

A L'ABANDON #3

An Ompazine by Jim Caughran, currently residing at 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California, room # not known, as I haven't moved in yet. - I'm starting this the 15th of October 1958, and hope to finish it for inclusion in the eighteenth mailing. Most is typed on stencil. will be in Barrington at above, revised address, 1st of November.

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Mailing reviews first -- probably something more later, like an Ill-WisCon report, if I get busy.

OFF TRAILS -- I didn't get half the post mailings - difficulty might have been that some things weren't forwarded from Lincoln. Lyons, Newman, and Derry items missing. ## Roberta, you didn't go throo All the copies, changing my address, did you? Such dedication ... Thanks. ## Seems to me that poll results should be out sooner than a year after the poll-time. Time covered, I mean. I won't vote, not having seen enough mailings. ## What, no Ompacons there?

TALES FROM THE OUBLIETTE - Mercer. Page ten of this wonderful stuff blank - you don't have a spare, do you?

VAGARY #9 -- Wild. I often wonder what would happen if the West were to surrender to Russia - they couldn't rule us, certainly. Tho they'd make a darned good try. I would think that the lack of national competition might make us better off. ## I think I remember reading somewhere that half of people, if left alone, would be right handed - 50-50 chance. ## Nice to have met you, too. Also many more. - Everyone I met in London, as a matter of fact. ## Can't imagine Ken Bulmer without a beard. He still talks the same, doesn't he? Next thing, people will be saying Carl Brandon doesn't exist. ## Too bad I don't share your interest in History.

OB - Hickman & Gerding -- Dualzine idea fine, as long as it isn't a duelzine. I liked this, but got no other ticks in the margin.

FIJAGH #1 - Ellington. I figured out what Fijagh meant when Elik mentioned something about a famous insurgent phrase, the initials thereof. ## Have you gotten rid of cats? Seems to me there were more than three there when I was there - hope if you have gotten rid of cats, you've kept Shithead. If only for the name. ## Pat Scott didn't used to live in San Francisco when Thom Perry was writing letters to someone of the name, was she? ## Maybe you can explain NY fan politics - I'm lost in this article. ## Socialist candidate for governor was speaking near campus a while ago - made all sorts of ridiculous statements on our slavery in America, and how the filthy rich capitalists all live in splendor ... I've got a very small amount of stock, but this surely isn't splendor! Guess some of the frat boys gave him a hard time after I had to go to class. Wish I'd been there. Half of Berkeley fandom collected there while I was around but not Dave Rike, strangely enough. Columns make it hard to mark comments. Freedom of choice under socialism - seems to me, what with the society owning all, that one would have to apply for a different apartment - meaning, less freedom than now. Everyone can't be filthy rich ... What happens to the ghost cities after everyone's moved to the country? And, with all this cooperative struggling, what of people who want only to be different?

FIJAGH still -- Author outlines complete economic policy and states there will be political parties based on economic policy. Myself, without something to do, I'd be bored stiff.

A L'ABANDON - me. West Coast femme who doesn't pass on qc's is Berkeley's Honey Graham.

ARCHIVE ⁹⁰⁸ -- Mercer. Your comments on DERP remind me of Bennett's trip across country - every time he saw Ted White, he seemed completely overwhelmed at the summit meeting, or whatever. I won 70¢ from Ron at brag -- tho he won \$10 or 15 in Los Vegas ... This is my Solacon report. #Funny, me coming from Lincoln but never having been there. ## 23.08 & 24 pp/mig. And Berkeley is supposed to have publishing giants ... ## Seems like your novel should have sold somewhere. ## Damn your puns - keep them up. ## Was finishing Catcher in the Rye just as I got to ARCHIVE -- Salinger's characterization is wonderful. Anyone can see something of himself in the lead character.

MARSCOLO #1 - Hayes. You seem to be challenging people to disagree. ## Synergetics isn't serious, is it? Sounds an awful lot like a parody on false sciences.

HARRIS SCHOOL OF MOTORING - Chuckle.

MORPH #17 - Roles. Your descriptions of India, and a new Saturday Evening Post serial point up the inadequacy of seeing a foreign country with the US gov't. Things aren't quite as bad as the serial says, tho - may have a comment after it's all been published. I still remember the Taj Mahal, tho. We'd just finished traveling all day on Indian Railways, a grueling feat, and got there tired as hell. I wasn't expecting much; quite a lot of these "triumphal arch" sort of things aren't wide enough to drive a car throo. We went throo the door, tho, with the moon in back of us, and here was - hell, it's indiscrivable. See it yourself, if it's at all possible. ## Wondered what that signature actually said - my name isn't Ka ghalan, really - doesn't even have a G sound. Forgot to ask Bob Shaw how it's pronounced in Ireland - I don't really know. He said there were several people with that name there, tho.

I WISH I KNEW WHAT PUCES TIBI MEANT - Harris. All fanzine titles have to be in English? Look at this'n - now I gotta change? ## Am getting plenty sick of this feud - yes, Madle wasn't well enough known there, but now that the deed is done, don't you think it's a little silly to keep arguing? ## Am sorry I didn't meet you while I was in London, Chuck.

TAFF * Bulmer. I liked this - it is plenty historical, had a lot to say, and said it well. ##Taff candidate gets 90% if he doesn't go? What?

ZYMIC #8 - V. Clarke. I like the idea of fans complaining - must have stunned the theater society.

POSTMAILINGS SO FAR: UR#4, Mills. Liked this, but no ticks in margin.

PHENOTYPE * Bney. Canada doesn't have prohibition, does it? ## By goddy, G.M. Carr & I have something in common - we're both theists. Tho not of the same sect.

JD#31 - Mickman. Sorry, but there's no room. Letter sent to Lynn.

a somewhat belated
ILLWISCON REPORT

"Jim? I'm Ron Ellik," said the face in the door. There was Ron, halfway hitchhiked to Cincinnati, all of a sudden sticking his head in my door in Lincoln. He'd gotten a ride most of the way, and had asked the driver to stop there. We chatted, and he left in a hurry as not to keep the driver waiting. As he left, I said, "See you in Chicago."

"WHAT?" he said, and his tail fluttered in the wind as he was taken away.

I'd already made arrangements to go to the IllWisCon -- I would have gone to the Midwescon, but I could only afford one week off work, and I was a little afraid of it, never having been to a fan convention. So, I went to the smaller convention and met Dean Grennell.

And so I left, five am, the third of July. The friend I was sharing my apartment with at the time took me to the city limits in his '32 Chevy, and I stuck my thumb into the road and waited. Got a couple rides to Omaha, took a bus throo Council Bluffs, and got a ride with three rough-looking kids to Watertown. I'd wanted to follow highway 6, but I thought it would have been better to go with them, as long as they were going in the general direction. Never, never try to hitchhike on highway 20. Never.

I got a procession of fifteen mile rides, to East Dubuque, all but two of which I had to wait an hour or better for. It took me six or eight hours to get not much more than a hundred miles.

At last I got into Illinois. There I waited another hour, thinking that here was another horrible stretch like the last, and caught a ride to Freeport. From there I caught a ride with no trouble at all with a fellow who looked exactly like Bill Donahoe, and a friend who resembled faintly Dan Curran. "This is preposterous!" I told myself. Not fans, tho.

In Chicago, at four am, I took the bus to Weller's Motor Lodge, getting there at seven or eight -- that place is far out. I asked in the office what reservations had been made for the IllWisCon. They had only one, a fellow I hadn't heard of, and didn't. I told them I didn't want a room then and tried to stay awake in the office until someone fannish came. I failed, and looked for somewhere else to sleep, after being ousted for snoring.

Finally I settled down in one of the chairs next to the pool and slept until nearly noon. I woke up, figured out where I was, and started to look for fans. This time it didn't take long -- I saw Ron Ellik on the balcony with a few other people. By the time I'd gotten up that far, a sign had been erected saying "Detroit - '59". I walked toward the bunch. "Who are you?" asked someone.

"Jim Caughran," I replied.

"Who?" "Never heard of him." and other comments were uttered. This worried me. I mean, someone in fandom should know me. "Where are you from?"

"Lincoln Nebraska"

"Oh, you mean cogran - from Pakistan!" Relief - I was so a known fan.

I shook a dozen hands or so, Ronellik again, Lynn Hickman, George and Mary Young, the Falascas, Bill Rickhardt, Fred Prophet, Curran and Donahoe, and more I've already forgotten. The afternoon was spent in farish chatter and in waiting for Grennell to arrive with his army. Grennell, after he'd gotten there, looked exactly like his pictures, and was as interesting speaking as he is writing.

Everyone then took to the swimming pool, but I found I'd forgotten my trunks - I'm always forgetting my trunks - right now they're in Maryland, because I left them in Bob Pavlat's car. - and went to the office to see if they had any for rent or sale.

There was a man there checking in, who, in finishing, asked, "Which room is Lynn Hickman in?" "God, a fan!" thot I, and introduced myself. "I'm Jim Harmon," said Jim Harmon, and I thot immediately of the obscene illo in Psychotic years ago, and gave the secret phrase to the manager. "Watch out for your doors," I said.

There were parties that night in both the Hickman and Chicago rooms -- in fact, after asking for thirty rooms, these were the only ones occupied, along with Grennells'. I wandered back and forth between the two and the half-party on the balcony all night. Conjecture was made on the nearly homonymous sound of Curran and Caughran, both Irish names, and Grennell presented Ellik with a beer can to take back to the tower. Lewis Grant made several lousy puns, and I had the prestige of being number one on the Papa waitlist.

There was a bunch of transient Chicagoans who came and went - Kemps, Sid Coleman, Sally Dunnand Roger Brues, Lights, Lewis J. Grant, and more I've forgotten, no doubt. Also, one Jo Esternick, a very good-looking neophyte whose address is a thing of vital interest to present-day Berkeley fandom. Anyone got it? Send it to me.

Anyway, that afternoon, just as I had introduced myself to o and started to get better acquainted, Ellik and Grennell ran her off into Howard Johnson's for their own vile purposes. I didn't see her much at all, after that ...

That night, many more people showed up. Roger Brues kept interrupting Ellik and my conversation with Sally Dunn - he married her shortly after the con. Lee Ann Tremper explained how her contact lenses were applied, then she and Harmon stopped looking at the rest of us.

The next day, after about 12 hours sleep in three nights, I climbed into the Grennell automobile with Ellik and the rest of the Grennell hoard, Jean, Pat, Chuck, Andy, Janet, Bobbi, and Phyllis, and was taken to Fond du Lac, with a stop on the way to call Phyllis Economou in Milwaukee. We spent the night drinking vaca morados and shooting the bull in the Grennell basement fan and shell-reloading center.

The next day, I took a bus to Weynuwega while everyone else went to Milwaukee to see Phyllis Economou. They also stopped on the way to prove to Ron that Joe Rupp, Jr., was not a hoax ("That's ridiculous - a truss ad on the Papa waitlist!"). I met Bloch, his wife and daughter (rowf!). Bloch and I discussed the WSFS, cons, Bnf vs. neo, etc.

I caught a late bus back to Fond du Lac, and looked all over the east end of town for Maple Avenue. Finally, after about an hour, I cheated and asked someone.

At an early hour, Grennell, Ellik, and I went south, Dean to peddle furnaces, and us to get back to Chicago and the Kemps. We stopped in a roadside dump -- no, not the Brandon dump -- and had a duel. Grennell killed the both of us, then I shot Ellik afterwards.

Dean let us out along the way and we put our thumbs into the road again. We made it into Chicago in a few hours, sunburned (we went most of the way in a convertible), and took a bus to the Kemps', who filled us with food and our luggage with fanzines, and took us to the city limits -- a BIG help in a city this size. Thanks, Earl.

It took us a couple hours to get to Joliet, and from there, things got worse. We were on highway six, and a man offered to take us to highway 30, where traffic is greater. We went a half hour or so with him, and he let us out at a place where, he said, we should be able to get a ride to highway 30 with no trouble at all. It was a lonely intersection, we found out all of a sudden, where only one or two cars would streak past an hour.

"JIM!!" shrieked Ron, looking at the map. "Highway 30 goes right throo Joliet!"

"Maybe he just hated hitchhikers," I reflected tiredly.

"GET OFF ME, YOU BEAST!" I woke up and found myself beating off an 80 pound boxer with a Marine uniform, in a Chevy coupe, in the middle of nowhere. "Am I in the Marines? This isn't my dog! What am I doing in the middle of Iowa in someone else's car? Wha sawed Courtney's boat?" These thots raced throo my head. All of a sudden, I remembered All -- how Ron and I had persuaded a couple who were looking at a car that had been demolished earlier at that corner to take us back to Joliet; how we got 15 miles in 5 hours; how we were picked up by a woman and a dog; how Ron cussed horribly, thinking she was a man until she mentioned her husband; how the dog bothered us constantly; how she was going 700 miles so we didn't care; how Ron was a Marine. I figured out, even, that they were in the nearby building feeding their faces.

We made it to Fremont after running out of gas (she'd wanted to see how far the car would go without filling), thanked her for her help, freed the dog's teeth from our legs, and started south for Lincoln.

We caught a ride with two flyboys from Lincoln, half-drunk already and still drinking. Ellik fought them for the wheel and won, and we drove on, thinking they'd be out by the time we got to Lincoln, and we could go straight to my door. No luck -- the car didn't make it five miles.

Finally we got to Lincoln, got flooded, I put my hand throo the window trying to close it. I tried to get Ron a ride to the city limits the next morning, but all my frènds' cars were waterlogged. He hitchhiked, and went on. I suppose he made it, because he's here, but I hate to think of the journey. Damn these crazy hitchhikers.

And so, here's another issue of A l'Abandon, nearly ready to go. This is 3 pages the same as a Fapazine, A propos de rien ("Have you forgotten how to speak English?"--Carr).. Sorry, Bi-apans, but I thot both might be interested, and I needed the credit for Fapa.

Item from Norman Vincent Peale's column in Look, or wherever it is:
"Q - I have just entered college and I discover that a lot of my fellow students accuse me of having a superiority complex. Whether this is really so or not, I am not entirely sure. But what is wrong with acting superior if you really are superior?"

While I was in London, Mike Moorcock and I traded the Brooklyn Bridge for Cleopatra's needle. Mike has erected a toll-gate on the Brooklyn Bridge, and is making all sorts of money collecting there. I am having Cleopatra's Needle shipped to Berkeley, where we are going to try to make money by having tourists pay to see it. First, tho, we have to put it some place. Ron suggested we put it on top of the Tower to the Moon, but this would make it hard to see. Terry suggested we put it underheath the Tower -- what would be more attractive to tourists that a Tower to the Moon made out of beer cans, resting on Cleopatra's Needle? I haven't talked to the rest of Berkeley fandom yet, but they'll probably have suggestions. Anyone else have any ideas?

I have a letter here from my dad regarding the Pakistan political situation - says "No particular excitement here. We had a bloodless army 'coup' at the request of the president. They've kicked out all the ministers, aides, etc., and are now busy arresting them for black marketeering, selling permits, corruption, etc., etc. Most people say it is a wonderful thing." He mentions that prices are lower, due to a good control. "Every crime has from 5 years R.I. (rigorous imprisonment) to life (or the death penalty). I think such things as riding 2 on a bicycle get a year or so R.I. Crime doesn't pay these days and you don't see any big cars out now. They stop people and question them as to how they can afford such cars...

"One of the first orders of the army was what all license and permit desks must be cleared in 4 days. I heard of one mad who did 4 months accumulation in one afternoon. Even the streets are cleaner and the crews are working like mad to patch some of the oldest holes."

That last paragraph is nearly unbelievable -- one needed money, or pull to get any sort of permit while I was there, and streets simply went unpatched. The richer sections of town had the dung cleared off the streets.

If you're getting this because you're on the waitlist, write if you want more. I'd sooner not send them, if you don't want them.

That's about it - see you next mailing.