

SLANDER #1



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BURGE.

SLANDer is published and edited by Jan Sadler
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son 6, Mississippi.

Cost was previously announced as free. I humbly
and sorrowfully retract that, as I have to eat.
This copy is complimentary, if you wish to re-
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three. No subscriptions larger than three issues.

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manuscripts will be treated with the greatest
of care, but don't expect them back unless
postage is enclosed.

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this go-round: 100.

ADS: write me about it.

TRADE

TRADE?

SUBSCRIBE?

CONTRIBUTOR

CONTRIBUTE?

REVIEW OF YOU

REVIEW OF ME?

Wait'll I drag Edgar Allen Poe into this...

The long Beach fans will congregate here in another half-hour. I'll have to finish this letter sometime before then. We're gonna have a poker party... Had onelast Friday night; got to bed around 5:30 A.M. Didn'twake up till Saturday noon.

TERRY CARR, 134 Cambridge Street, San Francisco 12, California

All right, I'll pray for your soul... especially if you're jumping into this fanzine publishing business without first looking over the field. However, your letter doesn't sound like it comes from one with no experience in fandom. Usually the faned who hasn't studied the field first will write to a bunch of people whose names he's seen in letter columns and ask them for stories. Instead, you ask for articles (Where you got my name I wouldn't know) a very commendable decision. Fiction in fanzines is understandably frowned upon, considering the fiction that gets published.

A few hints on dittography might be in order here, since I imagine you haven't had much experience with the medium as yet. In typing up the master use either purple or blue, which reproduces darker, and gives more copies, too. Blue ispreferable because it looks nice. To correct mistakes, roll the sheet up inthe carriage, scrape off the offending word with a razor blade, slip a piece of carbon backin-between the carbon you were using and the page you're typing and go ahead. The carbon you slip in needn't be a full sheet; in fact, just big enough for the word you have to type. All the carbon on the first carbon sheet will have been taken off the first time you typed the word, which is what necessitates the extra piece of carbon. Leave the ribbon off the typerwriter while doing the masters, as this makes a sharper, clearer, impression (even though it plays hob with the sight as you try to see what you're typing.)

That's about the sum total of what I've learned about The Fannish Art of Dittography. You see, VULCAN is produced on a mimeo, and the only experience I've had with a ditto was in doing the masters for one ish of a smaller fanzine I put out. A friend of mine in Los Angeles (Pete Vorzimer) runs that fanzine off for me, so I wouldn't know a thing about the machine itself.

Incidentally, would you care to write something for me? I'm planning on running a regular feature on new fans, and it occurs to me you might be a candidate for the list. I'd like a short autobiography mentioning yourplans in fandom, your views on it, what contact you've had with sience fiction/fantasy etc. If you could have this in my hand soon I'll garuntee to get it into VULCAN #6 (That is, if I go through with the idea, which also depend on how many other fans will write their bits for me) All right?

I've been quietly observing fandom for several years, Terry, but have just now decided to go active.

Thanx for the ditto hints. I had been taking the ribbon off, like you said, and making a holy blue mess until discovering one day the "off" switch. Makes everything much simpler.

ANDY ANDERSON, 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana

Used to hear from you, but sorry. GARY ROEOLD is out of business. It may be continued some time in the future, but at the present time I just can't keep it up.

I'm afraid you didn't write a postcard asking about WAPA ((Yes I did, it only lost itself...with the aid of Uncle Sam's postal service (Which Larry later described as "The most mixed-up, unreliable, undependable, illiterate, imbecillie American institution-going"!!!), but I'll be glad to give you the particulars here.

The Whimsical Amateur Publishing Association is a loosely-knit organization of science fiction fiends, running in three month cycles. Each person has his own mailing date and mails out copies of his magazine to the other members of the club on that date. Dates are spaced either one or two weeks apart. This means you should get a zine in your mailbox each week, and sometimes two per week.

These are the general rules so far. All mailings must be plainly marked on the outside as WAPA material. Your mailing must be out within one week (either way) of your mailing date, or you receive no activity requirement. ((? - ed)) (Many extra mags have been out in just for the heck of it, but they receive no activity recognition. You must have 12 pages for every month you are in. You must have your activity requirements fulfilled every six months, or two cycles. No back-lagging, that is.

I'm the official dictator for the first six months...3 of which are already over. With the new year we start out on the second cycle. At the end of this one we hold elections.

We need members, frankly, and will be glad to have you. The dues are 25¢ per six months. Oh yes, an official organ is put out whenever we have news warranting it. Any change of schedule, or such information, is sent out to all members.

I'm printing Larry's letter as a sort of free advertisement for WAPA even though I think it's interesting in itself. Maybe I'm doing some real fountain pen favor. It took me about a year to learn exactly what an APA was anyway.

JOHN HITCHCOCK, in reply to a query.

"What does Godladh uramhail mean? It's pronounced Kulla oorawal, and that's as far as I'll go. As a matter of fact, I've forgotten what it means".

And then he signed his letter with "Mise le fir mheas ort",

Another one of my goofs. sent condolences to Bob Tucker over his injured hand.... Forgive me Bob (Both Tucker and Bloch).

RON ELLIK (Again?) Same address

The SFCOn? Ye ghods, how that story has spread. I walked merrily into a LASFS meeting last October, only one month after the affair, and somebody was telling somebody else how I had been caught by the FrisCops whilst sticking a beercan between the trolly tracks.

You can blame little Peter Vorzimer for this blatant gossip. It is true I threw a beercan (two, as a matter of fact) out of the window of room 1026 (my room; there were two other fans present) and was caught because the assistant manager had telepathy or something. Anyway, I was thrown out of the convention, and requested to return home. I did. I spent 36 glorious hours at that con, and really enjoyed myself more than I ever have before. From what I hear, it was a lousy convention. However, it was my first. I am still quite starry-eyed about the whole thing, and while I have resolved never to get that wild at a con again, I am still going to them with a happy outlook.

Vorzimer saw me being removed from the hotel, and wheedled the story out of one of the fans who was there. Vorzimer twisted the story, which fact I have on the word of said fan. From what I hear, ABstract #8 carried a photo of the beercan (retrieved from the streets of San Fran by V. Paul Nowell, one of the two fen in 1026) and a twisted version of the episode. I have not seen ABby #8 as Vorzimer did not condescend to send me a copy. I am slightly sick of the whole thing.

"It's not funny, but it's sincere" - Groucho Marx. YOU BET YOUR LIFE
Willis death hoax? Whew. THAT is a long story. To make it short...

There once was a young fan named Graham
Who felt the urge to create mayhem
But not in ce klasrum--
Rather, accross the Atlantic--
By preaching 'bout Willis' post-mortem.

Anyway, without poetry, Walt Willis was invited to come over from Ireland for the Chicago convention, Labor Day, 1952. Peter Graham saw a great chance to get egoboo. He hektographed up a small number of post-cards, announcing the death of Walt Willis, and sent them out. These created chaos because several people believed them. At the time, Lee Hoffman and Shelby Vick were taking a collection to finance Walt's visit here. Lee and Shelby wrote Ireland fanatically, trying to find out if it were true. WHY WEREN'T WE INFORMED?????

You know.

Anyway, it was he-- trying to convince fandom that Walt was still around. The fund suffered terrifically. Walt almost didn't have enough money on this side of the Atlantic to come over. (As you might know, money cannot be brought from England (Or north Ireland, which is part of England) to this country. So we had to donate the money to let him live over here for two weeks.)

That's about it... As an aftermath, Peter recently wrote Dean Grennell "I just realized that today is the third anniversary of the Willis Death Hoax. I'm trying very hard to forget the whole thing."

NAME



of a

NAME



By MICHAEL CHANDLER

A LETTER FROM HOME

Dear Maw and Paw,

I have arrive safely and you needn't woory. The trip hear was a little ruff but I made it alright. Some of the other fellows took it kinder ruff but I tole them it was not hardly anythang compaired to riding a mule when the mule is mad.

Climate is alright. The air is kinder thin and its cold but I don't mind. The gravity heer is liter so its easier to do work. One of the pore spidery little thangs fum Mucury like to have died fum it but he was took home so I guess is alright.

Food is okay but their ain't enuff of it. Them citty boys can not take a night of singin and Paws corn likker and was so sick they gave me their food. When I mentioned good solid breakfast food like ham and potatoes and steak they just turned green, I dont no why.

The training isn't to ruff. The running part is easy but the rest is kinder risky. The saergent was a kind of fumbel-fangers. He was showing us some kind of gun and he was showing us what not to do and he did it and all of a sudden the saergent wasnt there any more. The new saergent is reel keerful with guns now.

Enclosed is three hundred credits for the barn roof and Paws teeth. Them boys fum the citty cant shoot craps to beat shucks.

Well, that is about all I guess. I am feeling tard and will go lie down. Hoping you are the same,

Your son,

Lukie

On this note (sour, you say?) I'll close the column. My next forum will probably be "The sex-life of the toothpick: does it exist and what good does it do the toothpick?"

I thank you...

Chandler, that isn't enough! Oh, received the below a few days later with these instructions emblazoned across the top: "EXTRA COPY, AND MAY YOU CHOKE ON THE PUNS; BUT DON'T DALE CUT A SINGLE ONE!"

Okay. I'm not cutting the puns! For that you get a beautiful funeral. Here goes...mjs

Any of you fen care to play correspondence chess? The only decent player here is a junior Alkepine. ((Mike lives in the wilds of East Texas. Address on request.--ed)) He makes up these odd lines of play that fool you. Ghokk. Good chessplayers are rare these days; the game takes a certain inventive turn of mind, a talent for following the book but knowing how to alter the book to fit the situation. The masters get all the excitement out of chess, but the good amateurs have all the fun.

What with the way Walt Willis has been diefied as Ghod, ((Haven't you heard? Ellison is Ghod now! --ed)) it's gotten so the Irish Sea is being called the Rhiver Jhordan. The Bnf's are coming fast and thick. In some cases it's an overnight transformation. ((Yep, Ellison--ed)) You can't keep up with it. This sort of thing is okay so long as stf isn't buried in the fanac. Let's hope not. Nhot, I mean.

More and more stories these days seem to be written on the alternate universe these. One that hasn't been explored very thoroughly is the idea of the Roman Empire remaining stable. The Roman empire, at its height, was a huge network of nations held together by Rome's peacetime force. The period known as pax romana brought on a flurry of road-building and growth of cities that might have continued, had the empire not fallen. The moral degradation, of course, was a major contributing factor. Between that and the building of Constantinople the empire finally breathed it's last. The moral issue has its defects as an argument, however. It is a slightly morethan annoying fact ((To who, the Romans?--ed)) that Rome made most of its contributions after it had become corrupted. Actually, the fall was the combined effects of a number of causes. One of them could provide several "if's" for stories. Such as, the technological backwardness of Rome. The invention of a valve in the blast-furnace could have revolutionized the iron industry. No such invention occurred, however. Scorn of the basic mechanical arts was a part of Roman cultural tradition. Rome sponged off the luxurious east, to the detriment of its technology; the aristocrats shunned deep thinking and manual labor; the businessmen had their eyes turned toward naught but making money; and the workers were sadly lacking in inventive ability. Had several significant inventions come about the present might be quite different indeed. But, at any rate, the chain of Athens to Sparta, to Phillip of Macedon to Rome ended in a dead-end alley. And any writer who can't wring a story out of that is sadly deficient in the literary skills.

Rog Phillips had a thing in UNIVERSE recently about the Egyptians. It seems that due to sister-marrriage they became very inbred. One pharoah had a sister four feet eleven. He called he "Short 'n inbred. . ."

(continued under AFTER THE ATOM)

Due to a lack of co-operation from Peter Vorzimer (he didn't send it) the previously announced article by him will not appear at this time. Sooo, instead of listening to the Sage from SoCal, we talk about him in

THE SCRATCHPAD

By BURT BEERMAN

Within the past three weeks I have received the latest issues of two publications that are sure to arouse a great deal of interest wherever science-fiction fans gather. The names of these efforts are Abstract and Dimensions.

That the aforementioned publications are presided over by fans Peter Vorzimer and Harlan Ellison, respectively, is a fact apparent to all who are in the least way familiar with Fandom. Why, then have I not called these two magazines fanzines, although their material is prepared for the enjoyment and edification of fans? Simply, because I do not feel either of these publications do not qualify as fanzines.

I do not deny the excellent quality of the two magazines. I recognize the editorial gifts of both these people, Vorzimer and Ellison, and I certainly cannot deny the wonderful choice of material included in Abstract #8 and Dimensions #15. The former features such items as an article by a gifted writer, E. Everett Evans, expanded from a speech that he gave before a west coast Rotary group; candid and enjoyable columns by Robert Bloch, Dean Grennell, Terry Carr, and Bob Stewart; diverse material by Harlan Ellison, Irene Baron, Bill Rotsler, Ronnie Cobb, Jim Bradley, The Readers, and the editor; and all forty-eight pages are lithographed in the finest manner. The Ellison effort includes fiction, features, and verse by such stellar lights as Poul Anderson, Ray Nelson, and a host of artists that are new, at least to this writer.

I said earlier that these two publications were not, in my opinion, to be considered as fanzines. These magazines, however, in quality and in reading enjoyment, must take their place head and shoulders above the rest of the magazines that fans read and write for--namely, the other ones.

II.

I must reiterate the thesis that Abstract and Dimensions are not fanzines. I feel that the difference between these publications and the average fanzine is the treatment of material, which consequently reflects in the editorial attitude.

Abstract is lithographed. It is this artistically gratifying feature that removes Peter Vorzimer's magazine from the class of "fanzine". No matter how many fans contribute material to this publication, it has ceased to be, in my eyes, a fanzine. There is something in the lithographed appearance that forfeits the feeling of spontaneity which is so very present and so very important in a fanzine.

The cover of Dimensions bears this notation, "August-October 1954" I am writing this column in March; the issue of Dimensions in question came two days ago. Again, I find an example of spontaneity lost. In the case of Dimensions, I have another objection: Harlan Ellison seems to be aiming at two audiences. One of these is Fandom as we know it; the other audience is a fandom composed of professional talent. It follows then that to interest the "other" fandom, the group of professionals, it is necessary to print material by them. So, demon knight appears with "Gardylou", a collection of book reviews. This is all right, considering how erudite these reviews are. This is not all right when one sees that there is a regular section of book reviews conducted by Editor Ellison and the terribly incompetent Andre Norton. To appease his "second" audience Ellison has forfeited the essential balance of his publication. There are more and longer book reviews than any single feature in the magazine.

In an earlier issue Ellison publishes an article by Fletcher Pratt which I felt was incompetently written. This attitude of mine was borne out when it came to light that not only was Pratt's writing wrong, but his facts were moreso. Again Ellison brought in a Big Name Professional, and all that the professional did was to wipe his feet on the carpet and leave. Then, I suppose, Ellison picked up the dirt. Pratt is free with dirt; Ellison is often gullible.

But never-do-wells like Andre Norton and Fletcher Pratt are decidedly in the minority. Sturgeon, Anderson, and the other professionals approach their minor obligation to Ellison with far more skill and integrity. The result, as a whole, is quite pleasing.

III.

Earlier, in discussing Abstract, I used the term "artistically gratifying." I feel that "artistic gratification" is an important factor, and very much so, in all forms of artistic endeavor. And who is to deny that putting out a magazine is an artistic endeavor?

However, the strides that an amateur publisher makes toward artistic perfection and gratification at the sight of a job well-done are often such that the young artist oversteps his goal. This, I feel, has been the case with Harlan Ellison and Peter Vorzimer.

This is more apparent in Ellison than Vorzimer. Peruse a copy of Dimensions; notice the even right-hand margin, consistent throughout the magazine; observe some of the best artwork I have seen in a mimeographed publication, and read the poetry



obtainable in a magazine of non-professional status. Ellison puts his heart onto his magazine, it seems. Each time I turn a page of the Ellison masterpiece I can picture the hours of labor expended by HE in the preparation of this issue. With all this fervent effort Dimensions transcends Fandom; that is to say, the attitude with which Ellison approaches his magazine is more akin to that with which an artist approaches his canvas. For a hobby, and I feel that Fandom is a hobby, to take on this appearance of dead-seriousness is not beneficial to anyone in the long run. What little editor and reader alike get in artistic gratification is immaterial when editor and reader become aware of that Certain Something which, all at once, is missing.

IV.

I feel that it is necessary to clarify some points concerning the essay that you have just read. The reason Ellison and Vorzimer were their topic of discussion was that I am more familiar with recent issues of their publications than I am with ones issued by, for example, Orma McCormick, Dick Geis, or Ken Kraeger. In the case of the latter three, similar attitudes probably prevail.

I am also aware that my commentary can at possibly be construed several different ways, some adverse to the editors discussed. It is only fair, then, that I append to my article the addresses where you can get the above-mentioned publications. They are: Dimensions % 12701 Shaker Blvd. (apt. 616) Cleveland 20, Ohio; and Abstract % Peter Vorzimer, 104 Toyon Hall, University of California at Santa Barbara; Goleta, California. Read them; make your own comments about what I have said above concerning the two magazines and forward them to this magazine, where I am sure the editor would be willing to publish them. (Sure. JAH) There are, I feel, a few questions that have been left unanswered. These are so either because I did not feel qualified to write on them, or because they have little bearing on the thesis of this article. Perhaps you could be the ones to answer them. Or, maybe, the subjects of the essay will speak up in their defense.

EDITORIAL YAPPINGS

No more apologies, quit shuddering. This rag will get to you as soon as I can make it, and no sooner. Will say though, that for my next issues I have free access to a very good ditto.

After May 1st Lynn Hickman's address will be 200 W. Huron Street, Albion, Michigan.

I hope you enjoy the three Atlanta correports further on back. Perhaps I'm making a mistake by running them all (it's never been done before, to my knowledge) but they are so essentially different very few views will overlap.

For SLANDER #2 I have artwork by Jerry Burge, Lynn Hickman, and DEA. Article by Frank Dietz, Bob Farnam, maybe Randy Brown, and the columns by Perry, Chandler and Nock. The review question has been settled. Stu will do them with Thom writing a more or less orthodox-type peer. Still send all zines to be reviewed to me; I like to read them. JAH



DEEP SPACE

Terry Carr

They call it deep space?
Out here;
Yet there is nothing
Deep
About it.
Space is an infinity
of distance
Not of depth.
Ask any astronomer
How deep space is.
He will say:
Go back to your textbooks
Read them
Then you will know
Don't bother me
With silly questions.
But I've been here a year,
And I think I have
The answer.
They call this deep space
Because
It IS deep.
Sometime
go out on the meteor-pocked
Surface of the moon;
Look up
Out
At the stars
Small pinpoints of brilliance
How far, how far away?
Stay out there awhile;
gaze at those distant suns
And let your mind roam free
You will see what they mean
By
Deep Space

AFTER THE A J 9 M

BY THOM PERRY

No one is splitting infinitives!

I suppose I shall be called an alarmist for saying "no one". Actually I meant very few people are splitting infinitives. There are quite a few intelligentzia who occasionally indulge in this sport; but, as for the average man, practically no infinitives are being split.

This is shocking. Usually when an authority on grammar tells us how to correctly use the English language, Americans politely ignore the expert and continue to dangle participles and use who for whom.

But very few people are splitting infinitives!

Of course it may be argued that a majority of the American people don't know how. (In fact, there are probably several people now reading this who are pretending they know what an infinitive is. Excuse me while I look it up) But this is a weak argument. After all, there are quite a few folk who don't know there is such a thing as a subjunctive mood, but nevertheless consistently fail to use it. (?)

(I know I must be sounding horribly learned in this little piece, what with talking about moods, and participles, and whom, but all the credit goes to a five-inch English professor who is sitting on the edge of the desk. He is telling me all sorts of things to say, and after I finish typing this I shall have to look up all these words in a dictionary to see if they really mean anything. If they do I won't send this in.) ((Well?? --ed))

So why aren't we splitting infinitives?

Perhaps it can all be blamed on the educational system. Today, little attention is being paid to infinitive-splitting. Instead, teaching in our public school is directed toward such worthless subjects as solid geometry, hollow geometry, and mixing dry martinis. (I wonder if I should have put that worthless: the English professor sitting on my desk said to use it, and I suppose he knows what he is talking about.)

But where-ever the blame may fall, great benefits are being lost by our lack of infinitive-splitting. Russia is probably far ahead of us in this important field. Imagine the huge quantity of damage that could be inflicted by an infinitive bomb! And yet, unless the government has somehow managed to keep it a secret from the Mighty Midget on my desk, the United States is doing no research on this project? Why is this?

The answer is obvious: the people have "reached no interest in it. If Americans were out splitting infinitives in laboratories secreted away in basements, the federal men would clamp down on it with investigations, and TV, and in no time we would have jet transports testing bombs in the Pacific Ocean and fishermen being killed by the debris.

Within ten or twenty years infinitive piles would light all the houses on the left side of the Mississippi River - - or the right side, depending on which way you were facing when they throw the switch. Space rockets, airplanes, ships and maybe even washing machines would be run by ~~the~~ this great new source of power. . .

Anyway, that's what this English professor says

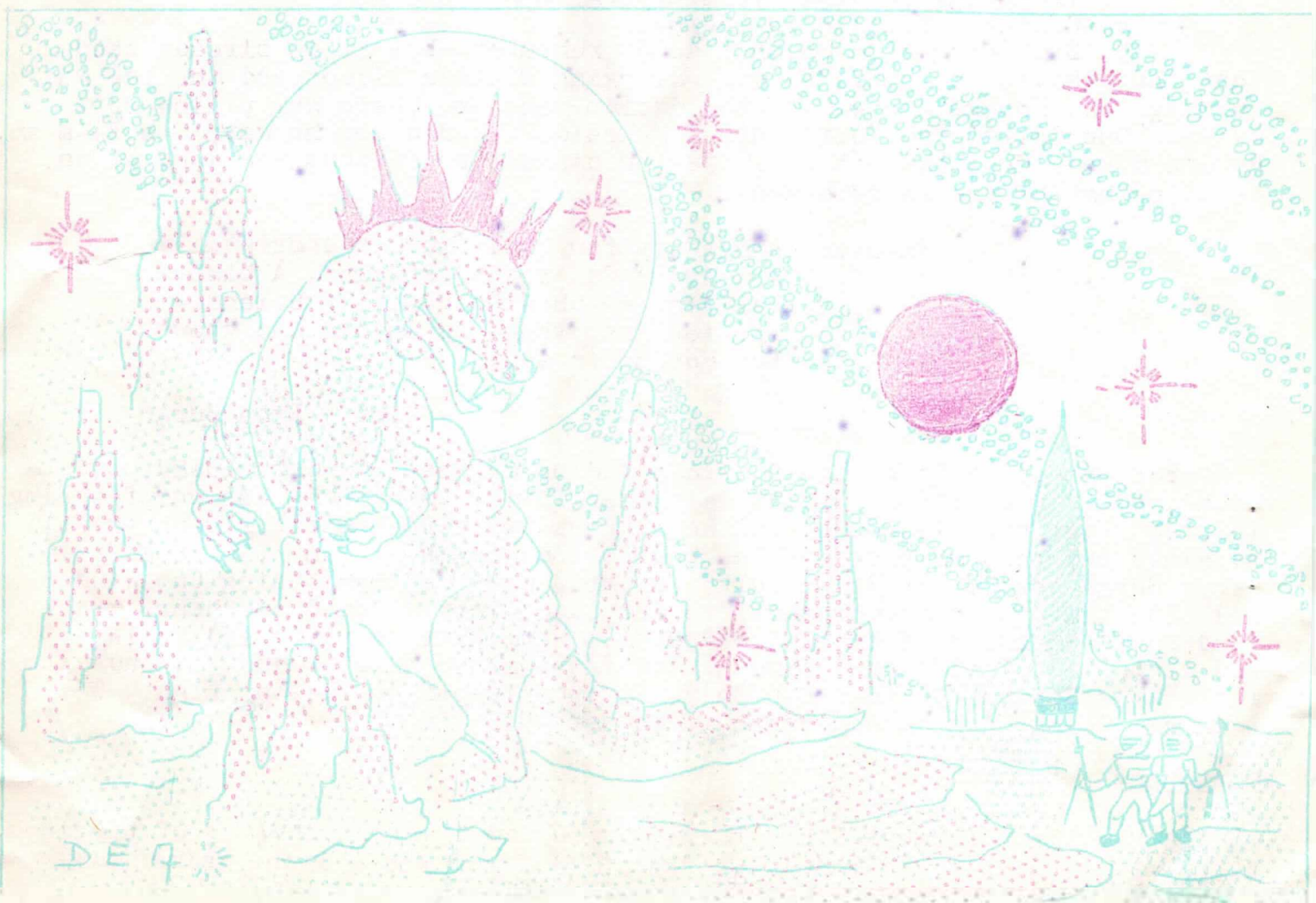
- Thom Perry

(NAME OF A NAME...continued)

Many more puns like that and I may get threatening letters. (you deserve them) A little extra in the way of mayhem:

A martian miss going to Vassar
is knitting an antimicassar
To lure her professor to love and caress her-
And possibly even to pass her!

- Michael Chandler



THE FLASHBOOK IN SURREALISM



BY FRED CRAPPELL

I think there were four of us on this bed: Ian Macaulay, Frank Dietz, Jan Sadler, and myself. Dietz was talking to Jan about the difficulty of recording conventions, and I was making a list of records that she should buy:

1. The Rites of Spring
2. Concerto for Orchestra (Bartok) .
3. Transfigured Night (Schoenberg)
4. Concerto for Violin (Berg)
5. Something else which I don't remember, but it is already seen

that the list is not good. We were drinking Dietz's liquor and the ice was running low. Knock, knock, and the iceman came in. There was pillow-soft quiet. "One dollar and four cents," he said. I could see he wasn't a fa-a-an. No one moved. He sneered. I could feel his sneer as he shut the door. I was certain that he wasn't a fa-a-an.

Fa-a-an: A mystery fan reads murder stories.
A western fan reads westerns. A baseball fan watches baseball. A Science-fiction fan, then, is anyone who knows Lee Hoffman's sex.

---Jerry Lynn Burge

But the party began again. I was riding my Phaeton, Stravinsky, as usual, with an occasional shift into the glories of Bartok. Jan was feigning interest, but her glasses belied her; Frank was more honest. I went to fill my glass and lost my place on the bed to someone, so I went to listen to Jerry Burge and Carson Jacks talk. But they were saying nothing but wisdom. And lips that touch wisdom shall never touch mine. I could overhear strickland on the glories of dianetics. Barf. I went back to Dietz and Sadler, and we talked of life on the moon, the Venus mirror: is it dust? clouds? ice? "It's Superman," said Don Baird, a drunk reporter. He was right. We toasted. Clink. A nice juggernaut-type party. But a

FLASHBACK

to 415 Pavillion Street, S.E. I was surrounded by spiny shelves of prozines. A very good collection of Amazing, FA, Startling, and all the Palmer magazines

Jerry Burge is a Rap fan. He believes in the personality of Rap, and thinks that few people have done as much for stf. This is possibly true. Palmer is the perennial enthusiast, more so than Moskowitz, if such a thing is conceivable. We talked of Palmer. In his room it was nice and cool and quiet. His father came in to see if we were hungry. We weren't. Carson Jacks called Jerry with more orders for

THE IMMORTAL STORM
A History of Science Fiction Fandom
By Sam Moskowitz

{Here follows a half-page ad for this honored classic. It was duly omitted.mjs}

Burge and I sat and looked at each other. Neither said much. I knew that we wouldn't before I called. We both speak much better via correspondence. I liked that house; it was as quiet as

SUNDAY

when (*) "Sunday was a comparatively quiet day -- you didn't miss anything. Le Papa acted as toastmaster at the banquet, and a resolution was passed under Bob Madle (pretty difficult way to do it) naming Charlotte as next year's consite. We left; the Charlotte club left; and Dietz was still mooning over Masterson. Ah well." {+ quote from an mjs letter.}

BACK TO THE PARTY:

Vic Waldrop drank so much he became the defunct editor of the defunct Alien. Bill Green, a Charlotte fan, was in the same bad way. Bob Madle and the Charlotte club had come in and were playing poker on my cot. Strickland had moved to parts unknown. Bob Shrader was talking of the sexy foreign movies he showed in his theater. All the Charlotte gang were nice guys. Some of the ones I can remember are: Ish House, Bob Shrader, Bill Green, Thomas Someone, and of course Bob Madle. Earlier in the evening Madle sold about \$50 worth of Weird Tales. He could afford to play poker. We went out for hamburgers. We came back. More hell was raised. The elder Sadler came in (was called in) and was soon telling the oldest jokes I had ever heard. Carson and Jerry left for bed. We went to Mac's, a newstand down the street. I picked up a third edition of Skylark. Others were buying in that dusty attic where nothing is ever thrown away. Back to the street. Cold air. I heard my heart ticking. I could feel the numbers around my face. I said

"Sometimes I wish I weren't a clock."

and stepped into the gutter. We went back to the Dinkler-Plaza at snailspace.

Walt Guthrie, all of him, the South's greatest cartoonist, had come in. We began on Kenton, whom I hate, and went to Knitz, whom I like. Jan left in a perplexity. {I was sleepy} Madle left on roller skates. We went on to Brubeck. I went on to bed, Strickland slept on the floor. Ian {pronounced Eean} didn't sleep; he worried the night (5 am to 6 am) away about the Cincinnati crowd, who never got there. At 5:30 am he went to check the lobby and greet the throng of stf enthusiasts. I didn't. Don Baird decided to become a stf fan. He slept between two chairs, his nether end scraping the floor.

The next morning we took the 25 foot monster from the closet and hung it in the Sky Room. It said 1ST ANNUAL SOUTHEASTERN SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION. I didn't answer it. This sign was handmade by Jerry Burge who worked on it for three straight years. Then we set up the registration desk. The throng did not arrive. Things ho-hummed along for a while. Cogswell came. He, Elder Sadler, Frank Dietz, and I went to eat. Cogswell said that he valued Tandon's opinion. I asked about stf and literature. His speech was on that. He said we needed literate writers to write literature. Dietz told him of the New York group's troubles. Everybody talked about the New Ellison. We went back. A 90-year-old stf reader of Atlanta arrived. Cogswell gave his speech because the program had started. First Ian gave one. After Cogswell a scientist gave one. I ran into Russ Watkins and Charles Wells. We shall meet them at the

PARTY

that went on that night. It was even better than Friday night's. For a while it was quiet. Then everyone bubbled like a saxophone. Dewey Scarborough and his wife were the backbone of the party till they left. Then Cogswell and Dietz were; then it was Sadler and Cogswell. Vieve Masterson came in with a telegram from Shakespeare. Things are getting mixed up. So

FLASHBACK

to sanity. To Dewey Scarborough's room. It is quiet here. Dewey is showing me the plans for a new house, whereby the roof is supported by the window frames. The house looks beautiful on paper. Mrs. Scarborough comes in; tall, and cool, and pretty, with two mild drinks. We talk quietly of Galaxy, of Jose Farmer, of Dewey's house, of the Atlanta club. Occasionally we pause to listen to the nothing. Nice. So let's try the

PARTY

again. Perhaps chronology will help. Frank Dietz and I went out and bought the mixer. We stopped by Bob Farnam's room and told him to come on up. Dewey was bringing the liquor that he and I had bought before the auction. I mixed a drink for myself and Helen (Mrs. Scarborough). In came Madle with Charlotte and Cogswell. The party started. Frank called Vieve Masterson; she said that she would come. Jerry was there, but left soon. Jen and Wayne were lying on a bed. I went to disturb them. We were talking of telepathy. Elder Sadler and Cogswell were talking of. Dewey was talking of. Russ and Charles were talking of. Don Baird was drunk. Walt Guthrie and Sheila X left.

Doc Barrett called. He had broken his ankle and couldn't make it. Don Ford was keeping him company. I told him I was sorry. I was. I was even more sorry that Ian wasn't in to take the call. I don't know Doc or the Atlanta club well enough to discourse on them and Doc was evidently interested. I went back to Jan. She has read Eliot and written poetry. Now she is going to edit a fms. Soon she will read Imagination and complete the degeneration. Suddenly we are in John Rose's car. Rose, Dietz, Masterson, Cogswell, Baird, Jan and myself. We are after coffee. It is 6 am. We go a long way. We go back. I take Jan to her room where Elder lies sleeping. I push the key through the door. (Like Harmon?) I am wishing I weren't a wall. I turn away and suddenly for a moment I am not. Then I go to our room. Ian is outside. Strickland has locked the door and gone to sleep. But if I will crawl out on the window ledge and go through the window we can get in. I wish I weren't drunk. I wish it weren't the 11th floor. It's high...ooo...

---Chappell. of the grey shirt

(or)

HOW TO SEND A BEER-CAN TO THE MOON

by charles wells



Russ Watkins and I went together to Atlanta on the train, and arrived Saturday afternoon, several hours after the convention officially started. However, we came into the first session only a few minutes late and got in on the tail end of the usual opening introductions, over which Robert A. Madle presided. The program was then turned over to Theodore R. Cogswell, the biggest pro there. As a matter of fact, he was almost the only pro there. He made a speech on a rather dull subject: the view of science fiction taken by non-sf periodicals. One was inclined to say, "Well, after all, anyone could go into a library and look all that up." But he did a far more thorough job than most people would, and he made it more interesting. A pity a more meaty subject couldn't have been chosen.

One of the odd points brought out by the speech was that the more liberal publications ("liberal" in the Vito Marcantonio sense, not the Whig sense) generally take a more favorable view of sf. This is riddles with exceptions, but I got the impression that the further leftward a publication goes, the more favorable to sf it becomes. No one else seems to have noticed this -- not even Cogswell.

After a fifteen-minute intermission, wherein I renewed old acquaintances, made a few new ones, and took some pictures (I had brought along my Argus box camera loaded with Tri-X film intending to take available-light pictures -- and out of 24 badly lit pics, 12 came out!) A man named Dr. Harold W. Ritchey of a company in Alabama which manufactures chemicals and rocket fuel gave an extremely interesting talk about sending a beer-can to the moon. The most remarkable thing about it was that he proposed using solid fuel. It would seem people -- and fans in particular -- have a definite predjudice in favor of liquid propellants. One is constantly seeing mention of "the obsolete solid-propellants" and "liquid propellants: the only kind even remotely practicable for a moon rocket." Contrarily, Ritchey admits that liquid-propellants are as efficient as solid-propellants, but have many advantages that liquid-propellants don't have and lack many disadvantages of liquid-propellants. He especially mentioned the complicated plumbing, control meters, and delicate valves one needs for liquid-propellant -- and which add weight. A solid-propellant rocket is much simpler and lighter, since the fuel's burning practically controls itself.

He proposed that the final (and smallest) stage of a five-stage rocket (with solid fuel) consist of five beer cans, four pointing backward and one forward. The four pointing backward would merely be used as extra propulsion toward the moon; the forward-pointing one as a breaking device. The ship would be only 20-30 feet high (compared with the 1500-ft. man-carrying liquid-propellanters) and ten of them would cost only about \$100,000. (I suppose he didn't just say one would cost \$10,000 because expenditures progressively lowered as each successive one was built. The average of the first ten built would be \$10,000.)

The comments and questions on this speech lasted for an hour or more, and it obvious that this was the high- point of the convention for many people. In both the Atlanta and Savannah papers the writeup headlines were about sending beer cans to the moon, and not about the convention itself.

One hundred thousand dollars for ten rockets! That's less than the cost of a TV Spectacular!

One person, after Richey's speech, asked him if he knew whether the USA is building a moon-rocket now, or contemplating one. Richey pleaded secrecy regulations as an excuse for not answering this question, which is exciting to the average science fiction fan, for he would not have pleaded secrecy if our country had no plans at all of this type, would he?

After this, Russ and I visited Ian Macauley's room for a while. I think the entire Atlanta group, and many others, were there then-- and at the party after the auction half the convention was there, I think. Macauley was the perfect host during this visit (The one between the end of the first session and the beginning of the auction, I mean) --he slept through most of it. A certain Wayne Strickland was also asleep during this gathering. I must say he disappointed me no end; or perhaps he pleased me no end: he was not at all like the Wayne Strickland who attended the San Francisco thing and kicked up such an alleged ruckus. He was not a drunk disgusting disorderly delinquent at all. No, as a matter of fact, the first time I saw him he was fast asleep, and during the rest of the con he was calm, cool, collected, and equipt.

At the auction, which Ian perspired mightily to enliven, I bought two pictures--originals: one by Enshwiller from SFS ("The Ear Friend") and the other by Cavet, along with the ms, from the May Galaxy ("The Aggravation of Elmer"). The latter was purchased only after a quite protracted bidding period with David Sadler (about whom more anon) for the amazing total of 55¢. The Ensh I got for 50¢ first bid. I sold the ms for the Cavet illo to Watkins for 5¢. After all, what use is a scrap of paper with hatched-over typing on it when I can read the same thing in a much neater form in the magazine itself?

Mr. Sadler wanted this picture very badly to excite comment by hanging it on his office wall, but I liked it extremely well myself (and besides, it was the same size as the Ensh illo and my bedroom has twin beds for them to be hung over) and wouldn't let it out of my hot little clutches--tho he kept dogging me for it all through the con. (alcoholic beds?)

After the auction came the party in Ian's room.

The wasn't a Smoke-Filled Room--Fred Chappell was the only one doing much smoking and he was unable to fill up the whole room by himself--but it was a good party nevertheless. All through the night we discussed serious subjects such as philosophy, poetry, and the Theater.

1 One must preserve one's alliterations.

THE ATLANTA AFFAIR

by russell k. watkins



Charles Wells and I departed Savannah at 7:30 on the 2nd of April on THE NANCY HANKS II headed toward Atlanta, Georgia. We had fannish conversation on the way and Charles kept worrying if there were any other fans on the train. We perused the dull faces for a sign of fan-type personality but located none. We arrived at Atlanta at 1:30. Luckily our psi powers were working that day, for we came directly upon the Dinkler-Plaza Hotel entrance without any wasted motion--gave or take a few blocks. We were late, as the Con had started at 10:00 that morning, but upon checking the program found that we had only missed Ian Macaulay's welcome address and the majority of the introduction of Celebrities. However, we arrived at the tail end of the introductions and got our names mentioned. Mr. Robert Madle, president of the Charlotte, N.C. Science Fiction club and author of INSIDE SCIENCE FICTION (a column appearing regularly in SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY) did the lengthy honors.

I was surprised to learn the next speaker, Theodore R. Cogswell, was from my home state, and is simultaneously occupied in being a well-known science fiction author and professor of English at the University of Kentucky in Lexington, Ky. Cogswell gave a very entertaining lecture on science fiction.

CRITICS OF SCIENCE

FICTION. He had done much research on science fiction in out of the way periodicals and quoted the number that had appeared since 1939, along with excerpts to show how sci had become more recognized in the past few years. Strange as it seems, a left-wing periodical gave one of the best reviews. The talk was very interesting, and Ted has a fine manner of speech. But then, I guess most any university teacher should have. Mainly he has a very intriguing personality. We talked much in the part held later that night and he showed himself a fan as well as a writer and teacher.

Next on the Saturday afternoon program was Dr. Harold W. Ritchey of the THIOKOL CHEMICAL CO., Huntsville, Alabama. Dr. Ritchey is the assistant manager and technical director of the firm. It was very apparent that Dr. Ritchey was the most liked person on the whole program. His talk on HOW TO GET A BEERCAN TO THE MOON, complete with slides, was indeed the most interesting lecture I have heard in many a moon. Ritchey proposed a five stage solid propellant moon rocket, and received the most publicity in the local newspaper and here in Savannah, too, as that was the only mention of the Conference in Savannah papers. He certainly knew his subject, as a question and answer session came up afterwards and he glibly answered all questions except one concerning future plans for space travel which was classified by the government. His method of speaking was warm and his presentation showed he had a wonderful sense of humor.

All except the Four Squares (Jerry Burge, Carson Jacks, RussWatkins, and myself) got quietly drunk while the tone of the conversation didn't change once. I know, for the first three hours I sat on the bed listening to all the conversations going on at once and collected interlineations. I didn't collect many, so finally gave up and entered the conversation myself.

During much of the party Wayne Strickland and Jan Sadler (David Sadler's daughter) --{deleted}--{Sorry, Charles} and read fanzines. I felt that both of them have the true fannish spirit and I intend to encourage them as much as possible to stay actifans. While everyone else avoided the subject of fandom; though they touched on stf occasionally, these two appeared avidly interested in it. There are not many people that way. Now that they both have their own fanzines, I am hoping they will stay in fandom as long as Tucker or someone.

Fandom to me is a precious thing--I am a fandom fan, not a stf fan--and if someone asked me whether I would give up stf or fandom if I had to make a choice, I know immediately which I would forego: stf.

Wayne was disappointed that he didn't meet Lee Hoffman. I can't say the same about Lee Hoffman, for after all, she has already met Lee Hoffman.

Dave Sadler, Franklin Dietz, and Fred Chappell were other new acquaintances of mine. All these people are interesting to talk with; you can't say that about just any three people you meet, you know. After this convention I am prepared to argue with anyone who says fans are no different from anyone else. They are. They are interesting conversationalists, and they seem to have a healthier outlook on life.

Theodore Cogswell had some very interesting remarks to make about poetry to Jan which I had the good luck to be in on (Chappell, who writes metrical verse like I do, was there too). Cogswell's advice to Jan about her free verse was a great help to me. His comments showed that I am not a poet at all: I am a prosodist. This was a great revelation and a relieving one. I no longer have to worry because I don't have a "tension" inside of me to write poetry, like most poets. I do have a tension to express myself which other people apparently don't have, but this feeling is satisfied by prose as well as verse. The only thing verse does that prose does not is to satisfy my mathematical sense. Now I needn't worry whether I am expressing my inner thoughts or not. Now that I know my interest is in prosody and not poetry perse, all I need to strive for is physical beauty in my verse--which is quite a thing in itself!

Going to a convention can affect one's entire life, you know?

There were no loud (or soft) arguments, fights, or practical jokes, no disturbance of the peace of any kind all through the convention. Sweetness and Light prevailed incessantly, with no internal or external feuds to mar things. This, I think--this and the amazingly fannish spirit in the air--made this convention unique, although I have never been to any other, contrary to the dastardly rumors spread that I went to SF. It was a strangely wonderful and a wonderfully strange gathering. They even said grace at the banquet.

Charles is writing up a report too, so I don't know just what details he is going to cover but I suppose you can read both and get a general picture of our views of the con. Unfortunately, the Cleveland group failed to show up and their part of the program had to be canceled, along with a portion of ours too, since Ellison was to be moderator on a panel called WHAT IMPACT DOES THE FANZINE HAVE ON PRO FIELDS.

Charles and I were both to participate, but I cancelled, perhaps wisely, the thing when Cleveland failed to show. Another unfortunate occurrence was that Doc Barrett sprained his ankle on a pogo stick (so help me, it was in the newspaper) and was unable to attend. That left the banquet without a toastmaster. David Sadler of Jackson, Mississippi (an oil man) took over on fifteen minutes notice and did admirably considering his inexperience and the last minute request. I think we shall hear more from Mr. Sadler and his daughter, Jan Sadler, who is publishing a fanzine soon. Mr. Sadler has an interesting personality and it was strange to see a man of his wealthy status sitting barefoot on the floor of a hotel room with cigar in mouth and glass in hand conversing with fans in true smoke-filled-room policy. I understand that his assets run into the hundred of thousands, tho of course that isn't verified except by the nature of the conversation. I expect Jan's fanzine to be printed in gold ink on parchment paper. ((Sorry.)) Jan is only fifteen years old but shows remarkable intelligence for her age. Mr. Sadler wasn't able to sustain the banquet for the said five hours and it broke up at 2:00 PM. I missed the Saturday night session, which was the auction. Small attendance gave the ASFO committee a meager return. I came back with a 1933 Weird Tales for 50¢. Two Virgil Finlay's went for \$2 and \$2.50. Galaxy provided most of the originals and Bob Madle gave a lot of old magazines. I also bought an original manuscript by Robert Arthur. His copy isn't very clean. Maybe his name sells. This one is "The Aggravation of Elmer" from May '55 Galaxy.

Afterwards was the usual smoke-filled room party lasting all night. This one was quite different from reports of room parties held at other cons. Even tho most everyone drank a lot no one became objectionable, and everyone (even those practically drunk) conversed as intelligently as if they hadn't been drinking at all. There were a multitude of subjects discussed: from flying saucers and mental telepathy on down to families and story-writing. The most interesting personality at the convention was Ted Cogswell. He sold the first story he ever wrote, "The Specter General", to ASF. He says he doesn't have to do much re-writing and types with two fingers.

The most friendly person I met was Carson Jacks of the Atlanta Club. He has a warm manner and I only wish I could afford to buy a copy of "The Immortal Stern" from him. He's in charge of sales. The book is beautifully done, well bound and certainly worth the price. If you haven't a copy write to Carson Jacks; ASFO Press, 713 Coventry Road; Decatur; Georgia. It sells for \$5, has a jacket by Paul and has a professional text-book type binding. ((Why is everybody so anxious to plug this thing?))

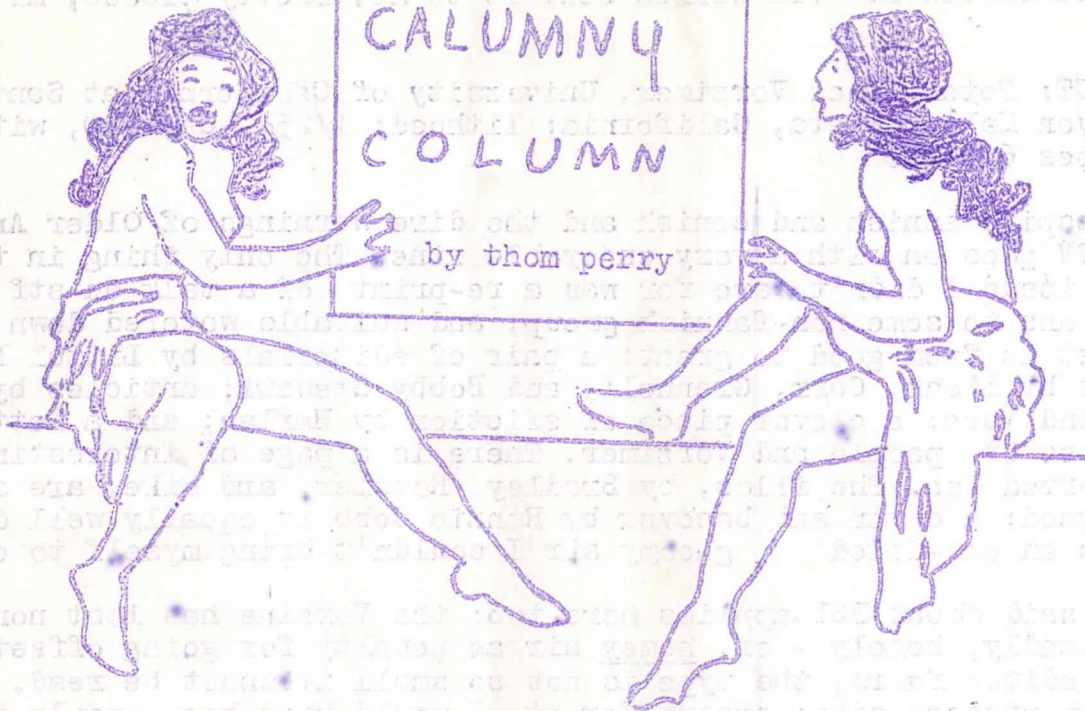
Robert A. Madle was one of the biggest BNF's present, having been fanning since '57 or thereabouts. He is mentioned many times in "The Immortal Storm" along with appearing in several photos. He now writes for SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY.

There were three budding romances at the conference. Jan Sadler was followed about by Wayne Strickland, who seems to be a very nice boy. I can hardly believe these reports of him from San Fran. He didn't take a drink, as far as I know, and will make a good fan; complete with a fanzine to be issued soon. (VIEING; Building 115, Apt. C, US Naval Base, New Orleans 14, La.) Franklin Dietz, from L. I., was chasing Vieve Masterson, an actress from Birmingham, Ala. who arrived at 2:30 in the morning. The other affair was a reverse chase between Walt Guthrie and someone named Rose.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

Ian Macauley kept so busy worrying about the con business activities and the financial end that I don't think he enjoyed himself. # The Atlanta group did a fine thing in sponsoring Bob Farnam's trip from Dalton, Georgia. He is totally deaf and can't read lips, but he told me even tho he couldn't hear what was going on he enjoyed himself just the same. I believe he did and maybe moreso. He took many pictures of the affair, and if you're interested his address is 203 Mountain View Drive, Dalton, Ga. #My one disappointment was the banquet food. I expected more than a piece of roast beef and vegetables for \$3.50. The hotel management certainly didn't lose a penny on that deal. You can practically buy a dinner like that anywhere for a buck or so. I think some others felt the same way, for next year's banquet is planned for a restaurant. # Jerry Burge did a magnificent job on the 100 ft. sign adorning the meeting hall. #At one time the con committee thought they were \$10 in the hole. However, at the end they only came out \$10.30 in the red. This was on plastic holders for the name tags. # "Conquest of Space" the scheduled movie, did not turn up. #The failure of the pic-scheduled programs leads on to suggest that several alternates for future gatherings be planned just in case. # Charlotte, N.C. will be the host next year. They have a newspaper reporter and a theater owner in their club besides BOB MADLE. (The caps are Russ's.) Should be a very successful conference. # A most unexpected pleasure was the grace said before eating at the banquet. # The con committee did an excellent job, considering their difficulties. # Attendance was around 50, which was a disappointment to the club; they expected 80 or more. # Bob Tucker couldn't afford to come. Wanted the committee to finance his trip. # Practically no huckstering was visible. # Vic Waldrop was a staggeringly mature person; not at all like his former fanz ALIEN. #The elevator buttons fascinated everyone, they worked on a thermal principle. Just body heat turns them on. Wells loved to breath on them to make the elevator rise. Strong breath. # Our room was 711 but we had no luck. # Fred Chappell had to bring up the CCF. Gad, but he's changed too! #My membership number was the highest at the con., 200, but only because I had lost my original 45. # We came home.

THE CALUMNY COLUMN



In the ranks of contemporary fened there exists the firm belief that each and every zine, if it is to be successful, must have a fmz review column. The reason for this is obvious: if/when someone libels you, you can libel 'em back. To use an editorial page for such a purpose is simply a confession that the harsh words hurt. The reviews are safe and convenient; and besides, they make good filler.

So whenever we are insulted - told that what I called "poor repro" was dandruff on my specs, or that Vorzy's jokes are stale, or that our editor isn't the prettiest this side of Dick Geis - we gather round and conspire; and here is where we retaliate.

As no one has yet deigned to say something mean at us, I'll try to be nasty to all, indiscriminately. Read on. The next scream you hear will be the editor of

PSYCHOTIC; Richard E. Geis, 1525 N.E. Ainsworth, Portland 11, Oregon; lithoed; bi-monthly; 1/20¢, multiples.

Peter Graham's Frisco report, Part II, was supposed to crowd out nearly everything else in this issue of the current Fanzine of the Day, but due to it being trisected for serialization, it failed. 'Twould have been better if it had; as it is, one reads the con report, & ans thru the rest of the skeleton-PSY, and gets the impression that something has been left out. Not that it isn't good, for it is; it simply propagates the horrible feeling that it isn't all there. I would rather Geis had stuck the whole report, in one piece, into an ish and forgotten all else. Or maybe even a conish...

HYPHEN; Walt A. Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, North Ireland; mimeographed; bi-monthly; 2/25¢.

I am not going to review HYPHEN this time around. Infect, I'm not going to review it 'til Willis send it to me. Pretty please, Mr. Willis, Sir?

ABSTRACT; Peter James Vorzimer, University of California at Santa Barbara, 104 Toyon Hall, Goleta, California; lithoed; 1/25¢, 6/\$1.20, with manila envelopes 6/\$1.50

Despite annish and conish and the dire warnings of Older And Wiser Pen, PJV goes on with a very enjoyable zine. The only thing in this entire issue I didn't care for was a re-print of a talk on stf given by BEEvans to some non-fannish group, and suitable watered down therfor. The rest is from good to great: a pair of editorials by Littul Pete; columns by Bloch, Carr, Grennell, and Bobby Stewart; articles by Irene Baron and Vorz; a clever piece of sfiction by Harlan; and a letter column by a mess of people and Vorzimer. There is a page of interesting photos of assorted fen. The illos, by Bradley, Rotsler, and Rike, are all quite good; a cover and backcover by Ronnie Cobb is equally well drawn, but has an out-dated gloomy air I couldn't bring myself to enjoy.

What I said about PSY applies here too; the Vorzine has lost none of its friendly, homely - er, homey air as penalty for going offset. And, as the editor fears, the type is not so small it cannot be read. I even like the present size; except for it, I would have been unable to filch this issue off a very near and dear sfriend. Viva 4x5"!!

A matter of personal curiosity: why does Pete capitalize all the letters of the word "con" ?

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN; Donald Susan, 706 Grant Street, McKeesport, Pennsylvania; mimeographed; bi-monthly; 1/10¢, free to en3ef members.

This of the Official Organ of the so-called National Fantasy Fan Federation displays the minor messes that worthy organization has gotten itself into of late. Herein we find department heads who have not been told they are department heads; inadvertant quumvirates in the listing of officials; the the current President using his post as editor to poke holes in the campaign platforms of his opponents, by pointing out errors in spelling, grammer, and the like. The whole thing is put out on some kind of blotting paper that has virtually no appeal, texture-wise; in addition to varying slightly in size from page to page. Also it seems rather belated; the cover announces it as the December 1954 issue, and none have followed it.

Joe Gibson has an interestingly screwy little piece of semi-fiction here; the zine is otherwise without charm. Of interest only to en3ef members and people trying to think of a reson for not joining.

FANTASY-TIMES; Fandom House, Box 2331, Paterson 23, New Jersey; Mimeoed; weekly; 1/10¢, multiples?

Six pages of sf news. The only objections I can muster too meet it is the pretentious air. The double-coulmns and justified margins are not

worthy of the trouble involved in typing and reading 'em; and the paper, while similar to newsprint, does not take well to mimeography.

This is NOT a newspaper of Fandom. It's more of a newszine concerning Fandom only as it is touched by the field of professional publishing. For them as wants it, it's good...pretty good.

ADSCITITIA; Curtis D. Jenke, 1612 South Seventh Street, Sheboygan, Wisconsin; mimeographed.

This single page of varied humorous/fannish limericks is a supplement to the first issue of WAD, put out to announce that Curtis has not shot his WAD after all; the zine will see another issue. It makes very funny reading, and best of all, it's free. See if you can get one.

HARK; Randy Brown; 6619 Anita Street, Dallas 14, Texas; dittoed; monthly; 1/15¢, 6/25¢.

A zine held back by only the editor. Most all the material is fair to middlin' or higher, with the exception of some of the artwork, but Brown invariably louses it up with poor typing, spelling and a complete lack of judgement of space. I can understand his inability to spell, but but it seems he should be capable of copying off manuscripts.

By the time this had damned well better be pubbed there will be a third ish of HARK in the mail. A page added to this, #2, at the last moment states that the schedule will henceforth be quarterly, the price tripled to 15¢ per, and the size increased to 30-40 pages. Unless Randy has learned an awful lot since January the mag will be wildly overpriced; and I hate to think what the last few pages will be like when his writing, typing and spelling are given so much room to deteriorate. Avoid.

HARK; Randy Brown, 6619 Anita Street, Dallas 14, Texas; mimeographed; quarterly; 1/15¢, multiples.

He learned an awful lot.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST; Ben Hibbs, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania; printed; weekly; 1/15¢

I predict a quick fall for this zine; the heavy schedule, the ridiculously large size (both in dimensions and pages), and the price bring me to this irrevocable conclusion. The contents consist of weak articles by fan I have never heard of (presumably news), poor fan fiction by the same type as above, and editorials discussing national politics..

I advise you to buy by the single issue.

ECTOPLASM

by S.K. NOCK

ETHERLINE #45: Ian J. Crozier; 6 Bramerton Rd.; Caulfield, S. E. 8; Victoria, Austrailia. Fortnightly, 6d, mimeographed. This is a perpetues little zine which seems to be typically Aussie. It is very interesting, but has too many book and magazine reviews. This seems to be the plight of most foreign mags. Advertisements also appear regularly.

PSYCHOTIC #19: Richard Geis; 1525 N.E. Ainsworth; Portland 11, Oregon. Bi-monthly, twenty cents, photo-offset. Here was a magazine... But, alas, it has gone the way of so many photo-offset zines--semi-pro. Soon Dick will produce a quarter-size rag named Science Fiction Review or something, and the beloved and colorful PSY will be a nonentity. This issue at hand is very presentable, however, and we might as well enjoy it while it lasts. I understand Dick will pub one more PSY before "the change". A con-report by Peter Graham has consumed most of last issue and this, but it is very well written, for a con-report. The Padded Cell makes what may very well be its last appearance and bows out magnificently. McCain writes and excellent treatise on fandom as a way of life. Bob Silverberg rounds out the issue with a few words on SPACESHIP.

ECLIPSE #10: Ray Thompson; 410 South 4th St.; Norfolk, Nebraska. Bi-monthly, mimeoed, ten cents. Ray has given up BIB since he could not write a whole magazine by himself. Since he did change back to his former mag, he might as well revert to his old form of reproduction while he is at it. Ditto would look much better than that mimeo he's now using... it is horrible. Ray's inimitable style makes EEEK a pleasure to read, however, and I'd suggest obtaining a copy.



VAGABOND #1: John Murdock; c/o Henry Moore Studio; 214 East 11th St.; Kansas City 6, Missouri and Jim White; 7770 1/2 Rosewood Avenue; Los Angeles 36, California. Quarterly; obtained on request; mimeographed. This is a brand new one which looks like a tremendous fanzine. The material is quite excellent, as is the reproduction. An improvement is necessary in the art department before this reaches the top, but with their repro, good artwork should not be hard to obtain.

GRUE #23: Dean Grennell; 402 Maple Avenue; Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Irregular, Gestetner'd, 25¢. A very striking cover done in spatter-paint leads off the issue, and what an issue it is! The reproduction, of course, is sheer perfection; the material is by such fan-writers as Harris, Blish, Tucker, Ashworth, Ellison, Bloch, Silverberg, and Boggs. What could be more complete? The fly in the proverbial ointment, however, is that this is probably the last GRUE, as Grennell shall be very busy this summer and he expresses doubt of continuing publication in the fall. All good things have to end.

UMBRA #5: John Hitchcock; 15 Arbutus Avenue; Baltimore 28, Maryland. Quarterly, ten cents, ditto'd. This is really an improved magazine. An interesting title logo by Ted White helps ameliorate the layout immeasurably. John has obtained fine material. by McLeod, Wetzel, and that's all. But letters and very interesting reviews make UM a top fanzine.

INSIDE & SF ADVERTISER #8: Ron Smith; 111 South Howard; Tampa 6, Fla. Bi-monthly, 25¢, photo-offset. INSIDE has become more fannish recently. It is a much better fanzine now than it was when it featured semi-pro material. The art department is colossal, and the layout matches it. Joe Gibson, William Freeman, Bill Hamling, Bill Nolan, Charles Fritch, Joe Slotkin, George Martindale and Bob Tucker grace this issue.

DOES HE WALK AROUND WITH HIS HEAD ON A PLATE?...PIPER IS A FAKE-FAN
WITH A MANIA FOR RIDING ON ELEVATORS...I'VE GOTTEN USED TO AN OXYGEN
ATMOSPHERE...IS "HELL" THE MAGIC WORD?...DON'T KICK, YOU FOOL, IT'S
ONLY SECOND DOWN...HE CAME STONKING UP THE STAIRS...I'M JUST WIDELY
READ...YOU HAVE THE SANDWICHES, I'LL JUST CHEW ON A TEABAG...LOCK
THE DOOR AND SPOON ICE CREAM THROUGH THE TRANSOM...SURE HYPHEN IS
GOOD, BUT IS IT ART?...MY THORY IS FULL OF HOLES: EXCEPT FOR ONE PIECE
OF IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE...THEY CALLED HIM ULYSSES BUT HIS NAME WAS
GRANT..."PASSIONATE BUT CHASED"...WOULD YOU MEASURE A WAISTLINE WITH
CALIPERS OR A YARDSTICK?...THEN HE LAY ON THE FLOOR IN A POOL OF HIS
OWN ELECTROLYTE...

READ WITH CARE

By Mike Chandler

The wondering, fearful clump of relatives stood outside the door of the emergency room. Inside, two interns stood looking at the form of R. E. Gorzimer.

"Ghod!"

"Yeah."

"It looks almost like.....I mean, do you think that it might be...?"

"No. It's best to be hopeful. Not even to him."

First Intern quietly slid a needle into the spine of R.E. Gorzimer, The Afflicted One. He drew up a tube of amber liquid. Idly, curiously, he tasted it. He shuddered.

"It's beer," he said.

"Then that proves it. The only person with beer for spinal fluid would be a...."

"But we can't wish that on anyone without more proof. Not even on Him, The Untouchable."

With these words, First Intern slid another needle into the inert arm. Gorzimer only twitched and tightened his grip on the papers in his hand. First Intern drew a tube of totally colorless fluid this time. Cautiously, he sniffed it.

"Just as I thought. Duplicating fluid."

CHAOS

DEMOLITION

NEGATION

PANIC

FEAR

The two interns walked quietly to the door and faced the anxious crowd. A small woman, the mother of the patient, Gorzimer The Mixed Up And Maladjusted, stepped forward.

"Tell us, we are prepared for anything. Cancer, schizophrenia, athlete's foot....anything. Just tell us!"

The Second Intern took a deep breath and looked at her with pity in his eyes. "He's a fan."

"ARRGHAAAAAAAAAIE!"

On hearing the poor woman's scream, First Intern felt very choked up. He felt he couldn't stand it. She had him by the throat and was banging his head on the floor.

In a corner, R. E. Gorzimer The Afflicted One, now REGorzimer the Fan, babbled quietly and clutched his copy of APOSTROPHE.

oooo0000oooo



ROUND

THE CORNER

It's always easy to criticize the editor of a fæz until you try putting one out yourself. HOO! This dim repro is driving me slowly batty: the ditto is a Tower model; has

no complicated adjusting to do; nothing. You just pour in the fluid, hand feed the paper (every bloomin sheet!) and there you are. But what comes out isn't good. What can I do about it? HELP!

To err is human, but I am Divine...

Read my first copy of HYPHEN recently...now I want to buy back-ishes! "-" is really hilarious!! Especially an article by Bob Shaw (titled esoterically "The Glass Bushel") on Halloween fireworks in Belfast as staged by the fen. Bob, WAW, several wives and assorted girlfriends, and a thing in tweed coat, tam and bicycle pump, I believe, all totally demolished a poor, unsuspecting chap's back garden. An excerpt: (I'm addicted to those) "Back at Walter's I planted my remaining banger in the deep Earth and lit it. To tell the truth, I was still thinking about that unknown soul whose evening had been so rudely shattered...that's how I failed to notice the blue paper had broken off this one. I absent-mindedly touched the paper to it and found to my horror that I was squatting (off balance, too) in a shower of sparks from a prematurely exploding Atomic Crasher. Gibbering horribly in undiluted fear I took off down the path, travelling about six inches above the ground. I crashed through the world's record for the twenty yards, the sound barrier, and several ranks of grinning fans and femms. Gritting my teeth to keep my heart from bouncing out on the ground I turned to witness the explosion of the Hell-Bomb.

"It went.....'phhht.'"

areadtheseinterlineations?Theeditorwouldliketoknow:Doesanyonereadtheseinter

With this issue Michael Chandler, who does Name of a Name, makes his bid toward actifandom. Va'll be kind to the lad and give him a boost; I think he shows remarkable potential.

B (lan)



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