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# HOCUS

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HOCUS, edited and published by Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Avenue, Millburn, New Jersey, U.S.A. Single copies; 10¢. Trades accepted, Contributors and letter writers get free copies, as do any who may have ego-boo in here.

Apoligies belong to Robert Lambeck, who's first part of his DETENTION report was mercilessly slashed by the editor. Any faults in it were due to me and not the author. I hope the second part will be better received.

Send 75¢ to Ron Ellick #6, 1909 Francisco St., Berkely 9, Calif. for a copy of THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE, 102 pages of wit, satire and fiction by Charles Burbee

Cast you votes for Brother Frank Jares now,  
be sure to do it at your local pollong place. Harry, don't miss out.



# DECKINGER'S DRIVEL

by  
Mike  
Deckinger

This whole issue is being typed out in a brand new typeface on a new (well new to me anyway, Royal). It's smaller than my former model (the typeface, that is) and cuts the stencil much better. Also, I purchased a new lettering guide which is being used for several headings, and which I've grown quite fond of. You'll be seeing more of that one too.

For the express purpose of distributing ego-boo where it belongs, I'm going to give a rundown of last issues contents, with an approximate summary of how the readers (you, YOU) felt about the items. And to commence:

Cover (Prosser): This was undoubtedly the most talked about cover in the history of HOCUS. It was regarded by many as being repulsive, disgusting, obscene, but no one doubted that it was a finely-detailed masterpiece. The subject matter was criticized, but everyone agreed it was excellantly stenciled.

30 Days at Hard Labor (Bloch): The only dissent on this I heard from George Wells who wanted a humorous article by Bob, and was irked that this was not in his usual vein. That, of course is true, but Bloch can write good ser-con material too, you know.

As I see It (Milroad): This drew surprisingly little comment, either pro or con. The general reaction to this installment was one of passive acceptance though many felt he should devote his time to more fannish subjects. I concur.

A Conn. Yankee at the DETENTION (Lambeck): The biggest complaints about this were lodged at me by the author himself, who stated I censored to much of it, for which I can only plead guilty. Everyone else seemed to enjoy it. I hope Bob will like part 2 better.

Classified Ads: No complaints. All who commented on it liked it.

Trouble with Aus. Fandom (Stone): This was the most commented on item in the zine, which came as a surprise to me. Everybody, but everybody disagreed with Stone's views on the U.S., fantasy etc.etc.. Len Moffat's letter printed elsewhere pretty well sums things up.

Food of the Dodds (Dodd): The majority enjoyed it, and only 2 who wrote in said they didn't like all the puns.

A Reply to Mr. Hamlin and Durham (Durkom): Bill must be losing his touch, because several letter writers agreed with him. That is, they agreed with his remarks in re: to baseball.

Vic's Pick's (Ryan): No particular contraversey involved here.

Letters: Ditto.

The most widely asked question of me, was who-the-hell is Brother Frank Jares? Well I know, and Dodd knows, and I'm pretty sure that Don Franson knows. I don't want to go into detail about him, but Brother Frank is the person best suited for the winning of TAFF, the Presidency, and anything else he may care to run for.. Beleive me, he does exist, and that is no lie. He's a man that doesn't know what it means to lie, doesn't know what it means to swindle, doesn't know what it means to cheat. He's rather stupid, you see. But

(continued on p.18)



# ARKHAM HOUSE

## A PROGRESS REPORT

By: A u g u s t D e r l e t h

Arkham House was established and continued on the basis of an important premise — that the House would always have a solid, unwavering core of patrons to buy every title bearing the imprint as it was published. Despite some fluctuations in numbers, this core has continued to exist throughout the twenty years of Arkham House. Filling prepaid orders for Lovecraft's The Shuttered Room and Other Pieces in November turned up some interesting statistics—only 20% of the original Arkham House patrons remain on our lists, not because of defection from the ranks, but simply because death has thinned their ranks, suggesting that a majority of the original patrons of Arkham House were mid-leaged and older; 60% have been with us ten years or more; 40% are comparative newcomers, i.e., within the last ten years.

To some degree, the hard core has shrunk — on an average, by something like 50%. At the same time, production costs have risen astronomically for small printings, such as those of Arkham House, and these two factors have combined to restrict Arkham House publications — in addition, of course, to the limiting factor of my own non-Arkham House interests, which embrace teaching, book reviewing, lecturing, and writing (rather voluminously, as non-fans perhaps know better than fans, whose reading tends to be more limited). A contrast between meeting costs early in our existence and today is illuminating: advance prepaid orders in the 1943-1948 period enabled Arkham House to meet 75% of the production costs of each book as it was released; today prepaid orders come to 25% of the title cost by publication date. And, whereas a mid-1940's Arkham House book had fully paid for itself in three months, at most, spurring production of further books, it now takes upwards of a year for an Arkham House book to meet production costs — and this is slightly misleading, for in point of fact it is sales of new books plus sales of older books which meet costs. Only two Arkham House books published since 1950 have met their own costs without assistance from the back lists within six months of publication date; these were The Survivor and Others, by H.P. Lovecraft and August Derleth, and my own The Return of Solar Pons, under our



Mycroft & Moran imprint. At publication date, The Shuttered Room and other Pieces was 50% of the way, very largely because of the Lovecraft byline.

I think that no intelligent reader needs to be told that no essentially small publisher of limited editions, bringing out relatively costly books -- i.e. hardbound, of good quality -- could exist if it were not for other factors. Our backlist, for instance, is important, even though Arkham House is fast approaching the time when many -- most, in fact -- of the books bearing the Arkham imprint will be out of print. Our 1960 catalogue, for instance, will no longer include Howard's Skull Face and Others, Long's The Hounds of Tindalos, Smith's The Dark Chateau, etc.etc. Even more important, have been the earnings of my own, non-fantasy books; the Junior Literary Guild selection (and payment therefor) of my two novels, The Moon Tenders and The Mill Creek Irregulars, paid for the two Arkham House chapbooks of 1959. A stint as visiting lecturer at the University of Wisconsin paid 50% of the production costs of The Shuttered Room and Other Pieces. Even so, fundamentally, the most reliable source of Arkham House income is still the direct-mail-order patron, who unhesitatingly, trusts Arkham House with advance payments, knowing that in 20 years the affairs of Arkham House have been and are conducted with absolute honesty and integrity, despite, sometimes, a good deal of extra labor. (For example, a dozen patrons absentmindedly ordered and paid for The Shuttered Room twice, which became evident on the day that books were shipped out to patrons; within 24 hours of shipment, all 12 were notified of their oversight). And, since Arkham House, is -- basically a one man venture, it is manifest that every additional task is time consuming.

In 20 years, Arkham House has made for itself, its own small niche in the publishing world. It remains unique. But I do not envision any expanded program -- at most, two books a year, with perhaps and additional chapbook now and then -- such Chapbooks as Smith's illustrated book on his weird carvings in stone, or Wetzel's comprehensive Lovecraft bibliography, or Lovecraft's long essay on reading habits. The 1960 program for Arkham House will include Smith's The Abominations of Yondo and La Spina's vampire classic, Invaders from the Dark, plus, perhaps, the Smith chapbook if it is ready. For 1961, thus far, only Wakefield's Strayers from Sheol is contemplated for Arkham House, though The Reminiscences of Solar Pons will come under the Mycroft & Moran imprint; and, if advance sales of the 1960 titles warrant it, Arkham will also bring out the long deferred The Trail of Cthulhu.

Some provision always must be made for other, non-Arkham books, primarily because these sell well enough to help Arkham House. Thus, early next Spring, the press will run off again 2,000 copies of my historical novel, Bright Journey; 50% of this reprint order has already been ordered, and, in fact, the reprint will be paid for on publication, after which 1,000 books in the House will, at \$3.50 a copy, be contributing towards the support of Arkham House books, as do all my non-Arkham House volumes, which is one reason occasional Arkham catalogs contain full listings of such books.

Beyond 1961, the most significant looming event is publication in 1962 of H.P. Lovecraft's monumental omnibus, Selected Letters. This book was originally announced at \$5.00, then increased to \$6.50 -- and now I very much doubt that it can be sold for less than \$10 or \$15 a copy, so much have production costs advanced. Arkham House contemplates only 1,000 copies of this omnibus, since readers are not as much interested in non-fiction by Lovecraft, as in fiction. But it is possible that publication may be deferred to 1964. The earlier year is the 25th anniversary of Lovecraft's death, a target date Arkham



House would like to meet, even though it means the preparation of 1,000 pages of typescript, if not more. The 1961 date represents the 25th anniversary of Arkham House, and the omnibus will very definitely be published in either 1962 or 1964, preferably the former.

Waiting in the wings are other fine books — Robert Bloch's second collection, Pleasant Dreams; Manly Wade Wellman's first collection, Worse Things Waiting; Frank Belknap Long's fine novel in the Cthulhu mythos, The Horror from the Hills; the late Howard Wandrei's memorial collection, Time Burial; and the last Lovecraft novel, The Watchers out of Time, if time and circumstances permit my getting at the work and making it ready for publication. These are only the immediate titles; still others are in prospect — all those listed in Arkham House, The First 20 years, and some others — among them one tentatively titled Ghosts and Marvels: New Poems of the Macabre, for which contributions from a wide variety of poets, including Jesse Stuart, Clark Ashton Smith, Donald Wandrei, R.H. Barlow, George Abbe, Leah Bodine Drake, Harold Vinal, Frank Belknap Long, Lilith Lorraine, Joseph Payne Brennan, Vincent Starrett, Felix Stefanile, Manly Wade Wellman, and others have already been received. This, too, is hoped for as a 1961 publication, if all goes well.

There does not seem to be much pure science fiction on the Arkham House list in the foreseeable future, not because of a prejudice against the form, but simply because Arkham House cannot hope to compete, even on an unequal basis, with paperback publications and with the wider distribution of those well established major publishers who carry science fiction lines. It is the intention of Arkham House to concentrate on non-science fiction fantasy, but the door is always open to something really unique and different in any field, science fiction included.

The very fact that Arkham House continues its existence and continues to publish indicates that fundamental progress has been made from inauguration of the imprint in 1939. That it continued in the face of very averse conditions, which reached a very low sales average in 1955, only to climb to ten times the 1955 average four years later, indicates that the House is stable. Whereas, in the 1949-1957 period Arkham House operated steadily in the red, Arkham House today is in the black — precariously true — but still, in the black, which is a far cry from the years in which Arkham House was in debt to our printers from the beginning of the year to the end in a never-ending circle.

On the continuing support of our patrons, and on the continuing good health of the editor rests the future of Arkham House.

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(continued from p.15)

At 9:30 some Solacon films were shown, the high point of them being, of course, Bjo's Saran-wrap costume. This was followed by a showing of the LASFS made film, THE GENI, with Forry, Bjo, and Fritz Leiber. Fritz Leiber was a geni who had offered to grant a man, Forry Ackerman, any three wishes. First he conjured up a dancing girl, Bjo. Then he performed a wish for Forry with startling results.

At about a quarter to eleven, Garrett started talking about fans earning the right to treat pros as equal etc.etc. It developed into quite a discussion. I got a ride home with Alan Lewis and Ray Shaeffer and arrived there at 3 A.M. It had been a GREAT CON. I'm looking forward to Pittsburgh next year. But I'm going to get a hotel room for an extra day (at least) so I can recuperate.



A CONNECTICUT YANKEE AT THE DETENTION (PART 2).  
by Robert N. Lambek

On Sunday, I returned to the hotel at about a quarter past nine in the morning. I passed Rick Sneary as I crossed the street to the hotel.

I walked up to the second floor and headed for the N3F room (my home away from home, I guess). Alma Hill was there, of course, and Janie Lamb, who didn't look at all like a grandmother. I got to work matting pictures (I'd remembered to bring the cardboard). Later, Frank & Belle Dietz came in and left a typewriter, with instructions that no one should touch it. After looking it over, I didn't see how anyone could operate it (there's a trick to it, I found out), but decided I might as well keep people away from it, since they probably couldn't use it anyway.

At about a quarter of eleven, I wandered over towards the meeting rooms to see if anyone was awake. There wasn't too much activity, so I wandered back to the N3F room where I found Ralph Holland (along with Alma and Janie). Ralph was quite a surprise for me. I had expected him to be, younger, thinner, and black haired (as I said, I think everyone should look the way I do). However, instead, Ralph was older, stockier, and with hair of a sort of greyish, tan color.

I wandered back to the second floor lobby again, spotted Andy Young, and listened to Sims and some others on the con committee, discussing when things could best be rescheduled for. It didn't sound like they were getting anywhere, but it made amusing listening. Too bad I didn't have a tape recorder with me at the time.

I walked back to the Cass Room and sat down. At 11:12, the talk on Edgar Rice Burroughs started. Clarence B. Hayde of the Pittsburgh SF Society gave a brief biography of Burroughs, a list of the magazines he was published in and what stories he had written, how he had described Mars and its inhabitants, how he had predicted radar, a short talk on his seven stories of life under the Earth, how Burroughs preferred his characters to use old weapons like swords, but brought in ray guns just in time to save the hero, and how many Tarzan books had been published (100,000,000).

There followed a question and answer session, during which Seth Johnson wandered in, stayed for awhile, and then left.

After this, there was an auction in the Shelby room. However, the Shelby room was too crowded with display tables for the auction, so it was called off for a short while and moved to the crystal room. Harlan Ellison was auctioning. He was yelling about the originals going for ridiculously low prices. Finally, when the fans just wouldn't warm up and start spending, he had everyone that had a dollar come up front. He gave them each a couple of originals, grab-bag fashion, and had them hand in the dollar. As a special item, he auctioned off some comic books, with art by ATOM. And, although they were TARZAN comics, they had characters with fanciful names, including a gun carrying jungle guide named Yngvi. A small packet of these comics went for \$4. A large packet for \$10.

More paintings were auctioned off, and a couple of manuscripts, and then the auction was closed...for the moment.

I had given a high bid on one of the manuscripts, but Harlan hadn't seen it. I explained this situation to him, and got THE CHANGELING WORLDS by Ken Bulmer for \$3 after the auction.



The banquet was at 1:30. The only reason that this went off on time was that the hotel was putting it on...not the con committee.

After everyone was supposedly through eating, they took the banquet photo. Then Doc Smith presented a plaque on behalf of the N3F to Forry Ackerman to be taken to Los Angeles and be presented to E.E. Evans' widow, Thelma.

Then he presented the first annual E.E. Evans award to Bob Bloch. The actual trophy was in Los Angeles and was to be sent to Bob within a week.

Then Asimov got up and announced Bob Bloch was assistant toastmaster (Asimov was the toastmaster) and that he has hoped to see Tony Boucher at the con. Then he related how one morning at the con he received a call to his room that there was a telegram for him. Since he couldn't think of anyone who'd have reason to telegram him who knew he was at the con, he assumed it was his wife and that some emergency had come up. So...he rushed out of his room and into his pajamas...down seven flights of stairs and grabbed the telegram which said: "Best wishes for a successful convention from just another fan." Asimov said he hopes that some day he'll meet the joker who sent that telegram.

Then John Berry got up. He said that when he'd heard he was coming to America, he'd read up on the country and that the book which impressed him the most about the U.S. was PEYTON PLACE. He wasn't to impressed with the Statue of Liberty, he said, but that was probably due to the fact that he had been with Dick Eney (6'4") at the time.

Asimov then introduced Bob Bloch, who said many things, but probably the quote that sticks longest in my mind is: "I'm wearing contact lenses, I need them to see as far as my glasses." He welcomed John Berry, and relinquished the floor to Asimov...who introduced Poul Anderson, who stood up and said: Brace yourselves. This is going to be interminable." It was a diversified speech. He started talking about his Morris car, but remembered that he was in Detroit and changed the subject. Then he talked about how to spell Asimov. After considerable trouble

with it and several wrong attempts, he confided that it was "vomisa" spelled backwards. He also talked about critics of sf, and how sf books that aren't called sf sell big. In popular literature, there are two categories for science fiction: 1) "science fiction" (that crazy Buck Rogers stuff), and 2) "this unusual novel" (which is the type like ON THE BEACH).

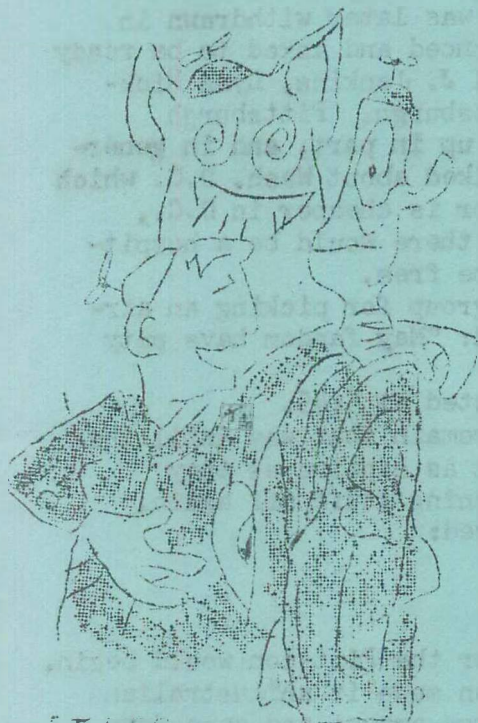
Then Poul re-introduced "Eich Askmooff", who got around to the Hugo awards. He appointed Bob Bloch as assistant. Asimov took the envelope, handed it to Bloch, who opened it and read the contents.

AWARD FOR THE BEST NOVEL: Bloch opens it, Asimov says: LOLITA?, and Bloch reads: A CASE OF CONSCIENCE by James Blisch.

AWARD FOR THE BEST NOVELETTE (the female form of the novel, as Asimov says) Bloch opens it and reads: LADY CHATTERLY'S LOV..... THE BIG FRONT YARD by Clifford Simak.

AWARD FOR THE BEST SHORT STORY: Bloch was struck speechless and Asimov had to read it: THE HELL-BOUND TRAIN by Robert Bloch.

AWARD FOR THE BEST SF MOVIE: Bloch reads no award and there is wild applause from the fans. Asimov asks if Ackerman will come up and accept the award.



STILES



AWARD FOR THE BEST ARTIST: (although Asimov was in favor of an award for the best artist's model): Frank Kelly Freas.

AWARD FOR THE BEST SF MAGAZINE: THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION.

AWARD FOR THE BEST FANZINE: FANAC. Ron Ellick accepted for Terry Carr and himself.

AWARD FOR THE BEST NEW AUTHOR: There was a large amount of votes cast for NO AWARD, but of the other votes, it was a runaway for Brian W. Aldiss. Berry accepted the award for Aldiss, since he was the fan most likely to be in the area of Ireland in the near future.

Then George Nims Raybird got up and announced that the gift of a typewriter to John Berry by the CRYnacks got fouled up, but would be waiting for him when he got back to New York.

Then everyone went upstairs for the voting. The yelling started at 4:48. Earl Kemp put in a bid for Chicago, which was later withdrawn in favor of Pittsburgh. The Ballot Counters were announced and asked to be ready to start counting (Dick Eney, Marion Mallinger, Will J. Jenkins, Lynn Hickman, Steve Schultheis). Doc Barrett talked for Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh had info on hotel rates all ready, a program lined up in part, and in general were prepared for the con. Then Sylvia White talked about Wash. D.C. which had nothing lined up for the con, except that liquor is cheaper in D.C., due to less taxes. Then the Pitt group announced there would be a hospitality room at the con hotel where the liquor would be free.

John W. Campbell complimented the Detroit group for picking an air-conditioned hotel for the con. Sims got up and said: "May fandom have pity on the city that wins."

The ballots were passed out and then collected at 5:45.

Since the doors had been locked and would remain that way until the ballots had been counted, and the audience was about as captive as they come, Harlan Ellison got up front and started auctioning stuff off again.

Eventually, the voting results were announced:

Philadelphia.....	13
Washington.....	71
Pittsburgh.....	134

It was announced that at 7:30 enrollment for the Pitt-con would begin.

Then there was some more auctioning. Harlan made it an "Australian Auction" this time. He started by yelling out a large amount and came down a little at a time. The first person who called out what got the item for whatever price Harlan had asked. After a while of this, he went back to regular auctioning.

I walked back to the N3F room and met Alan J. Lewis, and then wandered back to the auction and talked a while with Bob Coulson.

At 7:30 I went to the Crystal Room to see the movie that were on the schedule. They started at 7:45 and were all by Ed Emsh. Furthermore, they were in color, with sound provided by a tape recorder.

The first film showed how he did cover art, some abstracts, and a time abstract. The second was titled "The Big Vacation." It was a sort of animated film, done with cut-outs from magazines rather than drawings. Hilarious! The third film was another time-abstract. The fourth had won a prize in international competition for the best experimental film. It was titled DANCE CHROMATIC, and a tape was played to prove almost synchronized sound. The film was a combination of modern dance, modern jazz, and abstract art. Exceptionally beautiful.

I was going to compliment Ed Emsh on it, but he was apparently pretty well occupied with Karen Anderson so I didn't bother.



The Pro-Editor's panel began at 8:35. Hans Santesson (FANTASTIC UNIVERSE) said that his mag will be larger, they are starting a fanzine review section, more material of interest to fans, and there will be 2 picture reports of the DETENTION. He announced that there were free copies of FU up front, which resulted in a minor stampede.

Cele Goldsmith (AMAZING, FANTASTIC) said that they're trying to increase the quality of the material they use.

John W. Campbell (ASTOUNDING) said that beginning with November, ASF would go to 50¢ all over the U.S. In January they're going to add 16 pages of slick paper with fact articles and photos. Ed Wood groaned when John said he may have 16 pages for his editorial. John also mentioned that Street & Smith had been sold, but that would not affect ASF, and soon they would have a new Poul Anderson novel about an alien space-navy landing on Earth in 1345.

Then there was a question and answer period.

Q: Will there be more by Jack Sharkey?

Goldsmith: Yes, if it's good enough to print.

Q: Why are these changes in ASTOUNDING?

Campbell: To make it worth 50¢.

Q: Do you admit fantasy, and if not, how do you tell the difference?

Santesson: We use it if it's good. FANTASTIC UNIVERSE will have fantasy.

Goldsmith: We would like more good fantasy. Most of it will be in FANTASTIC, although some of it will be in AMAZING.

Campbell: The readers of ASTOUNDING apparently don't like fantasy.

Q: (Seth Johnson) Why is there a conspiracy of silence on fan activities, the Fanzine Clearing House, and other fan projects? (This question apparently aroused some comment about the N3F, and Belle Deitz later attempted to show Seth why he shouldn't have asked the question, or shouldn't have asked it the way he did.)

Santesson: I've been criticized for printing too much fan news.

Campbell: Just news about the "worldcon, since I don't want everyone appealing for publicity.

Goldsmith: We print the letter. (Seth had mentioned that she censored all mention of the N3F or any fan projects).

Santesson: We will be running science fact articles in the future.

The panel broke up at 9:00, I got a free copy of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, and Harlan started auctioning again.

At ten minutes to 10 I returned to the Crystal Room where the lecture on Mars was already in progress. Dr. Dean B. McLaughlin explained the dark bands (and canals) on Mars by showing that they could be caused by dust settling from volcanic explosions. However, he said that vegetation may also cause some of the darkness as it grows in the volcanic soil and gets moisture from the volcanos.

Then came "Critics Clash". Damon Knight talked on What's Good in Science Fiction and P. Schuyler Miller talked on What's Bad in Science Fiction. Damon made the point that sf should include the feelings of both fantasy and reality.

At 11:28 the fan-editor's panel began: Bjo was moderator. The panel consisted of Wally Weber, Ron Ellick, Boyd Raeburn, John Berry, Lynn Hickman and Ted White.

Bjo: What kind of fanzine do you publish?

Weber: I work on CRY OF THE NAMELESS, a generalzine and sort of a letterzine.

White: VOID, which was started in 1955 by Gregg & Jim Benford. It's a generalzine.

Ellick: FANAC, news and fanac.



Boyd Raeburn: General type fanzine.

John Barry: (Simply because I do not state that a person said anything, does not mean he did not say anything. It merely means that I did not write down whatever he said, or couldn't remember it when I got around to writing).

Lynn Hickman: JD-ARGASSY. News.

Bjo: Why do you publish? What do you look for? What is the importance of publishing to you?

Weber: "Why do we publish CRY? Cry wants to be published and it won't let us stop. We do enjoy it. We look for the letters coming in. The third question is a stinker. It's a place to get my name published."

White: "Now, will you repeat the first part? ...Egoboo, to trade for others, since we can't sub to all. The importance was to establish myself as some sort of person in fandom, at first, and later just for kicks."

Ellik: "We wanted to circulate news. If it weren't for the U.S. mail, we wouldn't get the slanderous stuff we publish."

Raeburn: It "started as a club one-shot...saw about three issues as a one-shot and then it died." Then it started as a generalzine with material that Raeburn liked and that he thought others would like.

Berry: "The questions have been very eloquently answered by the rest."

Bjo: "What is your aim, and do you have a particular dream idea of a fanzine?"

Hickman: "...put out something you like to put out."

Berry: "Fun."

Ellik: "A pair of book ends." (Another HUGO and he'll have them).

White: "monthly fanzine not duplicating any of the other monthly fanzines" "...publish the kind of fanzine that pleases us."

Weber: "Berry material, letter from every fan, automatic stencilling, duplicating, stapling, mailing."

Bjo: "How did you get started, and how was your fanzine named?"

Weber: "There was a convention in Portland, so we formed a fanclub to go to the con. The clubzine was called SINISTERRA. CRY OF THE NAMELESS was used as the title of reports on the meeting. Then it grew."

White: "I didn't start it."

Ellik: Terry and him were driving along in a car, when Terry said, "Let's publish a weekly fanzine." Many things passed through Ron's mind, but he didn't do any of them since Terry was driving. Some people have said that Carr & Ellik started FANAC specifically to win a HUGO, but this didn't occur to them until after they'd published three or four issues.

Raeburn: Club one-shot. The title in the colloquial sense means "go to hell."

Bjo: How did you get your material, and what do you think should be done about repro, paper, ink, staples, and mailing lists?"

Berry: "There should be lots of staples."

Raeburn: "Most fans use light-duty staples which only hold a few pages together."

Bjo: "According to the P.O., a fanzine closed with only one staple is not sealed matter."

Ellik: "The P.O. has a complete set of rules and instructions for fanzines, but no P.O. employee uses them."

White: He staples both corners shut with heavy staples, and the readers probably loose their fingernails trying to get them apart.

Ellik: Terry has an antique Underwood. Ron has a ten year old Royal. They have an ABDick 77B electric mimeo, and sometimes uses the LASFS Gestetner.

Raeburn: "I use a Gestetner because they're available."

Hickman: With multilith you can run photos, art etc.etc. for as many copies as you want, and the supplies are cheaper, although the initial cost is quite high.



Raeburn: "A trufan cranks."

Ellik: "It used to be possible to make a mailing list out of prozine lettercolumns or fanzine lettercolumns. Or even from personal correspondents."

Bjo: Is there anything about fanzines today that you especially deplore?

Berry: Fanzine reviews by people who don't know how to review them.

Raeburn: youngsters reviewing anything.

White: Dodd's reviews of crud movies.

Ed Wood: Merely because a magazine is popular doesn't mean that it is great. Many great mags have folded.

Ellik: "We are distinguished despite the HUGO."

At 1:27, Bjo closed the panel as a formal panel, but that didn't stop the discussions. It then evolved into a free-for-all. At 3:07 Bjo urged everyone to get out of the Crystal Room. The last thing to occur before that time was David Kyle's talk (extemporaneous) on the differences between sf and fandom of several years ago and the present. Before, sf was of the type that explained "how" things happened...the mechanistic facts. Fandom was working to make people aware that science fiction existed. Now, sf is concerned with inner motives, feelings, the "why" of the occurrences. Fandom now has to make people realize that there is good science fiction and bad science fiction...that it isn't all crud. That there is a good and bad in it, just as in all literature.

During the panel discussion and free-for-all, they'd been bringing in cokes and beer from the Cass Room, which was again set up as a bar.

As I left the Crystal Room, I noticed Harlan Ellison talking about ROGUE (he's associate editor) so I stopped to listen. After awhile, we all went to his room and continued talking. I counted between 20 and 30 people in his room at various times during the morning.

Harlan showed the newstand issue of ROGUE, and then the next issue. He explained what he was trying to do to improve the mag and what other editor were doing to (in his opinion) ruin it. Then he got on to Rock & Roll. He said that the lyrics were ruining the morals of today's teenagers. I said: "I like Rock & Roll, what's wrong with a good beat?" Bruce Pelz answered: "The only good beat is a deadbeat."

Then Harlan told about an incident on the airplane. Some guy sat down next to him and tried to start a conversation. After several attempts, the guy said: "You're not very friendly, are you?" Harlan said: "In my business I can't afford to be friendly." The guy asked, "What business are you in?" Harlan said: "I'm a paid assassin." The guy hurriedly left and spent the rest of the trip in the lounge, and the stewardess stayed on the opposite side of the aisle when passing Harlan's seat.

Jim Harmon was there too, and got to talking about the ocr incident ('54 Midwesterncon). It seemed that Harmon and some others were squirting water guns in through Harlan's window, and he didn't want to be disturbed (he was talking with a girl), so he threw a bucket of water out the window. Harmon was pretty well inebriated at that time and some of the faans talked him into going up after Harlan. Harlan was in his room when he heard Harmon running down the hall. The stomping got louder...and louder...and finally Harmon hit Harlan's door. The door bowed inward. (The door was a couple of inches of good solid wood, so you can get an idea of the momentum that Harmon must have built up). Harmon kept repeating his performance, while Harlan was inside trying to keep the door on its hinges and yelling for Harmon to get away. The fans outside were yelling Harmon on. Harlan is short, and a little on the thin side, so even with the door in between, Harmon was bound to get into the room eventually. He didn't care for this, since it wouldn't like right for Harlan to have the girl in the room with him. Eventually the door splint-



ered, came off the hinges, and Harmon was wedged in. Harlan started slugging him, and a firecracker went off outside. Harlan was later accused of setting the firecracker, but with the door in his way and he being busy with Harmon, I doubt that he did it. Finally, Harmon was extracted from the door, and Ellison noticed that somehow, during the disturbance, the girl had slipped out unnoticed. A collection was taken up for the door.

After relating a tale about Randy Garrett, Harlan modeled a few shirts for everyone, and then went outside so he could model his little foreign car. It was 5 A.M., and not having had any sleep, I wasn't seeing too clearly, and was in no condition to remember anything. Anyway, Harlan took off in his car. I don't remember whether there was a girl with him or not, 'I've heard varying accounts of the happenings since then.

I had breakfast at 5:30 A.M., along with most of the others who had been in Harlan's room (Art Hayes, Alan J. Lewis, Ted and Sylvia White, some East coast fans, some fan who had consumed at least a pitcher of beer, and others). I was going to have a hamburger for breakfast, to make up for the lack of dinner, but since they don't have any buns for a hamburger there, I settled for french toast, which was quite good.

As I and the aforementioned others left the restaurant after eating, we yelled: "Last one out is a neo-fan." I wonder what the non-fans in the restaurant thought of this.

I, and a few others who had gathered outside the restaurant spotted a light on the eighth floor, and went into the hotel and tried to find the room, thinking maybe it was a party. We tried floors 2, 4, 6, 8, 18, and 19, just to make sure, but there was nothing going on. We used the elevator for everything except getting to the eighth floor, for which we used the fire escapes in order not to bother the elevator operator more than necessary. Up on the 19th floor, we were put on the fire escape, seeing who could get the dizzyest. It's a great view, looking 19 stories straight down through the slot-  
ted floor of a fire-escape.

I then went down to the second floor foyer and tried to sleep on one of the couches there (they were too short, too narrow, no arms, no back, but I tried). At 8:30 we were shooed out by the cleaning staff (myself and several others who didn't have hotel rooms) and tried to sleep down in the first floor lobby, which just couldn't be done.

I called home saying that I had intended to get a ride home the previous night with Ray Schaeffer and Al Lewis, but we'd stayed up all night at the hotel instead. My mother said it was all right with her, but be sure to get home sometime. About 9:00 in the lobby I was feeling better. Juanita Coulson spotted me and said I must have been a true fan to have recovered so quickly.

A while later I checked to see if the hotel magazine store had ROGUE. It didn't, so I had to settle for PLAYBOY and a photo annual.

At 10:10 I had a second breakfast with Bob Coulson. I had a glass of milk, and talked incoherently whenever I wasn't drinking. I guess I hadn't recovered as much as Juanita had thought I had.

At 11:00 in the Cass Room, the Hyborian Legion held its meeting. Karen Anderson delivered greetings on behalf of Poul Anderson who was to have delivered greetings on behalf of L. Sprague DeCamp.

At about a quarter past twelve, Doc Smith gave a talk on how he gets his ideas for his stories. He does it by "pure speculation."

At 12:30 the auction resumed. Gregg Trend saw me and stated that I looked like a skid-row bum. I felt like one, so I didn't dispute him. After a while of auctioning, they drew raffle tickets for the magazine subscriptions. To get rid of a surplus of tickets, they sold an armful for \$2.00 only five minutes



before the drawing. With ticket number 394,500, Bjo won subs (1 year) to 10 sf mags plus a bonus sub to ROGUE. The next ticket drawn was only three numbers away from mine. The rest of the tickets were further and further away. Jim Caughran won the raffle for the first copy of FANCYCLOPEDIA III. Then the auction started again.

At about half past one, John Campbell talked on "The Right to be Wrong." It is his thought, that it's our duty to make bold, dogmatic statements that ... can be proven wrong, since qualified statements cannot be proven wrong and tend to stop progress. During the talk, I got into an argument with Khan & Gregg Trend and someone else about how to spell night. (Campbell had started off his talk with: "Night is spelled n-i-g-h-t-", and we all disagreed with him and thought it should be spelled different ways). The argument was carried on, half verbal, half written. I still favor the spelling: "nast".

After Campbell's talk, McLaughlin asked all authors who had work published in Astounding or UNKNOWN to come forward. They got up on the stage and SANG. Nice little song, with the chorus: No, John, No, John, No, John, NO!" Karen Anderson will be publishing the words in her SAPSgine.

Then Harlan Ellison got up again, and announced that the Berry Fund had run short, due to Berry's trip to the west Coast. So he decided to auction off Bjo for the Send Berry Back to Ireland Fund. Nobody could afford Bjo though, since Harlan had drained all the cash from the audience in the previous auctions.

So, several people got together with a buck each and bought Bjo. She drew an illo for each of them.

Then came the Fan Turned Pro panel. Jim Harmon substituted for Bob Tucker. Ed Wood was the moderator. It went like this:

Marion Zimmer Bradley: A fan turns pro because he doesn't like the way sf is being written, even though he loves sf. He writes it the way he believes it should be written.

Harlan Ellison: I've heard for years that in sf writing the author's imagination has unlimited freedom, but the writer's hands are actually tied. There's more freedom in mainstream writing.

Samuel Knight: I agree with Harlan on the restrictions of sf writers.

Larry Shaw: A magazine is something special... a continuing personality.

Both Silverburg and Jim Harmon also put in their few minutes and then everyone got going during the question and answer session and rebuttals of previous statements.

Harlan Ellison is in favor of more experimental writing in the sf field. Marion Zimmer Bradley is in favor of catering to the whims of the readers. Harlan is against this, because he writes in order to say something. Marion Zimmer Bradley apparently doesn't have any problems with slanting and restricting her writing.

The final auction was held at 4:20.

A play was scheduled for 5:45. At 6:30, before the play, Judith Merrill gave a short talk on "The Men is Science Fiction." She related how she went about putting out an sf anthology, and how much help she got from Tony Boucher.

At 6:50, the play "Beyond the Unknown" finally occurred. It was based on a script by Dean McLaughlin. Some of the actors were Randy Garrett, Fritz Leiber, Karen Anderson, and others. All I can say about it was that it was odd, extremely so.

At 8:37 there was the auction of an artifact: Ron Ellick's battered suitcase from the July 3 crash. It was sold for \$1.50, the money to go to TAFF. Someone announced that the convention was in the black! The proceeds from the afternoon's auction would probably go to TAFF. At 8:45 the gavel was presented to a representative of the Pittsburgh S.F. Society.

A small auction followed this.

(concluded on p.7)



## IS FANDOM SACRILIGIOUS

by George H. Wells

Well, is it? Or is it more religious than other groups of people? Or less religious?

What would God think of fandom? Or rather, what does God think of fandom. First, comes the question; does God understand man and mankind? It is told that God can hear every thought, know every feeling. Does he understand the feeling of a man. I've always thought so. But the ancient Greeks believed that God even acted like a man, was jealous of lesser Gods (since there were many lesser gods), and had the characteristics of most humans. Does he care about us, even if he understands us? The Greeks didn't think He (or They) cared, much. The Christians, Jews, Moslems, and all the other groups have apparently thought differently. So it may be supposed that God cares and understands about us.

If God understands Man, God must also understand fan. What does he think about us? There are certain traits that belong to most fans. Fans are supposedly above average in intelligence (this may be due to heredity, the will of God, or cheating at I.Q. tests). I don't think this means anything to God.

Now there are some of the commandments broken by nearly every fan. How many of you use the word "Ghod" in anger? When the word "Ghod" is used by a fan, it is usually used in anger, or mock anger, and the "h" is frequently inserted as a more fannish spelling. And it is also used with a capital G. Why would "Ghod" be spelled with a capital, if it was not meant to convey the same meaning as the word "God"?

How many of you talk of Ghu or Fhu-fhu or some other such "Ghod"? I have heard fen tell me that they are now recognizing Ghu as God, or another such "Ghod" as God. Yet God tells us that he is God, and that we should have no other God before him. I think God would know if he was the God.

I was told by one of the top fanzine editors, (if not the top), that fans were suicide prone. To a Catholic, suicide is the worst sin of all that one can commit. To another religion, it would rate on the same scale as killing, which is doing pretty well on the worst sins list.

Actually, Christ said there were two commandments; one was to love God with all your heart etc. Fandom on the whole, hasn't rated too good in this, unless you think that God is flattered because you use his name every time you want to cuss some one out, or you want to make a statement stand out, or you stub your toe. The second commandment was to love your neighbor as yourself. I don't think this means you can't tell your fellow fan what you think of his fanzine, or criticize his works. But are fen friendly to other fen, or are they unfriendly (to put it mildly)? Do fen think of other fen, or think of themselves? How do you rate as a fan? BUT HOW DO YOU RATE AS A MAN (OR WOMAN) FIRST? I'm not talking about being a business-man or a he-man or a Marlboro-man. We capitelize God in respect. And men capitelize the word Man from conceit. But a man, a real man, a man who puts God above himself and his fellow men, needs no capital letter. And none of the Men would give man a capital letter anyway; for Men are animals, and men are men.

And I am George. And I wonder if fandom is religious, or sacriligious, or if fandom even cares. God cares, does he not? He cares; he knows. I wonder if he's happy with what he knows.

It would be interesting to know if you, who are reading this, care. Or what you think. We may only, perhaps, wonder what He feels, but then, what do you feel?



# A VISIT WITH VON BRAUN

by Rick Sneary

One Friday in the middle of July, a group of local fans and I drove down to a small college at Orange, California, to hear a talk given by Werner Von Braun. While this was 40 miles or so from metropolitan L.A. and the more vaunted halls of learning, there was still an impressive number of people who had turned out and paid there \$1.50. The hall was built to hold approximately 1000 persons, and was 90% full. There was a goodly number of the "bright young men" type, who were probably already in the rocket and missile business, as well as a lot of intelligent looking people who had come to see and hear the top man in Army Rocket research.

Von Braun proved to be a very good speaker, as well as still being a very young looking man, despite all that has happened to him since he joined the German Rocket Society around 1930. The P.A. system was not too good, but he spoke smoothly, without any notes, for about 90 minutes. For a scientist, he is an expert lecturer, with a pleasant voice, and the ability to keep his listeners interested. He didn't talk down to anyone, but didn't become too technical either. It almost seemed as if he expected his listeners to be as well informed as most of fans are.

In reality, most of the material he covered we already did know about to some degree or other. But hearing it from the man on top, and hearing him put it in the proper order, gave one the feeling of having heard it clearly explained for the first time. His talk was mainly about what could be expected in the next 10-15 years in the U.S. space program, and we were a little surprised at the freedom of his answers in the question and answer period that followed. It had been assumed that everything he would say would have to be cleared beforehand, but there was no sign of that. And while the questions hardly covered "dangerous grounds" he seemed willing to talk on anything. Possibly, when you get high enough security starts trusting you.

There were a number of remarks made regarding the Army's feeling that they hadn't been given a fair chance in the space race. They thought they were to build the IGY rockets, and had been lined up at the Air Force and Navy for horning in. As it stands, the Army's share of research funds is still the lowest, even though it was the Army rockets that worked the best, and the most often.

Von Braun also made a cut at censorship with the mention that the fuel in the latter stage of the Jupiter C Rocket (an Army Redstone Rocket, with an Air Force nose cone) was still secret; but if we wanted to, we could read about it in Air Trails magazine. He injected humor into his talk quite often. Probably the best line he got off was the one regarding the saying going around after the two monkeys go back from their rocket flight: It's safer in an Army nose cone than in an Army hospital.

He spent a good deal of time on the plans for project Mercury. We already knew about the space capsule pretty well, but the size of the first stage booster rocket was new to me. It's to be called a Saturn Booster; be 22 feet in diameter and have 1.5 million pounds of lift. The second stage will be a Titan rocket, and the third a Centaur- -which is very hush-hush.

He predicted that an unmanned rocket will hit the moon next year, manned capsules will go around the moon in 5 to 7 years, but he pointed out that our whole space and missile program depended pretty much on the Russians.



If they pushed ahead, we would do more too. He also stated that if we wanted a greater space program, we could get one by writing our Congressman and saying so—as well as saying we were willing to pay the additional taxes to cover it. In fact, I think this was one of the reasons he was spending his time talking in a small-town college. No doubt he was picking up a fee too, but I'm reasonably sure he was plugging for more support of his one big dream: that of getting a man into space.

Part of his talk was devoted to telling of the things that satellite stations could do for weather observations and communications. On this, we were on familiar ground. He still believes that the first space ships will move into an Earth orbit, and then retreat, before going out of Earth's gravity. Probably, five ships would be needed to carry fuel in one final stage. This is due to the fact that he doesn't see any revolutionary new type of space drive in the near future. Atomic fuel will still burn out any reaction chamber built, and could only be used beyond the atmosphere. Non-rockets are passable for long, slow hauls, but would never have the power to lift from a planet. And he flatly does not believe in the possibility of anti-gravity, as he says it violates the law of Conservation of Energy. He also explained why ships could not exceed the speed of light and other relativity paradoxes related to this and used as story ideas for 30 years.

One thing he said, which shows to what lengths of foolishness some people will go, was regarding the possibility of contaminating the moon. He had previously told of the Army's plans for a "soft" landing of its instrument package. The payload would drop toward the moon, with a retard rocket braking the speed to nearly zero. Then, just before hitting the moon, the rocket would fire again, killing all speed a few feet above the surface. The rocket, still firing, would then be cut loose to shoot off, while the package dropped the few remaining feet to the moon's surface, thus not covering the local area with rocket debris, exhaust, etc.etc. (In answer to a question, he stated that he did not believe the moon dust to be over an inch thick). But he treated the idea of getting germs or similar organisms onto the moon as ridiculous. And going over an instrument package with an ultra-violet lamp was even more laughable, in view of the tremendously hard radiation it would get from the direct sunlight while on the moon.

Yes, he even answered a question about flying saucers. He's never seen one, and prefers to follow the Air Forces' view that 98% of the sightings are explainable, and 2% are not. He's talked with men who have done the investigating, and told stories of how reports had been faked. So you get the impression that he wasn't ruling them out, though he didn't put too much stock in the tales either.

All and all, it was an interesting and enjoyable evening. But perhaps the strongest feeling I got was that here was a man, who, in his own words, first became interested in space through Wells and Oz books. One who had dreamed of space and was slowly making that dream a reality. Could anyone ask for any more from life?

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DECKINGER'S DRIVEL—continued from p.4

nevertheless, Jares is the one best suited for victory, and you'll be doing a great favor if you cast your votes for him whenever you can.

It should be stated at this time that I am definitely against Taurasi's fuggheaded plan to have a NewYorcon in '64 during the World's Fair, and commemorating the first con. I've made my views public at length in another zine, but the gist is that I'd much rather see some effort made to hold an annual Easterncon in NewYork, or one of the big Eastern cities, and use that as a commemoration in '64. The World's Fair would prove a considerable nuisance, since most of the hotels will be filled, and New York should be twice as crowded as it is now. Let's have a regional con, much like the annual Midwestecon, but I hereby OPPOSE any NewYorcon in '64, even though I live so close. END



# SOUND OFF

by Arthur H. Rapp

Sure, you've got plenty to say, if only people would listen to you—at least I hope you have. Anyone, particularly anyone with enough intellectual equipment and imagination to become a science-fiction fan, should find comments that need making everywhere he looks.

Well, there was this guy Bradbury a few years back. He was a stfan, and didn't think much of the stuff that was being published in the prozines then. So he published a few fanzines (and according to the old time fans, they were pretty lousy fanzines too), and wrote a lot of stuff which he filed in his most suitable place; the wastebasket, and eventually all this unpaid labor which he imposed upon himself developed his writing style to the point where he felt capable of sending his work to the prozines, and...well, you know what happened after that.

And there was this gal named Marion Zimmer (who later married and became Marion Z. Bradley) who published a pretty cruddy fanzine known as Astra's Tower and wrote a lot of fanpoetry and fanfiction, some of which was pretty doggone good, but most of which was as bad as the average fanpoetry and fanfiction. I used a story of hers in my zine one which Rog Phillips, who was running a fanzine column in Amazing at the time, liked well enough to award her a \$50 prize for, and that may well have been Marion's initial experience in being a dirty old pro.

And then there was this guy named Jim Harmon who subscribed to a lot of fanzines and sometimes wrote letters of comment, and when I launched a round-robin serial, he turned up as the author of one chapter of it, and a few years later I began to notice his name on covers of stfmags on the newstands.

And there's a story of mine which Ray Nelson published in his long-since-defunct fanzine Universe, and which was promptly forgotten by all concerned, including me. Until I met Larry Shaw at the Detroit convention and he remarked that he had owed me some dough, because it was reprinted in Infinity a few years back, so I guess that makes me a dirty old pro too.

What's the point? Well, if almost like every young fan, you have vague dreams of one day becoming a professional author, one comparatively painless way of going about it is to practice on the fanzine audience. Sure, you can write stuff for fanzines that will gain you peans of praise, but which any professional editor would gag at. But, if you write as best you can, rather than being content with what satisfies your audience, study their reactions to find out what they like and what they don't in your writing. At least you'll have a better chance of seeing your name decorate a magazine cover than if you merely sat and wished you were an author.

Now suppose you are ultra-particular (and such people are not rare, among those with ideas independant enough to be potential writers at all) and you sneer at the fanzines because they won't print what you write, or because they present it so sloppily that all your carefully prepared effort is lost. That is still no excuse for retreating to an ivory tower and muttering to yourself that no one appreciates you.

The great advantage to amateur publishing is that anyone can try it. If you don't see any fanzine that comes up to your ideals, there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't start your own, and show them how it should be done.



A mimeo or ditto, brand new with all necessary auxiliary equipment, can easily be bought for less than the cost of a bowling ball, or a set of golf clubs, and amateur journalism as a hobby has both of these sports beat.

Maybe you've never used any sort of duplicating machine, and haven't the slightest idea about how to go about it. Well, disregarding the fact that any fan will be glad to demonstrate how it works, such companies as A.B.Dick and Wolber will fall all over themselves showing you how to get the best results from any of their machines you show an interest in buying. Or if you aren't buying, you can volunteer to help the P.L.A. or your church run off the meeting notices and announcements, and learn about the duplicating machines through painful but non-expensive experience.

You will never make a profit off an amateur zine. Even when you neglect to figure in the cost of time you spent on it, the ledger will normally end up in the red. But if you are right in your notion that you can put out a better than average zine, and do it, eventually you will find enough dimes and quarters from would be subscribers trickling into your mailbox to take care of most of the bills for paper and ink and postage and such, which this hobby involves. And what little it does cost you is well repaid when you mail out an issue and reflect on the fact that in a few days, if the Post Office doesn't bungle, readers all over the world will be gazing with, you hope, envy at the product of your brain and hands, and perhaps wishing to themselves that they published a fanzine.

So what are you waiting for? Write for someone else, or launch your own publication.

Or don't you have anything to say, after all?



#### PITTCON

The 1960 sfcon, will be held at the PENN-SHERATON Hotel in Pittsburgh, Pa., over the Labor Day Weekend, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 1960. To register, send fee of \$2.00 (\$1.00 for overseas members) to: PITTCON

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# FOOLS POOLS

## LETTERS

Harry Warner Jr.  
423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerstown, Maryland

I enjoyed this issue quite a bit, although I think I'd have found more pleasure if you used correction fluid more thoroughly. It contains just about the same type of errors that I let slip through in my letters, but try to catch when typing stencils.

Prosser's artwork doesn't appeal to me, too much, partly because he has obvious talents and misuses them. He can achieve a good baroque-like effect with his crowded pictures and the obvious time and care he must put into the fine detail. But he simply cannot draw human figures that are believable in their configurations and he doesn't know how to put a convincing facial expression on the people to fit the nasty situations that he's trying to depict. Good examples are the skinny sections of the arms and legs on the guy on page 20, that contrast so oddly with the bulging muscles elsewhere on the limbs, and the silly little mouth on the girl on the front cover, who looks like she had been grabbed while trying to put on lipstick.

Be calm, I won't be so crabby about the rest of the contents. For instance, I thought that Bloch wrote something that needed to be written, although he might have mentioned something else. That's the tendency for fanzines to be thick these days. Forty-page issues seem to be growing into a tradition these days instead of an exception, and that's all the more reason for a monthly schedule to become an impossible burden. Unless the magazine is absolutely top-notch in contents and appearance, I prefer it to be under 30 pages; that permits reading and writing a letter of comment in an hour or a little more, while the really fat ones lie around unread simply because I don't have the time to get to them.

You've scooped all of fandom with the first extensive account of the DETENTION, as far as I'm concerned. If others have been published, I hadn't received them, and all I knew about the con was what I heard from the Youngs, Eney and Pavlet.

This article on Australia's fan history must have been about the dozenth in the past decade. It would have helped if Stone had been more specific. Names are almost completely omitted until the next to the last paragraph, and dates are also vague in many sections. However, the impression that Australia gets of American fandom is a pretty good indication that American fandom could benefit by a few serious minded fanzines. I don't think we're as juvenile or comic centered as Australia assumes, but it's perfectly true that there isn't much in the way of serious discussion and criticism to be found in generally circulated fanzines.

Alan Dodd was amusing, although I was left a little breathless at the end, as if I had just encountered the summary of a two volume novel boiled down to a thousand words.



Bill Durkom would be a better iconoclast if he remembered the wisdom of arguing with several others. He devotes most of his space here to insults against the people on the other side. The few specific points that he cites are dubious logic. It just isn't true that practice is the only factor involved in a batter's skill in baseball. And the Bible can hardly be dismissed as fiction: about 99% of the events it describes have quite good archeological backing or confirmation in descriptions of non-Christian and non-Jewish contemporaries; a person fighting the bible would do better to simply call it a misinterpretation of history.

I share your attitude toward Clay Hamlin's remarks on G.M. Carr. One might as well say he doesn't intend to have a thunderstorm next summer. I didn't notice the brilliant line on the back cover till I hunted up your address a few minutes ago. Maybe it represents the solution that fandom has long sought to avoid post office hassles. If everyone put the same definition of contents on the back of every issue, we might dull the suspicions of the mailmen to print nearly anything. (Either that, or else the mailmen will be feverishly tearing open fanzine and subjecting them to close scrutiny--everyone that they get. We surely don't want this. Maybe a warning: Not to be opened by mailmen, might help--Md).

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Buck Coulson  
Route 3  
Wabash, Ind.

Woman are more "padded" than men? Since when? Recent ads in PLAYBOY are making a big thing out of the "new slim look" for men this year--which in plain English means that mens suits aren't using as much padding in the shoulders as they used to. Maybe they aren't using anything this year--I wouldn't know. But in the past, the average "Man in the Grey Flannel Suit" wore every bit as much padding as his wife.

In the high school crowd, woman's shapes are quite possibly a good deal more "artificial" than men, since they are pretending a maturity they don't have yet. But as for adults, there isn't a whole lot of difference.

On to HOCUS. You might tell Jane Carruthers that I traded YANDRO for SEX & CENSORSHIP (a 50¢ slick-paper mag) for as long as the latter came out (which unfortunately was only 3 issues). And also, if she could see the science fiction some of the fans write, she might think twice before inflicting it on some inoffensive pro-editor.

I'd like to ask Floyd where the Melanasiens got the idea that "bugger 'im up" means "wreck". It's certainly not what I've heard it used to mean, and since mine is apparently a sailor's definition, I can't imagine where along the line it was changed to the mild definition that he gives. I've seen more dirty words in fanzines lately (So have I, especially in the lettercols of a zine called YANDRO, ever see it?--Md).....either I'm getting more evil minded, or fans as a whole are becoming more innocent. (Oh, I just re-read his letter and he mentions "the work of missionaries". That's where the trouble lies, I'll bet).

The Durkom argument is still mostly name-calling. Durkom himself is guilty of far too much of it, though he does manage to make a few arguments on the merits of his case, which is more than his opponents did.

I can agree with Graham Stone that sf needs adult support, but when he says, "we don't like to see sf linked with fantasy", he's being ridiculous. It's like saying he doesn't like to see a tree limb linked with a trunk. Sf is a branch of fantasy, dammit (But is fantasy a branch of sf?--Md) and incidentally, sf has done more to degrade the good name of fantasy than vice-versa.



In re: sleeping, nothing is permissible at a hotel, except registering for a room, occupying it with either your family or other persons of the same sex as yourself (all of whom have to be registered) and--most important--paying your bill before leaving. This doesn't mean that you can't get away with sleeping in the lobby, registering 4 fans in a room and then piling a dozen in it, or even bringing in girls. Sure it's done. But it does mean that the hotel can have you thrown out if it catches you doing any of these things. Actually, the hotel probably wouldn't do anymore than make you pay the standard room rent for the extra fans in your room, or for the use of its lobby for sleeping. But it could, if it wanted to.

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Len Moffatt  
10202 Belcher  
Downey, California

In HOCUS #11, Graham B. Stone, writing on The Trouble with Australian Fandom, unwittingly makes the trouble quite clear in the last paragraph of his article. "We of the FSS," says he, "are not in favor of most of the doings of fans overseas."

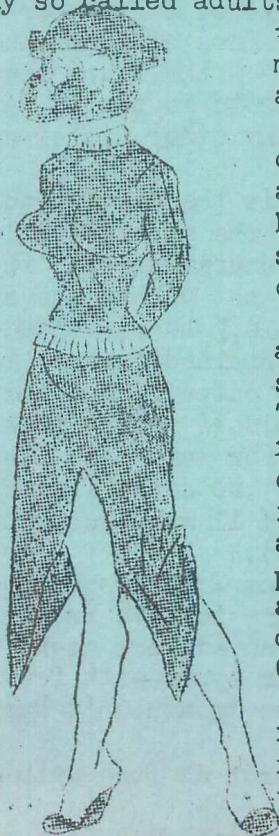
A statement such as this is not designed to obtain the support of the fans in the U.S.A. and in the British Isles. Mr. Stone doesn't mention the latter, but it's fairly obvious that most of the English and Irish fans enjoy fanzine publishing and conventions in much the same manner as do fans in this country. We might also include the New Zealand fans in our happy group, despite their proximity to stodgy old Australian fandom.

I wonder which "adolescent antics of U.S. conventions" he has in mind. True, we do permit adolescents to attend our cons, while it is also true that many so called adults are guilty of juvenile behaviour. So what are we going to do? Put up a notice stating that only Dignified Adults may attend? Can we raise standards in the SF field by the application of censorship and snobbery? Of course not.

Let's face it. Fans and pros attend cons to meet other fans and pros, to discuss the field, etc.etc, and also to relax and have a good time. I wonder if Mr. Stone has ever attended one of our cons. I doubt it. I also suspect that if he did, his views would change. No one could be quite as stuffy as he makes himself sound.

He also says he does not approve of fan publishing, and almost in the same breath he says, "we don't like to see sf linked with fantasy, comics, and what have you." This is a rather confusing statement--does he mean that fanmags link sf with fantasy, comics, etc? He used a semi-colon there, so maybe he dislikes most fanzines without a reason. Perhaps he does not like them because they do not always deal with pure science fiction, but quite often publish articles on a variety of non-related subjects. Only answer to this is: why shouldn't sfans discuss what they damned well please? Is Science Fiction some kind of holy Crusade?

And why not link sf with fantasy? The term fantasy, in fact, has been used as a general term to include sf, weird fiction and any stories stemming from the imagination more than from reality. Hell, ANY fiction story is fantasy in the strict sense of the word. I get the feeling Mr. Stone is proud of sf but ashamed of fantasy. I'm not ashamed of anything I read and enjoy, no matter what.





I will go along with him on the bit about linking s.f. with comics and if his "what have you" means monster movies, I'll go along there too. But there COULD BE worthwhile sfantasy comics and movies. (As a matter of fact, there were. I'm sure many fans will remember the old E.C. comics; Weird Science, Weird Fantasy, The Vault of Horror, Shock Suspensstories, etc.etc. Several of the sf comics reprinted stories by Bradbury and Eando Binder, and all were far superior to the "comics" of today. As for movies, probably the greatest horror film of the last decade was the Hammer Film production of "Horror of Dracula", based on Stoker's novel. And there were others too--Md).

Sure sf needs more adult and critical support--not only now, though, Mr. Stone. It always has, and probably always will. Same can be said for any field. If the world was strongly populated with adults (mentally, not chronologically) we wouldn't have to worry so much about our future.

Tip. The trouble with Australian fandom is obvious. Clubs, cons, and so on would be much more successful if you took the hobby instead of the way of life approach. Club emblems using Saturn and rockets do seem pretty hok-ey in this day and age, but wearing a frown is hardly conducive to gaining friends and supporters.

---

Dean A. Grennell  
402 Maple Ave.  
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

I note that you have "Fandom's finest Fanzine woven into your logo-type. (No, I don't, I wouldn't delude myself into thinking such an untruth. What it says is Fandom's finest fanzine, and with Prosser illos, fanged beasts are in profusion--Md).

Certainly there is much that is highly reminiscent of many other fanzines I have encountered....the stark and uncompromising whiteness of paper and blackness of ink bring recollections of "Hodge-Podge" from the Share sisters and of Joel Nydahl's alas long defunct "Vega". It seems to me that I have seen this magazine of yours many times before, under many other titles and editors.

There are a number of identifying traits: there is the careful and determined way that some omniscient hand has "corrected" the possessive "its" in a manuscript from a writer who knows better into an ungrammatical "it's" (there was a time perhaps when Bloch harbored a belief that yeoman was spelled yoeman--"I brooded about this while I cut my toenails," he commented--but if there was ever a time when a Bloch manuscript contained phrases like: "...Derogation in it's pages," or "the quality of it's output," then that time was long before your day and mine). (I can only please guilty to being the culprit responsible for these grammatical errors. For some time I've held that all possessives must have an apostrophe. "s", so since its was a possessive form, I added the 's, however in the future I'll make note that the apostrophe is only included in the contraction form--Md).

And, like 98.017% of all fanzines (statistics from Tucker survey of Grammatical & Spelling Boobies in faanzines) FOCUS seems to have trouble with those pesky words containing the e and u juxtaposed. Fan editors might consider the advantages of hanging a sign in front of their typer with four words on it: FLUID, AMATEUR, PSEUDO, FUEL, and for good measure it wouldn't hurt to add FREUD.

Whao noew: do'nt flight of thu handule. andd stardt ah fued wyth mie oaverr thiss. I maik erorrs misel'f.

Bloch's article, apart from all that, is an excellant job. At risk of coining a cliché, I might say, "Bloch was superb."



I enjoyed Lambeck's con-report also. I think perhaps I will forward my copy of HOCUS along to the Curtises since I presume they didn't get a copy of their own...most fanzines don't seem to reach them and the concept of ego-boo not reaching its recipients wracks my fannish soul.

The rest of the zine was interesting but inspiring of no special comment. As far as exchanging magazines right now, I'm afraid that I just don't have anything of general interest to send. You see, CRUE is still in the drafting-board stage, and when it gets beyond that is anyone's guess...not any more in 1959, by the present looks of things.

---

Steve Stiles  
1809 Second Ave.  
New York 28, N.Y.

Frankly, I don't see any resemblance between Dan Ackins' style and mine; I've compared my illos to his and found that I draw nostrils, lips, and cheekbones, etc., etc. completely different. And, whereas Dan's style seems to resemble Emsh, mine looks somewhat like Cartier crossed with Bowman.

They don't offer typing in our school, I don't know the first thing about typing, in fact (this is disgraceful for a fan) I'd probably have to teach myself through practice and many mistakes. (It's not so disgraceful, that's the way I learned  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years ago; through practice and mistakes. It's better to have typing taught to you by an instructor, but if this is impossible, the next best thing is to seat yourself before a keyboard and start practicing until you perfect the art. And you can always by records for it too --Md).

Do you know where to get shading plates? (Yes, the best place to try is at an office supplies store in your neighborhood, they're usually well stocked with the proper fannish materials. A stationary store is good too, but make sure you choose a large one--Md).

---

Robert Jennings  
3819 Chambers Drive  
Nashville 11, Tenn.

There were three things on HOCUS that attracted my attention first. One was the marvelous Prosser cover, next was the glorious Prosser illo on p.20, and last was the name Prosser as art editor. By now, you might receive the slight impression that I like his work, and you are absolutely correct.

The Bloch article was good, naturally. I don't believe in all he has to say, though. True, a good many zines expire because they run out of good printable stuff in a desperate effort to keep up to their usual standards, but I do not like the idea of a zine appearing now and then, depending on the whims and fancies of the editor. If a good fanzine were to publish regularly on a two or three month schedule, I don't believe it would have much trouble staying alive. An editor can publish one every two months, if he's swamped with good material, and wait another extra month if things are just so-so.

As I see it was interesting, as far as Milroad saw it, in the pages. He tries to squeeze in what might have been an interesting article into only one page. Instead, he leaves me hanging, with a definite sense of being cheated.

A Connecticut Yankee at the Detention was nice. It was a refreshing change from some over written, privately minded reports I have tried to wade through. Blessed be the editor who runs reports for the fans who can't make it to the cons.



Donald Franson  
6543 Babcock Ave.  
North Hollywood, California

Thanks for sending HOCUS #11. I liked the fancy logo on the cover, but not the Prosser illo. The layout was good, and Bloch was right in his article. I've only been in "fanzine fandom" about a year and a half, and I've allready seen some of those meteoric fans come in, join everything in sight, pub fanzines and for all the apas, then gafiate. What palls on them is too much publishing. Too much of a good thing is a bad thing, every time. (Try telling this to a guy with a dozen kids--Md).

Bob Lambeck's con-report had much info in it that the others didn't have. It reads like he took notes, and in places he couldn't keep up.

Graham Stone's article on Australian fandom was very interesting. Alan Dodd's story was amusing. He must exist. The book reviews were good too. Letters--Ron Ellik's on the N3F was interesting, as were your answers. To inform Jane Carruthers, working on an amateur magazine is experience towards writing for the pro-mags, or at least it used to be. That's where Bob Silverburg got his start.

---

L. Hill  
Lee  
Maine

HOCUS just arrived, and I want you to know that I'm thankful you didn't try to describe the next Prosser cover. The one you have is repulsive enough to stand its ground and defy description allready. Bob Bloch and Graham Stone gave some good solid information: I think I'll have your mag fumigated and sealed so it can be put in my archives where I am building a compost of the subject of fanthrcplogy. Vic Ryan agrees with me, so he's a fine critic, but there's one thing about Sturgeon; his writing demands closer attention and sympathy than most. I don't agree with you that Silverburg can write a good story, or maybe he can, but hasn't yet. I keep looking at his stories, but one fake after another. Bah to all.

Does fangdom need a fangzine? (Of course--Md).

---

Bob Lichtman  
6137 S. Croft Ave.  
Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Through some mistake, either you or your Post Office's part, I find myself confronted with a copy what purports to be: Hocus, Fangdom's finest fangzine. Please, if your intent is to lure me into fangdom, it is a lost cause. I am a fan sir, not a fang, and no amount of coaxing on your part will change that.

Putting "Contents: Pornography on the mailing wrapper is as sure a way as any to anger postal inspectors, Deckinger, especially if they don't find any after searching beady-eyed throughout the zine. (Well if they looked closely at the cover, they might--Md).

Why all the noise about the cover being an original Prosser illo? Aren't they all original Prosser illos? (No, the cover of issue #10 was a reprint from an illo in Stony Barnes' VAMPIRE TRADER. However, no more reprints will be used in the future; the cover of last issue and this one are both new ones--Md).



Edward E. Smith  
Route 1, Box 522  
Laesburg, Indiana

Your letter caught up with me here in Hobbs, New Mexico--where we paused for a while, thinking to dodge the winter's blasts. How wrong can you get? Br-r-r-r! Ten above, this morning.....I think we'll duck for Louisiana or Alabama somewhere, as soon as our paid rent expires.

No, I haven't sold a novel to ASTOUNDING--or anything else. For over a year I have been working on a thing that Campbell may like well enough to use in ASTOUNDING. I had conferences with him in Los Angeles and Detroit--but I have not submitted anything to him as yet, and he has, of course, no comitted himself to anything; and equally of course, won't until after he sees it. As to what it will be, I myself don't know yet, I've been working on it only a little over a year. I don't even know whether the first story will be a novel or a novellette. Each has its advantages and its disadvantages--I can't decide how to start the thing until I'm a hell of a lot further along in the plotting than I am now.

As to the Pittsburgh con, I don't know. Jean and I paid our dres as usual, but I haven't the foggiest idea as to whether we'll be there or not.

---

August Derleth  
c/o Arkham House Books  
Sauk City, Wisconsin

No, no anthology of William Hope Hodgson's stories has efer been put together by us. Arkham House had hoped to publish a book of them but now his sister has died, the estate is chaotic and rights are in question, and the matter is at a standstill currently. (Which is kind of a disappointment, since I've always been fond of Hodgson's weird stories, most notably "THE DERELICT" and A VOICE IN THE NIGHT" (which was once done on Alfred Hitchcock's SUSPICION series on tv)--Md).

---

Cato Lindberg, W. Opr.  
SS "Matuara" c/o Boyd, Weir & Sewell  
24 State St.  
New York 4, N.Y.

I am still roaming around, but the old "Mataura" is seeing new ports these days. WE've been sailing between New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Havana, and several mexican ports. This trip I had 15 days ashore in Mexico and after 8 days in Tampico I almost got married, although I have sworn to bachelorhood at least until I am 30. Mexico is a very, very dangerous country.

---

Lynn Hickman  
304 N. 11'th  
Mt. Vernon, Ill.

I enjoyed your NAPazine CONJURE, but please don't send it first class again-- cost me 4¢ to get it. (Sorry about that, won't happen again--Md).



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H O C U S

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MILLBURN, N. J.