



Moebius Trip



HERE MEN FROM THE PLANET EARTH
FIRST SET FOOT UPON THE MOON
JULY 1969, A. D.

WE CAME IN PEACE FOR ALL MANKIND

Neil Armstrong

NEIL A. ARMSTRONG
ASTRONAUT

Michael Collins

MICHAEL COLLINS
ASTRONAUT

Edwin E. Aldrin, Jr.

EDWIN E. ALDRIN, JR.
ASTRONAUT

Richard Nixon

RICHARD NIXON
PRESIDENT, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

What's Wrong
in Hagerstown?
HAGERSTOWN, Md. (AP)—Re-
porters from the conducted a
man-in-the-street interview
Monday and discovered that
only 53 of 100 persons queried
could identify the first man to walk on
the moon.
The number Buzz Aldrin as the
second moon-walker in history
was less impressive: 15 of 100.



"...all our yesterdays..."

Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. [MACBETH: ACT V; SCENE 5]

#2

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SUB-STAMPS, INSULTS,
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EDWARD C. CONNOR
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Peoria, Illinois 61604
U. S. A.

WHY YOU BEAR THIS BURDEN

- ? We trade if you do. . . . Your LoC, Article or Artwork.
Review
? Subscription? (Send mint stamps.)
Letter of Comment anticipated.
You're getting what you've had timed for a long coming.
You occasionally run out of dog food.
Because this is 190 Proof and U are 19.0 & lost your proof at St. Louiscon.
To nail to your cat's scratching post.
This is a vacuum looking for a leak.
You are B.T. and you like staples with your oodles.
U R FJA & U need reading material during your 100th viewing of
"Things To Come."
If you're a prune it might unwrinkle your smooths.
You are Dick Geis & this is your secret vice.
Because your name is Moebius.
You are Smokey and you need something else besides Bantron.
You have need of a timely ~~organ~~ organ.
Some junk mail comes first class.
You need a fresh supply of catnip.
As a substitute For Uncle Charlie's Kleptomania.
You are an alias using Claude Degler. . . .

FOR A SUBSCRIPTION BONUS

The first four (4) \$2.00 subscriptions (6 issues) received
** will be given (if desired) a free copy of the 95¢ paperback, **
** "Boris Karloff, The Frankenscience Monster," edited and partly **
written by Forrest J Ackerman. (More on this book elsewhere
** in this issue of Moebius Trip.) A reminder: Send U. S. unused **
** postage stamps, up to 6¢ values (no air mails) for the total **
amount of your remittance; it is not necessary to send coins,
** bills, checks, money orders or other inconvenient and archaic **
** media of exchange. Anyone wishing to take advantage of the **
bonus offer must indicate this on their order. Winners, if
** any, will be sent their copies of "Karloff" at once, by book **
** post, and their names (unless we are directed otherwise by **
whomsoever might wish to remain anonymous) will be announced
** in Moebius Trip #3. . . . **
**

M O E B I U S T R I P # 2 ----- November 1, 1969.

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BOB TUCKER: A GLIMPSE...

by

Ed Connor



Bob Tucker hasn't changed much in the last couple of decades. In all that time I had only indirect word of his progress, as occasional news of his latest book--mystery or science fiction--reached me in one way or another. One or two were picked up second hand, at least one--if I recall rightly--via a book club, another in paperback, but I was pretty sure there were others I'd never heard or read about.

I hadn't realized quite how many. A recent visit (accompanying Don Blyly, editor and publisher of AVESTA) to Tucker's hideaway elicited the information that he's had eighteen books published, with the nineteenth in the works. Most--a dozen or so--have been detective, few of which have been in paperback. The remaining novels--science fictional works--have all been issued in the pocket-sized format.



Recently Pong's been revising one of his early tales for a new edition, a chore requiring somewhat painstaking updating in quite a literal sense, like changing the make of a car from one long-obsolete to one current, having the hero a veteran of the Vietnam war instead of World War II and so on. (We also note in the 39th issue of LOCUS--from Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N. Y. 10457, as if you didn't know--that "The Lincoln Hunters" will be reissued by Ace in 1970.)

As Harry Warner, Jr. noted in "All Our Yesterdays," Bob was long ago disenchanted--against his own preference--with the idea of letting all fans who wanted come his way freely and easily. He had one or two "unfortunate" adventures which induced him to re-trench. Nowadays he isn't even listed in the telephone directory. (Of course, if you know what he looks like, know his habits, etc., you might stumble across him in the middle of Main Street. . . .)

Still, through the years, by Tucker's own estimate, at least sixty different fans have visited him, some individuals returning again and again. His mundane occupation is still the same as when I first visited him over twenty-seven years ago.

If I recall correctly it was about 1932 when his letters first began to appear in the prozines. (He neither gets nor reads them very often today.) Such exposure brought fan contacts, amateur publishing and writing of short fiction, several examples of the latter seeing publication. (I can still recall an otherwise undistinguished tale, "Gentlemen, the Queen," which even Tucker has probably forgotten by now.)

Today his level of fan activity seems little changed from the early days. His fanzine production (Le Zombie's not dead but often in deep hibernation) is far less, but he still is a FAPA member and is in the "Lil'APA" fold. His LoC output seems to be fairly substantial, although with the far greater number of fanzines today his letters (and articles) are much too seldom seen. His membership in the National Fantasy Fan Federation is also maintained.

I used to speculate as to whether or not Bob Tucker would light up the old poppyseed puffer before dreaming up one of his more lurid Le Zombie stories. But nowadays I'm reasonably sure, after visiting the Tucker homestead, that his reinforcements are obtained a lot closer to home. I give the only clue to be found to the location of his domicile when I state that, before writing one of his pieces for Locus, FAPA or whatever, he might very well stroll to the back door of his comfortable suburban menage, taking care not to stumble over the gorgeous orange tiger cat, walk purposefully to the rear of the lot, reach over the back fence and gather a little of the corn that stretches--left and right and far afore--in unexcelled thickness.

Such proximity to the lifegerm of good Tucker fiction might have been expected. His books have many little touches which tend to make a reader an addict, to keep coming back for more. I especially recommend the aforementioned Ace book #D-479, "The Lincoln Hunters." I've over 300 carefully--selected books in many categories waiting to be perused for the first time, but have just read that one for the second time and enjoyed it.

HOW TO MAKE SCIENCE
FICTION RESPECTABLE
by LEON TAYLOR.

O. K., we're all science fiction people here, and we hardies are fully aware of the perils that reading the stuff entails. It's like serious drinking; Well-Meaning Clods give you pitying looks and you know that they're wrong about the affair, but how do you defend yourself? You try to explain; they conclude you're drunk.

All right. So we are unavoidably caught in some public place reading-- *gasp* --science fiction. Well-meaning Clods (often the same that abound in paragraph one; is this a conspiracy?) give you pitying looks and you know that they're wrong about the affair, but how do you defend yourself? You try to explain; they conclude you're crazy.

This is catastrophic. Fortunately, it has been scientifically proven that fen are slans (most of us are, anyway; if you aren't then watch out for the fellow on your right) and that it is within our power to change catastrophes, miracles, elections, shoes or five-dollar bills. And since the unifying factor in fandom is well-known (we never feud, do we?), I hereby issue a call to arms. Gentlemen, something must be done. A revolution is underway!

* * * * *

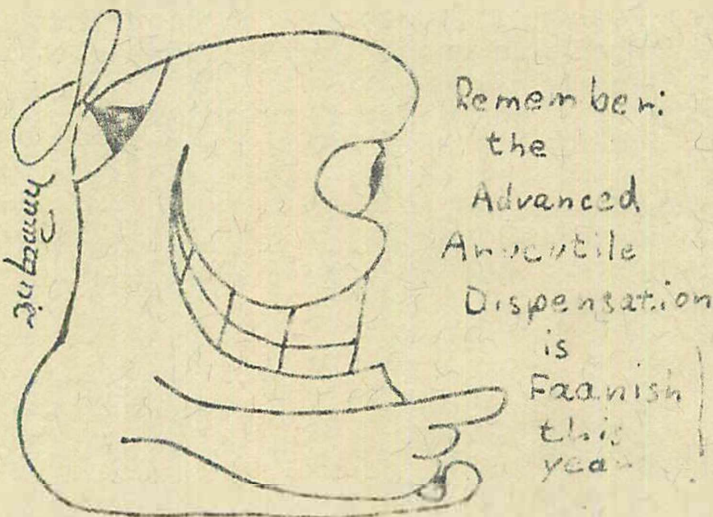
PLAN OF ACTION

I. NEVER READ A PAPERBACK. Paperbacks, as everybody knows, are obscene and childishly written Violence Stories. Moreover, they are priced for the low classes--you know, slum dwellers, starving people in India, pro writers, all that. Buying a pb is tantamount to putting a mortgage on your home.

II. HELP STAMP OUT COLORFUL TITLES. Eye-catching titles are kid stuff and should be scrupulously avoided. The Moon is a Harsh Mistress, for instance, deserves only the most horrified of looks before we dutifully avert our eyes; the earnest reader should immediately write shocked letters to the publisher demanding that the title be changed to An Exhaustive Study of the

Major Erotic Habits of a
Planetary Satellite, Revised
Edition, and its dullness should be attested to by at least 5 English professors with Ph.D.'s.

III. ASSUME THE CORRECT READING POSTURE. A primary fault of many fans is not what they read, but how they read it. They slump ~~vexicous-~~ly in their easy chairs, flagrantly swinging their feet and tearing from page to page. Some of them, gentle reader, go so far as to move their lips!! I urge you to be conscientious; there is



only one correct reading position:

Sit rigidly in chair, feet flat on the floor and arms at a safe distance from the armrests. Try to look as wooden as the chair. One's back should be stiffly straight, but a very slight forward lean may be permitted if the reader is in poor health. Under no circumstances should the reader actually lean back against the chair.

All muscles should be as tense as possible. Hold the book 11.765 inches from the nose--no more, no less. The book should be on an imaginary perpendicular plane to the floor, and the dust jacket should never be publicly flaunted. Place four fingers on the outside of the book, with the thumbs crooking themselves between lines 16 and 17 of the respective open pages. Opera glasses are encouraged. The reader should assume a deep frown for the entire sitting. Pursing the lips was once regarded as shameful, but in these enlightened times it is rapidly becoming acceptable. The reader should not race his eyes; rather, the eyes should travel from left to right at a firm but unhurried pace, returning to the beginning of the next line at the same velocity. Eyebrows may be lifted, but not extravagantly so. If it becomes necessary to turn the page, then the reader should methodically place the book flat on his lap--moving it downward at about the same rate that the reader moves his eyes--lightly wet the tip of his right-hand forefinger on the tip of his tongue (being very careful not to open the mouth), and press that forefinger against the upper right-hand corner of the page, turning it with care and precision. This accomplished, the reader may assume his usual position.

When the reader's sitting is finished, he should tuck the book neatly under his right arm at a point 4.753 inches beneath the armpit--no more, no less--and arise from his chair, being careful to neither look down or trip over his shoelaces. A slight but elegant bow to each of the other readers present in the room is proper practice, and the reader should then depart with even, measured steps. For a proper sense of gait, it may be helpful for the reader to whistle the third movement of Beethoven's Eighth String Quartet, taking a step to every two beats. On each step the thigh should be parallel to the floor and feet perpendicular. Toes should be pointed.

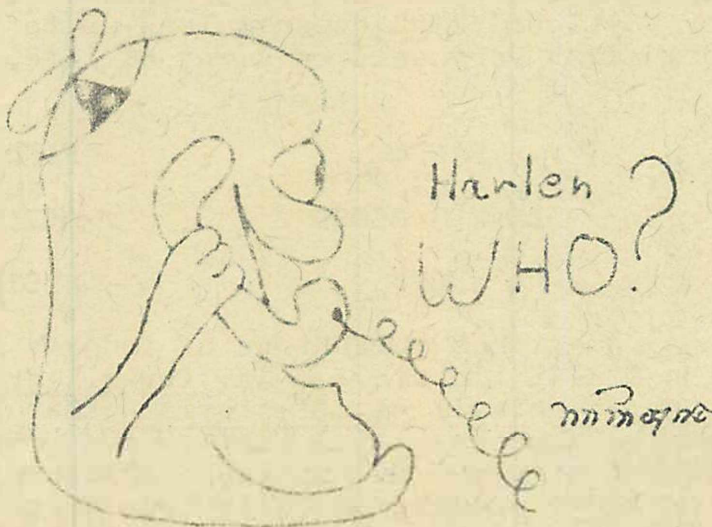
* * * * *

I feel, as doubtless the reader does, that these suggestions are necessary to the respectability of science fiction. If even all this should fail, however, there is still a way:

Make science fiction required high school reading.

Perhaps this won't do much for SF's popularity, but it'll sure make science fiction respectably dead!

. . . Leon Taylor.



FIAWOL Boys, Forever!

The Editor Meows, Purrs, Yodels,
Howls, Hisses, Growls, Spits, Caterwauls . . .

While I'm at it I might as well bare my chest all the way. I don't normally have much to do with any U. S. presidents, except to point out, if given the opportunity, their obnoxious personal characteristics, their gross errors of judgement, their panderings to wasteful governmental bureaus, etc., etc. I don't usually come right out and call one a horse's ass right to his face. But at last I have Nixon right where I want him. His advocacy of spending between a half and a whole thousand millions of bucks on a lousy, stinking, earth-shatteringly noisy airship makes me blow my cork. To perdition with his eyes and spheroids, and the eyeballs of all who favor such tomfoolery. . . .

Every municipal, etc., airport in the country has been draining the taxpayer dry for decades; while potentially the most advanced form of transportation around has been withering on the vine.

I've been thinking about this off and on since visiting Tucker a few weeks ago; he happened to mention that the last time we'd seen each other was when he hopped onto the electric train, swayed up to Peoria, boarded an electric streetcar and reached my dwelling without having to dodge traffic or breathe Styxbottom fumes. Today is progress? Uck.

Anyway, railways will make it big again, mark my words! I see a combination of factors which today are wending separate ways: Lasers . . . tubeways . . . atomic engines . . . and trains. Now all we need is antigravity to blow my speculations skyhigh.

Thank Cthulhu that autos powered by the internal combustion engine are on their way out! I once thought that the electric car would someday come into its own but now I've seen the light . . . it isn't yet completely practical. But the steam-powered vehicle is! In spades, with the damned engine perfected to such a stage that it is far more practical--and economical--right now than the goofy internal combustion thingamabob. If you don't believe me all I can say, boys, is don't get steamed up until you get boned up on steam. Now all we need is some way to get the cars out from underfoot. . . . Dear me, it seems as if antigravity will soon be a necessity.

All of which doesn't lead up to the point--the assertion that fandom might very well be a way of life, whether you like it or not.

FANDOM
AS
LIFE'S BLOOD

HOT

FANDOM
AS
HOBBY

MEDIUM

FANDOM
AS
UCK

COLD

Just what percentage of today's fandom really and truly falls into the FIAWOL niche? I mean, for all practical purposes, or behind what might very well be affectation (that is, regardless of what an individual professes). The fact is that many "hot" faans have to work at mundane jobs, live in mundane neighborhoods and so on. Perhaps they are therefore unaware of their true deep-down fannish feelings. Perhaps they know of them but won't admit to them. I suspect, anyway, that there are more FIAWOL adherents than meet the eye!

Still and all, even the original slan-shackers, in their first, their second and their last "communal" dwelling, could not--more than sporadically--pursue fandom as a way of life. Possible Al Ashley would have liked to do so, which may be the reason why he--far above average in intelligence but possibly just too much of a dreamer--seemed to become more and more lackadaisical, disinterested, etc. . . . The last time I saw him he sold me his collection of near-mint Astoundings (covering most of the '40's) at cover price, and as a sideline tried to put me into a hypnotic trance, with my full cooperation. But cooperation isn't enough in such matters if you aren't easily entranced, and are too alert and interested in the proceedings.

Subsequently Ashley has only been heard of (by me) through vague rumors; someone once told me that "undoubtedly I could find Al through Ackerman" (Forry being presumed by many L. A. fans of the period to be omniscient), but I never broached the subject with the Gargantua of the Garages.

O. K., so now I have come up against one to whom FIAWOL, FJA himself. Yes, yes, true, but by gad--how many are there around like old 4sJ? But, now that I think of it, is it fandom or Sci Fi (heh heh) which has been Forry's big thing?

Very likely a combination. Altho--let's face it--I can picture AckAck getting along without fans; I cannot imagine him thrusting away all facets of scientifiantasy. But, veering away from the edge of fantasy, we don't expect that Forrest will ever get away from fans or that fans will get away from 4o; he has been, perhaps still is today, a special case, a Cult.

Today, if one screws one's mind into the subject and beclouds the concoction with a little daydreaming, one can almost picture the present-day Mr. Ackerman in his proper perspective. In a way, hasn't he shaped up gradually into a kindly, grouchy, lovable, persnickety, benevolent, irascible, old-dog-Tray kind of a--er--ah . . . monster?

Hey--speaking of monsters, how about that annish of Forry's? His "Famous Monsters of Filmland" 'F'earBook for 1969 may still be around at your favorite magazine dispensary.

Quite frankly, I thought these monster pubs were mostly comicbook stuff (and not of the highest grade) until I happened to look at the insides of this yearbook. It is quite interesting over-all, with one or two really excellent articles. The items are selections from the years-long backlog of the 'zine and include the complete chapter-by-chapter resume of "Curse of Dracula" with Francis Lederer (choice pics from the film!) which may come your way on TV at any time. . . .

Because this is an annish there is a wide range of movies covered, with monsters both familiar and oddball. (And, assuredly, if you didn't know Forry to be the editor, the atrocious puns encountered at every turn (of a page) would give him away--they bear his own inimitable brand of pun-gency.)

Those of you who enjoy the stf, monster, horror movies on TV should find this publication fascinating--and indispensable. Don't miss it! And while on the subject get the now-monthly issues of "Famous Monsters of Filmland." The Yearbook led us to investigate, and among a variety of comic-book-like (all cartoon strips) magazines of the same size and appearance, we found F.M. of F.! It was obviously out of place, since it is a different type of presentation entirely.

Issue #59 (Nov.) has many photos of TV's "Dark Shadows" characters, with the accent on Barnabas Collins. Plus the fabulously illustrated story, with Chris Lee as the gnawer, of "Dracula has Risen from the Grave." And another, with Peter Cushing as Baron Frankenstein. And a

feature with Lugosi, and more.

Then #60 (Dec.) concludes the story of Boris Karloff as Frankenstein, has Bela in "White Zombie," news of new movies, views from an assortment of past classics, etc.

Which brings us to the piece de resistance of this narrative, the .95¢ Ace Book paperback, "Boris Karloff, the Frankenscience Monster," by Forrest J Ackerman. Much of this tome's material consists of fairly short essays by various people, including FsJ. (For the latter's ego-boasting it's something of a tour de force.) Some sections originally saw print in such diverse pubs as the fanzine "Photon" (Ferry's Tribute), the lately infamously-handled newszine, Science Fiction Times (Ackerman's eulogy), an ancient ish of Weird Tales, newspapers, and others.

One feature of the book--particularly in the editor's renderings--is the sporadic use of the term "sci-fi." For some reason I find this revolting. But no matter; it is minor, and the only irritant of this nature. Then too, I'm well aware that many of you like it.

The book is remarkably well laid out, showing a masterly touch. Could be, surely, that Ackerman himself is responsible for arranging the many sections into their order of presentation, altho I notice that Donald A. Wollheim has formulated the 16-pages of photos from Ackerman's own collection. Anyhow, the deeper one gets into the thing the more engrossing it becomes.

4e's pronunciamento doesn't at any time become too sentimental--too much of a sob story--but he does repeat himself frequently. This is necessary in view of the nature of the book. But fortunately Ackerman has learned well the trick of saying something in fifty different ways, which all adds up to the fact that Karloff was an admirable character, a fine actor and a keenly-witted gentleman who bore well the crown of ruler of filmdom's outre limits.

* * * * *

In our first ish we weren't quite sure whether or not Karel Capek's (see our cover) play, "R. U. R." had seen a film version. No one wrote in to tell us; we relied on those astonishing coincidences that just seem to crop up when one needs them.

In his "Karloff" book Ackerman, under the chapter heading "The Realm of Unwrought Things," indulges in a little whimsy, including a film version of RUR in the "unwrought" category! And as if that weren't enough, in the November '69 ish of Fantasy and Science Fiction Isaac Asimov mentions that the play, R.U.R., was first produced in 1921, updating the Frankenstein (1818) theme. No notice is taken by the good Dr. Asimov of a film version for a very good reason: we now know that there was none.

Bob Tucker, incidentally, very kindly checked his huge volumes of film listings and found nothing on this item, so we weren't surprised to stumble on the above verifications. We thank him for that and for various other little tidbits. . . .

GAFIATION?

As far as "gafia" goes, I don't think there are many--if any--fans who take the term literally, meaning getting away from it ALL. All? Even reading stf? Even reading and enjoying a short story encountered by accident in an otherwise mundane magazine? Or watching and liking a TV drama of an obvious science fictional nature?

I've mentioned that I gafiated some years ago, and lately wrote that I'd degafiated. But in actual fact I wasn't away from it ALL. I'd saved a box full of fanzines, a couple loaded with prozines, and every six months or so I bought an issue or two of a S-F mag and read some of the stories before adding the items to my "collection." And by this I was able to pick up a surprisingly large amount of fannish info, buying an occasional Amazing specifically for the news of fandom I noted when leafing through it. Then, too, for my own enjoyment (as I learned afterward) I wrote several stf novels. . . .

For many years, of course there was Doubleday's S-F Book Club, where I got practically everything put out. Then when it was obvious that the quality of material offered had degenerated considerably (I understand it's improved since) and I got too many duds, I quit. But that was only about three years ago and the paperbacks had taken over anyway as the prime source of good S-F reading.

But one might assume that to an individual of the FIAWOL inclination, it is true gafia when anyone just loses all contact with fans and fandom. Never mind that he goes away with a big stf library, subs to prozines galore and an addiction to the ultratrite in late-nite monster TV filmfare; he is not heard from again and by such blasphemous behavior can legitimately be referred to by all trufen as gafia. O.K., so I was gafia. It's easier to look at it that way. And, while in the mood to superficially examine the gafia bit, I might as well expand a little on my own story, since degafiation.

Don Blyly, the indefatigable ex-publisher of the high school science fiction fanzine, S-F Newsletter--which one review referred to as "awful" but which was vastly superior to the average crudzine and which was really quite good at times and in spots--wrote to a local newspaper columnist about fandom.

The result appeared in the Peoria Journal Star, evening edition, on April 30, 1969:

s-f fans

Newsletter, which is a fanzine. Columbus, Ohio: Quasar from Wheaton, Maryland; and Betel attention to science fiction fanzine published by a science fiction fan from Fowler, Indiana, along with some of his. Although the SFN is nowhere. There was also a group in Con- forins, such as local clubs, con- near being one of the better fan- ada that was going to start a ventions, amateur publishing zines, I hope you will find it in- high school fanzine, but their association, and fanzines. Interesting when it began, a little ditto machine caught on fire he- would also like to call your at- over two years ago, it was the fore they could publish their tention to the Peoria High only fanzine published by a high first issue, Don Blyly, 825 W. School Science Fiction Club, its school group (although there Russell." publication, the Science Fiction were many high school age fans. Blyly is interested in forming a city-wide science-fiction club Newsletter, and especially, the who published personal fan- called CISFA. My mind tends to boggle too quickly at strange Central Illinois Science Fiction zines). It has sparked so much interest among other high school students that there are now sim- words, but anyone interested entirely trying to organize.

"I have enclosed a couple of ilar publications in several in fanzines, APAs, or world- issues of the Science Fiction areas, such as Bill Bored from cons, can contact him at 674- 8469.

Note the misspellings (typing errors?) which the columnist deliberately carried over from the letter to the paper--an execrable

practice, in my opinion, except where the letter writer is one R. S.

As a result of Don's article CISFA was formed. But first, I telephoned him--we live hardly more than half-a-mile apart--and the ball began to roll.

For weeks thereafter it seemed as if I were reading fanzines, of an enormous variety, day and night. These were Plyly's, mostly of the last year or so, but I soon rooted out some old ones (1941 to about 1955) of my own, and spent additional endless hours in their innards. Slowly fandom past and fandom present began to come together.

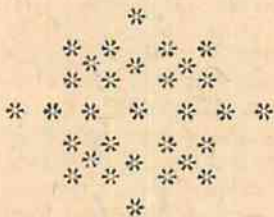
Most knowledge was needed of today's situation. I found that by far the best places to get info of all sorts--fan and pro, news and recent history--are in the LoC sections of fanzines and in their editorials. To supplement this and rapidly supplant it I swiftly subscribed to LOCUS, the newszine, which has more than sufficed; it is indispensable.

And in one of the prozines I spotted one of Dick Gois' S-F Review ads, subbed at once, and thus got the most interesting fanzine of them all--another one which no fan should be without. No, no, I'm not going to list my 10 or 20 favorite fanzines; these two are mentioned because they are so obviously superior, of the ones I've seen a lot of.

It doesn't, incidentally, surprise me in the least that fans are so reluctant to pay for any but well-established pubs of proven dependability; in my first three months of renewed activity I was screwed more frequently than not in subscribing to fanzines. I thought I'd encountered or thought of all situations that might occur, but I had not--not that it would've made much difference. I've since learned that subscribing to our type of pub is today a very risky proposition, indeed! One local fan has a considerable stack of money order stubs for which no results of any kind were received.

Now the mere losing out on a few issues of a collapsed fanzine is of small import. What I find difficult to comprehend is the degree of callousness, or arrogance, or disinterest (indicative of what kind of a weird personality?) which must be behind some of the fanzine terminations, suspensions, etc. But there are even worse cases where a subber is totally ignored, even though the fanzine continues to come out to others.

What a bunch of oddball characters are among the several thousands now inhabiting fandom! Not just the well-known ones like Leland Sapiro or Frank Prieto, Jr., but quite a passel of fly-by-night operators who use fandom in much the same manner as they've misused all whom they've encountered in mundania. As individuals they fortunately don't last long in fandom--others take their place and must be watched for--for, true to form you might say, as fans they are also fly-by-nighters.





ROY TACKETT

"Thank for sending along MOEBIUS TRIP. It contained a number of comment hooks that move me to shake off a bit of lethargy and do some comments.

"I venture to say that the percentage of readers in this country is higher now than at any time in history. Consider that prior to WW-II the percentage of people who actually attended college was quite small. For the most part only the children of the rich could afford it. And, generally, it is only the better educated who are readers. Since the war, of course, the percentage of people attending college, indeed, the percentage of those completing high school, has increased tremendously. At a guess I would say that the percentage of readers today is twice what it was 30 years ago. Which means that the citizenry is better informed but still not enough so. Television has been a big boon to the non-reader. It is a shame that tv does such a miserable job of providing information." *1*

"Great Britain and Space and Vatican Radio can be pretty well lumped together for comment. It has been almost 200 years since the American Revolution and the ruling classes of Europe have never forgiven us for it. America's revolt against Britain, our refusal to, theoretically at least, go along with the concept of royalty and the ruling class, is considered to be the root cause of Europe's troubles. America showed the way and since 1776 royalty has, for the most part, gone out of style. Nevertheless, the old families still exert considerable influence on European affairs and their attitude is reflected in European attitudes toward the United States.

"Britain, of course, is a special case. Britain was the #1 power in the world. Nobody made a move without considering what the British would do. Britain now is, economically, politically and (with reservations) militarily a third rate power. They are naturally jealous. Things will continue along this way unless Europe can overcome its normal national rivalries and form themselves into a federal union. All things considered that isn't likely. Europeans realize that they are dependent upon the U. S. in the west and the USSR in the east. That rankles them. Tough.

"Goons on campus, eh? That statement, old Ed, tells me a great deal. As opposed to rational, reality-oriented genuine collegians, is it? Would you care to give us a dissertation on this 'reality' they are oriented to? Am I to infer that you think that everything is peaches and cream and all is right with the world? Or our particular portion of it at any rate? Come now, old Ed, elaborate." *2*

"Surprise? I am not surprised that we reached the moon . . . only that we did it so soon. Still, we have the Russians to thank for that, do we not? If it were not for Sputnik we would still be dozing.

extreme, seek to destroy the system by violence, by utilizing "mob" psychology, by playing up racial variations, etc. Now, as to whether or not everything is "peaches and cream" I don't think so. But I do contend that we have the facilities, the knowledge, the enthusiasm, the idealism, to create a far better world in rather short order, if the vast hordes of collegians and others so inclined, would work together toward that end.

As it is, a collapse of campus jurisprudence into a state of anarchy--as is the avowed aim of goon-groups like the S.D.S., is decreasing the number of peaches available.

What the average collegian does not seem to have caught on to is that civilization is damned lucky to be alive. It has gotten this far through an almost constant struggle against chaos. That they, today, enjoy a brief breathing-space, in which individual rights can be momentarily enjoyed as being so holy and inviolate, in which peace-at-any-price marchers can proliferate, is only the result of the efforts of others to fend off the ever-present aggressor. And the aggressor, today, is right there beside them, seeking to destroy them and the very fabric--tenuous as it is--of civilization. They need only look around them at the countries of the world. See how many are in the hands of "robber barons." (Powerful "vested interests," military huntas, etc.)

But will the goons' madness grow until it brings an inevitable blood bath? It could happen, but I don't think it will because with all the "disturbances" of recent years the sectors wanting to adhere to "jurisprudential morality" appear to be largely untouched by the prospect of triumph through self-destruction.

Our civilization, while not all peaches and cream, is still full of amazing opportunity, diversity and potential for good. And yet we are, in face of the reality of mankind's sociological evolution, but a step beyond the dark ages, beyond slavery, beyond a touch, in all men, of a sense of utter futility in face of the immensity of creation. *3* Yes, innumerable little things are different now, which is as expected. But too much has not changed at all, which wasn't mentioned very often in stftales back yonder. Slums, pollution, inequality of distribution, etc., etc.

One big thing you didn't mention, I suppose since you live in a much warmer clime, is the big revolution in house-heating in much of the country. Gas furnaces have gradually replaced coal. Mention was made just the other day on TV that in some spots kids have never seen coal. . . .

4 Survival of the fittest: I was trying to use the term in both a moralistic and a biological sense. Those who died in the great world wars are often looked upon as the fittest in one sense; the survivors were the fittest in the other. As for the Viet Nam poser, so far all who have survived are, through the devious processes of natural selection, the fittest. Perhaps the future will bring perilous circumstances to show which of the two groups--surviving vet or whole-skinned service-evader--is the best at surviving that which might well be unavoidable. *5* Aye, 'tis the electrostencil--hard for me to use, because of the small holes in my mimeo drum. They now have a new silk-like stencil processed in a Gestetner "dry" copier in just a few seconds, but don't know all details yet altho I've had several demonstrations. Could be as good, but cheaper. But will it hold up for, say, 500 copies?

ROBERT BLOCH

"Many thanks for the first issue of M. T.--a most auspicious beginning! Glad to find another philatelist in fandom: my own hang-up is animal stamps.

"E. E. Evans' widow, Thelma, showed up at several fannish occasions within this past year--I'm sure she too marvels at the growth of the Westercons." *1*

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *2111 Sunset Crest Drive, L. A., Calif.

90046.

1 I collect a little of everything, animals, space, etc., to the tune of about 70,000 varieties at present. Looks like there are quite a few philatelists coming forth. Wonder if the N3F's new "Hobbies Bureau" will uncover even more? Seems likely.

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RICK SNEARY

"Last Saturday I phoned Len Moffatt, who is beside being a best friend the only fan in my first-zone phone area that I talk to. I said to him, 'You will never guess who I recieved a fanzine from today?'

"Who?' he says. 'From Ed Connor. The Original "EdCo". And still in Peoria,' I says back. 'Yes,' he says, 'I recieved a copy two days ago. I mention it in the Hub letter I mailed today.' 'Barf!' I say...

"But that is the way with mail comming into South Gate and Downey. Only 5-6 miles apart, and the mail must come from the same distrobution point in Greater L.A., but some time there is as much as three days difference in our getting the same mail...and it varies as to who's comes first.. Strange..

"But it is good hearing from you again. Sort of in the way really old men are glad to see each other, as it gives them asurance that they to may live a while longer. I've maintained a low but regular level of fan activity the past ten years. Staying with FAPA, and contributing letters now and then to fanzines. My generally poor health results in a lot of colds and hay-fever trouble, which limits how active I can be. I haven't been to a LASFS meeting in 10 months, though was at last Westercon, and attend parties at old friends like Moffatts, Cox's, and Trimbles. I read very little new science fiction--my interest being half non-fiction histories and reference stuff, and historical and mystery novels. Of course I still hang on to everything. Not having moved, I've been able to keep a lot of old junk. // Surprised to find you around, and at least reading Geis mag. I've stoped..as it got to long, and to much bad blood being spilled. // I'm rejoining the NFFF though, and even going to run for Board of Directors... Warner's history impressed me with how little we (Cox, Rapp and I) knew about the clubs early history when we were trying to run it in early 50's.. I'm not sure I'm in touch with the current world enough to be much help...but then the Directors are almost trditionally out of touch with the rest of Fandom.... I will be different in that I know I am.

"Con gratulation on your checking the right things.... You are right, I'm not Mervin, I don't love cats, and I ware flannow pajamas... Your re-pro is quite good.... If some one hasn't mentioned to you before, another aid in getting paper to feed is to 'fan' the pages before putting a stack into feed. The idea is to get a little cushion of air between each sheet, so it will slide off easyer... It is odd how tightening the trys grip on the paper stack does make it feed better...some times. I don't own a machine--and never have, but helped work a lot of them. The Moffatt's have a big electric Gestetner now, that does it all. All, that is but change its own stincels. That day must be coming.

"Hard to comment on much in your issue though, as it is mostly opinions, with very little come back. Sorry to see an over-all negative aproch to things. Seems like you can of aproch things from the bad side... For like-- why start off telling about your interest in stamps by saying most fans are narrow minded and think that stamp collecting

is not worth time or thought.." *1* "Those who don't like stamps will feel you called them narrow-minded (and even narrow-minded folk don't want to admit it); and those that have no special feeling are given the suggestion that it might be a waste of time... It is rather like the slogan I see around here all too much... 'AMERICA! Love it Or Leave It.' -- What a foolish way of showing patriotism.. It's a 'chip on shoulder' remark as a starter... But it also admits that there are those who don't love the country...and thus that there are reasons for which one might not love the country. It clearly puts the person seeing it on the defensive, as the other is saying 'I'm a better American than you are.' And, of course as those who are the ones who apparently don't love America, are part of America--the sign wavers themselves don't love part of America, and should leave... Yes. And the next time they see a Mother whelp her child for misbehaving they should run up and say, 'Love that child or leave it!' // But... Well, anyway.. I started saving stamps when I was six, and still 'accumulate' any that come by free. My stamp album is at least 30 years old, so I made my own loose leaf ones for major countries, by consulting catalogs. I don't do much, but I keep it all. And quite a pile of it by now. But trying to keep up with the current flood of stamps would be like trying to keep up with the current flood of F.B.'s.

"I find it hard to believe that English press is as completely against our space program as you report." *2* "Certainly my British fan friends haven't mentioned it. There is a good deal of criticism by some on the grounds that the money could be better spent on helping the poor or fighting disease...but this is just as loud in our press as over-seas, and nothing to do with being jealous. Our local paper (not one of the L.A. metro's) said the very same thing. And, of course Lord Russell is rabidly anti-American on so many things that he could hardly like this. But he is frightfully Left Wing, and quite out of step with his own government... While there are undoubtedly English who are jealous of our achievements, I hardly think this is a national condition. Ethel Lindsay was just making some replies about the English presses, and pointing out what an extreme range of feelings it cover...from the purest sensational trash, to the soberest of clear reporting. // Last Sunday's paper ran an article-satire--'The Last Hungry Man'--which paraphrased the actions of the Moon landing, with a crew finding the last man on Earth who was hungry, and force feeding him a bowl of chicken soup. The implication was clear. // My own feeling is a little hard boiled. It is doubtful if the NASA project money would ever go to anything else. But if it did it would only prolong the life of people who are now sick or poor...when we already have to many people everywhere. The Moon project, rather than prolonging life, has given a little more meaning to the life we have.

"I know nothing about the Minneapolis in '73 people, but hope they don't do anything to irritate me. I like the people in Dallas a lot, but they have too many comic fandom friends for me to support them... The Cons are getting to big, and the only way I can see to make them smaller is to try to discourage the other-fandom people; such as comics, film, sword & swat, and the hop-heads. If we could get rid of them, things would be still to large, but at least you could talk pure fan..."

"Good to hear from you, and hope to hear more..." *3*

***** *2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California, 90280

1 No, no! I only said "Stfen themselves can be as narrow minded," the "can be" meaning that it is possible for some stfen to be so but, while that could mean possible for all stfen to be, the implication of "can be" usually indicates a mere scattering of individuals when the overall probability is considered. . . .

2 No, most of the English press was and is favorable, Rick, as you imply. But one can't help being amazed and somewhat miffed, as I was,

that there were such asinine stories by a loud-mouthed few. Here too, in the U. S., and I don't like any of it.
3 That's what I've been reading lately--Cons so big, impossible to cover everything, altho the reports usually say that a largely enjoyable time was had, anyway. The problem of other fandoms seems unsolvable, unless they become so independent, self-sufficient, etc., that they more or less begin to withdraw from a close contact with stfan-dom. But then, I know little of such groups. . . . Write again!

NED BROOKS

"I wrote Warner that I thought the title of his excellent book was a bit unfortunate, if you remembered the rest of the sentence: '. . . have lighted fools the way to dusty death.' Maybe he will explain it if we bug him enough!

"The British press's criticism of the moon trip isn't necessarily jealousy-motivated, there are people here who are less than thrilled with it. Even Kurt Vonnegut. . . . They are wrong, of course--the whole project cost us very little in any real sense, and the scientific knowledge gained in the effort would have been worth the cost even if we had never reached the moon.

"I guess you have that 3-D 'space walk' stamp from Bhutan--I am not a stamp collector but a friend in Argentina sent me one." *1*

"If Pope Paul really 'knows the score' maybe he will reverse his stand on The Pill before we reach the point where half of us have to breathe out before the other half can breathe in. . . .

"I was even less surprised than you and Blyly when we reached the moon...I work for NASA. . . . As to whether the present is the future we expected to go with the first moon landing--there is always more of the past left over than the futurians expect, due to the tremendous inertia of society. But I would have thought that someone your age (first fandom?) would find the present more 'futuristic' than younger fans who don't have the same basis for comparison." *2*

"I am always astounded when a faned gets a mimeo and right away turns out a well-laid-out, well-reproed zine like MT. I have watched fans work a mimeo--I wouldn't touch one with a 10-foot pole, to coin a phrase. And then there was Walter Schwartz, who claimed he could run a multilith, as long as the humidity was high enough. . . . My own mechanical ingenuity is limited to this nice, simple, clean Rex-Rotary 11 ditto machine."

***** *713 Paul Street, Newport News, Virginia, 23605.
1 Bhutan was popular with me for a while, but I began to cringe at the prices wanted for some of the stuff. I have their 3-D butterfly set, got mainly to examine the technique. Space stamps have long since gone hog wild; I think I've seen ads offering 1,000 varieties, and that's just the beginning!

2 I'm no older than Third Fandom. But as far as society's inertia goes, one reason for it seems to be the lack of money. Many persons (myself included--heh heh) could literally reach the "future" overnite with enough financing; all inventions, medical advances, smog free air, etc., etc., could be procured by wealth. . . .

HARRY WARNER, JR

"It was splendid to hear from you again after such a long time. Then it was a trifle chilling to get the full realization of just how long it really had been since you gafiated, and a moment later came the

truly shattering thought. Here you are, one of the real ancients, returning after an interminable absence, and here am I, who received his first fanzine five full years before you first saw one. And someone had the naivete to write of me just the other day: "When you have lived to a ripe old age. . . ." I've already set him right about that.

"Yours is the second fanzine to feature that AP item about Hagerstown. Cry has it in the latest issue, too. Don't put too much stock in it. For one thing, there are two mistakes in the first paragraph, in accordance with the normal rate of AP accuracy. The survey wasn't conducted by reporters but by a reporter and only a half-reporter at that, a college boy who was working for the newspaper over the summer. And people weren't asked to identify Neil Armstrong, they were asked if they could identify the first man to walk on the moon. As I told the Cry people, this 'survey' doesn't really mean much because I learned later that some of the people contacted had assumed it was a gimmick for a sales pitch and said they didn't know to avoid being bothered. Some of the others who apparently didn't know must have been the kind of folks who give a stupid answer to a stupid question and cause polls of college students to show that only 1% or whatever proportion know who was George Washington." *1*

"You wcke dim but tender memories when you spoke of stamp collecting. This was something that made me very happy in boyhood and I didn't drop it completely until after I'd been publishing Spaceways for a couple of years. I never got beyond the aimless sort of collecting but I can imagine myself getting back into the hobby again if some sudden whim of the powers above wiped out all the rest of fandom overnight. In a way, I suppose, stamp collecting did more for my sense of wonder than science fiction magazines; I could marvel at the things I read about in the prczines in an abstract sort of way, knowing simultaneously that these were all fantasies and that reality might be entirely different. But stamp collecting provided more genuine material for awe, because at least some of these bits of paper had actually been in the far nations where they were used for postage (I somehow acquired the belief that uncanceled French colonials and other stamps that were cheap in mint condition were printed somewhere nearby and never traveled to the nation whose name was printed on them, going instead direct to dealers). I also know that there was a great probability that the drawings on these stamps represented things that were now or once had been real, and the canceled stamps had really carried some sort of unguessable message between firms or people whom I'd never know and here I was in depression-ridden Hagerstown, possibly doomed never to see much of the world, handling these genuine fragments of its far edges.

"I think that the people who complained in the press and on television about the space program's cost were mostly egged on to do it by editors and directors. After all, the bulk of the money was spent in the years before 1969, and you didn't hear a peep out of anyone about how much it was costing for those Gemini and Mercury flights which really did nothing of great scientific worth and served only to show that we weren't too far behind Russia on the road to space. At a guess, I'd say that the opposition was ferreted out in July because radio and television networks had decided to turn over most of their air time to the moon trip, they were having trouble filling the long waits between actual events in space, and the conflict from dissenters served to occupy some time and to give experts subject matter for discussion which filled more time.

"Maybe we don't see that 'futuristic' society you mention accompanying the first trip to the moon mostly because we don't have the science fictional element that almost always was present in stories about the first moon flight. That's a new source of power. I can't remember any first moon flight stories of the 20th century that put the first men on the moon with long-known chemical reactions to push them

up there. Someone always invented anti-gravity in the stories, or atomic power was applied to spaceships, or beams came from Sirius and showed us how to use their interstellar craft. That was the most mundane and simultaneously the most surprising thing to me about the moon flight: it was powered by substances which Willy Ley derided as rocketry propulsives a quarter-century ago. . . .

"I appreciate the plug for All Our Yesterdays. The column's title did indeed come deliberately from that passage in Macbeth. I can't recall any other title borrowing from the lines you quote, but I keep running across more and more examples of Shakespeare in titles. Just the other day I realized that one of the first movies I ever saw, Journey's End, got its title (indirectly, of course, through the play on which it was modeled) from some of Othello's last words.

"Did you notice, by the way, how much Neil Armstrong's signature resembles the florid penmanship that Ackerman used long ago? Now, Ackerman was famous for having a lot of pennames, and he never said much about his big projects until they were completed, and . . . No, I don't dare pursue the suspicion any further." *2*

"Thanks for sending Moebius Trip and please don't clutter up some future issue with this loc. I don't want to see the Warner loc disease get a grip on N'APA, too, but I wanted you to know how much I enjoyed reading MT." *3*

* * * * * *423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740.

1 Harry, in that Hagerstown story I thought the "only" a misleading word. (Readers, see the cover.) Frankly, I thought the percentage was pretty good!

2 Funny you should mention that similarity in the flamboyancy of Ackerman's (of yore) and Armstrong's signatures . . . I'd noticed that barely two weeks previously while going over some of the old fanzines I'd saved. And then a few days later saw Forry's recent and considerably altered signature in the latest ish of "Famous Monsters of Film-land." But as for your budding speculation . . . too far-fetched, I guess--about as improbable, for example, as finding vampires on the moon. . . .

3 Harry, M.T. thish has gone far beyond N'AFA with 10 times as many copies as its required 45. And we aren't "cluttering up" M. T. with your loc. Thanks googols for writing.

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MIKE HORVAT

"I was pleased to receive a copy of Moebius Trip #1; it came as quite a surprise--I'd lost many of my contacts with fandom when I entered the army and doubted that I'd get all my old ones reestablished, let alone have a new one added. Thank you.

"Were you surprised to find that Sputnik was insipid? I'm sure that it didn't startle you to discover that Sputnik is biased--it's a blatantly propagandistic magazine--it ranks second only, perhaps, to China Reconstructs. Sputnik is published on a reciprocal arrangement with the U. S. gov't which allows distribution of Amerika in the USSR.

"I don't see where the 'hundreds of millions of mundanes' are who 'haven't . . . been exposed . . . to the humanities, let alone to materialism.' Following your example of freedom with figures, I'd say that our old world would be lucky to have a half percent. of her population not materialistic--even a 5 yr old will clutch his fire engine and obstinantly yell, 'Mine!'" *1* "I fail to see the point of your argument in 'Vat.-69' which you support by mentioning the rising population. Apparently, you use this to refute the idea that our culture is tending toward 'the dangers of mechanization and de-humanization.' It seems to me that the opposite is true; an increased population would

most certainly encourage de-humanization--just as a college of 1200 students can be more 'human' than one of 10,000." *2*

"From several references throughout III, I gather that you're older than I--perhaps as much as a generation. I'm 24. Expressions such as 'ol' Vatican Radio,' 'old chum,' 'chum radio,' and the like may have had their place in The Hardy Boys serials of the 30s; they seem to me to be out of place and a bit derogatory in the context you used them. Perhaps my generation tends to be more polite in cases like this, or just sensitive to the necessity of basing an argument on a well-informed knowledge rather than prejudices." *3*

"Your comments in 'Surprise?' make very good sense. Particularly your brief comment on individuals in their specialty-shells. This problem has been on my mind often because it is a personal one. My field is mathematics. I did manage to put in one year at graduate school in American history and literature. Quite mind-expanding. Unfortunately, I feel a little dissatisfied at the thought of returning from Vietnam and settling down with IBM or the like. Maybe I'll postpone the traumatic confrontation by taking advantage of the G I Bill when I get home.

"Frankly, no, I didn't expect our world to be so . . . mundane . . . when space travel came about. Truly amazing!

"If I were forced to pick one description of my collecting accomplishments, it'd have to be 'accumulator.' I've got most of the periodicals back to '45, but have read very few of them. Forsooth, and I've given up hope of ever reading most of 'em. I do like to admire them, standing stately in a row. I can't begin to even read the current periodicals--there're too many 'classics' and period-pieces available. I found a set of Unknown and have got about 1/3 of the way through them. Wow! I consider myself a fan although my interests tend strongly toward collecting/bibliography. Specialization isn't too bad, as long as walls aren't erected in our minds--a tough order.

"Thank you again for this copy of Möbius Trip. It's good to hear from the Real World.

"I'm in the Fire Support Coordination Element of 1st Field Forces in Nha Trang--we handle clearances for all the B-52 strikes in II Corps area. . . . I'll be here until August, 1970. We may meet again in N'APA: I'm trying to arrange reproductive matters with a friend state-side."

*****PFC Mike Horvat,/554-64-8229,/HNB, 1FFV Arty (FSCE)/ APO - SF - 96350.

1 My note on "hundreds of millions of mundanes running around who haven't even been exposed yet to the humanities, let alone to materialism" simply indicates, somewhat satirically, that there are already vast numbers of people who have never existed except at a mere subsistence level, who because of their condition have not to any great degree except in isolated or "ruler-class" cases, been exposed to "the humanities." Certainly most are materialistic, but have little to hope for. And the latter point doesn't mean the lack or non-exposure to "humanity," as existing in each particular culture. "The humanities" meant the "branches of polite learning," (as the ci' dictionary calls it . . .).

2 Actually, I see no danger whatsoever in mechanization, if properly controlled (an example now is air pollution from internal combustion engines, which has had little control so far). And the Vatican radio used "de-humanization" in connection with mechanization; I do not agree that mechanization tends to de-humanize. On the contrary, I feel, as I mentioned, that mechanization can and does create more leisure time in which "the humanities" can and do flourish.

3 I try not to base anything on mere prejudice when writing for publication. I have, however, found that age--or specifically compartmentization of generations--is not a valid classification when attempt-

ing to determine the overall *modus operandi* applicable to any specific situation. But . . . isn't being against expressions like "chum," etc., showing prejudice? I use terms from all ages, countries, etc., it they happen to seep to the surface of my mind and seem reasonably apropos. . . .

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AL SNIDER

"Tonight must be the night for Peoria fanzines. I just wrote a letter to Blyly for AVESTA, and now here I am faced with MOEBIUS TRIP.

"Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Connor, but this letter will not be long and meaty. I found MOEBIUS TRIP to be good reading, enjoyable, chatty, and not a bad fanzine . . . but that is it. It was not controversial or angering. It was just enjoyable.

"As such, let me just say 'thanks' for sending it to me, and also to compliment you on a very readable zine. In this age of impressive art supplements, magnificent repro, big names and little content, I enjoy getting a zine that is 'readable.' I enjoy the details of this sort long after the three color cover has faded from my memory.

"That's my type of fanzine . . . readable. I look forward to your next issue."

***** *Box 2319, Brown University, Providence, Rhode Is.
02912.

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MIKE DECKINGER

"Thanks for MOEBIUS TRIP #1. Where I would normally be inclined to lay an unknown fanzine aside, promising myself I would eventually find the opportunity to respond properly, and knowing I would frequently manage to evade any further acknowledgement, several factors about MOEBIUS TRIP #1 have provoked this uncharacteristically prompt reply.

"On page ten you detail the heart-breaking labors involved in getting an A. B. Dick Model #90 into shipshape condition. (According to some authorities this is an impossible task under any circumstances.) My first mimeo was an A.B. Dick #90, purchased some twelve years ago from an understanding dealer who could not understand what possible interest I might have in such a machine. There's no way to explain fandom to someone incapable of mentally digesting even the most superficial aspects. I didn't even try. I said I was a counterfeiter. He loaded more superfluous supplies on me because of this.

"I had troubles with the feed arm too. As I recall the tension spring was improperly adjusted and either swept a dozen sheets through at a time, or else applied a feather touch to each awaiting blank page but barely moved it. I finally devised an effective counterbalance with a few coiled rubber bands and this seemed to take care of that problem. Other exasperations settled around the drum, which took a sadistic delight in inking the lower feed roller, so that each sheet turned through contained a nice, bold black bar on the bottom. The counter broke shortly after that and I had to count the sheets as I placed them on the tray, or else as each individually sprang forth. In either case it added unnecessary time to the operation. After the first several runs offset was so bad that I always kept a stack of crud sheets by the tray as slip-sheets, all done by hand of course. (Crud-sheets for this purpose will miraculously spring out of thin air and obligingly present themselves to you. Don't wonder about where they came from or how long they'll remain. Just run off a few pages of your fanzine and bingo . . . there they are.)

"Ink refused to remain in the drum. After being thoroughly sloshed

through the innard of the machine it dropped onto the paper, feed roller, collection tray and me. Once present it left an ineradicable mark that even to this day can be glimpsed if one looks closely at the proper spot. You, of course, can easily avoid this hazard; wear a diving suit the next time you run off a fanzine." *l*

"I can easily understand the undercurrent of cynicism that many commentators on America's moon landing have shown. I waited to see the historic moment myself, sweated through the pasty simulations and breathed an audible sigh of relief when the first footprints were imbedded in the moon's soil. But I can't lose sight of the fact that the project was performed primarily for the propaganda value in it, not for the scientific achievement. The U.S. has been blundering about from one pot-hole to another, usually through its own clumsiness, and Nixon felt that this would be the best means of improving our image. He cared not a whit for the safety of the spacemen; if all three had crashed on the moon the U.S. would still be the victor, having successfully landed a human being on the moon, but with tragic results. It was a publicity bonanza and Dicky lapped it up like a famished cat before a bowl of milk."

* * * * * * * * * * 25 Manor Drive, Apt. 12-J/ Newark, New Jersey, 07106.

l After getting your letter I looked all over for a counter but mine doesn't have one. . . . You must have over-inked. I can only add about a spoonful at a time, just about enough for the 80-90 sheets in the tray. . . . Crudsheets sprout, even tho used over and over-- puzzling as all hell.

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BOB COULSON

"Fanzine titles from that Shakespeare quote? Well, a brief check of my handy-dandy FANZINE INDEX (first time I've used the damned thing) confirms my hazy memory that there was once a fanzine named BRIEF CANDLE. By Emil Petaja, it says. 1942, it says, with a question mark. Pretty sure there was one called SOUND AND FURY (after all, what more perfect title for a fanzine?) but it isn't in the Index. Oh, you were asking about science fiction stories, not fanzine titles; slipshod reading, there. Well, lessee; aside from the one you listed I don't come across any. Seems fans are more apt to read Shakespeare than professionals are--or maybe just less likely to find original titles.

"No, I'm not amazed by the fact that less than half the people in this country have read an entire book except a school text. I work in a combined engineering-drafting office, and I don't think anybody but myself ever read a book for fun. In the office as a whole, I know of one other person (in the Pricing Dept) who reads; I know because I sell him cutrate books. I've seen one of the girls reading something at noon. And that is it, in an office of about 50 people.

"Oh, there are quite a few fans who collect stamps. John Berry (the British--or more correctly, Northern Irish--one) has a fine space stamp collection, as does Hector Pessina of Argentina. Bob Briney has a fine collection of just about anything that interests him, and an amazing variety of things do. I collect, but I don't work at it. I have a pretty good selection of early space stamps due to trading with Pessina for US commemoratives, but I haven't kept up with it lately. I have the Monacan Verne set (except for the airmail, naturally), and I raise you the Bhutan Abominable Snowman set, and that early Mexican set commemorating their new telescope. And I have one science-fiction stamp which I feel is unique; a cancelled stamp, on cover, of the Duchy of Grand Fenwick. (It has a couple of 3d English stamps on the cover with it, but still, . . .) Mostly I accumulate; every so often I get

around to mounting my collection and sorting out duplicates to do God knows what with. Last time was a year ago; on my record I have about 4 years to go before I do it again. . . .

"I don't quite follow your reasoning when you quote Don Blyly's comment that he couldn't understand why people got excited over the moon landing and then go on to say that you weren't 'surprised' by it." *1* "The two words are not synonymous, you know. I wasn't surprised by the moon landing, either, but I was excited about it--or as excited as I get about anything. (To add to the non-similarity of 'surprised' and 'excited'; I haven't been surprised by sex for years, but I still manage to get excited about it now and then.) And sure I have a good conception of how hung up people can get over trivialities--18 years of observing science fiction fans will give you that, if nothing else. No, I didn't picture our 'moon-landing society' as being 'mundane' but then that's because I never really bothered to picture it at all; I left that to the professionals.

"No, I don't think fans have to become specialists in one narrow category. I read most of the new stf books published (at least the paperbacks; I admit to being backward about hardcovers but then most of them are reprinted in paperback anyway.) I read all the new stories published in magazines--or at least I start all of them. I am less and less able to finish all of them, but I can see no conceivable merit in reading a dull story thru to the bitter end. I skim all fanzines that come my way, and read the more interesting ones. And in addition I read history, biography, natural history, humor, etc., etc. The point is that there is no real reason to read everything in the field. If a book is bad, why finish it? Go on to something else. Same for stories; same for fanzines. It's possible to become a specialist in one narrow category of stf if you care more about becoming an authority than you do about reading enjoyable books, but why bother? Who the hell cares about an authority on one aspect of science fiction?"

"Oh yes, in addition to all this reading, I work an 8-hour-a-day job, help my wife publish a fanzine, serve on a Boy Scout troop committee, and so some professional fiction writing. It's not all that hard to keep up with science fiction, if you're willing to be selective." * * * * *

*Route 3, Hartford City, Ind.
47348.

1 Yes, but--not being surprised, I wasn't the least bit excited. Which is how the terminology often goes, altho the latter part is usually only implied. . . . Or--am I becoming slaphappy from over-work on this? (This was supposed to be the last page.)

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W.G. BLISS

"Ere aeons pass, I thought I better comment on your excellent zine. Missed the last meeting at the Blyly mansion mostly because repair jobs have been coming into the shop in unusual quantity and I have had to work Sundays most Sundays of late. I imagine Don is away to College and the Peoria Science Fiction club at least meeting-wise is in limbo until maybe spring." *1*

"The montage cover is very good--all our yesterdays--perhaps some more of the Old Bard's stuff next ish?" *2*

"Books--didn't realize that--a steadily increasing number of readers--that works like compound interest--in a decade a bit of an increase % wise. Dunno if the schools are entirely a factor there. Maybe they have a bit livelier material that sparks interest in reading. Could be a case of vocabulary widening. A vast amount of reading material is on tv in a day's average viewing. Especially in old movie titles, and especially effective for the little tykos in their impressive formative years is ads where the announcer reads the label--pro-

nounces the words. . . .

"There's a special significance in electronic history (the term electronic is recent -it used to be just radio) in postulating extra-terrestrial technological development, and of course future earth technology. Science and technology are always doing a large amount of detail work, and that obscures the fact that there are long periods of time when nothing new basically is done, or more often it is and gets ignored. That's a good leadin to G.B. and Space. Maybe they are in the middle of an ignoring phase. Maybe in another decade or two they will be listening to their 'crackpot' scientists and inventors and great things will be getting done and with all the proper credentials from orthodoxy" *3*

". . . Supposing suddenly humanity had its problems solved. The word would be heard by all, 'The planet Earth is now permanently a recipient of the Galactic Welfare Fund. Everybody will have enough for needs and will not have to strive in the economic system that no longer exists on your planet. Lucky you! Of course there are a few conditions; you may not venture very far out of your solar system, and when your population increases excessively, the death age will be reduced, and you may even have wars as long as no one is injured, otherwise you are free to carry on in the traditional human manner.'" *4*

"Ah yes, the proliferation of fandoms, I have toyed with the idea of proliferating still another one. Unorthodox Science Fandom and of course the fringe fandom to that would be the crackpot inventors. Irvin Barrows has a fair start at that with his Perpetual Motion Journal, circ. 700, but fascinating as that obsession is, it is too limited in scope. Ah me, what to call such a zine--THE ATTIC INNOVATOR, Science Tomorrow, NEW IDEA . . . ?

"Of course rumblings like that hint that I finally found a mimeo, and I did last week at the Peoria Hamfest for the unbelievable sum of one dollar. It is a Vari-Color, and was obviously inexpensive when new. Only things wrong with it were a dent on the drum and the roller was set wrong. The paper feed works like a charm. The science zine lies still a bit in the future, but boy have I got some unorthodox science letters to run in it, one about the creation of matter on a practical basis even and another correspondent says he has figured out some of the mechanisms (invented them independently) of UFOs; so I will probably do a one shot of a few pages, and maybe call it THE EARTH GAZETTE, unless somebody has already used that name.

"Bee Bowman will be running a segment from Otto in the next ish of Hoom. Otherwise Otto will lie in state in the file drawer until I get the final version done. There is one other segment I offered to Minneapolis fandom as Fletcher said they highly dug Otto. Of course if Moebius Trip grows and needs fill material. . . .

"Incidentally, besides the magician's tricks, moebius strips have practical use in flat belts (twice the wearing surface) and as a form of non-inductive resistors." *5*

* * * * * *422 Wilmot, Chillicothe, Ill.,
61523.

1 Don will be coming home from U. of Ill. once a month for our ~~stf~~ stf meetings.

2 Yes--the same cover as #1, to use them all up.

3 Maybe, but they haven't the research money "available" now in Britain to hold the scientists who could be, perhaps, doing work that's crying to be done; where would the money come from in the near future?

4 Sounds more convincing to make use of "the pill" (future versions) mandatory.

5 I'm glad you didn't try to explain that last one; it sounds like a fit subject for one of JWC's mellifluous editorials. . . .

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DOROTHY JONES

"Right in the middle of August we suddenly decided to move. Well now this wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't filled our house chin-up with things . . . had lived there twelve years.

"And I collect things--books, glass, china, and junk according to my husband. True! True! Some of it is.

". . . I teach school in 2nd grade--in a culturally deprived school full of Mexican-Americans. They are dolls. The Gov't and State give us MONEY, and we in turn test like crazy, make jillion reports to let them know we're not using their money for wild parties etc.

". . . And thanks so much for sending me Moebius Trip. I thoroughly enjoyed it, and I'm looking forward to receiving the next one.

"So you used to live in Los Angeles! Such a busy place. In 1952-56 I lived in Long Beach and used to drive in L.A. Bet I'd be too chicken anymore as traffic has increased so much these past ten-plus years.

"I do drive 25 miles to school via 99 Highway. That ought to qualify me for something. Ha!

"Did you know the new Calif. readers have stories about rockets etc.?

"Just got the ballot for N3F. Must get it into the mail today, too. I really only know one person personally. A bit hard to choose the best people when I really don't know anybody. . . .

"As you already know I belong to Welcome Comm. Also my love is Taping so also belong to Tape Bureau and exchange tapes with some great people--these Neffers. . . ." *1*

***** *6101 Euclid Ave., Bakersfield, Calif.
93308.

1 Hope you are used to the habits of fanzine eds in quoting from letters from correspondents. Wouldn't want you to be shocked too badly. . . .

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BOB VARDEMAN

"You might wonder why I am commenting on Moebius Trip #1 when you never sent me a copy." *1* "Fact is, Roy Tackett foisted it off onto me with one of his dread curses. To lift this dread curse, I must comment on the zine (if I don't I find my fingers starting to atrophy and my brain to ossify--some have said both are already true, but that's neither here nor there).

"I suppose it was Harry Warner doing the man-in-the-street interview scene to find out only 53% knew we had a man on the moon. I think we might be better off if Harry had shot the other 47% as being incurable microcephalics but since Harry is a peaceful sort, the idea might not have even occurred to him.

"Moebius Trip--is that what a spaced out mathematician goes on?" *2*

"Tackett's ignorance of who Mervin the Rat is totally floored me. I thought everyone knew of Mervin and Protopup and the rest of that crowd (I don't think there is any truth to the rumor that Mervin mickeymoused Protopup out of the mascotship of APA45 altho such things tend to be kicked around for long periods of time).

"I saw that Gallup poll you refer to concerning only 42% ever finished a book in the preceeding yr. George would really have been stoned out of his mind if he'd hit an sf convention. 'How many books did you finish in the last yr?' 'Not too many, I'm afraid.' 'Could you venture a guess as to the number?' 'Certainly no more than 300. Down quite a bit from last yr. Last yr I read closer to 400.' I don't have much time for reading, but I still manage to get in five or six books a week for just enjoyment and perhaps one or two to 'improve' my

"Frightening statistic, tho. Means everyone is sitting glued in front of the boobtube hanging onto every word of The ~~Liverr~~ Newlywed Game and slop like that (they sure as hell aren't watching the Apollo shots if only 53% had heard of Armstrong).

"Your survival of the fittest tract is interesting. Point: the US's 'best' men are sent to Vietnam and many are killed. The 'best' are being butchered, you say. Wrong. The fittest survive and the ones killed are the unfit. The ones remaining behind are 'the fittest' in another, less physical way. They are the ones who either are smart enough or enough the master of the system to stay behind. The copouts like the defectors to Canada may or may not be fit to survive--they are just too unsure of themselves to pit themselves against the system."

3

"In short, the fittest do survive whatever conditions may be. Millions killed in a gas attack indicate a high percentage of 'unfit' since it might be possible for a swift thinking-fast acting individual to escape. However, when applied to an H-bomb exploding overhead unexpectedly, that is a case where both 'fit' and 'unfit' will buy it together. . . ."

1 Sorry; I had only 118 copies of #1 and 45 of those were to N'APA. As a result hardly any got to fanzine eds. Most went to fans I had known in the past, servicefen, etc. . . .

3 I didn't include Vietnam but perhaps implied, rather rubberishly, all wars. The ones killed in a war are no different in the contexture of natural selection that is anyone else who dies.

ROSE A. HOGUE "Thank you muchly for . . . 'Moebius Trip #1!' Am eagerly awaiting #2--although I probably don't deserve it. . . have been experiencing a multitude of time consuming and exhausting things . . . also am recovering from the chaos of having a baby (Lenore Rei) and getting Rob into kindergarten and Joanne into 2nd grade. . .

27

has reduced my menagerie to one dog (Jo--male), 2 cats (Tom & Fluff--both male) and a Sparrow Hawk.

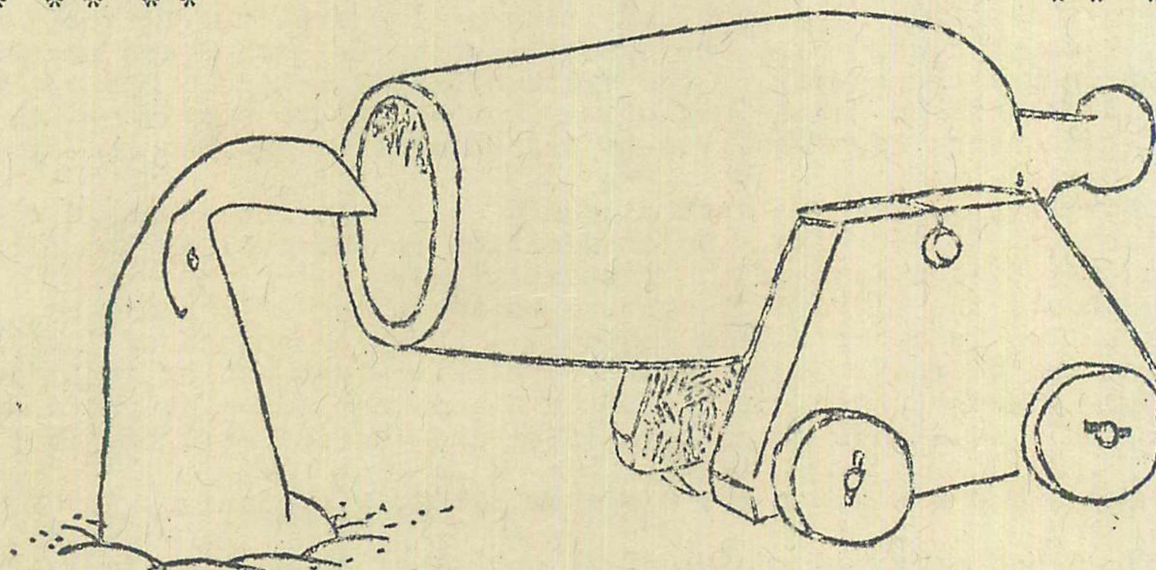
"Enjoyed 'Moebius Trip #1' . . . found it much to my interests and full of puns and wise thoughts (which I really enjoy). Would like to comment more but am hard pressed to do other things at the moment....

" . . . Rob came home from kindergarten with a black eye and bloody nose." *1*

***** *1067 W. 26th St., San Pedro, Calif.
90731.

1 Congratulations on the new addition; hope you can find time to read some of the 12-15,000 words in this ish!

** ** We also had a "word" from Richard E. Geis. ** **
** **



Notela

An "underling" at our friendly neighborhood dealer screwed up our electronic stencil thish. It should've been perfect, but he didn't leave it in the oven long enough so the burns in the plastic weren't deep enough and as a result ink did not come through in heavy enough quantity. This is most obvious on page 11--the news clipping would've been sharp throughout. . . . And the photos on page 4 would've been full and clear (I had to eliminate my pic entirely--too dim). And speaking of page 11--notice it's only 16-lb substance; other pages are 20-lb. This was weird; in a batch of 20-lb reams that included two of this "granite" white, one granite contained 20-lb, the other 16-lb--both labeled 20-lb! And a company check subsequently showed that A.B. Dick doesn't even list 16-lb in this variety. So how did we get it? Sneaky. . . .

This ish is mainly on 3 different colors of paper. With M.T. at first projected as an APA-zine, we thot: "Why can't a wholly apazine have a cover?" So we had it made on four different colors, one for each of four quarterly mailings. But it was obvious that the 118 copies of #1 were inadequate for other purposes such as trades, etc., so we herewith use all remaining covers for #2, total 450-plus, enough for all. Next ish will probably be leveled off at about 250 copies.

Incidentally, anyone who wants future issues and is not in N'APA, not a regular trader or reviewer, not already a subscriber, not a successful moocher, not a contributor or LoC-writer, or not something else in this line that we can't as yet grasp, better subscribe now. You may be the most obnoxious fan, the most notorious editor, the most infamous pro, but we might not know that. . . .

