why don't you put out a fanzine yourself? I hope you meet us sometime, because you can't be as obnoxious in person as you are on paper. P. S. That was a nasty thing to do. You know what I mean."

Jason telephoned me to read this letter to me, as soon as he got it, then brought it around to my house. I reflected as he sprawled on my favorite chair that he was getting more blubbery all the time. But I couldn't help him much about that P.S. I could understand a fan getting irked at Jason but I hadn't seen his letter and he couldn't figure out exactly what particular statement had seemed especially



"He only comes out for
stif conventions."

mean.

"He's not worth fussing with," Jason decided finally. "Imagine a fan who lets his wife do the feuding for him. You got any stencils?"

He seemed likely to spend the whole evening with me, so on a hunch I gave him the last two stencils in the house and he left almost immediately. I assumed that he had decided to go to work in earnest on his fanzine, which just shows that assumptions about Jason are useless. He did his first publishing on those two stencils, but it wasn't a real fanzine. It was a one-sheets that made me sick when I saw it. Half of it was simply an exact copy of Jerry's letter, with every awkwardness completely reproduced and a few other stupidities tossed in unconsciously. Jason wasn't a very good typist. The rest of the two pages were headlined "Challenge to Convention Fans!" This challenge consisted of an appeal for convention fans to stop lowering the cultural level of fandom by such low-grade letter-writing. The convention fans were told that they should try to raise themselves to the exalted level of fanzine fans. And the final line of the second page was this:

"Hub City Science Fiction Club, per Jason."

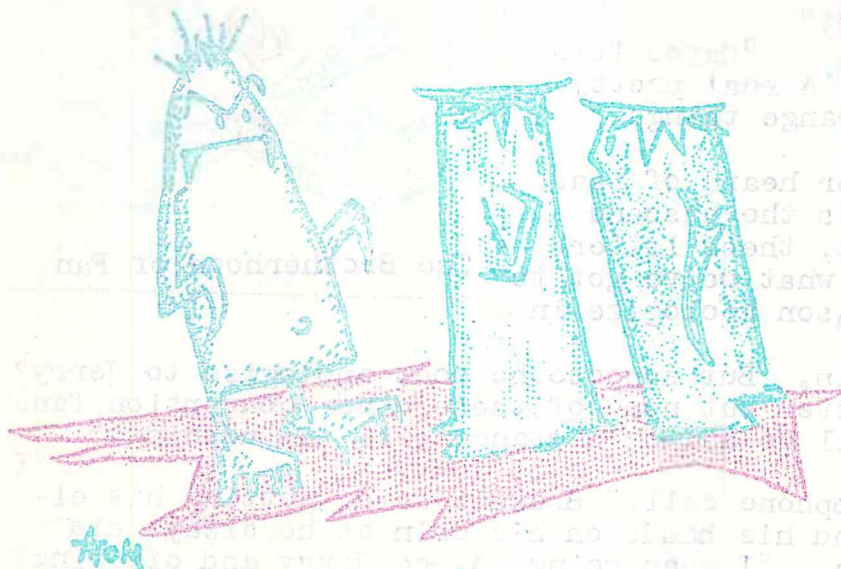
Brownie

Herz was president of our club that year. He demanded immediate expulsion of Jason from our bunch, plus a complete list of the people who had received the broadside so we could prepare an explanation that this was all Jason's nonsense, that we as a club had no intention of widening the distance that already existed be-

tween fanzine fans and convention fans. Brownie also wanted to throw me out along with Jason, for supplying the stencils. That transferred my anger from Jason to him, and I asked the obvious question: what good would exile for Jason do to repair the damage? And how could the Hub City Science Fiction Club throw me out if I resigned before the next meeting in protest against this concept of guilt by association?

Brownie and I might have had a real fight, if we hadn't been diverted by a mutual problem. It took the two of us to answer the letters that started

to arrive at the club. I was secretary but I couldn't cope with the flood; I had to ask him as president to help and in the process we subsided from the yelling terms we'd been using to the speaking terms we were used to. Jason? He skipped two club meetings and stopped answering the telephone. I went to his room once in person, and he stood in the doorway, blocking with his fat body my entrance and looking so frightened that I almost felt sorry for



"Says he appeared on an Amazing cover in '35 and is he eligible to join this 'First Fandom' racket!"

him. He wouldn't let me in, so I said a few choice words to him and walked away.

I think that every convention fan in the East had somehow got hold of that leaflet and rose in spontaneous action to the defense of Jerry. You could tell that it wasn't a canned letter that was being sent to us by different persons, because almost every letter had something different to say, in the form of a special denouncement of Jason and a particular citation of some fine trait of Jerry's. These letters came from all those people who seemed to exist only on a few days of each year, at convention and conference time. The thing that impressed me was that most of the letters were intelligently written, with good command of English and excellent style. My respect for convention fans rose a notch with every letter I tried to answer. Brownie and I had considered the easy way out, a mimeographed explanation that Jason had acted on nobody's authority except his own, then decided that the personal touch would be better.

"It's strange," Brownie said in a pause to let his typewriter cool off. "I never heard of these convention fans getting roused up like this to defend one of their buddies. Jerry must buy drinks every hour on the hour, for the whole crowd. Wonder why they think so much of him?"

"Maybe it's the wife," I suggested. "A real pretty girl can make fans do strange things."

"Could be. But I've never heard of fans acting like this when it's the husband that's involved. Damn it, these letters aren't enough. You know what we've got to do? We've got to make Jason apologize in person."

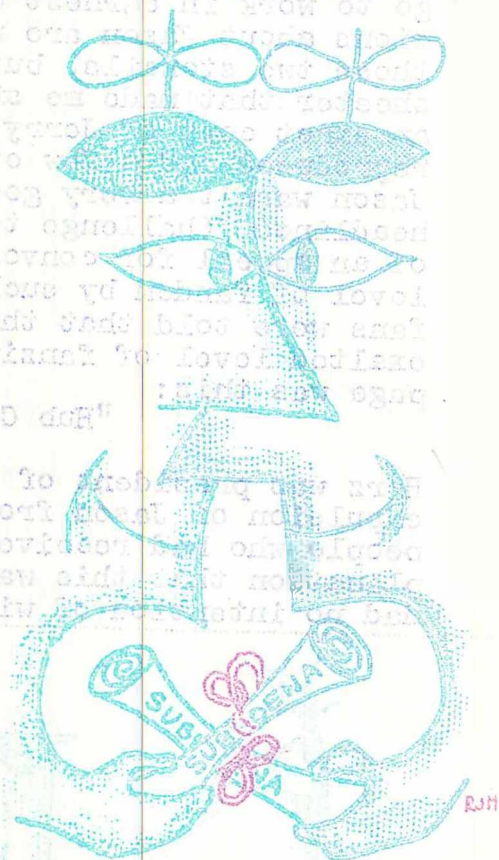
"That might help. But suppose he does apologize to Jerry? It'll make Jerry feel better but none of these other convention fans will know about it. It'll be a long distance bill for nothing."

"I wasn't thinking of a telephone call," Brownie said, putting his elbows on the typewriter and his hands on his chin as he always did when he got a bright idea. "I mean going to see Jerry and offering to shake hands right in the middle of all those convention fans. That might help to settle things."

"Suppose Jerry doesn't accept the apology? After all, Jason tried to make Jerry look like a fool."

"Don't worry. Everyone agrees that Jerry's a good guy, one of the best in the world. When will the mob show up at another clambake?"

We found that Philly was having an extra-big conference in the summer, after a lapse of years. That was quite a distance to travel, for us, but it wasn't hopelessly far from Richmond, so there was reason to believe that most of Jerry's close friends would be there. I got in touch with my Richmond pal, made sure that Jerry would be on hand, but didn't announce the public ges-



The Brotherhood of Fan

ture that we were planning.

That left Jason as the only person to manage, and it proved unexpectedly easy. Brownie had the inspiration, told me about it, and I conveyed the tale to Jason. He swallowed it quicker than we dared hope, still being too overwhelmed by the mess he'd caused to see through the transparency of the lie we'd concocted for him. I told Jason that Mrs. Walker was preparing to file suit for copyright infringement. The contents of a letter are under commonlaw copyright, Jason had published this one without getting permission, and she was planning to fight back in the courts. A public apology to Jerry might stop the action, I hinted.

He fell for it, too hard. "Sure, I'll apologize," he grunted, in obvious relief. "Tell you what. We'll make it the main feature of the conference. Advertise it ahead of time, and get a big audience..."

"No." I cut him off short before he could get any further with his masochistic impulses. "There's been too much fuss in public about this mess already. You'll apologize quietly and word will get around fast enough and that'll be the end of it. I'm going along to Philly with you, to make sure you do it right." I didn't tell Jason that the club was paying my travelling expenses. He wasn't a married man and could afford the trip, but I couldn't.

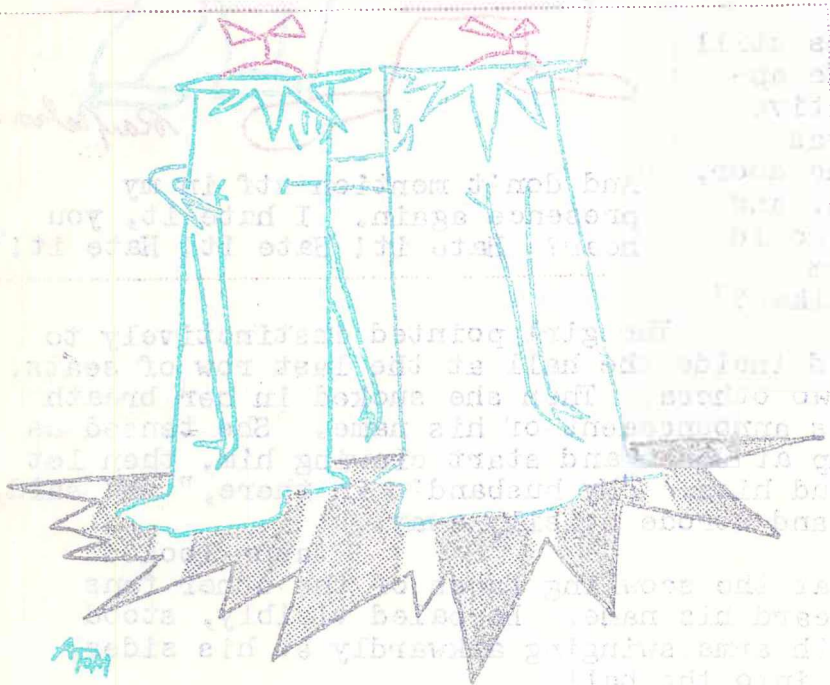
It was nearly a month until the Philly conference. Jason felt better about things every day, obviously building up a mental picture of himself as the sensation of the conference. And every day I felt a little more upset

"So they rejected your application to become a member of First Fandom--welcome back to the ranks of the living, boy."

about what lay ahead. I wasn't personally acquainted with the Richmond crowd, I probably wouldn't know more than one out of twenty people at the event, and some of these convention fans might still blame our whole crowd for what Jason had done.

And there was still something vaguely odd about the whole episode. Jason's fuss with Jerry had caused a bigger reaction than it had any right to create, and whatever had been the motivation of the violence it stirred up might work against the apology idea. Suppose Jerry refused to accept it, right out in public? No large fan gathering had ever ended in a free-for-all, but there's a first time for everything.

Our first sight of the conference didn't cheer me up, either. They had picked a smallish meeting room. If the apology were to be made there, lots of people were bound to overhear it. I



17 nudged Jason to wait before entering, while I looked at the little clusters of fans standing outside the door and on the stairway. I felt worse, because I didn't spot a single real friend, and very few people I knew by sight. This was obviously a convention fan's crowd.

"You know," Jason said casually, "I don't know Jerry. Suppose he sees me first and starts swinging?"

I felt like heading back home immediately. That simple fact hadn't occurred to me. Jerry was sure to recognize Jason by that picture, but we'd have to ask someone to point him out to us, and that meant more attention attracted to us.

Jason was still Jason. Instinctively, he approached the most attractive girl in the crowd that was standing just outside the door, put on his largest smile, and announced in tones that could be heard in Camden: "I'm Jason. Where's Jerry Walker?"



"And don't mention stf in my presence again. I hate it, you hear? Hate it! Hate it! Hate it!"

The girl pointed instinctively to a very tall fan who stood inside the hall at the last row of seats, talking earnestly with two others. Then she sucked in her breath as she caught up with his announcement of his name. She tensed as if she were about to jump at Jason and start clawing him, then let her breath out with a loud hiss. "My husband's in there," she said, and turned on her heels and strode noisily away.

Jason looked helplessly at her, then at the scowling faces of the other fans within earshot who had heard his name. He paled visibly, stood indecisively a moment with arms swinging awkwardly at his sides, then wheeled and hustled into the hall.

I tried to follow, but got jammed into the crush that had suddenly developed around the door. I was still squirming to get clear of the curious mob when Jason arrived at the little group around Jerry. Jason put on a mechanical kind of forced smile. The fans around Jerry backed away. Jason stuck out his hand for the shake of reconciliation. Jerry didn't even look directly at Jason, his face expressionless.

I broke free from the crowd at the instant that Jason's face reddened in anger at the spurned offer of friendship. I was still a dozen steps away when Jason's outstretched hand balled into a fist and he pulled back his arm, ready to swing at Jerry. A woman screamed somewhere behind me. Everything seemed to freeze in an instant's eternity of suspense.

Then Jason lowered his fist almost reverently. He put his left hand gently on Jerry's shoulder and said in almost a whisper: "I'm Jason. I'm sorry as hell, fellow."

I'll say this for Jason. He didn't try to claim later that he had controlled his emotions in the nick of time. He ad-

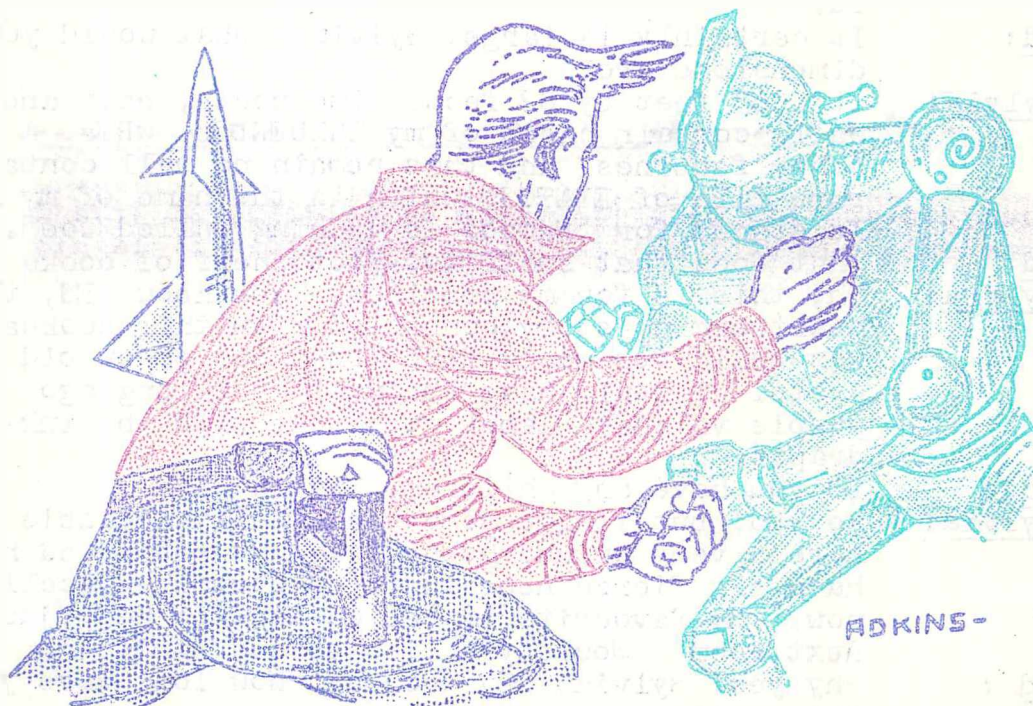
mitted that he'd have uncocked the blow if he hadn't noticed something about Jerry's face that told him the secret to the whole nasty mess.

It's really the distance between fanzine fans and convention fans that caused the mixup. Lots of things about fans are common knowledge by word of mouth but don't get published and our crowd wasn't in personal touch with this crowd and didn't know about Jerry. The two kinds of fans should mingle more.

Or maybe we should have put the facts together without help, and found the missing fact in that manner. It wasn't hard to notice the chain of logic, once you had the answer. The strange letter, the way Mrs. Walker was always helping Jerry, the unanimity with which his pals had rallied around an attack on him, Jerry's failure to publish a fanzine or read the prozines, and the almost disastrous apparent snub of Jason.

But Jason kept repeating to me later on, after he and Jerry had become good pals, "Honest, it wasn't my fault. How was I expected to know that the poor guy is blind?"

— Harry Warner Jr.



people to people

by Les Nirenberg

Edmond R. Munro: Sylvia Vanderfaan lives in a large red and white beanie-shaped house in the Hollywood hills. After having written three earlier masterpieces, "Imitation of Pen," "From Here To Detention," and "Ann of Weyauwega," she undertook the greatest work of all, her Pullover Prize winning autobiography, "I Want To Live Fannishly". How are you, Sylvia?

Sylvia: Wonderful, Ed, dahling.

Ed: I like your fannish house, Sylvia; whatever made you get one like that?

Sylvia: Well, Ed, ever since my last husband died I've been simply wallowing in money. At first I was torn between starting a fund for underfed fans and building my house, but finally I decided on the latter, because Fandom needed a national home. Would you like to see the rest of the house?

Ed: Why yes, please.

Sylvia: Well, Ed, this is the living room. It's only 4 feet by 6 feet. It isn't very big because the rest of the house is occupied by the library. Every fan must have a good sized library for fanac, and here's the library, Ed.

Ed: It certainly is large, Sylvia. What would you say the dimensions are?

Sylvia: It's 63 feet by 82 feet. The north, east and west walls contain cases of my INNUENDOs, CRYS, A BAS, and other fanzines, and this remaining wall contains my rare file of EATCJ, which is the name of my fanzine. It stands for "Egoboo Is A Thing Called Joe".

Ed: What does that small two-foot shelf of books contain?

Sylvia: Oh, this is for my prozines. You know, Ed, there's a heartwarming story connected with this bookcase. It was built for me by Rich Brown out of an old orange crate. I would have thrown it out long ago, but the purple valencia label goes well with the ink-spattered drapes.

Ed: Do you have any children, Sylvia?

Sylvia: No, Ed, but I have some wonderfully adorable pets. I have a very unique hobby. I hunt and breed neos. I have six fierce neos in cages down in my cellar right now. My favourite is called Hektar; he's just in the next room. Would you like to see him?

Ed: Why yes, Sylvia. By the way, how long have you had this neo?

Sylvia: Oh, just about six months, Ed. He's just at the stage when he's beginning to talk fannishly. Say something

cute, Hekky dahling.
Hektar: Ghu! Ghu! South Gate Again in 2010!
Sylvia: Isn't he cute, Ed dahling?
Ed: (Hoh hoh.) He certainly is, Sylvia. Where did you
 ever find him?
Sylvia: I won him in a crap game at the last Oklacon.
Ed: Well, that's all the time we have. Goodbye Sylvia,
 Goodbye Hektar.
Sylvia: Goodbye, Ed dahling.
Hektar: Egoboo! Long live bheer and Carl Brandon!

*** ***
Ed: In a moment we will visit Daddy Goodness, spiritual
 leader of thousands of faithful Fans.

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Ed: Daddy Goodness lives in this gilded tower constructed
 of bheer cans on the outskirts of Los Angeles California.
 To his followers, Daddy Goodness is the person-
 ification of Fannism and the Perfect Fan, and at times
 almost reaches the status of Ghu. Good evening, Daddy.
Daddy: Greetings, and may you make the pilgrimage to Weyau-
 wega in peace.
Ed: Thank you, Daddy. I suppose that is one of the bless-
 ings you often bestow on your followers. Is it?
Daddy: Why yes, Edmond, it is one of the lines from the Fan's
 Prayer.
Ed : Tell me, Daddy, whatever made you move into such an
 unusual mansion?
Daddy: Well, it's like this, Edmond. Back in the days when
 I was a struggling neo I tried to put out a fanzine.
 Unfortunately, it turned out to be a resounding flop,
 because no one would send me any material, correspondence
 or anything. I was forced to turn out BLTF all by my-
 self. BLTF was the name of my zine, standing for
 "Better Living Through Fandom". This failure made me
 turn to drink and this in turn resulted in the accum-
 ulation of many bheer cans. With these I managed to
 build a tower as a lasting reminder of the futility
 of a sole-produced fanzine.
Ed: How did you manage to become the spiritual leader of
 the Fans, Daddy?
Daddy: Well, six months after I built my tower, I fell behind
 in the mortgage payments on the land, and the holder
 of the mortgage, fakefannish cur that he was, fore-
 closed and evicted me. I hopped the next freight and
 came out here to start a new life. Soon after I arrived
 I noticed that the L.A. fans were poorly organized
 and I undertook to save them. As soon as they saw me
 they proclaimed me their leader. I suppose it was my
 Moondog outfit that impressed them most, but at any
 rate, I knew I was now leader and had a job to do.
 We rented a store and immediately set up the Los An-
 geles Save a Fan Society, also known as LASFS. This
 turned out to be a tremendous success and to show their

gratitude the good fans of Los Angeles scraped all their pennies and nickels together and had my tower moved to this city and gilded as a lasting proof of the power of prayer.

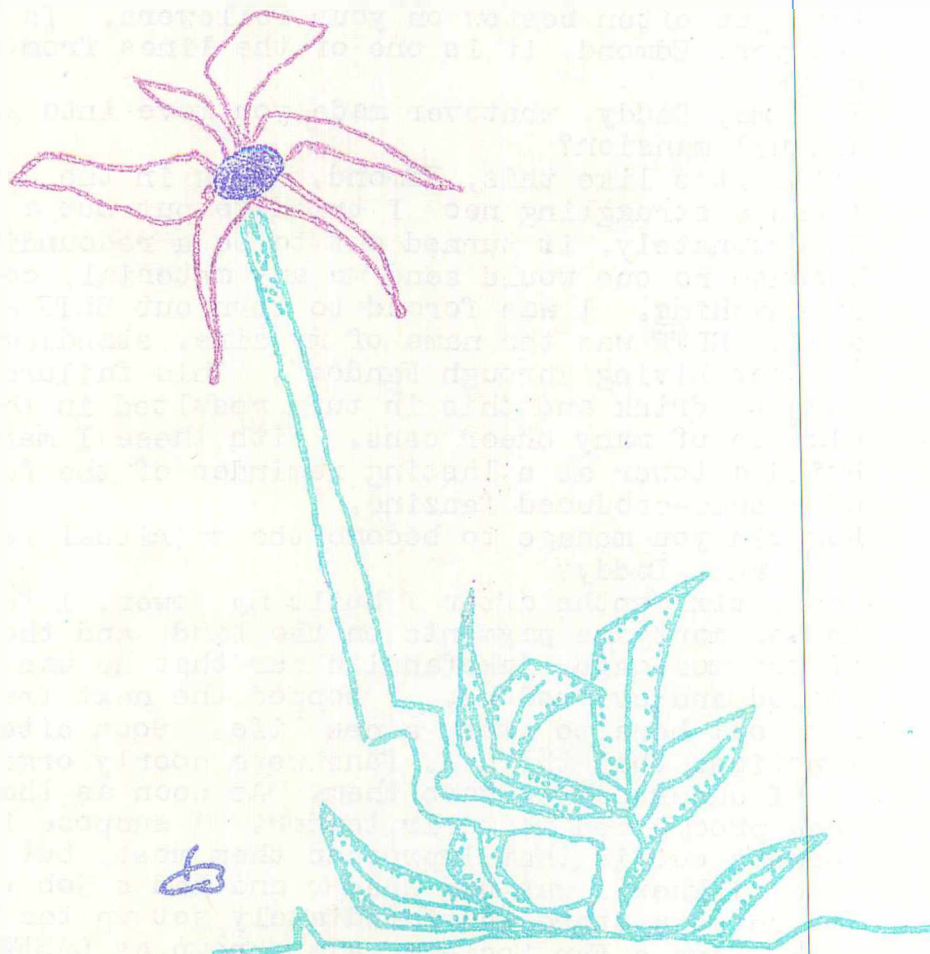
Ed: Well, Daddy, that certainly is a wonderful success story and illustrates what faith and perseverance can do. We only have a few seconds left; perhaps you can tell us the significance of the long index finger-nail on your right hand.

Daddy: Well, Ed, I grew this long finger-nail when I saw the light, and besides it comes in handy for cutting stencils for my new fanzine, YOBSIIF, which means "You Can Be Sure If It's Fannish".

Ed: Goodnight, Daddy.

Daddy: Goodnight, Edmond, and may all those on the FAPA waiting list before you perish.

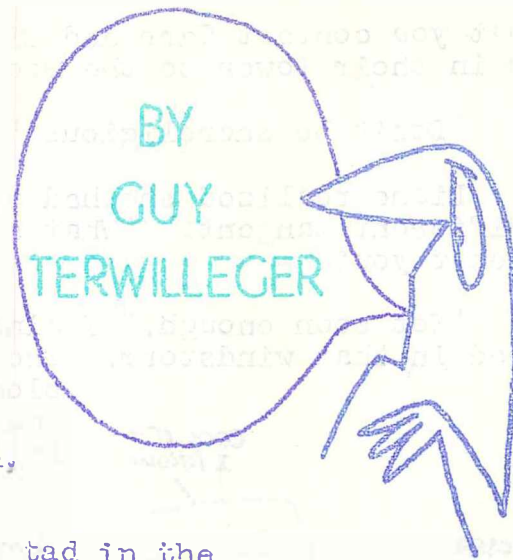
--Les Nirenberg



FANDOM'S CHILD

BY
GUY
TERWILLEGGER

22



"Fans are an egotistical lot."
Some wise sage made this observation,
and who am I to turn my head?

With the prospect of a new, wee tad in the house, I decided something should be done. Here I was building up a minor following in fandom (at least it gives me pleasure to think this), and for what? When I was gone, the circle of fen would soon forget that Twig ever had existed. I'm no Willis, Bloch or Berry, as a person or as a zine. It made me feel rather indigo-ish and I cogitated silently for a full minute.

"Diane," I said, making a hasty decision, "we must do something."

She looked at me blankly, our usual telepathy failing.

"I must have a faanish heir," I explained. "There must be someone to take over when I am gone."

"Hunnnnh?" was all she could muster as she dropped her knitting to her lap.

"Well," I spouted, "you know what's going to happen if I don't have someone around the house who is a tru-fan! I've told you before!"

"What's that?" she yawned.

"Every damn one of my sci-fi magazines and books will have to be buried with me." I paused briefly, waiting for some response. She just continued to sit complacently. "In my coffin." I added for emphasis. "I won't have a stranger going over them."

This statement dispelled her lethargy and she sat bolt upright. "You don't mean it! There isn't a casket large enough to take you and your paraphernalia."

"I mean it!" No damn... I stopped, not wanting to be too harsh at the outset. "You'll just have to have my casket specially built. Shelves for the books and magazines, a table for the Azograph...a desk for the typer...everything in its own niche."

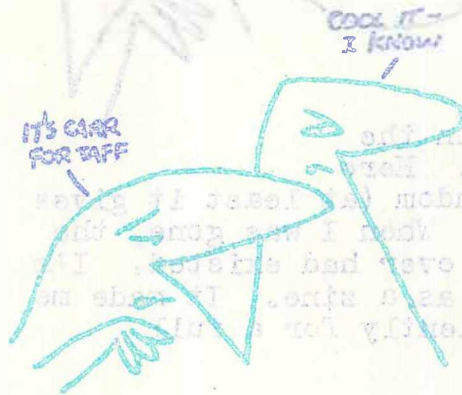
She looked at me dumbfounded. "What you need is a pyramid." She was silent for a moment. Inspiration suddenly flared. "My

don't you contact Carr and Ellik? They might prepare a tomb for you in their tower to the moon. That would be large enough."

"Don't be sacreligious!"

Diane realized she had ventured onto sacred ground and tried a different tangent. "What about Tina? You've started on her, haven't you?"

"Not soon enough," I almost wept. "You remember what happened in that windstorm. She was so scared she was going to be blown away she threw a real tizzy. And just because she remembered Dorothy in 'The Wizard of Oz!'"



My wife seldom swears, but she did then. "Oh, for ghod's sake, Guy! You've damn well lost your mind."

"Now wait," I calmed her. "Look, you agree that you and I can contact each other when we are apart." She nodded, and I went on, "Well, then, it won't hurt to try a little prenatal training on our part."

For a time everything was serene around the house. It was almost as if Diane had forgotten my decision, and in my anticipation I allowed myself the folly of believing I had won.

Then, one gray morning, it happened. I sat down to breakfast and, without looking, reached for the morning paper.

A voice broke into my reverie. "It isn't there."

I looked up and noticed that my hand looked rather foolish bouncing over the table. I jerked it back rapidly when it touched the hot coffee pot.

"We've got to do something about that dog," I growled. "He's doing this far too often. There was an ad I wanted to check."

"Oh?"

"Yes. I heard that a science fiction double feature was to begin today. I was hoping to start the experiment."

The papers turned up missing more and more often. Not just one day, but for three or four at a time. And, they took on a definite pattern. Either Sunday, Monday and Tuesday were lost, or the sequence Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. I finally got the picture.

One Wednesday morning I silently crept back out of the bath-

room after I heard Diane get up. Concealing myself behind a projecting bit of wall, I cautiously watched every movement she made. There seemed to be nothing amiss until she stepped out of vision for a moment. In short order she was back and I heard the rustle of paper. She gave them a cursory glance, folded the paper up and concealed it under the davenport cushion.

"You're a dog!" I said later, as I sat down for breakfast.

"Thank you, and explain yourself!" she said coldly.

"I said you're a dog. Duke hasn't been running off with the papers. How could he when he's been penned up in the backyard for months?"

"I hadn't thought of that," Diane mused.

"You sure hadn't. You should have known I'd catch on to it."

She said, "Well, you can't blame me for trying. And I got away with it for two months."

We went to the movies, a double feature of Teenage Frankenstein and Blood of Dracula. Diane seemed to take it in her stride and made no complaints.

A few weeks later the prenatal training included The Revenge of Frankenstein, and later Night of the Demon and The Thing That Couldn't Die. Still there were no ill effects. In fact, there apparently were no effects at all. I began to get worried that the great experiment would fail.

I guess my depression had its effect on Diane. At any rate, she took it upon herself to add to the program.

"No!" I shuddered when she broached the subject. "I don't want to go to the wrestling matches, but you can if you want."

"Well, you've certainly got abounding nerve. I get dragged to all these crummy horror movies but you won't go wrestling with me. I'll make a wrestler out of her/him. You can take your old sci-fi."

She made almost weekly jaunts to watch the great fantasy sport of mayhem and bodily torture. And, I must add, some of her tales should have helped my side of the experiment. Such as the one of Siamese Sam and Georgeous George where Sam literally pulled out George's front hair. Or the one with the Batman fighting the crocodile/alligator, I don't know which it was. Diane was pleasingly happy over that one and still likes to re-



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count how the 'gator got the Batman down and unmasked him, revealing what looked like a gorilla's head. The worst of that, she said, was that in getting the mask off, the reptile also took an ear.

Things weren't going well. We had exposed "the expected" to everything. Horror of Dracula had no effect other than giving Diane bad dreams. Macabre was useless.

On viewing The Incredible Shrinking Man, however, Diane said there might be an indication of effect, but she couldn't be sure.

That got me. I knew the answer right then and there. We'd been using the wrong psychology, seeing the wrong kind of pictures. The right one was in the offing, though, and I waited impatiently for the two weeks to pass. This one had to work since it would most likely be our last chance to make the experiment work.

Finally, with great expectations, we drove to the outdoor theatre. I got out two flasks of coffee, a gallon of iced tea and a two quart jar of ice water. Diane unwrapped the loaf of sandwiches, took the lids off two large glasses of potato salad, opened the TV size bag of barbecued potato chips, took the lid off the canister of cucumbers and onions in vinegar, and, to quote Max Shulman, "Jesus we eat!"

About halfway through the first movie, Diane let out a groan. "I forgot to open the surprise." She quickly and deftly whipped away the coverings from a large pan of fried chicken. "I hope you aren't too full," she apologized, handing me a leg and a thigh.

The sumptuous three-layer feather nutmeg cake took us right up to the beginning of the show that I knew would have the desired effect. And it did.

Diane complained throughout that things were going on. So violent was the reaction that halfway through the second movie she said she actually felt ill to her stomach and wanted to go home.

"No." I was adamant. "This is just what she/he likes. You know how little babies like little people. Well, she is seeing Attack of the Puppet People vicariously. This will indeed turn her into a fan."

"Or a monster," Diane moaned.

To date, the facts of the case prove that I was right in presuming prenatal training could make an sf fan. Wrestling and

horror movies did the trick.

Our little "Snow White," which is what we call her because of her white-white skin, her ebony hair and her red, red lips, is thriving. Several of the things are evident already. For instance: she has no hair on her forehead as a result of Georgious George getting his forelock pulled out. There are tremendous muscles in her arms and legs. She doesn't look like a monster when she is asleep, but you should see her faces when she is awake.

She is almost six months old now and is already getting two teeth. They won't do her much good, though, as she doesn't seem to like solid food.

She's a sweet thing, though, and I find it most enjoyable the way she likes to bury her head against my neck when I burp her. Still, I don't know...

It sort of has me worried.

--Guy Terwillegger



"I'm sorry, man, but we can only play with union cats."

TED JOHNSTONE'S

chronicles of LA fan doings,
excerpted from letters



The year of 1958 was a black year for sci-fi, losing so many of the leading lights of both Fandom and Prodom: Vernon McCain, FTLaney, Kent Hoomaw, Kuttner, Kornbluth, Carl Brandon, and EEEvans. Evans was President emeritus of LASFS, member of same since 1946, follower of SF since 1910, friend of Doc Smith, scholar of Burroughs, inventor of the Westercon, first man to be honored by the annual Fanquet, long-time member of FAPA, and inveterate poker player.

Ferry Ackerman suggested that the LASFS make a donation to the Heart Fund in the name of Thelma Evans, as a better gift than the momentary prettiness of flowers. I don't know whose idea the Party was, but I am sure it would have pleased Ev. It was the E. Everett Evans Memorial Poker Party, and it was held by Jack and Julie Jardine, with 10% of each pot to go to the Heart Fund. It was Friday night, 12 December 1958. Julie told me she had gotten promises from about twenty people that they would come, and they were planning on having three tables going. But as it turned out there was only one table, and six people playing. In the order they sat, clockwise from the north, there were myself, Zeke Leppin, God (Elmer Perdue to most of you), Bill Ellern, Jack Jardine, and Milo. All in all, the evening netted \$4.92 for the Fund.

Julie fed the players on potatoe chips, celery and carrots, and an exquisite cheese dip, made with cheese, wine, a few mysterious spices, and, I'm sure, several secret incantations from Julie's Grandmother. Zeke and Milo especially were fascinated by it, dipping dates, caramels, and once a piece of fruitcake into the mixture. Zeke said they were good, and I was satisfied to take his word for it. At midnite, according to the rent agreement Jack and Julie had, we quieted down a little, and at last people started leaving, and by 1:30 only Jack & Julie, Milo and I were left.

Jack asked us if we knew how to play Whist. Milo remembered, I did after a little reminder, and Julie was willing to

learn. So we played Whist till almost four a.m., settling down to a whisper about 2:00. You know, there is something oddly humorous in a cut-throat game like Whist can be, with three players swearing mightily at the fourth, and he matching them in invective for invective, all in a whisper. Finally about four o'clock Jack and I kept falling asleep between tricks, and we decided it was time to break up. What with one thing and another, we didn't get out until 4:35.

On the way home, I am firmly convinced we teleported at least five miles of the distance, possibly more. By this time I was awake again, with the cold night air, and I was watching the street signs for Vermont, where we would turn north to Olympic. I could swear on a stack of Fates that we did not pass under the Harbor Freeway, but suddenly, after a little less than ten minutes at moderate speed, I saw a street sign which said Main St. Milo turned north, and after a couple of miles we entered the south edge of the central LA business district. Then we turned back west again, to the Harbor Freeway, and home. But by the clock we had covered more than 15 miles in less than ten minutes, and we had not been speeding. Milo said it had happened once before, with a time/distance ratio that meant an average of almost 90 mph. I was there, Gholly, but I'll wait for a few more cases before I'll send it to Fate.

One Saturday nite Milo drove me home from our regular Saturday nite brouhaha at George's, and we parked out in front of my place to finish our conversation and listen to the radio news. Suddenly a bright pair of headlights came around the corner, closely followed by a car. They flashed their lights at us, and I thought, "Ghod, I wonder if..." I was right.

They pulled up alongside us, displaying a flashing red light. I decided the odds were against it being a motorized house of ill repute, and the interesting pattern on the door convinced me they were indeed policemen. The door opened, and one of the longer fingers on the arm of the law stepped out. He shined the flashlight through the window which Milo had considerably opened, and lit



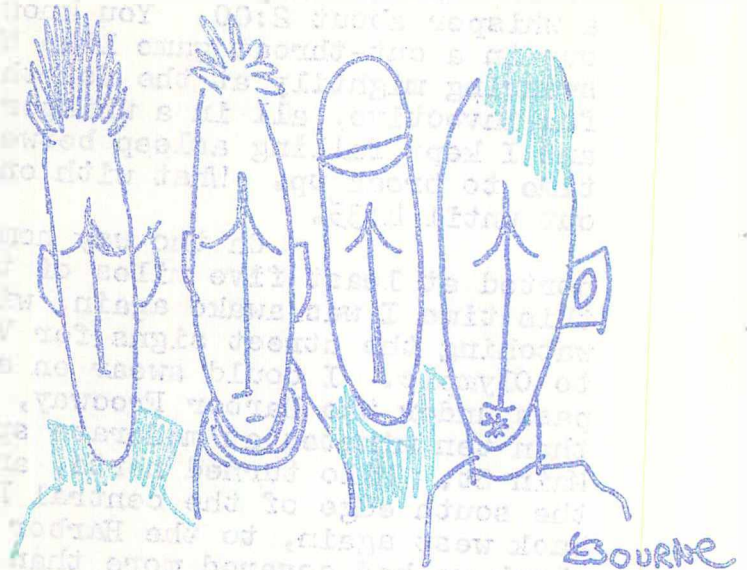
our cheerful smiling faces. He opened the conversation, and led it all the way. Milo tried to lead it back into less awkward channels once or twice, but the officer was rather rude about it. He asked to see our identification, and inquired into the contents of Milo's suspiciously bulging coat pocket. While I held my ID just out of his flashlight range, he inspected Milo's, and then turned his gaze on the flask which Milo fished out of his coat pocket, and commented on the contents thereof, clearly visible through the transparent plastic sides.

He asked us several personal questions, and we explained what we were doing (talking), who we were (us), why we had the bourbon (George had been making cappachino and we couldn't get any brandy), what was in the trunk (two sleeping bags, a box of poker chips, a spare tire and a jack), and where we were (on Rollin Street, just off Fair Oaks, in South Pasadena).

After checking the contents of the trunk, our fuzzy friend looked again at the low level of the flask, sniffed it, and suggested Milo try to walk heel-to-toe along a straight crack in the sidewalk. This heel-to-toe business is awkward. Milo said, "I can't do that sober," but I'm not sure our friend heard him. Milo did a fair job, considering, and the officer took down his name, address, and driver's license. I managed to fake him out, fortunately; when he asked for identification I took my wallet out and opened it and held it while he was looking over Milo's, and he just flicked his light over mine and didn't ask to see it close but took my word for everything. I wonder what his reaction would have been to the various identifications I carry in my wallet for the various names I have from time to time. On the other hand, suppose he might have turned out to be a fringe fan... No, policemen in general are distinctly unfannish types, with, of course, one really great exception, John Berry.

Anyway, he took down our names, and asked our ages. We told him (20 and 19, respectively) and he called in via his little radio to headquarters. A few minutes later another squad car came up, bearing no less a personage than the sergeant in charge of the juvenile department. He leaned in the window and chewed us out, saying that if he were in charge of the case we'd both be spending the night in jail for illegal possession of alcoholic beverages and just on suspicion.

But he wasn't in charge, and the first policeman seemed comparatively nice after the sarge left. Finally he told Milo that he couldn't take us in if the flask was empty, and handed it back. Milo took the hint, of course, but as he



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raised the flask, the officer added, "I didn't mean you were to drink it." Milo hastily lowered the bottle and while the officer interviewed me, for the record, he poured the rest of it out. There wasn't more than an inch or so, really.

Before letting us depart in peace, the policeman told us we might be getting letters from the juvenile bureau in a few days; not arrests, or anything official, just inviting us up for a little conference. In parting, he cautioned me that I should have nothing to do with "this person," as he referred to Milo. Then he said I had better go in, so I did. Milo came in too, and the police officer waited outside till he left. Later Milo told me that a couple miles south, in Alhambra, a cop car had picked him up and followed him all the way home, until he was right in the driveway. Nasty suspicious minds.

*** ***

Some of the letters of comment on MOOR PARK said my column was all right except for all those references to local fen whom nobody outside of locally knew anything about. So I shall try to repair this sad ignorance on the part of, I suppose, fandom in general. Our little clique is made up of George W. Fields, Milo Mason, Rich Stephens, and myself. I'll take these characters in the order named.



George has been in fandom longer than any of the rest of us. He is 19, an art major at East LA JC, and is already making money by selling stellar scenes and planetscapes to a company that manufactures 35mm slides. At the moment he is the only dirty pro in our group. Since his folks go out dancing every Saturday night and don't come home till around 3:00 a.m., we usually meet down at his place in Montebello for an evening of social chatter, television, classical records, drink, and pizza. And usually a friendly card game. He has a younger sis-

ter named Carleen who dislikes fandom and anything to do with it, namely us. She doesn't bother us generally; after watching Dick Clark at 9:30 she usually goes to bed and we can forget about her. George is a good cook, and usually whumps up a salad or sandwiches for us, or perhaps an experimental dip or something he has thought of during the week. This, in connection with the fact that he is often forced to participate in the cleaning, once led Milo to remark, "George will make somebody a fine wife."

Milo Mason is 20, about 6' 3", and has been characterised by Bjo as a hall closet. This is hard to explain until you've met him. Then no explanations are needed. He is usually in some stage of unemployment. He drives a white Ford convertible, which is our usual mode of transportation to various fannish functions. He is a very calm easy-going type, contrasted with George, who varies as the phases of the moon. Milo is not exactly an alcoholic, but he usually carries a flask around with him, and of a Saturday evening seems to have a head start on the rest of us. Despite his ability to

tank up at great length, I can honestly say I have never (well, hardly ever) seen him drunk. Sometimes he will get quite gay, and trot into the kitchen, brouse around till he finds one particularly long butcherknife, and go dancing around the room waving it at anybody who happens to catch his eye. After George disarms him, he may settle down on the sofa, quietly setting fire to the ashtrays, or contents thereof, until George has snuffed them and dumped all the ashes and paper. His hobby is the study of Flying Saucers. He is also the founder of the Pacific Interplanetary Society for Scientists; members so far are himself (specializing in UFOlogy), Miriam Carr (Butterflyism), myself (psneeronics--I can psneer with my eyes crossed), and Rich Stephens (he can't remember what his specialty is).

Rich Stephens is our most recent addition to the group. He came in shortly after Steve Tolliver dropped out, and fit in right away. Looking back on it, it's hard to imagine what we did without him. He has a car too, but it's usually suffering from a lack of gas. He is 19, starting back to college this spring, majoring in Anthropology. A quiet type, he seldom says much, and usually agrees with the prevailing opinion. He doesn't smoke, drink, or go out with girls, because, he insists, "I am a good, clean-living, fine, upstanding American Boy." However, we have great hopes for him now that he is in fandom.

I am Ted Johnstone. I am now 20, 5' 6" on good days, and a Journalism major at Pasadena City College. I suppose I write more for fanzines than anybody else in the group. My character changes from time to time, but I'm usually good for a laugh. I guess my drinking habits are fairly average for a fan. I just get happier and happier (or sadder and sadder, depending) and then I go to sleep. I like to write, I wrote a book last year and I may even get it published someday.



*** **

One recent Saturday night Steve and Pat Cartier and Rich Brown were able to make it down to our weekly schnappsclatch at George's. After midnight, as usual, we began to feel a bit hungry, so we took a poll. Rich Stephens, Rich Brown and I wanted pizza; Steve, Pat, Milo, and Carleen (George's sister) wanted spare ribs. George snorted at our wasting money and cooked up a pot of soup. We three who wanted pizza drove down to a nearby place, and on our return sat out in the car and ate. It has been our experience that no matter how loudly and definitely anyone protests he doesn't want any pizza, if we go into the house, sit down and start eating it, soon they are sneaking around the table with long rubbery arms outstretched to snaffle a piece. Rich Brown had promised a piece to Carleen, however, and took the last one in to her. (By the way, we have recently changed our policy with respect to George's sister: fearing that our constant cracks and insults might give her an undeserved inferiority com-

plex, we are now being polite and complimentary towards her and things are much better generally.) Steve and Milo went off to an all-night barbecue restaurant and brought back two half-pound orders

of spare ribs with a side of french fries and George sipped his soup, saving money. I suppose he's more sensible, but I do like pizza.



Eventually, of course, it came on to 3:00 a.m. and we headed home. Milo drove north, dropping Rich Brown at his home in Pasadena, and continuing north to Altadena to deliver the Cartiers. A fog had settled in the lowlands, and apparently it was flowing down from the mountains, because as we approached the foothills it got thicker until the visibility was down to a bit less than eight feet. Conning us by driveways and streetcrossings, Steve guided us to their

house, or somewhere near it. He pointed into the dim grayness and announced there it was. We took his word for it.

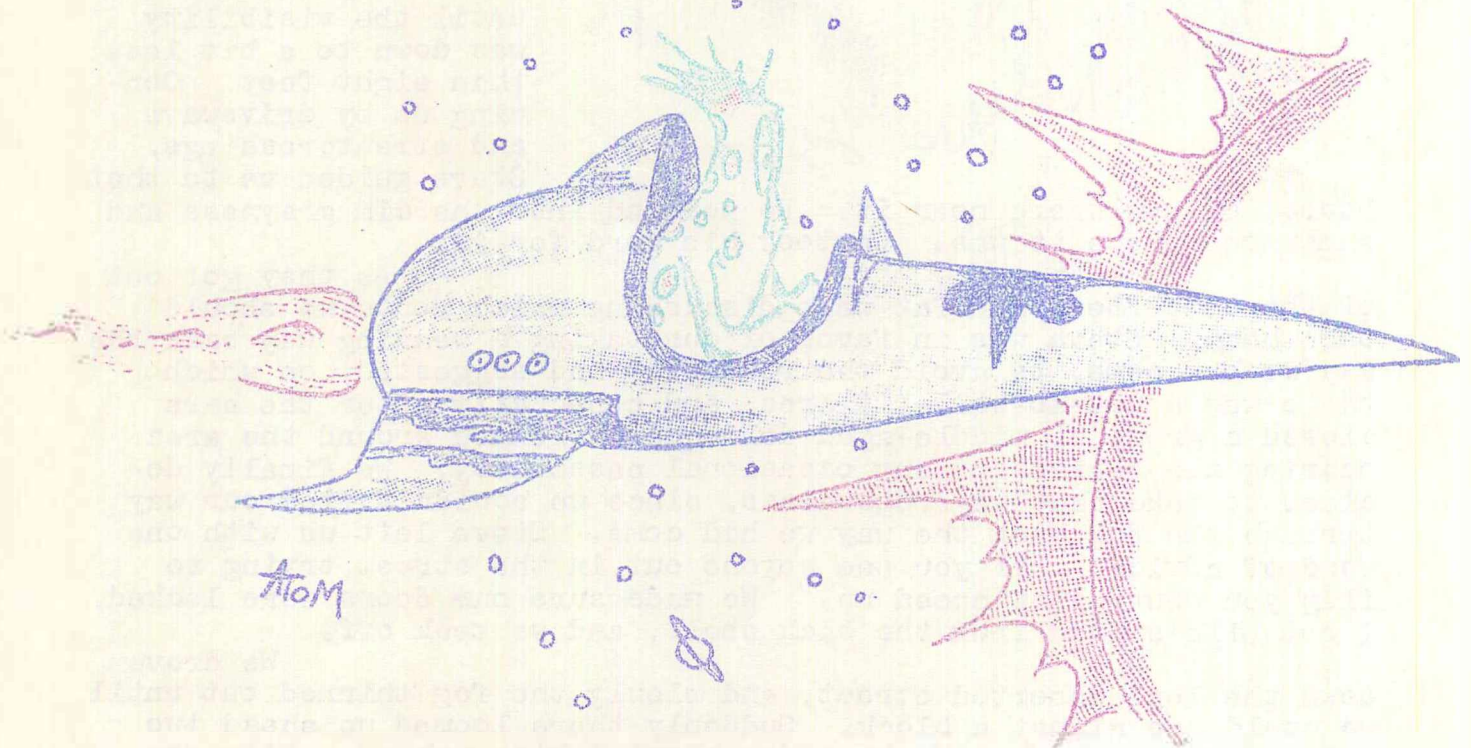
As they got out of the car, Steve and Pat were discussing which route we should take home. Steve was in favor of our taking a winding way back the way we had come, to avoid the route Pat had suggested, on which there was a not-so-well-lit area, and especially after the bars closed a group of middle-aged delinquents roamed around the area scaring the police and any occasional passers-by. We finally decided to take that way regardless, since we couldn't find our way through the fog back the way we had come. Steve left us with one word of advice: "If you see anyone out in the street trying to flag you down, just speed up." We made sure our doors were locked, I got Milo's cash from the back shelf, and we took off.

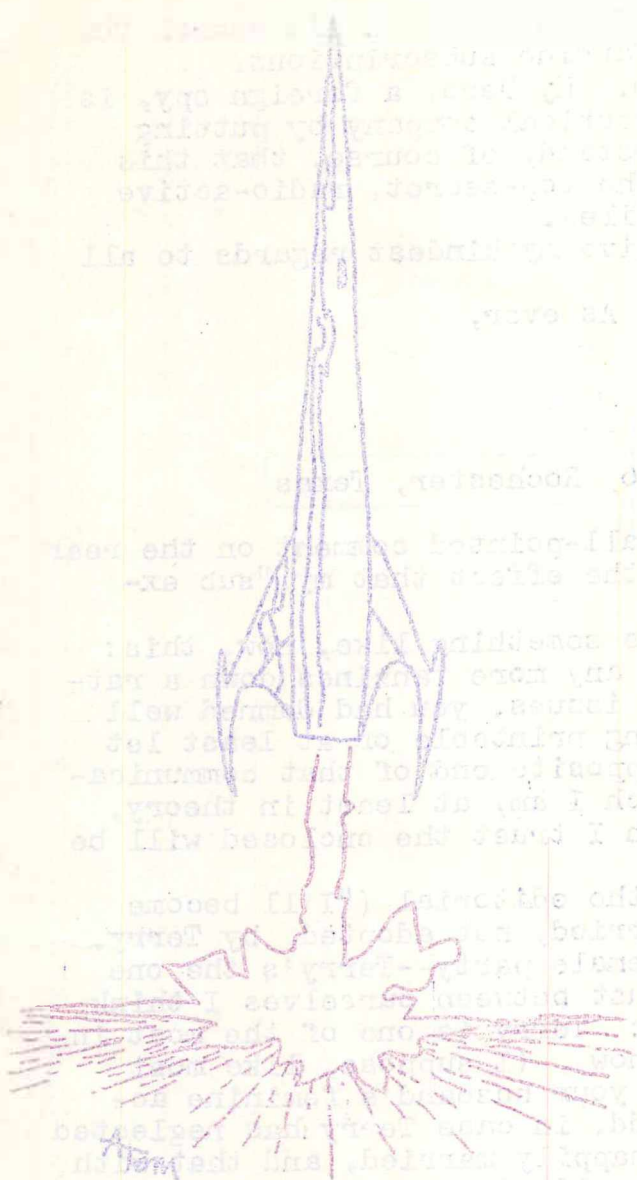
We drove down the long deserted street, and slowly the fog thinned out until we could see almost a block. Suddenly there loomed up ahead two sets of taillights, side by side, about a block ahead. Milo saw it at the same time, and slowed down. It looked as if two cars had been stopped, side by side, blocking the street. What should we do? This blockade we couldn't run. Should we turn off onto an unlit side street or would that be what they were expecting? Should we approach the barrier and stand by to repel boarders? We ap-

proached cautiously.

Suddenly we noticed we had gone two blocks since we had first seen the barrier a block ahead. Were there two cars pacing each other ahead of us? Suddenly there was a thinning of the fog, and as the wisps blew aside I quickly re-focussed. Less than 30 feet ahead of us was one car, a '59 Ford, with double taillights. This had been our "two-car blockade". Lilo laughed, I relaxed my grip on the cosh, and lit a cigarette with embarrassingly nervous hands.

--Ted Johnstone





BOB BLOCH, Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisc.

I've been very busy from the holidays on, since I'm still making desperate efforts to begin my book --after all kinds of foolish and frustrating delays. First of all, Santa Claus got his head stuck in our chimney and when the police pulled him out they arrested him on account of they saw his beard and they are prejudiced against Beatniks. Then little Baby New Year came along and wet all over the floor, and by the time that mess was cleaned up, I had another one in the form of a cover-yarn to turn out.

Well, maybe it wasn't exactly like that, but anyhow the schedule got fouled up and now I'll have to spend the next month or so catch-

ing up.

I liked UNEVEN, which arrived via pony express last week. The highlights for me were Bob Leman's charming factual playlet and the story by Terry Carr. Leman, of course, is a Big Name Fan from way back (way back in Colorado, to be exact) but where did you discover this Terry Carr? He shows a certain amount of talent and there are times when his writing almost seems like an imitation of Carl Brandon's. I hope you will encourage this neo-fan and guide him in the ways of True Fandom. Above all, do not let him get tangled up with any femfans. I have seen so many promising young fans go straight to hell just because sooner or later they discover girls. Of course I realize that you are a girl (I didn't at the time I met you, but on thinking back, I realize that you must be) but this shouldn't prevent you from assisting young Carr on a fannish career. Tell him, "Terry--I want you to think of me as your mother." I am sure you can enjoy a pleasant

relationship that will do much to aid this lad in his search for Truth, Beauty, and a fast buck on fanzine subscriptions.

Well, back to the word-factory. My hero, a foreign spy, is sabotaging a large American pharmaceutical company by putting starch in Preparation H. You understand, of course, that this isn't ordinary Preparation H, but the top-secret, radio-active kind which is used only on Atomic piles.

Hope you're well, and please give my kindest regards to all the Berkeley Squares.

As ever,

Bob

MARION Z. BRADLEY, Box 246, Rochester, Texas

I'm a trifle baffled by your ball-pointed comment on the rear --I mean the reverse--of UNEVEN to the effect that my "sub ex-pires". I didn't know I had one...

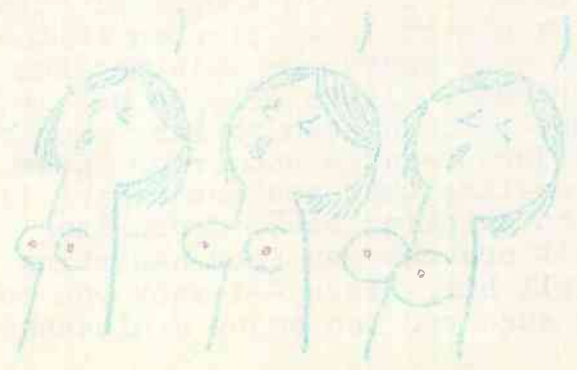
I take it that what you mean is something like, now, this: "Marion gal, I ain't going to throw any more fanzines down a rat-hole in Texas; if you want any more issues, you had damned well better write me a letter or something printable or at least let me know that you are alive on the opposite end of that communications terminal!" A thesis with which I am, at least in theory, heartily in agreement, and for which I trust the enclosed will be suitable proof.

I take it from your remark in the editorial ("I'll become Miriam Carr") that you are being married, not adopted, by Terry. It's bad form to congratulate the female party--Terry's the one who gets the congratulations--but just between ourselves I think you are to be congratulated as well: Terry is one of the most intelligent and articulate people I know. (I suppose, like most brides-to-be, you are suspicious of your husband's feminine acquaintances, so I shall hasten to add, in case Terry has neglected or failed to inform you, that I am happily married, and that with a sufficiently early debauching, I could almost have been his mother. I wasn't, and I believe an 11-year-old parent would be pinching things a bit, but anyhow, I'm sure you get the point I'm trying to make--my admiration of Terry is entirely an intellectual one, and I'll leave appreciation of his other probable charms to your expert investigation.)

Seriously--although actually I couldn't be more serious, except possibly in choosing a less flippant way of expressing myself--I wish you both every happiness.

It's a temptation to write a long letter and tell you how extremely much I liked UNEVEN, but I have had a lot of practice in resisting

IN THE LITTLE SQUARES OF DIFFERENCE...



such temptations and anyway I'm right smack dab in the middle of page 114 on revising a 200 page novel, or some such thing. So all I'll say is that I loved every uninhibited minute of it.

My three choices for historical house guests: Mary, the Mother of Jesus; Akhnaton; and Casanova. It might be highly unedifying, but I'll bet I'd learn a lot. I'd also enjoy talking to Giulia Grisi, the opera singer of 1830+.

All my best to you,

Charles Burbree *Bradley*

CHARLES BURBEE, 7628 So. Pioneer Blvd., Whittier, Calif.

Am very happy you sent me your third Goojie Publications product. I read the thing clear through to the end and I am going to talk about it for awhile.

I was jogged into remembering about Harry Tigert when I read Terry Carr's piece. I remember that Tigert came through the LA area just long enough to seduce the then current director or secretary of the local fan club who at the time was a man, I think. Of course none of us really knew.



This bit of info should furnish Terry with new material and perhaps we can look for a sequel? Ask Terry about it.

Terry, I notice, is now writing like Brandon and this is bad. I mean not bad writing but a bad thing. I want you to take a good look at Terry, remembering all the while that you are engaged to me. You fell for this fella when he was writing like me, you know. Now that he is writing like Brandon what sort of fella is he? Look deep into his eyes the way they used to do in the movies, recoil, and in shocked voice say: "But...you're not...the Terry Carr I know!" And you'll be right, too, because he's now the Terry who is writing like Brandon.

Now that femme fans are marrying male-type fans and thereby getting into FAPA, this poses a new question. What about a fan-nish divorce--who gets the membership?

We've got a local girl fan believing that if she sleeps with six FAPA members she will automatically become a member. She's trying to make me #6 but I'm not going to give in because I'd be the one who'd have to tell her it's a hoax. "You've been had," I'd have to say to her. I'm too soft-hearted.

Did I ever tell you my opinion as to why Laney was against homosexuals? We all know he disliked them but now I'll tell you

why. His best friend in fandom was seduced by an LA fan and Laney lost him utterly to homosexuality. From then on FTL disliked homos...but remember he was not railing at homosexuality per se but actually was crying "Stop thief!"

GREGG CALKINS, 1714 So. 15th E., Salt Lake City 5, Utah

UNEVENI arrive this week and was read with interest and enjoyment...after all, I can't be expected to study much during the first week of the new quarter so what else is there but fandom? And if I knew the answer to that I'd be a wise man...

And pardon me, please, for sounding so much like an old grouch last time...I must have gotten up on the right side of the bed or something. My shirt isn't really that stuffed.

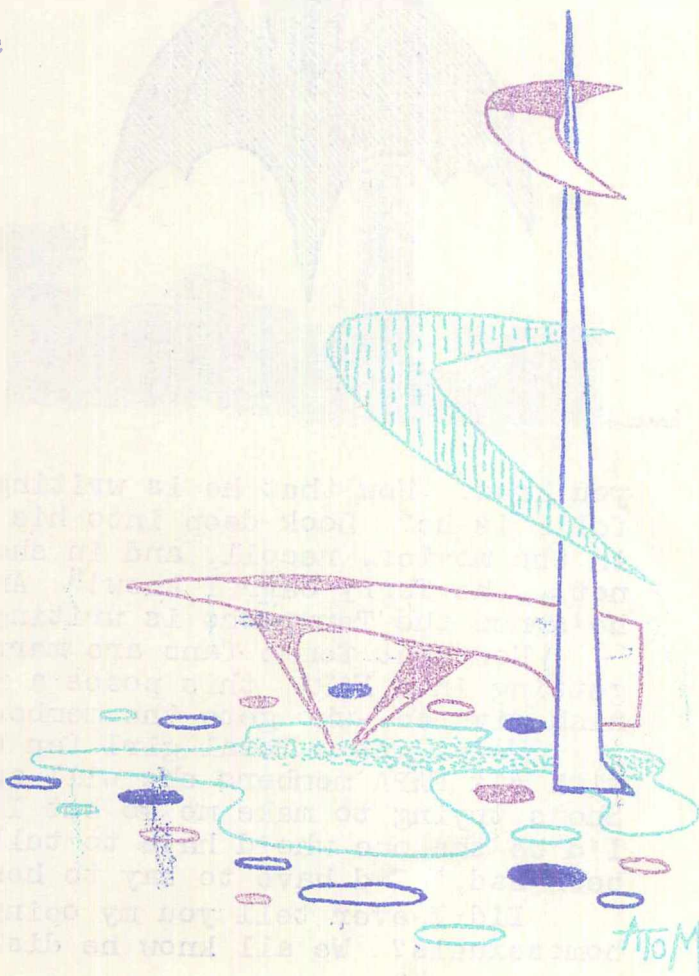
You are pardoned, Gregg. I realize that you didn't mean to be that stuffy. (But I'm still gonna be ever so strict on sending fmz to fans who don't comment.) -mdc

JOHN CHAMPION, 1301 E. California St., Pasadena, Calif.

As a sort of comment on something you mention in your editorial, I recommend "Brave New World Revisited," by Aldous Huxley. One of the better books to be published recently, in spite of what TIME's idiot book reviewer said.

What makes you think sociological stf will be the death of the field? Myself, I like it. Not that you said you didn't, but you apparently mean that a lot of people don't. It's not surprising, since clods have a tendency to shy away from anything that involves Thought (the nasty word).

So what three people would I have for dinner? ...Well, I might start off with Brigitte Bardot. Now



for the main course... Seriously, though...well, maybe Christ (almost certainly, in fact), and, oh, George Orwell, or Robert Benchley, or Ambrose Bierce, or (continuing to limit it to dead people) Thomas Paine, or Adolf Hitler...I haven't got the slightest idea, actual.

Bost,

John



The reason I said that I think sociological stf will be the death of the field is that it is just about all the stf being written these days, and it is getting a loetle monotonous. However, I like it. Especially from a political point of view. (No, I don't mind thinking; in fact, I find it a rather pleasant diversion at times.)

In the old days, the sci-fi stories covered a myriad of subjects, scientific stuff, other dimensions, all degrees of fantasy and the occult... I don't think stf appeals to as great a number of people now; it's becoming too limited in scope. But you are quite welcome to say "Horse-crap to my ideas--I won't mind. My first love is fantasy, anyway. (And

you'll notice, I trust, that I tried to say "I think" rather than "it is". Good old semantical "to-me-ness" --it's supposed to make conversation more valid, or something.) -mdc

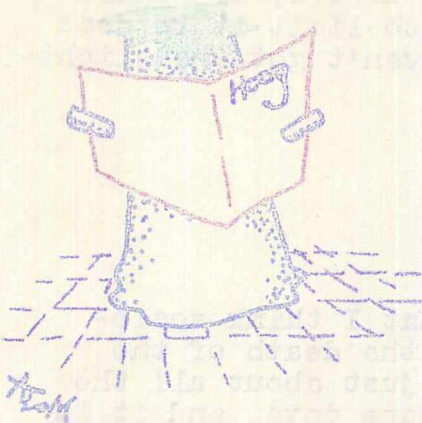
CYNTHIA GOLDSTONE, 350 Dolores St., San Francisco

Congratulations on the names of your zines!--they have been superb, a veritable joy to call to mind--especially MOOR PARK. I realize it would be an anti-climax but I'm hoarding the hope you'll call one of the next Goojie Publications UPCHUCK. And your being a converted San Franciscan, howzabout considering FOGDOG?

Well...after my exclamatory comment re names, now for a question: How is it you happen to print stuff of general interest when yours is a Westcoast fanzine. Doesn't this make you a fugitive from the law of West Coastian Fanzinedom? I mean, like, in your crazy editorial about what-three-people-in-all-history-would-you-most-like-to-have-a-coffee-klatch-with. (You'll think me mad to forsake Ike and Nixon-the-Abominable-Showman, but I'll take Lizzie Borden, the Tichborne Claimant, and the Captain of the Marie Celeste.) Taking a fringe-view (which is all I am entitled to take), and judging only by the West Coast fanzines that come into this railroad flat, what hits me squarely between the eyes is the vast preoccupation with fan personalities in these zines, with only rare flashes of creative writing. Therefore, I conclude, you fans must be a disgustingly

healthy lot.

For egoboo is rampant in these pages, and to oversimplify greatly, shouldn't the personality be robust to the extent that the ego is gratified? In the GOD (didn't you realize that the initials of the Good Old Days spelled GOD?), didn't fans publish poor men's F&SF's? Wasn't the idea then to trot out one's Little Work, one's Creation, to use fandom to gain that final dimension that every creative work hopes to eventually find-- that is, communication?



Don't think I'm being sercon; I could hardly be that when I don't regard fandom itself as sercon--to serve as an illo, could one write anything about M. Hulot and keep it serious? (This comparison is not entirely without basis--both Hulot and fandom represent a lot of fun no matter how you view them.) When I think of fandom I see a halcyon sky and a golden merry-go-round, with everyone aboard catching gold rings and going round and round treating each other to trips and applauding each other like mad!

And what could be more equitable, more gratifying, than this trading of egoboo! How many human beans can say, "Somebody out there knows I'm an Entity," or "I'll make my little ripple when I Cross the Bar." Everyone in fandom can! So when that feeling of quiet desperation comes to me as I read in a fanzine for the fortieth time of Edna Newspickle's phobia of sneezes, I have but to recall that all of this is healthy, healthy, healthy, and my mood changes to a benevolent gratefulness for this psychological panacea which is fandom.

I'm sure the Snake Pits are not writhing with fans.

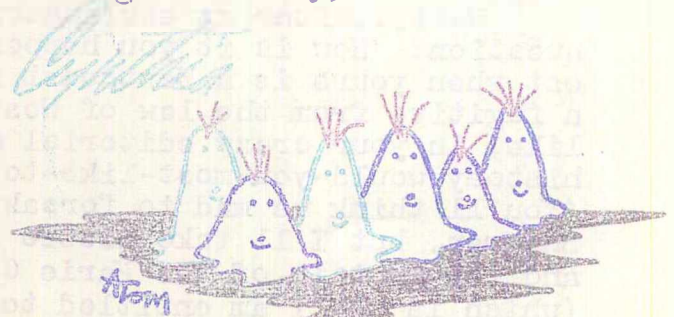
It's true, not so many years ago fans flocked to Dianetics. However, (1) JWC introduced it, (2) LRH originated it, and (3) AEVW went for it. Moreover, accepting the thesis in the book, the world could be extrapolated into a Utopia! What decent fan could resist becoming part of such a promising extrapolation!? But this is another subject.

Any sociologist among fen who would care to illuminate for me this fascinating social and psychological phenomenon of fandom?

Anyway, Miri, huzzah and like that for Goojie Publications. Like fandom in general, they are a lark.

Fringefannishly,

No doubt there'll be a lot of replies and/or refutations concerning your remarks. "Every fan his own sociologist." -ndc



ROBERT N. LAIBECK, 22 Long View Dr., Simsbury, Conn.



"Self-Portrait"

I saw dat dere article in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN on the views of U.S. high-school kids, too. Was surprised. I'd suspected it, but hadn't realized that the Big Brother Is Watching You Campaign had gotten that far along.

I used to be a non-conformist. Then I decided it just wasn't worth the effort and settled down to being an individual (NOT an individualist, which is quite different).

He on censorship? I's agin' it! 110%. I am for compleat freedom of the press, as long as they don't go in unduly for libel. Just what's wrong with pornography? If it offends public morals (or whatever phrase is always brought up to explain why it's bad), then say it can't be publicly displayed. Let 'em ask for it if they want it. This way the poor, downtrodden pervert

can have his reading matter and not bother the sensitive souls who like to ignore sex and hope it'll go away. This book banning is a laugh, really. If you want to get a book, there are ways to do it. Why don't they just quit putting up a false front? When a book's banned, it's usually more popular because everyone rushes out to see what's so awful about it. Or they buy it up so the sex-crazy teenagers won't get hold of it. (Maybe it's a plot by the publishers. They have the book banned on purpose. I seem to remember in Russia where something like that happened.)

Invitations extended to Gautama Buddha, Jesus Christ, and Albert Einstein.

Yours,

BOB LEMAN, 2701 So. Vine St., Denver 10, Colo.

UNEVEN is a nice job all around. All three issues have, of course, been marked by a professionalism (fannish professionalism, if you follow me) rare in early issues. I would be the last to suggest that the association with the Giants has anything to do with this excellence, and whatever its cause, I'm always happy to see a magazine that's clearly reproduced, interesting and fannish.

"The Fan Who Hated Quotecards" is clearly the best thing in the issue--it can give cards and spades to the rest of the matter --and I hope you sent that to Terwilleger as your first choice. It's an unusual piece of work, a faaanish story which is also a good and well-written fiction. Does this boy have any plans for turning professional?

I may be wrong, but I think "I'm Owen Harrison Harding" appeared before "The Catcher in the Rye". I don't have a copy of "Owen," so I can't look it up, but "The Catcher" came out in 1951, and the idea persists that Ellison's book preceded it, in which case Salinger would be the derivative one. Of course memory plays some queer tricks, and I trust that you'll be energetic enough to check the Ellison book and set me right if I'm wrong.

I've liked Salinger since he began to write in the mid-forties, but I think the current cult that's growing around him may do a great deal to sour a lot of people on him, and it has already, I think, begun to have a bad effect on his writing.

"Zooey," which I think was the last story, smells of the lamp and of an urge to give the cult what it's after, what it has told Salinger he's trying to do.

It might be an interesting project for somebody to undertake sometime to dig into the work of some prolific fan (your spouse might qualify) and demonstrate, after the fashion of the learned critics, how he uses evasive chronology to adumbrate a political philosophy, or how he uses frequent reference to beanies to symbolize man's inhumanity to man, or how (copying the Salinger cult) all his writings show the tortures of the lack of the ability to love.

To do that might, of course, cast a pall upon the innocent merriment that is fandom.

Regards,

Bob

Yes, Bob, I sent "The Fan Who" to Guy Terwilleger as my first choice for BEST OF FANDOM. It's going in, too. And yes again, we have high hopes for Terry's going pro.

"I'm Owen Harrison Harding" was copyrighted 1955, and thus would seem to be the derivative one.

I think your memory tricked you because Ellison's "Owen" was set during the war. So was the Salinger, but "Owen" was vitally concerned with the war. It sticks out in your



"Let's go sarcon, man, just for kicks."

mind more. Could easily make one think it was written then.

And why don't you go sercon and take up that project? Harrumph. -mdc

LEN MOFFATT, 10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif.

UNEVEN is a good title for Googie Pub. #3 as the contents, to me, were uneven. Probably because there wasn't enough of Miri in the ish, and do hope you have regained your good health by now.

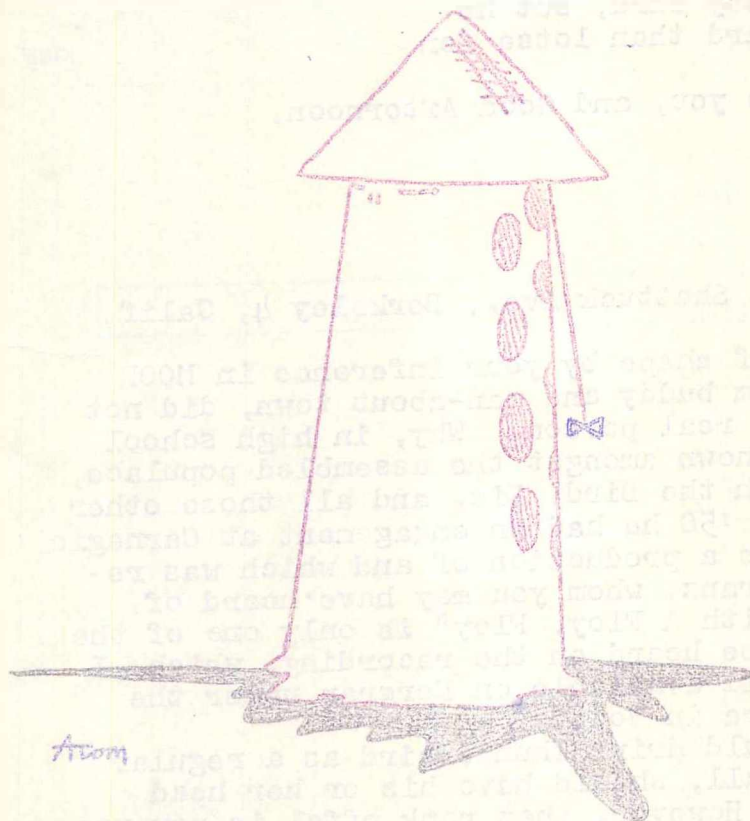
I agree with you on censorship. Haven't read "I'm Owen Harrison Harding" so can't comment there, agree with you on Shute's "On The Beach" (and am wondering if the film version will pack the same depressing wallop as the book), haven't read any of Runyan's stuff in ages...used to enjoy his tales but found that reading too many of them in a short period of time detracted from my enjoyment. In short, I became sated with Runyan, as I did with

Thorne Smith, tho perhaps I could read or even re-read some of their stuff now and get a bang out of it.

Now, I hope you understand what you have done by marrying Terry Carr. Fandom now has two G. M. Carrs! Inevitable. Gertrude H. Carr of Seattle and Gorgeous Miriam Carr of San Francisco. I think, however, that we will be able to tell which is which.

Terry's "Fan Who Hated Quotecards" was swell. A good satire of fandom. It was a bit too long for the subject matter however. But I was particularly amused by Chuck Tigert's fight with the broken-down mimeo. Now the only fan I know who really knows HOW to throw back his head and holler "BALLS!" is me. I don't know whether or not Terry has ever heard me

holler "BALLS!" but if he ever did, I'm sure he would concede that I am the expert in this particular feat. However, I do not holler "BALLS!" when frustrated and angered by a lousy mimeo. I have, at various times in my fannish career, become quite, quite frustrated and angered by a lousy mimeo. I have used colorful language in describing the machine, its creators, the aberrated nature of its sex life, etc., and I may have, at one time or another, struck it with fist. I have never kicked a mimeograph machine, however, as such a kick would require the talents of a can-can dancer, and I've never hollered "BALLS!" at one. When I



"BALLS!" I am hollering in anger or in disgust or in derision at people. I reserve this expression for human beings and for arguments from human beings with which I do not agree. I feel that this expression should be rendered in a loud, derisive tone and only at the proper moment. It is a human type expression for use on and by humans, and I feel that Terry's protagonist in this little fannish tale misused the Great Word terribly. Nevertheless, it was amusing.

You should be really proud of your lettercol. Here you have Sneary, Calkins, Bloch, Pavlat...what more do you want? Of course all this could be due to your P. J. connections, but from the tone of the letters I would say it was mostly due to the excellence of your fanzine which in turn is based on the personality brought to the mag by its editor, one of those Taking Over females. I suppose the title of your next issue will be BRIDLED...??..

If you were giving prizes for the best letters, I'd vote for Sneary and Bloch. I know the latter prob'ly used a posty card, but he can be funnier on a single card than lotsa fen are in several pages.

Bless you, and Good Afternoon.



RIKE

J. G. NEWKOM, Room #215, 2109 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley 4, Calif.

I am rather pushed out of shape by your inference in MOOR PARK that I, J. G., your bosom buddy and man-about town, did not know that Slim Gaillard was a real person. Why, in high school back east he was quite well known amongst the assembled populace, right up there with the Bird, Diz, and all those other people. In '49 or '50 he had an engagement at Carnegie (no less) which was a production of and which was recorded by Norman Granz, whom you may have heard of. "Flatfoot Floogy With A Floy, Floy" is only one of the priceless gems to be heard on the recording, which, I understand, is still available on Norgran under the general title "Opera in Vout".



Anyone who would drink Thunderbird as a regular thing, or even at all, should have his or her head examined. Ecchh! However, that rank offal is now not the worst stuff on the market, thanks to the Petri Winery of SFO. No indeed. There is now something much worse, hard as that is to believe. Have a Golden Spur, boys. Try a split of Charles Krug's Chenin Blanc, or something of the sort. You'll never drink Thunderbird again. Or you can get a WHOLE GALLON of Southgate (in '58) Sauterne for \$1.08. (Good party booze.) Do ANYTHING! But, Thunderbird? Ecchhhh!

Our Glorious Leader, and Minister of Foreign Affairs in North Beach, Eric Nord, has just been sentenced to go out and seek what

the court calls "gainful employment". I don't really understand just what this is, but it sounds disgusting. This is the last straw. I have just enough problems to make this idea stick now: I am resigning from the Beat Generation. I'll just have to go out and think of something else. What I mean, what are we going to do without Eric? And to think this is a democracy! Wendy Murphy, of Berkeley, whom you probably don't know, was arrested and convicted for walking down Grant Street sans shoes. She "resisted arrest" by pulling away from the officer who put the arm on her. The ACLU backed her, to no apparent avail.

And Ike speaks from space. The next thing you know, Madison Avenue will have a concession on satellite research, and then where will we be? Well? Who's going to be the first to go up for good ole Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osbourne? Ehh? Hooah? I think that I shall move to Antarctica, for ghodsake.



Later.

People, Jack Newkrom is completely new to fandom. He's a sci-fi reader from 'way back who knows Dave Rike. He and a bunch of others shared suite 1184 (scene of at least one of the better parties) at the Solacon.

Jack was amazed and impressed by the fan at the con. I'd like to see him become an actfan. He'd like to get acquainted with fandom, and get acclimated with the trends before the Detention, which he hopes to attend. So like why don't yuz write to him and/or send him your zine. This fabulous personality could easily develop into a fabulous fannish personality... but without contacts? -mde

BRUCE PELZ, 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Florida

Bel Mr, T.Carr takes top honors in the issue. Though I wonder about the accuracy of direct quotes from several years ago. Awael, I suspect most fan articles are a bit apocryphal even if written immediately. "Try we life-long, we can never straighten out life's tangled skein," etc.

Leman got in several very good lines in his satire (or was it a travesty? Better ask him sometime.).

The three guests I'd invite would start with W. S. Gilbert. The others...lessee...Alexandre Dumas, pore, and Richard Wagner, I guess--providing Dumas spoke English.

45 Gilbert would have been quite a fan--some of his puns were as bad as Willis's. I read of a man who tried to get Gilbert to hire his mistress for a part in a show; Gilbert refused, and later remarked that the fellow was obviously "blowing his own strumpet."

Erratically

I received twenty-one letters of comment for this. You were the only one who thought "The Fan Who Hated Quotecards" was true. A tribute to Terry's writing ability? Or weren't you paying attention? Well, anyway, "The Fan Who," Chuck Tigert, was drawn from Pete Vorzimer, Rich Geis, and several other people--less known fan, and nonfans with very extremely original personalities. -mdc

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

I'm taking this opportunity to wishing the best wishes for your marriage. I frankly don't know either you or Terry as well as I would like, and thus my wishes are sort of abstract. You know, I can't say things like "you have so much in common..." because I don't know anything very common about either of you. Terry has never done much talking when I was around, and I've only known you at LASFS, which is to say, not know you at all. But as a inveterate romantist, I'm all in favor of love and marriage, and a believer in the rightness of twoness. I've always found you two very nice people, and I do add my hopes for your future happiness. I'm for everyone being happy ofcourse, but I know you two, so I'm a little more interested...



As for UNEVEN, I don't know hardly were to start.. It catapults you into the realm of full-scale fanzines. I can't help but wonder if you are the type of girl that will now devote her self to helping her husband with his magazine, as a co-editor... Or will enjoy the work and ego-boo enough to keep on with her own... As I said, I don't know you, the real you, very well. I hope that you will keep on with it as it is a really exalant fanzine.. Repro, layout, material, and editor, are all anyone could ask--which means they are better than the average.

Your editorial doesn't inspire any amount of comment this time, though I was interested in the words about the Frisco dives... And, while I do like to keep up with current trends, I don't plan to read much on the Beat generation (book stuff, from people I know, it's different). While I've frequently felt beat...that is beat down to the point that there was no point in doing anything about anything, I do not consider this an exceptable philosophy, much less a way of life, for people with both a working brain and body.

Bob Leman's play was good fun. Not deep, but good fun. But

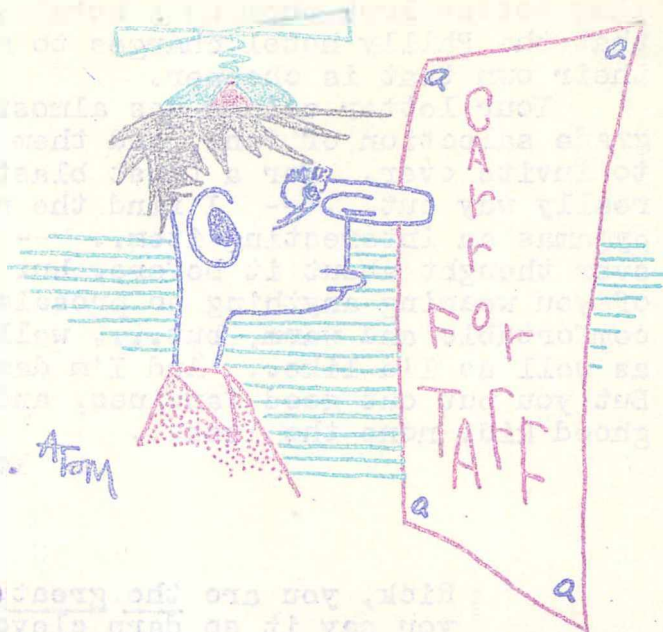
frankly he slipped.. What ever happen to the agent from D.C. fandom? It is far more a center than dirty old Chicago. In fact, I've thought that if this be a Fandom we are in, no doubt Berkeley and D.C. are it's co-centers..

Terry's story on the other hand is so chuck full of com-metables, that it is hard to limit them... Ofcourse, first off I thought it was going to be a bare-truth expose of Honey.. As it was, he put down the truth about quote cards, that no one else has ever dared to put into words before.. We have

all (but one) been getting and passing them on--knowing it was for ego-boo.. But no one said it, and no one else cared to cast the first stone... I don't suppose I'll ever be able to sign under the name of Ron Ellik again, would fealing guilty. --Infact, though, the whole thing is chuck full of thoughtfull touches... The odd way fans sware; the way some fans react to backy mimeos; fans approach to sex; the erge to "change things"; disscontent with the fake-fannishness of the local club; letter writing taking time away from actual contact.... Chock.. No..and really, I mean it. There have been a lot of fine things said about Terry's writing, in the past, by people who know good writing.. I agreed, but was not able to fully see the depth.. But this thing is about one of the few things in my sheltered life that I know anything about.. And it is so full of insite, so skillyfully done, so much is said yet so subtally that you don't notice it tell after you have read it.. I'm not saying it is the finnest thing I've ever read.. Others are funny or more profound, but there is a fine hand here. And I'm not saying this becouse I know you will tell him... Hon-nist, I'd say the same thing if you were Sylvia White...Terry may become fandoms Hienlien... He at least makes his idel, Burbee, seem heavy handed..

Terwillegger I'm not so happy with.. These spicy stories that prove to be so inocent make me a little sore. But, he writes well, and smoothly, and has no point.... Good griff girl, it isn't even science fiction.

I enjoyed Eney's Con report. It is the third report I believe I have read, and the best. I got quite a kick out of the mention of a Anna Moffatt clique durring the showing of the Sola-con films.. To bad she is willing to sub-side back into fringe-fandom again, after the fine impression she made on the cream of fandom... Len and I tried to talk her into writing a column at least, but she can't be bothered.. --She attacted the job of Chairwoman the way she does most things.. That is to say, if it is worth doing, it is worth doing as well as she possably can.. --- I'm a D.C. in 60 supporter myself.. But as I've told Ted,



they better look them up a hotel.. It's not enough to just agree that the Philly hotel charges too much, they have to find one of their own that is cheaper.

Your letter column was almost an article, with such a high grade selection of fans, and them all remarking on who they'd like to invite over. For a first blast of letters (really) it was really way out... -- I find the news that you wear flannelette pyjamas an interesting item.. -- Seriously...I hadn't really ever thought about it before, but if I had, I wouldn't have thought of you wearing anything so prosaic as that.. I do, because their comfortable and warm, but.... well, as I said, I don't know you as well as I'd like.. And I'm damned if I'll move to Berkeley... But you put out good fanzines, and marry ghod fans, so you is a ghod kid, none the less...

Yours,

Rick

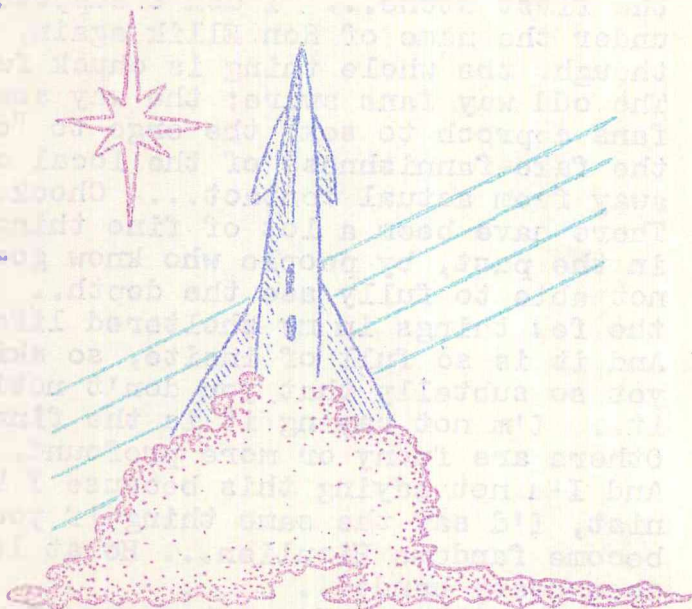
Rick, you are the great fan. No matter what you say, you say it so darn cleverly, originally, and sneaky. Hmmm, "...makes...Burbee seem heavy handed." Zooks!

You wear flannelette pyjamas, too, huh Rick? How 'bout that? But then again, "I don't know you nearly as well as I'd like." Oh well.

I too wish Anna would enter into fanzine fanning.

I believe that the Balto. group has selected D.C.'s fine Mayflower Hotel for the con-site. I'm also under the impression that they are getting a good deal money-wise. Ted, fill us in, hey? -ndc

JOHN TRIMBLE, c/o Ron Ellik,
Apt. #7, 2444 Virginia St.,
Berkeley 4, California



G. M. Carr, as usual, has provoked comment from me.

You know, Grannie Carr, it's plain hard to tell ANY group of people from any other group. Why, at the '55 Westercon, I was approached by a kindly looking, gray-haired, grandmotherish old lady, who turned out to be a rabid, Palmerish saucer addict. You never know.

I haven't ever tried to tell a Holy Roller from a Saucer devotee just by looking at them, either. But then, one is a religious group, such as the Mormon, Presbyterian, or Catholic Churches, and the other an enthusiast group, such as bowlers, fans, and other hobbyists. I'll admit that the Holy Rollers and Saucer addicts seem to go to extremes, but then so have the Mormon and Catholic Churches from time to time, and so do other interest or hobby

groups.

Another question, Grannie: What stylistic rut is Rotsler in? I'd like to know about this, too. Gee a de-rutted Rotsler might be twice the fun the rutted one is.

Re Leman's "play": Would like to see that put on at some con or other.

Well, Gem? Care to argue with John? And do explain Rotsler's faults. I'm interested. mdc

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md.

Even though you are going to marry a publishing giant, some of us old and tired fans aren't capable of coping with deadlines quite so readily. As a result, I am late, past the deadline that you established, for commenting on your kindness in sending MOOR PARK.

For I did enjoy this very much, despite the natural suspicion that you are really Carl Brandon. All of the fan publications coming from your general area look, feel and read quite similar in many ways, and only the fact that you can write two consecutive sentences without resorting to jive slang causes me to have some faith that you really exist.

You may not have realized it, but you did a remarkable thing in this issue, drawing together several prominent-type people who haven't been heard from very often in recent months, Burb, Rotsler, and Bloch. Bloch's article is devastatingly complete, with one exception. He doesn't mention the one thing that makes me realize how small the British Isles really are, the absence of house numbers above 75 or thereabouts. I get a mental image of every street in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and similar places spilling off into a bay or ocean or channel or something as soon as you walk along the street far enough to reach what should be the 100 block. It must have taken a lot of thought and ingenuity to think up enough names for streets, when they seem to be able to get fewer than a hundred houses onto each street.

I'd hardly want to give my preference for the three people I'd most like to have in my house, until I knew something more about the conditions of the offer. Would they be dead or alive when they came through the door, how long would they be staying and would they realize that it was a momentous occasion? I would pick for three dead relatives over any famous man or woman who ever lived, if they were to arrive in live condition and to stay indefinitely.

I think that every newspaper could be as entertaining as the San Francisco Chronicle sections that you quote, if its publishers

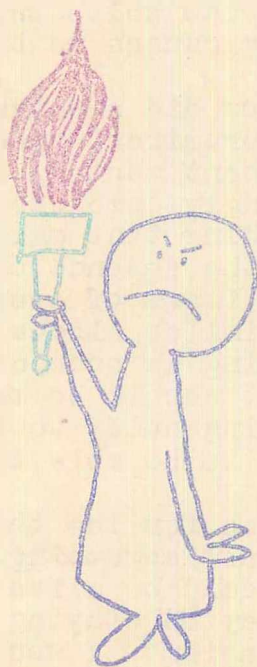
would unbend sufficiently. Here in town we almost go bats because of the delightful stories that are withheld from print because of policy. Just the other day, a large plate glass window in a downtown store got smashed. The news account said that a man fell against it. We didn't print the truth: this man was just standing there when his pal snuck up behind him and goosed him.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Mercer Jr.

Harry, I'm very unhappy to have to admit this, but I lost your letter on UNEVEN. Not only did I get married at the end of January, but to add further to the chaos, I move. I wonder if I lost any other letters during that confusing time. Very sorry, really I am. Won't do it again. And thanx anyway. (I've devised a filing system of sorts, since between the two of us, we have a veritable houseful of fan stuff around. It should alleviate the confusion somewhat. We hope!) -mdc

Many thanx to Dan Adkins, Rich Brown, Jim Caughran, Brian Donahue, Archie Mercer, Felice Rolfe, Larry Shaw, and Guy Terwilleger for their letters. Just didn't have room thish. But be not miffed-- and do write again. -mdc



"My mission in life is to save fans from fandom."

--Dave Van Ronk