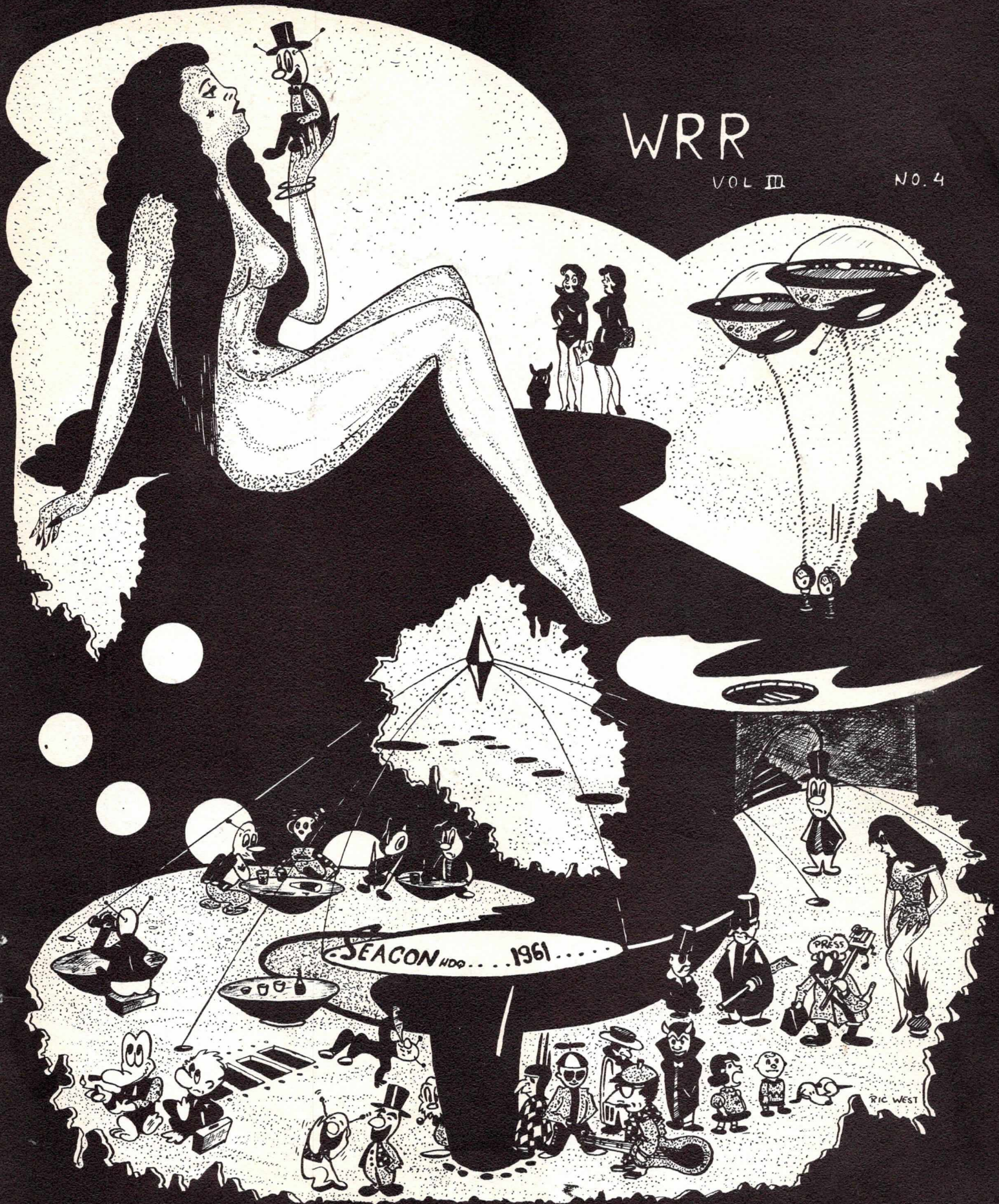


WRR

VOL III

NO. 4



WRR V.3 N.4 is being sent to you through the combined machinations of Evil Wally Wastebasket (supermarket) Weber, the foul publisher and Fiendish Blotto Otto Pfeifer, the devilish Editor. WRR may me had for free, except this special issue which will cost you at least a dime, otherwise, WRR may be had for letters, contributions, trades and/or stamps. The address of WRR is 2911 N.E. 60th St. Seattle 15, Wash. The well-known fannish phud, Dr. Burnett R. Toskey is our Gestetner expert.

And now, due to innumerable requests, mostly M/Sgt. Tackett, USMC., we proudly present our....taTataTa.....our.....

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Whew! That's that.

Well, there's nothing more to say, nothing, that is, except that we hope you enjoy this special issue and that we hope that we are able to raise enough for the Willis Fund to be able to say that we helped.

Remember WAWAM in Chicago in '62.

Welcome to the TAWF issue of WRR. Actually this is a twofold issue, one, to help raise money for the Willis Fund, and, two, we figure that it is about time we had an Annish. Well, after all, the original WESTERCON REGRESSION REPORT started up about two years ago, 2½ would be more like it. So let's call this our second annish. We forgot our first one.

I did something that no faned should have done. I announced a special edition for a worthy cause and didn't have a scrap of material on hand. Sheesh, was I busy writing various fans for material for this issue. I want to thank all those who managed to find time to write something for this issue, and thanks to those who couldn't get the time but acknowledged my request. Nothing worse than asking for stuff and not hearing a word in reply. Come to think of it, I am probably the worse offender in that category. A special thanks goes to the CRY for turning over the Seagle and Locke items, special thanks also goes to Chuck Devine for the Terwilliger item which he was saving for PILIKIA. He is a Ghod Fan.

The Lettercol was cut short this time because of time and space, will try to get the remaining letters in the next issue.

As usual, production is fouled up. We are supposed to run this off today and assemble tomorrow. (Wed. Aug. 30) But something happened. Things were running smoothly until last week. We weren't too far behind in getting things on stencil, but we were right on schedule. Then I goofed it. I got a job. This cut into our time badly, what made it even worse was the fact that I had to work a seven day shift for the first week. So there you are, the Waffle party is Thursday and the Con starts Friday, and I will probably be assembling this during both things, ah well, who said Fandom is just another hobby.

There seems to be a couple of firsts for WRR in this issue. (1) We are printing some poetry, which I thought would never happen and (2) we have a couple of items that aren't of the humorous vein. Now you might wonder if this means a change in our policy. We are, to a small degree, changing. WRR is, and will always be, basically a humor zine, however we will print articles and stories that are not humorous provided that they are too damn good to be rejected. But remember, contributors, humor is the order of the day.

I mentioned getting a new job, you may be interested in hearing who I am now working for. The City of Seattle....yep after that tussle over parking tickets, they still hired me. Maybe they read the last issue of WRR. Hah! Throw me in jail will they, that'll show them.

Next issue of WRR will be ready about the 1st. of Dec. Letters and material should be in no later than the 20th of Nov. We could use more fiction and a little more artwork. WRR has some pleasant changes in mind, format-wise, and we would like to have material to help show off these changes.

WRR needs help. Is there any one out there who has the complete WESTERCON REGRESSION REPORT? Please let us know, if there is. We do not have any copies ourselves, and would like some information about them. So if you have a complete set drop me a line.

Hell, I'm tired...if you expect a page of hilarious Blotto Otto witticisms this time, you are spared the torment of reading them. After 50 some stencils, I've had it for this time. See you in a few months.....BOP.

WRR means Willis Return Rally! by Len Moffatt

I remember when Walter A. Willis visited the LASFS, back in nineteen-ought-fifty-two. Of course it was a different LASFS then. I guess LASFS has always had some kind of a reputation or other for being different, some of which was heresay, and some of which was theresay.

The thing is that back in '52 LASFS in general wasn't as active in fandom as it is now, or perhaps, to be more exact, it was active, but in a different way, and to a different degree. I can't remember whether or not Shaggy was appearing regularly then, or if it was appearing as regularly (and getting as wide a distribution) as it is now.

But there were actifen in the club; some of whom even knew who WAW was. Consequently, there was some excitement aroused when we learned that Forrest J. Ackerman was going to bring WAW to a meeting, sometime after Chicon II. (The Outlanders—who were quite fanactive in those days—also hoped that WAW would be around long enough to attend one of their meetings too, but, alas, it was not to be.)

The LASFS was meeting in one of the slightly-lower-than-street-level rooms of an apartment building called, for some reason known only to God (and perhaps its original owner), the Prince Rupert Arms. Not ever-lovin' arms, I assure you. The management of the PRA soon developed a dislike for LASFS, and began laying on restrictions, curfews, and the like.

As I recall our meeting room space was cut in half, shortly before WAW's arrival, by the erection of a partition—so that part of the old meeting room could be rented out as a sleeping room to some luckless tenant. However, our rent was not reduced; though it must be admitted that it was cheap enough to start with...

So it was that when Walt entered Freehafer Hall he was no doubt disappointed by its smallness and lack of decor. Chairs were arranged in a circle around the walls, and when called upon to speak he was forced to stand in a circle of fans and halfans, and had to pivot about in order to face the person whose question he was answering.

And there were questions, most of them pretty unfannish. As I recall, the subjects touched on included politics and religion. Walt did a good job of giving off the cuff answers, or parrying the question when necessary. He made it pretty clear where he stood (other than inside a circle of curious strangers), and why. Perhaps some were able to grasp the idea that "Ireland" doesn't necessarily mean a stage-Irish brogue and Paddy-pass-the-whiskey-bottle.

After the meeting we adjourned, as usual, to an all night restaurant, ironically named Tipps. (The tips left by our after-meeting group were usually exceedingly small, sometimes non-existent, and the group was eventually ejected from the joint because they were Too Many Spending Too Little...)

Fortunately the management of Tipps didn't choose that particular night to issue their ultimatum—though it might have been fun if they had...think of the write-up Walt would have given it!

We crowded into a long corner booth, and by clever maneuvering (or dumb luck) I managed to get a seat next to Walt. We exchanged "science fiction limericks"—anyway, thats what Walt called them, and I suppose a lady who has a tesseract-shaped watchamacallit is a kind of s-f character. Due to the hubbub and clatter in the joint, and Walt's accent, I had difficulty in understanding him, but we managed a kind of communication by writing on the paper napkins, provided by the then-thoughtful management.

I don't mean to imply that I monopolised all of Walt's time that night. As he sipped at a monstrous ice cream concoction, he exchanged quips and word-play with the others present, and I only wish that we had had more time together.

As it was, after a visit to the beach (and, apparently, from reading THS, it was not one of our better beaches) with Forry and others, he departed from our midst, not too disillusioned by LA and LA fandom—I hope.

All of which leads me to the point of this article which is—I should think—obvious. WAW is returning to the U.S.A., and better yet—bringing Madeleine with him! At this writing I have no idea how many of the currently active LA fen will be able to attend the Chicon, and visit with WAWAM there, but I do hope that they will be able to include the LArea in their stateside tour.

Nowadays the club is meeting in a much better looking clubroom, with the chairs arranged in a sensible manner, so that the speaker can face his audience from the front of the room, without having to twist and turn like a dervish. And, more important, we have a really active and lively crew now, some left over from Prince Rupert days, and many new ones.

Now I am speaking unofficially, of course, but nevertheless I do know that the current LASFSians are more than eager to have WAWAM as guests. We don't expect them to make a formal speech, or do a song and dance (unless of course they want to), but I'm sure we'll want a question-and-answer sort of session, completely informal, and giving the Willises a chance to ask some questions, as well, as answer 'em.

And after the meeting, there will be, as usual, coffee, maybe lemonade too, and cookies, and—since it will be a special occasion—who knows what else?

I'm also looking forward to hearing some new science fictioal limericks. After listening to Mike Hinge for the last 3 years, and learning to understand him, I should be able to savvy Walt's less-complicated accent. Having been raised in Pennsylvania, I of course do not have an accent....It's jist thet peepel don' lissen har-denuf whenum talking....

--Len Moffatt

FLAT EVIL, hired gun: Assignment Season.

I had just closed out the Pasadena file and was tooling into L.A. when the thought, "Flat old boy, you deserve a vacation." hit me, "You did good work in Pasadena. Why report back to the Boss, why not just take off?" My whole day changed. A smile forced its way painfully across my features. I can't take too much of that smiling jazz so I psneered a sportscar out of my lane and cut for my pad.

I drove around the block several times casing the layout, just to keep my hand in. Then I parked at my usual spot on the corner lot. The attendant greeted me the way he always did, "\$%&\$(!)#@\$....you can't park there!" I returned his friendly banter with a wave of my plonker.

My belongings weren't strewn around the room, nothing was missing, in fact everything was neatly in its place. I knew something was wrong, I hadn't left it that way.

Then I saw the note pinned to my picture of Ron Ellick. Whoever left it knew . . that I couldn't miss seeing it there, on my plonk target. I let loose a fast salvo and chalked up two more dead and one wounded squirrel. I was sadly out of practice. Then I opened up the note.

Flat

Pack what you find left in your closet and your top dresser drawer and then report in. You're going on vacation....

"How did she know?" I was thinking as I followed the instructions. "The Boss must be keeping pretty close tabs on me. Of course I've earned a vacation. Didn't I clean up the Pasadena problem singlehanded?"

I finished the packing and added a dozen new heavy duty plonks. The Boss's idea of a vacation and mine might not be quite the same. It took me only a moment to get back to my car. Some joker had left a slip of yellow paper under the windshield wiper. A thing like that could obstruct my view. Boy, if I ever get my hands on that joker. I crumpled it into a wad and tossed it to the attendant as I roared into traffic. He and a cop were both waving goodbye as I neatly cut off a Lincoln and slipped through a yellow light.

I brodied across traffic and came to a perfect parking spot in front of the Boss's place. I glanced at my heap and felt a swell of pride, three tires were touching the curb, I rarely do better than two.

I opened the door, caught Spin a quick kick and psneered Typo immobile. There isn't a cat alive faster than I. They looked at me accusingly as I shut the door.

I found the Boss in the kitchen, looking longingly at the instant coffee. "What's happening?" I quipped as I slid a jar of Sanka into her line of sight. "Oh.. Flat. You're just in time. There's a Cadillac heading for Seattle in Ten minutes. You're going to be on it."

Quick to grasp any situation I answered, "But, but, but..."

"Dick Schultz has it on good authority that someone is going to swipe some of his cartoons from the SEACON Artshow. A thing like this could ruin the show, and that would put a hole in the Masterplan. I want you in Seattle before the Con to check things out."

"What about my vacation?"

"You'll be in Seattle. A thousand miles from the nearest plonk, isn't that a vacation?" she lowered her voice a couple of notes in that answer.

I caught the Cadillac and started North. I hit Seattle two evenings later. I would have been faster but I lost the Cadillac somewhere in Oregon, easy come....

My first objective was Toskey. He was acting as the Seattle Art Show Operative. I figured him for opportunity. I still was puzzled about motive, but then I never did understand Art. I don't even know what I like.

I figured a surprise visit would catch him off guard. Unfortunately I didn't know where he lived. I decided to settle for a surprise phone call. He invited me to come right over and gave me easy to follow instructions. Very suspicious.

When I arrived Tosk admitted to being the Art Show Operative, but claimed that he hadn't received any Art. He showed me a Lima Bean instead. "You can almost see it grow." He exclaimed proudly. I watched for a while, but I think the bean was asleep, it didn't grow an inch.

Tosk invited me to use his place as a base of operation. He was either totally innocent or a clever master criminal. I took a long look and decided that he had to be innocent.

Due mostly to bad planning on my part, the next day was a "Cryday". I shuddered at the thought of all that Fanactivity, but it would give me a chance to case all of the local fen at once. Tosk and I arrived early. I was just stepping over the strange barrier in the Busby's doorway when two vicious hounds attacked me. Faster than thought I plonked them both and watched as they fell with soft thuds. They didn't have far to fall.

"Yow!" cried Elinor, "they were just being friendly." I retrieved my plonks from between the eyes of the two beasts and stood ready as they revived. They were kind of cute at that.

I decided to play it close and keep the one I was after off his guard. I decided to let them pump me and occasionally slip in innocuous sounding questions such as, "What would anyone want with Schultz cartoons?" emphasising my point by aiming my plonker negligently at whomever I was asking. Finally Jim Webbert told me he would rap it around my neck if I didn't put it away. I was getting close to something.

Buz changed the subject by asking me how I came by the name, Flat Evil. I told them the whole story. They shuddered as a group. That's another one I owe the squirrel.

I could see it was time to leave. I tightened my grip on my plonker and edged for the door. I froze as I saw the horror of the outside scene. Some fiend was bombarding the entire city with a giant Zap.

I gibbered something unintelligible as I sent plonk after plonk into the night. "What's the matter Flat," queried Tosk, "not used to rain yet?"

RAIN....my lightning mind immediately recalled my grade school training in meteorology. RAIN...Nature's own zap! I looked at the Cry gang in a sort of awe. It takes a hardy breed of fen to carry on Fanac under such conditions.

My next stop was the Webbert's new apartment. I figured on a closer interrogation of the two, Jim had aroused my suspicions. They welcomed me with a drink and the Yogi Bear program. Then Jim brought up the subject of plonkers. "I don't hold much with plonkers." was the way he did it. "I like something a little more permanent, like this." He brought out a mean looking .45. We talked a while about his armory and then he showed me a special fast draw holster. It tilted forward at a sharp angle. "Here, try it." he offered.

I was just about to show them why I'm considered one of the fastest draws in fandom. My hand slipped. The holster was tipped so far forward that it was impossible to draw his gun out of it.

"It was designed for the F.B.I." Jim told me, "To be used in action. Try going into a crouch as you draw." I tried. The holster placed the gun in my hand. Very neat.

"You don't have to go all the way to the floor."

I tried again and again I found myself down at floor level, that gun was pretty heavy.

The only thing I found out about the case was that Dee could do her own cartooning.

I spent the next few days quietly investigating. I discovered: (1) The Webberts, Busbys, and Toskey had no apparent motive; (2) Schultz had received his information directly from the Goon, in a dream...the Goon is sometimes amazing; (3) Weber and Pfeifer needed artwork for their zine, WRR; (4) some mysterious figure by the name of Garcone had professional reasons to be jealous of Schultz, and others; (5) I get lost easily in Seattle. I reported this all to the Boss on a postcard disguised to look like a sub. Can't take any chances in this game.

Duty done until the arrival of either some Schultz Cartoons or the Con, I decided to take some of that vacation. Wouldn't you know it, nature's own Zap opened up. I found a deep doorway and huddled there for protection. The Seattlites didn't seem to understand their danger. I watched old ladies and children pass by, but what could I do? Suddenly this blond came by. I could take it no longer, I'd save this poor girl. I leaped out and pulled her to safety. She didn't seem to understand that I was trying to help. I had to restrain her with force. I was pretty successful. The streets were dry before she thought of tickling. I watched as she ran up the street. Poor girl, she just hadn't understood her danger.

The day of the Con finally came. I had transferred the Schultz cartoons from the guardianship of Tosk's giant Lima bean to the Artshow room. I was keeping a close guard on them there. No one seemed to be interested in them. No one but Weber. This could be it.

"All right Wastebasket, lets have the whole story and lets have it straight. I know you're my man!"

"I'll confess, I'll confess. I did it." Paydirt. "I did everything they say I did and I'm sorry. I'll never go into a store in Florida again, I promise."

Store? Florida? This was deeper than I thought.

I was just about to take him to the Boss when he gave a cry of fear and raced out of the display room. "He might have used the door." She rasped in a velvet voice. It was Ma Parker, head of the London Mob. Could she have come here after the Schultz illos? After all it had the Goon who warned Schultz. Maybe Weber was guilty of something else.

Ma was on his trail, and I decided that I had better get on hers. I followed her into the lobby, and from there to the Coffee Shop. She was at the counter, searching through her purse. I seized the opportunity. With one glance I memorized the contents. Nothing out of the usual, except that she wasn't armed and that she was carrying a package of needles, each engraved with three 'W's. It was time for me to get back to the display room.

As I was crossing the lobby I spotted the Squirrel. He was surrounded by fem-fans, but my constant practice paid off. Three plonks laced into his furry hide. One less suspect to worry about, one more true villain out of the way.

I was almost back to the Artshow when I heard a low familiar voice, "You idiot, someone has swiped three Shultz cartoons and you let them get away with it." The Boss was so angry her freckles were vibrating. I had only witnessed this phenomena once before on a case. No time now to take notes.

I went back into the Display Room through the short cut provided by Weber. Both Weber and Pfeifer were inside. "That's all." I hissed. "You two need artwork for the next WRR."

"The next WRR..." they groaned in unison. I had to turn away, I can't stand to see a grown man cry, and when there are two of them it's four times as bad. "Never, never..." Pfeifer kept sobbing while Weber just whimpered.

I left them huddled on the floor and went to look at the remaining cartoons. They looked like the missing ones as near as I could remember. Something strange was going on and I was going to find out what. Next stop was to find Jim Webbert, the Con Security Guard. He might have seen something while I was out of the Display Room.

I found Webbert cleaning one of his heavy weapons. He was using one of the missing cartoons to lay out the freshly oiled parts. "You..." I had him cold. My plonker ready, I advanced. "OK Flat, so you know. Schultz uses a fair grade of paper, that makes his work useful to me. But you may as well put that plonker away, I'm heavily armed and I'm not giving up."

"I should have figured it was you. It all adds up now. That slip you made about the FBI. The Farnish Bureau of Investigation never used a holster like yours. I'm giving you one chance to return the cartoons, or I use my secret weapon."

"You don't scare me Flat."

I drew my secret weapon and watched him pale. He knew what would happen if I pulled the trigger. The two of us marched the cartoons back to the Display Room. It would take an expert, perhaps Schultz himself, to tell that they had been used.

I report in to the Boss that the case was closed and then I destroyed the secret weapon. I know what Webbert was thinking when he saw it, imagine the rust that a Zap filled with Nature's own Zap would create.

Monroe

Doctorin'

by

John

Berry



"Goodnight, all."

I waved a cheery hand at the assembled fen, took a long lingering glance at THE CALENDAR (the NUDE Marilyn Monroe, y'know) out of the corner of my eyes, stowed away my reinforced Ghoddinton bat, raised my cap to Walt Willis, and departed.

It was twilight outside Oblique House. I sniffed the air and beat my chest. Mmm! I felt great. Dammit, that very evening I'd made a pun, broke George Charter's glasses, had seven cups of tea, and eaten three - yes - three of Madeline's Coffee Kisses. Life was good.

"Pssst."

I paused.

"Pssst."

I looked around cautiously.

"Pssst."

It came from the side of 170. I espied a shadowy figure lurking there.

"Pssst," you fool, "pssst," it said.

I leaned my bike against the prozine kiosk and tiptoed back. I saw Bob Shaw looking very furtive. Heck!

"I-I didn't mean to take that extra cake, Bob, honest," I faltered.

I had thought at the time I'd gotten away with it. I ought to have known that Bob wouldn't miss my crafty snaffling of the last of Madelaine's greatest culinary achievement - the Coffee Kiss.

"Tsk, tsk," he whispered, a temporary frown crossing his boyish features. "I'll forget about that just this once. But don't do it again. No, I want to see you about something else."

"The-the typer works great, Bob, really it does," I whimpered. That boy is touchy about some things.

"Forget the typer," he snarled. "I want to see you about a different matter altogether."

"I've told everyone I know about you having a story printed in the million circulation New York Herald Tribune," I breathed.

He ran around the garden three times, came back, grabbed me by the lapels and pushed me against the wall, his mouth working aggressively. Then he relaxed, flicked casually at my coat with thumb and finger, and forced a disarming smile. He patted me on the shoulder.

"I've always taken you to be a sport," he began.

"Oh ho," I thought.

"-a man willing to make a bet -"

"Crikey," I gasped.

"- a fan to whom money is of secondary importance--"

"Ghod," I groaned.

"-above all, a fan who knows a good thing when he sees it--"

I screwed up my eyes.

"-and a comrade to boot. I want to make you a sporting proposition."

He relaxed, flicked away a couple more imaginary specks off my jacket, straightened my tie, and gave me three NEBULA's.

"Er," I began. I mean, he was Sadie's husband, a pro-author, a BNF.....

"It's like this," he said in his persuasive way. "I'll give you thirty shillings if you can make Walt, Madeleine, George and James and Peggy White run up and down the first flight of stairs at least fifteen times."

He paused, picked me up and repeated his proposition.

"Fifteen times each...up the stairs....and down again...Walt and all of them," I managed to gasp. I mean...

"Settled then," he grinned. I felt sort of trapped.

He dragged me down the path, propped me on my bike and pushed me away.

You know, it's no easy task to try and get half a dozen BNF's to keep running up and down the stairs. But the effort was worth thirty shillings to me. Therefore I spent some considerable time in trying to work out the problem and at last the germ of an idea spawned itself in some devilish recess of my mind. An idea, I must confess, aided and abetted by a Weird Tales plot I heard George Charters gabbling about one day, when in a senile delirium.

I thought, it might - it just might work.

At the same time I worried quite a lot about Bob Shaw. Oh, I admit he is generous enough but he didn't give neofans thirty shillings without some motive, however obscure. My only conclusion was that he was in the house furnishing trade as a side-line, dabbling in stair carpet. I waited impatiently for Sunday.

I played my part carefully.

I crept up the stairs at Oblique House, lingered outside the fanac room, pulled my tie askew, ruffled my hair, arranged the ends of my moustache in a downward trajectory, groaned horribly, opened the door and collapsed in a heap on the floor.

"It's after me," I cried in terror.

They crowded round me sympathetically, Sadie running her cool fingers across my forehead.

"What's after you?" asked Walt Willis.

"The Mutant," I cringed.

They exchanged meaning glances.

"Pray elucidate accurately the exact nature and appearance of this improbable apparition," observed George Charters, nodding to Carol Willis to rock his chair faster, "or in those memorable words of Arthur C. Clarke - what the 'ell 'appened."

"I-I was coming up the first flight of stairs," I faltered, to give dramatic effect, "and I heard heavy footsteps following immediately behind me. I looked and there was nothing there."

"Ignoring for the moment the ungrammatical phrase 'there was nothing there'" began George, "I would respectfully hazard the suggestion that this pore unfortunate neofan is suffering from a surfeit of Harlan Ellison...."

"Aw, shut yer trap, grampa," sneered Sadie, echoing our sentiments with her usual naive charm.

"The first flight, you say?" said Bob, sweat beginning to break out on his forehead.

I nodded vigorously, watching his slight wink.

"In that case," said Bob, straining at the leash, "I suggest we investigate."

We gathered at the appropriate landing.

"Allow me to demonstrate," I suggested. I tripped down the stairs, pausing on the first step and looked upwards. I saw a row of shadowed visages gazing at me in worried anticipation. Bob Shaw, behind them, was waving his cupped hands over his head like a punch-drunk heavyweight acknowledging the plaudits of an enthusiastic crowd. His grin was like a slice of water melon.

I sort of coiled myself and ran up the stairs. "There it is again," I cried in feigned anguish.

They all shook thier heads except Bob. "I fancy I did hear strange noises," he ventured.

Walt Willis raised and authoritative hand. "I shall try," he announced. With teeth gritted he bounced up the stairs like a puppet controlled by a castenet player suffering from palsy.

I saw Bob give Sadie a hard jab in the back.

"Ooco, yees, I heard something," she stammered in a strange voice.

Madeleine looked bewildered. She ascended the stairs. Walt pursed his lips pensively.

"Help me downstairs," pleaded George, "it's up to us hardcover merchants to expose hoaxes like this."

It took him almost ten minutes to stagger up the few stairs...I like enthusiasm but I maintain that a fan of his venerable years would be better patrolling the promenade at Bangor, in his bath chair.

There was an embarrassing lull.

"Perhaps - if two people tried together..." I suggested.

Walt and Madeliene, with the air of martyrs, ran downstairs and up again.

"Faster," I suggested.

They repeated the performance.

"Maybe-maybe three people," I hinted.

With a push from Bob, Sadie joined the procession. And then Bob...then me. It was all fun. It remind ed me of rush hour on the escalator at Picadilly Circus Underground.

"STOP" shouted Walt suddenly.

We swayed to a halt.

"It has occurred to me that this trouble could be caused by a misplaced stair board," he announced. He seemed somehow thoughtful...apprehensive. With a purposeful gesture he shepherded us up to the top of the landing and pulled up the stair carpet.

I saw Bob glide away, wraith-like.

There was a hollow groan, followed by a thud. We all looked over the rail. Walt had fainted. Clutched tightly in his hand was a large technicolor photograph of Marilyn Monroe.

"Pssst."

Bob turned his head in my direction, grinned and sauntered over.

"You're up early this morning," he laughed.

I clicked my fingers meaningly.

"Give," I said.

He handed me three crisp, clean ten shilling notes.

"You can thank Bob Tucker for that," he explained, still looking happy.

"Bob Tucker?" I cried in surprise.

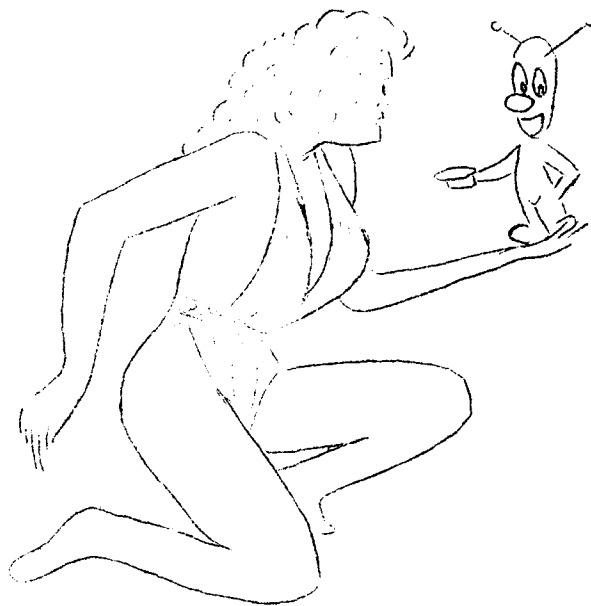
"Yes. Heh heh," laughed Bob. "That was the finest hoax I've ever perpetrated. I saw a big envelope for you in the fanning room at 170, and inside was a large photograph of Marilyn Monroe that'd he'd sent for you. I took a loan of it and slipped it under the stair carpet..."

"But how?" I began.

"Yuk yuk," continued Bob. "Yesterday morning I bet Willis five pounds that before the day was out you would be encouraging all the members of Irish Fandom to run down Marilyn Monroe....."

John Berry
1955.

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author.)



SCIENCE FICTION AND SANITY

by Robert Korzybski Coulson

When Earl Kemp sent out his questionnaire on "Why Is A Fan?" I was amazed. I thought everyone knew why a fan is; it's a form of insanity, allied to the manic depressive. Consider the fannish activity of the average fan; short periods of intense fanac — the manic stage— followed by longer periods of gafia — the depressive stage. It's as plain as the nose on my face, and if you've ever seen my face you know how plain that is.

You want more proof? Well, let's look at some case histories. Several years ago a Wisconsin neurotic named Richard Shaver announced to the world at large that little men in caves were affecting his mind by aiming "rays" at it. A fairly classic case; check your local asylum and you'll probably find one just like it. But Shaver made his announcement to a science fiction editor and before you could say "persecution complex" he became one of the best-selling stf authors in history. Was he put away for a nice long rest? He was not; by the time he finished he could probably buy his own private nut hatch.

And what about Raymond Palmer, Boy Fan? In fact, almost the ideal fan; he realized the highest dream of the serious-type fan and became a professional science fiction editor. So what does he do? He turns his back on stf and is now publishing flying saucer news and peddling hair tonic. And he's not even getting rich at it. (I mean, as a product of modern America I can accept that Money is a god enthroned above even Science Fiction, but what sane man wants to go broke while catering to nut cults?)

Then there is L. Ron Hubbard, who forsook science fiction for the Church of Scientology, and took A.E. van Vogt with him. I will give Hubbard the possible excuse of founding a cult to make Money (though he doesn't seem to have succeeded), but van Vogt believes the stuff. And there's your man who was once voted by the fans as the greatest writer of them all. Sane? I ask you. For that matter, how sane were the fans who enshrined as classics the stories that they couldn't understand? (And I defy anyone to understand the Null-A series.)

And don't forget John W. Campbell, Jr., universally recognized as the greatest editor of them all, John W. God, the man nine feet tall. In rapid succession he has espoused the causes of Fianetics, the Hieronymous Machine, and the Dean Drive. Is this evidence of a balanced, rational mind?

And as for the fans themselves...well! I won't remind you of Wetzel and Degler; they're too obvious. How about the fan who recently paid \$15 for an old toy Buck Rogers rocket pistol? (A broken one at that.) Or the one who joined a New York kid gang just to get material for a story? And the one who produced a radio program in order to get material for his fanzine? Or the entire clubs who scheme and fight for the privilege of acquiring nervous breakdowns while putting on conventions? And

the ones who contribute their life savings to a fund designed to give other fans free trips across the Atlantic? I tell you, there's only one answer.

Why do we all read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff? Why, because we're crazy -- naturally.

-Robert Coulson-

Trufen say they know full well
That Fandom's going square to Hell.
They may be right, I wouldn't know- -
I thought it went there years ago!

They say that fans have disowned stf,
Most everywhere but in the Neff;
They tell me this and swear it's true.
I answer "So what else is new?"

They loudly gripe at those who prate
That this is Fandom Nine (or Eight)
They say these guys are fuggheads! Sercon!
I nod, and go attend a beercon.

They grotch about the new "fan trends",
"Fringe-hobbies should be means, not ends!"
They raze discussionzines, and XERO.
I just suggest they cram a Dero.

They say the cons are crud these days - -
The old-time fans knew better ways
To hold conventions. Ah, what fun!
I ask when last they helped on one.

Trufen say they know full well
That Fandom's going straight to Hell.
I laugh, and smirk, and give Bronx cheers - -
Fandom and I've been there for years.

-Bruce Pelz-

(The above poem is also appearing in Jack Harness's CRAPzine, TEUFELSDRECK 2.)

TEETHING TIME

by Judy Glad

My son is not human. Or at least he's not genus: Homo, species: Sapiens. I've long suspected that there was something other than precociousness behind his strange behavior, but what happened this morning just about clinched it.

The other children were perfectly normal in their physical and mental development and I expected Marty to be the same. Bob and I are nothing special. But when Marty was six months old, he was talking. Not meaningless syllables as most babies do, but clearly spoken words with the correct pronunciation. I have heard of this happening, so I wasn't worried. When he started asking questions a month later, I was surprised, but just laughed about it at the bridge table and bragged of what a genius I'd produced.

When Marty was a year old, he picked up a book and told me he wanted to learn to read. More as a stunt than anything else, I taught him the letters and their sounds. Took him a day to catch on. He has a fantastic reading speed, about 1,500 words a minute, as near as I can tell. In the last six months, he's gone through all the books in the children's section at the library and now is working on the classics and biology. Where he got his interest in the latter, I don't know, but he loves it.

It's odd, but Marty has followed the books physically. He's just learning to walk, has all the proper teeth for an eighteen month old infant, and his little hands frustrate him so because they won't do the adult tasks he expects them to. His weight is more than usual, but he's always been a big lug.

Last week Marty suddenly developed a cruel streak. He began to pick on his sisters, pinching and biting them until I had to paddle him. His baby hands and teeth can inflict pretty painful bruises and he doesn't seem to know his own strength. I asked him why he was being so mean, and he told me that his sisters were so soft and tasted so good. I thought he was just being impudent.

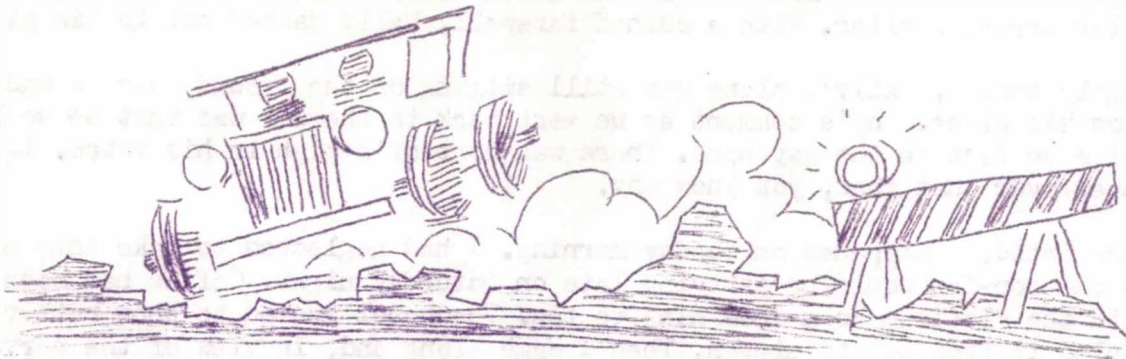
But this morning he did something that convinced me that I'd given birth to something more (or less) than human. He bit me, hard enough to draw blood. When I yelled, he pulled back and gave me a puckish grin. It was then I noticed his newly-cut canines — long, sharp, terrifying.

"Why, Mommie," he said in his innocent, baby voice, "don't you know that I love you so much that I could just eat you up?"

--Judy Glad --

THE LITTLE THINGS

by Guy Terwillegger



Regular con reports of our latest fannish fiasco I shall leave to others who attended the Boycon. There are, however, a number of things I wish to say. Perhaps some of them would be better left unsaid, but I find myself in a mood where I think it would be nice to recount them.

These are the times which I found extremely humorous during the three day affair. Things which made a tired old committee man laugh, at one time, nearly hysterically.

I have no idea of the reaction of other con coms have during their own convention. I don't know if they were as rushed as I seemed to be myself. I have no idea if they felt like I did — namely that I would like to have had three more days of convention, only this time I would have stayed home and had groups come out to the house so that I could do some of the talking that went on.

At any rate, there were moments that I found highly stimulating. Moments which prove that fen are actually nothing but human beings under a guided movement that brings them together.

We'll start at one of the lesser moments, one that didn't bloom into full hilarity until after the con was over. The first night, those of you who recieved BOYCON NEWS and that were here, will know, Diane and I had a spaghetti feed at our house. From all indications, the amount of definite replies of those who would be here totaled five. We thought we had best plan for at least nine and prepared accordingly.

The total number to arrive here at the Caves of Kor for dinner was a large twenty-one. But we made out, having to make another batch of sauce so that Rog Phillips and Terry Carr would have some when their plane arrived.

What we would like to know, now, though, is this—who put the spot of spag-sauce on the kitchen ceiling? How did it get there? No one was throwing the stuff around, we ate out on the newly poured patio. Yet, there, leering down at us is a quarter inch spot of sauce.



There was, of course, the wild dash to the airport to get Wally Weber to his plane on time. We thought we had plenty of time—we didn't. Arrival at the airport brought Wally to the grim remark that he had nearly missed his plane and that next he had better arrive earlier. With a rushed farewell, Wally dashed out to his plane.

Strangely enough, Wally's plane was still sitting on the ground when we had to get Terry on his plane. Rog's comment as we went back to the car was that we wouldn't have to drive so fast on the way home. There was sort of a sigh in his voice. If you were ever over that road, you know why.

Another incident happened on Sunday morning. I had neglected to take into account that the con-fen would be partying late on Saturday night. Coffee had been asked for in the Platinum Room from nine to ten. The hotel seemed to know better. They scheduled it from ten to eleven. Then I came along and, in view of the verrious late party, changed the schedule to eleven to twelve.

Barbara Gratz was, at that time, lying on a couch in the room. She sat up and looked at me. "What time are things going to start?" she asked.

"At eleven," I answered. "Why, do you want to do something?" I didn't get an answer.

A few minutes later she said, "Well, yes. I think I will go to my room and lay down for awhile."

Coswal happened to be sitting on the other side of the three cornered davenport affair. I'm sure it was all a misunderstanding, that he hadn't heard exactly what she said.

"May I go with you?" he asked.

Barbara looked at him, amazed for a second, then quite coolly answered, "Yes! You may walk me to the door!"

Now that I look back on it, this one is funny in a not so funny way. Jim Caughran had donated a set of INFINITY for the auction. Len Moffatt had donated a set of FANTASY BOOK. I desperately wanted the FB books to complete my own collection. Chuck Devine desperately want the INFINITY set because he just plain doesn't have a collection.

At the time the con arrived, Diane and I hadn't had all of our stuff moved from Albright very long. Somewhere in the pile of boxes in the basement at Route #4 were those two collections. Try as I might, I could not find either of them.

They were sold at the auction, sight-unseen. It ended up with Chuck getting the INFINITY set and my getting the FB's. I didn't think until afterwards that this would look mighty suspicious.

Rest at ease, those of you who might have thought so, I still haven't located either of them. Chuck is after me every minute of the day to get them for him. I can't find them. I am beginning to think both he and I have bought a hallucination, that I never did have them.

This, though, is the one which really gave me hysteria to the point that I couldn't even wait for the elevator to take me down stairs. I had to give up and walk. I'm sure the few fen who saw me thought I had gone off my nut.

It was time to close up the con room on Monday. Everything had been gathered up. Chuck had, in the process of the con, gathered up a large number of quart mixer bottles to sell at the beverage store to help pay for his expenses.

I refused to carry any of the damned things for him, so when I said it was time to leave, I quickly gathered up his luggage, camera, and auction purchases. No room was left for bottles. As we stepped into the hall, Jean Bogert stepped up to me and asked if she could carry anything. Before I could answer, Chuck piped up and said, "Yes."

He promptly handed her half a dozen or more of those damned bottles. There stood Jean, arms loaded with empty mixer bottles, expecting to parade across the lobby of the hotel.

I have always thought of Jean as a rather dignified femme-fan and the prospect of this journey propelled me into gales of laughter. I just couldn't control myself. Even now, as I type, I'm wondering how she must have felt, and giggling — that is the word for it.

Jean has my undying respect. She took those bottles and paraded across the room. Something I never could have done.

I just couldn't have.



-Guy Terwilleger-

POOTSARD CONTEST.

This is a good a place to mention that the postcard contest was ~~was~~ by...by... buy....bye...by...you'll never believe this....it was won by.....speaking of coincidence....now if Mr. Coinci—nuts...by....WALT WILLIS. No kidding, the most unusual card was sent in by Walt. It was originally mailed around 1904 and has a picture of the London Bridge on front. Also, it is a phonograph record. This I tried to play, but it didn't sound to good. I want to thank all of the participants and tell you that a new type contest will be announced soon.....BOP.

SOMEWHERE THE ROSCOE...

by George Locke

"...out of Ma Barker by Dashiell Hammett's Sam Spade...."

...S.J. Perelman's CRAZY LIKE A FOX.

Jan Beery, Police Corporal in London's Kilburn Precinct, slouched warily along the narrow alleys near Queen's Park Station. His feet dragged in the discarded slime of the district's fifty thousand bums and cheap hoodlums, call girls and conniving postmen. Crippled dope-peddlers shambling furtively in door-ways retailing fixes to the pigeons, nerve-shattered safe-crackers jumping at the sound of a striking match, slant-eyed Chinese laundry-men working the ice rackets on the side - all these and more were to be found in Kilburn. All these - and Ma Parker, about whom many tales were told in the cellar speak-easies and attic doss-houses.

And in the middle of this concentrated vice, stepping proudly along his beat, was recruit John Paul Andrews. What a nice kid like that wanted to volunteer for such a sleazy beat, the Corporal couldn't understand. Once, Paul had invited him down to his little suburban semi-detached in Totteridge. A real nice kid, who kept aquatic animals as a hobby, taming them. He had been shown a pair of water voles dancing gaily by the edge of the little pond Paul had built, an otter, under loan from the London Zoo in return for presenting that body with an absolutely black specimen of the grass snake, and a couple of Beavers building a bridge for his pet alligator to lounge on. A real nice kid...

It began to drizzle. Twilight was rapidly giving way to darkness, and Jan pulled the collar of his trench coat up and the brim of his grey fedora down. He turned into Canterbury Road, and immediately thought of Ella Parker, a fan and the current guiding light of the SFCoL. One day he must visit her, and save himself the trouble of commenting in writing on every Orion he received. A quickly moving figure in the murk made him stop and reach for his gun. He relaxed, as it resolved into Paul.

"What's up, son?"

"I think I've found it. Found the place they hold these illegal crap games and poker schools."

"You have? Great! But where's the evidence? We can't just bust into a place, you know."

The kid produced a playing card. "I found this fluttering from one of the upstairs window."

Jan examined it. It was a playing card, sure enough. A ten of clubs. "Ten of clubs," he mused. "Where have I seen one of them before?"

Paul was tugging at his arm. "Just along here, Corporal. We can arrest them..."

Slowly, still thinking of the ten of clubs, he followed the recruit. They stopped outside a seedy doorway set next to a disused butcher's shop. Number 151 Canterbury Road, it turned out to be. Number 151 - wasn't that where Ella Parker lived...

PARKER! Ella Parker. Ma Parker. The beautiful young fan editor. The grizzled veteran of many a running gun fight with the Soho police before that area became too hot for her. But how could they be the same. Unless, of course, the beautiful femme was the daughter of old Ma....

He rang the bell, suddenly deciding to introduce himself as a fan, not as a policeman.

A short individual, aged about twenty five and wearing horn-rimmed glasses, answered. He looked, Jan thought, particularly criminal. Jan extended his hand, though. "Good evening, my name's Beery. I believe -er- Ella Parker lives here."

The man looked at the uniformed policeman suspiciously. "Oh," said Jan, "thank you very much for showing me the way, officer. But I may require your assistance to show me the way back to the station, as I wasn't paying much attention...Gee, these London policemen are very helpful."

The gangster nodded, shortly. "Come in."

Jan followed him up a flight of stairs, and into a room on the second floor. Two duplicators glared at him menacingly, reflecting the feelings of a middle-aged woman with the hardest features this side of an uncut diamond. She was lying across a sort of divan arrangement, watching with a sour expression, a group of hoods playing cards at a table. She rose to her feet, languidly, clouting one of the mob over the head with the broken end of a duplicator crank.

"Just to let him know I'm boss," she grinned, crookedly. Blood trickled from behind his ear. Jan felt inclined to arrest her on the spot, but figured that her mob was so well organised that arresting her for assaulting a man would gain the police a conviction for just that offense and no other. "You must be Jan Beery." she went on, after a moment. "Sit down, take your shoes off, and make yourself at home."

She was subtle, this mob leader. Inviting him to take off his shoes, thus leaving him helpless, in case of emergency. He looked meaningfully at the drawing pins scattered over the floor, you won't catch me like this, sister, he thought. "Yes, I'm Jan Beery. I hope you don't mind me dropping in on you like this..."

"No, no, Glad to have you here. I was going to go over to your place and drag you here...I suppose you better meet these bums over there. Cigarette, Thomson." one of the players - a lean man with thin lips and the hard appearance of one who has published an OMPazine - flipped a cigarette out of a packet into Ma Parker's hand. She lit it and stuck it behind her ear.

Jan stepped forward. "Arthur Thomson?"

"That's me," Thomson mouthed, undoing his jacket. A holstered automatic glinted dangerously in the flickering light of an oil burner.

"Ya wanna be careful how you talk to him, Mac," another gambler simpered. Jan studied him. He was short, neatly dressed, and, when he was born, he had possibly resembled a cherub. Not now. In the cruel twist of his mouth and twitching of the ears lay the unmistakable marks of a psychopathic killer. He wore a dealer's green eye-shield over his sun glasses.

"Beautiful, ain't he," Ma Parker cackled. "That's Ted Forsyth. Otherwise known as Mack the Fork. That unshaven monstrosity there is Bennett the Foot - he collects stamps, see - and that's the Beatnik."

"The Beatnik?"

"Jhim Linwood."

Forsyth was dealing. "Coming in, Mack?"

They appeared to be playing Brag, of some peculiar variety invented, no doubt, by Bennett. Jan sat down, dug out a handful of coins, began to play, all the while rehearsing his evidence for the judge in court in a couple of weeks time. He sure had this mob sewn up, he thought, as he secreted a couple of cards from the pack. He won a few shillings, whilst listening to Ma Parker expounding on the great pleasures to be gained from fandom - of the pleasures of turning the crank, of collating, and licking stamps and addressing envelopes. Of restapling the fanzines sent to you, of tearing your fingernails on the staples of GRY. Bennett - down to his last three-penny bit and bragging on a prile of nines, desparately bid a subscription to Sky-rack in an attempt to frighten Jan or Linwood into throwing their hand in. Linwood looked at his hand, with the deliberation born of desperation. It was his turn to brag. Bennett, a slow smile struggling between the four week growth of beard, shifted the three cards in his hand an inch or two. Jan watched, hopefully. Linwood suddenly flung his cards in. "Damn you, Bennett," he mouthed. Bennett chuckled.

It was Jan's turn. "A sub to Skyrack," he murmured. "That's half a crown." He raised 2/6d. "See you," he added.

Bennett flung his cards on the table, face down. "Prile of aces," he snapped.

Jan reached an arm forward to turn them over. Bennett drew an automatic, slammed the butt inches from the Corporal's hands. "Prile of aces," he repeated. Jan showed his cards, a mere prile of queens. "May I see yours, please," he said, trying to ignore the gun now pointed casually at his midriff.

"Ya accusing me of cheating?" Bennett murmured, voice silky soft, and laced with a touch of the American accent picked up on his TAFF trip and normally carefully hidden from the delicate English fans with whom he associated. Forsyth leaned across the table and spat into Jan's face. "We don' like fans of your sort," he hissed.

Jan wished he'd kept to his old beat in law-abiding Balham. He turned to Ma Parker, cast her an appealing glance. She shook her head, sipped tea languorously, "Your problem, neo," she said.

"May I see those cards?" he said.

Bennett proved the versatility of his vocabulary by saying: "Ya accusing me o' cheatin'?"

"I'm afraid I must see those cards..." The gun licked savagely across Jan's face. Jan clutched it in agony for a moment, then, grasping the edge of the table, flung it into the gangsters' laps. In a second, he had drawn his automatic, and was blazing lead at them. He noted with cold satisfaction that one of them - Forsyth - had stopped a slug with his shoulder, the simpering killer now the whimpering little gnome he so resembled. He was about to draw a careful bead on Bennett, struggling to regain his feet, when some instinct made him turn. But he was too late. A glimpse of a heavy bottle wielded by Ma Parker - then blackness.....

Jan came round to the untuned symphony of a series of tin sheets being beaten with castenets. Bennett was holding a glass of water. "Drink this."

Jan did so; slowly his head cleared. The mobsters were sitting in a circle looking at him not unfriendly. Ma Parker was grinning crookedly. "Ya don't want to take that Bennett so serious-like," she lipped, thinly. "You know what a one for ploys he is. He only had a prile of nines..."

"You mean - you mean that sub to Skyrack is now mine."

She nodded.

Jan digested this slowly. He began to smile. Gone were the aches - gone the memory of the recent fight. All that remained was the rose-colored horizon of his greatest triumph in Fandom - obtaining a free Skyrack sub from Bennett at Brag. And the rest of the mob, strangely, they were smiling, and Ma Parker was pouring out drinks, and, suddenly, a party was in full swing...

Four hours and twice that many Scotchs later, Jan Beery staggered from Ma Parker's, into the arms of the faithfully waiting John Paul Andrews. With a jolt he returned to reality. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO ARREST THOSE PEOPLE...

But, ghodamm it, he couldn't. They were fans, and they were his people. Well, as far as he was concerned, he could forget their little gambling sessions. "We ain't arresting them," he said. "No evidence."

Paul looked at him astonished, "But we have," he said, eagerly. "This ten of clubs."

This ten of clubs. Jan sighed. It would be no use telling him to drop the thing in the river. The kid was too honest for that - too damned honest! "One card ain't a lot of evidence," he said, desperately. "Look, we got to investigate it some more. Hang onto the card. In a couple of days, I should be able to collect together more evidence - Christ, kid, I'm whacked. Thank god tomorrow's Sunday. I sure need the rest. Monday I should be able to sew the whole case up...."

Damn it, it didn't sound convincing, but what the hell! It'd give him a couple of days to work something out. He wondered, vaguely, if TAFF fund could be got together fast enough to send Ma Parker's mob to America...

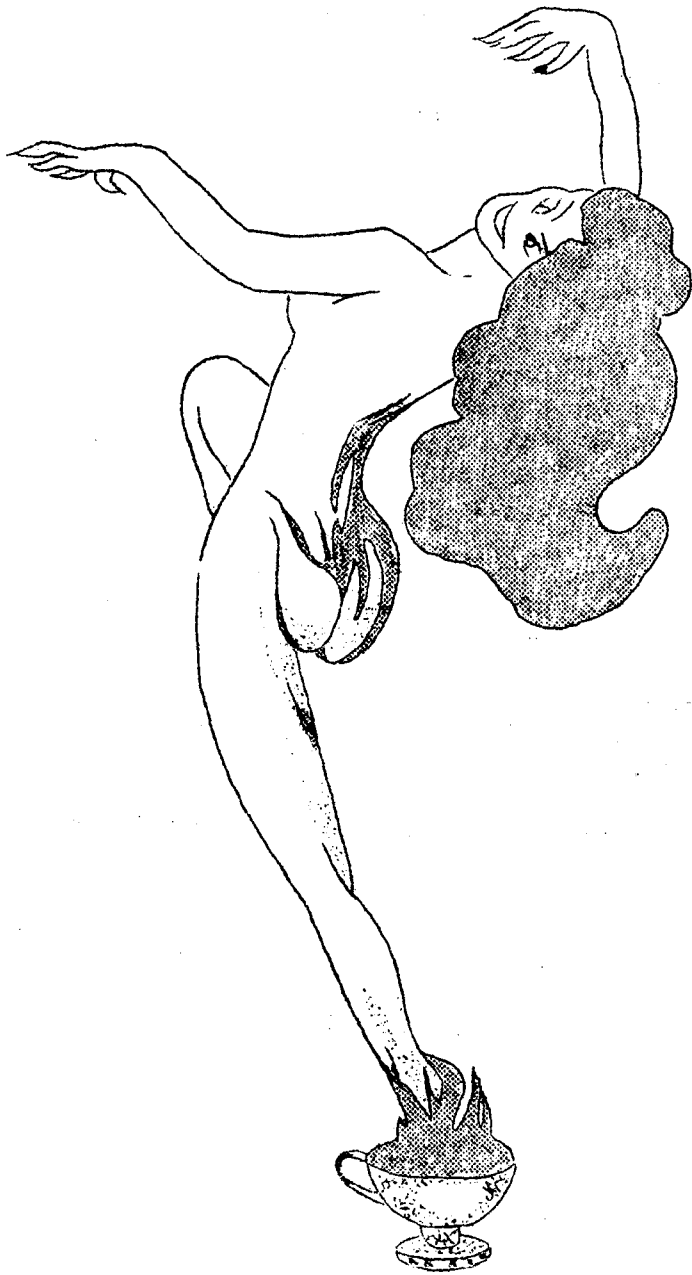
Sunday he spent recovering from the hangover. Monday morning he was almost his old self once more - bleary-eyed and short tempered. The Daily Mirror cringed at ferocious glances he gave the headlines. POLICE RECRUIT FOUND DEAD, they said. He swallowed some coffee, thinking of one particular recruit who could use a bit of killing with advantage to fandom. He glanced through the report below the headlines with the same sort of interest a campanologist would give to a report of someone being killed by a falling ball.

"John Paul Andrews, PC743, was found dead in his garden yesterday, near a pond in which he kept as pets a number of aquatic animals. The post mortem showed that he had died of sever haemorrhage resulting from being bitten in the neck by one of the pair of beavers living in the pool.

Corporal Jan Beery, leant back and smiled. He murmured something.

"What was that, dear?" his wife asked.

"Somewhere the Roscoe," he repeated. "Somewhere the Roscoe."



THE CHALICE

by Doreen Webbert

I've thought and thought about what has happened and it all seems to trace back to the day I bought the urn or chalice, whichever you wish to call it. I had never thought of being a witch or even about witchcraft before that. Once I brought it home and set it on the mantel, That's about all I have thought of. Let me tell you about it.

I was passing this small store, not much more than a hole in the wall really, and I saw this chalice through the open door. I just had to go in for a closer look. And once I was inside I couldn't seem to leave without buying it. The old man that sold it to me wrapped it in some of the oddest looking green paper that I had ever seen. I could hardly wait to get home and get it unwrapped and to get rid of that paper. Maybe if I had left it wrapped nothing would have happened. When I placed it on the mantel, it seemed to catch light from every corner of the room and I couldn't take my eyes off it for a minute. I finally got the lights turned out and went to bed.

The first thing I did the next morning was to head for the library and I checked out every book on witchcraft that I could find and that they would let me take out of the library. I even had them order some other books for me from the Library of Congress. In the next two weeks, I had spent time at all the Universities, and in every book shop I could find in this area. By that time the books I had ordered started to arrive and I read them as fast as I could. None of them seemed to tell me what I wanted to know. At times I would be sure that I had found it, and then when I started to make notes, I'd realize that this wasn't what I was hunting for. I have a desk full of notes that say nothing. I have spells for everything from Earthquakes to Love Potions, but not for the one thing that seemed to be driving me all the time.

Then I started to trace the history of things, hoping against hope that this would give me some sort of lead. But I haven't been able to find the slightest mention of the chalice anywhere. But I have no doubt that it has some connection with witchcraft. I do wish that all the witch burners hadn't done such a good job. All the records are gone. I've even started keeping what would amount to a text book for witches. I have written the better spells, hexes, and put a few diagrams of pentagrams in it that I have found that really work. I've made it rain, caused droughts, eventried a small earthquake just to see if it would work. Remember the small quake they had in California not too long ago? That was the second try I made. For some reason the first time I tried, it didn't work. I must have been in the wrong frame of mind.

I think I've discovered why all the books say that witches worked in the nude. Clothes seem to distract your thoughts and even get in the way. I can see someone turning a nudist colony into a camp of witches.

Here, take a look into the chalice. There seems to be some sort of a green growth on the bottom. That green is just about the same color as the paper it was wrapped in when I brought it home. I have the feeling at times that it's getting ready to leave, just as soon as I solve this problem. The past couple of nights I've been having weird dreams. Very vivid, almost like I've been sleepwalking. This morning I was sure I'd been sleepwalking and I must have put my right foot into the chalice. I have a spot of green on it and it won't come off. I do wish you'd stay the night and see just what does happen. I'm starting to get worried about the entire business.

I feel that I should tell the rest of her story. I did stay the night as she asked, complete with camera, though she didn't know that. She went to bed early and about two hours later she walked into the livingroom, placed her right foot into the chalice and there before my eyes, and the camera, she started to sink or rather melt into the chalice. She was asleep or in a trance. I snapped this picture and rushed to help her, but before I could cross the room she was gone. I don't think that I could have saved her if I hadn't stopped to take the picture, but I'll never know.

When I looked into the chalice earlier in the evening, the green substance barely covered the bottom - now it was over half full. As I watched, it filled up, flowed over the brim and wrapped itself in a vile looking green paper, and even as I looked at it, it disappeared.

—Doreen Webbert—

THE MISSIONARIES

BY STEVEN L. MUIR

"If only we would spread the word around... ...if we all played our part, and spread the good word round, more and more people would buy the prozines."
—Hans Steffen Santessan in a speech at the Detention as reported by John Berry in "The Goon Goes West" in CRY #135.

Bobbie-Joe Klanter inspected himself in the mirror, brushed his hand over his hair as a final gesture of readiness. He left his room, went through the kitchen where the remains of his breakfast soddened in the bowl, went quietly through the house so as not to disturb his parents. He knew, of course, they'd be up soon to work on the new issue of FAMZINE and would want him to help. But he had his Mission. He got his brief and let himself out the front door.

It was a bright, fresh Saturday morning and as he walked towards the bus-stop, he thought of what a wonderful day this would be. Not only for him, but for all the people he would help. He clutched his brief under his arm, got on the bus and wondered how many people would be thrilled by the opportunity to find a new world of wonder awaiting them. And he, Bobbie-Joe Klanter, would be the one from whom they would get the Key to their Salvation! Ah, it was a nice feeling to have, that certain satisfaction of having Done Something Solid and Constructive, having helped somebody to a new life!

The bus came to his stop and he got off. Then he went into the ritual. The corner drugstore was adjacent to the bus-stop, so he headed for it as he did every Saturday. He stood there looking at the magazine rack. His face became a mask of righteous indignation as he noticed that it had happened again. ANALOG was behind HOT ROD MAGAZINE and the other science-fiction magazines were hidden away here and there behind less interesting reading matter. He went about the business of straightening them out, putting all the stf magazines toward the front where they'd be seen first thing.

"Hey, din't I tell you th' last time I'd kick your ass if I caught you doin' that again!?" The voice snarled from the interior of the store and grew louder as its owner approached rapidly. "Get the hell out of here!"

Bobbie-Joe got out of there, hurling back one devastating insult.

"Mundane type!"

He slowed to a walk a short ways from the store and tucked in his tie, brushed a hand over his hair. The Battle was always an exhilarating adventure....as long as you didn't get hurt.

Then he was at the Center. He went inside where some of the others were already gathering for their assignments of the day. He went to the conference room and sat down. He looked around and it was a good feeling to be there. There were others, early teens like himself, but they ranged all the way up to graying NFFF members, all carrying the Word, unselfishly devoting hours of their weekends to the Great Mission. Then the Leader went to the front of the room.

"I'm glad to see you all here this morning," He beamed a squirrel-like smile around the room. "I'd like, this morning, to give you a report I just received in from our Central Headquarters in New York City." He groped in his pocket and pulled out a sheet of paper. Flattening it, he read, "The Mission is starting to snowball as reports from Regional Offices flow in. Our people have contacted 71,000 unfortunates in all walks of life during the past months. More are joining our Cause, now only in it's fourth year, and we will soon have branches in all major cities as well as many smaller towns. Reports from the Magazines indicate that more and more Unfortunates are starting to read the Literature." Here he looked up from the report. "We will have a National Sweepstakes in a few weeks. A Central Committee in New York will award a prize to that region which shows the most increase in new readers. The reward will be something like the 'Hugos', only better, of course. We want that award for this area! Get out there and bring 'em in! And don't forget to turn in your reports! So get on out there and ring those doorbells!"

Bobbie-Joe left with the warm glow in his heart that always came after so stimulating a send-off. It was nice to feel a part of such a great, nation-wide organization, doing Good. It was even better than the NFFF! He got on the bus and looked over the list of streets that was his territory. He could hardly wait.

The first building on Babcock Street was an apartment house. Bobbie-Joe liked them since he was able to contact more people quicker. He entered the building, checked to make sure which one was the Manager's door, avoided it, and went to the next door, unzipping his brief. He knocked on the door. He listened, heart thumping, for footsteps. First Contact of the morning! But no steps came. Only a groan. Then a voice, muffled, from within.

"You idiot! It's only nine-thirty! Go away!"

He shrugged and decided it would be better to go on. He knocked on the next door. Knocking, it seemed, was a warmer, more personal approach than ringing the doorbell. The door opened a crack.

"What is it?" asked a little old lady. She was short, gray-haired, apple-cheeked and thoroughly the cheerful, grandmotherly type.

"M'am, I'd like just a few minutes of your time to show you the way to a Great New Salvation," he began, extending a mimeographed sheet.

Her face brightened. "Oh, how wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I just love to see you young men come around on the weekends Spreading the Word!" She took the proffered sheet. "Won't you come in?"

"Yes, thank you, M'am," he said, happy that the First Contact was so welcomingly enthusiastic. He took the indicated chair as she sat down on the sofa, hands clasped in her lap, looking expectantly at him.

"I'd like to start by asking if you do much reading," he said, going into Routine 3-ZT-88.

"Oh, very much," she said. "I read several chapters every day depending on how long they are."

"Oh," he said, "that's fine. Uh, in Heinlein or Smith or...?"

"I don't believe I know those translations," she said, puzzled. "I have the King James." She smiled hesitantly.

"King James?" He smiled hesitantly.

"Yes," she said, confidently. "Now tell me. Are you from the 'Watchtower' people? The New Kingdom Group? I just love to hear you young men come tell me about the only True God." She sat back, waiting.

The only true ghod is Bloch, Bobbie-Joe thought. Or beer. That's what is always in FAMZINE. What does she mean?

"M'am, I represent the 'Science Fiction Forever Society' which is dedicated to the advancement and propagation of the field and increasing public interest in it." Her mouth dropped open but he quickly forged ahead. "That sheet I gave to you is adapted from an N3F publication which lists the two Basic Libraries in Science Fiction and Fantasy as compiled by our people from the work of Redd Boggs and in the Arkham Sampler."

"But—but--what about God?" she faltered, picking up the list.

"You'll see," he continued, "that there are boxes alongside the list of book titles. You can check off the ones you've read and work on the balance. Most are available in libraries throughout the city." He fumbled in his brief. "Now here is a list of current science-fiction magazines on the--"

"Wait a minute, young man!" Her blue eyes flashed as she refused to take the list. "I thought you came in here to show me the path to Salvation! What is all this?" She looked hurt.

"I did, M'am," he pleaded earnestly. "Salvation from mundane, dull, idealess reading matter! I--"

"No, no!" she protested, getting up. "What Church are you from? I never heard of this one you talk about."

"I'm not from a church, M'am," he said. "I'm--"

"Then get out!" she bellowed. "I can't waste my time with you! Any minute somebody from the 'Watchtower' might come and I'll miss them! Out! Out, get out of here!" He retreated and the door slammed behind him.

He got his brief together, brushed at his hair, took a deep breath and went to the next apartment. Silly old woman, he thought. He knocked on the door. No-body answer, so he went to the next one.

The door opened after a minute and a young woman stood there in a kimono. She was in her late twenties and sleepy.

"What'cha want?" she yawned, patting uselessly at her hair.

"Good morning," he said brightly, "I'd like just a few minutes of--your--time."

Her kimono was very loose. He struggled mentally a minute, then looked past her into the room.

"Yeh?" She yawned again. "What about? Y'know what time it is?"

"Uh," he began, shifting his brief to get a look at his wristwatch. "It's--"

"--too early, kid." She started another yawn as she closed the door.

He breathed a sigh of relief. He didn't know exactly how he'd have managed to concentrate on his Mission if she'd let him in. He reflected that that must've been the kind of cleavage that Cleavage Fandom was all about that he'd read in some fanzines. Not in FAMZIN E of course, since it was a family fanzine and didn't print stuff like that. He sighed and went to the next apartment and knocked.

As he listened for somebody to come, sounds came through the door. Then blasted as the door opened. A man, burly, hairy in an undershirt stood there, a can of beer clutched in one hand, noise from a television set blasting around him.

"Whaddaya want?" he demanded, casting a suspicious, puffy eye at Bobbie-Joe.

"I'd like just a few minutes of--"

"Wha'? Can't hearya."

"I SAID I'D LIKE JUST A FEW MINUTES OF YOUR TIME," he bellowed against the tide of sound from what was obviously a western. "I'D--"

"Look, kid, I'm missin' th' best part of th' movie an' I don't want none of what you got anyhow!" The door slammed shut, cutting off most of the noise. That's the worst type, Bobbie-Joe thought. The Television Type, lowest sub-category of the Mundane Class.

He went on down the hall to the next apartment, around the corner and off the main hall from the rest. He knocked on the door.

It opened and a man stood there. "Hello?" he said.

"Hallo," replied Bobbie-Joe. "I'd like just a few minutes of your time--"

"Sure, c'mon in," the man said, stepping back. "What about?"

"You didn't give me a chance to finish," smiled Bobbie-Joe. "It's about your reading habits, to tell the truth." He decided that Routine 4-ZT-77 would be best for this one. Frankness. He entered the room.

"Have a seat, be comfortable," said the man. "What's your name?"

"Uh, Bobbie-Joe Klanter." He sat down, placing the folio on the floor. "What's yours?" The man was tall, slim, crew-cut, pleasant features. He smoked a pipe.

"Charles Stuart," he replied. "Now what have you got to say about reading?"

Bobbie-Joe decided to let him have it between the eyes, the shock approach.

"Do you read science-fiction?"

"Used to," smiled Stuart. "But not much anymore. Have a few titles over there." He waved his hand in the direction of a bookcase covering nearly half the opposite wall. Bobbie-Joe strained to recognize dust-jacket spines.

"Used to," he faltered. "Do you read any of the magazines?" He turned back to Stuart, who was smiling.

"No, I don't anymore. Borrow one once in a while, that's all." He knocked his pipe against the ashtray.

"Why not?" demanded Bobbie-Joe, the Wrath about to come over him.

"Why do you ask," Stuart fired back. "You haven't told me who you represent."

"Oh. Oh, I represent an organization devoted to the propagation of science-fiction," Bobbie-Joe said. "We have a great program all through—"

"Is this the NFFF?"

"Uh, no, not really, we—"

"Who started it? Who sponsors it?"

"Why, the Central Committee does— from New York City. I'm a member of this Regional Branch."

"Yes, but who is behind it all?"

"Why, just a bunch of science-fiction readers, I guess. We want the field to grow and become part of everybody's reading habit," he said, seeing the lines in the Methods Booklet almost as if it were right in front of his eyes.

"That still doesn't answer my question." Stuart relit his pipe. "I think you don't actually know." He smiled. "But that's all right. You want to know about my reading habits?"

"Uh, I guess so," faltered Bobbie-Joe, feeling that something wasn't going right.

"I read mystery fiction. Novels of detection, things like that. Ever hear of Ellery Queen? Anthony Boucher? Agatha Christie?" He emitted great clouds of smoke to emphasize each name.

"Uh, I've heard of Anthony Boucher," Bobbie-Joe started. "I—"

"Oh, come, come, surely you've read Nero Wolfe stories? Ever read anything by John Dickson Carr? Margery Allingham, Josephine Tey?" he laughed. "Bobbie, you haven't lived!"

"But I've read science-fiction! It's the Fiction with the Forward Look!"

"With fins?"

"Huh?"

"Why don't you try something else for a change? I'm sure you'll find a great new world of intellectual adventure waiting for you." Stuart got up and headed for the bookcase. "You've probably read Wilson Tucker's books, even the non-stif ones, but how about some of these?" He selected a few volumes from the shelves.

"But, but I read science-fiction," protested Bobbie-Joe. He took the proffered books so they wouldn't fall. "I couldn't read these!"

"Now that one you have on top is a Sherlock Holmes," said Stuart. "I'm sure you'll enjoy it. It's a classic type."

"Sherlock Holmes? You mean like in the movies?"

"No, this is the original. The real thing, much better," He leaned back in his chair. "Now that next one is a Tey. The Man in the Queue. If that one doesn't interest you, you're a hopeless case."

"I've read a Mickey Spillane," Bobbie-Joe said. "Just to see what it was about. I didn't like it. I read science-fiction though!" He looked at the books in his lap, waving his hands. "I can't read these!"

"Then try some by Peter Cheyney, Edgar Wallace, William Irish-Cornell Woolrich, or by Raymond Chandler, Rex Stout or Frank Gruber for a change-of-pace."

"Change-of-pace! I haven't even read these! What—"


"Then read them," said Charles Stuart, getting up. "I must be leaving for a meeting of a chapter of the Baker Street Irregulars, so why not come back next week and let me know how you liked them?"

He ushered Bobbie-Joe out of the room, stepping outside himself, waved good-bye and disappeared down the hall. Bobbie-Joe stood there in the hall, clutching the brief and the books, mouth open.

There was nothing for him to do now but to go home and dump the books. He couldn't lug them with him all the rest of the day. He'd come back and return them, unread of course, next Saturday. Trusting soul, this Stuart, he thought. He went out of the building to the busstop. Seeing no bus, he sat down and frowned at the first title. His eyebrows shot up. He opened the book and glanced at the first lines.

It was not until the third bus stopped that he remembered that he was going to get on. He got up and dropped change into the box, still engrossed in the book by H.H.Holmes entitled Rocket to the Morgue.

—Steven L. Muir—



Helpful

by Joseph Green

The hand was broad, powerful, the pads of muscle in the palm firm and wide. The harsh, rigid lines of carpal tendons, under strain spread out in a fan-shape pattern from the wrist to the bottom joint of each finger. They were interlaced with a network of wide blue veins. The fingers, bent into a curve, were the strength of the hand. Stubby, wide and thick, their outer surface was coarse, a mat of dark hair growing between the knuckles on the two lower joints; the inner sides were callous-

ed and worn, the epidermis dead and tough. The thumb was spread wide against the strain, the loose skin between it and the first finger pulled taut.

The wrist was thick, heavy, made on the same hard, strong scale as the hand. The arm was firm, the muscles compact and solid. The biceps were extended, thin; the triceps were bunched with effort, the skin pulled taut against the outer fiber layers. Under the protecting skin the muscle was in a severe strain, its tensile fibers compacted into a hard ball.

The hand was inverted, the thumb pointing to the floorboards. The man in the seat was leaning forward; sweat beaded his forehead, and his eyes were dilated. The teeth were clamped hard against each other, the lips pulled back into a snarl. The Buick bucked and swayed under the restraining force of the brakes, the hydraulic fluid in the cylinders pressing relentlessly against the rubber caps. But the car had been moving at over eighty miles an hour. Nothing short of a brick wall could stop the heavy automobile in less than two hundred feet.

The man's right foot had the brake pedal almost to the floorboard. His left hand gripped the wheel with knuckles white under the strain. The right arm was extended across the seat, the hand locking the five year old girl to the rear cushion. Ahead of him the Buick's hot white lights silhouetted a car. It was turned crossways on the road, completely blocking the highway. On each side steep embankments led downward into a chaos of tangled rock partially covered by crawling vegetation. The highway rested on a low ridge of rock running across the canyon floor. White concrete posts stood every twenty feet along both sides, with two heavy metal strips running from post to post. The speed limit was forty miles an hour.

The man in the stalled car was pudgy, his straw-colored hair bristling above a red face. He was pie-eyed drunk. He saw the bright lights rushing toward him, heard the screeching tires torturing themselves against the gravel road, and sat there uncomprehending, lost in an alcoholic fog.

Above the noise of the tires and the wind rushing past the car's streamlined form rose a woman's scream. Instinctively she reached for her child. One hand fell on the hard, competent hand of her husband, his spreading fingers a shield against the tiny chest.

"Move, damn you, move!" He shouted it wildly, hopelessly. The drunk could not possibly start his engine and realign his car before the collision.

The strong man saw the fat red face in the window more clearly, as the tenths of seconds passed, saw the eyes blinking stupidly, the mouth open, gaping foolishly at approaching death. To turn off the road was sure destruction. At their speed it was still death when they hit the car ahead. The man made his decision. If the drunk son-of-a-bitch ahead was going to cost him his life and that of his wife and child, then he would die too. Deliberately he turned the wheel a trifle, trying to control the skidding car enough to hit the door where the man sat head-on.

Time seemed to slow, to drag. Foot by foot the cars drew closer. The woman's terrified screams reached of the Buick as she clung to the little girl. The child was startled by the sound, by her father's outcry. The drunk's eyes at last opened wide, and cleared. In the last few seconds he reached full awareness, knew what he, in his alcoholic helplessness, had done. He heard the woman's scream.

Closer, closer, while the Buick rocked and groaned, the tires screeching across the gravel's hardness. The lights reflected from the side of the car ahead, the true lights and their reflections approaching each other for the inevitable mating.

There was a blur in the air, a temporary distortion of vision a shimmer of mirage, and the stalled car was gone. The road ahead lay empty, and in a few more feet the powerful brakes brought the vehicle to a stop. The man sat behind the wheel, stunned, still holding the brake down, his leg locked with the tension.

"Daddy!"

With a start the man relaxed the pressure of his hand on the child, his foot on the brake.

"I did it, daddy," the girl said.

The man turned slowly to face her. Shock still lay heavily on his face. The woman was crying, the sobs jerking and choking in her throat.

"Did what?"

"Moved the car, daddy. See, see!" She pointed out the window. The man saw a twisted pile of metal at the foot of the embankment; as he watched a tongue of flame appeared over the crumpled hood.

He turned and stared at his daughter, a dawning horror in his eyes.

Poltergeist!

"I did it, daddy, see. I moved it for you."



The End

LETTER TO A WITCH

by Mike Mitchell

and

Clay Hamlin

Dear sister Hecate:

Got your parchment the other day. Was very interested in the new addition to the family. Thanks for the picture, cute little monster isn't it? Looks lot like gramps baby pictures back in the old days before his home sunk.

Glad to hear that your weather has been so good this year. I must admit that the Koven Klub clique did fumble it a bit down this way. They let the worst of the snowstorms start at night, the result was that when morning came everybody could tell the day was going to be a meteorological stinker and take appropriate action.

Humans were not stranded in their autos and busses, the commuter lines had extra cars ready and practically no one was even late for dinner. Next day conditions were even worse, just about everything was back to normal.

There is a story going the rounds that the Chief of the local branch of the Satanic Weather Bureau had been out most of the day before with a bunch of Salvation Army girls and was still full of coffee and doughnuts when he showed up for work. I don't say it was true of course, but it's pretty obvious someone turned on the wrong spells.

Right now the Kovners are in a dither about humanist infiltration. A certain werenik was found to be an active member of the Humanist party, he had a card with the hammer-and-stake emblem on it and all. Worse than that, the fellow was a laboratory assistant at Demons, Incarnate, and had access to top-secret invocations.

He is still at large, but the H-men are watching for him. They know he will have to come out when the moon is full again.

Up here in Kali's Krypt, we have another thing to worry about. Those blessed Saturnalian's up Canada way are getting too sure of themselves. Actually supporting and helping an Extraterrestrial called the Lunette. The nerve of them, actually starting a propaganda campaign against the vampires again. They never learn, already forgotten what happened to the last one that tried that. Ah, remember what we did to that Bierce.

They may call themselves Saturnalia but we all know that it is nothing more than Bacchanalinians. Just because they destroyed a few covens of witches up that way so they had to fall back on the Druid rites for survival...but those missionaries always have a tough time when they get in those human districts. I prefer the more quiet life.

That Lunette is causing trouble, though. She is now setting up centers for peddling, that ghastly drug from the Kakos weed in the lunar craters. Watch out for trouble over there if it gets in the hands of the wereniks, it makes them think every night is the night of the full moon. Heavenly thing to contemplate.

That old fellow in the portrait you sent -- I'm sure I've seen him at the Krypt. If so, he was the one who dropped in the other night and asked for a goblet of mulled wine. I remember him because he gave the bartender two little parchment envelopes and told him to use their contents instead of the usual cloves and cinnamon. He said he had to be in Salem before cockcrow, but needed "one for the road".

When the bartender heard that, he demanded payment in advance. A wise move, for no sooner had the old character downed his version of mulled wine than he vanished in a cloud of unfiltered smoke.

While I was still there, someone (or something) remarked that the (pardon the language) Salvation Army was busy saving souls. In the chill silence which followed, a quiet stranger who had been sitting amid the deeper shadows leaned forward.

"Saving souls, are they?" he asked with a smile. "They ought to see the ones I've collected." Everyone laughed and the tension was broken.

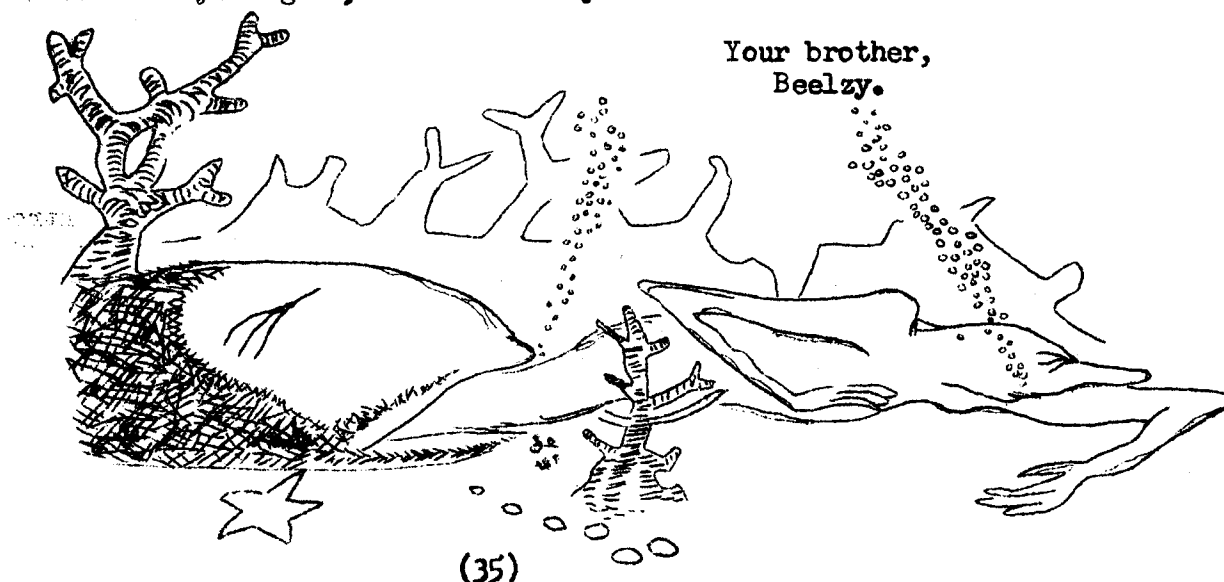
We have several of the members lately getting together in an investment pool. Course there is much to be gained in teaching them to use the beautiful income tax to snare those humans, but we do have to support ourselves in other ways. We have information to speculate in General Diabolism now, seems they are working on an electronic crystal ball now.

You might also watch Mephisto Broom, too, seems they are doing some experimenting with anti grav units, and since the incident, where one of the witches took off after a session at the Klub and was so tipsy that she couldn't control the broom, and trying to buzz a church steeple and lost her cape and hat on top of it, there has been some awkward questions asked. Even though they aren't enclosed, these old brooms are still good. They don't make them like that any more.

Saw a lecture the other night, by Dr. Kahunanai, the Polynesian mystic, on "The Power of Prayer". He claims anyone can be prayed to death.

Now I really must do some work; it is Sunday you know.

Till I see you again, don't take any silver nickels.



MY CHESS CAREER

by Jose Rosabianca

The Great Costa Rican Grandmaster

(Better known as Ken Seagle)

I first thought about taking up chess seriously, rather than as a pastime, after I became Champion of the Universe. Up until then, I had looked upon it as only an amusing game played mostly by the women of the Harem in the Great Palace of the Absolute, in the center of the Metagalaxy.

I first learned to play in my mother's womb, three months after conception. My first game was with my mother, and I signaled her by kicking a code which came instinctively to me. It was then that I first realized that I had a talent for chess. Later, in a breathtaking game with her, upon making a particularly brilliant move, I kicked her a little too hard. She died, and I was delivered two months premature. My father was enraged and threatened to kill me. I challenged him to a game, and when I mated him on the 9th move, he expired on the spot.

It was then, in order to make a living, that I started playing simultaneous games and gave exhibitions. Since I couldn't talk or move around, I signaled my opponents by patterns of neuro-muscular spasms and tactile responses to certain types of diaper cloth.

Later, when I started playing Master chess, I began at a disadvantage. My opponent knew many opening moves, and I knew none. This was because he could see the board and I couldn't. I was nearsighted at the time. Fortunately, especially since it was touch chess, I always touched the right pieces and moved them to the right squares. This ability left me as I grew older and my sight grew better. This wild talent, now dead in me, has since been explained by the Central Computer of the Metagalaxy as a result of a certain singular discoloration of my spleen, the nature of which is not completely understood.

As I grew older, I began to tour the Galaxy, giving exhibitions. I remember particularly how one sweet little old lady who lived in the Sirius Sector hugged me and said, "Oodums is a sweet wittle boy, and oodums has a wemahkable wittle mind." I have since detested sweet little old ladies, and am overcome with a profound nausea whenever I come within 3 lightyears of the Sirius Sector.

Many people, and some of the others, have asked me where I get my ability. I do not know. I never read a book on Chess until last year, when I read the very enjoyable 4722½ Composed Problems That Cannot Be Reached In Over-The-Board Play by Harold Bizarre, which contains a rather cynical introduction by Botvinnik. My introduction to chess, called "Moves You Can Make", was written nearly a century ago and is as good now as it was then, even though it doesn't show how the pieces are moved, or even pictures of them. In fact, it consists of 20,000 blank onion-skin pages, to be filled in with positions of the student's choosing. I feel that if one has a talent for the game, then he shouldn't learn it.

I have not lost many games (only 3 out of 10^{89}), but if I learn as much from those in the future as I did from those in the past, I wouldn't mind losing a few more.

The last game I lost was the result of my opponent's being in time pressure (he had only 2 sidereal years on his clock), and he knocked all the pieces off the board. When the position was reconstructed, I sat on the wrong side of the board, and moved my opponents men, losing in a position which I had created. The tournament Director, a man 475 years of age, who had lost every game he had played me since the age of 3, wouldn't change the score. I appealed to the Chess Federation of the Universe, but the President, a man who had lost a very important game to me, the stakes consisted of the winner's being greased and sent to the Copulation Pits of Venus for one week, wouldn't hear my case.

The longest game I ever played was with the great Jovian Master, Obfusco Fogpsyche, and lasted seven pulsations of the Central Life-Force, during which periods a number of gods were born and died.

I have never played any more blindfold games since my birth (naturally, all those previous to my birth were blindfold). I believe it to be only a pastime for certain exhibitionist Masters such as Alexander Acidbind. It also has certain side effects, as witness the case of Miguel Hakoff, the noted Betelgeuse Master, who holds the Universe Record for simultaneous blindfold chess — 2¹⁵ games at one time. It took $3\frac{1}{2}$ millenia to play. Hakoff has since been able to as deeply as 3000 moves into a position, but he is no longer able to see any other position but one—even when he looks at the board—and it is in some way peculiarly unsound. He has recently bought a seeing-eye dog to lead him around to tournaments, where he tries to win with this strange position. But as the dog is also beginning to see the position, he has been forced to retire. Thus I avoid blindfold play.

I have been asked how far ahead I can see into a game—on occasion, as many as 7,214 moves into a complicated end-game composed of one King and three Queens, but since none of my opponents even know of such a position, they do not transpose into it. I now only look two moves ahead.

I have retired from the Championship of the Universe since the Central Computer of the Metagalaxy confirmed my opinion that it also could not beat me.

Next week, I play the Absolute in an exhibition game, for which, if I lose, I am granted roiling pain for the half-life of helium. And, if I win, I become the Immovable Mover.

—Ken Seagle—



THE CASE OF THE INK-STAINED FAN

by Mike Deckinger

"He's in here, Goon," Inspector Atomson said as he ushered the tall, moustached, young man into the ink stained room.

"We found him like this early yesterday morning," Atomson explained as Goon Bleary shuffled through the mess on the floor, pushing away copies of GRUE and FANAC and OOPSLA and SKYRACK and CRY to get to the body underneath. Bleary turned the body over on its back and observed the young, pained face of a man who could not have been more than twenty-five. He was dressed in a faded blue suit, and wore a broken-propellor beanie on his head. Bleary carefully inspected the condition of the man's dress, absently noting that there was an unusual amount of ink covering his hands. He straightened up and looked at the motionless form.

"Who is he?" Bleary asked Atomson.

"Some neo by the name of Stickles or Steckles, something like that. He was introduced to fandom a month ago via a BSFA convention. No one knows very much about him, since as I said, he was only a neo and," Atomson blushed a deep red, producing a startling contrast with his normally pallid skin, "we don't associate too much with neos here."

"Of course, of course, I understand," Bleary informed him cordially, "but even if he is a neo, we can't let his murder go unsolved. Has there been any attempt to determine cause of death?"

Atomson gulped and looked away. He nodded slowly.

"Well, out with it," Bleary demanded eagerly, "what was the cause of death? This is something I have to know."

"He...he..." Atomson looked down at the body then turned away, "I suppose you've noticed the amount of ink on him. All fan-eds, no matter how neo-ish they may be, can operate a mimeo so as not to douse themselves with the ink, and Stickles was as well versed in the use of a mimeo as anyone else. He was going to put out his first fanzine, too. But, no, you wouldn't be interested in that. When he was first discovered he was covered, completely covered with ink. His body was flattened in a most peculiar manner. He...he had been," Atomson looked away and clutched a table for support as he continued talking, "it appeared as if he had been, somehow, attached to the drum of a mimeo, perhaps a Gestetner, and then revolved a few times. Death was instantaneous. Whoever...whoever did it must have been mad."

"there's no denying that," Bleary admitted, "what a horrible way to go. I wonder if his murderer slip-sheeted him."

"Apparently not, he was completely covered with ink when we found him."

Bleary looked away and muttered a prayer to Saint Fantory. "How awful—unslip-sheeted too. I must find him right away. Tell me Atomson, do you have any ideas as to who might have done this terrible deed?"

"None at all, Bleary. Stickles was hardly none at all in fandom. He wasn't a true-fan long enough to make any enemies or engage in any feuds. This crime is completely motiveless."

"No crime is motiveless," Bleary informed him with a superior air, "it just may appear that way, the murderer may want you to think it was without motive, but there definitely is one involved. It's up to me to find it out."

Suddenly the door to the room flew open and a short man in a thin moustache hurried in. He carefully closed the door, with his back to the two men present, then turned about and saw them there.

"Who are you?" Bleary demanded, spearing the newcomer with a bony finger and a close stare.

"I'm Bennett, Ron Bennett, I edit Skyrack. Say, aren't you..."

Bleary drew himself up to his full height, and looked into the blue. "You know who I am?" he inquired with mock modesty, feeling like an important movie star who has been recognized by a jubilant fan.

"Of course I do," Bennett proclaimed proudly, "I'd recognize you anywhere. Gee, imagine that, meeting the real George Looke."

Bleary shuddered, opened his mouth as if to begin to speak, thought better of it, and slowly closed his mouth.

"This is Goon Bleary of the GDA," Inspector Atomson explained patiently.

Bennett looked at Bleary again. The former's eyes opened wider as he stared at the person, quickly his gaze swept up the form of the detective, from the brown, carelessly tied shoes to his long moustache which had become a symbol of his office. Bennett's eyes lit up once again and he turned to Atomson.

"Who?"

"The GDA," Bleary to him exasperatedly, "if you haven't been too busy with your fanzine you may have heard of us."

"Let me think," Bennett said and shut his eyes. For a full minute he stood there immersed in thought, "oh yes, now I remember. There was an article about you in some pre '55 fanzine. I don't remember all of what it said, but it distinctly mentioned the GDA, and its head, Goon Bleary."

Bleary, who had served for three years on a ship, instantly took offence to the man's remark, but Atomson whispered to him that he should control his temper, and get back to matters more pertinent.

"I shall ignore your other comments for now," Bleary informed Bennett, "but only because I have work to do. What brought you here?"

"A card," said Bennett, "oh, perhaps I'd better show it to you." He put his hand in his pocket and withdrew a folded and soiled post card, which he handed over to the Goon.

"I received this last week from this fellow named Stickels," Bennett explained, "he said he heard of my zine and since he was a neo to fandom, he could use help with his own. He wondered if I could come over today and help him out, and since I had nothing else to do, I decided that I would. Why do you ask this? Where is he anyway? I've traveled quite a distance to see him."

"You want to see him, do you?" Bleary commented in a dry tone, "all right, have a look." He dramatically stepped back, revealing the prone body of the neo on the floor.

Bennett gasped when he saw him and drew back.

"That...that is Stickles?" he said in a shaky tone, pointing to the body.

"It is." Bleary affirmed.

"But how...what's been done to him, why is he lying like that?"

"I fancy to think that you'd be in a similar state if you had been run through a mimeo too." Atomson said to him.

"Great Ghu!" was all Bennett could say.

"You wouldn't happen to know who might have done this, would you?" Bleary asked.

Bennett shook his head and turned away. "No, I haven't the slightest idea. From what I gathered, this fellow was a neo, he hardly knew anyone in fandom. I simply can't imagine who could have done this. You will apprehend the guilty party, won't you Bleary?"

"I hope to."

"That's fine, very fine. I...I'd best be going. You better wipe the ink from his shirt and trousers before you bury him, it will make a beastly mess." And with that, Bennett had disappeared out the door.

"Odd chap," Bleary commented, "and he didn't even know of me, I wonder how he ever became a fan."

"Never mind that," Atomson stated, "don't you think you'd better start solving this case. Steckles has been dead for over a day, and if he isn't moved soon, the other tenants in this building will start complaining."

"Yes, I guess you're right, Inspector, now let me see. We've properly seduced, er, deduced, that is, that this murdered neo was not well known in fandom, in fact I'll wager to say very few fans had ever heard of him, therefore we can discount the possibility that he was done away with for reasons of a feud or argument."

"Besides," Atomson interjected, "G.M.Carr is in the U.S."

"So that leaves two possibilities, either his death was due more to mundane reasons, say robbery or such, or else he had a grudge with some non-fan."

"That seems logical."

"Of course it does. Now let's see. What condition was the room in when you found it?"

"Pretty much the way it is now. The overturned stencils and turned up paper is in the same position it was in before. The duplicator and the walls were smeared with ink, and the two empty cans were turned over on the floor. The light bulb was out, and evidently the killer had dumped a pile of old fanzines on Stickles body and then hurried out. He was clutching a copy of SKYRACK in his hand, and had at least two dozen fanzines strewn about. That's all there was. The intruder must have been in a hurry or he might have stayed to tidy things a bit more, so at least it wouldn't be so conspicuous."

"Perhaps," Bleary mused.

"What?"

"Nothing, Inspector Atomson, I was just thinking to myself about something. It's of no importance now."

"Oh, I see, well when do you propose to get on this case, track down the villain and all that?"

"I'm already on it," Bleary stated firmly.

"Any suspects?"

"Perhaps."

"Could you tell me who?"

"Sorry Inspector, it just wouldn't be proper. Besides, I'm not sure, it's only a guess. And now I'd best be going. I'll have to advise you of one thing, though. Don't leave any police around here tonight. You can remove the body if you'd care to, but I'd like to have the place completely deserted."

"Oh, I see," Inspector Atomson replied knowingly, "the murderer always returns to the scene of his crime. Is that it?"

"Perhaps," Bleary replied, "anyway, we shall see."

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It was just growing dark as Goon Bleary returned that evening to Stickles room. He first made sure that no one was present, and then let himself in with the pass key he had taken from the Inspector. Quickly, he made a superficial search of the room, which disclosed that everything was as it had been before, though the body had been removed. Other than that, it appeared as if no others had intruded. After deciding that he was not too late, Bleary opened a closet door, peered into the pitch blackness for a moment, and then entered. He closed the door save for leaving a small crack about an inch wide, where he could peer through into the room. If anyone entered, he would see them. Bleary back up in the closet.

Suddenly strong hands fastened themselves about his waist. Bleary shouted and dived out the door, dragging the hands and whatever else was attached to them, onto

the floor with him. The person in the closet put up a good fight, but Bleary at least managed to subdue him, through a strategic hold involving Bleary's shoving his finger into the stranger's ear and twisting.

"Now we'll see who you are," Bleary declared firmly. Still gripping the squirming adversary, he switched on the light.

It was Inspector Atomson.

"Good heavens," Bleary expostulated, "what are you doing here?"

"No doubt the same thing you are," Atomson said through clenched teeth, "I decided the best way to apprehend the guilty person would be to hide in the closet and see if he returned, as you suggested a criminal does. I must say I never expected to engage in a wrestling match with you."

"Nor I," Bleary succinctly added, "but that doesn't matter. I..."

He stopped abruptly. In the hallway someone was fiddling with the door.

"Quick, in the closet," Bleary muttered, switching off the light frantically and darting into the open closet, shoving Atomson ahead of him. He closed the door slowly so that only a crack remained.

Both of them peered through. They could see the handle of the front door being twisted back and forth, when it suddenly twisted too far to the right and was opened. A figure shrouded in black entered. Carefully, the figure closed the door, and without putting on a light, cautiously marched across the floor to the pile of fanzines. He knelt by them, and began to rummage through the batch.

"Now," Bleary whispered to Atomson, and both darted out of the closet and at the figure. Bleary tackled him low and sent him sprawling, while Atomson quickly flicked the lights on. They both bent over to get a closer look at the figure.

"Bennett." Atomson muttered unbelievably.

"I thought so," Bleary said.

"Let me up, let me up, you fuggheads," Bennett shrieked, "I just came to see, to uh...see..."

"You came to see if you had left any clues, isn't that it, Bennett?" Bleary said, twisting Bennett's arm back.

"Yes, yes, now let go of my arm, you're breaking it. I did it, I was the one who did it to this neo, I got away with it, I did."

"What ever led you to believe it might be Bennett?" Atomson asked as he got up and dusted himself off.

"Several things," Bleary explained, "when he showed me that postcard allegedly sent to him by Stickles, I was all set to believe him, until I noticed it had no postmark and was obviously a forgery. Then, before he left he mentioned something about the ink dirtying the shirt and pants of the dead man. Since the body was face down, and most of the ink had been removed, I couldn't help but wonder how he knew of it."

"Well you've certainly proved he was the guilty one," Atomson admitted, " but you still haven't divulged the motive, if there was one."

"Oh there was one," Bleary said confidently, he twisted Bennett's arm a bit more. "wasn't there?"

"Yes, yes, I had a reason. It was all because of FANAC that I did him in, all because of Berkeley fandom's newsheet. When I first began SKYRACK I eventually hoped to surpass the news gathering ability of FANAC, and thus make SKYRACK not only the number one news fanzine of England, but of America as well. But FANAC continued to scoop me, continued to have better stories and news tips than me. So I had to get a better story. I figured that if I could give a lengthy report in the next SKYRACK of Stickle's death, complete with pictures, maybe FANAC would fold up, or limit circulation now that I had scooped them. That's all I wanted to do really, just get a better news story than FANAC."

Bleary wearily got to his feet, and motioned Inspector Atomson to take Bennett away. As Atomson approached the door, Bleary motioned him to stop.

"You know Inspector, I just realized that this story will be the biggest news item FANAC has ever run. It looks as if Bennett accomplished exactly the opposite of what he was trying to do."

—the end—

ONCE UPON A SUMMER'S NIGHT

Once upon a summer's night,
While all the stars shone big and bright.
I listened to the silence golden
And always will I be beholden.

To the stars, and to the silence
That took me far from all violence
Into their vast eternal spaces;
Into deep and bottomless abysses;

Showed me what it was to think and dream;
Showed me their part in the endless scheme;
Lifted me to heights unthought of;
Played for me songs unheard of;

Talked to me of things unknown;
Whispered soft to my soul unknown;
Gave my heart the power to sing,
And made of my life a better thing.

All this my soul did perceive
Before the time to take my leave.
Upon the wonderful summer's night
When all the stars shone big and bright.

—Phil Harrell—

Banana Split rides again, somehow, despite the fact that I promised Otto I would do a page of it. Sometimes you can't even depend on me being undependable.

At any rate, the most appropriate subject for our lecture this issue is Walt Willis, naturally, but let's talk about him anyway. Walt Willis is without doubt one of the world's most talented fans. He has talents that no other fans possess, and the one that comes to mind most immediately is Madeleine, if that's the way one spells it.

I met Walt, you know, or possibly he met me. That was in London in 1957 sometime -- it's all a little hazy -- and the Busbys had forewarned Walt about me, but he faced up to it and met me anyway. Needless to say, although I'll say it anyway in order to fill this stencil, Walt is more fabulous even in person than on paper.

You can actually see genius in action when Walt is there in person. On the spur of the moment, he developed much -- in fact most -- of the details of the science of Psneeronics at the London convention with no more inspiration to go on than the shape of Bob Silverberg's mouth.

And Walt does not ignore the neo. Good grief, he hadn't heard of me before the Busby's warned him I would be there, and still he spent a considerable amount of precious time at the task of seeing I was properly entertained. This despite the number of important fans who were also at the convention and could have entertained in return.

Of course Northern Ireland is loaded with fabulous fans, and in such an environment his shining intelligence might only seem normal. Since it is not fair for so many great talents to be concentrated in such a small area of the planet, any fund that can pry some of it loose for distribution to other places on the map (particularly our places on the map) is as worthwhile as a fannish project can be. Northern Ireland is all right and all that, but it's a little on the greedy side when it comes to gathering fannish talent, and it is such greed that the Willis Fund is meant to combat.

Donations to the Fund are not of benefit to the fans who will be able to see Walt & Madeleine in person at the expense of those who will not get to see him, because Walt writes, you know, and such an experience as another trip to the North American continent will no doubt bring forth reams of copy from the Willis typer that cannot possibly fail to fall into the hands of any fan in or about fandom.

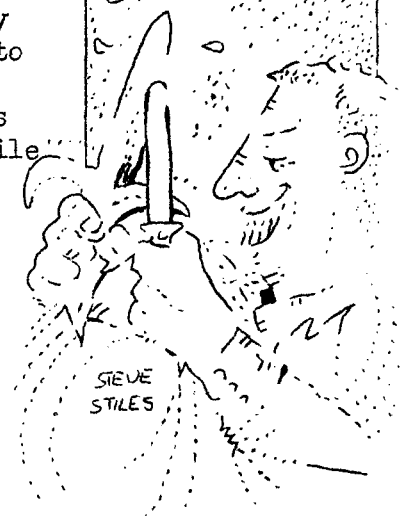
But let's admit the real reason for this commercial. Seeing Walt in person has made an addict of me, and any time I can get him over here at your expense I'll do it. It's a heck of a lot less expensive than flying over there individually.

BANANA SPLIT

by

Wally
Weber

No! No!



HACKING THE LETTERHACKS

conducted by

Blotto Otto Pfeifer

Cpl. Smith. R.F.
1 Amenities Unit,
Victoria Barracks,
Sydney, N.S.W.
Australia.

Dear Wally and Otto:

Thanks for Wrr nr.2. vol. 3. That is a pretty nice cover illo for a ~~tab~~ mag like your's, yuh know. I certainly hope that you can persuade Ric West to give us more of his female-type illustrations. She is quite charming, although I haven't got a clue as to what she is carrying on her back, or why she sports that hammer.// You had better watch this business of auctioning off old comic book type things- someone will most likely class the 'zine along with...er, well, you know...// Must see if I can't hunt up a postcard for you two - summat typically Australian.// Farthur information on the "sleeve job" will be eagerly antipated by this reader.// Hal Lynch was entertaining. It is a trifle confusing at times to the "fringe" fan, all these identical names in fandom. My Ghod, what would happen if John ever shaved off that moustache...// The Berry item was not really good Berry, but chuckleworthy.// "Banana Split" this ish was obviously written by a madman.// Well, that Deckinger yarn thing might have been more impressive if I didn't know anything about frozen foods, but unless American frozen foods are sold in a different manner to our's, I would be inclined to say that Mike was...er, "exagerating"...? At least, my wife and I have never had any difficulty in extracting frozen foods from the containers. Of course, using wet or damp fingers to take something from the freezer portion of a refrigerator...that's different. It can be quite painful, too.//

Okay. So you won't tell me what Wrr means. How in hell do you pronounce it? I happened to be talking to a fannish type (John M. Baxter) the other day, and was just about to say "Wrr" when I realized with a sickening thud that I didn't know how to say it! What to do? I could, of course, stand up like a man and mumble summat like "Wrrrrrr", or I could be smart and whip out a quick "Double yew double ar....", but all this would no doubt give my fannish mate the distinct impression that Smith was slightly loaded. I compromised with "that Weber thing....". It is probably no trouble at all if you have a decent Scottish "burr" like Ethel Lindsay, but for me...// Usual nutty letter column, I see, The Wrrtouch has apparently rubbed off on Roy Tackett, a normally staid, science fictional type person, and he is writing fannish letters to all and sundry (who he?) these days. Poor lad. I've come to the reluctant but only logical conclusion that Craig Cochrane writes directly from some institute for the unstable in Arizona... That line of Hel Klemms is almost certain to wind up as an interlineation somewhere's: "Can you imagine that, scientific articles in a fanzine?" Heh. Wonder if he's seen a copy of Comic Art yet...

Please note my new address. I am, at present, back in barrack accomodation until my wife and I can find someplace to live in this overcrowded city of Sydney, and Wrr helps keep me warm at nights.

'best,
Bob Smith.

(Ohhhh, what you said. Never in jest should you talk about John Berry shaving off his moustache. Why...why...fandom would collapse.BOP)

William L. Bowers
3271 Shelhart Rd.
Village of Norton,
Ohio.

Greetings Centurians,

So sorry to disapoint you all, but I'm 'fraid I can't be as funny (corny?) as all of the esteemed gentlemen (?), as re the — ~~what-did-you-call-it~~ — "Hacking the Letterhacks" (gawd, what a beautiful name -- where'd you dig it up; the nuthouse ((oops, sorry Bop, I'm not supposed to say things like that am I? Especially to you of all people))).

Man, what repro! This (WRR Vol 3, no 2.) is about the best all 'round reproed of the mimeod (What's this "Gestetnering" deal, huh?) zines I've gotten in my very short tenure in Fandom. III llliiikkkee that there cover there. By the way, did you notice where that luttel bug's (?) gun/blaster/etc. was pointing? You did! My, you naughty man (?) !

To tell ya the truth, I don't think you know what WRR means. In fact, I rather incline to believe it means nothing, atall.

So Wally is your stand by. What's he standing by ~~for~~ — why don't he jump right in?

There's a lack of fanzines arriving at this house too, mainly, I suppose, due to the fact no one knows I'm here. Hey everybody, I'm here...

Jealous, eh? Wish you had a White Princess in your bedroom, eh? (Oooops, sorry Mrs. Pfeifer, didn't know you were there...)

Nonsense, a married (?) man shouldn't be getting "french postcards". You're going to have to turn over your collection of said items to me immediately...

Thank you, Mr. Lynch...Now, please assure me that there's only one Otto (ABCD, ETC) Pfeifer. Oh, I guess you don't have to, after all — like I mean...or I think I mean...no, I'm sure I mean...Just forget it, would you? What I mean is there just couldn't be any more what's-its-names — could there? Some things are just plain impossible.

I guess "Banana (ruin my favorite fruit, will ya?) Split" must be some of this great "faan fiction" I've heard about. Lets say it was mildly interesting, and stop at that — because if we don't, I might tell you what I think of it... Same with Deckinger's whatever-it-is...

I like long lettercols; sometimes I even find out something in them. Tackett's piece in the muddle of hid lutter, "sounds" interesting. Don't know if it is, however...

Found Dick Ellington's letter very interesting, but wish I had some ideas of what he was talking about. I've seen mimeos and have some idea on how a ditto works; read a definition of lithography, but still don't get the workings; but don't have the faintest idea of how a photo-offset press clicks. Anyone care to explain in layman's gab?

And that is that....

Yours, etc., etc., etc.,
Bill.

(You say that you aren't funny? What do you call someone who calls WRR letterhacks, gentleman? 'Specially when some of those letterhacks are girls.## Gestetnering means running off stuff on a Gestetner mimeo.## Haven't got the space this time to explain about photo-offset. Maybe one of the letterhacks will drop you a line explaining it.BOP)

He has terrible pun-manship for a writer
#####

Phil Harrell
2632 Vincent Ave.
Norfolk 9, Va.

Dear Groggleing Ones,

WRR Vol.3 #3 groggled me in a number of ways.

After I read the letters by Joni Cornell, my eyes dropped, but I caught them on the first bounce. Speaking of Joni reminds me of a note I got from (drool) H*E*R (talk about steamed up glasses) which asked me that if I was driving up to the Con, would I stop by and give her a lift. Both eyes lit up and my brain went T*I*L*T! The plastic frames on my glasses melted and I tripped over my tongue while running out to buy the smallest car I could find (you know where both people are jammed together on the front seat), and almost ended up with my brother's TR-3. (Maybe if I took out one of the bucket seats she'd have to sit on my lap all the way to SEACON hehehehehe!) But I'm afraid that my letter kind of scared her off as I haven't heard from her since. But in answer to her question about, "How would you like a slightly mad blonde chasing YOU???" G*R*O*W*F*F! Well, I'd let her chase me till she caught me in some dark broom closet, deserted hallway, or similar place, AND THEN! hehehehe, I'd let her catch me. Ah, to spend my life surrounded by nothing but armsfull of Jone Cornell. That Weber is Sic! Sic!! SIC!!!

That was a beautiful cover you had there, only tell me what weber is doing running off in your rocket? I saw a picture of wally in ABstract #8 (the Conish) holding a camera mit flash, and he has on either two name tags (everybody else just had one) or he has short white lapels. This was the Friscon in '54 and from the con-reports in this ABstract this was a wild one....

Your run in with the police authorities reminds me of a similar incident I had with the Pest Awful Inspectors. It might almost be titled THE POST OFFICE WANTS YOU or 3 MAD HOURS WITH A POSTAL INSPECTOR. It all began innocently enough with me coming home from school and being greeted by my mother with, "Boy! You've sure had it now! The post office inspector general called and wants to see you tomorrow in his office at 4:30." and to make things peachier, my folks wouldn't let me call and see why they wanted to see me. My father was very understanding and was but a moral support with his, "After seeing some of that junk you've been recieving they'll probably put you under the jail instead of in it.". Since it was 6:00 and I had to see him at 4:30 the next day, I only had 20 some hours to worry about it. But did I worry? Don't be silly! I wasn't worried...I was past that, just cause when my mother tapped me on the shoulder later to tell me something and I had to climb down off the ceiling, doesn't mean I was worried....petrified maybe, but not worried, as I said, I was past that...wwwaaaayyy past it. Juicy little thots went thru my mind, like, "wonder if I pleaded guilty right off, would they lay off the rubber hose bit?..." and "I wonder if it was my last HELP STAMP OUT THE POST OFFICE bit on the outside of my letter that did it...?"

The next day dawned and I trundled off to school with much trepidation, and for some reason made it thru the day....almost. That is, every time the teacher called my name, I'd shout, "NOT GUILTY" then I'd realize where I was and then settled down with only a few twitchings and spasms. One guy tapped me in the hall and



and my reaction caused the hall to clear in ten seconds, seems as though everybody thought the air raid alarm had gone off...I managed to make home thru the daze I was in, I think it was more of an automatic reaction than anything else. Well, I came home and there was my collection setting out before me and I then found that I was supposed to take all my fanzines with me....I only had about three Prosser nudes and a Duplanter nude which I knew would go over big with the POI, but in one of the pictures...well, the only thing the model had on was a small portable radio...(the girl in the Fan Awards circular had more on her wrist but that was all). As we started off, I began to see my life pass before me....receiving my first fanletter, receiving my first zine, getting out VENTURA, my first issue of WRR. We finally arrived at the office and my father was very reassuring, "I'll send you a cake for your birthday....every year until you get out.". We entered the plainly furnished office, it was 4:15 and we were early. I asked, "Er...ah...um...uh...is...uh...ah... Inspector..." now what in hell was his name? "uh...Inspector...ahum...Inspector..." "Myers in?" my father finished for me. My mouth and throat suddenly felt like I had swallowed 5 pounds of cotton. A prim looking lady around 50, sitting behind the electric IBM typer, looked at me, then looked at my father and said, "He'll be back in a few minutes he just went out to get some indictment forms." This served to relax me even more that I already was, and I firmly believe if anyone had said boo to me, I'd have gone thru the ceiling. Then she said, "have a seat over there please." Well, I nonchalantly tripped over her typer cord and pulled the plug out of the wall, causing the machine-gun staccato to halt abruptly while her hand went inanely over the keys till she realized what had happened and she stabbed me with an ice cold stare. This I could tell had made an instant impression (I won't say what kind) and it also gave me something to do. First, I plugged the typer back in, then I began gathering up the zines that lay scattered over almost all available floor space, dusted myself off and sat in the chair like I had a ramrod poked up my spine, listening to the clock on the wall go "clack" every three minutes and push the hand three minutes ahead each time. To make time go faster, I picked up a copy of CRY to read, and handed my father a copy which was refused. Then after we had waited for fifty years, Inspector Myers came in and went right to his office. Then the sec'ty went in and when she came out, she motioned us in with, "Inspector Myers will see you now." I swallowed the golf ball that had formed in my throat and followed my father in. Inspector Myers had all the warmth and charm of a warmhearted rattlesnake, and his voice was as inviting as the roar of an avalanche. He looked thru the zines which he poured out onto a banquet table sort of thing and the first thing my always helpful father handed him was the Duplanter nude on the front of Lynn Hickman's CONVERSATION #14, which firmly convinced me that I would be in prison before the day was finished with all the help that my father was giving me. But I must have lived right because other than steam coming out from his collar, his eyes bugging out, and his tongue hanging out (I moved my zines so he wouldn't drool on them) he didn't say anything....he just sat there and panted. After ten minutes he put that down and said, "No...that's not what we're looking for. Tell me, have you received any pornographic material in the mail lately?". This question caused me to start 'cause I had just started wondering how I'd look in stripes. I told him, "No. Not a bit.". I mean, if nude women didn't count then I hadn't. He went pawing thru the rest of the zines. My ever helpful father asked, " Tell me Mr. Myers, isn't it against the law to get things like this?" and he pulled out the zine I had put 'HELP STAMP OUT THE POST OFFICE' on and I began to contemplate stripes again. He took one look at it, then went back to the Duplanter nude, "No. It's just weird, reminds me of that beatnik stuff. No it's not against the law, just weird, that's all, just weird." and that seemed to settle that. He set the nude down and asked me if I had gotten anything from a place called 'Blue Star Studios', and I said I couldn't recall having gotten anything. Then he took out a file card and said, "Are you listed in the phone book?" When I answered, "No.", a sinister gleam came into his eyes and he said, "WELL THEN, just HOW do you explain THIS?" and he showed me the file card....This completely stopped me until I remembered something and took out a copy of AMAZING and sure enough in the same issue with my letter was an ad for the Blue Star Studios, and I

showed it to him, "Perhaps this will explain it." I said. And he replied, "Tell me, did you ever send for anything from them?" I told him that while I read the ads I never sent for the things in them. I spent all my time and money on Fandom. With this, his eyes lit up with the satanic fire so particular to this type of person and said, "What is Fandom?". Now THERE was a Good Question. This stumped me for all of five minutes and then he asked what I was hedging for and why I had such a guilty look on my face. Now when someone says a thing like this, I don't care how innocent I am, I always look five times guiltier, and grasping at a straw, I said, "Well, ah....it's an association of Amatuer Publishers and science fiction fans that write to each other...." He came out with, " And send pornographic material back and forth. Is that it?" and with a triumphant gleam in his eye, I could tell that he thought he'd trapped me. But then I said, "No! Not that at all, why I belong to the N3F and they don't do that at all. Not only that, I'm a director in ISFOC and nothing like that goes on."

"And where is the Headquarters of this N3F?" This stumped me again, so I said, "Well to become a member you have to send dues to Heiskell, Tennessee."

"Then Heiskell is the Headquarters of this Fandom, eh?"

"No, Janie Lamb only lives there and she is just the Sec'ty. Ralph Holland lives in Ohio and he's the head of..."

"Fandom, is that it?"

"No, he's the head of N3F."

"Well, Dammit, whos the head of fandom?" He said this in a ten second warning voice. In other words, "either you tell me in ten seconds or ELSE." type of voice. Again I grasped at a straw and said, "Bob Tucker".

"Aha! I knew that there was a head, and who else runs this...this Fandom?"

"Ah..Forrest Ackerman and Bob Bloch."

"And do you have contact with these people?"

"Well, only slightly with one of them."

"And who's that."

"Bob Tucker."

"And you and he exchange pornographic material?"

"NO! NO! NO! Only letters and there wasn't a pornographic word in any of them."

"And you've never sent or received pornographic pictures or material?"

"No, never!"

"Very well, step outside and let me talk to your father."

I got up and started to gather up my zines, but he said, "No, don't do that. Leave them here for a minute." so I just went out. I was more disgusted than anything else and a little mad besides. I hadn't been guilty and that guy had treated me like I was Dillenger. I went back to the chair, looking out for the typer cord, and watched the clock go 'clack' for a few minutes. By this time I was limp from relief that I hadn't done anything and mad as a hornet that they had caused me all this annoyance. He finally came out with my father and told me that I could go in and get my zines, then we were free to go. Not a word of apology, just, "We decided we wouldn't prosecute this time as it wasn't your fault. Good day.", which was damn nice of them, don't you think? I practically get an ulcer and then find out it was just a mistake in the first place and if that isn't enough, when I got home I found that the Duplanter nude that he had been drooling over wasn't in the batch. Some people, I swear.

I don't know whether I should feel flattered or Wally insulted, seems someone told me that I look a lot like Wally Wastebasket Weber, even to the glasses, and this person has seen pictures of me and has seen Wally at a con, so they should know.....(you hear that Joni Cornell.)

That was a marvelously funny Berry yarn you picked for this WRR. My sides still ache from it. I've heard of Walt Willis's prowess with a car from John's story in my zine. I think I enjoy Berry about the best of anybody.

Wally's condensed Conreport was a gem in itself, especially his meeting with Don Franson. Sounds like something that would happen to me.

As for Pauls saying nasty things about WRR in KIPPLE, I don't see what room he has to talk. I enjoy WRR more than I do KIPPLE any day. It has more life for one thing and it's not quite as boring (that didn't come out right as I don't find WRR boring at all. Can't say quite the same about the last coupla KIPPLEs I saw...are you listening Ted Pauls). Kipple is a good zine at times. In fact, I enjoyed K#10 just fine but the next couple got stuffy and a bit boring, and when I told Ted thatwell, I don't get KIPPLE any longer. So much for honesty. Maybe the last cover wasn't so hot, but this issue more than makes up for any faults the last WRR might have had.

May I ask Joni Cornell a question? Joni, you invite Les Gerber down for a week-end, and, heheheh, I was wondering if the invite was open to me too. If your answer is yes, I'll float down one week-end (with a yes answer who needs a plane?)

Tell me, is there any difference between Pocketsard and Postcard? Someone told me that Pocketsard isn't just a typo of postcard and I was wondering if it was true?

Fannishlyyers,

Phil

The Harrelling Bem.

(Hmmm, I have to admit that Wally wasn't running off with my rocket. That's really me in it.## Here I was thinking that I would be able to hack large chunks out of letters this time in order to make room for more material, then you send me this monster.## In WRR's opinion, a pocketsard is really a fannish postcard. Maybe other fans have different definitions.BOP)

Dave Locke
P.O.Box 207
Indian Lake, N.Y.

H'ro Oat-o & Wall-eyed-

I must say that WRR Vol.3 #3 was chock full of entertainment value. Not that it was — simply that I must say so.

A strictly faaanish zine with the only policy being 'fun', WRR hit my taste buds just right and was enjoyed fully. Ure material and Weber's were light and entertaining, if nothing deserving handstands. Berry was hilarious as usual. What kind of comments can U make on faaanish material?

THERE ARE ALIENS AMONG US, eh? I thought Gold's expose of Monkey Ward's ad for an alien bra in the June '59 GALAXY was sumthing, but the front page story in a recent TIMES UNION really shocked me. I thot all this uproar about censorship of the press and the withholding of news would have sum effect in Govt. policy, but it seems now that Unc Sam is ttrying to conceal vital news from us by, actually, concealing and inserting it in news stories in such a way that we won't understand the true meaning or what is actually going on. Take this article I mentioned, for instance:

...CAPE CANAVERAL, FLA., July 19 (AP) — Astronayt Virgil I. (Gus) Grissom's projected space flight atop a blazing rocket today was set back until 7 A.M. Friday by heavy frustrating cluds. Grissom was within 10 minutes and 30 seconds of being hurled through space like a bullet when the man-in-space shot was called off...

What are these cluds ? Obviously sum form of extraterrestrial life that warned our high officials to postpone that flight or else. Perhaps sum interstellar mail ship or passenger ship was scheduled to pass by Earth at the same time as 'Gus' went up. Natchurally they wouldn't want one of our misguided missiles endangering their ship and the people in it.

However, It isn't right that such news should be withheld from us, especially we stf fen. Starting now, I am collecting all evidence I can find that aliens are among us, and would appreciate help from all U WRR readers.

Back to WRR. The cover was cute, tho hardly professional looking at all and probably took all of five minutes to sketch. Of the four inside illos, three were absolute garbage. The one on page 12 was wel dun. Those typed headings depress the hell out of me, and even hack stuff like Stile's lettering of the Lettercol heading is much more attractive and lively. ANYTHING but typed headings, unless, like sum people I've seen (tho not in fandom), U can actually dew art on a typer.

This is as good a place as any to announce sumthing that will actually paralyze U with shok! At least it paralyzed George and me. George Locke that is. We're 3rd cousins! Yas, bi Ghu, tis true! U see, I left England in 1947 at the tender age of 3 (no, not by myself...I think..) and finally, thru fandom, we have been reunited! Touching, isn't it.

Bliss,
Dave.

(No,no,no, Dave. You've got it all wrong. Cluds aren't extretterrestrial. They are an Earth family. The head of the family is Claude. Ah, good ol' Claude Clud, I haven't heard from him in years. The last I heard of Claude was when he was starting to import Muu Muu's into the country, unfortunately his spelling was bad and he wound up with a shipment of Mau Mau's. He almost lost his head over that mistake.##Typed headings bother me also, I have hopes that this condition will be rectified by the next WRR.BOP)

Emile Greenleaf
1303 Mystery St.
New Orleans 19, La.

Dear Otto:

You ask for contributions for the next WRR. I must decline, more for your good than any other reason. You see, I'm a jinx. Lynn Hickman said I was, and events of the last two years have borne his opinion out.

Back in 1959 I wrote an article for Eric Bentcliffe. Eric was going to run it in TRIODE. But then Terry Jeeves gets married, gafiates, and TRIODE folds. Eric, however, reassures me. He is going to run it in BASTION. About the third or fourth issue. Encouraged, I write another article for him. This one, I personally place in his hot little hand at the Pittcon. He likes, and will use this one too.

So far, I have seen just one issue of BASTION, and that came out at the time of the Pittcon.

Meanwhile, back in the States....

Late in 1959 my company sends me to Waukegan, Illinois on temporary assignment. While I am up there, I see Lynn Hickman a few times, once for an entire week-end. Lynn asks me to write something for the JD-ANNISH, which he intends to issue in January of 1960.

It finally came out at the Pittcon.

And while I was staying with him for the weekend, he louses up the page order of the issue of JD-ARGASSY upon which he is working.

In the editorial he says "Emile Greenleaf is a jinx!" I now believe it. Look at the record:

I send a quasi-Feghoot to CRY, and they skip a month of publication just prior to the Pittcon.

I send something wacky to Guy Terwilleger. TWIG folds.

I write an article for Bob Lichtman, and PSI-PHI slows down on its publication schedule.

The only fanzines which seems able to survive my assaults is MONDAY EVENING GHOST. Jennings, however, is thinking of changing the name to FADAWAY. I hope it is not an omen.

Letters of comment from yours truly don't seem to be at all dangerous, but anything else is the kiss of death.

I enter the Apidiascope contest in APPHORRETA, and blam! The rest is history.

Back last October, when I moved, I sent FANAC my change of address. I doubt if the San Andreas Fault could have upset things half as much.

And, digging back into the past, I find the incident which should have warned me.

Jan Sadler Penney was publishing SLANDER. Overjoyed at hearing of a New Orleans fanzine, I write her a note and ask for a copy of her zine. A minor thing. Every fan does it, at one time or another. But not only does SLANDER fold, but Jan gaffiates for two years.

Right now I can read your mind, and the answer is NO! I have never written science-fiction professionally. So I can't be blamed for that.

So, Otto, you understand why I'm not writing anything for WRR. You say you are unemployed, and Pat is working. Now, if I were to contribute anything to WRR, chances are that not only would you have troubles with the zine, but also with your private, mundane life. Your job prospects would evaporate, Pat would probably lose her job, and the baby would come down with Twonk's Disease. I wouldn't want all that on my conscience. So I'll pay my ten cents for WRR, instead.

OMIGHOD! I just remembered: I wrote something for XERO! I've just nipped Ninth Fandom in the bud.

The funniest item in the latest WRR was Betty Kujawa comparing me to Spencer Tracy and James Whitmore! I'm sure that everyone who has met me is weak from laughing by now. I appreciate the compliment, since Tracy is one of the actors I'm fondest of, but I fail to see the slightest resemblance. I'm one of the 90% of fandom which Betty thinks needs Metracal. For that matter, I'm gulping the stuff as part of my diet. It's delicious, by the way.

And, Joni, Baby, I'd like to be chased by a mad blonde like you any day of the week. Try it. In a few seconds, though, the roles of pursuer and pursued would be reversed.

Yours,
Emile.

(Are you sure that you are the jinx? After all, maybe these things happen just to keep your material out of print.BOP)

Tom Milton
6215 East Gate Rd.
Huntington 5, W.Va.

Hey, you all!

Ghodd Lhord, I'm mentioned twice in WRR, the poor man's PRAVDA. I thot I had finally disappeared from the scene. Alas.

Berry's bit was the best. It's nice to notice that not all non-neos are poor; namely, cruising across the country in a classy car (meaning the Morris Minor mit der 4-speed transmission. In the poor ol' US, a 4-spped transmission is only optional, and not always available.)

Criminologists cry that the crime rate is rising. The reason? Well, now I know: now they're noting little law loosening. The business about Blotto's busting of the law, and causing the cops to collect the cash for overdue books. The reason for the

"rising" rate is really a result of the ridiculously higher number of arrests, not crimes.

(Aw, I amn't able to ariginate any more alliterations!)

Len Moffatt's speaking about "short, pithy letters" set up a train of thot in my mind. Whenever "pithy" is used, "short" is around somewhere, and usually just before the word "pithy". So, in an attempt to simplify the English language, I suggest making a new word from the two to get the same idea across. The version I suggest is "shithy". See, you take a part from each word, stick 'em together, and there you are. I know the post office might think it's a misprint and take offense, but evil to those whothink evil. So here you are with a very shithy letter.

BOP, your comments are all right for some programs, but what about a baseball game? You won't catch me eating razor blades! What about "The Big Picture", which is about the army? And what about "Omnibus"? Aluminium, Limited doesn't sell to individuals. What do you do, or don't you own a television?

I notice you're trying to foist more putrid Garcone off on your readers. Don't do it -- crime does not pay...

Excelsior!
ThoMilton

(The commercials I was talking about are the ones that appear on our set just about the time we start eating, so there. If you ever tasted army chow, you would know how you eat an army. In fact, you might say that army chow is very shithy.BOP)

Ed Cox
334 No. Normandie Ave.
Los Angeles 4, Calif.

Dear OttO,

The cover was TYPICAL Wrr type stuff. I liked it better than the last one. Say, is Ric West (speaking of the last one) the same that did illos in GALAXY recently? I mus t say that, if it is, that I liked his stuff on WRR much better than the illos in GALAXY (August, "The Gate-keepers"). The crazy, but cr-aaazy purple ink in this issue was like...uh...crazy! Why?

Gad, my typing seems to have deteriorated. This damn run. You know how it is in these tropical countries like Los Angeles. Drink run to combat the heat. And, although I'm not really a planter (I don't even eat peanuts ((fattening))), I have been mixing Planter's Punch and like, wowsville, what a PUNCH! But my typing, however.

Gad, did you really go to the Bastille?

Gad, I didn't even know you were out of the country! Yeh, heh, crazy, huh?

At any rate, it must have been quite an experience and from now on I'm going to put the damn money in the perking meters.

Wally's account of the Westercon was altogether too short. I was there only a few hours on Saturday and I could've written more for during that time than Wally did for all the time he was there.. in other words, there wasn't enough of Wally in this issue, dammit.



Now the John Berry item was about the best of his stuff I've read in a long time. Much as I like his writing, I've had the opinion that the quantity, lately, had outdone the quality. You must realize, of course, that I get only a fraction of the current horde of fanzines published and my opinion is based only on the amount of his stuff that I've read in the zines I got in the last few months. But this item, gad! (I laughed out loud all to myself, it was so funny. I don't know what Walt Willis thought of it, but I think I have an idea. John Trimble, you see, had a Morris Minor 1000 for awhile and I rode with him in it a number of times... that is, before he totaled it one day. He now has a Simca but it seems to be surviving.) At any rate, I liked the John Berry opus this time better than his stuff that appeared in WRR the last couple of issues.

The lettercol. Well, in re Betty's comment about the PhotoAnnual. If my picture had been in there, it would've leveled off some of the poundage. I'm one of those types that, if I turn sideways, people lose sight of me. Anne has fed me tons of caloric type goodies, which I've consumed by the ton, but nothing much seems to happen. I don't gain much weight. But she does...this irks her. At any rate, drinking rum type goodies ought to do something for me. I might not raise my poundage any but I'm liable to lift off the ground after awhile. Wowsville, but Planter's Punch does have a belt to it!

But this doesn't have much to do with the letter-column. I see that Joni Cornell (I remember that girl for some reason or other...a very, firm positive memory of something...) seems to be developing (not that she...oh, whoops, not that...) into quite a proficient letter-hack. Oh, well, so the young follow the ways of the elders. But then, letter-hacking has a certain something about it...a call, a definite allure to it. Ask Wally Weber....he's a letter-hack from Fifth Fandom.

I guess this is all for the nonce. I'm trying to get this finished so I can finally get it into the mails before the deadline.

Yours,
Ed.

('Twas not the same Ric West who had illos in GALAXY. Ours hasn't done anything professionally yet, but I don't doubt that he intends to in the future.## Ha! My wife had a hard time fattening me up too. But her efforts are beginning to tell.BOP)

Les Gerber
201 Linden Blvd.
Brooklyn 26, N.Y.

Dear Otto,

You should have charged a quarter for the next WRR instead of a dime, since (a) most 40 page fanzines are worth more than a dime, especially WRR, and (b) fans are used to paying outrageous prices for fanzines when the money is going to a special fund. Anyway, you will find my dime enclosed, and my blessings on you as a member of the committee for this kind and generous deed.

Actually, the real highlight of this issue is not the Berry story, nor any of the other material. It's those two lines at the top of page 17. Wow! Unfortunately, I am no longer half a state away from Monessen (cuss! cuss!) but I'll make it somehow. Of course, I may be prejudiced in choosing this as an outstanding item; but aren't we all? Among the material, the outstanding item still wasn't the Berry story. It was "I Was a Convict for WRR," which is an incredible piece of fiction as I've ever read; but I happen to believe it was true, and that makes me madder.

I'll be damned if I can see how you can take it all with such good humor; I would have been furious, and the first thing I would have done when I got out of jail would be to write long letters to all the city newspapers about how I got thrown in jail because I couldn't pay some lousy traffic fines. Maybe I just don't know Seattle, but I suspect there would be quite an uproar. Wally's column was also outstanding, although, as usual, it's too short. I may have been spoiled, but I thought Wally's last Western report was a much better length than this one. The Berry story, though, was definitely a superior effort...superior to my stuff, anyway. I'm glad to see John returning occasionally to the old style Berry Factual Articles, which were always among my favorite reading material, and still are. Goshnow! it was funny! I guess I was just feeling pretty soft-hearted when I got this WRR. I even liked the cover.

Betty Kujawa should have known better than to join one of those cruddy record clubs, and I'm not surprised to hear she's been getting terrible service. Their selections are usually terrible, and you can get better prices from mail order houses in New York.## Franz Solcher says, "It is not as hard to read English as it is to write or speak it." Maybe so; it depends on whose writing one is reading. Now, yours, for example...well...I'd rather write, sometimes. But I can sympathize with Franz, anyway. I've been using this language for about 16½ years, and I still don't find it very easy to write or speak. #I can see it now; the Season will be turned into a huge mass orgy. Joni will kiss all the males, Wally will kiss all the females; then, at a given signal Joni will kiss Wally and everyone else will go berserk. I think I'll hock my tape recorders (I have two) and fly out to Seattle.##Wally didn't run when Joni entered Pavlat's room because Pavlat and I were holding him! #That Dick Schultz letter is a fraud, I'm sure. I cannot imagine Dick writing such a short letter. #Don't let Pauls' criticism bug you. I don't know what he said either, because I started getting KIPPLE only recently; but I know Ted has always been an Angry Young Fan iconoclast type, and he often seems to survive only by pan-nin fanzines. We all know that WRR has some very serious faults — you print my stuff every once in awhile — but it also happens to be a thoroughly enjoyable fanzine. I noticed recently in KIPPLE Ted admitting that his fanzine was basically serious because he has a basically serious personality. I wish he would realize that this influences his tastes, and not pan fanzines just because they don't conform to his personal likes and dislikes. Remember the letters he used to write to CRY OF THE NAMELESS, before it became CRY? #TV dinners, Len Moffatt, are cruddy! Maybe they sell better ones in California, but I've always found I could get a better meal by heating up a can of Campbell's soup. (More fannish, too! I keep waiting for them to offer a model Dean Drive for seventeen labels and 25¢.) It usually takes at least two TV dinners to fill me up, and for the price of two TV dinners I can eat out. #I used to know Will F. Jenkins pretty well—never met him, but we used to talk on the phone almost every week--and he told me all sorts of stories about things he'd done, places he'd gone, etc. But he never mentioned being on that TV show. I wonder why... #Phil Harrell has joined the National Association of Boobs Who Misspelled Farshlugginer. F*E*R*S*H*L*U*C*C*I*N*E*R!!!! #It's terrible to see such a pretty girl as Joni Cornell writing such atrocious puns. Coog! Playing right into Wally's hands, she is; now he'll have to marry her so he can keep her from writing anything. Better stay out of Los Angeles, Joni! #It seems like old times, old times with the CRY. WRR fills a real need in fandom today; it keeps all those crazy letters out of other fanzines.

Cheers,
Les.

(Hmmm, you know, I believe that the other fanzines should present WRR some sort of award for bravery.....for saving them from those letters. In fact, saving them from the latest Schultzletter we just received. I hope I can get it into this issue, why should I suffer alone.BOP)

Walt Willis
170 Upper N'ards Rd.
Belfast, No. Ireland.

Dear Wally and Otto,

I don't know if I should correspond with two such desparate types, but there's no doubt that Otto's article about his experience in gaol is the finest thing in this field since Dostoevsky's letters from the salt mines of Siberia, and a whole lot funnier. As for you, Wally, I know you are a ghood man at heart and I invite you to seek asylum in Northern Ireland. We have a supermarket here where anything goes.

I enjoy John's articles, but they make me feel I am suffering from amnesia and it's as much as I can do sometimes not to flee panic-stricken to a doctor. The other day, for example, I was drawing up my Morris Minor at the Ballyhackamore traffic lights, controlling the fierce power of its mighty 800cc engine with the nonchalant ease of one who happens to be in charge of the driving test organisation for Northern Ireland, when John Berry came along beside on his Berry-assisted pedal cycle. "What did you think about my article about your driving?" he called cheerfully. My car backfired at him, but I controlled myself. "My lawyers," I said politely, "have advised me not to make any statement at this stage." He laughed. Then, as the light changed to amber, he went on; "I've written another one. About you and me playing tennis." He creaked up the road, grinning evilly to himself. The familiar terror struck at my heart. Paling, I said pleadingly to Madeleine, "Have I ever played tennis with John Berry?" "No, dear," she re-assured me. But I was still shaken. Ignoring the horns hooting behind, I asked fearfully, "Have I ever discussed playing tennis with John Berry?" I ~~wanted to know the truth~~ don't keep things from me. "No dear," she said firmly, "you have never even mentioned tennis to John, he hasn't seen you playing and you have never seen him playing, and the two of you have never been within a quarter mile of a tennis court together. You are perfectly sane." Relieved, I wiped the sweat from my brow, and drove on. It was a pity that by that time the lights had changed back to red again, and as I saw John looking back I realized the devilish ingenuity of his methods. He is making his articles true retrospectively! The whole of existance is being warped into the shape of Berry factual articles, and I tremble to think of the nightmare world in which I am becoming a puppet. What is going to happen to me next? I see how by mentioning tennis he made me drive badly, but how is he going to get me to play tennis with him? What diabolically ingenious machination is even now being set in train? I have burned all my old tennis rackets, torn up my shorts and dyed my white shirts and yet here I sit cowering in the attic dreading the inevitable. Can even death release me?

Nice of you people to do this Willissue thing. Bless you.

Best,
Walt.

(But Walt, you forget how truly ingenious John really is. Just thinking about playing tennis with him, is enough. You can get even you know. Just come out with your version first.BOP)

Well, this has to be it, I'm shot. I've typed over fifty stencils for this ish and my fingers are going on strike. All letters not appearing in this issue will probably show up in the next. So don't dispair. Next issue? Hmmm, that will probably make it's appearance around the first of Dec. After all, I have to have some time to recuperate in. See you then.....BOP.