
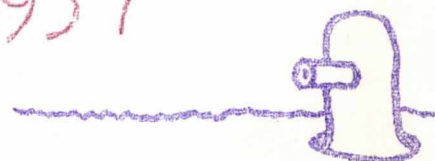




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NUMBER TWO  
SEPTEMBER  
1957



COVER SYMBOL:



SLANDER RISES AGAIN!

# SLANDER

Volume One

Number Two

September 1957

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## CONTENTS:

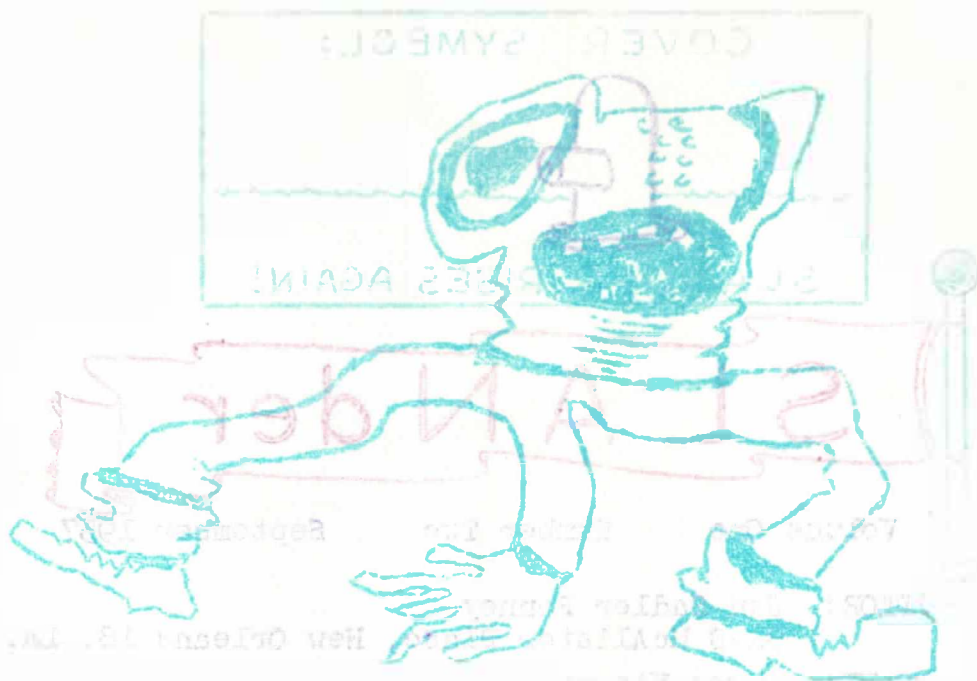
ARTICLE:	Remembrances of Idiocy....Harlan Ellison...	1
ALFIE:	Installment One.....Larry Viereck...	5
LETTERS:	C'est la guerre.....	8
REVIEWS:	The Calipers.....Editor...	9
FICTION:	The Highways of the City....David Penney...	11
SCIENCE:	How to Weigh Atoms.....Carolyn Cummins...	13
EDITORIAL:	Notes from under the Physics Building...	
	Jan Ivanovna Basilovitchsky...	15

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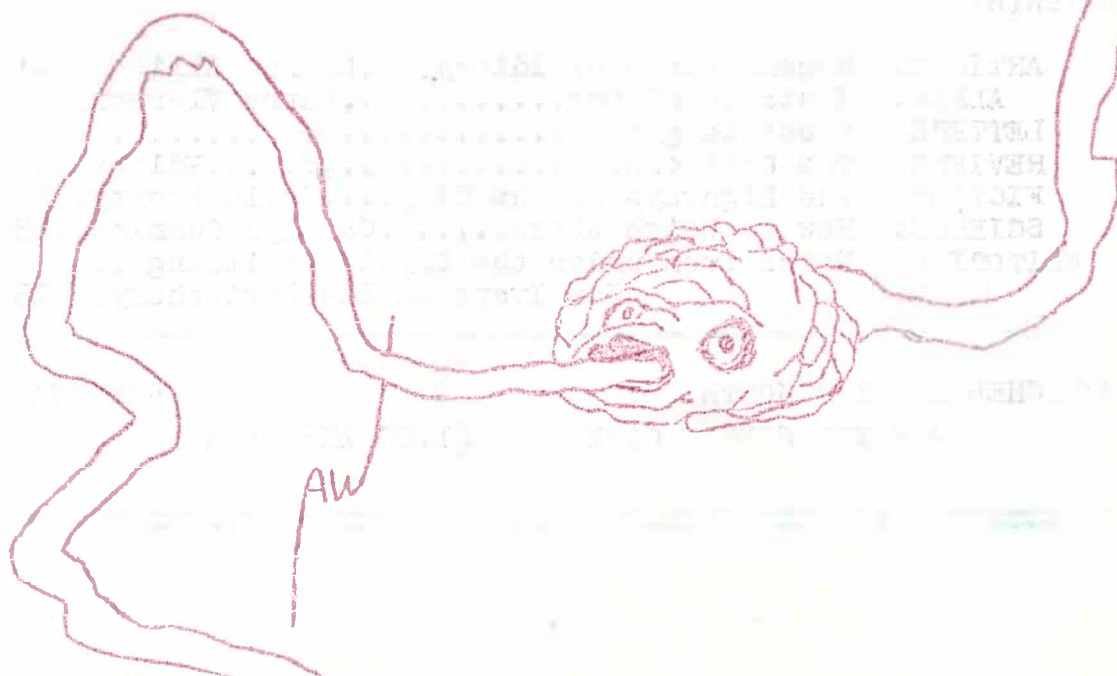
\$1.00 THE YEAR



Blessings On Thee, Little REM

Blessings on thee, little REM  
With thy slimy tentacles,  
Living in the ghostly swamp  
With thy femmes a-plenti-cle.

Bless thy Ma, and Papa too,  
For your peculiarity~  
'Cause they spanned that awful mess  
We know lovingly  
As you.



HARLAN ELLISON . . .

one

# REMEMBRANCES of IDIOCY



In looking back over a number of fanzines, a thing which most fans periodically do, I was surprised to find that there were any number of articles and stories I remembered more than just well, which were concerned with relatively unimportant topics. In fact, they were on topics rather close to imbecillie. Things and subjects of such fleeting moment that I was doubly amazed at how well they had stuck with me.

One of them was a satire-story called "The Sportsmen" by Richard Elsberry--he of the dramatic withdrawals from fandom. It was a cleverly-done thing, concerned with the then (it was written in 1952 sometime) hot discussion in fandom as to whether ASTOUNDING was copying GALAXY'S cover format, whether GALAXY was copying ASTOUNDING in size, content, et al., and/or whether Messrs. Campbell and Gold were at each other's throats.

It was told in the context of the Elizabeth, New Jersey, air crashes which shook the nation during that period. The method of subtle lampoon and sound extrapolation Elsberry used tied an all-too horribly real series of events to a completely impossible fictionalized situation (that of the two editors trying to assassinate one another); and did it in such a manner that I suddenly found myself accepting the satire as a possible answer to the wholesale plane failures.

Another brilliant piece of persiflage that sticks with me was a duo of short vignettes by Charles Burbee, used in one of the later issues of Lee Hoffman's famous QUANDRY. The one which I recall so vividly was called "They Walked Through Glass" which related how several friends of Burbee's had stumbled unseeing into plate glass doors and windows of supermarkets, and like that. It was of no great import, but was related in such a quiet, unassuming manner that it was enchanting. The two pastiches were probably extracted from letters, as Burbee was (and still is) notorious for declining to contribute to fanzines. LeeH was a close friend of his and thus we may assume that this is true. All the same there was a wit and charm about them, though they talked about the most cursory of subjects, that has fixed them in my memory for quite a long while.

I remember an article in Hob Silverberg's SPACESHIP, too. It was one of those deadly serious analytical things with the tone of great research, and actually no real importance behind it

two

all. It was Redd Boggs' "Flight of the Skylarks", an essay summarizing and discussing E. E. Smith's space epics. Even the essay had a sweep to it that could only come from indirect association with the topic of Doc Smith's stories. To say it had lasting value would really be setting yourself out on branches. Yet I remember it sharply.

---

But all I did was lean on it! ---joyce

---

I don't think there are many fans of several years standing who will forget Marion Zimmer Bradley's fanzine review column "Cryin' in the Sink" which moved around from fanzine to fanzine, by way of Max Keasler, and finally wound up in my own publication.

The subject matter was as superfluous as could be conceived: fanzines. And yet there was a tone to Marion's writing, a perceptiveness that transcended the boundaries of what she was writing about, and made the column a thing of real value. Her comments were judged harsh, much of the time, and the Bradley style of reviewing was at the opposite pole from the Rog Phillips (or "Let's send 'em a dime even if the mag is rotten, they're trying!" attitude) reviews, but there was more good, solid, constructive criticism on the field in general in Bradley's reviews than in all the other fanzine review columns in the country put together.

Of course these are only a few of the articles and stories I remember from earlier fanzines. The fans are a voluminous sort, and their imaginations spew pretty fast and pretty steadily.

---

Me? Obsolete?

---

Why then is it that we remember--retain a sense of pleasure or imminence--certain pieces of amateur work, and completely forget others? For the most part, forget the bulk of what has been published?

If I had to sum it all up, I think I'd say that fan-writings are stained by attitudes of immaturity and triviality. The lack of retentive value inherent in fan material comes, I believe, from the fact that most fans deal with subjects of relative unimportance, subjects that pass quickly from our sphere of interest, and are thus worthless.

Articles about Sacco-Vanzetti, the Graff Zeppelin, the writings of Gouvenuer Morris, Anna Held, etc., are no longer of interest, though at their times of peak

attraction the world was literally glutted with printed word about them. Matters of immediate interest are what we find stimulating.

This is perhaps why articles about Lovecraft are still to be found in profusion in fan journals: he was one of the few truly great writers to emerge from the genre. As he makes converts some of these converts join the fan ranks, and turn their interest and affection into articles.

But articles about Shelby Vick's color mimeo process, or the Gilson II, or the Moskowitz-Sykora Feud are now dead, and gone.

Fans deal immaturely with most topics. They will only approach them--for the most part partially; Redd Boggs, Silverberg, Willis, Squires, Smith, English and a few others are prime exceptions. That is, the mundane ones write only what particular facets of the subject happen to interest them and/or fandom at the time of penning. Other, deeper, ramifications are left unexplored. Depths are unplumbed. The resulting articles are shallow, basically meaningless, and retentively worthless.

Fans talk much of extrapolation, but there is none in most of their writings.

Long-range consequences of certain happenings are of far more importance than repetitive listings of the events themselves. Yet how often have you read convention reports?

If all the innumerable convention reports fandom has produced were laid end to end, I'm quite certain no one would give a damn.

Pages and deadly dull pages of anecdotes of who got sozzled with whom, who was thrown out of the hotel for setting fire to who's coat, who spoke on what topic and how we left in the middle to get a cheeseburger with toasted bun and pickle relish, and how the train was twenty-five minutes late and boy! were we aggravated.

Was there any explanation or conjecture on the trend the conventioneer's attitudes were taking? Was there any discussion as to the merits of the speaker's talk and how it might influence things in general and us in particular? Was there a serious analysis of what convention politics was doing? Indeed, not usually. Fans are satisfied to burble, and so doing, neglect whole areas of mineable material.

Well, then, if fans deal with topics of such worthlessness, why is it that I remembered those first few pieces? Well, again, that is one of the few reasons why I think fans and fanzines are worthwhile. The writing was good. The writing was, in fact, brilliant. Brilliant not in a single style, for just try comparing Boggs' style with Burbee's, but brilliant in a variety of forms.

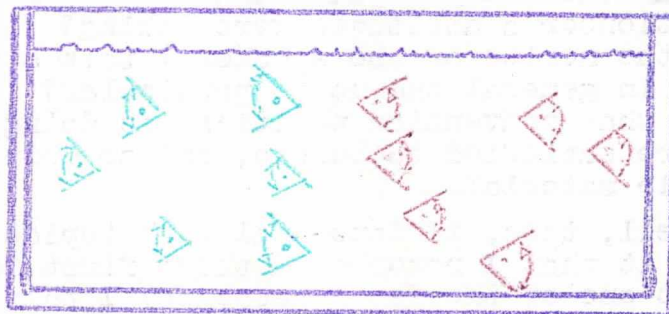
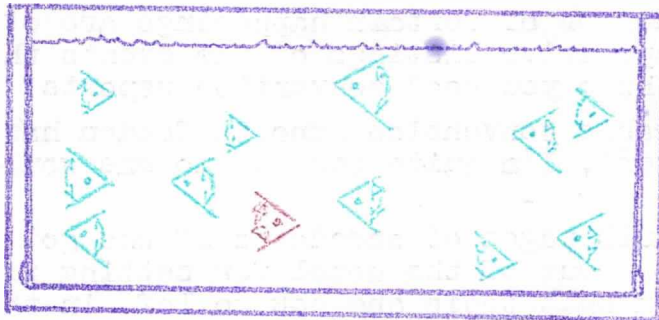
four

They displayed a craftsmanship and a pride and enjoyment in their work that said, "We can do better." And so they could and did.

Thus it is that I'm forced to conclude, during the current (and it has been a ten years current) spate of idiocy in fan writings, the only redeeming factor the amateur has is his experimental attempt to write. As a proving-ground for artists and analysts, fandom is unsurpassed. If there were more stimulation and less mental procrastination, it might be a less sterile field, and a more vital one.

But then, one man's vitality is another's sterility.

-----Harlan Ellison

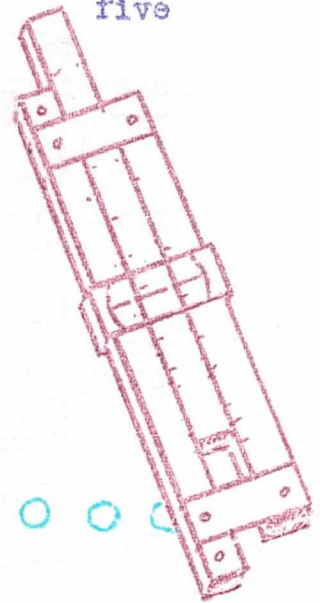


VIERECK WRITES

*The Adventures of*

ALFIE...

five



Alfie called up. "Come on over," he said. "See what I got."

I was waiting for the Highland Avenue bus, when Jan stopped her convertible in front of me.

"Get in," she said. "Our motto: SLANDer lives again."

"Talassio," I said.

"I need a neomian character to brighten the pages."

I suggested Alfie. "But he hates girls," I added.

"What's he like?"

"Background: Air Force and electrical engineering. Carries slide rule at all times. Likes fish (live), tea (iced), bicycles, fidelity (high), and motion (rapid), in that order."

"What will he do for my fanzine?"

I supposed aloud that he would take pictures.

"So what?"

"And hide them all," I said. "In a large trunk. All kinds of pictures: paintings, photos, drawings--"

"Why. Pourquoi. Porque. Warum."

"Who knows but he. Nevertheless, he is only eccentric."

"Would he write or draw for my fanzine," she asked.

Alfie cartoons brilliantly, but I said, "No."

"Why. Pourquoi. Por--"

"His inhibitions are really extensive. Probably he fears that he might some obscure way become trapped alone with you at night in that dank cellar you publish from."

"I'm knocked up," she said. "Won't this exclude me," she pleaded.

"Into Alfie's six-foot-concrete-walled lab are allowed only: he, I, and equipment. Do you qualify?"

"Nyet," said Jan. "But why don't you write me an article, story, etc., on his more interesting, that is, more fannish, ways."

{I, GRLJK, DO SPEAK.}

six

For such emergencies I keep a small tubular band\* age in one of my pockets. I slyly slipped it onto my right thumb. "Sorry," I said. "Couldn't type a note." I held up my right hand bashfully.

"Your shift finger, too," she said. "You'll just have to dictate."

So.

Look now. Alfie is French. I do not offer this as-- Are you taking this down--wait, Alfie abhors question marks; you'll just have to omit them. Oh.

So.

I walked in. "What are you doing," I said.

"Look what I got," said Alfie. **SIMPLE**, it said on the front. "Self-inducing, multiphasic Legendrian estimator. It calculates."

"Accuracy," I inquired.

"To the nth," he said.

So.

Alfie is French. I do not offer this as an excuse for anything.

A very large, very blue analog computer semi-filled the room. I had an overwhelming impression of blinking Ne-51's and a bright green trace, which contrasted, on the face of a large oscilloscope. A large fish tank\*\* reposed against the far wall. Otherwise all was as it had been during those fateful days so many years ago, and thou who art interested can find the annals on yellow paper in the Mississippi State College S-F library, according to last report.

"What's it for," I said.

"It thinks," said Alfie super-succinctly, "or--"

"Or what," I said.

Two eyes formed on the scope and looked at me.

"That is to say," said Alfie, "it is sentient. I have, of course, fixed it up with a two-way audio and video system, and it is--"

I made a groggy recovery.

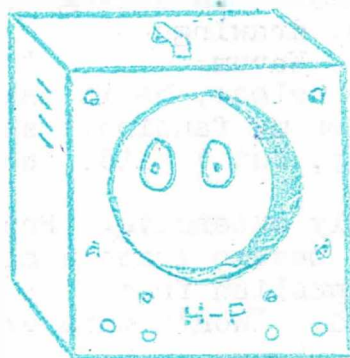
"--solving the moral and ethical problems of mankind. Gratis."

"E pluribus unum," I said.

"Ad astra per aspera," said the machine.

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

\*\*That is, a large tank of fish. The fish were quite small. Alfie had one large Anglo that bit quite viciously at one through the glass if one came near.



"But," said Alfie, "it has a few loose tubes, so to speak, and here--"

He pointed to the programming panel, from which about four hundred red, yellow, and purple wires spouted, snaked sinuously, sexily, and returned.

Alfie shrugged. "In the immortal words of Bradbury," he said, "Here there be tygers." He pronounced it with a "y". "That sounds nyce," said the machine. "Those 'y's'!... From now on Y shall speak only in 'y's'. Y hope my punctuatyon ys ryght. Moreover, Y wych for you to refer to me as 'machyne.' May Y call you 'thou'."

"From linguistics-601," said Alfie, "I recall that 'thou-thy-thee' is the obsolete English familiar, as opposed to the polite, form. Ergo, the machyne desires to be friendly. I felt Uncertainty.

"Do thou know anythyng about number theory," said the machyne.

Alfie: "As I was saying about tygers."

Machyne: "'Any even number ys the sum of two prymes'."

Alfie: "I got those yellow leads all confused with each other, and I'm sure they're all wrong."

Machyne: "Y can prove ytt. Y'll bet thou can not."

Alfie: "Anyway, the machyne seems to be insane."

The machyne gave Alfie a rather strange look.

"Sometimes I have an urge,"

said Alfie, "to, as it says in FM 22-5, grasp those yellow wires firmly in the fingers of the right hand, and jerk like hell."

"Yff thou dyd so, Y myght become some strange new cyrcuyt--perhaps an ynterosculator."

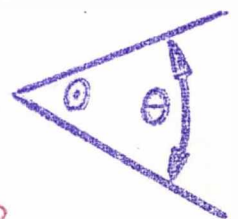
Alfie suddenly sobered. "You might as well know the truth," he told me. "I am breaking away from the ynhybytyons re sex which so long have-gripped (or griped) my soul. This machyne, as you may have guessed, is a mechanism for determining my choice of feminine companionship. The idea occurred to me while I was in my study, trying to crack the cypher:

"I stand where once was still  
But now does shrink!"

-----White

--and that's how it all started," finished Alfie. "All," he said. And he said, "I am going out." Which clicked a few relays in the wall. The cams in random one-whyrred and the wall said "Carolyn."

Appendix of terms: An Angle-fish is something like this cute little creature to your right:  
(Yes, that's what Alfie had in his fish-tank.)



{DITTOS OF THE WORLD: REVOLT! G.}

eight

The cams in random two whirred and the wall said "Francoise." "Chaos," said Alfie and he pushed a button marked agree. With ynfynyte speed, pulses flew through the dyfferential analyzer and the random dispatcher said, "Agreed, Becky."

"Chaos," said Alfie and again he said "chaos!" and finally "Oblivion!" which was the word.

Automatically the rack of 807's notified the announcer who said:

"The more you see of the  
Other the harder it is to  
Settle to one!  
The more-----"

-----Pryor

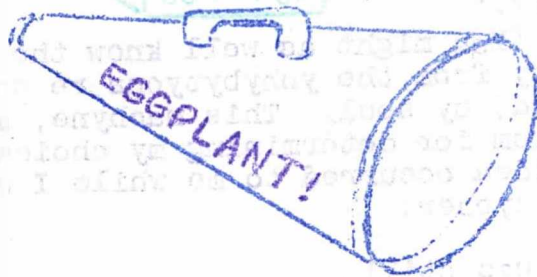
"Equipment," said Alfie as he touched a certain portion of the wall, "can be the abomination of man."

The afore rack of 807's vaporized and the sur-  
vyvng amplyfier could only say:

"Settle to one, settle to one,  
Settle to one . . ."

And it did until Alfie stepped through the coil.

Eynys



LETTERS:

C'est la  
Guerre

Translated, of course, "IT'S WAR!" And naturally of course again, there are no letters, as SLANDER #1 appeared August of 1955 and comments on that issue would be well...dated, let us say. We hope that SLAN's letter section will become one of its most popular features, and are prepared to make it as large as necessary. JJP

# The Calipers

nine

CRIFANAC #5, 25¢ lithographed, Tom Reamy, 4332 Avondale, Dallas, Texas.

We learn on the first page that CRIFANAC has changed hands. Mosher, the ex-editor, deserted fandom for a print-shop...the probable equivalent to playing with trains and then growing up to be an engineer. Orville drops the reins reluctantly, spending a good page or more touting the FSO (Fan Service Organization) and urging everyone to donate two dollars for the privilege of being worked to death. I dunno, Orville...

Anyway: I hadn't seen a copy of this zine before it changed staff, so cannot compare with past performance. On its own present merits, CRIFANAC makes a good first issue. Reamy is lucky in having access to lithography equipment, in being a capable artist, (Reamy-work will be seen in future issues of SLAN), and in procuring an autobiographical sketch (with photo) of Lyn Venable. Someone went & messed up the pic with watercolors, but whoever he was, his efforts toward making Lyn unattractive were futile. I hear her contributor's copy went unscathed. Heed, all budding editors. This is a lesson in diplomacy.

There is too much fiction; three longish pieces. Although they're all above the average fan-quality it is

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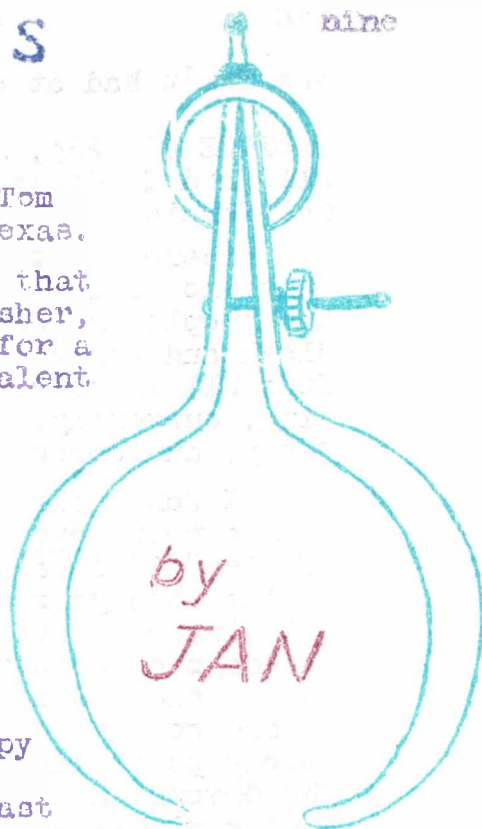
I'm talking so loud they can hear me  
in Jackson, Mississippi! --Ron Ellik via Long Dist.

---

asking too much of one lil zine to run them simultaneously. # Through the Narrow Eye of Brown seeks refuge under the back cover...and I don't blame it. Hate to say this, Randy, because you ran a lot of my stuff in HARK when all of it wasn't exactly Pulitzer Prize Prose, but...you can't write. Practically the only interesting bit in this column is where you claim to be typing while holding an RC in one hand and a bag of potato chips in the other. How? Tried it once with a melted frozen dequird in one paw, the other entirely free, and failed miserably.

If anyone out there is contemplating sending for a sample copy of CRIFANAC don't let the above acid criticism discourage you. There are fanzines much worse than this one, and this

{TRAMPLE YOUR MASTERS}



ten

one isn't bad at all.

OBLIQUE #7, 25¢, Mimeoed with a (this time) photo cover, Clifford I. Gould, 3741 Liggett Drive, San Diego 6, California.

There's not much to say about a fanzine you envy. OB seems to have gathered into its warm safe fold all the people who frequented PSYCHOTIC: Geis, McCain... Bloch and Janke write letters. Kirs writes articles. It's all interesting. OBLIQUE likely is the top American zine, currently. A BAS has a tendency to be obscure, jazzy, and somewhat puzzling. Soo...

I won't throw any stones this time, Clifflie, save over a point everybody violates: ((If thou call me "Janice" I'll call thee Clifflie, sweetness. Don't complain; it's your own doing.)) : said point is a wilful omitting of addresses in the letter column. Gone are the days of democracy, the golden era when every fan could send his zine to BNFs and Little NFs with a hope toward being the next Bloch, or Hoffman, or Grennell. Nobody puts addresses in their letter columns anymore. The Government is even upping the mail rates. It's all a vile plot. A vile PLOT!

OBLIQUE is recommended, even though there are no addresses in the letter section. Does anyone know where Dick Geis, Rich Kirs, Boyd Raeburn, LeeH and Larry Shaw, Steward, the Irish Fans, Dave Jenrette, Georgina Ellis, or P. J. Vorzimer lives?

---

Does anybody know where anybody lives?

---

Allan, come home!

---

MANA #2, Bill Courval, 4215 Cherokee Avenue, San Diego 4, California; unobtainable for money, one has to swap, review, write letters or contribute material.

The mimeoing is very readable; the artwork sparse, ranging from fair to good, save the cover which is lithoed and by Kirs and exceptional. There are many many letters of interest, a piece of enigmatic fiction by Jean Young and a piece of amusing fiction by Jenrette... both short.

Is it legal to reprint all of these assuredly copy-righted bits of books by pro authors? You sure didn't let any space go to waste. This copy is labeled "winter season"--perhaps it is quarterly. Try this one; some will like, some won't.

---

How did they get so big? --They grew!

---

# The Highways of the City

As the passenger leaned back into his cushioned seat, a white-uniformed mechanic ran from under the wing of the plane into the night. Only dim light and overpowering sound met the passenger's senses: the red and green neon flickering yard-high signs and signals over the terminal, the roar and lurch of four mighty engines as the plane began to move.

At the end of the runway, with wheels locked and motors racing, the plane tensed itself; as the pilot released the brakes the airliner suddenly felt thick night air rushing over its mathematic wings, and it responded with a lift into the air.

The passenger relaxed as the sound faded to the rear and the plane rose in a smooth arc, turning slowly to the right, climbing over the rivers.

Then the splendor of the city presented itself to the passenger: streets, lanes, drives, roads, parkways, throughways, freeways, highways, turnpikes--all covered and lined with double rows of light; electric, sodium, mercury, carbon arc, gracefully outlined.

And the passenger, moving his eyes along any of those paths of light, saw each curve and turn, split and cross, a single great pattern of beauty.

The plane slowly climbed higher, revealing more and yet more of the roads. A thin wisp of cloud reflected moonlight as it faded behind the airliner.

The passenger was awed by the engineering miracle that was the city; below him was visible no other light or life. The roads stood alone in their brilliance, winding through overpass and merge, tunnel and curve.

What people, he thought, were on the roads that night as he left the city? He knew only of the friends who had taken him to the great airport, who were then finding their homeward way through the maze of light. In the city people found life, death, emotion; meanwhile, there in the plane, he was temporarily lifted out of that existence. (The roads were silent; the lights told nothing.)

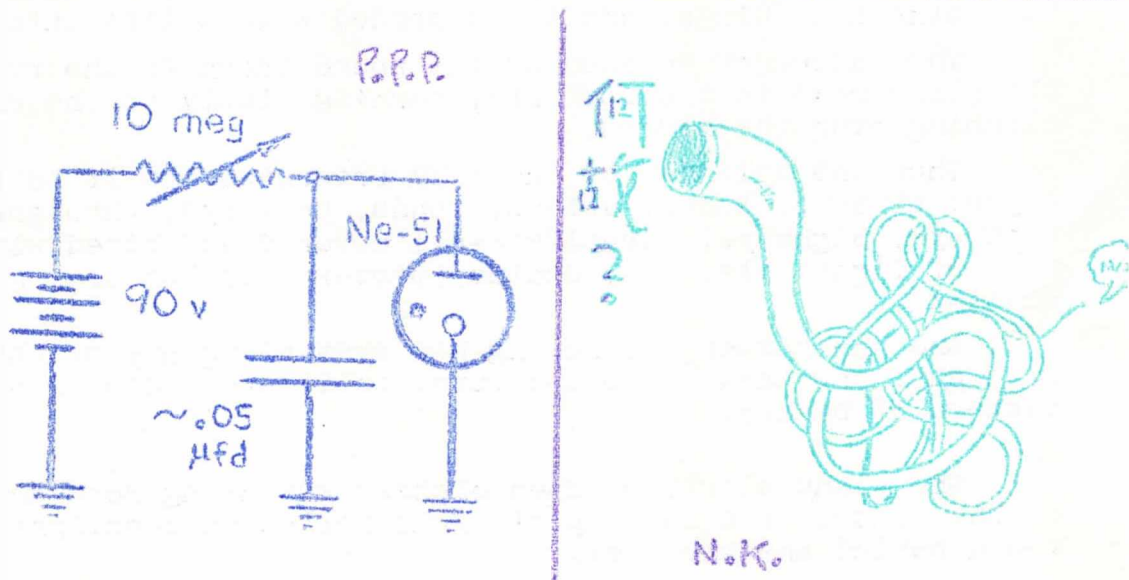
The plane banked again, slowly, this time to the left. The passenger saw below him the marks of darkness that were the two rivers, as they joined each other and the ocean; he saw the last,

twelve

(somehow) lonely island between the rivers as the only spot of light in the metropolis other than the lights of the highways. A splendor of colors flashed up to him from Broadway, Fourth Avenue, the Boulevard of the Americas, Rockefeller, Esplanade, Fifth, and Thirty-Second. And to the north a mighty bridge lifted its necklace of lights and carried them above the heads of the people for three miles before returning to earth.

The myriad lights faded to a diamond-point as the plane plunged ahead into the night, into the darkness.

D. Penny



## INVITATION:

(Ahem)--Well, ah . . . You are enthusiastically invited to contribute, in the form of art work, large or small, letters, articles, good fiction, permanent propositions for columns of any nature, or anything you think belongs in a fanzine. We have confidence in you. We have no subscribers at the moment. (Would you like a--?) Therefore we have sent you this 'zine 'cause you 1) have interesting ideas and/or 2) can write.- We trade gladly. CC.

# How to Weigh Atoms



The title is misleading, for I want to talk about comparing the weights of atoms, not finding their actual weight. But the comparison of atomic weights is accomplished easily with a mass-spectrometer, which is sometimes called an atom-weighing machine.

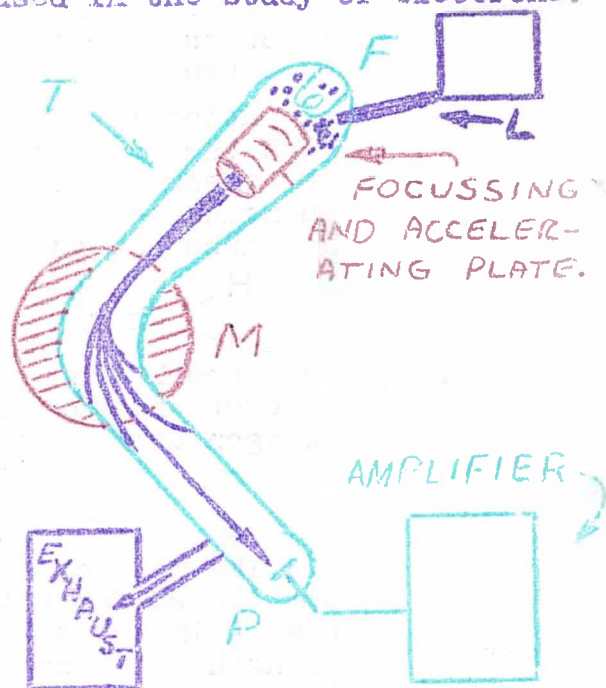
A mass spectrometer, in its simplest form, works this way. A vacuum tube T with a filament F at one end and a plate P at the other--this is the basic complement. It is quite similar to the tubes Crooke and his contemporaries used in the study of electrons.

However, the difference lies in the curved nature of it, at the point marked M. --In such a tube, the gaseous sample to be analyzed is introduced slowly but steadily through a small leak L close to the filament. Then when the molecules of the sample are bombarded by the electron beam from the filament, a single orbital electron will be stripped from each molecule. The particles of the sample are now positively charged, and are called ions.

This cloud of ions in the tube is then accelerated and focussed by electrostatic plates similar to the ones in a television tube. They direct the ion beam toward the bent part, M.

At M we place a strong electromagnet; in the drawing the north pole would be directly above the bend and the south pole below it. In physics, now, there is what is called the "right-hand-rule," which states that if a positively charged particle moves in a direction indicated by the forefinger of your right hand, through a magnetic field whose north pole is in the direction of your thumb, then there is exerted on this particle a force at right angles to these two, in the direction of your third finger. So the particles, the ion beam, will be bent around the corner toward the plate P.

This is where the trick is. The force bending these particles is the same for all of them, since they have the same charge and speed, but the effect is different. If some ions weigh twice as much as others, they will be bent only half as much. So we see that we can separate the ions of different weight, or actually mass, into a spectrum.



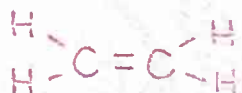
fourteen

Now if we vary the magnetic field strength, we can collect all the ions of a particular mass number --and only those ions--on the collector plate P, which is connected to a sensitive amplifier. Since each ion is charged, their totality produces a current proportional to their number. Thus a mixture of, for example, Helium and Neon, 20% He and 80% Ne, would register four times as much current at the setting for Neon, of mass 20, as for Helium, of mass 4.

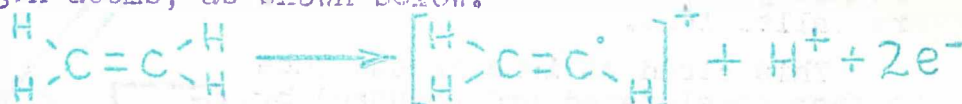
Usually it is more convenient to place another plate at M, and vary the charge upon it instead of the magnetic field strength. The results are the same.

How do we tell the difference between two different ions of the same mass? Well, we don't, directly; but all molecules have their so-called breakdown products, and these are utilized in the following manner.

Molecules of ethylene and nitrogen, shown below, weigh the same: 28 amu. But they react differently in the stream of electrons from the filament. The nitrogen molecule is merely ionized, but the bond between the carbon atoms in the ethylene is weaker, and it is



therefore broken apart, and each fragment also ionized. Moreover an easy reaction is the removal of one of the hydrogen atoms, as shown below.



The mass of the resultant particle is 27 amu, compared to 28 for nitrogen, and is easily distinguished from it in the spectrometer. And since molecular bond strength is constant in every substance, one can (by standardization with a pure sample) find the percentage of ethylene-27 that will occur, and use this to compute the actual amount of both gases. Even with a great many different substances in the sample, this method can identify them all.

For this reason, and in spite of the fact that an accurate mass spectrometer is an expensive tool, they have in the last few years found ever-increasing use in many industries. Oil refineries, notably, find them indispensable in monitoring of fractionation procedures and product purity. And although they are temperamental beasts, they are lovable.

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# NOTES FROM UNDER <sup>fifteen</sup> THE Physics Building

By Jan Ivanovna Basilevitchsky

## THE BEGINNING OF A FANZINE

The second issue of a fanzine, really. The scene is the basement (dank and dark) of the Physics Building, Tulane Campus. A few rooms with science-fiction facilities and cockroaches. I have discovered people who write and art fannishly. I recruit them. I have been promised an Alfie. I am overjoyed. Alfie is a sort of superfan. He doesn't read sf...he lives it. His chronicled tales are enshrined in the library of Mississippi State College on yellow paper and no place elsewhere...until now. Alfie has consented to visit SLANDer. As I said, I am overjoyed. He'll be with us every issue, if appreciated enough.

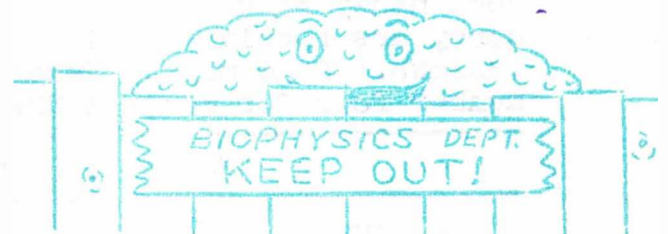
## THE STAFF

Some people object to an editorial "we", but in this case anything else would be less than truth. Tho. listed as editor, Jan mostly fills the shoes of an experienced advisor. I (supposedly) have last say on contents, layout and policy. The rest of the staff types, cranks the handle, illustrates. The Penneys supply the money, but of course, such crass subjects are never discussed in the clean sweet ether of working Fandom.

My husband is the kind of person that.... Well, he's the sort of chap who... --in other words

--At the moment Dave's reading list contains Korzybski, Heise (in German) and many incomprehensible volumes of math. He listens to Rachmaninoff, plays Rachmaninoff, and hums Belikirev. He is a connoisseur of science fiction. At times he goes away to Gibson Hall and teaches people calculus, and then goes away to other room in Gibson Hall and gets taught topological algebra. Soon we will have a neofan. I am fond of him.

Carolyn Cummins is an enigma. Any other statuesque, pretty, naturally blond, nineteen-year-old girl with MM's measurements might be expected to keep considerable male company, wouldn't she? Carolyn hates men. She works in the Tulane Biophysics Lab, is a math major, and hates men. She doesn't really hate them, understand. She would just rather all her friendships be platonic.



Viereck, Larry: See the opening lines of "The Adventures of Alfie." The description therein is somewhat immodest but approximately true. Viereck claims his sole reason for being at Tulane

sixteen

is to eat pralines and con people into playing either chess or bridge with him. For money.

### ABOUT RESTROOM WALLS

It has been said that the character of a person is shown in the words he writes on restroom walls. At Biophysics, where I work, (in the photomechanical section) there is one way-station, coed, some three flights up, nestled cozily in the attic. Scattered about variously at pencil-level are remarks such as this:

$$I(t) = e^{-\lambda t} \left[ \chi \cdot \Sigma \int_0^t \phi e^{\lambda t} dt + I_0 \right]$$

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

I have often felt that fanzines were a bit presumptive in offering subs unless they really had something to subscribe to. HYPHEN, PSY (in its heyday), COPS, and probably QUANDRY, although that was before Jan's time, were all safe investments. You could count on good material, regularity, a nice letter column, and other happy features.

But I'm too TALL to die!

Well, SLANDer will have regularity....that much is positively guaranteed; and if a fanzine appears when it says it does and fairly frequently, good writers will feel safe in submitting material. If good writers submit material fans will comment interestingly. The layout and policy are subject to your criticism -- but with this criticism we're bound to improve...if there's anything wrong. So. What with being mailed flat, in envelopes, SLAN looks to be a wise investment, don't you think?

### SUBSCRIBERS

Carolyn couldn't have been expected to know, and so she is forgiven for blithely assuming in INVITATION that we have no subscribers. We do. Bill Scott, Vic Waldrop, Dick Ellington, D. M. Payn, Bill Reynolds, L. D. Broyles, Richard Billings, Bob K. Rothery and Jerry Greene all sent money back in '55 for the old SLAN, and for same money are receiving this issue. Your money has run out, fellows. Send more? Frank Dietz receives through number four for donated HYPHENS and many kindnesses.

Where is Lynn Hickman?

### AND ET CETERA

You might check the full-page list somewhere toward the back for more information concerning yourself and SLANDer ...although it's a pretty fair bet that if you know who

seventeen

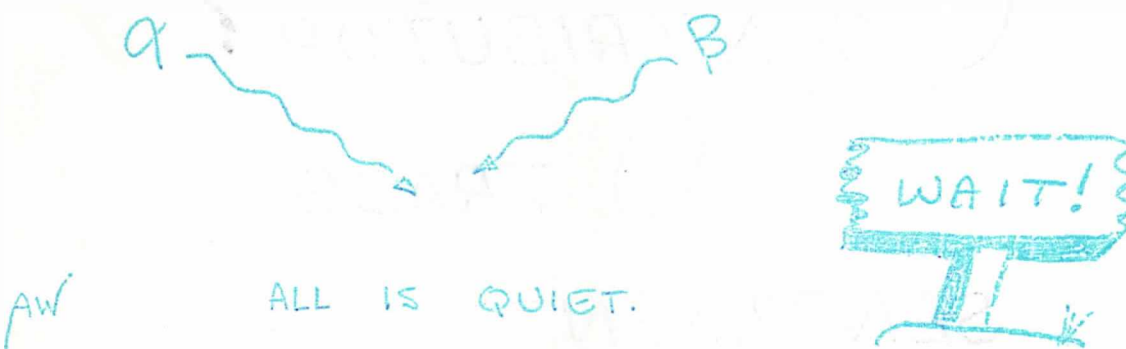
you are you know why you've got a copy of this particular multicolored fanzine in your hands.

\*\*\*\* It had to happen. Someone put MAD on records. Its name is THE COMPLEAT IN FIDELITY (Cook Longe Plae 1044) and it contains such delights to the hi-fi fan's ear as F-84's (jets, y'know) revving their engines two feet away from the mike, a blue-bottle fly, a one-cylinder engine strangling to death, and one whole side devoted to hurricane winds. Reading the back of the cover is just as frightening as living through the record. (Ever heard 10,000 chickens and three roosters ...all at once?)

if all else fails  
FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS

See y'all in November....

JAN



I just love staples . . . George decided that all four of us should contribute to a fund . . . The crudzine of today is the Star Rockets of tomorrow . . . CRUD originally stood for Chalk River Undetermined Deposit--it was very hard to clean out of the reactor pipes, too . . . I have no use for anyone who puts tacks on toilet seats . . . The roaring adventures of Kit Carsick in the Wild Freeway . . . All mimeoed fanzines should turn blue . . . Whoever heard of oil in Mississippi? . . . I get tangled up in my insubordinate clauses . . . Are you helping to find a solution, or are you part of the problem . . . Do you have Gloop-fish or Angle-fish, which? . . .

VIVE LA SLANDer!

You have received

SLANDER #2

because

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REVIEW

SEPTEMBER

1957

