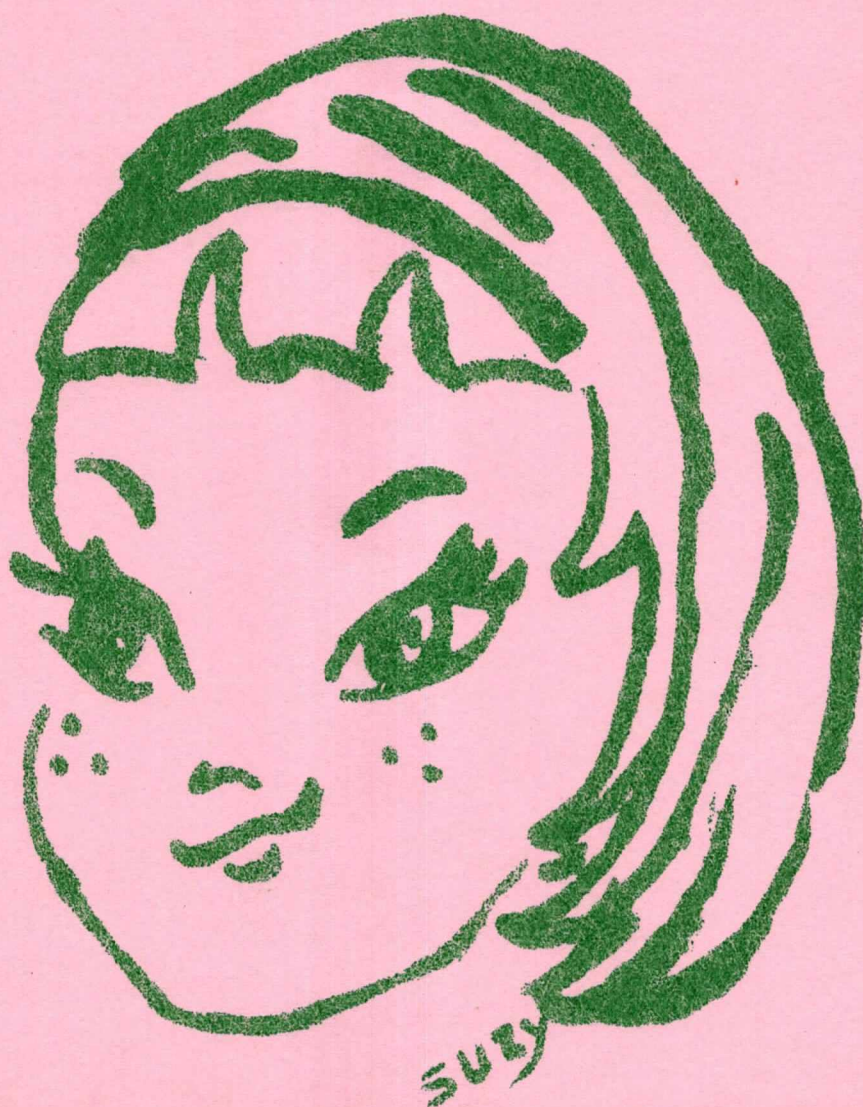


POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

SAPS 53 NO10



POOR RICHARD'S

ALMANAC

1854

NO 10



This is Poor Richard's Almanac #10, which might also be labelled Brownzine # 44. As you all know, rich brown (a known sadist) does something with this "magazine" which, somehow, in his poor tortured mind, entitles him to the degrading rank of editor. And since you, who are reading this, are aware of the fact that this zine comes through the 5^{3rd} SAPS Mailing; since you know that rich brown's address is Box 1136, Tyndall AFB, Fla.; since you should be able to tell that this is published just especially for you on ShelVy Vick's ELECTRIC GESTETNER; and since it is obvious that ShelVy Is A Good Man, then we have no need for a colophon.

EDITORIAL

months -- but now he has been aroused again and he is Very Angry.

The subject, people, is Mailing Comments. The subject is also Earl Kemp and the Frigid Faction.

While actually, the matter is one of humor -- and I think Les Norris' cartoon page in FANToccinni #25 summed it up beautifully. It is funny -- the fan world, where everyone is supposedly Just A Little Bit Brighter than his/her counterpart in the mundane work-a-day world; the fan world in which practically everyone is credited with a little intelligence (generally but benefit of being a fan); the fan world where, supposedly, everyone is entitled to their opinions in matters of taste or preference; the fan world where every ingrating quality of the mundane world -- conformity, ostracism due to differences of opinion, the enjoyment(?) of pure, unadulterated crud, stupidity, the desire to 'leave things as they are,' the fear of change -- is...was...hated and despised. Friend, and I use the term doubtfully now, do you realize that that is, shrunk down a bit, the same fan world that has just given a resounding boo to Earl Kemp because he did not conform, because he had a difference of opinion in a matter of taste and preference, because he called a spade a spade (or, less enigmatic, he called crud crud), because he expressed a dislike of crud, and because he tried to improve (ie, to change) what he saw, if only by intimidation.

Great Fun..yes, great fun. Like, cross your logs, Earl, we've only got one nail left.

Watch for it in my MC's.

THE INVERTED EYE...

comments on mailing #52
of the Spectator Amateur
Press Society...and you
know what that is.....by rich brown

Maybe you can tell -- and maybe you can't -- but tonight is definitely not a Mailing Comments type of night. It is a night for goofing off with wavy lines & styl-i-you-don't-know-anything-about. Like above. But it is the 26th of August, and I really do think it would be nice to make the mailing. And of course, I have to have mailing comments. They're so necessary around here, if you don't want fans right and left calling you a fugghead, or something.

But before we start, let me mention this: I don't have all my SAPSazines here, so I am not arranging them in the sequence in which they arrived, I'm not reviewing them in alphabetical order by the first name of the editor, I'm not doing my mc's in numerical order of the zines with the most page-count. I'm reviewing them in whatever order they happen to be in, whenever I happen to pick them up.

So let's get on with it.....

BOG #14 -- Otto Pfeifer. Oh, well, it's nice to know that $\frac{1}{2}$ of the Soames Investigating Consultants are (by now) married men. This adds a little Stoddyness and Conservatism to an otherwise goshwow outfit. No slur intended, naturally. And seriously, congratulations. I'll be looking forward to seeing more of you (and her, yes?) in the next mailing.

Well, I've been working on the Air Force. (As a matter of fact, I've been working on the Air Force for one year and six days) Of course, we have lots of fans around here; we, the Nebulous of Fabulous Florida Fandom (Shelvy, Suzy, Norm and I, here, and Doreen down in Tampa), and I keep running into fannish types and pipples who read science fiction. Once character, Rich (Rod) Richardson, a fellow Californian, has even contributed to some of our fanzines. Still, tho, your ideas sound a bit radicle -- you intimate that I would put the Air Force Out Of Business. Actually, I think its recruiting services could replace the N3F's. ...Well, with a few years more practice, anyway.

More this mailing, like you promixed? We'll see.

CREDO -- John Berry. Is this really 1960 work, John, or is that just in reference to the publishing date? I don't know why this story struck me wrong -- but it did for some reason. I think you tried to put too much of a small idea into too small of a space. If that makes any sense at all.

The Inverted Eye -- II

IGNATZ #25 (PT 1 & 2) -- Nan Share. Those are nice covers you have there, Miss Share ma'am, especially the one with silver paint. All your illustrations are very nice. I just wish I could have read what you said. Here and there a word or so manages to make itself known to me, but in my copies complete sentences are a rarity. And tho seven pages in part two are quite readable, I can't seem to make any comments on them. I'm really sorry you had to get some bad stencils, because, geewhiz, Ignatz is one of my favorite SAPSazines, even if it does support a FALSE and EVIAL ghod. Sure hope you do better next time, Nancy.

A LETTER TO SAPS

-- Hal Shapiro. Hmm, since I can't seem to find any hooks for comment, I think I'll say a few things I intended to say to you if and when I ever got around to writing that letter I intended to write you which I never got around to writing.

Like, I've got all sorts of zines with stuff of yours in them -- I noticed somewhere that you were trying to build your collection back up. I, vile huckster, will sell them to you at the most reasonable reasonable prices. You'll have to wait until I return back from leave, when I can get to my fanzine collection.

Then, I wanted to give my impressions on a subject that should be dear to your heart; the subject of Hal Shapiro. You're not too much different from your last big splash in the field; a little older and you piece words together a little better. Fannishly speaking, I think of you as a 5th Fandomish Crusader Against Crusades; generally speaking, I think of you as a contradiction in terms: a cheerful cynic. As for the stuff you write, such as the fanzine review for WRR which seem to have effected everyone but me in one drivelling way or another, I find it hard to take as being sincerely meant. I get the impression, whether true or not, that you're trying to bowl me over by being Controversial for controversies sake, or by making me think you're a critic with more strong opinions and convictions than you actually have. This may be a misinterpretation on my part; or perhaps your paper personality doesn't communicate with me Just Exactly Right. Anyway, I find some of your antics amusing, or moreso than a lot of other peoples; I'll welcome you to SAPSdom when it's proper to do so.

I hope I haven't bugged you with this Deep Psychological Analysis.

GHU -- Ted Johnstone. I read this, naturally, before; and I say again -- it still proves that Roscoe is a FALSE and EVIAL ghod. Like for instance this inconsistency: in one place, there on page 2 you say "Roscoe is a forgiving god. Even if you do not accept him during your lifetime, you will be welcomed by him in the afterlife." And yet in the very premise of the work, on page four we find: "But his teeth are keen as chisels/and if you commit a sin/ Roscoe will find out about it/ and he'll bite you on the shin." Does that sound loving and forgiving to you? As for this forgiveness-no-matter-what jazz, how about your last paragraph on page six: "For when Roscoe smacks the water with his tail on Judgement Morn, the men who sneer at Beavers will wish they'd not been born, for such heathen will be punished then as promptly as can be; they'll float down the stream to Oscar, who will CHEW on them with glee." Answer me THAT, Vile Roscoe-ite!

The Inverted Eye -- V

getting not only Howard, but the whole organization into serious trouble; for Howard, a lawsuit, for us, being banned in the mails. And the possible outcome for SAPS?

Destoryed. Yes, we can be destroyed -- and as much as I enjoy SAPS, the people in it, and the fun I have in being a member, I honestly don't think I could blame Ted one damn bit.

End of tirad -- but think it over.

PILLAR POLL 1969

-- Lee Jacobs. A good topic for discussion, Lee...

so we'll see what can be done with it.

You ask, for instance, "Isn't the pillar poll supposed to reflect egoboo for only the membership? Since non-members cannot vote, why should none-members be allowed to receive votes?" Well, I think that can be answered (with a little clarification, perhaps -- you should know I just wouldn't shut up on the subject) by quoting back to you Toskey's description of the general idea of the Pillar Poll, to wit: "...a catagorized popularity poll based on material presented in the previous year's mailing." That last underling bit was mine, of course (and whee, is that ever fun, on an electric typer!). Now, if non-members have material in the mailings, then it seems perfectly already for me to vote for it/them, as the case may be. If one of them becomes the SAPS President, even before he or she becomes a member (or regardless of intention to become a SAPSmember), the so much extra hurrah and egoboo for him/her. Just hope she/he will contribute to my SAPSzine, is all.

No, I don't think one should be penalized for not voting -- I think I've stated why before, but I'm not alienated against repeating myself, so: no, because it could easily happen that the same would happen to me. And naturally, I want all the egoboo I can get. Also, if the bit is too severe, I'm liable to get minus points in egoboo -- say, if it takes away more than five points. And why might it happen to me? Well, for one thing, my letters to CRY of late have made me notice this; try as I might, I almost invariably get my letter in by the slimest of hair-whiskers. And CRY is the Most Important Thing In Fandom To Me. Doesn't it seem obvious that the Second Most Important Thing To Me (ie, SAPS) could fall by the wayside in such an instance, where the two might conflict. Of course, some people might think that writing a letter to CRY is a lot easier than filling out a cryddy ol' ballot...and such it would be, if it weren't the egoboo poll ballot. While a CRY letter make take me an hour or more (depending on length), my last SAPS ballot took me four hours to complete. I need that much time to go thru back SAPS stuff and decide on what I want to vote on.

The bit on whether or not newer members should be made to decline the vote, since they haven't received a whole years output....is a bit touchy. On the one hand, it would stick to the rules more (see that quote of Toskey's again) and probably be more fair to everyone in the long run. However, on the other hand (and both feet), the more that votes, the more egoboo there is...see. So I think the matter should be left as one of personal choice, rather than as part of the rules.

The Inverted Eye -- III

THE ZED

-- Karen Anderson. There are some things about this issue of The Zed that make me wonder

-- wonder which mailing this belongs in, that is. You see, all my SAPSazines (for mlg.'s #50, #51, and #52) are all mixed together, due to the fact that I've been very sloppy in my filing. By 'filing' I mean the way I leave things thrown around here, at ShelVy's. Anyway, there are somethings (make that two distinct + seperate words, pleez) that make me think that it definately belongs in the mailing I'm supposed to be reviewing now. And some things, not. Life get's tedious, doesn't it?

Anyway, since I've already started to review it, I might as well go ahead. No telling what will come of it, tho.

Hooray for Karen Anderson, for one thing. I like your mailing comments. I am glad you have finally be persuaded and starting to do some mailing comments. Only thing is, I can't find anything to say about your mailing comments. Except that they are very good mailing comments. And they are. Good. Mailing comments. (That last I threw in there, because I didn't want you to forget what I was talking about, or anything.)

BUT..no, you see, you haven't gotten rid of me yet..in your Ultimate Weapon, you have Ted Johnstone saying "Do you suppose he'll burst into flame, like the Balrog in the depths of Moria?" I was going to criticise you very seriously for that, because I was going to say, after all, the Balrog didn't go up in flame, in the Halls of Moria. And he didn't. But then, you didn't say the Halls of Moria, did you? No, you would be talking about when he and Gandalf were fighting, and when Gandalf was changed, right? And I can't, for the life of me, remember how (or if) the Balrog was completely vanquished. I'm just a neo on this stuff, only starting on the fourth reading...don't criticize me too sharply.

I liked your other stuff, which is my trouble -- I like too many things about SAPS to quit it. Hope you do more like this, where we can have both the enjoyment of your writings and the amusement arising from the chitter-chatter of little MCsess.

YESTERDAY THE FUTURE # 2 AND # 3

-- Coswal. You must

realize that long titles like these are goofing up my lay-out plans -- you trying to make enemies so late in the game?

I hope you reconsider. But I said that last time -- enuff.

Mimeographed matter is too permitted a Second Class permit. At least, it is here -- and I don't think it varies throughout the country. (If it does, the P.O. is worse off than even I thot it was.....do you realize how bad that is?) However, it's possibly just a matter of interpretation; the P.O. here, and the one back home allowed for it, I know.

Tell you what. If you decide you still have to gafiate, and you want the collections to go on, complete -- I'll be glad to take your SAPS bundles off you hands -- all up through #49 -- at \$2.00 a bundle. Of course, I'll have to have two months to pay -- at about \$20.00 per payday(which comes invariably twice a month,

The Inverted Eye --- IV

for me.) We could make arrangements where, if I missed a payment, you wouldn't have to send anything. (Naturally, I wouldn't get any of it until I payed the whole thing off.) That way, it might be a short of a gamble. Too, I can promise this: if I ever have to drop SAPS, for any reason, I will pass on the collection, with instructions for it to be passed on and on, etc., to the person I think most capable of carrying on the collection free of charge. If you wish, I will have this statement notarized. So...if arrangements can be made any other way, I'll take it as outlined above.

SPY RAY OF SAPS

-- Dick O'Eney. (Another Irishman in the crowd?) Yes, the

conreport is very interesting. The Road, obviously, is The Gold Brick Road. Shall we follow it?

Less said about Ted White, the better. Now, this is another about-face for me; just a few months ago, I was saying something about how I felt Ted should not have made second for Fugghed of the Year. I still think that way: I can't see how taking \$10 from the FAPA Treasury could be worse than writing poison pen letters and lousing people their jobs.

Nor do I feel that his (Ted's) move against SAPS is Fuggheded. For one thing, it seems pretty obvious that the accusations never reached Ted, except thru someone (Les Gerber, I believe it was -- or Walter Breen) who got a mailing. In words of three syllables or less, had no one in the New York area received a mailing, the accusation would have been left unanswered, though no fault of Ted White's...and do you know what that would look like? Obviously, it would be an admission of this profound "truth." I think Ted has a legitimate grotch, and whatever personal animosity I may have against him and regardless of anything he has done in the past, I think Ted should be entitled to a fair shake. Is there anything fair in printing slanderous (and I don't mean that in the fannish sense, either) attacks behind a person's back, for CRYsake?

Should SPAS condone such actions? Should SAPS endanger itself by allowing one member the Right Of Slander -- the right that will get us bumped out of the mails? And don't talk to me about the appearances of "backing down" or "acting like cowards." What is cowardly about stopping one person from making an ass of himself? And what, indeed, is brave about condoning a person for making accusations without having the guts to present the accusations to the person accused? Where do we get off, making decisions like this? If there's a fair amount of decency and fairness, it's in fandom -- isn't it? Or is it?

Be that as it may, there's also this to be asked: What did it prove? Where will it get us? I don't think it proved a damn thing. Ted White is not a member of SAPS, for one thing. (This brings up the question, then, of what this is doing in SAPS? Is it a question that can be commented on by SAPS? (And then, it wasn't for discussion -- it was presented in the manner of a catagorical imperative.)) As best as I can understand it, it was not an attempt to intimidate White into paying, since it reached him by accidental means. And regardless of Right or Wrong in the matter under question (and even in this, I personally favour White in this), it was a piece of slander. Capable of

The Inverted Eye -- VI

Here's something that I don't think makes too much sense; "...On the other hand, a best mailing comments category exists, but members like the Detroit Al Lewis will not get any votes here, since he will not have mailing comments..." My reaction to this is, so what? If he wants votes in the mailing comments category, let him print mailing comments. Otherwise, he gets no points in the mailing comments category because he doesn't deserve them -- while, at the same time, I get no points as an artist because I don't deserve them (which is simply because I don't print any -- of mine, or anyone else's).

I'm unsure about a Worst SAP category. On the one hand, someone is liable to feel hurt if they attain that position; but on the other, ego-boo handed out without criticism begins to taste flat, dull and lifeless after a very short time. Still, I'm undecided on this, myself.

The members who put "intense effort into their zines in the use of lettering guides, typewriter headings, and so forth" probably don't need a Most Original category -- since this type of thing should probably be figured in when voting for Best Editor.

Thanks for the interesting chance to sound-off on these, Lee -- I enjoyed reading this to the extent that it was equal to anything in the mailing.

-- Doreen Erlenwein. I had a diary, but the only thing I ever kept in it was an account of my mail. Mainly because it was one of these five-year diary's, and you can't very well compress a whole day into five lines...well, I couldn't, anyway.

"Sorry, I cannot make the con or even visit Chicago." OH? (That's not a Brucifer Pelz type oh, either -- it's a rich brown type oh. Oh, really, you say?)

Heck, now, girl, you are not neither alone, nohow. I'm here. =everyone cry = No, do not speak of aloneness .. 'cause I've heard the voice that spoke to me and it said: "Hah, you, Clown, a smile to shatter like Inca pottery -- I have something to tell you:-- (Surprise! Surprise!) You Are The Loneliest man In The World," and so I sat and tried to think of the plural of 'alone,' but I couldn't. ((How's that for style, huh? How's that? Eh? How?))

Shucks, old Norm and I thought we had you fooled, switching identities like we did... No, I have to tell you a few things; actually, it was me, you just seem to forget a few things. Like, I was almost converted to a religion other than FooFoo, I admit; but you neglected to say that I was swayed by the fact that the new religion (Deeism, not related to Deism, I guess?) was supposedly founded on the goddess Venus, and the language spoken was the Language Of Love. Naturally, I was open minded (no cracks, plez) -- no FooFooist is bigoted -- but the promised demonstration of the Finer Points of your religion were never forthcoming. Therefore, I never left the True Faith, tho of course the offer is still open at any time -- I'm always willing to learn. And available to teach. Mraec. ++ Also, you mistate your case when you say that I said that "several parts of the movie the mouse that roared agreed with the book." I din say nothing of the kind. Rather, I pointed out to you that not one single character had been left the same -- and the married characters were even worse. Yes. And I pointed out how most of the really excellent satire had been tromped on with unfeeling boots. You pointed out that the Chamberlain had been left the same and that some of the satire had been left in; and I agreed on those

points only.

Of course, I'm sorry you couldn't accept the position as High Priestess of FooFoo -- we could make such ~~odd wonderful~~ wonderful FooFooists out of everyone. However, I'm happy that you have accepted the position of Soames Sexretary. Hmm, maybe I'd better exployn this to Bjo, as well as the rest of SAPS?

well, as everyone knows, I'm second-in-command of the Soames Investigating Consultants -- kindof the s-i-c S.I.C., you might say. Anyway, when I got the position, I knew that I had to keep impressions up -- and nothing helps keep impressions up than to have a red-headed sexretary. I mean, almost all detectives have beautiful sexretarys. So I made Bjo my sexretary. However, time has passed and a few things have changed. Bjo got married, for one thing, and I don't think John would appreciate that sort of thing, for another. And He's Bigger Than I Am (Both Of Us?). Another thing that has changed is my location -- I'm clear out here on the other coast, practically. So I sat down and I thought, and I came up with an acceptable solution. Dee would be my personal private sexretary, since she was considerably closer and was also a beautiful Bjo-type red-head. Bjo, then, would be Soames' personal private sexretary. John couldn't possibly object to this, because Soames is a fictional character. (heh, just wait 'til he comes home and finds her sitting on his lap, stroking his moustache...) Therefor, it should be settled all around. And Dee has accepted.

I think you're kidding, or Bob was, one, but just to be on the safe side, ..good frief, girl, Ward Moore didn't write Childhood's End, More Than Human and Greener Than You Think -- they were written by Arthmn C. Clarke, Theodore Sturgeon, and Frißz Lieber, respectively. Ward Moore did write Bring The Jubilee, tho.

FENDENIZEN #17

-- Elinor Busby. As you can probably tell, I've cooled down a lot since

the editorial. I'm not the Angry Young Man, anymore; but I still think that Earl has been judged unjustly. Whathell? You notice that his Frigid Faction generally contained only the cruddier zines -- if a zine was all MC's and still good, it went up the ladder. I dunno, since Earl has dropped it, I might take it up again. Yes, I just might.

Well, if I don't see you at Mordor (LA), I'll see you at Seattle, anyway. I dunno...I've read the books three times, almost through with my fourth; I'm very much caught up by the story, but I still just can't see your objection...oh, well, maybe the fifth time's the charm, or something.

Actually, I did state it wrong; I had meant to say that Stanbery felt that he had recieved the dislike of the Busby's, not that he actually did. He took the chewing-out well (he's used to it, from everyone) and pretty well snorted it off. He's a true genius, tho -- watch out for great things from the bhoy.

I'm afraid that the poor repro on PRA #7 was my fault, not Ted's. It was cut on my own Hermes Rocket Portable -- and it just cuts a lousy stencil to begin with, plus the fact that while I was cutting those stencils I didn't have anything with which to clean out the keys. Now I'm using ShelVy's electric Smith-Corona, his IBM Executive(with proportional spacing), his L.C. Smith(the large typeface) and his R.C. Allen...tho naturally not all at one time. (This is the electric Smith-Corona.)

The Inverted Eye -- VIII

Oh, good, more listings...I might as well get in as well, eh? My five favorite movies (not necessarily in order of preference) are Sayonara (actually, I'd think this is my favorite favorite -- I've seen it 13 times, now (twice, when it came here to town, recently)), Bell Book & Candle, The Lady And The Tramp, Strangers When We Meet, and Psycho. I could go into long explanations of whys and wherefors, but I won't. I haven't got room!

In a rather vague way, I think perhaps the Hugo does go to F&SF by default -- it's a fine magazine, but there's not too much doubting that Campbell could put out a better magazine if he'd stop going off into left field with things like dianetics, psi, etc. But because he doesn't, and because AstouNALOG is crudded up by this stuff, it is quite easily inferior to F&SF. Actually, my own tastes follow F&SF anyway...but that's just my personal feelings on the situation.

Well, pipples, from here on in things are going to be a little rushed -- I've got less than a month to make the deadline, so I'm going to be skipping a few things -- in fact, all I hope to do from here on is present those things that I feel have to be said. So if you're not reviewed in here, or if you are but don't feel that you've been adequately reviewed, plez accept my appologies here and now.

Next time, we're going to get organized....it sez here.

EGOTAPE #1 - Lee Jacobs. Gee, thanx for the Personal Message -- I got a big kick out of it. ## Being in supply has its compensations...only being in Supply has its disadvantages, too. Still, though I can't get stencils, I can get ditto-masters free. A lot of good this does me, tho.

KRAML - James O'Meara. In answer to your question, no, I'm not the oldest in my family. Quite a few pipples in my family are older than I am... my mother, my father, my aunt's, uncle's, grandmother, grandfather, and even some of my cousin's. I am an only child. ## I became interested in science fiction at about 8 or 9 -- I'd read every science book I could get my hands on, which encluded everyone in the library. So a friend suggested science fiction and I tried it. Somehow, I just never was able to break away from that point on...it ruined a brilliant career in Nuclear Physics, or something, because I never touched another straight science book.

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE SCIENCE FICTION - Burnett R. Toskey. Haw! Now we know the answer to Earl Kemp's question! Seriously, tho, Tosk, I'm still getting a big kick out of these stories of yours; Escape is damn cute -- you might try to put it with some Men's magazine, or something, because I think they would print it. I'm afraid I didn't quite catch the significance of The Imperial Shaft, tho. Oh Goodie had some damn fine lines. And the best by far was Behind The Glass Vail.

SAFARI - Earl Kemp. I'm sorry I haven't met you...seriously. But we'll both be at Seattle, pushing ChicaGO in 62...I'll meet you there, ok? # Well, by the time you see this, you'll know whether or not you inflicted those records on me -- because as of this writing, there's a chance we might meet before Seattle. Chances are about 50-50 that I'll catch a plane to Chicago easier than straight thru to LA ...so I may drop by...er come to think of it, you might put that in the past-tense. ## I like that "faint touches of brilliance" (underlining mine) in your comments to CHYANDMEH. I am responsible for forcing it off onto SAPS -- I typed

THE INVERTED EYE -- IX

it, and Ted Johastone ran it. Unfortunately, tho, I didn't write it -- it's the work of Don Marquis, taken from ARCHY AND MEHitabel(thus, the title), and given capitalization and a poor bit of punctuation. ### Some-one is sure to jump you about printing these replies to WHO KILLED S-F?, but I'm glad you printed them, because this way I get to reply to Arvam Davidson. Gee, Arv, is Science Fiction Really And Truely My Reason For Being? Was it part of my Destiny, or what? Or is it just my Duty to Lift The Banner High And Shout Stfs Praises To The Sky? What I want to know is, why is it so important than fans must Live and Breath Science-Fiction each and every paragraph? Yes, I like Science Fiction -- I subscribe to three prozines, and two of them are scđence fiction; I buy an average of 3 pocket books a month, and at least five of them are science fiction. I like Science Fiction -- I don't love it. I am a FANcier, not a FANatic. I like to discuss science fiction, yes, and I do so in my own, as well as others, fanzines. But because I happen to like science fiction, does that mean that my whole life must be devoted to it and every paragraph of my magazine the same? If so, says who? Why? To what end and for what purpose? I'll tell you something; I'm not in fandom to left stfs banners to the sky or to get stf publicly recognized or any of that sort of crap. I'm in fandom because it's a means of communicating ideas -- and fans, generally, find acception(no typo, this) to different trends of thought. No, fans aren't slans -- but they take things in a manner not like the mundane. I like to discuss things; I even like to discuss sf off and on; and if you must think that fans "are so infatuated with each other and with cute fannish words and with politics for the sake of politics add with each others' sex lđfe and sic c c c, that they don't need sf any more," then that red spot down there to the left of my lapel is blood, friend, and my heart bleeds for you. For myself, 19/20ths of the time I can find something much more interesting to talk about than just how one hack differs from another. Just checking, I walked back where I kept my fanzines, and sorted through them -- these are all things that have arrived within the last month or so. Of the 11, 7 of them discussed science fiction(tho only 3 of them discussed sf exclusively) in the form of articles and reviews. Of the rest, only one did not mention sf at all -- FANAC, a magazine devoted to fannish news (tho this included that Fritz Lieber was to be the Westercon G.O.H., mentions a few pmz by name, etc., tho no discussion of stories, etc. Please excuse me while I go discuss my sex-life.

RETBO #17 - F.M. Busby. You know, that would have been a good line if you hadn't completed it: "NO, WE DID NOT "DISLIKE" STANBERY; WE SIMPLY COULDN'T STAND HIM; is all, when he was monopolizing a tape on which you two were trying to communicate" ### The picture I get of catholic wallpaper is just plain -- the kind everybody can use. ### Ackerman was one of those other candidates, tho the 8th one stumps me, as well.

SPACEWARP #67 - Art Rapp. Hey, who's Chas. Stuart, and when did he become Chđef of the S.I.C. I have a feeling Soames will have something to say about this. ### The RAGNAROK confusion has been done many times before; Take, for instances, what was once THE BULLITEN OF THE CLEVELAND SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY. (Go ahead, take it. Please, take it!) Harlan Ellison took over the editorship and, after six issues, changed it to SCIENCE-FANTASY BULLITEN (#1 was #7), then at the 11th or 12th issue changed it to DIMENSIONS...then Ted White took it over, and it got inter-

THE INVERTED EYE - X

twined with GAMBIT and four or five others, I think. ## Zap! Zap! Atomic Rice Passe With Fiends -- argh!!!! ## Con Pederson (the California Con Pederson) is working with Disney now, I understand. ## On Old Mother Whom? I had Laney, Sneary, Burbee, Coslet, and Ackerman picked out before I saw that you told who they were. I've guessed at the other two, and I'd say the order goes: Laney, Sneary, Courzen, Burbee, Crouch, Coslet, and 49. Hmmm? Tho the more I think of it, the more I think Crouch and Courzen should be transposed. Yes, I think they should.

FANTOCCINI - Les Norris. Your FANALOGical SAPritory would be fine, if it only worked out:-- there were 749 pages, you say, yet the breakdown according to types of material shows a total of 79 pages, and the break-down according to area shows 742. Even the page-count came out at 748. Wha happened? ## I don't fully agree with your cartoon -- I'm in favor of MCs and Earl Kemp, if that sounds possible. Not because I am against change, per se, but because I am against change when there is no need to change. But so far as I can see, Earl was trying to improve the MCs as well as the general type material for SAPS. For this, I think it was a low blow -- this condemnation because Earl had the nerve to say that crud was crud. It doesn't particularly matter to me just which kind of crud he was talking about -- because to me, it seemed that he was talking about crud crud, whether mc's, gneral material, or what-have-you. ## You make a good point on TAFF, to. Keep an eye out for TAFF AND TAFF AGAIN -- I ran it off after finishigg my own SAPSzine, last time. It's just that it will take a little cash, to get it mailed. Which I don't have, at the moment.

OUTSIDERS - Wrai Ballard. I think at least half the pipple in this mailing must have mentioned that you were a blonde -- and then you go and mention that it's changed from blonde to light brown. Well, that's ok, but one of these days you're going to turn around and -- whammo -- it'll change from a light brown to a rich brown. Then, you'll be in real trouble. ## "Bruce Pelz for OE in 1961-62(if Cox doesn't run.)," you say. Run..for OE, or from Bruce Pelz? Nonetheless, I agree with the choice...so far.## On HEATHEN: Oh, I can think of several pieces of fannish humor that have delt with fannish discomfort; a few of Berry's pieces, notably, and one or two things I remember of Willis', such as a piece in CONFUSION about his 2000 lb typewriter, and trying to sit down with it in his lap. ## Bigholly, fandom does too help the surrounding society(ie, the mundane)! We buy stencils, don't we? Paper, mimeo's, typers, inks, pay postage...don't we? We buy prozines, pay for commercial transportation to and from conventions(some of us), pay room-rent at conventions(some of us), don't we? These are things that, probably, outside of fandom, we would not do. And isn't this bolstering to the economy?

SPECTATOR - Dikini. And a most attractive SPEC, at that. If rumor has it true, we can expect at least our first four waitlisters to be members this time. So, without waiting the usual time, W*E*L*C*O*M*E to Arv Underman, Doreen Erlenwein, Nick Falasca, and Vic Ryan(and anyone else, if they make it), this time around. I'm sure you'll all like the club. Once you get over your initial dislike of me and mc's, you'll be doing fine.

End of mc's, for now. If I get the chance, tho, will continue with more later.....rich

THE DAY I MET THE HIERONYMOUS FAN

---rich brown

I "VE got a key to ShelVy's Mimeograph shop now and I come in after work every so often to run off that something that's always only half-mimeographed or to cut stencils that need cutting, and just generally sort of get something done. ShelVy and Suzy are usually gone by the time I get there. But I get things done -- and I guess that's important.

The day -- that is to say, the day I met the Hieronymous Fan -- it didn't seem any different than any other day; it had not deviated, in the slightest fraction, from any average day I've spent in the Air Force. It was the same old simple matter of Doing My Duty For God And My Country(or: Selling Your Soul For \$80.00 A Month -- I guess it just depends on your viewpoint). This included coffee-drinking, cigarette-smoking, bull-shitting and phone-answering("Expediting; Airman Brown, Sir. 1A Priority? You want to speak to Senior Master Sergeant McGurk, sir, extension 4421..." etc.). This boredom was to be paid for after work with a ride to town, a cup of coffee at Shellan's drugs, and a few happy hours at the Vick's typers...

I got the ride and I drank the coffee. Such a perfectly normal day.

And then the sky started falling.....

As I walked up the path to the Vick's I noticed a fairly young-looking Negro sitting on their front steps. He was tall -- I could tell that, even though I was a distance off and he was sitting down -- and a little on the thin side. He wore brown slacks and a white, open-colored short-sleeved shirt.

When I got to the steps I said something like, "The Vick's probably won't be back until tomorrow. They usually close up sometime around four. Want me to give them some sort of message?"

He looked at me for a few seconds before he answered. "Well, I can't come back. But you might tell them that Carl Brandon came by to see

The Day I Met The Hieronymous Fan -- II

them. Tell them I'm sorry I won't get back as I would really like to meet them."

I laughed.

"Did Norm put up to this? Or was it ShelVy? I'd expect this exquisite humor from either of them -- and it's good."

"What?" He looked kindof startled.

"Look," I said trying to keep from laughing, "tell whoever it was that put you up to this that I introduced myself as Terry Carr."

"Terry ...heh. Say, just who the hell are you, anyway?" he asked.

"The name's rich brown -- but of course, you wouldn't know me." I mean what the hell, this guy kept going on and on; I figured I might as well let him trap himself.

"Since both Terry Carr and I were the Official Arbeiters of The Cult during the time you were in, why shouldn't I know you? Terry thought you were a gooky neofan, but as you may remember, I didn't think you were. Though, of course, the JAS-FAP was rather a silly idea -- which is why I used it in The Catcher Of The Rye -- are you convinced yet? -- and though I never wrote letters myself, I sat around a couple of times when Dave Rike was writing you and added a few comments there. Still not convinced? Well, there was the time in The Cult when you were having an argument with Ted White and ----"

"Well I'll be damned," I said.

I didn't just let it go at that. ShelVy hadn't ever been in The Cult -- Norm had just recently gone on the waiting list. All this withstanding, I questioned; things fannish that no one but Carl Brandon could know. For two hours I drudged my brain for questions -- and Carl -- that's who it was, I had decided, by the time I was finished -- just rattled answers off like he'd just recently swallowed The Fancyclopedia II. He knew more about fandom than I expected him to -- more than I did, it was certain. More, perhaps, than 4e Ackerman, Jack Speer, Sam Moskowitz and Harry Warner Jr. And, as far as I could tell, maybe even more than Bob Lichtman, Dick Eney and Bruce Pelz. I didn't know. He just knew a lot more than most. More than could ever be drilled into a disinterested non-fan, anyway.

So we sat, I was exhausted, and he regaled me with stories I felt suitable for Carl Brandon. He talked in a baritone that always seemed to be laughing at somebody -- or some thing.

The Day I Met The Hieronymous Fan -- III

And then he said, his face smiling in accordance with some hidden humor obviously too esoteric for me to comprehend immediately, "By the way, how did Terry do in covering up for me?"

"Quite simply," I said. "He simply said that you were a hoax he had created. He revealed it at the Solacon." I started to show him Terry's Solacon Report where Terry had told about how no one would believe him, at first, but Carl broke out laughing.

"How beatifully rich," he gasped between guffaws. In view of the fact that he was sitting there in front of me, I laughed too.

He wanted to see some of Terry's writings, then, so I got a couple of CRY's and RAGNAROK #6 from the back room. He read through the CRY's, stopping to laugh every once in a while, to comment on something, to read out-loud, or to go into hysterics such as when he ran into the belly-button bit in the CRY. And he was still going fine, through RAGNAROK, until he got to The Hieronymous Fan.

He said, "He shouldn't have come so close to the truth, dammit," and: "This is too late for a goddamn Hieronymous joke -- some bright fool's liable to suspect." I knew he'd forgotten I was there at all, because he suddenly caught himself talking aloud.

"You're not trying to tell me that crap is true, are you?" I asked.

He jerked up and he looked at me with piercing brown eyes. Then the smile came back. "I guess I can tell you. Yes, from the manner of stories you used to write in CRY it would probably seem quite natural. You realize, I hope -- if you don't now, you will later -- that you're about to be put into the tritest science fictional cliché ever designed to bore a science fiction fan -- that of being the hero with something vitally important to tell, but being a sheep that cried wolves too many times? Since it's already out in the open, it would be interesting to see what you might do with it."

"What the devil are you talking about?"

He walked to the front of the room, without another word, and tore a piece of carboard from a case of ShelVy's paper. "This is just for example," he said, and he began to draw. It looked like, and it was, just a sqaure -- but with subtle shading, he managed to get the idea across that it was supposed to be a pan hektograph. "I majored in Art, in aollege," was his only commentary on this; it wasn't bragging - it was just a flat statement. He grabbed one of ShelVy's ditto carbons(they type a menu for a local eating place that does its own work in ditto), typed a few symbols (the top of the key-board, in caps) on it, ripped off the backing sheet, and put it on his carboard. In just a few minutes, he had run off 80 fine copies.

The Day I Met The Hieronymous Fan -- IV

"You get the picture," he said. For a moment, I was so dummbfounded, I thought he was talking about the picture of the hektograph. Still, I was tryint to play it un-miffed, but all I could say was, "Well I'll be damned," again. Only then I started thinking; if I could get him to talk, about anything, perhaps it would attract his attention. . . .

"Just a few minutes ago," I said, "just a few minutes ago you were laughing madly when I told you that the Frisco bunch had made a hoax out of you. Does that have anything to do with this?" I was a sinking man grabbing for a straw, because my mind felt like a solid lump of swamp-oozzz, but I was in luck; the straw was firm and deeply entrenched in a strong tree-root.

"It has an awful lot to do with it."

"Give," I said, sounding like a character out of a Terry Carr story.

For one thing (said Carl, sounding like another character out of another Terry Carr story), Terry's story didn't tell everything.

For one thing, I started experimenting around before I ever got into fandom; I found out that I could draw things into existance. And this transcended the Heironymous theory, because at first I brought things into actual existance, not just like a Hieronymous machine.

(To prove his point, he reached out and touched the cardboard; the hekto pan was suddenly sitting there on top of the cardboard...and the cardboard was blank.)

So I had myself the time of my life, for a while, drawing gold bricks. Sometimes I like to think that maybe the slang term about them might have grown from that -- though actually, I believe, the term came about before I was even born. Anyway, it was an appropriate term, even if invented for the wrong purpose.

I went on like that for two or three years, getting interested in first one thing and then another. It all got pretty boring after a while; I just started drawing things as I needed them. And soon, I refined it to the point where I didn't have to have the physical item itself, because the drawing would serve the purpose just as well; and when I was finished with it, I would find it easier to throw away. I mean, in just those few years, even in that old mansion I bought, things were getting cluttered

To make a long story short I kindof got interested in fandom -- not because I was interested in science fiction or anything, but because I needed something to do. Only, it had to be different for me. So I used a couple of pen names, until quite recently, and I decided that I had caught onto the swing of things. Then I made a BNF out of myself in two years.

The Day I Met The Hieronymous Fan -- V

Then I started getting bored with things. You see, the best part of my fannish life -- that of the joyous enthusiasm of being a neofan -- was undertaken under a pen name. Once you've gone into the active fan stage, you start finding all sorts of disillusioning things about fans and fandom, and it all becomes, sooner or later, quite depressing. And once you've started into the stage, you can't turn around and go back. That's something Willis forgot to tell about, in The Enchanted Duplicator.

The proper outcome for this disillusioning is Gafia.

But to keep from getting bored, I decided to take one of my pen-names into a BNF, too. So I created my own hoax, you might say. Just as something to amuse myself.

If I ever really use it, I'll reveal it as the real Hoax Of The Century.

Terry Carr.

He was looking at me as my face went all incredulous and I managed to say, "That's stupendous."

He laughed, slapping me on the back. "Yes, it is, really. It took some doing."

For the rest of the night, somehow, I managed to keep him talking about himself, fandom, anything -- just as long as he didn't remember....

And he didn't. About midnight he told me that he had to leave -- he was just on his way through, and thought he'd stop by -- and so I got up to see him off.

But the main reason I got up was too obscure the hektograph from his vision. If he didn't see that, perhaps I'd be able to...

As he left, he stuck out a hand, which I shook.

"Since Terry has already come out with this story, I don't guess it would hurt for you to write something about this. In fact, I'd let you do it as a favor to me -- something like this could take of any suspicion if there is any and counter-act anything Terry did."

Something he said, then, was nagging in my brain -- I was really having trouble trying to think to keep him talking; I hadn't asked any questions, and my mind was begging to ask them.

The Day I Met The Hieronymous Fan -- VI

"Hey, wait a minute," I said. He'd been walking down the walk, and was almost ready to get in a green car. He stopped. "If you created Terry Carr, then you wrote everything he's done. So if you hadn't wanted that bit published, why did you write it? And how come it is that I just got a copy of FANAC yesterday, mailed from Berkeley, with Ron Ellik no longer on the staff. How about all the people who have met him? Dave Rike, Bob Stewart, F. M. & Elinor Busby, his wife, and other people at the conventions he's been to. How about that? And..and wait a minute? God damn it, I've met Terry twice, myself."

Carl was sitting in the seat of his car, and he started the engine. For one frightful moment, I was afraid he wasn't going to answer. But he did -- he did, before he left.

"I think you misunderstood me," he said. "You remember I said I majored in art, in college?"

"Yes," I said numbly.

"I just drew a picture of what I thought would be the Perfect Fan -- Terry Carr."

---rich brown
1960

PILLAR
OF

