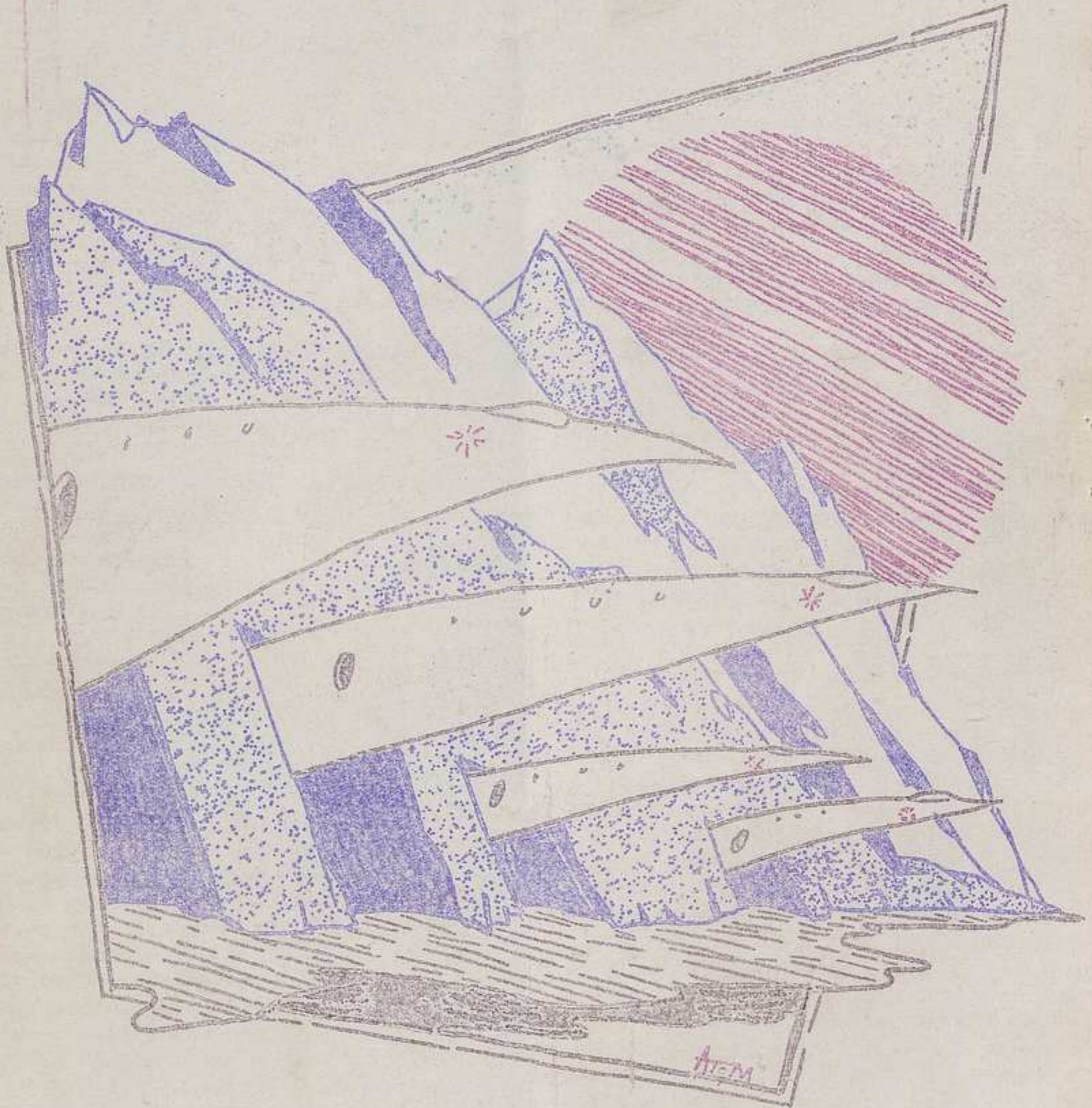


PSI-PHI

NUMBER SIX
SUMMER 1960



Just Call This An EDITORIAL, If You Will



"B-but I'm too sensitive
to be a Focal Point..."

There were even more months between the fourth (published and dated September 1959) and fifth issues, though, so actually we're ahead of our own irregularity. Don't look for much of this startling frequency in the future, though; both of us are entering college this fall (I at UCLA, Arv at Stanford) and though we'll try to get another issue out this year don't count on it. We know us pretty well in matters like this.

By this time you should have pawed your way through this issue to see what our hyper contents are this time around (but mainly to look at the purty pictures, yes?), and you're probably rubbing your eyes and silently (or noisily, if you're that type) cussing us out for the faintness of print. Well, hell, people, this has been our problem all along so it's certainly nothing new, but this issue we at least have a new excuse. We have a new ditto, too, a seven dollar machine we purchased umpteenth-hand from Andy Main, and this new ditto doubles as our new excuse. But the end results average about the same and since we can get more lines of type per page using the new machine (this page is being done on the old machine, as is all the pages on the wrap-around cover--notice the shorter vertical length of the body of type), so why complain? And you only have one copy to worry over, while we at present have well over a hundred!

All of you must know by this late date that Los Angeles' most eligible fannish f'same is no longer Los Angeles' most eligible fannish femme. Bjo and John Trimble were duly joined in holy matrimony (that means married, you lout!) on 9 July 1960 and have taken up residence together on the left breast of Fan Hill and all's well with the world. May they have many happy fanzines together--and a couple of kids, too.

This brought into the focus of my attention the fact that more and more fans are moving up to Fan Hill to live and fan amongst the stars and nearer to the Gestetner (which, I wonder, is the largest attraction?). It's obvious that something must be done to help these immigrants get settled in their brand-new slanshacks. Accordingly I propose a fannish welcome wagon, much as the mundane welcome wagons that come around to visit most new families when they move into mundane neighborhoods.

Now the fannish welcome wagon will not be the sleek, purring brand-new car that the mundane ones are, naturally, but of course the well-dressed, attractive young femme-fanne driving it will remain much the same as her mundane equivalent. This is due to the fact that most fans are males, and I guess that makes it all very clear (it does to me, anyway).

Another feature of the welcome wagon service is the free samples they give away when you move in. These free samples are usually subsidized by local business and the like. Fandom should have no trouble in this respect. Some downtown stationers will be glad, I'm sure, to supply sample reams of their duplicating paper, sample stencils and or ditto markers, and even small sample cans of their inks and ditto fluids. One

of the liquor stores will be ever so pleased to make available sample six-packs of their very best beer, for this is what fans find so refreshing after a long evening of heavy erifanac. Unfortunately, I don't think we can talk the post office into supplying any free samples of their wares, but this is a minor setback only.

Well, that outlines the basics of this service; now all that is required is for someone to bring it into being. I will not even accept any credit for originating it, if this will bring some enterprising fan to the point of launching this service. And as soon as it is started, I will move to Fan Hill.....

Those College Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang Of Mine Dep't.:

Los Angeles 56 Fandom, all four of us such as it were, are all going our separate ways this fall when college gates begin to open and we leap in only to be followed and trampled by the crowds that follow.

Jerry Knight--our newest recruit to fandom, who has already published the first issue of his own fanzine, QUELQUECHOSE, and is presently hard at work on the second--will be heading up north to the Land of the Publishing Giants, far-off exotic Berkeley, where he will be attending classes at the Berkeley campus of the University of California.

Arv Underman, erstwhile and witty co-editor of this fanzine, is also going north, but he will be stopping a whistle-stop or two before Jerry in Palo Alto where he will join the snobs at stuffy Leland Stanford University. Bully for him.

Don Durward might be going to college and then again he might not be. I don't know for sure because I haven't seen him since school let out a couple months ago. He is working this summer at his father's sheet metal shop, though doing what I can't imagine (Durward is not a sheet metal worker type), so maybe he will work his way into the family ~~millions~~ ~~thousands~~ few dollars and become a Leading Industrialist. (These days, anyone who owns a little hole-in-the-wall with a couple machines in it is a Leading Industrialist. It's a sign of our age.) Or maybe he will be going to college: I'm sure some barber college in the far-off East will accept him if he offers them enough money. Or barring that, there's always El Camino Junior College ("El Camino offers post-graduate high-school work") down the road a few pieces.

As for me, I'll be heading out to Westwood to attend classes at UCLA. But in a year or two I'll be joining the teeming throngs of fans at Berkeley, too, I imagine.

I suppose you're all waiting for a punchline and there isn't any, really. Just filling you-all in on the LA56F scene in capsule form, and why LA56F as such will most likely cease to exist shortly (if indeed it really existed at all). Now that you're all let down, let's forge ahead.

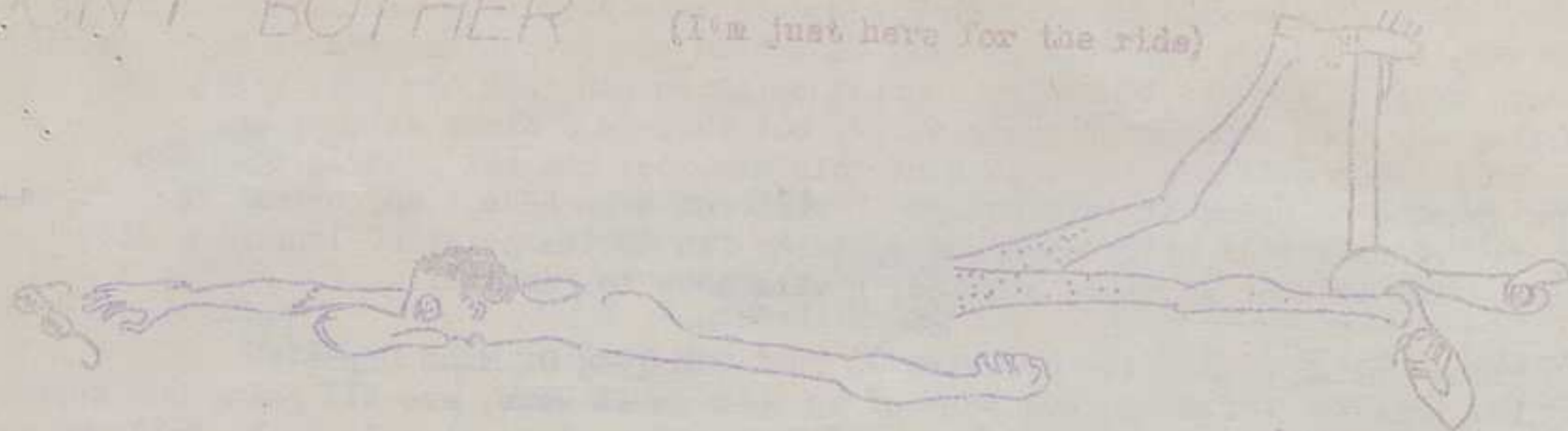
As I suppose half of fandom did, I was the lucky, happy recipient of a copy of Prentice-Hall's Fantastic Universe Omnibus some months ago. It rather took me by surprise, you know--for an odd moment or two I thought the SF Book Club, which I quit months before because they were sending me books I didn't ask for, was trying me out again. My copy came with a little paper slip enclosed surreptitiously amongst the pages. This slip said in essence that this was an advance reviewer's copy and that clippings of my review were desired, even faunched for. Well, I'm afraid this is about as much of a review as it'll ever get. The printing is nice, the book is not too overpriced, and Bloch's "A Way Of Life" is truly fabulous. It's also the only thing I've read in the volume. You see my problem in reviewing immediately. However, Messrs Prentice and Hall, when you get around to publishing another book you think I'd like to see, send it around; I'll try to do the same for you one of these fine days.



"Zotzi!, you cute thing."

DON'T BOTHER

(I'm just here for the ride)



AEU

I was saying to Bob the other day, "You know, Bob, I've seen quite a lot of the world for my age and the world's seen seventeen years of my life. Neither one of us has objected, so I guess we both have damned poor eyesight."

Opening this editorial with that "bandinage" I must add that what follows is not an editorial, but dribblings. They're sort of like bat guano dribblings, not much in each one but they eventually pile up. Let's hope they're half as fertile.

First off you'll notice the illo...yep, that's me! My experiences in the ancient sport of track are many. The sun is nice and it at times feels great just to sweat and feel power in your legs. As the stopwatch shows I'm not much of a runner, but I sure raise hell heckling those other boys.

One case was the very fast Negro with a pulled muscle. Now I can't even compete with this guy, but even so I give a little trouble. He psychs* out about his muscle. This is the pattern:

"Hi there, Valmore, old boy. Hear you have a pulled muscle. Hope it doesn't bother you, especially on the starts."

Unfortunately "Big Jim" didn't psych out and he won the race.

Another joy is the sawdust pits. I'm telling you, there is absolutely nothing so soporific as fresh sawdust and old sweat clothes.

Then of course there's the 40-minute shower and the quartet in which I sing basso boom. These magnificent examples of vocal cords tied in knots have in their repertoire, Down By The Old Mill Stream, Down By The Old Mill Stream, and that old favorite, Down By The Old Mill Stream. You may say we're sort of limited but of course we're boys of simple taste, or on second thought we're just simple.

By the time you read this no doubt the season will be over and our league finals will have occurred. I plan to take a shower beforehand, use a good deodorant, talcum, and bay rum. Why? I might stink but I'll be darned if I'll smell.

High school diplomas aren't quite worth what they used to be. That's right, their value is now exactly two cents. But first a little background:

Our high school library has quite a number of books in its collection, the vast majority of which have only been checked out once, twice or three times since their purchase (in many cases pre-1920). One of these books, the Old English version of the Canterbury Tales, was kept out one night too long by me. The librarian thus wished to charge me a two cents fine for it. I refused to pay on the grounds that no one would have had a chance to check it out that night (library closed) and I'd returned it when

* track term meaning "worries extremely"—I guess it's in common use in other places also. AEU

the library opened the next morning.

It then seems that if I don't pay I shall receive no diploma. No doubt I'm way off base, but just think of the consummate pleasure of saying to the administrators, "Now I know my diploma's true worth."

However, when I got to the window to receive my diploma no one asked about my fine. I was quite deflated. I even went so far as to ask why my diploma wasn't being withheld. There seemed to be no explanation. I guess this is due to my Irish luck, not that I'm Irish.

For a month or so I couldn't understand it; it continued to puzzle me. Then Bob told me that he and Jerry Knight had each kicked in a panny and robbed me of my glory.

A short time ago the Georgian State Dancers were in town and I bought the cheapest seats in order to see (with 7x50 binoculars) them. To say the least they were striking. The male dancers possessed such a robustness and virility that the air literally cracked with their electrification. They specialize in tremendous leaps and toe dancing which unlike ballet is on the actual toes. Not only this but they leap into the air, pull up their feet, and land on their knees with such force that their kneecaps should most certainly be pulverized.

The war dances were the most impressive, with flashing sabres and shield, cacophonous accordions, drums and balalaikas, and such a torrent of action that the eyes are completely overwhelmed. I have no doubt that if the cold war were dissolved the Russians would surely dance us to death.

Lately I've been working 52 hours a week in the stock room of the local emporium. The stock room foreman--my boss--is indeed an exceptional man. He's LA's biggest cast-iron belly. Every night before going home, he drinks exactly ten martinis. Now this might not be exceptional, but he doesn't get drunk. In fact, he claims that it's the secret to his good build at 52.

He also has a strong bladder; a week ago he had a beer-drinking contest with the boss' son, who has also been working in the stockroom (not that he does any work). George (the boss) drank nineteen and a half beers while Don Kaufman, the boss' son, only drank nine. George didn't have to go to the bathroom until after he got home, which was several hours later.

This procedure has been going on for years and George has somehow been able to combine a certain amount of learning with his drinking. You're probably wondering how he does this: "educational bar-napkins": There are several about various subjects such as cacti, sex in Zambezi, and animals of the Antarctic. It seems that he has combined the pleasures of life with about the same things you would learn in college.

I went out with a Jewish girl last week and while waiting for her to get ready her little brother candidly asked me if I were a Christian or a Jew. "I'm an Arab, young man," was my response. I hope this will give the patriarch of the family (who evidently put the kid up to the question) conniptions.

I came across an interesting (to me, who gives a damn about you) fact recently. The U.S. Marine Hymn is an exact plagiarism of the Genevieve de Brabant Galop by Jacques Offenbach. I also recently bought an RCA Victor record, Spain, with Fritz Reiner. The fidelity is splendid and I heartily recommend it to any Falla, Granados, or Albeniz lovers.

That about winds up (I don't understand this idiom; "wind up" means to start, doesn't it?) these meanderings. So long...

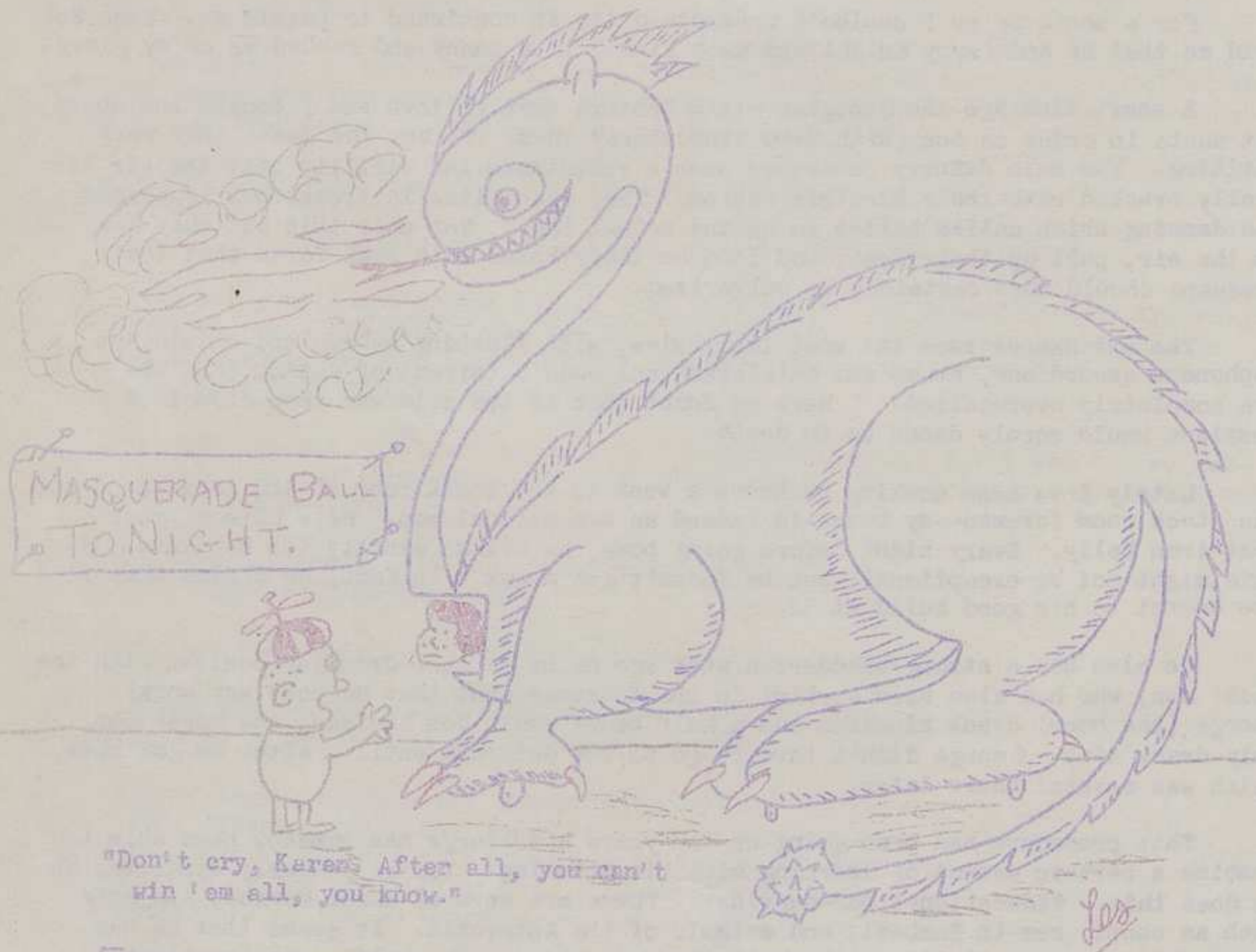
--- Arv Underman

WHERE DID YOU GO? DETROIT

— TED JOHNSTONE —

WHAT DID YOU DO? WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY.... PART TWO

(The time is September, 1959; the place is Detroit, Michigan, North America, Terra. The occasion is the 17th World Science Fiction Convention. In our last episode, Ted Johnstone, handsome young tru-fan, arrived in Detroit and spent the first two days of the Con in a blissful stupor. But now the turning point of fan-history is approaching. When we last saw our inexplicably intrepid hero, he had survived the banquet and was about to join in the final battle for the 1960 consite. Now, back to our story.....)



"Don't cry, Karen. After all, you can't win 'em all, you know."

FIFTEEN MINUTES after the Teddybear dismissed the banquet hall, most of the fans had percolated to the second floor and a fixed number, of fluctuating membership, like air molecules in an open bottle, were settling in the Crystal Room. At the pre-arranged moment, an official-sounding gavel banged, calling the business session to order. Also as pre-arranged, Earl Kemp stood up and entered a token bid for Chicago, and there was a gasp of respectful awe at the utter brilliance of the political ploy, though I must admit it was sort of over my head. As it turned out, it was a trifle premature anyway, because after his bid, the official bidding was opened and we were informed that all proper bids would be entered in alphabetical order.

So we got down to business. Hal Lynch entered the bid for Philadelphia, denying the rumors that it was a hoax-bid (although there hadn't been much electioneering) and saying that although the Worldcon had been held in Philly twice before, that an entirely new group had appeared on the scene and the city had been entirely rebuilt since 7th Fandom erupted at the

1953. He tossed in some lovely ideas, such as a trans-Atlantic phone call to Great Britain with an amplifier and PA system on this end so we could all hear from the London Circle. Dave Kyle, for no particular reason that anyone could see, seconded the motion.

Doc Barrett spoke for Pittsburgh, aided by a non-fan representative from the hotel they were planning to use -- now that's she's seen what a Convention is like, they'll probably end up in a different hotel. Doc read a preliminary hang-nail sketch of their projected program, and Earl Kemp was so attracted by this that he immediately withdrew his bid for Chicago (which didn't really have much of a chance anyway) and threw all his weight behind Pittsburgh. In other words, he seconded Doc Barrett's bid, but Kellie Fress came up to make it official. There still seemed to be some doubts as to whether the bid was adequately seconded, tho, so Jim Harmon came up to speak for Tom Scortia, who was busy working on the play. Sam Moskowitz came up and seconded it again, Willy Ley seconded him, and he was seconded by Sky Miller. By this time, half the audience had forgotten what was being bid for, and I heard someone offer \$15 for Ed Emsh, but Sam was restrained from accepting the money.

The march to the podium ended, and Sylvia White entered a bid for Washington DC, overcoming what appeared to be a case of mike-fright. Hans 'Stfan' Santesson seconded her bid. To make sure that this bid was as well-seconded as the last one, Ron El-lik voiced his second and Bob Pavlat fired off a ditto, with a mention of the hotel they would probably use. Then Pitt's non-fan found herself on familiar ground and stood up to ask permission for a rebuttal. Roger Sims rose to the occasion, and after a whispered conference with part of the committee granted her 30 seconds to tell us how her hotel was so much better than the one in Washington; then 'eddybear' cut her off and gave 30 seconds each to Big John Magnus for DC and Hal Lynch for Philly.

To give fen a few minutes to ponder the variety of claims and decide on their vote, John H Campbell took the floor to compliment the Detention committee on their hotel and especially to cheer for the air-conditioning. The woman from Pittsburgh popped up to say that they had air-conditioning too, but was gushed. At 5:35 Howard Devore locked the door. I heard a frightened whisper that he was going to start offering us all Big-Hearted Deals, but it turned out to be either to prevent people from getting out or from coming in during the actual voting. Dick Eney, Marion Mallinger, and Will Jenkins were appointed as ballot counters, and Virginia Schultheis and Lynn Hickman were picked as impartial observers. Ballots were passed out, voted on, and taken up to be counted.

Instead of having a play-by-play report of the counting, as we had at the Solecon, it was carried on in relative quiet while Harlan leaped to the podium and began to show off some of the prize items that would be coming up for the auction later. But his enthusiasm got the better of him, and soon he was putting up cover originals, then some b&w originals, and soon the auction was rolling full blast again.

After a few sales had been made, and Harlan began showing signs of continuing all evening, Bob Madle went up to drop a check under his wheels. Ellison was dragged from the platform and Bob took over to give a short pitch for First Fandom and a party that would be thrown for them that evening. Finally Fred Prophet came to the rostrum with the results of the voting: Pittsburgh 134, Washington 71, Philadelphia 13. This seemed to be rather a surprise--almost everyone I had talked to seemed to expect Washington to win. But before we had a chance to recover from the shock, Harlan came back to hit us while we were still weak. He started the auction again.

Before I could get the doors unlocked, I found I had bought two manuscripts, one with the last page missing. (If anyone finds the last page of 'Words and Music' by A Bertram Chandler, please let me know. I think I'm missing the ending of 'Special City' by Jackson Barrow too -- I still haven't gotten around to reading it, but the last page breaks off rather suddenly.) I headed out for dinner, sat around the coffee shop waving things at the waitress for about fifteen minutes. But she ignored me. Maybe Barbara Silver-

berg had warned her about me; I don't know. But after a while I gave up and started to my room.

As I came out of the coffee shop I met the East Coast Al Lewis, a nice quiet polite type (as contrasted to the tyrannical Al Lewis I knew). He had been wondering about the inside facts regarding a set of rumors he had heard about some of the LA group, and wanted my opinion. He said he had gotten some letters full of colorful tales from Alex Bratton, the wandering Jew of Long Beach and part-time news-broadcaster, who had a lot of juicy reminiscences about a lot of people, including Bjo. Now Al wondered about these anecdotes, so he took these letters to Bjo, showed them to her, and asked what she thought. She had told him her side of the story, but, unsatisfied, he had gone next to Bruce Pelz, who denied any knowledge of the situation but sent him to me. So we went up to my room and he related the whole thing and I gave him as impartial a view as I could. It took about an hour to cover the entire involved situation of ploy, counter-ploy, and personality-clashes in the LASFS, and when we were through he thanked me.

I told him I'd done the best I could, and looked at my watch. Found we were missing the films by Ed Eash, so we decided to go back downstairs and see if they were worth missing supper for. It turned out they were. In fact, they were brilliant presentations. Experimental films of different types, mostly utilizing different varieties of animation; of the creation of an abstract Pollack-type painting or a cover-illo type painting, or of a completely whimsical random animation of things cut out of magazine pictures and ads, pasted together, superimposed and moved around, or the last film, Dance Chromatic, which involved a live-action dancer superimposed on a highly abstract painting which was in a constant state of development — a very hard film to describe, but a delight to the eye and a thrill to the aesthetic senses which brought the audience to the feet cheering at the conclusion.

The pro-editors panel came up next, but we decided that it couldn't top the Eash films and checked out for another try at supper. This time we caught a waitress and, over a couple of sandwiches, I impressed Al with my intimate knowledge of the history of the LASFS by giving him the complete story of the club up to the time of the Insurgent Rebellion and the beginning of the Bleak Years. Fortunately, I had just finished studying the page and a half the Fencyclopedia II devoted to the subject.

I wandered back upstairs, as Al departed for his room or someplace, and found myself back in the Shelby room, faced with racks and racks of books. I found a jacket-and-mint copy of The Incredible Planet (first edition, first printing) for \$3, and went into the Crystal Room, where Jesus W Christ, Jr was last seen, hoping for an autograph. I sat down to hear Dean McLaughlin's talk on the Martian 'canals', and a new theory regarding their cause — volcanoes, wind-drift, and coriolis force — which sounds remarkably possible, though a trifle disappointing. Unfortunately, when he turned out the lights to show some slides, I fell asleep.

I woke up 20 minutes later when he finished, and joined in the applause. By this time it was 10:30, and there was a two-minute break before the next item on the program. I couldn't find Campbell, but Forry was there, so I asked him how much a JAM first of Incredible Planet would be worth, autographed. He knitted a thoughtful pair of brows, and said, "About five dollars." My collector's spirit did a fast cartwheel and came down with a gurgle of glee, and I thanked him.

By this time the next item for the program was standing in the wings and the Critics Clash was about to begin. In one corner, wearing transparent shorts, was Damon Knight (who is accused of not liking anything) and in the other corner, wearing a grim smile, was Sky (P Schuyler) Miller (who is accused of liking everything). They had both been handed a challenge by the ConCommittee — Damon was speaking on 'Good SF' and Sky was to follow him with a statement about 'Bad SF'. Damon led off, but he rather begged his question by adapting his topic to "Good SF: Where Is It?" He read a number of selections from the highest quality fantasy and stf, then laid into the average run of the stuff for his allotted time. His main complaint was

that so much of the stuff published is so much worse than the best.

Sky Miller, given the opposing side, picked out some more selections, this time from the current crud crop in the pubs, and defending them. Somehow I felt that neither of them was giving his deepest sincere feelings on the subjects. Their own statements were followed by a question period, which was utilized by a number of pro authors to pour out their own personal gripes against the editors and publishers, defending their low-quality turn-out by such excuses as showed a dreadful lack of artistic integrity -- they needed money for food, rent, clothes, more paper; and to keep body and soul together (ridiculous; no writer would ever use such a trite phrase) they had to write so fast they didn't have time to give a proper amount of attention to everything they wrote.

By the time they were finished, the audience was either in tears or in stitches, depending on the attitudes of the individual, but then a whispered rumor began to spread across the room, and an awed silence began to spread out in waves as it became apparent that following a one-minute break the long-promised fan-ed panel would actually convene. The program booklet promised Bjo would moderate over Ron Ellik (FANAC), Ted White (VOID), and John Berry (RETRIBUTION), but besides underestimating the time of the panel by some 30 hours the booklet had also underestimated the size of the panel. Added to the original cast were Wally Weber (CRV), Boyd Raeburn (A BAS), and Lynn Hickman (JD-ARGASSY). These six all together presented a source of radiation that only an extremely active moderator could keep from starting a self-sustaining reaction which might well melt the stage, and Bjo was well chosen, despite the fact that she had to start the show off playing by ear and seemed unsure of what path to lead them down.

Bjo began by running down a series of questions which the panelists answered individually and discussed a little -- questions like, "Why Do You Publish A Fanzine?" There were a couple who admitted that they had no reason other than their inability to stop publishing a fanzine, but all generally agreed that the only thing anyone could hope to get out of the publishing was ego-boo. From such personal angles, the questions moved on to technical ones. "What Do You Publish On?": the answers seemed about evenly divided between mimeograph and Gestetner; "How Often Do You Publish?", "How Much Do You Charge?", etc. Then we got into particular little problems that often beset the fan-pubber, such as the difficulty of using staples that are shorter than the zine is thick, and the embarrassment when the last ten pages fall off of each copy on your way to the post office. This, fortunately, has an easy answer. According to the panel, the most highly satisfactory device they had found to counteract this problem was the Swingline #13 stapler, which will handle, apparently, a variety of sizes of staples, up to perhaps a half inch in length, which should be sufficient to staple any reasonable zine.*

Following a series of six diatribes on what each panelist disliked in current fanzines, Bjo began inviting questions from the floor. These came indeed, and almost half of them even made sense. But the interest was running out, and people began sneaking out the exit to investigate the rumours of free beer in the room next door (which rumors proved to be true, by the way). A couple of pitchers of beer, both regular light and imported dark, were brought in and set on the speakers' table. Those who had wandered out began to wander back in with full glasses, and the panel began to degenerate into a rolling bull-session which threatened to run all night. Bjo finally lost patience and called the whole thing to a halt, ordered a little more decorum on the floor, and then pulled out the checks from under the wheels and let them go on.

Then George Nims Raybin stood up and asked why there were no serious articles being written, and if they were being written, why weren't they being published? This question set in motion the longest semi-organized discussion in convention history, leading almost immediately into the question of sf fandom's responsibility to the pros.

Predictably, Harlan Ellison

* Ed's Note: The claims for this stapler all are quite true, but at their price (some \$12.00) one could publish an entire fanzine.

was the one to spring to his feet to answer the question, seizing the floor from under the panelists, and he sparked the entire group into questioning and debating. Bjo tried to adjourn the panel officially at 1:30, but I think I was the only one who heard her, and the discussion continued.

Hans Stfen Santesson with an excellent extempore speech telling us we can do something to help the prozines -- get out and proseletize! Every extra sale, he told us, helps the editor's position with the almighty publishers, in a job which has "less security than a non-union dishwasher." Larry Shaw came up next with an answer¹⁰ and extention on Hans's talk, amplifying his points and backing him up with further details on the black-hearted villainy of the publishers. Harlan Ellison came back then and things began to get pretty fierce. Hans spoke quietly, Nick Falasca argued from the fan's point of view, and Harlan hit the deck again, prophesying that the magazines -- not just the stf prozines, but all magazines -- were dying off and would be completely gone in another fifteen years, and we would all be either buying pocket-books or just "sitting, glued to the glass tit." (Harlan has a colorful, if crude, way of expressing himself.) Hans came back to the stand, and sadly admitted that he had to agree with Harlan, and that, if the trends did continue that we and people like us may, in truth, be someday the "last guardians of literacy."

Then Dave Kyle, in his 'Old Man Of The Mountain' character, came up to speak at length on the very earliest days of fandom and stf. Then, he said, the theme of the stories was "how". A writer would spend pages describing in detail exactly how the hero's rocketship worked, how his ray-guns, his space-suit, his radar, telephone, and power supply all worked, in great technical dissertations. Now the theme is "why" -- we have come to take it for granted that our hero is going to the moon, and all the little details of his science have been pushed into the background. Why is he going to the moon? What drives him to go into space? How does he feel about it? Why does he feel that way? We have left the era in which the machine was the real star of the story, and now we have a human being at the focus of interest. Science Fiction has discovered psychology. Dave went on to reminisce about the mid-'30's, when the fan would rush to the newsstands to buy Amazing, and then hurry guiltily home with the covers turned inwards or even torn off lest the passers-by see the lurid illustrations which decorated these covers. He remembered going to every newsstand within a range of miles and putting the stf pulps on the fronts of the racks, so that the hand of the idle browser would be more likely to pick one of them for whatever purpose an idle browser might choose at random -- perhaps rushing to catch a train. But the purpose mattered not if another person had been exposed to the existence of stf. And he said too that there was something the fan-in-the-street can do for stf -- boost it. Boost stf with all his might, subject people to it, buy prozines, write letters to the editors (letters that can be shown to the publishers), and above all, keep trying to sell people on the stuff. Fandom can help save stf.

Bjo recovered from the spell of the oratory and called the panel to an official end at 3 a.m., setting a new record for length of an item on a Con Program -- 3½ hours, shattering the old record by a full hour, according to Ron Ellick -- and for lateness of a scheduled item, beating the old record by half an hour. But the discussion was not yet over -- it continued out in front of the hall and up in Harlan Ellison's room, I was told later.

But I didn't know about this, and headed to the Cass Room, where the free bheer was being served, and found myself with a glass of something about the color of root beer; warm, a trifle flat, but thoroughly delicious. It was at this point that I realized that I had been drinking the wrong kind of bheer for three years, and made a solemn promise to myself that, whenever I had the choice, dark bheer would always get my vote. I found Sandy Cutrell selling Garry Davis's World Passports and, in a spirit of international brotherhood and good feeling, I shelled out the equivalent of one World Credit (\$1.18) for one. Then, feeling the need for some solid nourishment, I drifted down to the lobby, where I found Jock Root in a parallel orbit which ended with both of us seated in the Greasy Spoon, just across the street. Here I noticed that I still had half-a-glass of dark bheer, but undaunted, I ordered a hamburger and we

traded some fannish chat for a while; notably about Lee Hoffman, who is living in a basement in New York and publishes an occasional folk-music fanzine. He promised to put me on her list for a sample copy (which I eventually got and enjoyed, but found she wouldn't accept trades for).

Finished a greasy hamburger and my beer, and brought the glass back to the hotel, and started looking for a quiet party. When I returned the glass to the Cass Room (and finished the last of the dark beer), Fred Prophet tipped me off that the Washington suite had what I needed, so I ambled up to 886.

had changed. There was not a trace of a drunken blast, no sound singing or pointless chatter, none of the feeling of aimless self-frustration that had characterized the place the night before, but there was a sort of reaction to the truly magnificent discussion which had grown out of the fan panel. Nothing stronger than beer was in evidence, and everybody sat around the room leaning forward and passing a sort of thrilled conversation in conversational voices from one to another, and it may have been more than my imagination that their eyes were shining with the light of true fandom. There was a feeling that there really is a reason for going on -- that fandom is not pointless, it had a deep inner value, and it is actually worth living for itself alone.

 ((Looking back on the last paragraph, I realize it may sound dreadfully melodramatic in the light of day and after the passing of these months, but it is a true representation of the way the atmosphere in the room struck me. I would call it one of the most enjoyable memories from my few years in fandom.))

Avram Davidson sat cross-legged in the middle of the floor, wearing his ever-present sports-car cap, and two intelligent girls joined the discussion. (There was a third intelligent girl present, but her mouth was usually muffled by a beard. Not her beard...) A couple of people wandered in shortly after I did, and reported that the Pittsburgh suite was closed and locked. I would like to make, at this point, a serious constructive statement to any and all future con committees -- hold the voting for the next year's consite on Monday. That way, the bidding cities will keep their suites open another night and the poor wandering fan will have an open party to attend. I would like to extend my thanks to Washington for staying open even after having lost the bidding for 1960, and to say that I'm still glad I voted for them. But don't ask me to make a statement at the Pittcon -- I'm just as glad they got it. (damn, it's hard trying to be neutral...)

Eventually the magic was soaked out of those present, and the last sparks had faded into memories by the time the dawn came up like thunder out of Windsor 'cross the bay. I found myself discussing the Ring Trilogy with Bob Pavlat, Avram Davidson, Jock Root, and Joanne Magnus, with Karen Anderson in the next room dropping in remarks like an off-stage voice (which indeed she was). (See? Give me a few names to sling around, and I can drop them as well as the next guy!) At 5:45 Bob Madle came in from a First Fandom meeting. We met, which is to say I introduced myself and shook his hand as he was making feeble motions towards his bed, and then I followed the general motion towards the door.

Out in the hall, we met a small mob looking for action, but managed to talk them out of invading the Washington Suite. I figured it was the least I could do in return for the time I had had there. I think, looking back on the whole convention, that Sunday night was the best time of the whole thing. And I will file away that particular chunk of recall in my memory banks, to be picked out and played back in the future should the mafia bug ever strike me.

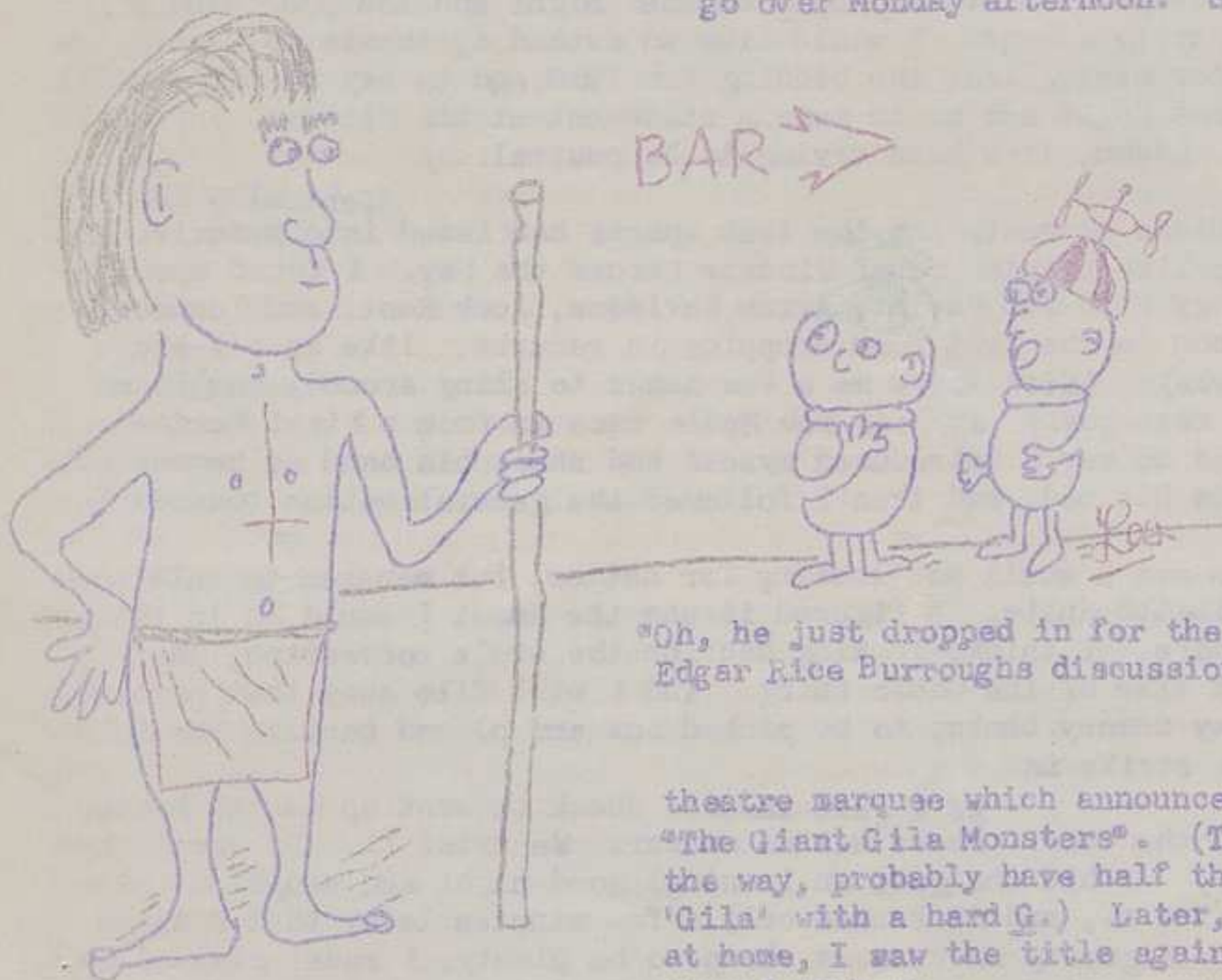
As a just-in-case check we went up to the Pittsburgh suite and rapped on the door. There was no answer. We tried it. It was locked. Convinced of our futility, I bid the gang an ironical good-night and sought my pillow. I conked out about 7 a.m., and it seemed only a few minutes later that I heard the bells chiming eleven. Figuring four hours sleep to be plenty, I rose, cleaned up extensively, changed clothes (and about time, too), and headed downstairs at 11:45. Doc Smith was speaking somewhere, someone told me, but I decided to go out for breakfast

and to get my World Passport validated. Hans Stefan Satnesson was a Notary, but he'd sent his seal back to New York with Garry Davis, who had left early that morning. So I found the hotel didn't have one, and I hit the streets.

I ran smack into the middle of an AFL-CIO parade, but followed the route for a while singing, "Which Side Are You On?" and "Joe Hill" and a few others I had learned from Miriam Carr many years ago. Always thought they might come in handy... Eventually I found the Greyhound bus terminal and a machine that made passport-type photos. I spent a quarter, got four photos, and went to the Traveller's Aid desk. The girl there didn't have any paste for the photo, and hadn't the slightest idea where I could find a Notary Public.

So I wandered about the streets of Detroit, trying office buildings, legal offices, and every blasted hotel in the downtown area. I covered every bit of downtown Detroit on the map the con committee had gotten from the Chamber of Commerce, and even ran off the edge somewhere and had a devil of a time trying to find my way back on. Now in an ordinary city, the streets are laid out according to a simple grid plan, on an X axis and a Y axis, to use the mathematical term. Downtown Detroit has no less than three sets of axes superimposed on each other, with triangular and diamond-shaped and Lovecraftian angles between corners. Occasionally a street will bend from the X' axis to the X" axis in the middle of a block, and will swing over the X axis at the next corner, leaving a little patch of green grass growing in the middle of a large intersection. It is delightfully casual and might be a nice place to go walking in on a long cool evening, but it is not recommended for serious, purposeful walking, especially if one is anxious to find a notary public and return to a con hotel in the shortest amount of time possible.

On checking back, I find I have omitted to mention why I was especially eager to get the passport validated; GNRaybin, the Dietzes, the Moskowitzes, and Walt Cole (and I'm not sure who all else -- mostly New Yorkers, I forgot to take notes on this particular bit) wanted to go over the bridge, south into Canada, and GeoNims (and some others, I think) had a World Passport and wanted to get it stamped at the border. This seemed like a good idea to me, so I wanted to try it also. And they had decided to go over Monday afternoon. See? Simple, isn't it?



"Oh, he just dropped in for the Edgar Rice Burroughs discussion."

theatre marquee which announced "The Killer Shrews" and "The Giant Gila Monsters". (The latter title will, by the way, probably have half the customers pronouncing 'Gila' with a hard G.) Later, on the trip back, and at home, I saw the title again, but the initial shock stayed with me.

So anyway, I wandered this ridiculous system of streets, ducking into every reasonably-sized hotel I could find and asking for a notary public. A few places said that they had one on the staff, but since this was Labor Day, they were all off doing whatever Notary Publics do on Labor Day. I have only one clear memory from these hours of frustration -- the mindwarping sight of a double bill on a

Looking through my pictures of the con, I found one of a great crowd listening to a man in shirt-sleeves standing up on a big platform and haranguing them -- I have since found out that this was almost certainly Walter Reuther, who was in town to speak to the UAW or some such group. But he is not a fan, and therefore I didn't remember taking the picture, and he deserves no further mention in this report.

Finally I arrived back at the Pick-Fort Shelby, foot-sore, frustrated, and famished. John W Campbell, in shirt-sleeves, I think, was standing up on a big platform and haranguing the fans, but this food for the soul would not serve to fill the stomach, which by this time was bleating pitifully for something to work on. So I found Jock Root and Bruce Pelz, and we all descended on the coffee shop. We could hear only vague echoes of JWC as he finished telling the assemblage why he had a "Right To Be Wrong" -- I had thought this was taken for granted, by established precedent, but JWCjr was re-affirming it.

In fact, by the time we returned to the Crystal Room, the panel of fan who had turned pro was almost over, too. Just as well; I tend to get awfully jealous of those guys. I looked around and found some parts of the LA group, and extensive questioning revealed that they were checking out that night and taking off Tuesday, so I had to get my stuff and stuff all packed. And I missed some more of the program.

I finished packing and brought my bags down to the arranged meeting place, in the corner of the second-floor foyer, when a familiar face walked up the stairs, toting a black-and-white cowhide bag with the hair still on it. After a good thirty seconds of mental shock and profound disbelief, I recognised Mike Hinge, the pride of New Zealand, the fan who had come from NZ to the Solacon and stayed in LA. And now here he was suddenly in Detroit. It seemed he had taken a bus from LA, and had hitch-hiked from Kansas City to Detroit, or had hitch-hiked from LA to KC and taken a bus to Detroit, or something like that. Anyway, he was a little late for the con. He nodded to me, shook hands with Rick Sneary, and set about arranging for a ride back to LA.

Since there was a 6 pm limit on the room, I got the last of my junk down to the Shelby Room and checked out, and then went to the Java Room for a snack. There I met Jock Root again, and we talked about a number of things, including Bjo (I seem to have attained a reputation as an expert on the subject), while I kept one eye on SaMoskowitz, who was in the con playlet, which was due to go on about that time. But I knew they couldn't start without him, so we sat and talked and felt smug. At least I did.

Finally SaM left, and we followed him out, but lost him in the back corridors on the second floor. So we sat on the floor in front of the Crystal Room for a few minutes, watching the crowd gather. The doors opened at 6:15 and we all filed in.

Judy Merrill sat on the edge of the stage in front of the curtain and gave a rambling, time-killing talk on the announced subject of 'The Men In Science-Fiction'. She covered the subject in informal detail, spending most of her time on Tony Boucher, regaling us with all sorts of anecdotes which deserve to be seen in print. (dammit, next year I should carry a tape recorder.) But after telling us all about the little-known sides of Tony and a number of others, she went back and admitted that she really loved the whole bloody mess. Having finished one subject, she started on another: the progress and development of the play we were about to see. She said it started from scratch two days before, aided by a vast number of willing volunteers, and was now in final form. I had been aware of the concentrated work on the play -- the writers had filled the more brightly-lit end of the cocktail lounge for the last two days, sipping their strange mixtures, trading esoteric gags and pounding away on their various machines like mad. Now, apparently, all was ready. Even I had contributed to the play, I found -- John Koning had borrowed my long cigarette holder to loan to the prop department for one of the characters -- I think it was Karen Anderson.

Judy finished her spiel and checked behind the curtains, then came back out, sat down on the stage again, and started telling us about her first meeting with Fritz Leiber, and said that

stiff pros were the nicest people. A muffled voice from behind the curtain yelled something about being ready, and Judy introduced "Beyond The Unknown".

Frank Dietz taped the entire play, I believe. At least, I certainly hope he did -- it was a wild, far-out bodge-podge of hysteria, and a galloping gem full of esotericisms. One of the countless memorable lines may serve as an example -- Randy Garrett, in the costume he wore on the cover of the Sept '59 ASF, as 'John W Scramble, Jr', in response to a question: "How should I know? After all, I'm not Ghod... But then, who is??". There was a long shelf-paper roll of credits at the end, and rather than omit half of them, I didn't get any of them. Included in the cast, however, were Karen Anderson, SaMoskowitz, Fritz Leibar, Tom Scortia, Chris Meskowitz, Randy Garrett, Djinn Faine, and Karen Anderson. (Karen was on at the beginning and as something else at the end.) And there were two shrouded figures in front of the stage bent over a checker-board who tossed in esoteric lines between scenes, who were finally revealed as players of A or something like that -- I think they were playing Fairy Checkers.

After the play there was a brief photo-session with Karen in her vampire costume, then Harlan was exhumed from somewhere and as the light struck him a tremor seized his limbs, his mouth opened, his arms raised, and he started another auction. But Fred Prophet stuffed him back in his coffin for a moment and sat on the lid while the last business was taken care of. Fred handed over the official gavel to Dirce Archer and then handed an envelope full of the proceeds from the Auction Block to Bob Madle to apply for TAPP. Sims took the gavel back and officially adjourned the 17th Annual Worldcon at 7:45 pm.

But you can't stop something that has been gathering momentum for four or more days with a single blow of the gavel. Harlan Ellison crawled back to the rostrum and began auctioning the last of the paintings, manuscripts, drawings, chairs, lamps, and waitresses...and we fled from the room.

The gang going back to LA met and discussed their plans, and after extensive arguments decided that we would phone Dean Grennell. Al Lewis said he would fly back to LA and take Bjo's fox terrier puppy with him. Ron asked if he could fly with a dog, and Jack pointed out that the dog couldn't fly alone. Dick Daniels agreed to take Ingrid Fritsch, Bruce Henstell, Eric Grunther and Mike Hinge, as he was driving directly to Los Angeles; that left nine of us evenly divided between a Peugeot and a Hillman Minx.

Ron got one busy signal from Grennell's, then made contact. He came out of the phone booth, his face alight with squirrelish glee -- Dean had taken a whole week off to meet Fen passing through from the con, and Ron had told him we would arrive the next night. As arrangements for this night were being made, I took a seat in the lobby and spent an hour or so casually trying to seduce the wife of a well-known pro who doesn't want her name bandied about (tho Ellik promised he'd bandy it, he hasn't yet). After her husband woke up and took her away, she back back to apologize. ((And I'll see you next year!))

I sat in the lobby and watched Marion Zimmer Bradley eat a neofan -- it was a ginger-bread man which had 'NEO' lettered on its chest in white frosting. John Kensing had brought it all the way from Youngstown, Ohio, just to prove that MZB actually does eat neos for breakfast (though it was admittedly late for breakfast), and Bruce Pelz immortalized the moment in color film.

Then a rumor filtered down the stairwell to the effect that there was a party going on in the Cass Room, and Randy Garrett's fuse had been lit. We followed the trail of smoke up to the second floor and found it to be true. It seemed that at 10:30 he had suddenly stood up with a drink in his hand and announced he was going to make a speech. And with only Fen present, he did. I missed the basic context along with the first hour of the speech, but I'm not sure it had a theme or anything similar, but it was good and stimulating. Some pros heard about it too, of course, and they started drifting in and listening. It became more of a wide-open discussion and free-for-all heckling session with Randy running the whole show, gesticulating wildly, waving his glass (which was always half-full,

no matter how much he drank from it — he had a large pitcher of something on the table) about the air and speaking brilliantly. I am afraid this was not taped, but I wish it had been.

The topic of the moment seemed to be neofen, and Randy had summoned up the neo-est fan at the whole con to be his specimen — Bruce Henstell. He addressed this wide-eyed lad as "Son...and I call you son because I noticed yesterday you were high before noon...". To illustrate his point, Randy also recalled a Willis anecdote I had never heard before and enjoyed immensely. It took place during the time Walt was over here in '52, and as a matter of fact it was at the Chicon. He had found a few minutes to rest from the hectic rush of convention activities, and was seated by an open window in the con suite, leaning back in a chair, smoking a cigarette and tapping the ashes out a window. Into this pastoral scene, enter a neofan, carrying an ashtray. He came up to Walt and burred, "here, Mr Willis. You can use this." Walt looked up, smiled politely, tapped an ash out the window, and said, "No thank you; I haven't filled this one yet."

Randy continued to tell us we should all be kind to the damned neofen because they were the life-blood of fandom. Somehow he got from this onto the idea that fen didn't respect the pros enough. "I demand respect! I may not get it, but I demand it!" he said. We respected him noisily until about 12:30, at which point he lost interest, thanked us, and sat down. A few other people tried to carry on, but four or five days of solid convention had taken their toll, and everybody was in a sort of vague haze.

The members of the Car-avan found me and told me we were all going out to Jim Broderick's house to spend the night, except for Bjo and a couple other people who had held onto their rooms for another night. So Bruce Pels, Jim Caughran, Ron El-lik, John Trimble, Ernie Wheatley, Jack Harness, Bruce Henstell, Eric Grunther, Steve Tolliver and I all piled into a couple of cars and followed Jim's taillights out a freeway, along a street and off into a residential area. I remember a big house on a tree-lined street, and we all sacked out in the back yard, more or less.

After we got up the next morning... but that's another story, or at least the beginning of it, and I've already told that one before. If you really want to find out what happened then, read it in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #48.

So that was it. I went to Detroit, I saw the convention. It was fun. I'd like to do it again next year in Pittsburgh. Maybe I will. I hope so. See you there, huh?

--- Ted Johnstone

RAL SHAPIRO, DB, OF 2689 CLEMENTS AVENUE, DETROIT 38, MICHIGAN WRITES:

"...If you have some space in a forthcoming issue of your *Imz*, could you place therein an announcement that I, Hal Shapiro, DB, would appreciate very much getting a copy of *Ice* #2 and any other old Shapirozines which might be laying around. My files are very incomplete and I would like to have a sample of each item I published. The incompleteness was caused by a fire about four years ago. I will not offer any cash reward, but for any items I do not have which are sent to me, I shall place sender on list to receive whatever I may publish in the future. In addition, sender will be entitled to all sorts of love and affection from me..."

KNOT-POETRY (based on a remark by Dean A Grennell) ---by Art Rapp

To knot a rope is a skillful art, high in naval tradition kept.
But once there lived an admiral who at it proved inept.
More lubberly still was his battleship, a sadly un-shipshape sight:
In short, as one of his sailors said, "His barque is worth than his bight!"

(reprinted)

WHY I WOULD NOT "KILL"

by Ben Singer

BOB TUCKER AGAIN

Coming a decade after this monumental affair, fans may be somewhat surprised. But I feel this message needs to be delivered because the Bob Tucker Death Hoax had a profound effect on my subsequent life and offers a vital message for others.

First of all, I am no longer a fan. Theoretically, this should disqualify me from penning this article. But really, this is not a fan article. It actually is my Swan Song, inasmuch as fandom is concerned; and as such, it's been on my chest a long time. I am glad now of the opportunity to get it off.

I want to deal first with the actual events leading up to the now notorious Tucker Death Hoax and of the lessons taught me by the Hoax and its aftermath.

As a teen-age fan I was awed by Hoy Ping Pong, Robert Wilson Tucker. He was a legendary fan and I wanted identification with such a great man as he. Thus, when I was stationed at Chanute Air Force Base a short distance from Tucker's Bloomington, Illinois home in 1949, I got permission from Bob to visit him. At that time, sitting in his living room, I unfolded to him my plan.

I told him I wanted to perpetrate a Hoax Grande on the upcoming 1949 Convention, for I had never perpetrated a hoax and this would liven up the con. Tucker listened sympathetically. He had seen many young fans in his life. He seemed to know what made them tick and as he stared out his front window that warm day in 1949, he said to me: "It'll never work again. They'll never believe it a second time."

He referred to the first Tucker Death Hoax, telling me the details. After discussing it for awhile, he summed up his opinion again: it would be a flop if I tried it.

But I told him I disagreed. My point was that nobody would believe that a second hoax was a phony, mostly because the first one was. I left telling him I planned to go ahead, and go ahead I did. I concocted the most fantastic, highly unbelievable story...made the flaws so obvious even the most naive reader would spot them. For example, Tucker's plans to start a daily fan newspaper: patently ridiculous, especially from a guy of his fanwiedom. And his writing a love novel--totally out of his field. The gory details of his death should have immediately stamped the story apocryphal to anybody capable of exercising the slightest bit of judgment. But, as I now know, there is the Will to Believe.

You see, fandom can be observed as a highly petulant affair where really significant things rarely occur. Fans make highly insignificant things seem to have vast importance...fans contrive events, feuds, fanzines, to magnify vastly fandom's scope. Fans want stature. There is, therefore, the possibility that some fans WANTED to believe the Tucker story. It added some excitement to their lives and they had a chance to be thankful it wasn't them--they were still among the living, still in fandom.

The people who seemed afterwards to kick up the biggest fuss were the Old Bastards of Fandom, as I called them then. One group--from California, well-known guys in their forties and fifties--made not-so-veiled threats to beat the hell out of me in a hotel room at Cincinnati. At the time, I wished they would have because I hated their guts and would have liked to have them thrown in the clink. These well-known Old Bastards of Fandom are still around. But I no longer hate their guts, for today I realize they are pathetic creatures who found themselves incapable of competing in the outside world and were forced into a circle of teenagers, young misfits and others where the competition was not great. These are the people I referred to earlier who taught me a great lesson. They were not elevating me, as a teen-aged neurotic, to their maturity level; they were regressing or had never grown out of that emotional level. Beating up teenagers, either physically or verbally, made them highly superior beings.

It was shortly after the Tucker Death Hoax that I began to look at fandom seriously...and to take it less so, as a result. Please don't get me wrong: I do not now issue a blanket condemnation of fandom. I feel fandom serves a highly pertinent and healthy function. For one thing, it serves as an outlet for the pent-up emotional

force we as adolescents who were emotionally disturbed and who had little identification with our contemporaries could use to good advantage. As the framework for similar people throughout America, it gives one a group to belong to, where one can make a big noise, where one can gain admiration, where one is not scoffed at, where one can live—away from the highly disturbing, competitive, highly mortal existence of contemporary life.

To me fandom was bliss, utopia, euphoria, where I fled from my cruel stepfather, my lower-middle class unsympathetic Jewish family. Fandom was a place where one could meet "shiksas" (gentile girls) who were daring, oddballs who would accept anybody regardless of anomalies, etc. Importantly, economic status has never played a part in fandom. You were accepted on the basis of your "intellectual" (actually, emotional) set.

Were it not for fandom (I must give it much credit) I would never have developed the deep, almost limitless, interest in writing I possess today, which directed me towards the newspaper field from which I subsequently emerged with enough experience to go into advertising and public relations. Fandom aided me in becoming a quasi-diletante which immeasurably improved my academic life, my business life, my social life. Fandom gave me experience in life, for as a teen-aged fan, I traveled the country casually, visiting (and staying with) friendly fanfolk throughout the nation.

The danger is this: that the ephemeral refuge becomes permanent, that the ego bolsterer ultimately becomes more important as a mechanism than the creative force that provided the ammunition. What then?

You see, the Tucker Death Hoax started me thinking. Bob Tucker lived the kind of life that made him a natural prospect for my juvenile prank. Bob Tucker was an older, albeit successful, fan-author. But what about the others, who hung around fandom so long, who didn't become successful, who became totally dependent parasites...those pitiful creatures who would never compete in the outside world?

Once again, let me assure you that in spite of my references to the people who are ensnared in this thing so long that they never can get out, some of the finest friends I ever had came from fan ranks.

One of the most significant was George Young whom I consider to be one of the most loyal friends I've ever met. George is a wonderful fellow who is often the butt of bad jokes—as I used to be. He's unselfish, a hard fan worker, jovial, positive. But at times he's plunged himself into fan activities so deeply that, in my opinion, his REAL life has been threatened...economically, intellectually, emotionally. He had to drop out of college after becoming involved very heavily in fan publishing. He has had job difficulties, perhaps for the same reason. He is one of the few guys I've met whom I really consider almost totally unselfish, and I've said to myself that some day if I get to be a wealthy businessman, I'm going to give George a good job for life so he'll never have that worry on his mind.

And Art Rapp...a fellow whose veins run not with blood but creativity! His Morgan Botts stories are fan masterpieces! Were he to devote real effort to a similar CONSUMER series, no doubt he would become a selling author. I recall, after I sold a couple of very bad stories to a prozine I asked Art why me and not him. I know he can turn out stuff far superior to 80% of the trash now being published by so-called writers (most of whom—well, at least one in particular—actually look and act the way they write).

Other great friends I've had include Stewart Metchette, who should be teaching sociology now in California—he is a brilliant fellow and I think he's graduated from fandom's ranks; Gerald Gordon (first co-editor of Mutant) who just as the Detention rolled around was awarded his PhD in Metallurgy (by the way, he developed a radical new alloy while going to school that will be of vast use in outer space projects); Radell (Ray) Nelson, whom my wife Eleanor and I visited in Paris in May of last year. Ray is a brilliant satirist of humanity's foibles...but he's staying close to sfandom. He may be ensnared forever, which were I feeling incapable myself now would please me, for nothing is more wonderful to a failure than to hold hands with company; but today, I, happily married, heading a fast-growing advertising agency, a bit middle-class in orientation, but not, I hope, too much so, feel secure enough to want to see others

break out of this gooey trap which is anathema if it's not simply used as an ephemeral ruse, as part of the growing-up process.

There are many other fans who have been wonderful friends, who possess sterling qualities, some of whom are ensnared in the fandom trap and others of whom we can say have made an outside world adjustment. Such people as Ed Kuss, Martin Alger, Agnes Harock, Jim Elliot, Elliot and Jim Broderick; there are Howard Devore, Fred Prophet and other Michigan fan. I recall also my interesting correspondents and fellow mineo handle winders: Rick Sneary, Goswal, Joe Kennedy, Harry Warner, Jr., and many, many others. Some of these names are today familiar to you only through fan histories; others are still active. All are people with whom I once had or still have quite a bit in common.

You see, I began to understand, starting with the various afterproblems of the Tucker Death Hoax, about fans. They were secretly delighted with this petulant, immature prank. They who were supposed to know Tucker intimately wasted their money on long distance calls, blamed their losses, not on themselves, not on their own desire for sensationalism, but on a neurotic 18-year old, like the petty residents of a small Midwestern American town, like latter day Main Streeters. But I was not actually a cause; I was an effect. I was the effect of fandom's conditioning. I sought stature—and this, believe me, is an accepted, yes, an accepted, method of stature gain in fandom. Fans are famous, not because of significant, solid accomplishments—but because of attention-compelling, outre, sensational events they inspire. To prove this to yourself, simply read FANCYCLOPEDIA II in the light of my thesis...you may be shocked to find, consciously expressed, what may have lain in the back of your mind for a long time.

The point is, fandom can help you to grow up if you use fandom right: you commit your hoaxes, you roam the country in a slamobile, visiting fannish characters of all kinds and shapes and emotional sets, you correspond, you crank out fanzines by the ream, you wear a uniform. And that uniform of conformity, my so-called "non-conformist" friend, is roughly tantamount to the beatnik's unorthodox clothing, to his beard, to her leotards. Your language, like the teenagers', is adapted from English. You say fan, fen, fandom...you say BEM, "Goshwowoboy," "Real Soon Now". You take open delight in your secret code as the teenager who used to use pig Latin now talks cool so his parents can't participate; and you babble incessantly about sex in a sly winking way, although you know far less about sex than your contemporaries in the outside world, far less, since you can't communicate adequately with those contemporaries. You make a fetish out of beer as well although you drink no more beer and the reason may be because you're very hungry to belong outside if you feel they would accept you—they who drink the beer. I am not attempting to play God or analyst, but I have felt these feelings and I can speak them now because I'm no longer involved; and although many of you will deny this is true, those who are not far enough gone to suffer ego whip-lash will at least agree to some of my theses.

Another point to consider is this: that s-f fandom is at least one step removed from s-f...that fandom would continue should s-f be abolished tomorrow...that a new "purpose" would come into being, which purpose would rarely serve as the real core for fandom thereafter, just as s-f is really a justification rather than a purpose...and there is a difference. You see, and it's hard to hear this, there are other fandoms. True, some are composed of less intelligent people and others are even less mature. There are the philatelic fandom, the model railroad fandom, the camera fandom, the Scientology fandom, the Saucer fandom, the NAM fandom, the Labor fandom, the Socialist fandom; and s-f fandom is just one of many sociological phenomena...the urge to belong, fulfilled! To fit oneself in someplace where one can gain a sort of acceptance.

Once I could never understand how anybody could ever leave fandom. Today I do. There are other ways of life, superior ones. More cultural, more mature, more exciting. Today I know...though I once could never conceive this possibility...perhaps someday you too will know.

Now, my point has been this: that today I would never pull off a Tucker Death Hoax...because today I've outgrown the necessity of gaining acceptance through this

(concluded on page 26)

JACK SPEER

THE SECRET OF IT ALL

This is from Johnson on Shakespeare:

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil are distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has not great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity. This, therefore, is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life...

This criticism seems hardly suitable to some of Shakespeare's contemporaries. Marlow made power-lust, rather than Helen of the face that launched a thousand ships, the main reason for the tragical history of Doctor Faustus. Ben Jonson's best-known play, Volpone, was motivated entirely by avarice.

But Dr. Johnson's is certainly an apt criticism of much popular entertainment in the twentieth century. A movie-goer seeing A Place in the Sun could easily understand it as presenting Elizabeth Taylor as the sole reason for Montgomery Clift's desire to do away with his working-class sweetheart, although enough of Dreiser's story remained to suggest to a careful observer that Liz was merely the most obvious facet of the upper-class life that was open to the hero, and that status was his real desire.

Similarly, in the last remake of the Pepe le Moko story, Algiers, the dame was made the sole apparent reason for the mesomorphic Pepe's leaving the sanctuary of the Kasbah. In Charles Boyer's version, she was merely a symbol of the life of France and Paris that was denied him by the police cordon. The world's most beautiful city is likewise downgraded in the current song, "why do I love Paris? Because my love is here?"

Besides obscuring other themes, love is used to fill literary vacuums, especially at the end of a poem. Sometimes the same purpose is served by a moral ("Thus at the flaming forge of life Our fortunes must be wrought") or irrelevant humor ("And now they keep an oyster-shop For mermaids down below"), but most often it is love, and even poets of genius sometimes slip into this.

I believe it was Earl Singleton who called attention to this stanza:

White in the night the long road lies,
The moon shines blank above;
White in the night the long road lies,
That leads me from my love.

Housman had two good lines to start with, but after that his muse deserted him. Shakespeare himself descends to this kind of thing:

... Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

Perhaps I should pause here to make it clear I don't advocate abolishing love. When you don't have it, it is of almost overriding importance. But it is not the answer, the end, and all of living.

A fragment of an old movie I caught on TV showed a man working on some honor, when his wife wanted him to spend more time with her. When he assured her that he still loved her, she remarked with detached wisdom, "Yes, but you've got me, and you haven't got this other thing." After one is married, life goes on, and he needs the same broad range of interests as before, that seemed perhaps secondary in importance then.

It should also be clear that in speaking of love I refer to Eros and not Agape, the Greek word translated "charity" in some versions of the Bible. I doubt that brotherly love is the universal panacea that modern Christianity makes it, but anyway that is not this predominant theme of Hollywood and Tin Pan Alley that is now under discussion.

In some circles, including science-fiction fandom, sex is made to stand for the sensible satisfactions of life, against which others are set to show their aberrance. A cartoon in a FAPA magazine showing a busty babe asking a busy guy "aren't you interested in anything but science-fiction?" was lifted with the change of one word from a publication devoted to some other hobby, perhaps photography. Similar humor was fairly common in GI papers during the war.

Much popular humor works on the theme of conflicts between money and sex, with the commonsense viewpoint sometimes on the side of sex (as in "Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think") and sometimes on the side of money (as with Peter Arno's embezzling cashier). This is a switch from the cavalier poets' dichotomy, the conflict between love and honor, but it is a dubious improvement. Rarely, the stuff the vintners sell has been raised in the same competitive class.

Reasons for the overemphasis on love in modern America are easy to find. The hucksters have learned there's money in Wylie's principle, "Sex sells anything." Why there should be more money in sexy advertising than in appeals addressed to other urges is perhaps explained by an oversimplified analysis of motivation, which reduced all drives to hunger and lust. With hunger less of a problem, sex remains the great unsatisfied urge.

Whatever you may think of this simplification, it is not a useful guide for most purposes. There are many other tendencies which, if they are not final goods in themselves, are at any rate so important that they must be satisfied for their own sake. Power, with its subsidiaries and associates, money, knowledge, freedom, etc., is of this type.

It is to science-fiction's credit that it has never leaned excessively on love as a motivation. Some critics have taken our authors to task for paying too little attention to this human emotion, but



THINK SOAP AND WATER WOULD BE MORE EFFECTIVE!



such samples as the love scenes in *The Skylark of Space* suggest that this is a fortunate oversight, eliminating a great source of unreadableness in the early stories.

Nor can I think this a fatal lack in contemporary s-f. The reactions of human beings to each other can be explored almost entirely by mundane fiction. The business of science-fiction is to suggest the reactions of human beings to the possibilities opened up by the advance of science. In this, the role of love is and ought to be subsidiary.

In science-fiction stories the motivations of the characters revolve around Jung's urge to power, rather than Freud's libido. *At the Earth's Core* would be just as much of a story if David Innes's reason for exploring Pellucidar was the exhilaration of finding a new world, which he does mention, rather than Dian the Beautiful. Curiosity surely belongs to the power-complex of drives; curiosity and power-lust are inseparably mixed in Richard Seaton as he sits speculating about the strange result of his experiment in the opening pages of *The Skylark*, forgetfully standing up his fiancée.

Science-fiction's cultivation of the will to power may be important to America. Our problem now is not personal happiness or calamity, with which Dr. Johnson's remarks dealt, but the social objective of an economic and political framework in which we continue to have freedom and opportunity. Yet of all the developments of these midcentury years, the only one that is a force working for this objective is the popularization of science-fiction among the young. Perhaps that's too rash a statement, but let it stand.

Certainly the tendency of these prosperous years has been overwhelmingly towards gratification of private aims, at the expense of work for the common weal. We elect men to office who promise and deliver relaxation of demands on us. We turn our growing wealth into the channels prescribed by advertising agencies, to serve supposed individual desires.

Perhaps it would be nice to discover how to desalt sea water; might boost our stock with the uncommitted nations. But who wants to pay more taxes to support research? Too bad the Russians are ahead of us in space, but their young people still crave our rock and roll. We mustn't make too heavy demands on our teen-agers in school; they might chuck it and spend all their time hotrodding around together.

Meanwhile our exploding population and the boom in living standards make us increasingly dependent on the rest of the world for raw materials, while we sink towards the status of a second-rate power that will have to accept what the world masters choose to give us, on their terms.

This is not a happy prospect, but it is one that looms large in the fears of thinking people. Unless the Eros-led orgy of self-indulgence somehow burns itself out, the only hope of salvation would seem to be that some manlier impulse may gather around it a sufficient number of vigorous spirits.

Maybe this is a thin hope, but the best chance of arresting the decline of the West may well lie in that crazy Buck Rogers stuff. Buck had many faults, but he never let Mom, or even Wilma, run him.

--- JFS

"Just what, may I ask is your opinion of bulls?"

---Wrai Ballard, *Outsiders* #22

NOTICE OF IMPORT: Quandry is not expecting to be affected by the draft, for though we are 18 years of age and as sound mentally as the next fan, if not sounder - all depending on who the next fan is - we do not meet (or come close to meeting) the government's physical requirements.

--- Lee Hoffman, QUANDRY #8, March 1951

reverberations

by
Rog Ebert



Ara

(NOTE: For just this issue, I'd like to stray from the usual policy of reviewing one or two books and take a broader look at science fiction's present literary status. The

opinions expressed are entirely my own, and I'll be glad to argue them with anyone who might wish to differ, or mayhap agree. Next issue, I'll review Boucher's massive "Treasury of Great Science Fiction" against the backdrop of this article. —re)

Science fiction is not now literature. It will not become literature in the foreseeable future. And it may not grow and expand into literature until it has lost its autonomy as a genre.

This is a difficult statement to make, especially at a time when science fiction has become most concerned with its relation to other fiction forms, and with its developing maturity. But an honest appraisal of the field and its future cannot yield another answer.

In the first place, it is foolish to expect an entire literary genre magically to become "literature" en masse. Yet this is exactly the miracle that countless fans, dozens of writers, and apparently even a few editors seem to expect. "When will stf be recognized as literature?" they ask in an endless stream of editorials, letters, and convention speeches. The answer, of course, is simple: it will be recognized when it becomes literature. And despite the fond hopes of the Ackermans, the Diktys, and even the Palmers of yore, stf is as far from becoming literature as it ever was.

Articles in recent fuz have been pointing with a great deal of hope towards the new Amazing, and its much higher quality of fiction. Fan critics point to Amazing's startling transformation as a clear indication that publishers are at last giving up their preoccupation with the so-called juvenile audience and are recognizing the more mature tastes of adult readers. This conclusion is entirely true—and it is obvious that the Amazing "novel" of today is twenty times stronger in literary merit than its 1956 (or 1946, or 1936) predecessor. But it is equally obvious that the literary merit of the "traditional" Amazing was roughly equal to that of a narrated comic strip. And, given a scale where Superman resides at '1' and (for example) "Madame Bovary" at '100', twenty is still a very low rating.

And the complete ludicrousness of the situation becomes apparent when even the best stf magazine, Fantasy and Science Fiction, is compared to such mainstream leaders as Atlantic, Harper's, and even the Kenyon Review (which is probably analogous to F&SF in scope and means, if not in circulation). Although in its twelve years F&SF has published much that deserves to be recognized as literature, there is no comparison on an

issue-to-issue basis with the mainstream's best.

It is not enough that stf has produced a story such as "The Lottery", or a novelist such as Ray Bradbury. And it is especially significant that both Shirley Jackson and Ray Bradbury have done their best work either in fantasy or "straight" fiction. Although many critics claim that Bradbury cannot write science fiction, it is possible that this is only because he cannot limit his ability to the art form, and not because he is not equal to it. It is also possible that those fans who scoff at Bradbury for avoiding stf traditions and conventions really object because he does not write at their level.

"Literature" has been defined as "writings of lasting insight and artistic merit". As yet, science fiction has produced only a handful of fiction meeting this definition. While it is entirely probable that the books of Robert Heinlein will be studied with some curiosity by a later age, this does not make them literature. The Diary of Samuel Pepys is of great fascination to us today, and will in all probability continue as a sourcebook of Pepys' times for many years. Yet it is not literature in the true sense, for it lacks artistic merit, and so does Heinlein. Heinlein tells a good story, but his books are only that--good stories. Even the most avid fan could hardly claim to read Heinlein for the sheer beauty of his prose, of which there is little, or for the deep insight of his characterization, of which there is almost none.

For Heinlein (and Asimov, Anderson, Clement, van Vogt, and many others) do not write artistically. Their obvious purpose is simply to entertain. And an age is always better entertained by its own writers than by those of another period, if entertainment is the only objective. Therefore, it would appear that much of modern science fiction is both lacking in artistic merit and is probably not lasting.

A case in point is that almost all the "classics" of stf were written from commercial motives. Name me a stf author who wrote, or writes, strictly for self-expression and artistic goals, as Thomas Wolfe did. The stf "classics" are stories, good stories. But the great majority of them lack characterization, anything more than the most rudimentary character motivation, little insight, and only competent craftsmanship. Perhaps their standing as "classics" derives from the fact that, even so, they stand far above the year-by-year level of most science fiction writers. Even those writers who have produced science fiction of admitted literary value--Sturgeon, Farmer, Merrill, Bester, Bradbury, and Jackson, among several others--have as yet reached no more than a barely adequate level in relation to such mainstream giants as Hemingway, Dos Passos, Wolfe, Steinbeck, and Robert Penn Warren.

"Classics" in any literary field cannot be judged classics solely on the critical basis of that field. A recognized classic must stand criticism on the broad base of all western literature, and must survive that criticism to become truly great. Science fiction's incestual process has produced its own "classics"; but at the same time this inbreeding has established standards of greatness far too low and weakened the structure of all science fiction.

Do science fiction's best authors have the ability and artistic integrity to reach, or surpass, the broad definition and high standards of literature? Perhaps. But can they exercise this ability in science fiction? Or must they go elsewhere to do their best work? Can they do it in a medium which is forced to gauge its work by the "box office" of circulation figures? Can they do it in a medium where they must project their stories and characters into artificial and imaginary environments bearing little actual relationships either to life as we know it or life as it will (in all likelihood) appear in the future? Can they do it in a medium that values action over characterization, outgoing imagination over introspection, and motive over motivation? If they can, then they are greater than their mainstream competitors, for they have

overcome much more formidable obstacles to reach the same goal of creation.

One of the most widespread arguments for science fiction is that it exercises the imagination. I agree that the fantastic horizons of imagination that stf can open up is a quality that other literary forms usually lack. But are there better uses for an unbounded imagination? Are there more literary ones? I can easily imagine a story about an old lady sitting on a porch in a rocking chair while shelling beans that would demonstrate more actual imagination than a breathtaking saga of the farthest galaxies that follows established stf patterns.

As science fiction and its family of sub-genres stand today, pure fantasy offers greater opportunity for artistic creation than does stf itself. This may be only because the possibility of an illogical, impossible environment (or even no environment at all) offers a freer canvas for literary work than do the forced or contrived worlds that stf is often compelled to deal with. As I see the field today, the greatest promise of true literature exists in fantasy. Science fiction is too inherently bound by its own framework to allow the artistic freedom necessary for true literature. And this situation seems to have remained static for many years, with no change in sight.

Of course, sometime in the future, all "mainstream" fiction may seem by its props to be the science fiction of today. Spaceships and the thousand thousand other miracles we predict daily will be realities, just as the automobiles and airplanes of this century were the "science fiction" of the last. But by then (unless an entirely new horizon of imagination opens up) science fiction per se will be dead.

In the meantime, let us not ask when science fiction will be classified as literature.

But how.

--- Rog Ebert

FANS ARE SLANS DEPARTMENT.....The Man of Tomorrow Is Here!

A prominent local fan, whose name I do not wish to take in vain for I am not a troublemaker, once had a fight with his wife. This is scarcely news, but this Man of the Future loudly declared his intention to kill himself. "I am going to kill myself," he said like a corny movie actor, and went slowly to the bathroom so that the imaginary cameras might pan with him.

He locked the door noisily, for he is AWARE of Sound, and soon there was the noise of water running in the bathtub. His wife, used to his Grade B melodrama antics, paid little attention. After a time, the water stopped, and she heard him muttering to himself. After a quarter of an hour she began to reflect on the situation. It was not likely he would kill himself, she thought. Not unless he could manage it so that she could stand off and watch her discover his poor lifeless body and eagerly drink in her reactions as she stared at the still form of THE Man who Loved Her So Madly That He Sought Peace in the Grave. Still, she thought, he was so apt to foul up the job as he did everything else that he might just possibly kill himself by accident. Besides, her feminine curiosity began to prod her. She went to the door. Strangely enough, the bolt was shot but somehow had not managed to enter the slot, so that it was not actually locked. She pushed the door open and went in.

There, seated in the bathtub, was the Man of Tomorrow. He was sawing and hacking at his throat with a safety razor. The skin was abraded and lacerated by the serrated guard teeth of the razor, but no further damage had been done because the would-be suicide had thoughtfully removed the blade before he began to cut his throat.

--- Anonymous (Burbee?)
from Spacewarp #42, Sept '50

YOU ARE NOT THERE -- BUT I WAS

by Harry Warner Jr

Accidental things may have surprising effects. Suppose that Hugo Gernsback had choked to death on a chicken bone late in 1925, and try to decide whether or not we'd be out of First Fandom by now. Or assume that international circumstances had been just a little different in the early 1940's. French fans might be in their Seventh Fandom by this time.

To the best of my knowledge, the first real science fiction prozine in a non-English language that is known to have existed had the title *Conquêtes*. It appeared in France during the early days of World War Two. But for reasons that will become evident a bit later, it did not cause a French fandom to spring into existence in the manner that *Amazing Stories* caused fandom in the United States to form within a couple of years after 1926.

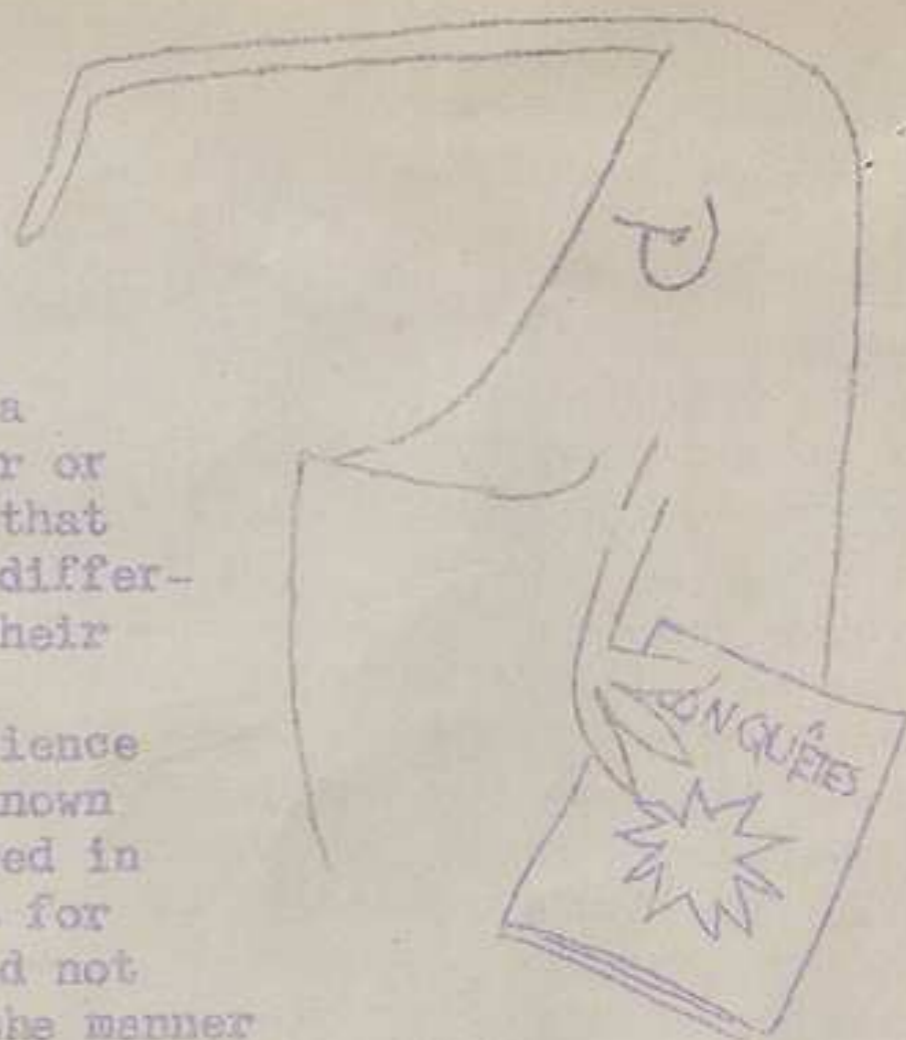
We have fanzines appearing in three languages on the same page these days, American fans are learning to read Swedish by staring endless hours at the pages of fanzines from Stockholm, a world convention has been held in England, and our own fandom is outnumbered in membership by at least one European organization. You may find it hard to realize how things were back in the late 1930's. England had one prozine, *Tales of Wonder*, and a scattering of fanzines. An illegible fanzine occasionally swam across the Pacific from Australia. That was all. We knew there were fantasies in book form in non-English nations but nobody had ever authenticated the existence of a prozine in a country using any language but English. Without prozines, there are no fanzines, a rule which seems to hold good even today.

Then a Frenchman by the name of Georges Gallet suddenly came to attention in American fandom. He possessed a good background in fantasy, and he had a wide circle of acquaintance among French publishing firms. I believe that he had done some translating of English-language fantasies into French. It was during this time that I was publishing *Spaceways*, and he submitted to me a 22-page single-spaced article, dealing in thesis form with the theme of fantasies about life in the infinitely small and infinitely large, finding the theme hinted in such unlikely places as the works of Rabelais and Voltaire. The article was entirely too long for me to handle, but I hung onto it for a long time, and I think I eventually talked another unwary fan into running it somewhere in two installments.

Gallet wrote excellent English, was an entertaining correspondent, and we had just begun to congratulate him for his status as the first foreign-language fan when he broke the startling news. He intended to start a prozine in France.

France was the logical place for the first non-English prozine to show up. The nation had been famous for its championing of one great writer of fantasies, Edgar Allan Poe, whose works in translation had won critical acclaim before they were recognized for their real worth in America and England. American prozines had published an occasional translation of a science fiction story from the French language. There must have been a few fantasies or science fiction stories appearing from time to time in French general magazines and boys' publications, to pave the way.

But none of us was prepared for the specimen copies of *Conquêtes* that Gallet sent to a few correspondents in the United States. We were still begging American prozines to trim their edges, and from this mysterious, non-fan land of France we received a magnificent publication that contained color illustrations throughout, photographs and drawings, a fine grade of creamy-white paper, fact articles and speculation on the future of science to go with the new and translated science fiction stories. It was to be published either weekly or bi-weekly, I believe. The first issue even started public-



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tion of a novel that was then considered a major literary accomplishment by fandom, Festus Pragnell's "The Green Man of Kilsone."

But reality caught up with science fiction. Before the actual press run of that first issue could begin, the Nazis marched into France. And the honor of publishing the first foreign language prozines went to other nations that specialized in reprints from American publications, pirated or authorized.

It's interesting to speculate on what would have occurred in global fandom, if Hitler hadn't interfered with the publication of Conquêtes. French fandom would have a tradition of nearly two decades behind it, instead of less than ten years that it can count up at present. Undoubtedly, a successful science fiction magazine in France would have led to imitations in other major European nations, just as everyone jumped into the act of reprinting Galaxy and starting paperback novel reprint series when the war ended. Fans in Europe today are approaching American fandom in the quality of their publications and seriousness of their accomplishments; without the decade of delay the war created, today America would probably be the poor country cousin in world fandom that it seems likely to become before too many more years elapse. More important, European prozines would almost certainly have been more independent, fresher in concept, if they had followed the lead of Conquêtes, instead of starting out as publications relying so much on American publishing traditions and material.

There was an unpleasant sequel to the Gallet episode, after the war. The first time that he was mentioned in the postwar fan press, one of the nastier American fans opined that we shouldn't have anything to do with a man who had failed to get himself killed battling Nazism. This complaint would have been more effective if its author had done anything about the war himself--instead, he'd been an all-out civilian during the conflict. Then it turned out that Gallet had been active in the French underground. I don't know if the insinuations had anything to do with Gallet's failure to resume relations with American fandom after the war. He's still alive and interested in fantasy. If you'd like to investigate, his current address was published in the second issue of Ray Nelson's fanzine. *

--- Harry Warner, Jr.

* To save possible frustration on the part of those who may wish to investigate, Mr. Gallet's address, from the April 1959 issue of Ray Nelson's Le Marche Aux Puces Fantastique, is as follows: Georges H Gallet, 3 Square du Thimerais, Paris 17, France.--BL

Why I Would Not 'Kill' Bob Tucker Again--concluded ...

manner, and that this manner is a perfectly normal, ACCEPTED method in fandom. In fact that entity which is fandom is composed basically of incidents like this; and were you to remove them completely, there probably would be nothing of substance left of fandom.

Thus I no longer need fandom...although I'll always treasure my adolescent memories of what was once an inalterable way of life, indomitable, formerly inscrutable. I'll remember them because they gave me, those experiences, a balancer, a place to go to, a group of friends who didn't reject me. Fandom was a great equalizer and therapeutic, but when therapy's function has been completed, it must be cut off abruptly or it portends vast dangers, greater than the sickness it was called in to cure.

- Goodbye Fandom -

--- Ben Singer

BEING A SNIDE BUT COMPASSIONATE COMMENT-
ARY UPON THE PLIGHT OF A PAIR OF NATION-
ALLY ADVERTISED FIGURES WHEN THEIR MARITAL
BLISS WAS MENACED BY THE CUCKOLDING ACT-
IVITIES OF THE ARTIFICIAL BREEDER -or-

Oh, Elmer's surly,
Elmer's cross,
A Study In Frustration, --dag,
For Elsie's squirrely Out-
So his loss siders
On fake insemination. #15

Mr Borden, How Could You?

<p>THE GREATEST MOVIE EVER MADE PART 4</p>	<p>Three Rings for the Elven-kings under the sky, Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone, Nine for Mortal Men doomed to die, One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne, In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie; One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them, One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them, In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie. --JRR Tolkien</p>	<p>TED JOHNSTONE ★</p>
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Unbelievable as it may seem, the first steps towards our great goal, the filming of the Lord of the Rings, have been taken. Under the direction of the Remarkable Paul Stanbery, head man of Lapex Productions (part of the Stanbery Enterprises Commonwealth), a radio production of The Hobbit has been begun. The fact that it will probably never be completed is relatively minor beside this fact of its partial accomplishment.

The first three chapters of the book have been recorded, and the first chapter has been almost worked into finished form at this date (mid-May 1960). The overall plan called for The Hobbit to run in ten episodes of one hour each, and the two recorded episodes are an hour each. Paul Stanbery wrote the script, produced and directed the production, played Thorin Oakenshield and a number of minor parts, and accomplished all the musical scoring for the play. Lee Collins helped with the script writing and dittoing, as well as doing a couple of illustrations for it, and narrating the play. He also played a couple of the dwarves. Bruce Peiz played Gandalf and a couple of the dwarves; Bill Ellern and Ernie Wheatley played assorted dwarves, I played Bilbo and a couple more dwarves, and some stranger who wandered in during the taping of the first episode was pressed into service with one line, which has since become a standard catch-phrase on Fan Hill, "I say, trotters, I've found a round of buttered scones!"

Each episode has been done in three sections -- first the actors do their parts, and a few sound effects are done at the same time. Then a second recording session puts in the rest of the sound effects, such as the noises of the crowd of dwarves eating, rattling dishes, singing, etc. Finally a third recording is made which adds the background music to the action. This is what makes the production stand out -- the music is generally brilliantly chosen and admirably placed, adding some excellent effects to the relation of the incidents.

The recording was accomplished using the facilities of radio station KAFM, in Altadena, California. KAFM is an interesting topic for discussion in itself -- it is not a legally recognised station, but is a 'carrier current' station. That is, it broadcasts in the electric power lines, and radiates only slightly. It has a power of 5 watts and a range of about six blocks, and the studios are in the bedroom of one Walter Eby. Walt is a good-natured chap, a student at Pasadena City College, who started KAFM about three years ago. Through a mutual friend he met Paul Stanbery, who soon had an hour-long show every week, and tipped me off to the station. Now the world of fandom has begun to discover Walt -- on a tape-letter I made for the Carrs on Walt's equipment I described the station, and Miriam started the slogan -- "Send a dollar to Radio Free Altadena". Walt is rather bemused by the whole thing, but has been doing yeoman service for us all along. The station is on the air from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. every Saturday, and we usually record from six until nine if all goes well.

Stanbery in action is indeed a sight to behold. He wears headphones to keep watch on the respective levels of the various voices and assorted sounds, and when the mikes are on he paces silently. When the mikes are off, he paces and talks, but whatever is happening, unless he is actually on mike, ^{almost} he never is still. He paces incessantly, and with predictable regularity has to remove the headphones to untangle the cord. He directs the performers like Clyde Beatty directs a troop of jungle beasts,

with a script as a shield and a withering voice as a whip. His only weak point is his hate of puns, and both Bruce and I have found this to be invaluable as our prime weapon against him. An atrocious pun will not silence him -- nothing will silence him -- but it disconcerts him long enough for us to catch our collective breath. Those who have seen Stanbery in action have generally agreed that Stanbery bears a striking resemblance to the young Richard Wagner in many ways -- he is probably a genius, but undoubtedly requires a great deal of developing. He is practically impossible to work with, but is capable of turning out such high quality material that one is willing to put up with all but the most outrageous behavior. His is an endless search for perfection, and many are the dramatic scenes he has adlibbed with Walter Eby concerning the impossibility of accomplishing on the limited equipment available some particular effect he wants and is sure he can force the machinery to deliver. I may mention that Walt is the immovable object which, so far, has managed to remain stubbornly firm against the storvy wrath of the Incredible Paul Stanbery. He can tell exactly what his equipment is capable of, and exactly what would be the best way to go about getting as close as possible to the effect Paul wants.

Unfortunately, after turning out some 50 pages of script in two weeks, Paul found himself temporarily burned out, and we have been unable to continue recording additional episodes. In mid-June, a halt will be called to all activities at KAFM as Walt will be jogging down to Ecuador for the summer to work on a huge 100,000-wat international short-wave station. Besides this, I will be going to Texas for the summer and will be semi-permanently located in San Diego starting in the fall and for the next two years. So at Bruce's suggestion, we are now trying to polish the last rough spots off the first two episodes so they may be saved and used someday as audition tapes to interest some other group in taking over the project.

Yet despite the apparent failure of our first venture, the fact that there has been a beginning is more than hopeful. The episodes that have been finished indicate that Tolkien does indeed lend himself to other forms of presentation, and there is not as much trouble as one might believe in translating a style as visual as his to a blind medium. And the fact that dramatic interest can be held even through as long as an hour on the first chapter alone speaks well for the plans for a 12-hour film of The Trilogy. In fact, a great deal of the length of the radio episodes was caused by passages which do not appear in the original as dialogue but are added to compensate for the loss of narrative description and to add details that could be glossed over in the original.

Copies of the tapes will be available for the cost of a reel of tape on which the copy will be made. Write to Laper Productions, 1317 N Raymond, Pasadena, California, and ask for either one or both episodes.

-oOo-

Meanwhile, our plans for a Tolkien Society have begun to bear fruit. The Fellowship Of The Ring is now being organized, and the first issue of our official organ, I PAL-ANTIR, should be out in the next couple of months. We have had two essays submitted for publication, and have received promises of several more. Comments have come in on a couple of points -- F.M. Busby does not approve of our use of The Fellowship Of The Ring as a title; Bruce Pelz has admirably defended this, saying that the Fellowship represented all the races of Middle Earth, united against the Dark Powers. We made some additional points, but the main point is that this is The Fellowship Of The Ring, and as such it will stay. For it is undeniably a fellowship, and it is undeniably organized about the Ring Trilogy; what other name so well covers the subject?

Then Dick Schultz wrote, saying "...that entrance requirement of an original manuscript is apt to discourage many many fans." That, Dick, is exactly the idea. We intend to discourage fan who have not enough interest in the Trilogy to do a bit of research and some contemplation on it. And we are not specifically asking for manuscripts. If you will look again at the flyer we have been sending out, you will see it asks for "an original research paper". This can be interpreted very loosely. We have had submitted one work of fiction, one of extrapolation, and Bruce is working on the music for some of the dwarvish and/or elven songs. Jack Harness will probably do a paper on the grammar of the Eldar. In fact, practically anything which has any connection with the Trilogy will be acceptable. It does not even have to be suitable for publication, but the

chances are that it will end up in I PARANTH.

At this point, I can't predict whether there will be any more installments of this series of articles. It may be that all future items on The Lord Of The Rings will appear in the club organ. Incidentally, this will be available by subscription. There will be announcements of details on this later.

But it is becoming apparent that the ultimate goal of our organization must inevitably be realized someday. I only hope that I will be able to have something to do with it.

--- Ted Johnstone

Just Call This An EDITORIAL, If You Will -- continued from page 3

And at this point I suppose it would be a good idea to defend the continued items in the issue, by which I mean not serials but things that jump to another page to end themselves. I'm sure that this will draw some yelps of complaint and accusations of poor layout, but this bothers me little. You see, people, it's a hell of a lot easier for me to run something to the bottom of an unfilled master than to leave a few lines on type on a brand-new master (like this one) and then use filler material to bolster up the space left. Not that I don't have all sorts of filler material around--with Rick Sneary's files of Spacewarp and Quandry I have more filler than I've ever had before--but you must recall that each page additional requires 130 or more runs through the dtt, and this is hand-feeding, friend, and two additional pages that have a little bit of article and a lot of filler requires another pile of paper. I'm possessed with neither the time nor money.

Speaking of money, the subscription plan we instituted last issue--that of 1/2¢ per printed page--has been all too remarkable a success, and as such it is being withdrawn. With our impending irregularity of publication, long-term subscribers are not exactly what we need. The new price is in this issue's colophon. Old subs will be honored under the agreement in which they were accepted, but we reserve the right to return some or all of your money anytime we wish to. Or barring that (Ghod yes!) we may unload our current runs of our apazines on you at 1/2¢ per page to deplete you sub just that much faster. No complaints now, you've been warned.

Blowing Our Own Horn Dep't.: At this point I'd like to offer my sincerest thanks to all those who voted for us in the 1959 FANAG Poll. Since the poll was intended to chose the top ten fanzines, you can imagine that we were utter well bowled over to discover that our fanzine had received 67 points! We are flattered beyond belief. We only hope we've maintained the standard this year. (And, on the side, my thanks for the votes you gave me as Best New Fan of 1959.)

As usual, a lot of material has been held over for future issues. You may expect to read material by Emile Greenleaf, Len Moffatt (continuing his hyper column from Outworlds), Ray Nelson (a profusely illustrated textbook on Do-It-Yourself Ray Nelson cartoons to suit all occasions), Ted White (good, old argumentative Ted!), George Locke, John Koning, Les Nirenberg, and many others. And of course our regular columnists, Ted Johnstone, Rog Ebert, and Harry Warner Jr.

Now will you stop complaining that 25¢ is too much for a fanzine that is never likely to exceed 40 pages?!!?

Of course, despite the fullness of the situation above, we still need contributions. Fannish fiction is okay, but make it short and good, as we would sooner print interesting, controversial articles on stf and any other thing you may choose to write about under the sun. But more than written material, we need artwork--especially cartoons. Rotsler, Thomson, Nelson, and the rest of you fine cartoonists--consider this a personal invitation to submit handfuls of your stuff. Don't forget we can always use covers, too--we publish a lot of apazines, you know.

I see I've talked myself out of space for this time. We'll be looking forward to hearing your comments on this issue shortly. Make 'em long & interesting, huh?

--- Bob Lichtman

THE QUOTE WUNKERY

...being letters and the like...

Last issue, when this column was still called "The Readers Retort" and we were about to launch a contest for a new title, we mentioned that there was a copy of Shaggy #30 to be had for the person who submitted a title we liked enough to use. Well, the contest was withdrawn, but one doesn't just flaunt a Burbee-produced fanzine in fandom's face without some kind of result. On 18 July this card came:

TERRY GARR: Today I was reading the PSI PHI annish at last--you people who complain of being behind in commenting on fmz fracture me--and I note that you apparently have a duplicate of Shaggy #30. (Not a duplicate--a precious only copy!) Happens that that's one of the issues we need to complete our collection of the mag. Could we beg, ~~please~~ steal a copy from you somehow? Would be glad to trade subs to our mags and would probably agree to however many issues you asked

"Whaddya mean, he's all heart?
I don't find any at all!"

for, within reason. Like, faunch! that's what we're doing. (So I wrote back and told Terry I didn't want subs but what sort of rare fmz would he offer in trade. Have yet to hear from him, but it's too soon.)

Have I told you I loved Bjo's cover on PSI-PHI? Well, I did. Also Taj's Detention report; am faunching (that word again) for the rest of it.

HARRY WARNER JR: ...That takes care of your letter, I think, and brings me to Psi-Phi which I enjoyed thoroughly again although it is considerable of a holt to find hectograph-type reproduction beside mimeograph. The one looks pallid and the other seems crude when they're side by side like that. There's nothing wrong with them viewed singly, but it's something like the bad impression that sciencefiction and weird fiction reflect on one another when they appear in the same magazine or anthology. The next thing that occurs to me is the change that has come over fandom's standards when you spend one-half of a page apologizing for the wretched thinness of the annish, and it turns out to possess 40 pages. There was a time when fanzines were marvels if they hit 40 pages once in a career.

I was glad to see the picture page again, after I had praised it so highly to Bruce. But I'd still like to know who is the enchanting creature in the foreground of the Friar Tucker picture. Maybe she has a dreadful face but what is visible looks about right. I also got the pleasure of recognition from many things in Ted's convention report; by now I find myself comparing my convention memories with each new narrative of its events, because I've read so much about it that I probably remember it as well as anyone who attended. There were quite a few previously neglected matters covered in this account, like the fireworks episode and the Willy Ley talk.

Jean's account of how badly she has rocks in her head was most amusing, too. I wish they had been able to spend more time in Hagerstown on that trip westward, because there are supposed to be many geological marvels in this vicinity, including the Atlantic coast of a few millenia ago on a mountainside a dozen miles west of here. When someone finds oystershells on this mountain, it's always hard to determine if scientists should be called because of fossils or police should be called because of littering the countryside.

Rog Ebert continues to write very fine reviews. But I wonder if he doesn't overlook the fact that writers for Galaxy are suffering from the same flaws that mainstream writers demonstrate: too much preoccupation with Hemingway. Ernest was the fellow who started this obsession with a drink on every page and a neurotic obsession in every hero's head, not H.L. Gold.

I can contribute nothing to Les Gerber's problems, because rootbeer and pop-sicles excite me too much ({{???}}) for me to indulge in them, and I can't say anything brief about Alan Dodd's problem because it would take a long essay to consider the really deep thoughts involved in this matter. It might be boiled down to a simple case of how people look at things: some see the similarities, others the differences. I can get mental refreshment from going to the next town, which most persons might find indistinguishable from Hagerstown.

A couple of things in the letter column intrigued me. One was the fact that you didn't realize the real cause of my remarks about the Westcon report. When I wrote that letter, I thought that Otto was simply an imaginary mouthpiece for Wally, something like John Champion and I. And Len Moffatt startled me by remarking on the Warner style. It never occurred to me that I had one; to me my writings seem like the worst hodgepodge of inconsistent combination of styles that anyone could imagine. (Yes, my style (if I have one) seems the same way to me, but you do have a recognizable style, Harry, and after looking at some of your work in 15 year old fanzines the other week I can say that it's evolved but little through the years, other than gaining polish and maturity.)

TED WHITE: PSI-PHI 5 (phive?) here, and much enjoyed. The material itself doesn't inspire many comments, however. Johnstone's conreport is one of the best pieces I've seen by him, and at 11 pages in the first installment alone, it will certainly dwarf my own 15-page report in VOID 20.

Willis' "Panorama" may not be Willis addressing fandom, but it suffers not at all because of this. This bit of whimsy is up with Wait's best. "Panorama" tied, I think, with Bloch's column in MADGE for the best "fanzine review column" of all time. Both were so much more than just fanzine reviews... Jean Young's "Fragment" reminds me of her "Mid-Continent Miasma" in one of my Cultzines, as well as other nostalgia-pieces on geology in, I think, SUNDANCE. Very fine stuff; personal, but full of emotional imagery and particularly enjoyable to me. (Odd thing about the comments on Jean's article: the people who enjoyed it the most were those who either had an interest in rockhounding (this group was a decided minority) or those who had read other articles of the same nature from Jean in FAPA and elsewhere. Perhaps this sort of article has to be released to general fandom gradually; it took some by surprise to see such a subject discussed, and at length, in a fanzine.)

Ebert's article I had to read twice, to be sure that I hadn't written it myself, in a period of mental blackout or something. Suffice to say I agreed thoroughly with Ebert's criticisms, and I think he's put his finger on another aspect of the "unsanity" of the modern (particularly in GALAXY) stf story. (And what six, will you have to say about his article this issue? Kindly expound at length, if it arouses you.) Add his "Throck Complex" to my "Tinkertoy Plots" and mix literally with just plain unconscious writers, and maybe you've got a key to the problem. I do think, though, that Rog is overaccenting the role of alcohol in the stories. He should read private-eye stories sometimes...

Gerber's short piece made some cogent points (like, dig the change in the 5¢ Hershey bar...), but your interruptions didn't help. (Yes, I had second thoughts on them, but after I read the finished copy. Sorry, Les.) The beer incident did not serve to add to the piece, not to Gerber's reputation. I can well imagine Gerber "hamming it up plenty for passers-by" stone sober; the thought of his escapades while somewhat tipsy (Gerber does not need to lose his inhibitions--he needs to gain some) croggles me in an uncomplimentary sort of way.

Thing is, Leslie can, when he sets his mind to it, produce some genuinely worthwhile material, but he seems to lack a self-censor: some mental device which would exert enough control to tell him when he'd gone far enough. This also seems to be true of him in-person. He can be very pleasant company (as he was when he visited us, or during Berry's last day in New York) or he can be the proverbial Little Bastard, who called down the wrath of everyone at the Berry-Futarian Meeting one Sunday afternoon last August with several fuggheaded acts. He simply doesn't seem to discriminate. I hope he learns; he'd make a much better fan, and very probably a better person.

Letters: Good to see Les Hoffman writing letters again; I hope you can help keep her interested in fandom again for a while. Regarding the two (2--count them--2) ((There were other "it's good" and/or "it's terrible" pronouncements on the cover, Ted, but usually I don't print that sort of thing. Most people liked it.)) comments on my cover, the previous issue, I haven't seen the "hilarious comedy" Bill Danner recommends, so. My caption (and joke idea) were taken from one of the best Virgil Pearch cartoons I ever saw. (A fellow is reaching vainly over the edge of a cliff, trying to grab and rescue a girl who has tumbled from a loose log and is quickly disappearing. The situation is fraught with tragedy. Two men in the foreground, however, are yakking it up. One slaps the other on the back and exclaims, "It's the same old story--boy sees girl, boy gets girl, boy loses girl...")

It was something of a gasser, as done by VIP; blame me if it doesn't sound funny here. Anyway, I thought it would make a nice fannish bit with a BEM substituted like in the old BEM, BUM, BEAUTY triangle on the pulp covers. Inner Significance, if you dig me. I originally did a sketch of the idea in 1957, when I created the Morris. It sat around unused until you asked me for something and that suggested itself to me.

As to Stiles' comments: shame on you for not knowing who Krigstein is. ((Pardon me all over the place--I was sort of sitting there digging my big toe into the sand.)) Krigstein is the fellow who first elevated comic book art to Art-with-the-capital-A. His rendition of Bradbury's "Flying Machine" is still marked upon with awe in many circles (including Bradbury's), and he developed several new ways of using motion in comic art. He also introduced abstraction into comic art. His work for EC marked, for me, the high-level point in the history of comic magazines. Several of his panels (done with a minimum of detail, and much use of subtle overlays and color) stand out as bits of fine-art worth framing--if you had the originals... Krigstein also did some work for Ziff-Davis, back when AMAZING and FANTASTIC were pseudo-slicks and used color interiors and like that.

I'm flattered that Stiles should perceive that I admire Krigstein, and more so that he should think I might come up with art similar or as good. By damn, I think I'll try! That signature (I like it too!) was evolved out of the needs of something which could be done with a brush and which looked snappy...it was originally influenced by Bud Fisher's and George McManus'. Frankly, it is out of style today, but it pleases me esthetically, so I still use it.

As to fans impersonating styles, and like that, well, it's not as cut-and-dried as all that. I mean, a person reads something in a style which very much impresses him, and he begins using it-- or an impression of it - but often it takes on a new cast from the differences in the way our author's mind works and the way the mind of the author whose piece he read works. There can also be accidental differences in or similarities of style. For instance, the Beethoven's birthday segment of Terry Carr's piece in VOID 19 struck me as exactly like something Robert Benchley might have written, but I doubt that Terry was aping Benchley at all. ((Terry?))

Another point is that those whose style is their own will not always conform to it rigidly. Compare Burbee's stuff, and you'll find a lot of difference in style and approach; the mental approach is consistent, but the word-style varies a lot. The same is true of Benchley, for that matter. (I've been reading Benchley a lot lately. I dig him.)

Speaking for myself (as the guy who inspired all this pseudo-Burbee pro & con (co)faraw), I can see the germs of the style I used in stuff I wrote as early as 1953-- before I'd ever read any Burbee or pseudo-Burbee writings. And comparison, with a GAMBIT file, will show that much as I may have tried to create a pseudo-Burbee style, what I actually did come up with, aside from a few borrowed mannerisms, was fairly original. I mean, hell, I don't think like Burbee--nobody else does--and my mental approach is bound to be different. I like to think I haven't completely Lost My Touch... I kinda like a couple of the pieces I did for VOID 19, too.

By the by, you interested in another cover, if I can successfully come up with a bit of pseudo-Krigstein transferable to ditto master? ((Hell yes: who knows, it may start a battle comparable to the one you just fought out above!))

ART RAPP: Psi-Phi #5 was another step upward in the improvement you've shown with each succeeding issue, and has now reached the status of being a Ghod Zine. But this bothers me slightly: all the recent items to plop into my mailbox strike me as Ghod Zines (for instance, VOID 19, GEMZINE 4/26) and I'm beginning to wonder if fanzine quality has taken an upswing, or if my critical faculties have gone into a decline. Come on, someone, send me a cruddy fanzine for a change!

Your ingenious new (not with us--Dean Grennell is at least one other who used it years ago) subscription system fairerrogled me: I wait anxiously to find out whether it works or not. (It works too well: I'm getting too many subscriptions. Steps Will Be Taken to prevent this.) If it does, it surely will be adopted by other publishers, since it seems both fairer to the publisher and the subscriber than the present set-price-per-issue method. (Which works O.K. for prozines mainly because their number of pages fluctuates hardly at all from one issue to the next.) But surely you are working an injustice on, for instance, a subscriber who has 24¢ in your jackpot, by not sending him your next 30-page issue, just because his fund has fallen below the arbitrary 25¢-level. Better (and more fiendish) would be to send, as a subscription expires, only as many pages of the final issue as are paid for--surely receiving half an issue would be a potent reminder to a subscriber that he'd better send you some cash!

Johnstone's Detention report was excellent indeed (come to think of it, so far Detroit has not inspired any really lousy reports--perhaps they'll turn up in the second wave). I'm sure that if the Pitcon turns out to be well-attended, it will be mainly due to the glowing accounts of Detroit which have been appearing so often lately. They make a stfcon sound like fun.


Is George H Young making with payola these days? VOID digs up, Roscoe knows from where, an article about him I wrote ten years ago; now you reprint a ballad about him which is equally old. Mighod, first thing you know he'll be a BNF again!

Jean Young would enjoy roaming this part of the country, I think (Oro Grande, N.Mex). I have done quite a bit of clambering around in the Jarilla Mountains, which rise abruptly from the desert a mile or so from our camp. (Recently the Army, fearing broken legs or rattlesnake bites, put them off limits, but on weekends when all the mundane types head for El Paso, there's no one around to notice whether or not I comply with the restriction). One abandoned prospector's pit has uncovered a deposit of what seems to be chalk into which molten quartz has percolated and crystallized (I'm no geologist.) At first I thought it was fossil coral, particularly since the same substance is dotted with fossil seashells. Or rather, just above the chalk&quartz layer is a chalk&seashell layer. For some reason, I glee at picking up seashells in the middle of the desert!

Ebert was excellent, this guy has a talent for criticism. Who is he, incidentally? I mean, how about some biographical data or something, unless maybe he's a pseudonym for one of you guys. (Fight back, Rog!)

"Root Beer, Fudgsicles, and Budweiser" was pleasant reading, and sent my memory skipping back a decade or so to a biographical sketch T.E. Watkins did once for SPACE-WARP which, as I remember it, was weirdly similar -- not in detail, but in style. As soon as I can dig it up I'll copy it and send it to you, perhaps you might consider it worth reprinting. Of course, T.E. Watkins is gafia and mostly forgotten by now, but he also mentions his young neofan nephew (or maybe his young nephew's neofan friend), one Jim Harmon... (Uh, that article appeared in Warp #20, and yes, it is quite similar. But it's "Jim Phillips, not Jim Harmon, who was Watkins' nephew.")

Lettercolumn was quite enjoyable, and I'm glad to see you using the quotes from those you couldn't print in full. All in all, a bloody fine issue, w'lads.



"We understand everything you've said except for one word, 'death'. What's that mean??"

NORM METCALF: With regard to the serious side of Art's diatribe against single test classifications there is quite a bit of truth in that. When I came in the USAP one single series of test determined the rest of your career with Uncle Sam. Now they are allowing everyone to retest, although from what motives I know not. This single testing idea is widespread and the probable reasoning seems to run as follows:

- 1) We want the best qualified man for the job.
- 2) We will devise a test to see whom the best qualified man may be.
- 3) Since we can't afford to continually test personnel this one test will have to be made as good as possible.
- 4) Since our test is the best test possible it gives an accurate picture of the individual being tested.
- 5) Therefore, our results can always be used as an impartial guide to job placement (or what have you).

Now since no one test can adequately reveal all the potentialities of an individual absolute faith in them should not be permitted. But then where would we be? Tests seem to be a necessary evil.

Your quotes from "old" fanzines don't quite strike me that way. The quotes are quite all right but they seem to be too recent. Try going all the way back to the mid-die and early thirties. ((If you will supply with fanzines from that period I shall be extremely glad to do so.))

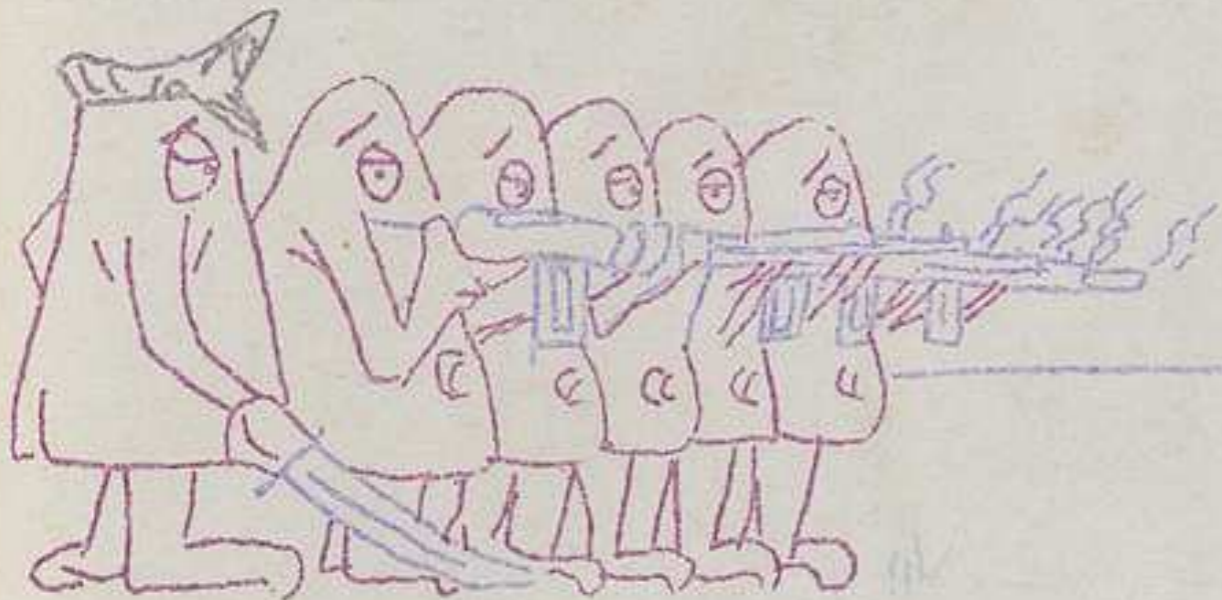
LEN MOFFATT: Dodd, a traveling giant in his own right, makes Morocco sound more interesting than the commercial travel ads for same. The biz about women doing the heavy work (and normally walking a few paces behind the husband) seems to be true of most Oriental countries. I remember in Nagasaki seeing a man walking along carrying a small briefcase or folio, followed by his wife carrying a HUGE bundle of household items on her back. They were an elderly couple, and she was bent almost double from the weight of her load. As they stepped along, conversing quite cheerfully, I tried to eavesdrop but my knowledge of the language was too little to do more than figure out that they were indeed man and wife. Children--very small children, too--were used for hard labor. The "dock workers" who unloaded our seabags and gear from our ship included many little tykes who actually ran with each load (from dockside to warehouse). Apparently the theory was that the faster they moved back and forth the less time they would have to support each crate or seabag. I call them tykes because they were quite small, although they might have been older than they appeared to my occidental eye. One thing was certain: despite what we would consider a starvation diet they were strong.

[Panorama--the mental pic of an editor using blue pencils like dousing rods, topped off by fans using spectacle stems in a like manner, brought laughter to these slack old lips. Any chance of getting WAW to continue this column in your mag? ((It's up to Walt. Walt? Please?))

LES NIRENBERG: Be a real gourmet and make up some "cafe con leche" which is Mexican coffee with milk. Instead of using hot water in that recipe I gave you, use hot milk instead (except when you're adding the drops of water). After a while you'll find you can make up a cup of it in about the time it takes to heat the milk. It is more work than ordinary coffee but worth it. Just think of that glorious aroma as you whip the coffee granules; doesn't that fair make your mouth water? After having hated coffee for years I've finally become an addict, but I find I'm addicted only to the coffee I make and I still can't stand the crap they sell in restaurants and even that "fresh ground" stuff doesn't move me. This is because I use a special Holland coffee which I order from an importer in Hamilton. Then on top of that I use a Dutch coffee aroma (in lieu of chicory) which I add to it. The result is delicious. ((I like the flavour of coffee, Les, but not in standard form. Sorry!))

I'm glad to see the snappy Bjo cover and hope you can get her to do more for you in the future. She's just great! ((Well, could have had Bjo illos front and rear this time but had the ATom illo on hand, so used Bjo's for two spazines.))

Herewith the place where our title, "The Quote Wunkery", gets its meaning. We had to cut down the lettercol thissue due to a lot of good material (you don't mind, do you?) and here we are with less than a page to go yet, and some 22 letters here in a lumpy stack. Anyone who complains about this being one solid mass of type below and above will be put here in issue #7. Even crowd egoboo is better than no egoboo at all, say the following fine fan: RICE SNEARY says he believes in Les Nirenberg, but doesn't believe in the Co-existence Candy Store. About Ted's report, he comments obliquely: "The introduction of the gott-er to So. Cal. fandom was an interesting seen too. Little did Berry imagine what he would start. The Exe.-Com. of LASTS has to go to the meeting armed to the teeth now, to be able to maintain order." Says about Burbee parodies: "As far as I can tell for the last two years, Burbee has been writing Burb-parodies. A opinion I have mentioned to him, and with-which he said he agreed. The result was that he didn't write anything for almost a year. The article in the current ((#3, FAPA 90)) KLIN (sic) BOTTLE does seem to show a return to original writing. It is the only way he will keep ahead of the mimics. This ofcourse half of fandom will suffer from split sides, but it is a small price to pay." *** Disagreeable old ROBERT JENNINGS pane almost everything and then concludes, "In general the zine is a mess. Don't like it much. The con report and the book review were about the only worthwhile things, from my point of view. But it's your zine, and you're pubbing it." Yes it is, and we'll overlook your comments. Sniff. *** WALT BREEN comments on both #4 and #5 and hopes we don't fold. So do we, but this zine will probably be pretty damned irregular. *** Our book reviewer, whose existence has been questioned in this issue, BOG EBENT, contributes the comment, after reading Ted's long Detention report, that Ted's "literary career will follow Thomas Wolfe's more closely than John Steinbeck's." What do you think of that, Johnstone?? *** Hell, here's a letter I had intended to print in full! MAL ASHWORTH writes the most fascinating letters of comment, not so much for their content, but for the digressions--big long ones that are most interesting. If I find room somewhere else--a blank place on a stencil end or something--I'll try to print some of this. Or maybe next issue. Write AGAIN, Mall *** DICK ELLINGTON, one of these people I'd been patiently carrying on my mailing list ever since the beginning and to whom #5 was absolutely the last goddamn issue unless he spoke up, writes 4 legal-length pages of comment on all five issues of PSI-PHI and one issue of OUTWORLDS. But we ignore all this juicy egoboo and quote his comments on something else entirely: "I really fail to see why merely going to college should deter fan pubbing or fan activity in general. Now if you're both going to be holding down full or part time jobs at the same time that is something else (I don't intend to, not during the school year). Otherwise, what's the kick? I've noticed this before with fans--when they go to college they seem to think that for reasons unknown to me, they just can't publish. Yet a sprinkling of them continue to do so or even begin in college. Any explanation for this phenomena?" Not here, not yet anyway--maybe when I'm in college I can explain it. ** Ah me, we have letters from folks who'll have to remain nameless. Write again, please?, and don't forget to heed the below...



R. I. P.

AUGUST 1960

PSI-PHI

ISSUE NUMBER SIX

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Artwork: Cover by AFom; interiors by AFom (22), Nelson (20, 33), Nirenberg (6, 12), Rotslar (2, 3, 25, 30), Schultz (35), and Underman (4).

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