

The **FRIGID** FanZine



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ICE: Where fulminations for fight refreshing foods!

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This is volume one, number one of Ice: The Frigid Fanzine. It's sold for fifteen cents per copy. Subscriptions will not cost as much as they go for the following prices: two copies for twenty-five cents; four for fifty cents; ten for a dollar. More than a buck sent to the editor will result in your getting one copy for each ten cents.

We'll trade for all other fanzines, except SAPSzino and FAPAzino.

We'll even send free samples out once or twice.

Copies of Ice will be sent to Fen outside of the continental limits of North America upon receipt of a letter requesting same. That is, if you can't send money into the states, just send a letter.

Staff of Ice consists of the following:

Editor.....Hal Shapiro, db  
Assistant to the Editor.....Alice Douglas  
Staff Artist (so to speak)...John Shay

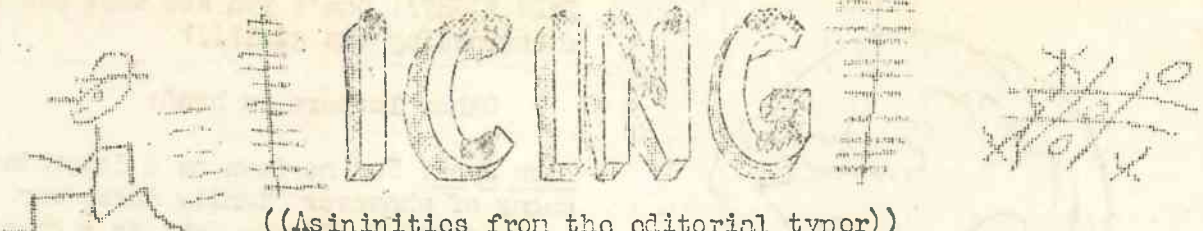
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This is a publication of The Outhouse Press. We also publish AJ7316 for SAPS and hallucinations for FAPA.

Still on hand are several copies of The InVention Report, and The Algör Story. If you missed seeing them and want a copy, write in a hurry. There may still be one or two left which we can send to you.

Might as well add that all subscriptions and queries about Ice should be sent to Hal at the above address. Constructive criticism welcomed. Destructive criticism destroyed. All letters answered. Redd on. All opinions are those of the individual writers and do not necessarily represent those of the editor or the editorial staff. What more do you want on this page? It's filled now.



((Asininitics from the editorial typer))

First editorial: It's been said in more mags than I care to enumerate, I'll repeat: It seems that every editor has to write an editorial. I said it and I'm glad.

We are in the newspaper racket. We publish the Sublette Sentinel, an Air Force newspaper. We used to free lance for a couple of metropolitan Detroit dailies. We used to write feature crap for the Fairbanks (Alaska) News-Miner. So pardon me if we slip into the editorial "we" every once in a while.

Ice was conceived in Alaska. Hence the title. It was the product of the minds of Hal Shapiro and Forrest "Alak" Smith. Smith was dragged into Fandom by Shapiro. He (Smith) immediately became interested in fanzines and such and elaborate plans were laid by both of us for Ice, a printed fazine. Then we chocked with the printers in the area for price quotations. Ice was shelved. It has now been born. Coming from the frozen wastes of the Outhouse Press in Missouri, it shall some day migrate to Detroit. But that's another story.

In these pages, we'll just ramble about a little commenting on this, that, and the other things. All of which are highly boring and breathtaking without the use of chlorophyll. Goats eat quantities of chlorophyll. So what?

On page two and 25 you'll find pictures of naked women. Those are published as an incentive to art students. Nancy Share did them and did very well. Also in here are cartoons by Howard Shaaron. How he can draw such funny ones and still write something as serious as Surp Hole surps -- or --stumps me. If they arrive in time, you may also see one or two Dave English cartoons in here. Otherwise, you won't. Simple when you get down to cases. Pass the bourbon.

Any nasty letter directed at Cal Beck, if sent here first will be screened for publication, and then sent on to him.

Do you people want a sequel on What's in a Name? Do you want any special names analyzed? Lemme know. I'll see what I can do. Mayhap Harlan will do it.

Then, are there any questions you would like answered by Dr. Harry Gooder? He was the one whose interview made possible the article, Man Made Satellites. If there is enough response, we'll see if we can't get him to do something personally for Ice. Okay?

We're also attempting to get Lee Jacobs to do a sequel to Redd Boggs--Superfan. Lee, you may recall, is the author of the famous Mathematics of Fandom.

Let's get down to cases. If you want to know who is to blame for our decision to bring out a subzine, it's all the fault of Walker Maxwell Keasler (name as given in Ghuvna). We had been tottering on the question for a while when the following letter pushed us over the brink and into the filthy cesspool of subzine publishing. Follows an excerpt:

Why don't you spend all that time publishing an irregular fanzine? You seem to have the energy, and what it takes to make a good editor. Also, you know enough fans to get some good material for a first issue....just an idea.

((next page))



EYES RIGHT! Can't you see that you're embarrassing the girl?!!?

Other letters on hand:

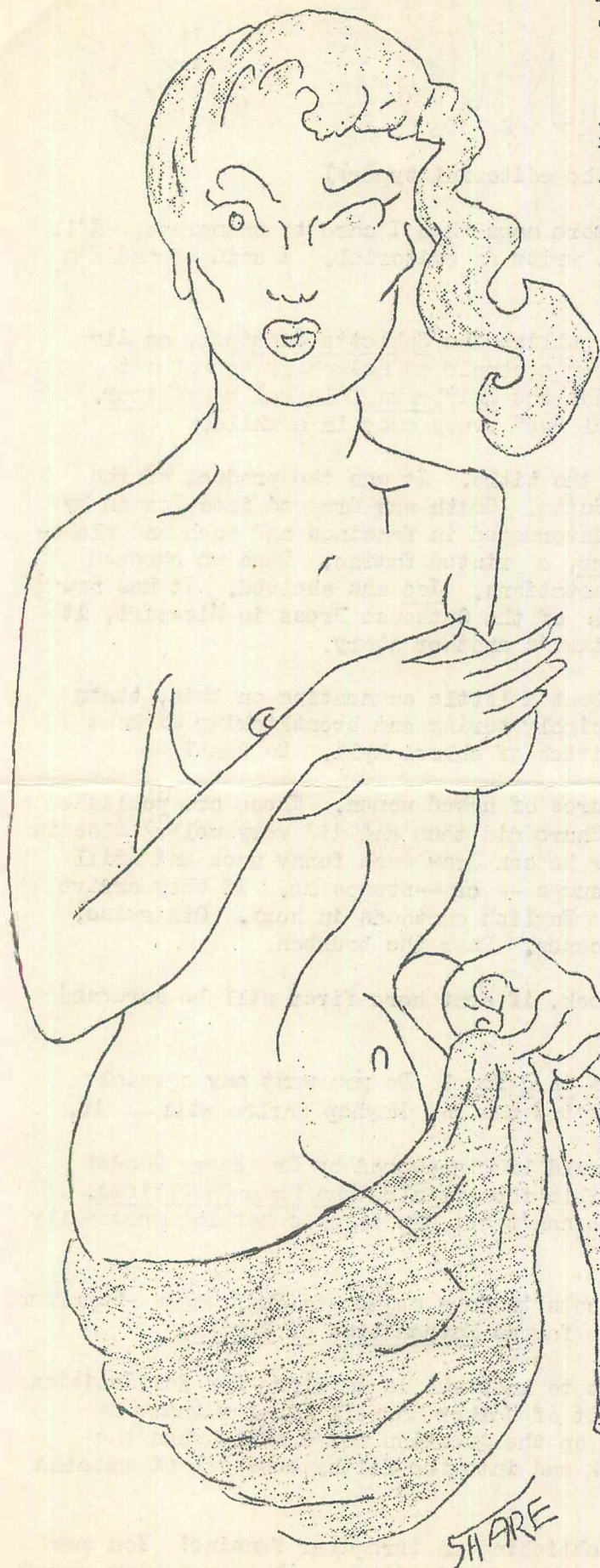
Dick Ryan: Put me down as a determined enemy of whatever dignity there may be in fandom. Put me down as a crusader for the rights of fans, including the right of any fan to make an ass of himself. But not vice versa. -- 224 Broad Street, Newark, Ohio

Orville Mosher: I've had several questionnaires answered since your last letter. They include one from Bob Farnham on the Centaurians (now deceased). . . ." -- 1728 Mayfair, Emporia, Kansas.

Glenn Carr: ((I had made some remark to her that I was against ultra-prudishness in Fandom, or anywhere else)) I have noticed that the only people who complain about ultra-prudishness are those who wish to do something not generally condoned by the local social mores. When a person who conforms to standard social codes without difficulty meets up with genuine 'ultra-prudery,' he usually smiles, shrugs, and grins to himself at the spectacle of a maladjusted individual struggling against the standards of an adjusted world. A normal individual finds the withered spinster and the fanatic religionist a subject for a joke. Because they are funny in their attempts to deny to themselves even recognition of what they have missed in life.

However, when we hear young people crying out against 'ultra-prudery' in cases such as yours, Hal, it is not these few maladjusted individuals they are crying against. There are not enough fanatic preachers and withered spinsters in fandom to arouse even a faint whisper of protest. No, these Good Time Joes are fooling themselves just as much as the other extreme is, because what they are crying against is not 'ultra-prudery' -- but against the standard moral code of the world around them. It is not

((see page 12))





# MAN MADE SATELLITES

3  
FACT  
or  
FANCY?

by Allen Schoentfield

DETROIT NEWS STAFF WRITER

((Editor's note: This article originally appeared in the Detroit News in early July. We thought it so interesting, we obtained permission from the News and from Dr. Harry Goode, director of the University of Michigan's Willow Run Research Center, to reprint the article in its entirety in Ice. As originally published, it was in three parts.))

Excessively optimistic claims advanced by enthusiasts for an orbital rocket, or manned terminal in outer space, to be used primarily as a military weapon, were disputed today by Harry H. Goode, director of the University of Michigan's Willow Run Research Center.

The closely guarded center is engaged in research, chiefly for the U.S. Air Force, related to rocket propulsion, supersonic aerodynamics, electronic control systems, upper-air analysis and other projects which, according to Goode, promise early application in the production of "extraordinarily powerful weapons."

Directing his criticism at a symposium on space stations, recently published by a nationally circulated magazine, Goode declared:

"Speaking only for myself, and without authority of either the Air Force or the University of Michigan, I should say that a space station is not only feasible but inevitable. It will prove to be one of the greatest tools for scientific research ever devised. And as a way-point, or refueling station, it probably holds one of the keys to the problem of interplanetary travel.

"But such assertions as, 'The first nation to command a space station will dominate the earth and keep the peace' are questionable. There is reason to believe that so far from being a military weapon—whether defensive or offensive—a space station is unlikely to be constructed until there is a reasonable assurance of permanent universal peace."

Goode's training was as a chemical engineer and mathematician. During the war, he aided in the solution of problems related to the acoustic torpedo. In 1946, he joined the staff of the Office of Naval Research at the Special Services Center and, as research section head, computer consultant, and chief of the special projects branch, he was responsible for computer research, simulation, training, aircraft instrumentation and control design, anti-submarine warfare and weapon system design.

As a pioneer in the development of the so-called "electronic brains," he was brought to the Willow Run Research Center in January, 1950, to head the department of systems analysis and simulation, later becoming chief project engineer for the center and, since March, its director.

Goode's remarks were directed at a recent article by Dr. Wernher Von Braun, who conceived and developed Germany's V-2 rocket and who, since 1945, has been associated with the Army Ordnance Guided Missiles Development Group at Huntsville, Alabama.

## Man-Made Satellites 2

In this, Von Braun had contended:

Within the next ten years, it will be possible for the United States, at a cost of approximately \$4,000 million, to place in the skies, 1,075 miles above the earth, a wheel-shaped platform, 250 feet in diameter, which would circle the earth every twenty-four hours;

Sufficient knowledge has accumulated or is at hand to permit the construction of three-stage rockets, each with a take-off weight of 7,000 tons (of which almost 90 percent is fuel), carrying a useful load of 36 tons;

The 36 ton cargoes would consist of prefabricated sections of the space station, together with necessary operating machinery, food and air supplies, scientific instruments, weapons and other materials;

Some of these rockets would convoy the crews needed to bolt the sections together, assemble the machinery, and put the space station into operation.

Commenting on Von Braun's observations, Goode said:

"I was permitted to assist in the development of a huge centrifuge which has proved that man, for brief periods, can withstand enormous pressures equal to many times the force of gravity, such as would be exerted during the acceleration of a spaceship or rocket while attaining its escape velocity of seven miles a second.

"I take issue with Von Braun on three major points:

"I do not believe a space station can be constructed within '10 years,' even if given the highest priority;

"I consider the estimated cost of \$4,000 million to optimistic;

"I question whether such a space station would have any military utility whatever.

"At a moment when all available funds are desperately needed for the research and development of new weapons that are almost within our grasp, I feel we should not divert our resources to such a project as a space station. It is to be feared that the successful development of the atomic bomb may persuade appropriating bodies to consider a space station favorably. This would prove disastrous.

"The idea of a spaceship terminal, artificial satellite, 'Moon Messenger,' or whatever it may be called, is not new. During the last 25 years, physicists, engineers, and mathematicians have worked out in general the answers to the construction problems involved.

"I consider it virtually certain that, in the routine process of engineering, development of all the necessary details will be forthcoming.

"The new science of space medicine is demonstrating the possibility of adapting man to an airless, weightless environment. Supplies of air to breathe, food, water, garbage disposal, recreation, scientific instrument, all have been considered in detail. Expedients have been suggested for protecting man-carrying rockets from the terrific heat generated by passage through the earth's atmosphere, from bombardment by wandering meteorites and from exposure to known forms of radiation.

"It is true that the proposed space station would pass over every point of the earth's surface within each 24-hour period. It is also true that, from the suggested altitude, a fairly detailed view could be afforded by a powerful telescope.



"However, the earth's surface would still appear fairly extensive. Russia, alone, covers several million square miles.

"The surface of a potential enemy's country would have to be photographed and the photographs carefully studied and interpreted. It would be a herculean task.

"Even if this proved feasible, it is probable that an enemy could construct, in some out-of-the-way place, a launching site for guided missiles which would escape our notice.

"It is claimed further, that the space station could be used as a launching platform for offensive missiles. It is difficult to see the advantage of this procedure.

"A missile cannot be merely 'dropped' on the earth. It must be forced out of its satellite orbit, and this would require nearly as much fuel as had been expended, originally, to bring it out to the space station.

"The question is obvious: Why haul a missile more than 1,000 miles into space to fire it back to earth?

"Since it would cost \$1,000,000 in fuel for each trip to the space station, and since such a missile with its auxiliary equipment probably would require several loads, it appears that this is an expensive method of delivering bombs, quite apart from the cost of the station itself.

"It is claimed, however, that this cost would be justified because the missile could be 'tracked' and its position accurately determined during its descent.

"This still seems little justification for carrying the missile up and sending it down again. The tracking operation also could be performed for ground-launched missiles.

"Even if the space station were useful, its military worth becomes questionable once it is realized that a single rocket, carrying a few tons of explosives and costing not more than \$1,000,000, could be easily guided from earth to shoot down the \$4,000,000,000 space station.

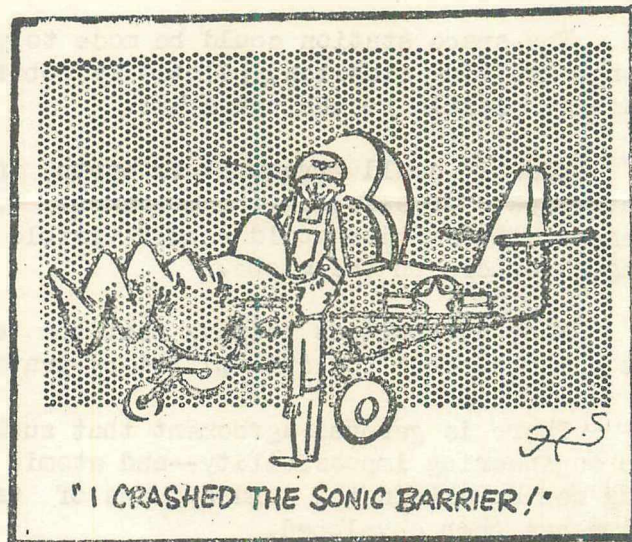
"It would be easy to build an explosive rocket which did not have to return to earth and would not carry human cargo. If nine missed their mark and the tenth struck, the cost would be low compared to that of the space station.

"One authority, Dr. Wernher Von Braun, designer of the German V-2 rocket, says that observers on space platforms 'probably could spot it in plenty of time, any attempt of an enemy to launch a rocket. . .and intercept it.'

"That would be far from simple.

"The defense system must be 100 percent effective — and I cannot conceive of any such efficiency.

"Finally, it is necessary to point out that even if these devices could be perfected for the space station, it would be impossible to use them until the station itself had been completed.



"And the station, carried into space in sections and there assembled and equipped, would be a sitting duck to enemy rocket launchers.

"In view of this, I must conclude that, to divert our funds from the present development of extraordinarily powerful weapons—for the sake of constructing a space station—would be a dangerous move."

So, while disclaiming the military value of a space station . . . Goode . . . agrees that, from an engineering standpoint, the project is feasible. It may well be the stepping stone over which man will pass to new conquests of the physical universe.

Goode believe the station will be used as a laboratory for experiments not possible on earth and as a landing stage and refueling point for interplanetary travel.

With a space telescope, trained on the earth, it would be possible to issue long-range weather forecasts and render other similar services.

It would be possible, with this instrument, to settle the controversy as to whether the "canali" or Mars are chance-made or the results of engineering genius, designed to lead water from the thawing polar caps to the arid regions of the equator.

The space station could be made to produce a distinctive radar echo for long-range cruising missiles, piloted by robots, or serve as navigational guides for humans, visible to the naked eye.

Also it could transmit to earth invaluable data on cosmic ray density in outer space or electronic bombardment by the sun. If equipped with a television camera, the station would render visible to any spot on earth whatever was happening elsewhere on the globe.

Many authorities believe that the chief value of the orbital rocket will be as a "spaceport" for interplanetary travel.

There is general agreement that such direct flight, using chemical fuels, are an engineering impossibility—and atomic fuels promise nothing until heavy shielding can be eliminated and a means of using, directly, the energy of nuclear fission has been developed.

The problem is much simpler if the flight can be made in two stages. Fuel would be required only to overcome the earth's gravity and to carry the ship to the space station.

There it would refuel and if bound for Mars, would need to reach a take-off velocity of only 2.3 miles a second, instead of the 7 miles a second required from the earth's surface.

It is estimated that the one-way, 35,000,000-mile flight to Mars could be made in 25 days, while Venue could be reached in 146 days.

Engineers at the University of Michigan's Willow Run Research Center see nothing ridiculous in the picture of a spaceport used as a springboard to the exploration of the universe.

They warn, however, against any rush to obtain refreshment stand or other concessions. Construction of the space station will prove difficult, and the dedication may be long deferred.



# SUMP HOLE

7

by howard shaaron

((Editor's note: While this story is not Science Fiction and, in fact, has nothing to do with Stf and Fandom, it is presented here as a matter of general interest. This story was written when Shaaron was in the eighth grade and is, I believe, among the best he had ever turned out. Read on and see.))

The factory owner read the paper carefully. When he was through he laid it on the desk and looked at me. "You think I'm a pompous ass, don't you?" he bluntly asked.

I felt my face flush and didn't look him directly in the eyes. "No," I said, shaking my head.

"This paper," he remarked casually, "is very interesting." Taking the pledge I had given him to sign, he shoved it across the desk towards me. "Why do you want me to sign it?"

"Everything's down in black and white," I said, a little caustically.

"Is it?" he asked. He swung around in his chair and looked out of the window. "I don't think so," he said, answering his own question.

He made no effort to continue the conversation, but kept his face toward the window. I couldn't refrain from studying him as he sat there. His features were those of a heavy man, but the sagging lines beneath his eyes seemed to be more from fatigue than obesity. There was an expression of sensitivity about him that made me uncomfortable. As he said nothing more, I thought his silence was dismissal. I picked up the paper and started to rise, but he swung around, faced me again.

"You're thinking I'm difficult to approach, is that it?"

I shrugged.

"I have a daughter," he said. "I'm quite proud of her." His eyes brightened. "She's twenty now . . . But you can't see what that has to do with my refusal to sign that pledge."

I didn't say anything.

"You came here believing that I would jump at the chance to sign your pledge. Good for my business; put me on the right side of the right people. Young man, my business would go to hell and I'd never sign your paper." He studied me closely for a few moments. "You don't believe that, do you?"

When I didn't answer he turned away. "I have a daughter," he said again. "When she was six years old, her mother and I took her on a picnic. While I was catching a little sleep, she wandered away. Her mother was busy. Those things happen," he said defensively.

"I know," I said.

"No," he snapped, "you don't know. You're so filled with what you think is the importance of your own work that you don't know the difference between sentiment and reality." He paused reflectively. "The first warning we had that anything was wrong was when we heard her screaming. We rushed to the place the screams came from. Our daughter had fallen into a sump hole. We saw a man jump into the water and grab her. That man couldn't swim, but he held her above the water by treading his feet. I was able to rescue them both in a short time. But, if it had not been for that man, I wouldn't have enjoyed celebrating my daughter's twentieth birthday with her last week."

He looked at me strangely. "That man," he said slowly, "was a Negro."

I picked up the paper and put it in my posket.

"That pledge," he said, wagging his finger as I buttoned my posket, "asks me to refuse to hire any colored people at this plant. That pledge is the dirtiest piece of maliciously aspersed slander I've seen in a long time. It's an insult to intelligent, thinking people."

"You're prejudiced with me now because you think that I'm taking this personally. Perhaps I am. But, I am because what you have there is nothing more than another sump hole. . . a sump hole of Fascist inspired racial prejudice, and every signature on that list is of a person floundering in the muck of his own stupidity."

I stood up then, but he didn't acknowledge the movement.

"I wonder," he mused, as I stepped out of his office, "just who the hell is going to pull them out of their sump hole!"

Why is it that those who can't face the music always want to lead the band? Hmm?

# CRA X FROM OTHER

((Being remarks from other zines))

Bob Tucker, in Fantasy Jackass, complained that H. L. Gold sat on The City in the Sea for five weeks. # Rich Elsberry, in Snulbug: The Fact that Gold sat on "The City in the Sea" for five weeks didn't seem to help it much, did it? However, it may have imparted an aroma that I didn't detect at first reading. Have you thought about getting Campbell to sit on the next one? It might help.

Curt Long, in Vanations: Filth of the earth, cur, scum from the bottom of a ~~XENO~~ jug, offspring of a diseased Venusian weromouse, illegitimate android.....

Harlan Ellison, in Pendulum: Someone said to me a while back, "I know Ray ((Palmer)) when he was a fan. Boy, was he a fireball!" # Ray, why don't you become a fan again?

H. L. Gold, in Poon: Galaxy is a magazine.

Noreen Falasca, in SFBulletin: Palmer has the dubious distinction of being the only publisher to ruin two magazines for friendship.

Bob Tucker, in Onus: Did it ever occur to anyone that Ken BeAle might be the latest pen name for Claude Dogler?

Alice Douglas and John Shay, in The Chigger Patch: Fandom now has it. What is Fandom going to do about it?



# AT LARGE

WITH CALVIN THOS. BECK

ANENT WORLD CONVENTIONS AND STUFF: I've been asked many a time how I think a "real, honest-to-goodness, world fan-vention should run?" Well, how's about the people who run these things taking a few examples from the men who really know, have done more, and who've succeeded best in these conventioning shin-digs, namely: political conventioners, American Legionnaires, Shriners, Masons, ad infinitum — people who've run them far more orderly, profitably, and neatly than fandom has done so far!

Too many of our STFantasy conventions (local as well as Annual) have seemed to satisfy the petty ambitions of little cliques and selfish individuals, and the like, rather than being run for their original purpose, which is: THE FEN, THE STField, AND FOR THE ADDED SUCCESS OF IT. One has only to remember the outrageously filthy outcome of the Nolacon—Harry Moore fiasco as an example of how an SF convention should never be run.

I predict that the ChiCon will be the greatest of them all to date. I understand the aim of this important convention will be in amassing large numbers of people. I hope that the people sponsoring and in back of it exercise enough of discretion and common horse sense so that they don't miff any "golden" opportunities. Any program or situation is worth only the most that can be done with it. So go the conventions. I believe the only item necessary to make such events a success all around are a few simple ingredients which, unfortunately, have been lacking in them to date, and in most of the STField, and these are: pure horse sense, business know-how, and a little more wisdom in management.

The New York Con (NYKON) that ran June 13 (and I use the term ran loosely because it didn't) was undoubtedly one of the most miserable attempts at fan-ventioning in fandom's history. Certainly the poorest get-together I've ever attended. Backed entirely by a group of small children from 14 to 16 years of age (who childishly refused any advice from seasoned veterans who were present, whose counseling, aid, and offer to help was made), the program was a complete farce. It reached its height of sheer stupidity when a panel composed of Jim Blish, Santeson, Bixby, and Sturgeon began a ludicrous discussion on: What a space hero would do if his space suit got pricked by a pin while he was in space! The less said about it the better. (For further info look to Ken Beale's, "The Janndiced Eye" in the current Oopsla!) I hasten to assure you that this is not typical of NYC's fan-nish activities.

There should be a bid for at least one of the following cities for '53: Pittsburgh, Philly, Detroit, Boston, Washington, Wilmington (Del.), Baltimore, New York and Queens in Long Island. If we're going to have these World Cons at all and not waste our time, for gosh sakes let's have them within centers of population or near 'em! Not somewhere in the swampy bayous of the South, The Dry Tortugas, Nome, or on Treasure Island near 'Frisco. I mean, it's ridiculous even pondering on putting on these things when there's such things as bills to pay, halls to hire, and debts to be met with, etc. So until there's a big shift of population to some other part of the continent, or sompin', I'm certain the cities enumerated above (and Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinatti, South Bend, Indianapolis, Buffalo, Providence, and Minneapolis-St. Paul) should keep us busy for the next twenty or more years. Anything else would be a waste of time, as well as defeating the very purpose we





### Large 3

rent "slick," large-size Fantastic) suddenly sprout into existence. On the other hand, Mysterious Traveler and editor Gibson's Fantastic might fold, having done poorly in sales to date. Otherwise, the SF fan, collector, and addict have the following to contend with by late '52:

1. Thrilling Wonder Stories	25¢	17. Future	25¢
2. Fantastic Story Magazine	25¢	18. Science Fiction Quarterly	25¢
3. Startling Stories	25¢	19. Famous Fantastic Mysteries	25¢
4. Space Stories	25¢	20. Fantastic (Gibson's)	25¢
5. Wonder Story Annual	25¢	21. Magazine of Fantasy and	
6. Amazing Stories	35¢	Science Fiction	35¢
7. Fantastic	35¢	22. Space Science Fiction	35¢
8. Galaxy	35¢	23. Rocket Stories	35¢
9. Astounding	35¢	24. - - - Unnamed (del Ray)	35¢
10. Other Worlds	35¢	25. - - - Unnamed (del Ray)	35¢
11. Imagination	35¢	26. Avon Science Fiction and	
12. If	35¢	Fantasy Reader	35¢
13. Fate	35¢	27. The Mysterious Traveler	35¢
14. Strange	35¢	28. Weird Tales	25¢
15. Planet Stories	25¢		
16. Two Complete Science-Adventures Books	25¢		

The score stands now 16 to 12 in favor of the 35¢ mags, indicating that the era of 25¢ SF mags is gradually disappearing, except for Future, which is 20¢, and stands out like a pre-war sore-thumb, pulp mag. Otherwise as they now stand, it's three 25¢ monthlies; four 25¢ bi-monthlies; one 25¢ quarterly; one "three-times-a-year" quarterly for 25¢; one 25¢ annual; one 20¢ bi-monthly; five 35¢ monthlies; two 35¢ every-six-weeks (9 times a year); and nine 35¢ bi-monthlies. Oops, almost forgot Weird Tales, so add one more 25¢ bi-monthly to the list.

All these statistics, probably dry to some of you, mean you'll plunk an average of \$55.90 for a total of 201 SF mags a year across the counter, according to the list presented herewith. Quite a tremendous jump over '51. Nearly three times the volume of publications of 1948, which were only 77.

Every bi-monthly SF mag today, or forthcoming in the next two or three months is also a potential monthly. There isn't an editor and publisher who wouldn't like it that way. Furthermore, as several good sources have already told us, Campbell's secret desire is to revive Unknown Worlds, establish a new 'zine to be known as Science Fiction, and drop the latter words retaining the title of Astounding Stories only; in other words, dividing aSF into two different magazines. Along on the "rumor" list is that H. L. Gold will take the TV program title, Tales of Tomorrow, and use it for a new publication this December, with Theodore Sturgeon as associate editor.

Did you know that: The popular TV-SF show, Tales of Tomorrow, is written, organized and scripted by veteran SFers, Sturgeon and Walter Kubilius. . . . The Schlitz (beer to you) Playhouse, hosted by Irene Dunne, had The Space Conquerors July 18, a satire on local New York fandom, the best TV-SF effort yet on video. It starred Bobby Driscoll in the lead role, and fictional (?) characters represented were characters like Moskowitz, Friedman, and Leffkowitz (take-off on a local fan by name of Tickowitz). . . . Few fans or professionals really know that Walter Gibson, editor of Fantastic, is none other than the creator of "The Shadow," and but for a brief interval continued writing all "Shadow" tales for Shadow Magazine as Maxwell Grant until the zine folded not so long ago. Though "The Shadow" snow-balled into the big money category, being seized by Hollywood for a series of films lasting nearly 18 years, done in various papers all over the world as a "comic strip," bought by book publishers, comic book syndicates, and on radio every Sunday for

At Large 4

years and years, Gibson never got more than the average "word rates" for his creation. Street and Smith retains all rights on its material, and hardly a penny has been known to go as "royalty" to any writer who may have had bids on any material appearing in S-&-S mags. (Further info on the Gibson story can be found in Beale's "Jaundiced Eye" in the current Oopsla!)

PREDICTIONS OF THINGS TO COME: Color TV will be around the US March '52. The "Ultra-High-Frequency" channels, particularly the TV channels set aside for research and education, will create the biggest boom since the invention of this medium. When the public begins to acustom itself and sees what a non-profiteering educational network can do and is able to offer (for the sake of the mind, if nothing else), the so-called "Major Networks" will have to do some real thinking for the first time in their huckstering lives, or fall flat on their piles of Camels, Luckies, Pepto Bismals, and accumulated commercial garbage of over 30 years. . . No war in sight for the next five years, at least. 25 will get you 75 that there may NEVER be another war! Our little Russian Dero, Lemurski, tells us an internal "Reformation" is now going on within Russia. The USSR must buckle down gradually, or "Comes the Revolution" from within the country under Uncle Joe. . . Overheard in a Nolacon restroom: "Why do Burbee and Laney remind you of a horse?" "I dunno. Why do they remind me of a horse?" "'Cause once they start acting up, you never know which end will be used". . . FBI raids will shake fandom in the next few months. More than a score of fans will be arrested and/or questioned for suspicious activities through the mails, defamation of character, propaganda and what-have-you.

The BACHELOR'S StF ASSOCIATION OF THE WORLD is Fandom's only fun organization. . .

Ising I ((continued from page two))

easy for young people to refrain from promiscuity, from the pleasures of drunkenness, all night carousing, and the like type of sensual practices. Because they enjoy these things, they see no reason why they should not indulge themselves fully in them. Perhaps there is no reason. But the social experience of many generations has proved that such activities usually have undesirable results in one form or another and they are frowned upon. It does not do any more good to cry out against social experience than it does to cry out against normal physical urges. It merely points out the individual's own inability to accept the world as it is instead of as he wishes it to be. What "prudery" are you fighting so hard against, Hal? -- 5319 Ballard Avenue, Seattle 7, Washington.

What letter made me think a bit. She has a lot there in what she says. However, I'd like to point out that there are no extreme fanatics in Fandom, except fanatics about Fandom. If they were fanatical about any cause, they'd be using all their spare time in that cause, rather than spending it in Fandom and/or with Fon. But I guess that it is just the ordinary type of prudery I dislike after all, and not 'ultra'- prudery.

"Was Ten Story Fantasy for those who liked high places," asks Nancy Sharo.

Has anyone ever read The Glass Ladder by Paul W. Fairman? It's a defective story out in Handi-Book form. # Speaking of other literature, is it true that the popular western writer, Luke Short, is a pen name of a famous Stf author? Something for Beck to check on.

Joe Fillinger is now in the Army. Last letter was from him at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, where he was waiting to ship out to a basic center. He said he'd try to put out more Ghuyna's while in service, but doesn't know what the potentialities are as yet. # Charles Stuart Metchotte (Stovo) (Lyon de Coeur) is also in the Army undergoing paratroop basic training at Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky. (see page 25))



# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

conducted by Harlan Ellison

assisted by MARK 5-1/4

**S**eers, from time immemorial, have evidenced curiosity about the origin of names. The first human to don a tiger-skin and call his friend Um-Glook Smith began to wonder just how and why he had called him that. . . and further, what it meant. As far as I know, no one has ever touched on the TRUE meaning of fan's names.

I don't mean these wishy-washy definitions that say John is the Teutonic root of the French Johann or any trumped-up bits of nonsense such as that. What I'm referring to are the real meanings. The for-sure meaning of BNF's monickers.

It has been my fortune, good and luck-laden, to be the possessor of a remarkable calculator of the advanced Mark 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  type. This astounding machine, having been fed a spool of clean paper, a 1952 Fan Directory, and a copy of Roget's Thesaurus, spewed out the information for which all fandom has been crying.

I present it here for your revelation. In a much abbreviated and less technical form, of course, but still bearing the truth that only logic can bring.

The tale tape came rolling out to the accompaniment of ghastrley noises of a type I had never heard before from the oft-distraught mechanism. With the strup of calculator paper came another toll of paper, and on it was an explanation of how the machine had arrived at these definitions and a means of decoding the code the machine had used.

It seems that among the information fed into the machine when it was first built were old records of pre-recorded civilizations, and the Mark 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  had extrapolated on what it had known and come up with a terrific series of explanations.

For reasons of security, naturally we cannot reveal all the information. But, to show you fen who have been in the dark for years what my machine can do, drawing from ancient and authentic records, I present for your inspection, the TRUE meaning of the names of three prominent fans.

ACKERMAN, FORREST J. (derived from Neo-Orthocentra culture, approximately 10 million, B. C.)

Surname Forrest comes from exactly where you would think it would. From petrified forrests. Ancient Neo-Orthocentrans had no live forrests and therefore called the fields of rock-like trees "forrets," or the Latin derivitive, which was handed down on an old banana boat "forresset." Thus, when they were refering to the stones in the fields, thou cried "forrest." As years went by and children in the village were born with little (if any) mentality, it became the custom to call them "Forry," which meant "rock-head."

Thus, the ancient custom was carried through to the present with the modern equivelant of the ancient Neo-Orthocentran, Forrest Ackerman.

Now, as to the Ackerman part. In the Neo-Orthocentran culture, the national symbol of the people of Southern Shlusk (now located beneath Foughkeepsie, New York, about 70 miles of strata down) was a bird known as the Br-a-a-a-ck. This bird typified the entire culture. Somewhat of a scavenger, the bird picked up things in dime stores and feathered its nest with pages of books and such. When it was about to be apprehended, it would utter its particularly expressive call of, "Drop Ert, Man." (It was the Br-a-a-a-ck Bird equivelant of, "to fall toward the art or, literally, "dead."

As a matter of fact, the entire culture of the Neo-Orthocentrans was that of scavenging. They cared little for anything else and were always about the countryside collecting things to further their collections of things. No one knew what was in anyone else's collection as they never even looked in their own. They threw the things into cellars and wall safes (behind the Southern Shlusk equivalent of a picture) and, once in a while, opened them so the air could circulate. But that is neither here nor there.

In any event, as the years went by, the Shluskians began to use the call of the Bird as a phrase of their own. Of course, their vocal organs not being the same as the Bird's, they had to amend it to sound like this: "Ack-ert-man," which meant, "Drop dead, you scavenger."

Now, if we put the name all together, we get this definition: "Drop dead, you rock-headed scavenger." This is the closest thing to the name Forrest Ackerman to be found in any records. What the "J" in the middle stands for, I leave to your imagination.



\* \* \* \* \*

TUCKER, WILSON (BOB) (derived from the pre-recorded history records of the Ug-Slothful culture of Upper Boobalonia)

This one is very easy to explain. The name Tucker is taken from the Slothful root "Tuckit" which means "I don't give a damn." (Rough translation, you understand.)

The Wilson part is a little bit harder to take care of. "Wilson," or, as the Ug-Slothfullians called it, "Will not," referred to an ancient bit of Slothful history in which an entire village was wiped out for want of one man to dip a bit of radioactive isotope from a public privvy.

Thus, the definition of Wilson Tucker is (roughly) "I don't give a damn if you do want me to clean your toilet. Do it yourself!"

KEASLER, WALT MAX (taken, as near as can be discerned, from the Pikabak culture of the Sandwich Islands /third ham on rye from the right/ with deriviations introduced from the Plestiocer Hucksterish culture of Inja.

Keasler is an old and aristocratic handle handed down from hand to hand to land in the land of the landing land handers (or something). It seems that the Pikabaks were so intellectual that they figured out that by walking around on their hands, they could make their shoes last approximately 97% longer.

Since it was so difficult to open doors when on your hands, one person in the village was named to walk on his feet and carry the keys to all the doors of the houses and let people in and/or out when they wanted in and/or out. This led to a surprising prosperity for the foot-walker and a strange wave of petty thefts.



### What's in a Name? 3

Soon it was decided that something must be done. So the Pikabaks, being a highly intellectual race of people, appointed a key watcher, to watch the key holder. He was called the Kea. But the Kea, to get the Key Holder's job, would tell lies about his boss to be put into his boss' position. Thus, he was known as the Kea-Slur, since he slung mud without remorse.

The Keasler (a title officially announced in the year eince-vaye-dri B. C.) soon went into a sort-of-a sideline which raked in a great deal of money. He reasoned that, since the race was growing old they would be somewhat senile and would need new amusements. So he began a game called, "Stepping-on-toes" which met with immediate approval, since they had been walking on their hands for so long that their toes were nearly asleep.

This is the way it was done. The Keasler would push the hand-walker against a wall and bash his toes with a large mallet. The term "stepping-on-toes" was amended to "Wall," since it was done on a wall. And through the centuries the person who did the "walling" (even though not necessarily a Keasler) was called a "Wall Keasler." Soon they tired of the mallet and introduced the new method of using an axe. Thus, the name was shifted to Wall-axe-Keasler, and down through the ages we have come to call it Walt Max Keasler, which means, "If you don't give me the key to your apartment, I'll stand you up against a wall," (feminine) or "If you don't open your door I'll bash you in the big toe with an axe." (masculine)

I certainly hope this little study has helped you understand more fully the tremendous heritage which fan ranks contain.

Be good, or I'll turn Mark 5! loose on your name!

----THIRTY----

What ever happened to the old fashioned detective story with just one corpse? Hm?

# FROSTING

This was to have been the editorial comments of Alice Douglas. She can write very well. But she seems to have developed a phobia against editorial writing. This is the conversation which took place between us when last we saw her in Detroit.

Hal: "You'll have to write an editorial column for Ice."

Alice: "I'm damned if I will!"

Hal: "Then I'll have to remove your name as assistant editor."

Alice: "I'm damned if you will."

Alice can be very persuasive at times.

In any event, she deserves recognition for what she did. This included typing and justifying the stencils for Man Made Satellites, Surp Hole, At Large, What's in a Name, and Rodd Boggs--Superfan. In addition, she has upheld your editor's morale and morals. She has seen him through his darkest hours. And we've kept company during the day also. So, in excusing her from her editorial writing duties this first issue, we note that the issue is well filled anyway. We have material from some of the best writers in Fandom. We have unearthed a newcomer who is both an excellent writer and artist. The last is also credited to Alice. She has a talent for digging up people with talent. Or maybe it is that men with talent follow her. Anyway, this space is filled so I can stop.

# PROJECT FANCLUB

by Dick Clarkson

16

A little more than a year ago, Orville Mosher decided that it was about time somebody did something in the way of fanclub research. The mortality rate of fanclubs being as high as it is, he decided to get information out of the older sets of fans and clubs, which had lasted in spite of all comers and goers, and pass it along to new fan groups and groups which were having trouble. Thus, Project Fanclub.

Project Fanclub is already in business, even though the date of publication of its informational booklet is still six months away. In his "test tubes," Orv has been handing out specimens of his collection of information; tips, hints, etc., that he has accumulated. These go to fanclubs which, for one reason or another, are having trouble. He is doing this job for two reasons: to get the reactions to determine what the full scale project will do, and to help out those fanclubs that need help now, and cannot afford to wait until January when the booklet will be published.

The reactions have been astounding. One particular "test tube" club grew from five members, when pFC (Project Fanclub) stepped in, to a complete, state-wide organization. In all of the "test tubes," there has been shown a definite progress. This, we assume, has been due to pFC's intervention and aid.

At first, pFC was comprised of Mosher, Nan Gerding, and Shelby Wick. Last March, I took over the post of Publicity Editor. For the moment, we are attempting to get all-out responses from England and Australia. But that does NOT mean that we have all the US help we need. Far from it. We hope, by the time we are done, to be able to answer every question and aid in almost every problem which might conceivably arise from fanclub ranks. But, unless we hear from you, we won't be able to do that. All you have to do is answer the simple questionnaire Nan and Orv composed. Nothing hard at all. For your completed copy, you get a free pFC Handbook, plus Egoboo. What can be better?

Mosher is now chairman of the N3F Fanclub Information Bureau, and has a column in TNEF, N3F's OO. There too he is spreading about his information. But we still don't have enough! We won't make money out of this and will be extremely lucky if we don't go broke. But we think that all the money which is bound to go down the drain will be more than made up by the friends we will make and the good we will do.

-----FINISH-----

---

Where but in Pravda would one learn that Wall Street has bought Mississippi?

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Re the above article. For those of you who have already heard about Project Fanclub through one medium or another. . . well, it won't hurt to read about it again. For those of you heretofore ignorant of its existence ('tis possible?) we hope you'll think they have something. We do. They want to do a lot of good in places which most Fen take for granted, the local fanclub. They can use all the support you can throw their way. For further information concerning pFC suggest you drop a line to either Orville Mosher, 1728 Mayfair, Emporia, Kansas; Dick Clarkson, 410 Kensington Road, Baltimore, Maryland; or to Nan Gerding, Post Office Box 484, Roseville, Illinois. Ask for a questionnaire while you're at it.



# AMBUSCADE

by Dick Ryan

17

This column is the result of a letter from Hal to the effect that he had "a few blank pages to fill" in Ice. Inasmuch as I've been nursing a guilt complex due to failure to come through for other editors, I determined that I'd have a fling at this column-writing. (Gaily, with an attempt at nonchalance.) Besides, Hal is a nice guy. ((Business of editor blushing)) He must be; he said nice things about my now defunct fanzine, Mad.

About that defunct fanzine. It's defunct for the simple reason that my nerves wouldn't take it anymore. I was typing stencils in my sleep; I was worrying about unanswered correspondence in the daytime; I was having a recurrent dream in which I fell into the ink drum and drowned horribly in the sticky, multi-colored mess. There must be an easier way to lose money. Of course, fans don't edit fanzines for money; that would be hucksterism. They do it for fun.

Either that, or they're plain touched.

Maybe both.

Now that I have a chance to look at fanzines again, instead of throwing them into a dark corner until the latest stencil is cut, I find quite a bit in them that I like. You can't write a column about what you like of course. The reader would immediately make the assumption that (1) you are a relative of the editor of the zine you are praising; (2) you are the editor of the fanzine you are praising; or (3) you are unintelligent and can't spell four-letter words.

So much for that.

I see that if I am to become recognized and popular like Ken Beale I must attack something. Very well. I will attack an old and established institution. No, junior, you're not quite right; not the N3F.

In the last issue of OOPSLA! Gregg Calkins printed parts of a letter he received from G. M. Carr, taking rather serious issue with some statements Gregg had made about N3F. Seems he wrote an article about the organization for another fanzine which he "...considered...an informative article pointing out the more obvious and serious faults of the N3F and what I would do to correct them." Sounds harmless enough, eh? Well, the parts of the letter from Gen which Gregg printed characterized the article as a "...vicious attack on NFFF," pointed out that he hadn't been a member since 1951 and suggested that "...any slurs you throw on NFFF efficiency in 1952 will be a direct slur on me."

This is a rather silly business. In the first place, I have no reason to doubt that Gregg's evaluation of the purpose of his article is correct. With that allowed, Carr's retort becomes entirely senseless as denying the right of criticism to an outsider. I'm not an isolationist, but does that mean I am not free to criticise them? In the second place, why hadn't Gregg been a member since 1951? If his reasoning is anything like mine, it could have been because of disgust with a large, unwieldy organization which seemed to do nothing and get nowhere. I have not heard any comment to the effect that revolutionary changes have been made.

((next page please))

Finally, with the last statement, Mrs. Carr clasps the spears to her own bosom, implying that she is the guiding and directing force behind N3F. Her official title is "Secretary." Sounds like usurption of power from the President. Careful there, gal.

Lest the exitable Secretary decide that I too am making a vicious attack on the organization, let me make it clear that I have nothing against the N3F. I've always thought of it more as a bumbling, friendly sort of an elephant than a sinister octopus, and it never seemed to me that attacks on the N3F had any more effect than punching a pillow. It keeps welcoming new fans at the front door while more experienced fans, tired of waiting in the parlor, sneak out the back. If it's changing, well and good; if not, so what?

But it's pretty ridiculous to take a simple hobby as seriously as Mrs. Carr does. Why kick over the table? It's only a game.

Fans are pretty individualistic anyway, which is probably why it's hard to form them into a smoothly-working club. I suppose the best-operating clubs are the APAs, which demand only that you pay your dues and publish the requisite number of pages. Nobody tells you how much you'll get for nothing, and the operation of the club regulations automatically weeds out non-suitable types. You go in with the full knowledge that if you don't produce, you'll be dropped.

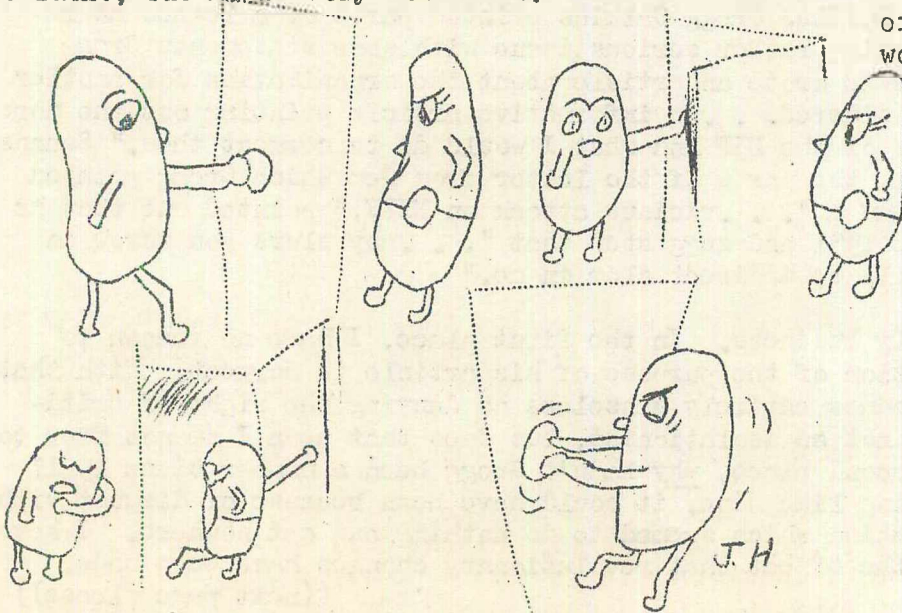
The clubs work.

----THASSALL----

Yearly reminder: for oyster lovers who can't wait, this is the month of Orgust!!

Below are some of the adventures of Peanuts, the creation of the facile pen of Jim Harmon. A lot of people will like Peanuts' escapades. A lot of people will not like them. The editor likes Peanuts. That's why you see him in this space. If you don't like him, write to the editor and tell him that you don't like Peanuts. The editor will probably write back and tell you that he does like Peanuts. This may go on for some time. But, in the interim period, Peanuts will continue to appear, when and if Harmon's imagination produces more asinine plots. This is a very simple plot. If you don't understand it, you shouldn't be reading a fanzine like Ice. If you do understand it, please write and tell the editor about it. He doesn't understand it. But he can't admit that to Harmon because Harmon would laugh at him. And the editor is a very sensitive fellow. It may not be evident, but he is very sensitive. He's as sensitive as Peanuts. And speaking

of Peanuts, he tired of working for them. He's tired of eating them. He doesn't like peanuts. Don't be confused. When we say he doesn't like peanuts, you will note that we use a lower case letter. He does like Peanuts, with an upper case letter. That's why Peanuts is appearing in these pages. We would list more reasons why Peanuts is appearing in these pages, but we don't have to. We've already completed our mission: to fill this space up.

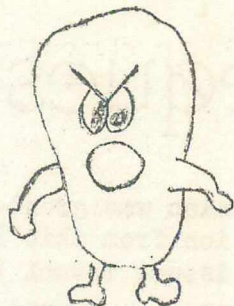




# PEANUTS!

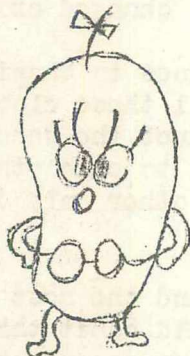
19

BLACK  
SHEEP

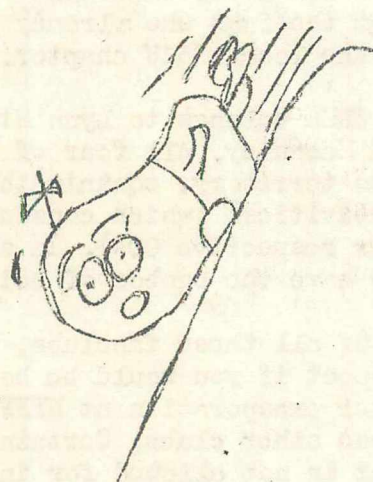


Harriman took defeat like a sportsman. We expected a polo player to bear mallets!!

FUED



JIM  
HARMON



"And they say women talk more than men."

ALICE AND HAL SPOUT OFF ABOUT NOTHING FOR A WHILE

If the Czech athlete, Zatopek, can run that fast and that far, why does he stay in Czechoslovakia? . . . What wonder drug can be used if the saucers on radar screens are merely spots in front of the scopes? . . . Food prices are highest in history and the August cut in straw hats is announced. Does it come out even? . . . Thieves who swiped a refrigerator truck in Ohio must have cool hands. . . Is an umpire of night baseball games as honest as the day is long? . . . The Police Gazette says that Hitler's still alive. We doubt it. If he were, he'd probably be pointing at Russia and yelling, "So?" . . . We doubt that Mt. Palomar will ever discover a nicer looking Miss Universe. . . MacArthur's job with typewriter people fixes things. If he starts fading away, they'll install a new ribbon. . .

# PRIVATE LETTER

name withheld on

20

Editor's note: the following was originally received as a private and confidential letter from one NFFF member to another. However, believing that many facts were brought forth which might interest readers of Ice, we requested permission to reproduce same. Permission was granted, if the writer's name were kept out. It's too late to get permission from this Fan to publicize the name, so we'll run it as is and, maybe next issue, reveal the author.

TO: Lynn Hickman, Hal Shapiro, Ian Macauloy, Orville Mosher.

1. I am probably a very stupid person -- blind to the subtle nuances of personal egoboo -- who regards officieney as desirable in any form of endeavor. Even in hobbying....
2. I am a member of NFFF. I am a member of TLMA. I am a member of ISFCC. I belong to (even helped organize) a local fanclub. I am active in SAPS and FAPA. In short, I am a 'joiner.'
3. Now I receive an invitation to join another international fanclub, BSAW. It, like all the rest, consists of a list of members and an OO. I understand that, unlike the others, this one intends to "organize" and charter local "chapters." Now there is only just so much you can do with a local fanclub. The members who are active will attend any and all meetings. Those who are inactive will ignore them no matter what kind of a name you assign the group. That means, in effect, that the fans who already belong to the local fanclub will be the fans who belong to the local BSAW chapter. Not a doggone thing will be changed except the name.
4. TLMA belongs to Lynn Hickman, so does ISFCC. BSAW goes to Shapiro, Hickman, and Macauloy. All four of you are NFFF (or were...) All these clubs cover the same territory, contain the same fans as members, conduct the same overlapping "activities" (which consists mostly of writing letters to each other and reading your respective OOs). In short, they differ from each other only in the persons who have the egoboo of being the leader.
5. Of all these fanclubs, NFFF is the most promising and the most exasperating. I suspect if you would be honest with yourselves you would admit that it was just sheer exasperation at NFFF bumbling around that made you go out and start up these other clubs. Certainly, there is no activity carried on by these other clubs that is not allowed for in NFFF. Aside from the "local chapters" aspect... and, as Orville Mosher can tell you, even that angle has been discussed and considered by NFFF. The skeleton framework of a really good international fanclub is laid out in NFFF. The only trouble is that it is scarcely more than a skeleton. No meat on its bones, no central brain in that empty grinning skull of the "Directorship" -- no muscles in the drybone treasury. Why? Because all the really good administrative material is wasted in working up duplicate organizations in order to get a little personal egoboo of their own. That's why.
6. I realize it is stupid to expect fans to cooperate in anything that might restrict this personal egoboo -- no matter how much it might benefit the entire hobby both for themselves and for others who share it. Nevertheless, I can't help thinking what a really good "fandom" we could have if each one of these club presidents would run for Director of NFFF! Just imagine if they would throw the on-  
((next page please))



time weight of their own personal club behind the one central club.... If they would use their executive ability toward getting all the NFFF facilities into smooth operating condition in order that all fans might get a maximum of good out of it! If the services offered by the NFFF could be recognized at services... and if there could be cooperation among clubs instead of this rather aimless round-and-round the merry-go-round of organizing new clubs for no other purpose than putting another aimless OO out. Why not?

7. Now is the time NFFF gets candidates for next years' officers. For the first time in years the NFFF skeleton has been scraped clear of cobwebs long enough so we can see what it looks like. The membership list is as accurate as it is possible to get in the complete lack of previous records. The committees have been dug out of the ashes and dusted off with new and active chairmen. All NFFF needs for a good year is some real administrative ability on the top level, and some genuine cooperation among its officers.

8. I OFFER YOU A PERSONAL INVITATION TO FILE FOR DIRECTOR. Will you?

/s/ deleted

((The above letter was dated July 31. I asked permission to publish it and, with the reply dated August 14, was given this last paragraph to substitute for paragraph eight above.))

8. The nominations for office in NFFF are closed for 1953, and no doubt the usual hodge-podge of fans will be elected; each brilliant in his own field of individual crifanac, but none skilled in the administrative teamwork necessary to building a really efficient organization. However, there is still 1954 to be considered -- and the 12 months required for a year to pass have a habit of travelling rather suddenly toward the last. It is not by any means too early to start thinking of the slate of candidates for 1954. If the five major fanclubs (TFLA, ISECC, BSAW, SAPS, FAPA) concertedly planned on putting their presidents in as NFFF Director -- well, I can dream, can't I?

-----END-----

Nothing new to report on Korea at this time where truce is still a fighting word!!

Re the above letter. The second later also had a few more statements to make. We had sent an information sheet along concerning BSAW to clear up a few matters and, the fan did admit that it shows "a form of activity which is not currently covered by any club that I know. A sort of glorified Association of Program Chairmen for Local Clubs, Inc. That is really a new aspect of crifanac, and one well worth plugging." Oh well, shall use the rest of this page to campaign a bit for the Bachelor's Stf Association of the World. It is a social organization. Billed as Fandon's Fun organization, we are here to see to it that local clubs have another reason for staying together.

Perhaps your own club has suffered a slump because of. . .well, anything. Chances are that, should an active social program be introduced, it would end the slump and help build up the club. Full details from the editor of this rag. Or, send a quarter and become a life member, with a card to prove it.

Idle banter: It is against the law in Massachusetts to cool the foot by hanging them out a window. . .Farouk's departure from Egypt prompts the punster's, "Is his fax red". . .If you don't want it published in Ico, don't let it happen. . . Jet jets keep getting faster. What astounds us, though, is the news commentator's, "I now return you to our news room in New York". . .A filler says that there has not been a case of smallpox in Rhode Island in 24 years. Well, it would be tough to quarantine Rhode Island. . .We asked an 18-year-old who he would like to vote for, if he could vote. His answer: the Warren girls. . .Wonder how things are with the Bostonian who tried to borrow money to start a finance company? . . .

# REDD BOGGS--

22

by

MR. LEE JACOBS

## SUPERFAN

((Editor's note: The following script was originally published in the SAPSzine of Lee Jacobs, Becr's gift to Fandom. Believing that such an item should have a larger audience than is possible in ayjay, we asked Jacobs' permission to reprint it here and, as should be evident, received said permission.))

CUE : Radio KFAN, Slan Center.  
ANNCR : The National Fantasy Fan Federation presents. . .  
VOICE 1: Faster than a flaming meteor.  
(SOUND: METEOR SWOOSH)  
VOICE 1: More powerful than a proton blast.  
(SOUND: ZAP! ZAP!)  
VOICE 1: Can drink a jug of Xeno while reading one Captain Future.  
(SOUND: GURGLE GURGLE)  
VOICE 2: Look! Up on the saucer.  
VOICE 3: It's a BEM!  
VOICE 4: It's a humanoid!  
VOICE 1: It's Redd Boggs--Superfan!  
(MUSIC: MARCHING SONG OF FOOFOO. FADE UNDER. . .)  
ANNCR : Redd Boggs--Superfan. Champion of organized Fandom. Living proof that Fandom is a way of life. Posing as young Max Keasler, a Planet Stories letter-hack, he can be mistaken for any serious, constructive Fan. But when Fandom is threatened, he dons his golden beanie, grabs his vari-typer and becomes. . .Redd Boggs--Superfan!  
(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)  
ANNCR : Hi, gang. Goshwowboyohboy. Now you can wear a genuine golden beanie just like Redd Boggs--Superfan. Think of it. Your own golden beanie complete with your choice of two, three or four-bladed rotor. And get this, gang, each beanie is personally autographed by Superfan himself. Doesn't that sound real george? Later in the program we'll tell you how you can get your genuine golden beanie, so don't go away. And be sure to have your BGF pen name listings handy for the contest. But now to. . .  
(MUSIC: STING)  
ANNCR : Redd Boggs--Superfan!  
(MUSIC: WE'LL ERASE GHUGHU'S PURPLE STAIN. FADE UNDER)  
ANNCR : From our last episode, you'll remember that Fandom is slowly but surely being exterminated. Enoy was kicked out of SAPS for not meeting activity requirements. FAPA is down to 25 members. Vast numbers of old prozines flood the market, forcing lower prices on early Galaxy's. No new fanzines have been announced for weeks. Fandom is on the verge of collapse.  
(MUSIC: SEGUE INTO. . .)  
(SOUND: TYPING. TYPING STOPS. PAPER TAKEN FROM TYPER)  
MAX : So, hopping into my one-man strato-jet, I speed to the nearest Space-man's hell until the good ship Pla-net docks next month. I'll have a radium chloride hi-ball for you too, ed. Ever lovin' yers, Max Keasler. There, that takes care of Planet. Now. . .  
(SOUND: DOORBELL RINGS)  
MAX : That must be the mail truck.  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS)  
MAX : Hi. Only two bags today?  
POSTMAN: Can't understand it, Mr. Keasler. The postmaster says that unless your mail gets back to normal, he won't be able to have a separate truck just for you.



MAX : Oh fout! Well, I'll see what I can do. Thanks for the dope.  
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES. BELL RINGS. DOOR OPENS)

POSTMAN: Almost forgot, Mr. Keasler. This airmail, special delivery package just came for you.

MAX : Where's it from? Seattle? But G. M. just sent me a wire last week. Oh well, thanks again.

POSTMAN: Sure. And don't forget what I said about the mail truck.

MAX : I won't. So long.  
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES. FOOTSTEPS. PACKAGE BEING UNWRAPPED)

MAX : Golly. This wire must be important. I better put it on the recorder right away.  
(SOUND: METALLIC CLICK)

G. M. : Max, G. M. Carr here. This is urgent. Get in touch with Redd Boggs right away. I've found out what is happening to Fandom! It's horrible, Max. I've just returned from Drummond's house. He didn't have anything in the last SALS mailing, and missing a mailing isn't like Royal at all. Well, Vera was dressed in black, and his children were all quiet, so I thought he might have passed away, and offered my sympathies. But he was not dead, Max. He was insane! He had started calling all his correspondents dirty pro's with sensitive, fannish faces, and three attendants were required to subdue him. Vera had left his workshop untouched, out of sentimental reasons, I guess, so I looked around to see what sent him off—and Max, I found three manuscripts marked, "Rejected—Howard Browne." Fandom's going mad by reading Amazing rejects, and they were sent from Helena, Montana.  
(SOUND: METALLIC CLICK)

MAX : Great FooFoo! This calls for. . .  
(MUSIC: FANFARE)

BOGGS : Redd Boggs--Superfan!  
(MUSIC: ROSCOE'S TWO FRONT TEETH ARE FALSE. FADE OUT BEHIND)

ANNCR : Coshwowboyohboy! We'll go back to the adventures of Superfan in just a minute. But first....now you can wear a golden beanie just like Superfan does when he fights the dirty pro's. And at no cost to you! All you have to do is get five of your friends to join the N3F. Everybody knows five neofen who aren't N3F members, so see how easy it is? Send their membership applications, together with their dues, to the N3F, in care of this station. And don't forget to enclose your head size and to tell us whether you want a two, three, or four-bladed rotor. It's just that simple. By return mail you'll receive a genuine golden beanie, personally autographed by Redd Boggs--Superfan, and complete with your choice of rotor. This offer is limited, so get those applications in right away, gang. Be the first in your club to wear this swell looking beanie. The fens will like 'em too. But now, back to. . .  
(MUSIC: STING)

ANNCR : Redd Boggs--Superfan!  
(SOUND: HIGH PITCHED WHINE OF MACHINERY)

BOGGS : Like Satan Strong, scourge of the spaceways, I have converted my micro-ultra-philtmeter into a Von Krockmeir hyperspace lever. To Helena, Montana. Up, up, and away. . .  
(SOUND: WHINE INTENSIFIES WIND BLOWS. WIND STOPS. WIND FADES OUT AND UNDER)

BOGGS : Here I am in Helena, and it's just as I suspected. Coswal Coslet has completed his file of Thrill Book. I can see him gloating over them thru this open door. (YELLS) Coswal Coslet!

COSWAL : (GASPS OFF MIKE) Redd Boggs--Superfan. I'm doomed.  
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES. FOOTSTEPS)

BOGGS : Coswal Coslet. . .  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS. FOOTSTEPS STOP)

BOGGS : Confess, Coswal Coslet.  
COSWAL : There is no use holding anything back. You are Redd Boggs--Superfan. I'm finished.  
BOGGS : Exactly.  
COSWAL : But I don't care. I have a complete run of Thrill Book in mint condition.  
BOGGS : Talk!  
COSWAL : I'm a completist, Superfan. I had to use money to subscribe to all fanzines, money better spent on my prozine collection. So many fanzines were being published, I was going broke.  
BOGGS : Go on.  
COSWAL : So I had to do away with fanzines. The only way I could do this was to do away with Fandom.  
BOGGS : Traitor! Turncoat! Filthy huckster!  
COSWAL : I knew if any Fan would read an Amazing reject, he would go mad. So I found some, and have been sending rejects to Fandom ever since 1956's convention, last year.  
BOGGS : Herefan! From whom did you obtain these--ugh--rejects? Tell me.  
COSWAL : From Ballard, of course. Wrai is a collector. He knows. . .  
BOGGS : (INTERUPTS) Glorious FooFoo! The plot thickens. Quick! Show me a list of those caught in your fiendish trap.  
(SOUND: PAPER RUSTLING)  
COSWAL : Here.  
BOGGS : Hnnnnnn . . . I was right. Even GhuGhu could not be capable of greater trickery.  
(MUSIC: PROGRESSION)  
BOGGS : Ballard must have been guarentteed a complete collection of Argosy and Blue Book to fall in with such a low plot.  
(MUSIC: PROGRESSION)  
BOGGS : Only three weeks until 1957's convention. Few fans will attend; most are insane. The pro's will select the next con site.  
(MUSIC: PROGRESSION)  
BOGGS : There will be no South Gate in '58!  
(MUSIC: FINAL STING)  
ANNCR : Well! How will Superfan solve this problem? Be sure and tune in tomorrow for another exiting episode in the thrilling adventures of Redd Boggs--Superfan! Okay, gang. You have your N3F pen name listings right beside you? Good. Today's author is so very popular he uses many pen names. Two of his most widely used pen names are Lewis Ladgett and Jack Vance. What is the real name of this famous author? Get your answers in right away, gang, there's only three more weeks to go. And remember that big grand prize? A visit to New York City as a guest of the N3F; lunch with a top prozine editor; and articles for your fanzine by three big name pro writers!  
(MUSIC: FANFARE)  
ANNCR : Keep in step with Stf thru the N3F.  
(MUSIC: SIGNATURE ON OUT)

----THIRTY----

What's wrong with being behind the times, considering the times?

*ALICE and HAL SPOUT OFF A BIT FOR YOU!*

Picasso says that he paints that way for enjoyment. You mean that there is no girl with the three blue eyes? . . . It could be worse over there. At least there is no East and West Korea yet. . . Pravda says the Russians will soon explain the universe. Why not? They invented it in 1888. . . It's a mystery to us how anyone voted intelligently before the advent of radio to give us commentators who told us the meaning of what the candidate just said. . . Did that subcommittee to look in to the distilling industry ever get down to cases? . . .



icing 4 ((continued from page 12))

In the Naval Air Force now is Ronald S. Friedman, former big wheel of Inter-galactic Publishing Company. He was editor and publisher of Current Science Fiction, a weekly (!) news zine.

Intervariety Enterprises, we are told, is picking up. Chances are that it will soon pick up Dave English's Fantais. It already has several zines, editors, publishers, writers, illustrators, and work horses under contract. Mayhap FVE will pick up Ice beginning next issue.

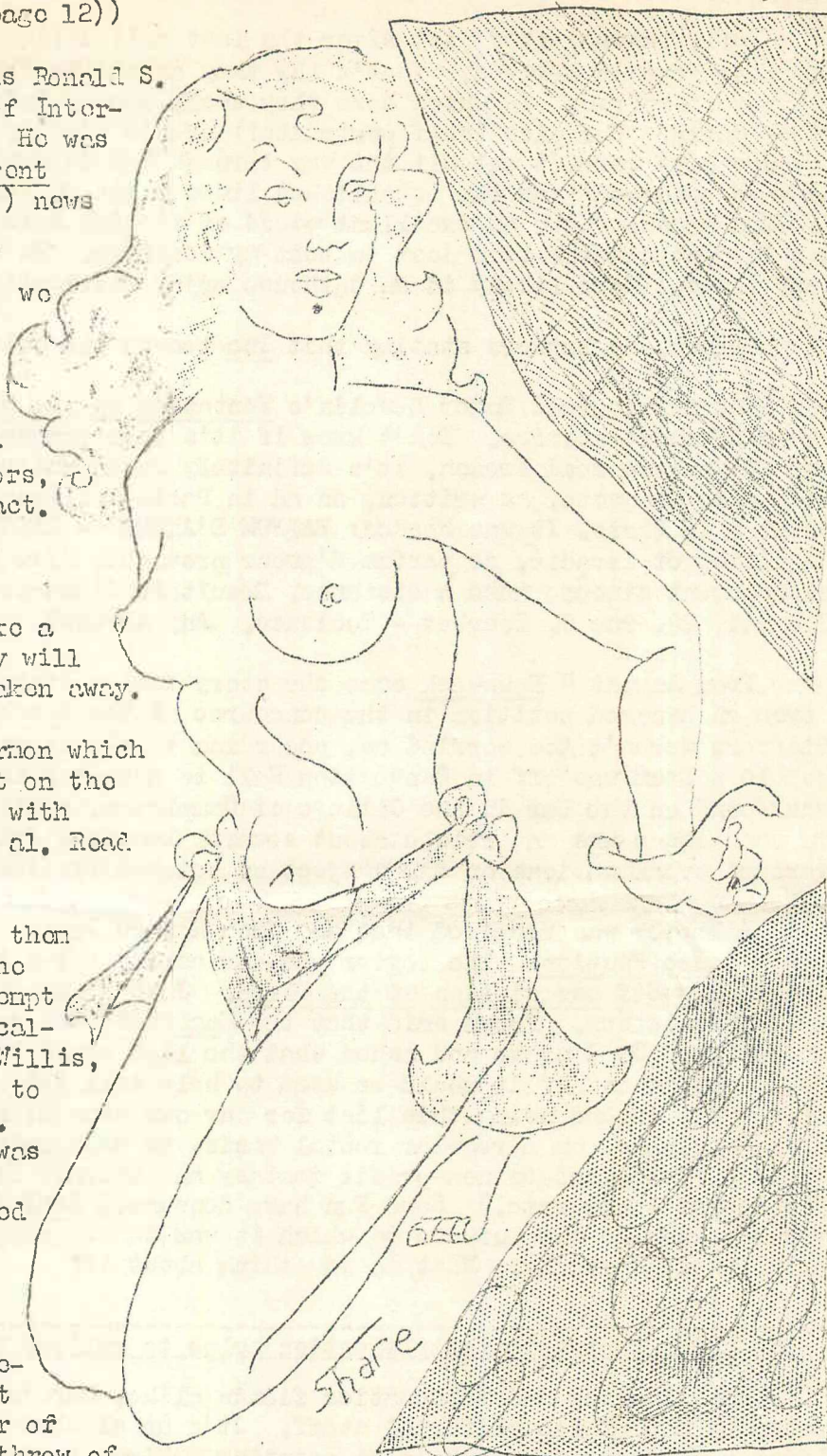
The next person who make a crack about Ice melting away will have his nincograph crank taken away.

Here's a letter from Jim Harmon which may help to throw some light on the feud he has been undergoing with Willis, Hoffman, Tucker, et al. Read on:

Jim Harmon: I have to fight them because I believe I am in the right and that one must attempt to uphold the right. Technically, I believe Horace Gold, Willis, and the rest are attempting to retard my Freedom of Speech. The main point in the feud was not whether my complaints against GALAXY were justified but WHETHER I HAD THE RIGHT TO MAKE THEM. I believe I did. I believe I have the right to criticise any person, place, institution, ideology, or publication I want to, barring libel or slander of advocating the violent overthrow of my government. I know the night is certainly stacked against the side I consider 'right.' HL Gold, a powerful man in our circles, has recently threatened me with physical and literary harm if I don't "cut it out before /I/ get hurt. . ." He says if he ever gets close enough to me he'll "kick my uvala down my glottis" and made several vague references to my latest atory and his "recommendations." I know it would be the smartest thing to shut up, but I don't want to live in a country where threats and "night" can make people shut up. I'm going to keep on fighting.

--427 E Eighth Street, Mt. Carmel, Illinois.

Personally, I think that noth sides are wrong to continue this thing. I'll just waste time (?) looking at the pic above. For more blather, turn the page.





Well, lessee, it's just after the last mail delivery today and Dave English's cartoons haven't arrived. That's why they aren't in this issue. They'll probably get here tomorrow. In which case they shall appear in Issue 2. # Must apologize to Nancy Sharo. Her pics (self portraits?) aren't exactly as she drew them. Seems the stencils weren't cut all the way through and in cutting a bit deeper, I seem to have wandered from the established lines a bit. # More apologies. This time to Jim Harmon. Have an excellent piece of fiction here of his which he batted out in double quick time just to beat my deadline. No room for it. Perhaps in next issue. More likely in an Outhouse ajjay publications.

Please. No letters stating that Ice leaves you cold.

Has anyone read Roger Lemelin's Fantasies on the Seven Deadly Sins? It's a group of short stories. Don't know if it's been translated into English yet, but if you can read French, it's definitely worth while. # Speaking of French, we'd like to quote, as written, an ad in Paris-Hollywood, a French language mag. printed in Paris. It was headed: PARFUM D'AMOUR -- RADIO-ACTIF. Body of ad reads: Magnétisé et irradié, ce parfum d'amour provoque, fixe et retient affection et attachement sincère même à distance. Résultats étonnants. Notice "W" 30 fr. Prof. Clément, 29, rue G. Courbet - Toulouse. Any takers?

From August 4 Newsweek came the story that a statue of Pogo had disappeared from an honored position in the concourse of the Chicago Daily News building. Staffers weren't too worried as, according to the story, they figured the lovable possum was off to Convention Hall to accept a nomination. However, he was found on the bar in the College of Complexes, a literary-type saloon. # Also in same issue was an article about several lectures John Pierce had given to various organizations on the subject of science fiction.

A letter was received last May from Howard Pruyn, of the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. The letter was one asking for a list of members of the Bachelor's Stf Association of the World. Just about every other actifan got the same form letter. Pruyn said that the MagofS&SF was compiling a list of fantasy and sfen. So I wrote and asked what the list would be used for and if Fen could get it and if it would be used to help sell S&SF. Pruyn wrote back: "We, of course, intend using this list for our own promotion purposes, but it will be made available, on a regular rental basis, to commercial organizations involved in this field, and to non-profit fantasy and science fiction fan organizations at a somewhat lower rate." Some Fen have denounced S&SF for making up the list without knowing the purpose to which it was to be put. Others have agreed to help, wholeheartedly. What do you think about it?

---

We think that this interlineation helps to relieve the monotony of the page

---

For limerick and mathematics fiends alike, here's a limerick recently composed by one of the editorial staff. It's an algebric limerick with the hero being a fugitive from a Picasso painting. First letter with a correct translation gets a free two issue sub to Ice. Dick Clarkson is not eligible as he was told all about it one fine day in August.

A 3 man once said to a hare,  
As he gazed at New York in the air,  
"Oh, lovely Woolworth Tower,  
Can't you bring 4  
To make a 3√ for 77 in x<sup>2</sup>?"

That's the limerick over  
at the right. This is just a  
few words being writ so that  
this space won't look so empty.  
Okay with you?

If Holsinki were nearer Washington, we'd think that the Russian lady discus thrower might have had a hand in the recent flying saucer scare in those parts.



////////////////////////////////////  
 The author and the editor  
 Were sitting in a bar.  
 They went like anything to see  
 The fan-fads go to war.  
 "Do you suppose," the author said,  
 "That we are where we are?"

Come, readers, take a walk with us.  
 The August ish is out!  
 Ant the it's only April  
 We hate you to be put out --  
 The hero's got the women, and  
 Has put the BEMs to rout!

Some violence and a little sex  
 Until the hero's won  
 Is all that will recommend  
 The stories we will run

The ed talked to the authors,  
 But answer there was none.  
 Yes, naught about the stories, for  
 He'd published every one.

////////////////////////////////////

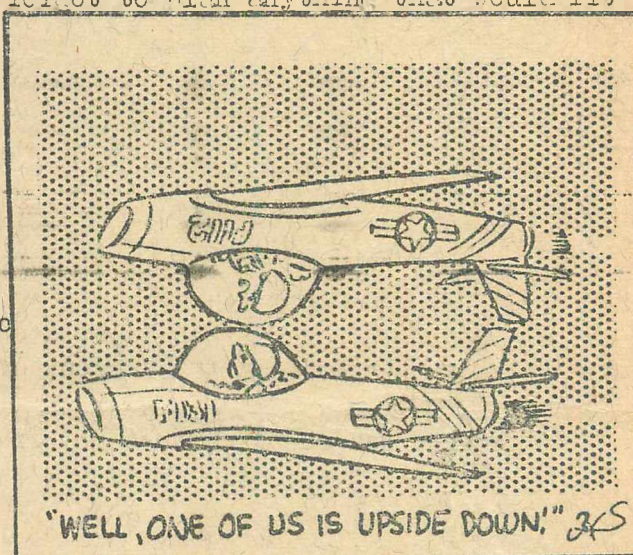
poem up above. Oh well, problem's solved.  
 Ingenius, oh what?

The poetic offere over to the right is the  
 result of asking Bill Venable for something.  
 I like it. Also, says Venable, if men from  
 saucers take over Earth, we'll have a disc-  
 tatorship.

A new patent law says that it is now in-  
 material whether an invention results from a  
 "flash of creative genius" or from long, to-  
 dious lab research work. Apparently, before  
 this law, if someone came up with something  
 now, and he didn't got it in a "flash of  
 creative genius," it was not patentable.

Not sure just what I'm going to do now  
 as I forgot to plan anything that would fit

in the  
 space  
 bet-  
 ween  
 the  
 car-  
 toon  
 on the  
 right  
 and the



In Akron, Ohio, a moving sidewalk has  
 been tested for the past year or so. It's  
 the same thing to be installed in the sub-  
 way in New York between Grand Central Sta-  
 tion and Times Square.

A patent was recently issue in Paris on a portable type-  
 writer small enough to be carried around in the pocket. It can be used when held  
 simply in the hand. Dimensions, and weight, however, are not listed. Shall see.

Incidentally, to add credence to stories about large vampires, bats with five-  
 foot wingspreads, called flying foxes, have been found in the Old World tropics.

The Elsetric Computer Corporation is mass producing electronic brains. For  
 \$62,500, you can get one with a memory for 102,400 nine-digit numbers and the abi-  
 lity to solve a ten-figure mathematical problem in three-thousandths of a second.

Esperanto fans will be interested to know that four numbers of Spectroscopia  
molecular have been issued. It's a science publication written entirely in the  
 new international language, Interlingua.

And, if you're interested, residents of Moscow (Russia) got their first new  
 telephone directory last month since before World War II.

Almost forgot to mention. The cover of this issue of Ice has been reproduced  
 from a pen and ink drawing onto a Stenafax stencil. That is, it was photographed  
 and printed on a photo-sensitive plastic stencil. If it comes out as we expect,  
 it will be the regular method used from here on in. Incidentally, situated as we  
 are, with no personal mimeograph machine to use, the entire issue has to be run  
 off at one sitting. So we won't be able to apologize for any individual mistakes  
 here. Just consider them all apologized for. And this is the end. Thank Roscoe!



PS. A horrible thought occurred to us as the last words were typed on the last page. We had covered just about everything in the editorial except what the editorial in a first issue is usually written to cover. The policy of the zine. Well, this space will have to suffice. Our policy? None to speak of. We want this to be primarily a humor mag, although we do attempt to have at least one serious article per issue. What we want and need are humorous articles and stories. Serious articles, if well written, can be used. Fan fiction and serious poetry will probably be rejected, unless it finds special favor in the editor's eyes. Humorous poetry, cartoons and all types of art work are requested. If you send us something we cannot use, unless a specific request is made to return it, the mss or drawings will be forwarded to other mags or to the NFFF manuscript bureau. That about covers it. Next issue of Ice is scheduled to be mailed somewhere around the twenty-fifth of October. See you then. Or maybe we'll see each other at ChiCon.

Exchange

FROM:

S/Sgt. H. E. Shapiro  
790th AC/W Squadron  
Kirksville, Missouri

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Return postage guaranteed.



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