

Warhoon is edited irregularly for the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Richard Bergeron, R.F.D. #1, Newport, Vermont, and is published by Gafia press. This issue, the fourth, is intended for the twenty-sixth SAPS mailing. It is dated Winter 1953-54.

#### DARKNESS FALLS

Warhoon has always been a singularly ill-fated fanzine. Ever since its birth back in 1951 (Great Ghu, were two years ever that long?) it has been through one difficulty and straight into another. The magazine has been plagued with gafia, poverty, printing tangles and messes that defy the fannish imagination. For instance, one of my past publishers still remains silent at my entreaties to discover how much I owe him for a particular print job. Could fantasy go further? In direct contrast, another charged exorbitant rates through one of my agents. There is an illuminative sidelight to this episode: After I had dispatched the payment to my operative, I looked up some mailing dates and found that the master copies had been sent out a few days too late. Within the week my accomplice reported that the duplicated copies of Warhoon #3 had been airmailed to Gordon Black, then O-E. "What irony," I reflected. "Even when the masters had been mailed it was too late to save my membership." That's a habit with me -- saving my membership. Shortly thereafter, I checked the mailing date again and learned to my amazement that somehow I had confused FAPA's deadline with the SAPS's and that the package containing the edition of Warhoon would arrive two or three days before the second Saturday. The day was saved. But don't go away. Impossible as it may sound, the plot has yet to thicken. Following the discovery that I need no longer worry about the mags getting in on time, I glanced over that issue of The Spectator and noticed that my dues were two mailings overdue. If I were to be kicked out of SAPS for nonpayment of dues, Warhoon would most certainly fold. Hastily I filled up an envelope with the delinquent amount and sent it to the O-E hoping that by some quirk of fate the mailing would be a few days delayed in coming out (there's a first time for everything) and I would still have time to pay my dues. My missive to Black was a model of frustration and I would run the whole fifteen line thing here if there were not depths of borishness that even I will not descend to. Days passed and no acknowledgement from Gordon. Three weeks elapsed and no word or SAPS mailing had arrived. I was certain that I had tempted fate once too often. Then, at the end of a month, a miracle occurred. The SAPS mailing poured in with its news of Gordon Black's abdication and the third issue of my favorite fanzine. Warhoon was saved for another five months.

And some people wonder why Richard Bergeron's columns read as though written by a mad man! Now you know the truth -- they are written by a mad man.

But now, such occurrences are things of the past -- for the next few issues, at least. The arrangement with my present publisher, the dependable and handsome Redd Boggs, is such that I will only be beating myself out if I don't prepare future numbers. So you can expect

this bright yellow fanzine with the Hurlish format around more often. Oh yes, please don't judge the size of coming issues by this one sheet affair. I'm just saving my membership. Next issue may have four pages.

#### AFTERMATH

Editor's note: The following feature was written some time ago. Shortly after returning from the Chicon, to be close. It has been kicking around, looking for an opening ever since, and has accumulated a little mold in the process. Though the general style isn't one I still use, I hope, the piece retains its early charm to me. Perhaps it is more earnest in tone than I would like, but I'm leaving it as is, to stand or fall on its own merits:

The trip home from the con wasn't bad at all, being that I slept most of the time and changed buses during the rest and therefore didn't have a chance to pull myself together and run over in my mind just what had happened, which was rather lucky, for if I had the full meaning of what I was going to miss would have fared me ill in the company of my fellow travelers, I fear.

The first couple of days at home, alone again, in my uninteresting apartment were the worst. Those days of nostalgic longing for the many wonderful friends that I had made at our world convention dragged slowly on. For mornings afterward I watched the mail for letters from those selfsame people and the national magazines for writeups on the affair, which had been very well publicized, to no avail. Maybe I was being too impatient though, I thought, next week's Life should at least carry a mention of it.

But...came Life and not a word to be seen on it.

Hungry for even the slightest reference and half maddened by the failure of our national clubs to come through with

the convention reports which had been promised "immediately after the con," I hounded the back number magazine stores of the town looking for copies of the convention city's newspapers, which had been issued during the three days festivities. I knew that I had seen many reporters in the convention area and the camera which had gone off while it was pointed at me must have got the most revealing shot of the con. There had to be a notice of the event somewhere.

And I was right. After making several luckless trips to various back number magazine and newspaper dealers, I found one who had a fine selection of the back numbers I wanted. I bought four or five of the issues I was looking for and returned to my dwelling.

Of course, most of you were wiser than I and bought your papers right from the stands near the con site and so have, no doubt, experienced the very reaction which I am going to relate. Those of you who did buy your copies there were much more fortunate than I, for you had other conventioning fans close by to pan or laugh at the reports agreeably with, but for myself, isolated as I am from others interested in our doings, no such ray of congeniality could penetrate my gloom.

When I got home, I pored over the papers. They left me infuriated! The newsheets had all played it up as a farce. There wasn't an unbiased report in the whole lot. Items in them ran from, "Broad minded thinkers come to light in national convention!" — to, "Rooftop terrace of local hotel crowded as day dreamers bare themselves to public eye!" It was the worst mess of misreporting I've ever seen! How can the meanings of our way of life be put across to the public when our largest efforts are turned into things of ridicule! With news of our activities distorted like this people will never see us in the proper light!

Oh, when will we nudists ever be understood?

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Where's Speer? Down in the bar.

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