

MOONSHINE No 39, MAY 1970, published by Len & June Moffatt, Rick Sneary and Stan Woolston, for FAPA  
Mailing #131. Extra copies of this issue--celebrating the 40th Anniversary of Fanzines--will eventually be distributed to a Chosen Few outside of FAPA. You all know A Cho Sen Fu, the Chinese Travis McGee? (Steady, John...)

# LEN'S DEN

## My Thirty Years of Fanzines

According to Grandpa Tucker, and other ancients in fandom, May of this year of 1970 marks the 40th Anniversary of Fanzine Publishing. I understand that there is some argument as to which fanzine was the Very First in the s-f fan publishing field, but I'll await the decision of the historians on that debate. I have been in fandom for thirty of the forty years in question, and it is impossible for me to determine (or remember) which day, let alone which month, of 1939 that I discovered Fandom.

I know that it was 1939, as the events of that year in my life are sort of locked together in my memory bank of crifanac past. That was the year that I almost got to go to the World's Fair in New York, but wound up making a vacation trip to Arizona. That was the year I discovered s-f in magazine form (AMAZING STORIES), and read about something called Le Zombie in one of the lettercols.

However, this piece is not meant to be my fannish autobiography. To celebrate the 40th Anniversary of Fanzine Publishing, I will do the obvious fannish thing, and talk about the fanzines I have published, as well as those I have helped to publish. (I've written several chapters of my fan memoirs, entitled "Partial Recall", covering my fan life from 1939 to 1946. They appeared in FIVE BY FIVE, the monthly official organ of the CARBONIFEROUS AMATEUR PRESS ALLIANCE, a somewhat limited and exclusive circulation, to be sure. I'll probably write more chapters for CAPA eventually, and I hope some day to rewrite and edit 'em for serial publication in MOONSHINE. But not Real Soon Now, as June and I are up to our eyeballs in convention and publishing crifanac this year, and can squeeze only 28 hours out of each day...)

I suspect that I am not unlike most fans in that I have always had that Urge To Publish. Before I discovered s-f in magazine form and subsequently fanzines and fandom, back in the days when I was read s-f books, in short, when I was Very Young (but not gay, Clyde) I entertained myself and a younger cousin with a hand-made, one-copy-per-issue "newspaper" entitled THE COMICLAND COURIER. I forget the publishing schedule, but it was more likely weekly than daily, as I used the Sunday comic section as my source of material. TCC would usually have a front-page headline, such as POPEYE BATTLES SEA HAG or TOOTS & CASPER PLAN PICNIC. (I just pulled those out of my ear, but you get the idea...)

The write-ups (painfully handprinted on meat wrapping paper) were illustrated with tracings of one or two of the panels in question. I used lots of carbon paper and wrapping paper in those days. In fact, I think there were times when I made my own carbon paper by scribbling heavily with a lead pencil on regular paper and using the graphite deposit as the carbon. I colored the traced illos with crayons, of course, and was quite disappointed when I didn't have, say, a blue crayon that matched the blue in Popeye's uniform or Flash's cape.

I doodled around with my own comic character creations, too. There was a large-nosed character, named Itchy McKitchy, who was inhabited by a colony of fleas. Scenes of fleas skiing off his nose, or swinging from his earlobes. Itchy didn't mind being the host for the fleas. It was a very friendly relationship, and Itchy always scratched most carefully.

Less original was "Socko, The Kiddies' Friend", who was modeled, in character, after Popeye, but bore a greater physical resemblance to Bluto, Popeye's archenemy. Both of these characters also appeared on my "radio program", which I wrote, directed, and played all the parts in. Both of them had theme songs...I forget Itchy's...and remember only a line or two from Socko's..."I'm Socko, The Kiddies' Friend, I Always Fight to the End..." You are spared the rest, because mercifully I don't remember all of it...

All of this led to more ambitious publications, which I did later for my niece and nephew. In those days, a baby sitter was sort of expected to entertain the kids, or so I thought, and not just watch them or put them to bed and ~~watch TV~~ listen to the radio or read.

I was still producing only one copy per issue, but now I could afford letter-size white paper, and colored pencils instead of crayons. I had also taken a correspondence course in cartooning which taught me a little, though I never did learn Perspective.

Now I could produce several pages of a "comic book" or magazine. I folded the paper in half so it would be "booklet size", that is,  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ . There were two of these magazines...ACTION PICTURE STORIES and WONDER PICTURE STORIES. The former, featuring Speed Spencer, was primarily adventure, the latter, featuring Barak The Invisible, was science-fantasy. Barak, when he wasn't invisible, was Bob Karab, rich young scientist and playboy. Barak/Karab and Speed looked pretty much alike, as I recall, except that Speed was a blond and Barak had dark brown or black hair.

Although Speed's name and character were pretty much drawn from Flash Gordon, his adventures were limited to this planet. In the first episode he is on some sort of expedition in Africa with his boss, Doctor Dare, and the doctor's daughter, Dorothy or "Dot". They meet Major Munn, white hunter, explorer, soldier of fortune. Munn had a huge curly black beard (very easy to scribble over a Speed/Barak type face) and was a giant of a man. During their trek he is bitten by a poisonous snake and Dr. Dare has to amputate his leg without benefit of anesthetic. (Speed holds the courageous Munn down while Doc operates. I think my sister was pleased that I did not draw this scene in grisly detail for my niece and nephew. Mostly, I showed a closeup of Munn gritting his teeth and sweating.) In the next panel Munn is walking around on a peg leg, a la John Silver. Talk about fast recoveries...

Barak made himself invisible with an invisibility ray. He carried it with him at all times a tube that looked like a flashlight with a bulb at both ends. The invisibility ray came out of one end. I carefully explained how he would shine the ray on himself, making all of him except the hand holding the tube invisible. Then he would hold the tube in his invisible hand and lay the ray on the visible hand. Presto--he was completely invisible, though fully clothed and in his right mind...

Of course, the ray tended to make the area immediately around him invisible too, but he corrected that by standing back a way and directing the other end of the tube (the de-invisibility ray) at said area. I don't think I ever explained what he did with the tube itself. Perhaps he used it only at home and didn't carry it with him at all times. Oh well, if you want to nitpick details in a great fantastic adventure story...

So, when I received and read my first issue of Le Zombie, I was ready. Only I didn't know it. I didn't understand most of the stuff in that ish of LeZ although I was able to determine that it was supposed to be humorous, even satire. But I didn't subscribe right away. Instead I answered Art Widner's Poll on Favorite Authors, etc. Art sent me a post-



card advising me that in answering the Poll I hadn't followed the rules, but that it was probably Tucker's fault as he hadn't spelled them out. But would I be interested in sending a dime for a copy of his fanzine, FANFARE? I had a dime to spare and I gambled it.

I liked Widner's FANFARE. It had stuff in it that a neo like me could savvy. Short, funny fiction--I remember a takeoff on vampire stories, featuring Vincent the Vampire, (a character I attempted to portray later at Pacificon I in 1946)...promag reviews...and a fanzine review column that made me realize that there really were a lot of s-f fans all over the place, publishing fanzines, going to conventions, and doing all sorts of fantastic and wonderful things. I was hooked.

At this late date it is difficult to remember which came first, or in what order... my membership in FAPA, my membership in NFFF, my first issue of MOONSHINE, my organizing the Western Pennsylvania Science Fictioneers, my first letter to VOM...

I did subscribe to Le Zombie and even wrote a piece for it. Tucker edited the hell out of it, for which I am duly grateful, though I may not have been then...

As some of you will know, the WPSF was a chapter of SUPER SCIENCE STORIES' Science Fictioneers Club. I was living in Ellwood City, Pa. at the time. (Earlier I had held the first--and last--meeting of the Chewton Science Fiction Club, but that had nothing to do with fanzine publishing, and you can read about it later, when "Partial Recall" starts appearing here.)

The WPSF started with three or four local friends who had a vague interest in s-f or fantasy. But soon I heard from a real honest-to-Foo active fan who lived in Charleroi Pa., a town that was a goodly number of miles south of Ellwood City. Ellwood City is about 40 miles NW of Pittsburgh, and Charleroi is some south of Pittsburgh. His name was Blaine R. Dunmire, and he had already published the first issue of his fanzine, STELLAR TALES, using a hecto pan and colored masters. (Mostly purple and pink, as I recall.) He had also published, or was about to publish, the first issue of the fantasy/weird fanzine, THE GHOUL.

Thanks to Blaine (or "Doc", a nickname he had acquired early in life because of his interest in an ant colony that lived in his back yard), the WPSF gained members (Basil Wells, Jack Gilbert, Dave Elder, Bruce Gair, Irving Seigle) who were truly interested in s-f and to some degree in fandom, to augment the half-interested ones I had conned into joining. And my interest in fan pubbing was increased.

I had published a one-page ish of MOONSHINE on the dittograph at the office where I worked as a messenger or mailboy, but I don't think that "first issue" was distributed through FAPA. I'm not sure where I sent it, or what was in it.

Previous to these events (when I was still in high school) I had talked about publishing a fanzine called URANUS. Another cousin of mine (not the younger one mentioned earlier) had ambitions to be an artist, and I thought he could draw very well. He was going to do the illos for URANUS. I told Tucker, and no doubt others, of my plans, and Bob suggested I change the title to PLEIADES PIMPLES. I didn't dig the humor of this at the time, and thought it a rather silly title for a serious s-f fanzine. Oh how sercon are the neos!

URANUS never got off the drawing board, but eventually I joined FAPA. It was easy to get into FAPA in those days, kiddies. Louis Russell Chauvenet and I were corresponding (a correspondence that prob'ly started due to my letters in VOM), and he suggested that I apply for membership. I did, and in a little while I received a postcard from someone named Elmer Perdue of Casper, Wyoming, telling me that I was now a member of FAPA and please remit dues.

The first three issues of MOONSHINE for FAPA were run off (if that's the proper term) on Doc Dunmire's hecto pan. I had borrowed it from Doc, and Len's Den was a purple mess in those days...

Doc went into the army and turned STELLAR TALES over to me. He turned the material for THE GHOUL over to Jack Gilbert, and that's the last we ever heard of it. Most of the ST stuff was on master, ready to run, and there was a small mailing list. The issue itself was notable for an article by Nelson S. Bond and some short fiction by James Blish and Lew Martin. The Lew Martin story became of particular significance in my fanlife, as through it I eventually made contact with Rick Sneary, or vice versa...

So I published the second issue of STELLAR TALES and 3 issues of MOONSHINE and also produced several one-copy one-shot issues of things I called Chainzine Publications. Each issue was complete, and had a sign-up sheet for a back cover. I would mail it to a likely reader, and he was supposed to read it, sign his name on the back page (so he wouldn't get it back again--prob'ly the best reason for signing the sheet!) and mail it on to another fan. When the sheet was full of names, the last fan to receive it was supposed to return it to me. I never got any of them back, but I understand that Forry may have one or two in his collection, and the late Mr. Piser knew about them too, Foo help me.

Then I joined the Navy, wound up as a medic with the Marines, and went from the States to Hawaii, and from there to Saipan, Okinawa, and when the war ended, to Nagasaki. While I was in Honolulu I got the worst news anyone can get, especially before going into action. A letter from Blaine's father told of how Doc, along with a shipload of other servicemen, had been killed in the Mediterranean. The ship had been sunk and all aboard reported lost in action. Doc had been my best friend, and my dreams of a future partnership in the fan and professional s-f fields were shattered.

After the war, I moved to California and took up publishing for FAPA again. I think that I've related in these pages before how I cut stencils and got Al Ashley to run them off for me on the old LASFS mimeo. (Bixel Street days...)

And how I purchased a mimeo and umpteen cans of various colored inks from Walt Daugherty and proceeded to publish multi-colored issues of MOONSHINE designed to make most fapans wish they were color-blind. Well, not really my design or intention, but the effect was the same...

I met Rick and Stan at Pacificon I, and in time they too became Moonshiners. The three of us (sometimes one or two at a time, sometimes all three) have managed to keep MOONSHINE going all these years. We've had help from others...my niece Shirley (who is now a married lady with 3 kids) who helped do the hard work on one or two of the covers, Ed Cox who wrote fiction and drew Coxtoons, Roy Tackett, and nowadays ~~we~~ I have June, who knows how to make typers and the Gestetner perform properly. (Usually Rick and Stan cut their own stencils, but June cuts the Moffatt stencils and runs the mimeo, as well as writing her own column or articles, and editing mine...)

When Chas. Burbee and LASFS parted company there was a rumor that Burb intended to continue publishing Shangri-L'Affaires as his own fanzine. He never did, but nevertheless the club decided to drop that title and revive the older title, Shangri-LA. The mag was still referred to as SHAGGY, by the way. The idea of having a rotating editorship sounded pretty good when it was suggested. There was no one person in the club at the time willing to take on the chore of editing every issue, so why not spread the work around?

There were enough volunteers--members who were willing to take the responsibility of putting out one issue without having to worry about the next, and the one after that. Needless to say, the mag varied in content and quality from issue to issue. Some of us would help with the idiot work (collating, stapling, etc.) no matter who the editor was, but of course each editor had his or her own idea of what an issue of SHAGGY should be.



During those years there were too often gaps between issues, and the mailing list was continually being mislaid or lost. The result was a decrease in circulation and a breakdown in communication between LASFS and the rest of fandom. Actually, the club was as active as ever in those days, but only local fans knew what was happening. I edited and helped edit more than one issue of Shangri-LA, and wrote material for other issues. But my fanzine publishing wasn't to be limited to MOONSHINE and helping with Shaggy...

In the late forties the Outlander Society was born, and with it THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE. THE OUTLANDER was the only regular genzine contact that the LArea had with fandom-at-large in those days. Burbee, Laney and others were still publishing, but primarily for FAPA, not for all of fandom.

Not that THE OUTLANDER went to ALL of fandom, but it did get to all of the major fan areas, and to individual fans who didn't live in heavily populated fan areas. I might mention, for the benefit of those who are still misinformed, that the Outlander Society was NOT another insurgent group. Most of us attended LASFS as much as we could, helped with Shaggy and other club activities--including holding office. The OS was started originally for those of us who didn't have cars, and couldn't get to the LASFS meetings as often as we'd have liked. As it turned out, members with cars did join the OS, so we found ourselves going to LASFS regularly, as well as holding our regular monthly Outlander meetings. (Held once a month in each other's homes.)

Every once in a while one of us Moonshiners (usually me) will discuss the possibility of reprinting the Best of the Outlander, or some such title. Maybe we will, someday. The writings of the Hersheys, John Van Couvering and Con Pederson should not be left in that fannish limbo where long-dead fanzines rest. And Rory Faulkner's poetry, and serious and nonsensical stuff from the typers of Sneary, Woolston and Moffatt...some of this stuff might bear reprinting.

Where are the fans of yesteryear  
The fans who gathered around  
The mimeograph, and the fannish laugh  
Where can they be found?

That's the first verse of a ballad-type poem I wrote a goodly number of years ago. Even then, I was slightly croggled, but pleased, that there were so many new fans, and amused at the older fans who griped that the new fans weren't the same as the Good Old Fans, etc. In the poem, I come to the conclusion that the fans are with us, old or new, they still have that urge to publish, and we still get good new fanzines as well as crudzines. It was ever thus, and I think it ever will be, as long as there is a fandom.

The Outlanders and the fanzine continued into the fifties, and somewhere along there, Stan and I published THE FAN DIRECTORY. I sent questionnaires all over the place, and distributed them by hand, locally. There were about 400 responses, as I recall. Then I edited it all into an alphabetical directory complete with a cross index. Stan set the type and ran it off on his old hand-fed letterpress. Fortunately, he was going to a night school at the time, where he could use their linotype for most, if not all, of the typesetting work.

We were active in the NFFF then, though I may have dropped out of FAPA by that time. This was during the first years of my first marriage, and I thought I didn't have enough time for all kinds of crifanac. So I dropped FAPA, which was in the doldrums from where I was sitting, but stayed with the NFFF. The Woolston-Moffatt FAN DIRECTORY was sponsored by the NFFF and the Fantasy Foundation. We drew money from both outfits to get us started. However, when enough copies were sold, I returned all of the money donated by the NFFF and the FF. I was disappointed by the fact that the DIRECTORY did not sell well within the NFFF. It was only 25¢ a copy, as I recall.

I forget how many copies were sold, but there were plenty left, and these I divided between the NFFF and the FF, turning them over to the two "sponsoring" organizations. About that time, or not long thereafter, I dropped out of the NFFF, disgusted with the membership's vast quantity of apathy. Both Stan and I lost money (not to mention many, many work hours) on the deal. We didn't expect to make money, but I felt that we at least should have made our own personal expenses. The profit from the sales was supposed to be divided between the NFFF and the FF, but there was no profit. Nowadays, such a publication would be priced for at least a dollar. Maybe it should have been then, but then it might have sold even fewer copies. However, I'm proud of the job that Stan and I did, and occasionally still get some egoboo from some fan who says "Say, did you know that I'm still using your DIRECTORY...not for addresses, of course, as fans move a lot, but for birthdates, club info, etc."

Into the fifties, and on our way to '58! Anna, my ex-wife, and I published THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF RICK SNEARY. Originally the sale of this special publication was supposed to raise money to bring WAW TO THE GATE IN '58! (Walter A. Willis and his lovely wife Madeline.) However, the Willises were unable to make it, and the money collected went into the convention fund. (Did we give some to TAFF too? I don't recall.)

I like to think that the publication of TSWORS inspired fans like Terry Carr and Ron Ellik to publish collections of famous fan writings.

During the same period (the two years just previous to SOLACON), we were also publishing SCIENCE FICTION PARADE. I did all of the editing and typing, and Anna ran the mimeo. Anna didn't type, and when she did write something, it was in longhand.

I once said (oh, more than once, I'm sure) that one can learn a lot about editing by reading cereal boxes. Both do's and don'ts, as many cereal boxes aren't well edited. However, I think I learned a good deal about editing other people's stuff when I was editing SCIENCE FICTION PARADE. Unlike MOONSHINE, SHAGGY, THE OUTLANDER, etc., SFP was pretty consistent from issue to issue. A department or column for each facet of the fan and s-f field. A place for everything, and everything in its place. In short, up to that time, it was probably the most or best organized fanzine that I ever had a hand in. Rick Sneary wrote the fanzine reviews. I never edited Sneary very much, which leads us to one of his complaints.

He wishes that fan editors (who know how) would edit him, or at least correct his spelling. But it was Traditional that One Did Not Correct Snearyese. (As a matter of fact, I have corrected Rick's spelling when I felt that if I didn't, the meaning of what he was saying would be obscured or lost. But when he spells, say, "meant" as "ment", I don't (or didn't) bother. I feel that "meant" SHOULD be spelled "ment" because that's the way it sounds, and you know what he ment, don't you, and that's the major purpose of words--to communicate!)

Another reason I rarely corrected his spelling was and is because I am not the world's greatest speller either. Some of you may have noticed that my syntax, grammar and spelling have improved in recent years. That's June's editing, folks. Now, she doesn't always edit or correct my stuff in every instance. She knows that I like to write my fan stuff about the same way I talk, so sometimes only the really bad gaffes get corrected or re-writ. I don't think I have ever been a "paper fan". That is, one who writes one way on paper and talks another way in person. If I'm writing a story or song lyric or something that I want to spend a lot of time on, I can usually come up with what's required by the schoolbooks. But, if I'm just nattering to a bunch of friends, I'm concerned only with communicating, not with bowling them over with what a great writer or speaker I am...

Getting back to SFP, the toughest editing job I had to do was on the prozine review column, which was written by George W. Fields. George was a young boy artist, stan and would-be Critic. Actually, he could be a pretty good critic when he didn't get carried



away with the morassic manipulation of the language as she is wrote. He loved to create word imagery, except that quite often we didn't get the picture he was trying to portray. He liked complicated sentences with multisyllable words, and somewhere in those fantastical phrases there was a biting or maybe even a favorable comment about an s-f story or mag.

Fortunately, George talked a lot about everything he read, and what he was going to say in his next column, so it was possible for me to do a little editing on his stuff in the hopes of making his meaning clear to the readers who hadn't heard him as I had. Even so, there were complaints from those who didn't savvy what George was saying, or blasts from those who disagreed with what they thought he had said, and all I could say was: "You shoulda seen it afore I edited it"...

Sometimes he farmed out portions of his column to Steve Tolliver or Ted Johnstone, each of whom wrote clearly enough to be understood first time around.

I'll just mention two of the major items that appeared in SFP (from my viewpoint), and go on to our next:

- (1) Ron Ellick's report on the 1956 Worldcon in N. Y. "Dave Kyle says you can't sit here." Ron's report brought a short rebuttal from the good Dr. Asimov. (Like the Outlander, SFP did not have a large circulation, though it grew steadily, but we tried to cover all of fandom with it. We started SFP to help publicize South Gate in '58! and I guess it helped, as did Carr & Ellick's FANAC.
- (2) The reports on the 1957 Worldcon in London, by Walt Willis, Dottie Faulner, and Arthur Thomson. Published in two issues, as all of it didn't arrive in time for the first issue in question.

After the SOLACON, we did one more issue, for which I wrote a con report as seen from the tired committeeman's viewpoint. I then turned the title over to Stan, and I believe he has published two or more issues for the NFFF.

I got divorced and got back on the FAPA waiting list, though not necessarily in that order. I published a ditto fanzine called MOONSHADE for Shadow FAPA. I also published for IPSO, but dropped out before it folded. Then there was LEN'S LETTER, a kind of letter substitute, with fanzine reviews. Finally got back into FAPA and rejoined the MOONSHINE crew. Rick, Stan and I would publish a dittoed zine called SPIANE, when we didn't have time for a regular MOONSHINE.

Meanwhile, while back East, Ron Ellick wrote a letter of comment to John D. MacDonald. MacDonald answered Ron's letter, and included a list of his novels. Ron forwarded all this to me, knowing that I was a JDM fan. I xeroxed copies and gave them to others I knew who would be interested. John Trimble suggested I put the list on a ditto master and run off copies for APA L and FAPA.

So June, with whom I was going steady by then, typed up the ditto masters and, more as a gag than anything else, we called it THE JDM BIBLIOPHILE NO. 1. We did not send a copy to MacDonald, as that would be like sending coals to Newcastle. However--people kept asking us when the second issue would appear, and Ed Cox wrote an article for it. (EARLY JD--about JDM stories in the pulps.) So we published JDMB #2, and this time we did send a copy to MacDonald.

His response was gracious, gratifying and heartwarming. He found it hard to believe that anybody would bother to publish a fanzine about his works, let alone try to track down all the stories he had published over the years. He offered to help, and he did. So did many others, especially Bill Clark. The end result was that we continued to

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publish JDMB, and eventually we also published THE JDM MASTER CHECKLIST. Not the end, really, as we are still getting additions to the CHECKLIST, and the magazine itself shows no signs of dying. (We hope to publish JDMB #14 some time in June, right after the Mysterycon.)

I haven't mentioned the one-shots I've published, or helped to publish. There was BROWNOUT (The Fanzine That Fans Believe In). A Burbee title featuring the off-the-cuff (or out'n the ear) works of Burbee, Condra, Woolston and Moffatt. ("You come to visit me and godammit you publish a one-shot--that's an order!" -CB).

I don't remember the titles of some of the other oneshots in which I've had a hand. A few come to mind--WESTWARD-HOOG! (done at the Coxes')...LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS IN THE POOL (done at Trimble's')...and of course our latest, done here, MOONSHOT, which seemed to take forever to get finished.

At that time we were pushing for voting for Worldcon sites by mail. We still are, and it looks like that's the way it's gonna be. I'll be interested to see how the HEICON handles the details. I know how we would do it if we were on a Worldcon committee, but it doesn't matter what system or kind of system is used, as long as it is one that works. Anyway, as I've said before, it shouldn't be any more complicated than mailing out and handling the counting of Hugo ballots. The fact that Worldcon sites must be selected two years in advance makes no difference. The consite selection ballot should ride with the last progress report before the current con. All the votes, mailed and in-person, would be counted at the convention, and the winner announced there. So everybody who has purchased a full membership in advance gets a chance to vote. If he doesn't take that chance (whether he is at the con or not) is his problem. The ones who can't attend the con and are truly interested will send in their ballots, just as they would attend the biz meeting if they were at the con. The ones who aren't really interested won't--in either case.

And, I believe that they should be full memberships, not just supporting memberships. I must agree with whoever it was at the last Westercon who said that supporting memberships are more trouble than they are worth. It costs the convention the same amount of money to mail progress reports, etc. to supporting members as it does to full members. In any case, perhaps the supporting membership fee should be raised to cover these costs. I'm speaking of Worldcons now, where the costs are greater. We haven't had this problem with Westercon 23. June can insert her comment or answer when she's typing the stencil, but most if not all of our members are full members, right? ((At this writing, we have 290 full members and 1 supporting member. -jmm)) If you saw the condition of this Den and where I am sitting to write this column, you'd understand why I don't feel like getting up and reaching for the membership list. Still, it's not as bad as it was before I moved some of the auction material to the front room...

Back to fanzines, and the years thereof. That sounds like an Edco line...

Inevitably, someone will remind me (after this is published) of some title or other I didn't mention here. But I think that pretty well covers, not in detail--but do you want 80 pages of Len's Den?--((Do WE want 80 pages of Len's Den? -jmm)) the various fanzines I've had a hand in writing during the past 30 years. As for the future, we will continue with MOONSHINE and JDMB, and I hope that Pretty Soon Now I'll be able to put together a collection of song lyrics, light verse, and maybe even a Serious Poem or two, under the title of THE PIKE PICKENS SONG BOOK...

Then there is "Partial Recall", which could eventually wind up as a separate one-volume publication, after it has been serialized in CAPA and FAPA, assuming anyone is interested...



Let's all turn the mimeograph handle  
 Let's all turn the mimeograph handle  
 Let's all turn the mimeograph handle  
 Publishing fanzines, one by one...

I will collate if you will staple  
 I will collate if you will staple  
 I will collate if you will staple  
 Publishing fanzines, one by one...

That's a fannish work song I used to lead the group in, back in the old Outlander and Shaggy days. Originally, the second verse read: "I'll assemble if you will staple". I think it reads better, and we did call it assembling then. Nowadays it's collating, BUT I don't think that collate is as purty or as poetic a word as assemble. Say them slowly. Try rolling them over your tongue. Get your eyeteeth into it. Collate rolls better over your tongue than assemble? Maybe so, but it still doesn't sound as good to me, and doesn't fit in as well with the rest of the line. "Will" gets in the way, too. Could say "I'll collate" and get rid of the will, but you still can't sing collate as expressively as you can sing assemble.

When I was a Big Name Fan, boys  
 When I was a Big Name Fan  
 The neofans gathered around me  
 Calling me a Good Man  
 They told me of how they adored me  
 And read every word that I wrote  
 And when I tore asunder  
 Some other fan's blunder  
 Oh, Lordy, how my fans would gloat!  
 They published a score of fanzines  
 Each one dedicated to me  
 And for the use of my name  
 I put others to shame  
 By charging a minimum fee...

Another fannish song that I must rework one of these days. The rest of it deals with the BNF's put-downs of other famous fans, but I changed the meter in midstream, so that it doesn't come off as a really good piece of light verse, let alone a song that's supposed to be sung. So, must rewrite...sometime. It was published in Australia, I think (by Mervyn Barrett, maybe?) and perhaps elsewhere. I could answer all these burning questions by doing some research in the cedar chest of old fanzines that sits at the foot of our bed. But not now... The BNF doing the singing is not meant to be me, by the way. It's just a general takeoff on the super-ego type fan, and I put meself among those who are given ye olde put-down by the anonymous BNF.

Moffatt as a prophet was no good at all  
 I put the crack in his crystal ball...

So much for nostalgia, my 30 years of fanzine pubbing, and 40 years of fanzines in general. I see I got onto the subject of conventions, which was supposed to be my next subject in this column, and still is...

CONVENTIONAL CRIFANAC

CONVENTIONAL CRIFANAC, that is...

As you may, or may not know, June and I are on two convention committees this year. We have taken on more crifanac than any two persons in their right minds should, but on the other hand, we are enjoying the fun of it all, if not the hard work.

June, as secretary for Westercon 23, has more work to do for this convention than most convention secretaries have. There is the usual work, of course, of recording the memberships, etc., but she is also handling the hotel room reservations. "I am the Secret Master of Westercon 23 Room Reservations!" she cries in fannish glee. "Okey," says I, "as long as you're not the secret mistress..."

Yes, Westercon 23 is different. You can make your reservations and pay for your room or rooms in advance, and not have to worry about it when you check out of the hotel at the end of the con. And you can enjoy the con without having to watch your pennies because you haven't paid your hotel bill yet. We have various room/meals/banquet plans to offer, and even if you take the most expensive, you are paying less than you would at any other hotel.

Progress Report #2 has been mailed out. If you are a member, and haven't received your copy, blame the Post Office, and write to Westercon 23, PO Box 4456, Downey, Calif. 90241, so's we can send you another. (Apparently there has been some slowdown in the mails. I've noticed it on first-class mail as well as on 2nd and 3rd class.)

And this reminds me of one of my pet peeves. Seems like we always have those fans (and not always neofans, for which there can be some excuse on accounta they haven't had a chance to learn how things work in fandom) who push the panic button if they don't get a speedy response from a con committee. They seem to think that the committee is devoting its full time to the con.

Now, I'd be happy to work 8 or 10 hours a day, 5 days a week, on a con committee--if I got paid the same as I'm getting paid by my employer. Probably many of us would, because we like this type of work, or we wouldn't volunteer to be on a committee in the first place. But it doesn't work that way. Actually, we haven't had much of that sort of thing this year, but it still tends to bug me.

I can't speak for the whole committee, but to me, fandom is still a hobby, not my whole way of life. Part of my way of life, to be sure, and an important part, but I can't afford to devote ALL my time to it, on accounta, like most of us, I'm not independently wealthy. So when some joker writes in to complain that the committee didn't answer his letter yet, or whatever, I have to count to ten before making a reply (if it's a letter in my area of work for the committee).

Of course, we have the usual number of human errors that anybody (no matter how long they've been around) can make. Fans are supposed to be literate, supposed to be readers, but I'm afraid that many of us tend not to read as well as we should when it comes to digesting the info we need to join a con, or reserve rooms, or whatever. Sometimes we jump too fast, make out the check to the wrong person, send in too much or too little money, address questions to one member of the committee when they should be addressed to another, etc. Sure, all of these things can be handled and straightened out by the committee, but it takes more time than if the fan had really read the PR or flyer.

The committee--this committee, anyway--does communicate, but we do not all live in the same house or even in the same towns. We meet regularly at the Trimble's, and we conduct business by phone and by mail. So, if someone writes to John about the auction, or the huckster rooms, he can refer them to me, or if someone writes to June and me about the program, we can refer them to John and Bjo. The messages get through, but it takes a little more time and effort on our part.



Most conventions, as far as I know, don't have an Auction Coordinator. They get together a batch of stuff and show it to the auctioneer/eers before the auction so they or he have some idea of what's to be auctioned, and that's it. However, I've always thought it would be nicer if there was a catalog of some kind available at the con so that would-be bidders would also have some idea of what was available. I also think it would be nice if the auctioneers knew even before the convention what the auction material consists of. So that's how I became Auction Co-ordinator. I did something of the sort at the Long Beach Westercon in 1965, and this year I'm trying to do it in more detail. Which means more work for me, of course, but I asked for it, so can't and won't complain.

In some ways it is an experiment (as well as an experience) and if it turns out 50% as well as I'd like it to, I won't feel that the extra work is a total loss or waste of time. I've cataloged, on 3 x 5 file cards, all of the stuff we have to date--by category. Proazines. Fanzines. Books, hardcover and paperback. Posters. Artwork. Comic books. Etc. From this, I'll make up lists--work sheets to be used at the con by the people working the auction. Our three auctioneers (Walt Daugherty, Al Lewis and Bruce Pelz) will know well in advance of the con most of the stuff that we have, and of course will get to look at the stuff at the con before the auctions. All they will have to do is auction. A backup staff, under my battered baton, will hand them the items, keep records, etc.

A catalog of the auction material will be distributed as part of the membership kit. Of course, there will be last-minute items that arrive too late for the catalog, but there will still be facilities for keeping records of them at the auction. If things go the way I'm planning, I hope to be able to write a report on it after the convention. Or even if they don't go as planned. We try and we learn.

THE ANTHONY BOUCHER MEMORIAL MYSTERY CONVENTION will be held at the Royal Inn, Santa Monica, California, over the Memorial Day weekend. Bruce Pelz and Chuck Crayne (Con-Fusion) are putting it on. June and I are helping...

Besides the luncheon speech by Guest of Honor Bob Bloch, there will be panel discussions and short talks. Now this convention is really an experiment, as mystery story fandom has never had a convention before. We don't expect it to be a Big One--but then the first Westercon had fewer than 100 present, as did, I think, the first Worldcon. If we get 200, I will think we have done well for the first one...

June and I have been helping with our contacts in the mystery story field, and I'm lining up a panel of detective pulp mag writers and editors. So far I have Larry Shaw, Robert Turner, William P. McGivern, and hope to get Howard Browne and maybe one other. Bill Clark is also on the panel, not as a writer or editor, but as an expert on the old pulp days. He was also a good friend of the late Frank Gruber and should be able to tell us about Gruber, how he worked, etc.

Steve Fisher will give a talk if he's in town that weekend, and Bill Ballinger has volunteered to talk, too. Don Wollheim is supposed to be coming out from NY to moderate a panel on The State of the Art. Clayton Matthews will be on that panel, and, I think, Poul Anderson.

For details on how to join both WESTERCON 23 and the BOUCHERCON, see ads in this issue of MOONSHINE.

Someone, a mailing or so ago, was asking about the Westercon's hotel and bar facilities. First of all, the hotel is NOT on a campus, nor is it close enough to a campus area to be affected by likker laws regarding campi, if any, in that area. Secondly, the committee will control the bar, not the hotel. Thirdly, there can (and should be) no objections from the hotel OR the committee if you bring your own. I always take a

"convention kit" to every convention, so that if I want a drink in my room, or want to take my own to a party, or don't want to pay the prices some hotel bars charge, it's available. I think most old convention hands do this.

So, you can buy from our rent-a-bar, or bring your own, or both. What you do in the privacy of your own room is your business, and if it should happen to be illegal (like giving drinks to minors, breaking the narcotics laws, or making out with a minor), it is YOUR problem if you get caught.

Those who are so uncool or stupid that they can't resist breaking the law in public are obviously asking for trouble, and we aren't about to have the whole convention and the hotel busted because somebody doesn't have the sense that God gave a monkey.

Individual members of the committee may or may not agree with the law, but as a committee, we will cooperate with the law to whatever degree is necessary to prevent the Westercon from getting badmouthed by the law and by the hotel trade. With maybe one or two exceptions (like the whorehouse slightly north of Tijuana) the Westercons have, over the years, built up a good reputation with the hotel industry. I've heard reports that our conventions were less bothersome and less destructive than others that were held in the same hotels.

It did take years to establish science-fiction conventions as respectable, acceptable gatherings, worthy of every consideration on the part of hotels, and we are not going to risk ruining that record by the public actions of some idiot. I'm not just referring to narcotics laws, but to any law, which if broken in public, can lead to the general arrest of everyone present. People who drink too much and get mean and want to fight are just as bad as heads who offer roaches to strangers in a public place. Or creeps who force their attentions on girls who are too young or too inexperienced to know how to turn them off.

This brings me to another point (however circuitously) I want to make about Westercons or conventions in general. They are continuing things. When you attend this year's Westercon, for instance, you are in effect supporting and helping future Westercons. Not just because of the advance membership fee in order to vote for the next consite. It was ever thus. When you attend and give your support to the current convention, you are doing the same for the next year's, and the next...

Well, sure, you say, that's obvious. The money left over goes to the next committee, so what I spend at auctions, etc., is partly helping the next con. And by attending this one, I am showing that I do attend cons, and am likely to attend future cons--if not the next one, the one after that, when it's in my area.

Sure, friends, it is obvious, when you stop to think about it--but how many of us do? I thought about it because I'm on two committees this year, and have been thinking more about conventions than I would if I weren't working on 'em. So whatever we do now affects the future--in this instance, the future of s-f conventions and mystery fan conventions.

I hope that many of you can attend both the Bouchercon and the Westercon, and make it to Heidelberg too. If you have to make a choice, put Heicon first, as we want that one to succeed as much as we want our local cons to succeed. June and I won't be able to make it, but then, we wanted to go to SFCon too, and lack of time and dinero prevented that. Our budget permits us only the Westercon and the Bouchercon this year, and only because both of them are so inexpensive. But we are planning to attend the Noreascon (Boston in '71) and do a little bit of touring in New England, and show June my old stomping grounds in Pennsylvania.

So, like us, I hope you all

Keep Smiling! -ljm



# THOTS

# WHILE

# TYPING

RICK SNEARY

There is something mind numbing about setting down to write about 40 years of fanzines. It tends, in my case atleast, to render my mind as blank as the paper before me. As some of you other woolly mammoths know, I am better at writing letters of comment than set-piece articles. That is the old reason behind the title of this wondering column, which is older than some FAPA zines--and might be older than some of the members, if it were not for the long wate to get in. Most of what goes in here, is off the top of my head...thought slightly polished, when there is time.

Forty years of fanzines is not to many.. I would have been less than three years old when that first fanzine fell into fannish mailboxes, and hardly up to reading anything. It wasn't untell 14 years later that I found my first real s.f. story -- though I had been a science fiction fan in away for a long time. I had listened to Buck Rogers on radio, and Latitude Zero. I also admired a show called Mr. Mergansworker and his Loblies, which I later found out was written by Nelson S. Bond. He was also to be the first s.f. writer who's name ment anything to me, and seek it out on contents pages..- I also read Brick Bradford and Flash Gordon, and did what I know must tare at the hearts of todays avid comic colletors; I cut the strips up, and used the pictures of rocketships and strange men to play out new stories of my own. Practically all the best days of Alex Raymond went that way. It almost makes even me weep. - I also drew rocket ships --though mostly of the Buck Rogers kind as they were easier to do -- and envolved them in great sky battles. So, while I can not claim to have cut my eye teeth on books of Wells and Burroughs as do most old fans, I have proof that I was addicted to the Crazy Buck Rogers Stuff, by the time I was 7 or 8.

I suppose my not going to school is one reason I was not exposed to science fiction in book form at an earlier age. So it wasn't untell 1944 that I discovered my first s-f magazine in a second hand magazine store. I'd been reading mysteries, but these other magazines had sexy covers and looked interesting, so I desided to try one. It was a Thrilling Wonder Stories, and the first story I read was "Trophy", by Hudson Hastings(Henry Kuttner). It was all about a lone Marine and a Japaneese officer on an Island, where an Alien hunter lands to collet trophies. The American accidently stumbles into the space ship, and finds the walls covered with trophies strange worlds. Not just the heads, but what ever was the most uniquely important part of that being. He excapes, and the story covers the two Earth men who are trying to kill each other, and the E.T. who is trying to trap them. The Marine desides that the alien must be after a human head, so inflicts terrible cuts in his own face, to spoil it as a trophy.. Only to have it end with the Japaneese being caught, and his fine surgeons hands being removed as the trophy -- as, after all, other anamils have brains.

I read the letter columns in the magazines, and Startling's Fanzine reviews, but I did try writing them for a while. First I tried writing to a fan in Pasadena. As you old timers will remember, it takes a lot of courage to write that first letter. You are a dumb teenager, and the world has taken little notice of you up to now, and here you are, writing to someone who has his letters published in professional magazines. It took a reserve of brass nerves that most of us may not have thought we had, until we did it. (I find it hard to imagine today's teenagers being so shy or unsure of themselves.) I wonder how many tried writing once, and either got no reply or a cold one, and were forever turned off of Fandom? I was lucky, as my letter was answered, and was told all sorts of interesting and mysterious things. Though, the greatest mystery was, though I answer the letter right away, I never heard from or of that fan again. At times I have toyed with the ego-centric idea that the Fates had created him for the sole purpose of introducing me to Fandom...and after he fulfilled that task, he ceased to exist.. -- The only flaw in this theory is, I can't understand why some of the rest of you are still around.

The first "fanzine" I received was a mimeographed post card newszine -- QX THE CARDZINE, #16 for Sept. 14, 1944, from Joe Kennedy. He was asking a dime for 7 issues. (Those, indeed, were the days) He was able to get a lot of news onto the card too. A report of a visit by New York fans to the Planet Stories offices, and of a Michigan fan to New York. A new club formed in Savannah. The publishing by Vanguard of The Great Fog and Other Stories, and a pocket edition of Rebirth. A list of fanzines just out, and an ad for Cosmic Dust #5. Plus the news that Gil Noble had been injured in a fall, and the Dovercon had been mentioned in a local paper. -- Yes, all that and more, on one card. Kennedy could get a lot of news into very little space... But--do you notice--that this outline sounds a lot like a boiled down version of any recent issue of Locas? Fan news doesn't change much.

The Sept. 26th issue reports on Morojo resigning as LASFS Director, while Laney and Russell were planning a "complete fantasy book bib..printed, pocket-size, 200 pp.. due in about a year." (What ever happen to that Sam?) - Gene Hunter was reported to be in the New Hebrides [the war, you remember...] and de la Ree joining FAPA. The NFFF's printed Welcome Booklet had just come out, and Acolyte #8.. - The Oct. 11th issue list more movements of fans; and parties.. The Buffalocon Booklet from Ken Krueger was out, and the arrival of Speer's Fancylopedia was announced... On Oct. 25th there was news of the "Li'l Chi-con", and of Ackerman's starting the boycott of Langley Searles over the threat "to turn FAPA in for banning from mails.. We're strictly neutral." --- These were the times that shaped our destiny, but I was too new to appreciate it. I thought it went on like that all the time.

Regretfully QX was dropped by Kennedy before the end of the year. Ken Krueger took over for the last issue I have, and I believe that was the end. JoKe went on to edit Vampire, which became the focal point of 4th Fandom --though we didn't know the term at the time--the raging teenage barbarians that rampaged through the pro-mag letter columns and their own sophomoric fanzines, and ultimately founded SAPS as an alternative to FAPA. -- It was a hectic time, though we were all too young and new to know it. The Old Ghods were dying, and the new generation was too interested in making a mark for itself to care much where Fandom had been. We all admired Ackerman and Tucker, if for no other reason than every one else did, and we wanted to do what was "in". There was the rush to form new clubs, and to make new offices, and work your way into them. The Cosmic Circle had nearly died by the time I joined Fandom, so there was little talk that fans were supermen, or any great purpose behind these clubs. There was just an overpowering urge to "belong."



I'm pretty sure that the first full size fanzine I saw was Shangri-L'Affairs No. 19, for October 1944. That was a Burbee issue, ofcourse. A fine editorial, with digs at Daugherty; uninspired article writers; and plans for future issues. George Ebey had an article about the lamentable state of the pro-mag letter columns, and harked back to the good old days of 1939-40.. Daugherty did a page of local news, which mentions that 111 copies of the Fancyclopedia had been sold to date. And there was a page by Ackerman who gave more information on it, including a partial list of those who had bought copies. I was too new at the time to spend money for something like that, so I didn't own a copy until 1947. Then it was a New Years gift from Forry. (It was Copy No. 20...that had originally gone to Robt. W. Lowndes.) I was very pleased with it, and still think it was one of the handsomest fan books ever brought out. They did things up right in those days.. All this color printing today is pretty, but not very distinctive.

But going back to that long ago Shaggy....there was a biographical article on Laney by Mel Brown.. This was still the Laney who was a serious constrictive Lovecraft fan and book collector... Laney with the uproarious laugh.. The Laney who Brown felt "has contributed more to the field in the last two years than any currently active fan." Re-reading this, it is sort of sad to think of Fran as being mainly remembered today for Ah! Sweet Idiocy and the Insurgant Movement..

The letter section was always a great part of any of the Burbee Shaggy's, and bore a strong stamp of the Burbee style/influence. The letters were though, by present day LoC standards, for the most part pretty bad. They tended to copy the pro-mag style, where the reader went through the issue, giving his opinion on each item in the issue in turn. And in as colorful and personal a manner as possible. There were a lot of words like "lovely", "horrible", "hack", "exceptional", "disappointing" and "delightful", but very little of the penetrating, serious analysis of the material and the writers' souls, as we see in fanzines today. -- Letter writers like Willie Watson, Henry Elsnor, or even F. Lee Baldwin and Mike Fern, don't mean much to fans these days, but then it was a circle of the Great Ones, and I strove to join them.

So, it was in issue No. 20, for Nov. 1944, that my name first appeared in print. A thrill that one never forgets (I'm sure you can remember when your first letter appeared), followed by the embarrassment of my family finding out and reading out loud, what I knew was really a pretty dumb letter.. Ofcourse my name hadn't been changed in those days -- I was still Richard Sneary. The schizophrenia of my being Rick Sneary to all of Fandom and the s-f world, and Richard Sneary to the family and business, wouldn't start for another year or more. By then I would be tired of well intentioned fans calling me "Dick", which I did not like, and adopted the short but solid sounding nickname I've used since. (Ofcourse the second time I joined the NFFF, I signed in as R. Monroe Sneary -- not to hoax anyone, but to make a point of the fact that I was really not the same person who had struggled as an officer for five years, before going gaffia.) There are times when re-reading some of my early writing, as I had to do a few years ago when Len brought out something called The Selected Writings of Rick Sneary, that I had been able to change my name completely after the first five years, and pretend to be some one else. Ofcourse, at the end of only five years I still didn't know enough to be bothered by my earlier self. And then too, if I had, I could only claim to have been around 20 years, rather than 25.

My first letter was quite subdued, and filled with thanks and apologies. It seems that the address I had used to write had been Daugherty's--but in copying it out I had picked up a girl's name from the line above, and addressed it to Lorraine

Daugherty... To make amends I offered, "If Walt wants I will be glad to bang my head against the wall 100 times, the only thing is the dust comes out of the cotton padding and makes me sneeze." -- That is an example of the kind of humor that was prevalent at the time...and not as terrorable in context as it sounds. -- An interesting fact I had forgotten untell just now, was that the letter just before mine was by Harry Warner, Jr.. Harry's letters have changed very little over the 25 years, and were more the exception to the rule in those days. It was serious and friendly, with extended comment on the current Arkham House publishing practices, and the small but growing interest in bibliofanac...and a catalog of projects he was thinking of starting. He ended with the P.S. "You [Burbee] write the most entertaining fanzine editorials of all time." == One thing I can no longer remember or explain is the caption that Burb gave my letter (he didn't print addresses then), "Richards Sneary / leaps out in full armor". There is no mention of armor or leaping in the letter, and it wasn't untell many years later that I developed my interest for weaponry and armor. And not untell 1961 was I made a Squire and Armourer's Mate in the Order of St. Fantony. How did Burbee know what was to come? A man of gruff exterior but remarkably understanding at times, with real insight.

The same issue carried a major critical article by Laney about the new NFFF booklet - What Is Science Fiction Fandom. One criticism was that it delt more on old feuds than current activity. It was the kind of detailed analyze of the good and bad points of the booklet that he was so good at, and which seems to be done only by Ted White in resent years. -- Laney would become a NFFF Director two years later, and to do try and do something about the club...as have a lot of the rest of us.

The only other major item in this thin issue -- only 18 pages, counting blank inside cover and back -- was one of Ackerman's columns of local doings and news. It gives me a sort of paint to see what a relatively plain and simple little zine the official organ of the LASFS was in those days. Yet it was appearing nearly bi-monthly, with general material by greatest writers of the time, and being read and admired by every BNF. This, at a time when most members were too poor to own a car, and even an old mimeograph was a treasur. Now, LASFS has members making good money--many with expensive publishing equipment of their own--and over \$10,000 in the clubs' building fund. But they can't find anyone with the talent or ambition to put out a 20 page fanzine every two months. Lots of them can write acouple pages a week for their own apa-zine..but not a thing for the club as a whole. Ofcourse, it appears to me, that one of the things that killed Shaggy off was pretentiousness. They kept wanting to do bigger and fancier fanzines. Burbee used almost no art except on the cover, and while he had good sense of layout, but he kept it simple. But it had style--in appearance and in writing. No one could hope to write or edit like Burbee did--though a few non-Angolentians have tried--but a new style could be forged, and a bond to link the different parts of Los Angeles Fandom and the rest of Fandom as well.

The first printed comment on my writing appeared in the next issue, in a letter by Mike Fern. "Is Richard Sneary another Ken Sabbie, or is there a strange filterable virus loose in fandom?" I never did find out who or what a Ken Sabbie was. Whether another simi-illeterate or a fannish joke I never heard. (Quien sabe, is Spanish for "who knows?") There were apparently a few that did think I might be a hoax, for quite a while. It was as late as the Pacificon in 1946 that Art Joquel (I believe it was) remarked to me that one thing the Con had proved was that I exsisted. Whether he ment this personally, or of others I don't know...but I took it as a joke. Joquel was one of the few local fans I had not met by then. (I didn't meet Burbee for almost another year. He attended the Con only one evening, and as I had to return home I missed seeing him.) Thanks to the



fact I was pretty dumb, and the common habit then of Fans to insult each other in general and friends in particular, I never became overly sensitive to remarks about my poor spelling and English. Having always lived with one handicap or another I was perfectly aware that there were things I wasn't able to do, and tried to make the best of things.. As long as fans would answer or publish my letters, I joyfully kept on writing them. And mind, these early letters were not only miss-spelled, but written in my forth gradish longhand. It wasn't until the following Summer that my Father was able to get me a used typewriter. (Again, remember my Old and Rare, that there was a war on...and typewriters were had more for love than money. My old Remington 12, come from the man who serviced the typewriters for the Union Pacific Railroad yards in L.A. There was a chunk of metal missing out of the back rest, but nothing else ever went wrong with it -- except the roller that kept getting harder and harder.. )

About the only time I can remember being hurt and angered by any remark was late the next year. I'd tried publishing my first fanzine -- The Fanzine Readers Review...which contained material copied from other fanzines that I found in the LASFS library. (Which resulted in my first contact with Len, who had edited one.) I sent copies to all the friends and BNF's I knew by then, and waited for results. Mostly I have forgotten what happened -- the results are never what you hope for. As I was highly tolerated the reaction wasn't too bad. But I didn't hear from some who I sent copies, and not willing to let well enough alone, followed up with letters, asking opinions. And I got it. A postal card from Jack Speer, that I all but kept framed for years, trying to think of a way of avenging myself. I will spare both of us regrets and not reprint it, but the gist of it was the advice that I should not only not publish the zine but stay away from a typewriter (and presumably Fandom) until I had learned how to write and spell. This crushing blast at my neo-fannishness more made me mad than anything. As Speer was then feuding with Dunkelberger, I fell into the Dunkelberger camp, and told him everything, hoping that this other seeming BNF would somehow use the knowledge to avenge me... Happily, he didn't.. But I was still mad at the Pacificon, and glared enough daggers at Jack that he asked if I was carrying one. A small 19 year old can get very unfriendly I guess. I am grateful I didn't do or say anything else. Jack and I long ago settled the matter, and been friends since. What else could I do -- the zine was every bit as bad as he said.

I now find it really surprising that no one in all these years, has made what is without doubt the worst possible pun on my name I can imagine. It was only last month that Bjo Trimble, given as we are all, to reading strange and exotic forms of literature, ran across the following in a book titled:

A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, by Captain Francis Cröse.  
Edited by Eric Partridge.

"RICHARD SNARY: A dictionary. A country lad, having been reproved for calling persons by their christian names, being sent by his master to borrow a dictionary, thought to shew his breeding by asking for a Richard Snary."

Being a little slow about such things, it took two-three readings before I got it, then my response was similar to that of another well known hermit; "We hates it! We hates it!" It is just too good. The "e" in Sneary is silent, and our supposedly German-Swiss ancestors might very well have put a "sh" sound in there. -- And "Snearyism" appears as a noun in the Fancyclopedia II....

Rick. - 6

"The overtly accidental, a good many of the typos of Rick Sneary ('the Great Illiterateur', WAW said of him) were so dazzlingly appropriate as to seem deliberate, or so eccentric that they staggered the beholder; such construction became known by their creator's name." Fame is, I guess, were you find it-- though I never could remember seeing anyone else accused of using Snearyisms. But then there are a couple other words in Fancy II that I never saw used.

No doubt because I had been a subscriber to QX the Cardzine, in the Spring of 1945 I recieved a copy of the first issue of Vampire, from Joe Kennedy. It was only half size and hecktoed or dittoed (the pages that were good then are still clear today), with a white air-brush type cover on black construction paper, wrap around cover. It didn't look like much, nor were there any rememberable names in it other than JoKe's and Gerry de la Ree's. A couple fantasy stories and a couple poems (a fortaste of Joe's future interest) and the usuall kinds of short departments..... The second issue wasn't out untell Sept., but it was full sized and mimeoed. With another air-brush cover. It still looked like any other fanzine inside, but it was picking up name writers. Tucker wrote about Ackerman, and Dale Tarr wrote Vampire verse. I was starting to prove myself the ubiquitous letter hack, by making their letter column. (I had sent him a vampire story too, but fortunately JoKe lost it.) The 3rd issue a month later had dropped fiction and had three articles, including a major one by Moskowitz, on the enflated values in the hard-cover book market-- especially that of The Outsider. Which was then selling for \$50, but as every book dealer seemed to have copies, SaM argued that this value was a hoax.. -- No. 4 saw an answering article by Laney, on what the fan collector should do; Faanfiction by Speer; and other material by Tucker, Alphaugh and Tigrina. -- No. 5 had a three page article by Derleth, replying to SaM; and the magazine was pretty well into the form that it was to take the rest of its short and happy life. Vampire is credited with being the Focal Point fanzine of 4th Fandom. Certainly there was something about it that made it outstanding. Shangri-L'Affairs under Burbee was an outstanding example of a kind of fanzine; Vampire was something new. A blend of snaggy's casual seriousness, Le Zombies irreverent good humor; and something new. Maybe it was that JoKe was new, and couldn't take seriously all the old feuds and involvements that had gone in the past. He took science fiction and Fandom seriously enough to use good articles and treat the mater seriously, but there was an undercurrent of youth and good humor under it all, that said that Fandom could be Fun. -- To us neo-fans, Vampire was good enough to admire and try and copy, but not so good as to feel hopelessly out classed. And while Vamp used much serious material, I would be willing to maintain -- though not to try and prove -- that it was the stepping stone between the humor of Le Zombie and Quandry... .. I would easily rate it as one of the ten most important fanzines of the past 25 years.

I mentioned publishing my first fanzine, The Fanzine Readers Review, in 1944. There were only two issues of it, and two issues of Gripes and Growns, a letter-zine, and that was the total of my personal gen-zine publication to date. I have edited issues of Shaggy and The Outlander, and been whole or part editor of zines for SAPS and FAPA, but none of these on my own. When I joined FAPA in 1947, Burbee agreed to run my stuff off for me, and the same was true of my SAPS-zines, with eather Storer or Jewett doing the actual work. I wonder if this isn't some kind of a record for publishing inactivity, for a fan who has been around this long...

Part of the reason was that it seemed to cost more to publish than it was worth..aleast to me. I could have aforded it, but I didn't see why I should, when I could generally get anything I wanted to write published by some one else. (And who, in their right mind, would intrust material to me, to edit?) While I worked at mimeographing and assembling a lot of fanzines, locally, I wasn't so



## HARRY WARNER'S YEARS

I believe a copy of Horizons, on yellow paper, may have been one of the earliest fanzines I have read. Maybe this is not so, but to me Harry Warner has represented an extended period of fan publishing that inspires my assumption that these are the Warner Years. Finding his letters of comments and other material in fanzines would not seem to make this statement less likely either.

Dipping into the pages of the transplanted fancolumn ALL OUR YESTERDAYS it is easy to reminisce—even if I limit what I comment on to things that touched on me in the forties. My first convention in 1946 (the Pacificon—before it was necessary to limit it by putting a "I" after the title) was the beginning of a series that took in all but the one West Coast con that appeared in Seattle—a city I lived in and would have liked to revisit. Since 1958 (when I was on the Worldcon Convention Committee) I've attended two cons in the midwest—the Detention and ten years later the Saint LouisCon. This means I've averaged one such fangathering a year since 1946. As Westercons are now as large as most worldcons were not too long ago—and I've been to all but 2 in the north.

But maybe I should stick to things I was involved in that Harry commented on. Harry mentions "One curious manifestation of fandom as a subculture was the attempt to popularize a fannish substitute for money, a new form of currency designed to fit the peculiar needs of fans more neatly than the stuff produced by the national mints." Actually "fanwampum" wasn't intended for this purpose; it was an idea I put in a letter I sent to Orv Mosher, and the idea was a sort of egobuck or a way to give ego to the person receiving the piece of paper—which was closer to a quote-card than anything else. In other words, it was written with name of the person to get it (eventually) at the top, and had space for signatures and comments so it could be filled and sent to the person involved. "Fanwampum" wasn't intentionally conceived after reading a certain story; I imagine it may have resulted more from a FAPA comment about certain potlatch practices of Northwest Indians—even though there may be no logical relationship between this and wampum. (Later I heard talk of some sort of idea for an international bank of fandom too—I hereby affirm I had nothing to do with it, in case you wondered.)

Page 253: The Outlander Society was primarily a regional group (in an area outside LA proper with fans who knew each other but might not get to LASFS as easily as visiting each other). Mari Wolfe lived miles beyond me along the oceanside, and Forry Ackerman, who came as often as any member, was not too far from his present place on the far side of Los Angeles. The only officers The Outlanders had were "hoists" who served as informal Chairmen in case they were needed; otherwise we gabbed and relaxed. Outlanders published a zine and put on the 1958 Worldcon—and the third Westercon too. We had a round robin to discuss things by mail but about all this was fun—not a formal club set-up. Both the zine and RRs were as imaginative as the members were in the mood to be. We did have collating parties when it was time to put our zine together. It was serious and humorous—and done for fun. The 1958 Worldcon was direct result of publicity Rick started ten years earlier, and when you consider the juggling done with a con outside the US (in London) to allow it to be there in an off-schedule year, and the juggling of the L.A. mayor in "turning the hotel over to South Gate" so the Sneary motto could ring true—sorta—I think it was worth remembering.

Rex Ward may have been in the planning of the 1958 con and The Outlanders; Rick can recall I'm sure. (Remember REward?) While Rex was an early Outlander to drop out it seems all but "the hub" have left--at least Rick, Len and I keep in touch and persist in corresponding and other contacts.

About that TIS cover I won in the Big Pond Fund drawing at the 1948 con--it's within a few yards of me, behind my dresser. I do not have the magazine it was cover for, but I thought it was a Wonder Story cover picture. It is by Paul with two orange globes with port-holes or openings shown in gray speeding down towards what appears to be a futuristic skyscraper complex with an area rounded between the towers--showing the buildings were designed so these craft could land there. If anyone recognises the story maybe they would tell me how far off I may be--and other details. The issue and date of the publication would solve one of those mental questionmarks that prod me lightly over a long period of time. I don't think I ever asked anyone about this before.

My contact with fans just about extend from the 1946 convention, when I met Rick Sneary and Len Moffatt. Previously we corresponded. I remember seeing Bob Tocker on the porch of Stan Shack, and across the street and up a way (in Tendril Towers) watched EEEvans collate the AE van Vogt talk he gave at the con, on a special bookcase he designed for collating. (I looked around his room and in particular at a spaceship painted on wallboard or what appeared wallboard; this was an illo from an EESmith epic. Seeing my attention Ev offered to sell it to me for \$10. I do not think I had that much; anyway I didn't buy it.) Gus Wilmoth in another room had fonts of type in trays under his bed--used for headlines for **FANTASY ADVERTISER**, the ad publication with articles on the field and which introduced the fact that some collectors would pay massive sums for SF and fantasy to the bookstores. Result was that prices soared. Some years later Gus offered the zine to me; I asked if it would be OK for me to change it to a cardzine and he said yes. Roy Squires took it over and continued it as SF Advertiser. (And my stylesheet for titles is warped.)

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## THE HARRY WARNER DECADE

With Harry's book out on a decade of fandom it seems to me that to give him a Hugo one year isn't really enough. For that reason I planned to be sure to use the FAPA Poll as a means to register my own feelings that his perseverance deserves somewhat more attention than it has been given. Then, as April Fool's day came and went, I realise I had let myself be distracted. I didn't vote.

The decade and more that Harry mentions (if "mention" is the proper word) in All Our Yesterdays is the time I really got the feel of fandom. Attending a con a year became a habit. Being involved in one fanclub or another,, many fans came and went. Harry Warner was active before I knew him and his name and presence was part of the fandom I knew then, as it is now. If the fandomain had citizenship I'd propose him for First Citizen, I think. Perhaps Ackerman would be a close candidate for the position, too, but I think both are well known and their influence, while much different in tone and approach, is of somewhat equal influence.

But actually both Forrest J Ackerman and Harry Warner have shown a similarity in the enthusiasm they have displayed in fandom and the SF area with Forry moving towards the pro areas in the editorial field as much as in fictioneering. To me, though, his published material reminds me of his fanlife--and the relation of Harry's is close too in many cases. The early Famous Monsterzine seemed more like the writing of Forry the fan, with his puns and material flowing from the well of his experience more than research. Not being a monster buff I did not attempt to keep up with this phase of his publishing--but both Harry and Forry have shown perseverance in the field for a long period of time, with Harry displaying certain hermit characteristics while Forry went to the cons wherever they were.

Other fans have shown degrees of persverance. Some have been around for an eon or so. But after all Bob Tucker isn't sure who he is any more (he thinks he's Bloch) so I won't be distracted--except to say I've said enough, without saying all I may have said. Anecdotes about Warner would interest me greatly in future FAPA mailings, and I hope some of the more ancient FAPAns will recall some. After all, he may have included his own name in his book but not very often, and that is something that should be corrected somehow.

## FROM FANZINE TO PROZINE

A mimeographed magazine that specialized in novellas became a prozine, and while not in the SF field, it seems to me that nowadays with offset printing used for fanzines and prozines alike there would be a chance for more than one duplicate of this to occur. Whether the "distribution barrier" could be overcome is a big problem, but in fandom there are many who enjoy their own words so much they join apas and contribute to 50 odd page fanzines, taking effort and energy that might appreciably increase their financial standing. England had a zine that was the result of a collaboration of pros and the government, and while I do not suggest a U.S. fan editor try to get government money to publish, the possibilities of developing some sort of publication dedicated to imagination in its many forms might be interesting. If some of the top fans and pros could collaborate the result might be a publication as distinctive as the British zine I mention. Personally I don't intend to advocate a similar policy in context but the idea of a grouped effort here might be worth attention, for now a large circulation fanzine that might interest others might be possible.

Page Six--Woolston's First Person Singular

Years ago someone advocated that all fans should put all their efforts as fan editors into producing a superfanzine that would take the place of zines of individual effort, and be a showcase for what fans could do. I've never advocated this; actually I prefer fanzines to be smaller and more personal as a rule. But now that improved publishing equipment makes it possible for one man to produce a 50 or 100 page magazine, perhaps a combined effort to produce something that would interest fans by the thousands might be in order. This could be designed to touch on the wide interests fans display in any place--in letters, FAPA, etc., and be designed on a level that would attract subscribers with imagination.

In fandom the fanzine captures the attention of pros and fans alike, with the combined appeal of personality and imagination. Novelty and wit of knowledgeable people could make such a publication an unusual addition to the field--information source for anyone interested in the unusual, and help in the development of insights as well.

A fanzine can generalize or specialize. If designed for general sale--or even for sale in colleges and the like--a fanoriented publication could develop in many ways. It could be a discussionzine, perhaps like an extended Psychotic or SF Review, a literary publication, or maybe a part-fiction, part-fact magazine. It could use artwork--drawings and cartoons--or photos; be serious or satirical; reflect fan affairs fairly directly or use fan contributions mainly as a reservoir. Its cumulative effect could be to expose fandom to wider view or bypass that aspect for the most part.

How any of this might develop is something I would leave mostly to your imagination--except last year I talked with Bill Crawford about his idea for offset-printing 64 pages of fiction with another section available for anyone--fan or otherwise--to use for fanzine or protestzine or anything at all, under their zine title--with the idea they would then get as wide a local distribution as possible by personal effort. As far as I know this was only speculation on his part (just as taking over Coven 13 may be only a rumor for all I know).

Getting into the field of pro pubbing, some are now setting type by a system of keyed use of computers and the new method of bypassing use of the "hot metal" method of composition, saving much time and money. Half the cost may be saved by new methods this permits, and it could open new areas to national distribution or production of magazines. Over the years costs for manpower has raised, including the influence of unions in limiting changes in New York, where the field has been centered for a long time.

In the next 25 or 30 years some of the newer processes may revolutionize fanpublishing--and surely semi pro work of fans, if not next year.



If a new technique for distribution can be developed, or old methods be made again, news-stand distribution may become popular again. Of course other ways to distribute may be found--wired duplication of pages that never saw a printing press could be the outcome of using computers and film processing plus a device with some characteristics like the device that makes copies of drawings for stencils, with a scanner, etc. This could be as common as a mimeograph is today in just a decade--and be a normal household device for receiving news to read at home in time for breakfast or any time, just as recording programs may make a program bank of tapes available each day so no wanted program need be lost just because it comes on a rival channel at the same time as another program wanted by yourself or another person in the family. If things evolve, probably each household will have one machine for each member of the family, perhaps with a household computer to automatically record everything members enjoy from travellogues to fiction--the gamut.

I can imagine a fan of the year 2001 listening to Grampa tell about the TV of his youth, and the trouble with listening to two desired series that advertisers tried to use to capture the audience for themselves instead of each advertising their program and allowing anyone to record for replay later. "Didn't the FCC say the people owned the airways?" I can hear a grandson query.

Whether a fanzine--or publication by fans--as I visualize here ever comes about or not, there will be fan-turn-pro, as editors as well as writer. Definition of "pro" may be debatable, but to me a pro has an attitude of taking things seriously, and this is true whether his forte is humor or drama. A pro is an active agent who perseveres and grows in ability. Perhaps repetition does not make a pro as much as the growing into professional standing--and where this leaves the occasional writer may not be something fans would agree on. Pros too disagree; I hear the writer's group are trying to upgrade standards for membership. But to me the ability to develop a story (if an author) would be the real standard for a pro, and if someone writes only on occasion because they are distracted by other jobs or interests they are not really non-pros. Exception might be taken on the ground a professional will want to write (or edit, etc.) more than anything else, and so not let other things interfere with what he does as a pro.

But one thing fans and pros may have in common is enthusiasm and the will to be initiators. We have too many people who try too little or do as little as is necessary to "participate." This is probably while some FAPans are downgraded for their minimal or near-minimum page count--they seem unwilling to display enthusiasm enough to "put their heart into it."

If all the occasional-authors in fandom would work to support a fanzine or prozine, on the principle they would share profits to the degree they help, some sort of a special publication might "take fire." Is this possible? It is--if a fan can find what sets his enthusiasm afire.

A fanzine is the extension of the enthusiasm a fan can and does pour into his publishing. If as an editor he can stimulate others to send in outstanding material he will find a few hundred readers to enjoy his work. With new opportunities resulting from new inventions and methods in publishing one fan has only the financial outlay and his ingenuity to block what might be a paying publication. By cooperating the next decade or so may see the bridge between amateur and fan's "opposite," the





...MOONSHINE is a Brighter Thing Than Fog...

# THE GREAT GRAND

—June Mcffatt CANYON TREK

We left home about 3:30 in the afternoon of Sunday, September 28, 1969, in order to cross the ~~Great American~~ Mojave Desert after sundown. We had originally planned to leave on Monday morning, but when Len told his buddies at work of this schedule, they were horrified, and informed us that we would leave our bones bleaching on the sands, or something.

It was one of the nastiest, smoggiest days we'd had in weeks, and we were very glad indeed to be headed out of it. I wondered out loud when we would leave it behind--it seemed so thick and all-pervading--as if the whole world were trapped under it. We came out into sunshine and clean air with startling suddenness. As we turned north on I-15 going past San Bernardino, we suddenly noticed that everything to our left was smogged in, and everything to our right was bright and clear. There must have been a powerful wind coming down that pass--it even shook our car a little.

We stopped for gas in Daggett--which isn't even a wide spot in the freeway. The only sign of "civilization" visible from the freeway is the gas station. It was both hot and dry, and Len felt like having a beer, so we asked the attendant if there was a bar nearby. He pointed down the road and told us that there was a bar "just beyond the motel". We drove over and looked for it, but after a few minutes of cruising, found only a rather sad-looking cafe, and an office that bore the legend "E. A. Poe, Realtor". Nu? Len decided that he didn't really need a beer that badly, so we got back on the freeway and headed out across the Great Mojave. (Ever watch a sunset in your rear-view mirror? This one was beautiful.)

It was well after dark by the time we reached Amboy, which is as close to a halfway point as there is. We were ready for something to eat, and Roy's Cafe is about the only place in town. It's good--and not expensive. They advertise "city prices", but prices should only be that reasonable in the city. Our hamburgers came with onions as a standard ingredient. A large clock-face-type thermometer outside the cafe door informed us that the temperature was 102°--at 8 p.m. It made us wonder what it was like during the day! Several little girls walked by, looking as if they had just gotten out of a swimming pool.

It was interesting to gauge the approximate elevation by the temperature of the air blowing in through the vents. As we went over the Sacramento Mountains, it got cool enough so that we partially closed the vents. Coming down into Needles, it warmed up again, so that when we arrived at the Royal Inn it was warm enough for a swim. They have both a swimming pool and a hot jet-swirl pool, so we were able to get rid of some of the aches and tensions of sustained driving.

Len's first comment on stepping (gingerly) into the hot pool was "Well, there goes the hair on my legs!" Some other people there advised him to take a dip in the regular pool first, so he did. After our therapy session, we decided we needed a drink, so we

...MOONSHINE is a Brighter Thing Than Fog...

2 - The Great Grand Canyon Trek

went over to the bar next door, where I ordered and was served what is possibly the worst whiskey sour in the world. (No, I didn't order it that way!)

We had breakfast in Loma's Cafe, next door, in the morning. When we had ordered, the waitress rather startled us by inquiring "Would you like toast or biscuits?" We chose biscuits, not wanting to pass up a rare opportunity like that. The food was very good--I guess they don't let their bartender into the kitchen. (Or their chef into the bar, if it comes to that.)

Soon after leaving Needles, we crossed over the Colorado River--looking very green and lazy, and unrelated to its reputation for white water elsewhere along its route. We also found that, out here in the desert, they have a MUCH more casual attitude toward freeways than we do here in the metropolitan area. After we got on the Needles Freeway, we saw two hitchhikers, and a lady walking down the center of the freeway, carrying her groceries.

The center divider itself was an arroyo perhaps a hundred feet wide. Every once in a while, we would see large pipes leading into it, and concluded that this is flash-flood control. We passed several washes, and the names are enough to make you wonder about the history behind them--Flat Top, Happy Jack, McKenzie.

The car got hungry along about the time we got to Kingman, and we found a handy Shell station. While it was being fed, the attendant (an obliging fellow) told us that our wheels were badly out of balance, and suggested that he should rotate them. This did not compute, and we declined, with thanks, his well-meant offer. (I had the wheel balance checked when we got back, and our mechanic found it excellent.)

Our next stop was Grand Canyon Caverns, formerly known as Dinosaur Caverns. We took the tour with four other tourists and a guide who was chock-full of tall tales. An elevator took us down 210 feet into a series of enormous limestone caverns with a chilly and unchanging temperature of 56°. We were shown the swinging bridge from the natural entrance--not an artifact that I, personally, would care to use. The natural entrance, by the way, is sealed off at the request of the local Indians, who still consider the caves as a sacred burial ground.

The caves were formed by water action--from a prehistoric lake which "leaked" and dissolved some of the underlying strata. The guide showed us a rather jagged hole--which didn't look to be more than a foot across at its widest--and told us that two men had gone down it another 150 feet, and found another series of caverns below.

These caves have a few stalactites and stalagmites, and at least one very fine outcropping of flow limestone, but the prettiest formation of all is something they call "cave snow". It is white, and sparkles, but if it is taken to the surface, it will decompose into gypsum and something else within two or three months. Some of it had decomposed even down there. I suppose it's the heat at the surface that does it.

We had our picture taken in front of the flow limestone, with the other tourists. They were the guide, an older couple, and a young couple (newlyweds?) who didn't speak English. I'm not quite sure if they were speaking Spanish or Portuguese. I did make a remark to the husband in Spanish, which he seemed to understand--at least, after asking me to repeat it, he said "Si". It occurred to me later that perhaps I did a very shocking thing by speaking to a stranger--at least, according to the mores of wherever they came from.

Before we got in the elevator for the trip up, our guide showed us the stairs that we could climb if the elevator broke down. Happily, it didn't. We bought a few postcards and some slides of points of interest in the caves, not having taken our cameras down with us. Later, after looking at the slides, we wished we had. Maybe ours wouldn't have come out any better, but, on the other hand...



We had our introduction to Fred Harvey restaurants when we ate lunch in the motel, out by the highway. The sandwiches were edible, but I would have felt better about the whole thing if I hadn't had to keep the flies off. I counted about eight or nine sunning themselves on the windows, plus the energetic ones that kept doing bombing runs on our food. The Fred Harvey waitresses still wear the traditional outfit, except that the skirts are knee-length instead of ankle-length. Len commented that one or two of them would have looked better in the original length. There was one little old lady who looked old enough to have worked with Rick's mother.

Further on down the road, we succumbed to the lure of "pecan pralines" as advertised by Stuckey's. I put the name in quotes deliberately--these were a cooked mixture of corn syrup, maple syrup, pecans and whatever, poured like a drop cooky. Not at all like what we were expecting--the maple sugar cakelet with pecans. These were fairly tasty when we got over the shock of their being so different.

We arrived at the Moqui Lodge around 3:30 that afternoon, got settled in our room, and took two naps (one apiece). We were both fighting off some sort of flu, which we were determined wasn't going to spoil our vacation! We woke up around dusk, and decided to have dinner there at the Moqui, since we knew nothing at all about whatever might be up in the Canyon.

To get to the dining room or the coffee shop, it is necessary to go through the gift shop. They have some interesting items there, quite a bit that is standard, and comparatively little of the "garbage" type of souvenir. We decided to eat in the dining room, so that we could have a drink with dinner. It came as something of a shock to find out that the Moqui Lodge has no bar.

The food was excellent. We ordered steaks, and they announced their own arrival, sizzling loudly on the platters. After dinner, we counted our change, and went over to the phone booths to call Roytac. We felt it was the least we could do, since we had neither the time nor the money to go to Albuquerque. Both phones were out of order. So we drove up into the Park, hoping to find both a phone and a bar.

Grand Canyon Village is not particularly well-lighted. As a matter of fact, you could call it downright dark. The best-lit place we found was the Bright Angel Lodge, where we also found the telephone-that-worked, and the bar. We had a brief conversation with Roy, interrupted untimely by the operator, telling us that our three minutes were up. Len, talking very fast, cut Roy off with all dispatch, but we got charged for the extra time anyway. We could have had three-quarters of a minute more!

We wandered through the enormous gift shop, looking for things that we might possibly want to take back to the folks at home. Then we went into the bar. It seems to be as much a local hangout as it is for Park visitors. There was only one other man there who was wearing a coat and tie. We amused ourselves, trying to pick out the locals from the tourists. We finally decided that, while a tourist might put on "cowboy-type" or "casual" clothing, he couldn't put on the weatherbeaten look that goes with the real thing.

When we got back to the Moqui, their resident artist was just putting the finishing touches on a desert scene. He turns out quite a few canvases every day--they are priced according to size, ranging from \$6.50 to \$17.50 on the ones we saw displayed. He says that he sells between \$75 and \$100 worth every day during the busy season. We watched him painting a saguaro. One brush stroke produced a branch, complete with sunlight on one side and shadow on the other. He did well with pictures showing still water--a couple of lakescapes--but with moving water, it looked as if the water had been jelled and then carved into shape. Most of the paintings looked like suitable candidates for picture postcards. He did have a still life of a bunch of desert flowers, which we liked the best. Somebody else did too--there was a "SOLD" sticker on it.

The next morning, we had breakfast in the coffee shop. A few tables away, two Indian couples were sitting--the wives wearing saris, with little red caste-marks on their foreheads. (Oh, THAT kind of Indian!) One couple had a little girl about 5--black hair, black eyes, and friendly. She was going around the various tables, talking to everyone. As cute a child as we've ever seen.

After breakfast, we headed up into the Park again, to get our Very First Look at the Canyon. Someone had told us to be sure to see the sunset from the West Rim, so our intention was to go on the East Rim Drive first. Due to poor signposting, we missed the turn, so we went ahead and drove the West Rim in the morning anyway.

Our first sight of the Canyon was from Mather Point, and I admit to being just a leetle bit disappointed. After all, it DOES look just like all ten thousand photos of itself. It took a little while before the sheer immensity of it--just how far away that other rim IS--could soak in.

After considering the Canyon from Mather Point for a while, we proceeded to the Yavapai Museum, where they have a row of fixed binoculars focused on various points of interest visible from that particular coign of vantage. A placard by each pair of binoculars tells you what it is that you are looking at--such as that that unlikely-looking strip of twisted, dirty green is the Colorado River. Yes.

There were lots of puffy cumulus clouds in the clean, blue sky, and they made shadow patterns on the formations in the Canyon. We tried to capture some of these on film, with indifferent success. Finally, we left Yavapai Point, and proceeded up the road, noting the Village, which had been virtually invisible the previous night. One thing we saw was the El Tovar Hotel, which we had missed completely. I identified it only by looking at the map to see what is in that particular location. Len looked at it disbelievingly, and commented "It looks more like a Haunted House!" (I wouldn't want to have to guess how long it has been since the exterior of that hotel was painted--but it must be decades!)

The first view point we came to on the West Rim was chock-full of cars. We noticed a little sign by the entrance, which said "There are other good view points ahead". We took its advice, reflecting that if it was this crowded in the off-season, WHAT would it be like in the regular season?

Trying to describe the scenery we saw from the various points would be futile. If you haven't been there, go and see it for yourselves. One interesting thing was standing on the edge of the canyon, and watching a couple of hawks soar around a hundred or so feet below us.

The West Rim Drive ends at Hermit's Rest--complete with curio shop, comfort stations, and a stone archway which supports a very old, cracked bell. The clapper had been removed but the tap of a knuckle produced a faint, rather sweet tone.

It was lunch time as we drove back toward the Village, and we decided to try the El Tovar, to see if its inside matched its outside. (If it did, we could always go back to the Moqui.) We were pleasantly surprised when we walked in and found it elegant and shining. There was a tall glass display case adjacent to the door, with some of the most elaborate-looking Indian jewelry we had ever seen. One of the necklaces was the traditional silver-and-turquoise, and looked as if it might weigh several pounds. No price tags showing, either.

The dining room was not yet open for lunch, so we walked through the gift shop. Everything was Very Expensive. After we had looked around for a while, I told Len that everything I'd like to have, we couldn't afford. He complimented me on having Excellent Taste. (Champagne taste with a beer pocketbook--it runs in the family.) They had some beautiful bookends, made of petrified wood. \$25 to \$50 per set. Oy!



The entrance to the dining room was flanked with glass cases, in which they had set their selection of wines (the bottles lying on their sides, as is proper), and polished crystal wineglasses set between the bottles, much like jewels. We were seated at a table over by one wall which was covered with murals depicting various tribes of Indians. The one I was facing was titled "Apache" and was apparently some sort of ceremonial, with two old men, two girls, and a group of masked dancers. I wish I knew more about it. Especially since the Indians were depicted with medium-brown instead of black hair.

The first person we saw after being seated was the cocktail waiter, a merry fellow who was bent on op'ning the founts of cheer for us--or something. He happily brought Len a beer to have with his lunch. I ordered a tomato stuffed with turkey salad from the elegant parchment menu, and was astonished to find the tomato inedible. The waitress also brought some delicious-looking rolls that turned out to be stale. I made a fairly good lunch out of the turkey salad, which was tasty.

The East Rim Drive was our next destination. My favorite view spot is along this road. It is not one of the named view points--just a place for cars to park--but it has a sort of map-plaque, showing and naming the various points that you are looking at. One tall limestone column on the left bore the name of "Duck on the Rock". I kept looking at it, trying to see the "duck", but was totally unable to do so until we got Len's slides back, after arriving home. Then, it leaped out clearly at first glance--a drunken, Disneyesque duck, looking dizzily out from the stone.

At one or two points along the East Rim Drive, there were oak trees just beginning to turn color. Everywhere else, the oaks were still green, along with all the other vegetation. We got a couple of nice shots--I suggested coming back in a month or so for more and better pictures of the autumn foliage. \*Sigh\*

We got as far as the Tusayan Ruin that day, and decided that we had had enough. An extra bit of nostalgia (if that's what you want to call it) was provided by the comfort stations there. Real old-fashioned outhouses, they were. Porcelain enamel may have replaced the old wooden bench, but the--er--atmosphere is the same.

There was a tour bus at one of the view points when we got there. We had considered taking one of those, but the desk clerks at the Moqui had touted us off it. We were glad that they had, after watching the way those people were herded around. We stood there appreciating the scenery while they filed off the bus (which was left with its motor running, and VERY noisy it is, too), their driver had a few comments about some of the formations, and promptly led them away to look at something else. (During this time, Len was looking at the girls in miniskirts instead of the geological formations, but scenery is where you find it, no?)

We went back to the Moqui, got dressed up in our best again, and drove up to the El Tovar for dinner. While there for lunch, we had seen a sign stating that Hopi dancers would perform, starting at 5:30. We got there a little early and wandered through the two gift shops on the grounds. For petrified wood buffs, there was one colossal section of a tree trunk--about 18 inches across, 3 or 4 inches thick, and polished to a fare-thee-well. It was priced at \$275. We tried lifting it--not particularly possible. We wondered if the price included the use of a derrick to aid the purchaser in taking it away. What a paperweight it would make--for papers you never wanted to see again!

The Hopi dancers were going full blast when we wandered back. The dancers were all children, with three adults providing the rhythm. We watched for a while, and I had the feeling that I recognized the leader of the troupe. Finally, it dawned on me that he is the spit-and-image of Jonathan Winters. Especially when he smiled--the same sardonic smile.

The dinner at the El Tovar started out poorly, but deteriorated rapidly. We were seated at one of the tables--for two, immediately adjacent to the kitchen door and the trays full of dirty dishes. We asked for the cocktail waiter, since we wanted to have some wine with dinner. We asked for him four or five times as dinner progressed, but he was either busy in some other portion of the dining room, or was leaning against the dutch door into the bar, with his back to us. Eventually we said The Hell With It. He showed up at the table next to ours just as we were ready to leave.

They serve a split pea soup, which is delicious. I wanted only a cup, but they have it only by the bowlful, so I ate a cup's worth out of it. The waitress looked rather offended that I hadn't finished it. Next came a green salad with "roquefort" dressing. I took one taste, and looked over at Len. It tasted like cottage cheese thinned with water. Len agreed, but went ahead and ate his. I didn't. I tried one of the rolls--a different type from the ones at lunch. It was stale, too.

(Parenthetically speaking, it gives me furiously to wonder about the running of a hotel where they don't know how to keep their breads and rolls fresh. If they haven't heard of plastic bags and freezers, then it's high time someone told them. On the other hand, maybe they just don't give a damn.)

The main course was tasty enough, and we proceeded to dessert. Len asked for hot apple pie, and was informed that they don't heat up pieces of pie. (We couldn't help but think of the small electronic oven at Marie Callendar's which can heat up a piece of pie in a minute or less.) The crowning moment came as I pushed back my chair to leave. There was a piece of lettuce on the floor, and, as I moved, a roach scurried from under it.

If we are not mistaken, we believe that all the concessions in the Grand Canyon National Park are owned by the Fred Harvey chain. It looks like a classic example of the attitude into which people can fall who have, effectively, no competition. It would not surprise us, either, to learn that the Fred Harvey chain is instrumental in both the Moqui Lodge and the Red Feather Lodge NOT having liquor licenses. If a tourist wants the amenities of a drink, or wine with dinner, he has a choice. He can go to one of the Fred Harvey places, OR he can drive 60 miles down to Williams. Easy, no? (Of course, he could go to the El Tovar and not get it either.)

Being more than a little irritated with the El Tovar, we went over to the Bright Angel Lodge for an after-dinner drink and some souvenir shopping. (It may also be a Fred Harvey operation, but at least it doesn't promise elegance and deliver roaches instead.) Len had a beer, but I didn't want anything--still fighting off the flu. The waitress brought me a glass of ice water, which she told me to drink because it's precious stuff. And so it is, with no natural source of water on the South Rim. All the water used there is trucked in. With work going forward now on a project to bring water from the North Rim, which apparently has plenty of it, this situation should be relieved some time soon.

This time, we sat in a different portion of the bar, directly opposite the largest mural in the place. Most of the murals were concerned with Indians, but in this one the artist had decided to give his opinion of the tourist trade. Said opinion was pretty low. Most of the tourists depicted were fat and sloppy, with the women crammed into and overflowing shorts or slacks. Almost every tourist wore a billed cap, which looked as if it were a pet peeve of the artist's.

The next morning, we checked out of the Moqui Lodge and headed out Highway 64 to the east, intending to pick up the view points we had missed the day before. Our favorite is Lipan Point, which is quite near the eastern end of the South Rim, and so situated that you can look up the Canyon instead of just across it. A few twists of the Colorado River are visible from this point, too.



The last view spot for us was Desert View, with its tower commanding the surrounding area. We took a picture of it with our last exposure of film, with which I would have been happier had there not been a very modern yellow truck parked at the base of the tower. Oh, well. There was (another) curio shop in the building by the tower, and for 75¢ we could purchase the (dubious) privilege of climbing it. (The way we were feeling, I doubt we'd have climbed it if they had paid us.)

Continuing east on Highway 64, we regretted that we had remained firm in our decision not to buy any more film. The earth became a dark, dark red--somewhere between crushed brick and burgundy--with vegetation of a light and lively green. After we turned south on Highway 89, we saw some mountains ahead which appeared blue at their peaks and bases, but which had a sort of pink streak across the middle. At first, we thought this effect might be due to sunshine and cloud shadows, but it remained constant as long as they were in sight.

While the scenery is beautiful, in a lonesome sort of way, out there, it's a little nervous-making when the needle on the gas gauge starts playing footsie with the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mark. We were very glad, therefore, to see a 76 station pop up in the middle of nowhere. It was also a Trading Post. It was run by an Indian Agent--a whiny old man who hated everything--his own state of health, his customers, his assistant, and anything else in sight (or out of it, we suspect). He did manage to fill the gas tank, but Len had to wash the windows. The credit card gadget nearly threw him, but his Indian girl assistant finally figured it out. The restrooms were unavailable--we never did get quite straight why. Either they were full of winos getting drunk, or full of broken bottles, or someone had stolen the key, or the old man had locked them and thrown the key away. Lucidity was not particularly rampant around there.

We got out of there with a considerable feeling of relief, and drove on down the highway toward Sunset Crater and Flagstaff. Rick had recommended Sunset Crater, but we hadn't yet decided whether we wanted to climb it or not. Flu provided the answer, and we drove by. We finally got into Flagstaff and found a restaurant for lunch. There seemed to be some confusion with the highway signs, and we wanted to be sure that we were still headed west on 66. After all, it wouldn't do to show up in Albuquerque when we'd told Roy we weren't coming.

After some consultation with the maps, I decided that we were headed in the right direction. Just to make sure, Len asked the waitress, naming the next town to the west, and received affirmation. Our plan was to arrive in Needles about sunset, and have dinner, so that we could drive across the desert at night, and stay in Barstow. This we did, and had dinner at Loma's Cafe, which was, again, excellent.

I drove the first lap across the desert--to Amboy and Roy's Cafe. We stopped for coffee and iced tea. The thermometer informed us that it was 102° again--or maybe yet. I nearly fell asleep over my tea, but when I got back into the car, I woke up. Len drove the rest of the way into Barstow, and we sought out the Royal Inn, where we had a reservation, thoughtfully made at the Royal Inn of Needles.

"Our room opened onto the pool deck. I was halfway tempted to have a swim that night, but decided that what I needed was sleep. We didn't swim the next morning, either. There was a strong wind, the sky was full of buttermilk clouds, and it was really just a bit cold.

We were thinking what a horrible thing it would be if we had to drive back into smog such as that we had left behind us. Fortunately, the smog had been removed, and we drove into weather as fine and clear as we'd had in Arizona. Otherwise, we might just have turned around and headed back toward the Canyon. No?

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