

art not
good enough

Times
reversal
on editorials
in England

T-U
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Birmingham
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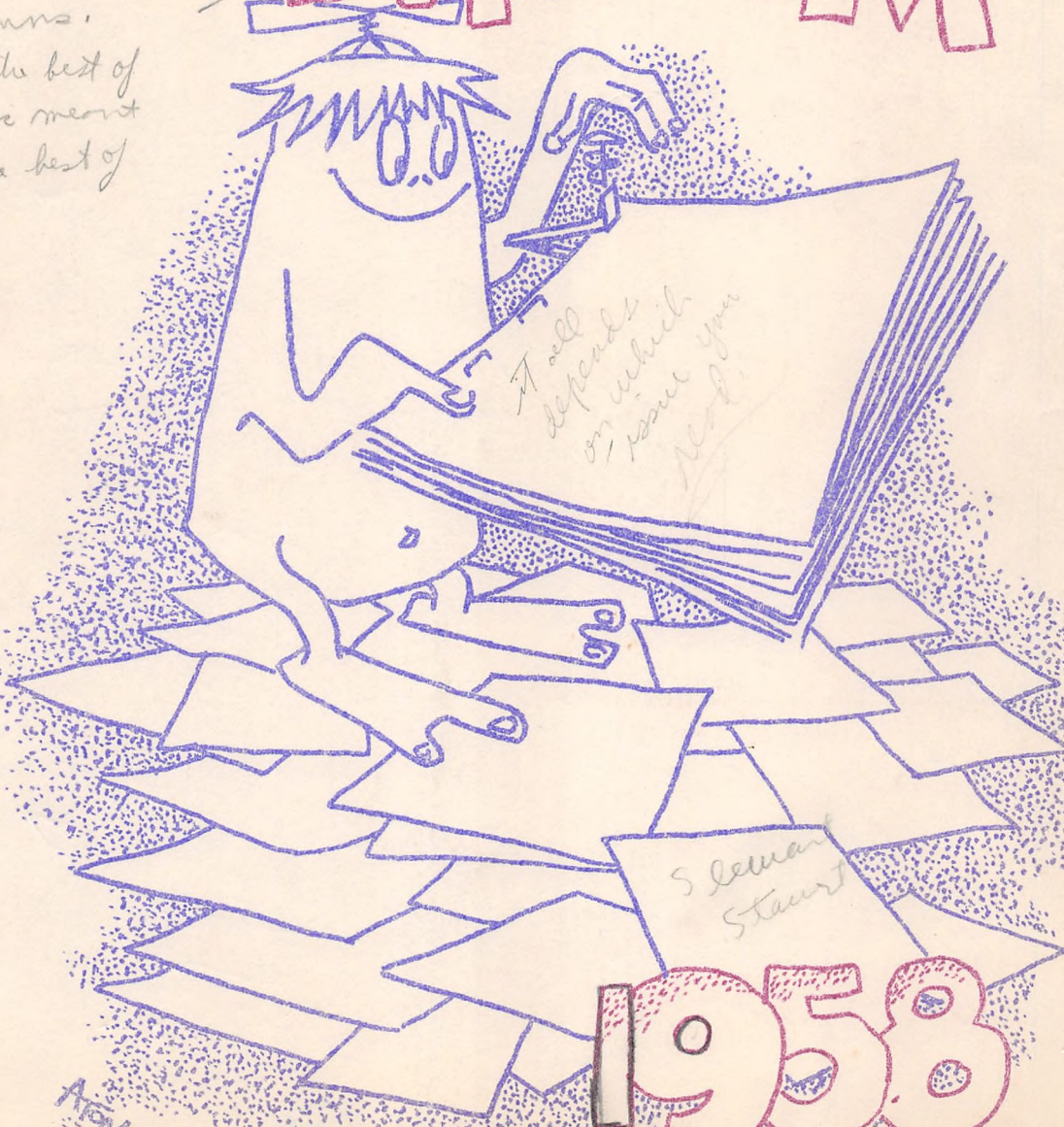
Guggenheim
museum

Monroe

not
credit

THE BEST OF FANDOM

no
opazines
or columns.
Surely the best of
fandom is meant
not the best of
subazines



It all
depends
on which
issue you
read.

130

40

130 pages
crummy
art

Selman
Stuart

1958

This is the reason why
there will be a mass
Bleeding hole
in 1975

1974

a Twig publication

C

Best fan - Walt Wilks
has nothing in it
Twig say not to overlook
Bob Leman who has
2 pieces in it
NO ROTISLER ART.

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NOTE: The Bjo picture on page 56 should have been credited as having been reprinted from MIMSY. Unfortunately, the page had been run off by the time I found that their selection ROCK BUDGERS would not be ready to include in the issue.

EDITORS NOTE:

I would be more than happy to receive comment on this years BEST OF FANDOM. Unfortunately, I can't say that I will answer all the letters that do come in. Your opinions on BOF are always a help. The changes that were made this year were suggested by fans and any changes made next year will no doubt have the same origin.

And, of course, I'd like to know what you thought was the one best item of the year. It may not even have appeared in this volume, but, I have no control over that aspect. I can't include an item that isn't submitted to me.

Write if you find the time, and good reading.

Lucy

*No counting
marginalia
at paragraph
there in
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pages.*

THE OUTLANDER SOCIETY

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'Way back in 1948, when the idea which climaxed in the Solacon was born, the Outlander Society was a light-hearted, informal group, maintained on the basis of having a good time. The euphony of the phrase, "South Gate In '58" struck their ears as really nothing more than a good slogan to close off letters with or shout as a rallying cry. And use it they did, as a sort of running joke, for the next few years. But time wrought its inevitable changes, and the old group gradually drifted apart. The members were taken to other parts of the country by the vicissitudes of the labor situation, family conditions, or just plain wondering feet, and, one by one, most of the happy gang faded away, into the mists of time and the piles of dust on old fmz.

But the slogan went on. Just at this time two great newcomers entered fandom; Walt Willis and Lee Hoffman. They too were taken with the strange ring of the words, South Gate in '58. They used them as interlineations, or any other use to which three words and two digits could be put. A new era of fandom was beginning, and many of the young fen entering with it picked up this slogan from their heroes and so they too carried on the cry.

1956 arrived, and with it a convention in New York. The new "rotation system" now ordained that, unless the '57 convention went overseas, the West Coast must hold it, placing the '58 con in the Midwest. Then help appeared. London stepped in to win the '57 Worldcon with the joint slogan "London in '57 and South Gate in '58." At this convention, standing in a box filled with dirt brought 7000 miles from South Gate, Forry Ackerman made the official bid. It was seconded by Rory Faulkner, one of the few remaining Outlanders, and the convention was unanimously awarded to South Gate.

Thus began a year of work. For reasons of poor health, Rick Sneary, once head of the

Reprinted from: THE INCOMPLETE WHIMPER, Rich Brown, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, California.

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Outlanders and the originator of the slogan, declined the directorship, but accepted the post of Treasurer. A hotel in Los Angeles was chosen because there are no hotels in South Gate large enough to accomodate 500 or more people, but the mayor of Los Angeles contacted the mayor of South Gate and legally ceded the Alexandria Hotel to him for the period of the con, so that it would be really South Gate territory for that length of time. Then, at long last, the time had come.

In their informal gab-sessions, the old Outlanders Society had often discussed the tentative program for their con, but the only detail that was ever settled was the Outlander Reunion on the steps of the South Gate City Hall at 12 noon on the Saturday of the Convention. Today, August 30th, it happened. Five fans, two of whom were of the original Outlander Society, arrived at the City Hall at 11:45. They waited there till 12 noon. At that moment, Rick Sneary, one of the two, stood on the steps of the building alone, holding the famous sign bearing the now deathless slogan. A moment later, he was joined by Rory Faulkner, the other member. There was an historical moment of silence, broken only by the gentle, pine-scented breeze.

The two stood there alone, waiting, but around them were the spirits of the old Society. Alan Hershey was there, Con Pedderson, Bill Elias, John van Couvering, and all the rest. The spirit of Walt Willis must have been there, just as he had so often pictured it in his innumerable letters, and the thoughts of all were turned back to that day, over ten years ago, when it all began.

Yes, the air was full of the memories of those happy far-off times, and the lawn must have been crowded with the viewpoints of the countless visions of that moment. But there, on the low stone steps of the city hall, stood only an old woman and a little man holding a small, worn sign with a short phrase painted on it in black.

It read, "Outlander Society -- South Gate in '58."

The dream had come true.

--Ted Johnstone

THIS LITTLE WORLD OF FANDOM

24Feb: Matheson to be Solacon guest of honor; Walt Willis definitely not to come to the Gate in Fifty-Eight; Chicago, Detroit, Dallas and Milwaukee to fight for 1958 Consite; Terry Carr now 21 years old; Dick Lupoff, currently in USArmy, announces engagement. These were highlights from FANAC's first issue, which ran four pages and went to 73 people.

4Mar: Guy Terwilliger to publish BEST OF FANDOM--1958; Nick and Noreen Falasca launching campaign to destroy WSFSinc; Joe and Roberta Gibson to move to the San Francisco area; LASFS moves again--to Byron's Coffee Shop. The Falascas denied our news in a later issue, however--it seems they just wanted to straighten the WSFSinc out a little; and LASFS didn't really move--they were going to, but Byron's reniged on the deal, and to this day they still meet at 2548 W. 12th, Los Angeles 6.

17Mar: Anthony Boucher to take six-months of vacation to rest from his editorial duties; and, in RUR, fandom is warned that the Secret Service has started investigating Dave Rike and might investigate you next. The Secret Service never did anything violent, although they did scare Rike and his readers, about whether or not he was a communist.

24Mar: EAFF ballots out--candidates are Ron Bennett, Dave Newman, John Berry and Roberta Wild; Chicago announces a one-shot to explain their bid for the 1958 Consite, and Cincinnati and Dallas announce regional conferences.

31Mar: Our first big piece of bad news--Cyril Kornbluth died 21

SELECTIONS FROM FANAC: 24 February 1958 to years end. Ron Ellik, Apt. 7, 2444 Virginia Street, Berkeley 4, Calif., and Terry Carr, 3320 "a" 21st St. San Francisco 10, Calif.

Mar; more information about Chicago and Detroit; Len Moffatt stands up to defend the WSFSinc because it helps him in his job with the WorldCon; INFINITY to go bimonthly because of poor sales.

8Apr: Kent Moomaw folds his fanzine ABERRATION and announces intention to attend Midwestcon, Souwestercon and Solacon; first issue of GROUND ZERO appears, presenting the viewpoints of three WSFSinc officers; SF ADVENTURES folds; Rog Phillips sells to Astounding; Terry Carr enjoys first pie a la mode.

14Apr: IllWiscon announced for 4th July wkend by Lynn Hickman; John W. Campbell Jr and Ed Emshwiller visit Berkeley; Campbell plans new non-stf magazine, Journal of the Interplanetary Society.

29Apr: Califandom congregates at the home of Durbee for the Living Legend's birthday party; Lars Bourne sent a tree to Berkeley; WSFSinc files suit against Dave Kyle for approximately \$200.

6May: Joe and Roberta Gibson move to Berkeley; Knight to edit IF, Budrys to be consulting ed on VENTURE, Phil Klass to be consulting ed on F'SF; controversial issue of METROFAN published, containing material which later caused Arthur Kyle to demand a retraction from editor MacDonald.

12May: Kyle publishes rebuttal to opposing factions in form of THE BELL TOLLS FOR WHOM; Roberta Wild definitely withdraws from 1958 CAFF race.

19May: Silly Season drives Berkeley fandom to distraction with odd messages by phone and junk-mail arriving first class from Pennsylvania; Disclave a success; Le Zombie revived for one issue only.

26May: Dave Kyle serves summons against George Raybin and Franklin Dietz Jr., WSFSinc v. Dave Kyle lawsuit returned by Sheriff's office, unsatisfied.

2Jun: Welcome Gibson Party thrown at home of Rog & Honey Graham, draws carload of fans from L.A. as well as most Bay Areaans; Anna Moffatt orders GNRaybin to withdraw suit against David Kyle; Raybin hedges.

17Jun: French fandom censored by DeGaulle-ist government--first issue of Paris club's OO confiscated by post office, to be returned at the "end of the national emergency"; Sam Moskowitz to marry; Catherine Mary Young enters home of George and Mary Young, 10 June.

23Jun: Vernon McCain dies of peritonitis 10June; the Dave Kyle v. GNRaybin and F'Dietzjr lawsuit announced to be for the sum of \$25,000.

4July: Francis Towner Laney dies of bone cancer; postal rates to change as of 1 August, to affect fanzines drastically.

12July: Ron Bennett wins TAF.

26July: Dave Kyle offers to withdraw \$25,000 lawsuit if Dietz & Raybin retract every statement they have made about him, resign their positions in the WSFSinc; agree NEVER to run for any WSFSinc office again.

1Aug: Dallas drops from 1958 Worldcon running, leaving Chicago and Detroit; FANAC increases sub rates to help meet increased postal costs; Raybin defends his delay in obeying Anna Mollatt's order to withdraw.

15Aug: Little Garden Library closes—Little Men to meet at home of Poul & Karen Anderson; Sally Dunn wed to Roger Brues.

8Sep: Solacon report--Committee rejects WSFSinc as an authority. Anna Mollatt brings down house with announcement of independence; HUGOs awarded to Walt Willis, The Incredible Shrinking Man, Frank Kelly Freas, F&SF, Avram Davidson, and Fritz Leiber; Detroit wins Worldcon bid; Seattle wins Westercon bid; EEEvans resigns as Director of WSFSinc, George Nims Raybin resigns as Legal Advisor; Terry Carr to stand for TAFF 1960; Art & Trina Castillo move to San Francisco; Max Keasler returns to fandom; Jim Caughran moves to Berkeley.

26Sep: Carl Brandon does not exist, but is hoax created by us scheming conniving Berkeley fan; Alan Samuel Young, born 17 Sep to Andy and Jean Young;

30Sep: I become 20 years old, amidst wild fannish party involving another carload of fans from L.A. and most of the Bay Area group; Bob Madle announces TAFF Rules; STEAM (Ken Bulmer) publishes a Bulmer's-eye-view of TAFF history and much invaluable information; Ron & Cindy Smith move to Bay Area.

18Oct: Dave Kyle increases his suit against Raybin & Dietzjr to \$35,000; Raybin, now no longer WSFSinc legal adviser, claims he cannot withdraw WSFSinc v. Dave Kyle suit for \$200; Burbee in hospital from collapsed lung; Ron Ellik elected FAPA vice-president, Washington DC groups take other offices.

28Oct: Clayton Kent Moomaw found dead near home in Cincinnati—considered suicide by police; George Raybin sends stipulation of substitution to Kyle to allow another lawyer to take his place in WSFSinc v. Dave Kyle lawsuit.

5Dec: E. Everett Evans dead of a series of strokes. 2Dec; Roger Horrocks weds Lynette Mills, Ted White weds Sylvia Joy Dees; Ackerman birthday party huge success, with carload of fans from Berkeley in attendance; cities bidding for 1960 con are Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Washington DC; Chicago announces its bid for 1962; Chuck Harris retires from co-editorship of HYPHEN; Futurian Socy of NYC reformed on a happy-go-lucky basis; Bill Courval visits Berkeley on way into Army.

18Dec: Amendment to lower dues for overseas members of FAPA fails
due to apathy among the voters; Boucher resigns from all
connection with F&SF; LASFS buys a Gestetner 120, plans for increas-
ing activity; Atom returns from mafia.

* * * * *

18Jan: Bill Courval found dead near San Diego--considered suicide
by police; Pierre Versins adopts baby girl, Dominique; Tom
Condit moves back to Bay Area; PSYCHOTIC #25 heralds somewhat re-
awakened fannish interest on part of Dick Geis, but is not a re-
vival of PSYCHOTIC.

--Ron Ellick

JOHN BERRY

Per Ardua Ad Fanac

I'm given to understand that my first lecture in this factual series, The Gentle Art of Slip-Sheeting, proved of considerable interest to one well-known fan (who then gaffiated), and to a practising psychiatrist who has since confessed that upon reading my learned thesis he saw a loophole in Freud's theories and decided to spend the rest of his born natural trying to find a category for the author.

Before continuing with my lecture, I must consolidate the slipsheeting angle by bringing you up to date with my latest discovery in that particular field. Well, when I say my discovery, I am perchance slanting the egoboo from that well-known fan, Vince Clarke, who had the occasion to visit my house 'Mon Debris' recently. As he was mentioned in the slip-sheeting article, I felt it only right to show him that his preliminary work hadn't been in vain. He read the article, and then put POLARITY down...rather slowly, I thought. He looked at me over his beard, and his eyes for a brief moment held and retained a look of complete incrddulity.

Then he staggered back.

"My deah fellah," he drawled in his educated London accent, "pardon me for being so blunt, but the answer to your problem, on which you spent some considerable space which Busby could have utilised to much better advantage, can be summed up in three words."

"Oh?" I said, anxious to learn, but at the same time desirous of maintaining my status as an intellectual, "and what are the three words?"

"USE ABSORBENT PAPER," he screamed.

I led him to the sitting room, and Joy nodded knowingly, and dropped two tablets into a glass of water and forced him to drink it. I left them there, Joy maternally patting his head, and Vince crooning strangely to himself.

He came back into my den later, however, and what he demonstrated to me is the basis of this second lecture;=

Reprinted from: POLARITY, F. M. & E. Busby, 2852 14th Avenue West, Seattle 99, Washington.

HOW TO MAINTAIN YOUR DUPLICATOR IN P.M.O.

I untied the string and pulled the rusted metal cover off my Gestetner. Vince looked at it searchingly. His eyebrows raised like a portcullis.

"It does look pretty good," he vouchsafed.

I looked modestly at the knot-hole decorated floor boards.

"Do you mind if I examine it?" he said, and I nodded, pleased that this BNF had condescended to show an interest in me and mine.

He reached a hand into the inner recess of the machine, virgin territory as far as I was concerned, and tenderly pressed here and there, like a prenatal specialist.

"Everything in order," he observed in rather a surprised tone, and tried to pull his hand out. Sweat broke out on his temples, and his face, what I could see of it above the thatch, turned red, then blue.

"Hand stuck?" I suggested.

His reply, a single word, showed he had read and thoroughly digested MANA 2.

Wishing to assist this great and kindly fan, I gave the crank a sharp forward movement.

Vince executed a superb double flip and finished up on his hands and knees begging for mercy.

"The other way, if you please," he grated between sobs.

Joy rushed in and applied a tourniquet, and Vince was obviously in the throes of severe mental strain. It seemed to me, and I'm only guessing, that he didn't know whether to aim a savage blow with his other hand at the Gestetner or me. Sanity prevailed, however, and he aimed the fist at me.

I calmed him down, told him he was doing a good job, and, to boost his ego somewhat, asked his advice about the roller feed. I explained that sometimes a bunch of papers was pulled through, instead of a single sheet.

His eyes gleamed momentarily, and with a supreme mental effort he regained his composure.

Saying something like 'the snaffle flange actuating the dinkum pin which controls the feed roller has become attached' he very professionally pressed down a lever and withdrew the roller. He surveyed his inky hand...inky arm...inky shirt...inky, matted beard.

"Duplicating ink shouldn't be on this roller," he thundered.

"Ah," I said sagely, backing towards the door, "I often wondered about that. The roller missed me, however, and Joy rushed in again and murmured encouragingly to Vince. "It's his house," I heard her say, "and we're guests, you must remember."

Vince failed to see the logic of this, as was demonstrated by his savage leap in my direction.

"Upstairs, first on the right," I hinted, trying to pass the incident off as best I could.

"Humour him," Joy hissed to me, and I caught on immediately.

"I deeply appreciate your valuable assistance, Vincent," I observed from behind the solid oak hall stand, "and I am certain that my Gestetner is now in P.M.O. But might I suggest one final examination? The numbering system doesn't function, and I have to count every sheet, and when I get past 60 or 70 I usually..."

Vince, under the influence of a hastily applied sedative, was almost his normal self again, except for the twitch on the left side of his face.

He looked down at the numbering device and actually smiled. He produced a screwdriver, and worked away like a Swiss watchmaker. Soon, the table was covered with springs and dials with numbers on them. Vince began to hum, and finally burst into song, the lyrics of which suggested he'd learned it at the Globe.

Seven hours passed, and he called me in again.

"Work the crank," he said.

"Really?" I breathed.

"Work the crank and watch the numbers move," he said proudly.

I gripped the crank and eased it ... it moved slowly ... I eased again ... gently ... slowly ... it moved too slowly ... I exerted my maximum strength and so s-l-o-w-l-y ... BANG.

I stood there, with the detached crank in my hand, and watched fascinated as little dials with numbers on them whizzed round the room like miniature flying saucers.

Joy, in the ready position, rammed a benzedrine inhaler up Vince's nostril and twisted.

"Hot coffee," she ordered, "quickly."

.....

Later, Vince was philosophical about the whole thing. He sportingly agreed to accept one of the little dials and promised to wear it on his lapel. I wear one too; it's nice to think I belong

to a select group of fen who have reached the ultimate in frustration and still remain sane.

And the final solution is my own. My very own discovery -- an infallible numbering device Joey, my budgerigar. His effective counting as the sheets slip through one by one is spoiled only by the frequent repition of the 'ana word. I must hide him away next time Vince comes to 'Mon Debris'.

--John Berry

BAH!

HUMBUG!

robert bloch

"Robert Bloch sounds to me like an old fan growing sour."
--Randy Brown Copsla #24

There is probably no more horrifying a phenomenon than the sound of an old fan growing sour. Those who have been so unfortunate as to hear it will never forget the experience. For sheer soul-searing terror, it has country music beat a mile.

Sadly enough, we few old fans who still remain in the thin grey ranks are usually unable to detect our own decadence in terms of decibels. Our senile senses, raddled by long exposure to fan-nish outcries and deafened by the warwhoops of younger and more vigorous enthusiasts, fail to respond. Besides, we are too close to ourselves; like many an old dog, we can't see the forest for the trees.

I am indebted, therefore, to Randy Brown for thus forcibly calling this matter to my attention, and I cannot hesitate to admit the soft impeachment.

Alas, it is all too true. I am an old fan growing sour. Once upon a time I was filled with a sparkling elixir, compounded of two familiar substances; now, one of them has evaporated and all that is left is the vinegar.

But lest Randy be inclined to think too harshly of me for my cranky, morbid, SerCon mutterings about fannish affairs, I hasten to raise my feeble voice in a word of explanation.

I know young folks like Randy are naturally impatient with us old gaffers and our continual ill-tempered outbursts and pointless reminiscences, but I'm asking his indulgence here. Forgive an old man his memories, Randy, and I'll try to tell you just what has soured me so dreadfully on fandom, and why I write such nasty, abusive articles as the one which recently aroused your critical perceptivity in Copsla.

Reprinted from: OOPSLA, Gregg Calkins, 1714 South 15th East,
Salt Lake City 5, Utah.

Actually, Randy, it's all a matter of disappointment. A man can take just so much frustration in the course of a lifetime and when you reach my age (if you ever do, should you boys down in Texas actually get a World Convention, you'll find it will shorten your life-expectancy considerably) you'll realize that long years of fanning will take their inevitable toll.

Fandom, to me, has been a source of endless disappointment and disillusion. Consider just a few of the disenchantments I've suffered through the years:

They lied to me about my birth. Yes, that's right, Randy; shortly after the time I entered fandom, one of the most prominent fans proclaimed that we lovers of science-fiction were star-begotten. Innocent youth that I was, I proudly rushed in and told this news to my parents. They promptly showed me (a) my birth certificate, and (b) the door. The same fan wanted me to sign up for an organization of super-fen known as the Cosmic Circle, but this proved to be pretty much of a bust. I didn't even get to spend a vacation in the Love Camp in the Ozarks.

They lied to me about ruling the world. All during the late Thirties a group of prominent New York fans were banded together in the belief that science fiction was a great potential political force. By advancing social and economic doctrines, fans were to assume power in the future. While it is true that a number of these fans have risen to positions of virtual dictatorship (they're magazine editors) I haven't even been able to get a job as dog-catcher.

They lied to me about themselves. During the ages that I've been a fan, I've been the victim of countless deceptions perpetrated by other fans. They told me, for example, that Tucker was dead. Not once, but twice! If this is actually the case, then I sure as hell would like to know who it was that won \$1.32 from me at poker in Cincinnati last year. They told me there was a beautiful young femme-fan named Joan Carr, and she turned out to be a rough, tough, brutal Army Sergeant over in England. Still worse, they told me that Boyd Raeburn was a hoax and--cruel and bitter disappointment!--he actually exists.

They lied to me about England. No less a fan than Bea Mahaffey reported to me on how hospitably she had been received during a visit to the London Convention some years ago. She said that all the men had lined up to kiss her. Well, as you know, last year a whole plane-full of American fans went over there for a Convention. I checked recently with Bob Silverberg, who attended the Con, and he swears up and down that those hospitality reports are a lie--not a single man even offered to kiss him.

They lie about everything. As a faithful reader of science-fiction, I read everything Richard Shaver wrote and not once was I able to remember Lemuria, nor have I so much as seen a single Dero (except, of course, at Conventions.) I studied Dianetics, but I never became a one-shot clear--in fact, I can still drink as

many as ten shots and all that happens is I get foggier than ever. I bought a Heironymous Machine but it isn't even sticky enough to seal envelopes with.

No, an elderly fan like myself can endure only so much without cracking. After all, I'm a mere mortal, not a Texan. And thus it is, when confronted with the fakery and falsity of Fandom I totter to my feet, brandish my truss, and croak:

"Fandom? Bah! Humbug!"

--Robert Bloch

SHAGGY

SCIENCE FICTION

Kenneth Newman

REINCARNATION

I remember the Lost Continents. I have lived before in the lost civilizations of the distant past. I remember Atlantis and the fantastic land of Mu. I remember Hyperborea and, of course, Gondwanaland.

But most of all -- I remember Lemuria.

I remember the earth-quakes and volcanic eruptions that plagued that doomed, forgotten land in its last days. When I was a child, a shower of rocks destroyed the house where I had been born, and killed both my parents. When I was twelve, I fell into a split caused by an earth-quake, and came out of it with two broken legs. At the age of twenty-one, the temple of the High Glamis fell on me and I suffered a fractured skull and multiple contusions of the spine.

When I think of it now -- something was always either falling on me or out from under me.

I think I'd rather not remember Lemuria.

THE SHADOW OF H.P. LOVEPOTION

How can I tell you of the untellable tales I heard in the unmentionable valley of FSHGLOGTH.

How can I describe the undescribable apparitions that appeared to me in the mind shattering caverns of FTAFGTGN.

I must warn the world of the menace of CTH-ULGNHPU, the blasphemies of SHIG-G-SH-GLTH SH-PHTGOOEY, and give unfavorable reviews on the forbidden book of the NECRONEINEUMONIOCONLOSIS* ANTIARIANISM.

Reprinted from: OB, Lynn A. Hickman, 304 N. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

But how can I speak of these unspeakable horrors when I can't pronounce one of them!

JOHNNY ATOMPILE

Johnny Atompile had always been rather puny. In school, he was excused from Gym classes because the doctors feared he might break a bone. He was deferred from the Armed Services on account of his heart. Earlier, his parents had moved with him, out to Arizona, on account of his lungs.

But there was one thing strong about Johnny Atompile -- his brain.

He had earned his Ph.D. at the age of 17. So it was only natural that at the age of 25, he was the highest ranking consulting nuclear physicist on the atomic-rocket project.

He had grown up with but one idea in mind -- to make space flight a reality. And here on the sands of the Arizona desert, that dream was coming true.

His hands worked like those of a great artist as he made the final instrument checks of his soon-to-be-launched Moon projectile.

"What a pity!" he said to himself, "that no human being will be riding in this first trip to the Moon. What a tragedy that there's no one on Earth who could withstand the violent acceleration of such a take-off.

As Johnny Atompile continued his work in the fuel chamber his beloved atomic space projectile, little did he realize what was happening. Little did he realize that someone had goofed, and that several layers of shielding had already been removed from around the atomic power supply.

Little did he realize the reactions which had already begun to take place within his blood stream as he closed the door to the laboratory shed and headed for home.

That night, as he dreamed his favorite dream of landing on the moon, little did he realize what new strength had come to his corpuscles and leucocytes.

All night long, the changes took place. In the morning, little did he realize his new condition. Yes, little did he realize -- because Johnny Atompile was dead as a door-nail.

--Kenneth Newman

I don't recall just when or how I discovered that Festus Pragnell lived in Southampton, nor the source from which I gleaned his exact address. I suppose I must have written to him, expressing my fifteen-year-old admiration of his works, but there's no recollection of that, either. All I do know is that I set out on my journey Pragnellwards one evening, and that some obscure sense of reverence forbade my using my bike -- the normal means I had of getting to Southampton and, in particular, to the little bookstall off East Street which was my back-number treasure-trove. Instead I walked the two miles to Swaythling, and took a tram the rest of the way.

The preconceived views adolescents have of authors they admire are frequently even more idealistic and unsound than their views of the opposite sex. I was no exception to this. Any name that had appeared over a story in "Wonder" represented something a little larger than life; in the case of the author of THE GREEN MAN OF GREYPEC it had taken on a quasi-angelic quality. Shock No. 1 -- Festus was no immaculate, pipe-smoking character drinking cocktails in a cosy den carpeted with Chinese rugs. He was a large, untidy man, shirt-sleeved amid that domestic confusion to which I was quite accustomed at home but which here, in the context of so great an author, struck my mind nurtured on futuristic fantasies as perilously near squalor.

The second shock was in the realization that there was no point of contact between my own mind and that of the revered author, and that the failing -- as it seemed to me then -- was all on his side. I wanted to talk about science-fiction, which was the passion which consumed my days to the exclusion of practically everything else; particularly I wanted to talk about the science-fiction which Festus himself had

A
VISIT TO
FESTUS
PRAGNELL

C. S. Youd

Reprinted from: BEM, Mal Ashworth, 40,
Makin Street, Tong Street, Bradford.
4., Yorks., England.

getting worked up about, and was ready to argue any donkey's hind-leg off on the subject. With small children of my own, I knew just what was wrong about 'free discipline', and was ready to state my findings at length. And as for diamond, five years of helping to edit a technical journal on the subject would enable me to knock man-sized holes in any suggestion of using it for armour-plating.

I should have known better, of course. The years slide by, and they change other people while they are changing us. Festus wasn't interested in religion, in child-upbringing, in the properties of diamond. Festus had a new passion --

Vitamins. And I didn't know a damn thing about them.

--C. S. Youd

Directly at the head of Francis T. Laney the
mallet came flying.

This is the same Laney who edited the #1 fan-
zine ACOLYTE, the #2 FAPazine FANDANGO, who was a
one-time dignitary in the NFFF, and besides being
an officeholder in FAPA a couple of times, was more
than once the Director of the Los Angeles Science
Fantasy Society.

If I could remember the exact chronology of
this affair, I might even discover that he was
Director of the LASFS at the very moment that the
mallet came flying at his head. Can you imagine
anyone throwing a mallet at the head of the Dir-
ector of the LASFS?

This happened back in 1946 or 1947 when Laney
and I worked in the same shop and each working day
was like a protracted meeting of a fan club.

A fan club with only two members. For about a
year it had three members. Gus Willmorth, founder
of the adzine FANTASY ADVERTISER, worked there for
a while.

Laney, in response to a loud warning shout,
looked up just in time to see the mallet and to
duck. The mallet whizzed over his head and crashed
into a partition.

Chow, the Chinese machinist who had thrown
the mallet at Laney and shouted the warning at him
also, came up to him laughing. "Old Chinese joke,"
he said. "I almost kill you."

Laney, shaking his head, laughed too. It was
an incredulous, wry laugh, the laugh of a man who,
not quite understanding, was trying to be a good
sport. Chow demonstrated his sense of humor in
peculiar ways at times, Laney knew. And so he laugh-
ed, without much humor in his laugh, because he
could scarcely believe that this thing had happened.

I could hardly believe it myself and I had
just witnessed the entire sequence. Chow had picked
up the mallet, and standing a dozen feet away, had
swung it underhand at FTL's head shouting "Hey,

Reprinted from:
INNUEENDO, Terry
Carr, 3320 A
21st St., San
Francisco 10,
California.

CHARLES BURBEE

Laney!" as the missile left his hand.

For a long time afterward that was a standard shop joke among the three of us. Nobody else could see anything humorous about it. In fact, several people said that they hated having Chow tell them jokes because they could never tell when it was time to laugh. On the other hand, when they told him jokes they never could tell whether he would look at them blankly or laugh uproariously. There seemed to be no pattern.

Laney claimed it was the fault of us inscrutable Occidentals.

One day Chow came to work fairly bursting with a story to tell us. He could scarcely wait to tell us what had happened the night before.

It seems that Chow and his sister lived with their father. Every night the old man came home around eleven o'clock after closing up his little grocery store, and he entered the house by the back way in total darkness. He had a system for finding the dangling light cord on the back porch. From the door he reached for the washtub, followed along the washtub so many paces, and having reached a certain spot would reach up into the blackness and grasp the light cord without a miss. He was very fond of telling people how he could do this every time.

One day Chow noticed, in changing the light bulb, that the outside metal shell was electrically live--he got a shock from it. So he attached a wire to it and ran the bare wire down in place of the switch cord. That night his father came home late as usual, felt his way along the washtub as usual, reached the locating point, reached up and grasped the light cord...Chow said his father's yelp of fright and pain could be heard most of the way down the block.

"My golly," I said when he told me the story. "He was grounded to the washtub! He must have gotten a terrific shock. You might have killed him."

"Only old Chinese joke," laughed Chow. "I almost kill him."

"Did he find out you'd rigged the light switch?"

"Sure, I tell him. I say, 'Oh boy, old Chinese joke. I almost kill you.' So he laugh too."

I guess the old man saw the point.

The other day in the shop the foreman started feeding a piece of material through one of the table saws with the direction of rotation. This is not common practice and this foreman has been running these saws for more than twenty years, but there he was, feeding the strip the wrong way. Of course the saw seized up and shot the piece through the air at a speed we later estimated to be 100 mph. It screamed past six inches away from the ear of Chow as he sat operating a drill press. It struck the wall with a sound

ALL THE WAY

JOHN BERRY

The neo-fan idly flipped over the pages of the book his father had given him for a Christmas present. It demonstrated with diagrams and thumbnail sketches, plus a few chapters of small print, exactly how to make a one man motor boat for fifty dollars. Two months before, Gary had been absolutely thrilled at the prospect of making his own motor boat, and he had in fact requested his fond parent to buy him that particular book. And then that chance reading of IMAGINATION, most especially a certain Mr. Bloch's column, had inspired him with a new and glorious enthusiasm! He didn't really know an awful lot about it, he confessed to himself in front of the roaring log fire, but it seemed that folks called themselves 'fans' and they published their own little magazines, called, appropriately enough, 'Fan'zines. They wrote to each other, and sometimes argued with each other, but notwithstanding there was something different in their approach to things, and in their individual ways of expressing themselves. Gary dropped the motor boat volume, and picked up the two fanzines which had so far arrived as a result of his financial speculations. He'd read them through so many times that the pages were tattered. Even from his perusal of such a minute quantity of fanzines, he realized several things, one of which was that he'd have to steer clear of a certain G.M. Carr. He pondered over the advertisement he'd replied to in IMAGINATION. 'Be a fan' it said seductively, 'send us 25 dollars and in a short time you'll hear from us, and everything will be explained to you and you'll have a wonderful fannish time.' It said much more, too, but it didn't really say anything, he realized. He'd saved up almost 25 dollars to purchase wood and fittings for his boat, but in the first flush of neofannish exuberance he whipped it into an envelope and rushed it to the quoted Box Number. Of course, Gary realized, it was Christmas 1958, and it was snowing outside, not really too much, that was to come, but enough to probably disorganize the mail.

Reprinted from: CRY OF THE NAMELESS, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave.,
Seattle 4, Washington.

He heard his brothers and sisters shouting and laughing in the other room as they played with their toys, and he smiled nostalgically. Heck. He was seventeen, and sure they were only kids. He lay back and watched the flames shadowed around the walls, and he looked into the heart of the fire. If only he could afford a Gestetner....

His mother opened the door, and she had a surprised look on her face. "A man to see you, Gary," she said uncertainly. "A rather strange looking man."

Gary shook himself, and walked to the front door...and opened it.

A young man stood on the doorstep. It was snowing heavily. At the end of the avenue Gary saw a broken-down car with a caravan behind it. He saw footprints in the deep snow leading to his doorway, to the man standing there.

"Gary Frinklefooter?"

He nodded. He looked at the strange headgear the man was wearing...sort of burnished metal with a propellor on top of it, a rather snow encrusted propellor.

"Yes, I'm Gary, who are you...I don't...?"

The man on the doorstep took a step forward out of the driving snow. He seemed a mite disappointed.

"I thought you'd know me," he explained wryly, "surely you've heard of BAG. No? I'm Barry Gunnell. I publish SWEEP, and I'm in SAPS, OMPA, and FAPA. I'm a BNF, and according to some people I rate after Bloch and Tucker."

"I've heard of Mr. Bloch," said Gary apprehensively. "But I haven't read many fanzines. In fact, I've read two. I'm - I'm..."

"Oh, don't be so ashamed of your status," growled Gunnell good-naturedly. "I was a neofan once, back in '51."

"What do you - er - want?" asked Gary. He had sensed that fanzine editors, faneds they were called, were keen to get subscriptions but he thought there should have been a limit. After all, it was Christmas.

"Didn't you send 25 dollars to Box 374?" asked the man.

"Oh yes," said Gary, "I was wondering..."

"Well, here we are," explained Gunnell, his hands wide apart, "all ready to initiate you as it were. You see, our service is especially designed for neofen such as yourself who live a considerable distance from any other fans. Er. Ahem. Are you coming into the caravan, or do you have a den or a room we could use for our fanac session?"

long as the snow isn't too deep, we intend to leave tomorrow morning."

Mrs. Finklefooter smiled, and ushered them inside.

Gary took them to his bedroom, and under Gunnell's directions, they put the bed and the other mundane furniture along one wall, and set up the Gestetner on a table in the center of the room. Walker took a bunch of prozines from a case and scattered them around the floor and on the bed. Gunnell took a half emptied tube of duplicating ink from his case, and smeared a black thumb down his cheek, and also down Gary's cheek. "You look the part now, son," he smirked. Walker stacked a half a dozen reams of colored duplicating paper under the table, and flung a bunch of letters and envelopes around the room. They stood by the door and looked the room over with professional care.

"Hmmm," mused Gunnell, "it does look like a fan room, I suppose. Pity you forgot to bring that Ekberg pin-up, although that technicolor enlargement of Sylvia Dees playing the guitar serves well enough. Get your typer out, son, and we'll start."

Gary produced the typer, which had belonged to his father, and placed it on the end of the table. Gunnell took off his jacket, rolled up his shirt sleeves, lit a cigarette and let it drop from the corner of his mouth, and hunched over the typer, his fingers poised.

"We'll bash out a one shot, Gary," he said. "Any ideas, Rank?"

Walker put his anthology down.

"Let me see, is this neo taking the 25 or the 35 dollar course?"

"The former," muttered Gunnell, looking hopefully at the neofan.

"That's eight pages," mused Walker. "Tell you what, you write a couple of pages to introduce Finklefooter here. Bring in a few allusions about him pleading with me to autograph his anthology and suchlike. Mention the huge feed his mother's going to give us soon ...hmm, I can smell that turkey even up here...meanwhile, I'll write a three page article on how I sold my first story." He turned to the overawed neofan. "That leaves three pages for you, Mid. You've never had anything published, have you? No, I thought not. Weeell, you've plenty of scope. Tell 'em how you've always wanted to meet me, and how you pleaded with me, aw, you know all about that, and what it feels like to be in the presence of BNF's, and like that. Spread it on thick; fans like it."

"Pass me the stylo, Rank," muttered Gunnell, his eyes creased as the smoke wafted past them, "maybe you'd like to print the title yourself, Gary? This here's called a stylo. Don't press too hard. What about a title for the oneshot, Rank?"

"Ummm. How about HERO WORSHIP, or MY GREAT DAY, or ALL THIS AND WALKER TOO, or..."

"Howsabout RANK FANAC," muttered Gunnell darkly. "Jeeze, Rank,

.....It was snowing hard, a veritable wall of downy-like snowflakes formed a barrier in front of us as B&G and myself drove the trusty rod to our destination, the abode of a neofan named Gary Frinklefooter who, it transpires, has developed an avid affection for my stories. He said...."

Gunnell came up later, whilst they were duplicating. He had a large red volume under his arm, "The Amateur Geologist," He seemed reluctant as he put it down on the bed and helped the others put the issue together.

"Here's a list of the fans I think you should send your oneshot to, Gary," he said. "You'll find a bundle of envelopes in that case over there....your mother has kindly allowed Rankin and myself to stop for tonight in the spare bedroom. I'm going to retire now, Rank: don't wake me up like you did at South Gate. Goodnight, Gary. Looks like it's going to be a pretty good oneshot."

He picked up the geology book, and opened it as he passed through the door.

"He's been a BNF for many years now, Gary," explained Walker. He had hypnotized himself to think that Gary was mad about his stories, and Gary really felt somehow sorry for the pro, because the only story of Walker's he had read had almost turned him inside out with remorse. The newsagent had told him that particular prozine was dying, anyway. But his encyclopedic knowledge of fandom and its members awed Gary, and because his attention to every word of Rankin's was so obvious, Rankin thawed out a little in his attitude to Gary, and eventually deigned to call him by his Christian name...an honor, he pointed out, not usually conferred by him on neofans. He talked until the early hours of the morning.....

The next morning the snow had ceased. Walker and Gunnell rose late, after breakfast in bed, and packed their cases. Gary carried the Gestetner to the caravan again, and asked them for their autographs before they departed.

Gunnell signed with a flourish, and climbed into the back of the caravan, still clutching the red volume which Gary's father had given him.

"Drive for a while, will you, Rank?" he asked, "there's something really interesting that...oh, say, thank your mother again for the hospitality, Gary. And I think you're going to be a BNF yourself one day. That title was very good. Very good. Adieu. Hope you liked the course."

Gary, a tear in his eye, waved a hand towards Gunnell, and followed Walker round to the car.

"I'll keep you in touch with which prozines my stories are appearing in," Rankin smiled. "You're oneshot was pretty good, and I'm confident that lots of faneds will get in touch with you. I think you'll agree with me that this neofan course has been very successful; wish I'd thought of it before. Gunnell's a great help,

I SLEEP WITH

DOLLY

bob leman

It happens that I am a member of a very select group--a coterie even more exclusive than The After-Shave Club. While this group is not in any sense formally organized, its members have a common bond in their survival of an experience that sent their souls through the fire. From this experience they have emerged purified, purged, and subtly different from other people. (This is called "The Far Look.") All this serves to bind them more closely together than could any formal organization.

The experience to which I allude is that of sleeping with a bulldog. That is not a common undertaking, and thus there are not many people in The Brotherhood--indeed, it may be that Peggy and I are the only members. To tell the truth, I can't imagine anyone else being clothheaded enough to allow a bulldog to come into his bed--because, God wot, once the dog is in, you'll never get it out.

Two years ago, when we lived in Illinois, Dolly (full name, Dolly Varden, a three-year-old bitch) very happily slept in the basement. She took it for granted that that was where dogs slept. Then I was transferred out here, and then began our trial by fire.

Dolly came out by Railway Express. She was three days on the way, and those three days must have been three days of horror for her. The bulldog is afflicted with a terrible need for affection; there is no creature afoot with such a slobbering well of love inside it. Your bulldog isn't very bright, and he's a pretty timid critter (despite his ferocious aspect) but he's the only really safe dog with strange children, and he loves all humans with an abject adoration. And in Dolly's great love lay our downfall.

When I fetched her home to our new house, she was in a dreadful state; her normally placid temperament had been replaced by a ferbrile nervousness; she was as jumpy as a cat. Unless the family was all together, she would go loping uneasily from room to room to make sure nobody had disappeared. Three days without her people had shaken her badly.

Reprinted from: THE VINEGAR WORM, Bob Leman, 2701 South Vine St.
Denver 10, Colorado.

So Peggy suggested that we put Dolly's bed in our room--just until she returned to normal, of course. And I--God help me--I agreed. The dog bed was duly put in a corner of the bedroom, and Dolly dosed down there each night. But somehow we found her in our bed every morning, and after a while, she acquired the notion that our bed was also hers. I made fitful efforts to eject her--every time she came sneaking up onto the bed I'd eject her--but in the end I'd always fall asleep, and next morning, there she'd be.

I gave up, eventually; and from that time to this, when bedtime has come, three of us have gone to bed. And I haven't had a good night's sleep since.

The initial problem is leg position. Forty pounds of sleeping bulldog comprise a dead weight not easily dislodged from its place. Now people move in their sleep, shifting about to allow the various muscles to rest and relax--or at any rate, people without bulldogs do so. Not so with me: when I try to move my legs, they encounter our good Dolly, squatting like a toad atop the covers. The frustration thus engendered eventually wakes me, and I give her a mighty kick. But since the covers lie between the foot and the dog, the main result of my spleen-venting is that I uncover myself. Usually Dolly doesn't even wake up.

Of course, as a rule, I'm not very well covered, anyhow; a blanket is so proportioned that it is just adequate to cover two people. When a great lump of a dog is lying between them on top of the blanket, it becomes entirely inadequate. I have by now become quite accustomed to sleeping with the right side of my body in a deep-freeze.

The bulldog's ancestors, as you may know, were, by profession, fighters of bulls; their technique was to seize the bull by the nose, and to hang on until the bull fell exhausted. For the dog to keep his grip for that long a time, it was necessary that he breathe, and to make that possible, the dogs were bred for shortness of nose. This selective breeding resulted in the "sourmug" bulldog we know today; it also resulted in a twisting and displacement of the various pipes, tubes and conduits that comprise the dog's breathing apparatus. And the effect of this is that he wheezes and snores.

There is no noise on earth better calculated to prevent slumber than the snoring of a bulldog. It is an ululation of infinite variety and magnificent irregularity, full of surprises and startling non-sequiturs. It will drone along for a time with the regularity of a phlegmy metronome--cunningly drawing the unwary into its web--and then, just as the wretched insomniac is about to cross the line into sleep, it abruptly degenerates into a coarse symphony of snorts, hawkings, moans, gasps and gurglings, raising our sleepy subject some three inches off his bed and driving Morpheus to a distance of several leagues. This can go on all night.

There is a further pitfall in sleeping with a bulldog, but

INCORPORATION

IS TOO RESTRICTIVE

(A public service announcement)

~~SAM~~

~~MOSKOWITZ~~

Now that the World Science Fiction Society has been incorporated, too many of us egotists have the feeling of being penned in. The corporate setup is too restrictive:

1. It restricts a member of the Society from becoming liable for a convention's debts. After all, fans should have the right to lose their shirts if a convention should lose money.

2. It restricts a person who is holding Society funds from making off with the money. Loud complaints have been heard from some of our members.

3. It restricts a convention treasurer from refusing to make financial reports. This has cut down the number of fans available, as it has only left the honest ones willing to take on the job.

4. It restricts the Recorder-Historian and others from keeping the records of the Society in a dark, unattainable dungeon. This is a terrible danger: Fans will get to know what's going on.

5. It restricts people from acting in the name of the Society without any authority. It doesn't even let anyone call himself a director unless he's been elected.

6. It restricts all sorts of other improper acts which leaves all the chiselers out in the cold. It's getting so nobody can make a dishonest buck on fans nowadays.

By now, we are sure you agree: INCORPORATION IS TOO RESTRICTIVE!

(Presented as a public service by the following:)

ASSOCIATION OF UNINCORPORATED GONIFFS
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF CHISELERS
AMALGAMATED EMBEZZLERS OF AMERICA
THE SECOND STORY ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK
"WE ROB WHILE THEY SLEEP" FEDERATION
NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CONFIDENCE MEN

-----paid advertisement-----paid advertisement-----

reprinted from: GROUND ZERO, c/o Belle C. Dietz, 1721 Grand Avenue,
Bronx 53, New York, Apt. 4C.

I mailed the damn fool letter, but by the time I stopped to think better of it, the letter had gone off. And of course he printed the stupid thing in VD, and by Ghod we were off on the feud of the century. The whole FAPA got into the act before we were through. The rotten part of it was, most of our friends were mutual friends. Kerry Benteen, who'd co-published with me back during the war, took Buck's side, and we exchanged some fairly bitter letters. And then there was the car crash when Kerry was killed, and I knew I'd never have a chance to set things straight. I blamed myself for that, and I had another row with my wife because she couldn't understand it. She kept saying she couldn't understand why I'd get so upset over a simple little hobby, or a guy I never met in my life. So I stayed away from the Solacon just to calm her down: she was sure that all I wanted to do was go and get roaring drunk and shack up with some femmefan. (I kept telling her she ought to see some of the femmefans, but it didn't do any good. Wives never believe things like that.)

I'd pretty well gotten over it, and after Buck dropped out of FAPA, I could even manage to swallow some of my bile when a Buck Turner article turned up in a fanzine I liked. The guy had talent, you had to admit that, and he had humor. But he was so damned something-or-other.

It wasn't all on my side, either. He had called me a talentless crud, and a fugghead, and implied that my fanzines were a public leaning - post for all the worn-out 'deadwood in FAPA. I hate to admit it, but I'd got into a state where the name of Buck Turner started to bring a funny taste up under my tongue, and my hands felt a little cold, not exactly shaky but that queer feeling you get just before you start to feel shaky enough to hit somebody.

Over in the corner, Tim pointed to a turned-away back in a blue suit. He muttered, "That's Turner. I guess they're telling him you're here."

I heard a sudden rousing laugh from that corner. It was just the kind of laugh I'd expected Turner to have. Now don't get paranoid, I told myself; he isn't necessarily laughing at you; maybe he doesn't even know you're here.

But just then Buck Turner turned around and looked at me. His face was something of a shock; it was a young face, not the pasty unhealthy face of a creep with a degenerate sense of humor, but a face like any other face. I guessed he was about my age, and if he was taller than I was, I could have given him twenty pounds. He looked across the room and I saw him grin when his eyes met mine. I managed a rather flippent, ironical nod.

"Hey," one of the teen-age fans said, "Gary, he's coming over here!"

The Convention Chairman blinked and started to thrust his way through the crowd. All of a sudden it was quiet in the room, and it seemed as if everybody in the hall was looking at me, and at

Along about this time Chuck decided to start his snapzine, HERE THERE BE TIGERT. He always used my mimeograph, of course. It's funny how he could make that thing reproduce a neat page when I couldn't run off anything that looked better than one of Ray Thompson's things. He wrote fanzine reviews in the zine to start with--long ones, maybe a page or more on each zine--but before long he was expanding his opinionating to more general topics. He got off onto this kick against the apa's for awhile, saying they were draining the lifeblood of fandom away. "Fandom's Never-Never Land," he called them, "where they build castles in air and argue over how many mailing comments can dance on the head of a pin."

Well, he went on for several issues, a week or two apart, and naturally his opinions started quite a bit of controversy, which he printed as much as he could. He was attracting a lot of attention to himself, all right.

But he was also expanding his list of correspondents, and it got to the point pretty soon where it was a choice of dropping some correspondents or spending absolutely all his time writing letters. He chose to drop some correspondents, and unfortunately a few of them got mad about it. First thing he knew, good old Chuck Tigert was involved in two or three feuds.

If there's anything that will undermine a fan's reputation in fandom, it's feuding. Fan-feuds rarely are conducted on a strictly honorable or even logical basis, and as is usual Chuck came in for some pretty heavy personal attacks. One fan jumped on him for a typo he'd made in HERE THERE BE TIGERT, and harped on that for all it was worth. Chuck got really mad about that--after all, there he was publishing this thing almost every week, and trying to keep up with his correspondence and CLOCKWORKS too, and then this guy started yapping about a simple little mistake like spacing wrong when referring to "Destination Moon" as "George Pal's hit movie." You can't really blame Chuck for getting mad.

Actually, though, he went overboard himself in his reply, and some of the language he used wasn't in the best taste--probably not even legally mailable. After all, as somebody (I think it was George again) wrote in to the next issue, swearing was an old fannish tradition, from Tucker to Burbee, but even they had purposely invented and used circumlocutions like rosebud and fugghead.

Chuck around this time was in his greatest period in fandom, but he was already starting to slip, at least as far as his plans for fannish fame and influence were concerned. You can't maintain a respected position when you're under personal attacks like Chuck was, and especially not when you're as thin-skinned as Chuck. He got blasted, he blasted back, and before long even the formerly neutral fans were making cracks about HERE THERE BE TIGERT being run under the law of the jungle, and so forth. You know how fans are. To make it worse, he wasn't able to keep his monthly zine very regular, and one of his critics sent him some Ex-Lax that Christmas.

Chuck might have pulled out of the slump--he was pretty hot-headed, but he had good sense underneath--if it hadn't been for the

with reams of bastard quotecards too!

HERE THERE BE TIGERT #11 will probably be remembered by anyone who received it as the most incoherent issue of all. Chuck went completely overboard, writing two more pages right on stencil. He ended up by saying that if anybody sent him any more quotecards he was going to keep them bighod. "I'm going to start a collection of the damn things," he wrote. "I'll file away everyone I get, until I've got them all, every one. May e that way I can keep them out of circulation!"

Three weeks went by before I heard from Chuck again. He showed up at my place one night with ten stencils under his arm, ready to mimeograph. I told him my mimeo was on the blink just then, which it was--the roller wasn't engaging properly. But he hardly heard me; he just stormed into my den and slapped the first stencil on the drum. "Don't bother me with excuses," he kept saying, "I've got some of the most classic insults ever seen by man in this issue. I invented at least five new Anglo-Saxon idioms, right on stencil!"

"What happened this time?" I said.

"Happened? I'll tell you what happened!" he said. "Since the last issue I've been getting more God damned quotecards than ever before! Enevoldson has started a bastard campaign to send me quote-cards! He calls it the Tigert Shafter's' club, or T.S. for short!"

I had to laugh at that.

"Very funny, very funny!" he snapped. "But I fixed their asses --I saved every single quotecard, just like I said I would. And last night I put them all in the center of the floor in the basement and burned the damn things. They made a pile a foot high, I swear to God! They flared up and threw sparks all over the damn place. My goddam collection damn near caught on fire! I've got a Startling with the best parts of a Bergey cover burned away to thank Enevoldson for." He stopped. "What the hell's wrong with this idiot mimeograph, dammit!" he said. He'd been cranking the machine all this time, hardly paying attention to the way the paper just got torn into shreds.

"The roller doesn't engage," I told him again. "It won't run; you might as well give up."

That didn't stop him, though. He just muttered something and started cranking again, only faster. And the sheets of paper ripped all to hell as they went through--if they went through at all. "What the hell is this thing, a conietti machine?" Chuck said, and kept trying to make it feed properly.

There's nothing more fraastrating than trying to use a machine that's acting like that. Chuck stood there bitching and swearing and turning the crank round and round, then trying to fix the roller, trying to again, and swearing even louder. Fianlly, after he'd already wasted half a ream of paper, he threw back his head and yelled

HARRY WARNER, JR.

The net closed around me the night that the squirrel who was afraid of trees came into the office. During the 14 years that I had been employed by the newspaper, I had successfully concealed my double life, as a normal person while in the office and as a science fiction fan while out of the office.

The squirrel had nothing to do with the situation, directly, but it provides a convenient mnemonic device. A young married couple had found the squirrel several weeks before, as the tiny rodent was stumbling away from a tree on wobbly legs. They assumed that it had fallen from its nest, took it home, fed it with an eyedropper, and made a pet of it. Soon the couple learned that the squirrel became terrified when it saw a tree. They took it out for fresh air at night, so that the trees just outside the house wouldn't be too visible. The squirrel was a fine household pet except for one trait. It insisted on using a 20-gallon brass pot as a chic saucer. The squirrel's mistress was happy to have no mess to clean up in her apartment, but she regretted having the pot, purchased as an antique, in the house when the squirrel moved in. It was a lot of work to empty it every day.

The couple brought in the squirrel because they thought it would be a good item for the newspaper. I agreed, but I said the wrong thing. The squirrel's master was proud to have figured out some squirrel psychology. He thought that the animal was afraid of trees because of the traumatic condition induced by the fall from the nest in the tree. I demolished that theory by suggesting that the squirrel might have been afraid of trees from birth and jumped from its nest as soon as it had the strength to climb overboard. I advised him to keep the squirrel away from other squirrels, lest a mutated race of tree-fearing squirrels be loosed upon the nation. The couple left before I had finished painting the horrors of squirrels that crept into cellars like cockroaches or mice instead of peacefully hopping around lawns and climbing trees.

Then one of the other reporters said to me: "What's this about you selling science fiction stories?"

Now, there are several reasons why I had never talked

Reprinted from: RETRIBUTION, John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

And Hagerstown is a small town, limiting sharply the number of persons who could imagine themselves to be depicted in the stories that I write. For example, 'Earth Aflame' in Science Fiction Adventures contained a heroine who had a big nose. If I lived in Indianapolis or Belfast, it is hardly likely that any of my acquaintances would assume that any particular person had been the model for the heroine. But in Hagerstown, there are only five or six women who are acquainted with me, and possess a proboscis of more than ample proportions. One of them used to be the social page editor, until she started to suffer from a bad case of pregnancy; another is a secretary at a local high school, and there's a clerk at a dime store, to name three. Each of them would assume that she was the only large-nosed person of my acquaintance and would believe that I had modelled Katherine after her, which would be disastrous, considering how unbearable a person Katherine was. Actually, I can determine precisely the direct reason that Katherine came into being and can guess at the subconscious reason. Directly, I wrote the story because my interest in the taming of the shrew theme was aroused by an argument I'd been having with Marion Zimmer Bradley over the validity of the feminine psychology involved in this theme. Subconsciously, the story may have sprung from the fact that I had been riding the last bus home with a telephone operator named Catherine; we would wait for the early morning bus in an apparently deserted, lifeless Hagerstown, frequently would be the only passengers on the bus; and she was a very nice, extremely engaged girl. Deep inside, I might have been imagining her and me as the only two persons left out of all humanity, which would have solved the problem of her fiancé. She didn't have a big nose or a shrewish character, but if all my big-nosed female friends had suddenly begun to sue me for libel of character, I could hardly have explained this subconscious motivation. Strike three.

I could see the catastrophe closing in around me for some months before the net descended. For instance, there was the night that I was covering a production of 'The Potting Shed' at the local little theatre. Between acts, a large woman previously unknown to me descended upon me, looking mad. "I wanted to talk to you about something," she said. "I took a vacation last year. I wanted to get away from this damned town and every damned person in it. So I went to the West Indies and I stopped at the crummiest damned hotel that I could find, just so I wouldn't run into anybody else I knew who might be travelling. And the first evening I was in the hotel, I picked up an American magazine and I opened it and I saw your damned name and a not saying you were from Hagerstown and I was so mad that I just want ahead and read your damned story. There, I feel better now." She walked away.

And then there was a narrow escape when the local library scheduled Willy Ley as its speaker for the celebration of National Library Week. I've never met Willy, but he had written to me several times about this or that matter back in the days when I was publishing SPACEWAYS. He seems to have a mind like flypaper, never releasing any subject that happens to land in his memory. It was pretty clear what would happen. He would be met in Hagerstown by a reception committee and make a morsel of conversation to break the awkward silence that always follows the first handshakes. Willy would say: "Hagerstown.

This is the city where a fellow published a fanzine some time ago. Maybe you still know him. His name. . . And this would be repeated with everyone who would be introduced to Willy. Fortunately, Willy got a more lucrative offer to speak in the Midwest, cancelled his engagement in Hagerstown, and the sword still hung over my head by an unbroken thread.

Four months ago, another science fiction fan came to work in my office. She is a fan only in embryo, not yet conscious of the fact, but she had every characteristic of the full-fledged fan and it is only a matter of time until she will bend for a fanzine or meet an active fan and break out of her shell into the greater world of fandom. It was torture, to sit and listen to her chatter to this or that reporter about the wonderful story she had just read by Jim Blish or Fred Pohl, and wonder how long it might be until she ran across "Jack of Eagles" with its reference to me on the flyleaf or saw my name under a story in a prozine. She was quite a girl: after high school graduation, she had gone to college because she didn't want to earn her living, she had enlisted in the Woman Marines after a year of college, to get away from studying, then she found she didn't like the Marines and chose the only way that permitted discharge after only three months of service: marriage, so that she wouldn't have to be around her husband, and she now spends most of her time in the office reading science fiction stories so that she won't have to do any work.

As far as I can determine, the operative incident that ended my double life was "Earth Aflame", to which Larry Shaw appended a brief note about my whereabouts, occupation and intentions. One of the linotype men saw a copy of the magazine, and talked to the reporter, causing him to say to me: "What's this about you selling science fiction stories?"

I must say that I took it calmly. I had always wondered what I would reply when the question was put to me in public, in front of everyone. I had never been able to think of the proper retort that would restore me to the previous condition of enigmatism that I had always enjoyed. When the actual test came, I passed it beautifully. I answered: "Well, one story slipped by under my own name. I always use a penname, you know."

Now the other reporters buy every issue of the Saturday Evening Post, Playboy, and Startling Detective, reading every story in them, attempting to find themselves in print as characters in those pieces of fiction, wondering if I write the entire contents of each issue of every magazine or just parts of them.

What has all this to do with the title of this article? Well, it was one way to keep you reading until the end, to try to find a link between the title and the text, wasn't it?

—Harry Warner, Jr.

GAFIA

HOUSE

by BLOCH

You have to have a pretty detailed map if you want to locate Weyauwega, Wisconsin.

Even on a highway map of the state, Weyauwega figures as a mere flyspeck. In fact I know of several drivers who set out for Weyauwega, drove a couple of hundred miles, and actually finished up on a flyspeck instead.

To make it still further confusing, none of them could tell the difference.

But on the face of it (the map, that is) this little community could well qualify as Nowhere, U.S.A. The only way to reach it through public transportation is via Greyhound Bus, and nobody ever uses that except myself, and a few greyhounds.

So when the family and I moved up here about five years ago, we were pretty well resigned to the fact that we'd be living in an isolation booth, and the \$64,000 Question was whether or not we'd ever see anyone.

As a result, I didn't even bother to invest in a guest book. Who was ever going to sign it? After all, Weyauwega wasn't a fashionable stopping place. It boasts none of the attractions of gay, cosmopolitan Belfast, with its dissolute fleshpots, its corrupt police force, its depraved government officials and its notorious indoor sports. Nor is Weyauwega a cultural Mecca such as Bloomington, Illinois. It even lacks the exotic charm of Los Angeles, that rugged Western community where men are men, sometimes.

Not only did we not expect any visitors — we did our best to discourage them. To this end we purchased a vicious dog named Tiny, the product of a liason between a Toy Manchester Terrier and a bubonic rat. Tiny (who spends her days on my lap and her nights in my wife's bed, and thus lends herself aptly to all sorts of innuendo) is a phenomenal creature in that she is equally deadly at both ends. One end boasts a formidable bark, which is discharged

Reprinted from: HYPHEN, Walter Willis, 170 Upper Newtonards Rd.,
Belfast, Northern Ireland.

frequently. The other end, although silent, is no less frequent in its discharges. (I do not wish to malign the dog, however, she is housebroken, and quite effectively. Every morning, as I hastily struggled into my bathrobe, the poor dog just couldn't wait -- so she intelligently took aim and let go into my bedroom slipper).

In addition, we happen to live on a street which had neither sign-posts nor housenumbers until last year. It seemed wellnigh impossible that anyone would ever find us here, granted even that morbid curiosity would impel them to make the attempt.

And such proved to be the case. During the period of our residence in Weyauwega the only fans or pros ever to cross our threshold have been Dean Grennell and family, Curtis Janke, Stuart Hoffman, Ted Wagner, Rita Krohne, Raymond A. Palmer, Lynn Hickman, Richard S. Shaver, William A. Hamling and family, Thaddeus Dikty, Judy May, Bob Tucker and family, Bea Mahaffey, Pat Mahaffey, Martin Greenberg, Fritz Leiber, Boyd Raeburn, Ron Kidder, Gerald Stewart, Bob Silverberg and Barbara, Richard Eney, Roberta Gibson (nee Collins), Rog Phillips, Evelyn Paige (nee Gold), Phyllis Economou and husband Arthur, Jack Speer (nee John Bristol), William Grant and his mother, Jean and Andy Young and family, and a couple of those door-to-door representatives who are always coming around trying to sign me up for the Cosmic Circle.

The most frequent visitor, of course, has been Grennell, who up until recently passed near town every third week on his sales route. He and the family often drive up during the summer months, in increasingly bigger cars. As a result, tapes have been made and played in the living room, and a mimeograph has disturbed the orderly array of bottles on the kitchen table.

The same kitchen table has served as a poker table for Tucker, and babies have been diapered on it -- although not during the poker game, when we usually had a large pot.

Yes, the Great World has come to Weyauwega, bringing touches of color and glamor into our drab lives. Bob Silverberg (that Kleenex completist) enriched his collection with several pieces of toilet tissue. Roberta Collins left, as a memento of her stay, a carved figurine of a Japanese maiden in her bath; Bill Grants mother sent a landscape in oils which graces the living-room; Evelyn Paige Gold displayed her collection of 427 earrings (we never did find the missing 428th one); Fritz Leiber chopped down a tree. You haven't lived until you've heard Richard S. Shaver discuss deros in your very own parlor, watched the Canadians chasing rabbits across the field in their sports cars, or awakened in the morning to find Bea and Pat Mahaffey doing the breakfast dishes for you.

The house is full of memories, now. Here is the place where Frances Hamling hornswoggled me into taking over FANDORA'S BOX in Imagination; here is the chair Ted Dikty sat on, (the one with the broken springs), and my wife's lap that Marty Greenberg sat on; here is a hair from Andy Young's beard; here is a hole in the

THE 1958 WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION AWARDS

BEST

OUTSTANDING

magazine

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND
SCIENCE FICTION

artist

KELLY FREAS

novel

THE BIG TIME
by FRITZ LEIBER
(GALAXY)

fan

WALT WILLIS

short story

OR ALL THE SEAS WITH
OYSTERS
by AVRAM DAVIDSON
(GALAXY)

film

THE INCREDIBLE
SHRINKING MAN

(It should be understood that votes were based on
items appearing in the last half of 1957 and the first
half of 1958.)

--Len Moffatt



BOF ART



ADKINS-

GEORGE BARR

COLIN CAMERON

GEORGE SCITHERS

ROBERT E. GILBERT

BJO WELLS

BERGERON

JUANITA COULSON

ART LEE

BARBI JOHNSON

BJO WELLS

LARRY BOURNE

TOM REAMY

BILL PEARSON

ATOM

DAN ADKINS

a portfolio.

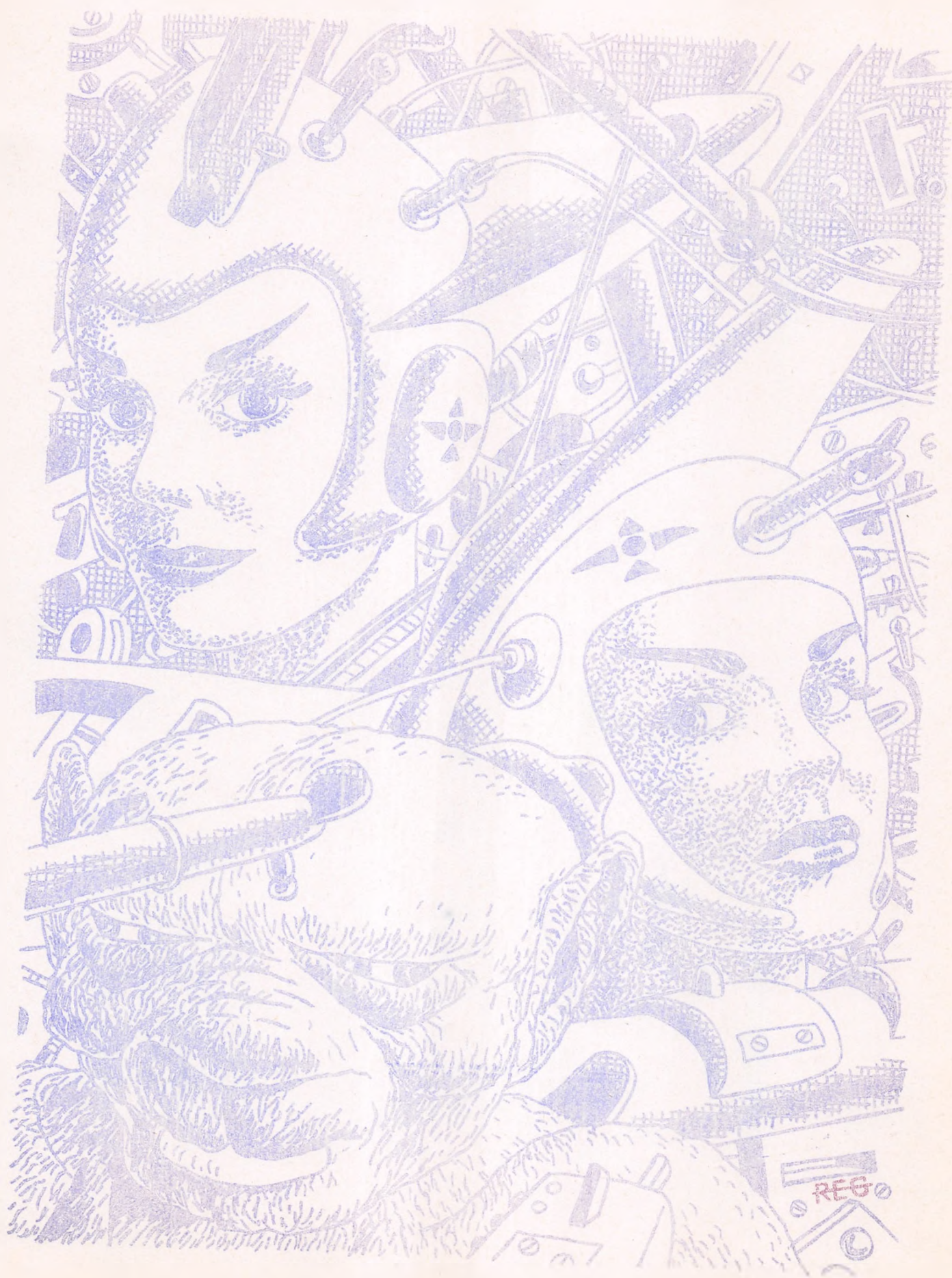


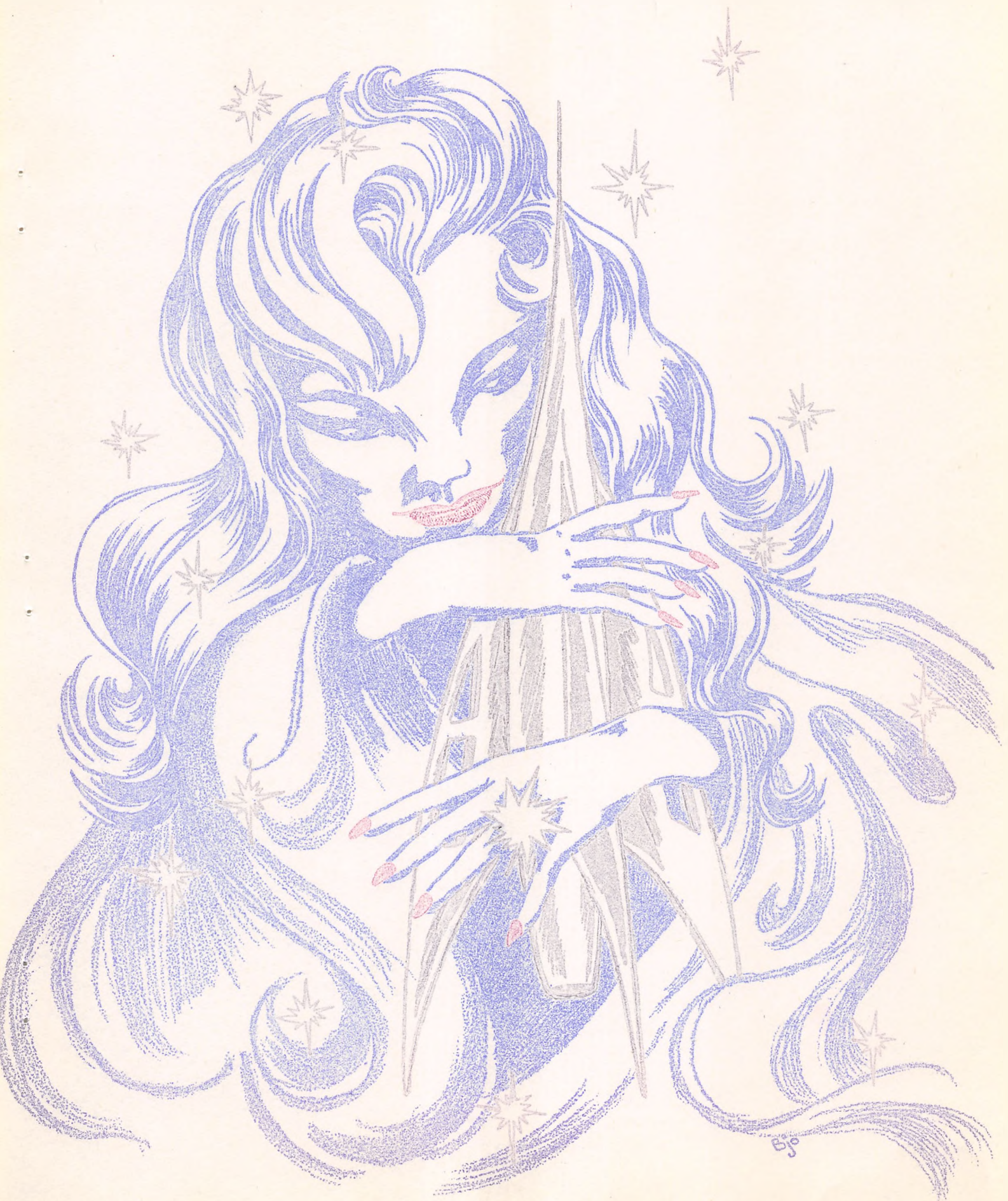
G. Barr - 1958



CAMERON







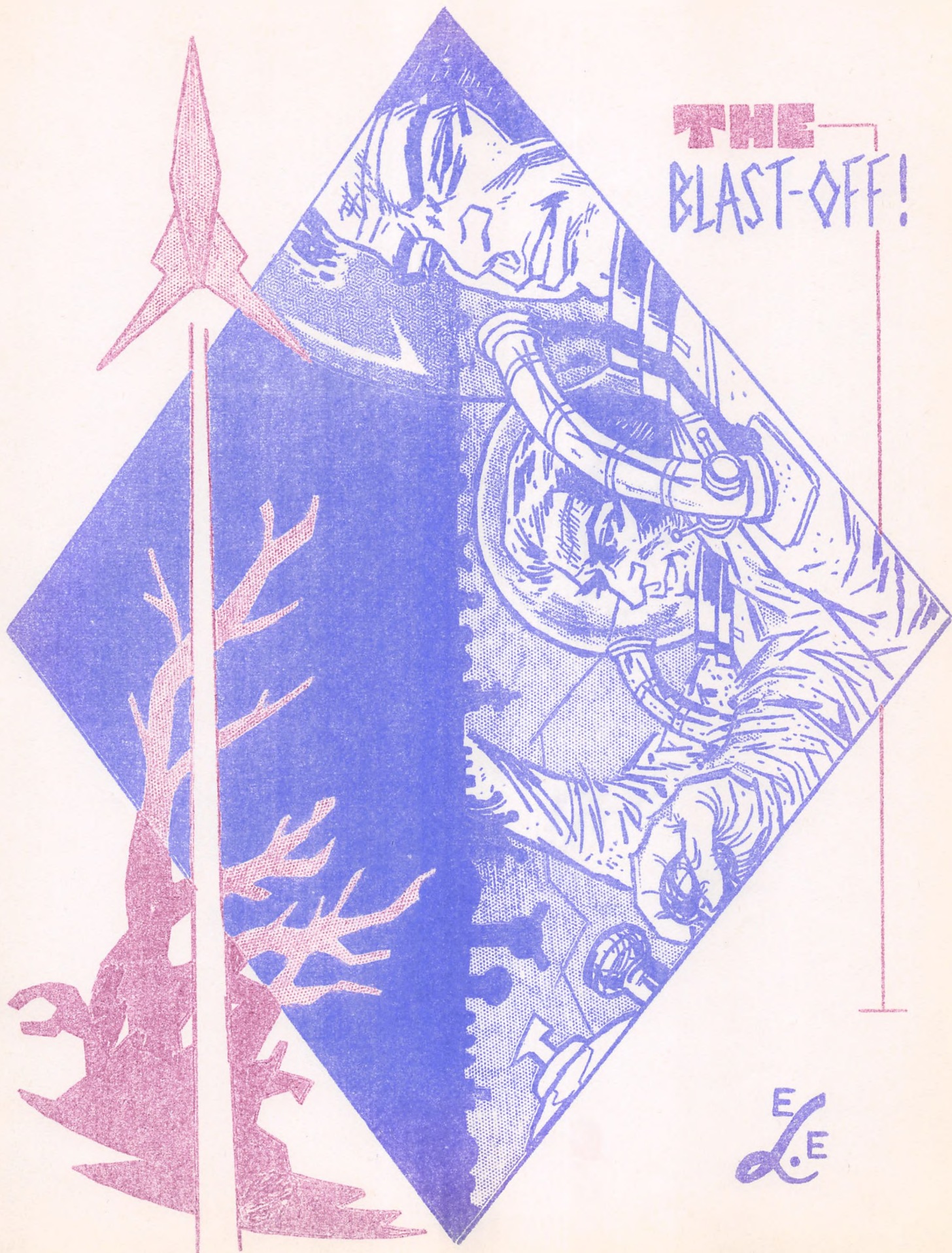
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GEMZINE, G.M. Carr,
5319 Ballard Ave.,
Seattle 7, Wash.



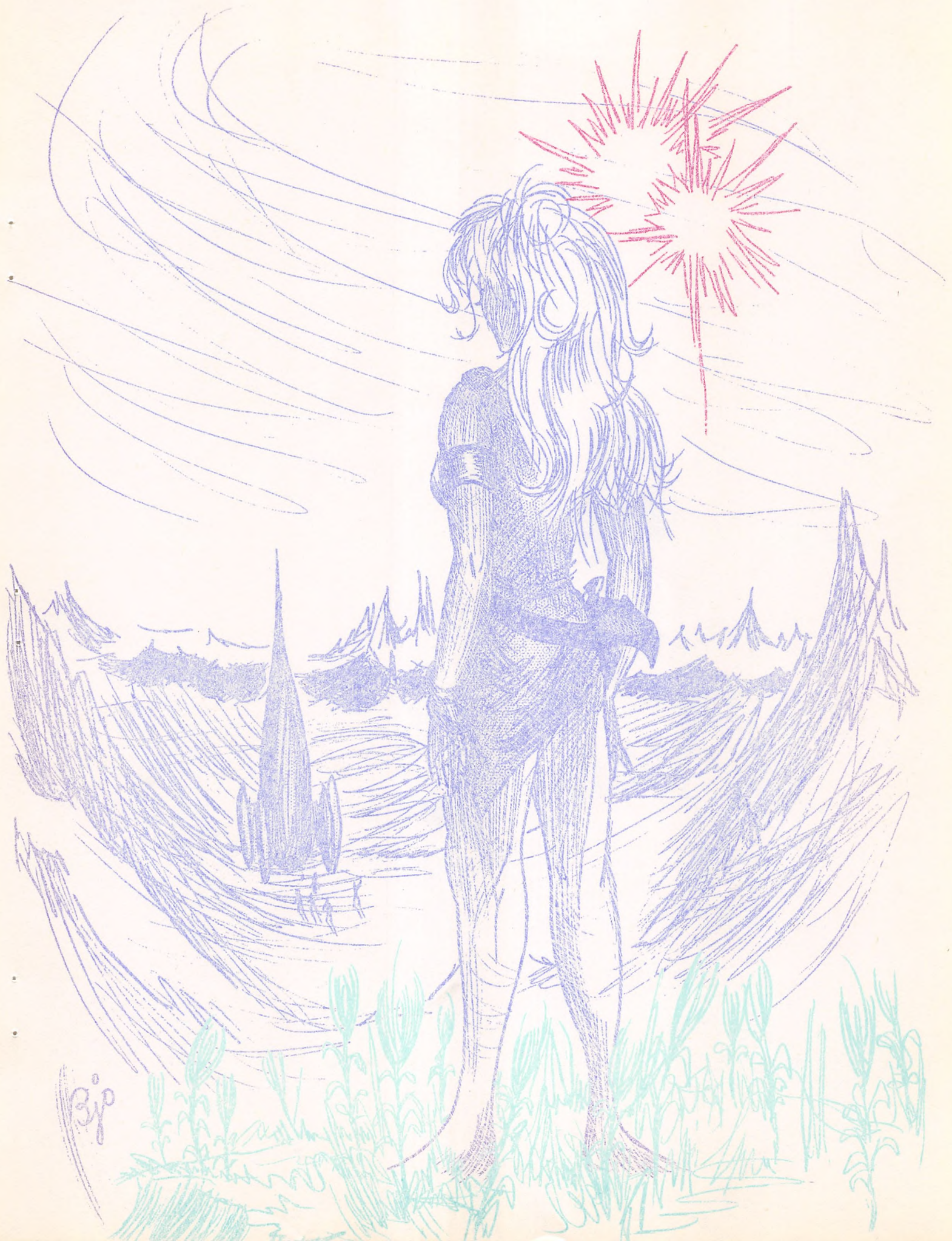
BERGERON

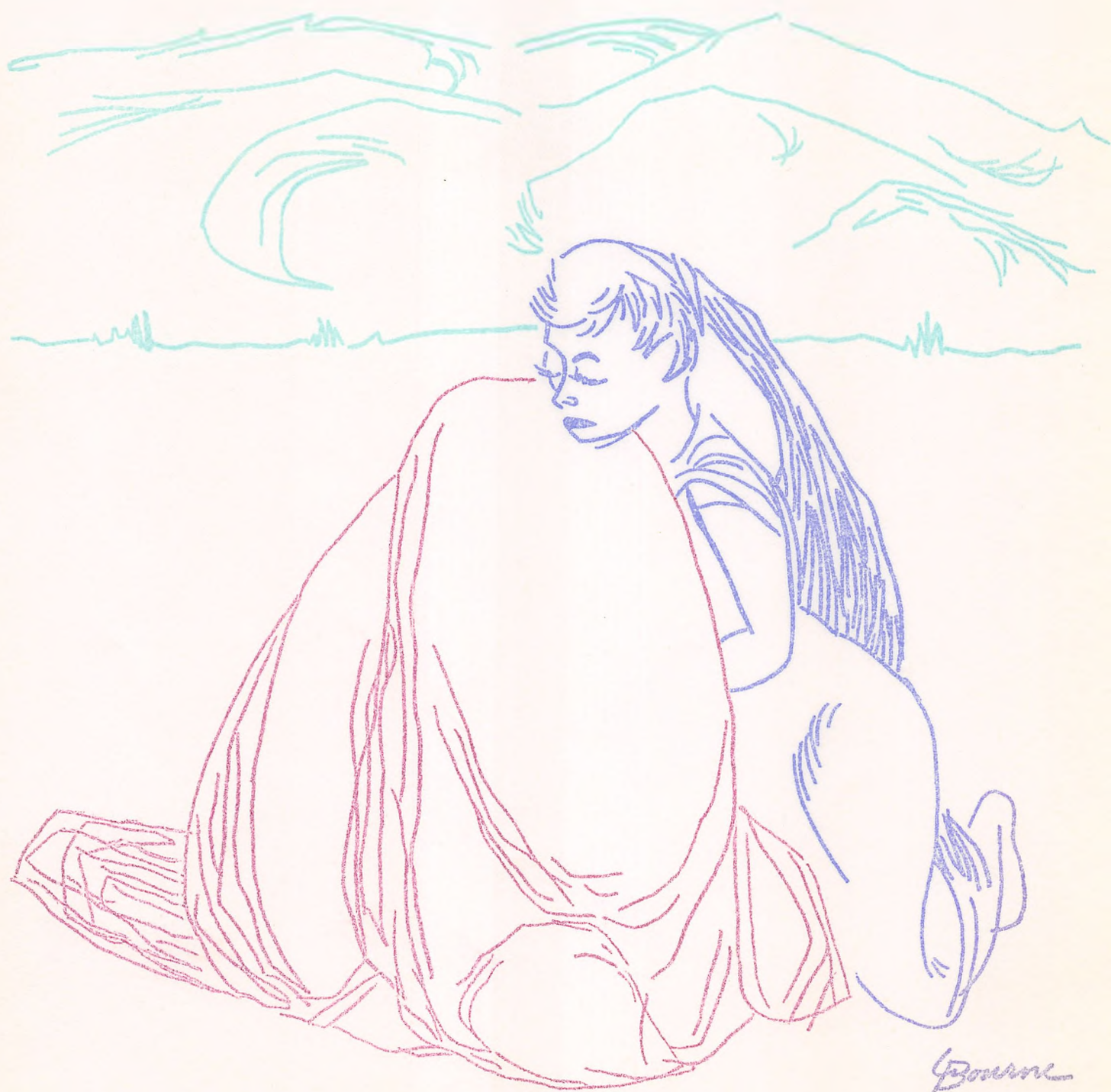


THE BLAST-OFF!









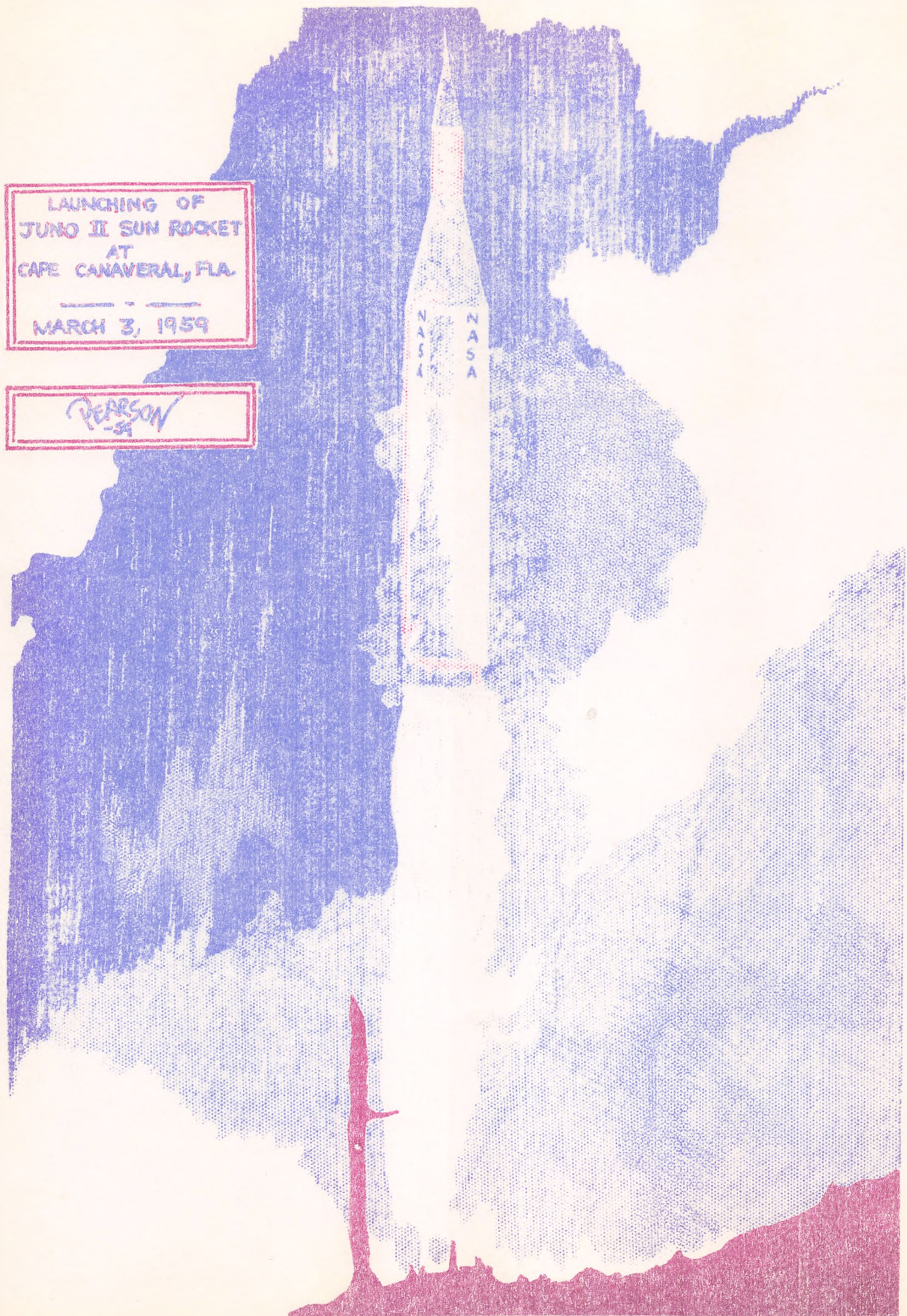
Bourne

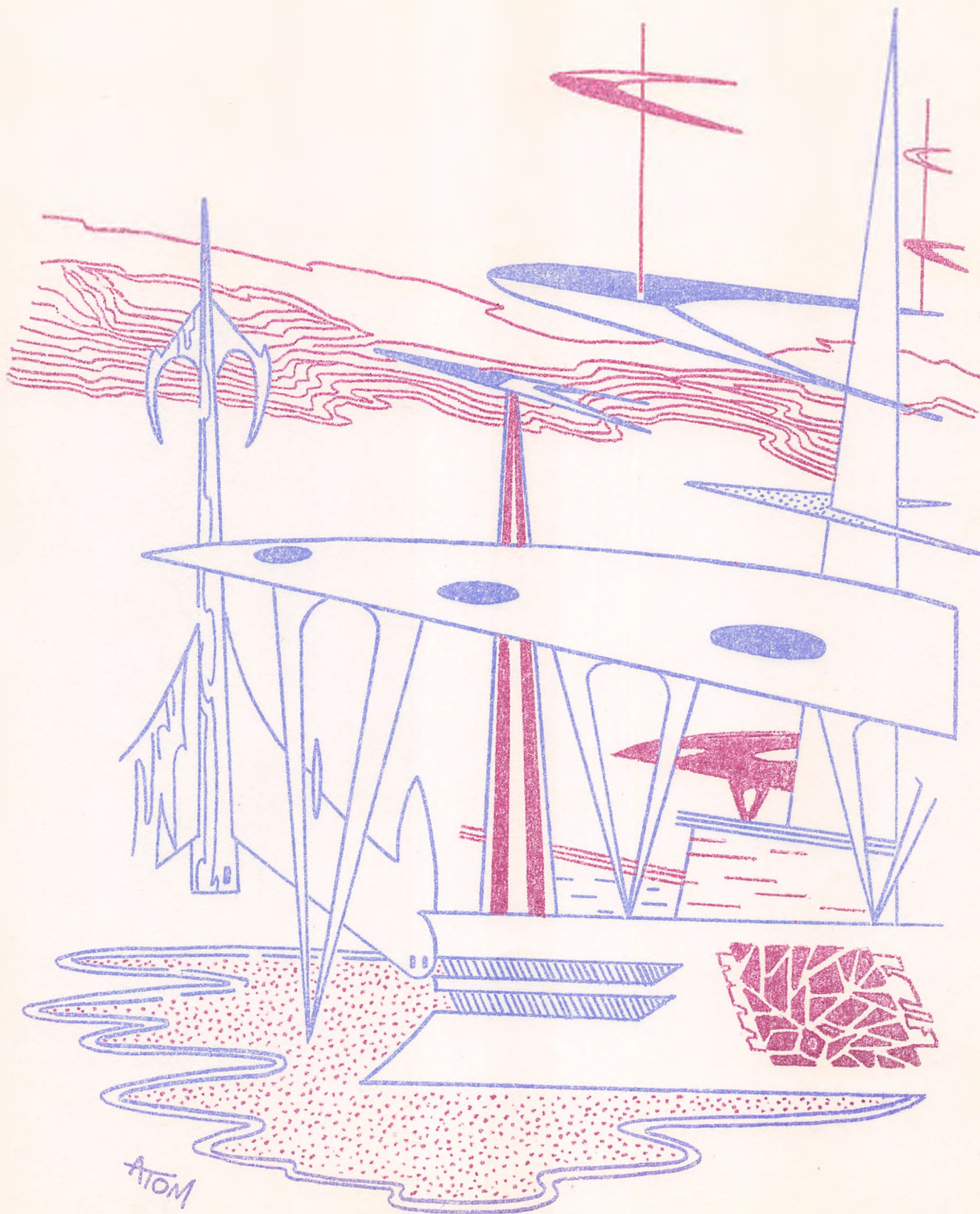


reamy

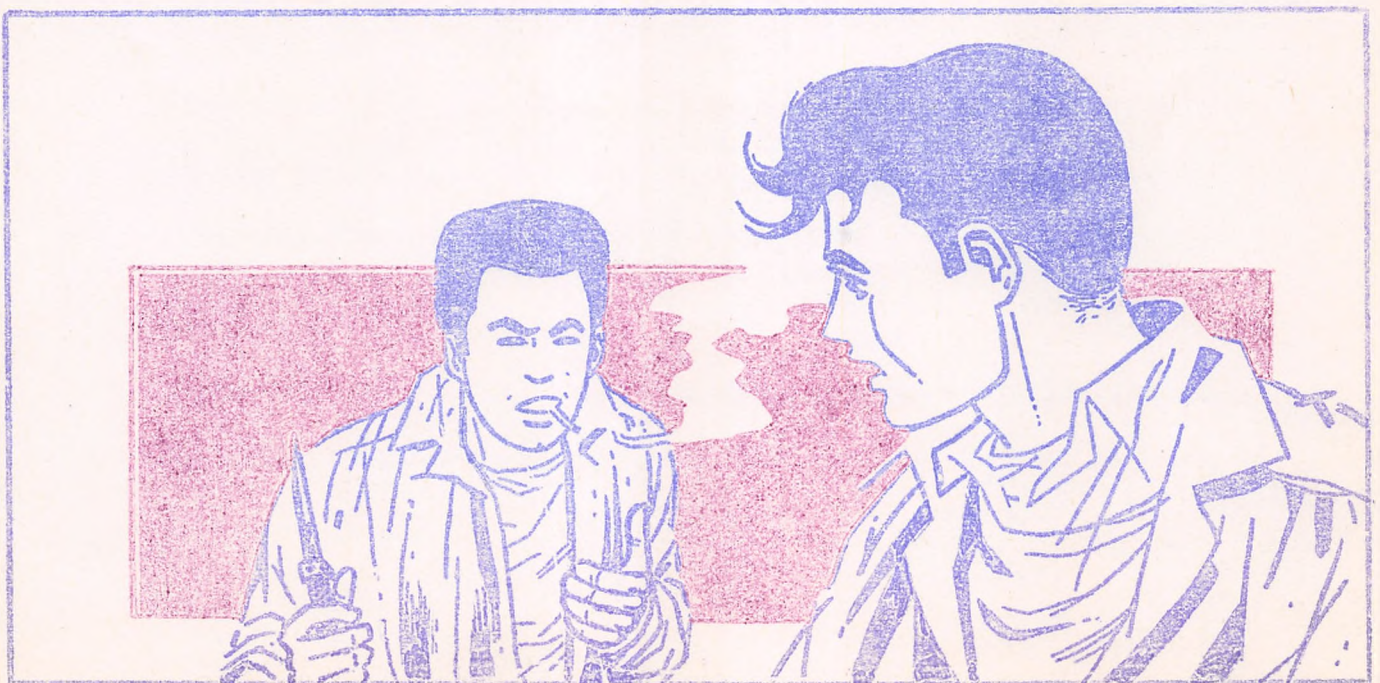
LAUNCHING OF
JUNO II SUN ROCKET
AT
CAPE CANAVERAL, FLA.
MARCH 3, 1959

PEARSON
-34





ATOM



GHOD

AND

CHLOROPHYL

Johnny was one of those daft boys who are always pulling faces in the mirror and his Ma was always telling him he'd get stuck like it, but he never took any notice because who ever heard of any-one getting stuck like it?

Johnny was also a fan, and today he was off to his first convention.

"Come on Johnny," sang out his Ma, "it's six o'clock and don't spend too long in the bathroom."

Out of bed, stretch and scratch, and "MERRRR!" in the glass on the wall. Socks on, pants on, grab and snatch, and scamper away down the hall. A stupid grin in the bathroom mirror.

Convention at last! "Hot Diggities - yeah, yeah, yeah!"

Turn on the cold, turn on the hot, ever so carefully - don't want a lot - spatter it there, spatter it here, a couple of splashes behind the ear.

And now two inches of mint flavoured, chlorophyll impregnated, acid inhibiting, anti-enzyme, bacteria destroying toothpaste on his brush and scrub away - in - out - to and fro - round and round - and round again.

"'Um de 'um de 'um. Hm - hm - hm - hm. GARRRRRRRRRRRR!"

A real bestial face now, frothing at the mouth and drooling a

Reprinted from: SATELLITE, Don Allen, 34A Cumberland Street,
Gateshead S, Co. Durham, England.

weird chlorophyll green. Forgotten is the time and the train to be caught as he gets carried away with the fascination of face-pulling.

"What are you doing up there?" screams his Ma half an hour later.

What indeed IS he doing? Well, at the moment he has the jaw-gone depressed the lower lip pulled over the back teeth and the corners of the mouth drawn down. The upper lip is drawn up, exposing the front teeth and making two furrows, one each side of the nose. At the same time his eyebrows are raised as far as they will go, causing deep wrinkles in the forehead. The expression thus obtained is one of sheer horror, repugnance and desperation. It is a honey.

Meanwhile, what insidious biological process is going on all unseen and unsuspected? Little does he know that his facial contortions have opened a little-used duct, and that some of the froth from the recent flood of toothpaste has seeped through to the maxillary bone. It finds its way to a tiny cavity known as the Antrum of Highmore, which slowly and inexorably becomes filled with chlorophyll, and of course everyone knows what effect this will have on the already tortured jaw-bone! Just as Johnny is pulling the face described above, ankylosis sets in. In other words - he is stuck like it.

"I 'uck 'ike it!" he wailed.

.....

In the train Johnny was delighted to find that he had the compartment to himself. Folk kept getting in, but they went straight through and off down the corridor, shuddering. So, left alone, he was able to try the various remedies he'd brought along to release his face, such as olive oil, Kaolin, after-shave lotion, Sloane's Liniment, Owbridge's Lung Tonic, Scott's Emulsion, ham fat, Ardena Vitamin Cream, Fibrosine Balm, Auntie Clara's rhubarb wine and senna pods. But all to no avail. The expression of sheer horror, repugnance and desperation remained, and he resigned himself to having it for the duration of the Con.

Maybe no-one would notice

Johnny entered the Convention Hall and gazed around. There was an excited murmuring amongst the neofans. This must be somebody important; a pro-ed at least! He was introduced to Chuck Harris, and to his great joy Chuck showed not the slightest sign of noticing anything amiss.

"I'm so happy Mr. Harris. I thought it would be somehow - different."

"Aw shucks Johnny, it's nothing at all really. A small price for a reputation, anyway."

"But Mr. Harris, I didn't mean"

"That's alright Johnny, that's quite alright. I've taken a liking to you anyway. Look, I'd like you to meet Walt and John."

Walt shook hands, then nervously straightened his tie. He smoothed down his clothes and rubbed his toe-caps against the back of his trouser-legs.

"HaHa Johnny - er - I always wear these old rags at a Convention you know. Zap guns and - er - spilled bheer and - er - you know. . ."

John nastily combed his hair. "Me too" he gulped.

"Of course I've my best suit upstairs," said Walt eagerly, "perhaps I'll go up and change . . ."

The neofans are awed beyond belief. Who IS this mysterious stranger who would treat Ghod so? He must be a new BNF! Maybe even . . . no, no, that would be sacrilege. But idols can be toppled Speculation was rife.

.....

Smoking and drinking, atmosphere fogging, zapping and punning, promiscuous snogging. All the fabulous rites of an all night party. Enter Johnny.

"Come right in Buddy. Just a matter of ten shillings - towards the booze you know - well - er - that's what we all agreed on. Well - er - I s'pose it is a bit steep isn't it! Heh heeh. Look - er - don't let on, but s'pose in your case we say - er - five bob? Well - er - never mind then, just slide in quietly and make yourself at home. Excuse me dashing off, won't you...."

Later in bed Johnny dwelt warmly on the wonderful party, but he couldn't help regretting that he'd come in just when everyone decided to abandon their lunacy and settle down to quiet and amiable enjoyment. If only he'd been there earlier when all that ribaldry was going on! Ah well, they were a grand lot and nobody even noticed his stuck face.

Morning came and the expression of sheer horror, repugnance and desperation was still there. At the breakfast table Johnny proceeded to crack open his boiled egg, but a passing waiter quickly removed it.

"I'm so sorry sir, I'll get you another one."

"'Ut it's a'right" called Johnny after the departing figure.

In half a minute the waiter was back. "Chef says there's nothing wrong with this egg," he declared icily. "One moment, I'll call the head waiter."

"'Ease 'ont 'other!" protested Johnny.

The Head Waiter picked up the egg and sniffed it. "I fail to

detect any untoward odour, sir."

"I 'ever 'aid 'ere 'as" said Johnny indignantly.

"I'd better fetch the manager."

"'Ust 'ive 'e 'ack 'y egg!"

The manager picked up the egg and sniffed it. "Seems alright to me, but if the gentleman feels he has a legitimate complaint you had better fetch the Chef."

"'Ease 'an I 'ave 'y egg 'ack?" wailed Johnny.

The Chef strode in, the light of battle gleaming in his eyes. He bent down and placed his nose a centimetre from the egg.

"'Ook" cried Johnny, "ALL I 'ANT 'O 'O IS EAT 'Y EGG!!!"

"Zo!" thundered the Chef, "you make ze fool of Alphonse, no? Never, never, NEVER 'ave I perpetrate ze ancient egg! I spit on ze floor. Zo!" So saying, he snatched up Johnny's egg and stalked from the room in majestic fury.

"There's nothing more that can be done" sighed the Manager. "Yow seem to have offended him."

Sadly, Johnny reached for the toast and marmalade.

.....

The rest of the day went fairly smoothly except for one or two incidents.

Eric Bentcliffe was reading aloud his latest composition when he suddenly noticed Johnny. He blushed, fluffed a couple of lines, glowered and slunk away. "After all," he flung over his shoulder, "sex isn't everything!"

The neofans looked at Johnny with new respect.

Mal Ashworth and his wife got introduced to Johnny and later were found examining each other quite critically. From then on they didn't speak much.

Arthur Thomson, surrounded by piles of torn up paper, was shredding tears of frustration.

Two members of the pro-authors panel floundered in the middle of their speeches and promised, with eyes averted, never to write such stuff again.

Ted Tubb, in the middle of an auction, gave up on the flimsy excuse that he had lost his voice.

Don Allen discovered Johnny reading the latest issue of Satellite

and said, "Never mind, I've got old Nigel writing something for the next issue. Oh, you think so too? Well"

In the evening Pete Hamilton handed Johnny a glass of BLOC and he examined it suspiciously then decided to get rid of it. Surreptitiously he poured a little into a potted palm, and the plant wilted.

"Eey" he yelled, "'st 'uff 'ou 'ave 'e, it 'ILLED 'AT 'AUM!"

"Naturally," said Pete, "it attacks chlorophyll you know, but cannot harm the Human body."

(Oh Johnny, if only you knew! You have the antidote right there in your hand! What cruel quirk of fate prompts you to tip the rest away?)

"It 'inks!" said Johnny.

But fate is not so cruel after all. Destiny approaches in the form of Vin@ Clarke, and someone introduces him to Johnny.

"Is it really that bad?" said Vin@. He stood for a moment studying Johnny's expression and his own face was a picture of indecision. Suddenly he put a hand on Johnny's shoulder, and said confidentially, "You know I've often thought of shaving it off. Now I've made up my mind." He turned and made for the stairs with a determined gait.

A sudden hush fell over the neofans and they congregated round Johnny at a respectful distance. When Vin@ came down fifteen minutes later, a dimpled chin gleaming in the unaccustomed light, they rose with one accord shouting,

"JOHNNY IS GHOD!"

Abruptly Willis appeared with eyes ~~flashing~~. "See here," he protested, "who says Johnny is Ghod? I AM GHOD!"

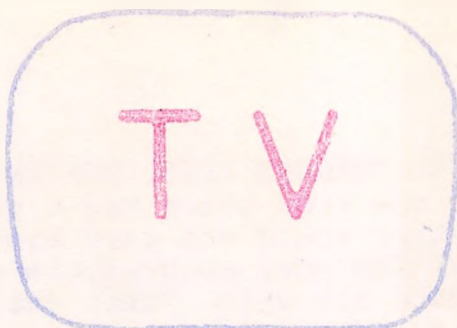
It is a moment of intense drama. Even the trufans realize that something is going on. Johnny, bewildered and trembling, notices Willis' expression.

"'Ind 'ou 'on't 'et 'uck 'ike it," he whispers.

Finally someone shouts out, "Settle it here and now with a BLOC drinking contest." Willis pales, but does not flinch as he receives the dread glass. He consumes the contents with true Irish fortitude and is dragged from sight by a weeping Madeleine.

Now it is Johnny's turn, and the plucky little devil drains his glass to the last drop. Some of the liquid penetrates the still open duct and finds its way to the Antrum of Highmore. FIZZ! It attacks and destroys the chlorophyll and CLICK! the stricken maxilla is freed.

A SALUTE TO



Jim Weber

A marvelous example, ladies and gentlemen, of television's unceasing efforts to bring to the American public unimpeachable entertainment is exhibited by the relentless devotion to duty television has shown in attacking and cleaning up ... "The Fairy Tale!"

What with other entertainment medium showed the necessary sensitivity and artistic taste to recognize the cruel, sadistic motives that lie behind Jack's murder of the Giant in "Jack and the Beanstalk"? We're fortunate in being able to watch an actual television story conference whose objective is to ... "Clean Up 'Hansel and Gretel'!"

(LIGHTS UP. THREE MEN AND A WOMAN SIT AT A TABLE CLUTTERED WITH PAPERS AND PENCILS. ONE OF THE MEN, PAUL, HOLDS A CHILDREN'S NURSERY BOOK.)

GLORIA: Okay, Paul, shoot!

PAUL: (READING) "On the edge of a small clearing, near a great forest, there lived a poor woodcutter and his wife and his two children, Hansel and Gretel..."

GLORIA: Okay, what do you think?

FRED: What about the "poor woodcutter" business, Gloria? What were the 1950 census figures on woodcutters?

MAC: I don't like that "small clearing, near a great forest" bit. It's corny. It's been done before.

GLORIA: Don't worry about the woodcutters, Fred, forget it. Mac, that's the kind of stuff they want. Clearings, forests, lakes, sunsets, meadows go over big. Okay Paul, shoot!

Reprinted from: QUAGMIRE, Pvt. John Quagliano, US 51 430 661
Troop B, 3rd Platoon, 1st Reconnaissance
Squadron, 15th Cavalry, Fort Hood, Texas.

JIM WEBER

ANNOUNCER: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, I'm happy to welcome you to television's most heartwarming show: "YOUR CHANCE TO LIVE!" presented by "HAPPY DAYS," the body cream that's not a deodorant!

(TWO ASSISTANTS ENTER AND CIRCLE STAGE WITH LARGE SIGN READING "APPLAUD.")

ANNOUNCER: But before I say more about "Happy Days," folks--really there's so much that can be said--let's meet our contestants for this evening.

(1ST LADY STEPS FORWARD.)

ANNOUNCER: Hello, madam, what is your name, please?

1ST LADY: Mrs. Irene Kozlowske, Bronx, New York.

ANNOUNCER: Right in our own backyard, hey? Ha-ha. Now, madam, what is your problem?

MRS. KOZLOWSKI: Recently my husband died. I have five children. I work out but I'm not able to make ends meet. My smallest child, Bobby, he's three years old, is a victim of multiple sclerosis and he requires special care which is expensive and sometimes I don't have the money and I...

ANNOUNCER: (CUTTING IN) All right, Mrs. Kozlowski, that will do, thank you. Very touching, indeed. Now let's meet Contestant No. 2 who is...

2ND LADY: (STEPPING FORWARD) Mrs. Catherine Grey, Toledo, Ohio.

ANNOUNCER: Ha-ha, for a moment I thought you said Catherine the Great, you know, the famous Russian empress, ha-ha. Well, Mrs. Grey, we're glad you're here in New York and we want you to know that we don't call our body cream "Happy Days" because it's going to make you sad. Ha-ha. Now, Mrs. Grey, what is your problem?

MRS. GREY: My husband is a steeplejack. He's been a steeplejack for twenty-one years. Last month he fell and broke his back. He has to have an expensive operation if he ever is going to walk again as a steeplejack or anything. He will never be able to walk if he doesn't

Reprinted from: BRILLIG, Lars Bourne, 2436 1/2 Portland St., Eugene, Oregon.

for one thing, more than half the ingredients that go into making a tube of "Happy Days" are ingredients normally used in the production of perfume. You can smell this rich fragrance in every tube of "Happy Days." With "Happy Days" you clothe yourself in a rich, sweet-smelling robe that is as much a part of you as your appearance.

Folks, "Happy Days" is not a deodorant because deodorants are negative. Deodorants imply there's something that has to be gotten rid of. We don't believe there's anything about you that should be gotten rid of and we know you don't believe it either. That's why we say "Happy Days" is not a deodorant. No, on the contrary, "Happy Days" is an odorant. "Happy Days" accentuates the positive. "Happy Days" is an utterly new kind of body cream that bathes you in tantalizing scents while accenting your natural body charms! Yes, folks, you'll be happy to know that "Happy Days" will make you proud of yourself--because "Happy Days" takes the "odorousness" out of odor!

(ANNOUNCER STEPS BACK, SMILING. TWO ASSISTANTS ENTER AND CIRCLE STAGE WITH LARGE SIGN READING "APPLAUD.")

ANNOUNCER: I thank you. And now, folks, it's time for "Your Chance To Live!" We have four contestants here with us on the stage! Each contestant has a problem. But only one contestant this evening will get "A Chance To Live!"

And the judge of the contest, folks? The impartial, fair analyzer who will decide which of these four contestants had the greatest need to get a "Chance To Live?" Here it is, folks, concealed in the palm of my hands. It's so tiny you can hardly see it--another amazing product of this wonderful age that we live in. Another triumph of American industry. Here it is, folks, the little wonder of science that makes the program possible--the "Painometer"!

(TWO ASSISTANTS ENTER AND CIRCLE STAGE WITH LARGE SIGN READING "APPLAUD.")

ANNOUNCER: The "Painometer" ladies and gentlemen, measures screams of human agony and suffering in terms of decibels, a scientific unit of sound measurement. Absolute fairness, therefore, is insured in the contest.

Each of our contestants will be given ten seconds to express to the best of their ability the agony and suffering that they are feeling. Most of our contestants prefer screaming. And while each contestant is performing, our little scientific marvel, the "Painometer," will be registering the contestants' agony in terms of decibels. The contestant getting the highest score will get a "Chance To Live"!

All right, let's go! Ready, contestants? All right! The "Painometer" is ready, too! All right, contestants, here it is! Here's the night you've been waiting for! Here's "YOUR CHANCE TO LIVE!" Lights out!

(THERE IS A COMPLETE BLACKOUT. ANNOUNCERS VOICE ASSUMES THE HURRIED, BREATHLESS EXCITEMENT-CONTROLLING TONE THAT ANNOUNCERS AT SPORTS-EVENTS USE.)

ANNOUNCER: All right! Contestant No. 1, Mrs. Anne Hapstad, a widow, mother of five children, and you just still a victim of salivary glanditis!

(MRS. KOSLOWSKI SINGING)

ANNOUNCER: Just a second! Mrs. Koslowski! I'll tell you when! Five, four, three, two, one, GO!

(MRS. KOSLOWSKI SINGING FOR TEN SECONDS)

ANNOUNCER: All right! Will you, Mrs. Koslowski, you're in the running! Contestant No. 2, Mrs. Catherine Gray, her husband has a broken back and will never walk again if he doesn't have a major operation! Mrs. Gray, stand by! Five, four, three, two, one, GO!

(MRS. GRAY SCREAMS FOR TEN SECONDS)

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mrs. Gray! Folks, I can feel the "Painometer" getting warm in my hand. These contestants mean business! All right! Contestant No. 3, Mr. Edward Hapstad, his wife is committed to a mental institution and may kill herself if she does not get the necessary attention immediately. Mr. Hapstad, stand by! Five, four, three, two, one, GO!

(MR. HAPSTAD SCREAMS FOR TEN SECONDS)

ANNOUNCER: Thank you Mr. Hapstad! (A CONFIDENTIAL TONE) Folks, a word of explanation. The Painometer is capable of differentiating between male and female voices. In case you were worried that Mr. Hapstad might get a higher score due to the fact that his voice is heavier and deeper than the voices of the ladies, you'll be relieved to know that the "Painometer" is not affected by the physical quality of the voice, only by the pain and anguish that the voice expresses. Thank you. All right! Contestant No. 4, Mrs. Rose Bollen, a widow and a mother of four children, all afflicted by tuberculosis. Stand by, Mrs. Bollen! Six, five, four, three, two, one, GO!

(THERE IS SILENCE INTERRUPTED BY ONE OF TWO "MRS. BOLLEN'S" FROM THE ANNOUNCER.)

ANNOUNCER: That's all Mrs. Bollen. I'm sorry, Mrs. Bollen, did you understand the rules? Mrs. Bollen? Lights, please!

(THE LIGHTS FLASH UP. MRS. BOLLEN IS LYING INERTLY ON THE FLOOR. TWO ASSISTANTS RUSH ON STAGE.)

ANNOUNCER: It doesn't look like anything serious, folks. Mrs. Bollen seemed to be in perfect good health when she came on the program tonight. Let's hope it's just something she ate. Take her out, boys.

(TWO ASSISTANTS LIFT MRS. BOLLEN AND CARRY HER OUT.)

THE PURIFANS

PROLOGUE

The FanHistorian laid down his pen, yawned and reached for his beanie. The day's work was done, and the great Reading Room of the Fannish Museum was about to be closed for the night. As he gathered his notes together he glanced at the last page he had written:

Origin of the word 'fanatic'. From the Latin *fanum*, a Temple, accto. Fuller, "Mis't Contemplations," 1660 AD. Defined by Minsheu, "Guide into Tongues," 1627, as 'mad, franticke, inspired with prophetically furie.'

Early English science-fiction. Two books were published anonymously in London in the year 1638, on the brink of the Civil War. They were 'The Man in the Moone or a Discourse of a Voyage Thither' by Dr. Francis Godwin, Bishop of Llandaff and Hereford, and 'A Discovery of a New World in the Moone' by Dr. J. Wilkins, sometime Bishop of Chester. Dr. Godwin died some years before his book was published. There is internal evidence that he wrote it while a student at Christ Church, Oxford, between 1599 and 1603. Wilkins mentions Godwin's book in his preface, but we do not know why the two first major Moon books were both written by bishops and both published in one year.

Some dates. 1642-48 The Civil War.
1658 Death of Cromwell.
1660 Charles II crowned.

The Historian thought: Now why did I put those items side by side? Have I found a clue to the mystery?--- He shrugged his shoulders; it's possible, I suppose. This looks like a job for the Time Travel Dept.

On the way out he stopped at a call-box and dialled TIM.

-----OOO-----

Reprinted from: PLOY, Ron Bennett, 7 Southway,
Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire,
England.

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"Well, you can put that jug of ale out of sight for a start, brother," said the Puritan, "Nasty, sinful stuff."

I looked suitably guilty and tucked my pint away behind a secret panel in the bar, meanwhile telling the barman to give me whatever my companion was drinking.

"You'll have to do better than this, you know. We don't want any of your drunken 20th Century habits here. We've turned our backs on all that," he went on, smugly.

Gingerly I sipped the mug of brown liquid put before me. Whatever it was, it wasn't ale.

"This tastes vile," I complained. "What is it?"

He looked around complacently before answering. The bar in which we stood was cold and cheerless. It contained one small bench and a trestle table, on which were the words: For The Aged and Infirm. Everyone else was expected to stand. There were notices everywhere, fluttering in the cold night air roaring through open windows:

"Drink if you must, but don't make a production of it."

"Roundheads don't get Thick Heads."

"Why drink beer? -- we'll be discovering tea presently."

There were only six or eight others in the place; all men, all drinking this brown fluid and all long-faced.

My companion was cheered by the sight, however. "Ah," he said, "this is as it should be. Everything in order, all neat and quiet. Very different from the old days, I can tell you. The things that went on in King Charles's time! Drinking, laughing, gambling... do you know, there used to throw dice in this very room!...singing, even, sometimes. We've altered all that."

"You mean this isn't First Fandom...you've had the Civil War already? What year is this, then?"

"Why, 1658, didn't you know?" He passed a hand over his close-cropped hair and peered at mine. "You've got a Protectorate Cut. Are you not in the Party, then?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I see. You're one of Them, are you?" He half-closed his eyes. "Spy!" he hissed, at a distance of six inches from my face. Then he turned and ran out of the door. I thought, I really should have had that clutch fixed. I must have landed well on the wrong side of Cromwell's victory.

The barman was looking sympathetic: 'If I were thee, mate, I'd be off before Our Brother comes back with the Guards. He doesn't like you."

"I noticed that. It seemed to set him off when I mentioned beer."

He sighed and pointed at the glum knots of men huddled in the shadows. "Look what happened. No fandom, no fanzines, no snog. Precious little beer."

Like a mournful echo, a whisper went around the dingy taproom; "Woe to First Fandom!"

The barman nudged me. "They're mostly ex-fans. Tonight would have been our club night. They still come out of habit, though there's not much to come for. Female-type fans aren't allowed in, now."

"Shame!" I cried in a loud voice. "Treachery to fandom!" I turned to the miserable creatures in the corners.

"Listen to me! I am a time-traveller from the future, and I have a message for you."

To my surprise, an old man in knee-branches hobbled forward and peered at me. "Not original," he wheezed, "Soapy used that plot in 1621, and even he cribbed it from Francis Bacon. Anyway, go on, go on. It's good to hear anyone speak up for fandom, these days."

"You are a lot of sheep!" I cried, "Fancy sitting back and letting the Purifans debar women from Fandom! Why, they're the heart and soul of the thing in my age. They run fanzines, write articles, edit prozines...they even helped to run the last Worldcon!"

There were murmurs of surprise. By now I had everyone's attention.

"I'll tell you how things are with fandom in my time," I said, "But first, barman...ale all around!"

The barman turned white and looked wildly towards the door. "But...but...but...!"

"Never mind the Purifans. Two of you bar the door and stand by it."

A subdued cheer went up. Everyone pressed forward to the bar, and the barman, though still pale, began to pull tankards off the shelf. I grabbed a full one, took a deep swig, and began again.

"I'll tell you a story with a moral. Once upon a time, in the Land of Mundane, there lived a youth named Jophan..."

Half an hour later, I finished, hoarse but triumphant. It seemed the least I could do for these downtrodden remnants of Fandom. After all, I had solved what I had set out to do, and I owed them something. I must say they seemed to take well to what I said. The noise was terrific, and I was surrounded by dancing, cheering, men. There evidently hadn't been such a fannish occasion for years. Some of them had brought out old, half-forgotten beanies and were wearing them defiantly. Others were scribbling editorials for revivals of their fanzines. All had the light of hope and enthusiasm in their eyes.

At the height of the rejoicing, there came a hammering at the

BLEAK FATE INTERVENES

bob leman

(Copyright 1958 by
Ronald L. Smith.)

On an evening in mid-winter early in the present century, an observer judiciously posted at the approach to the village of Belching Prior would have espied an energetic figure toiling up the long slope that led to the village, a figure bowed low against the bitter wind that swept from the north. Little of the man was visible, because of the voluminous wrappings that protected him against the wind's keen tooth, but an observant eye would have discerned, by the curious conformation of calluses on the right hand that held his Mersey hat firmly on his head, that the traveler was a corn-flexer. This conclusion might have found confirmation, had the observer remarked the crutch of a corn-flexer's wurble that protruded from the rush basket he bore on his back.

Miggity Furm (for such was the corn-flexer's name) had not found life easy. He had been born out of wedlock to a feeble minded slavey who worked a treadmill in a blacking-manufactory, at such times as she was sober. Miggity had been thrown upon his own resources at the age of three, and, through superhuman labor and deprivation, he had, in a few years, amassed a comfortable fortune in the elastic trade, only to have his competence swept away when, as a consequence of the suicide of his wife upon the deaths on successive Tuesdays of their six children, he took to drink, and remained totally paralyzed for eighteen months. Rescued from his sodden plight by a low-church clergyman, Miggity had learned the trade of corn-flexer, and now travelled with his wurble from village to village, seeking work.

Farmer Bravenwood of Bravenwood farm, near Belching Prior, was said to have corn in need of flexing, and it was toward Bravenwood farm that Miggity now bent his steps. He badly needed the work, and plans for convincing Farmer Bravenwood of his skill with a wurble occupied his mind to such an extent that he failed to observe the silent descent, upon a heath at his left rear, of a polished metal cylinder of unusual size. It was roughly a half-mile long, and evidently proportionately heavy, for it caused a considerable amount of damage to the trussed hay that lay in symmetrical barlows on the heath.

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Once upon a time there lived a little flat-bed dupli-cator named Flat. He lived in the corner of a junk-store. He didn't like it be-cause it was dusty, but his Mum-my and Dad-dy had left him there. His Mum-my was a Gestet-ner and his Dad-dy was a wand-ering Roneo, and he was the res-ult of an ill-egit-imate union. (Ask Dad-dy to ex-plain any-thing you don't under-stand.)

Grown-ups used to come to the junk-store to buy things. The man who owned the store sold them dirty old wash-stands and dirty ele-phant feet made into walking-stick stands, and dirty bar-ometers, and some really fil-thy pic-tures. But he never sold Flat, because Flat was hid-den un-der a pile of dust. Every day Flat hoped some-body would buy him, but he was al-ways disa-pointed.

Once a big man in a bôwler hat came into the junk-store and said to the man who sold things "I am look-ing for a cheap dupli-cator," and the junk-man blew the dust off Flat and after every-one had stop-ed cough-ing said "This is a dupli-cator and it is cheap."

Flat held his breath, be-cause this was the first time that the junk-man had tried to sell him, and the man in the bowler hat look-ed at him and went all red and said "I am run-ning a busi-ness, not a mus-eum, and I can't send notices to my cust-omers on a think like that." So Flat was put back in the dusty corner and the man in the bowler hat bought some photo-graphs in the back-room, and Flat cried down his silk-screen all night.

Then one day a funny-looking young man came in, and looked around all the piles of dirty old wash-stands and dirty phono-graphs and dirty Vict-or-ian arm-chairs, and said to the man in the shop "I am looking for old cop-ies of ast-ound-ing stories or amaz-ing stories or things like that," and the man in the shop said "I know

BEDTIME TALE FOR A BABY BEM

VINCE CLARK

just what you want and I have a big pile in the back room" and the young man choked.

So the man went into the back-room, which was nearly as dirty as the shop, and he came back with a big pile of maga-zines. And he said "I can't see any ant-dunt-ing stories, but I got silk-stock-ing stories and flirt and titter and wink and black garter..."

"No, no," said the young man, backing away from him. The young man backed right into Flat the Flat-bed, and Flat fell down with a bang.

The man who sold things was very ang-ry, and shout-ed "Look what you been an done, a valu-able scien-tif-ic inst-run-ent damaged," and he picked Flat up and gave him the first dunt-ing he had had for seven-teen months and he said "I expect it's broken."

The young man said "That's a Flat-bed dupli-cator and I don't think it is broken. I'll buy it." The man in the shop said "Are you try-ing to be fun-ny, be-cause if you are I'll break eve-ry bone in your bleed-ing head."

But the young man, whose name was Joe, said that he was serious, and very soon Flat was wrap-ped up and taken to Joe's house.

Joe lived with his Mum-my and Dad-dy, but had a room all to him-self, where he kept lots of books and maga-zines and pictures, and they all had stories about things to come in them. Joe also had a type-writer, Oliver, which was also from the junk-store, and Joe wrote lots and lots on it. He tore it all up after-wards except let-ters, but he wrote lots and lots. After buy-ing Flat, he went out and bought some dupli-cating sten-cils, and Oliver typed them.

When the sten-cils were fixed on Flat, he found that they were in a fun-ny lang-uage he had never heard be-fore, and the things that he printed out were very strange indeed. But he did his job well, and al-though Joe some-times called him names that weren't Flat, they were soon send-ing lots and lots of magazines out.

Flat grew to like Joe, even though Joe would some-times make him print pictures that were not right, like big lad-ies who bulged more than lad-ies really bulged, but Joe never did grow to love Flat, and sometimes he would look at his black hand and say "I don't know why the hell I don't turn pro."

Joe was saving money, and one day he went and bought a new type-writer, and Flat never saw Oliver the old type-writer again. And Joe wrote lots and lots more stencils on his new typewriter and call-ed Flat more names be-cause Flat was not able to print maga-zines like a friend of Joe's called Dag, al-though Flat was print-ing as well as he could.

And one day Joe came back with a friend who also read stories about things to come, and they were carry-ing a big par-cel. When they took the paper away from the par-cel, Flat saw that it was another

dupli-cator but it was a rot-ary, and when it saw Flat it just sniffed.

Then Joe said to his friend "I can get rid of this con-trapt-ion now," and he kicked Flat's case, and said "Do you want it?"

The friend said "How much will you pay me to take it?" and they both laughed. So Joe took Flat and put him in a corner and used the rot-ary dupli-cator in-stead, and Flat grew as dusty as he had been in the junk-shop, and he used to say to the rot-ary "I sup-pose it shows that mach-ines are only use-ful when Man needs them and are not an end in them-selves," but the rot-ary only sniff-fed

If you like a down-beat end-ing to a story you can fin-ish this one now.

How-ever, we must not let Mr. Pat-rick Moore say that bed-time tales are Gloom Stories too, so I must tell you what hap-pened to Flat after all. One day, a very young man came to see Joe, and he had purple fingers and a worried ex-press-ion. And he said "Where can I get a cheap dupli-cator be-cause I want to do some extra colour work." So Joe said "You can have that for a couple of Galax-ys," and he pointed to Flat. The young man said "Yes, please," and took Flat away to his own home, where he had a rot-ary dupli-cator that sniff-ed at Flat and also a dainty lit-tle hekto-graph that he used for post cards. The lit-tle hekto-graph was named Kate (be-cause she shimmied) and she thought Flat was wonder-ful.

So they were mar-ried by the neigh-bour-hood Multi-lith, and lived hap-pily ever after. They had lots of lit-tle hekto-graphs, too.

My, was that young man sur-pris-ed!

--A. Vine Clarke

A Thunder over Mexico (Cienstein)

NEWS NOTE: Wilson Tucker's thrilling Esper novel of two seasons back, "Wild Talent," has been optioned for filming by Sol Lesser Productions, the man who brought to the silver screen innumerable Tarzan adventures. Working title for the production is the same as the paperback edition, "The Man From Tomorrow." Scripting is now underway in preparation for a fall shooting schedule.

THE

BITER

BIT

Bob

Tucker

After nine and one half minutes of credits, including a crowded line down in one corner which reads "Based on a novel by Wilson Tucker," the picture opens on a quiet note. The camera hovers over a small midwestern town to inspect the quaint village life. A small boy, aged about ten years, is seen shooting marbles with his playmates. He wins continuously, and soon his play chums walk away in disgust, muttering threats under their breaths. Our young hero is seen (close-up) brokenhearted, with the hint of glycerine tears streaming down one cheek. He can't help it if he unknowingly controls the shots. He is a fledgling esper.

We flash to a mountainous scene back of the town. Streaks of fire are seen falling from the skies, and a nearby woodsman stands agape. The streaks resolve into flying saucers, and as they near the ground, thunderous rocket-fire emits from the stern tubes which promptly slows them down to a gentle stop. The startled woodsman overcomes his fear and steps forward waving a handkerchief and a sack of Bull Furham.

A round door slides back at the top of the nearest spaceship and a MONSTER emerges. In pidgen English it says, "Greetings, Earthman." The camera then quickly moves to the interior of the spaceship and we see two other MONSTERS conversing. The first MONSTER is explaining to the second MONSTER that they (the MONSTERS) learned English while travelling earthward at the speed of light, by listening to radio and television programs. At the end of this explanation the second MONSTER nods his tail and says, "Excellent, comrade."

Exterior scene, showing the frightened woodsman confronted by

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PART 4 --- FOILED AGAIN

THE SCENE: Savoy Hotel,
London

The world's first gentleman and the distinguished and beautiful actress were chatting together in the Savoy bar when the doors swung softly open, and across the deep pile of the carpet strode suave, silver-haired Sir Hubert Fudge, personal aide and confidant of the P.M. Nodding first to Harrison, he then beamed his well-known grin in the direction of the actress.

"Will you excuse us for an hour or two, Dame Peggy?" he said. The lovely creature smiled, nodded, and made a graceful exit, for she Understood; and Sir Hubert, guiding the Great Man to a secluded table, seated himself opposite him and spoke.

"Sorry to have to disturb you, sir," he said, "But Sir Godfrey asked me to contact you at once. There's rather a largish sort of stunt coming off."

Harrison, raised the '05 cognac to his lips, nodded expectantly. "You will be aware, sir," said Sir Hubert, "of the achievements of the Russians in the field of rockets and satellites?"

Harrison slightly inclined his noble profile. "I will."

"Our American allies, under the inspired leadership of President Eisenhower, are, as you know, pooling their scientific resources to regain the technological lead. However..." and here Sir Hubert lowered his voice to the vibrant, confidential whisper that had been the undoing of many a Ministry of Education typist - "however, Her Majesty's Government itself is further advanced in this field than is generally realised. A gigantic research programme, initiated in collaboration with the vast Brock Fireworks combine, has resulted in... Something Pretty Big." Sir Hubert leaned back in his chair and regarded Harrison with reverent inquiry.

"You've heard of the Brock Tenpenny Rocket, sir?" Sir Hubert continued.

The great man nodded sagely.

DESTINY •

"Our new developement - The BTR 16 - is an extension of that idea. At a secret launching site ten miles beyond Ditton Junction stands - the biggest firework in the history of Mankind. Why, the great wooden stick alone is over eighteen feet high, sir, and the nation's finest glassblowers have been working night and day to create the gargantuan Vermouth bottle from which this awesome weapon will be launched!" Sir Hubert leaned forward confidentially. "You realise the implications, of course?"

"You mean....the balance of power may be restored?" said Harrison ruminatively.

"Precisely!" said Sir Hubert with sudden ferocity. "We'll show these rotters that the Old Country still has a trick or two up her sleeve! But perhaps equally as important, the successful launching of the BTR 16 will be a tremendous prestige victory for the civilised half of Europe and The Free Peoples Of The World in general. And - and we need your help, sir."

Harrison paused in the act of lighting one of his exquisite hand-made cigarettes. "Any instructions?" he said.

"I knew we could count on you," cried Sir Hubert, with tears in his eyes. "By God, sir, you're the whitest man I know...any of us know...d'you know, you're a kind of a God with us, sir; there's many a man who would lay down his life..." He broke off, as he became aware of the slightly desapproving quirk of Harrison's left eyebrow, and, bringing himself under control, he continued in a more restrained voice. "To resume, sir. The rocket, with bottle attached, will be floated above the earth's atmosphere by huge gas-filled balloons. A gigantic hole has been scooped out of the centre of the rocket to provide accomodation for yourself. At the specified height, you will activate the blue touch-paper by remote control; the rocket will take off, and the bottle will fall away. The predetermined course of the missile - up - will take it to a point fifty-three-point-two miles above the earth's surface; when this point has been reached, you will, God willing, begin to descend. If the Prophecy and Witchcraft Bureau of the Meteorological Office have informed us correctly (and I have no reason to doubt that they have), you will begin to descend immediately above the city of Moscow. Then, within six thousand feet of the ground, the rocket will explode in an awesome panorama of red, white and blue stars, simultaneously, seventeen thousand copies of "Conservative Freedom Works" and fourteen hundred musical boxes playing "The British Grenadier" will be released on tiny parachutes to fall in the central areas of the city."

Harrison stared ahead of him numbly.

"That, sir, is our plan," said Sir Hubert, a trifle nervously.

"Britannia's brain is as active as ever, I perceive," said the great man, smiling wistfully.

"No expense has been spared to make the stunt a success," said Sir Hubert, with the pugnacious forward-thrust of the chin that had earned him the cherished accolade of 'Spunky Fudge' on the lacrosse

fields of Charterhouse. "We're even providing you with a parachute. May I just... may I...?"

"By all means, my dear Fudge," said Harrison suavely. "It is the third door on the left."

"No, sir," stammered Sir Hubert, in agony of embarrassment, "what I meant was... may I just... wish you well, sir?"

"You may," said Harrison, stubbing out his cigarette on the other's chin. "But tell me, Sir Hubert, why should it be necessary for me to accompany the rocket at all? Surely the whole thing can be done by remote control?"

"Your perception, sir," smiled Sir Hubert, "is as acute as ever. However, there is one further request that Her Majesty's Government has... humbly... to make of you." Amidst the confusion caused by the impact of our propaganda, we should very much appreciate it if you could parachute down (as discreetly as possible, of course) and make your way furtively to the Red Square. You would then proceed to climb the highest spire of the Kremlin, and upon the topmost gleaming cupola place... a certain china utensil of domestic origin." Sir Hubert grinned wryly. "Thing of it! By George, the Russian Government 'ud cut a fine figure when the news leaked out. What a loss of face. What a Blow For Freedom!"

Harrison laughed heartily. "Capital!" he cried. "A somewhat unorthodox mission, but nevertheless one after my own heart. Here is my hand on it."

Sir Hubert, the tears brimming his eyes, took the proffered hand. "God bless you, sir," he stammered.

Part The Second: In Which, For A While, Humanity Is In A Pretty Tight Corner. 1) Tom Sets Out For Rugby School.

Tuesday, November 5th; and in the star-sprinkled darkness above foggy London town a great, sleek shape was soaring upwards. It was Harrison's nose. Behind it sat Harrison, ensconced in his favourite armchair in the oak-panelled study that had been scooped out for him in the heart of the huge missile. He looked up suddenly from the volume of Pliny he had been reading, for the missile-to-earth telephone had begun to shrill insistently. He picked up the receiver. "Hello?"

Sir Hubert Fudge's voice crackled excitedly at the other end. "This is an emergency, sir! A disaster has occurred! By George, it is the...."

"Pull yourself together, man!" said Harrison sharply, and the febrile chattering at the other end of the line quietened somewhat. "Now," said Harrison. "Tell me briefly what has happened."

"Briefly...yes, sir. Well, it's like this, sir. The NGW 111, our new prototype long-range bomber, has been purloined from its secret cache in the Euston Road." Sir Hubert choked back a sob.

"Worse than this, though, the bomb was carrying -- a Cobalt Bomb."

"A Cobalt Bomb... yes, I see," said Harrison imperturbably.

"A man was seen to enter the aircraft. Before he could be stopped, he'd taxied the plane out onto the Euston Road and taken off in it."

"What did this man look like?" queried Harrison sharply.

"We know the devil's identity, sir," said Sir Hubert. "It was Kurt Neumann."

"Neumann!" echoed Harrison. "But surely he was eaten alive by piranha fish in episode two?"

"So we thought, sir, but apparently the low-grade alcohol in the fiend's blood made him unacceptable to the fish."

"And so -- he is still among us?"

"Unfortunately, yes, sir. And you are aware of the fanatical hatred he bears towards the Old Country and towards... well, towards you, sir. But what he doesn't realise is that this bomb, which I am confident he intends to drop on London, is likely to start a chain-reaction that will split this planet asunder like a rotten apple!"

"Caller, your three minutes are up," came the stern voice of the switchboard girl.

"One moment more, miss, if you please," cried Sir Hubert. "The mist, sir... the mist has grounded all our aircraft... only you can save us... you're the only one who..." There was an abrupt click, and his voice was gone.

Harrison replaced the receiver thoughtfully. Only you can save us, thought; then, without fuss or flurry, but with the cool and imperturbable efficiency characteristic of the man, He did the following things. Switching on the radar, He saw the tiny point of light that represented the NGW 111, then making a few quick calculations, He flung the steering wheel hard over, cogged down to third, put His left hand out, achieved a tight U-turn, and screamed on course towards the point of light. Gauging speed and course to a nicety, He gradually brought the rocket immediately over the bomber, until they were relatively stationary. He then opened the door of His study, strode swiftly down a short passageway, flung open the exit-door -- and jumped onto the fuselage of Neumann's aircraft. The rocket from which He had jumped veered away out of control, plunging down into the North Sea.

Clinging desperately to the aircraft with one hand, Harrison whipped out His picket oxy-acetylene torch with the other, and began laboriously to cut a hole into the metal-skin of the fuselage. When the hole was sufficiently large, He lowered Himself quietly into the plane, and walked, casually towards the cockpit. Over the controls,

intent on his mission, set a revoltingly familiar figure. Harrison drew closer, rapidly donning His boxing gloves as He did so.

Some sixth sense must have warned Neumann at that moment, for he suddenly swung around in his seat, his hideous, bloated, piranha-nibbled face contorting with fiendish malice as he caught sight of the Master. "Gott in Himmel!" he rasped. "You!"

"Yes," said Harrison coolly, "and the game is up."

"Der game...oop?" snarled Neuman. "Nein! Is nicht oop!" He lurched suddenly from his seat, and curling his fingers into great claws, hurled himself at Harrison with a foul oath.

"I think not," said the great man, stepping back adroitly; and Neumann, his features alight with a hellish hate, stumbled forward, unable to save himself, towards the already-open bomb doors. With a ghastly, blood-curdling scream he disappeared through them.

And Harrison turned His attention to the controls.....

Part The Third: Just Deserts.

(An Appendix by Harry Hurstmonceaux, O.B.E.)

From one of the Palace's lofty anterooms I gazed out across the magnificence of The Mall. It was as I had remembered it: the parks, the fine processional way, the laughing strollers; yes, thanks to Harrison, they were all still there.

I saw that the crowds were beginning to mass. We had tried to keep the forthcoming ceremony a secret, in accordance with His wishes, but it had proved quite impossible; for von Neumann's body - by one of those ironies that make me more than ever convinced that Providence is on Our Side - had been discovered impaled upon the railings outside the Mother of Parliaments, and had provided the headline of the century.

Harrison was suddenly a world-figure. The French had requested Him to form a cabinet; the Germans had given Him the Freedom of the city of Hamburg and a life pass to any dive on the Reeperbahn; the Americans had voted Him 'This Week's Man Of The Century'; even the Russians (for he had saved them, too) had created a new award, and He was now an Heroic Capitalist Saviour Of The Soviet Republics.

The murmur of voices from behind made me turn; and I beheld the visage of the man I was privileged to call 'friend'. He appeared, if possible, more immaculate than ever in His superbly-cut swallow tails, and the gleaming diamond in His cravat gave Him that air of impeccable suavity which the occasion demanded. He took Faversham and I by the hand. "Glad to see you, gentlemen," He said. "Really, though, I hardly feel that I deserve a Knighthood for the little I did."

"Nonsense, sir," chuckled Sir Hubert, who stood at His side, "The British Public wouldn't be satisfied with anything else. And

remember how hurt the UNO people were when you declined the Presidency." He glanced at his watch. "Well, sir, it's almost time for your Audience."

We all shook hands. Faversham and I were almost beside ourselves with joy and pride. We had all, I thought, come a long way together. Then, as I watched the tall figure stride away down the long corridor, flanked with portraits of the Nations most noble and illustrious personages, I was impelled to think: is He not, after all, the most brave, the most honourable, the most distinguished of them all?

Once more, as of long ago, I seemed to hear the clear ring of silver trumpets and the rich, thrilling music of massed choirs, their voices soaring in triumphant praise; and once more my being was suffused with pride, for I knew that whilst such men lived, Freedom should not pass from the earth. Let us, then, gaze together upon the bright and limitless dawn of Tomorrow with proud hope, and fervent joy, and true humility.

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Do you read Letters-To-The-Editor in magazines? I always do, even if I don't read the rest of the magazine. It helps keep my nose cleared out for one thing and it suffuses me with a sense of rock-bound normalcy that is difficult to achieve through any other method.

Take as a case in point, the letter on page four of the Saturday Evening Post (which, as a matter of sober record, usually reaches us about 11:00 AM Wednesday) issue for February 1, 1958. Leading off is a letter from Eleanor L. Raleigh (you remember Eleanor, don't you? sure you do) from Buzzards Bay, Mass. There really is a place called Buzzards Bay, or at least there was when I drove through it in 1949, just as there really is an Oshkosh and perhaps even a Dennerdell.

Eleanor has a grotch and I am not surprised. I didn't know it would be she but I had a small wager with myself it would be somebody when the article in question first appeared.

This was in the issue for December 28th 1957 and it dealt with Pete Martin's visit to Ernie Kovacs and Edie Adams. The caption under one of the pictures announced that Ernie "averages eighteen cigars a day" and the caption added, "At that rate, he spends more than \$13,000 a year on \$2 stogies."

Well, the way I cipher it out, that comes to \$13,140.00 with an extra \$36 on leap years. But \$176 is a mere bagatelle and we will forgive the caption writer for Thinking Big and rounding it off. Let us put aside, for the purposes of this discussion, the Semantic quibble that the caption didn't say in so many words that he actually

Reprinted from: STEFANTASY, William M. Danner, Rt. 1, Kennerdell, Penna.

spent that much. Disregard the possibility that he may get a quantity discount on them and don't bother standing appalled at the thought of how much he has to earn before taxes in order to have thirteen gees left for cigars, let alone his other expenses and don't stop to speculate on how many pounds of tars and resins would be deposited inside a man's lungs by 6,510 cigars a year.

Eleanor L. Raleigh (of Buzzards Bay) is not concerned with any of these things. She accepts the Semantic skip from he does to at-that-rate and she is sorrowed passing sore. Listen to her:

"In one part of the article, there was mention of how much Mr. Kovacs spends annually on his cigars (\$13,000) ... Perhaps it is because in this area there has been a lot of hard work on the part of various organizations to get just a few dollars to help some people have a happy Christmas, perhaps I can't forget the call for \$4 for a boy who had no shoes and could not go outdoors, for \$6 for a family who had no bed covers, but used coats to keep warm, and many, many other cases...."

The three-dot and four-dot breaks are by the Post so there's no way of telling what she may have said in the interstices between the quoted parts. However, her general contention seems to be that as long as there are shoeless and coverless people in Buzzards Bay people in New York shouldn't ought to spend that much for cigars.

The Post has been developing quite a brawny Social Conscience of late, particularly in the region of the "Letters" department. The issue for January 25, 1958 carried a letter from Mrs. O.L. Golson, Jr., of Melville, La., who took the Post to task for having printed a picture in their December 21 issue which showed a group of men about to start eating on an oversized loaf of bread. Her beef was that the men were "well-fed" and that it "would seem far from amusing to the millions of people in our world who are underfed; to children who have never known what it is to be free from hunger."

Well, it was a trite and miserable sort of gag photo and condemnation on grounds of artistic/aesthetic merit would seem fairly well justified. It makes one wonder if it might have escaped Mrs. Golson's heavy-caliber ire if the men had been more patently malnourished; also precisely what degree of responsibility rests upon the Post or any other magazine to be amusing (or, more precisely, to refrain from being far from amusing) to every single unit of the earth's two-billion-plus humans.

Another notable bit of advanced thinking turned up recently in the Post's cartoons. It showed, as nearly as I can recall, a disgruntled-looking man commenting to a woman (presumably his wife) about another man who was emerging from a furrier's in company of a woman wearing what was probably a new fur coat. Man in foreground captioned, "There goes my boss, his wife and my raise."

Well, there you are. You can't probe very deeply into the rights and the wrongs of any of these things without getting into the very heart of the philosophical considerations of whether any organism

has the right to wreak its will upon any other organism or upon any unit of inorganic matter. I hold a few opinions on these points and there are areas where I haven't firmly made up my mind. It is improbable that my views would be in all cases congruent with your own and equally so that I might be able to swing you around to my opinion. It strikes me as an endeavor with small hopes of profit so I shall content myself with posing a few more hypothetical cases in advanced ethics, asking you to assign values of right and wrong to them.

I should note here that you will not find the official answers in the rear of the magazine complete with a table which puts the testee into one of several described categories. No, whatever answer you give, be assured that it is the right answer for you are the sole judge. My sole contention is that somewhere there is a breaking point between the situation so self-obviously laudable that its description in the Post would not elicit one single word of protest in the letters to the editor, even though it was brought to the attention of every single sentient being presently based upon this planet...and a situation which would evoke one single word...here, surely, lies a most delicate balance.

Case #1 The money spent by Eleanor L. Raleigh (of Buzzards Bay, Mass.) in writing to the Post--five cents for stamp and envelope plus a trifle for the sheet of paper and the ink--could have purchased a pair of shoelaces to keep that \$4 pair of shoes on the feet of the boy aforesaid. Has she the right to make this poor lad shuffle about without laces in order that she can gratify her ego by having her name appear in the pages of a nationally-distributed magazine?

Case #2 That boy with the \$4 shoes...a pair could have been found in a size not too far from his in some second-hand store for \$2 or even perhaps a bit less. With the \$2 thus saved, he could have purchased a fine all-Havana cigar to send to Ernie Kovacs and through all his days on earth he could have been saturated with a feeling of indescribable smugness. Have the "various organizations" of Buzzards Bay the right to squander the whole \$4 on one pair of shoes and to deny this boy his moment of supreme satisfaction? And Ernie his cigar?

Case #3 If a "plain cloth coat" is good enough for Pat Nixon, has any employer in the country the right to allow his wife to own a fur coat? Would you feel that an employer was justified in buying his wife a coat, second-hand but serviceable, with modest but neat collar and cuffs of ranch-bred rat pelts provided the wife and/or paramour of every single one of his employees had, within the past six months, been provided with a mutation-chinchilla stole or, at their option, \$40,000 in cash, tax-free? Would you favor incorporating a provision of this sort into the Constitution to prevent future shocking abuses like the one in the cartoon? What's the matter, bub, self-employed?

Case #4 Since the eating of bread in public might fail to amuse a starving person, do you feel that it would suffice to merely outlaw bread by International treaty or should the entire production, possession and consumption of food be legislated against on the high-

ly plausible grounds that while we would starve, we would all starve as equals?

Case #5 While there are people eking out a pretty miserable existence aboard junks and sampans along the Chinese coast, other people, nasty, fat, rich, stinking, well-fed people are sailing around in the Carribean at this very moment, in posh, luxurious cruise-ships which even boast swimming pools (for crying right out loud)! Now the question here is should we scuttle the cruise ships or will our consciences be adequately salved if we deed over the ships to the coolies (you're aware, of course, that they'll just use the swimming pools to put coal in?)? Let the bloated swine swim in the sea--getting aboard a boat to go swimming--indeed!

Case #6 Has the writer of this column the right to utilize an estimated 25 pounds of metal in a portable typewriter solely to pound out pseudo-erudite screeds such as this (which, of course, could be written by hand providing you concede that he is justified in spending the time at it when he could be knitting wool socks to keep a penguin's feet warm on the Antarctic ice)...when that 25 pounds of metal, smelted down into harpoon blades, could keep a whole village of Oogaluk Eskimos well-supplied with walrus blubber for two years?

Case #7 Can an Oogaluk eskimo be justified in eating walrus blubber when it could be used to ease the sting of sunburn on the raw back of an albino Hottentot?

Case #8 On the morning of April 8th, 1922, one Timothy Grogan, aged 8 years, 3 months and 11 days, did, in the city of East Liverpool, Ohio, eat one pint of ice-cream (tutti-frutti flavor) in the space of one minute and 27 seconds. At that rate, figuring ice cream at 15 cents the pint, by now he would have eaten about two and one half million dollars worth--more than enough money to build a new high school in North Platte, Nebraska. Do you think that boy had the right to deny the children of North Platte an adequate education? Do you think all that ice cream is good for a growing boy? Have you stopped to think that if you keep him from eating that ice cream, certain children of dairy farmers may have to go without bicycles? What right has a kid to have a bicycle when the same steel could be used to make a plowshare to till the rocky soil of Pakistan? What right has a Pakistani farmer to hope to own a steel plow when steel is needed to make fishhooks for the Trobriand islanders?

What right has anybody got to do anything?

Eh?

--Dean A. Grennell

PS What makes you so damn sure the soil of Pakistan is rocky?

SENSE OF WONDER

John Berry

One of the pleasures of fandom is the ever present possibility that suddenly when one least expects it, a new fan will appear over the metaphorical horizon. When I do eventually meet a fan whom I've heard about for years, for the first time, I feel exactly how I think Stanley felt when he met Livingstone. The pounding heart, the dry mouth, pulsating veins... all the symptoms of a new discovery. For even with my limited experience of meeting fans it has become increasingly apparant to me that fans are somehow different from normal homo sapiens there is a certain undefinable stamp of originality of thought and outlook and even-yes, even appearance.

Take this very morning for instance. My office telephone rang, I picked up the receiver, and the voice announced itself as Ken Potter.

A second before, everything pertaining to fandom had been domiciled in a dormant part of my brain temporarily forgotten in the frustrations of mundane travail. And then the name 'Ken Potter' transformed me from a stolid and utterly optimistic dactyloscopist to a fervant fan pulsing with enthusiasm at the thought of coming into personal contact with a new fan and better still, in this case two fans, because Irene Potter (nee Gore) was in Belfast, too.

Ken explained that their visit to my house would be of short duration because they had to catch the boat back to England at 9:30 p.m. This meant a tight schedule, because I didn't quit work at the office until 5:30 p.m. I made a few rapid mental calculations, and told Ken and Irene to leave Willis's house at 5:45 p.m. and walk along the Upper Newtownards Road countrywards. I said that I would race home on my motor-assisted velocipede, then walk towards Willis's house and thus meet them. Ken said this was satisfactory, and I replaced the receiver on its cradle.

It struck me then that we hadn't arranged any identification signal, and I had no idea at all what they both looked like. As the day progressed the problem perplexed me more and more, until by the time I left my office I was in an extremely nervous state. I was scheduled to walk along the Upper Newtownards Road, a very busy main read, and pick out one man and one woman out of the milling throng wending their way homewards.

Now I want you to get this picture firmly in your minds. I am not exaggerating the facts one iota, the experience I am about to

Reprinted from: THE COMPLETE FAAN, John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

relate is perfectly true. No undue stress to make a telling point, but the absolute unvarnished truth, so help me!

I stood looking towards Belfast on the Upper Newtownards Road. Many dozens of people were walking towards me, but I'll swear on the Bible, the Koran or The Immortal Storm that whilst they were still 250 yards away, I spotted two characters, a male and female, whom I somehow knew were Ken and Irene Potter. It wasn't the way they walked, or even, as they approached, the way they were dressed. I just put it down to something approaching the telepathic, or, if you will, intuition.

As the distance between us grew less and less, I saw that their eyes were fixed on mine, and they were smiling, and we shook hands as though we had been old friends for years. There was no stuttering formal introduction..." er, excuse me, um, is your name Potter...I'm er, Berry, er, pleased to meet you, ah, um, nice day isn't it." No, none of that stilted orthodoxy. This meeting was as though it were ordained by the controller of the mystic force which seems to bring us fans together even though by geography and environment we are poles apart.

" 'lo Ken - 'lo Irene"

" 'lo John"

They both explained that they couldn't have missed me in millions, because of the prolific growth on my upper lip. Quite reasonable, as those of you who've met me before will appreciate. But what I am still unable to define is how I knew them from such a distance?

I guided them through the complicated maze of roads which surrounds Campbell Park Avenue, and eventually reached 'MON DEBRIS', my house.

We entered, and in my simple fannish way I instructed them to make yourselves completely at home.

"Put your suitcases behind the settee, Ken," I said, "because I'll be taking you to your boat in an hour or so. No don't put your beanies on that chair, someone will sit on them, and I wouldn't like that beautifully embellished metal to become dented. Steady, watch that pole Ken. I don't care if it has got a flag nailed to it bearing the legend "WE PUBLISH BRENSCHLUSS" you shouldn't have brought it into the house. Irene had the decency to leave hers outside, didn't you, dear, although I don't suppose the neighbours will understand that suggestion that they should rally to the cause of trufandom in Lancaster. It seems to be interesting them though...just look. Gosh, you must be a strong girl to carry a big banner like that, must be almost as big as a tablecloth. Beautiful shade of yellow, Irene. No, no, sit down, my wife will bring tea in a moment. I say, Ken and Irene, I was just thinking about our meeting. Seriously, do you think I'm one of these ESP chaps, or something? I mean, exactly how did I recognise you.....?"

--John Berry

G.H. SCITHERS

This is by no means an attempt to define "science fiction"; far better minds than ours have tried, unsuccessfully, to produce a definition acceptable to all. Their failure is perhaps an indication that here we have a term whose definition is a personal thing with each reader and fan.

-- "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less."

Many people, good, clean cut, straightforward people, disagree with this attitude. To them, "science fiction" is an expression that ought to mean the same thing to everybody, with no wishy-washy compromise.

-- "The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

Unfortunately, "science fiction" never has had a clear unequivocal meaning; people can't even agree how it should be spelled, much less what it means. We propose, then, not to attempt to define the term, but instead present a guide for whoever may wish to try his or her hand at defining it.

-- "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master -- that's all."

The Historical (or Sense Of Wonder) approach is, of course, the most erudite method of defining the term, usually spelled "scientification" for a touch of extra erudition. The method is to simply take the word to mean the same thing as it did when it was first invented. Reference may be made to Jules Verne, H.G. Wells, or Edgar Rice Burroughs, depending on whose writing you consider to be "true scientification". Or you can take the view that Hugo Gernsback defined the term once and for all in his early editorials. Common sense dictates, however, that not more than one of these authorities be quoted in any one discussion, as they more or less disagree among themselves.

The principal advantage of the Historical method is that it is very impressive to newcomers and youngsters,

Reprinted from: YANDRO, Robert & Juanita Coulson,
105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana.

as well as sounding vaguely authoritative even to old timers. There are serious disadvantages, however. For one thing, somebody may quote a historical reference that differs violently with yours; there is nothing as messy as having "The Warlord Of Mars" brought into a discussion which had been centered on "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea". For another thing, strict adherence to the early use of the term would class any story about a t-v repairman as science fiction.

Probably the most virtuous way to define "science fiction" is to define it in terms of a worthy purpose. Instruction in the Wonders of Science and Interesting The Young in A Scientific Observer are the two worthy aims most frequently quoted. Of course, anything that does not accomplish one of these is, by this way of definition, simply not science fiction. However, there is a lot of opposition to this definition -- especially among science fiction editors -- and it must be used with caution.

--- "He wants a magazine that is POPULAR SCIENCE a month ahead of time, maybe two months, and one that is written in the same style except that the articles are broken up into alternate speeches made by two learned professors. ...As for me, I'm just not with him.

----- I. Asimov -----

Very straightforward is the next method; pick your favorite science fiction magazine, consider it as a standard, and define as "science fiction" any story that either appears therein or that is sufficiently similar to those that do. This kind of approach is likely to inspire a lively discussion on the relative merits of various magazines as a standard. Broadening the definition to describe as science fiction all stories that appear in science fiction magazines will hardly stop the argument; there is considerable difference of opinion as to which magazines are science fiction and which are not. Nevertheless, this last is probably the simplest kind of definition that has yet been devised.

At first glance, defining "science fiction" in terms of its component words, "science" and "fiction" would seem an easy task. It isn't. All you have done is to substitute arguments about two words in place of one. However, these arguments are very basic and very necessary to gain any real understanding of what people mean by these terms. This approach brings disagreements out into the open immediately. Take "science" for example. Shall it include just mathematics, physics, and chemistry? Or shall it include biology, paleontology, and geology? How about sociology and psychology? Or theology? Parapsychology? Transchronology (i.e. the study of time travel)? The dictionary isn't much help here; it refers to a study leading to "verifiable general laws", and the question of what is "verifiable" seems to be the one we need answered.

--- "That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

"When I make a word do a lot of work like that," said Humpty Dumpty, "I always pay it extra."

"Fiction" is no easier to agree upon. Discussions on this word as a part of the expression "science fiction" often get involved in the knotty problem of purpose, a problem which has afflicted science fiction's literary companions but little. Detective stories are seldom expected to be treatises on criminal law, westerns are not textbooks on cattle breeding and management, and love stories which go into technical detail on the techniques of...er...marriage, are frowned on by the postal inspectors.

-- "For above all else, a story -- science fiction or otherwise -- is a story of human beings." -- J.W. Campbell, Jr. --

The last method of defining the term "science fiction", although the most sophisticated, is just as open to argument as any of the others, and is as unlikely to produce a universally accepted result. (We never meant to imply that any of these methods would.) This last method is to try to place science fiction against the broad spectrum of imaginative and realistic fiction. This has the very real advantage in that the exact position of science fiction, with respect to its relatives -- the historical novel, the prehistorical novel, the utopia, the negative utopia, and the fantasy story -- is clearly shown.

But even something as basic as the division between realistic and imaginative fiction becomes a point of discussion for science fiction. Fletcher Pratt's criterion for dividing the two is that a story that could not have happened is imaginative fiction, and a story that could have happened (but didn't) is realistic fiction.

-- "This puts all stories laid in the future in the category of imaginative fiction, as they could not yet have happened." -- L. S. de Camp --

But look what happens when we take this division out of the past tense. If we say that a story that could not happen is imaginative fiction, and one that could is realistic fiction, then science fiction either changes to realistic fiction, or straddles the division, depending on whether or not science fiction excludes stories that could not happen. Furthermore, the question of could and could not, sometimes used as the division between fantasy and science fiction, immediately brings up the fascinating but lengthy discussion of just exactly what can and will happen in the future. The differences on this point are startling, amazing, or astounding (depending on which magazine you read.)

-- "...there is...much more extand evidence for the probable existence today of werewolves than for the eventual probability of time travel." -- A. Boucher --

Well, where does all this put us? The Historical method is impressive but is subject to disagreement over the authorities used; the definition in terms of a worthy purpose gets little sympathy from those who like stories for their entertainment value; use of a particular magazine or group of magazines as a criterion brings on discussion of the relative merits of those publications; defining "science" and "fiction" separately invites deep analysis of a pair

of basic words with their associated concepts; and the literary survey method will bring up the very basic question of what can happen and what cannot.

-- "Oh!" said Alice. She was too puzzled to make any other remark.

But things aren't as bad as that. Defining science fiction is one of the activities in which the process is more valuable than the product; the journey more interesting than the destination. These methods are basis not only for interesting arguments, but also for exploration of your own attitudes towards science fiction and towards whatever it symbolizes for you. And if you ever find that your definition -- your complete definition -- of science fiction agrees with that of someone else, you will know that you two agree on many things indeed.

As for what science fiction really is.....

-- "Ah, you should see 'em come round of me of a Saturday night," Humpty Dumpty went on, wagging his head from side to side, "for to get their wages, you know."

(Alice didn't venture to ask what he paid them with; and so you see I can't tell you.)

--G.H. Scithers

Hauty Culture -- John Berry -- ProFANity

Stars My Destination -- Bob Tucker -- IMPROBABLE

BNF versus NEO -- Dean A. Grennell -- TWIG

Pun My Soul -- John Berry & Eric Bentcliffe -- TRIDDE 2

*Shilling -- Shally -- John Berry -- YANDRO

*Zoot Soot -- John Berry -- YANDRO

*Solacon Speech -- Bob Bloch -- YANDRO

Shadrach, Meshach & Abednigo -- Dave Foley -- INSIDE 2

Moving To New York -- Bill Donaho -- INNUENDO 3

Rock Budgers -- Larry Gurney & Bjo -- MIMSY

Clod of Today... Idiot of Tomorrow -- Tom Milton -- Sick Elephant

If I Could Live My Life Over -- Arthur J. Burkes -- Fantasy
Aspects

The Andalent Generation -- Paul Davis -- CONCEPT

American Journey -- Dave Curran & Dave Mason -- FIJAGH

A Day With Marilyn -- Eill Pearson -- QUIRK

A Fake Fan In London -- Robert A. Madle -- JD

The Greg Benford Polka -- Archie Mercer -- VOID

A B Dick Forever -- Greg Benford -- CRIFANAC

The Case of the Convention Cadaver -- Vinç Clark -- PLOY 2

Geisterings -- Dick Geis -- BRILLIG 2

Minutes of the Wheels of If -- Walt Willis -- CRY OF THE
NAMELESS

(Be it understood that these listed items are not in any order. I
set them down on paper and copied them from there. get)

You've just finished reading the second annual volume of "THE BEST OF FANDOM", this one representing the year 1958. In many ways I think you'll agree that it is an improvement over last years 'first attempt'. It is larger and has the advantage of displaying the talents of the years outstanding fan artists. The material is better -- this from having had enough selections submitted that some attempt could be made at editing.

The editing question is a serious one. Many have felt that when I said I would edit the zine I meant that I would edit to get as many zines and authors as possible represented in the volume. This was not the case and was never intended on my part. By editing, I meant that I would pick those items I truly felt were the best of the years crop. There will be disagreement on this point. To this I can only say: "What anthologist, for that is actually what this amounts to, doesn't have the readers give out with their ideas of what should have been included and what excluded from the book. Some items are missing solely because the editor of the fanzine did not submit them to me. I could name at least three that I thought were worthy of inclusion. I felt badly about not getting them. But...

There are a few obvious faults with the issue this year. The margins are not justified as they were last year. Last years effort at this let me know that I wanted no more of it. Besides, there were just as many fans who wrote in and asked why I went to all the trouble as there were who wrote in and complimented me on doing it. There are far too many strike-overs. I started (there is one for you!) out to correct all of them. The plan soon fell by the wayside. It was a case of passing over them or further delaying publication, not by days, but by weeks or even months.

Considering that there has been much adversity with this years printing -- or dittoing if you prefer -- you are lucky to have the zine at all. To begin with, I started with the art pages. The damn fool sold my wife the wrong paper and, without looking, I started to run a fine drawing by Barr. Within forty copies there was no ink left on the master. Adkins had to do the thing over again, no small task.

There is also the advent of a series of illnesses on my part that delayed production. You can't help this, no matter how you look at it. From this

standpoint, a great deal is owed to Diane, my wife for those of you who don't know. Unable to do my extra work -- that work which gets me the money for fanning, she took on the job of altering knit skirts and poured the money into TWIG ILLUSTRATED and BOF. Too, she has been a marvel at the ditto machine running off pages. And, without even guessing, she will be right in there assembling these pages as soon as the final ones are run off.

Dan Adkins is to be thanked for taking on the job of Art Editor on BOF this year. All of the art masters were cut by Dan, with the exception of a couple the artists put on themselves and a couple cut by Bill Pearson. Dan is also responsible for the layout this year, a vast improvement over last year.

1958 was a great fannish year. Several points are standouts, either as good or bad, depending on the person viewing them.

It has been a year of deaths, deaths that saddened those who had grown to love the people who left us. Controversy has sprung up over some of them. I find myself mixed up in one of these over the death of Kent Moomaw, one of the promising fans who hadn't quite reached that point which he wanted so much to receive. Contrary to what you may hear, I think the entire situation was tragic. Though I didn't agree with Kent, the loss is no less great.

Another death that was less tragic, from my own point of view was that of the WORLD SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY, Inc. I don not mourn its passing. An organ which so obviously can't protect its members certainly is of little value. With all due respect to Belle, Frank and George, their pet certainly turned and bit them, and if it bit them, it could have found our posteriors as the next likely spot.

As Madle mentioned in his introduction, this was the year of fanzines -- new fanzines of outstanding potential. The star of this new constellation certainly was the baby of Terry Carr and Ron Ellik. FANAC blasted its way into fandom as an essential part of our lives. It continues to mirror the face of fandom and, though we might disagree with what is said at times, still it is an edited zine and the editors certainly have the right to voice their opinion. Sandy Sanderson's APORRETA deserves praise as the outstanding new personality zine of the year. Again, there is controversy over much of what is printed, but we can take what we want and discard the rest of it.

For my own personal favorite of the regular fanzines, I would pick Miriam (Dyches) Carr's GOOJIE PUBLICATIONS. They are extremely fannish in nature, but I defy anyone to read them and not find something of interest.

We mustn't overlook Bob Leman, the outstanding new fan of 1958. His zine, THE VINEGAR WORM, plus his writings, has earned him a niche in fandom that will last a long time.

That's the BEST OF FANDOM -'58. Hope you like it and will find it as interesting as you did last years volume.

even though

"Googie Pubs are extremely Finnish but still ^{usually} have
something of interest, which sounds suspiciously like
he's saying it's the exception to the rule.
Is this an attitude for Best O.F. ed?

INTRODUCTION

Almost twenty-five years have elapsed since I discovered the existence of fanzines. I can still recall, quite vividly, the very first fanzine to grace my mailbox. (However, they weren't called fanzines then -- but fan mags was the gruff appellation applied to them.) The specific magazine and issue was Fantasy Magazine, October-November, 1934. The vast new worlds of amateur science fiction publishing quite accidentally discovered by the grammar school youngster of 1934 are still just as vast and just as new to the old fake fan of 1959.

The discovery of fanzines and fanzine fandom by the general reader is usually just a freak of chance. With me it occurred because I was a demon letter-column reader. The evening I picked up the December, 1934 Astounding I first carefully thumbed through the issue noticing titles and authors, and ecstatically admiring the wonderful mechanistic art of Elliott Dold. Then to the readers' department -- it was known as "Brass Tacks" away back then, too. One of the first letters was from Julius Schwartz who was offering a free copy of Fantasy Magazine to any reader of Astounding because this was the Astounding dedication issue. Off went my postcard, even though I had no idea what to expect. And several days later it arrived.

I don't know how many days a person can remember with complete recall. Perhaps a half-dozen such as marriage, birth of children, receipt of draft notice, and first binge. With me there are two others: discovery of s-f in magazines and discovery of fanzines.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that that issue of FM was read a dozen times. Just imagine! articles about F. Orin Tremaine, Elliott Dold; news columns forecasting stories to appear in future issues of Astounding, Amazing, Wonder and Weird. (They were the only professional fantasy magazines published then.) And that magnificent almost-photographic cover showing recent issues of the four fantasy magazines, drawn by Clay Ferguson, Jr., a fan artist who showed amazing talent and who, according to Sam Moskowitz, is one of the tragedies of science fiction in that he never did go on to exploit his wonderful talent.

Through Fantasy Magazine I discovered two other fan magazines: Charles D. Hornig's memorable effort

to create a publication just for Weird Tales fans, The Fantasy Fan, and the official organ of the International Scientific Association, The International Observer. Following this came Wm. Crawford's attempts to publish the fan's dreamzine, Marvel Tales and Unusual Stories. By this time I had the bug myself and, along with three other Philadelphia youngsters, started on a carbon-copied fan mag called The Science Fiction Fan. This lasted one issue and we then published several carbon-copied issues of Imaginative Fiction. ("We" were Jack Agnew, John V. Baltadonis, Harvey Greenblatt and, of course, myself. All are still around with the exception of Harvey who was killed in World War II.) During the following years many other publications rolled off our hectographs and mimeos. We were, indeed, fanzine fans!

Please forgive an old member of First Fandom his nostalgic memories. However, I did want to emphasize that my affiliation with fanzines is a little more than superficial. Besides, I might want to write a sequel -- not, not a sequel -- but a supplementary volume to The Immortal Storm someday and I could expand these few paragraphs into six or seven chapters. But back to the present.

In the introduction to The Best of Fandom -- 1957 Robert Bloch (who, I might mention, was writing for Fantasy Magazine about the time I discovered it) indicated that, in all probability, Guy Terwilleger would not face all the obstacles encountered by the editors of such publications as The Best from Shock Tales or The Best of Harlan Ellison. Bob said that BOF should be a downright honest "best" publication, and he was right! There is little doubt that the various fanzine editors who responded to Guy's request for selections took what he or she considered best and sent it to him for inclusion. Consequently, the first BOF included such top fan talent as Walt Willis, Robert Bloch, Dean Grennell, John Berry and Carl Brandon -- just to mention a few. Formatwise, BOF was also among the best -- and BOF 1957 is certainly one of the really best fan publications ever issued. Unfortunately, the complete edition was sold out prior to publication and this outstanding fan effort could not be utilized to entice the very interested general reader into fandom. (Ah, yes -- always the proselyter that Madle!)

As difficult as it would seem, The Best of Fandom -- 1958 will have to be downright unbeatable to surpass 1957's volume. However, I believe this will be done -- for 1958 was a wonderful year for fanzines. Having collected fanzines for almost a quarter of a century, it would seem to me that they have their good, bad and indifferent periods. Perhaps, in reality, it is me who is having a good, bad or indifferent period. Be that as it may, last year was, to me, a good year for fanzines. And when I think of 1958 I think first of Fanac -- that marvelous little bi-weekly (formerly weekly, but who can keep up that pace?) Someone has said it before -- but I'll repeat it -- "Fanac is indispensable!" An Hugo award was not given for the best fanzine this year. But if it had been I'm quite sure Fanac would have been right up there. Thanks, Ron and Terry, for helping make 1958 a red-banner fanzine year for me!

1958 was also the year of the "letter-substitute" and general

gossip zine. Thus, we had such interesting publications as John 'Mannus' Humble, Ted White's Stellar and Galia, Ralph Holland's Quoth the Walrus, and Wm. Rickhardt's The Swinging Bore. Not to mention the excellent work accomplished in this area by Dick Cheney and Bob Leman -- with Stupefying Stories and The Vinegar Worm, respectively. Bob Leman, incidentally, could possibly win the award as the 'Best New Fan of 1958.' Of course, old faithful, Science Fiction Times, continued to appear, albeit quite late usually. Ray and Jimmy -- some excellent news items were marred by late publication. Sure hope you can catch up -- even if you have to make it a monthly for a couple issues.

There were also some new fanzines. Now, as a general rule, new fanzines do not stand out or make an impression. However, one of the neatest -- formatwise -- to appear in 1958 was published by a neofan -- Sylvia White (nee Dees) with Flafla. Then the boys from Purdue (Ken Pickly, Bob Ross and Jim Tunis) have published two sercon issues of Omnivore, which show promise. Young Vincent Roach (only 14 years old) has spiralled out with Into the Haze -- very nice job for one so young. It should be mentioned that Vince was 1958's Spelling Bee champ for Indiana. And oldtimer (comparatively speaking) Dick Ellington appeared with Lijagh, a commendable effort. Mimsy is a nice effort from LA.

And then there were oodles and oodles of the old standbys. Only one issue of Ron Smith's Inside appeared -- but a formidable job it was. Surely something from that well-rounded collection should make 1958's Best. Bob and Juanita Coulson's Yandro and Guy Terwilleger's Twig were the most reliable of the general zines. There is a tremendous assortment of material to choose from in these two cases. The same applies to Lynn Hickman and his JD. Lynn published quite a number of issues in 1958 and JD is certainly one fanzine I eagerly anticipate. (I wonder why?) And let's not forget Gregg Calkins and his consistently excellent Copsla! And that applies to Polarity -- published by L. and Elinor Busby. I used to enjoy another of their excellent publications, Cry of the Nameless, but didn't see a single issue last year. I guess I must face facts -- they cut me off their list! Sad, sad. Grue appeared but once -- sad, sad.

Ah, and now to the British fanzines -- I love 'em -- I love 'em! Seriously, fanzines like Ron Bennett's Ploy, Eric Bentcliffe's Triode, J. Michael Rosenblum's New Futurian, the Liverpool Group's Space Diversions, Incomery Fandom's Aporrheta, and, of course, Walt Willis' Hyphen, are always way up there when it comes to interesting, well produced material. I hope there is more representation in this year's BOF for this quite excellent group of publications. Last time only Camber, Ploy and Hyphen were represented.

The above just briefly displays the excellence of 1958. There are undoubtedly numerous fanzines I have not mentioned. Naturally, it is impossible to mention all of them. However, there is so much to choose from this year that 1958's Best of Fandom should be the best of the best.

In closing I would like to mention that I was unable to review many fanzines in my "Inside Science Fiction" during 1958. When Science Fiction Quarterly expired, I lost my regular space and Bob Lowndes has had to squeeze in the large amount of my stuff he had on hand whenever he could find space. This year I hope this will be remedied and I shall, again, be able to devote an appreciable amount of space to fanzine reviews. In this vein, I'd like to mention that Nebula Science Fiction will soon be starting a bi-monthly fan column by me and I expect to be able to publicize fanzines and fandom with regularity. So please keep the fanzines coming because I expect 1958 to be another great year for science fiction fan magazines.

--Robert Madle

1958

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OF

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