

W R R

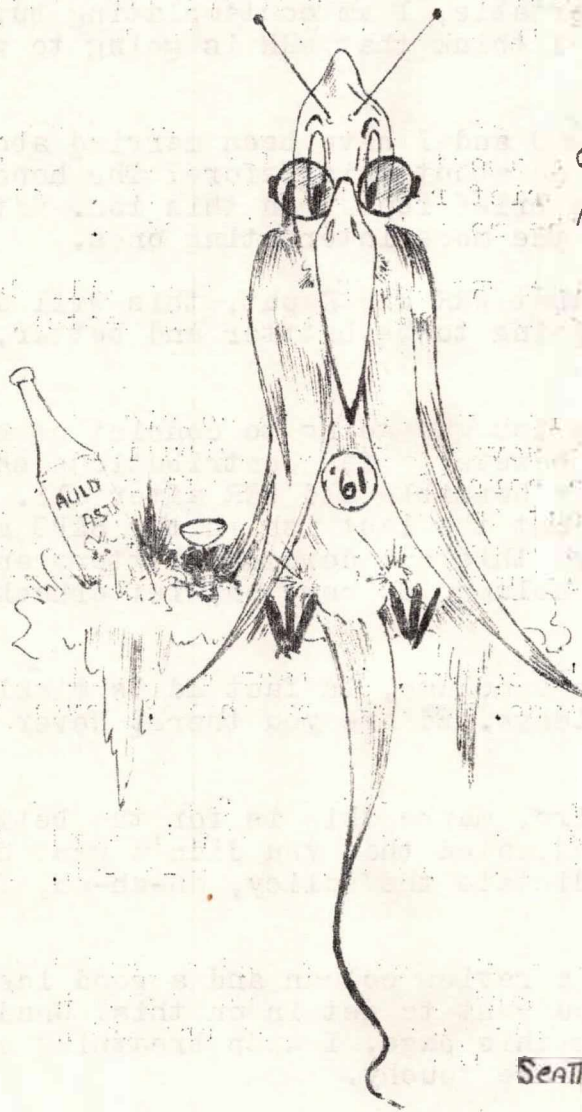
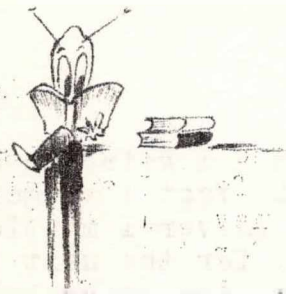
VOL II NO VI

JUNE? JULY? AUG?



"IMAGINE, WE ARE GOING TO WORK ON WRR DURING OUR HONEYMOON!"

GO WAY OUT IN '61



THE SEATTLE SCIENCE FICTION
CLUB INVITES YOU TO SEATTLE
IN SIXTY-ONE

WHY NOT!

YOU'VE TRIED EVERYWHERE ELSE

NOW YOU'RE DESPARATE

COME HERE AND BE MISERABLE

BRING YOUR ENEMIES ALONG!

PACIFIC

NORTHWEST

Seattle in sixty-one

KEEP WASHINGTON GREEN

Send Money!

REVOLVING THOUGHTS FROM A SOMEWHAT TIRED EDITOR

by

BLOTTO OTTO PFEIFER

No, I am not going to say it, I am not going to say that we are on schedule, in fact I am going to ignore any mention of schedules, it seems that whenever I mention being on schedule, we goof and fall off of it. Soooo, for the next few issues, I am not going to predict any specific date, now we probably will be one a schedule, hoo haw.

If this page looks uneven, it is because I am experimenting with a new Smith-Corona Electric Portable, I am contemplating buying it and I wanted to try it out first. I think that WRR is going to wind up with a new typer.

Well, this is July 27, 1960 and I have been married about ten days now, why didn't somebody tell me about this before? The honeymoon trip was a ball and there will be a brief report in this ish. Not all the details, mind you, just some of the more interesting ones.

If any of you had hopes that WRR was Kaput, this will dash your hopes to the ground, WRR is going to be better and better, in the same old corny way.

We were afraid that this ish was going to consist of nothing but chatter by Wally and myself, however a few contributions showed up plus a few letters so we will have a horrible old WRR after all. One thing that goofed us up was sending out the last ish in the SAPS mailing, while we got comments in the SAPzines this cut down our letters and consequently we have a much shorter letter column. So come on, letterhacks, you can start writing again.

Missing this time is Edco's column, in fact Ed is missing, Aw come on fellows, turn him loose, please. Ed Are you there? Never fear, the cavalry is a-coming.

Also missing is Hal Shapiro, maybe this is for the better, as the response that I did receive indicated that you didn't want his column, and in most things you folks dictate the policy, ah-ah-ah, I said most things not all.

Don Franson appears with a review column and a good idea, a revolving reviewing plan. Any of you want to get in on this? Ghads, there is going to be a mess of typos on this page, I keep breathing on the keys and these electric typers sure are touchy.

WRR has a new address, it is 2911 E. 60th. Seattle 5, Wash. The publisher is still Wallace Wastebasket Weber and the Editor is still Blotto Otto Pfeifer. The editor in charge of managing the editor has been changed, this post is now permanently held by Patricia Pfeifer. WRR is still free, so you still are stuck with it. This seems to wind up this page, now brace up, turn the page and proceed with caution, for this is WRR Vol.2 No.6.

BANANA BSPLIT

by Wallace
Hastebasket
Heber

Otto always was the weak link in our Seattle chain of confirmed bachelors. He was forever showing signs of weakening when the chance to weaken presented itself, but then he never failed to recover in the nick of time, if not sooner, and the rest of us never doubted that he was really one of us despite his erratic behavior.

Well, this is the story of the one time Otto crossed us up and actually got married.

Otto and I had gone our separate ways from Swampouse when the first signs of impending tragedy appeared. Since our communication was mainly between our places of residence by long distance phone calls, these signs were not as obvious as they would have been otherwise, but still they were there. With each phone call, the name of "Pat" appeared in the conversation with increasing frequency. It took less than the three minute limit to lead me to believe that "Pat" meant "Patricia" rather than "Patrick."

Perhaps distance dulled any concern we ordinarily would have felt over Otto's new interest. Perhaps we were lulled into a false sense of security by the knowledge that Otto had always survived these little irregularities in behavior and attitude in the past. Oh, let's face it. Otto didn't give us sufficient information about Pat so that we good friends of Otto's could find her and tell her all about Otto.

The first time I got to see Pat was at a party the F. M. Busbys were giving. By that time it was far too late to save Otto. Probably it was too late to save Pat, too, but that was of no real concern; Pat would have made a flop as a confirmed bachelor anyway. At any rate, Otto, who has long been known as the fan who walks under a black cloud, had dyed his cloud pink and was walking on it rather than under it. It was awful; I felt sick.

To be sure, I did my best for Otto. I suggested to Otto, in front of Pat, that he should explain fandom to her. This is perhaps the dirtiest trick you can pull on a fan, since nobody can really explain fandom to anybody but another fan, but I felt the end would justify the unfair means. I know I have saved a number of desperate situations this way. Women, being curious, will always demand to know about this "fandom" stuff, and the attempted explanation will either scare them away for good or convince them that they are being lied to. Either way, they go away and another bachelor is saved.

This time it didn't work. Otto crossed me by pointing out that he was going to show fandom to Pat rather than try to explain, and Pat double-crossed me by thinking this was just fine.

Obviously it was time to join them since I couldn't beat them. It really wasn't going to be so bad, as Otto, whose profession is selling, pointed out to me. Pat was an excellent typist -- just what we needed for WRR, Pat was a good cook and could feed fellow fans who would come over to help assemble WRR, Pat could draw a little and would help out with the illustrations, and Pat could help staple, keep track of the addresses, learn to run the mimeo, probably eventually submit articles and stories. Pat seemed to stand for "compatible."

So I went to work on plans for our wedding, our honeymoon, and our future of fannish bliss.

Otto certainly is a changeable person. One minute he was extolling Pat's many virtues, obviously with the intentions of making me realize she would be a good thing for WRR, and the next minute he seemed to be trying to exclude me from the activities that were planned to take place. If I hadn't been so completely assured that Otto was going to marry Pat only for the good of WRR, I would have suspected him of having an ulterior motive.

He eventually explained it all, and it was very simple once I fully understood his plan. "You should be an impartial observer," he reminded. "Going along on the honeymoon would just use up your precious time, since the wedding is the interesting part that you will want to report on. And as for living with us afterwards, that would be pretty dull except for the times when we will actually be working on fanzines. It will be much more efficient to just invite you over for the high-lights." That's a real pal for you, suffering through all the boredom of a honeymoon and married life just so I could have a good story for my column.

Things weren't being rushed since the wedding wasn't scheduled for quite some time. That is, at first it wasn't scheduled for quite some time. The wedding date seemed to develop a peculiar tendency to change, and never to a later date. Always earlier. It seemed like each time I had a new, spectacular wedding planned, the date would be moved up to where there would not be sufficient time to make the preparations. It was particularly frustrating when the date had been moved up so far that there was no chance of working in the Boeing moon-missile shot, a part of the honeymoon send-off I had set my heart on for Pat and Otto, especially since I was able to get a discount due to Pat being a Boeing employee.

Eventually the wedding date settled and came to rest on July 16, 1960, two weekends after the Boycon. Somehow the planning of it all got taken out of my capable hands and into the clutches of less imaginative folks. I still had hopes for an interesting ceremony, and even had a script prepared for the speech I would make when the minister asked for reasons why the couple should not be married.

I confided in Otto about my speech, and he was terribly disappointed. "I wish I had known about this sooner," he told me, quite sincerely I am sure. "It's a lovely speech you have there, but I thought that you would want to be up front where I could keep my eye -- I mean, the people could see and admire you during the ceremony, so I decided that you could be best man. And, I'm sorry, but the best man is not allowed to speak up when the minister asks for objections."

Well, being best man would have its compensations. I would be in charge of losing the ring and unnerving the groom, and above all I would be in a position to see and hear everything for a good, inside story.

The first real excitement was the wedding rehearsal. This took place two days



before the wedding, and the purpose of it was to practice the mistakes we would make during the actual ceremony. It also gave Otto and me a chance to get used to looking at a preacher who looks like Tom Weber.

Tom Weber is a cousin of mine, a fact neither of us enjoys admitting but both of us reveal in order to prevent the insult of being referred to as brothers, and when Otto and I were suffering through that dismal period of our lives when we were inhabitants of Swamphouse, Tom was our landlord. He was, and remains to this day, a fiendish, cigar chewing, irritating, miserly, foul-mouthed, irresponsible, drunken, slovenly, ugly, loathsome, ill-tempered, lying, uncouth, despicable person who lives for the day when Seattle is struck by a killing blizzard into which he can kick his tenants out. Reverend Dunlap, a respectable minister of the best sort, looked almost identical to Tom Weber. It was almost too much to take, standing there and looking at that all-too-familiar face, and holding back our natural instinct to kick him in the shins and interrupting him with insults. Somehow we made it, though. The instructions seemed simple enough, and we all went away feeling as though nothing could go wrong. I told Otto that I thought the wedding would go perfectly, which made him nervous for some reason.

The day of the wedding finally arrived, as I had finally come to expect, and even anticipate. I was beginning to take this best man business pretty seriously, and I knew that one of my foremost duties was to keep the groom calm and cheered up. As it turned out, Otto needed calming and cheering up. Particularly calming. Otto and I finally decided to go to a restaurant for something to eat, since Otto had been too nervous to eat breakfast. He was having trouble removing one cigarette from his mouth before inserting the next, and people were beginning to stare when he got a bit behind and had three or four cigarettes going at once. I led him to a table in back of the restaurant, which wasn't easy considering how he was stumbling into things. He sat down at the table and I was able to get a chair under him before he hit the floor. "What'll you have?" I asked him. "Pat's blue ribbon," he quavered, trying to get a lighter under one of the four cigarettes in his mouth. Usually Otto drinks coffee when he hasn't anything more interesting to imbibe, but he was in no shape to hold a cup, and I was not about to convince the waitress that Otto always drank his coffee with a straw. "How about a banana split?" I asked. Otto turned green about then, but I assumed that to be caused by the cigarette he had just swallowed rather than by an aversion to banana splits, so I ordered one for each of us. By the time we were served, Otto had run out of smokes and was ready to do justice to his meal. Except for one lapse where he absent-mindedly tried to light up his banana, and a few smears where he had missed his mouth with a spoonful of ice cream, the groom did quite well.

The dread hour was drawing near, so I herded Otto into the car and we headed for the church. I drove with a flourish, it being a special occasion and all, squeezing between converging trucks, straddling the centerline, and cutting in front of speeding transit coaches. Otto had all but forgotten the wedding by the time we screeched to a stop in front of the building next to the church. According to The Plan we were supposed to hide in this building until the bride arrived and was safely out of sight in the church. This was supposed to have something to do with a superstition that bad luck would result from the groom seeing the bride in her wedding outfit before the wedding actually started. In grim reality, it was a method of avoiding the possibility that the bride would find out what sorry shape the groom was in and run screaming in the opposite direction.

Then began the Long Wait. The time for the bride to arrive came and passed, but the bride did not follow suit. Otto spent his time pacing in irregular spirals and looking longingly at my unchewed fingernails. To add to the excitement, the ushers began hounding Otto for tuxedos to wear. The original plan called for Pat's mother, Irene, to bring the tuxedos with her when she brought the bride, but so far she had brought neither. People started arriving and had to find their seats unushered, since the ushers were busy helping me help Otto wait. I was in the process of experimenting with a new phenomenon, that Otto would react to the statement, "You lucked out; Pat's called the whole thing off," by banging his head against the ceiling after crawling up a smooth plaster wall, when my

experiment was interrupted by the arrival of the bride and our fancy suits.

The interruption of my research into the abnormal reactions of normal bridegrooms was compensated for by the opportunity to study, first hand, the process of putting on a tuxedo. The tuxedos came in a sort of kit, complete with unassembled parts and tiny, difficult-to-manipulate fasteners to hold things together. The four of us who had to encase ourselves in these strange suits (Tim and Chuck were the other two) pooled our knowledge, which barely amounted to a puddle, and worked efficiently to handicap each other. In spite of my help, Tim and Chuck were ready first and they must have made it over to the church in time to see the last guests find their own seats. Reverend Dunlap helped slow us down by bringing in some silly papers to sign. We signed, in our respective stages of undress, and I hope we got our names on the proper lines, because I just know I would make Otto a rotten wife. At last we had ourselves fastened together and made the mad dash into the church.



Sticking to what little we could remember of our rehearsal instructions, Otto and I sneaked up into the balcony where we were supposed to hide out until the preliminary floor show was over. This consisted of organ music and, eventually, a vocal solo. During all this, Otto and I sat uneasily in our balcony seats trying to remember what it was we were supposed to do next. Otto seemed to have thought of something that needed to be done and started fidgeting, absently thrusting his hands into first one of his pockets and then another. What a time, I thought, for him to have to go to the rest room. Fortunately, I had misinterpreted his problem, although frankly I think my version has a certain earthy charm to it that makes the true facts anti-climactic. What finally resulted from Otto's restless movements was that he located the ring, which he turned over to me with some hesitation. To ease his mind, I handled the ring as casually as I knew how, almost losing it under the seats. Otto's collar must have been too tight, cutting off his circulation, because he seemed awfully pale.

The first real crisis came when the vocal solo had ended. We had decided that we were supposed to go down and do business when the singer had finished, and so when the song was done I busily prodded Otto out of his seat and urged him down the stairs. Otto was laboring under the handicap of too much knowledge, however, for he knew what song it was that the singer was supposed to sing, and she hadn't sung it yet. Each of us was sufficiently insecure in our opinions that we did not confide in each other, although each thought the other of us was leading the both of us into an embarrassing mistake. As I pushed the reluctant groom along to certain doom, he managed to gasp a question, "Are we supposed to go in now?" as we went by the bridal party by the entrance. Whatever answer he was given, it apparently gave poor Otto little encouragement in either direction, so we made our grand entrance with Otto looking like he had changed his mind, and me acting like the impatient father with the shotgun out in the hall.

Halfway down the aisle it must have come to Otto that however ill-timed our arrival might have been, the worst that could come of it would be that his freedom would be ended a few minutes early. The last half of the trip to the altar I had trouble keeping up.

Once we got up in front, I was glad I had given up the chance to make my little speech, because being best man gave me the best seat in the house, in a manner of speaking. Actually, I didn't get to actually sit down, but I did have this excellent view.

Otto, Reverend Dunlap, and I were the only ones who could see all the people without craning our necks or having to put up with a rear view. An interesting fact was immediately obvious. Pat's side of the church was loaded with eager interested people, impatient to see Pat delivered into the clutches of the vile editor of WRR. Otto's side, by contrast, was sparsely populated by a few individuals who, little as they knew of Pat, were hoping to the very end that something might come up that would save her. To save you the same agonizing suspense that they had to suffer through, I refer you back to the cover of this issue. It is, in a way, a sequel to any Bergey cover; the monster won.

Actually, this morbid eagerness on Pat's side and the squeamish compassion on Otto's side was a first impression and a false one. Very few of Otto's friends have any real grasp of the meaning of such words as, "punctuality," or, "deadline." They were coming in at irregular intervals, something like the publishing schedule of WRR, all during the ceremony, so that by the time Otto was ravishing Pat's lips the groom had a respectably large rooting section. He would have had an unrespectably large rooting section if the Hurricanes, the American Legion's rowdiest drum and bugle corp (of which Otto is one of the rowdier members), had shown up as they had intended. One fellow did show up, complete with the conservative fire-engine-red and electric blue uniform of the Hurricanes, but felt too self conscious to come inside, and the only way his presence could be noted inside the church was by red and blue flashes of radiation as the sun activated his uniform.

Pat's relatives had another advantage in that they seem to be a particularly fertile family and could probably outnumber any group they took a mind to. Peg, Linda, and Virginia, the three bridesmaids, were all due to have babies in November or December (and I might as well disappoint your rotting minds by mentioning that all three were very married, but not to each other -- I investigated and investigated, but couldn't break down their stories). Whether this is any indication of Things To Come, with appropriate apologies to H. G. Wells, I am not about to guess at this early date, but I have the terrible suspicion that if WRR continues publication long enough, it will inevitably become a family magazine.

Enough of this digression. There Otto and I stood, watching the bridal party come down the aisle. I noticed the fabulous fannish group of F. M. & E. Busby, and Burnett R. Toskey, PhD etc., in the audience, and a frightening realization came to me. Otto and I had forgotten to wear our spinnerbeanies!! But it was too late to get them by that time, so we just had to stand there looking conspicuous. It was some comfort to know that Toskey and the Busbys had forgotten theirs, too.

Somehow we got through the ceremony without deviating too far from the way it had been rehearsed. Pat's mother, who was supposed to be the first to rise when the bride entered, had become too involved with the flower girl, Cheri, to lead the audience to their feet, but there was no real need to cue the audience. When Pat started down the aisle, dressed to kill or be killed, everybody rose as if Elmer Perdue had walked into church. Even Otto rose, which was a neat trick considering that he was already standing; it was that rosey cloud again. I punctured it with my toe, but he still floated an inch or two off the floor.

The ceremony was rather interesting. Pat had to be given away by her Grandfather, since her Father was in the hospital at the time. The thought struck me that perhaps he was having a baby, but it didn't strike me very hard. Otto's Dad, who had come down from Canada to attend the wedding, didn't get to give Otto away, although I am sure it was one of his life-long ambitions. Otto just had to give himself away, which he did by leering so openly at Pat. It surprised me to see Otto was that dedicated to WRR; he certainly wanted a stencil cutter bad.

During the excitement I had forgotten to lose the ring. My plan had been to sneak the ring into the minister's pocket, and then when he would ask me for it I would turn dramatically to the audience and yell, "Don't nobody leave the room -- some crook is stole the ring!" Then, as a Soames Investigating Consultants operative, I would solve the case on the spot by a series of clever deductions, and then allow the ceremony to go on. But I had forgotten to plant the ring until it was too late, so the audience had to be cheated out of another glorious highlight.

Reverend Dunlap asked Otto and Pat a lot of questions during the course of the ceremony, most of which I would have thought over pretty carefully before answering myself, but Pat and Otto went right ahead and agreed to everything. You would think that Otto, especially, with his Army background and all, would have thought a long time before volunteering to do some of the things the preacher brought up, but there he was, answering, "I will!" to things I'm sure he wouldn't have promised even his Commanding Officer in the Army.

Reverend Dunlap was a good master of ceremonies, I will say that. Once, when things got a little dull, he folded his hands and sang, "The Lord's Prayer," and did a marvelous job of it. He had a cold audience, though, so nobody applauded. I wanted to, but I felt so conspicuous without my spinnerbeanie that I didn't want to draw any more attention to myself than I had to.

Finally the bride and groom gave way to impulse and started smooching like they were out of their minds right up in front of all of us, and the preacher saw there was no use trying to talk to the two of them any longer, since they weren't going to listen to him anyway, so he let us go. Actually, interesting though the ceremony was, I was kind of anxious to get down to the refreshments, myself. Pat and Otto must have felt the same way; they even beat me out the door.

We needn't have rushed, though, because nothing was ready when we got downstairs. Having nothing better to do, we lined up by the wall. Then the guests came down, and they all walked by us in single file. I knew they were looking at us like that because we had forgotten our spinnerbeanies, and I could have died, I was so embarrassed.

Having all the people file by did help out Mr. Grey, however. Edward S. Grey is my partner in the recording company, and he was able to tape interviews with the guests as they filed by. The intention was to collect a lot of personal information about the bride and groom so that we could make a record of the choicer items. It came out very well, and we expect our, "Pfeifer, Confidential," album to grow into our hottest selling item.

Since the reception was held in the basement of the church, the punch was very uninteresting, although the flowers floating in it were fairly tasty. But I think this was partially responsible for the fact that the guests didn't stay around too long. I stayed around, keeping a close watch on the bride and groom, because I wanted to chase them all over town in my car, honking my horn and upsetting them as much as possible. You can well imagine what a shock it was when I learned it was my car they were going to use for their get-away.

Fortunately nobody else expected my car to be used, either, so it was saved from the usual decorations, and since most of the guests had already departed there was no problem of being chased by uncivilized barbarians honking horns and doing similar childish things. Pat's dress proved to be collapsible enough so that she could fit inside the car, and we set off for the Seattle General Hospital to show our wedding finery off to Pat's father.

Otto gave me careful directions and we located the hospital. The lady at the information desk was impressed by our fine clothes, but was uncooperative, stubbornly insisting that none of the hospital's patients was Pat's father. We were about to conduct a room-by-room search when somehow the truth came out that we were at the King County Hospital instead of the Seattle General Hospital. Apparently it made a big difference.

There we were, thoroughly disgusted with Otto for having led us astray, when we became aware of people staring at our outfits and being greatly amused. We got out of there fast. I swear I will never be caught in a situation like that again without my propeller beanie.

Things did go much smoother at the Seattle General Hospital, and while Pat visited with her father, Otto and I changed into our regular clothes in the doctor's dressing room. By the time we were presentable, Pat was done visiting and had realized that the keys to the truck they had planned to use on their honeymoon trip had been left at the church. There is no need to explain here why they were taking their honeymoon trip in a truck -- Otto will want to make up his own stories about that -- so it is sufficient merely to keep in mind that the Pfeifer honeymoon depended on regaining possession of those keys. Back to the church we went.

As you could have suspected from the way things were going, the church was locked when we arrived. I cheered everybody up with comments like, "There goes the old honeymoon," and, "Whoever got the keys is probably halfway to Canada by now," although if I didn't know full well what a powerful force my humor is, I would have sworn their hearts were about to break. They must have had a terrible time holding back their smiles, and in fact they finally broke out with happy grins about the same time they had tracked down the lady who had cleaned up and rescued the purse containing the wayward keys.

The next stop was at Pat's house, which was now Otto's house and the editorial office of BOG and WRR. It was a big moment for me because I wanted to watch Otto carry Pat over the threshold. It was a big moment for Otto, too. He looked at Pat, dressed in her three tons of petticoats and her wedding dress with the ten-foot diameter steel hoops. He tore his gaze away from her and looked for a moment at the five-inch wide doorway. Beads of perspiration were forming on his forehead.

The coward chickened out. I'm not too hep on my marriage traditions, but unless Otto has at some time or another carried Pat over that threshold, I am convinced the two of them are living in sin.

While Pat changed into something less unweildy, Otto showed me the brochures he had on the places the two of them were going to visit on their honeymoon. It seemed like such a good trip that I offered to go along and help drive and things, but Otto didn't want me to have to lose time at work just on his account, so I withdrew my offer.

When Pat was ready, we got back into the car, and Otto directed me to the Meany Hotel. Strangely enough, we arrived at the Meany instead of the New Washington or the Ben Franklin or the Ritz-Sourdough. They had a theory that they would get a night's sleep before starting out on their honeymoon trip, but I knew they were lying when I saw which one of their wedding presents they were taking with them. It was the bottle of champagne and the two glasses that the Swamphouse gang had given them. Anyone could tell they were going to get all bubbly and think up articles to write for WRR.

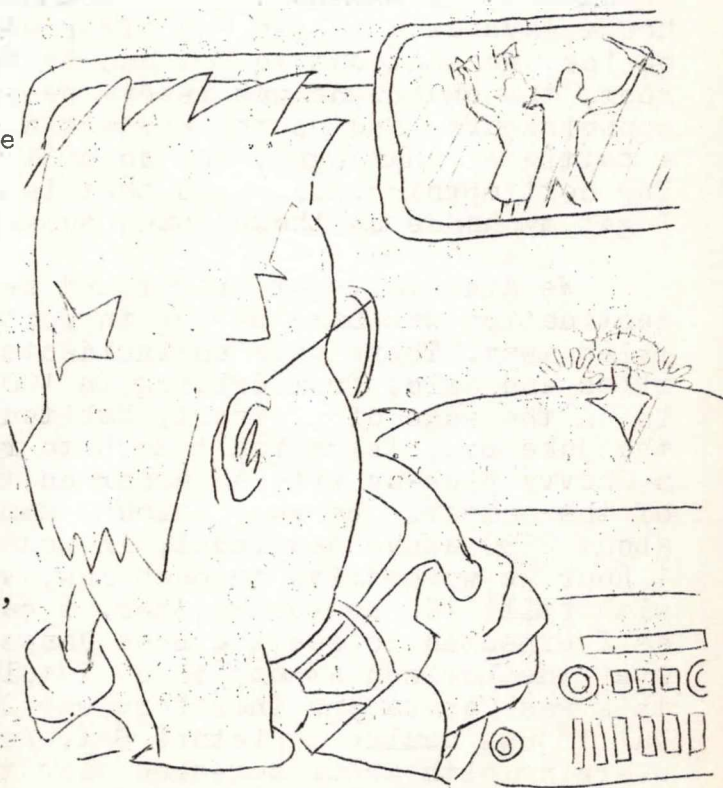
That was the last I saw of them for quite some time. Remembering that Ric Westerberg had planned to hold a wake for Otto at Kings Row, I went there to help.

The Swamphouse trio, that's Tom, Ken, and Tom, were just finishing a meal, so I invited myself into the booth with them, suddenly realizing I hadn't had anything to eat since the banana split that morning. I wondered how Otto was making out, mixing champagne with his banana split. I decided to mix a steak with mine, which I did, meanwhile discussing Otto's known past and possible future with the Swamphouseers.

Later I went back to the bar and joined Ric and Virginia Westerberg, who were the only ones left of the wake-holders. Ric had just about exhausted the possibilities of the juke box selections, and was in favor of leaving for a place he knew where live dixieland music was being played. Despite the fact that I felt dead dixieland would be more in keeping with the wake theme, I followed.

We arrived at Louie's before the band did, and consequently we had to order beer to justify our presence there. And more beer after the band got there.

I'll bet that's the first time I've been drunk for over seven years.



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It would seem that the current trend of the movies and books is to present highly charged, emotional dramas of pure, unadulterated sex. So in keeping with this trend, WRR presents its power charged, emotion packed, sex impregnated tale of mad passion unleashed. Without further ado WRR proudly presents:

VIEW FROM A SLEEPING BAG

As viewed by

Blotto Otto Pfeifer.

This is a story of a honeymoon, a true story and a real honeymoon. The only trouble is that it is a Blotto Otto type honeymoon, being as how Blotto Otto was one of the participants.

Wally Weber has described the wedding in Banana Split, at least I hope he did, so I will take up the tale from that time on.....

The fact that I married the right girl was shown to me after we left the reception, we had to go to the hospital to see her father who was a temporary visitor and had to miss the wedding, Pat just had to show him her wedding dress and believe me he saw it. I'll never forget the look on some of those people's faces when Pat charged into the hospital still wearing her gown, though I think that we missed a good bet by not going through the receiving entrance.

After leaving the hospital, we had Wally drive to the Hotel where we were going to spend the night, we had led everybody to believe that we were leaving town right away, as it turned out we left the whole world. I would like to give a little advice right here, if any of you plan to get married soon, hint to your friends that you do NOT want a bottle of champagne, if somebody gives you one anyhow, SHOOT HIM! The boy at Swamp-house gave us a bottle and after we arrived at the hotel, put the bottle on ice, we went out to eat and by the time that we arrived back at the room, the champagne was ready. We popped the cork, in the manner of connoisseurs, and poured a glass a piece. Naturally, when one opens a bottle of champagne, one doesn't allow said champagne to become flat. The next morning.....and that is the way it was to. Just wait until I get my hands on those Swamp-housers.

We did start out bright and early the next morning however. Our destination was Lake Babine in Northern British Columbia, about 800 miles away. There were no incidents the first day, we drove about 500 miles and aside from driving in 100+ degree weather and finding a drive in on the edge of a desert, habited by cowboys and hill-billy music on the juke box, there isn't much to report. I should mention that we had a Chevy pick-up with a camper on the back and we had a boat tied on top of the camper. We went through some weird country at one point we were about 2500 above sea level, in mountains, and 100 degree weather. Within 1 hour we were drive through low, very arid, western plains-type country with still 100 degree weather. I called this western plain-type country as I expected to see the Lone Ranger and the U.S. Cavalry come charging over the horizon at any time. I told this to Pat and she pointed out that this was Canada and therefore was Royal Canadian Mounted Police country, but I just couldn't picture Sgt. Preston and his wonder dog, King, charging with their dog-sled over those plains.

As that first day ended we pulled into a camp along the shores of Lake McLeese, better than half way to our destination. I looked out over the lake and thought that things were going along find, I was sure that we would enjoy our honeymoon in a mundane type of way. Then I remembered that I was going to write a report for WRR and that something damn well had better happen otherwise, I would have to write a report that would put Peyton Place to shame.

We arose early again the next morning and started on our last lap. We pulled into a small lumber community by the name of Quesnel for breakfast and apparently these people didn't know the true value of food, we had a couple of big omelets with juice and all the trimmings for the total price of 1.50. We almost decided that it would be worthwhile to drive there every morning for breakfast but decided that driving a 1000 miles a day had something a little bit wrong with it. On the road between Quesnel and Prince George we passed our first moose, I was driving and Pat was getting a little shut-eye, I woke her up but she missed seeing it, we passed another one a short while later and Pat missed that one because she was looking out of the wrong side of the truck.

We made it into Prince George without incident and planned to stay there for a couple of hours, but we hastily left when it became apparent that the male population hadn't seen many women in Bermuda shorts. It was after we left Prince George that we started running into bad roads. After we had bounced along the road for about a half an hour, I looked out of the window and saw something that made me think a bit. Pat was driving, I looked over at her and remarked, "I think that you had better stop."

"Why?" she asked.

"So we can go back away." I explained patiently.

"Now why would we want to go back?" she replied.

"Because, Pat me love, we have lost the boat." I told her.

Pat put on the brakes and we got out to look, sure enough we had lost the boat and had to go back about half a mile to get it. The ropes had snapped and the boat flew into the bushes, we were lucky as it wasn't damaged and still floatable. We managed to get the boat back on the camper and once more we were on our merry way. We drove the rest of the way to Burns Lake without further incident. There was some mighty beautiful country that we passed through, we were back in the mountain country by this time, and did some movie taking. We arrived in Burns Lake about 5 o'clock and decided to eat before pushing on the last 60 miles. It was in the dining room of the Tweedsmuir Hotel that Pat saw her first Mountie and a childhood image was smashed beyond repair. The Mountie was not Nelson Eddy, besides that he didn't wear a red coat.

Unaware that he had disillusioned a young lady the mountie and his partner, who happened to be another mountie strangely enough, this one didn't appear to be Nelson Eddy either, engaged us in conversation. I don't know what gave him the idea that we were tourists, we were quietly sitting there studying a road map, wearing sports clothes. Don't native road maps were sport clothes? He asked us where we were going and we told him Lake Babine. He gave us a suggestion where we should go but we didn't take it, instead we went north. Actually, I think he might have given us proper directions for the place we went to had its drawbacks. As you will read about. We finally bid the Mounties and Burns Lake adieu and headed up the highway on our last lap to Lake Babine.

We were headed for Topley Landing, a campsite on the shores of the lake. The mounties told us to follow the main highway for 35 miles then turn off on a country road. Now I know why the Mounties sometimes take years to get their man, they have no sense of distance. We followed the highway 30 miles and turned off on a detour. After a short pleasant bumpy ride over every rock in Canada, we stopped to find out where we were, there was a farm house close by and we were informed that regardless of the fact that we travelled the 35 miles that the mounties mentioned, we were way off course, we had passed the road about five miles back. We went back through every rock in Canada and arrived all in one piece on the main highway and discovered the road repair crew had taken down the road sign that showed the way to Topley Landing. Taking the small country we finally wound up at our destination, after almost being run off the road by a speeding woman moose.

We finally at long last arrived at our destination, we picked out a campsite, set up camp then headed for the lake shore to launch our wounded boat. We got it off the camper and in the water and held our breaths. IT FLOATED! What's more, no water was leaking in, we knew then, that we were going to get a lot of fishing in, shuuure we were. We went back to the campsite and prepared to start roughing it. Pat started a wilderness type meal, steak and potatoes, while I finished clearing out the camper. We had three sleeping bags, two, we zipped together to make a double bag and the third was used for a blanket. Our survival-type meal being ready we paused in our labors to eat.

While all of this was going on, there was a secret message being transmitted throughout the whole northern part of British Columbia. I don't know what the message said, but I can guess its main contents. 'Pass the word along, Pfeiffer is here.' Thinking back, I am amazed at the response of this message. The urgency of it was appalling, I can imagine the haste that the recipients used to make their preparations. They must have had a pre-arranged rallying point, while Pat and I were their scouts were scouting us, as soon as we had finished eating, the first wave struck. It was like a Lake Babine Pearl Harbor. I have never seen so many Mosquitoes in all my born days. Most of you have read John Berry's account of his battle with the cockroaches, well I swear that these mosquitoes out-numbered his cockroaches by a wide margin. When that first wave struck, it was apparent that their target for tonight was one Blotto Otto. Pat and I took our battle stations, she was armed with insect repellent and I was armed with my two hands. We fought for great length and the casualties were high, the insect repellent was the first casualty, it had no effect on our attackers, they refused to be repelled; I was knocking off a few in the air but for everyone I managed to get two replaced it. Pat wasn't too bad off, they seemed to respect her femininity, but they sure took it out on me. I finally was forced to bring out secret weapon into use, I lit my pipe, this stopped the attack for a brief period, the mosquitoes held a council off war and decided that I broke the rules of fair play, they armed their forces with gas masks and attacked once more, this time with a vengeance. It was too much, our lines broke and Pat and I retreated to the safety of the camper. Even with the camper doors closed, the attack kept up, and some managed to get in. All during the night, we could hear them buzzing out information to their intelligence headquarters. These scouts inside the camper finally paid the supreme price. That first night at Lake Babine finally became peaceful and restful sleep finally took over.

The next morning, we spent quite a bit of time doctoring our wounds. We decided not to go fishing but just rest from our trials of the night before. After breakfast, we settled down to do some reading, we were attacked again, this time by the biggest flies you could ever see, they were undoubtedly allied to the cause of the mosquito, and though their style of fighting was different, it had definite value. It was more along the lines of psychological warfare, their main objective was to keep us unnerved and easy pickings for the night attacks. From time to time the flies were joined by various other types of insects. I thought that it was a United Nations action of the insect world.

During a brief respite from these attacks, Pat and I felt the earth begin to tremble and a mountain hove into view. We soon saw that this mountain had legs and was quite apparently a man. We were about to receive our first guest. It turned out that this mountain was a native of the region and he went by the name of Andy George. Andy was around 250 pounds and it apparently was a lot of muscle. He gingerly sat down on one of our camp chairs and breathed a sigh of relief when it held him. During his visit we discovered that his form of entertainment was to get drunk and beat up Mounties, I hastily assured him that I was a tourist and not a mountie. He told us that some people had taken his picture in his tribal wear and that Queen Elizabeth has this picture. He was quite proud of that fact. He left after a little bit and the flies took up where they had left off. The rest of the day was spent in trying to ignore them. Finally, with the coming of evening, the flies left us and the mosquitoes renewed their attack. We offered no resistance, we just fled to the safety of our camper again.

The next morning we did go fishing. Lake Babine is a real big lake and it is chock full of all types of fish, we wanted some. We loaded our boat which was still floating and headed out into the waters. We trolled for about half an hour and finally while rounding a little island, Pat caught our first fish, it was something akin to a Speckled trout and must have weighed a good twelve pounds. A few minutes later I got a strike. I started to reel in and found that I had a fight on my hands. I got the line half way in then the rod was almost pulled out of my hands my catch started running away and pulled us along with it. All the while I was struggling to get in control of the situation. All up and down the lake we fought and I finally won out. I reeled in and looked proudly at my catch, a beautiful two pound dead limb, you just can't get that kind no more. I won't mention the one that got away, I did wind up with a five pound Rainbow. We decided to call it quits for awhile and headed back to camp. Pat was ahead of me as far as weight of the fish went and I resolved to get even later that evening. Funny how tired fishing makes you, we had to take a nap after we got back to camp, this of course frustrated the flies that were waiting for us. That evening we went out on the lake again, the fish were jumping so we tried fishing with flies, Pat used a Royal Coachman to great success, getting four more Rainbows. I don't know what bedraggled fly I was using, but it sure wasn't doing its job that evening, I didn't catch a thing, I take that back I did catch something, I caught a few mosquitoes of the mosquito navy. They sure were persistent cusses. Anyhoo, we finally called it a day (Wednesday, I think it was) and headed back. Total score for that day's fishing, Pat caught five and I caught one. Actually that ended our fishing for this trip. Pat cooked one that evening and we all feasted. Pat and I on fish and the mosquitoes on me.

Thursday dawned in a peaceful way, the raucous cawing of crows flying around the camper awakened us. After having breakfast, we decided to stay in camp, as we planned to head back to Seattle the next day, we wanted to get things packed and ready to load in the camper the next morning. Sometime during the afternoon, I paused in my reading and shook my head, I could have sworn that I heard somebody singing Shortnin' Bread. I chalked it up to my imagination and resumed reading. I stopped, I was sure that I heard it again. Presently, I heard footsteps on the road along our camp and one of our mounties strode into view. It seems that he was out on the lake and his engine conked out, he had to wade or swim into shore and seek aid. It serves him right for forsaking his horse and dog team. About half an hour later Andy George came by, he had heard that the mountie was in the vicinity and headed in the direction that the mountie took. I listened for awhile, I was sure that any music I might hear would definitely not be the Indian Love Call. But alas and alack, I heard nothing, Andy came by a little later and told us that he had missed the mountie, I wonder in what way had he missed him, We informed him that we would be leaving the next morning and he told us that the next time we were up that way, he would put on his tribal outfit for us.

Evening was fast approaching and the mosquitoes must have known that we were getting ready to leave, they threw their entire force at us. The ground troops were spiders, (these I hated the most) the air force was almost everything that could fly, including kamikaze insects, these were the type that would bore in and not move at all unless they were smashed and I did mean smashed. They wanted enough blood to last until we came back. I have to go back, I want some of that blood back. Pat and I put up quite a fight, (they were after her, by now) but as in the previous fights we were outfought. Even the camper was a disaster area and worst of all they discovered how to get into our sleeping bags. We finally cleared them out of the camper and managed to sleep. We arose early the next day, even before the flies and hastily departed the area. I have no doubt that they will be waiting eagerly for our return.

A few miles from the camp, we had our road block, that woman moose was parked across it and refused to budge, presently she decided to canter up the road just in front of the truck, she kept looking back over her shoulder at us and all of the sudden she rolled her eyes and went into the bushes, my nose may be big but I sure hope she didn't mistake me for a male moose.

We drove all the way to Vancouver in a little over a day and a half with no further incident. I should mention that we stopped in Prince George so I could shave. Pat had forgotten to pack a razor and all I had was my electric shaver and no electricity, sooo, I raised my first (and probably my last) beard.

In looking back over that trip, I imagine that thousands have spent their honeymoons in more interesting places, I bet they didn't have as much fun. After all isn't boiling in hundred degree weather, fighting a three day war with insects, drinking oil flavored water and catching dead limbs the best fun in the world, aside from fanac? All in all, the view from the sleeping bag was downright interesting.

TRASH

BARRER



Everybody reviews YANDRO, SHAGGY, CRY and VOID, we know they are good, get them. They are among my favorite fanzines, not necessarily in that order, and I won't review them here, not because I have nothing to criticize, but because I'd rather review lesser known zines that people are likely to miss.

DAFOE, #2. John Koning, 318 South Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio.

The frequency of this fanzine is not even guaranteed to be irregular, as Koning admits he burns himself out and gaffiates completely after each issue, but then comes back, surprising everybody. I must confess he fooled me, I was even going to complain to Carl Marks about some material of mine John has. This is mineed very readably on thick paper, and has 34 pages, CRY method of counting, including cover and blank page two. The cover is the usual Prosser ecccch, with interior scrowls by mostly Jack Harness. The editorial is part yak, part con-report. MZBradley writes on the hard lot of a pro trying to please fans. I think Marion does all right and is more appreciated than she thinks. John Koning, in his "An Economist's Nightmare", has gone over the thin line between humor and faggheadedness; send us your fanzine, John, or don't, as you think we deserve, but don't plague us with your damn arithmetic. Fanzine reviews by Eugene Hryb (not a pen-name meaning "Hit the Road, You Bastard") are perceptive, even though they are his only contribution to fandom (no small effort, as I am finding out right now.) The issue is finished off with a 15-page lettercolumn, with usual letterhacks like Harry Warner, Jr., and Rick Sneary (what, no Bob Lichtman?), and unusual ones like Lee Hoffman and John Mussells. There is the first Wall Weber letter I've seen in a fanzine in years, or maybe even months. Can it be he is coming out of gafia? Or maybe he has gone back into it since this letter was printed -- the DAFOE lettercol is dated. DAFOE is worth whatever Koning charges you for it, 20¢, contribution, trade, or letter of comment of sufficient length.

MONDAY EVENING GHOST, #4. Robert Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive,
Nashville 11, Tennessee.

This title is not descriptive of this interesting zine, which is a rarity for today, a science-fiction slanted fanzine put out by an isolated, largely self-made fan of enthusiasm and strong opinions. If Bob can take critizism, and I feel he can, and yet not bow to popular clamor to turn faaaaaanish, he has the makings of a good zine here. To those who have sneered at Jennings in fanzine reviews, how long is it since YOU have had a letter in BRASS TACKS? Also, how long is it since there has been any letter in BT commenting on the stories? Bob Jennings has accomplished this miracle in the June ANALOG. Brainwashing Compbell is no small achievement. MONDAY EVENING GHOST (I wish he would change that title to SF-something) is;in some ways a crudzine--I've never seen worse spelling -- but not in all. The repro is all right, not any worse than CRY has been in the past, always readable but not too pleasing to the eye. What is interesting about the zine, to me at least, is the SF yak, which is whatsome people read fanzines for (me, for instance). The only trouble is, too few sf fans have been attracted to this fanzine, repelled perhaps by unfavorable reviews, outer appearance, of Jennings's own attitude of unfriendliness towards faaaaaans. What Bob apparently does not know, or does not believe, is that most faaaaaans are only faaaaaans on the surface, deep down in their hearts they are really rabid sf fans, and would have a lot to say on sf if he'd give them a chance. As it is, Clay Hamlin, Mike Deckinger and the editor hold up the zine, and various local unknowns don't help much. In this issue, Mike Deckinger writes on the precarious position of the prozines, which is some fact and some opinion, and quite interesting. I like to see stuff like this from NY area fans, who are supposedly well-informed on prozine doings, since the effective demise of SCIENCE FICTION TIMES as a pro-news zine. Phil Harrell (his first article) writes a critical review of "Men Into Space", the television program. Clay Hamlin reviews "Dear Devil" by EFR, in his Forgotten Classics series. Jennings has fansine reviews, different, anyway. His ratings are 1-10, not 10-1, which is logical but contra-fannish, and croggling at first sight. A debate on golden ages between the editor and Clay Hamlin follows, and then a letter column of a few long letters, discussing sf, mostly. GHOST is supposed to be monthly, or bimonthly at the most, and is available for 15¢, 12¢/\$1.50, trade, material or letters. Bob doesn't say, but presumably the material should mention sf briefly, somewhere in its content.

TWIG, #18. Guy Terwilleger, Route #4, Boise, Idaho

I was disappointed in this TWIG, for some reason, although looking over the material, none of it is to blame for this feeling. (Oops, looking over that last sentence, I see it is ungrammatical, but I'll let it stand as a sample of the kind of English you'll find in TWIG.) The cover by Gilbert in three color ditto is excellent, the artwork throughout the zine is well reproduced, and the typeing is readable -- I dunno, maybe TWIG is just not outstanding any more. Anyhow, the contents page, I just noticed, has two similar titles: "The Proud And Lonely Things by Ted White and Karen Anderson, and "It Was A Proud And Lonely Thing" by Harry Warner, Jr. Now Guy, Robert Lowndes would have changed one of them.

The editorial concerns the improvement in fanzines lately, a telephone talk with Rog and Honey Graham, and a review of Chas.

Beaumont's "Night Ride and Other Journeys". Then Guy has some pointless conversation with himself under the name of Rick Adams. Ted and Karen's story is a reprint, a take-off on the Hokas in a fannish vein, featuring a club-meeting of teddy-bear fake-fans being visited by a real fan who has a hard time proving he is real. Entertaining. "Conjugating Irregular Verbs" ("I am consistent. You are stubborn. He is a fuggheaded diehard"...F.M. Busby) is a feature that is good only when it is good, if you follow me. It is very good this time, as the conjugators are Bruce Pelz and Busby. A bad faan-fiction story follows, by Rick Adams, saved only by the consistent ending -- if this is you, Guy, I don't blame you for using the pen-name. The illos, uncredited, are cute -- Guy or Diane, perhaps? Harry Warner tells about his inability to avoid fan visits any more. Wait till he gets to a convention and sees hundreds of fans -- he'll either go ape or gafiate. Dick Lupoff has a couple book reviews, one of which is an anti-review -- don't get THE ARMCHAIR SCIENCE READER, he says, in too many words. He lets his wife, Pat Lupoff, review the poetry section of the book, nicely. (17

"Leaves", fanzine reviews by Terwilleger go on for 10 pages. I hate to pick on Guy again, but his fanzine reviews are not well-written, as far as the English goes. They are interesting and informative, and are quite entertaining, though for some reason not as entertaining as the reviews of Dan Adkins which used to appear here. Dan used no grammar at all, but was refreshingly informal. Adkins is not missed, however, in the art-editing department, as the color dittoing is masterful(!) Letters go to 11 pages this time, including a science-fictional one by Ted White that is almost an article, an answer to Calkin's item lastish. TWIG is worth subscribing to, for 20¢, 5/\$1.00, or trade, and it is supposed to be by-monthly, or at least six issues a year. It probably will be too, as Terwilleger is one of the more dependable fans in fandom.

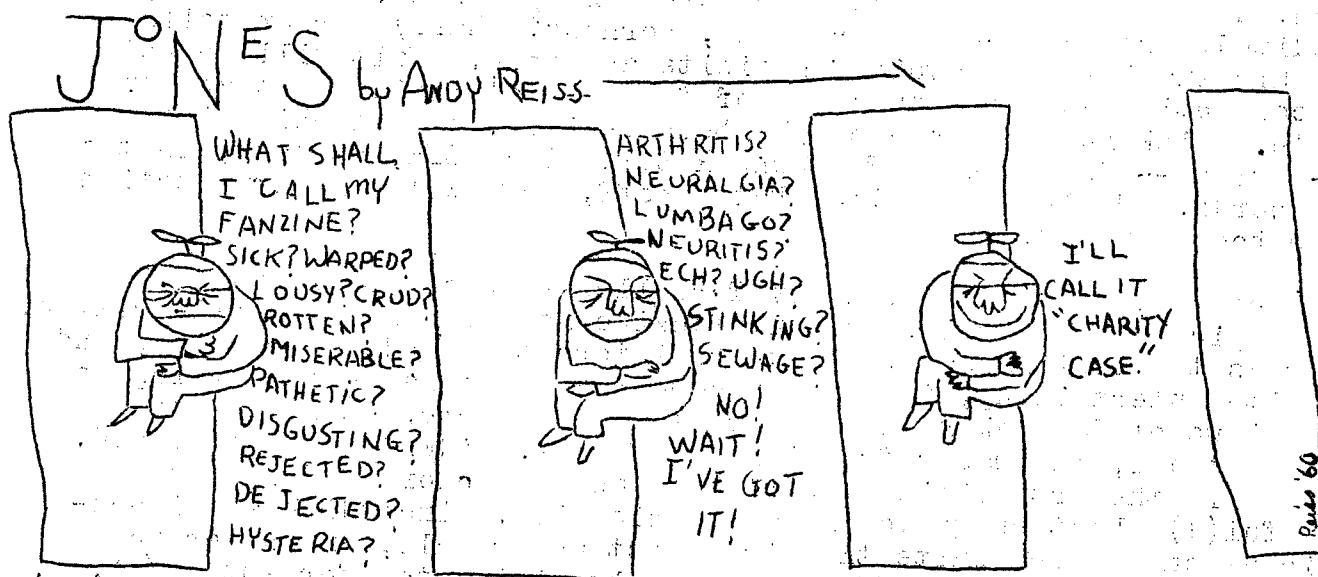
TESSERACT, #2. Walter Breen, 311 East 72 Street, New York 21, N.Y.

This is a different fanzine, refreshing to read. It is both humorous and deep, which, come to think of it, is the hallmark of the intellectual. Something of a screwball, I hear, Breen qualifies as a fan on all counts, and puts his all into his fanzine. A SAPSzine to start, TESSERACT is now a general fanzine and is available to anyone for 20¢, comment, trade or contribution, in reverse order of preference. Neatly mimeed by the QWERTYUIOPress, TESSERACT #2 runs to 44 pages, counting the cover, which should be counted, as it's full of quotes, all worthy of HYPHEN. Breen must believe that a fanzine should be like a bride's outfit -- something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue -- with emphasis on the blue. However, the off-color stuff is not crude or offensive, and the old and borrowed stuff is mostly worth reprinting. The entertaining starts off with an editorial in which Breen reveals his personality and opinions, then there are a few poems by his non-fan friend Josh Brackett (if Breen hadn't said right out that he is not a hoax, I would put quotes around the name -- Josh, oooog!) Then Breen throws in pages of interesting ideas and anecdotes he must have been saving for years. One always expects this sort of thing in the first issues of any fanzine; in Breen's case it is good. The piece de resistance (French for hard-to-get) is the story of Breen's trip to LA, which packs much interesting adventure into a few pages. More miscellany follows; then

there is a critique of James Blish's "A Case of Conscience", some fine medium-length fanzine reviews, a letter column consisting only of a couple long mailing-comment type letters, and a report on the NY fan scene by Les Gerber. TESSERACT is irregular, quarterly to bi-monthly, and is worth sending for.

This doesn't include every zine I have -- I don't want to overdo this reviewing, especially as it is not a letter-or-comment substitute, anyway. I don't want zines sent to me for review, I get enough zines. If you must send zines to someone, send them to Hal Shapiro, he needs them.

Donald Franson.



! IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT !

The superb multigraphing of titles and things on our cover this issue was performed by that brilliant and handsome ideal fan,

DR. BURNETT R. TOSKEY

(This announcement is important, because if we didn't make it somewhere in this issue, Toskey would multigraph it in red letters all over the picture on the cover.)

While we are at it, we might point out that the photo-offset work on the cover was done by Pilgrim Press, the owner of which took one look at the original photo and immediately recognized Otto as, "That new salesman at Northwest Office Supplies," but did the job anyway because he needed the money.

And the heading for the fanzine reviews is similar to a pencil original submitted by Pat Pfeifer for that purpose.

HACKING THE LETTERHACKS

CONDUCTED BY

BLOTTO OTTO

10202 Belcher
Downey, California
August 13, 1960

Dear Wally & Otto,

Many thanx for WRR, Volume 2, Number 5, dated April-May 1960. If my copy is the same as all the others then I appeared (in the lettercol) three times in the ish (twice with one letter, and once with another letter)...Yup, pages 17 & 18 are doubled up in my copy... could be my letter caused'em to double up with the agony of bearing the words of ljm...

Best Thing in the Ish is E. Mainiac Cox's hi-fi (meaning hilariously fiendish) Sci-Co(Bloch that pun!)....

Am wondering if your next ish will be pub'd before the Pittcon, and if this letter will reach you in time to be included in said ish. Reason being that I want to discuss the motion to raise WorldCon membership fee to 3 bucks a head. I missed the IASFS meeting where P.S.Miller's recent letter to Shaggy was discussed, and I believe answered, the club deciding that 3 bucks was too much, etc. etc. I certainly go along with this decision, and have written a rather long letter to the Pittcon Committee, a kind of an "open letter" giving them permission to show it to whomever is interested. I discussed in some detail the membership fee question, auctions, Hugos, etc., but what I want to do here is voice once again my objection to raising the fee to 3 bucks. I'll TRY to be as brief as possible....

It has been a long time since a con committee could depend on the auction to provide enough income to keep the con out of the red, and of course as fewer mags (and thus fewer illos) are available it becomes increasingly dangerous for cons to depend on the auction as a major source of income. (I have suggested that only the top notch items be auctioned and that the other material -- ranging from "good" to "lousy" be raffled off, on the theory that more folks will participate in a raffle than will in an auction, and that more can be collected from the sale of raffle tickets than from long, begging, hard-sell auctions.)... BUT even if said raffles were successful it still wouldn't provide enough to guarantee the con staying out of the red. You have to have lots of good-to-excellent material to start with.)

So where does a con committee get the money to finance the con, and how can it be sure of having enough? Answer to the first part of this question is obvious: memberships, sale of ad space in the progress reports and program booklet, rental of display space at the con to exhibitors, hucksters, etc., money left over from the previous year's con, and, assuming there are some "angels" handy, donations. But of course you can't depend on the latter any more than you can depend on the auctions.

Answer to the 2nd section of the question should be obvious, but since there is a motion to raise the membership fee, perhaps it isn't... Budget your con! It can be done, I know, because it has been done. First of all, charge a buck a head for memberships, and an extra buck a head to those who attend, on the theory that those in attendance get more out of the con than those who can't make the trip. But more fans (even the poorest) will be more inclined to join and support the con if it costs them no more than a buck to be a member. Raise it to three bucks (or even 2 bucks to join, and an extra--third-buck to attend) and you'll get fewer members. Secondly, stick with the idea of having two sets of ad rates (and display space rates), one for fans, and one for pros. In other words keep

the con as economical as possible for everyone concerned. This includes getting an inexpensive hotel (as opposed to a "high class", high-priced place). It shouldn't be a skid row "flea bag", but most of the "commercial" hotels (who are used to having all kinds of cons anyway) are ideal for cons.

Budgeting simply means not spending more money than you can possibly take in. It takes a little guestimating (and -- if possible -- someone with a knowledge of bookkeeping), of course, but one must assume that con committees contain some persons who have a "head for figures". You can't budget without doing shopping, a lot of shopping. Most con committees do shop around to find the most reasonable hotel, and this practice should be applied to everything the con committee is going to buy for the con, be it Hugos, displays, speakers, or what have you. Stf cons should be less expensive than other types of cons. We have the things and the people in our field to provide the program material and displays for which other "mundane" cons usually have to pay. We are loaded with talent...speakers, writers, artists, debaters...coming from both the fan and pro side of the field. Most of this talent is more than willing to participate for gratis, so why spend money for something we already have? (For instance, we had two "outsiders" on the Solacon program, neither of which cost the con any money. They spoke for free, in exchange for which they rec'd free plugs, at the con, or in the booklet. Deals like this are okey... a kind of bartering with no need for \$\$\$, just as the fans and pros who help with the con get payed in "ego boo" instead of \$\$\$.)

I'm not trying to set the Solacon up as a Shining Example, but we are proud of its success. On the first day of the con we knew we would not be in the red. We had a pretty fair auction, compared to recent auctions of that period, but we were in no way dependent on it for staying in the black. And we charged a buck a head for memberships, with an extra buck charged to attendees. (Also I'm quite sure that during the last day or so of the con a lot of people got in free -- at least without paying the second buck -- as we didn't bother with the registration desk at that late hour in the con, knowing we were not going to pass the hat to "save the con".) The Solacon is not the only con in fan history which has been successful (both financially and socially) without depending on the auction, without raising the fee. Naturally it is the con with which I'm most familiar, and it proves my point as well as any other successful, inexpensive con.

I know that Anna and Rick agree with me on this, as do many others. I hope you all do too. I hope those of you who are going to the Pittcon will discourage the "inflationary" raise in membership fee, and help to keep the cons on a practical, economical level -- so that even the poorest of fans and pros can easily participate.

If this letter doesn't see print before the Pittcon, please read it or pass it among the Seattle group. Intended to make a carbon for Buz and Elinor, but had half of it written before I noticed the absence of carbon paper behind it. // Naturally, Anna and I are hoping to make it to Seattle next year for the WorldCon, and you have our support for what it's worth. Not that you need it, as there seems to be no opposition. // Well, time for dinner, and then we must ride over to other side of town, to Fan Hill, to attend a double-birthday party for Bjo, and Bruce Pelz. //

By the way, the Moffatts are having a Non-con here over the Labor Day weekend for the benefit of those of us who can't make it to Pittcon. It's a bring your own food & bottle deal, picnic style, a "consolation" party for those who must remain home. We have a 50 cup coffee maker and will provide free coffee to all comers. Also floor and yard space for those who wish to bring sleeping bags or blankets.

Dinner is Served, says Anna, so cheerio til nexttime.

Thine,

Len

/(Len, you bring up some good points; some might be used. However there is something to be said for both sides. Let's see what our readers have to say. Come on, send in your opinions. ## Sorry, can't make it down to your non-con, but hope to see you in Seattle. -BOP)/

((Wally has offered me this space for a reply to Len's proposal, speaking as a member of the "Seattle in '61!" Convention Committee. -- F. M. Busby))

The Seattle Committee's attitude toward the proposal to raise the membership fee to \$3 is one of neutrality. If it should be passed by the business meeting at Pitt, we would prefer that the \$3 apply only to attending members, leaving the absentee fee at \$2 (and overseas fee at \$1, of course); that's a lot of extra book-keeping, but we feel it would be worth it in this case. Nevertheless, our plans (and more important, our negotiations with the hotels) have been based on the flat \$2 fee that has been used by Detroit and Pitt.

It is precisely because we are working up a budget for a Seattle Con that Len's idea of cutting the absentee fee back to \$1 fills us with alarm and an aching feeling of emptiness in the wallet area. A study of the Financial Reports of Southgate and Detention points out that (aside from the Banquet and the Progress Reports & Program Book, which should be planned as ^{eventual} break-even operations), the membership/Registration fees constitute from one-half to two-thirds of the income on which the Con is produced, and are the only major source of the advance money necessary for promotion work, printing, trophies & awards, and the many other items that must be paid for before the Con. It is not from whimsy that each and every ConCommittee begs and pleads for the fans to send their Registration fees in as soon as possible; they need that loot.

It's all very well to talk about "fighting inflation", but your Convention Committee has to pay out just as much money to the hotel, the printers, the guy who makes up the Hugos, the orchestra (if any) for the Costume Ball, etc, regardless of whether Joe Absentee has paid \$1, \$2, or even (we hope not) \$3 for the publications he receives. The only difference will be in what the Committee can expect to have in the way of money with which to provide all these things. If the Committee is strapped, there go the free meeting-rooms for the various fannish groups, there goes the orchestra, there go all the little extras that make for more fun for the attendees and better reports to the absentees. You gets what you pays for-- or rather, what the Committee doesn't have the money for, will be missing from the Con. Now, bearing in mind that these things, most of them, must be signed up well ahead of Con-time, does it make sense to cut off a couple of hundred bucks or so of the Committee's most important source of advance money? Considering that the attendee is spending anywhere from-- oh, \$50, maybe, up to several hundred, to attend, and that the absentee is getting the publications and thus the "atmosphere" of the Con without making the larger expenditure: is this extra one dollar a year that Joe Absentee, bless his heart, has been paying for the last two years, such a drain on him?

We go along 100% with Len as to keeping costs down in all ways that do not hurt the Con's enjoyability: staying clear of too-plushy hotels, thankfully making use of all the fine free talent available in the field, etc. And we have always considered auctions and raffles as more on the "gravy" side, to add to any surplus that can be passed along or donated to fannish projects if things go well, than as something to count on. But nevertheless it is not going to be easy to provide all the features we'd like, on the money we can expect to have available. If a great part of this expected income is to be cut off, and remain in several hundred wallets at \$1 per wallet, then naturally there will be several hundred dollars' worth of conveniences and facilities missing from the Convention, no matter which Committee is doing the work. And speaking of work, it would indeed be a low blow to saddle a treasurer with the extra work of keeping track of the \$1 and \$2 bit on which he is losing money; wouldn't you say? Because, speaking of inflation, it is doubtful that \$1 would even cover the costs of printing and postage for the publications received by all members, attending or absentee--

So, friends-- vote as you like on the raise-to-\$3; we weren't counting on that, anyway, and would prefer not to apply it to absentees in any case. But we urge you not to hamstring future Conventions by cutting back to a now-inadequate membership fee for non-attendees. It's not worth it, just to save a buck a year.

Let's see, now... how much could we save by doing the Reports on hecto??? --FMB.

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Ken Cheslin
18 New Farm Road
Stourbridge, Worcs., England

Dear whoever you WRR,

that was a darn cunning ploy, not only did you have a false cover on this ish but you also sent the zine to my address with my partners name on it.

This cover idea is ~~feeling~~ a revolutionary idea, think of it, you buy (buy?) a copy of HYPHEN at a con and lo! INS IDE IS SOMEONE'S CRUDSHEET, what would happen if this idea spread to mundania? Maybe we would get people gloatingly buying a "CONFIDENTIAL" only to find that a cunning distributor had put a Scientific American inside! or a gent in the pentagon when he wants to get the file on the latest sattelite programme has to request a copy of Marilyn Monroe Exposes All, 45th printing. Ar, I tell ee lads, the prospects are unlimited.

I guess that by the time ye get this missive Otto will have gotten himself married, (or maybe he didn't remember and went off to Canada or somewhere) anyway just supposing he did get hitched I hereby wish him luck, and even moreso his unfortunate missis. (a fan's a fan for aw' that)(Rabid Burrrns)

This Wrrrrr wrrras very decent (bar Hal o' course) but I poisonally would have like to see a couple of illos in it. Sureley some high ranking illustrators would jump at the chance of illoing WRR (please note...I have not indicated Where they would jump).

The science Corner, ah, gentlemen (yes, yes I mean you, I know that, I bet you haven't been called a lot of things before) with the help of your most enlightening column, (I use WRR instead of candles) I am now a man of some note in our community, my friends speak in reverent whispers when I address them prominent personalities are in constant attendance, Dr. Fruud, Dr. Hiegal, Dr. Schultmeir, Dr. Jong, and many more eminent persons. They have even found me quarters in this well protected house so that my enemies may not in their jealousy do something violent. How happy I am in this cosy, warm, padded, place....

?????????????????????????????What IS a rose by any other name?????????????????????????????

Who is this guy who I'm always hearing about, you know, right in the middle of a conversation someone says "Broadly speaking," who is Broadly and how does he control these people? (VIVA that light Q & A)

Docn wi' Mike Deckirger. (or up, if you prefer to hang him) This Hal Shapario bloke, I rather like the way he does the reviews, but I shudder to think what would happen if ne got hold of a Spinge. Keep him (((locked up?))) also he seems to use his "favourite word/s much too much, follow him round with a bucket and shovel or at least ask him to restrain his sel' in print. After all there MAY be ladies reading WRR. (or is that what is called a contradiction in terms,? no? oh. so, 'lo))

I was rather dissappointed in the WRR Poll, I sympathise and hope that WRR will do better next time. Maybe you ain't sending the poll to the right people?...Only Swab, the connoisseur.(honi soit qui mal y pense)

I have never heard of the Schultz before but I can tell at a glance that the lad's a genius, Dick is the best letterhack you've got, he's great he's terrific, he's interesting, he's stimulating, he's amazing, ~~He's/it's~~ (just because we exchanged a few letters doesn't mean I'm biased toward him, Ghod no! how can one but gaze and admire the literary giant, this, this) and you can tell him I expect him to do the same for me.....

Andy Main is the only person who has ~~He's/it's~~ published anything of mine in the States, if you're REALLY desperate I'll but happy to submit a msc to ye, if you'll send it on to Andy after you reject it.

Sture Sedolin, (the far sighted ed of CACTUS, the English language Swedish ~~xxx~~ fan-zine even pub'd a 3/4 page thing by me) As he wrote to me and said, I publish anything my piends send to me on principle (principle is Swedish for duper) But by Gorge, I had a fine Ray Nelson illo at the front of the story, I did feel proud... ta, then, for WRRRRRRR hope I'm still going to get the next one (vol.2.no6?),

till then, farewell crew,

yores,

Ken (Fu Manchu)Cheslin,
Brother Ken of the Secret Order of the Purple Gange.North-East-by-East Branch. for, the

inimitable, PABLO Gonzales Gomez Pancho el Brown, Presidenti & Liberator.

PS.. I very nearly sent you a letter I intended for Bruce Pelz. I thin WRR has got me all confused like.

/(You mean that you actually are volunteering to send material to WRR? Man, you're crazy, but we accept. -BOP/)

Mike Deckinger
85 Locust Ave.
Millburn, N.J.
7/9/60

Dear Blotter Otter and Co.

This morning when the mail was delivered I let out a shriek of joy when I saw that the latest SINISTERRA (Vol 2, no. 3) had arrived. Eagerly I pulled out the staples and opened the pages, but imagine my surprise and anger when I learned that this was not SINISTERRA, but instead something called WRR. Here I was eager to read the latest pearls of wisdom from G.M. Carr and her group, and instead I am struck by something like WRR instead, what can I do?

Oh well, I'm glad you at least send me a copy--after I heard it had gone through the last SAPS mailing I thought you were being intentionally nasty and not sending it to deserving people, but now that I received it I'm convinced you are (intentionally nasty, that is):

If you'd like to surprise me with a phone call go right ahead. My number is SO2-6549 and you can say anything you want to me on the phone, except: Reverse the charges. Fair enough? Now go ahead and surprise me. Or better still, why not drop down the chimney some day, or do you only do that on Christmas?

You know, your method of counting votes that you never received is certainly novel, and the Post Office is to be commended for doing an extra-special job in not delivering the 104 ballots. Oh well, at least you counted mine, so I'm not complaining. But tell me, how many Hugos does this mean that WRR will get at the Pitt-con?

Cox continues to follow the precedent established by SCIENTIFIC AMERICA with his interesting and extremely informative answers to the perplexing science question asked by the readers. As a matter of fact, I can't help wondering why this column never did appear in SCIENTIFIC AMERICA in the first place. Surely they would not reject such a thing? And I wonder if Cox could explain to me about the functions of the Dean Drive that Long John Campbell is presenting in ASF.

Well what do you know, another one of those useless Ferdinand Fugghead stories by fandom's own Grendial Briarton. Don't let Mills see this, though, or he'll want first reprint rights. I suggest the writer of these quaint episodes curtail his output before he completely drives fandom into science fiction, though.

Shapiro's reviews are adequately enough handled and I like the format he uses. For his information, all of HOCUS #13 was mimeod, and the Prosser illos, which I take it are the ones he refers to, were drawn on stencil by hand. Prosser is a genius when it comes to that; I wouldn't use Stenefax or any process like that. At \$2.50-\$3.00 a stencil it's only worth it on really outstanding items.

I was just thinking about something; exercising my brain power on some problem. The question of how many angels can dance on the head of a pin really isn't too bad. It's when you ask how many can sit on the point that the problem gets sticky.

You know, the WRR lettercol is reminding me more and more of the CRY lettercol. And this is a fine thing too, now you can have a lettercol at least like CRY, if not other features. And what fanzine couldn't use a lettercol reminiscent of CRY's. Think of the fame, think of the fortune, think of the letters...

When someone says a pun story is terrible, I presume that they mean it's good, because when referring to puns, terms of good and bad are reversed. Therefore a horrible pun is one that strikes the reader's fancy, while good ones are those not appreciated. So I

don't mind if my Ferd. Fugg. stories are considered horrid -- when anyone says that it's plain they've accomplished their purpose.

Why I tend to think that if WRR was sent out with FANAC you could easily delude some people into thinking that WRR was FANAC and vice-versa. In fact, you could take over FANAC that way. Just run a few news items and get a column by someone named Willis and pad out the rest of it with letters. Think of the reputation that WRR will get.

I hope that if you do get WRR delivered by pigeon, you'll have it delivered by carrier pigeon. It would be too much of a burden for any other birds. Of course you might be able to induce eagles to deliver it too, but that would require a lot of doing. Or, you could always take 100 copies and dump them in Russia. Now that would really put an end to the cold war. As well as life as we know it, but then I don't know LIFE too well, we don't sub to it, and the only copies I ever saw are those in a barbershop.

Say, there must be a conspiracy somewhere. I got WRR today and also got CRY #141. What is this, trying to bombard me with 2 Seattle-zines at the same time? How did you manage to get them to arrive at the same day, eh?

I don't think it's so bad for a father to call his son Junior. I think it would be worse for him to call a daughter Junior, but for a son I see no harm done. And some parents may be too tired to think up a suitable name after the child is born anyway. It is a good thing that not all children born are named after their parents, however. If this was the case, how would you be able to go about having illegitimate children and remain anonymous. That is, if you want to remain anonymous. How about it Wally -- after spending a few weeks at your new domicile, do you want to remain anonymous?

Did you ever hear the radio ads for Ripple wine? They used to be played on the radio quite frequently, and the slogan for this new brand of wine was: Ripple, the wine that winks back at you. And this got me to thinking, imagine pouring yourself a glass of this wine, and finding, with dismay, an eye floating about in the glass that's winking back and forth at you. It would be enough to make me take the pledge at the next Billy Graham rally.

How did Nan Share ever arrive at the conclusion that my Ferd. Fugg. gag was worth \$6.42? I'm glad she thinks it's worth something, but why that figure? I'm interested in figures too, for that matter, but not the numerical kind. Do you actually think it cost Bop and WWW \$6.42 to pay for the paper, ink, stencil, and work spent on running off that page, Nan? Or maybe she took into consideration the piece of paper I used, and the ribbon and the valuable time spent on turning out. I could have used my time for other things, you know-- like writing a letter to CRY, for instance.

Say, what does db after Hal Shapiro's name mean? Dirty bird?

The reason I didn't write a Ferd. Fugg. story for F&SF rather than for WRR is easy. F&SF pays off its contributors in money, and I challenge anyone to tell me what use a few printed pieces of papers have. You can't eat them, what else can you do with them? On the other hand, WRR pays off in used beer-bottle caps, and I can get a 2¢ deposit on them at a local grocer. Why do you think Berry writes so much for fanzines?

What is Jeff Wanshell trying to do? Turn WRR into a Vizigraph or TEV? Those were bad enough, you don't want to turn the lettercol in WRR into another Sergeant Saturn department do you? Let's see, the Vizigraph was in PLANET, wasn't it? I'm sure you'll agree Wally, that PLANET was always one of the inferior prozines, the art was abominable, the writing deplorable, and the letters juvenile.

Maybe the stars have been winking at you Jeff, because they have something in their eyes. Like Russian rockets, perhaps.

SIN cerely,

Mike

/(I don't think that WRR will win any Hugos this year. However, we might win a Luigi. ## Gave up on this idea about having birds flying WRR. I gave one to a canary to deliver and all he did was line his cage with it. -BOP)/

rich brown
box 1136
Tyndall AFB, Fla

Dear Chief (and Wally);

"I think I'll write a letter to WRR right after I finish this page of MC's." That's part of what I said in my mailing comments this time, kindof. Only it was a fib, because now all the mailing comments have been finished, and in addition I've written letters to CRY and ORION. But I figured I should, after all these issues, wrwrite a letter to WRR; it's the least I can do. Being in favor of doing the least I can do, let me forthwith begin with comment...let us begin commenting...hmm, still sounds wrrright.

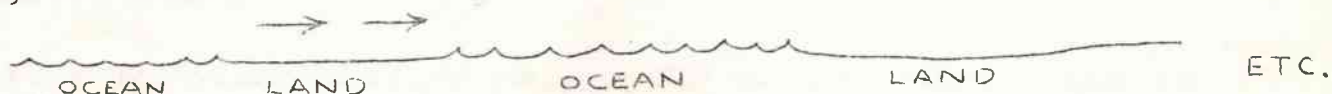
Firstly, the SINISTERRA cover. The psuedo-Garconian (or possibly just early Garconian) has it's interesting points. Also, curves, circles, straight lines and flat surfaces. Something I've always wondered, tho: is that title Akermanese for Sinister Terra, or merely a damnation of the world by proclaiming that Sin is Terra?

Your second page (except when it used to be on the cover) certainly does well in telling WRRs contentment to fandom. Sorry to be so elastic -- I had to stretch that last one a bit. (By the way, Otto, if your fiance reads this, I hope it doesn't rubber the wrrrong way.)

I like Revolvving Thoughts From A Somewhat Dizzy Editor. Hal Shapiro beat me to the fanzine review column, which is the only reason I'm angry at him; but would you like a regular column? I haven't figured out a title yet, but it would be nice humorous commentary on the fan field, with lots of frothy rich brown humor, and would probably make WRR the Focal Point of CRY Fandom, or something; naturally, I might step on a few peoples toes, but I think this can be overlooked; mainly, will be humor except when I need to rip and tear and grind and pound and hack and bludgeon and destroy and rake and rabble-rouse and kill, destroy, avenge, wreck havoc and bring about a simultaneous Armeggedon/Ragnarok(plug?). If you see what I mean. ## I haven't got a phone number on which I can be reached, unfortunately, so I won't be one of the people who can write up the little thing for you. However, ShelVy & Suzy can be reached at SU-5-8131 in Panama City; you might try them. #C*O*N*G*R*A*T*U*L*A*T*I*O*N*S, on getting hooked, Otto. Of course, you've still got a few days to go, before, but congratulations nonetheless. But you know, this all seems to be pointing toward something; a fannish trend, you might say. Not Gregg Trend, either. No. I mean, here we are, and in the past year or so, all sorts of fans are getting married; Bjo & John Trimble, Djinn & Gordy Dickson, Miri & Terry Carr, Suzy & ShelVy Vick, Larry & Noreen Shaw, Ted & Sylvia White, Chris & SaM Moskowitz; heck, and now Blotto Otto is joining the crowd, conforming to the crowd, the mass mind, etc. Now, if I've succeeded in thoroughly discouraging you, just wrap her up and send her down here; nothing too much for the S.I.C., etc., you know. Too, I note that you say there's no connection between the fact that your marriage will take place the day after SAPSday. Hah! But I, with my indefigibubble (or whatever) mind, figured it out; you're going to read SAPSzines on your honeymoon -- how romantic!

I agree with Wally. You just can't trust fans. Too damned independent, that's what. Why, I bet if you even went to the trouble of writing in their votes for them, on the ballot before they were passed, some fan would figure out a way to change the results; like, maybe, changing it to WRRingling Bros. Circus Brochure, or changing the "1" to 11, 19, 21, or 101. You just can't trust these damn fans. Not until I've taken fandom over, that is, and made mindless slaves of them.

Ooogg. Which is a kindof double-take way of saying Oog, and commenting on EMC's square (dig that pun, dig that pun!) Science Corner. Like, the man knows science from nothing. Like, he intimates that the ship that looked as though it were "going over the horizon" was sinking. Unngh. Look, maybe I'd better illustrate this for you, 'cause it gets a little technical. The arrow is the direction in which the earth is moving, the line is the earth, with oceans and stuff:



You can't see the "etc" because it's invisible, and besides, they're ugly -- uglier than L. Garcone and Squink Blog combined. So you wouldn't want to see them, even if you could. Now everyone knows that the earth is moving around the sun (and the sun around the earth) -- heck, you can read that in any science book you pick up -- yes, even one on Biology; somewhere in it, it'll sure as hell say something about the earth and sun moving around. Now go back and look at the diagram. As you can easily see, part of the earth is moving faster than the rest, otherwise it wouldn't be out in front. Now, the ground is solid, so that part doesn't matter. But when the front part of the earth goes faster, it splits (like a banana) in the ocean (surely, you've heard of the old saying/card game, "Ah, go split in the ocean!"), which is what happened to the ship; it got swallowed, before the rest of the earth could catch up. Too, sometimes this does happen on dry land, which is where we get our earthquakes. So that disproves two of EMC's square (I couldn't resist doing it again, I just couldn't resist, I tell you!) "science" answers. As an aside note, it is theorized that this is what happened to small lands known as Atlantis, Lemuria, etc. Of course, this could never happen to a large continental area like the United Staglugglugglugglugglug...

...oh, well, I might as well continue commenting, while I tread water, here.

Oh, let's skip Shapiro. I read the reviews twice, found Busby's remarks humorous, tho not entirely applicable (the perhaps editorial handling helped this). I agree with a lot of Hal's ideas, tho not all of them by any means. Hal is trying to be a critic, but falls short a bit. What he needs is a model to work from, like, say, this:

HYPHEN #26, (Walt Willis, etc.) Ugh. Buncha Willis Junk, which is ok in its place, but what does this all have to do with important things like the manufacturing of left handed tooth-picks and the betterment of the east Arabian frensic lodge society? Other material is crude, too. Bob Shaw tells about some of the things he's done, Arthur C. Clarke talks about some of the things he's done, Eric Frank Russell talks about all the things he hasn't done. Boring, really. The Clarke bit was originally intended for the all-Arthur C. Clarke issue of Bob Stuart's Boo! As you could easily deduce, this (Bob Stuart's) mag could have been one of the finest and most appreciated fanzines of this century, being 100% "Ego" Boo! But this issue of Hyphen is crud. Save your money and sub to WRR.

See? It's easy, really. You don't even have to read the zine, which is the biggest problem to reviewing since the typewriter was outlawed.

The lettercol is really fine. Just like the Old Days in CRY. Len Moffatt's letter makes me remember John Koning's tactics in getting material; he wrote me a whole list of methods he used. Perhaps John could be ~~littered~~ coaxed into writing (I mean wrriting, excuse me) it for WRR? Your BOP-talk is good, too, Otto; much better than signing it B.O. I mean...? Like, it ranked secondly only to Stony Barnes, who used to sign his art-owrk "SB." Speaking of Barnes, I am prompted to remark that your remark about WRR following you even to the grave being a grave thought quite like him -- almost tomb Stoney, you might say. Why, by the time you start charging money for WRR, you'll prob'ly have pipple coffin up the stuff right & left.

Well, is all I have room (and time) for now, so I bid you 5¢, raise a dime (ie, bring up a girl)...per astra lombego, and all that..

mffyf!

rich brown

/(I was afraid that the air force might have changed you. I was wrong -- Welcome. # With you & S chultz writing we will have the most intelligent lettercol infandom. --BOP)/

McBurney YMCA
215 W. 23rd St.
New York 11, NY
June 15, 1960

Dear Otto

I do not understand this adv in the PITTCON Report about some publication is practical-ly free called WRR but I am all finished with the latest CRY and even outlander publications

like Shaggy and Fanac and SF Times and Spec Review and Rogue and the Manhattan Telephone Directory and the label on the aspirin bottle and the wallpaper and my navel contains practically no reading matter so I'm beginning to wonder what you mean WRR is practically free so I am writing to you to send me one or two or three and if they are supposed to cost money why bill me because anything under forty eight cents why I'm a big fat carefree sport besides I am interested in the two pelicans in the adv though I am not as fond of pelicans as John Berry is of ducks a pelican has a certain fannish fascination for me are they pelicans or aren't they that is the question I am even willing to read WRR to find out and another thing I hope I find out when I read WRR is what WRR stands for as letters that do not stand for anything bug me and that reminds me did you ever know Tarzan of the Apes, yes that's the one, Tarzan of the Apes was bugged by letters in his youth that is a inside joke if you are an old ERB fan particularly a Tarzan fan you will get it if not you will probably not unless you are extremely acute or many a good guesser I mean ~~maab~~ no that's not right either I mean maybe a good guesser looking back over this letter I am struck with the fact that it lacks style and consistency especially the latter well consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds or anyway a foolish consistency is the h. of a s. m. I'll bet by this time you thought there was no period key on this typewriter but if there was none I would contrive something like using the lower half of the colon and that reminds me I once on a trolley car saw an elderly gentleman reading a publication which apparently dealt entirely and exclusively with the digestive system and its functions and contained numerous articles on the esophagus and the stomach and the large intestine and such exciting places and it did not mean anything to me at the time but now I ask ~~them~~ no I mean me, I ask myself is this Another Fandom is there across this great land of ours and maybe in Great Britain and in Australia and in Europe all kinds of people who publish fanzines and correspond with each other and maybe even go to conventions who are brought together by thier common interest in what happens after you swallow something maybe I should ask Harry Warner about this but anyway wend me some WRR whenever you feel up to it do you know any nice looking girls? I feel it my duty to inform you that your publisher is an extremely tall chipmonk.

sincerely

Hal Lynch
Fan or Flegend?

/(I knew a nice looking girl once. Now she is a nice looking wife. ## WRR is free, in fact from now on, you are stuck with it. -BOP)/

1809 Second Ave.
New Yawk 28, N.Y.
July 6, 1960

Dear Otto, and Wally,

Now there is a sneaky trick; I mean here I am positive that I'm holding WRR in my ditto master stained hand, and OTZ!...ZOTZ! rather, here's this utterly strange zine glaring at me -- I mean is this fair? is this nice, scaring me like that, me a crittur of habit? (gotta get that monkey off one of these days!)(opps!wrong habit!)

Mitchem Cox is wrong again; the atmosphere is not a mirror, it's those Beverly Hills swimming pools that makes the sky blue over our continent, as for the Russians, their sky is pink (in keeping with political policies natch) -- haven't you heard of the Red Sea?

Try as I might, I just can't get Mike Deckinger's bit; the expression is unknown to me, WAIT A MINUTE!! IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME! -NOT "THE IDES OF MARCH??"-OGG!!

"Through Darkest Fanzines" -affectionate devil isn't he? Arthur Rapp should ve buttoned his lip when he suggested you have a "tear 'em to bits" zine reviewer, still Hal doesn't use a tearing technique, which usually, a step-by-step affair, is well thought out; Hal didn't tear-he merely stomped, and mangled. Nothing like constructive criticism!

Hey, w-hat-s wi-th t-his g-rand ty-ping? At first I thought it was a gag...good lord! is everyone in fandom adapting their own special codes?!

Gerber finally got RET #14, och, ugh, ungh-then...gasp..then my plan..it failed-fandom is DOOMED!!

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In answer to Art Hayes' question; "Why does fandom exist?" -A. It stinks, therefor it is.

Congrats on your engagement. (gosh, my first serious line.)

Best,

Steve Stiles

/(The hyphens were due to a skipping typewriter, Skipalong Clackitty by name. -BOP)/

922 Day Drive

Boise, Idaho

April 29, '60

Dear B.O. & Wallace

I really enjoyed WRR (Jan.). It is one of the lightest and most informal fanzines I have ever borrowed.

I think my favorite article was Banana Split. It is a shame that back issues of WRR aren't available. I would like to read more by Wally.

Since back issues don't seem to be around it might be nice for you to send me your next or two.

I didn't agree with all of your reviews but each is welcome to his own opinion I suppose.

I also wanted to inform you that the Westercon (Boycon) will not be held in a motel as you stated in your free plug. It will be held in the Owyhee Hotel. (The swimming pool is at the motel next door to the Owyhee so maybe the con will be mostly over there.)

I thought that the remarks under the Ten Most Wanted Inventions were better as a whole than the inventions.

Ted Pauls' instructions for a fazine were very good and I may follow his advice (even though it's against his advice) and use some of his ideas in my own fanzine which should be out around the end of May. If you're nice I might send you a copy. Letters were interesting and one or two were pretty humorous (I'm sure that's not how to spell it but call it a typo anyway. My spelling is as bad as my letter)

I guess that's about enough chatter....

Bless you all,

Chuck Devine

/(Next issue we will have 10 more most wanted inventions. -BOP)/

Donald Franson

6543 Babcock Ave.

North Hollywood, Calif.

July 4, 1960

Dear Otto and Wally,

The old SINISTERRA cover on WRR #5 is interesting, whodunit?

Conforming to my new policy of not mentioning terrible things in letters of comment, I won't mention "Banana Split" and "Ferdinand Fugghead."

After Ed Cox saying he will devote his column entirely to questions, he cheats and puts in answers.

Hal Shapiro's fanzine reviews are not pleasant reading, and not in keeping with WRR. An old fan returning to fandom after a long gafiation should realize his position is similar to that of a neofan, and not start criticizing until he knows what he is talking about. Fanzines are not put out to meet a certain absolute standard attained in some golden age of the past, but are put out for fun, and for the enjoyment of today's fans. Hal insists he is not a "serconfan", whatever that is; that he is a hedonist. It seems to me that a hedonist is one who enjoys himself, doesn't go around carping at other people's enjoyment, and pointing out how inferior they are, just like some "serconfan" bent on improving fandom to his standards. If he had criticized some stuff and praised most everything else, I would be satisfied with these reviews, as everyone's opinions differ. But this universal, and large-

ly invalid, criticism only shows that either 1) he is doing this just to stir up controversy, and this is not for WRR; 2) he really believes that fanzines are no damn good, and if so, what does he want them for? I agree that everyone should send fanzines to Hal Shapiro, but let's wait about a year for the fanzine reviews, eh? In the meantime, WRR should have another reviewer, or better, a rotating reviewership. Not being one to suggest a plan without backing it up, I am sending a few pages of reviews. I am only doing this as an antidote to Shapiro, not to get review copies of fmz, I get fanzines enough as it is, and will not review regularly anyway.

I don't think Busby's criticism should have been in the same issue as the reviews. The Wrath That Is To Come has had some of the wind taken out of its sails, so to speak. In plotting, such as writing a script for a wrestling match, one must let the villain have his way unhampered for a long time, until the audience is fully incensed; then is the time for the climax where he gets the something kicked out of him.

The lettercol reminds me of the o-o-o-o-o-old CRY. All it lacks is goshawful illustrations, like Reiss used to do (he does good cartoons now).

Why all the hyphens in the middle of words where they don't belong? A nervous little finger?

Yes, WRR looks just like CRY, but about two years behind. That remind me, the second most uninformed statement of the season appeared in METROFEN and was perpetrated by Ken Beale: (quasi-quoted) "Unless something radical has occurred, like G.M. Carr leaving town, CRY doesn't deserve being among the top fanzines". I don't believe GM has had anything in the CRY since 1957, and wasn't affecting policy long before that. Oh, what is the first most uninformed statement of the season? It's Hal Shapiro's "there are too damn many pro-zines".

Yours,

Donald Franson

/(I like your idea about a revolving fanzine reviewer. Anybody want to get in on this? # Sooner or later, we will have an illustrated lettercol. We just haven't enough bad illos. ## Let's see now, if after 6 issues WRR is only 2 years behind the Cry, that must mean that in 1961 we will win the best fanzine award. -BOP)/

19159 Helen
Detroit 34, Michigan
7/22/1960

Dear Whally;

So sorry to write you at your CRYing address, when this is WRR mail, but I wanted to be sure that this would reach you. Obviously ~~huh/pt~~ Otto will not be able to receive this letter, since he is supposed to be on his honeymoon or something right now. So I am sending it to you. You may pass it on to Blotto Otto if you wish, but do so with care. I understand that husbands invariably bite the hand that feeds them.

And now to start my comments on SINISTERRA. Been a little time since the last issue, hasn't it? Oh, well. I suppose you really can't complain. After all, look at SLANT. Ghu knows the last time it's come out.

Oh. I see. This is WRR, is it? Well, then, I have only one thing to ask you. When IS the next SINISTERRA going to come out? And don't forget to include wonderfully witty little rider, CRY of the Nameless. It isn't big enough to amount to anything, but it has its points. Especially on the ends of its staples where they aren't quite pressed down enough. I bled over one of its unbent staples. But then, one of your objectives is to bring new blood into fandom, isn't it?

At any rate, WRR made a decent enough substitute until the next wonderfully superb issue of SINISTERRA, winds its lovely way into my mailbox.

And what was this biz' of prematurely pushing WRR through the SAPS mailings? You clumsy clot! Don't you remember that I told you to hold off on distributing any copies through SAPS until I got in the group too? And then me and BHHoward would produce a 179 page fanzines each, full of delicate bits like Squink Blog stories, Garcone illos, a full and complete court account of the Sacco-Vinzetti trial, abridged for young moderns, and

BHHoward would introduce 137 pages giving the aims of the Youth for Nixon, Michigan branch? Then you'd bring out WRR for the same mailing, and give SAPS the Coupe de' Grace. In that way FAPA will reign supreme, with no contenders for title of leading APA. And if that doesn't work, I'll give Hal Shapiro 256 stencils and a mailing and tell him to comment on them. A few issues like that and even CosWal will beg for mercy. The fools! Don't they know nothing less than Unconditional Surrender will satisfy me? But you, you finque, you had to toss in an unsupported WRR. Haven't you ever heard how one builds up an immunity to a toxin, you clot?

"next ish will be held down." Now where have we heard those words before? They do sound familiar, don't they?

Well, I don't see any particular reason to start banging Hal Shapiro's head against a wall, either metormorphically, or laterally. Sure, he's right here in Detroit where one may get hold of him, but I don't especially want to do him in. Not that he's any friend of mine, it's just that he's promised to drive me to the PittCon, and I daresn't touch him until after he gets me home again. After that.....

[illegible]

Boy!

Have you ever gotten one of those spells when you can't stop laughing no matter what you do? Rather invigireating(?) isn't it?

You mean you really want my phone number? Well, it's Twinbrook 1-3378. And don't expect to find me at home, as I keep odd hours when not working or typing. Sorry.

As June 10th has already passed, I suppose there is no way in which I can still make it in time. But I'll write this anyways, and hope that it runs into a time warp that will put it far back enough in time so that it reaches you in time for the next issue. I mean, after all. After the way you messed up our plans for destroying SAPS, it's the least I can do for you. I wish I could do more, but it's illegal to send bombs through the mail, and even more so if they catch you.

Thanks for the info on the WRR Poll. If I'd have thot of it, I'd have put RUR on my ballot instead of good old BOG. Now you know what to expect if you send another ballot out. And don't expect to do as well next time as you did this time. I'm warning just EVERYBODY about it!

Toskey is a lucky man. I remember when the family cat decided to have he pups in my toy box on the back porch, and I couldn't get at the flushingrner things for a month. It seemed like all year.

To the good doctor Cox. Sie Swinehund! Dumpkoft! You forgot to tell how the water collects around the isicles before it melts them! Well, first, you've all noticed how a film of moisture collects around a cool glass of ~~tea~~ tea whenever you leave it set? Well, that's condensation or collecting of moisture from the air. No one has ever caught yet the little gremlins that sweep all the moisture and slaps onto the cool surface, but we're working on it. At any rate, these same little gremlins stay inside when it's real cold. But when it gets the least bit warm, you can see them running after those little defenseless isicles, and tossing that narsty old water on them. But it soon runs off, and so the gremlins have to collect some more moisture to pour down the isicle. If the gremlin is stubborn enough, he will eventually collect enough moisture to melt that poor defenseless isicle all the way down to the nub.

I'm very glad to have helped you, and sometime I must tell you this amusing little story about the gremlins that manufacture the isicles in the first place. But not right now. The OTHER gremlins are listening.

If Deckinger keeps up with these Feghootisms of his, I shall have to do something in self defense. What could be a revenge dirty enough and vicious enough to suit the crime? Send him a Squink Blog manuscript for publication in HOCUS? And threaten him with a personal visit by the Old Spaceman if he doesn't print it? And maybe get a few Garcone illos for the heading and interior.... Oh, I can really think up a vicious revenge when I get my sadism glands working.

I suppose you know that the db that Hal Shapiro put after his name means "damn Bastard". Strangely enough it's quite appropriate.

Rather thot that Buz had a bit of poor phrasing, but otherwise made a number of good points. One thing, tho, he missed mentioning. That cuss words are only effective when used to point up, or emphasize an argument. When they are used too often, they use their shock value, and become just another definitive word, and a poor one at that. Tabsco is a potent sauce unless one has just finished eating a half pint of it. Then it doesn't even register on the taste buds, when one slops a little more on.

As for the moral implications of constant usage of the words.... Well, it's his own life.

Now we come to those foolish clots who worked hard to emulate the superb piece of craftsmanship that I (natch) got printed in the lettercol. But (natch) they didn't come anywhere near succeeding. NO-ONE ever has written a more superb letter than I can! You hear me, out there, you cloddish clots? NO-ONE! Of course, many other people in fandom have written better than I, but I sure have Claudius C No-One beat in that line.

Claudius? He's a non-fan friend of mine. He used to write a whole lot of letters to various people he picked out of the telephone book. He didn't know them, but I'll bet he put a lot of joy into all sort of people's hearts with his kindly little letters. He sold wood for a living. In case you don't know it, every rail-road in the state was paying him not to collect any more wood. I wonder why?

He also had a habit of carrying a bottle of Southern Comfort in his hip pocket (that's why he never sat down) and a rattlesnake in a little container in the inside pocket of his sports coat. Once I had the nerve to ask why he kept the rattlesnake in his coat pocket. He siad that that was the only pocket big enough that could hold the case without it falling out.

Well? Could you think of a better reason?

But I finally did learn the truth behind this little story. It seems that his father told him never to drink except to fight off a snake bite. So he keeps a snake handy. Simple, yes?

He isn't doing much writing now tho. Where he is they won't let him have anything with a sharp point. Went out to see him once, and he said that he was busy making some paper-maiches out of wallpaper when some strange chaps came along and said that they were going to someplace where he could cut out paper dolls to his heart's content. He resisted, he said. I could see his point too. After all, when one already has a garage and an attic and two closets already full of paper dolls, why would anyone want to go somewhere where he could cut even more?

He won't be in long, tho. I told him how to make a file out of a spoon handle and he's been progressively happier each time I've gone out to visit him. I wonder why? Oh, well, all of life is a mystery.

For the past half hour I've been sitting here re-reading my letter that appeared in print. Gads! Is it possible for such utter perfection to actually appear in print? You will undoubtedly put it up for Terwilleger's BOF -'60, I presume. If not, you can count on at least one vote (write in, natch) for North Beach, at the Pittcon. You have been warned once. Remember, the third time is the charm.

Oh, say, I've since found which drawf it is that is now working for Mafia, Inc. It's Doc. It's due to his taking an ICS course. And then the Mafia decided to take over the

mine as a storehouse and book-keeping center, and hired Doc to sorta keep his eye on things. I think he pays some of it to his mistress, Snow White, tho. And what's more, I hear that Dopey is one of the big boys in the West Coast dope rings. He collects dopes and trains them to be prize fighters. At least he does that with the bright imbeciles. The stupid ones he makes run for public office. Well, can you figure out a better explanation for the quality of our represenatives in Congress?

Well, be sure to send me the next issue. And I'll be on the watch out for a pidgeon carrying a big load. It may be carrying Wrr. Which is an admirably suitable place to put Wrr.

Yours until we part, and that time is now,

Dick Schultz

/(Now wait a dad-blasted moment. Since when does a cat have pups? ## Sorry, your letter won't be in B of F. I'm saving it for the best of WRR. -BOP)/

2160 Sylvan Road
Springfield, Illinois
July 26

Otto,

I thank you for WRR, and must make note of your clever strategy -- by sending me two copies, you expect that I will comment twice as fast as has been my wont in the past; not so, Otto, I have instead been puzzling over this turn of events for the past three weeks, and have just now found time to write -- after deciding that there was no significance and that I would offer to return the extra if you so desire.

Congratulations on your marriage; now you have a SAPS member fapable of saving you in an eleventh hour minac project.

Banana Split's report on your poll justified my deepest, most haunting suspicions; you have not scored this thing correctly -- as in golf, the low score is the winner.

Hal Shapiro: Super Human Incredible Tales was the best production of the Fans United for Cosmic Knowledge.

Never had I read such crap as Hal Shapiro's fanzine reviews; Ted Pauls once tried to gain a degree of fame by appearing a constant bitcher, but gave this up as he became more mature -- I wonder what Hal's excuse is. I agree with Buz, and then some.

Allrrright, I know, People Who Can't Think of Anything to Write You wind up in the also-heard-froms, but I don't really care much, it's a hot afternoon, I've been typing all morning, and to hell with it all (until next issue, when I shall indeed comment properly).

Best,

Vic Ryan

/(You mean that in golf, it is the low score that wins? Mighod, I didn't win all those times! -BOP)/

Rt 1, Box 1185
Florin, Calif.
Aug 2, 1960

Dear Wally:

I wrote for a copy of WRR quite a while ago and I received it. Lo and behold! Not knowing any better, I liked it. Now I faunch for another ~~xxx~~ copy and I'm enclosing a stamp in offering to the Wise and Mighty Chipmunk. I hope Otto and bride are happy. I hope you are punless. I hope I..... Enough of that. See ya later!

Ken Hedberg, The Lored's 3rd Profit
"If he's a profit, what are the losses like?"

/(Wally is never punless. In fact he always has a punderful time. -BOP)/

6215 East Gate Rd.
Huntington 5, W.Va.
8/1/'60

Dear Blotto Otto,

I see you've come up with a new money-saving trick: using used covers. And cruddy ones at that. The babe on the cover has a rather unvexed expression for the danger she's in. She seems to be more annoyed than anything else.

I hardly expect to be called, and I expect even less that I will pay any for the call, but here's the fone number anyhow: REgent 6-5692. My fone number in Dunbar was POplar 82233, which is easier to remember, but it doesn't sound as ritzy.

I'm ashtonded (analog) that THE EUBANGISTAN POOP so much as placed in the poopularity poll. In case you don't know it, the EUBANGISTAN POOP was a semi-fanzine published by me encouraging everybody to secede from de Union and his property a new country. It was carbon-copied with thick paper (the paper was order blanks from the Diamond Match Co.), and its winning 9th in BEST DUPLICATION is comparable in likelihood to J. Edgar Hoover's subscribing to the Daily Worker, in possibility. And another thing. I didn't know I sent out as many as nine copies (most were distributed around school.)

By the time you get this, you're supposed to be married. Well, congratulations, if this business in the editorial is serious. I was going to come to the wedding, but decided to go to a Brigitte Bardot movie, instead.

As usual Bananer Split was the goodest. Fandom's Own Science Corner was better the first time. It was a let-down (as in elevator) thish.

The fanzine revooos were too long. I can't remember anything else about 'em, and I don't feel like reading them over. Eight pages of fanzines is just too much.

The reproduction wasn't as bad as I expected. In fact, it was so unbad that it was almost good.

Wish you'd give Wally's address somewhere. I can't find it, and would like to send the various (all one of 'em) Spleen Pubs to him.

The lettercol is a little too long to my liking. After all, it's just so much wasted space, because who ever reads other people's mail? (Besides mail men.)

Well, gotta call the Canaveral bhoys and tell 'em what they're doing wrong, so. . .
Excelsior!

Thom. Milton

/((Using used covers was a great success. Next we are going to try used fanzines. -BOP)/

Bill Mallardi
214 Mackinaw Avenue
Akron 13, Ohio

DEER BLOTTO OTTO & FABULOUS, GREAT, HILARIOUS FLAWLESS WALLEY WEBER:

DUH....UH..ER OH! HI! THE PURPOSE (MAIN-TYPE) OF THIS MALLARDI-MISSLE ((HOO KIN SPEL??)) UH...MISSILE IS TO REQUEST A FREE COPY OF YOUR ~~XXXX~~.. UH.. WUNNERFUL ZINE, "WRR". (WHUTTEVER THAT MEANS!) BY THE WAY, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?? HAH??? HOO?? HOO-HAH??! OH, GHOOO GHRIEF, IH'M BHEING PHLAGUED WHIF "HH'S"! MHEBBE IH NHEED THHE "HH" KNHOCKED OUTHA MHE, AHY WHHUT???????

HHHHAAAAAALLPPP!!!!!!!!!!

I HOPE WRR IS STILL FREE?? (IT BETTER BE!) ((UH, OH, NOW I'M BUGGED BY PARENTHESIS!)) (((I LIKE 'EM, TROUBLE IS I ALWAYS GOTTA WORK MUH WAY OUTA THEM))) ((LIKE THIS)) (((I'M ALMOST OUT!! UH....GRUNT! CHEE, IT'S DARK IN HERE, TOO!))) ((GIMME A HAND DERE??)) (CHEE, HERE I COME!) "POP"!

SO SEND THE ZINE?! HUH?

Regards,

Bill M.

/((Yhour chard ghets yhou (((a free))) (((copy))). -BOP)/

SEATTLE IN '61

I mean, gee, you can't go changing your mind now. You can't!
After all, everybody's so convinced Seattle will hold the
Worldcon in 1961, that they'll probably end up at Seattle
even if some other city cheated the bid away from us. Why,
the Seattle fans might be the only ones to visit the real
world convention. So if you don't want the Nameless Ones to
control the majority of votes at the 1961 convention, best
you show up and SEE THAT SEATTLE GETS WHAT IT DESERVES.

FROM: Blotto Otto Pfeifer
2911 E. 60th
Seattle 5, Wash.
U.S.ofAmerica

TO:

RICHARD H. ENEY
417 Fort Hunt Road
Alexandria, Virginia