

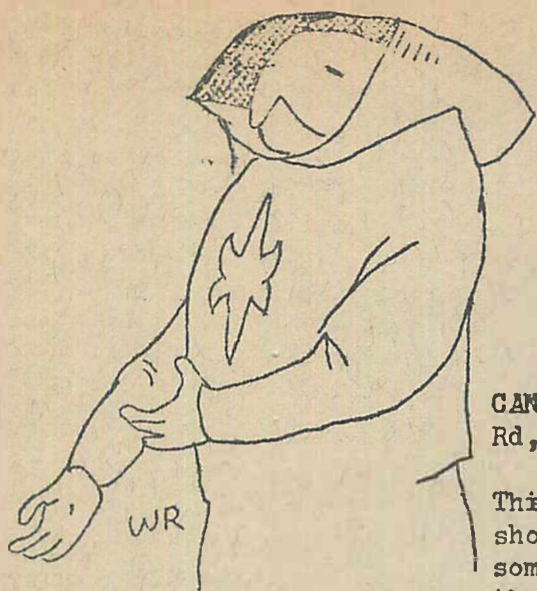


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#5

DE 7





# THE CHOPPING BLOCK

CANADIAN FANDOM #26 - William D. Grant, 11 Burton Rd, Toronto 10, Ontario. No price listed.

This September issue has a light green colored cover showing a banner for 'New York in '56', maybe it did some good. Perhaps there is a new trend in fanzines, the new trend being religion. CanFan puts in a few thoughts through a reprint from '47 by Fred Hurter Jr. Mr. Hurter gives a few of his own ideas about the origins of religion. In another reprint from 2000 A.D. '47, E. E. Evans writes a very interesting appreciation of Doc Smith. There is a letter column and a fanzine review column which puts SFR in 1st place for the last quarter, even ahead of PSY #20. Perhaps this reflects the personality of the editor; I don't know. The best item on the whole was the report of the '55 Midwescon. Conreps always interest me, no matter how transient they might be.

SCINTILLATION - Mark Schulzinger, 6791 Meadow Ridge Lane, Amberley Village, Ohio

As it says on the contents page this is #5. The cover is a pretty good reproduction of the skyline of Cincinnati. Although done by StenoFax, it could have been better. This is a rather large fanzine, numbering 38 pages plus front and back cover. For the lead article Mark picked up a term paper of one of his friends on Parapsychology. It is not particularly interesting or well-written. Dale Tarr, in a reprint article, is brought into the discussion on religion. This time the subject is the retreat of religion. So now, in only two zines, we have the evolution and devolution of religion. Here too is a report of the Midwestcon by Don Ford, capably proving that no two people are ever at the same place twice or even at the same time. In Ray Schaeffer's column there is more religious discussion. I see no reason for it at all. Not Ray's column, which is lucid and interesting, tho you mightn't agree with him; but, the subject in general. It never has seemed to me that prozines were a place for theological discussion, much less the pages of a fanzine. Why not something simple like 'Why fandom is my Way-of-Life', or is fandom a religion now? A letter section closes this ish. I won't tell you what is discussed in the letter section... One guess, tho...

OBLIQUE - Clifford I. Gould, 1559 Cable St., San Diego 7, California, U. S. A.

The best thing about this issue, #4, is the cover, showing Ob's fan of distinction. It is beyond words. Probably the first of many to appear, is a take-off on Gregg Calkin's anti 7th fandom article in PSY called 'Conventions are Fun.' It must have been done in very much of a hurry, for it is not well written or well developed. Most of the material is readable or better. Cliff has done a lot since he first put out a fanzine. I'm sure he will continue to improve just as he has been doing. The only big mistake in #4 was that he spelled my name wrong, but I'm sure that most of fandom will forgive him for that.



UMBRA - John Hitchcock, 15 Arbutus Ave., Baltimore 68, Maryland - #8

This is the first issue of Umbra that has come to me, although I have seen others at Mike May's house. Noah McLeod has a discussion/review of 'The Golden Apples of the Sun', along with editorial comment about what great undertaking the work is. The editorial comment is superfluous to say the least. McLeod does his usually fine job of clearly presenting the author's ideas and examining their validity. Immediately following is a delightful bit of fiction by McLeod which the decriers of McLeod-the-fiction writer will take great joy at tearing apart. I liked it. There is a letter column and fanzine reviews which are both only one of many. The cover is a fairly nice one by Ted E. White, which comes out nicely in ditto. The rest of my copy did not fare as well as the cover in repro. There is also a column, which I almost overlooked by Jan Jansen which relies heavily on the fact that most Americans think all of Europe thrives in barbarianism. On the whole the mag shows a little too less care with layout and headings, etc.

MERLIN - Lee Anne Tremper, 1022 N. Tuxedo, Indianapolis 1, Indiana

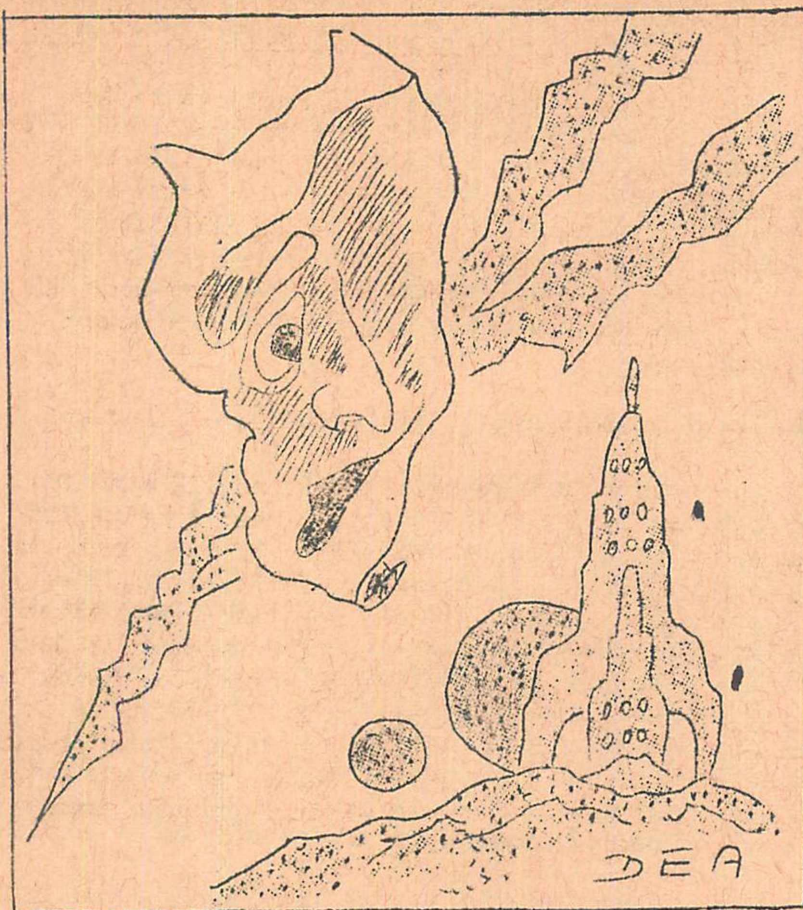
I have before me two issues of Merlin, so one at a time: July 1955- This issue has something of a theme, the deriding of Other Worlds. The cover by Verjill compares the different titles that poor fans could be misled by when hunting for Merlin. The first item for July is a long piece of fiction. Lee runs a lot of fiction and it would seem she does a better than average job of selecting it, for Larry Shaw picked a story from Merlin to run in his first fan-feature column. In true OW tradition there is a OW type editorial and Personal column, a 'Man from Yesterday' feature, and to complete the picture, a blast(for real) at Rog Phillips by the editress(?) herself. There is a group of pictures or rather cartoons of the Midwestcon by Juanita Coulson. Also there is an episode of the insurmountable Meeb. This is one of the cutest items I have seen in many a long time. It is just so much better than some of the things perpetrated by many so called artists or professed famous scribes.

Now for the August '55 ish which was actually done before the July one. At the con, Lee tried to explain exactly what happened but I didn't get it all. And anyway, the cover on this is a beautiful offset on heavy stock by Dave Jenrette. There is another conreg on some affair or other held at BelleFontaine and a photo offset page of compix. They must pay school teachers fairly well in Indian, because this is a monthly and yet still sells for only 5¢ a copy with all the photo offset work. I won't say that it's a bargain at twice the price(even tho it is) because I know how much this irritates Mike May. Here again is 'Meeb' the magnificent. In case any of you lovable people do not receive Merlin I would suggest that you write Lee right away. I understand she actually sends out copies to subscribers. And moreover, Each ish features a letter column and fmz reviews(at times(now and then)) and a regular column by Buck Coulson.

FAFHRD - Ron Ellik, 277 Pomona, Long Beach and Ed Cox, 115<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 19th St. Hermosa Beach; both in California.

This is #2 of Fafhrd the unpronounceable. For a change there is a report on on a con other than the midwestcon, specifically the Westercon. John G. Trimble continues rambling about his travels and such. By now he might have made it up to Dallas, I don't know. He went to Austin and saw Claude Hall. But I wasn't in neither place. There is a good article on H.P. Lovecraft by Don Wilson who might be the West Coasts answer to George Wetzel. But still it is of a much more permanent value than most of the stuff now published in fanzines. There is a letter column and fmz reviews. The main discussion in the 1-col is about the pronunciation(or non-pronunciation as Ellik would have it) of Fafhrd. For my own: I would have it Tahf-red... Sho nuff...





OOPSLA - Gregg Calkins, at 2817 Eleventh St., Santa Monica, Calif.

#18- The editorial is a review sort of thing on the Westercon. It is amazing that they have had one for the last eight years. In a reprint which I greatly appreciate, the Fansmanship Lectures by Bob Shaw are presented. I was wondering what was being done to me by experienced fans, now I know. There are fanz reviews by Bob Silverberg which certainly puzzle me; I can't seem to agree with him on any one of his reviews. I think he must have a completely different viewpoint than I possess, but, come to think of it, I really don't know if I have a viewpoint. I think I'll send him a copy of TAC and see what he thinks about it. There is fiction, and Therbligs. It seems strange to me, that everyone doesn't appreciate OOPS as much as I do. For another thought, people don't dig Inside like I think they should.

ALICE - Kent Corey, Box 64, Enid, Oklahoma Vol. III, No. III

This is the fanzine that was much discussed and much bought at Cleveland because of its presentation of females sans modesty. Kent just answered all objections with the perfect reply, I'll print what I want. His philosophy works out okay, ALICE is certainly very popular. Pubbed on a multilith Alice is very legible, very much more so than TYPO which comes off the same machine. Most of the material is by the editor and his helper, Alice. The feature article is one on Don Ford which was a strong selling point for Alice at the Clevention. Since Kent is a bona fide huckster I may as well tell you that the zine is 20¢ per and 7/¢1.

FANDOM DISPATCH - Dave Rike, Box 203, Rodeo, California.

Lately, a few people have taken to address things to me with the name Benjamin. Now, I have nothing against that name; ole Ben Franklin treated it pretty nicely. But my name is Benard, B-E-N-A-R-D. (Yes, without the 'r', that's why I'm Benny) Anyway fandom Dispatch is a very well put together newzine of good size, 4 pages, and interesting news. I think this is a pretty good idea and Dave does it nicely, printing the gossip, tho it is more than that, and keeping it up to date. I think it would be rather novel for him to print a who's fueding with whom column, especially if there are any going on.

INSIDE - Ron Smith, 611 West 114th St., Ap't. 3d-310, N.Y. 25, N.Y. - 5/¢1

This is about perfection as far as a fanzine goes. Beautiful layout and art. I was told that Ron spends fabulous amounts of time working on Inside. It shows clearly. There is just no comparison between this and any other current fanzine. This is #11.



In a special fold out in this issue of Inside, film stills from various fantastic movies are reproduced. These are illustrations to Robert Bloch's article on SF in the movies and what has been palmed off under that term. In a strict analysis, he lists only four films - Metropolis - Things to Come - Destination Moon - The Day The Earth Stood Still - as real science fiction movies. He should be a little more broad minded; I wonder what the results would be if he applied the same analysis to the stories in current prozines. The best of the most recent 'What's wrong with SF' series is carried on by Sam Moskowitz, Robert Lowndes, Larry Shaw, H.L. Gold and SamM again. The proeds dismiss with circumlocution the main points that Sam brings up, one of which shouldn't be ignored...that the editors take practically all attacks as personal criticism instead of aids to helping their business. Inside has, in every issue, a fairly extensive book review section. Although I practically never part with the hard-earned necessary for hard covers, I don't think you(anyone) can go wrong using these reviews as a guide to book-buying.

ISFA - Ed McNulty and Robert Adair, 5645 N. Winthrop St., Indianapolis 20, Indiana

In usual fine mailing envelope and heavy stock cover, ISFA vol. II, no. II came in, containing the usual artwork folio(fine) and usual fiction(bad). I can't help but think that this publication is rather uninteresting to the majority of fen, with its standard diet of poor fiction and not especially bright poetry. For example, The Frog Pond by Bill Byrd is the strictly stereotyped story of growing, absorbing alien menace placing itself on poordumbfarmer'sland. The second, Transformation by V.A.H. Metz is a trivial try at a new whathappensafterbigbombblast with a girl as cheif character and a sling at showing degradation of character and mood. Perhaps, Ed is one of the few remaining who think a fanzine is a good place for budding young authors to try their skill; I think it would be better if the hopefuls would pay an agent to criticise their work. They'd be much more helped than by receiving comments from fandom on their work.

GRUE - Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisconsin - # 24

Here is the present gathering place of fandom, and the first bit of material is about the gathering place of a few years ago, OPUS. John Magnus reminisces about W. Max Keasler's fanzine. I was going to start this review with a 'I remember Opus, too, John', but Lee Hoffman beat me to it. I recieved FanVariety and two issues of Opus, but I didn't realize then that I shouldn't have let my sub run out. Now, with fanish wishful backthinking, I can appreciate the pages of Opus. William Gault blasts, in a page, those who look down on "pulp" writing. I can't agree with him; the stereotyped matter soon grows dull after the first few strange, new, months of such fare. Naturally, the letter column is here and an editorial sort of ramblings. I just sit here looking at Grue wondering what magic atmosphere it has that makes it the number one fanzine with most everyone. Without a doubt Grennell can write and ramble well and be compelling all the while; but, is Grue so popular with fandom because of this? Undoubtedly the ~~good~~ perfect repro and artwork appear in the picture, but what else is there that completes it?

WWhimsey - Ron Voigt, 3859 Sullivan, St. Louis 7, Mo. - # 5

Ww arrived this time with red and green ink, showing that Ron is definitely trying to make his product appealing to his readers. Most of the poems are better than most of those usually used for filler in fandom. Also arriving about the same time were a number of 'notices' from Ron. Among them an announcement that he is planning to pub a humorous fanzine a la FILLER. And other activities: he has joined UAPA(don't ask me what it is), he is compiling a list of fanzines and would like all faneds cooperation, he has just pubbed a fandirectory of St. Louis fen, and now the latest, he is planning an adzine, in which he will give faneds a free half page ad in #1. (See ad elsewhere)



So, as I see it, Ron must spend every minute of his spare time with his little print-press. Trufannish dedication.

JD (formerly Stf Trends), Lynn Hickman, 200 North Huron, Albion, Michigan - 20¢

This puzzled me when it came in. At first, I started to take all the staples out of it. This seems to be stapled inside out, or outside in or something. You have to turn the pages up and right. Good thing the pages are numbered or I would have been completely lost. Anyway, stf Trends is gone and 'the Jack Daniels of the fanzine world' takes over. Basil Wells looks at the why of writing. There is also a column by Wilkie Conner which discusses all sorts of things; it is readable and somewhat humorous. There is a story by Hal Annas here; he seems to have a lot of fun turning out these trittr, light, and fantastic stories. This one is not an exception to that 1st statement. I could have typed at least ten words in the time it took me to read his story. Dick Ellington writes of New York fandom. He talks of the preparation for the NYCon, whether or not the Coup group is a communist front, Harlan Ellison, and some fool mistaking MLD as an imitator of Coup. Naturly, artwork and repro are superb; Lynn must take special care, 'cause Type also done on a multilith doesn't compare in these two fields with JD.

Undertakings, Sam Johnson, 1843 Embassy Dr., So. Jacksonville, Florida

This is the winter '55 ish... most outstanding item in this issue is HOWEVER, I DIS-AGREE by Gilbert Menicucci. This is the clearest and most logically presented piece of work yet to appear in U's series of discussions on religion. Sam contributes a fine bit of writing and presentation when he works over some of the words of Alber Einstein. Articles like the preceding two take Undertakings out of the general run of fanzines, and put it in a special class by itself. Despite the serious discussion, U has some of the features of other fanzines; a book review column by Bob Rolfe and a fanzine review column by Harlan Ellison. Ellison is somewhat prejudiced in his reviews. There is more discussion about religion in the letter section, but most of it is not at all definite or revealing of the writer's real viewpoint. Undertakings is easily the most beautiful fanzine around. This issue is in blue ink on granite-white paper. The artwork and stenciling are as good as possible and the layout is very exact. The thing that struck me are the unicals which mark some of the paragraphs. In case you do not recieve Undertakings, I strongly advise you start trading or send him 15¢ for a sample copy.

Void, Greg and Jim Benford, 5 Wartweg, Giesson, Germany. 40 pf., 3/1 DM  
Ror US fen: c/o Lt. Col. J.A. Benford, 594th F.A. Bn., APO 169, N.Y.C. - 10¢

This is #2 and the first issue of Void I have seen. The most striking thing about this zine is the campaign(all in fun)((Ihope)) for the abolition of bheer as the only fannish ghod. These high minded people want to substitute something called chola in its place. Reading a letter from Jan Jansen the affair clears a bit. Seems it is his idea to replace bheer with chola. The Benfords took up the idea as a way to get more and better people into a bigger and better fandom. The comment left unsaid concerning this is much stronger than anything I could say. There is also a lot of discussion about Germany's science fiction magazine. The co-operation of fan and pro there is really something to be desired. All of the artwork is by Jim Benford and therefore he is the art editor. The more I think about chola, the louder I laugh. Have you ever heard of anyone in Germany that doesn't like bheer, or even plain unfannish beer for the peasants. Jan Jansen gives a couple of reports on European or mainland fandom which goes over the existing situation there. I really don't dislike Void, it just seems that way. It has readable repro, sloppy layout, the editors can write, so what more would you want: egg in your chola?



Alpha, Jan Jansen, 22<sup>e</sup> Berchemlei, Bergerhout/Antwerpen

This is number 11... The cover is a typical scene of a typical fannish gathering. Eric Bentcliffe writes about his favorite pastime and this time it is clearly labeled as obscene writing. I can't see what he is trying to prove. If this were in CONFIDENTIAL, or a magazine of similar type, it could be seen that he was trying to raise circulation. I don't see how such stuff helps Alpha at all. Marie-Louise Share has a couple of pages of writing about nothing in particular. It makes good reading, is interesting, but is not so good as to merit publication because of its intelligent or emotional thought. Next, Vernon L. McCain. I think it's been said that McCain can/does take any subject at all and expand a few thoughts into many pages and still be interesting. This time he discusses the question of reviewing fanzines. He comes to the conclusion that most reviewing is done for the sake of ego. Then there is a book review section. I don't know why but I never seem to tire of book reviews. Ron Bennet writes a very cute fannish-fiction story on a not too strong idea. But it is still cute. There is a letter section, which is fairly long, and which contains a sort of capsule conrep of the MidlesCon by Robert Bloch.

HICCUP 3000 A. D., written, illustrated, and published by Jessamine Greer, 6907 Hope Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

This is not a fanzine but a little something I bought in Cleveland. It is beautifully mimeoed with plentiful illos throughout its 50-plus pages. It is called a 'Complete Un-Anthology of Science Fantasy Fiction.' It is divided by the author into various sections such as Time-ology, Robot-ology, Parapsychology, Assortrf-ology, etc. The poems, the volume is entirely poems, are for the most part short and humorous. I imagine that most any fan would enjoy his money's worth in this. I think it sells for 25¢.

Stf Trends #20 and Tailgate #3. T#3 is by George H. Young, 103 W. Side Dr., Cadillac, Michigan. A SAPS combo, but can be had by trade. Lynn's address is in a couple of other places in this, you can look it up.

There is quite a bit of discussion in the Trends about a letter Jan Jansen had about American war mongers, Communists and so forth. I think he got some pretty good answers from American fandom. I've often wondered what sort of stuff-opinions, press, propaganda- Europeans were subject to. As Don Wegars said, "Jan got his wires crossed somewhere." The twin to Trends, the Tailgate section consists of the ramblings of George Young. He includes a few disparaging remarks about TEXAS, but you know how I hate to be nationalistic, so I won't say anything about them. One of the most striking features of this combazine is the artwork by Plato Jones which Robert Bloch described as "interlinear in intent." Very well described.

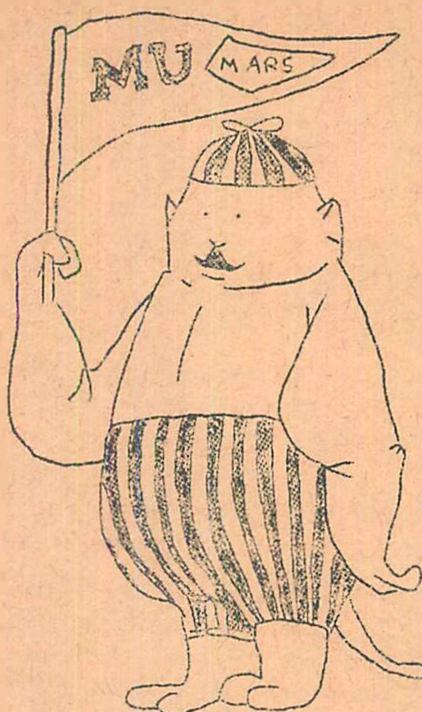
Now I'm out of fanzines to review, except for a few APA-zines which are not generally circulated.

I should have brought a few more fanzines with me from Dallas. In what little space I have left I'll editorialize for you. I've been in NO about six weeks and have already met Wayne Strickland and Dan Galouye. Both very nice people. When I came down, I had my doubts about whether or not I wanted to meet him, judging from some of the SFGon reports. But I did and found him to be very likeable.

One person I haven't met yet is Harry B. Moore, but I'm certain I will in a few days. Not over two weeks anyway.

Blank space below donated (free of charge) to Foundation for Prevention of Crud. Which misspelled is pfc.





THE PEOPLE

VS.

the cleveland

CHEECH

BELOONE ELLISON

WR

BY KENT COREY

I'd looked forward to the 13th World Science Fiction Convention for many reasons, but the one that stood out in my mind was that now I was going to meet H. Ellison esq.

I'd known Ellison for a long time. He was one of the chief agents against my fanzine, always ready with a bad review. I'd gotten many many letters from him also, it seemed that I'd always mis-spelled his name. For some reason I'd spell 'Harlan' with an 'i' or 'e' instead of with an 'A'.

The last letter I'd received from him was one of scorn and disgust. Harlan didn't like NUDES in fanzines. I wrote him a card with "I'll see you at Cleveland" on it and I promised myself that I'd have it out with him then and there.

My trip to Cleveland wasn't the most comfortable. I rode an air-conditioned bus from Tulsa to Kansas City and when I got to KC, it took me about an hour to thaw out. In Kansas City I was allegedly supposed to meet Walt Bowart and from there hitchhike to Cleveland. But Walt had fallen into bad company (girls and bourbon) and had lost all his money. I promised him that I would go on alone and left KC by bus. (If you could call that tin can on wheels a bus.) I stopped in St. Louis for about an hour and during the layover I called Ron Voigt who told me that none of the St. Louis fans were going to Cleveland. (I later found out that, next to Ackerman, I was the furthest west than any other fan since the Califans did not send a delegation.)

On arrival at Cleveland, I was slightly disillusioned. Here I was, 1200 miles from home, and I expected the East to be big and beautiful, but what was it? The first thing I noticed was that I couldn't see across the street. Of course, it could have been that I arrived at 5:00 in the morning, but I was told that the grey substance in the air was soot and smoke. I expected tall buildings, but the largest (and practically the only) building was only 57 stories high. I was dismayed.

When I got to the hotel no one was there. Why not, who'd be up at 5:00?

I decided to walk around Cleveland a bit. After walking for about an hour I found myself completely lost. I walked up to a policeman standing by his patrol car and told him of my situation. He smiled and drove me to the hotel. What a shame there wasn't at least one fan to see me arrive in a cop car. What a story that would have made.



About 9:00 (when the convention SHOULD have begun to get moving) only two fans could be found. ME and an elevator operator. I walked up to the registration table and sat down and waited. Close to 9:30 a few fans began to arrive. I met Mark Schulzinger and he hooked me out of 5¢, (he was the ONLY one to do it at the entire convention) Frank R. Prieto gypped a subscription out of me, and Benny Sodek, editor of Tacitum, who was for a while, my roommate. We all stood around and shot the bull until the convention finally got started. I tried to sell a sub to George Raybin but he convinced me that he needed the money more than I.

After I'd registered, Benny, Mark, Frank and I decided to take a tour of Cleveland. Since I'd been around longer I led the way. By some chance of fate, we didn't get lost. I kept telling Benny that I had to meet Ellison. But still, he was nowhere around.

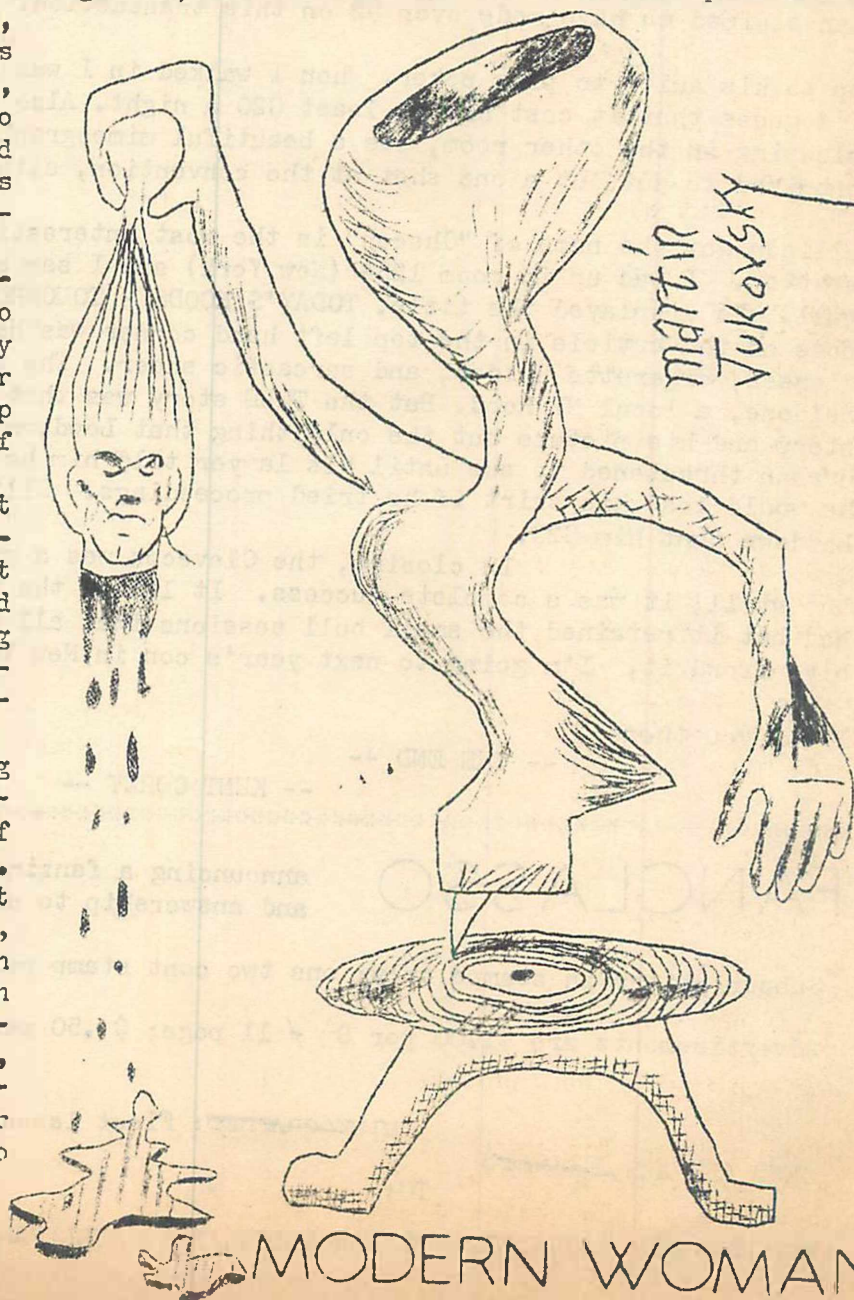
When we returned to the hotel, Frank promised that he'd introduce me to Ellison. Then, there HE was, standing in the middle of a crowd, passing out his autograph, and trying to sell subscriptions to Dimensions.

Benny has always sworn that I said that "Ellison's a slob" the first time I saw him, but I didn't, I swear. I might have thought it, BUT I NEVER SAID IT. I walked up to Ellison, saying "My name's Corey", but he looked at me through his green-colored glasses and said, like a true fake-pro, "Glad to meet you, Corey", turned around and walked out the door. This wasn't quite what I'd been expecting.

I was lacking a reservation, so Benny asked me to stay up in his room. I snuck my bag up via the service elevator and unpacked my beanie and zap gun, along with a 100 copies of Alice.

That afternoon was spent listening to the opening speeches. Asimov was missing (but this is only usual for Ike) and Don Ford was forced into making a speech. His remarks to me after the talk couldn't be printed.

Ackerman started the evening off right with a very interesting speech. He showed some of his foreign SF mags and books. An interesting point he brought up was that there had recently, in Germany, been a big fued on whether or not Science Fiction is communistic. R.E. Smith's aside that some book reviewers, practically all, were predudiced was of interest only to Ser Con fans and I almost went to sleep. The movie (Puppy Dog's Tail) was lost in the rush. A British SF film, 'The Man In The White Suit' was shown.







This movie was by far the most putrid part of the entire convention. The most interesting decorations in the convention main ballroom were the 40 Morris Scott Dollens' paintings which made up the backdrop behind the speakers' rostrum. They were really beautiful. I only wish I could have afforded one. Morris gave full permission to fanz editors to publish his paintings.

The parties that evening went on as usual. Benny, Mark, and I visited the one in 1234 (NY Suite) and in 301 (Cleveland Suite.) I think I liked the small parties better because I got to know the fans better. In those above mentioned parties, all that was there was bourbon, Scotch, Rye and other assorted alcoholic beverages. Benny seemed to enjoy himself but I was too busy selling subscriptions to Alice. I think I'll start a contest to see who can guess how much I made at Cleveland. I figure it was well over \$10, but the exact amount is still unknown.

Next to myself, Harlan Ellison leads in selling subscriptions to his magazine. Harlan tried several various ways to make money. He raffled off a painting he had bought for \$8.00 for 25¢ a chance. Harlan claimed to have made over \$2 on this transaction.

On the time Ellison invited me up to his suite to play poker. When I walked in I was shocked at the size of the room. I'd guess that it cost him at least \$20 a night. Also in his room, besides Jim White sleeping in the other room, was a beautiful mimeograph belonging to John Magnus, who'd promised to put out a one shot at the convention, although he never did.

But the way Ellison got the name of "Cheech" is the most interesting thing I learned at the convention. I was up in room 1234 (New York) and I saw a copy of Lowdown pasted on the wall. It displayed the title, TODAY'S HOODS - TOMORROW'S ?????? And on the first page of the article in the top left hand corner was Harlan's picture - minus the glasses, cigarette holder, and sarcastic sneer. The article was written by "Cheech" Beldone, a local NY hood. But the TRUE story was that Ellison had sent in a serious story and his picture but the only thing that Lowdown had kept was the picture. Harlan threatened to sue until his lawyer told him he had no legal grounds and that he would lose his shirt if he tried proceedings. Ellison was much happier when Lowdown sent him \$25.

In closing, the Clevecon was a great success. Only 400 came, but still, it was a complete success. It lacked the wild parties that most cons had had but it retained the small bull sessions that all fans like. So, if I can possibly afford it, I'm going to next year's con in New York, even if I have to walk.

Will I see you there?

-- THE END --

-- KENT COREY --

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY RON VOIGT, 3859 SULLIVAN, ST. LOUIS 7, MO.



# AGAIN '55

BY JAN SADLER

The con could really have been said to begin for me on Thursday night, April 1...I met my first faaaan. Previously a special-delivery-air-mail letter arrived at the Sadler domicile from one Wayne Strickland pleading for a ride. So I commence narration in the bus-station at some un-Ghuly hour of the morning waiting for someone whose only identification would be a "GHOD" nameplate.

Strickland arrived, we managed to find each other without the aid of beanies and/or zap guns, and we promptly departed for my house.

Wayne is an affable 16-year old with a San Diego accent (he lives in New Orleans at the time) and an earnest desire to live down the reputation he gained at the SFCon. Later, every time someone new came around and went the line of introductions, the person being introduced would do a doubletake and say "Oh yes, the 12-year old neo who wandered the halls in SF with a full glass in each hand?" or "THE Strickland the house dick kicked out?"

T'wasn't so. I liked him from the first --mostly because he came bearing an armload of old fanzines, all of which he gave to me. I spent the night reading them, and we left for Atlanta about eleven the next morning. "We" being Strickland, myself, and my father, Dave. Dave is a reader with no fannish inclinations.

## PART THE SECOND

Our caravan arrived a la Bedraggled about '8:30 that night after a rather uneventful trip. We ate lunch at a crossroad named Ackerman (if anyone thinks up an interlin on that one let me know; I've been trying for a week) and Wayne saw a man walk past a telephone pole and disappear. He didn't fall through a crevice, or crawl up the other side, so we decided that he must have belonged in the fourth dimension. After all, how many people do you know who can vanish telephone poles?

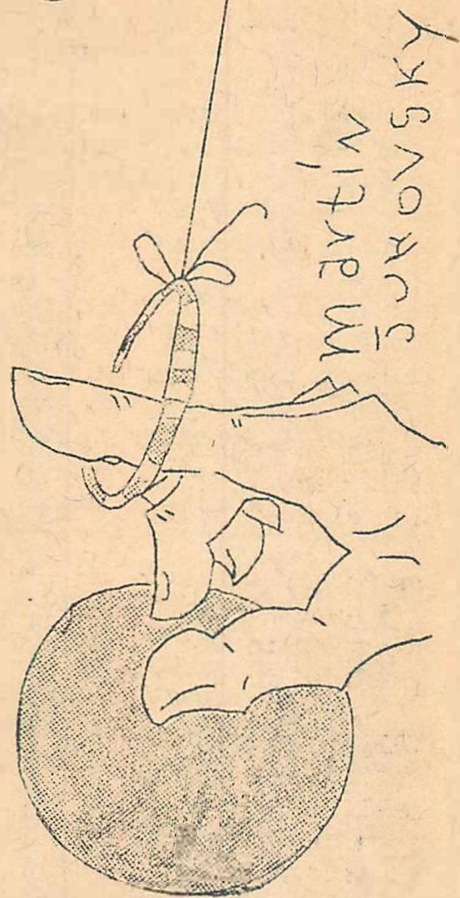
Wayne and I left Dave to register whilst we departed in search of fen. Careful inquiry disclosed Ian McCauley's room to be 1123, and on same we pounded for 15 minutes. I an wasn't home. However, there was a party several doors down, as evidenced by the loud music and drunken shouts. Naturally, they were fannish. We knocked. A crewcut and a fat slob answered.

"Whither fandom?" sayeth we.

"Phantom?" sez the fat one. He leaned on the door and tried to focus his eyes on me. We carefully explained conventions and science fiction in general without naming names of any sort.

"Dunno", sloshed the drunk, lurching forward. I backed down the hall and was saved by crew-cut who tackled him.

"Sorry", said skinhead, "We don't know anything about Murray Leinster, Amazing,





Bradbury, or any of the rest of the fans and pros." We demanded entrance. Surprisingly enough, we got it; only to be forcibly pushed out by a lady wrestler. Disconsolately we wended our way back to the elevators, leaving quote-cards in startled palms with true fervent "Ghod bless you, sir" London Circle flourishes.

Suddenly we were surrounded by people bearing bottles, mixer, and other people. Ian McCauley introduced everyone, and we proceeded back to 1123.

The "party" was rather dead for a while, and I concentrated on learning names. McCauley, who is president of the Atlanta Science Fiction Association, impressed me as a very nice person with a personality like a quietly exploding firecracker. Bob Madle later suggested that we dub Atlanta the McCauley-con because of all the work Ian put into it. I admired his fake draft-card which placed his actual age (19) at 24.

Another person I liked immensely was Frank (I'm from New York) Dietz. Frank who is in his late thirties (as well as I remember) is a gentle character and a bottomless pit for liquor. I anxiously awaited his third drink, because, according to Vorzimer, the more alcohol consumed the more interlins exhumed. I wasn't disappointed. Eventually he came over and started reminiscing about incidents at the 770 houseparty. Unfortunately, I only remember

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We didn't really wreck the bed; it just fell apart. --Frank Dietz

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Somehow a program circulated around the room, everyone signed it with addresses, and then it was presented to me with full instructions as to complimentary copies of SLANDER. I immediately wrote down identifying phrases by all the names so I would remember which faces they belonged to. It helped a lot. Jim Shrieber came back from the sixth floor with his poker decks and dealt some more hands in the corner on his extra bed. That reminded me of Dave--I called up to our room and pretty soon he came down and won all the money.

Fred

Chappell was aghast. He wandered up wide-eyed and said "Your father knows where you are and he's letting you stay?" I didn't understand until later when I realized that I had been/was/remained the only female in the group. It was a very enjoyable evening.

Chappell is a collegiate from Duke who used to be quite active and only dropped out of actifandom about a year ago. He turned out to be one of my favorite kinds of people, namely: those who talk interestingly for hours and only want to be listened to. I'm a lousy conversationalist, but I listen quite well, so I listened to Fred talk about modern music. The program collected another list. This time fundamental records in the 12-tone system.

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After the first 50 times you play it you'll begin to like it. --Fred Chappell

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About 12:30 we all drifted down to the Krystal for coffee. Dave, Vic Waldrop, and Jerry Burge departed for home and hotel with some others; Jerry holding up Vic who thought pedestrians were tenpins begging to be knocked down. I sat between Chappell and Dietz and learned about editorial policy. Frank dragged out Harlan Ellison's "telegraph talk" and managed a credible conversation without articles or pronouns. The next morning, when he was sober, he couldn't remember how to do it.

We then left for a bookstore on eleventh street. This alleged establishment stayed open all night, and possessed a whole top floor of nothing but un-retuned magazines, books, newspapers and pornography. You can find everything ever printed among those dim stacks, and it was a rather weird feeling to go prowling through corridors of reading material with the bare lightbulb casting long shadows, and fannish voices calling out titles and insulting remarks. I soon tired of it all and returned to the stairwell to talk to Don Baird, who had swiped an ice-cream sandwich from the freezer and munched contentedly.

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How green was my sex life? --book title

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Back out on the street it soon became evident that walking was a major effort. Every few hundred feet the group would drift to a stop for leisurely comment on whatever topic was then in discussion. Ian tore his hair, stomped his beanie, pushed, pulled, and finally got everyone back to the Dinkler Plaza, where the party was resumed in a muffled atmosphere. I only remember sitting in a chair writing out interlineations on the back of someone's newly-bought "Skylark of Space" while the someone yelled loudly not to get ink on it, and trying at the same time to listen to Fred, who kept saying I was "A curious anachronism." It seems Chappell considers all fen utterly devoid of taste. I fascinated him because I'd read T.S. Elliot and was still in fandom and still going to publish a zine, and furthermore, liked the whole arrangement. He couldn't figure me. About three ayem I said:



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"If I could remember my room number I'd leave."

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That didn't help much, because no-one knew it but Strickland, and he was in the corner discussing the woes of fandom with Bob Madle. However, after a bit Wayne walked up with me, then left for parts unknown. Later I learned he slept the whole con on the floor of Ian's room, and spent the rent money for illustrations.

### PART THE THIRD

What seemed like fifteen minutes later the phone rang. Strickland wanted to know what the car looked like. "So early in the morning?" I wailed. He laughed. I looked at the clock. Nine-Thirty. I described our Buick so he could remove his bag and after a short wait he called again: the attendant wouldn't let him in without a pass-card, so could he come up and get it? Having given up all hopes of sleep, Dave and I dressed and arranged to meet him in the Knife and Fork downstairs.

Ian and several others were registering people when we arrived in the Skyroom, and feverishly trying to sell banquet tickets. After the banquet Sunday someone announced that the convention had broken even, financially, which I think was mostly because of MacCauley, who worked like a demon and didn't sleep. Those who shared his room said that even in bed he just sat, chain-smoked, and worried.

Wayne and I received our cards and left to explore Atlanta. We didn't get very far...only as far as the bookstore previously visited. I bought a new OTHER WORLDS, a Galaxy novel now out of print, and BATTLE CRY. Strickland bought the whole place and later left his mags in a drugstore.

The program was scheduled to start at one, but was postponed so a mythical group from Cleveland wouldn't miss anything. I say "mythical" because they never showed. Along with New York, and Chicago, and all the other places that sent best wishes but regrets at the last moment. Starting at one-thirty, Bob Madle introduced everyone (Dave and I were hailed as "the first father-daughter combo in fandom") and Ted Cogswell gave a sort of summery covering sf in the past thirty years as thought of in the national magazines. I was quite interesting, but evidenced long hours of research that makes me shudder even now. Whoo!

Cogswell is a fascinating man, and I say that without reservation. Somewher in his thirties he wasn't "proish" at all in the stand-offish sense of the word. He mixed with everybody, and was one of the friendliest people at the con. Saturday night I had the privilege of spending several hours in his company, and gleaned opinions which can only be marveled upon.

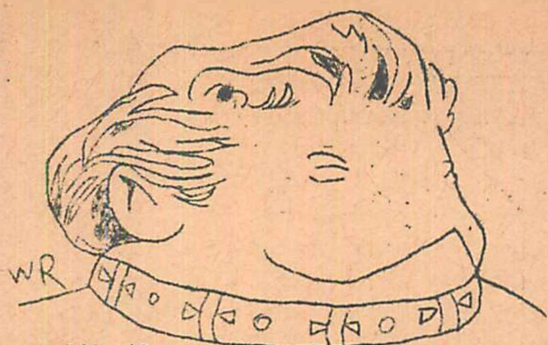


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I was much drunker in Chicago than in Philadelphia.-Cogswell-

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After intermission Dr. Richey from the chemical rocket experimental development in Huntsville, Alabama presented a full plan for getting an empty beer can to the moon, along with slides. I suppose the abstruse theory was sound, for it was the only part of the con that made the papers, but I don't remember much of it.

Nothing more happened on the official program until eight that night when the auction was held. Along with the ones Dave bought and later gave to me, I wound up with 2 Freas originals, 2 Emschs, 2 by Doktor, one by Orban, and several manuscripts. My father bought a Finlay that I haven't been able to pry from him yet.

Dropping on down to 1123 to leave the illustrations and manuscripts, Ian, Wayne, and I patronized the Transport Company of Atlanta out to 57 East Park Lane where we prowled through Ian's files, fanzines, and collection, and met his sister and her fiancée. I felt permanently gaffed when I saw the amount of fanac he carries on...as soon as I can afford a filing cabinet I have resolved to quit keeping my correspondence in bundles with rubber bands around them.

Ian presented us with backissues of COSMIG, QUANDRY, and FILLER, and we rode back to the hotel in Ian's Sister's Boyfriend's (wish I could remember his name) car. We sat among pinecones and empty beer cans. The only explanation offered was:

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"We have a friend who crunches beer cans."

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Saturday night's party was going loudly when we returned to 1123. Chappell would match Cogswell with no success, and Dietz was worrying about Vieve Masterson. Vieve was going to arrive via Greydoggy that night, so Frank rounded up a greeting party against the Fateful Hour.

This drinking bout between Fred and Ted (!) was really quite funny. Chappell would match Cogswell drink for drink; disappear into the bathroom where he doused in cold water and consumed headache powders, to emerge fairly sober and ready for another round. Cogswell just kept drinking complacently.

At eleven o'clock the greeting party left for the station. We walked in the rain, which wasn't romantic, but wet. Dietz and I went on ahead, and while Frank was inquiring as to place of arrival and all, others straggled in. Frank came back and cheerfully informed everyone that the bus was arriving at eleven fifty instead of eleven fifteen. A mere hour's wait. We decided to leave and hailed a taxie. Some joker who looked desperate jumped in the front seat and refused to let anyone else sit with him. Our group took two taxies.

That was all I saw of the bus station, because later when Dietz left for the second time something very interesting was happening and I stayed. Don't remember what it was, but it must have been interesting.

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Guide to Illiterature -- book title

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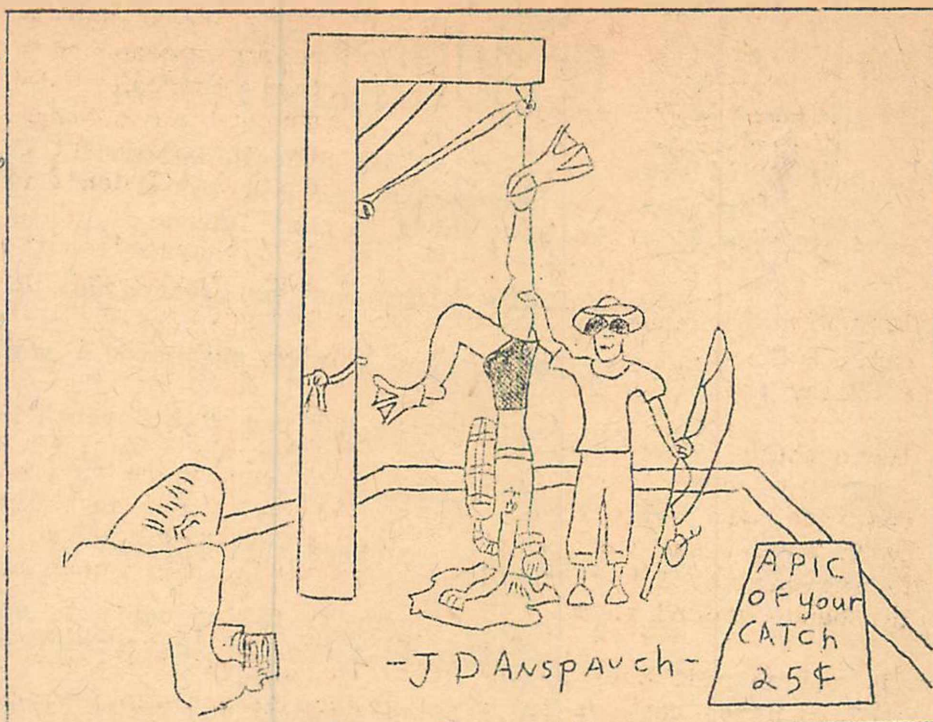
Vieve Masterson turned out to be a beautiful blonde of about 22 years. She lives in Birmingham, and completely captivated everyone with her charm and pep. Dietz especially. I mourn for Dietz; he didn't say a single funny thing after Vieve arrived. Ah well, sigh.

It irks me that I can't remember all that went on that night, because I had a great time. We



talked on into the morning --about 6 o'clock--and then went out to a place called "Poppa John's" for coffee. There was Cogswell, me, Ian, Vieve, Dietz, Baird, Chappell, Bob Farnham, and David Rose. Rose drove. In fact, it was his Studebaker. Dave had long ago went to bed.

Poppa John was a character. He slid chairs around, played tunes on water glasses, and became immediately interested in Cogswell when someone told him he wrote. Poppa John wanted Ted to look at the fiction he wrote; also his son's and his daughter's, and his second cousin's--once-removed. Cogswell just sat and nodded--he was in no condition to do otherwise. Chappell had coffee and looked rather disappointed over Ted neglecting the liquor.



I hear the party lasted for hours; I wouldn't know. I went to bed at 7:30.

#### PART THE FOURTH

Sunday's activities centered around the banquet at one-thirty. We all were sitting talking when Charles Wells came and asked:

"Isn't the panel discussion going to be the effect of sf on prozines?"

Wells and Russell Watkins are two people I didn't get a chance to talk to very much. I wish I had, but perhaps that can be remedied at some future convention.

There was a raffle for a free copy of THE IMMORTAL STORM won by Jim Shrieber of Charlotte. Dave was toastmaster (Bob Tucker had previously planned to come, but sent regrets about a week before the con. Ian called Harlan Ellison, but he couldn't come either, so le Papa wound up talking.) and afterwards Bob Madle conducted a survey/vote on future Soueastcons.

It was decided to hold another one next year in Charlotte, North Carolina. Most agreed that the location was a little better because more East Coast fans could make it. Cogswell (looking very proish in a turtle neck sweater and sport jacket) rose and said he had enjoyed himself more than he ever had at a world con. Bob Madle added his sentiments. I think everyone felt that way, because a smaller group naturally makes for more congeniality. It was a supremely successful convention, measured in fun, and a moderately successful one measured in people. Possibly when it grows in size it will become as impersonal as the world cons now.

Something Bit me -- I think it was you! -- Joyce

ATLANTA FOR THE WORLDCON IN '57 !!

-- Jan (the Slan) Cadler --



# DALLAS DEROGATION #2

by  
Edmund Davison

Scene: Home of Mike May, 9428 Hobart Street, Dallas 18, TEXAS

On Stage: May, Orville Mosher, and Walt, who is an owl wearing Bermuda shorts.

Plot: You can find the same thing in most issues of A BAS.

Mosher: Walt, certain things must be cleared up. Who are you?

Walt: Just 'Walt'. Harlan Ellison suggested I visit you people.

May: Are you connected in any way with Seventh Fandom?

Walt: I am Seventh Fandom.

May: Now, where have we heard that before?

Mosher: Wait a minute. (Consults filing cabinet, same being everpresent.) Are you any relation to a Rooster that Wore Red Pants?

Walt: Modernized. Seventh Fandom, you know. Bermuda shorts, wil sports cars and cruddy not-plays.

May: What are you talking about?

(Doorbell rings: First few notes from 'Dragnet'. May opens it, and in step John Trimble, Wayne Strickland, and Randy Brown.)

All Three: (At once.) Blasted Dallas fans...you spell Dallas with a capital DALLAS ...I'm originally from California...who's a bus-driver, dammit?... I want you to that there was no first page to SLANDer #1...If you're from California too, I think in the future I'll tell people I'm from Maine... Ed Cox is from Maine...then I'll be from Iowa...VIEYINGE is misspelled deliberately and I'm proud of it...Claude Hall wears suspenders to keep his morale up across the street...I always knew he was chicken...(Much loud talking & cf. Finally all three notice Walt standing in the center of the room drinking a beer.)

Trimble: YE GHODS!!! Whatinhell is it?

Strickland: It's Gould--he's come after me.

Brown: Quiet, it's Benny Sodek.

Walt: Hoot, men.

Strickland: A foul(makes sign of slant in air with forefinger)fowl Scottish punster in hepcat's clothing.

Trimble: What the hell is an owl doing wearing Bermuda shorts and drinking bheer? (looks around faunchingly for more bheer.)

May: Uh...Randy...would you mind introducing your friends?

Brown: MY friends? I never met them until five minutes ago! I don't know who



they are. I think they're Canadiens--I have a hard time understanding them.

Trimble: My name is A/3c Trimble, John G., AF 28230192, stationed in San Marcos, Texas.

Brown: You spell Texas with a capital TEXAS.

Trimble: (Continuing as if not interrupted) for the duration of training. I write a fan column and I'm on leave, collecting material for it.

Strickland: I'm Wayne Strickland...

Brown: (Jumping away from him as if electrocuted.) WHAAAAT?

Strickland: I publish a fanzine. I'm in transit from New Orleans to San Diego and...

Mosher: Did you say you're John Trimble?

Trimble: Yes. You must be Orville Mosher. I recognize you from the filing cabinet.

Mosher: What in the name of Project Fan Club are you doing in Texas?

Trimble: I see you don't know how to spell Texas either. You spell it with a capital TEXAS, I hear tell.

Mosher: Well, what are you doing in TEXAS, then?

Trimble: I'm stationed here. Notice the uniform?

Mosher: Greyhound bus lines?

Trimble: Pfag on you, infidel. (Turns to May) Are you Mike May?

May: I think I am. Lately I'm not sure of much...

Brown: He doesn't even know how old he is.

Jennings: (From doorway) Quiet--he's thirty-seven.

Trimble: (Head swivelling around from Jennings to May, stopping occasionally to drool over Walt's bheer.) HUH?

Strickland: This is where I came in. (To Brown.) Go on, call him a bus-driver, and he'll go back to Long Beach, greybeard and all.

Brown: You're mixing your metaphors.

Strickland: According to Peter Graham's convention report, you've had enough already to last you until the NYCon this year.

Strickland: Actually, you know, I don't drink or smoke.

Mosher: What do you do to relieve tension?

Strickland: (In a confidential tone) I'm a sex maniac.

Mosher: (Pulling out the PAR-TUC drawer and scribbling on a dossier) OH? And, er,



would you mind telling me just how old you are? Also, when you entered fandom, which authors you like, and which clubs you belong to. Especially clubs.

Trimble: I thought FANDOM SERVICE ORGANIZATION had taken over PROJECT FAN CLUB? Or so Ron Ellik says.

Mosher: (Finishes writing, slaps drawer back into place, pulls out DRU-FIS drawer, and looks up Ellik, Ron.) He owes me a letter and a fanzine. (Slams drawer back into cabinet.)

Walt: I haven't had a line since that corny 'Hoot men.'

Trimble: Say, have you got any more bheer around? I just had a harrowing ride up here with our Technical Instructor.

Walt: Just a minute, I'll grow some.

Trimble: Some Technical Instructors?

Walt: No, some bheer.

Trimble: GROW some bheer?

May: We have found out (I think) that Walt here is the spirit of Seventh Fandom.

Walt: Hold still. (Leaps on Trimble's shoulder and closes eyes. A bheer-can sprouts from under one wing.

Trimble: What is this? How does he do it?

Mosher: Well, from what I can figure out, he just sort of grows on you.

Trimble: (Drinks bheer) 'Sfunny...tastes sort of...well, familiar.

Walt: Ever drink Eagle Pale before?

Trimble: No...did you ever try growing any Feather Ale?

Walt: Was that really neccessary?

Jennings: (To Walt.) You should complain? I haven't had a line since 'Quiet--he's thirty-seven.'

Walt: Look, George, maybe you and I could drop out of this conversation and write our own cruddy not-play, with nobody but us in it.

Jennings: Not yet--I want to ask Trimble about Vorzimer. He's met him once.

Strickland: Jan Sadler adores Peter Vorzimer.

Brown: Yeah--I know.

Strickland: What do you know about Jan (for Janice) Sadler?

Brown: Well, she's my associate editor, isn't she?



Strickland: So What? I am in love with her. She's the first girl I've ever kissed.

Mosher: (Consulting PAR-TUC drawer again.) Thom Perry says that you say that to all the girls -- and that he thinks Jan should be careful of you.

Strickland: Thom Perry doesn't exist.

Brown: I don't know about that.

Strickland: Quiet -- or didn't you know that you're getting the Sheep Dip Award this year?

Trimble: On the West Coast they're nominating Peter Remizrov for the Keith Joseph Award.

All: What's that?

Trimble: (Mosher's pen is poised to take dictation.) Ellik says that it's an award first presented at the X Con to Keith Joseph for being the most outstandingly dislikeable fan of the year.

Jennings: Harlan Ellison got the Sheep Dip Award at the Mid/WesCon for being the person who did the most TO science-fiction during the preceding year.

Trimble: What was the Sheep Dip Award? A trophy or plaque of some kind?

Jennings: It was fifteen pounds of sheep dip.

(There ensueth a pregnant pause...)

Strickland: Benny said to say hello for him.

May: How were you and Benny getting along before you left?

Strickland: What do you mean?

Jennings: He means, did you let Benny drive you anywhere?

Strickland: Why, no. He didn't have a car. I was supposed to get one you know... to drive out to California and pick up Ellik and then go to the convention in Cleveland.

May: Ron Ellik says you never showed up. What happened?

Strickland: Well, I got pretty mad at Ellik because he owes me \$7.50, and because he wrote me a nasty, mean letter about my romance with Jan Sadler.

May: I wouldn't exactly call it a romance.

Strickland: Well, I kissed her didn't I?

Brown: Are you boasting or complaining?

(All the while, Mosher is scribbling notes in Strickland's file.)

Trimble: Hey...what does this Sadler girl look like?



Mosher: (Digging and shuffling in Sadler, Jan file;) Just a moment I have her picture here somewhere.

Strickland: Never mind, Orville. (He pushes filing cabinet shut with Mosher still in it) I'll describe her.

Brown: Goshwowoboyoboyoboy! I had a quote in OOPSLA once, you know.

Strickland: How would you like a slug in the mush, you punk.

(Brown runs behind Trimble, quaking visibly with fake-fear.)

Brown: Save me, save me. Run over him with your bus or something. Save me, Trimble, save me.

(Trimble and Strickland look at each other. Trimble turns around and pushes Brown in the face seating him down on the sofa. Then Trimble and Strickland walk out, discussing the relative merits of VEYEING and Trimble's column in FAFHRD, without a word to the others who stand looking dazedly on at Brown.

May: Randy, how soon will you be in FAPA?

Brown: (Dazedly) Oh, about three or four mailings I guess, why?

May: (Over his shoulder as he walks upstairs.) I'm going to mimeograph a by-law to have you kicked out.

Brown: (To others, who, as you may or may not have realized, are gone.) NOW WHAT DID I DO?

--ebd

## Interminable Vacation

By Ron Voigt

let us pull off our warm jackets of metal,  
he said, and poured a tall cool glass of blue  
and we sipped it as the silver suns raced  
and splashed against the clouds of the horizon.

it seems strange to say, he said to me,  
that earth is like a dream I don't particularly  
care to remember. but inside my head it's like  
a dream that doesn't care to go away.

and so we sat for a million years of time  
and watched dawn like thunder and sunset like rain  
made from velvet and wondered if green ever was  
and still with earth we didn't care to remember.

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# THE SILENT ONE LISTENS..

Letters

I never did like the idea of a straight front editorial, because I never had anything of great importance to say. Just a few scattered and unrelated bits. Now, whatever I think of to say will be painlessly inserted into the letter column.

The first letter around is one which came in a little late for last issue.

Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif.

There is one advantage of writing you, rather than Geis. You not only print my letters, but you seem to be treating me as a contributor... Which of course I am, but it was not the custom a few years ago, to pay off letter hacks... If only I hadn't written such a

sparkling and well thought out (for me) letter to RG... Not that it fitted in with the new policy of S.F. REVIEW...

Speaking of letters, my thanks to Lee Sorenson for the well meant words in my defense. Not that I really need them anymore. In ten years just about everything that could be said, has been. And, I'm still at it... When you write like I do--and I don't do it because I think it is funny--you can't get insulted and expect to get along. Generally, though, most editors have, like yourself, been willing to listen to what I said, not how I said it... I've run across a few fans who didn't know me before my two years gafia, and they raised an eyebrow...but most just take me as one of the odd things you find in fandom.

I've never been kidded too much, but naturally I'm interested in its general effect, and have tried to step in a few times when I thought someone was getting more than he deserved. There is a lot of fun-poking nowadays, and not always deserved. New editors are a prime target, as they usually leave themselves open on so many counts. -- But I don't believe that we should dull all our barbs. A fan should be able to "take it" to some extent, ~~or~~ he really doesn't belong in the field. I object to unfair attacks, or distortions, merely to make some one look ridiculous... But if I couldn't take kidding about my spelling, I really wouldn't really belong.

The C. B. for fanzines does prove one thing. You are one of the better writers for T. Brown's your friend, so I don't like to say it, but you do a much better, clearer and friendlier job as reviewer... As I'd received only four of those you reviewed, I can't say if I agree. But that isn't important... Though I rather gasp at your remarks about Oblique... If there was ever a fanzine that is the equal of Taciturn, it is Oblique... Believe me, I like both zines...--you print my letters-- but while not alike in format, it is still hard for me to remember which is which at times.

((Although I never stated the fact, a letter printed is enough excuse for me to send a copy of T/so; even a letter of comment is, at times, worth a copy. As a matter, I love mail.

I am a bit surprised that anyone would confuse TAC(the fanzine of many abbreviations and just as many pronunciations) with Ob. It seems to me that each of us has a personality all our own. Which reminds me, Wayne Strickland, who paid the bill, and I talked to Cliff about the middle of September. He impressed me as being a very cordial person, no matter what else might appear here in print about him.))



John W. Murdock, c/o Henry Moore Studio, 214 E. 11th St., Kansas City 6, Mo.

Have a good time at the con? ((yes)) Hope so. I didn't get to go this time like I had planned and doubt if I'll go to a World Con unless one is held in the Southwest somewhere, other than California. Not that I have anything against California. It's just that I'd rather not take that long a trip. Cleveland was farther than I wanted to go but I thought I would go for the kick of going.

Of course, speaking of conventions brings up your editorial in the last TACITUM. I agree with you about the unfairness of the South and Southwest being kept from having a World Con, but there will have to be shown an interested and strong fan group able to take care of it. What I do disagree with you on is your statement that Dallas has a growing fan contingent. All right, in five years you may be able to back up that statement, but a lot of things can happen in that length of time. The word growing doesn't mean a thing. You may have five active fans in Dallas now, next year you may have ten. It still doesn't say, no matter how you look at it, that by the time a con could be held in the Southwest, how many fans you'll have to work for a con. Yet, you are growing, but it may not be fast enough. Also, just because you have four fanzines emanating from Dallas, doesn't mean that you'll be the best choice five years from now. (The use of five years is only a figure of speech, I could use any number; five is as good as any for the purpose of illustration.) Actually, I don't care who has the con in the Southwest, I just hope it turns out to be a good one, if and when such would come about.

Ah, yes. Juarez. I'm afraid Claude's selection would be the death of fandom. No one would want to leave!

Ah,

Boggs. Somewhere, somehow, I can usually find something in Redd's letters to argue about. The subject of fan clubs. The success or failure of fan clubs depends upon many varied factors. The club here in Kansas City does not grow very fast and generally stays the same. In this club, it is perhaps unique, while we call ourselves a science fiction club, the majority of the members are more generally genuinely interested in fantasy. This, I believe, is a definite help as it broadens the discussion ground. While our subjects might sound dull and uninspired to an outsider, we usually have a good time. Last meeting the discussions varied tremendously from flying saucers (yep, and we came to the conclusion that books written about flying saucers are nothing but hoaxes but are serving a purpose: that of conditioning the peoples of the world to the possibility of extraterrestrial visitors. This is so, we think, as more non-readers of S-F will read these books. The unenlightened being conditioned!) to Easter Island. And several things in between. So it depends largely on what type of people you have in your club, whether it will prove attractive to prospective members, and whether you keep what members you have.

Here we go with this "way of life" business. Dammit! Can't fans see that fandom is only a way of life if they make it so. Why all the argument? To me fandom and pubbing a fanzine are hobbies, not a way of life. I don't live and breathe fandom, so I can't say that it is a way of life as far as I'm concerned. For someone else, maybe yes. If you've had as many hobbies as I've had in my time on this dust mote, you'd see why I refuse to consider fandom as a way of life. In Bob Farnham's case it is very definitely a way of life. It isn't a hobby with Bob, it's the only thing other than staying alive that he's interested in. So, obviously, in Bob's case fandom is a way of life. (Repetition for emphasis.)

Lee J. Sorenson, Box 1067, Toledo, Oregon

TACITUM #4 has really come a long way from the time you put out the first issue. Really quite readable, with reproduction right up in the first-class mimeo category. Artwork, although good in repro, needs improvement. However, one cannot complain too much on this-especially Walt Bowart's drawings.



Am in complete agreement with Bob Farnham concerning fandom's activities and several of the specific examples he more-or-less cites in his article to point out his reasons.

Of particular interest was Bob's reference to the individual in s-f fandom being judged by his/her intellect, ability, disposition and ambition and the fact that appearance and outward show are the main objectives by which those outside of fandom judge the individual.

There is more here than meets the eye, and undoubtedly many fan will read between the lines.

Re: Claude Hall's pros and cons for having a Con in Juarez. Say, Claude...if they ever have a con there, one will never hear the end of it in the fanzines! "hy I remember the Juarez Con..." "Back in \_\_\_\_\_ it was." However, if what you say is fairly true, you can be assured that every uninhibited fan from twenty states will be there!

Jan Sadler, 219 Broadmoor Drive, Jackson 6, Mississippi

Hooray for ourside! More fans for the South, more conventions for the South, and who's on first? Really, methinks it was about time someone stood up for our "rights". Of course, until lately we weren't deserving of consideration. I suppose you know that Atlanta intends to bid for the '57 con...? Under the leadership of MacCauley, I guess. That guy really can carry things off.

Army caravans have been going through here all week. Mayhap we are at war, and the public doesn't know about it? Communication centers all over the world are co-operating so there will be no panic. Soon you are a bullseye for a Swiss-Hitler, and nobody knows what happened except Larry Anderson.

About that bid I donated lastish TAC: it WAS donated... not written by me! Was true, not fiction, as Terry Carr wondered in a letter to Broadmoor, but it lost a bit of the charm from being confusingly un-placed. (And my words are confusingly un-placed, aren't they? Sorry...am on a frase-fragment binge. And that wasn't a goof. It was uneducated Spanish.)

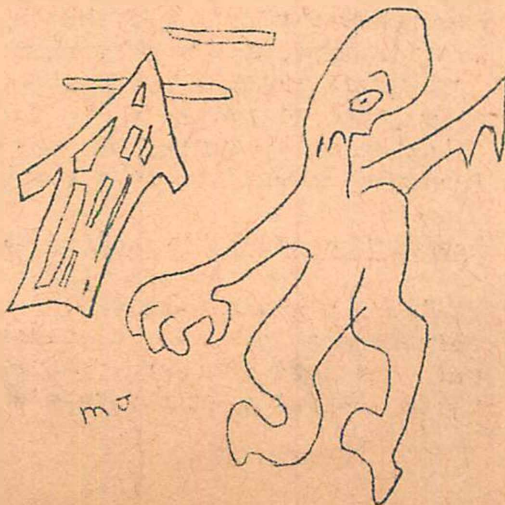
Lynn Hickman, 200 N. Huron, Albion, Michigan

Enjoyed T#4. Am glad you dropped the silent ~~one~~ from the title. Especially enjoyed Bob Farnham's article. He is so right. In the many years I've enjoyed fandom I've made some wonderful friends, Bob included. I first met him at the Nolacon. Fandom has certainly given me much more than it has taken.

I would like to see another con in the South held either in Charlotte, N.C., or Atlanta, Ga., the next time they can bid. I also like Dallas as a consite but feel that there are not enough experienced fans there yet to stage one. I'd have to give my vote to the Oklahoma group this time.

Ron Ellik, 277 Pomona, Long Beach, California

STOP PRINTING CRUD BY CLAUDE HALL. I can write better crud than Hall any day. My hair is red too, after a fashion. Reddish-blondé, actualmente. And I wear bottle-bottoms with thick plastic rims for glasses, too. I can out-hack Claude Hall. If you or any other Dallas fan prints any more of his crud, I will issue (synonem for 'vomit', 'excrete') a challenge to the effect that you, Benard A. Sodek, are going to print a special Ellik vs. Hall issue of TACITUM, in which we will both attempt to write worse than the other,





with Raleigh E. Multog as judge. The one who writes the most wordage and most sickens Multog will win as his prize a free copy of the first issue of ABSTRACT. Runner-up prize will be the first issue of STAR ROCKETS.

Who's this Edmund Davison? Writes a real mean not-play, he does.

Farnham is the last, the very LAST person I expected to see in on this FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE campaign. Cumon, chilluns, le's all go down to N'clans and tell ol' uncle Benny ouah phillosophees of life, an' he'll sho 'nuff print 'em.

I can out-hack Farnham, too. You want to see some REAL cruddy phillosophizzing? "It appears to me that of late there has been a great deal of verbose discussion concerning this erudite manner of living some bourgeois call fandom as a 'way of life', both to the positive and to the negative sides of view printed in these amateur journals of different and highly intellectual beings' verbal expulsions called fanzines. Now, as an ancient and honored member of this somewhat cliquish group, I feel it is only my duty, my treasured obligation, to inform the newcomers, the acolytes in this field of the true, cosmicly visible aspects of our organization."

You want more?

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In case you're wondering... This is TACITUM number five which sells for 15¢ a copy, and which can be subbed to at 4/50¢. You also need to know that TAC is published about eight times a year and is a TEXAFANDOM publication edited, stenciled entirely, and published by Benny Sodek who now resides at 1432 Calhoun St. in New Orleans 18, Louisiana. On holidays (Christmas, Tanksgiving, Easter) and during the summer he can be found at 1415 S. Marsalis in Dallas 16, TEXAS. The cover is by DEA. Come to think of it, the bacover is also by DEA, and is faintly reminiscent of the bacover on #3, mostly because it is the same pic. Interior illustrations are by J. D. Anspauch, Terry Garr (from the FmP), D E A, Martin Jukovsky, and William Rotsler. If you can not figure out why you got this ish, send me money or send me a letter.  
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Dave Rike, Box 203, Rodeo, California

Your editorial was very funny. Since you'ns ( yrself, May, Brown, Jennings, etc.) are the only fans in Dallas, I doubt if you'll be able to get a con there. A con is work and while you think that you might know all the anglos since you've been to the Okla-con with all of 25 or so attending and one World Con, you might ask Harry B. Moore how it is to put on a con and how much fun and leisure time you have. Oklahoma will have little chance of getting a con as long as it's a dry state. I doubt if most fans would savour the possibility of being liable to arrest and conviction because they happen to have a li'l refreshment in their possession. And where would the Dirty Pros be without a bar to reside in, plotting out new and unusual methods of fleecing the fans? They wouldn't go, that's all.

((As far as I'm concerned Cleveland was dry after five and on Sundays, but the flow of liquor never stopped. Same with Oklahoma: newspapers advertise the prices of the items and there was certainly enough to go around. I know good and well that we in Dallas are not ready for a World Con or even reginol, but I'm pretty sure we will be in a few years, 'bout '61. --bs))

No doubt you've been reading Chamber of Commerce stuff about what a great big town Dallas is, etc. You can read that sort of stuff about almost any town, even those which aren't so big and bustling. It matters little whether there's a lot of cons in that particular spot or not....Likewise, you have to have a lot of fans, who are responsible, hardworking persons who will, first off, get the con (which is a lot of work in itself, as Les & Es Cole can tell you) and then put it on. You Dallifans don't seem the type.