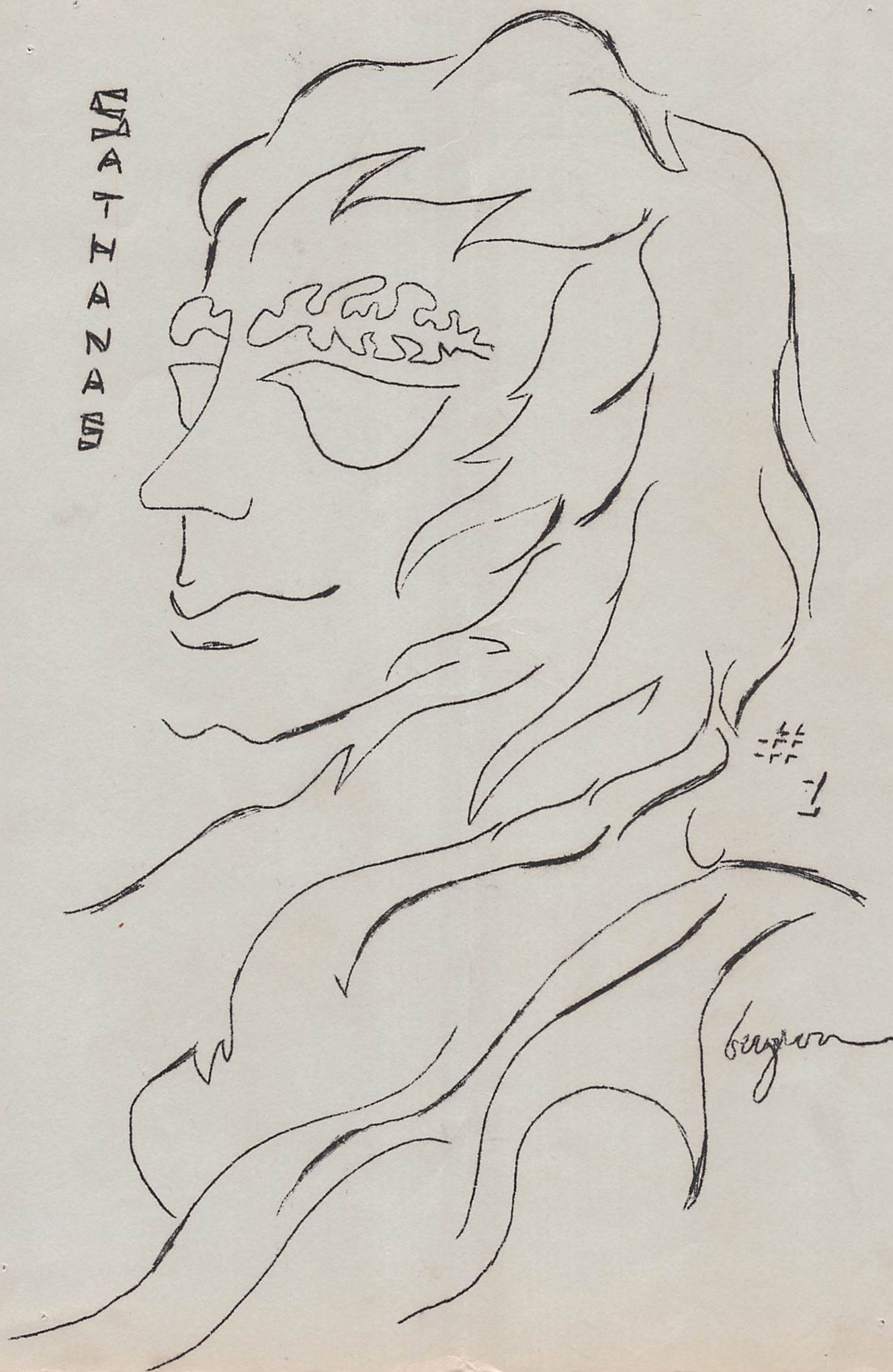
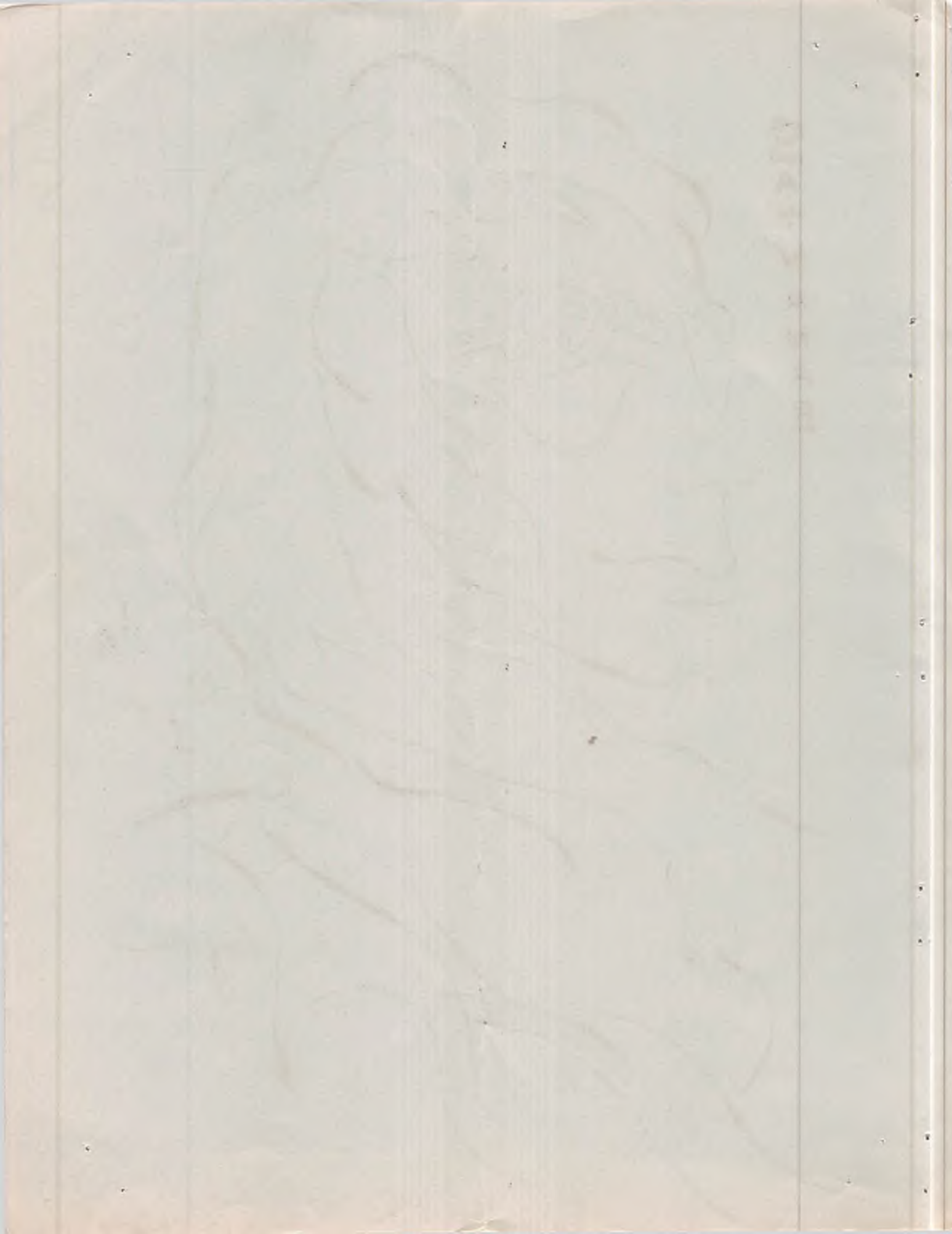


W A I - I A Z A W A



Beyron



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SATHANAS #1

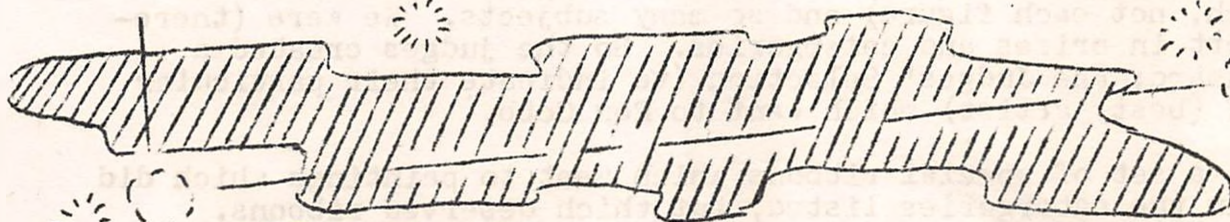
DECEMBER, 1960

QUARTERLY — .25¢ FOR 1,
45¢ FOR TWO

ED-RIP (DICK SCHULTZ)

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This is KriFanTat Publication #1.



ART CREDITS

Rich Bergeron.....Cover,natch

Deacon Jack Harness..pages 9,
10, 12, 16, 22 & 24

Dan'l Adkins..pages 17. & 23

All the rest of the art in
this fanzine can be blamed on
me. How putting your name
down here next time?

CASE

AND

CONFUSION

BY RIP

... LIKE WELCOME TO THE CLUB With this initial effort, fandom at large is being treated to an effort that has taken many, many hours to pound out on my Remington ~~Chatterbox~~ Noiseless. Even at full pressure, you see, the type doesn't hit the stencils hard enough to make a good impression, so I have to hit each key seperately, with my extended index finger, and hit it very hard. But at last I am about finished. It's Saturday, the 3rd of December. And during this week-end, SATHANAS #1 will roll of Bob Lambeck's ABDick 90, which is resting peacefully and unsuspectfully, downstairs. Material is hereby requested to help me fulfill SATH's fictitious quarterly schedule.

ELINOR BUSBY HATES ME I think. At least it seemed that way for a while. She called my name, Dick Schultz, a mediocre name. This hurt me deeply, of course. So I've decided to do something about it. Please everybody. Try to think of me as RIP rather than as Dick, will you? RIP? Oh, that's my artists signature. Stands for Richard P. Dig?

A SMASHING TIME was had by all at the PittCon, believe me Charlie, baby, as Harlan Ellison would put it. And indeed the PittCon was enjoyed by this laddie immensely, at any rate. Ah, the memories that flood back to me..... The Lupoff's and the party in Les Nirenberg's room Friday night. The Costume ball and the glittering display there. Emsh, Long John Campbell, Bjo, Joni Cornell, Bjo, Sylvia White, Eric Bentcliffe, boy piano emparisario. The fanzines passed out there, the fans passed out there, the song fests Sunday night and Monday morning and afternoon. Blish speaking messages in stf. And that crowning glory to the whole works, the Art Show. It was fabulous, georgous, beautiful, Amazing, the whole gamut of adjectives. The quality of the material shown at the show was as good or better than any Art Shows in the mundane world. Even Ed Emsh had to admit the validity of that statement. But here, let Bjo tell you a little about it in her own words.....

THROUGH DEEPEST ART SHOW "...We did not anticipate so many entries (131 counting the (Sterling Lanier Tolkien Saga of the)Ring figures and the (Shadowland)Chess pieces as one entry each, not each figure) and so many subjects. We were (therefore) short in prizes and categories. So the judges created a Special Award; The Judges' Selection (to indicate their particular choice of (best) artist) which went to Ron Cobb.

And, a set of special ribbons which went to paintings which did not fit in the categories listed, but which deserved ribbons.

Special Awards:

First: Edgar Curtis' "Winter"

2nd: Colin Cameron's "Shadow Over Innsmouth"

3rd: George Barr's "Shrine In The Hall Of Fame"

AWARDS for the First Science Fantasy Art Show

Astronomical Art Award presented by the Los Angeles SF Society.

- First: Ron Cobb's "Expedition"
- 2nd: Robert Lee's untitled (space-ship against an air-brush sky)
- 3rd: Bernard Zuber's "Flying Saucer"

Fantasy Art Award presented by Richard Eney

- First: Bjo's "Leavetaking"
- 2nd: Tim DuMont's "The Deluge"
- 3rd: Gregg Trendeine's "A Mere Jest"

Outre' Art Award presented by Famous Monsters of Filmland Mag. (4e)

- First: Ron Cobb's "Beastie"
- 2nd: Cynthia Goldstone's "A Place Of Light"
- 3rd: Dave Prosser's "The Red Brain"

Most Promising of show sponsored by the National Fantasy Fan Federation for the artist who shows the most promise of improving the SF Art Field. (Awarded to the artist and not to any particular painting, of course.)

- First: Tim DuMont
- 2nd: George Barr
- Gregg Trendeine ((Detroit's Best Stf Artist. Hooray, etc.))

Award Of Merit sponsored by FANAC, awarded to the painting which got the most votes of Convention attendees; the popular vote.

((The votes were spread out all over the show, by the way. So many exhibits got so many votes that the winners won by what amounted to a handful of the votes cast. It was anybody's guess as to who the winner would be, right down to the wire.))

- First: Bjo's "Leavetaking"
- 2nd: George Barr's "The World Of The Fire Mountain"
- 3rd: George Metzger's "Moloch"

Fellowship Of The Ring Award

Trophy to Sterling Lanier ((Philly)) for 15 brass figurines of the Ring trilogy characters. (An interesting note here is that the entire set got popular votes; and that the chief Nazgul and the Orcs each got individual votes! They are excellent figures. The Nazgul got a vote from Mrs. Tullis, as you might guess.) ((Ed's note. Mrs. Tullis is a charming lady, who unfortunately is now blind. However at one time she was an artist, and so she came to the art show and let her husband describe the pictures to her. She had also come, hoping to find such things as the Lanier figurines and the carved wooden plaque that I exhibited, for these were the only things she could really "see", of course. I wish Sterling had been able to make it to the PittCon. He probably would have felt the same quiet pride that I felt, being able to bring our own amateurish art through her veil of darkness.))

The Judges were chosen to give a cross-section of fandom, art experience, and tastes. Ed Emshwiller graciously gave up over two hours of his Convention time to give serious consideration to the Art Show. ((Hear, Hear! Three cheers, bitte.....))

As did Elinor Busby, Alma Hill, Les Gerber and Sid Coleman.

I think you can see that we certainly had a cross-section of fandom here!

They took the job seriously as the quality of the show merited: which was very fine indeed!

Personally; I was very happy about the show. It could have been run better(my fault)((Not at all!))but the show was certainly 10 times better than anyone (even me!) anticipated. The PITTCON seemed happy about it, too, and they didn't get a dime from the show, by the way

Other stastics are: 30 artists in the show, ((Prosser, DuMont, Joni Cornell, Curtis, Cobb, Metzger, Trend, Barr, yours truly, Joe Fekete, GMCarr, Sterling Lanier, Zuber, Juanita Coulson, Ba rbi John-son, Cynthia Goldsmith, Bob Lee, Andy Reiss, Cameron, Bjo, amongst others)) 17 things sold, 164 people voted in the popular award thing; about 1/3 of the convention (which they tell me is very good %-wise). Oh, and yyou might mention that this artwork is still for sale. Contact me (or the artist direct; I'll soon have an address list.)

I think that should give ye enough info on the show. If they want further details on the show, stastics and info on how the next one will be arranged and what we've learned about this one, have your readers send for PAS-Tell."

Indeed they should, Bjo. The latest address, by the way(the Trimble's have moved recently) is:Bjo Trimble, 2790 W. 8th Street, Los Angeles 5, California. Ask now.....

PASS THE BAND-AIDS, MARSHA! In preparation for the next Art Show ,to be held during the PuCon, yours truly has gotten out his crusty carving set and is industriously working away at two more plaques for this gala event. This, however, is not only tedious, but also difficult since the small set I have was never designed to do chunks this size. But at least gumwood is easier to carve than Birch. Look for 'em at the PuCon.....

ANARCHISTS OF THE WORLD, UNITE! A meeting of the artists and inter-ested parties was schedlued for the PittCon, but not enough of the artists showed up, nor did enough interested parties display any interest. So Bjo called the whole thing off, for the nonce. A meeting is going to have to be called, however, to classify what offices there should be, what ~~suck~~ people shall fill the, by-laws, dues, entrance qualifications, et alles. It will probably be held via the services of your friendly local ~~Apple~~ ~~pusher~~ postmaster. Then we can elect some officers into those positions and settle back to let them do all the work, while we read PAS-Tells and paint purty pictures.

THEY OUGHT TO TIGHTEN UP THE IMMIGRATION LAWS because I saw the oddest creature wander-
ing around at the PittCon. It had a Mersey accent, a shy-type leer and a dirty mind and played the piano just beautifully. Another one, resembling Joan Carr was toddling off to here or there with a refuge from Brother Nehemiah Scudder clingling protectively to him. Nice types and all that, I think. But then, my opinion doesn't count. I'm only His Only Son, anyways..... Come again, Eric, when you can blame a shortage in company funds on the Assistant Vice President in charge of budgergiars, or something. And did the Liverpudlians ever get that muchly autographed scroll back?

I WISH YOU PEOPLE WOULD GET OFF MY BACK Yes, I mean all you people out there eulogizing about what a wonderful thing it is to find stf discussed again, to see faanish fandom beating a headlong retreat before the mighty forces of "serious discussion, etc., etc., etc.

For one thing, except for a very brief hiatus late last year, stf has been discussed in the fanzines. For another, it is the same crew, by and large, who wrote much of the wordage for the faanzines who are now doing the same service for the discussion zines of now.

Right now the artists are quite good, but already a discerning reader, especially one with more than 8 years experience in fandom, can detect the forerunners of the stream of crud to come. To explain.

In the past when fandom has felt rejected by stfzines, or felt that stf was doing fine without their help, stf became less of a crucial subject in each and every fanzine. When such a period comes after a period in which each and every fanzine fawned all over the proz and authors, the reaction became rather extreme. Second fandom was quite fannish in reaction to the stf fanaticism of the First fandom. Sixth became faanish when the pros expelled them from their lettercolumns and the flood of new prozines assured fandom stf did not need them anymore. Inevitably they bred their own reaction, 7th fandom, both the movement and the divergent era.

And so the cycles continued. Around the SoLACon, fannishness again became The Thing. And everybody started writing faanish stories and pubbing faanish fanzines because everyone else was doing it. And Lo, and behold, fans started complaining about the terrible lack of stf in fanzines. Without doing much to alleviate the condition, I might add. Comes the Detention and stf is hot again.

And the flood of stf articles, most of the fore-runners good, start up again. The pendulum is swinging the other way now. Back in the new, yet old way. True, the present crop of stf-centered fmz seem quite literate right now. But it can't last.

This would not necessarily be an undesirable condition, even if we could reverse the trend at this late date, even if we wanted to do so. For much as faanishness appealed to me, the large amount of cruddy faan fiction never appealed to me. But it now seems "the thing" for these zines to sneer at faans and all such fmz. They berate faanishness as being juvenile, et al, while forgetting that such is one of the things that makes fandom more than a society which has many members that read the same books. They call it backslapping, not getting to know each other and to feel one of the group. Such anti-faanishness is just as fuggheaded as saying, "Who reads the stuff?"

Another bad thing for the field is the fact that inevitably the crud will flood out the good to such an extent that it will breed its own reaction in another non-stf faanish fandom. First the neoish reviews, the pro-files, the lot. Then a faanish article or two.... And there goes the pendulum, on another return trip. The more the pendulum is swung by reactionary elements, the further it will swing in the opposite direction once the reactionaries lose their steam.

And thus it goes. Fannishness to serconess, and all the way back again. I would not be so confident of how extreme this reaction was going to be, if I had not already accurately predicted the present state of affairs in a letter sent to Bob Lambeck late last year. I predicted the short golden age of faanish fmz in the middle of the year, then the ever-increasing flood of stf-centered fanzines. Another prediction is what is being discussed now. The general sneering at "faans" for the simple reason that they are faans. They're sneering at faans because they talk of living people instead of fictional ones in a field of literature that has been horrifically unprepossessing of late. There are other things in life, ye know.....

What I would like to see, though, is something like Fifth Fandom. There, disregarding sloppy repro and neoisms, fans respected the fact that some were more bugged on personalities, another a stf fanatic, etc., and generally respected the others differences, not like now. Now one either conforms to the group or is an outcast. Ah, to be free of fear of brainwashing.....

I do wish that this clique of snobish meatballists doesn't become any larger. There's already too much fuggheadism in the world without importing some more into fandom.

And so this fanzine comes to to you. I have no pretensions about being stf centered. Sure, I read the stuff. Constantly. But I also read stuff like THE WITCHES, BERLIN, THE BRIDGE, Rex Stouts FULL HOUSE, and ELMER GANTRY. And the difference between the aforementioned books and Analog is Astounding, believe me. I'm afraid I can't feel any too goshwow over a field that is publishing wose stories now (excluding the present AMAZING and FANTASTIC to a certain degree) than appeared in STARTLING and PLANET 10-14 years ago.

And they wonder what's kilt science fiction.....

At any rate, I hope some budding faneds and article writers, who were about to join the milling throngs dancing on the "prostrate" body of "faandom", will reconsider their position. That seriousness for seriousness sake alone is no more productive of real thot than is the writing of drab accounts of visits of one fan to another. If you have something to say, say it. But if it be humor you would write, don't let it be stifled by the thot that it isn't "The Thing" to do now.

And especially don't produce a "serious discussion" fanzine just because everyone else is doing it. Please. Let's start a Golden Age, right now, by respecting each others tastes, and not going around crying names because of this difference in tastes. Why not admit that the stuff is funny at times, eh? And we can all live in a fannish Vallaha.

Until the next fandom.

IS IT A BIRDIE? IS IT A PLANE? NO, IT'S AIRBOY Am trying to get enough Airboy comics together to write an article on this real swingin' cat, for the Lupoff Lupoff's XERO. But there's holes in my collection you could drive the whole of Longstreet's Second Corps through. So... Anyone out there have any Airboy comics? Care to sell them? Care to loan them to me for the nonce? Will trade money, fanzines, blood and old aged grandmothers for 'em. Come onna my house..... RIP

TEXTBOOK

EXERCISE

BY RUTH BERMAN

Query: If a gyroscope points out north and south, what instrument points out past and future?

Answer: A gimblescope.

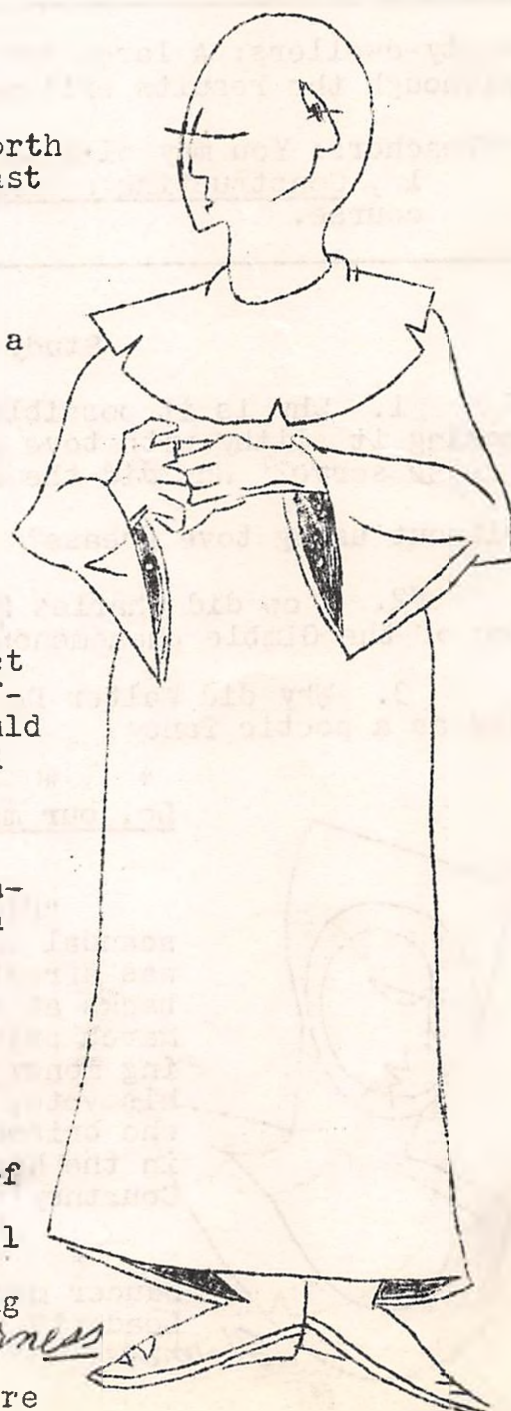
Laboratory Exercise 27: Construction of a Gimblescope.

This is an outdoor project, and should be undertaken as an extra-credit project. The first requirement is a large field of grass.* This meadow, as the discerning student may have realized already, will be the wabe.

The next step is to buy or construct a sun-dial, accurate to the nearest half-hour.** Students in high latitudes should be sure to have their sundials corrected for the distance from the equator.

Now mount the sundial on a large, sturdy, gyroscope and mark out the north-south line indicated by the gyroscope on the grass.

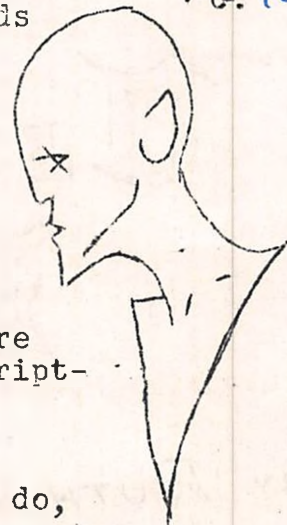
When the shadow is on the north-south line, the Gimble phenomenon will be observed. The wabe will tilt, on an east-west axis, until the north-south line points out past and future. The north side will point in the direction of the future, the south in the direction of the past. Observe the constant travel into the future. This can be done by facing straight futurewards and observing the side of the wabe out of the corner of the eye. Try to estimate the length in feet of one minute (In more



advanced classes, the student will learn the methods of measuring the distance of time exactly).

PG. 10

Important: Do not grab at objects in the past for any reason; time will not be held back, nor can objects in the past be taken to the present. The student attempting to hold objects in the past will, as in the present classic case of James Jay, be "stuck fast in yesterday," or last hour, or whatever the distance of time reached, happened to be. This is known as Jay's Distortion, and there are many cases of it on record with excellent descriptions — no more such cases are wanted.



*City-dwellers: A large surface painted green will do, although the results will not be as accurate.

**Teachers: You may wish to tie this in with Laboratory Exercise 1, Constructing a sundial, in the beginning Astronomy course.

Harness

Study Questions

#1. Why is it possible to make a usable gyroscope without making it slithy with tove grease? What function does the tove grease serve? Why did the ancients make all their gyroscopes without using tove grease?

#2. How did Charles Dodgeson obtain his accurate description of the Gimble phenomenon?

3. Why did Walter De La Mare record the case of James Jay as a poetic fancy?

* * * * *
Lo, our many yesteryears.....
Dept. of reprints.



"Did you hear about the big election scandal in Minnesota? Fellow name of Courtney was arrested for accepting a roll of greenbacks at a public polling-place in the 20 March primary election. He admitted accepting money that was intended to influence his vote, but so far he has refused to tell who bribed him. So the burning question in the North Star state is....Who sought Courtney's vote?"---

Redd Boggs, QABAL #2, Apr. '56

* * * * *
Saucer man to Congo native: "Take me to your Leader!" Replied the native, "Kasavubu, Mtobotu or Lumumba?"

Harness

BNE'S

HAVE NERVES

BY: OF
BOOB LICHTMAN

STEEL



Out of the Zap gun and into the air the jet of water came flying. Schultz laughed in demoniac glee as the spray hit Lichtman and Deckinger and they froze in their positions prone on the floor. Rapping Lichtman several times on the arm to prove his suspicion that he was a robot, as was Deckinger, he sat down at the tripewriter and began to type the stencils for the next Sigh-Fie. He had proved, finally, that the other two-thirds of the infernal triangle could keep up with his level of fanac only by dint of being robots. And now to tell all of fandom of this ~~As~~ Analogish discovery!

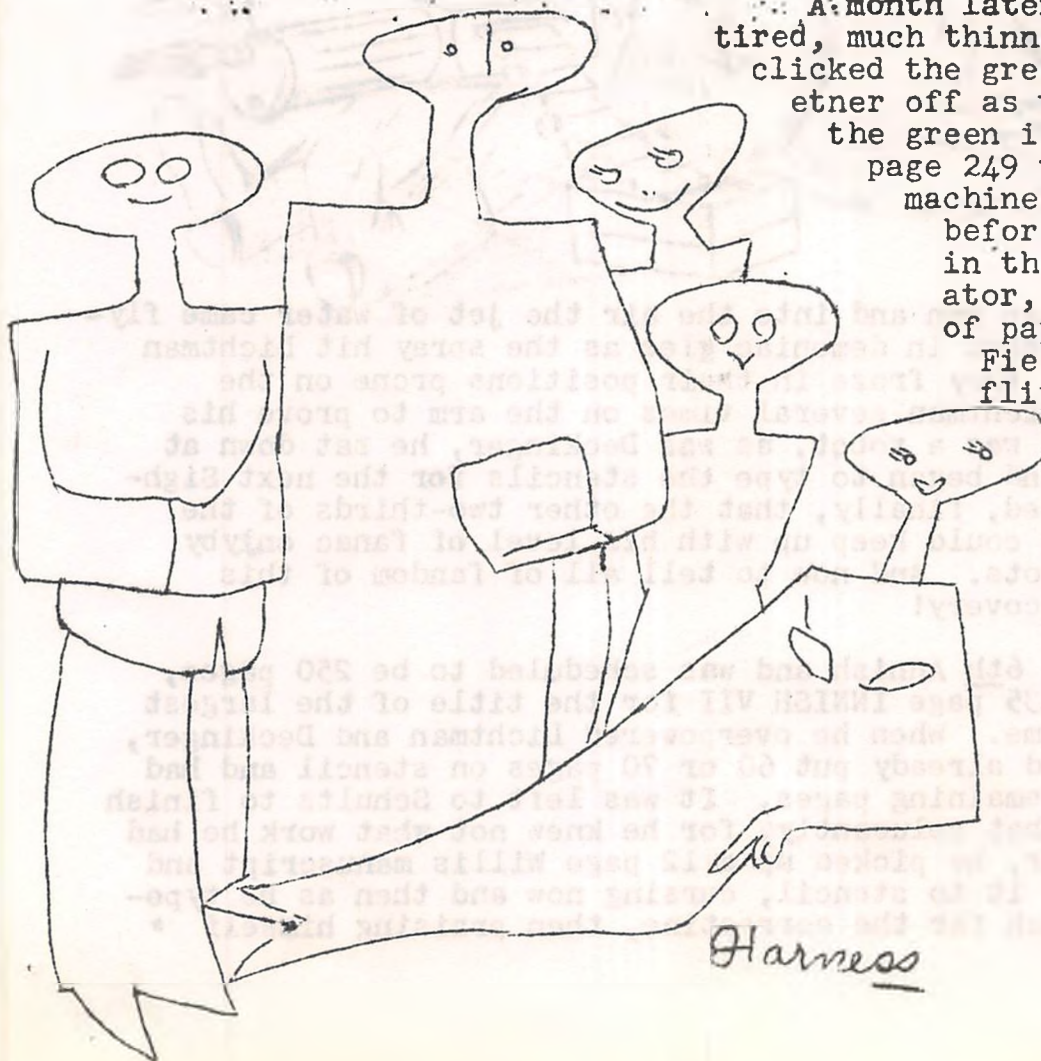
This was the 6th Annish and was scheduled to be 250 pages, beating out the 235 page INNISH VII for the title of the largest fanzine of all time. When he overpowered Lichtman and Deckinger, the two robots had already put 60 or 70 pages on stencil and had illustrated the remaining pages. It was left to Schultz to finish the issue. Somewhat reluctantly, for he knew not what work he had let himself in for, he picked up a 12 page Willis manuscript and began to transfer it to stencil, cursing now and then as he typed and had to reach for the correctine, then praising himself *

audibly when he typed an entire page of the article without a single mistyping.

It took him a solid week and a half, typing twelve hours a day, to get the issue on stencil. As he typed the last stencil, which was the contents page and colophon, in its usual position on the back-cover--he added, as a touch of whimsy, "Associate Editor, RIPSchultz". That completed, he surveyed the nearly foot high stack of stencils on the end-leaf of the typing table.

His eyes shifted to the other corner of the room and the electric Gestetner 340's (all four of them) that lay there in wait. Each of these machines printed a different color, for the ease of Deckinger and Lichtman who liked nothing less than making a color change, even on Gestetner, the easiest of all machines to color-change. From left to right, the machines printed blue, red, charcoal gray and green. This was all very necessary, for ever since the 3rd Annish, the last Sigh-Fie published with the ditto process, four color Gestetnering had been the method of publishing used, and the four gleaming machines, all in a row, were something of a legend in fan publishing circles.

Even with four electric Gestetners and an automatic collator and stapler, it would take a while to produce 200 copies of a 250 page fanzine.....



A month later, haggard, tired, much thinner than before, clicked the green-inked Gestetner off as the last copy of the green illustration for page 249 went through the machine. He was through. before him, stacked in the automatic collator, lay 125 sheets of paper. The Sigh-Fie Annish. He flipped the switch and watched the machine collate and staple the 200 issues. He finally switched it off as the last copy thudded on the receiving rack. The addressing and stamping came next....

He finished his chore at 1:00 Ach
Emme the next

morning, and mentally and physically exhausted, fell into bed and slept for the next 14 hours.

Rising slowly and painfully the next day, Schultz splurged on a gigantic breakfast. After reading the mail that had come in that day--the usual quantities of fanzines, letters and tapes--he loaded the issue of Sigh-Fie into his car and drove down to the local post office, where he swamped the people there by leaving the issue to their tender mercies. Then he got in his car again, and smiling self-satisfiedly with his own copy of Sigh-Fie on the front seat to his right, began to head back to Detroit. His plan was to visit fans across the country on a sort of extended tour and tell them all the truth about Lichtman and Deckinger.



The first stop was Salt Lake City, where he quickly located Gregg Calkins at his new address. He carried the copy of Sigh-Fie with him as he walked to the door of the Calkins manse. Gregg, who had been sitting in his living room reading his own newly arrived copy of Sigh-Fie, noticed him coming and swung open the door.

"Hi, Gregg," gasped Schultz, "you'll never guess what I have to tell you!" So saying, he was led into the living room, seated, and asked, "What is the news," Schultz then told Calkins all about the robots Lichtman and Deckinger and then, waving his copy of Sigh-Fie in his hand, said, "Well, gotta get going. Lots of places to visit yet."

"Wait," Gregg interjected, "won't you stay and have something to----" And his arm fell off, spreading a litter of miniscule nuts and bolts across the floor, and revealing a metal superstructure in his shoulder. "Oh, pardon me...."

Noticing the arm on the floor and the metal revealed in Gregg's shoulder, Schultz commented, "Erk." Dropping his fanzine to the floor, he managed to gasp, "You--you're a r-robot t-t-too!" shaking his finger accusingly in his direction.

Calkins gathered together his arm and his composure and his wits and said, "Yes, I am" just as Jo-Ann walked into the room. Schultz pointed at her and quizically gazed at Gregg. "Yes, so is she." admitted Gregg.

That did it. Schultz turned around, picked up his Sigh-Fie and lit out like a bat out of hell. In his rush, he even forgot that he still had his zap gun on him, and could have immobilized the Calkineses, had he so wished.

His next stop, he decided, would be Seattle. Furiously he

"GEE, PONTIUS. THEN
WHAT DID THAT JEW
SAY TO THE CROWD?"



railed the car into gear and drove non-stop to the city on Puget Sound, stopping only whenever absolutely necessary. Finally he pulled up the driveway of the Busbies little cottage on 14th Avenue West and cut off the engine.

Inside he found Buz, Elinor, Toskey, Gonser and Wally Weber around in the fenden, putting together the 265th CRY. Round and round the table they were going, picking up pages of CRY and stopping only momentarily to ram a pair of staples through an assembled copy. It was Elinor who first

noticed the haggard-looking Schultz, and her cries of surprise stopped the entire assembling crew.

Buz stepped forward, as Toskey stepped over the multigraph as if in fright. "Ah, Dick, haven't seen you since the ChiCon III." Shaking his hand warmly, he invited, "Well, join the assembly line, why don't you? There's plenty of homebrew waiting when we finish, and Elinor has baked a chocolate cake to go along with the meal. Plenty enough for you, too, Dick." Soon Schultz was going around in circles, picking up pages of CRY as he went, stopping to staple his collections together on occasion. Before too long, he became aware of a humming sound, quite faint, around him. He slowed down in his assembling a little bit to pay more attention. This caused the others to look quizzically at him.

"What is causing the slow-up over there?" asked the impatient Toskey, who faunched for some of Elinor's delicious chocolate cake. Schultz shrugged as if to say, "I don't know", then speeded up to his former pace. But the humming sound continued, and soon Dick had formed a fairly accurate idea of what it was, befuddled though his senses were. He feigned a tripping motion and fell against Wally Weber as hard as he could. Wally fell to the ground with Dick on top of him. Then Webers head came off.

"Now see what you've done," exclaimed Weber's head crossly. Schultz dumbly handed Weber back his head as they both rose to their feet. Weber gently placed it back on his shoulders, deftly plying a small pocket screwdriver at the same time. After a few shakes of his head, Wally went back to work as though nothing in particular had happened.

Schultz just stood there, dismay and shock written all over his face. Buz noticed this immediately and asked, "Aren't you one of---us?" He looked genuinely suprised.

"Do you mean am I a robot?!" Schultz resignedly asked. "No, no,

"I'm not", he shouted. He then ran out of the fenden, leaving a bewildered CRYcrew behind him.

Into his car he flew and off he drove. His next stop, and his last before heading home, he decided, would be Weyauwega, Wisconsin, where Bloch was once more living. Through the northern Plains states he drove, following much the same route as the Messiah of Campbell Park Avenue had traveled, lo, these many years ago. He resisted the temptation to see Guy Terwilleger's outlandish Azograph, even resisting the almost overpowering urge to stop in and look over Coswal's Bible collection. Into the small one horse town of Weyauwega he drove. A short check of the local phonebook of Bloch's address, a quick call, and he was soon banging on the front door of the Bloch residence.

"Come in," he heard a voice shout, and so he opened the door and found himself in a hall. "Where are you?" he shouted. The same voice answered, "In the den, Bob." The voice came from down the hallway, so Schultz walked down the dim passageway, and by looking in every doorway he came across, soon found the den.

Shock: there was Bloch sitting there cleaning his motor. "Oh," said the Wild Fan of Weyauwega, "You didn't mention your name on the phone and it sounded like Bob Tucker's!" He stuffed his motor back into its casing and closed up the front of his body.

"You're a robot, too," stated Schultz senselessly.

"Sure," said Bloch, "almost all fans are robots. But every once in a while one of your type, a human, comes along and joins fandom. But you're one of the first to learn the truth about your fellow fans in a long time. Am I the first one you've found out about?"

Schultz nodded negatively, and was about to go on when Sally Ann Bloch walked into the room. She was a lovely seductive type of girl, and Schultz looked at her appreciatively until he thought to ask if it really mattered. After all, fans were likeable creatures for all their metallic constitutions. He asked, "Is she a robot too?"

"Of course," said Bloch, getting up out of his easy chair. "I told you all fans were robots."

Schultz continued to study the light and sexy looking Sally Ann Bloch with mounting gusto. Finally he took her by the hand and walked off with her, whispering in her ear, "I don't care if you are a robot. What do you say we go somewhere fannish and have, ah, er, a one-shot session...?"

-- Bob Lichtman

"Willis, Shaw, Berry and all the other Irish fans play it all the time," I told Dale Gruntwood, "and they call it Ghoodminton. Since this is the Yankee version, we should call it Bhadminton. With an 'h'."

"The only way to spell something fannishly is with an 'h'," Marcia agreed.

The whole group had come to my house for the day, and between reading fanzines, telling jokes, and illegally drinking bheer, I had recalled the old badminton net and set in the cellar. With Jimmy and Harry helping me, we had managed to set it up in the backyard with a minimum of confusion and a maximum of un-needed assistance. The two large stakes were driven into the ground, directly across from each other at each side of the yard. We were fortunate that it had rained the night before, for the ground was loose and we had no difficulty in driving the stakes into the ground. There were several frayed strings on the net, which had not been used for the past two years. But after much twisting and tying, we managed to get it up. It fluttered loosely in the wind, but not enough to serve as a distracting element.

GOOD

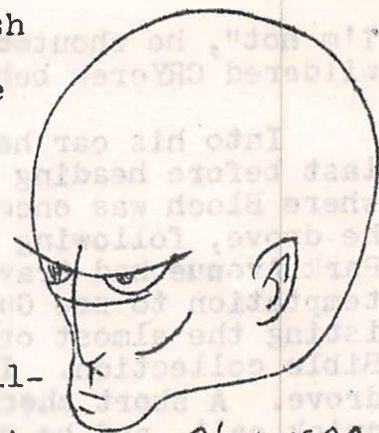
GAME

OF

BHADMINTON

BY

MIKE DECKINGER



Harries

The day was cloudy, though not uncomfortable, and there was a brisk breeze in the air. The sun was shining mildly.

Earlier in the morning Peter Grant had phoned to say that he wouldn't be able to make it, and that left me, Marcia, Harry, Jimmy and Dale Gruntwood here. With only one racket and one birdie (or shuttlecock, though we never used a name like that), one person would have to stay out of the game. Jimmy volunteered to warm the sidelines for the first game, so that we were able to form teams, Dale and I versus Marcia and Harry.

"How is this game scored?" Marcia wanted to know.

"It's really quite simple," I explained. Not being an exact novice at the game, having had the opportunity to indulge in it many times before, (though not in such fannish company,) I took the liberty of explaining. "It begins when one player serves. If his opponent misses, he gets a point. If it is hit back to him and he misses, then it's his opponents serve. Only the team that serves can make points. Naturally we have boundaries, and a birdie into the net means a do-over."

"Why do they call it a birdie?" Marcia asked, fondling the little plastic missile.

"I've often wondered that myself," added Harry, "you would think the persons who designed this game would come up with a much

more imaginative title than birdie."

"Why it doesn't even look like a bird," Marcia observed.

"What does it look like?" queried Jimmy.

"I really can't say, but whatever it is not a bird," said I.

Harry suddenly looked up with a smile on his face. "Maybe it comes from a scrambled egg."

"Perhaps it's just wearing a disguise," Dale commented.

"I can't for the life of me see why a birdie would care to disguise itself," Marcia told him.

"If it knew it was going to be involved in a bhadminton game it might want to," quipped Jimmy.

"Don't be silly," Marcia berated, "it's only made of ummmm..... plastic. Rather pleasant to the touch at that."

"Officially it's known as a shuttlecock", I supplied.

"Good Heavens," Marcia laughed, "that's worse. Now I can see why they want to call it a birdie."

"Hey, hey" Jimmy called from a bench where he was sitting, "get on with the game now. We can argue semantics later."

"Well, you won't argue my semantics," Marcia sternly stated.

"Nor mine," Dale added, "anyone that would argue about a young ladies semantics might even.....even sell his poor aged grandmother into slavery."

"And his grandfather too," added Harry.

"Well, you can all talk about someone else's semantics," said Marcia, "but leave mine out of it."

"He should be locked up."

"Please", I said in smooth oil-over-troubled waters tones, then switched to a shockingly loud tones, which shut them up in suprise.

"You can serve the birdie any day now, my dear Mister Harry," I called to him.

"I can't," he replied sourly.

~~ASTOUNDED~~ Analoged, I asked, "Why not?"

"There isn't any bar."

Marcia burst out laughing and I quietly went over, took the birdie, backed into my court, and gave it a heavy swat. The small missile went sailing over the net and over Harry's head as well. He swung at it after it had passed him.



ADKINS-

"That one's ours," I said in a very loud voice. Harry then tossed the birdie back to me. I sized up the others and hit the birdie again. This time Harry was prepared. The birdie went sailing back to our side, right to Dale who watched it, and me, quizzically as the birdie sailed gracefully to the ground near his feet with all the grace and ease of a lead feather....after it dropped off of the top of his head first.

"Our birdie!" sang out Marcia gaily.

"Why didn't you hit it?" inquired Dale in a petulant tone.

"You were supposed to hit that one," I answered in my sweetest, most honeyed tones.

"Oh."

Dale swung his racket experimentally. "I willed it not to come any further," he explained.

"Well, you quite evidently didn't will it hard enough, I guess. And in the future make sure you hit it with the paddle. When your mental powers are advanced enough to halt material objects in mid-air, you should take your talents to either Dr. Rhine or John Campbell, either of which would welcome you with loaded questions and open arms. But until then, the standard method of hitting birdies is with an instrument called a racket."

"Peasant," Dale sneered in my direction.

"You've hurt his feelings," Marcia soothed, "he doesn't like people to speak to him harshly."

"She's right," Dale affirmed, "I feel hurt by your crass tones."

"And that's the only thing you're going to feel," Marcia said slyly. "Now please continue with the game. I'm beginning to enjoy this odd little game of ours."

"So am I," said Jimmy. "I'm glad I didn't play. It's much more fun watching this."

"Never mind," I scolded, "it's your serve Harry".

Harry cradled the birdie carefully in his hand, backed up and glared defiantly at Dale and me. We glared just as defiantly back at him. Marcia, sensing the visual battle that was being waged immediately joined in. All four of us glared at each other, forgetting the badminton game. At last Harry straightened up, clutched the birdie and sent it flying. It came right at me, and I had no trouble smacking it easily over the net, right





to Marcia who let out a small yelp and hit it back. The small object arced over the net and I darted a few feet to the left and just managed to hit it back, right to Harry who hit it to Dale. This time he decided not to leave his faith in psi and sent it back. This interchange continued for several minutes until Dale, in an effort to demonstrate his capabilities with a badminton racket deliberately swerved as the birdie came towards him, then tried to leap back into position to return the blow. Unfortunately, he underestimated the speed of the birdie, compared with his speed, and managed to turn back just as the missile dropped to the ground.

"That's one for us," shouted Marcia as Harry grinned broadly.

"You're doing a lot for us," he called to Dale, "a tremendous lot for us. It is fortunate you're on the other team, however."

"He's really working for us," Marcia stage-whispered to Jimmy, "we planted him with Mike so that he would lose."

"That's not a nice thing to say," Dale broke out with. "This is my first try at the game and I should think my opponents would at least have the decency to keep from spilli.., er, to ignore my few minor errors."

"All of them, Dale boy?" Harry called out, "or just the first fifty of 'em?"

"Come on," soothed Marcia, "it is his first game, just as he said. The least we can do is to control our laughter, no matter how difficult that will become, as he plays. After all, one doesn't see exhibitions like this all the time."

"Thank Ghū," said Jimmy in reverent tones.

"Blasphmer," quoted I, making the sign of He of the mighty tail.

"Talk, talk, talk," Dale burst in with, "you're just jealous, that's all. The whole lot of 'e are just jealous of the way that I play."

Harry stared at him. "Good heavens, bwah, do you really have something that we should be jealous of? Perhaps I haven't been observing you closely enough."

"That's what I like about Dale," Marcia muttered, "his modesty. Never let it be said that he tries to hide it."

"Say friends," Jimmy called out, "I don't want to sound impatient, but you look like you're having so much fun, that I can't control my desires for wanting in too. So how about hurrying up a bit with your little sport so I can get in."

"He's right," said Marcia, Jimmy does deserve the opportunity

to play. I'm sure Dale won't object to giving up his place to let a newcomer like Jimmy have a chance. After all, Jimmy really needs the practice more than Dale."

Dale looked as if he were going to object, but then decided against it and walked away. He went over to Jim and handed him his racket without a sound. He turned back to us.

"When I'm a famous bhadminton player, don't come to me and ask me to play an exhibition game for you. Why, I won't even go to the "Purple Turtle" after I win my awards, in the future. Just remember it now, don't come to me ten years from now asking me to be on your blasted bhadminton team."

"You have our word that we won't, dear," Marcia solemnly stated, and we all seconded the motion.

"Peasants," Dale muttered in a suppressed voice, and seated himself on the sidelines. I couldn't help but wonder how much actual resentment he felt towards us, and how much mock resentment he was displaying. Dale was often like this, and half the time you couldn't tell when he was joking and when he wasn't.

The game commenced again with a serve from me that was promptly rebounded by Harry to Jimmy, who expertly hit it back over the net. Thus we continued at this moderate frenetic pace to a score of seven to eleven, our team in the lead. Then Marcia, who was serving then, gave the birdie a tremendous whack, and sent it sailing through the air. It disappeared in a clump of bushes.

"Gee, I'm sorry I did that," she said in a tone that proved she meant it. "I really didn't intend to hit it that hard. Is that the only one you've got Mike?"



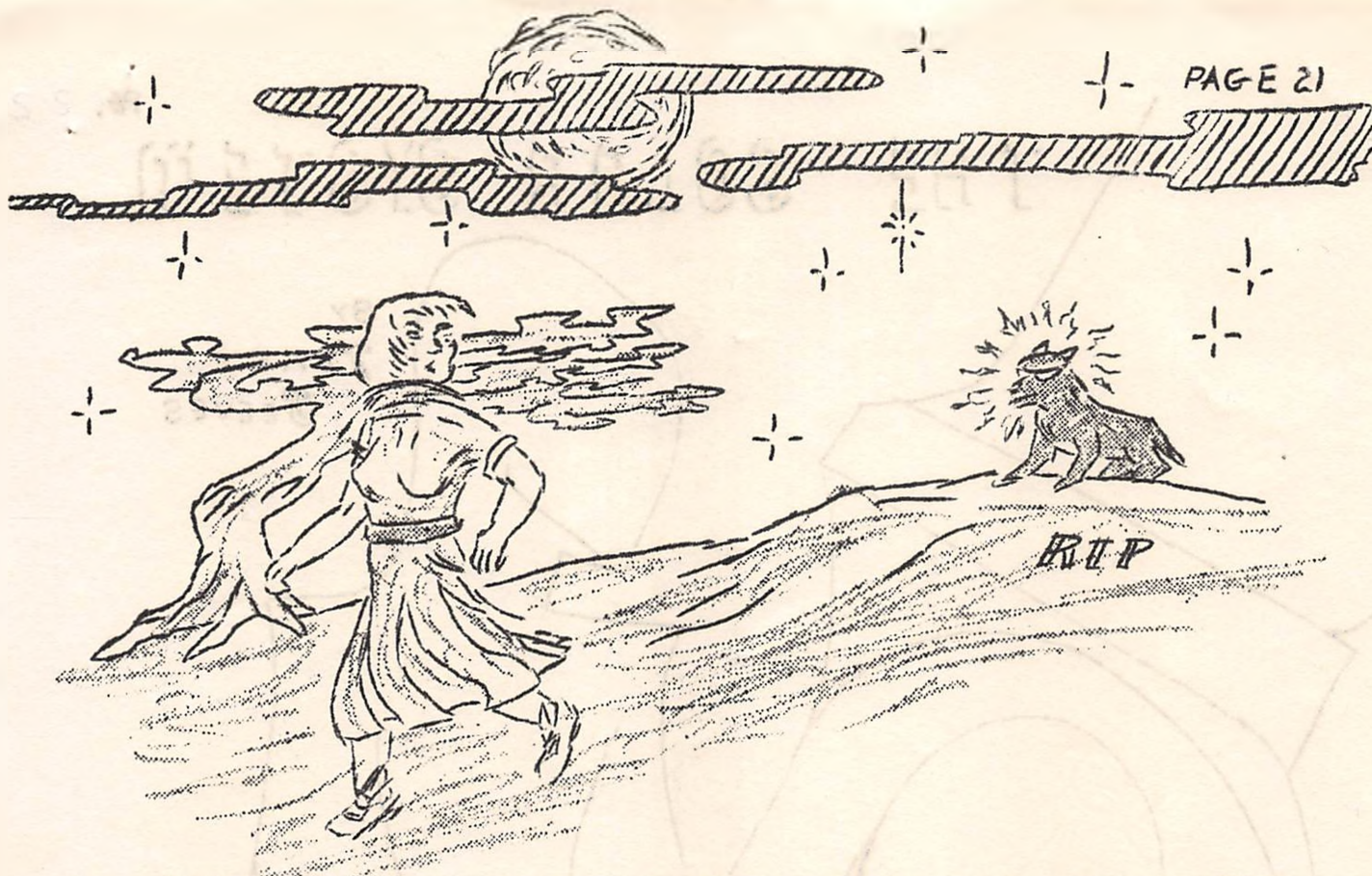
I had to admit that it was. The set originally came with three, but the other two had gone the way of all birdies some time ago, about two years ago, in fact. The birdie we had been using was the last of the Mohicans.

"I guess we'll just have to hunt for it," said Dale; "that is, the players will have to hunt for it."

"He's right, you know," Harry said. "We'd best start looking for it."

While Dale lounged on his can, therefore, (probably enjoying himself for the first time all afternoon,) we advanced to the bushes where Marcia's shot had landed, and began to flog the bushes industrious-

"YEAH, I'M THE 1955 STEVE TOLLIVER. BUT HOW DID YOU SPOT ME?"



ly. Unfortunately, it was not as easy a task as it sounded. The bushes were very thick, and to add to the complications, several sprouted very efficient and very sharp thorns. The thorns ringed in an almost complete circle of the bushes, and it was in the center that the birdie had landed. Harry peered in as close as he could, and then straightened up.

"When you hit it, you really hit it, don't you?" he addressed Marcia.

"I'm sorry," she repeated, "I didn't know...."

"Why don't we get a stick?" Jimmy interrupted, "that way we might poke it out."

"I have a much more entrancing solution to the enormous problem which presently confronts us," I softly said.

"What?" they all queried in unison.

"Let's cancel the game altogether, at least for now."

Harry looked at me with a new light gleaming in his eyes. "Mike, boy, that is a brilliant solution. Now why couldn't I have thought of that sooner than this?"

"Yes," Marcia agreed, "this game wasn't getting us anywhere anyways. Besides, I'm thirsty."

"So am I," I had to admit, "come on in the house, I'll try to find something to drink."

As we were walking to the door Harry approached me and quickly asked: "Did you say that IF really plays this confounded game every chance they get? If so,....why?"

Now that I think it over, it's a pretty good question.

---Mike Deckinger

THE SOLAR SYSTEM

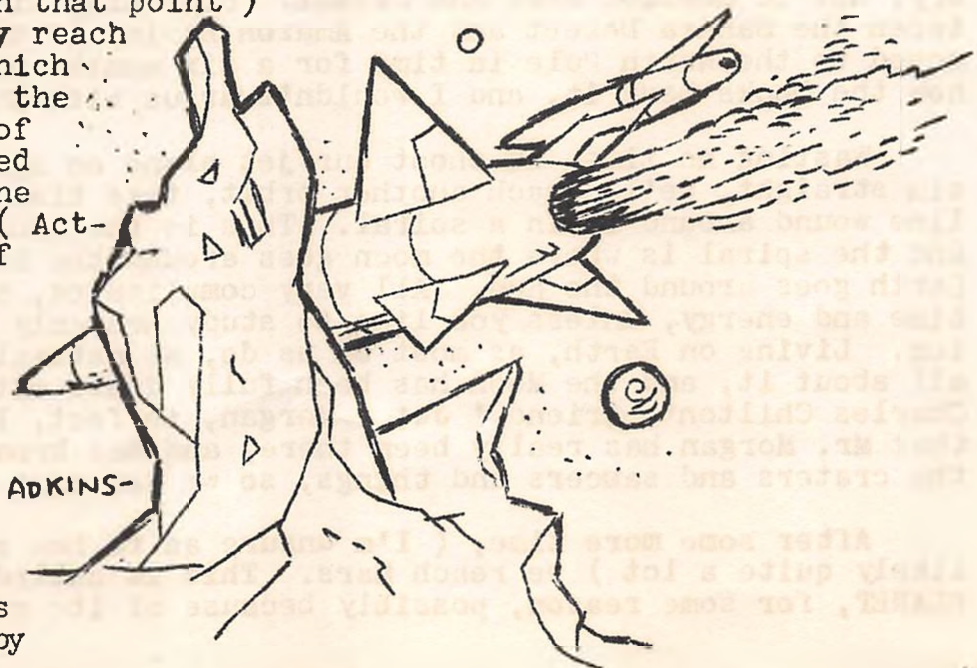
BY
TERRY
JEEVES

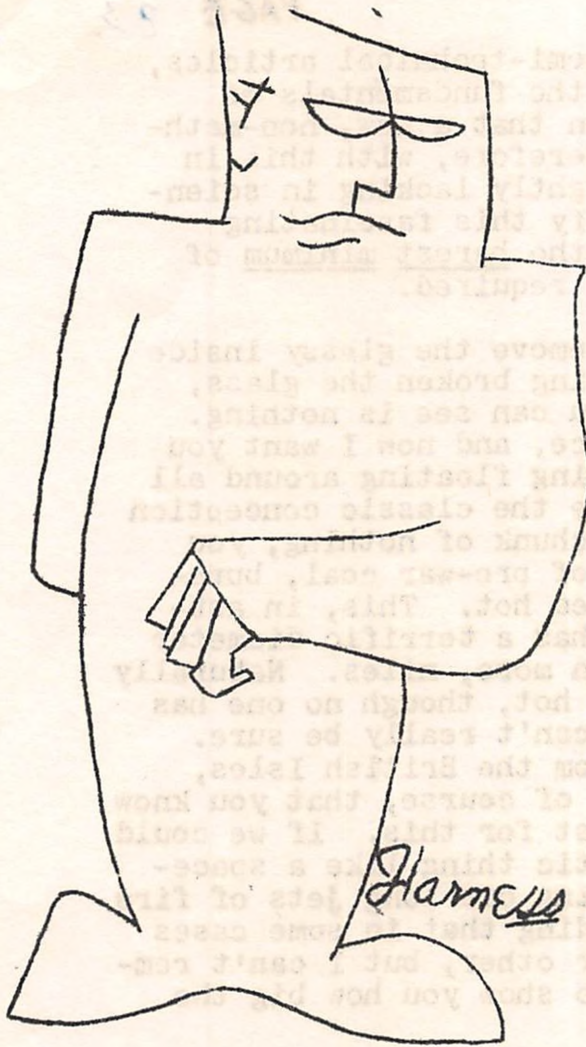
Harness

After reading many technical and semi-technical articles, all of which were supposed to teach me the fundamentals of astronomy, I have come to the conclusion that a new, non-mathematical approach is sorely needed. Therefore, with this in mind; and with an eye to the reader slightly lacking in scientific knowledge, I have tried to simplify this fascinating subject. To follow my discourse, only the barest minimum of mathematical and technical knowledge is required.

First, take an old vacuum flask, remove the glassy inside part and tap gently with a hammer. Having broken the glass, look inside the double wall, and all you can see is nothing. Technically, this is referred to as space, and now I want you to imagine a gigantic lump of this nothing floating around all by itself. If you can do this, you have the classic conception of space. Smack in the middle of this chunk of nothing, you must now envision a whacking big piece of pre-war coal, burning like the clappers of hell, and durned hot. This, in astronomical terms is called the SUN. It has a terrific diameter of hundreds, possibly thousands, or even more, miles. Naturally it is very big, and we think it is very hot, though no one has actually been there to find out, so we can't really be sure. On a clear day, this sun can be seen from the British Isles, sometimes for minutes on end; assuming, of course, that you know where to look, upwards is held to be best for this. If we could approach the sun closely in some fantastic thing like a spaceship, we would find that it keeps throwing out long jets of fire for very long distances, I remember reading that in some cases they have reached as far as something or other, but I can't remember exactly where, but it just goes to show you how big the jets must be, doesn't it?

Having explained all about the Sun, let us imagine we are in a jet plane flying out from the Sun at a really immense clip, to avoid any higher mathematics, I won't tell you the real speed, but you know how fast those things go anyways. Well, if we travel for a long time, hours, days, weeks, or months (I'm not quite clear on that point) we will eventually reach thin black line which goes right around the Sun in the shape of a slightly squashed circle known as the orbit of Mercury (Actually, it's one of those imaginary lines like that Equator thing people like to draw on maps) and Mercury is supposed to follow this line around the Sun. It may cheat now and then when it's 'round the back, by





nipping over for a warm, but as no one has ever caught it doing this, I may be maligning the poor thing.

Mercury, by the way, is a planet, which means it is a chunk of rock or something, very like the Earth, but smaller than the Sun. Possibly it's smaller than the Earth too, unless it's larger. Anyway, it is bound to be one or the other, unless they are of the same size, this possibility is known as the THEORY OF RELATIVITY. On Mercury it is much hotter than on Earth, as it is nearer the Sun, which must be very nice in the summer. The side away from the Sun, is in shadow, and is ideal for cooling off after sun-bathing. In between, is the Twilight Zone, which is something like the Lonsdale Belt, only different. I think.

We mustn't hang around this orbit too long, or Mercury will knock us for six (very simple maths) when it comes around the corner. Instead, we'll start the engines and head away from the Sun again. Sooner or later, although I'm not sure which, we'll run into another black line,

which is the orbit of Venus, another planet, and as it is bigger than Mercury, it must be bigger than Earth, unless Mercury is so small that anything bigger than it can still be smaller than the Earth. Not that it really matters, as nobody lives there anyway, at least I don't think so, as it is so hot, steamy, dusty and dry, not to mention dark and dismal. Something like a cross between the Sahara Desert and the Amazon Basin, if they could be moved to the North Pole in time for a six months night. That's how the books have it, and I wouldn't argue with them.

Wasting no time, we shoot our jet plane on again, and if we aim straight, we'll reach another orbit, this time, with another line wound around it in a spiral. This is the orbit of Earth, and the spiral is where the moon goes around the Earth, as the Earth goes around the Sun. All very complicated, and a waste of time and energy, unless you like to study heavenly bodies in motion. Living on Earth, as most of us do, we naturally know just all about it, and the Moon has been fully dealt with by Mister Charles Chilton's friend ' Jet ' Morgan, in fact, I understand that Mr. Morgan has really been there, and has broadcast about the craters and saucers and things, so we can miss that out too.

After some more time, (I'm unsure as to how much, but very likely quite a lot) we reach Mars. This is called the RED PLANET, for some reason, possibly because of its color. It must

be very wet here, as it has ice-caps and canals and things. The orbit is really balled up, with two lines twisted around it. This is because Mars has two moons, they are called Damon and Pythias, or Abbott and Costello, or something like that, and are too small to be of any use for any purpose at all.

Our next trip must be made carefully, for on the way, we have to pass what are called the asteroids. These are bits of brick, rocks and suchlike junk left around by the builders when they were making the Solar System, and will no doubt cause Mr. Morgan a lot of bother when he gets around this way. These asteroids are a great menace to any space navigation, as they could quite easily knock his silly head off if he stuck it outside the ship.

Next we come to a very thick black line, with simply oodles of other lines twisted around it, so that it looks like some very intricate electrical gadget. We have now reached the orbit of Jupiter which has ever so many moons, maybe half a dozen (more easy maths), or perhaps even more than that. That is only right, because Jupiter is ever so many miles around the waist line and certainly too big for anyone to argue with, not even another planet. According to the books, Jupiter has lots of methane, which I'm sure must be very nice for Jupiter. I'm not certain what Methane is, but no doubt Mr. Morgan will be getting here soon, so we'll all be able to find out then.

Saturn is our next stop, and this planet is engaged, as I remember reading that it has a ring. I think it is very big, and is probably a nice place for Saturnians to live, that is if there are any Saturnians, but as the books didn't mention this, it might be that there aren't any (unless they are engaged too). It must be a happy place with all that sort of thing going on.

Uranus comes next, but by this time, most writers have got fed up with the whole business. Very little is known about Uranus, but I suppose it will have some moons, or it would feel very lonely, and it probably has quite a lot of methane, though not as much as Jupiter of course. No doubt it is either very hot, or very cold, and it may have Uranians or Urinals living on it. I expect they live in Uraniums, and the place must suit them, or they wouldn't live there.

After another trip, we will reach Neptune, which is a planet with plenty of water, and if memory serves me true, Neptune has trident which is probably much like methane, only not so good, or Jupiter would have got it instead. I

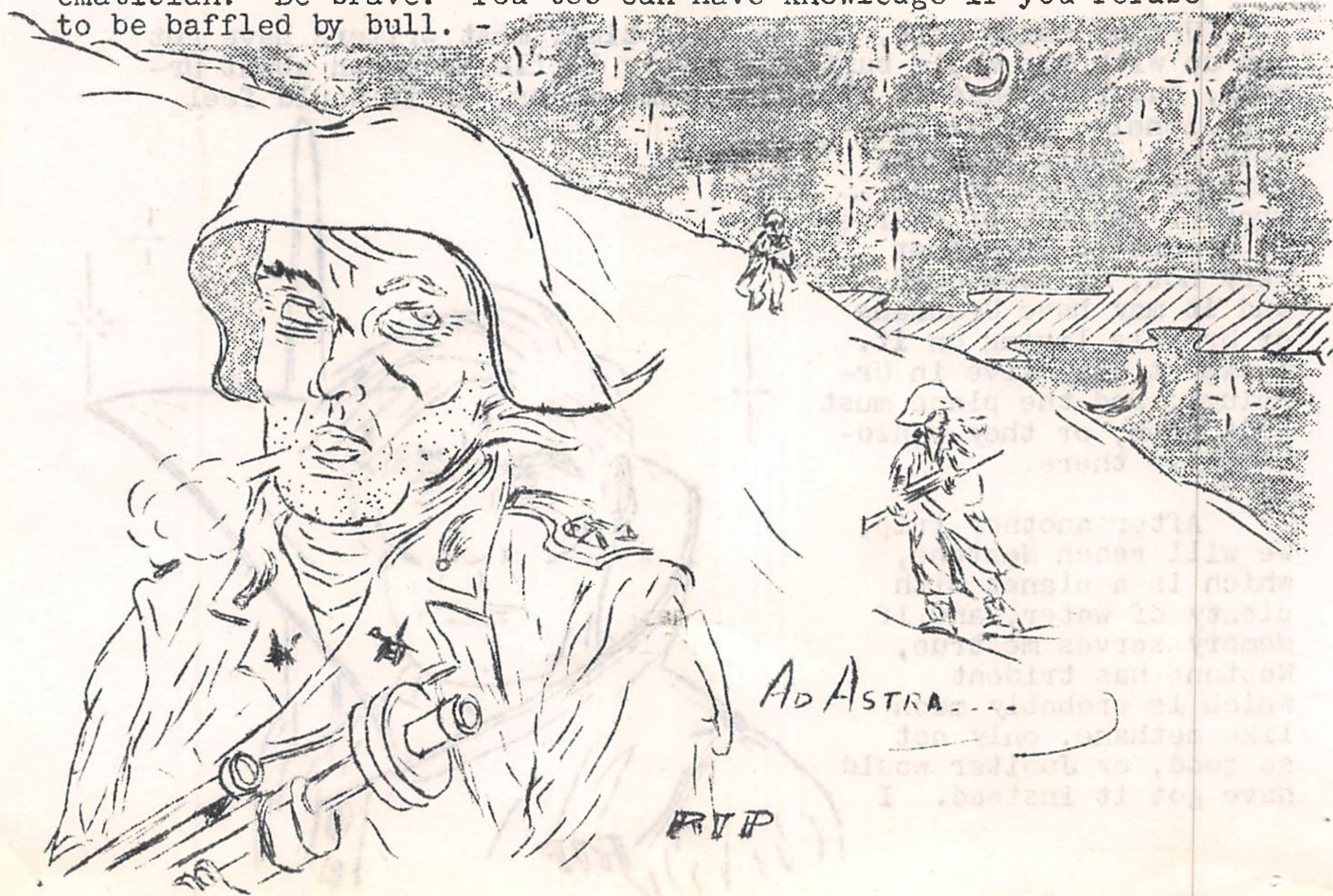


can't tell you very much about Neptune, as all the books seem to leave this planet almost to the end, and then skip it. They spend far more time on this silly old moon of ours, which is so much nearer that we can see it for ourselves anyway without reading their stupid old books.

The last planet we shall visit, is called Pluto, which means 'Lord of the something or other', I'm a bit uncertain about the last part, but I expect it has something to do with dogs and dogs and stars and things like that. Maybe Lassie lived here once, and left because it was so tiny and cold, and entirely devoid of trees and lamp-posts. In any case, letters from Earth would take a very long time to get there, and Pluto's year is so long, that no one would ever live long enough to have a birthday party, not even their first one. It must be a miserable place.

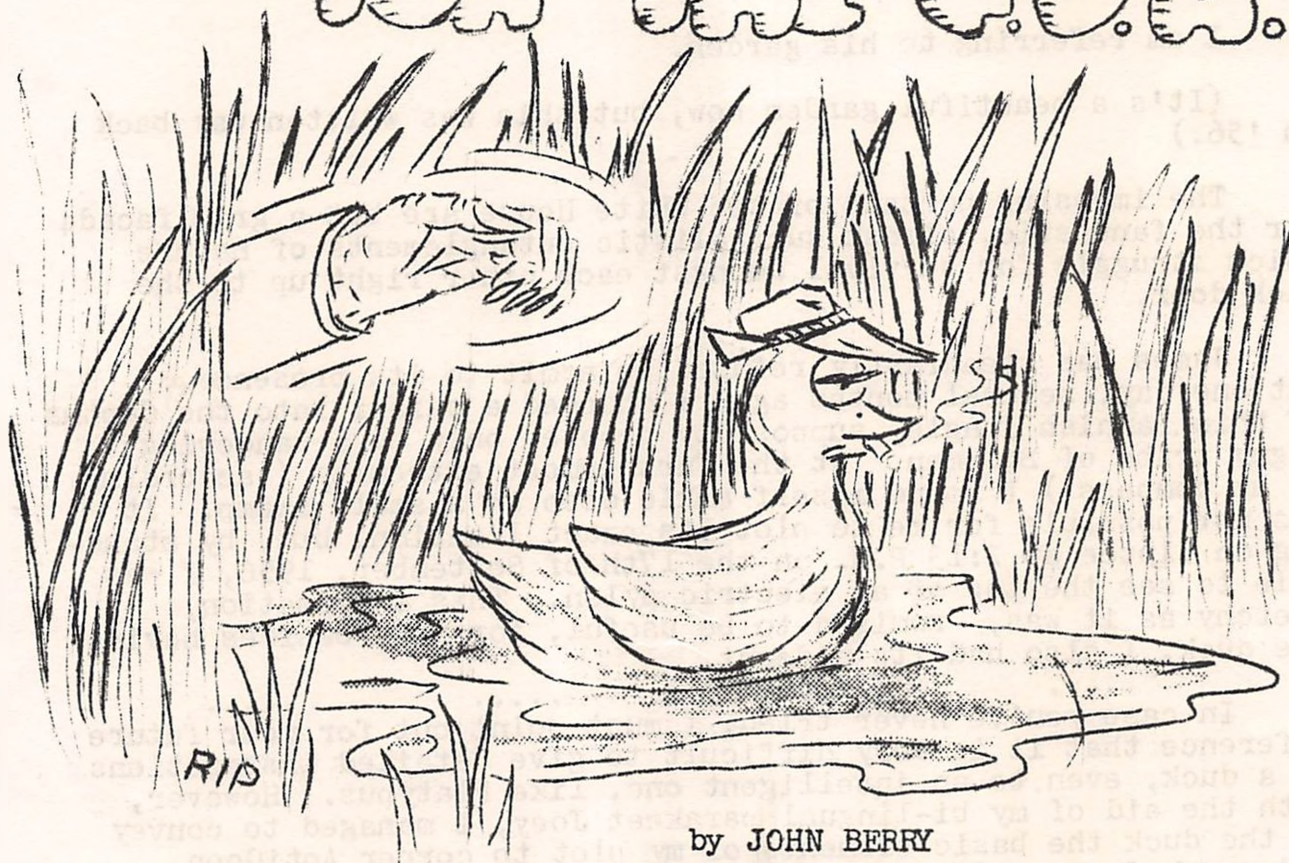
That is a simple description of the Solar System, all these planets wander round the sun, pretty much in the same plane, which is called the plane of the epileptic, because everything fits so nicely into plane. Sometimes, comets and meteors come whizzing through on short trips, and these are very pretty unless you happen to stand in the way. A Comet is just a lot of gas, and meteors are using for making craters. There is also a theory about 'Continuous Creation', but I refuse to discuss sex in a purely educational work.

Now that you know all about astronomy, I trust that you will realise that knowledge can be gained without any of those square pies and disintegrated callouses so beloved by the mathematician. Be brave! You too can have knowledge if you refuse to be baffled by bull. -



This absorbing narrative details one of the Goons earliest conflicts with the dreaded AntiGoon.. The story is so loaded with pathos that Chuch Harris fainted when he read it in 1956, in his capacity as joint editor of HYPHEN, and swore that as long as he was in fandom he would never allow it to be published. Chuck has left us, and, as RETRIBUTION 16 (pending) features one of the Goons latest adventures in New York, it seems fitting that this fine and noble Schultzine shall be desecrated with one of the Goons earliest adventures into the underworld of fandom. The title.....like,.....it warns you what to expect.....

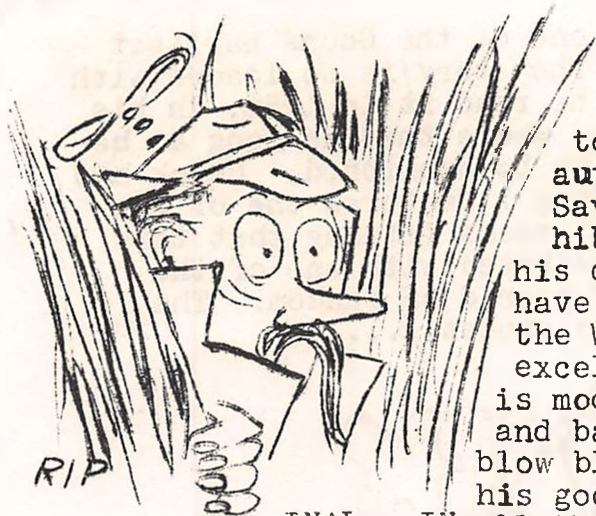
I WAS A DUCK FOR THE C.O.A.



by JOHN BERRY

Platypus was a duck. As far as I can ascertain (and medical evidence never proved me wrong) it was a virgin. It was innocent, though imbued with a remarkably high intelligence. It was brown, a Khaki Campbell, actually, and as it looked at me with its crossed eyes over a yellow beak....innocents, like I said, and trusting.

Then it met James White.....



I don't wish to be disrespectful to James White, I admit he is a gifted author and is in the really big time. Save for infrequent spasms of sadism, exhibited mostly whilst playing ghoddminton, his demeanour is of the most sedate. I have been a frequent visitor to his abode, the White House, and have partaken of the excellence of his hospitality. The house is modern, the interior decor well chosen and balanced. I have even been allowed to blow blue smoke out of his air gun. Through his good agency I have obtained a QUINN ORIG-

INAL. IN all these aspects, James White is one hundred per cent. But strange as it may seem, contrarywise to his 'fan-about-town' air, there is a grim skelton in his proverbial closet.

I am referring to his garden.

(It's a beautiful garden now, but this was written way back in '56.)

The imposing portals of the White House are but a grim facade for the fantastic, almost surrealistic entanglements of nature which struggle for survival amongst each other right up to the back door.

James has steadfastly refused to admit to its presence. . . But one day, several months ago, I chanced a safari into the depths of this fannish jungle, supposedly peopled only by a wandering pigmy tribe of BoShmen. At the furthestmost extremity (according to my compass) I found myself ankle deep in a small swamp. It was not possible for me to plot its exact location, but, by standing on tiptoe at 2:13 P.M. on the 17th of September, 1956, I was able to see the top of an electric pylon. This information, sketchy as it was, promised to be useful, for now, besides having the duck, I also had its hideout.

.....
In case you've never tried, I must point out for your future reference that it is very difficult to give detailed instructions to a duck, even to an intelligent one, like Platypus. However, with the aid of my bi-lingual parakeet Joey, I managed to convey to the duck the basic elements of my plot to corner AntiGoon, and smash forever his vile conspiracy with James White. I sent Platypus happily flapping away armed with (and here, my foresight almost amounted to genius) armed with a hair curler.

Although it may sound rather self-presumptive of me to admit it, everything evolved on my being invited



to the annual Christmas Party at the White House.

The invitation duly arrived, a few words of reluctant invitation scribbled on the back of an annual subscription form to NEW WORLDS.

In passing, I must admit an aura of antagonism had arisen between me and James White, which culminated in actual physical conflict during a ghoddminton session, when Walt unwisely put us on opposing sides. Unfortunately, James had a second pair of spectacles, which didn't icapacitate him as much as I had hoped, and I suspect there was more than just an asthetic interest in the way he tied my moustache in a bow at the back of my neck.

Anyway, notwithstanding this, I accepted the White invitation with alarcricity.

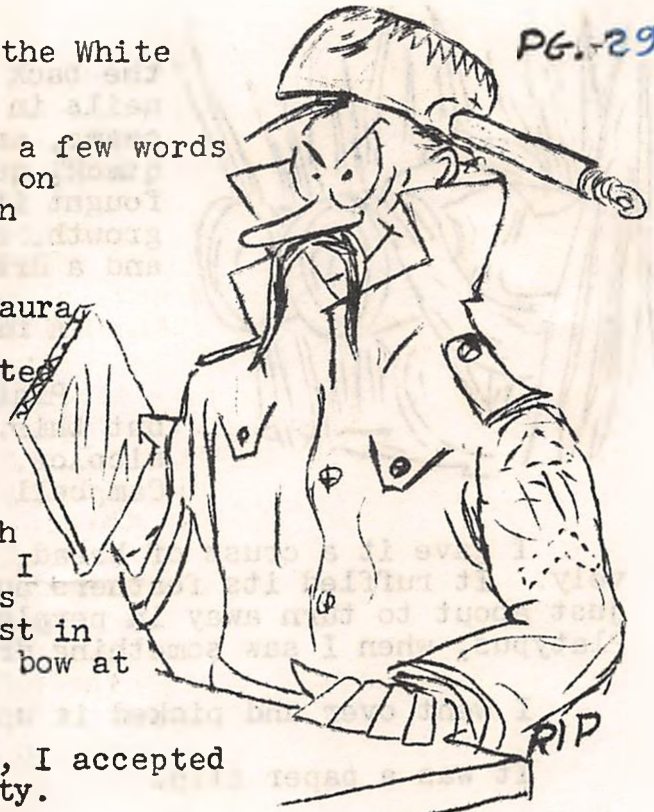
For iffenn my scheme worked out as it should, James White would be forced to shout for AntiGoon at the party, and the GDA would be ready!

.....

There was an air of well-being at the White House. James had recently sold a novel and had received a four figure cheque from his publisher, and before he could spend it all on model aeroplanes, Peggy, his cute lil wife, had wisely stepped in and appropriated some of it to furnish her house. No expense had been spared to enhance the vislon of respectability and wealth associated with the name of James White. A wide screen TV gaped at me from across the room. The stair carpet pile was so thick that I had to feel with my own toe to find out where the next step was. Most ostentatious of all, however, was an everyday object in the, er, lavatory. Speaking bluntly, most lavatories I have visited sport a rusty chain and a cracked china handle. The White flush, though, was more up to date, as one would expect, consisted of a lever, set on top of the cistern which actuates the water supply and switches off the tape recorder at the same time. But James and Peggy had the very latest idea. In place of the chain was a long brown feather-like soft column, and attached to the bottom was a beautifully shaped yellow object, with two blue jewels of unspecified type set in the top of it. Most modernistic of all, however, was the bloodheat temperature of this remarkable flush, which seemed to vibrate to the touch.

Altogether most unusual!!!

..... After tea, I secretly tiptoed to





the back door, raised myself on my hobnails in the general direction of the swamp, and emitted a seductive 'quack, quack, quack'. An answering quack fought its way to me through the undergrowth, and soon after the reeds parted and a drake waddled out.

A DRAKE???

Platypus was a duck, a brown one, but this...this drake was sort of technicolor. It was, in fact, a virile Khaki Campbell drake.

I gave it a crust of bread, and stroked its feathers meditatively. It ruffled its feathers and waddled away again. I was just about to turn away in perplexity pondering over the fate of Platypus, when I saw something drop from the drake's plumage.

I went over and picked it up.

It was a paper clip.

Hmmmmmm.

I also picked up a handful of damp grass, and crept indoors again, slightly bewildered.

.....
 Inside, I joined in the fun and merriment. Then I excused myself. I ran upstairs, got a bucket from the bathroom and stuffed the bottom with paper. On top of this I set the wet grass. I applied a match to the corner of the paper, and when I saw that I had ignited the rest, I leapt to the door of James' den, dumped the bucket in the middle of the room. Soon thick greasy smoke billowed out of the bucket. I left the door slightly open, sauntered downstairs, and opened the living room door with a flourish.

Inside, I made an ostentatious display of turning the key in the lock, and then turned to the amazed fen.

"James," I announced, "I have just set fire to your den."

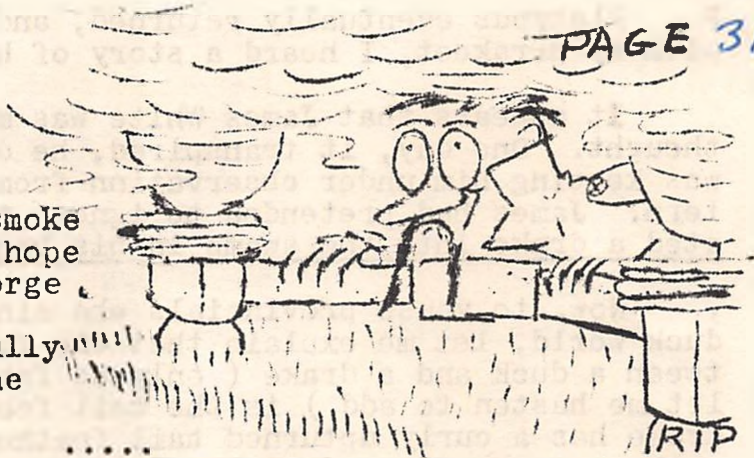
Smoke started to creep under the crack of the door, and soon filled the room. But above the smoke and confusion came the clarion call, "HOI HOI!" as James White shouted for the AntiGoon, as I knew and planned he should. He couldn't get to his den because I had locked the door, and he couldn't see me hiding under the table because of the smoke. What else could he have done??? That's what comes of planning ahead and having a superior intellect to boot.

I heard a loud bang upstairs, crawled from under the table to the door, unlocked it, raced upstairs, flung the door open, and there, just as I had planned, was AntiGoon.

But wait!

AntiGoon???

The rapidly clearing smoke revealed the venerable (I hope that's the right word) George A.T.W. Charters, bleating happily in a chair, blissfully perusing a La Vie Parisienne that Peggy hadn't found.

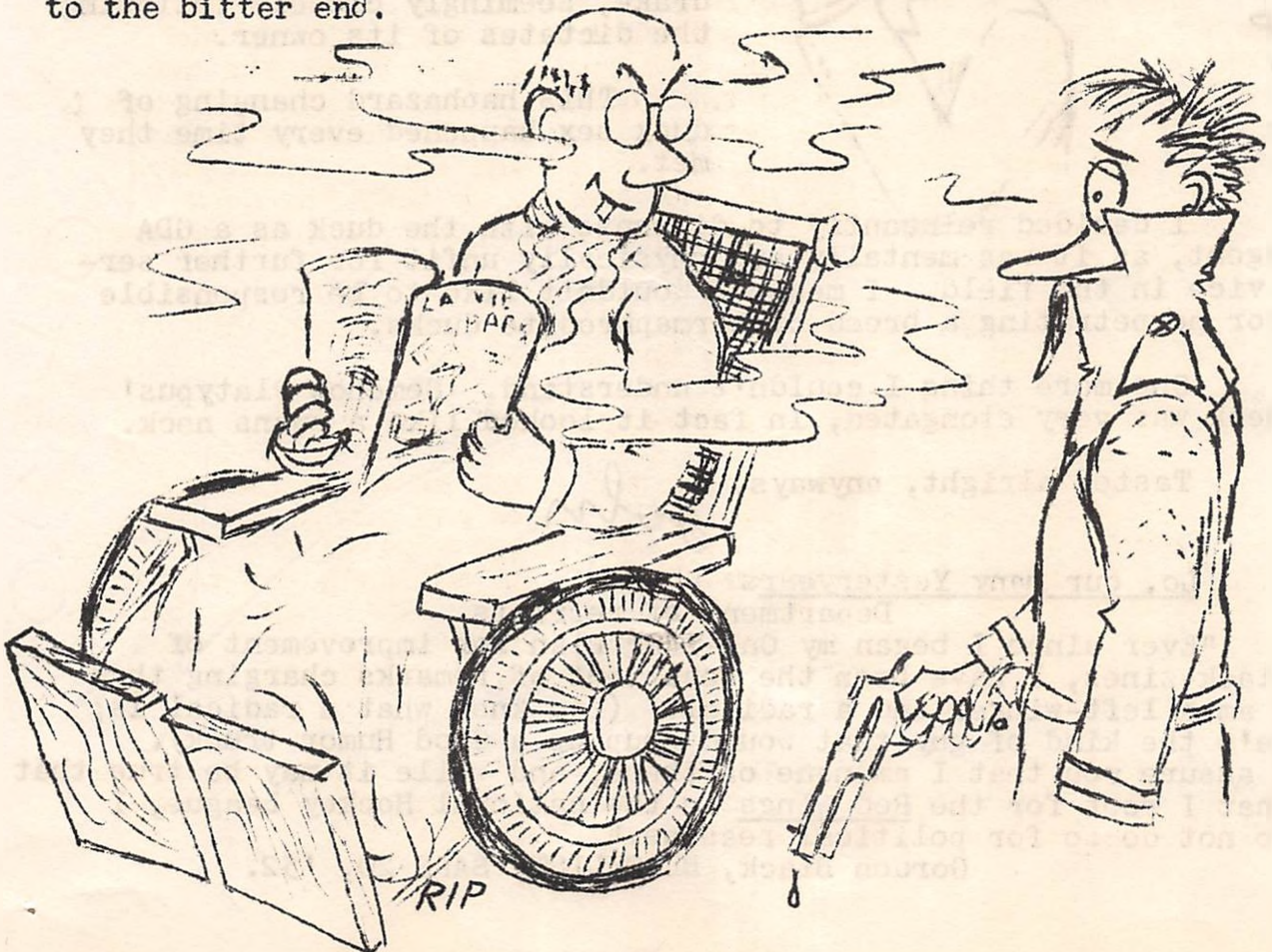


.....
This is my story...one of the incidents of an incident packed career of strife against the dreaded AntiGoon, who, to this day, I have not identified.

It is an anti-climax, I know. I thought I had prepared the ground, full to be in a position to expose AntiGoon. But I found instead the Sage of Irish Fandom, George Charters. I cannot see how he got there, unless I missed him in the smoke-filled room, and all the time he had been admiring the flamboyant lavatory flush, and had finally staggered in to put out the smoke when he saw it creeping down the landing.

Funny, tho, how he happened to be there just when James shouted "HOI HOI!".....and no one else had come in answer to the summons.

But the fight between the GDA and AntiGoon will continue to the bitter end.



P Platypus eventually returned, and after her conversation with my parakeet, I heard a story of harrowing frustration.

It appears that James White was more cunning than I had thought. One day, it transpired, he discovered that Platypus was keeping him under observation from the high lavatory cistern. James had pretended to ignore the duck, but had infiltrated a drake into the swamp in his back garden!

Now, to youse provincials who ain't too well up in the duck world, let me explain that the fundamental difference between a duck and a drake (only as far as we are concerned, let me hasten to add) is the tail feather. A drake has a curly upturned tail feather, like so, whereas a duck has not.



As Platypus explained, when she was on a reconnaissance, she was suddenly apprehended by the White drake. She swiftly manipulated the hair curler that I had thoughtfully provided, and managed to convince the drake that she was a drake.



Later Platypus again met the drake, and this time the drake's upturned tail feather was not apparent. (The paper clip, see, that White is sure cunning). In an endeavour to maintain her status quo, Platypus uncurled her tail feather again, and once more thwarted the erotic designs of this drake, seemingly closely following the dictates of its owner.

This haphazard changing of duck sex happened every time they met.

I decided reluctantly to dispense with the duck as a GDA agent, as it was mentally and physically unfit for further service in the field. I mean, I wouldn't like to be responsible for perpetrating a breed of hermaphrodite ducks.

One more thing I couldn't understand. Somehow Platypus' neck was very elongated, in fact it looked like a swan's neck.

Tasted alright, anyways.

John

Lo, our many Yesteryears

Department of reprints.

"Ever since I began my One-Year Plan for improvement of Black-zines, I have been the recipient of remarks charging that I am a left-winger and a radical. (You know what a radical is; he's the kind of guy that would soup up a Good Humor truck). I assure you that I am none of these, and while it may be true that that I root for the Red Wings in the national Hockey League, I do not do so for political reasons."

Gordon Black, BLACKLIST, SAPS 20, '52.

CURTAIN CALL

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON THE WAY TO THE FANZINE Some of you people out there... Dan'l Adkins and Terry Jeeves in particular, might be wondering how their stuff got in SATH. It's a long short story....

Was buzzing around George Young's place one night, after the Tuesday night bowling session, when George dived into a big box of fanzines and came up with Jeeve's "The Coated Tong" and the Jeeves and Adkins material in this issue. Anyone know if they're reprints? They're good enough so that it wouldn't matter much to me, but would like the information for my files. Nice work, Terry & Dan'l.....

SPEAKING OF FUNNY THINGS we might as well discuss the policy of this fanzine. It's really very simple. This thing is slightly over-priced (.25¢) for the simple reason that I would rather obtain articles, stories, cartoons and art, also LoC's (Please! No postcards of comment.). Any of them are preferable to money. However, someone's got to pay for this fmz.....

This issue is being sent out for free. But to get the next one, I suggest you bestir yourself and let me know you're alive. I'm very anxious to pare this mailing list down from 125....

Re trades. I'd like to trade all-for-all, but many faneds today are hard-hearted narsty beings, and trade fmz on a one-for-one basis. To such I can only ask if they would please let me know of their policy, so that we might work out some equitable arrangement for the gaining of the other issues of hiser fanzines for my swelling fmz collection. You just let me know that ye dinna want to trade all-for-all and I'll take it from there. Hokay? Hokay.

ALL THE NON-CONFORMISTS HAVE SCHEDULES THESE DAYS and who am I to disregard the wishes of the all-mighty mob? This is on a quarterly schedule, but don't be believe it! It's really due to come out three times a year. The next issue, tho, is due out Christmas. A lean issue, unless it's to be bloated with letters. So write Right Now.....

I HATE PEOPLE No, really I don't. But Don Durward, Ted Pauls, Alan Burns, and the ALL MIMSY file I sent to Ruth Berman, well, they all received art from me almost a year ago. And none of it has seen print. Ruth has no use for the ALL MIMSY file now that the zine is folded. And Joe Christoff is hereby warned to get on the stick or I'll start contributing those 'toons of mine to other fanzines. Ditto for Burns and Pauls. Durward is practictally Gafia. And used some of my stuff in BUMP without sending a contributors copy, and thus is beyond the pale. At least as far as art goes. Anyone out there have a BUMP with Schultzillos in it that they would be willing to loan me? I wish to find what Don used, exactly.

SPEAKING OF ART most of you have already noticed that I use the li'll drawings up at a furious rate. Anyone want to get their name in under the contents page next ish? Covers? Bjo? Adkins? Rotsler? Articles? Stories? Columns? Let's all get together and make the next issue a bloated one..... Till then... RIP

☒ Would you please LoC?
___ Would you please send me just
a little bit of art?
☒ Would you please notice me?
___ Would you try to write one of
your marvelous articles or stories
for my 'umble li'l' rag?

☒ How about trading my zine for
your zine, old bean? My zine for

PEskys - PolMODE

___ You have something in this
issue. Suprise! Suprise!

___ You already have something in
the next issue, you generous dog.

___ How about remedying your non-
appearance in my zine by sending in
something of value?

___ Would you please lend me \$23.50
until they find oil under my old
homestead?

☒ I'll even accept money. Two bits
for one, .45¢ for two, none
after that for I wouldn't want
all those neo-fans money on my con-
science when I skip the country to
live the life of ease with all the
sub money I'm going to get.

___ You are one of a great horde
who are getting this thing on a
conditional basis. Would love to
get art, stories, articles or even
letters from ye. But if you want
to help me pare my mailing list for
the next ish, don't do any of the
above.

___ As far as I know, all you pub
is an APAzine. But if you're too
lazy to comment, contribute, or
send money, why not send on one
copy of your APAzine, and ask for
a trade? The worst that can happ-
en is that I'll say no trade.

___ I met thee at the Detention.

☒ I met you at the PittCon.

___ I met you in a dark alley.

___ Your name is Bob Pavlat and
you're all right in my books.
Your long teeth reminds me of my
kindly old basic training platoon
sergeant, and I'm trying to appe-
ase you with this burnt offering.
(You will find your copy a little
singed around the edges.)

Z You're a member of the MiSFits,
and I already know I'm not about
to get any written response from
you.

___ You live in Northern Ireland.

☒ Fellow member of the Save Adolf
Eichmann Association.

☒ You're a buddy.

___ You're an enemy.

___ You don't exist.

___ You're cute.

___ You've long red hair.

___ Really, I think your poetry
is marvelous!

☒ You're a correspondent. Tell me
whatcha thot of it, eh?

☒ You Like Fallout, Too!

☒ Review this, bitte.

___ This issue

___ Next issue is your last unless
you do something to correct this.

___ You're one of the other thirds
of the Infernal Triangle.

PG.34

ROSCOE SHALL REIGN!

This has been KriFanTat
Pub number Ein.

Dear Mr. Postmaster;
This here is

Printed Matter Only
Return & Forwarding
Postage Guaranteed

* * * *

Form 3547 Requested

From:
Richard P.Schultz
19159 Helen
Detroit 34, Michigan
USA



Please send to...

ED MESKYS

723 A 45TH St.

BROOKLYN 20, N.Y.

Back the National Fall-out Assoc.
Give every child a hot lunch!