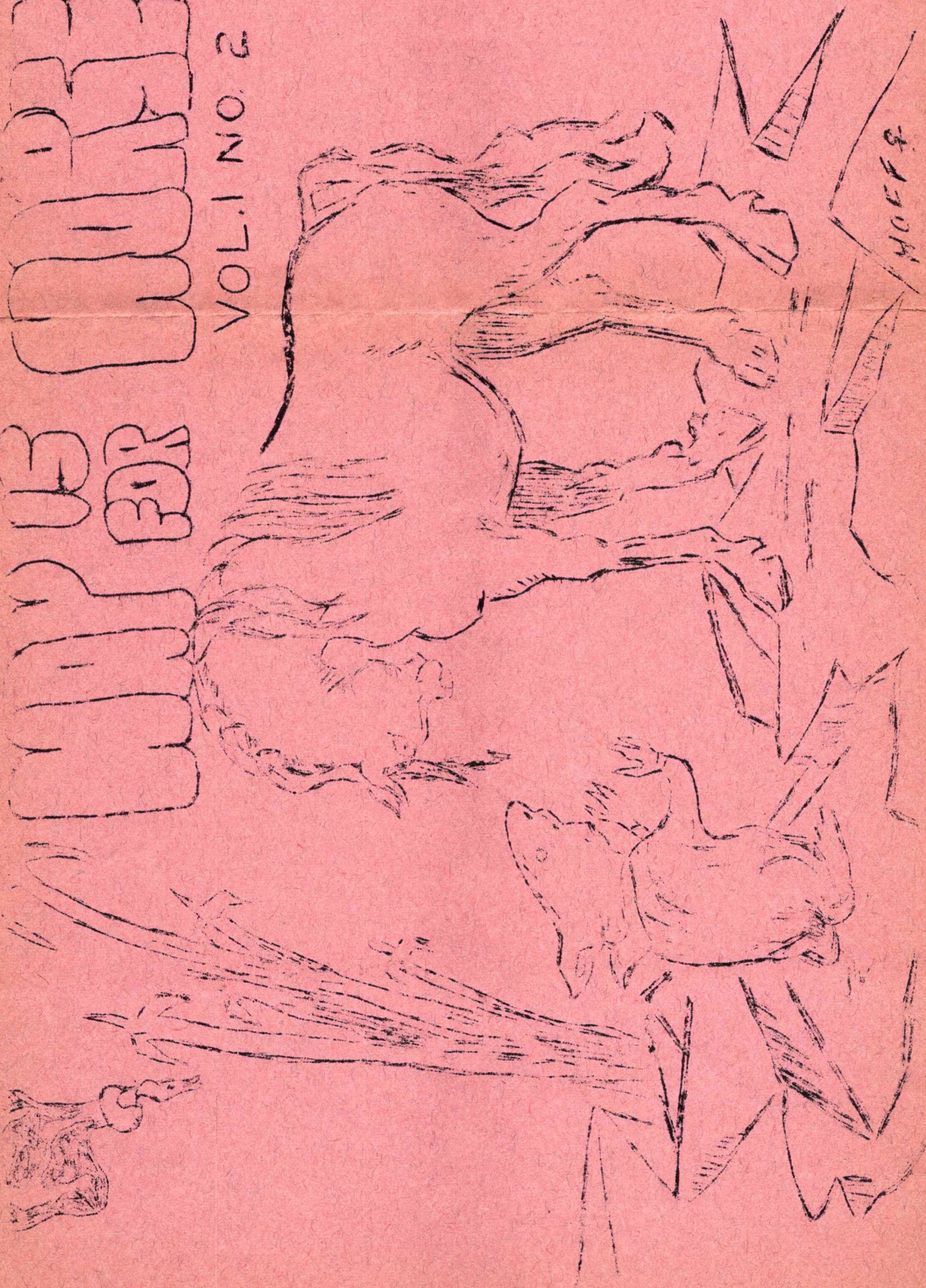
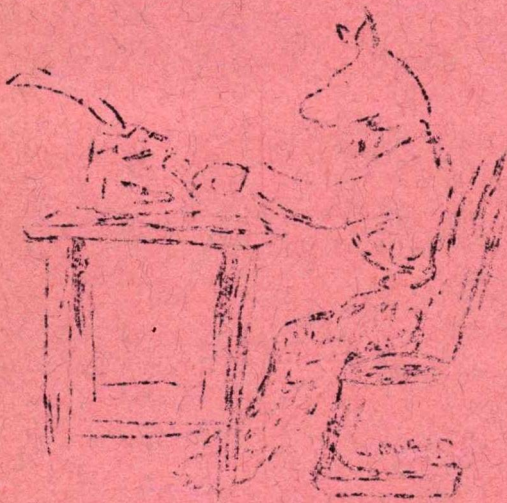


# WAT IS COME

VOL. I NO. 2





# EDITORIAL

Well here I am again with another famous or is it infamous anonymous sapsine. To all the wonderful Eds, who throw Orchids, thumbs blues, and to those who throw brick bats "may your descendants to the tenth generation never leave earth", for those who choose to ignore me "

... and for my exuberant special friend Walter A. Cos let a very special answer "Why Coslet I'm surprised at you saying all those nasty things about me, and especially since it was you who lured me into saps with all those promises of good fellowship. What did I ever do to you? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, but to repeat myself your sapsine contains nothing but reviews of other sapsines. There must be a reason, but what? This is just a supposition but might it be because Coslet is incapable of creating original material? I wonder!! I am deeply and extremely sorry for not mentioning your Index. I think that it was a most momentous error and neither of every word of praise I gave it WHS of Ray is for Horses. It should be a great help to new fans and especially to new saps makers providing they can obtain a copy of same.

The first paragraph of Coslet's sapsine ~~it~~ attempts to give us an answer to why he prints not but reviews. It states:

When I run mailing reviews, I get complaints that my material is so ephemeral and worthless, so I stopped. Yet when I threaten to stop the number of requests for their continuance is thoroughly surprising. So here we go again. Now you know who is to blame!!

Now isn't that just too bad. With three months at his disposal all Coslet has time to do is write a review column.

Now don't get up wrong I like Coslet's reviews, I would be the last person to see them go. I get a lot of enjoyment reading them. But at the same time I would like to read something written by Coslet.

As for publishing a fanzine for the privilege of getting otherwise unobtainable sapsines I admit it. Am't most of us going through Hell and high water for the same reason?

CONT.

THE ED. IS BEING CONT. ON ANOTHER PAGE I HOPE YOU FIND IT

THE DRIPPING GREEN DEPARTMENT

PART I Or little known facts about well known fans.

One or two issues back there was an article in Tuckers newszine by Stu Hetchet concerning the meetings of the LAFS. Since then Tucker and Hetchet have had a falling out mainly because Tucker recieved a few letters to the effect that what Stu said was nothing but bucken. I talked to Stu the other day and He said that the report containe d nothing but the truth,

PART II Or little known facts a bout well known things.

If you have uls\_ers and like to drink and refrain from drinking because of them, mix cream with your liquor, the cream will conterreack the bad effects of that wonderfull stuff.

A young Gro-Magnon man of 25,000 yeo\_rs ago, if alive today and dressed in modern clothing, would pass unnoticed on a college campus except for the observation that the football material was unusually good. Besides being big, he had a big head [650cc, a hundre cubic centimeters larger than our brain pan is today.]

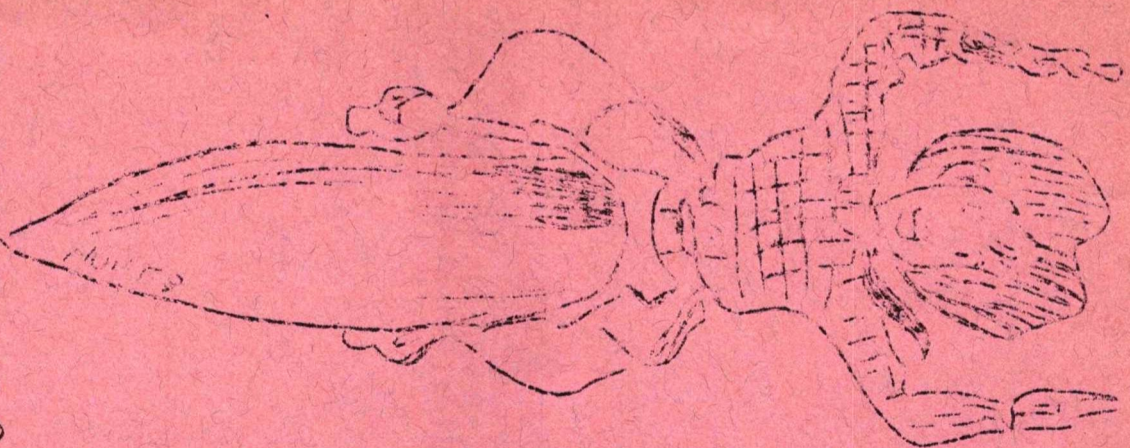
BACK TO PART I

Crack made on elevator by unidentified fan standing in front of Lee Hoffman, "How far can I move back and still be safe?"

MORE PART II

An "alcoholic breath" is produced chiefly by the flavorings in liquor and not by the alcohol, which has a higher volatility and a much weaker odor. Thus, the breath of a man who has just taken his first drink of a strongly flavored liquor may be detected several feet away, while that of an individual who has had many drinks of plain alcohol, diluted with water and taken fifteen minutes apart, may not be noticed by a girl sitting in his lap.

THE  
MOON OR  
BUST!



SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY  
IN ROOM 770

The first night of the convention there was a party in Frank Ditz's room. Frank's room was quite small and quite crowded with fun loving fans. About eleven o'clock or thereabouts the House Dick called for the umpteenth time and said keep quiet or get out. So we said to Hell with him and moved to room 770.

Now in my estimation room 770 will attain immortality in fandom, and as you read on you will understand why I make this claim.

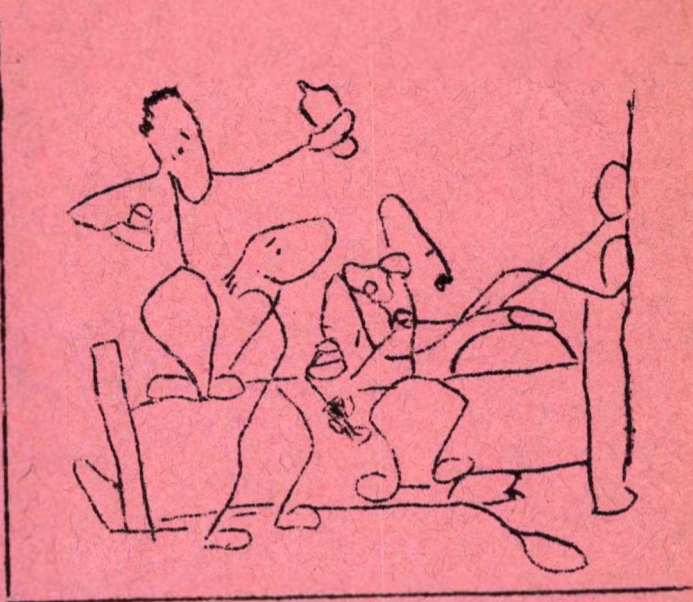
The room contained four beds occupied most of the time by Richard Elsberry, Ed Kuss, Max Keerley and myself. At other times by Bob Johnson and Frank Dietz (my bed), Dale Hart, a fan from Mexico city, (Ed's bed), Ed Kuss (Max's bed), and myself and Richard (Richard's bed). I don't know the reason but the house dick did not bother us here so we had fun, or at least the sober ones did.

About one we ran out of mix, so someone called up room service and asked them to send up some. When it arrived I paid the hotel boy \$1.60 for four bottles that in my estimation were worth sixty cents. Right there and then I said to myself I will not buy anything else from the hotel unless I can help it. Dietz knew of an all night drugstore where we could buy some mix, so we started out for it. Frank had left his shoes in his room and did not feel like going down the street without shoes on, but fortunately a number of fans had taken off their shoes so he picked out one of the pairs, put them on and with his shirtless hanging out a sash in his hands he accompanied me through the hotel lobby down the main drag and to the drugstore to buy the mix. Although a lot of people thought we were crazy no one said anything to us.

A long about three-thirty I decided because most of the fan had left and because Ed Kuss was asleep, and because there was nothing left to drink except a half bottle of vermouth and nobody there liked vermouth that the party was over and everybody would leave in a short while. That I would go down to room 555 and watch or participate in a poker game going on there. There were two games in progress a small one and a large one. Both filled two the girls. So I thought I would watch the big one. The players were Max Kersack, Fred Brown, More Greenburg, and Lee Jacobs. They played a limit table stakes game and after watching money pass back and forth across the table for an hour, I thought that I had given the rest of the fan a taste of the party time enough to go home so I went back to my room.

As I walked back to my room I thought to myself how good it would be to go to sleep. Or what a dreamer I was. I opened the door and the smell almost asphyxiated me, and the smok almost blinded me. After the first sting of smok cleared from my eyes a most sight met them. Over in a corner was Ed Walters laying in a drunken stupor, with a mattress, box spring and iron box on top of him. I walked over to where he was and pulled the bed, spring and mattress off of him and pulled him to his feet, he rewarded me for my efforts by trying to choke me to death. I felt that he didn't want me to help him so instead of trying to help him I tried to help myself from being killed.

being there at the time, instead he used the wash bowl, and natural stopped it up. This would not have been too bad had it not been for the fact that the faucet leaked. Well when I left 770 at three-thirty the bowl was half full and it didn't look to like it was going to overflow. My God! How wrong can a guy be? At four-thirty when I came back the bowl was full to overflowing and water was rolling off the bathroom floor onto the rug in the bedroom. I grabbed a glass and started bailing water



out of the bowl and into the tub. After getting most of the water out of the bowl I took a knife and removed the pieces of used food from the bottom and the rest of the water ran merrily out the bottom. Next I grabbed all the towels in the room (enough for four people) and mopped up the water on the floor, wringing the towels out three times in the process.

Thus I coped with a major crisis !!!!!

Li'l peepul by special arrangement with Quandry. And were drawn by LEE HOFFMAN

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I don't know how you felt about the Nocon but speaking for myself the name expresses exactly what I think of it. The only part that I thought were any good were the smock filled rooms and these were bigger and better than I have ever experienced. Gee!! Don't fans have fun!! Outside of two movies The day the earth stood still and When worlds collide, the convention itself was a bust.

It's my humble opinion that Harry Moore is the biggest back head in America. To prove my point here is an incident that occurred Monday night after the con was over. There were a number of fans about five in number and Harry B. Moore in the convention hall and on one of the tables were a number of Prozines a but two or three hundred. Harry said to us take what you want boys we're going to throw them away tomorrow, so we grabbed what we wanted (the Astoundings naturally about seventy-five in number). The next day to our dismay we learned that they belong to somebody unfortunately we didn't learn who they belonged to.

The meeting were carried on in a fiasco that seemed to me that they were not planned in an adequate way. Nothing at all was accomplished in the business secession. The only proposal brought forth concerned the Dianetic session to be held before the proposal could be acted on. After two hours of wangling it was decided that the secession would be held. At this point the secession was adjourned for dinner to be continued afterwards, but somehow or other it wasn't. The whole convention was carried on in this vane. \*

ALL ARTWORK IN THIS ISS WAS BY LEE HOFFMAN. OTHER CRUD BY ME.



While I was gone there had been a parade in the room the beds had been pushed together and placed directly in the path of the parade. The ten present had marched a round the room singing and yelling at the top of their lungs until Walters had fallen on the floor and the bed pushed on top of him.

About this time I decided to go to the bathroom, so I opened the door and fainted dead away. In order for you to fully understand the sight that I saw I will have to go back to Frank's room. While we were there I personally saw one fellow drink a glass of half water and half vermouth, followed by a drinking glass full of cream de mint, followed by a scotch and soda. When he was drinking the glass full of cream de mint I told him that he would be sick before the night was over. He shook his head and said no, won't. Well to make a short story longer he did. 1 In the Bathroom of 770. For some reason or other he didn't use the throne maby because it was too low, I don't know, not

