

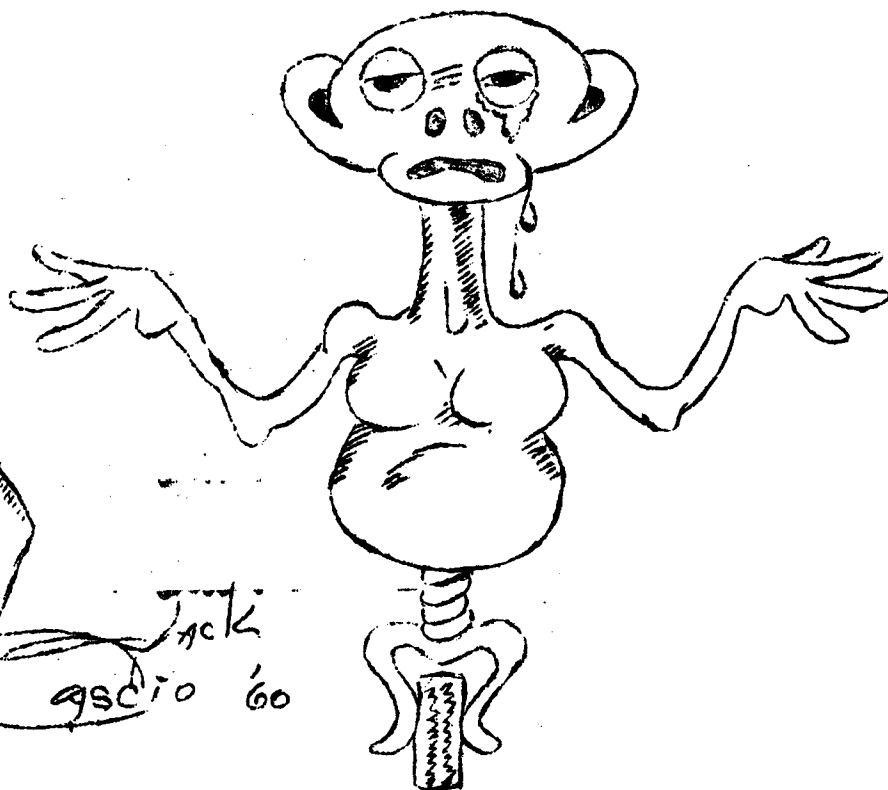
# SI-FAN



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SI-FAN, published and edited by Jerry Page, 193 Battery Pl., NE, Atlanta 7, Georgia. Co-editor, Jerry Burge; Asso. Ed. Ted Brooke. Roving Ed. J.A. Christoff. Cost: 1/15¢, 2/25¢. Please do not send more than 25¢. This is issue # 1, August, 1960. All submissions are subject to editorial whimsy. Trades accepted, happily. We laugh all the time.



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# PAGE'S PAGE



I stood there on the threshold of fandom and stared through voluptuously billowing smoke. I sniffed, apprehensively. The noise of the crowd subsided gradually, suspiciously. Slowly, hands poised dangerously over the butts of water pistols, they turned, as if by prearranged signal and gazed at me with beady, bloodshot eyes.

I squeaked.

I cleared my voice and tried again. "Hi!" I said, weakly. "I'm a faan."

The one seated nearest me let his mustache bristle. The propellor atop his beanie twirled menacingly.

"You're a what?"

"Faan. I'm a faan."

He turned and faces the unruly, crewcut mob. "He said he's a faan," He sneered.

The roguish crew glanced at one another. There was an undertow of suspicious murmuring.

"I'm going to publish a fanzine," I said.

The murmur stopped.

The sidewise glances ceased.

All eyes were on me.

Swallowing nervously, I brushed them off. "Yes," I said, my voice weak and barely audible; something was obstructing my throat and obfuscating the clarity of my otherwise sterling phrases. "Yes, I'm going to publish a fanzine."

They stared at me, their eyes growing in amazement.

My palms were wet. My forehead was beaded with globules of saline sweat.

"I know him," came a voice from the back. A large, hairy BNF swaggered to the fore on large, hairy feet.

"I know him," he shouted, his voice rocking with cruel clarity.

"He ain't no faan. Ha. Double ha! He don't even have no propellor beanie!"

Again, morbid silence descended like a pall upon that room.



They looked at me, again with eyes widened by amazement; and this time widened also by something else, something intense with loathing.

"It... It is true," I said, wringing my damp, marble-cold hands and searching the dark recesses of my mind, frantically, for the proper words; the correct excuse. "It is true, it is true I own no propellor beanie... but... but is that all fandom means to you? A Propellor beanie? Is not fandom a way of life to you? Is it not? I paused, the back of one tightly clinched fist to my forehead and saw their faces. "I can get a propellor beanie," I forced myself to say. I grew frantic, hysterical. "I'll save my pennies and buy one! Yes, I will!"

Silence.

"Oh rue!" cried I. "Oh, mortal rue, that ever I should live to see such day as this. Black Friday! Oh, that ever it should come to this! My fanac... my fanac for a propellor beanie!"

I fell back against the door, pausing for breath, trembling with emotion. But ere I could continue, there arose a tumult of hisses such as never had been directed at me before. They hissed. They booed!

They threw things. Brickbats. Vegetables!

Sobbing, I broke and ran in ignominious defeat.

And as I ran, I visualized them writhing beneath my feet, mere insects to be ground out of existence beneath the heel of my boot. I swore vengeance upon them, as I ran. I swore that I would publish my fanzine, and that it would be my revenge against them all. And I did publish it!

And--it was...

### / Si-Fan: Past, Present, Future /

If you've ever edited a fanzine, you realize how difficult it is to say anything about it. If you say how great you think it is--and let's face it, most editors feel they're setting records--people will go out of their way to write you letters pointing out how wrong you are. Conversely, if you say the fanzine can stand improvement--vast improvement--they'll go out of their way to tell you how right you are.

Now to be perfectly honest, I'm proud of this effort. Every ink-smear and typo was like the Mona Lisa to me. Every bit of advice I received was carefully weighed against my own opinions and molded to suit me. Here I sit, on the floor, surrounded by mimeograph supplies, anxiously awaiting your glowing letters of agreement. But somewhere in the back of my little mind, there is a nagging suspicion that I'll get plenty of encouragement and lots of advice. LOTS of advice.

The Jimmy Streinz story was originally intended for Cosmag, but was left unpublished when Ian Macauley and the Atlanta gang folded C. Asfo was formed in Cosmag's place but Ian never ran "Charon's Boathouse" there. Jerry Burge replaced Ian as editor with the third issue and scheduled "Boathouse" for #4. He even cut the stencils... See Opus 1. Jerry gave me the story, I liked it and here it is--isn't it? With a nine year history of not showing up, I won't be sure until I get a few letters of comment.

I WAS A FAKE FAN FOR THE F.B.I. was originally published in Peter J. Vorzimer's Abstract. Again, I must bow to Jerry Burge for doing my job for me and finding this. And I'd like to thank Robert Bloch for giving me permission to reprint it. On first glance it's severely dated, but that second glance is a dilly. Besides, it's Bloch. VERY Bloch.

(Continued on page 12)



# Charon's Boathouse

Jimmy Streinz is a former ASFO member who has left us for more serious things. He wrote this story for COSMAG, but Ian could never get up the nerve to publish a seven-page story. I think it's good enough and different enough from the ordinary run of fanzine stories to merit the space it takes up. jb

J.F. Streinz

ERIC WARNER was feeling very sorry for himself as he walked along the street. There was fog in the city and even more fog in his brain. Eric had been depressed before he started this binge and all the liquor he had consumed hadn't elevated his spirits noticeably.

Ahead, edged with streamers of fog, a large neon sign blazed with color. Purple tubing coiled around to spell out "Charon's Boathouse," and was surrounded by geometric figures in all colors of the rainbow and a few that were never in any rainbow. It was all very gay but somehow it looked ominous to Eric. He pushed his way through the swinging doors. Just before he entered he got a fleeting glimpse of a sawdust-covered floor, a long bar, and a row of booths along the wall. The threshold was raised a few inches from the sidewalk, and of course Eric was in no condition to see this. He stumbled as he entered and seemed to undergo a twisting, wrenching sensation. The upshot was that Eric felt very foolish as he picked himself off the floor. There were few witnesses to his shame, however. The bar was deserted except for the bartender and a rather coarse-looking occupant in a booth. Eric waded through the sawdust to the bar. Just as Eric reached the bar the bartender placed a porcelain stein on it and motioned toward the booths. Eric bridled at his peremptory air

but was just as ready to sit down. The effects of his fall plus the drinks he had already had were catching up with him. He staggered a bit as he entered an empty booth. Heaving a sigh after pulling heavily at his beer, he started fumbling for a match to light his pipe.

"Here you are," said a smooth voice. Eric looked up, startled, and saw the coarse looking man entering the booth preceded by a flame just above his out-stretched hand. Eric centered the bowl of his pipe under the flame and puffed noisily. He nodded thanks as he exhaled a long plume of smoke. The other slid behind the table and lit a cigarette. He avoided the drifting cloud of smoke and said, "You ought to change brands, Eric, although I doubt if any tobacco could emerge from that incinerator of yours without being transformed into poison gas."

Eric was not insulted. He frequently received disparaging remarks about his pipe. "You seem to have me at the disadvantage of not remembering your name," he said, "while you obviously know mine."

"Oh, yes, I know you. Eric Warner, age twenty-seven, graduated from Yale Law School in 1942. A bad leg kept you out of the Armed Services during the war. Your family is rather well-to-do; no serious love affairs. Your present position is that of junior partner in an old New York law firm. You are bored with your job, your friends, your girl, and New York. We have had our eye on you for quite a while now."

Eric listened to this recital with little concern until the last part. The last sentence especially.

"I still don't know who you are," he said. "And I don't know why you should have been spying on me. I do know, however, that I don't like it. Now just who in Hades are you?"

"An apt question, Eric Warner. I won't tell you my name. You never met or knew me, but you most certainly know of me. In fact, I do not think it would be an idle boast to say that there are very few human beings who do not know of me. As I said, I won't tell you my name, because I want you for a friend, and if you knew my name, you would be prejudiced against me before you realized my sterling qualities. I acquired a rather bad name when I was alive, but it wasn't all deserved, I assure you. At present I hold the position of First Assistant to Lucifer. I am his Left Hand Man, so to speak. You may address me as 'Lefty.' Bacchus! Bacchus! More beer!"

By this time Eric was convinced that his companion was drunk, or crazy, or both. He started to edge out of the booth but brought up against the rotund bulk of the bartender.

"Thank you, Bacchus, I need this," said Lefty. "Don't go, Eric. I'm not crazy. I'll admit that my story is not quite rational-sounding. However I can at least prove that I am not mortal. I take this knife---"

At this point, Lefty drew out a pocketknife, unfolded the blade, and cut his throat with it. He did a very thorough job of it, drawing



the blade from ear to ear. Eric watched, rather sickened. There was no doubt that the blade did indeed cut Lefty's flesh. The cut closed at a point about an inch behind the moving blade. A few drops of blood remained, which Lefty wiped off with his handkerchief. He then wiped off the blade, folded the knife, and restored it to his pocket. Eric stared at Lefty, aghast, and was totally unprepared for what happened next. A horrible groan sounded beneath the table, and a ghastly face floated up at Eric's elbow. With a quiet shriek, Eric fainted.

WHEN ERIC regained his senses, the face and Lefty were talking. As soon as Lefty saw Eric had come to, he introduced Frank Dawson, an engineer. Over more beer Eric learned Frank had graduated from Georgia Tech in 1936, had served in the Seabees, and had been connected with several consulting engineering firms since. At the moment he was unemployed, and Lefty had offered him a job.

"A job?" said Eric. "In Hell?"

"Yes, and very remunerative, too," Lefty said.

"I've told him he ought to wait a while," Frank said, grinning.

"But it appears he's in a hurry."

"I am indeed," said Lefty. "I pulled a boner earlier today, and I need some way to make it up to Satan."

"How is Frank going to help?" asked Eric.

"When you want to say something is extremely hot, how do you say it? You say it is hot as Hades, or something of the sort. Well, what I am going to do is make hell hotter!"

"What!? Make hell hotter?" said Eric. "How in the—the hell are you going to do that?"

"It won't be hard," Frank said. "The common household refrigerator is an example of the method I'll use. A refrigerator simply takes heat from the inside of the box and transfers it to the outside. Lefty assures me there is a lot of room not being used at present. I'll take the heat from there and transfer it to the occupied section. Simple, eh Eric?"

"It sounds easy," said Eric. "But then I'm a lawyer, not an engineer. However, how are you going to live there? Lefty has demonstrated his invulnerability to a hostile environment, but I doubt if you could do as well."

"We have asbestos suits on hand," said Lefty. "And of course the staff office is air-conditioned. We owe that little improvement to an engineer from Cal Tech."

"Why don't you join us, Eric?" he went on. "You would enjoy it, I'm sure."

"Thanks, but I'm afraid I'll have to decline," said Eric. "I prefer New York to Hades any day. Besides, I have a case coming up. I hope Old Sideburns will let me do something besides hand him papers this time. Couldn't you look ahead, Lefty, and sort of—"

"Sorry, Eric," said Lefty. "But I can't look into the future. Sometimes I think Satan can, but every now and then my theory receives a setback. Take today, for example. If Satan had seen what was coming, he certainly would have taken steps to avoid it. But on the other hand—"



"Sorry to break up this charming party," Bacchus broke in. "But it's almost closing time, and I want to get to bed. Anyway, you and Frank have a long trip ahead of you, Lefty."

"Do you know Frank?" Eric asked.

"Oh, yes. Frank comes in every time we open," said Bacchus. "You see, this bar is right across the river Styx from the Main Gate. The members of the staff in hell get a vacation every three months. Naturally all liquids evaporate immediately in hell. The staff members are thirsty when they come across, so Satan built this bar to get some of their money. And then when they get back, the boat is usually late, and they are usually broke, so they buy last-minute drinks on credit. Of course, Satan collects interest on these debts. And then—"

"Gosh," said Eric. "He is a real devil, isn't he?"

Lefty groaned. "Let's get away from here, Frank, before he gets any worse."

Grinning, Frank said, "I don't see how he could get any worse—but that's a good idea."

"So long, and good luck," Eric said. "When will you be back?"

"About three months, I think," replied Lefty. "There will be another bunch of staffers on vacation, then, and if we aren't finished, I'll send word to Bacchus, and he can tell you when we will get across."

At that point, there was a sound of voices outside. A group of people swept in through the swinging doors. Simultaneously, a shock made the whole building quiver.

"Charon will catch hell from Satan this time," said Bacchus. "He wasn't supposed to get here until a few minutes after the staffers arrived. Oh, well, it's just as well, I suppose. The beer is running low."

"Well, this is goodbye for a time," said Lefty to Eric.

"So long, Eric," said Frank. "I hope you get to argue a case."

"Good luck, you two," Eric replied. "Finish that job in a hurry. I want to hear how you come out."

Eric shook hands with Lefty and Frank, and watched them leave through the back door with the crowd of staffers.

"Come back in three months," said Bacchus. "We'll have news of them even if they don't get back themselves."

"All right, Bacchus," Eric said. "So long." He pushed through the swinging door, tripped, and fell headlong into swirling blackness.

ERIC WAS NOT surprised at the size of his head when he awoke the next morning. Although he did not make a practice of over-indulgence, he had been drunk before. He rolled out of bed, crawled over to the telephone, called the office, and explained to Mr. Marks that since his bad leg had started acting up again he would not be able to work today. Mr. Marks expressed his sympathy and hoped Eric would be feeling better soon. Eric passed the morning somehow, and in the afternoon rented a car and went looking for Charon's Boathouse.

The sinking sun filled the canyons of New York with shadows, and of course Eric had failed to find the bar. This left him in a quandary. Either the whole episode had been a figment of his alcohol-

stimulated imagination, or—but wait. Bacchus had said something to the effect that the bar was open only every three months.

When you look at it calmly, Eric thought, it simply couldn't have happened. The names of the characters in his fantastic play: Bacchus, the Greek god of wine, a bartender. Lefty, Satan's assistant, had "a bad reputation when I was alive." Frank Dawson, graduate of Georgia Tech, "Going to make hell hotter." Vacations every three months for staff members. The whole thing was obviously impossible! Nevertheless, Eric knew that three months hence he would try to find Charon's Boathouse again.

The next three months passed quickly enough for Eric. Lefty had been right when he said Eric had been bored with everything in his life. He couldn't change his job. After all, he would inherit the office and the practice when all the older members of Marks, Marks, Myerholtz and O'Brien died. Mr. Marks had assured Eric that as soon as one of the others retired Eric would be made a partner of the firm. Eric felt it would be worth remaining a "junior partner" for a while. So he couldn't change his job. But he could and did change his girl.

Three months to the night after his singular adventures at Charon's Boathouse, Eric carefully took a few drinks—carefully, because he wanted to know whether the bar actually existed this time, but at the same time he knew he couldn't find the bar "just across the river Styx" unless he were aided somewhat by alcohol. He kept track of where he was walking in this district of warehouses, and soon, sure enough, ahead loomed the large, brilliant, garish neon sign announcing to one and all that here was to be found Charon's Boathouse.



Eric tripped his way through the swinging doors and was helped up by an enchanting redhead.

"Hello, honey," she cooed somewhat thickly. Eric looked around blankly. Charon's Boathouse was filled with people, noise, light and confusion. Momentarily blinded by the light and with his ears ringing from the noise, Eric accepted the stein pressed into his hand and allowed the redhead to steer him where she would.

Suddenly a familiar voice rang in his ears, a heavy hand smote his back, and his hand was being ground to a pulp.

"Eric! We thought you had forgotten us. Scram, Clarisse, he's a friend of mine."

Pouting, the redhead wriggled off. Eric watched her go, then turned to face Frank Dawson.

"What's going on?" he demanded.

"A celebration," said Frank. "You remember my project?"

"Making hell hotter?" Eric asked. "Yes, I remember. But what has that to do with all this?"

"Come on," Frank said. "Lefty can tell you better than I."

They pushed their way through the mob, and as they approached the back wall, Eric saw Lefty seated on a makeshift throne. He had a

stein in one hand, and a blonde in the other. His attention was split equally among the beer, the blonde, and the throng on the floor. Seeing Eric and Frank, he dropped both stein and girl and made his way to the floor.

"Glad to see you, Eric," he said. "Let's go over to a booth and talk."

"Well, Eric," Lefty continued when they were comfortably seated and had lighted up, "how are things with you? Did you get to talk, or did—"

Eric broke in, "How about bringing me up to date first? How did your plans work out?"

Lefty laughed. "All right, Eric. We'll ease your curiosity first. We crossed over that night, three months ago. Satan was in a rage when I arrived at the office. It took some fast talking on my part to keep both of us out of the lake of molten sulfur. Finally he agreed to let Frank try our idea. He thought it was a good idea but he didn't think it would work. However, he gave us a gang of workmen, a few assistant engineers, and two months to build the 'pilot plant.' This pilot plant was a small working model, with two rooms about twenty feet square, with the controls and machinery in the wall between."



Frank Dawson tried to get in a word at this point, but Lefty waved him off. "You'll talk about the technical details of that plant all night if you get the chance, but Eric isn't particularly interested in that, and we'd better get back across the river before too long. I don't trust your machinery very much. You did the best you could under the circumstances, but some of the parts look pretty shoddy. Those machinists down there are a pretty sorry lot. But let's get back to the subject." Lefty turned again to Eric.

"Frank made miracles in the construction of that pilot plant, Eric. The last part was bolted in place at noon of the last day. Satan came over to see the test run. He looked over the entire works. He was still skeptical. One of the junior engineers suggested that Satan be the one to try it out. He agreed, and went into one of the chambers. There were a few chairs in each one, and he selected one near the center of the room. I closed the door, and watched Satan through the little window set in it for that purpose. Frank threw the switch.

"Nothing happened inside the chamber for a few minutes. The pumps made a terrific racket, the motors hummed, lights flashed on and off, and still Satan sat relaxed. About ten minutes passed and I began to get worried. Satan started getting restless. Suddenly he stiffened, looked around, and got up fast. He came toward the door. All at once I realized what had happened. The chamber Satan went into was the 'cold' chamber! Instead of getting hotter, it was getting colder. I simply turned the lock, and Satan, unable to get out, froze solid!"

Eric stared at Lefty. "Then—"

"Exactly. With Satan out of the way, I took over. When I was on

Earth I tried to become master of it. Because I disregarded science, I was defeated. But, in Hell, I made use of it, and succeeded. I am now master of Hell!"

"But what if Satan were to get out?" said Eric. "What then?"

"I'll worry about that if it happens," Lefty said. "I am not without friends myself. And I can assure you the men at the pilot plant now were carefully picked. Just before he solidified, Satan swore a very horrible fate awaited everyone connected with the project. I don't think they will let him out. But now--"

Lefty broke off and looked around as the din in the bar was suddenly stilled. A man, dripping wet, approached the booth. Lefty got up. "What are you doing here, Johnson?" he asked. But Eric saw that Lefty knew.

The man called Johnson leaned on the table and gasped for breath.

"It's Satan. The power failed. He's out. I heard him break down the door. On my way here I ran the ferry into the bank and it's sunk. But I think Satan can cross the river without it."

"Yes," Lefty said, "he can. I suggest that all those involved in my little scheme leave at once. I don't know what good running will do, but it's preferable to just waiting around for the inevitable."

One of several men who had gathered around said, "What about you, Lefty? Are you going to try to get away?"

"Unless someone hurries, I'm going to be the first one through the front door," said Lefty.

That was the signal. The mob turned as one man and rushed for the door. The mass of figures boiled around the narrow exit. In a matter of seconds the bar was empty but for Bacchus, Eric, and the redhead, Clarisse. Eric reflected that the beer served at Charon's Boathouse seemed to possess the power of leaving one who drank it sober at a moment of stress.

"Well, honey," said Clarisse, "are you staying to see Satan?"

"I hadn't planned on it," Eric replied. "Shall we go?"

Clarisse took his arm, and looked around. Bacchus had left while they were talking. Arm in arm, Eric and Clarisse strolled through the door. Behind them, the lights blazed down on the sawdust covered floor. Only a few flies, heedlessly buzzing about, remained to await the coming of the Prince of Darkness.

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The hardcover edition of THE IMMORTAL STORM, Sam Moskowitz' History of SF Fandom was published 'way back in 1954. Yet it has come to my attention that many of you now reading this issue of Si-Fan still haven't acquired your copy. This deplorable state of affairs is difficult to understand, since it is so easy for any fan to get a MINT copy of the book simply by sending \$5.00 to

Jerry Burge, 1707 N. Piper Circle SE, Atlanta 16, Georgia  
If there are any fanzine collectors in the audience, I also have a number of copies left of the anniversary issue of Cosmag/SFDigest--September 1952--64 (5½" x 8½") pages, offset fanzine--at 50¢, and Asfo #2--April 1953 (Mimeographed)--for 15¢. Also a very few copies of some other issues of both mags. Same address above.

# The South Shall Rise Again

by  
BOB FARNHAM

A few months ago Jerry Page wrote me and asked if I were interested in getting fans started again in Dixie. With the memories of Nolacon fresh in mind as though it were last week, I was interested, definitely.

The result of an interchange of letters between Jerry Page and Jerry Burge and myself came in a concentrated effort to contact all the southern fans we could find. So far as I know at this time we have 16 fans lined up, so I think that a few words about Southern Fandom Group is, or I should say, are, in order.

Until we have, at a minimum, twenty-five fans contacted we are limiting our efforts to contacting and acquainting the fans we find with each other and explaining what we are shooting for: The re-awakening of Southern Fandom to the grand level it held during the 6th Fandom Era, when such conventions and conferences as Nolacon and Agacon were held. The Nolacon, held in New Orleans, La. in 1951 was an outstanding success. Harry B. Moore did the finest job as yet then known. The Agacon was held in the Dinkler-Plaza Hotel in Atlanta, Georgia in April 1955. That too was a bang-up success and this writer had more pleasure and enjoyment there than he did at Chi-Con 2 in Chicago in 1952, which was PAL-enty ...

There is no reason whatever that fanac cannot be renewed in Dixie with even greater success and it looks as tho it will be if the enthusiastic response I've had to inquiries of the fans thus far contacted is any indication of the spirit of fandom in the southland.

At present, our aim being to reawaken southern fandom, we are concentrating on locating as many ACTIVE FANS in Dixie as we can.

A round robin letter is now going the rounds to select a Director. We will eventually have an official organ to replace the round robin, but while on this subject, I might say that if round robin letters are wanted, we'll have them also. Other offices will be created and filled as the need arises ...

Our top aims are to awaken fan activity, southern fans and bring back world conventions and smaller conferences to the south. WE CAN DO IT! WILL YOU HELP? We are not yet fully organized but if the reader is interested, write to Bob Farnham, the Corresponding Secretary, Southern Fandom Group, 506 2nd Ave., Dalton, Georgia, and ask him to place your name on the roster of interested fans. When concrete results have been obtained all members on the roster will be quickly notified by the Corresponding Secretary.

Inasmuch as a terrific load of postage is needed now, we will be glad for donations to the SFG in the form of stamps ... NO CASH... to the CS on the letterwriting thing. He is taking the paper out of his own funds. Envelopes have already come in, 500 of them from two members.

Dues will be arranged, but the specific amount has not yet been decided upon. So far, some of the top fans in Dixie, Jerry Burge, Jerry Page, Al Andrews and Emile Greenleaf ((And let's not forget Bob Farnham who's done the most work--jp)) are helping to put this project across and make Dixie stand out with the rest of fandom and let all of fandom know that the charge that Dixie fans are lazy is unfounded.

JUNE, 1960

TWELVE

SF-FAN: Past, Present, Future, continued from page 3/

Bob Farham, NSF welcoming committee member, industrious correspondent, semi-pro writer and one of the finest people ever to wear a pro-fanor beanie at a jaunty angle, is, along with Al Andrews, a guiding spirit behind the movement to organize Southern Fandom. Watch Fanac, SF Ficks and the Southern fanzines for developments with this group. Also, you might note that Emile Greenleaf is campaigning for New Orleans as the 1965 Worldcon site. (South Gate again in 2010!) Other SFG activities include Billy Joe Plott (MAELSTROM), Janie Lamb (NSF), Ted [unclear] (Who hopes to have the first issue of TERROR--co-edited with [unclear]--in your hands this Summer.), Bob Jennings (THE MONDAY EVENING [unclear]), Robert Ernest Gilbert, B.F. Wermers and several others.

Incidentally, Speaking of Bernie Wermers, while he does write NOTES OF A FANCOLLECTOR, that doesn't mean I'm going to refuse to run material on pulps by other people. In fact, the brevity of the Notes in this issue is designed to encourage comment. (Are you listening, Dean [unclear]? Redd Boggs?) I hope that the letter column next time will have quite a lot to say about G-8 and The Spider. Next issue will definitely have a check-list of G-8 titles compiled by Bernie.

Also, plans for next issue include an article by Mike Deckinger on the need for a fantasy magazine. Naturally, we all agree that we need a good fantasy magazine--but Mike Deckinger has some definite ideas about fantasy: what it is, what it is not--and what constitutes a good fantasy magazine. This one you'll like. Too, we have on hand a satire by Fred Chappell--a cartoon feature on Micky Spillain. Now, we all realize that fanzines have had it up to here with satires on Mucky Spillain and badly drawn cartoon features. And Chappell is one of the very best cartoonists I've ever seen. The combined result is pretty good.

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Since I found it impossible to answer everyone who sent me a card, or letter in reply to my recent adv. in George Bibby's excellent FAN-ASY COLLECTOR (For a copy send 10¢ to George A. Bibby, 714 Pleasant Street, Roseville, California, USA. This is an absolute necessity for collectors of pulps, sf and fantasy mags, books, comics, etc.) I'm offering a free adv. to each of you. Merely drop me a postal card, saying what you want said, and I'll run it as soon as I get room. First come, first served; I may have to cut, so list things of importance first, so that I can cut the least important items. While I'm at it, I've been so pleased with three of the dealers I've done business with that I'd like to print their addresses. These three, Richard H. Minter (112 E. 2nd Ave., Draper N.C.), J. Ben Stark (113 Ardmore Rd., Berkeley 7, Calif.) and Richard Witter (F&SF Book Co., Box 415 Staten Island 2, N.Y.) have been as efficient, thorough and helpful as you could ask. And as reasonable, too. There are others who do a good job, but my contacts with these three have shown them to be outstanding.

It isn't a good idea to ask for material in an editorial, but if you'd like to send something in, by all means do. Sercon, either on fandom or sf, humor and speculation are always welcome, as are poetry and art when they are good. I've seen very little poetry in fanzines that I would print, however, so be warned.

I hope you'll take the time to knock out a letter of comment on this issue. I'll even go so far as to say I'd appreciate subscriptions from a few people.

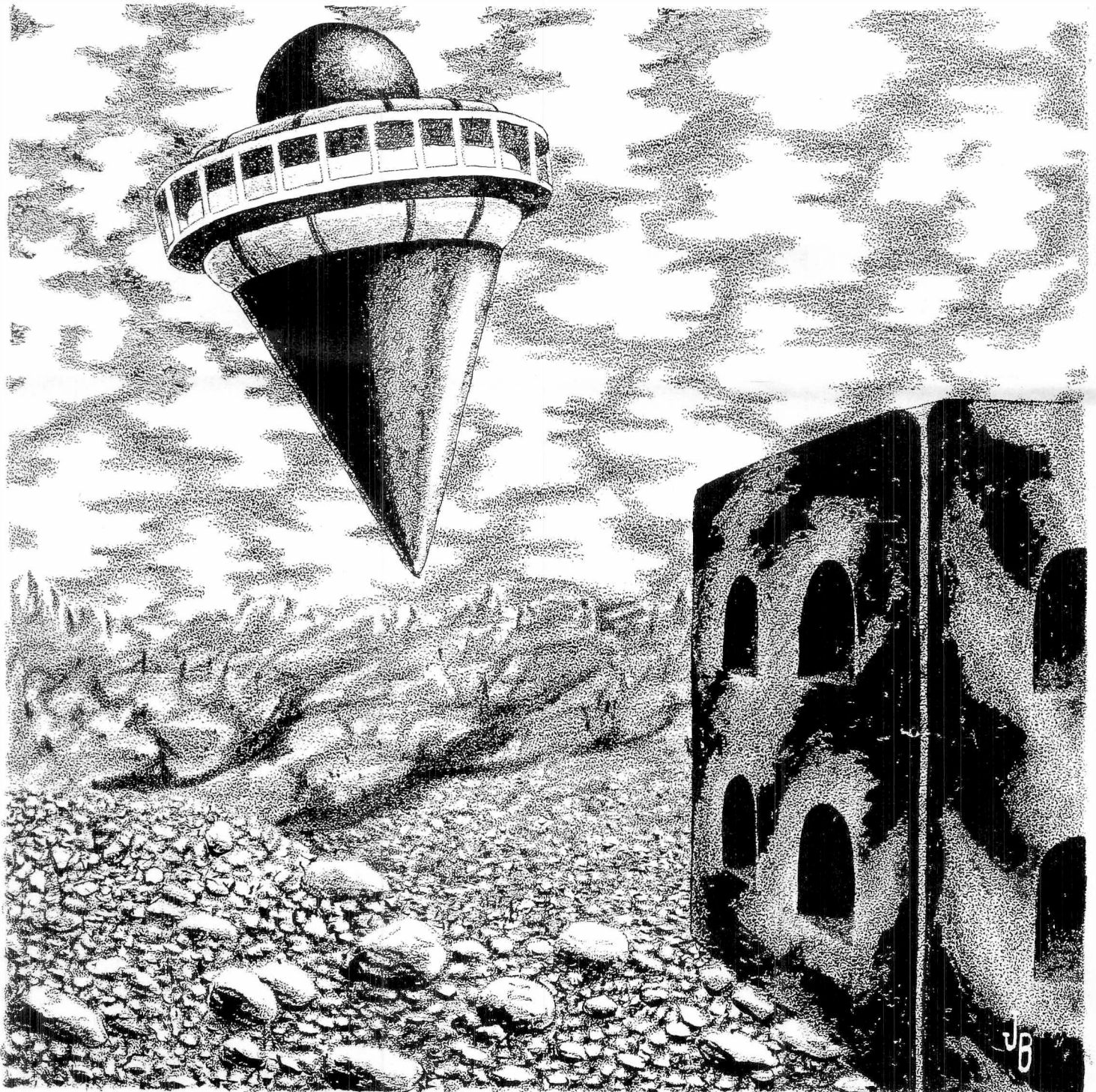
But by all means let me hear from you.



# ASFO

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THE ATLANTA SCIENCE-  
FICTION ORGANIZATION

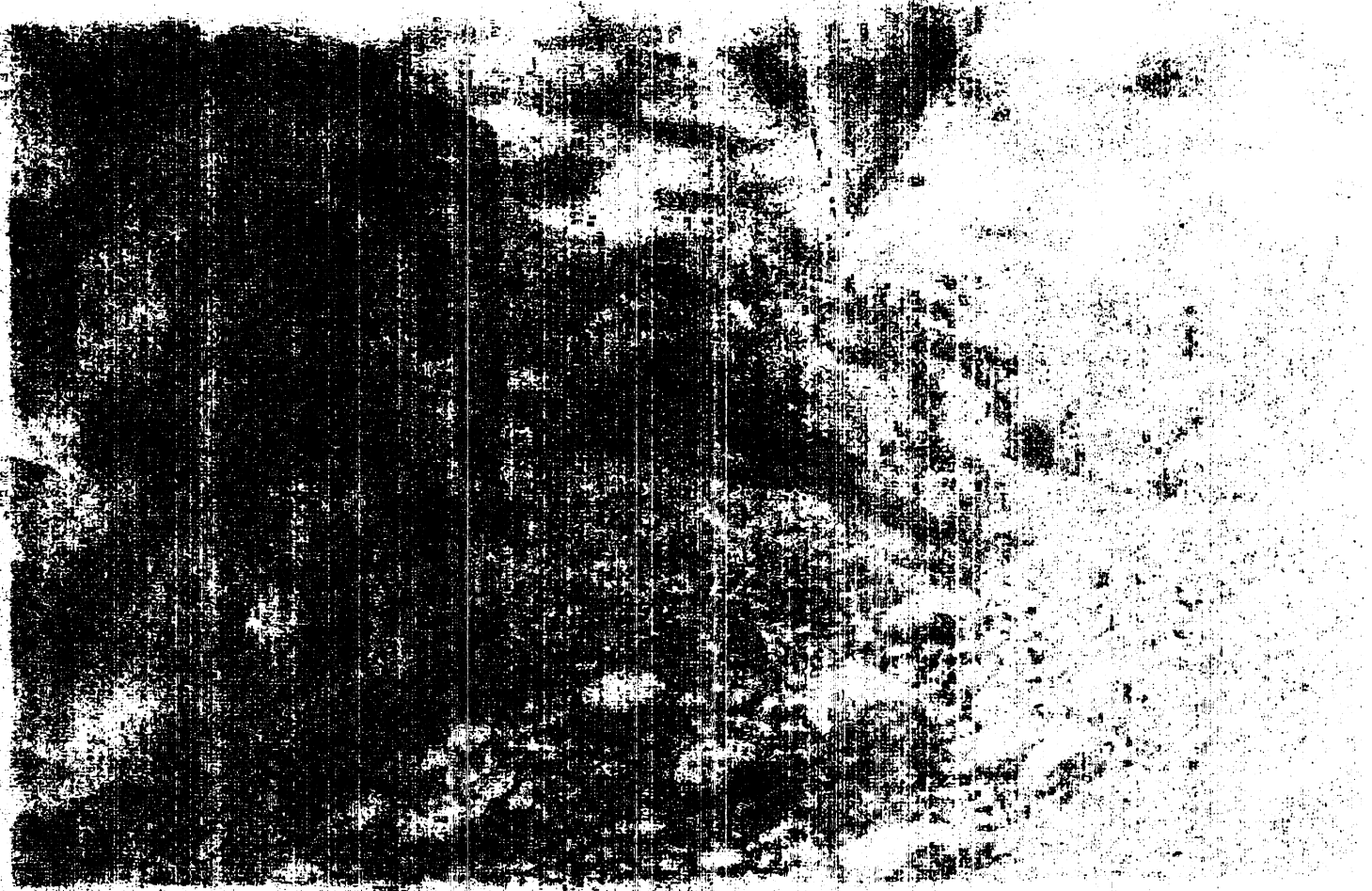
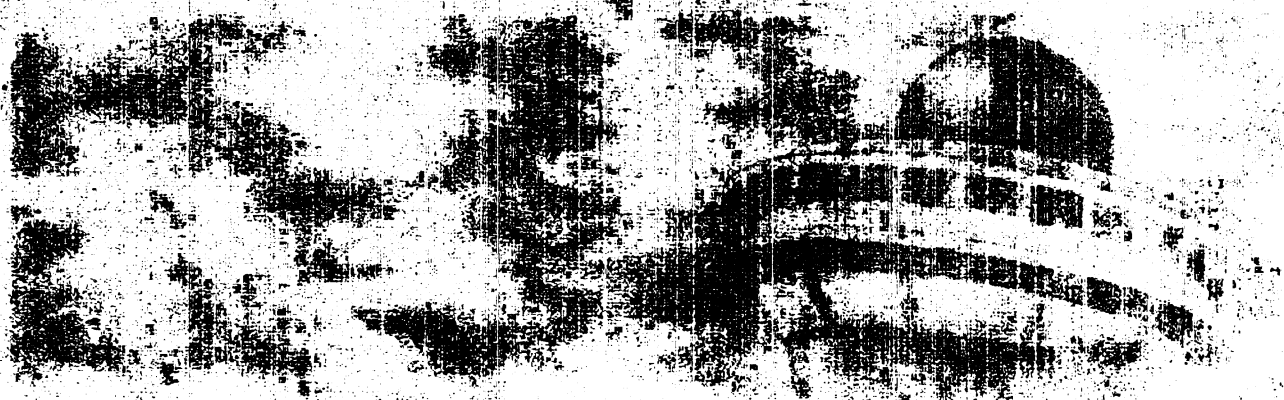
AUGUST, 1955 NO. 4



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION  
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20535



NO. 100 200 200 200





JERRY  
BURGE'S

# OPUS II

As you may have surmised from the date on the cover, this issue of Asfo is a trifle behind schedule....

Well, it would be if this were really Asfo and not, alack, a mere column in the Necfan's Gazette or something of the sort. Ah, well, five pages of scribbling is better than nothing, I suppose.

Okay, okay--to business.

Jerry Page has said he would try to fulfill unexpired subs to Asfo with copies of Si-fan--so if you're still scratching your head, that may account for the occurrence of this mag in your mailbox. (There's a fine

opening here for a dandruff joke, but this is supposed to be a humor mag.) If you want further copies, though, you'd better drop Jerry or me a card saying so. Those old subs have been keeping me awake for about six years. Now, thanks to Jerry and Si-Fan, I have other matters to keep me awake nights.

Actually, the fourth issue of Asfo came within an ace of being published. The covers, as you see, were printed; all the stencils were lovingly cut, but when it came to running off the issue, the old mimeo balked. Nothing I could do would mollify the thing. I cleaned the drum and put in fresh ink. Not good enough. I installed a new pad. Nothing doing. I tightened the springs on the roller and enlarged it with a thin sheet of acetate. Still nix. I tried a new kind of ink. The mimeo sneered and smeared. I quit.

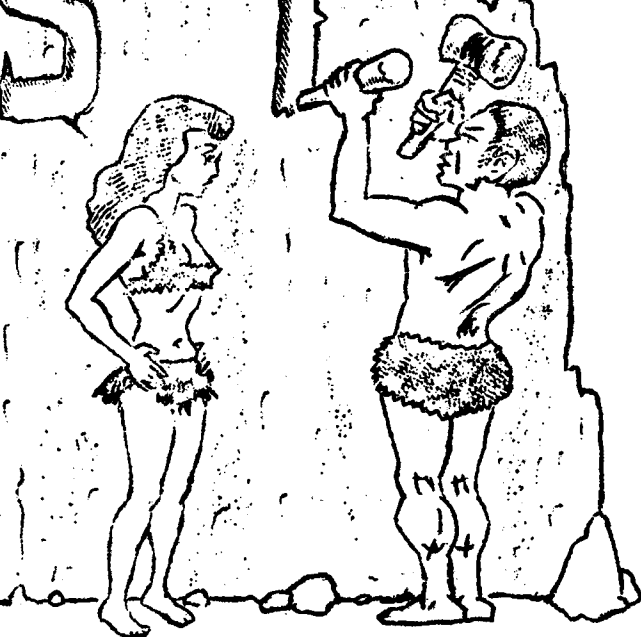
Since then, memory of that ignominious defeat gnawing at my vitals, I have wandered the bleak and desolate wastes of Gafia, a broken fan.

What a great issue of Asfo that would have been, too!

In reading over some old fan magazines loaned by friend Page, I ran across an item which I think would make an interesting gimmick for this column. It was a feature called "My Anthology" in which the editor (of The Necromancer--March, 1948--David A. MacInnes, editor) lists the stories he would like to see printed in a single hardcover volume for his own use--his favorite stories, in other words. His list, which struck me as very interesting, is reproduced at the top of the next page.

Presumably, if things worked out well in those legended days, the readers responded with subsequent entries. The rules were simple enough--the volume could contain one novel and fifteen short stories.

When it came to compiling my own anthology, though, those rules turned out to be entirely too simple. I won't go into the long hours I devoted to the task, the extensive preliminary lists of stories I com-



## My Anthology (March, 1948, The Necromancer)

the novel:

Rebirth	T.C. McClary
the stories:	
The Gnarly Man	L.S. de Camp
They	Henry Kuttner
In the Vault	H.P. Lovecraft
Puzzle Box	Anthony More
The Upper Berth	M. Crawford
The October Game	Ray Bradbury
It	Theodore Sturgeon
The Link	Cleve Cartmill
Williamson	H.S. Whitehead
Laura	Saki
The Adaptive Ultimate	J. Jessel
The Yellow Wallpaper	C.P. Gilmar
The Bottle Party	John Collier
By the Waters of Babylon	S.V. Benet
He from Procyon	--ASF '35 (Nat.S.?)

piled, the old mags I thumbed, the many stories I reread, often with much pleasure, sometimes with disappointment. At last, with the help of a couple of additional rules, my list was completed semi-satisfactorily.

The new rules are simple, but they solved a lot of problems: 1) all stories must be science fiction -- no fantasy allowed; and 2) Authors are arbitrarily limited to two titles apiece. The first rule got rid of the Lovecraft contingent and the second kept this

thing from developing into a Weinbaum omnibus.

You might be interested in comparing these with your own favorites.

## My Science Fiction Anthology

the novel:

The New Adam	(Ziff-Davis: 1939)	Stanley G. Weinbaum
the stories:		
A Martian Odyssey	(Wonder: 7/'34)	Stanley G. Weinbaum
Revolt of the Pedestrians	(Amazing: 2/'28)	David H. Keller, MD
The Last Woman	(Wonder: '32)	Thomas S. Gardner
Into the Hydrosphere	(Amazing: 10/'33)	Neil R. Jones
Thieves from Isot	(Wonder: 10/'34)	Eando Binder
Dead Knowledge	(ASF: '36 (?))	John W. Campbell, Jr
Where is Roger Davis?	(Amazing: 5/'39)	David V. Reed
Abyss of Darkness	(Astonishing: 12/'42)	Ross Rocklynne
Mr. Eee Conducts a Tour	(FA: 12/'41)	Don Wilcox
Microcosmic God	(ASF: '39)	Theodore Sturgeon
Aesop	(ASF: 12/'47)	Clifford D. Simak
When Shadows Fall	(SS: 7/'48)	L. Ron Hubbard
Wall of Darkness	(Super Science: 7/'49)	Arthur C. Clarke
Follower	(ASF: 11/'50)	Eric Frank Russell
Birthplace of Creation	(SS: 5/'51)	Edmond Hamilton

I trust that no one will be too badly shocked by the fact that two of the short stories appeared in the oft-sneered-at Palmer mags. Can't help it--that's where they showed up. On my extended list the Palmer mags did even better. If that isn't enough to make me a fake-fan, the most recent story on the list will no doubt settle the question. It's a --watch that blood pressure, now--it's a Captain Future novelette.

The point of all this, of course, is that I'd like to see your anthology. If there's enough response (any response at all will be enough), I'll make this a regular feature of the column. You may accept my rules or not as you wish, or make up your own rules. Just keep it to one novel and fifteen stories.

# # #

Since Si-Fan has no review column to speak of, I will be reviewing a select few fanzines (namely, as many as I can get) here. Any fan editor with guts enough to risk sending me a review copy of his fanzine will find my address at the end of this column.

A couple of sample victims:

SPHERE #13; J.A.Christoff, P.O.Box #212, Atlanta 1, Georgia. Quarterly. \$3 a copy; 6 for \$1.00. Multilithed. Nineteen pages this time.

I was somewhat disconcerted to discover that a fanzine had been publishing out of Atlanta for more than a year without my knowledge. Isn't one supposed to get vibrations or something?

SPHERE is a very good looking fanzine, even if it is printed only on one side of the page. (Or are all those blank pages there for taking notes?) Multilith; properly done--as in SPHERE--is very pleasant on the eyes. It must be a pleasure to work with, too, since it seems to have few limitations. The illustrations and headings show up very nicely.

Most of this issue is taken up with "Detention Impressions" by Bill Connor. As a general thing, I find convention reports pointless, dull and repetitious, a complete waste of time and energy. Bill Connor's report, though, is one of those exceptions

which turn up often enough to keep me reading the things. For the first two of its eight pages, Bill's report is pedestrian and proper; but then comes the "Novacon" and the account takes a fascinating turn. Evidently, some thoughtless person carelessly let slip a remark in mixed company about science fiction. This has been known to happen at other conventions. Usually such incidents are hushed up. This time, however, instead of treating the remark and its perpetrator with the contempt one would expect, the conventioners actually began to discuss science fiction!

Are NO taboos sacred any more?

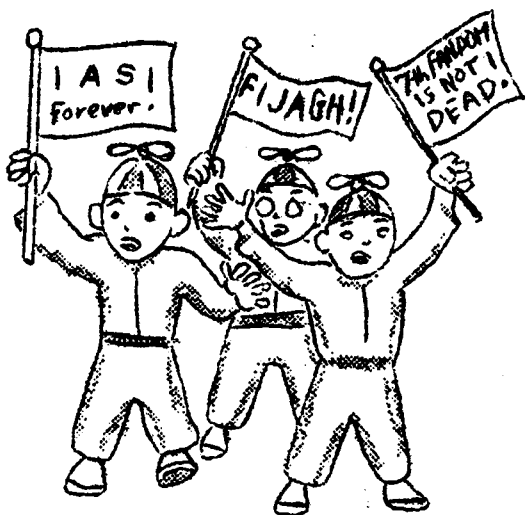
Clearly, this situation would be serious enough if it were only a chance incident, engendered by the atmosphere, the prevailing mood, the bheer. However, careful consideration of Bill's report, together with certain other facts in my possession, forces me to the conclusion that the matter was not brought about so innocently. I am forced to the conclusion, in fact, that this seemingly spontaneous demonstration is actually only the opening move in an insidious plot of staggering dimensions!

Consider this quote from Bill's report: "If I remember correctly, it was Ed Wood who triggered off the Nova effect." Of course it was Ed Wood! Ed has made no secret of his ser-con proclivities. He has, in fact, often been quite outspoken about his perfidious wish for a "more constructive" fandom.

Now, I met Ed Wood at Chicon II, and I found him a really fine fellow; friendly, intelligent, energetic and possessed of an unquenchable sense of humor. But in a matter as grave as this, with the possibility of such far-reaching consequences, personalities cannot be allowed to enter. In a question of fannish sedition such as this, the man's record must decide the issue.



To one trained in the Moskowitz Method--and of course I have studied under the Master--Ed Wood's record in only too clear. Two items will demonstrate my point sufficiently: 1) At about the beginning of the present decade, Ed Wood was one of the chief propagandists for Russell Watkins' "Crusade to Clean Up Fandom," a movement which Fandom has correctly branded as ser-con (and which I have reason to believe has only been driven underground, while secretly continuing its dangerous work); 2) During 1952-3, Ed Wood with Charles Freudenthal edited the Journal of Science Fiction, the most blatantly ser-con fan magazine of the decade. The cool reception given to this magazine forced it to fold with the fourth issue and in the final editorial the editors made their uncompromising position crystal-clear in a single, bitter statement: "...for all those who have made the word fan a synonym for ignominy, stupidity, and absurdity, we leave you with this small token of our affection: We hate your lousy guts!"



Those of us who have devoted our fan lives to those very three ideals must not stand by and watch our most cherished traditions toppled by this man and his minions. The ser-con bunch has shown itself determined to promote discussion of science fiction and allied topics, not merely in furtive little groups and clubs here and there, as heretofore, but even at the World Con itself! They've struck at the very heart of our Way of Life!

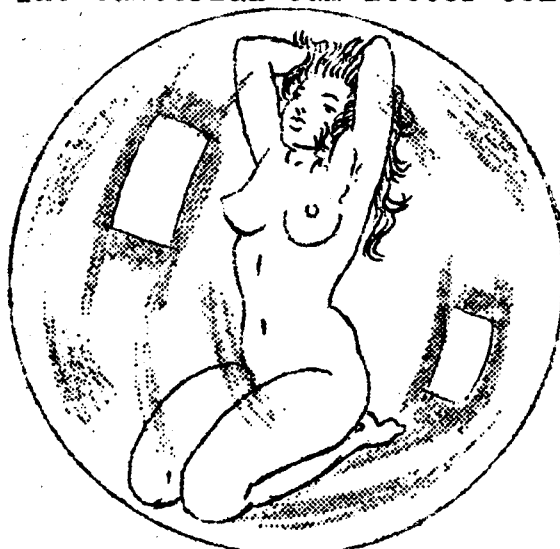
This challenge cannot be permitted to go unanswered. Clearly, there has been too much complacency toward the ser-con types in our midst. The issue is clear-cut; the lines of battle have been drawn. True fans everywhere must rally to the clarion-call: "Ignominy, Stupidity, Absurdity, forever!"

...I was reviewing SPHERE, wasn't I? The editorial-cum-letter-column is interesting. It would be more interesting if there were more of it. The short story by Bob Lichtman was pretty good. Too bad I guessed the ending. And there are some improbable photographs from various conventions.

Maybe I've been out of touch with fandom and fanzines for too long or something, but I enjoyed the whole blamed issue. Oh, well, better luck next time.

THE MAELSTROM #3: Banshee Press Publications, c/o Billy Joe Plott, P. O. Box 654, Opelika, Alabama. Quarterly. 25¢ per copy; 4 for \$1.00. Mimeographed. Thirty pages.

I gather this is the 0-0 of the SFA, whatever the SFA may be. If nothing else, the mag has variety. Aside from the editorial and letter



column, there are two stories, a page or so of poetry, a UFO column, an ad page, an interview with Jerry DeFuccio of Mad, and review columns for movies, books and comics. How's that for Universal Appeal?

The Mad interview is only faintly interesting (which about sums up my feeling for Mad itself since it "grew up" from comic format). One gets the impression that Harvey Kurtzmann is none too popular around the Mad offices.

The UFO column by Tony Rudman is devoted to "The Silence Group," that mysterious coterie who go around scaring the bejabbers out of UFO investigators. The saucer folk seem to be suffering from that same hardening of the imaginative arteries which has brought down to earth so many older speculative societies such as the amateur (and professional) astronomers, the psychic researchers (pick a card), the rocket boys and the science fictioners. In Tony's column one will search in vain for any grain of speculation about the whys, the whos and the wherefores of the "silence group." In unsanguine prose, the "group" is introduced, described vaguely, and permitted to slink back into the shadows. Of course, one can't expect much more from a one-page essay, but this sort of thing seems to be happening all over the saucer field. Doesn't anybody but RAP and Gray Barker have any ideas anymore?

It's all good clean fun, though, and I hope the editor will see fit to give Tony more space in later issues.

The rest of the material is about average fanzine stuff, but somehow the overall effect is pleasant and friendly. The reproduction is not up to par, but after losing my own battle of the mimco, I wouldn't dare criticize.



TERRAN DAILY GAZETTE: Sture Sedolin, P.O. 403 Vallingvy 4, Sweden. Annual. 5 millicredits (couldn't find any 20th century price). Mimeographed. 20 pages. Editors: Clayton Hamlin and Michael Mitchell.

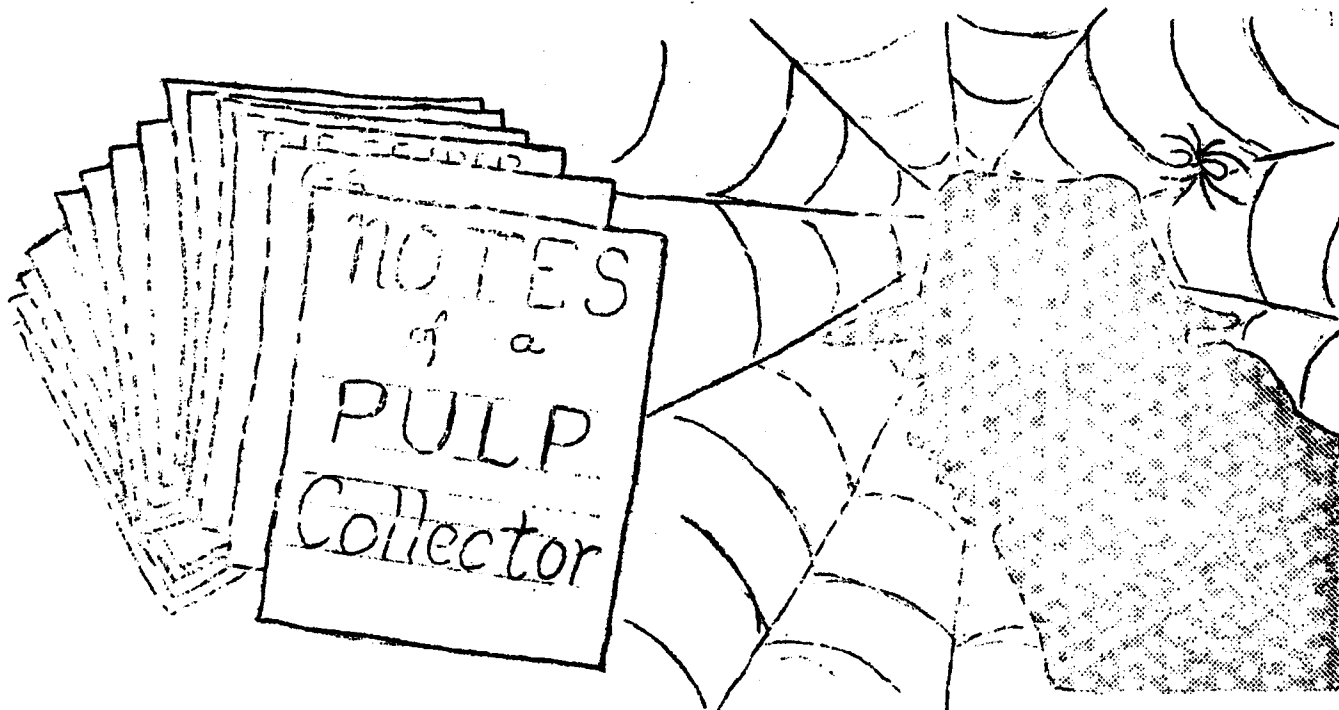
A daily newspaper of the future (50th century, perhaps?), complete in as many details as one could ask for--or tolerate. The idea is similar to features which occasionally showed up in prozines back in the Pulp Age, but the Gazette is a tour de force to end 'em all. I must have been kicked in the head lately, or something, because I enjoyed every page of this thing, from the political and scientific news and editorials up front, to the fashions, entertainment, and want ad pages in back. Why isn't science fiction this much fun any more?

The drawings deserve special mention, particularly the pinup-girl "ad" by Stenfors and the uncredited "fashion" drawings. Hope this isn't a one-shot.

# # #

Regardless of appearances, this is not a fanzine review column. Since I have free rein here (subject to Jerry Page's despotic demands), future columns will be devoted largely to discussion of other matters. You ever read Vardis Fisher?

Jerry Burge, 1707 Piper Circle SE, Atlanta 16, Georgia



by B. F. Wermers

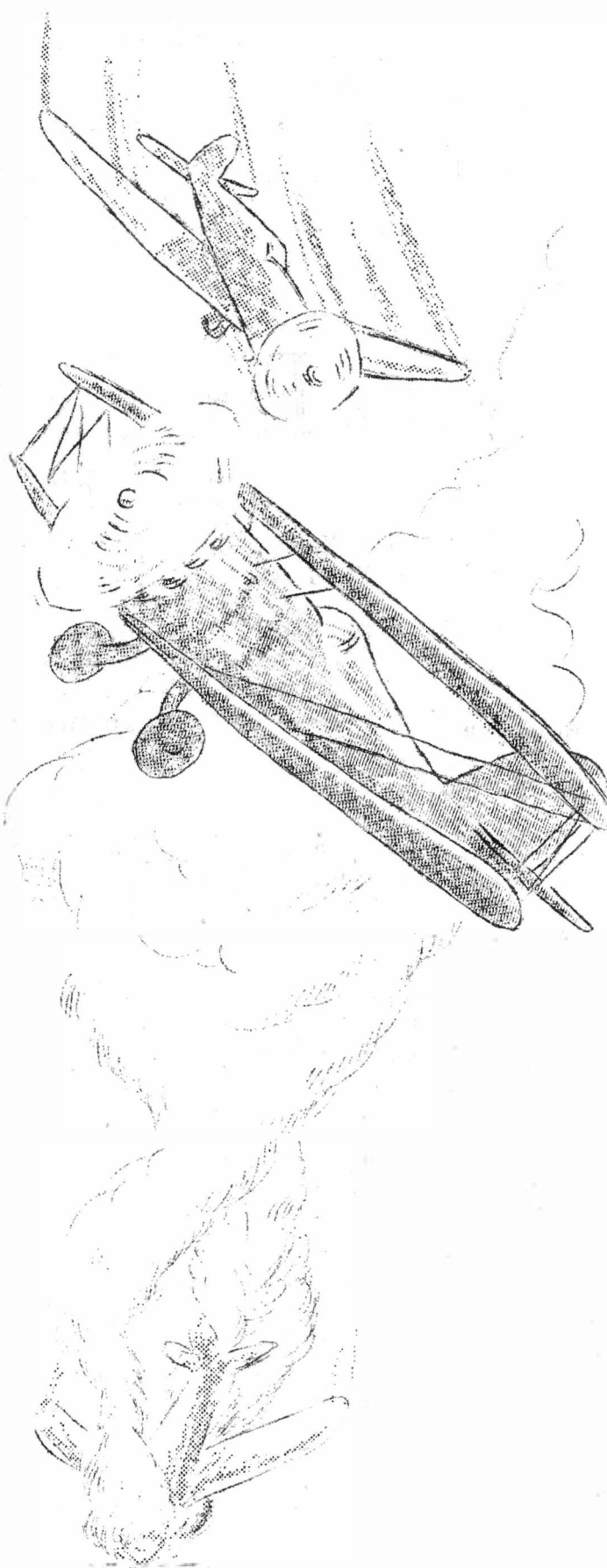
BACK to the days of Yore when Men were Men and your favorite hero appeared monthly (Or at the very least, quarterly) within the untrimmed pages of his very own pulp. Bernie Wermers herewith takes two of the very best of the lot and describes them. Next month we'll have a G-8 check-list ... and, we hope, letters delving even more deeply into--  
G-8 and the SPIDER

I started reading pulps in 1939 with G-8 and his Battle Aces. This series was created by Robert J. Hogan in October, 1933 and died in June 1944, the 110th issue. G-8, the master spy, was a captain in the U.S. Air Service. His aides were Lt. "Nippy" Weston, pint-sized amateur magician and Lt. "Bull" Martin, former all-American football star. Completing the group was Battle, the English manservant and master of the make-up kit. R-1, the beautiful American nurse, appeared in many adventures, but the love element was absent. The stories all followed a similar pattern: a fiendish German scientist would invent a horrible gas, super machine, or a frightening form of death that threatened to win the war for Germany in a few weeks. G-8 would fly to Germany or traverse No-Man's land in the disguise of a German private. In a few days he would locate the hidden headquarters of the Fiend and manage to destroy the menace and return to France. The titles reveal the fantastic content of the stories--"The X-Ray Eye," "Squadron of Corpses," "Flight from the Grave," "The Vampire Staffel," and "Vengeance of the Vikings." Certain Fiends were apparently indestructable, since they survived the ruin of their bombed castles to appear on the scene again with a new menace. Among these were Dr. Kreuger, Chu-Lung, the Raven and Stahlmaske---the last two owing their facial deformity to G-8's aerial gunnery. The German soldiers and the German people were rather sympathetically portrayed. The Fiends used the war as an excuse to further their inhuman experiments and as a means to gain power.

Another horrid character was the SPIDER, Master of Men. THE SPIDER

also appeared Oct. 1933 and lasted for 118 issues until Dec. 1943. The first two novels were by R.T.M.Scott but all subsequent stories carried the by-line of Grant Stockbridge. Richard Wentworth, ex-major of WWI and wealthy dilettante, donned the floppy hat, cape and disguise of the Spider to wage his lone warfare against the bizarre master criminals who preyed upon the citizens of New York. Wentworth was a master of disguise. One of his favorite poses was as Blinkey McQuade, the middle-aged safecracker. The Spider was aided by Ram Singh, his sikh servant and Jackson his chauffeur. In the early stories, Professor Brownlee provided Wentworth with many helpful devices. Nita van Sloan, Wentworth's fiancée, provided a strong love interest. Their love affair was in some ways similar to that of Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae, for they often approached marriage, but the ceremony was forever postponed. In this series the Spider's adversaries sought to conquer New York and from there to control the rest of the country. Their methods were fantastic, and if a realistic count of casualties and destroyed buildings were made, as the series progressed, New York would be an empty ruin. The people were visited with black plague, cholera, poisoned water and blindness. Many times the police were led by the Fiend in disguise and Wentworth was often hunted down on a false criminal charge. As in THE SHADOW, where Cranston was a friend of Commissioner Weston, so Wentworth was a close friend of Commissioner Kirkpatrick. A few Fiends appeared in several stories. Among these were the Fly, who was in two early stories; Tang Akhmut, the Egyptian who was featured in the last four novels of 1936 and the Black Legions who held sway in late 1938. Unlike the G-8 stories, the fiends in the Spider did not keep popping up throughout the series, but played their part and left the stage.

- B. F. Wermers



#### EDITOR'S NOTE

Some articles are forgotten almost as soon as they are printed. Others stand the test of time.

Because "I Was A Fake-Fan for the F.B.I." by Robert Bloch has stood this test -- discussing, as it does, 1954 -- it has been nominated for Si-Fan's DEN OF INIQUITY. That is, it was stolen from Abstract (An early 1955 issue, about Jan. or Feb.) with the kind permission of Robert Bloch.

We hope to perform a real service to Si-Fan, in this way and fill up pages that would otherwise be blank.

But please -- don't nominate your favorites.

# I was a Fake Fan for the F.B.I.

by BOB BLOCH



"Happy New Year, Chief," I said.

"Not for you, it isn't," he growled. "You're down for an assignment."

My eyes sparkled. "Oh goody-woody!" I exclaimed. "Whatever on Earth can it be? Do I have to smoke reefers and root out a dope ring, huh? Must I disguise myself as a customer again and investigate the vice syndicate? Will I get a chance to shoot some beautiful blond in the navel?"

"Only with a water-pistol," the Chief grunted. "For the next year, your job is to become a science fiction fan."

My eyes fell. Picking them up on the first bounce, I stared at him incredulously. "You mean--?"

"Just that." The chief nodded. "Orders are to get the dope on this science fiction racket. Read the books and magazines. Read the fanzines. Write for them. Circulate around at the conventions. The works, understand? I don't care what you have to do to find out the truth. Even if you get a crewcut and smoke a pipe and listen to Stan Kenton records. Even if you talk to Lynn Hickman--"

"Now wait a minute," I said.

"Well, maybe you won't have to go that far," the chief said. "But anything goes, within reason. Remember, it's all unofficial, and this department will not be connected with your investigation. From now on, you're on your own."

"My own what?"

"Your own assignment," the Chief said. "Get going!"

I got. During the past twelve months of 1954, I have explored fandom from top to bottom--actually, not a considerable distance at that, when you come to think of it. I can truthfully say that I know fandom inside out and upside down; which it usually is, anyway. I have waded through FAPA mailings, swum through SAPS, and drowned in the downpour of THE IMMORTAL STORM. I have contemplated, contributed, convened, and convalesced.

And the results? Did I find communism in fandom? No. Did I find fellow travelers? No. Did I find Tucker's ten of clubs? Nah. I didn't even find the guy who sawed Courtney's boat.



After a solid year of fan activity, I can safely say that the average devotee of science fiction is just a typical, normal, wholesome, American boy who is proud to wear a beanie on his typical, normal, pointed American head. Like millions of other average youths, he indulges in feuds, spends all his money on stencils, and writes the tag-lines of Campbell editorials on lavatory walls.

Of course, not all fans are typical American boys. Some of them are typical Canadian or English boys. Upon investigation, I even discovered that some of them are typical American girls. (This was the part of the job I liked best.)

In the pursuit of knowledge, I read approximately 200 fanzines issued during the 12-month period. Of these, about 160 were written in English and the other 40 were published in England and written in some strange cuneiform script which is completely undecipherable.

I found nothing subversive in any of these publications, and very little that was versive, either. Except for a rash of Little Willies. These strange quatrains appeared largely during the early months of the year, but seem to be approaching extinction; a state which they well deserve.

During the last six months of 1954, most fanzines have assumed an entirely new aspect; consisting largely of large masses of solid type used for the sole purpose of setting off interlineations. There seem to be two main categories: a dirty remark thunk up by Eric Frank Russell and printed without his name on it, or a clean remark thunk up by Dean Grennell and duly credited to him, or six other guys.

Of course, fanzines still manage to preserve a bit of their distinctive science fiction flavor. With discussions of MAD, PANIC, POGO, bop, sports cars, McCarthy, religion, racial discrimination, cooking recipes, alcoholic beverages, sexual mores, and other such "Out of this world" topics.

The stodgy old "pro" magazines continue to print their hackneyed stories of adventures in the far future and tales set on other planets or in outer space--but every true fan devoutly hopes they will mend their ways and attune their content to genuine fannish interests.

Both the "prozines" and the science fiction books have, by the way improved measurably during the past year. About a year and a half ago, when the slump hit the science fiction market, any number of wise critics among the fans rushed into print with variations of the selfsame article. It usually ran something like this:

"Well, the bubble has busted, just as I knew it would, yesiree! Mags and hard-covers are biting the dust, rates are dropping like crazy, and the boom is over.

"But am I discouraged? Ha, ha, not me! I think it's a damned good thing. Now all those lazy authors who've been grinding out crud for big money are gonna have to get to work again. No more sitting around and lapping up Jim Beam--they'll really hump and sweat for a chance to get even 1¢ a word in a highly competitive market. But that's really proof that every cloud has a silver lining--because from now on, we readers can expect some masterpieces again."

And of course, all those profound fan critics were proven to be 100 per cent correct in 1954.

Instead of such degenerate slum as THE DEMOLISHED MAN, GRAVY PLANET, BRING THE JUBILEE, FAHRENHEIT 451, THE LOVERS, MORE THAN HUMAN, etc., etc., the Jim Beam-less writers crouching in their garrets have produced such immortal classics as--

Well. Ulp! Uh. Mebbe the rates aren't low enough yet, huh, boys? The way I figure it as a fan critic, 1¢ a word is really still too much, even on publication. Perhaps if we cut the field to just two magazines, quarterly, and drop the rate to say 1/2¢ a word, then we get the masterpieces, hey? Why sure, that must be the answer. Even if authors, editors, and publishers alike protest that you've got to establish high rates to justify time spent on a first class story, we fan critics in our omniscience know better. We know that those dirty dogs of pros don't really begin to function until they're down to fighting weight--about 80 pounds, that is.

Anyway, the pro situation will bear watching in the coming year.

Meanwhile, 1954 showed some significant changes in fanactivity. The first six months produced a surprising upsurge of Canadiantics. The last six months offered similar progress in the British Isles, which offered so many of those cuneiforms previously mentioned. Opinions regarding the use of this strange language vary; there are, however, two leading theories. One is that British fanzines are printed at stonehenge, by Druids, in their native tongue. The other is that British fanzines are secretly subsidized by local optometrists who seek to increase their income from Socialized medicine. Whatever the real story may be, it's nice to see such growing interest.

The rest of my investigations involved attending various fan-gatherings and conventions. During the course of the year such functions took place in Detroit, New York City, Oklahoma, Bellefontaine, San Francisco, and Chicago--in the United States area. I managed to circulate in the last three affairs mentioned, disguised as a typical fan (I poured a can of warm beer over my head and wore a large placard, reading REMEMBER THE SKYHOOK THAT WORE REDD BOGGS).

The harmonious gathering at Bellefontaine can best be described by referring the reader to the 27th quatrain of the RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. San Francisco was a frenzied war-dance around a diminutive stone idol named Harlan Ellison. Chicago was Wilson Tucker's own personal demonstration that First Fandom is not Dead. But after Five Days of Revelry it comes Damned Close!

Subversive activities in fandom? Never! Roars go up and doors go down, new fandoms rise and old bottles fall, but the commie taint just ain't.

And that's what I'm reporting to the Chief at the year's end. 1954 was normal in fannish circles. As to what 1955 will bring, who knows? Maybe I'll draw an assignment as a sewer inspector. Lots of good openings there...  
--Robert Bloch

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The editors would like to locate FRED CHAPPELL. Does anyone know his current address? We'd also like the current address of Cal Beck who's NODS AND BECKS column was so essential a feature of ASFO.

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The linoblock cover announced for this issue has been delayed because of the time necessary to print each cover. We trust that no one felt too disappointed with the one we used instead. The linoblock cover is scheduled for an issue in the near future.

--The Editors

# EXEUNT

IF GUY TERWILLEGER THINKS I'M NUTS the fault is Joe Christoff's. Our erstwhile roving editor was in town the other night and I was over

at his place, when suddenly, he recalled an article in which Terwilleger had advocated a telephone fandom to rank alongside fanzine, tape and convention fandoms. So--Joe decided to endorse the idea. He put in a long distance call to Boise (It was only 9 o'clock, there.) and let Guy know that he liked the idea. Boy, was Guy surprised! And--so help me--to top it all off, Guy had lyrengitis.

Bernie Wermers, contributing editor in charge of pulp magazines, would like to hear from other pulp collectors. He'd also like to get copies of *The Shadow* for Dec. 1931, Jan. and Feb. 1932 and *Mystery Tales* for June 1938. His address: c/o S.S.A.300 Drayton St., Savannah, Georgia.

I would like to quote from a recent letter from Bob Jennings, as follows: "I completely disagree with you. Your statement [in a recent letter] that 'all fanart on memo is design or cartoonery or not worth the effort' strikes me as just a bit stupid.... I point out to you some fanartists who prove you wrong: Adkins, Prosser, Phillips, Coulson (The wife, that is.) Dumont and about half a dozen lesser known ones who can and do produce excellent artwork on memo. If you take that attitude toward artwork, then I don't think I can really expect much from the artside of your zine. As to memoed work not being worth the effort ... Just check over your files for the work by those artists I just mentioned and you'll see what I mean, I hope, because memo is just an excellent media of carrying artwork and I'd hate to see it go to waste in your zine, because of your mistaken idea."

(Aside to those of you who don't receive Bob's fanzine, "memo" is a quirk of his translated as "mimeo".)

All letters discussing Si-Fan are grist for the letter mill (which will be called "Shrapnel"), unless marked "DNQ" for "Do Not Quote" or otherwise so labeled. Please note.

In the second June, 1960 issue, *SFTimes* (10¢ a copy or 24 copies for \$2.40 from P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, N.Y.) reported a proposed amendment to rule # 39 CFR, Part 22.2 (7) that would deny second class rights to all magazines not selling 70% of what they distribute through their second class entry. No sf magazine sells that well, and all of them would be killed. To voice your opposition to that amendment, write Mr. E. Riley, Director of Postal Service, Bureau of Operations, Post Office Department, Washington 25, D.C. Better Act now.

Julius Unger has suffered a heart attack and is recuperating (SFT First June 1960 issue). As you probably know, he was one of the best liked fans of the 30's and 40's and has been inactive recently. Well, he'd like to hear from fen and receive some fanzines. Write to him at 6401 24th Ave., Brooklyn 4, New York.

Upon checking my mailing list, I found a number of newcomers who might be confused by some of the allusions herein. If any slip by you drop me a line and I'll either explain it to you or run your letter in "Shrapnel" so we can BOTH find out what it means.

*George*

HOY PING PONG FOR PRESIDENT!!

SI - FAN

THE INSIDIOUS FANZINE

( ) A check mark here means that you are scheduled to receive the next issue.

SI-FAN  
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