Paul & Rick Sneary

ICE AGE

#1

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You may feel that a TABLE OF CONTENTS is out of place in an apazine, and you may very well be right. However, there is a distinct possibility that only one page in this zine will turn out to be readable, and at least a chance that this page will be the one. If this happens, you will at least know what you are missing. So:

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ICE AGE, Volume 1, Number 1, is published by Larry & Noreen Shaw, whose address by the time you read it should be 16 Grant Place, Grant City, Staten Island 6, N. Y., for FAPA (Postmailing to Mlg 91), and OMPA (Postmailing to Mailing 24). The publishers do not like to use one magazine as activity in two apas, but have excuses for doing so which deserve an editorial to themselves (see below), and hope not to do so again....

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WITH OUR HEADS TUCKED UNDERNEATH OUR FEET OF CLAY,

we humbly apologize--

to our contributors, most of whom thought they were contributing to something else entirely;

and to the rest of you, for all sorts of reasons. ICE AGE is not our idea of the ideal apazine. We don't feel we have to apologize for the quality of the material, of course; Shea, Warner, Bloch and Budrys are all high-quality men. But the Warner and Bloch items are slightly dated, for one thing; for a much more important thing, we feel there should be a lot more of us, and a separate magazine for each apa. I, Larry, have checkmarks on items in the last four FAPA mailings, and fully intend to publish all the remarks they still remind me of, as soon as I can. I am very anxious to get back into the swing of give-and-take in OMPA, too.

Meanwhile, we're busy moving. Noreen is producing a third Shaw. And I have deadlines on criproac (I like crifanac better, but need the dough from pro sales so I can afford to fan) stretching from here to (sob!) infinity.

This issue is dedicated to, if anyone, Ron Bennett.

THE PEYTON THAT DIDN'T KNOW ITS PLACE

by

Harry Warner, Jr.

Back in the dim dead past, before the postmaster general became aware that Lawrence had written a book about Lady Chatterley, there was another book. It was called "Peyton Place" and it got banned here and there, attracting numerous readers unto itself. But I don't know of a single reader of the book by Grace Metalious, even those in fandom, who spotted it for what it is.

"Peyton Place" is a fantasy, pure and simple, masquerading as a novel about real people. The back cover of the Dell paperback edition says it's "about small town U.S.A." I can prove that it isn't. Mrs. Metalious is either an earth-born human who is writing in this novel about some planet slightly reminiscent of earth in a distant galaxy; or she is a human-like extra-terrestrial who tried to scrape together enough money to pay her fare back home by writing about a small American town out of her imperfect knowledge.

It's not even necessary to have lived in a small town to spot the inconsistencies in "Peyton Place". It's surprising that they got past the publishing firm's reader and editor and proofreader, unless those worthies were as repelled as I was by the bad writing and didn't pay as much attention as I did to the impossibilities contained in the novel.

In the paperback edition's blurb and again in the text of the novel itself, we learn that Peyton Place has an affirmed, certified population of 3,675. This is logical enough, in itself, but not when you have penetrated to the second page of the novel, which is devoted to a description of Elm Street, the "main thoroughfare"--street is not sufficiently clumsy a word for a clumsy writer like Mrs. Metalious. On this second page, you read "To the east on Elm Street, beyond the six blocks occupied by the business section of the town...."

I submit that there is no town in the nation with fewer than 4,000 residents which contains a business section that runs for six blocks. In Hagerstown, where I live, there are about 40,000 residents, and two main streets. In one of these main streets, the business section lasts for three blocks. In the other, it gives up the ghost after two and one-half blocks, and Hagerstown is the county seat as well as the largest town for sixty miles in any direction, which would cause slight inflation of its business district. Occasionally, you may encounter a small town which is one-dimensional, stretching out along a highway for a half-mile or longer without casting forth any

side streets, for geographical reasons. The most extreme case of this type that I've encountered is Hancock, Md., which is perched on a narrow and dizzying ledge and constantly in danger of toppling into the Potomac River, the first time a really heavy truck goes past. It can't expand to the south because the river, the abandoned canal, and two railroads clutter up the small distance to the West Virginia cliff beyond the river. To the north is nothing but a perpendicular hillside, and beyond that Pennsylvania; one is as bad as the other. So it has grown only to the east and west, it contains about three thousand residents, and its business district is two blocks long. This is the first evidence in "Peyton Place" that Mrs. Metalious has never seen a real small town in the United States.

The reader's sense of wonder wakes up from a light doze as soon as he encounters the third chapter--page 19 of the Dell edition. Allison MacKenzie walks east on this main thoroughfare, Elm Street, "until she had left the stores and houses of Peyton Place behind her. She came, eventually, to a place where the paved road ended...." There's even a sign which says "Road's End", the cause of a quite baffling bit of semantical philosophy which I won't quote because you wouldn't understand it, either. Here is the second proof that this novel should be included in the fantasy bibliographies. Except in uninhabited ghost towns, the main street in every small American community is on a through road that goes somewhere. There are no exceptions to this rule, except the most temporary sort that may exist when a whole town has been built suddenly because of industrial development in an area or because of abandonment of a section of highway. Even these exceptions to the general rule are only temporary exceptions. The main street is the main street because it contains much of the town's business life and commercial undertakings. The eating places, filling stations, and stores are built where they will benefit from through traffic as well as local residents. Elm Street isn't the only Peyton Place street that refuses to follow the logic of economics. Maple Street, "which bisected Elm at a point halfway through the business section," ends at its southern extremity in an empty field.

There are many other hints in "Peyton Place" of its otherworldly nature. However, I'll pass hurriedly over these, so hurriedly in fact that I'll not even mention more than one--the fate of the nurse, Mary Kelley, who is in excellent condition at the conclusion of the abortion scene, disappears completely from the novel for a time, and later is mentioned in the past tense. She apparently got translated into the twonk dimension and Mrs. Metalious assumed that any intelligent reader would understand what had happened to the poor girl.

The reason for the haste is to provide enough room to mention the fact that the people in "Peyton Place" do not act as if they'd ever lived in any kind of town, even a small one. The most absurdly prominent example of this proof of out-of-the-world existence is Dr. Swain. This is supposed to be a small town doctor with decades of practice in the village. One-third of the way through the novel, he learns that an unmarried girl from the wrong side of the tracks has been knocked up by her

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stepfather. He takes this news in just about the same way that he might react to the discovery that boiling water encourages the growth of germs and bacteria. He performs an immediate and--for him--unprecedented abortion, and he is transformed into a poor man's King Lear for the rest of the volume. This is absolutely grotesque. Nobody could practice medicine in a small town for six months without encountering a half-dozen matters more abnormal or perverted or repulsive than this one. If this girl's brother had been having an affair with one of his sheep, the Peyton Place physician might have roused sufficiently to dig out his copy of the Kinsey Report and determine just how common this sort of thing really is. But relations between a man and his stepdaughter wouldn't be remarkable enough to inspire a hunt for that volume.

Of course, there is one possibility. Somewhere in the firm of Julian Messner, Inc., the original publishers of the book, there may lurk the alien who has distorted Mrs. Metalious' original work. From internal evidence elsewhere in the book, I have a very strong suspicion that her original episode concerned real incest in this episode, and the man's relationship to the girl was changed from father to stepfather somewhere between her typewriter and the bookstores. If the girl were pretty enough and the father were dirty enough, the necessity for an abortion under such circumstances might get a romantic-minded country doctor excited almost as much as Mrs. Metalious causes her physician to react.

But I've read stories in the prozines about life on Calisto that gave a more faithful picture of 20th century America than this novel does.

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FOLDED, but not stapled, into this issue of ICE AGE, you will find a TAFF ballot. We urge you to use it. We don't even care whose name you insert in the blank numbered one, much less those numbered two and three. You see, we have discovered a marvelous way of chemically coating the paper, so that no matter what you do, Hal Ashworth's and only Hal Ashworth's name will appear when the ballot is once again exposed to sunlight after having been sent through the mails....

Seriously...vote. We've noticed that some fans--including a few who yap loudly about what TAFF ought to be--don't. We have our own ideas about what TAFF ought to be, of course, but primarily we think it can't go far wrong if everybody votes, contributes, and campaigns...instead of just complaining.

And if in doubt, remember: A B C ! Ashworth's the Best Choice! There is something to be said for all fans, but Hal is one of the nicest people in the world. Period.

CON-STERNATION

by

Robert Bloch

It's certainly no secret, at this late date, that fans may be divided roughly (I suggest using a butcher's cleaver) into two major categories--fanzine fandom and Convention fandom.

And this is a late date indeed, for signs are everywhere apparent that the status--and quite possibly the ranks--of Convention fandom is lessening whilst fanzine fandom flourishes.

As I write this, in early August of 1959, it's too early to predict anything about the outcome of the Detention coming up in September, but a backward glance at the Solacon of last year may help prove my point, if any.

The Solacon, as a Convention, seems to be generally regarded as a success; indeed, one of the best. Attendees were generally enthusiastic and there has been much mention of the fact that a fannish dream came true with the realization of the traditional slogan of "Southgate in '58". And there, by and large, the matter ends, as far as fanzine fandom is concerned.

To date I have read only three or four full-fledged and comprehensive reports of the affair in fanzines issued during the past ten months, together with a scant number of passing references on the part of other attendees, although there must have been at least fifty people at the Convention who either edit or actively contribute material to leading fanzines.

Obviously, it has become increasingly fashionable to ignore Conventions as a subject for discussion; they are still supported and promoted beforehand in the fan press, but it's considered to be rather square to comment on the actual event.

And in recent years what reports are available have seemed largely to emphasize a highly personalized and subjective impression; a detailing of the number of hamburgers consumed en route often consumes more wordage than a description of program events, and mention of a first meeting with a neofan from Squeegee, Wyoming, is deemed more spaceworthy than an appraisal of the Guest of Honor.

Well, as Joe Miller's joke-book says, it's a free country, and I'm not one to quarrel with the values of fanzine fandom. On the other hand, it's beginning to seem to me as though fanmags may be carrying their sophistication a bit too far. For, objectively speaking, the annual World Science Fiction Convention is still the focal point of fandom as a whole in terms of newsworthy interest, and it still represents the major

expenditure of time and effort on the part of any fan-group. In all humbleness I submit that the best fanzine ever published doesn't call for one-tenth the thought, planning, actual labor and cooperative teamwork entailed in putting on even an unsuccessful World Convention. And unless fanzine fans are willing to acknowledge these productions with a little more egoboo, the time may come when fewer groups will bother to put in their bids.

To be utterly realistic, I suppose, there's not any great immediate danger of that occurring in the near future--not with three cities reported to be bidding for the 1960 site, and active plans being laid for capturing the Convention in '61 and '62. But the question remains; how hard will they work to put on a good Convention if their efforts are subsequently ignored or dismissed with a passing mention and a pat on the back? How many Convention Committees are going to half-kill themselves to land top guests and speakers when they know that most of the fanreports are bound to devote attention only to Burbee plugging the watermelon story?

I hasten to assure you, as one who has written two encomiums to Mr. Burbee, and who believes that his watermelon story has done as much as the entire work of Sigmund Freud to contribute to our understanding of dreams, that I'm not putting him down. I admire Burbee, and wish he'd show up at every Convention. But if a Committee ever accepts the idea--which many fanzine reports covertly or openly foster--that all a Convention needs is a sprinkling of BNFs wandering through smoke-filled rooms, they may stop killing themselves trying to lure a Poul Anderson to come from 2,500 miles away to make a speech.

And while fanzine fans may disagree with me, I say that once the program is ignored, Conventions will increasingly deteriorate into unwieldy counterparts of regional bull-sessions.

I myself enjoy smoke-filled rooms--since I've no objection to women smoking--but this in itself is not enough to sustain an international interest in Conventions. The prospect of spending a couple of days with a few dozen or even a hundred or so fans and pros gathered at some motel or hotel is a pleasant one, and if the meeting-spot is located somewhere within my own geographical area, I'll make an effort to show up, barring unforeseen business or domestic commitments.

But, speaking for myself and for the voiceless hundreds of Convention attendees who are not primarily active in fanzine circles, I rather doubt if I'd travel several thousand miles, spend several days and several hundred dollars just to wander around and cut up old scores with people I can reach through correspondence, fanzine communication, and personal visits when mutually convenient. It just isn't practical to do so, unless one is a hitch-hiking teen-ager or a young, unattached and unemployed fan traveling six-to-a-car and six-to-a-motel-room.

The full-scale Convention, with its full-scale program, makes all the difference in the world. Granted, I'm not likely to attend every session, and few Convention fans make any

pretense of doing so. But to ignore them all seems naive rather than sophisticated; I'm reminded of the wealthy businessmen who insist on rushing off to exotic tropical resorts for the winter and then spend all their time playing cards with other businessmen from their home town.

I've enjoyed reading personalized fan-reports, and plead guilty to having written a few myself. But I hope we don't get to the point where we lose perspective in subjectivity. At the rate we're going, any day now I expect to read a Con-report entitled, I WENT TO THE SF CON AND NEVER LEFT THE BAR AT ALL--written in a most smug, self-congratulatory mood, though possibly with a very tight bladder.

But when this happens--<u>if</u> it happens--fandom is going to lose something. And I'm not speaking of bladder control, either.

We're going to lose our respect for Conventions, and inexorably proceed to the point where we'll lose incentive for having Conventions. And while fanzine fandom is wonderful, and it's pretty nice down in the bar, too, I'd hate to see a world without a Worldcon.

I mean, what would we all have left to gripe about?

!!!

So much for experiments....

Obviously, a lot of fans somehow got wind of what Bloch had written in the above article, and rushed into print with their Detention reports in an attempt to prove him wrong. Such cheap, gutter-warfare tactics do no, however, destroy his argument. What do you think?

The three pages immediately following were written and stenciled by A.J. He did not stencil the two pages after that, but we have attempted to reproduce tham exactly the way they were written. What do you think?

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"He writes from his guts. Instead of a typewriter, he uses a stomach pump!" --anonymous

"You come from New York. You must know the right way to hold a knife." --likewise

Written in Wax --- algis budrys

COUNTERFEIT
EMOIRS....

When I was about ten years old, my father bought a chicken farm, in a southern New Jersey community called Dorothy. (The Encyclopedia Britannica atlas lists four or five terrestrial communities of that name. The largest, or perhaps it's second largest, was my Dorothy. Po. 450)

Dorothy was a town full of chickens--White Leghorns, mostly, with a scattering of Barred Rock fryers. (Somewhere in this world, I'm sure, is an unfrocked holy man who once made his lonely residence in a granite cave beside an abandoned monastery. He, of course, would be a barred rock --But, I digress.)

Sometime in the middle 1930's I had started reading science fiction. But it was while in Dorothy that I discovered prozines, as distinct from books--1930's book science fiction was, if you'll recall, a vastly different sort of thing from the magazine product--and, shortly thereafter, by the simple process of getting a letter into Planet Stories' Vizigraph, I discovered, in that order, the N3F, fanzines, and catch-as-catch-pan hectography. But, a year before, I had found ...and lost...Arbie Dunlie.

Arbie--Robert Burns Dunlie--was a science fiction fan. He was a banty-rooster sized fellow with hair the color of apple butter and a face that was all mouth, all ears, and had been given both barrels at close range from a shotgun loaded with freckles. He had a dog named Rugby, who stood taller at the shoulder than either Arbie or myself, and who whoofled along at our heels all the mile-long walk to the Dorothy Public Grammar School each morning, and waited for us at night. (I don't really imagine that he waited in the yard from nine to three--he would have starved to death--but I believed it at the time, and closed my eyes faithfully to his non-presence on the gravelly school grounds during the morning and afternoon "play periods"--not "recesses.") If it weren't for Rugby--the operative syllable is "rug," by the way--I wouldn't be alive today, but that's another story. If it hadn't been for Arbie, I would have been all alone in Dorothy, New Jersey --alone, that is, in poring over stacks of raggedy-edged pulp magazines with the covers freshly torn off and slipped into the Geography to be Scotch-taped back on in the attic--and at the time this was a species of isolation which I could not have endured.

I didn't actually find Arbie. He found me. I was one of about seventy-two pupils in the school, and I soon learned they were divided into seventy-two against and none for the proposition that I was human. (Arbie represents the uncertainty here. I have no idea how he felt about me the first month I was there, except I can't remember him ever hitting me any harder than was needful in the initial pecking-order determination semi-finals.) So, in about October of that year, I was sitting locked in the john during play period, when Arbie suddenly popped his head up over the partition, hanging by his hands, and, looking down, said: "What in hell are you doing that for?"

"I like it," I said belligerently--imagine a high, tremblant, intense half-daft shriek--"Get the ----- away from here and leave me alone!"

"Look, that's no good," he said, his face flushed either with moral indignation or the physical strain of his position, or both.

"It's 'The Day of The Brown Horde' by Richard B. Tooker, and how the hell would you know?" I shrilled. He screwed up his face and made a spitting noise, which I have since seen directed by such as Anthony Boucher at books not by Richard Tooker. But even though I recognized it for what it was, with some more-or-less rational part of my mind, the rest of me was too far combat-conditioned. I sprang up--there had been no reason to have my knickers down in some manner that would have encumbered me--and uttered shrill cries like those of Flash Gordon--who had gone into a berserk rage in the Philadelphia Inquirer just last Sunday, and so furnished me with an exact gestalt to use in this situation --and hammered on his fingers with both fists. He fell out of sight, as, for good measure, I began kicking the partition with intent to make ingress upon Arbie.

All manner of people came running, of course, including one of the female teachers, who could have bitten that partition in half, I'll bet, or perhaps just looked at it for a moment or two, and there were the usual consequences. But as I was shuffling my way home down the railroad embankment--I understood the need to be in occupation of the high ground--Arbie suddenly appeared out of a clump of weeds, shoved something into my hands, said "Here, you," and "C'mon, Rugby" in the same breath, and floundered back down to the gravel road alongside the railroad line. There he cut for home, the dog at his heels, neither of them looking back. What I had in my hands was a copy of Astonishing Stories, the cover fastened on by yellow, brittle Scotch tape, the pages black with fingering and frayed well beyond mint condition, and a newsdealer's crayoned heiroglyph scrawled brutally across the Morey cover. (It may not have been Morey, but it was no Bonestell.)

I stared at it. I recognized it immediately for what it was, though I had never seen a prozine before or known there were such things. In an instant, I understood it all--the crayon scrawl smudged into a black film over the cover colors, the limped spine, the blotchy attempt to hand-color the illustrations with Venus pencils. I knew in that moment, with the same impact that would strike in cumulative doses as I actually read the contents, how precious a thing had been given me. I looked after Arbie and the huge dog--those same railroad tracks finally killed him the year I entered high school in Vineland--and I waved as hard as I could, the school books and "The Day of The Brown Horde" slipping from under my elbow as I clutched the Astonishing to my jacket-front. But Arbie wasn't looking back. Not that day. I wouldn't have, either.

Speaking of my Boyhood Dept.:

BLUE BOOK Magazine for October, 1937 (Vol. 65, No. 6):

"Looking out of the window, I can see Mt. Grelock of the Berkshires of Massachusetts. I have my typewriter here in an enormous new chicken-house--never used for chickens.

"My hair stands right up on end when I think back to last summer--when I think why there were never any chickens to put in this large, new and splendidly equipped house--and why every feather of the eighteen hundred hens in the other four chicken-houses was destroyed."

--Visitors From Venus,
by Anthony Rud

These were only the opening paragraphs, of course.

Gordon does not smoke or drink.
Gordon's ears are fuzzy pink;
I love Gordon!

PLISTPER SONALITY by A.J. Budrys

... And then there was the man who spent his entire life in search of a baby horse belonging to a Spanish saint. He was willing to pay any price, he said, and that was his mistake, of course. His crass attempt to acquire this valuable article in exchange for mere money played him rightfully ill, and he died of age, finally, his unopened wallet clutched in his hand and extended as if for a futile bribe to Death, and despite all his efforts he had died without acquiring the foal of a San...

Or absolution, either, I hope.

... Well, no, he did have a half-gallon bottle of that in the cupboard under his sink...

... It was funny how he got it, though. He was on the train for Iowa one morning, sitting with his feet up on the seat opposite, quietly playing the march from "Saul" on an Ace comb with a Riz La Croix cigarette paper wrapped around it--long end to, and ungummed, to boot--when a passing lady in a picture hat and a dress with a beaded fringe pushed his shoes aside--they promptly dropped the comb, of course, and while this was not irrecoverable, the paper blew out through an open window and was never seen again except once, late at night, on a street in Davenport--and sat down opposite him. "Sir," she began. "Madame," he replied, "I have never been called by that name. My mother raised me to be a gentleman, but in this as in all other things, she was a total incompetent, and if my father had not taught me a love of music in my youth, I should surely have starved to death ere now. How is it that I may oblige you?" And he made a little bow, in his ungentlemanly fashion. "Never," she replied in her turn, "have I been addressed more gallantly by anyone as uncouth as you. My heart is touched, as is my better nature, and I must say to you that you have been recognized, Count Veronov, and the Green Six have hired me to seduce you away from your normal preternatural wariness, in order that they might fall upon you and rob you of that which you carry in your inside breast pocket." "Madame," he replied imperturbably, fingering the cloth of his coat, "I have no idea of your meaning. I know of no Count Veronov, nor of the Green Six, nor of my inside breast pocket. My name is Charles Upshaw, and I travel in pocket combs and cigarette papers for a great commercial house in New York City, which, as you know, often sends out across the face of this great Land the representatives of its culture. It is far from inconceivable that you have mistaken one such for another. And though into this poor, plodding life you have brought a certain pique of excitement, now it is time to return to the workaday world. May I sell you an Ace, all 100% hard rubber comb, or perhaps some excellent curlpapers, Riz La Croix Our Best Quality, choice of rice or wheat, gummed or not?" "Hardly, sir," she said, sneering as she drew herself up. "In fact, hardly har har, Count Veronov,

if you think to deceive me that you are Charles Upshaw, when all this time I have observed peeping from your outside breast pocket the edge of that very ruby-red pocket handkerchief that is your flag and trademark at the same time?" "I have had a nosebleed," he replied, "and am innocent." Confused by this ready rejoinder, the woman stared at him indecisively. "Perhaps..." she muttered, "perhaps...he is not...after all...but, no--the Green Six are never mistaken! You are my man, sir!" she cried out in ringing tones. "Deny it how you will!" Heads turned up and down the length of the car, and he saw the conductor draw near, bustling up the aisle, his ticket punch slapping his pipestem thigh at every stride, the tails of his uniform coat bouncing in rhythm. "Hist!" he whispered to her urgently, "I have no ticket. Betray me and I am lost!" "Lost indeed!" she only shouted louder. "Lost without hope, Count, for we have you now!...Fool," she muttered in an undertone, "Why did you not flee when I gave you the opportunity? I gave you my heart, and what have you given me? I am scorned, Count, and in pain. You must suffer for it, though I love you!" "Not I!" he replied triumphantly. "Not I, but you shall suffer, for I am not Count Veronov! I am, indeed, Charles Upshaw--but of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, Madame Flora--" He paused significantly, as the woman turned gray-pale and shrank back. "Or should I say," he cried in tones of rising inflection, "Flora Veronov, Countess of Ulm and Sonderlaggen, wife of Piotr Veronov, Count of Ulm and Sonderlaggen?" And, so saying, he reached out suddenly and grasped the conductor around the waist as he was about to bustle by them. "Who is," the great detective finished triumphantly, "if I am not mistaken, the very man whom you tried to smuggle by me while my attention was elsewhere--the man behind this superb disguise--the man for whom the Green Six have been searching this wide world o'er for nigh on to many years, now, until, despairing, they came to me and begged my services? Eh? Eh, Piotr Veronov?" he shouted in a terrible, stern voice, ripping away the gingery false hair and moustache that had concealed the struggling conductor's bleeding scalp and upper lip. "Mercy, sir! Mercy! I confess. It is true. It is I." "And well, indeed, it might be," Upshaw declaimed, rapidly shifting his grip to the Ubangi witch-doctor in the seat behind him, who had spoken the fatal words. With his other hand, he tried to pat the conductor's hair back in place, while saying: "Ahah, Veronov! My ruse has uncovered your hiding place!" And, indeed, it had, and there is no grislier story in the annals of crime in our century.

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mimeod by QWERTYUIOPress, May, 1960

Shaw
16 Grant Pl
Staten Island 6
New York

Dick Ryan
116 Third St. NE.
Washington 2, DC