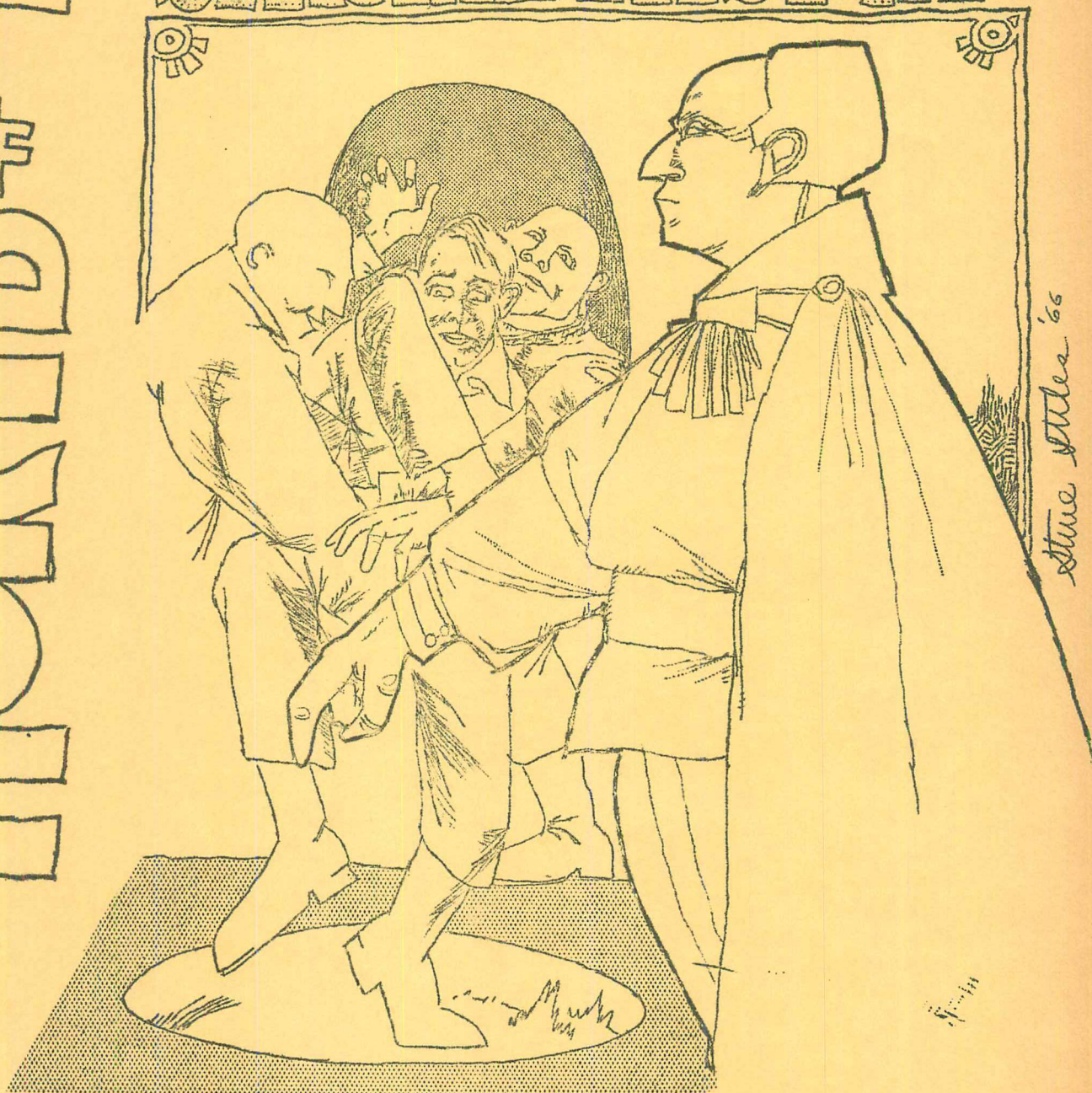


HORRIB

GREAT MOMENTS IN SPACIAL HISTORY



© CAPTAIN Blith SvetteWesson De-molacutes
His Only Son for Inciting To Mutiny.
3052 A.D. ©

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With matters pretty well set and only a little over a week to go, Pat suffered a relapse, more serious than her original infection. This time she went to a different doctor, who again prescribed sulfa, but a quadrupled dosage. So there she went, onto eight pills a day, along with all the lovely side-effects of massive sulfa doses: alternating fevers and chills, headaches, depression, weakness. Also prescribed: a minimum 2 to 3 quarts of liquids daily, no alcohol.

The period of medication expired Wednesday night before the convention. Liquids and rest continued through the con, so we took a room at the Sheraton instead of staying with the Thompsons as previously planned. And which is also why Pat was little seen during the con: she spent about on-third of her time resting, which is a helluva way to attend a worldcon, but better than not attending at all.

We drove to Cleveland with Terry and Carol Carr and Tom Schluck (sorry, Tom, this typewriter has no umlaut), all of whom journeyed Poughkeepsie-ward Wednesday afternoon on the Iron Horse. Again, because of Pat's condition, we had a change of plans. We'd planned a small pre-con party for Wednesday night, and an all-day drive to Cleveland Thursday. Instead, to break the trick, er, trip, we started driving Wednesday night, intending to stop whenever we got tired out and stay at a motel. We were also impelled in this direction by the fact that Pat was the only other one on the trip who could drive, and she was in no shape to drive...which left me to do the whole chore.

We got away somewhere around 8:30 and made slow progress up the Thruway because we had to stop at at least every-other service area. Remember those two-to-three quarts? We were all just about shot when we reached a little town called Verona, 'bout thutty miles this side o' Syracuse, got off the Thruway, and found that we couldn't get motel accomodations. We drove from one overnight joint to another, and they were all full!

So: back on the Thruway, and on to Syracuse. We got off there and saw to our delight a clutch of some four or more motels all clustered around the highway exit. I tried at the first for a room, and the night clerk informed me that something called "Expo-NY" was taking place, and there wasn't a room to be had at any price. Oh, lord! I was about exhausted (I'd worked Wednesday and packed after work, and then started driving). Pat was still feeling pretty sick, and nobody else could drive the car!

Happily, Terry managed to work some charm at the next place we tried, and although they too were booked up the night clerk telephoned around until he found us rooms at a motel on the other side of town. We drove there, checked in with immense gratitude, and sacked out.

Thursday, after a rather late start, we drove on to Cleveland with only the minor incident of an annoying detour through a couple of small towns in Pennsylvania, and checked into the Sheraton.

I said this wasn't going to be a full-fledged con report, and here I've taken a page and a half just getting us to the hotel. Well, that's because the whole preliminary period was so damned nerve-wracking...but on the next page I'll switch from the sequential approach to "impressions."

T R I C O N I M P R E S S I O N S

THE PEOPLE: It is a commonplace that after his first couple of conventions, a fan stops going for the sake of the official part of the con, and goes to see his friends. This has certainly been the case with Pat and me, perhaps even including our first cons yea many years ago. We saw many people at the Tricon whom we haven't seen in a long time, or never at all...and were generally delighted with them. Perhaps we're the more appreciative having come from the fannish no-man's land we now inhabit instead of fannishly-bustling New York as we formerly did to attend conventions.

At the same time we both felt the loss of an "in-ness" experienced at past conventions, perhaps because we have lost much of our fannish intimacy these past couple of years, or perhaps because the Tricon attendance was so inflated with fringe- and other non-fan-fan types that the feeling, at any moment, of immersion in a dear friend-group was badly diluted with strangers and "who-hé?" types. People we met for the first time, or for the first time after long separation:

TOM SCHLUCK: Of course Tom comes first, since we met him 24 hours ahead of anyone else at the con. Frankly I was a little nervous about meeting Tom...he was born in 1943 and to him the Hitler holocaust is an event in history. I lived through World War II, and even as a child I was very much caught up in the events of the era. Especially, being Jewish, I cannot meet a German with the same openness that I can a Briton, a Frenchman, a Swede or a Chinese.

Happily, Tom is a most engaging person, fannish in the best sense, friendly, pleasant.... He is also fluent in English, which was a help. A grand fellow, a good TAFF delegate, who should leave behind in America only good will and pleasant memories.

NORM AND GINA CLARK: I didn't get to see as much of Gina as of Norm, but obviously they're two delights. They say that some fans live up to their paper personalities while others are very different in person. I must say that while I've always got some enjoyment out of the Clark's fanzines, they will mean far more to me, and will be far more enjoyable, now that I've met the wonderful people behind them.

BOYD RAEBURN: Boyd Raeburn has turned chubby and got a Beatle haircut!

ELLIOT SHORTER: The man who lives in a world of teeny little people seemed to sail through the convention, as he does through life, with a serenity and good will that one can only admire...and perhaps envy. What I didn't know before Cleveland is that Elliot is a master of the difficult 12-string guitar and a folk-singer of no mean talent.

LEE HOFFMAN: You're hardly a stranger, are you, Lee? But I felt as if I got to know you a little better in Cleveland than I ever had before in the 15 years since our first brush of contact and the six or so since we first actually met. I hope we can drag you up to Merry Hell for a visit this fall...maybe even before this mlg goes out!

LES NIRENBERG: Attendance at the Tricon was a combination of business and nostalgia for Les, who is now a full-time freelance writer and radio-TV personality in Canada. He somehow talked a producer into financing a trip to the con for Les and a camera team, and they could be seen busily interviewing and filming all over the Mezzanine. Pat and I had dinner with Les one night (and with Belle Dietz) and spent a pleasant hour catching up on a several-year separation.

It seems unlikely that Les will re-enter active fandom, not that he has ever issued a Laney-type Blast of separation, but simply that his interests have tended more toward non-ingroup. A pity, but one hopes at least for an occasional brush with this man, one of the more talented ever to pass through the microcosm.

PELZES: Not as much time with you as I'd have liked, but Dian and I spent an enjoyable little while reliving the Great Painting Exchange of 1964. And I think that Alex Eisenstein came by too, we were only missing Harness.

LOIS LAVENDER: Another delightful breath of 1964: pretty, friendly, intelligent; we need more such fannes. Isaac Asimov mentioned the increased number and attractiveness of the girls at the convention this year, a trend most highly appreciated by this reporter.

CAUGHRANS: Probably the high point of the convention for me was our late night (or early morning) session with the Coulsons and Thompsons hashing over ridiculous old movie serials and like ephemera. Come to think of it, Susan was not there, was she? Nor Juanita? Anyway, for that brief spell I felt as if we had recaptured the indefinable spirit of great conventioning...until a certain uninvited lady joined the group. Then things broke up pretty fast. A shame. Or...am I just growing old?

Whom have I left out? Innumerable good persons I am sure: you Trimble, and Fred Patten, and Bill Thailing, and Harlan Ellison -- yes, I actually got to talk with Harlan for five minutes, and inside that brittle, flashy show is a decent and good person... And Big Hearted Howard and Ben Jason and Dave Kyle. Paul Williams and Dave Kay-ee-aye-ell Keil, two faces rising from the past. Alexei Panshin proudly sporting his Canadian Legion provided shiner and having lunch with us and with Sam Moskowitz, and everybody managing to be pretty friendly. And James Blish as L. Sprague de Camp, surely the most marvelously effective of all costume ball appearances. And...

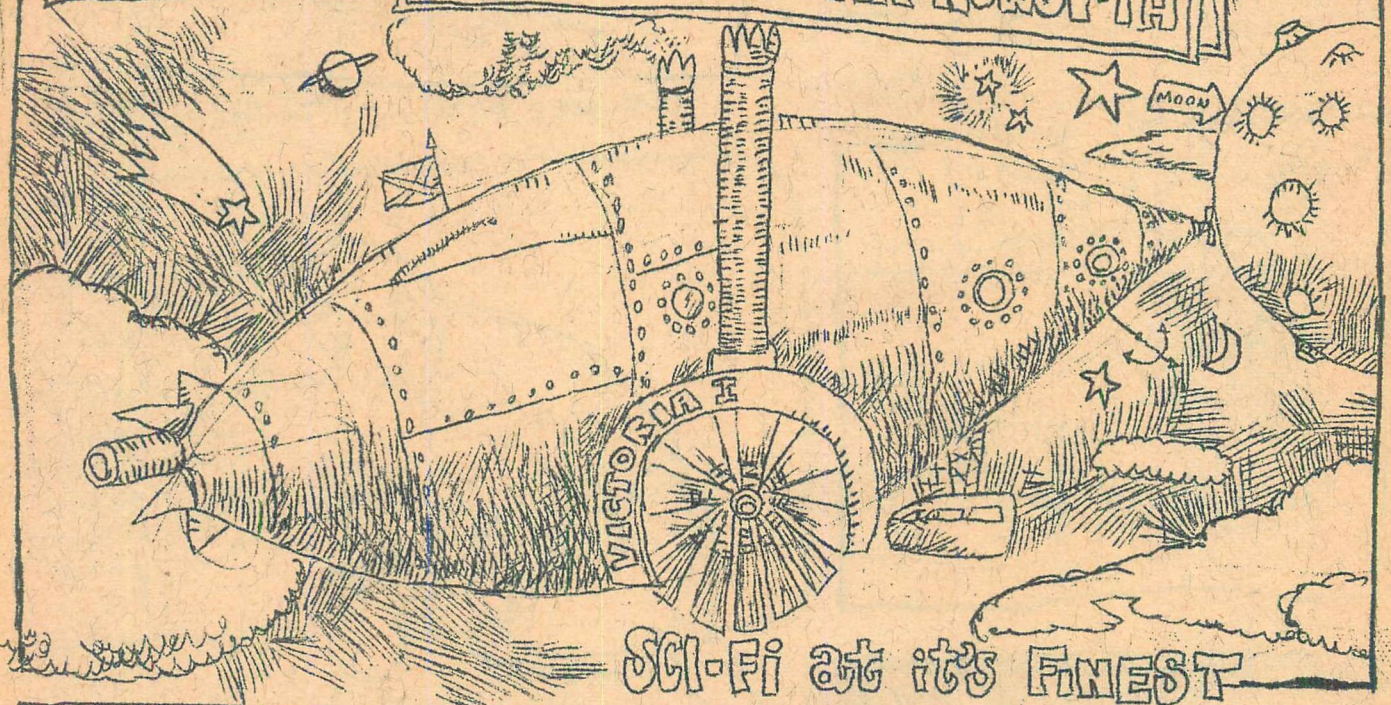
What I guess I'm doing, FAPA and Fandom, is writing you a love letter. I loved our six days together, including even the trip home with Dave Van Arnham (a demon motorist) and Cindy. But I could very nearly weep for the intimacy we so seldom managed to attain during those days.

COLOPHON CONTINUED: The comic supplement mentioned in the colophon was to have been four pages in length, and the writer did turn in four pages of script for it. However, the artist was summoned away after drawing only three pages, and rather than hold the whole thing three months, we present those pages. More in a later mailing.

The Thrilling Exploits of Professor THINTWHISTLE AND his MARVELOUS Ether FLYER

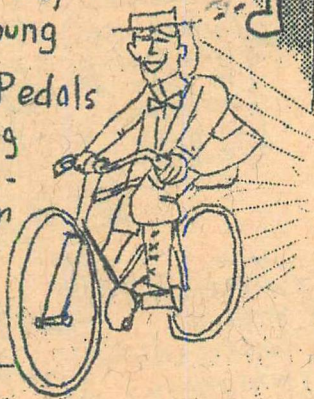
SCRIPT: PASCAL PASCUENIAK ©

ART: FENTON FARNSWORTH



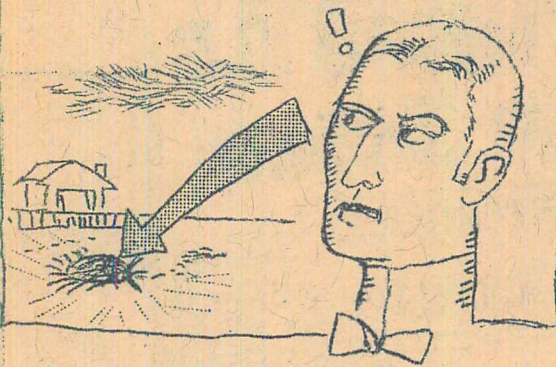
SCI-FI at it's FINEST

One bright day in
May, 1884, young
Herkimer Pedals
his sterling
Patent velo-
cipeded down
the sleepy
streets of
Buffalo Falls,
PENN.



THIS BEAUTIFUL
DAY IS CERTAIN
EVIDENCE OF
God's Benevolence
to Mankind. I
WONDER WHAT
MY MENTOR
IS DOING
TODAY.

SUDDENLY, HERKIMER IS STARTLED OUT OF HIS RUMINATIONS BY A BLOOD-FREEZING SIGHT.



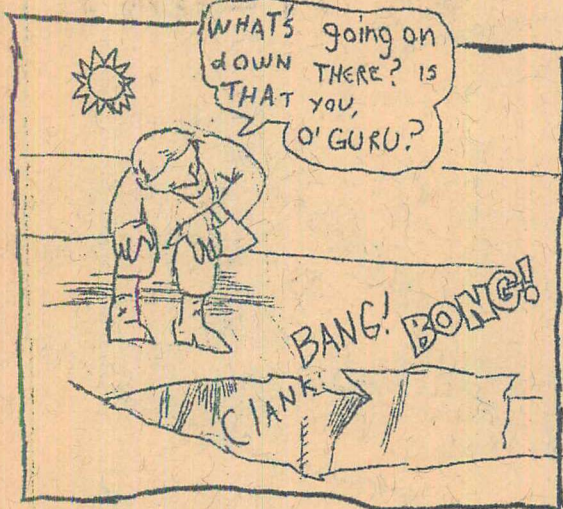
CRICKEY!
A HOLE IN PROF.
THINTWHISTLES
YARD!

WHAT HAPPENED
TO PROFESSOR
THINTWHISTLE?



HERKIMER DISMOUNTS TO INVESTIGATE.

WHAT'S GOING ON
DOWN THERE? IS
THAT YOU,
O' GURU?



YES, HERKIMER,
IT IS I.

WHAT'S
GOING ON,
DEAR
PROFESSOR.

JUST A MINUTE,
HERKIMER,
I'LL COME UP!



HERE I
COME MY
BOY.
WHAT
CAN I
DO FOR
YOU?

HOW
CAN I
GET RID
OF THIS
PESTIFEROUS
INITWIT?



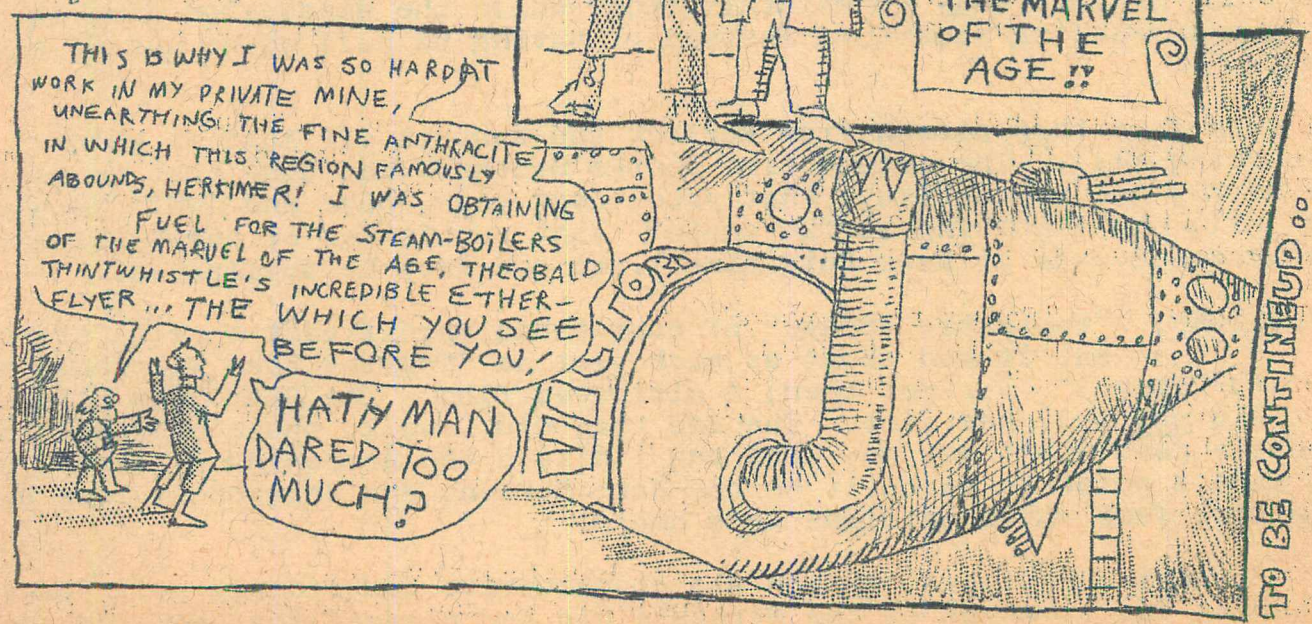
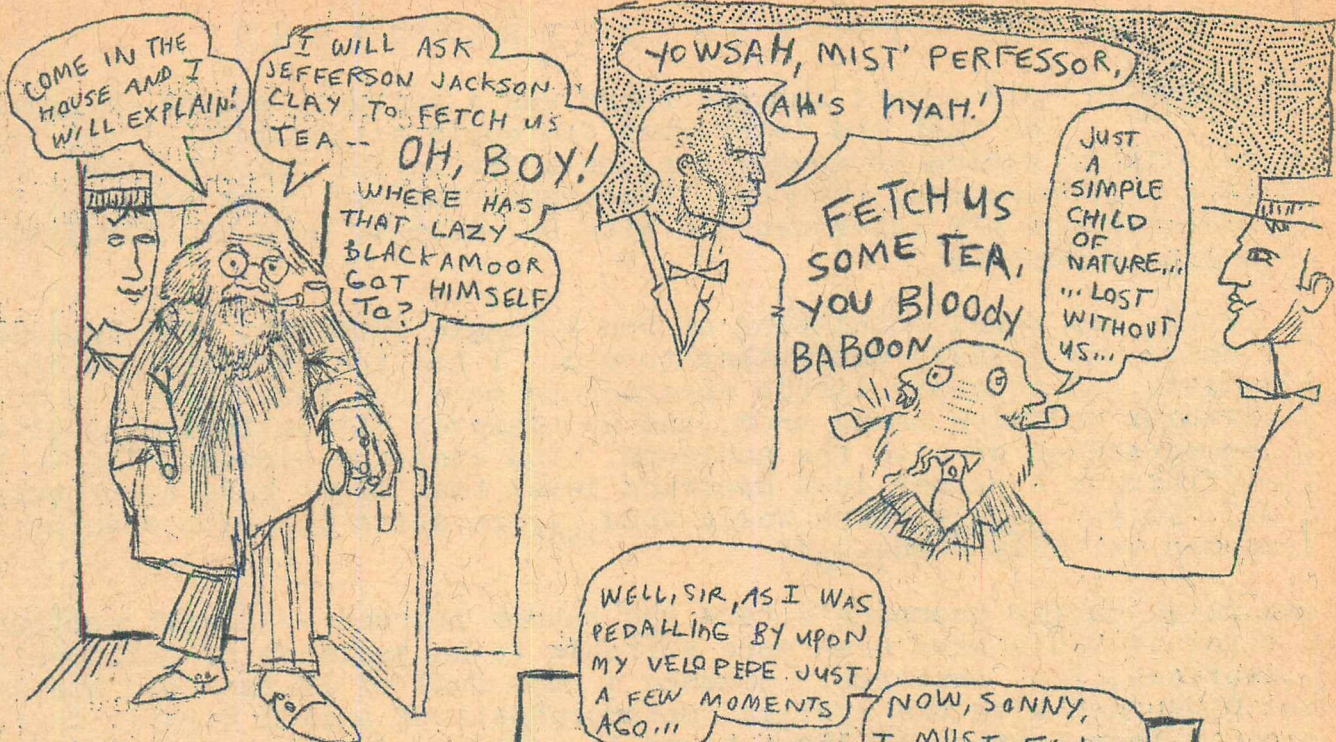
PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE
EMERGENT.

WHAT WERE
YOU DOING
IN THAT
HOLE, MY
REVERED
LEADER?

I MUST RID
MYSELF OF
THIS FOOL.

WORK OF A
HIGHLY
CONFIDENTIAL
NATURE, MY
YOUTHFUL
COMPATRIOT.





MORE TRICON IMPRESSIONS

THE PROGRAM: For once I thought there was a suitable amount of program, so that the interested fan could attend most of the sessions without having to spend 36 hours a day in the meeting room. Mr. Ellison's appearances, both his "Dangerous Visions" fight with del Rey and Garrett and his later session with Dr. Asimov, were as stimulating as Harlan always is.

The comic art panel consisting of Don & Maggie Thomspen, Bill Thailing, Ted White and myself, was rather torpid. I had the feeling that the panelists had separate little speeches to make but that there was no particular relation among them, and we achieved little interplay either among ourselves or with the audience. You came the closest, Ted -- but I'm afraid on a rather less profound level than might have been hoped, e.g., "Do you really think Wally Wood ¹⁹⁶⁶ is doing inferior drawing as compared to Wally Wood₁₉₅₆?"

And while Maggie Thompson's talk was rather learned -- almost profound -- I think it would have been more suitable to an audience of children's librarians, for instance. Somehow a room full of SF fan did not seem Too Concerned with the cyclical metamorphosis of animal figures in the comics, from fantasy children to adult satire and back. Bill Thailing's talk was almost pure bibliography, worthwhile as such, but as a speech? And my own 15 minutes were devoted to a single, solemn joke...which, I fear, most of the audience did not Get.

On the other hand the Special Fandoms panel did seem to have the spontaneous spark that makes for great panel discussions. There were Vern Coriell and Bruce Pelz at the ends of the long panel, with six poor innocents between them, and Bruce and Vern hammering at each other, and the other panelists trying to get a word in slaunchwise, and the audience jumping up and down trying to be heard... The very large panel was an experiment about which I had grave doubts, but it seemed to work very well indeed (although the six middle men: Chalker, Van Arnam, Patten, Thompson, Obbagy, and Heap, had to fight to say their bits). As chairman it was a delight to have only to maintain order while the discussion flew on of its own increasing momentum, instead of having to pull words out of panelists.

But then came that person from Porlock and shut it off just as things were going well. The second time George Scithers has done that to me. Can we try and reconstitute that panel next year, Dave and Ted? Should we? Will the lightning strike again? What subtleties of personnel and circumstance made it work this time...and can they be duplicated?

THE FLICKS: "Fantastic Voyage" of course had magnificent special effects, but it had about as much plot as "Touring Lake Winnebago with Rod and Camera." For me, then, a mitigated flop. The Star Trek pilot that did not sell was fine. The one that did...well, those ball-bearing eyeballs just don't get me. Pat and I missed the screening of Time Tunnel but made a point to watch it on the Home Screen, and thought it less bad than most fans whose opinions we'd heard.

The convention business session was constructive and orderly -- I was surprised at the strength of the Syracuse bid and pleased that New York won.

And now, gang, it's time for some

MAILING COMMENTS

on the olde 116th

FANTASY AMATEUR 116 & BALLOT: Looks like no new members this time. Well, I guess Lenny Kaye and Joe Sanders can just wait another mailing or two, but it must be awfully discouraging for the likes of Carol Murray and Michael Ward. ¶ I'm afraid that Pat and I did not get our ballot in; we had the chance at Tricon but wanted to Think It Over, and once we got home continued health problems and general busy-ness such as getting Ken started in kindergarten forced us to let things slide, and now it's too late. [It's September 19, and Albertina is back, O ye careful readers.] Anyway, perusal of the ballot indicates that all candidates are capable persons, so we have no great fear over the outcome of the election. In any case, congratulations to the winners, condolences to the losers, and FAPA will remain in competent hands for another year.

BETE NOIRE 17 (Boggs) I was quite taken with your tribute to David Cory, and could not help ruminating [for the squinteenth time] over the endless variety of nostalgia cues. You react to Billy Bunny, I to Billy Batson. My superior fortune is that I have been able to meet Otto Binder and express my gratitude for childhood's golden hours. In fact, Otto and his wife Ione were here for dinner night before last; he left behind advance photostats and much delighting information on several new Will Leiberson - Otto Binder - C.C.Beck comics that are in the mill. The first of them, "Fatman," should be on the stands before this FAPA mailing appears. Another. "C-----n S----m," [Yes!, O astute reader] to follow shortly.

VANDY 26 (Coulsons) I saw both of those meteors along with Pat. The first appeared on a Friday night as we were driving to visit friends near Hartford (Connecticut) and was a distinct light green color. We could clearly see the object breaking up as it sailed across the sky, and I think that we could hear it as well, but I would not swow to that. The second one passed over a few nights later; I think it was the following Monday. I was reading, Pat was standing in the same room, and the object was visible long enough for her to call me to a glass door and for me to see it clearly before it passed from sight. It was larger and brighter than the first meteor had been, and was definitely of the same, green shade. We were at home on the second occasion, about ninety miles west-southwest of the place where we saw the first...I mention this as evidence against the likelihood that purely local and/or temporary atmospheric conditions in Hartford or Poughkeepsie might have caused the green appearance.

HORIZONS 107 (Warner) I don't believe that I read the earlier Warner story involving blindness, which presumably helped keep me from guessing the twist in "The Most Happy Fan." Still, it was a fine piece. ¶ Several years ago we said a word or two (in writing) to one another about an anthology you might do for Canaveral Press...then I shut up. Let me make the long-belated explanation that I was put on a buying "freeze" from which I've never been released. But if that had not happened, I would have been interested and still would be. Have you tried any-one else with the proposal?

MELANGE (Trimbles) Well, NY won, of course, and I hope we'll see you both/all next summer. ¶ Having spent two whole weeks in California in 1964, I am naturally an Authority on the state, and agree with you as to the preferability of Northern to Southern... The Monterey Bay area is indeed lovely; Pat and Andy Main and I spent a most enjoyable 24 hours in Monterey and Carmel. ¶ Sorry your Fitch petition failed, but perhaps the second (Tricon) try will/has do/done the job.

SERCON'S BANE 29 (Buz) Regarding your "dormant" mayor, I wonder if a revitalization of the good ol' two-party system wouldn't bring better government to our Great Cities. [And even the non-great ones.] If the Ins knew that the people had a viable alternative to which to turn they might try a little harder and be a little less cynical about civic problems. And if the people would actually turn to the Outs once in a while and put 'em In, they might do some good when they got a chance. As it is, most big cities are Democratic Strongholds (some few are Republican Strongholds and just as bad) Certainly Fun City is a lot better off with Lindsay in City Hall than it would have been with just another Demo hack like Beame or Screvane; I'm just sorry that the voters failed to follow through and elect the rest of Lindsay's slate, instead of sticking him with a whole crew of office-holders who'd like nothing more than to stick their knives in him and re-establish good old comfortable one-party rule.

CANNONBALL [SELF-PRES #9] (Hoffman) Thish contained the nth Trek-report I've read, and every time I see something like this I ask myself, Why do I live this conventional, 9-to-5, Monday-to-Friday life, when I could be living the gay Bohemian life of fabulous New York fandom? And the answer comes each time: Money. What I need is for some Foundation to come along and say, "Sonny, here is a magic, permanently self-refilling checkbook. Now stop worrying about your mortgage and go out there and do the things you really want to do." Now how about that, any wealthy Foundations in the readership?

ALITUOT (Hevelin) Not what, who was the Big Red Cheese. He was Captain Marvel; BRC was the epithet applied to him by his arch foe, Dr. Thadeus Bodog Sivana. ¶ I thought that the two Spider serials ranked high among the many shown by the Fantasy Film Club. I did not know that Jory had played the Green Hornet; have you a pronouncement on the new TV version? So far they've pussyfooted around the question of Kato's nationality, although his appearance is Oriental. ¶ That NY apartment in which you saw the films was somebody's girl friend's place on the West Side. Our apartment was on the East Side.

THE VORPAL DRAGON 2 1/4 (Harrell) Steve Stiles tells me that the full issue [Number 3] is a good one. I shall look forward to seeing it in this mailing, non? Sorry you missed not only the mlg but the convention. The lesson, I suppose, is Plan ahead.

LET'S ALL JOIN HANDS AND CONTACT THE LIVING [QUEEBCON 18] (Raeburn, Clarkes, Peng) Yes, it really works, not that I've met you (except for Paul Peng; whom I missed, sorry) it's all starting to make sense. Norm, why don't you cut a 33LP disc on sax with buddies and send copies through the next mailing? I bet you'd get lots of egoboo in return.

BOBOLINGS (Pavlat) All of this car talk -- Buz's prosylitizing for his
 YOU, THE OE & ME Toyota, your discussion of Buick, Alfa and Mercedes
 -- call for a bit of personal comment. When Pat and
 I moved to Poughkeepsie we found ourselves the owners of a hand-me-down
 Cadillac convertible, not too old or mileaged, but in bad shape. Repairs
 were hideously expansive and not satisfactory anyway. After half a year
 the Caddy was traded in on a new ('65) Volvo 122S two-door sedan with
 automatic transmission. We've had the Volvo for some sixteen months now,
 and have put 24,000 gratifying miles on it. The car has proved comfort-
 able, economical, and [to us, most significant of all] thoroughly reli-
 able. Repairs have been few and minor. The car seats four comfortably,
 five with a little squeezing in the back seat. Luggage space has proved
 adequate for four; for five (going to Tricon) we used a roof luggage
 rack as well. The rack, loaded with bulkily air-resistant baggage,
 reduced gasoline mileage badly but did not otherwise impair performance.

I do not know the top speed of the car; I have had it around 85 MPH with
 the accelerator well off the floor. The car is used for daily shopping
 and other local travel by Pat, and by the whole family when we do any
 more substantial driving. We've had it to Cleveland once, DC twice,
 New York any number of times, Connecticut, etc. Pick-up with the auto-
 trans is not what it presumably would be with the Volvo's standard four-
 speed, but isn't really awfully bad. Other performance is generally
 exemplary although the car does not corner quite as firmly as I'd like.
 On the whole we have both been delighted with the Volvo and definitely
 intend to have another when this one wears out in another 150,000 miles.

Our second car is a Sunbeam which I bought "used" for commuting to work.
 Buying a used car violated a personal maxim, but I couldn't afford another
 new car at the time and unfortunately could not wait either. The Sunbeam
 has been a chronic source of trouble: brakes, radiator, brakes, horn,
 muffler & tailpipe (that's the current problem), brakes, heater....
 I won't condemn Sunbeams categorically; this may have been the fault of
 prior mistreatment and my own fault for violating my no-used-cars rule,
 but I'm afraid that I'm soured now on the brand and will never want
 another. My next car (if I find a pot of money to buy it with): a
 Volvo 1800.

THE BUGLE OF DINGLY DELL #4, 5 (B.Tucker) Continued interest in the
 b/w ATOMIC GALAXY #3, 4 (D.Tucker) Kennedy assassination fas-
 cinates me (although I must
 admit that I have not read any of the books on the subject). The whole
 suggestion that Oswald was not a lone madman but part of a conspiracy of
 some sort keeps popping to the surface over and over. That Oswald was a
 Communist is undisputable; that he acted as a Communist agent (or any
 other kind of agent) is another matter altogether, and one which I have
 not seen supported by any evidence. Claims that there was a second
 gunman seem to rest mainly on two interrelated items: (a) the timing of
 the shots [how many rounds could Oswald have fired in how many seconds]
 and (b) the number of bullets. If only Oswald had himself survived, he
 might have cleared up much of the mystery. As it is, one can still hope
 that the Warren Commission, the Justice Department, the FBI, and/or any-
 body else still holding unreleased evidence will someday see fit to let
 the public know what those agencies know. Or is there such a thing as
 the public's "right to know"?

SNICKERSNEE 2 (Silverberg) The day of narrow-minded reactionary editors in the science fiction field, masquerading their prejudices as business considerations, is not at its end. More I will not say here and now, but perhaps elsewhere/when. Kitty is very pregnant.

PANTOPON 15 (Berman) Your cover prompts me to ask what ever became of the Professor Challenger Society you were booming a few years ago. Did it just fail to get off the ground due to sparsity of response...or does it exist?

SPECIAL REPORT (Jacobs) Sorry I didn't recognize you at first in Cleveland, but it had been a long time since we sat with Ella Parker in a bar in Philadelphia. Bar-G Zeus, that could well be the openin of mah next hit sawng:

"Since we sat with Ella Parker in a Bar in Philadelphia -
a it's been a while I guess...."

And then Lee Hoffman and I wrote, "Send my FAPA mailings to Heaven, Mother / I'm crossing the Great Divide / Send my FAPA mailings to Heaven, Mother / I'll read 'em on the Other Side." Et cet.

DISCOUNT 15/I (G. Clarke) Why don't fabulous bunches of people descend on Poughkeepsie for impromptu cons? What is your secret? Better yet, why don't you descend on Poughkeepsie for an impromptu con! I wonder what a Pokshot would be like.

AYORAMA 2 (Morse) Do you know who played Ann in the 1944 film version of Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound" (film was titled "Between Two Worlds")...could it have been Madge Evans? Edmund Gwen was Scrubby, Paul Henreid was Henry, and John Garfield and Sidney Greenstreet were in it. A brilliant film (of what is likely the finest fantasy drama ever written)!

LUNDY'S LANE (Lichtman) Your description of The End of Sutro's was heart-rending. Pat and I visited Sutro's with Terry and Carol Carr in 1964; the place was obviously far gone in the way of deterioration. Our favorite section was that of the mummies. The visitor started at one end of the section with complete mummified persons, moved along the line to mummified cats, mummified hands, mummified fingers, and finally unidentifiable gray bits carefully labelled "mummified fragments." ¶ I believe that a movie, circa 1960, had a chase sequence in Sutro's. The film was some sort of theatrical release spinoff of the TV series "San Francisco Beat."

SUPERScript 1. (Caughran) I'm sorry that I didn't save the clip from which I quoted re: the possibility of living on Venus. But the date of it was April 18 '66, and it was in the NY Times, so if you are seriously interested you should have little trouble finding it for yourself. ¶ Yes, System/360 was named for the number of degress in a circle. Some time I shall tell you how the IBM 1401 was named, and the Univac 1004 and 1101. But not today.

DAMBALLA 11 (Hansen) I hope I'm not blowing a secret to refer to your very tentative words at Tricon about the possibility of a Denver bid for a worldcon one day. Like, 1968 or '71. You seemed concerned because the Colorado Fantasy Society is only a small group... too small, perhaps, to put on a worldcon. As an attendee at (to date) some five world SF conventions plus innumerable regional and local conferences, club meetings, etc., I have a feeling that a large sponsoring group isn't vital -- isn't really even relevant -- to putting on a convention. In every case which I have to date observed, regardless of how large the committee was, the con was actually put on by an inner group of four to six persons, and even they, under careful scrutiny, would yield up one to three real drivers who provided most of the impetus and effort to put on the convention. You want to avoid putting too much dependance on one pair of shoulders just in case of gafia, fafia, or even (as happened to the Philadelphia convention in 1953) a death during the year. But a handfull of people can do it...there's no need for dozens of names.

PHANTASY PRESS 50 (McPhail) That's Dave Kaler, not Keller. He's the fellow who put on the second of the two competing comicons in New York this past summer. When the collision was finally obviously unavoidable, he and the Benson group made a truce and agreed to boost -- or at least not to knock -- one another's functions. This Kaler followed by telling influential pros (I have this on Otto Binder's quotation) not to lend respectability to Benson's "scabcon." I also hear that Kaler ruined his own convention's whole flavor by opening it with a half-hour finger waving lecture treating the audience like a roomfull of naughty children. Bad cess to him, and I understand that is just what he got.

SAMBO! 15 (Martinez) You know, there really was a Tarzan stage-production once upon a time, but I know nothing about it, and would dearly love to learn. ¶ After some progress in the motion picture medium -- particularly the two Mahoney films -- toward an interpretation of Tarzan bearing some resemblance to the book version, the new television series has sunk right back to the most dismal of the latter-day Weissmuller inanity and cliché. If I'm to be home on a Friday night, and the tele is to be on at 7:30 (Ken is allowed to stay up later on weekends when there is no kindergarten the next morning), I guess we'll watch "Green Hornet," bad as that show is. It's still better than "Tarzan." Even my five-year-old recognizes that!

THE JOHN DICKSON CARR BIBLIOPHILE 1 (Mr. Sneary) Two most admirable
THE JOHN D. MACDONALD BIBLIOPHILE 3 (Mr. Moffatt) publications, dedicated
to two authors of whose
works I have read few (JDM's "Wine of the Dreamers" and "The Girl, the Gold Watch and Everything"; JDC's "The Burning Court"). All three books provided entertainment in varying degrees, but I lack sufficient interest in either to be particularly turned on by "The ___ Bibliophile." Now if someone would only publish "The George Allan England Bibliophile," "The Edwin Lester Arnold Bibliophile," "The John Kendrick-Bangs Bibliophile," "The Vincent Starrett Bibliophile," etc., I'd flip!

ESDACYOS 12 (Cox) I agree with your final paragraph concerning FAPA. Although my first mailing was a bit of an anticlimax after waiting six years, each mailing does contain items of solid interest. Certainly each mailing is eagerly awaited here in Merry Hell.

VUKAT 1 (Patten) A most auspicious first FAPazine. (I ignore "Dry Martooni".) Your idea of an anthology edited by FAPA is fascinating...I hope that FAPAns would look beyond the pages of the pulps for stories. As I was saying about my personal passion John Kendrick Bangs overleaf....

ISOMER 8 (Graham) Glad you made it. I always find these descriptions of trips to places I've never been but want very much to go, tantalizing and a bit depressing. Well, maybe next year. No, not "maybe next year" the way we say Real Soon Now. Really maybe next year. Yes, 1967. Yes. Or maybe 1968. Snif!

TRILL? 3 (Wells) Maybe you, or maybe some other interested Communist-watcher in fandom, would care to tell us What the Bloody Hay-ull is Going On in China! Has the whole country gone mad? We talk about driving social revolutionaries into the arms of the Reds by supporting repressive governments...Mao, Lin & Co., seem bent on driving the whole rest of the goddam world into an anti-Chinese coalition!

DAY*STAR 27 (MZBBreen) This all seems to be an admirable effort, but ALLERLEI 16 (W. Breen) was totally devoted to topics of no interest to me.

MINAC MEGILLAH (Main) More news from Otto Binder: It was the late Ed Herron who wrote the first Batman story (and about the first two dozen that followed). What Bob Kane did was turn up one day with a batch of drawings of costumed heroes; Batman was picked because he looked good. Somehow Kane has made it pay for 25 years while the likes of poor old Siegal and Schuster just got stuck. But: let's see how the current copyright suit over Superman turns out. Justice may triumph yet!

BINX 3 (Grennell) "A couple of items." That's all he wrote. Gaaaaaaa!!!! Okay now, let's all get an early start and maybe we can work a miracle. How about some Grennells at the worldcon in New York in 1967? With a stop in Poughkeepsie en route to or from.

SPIANE 2 1/2 (Moffatt) Gee, I'd like to read the adventures of Sherlock Hums. I guess there's not a chance of that.

SYNAPSE (Speer) Hully was, I'm afraid, rather shocked by Jody's costume. A few days after the Pacificon II, I thought I saw Jody walking across 7th Avenue at 50th street as I was going to work, and nearly stopped her to say hello. "Say, didn't I see you in Oakland a few days ago with your clothes off," I thought to open the conversation. Then I decided not to open the conversation. ¶ The only Green Archer film I've ever seen or know anything about is the Victor Jory serial version. The book was reissued in 1965 by Norton. I would guess (but have no evidence to support my guess) that the comic book feature, the Green Arrow, is based on -- or let's say, inspired by -- the Green Archer. Or maybe the Black Arrow. Shows how smart you are, Lupoff.

HABAKKUK II/2 (Donaho) "Anyhow, I've sort of lost my mind or something and intend to put out HABAKKUK quarterly in the future." I think you're right, Bill, but such madness on your part is to the benefit of all us readers, lookers (it's a beautiful magazine as well as meaty) out here. I think Locke was the best in the issue, but it was a close thing with Benford and others. Keep it up if you can!

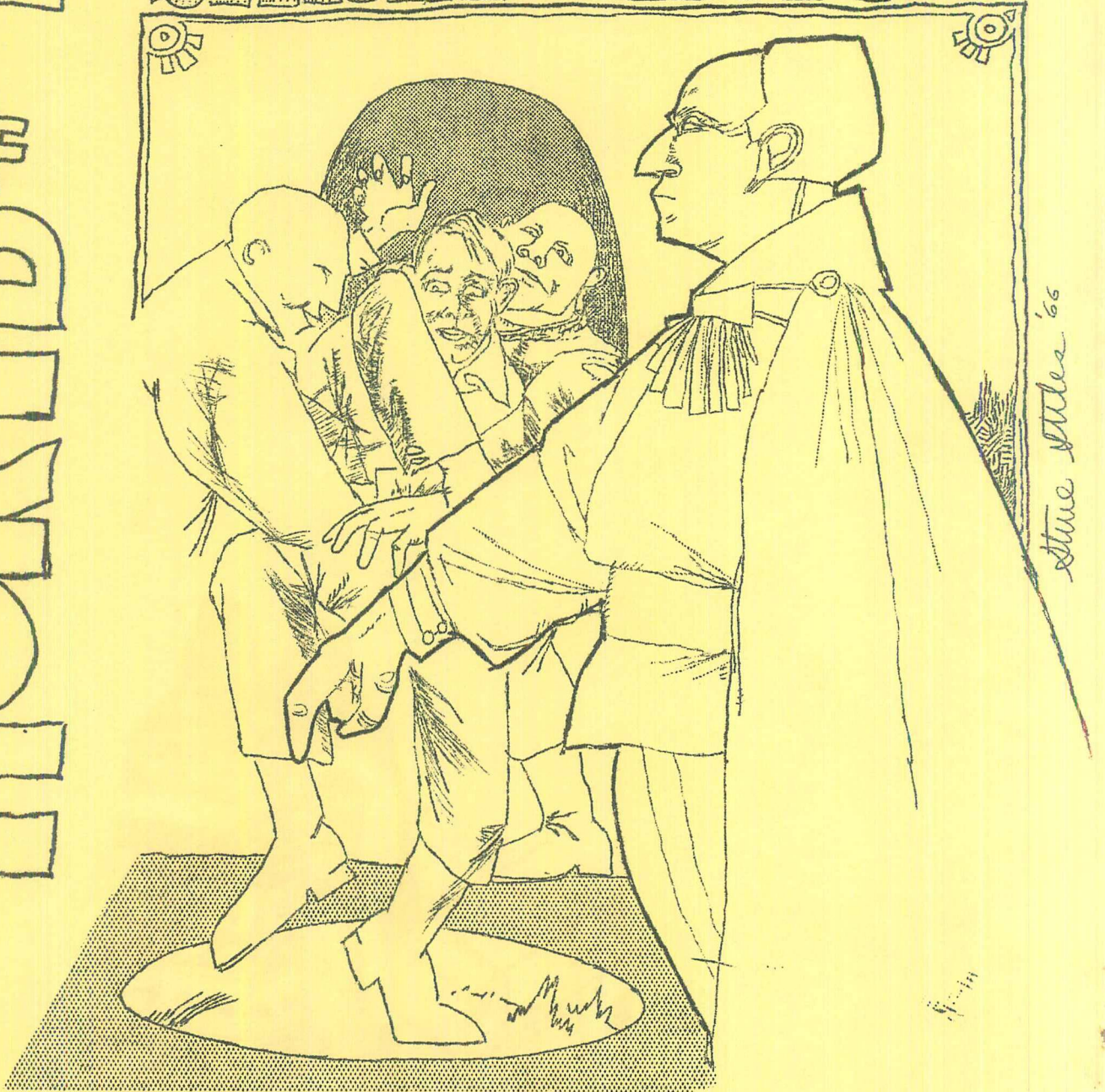
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