



JACKPOT
THE
ZINE
THAT MAY
GIVE YOU
ANYTHING

See Trends 19

JACKPOT
ISSUE

A WAPA MAILING

PLATO JONES

METRO-MANIA

by Dick Ellington

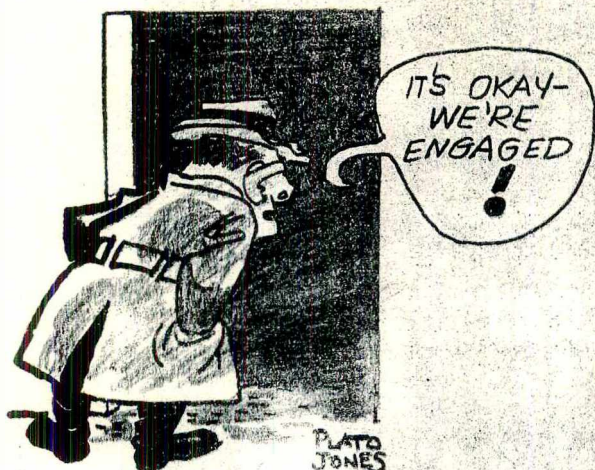
Haven't any idea how to begin this thing, so I'll just say that this column concerns itself with New York Fandom, it's activities, doings, events, gossip, boo-boos.....and like that.

If you read Joe Gibson's article in Trends #15 you've already got a pretty good idea of what goes to make up New York Fandom. To ESFA, the Circle and Hydra we must now add a couple of groups that have popped into existence since Joe wrote that article. The first is the Young Fanarchist League (NYFandom's answer to the pro underground). It concerns itself with SF, EC comics, Pornography and associated phenomena, but mostly with drinking - which makes things interesting to say the least.

The second is a group known as the American Science-Fantasy Society, the brainchild (?) of one C.T. Beck. Somebody gave me one of their notices last month. It identified the club and made announcement of a forthcoming open meeting to be held in Werderman's Hall. The announcement read like a program for the SFCon. Just about all the pros in this area were listed as guest speakers and tons of material were to be auctioned off - all collectors items. Having nothing better to do with a Saturday afternoon I decided to take a chance. Shoulda known better. The only two pros in evidence were Fletcher Pratt and Hans Stefan Santesson. Pratt spoke wittily and briefly and Santesson spoke not so wittily and quite interminably. Beck also spoke. Don't remember what all this talk was about. It might have been interesting. I got bored early in the proceedings and joined the crowd in the bar. So did Pratt. The auction was quite good from a buyers standpoint. There was a large collection of illos and mags and while most of them weren't collectors items they were worth bidding on. After exchanging glares and nickle bids with Hank Moskowitz I managed to pick up a couple of choice items myself very cheap. The latest cover from Amazing went for peanuts. There just weren't enough bidders - in fact there weren't enough people. Probo's tabulation (nose count to you) netted a grand total of 27,



"THE JIG'S UP!
WE OF THE VICE
SQUAD HAVE BEEN
NOTIFIED!"



10 Of the said noses being red ones indicating curious circle members. In Beck's favor it should be noted that it is not an easy thing to get fans out on Saturday afternoon, let alone pros. I rate the whole thing as a flop.

Speaking of cabbages and Kings and Becks and things, I'll quote Dave Mason on this next item:

Seems that on Saturday eveing, June 12th, Dave received a visit from two plainclothes gendarmes of the Sixth Precinct. They were investigating complaints

received via the mails about certain illicit activities in the basement of the building. A look around convinced them that nothing untoward was occurring and they departed with red faces, muttering about cranks.

A little quiet checking by Dave (cunning beggar that he is) brought to light the fact that the letter in question was sent by one Helen Beck, mother of aforementioned C.T. The complaint charged that during the Saturday night meetings of a group known as the Young Fanarchist League in the basement of the apartment building Mason lives in the members of said club were: (1) plying minors with liquor, (2) collecting, perusing and disseminating subversive literature, and (3) holding homosexual orgies (or words to that effect).

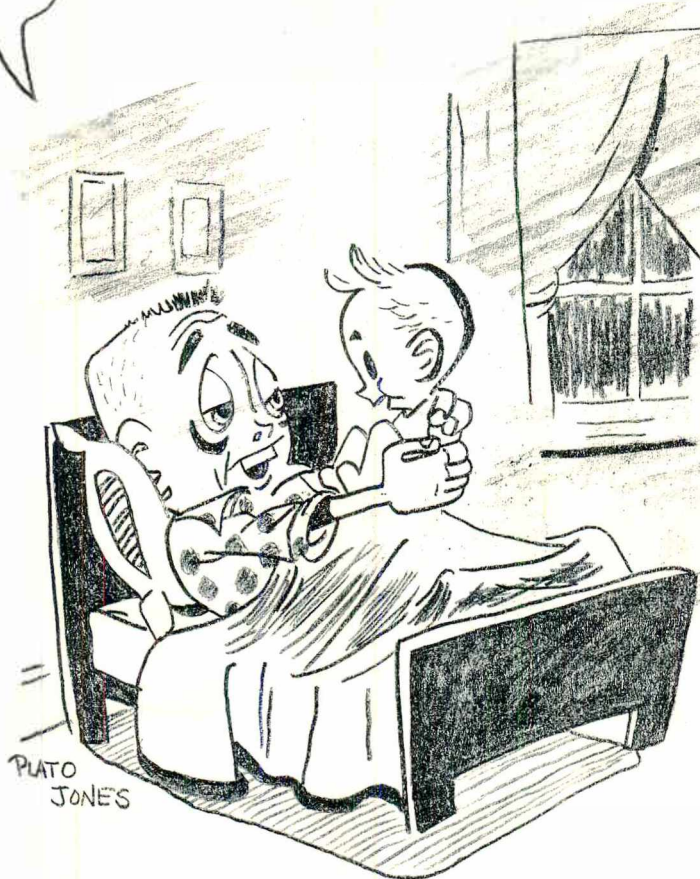
Sorry Mrs. Beck, but you made a few minor mistakes. (1) Nobody plies anybody with anything at the Fanarchist meetings. One of the prime rules of the Fanarchist Covenant is (quote) We will bring each hys own Cask, Swille each hys own Brewe like trewe fenne and honeft Sottes.(unquote). (2) There's really very little subversive literature except for a little Trotskyist stuff and a couple of stray manifestos. Now if you had said pornography.... (3) Those orgies are held on Friday nights, not Saturday and while there may be a stray copy of ONE around, I wouldn't say they're homosexual.

It is interesting to note that C.T. and Helen Beck have now been added to the Fanarchist Covenat list of "These be stoode in despite".

This reminds me of the one Jean Carroll tells about a police raid on a Halloween party at her place a couple of years ago. (The complaint in this case was also traced to Mrs. Beck) Seems it was just an innocent little gathering, cokes and conversation, and when two men walked in nobody thought much about it. Jean finally got around to asking them who they were and finding out they were from the Vice Squad, came out with that now famous comment, "But what kind of Vice are you looking for?"

Then there's the time that Mrs. Beck whispered something to Dave Kyle at a Circle meeting about Dave Mason having a gun in his pocket and assassination on his mind, Oh well, just good clean fun.

AND THEN THE PAPA MARTIAN
SAID 'WHO'S BEEN EATING
MY GRULZAKS —'



PLATO
JONES

THE TRUE FAN

last about ten thirty, opened the basement door and were almost blasted out by a huge cloud of various types of tobacco smoke and beer fumes. The place was a madhouse. The tape-recorder was playing, Mason was screaming for quiet, some fen were engaged in an argument, some were just talking and Duncan Andrews was heading for the coal pile with Pat Sabater in hand with intentions of rape. Made our usual round of bars afterwards, losing fen as we went. Only about three or four of us made the full tour.

Got home at six A.M. and got back up at nine. Made it to the hotel by eleven and was almost immediately put to work - carrying things, figuring, looking for people, getting Phyllis a coffee-shake-with-two-extra-scoops-of-ice-cream-and-an-egg, etc. Finally got the rooms opened up about twelve or thereabouts. Fen and pros were drifting in rapidly. Had Phyllis and Fran on the desk which made a nice welcome for the male members. Didn't catch any of the program - was peddling copies of THE IMMORTAL STORM for Sam and COUP for Dave Mason. Of course I wasn't completely busy out there. Did find a little time to take nips of Jack Daniels. Yes Lynn, several places in town are carrying it now - the Black Label at that - and Harvey

I would like to state now that contrary to some opinions I've heard, the C.T. in C.T. Beck stands for Calvin Thomas, not Contra-Terrene.

Metrocon is over. Was on the damned committee so I didn't get a chance to take in as much of the scheduled activities. Fanarchon on Friday night was a wild, roaring blast that shocked a few of the uninitiated fen. Chuck Riddle was in by that time so we dragged him down to Mason's infamous basement with us. Also Sam Southworth and - of all people - Phyllis Scott. Most of the rest were the regular Fanarchist crew and the usually seen around crowd of NY fen. Fran and myself got down there

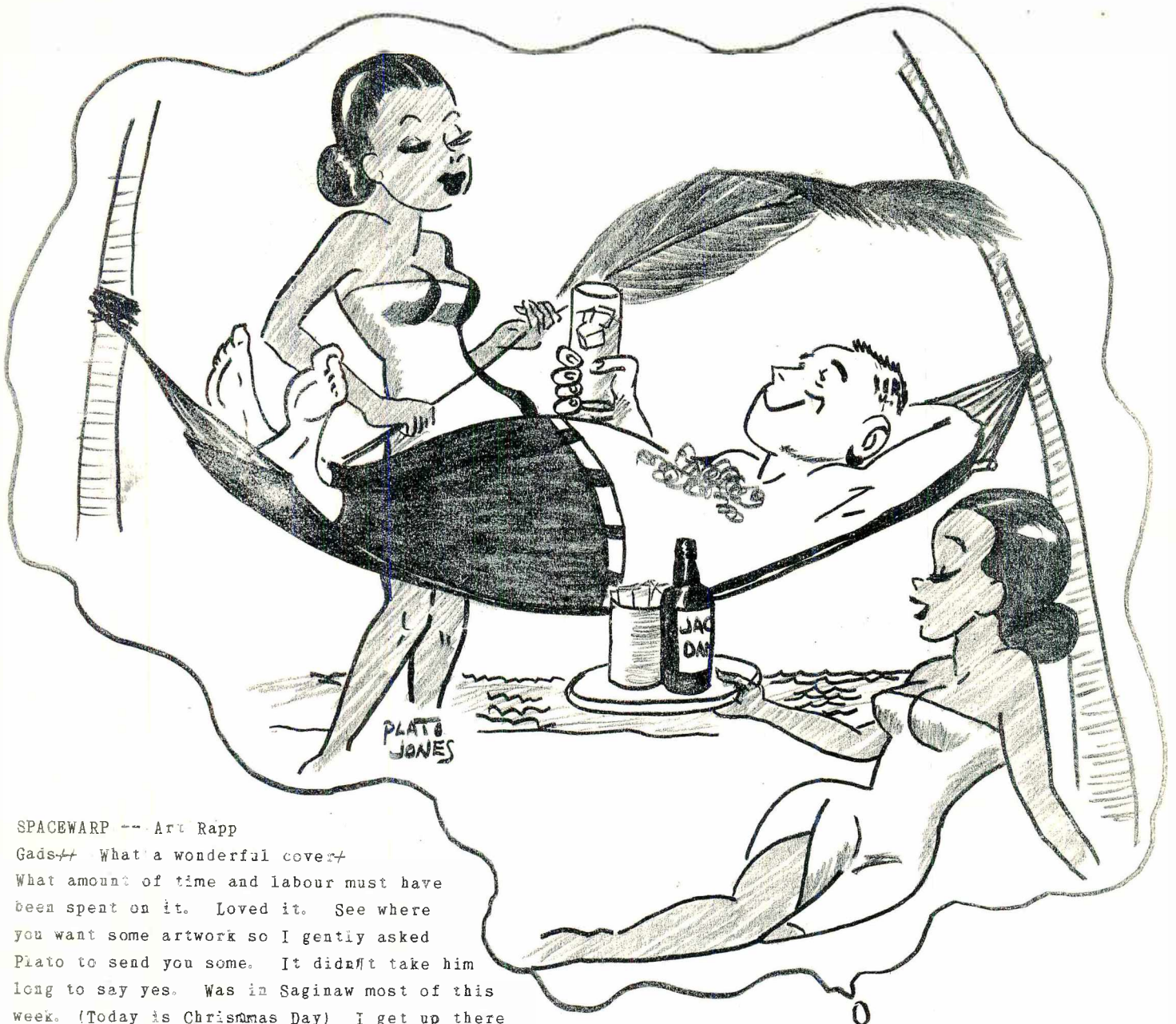
(CONT. ON PAGE 23)

AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR US
WOMEN IN SAPS ———



↑
Guess who

↑
average Saps

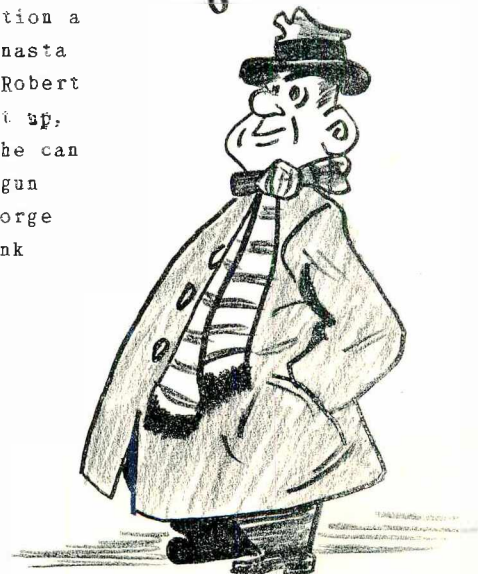


SPACEWARP -- Art Rapp

Gads++ What a wonderful cover+
 What amount of time and labour must have
 been spent on it. Loved it. See where
 you want some artwork so I gently asked
 Plato to send you some. It didn't take him
 long to say yes. Was in Saginaw most of this
 week. (Today is Christmas Day) I get up there
 quite often. Nice town, but mighty cold. Tues. morning it was 6 below
 and I was fervently wishing that I were back in the Southland. Since I
 happen to be commenting on your zine on Christmas day, I might mention a
 couple of science fictional gifts I received. One was a set of Canasta
 cards with space scenes on the back. Really nice. The other was Robert
 the Robot. Now that is really something. He talks, his eyes light up,
 he walks backwards or forwards, can turn sideways, his arms move, he can
 carry objects and works by remote control. A cable runs from the gun
 to the robot. Dougie and I have sure been having fun with it. George
 Young should be here to help me play with it. Also to help me drink
 another present. That's right -- JACK DANIELS. The TRUE Ghod of
 fandom++ Spacewarp was extra good this time. The best of this
 mailing.

PISTOL POINT -- Masked Marvel. Who goosed the girl on the last
 page?

BULL SHOT -- K. Anderson. No Comment.



CLADIUS #2 -- C. HALL. --Look what they won't have in Germany anymore ----- Oh well, we'll take you back Claude, even though you haven't sense enough to drive a Lincoln. Anyone that would actually WANT a Chevy. --- Ooooooh ---- Interesting theory about the Share girls. I doubt it though.

SPACEWOOF #3 -- D. Grannell Nice cover. Faultless duplication as usual. If I move into Michigan next summer as I plan to do, it will be back to only 5 nights on the road and some weeks only. Won't know what to do with all those nights at home. The Multiliith has a motor, I'm cranky enough when I get home without I should crank something else. Just to make you drool, I'm enjoying some Jack Daniels old #7 Black Label on the rocks while I'm sitting here writing this. I's like to send you a shot or two but I'm afraid it would leak through the envelope.

SAPS ROLLER -- J. Harness. Beautiful cover drawing, Jack. Liked it muchly.

SAPSYCHE -- B. Peatrowskey. It's good to have you in Saps, Bob. I'm quite sure you will enjoy it. The cartoon types I used aren't exactly new, I used them in Piddling and Diddling, a one-shot put out by Harlan Ellison, Steve Shultheis, Honey Wood, Don Duke, Patti Heilman, Carole and myself one mad Sunday about a year ago. I've started using that type again once in awhile because I like it and also because they can be drawn extremely fast. I'm currently what is known as a Field-work Specialist for the Gates Rubber Co, Automotive Div.

IMPACT -- C. McKinney. Smaller than usual but just as neat and interesting. Where I made the Bob-Boo should have read \$875.00

OF LICE & FEN -- H. DeVore. Loved the Nelson cartoons. But then I wouldn't have printed it for you if I hadn't.

CREEP -- W. Weber. Good Cover. Interesting con report, well written.

SAGEBRUSH -- E. Firestone. Neat zine.

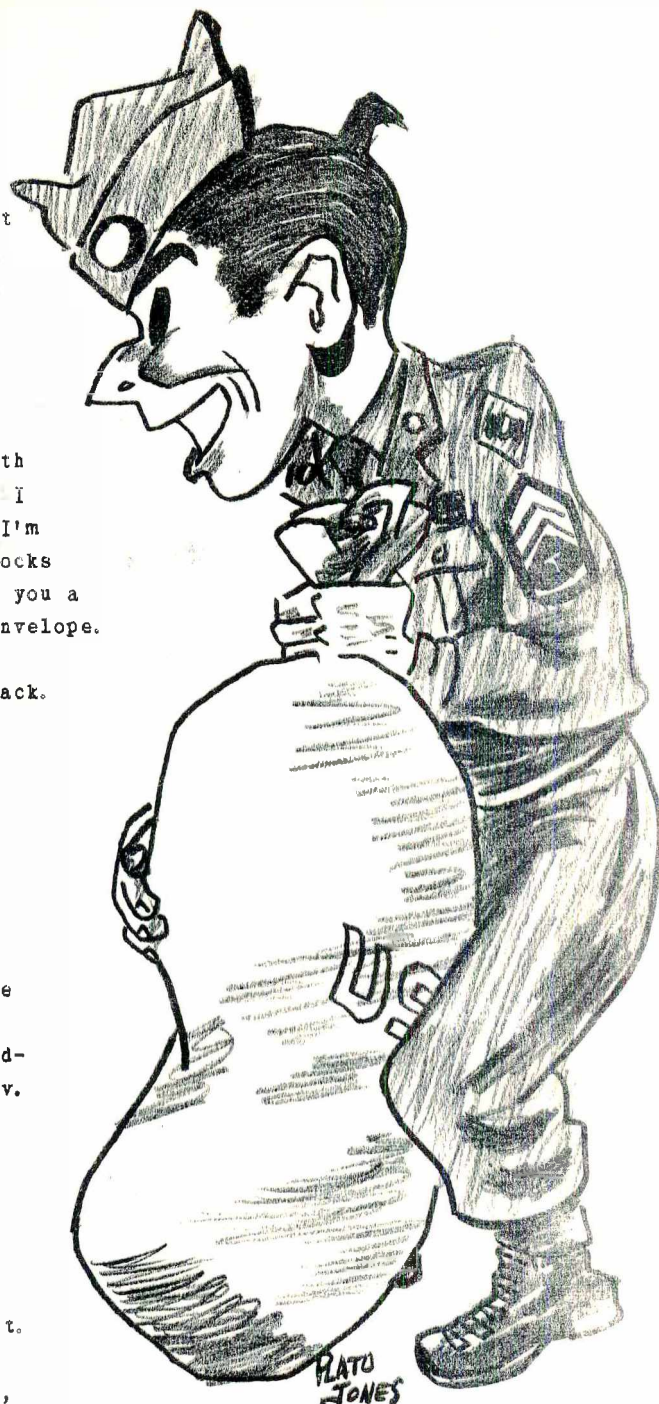
EVERGREEN MAZE -- E. Firestone. More yet -- with flying saucers/

MAINE-IAC -- Ed Cox. I'm allergic to Beer. Must be a fake fan. But, no -- I couldn't be. Jack Daniels is my Ghod and I his slave. An interesting well filled zine this time, Ed.

TAILGATE -- Sims. Enjoyed this immensely. Keep up the good work, Roger.

AGTHING -- Harook. Too bad you couldn't get another stencil. Liked what there was of it.

COLLECTOR -- DeVore. Interesting bit on the Gordon zine. Bring the "Cawn" with you Howard. I love to drink other peoples whiskey.



IGNATZ #8 -- N. Share. Nice Cover by Don Duke. Am trying to get Jim Small (another Napoleon artist) interested in drawing for Trends. 'Twas another good issue. Iggy is always one of my favorites.

QWERTYU -- E. Noble. Haw -- Your New Years greeting was beautifully done. Real gone. Just thought I'd mention that I'm against unions and democrats, but its nice to be in a country where I can still br friends with even the people we disagree with. I'm still of the opinion that Ohio has more collieges. I'll admit that I haven't read any figures on it for a number of years, but its hard to believe that Penna. would have enough NEW schools to take the lead. I used to work your area in '47 & 48. Tried to find you one evening when you lived outside Girard. You weren't to be found though. Still hope to get over to Basil's for a visit some day. If so, I'm hoping we can all get together for an evening of chat. You can then prove to me that I'm wrong about the schools. Of course its a simple thing to get looped at home. But its more fun to get looped with your fan friends. I've even heard there are a few fake fans that don't get looped at these cons.

TALES FROM UNCLE REMUS -- Remus
FUR THE LOVE OF SAPS -- "

My copies were very light
and an effort to read.

BOOK OF PTOTH #6 -- Toth. Where is John Blyler now? He was quite a good friend of mine a few years back. We first met at the Cinvention in 1949. I still remember a gab session we had in my room at the Terrace Plaza. John & I were having a serious discussion while Frank Dietz and a couple others were pretty loaded. Everything in the room was automatic and worked by pushing buttons. Dietz kept running the beds in and out of the walls while screaming -- "Ain't science fiction wonderful."

GHU SAPLEMENT #24 -- J. Davis. This is fast becoming one of my favorite zines. Now if only Davis would give up his false idols and worship the true Ghod. I see by your con report that you HAVE sampled the true Ghod's nectar.

GASP -- G. Stewrad. Anicely reproduced and mildly interesting zine.

COSWALZINE #117 -- Coslet- I remember you and your Crosley from the Cinvention. Didn't you spend all your money at the auction and then wanted the convention committee to give you money for gas and food on the way home?

THE ZED -- K. Anderson. I hate to see all that paper wasted by only using one side. My scotch blood boils...

MAUND -- L. Anderson. No comment.

BRONC #5 -- Firestone. I didn't see my name on that charter ISFCC roster. I joined back in 1948, and according to Abbott I was a charter member.

NANDU #9 -- Gerding. Excelliant as usual. Nice cover by Harness. Can't get interested in Graphology.

LET'S SEE --
AM I ONE OR
TWO PEOPLE?



APROPOS: ADDENDA -- Gerding. Dean's column, The Murky Way was the high spot of this issue. Very fine.

OUTSIDERS #18 -- W. Ballard. Everybody is going to Denver. I like the place myself. All of my pay checks come from there. Hope you can find Van Splawn out there. He is one swell fellow, and a heck of a fine artist. You could perhaps induce him to become Sappy?

SPY RAY OF SAPS -- R. Enay. My multilith is a model 50. I don't remember exactly what I paid for it but I think it was around \$650.00. I bought it in 1951 in North Carolina. Jack Daniels is the true fannish Ghod. Fortune magazine calls it the best sippin' whiskey in the world. It is what is as a Tennessee whiskey and in my opinion is the best whiskey in the world. If you want to read an article on just how it is made, get the Nov. 1954 issue of True Magazine.

DOGS #3 -- Hampton. I like the cover. I use a Sunbeam electric and a Schick-Eversharp hydromagic cream type. I hope last mailings Trends and this one are big enough for you. I'd like to keep it about 80 pages per mailing, but sometimes things come up and it is just impossible to get it finished. By the way, I dropped my Sunbeam the other day and cracked the case. How much discount did you say?

Well that finishes my comments for this mailing. I hope I haven't mislaid any of the zines and forgotten any one. This issue is coming along in pretty good shape. Or maybe it just seems that way because I had such trouble with the last one. I'm on a weeks' vacation now and hope to get most of it finished during that. Have to make a trip up to Toledo this afternoon and pick up about 20 ream

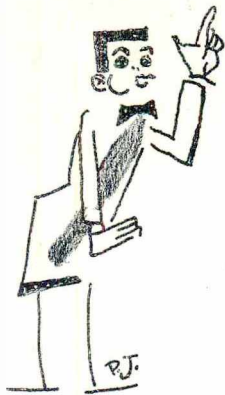


of paper. I may go back to a lighter paper this time. It would cut down on the postage bill. I have about 5 ream of this book stock left, but I bought it on a close out the wholesale house was having and doubt if I could come close to that price again.

The Detroit gang is throwing a New Years party. Would like muchly to attend, but it being just after Christmas I'm afraid I haven't the extra money to spare that the trip would involve.

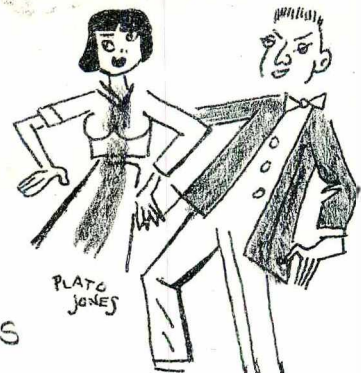
This issue we are starting a new column by Dick Ellington which will describe the doings of the New York Clan of fans. Actually the column in this issue was scheduled for the last one, but I didn't have room for it. If you like this feature, Dick has promised to make it a regular feature.

This issue marks the start of my 5th year of publishing the ELMA-TRENDS combination. I wonder if I'll still be on the Sappish scene to start my 10th year. I'm still having a lot of fun with it, so I sort of thank I will. A hobby like this sort of grows on you. It did wane for a bit but since I've cut my sub list clear down and am not putting out so many copies, it has taken what drugery there was out of it and made it all fun again. After this issue I will have no subbers. I'll put out about 150 copies just for Saps, trades, and a few other people that I think might enjoy that particular issue.



BRAVE NEW WORLD

by HAL ANNAS



I wish I'd lived back in the good old days when ~~we~~ didn't have a thing to worry about except war, poverty, disease, accidents, earthquakes, tidal waves, tornadoes, hurricanes, atomic fission and hydrogen fusion. In those tranquil days men lived less than a hundred years, hardly time enough really to get familiar with anguish, and life even in time of war couldn't have been anything less than an idyl.

I say that we've sold ourselves short and lost something. Take my own case. In the twentieth century I could have been blissfully happy. I mean that I wouldn't then had all these troubles I've got now. Gladys, for instance. We fell in love a year ago when she was twenty and I was twenty-five, and haven't got straightened out yet.

I remember the day I met her. I'd finished school, but went back for the annual reunion and to look over the new grads. The dance was held on the plastic flooring in the glade beside the lake. The music was canned but good, top performers coming to us alternately from Hollywood, Chicago, New York and Paris. The stars were bright and a full moon rode like a jack-o-lantern overhead.

The night was ideal, and I knew when I wrapped an arm around Gladys and molded her body to mine and moved in rhythm with the music among the dancing couples that I'd found the girl. There wasn't any need to sell either of us on the idea, and when we talked in the moon-shadow of the pines we found that we had more in common than three scrambled eggs.

We had differences, of course, to make life more spicy. Who wants a mental duplicate of himself, if there is such a thing? For instance, she said, "If you were an inch taller, Jimmy--"

"I'll take care of it," I said.

"And if your hair was dark instead of light--"

"Your wish is my command. I'll get that fixed when I get longer legs."

"And if you could talk--well, sort of poetic--"

"Can do. Will get a whole new head instead of just a scalp and hair, one with ingrowing poetry."

"No. Don't change your features. Just your brain."

"Anything you say."

"And maybe there are some little things about me you'd like changed," she went on. "I'd do anything to please you. Besides, I'm getting a little tired of this body. Had it made to measure specially for the graduation dance. Probably won't wear it again. Will mummify it and keep it for memories."

"I like everything about you, Gladys," I said. "Don't make any changes specially for me. You'd look good in any ole body."

"But I want to please you and I like to look my best. Wouldn't you rather I was a little plumper? I got this slender body specially for dancing. I think a plumper body suits me better."

"I don't know much about female accessories. Maybe you'd better wait."

"But the summer fashions will be plumper."

"Well, whatever you say. I don't care what kind of body you wear. It's you I'm in love with, not what you wear."

"And the fashions this summer will favor a less coy, sharper, brighter mind. I'll get several new brains and model them for you and see which one you like best."

"Any ole brain, just so I have you."

"But I'm at my best when I'm more witty than now. I just got this brain to go with this body because both of them have rhythm. You must see me when I've got a really bright mind. People say a good mind becomes me. I know you'll love it, and so I'll get something really expensive."

"No use to be extravagant."

"But a girl doesn't fall in love every day, and I think that's one time when she should invest her capital in something worth while. After all, I want to bring you nothing but the best, so you can be proud of me."

"Oh, I'll be proud of you. I'd love you just as much if you had a secondhand mind and a pretty well used up body. When I fell in love with you I fell love with you--not what you're wearing."

"But I know you want me to be at my best."

"Of course. Get any kind of mind and body you want. Just please yourself, and I'll be happy."

"You're a darling."

I dropped round to see a friend of mine who I knew would fix me up with a good quality body at a better price than I could get at most places. He looked me over, mentioned that I was a bit tattered here and there, and offered to make me three new bodies at a quarter under the market, and have them ready in time for the wedding. That was better than I'd hoped.

The brain was a more delicate matter. I went to a specialist, an expensive one, told him I was used to the brain I was now wearing and that I'd like for him to incorporate as many of its qualities as he could in the new one. He studied my features and said that, since I was getting a whole new head anyway, he'd like to change my nose a little. I remembered promising Gladys not to change my features and told him No.

It was three days later that Gladys came by in the helicar and picked me up for lunch. She'd worn blonde hair that night on the dance floor, but now she was a Brunette. Instead of being light and translucently pink, her cheeks were olive in complexion and she was about two inches shorter than on the earlier occasion.

"Some men like little girls," she said. "Cuddly. Thought I'd find out about you."

"Well," I said, "I just like you, little or big. Wear what you like."

"And I'm wearing a sort of brooding, vampire mind to go with this dark hair and olive complexion. Like it?"

"I like that smoldering look in your eyes. In fact, I like everything about you."

"You didn't act like it when I first came for you."

"Huh?"

"You looked startled, or something, as if you didn't know me."

"Well, now, Gladys, I hate to admit it, but, frankly, I didn't recognize you right at the moment."

"Jimmy! You mean, you'd already forgotten me? After all the things you'd said to me just four-days ago? I could cry."

"Forgive me, Gladys. I guess I was sort of surprised to see you so dressed up."

"You mean, you think I'm used to going around in tatters?"

"Of course not. I mean--well, I was stunned. You're so beautiful!"

"Jimmy, if I thought you were the kind of man who puts a girl out of his mind ten seconds after he's proposed marriage, I'd--Oh, Jimmy!"

I held her close and reassured her and she cried a little and felt better. Halfway through lunch she seemed to take note of what I was wearing for the first time.

"Still the same height?" she said.

I nodded. "Ordered the new outfits. Get the first one next week and the other two just before we're married."

"Couldn't you have done something about your hair? I don't particularly like blonds."

"Whole new head coming. Very dark."

"You're not changing your features?"

"No."

"I wish you would do one thing---just one tiny little thing."

"Sure. Anything."

"Get a dimple put in your chin."

"Huh?"

"But darling, lots of important people have them."

"But my chin's not made like that. See how it comes out, sort of like a shovel?"

"Yes. You can get that fixed when you get the dimple put in. Make it a little more pointed. And I hope you've been very careful about your selection of a mind. Talent for poetry and all."

"I specified that. I told him to try to keep most of my other qualities."

"But you should be a little more romantic. And you could have that fixed when you get the dimple put in."

"Well, I'll see about it, if it isn't too late."

"You mean, you aren't going to do it?"

"Of course I'm going to do it."

"I knew you would, darling. And your ears ought to be toned down a little. They stick out."

I nodded. "That won't be hard to remedy. But I'd like to keep part of my head as it is.. I'm sort of used to it."

"But darling, don't you like new things?"

"Sometimes/"

"You mean, you just like to go along in a rut all the time?"

"No. I don't mean that."

"Oh, darling, I wish you loved me as much as I love you. I'Mn giving away all my old bodies and minds and getting a whole storage room full of new things just for you."

"I'm glad you think about me that way, but, as I said before, I love you and not what you wear."

"A girl has to have things for her wedding. It's a big moment in her life."

"I understand. Get whatever you want. We're going to be very happy."

"You're a darling."

When I called for her two days later, to go dancing, she was a tall bosomy redhead. It took me a moment to adjust to the situation.

"But Jimmy, we're going to a nightclub where they have those tall dancers. They make all the other girls look sort of small. I knew you wouldn't want me to look inferior to an entertainer."

"But six feet tall--Well, if you're happy, it's okay with me. If you have a low chair or a footstool around here, I'll climb upon it to kiss you."

"A love seat. On that you'll be taller than I. But watch your balance. You sort of swoon when you kiss me and I don't want you to fall and hurt yourself."

I climbed upon the love seat and did the job properly. There was a moment when I thought I was going to overbalance, but she steadied me with extraordinarily muscular arms.

At this height that bright red hair was almost in my face, and I remarked about it.

"Sometimes they turn the viscom eye on the audience in those nightclubs," she said. "Red hair always shows up so well. Blondes and brunettes look sort of drab in comparison. I know you'd want me to be outstanding."

"Of course."

On the crowded floor I found it a little awkward dancing with her. I couldn't see over her shoulder and had to lean sideways and look past her wide bosom. It got my timing off and we had several collisions.

"Jimmy," she said, "you must have your dancing corrected. I thought you were a very good at the graduation dance, but it must have been because I'd just fallen in love with you. Tonight you're awkward and you're taking such short steps you're spoiling it for me."

"I'm sorry. I'm only five feet eight inches tall. And you've grown a bit and gained a lot of weight. I can't seem to swing you around as I did."

"Are you criticizing me, Jimmy?"

"No. Of course not."

"If you don't like my dancing, I'm sure I can find someone who does."

"Please, Gladys, don't use that tone. I love you and only you. I like your dancing and everything about you."

"You're certainly not showing it. You seem to be trying to trip me. You're spoiling the whole evening."

"I'm sorry. I'll try to do better. There's a side terrace. Let's go out there. I want to whisper a few things in your ear. I want to tell you how much I love you."

"Now you sound more like my Jimmy."

On the terrace I was stumped for a minute. Her ear was a little too high and I didn't see anything to stand on. Finally I maneuvered her over to a marble bench and got her to sit down. I almost made the mistake of sitting down myself, but caught myself in time. By standing straight I was just a little above her head. That made everything fine.

I told her a lot of things and then kissed her. I must have bent her backwards a bit too far. Her weight was more than I could balance. She fell off the bench.

Getting her back on her feet was a problem, but I managed it by almost superhuman strength. She was boiling mad.

"Take me home this instant," she cried.

I tried to smooth things over, but it didn't do any good. She said I was an awkward oaf and that I had deliberately humiliated her and that she never wanted to see me again.

Thursday she came by in the helicar for lunch. She had mouse-colored hair and was less than five feet tall. Her body was very thin and frail.

"You get more beautiful every day," I said.

"I do not," she snapped. "I'm positively ugly today."

"Huh?"

"I've been reading about a tragedienne. She was beautiful, but she withered away for lack of love. I ran across this outfit and just couldn't resist it. It reflects the mood of the tragedienne."

"Well, if it makes you happy---"

"It doesn't. I'm very sad."

I figured that was my cue to make with a little poetry. I began, "The golden flecks in your eyes are like the jewels in heaven--"

"Jimmy."

I sat tense.

"If you can't be sincere I'd rather you wouldn't say anything. My eyes are dull blue and there are no flecks in them."

It was true. Her eyes looked pretty well washed out.

"But sometimes you wear amber eyes," I said.

"And when I do is when you should talk about golden flecks. I like sincerity in a man above all things."

"Forgive me."

"Speak sincerely, Jimmy."

"Must I, Gladys?"

"Of course you must."

"Well, if I must I must. I hate to say this, but I've never seen a more washed up female in all my life. You look like something that's been dragged through an ash-heap."

"You brute !"

"But sweetheart, I still love you. I've told you over and over I love you and not what you wear."

"And you think I'm ugly?"

"I didn't say that. I said you look sort of sick. You need a tonic. There's no color in your cheeks and your eyes are blank."

"I've never been so humiliated in my life. I'm not going to lunch with you. I'm going straight back home."

"But Gladys, if you'd just change you costume--"

"Criticizing my taste in wearing apparel? Jimmy, you're positively callous. I've tried to exercise restraint myself, but I've noticed that, for a man, you have positively vulgar taste. You have no sense of harmony. Your hands are very light complected, and your face and hair are dark. And there's a light line just above your collar which positively clashes with the remainder of your features. A man whose taste is so low should think twice before criticizing a frail and helpless woman."

"Forgive me, Gladys."

"Oh, Jimmy! Forgive me, too. I know you changed yourself just to please me. Besides, I'd love you any way at all."

It took about a minute to come out of the clench. We went to lunch and talked very soft and I said some poetry. She said it wasn't exactly the type of poetry she'd had in mind, but that she'd make out with it if I'd sort of restrain myself and not go at it too strong.

Finally I asked her to set the date for the wedding, and she said that maybe we'd better put it off for ten or fifteen years. She said that would give us time to get better acquainted and understand one another.

I asked if her costume had anything to do with the idea of delay, and she admitted that it might, but added that she was learning things about me and would like to get on a brighter costume and think the whole thing over.

We agreed to talk it over again Saturday.

I had some trouble on the job. I'm an electronic engineer and a person of that calling is not expected to stop work, strike a pose and begin talking about "love" and "dove" and dancing moonlight. It caused me considerable embattassment, but I took a firm grip on myself and determined to control it.

By the time Saturday had come, I had fairly good control, could hold it in, though it made my ears ring, and had got so I could handle my new body with ease. I had made the mistake of not having mental and physical coordination taken care of, and had to establish that coordination myself. I did a fairly good job of it and was in fine fettle when I called on Gladys.

She was lovely. She was a brownette, about five feet two and a trifle plump.

"Plump people are more jolly," she explained. "I know I've treated you terrible and I want to make up for it."

With my taller body I had slightly longer arms than earlier. I was glad of it now. I needed both arms to reach around her, but I managed and the clinch came off pretty good.

She said, "We'll set the wedding date for September."

It made my head swim and I had to strain to hold back the poetry.

We discussed plans for a house.

"I like a mauve shade for the bedroom and living room," she said. That means we'll have to get a tinge of purple or blue put into our skins, so we won't clash with the tone of the rooms. I know where to get several outfits like that at a reasonable price. I suppose you'll have to see your own fitters."

"I suppose so. But let's talk about us. 'In your cheeks the bloom palpitates the groom'--"

She pressed my arm. "Let's talk about the house."

We talked about the house. She finally decided that the interior walls should have changing colors and that would necessitate our wearing different skin, to match, for about every hour of the day. I consoled myself with the thought that I would be working during much of the daytime.

Then she said, "Electronic engineers don't rate very high. Why not get an architect's brain, and then you could set up an office at home?"

"But I like electronics."

"It's only because of the kind of brain you have. All you need do is change that and you will like something else."

"It doesn't always work out that way. I'd still love you even if I had a cutrate brain that was given away for boxtops."

"Of course. But love is different. You'd have it built in, no matter what kind of brain you got. I think you ought to become an architect."

"I'd sort of hate to gibe up electronics."

"You have no social ambition?"

"Well--no. I'd rather just be sort of average."

"But think of me. Would you want other women to rate higher socially than I?"

"No. But I don't see how anyone could. I mean, no one could be more important than you. And as my wife--"

"That's just it. As your wife, I go down the social scale. You're just an assembly-line worker."

"Gladys, you're going too far. If I was an assembly-line worker, I wouldn't see anything wrong with it. As it is, I do research. I'm not changing."

"Selfish. You should have that fixed."

"I disagree. I don't think you should criticized my work. I think maybe we'd better put this wedding off ten or fifteen years."

She wept. It took a lot of back-patting to bring her out of it.

"You're taking advantage of my love," she said. "You know I can't fall out of love with you without junking my whole wardrobe. It's built into every costume. And I've got a small fortune invested."

"I'm ashamed of myself," I said. "I'll never take advantage of you again. I'll become an architect."

"Oh, Jimmy! You darling. I wouldn't let you change from an electronic engineer for anything. I know you love your work. I've been mean and selfish. I'll never be that way again. I'll have it fixed right away. I'll even get a built-in tolerance for absurd poetry."

"I didn't know you loved me so much, Gladys."

"I love you more than anything. All I want you to do now is get your face changed."

"What's matter with this face?"

"It's too dark. And your ears are too flat. Change it back like it was at first."

"Are you sure that's what you want?"

"I'm sure, Jimmy."

"How about my getting my old brain back?"

"I don't think so. It's probably worn out. And you weren't romantic at all. Besides, you probably couldn't locate it now."

She was right. They'd junked it along with my old head and body. I couldn't get anything back that I'd had before. Gladys and I talked it over again Tuesday at lunch. We had to figure out what to do.

She'd had some corrections made. Her humor was better and she seemed to be trying to please me. But a streak of jealousy had got built in somehow.

She was a platinum blonde, and she asked me if I had liked her as a brunette. I admitted I had. Then she asked if I'd liked her as a redhead, a brunette and a blonde.

"I liked you every way," I said.

She looked at me long and without wavering, and tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"You're fickle, Jimmy. You could never be faithful to one woman. And I love you so much. It's going to ruin my whole life."

"But Gladys, I love you."

"You mean, you love me like this, as a platinum blonde?"

"With all my heart."

She cried harder. "Now I know you'll never be true to me. This is not my natural self. I've had a lot of changes made in my mind and body, and here you go falling in love with the first strange woman you meet."

"But Gladys--"

"Don't say it, Jimmy. I know it will be nothing but a lie. You don't love me. You fall in love with all sorts of people and don't even think about me. I'm going to some religious retreat and dedicate my life to better things than an unfaithful man."

"But Gladys, if you love me, couldn't you put up with some of my weaknesses. I can't help the way I am."

"It's always the woman who suffers. We have to put up with brutes who can't remain faithful. Maybe I could reform you in time."

It went on like that, and the parting left me rather disturbed. I went back to work with a sense of guilt that wouldn't leave me. I couldn't get my mind on the job and got very little done during the afternoon. I felt like a lecher.

I called her on the visiphone three times before she would consent to go out with me again. The last time, she said, I've a new outfit

and want to wear it. Will you take me to some really bright place?"

I said I would.

When I called and saw her I almost had a heart-attack. It was an experience I'd never expected to go through. She was beet red from features to toes. Her hair was green.

"I'm indulging myself," she said. "Trying to ease my broken heart."

We went dancing and she attracted a lot of attention. She wore a very sad expression when the visicom eye was turned on her, and she offered to tell her story over the ether. The man took her up, but I put the clamps on. I got her out of there fast.

In the helicar we parked atop a cloud and I tried to reason with her.

"It's those corrections you've had made," I explained. "Why not get yourself changed back?"

At last she gave in and her arms came round my neck. And it made me feel a trifle strange, kissing something that resembled a beet topped with grass. I like beets and I had to resist very hard to keep from taking a bite.

"We'll make the best of it," she said. "I'll get my old self back and then I'll try to reform you. I'll devote my life to making you into the man I've dreamed you were."

"I'll help," I said, feeling guilty. "I'll turn over a new leaf and try to live better and be faithful."

"Darling!"

It wound up pretty good and I got her back home before mid-morning.

Next day she came by for me. Her features had shrunk almost to doll size. Her jetblack hair was swept back tight against her head and tied in a sort of brush behind. Her body was an exquisite miniature. She was four feet tall.

"Symbolical," she explained. "I want you to know I'm submissive."

"But why? I thought you were going to reform me."

"No. I'm wearing a new mind and I know that a woman must be patient and tolerant, acknowledging men as masters."

"But you are a man and you must be the master, I must obey your wishes however unfaithful you may be."

"Now wait. Let's get this straightened out. I've been working out my own coordination and I think I know what's wrong. We've been changing ourselves too much. Let's get back in a rut."

"I must obey your wishes."

"Then go home and change your costume. I'll arrange to get the afternoon off. WE'll work this thing out."

"What do you want me to wear."

"Well, a sort of easygoing mind and something not too ostentatious in the way of a body."

I took her home and waited for her. She returned in the mouse-colored hair and frail body.

"Oh, no! I groaned. "Let's be a little more moderate."

"Are you criticizing me, you big oaf?"

Then I got it. She was wearing the mind that went with that body. I pushed her back into her bedroom, looked about for costumes. Finally I found the brownette one, then wracked my brain for memory of her various minds. I wanted to be sure I didn't get the wrong one, but I just couldn't recall them.

"Put this on," I ordered,

She pushed me toward the doorway. "Get out while a lady dresses."

I got out, waited. She seemed to be taking her time,

At last she came out. She had on the brownette head, all right, and unquestionable the right mind. But she just couldn't resist the frills. She had wings instead of arms.

She was very loving, but the wings kind of hindered me.

Well, you can't have everything, not in this day and time.

It's been going on like that since, sometimes worse, sometimes not so bad. We're married now. I sometimes get a shock when I come home and find her purple in color, or seven feet tall, or covered with scales.

One thing is certain: there is no possibility I'll ever get bored, but I still say people back in the twentieth century had a snap.

SAPS PERSONALITIES!

ROGER SIMS



Breit mentioned it again. After the afternoon session a group of us adjourned to 721, the Fanarchist room and Joe, Art Saha and myself finished the last of Mr. D. Had a few other people there, Sam Moskowitz, Sam Southward, the Sabater sisters, Gilda, Fran, Danny Tannenbaum, Dan Curran, Joe Gibson, and Ghu knows who else.

About eight o'clock we made our way over to the Lotus club for the evening session. What a monster crowd we had there! Lor Blimey or suthin! I think just about all the fen and pros must have made it. They were having such a good time talking to each other that we didn't have to worry too much about entertainment. We did put on a little panel. Questions from the audience directed at Asimov, Klass-Tenn, Katherine MacLean, Evelyn Gold, Harrison and a couple of others who I forget now. Oh yeh - Boucher too. They had to speak one minute each on a subject named by the audience. The talk had to be pertinent and their remarks were monitored by Metro the Monster, fertile creation of Dave Mason's workshop equipped with goosing and pinching claws. It was pretty hilarious. Evelyn Gold on "Should Science-Fiction be read in the bathtub?" and things of that nature. Films were shown including the breathtaking "Born of Man and Woman" from the philly group. What a thing that is. The rest of the evening was spent in bull and booze.

Got back to the hotel only to find that they weren't allowing room parties at all. This didn't bother some of the fen though. They just went ahead and partied. I had to take Gilda Blitzner home myself. Got back about 4:30 A.M. and went up to the Con suite to sleep.

The only trouble we had with Saturdays deals was some noise and hell-raising on the fourth floor by a couple of fen - one neo and one not so neo, but rather young. They were squelched and took it with very bad grace. Had trouble with the neo-fan at the party too but it didn't amount to anything.

One of the hits of Sunday afternoon was when Cal Beck and Mama showed up and we were ready for her. Mama hadn't bought a card but we'd let her slip through the day before. Sunday though we had Van Houten on the door and he stood firm and refused to let her in. She thereupon took Cal by the hand and they both walked out in a huff, much to the glee, merriment and general enjoyment of the Fanarchist League who danced a merry dance in celebration. Snuck into the hall in time to catch the last of Jim Blish's remarks, a very interesting rejoinder from Lester Del Rey and a closing speech in typical style by Asimov. Twas all over.

We had pros we didn't even use. Never saw so many of them. People like William Slone, Tom McClary, Charlie Dye, Ed Emsch, etc. Will have to go over the list and see how many were there. For a while I'll swear they outnumbered the fen. Being a committee member I suppose I better not comment on whether the thing was a success but I had fun. Now the big question is, "New York in '56?"



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LBION



5/28/55

To: Don Ford
Maple Ave.
Sharonville,
Ohio

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