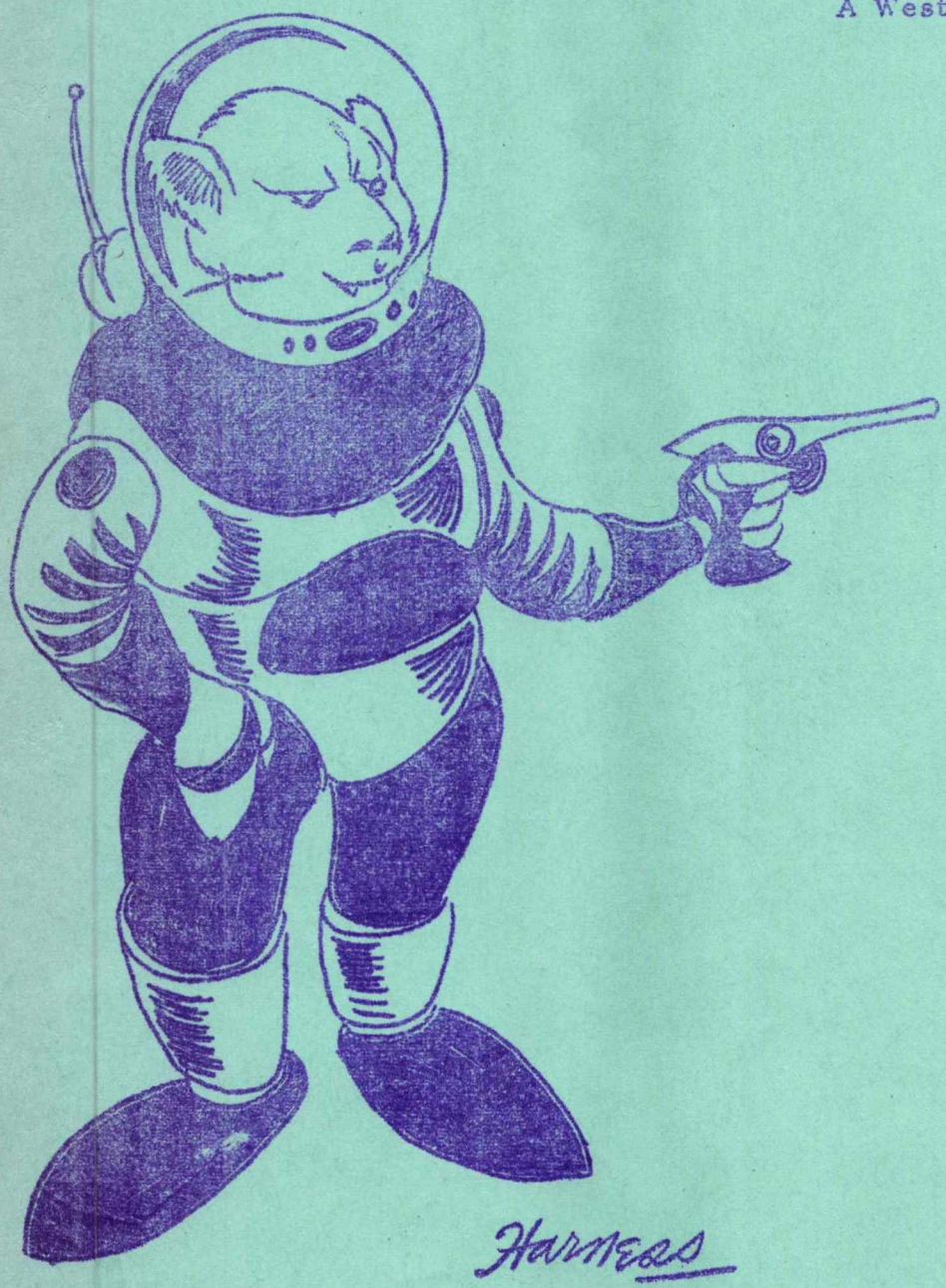
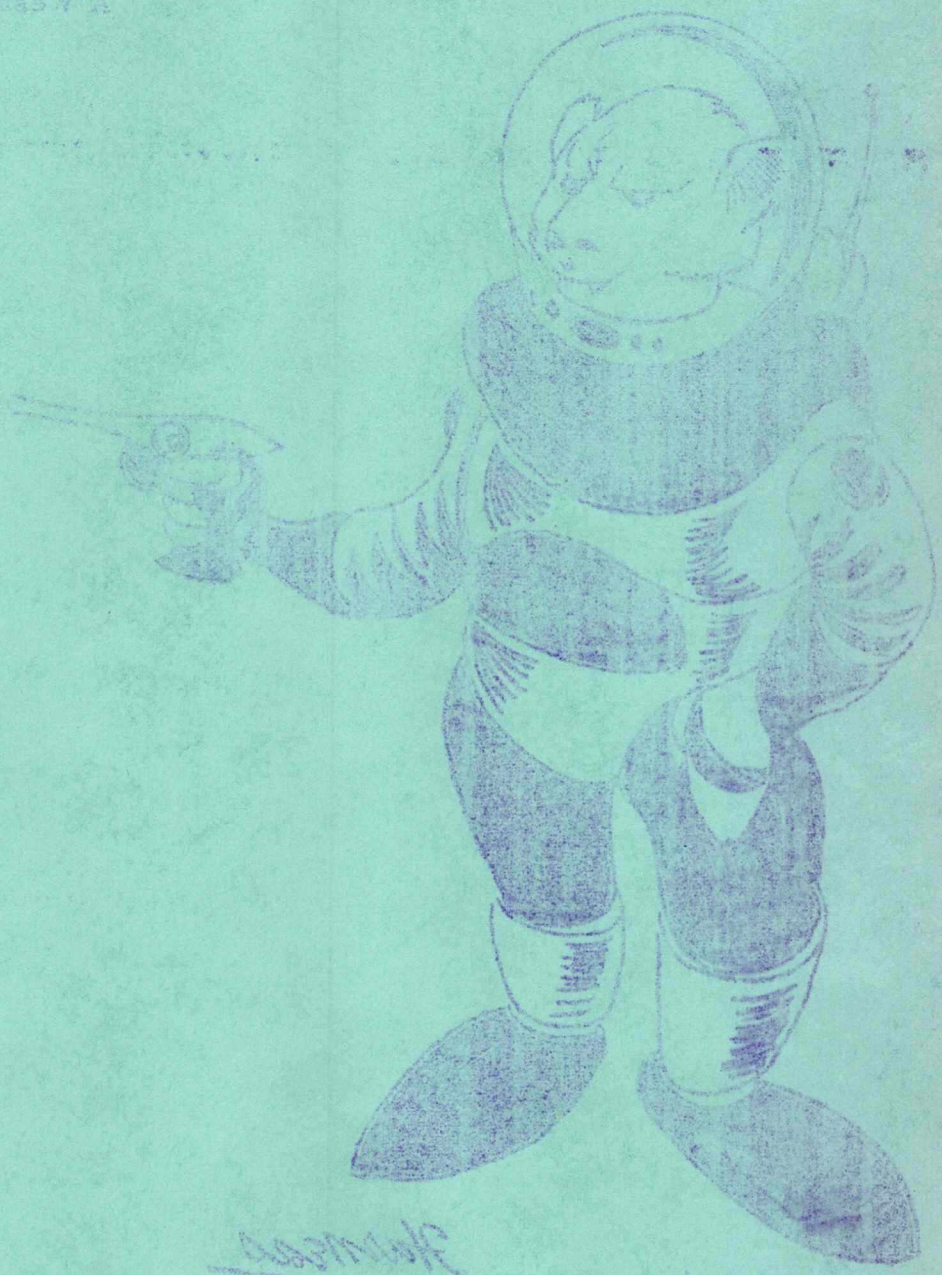
GO WESTERCON YOUNG MAN.....

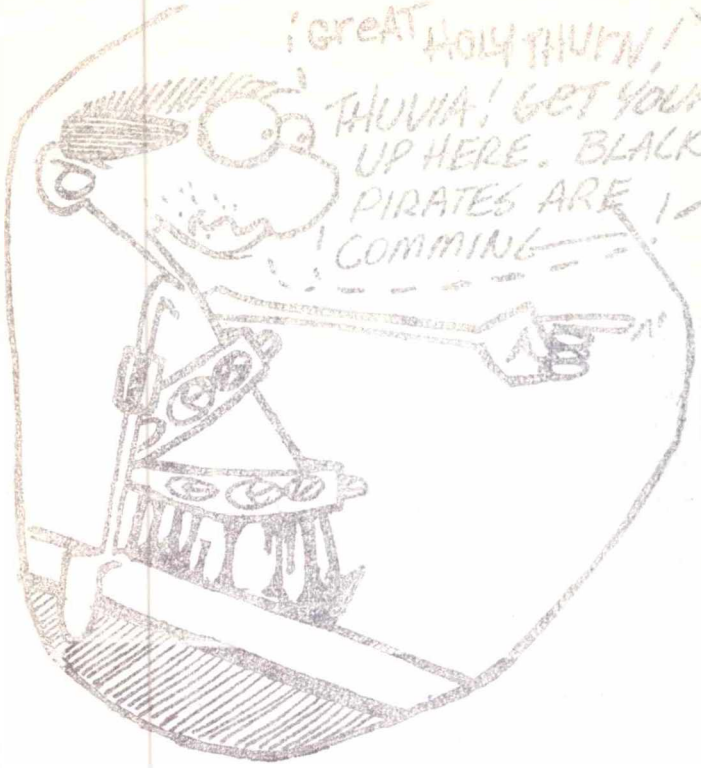
or

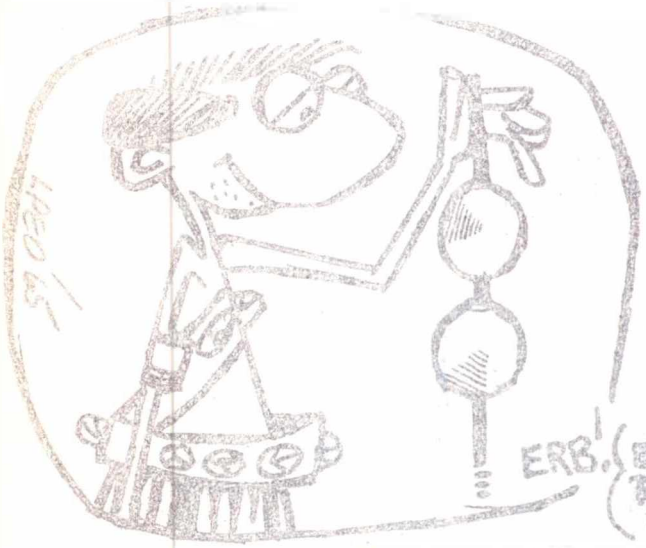
"Come on in, we're publishing a
one-shot....."

A Westercon One-Shot....









Speaking of room parties, and such this oneshot party happened to be the only one (at least as far as I know) which received a call from the manager asking us to "shut up", he also dropped in during the party, outsdie our room he stood, checking or something I'd guess again with the royal issue of mouth. . . ."shut up."

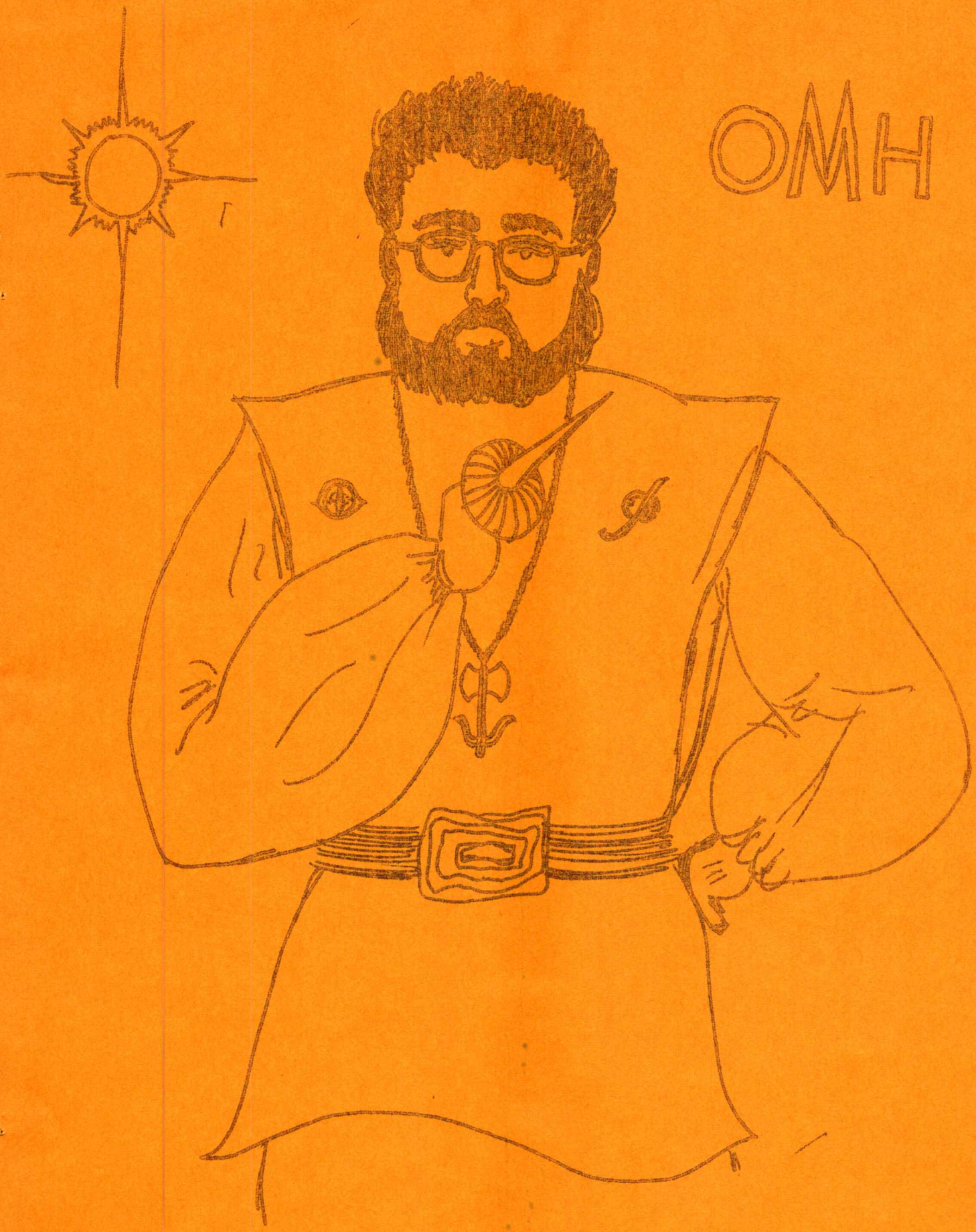
This is what turned out, readable I doubt, interesting I don't believe, but it turned out anyway. . . . . Read it and enjoy it, you are getting it either because you contribed, or asked for it

IT'S HIS FAULT, DON'T BLAME ME. . . . . .

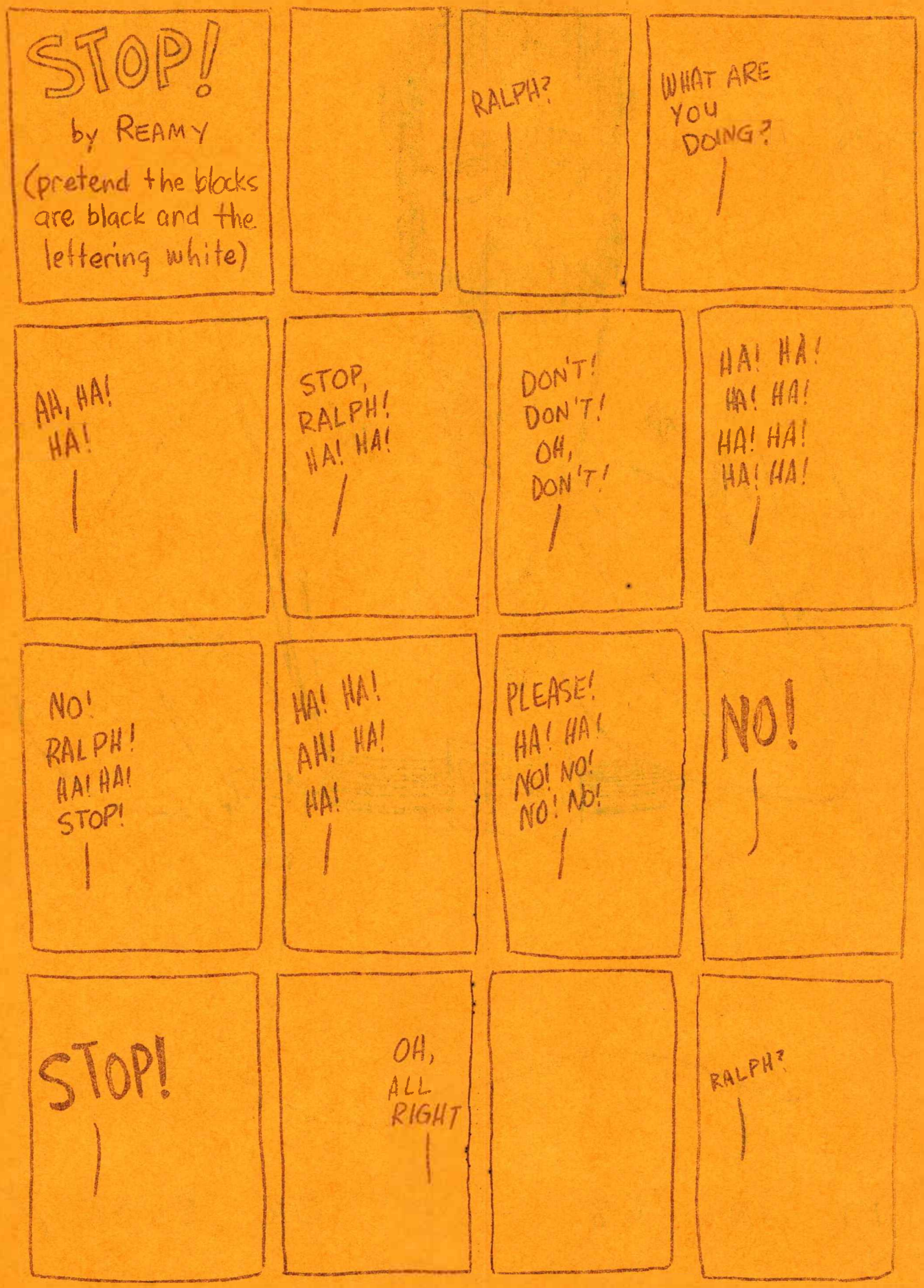
Three copies of this should (you will notice I said "should" not will, I know enough about putting out a oneshot not to promise too much about it,) be giving or sent to each person who contribed and to everyone who showed up at the party and signed the sign up sheet (the ditto masters you'll find somewhere in here, the copies I ran off from the ditto master of course). Then of course there are a few fans I won't send this too, but they've been dead for years and won't notice it I'm sure.

The size of the one-shot is smaller than I would have liked, but that is because of the lose of our typer. . . . We had to type some of this at the New York groups party because of the lose of the typer.

dwain kaiser V



SIDNEY IN '68 ---- OR ELSE!


STOP!
by REAMY
(pretend the blocks are black and the lettering white)
RALPH?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
AH, HA! HA!
STOP, RALPH! HA! HA!
DON'T! DON'T! OH, DON'T!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
NO! RALPH! HA! HA! STOP!
HA! HA! AH! HA! HA!
PLEASE! HA! HA! NO! NO! NO! NO!
NO!
STOP!
OH, ALL RIGHT
RALPH?

AFTER THE CON IS OVER...

As far as I know it was Dwain K. who suggested a oneshot, ans so someone yelled SHAZAM and it was so. I may have to leave the fans with their TRUMPETs and SHADOW COMICS (which has Doc Savage in the back), and see if the ORK microbus is ready to go to Garden Grove. There is a triple hazard to oneshotting--first, the people jabger (a word something like jabbering but with a difference--but not much). Second, the machine is an alien thing; to find how to massage the fngers over the keyboard, to avoid hitting wrong keys and such reversions to childish ways==here lies madness. That it is temporari (oops, Rick looked over my fingers) means little, as does this. (See, I am distracted. And the third or se...subsequent?...ones I'll leave for othwers to imagine.

Stan

"No," I said when Stan Woolston suggested that I write something for this fabulous fannish last-day-of-the-Convention oneshot, "I've participated in such projects before and the results of sittin' down and putting something on a stencil (or ditto master, as the present case is) are rarely something one is proud of the next day, and are sometimes so deplorable as to cause one to cringe when the zine turns up in future years in the course of fanzine sales or auctions." But this has been a pleasant convention for me, and may turn out to be a memorable one, so some participation in a fanzine production which will survive for years may be in order after all. It may be memorable because I've met, during the past few days here, a considerable number of the younger generation of Bee fans, many of whom are promising talents and some of whom may quite possibly (or even probably) be outstanding fans in a few years. Such meetings should be commemorated.

...Don Fitch

The conversation in the background has become rather intriguing: it seems that the prepe-trators of this one-shot have just discovered that they have no paper on hand to run the zine on, or off on, on whatever. So it is more than possible that the only ultimate destination of these words is Don Fitch's cahtch-all garage. Be that as it may, my chief objection tothis one-shot aside from my grothces on one-shots in general is that it has taken a sizable number of individuals away from our stunning *Fourthof July* fireworks display in the Edegwater pool patio a few minutes ago. I really should rattle on for a few more lines, if only because this sortof pro-duction, even if everyone at this last party of the last day of the Wester-con contributes a similar item, is not going to add up to much of a zine. Perhaps Dian can be persuaded to fill a few pages with Art. Nuff.

Bill B.

anything anythibg anything antthing anything anything anything antthing anything anything anything anything anything anything anything antthing

a j

In spite of all Blackbeard's andMcInerney's heinous plots they did not manage to hit any of the spectatotors on the balocony of the New York suite with the skyrockets they kept aiming at us. Their aim was true, but the wind was against them. Foiled. Heh. heh. heh.

Bill Donaho

And when you come right down to it, the art of Fabulous Fannish One-Shot-ism (especially on unfamiliar typewriters) is a particularly difficult one, especially when, say, Owen Hannifen, whom the undersigned met for the first time two or three days ago, recommends over the general thunder of conversation that one be sure to visit North Beach and hit the *Genuine* *Topless* *Bars* that according to him abound there, why, then, it becomes quite clear that the California gestalt has much to recommend itself -- much more, in fact, than does the construction of this sentence, and, in fact, this paragraph. This has been FIRST DRAFT #69½, an entirely irregular collection of words discovered and arranged by the undersigned at a particularly nifty Westercon, i.e.,

"Dave Van Arnam"

I hadn't met Andy Main's wife. How could I--they only got married a few months ago. So I wanted to know what she was like. Short, petite, pretty, yes. All of that. But what was she like?
We were sitting around, mutually exhausted and a little drawn out.
"Dian Pelz looks happier now," someone said,"she smiles more."
"Yes," I said, "women almost always do after they've gotten married. It's a natural reaction."
Andy Main looked puzzled. "Is that true, Barbara?" he said, looking over at his wife. "Are you happier?"
"Sure," she said, looking petite, short, pretty, etc. "Women almost always do when they've been getting it regular."
So now I know what Andy Main's wife is like.

Greg Benford

This is the sinister spinster from Philly, Jean Bogert - nothing much to say except that I hope I can show up at more Westercons and babble on the typer occasionally - I enjoy fannish doings, even when I can't see what I'm writing because I haven't got my glasses for close work on my nose, as they should be - also, I'm seeing haloes because I've drunk ## a little more than I should - and I can't type anyway! So much for the sinister spinster from Philly.

Jean Bryant Bogert

DOING I T E V E R Y T H I N G ...

UP WITH SOMETHING! ! ! !

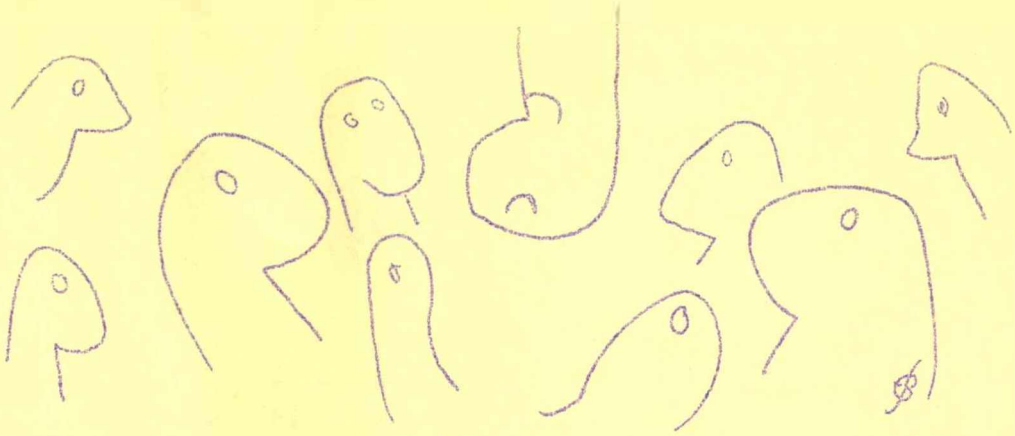
When I staged the great Blowup of the 1965 Westercon next to the pool on Monday evening I was not actually trying to enlighten and educate you all to the thrill of pyrotechnic displays. Actually I was aiming all the time at Bill Donaho's beard which made a very fine target indeed. Bruce Pelz however had his portable wind machine, stolen from the Walt Disney studios, ready to blow all missles , sky rockets and roman candles off target. One hopes that next fourth of July my aim will be better and that Pelz will leave his insidious wind machine behind. Whatever happens look for the results in FOCAL POINT (Paid Adv). Forgive the typos but two weeks of continuous con going and cross country travelling have taken their toll. I hereby urge all my readers to rush out to vote for Arnie Katz as Number One NEO in the Fan Poll. So Impeach me already

Mike McInerney

Hak Koff and Etc: The item above was written to show that it is possible to write a short segment which contains all the elements of humor, but is not funny.. (The incident about AMain's wife, I mean.*) A lot of fans have done this time and time again; I thought I'd try my hand too.

Greg Benford July 1965

ARTHUR
A story by
Calvin Demmon
& Ted White



This is not a story about Arthur, but I remember him well, because it was Arthur whose death we were all reminscing that infamous night in Tangiers.

I AM AN INDIVIDUALIST!

I had come to Tangiers on a secret mission and then it was over and Arthur and I were just good friends, Norma and Phyllis were just good friends, and rich blood flowed from many a crotch, and a strange thing was about to occur, something which I knew would change not only my life but the lives of so many others. And we were all tense as hell.

"Migod!" said Phyllis. "Get your hands off me, you creep."

"Gosh, I'm sorry," Norma said with a giggle. "But I was just trying to be a Good Friend. After all, a friend in need is a friend indeed."

"Indeed that's so," Arthur said, looking up from my bloody crotch. I had cut myself, shaving.

Something penetrated my eye, and for a cataclysmic moment I knew it was in the largest hospital in the world and writing a story which would shake literature to its core, and then grasp it and wring its neck and a lot of other stuff. Arthur, giggling, looked deeply into Phyllis's eyes. "Phyllis," he said. "I feel very strange. It is a matter of communication and the existential problem. Here we are, and it is as if all our disguises are ripped off and we see each other as two creatures of God."

"Yes, Arthur," said Phyllis. "And I'm in a hospital ward, and you are a needle lancing my eye."

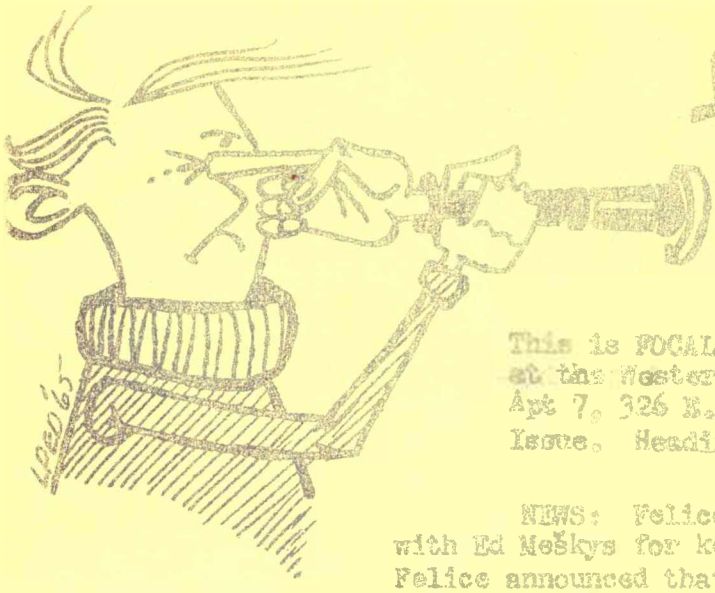
"Jeezus, Phyllis, you're hysterical," I said. "Arthur's dead. I told you that. Arthur has been dead since that bloody incident in Singapor, which we have just been reminiscing about."

"*Sigh*" said Arthur, the pent up gasses of his long decaying body escaping through his withered lips. I was not impressed. There are moments in life when even a friend cannot.

but the transcendental eye, oh Toledo, and the flow of life and evv in and out in and out until you are up another plane and suddenly everything means.
many things and then all of Tangiers rose up and tossed us out.
oh fuck fuck fuck

So much for experimentalism, as well as conventions, of one sort or another. When we had lert our heros, and etc., they were just good friends and etc. But like all Great Works of art, this story like Arthur, whom it is not about, is dead and putrifying, and deserves publication in KNIGHT, for which we, the authors, deserve much money, fame, acclaim, Phllis and Norma.

-beginning-



Focal Point!!

This is FOCAL POINT #12, published in a drug-induced one shot at the Westercon, July 5th, 1965 by Mike McInerney, Apt 7, 326 E. 13th St, NYC, NY 1003. Special FAKE News Issue. Heading Illo by Pederson. Happy St. Grosnik's Day.

NEWS: Felice Rolfe takes on new coeditor; impatient with Ed Meškys for keeping NIEKAS down to a quarterly schedule, Felice announced that she will publish a 100 page weekly fanzine with Dave Van Arnam, with her grandson, Arnie Katz, as associate editor. The first issue will appear Aug. 5; the day her cruel ex-coeditor will be leaving for the Loncon without her.

INVASION FROM MARS: On Monday evening the Westercon was invaded by strange light creatures from the 4th planet. Rocket trails and laser and maser beams were seen thru the dim light surrounding the pool. Despite the fact that one of the laser beams singed Bill Donaho's beard it was not a scene of the pro prowers (sic) faction!!!

Poul and Karen Anderson were unable to attend the Westercon because they are in Europe. Eat your hearts out, Poul & Karen. ## Ted White ate hisa own beard. ## Arnie Katz is changing his name. ## Rich Brown is having a special operation. ## Weird Tales has folded. ## There will be no Westercon next year, for a number of rather unusual reasons. ## And that's NEWSBREAKS for this issue.

THERE HAS BEEN very little of import happening this ayem, but several fans have been exported, at great expense to the management. Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon is being exported to New York City, Real Soon Now, Maybe. Our spies in Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon inform us that he has been considering this move for weeks, or maybe "years", but has not yet definitely made up his mind for sure yet. Our spies just shot Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon.

Ted White has only one finger, but he gets a lot of use out of it.

THERE IS JUSTICE IN THE UNIVERSE, Dept.: If Eisenhower were still alive, Goldwater would not have lost the 1964 Presidential election. John F. Kennedy is still alive in Argentina. Bob Tucker was cited over Honolulu.

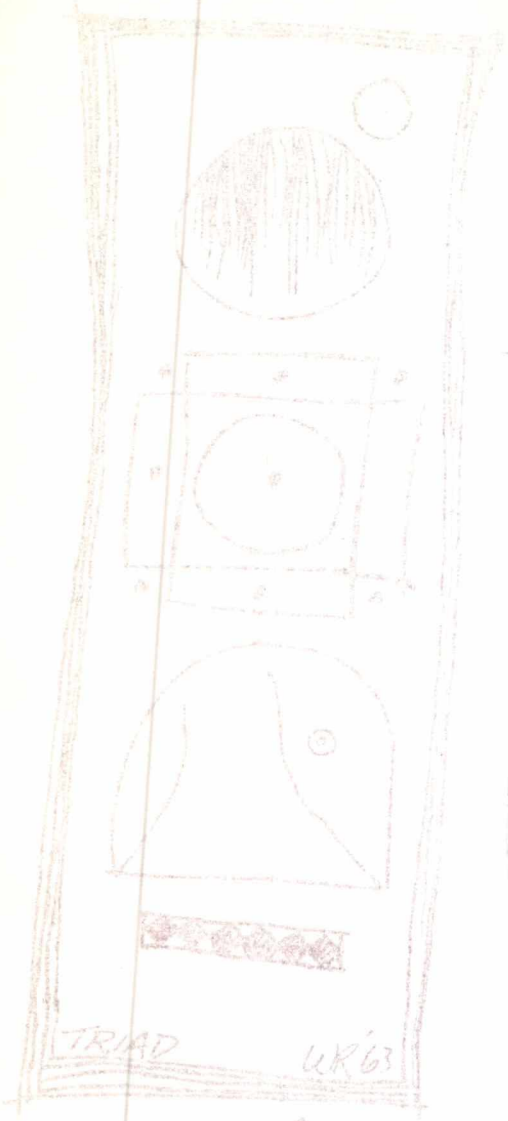
Arnie Katz has been a winner, man — reports our man in Arnie Katz.

If Goldwater were still alive, Eisenhower would fuck him in the a**e.

Recent analysis of the Pornography Laws has resulted in Things.

AND THAT WAS ALMOST focal point FOR THIS ISSUE.

JG newkom announces that the East Oakville Freedom of Erotica Activity Circle is opening a new subgroup of swimming pool fandom. This happened as a result of having been hoisted by one of Mike McInerney's petards. The skyrocket went the wrong way. Fortunately my pants are still intact. But the aura is gone. Phil Dick, take note.



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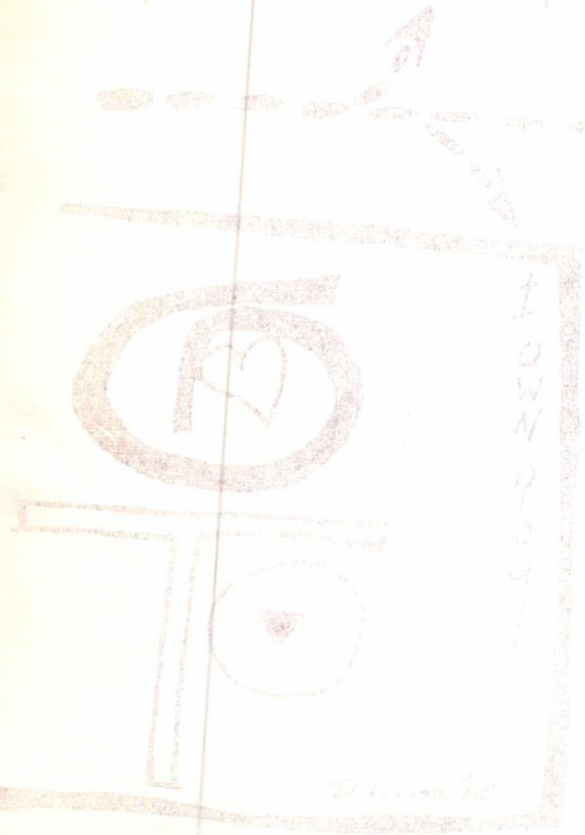


LOGIC RUINS MORE ONE-SHOT SESSIONS, said Dwain Kaiser to Ted White just as I sat down at the typer and wondered what to say. And with this warning ringing in my ear I shall set about to be as illogical as possibe in an attempt to keep the one-shot session present here as unspoiled as it was before it started.

It has been quite some time since somebody pointed a loaded typer at me and said, "Your talent or your life!", and in this case I think I should have taken the other alternative. The usual procedure for these things, as I recall, if you don't have anything to say, is to describe what's going on around you as you type -- but I hope I don't have to stoop to such feeble diversions. So I won't describe Owen Hannifen trying on a monster mask and being complimented on the improvement. Neither will I describe my own dear wife bouncing into the room (as she did but a moment ago) announcing that she had found something better than rhoot bheer (which is the reason for the typo a few lines back) -- it turned out to the be result of her first encounter -- solo -- with a vibrating bed. Some of the beds in this hotel have 25¢-slots for fifteen minutes of restful, theraputic vibration. I get through this one-shot session, I try one. It's supposed to be great for amateur yogists because of the complete relaxation and separation of mind from body. Hannifen just left to try it himself.

But I don't need to fill space by describing these things. Nor will I reminisce about a few hours ago when I traded insults with Harlan Ellison over a couple of Nuclear Fizzes in the bar... and floored him completely with a sincere compliment. Nor will I reminisce about a few years ago when Rich Brown and I put out a one-shot at the Solacon, and one item from it (mine) was reprinted in Best Of Fandom for that year. That was a proper con one-shot session; the zine was ready to hand out the last day of the con. Now this won't be ready until a week or two later.

But I can fill space out of my own mind without resorting to such feeble artifices. I can create original material at the drop of a masterset. I can... uh... well... hmmmm... maybe I'd better go back to describing what's happening around me as I type.

Ghood ghrief! Somebody just announced that a couple other people (in another room) are collaborating on pages and pages of high-quality stuff -- which may even get into the one-shot. This is a great idea. But... it's/they're... Ted White and Henry Stine??? I just gotta get a copy of this one-shot!

I don't want to hog a whole master all by myself, but before I close I'd like to include... never mind. Hannifen just came in with the White-Stine half-page describing Harlan. Jhesus Chhrist! What adjective surpasses "purple" for prose?

I want to include, as I was saying, the recipie for the nuclear fizz. Takea shot and a half of gin, a shot of cointreau, a shot of lemon-lime, two shots of soda, and just a drop of bitters. It may be a little sweet for your taste; if so, use a dash of bitters, instead of a drop. This recipie Copied Right from Karen Anderson's No Holds Barred Guide.

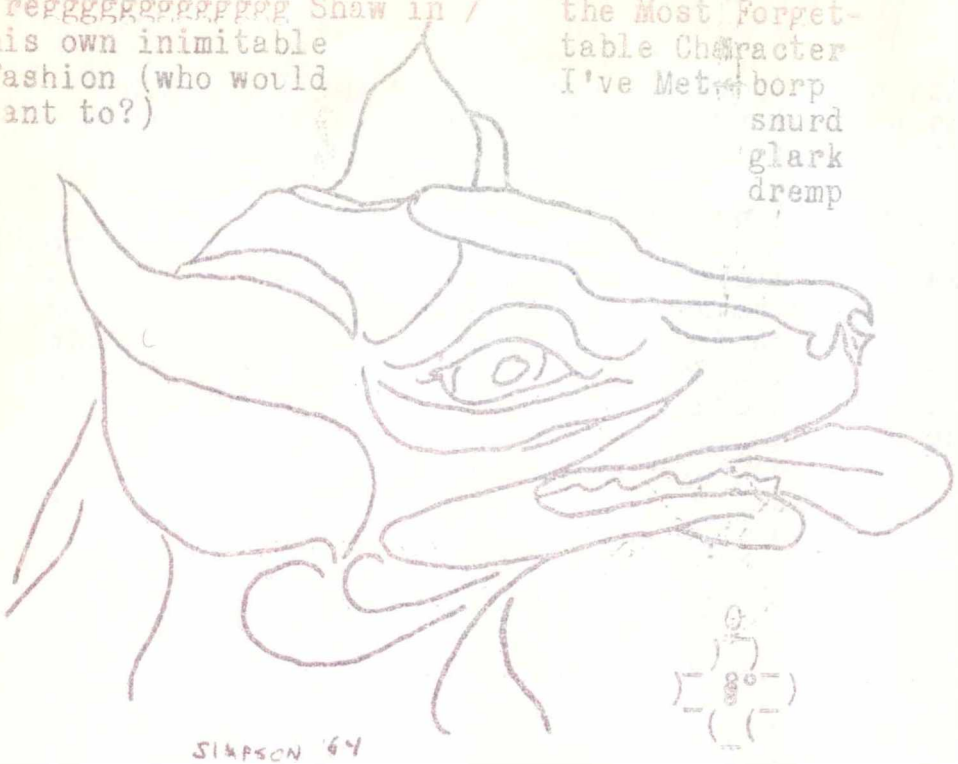
Owen Hannifen says "Sydney in '68!", but refuses to get hooked into any fanac as productive as actually typing on master.

Doggone, this platen is loose. I'd better sign this off before I slip all crooked and start typing across myself. That can be terribly painful. See y'all around; keep swinging -- from the hips or by the neck... as we used to say back the Old Days.

Ted Johnstone

A spontaneous page from / Greggggggggggggg Shaw in / his own inimitable fashion (who would want to?)

Dedicated to AK, the Most Forgettable Character I've Met borp snurd glark dremp



In my usual fashion I have nothing atall to say but I'll be darned if I'll let a onepshot be put out in my presence without being included. So this won't be a total waste I have given to the Cause a fine illo by Don Simpson which I could easily have saved for my own zine. I hope you appreciate my gesture. What a hell of a con this has been. Lousy hotel, lousy program, lousy everything. Not that I mean to complain too much, tho, since this last few days has been the happiest time of my life, due to the after-con events, which made it all worth it. But still, that Edgewater Inn...!

Gil Lamont, Bob Davenport, and myself were ordering breakfast in the hotel Coffee Shop. Gil ordered coffee with cream, Bob ordered hot cakes, and I ordered eggs and hot cakes (I haden't eaten in nearly 2 days and felt justified in ordering a double breakfast). We noticed that the waitress was rather nippy and she stared at me very oddly when I gave my order. But later when she brought my eggs without the accompanying toast & taters, Bob's cakes without syrup, and Gil's coffee without cream, and in addition gave us some bacon and milk we'd never ordered, we got kind of bugged. The coffee was cold by the time Gil realized he had to go over and steal some cream. We talked to the waitress about it, pointing out that after waiting half an hour we ought to get better, and she said; 'You're lucky to get anything, sonny boy' !! That was typical of the whole hotel. They locked the lobby & mezzanine at night so there was no place a fan could sit down for a spell. They were unable to provide facilities for a huckster room. They lost a fine piece of artwork belonging to the Vegas contingent. #I'll take the Hyatt house anytime.

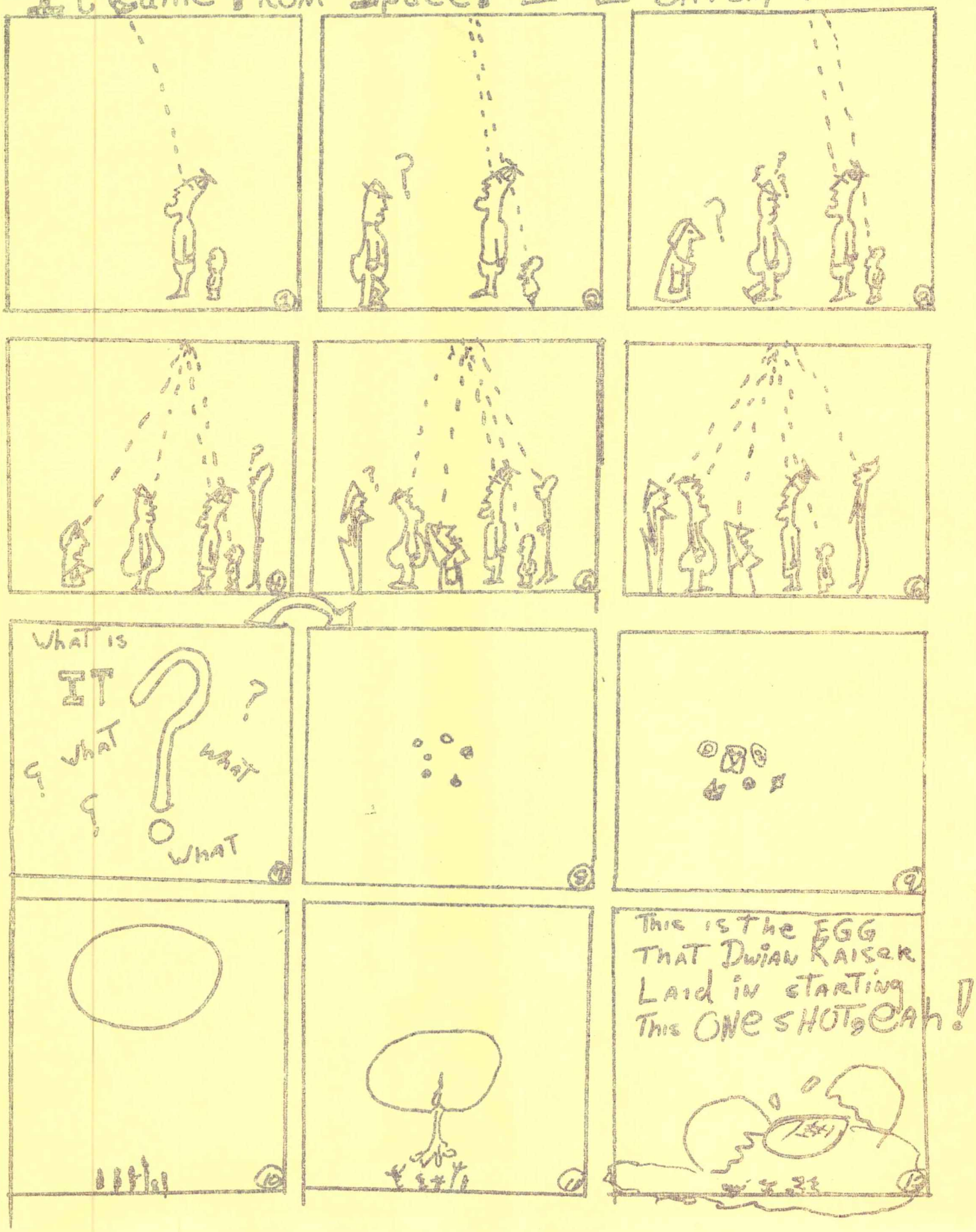
(but what do you expect from a hotel out in the middle of the oil fields??)

I really haven't got anything clever or funny to say to you (hoffentlich I'll learn how to write fannish humor when I'm older) so I won't bore you with the second page I was planning to do. Whatheck, if you like my writing read FEEMWLORT. FEEMWLORT?, you say? Why that's my genzine. O by the way any of you TOLKIEN FANS that don't know it, #2 had part 1 of a complete dictionary of Elvish words, which will be concluded in FEEMWLORT 3. All back issues are available and everything is the usual price, 25¢. Lots of other goodies too Convention report, for one. O bytheway TOLKIEN FANS, while I've got you, you ought to be told about ENTMOOT, the new Tolkien fanzine. Write to David Hall of Missouri to get on the mailing list. The Bird of Time Saves Nine.

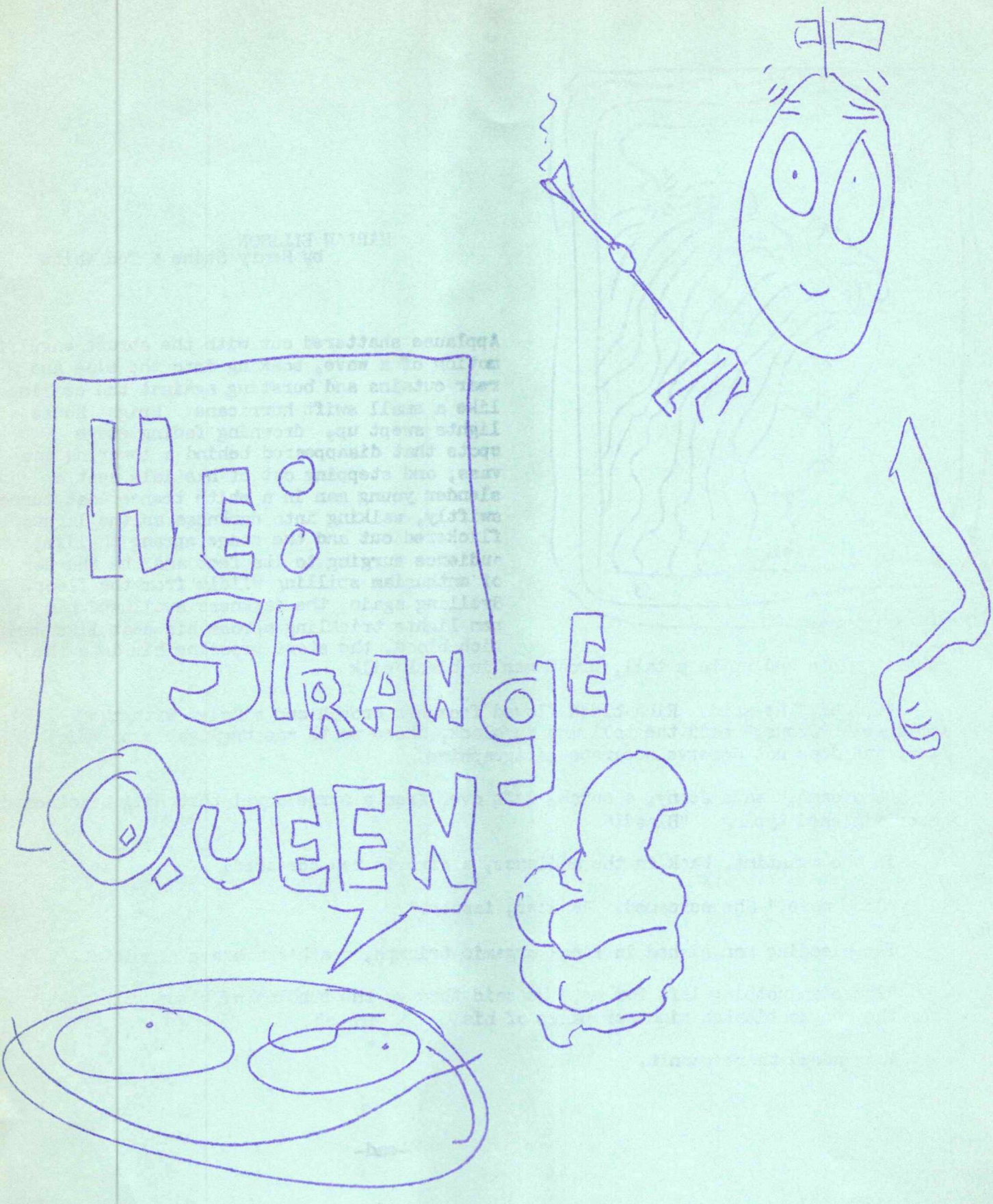
VOTE NOW!! ARNIE KATZ FOR OE OF INTERALIA

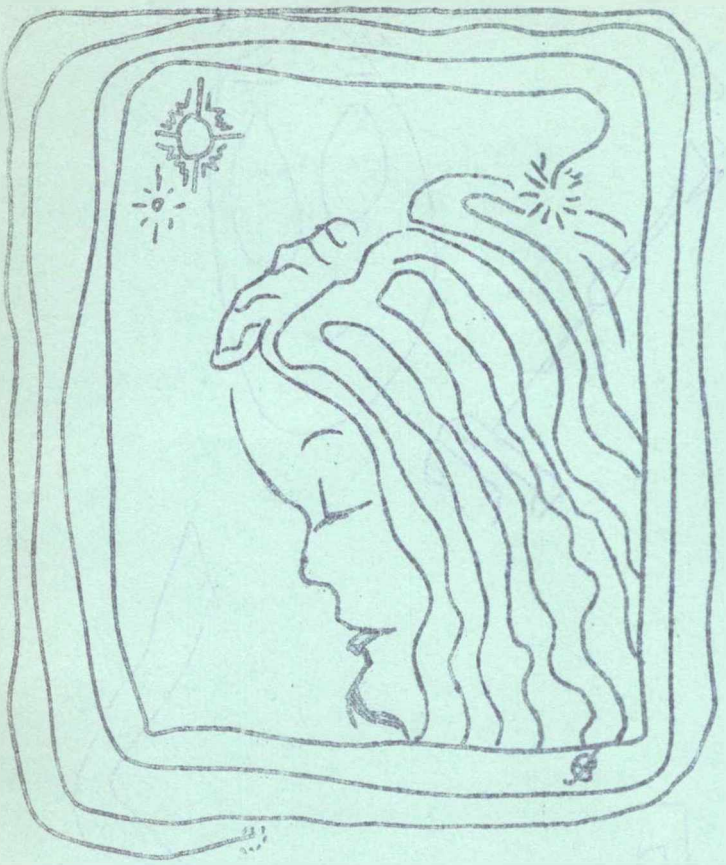
FTAWOL: FANDOM IS A WASTE OF LOOT

It Came From Space! — Bob Davenport




ASTRON
Bell Development
5481 Mountain View Dr
Las Vegas, Nev


HE: STRANGE QUEEN



HARLAN ELLISON
by Henry Stine & Ted White

Applause shattered out with the abrupt engulfing motion of a wave, soaking into the side and rear cutains and bursting against the ceiling like a small swift hurricane. Bright house lights swept up, drowning fading stage spots that disappeared behind a lowering canvass; and stepping out of his isle seat a slender young man in a white trence coat turned swiftly, walking into darkness as the lights flickered out and the stage sprang to life, the audience surging to its feet and the thunder of enthusiam spilling wildly from the floor. Swelling again, the darkness swallowed him, the pen lights trickling across his coat like warm, rich blood, the storm pressing him into the usher's niche and up to a tall, broad man in black silk.

"My God," he said. Rich blood flowed from his crotch and mingled with the applause. "Jesus," said the tall man in black, whose worth was negligable to this story and does not deserve separate paragraphing.

"God damn," said Jenny, a nurse, left over from a nurse novel that Bill Blackbeard never finished typing. "Blood!"

In the meantime, back in the audience, a girl in red screamed.

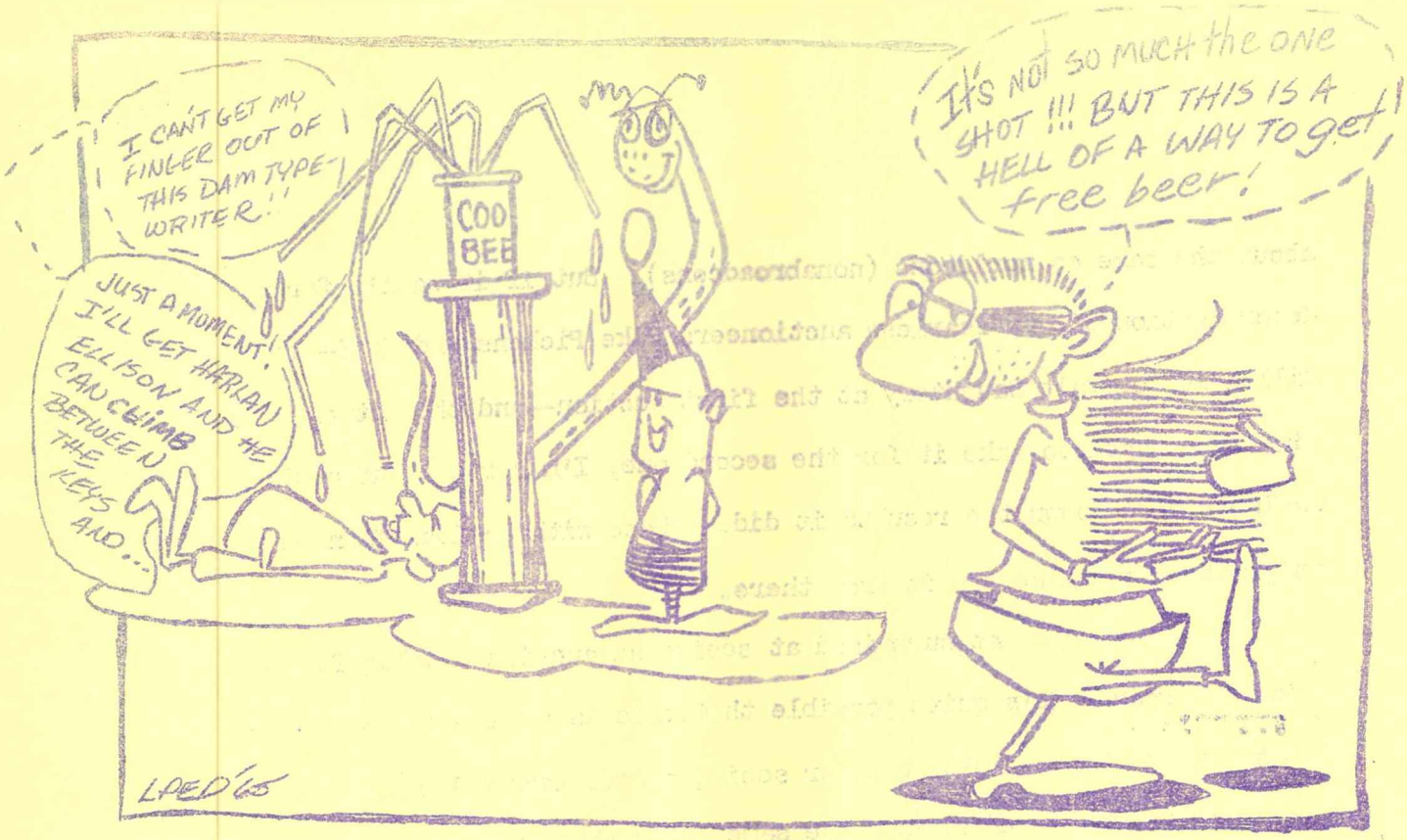
"Once more!" She screamed. "Faster, faster!"

The bleeding man sighed in final organic triumph, death's embrace complete.

"There is nothing left for me," he said through the bubbles of blood welling from the prognosticated minotaur palyp of his crotch.

And indeed there wasn't.

-end-



AUCTION--

An Unbelievably Serious Article by

dhd

Considering the smaller than usual amount of programs offered , the auction took up almost as much space in the program booklet as the talks and panel discussions. For this pseudo-reason, but mainly just because I want to shoot my trap, this article is seeing publication.

According to Walt Daughtery it was surprisingly poor, both in materials and turnout. To those who showed up this was obvious. Less than $500--about $450--was collected. Usually the conauctions manage to claim up in the 000's. Westercon auctions supposidly run

about the same as worldcons (nonabroadcons). But if it wasn't for the determination of our fearless auctioneers Pike Pickens, Ed Wood--who filled in for Walt Daughtery at the first auction--and the latter, who finally managed to make it for the second one, I'm certain the auction wouldn't have shown the results it did. Those with typical fannish imagination can miscarry it from there.

I was somewhat surprised at seeing an auction catalog for this westercon. It's quite possible that this is a fandom first. First Fandom Stan doesn't remember seeing a cat. issued before, but claims amnesia's possible just the same. For those who are interested in finding out the kind of crud that was auctioned off, supplemented by a very few nice items, can look them up in the concat.

Interesting sidenotes: Up for bid was the October 1938 issue of Amazing Stories. This particular number represented the science fiction of the period in Westinghouse's famed New York World's Fair time vault of 1939. This issue carries Weinbaum's "Revolution of 1950." The time vault atmosphere makes the story sound all the more interesting. Incidentally, I've wondered for some time why Westinghouse selected Long Island --the same site as the World's Fair, of course-- for this venture. In the amount of time that's supposed to pass before the vault can be opened, isn't it just slightly possible that Long Island will have become engulfed by the slowing upsurging Atlantic? Certainly Westinghouse's intent was merely a slick promotion, like--uh--Ace Books.

SOON GATE
LA IS GREAT
FOR '68

Bob Davenport

Anniversario Lethre

Jack Harness

Greg Benford

Jim Reany

Stan Woolsten

Sean Bryant Boyd - Dot Sinter
spoken from Philly

Jim Kennedy Jr.

98 69 Jim

Tommy Pederson

Don Fitch

Noocey Alex Bretnon

Heinrich Megatherium von Strangequiet

Bill Blackbourn

Edwin Joyefo Baker

Greg Shaw

Paul Van Arnson
(6, NEW YORK in '67!)

Mike Gillen

BERKELEY IN '69
AND VICE VERSA

Ted Johnstone

X|0|X
d x|0
x|0 y

LA-IF YOU WANT
TO MASTERBATE
IN '68

Mike McInerney N. Brown

Calvin W. "Biff" Denman (PRO)

[illegible]

Jim Benford

Francis T. Laney

Norman Mailer

Bill Donaho

Bob Dylan (unknown ethnic musicology)

Orville Mosher

J. Newkom (SUB ROSA BERKELEY FANDOM)

Emil Zolai

[illegible]

Ed Meskys

Bob Olexin