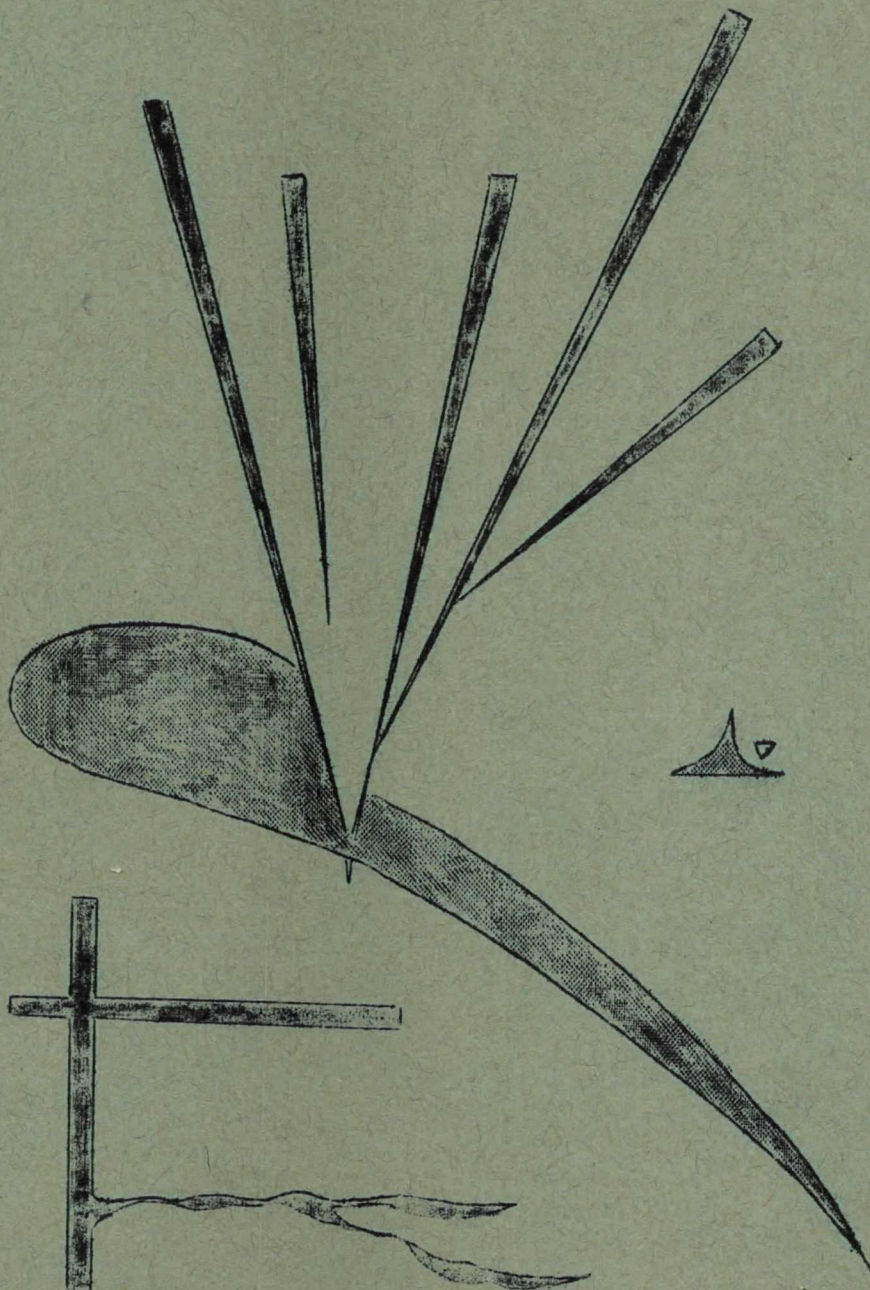


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DANIEL McPHAIL
Editor

A SALUTE TO THE FAN ARTIST

Recognition is sought by every one, openly or covetous, as the case may be. Fapans are no exception to the rule. And while we term it "egoboo", it amounts to the same thing: a pat on the back for a job well done -- a mark of appreciation for ones labors.

It seems to me that the artist receives perhaps the least recognition in science fiction. Proazines in recent years have shied away from the lavish illustrations that were so long a part of magazine fantasy. One of the few differences I have had with my good friend Ted Carnell is over his elimination of art from his publications. I firmly believe the great talents of Paul, Wesso, Finley and others brought many a new reader into the fold.

In fandom, the editor-publisher and the writer usually dominate the egoboo ratings, but much credit is due those fans who contribute their artistic talents to the betterment of the hosts of fanzines that link the fan world.

This issue of Phantasy Press is dedicated to fan artists - past & present. As a tribute to pioneer amateur artists we reached back into time to the 7th mailing, as reviewed in "Out of the Past". On the front cover we have reproduced an illustration from the first issue of FUTURART, edited by John Michel, one of the founders of FAPA. John was a master in the field of silk-screen art.

On our back cover I very proudly present a drawing by my young daughter, Danaline. I think this pretty 13-year old miss did a very creditable job of creating an other-world scene, as she represents the young artist of today.

With these two drawings, created over 20 years apart, we salute the symbols of early and present day fan art, which fills a vital role of bringing beauty, eye-appeal and communication to the medium of the fan press.

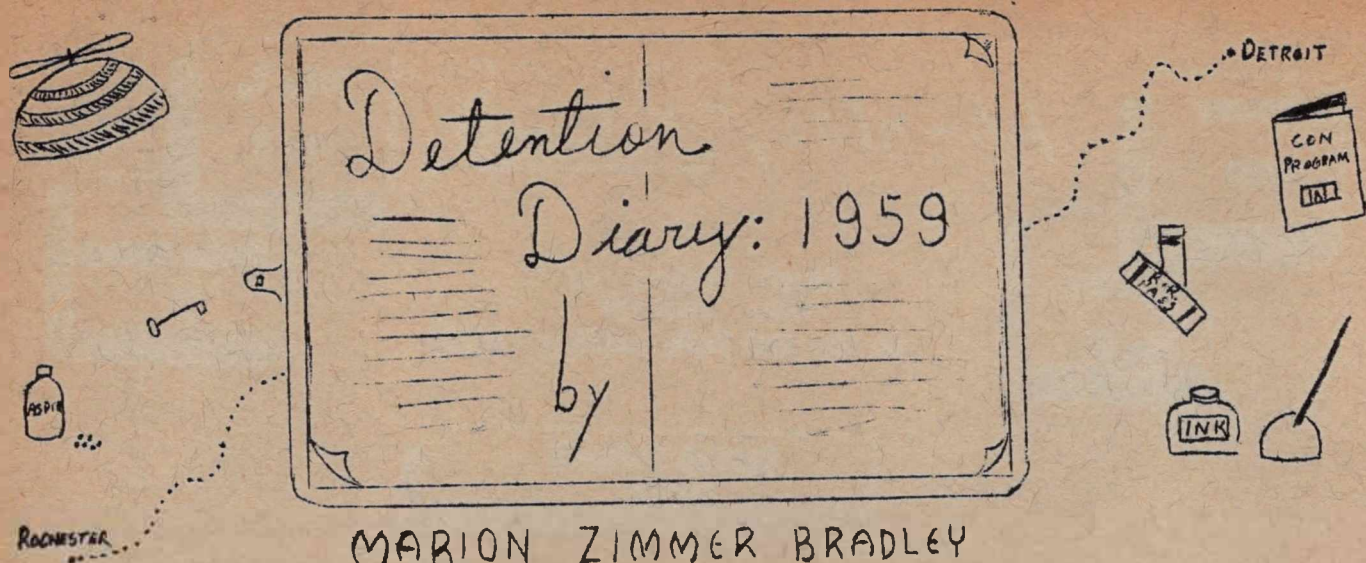
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MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

Part II: The Con

Three seconds later, someone shouted "Marion!" and a big, brown-skinned, brow-eyed man was grinning down at me and saying "Well?" I swear I didn't recognize Forry Ackerman, my own ever-lovin' agent. He is thinner, browner, and now wears contact lenses rather than the ubiquitous horn-rims, which remove a solid ten years from his age. After a rather awkward moment, however, I knew his voice if not his face, and we hugged each other; and he whisked me off to be introduced to some strangers (I got them sorted out slowly over the next few days) and to Bjo, my upcoming roommate at the Con.

Even now I find it impossible to figure out all the ins and outs of the room-registry of that suite on the 13th floor where we roosted that weekend. The place may never have existed at all — who ever heard of a hotel with a 13th floor?

I had been slightly afraid, after realizing that Bjo was a hyper-active fan, that she would turn out to be a rowdy teen-ager or a super-sophisticated woman-of-the-world. To my immense relief, she was neither. I was presented to a pretty, snub-nosed little creature with beautiful dark-red hair and a profusion of most attractive freckles, who looked about sixteen but, thank heaven, acted her real age, which is not too much less than my own. Her first question rocked me on my heels, for she asked if I minded dogs; though a dog-lover, I am cool toward sharing quarters with St. Bernards, Airedales or yapping Pekinese. However, my first sight of her little dog, "Tammy" relieved me considerably, and when I realized that the animal was not only small and friendly, but a positive darling, my final qualm vanished. So all was settled, and Bjo, Tammy and I became roommates.

Bjo, despite her high-school-freshman looks, is a rather devastating personality. Some hint of the demand she was in can be gathered by the fact that I, her official room-mate, spent about twelve minutes in her waking company. She has a languid, rather husky voice (she called it a female baritone) and behind her snub nose and freckles she can say the most incredible things, so that one listens, does a double take, and listens again. (I heard about her 22-inch waist but didn't measure it, though while she was putting on her masquerade costume I had a good view of it. I'd estimate 18!) As always at a convention, all the women except the obvious creeps were surrounded by men, and certainly I had no cause to complain, myself, of the quantity and quality of masculine company I had to choose from; but Bjo, though perhaps less stunningly beautiful than some of the more spectacular girls, gave the impression of being surrounded, perpetually, by a waist-high circle of adorers. I don't blame them.

From early that evening I remember only fair-skinned, curly-blond-haired Jack Harness; John Koning, a lanky and graceful teen-age youngster who was later to give

me a sort of Perfect Tribute by confirming my legend; Steve Tolliver, about whom my notes say "IASFS- thin dark sensitive face - glasses - fine hands." Al Lewis, a stocky, smiling dark young fellow; Joe Casey, a tall redheaded neofan, and Ron Ellik, a husky young blonde who reminded me forcibly, in voice and manner, of Greg Benford. There were others; in the end there were fifteen of us who sauntered over to the Golden Dragon restaurant for a fabulous Chinese meal. And what a meal it was! Bjo and I were the only women present; I sat between Harness and Koning and, I think, across from Lewis and Tolliver.

Soon after, or possibly before (I didn't keep a running log, and fatigue, about which I shall say more later, has blurred a great many small details) I was introduced to Rick Sneary; and that was a moment I had long awaited.

Rick was one of the first half-dozen fans with whom I ever corresponded, and we had kept, sporadically, in touch ever since 1947. I hadn't been able, due to my hospital trip, to make the Solacon; and never dreaming he would travel so far from his South Gate hermitage, had almost resigned myself to waiting for South Gate Again in 2010. So, when we met, we grinned like a pair of Cheshire cats, exclaimed "At last," and metaphorically, if not literally (I am shy with strangers) fell on each other's necks.

Where was I? After the meal, I went up to the suite and found Steve Tolliver, Eric Gunther and Bruce Henstell (the last two were 14-year-old fans, very polite and pleasant) watching Lon Chaney's THE MUMMY on TV. Forry was there, and we talked about Chaney & Lugosi. We watched it for a while, then went down to the mezzanine.

There I was introduced to Bob Pavlat ("thin; darkish; quiet") and after a time we were joined by Ellik, Raeburn, Harness and Sneary. Raeburn was younger than I had expected, and far less brash and argumentative; as far as I am concerned, any budding seeds of a feud died aborning, even though, at the FAPA meeting, he was to later goad me into losing my temper publicly - something I haven't done in years.

Leaving the group for a few minutes to see about the promised amateur movie, THE GENIE, I came back by the elevators and saw a woman with beautiful waist-length dark silky hair, and a slender young man with a thick black beard and fine dark eyes. An apposite phrase from a Cultzine popped into my head from my brief membership; "Just look for the hairiest pair around." I coughed and said shyly "Er- Jean and Andy Young?" and it was. Jean and I made feminine squeals at each other, while I admired Andy's beard; it is becoming enough to his face and eyes so that it's not surprising that so many fans have adopted the fad.

Incidentally, this is as good a spot as any to mention that there were so many beards present that any outsider might have believed that the House of David were holding a revival in Detroit. Memorable even among the many beards were Bob Silverberg's curly little neat one, the small bright-red goatee on Dick Eney, and the faunlike shadow on Dainis Bisenieks.

Jean, I think, held the prize for beautiful hair, although Bjo and Karen Anderson both gave her competition. Otherwise Jean is a tall, sturdily-built girl who nevertheless gives a quite incongruous impression of delicacy. Perhaps it is the uplift of her eyebrows, frank and questioning; perhaps it is the mixture of shyness, sensitivity and spontaneity on her face. She strikes one as an overwhelmingly genuine person, without poses or mannerisms.

Ted White, another beard, turned up; a thin youngster who looks older than he probably is, and has a hurried, rather abrupt way of speaking. And while I am describing people I may as well mention the feminine members; Sylvia White, a delicately fragile little creature with straight fair hair and the loveliest, most hushed speaking voice I had ever heard; Phyllis Economou, to whom I'd have liked to speak but who awed me with her superhuman poise and self-possession; and Karan Anderson, a stunning, sophisticated brunette. (I made the remark on two occasions that Karen dressed, and acted, precisely as I would --if I had the beauty, and the nerve, to carry it off. She poses, it's true; but does it so prettily that it seems only an extension of her personality. And if you noticed me staring at you, Karen, that's why.)

Sally Brues was there, too, and I was introduced to her, but I remember only a small, rounded brunette with pert eyebrows.

This was the unofficial FAPA session, where we sat on the floor of the mezzanine and took off our shoes. Inevitably someone started passing around Jean Young's wooden sandal, q-card fashion, to autograph it; and the idiocy had started. I wound up autographing everything, including a matchstick (from Harness) and a rubber band (passed around, I think, by Pavlat) Art Rapp also reappeared out of uniform; and I did a double-take, thinking my eyes were deceiving me and that Dan McPhail had made a belated appearance in Detroit. They are not doubles, and perhaps the resemblance wouldn't be close if they were stood side by side; but a casual description of one describes the other, and I think anyone who knew both very slightly might make the mistake.

Eventually the group grew too large for easy socializing and split up into clumps. I went down to see "The Genie"; later found myself in somebody's room (smoke-filled) where Poul Andersen and Randy Garrett were singing folk-songs and I bummed a cigarette from Avram Davidson. (He smokes Murads).

Poul Andersen was a real shock. A pleasant shock, but a shock. I think he is well over six feet tall, has a mop of red hair, can't be under thirty and looks seventeen. His face is unbelievably boyish. He has a hesitant speech which goes well with the boyishness, a ready laugh and though he talks a normal amount, gives the impression of being a quiet person.

I went to bed early (2:30) but in spite of fatigue, I might as well not have bothered. I suppose excitement was getting in its work. No sooner had I finally gone to bed for the second time (I'd given up, got up and started to read a copy of PLANET STORIES, hoping to read myself sleepy) than Bjo finally came in --she had spent the night sorting the Morris Dollens paintings for the backdrop. So I gave it all up as a bad job, forgot about sleep, and got up and dressed, and she turned in.

September 5; Emerging from the door of 1373 into the hallway of the suite, I stepped on Ron Ellik --who was, for some reason, sleeping across our door. I don't know whether he had a knife in his teeth, and was resolved to defend our honor to the death, or not; but on the whole I rather think not. He woke up in evident alarm. "Wha -- wha' -- what's the matter?" he demanded, so violently that he really frightened me. However, I reassured him that I was only getting up; whereupon he went back to sleep and I went out to breakfast.

Downstairs in the lobby I met NFFF-member Seth Johnson, and we talked about ESP and the like until Ackerman came down and we went out for a second breakfast. By the time we came back, registration had started. It was then, I think, that John Koning ceremoniously presented me with proof that I do, too, eat neofans; a ribbon-tied box in which, shielded in tissue paper, was a nice little neofan, sweet, toothsome and complete with helicopter beanie, all done up in fragrant gingerbread. I don't know who baked it; it even had "Neofan" written on it, in white frosting.

All morning I kept meeting old friends. Dirce Archer (you will meet her on the Pittsburgh committee next year); a little woman with black braids and great dignity and sweetness. Juanita Coulson, a bouncy, bonny girl with a really irresistible smile and her husband, who is tall and quiet and lets her do the talking for the both. Bob Briney, a broad-shouldered young giant and another of the quiet ones. George Scithers of the Hyborian Legion, who has the really rare gift of making anyone he talks to feel like an old, cherished friend within a few minutes.

A little later I found neofan Ruth Berman sitting in the lobby --it seemed that she hadn't yet been out to breakfast and was reluctant to brave the Detroit streets alone. By that time I was about ready for a bite of lunch, so I suggested we hunt for a brunch together. It turned out that we were mutual admirers of the Baker Street Irregulars, and we spent most of the time discussing the Sacred Works of Sherlock.

Returning, I ran into Andy Young, who told me that Jean was alone in their room baby-sitting, and suggested I go up to keep her company; so I spent the next hour, until Andy came to get us for the opening session, up in 431 with Jean and her adorable youngest. (In fact, Sam Young remains in my mind as one of the nicest people at the convention. He is really a darling - fat, dimpled, squeezable.)

The opening session finally got under way, with Roger Sims and Fred Prophet introducing virtually everybody in the hall -- pros, fans, editors and nobodies -- ex-

cept Harlan Ellison; an omission which they swore, later, was accidental, but which became glaringly obvious...so much so that various fans in corners of the hall were making bets about it. Downstairs I had just met E. E. Smith, and Dorothy Urbane and I happened to sit behind him at the first session; in the pauses, he entertained us with stories of his working methods. I said something about wasting two years on a novel which became obsolete a week after it was finished, due to Sputnik, and he tut-tutted at me and boomed that two years was nothing -- nothing at all; he had spent ten years carrying "The Galaxy Primes" from germ to finished manuscript. Doc Smith was very unlike my mental conception of him. I had envisioned a suave, extremely polished, aloof and unapproachable intellectual. Nothing whatever could be further from the truth. In spite of his tremendous intelligence, literacy and awareness, he was easily the friendliest, most approachable pro writer there. He is a tall, hearty, white-haired man who might be a retired sea captain or cowpuncher. And his mind is as vast as his own Lensman saga.

Speaking of pro writers, I might also ought to mention Fritz Leiber -- with whom I fell Madly in Love. I was assured by no less a person than Judy Merrill, however, that this is the Common Lot of Woman Writers --and that I must humbly take my place at the bottom of the Fritz Leiber Waiting List, which is slightly longer than that of FAPA.

Getting ahead of my story; when the introductions were over, I went down in the bar (my one venture into those precincts) with Dorothy, Juanita, Bev DeWeese and Liz Wilson. A group of pro writers were at the next table, and Liz took me over to introduce me to Ted Cogswell; where I met Damon Knight, who asked me to join them for a moment. I also met Randy Garrett, who I will never again mistake for a mere pen name of Bob Silverberg. Randy is a huge man with a beard and a booming voice, and a rather overpowering physical presence, and frankly I was a bit scared of him.

Damon Knight, whose name I capitalize at his express request (he has spent ten years trying to live down his lower-case name; he informs me that it is NOT an effect-~~ion~~; he simply couldn't make a legible capitol D) was my major Pleasant Surprise of the entire convention. From his ireful critical writings, I had more or less conceived him as an irascible, snarling little man, a character out of an expose novel about the Literature Racket. I knew he was an exceptionally competent editor -- he taught me a great deal by the portions he cut from my story "The Wind People" -- but I had been scared to death of the personality. Instead he turned out to be a slim, quiet-spoken, neutral and gentle man, intensely friendly and charming in manner. In fact, he invites the most hackneyed of all adjectives; Damon is nice.

Returning late from this conference, we found that we had missed most of the Auction Bloch, though I enjoyed watching them auction off Judy Merrill and Sam Moskowitz. I walked out on the discussion of psionics for a trek, in search of grease-paint, with a friend from Dallas, Bill Conner. It had all started last year when he borrowed my cold cream to remove his greasepaint, used the last of it, and doomed me to red eyebrows.

I had supper with Bill and John Aoning, then adjourned to my room to start dressing for the masquerade. Bill had not brought a costume, and I had decided to alter my predestined costume somewhat, so I turned the top of my costume (a tee-shirt a la "Teenagers from Outer Space") over to him-- fortunately Bill is a beanpole, though six foot tall. He topped this with a ghastly green-man makeup, lining the grease-paint liberally with slashes of red lipstick (which turned out later to be indelible, which is why he had pink stripes all over his face after he took it off).

1373, and the suite in general, was filled with the LASFS group making up. Bruce and Erik were running in and out; Ejo was putting together her gorgeous alien-princess costume, and Steve Tolliver, who had a doublet and cloak to match it, looked like a character out of my "Sevener" stories. Jack Harness and John Trimble were getting dressed too and from one of them I borrowed a fingerful of "Mortician's Wax" and concocted a ghastly scar running above and below the eyepatch I'd added as an after-thought. (In compliment to Fritz Leiber I had decided to represent one of his dueling women.)

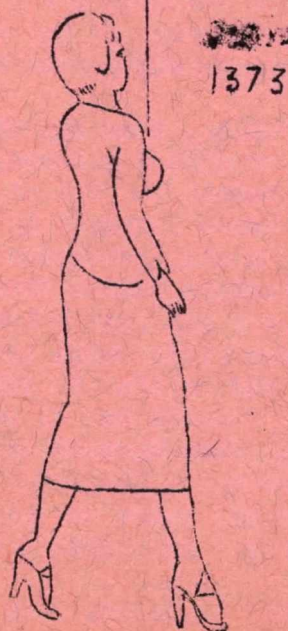
Downstairs I was stunned by all the costumes. Jack Harness in his priestly robes, swinging a hypnotic medallion and followed by a furry Thing; Dave and Ruth Kyle as

the Brain People (I would have awarded the prize to them); Sylvia White as a wild child; a gorgeous blue-skinned girl (Nancy Kemp?) fondling a snake; Karen in diademmed fairyland robes; Betsy, Ed and Maggie Curtis as a real Mathematical Family. Betsy, by the way, turned out to be a real charmer; gracious, friendly and forthright. She also deserved a special medal for heroism, attending the convention with five children in tow.

I couldn't see the costumes as well as I wished; Bill, too, had taken off his glasses for effect, while I had removed the glasses which I even wear in the bathtub (I have about 20/4 vision) and in addition to this had fecklessly eyepatched my more far-sighted eye, thus reducing my vision to about a tenth of normal. So after the judging, Bill and I went up to remove the greasepaint and get our glasses, so that we could admire the costumes. Among others I remember Forrest Ackerman cuddling an infernal machine with blinking lights, which regulated the universe; Al Lewis, who made a dramatic entrance with a great howl, had his shirt torn off by a confederate and "escaped" with a horribly realistic Puppet Master clinging to his naked shoulders. (He took a well-deserved first prize).

When the masquerade broke up, Juanita Coulson, Liz Wilson and I sat on the floor of the Pittsburgh Suite (?) and began singing folksongs together. We were soon joined by Sandy Cuttrell, and Karen Anderson, now wearing tights and understandably put out because her exquisite white satin costume, Bjo's carefully designed one and all the other fancy dresses had been ignored while the judges awarded first prize to a girl in a pair of unadorned turquoise leotards, a sweater and a dime-store toy space helmet. "I knock myself out, all year, over a costume, and they give the prize to a pair of readymade tights," she fumed. "Basic anatomy! How basic can you get?" Frankly, I think she had a point.

The suite was jammed with partying people and at some point or another, most of them joined us in singing. I soon gave up, myself; Juanita has a gorgeous voice, almost operatic in timbre and strength, and Sandy a huge resonant bass. Nobody could possibly have heard me, so I just hummed along and enjoyed listening to Sandy and Juanita, who had an inexhaustible repertoire. Eventually we all wandered up to another suite where some other folk-singers before us had drawn a warning to "Keep it quiet". John Berry was holding court, and all the food was gone but a few sad-looking Ritz crackers. Juanita and I, with Liz and Jean Bogert, sat on the windowsill and harmonized sad songs softly and tried to keep some idiot-child neofan from throwing pingpong balls and Pittsburg buttons out the window. We visited a few more parties & got to bed at 5:30



September 6th: The next thing I

knew a telephone was ringing somewhere, and while I was wondering why someone didn't answer it and shut the accursed thing up, Bjo clambered over me and did so, finally managing to get me awake. Long-distance, said the operator; a call from neofan-artist Kerry Dame. Our conversation could hardly be called a success. I was still four parts asleep, and Bjo had crawled back into bed and was trying to get back to sleep herself, and I was reluctant to chatter at length and disturb her. So Kerry and I said goodbye and, by now irrevocably awake, I got dressed, whispered an apology to Bjo for waking her up, and went down to have breakfast with Maggie Curtis. We spent the morning drifting around the Vile Huckster collection, meeting Earl

Kemp, Ken Kreuger, and a friend from the old days, Gerry de la Ree. Midway I suddenly realized that if I didn't very swiftly get out of the room I would fall on the floor; I managed to stagger un-noticed to a chair in the hall, where I quietly collapsed. This was the first warning symptom of the exhaustion which made the whole second half of the convention seem, later, like nothing but an exceptionally vivid dream. I would have done better to go up and sleep till noon, or go out for a second breakfast (I'd had only coffee with Marie) but instead, after a few minutes recovering in the baby-sitter room (and who was the good-Samaritan male fan who took me there?) I managed to pull myself together and go to the FAPA meeting.

There were an incredible number of FAPA members there. I remember Lee Jacobs, Ray Schaffer jr, and many others in addition to those I've already mentioned; there was a rather heated discussion about the blackball amendment and Boyd Raeburn managed to goad me into losing my temper (which is not a difficult trick at any time.) Afterward, feeling some overture on my part was necessary, I asked for a minute of his time and we started to explain our viewpoints reasonably; I still think we might have ended by agreeing to disagree, but just then Harlan Ellison cornered me — a remark of mine had been repeated to him out of context, and he accused me of knifing him in the back. I started to explain myself, ^{then} since I was getting faint again, knew my only refuge was ignominious flight or disgracing myself by bursting into tears of anger and exhaustion in the middle of a lobby full of fans; so I chose the lesser evil, told Harlan to arrange the panel any way he damn pleased because I wouldn't be on it, and ran. Down in the lobby, Orma McCormick, bless her heart, noticed I was not my bright young self, and invited me up to her room, where she propped me up with a stiff drink and a kleenex.

Then I went to dress for the banquet. For a miracle it had started on time, and I was late — I ran into Bill Conner in the elevator, saving me (thank heaven) from a solitary entrance; I think we were the last two fans to enter. I sat between Forry and Jim Harmon, and Jim apologized to me; it seemed that he had thoughtlessly repeated the remark (thinking it funny) which I had made, and thereby sicked Harlan on me.

Since Harlan and I soon made up the argument, I didn't care particularly. I found it interesting to meet Jim. I had known him by reputation for years — we are both members of the Sky Hook/Boggs clique, and co-clients of Ackerman, but somehow we never managed to meet or correspond. He is a stocky, dark-haired, fair-skinned young man, clean-shaven for a miracle (no beatnik beard!) and far more conservative and pleasant in dress and manners than the New York clique of fan-pro dangles. I liked him. In fact, we had a very fascinating group at the table; I think Forry had cornered virtually every pro writer who wasn't on the platform. Fritz Leiber, Bob and Barbara Silverberg, Ed Emsh and Carole Emshwiller, Thom Scortia and heaven knows who else. The meal itself was highly palatable, and so were the speeches that followed. Asimov and Bloch alternated as toastmaster; Poul Anderson made a very intelligent speech — though I wonder if it was as fascinating to the average fan as it was to the writers and would-be writers present? — and John Berry presented himself as a nice person, quite without the overtone of juvenile capering which had made me anti-Goon in the British fanzines. The Hugo awards were presented — by now everyone knows who won them — and Berry was presented with a portable typewriter by the New York group; or rather, since the machine itself had not arrived in time, with a drawing of one which would be exchanged for the typewriter itself on his return to New York.

Then we all adjourned for the voting on the convention site. The nominating speeches were short enough not to be boring, and a touch of humor was provided when a representative of the Pittsburgh hotel, obviously unaware of the fannish type of humor, took umbrage at some scoffing remark about Pittsburgh hotels made by a member of the Washington group, and rose in dead earnest to defend the reputation of her hotel! She was given one minute and then, thank heaven, peremptorily silenced by the chair.

After the voting I went up to Judith Merrill's room, where a group of pro writers were working on the play. I was welcomed cordially, but nothing was getting done, so she sent all of us out to supper. I went with Jean Bogert and we got lost on the Detroit streets; we must have wandered for an hour or more, getting farther and farther from the hotel. Jean is a delightful gal, and I enjoyed her company, but I was wearing spike-heeled shoes which I'd put on for the banquet, and could hardly walk in them. By

the time we finally relocated the hotel, we had missed the film "Dance Chromatic", and I discovered that all the work had been assigned on the play and my help was no longer needed.

Well, I listened to the pro editors and to the critics panel (to me, this discussion between Damon Knight and P. Schuyler Miller was the most intelligent part of the program).

Now I have to confess my major goof of the convention; I walked out on the fan-zine editors panel, expecting a childish wrangle from the different factions of fan-zine-fans. I am told that I missed the best part of the convention.

And what did I get in place of it?

Well, part of the evening was very pleasantly spent with Poul Anderson, Asimov, Leiber (at one point in the proceedings Judy Merrill and I were both sitting on his lap) and half a dozen other fans and pro writers. We went up to Anderson's room to move some beer; he suggested that we diminish the amount to be moved by each drinking a bottle first, and it turned, I suspect, into what neofans call a "closed-door party". As the session broke up, remembering that an extremely orthodox group of the Plymouth Brethren were holding a convention at the hotel too (They had pre-empted the Crystal Room, that morning, for a hymn service), we parked an empty beer case outside the doors of the Brethren. I wonder what the pious brothers thought when they found it?

Then, on the way down to the Bheer party, I remembered fannish murmurings about the cliques at conventions and decided, instead of joining a group, to drift around and talk to lone wolves. NEVER AGAIN.

Part of the evening was wonderful. I remember a short but delightful few minutes sitting on the floor with three teen-age neofans, talking gravely about science fiction and the chances of a new writer in the pro markets; and I also remember some enjoyable moments with Dirce and the Pittsburg group who were taking registrations in the lobby and with Orma in the beer-party room. So, please, Dirce, Orma and you nice kids whose names I don't recall, please don't think these remarks are directed at you, or at George Price or Randy Garrett, with whom I chatted enjoyably;

DON'T EVER WANDER AROUND A CONVENTION ALONE. STAY WITH A GROUP.

At any rate, now I know why well-known fans and old hands at conventions stay with so-called "cliques". Never again will I drift around lone-wolf fashion. True, you get to meet some neofans who are too shy to join a group. But you are also at the mercy of any drunken woman or creep or crackpot who wants an empty ear to babble in. After three or four such episodes, I gave up and went up to bed, quite early--only 2AM.

September 7: At nine or so, I came down to encounter Fritz Leiber in the lobby, and we adjourned to the diner across the street for coffee and conversation. After some more time spent admiring the exhibits of the Hucksters, it was time to go to the meeting of the Hyborian Legion.

To me, without question, this was the high point of the whole convention. In one room were all my favorite people, and all talking about my favorite subject: the cloak-and-sword, imaginary world type of romantic fantasy adventure. Scithers, Coulsons, Sneary, EESmith, Leiber, Santessen and all the other Hyborians. In addition to this, I was perked up by a brief second wind of energy and enthusiasm.

Then into the Convention room for speeches by EESmith and JW Campbell, both of which were interesting and controversial; later, as always during a dull spot in the program, started auctioneering again. The Berry Fund was short a few dollars, and he tried to auction off a very exhausted-looking Bjo; but by that time everybody was broke and although she guaranteed a minimum of 10 cartoons, the bidding started at 25¢ --which "for the honor of womanhood" I made a dollar. In the end she was divided up among 26 fans, each of which had contributed a dollar. I didn't collect the 2½ minutes I was entitled to, for the fan-pro panel was about to begin, and I was beginning to fall apart again; I had been too interested in the Hyborians and the speeches to stop for lunch.

I ate a chocolate bar, hoping it would give me some quick energy and ward off another fainting spell --would at least keep me from keeling over in the middle of the program. While eating it I stood in the lobby and grimly told myself Look; it's half an hour out of your life. They're not going to tear you limb from limb, or hang you from the ceiling for anything you say up there. Now stop being a quitter and walk up

there. So I walked up there and Ed Wood, moderating the panel in place of Fred Pohl, threw me a wild curve; probably as the only woman present, he asked me to speak first!

I leave it to you to imagine, etc. On second thoughts I doubt if anyone could quite imagine how I felt, unless he was in the same state I was in — which I now diagnose, frankly, as a state of mild delusional incoherence brought on by lack of sleep. If any of you noticed me gripping the podium for dear life, it was for a very commonplace reason, nothing so interesting as stage fright; it was because my knees were weak and I thought I was going to fall. To this moment I have not the slightest notion of what I said. I only remember being afraid that I would faint. If this blurring effect of fatigue has made most of the convention seem only a vivid dream, rather than something I lived through, then this first part of the fan-turned-pro panel is like one of those brief nightmares when you hope desperately to wake up before something terrible happens.

I have since heard that almost everyone, at their first large convention, makes the same mistake I made; too little sleep, too much activity and getting too excited to eat. I didn't drink — over the six-day period I think I had two bottles of beer and about two ounces of whicky, well distributed — but lack of food and sleep reduced me to the same state.

Then, when I was safely seated again, I started to recover — maybe it was the candy bar — and I sat back and enjoyed watching the fur fly. Damon Knight had some good, clear, sensible ideas. Bob Silverberg spoke in favor of giving the average reader good average reading. Harlan Ellison, predictable, did most of the talking and seemed, at times, to be arguing from both sides of the debate — at one point saying that he wrote only for money, and at another time attacking me for writing what the readers wanted and bringing up such write-by-your-own-standards people as James Joyce. Since no one else, in the course of the whole convention, had argued with Harlan, I let my inhibitions go and talked right back to him. I suppose our fellow panelists were hating us; but in the whole four days, no one else had talked back to Harlan, and that, in itself, was a minor triumph.

When it was over and Harlan and I were leaving the platform, he and I grinned at each other a little ruefully and shook hands, and he said "Listen, Babe, I didn't mean to yell at ya. I just got worked up, and when I get worked up, I yell. That's me."

And I answered "Look, if we weren't scrapping, you wouldn't be Harlan and I wouldn't be Mez. We're just two scrappy people, that's all." And we reassured each other that there were going to be no hard feelings, and then I mortally insulted him by asking when he was going to write a novel — having completely forgotten that he was the author of RUMBLE! And so it went.

Maybe Harlan was the most impressive single person I met in Detroit. Not the nicest; probably Jean Young and Rick Sneary share that honor with Juanita. But he is like a force of nature going somewhere to explode. You cannot ignore him, and I, for one, cannot dislike him. When I compared him to Sammy Glick in the Silverberg novel, I wasn't calling him a louse; I was trying to get across something of the restlessness and drive and intensity of him. Judy Merrill told a story, later, in her speech, about a joke which had the punchline "Yes, but he's MY kind of sen-of-a-bitch." And, frankly, that's how I felt about Harlan. We rub each other the wrong way, like two cats in a barrel, and call names. I doubt if we'll ever be friends, in the sense people usually use the word. But still — there is something about him.

Now it was time to check out of the hotel. Ron Ellik carried down my bags, frustrating an irritated bellboy who hung around trying to grab them. He and I also made the final check of the suite, collecting forgotten impedimenta. I spent a few minutes chatting with John Berry, who was about to leave. Then Bill Conner and I went out for some supper, after which I felt considerably revived.

We returned to the hotel and went up to watch the play. I will not here repeat the remark I make on the stairs which convulsed him, so that his entry into the con hall was broken with noisy chuckles. Judy Merrill was sitting on the steps of the stage, and for me her quiet-toned, intimate and intensely personal speech was the "key-note speech" of the whole affair. She defined for all of us, I think, why we go to conventions:

"Everyone likes to go home once a year."

Followed the play, an orgy of fun with marvelous spoofing jokes. And now, with the final curtain, it was almost over. The Coulsons were among the first to leave. Bill Conner and I shook hands and said goodbye. I kissed Fritz Leiber in the lobby (thus making my place on the Waiting List official) and went for a final sodacon with Ackerman and Sneary.

Rick and I sat in the lobby, talking with various neofans. Sylvia White came up, said "Have a baby?" and put JeanY's delectable infant on my lap, where he sat cooing and playing with my beads and with a little plastic box. It was pleasant to have a chance to talk quietly with Rick, but it was a little sad, too; just as the strangeness, as he put, was beginning to wear off, we would have to say goodbye for knew how many years? I finally found a photographer to photograph me biting the head off my neofan; then the gingerbread was broken up and distributed to all the fans in the lobby, everyone taking a bite. I'd have loved to keep it for a souvenir. But I had so MUCH junk to haul home.

At ten I made a final tour of the convention rooms to say goodbyes. Rick and I sat for a final few minutes, alone, in the lobby; then he was carrying my suitcase out for me and putting me into a taxi and I was thinking how oddly right it was his should be the last face I saw as I was living through the final few minutes of the Detroit Convention.

I had been kissing people right and left, people I'd never known before, but I didn't feel myself on those silly and casual terms with Rick. I started to shake hands with him; then realized how stupid it was, to hug a dozen people I didn't care for at all, and let one of my oldest and best friends say goodbye with a handshake; so we laughed and kissed each other. And then the taxi door slammed and the cab drove away into a dark tunnel and my first world convention was a part of the past. I boarded the Motor City Special, a shabby midnight train (I was the only white person in the entire coach), gave up my ticket, and the next thing I knew the conductor was calling out "Chicago." I had slept, soundly, for a solid six hours.

September 8th: I won't dwell on the trip home. All the fatigue of the convention dumped itself on me, but I was too restless to sit in the station for six hours, waiting for the 11 o'clock train, and went out to wander around the Loop, browse fuzzily in bookstores, eat buns and coffee in three places, and mail home the heavy collection of fanzines, books and magazines which were weighing my suitcase down and making bruises on my arm.

The Grand Canyon was absolutely the worse train I have ever ridden on. If this is a sample of Passenger service, I don't wonder the railroads are loosing business right and left. I know one shouldn't look a free horse in the mouth; but there were people who paid to ride the train. I can't imagine why. The floors and rest rooms were filthy. The dining car service was not announced in the Coaches until late (perhaps to separate the second-class passengers from the elite in the Pullmans?) and the candy bars, fruit, and milk sold by the news butchers was stale.

We arrived in Kansas City at about 10 PM. I was so exhausted that the thought of waiting til 8 the next morning was unbearable. I should have gone and checked into a hotel; instead I talked to the Passenger agent to see if he could suggest a train which would get me home before Thursday morning. His suggestion was that I ride the Oil Flyer to Tulsa (that gave me only a four hour wait in K-City) and take a bus to Oklahoma City. That, I realized, would get me home at nine Wednesday night; so I agreed to do that, and at 1 in the morning, climbed on the train to Tulsa.

September 9th: Dawn was breaking, as they say in the pulps, when I got off at Tulsa. As

I carried my suitcase to the bus station, a perfect stranger said "Howdy" and I knew I was getting back into my familiar and adopted country again. There I made the frightful discovery that I had run out of cash, (my budgeting hadn't allowed for paying cash in Kansas City for that ticket) and the bus station agent refused to take my check. I was simply at my wits end. I had plenty of identification, credit cards, a driver's license. But the bank wasn't open, and frankly, I had lived in the informal atmosphere of West Texas — where I never carry more than a dollar in cash, pay everything by check and am never questioned about it — so long that I simply wasn't prepared for the difficulty of cashing checks in big cities. And if I missed the bus to



"TAMMY"

Oklahoma City, I'd still fail to make my connection and have to spend the night there. I was ready to sit down and cry when as a last wild hope I remembered that Sam Martinez live in Tulsa; maybe they could either cash a check for me, or at least establish my identity as a decent honorable citizen with a bank account.

Between wild hilarity and despair, I remembered that I didn't even know their address -- just a box number. Fortunately, there was only one S.A. Martinez in the telephone book. When a woman answered, I asked shakily "Is this the -- the Sam Martinez family who went to Lawton over the 11th of July?" By that time I was really past caring what some nonfan might think.

Thank God, it was. A fan in need is a friend indeed. Sam was away, but Alice, bless her, came down and cashed a check for me. I caught the bus in plenty of time, arrived in Oklahoma City and went out for a walk around the town simply because by now fatigue had had given away to such restlessness that I could have sat in the bus station, and screamed. And finally a long, sleepy ride to Wichita Falls, a chocolate malt, and then the final long hundred miles home.

I arrived half dead and slept for a week. And, such is the genius fan, resolved that I'd do it all again -- next year.

Will you be there?

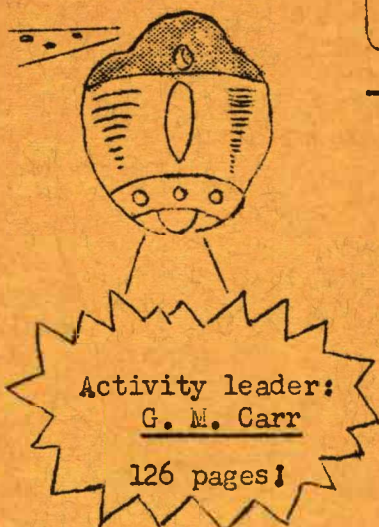
T H E E N D

HEARD AT THE DETENTION...

No, I recognized her FACE.....First fandom is like vanity publishing, only it's vanity fandom.....That sounds like the old Lucky Pierre story.. ...Coito, ergo sum.....I'm locked out of my room again.....Quiet - you are interfering with my visualization of the Cosmic All.....Don't lock the door until all us drunks get in.....Okay, Harlan, stand up and TAKE that bow.....Please, how can I be poise and sophisticated if you hit me with a fanzine?.....I do TOO eat neofans.....Oh, NO, John.....How can he be a pro writer? He doesn't have a beard.....He's down in the bar... ..JD and ginger ale?.....Excuse me, John, but what does the rocket push against?.....Would you write on a desert island?.....

Credited variously to Maggie Curtis, Orma McCormick, Ike Asimov, Randy Garrett, Ed Wood, Forry, Karen Anderson, Ron Ellik, Bjo, Jim Harmon, and others, not necessarily in that order.

Let's Meet At The 1960 FITCON!



UNDER ^{the} X-RAY

- a summary of FAPA activity during 1959 -

Editor's Preface:

As in past years, it is our pleasure to again present the annual report on publishing activity of FAPA members. It tabulates the four mailings of 1958, plus postmailings of the 89th Mailing, through January 8th. A new category this year shows credit due our non-publishing members.

I would again like to plug my suggestion (endorsed by Warner and others) that the Poll be changed to the February mailings, for the practical use of this reference guide as an aid in selecting EgoBoo winners.

(A) REGULAR PUBLICATIONS

These seven publications appeared in each mailing

FANTASY AMATEUR (including "extra")	5 issues
CELEPHAIS (Evans)	4 issues
GEMZINE (GM Carr)	4 issues
HORIZONS (Warner)	4 issues
Le MOINDRE (Raeburn)	4 issues
PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail)	4 issues
TARGET: FAPA (Eney)	4 issues
VANDY (Coulsons)	4 issues

(B) NUMBER OF ISSUES PUBLISHED DURING YEAR

A total of 63 distinct titles were issued by members

Ad Interim	1	Day*Star	2	Horizons	4	Qabal	2
Amateurs Journal	2	Descant	1	Ibidem	1	Rambling Fap	4
Amis	2	Dis and Dat	1	Involutia	3	Revolting Devel.	1
Anything Box	1	Driftwood	1	Klien Bottle	2	Retrograde	1
A Propos du Barean	1	8-Pager	1	Lark	4	Rot	1
A Propos de Reim	2	Fantasy Amateur	5	Lemoindre	4	Rune	1
Bandwagon	1	Fapathy	2	Mimeo	1	Sambo	1
Barean	2	Fapulous	4	Moonshine	2	Shipside	1
Bindle Stiff	2	FMZ Review	1	Nangel	1	Stfantasy	2
Bobblings	2	Gallary	1	Null F	4	Sundance	1
Bullfrog Bugle	3	Garage Floor	1	O	1	Target: Fapa	4
Bull Moose	1	Gasp	3	Pebbles in Dark	3	Theta	1
Burblings/Elmurings	1	Gemzine	4	Phantasy Press	4	Ugly Bird	1
Celephais	4	H-1661	1	Phlotsam	2	Vandy	4
Chapter Flay	1	Haemogoblin	1	Poo	1	Wraith	2
Choog	1	Helen's Fantasia	1	Purely Personal	1		

Note: 38 titles appeared once; 13 twice; 4 three times; 7 four & one, five.

(C) **LEADING PUBLISHERS OF 1959:**

The following members were the "top ten" publishers

position	name	pages	1958 spot
1	G. M. Carr	126	2
2	A & J Young	115½	-
3	Curtis Janke	101	-
4	Harry Warner	99	3
5	Bob Pavlat	93½	-
6	Wm. Danner	92	-
7	Dan McPhail	86	4
8	T & M Carr	73	7
9	John Trimble	65	-
10	Phyllis Economou	63	-

Wild Bill Danner jumped into an early lead with the first mailing when three of his publications totaled 36 pages, with Gertrude Carr second with 28 pages. In third spot was Harry Warner with his standard 24 pages, just ahead of the Youngs' 23. McPhail trailed in his challenge to Warner with 20, but ahead of Pavlat's 15. Only 27 members made the 86th bundle but this was raised to 37 with the 87th, when the Youngs took the lead, totaling 81 pages at the half-way mark. G.M.Carr trailed with 62 with the other Carrs (M&T) eleven pages behind. Warner startled everyone by putting out a 25-page Horizons to increase his lead over Dan who totaled 40. The third mailing brought more changes in the see-saw race with G.M.Carr nosing out the Youngs by 94 to 92, with Danner pulling up into third spot with 78 pages compared to Warners 74. McPhail trailed with 65, Janke 57, Whites 50, Trimble 47 and the Coulsons 46. In the final mailing, seven members equaled or surpassed G. M.Carr, but were unable to head her overall lead. The Youngs 32 pages cinched 2nd place, while Janke's 44 pages put him in third, just ahead of Warner, now on a definite 25-page jag. Pavlat's booming 60 pages vaulted him into fifth place with 93½, just ahead of Danner's 92. McPhail slumped to 7th spot, with the Carrs, John Trimble & our Veep surging into the Top Ten group.

Of interest are the production figures for the runnerups from 10th to 15th places. The Coulsons and Lee Hoffman tied for 11th with 58 pages each, while MZ Bradley ended strong with 56 total. Bill Evans had 54½, the Whites an even 50 and the Busbys hammered out 48 pages - and they were only in the last half!

Mrs. Carr, top producer for 1959, averaged 31½ pages per mailing, which was quite a bit under the 44-page average of Bill Evans, last year's winner and the 53-page clip sat by the Youngs, the 1957 sweepstakes winner. Only four of last years leaders were able to repeat (but G.M.Carr, Warner & McPhail have been in the Top Ten for three years now). Absent from last years' champs are Evans, T.White, Grennell, Ellik, Sanderson & Eney. Our beloved president, Evans, was 122 pages under his 1958 mark, which was the largest drop among active publishers, but since he had the largest increase the previous year, perhaps we can expect him to come booming back during 1960!

(D) **ACTIVITY RECORD OF MEMBERS**

Page credits per mailing with comparsion to 1958 production

name	mailing	86	87	88	89	Total	'58 Total	Change
Alger		8	0	0	0	8	8	0
Anderson		0	0	0	0	0	17	-17
Ashworth		0	0	20	0	20	12	+12
Ballard		6	0	0	8	14	10	+4
Bennett		14	0	0	0	14	14	0
Bloch		0	0	0	0	0	13	-13

name	mailing	86	87	88	89	Total	'58 total	Change
Boggs		0	0	20	0	20	0	20
Bradley		0	3	24	32	56	-26	30
Burbee		9 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	-5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Busbys		x	x	13	35	48	-	xx
Calkins		0	8	10	16	34	8	26
Carr, GM		28	34	32	32	126	142	+16
Carr, T & M		0	51	0	22	73	78	-5
Caughran		6	●	0	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	-18 $\frac{1}{2}$
Clarke		0	0	8	0	8	-	xx
Coslet		0	4	8	8	20	10	10
Coulsons		10	16	20	12	58	4	54
Croutch		0	0	●	0	0	19	-19
Danner		36	●	42	14	92	63	29
Derry		0	8	0	27	35	43	-8
Dunn (Brues)		0	0	0	9	9	9	0
Economou		0	20	11	32	63	16	57
Ellik		0	2	0	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	77	-55 $\frac{1}{2}$
Eney		5 $\frac{1}{4}$	6	6	10	28 $\frac{1}{4}$	68	-39 $\frac{1}{2}$
Evans		10 $\frac{1}{4}$	14	16	14	54 $\frac{1}{4}$	176	-122 $\frac{1}{2}$
Geis		0	0	x	x	0	0	0
Gerdin		0	8	0	x	8	17	-9
Graham		0	0	18	0	18	63	-55
Grennell		0	0	2	16	18	74	-56
Harness		1	0	0	9	10	21	-11
Harris		0	9	0	0	9	22	-13
Hevelin		0	0	8	0	8	●	xx
Hickman		4	10	12	0	26	-	xx
Higgs		8	0	0	0	8	38	-30
Hoffman		0	16	5	37	58	104..	-46
Janke		0	33	24	44	101	28	76
Jenrette		0	0	0	0	0	9	-9
Linard		x	x	0	0	0	-	xx
Lyons		0	0	0	11	11	17	-7
McPhail		20	20	25	21	86	85	1
Madle		x	x	0	8	8	-	xx
Martinez		0	0	12	0	12	0	12
Morse		0	0	8	2	10	17	-7
Moskowitz		0	0	0	16	16	26	-10
Parker		x	x	x	0	0	-	xx
Pavlat		13 $\frac{1}{4}$	10	10	60	93 $\frac{1}{4}$	59	34
Perdue		9 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	-6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Quagliano		0	0	0	9	9	32	-17
Raeburn		8	8	14	6	36	24	12
Rike		0	0	0	13	13	36	-23
Rotsler		10	0	0	0	10	0	10
Ryan		0	0	14	4	18	0	18
Sanderson		0	0	x	x	0	71	-71
Schaffer		2	0	0	0	2	9	-7
Shaw		0	0	14	2	16	104..	-88
Silverberg		0	0	0	8	8	0	8
Smith		0	4	0	0	4	2	2
Sneary		2	6	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	7$\frac{1}{2}$
Speer		0	0	23	0	23	15	8
Stark		16	0	0	16	32	0	32
Steward		8	4	8	0	20	10	10
Trimble		12	15	20	18	65	0	65
Tucker		10	0	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	7$\frac{1}{2}$

name	mailing 86	87	88	89	Total	'58 total	Change
Wansborough	0	0	10	0	10	4	6
Warner	24	25	25	25	99	96	3
Wesson	5	0	0	0	5	3	2
White	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	26	11	0	50 $\frac{1}{4}$	82	-21
Wilson	0	0	0	0	0	11	-11
Woolston	0	0	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Youngs **	23	58	2	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	115 $\frac{1}{2}$		

* includes 32 pages as Official Editor

** includes 14 pages as Official Editor

(E) PAGE INCREASE OVER PREVIOUS YEAR

Members with greatest increase of page credit

The Youngs.....	117	page increase over 1958
Curtis Janke.....	70	" " " "
Phyllis Economou....	57	" " " "
The Coulsons.....	54	" " " "
John Trimble.....	47	" " " "
Bob Pavlat.....	34	" " " "
Larry Stark.....	32	" " " "
Marion Bradley.....	30	" " " "
William Danner.....	29	" " " "
Gregg Calkins.....	26	" " " "

(F) 1959 PRODUCTION (including postmailings as of 1-8-60)

Total production by Association members during 1959 totaled 1914 pages, compared to 1874 pages in 1958 and 2512 pages in 1957.

Production by quarterly mailings was as follows: #86 - 326 pages; #87 - 437 pages; #88 - 507 pages and #89 - 644 pages.

GENERAL COMMENT by McPhail

Last year "Under the X-Ray" was in error, due to crediting (as was listed in the FA) "The Incomplete Burbee" to Charles Burbee. Actually, credit for the 102-page book should have been divided among Ellik, Rike, Graham & Terry Carr. The revised Top Ten for 1958 is as follows:

Evans.....	176	pages
GM Carr.....	142	"
Warner.....	96	"
McPhail.....	85	"
T. White.....	82	"
Grennel.....	79	"
T. Carr.....	78	"
Ellik.....	77	"
Sanderson.....	71	"
Eney.....	69	"

I would like to again point out that the annual X-Ray Report is concerned with publishing statistics only and in the past has not included credit for members who have contributed material in lieu of fanzines. It is rather difficult to compile an accurate record of such activities but it does include the following:

William Rotsler - 15 pages
Jack Speer - - - 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

Bob Silverberg - 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ pages
Robert Bloch - - 3 "

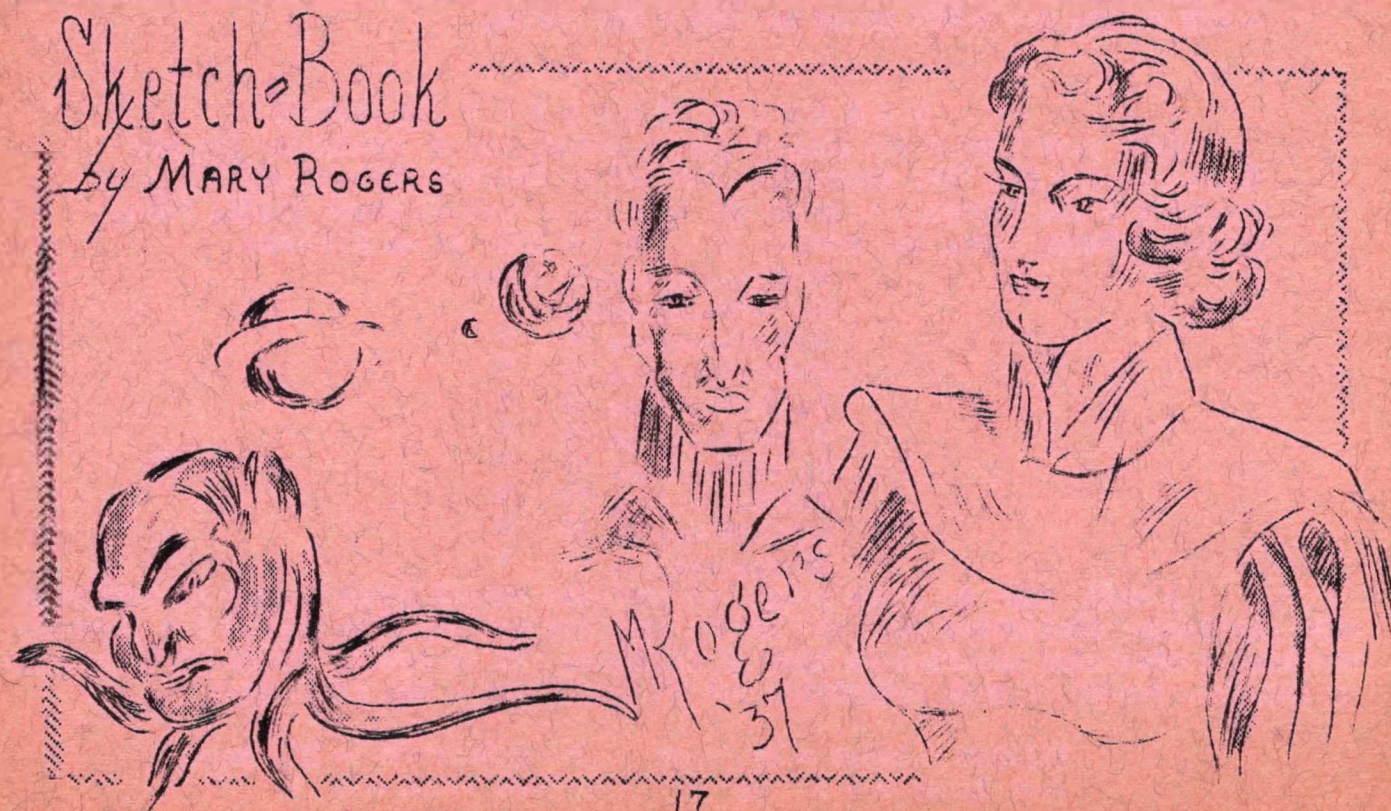
GENERAL COMMENT (continued)

A survey of the years activity shows that all but a few members were really productive in some form or another. In addition to the fifteen ranking publishers, 13 others (Raeburn 36, Derry 35, Calkins 34, Stark 32, Eney 28½, Caughran 26½, Hickman 26, Speer 23, Ellik 21½ & Ashworth, Boggs, Coslet, Steward 20 each) produced above 20 pages each and only 17 had less than 10 pages during the year (not counting those who dropped out or had been in less than a year).

One of the delights of FAPA is that each year brings some outstanding productions and it is my pleasure to mention those I feel are distinctive and reflect real credit on their editors. During 1959 six efforts were excellent items. Two are regular publications - The Directory of 1958 SF Fandom by Ron Bennett and the FMZ Index of Bob Pavlat, plus the Tapebook research item by Rotsler & Pavlat, the beautiful Lost in the Stars by Jean Young, The Stormy Petrel creation by Terry Carr and the very fine printed booklet by Sam Moskowitz devoted to Hugo Gernsback.

In retrospective, I find many items that rang the bell with me and I would mention just a few, as my way of expressing appreciation. The art of Bjo and Juanita Coulson plus covers such as the outstanding repro of a snapshot by Dan Adkins on the first Klein Bottle; Bob Warner on the Bullfrog Bugle #6; the unusual one on Ibidem #16 and that of Terry Carr on my own Phantasy Press #24. Bill Danner continues his excellence in printing as seen in Stefantasy. A most unusual (and timely) item was the Sputnik photos by Martin Alger. I was impressed by The Pavlat Report by Larry Shaw as well as the neat poetry pamphlets of Young & Stark. There were articles and other contents too numerous to mention were were most enjoyable and I will only note (dispite his opinions) the distinctive mailing comments of Curtis Janke. Most interesting new title this year: Redd Boggs' Retrograde.

And thanx to Boyd Raeburn for his kind letter regarding this report.



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17th WORLD SCIENCE FICTION Convention



Photographs by Walt Cole

DETROIT



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1

Lee Ann Tremper and Frank Kelly Freas with Freas painting which Lee Ann paid \$36. This was the highest price paid for any item at the auction.



2

Forrest J. Ackerman announcing a new series of awards in memory of E. Everett Evans, and the awarding of the first award to Robert Bloch.

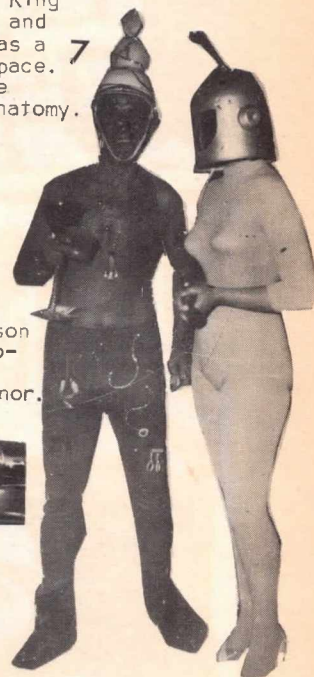


Willy Ley has his muscle felt by Sam Moskowitz during the Author's Auction.

3

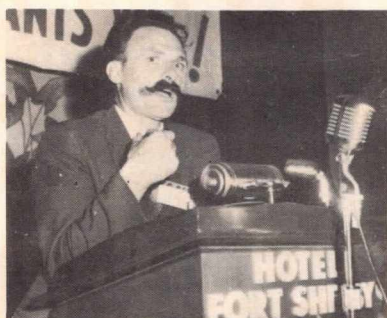
Joe Christoff as the King of the Crab Monsters and Nancy Moore Shapiro as a visitor from outer space. Nancy Shapiro won the prize for the best anatomy.

7



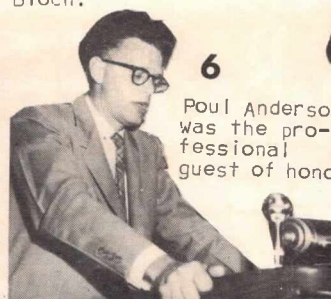
4

Robert Bloch being congratulated on winning the new Evans award.



5

John Berry (from Ireland) was the fan guest of honor.



6

Poul Anderson was the professional guest of honor.



8

Being admired by a group of gals is Randy Garrett. The gals are (left to right) Joyce Kallahan, Bjo Wells, Virginia White &

seated on the stage is Pat Ellington.

Seen acting in the play BEYOND THE UNKNOWN is (left to right) Sam Moskowitz, Fritz Leiber, Evelyn Paige, Djinn Faine, Tom Scortia and Randall Garrett.



9

17th WORLD SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION



1 Belle Dietz (left) as the cowardly lion and Barbara Silverberg as Alice from The Wizard of Oz.



11 Joyce Kallahan & Stu Hoffman. Stu's costume is from Jan '59 ASF cover by Freas.

12

Al Lewis (with camera) and friend won prize as the most nauseating costume.



13 George Nims Raybin presents John Berry with drawing of a typewriter on behalf of the readers of the fanzine CRY OF THE NAMELESS. Actual typewriter was given to Berry in N.Y.



14 Bob Bloch accepts award for his story THE HELL-BOUND TRAIN voted the best short of the year.

15

Ed Emsh being given the

once over by Sam Moskowitz during Author's Auction.



Jim Blish receives award for his A CASE OF CONSCIENCE from Ike Asimov. His novel was voted the best of the year.

18



16

Bob Mills receives the award for F&SF from Robert Bloch. F&SF was voted the best magazine.



17

Ron Ellik accepts Hugo for his fanzine, FANAC which was voted best fanzine of '58.



19

Isaac Asimov giving Frank Kelly Freas the award as the best artist.

20

John Berry accepts the special plaque awarded to Brian W. Aldiss as the "most promising new author."

21

Poul Anderson accepts the award on behalf of Clifford D. Simak. Simak's THE BIG FRONT YARD was voted the best novelette.



"Looking 'em Over"

in the 89th FAPA Mailing of November, 1959



FANTASY AMATEUR (11pg) A very neat issue, Jean and Andy!.....no question but that large mailings must be wrapped. I usually adapt a grocery-bag for filing such bundles.....a tip to Graham for providing the address stickers!.....sorry to loose Nan Gerding but glad to see my pool-hall buddy (private joke) Ron Parker now in. He may be hampered by being overseas at present but I fully expect him to be a top-flight member..... I have always sent the OE a postcard when I mail mags, advising him of time sent.

AD INTERIM (Ryab-4pg) Hi, Dick, nice to see you again! Sorry that bw will be absent & hope not for long.....those two battlefield games sound most interesting - reminds me of my former great interest in the Atzorian Movement & the naval warfare game of Fletcher Pratt.....

AMATEUR'S JOURNAL #4 (Derry-11pg) This was not listed on the FA Table of Contents & I'm not certain of page credit, but let me say, Chick, that I enjoyed reading the National Research Bulletins. Not only very neat layout, but lots of dope that I found of interest. At times the employment service here assigns me to work the wheat & cotton harvests. We are in an farming & ranching area, so this is not alien territory to me. Actually, anyone with a general interest in the worl about him can find lots of fascinating facts herein; such as the new frozen milk, the two-way radio telephones for tractors, the range of hourly earnings for the nations farmers, etc.

A PROPOS DU BARLEAN #1 (Caughran & Ellik-15pg) Excellent cover both from point of art & neatness - in fact, fellows, the entire mag is beautifully reproduced..... I enjoyed all the mailing comments and was surprised to find I had no remarks to add. Ronald, I must disagree with your opinion on Mailing 5: On the old envelopes I had written the first section of the 5th was received in October and the second section arrived in November. The FA (V1,N3) in the first section was dated "Autumn" and the FA in the section section (V1,N4) was dated November, and contained a statement that the mailing was in two sections, both to be mailed out at the same time. The 6th mailing, which I received on Dec. 12th, contained FA (V2,N1) dated December, 1938.

ANYTHING BOX #2 (Bradley-18pg) Good to see AB again and good to see you more active, as reflected in the X-Ray report.....enjoyed this, Marion. After first passing by the recipes, I later read them & found them most tasty-sounding & am going to give them a try. Thanx from Pauline for your kind remarks about her salad.

BUNDLE-STIFF #88 (Bradley-17pg) I'm with you regarding formats. Of course, PP is about as standarized as any you'll find in FAPA, as it always contains front and back covers, an editorial message, and the several regular departments.....what is the DoB?.....you certainly had a burden to bear as a girl. As a poor kid myself, I know what heartaches that near-poverty can bring to a youngster. For one, I'm glad you became a fan - and I think you are a pretty nice gal.....and if I haven't said so before, thanx for helping clear up my illo troubles.....you were not by yourself in thinking the Southwestercon a good one. Maybe we had fun because it was all new to us & we were not "spoiled" from attending many cons.....in closing, I would say that if you had worn your fur errings as a costume at the masquerade ball, you would have been fandom's sensation of the year!

BUNDLE-STIFF #88½ (Bradley-11pg) Mighty nice of you to offer to mimeo Wansborough's mag for him - he sure has trouble with his machine.....quit harping about your own material - it's good! If I were a better writer, I'd try to help you.

THE CAMBRIDGE SCENE (Stark-16pg) This, Larry, amply justifies my supprt of the petition to keep you a member of FAPA. The introduction to the fannish element in your fair city was most enjoyable, and the guide to fannish places at Harvard should prove invaluable for future reference. Jean Young's layout is excellent and Sylvia White turned out a good cover. Come again soon.

CELEPHAIS (Evans-14pg) One of my favorites - I always high-vote you in the Poll, Bill.....Laurel and Hardy are perhaps the best ever to do slapstick comedy. I wish they were on TV here instead of the flood of Three Stooges junk.....I can recall the real enjoyment of reading Doyle's "White Company".....thanx for the compliments on PP. I'm quite pleased over improving the repro, but have trouble getting ink feed on the edges of the drum.....speaking of comic strips, I have the second years run of Buck Rogers. Years ago I sold the first year to Jack Speer, which is the only fannish item I ever sold. Back about 1940, when I was as poor as a church mouse, I traded a lot of fanzines to Damon Knight for a copy of the big publication he & his dad turned out on the art of mimeographing. (They even wanted me to represent them in selling the volume to the schools in my area that mimeo or would like to mimeo student papers & other items)..... Many members advised me last mailing about the death of Paul Freshafer, some with a bit of sarcasm, it seemed. Apparently Paul died about the time I dropped out of fandom & I was unaware of it.....I like your description of science - that it is a game, one of the greatest in the world.....the pattern of grocery merchandising in the last 20 years is most fascinating. Did you know that the head of Humpty-Dumpty in Oklahoma City was responsible for the really great surge of the self-service super markets when he introduced the grocery cart he designed. Humpty, now allied with Kroger, was the first chain to use Top Value Stamps & they appear very happy with them.....as to how far back P.S. Miller was a fan, I can remember that he won a cover-story contest for the old Amazing Detective Tales (but never published) in 1931.....good issue.

Average man lives 32 yrs longer than in 1800. He has to in order to get bills paid

DRIFTWOOD (Dunn-9pg) Your office machine did a nice job of repro. All of this issue made for easy reading, but not for comment. By bad luck, I missed the August Rogue, so missed the pictures. Anyone have an extra copy (Sally?).

EYETRACKS #1 (Coslet-8pg) Does this mean there will be more issues?.....we had a good time at the Sodacon & Sam was a riot on a tape we recoded for him to take to the west coasters, as he referred to the "Sofacon".....thanx for your kind remarks on the PF-24 cover, but praise must go to Terry Carr for the fine stencil he cut....hope you like the early-FAPA coverage. I'm trying to make them more complete, with better reproductions of the mag covers. I don't know if you meant that as a compliment, about the organization might not have survived but for Speer & I (if so, thanx) but we had many staunch members.....funny I overlooked Jungle Stories, as I liked it a lot..... Excuse the slipped letter in your title, Cos. Kind of a drooped eyelid, so to speak.

FANZINE REVIEW #1 (Madle-8pg) Sure good to see you with your own mag, Bob! Too bad Pavlat had trouble with the repro, but it was readable in most cases.....like many other fans, I have really missed your fine department in Lowndes' prozines; so it was a real pleasure to read your reviews again.....most interesting to learn of Havelin's background. He is quite an oldtimer, fan-wise.....am looking forward to the next ish.

FAPATHY #1 (Silverberg-8pg) very nice repro by Raeburn.....your comments re Wetzel at the bottom of page 3 are well put.....yes, Robert Lee Martinez does exist: I have observed him many times at con meets; he puts out a SAFPzine & is a sharp lad... I admire (and endorse) your clear thinking regarding the death of John Foster Dulles.

FAPULOUS #2 (FMBusby-21pg) Excellent logo & illo and I got a boot out of the clever page headings.....guess Sam M. will give you the dope on repeal in Oklahoma, so I'll just say that the law ok'd package stores only, drinks available in "private" clubs, no State ownership, closed on Sundays.....I always turn copies around, ten-at-a-time, when packaging PP for shipment.....of course, as regards the statement about W. being "merely immature", you noted that Janke made the remark. Yes, I guess I do dislike to think ill of anyone, but I would note that I voted yea on the ammendment. You had quite an operation going with that home-made slider, man!.....thanx for your interest in Out of the Past. Reckon Toskey has extra copies of that 81-pager?

FAPULOUS #3 (E.Busby-6pg) Enjoyed, but no comments.....Yes, several fans have advised me of the death of Paul Freehafer. As I've remarked elsewhere, I didn't know of this. You see, I dropped out of fandom in 1940 & did not return until the early 50's, so I never had a chance to read "Ah, Sweet Idiocy" - but I would like to.

FAPULOUS #4 (FMBusby-8pg) like that green paper.....I think you have a likely answer as to why Phyllis marked the names. In my "Out of the Past" column in PP #21, I told of doing the same thing in the first listing of members that appeared - I was trying to "dope" the outcome of my Veep race against Bob Madle!

FANZINE FOR GER STEWARD (Hoffman-16pg) I know Ger got a real kick out of this.

FANZINE FOR...23 FANS (Hoffman-21pg) Hey, lookie, Maw, I got my name on the cover! seriously, its a real treat to have two such neat appearing & interesting issues from you in one mailing, Lee.....we see lots of horses here: many are stabled at Fort Sill, which has a large riding club. Our annual Pioneer Day features a mounted parade with a couple of hundred mounts, including clubs from over the state & north Texas. And, of course, Oklahoma is noted for its Quarter Horses - many call them Southwestern Aristocrats. There are over 11,000 registered with the American Quarter Horse Assn. Last spring a three-month-old colt sold at Okla. City for \$10,000.....don't feel your time has been wasted, gal, 'cause I'm sure everyone likes your writing & we're darn glad you are with us.....enjoyed your reflections on your decade in fandom. I've fooled with playing editor since I was a kid & was on all my school paper staffs....."Downtown Local" was a haunting little tale, if I may use such a term.....Danaline said to tell you that the horse and colt drawing was "beautiful" (and I think so, too!).

GALLERY #10 (Derry-16pg) Sure sorry to see this will be the final edition. Hope you can pop out a new title soon.....Gallary has had some nice issues & this is no exception. Very good cover by Geo. Metzfer & your gneral lay-out & headings are always excellent.....Dean Grennell again interesting.....quite a yarn John Berry has there - wonder how the hero came out?.....clever twist to the Warner yarn.

Sign in reducing parlor: "What have you got to loose?"

GEMZINE (GMCarr-32pg) Bergeron art, as usual, is distinctive. The best, I think, is the heading for Epistles & Egoboo.....the custom of appointing new members to be official tellers came in after I left Fapa, so I was really startled when, just after renewing my membership, I was so appointed. I think it is a good thing & a nice gesture to newcomers - makes one feel real important right off the bat, and bestirs one to make a good showing!.....I always like your fanzine reviews as among the best.....you certainly have a charitable attitude towards the card sent you from the Detention! Maybe you are right, tho, in feeling that the card showed that those 15 fans did miss you at the con - I know I would get a real kick out of receiving a "thinking-of-you" note from con-goers.....N'APA sounds interesting. I'd like to see some of their pubs, if any member would be so kind as to oblige me (hint).....Mr. Carr has a good pen style & I enjoyed the bit on musical matters.....yes, we had a nice time at our little "backyard" Sodacon & I hope to be able to make Pittsburg next con & meet fellow-Fapans.....good question you asked Graham: "What do you know about Communism besides their propaganda?".....your remarks on Morris Scott Dollens art brings to mind some of the most enjoyable memories of the Dallas con - the several times I slipped away from fans to contemplate the sheer beauty & atmosphere of the many paintings Morris had sent - they are fantastically beautiful, to use an apt term.....your remark about a meeting of all past & present members of FAPA makes one wonder just how many there would be. And, in case any of you are wondering what happened to my "Operation Dagnet" (set up to list names of all who have belonged to FAPA), I still hope to print it soon!

HORIZONS #80 (Warner-25pg) I'm ashamed to say this, Harry, but I almost prefer the Horizons of old, sans cover.....Yes, I knew of the marriage of Virginia Kidd and Jim Blish.....regarding Wetzel: if you did put out the non-Fapa pub detailing your involvement in the situation, I didn't receive it (I take it, of course, that you don't consider me one of the secret Wetzel agents).....I also am considerably enthused over First Fandom & I think we will all enjoy it. What little ridicule that has been cast at it, I scorn as nothing. The first issue of First Fandom Magazine (have you sent in

your article yet?) indicates that it could be an outstanding event in fan publishing. Fandom certainly needs an effective organization dedicated to accumulating, classifying & preserving facts concerned with its early history. Memories dim as the years speed by, old fanzines fade, diaries & letters are lost and research becomes more of a problem each year. In addition to bringing back fans to the fold, a coordinated program could bring forth much of interest to fans. Who knows but what we might discover clubs that preceeded the ISA, TFG, FFF, OSA and others; or what private fanzines might have been pubbed even before The Planet or Science Fiction News or The Time Traveller.....re Graham & the marchers, I am of the same opinion, that such action verges too close to mob action. I concur also in saying it would be far more practical to turn interraction attention to employment problems of the Negro. In my position as an employment service interviewer I am perhaps more aware than others of the many bars that face the Negro in his search for gainful employment. Of course, I would be amiss not to point out that conditions are now far better in many fields than in former years, but the Negro still faces a tough problem, job-wise, in most areas.

IBIDEM #16 (Lyons-11pg) that cover tickles me....by golly, Howard, I didn't know you were the author of that great rally cry "First Fandom is not dead!". Why, man, your famous!.....wonder what ever happened to your Short Shorter Manuscript?

INVOLUTIA #5 (Janke-44pg) a very nice issue, Curtis, and I, for one, will hate to see you drop mailing comments, but I can see your point.....a darn clever bit of typer-art on the cover - is it an "original"?.....MZB named the Sodacon one-shot....regarding making predictions 'way back there, I recall that a chum & I, about 1933, made a wager on when man would reach the moon. I said then we would do so by 1965.....Me -- "an island of calm sanity" ? Aw, now, Curt, you know I've flown off the handle a few times & even my editorial last time was pretty strong wordage. As to how do I go along in my 'cool, calm, collected way'; well, perhaps its because I deal, day in & day out, with the urgent & sometimes heart-rendering needs of men seeking work and that, plus a number of serious personal problems, gives me enough worries so that the myriad conflicts popping in FAPA seem more like a tempest in a teapot to me...

"England and America are two countries separated by the same language." -G.B.Shaw

KLEIN BOTTLE #2 (T&MCarr-22pg) darn good Atom cover & fine repro, kids.....back to that cover: I notice it took you two hours to stencil & I don't doubt it. You did a very neat job & it came out good on mimeo.....seems anything Rotsler writes is entertaining & I'm glad you'll have a regular department of his stuff, even if you have to clip them from his letters!.....no apologies needed for that work you did on my PP-24 cover, me lad - it was great. I had hoped to contract another from you for this issue but waited too long on writing, but I'm going to be after you for next time, for be prepared!.....got a laugh from the Boob Stewart goof.....it pleasures me no end to know you like "Out of the Past", and I've been thinking on what to use after Mailing 12 (my last, unless someone could loan me mailings following). I'd be honored if Harry Warner would take over & continue the mailing history. Lacking that, I likely will do reviews of early fanzines (or fan mags, as we called them then) and will likely start with the wonderful Science Fiction Digest, of which I have a complete file....speaking of table tennis, Pauline & I won the Comanche TT championship doubles when we were dating. And Ted Carnell was good, too, also in golf. And, while on the subject, Walt Bowart was an outstanding back on his Enid high grid team. I'm quite a dart player.

LARK (Danner-14pg) Darn, but I envy you all those printed covers and headings! I wish I could "doll-up" an issue of PP that way some time. I was about to purchase a silk-screen outfit for ten bucks, but had to put the money in on winding up expenses on the Memory Book edition of PP.....that's an excellent drawing by Norman Knight. It is dated 1940. Where has it been lo, these many years?.....its a shame you had to ruin your perfect record of making every mailing due to the sad situation existing during that mailing....."white-man giver" would be most appropriate.....yes, the old ABD 77 does pretty good work.....that Masterweave paper sure gave sorry repro on your page 10. I sure like the Twil-Tone I'm using now for paper stock.....regarding Bjo's fantasy, I read it to Danaline and she seemed to really enjoy it, so I think she has a style that could sell fiction of this type to the children's magazine market.

FANZINE INDEX #5 (Pavlat-49pg) Sorry, but this got sorted wrong in the pile, hence out of line alphabetically. This concludes a most worthy project and Bob deserves the thanks of us all for a wonderful job. I'm going to set down with the entire set soon, Bob, and send you all corrections and/or additions I can. I got a big kick over looking over the printing record of my pioneer Science Fiction News. Re Strange Stories of Science: yes, it did appear and if you'll look at the PP in Mailing 78, you'll see a reproduction of the cover of one issue. The mention of SF Fandom prompts me to mention that I was preparing such a title (had even advertised it some) & ran a few pages (still have 'em) when Larry Farsaci wrote me, claiming title to the name. You know old easy-going me, I scrapped plans for finishing the mag & shortly thereafter Larry brought out his Fandom.

LE MOINDRE #17 (Raeburn-6pg) Sure hope you are fully recovered from you illness now, Boyd.....it sure appears that Graham contradicts himself on types of government.

COOLONG (Pavlat-4pg) I'll look forward to appearance of the supplement.

PHANTASY PRESS #25 (McPhail-21pg) I was so disappointed in having to cut this issue short & apologize to Marion Bradley & all of you, but it couldn't be helped. I hope this larger issue makes up for it. I thot Mary Rogers' cover was very good, and praise is due Nancy Share for the fine work she did in stenciling her own art.

PHLOTSAM #12 (Economou-32pg) I really enjoyed this fine issue.....I envy you getting to meet all those Fapans at Detroit....."Ah! Sweet Thespis" was fantabulous, Phyllis, and I enjoyed it all. I still chuckle everytime I think of the burlesque dancer or the fire hose incident!.....the idea of a Fapa Yearbook with photos of all members is a fascinating one, I agree. As to me riding shotgun on such a project - I think it could be done, especially if I could have a side-kick to work with me on it, someone with a lot of drive, such as Hickman, for example. The hardest job, I think, would be wheedling snapshots & info out of members!.....Thank you so very much for the kind things you said about me, Phyllis. If I don't receive a vote, I will still feel very good to have received such praise from such a pretty Veep (no, I've never seen you, but such a nice person is just bound to be pretty, too!).....paper here costs \$1.90 ream.....some people can be profane & even obscene & still be a delight to hear, but the Quagmire writer is certainly not one of them.....it is indictive of your kind nature to pay such a fine tribute to Dick Eney as you did and you've sold me - let me be first to climb on the bandwagon: DRAFT ENY FOR FAPAPRES IN '60!.....in closing, let me say I liked both your covers; also Dean's artwork.

"Ants will conquer the world!" -- Ron Parker

POO #9 (Young-12pg) Didn't care for the typeface results from the Electric, Andy; that is, the effect was of too much black for easy reading.....interesting to hear that the UFO objects were seagulls.....excuse no comments, but I enjoyed this.

QABAL #4 (Grennell-8pg) I like this blue ink.....again I can find no comments other than I enjoyed it - I got a laugh out of your final paragraph.

QABAL #5 (Grennell-12pg) Congrats to Bjo for a fine cover.....most interesting to read the background on the title.....that anthem of the Goon Detective Agency is good.....I'd say you really covered the ground during that 24-hour period!

RAMBLING FAP #18 (Calkins-9pg) Like those little Rotsler cover sketches.....Gregg, I always enjoy your mailing comments, aided and abetted by your beautiful repro.....I'm sorry you are disturbed over the First Fandom matter. Now understand, I have nothing to do with the actual editing & production of FF Magazine but will contribute (alreay have for the intial number) but the idea of a "premium" price, now being contemplated by the Board of Directors, would be to cover cost of publishing, which could be quite expensive, in order to have the type of magazine planned. Some FF members do not object to making the mag available for sale; its just that a definite policy has not yet been set. I hope you wont continue to frown on the idea of us 'old-timers' getting together. In many organizations you will find inter-groups of charter members, past presidents, etc. Often they serve a most useful purpose in holding the elder members, who otherwise might feel left out of things, and pushed aside by the surge of young members. And, as I said in reviewing Horizons, there is much of real value for fandom that can be accomplished by such a group.

RAMBLING FAP #12 (Calkins-7pg) "Who's Who In Fapa" sounds like a wonderful thing and I hope the response will be such that you can make it an annual affair. This is the type of thing I had in mind in my reply to Phyllis Economou. You know, Gregg, at the end of FAPA's first year, I announced plans for an annual such as this and intended to bring forth one each year. The first was to be titled "Embyro" but I had to drop work on it but I still have the biographical data that several members sent me. Hope you can have a photo page. I meant to sent a snapshot but don't think I did. Another thing, I think I left out "Forbound" and "Sodacon MacPhailure" which should have been added to the 374 pages I have pubbed for FAPA.....in case you don't et a letter from me before you read this, Gregg, I want to thank you for your kindness in sending those fine mags. I enjoyed them so much. I am 'way behind in all my correspondance due to considerable family illness & out-of-town trips. Thanx again.

SAND IN THE BEER (Eney-2pg) Excellent! Wish Rapp was in Fapa.

SHAW RETORT (Pavlat-9pg) I'll be looking farward to A.J. Budrys in Fapa, after reading this.....I think we are all glad Bob Silverberg is able to contribute a bit to most mailings now - and hope for more.....enjoyed your conclusions, Favlat.

SHIPSIDE #1 (Trimble-11pg) Good Bjo cover and a good story.....sure hate that I missed seeing you all at Sam's place in Tulsa.....Perdue I always like.

TARGET: FAPA (Eney-8pg) Terry Carr cut the cover on PP-24, Dick, and did a fine job. I had to take a lot of care on running it, however.....enjoyable issue.

THETA (Harness-9pg) Say, here's another title that was not listed in the FA.... Sorry, Jack, but your text didn't send me at all, but the appearance of the mag as a whole is excellent. You are good with a stylus.....I liked Karen's poem - very good.

VANDY #5 (Coulsons-12pg) Illos show up very nice on this yellow stock. The cover (half-cover) by Bob Gilbert I found very attractive, and your figure work is muchly appreciated, Juanita.....yes, when Tucker named all those fans he liked & added that he was fond of the fuggheads, it makes those who were not mentioned wonder just where they stand with Bob - does he dislike 'em or is he fond of 'em.....I'm kinda glad to see someone speak kindly of Claude Hall - perhaps because he once sent me a nice letter praising the "Smoke Signals" col I authored for Nite Cry....."Acres of Clams" I kinda like for a title but "Eggs & Marrowbone" - where did you get a title like that?..... the comments seem milder, much milder, when one leaves Robert's section and enters that of ~~FA~~ (oops!) Juanita's.....how do you like Danalines' back cover this time?

WILD FUMBLES (Young & Tucker-9pg) I enjoyed reading of your attendance at the AAS con.....and every bit of the Detroit coverage; sounds like fun, including the snog!

WRAITH #9 (Ballard-8pg) Good Rotsler cover.....enjoyed reading of the gun shoot.

HUGO GERNSBACK (Moskowitz-32pg) Sam, I can't praise this too highly. The life of Mr. Gernsback was a fascinating thing to read, the make-up is excellent & I thrilled at the chance of viewing those old illos. I learned a lot from this and appreciate the priviledge of having it. A wonderful tribute to a distinguished man, Sam!

FANMARK GREETING CARDS (Caughran-Trimble-Bjo-8pg) A most clever job, gang!

CHRISTMAS CARD (Lyons) Are those your kiddoes - they are cute.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MAIL (Shaws-2pg) Guess you won by default, Larry.

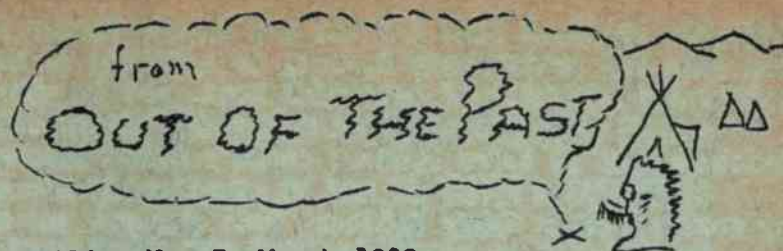
LETTER TO WM.DANNER,ESQ. (Morse-2pg) Hope you can solve your proble, Bill.

S U M M A R Y

The 89th mailing totaled 641 pages (compared to 523 in the 88th) & totaled 49 items, including one 49-pager (Pavlat), one 44 (Janke), two 32 (GMCarr & Economou), one 25 (Warner) and three 21-pagers (FMBusby, Hoffman & McPhail). Also one 17, four 16, one 15, four 14, three 13, two 11 and 22 publications with ten or less pages.

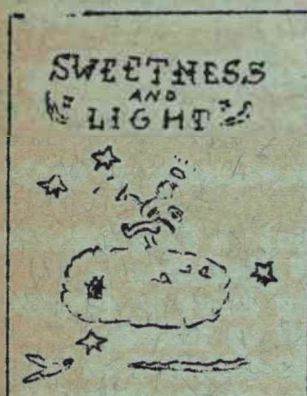
37 members were represented this mailing, an increase of two over last mailing. California again led other states with the largest representation: six. Maryland had five, Wisconsin & New York had three each, and Illinois, Mass., Virginia & Washington had two each. Two Canadian members and one British were represented, in addition to single entries from Montana, North Dakota, New Jersey, Ohio, Oklahoma, Texas & Utah.

In addition to the replicas of early Fapazines shown here, the cover of this issue is a tribute adapted from John B. Michel's beautiful "Futurart".



A review of FAPA Mailing No. 7, March, 1939

Activity growth in FAPA during its second year was reflected in its rising postage bill, as OE Milton Rothman of Philadelphia had to fork over 12¢ to mail each of the 190-page bundles! Included was the largest FA yet, a 9-page hectoed issue. The hecto carbons were a gift from Robert Madle. Noting it was electioneering time, Milt admonished "Keep it clean, boys". He also revealed this mailing contained a bit of 'left-over material' as a west coast pub had arrived a half-hour too late to catch the 6th mailing, Taurasi forgot to mail his mag in last time & Giunta's zine "has finally been exhumed from the dank and labyrinthal mazes of Pohl's house."



President Olon Wiggins was unhappy over a petition that he 'understood' was being sent out in this mailing, although he had not seen it. He takes Jack Speer to task over it, saying "If some members would put a bit more time on their own affairs & less in the affairs of someone else, then the Fapa would do better because of it." He said he was asking the Official Mailer to return the petition to Mr. Speer with an explanation that it will have to be re-submitted as a private publication. However, the OE adds a note saying that "due to fact that most of the FA was completed before the message was received" that it was impossible to comply with the Presidents request. The Petition of Reprimand was printed in the FA, as compiled by Speer & the PSFS group, which

strongly criticised Wollheim & Pohl for 'flagrant' violations of the Constitution. It was signed by 27 members, including many prominent "neutrals" & fans friendly to DAW, such as Dale Hart, Dave Kyle, Louis Kuslan, Richard Wilson, John Giunta & Dan McPhail.

Other material in the FA included the Panel of Critic's report (Kuslan, Hart & J. Chapman Miske) while Treasurer Taurasi reveals \$11.35 on hand and that Vodoso, Jack Gillespie & Harry Dockweiler have dropped out, to be replaced by Bob Tucker & Willard Dewey with the "third person in line" not yet heard from (there was no waiting list then) and, finally, there were three amendments up for a vote; concerning activity requirements, renewals & elections.

Bernard Quinn had the first (and, unfortunately, the last) issue of a large-sized hectoed FANTASY GRAPHIC, numbering 10 pg. Much of the hecto has faded but I can make out that Bob Madle & J.V. Baltadonis were staff members. Designed as a special vehicle for artists, GA featured a cover by the editor & some beautiful inside artwork, plus an good review of all prozine art.

DAW contributed a copy of FLABBERGASTING STORIES, a "Spicy S.F. Number" as a burlesque on s-f. Pubbed by the old ISA.

Don's FAPA Fan changed its name to THE FUTURIAN AMATEUR & issues 8 & 9 devoted their mimeoed single sheets to blasting Comanche fandom; one ish being headed "Is Jack Speer A Fascist?", while the other they blasted the aims & operation of the Progressive Party, which I had organized as the first political party of the club. Don launched FUTURIAN FAN as a 4-pg mimeoed job featuring a defination of Michelism, while John B. contributed the fifth edition of FUTURIAN NEWS, detailing activities of their organization.

Bob Tucker debuted with LE ZOMBIE #3, a 2-pg mimeo newsheet, chock-full of interesting tid bits about fandom of 1939. He also had the intial 13-pg number of his SCIENCE FICTION VARIETY which included a drawing of the "house of s-f" which looks



Like the original idea for the now famous Tucker Hotel; a story by Mary G. Byers, a pen name for artist Mary Rogers, or a friend of hers; a piece by Hoy Ping Pong and a rotogravure section of beautiful hecto art in vivid colors by Walter Marconette.

A most worthy contribution was the second edition of S F CHECK-LIST by RD & FN Swisher. Its 16 large hectoed pages covered Imagination! to Science-Fantasy Corresp.

SWEETNESS & LIGHT #1 had 10 excellently mimoed pages, good art & some fine stuff by west coasters Henry Kuttner, Fred Shroyer and Russ Hodgkins.

Doc Lowndes, in his second VAGRANT, spent part of his 9 hectoed pages discussing the National Progressive Party and other timely subjects.

Manifesto on Freedom of Science was a large-size printed 32-page book with info on the 1284 American scientists who signed it, urging their colleagues to join in defense of democracy as the sole means of preserving intellectual freedom. As I recall, many fans signed a similar petition just before we entered WW2.

Larry Farsaci contributed a very large printed drawing and Ted Ditzky sent in a questionnaire to get info for a proposed "Who's Who in SF Fandom", asking what interested you in sf (I put down "A Maid of Mars"); favorite promag (Amazing & S.F.); favorite author (Verrill & Binder) & favorite fan mag (Spaceways).

In the smaller format was a 12-pg SF DEBATER #4 in which Ed Milt Rothman blasted both H.C. Koenig & myself to open his bid for the presidency of Fapa.

J. Chapman Miske offered his first CHAOS, neatly printed and containing a well-written short fantasy of his.

Artist John Guinta had a 4-pg cartoon FAPA SPECIAL, while Morojo & F.J. Ackerman co-edited two issues of a mimoed NOVACIOUS, written in "simplifyd" spelling.

GALAXY #6 (Olon Wiggins) had 10 nicely hectoed pages, cover by James Rogers, inside illos by he & Mary; plus his short story & "The Masters of Mu" by Tucker.

The Futurian group at this time were doing some beautiful silk-screen work and LE VOMBITEUR #2 (Lowndes-7pg) had such a cover heading its poetry; but in Michel's FUTURART was seen some of the finest repro to date in Fapa. So lovely was its pastel green & lavender colors silk-screened on a sheer greenish cellophane cover that I regret present day members cannot see it. However, in its honor, I have copied its general appearance to be featured on this issue's cover and only wish I had means to reproduce the color. Inside was poetry, prose & impressionistic art.

Remainder of the mailing contained a portfolio of humorous poetry by Robert Bloch (reprinted from first Fantasmagoria), a mimoed ad for Madle's Fantascience Digest & a printed greeting card from the Green Jester Press - the Leeds SFL group.

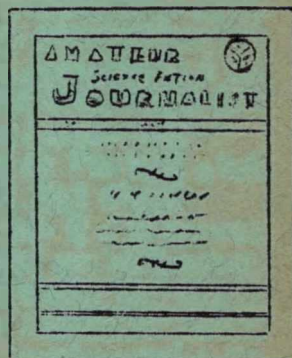
You notice I had nothing in the mailing - due to my package arrived 24 hrs too late to meet deadline; so I dashed off a one-shot COMMENT to explain the matter and paid for a postmailing of PHANTASY PRESS #5, whose 4 pages gave news about Worldcon developments, new prozines (Marvel, Dynamic, Unknown, Fantastic Adv.) & "Looking 'Em Over". In a feature editorial I blasted the Communist element in Fapa. A companion to PF, the AMATEUR S F JOURNALIST appeared in small format, with an article on art of hectographing by Dollens, editorial, a contest for a new emblem, list of Laureate awards and a report on pubbing in 1938 (kind of an early-day X-Ray Report), showing Speer led the field with 48 pages, Taurasi had 39, Lowndes had 22½, Wiggins 22, McPhail and Wollheim 19 each.

OE Milt Rothman had resigned his office when he moved on to Washington, D.C. and had appointed Bob Madle to succeed him. Bob took advantage of my supplementary mailing to include a notice to that effect.

S U M M A R Y

This mailing contained 25 pieces, numbering 190 pages (compared to 116 in the 6th), plus an additional four items in the postmailing (14 pg) for a grand total of 204 pages. There were 4 printed mags, 16 mimoed and 9 hectographed. 18 members & eight states plus England were represented.

CHAOS



FAN-OUT



SAD STORY DEPT.

Last year, in a surge of foolish optimism, I ventured to wager eight of my buddies in FAPA that I could out-produce them during 1959. I am indeed fortunate that there were no stakes, or I would have lost my shirt. As I recall, I boasted that I would top Ted White and Dean Grennell, and even Harry Warner. Then I went whole-hog and added everyone whose name started with M and threw in the Ps & Qs to boot.

Everyone knows the sad results. I was lucky to get third spot in the Handicap (although if I had been able to finish the 11 pages scheduled for the last PP, it would have been a close finish) But I've learned my lesson - next time I'll wait until mid-season & then pick some proven low-producers to challenge! Any way, at the finish line, results were as follows:

Warner	- 99
Pavlat	- $93\frac{1}{4}$
mcphail	- 86
White	- $50\frac{1}{4}$
Grennell	18
Moskowitz	16
Martinez	12
Morse	- 10
Perdue	- $9\frac{1}{2}$
Quaglino	9

CONGRATS TO DON FORD DEPT.

To say I'm pleased over the election of Don Ford as TAFF candidate to England is putting it mildly. As you know, I had the privilege of nominating Don; and despite a strong opposition press, I felt he would come out top man. The overwhelming manner in which he won vindicated our position. We know genial Don will prove an ideal selection and a treat for our British friends. Happy voyage, Don!

SUGGESTION BOX (Attention Pittcon Committee)

In past worldcons, we have seen contest staged between representatives of the U.S. and the British Empire for the title of champion tea drinker. Now I would like to suggest an enlargement of the sports program by including an International Dart Competition. Matches could be staged between US and Canadian hot-shots and the British guest of honor (don't all Englishmen toss darts?) for the world fandom dart championship. In closing, I might add that I could be prevailed, should I attend the con, to represent FAPA, or First Fandom or something, even if I have to enter as a Dark Horse.

If there was enough interest, there could even be a regular tourneyment, you know. There are plenty of groups to represent: the LASFL, Little Men's Chowder gang, the apas, FF, Seattle, NYC, Pitt, Detroit, Washington, Illinois, Oklahoma & others.

POWER OF THE PRESS

The editor of this august journal did not get a chance last issue of pat himself on the back over the election of our candidate, Krazy Kat, as Official Mascot. We predict the venerable Kat will prove to be a far better O.M., than such upstarts as Pogo and others who have been mentioned for the pst.

THANK YOU DEPT.

I would like to express my thanks to Jimmy Taurasi and Frank Prieto of the Science Fiction Times staff for contributing the photo sheets of the last world-con. And a belated thanks to Marion Bradley for her kindness in batting out her report of the Detroit affair - it wasn't her fault it was chopped into two parts. And, finally, my thanks to Danaline McPhail for helping her daddy with needed art.

HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

I wonder how many of you watch "Twilight Zone" on tv. In this new fantasy series, director Rod Sterling (a three-time Emmy winner) is presenting some excellent fare for viewers who want to see something besides a trenchcoat or a horse. Personally, I thot it so good, so different, I wrote Sterling and told him so. In reply, he said "Letters like yours, renews my faith in an audience I have always felt is not satisfied to just sit, watch and be mesmerized. They want to think a little - not just accept." He concluded by saying "The last rating, if this odd numbers game can be relied upon to any degree, shows up in the top spot in our Friday night period."

RETORT DEPT (or, I Talk Back To Paul Harvey)

Paul Harvey, on his newscast of 10-8-59, stated that the current scandal over tv quiz shows could be likened to many such capers in the earlier days of radio, and gave Orson Well's "War of the Worlds" presentation as an example. All of which strikes me as a pretty poor piece of reporting. As most of you know, Orson put on one show for the then-popular Mercury Theatre of the Air and picked H.G.Wells epic tale of Martians landing in England as his subject. To increase interest, he transplanted it to New Jersey and clearly pointed out at the start, and at intervals during the show, that it was only a work of fiction. To link that show with something as clearly dishonest as quiz shows where the performers were given answers ahead of time, is ridiculous. There was no money involved in Wells show, no attempt to deceive the public. The famous panic came from the fugg-headness of the listening (?) public.

ODDS & ENDS DEPT.

New name for the Rotsler name collection: H. R. Zickafoose.....special congrats are due Dick Eney and his excellent edition of FANCYCLOPEDIA - 2. Every fan should have one.....I got a kick out of Bob Pavlats "Eofandom" - his hilarious spoof at First Fandom....."Journey to the Centre of the Earth" was a wonderful movie, in my opinion. Scenery & color are breathtaking & all the cast does a fine job, in my opinion.....thanks to Ron Ellik and Mrs. Sam Martinez for sending Pauline new trading stamps for her collection. Incidentally, if anyone wants to trade or acquire stamps, she has etras in Double Value, Gunn Brothers, Red Top, Golden Harvest, Prudential and Top Value.....and ole Dan'll would sho like to get hold of some Fantasy Amateurs back before Mailings 70. And I'm always in the mood to buy old mailings. Just let me know.....do any of you read SPACE AGE? It is edited by IF's James L. Quinn with Emsh & Valigursky contributing artists. And Isaac Asimov is consultant on astronomy. Jack Crawford reviews books, such as Clarke's "Challenge of the Spaceship" & mentions his science fiction works.

