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has nothing in it.
Twig seg not to overlook
Bol Leeron who has
2 preces in it
NO ROTSCER ALT.

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A Salute To Television - Jim Weger
The Purifans Sid Birchby
Bleak Fate Intervenes Bob Leman
Bedtime Tale For A Baby Bem Vince Clark
The Biter Bit Bob Tucker 94 (GRUE)
Beloved Is Our Destiny (Part 4) Faversham & Hurstmonceux98 (TRIODE)
The Skeptic Tank Dean A. Grennell
Sense of Wonder - John Berry
How To Define Science Fiction George II. Schthers
Honorable Mentionselections not published
As I See It Guy Terwilleger

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.

Jung

no countingly uple

R

'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 viscissitudes of the labor situation, family conditions, or just plain wondering feet, and, one by one, most of the ahppy 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 heros 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 Notel 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 innumberable 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



Son Cilik

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 Your pages and went to 73 people.

4Mar: Guy Terwilleger 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.

17 Iar: 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 S cret Service never did anything violent, although they did scare Rike and his readers, about whether or not he was a communist.

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

31 Mar: Our lirst 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 incormation about Chicago and Detroit, Len Morfatt stands up to defend the WSFSinc because it helps him in his job with the WorldCon; INFINITY to go bimonthly because of poor sales

Apr: Kent Moomaw Folds his finzine ABCWRATION and announces intentkon to attend Midwestcon, Souwestercon and Foldcon; first issue of GROUND ZERO appears, presenting the viewpoints of three WSFSinc officers; SF ADVENTURES folds; Rog hillips 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 Eurbee for the Living Legend's birthday party; Lars Bourne sent a tree to Berkeley; WSFSinc files suit against Dave Kyle for approximately \$200.

Bray: Joe and Roberta Sibson 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 MCTROFAN 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 SELL TOLLS FOR WHOM; Roberta Wild definitely withdraws from 1958 TAFF race.

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

26 Tay: 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 Farty thrown at home of Rog & Honey Graham, draws carload of ans 'ron L A. as well as most Bay Areans; Anna Moffatt orders GHRaybin to withdraw suit against David Kyle; Raybin hedges.

17Jun: French fander censored by DeGaulle-ist government--lirst issue of Paris club's 00 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 D ve Kyle v. GNRaybin and Fl'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.

12 July: Ron Bennett wins Table

26July: Dave Kyle or ers to withdraw \$5,000 lawsuit it Dietz & Raybin retract every statement they have made about him, resign their positions in the ISFSinc; agree NEVER to run for any WSFSinc office again.

lAug: 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 Moffatt'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.

SSep: Solacon report--Committee rejects WSFSinc as an authority Anna Molfatt 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 i'en, 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.

280ct: 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, Pittsburg and Washington DC; Chicago announces its bid for 1962; Chick Harris retires from co editorship of HYPHEN; Futurian Socy of NYC restormed and happy go lucky basis, Bill Courval visits Berkeley on way into Army.

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

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 reawakened fannish interest on part of Dick Geis, but is not a revival of PSYCHOTIC.

-- Ron Ellik

### 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 insterest to one well-known fan (who then gafiated), 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 incredulity.

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 & 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 assistant 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 threes 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 s 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 won-dered 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.

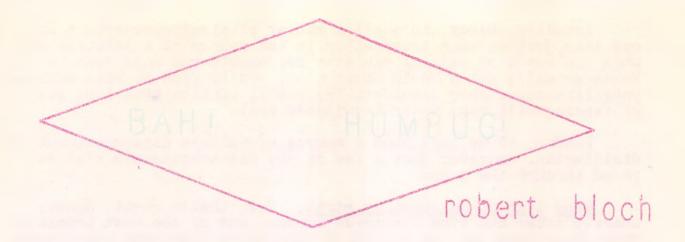
"Hot coffee," she ordered, "quickly."

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 same.

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 lana word. I must hide him away next time Vince comes to 'Mon Debris'.

--John Berry



"Robert Bloch sounds to me like an old fan growing sour." -- Randy Brown Oopsla #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 soutsearing 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 fannish 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 Tannish affairs, I hasten to raise my feeble voice in a word of explanation.

I know young folks like Randy are naturally inpatient 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 random, and why I write such nasty, abusive articles as the one which recently aroused your critical perceptivity in Cocsla.

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 five 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 gans proclaimed that we lovers of science-fiction were star begotten. Innocent youtht 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 gges 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 ferme-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 Mahai'ey 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 lise 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 shote and all that happens is I get forgier than ever. I bought a Heironymous Machine but it isn't even sticky enough to seal envelopes with.

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

"Fandom? Bah! Humbug!"

-- Robert Bloch



## 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, forgottem 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 parants. 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 untellavle 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-ULGNHPHU, the blasphemies of SHIG-G-SH-GLTH SH-PHTGOOEY, and give unfavorable reviews on the forbidden book of the NECRONEINEUMONIOCONLOSIS\* ANTIARIANIASM.

Repringed 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 accelleration 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 leucotes.

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 discovered that Festus Pragnel: lived 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 recollec tion 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 con fusion to which I was quite accustomed at home but which here, in the contest 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

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

SIT TO

FESTUS

PRAGNELL

c. s. youd

was real to me, and there was wild excitement in the thought that I might be able to discuss this world with someone to whom it must be more real still because he had created it. It took many long years and the pains and travails of authorable on my own part to understand that the reality of the world an author creates in fiction is beyond communication, and that the person least able to discuss it is the author himself. At the time I was aware only of my disappointment, a disappointment made more bitter by the absence of science fiction magazines from Festus' home, and his casual comment that he hadn't read any science-fiction for a year or so.

Nor had it occurred to me that Festus might be under the urge to communicate, though on different matters. Being older, he was better able to make his attempts at this. He talked, and talked. He discussed his upbringing under his fanatically religious grand mother, and spewed out the hatred and disgust which disguised his love of the mean upbringing casually atheistic. God seemed too unimportant a subject to stir the emotions. He discussed his small daughter and his desire to bring her up in what is still. I believe, quaintly regarded in some quarters as 'freedom'. I had the truly self-centered adolescent's loathing for all small children, as creatures demanding help and protection and giving nothing in return. He discussed the properties of diamonds, and his own be lief that if a synthesis could be found, diamond would replace all forms of hard plating. I knew nothing of diamond, and cared even less.

The evening wore on, and I reeled under the flood of talk, unable to cope with it or halt it. It grew late, and I glanced at the clock. Festus ignored the glance, and launched into an exposition of Freudian psycho analysis. I believe Mrs. Pragnell went to bed at some stage Festus continued to declaim. I fidgeted; he took no notice. I tried to remedy matters by ceasing even perfunctory murmurs of agreement. Festus, it was clear, no longer needed them.

When at last he released me at the front door, it was very late indeed -- around midnight. I waited for some time at the nearest tram stop before, reluctantly and miserably, starting to walk the five or six miles between it and my home. When I had walked for about five minutes I heard singing of a distant tram, and raced for a stop to catch it. But it was heading in the opposite direction, returning to the depot.

I reached home some time between one and two in the morning, to find my parents abroad and anxious. But their anxiety made no impression on my own disillusion. One of my favourite science—fiction authors had proved to be an untidy bore.

Years later, as I propped up the bar at the Globe, a burly and vaguely familiar figure shambled in and introduced by Ted Carnell as none other than Festus Pragnell. I metaphorically smacked my lips as I shook hands with him. I knew now that religion was worth

getting worked up about, and was ready to argue any donkey's hindleg 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.

G. S. Youd

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

This is the same Laney who edited the #1 fanzine ACOLYTE, the #3 FAPAzine FANDANGO, who was a one-time dignitary in the NFFF, and besides being an officeholder in FAPA a couple of times, was nors than once the Director of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

If I could remember the exact chronology of this attair. I might even discover that he was Director of the LASES at the very moment that the mallet came flying at his head. Can you imagine onyone throwing a mallet at the head of the Director of the LASES?

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, rounder of the advine FANTASY ADVERTISER, worked there for a while.

Laney, in response to a loud warning shout looked up just in time to see the mullet 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 the 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 laughed without much humor in his laugh occause be could scarcely elieve that this thing had happened.

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

Reprinted from: INNUENDO Terry Cerr 320 A Elst St Sen Francisco 10, Celifornia

CHARLES BURBEE

Laney i" 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 telleing 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

like the pract of a rifle.

The Coracian went over to Chow "I'm not burt. Are you?" he wald.

Chow said, "I didn't even have to turn around to know who did that Only one manin the shop step1d enough."

The rest of the day Chow would come over to me at intervals, usually announcing himself by throwing something sharply against my machine or the wall, then coming up and saying quietly to me. "I'm not hurt. Are you?" Then he'd tell me the story all over again.

About the fourth time he told me the story, I said to him, "What are you so annoyed about, anyway? Old Chinese joke. He almost kill you."

To Chow's eternal credit it must be admitted that he laughed. It was a laugh that reminded me or Laney's raugh, so long ago. A sort of wry laugh, without much humor in it at all

-Charles Burbee

### JOHN BERRY

Tather 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 awrul lot about it, he confessed to himself in front of the rearing 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 whiched 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.

the other room as they played with the toys and he smiled nor talgically. Heck, He was seventeen an sure they were only kids. He lay back and watched the state of the life II only he could affort 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 foot tebs in the down now leading to his docway, to the man standing ther

"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. 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?"

"Fanac session, Gary breathed in awe. "Fanac Session. Why yes, come up to my room; I'll tell my mother you are here; can you stay the night? Have you got a Gestetner with you?"

"Such enthusiasm." smiled Junnell. "I've got Rankin Walker with me, you know, the pro."

"A pro," breathed Gary. "Bring...bring him in too, and the Gestetner, and, everything else...I'll come and help you....sir."

Without any protection against the weather, he waded after Gunnell to the caravan. Gunnell opened the door, and Walker was seen to be fast asleep, a recent science fiction anthology held tightly in his arms.

Gunnell shook him.

"We're here, Rank," he yelled, and Walker woke up.

"What idic...what neofan's house are we at now?" he asked sleepily, seeing the delighted ligure of the said neofan standing respectfully back. As Walker stood up and yawned, the anthology slipped into the snow. Gary rushed forward and picked it up, wiped the snow off and handed it to Walker.

"If you've got a copy of this, I'll autograph it for you," muttered Walker, stepping down into the snow, and picking up two heavy suitcases, "are we in time for dinner?"

"Yes, yes," stuttered Gary, "let me...let me carry the Gesterner, please."

Gunnell smiled knowingly, and let Gary's sweating fingers grip the worn handle on the metal cover. He carried two more suitcases and they walked into the house.

Mrs. Frinklefooter stood on the porch, her hand over her mouth, and she looked at the two strangers as they stopped before her.

"Ma, these are two BNF's," explained Gary, "Mr. Gunnell and Mr. Walker. Mr. Walker is a pro and he's going to autograph my anthology, and they're going to show me hot to be a fan and ........."

"Your son sent us a fee for this service, Madam," explained Gunnell. "The service is especially designed for neofen... for young persons who don't get the advantage of coming into contact with other science fiction fen. We have a caravan down the street, although we would appreciate it if you were able to, er..."

Gary looked at his mother with imploring eyes.

"Of course, gentlemon," she said, "we have a spare room. I presume you'll be...?"

Walker spoke. "We have a similar call to make tomorrow to another young man who lives about a hundred miles from here, and as

Tear is executable shot shot in I

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

Mrs. Finklefooter smiled, and ushered them inside.

Cary took them to his bedroom, and under Gunnell's directions, they but the bed and the other mundame 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.

"Ilmmm," mused Gunnell, "it does look like a fan room, I suppose. Pity you forgot to bring that Ekberg pin-up, although that technicalor 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 Tather, and placed it on the end of the table. Gunnell took off his jacket, reled up his shirt sleeves, lit a cigarette and let it droop from the corner of his mouth, and hunched over the typer, his Tingers poised.

"We'll bash out a one shot, Gary," he said. "Any ideas, Rank?" Walker put his anthology down.

"Let me see, is this meo taking the 25 or the 35 dollar course?"
"The former," muttered Gunnell, looking hopefully at the meofan.

"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 ...hmmm, 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 neclan. "That leaves three pages for you, kid. 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 waited past them, "mebbe 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?"

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

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

about that story of yours rejected by Merrill. It wouldn't look good in STEEPINGS, would it?"

"Muh, you can talk " speered Talker "Don't think . don't know about all those PAFF votes you garnered."

"Take care, Walker," hissed Gunnell. "Remember you've got more to lose than I have. I correspond with Larry Shaw, you know."

They stood up and faced each other aggressively. Gary stepped forward.

"Please," said he slowly, "Please don't start all this trouble just over a title for my one shot. How about calling it GARY'D UNANTMOUSLY. It's a pun, see. Fans make puns, don't they? Isn't there a chap called Willis makes them?"

"Ah Willis," the BNF's muttered. They took of their beanies reverently. "What a loss to FAPA," added Gunnell

The silence must have lasted a full three minutes.

They all cleared their throats.

"Well, I guess GARY'D UNANIMOUSLY will do, what say, Rank?" asked Gunnell.

"Sure, sure, hey, what's that delicious odor mixed with the roasted turkey What time do you usually have dinner, kid?"

"'bout eight thirty. Can I stencil a page, please, Mr. Gunnell?" asked Gary anxiously.

Gunnell breathed smoke through his nostrils. "I'd better do it, Gary," he said, not unkindly, "I can stencil very quickey, besides which, I expect you'd much rather crank the Gestetner, wouldn't you, and help us to staple and everything. It you're keen enough, I might even see fit to let you address some of the envelopes. That remindes me the 25 dollars doesn't include postage for the oneshot...that'll be another, let me see, lifty times four another two fifty should cover it."

Gary nodded enthusiastically, and started to print his own brilliant title on the stencil Gunnell had passed to him.

The door opened, and Gary's little sister peered round it with big blue eyes.

"Mommy says dinner is ready," she said

They sat around the table, which was loaded with fine things.

Gary introduced the two BNF's to his father, who said a few conventional pleasantries, and the meal started.

aged six. He started an earnest and, it must be admitted, intellectual conversation with Gary's ather about geology, a hobby which it transpired interested them both very considerably. "Although of course, sir," explained Gunnell, "I'm a pretty big noise in fandom...science fiction fandom, that is and I have several times considered the possibility of turning away from it and making geology my rein interest, but, well, I must confess that it would be a great blow to fandom if I did. I don't want to give the impression that I'm indispensable, but OMPA, FAPA and SAPS even revolve around me...I sort of finally sum up all the controversies, although the last one was a pip. G. Carr can certainly disn it out. And, of course, "adle... I say, sir, have you ever studied the strata of the Grand Canyon. I must say that..."

Rankin Walker sat between Gary and his mother. Whenever his mouth was partly empty, which wasn't often, Rankin would turn to Mrs. Frinklefooter and lavish praise on her for the excellent way the mean was cooked and served.

"...mmm...that Apple Sauce was out of this world, Mrs. Frinklefooter. I must get the recipe from you for my dear add mother. She
takes a considerable interest in me, you know. I remember she positively refused to allow me to cash my first cheque...it was a short
story for SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES...and gave me the money it was
worth instead. And do you know what she did with the cheque, madame
...ah, I will have another glass of port, please...she framed it
and hung it in her bedroom. I must say Gary here seems very good
fannish material. He shows considerable discernment for one so
young. He spotted my story immediately in that anthology, and positively insisted..."

The children went in with their mother to the play room to see what else was on the Christmas tree. Rankin expounded at great length to Gary about the different personalities in fandom, and the people he had met.

"....Bloch is a very ordinary person, you know he has no sense of self importance like some of the big name pro's have. I was just saying to Silverberg the other day that it is a great pity about his column being stopped. You entered fandom that way, didn't you? Yes, I had breakfast with Tucker at the last Con. He's a very busy man, you know. He couldn't believe that my lifteenth story was about to be published in GALAXY. I'd certainly sub for it if I were you. Also...."

Gunnell and Gary's father talked quietly and seriously at the table, and then Mr. Frinklefooter gave him a cigar and took him by the arm and led him to the library

"Don't know what the hell Gunnell is playing at," remarked Walker later. "We'd better go up to your room and finish off the oneshot You can type fast, can you...good.. you sit down in Front of the typer then, and cut the stencil to my dictation is can illo a mite, We don't need Gunnell really, you know. Since I turned pro I haven't done much of this Now then, let me see....here we go

It was snowing hard, a veritable wall of downy-like snowflakes formed a barrier in front of us as BAG and myself drove the trusty rod to our destination, the abode of a neofan named Gary spinklefooter 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, anywar. 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, nut 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 lather 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," Mankin 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,

oi course, but..."

"I hope he wasn't disappointed in me," said Gary humbly. I'm new to it all, you know. I've only ever read two fanzines, and..."

"No, no, BAG thinks you're pretty good fannish material, he does, honestly; he told me so this morning. Don't forget to tell your neofannish friends to write to Box Number 374...tell them they'll see every side of fandom, just as you have."

"Thank you, Mr. Walker," said Gary, "and I do really like your stories, and Iron now on I'm going to read them all. It's gust that I think BAG...er, I mean, I think Mr. Gunnell was bored with me. He seemed far more interested in...."

Walker smiled as he got into the driving seat. He opened the window and put his left hand on Gary's shoulder and looked at him. A serious glint was in his eyes and yet he showed a rare streak of consideration as he explained the situation squarely to Gary.

"You see, Gary," he said, "I told you that you'd seen every facet of fandom, and you have. Understand that Gunnell has done everything in fandom...in fact, one could almost say he'd done too much. And I think that in retrospect, you've been privileged to see the one great lesson in fandom. You see. Gary, BAG is tired. The great spirit of Roscoe is gradually flowing from his veins. This should be an unforgettable lesson to you. I want you always to remember it. Because, Gary, BAG is slowly getting away from it all. He has caught the dread germ. It is known as gafia."

He let the clutch in, and the car and caravan made a crisp noise as it crackled across the dry snow. Gary looked after it until it turned the corner.

He thought he understood'

--John Berry

### SLEEP WITH



### 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 placed 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 mean agreed. The dog bed was duly put in a corner of the bedroom, and Dolly dossed 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 hereevery time she came sneaking up onto the bed I'd eject here but in the end I'd always fall asleep, and next merning, there she'd be.

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

The initaial 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 short ness of nose. This selective breeding resulted in the "sourmug" bull dog 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 in finite variety and magnificent irregularity, full of surprises and startling non-sequiturs. It will drone along for a time with the regularity of a phiegry metronome—cunningly drawing the unewary 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, means, 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

pany Still, a nce integrity demands that I place all the facts acfore you, I will mention, but not elaborate upon, this final refinement of the torture. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the bulldog is by nature flatulent; and while an artful adjustment of feeding times can schedule most of the offensive outbreaks for the daylight hours, there are times when the night is made hideous.

It is said that in every love affair there is one party who is the lover, and another who is the beloved; and that the loved one has the more difficult role. Something of the sort appears to apply here. It is, I suppose, flattering to have a dog which will go to any length to avoid separation from its master; but how much pleasanter life would be if I could disregard Dolly's sufficating affection and send her to the basement where she belongs.

-Bob Leman

# INCOAPORATION

### IS TOO RESTRICTIVE

(A public service announcement)



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-Mistorian 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

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

## marion Z THE FEUD OF bradley THE

They were just pinning on the badge that said GARY CRAIG, Nebraska, when somebody rushed up to me. His badge said TIM CONVAY, and all I knew about him was that he had that wonderful column in FANDCM'S CRY. He was a bright-eyed teenager with huge hornrims that balanced a little precaricusly on his nose, and his voice sounded queerly uneven. "Listen, Gary -- " he started, "Listen, I just sam the sign-in sheet. You know what? Buck Turner just turned mp!"

"Oh, my God," I muttered, "that's all we need around here. I don't have to meet the guy, do I?"

Tim Conway looked around, somewhat warily. "I guess not. Unless he comes looking for you."

"It he comes looking for trouble," I said quietly, "he might get it. But nobody wants trouble at a convention. I think I know how to behave in a public place."

"Yeah," muttered Tim, "but what about that creep? Shooting off his mouth all over FAPA"

"Nov, look " I said uncomfortably, "I've had plenty to say about him, too."

"I was always on your side," Tim said, and I sighed.

"Lock Tim. All these fannish feuds - they don't really mean anything " And then, more to myself than him, I said, I hope.

I wasn't nearly as calmes I looked. I'd tried to keep a cynical attitude about Buck Turner, but I admit he got under my skin. There had come a time when I couldn't even read that FAPA rag of his, that crudsheet he had the nerve to call VD. Of course it meant Veteran Display, but he printed it in little letters and you could tell he thought the innuendo was hilarious. It gripes me to have to explain things like that to my wife. God knows she has a bad enough opinion of fandom to start with.

I wrote him a letter about it - a decent letter, I'd say, just a suggestion that I didn't think it was in such good taste - and the thing I got for an answer - well, I have a temper of my own, and I guess I blistered the paper. I should have cooled off before

Reprinted from: SPECTRE, Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanogga 11, Tennessee.

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, nost 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 a drit 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, Tin 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 flippant, 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

Buck Turner cross me the room quietly, decisively. Suddenly if realized I wasn't just going to stand there and let him come and start needling me as he had done in FAPA. Maybe I could avoid a fight by walking out of the room, but blast it, I wasn't going to do that, either. I'd to up to him and say something neutral and see if we couldn't behave like two adult human beings. But by heavan if he wanted to light, we'd make this into really the feud of the century, because if he made anymore damn wisecracks, I'd haul off and hit him.

I took a half dozen steps forward. The Convention Chairman said, "Listen, you two - "

Tim put a hand on my arm. I pushed it off. I said in an undertone "Thanks, Tim; but this is my business now."

There were whispers now all around the room, and I selt my fists clench at my side. Suddenly it seemed so damned nonsensical. The other fans had prodded us into this feud because it made the fur fly, because it gave them something to get excited about and something to take sides on in FAPA. A little decency, a little common sense, and we two grown men wouldn't be striding toward each other through a gang of gaping teen-agers waiting for something to crack, even if it was only our decency.

He was only a step away now, and I stopped. He coughed slightly. He said, "You're -- Gary Craig?"

I felt a sudden need to clear my throat, but I didn't. I only said, "Yeah. You're Buck Turner."

I haven't the frintest idea which of us moved lirst. Suddenly my right hand clasped his and we shook hands. His grip felt firm and friendly and in one of those crazy simultaneous things we said almost in identical cadence:

"Glad to meet you. Let's go have a drink."

- Marion Zimmer Bradley



It's been a couple of years since any of us have seen Chuck Tigert, but we still talk about him every now and then. We'll be sitting around at a club meeting or one-shot session or something and one of the guys-susually George Denison-will say something like, "Seven quotecards today. Seven lousy quotecards "Then we bust up laughing and we're off on a bit of reminiscence for awhile.



Chuck was quite a guy. He wore glasses sometimes, and he was fairly short, but he had a hell of a build. When he was first attending club meetings he was all redhot for the girls—he'd just finished high school and to him a fanclub meeting seemed like a school social or something, especially since so many of us were teenagers and at that time there were so many girls in the club.



He was dating this one girl in the club Clair, a real honey-blond with this figure. But all of a sudden they stopped seeing each other and hardly talked at meetings, even. It wasn't long before Chuck told some of us what had happened. They'd started some pretty heavy petting and all of a sudden she stopped him. He said what's wrong, let's go, and she said, she was afraid she might get pregnant. "After all," she said, "science fiction fans of all people should be able to look to the future." Chack said she was too God dammed much of a fan.

terry

But later he got pretty involved in fandom himself. He got to flexing his biceps for us and telling us that that arm was the one that cranked out thirty pages or more of fancines a month, for ghodsake. And there's a story that George Denison tells about Chuck that later, when he got so well-known in fandom, he was trying to make time with this femmefaune and she wanted him to say some lovewords or something to her. Well, Chuck must have been pretty bad at it, because she got completely cold and said why couldn't he be poetic once in awhile. Chuck blew up and said. "For Chrissake, I'm a BNF, isn't that enough?"

Chuck started publishing back in the middle of the Seventh Fandom ruckus, when I

Reprinted from: GOOJIE PUBLICATIONS, Miriam Dyches Carr, 3320 an 21st St. San Francisco, California. wasn't much more than a fringe fan myself. In six months he'd worked his way right to the top of the heap it you want to put the way Chuck always did anyway. He said that fandom was like anything else, you had to work like mad if you wanted to get anywhere. "I never knew a guy who could take a dame to bed without working his ass off for it and fandom is the same way," he said

And he went at fandom like he was on the make. He had two zines going for awhile. CLOCKWORK and HERE THERE BE TIGERT. CLOCKWORK was a monthly mag, and he prided himself on its regularity, as you might guess from the title HERE THERE BE TIGERT was shorter, and usually appeared more often--it was one of the "snapzines" that were appearing so much then, like Larry Balint's, and John Magnus and Charles Wells' and so torth. It was the thing to do then

Well, he had these two zines, and he really played for all they were worth. He had this driving urge to get to the top to be a SNF, to be a force in fandom or something like that. Not through conceit—I give him credit for more than that. It was just that there were a lot of things he didn't like about fandom, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to try to change them. The only way he could do that, he rigured, was to gain some sort of stature in the field.

CLOCKWORK was the zine he used to set himself up at tirst. It was a pretty decent zine all in all. He never had Willis or Bloch or any of the really top writers except maybe in the letter column now and then, but he had a pretty good eye for new talent and he developed his own stable of writers, as he called them. George Denison was one of them, of course—he had a column in there. And there was Marty Beyne with his "Fanhistory Rewritten" series, and Sylvia Harrison's cartoons. Ron Ellik did fanzine reviews for him for awhile, I think.

Well, by his fourth or fifth issue Chuck was really hitting his stride. The letter column had expanded to around ten pages an issue that's with Sylvia's cartoons padding it out a bit of course. Chuck often bragged that he wrote fifty letters a week, and though I don't know whether that was true or not, it probably wasn't much of an exaggeration. The guy spent all of his evenings writing letters, and he was a fast typist. I don't know who he corresponded with in particular, but George says his letters were mostly fan politics of one sort or another. "Smokefilled envelopes," George likes to call them

I remember that he started getting irregular in his attendance et the club meetings then, and it was because he spent so much time at his correspondence. When he did come to meetings he invariably started a harangue about how the rest of us ought to get into fandom more, not just sit around at meetings talking. "Get of your cans." he'd say. "You guys are completely unknown in general fandom!" And we'd tell him we liked just reading and talking about stf and that fandom could go hang. He finally said "Oh Christ, forget I e ven brought it up. You guys would just go join the N3F anyway."

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 epinionating 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 start—ed 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 landom, 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.

Chack might have pulled out of the slump -- he was pretty hotheaded, but he had good sense underneath -- if it hadn't been for the beginning of quoteca is right then. I don't know who originated the things, but the first ones Chuck got were from Harry Epevoldson, the guy who'd teed off on him over the "Destination Moon" type, I remember the night Chuck came over to my place to run off an issue of GLOCKWORK, and he brought these two quotecards from Enevoldson with him. "Son of a bitch," he said, "look at these things. I'll bet old Harry-butt thinks he's really come up with something fabulously fannish here." He showed then to me, but I didn't think much of the matter at the time.

Check didn't get out another issue of HERE THERE BE TIGER' for a couple of weeks after that, and in that time he got about helf-addoen more quotecards, including some more from Enevoldson. Well, in his next issue Chuck cut loose with a blast at quotecards. He knew by this time that Enevoldson hadn't originated them, but that didn't matter. He said they were just the sort of crap that Enevoldson would go for anyway.

I'm afraid he wasn't very coherent in his blast, though he managed to come up with some of the most bitter prose ever written in fandom. What was really griping him about the things, he said, was that their only purpose seemed to be for fans to show off what big wheels they were by signing them and sending them to some BNF. Then, he said, other fans would get the impression that these guys were corresponding regularly with the big names. He went on for paragraph after paragraph on that, but my favorite line was, "Quotecards are the most perverted form of self-gratification that fandom has."

I doubt that even Chuck was surprised when his tirade crew heated comments from other fans, but he kept up the crusade slipping in comments about quetecards even in the fanzine revies -those of them he still had time to write. He was in so many feuds by now that his correspondence was stupendous--and of course Chuck was never one to let an insulting letter go unanswered.

Enevoldson, of course, was his prime opponent in the feuds He wrote two letters to Chuck which Chuck printed in full, replete with editorial interjections. But behind the scenes, I know, the feud was even hotter. I doubt that many fans know that Chuck once paid almost a buck postage to send Enevoldson a jagged stick, labelled "Shorts snorter shaft. Ram it and pass on." Chuck was quite a guy.

Well, when you come right down it, there really isn't much you can say about quotecards, either for them or against them, and before long the subject started to peter out. I guess the whole thing would have blown over in time, except for something that happened while Chuck was stencilling HERE THERE BE TIGERT #11. He was just about done with the issue, and it had been pretty mild, on the whole. He started digging around in his notes for some other things to write on to fill the last page—and just then the mail came.

At my house that night running off the issue, he explained to me: "I was sitting there when I heard the mailbox clumk, so I got up and got the mail and God dann it if there weren't seven lousy quotecards in the batch! Now son of a bitch! I haven't got enough trouble trying to keep up with my correspondence, but I have to mess around

with reams of bastard quotecards too!

HERE THERE BE TIGERT "Il 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. "Pon'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 betore! Enevoldson has started a bastard campaign to send me quotecards! He calls it the Tigert Shafters' club, or T.S. For short!"

I had to laugh at that.

"Very funny, very lunny!" 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 Enevold—son 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 confetti machine?" Chuck said, and kept trying to make it feed properly.

There's nothing more fraatrating 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

at the top of his voice, "BALLS!" and started cranking furiously, the paper tearing and shredding all over the mimeo table and floor. Then he stopped cold and very deliberately and silently cleaned everything up, removed the stencil from the drum, picked up his stencils and paper, and stalked out.

He turned in the doorway and said, "Why don't you get a God damned hektograph?" and slammed the door.

George says that after that he came to him and wanted to use his mimeograph, but George read the stencils and said he wouldn't allow them to be run on his machine. Chuck blew his stack, told George what to do with his column in CLOCKWORK, and left,

He hasn't been heard from much since. That issue of IERE THERE BE TIGERT never appeared, and CLOCKNORK folded too. The last I beard of Chuck he'd graduated from college and had a job as a salesman somethere, making close to 10,000 a year morely missions.

Every now and then George and I get together, sometimes along with a few of the older club members, and we talk a bit about him. But George never has told me what was in that last issue. He says he doesn't use that kind of language.

-- Terry Carr

U V V

A SS

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 pnemonic 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. Scon 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 squireel was a fine household pet except for one trait. It insisted on using a 20-gallon brass pot as a chic sale. 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 cockroadhes 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

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Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern
Ireland.

much about my love for science fiction and my offices to write it, to my business associates and the majority of my friends in Hagers-town. You may remember another article, in which I have chronicled the difficulties that I faced in accordance the presence of Derry in Hagerstown and the nature of the conversations that I had with him.

One reason involves well-meaning people, who want to help aspiring young authors. For instance, there is a young accountant in Hagerstown who discovered somehow or other that I made money out of fiction, probably through a peek at my federal income tax turn. He plopped down beside me at a lunch counter one evening put his mouth a half-inch from my ear, and said in the most impressive whisper he could muster that he had a wonderful story suggestion for me.

"Of course," he said, "I could write this myself and make a lot of money out of it, because I know exactly how to write od stories on the very detailed to write any. So I'm going to make it over to you no charge or anything. You know Ferry Hill, that big nouse down on the Veverton Road, near the Potonac River on veryot egg on your chin, that's better, well, now, this house has been there more than a hundred years, and there's been one family after another living in it, some real rich people in the past. Now, it would make a wonderful story, what he house has seen over the years...wars and different kinds of people and everything."

I waited as long as I dared, and then asked cautiously: "is that it?"

"Hell, yes, man, It's the sort of thing that makes great literature. But you've got to write it yourself. I've given it to you, now all you've got to do is put it down on paper."

He looks at me reproachfully, every time he sees me, because I haven't created a new Jalna series. And worst of it is, it ever should write a story in which an old house plays a prominent part, he would claim credit as co-author or would see part of the money because he did everything but write it. Strike one against letting it known you try to write fiction: you get too many suggestions.

Then there's the peculiar wage structure of the company for which I work the salaries here are based to a great extent on what the management ir gines the need of the employee to be. One man who has been with the company for forty years is earning balf as much as I dob because he inherited twenty thousand dellars or so ten years ago at the death of a relative. I attribute the modes that I receive to my heroic abstinence from new clothing: I purchase a new suit only upon receipt of a raise, to prove how badly I needed the modes the word started to get the that I land in an anthology all undoubted mean a reduction in market peach. Strike two against blowing one's own trumpet about the ability to use plotto as the creator intended.

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 possens 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 ther'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 Katherkne 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 so dved the problem of her fiance. 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.

Tould 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 flown 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 he in low published a lanting some time and 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 differ to speak in the Middless, cancelled his engagement in Hagerstown, and the Eword will hung pure my head by an unbroken thread.

Four months ago abother clance fiction fan came to work in my office. She is a fan only in month, and we conscious of the fact but she had every characteristic of the unit fledged fan and it is only a matter of time unit. She will send for a former world of fandom. It was toroure to six and instant to her chatter to this of that eporter about the wonderful story she had dust read by Jin Blash 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 problem. The matter high remote the first and allowed the first high remote the first 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 she now spends most of her time in the office reading science fiction stories so that she won't have to do any work.

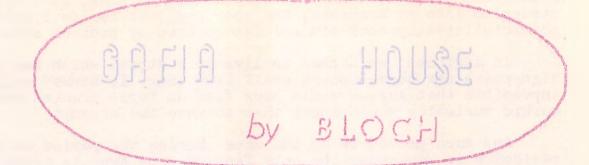
As far as I can determine, the operative incident that ended my double life was "Earth Aflame" to which Larry Shaw appended a brief note about my whereabouts occupation and intentions One of the line-type men as a copy of the magazine and talked to the report of the line and talked to the line and l

I must say that I took (t talmly had always wondered what I would reply whenthe question was put to me in public in from of everyone I sed never been able to thing of the proper retort that would restore me to the previous condition of enignation that I had always enjoyed. When the actual test come, I passed it besultivily I answered: "Well, one story slipped by under my own name. I missays 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, wondaring 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 I ind a link between the title and the text, wasn't it?

Marry Warner Jr



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 fannish stopping place. It boasts none of the attractions of gay, cosmopolitan Belfast, with its dessolute flashpots, its corrupt police force, its deprayed 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 Treland.

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 neigher 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 if 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

carpet from the time Tucker spilled the Jim Bean, here is a hole in the floor from the time Lynn Hickman spilled the Jack Daniels.

There's no sense in righting it any longer; when spring comes, we'll probably call in the workmen and brild a ghoodminton court.

But wait until I get my hands on that joker who said, "It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan."

-- Robert Bloch

## 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)

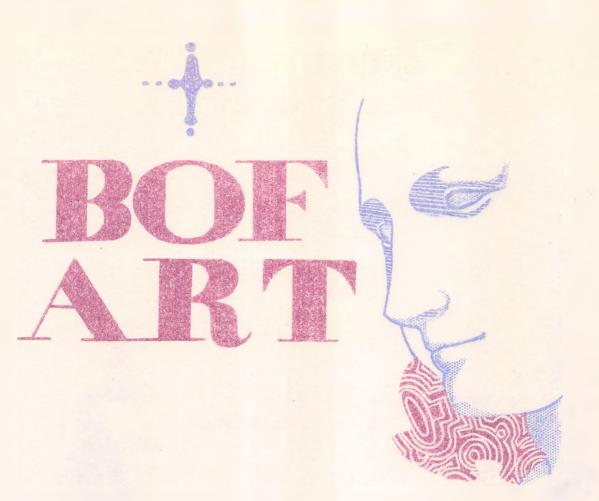
film

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





GEORGE BARR

COLIN CAMERON

GEORGE SCITHERS

ROBERT E. GILBERT

BJO WELLS

BERGERON

JUANITA COULSON

ART LEE

BARBI JOHNSON

BJO WELLS

LARRY BOURNE

TOM REAMY

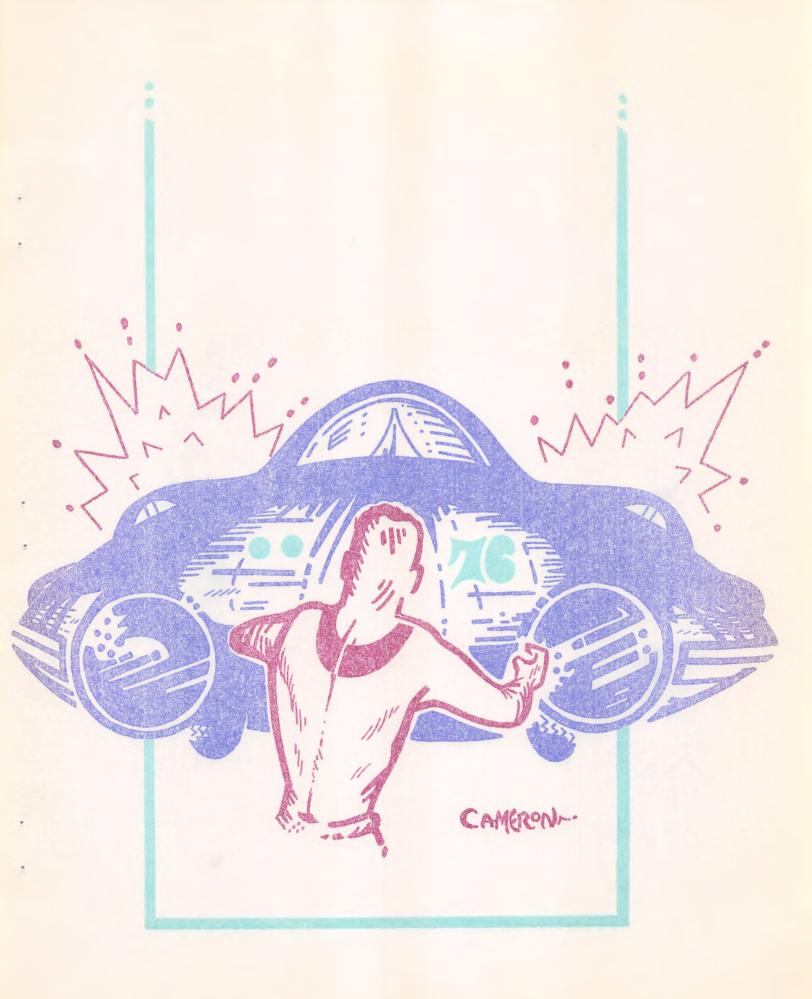
BILL PEARSON

ATOM

DAN ADKINS

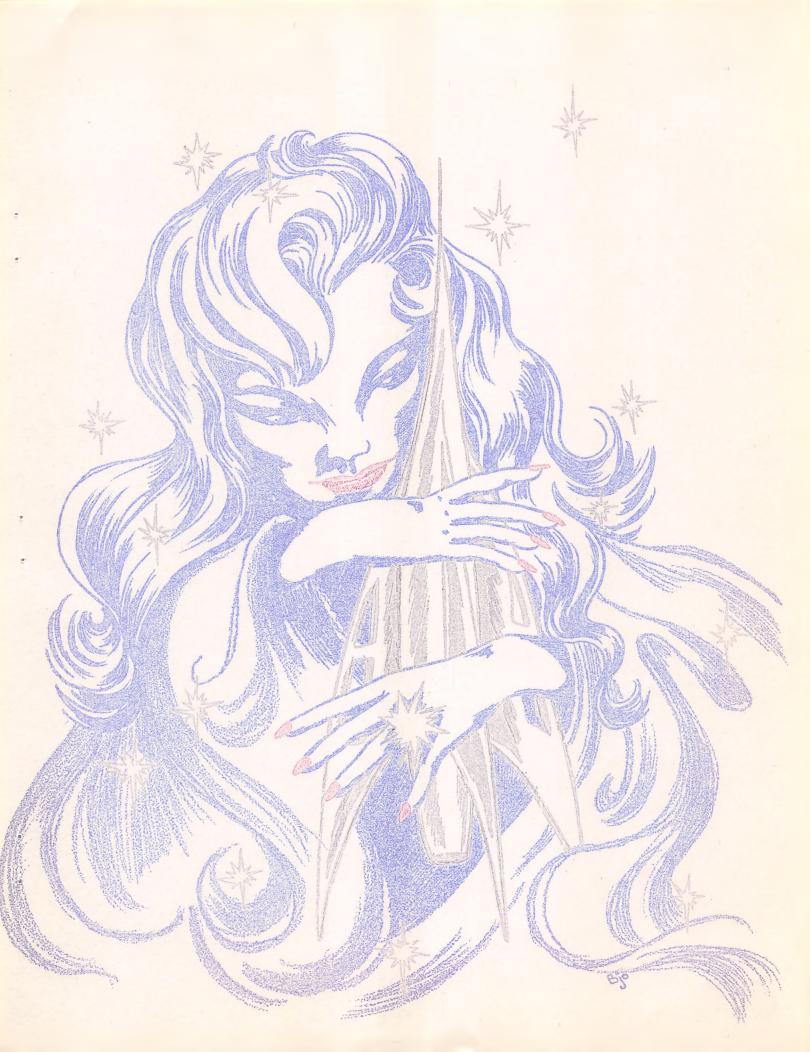
a portfolio.



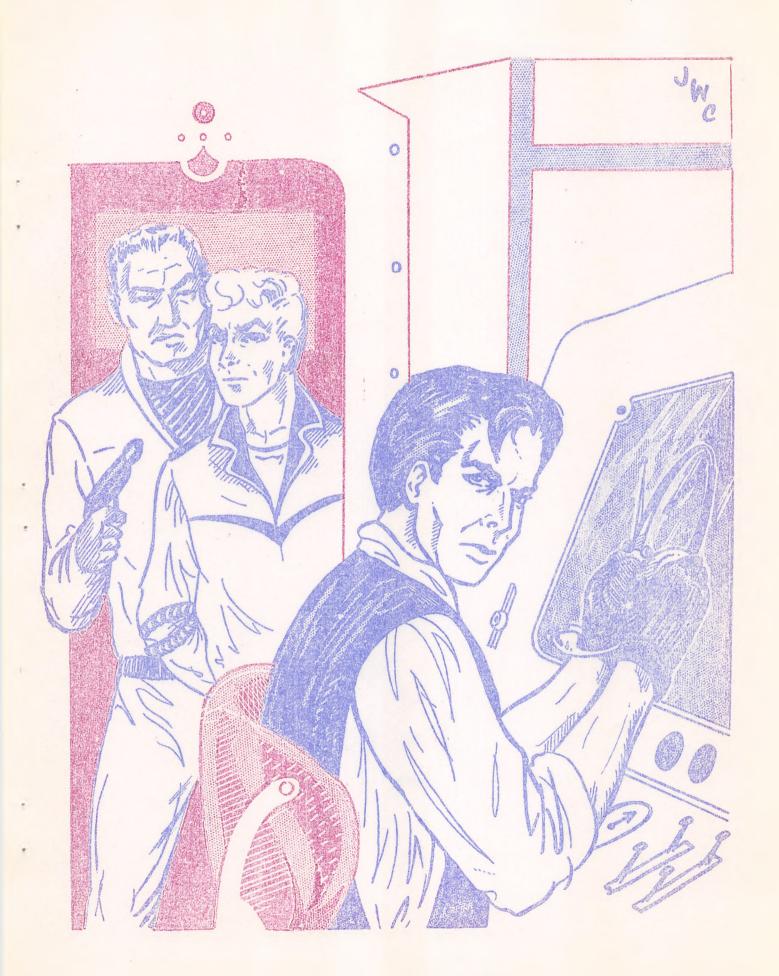










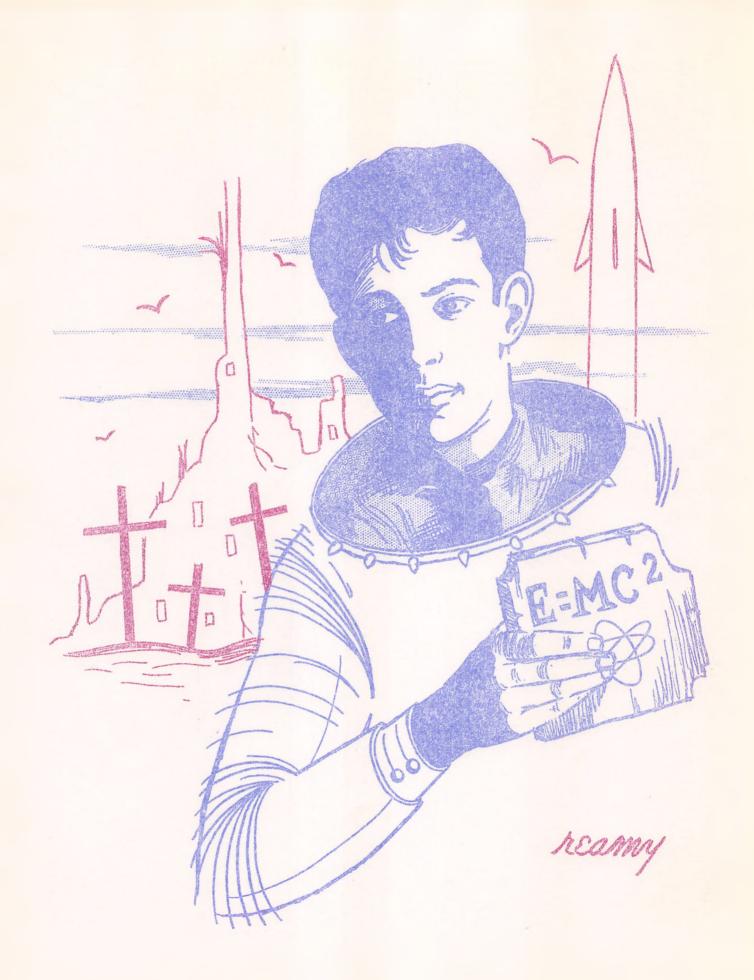


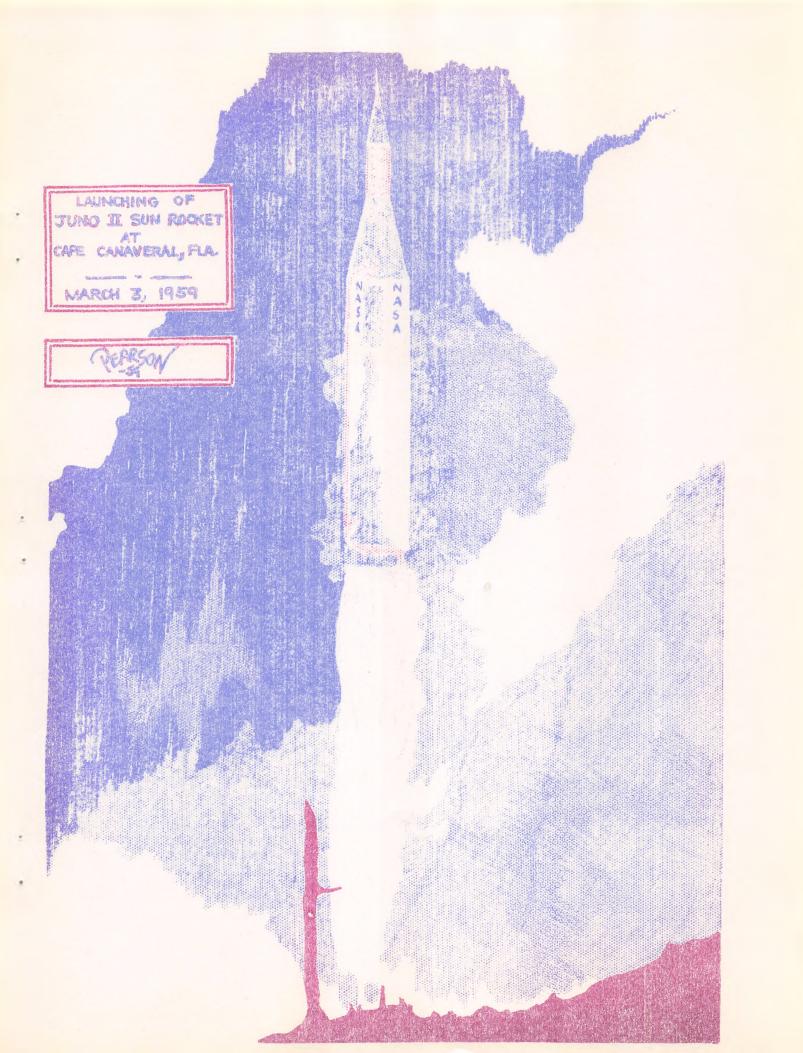


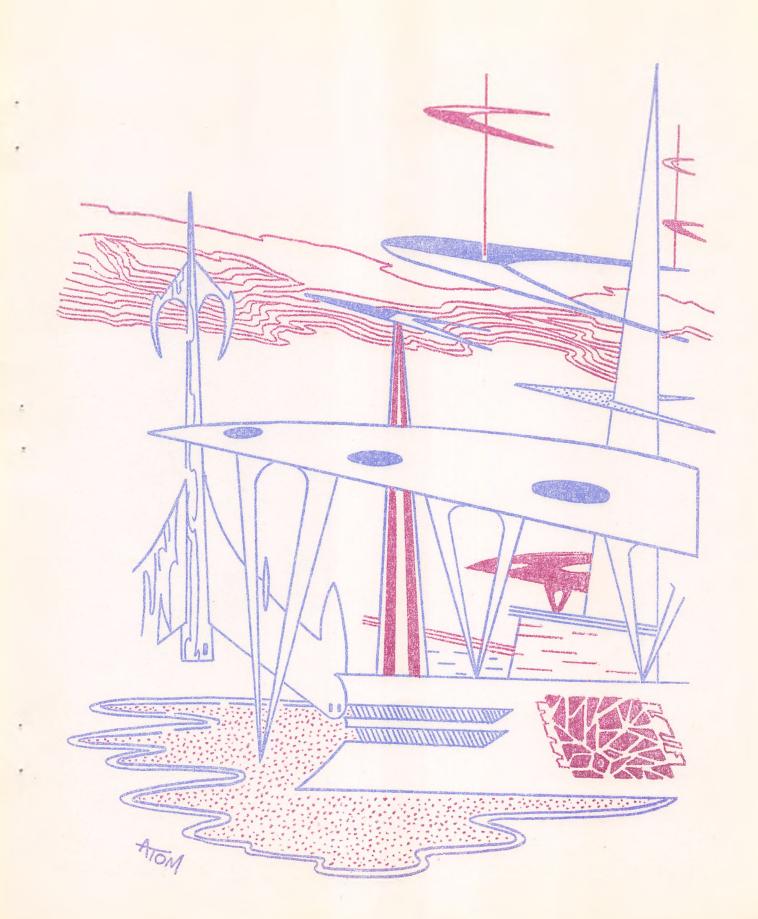
















## GHOD

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 lirst 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, gants on, grab and snatch, and scamper away down the hall. A stupid grin in the bathroom mirror.

Convention at last! "Hot Diggities - 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. Hmm - hmrammm - hrammım. GARRGHIII.IIIIIIIIIIIII !"

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

Reprinted from: SATELLITE, Con 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?" screen his Ma half an hour later.

What indeed IS he doing? Well, at the moment he has the jawgone 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 shear 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 Mighmore, which slowly and inexorably becomes filled with chlorophyll, and of course everyone knows what effect this will have on the already tore tured 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 tompartment 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
desperationremained, 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 murmering 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 bhear 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 'era 'am" 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 them on they didn't speak much.

Arthur Thomson, surrounded by piles of torn up paper, was shred-ding 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

In the evening Pete Hamilton handed Johany a glass of HEOC 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.

"'Ey" he yelled, "'st 'urr 'ou 'are 'e, IT 'ILLED 'AT 'ALM'!"

"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 Vine Clarke, and someone introduces him to Johnny.

"Is it really that mad?" said Ving. He stood for a moment study ing 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 thin gleaming in the unaccustomed light, they rose with one accord shouting.

"ROHNNY IS GHOD !"

Abruptly Willis appeared with eyes for hing. "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 matilla is freed.

he assembly roar with delight and Johnny is carried shoulder high round and round the Convention Hall. For he has drunk BLOG and not only survived - BUT SMILED:

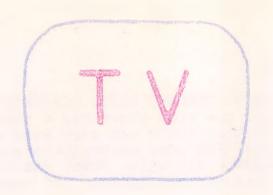
Back home, his ma said, "Did you enjoy yourself at the Convention, dear?"

"Gosh wow boy - oh boy, YES!" said Johnny. "they made me Ghod."

"How nice," said his Ma "Johnny, come away from that mirror..."

With grateful acknowledgement to Sister Ethel for technical details -- N.L.

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 LIT AT A TABLE CLUTTERED WITH PAPERS AND PENGILS. 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 Gretal...

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. PAUL: (EGABING) "The wife was the children's stepmether, and the

PRED: Dat ! Holf the woman in the country are mapmorbers.

MAG: Graelby: Out!

GLORTA: Cut that line, Faul Shoot

PAUL: (FROWNS SLIGHTLY, DRAWS PENCIL THROUGH LINE. READING) "They had always been very poor, but one time there was a great famine in the country and the woodcutter could not earn even enough to buy any food for his family. The poor woodcutters worried day and night Finally he said to his wife, "What shall we do? We will surely starve. The food we have left is not enough for the children, let alone us."

FRED. I knew that poor was going to give us trouble. Now this guy's got the whole country poor.

MAC: It's too suggestive, too frightening. It's 1930 all over again. We'll be up before the Un-American Activities Comittee.

FRED: Let's toss it out, Start from scratch

MAC: Sponsor's going to scream the way it is.

GLORIA: Read some more, Paul.

PAUL: (READING) "'I have a plan,' the stepmother said. Early in the morning we will take the children into the forest and leave them in the thickest part of it. They will never find their way home again, and we will be rid of them.'

'I cannot do that!' cried the woodcutter.

But the crudl woman forced him to agree.

FRED: Now, look, Gloria use your head! That's out! It's no good!
We're trying to sell women and here we are calling them bitches.

MAC: Cut !

GLORIA: It's pretty awful, isn't it? (PAUSES TO THINK) All right!
Mac! Fred! listen to me! we've got to do a complete rewrite.
Start from scratch.

FRED: Now you're being smart.

MAC: Let's go!

GLORIA: All right! Let me give you a quick synopsis the way it is now. We've got two kids and their old man and lady. The old lady wants to get rid of the kids. She talks the old man into taking them out into the forest and losing them. But the boy is too smart. He leaves a trail of pebbles and follows them home. The old man and lady try to ditch the kids again the next day and

percent and the hirds est them up. The kide vander around lost until they apot a gingerbreed house. They're cating the house when the old witch who lives there comes out and make them in. The old witch tries to roast the two kids in her even but the kids push her in the even instead and make a break for it but not before they stuff their pockets with the old witch's jewels. They meet their old man in the forest and go home. In the meantime, the old lady has cleared out, and the two kids and the old man live happily ever after.

FRED: Nothing Just nothing, I don't feel a thing.

MAC: Change that "happily ever after" to "comfortably ever after."

GLORIA: Ideas! Shoot!

FRED: All right! I got it almost worked out! Yeh! I got it! Here it is! Instead of going out to lose the kids, the family is just going out for a picnic, see? Nothing wrong with that, huh?

MAC: Nobody can scream about that.

FRED: Now listen to this! This is really good. Their old man is an idiot, the "forgetful professor" type, you know, he'd forget his head if it wasn't tied on him.

GLORIA: I don't follow you.

FRED: Well, the kids know it, see! They're afraid he'll go off and forget about them, see? That's why Hansel drops the stones and the brend crumbs, see?

MAC: What about the old lady? Won't she watch out for the kids?

FRED: Well, yeh...No, hey, here it is. Let's say she's got enough on her hands just watching out for the old man, see, making sure he don't fall in a river drown, or something.

GLORIA: I can see it, Fred. It's got possibilities. Lots of comedy. That's good.

MAC: What about those pebbles and the bread crumbs? Let's get the kids lost on the first trip out. It's going to ou thin otherwise.

FRED: Okay! And if the. .yeh, listen to this. Let the kids drop coins, see? And roving vagabonds can pick them up and that's why the lids can't find their way back.

GLORIA: Coins! That's good, Fred, that's good!

FRED: Now we got the kids lost. Now let's see.

MAC: They spot the old witch's house.

GLORIA: Change the old witch !

MAC: To what?

PRED: (RAULTANTLY) I've got it! I've got it! listen to me! Paul,
you taking this all down? (PAUL NODS) All right: Now, let's
go back. At the beginning of the story, we ostablish how forgetful the old men is and how to prove it, to make it sink
home, we tall how the old men has suffered all his life for the
one unforgiveable, forgetable thing he did.

MAC: What's that?

FRED: He took his mother out in the forest when he was a young man and lost her.

GLORIA: Fred that's good. That's got real guts to it.

FRED: Get it? All his life, he's been living under this shadow of having lost his mother in the forest. It's crushing him, it's making his life miserable, see?

MAC: Okay, okay, don't overdo it.

GLORIA: That's okay, Fred, but how do you tie that into these two kids and the old witch and ... oh ... I think I ...

FRED: That's it! The old witch is the old man's mother,

MAC: The Mother-in-law!

FRED: Ever since the old man lost her and gave her up for dead, she's been living out there in the forest...

MAC: In a gingerbread house?

FRED: Nah, I don't care Make the house out of palm fronds or womething.

GLORIA: Fred, I can't believe it. We just started and we already got a story.

MAC: Not yet. We got the kids out in the palm frond house with the old man's mother. What next?

FRED: Nothing to it. The Mids and the old man's mother start back and they meet the old man in the forest.

GLORIA: Great 'What a scene 'Right now I can hear the violins, he old man, the old man's mother, the kids, it's got everything '

MAC: What about the old lady at home?

FRED: What about her?

MAC: I don't know. What happens next?

76

FRED: They all to reme and live happily ever after

MAU: Gomfortably ever after

GLORIA: Got it Paul's

(PAUL NODS)

GLORIA: Fred. baby, I could kiss you.

FRED: You'll have to lie down, baby. That's the only way I know how to kiss.

GLORIA: C'mon, Fred! Mac! This story is hot. We're going upstairs with it today. Type up a script outline, Paul. Bring it to my office En an hour. C'mon boys, we're got to bet moving.

(GLORIA, FRED, MAG EXIT PAUL SITS ALONE WITH THE CHILDREN'S NURSERY BOOK IN ONE HAND AND HIS NOTES ON THE MEETING IN HIS OTHER HAND, HE LAYS THE NOTES ON THE TABLE.)

PAUL: (READING) "Now Hansel and Gretel heard them talking. And Hansel thought of a clever plan. Creeping outside, he filled his pockets with pebbles, The next morning...."

(PAULS VOICE CUTS OFF AS THERE IS A BLACKOUT.)

--Jim Weber

## JIM WEBEA

ARMOUNCER: Good svening, legiss and gentlemen, i'm happy to welcome you to talevinion's must beartwarming show: "YOUR CHANCE TO LIVE!" presented by "HAPPY DATS," the body gream that's not a deciment!

(TWO ASSISTANTS ENTER AND CINCER STAGE WITH LANGE SIGN READING "APPLAUD.")

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

(1ST LADY STEPS FORWARD )

SALUTE

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. Hasha, for a moment I thought you said Catherine the Great, you know, the famous Russian empress hasha. 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. Hasha, Now, Mrs. Grey, what is your problem?

MRS. GREY: My husband is a steeple jack. 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 Portland St., Eugene, Oregon he loves the north out of thout it I don't know when he'll do to

Afternoon and rest of the land there there was a shoot call to you who has come tonight to try for This Chance To Live P Tay ask your name, sir?

GPHTLINAM: Mr. Edward Hapstad. Minni Beach, Florida.

ANNOUNCER: Miami, Beach, are you sure, Mr. Hapstad? You look pretty pale coming from the land of Sunshine. I'm sure you're not representing the Florida chamber of commerce. Ha ha. And what is your problem Mr. Hapstad?

MR. HAPSTAD: My wife had been confined to a mental hospital. She requires many special treatments—shock treatments, baths, trugs. I had to sall my drugstore to meet these appenses but I don't know what I'm going to do when the money runs out.

ANNOUNCER: Thy was your wife taken to a mental hospital, Mr. Hapstad?

MR. HAPSTAD: (SLIGHT FAUSE) She tried to kill herself.

ANNOUNCER: I see. We never know, do we, when misfortune will befall us. And now our last contestant for the evening, ladies and gentlemen, Contestant No. 4. What is your name, madam?

(3RD LADY STEPS FORWARD, SHE OPENS HER MOUTH TO SPEAK, IS UNABLE TO UTTER A WORD, AND GULPS.)

ANNOUNCER: Your name, madam?

(LADY STUTTERS BADLY, SPEAKS IN QUICK GASPS.)

3RD LADY: Mrs...Mrs. Rose...Bollen.

ANNOUNCER: Well, Mrs. Bollen, it's nice to have you with us this evening. Now where are you from, Mrs. Bollen?

(MRS. BOLLEN TRIES TO SPEAK BUT CAN'T.)

with & Summer (2)

ANNOUNCER: Come, come Mrs. Bollen, speak up. Aren't you from the Far West?

MRS. BOLLEN: (BARELY DISCERNIBLE) San Diego . California.

ANNOUNCER: San Diego! San Diego, California! All the way from San Diego, California to New York City, New York! You're to be congratulated. Mrs. Bollen, for having the courage and determination to make that long and ardous journey for the sake of "Your Chance To Live!"

MRS. BOLLEN: I wouldn't have come if you hadn't paid the plane fare,

79

And SMCER. You have try to her fork above you had the fortitude

(URL. BOLLEN TRIES TO ASSESSE BUT PERSONS TROOP BENTLY.)

AMPOUNCED TOERTHED Met, Fire ton lon-

MRS. BOLLEN: (STR BEAD DR ARS) I need belp-

ANNCHNEER: And why do you need help, Mrs. Bollen? (\*BES. Bollen) REMAINS TRANS LIKE.) The do you need help, Frs. Bollen? Do you have any children, Nrs. Bollen?

MRS. BOLLEN: Yes.

AMMOUNCER: how many children do you have "re Bollen"

MRA BOLLEN FORT

ANNOUNCER: 'rs. Bollen, I'm here to help you, Hasn't disease lowered its uply head in your family? MKE BOLLEN HODE FRENCE Lan't that disease tuberculosis Mrs. Bollen?

(THE NOD OF MRS. BOLLEN! HEAD IS IMPERCEPTIBLE SHE STARES AT THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF HER FRET.)

ANNOUNCE: How many of your hildren have tuberculosis. Mrs. Bollen? Is it one? Is it two? Is it three, Mrs. Bollen? Mrs. Bollen, isn't it true that all four of your children have tuberculosis? Isn't that true Mrs. Bollen?

(MRS. BOLLEN LEAVES THE IMPRESSI N OF HAVING NODDED )

ANNOUNCER: Can't your husband help you Mrs Bollen?

MRS. BOLLEN: I'm a widow

ANNOUNCER: You're a wide ? (IN AMAZERUENT) You mean to tell me that you have four children all of whom are all licton by tell losis and you are a widow? (MRS BOLLEN STANDS MUTL.) Thank you Mrs Bollen, that will be all. Now that you have met our contestents for this evening, tolks and before we enter the contest portion of our program, let's reflect for a moment on "Namy Days" the body cream that a not a deciderant.

(ANNOUNCER STEPS FORWARD SEPARATING HIMSELF FROM THE FOUR CONTEST ANTS WHO STAND KN A LINE THEIR EYES STARING NUMBLY AND UNSWEING BEFORE THEM. ANNOUNCER'S VOICE BECOMES SOUTHING, CONFIDENTIAL INTIMATE)

ANNOUNCER: Polks "Happy Days" may look like a depondent for the state of the state of the state of the scientists in our laboratories more than seven years to develop why is "Happy Days" so different from a deoderant? Well,

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 tragranctin every tube of "Happy Days." With "Happy Days" you clothe yourself in a rich, sweetsmelling robe that is as much a part

of you as your appearance,

Folks, "Happy Days" is not a deoderant because deoderants are negative. Deoderants 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 deoderant. 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" tak's the "odorousness" out of odor!

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

ANHOUNCER: 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 jidge of the contest, folks? The impartial, fair analyser who will ducide 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 lettle wonder of science that makes the program possible—the "rainometer"!

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

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

Each of cur contestants will be given ten seconds to express to the test 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 'lainometer," 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're been waiting for! Here's "YOUR CHANCE"

TO LIVE " Lights out!

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

width on her of the transferred are the part of the areas are

lives stocknown minimum

ANNIONOSS. Just a second for the second the sell you when y our three, two, one DO

(MC) KOLLOWSKI DOMENTS THE THE TRANSPORT

in the running! Commented to 2 to Catherine Grey har husband has a broken back and will never walk again if he down't have a major operation the Grey based by Fire four three,

FURNI THEY SCHEARS FOR THE SECURE

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, "ra truy Folk I can feel the "Fainmenter" getting warm in my hand. These contestants mean business! All right! Contestant No. . Mr Edward departed, his wife is normited to a mental institution and my Ill herself if she does not get the measury attention immediately. Mr Hapstad, Stand by I Five four three two one GO:

(MR. HAPSTAIL SUREAMS FOR THE SECONDA

ANNOUNCER: Think you to Hapston I to G.M. INC. T.M. TORE! Folks a word of explanation The immometer is supable of differentiating between male and female voices. In case you were worried that i'r Hapston might get a higher store due to the fact that his voice is beauty and derpor than the voices of the ladies, you'll be relieved to know that the "fairnometer" is not affected by the physical quality of the voice only by the pain and anguish that the voice expresses Thank you. All right Contestent No. 4 hrs. Rose Bo ion, a widow and a mother of four children, all afflicted by theoretical and by his Bollen His.

(THERE IS SILENCE IN EMPLASED BY ONE OF THE THREE BOLLEN'S" FROM

ANNIUNCER: That's all Hrs Bollen I'm surry, Hrs 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)

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

(TWO ASSISTANTS LIFT MAS HOLLEN AND CARRY HER OUT.)

promise to be the soling of a most of most provided by a section of the soling of the

All right The contest to over lat's turn to the importion important judge of this contest the "Filmometer," to see which

of our contestants gets "A Chacon To Live" !

ARTOUNDER GAZES DOWN AT THE "PAIRWOTER" TO HIS HAND, I

ANNOUNCER: This is wonderful to be the seconderful there is a three-way tie for first place. A three-way tie Mrs. rens Not-lowski, Mrs. Cathering and Mr. Edward Hapstad all tied for first place. All three contents ran up a score of 17 decibels, the highest score we we ever had on the program.

That means that ou traine willowski got all expenses paid at a mospical of your own choosing or your youngest child who is suffering from multiply adlatusis. That means the you Mrs. Catherine Grey, get all expenses paid for an operation on your husband's back. That means that you, Edward Hapstad, get all expenses paid at a mental hospital of your own choosing while your wife is being treated for mental illness' That means that you, Irene Rozlowski, you Catherine Grey you Edward Hapstad, get "YCUR CHANCE TO LIVE"

(T'O ASSISTANTS ENTER AND CIRCLE STAGE WITH L RGR SIGN READING APPLAUD.)

ANNOUNCER: And if we have three winners, Tolks why not make it four so that the evening will be perfect. And so, although Mrs. Rose Bollen failed to even register a single decible on the "Painometer," "Rappy Days," the body cream that's not a deciderant will provide all expenses for her four children while they are being treated for tuberculosis.

And so folks won't you agree with me that Whether Warabeautifying underarm perspiration or living our lives, we can all look forward to "Happ Days" And it's all because we gave you "YOUR CHANGE TO LIVE!"

(TWO ASSISTANTS ENTER AND CIRCLE STAGE WITH LARGE SIGN READING "AP-PLAUD" WHILE ANNOUNCER SMILES GENTALLY AND WAVES AND THREE CONTEST ANTS STAND TRANSFIXED.)

wim Weber



## PROLOGUE

The EanHistorian 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:

Oriain 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 propheticall 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 though: Now why did I put those items side by side? Have I round 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.

Reprinted from: PLOY, Ron Bennett, 7 Southway.

Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire,
England

"Well you can not that jug of ale out of sight for a start

"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: 'Il' 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 bear."

"The Party thinks beer is starul in they cared they's make us all drink what they do."
"Which is. . ?"

I reached hurriedly for the jug of all i'd slipped into the

secret panel. The barman went or

"We peasants aren't allowed to drink ale in 1 ont of larty members, so we have to put it out of sight while they're about. Luckily we have these secret panels everywhere. They were built to hide the Cavaliers, back in the Civil War, you know "

"Now interesting," I said coldly, taking a nearly empty jug from the legant hand which had emerged from the panel. There was a muffled belch from the woodwork, "Fardon me," said someone, as the panel shut.

"Same a pain," I said, "and take one for yourself. Mind if I lean on your har?"

He looked furtively around. "All right, just this once. But if a Party man comes ink straighten up at once. They're red-hot on that."

"Tell me more about this Purifan business "

"Well, mate, it all started when Soapy Godwin and Doc Wilkins were running the Fanatickes' Club. These two gents had known each other as students, and they'd been trying for years to get their stories published. They were authors, you see, in their spare time, there not being much money in being bishops."

"What was this club again?"

"The Fanatickes. They were all interested in this new sort of fantastical fiction, and they used to meet here in my pub every week, that is, until the Big Feud started "
"What was that?"

"Why, both these gents claimed that he alone was the Father of Fantastical Fiction, or FFI, as they said. Sometimes they'd argue all evening about it Both had their followers, and both sides kept trying for an advantage over the other. Finally, one side.... forget which...broke into print with the first hard-cover fantasy of all time, only to see the other side do the same almost immediately. To make matters worse, both stories used a most identical plots."

"And what happened?"
"Surely you've heard of the Civil War?"
"Oh...yes: I'd never looked at it that way, Then which side won?"

"Neither side. There was a third group, consisting of bogus fans, and when the war began, they broke away and called themselves the Furifans. One day, after the War had ended, they marched into this taproom, led by that one who calls himself Our Brother He waves a paper under my nose, saying that from now on he has a solemn duty to clean up and reform all the haunts of layabouts, lushes and fans, and that I must take my orders from him. That notice was signed by Cromewell himself. I saw it "

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

door. "The Purdicuta!" gashed the brown, "We're done for."

But my talk had done its work. A roar of laughter went up: shouts of "Pui to the Purifans!" and "Down all the Purifans" could be heard amid the revelry.

The long sour late of Our Brother appeared at the window. What does this mean!" he screamed, "Treachery! Backsliding!"

A wet bar swab hit him in the face and he vanished from sight. Forming a long column, the fans marched round and round the taproum chanting an ancient war-cry: "We fon't....e won't....e WON'T be beggared about We absolutely bloody refuse to be beggared about (ginless we choose) ...we won't...we WON'T....!"

"Schehow," I remarked, leaning out of the window and addressing a greening figure below, "Fomebox, I don't think they choose any longer."

I slipped out of the throng, unseen, and headed for the car park and my time machine. The First Fannish Revival was well under way, and the end of Cromwell was due this year. In two cars time the Reighn of the Merry Monarch, Charles II, would begin.

Curious, I thought, I wonder what made me think of those things all together? Could there be any connection?

I shrugged. That was a job for the Fan Historians.

-Sid Birchby.

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 traveleler was a corneflexer. 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 Frior, 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.

Reprinted from: INSIDE SCIENCE FICTION, Ron Smith, Box 401, Berkeley 1, California.

with the taciture farmer, he at last fell asless in a pallet in

He was hard at work by dawn, and so engrossed in his labor that he gave a start when a basket, containing a breakfast of gudgeree and small beer, suddenly appeared at his elbow. The bearer of the basket was a well-formed maiden of middle years and retiring ways, who shyly introduced him to the homely country pastime (now unfor tunately extinct) of tumbling in the hay Whe she revealed that she was Salome Bravenwood, the Farmer's daughter, Miggity proposed matrimony, and Salome was pleased to accept.

clarity of the corn Miggit; had flexed was not disposed to oppose the match, and the banns were published The good Tarmer also made a trip to town, and, after a session with his barrister, hinted to Miggity that the broad acres of Bravenwood farm would someday be his. Miggity's future lay safe and assured before him.

Gentle reader, you have doubtless had prior acquaintance with my work; and, as you have, you well know that the serene circumstances which obtain at this point in our narrative cannot continue; that the inexorable working of late must necessarily destroy our dramatis personae. And so it will be; your attention is called to a minor circumstance previously mentioned: the descent of a large metal cylinder upon a nearby heath.

On the eve of the wedding there was bucolic celebration at the farmhouse; the sound of psalter and bagpipe rose into the still win ter air. Also rising was the metal cylinder; it hovered over the farm for a moment, before falling silently upward. And in the moment that it hovered, the farm and all on it ceased to exist.

And thus were our friends, in one awful catastrophe, erased; thus fate destroys us all, even when the mean wit of a merely human author fails, -- Bob Leman

Reprinted from: AFORRHETA H.P. Sanderson, "Inchmery", 236

Queen's Road, New Cross London SELL England

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 ring 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 somebody would buy him, but he was al-ways disa-ppointed.

Once a big man in a bewler hat came into the junk-store and said to the man who sold things "I am look-ing for a cheap duplicator," 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 looked 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



VINCE CLARK

just what you want and I have a big pile in the back room" and the

So the man went into the back your which was nearly as dirty as the shop, and he came back with a bir place of maga-rines. And he said "I can't see any sat-ount-ing stories but I got silk stouting stories and clift and titter and wink and black parter."

"No no." " and ton Young man backed right into Flat the Flat bed, and Flat fell down with a bang.

The man who sold things was very and shout ed "Look what you been an done a valu able being it is not run and dam aged," and he picked Flat up and gave him the street dunt are he had for seven teen months and he and "the pect it's broken"

The young man and "hat a continue depth 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 sause if you are I'll break every 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 ke kept lots of books and magnaines 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 letters, but he wrote lots and lots. After buy-ing Flat he went out and bought some duplicating sten-cits and Oliver typed them

When the sten cils were fixed on Fla , he found that they were in a fun-ny lang uage he had never heard be-i re and the things that he printed out were ery strange indeed But he did his job well, and al-though Joe sume-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 roteary, and when it saw Flat it just sniffed.

Then Joe said to hir liend "I can get and 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 snif-fed

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

## signatura de la companie de la compa

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 jelly hekto-graph that he used for post cards. The lit-tle hekto-graph was named Kate (be-cause she shirmied) 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. Vinē Clarke

A Thouse 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 seron innumer the Tarzan adventures. Working title for the production is the same as the paperback edition. "The Man From Tonorrow." Soring ing is now underway in preparation for a fall monthing school in

THE

BITER

Contraction of the Contraction o

Bob

Jucker

After nine and one half minutes of credits, including a crowded line down in one corner which reads "Based on a novel by Wislon Tucker," the picture opens on a quiet note. The amera hovers over a small midwestern town to inspect the quaint village life. A small boy, aged about ten years, is seen shooting marlbes with his play mates. He wins continuously and soon his play chums walk away in disgust, muttering threats under their breaths. Cur young here 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 fledging 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 hearest spaceship and a MONSTER emerges. In pidgen English it says, "Creetings, 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 has 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

Reprinted from: GRUE, Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin.

the very first MONSTER, "We come in peace," chem's the being from outer outer space

a hand grounds which he pappend to have in his pocket. The band grounds doctroys the friendly "The Tall and grown blook spatters all around. The amodeman toron are likes the other "Nouritals inside the ship conclude from this the Marchael are a drappy, uncivilized lot startedly a step show the stone age. They also conclude that the Earth should be occomised any address. To require the blessings of interstellar sivilization.

So they like-ray the always take town, killing all the inhabitants except our hero who is not grown up into a straight and tall young man, a full findged lapse. Life, for sentimental reasons, still carries in his pocket olds bug of merbles, four dashine haro foreseeing all this, had too on to the woods to save his hide; he withersee all that her makes olds.

Meanwhile, back at the runch, an about scientist has I mund strengs readings on his getter manner, too, his cloud chamber is behaving in an odd manner is strokes his beard, thumbs through several musty old tomes published in 1801 and makes lightning calculations on his alip-stick Just as he is reaching a conclusion, the door is alammed open and a heartiful girl runches in

Thathar " she write transitionly "apacables bave landed in the Toothpick Range. They have destroyed the villages"

"Ah, you," answers the extentist salmly. "I was coming to that conclusion The answer to have on my supported."

"Father, they are murderous MonSTERS I what shall we do?"

"Telephone the army " the sage old man answers calmly. "They have never let us down I am sure they will have a fleet of tanks and a few bombs around somewhere."

The girl speeds out the four As she laves another man enters quite upset. He is a circuit ording preacher who has seen the awful destruction from afar. With agitation he describes the carnage, and as an afterthought, adds that the village was a part of his circuit. Now his seven day schedule is upset

"Those MONSTERS from holl have destroyed by seven-day sircult "
he ories. "I am left with a postess day."

The wise old scientist course with mity "Why don't you rest on that day?" he asks gently

The cir within touched with the suggestion. It is a revelation, Clasping his arms across his chest, he leaves the room. On the way out he almost run in by a set of a m, men running through the laboratory door

"What is this?" demands a close platearing general "What is

Tall, General, prov. come to " The stly old stomic actionist by polite and hospitable "Yes, you have brand correctly. The Earth, I fear, has been invested from outer-unterespece. Wy slip-stick cannot lie."

"MONSTERS?" Shrieks the nutraged general. "MONSTERS on lovable old Terra Firma? By ghad, I will not tolerate this I'll blast them off!"

"Oh, no, no," the now-alarmed prient st replies. "My dear sir that may do more harm than good. They may be friendly MONSTERS bent on bringing us the blessings of interstellar iv lization." And he stares knowingly at his cloud chamber

"Nonsem Show two "The remeral to take aback "This treasonous talk man " And he turns to a smart young IP lieutenant standing at attention nearby "Arest that man " And so the wise old scientist is led away in chains to take the grilling of a Congressional investigating committee. It is eventually discovered that his grandmother was once seduced by a Canadian and the scientist is deported to Canada, amid shouts of "Dirty, extracted foreigner!"

Meanwhile, his beautiful daughter is fleeing through the woods in blind terror, when she suddenly happens across our hero. The girl recognizes him as the boy who, fifteen vers ago, was the newspaper lad who delivered the morning paper. "Thank heavens " she cries and falls into his manly arms "Now all will be right with the world."

Have you heard the news?"

He had, of course, being s super-Esper. He had, of course. All morning long he had been receiving radio reports in his head. At lantic City reported a MONSTER had emerged from the ocean and attacked the roller coaster; New York announced that a MONSTER was seen strolling up Broadway; San Francisco said that two MONSTERS were destroying the Golden Gate Bridge. Los Angeles added that some queer looking people (who might possibly be MONSTERS) had just opened a new nutcult there. In the A isona desert a last of young MONSTERS were hatching out in the sand and another city reported more of them hiding in the sewers. The Air Force radioed from Alaska that a MONSTER had been discovered frozen in the ice. In the deep Pacific a submarine crew told of finding a MONSTER at 10 000 fathoms.

"Fear not," the super Espan comfort the distressed girl "I will banish them, for I have the secret power " And with his Esper powers he reads the girl's mind, to discover that she loves him. Putting the girl aside and patting the bag of marbles in his pocket he stalks off through the woods

The scene now shifts back to the original spaceship, which is the headquarters ship for the expedition. A MONSTER turns from an interstellar radar screen and exclaims "An Earthman approaches." While they are waiting for the Earthman to come near, one MONSTER explains to another that they learned English while riding in at the

The commers reveals a close or of our hero standing before the spaceship. He is fearless and ometrald recting the green minds of the MONSTERS within Slowly b brings from his pocket the precises bag of marbles and offers it as a symbol of peace.

In reciprocation a MODETER hands him a string of beads and a shiny mirror. "Who are you?" it eaks in pingin English.

"I am the man irom tomorrow!" And I order you to return to your home star, never to visit this world again."

The MONSTER cringes at his words and the dreadful power of his mind. Backing awkwardly, it shambles into the ship and issues orders to take off. Fire bellows from the stern tubes and the flying saucers shoot up into the sky All over the world other saucers are doing likewise. Our hero waits until they are safely in space and then twists his super-Esper powers to the utmost. His eyes bulge and sweat runs down his face. He stares into space

In the distant ship the marbles suddenly spew from the bag and fly about the control cabin Like stinging insects they dart here and there, hitting control keys, spanging delicate mechanisms, destroying the nerve centers of the ship! The saucer wheels crazily, turns and plunges into the sun!

The MONSTERS have been vanquished

For the final scene, the camera peeps into a sun-splashed glade in the woods. The hero and the beautiful girl are locked arm in arm, staring into the distance where workmen are busy erecting a new village. Shyly, she tells him her secret.

"I, too, am an Esper, she whispers coyly "Not nearly as good as you, of course It is a strange and wonderful power."

"Eureka!" he shouts joyously "We will raise little Espers together."

-- Bob Tucker

Reprinted from: TRIODE, Eric Bentchile & Terry Jeeves, 47 Alldis ST, Gt. Moor, Stockport, Ches. England.

PART 4 -- FOILED AGAIN

THE SCENE: Savoy Hotel,

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 a cross the deep pile of the carpet strode suave, silver-haired Sir Hubert Fudge, personal side 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 distubb 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 'O5 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.

"Our new development - The BTR 16 - is an extension of that idea. At a secret launching site then miles beyond litton 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 linest glassblowers have been working night and day to create the gargantuan Vermouth bottle from which this awesome weapon will be launched!" Sir Hubert leaned lorward 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 will has a trick or two up her sleeve! But perhaps equally as important, the successful launching of the BTR lo 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. "My 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 desaproving 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 Prophesy and Witchcraft Bureau of the Meteorlogical 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 parachule May I just. may I..."

"By all means, my dear Fudgo," maid imprison suavely. "It is the third door on the left."

"No, sir," stammered Sir luber in in ony of embarrasment, "what I meant was smay I just wish you well sir?"

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

"Your perception, sir," smiled Sir Haber "is as a sure as ever. However, there is one further request that Her Majesty's Covernment has. . humbly to make of you "Amidst the confusion caused by the impart of our propaganda, we should very much appreciate it if you could parachute down (as discreetley 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 leeked out. What a loss of face. What a Blow For Freedom!"

Harrison laughed heartily "Capstar!" 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, enstanced in his favourite armchair in the cak 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 ind 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 less was marrying the last "

"A Cobalt Bomb . . yes a see " said marrison imperturably

"A man was seen to enter the aircraft. Before he could be stopped, he'd taxted the plane out on 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 Newmann."

"Neumann!" echced 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 characterists 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 luselage When the hole was sufficiently large, He lowered Himself quietly into the plane, and walked, casually towards the cockpit. Over the controls,

ontent on his mission, sat 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, piranhanibbled face contorting with fiendish malice as he caught sight of the Master. "Gott in Himmel!" he rasped. "You!"

"Yes," said Harrison cooly, "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 cath.

"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 Hurstmonteux, 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 for a cabinet; the Germans had given Him the Freedom of the city of Hamburg and a life pass to any dive on the Resperbahn; 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. "Mell, 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, game together upon the bright and limitless dawn of Tomorrow with proud hope, and ferevent joy, and true humility.

the skeptic

DEA

Δ,

GRENNELL

Do you read Letters To The Editor in magazines I always do, even if I don't read the rest of the magazine, It help teep my nose cleared out for one thing and it suffuses me with a sense of rock-bound normalcy that is difficult to a chieve 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 Cshkosh 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 28k 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

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spent that much. Disregard the possibility that he may bet 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 eigars, let alone his other expenses and don't stop to specualte 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 st 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 moway 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 Janaury 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 wiews 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 it description in the Post would not elict 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 paperand the ink-sould 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 tound 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 indescribeable 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 rat 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 cuifs 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 feed 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 exist
ence 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 cruiseships which even boast swimming pools (for crying right out loud);
Now the question here is should we scuttle the crusie 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-egetting 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 vilalage 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 #6 On the morning of April 8th, 1922, one Timothy Grogan, aged 8 years, 3 months and 11 days, did in the city of East Liver-pool, Ohio, eat one pint of ice-cream (tutti-Trutti 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 plow share 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 Man 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 bivingstone. The pounding heart, the dry mouth, pulsating veins call 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 mundame 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 Trene 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 velocepede, 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 honewards.

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

Reprinted from: THE COMPLETE FAAN, John Berry, 31 Campbell Park
Ave Belmont Bellast 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 yeards 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 a sthough 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 he swoutside, didn't you, dear, although I don't suppose the neighbours will understand that suggestion that they should rally to the cause of truiandom 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.....?"

## 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, "Humoty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone "it means nust what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less"

Many people good clear out straightforward prople 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 unequivocable 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 Rich 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,

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as well as sounding vaguely authoritable even to old timers. There are serious disadvantages, however. For one thing, somebody may quote a historical refference 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 to 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 Agreer 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 simple st 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, palaentology, and geology? How about sociology and psychology? Or theolegy? Parapsychology? Transchronology (i.e. the study of time travel)? The dictionary isn't much help here; it referes to a study leading to "verifiable general laws", and the question of what is "verifiable" seems to be the one we need answered.

<sup>&</sup>quot;That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

<sup>&</sup>quot;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 of 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's pectrum 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 broomes 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."

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 (despending 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 authorites 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.....

"Ahk 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 -- INSIBS

Moving To New York -- Bill Donaho -- INNUENDO

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 -- Bill 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 -- Ving Clark - PLOY

Geisterings -- Dick Geis -- BRILLIG

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)

volume of THE BEST to beloom! has one representing the year 1958—on many ways I think you li a gree 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 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 volumne 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. felt badly about not getting them

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 ket 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 scon 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

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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 wuite 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 volumne.

even though Googie Puls are extremely formish but still Arne something of interest, which sounds suspeciously like be suprey it is the exception to the rule. ds this an attitude for Best O.F. ad? usually

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 take 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 of Elliott Dold Then to the readers' department to 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 f anzines.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that that issue of FM was read a dozen times. Just imagine! articles about F Orlin 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 amazine talent and who, according to Sam Toskowitz, is one of the tragedies of science fiction in that he never did go on to exploit his wondereful talent

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

to create a publication gust for Weird Tales Cans, The Fantasy Pan, 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 Tiction Fan This lasted one issue and we then published several carbon-copied issues &f Imaginative Fiction. ("Ne" 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 of our hektographs 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 sequal - not, not a sequal - but a supplementary volume to The Immortal Storm someday and I could expand these lew paragraphs knto 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 new, 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 diffecult as it would seem, The Best of Fandom == 1958 will have to be downright unbratable to surpass 1957's volume. However, I believe this will be done == for 1956 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 haveing 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, Non and Terry, for helping make 1958 a red-banner fanzine year for me!

gossin wine. Thus, we had such in eresting publications as John Marnus' Humble, Te! White's Stellar and Garia, Halph Holland's Quoth the Malrus, and Wm Bickhardt's The Swinging Bore. Not to mention the excell nt work accomplished in this area by Dick They and Bob Leman == with Stuperlying 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 marked by late publication. Sine 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 Flafan. Then the boys from Purdue (Ken Fickly, Bob Ross and Jim Tunis) have published two sercon issues of Omnivore, which show promise. Young Vincent Roach (only 14 years old) has smirabled out with into the Haze very n. ce job for one so young. It should be mentioned that Vince was 1958's Spelling Bee champ for Indiana. And oldtimer (comparatively speaking) Dick Ollington appeared with Fijagh, a commendable effort. Mimsy is a nice effort from LA.

And then the ewere oodles and oodles of the old standbys. Only one issue of Ron Snith'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 quit: a number of issues in 1958 and JD is certainly one fanzine i eager y anticipate. (I wonder why?) And let's not forget Gregg Calkin: and his consistently excellent Copsla! And that applies to Polyrity -- published by 1.". 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 Play, Eric Bentcliffe's Triode, J. Michael Rosenblum's New Futurian, the Liverpool Group's Space Diversions, Inchmery 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 numbrous 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.

Then 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

