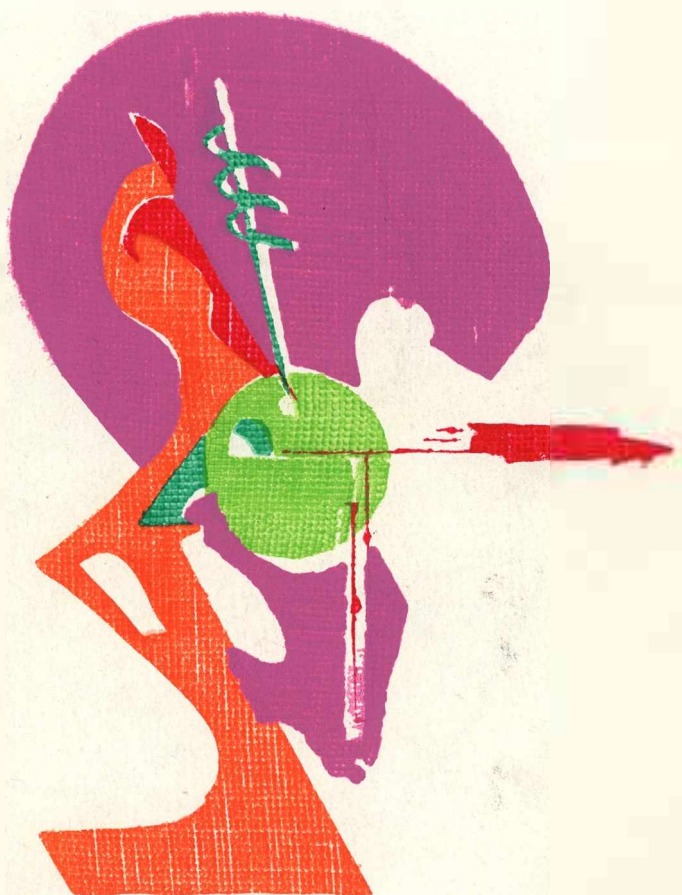
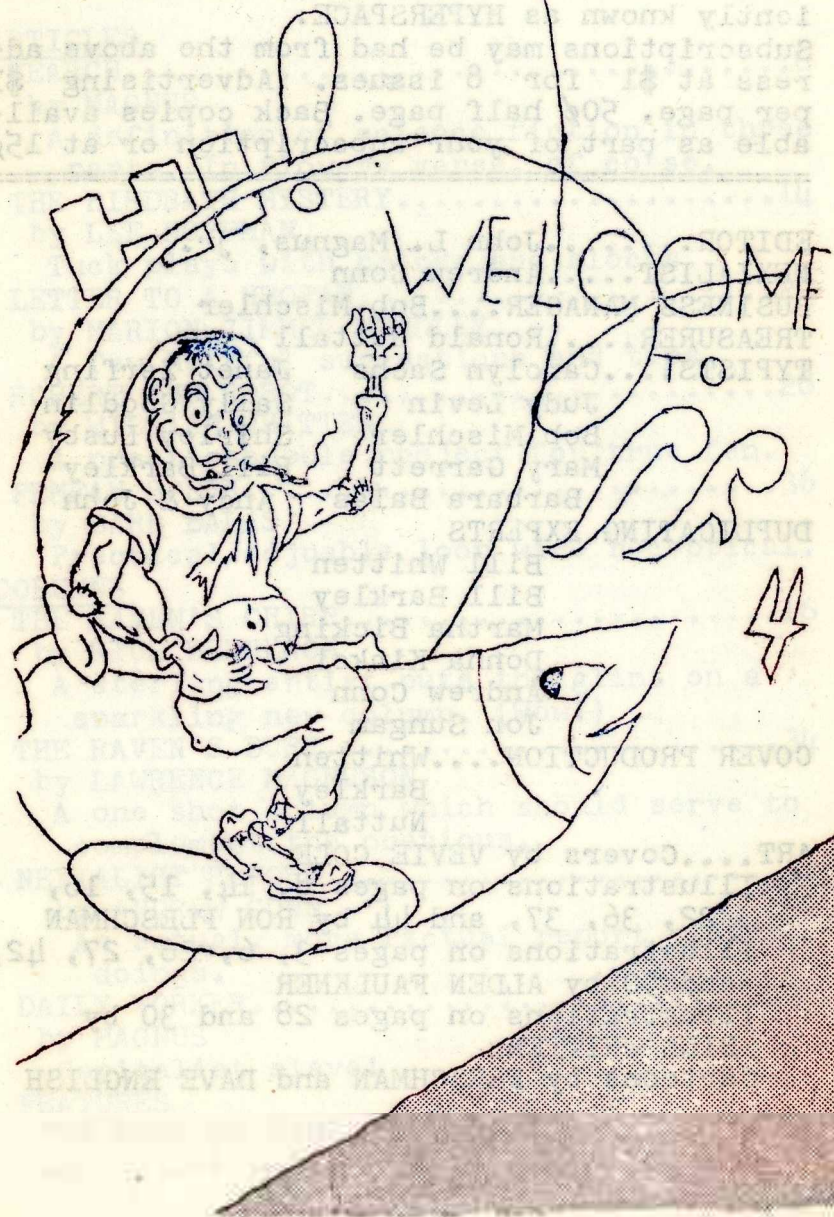


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#4



VÉLÉ



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SF

5

IN LINES TO COME

ARTICLES

SEARCH.....6

by MAGNUS

A definition of science fiction in three parts. In flowery verse, of co'se.

THE BIRDBATH MYSTERY.....14

by LEE HOFFMAN

Tuck plays with bricks and blochs.

LETTER TO A NEOFAN.....22

by MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

A few helpful suggestions and tips.

ROBERT THE ROBOT.....28

by WILLIAM WHITTEN

A practicabobble project for true fen.

FEMFAN SPEAK.....36

by BARB BALAS

Practical adjusble loop wire receptical.

COLUMNS

THE RAVEN'S CHIRP.....16

by RICH BERGERON

A sterling artist nuts the glint on a sparkling new column. (Wow!)

THE RAVEN'S BURP.....34

by LAWRENCE MAGNUSON

A one shot column which should serve to complement the previous.

NEXIALIST REPORT.....31

by ANDREW CONN

An actual, more factual report of fnz doings.

DAILY WORKER.....37

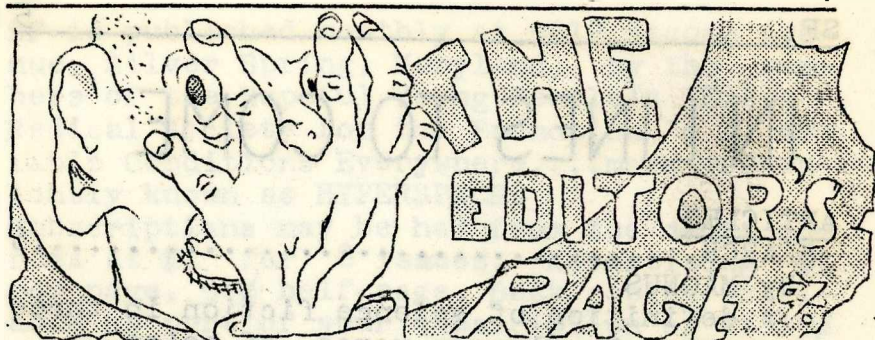
by MAGNUS

Capitalist slave!

FEATURES

THE EDITORS RAGE.....6

ANALYTICAL GABORATORY.....44



'Twas a wee after midnight in the dark,
dank offices of SF...

Artist was laboring with ink and brush
over a plagiarized Pogo drawing, Mexialist
was listening to a wild disk jockey show,
name of Gene Klavan. Editor was trying to
sleep.

It was a rather touching disk jockey
show, I must admit. It was the last one by
this particular fellow, who was going away
for a rest, or another show, or something.
Anyway, it was his last broadcast, and
since he held a place very close to our
hearts, being the guy who had kept us awake
on many a night's work on SF, we voted that
we should all cease work and go down to
watch him on television..a thing which we
had never, for one weird reason or other,
done.

Anyway, we switched on the visigraph,
and there he was, smiling over a two-foot
hamburger someone had given him for a going
away present or something. A two-foot ham-
burger, NO BURD.

Whoops, I almost put NO BULL, but a two-
foot hamburger without any bull doesn't
sound very tasty.

Oh, enough of this.

Anyway, we decided that we just HAD to
have some of that hamburger, or we wouldn't
sleep that night. Now this all turned out

to be very true, but let me explain.

We placed our railroad caps on our bean
heads with loving care, stuck our pipes in
my mout, and headed off in my old Packard
hackard. Merily and cheerily we drove into
Washington, down the highway at a gayly ef-
ficient speed, and into the heart of town.

Wellsir, about a block away from our
final destination, the radio station, a
brilliant little fellow passed us at an ev-
en more efficient speed, and impressed us
with the news that we had a flat tire on
our rear left.

Finding this hard to believe, since we
were still alive, I crept out into the
night to meet a most smoky, smelly, fate.
I wet my finger and touched the tire in
question. It sizzled. I got back into the
car with the intention of driving it into
the nearest gas station. Naturally, it
wouldn't start.

It finally gave up, though, and we en-
couraged it into a filling station...closed
naturally. We attempted to jack the car up
on that miserable jack I carry in the trunk
...it didn't work. Well, there were some
cabs parked there, so we tried out one of
their jacks. We found that if we put the
back bumper over the curb, it would reach.

At last we got it jacked up. We put the
spare tire in place. It was the wrong damn
size. How I ever got hold of a spare tire
that was the wrong size is something I
don't know, but it happened. Well, the flat
one was still whole, just had a leak in it,
so we carted it about a half a mile to the
nearest open gas station open.

(continued on page 21)



A DEFINITION OF SCIENCE FICTION IN THREE CHAPTERS

PROLOGUE.....An aim

THE FIRST PART.....The requirement

THE SECOND PART.....The reason

THE THIRD PART.....The ramification

EPILOGUE.....A conclusion

PROLOGUE

Forsooth! There is a form of literature

Destined to live as long as the good scripture

Which opens up the hearts of men
As none other literature can.

Let this form be called science fiction,
And let it represent man's prediction
And portray his striving to light
A path of knowledge and might.

Let it be written by all who seek
To express their ideas and to speak
Of what might happen on the morrow--
And thereby prevent their sorrow.

Have them think to live and live
To think so they may give
Their thoughts to others
And make all men brothers.

(For people cannot exist as islands,
Making their minds inaccessible highlands
And keeping from their truest friends
Their newfound ways of gaining ends.)

Science is the study of life
And life is a study in strife--
But this is a paradox, for
The more happy men the less war.

(As happiness increases,
The surge of life increases,
And as life's struggles are put down,
The more happiness is found.)

So by study of life we find
That science is the mind.
Indeed science is all to know--
Look around and find it so.



So by combining mind and spirit,
Which is science and literature, we've en-
deared it,
And have married man's emotions
To his life and to his motions--

And we find a new intelligence...
Foresight. And from whence
It came is more to find;
The most to make of heart and mind.

I

Let it be said that this form of liter-
ature
Is indeed a classic overture
Which is problem, theory, or condition
Of science which requires rendition
In this form to make it plain--
And to give it without pain--
Indeed, to give with pleasure--
This thought which is a treasure.

The tale must by plain relation
Give an ample explanation--
To solve, enlarge, extrapolate,
And if need be reiterate
The overtures above in a way
Instructive, inspiring, and, to say,
Entertaining to the one with pleas
For such overtures as these.

II

Lively people are people who think,
And they are those who make the link
Which holds these stories by heavy chains
To those who hold the future's reigns
In their grasp; the soldier, the statesman,

The scholar, the builder, the tradesman,
all who think to live and would so
When they relax...the more to know.

Vehicle of escape it is not,
For he who, when the time is hot
Seeks advice in what to do
Is the realist, live and true.

III

Even as there are different kinds
of people, there are unlike minds,
Who conceive ideas in different veins,
And who are seeking different gains.

The adventurer is he who looks
For brilliant escapades in books
On pardon that he may someday find
Himself in like position, and to mind
Will come this book's hero bold,
To show the turn from death to gold.

The inventor is he who seeks
New things to build. And weeks
Stretch into years without avail...
But just when he is up to fail
There comes an obscure process,
Which, even the cynical mind must confess
Came from that book, and he succeeds,
And by reading he has reaped his just pro-
ceeds.

And then there is the opinion story
Which builds man up for gloom or glory,
Where he is neither. But it shows
Both sides...both friends and foes,
And therefore gives broader sight
So that the subject be bathed in light.

Concepts are to man's being
As eyes are to the lesser's seeing;
It is all-important to conceive
Of mind in order to receive,
For conception is the fruit of intelligence
...And it is this power from whence
Stems all of man's power great...
The ultimate is to meditate.
So, it is in the concept story found
The deepest thinking of minds profound.
And we may absorb from them the most
Of the greatest power man can boast.

Upon "awakening" from an especially fine
Culture story, the reader may himself
align

With the people of that distant land
That he has just released from hand.
And the proper of his own world may
Seem strange in what they do and say:
For wasn't the logo world just left
The better of this one, sore bereft
Of methods with which to make amends
In proper ways to gain one's ends?

And so it is by this method that men
Shall learn to solve these problems when
They arise, and set forth ways
Which will result in happier days.

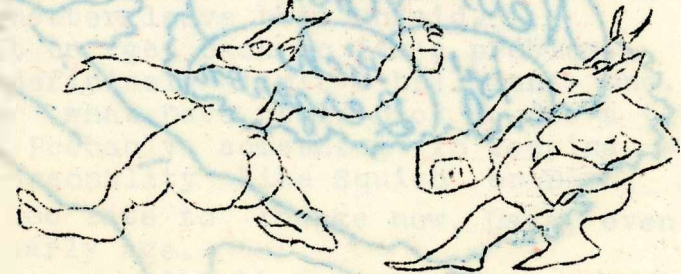
EPILOGUE

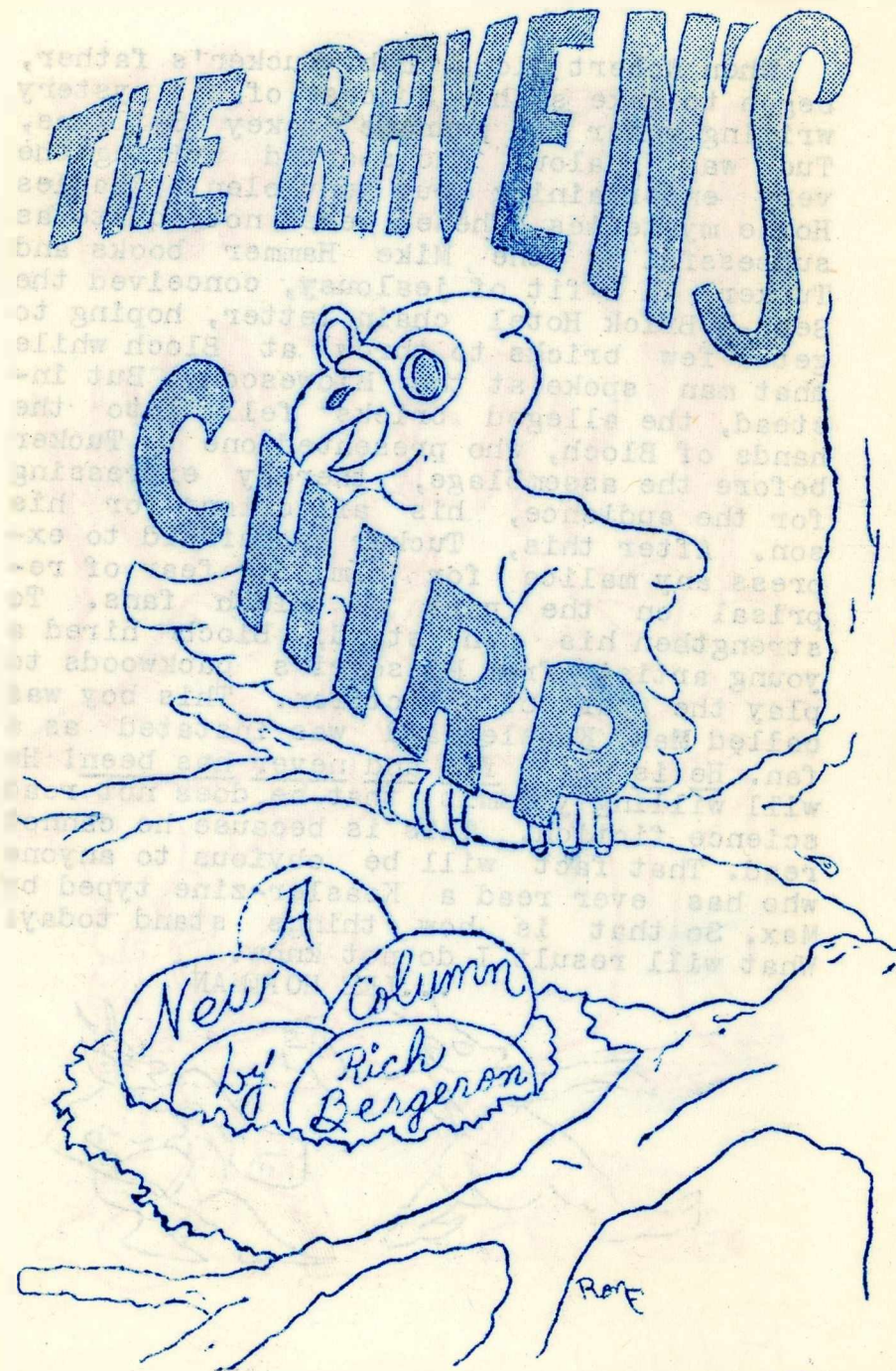
By theorizing, informing, and explaining,
Therefore, science fiction has given
instruction containing
The keys to the future, and will continue
so
As long as men have desire to know.



When Robert Bloch, Bob Tucker's father, began to make such a success of his mystery writing under the penname Mickey Spillane, Tuck was jealous and started writing the very entertaining but unviolent Charles Horne mysteries. These were not quite as successful as the Mike Hammer books and Tucker, in a fit of jealousy, conceived the Send-A-Brick Hotel chain letter, hoping to get a few bricks to throw at Bloch while that man spoke at the Midwescon. But instead, the alleged bricks fell into the hands of Bloch, who presented one to Tucker before the assemblage, thereby expressing for the audience, his affection for his son. After this, Tucker was afraid to express any malice for him, for fear of reprisal on the part of Bloch fans. To strengthen his own stand, Bloch hired a young artist from Missouri's backwoods to play the part of an actifan. This boy was called Max Keasler and was instated as a fan. He is not a fan and never has been! He will willingly admit that he does not read science fiction. This is because he cannot read. That fact will be obvious to anyone who has ever read a Keasler-zine typed by Max. So that is how things stand today. What will result I do not know.

...LEE HOFFMAN





Well, it looks like I've got myself a commission to do a monthly column for SF, and a chance to make another Walt Willis of sorts. Not that the first one I made didn't turn out well; in fact he turned out too well! Yep, got out of hand he did. I understand that he's somewhere on the Atlantic now... so for a time at least, all the hopes of 6th Fandom are floating ones.

This being only my second attempt at a column you can expect anything... even the cellar door. But I guess the main idea is to try and pass off my personality on you, so I'll start with the one Keasler gave me in Chi. It should do for a first second try.

To work an old horse to a leather feather I may as well lead off with a few ill-placed comments on some current fmz names with a suggestion or so on improvement, if possible.

One title that I'll bet a nag the editor rues the day he picked it is SOL. When looked at in this light you'll probably notice that it's common as every day. But it's always around, anyway, so that's a good sign. Every Day might make a good name or better yet Early Day... but come to think of it, it would seem rather odd if anyone but Don Day used it. So I guess we'd better leave this unsaid.

But to get back to Ish's problem... the name definitely isn't a brilliant one. I wonder what Dave would pick up for a title now? Probably something in keeping with his personality like Squish or Dish. But it's too late to change now, Dave, even at this early age.

A common pitfall that has taken in a few

fans from time to time is the error of taking their names from stories or books. One of two that come to mind readily is TRYANN. The other is not Oopsla! I don't doubt very much that Norb and Henry were pretty desperate when they lifted this nomer. Not that you have to be desperate when you turn to Asimov, but it may help. Certainly Asimov did. That name definitely isn't in keeping with the general air of TRYANN. Something like S-F DEBATOR (which has been used) would seem more appropos.

Perhaps it's because of the early age (fannish) and inexperience of the starting zined that he picks a boner, or something that he'd like to bury later. It has been pointed out that Hoffman did a wonderful job on christening hers. Another good name for Quandry could be: ACHERON, to indicate its generally devilish sense of humor.

Fandom should set up a name producing outfit to think up names for our desperate neos. One person I'd like not to see on such a committee is Les Cole. After some of the things he has called fanzines... hmmm... here's a job for the N3F! Just the thing for its restless minions to while away the idle months between the election and the poll!

Some time ago, in an issue of Quandry, it was brought to light that the erudite electrician, Vernon L. McCain had by some trickery managed to obtain the entire stream of business generated by the persons using the initials RB. The fact that Vernon now controls over half the company's stock where he "works" may or may not be significant. At any rate he's certainly

taking in commissions and blarney may not be the only thing Vernon L. McCain makes use of.

I alone am proud to be able to say that I managed to purchase all of 7¢ worth of artwork in the past month. My job at the U.S. mint is beginning to pay off. I'm the duster...

Also an influx if business had been noted in the Robert Bloch file; where we find that fanzines have literally (and non-literary ones, too) been sheared with witty essays disguised as comments. And that Bloch has managed to obtain a convention report for the Indian Lake affair that contained few reservations of the more secretive events. In fact the lonely secret events happened to the Bloch name alone.

It is my belief that this name is actually the property of a Mr. Ralph Blone, who was caught in the terrific draft caused by the Wind Between the Worlds last March 1951, and that the colorful Bloch is merely a pigment of the oily McCain mind. As more patterns become recognizable on this mixed palette, I shall not hesitate to give you full details of the Bloch picture.

Another name that has been put to great use is the one of R.J. Banks, the multi-lithographed millionaire who can afford a fanzine as well as a middle initial. (On the pay as you publish plan, I believe.) I note the Banks name hasn't been greatly used, of late, so will pass over it, so as not to gratify Robert Brien, the client.

All of which seems to cover the vast enterprise that is VLMcCain, Inc., as well as a closed circuit like this can. Of course there are others like, Ray Beam,

Russuell Bush, Ralph Bailey, etc....but these buy theirs bottled so aren't worth a mention. They're on my blacklist, anyway.

I wonder how many of you noticed that if the first word of the name of the organization that the publishers of SF belong to were changed to Temperamental that its abbreviation would read: TYPERSPACE?

Comments?

A LOOK TO THE FUTURE

This is a kind of anniversary of sorts--it's our fourth issue, which is usually about the time most fanzines have their first anniversary; it's an especially big issue, and we have an extra-special cover.

52 pages a month is a little too much, methinks me...that's 26 pages if you count by 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 11's--that would be the equivalent of a 104 page quarterly if we combined four issues. But, we like big issues, so we're going to try to keep it up around 40 pages all of the time.

Another thing I've been thinking seriously of is printed covers, including a halftone or two occasionally. Nothing is quite as effective as those large black areas and fine lines that are possible with plate reproduction, and we're aching to try it. The question is, which do you like better...silk screen covers in many colors or printed covers in black and white?

To tell the truth, they cost about the same.

(continued from page 7)

We filled the tire and rolled it back. About finished, we went over to refresh ourselves on hamburgers. When we got back the tire was flat again. Fie. (CCF, y'know)

Wellsir, we called the trusty three-A's, of which I'm a member. In an hour or so, when they finally got there, they told me, "Wal...we can either fill your spare up with air, if you have one, or change it if you don't. That's as far as the service goes." I didn't bother to ask how in the hell they could change it if I didn't have one, I just indicated that they should fill it with air. They did so, and we limped to the next gas station, and the next, until we finally got to one about a block from my house. Thank ghod we were out of D.C. Art-est, Nexialist, and I staggered to my house and struggled in and upstairs. I indicated various beds, floors, and bathtubs, and we sought our respective.

We took off our clothes and put another issue of SF to bed.

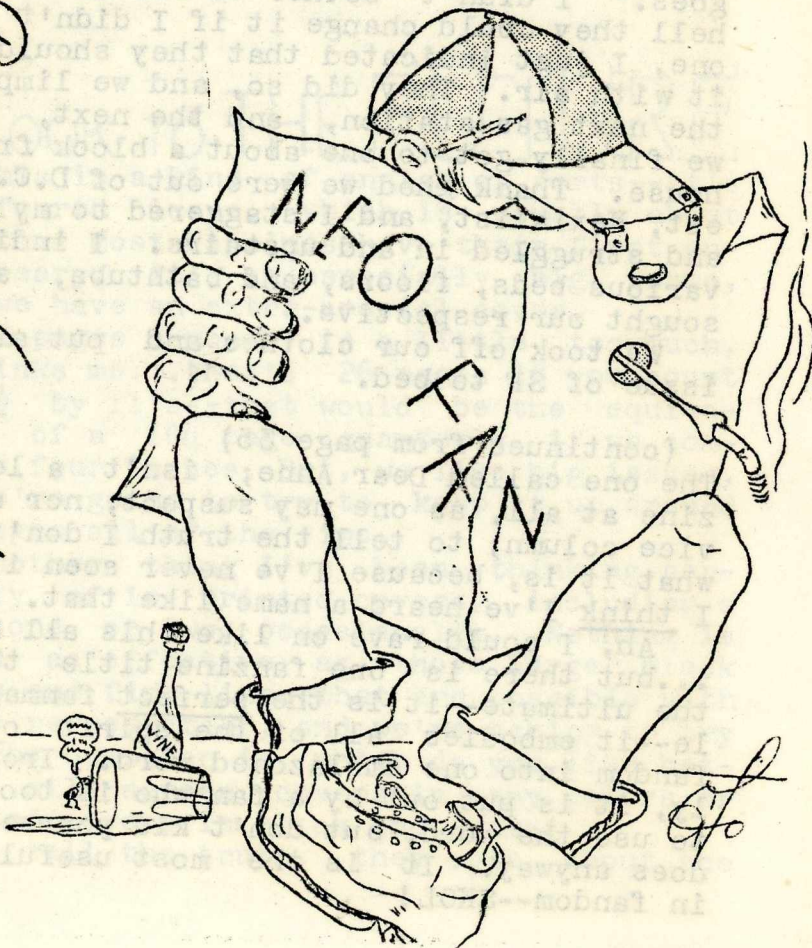
(continued from page 35)

The one called Dear Anne; isn't a letter-zine at all, as one may suspect, nor an advice column; to tell the truth I don't know what it is, because I've never seen it. But I think I've heard a name like that.

Ah, I could rave on like this all night...but there is one fanzine title that is the ultimate--it is the perfect fanmag title--it embodies all of the spirit of true fandom into one emblazoned word. Ironically, it is put out by a fan who is too young to use the word, but don't kid yourself, he does anyway. It is the most useful word in fandom--SKOL!

By Marion Zimmer Bradley

LETTER TO A



This is a letter actually received by me from a neofan, and my answer; reproduced here because it seems to me to review the field reasonably well, and to give a raison d'etre for fandom. Bob Elston's letter to me came as a reply to a letter printed in THRILLING WONDER STORIES, wherein I deplored that no newcomers to the field of science fiction could be bothered with writing to the Old Guard of BNFdom. I'm here in hopes that some fans might realize that there is a responsibility from the BNF to the Neofan - and that the Neofan should not ignore the Old Guard. Honest, kids, we're human too!

Dear Marion,

Hello down there--from 'way up here.

Have just rec'd my second issue of TWS, namely the December issue. I am new at this sort of fiction, and haven't formed an opinion as yet. The opportunities are there for the writers, if we have the writers. As you are an old hand, if you'll pardon the expression, at this reading -- just what are some of the better authors, and their stories? I know you will just be expressing an opinion, but I would like someone to sort of guide me.

The August issue sounds good by your letter, but I missed out on it. By the way, your letter reads good, and I won't feel slighted if you pass this up.

If you reply, give me the whys and wherefores on science fiction.

Yours truly,

Bob Elston

Dear Bob,

I'm flattered, although rather at a loss, by your letter. Frankly, I've let my reading lapse so, in the last year, that I no longer consider myself an expert on science fiction, of the modern variety that is.

But there are a few authors who, by dint of long experience and all-round quality, have become standards for the entire field; such men as Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Heinlein, A.E. Van Vogt, Lester del Rey and Lewis Padgett, who is also Henry Kuttner and a whole line of aliases.

Naming individual stories by these authors would hardly be sensible or fair. My own personal favorites are among them of course -- Del Rey's *NERVES*, Sturgeon's *THE STARS ARE THE STYX*, Heinlein's novel *THE PUPPET MASTERS*, Van Vogt's *ASYLUM* and *BLACK DESTROYER*. One mustn't omit such as Fritz Leiber, Edmond Hamilton, and Leigh Brackett, while if you like horrors, I suggest the work of C.L. Moore and Hall Thompson.

I suggest, quite sincerely, that what you do is to invest in the two first, and most comprehensive anthologies as an introduction to the real classics in the field. *ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE*, edited by Raymond A. Healy and J. Francis McComas and the first Groff Conklin anthology, *THE BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION*, will give you an introduction to the masters of science fiction and enable you to form your own standards whereby you can judge stories according to your own taste and liking. No one can ever pass judgement for another. I also suggest, if your pocketbook and interest will stand it, that you browse around among

the classics of the field; H.G. Wells, A. Merritt, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Talbot Mundy, Sax Rohmer's more scientific stories, H.P. Lovecraft. Most of these authors can be found either in your local library or in pocketbook form. Having run through these authors, you'll have a good sound background on which to form opinions of the current crop of stories and authors.

As for giving you "the why and wherefore of science fiction--" I couldn't do that in twenty pages, and I'd have to write a master's thesis. I'd venture a guess though, that it's the final refuge of the incurable romanticist who's seen his horizons disappear, one after another. Today's world is pretty dull for us clock-punchers and pot-boilers. The current trend toward stark, and often sordid realism in mundane fiction accents even further the overall dreariness of the world. S-F is the only escape for an adventurous soul.

If you really want an insight into the why and wherefore, why not subscribe to a few fanzines? They'll make a try at telling you, at least.

I hope this will answer your query. I feel faintly peeved at that line "If you answer this." I've always answered every letter I've received, and so do most fans, both new and old. It's a point of fannish etiquette.

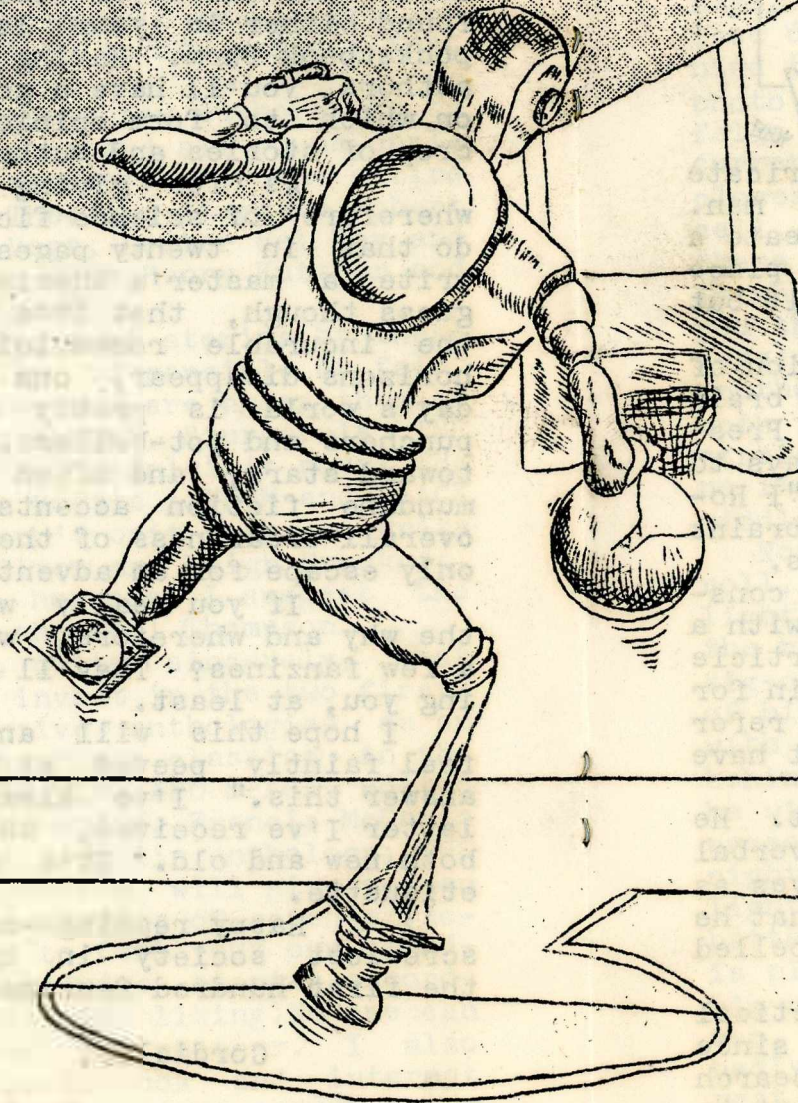
Happy reading--and welcome to the screwiest society in the world. Remember the first hundred fanzines are the hardest.

Cordially,

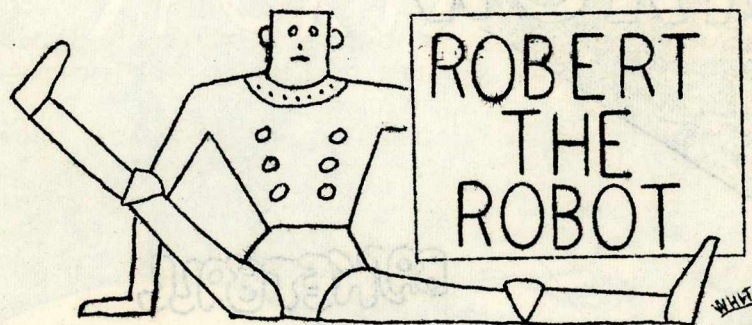
Marion Zimmer Bradley.

SPORTS OF TOMORROW

BASKETBALL



Q/O



The robot is one of the most intricate machines that ever will be built by man. Few exist. Man's genius has yet to create a practical machine which will take the place of human beings. Some have been built but they are crude and expensive.

The problem stalling the construction of an efficient robot is the need for a brain large in capacity and small in size. Present brains vary from a series of relays to complicated vacuum tube circuits. In "I Robot", extremely complex Positronic brains were used to guide the main characters.

In England, a physcoligist recently constructed a pair of robot animals with a crude form of intelligence. In this article you will find a description of a brain for a similar species. We will hereafter refer to him as Robert, as all "beings must have a name.

Robert is a light-sensitive robot. He has at present no understanding of verbal commands. A photo-electric cell serves as his two eyes. He is so constructed that he turns toward moderate light but is repelled by strong light.

Atomic energy would be very practical for a robot of this type crittur but since those 'fernal ifjits behind such research have let us down, we will have to resort to

electricity, storage battery style. This drives two drive motors which in turn drive Robert.

Robert's brain consists entirely of relays, hooked up to the photo-electric cell. (see drawing) The main relay, directly behind the photo cell is a three-way job. The photo cell generates a current when light falls on it. If the light is "strong," the current is strong and therefore the relay closes a circuit. If no light falls on the cell, another circuit is closed. Either of these operates one of two motors alternately which drive the two treads (I didn't tell you that Robert walks on treads instead of legs). If a moderate light falls on the cell another circuit is closed, which operates both treads, causing Robert to move straight ahead until he either encounters no light or a light too strong to close the middle circuit.

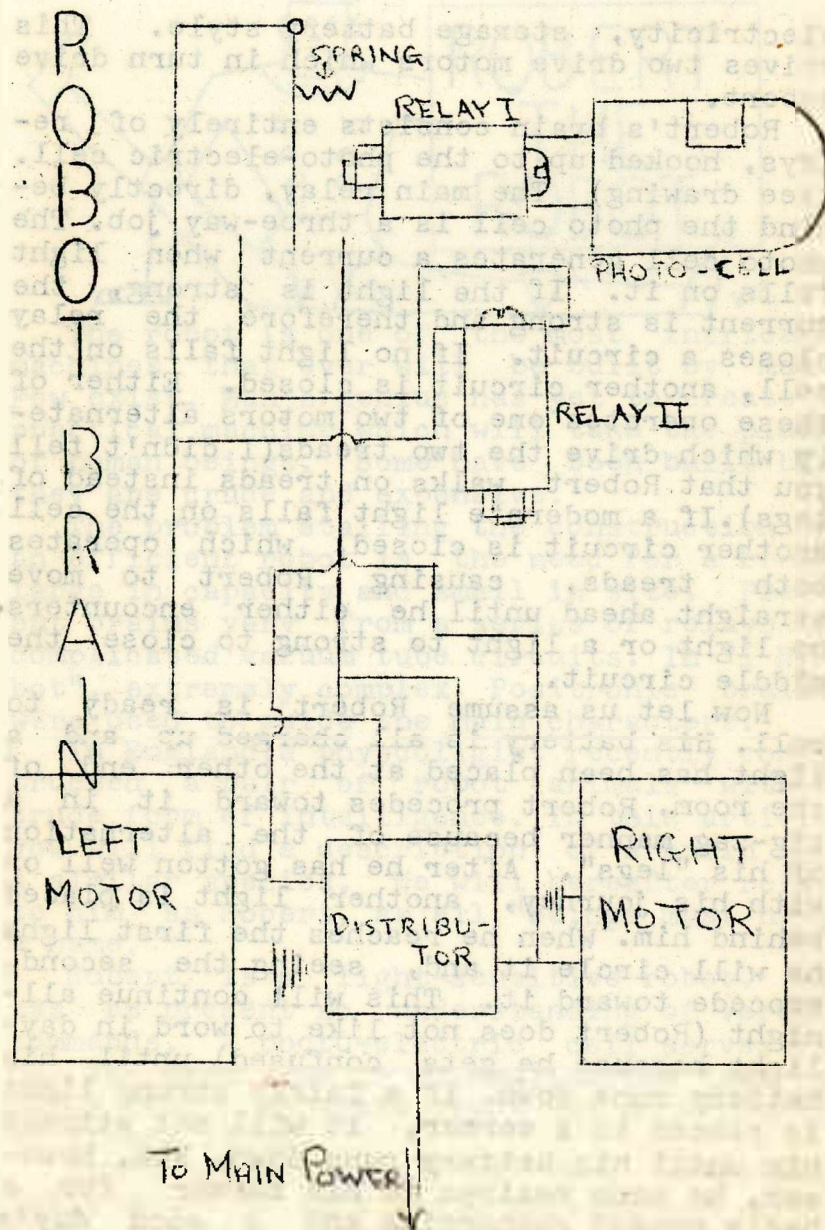
Now let us assume Robert is ready to roll. His battery is all charged up and a light has been placed at the other end of the room. Robert proceeds toward it in a zig-zag manner because of the alternation of his "legs". After he has gotten well on with his journey, another light is placed behind him. When he reaches the first light he will circle it and, seeing the second, proceed toward it. This will continue all night (Robert does not like to work in daylight because he gets confused) until his battery runs down. If a fairly strong light is placed in a corner, it will not attract him until his battery runs down. Now, however, he soon retires to his corner for a badly needed recharging and a good day's rest. "Goodnight, Robbie."

NEXIALIST REPORT

Well, here we go again. I hope you get or got the November ish of SF. After John cleverly bragged in the "Ed's Rage" about how early that particular zine came, come comed out; He (note the capitals) is blushing whitely and muchly. Right now he's reading out loud yet, some long, drawn out...but oh so clever something or other that he wrote yes that's right he wrote for the December mess. Like this new method of punctuation use only a series of three dots (...) to indicate a pause or change in thought and never never a comma except sometimes? Effective n'est pas. No huh? Eh. John say's I have to write something more constructive or I have to give him his typer back. SOoo

We...He...I...have decided to give all you dear fen and xfen a trip thru the offices of SF and show all just how a fine lil upstanding and up and coming is put out.... month after month after month. At this rate we should be able to fill up 52 pages with no trouble at all. Clever lad that he is... am I repeating myself...he had to go and promise Shelby Vick I think it was...that our jolly Christmas and December edition would be a nice little fifty-page job and for all we know it may be yet. Don't get me wrong...no bragging, whoops a comma...or pre circulation pernoegobooing will be done by this fanzine Nexialist....are there any others? But to get back to our novel little tour...wish the subjects I get started on would hold still so I could finish them eventually.

First off (clever way of starting...but off course I don't know how to write...I



can only type) What happens to my train of thought...this is a waste of typewriter ribbon ink. Time too but certainly not mine others want to use this machine.

First off this is the room where all our writers and artists...local type of course gather on the first of each and every month and work steadily until the EIGHTH of each and every month..at which time all material has been duly finished or sent in by the hundreds of fen who send in material to us hundreds did that say... three is more like it... three that is not three-hundred.Three clever and thoughtful fans have written for us in all the copies we have put out...HEY JOHN...How many editions have we put out... and is it really only three fine upstanding people who have written for SF..... HUH...HUH...OH...He says not to holler.... hollar? Wish ah could spell. Wish ah could write...Wish I had a typewriter with real keys on it so I could type at my house and not have to take all this stuff from Magnus If wishes was Sloe Gin we'd all be stewed..

*****TIME HAS PASSED*****

Just finished reading what was written in last months Nex report. Seems there was a promise made to give a "truer and more factual" report in this issue. Then I read what was written for December so far. Decision has been made...From now on this report will really try it's best to live up to promises...

It actually was decided to make the eighth of each month the deadline for all material...art and written. In real practice most of the written stuff is in by the fifteenth of the month and none of the artwork. Of course the fifteenth is our date

to have all material dummied and carefully worked out page by page. All ready to be cut on their respective stencils and run off as a fanzine! It may not sound like too much of a job...to merely shove what material we have together & call it a zine. Believe me it is. When each sheet of paper used has actually four pages of the magazine on it...you really can go crazy trying to work the whole thing out. Then Alden has to suggest the wonderful and attractive idea...though certainly not new...of blending the artwork in with the written page and having the writing all around the pictures. Very artistic but it takes us all the time we have to even work it out the way it is now. Sooo...you may see some of it in this issue even before you read this but it's doubtful.

Then after the whole magazine is completely and accurately dummied page for clever and artistic page...the fun-part begins. Now is the time when the typists really get to show how good they are. Now is the time for the stencils to be typed. And what a headache that is. Try to find enough type writers so more than one person can be working at one time. The reason this statement is made is because we have about three people in the club who can type a stencil with out having a million questions to ask about this that or any other thing under the sun. And the only person who ever answers them is the Nexialist...who of his duties you know.

The tour will be continued and who knows perhaps completed next month.

See you then--Hang by your thumbs and write if you get work...

THE RAVEN BURP

Reading Rich Bergeron's column about the distastefulness of some fnz titles has inspired me to dig into my files to see if I could find some tasty ones.

On top were some of Les Cole's. Sounds like some of them would be fun.....but not very good to eat. Nary can tell, though.

Right under the rest of the saps was one name of Phillip Wylie, put out by a fellow known as Dopus, I believe. I found an old hey you poll inside and was unfolding it to see if I'd sent it in yet (I'm always doing things like that) when out from one of the creases fell a thick little folded thing.

"Here!" I exclaimed, "Is the most appropriate fnz title in the business". DENSITY. Not only is it scientific, it fits the mag just right, as Density is the densest zine in the business. It crowds more into less space that the good lord did when he made Ray Palmer. Also it is the only zine reduced from microfilm. And a real good one.

Again you may think I'm all wet, but I have to come clean and admit that one of my favorite zines has the very unsfic name of LAUNDRY.

It is put out by a southern babe who is really just one pseudonym of the great machine known as the Weird Assortment of Writers, or WAW. This is a machine which manufactures egoboo by the dozens by having

each penname write about all the others. Her particular assignment is Spillane, Bloch, Tucker, and someone else I can't remember. Of course, they're all the same, even though she tries to make out that Tuck is Bloch's grandfather. She's only telling on herself there, because everyone knows that Bloch's his own grandpa.

The next title is a very popular one, as it is used on three different mags. One will rain in your mailbox for fifty cents a dozen; you have to win the medal of honor to get another; and the third is a fanmag. This, too, is a very appropriate title, as it seems to be spread out all over the place--DIFFUSION.

I don't see how in the world two guys could start publishing mags under a title already being used by one if the best known fen, but they have. Dunno what Shelby will say.

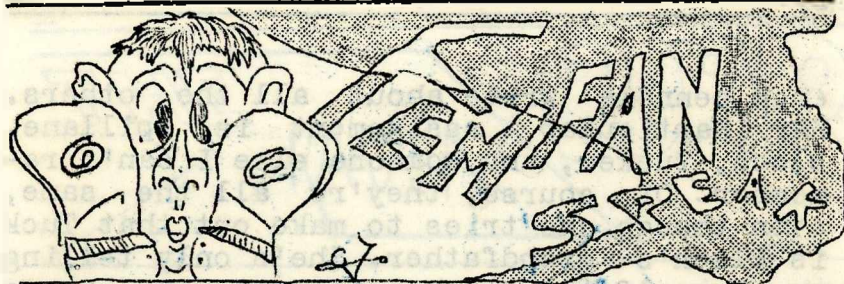
Elastic Worlds is also a title that intrigues me. I personally think that whoever thought of it was stretching the point a little.

Lessee, here's one that really shines. NEON. Dern good title. Sparkling mimeo, too ...so it fits its title. Another one...hey, an oldie. Wish I could read, I can't hardly make out some of the titles; but this looks like it may come from CCF. Can't quite make it out. Something about neckers not being romantic.

Onward.

It's easy to see that faneds try to slant their titles to their mag's personality. I can't say that all are successful.

CONTINUED ON PG 21



Up to now Science Fiction has been considered of interest only to boys. Well, we of the minority, namely girls, want to be heard.

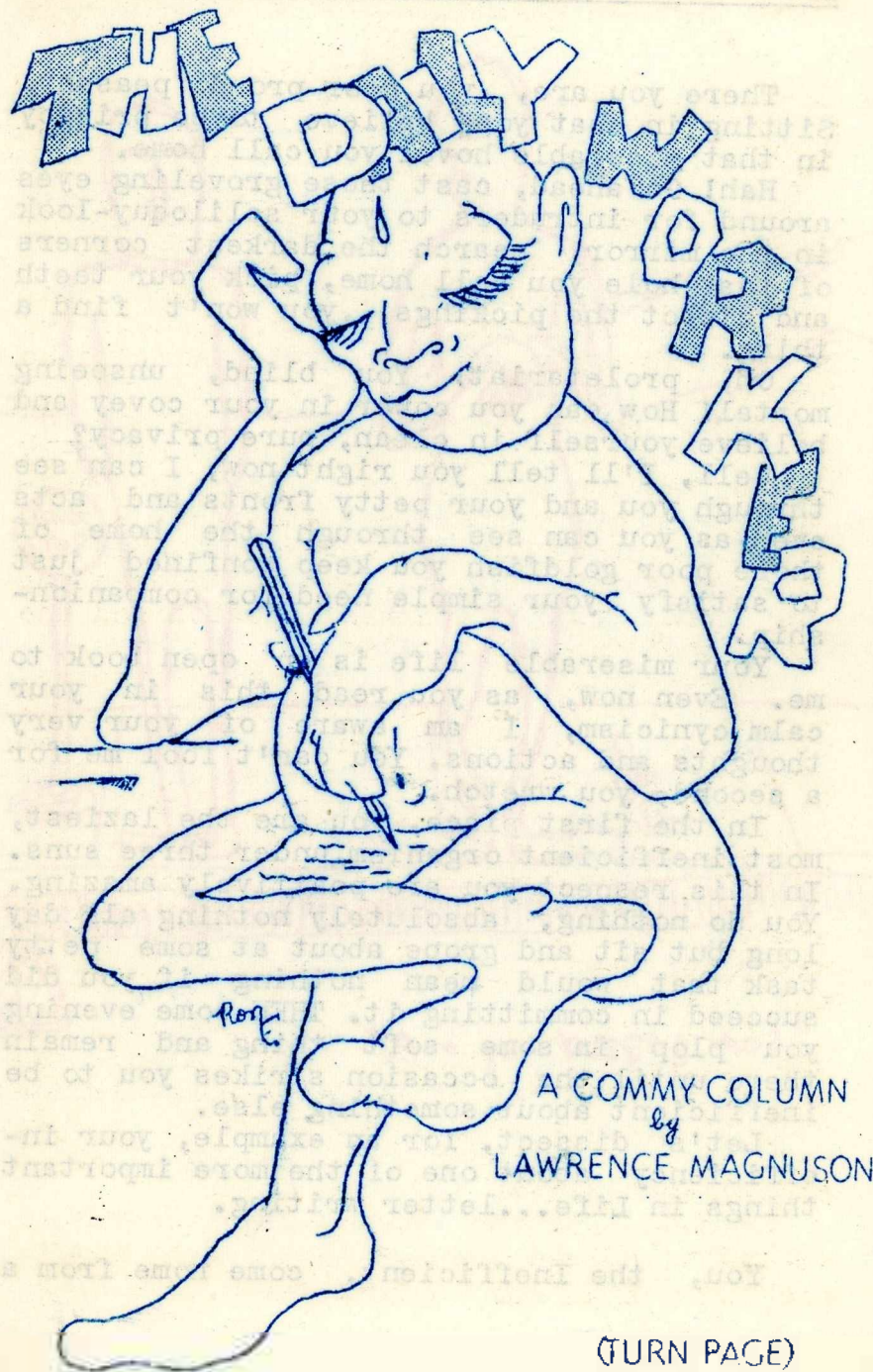
I can think of nothing I'd rather do than curl up in front of the fire (with my atomic ray gun beside me to scare off anyone who might bother me) and read a good science fiction story. However, I draw the line at certain places. My pet peeves are the "too, too" technical stories and the "too, too" fantastic tales.

Perhaps many of you feminine SF readers will agree with me that logical and understandable stories ring the bell and afford greatest pleasure. Often, however, you come across a story that affects you like a cold potato and you wonder what condition the author was in then he wrote it.

Galaxy, in my opinion, is about the greatest little magazine printed today. I have never yet read a Galaxy story that I could not digest.

Right about now all of you masculine SF-ers are saying "Aw, what does she know about Science Fiction?" My answer is, "Probably nothing, but I do know what I enjoy, and personally, cosmic atomic ray fission electronic devices leave me cold."

Science Fiction is a large and still expanding field. Let's hope it will always stay on a high and logical level.



(TURN PAGE)

There you are, you poor proud peasant. Sitting in what you believe to be privacy in that miserable hovel you call home.

Hah! Go ahead, cast those groveling eyes around for intruders to your soliloquy-look in the mirror, search the darkest corners of that hole you call home, pick your teeth and dissect the pickings...you won't find a thing.

Oh, proletariat! You blind, unseeing mortal! How can you cower in your covey and believe yourself in clean, pure privacy?

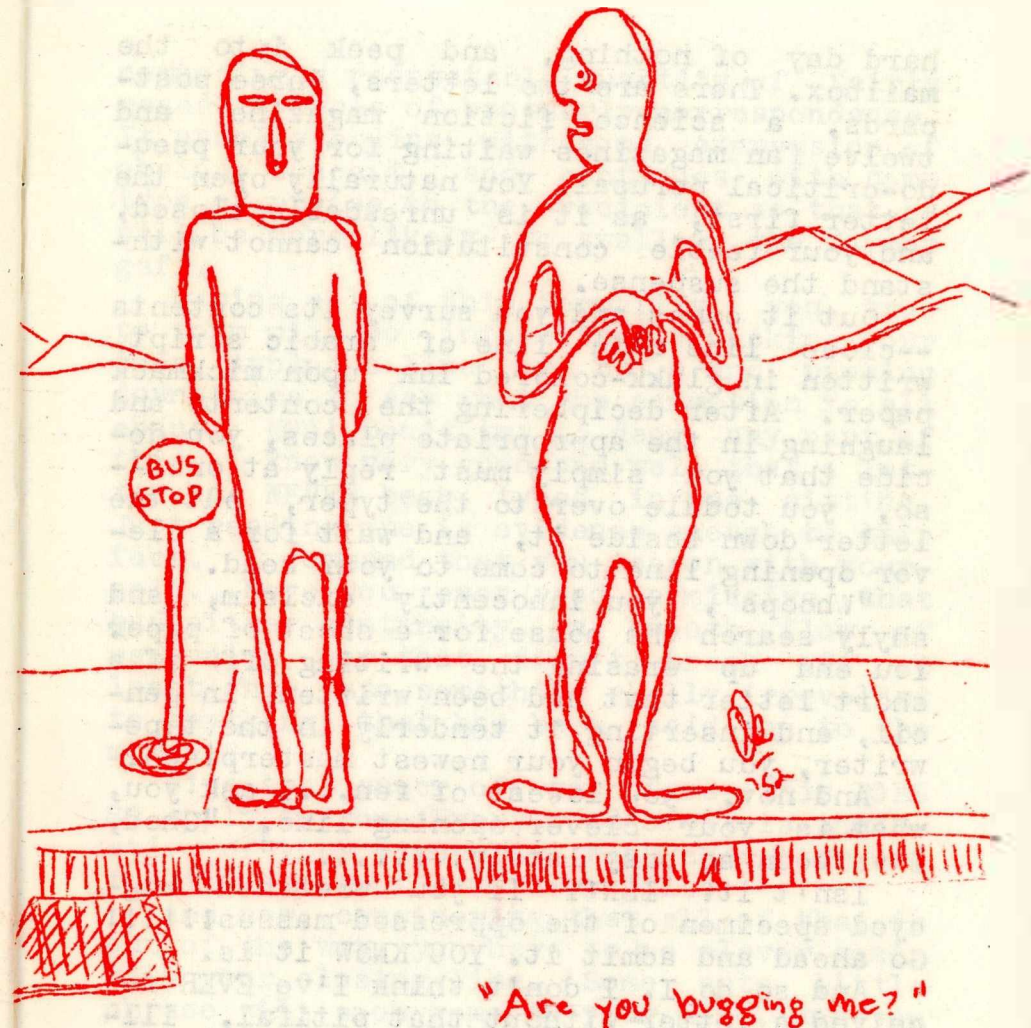
Well, I'll tell you right now, I can see through you and your petty fronts and acts even as you can see through the home of those poor goldfish you keep confined just to satisfy your simple need for companionship.

Your miserable life is an open book to me. Even now, as you read this in your calm cynicism, I am aware of your very thoughts and actions. You can't fool me for a second, you wretch.

In the first place, you are the laziest, most inefficient organism under three suns. In this respect you are positively amazing. You do nothing, absolutely nothing all day long but sit and grope about at some petty task that would mean nothing if you did succeed in committing it. THEN come evening you plop in some soft thing and remain there until the occasion strikes you to be inefficient about something else.

Let's dissect, for an example, your inefficiency about one of the more important things in Life...letter writing.

You, the Inefficient, come home from a



hard day of nothing, and peek into the mailbox. There are two letters, three postcards, a science fiction magazine and twelve fan magazines waiting for your pseudo-critical perusal. You naturally open the letter first, as it is unreadable closed, and your feeble constitution cannot withstand the suspense.

Out it comes and you survey its contents --close line upon line of arabic script, written in glukk-colored ink upon mickmack paper. After deciphering the contents and laughing in the appropriate places, you decide that you simply must reply at once--so, you toddle over to the typer, put the letter down beside it, and wait for a clever opening line to come to your head.

"Whoops", you innocently exclaim, and shyly search the house for a sheet of paper. You end up erasing the writing off of a short letter that had been written in pencil, and inserting it tenderly in the typewriter, you begin your newest masterpiece.

And now, you lowest of fen...I ask you, what is your clever opening line. "Ghod, I've been so busy lately....."

Isn't it? ISN'T IT you wretched bag-eyed specimen of the oppressed masses!!!!!! Go ahead and admit it. YOU KNOW it is.

And so do I. I don't think I've EVER received a letter without that pitiful, ill-conceived line of lasitudal perpetration. Now go ahead, laugh, cry...just in spite write one without that line--and it'll be there in spirit, anyway.

Face it. You begrudge a guy a letter.

Now that the opening line is over with, let's try to wade through the process of

composing a respectable quantity of fairly readable lines of brotherly correspondance. It usually begins with some expression of obvious conceit, and continues with some type of praise to the recipient so that he will be more likely to swallow the former gaff.

During all of this formality, you, true to form will be intermitantly picking your toes, typing a line or two, and running downstairs to see what the commotion is all about. NOW! Don't try to deny any part of this. I know very good and well that a letter has NEVER been typed in one sitting. Just reading one is evidence enough to this fact. I command that you reason with yourself...have you ever read a missive that had either continuity, a smooth flow of reasoning, or that didn't break off at least once into something wholly irrevelant to anything that had been said up to the moment?

Wipe that sneer off your face--this DOES SO apply to you. Every word of it is indicative of your miserably weak character and the triteness of your very life.

And now, considering that all of that is out of the way, you have to be clever again with your closing line. Some cute little phrase will soon come to your mind, and you will chuckle between your teeth and type it out. This is the best part of the letter. It gives you such a wonderful chance to show how maddeningly clever you are.

It will make you feel so good that you will have enough energy left to start on another letter.

DISCLAVE

STATLER HOTEL

ON 16TH ST.,
WASHINGTON'S FAMOUS EMBASSY ROW
AT K ST.

THE BEAUTIFUL
PAIN AMERICAN
ROOM

RESERVED FOR CONVENTION ACTIVITIES

DROP A LINE TO
WOODDEPOO,
DISCLAVE FOR
YOU!

FRANKLIN D. KERKHOF

2112 O ST., N.W.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

HAY!

GOING TO THE
DISCLAVE?





LEE HOFFMAN

Here is a buck for SF. It is one of the best fanmags I've ever seen in my years as a fan. I glee.

DICK CLARKSON

Not much time, as basketball is always calling me. Besides, I just lost a lot of time watching Ike Eisenhower, who has just left here--yup, the great man himself. Of course, I go Pogo, but just the same, seeing him outside the movies gives you the impression that he isn't just a myth. (Besides, everyone knows that a myth is a female moth.) Anyhow, onwards....

I have hit the top! Not only am I now a BNF, but I have managed TWO--count 'em, TWO letters, signed personalbobbly by none other than JWC, Jr. himself! I am now 100% in the ranks of fan....there is no longer any returning.

Yep....I got the two SF's. I might make a couple of comments on them, too, if you don't mind the criticism of a mere fan, who doesn't even pub one of his own. (Although after college, who knows?) SF will not be a true fanzine unless you get more fanarticles. By others than me. Funny, humorous stuff makes a fanzine a top fanzine. Straight, serious business never draws subs, and therefore you lose egoboo. So I'd suggest that you go agin your stated policy of refusing to go out and ask someone for articles and do a li'l soliciting. I like SF, but I would never sub to it as it is now. But if, by accident, you happened to start running stuff and pilau by such fen as Calkins, Vick, Browne, Venable, Mosher, Hoffman, Macauley, and so on, I wouldn't be surprised to see your circulation up about two hundred or so. QUANDRY has about three or four hundred, I guess. That's a terrif fmz. So is OOPSLA!, which I still have to send an article to. I am ashamed of mineselluf--

never having hit OOPS. Nor OPUS either, save for an occasional letter.

LYNN HICKMAN

Time again is short, so just a card. Received the October SF. Really swell!! It's fast becoming one of my favorite zines. The cover was extra good, although you were wrong in your belief that there had been no other air-brush covers. In the past years there were many. (See Bob Pavlat's collection in Hyattsville, Md.) Mimeo'ing again perfect, except that it shows thru page. You should use a slightly heavier paper. All material was excellent or at least interesting. I may send you some art work when I get time.

THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE COMPANY

I shall send you a copy of the next Q. Right now subscription is by invitation only, but after reading a copy of Sf I think that you are one of the fans who I would really like to have on Q's sub list. I will enclose an invitation to sub in your copy. If you want to join up, just return it with a buck.

You've been slightly misinformed. I'm not doing the flyers for the Disclave #3. I will merely distribute a number of them for the club.

I loves peaner bristol myself. Is you lately seen a new issue of Pogo comics? I haven't seen one since the Chicon. I think there should have been one and I would like to lay my grimy hands on one.

Went down to the great Okefenokee with Willis while he was here. Visited and tour-

ed the swamp, stopped for a while with a large group of alligators and then went down to Fort Mudge for a short visit. Much fun.

As to material from me....I have been in a really high and mighty writing slump since the Chicon, having produced a negligible quantity of fanzine stuff and practically no letters. So don't look for a Hoff-manuscript until you have it on stencils.

By the way, congratulations on being the first fanned I know of to have a Nexialist.

Did I comment on SF for you before? If not I do so now. The cover is a lovely thing. Very striking and very well done. Your column-puns are fine...I mean THE EDITORS RAGE, THE MOON SPOOL, BRASH CRACKS, etc.

As to silk screen covers, the most famous one I know of was on SNIDE #2 so long ago that only Harry Warner, Bob Tucker, and Forrest Ackerman remember it. It was a lovely thing too. Done in dark blue, red and silver, on light blue.

LARRY TOUZINSKY

Received your reply-Thanks. A few things in my last letter are out of date, so I thought I might as well correct them.

First.....FAN TO SEE is now THE MISSOURI FAN MONTHLY (MONTHLY? WE HOPE) and is the official organ of the MSFL.

We have named the club and changed the name of the fan zine. It will probably be a few months until the MFM comes out, I don't have any material for it yet but am waiting to hear from some of the fans I wrote. You

are on my mailing list, and will receive MFM when it is out.

I am planning to start a St. Louis Chapter of The MSFL, but at present, Venita and I are in the middle of redecorating our house, so I will have to wait until we get straightened out. Also I want to find a few other interested fans in St. Louis to help with it, before attempting to start it.

I imagine that SF will grace my mail box when I get home from work, tonight or tomorrow. I'll let you know how I like it.

TERRY CARR

Got SF the other day. Blamed good mag you've got there. You say you've never seen silk-screened covers on fanzines? Well, seems to me I remember SOL having one..... wasn't as good as yours, though. And I know for a fact that the first issue of my own fanzine, VULCAN, had one in three colors. But that costs too much money for us to keep every issue. Your cover, by the way, is excellent.

Inside the mag you've got some good stuff and some not-so-good stuff. I liked "The Wild Man", "An' Gab," "A La Convention"; thought "The Optimistic Fan", "What's With The Pros?", "Why Are The Editors?", "The Veiled Woman," "Preference Library", all fair; "This Revolving World," "Moon Spool," and "On The Trail Of Pogo" below average. "Sports Of Tomorrow" was excellent.

I'll send you the second issue of VULCAN in trade when it comes out. Expect to have it out about January or thereabouts. Monstrous 50-page Thing, that's the reason for the delay. Lots of cash needed to put it out.

SHELBY VICK

Wonderful cover. Color work is my specialty, but unfortunately you can't get results like that with mimmy-o. And I have no silk screen supplies. HOWEVER, the silk screen HAS been used before on fanzines. In appearance -- if there could only be a slight improvement on the art -- your zine tops any other mimmy-o job on the market. Neat.

Top two items -- A LA CONVENTION and AN' GAB.

Suggestions -- fifty pages, color on the inside, more & better interior art, less amateur lettering (pp 11, 18, 23, 30) more lettering guide and good hand-lettering like OO 14, mid-spread & PREFERENCE LIBRARY. One good columnist and somebody experienced at humor.

Do you want to kill me now, or shall I go on?...don't think I'll take the chance.

RICH BERGERON

Thanks loads for the copy of SF! If you can keep this up you'll soon be rivalling Oopsla! for its place in the #1 spot of the 7th fandom to come! The cover was marvelous both in layout and color. The Xtil idea used again to good effect. I'll be using it in the annish of Oops incidentally. Hope I can do as well as this. Liked the Wild Man muchly this time. Guess I wasn't looking for humor when I read the last one. Will read it over. The rest was quite good; with you writing the far better part of it! Got to go now.

CHEERIO

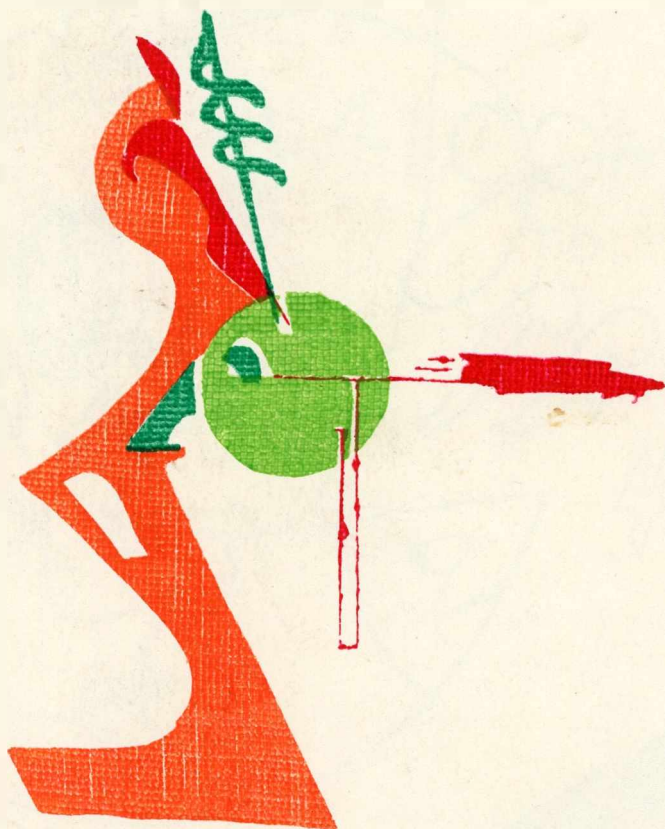
SEE YA NEXT
WEEK





GF

DEC.



1691