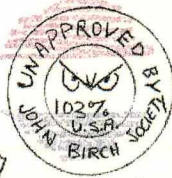


VOLUME 1 - NUMBER 1

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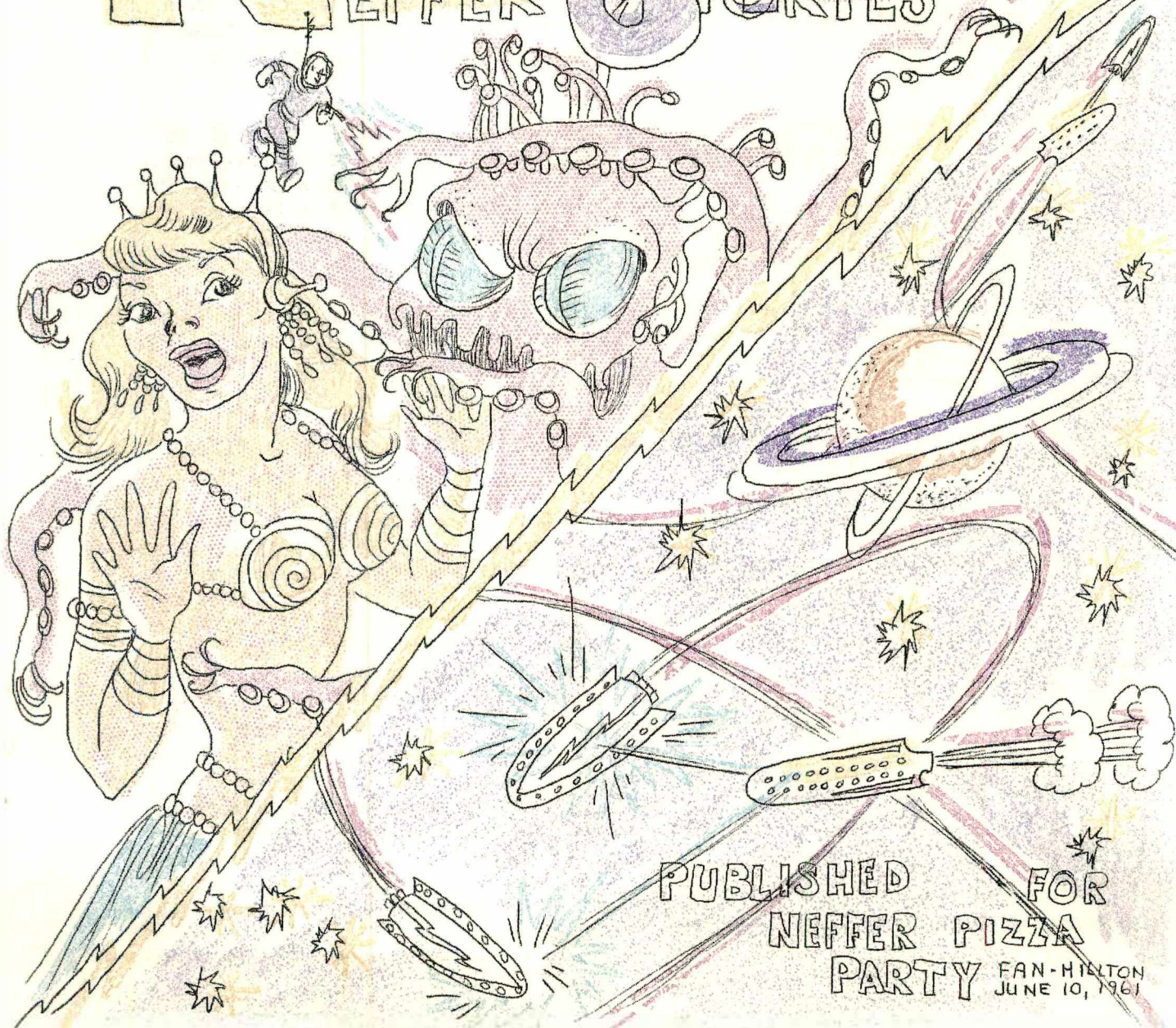
IN GLORIOUS COLOR!
FAMOUS WRITERS!
FABULOUS! FANTASTIC!
STUPENDOUS! GOGGLE!
FAUNCH! GALACTIC!

AMAZING & DULL DRY ATTHRILLING & BORING NEFFER SCIENTIFIC FACT STORIES

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PUBLISHED FOR
NEFFER PIZZA
PARTY

FAN-HILTON
JUNE 10, 1961

"I wonder what Vance Packard would say about publishing giants?"--Bob Lichtman

AMAZING, THRILLING, SEXY, ASTOUNDING, ANALOG, AND DRY DULL BORING SCIENTIFIC FACT NEFFER STORIES VOLUME ONE NUMBER ONE. Published by FanHilton, 2790 West Eighth Street, Los Angeles 5, California. Dated 10 June 1961, for the occasion of the Gala Southern California Neffer Party. Accept no substitutes.

"Discussion zines are the big father confessors in the sky." --Cal Demmon

By Way Of Introduction, And Other Stories

...Bob Lichtman

So we were all sitting around wondering what to do, and someone said, "Let's publish a one-shot fanzine!" That was, as may well be guessed, a Leading Statement. Only, instead of everyone saying, "Go to hell" or "Are you out of your totton-pickin' mind?" or "Where's the john so I can vomit" no one said anything. That was our mistake. So here we are, publishing a one-shot fanzine.

Distribution promises to be rather strange. "Where shall we send it when we do it?" someone asked. "Oh, through N'APA" one person volunteered. That one person was sensible me. "No, let's do up enough copies ot send it to the whole NSF," another person volunteered. As yet there has been no compromise, but one there must be. What we're going to do, really, is send this baby out for newsstand distribution.

You think we're kidding? No, we're not kidding. I mean, take a look at that cover. Goshwowgoshwowgoshwow. That's real Sell Material, it is. We ought to beat out F&SF's circulation the first time around. And wait til next month, when we pick up advertisers who've dfopped their accounts with Life Magazine in favor of ATSSAAADDBSFNS! It'll be Amazing Stories all over again and even mreso, as sure as my name is ~~Harlan/Elison Owen/Hannifen Bruce/Westell~~ Bob Lichtman.

This issue may be a poor start, but wait until you see what we have lined up for next month! Stories by those all time giants of scientifiction! Articles by leading scientists and conscientious objectors! Read these names and croggle in your boots: Ed Earl Repp, Burnett R Toskey, Linus Pauling, Clark Ashton Smith, John W Campbell jr., Weaver Wright, HP Lovecraft, and Jack Harness (not a religious organization). Yes, all these people are slated for our next issue. All we have do do now is wait for their fine contributions to come in so we can stencil them up. (And fellas, we're sorry we wan't pay you anything yet, but we'll send you a Free Contributor's Copy. Honest to Roscoe!)

And features! We've got them, too, boy. We've really got them. Fanzine reviews for all you "fen" written by that BNF, Art Hayes. Science Briefs by Rose Marie Reid, the well-known femme-fanne. A letter column conducted by Mr. Science. And many others.

So stick with us and send in \$115.69 for a five-year subscription. Watch us grow. ATSSAAADDBSFNS -- the stfzine that Dares!

////XAP ...BL

"It's Easier To Spell Constituents Than To Type Members"

----Ken Hedberg

....ye Sloop John T.

On Ron Ellick's typer, anyway. The above immortal line was spoken by Ken at the Shaggy session last weekend (3&4 June), as he was ~~typing~~stencilling an article for SLA #56. He and George Metzger had driven down for the weekend.... From Sacramento!

But back to the reason behind the heading. Ronel (for TAFF) has a nice elite Royal standard which we are continually borrowing (and wrecking, says Ron) to use on Shaggy. Coupled with Jack Harness' electric elite S-C portable, it enables us to get more Good Things on each stencil. At any rate, to stop wavering from the object (or whatever) of this ???, the "m" key on Ron's typer sticks. For everyone but Ron, that is. And he accuses us of being seven kinds of dolts for not mastering the darned fool machine better'n to let a key stick. He claims that he and this typer reached an understanding on this matter long ago...with him coming out boss.

I think he's lying.

-oOo-

I'm told by my loving wife, that we're going to send this out to the whole blamed N3F....

"Well," she explained, "we've already run off 200 copies of the cover, so we've got to put it thru the whole N3F."

"It's a waste of time, money, and effort," Bruce said.

"No," Bob Lichtman, "it could show the whole blamed Neff that people can show some signs of activity, without having to ask for official sanction, ~~cash~~ from the treasury, and forty-eleven other kinds of ~~o*f*f*i*c*i*a*l~~ permission, etc."

"Yeah," a whole clump of people said.

Guess we're going to send this out to the whole N3F. So "Hi", people.

-oOo-

Which brings us to another subject: Elections. The N3F elections are up-coming, and I'm going to do some campaigning.

Not for me, you clown, for Albert J Lewis.

Al Lewis (as opposed to Alan Lewis, of Michigan & USCG) is one of the most capable people to have expressed interest in the NFFF in years. His administrative ideas and capabilities are the equal of Ralph Holland's, if not....

He'd make a great president of the N3F.

And Ralph Holland does deserve a rest, after these years of holding the club together. If he does decide to retire, Al Lewis would make the best possible replacement for him. Al is a solid, feet-on-the-ground, proven fan. Under his editorship, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES went from a casual, haphazard, frivolous publication to being regular, competent (sober, but still fun), and influential. And it rose to third place in the second FANAC poll -- from low in the listings the previous year.

Al has been a moving power in the LASFS in the past couple of years; being one of, if not mainly, the instigators of new ideas, by-laws ammendments improving to the club, and a steadying influence on the membership on more than one occasion.

Under his leadership, I feel that the N3F would continue the growth it has shown of late, and still move forward toward new goals and new ideas. Anything that stands still either retrogresses or dies, and under Al Lewis, the National Fantasy Fan Federation would be dynamically alive.

-oOo-

If that pitch up there doesn't read quite lucidly, blame it on the fierce head cold I've got, not any doubts about Al's abilities.

-oOo-

In addition, I'd like to plug Don Franson, Ron Ellik, Alan Lewis, Ed Meskys, and Ed Ludwig for Directors. Not that I'm carping at anyone else; it's just that I think the above named people are even more capable. New blood always helps a club, and the N3F is certainly not an exception.

-oOo-

Oh foop! This is supposed to be a fun-type one-shot, and here I am being Serious, and like that, and.... And I'm beginning to sneeze again. I think I'll knock this off and go drink a hot lemonade or something.

-oOo-

Parting shot: It seems a bit obvious as a TAFF gambit for Richard Eney to join the N3F at this late date, doesn't it? RON ELLIK for TAFF -- Give the Squirrel a Whirl.

-----uss john trimble.

HA! Well, seems Al Lewis will not run for Prexy so there you are; which always brings up the embarrassing question, where are you? Actually, we hardly ever see poor Al at LASFS meetings, parties, local lynchings or other fun-type activities because he is so busy correcting home-work papers for his 75 or so students. And planning evil new tests, and making up things for his students to work on, and chasing girls, and all the things that teachers do to keep busy and earn their pitiful wages.

MY FAVORITE SUBJECT

.....by Bjo, who ought to have introduced herself a paragraph ago

Hey, did you ever wonder what happens to artwork that is sold at conventions? I wonder, mainly because I collect fantasy and science-fiction art and am sort of interested in locating some of this old artwork that I see on the covers of the old magazines in the LASFS library. It stands to reason that not all of it is hanging on the walls of slan shacks; some of it may be in the pile of "now why did I ever pay good money for that thing?". And that is a real shame, for there is somebody in this little world of ours who would like to have this old artwork. Maybe it's you.

Once, when an eager, bright-eyed fan visited the offices of certain pro s-f magazines, they were given some illos to take home as a souvenir; if they were very lucky, they got a cover illo. I wonder if these illos are still cherished, or if

they languish in a basement, gathering dust and losing lustre.

At the Westercon 3, in 1950, R.S. Richardson brought about 20 original Bonestell paintings, which sold for \$4.00 to \$24.00. There are LASFSians who mourn missing that convention. Of course, all of these paintings probably hold honored places in the homes of the buyers; but there is the remote possibility that even these lucky people might be willing to sell their fine artwork. If so, I hope they contact me.

Since my work with the art group, and the activities involved have attracted the attention of non-artists, I have had requests from these people to buy artwork for them. So, quite without planning it, I have become an art buyer. (This may even extend to my becoming an art agent; fully licensed.) Interested fans with real ~~cash~~ have asked me to obtain everything for them from an old Robert Gibson Jones to any Frank Kelly Freas I can buy for them at the next convention.

So far, I am the only one who is looking for some particular cover illos; and a few interiors. Everyone else is sort of generally searching for "a Finlay", or "a real Hannes Bok" or "anything by Emsh". Not that I wouldn't settle for this, too! I have only a few originals; A Cartier b&w illo, a Neutzel color, a Valigursky cover, several b&w Freas, an Emsh b&w, 2 Brian Lewis covers, a R.G. Jones, a Dollens, and a Ron Cobb b&w. Among my fan-art, I have dolor work by Barr, Cameron, Dumont, and Goldstone. I might add that I am as proud to display my fan-art collection as well as any piece of pro art I have!

Meanwhile, back at the attic; where did all those Pauls, Jones, Bergeys, Boks, Cartiers, Finlays, Lawrences, Leydenfrosts, Dolgovs, Vestas, McWilliams, McCauleys and Terrys disappear to? Does anyone have any Timmons, Rogers, Hunters, Wessos or Dolds they don't want? Or anything by all the many artists I have neglected to mention? It is too much to hope that any owner of a J. Allen St. John would let it go; but if you have one you'd be willing to sell, please let me know.

It isn't that we art collectors would simply be willing to "give your orphan art a good home"; we are willing to spend solid cash on a piece of work we want. If I can't afford to buy something, I will (*sob*) pass on the news to others who do have ready cash. Naturally, we all want a bargain, but if you have something really good, you stand a fine chance of getting a very fair price for it; probably more than you paid for it in the first place. In fandom, with the discussions going fast and often about prices artwork brings at convention auctions, it would be very difficult for anyone to "get the better" of anyone else.

Artwork can also be sent to auctions -- either at a club like LASFS or a convention (local or world) -- where you retain a percentage of the price obtained. It is a good idea to check with the convention committee before sending anything, and find out what each individual convention's policy might be.

If you have something you think might be salable, ask someone about it; send a complete description of it, and tell where it appeared. We can look up the magazine and check on the artwork, but this will tell us nothing of the original illo's size, general condition, or possibility of repairing any damage. (Therefore, it would be handy to know what medium was used; many paintings which would be given up for lost can actually be repaired very well). I will give as my opinion what your chances will be to sell the illo. You can always double-check this with another collector.

Fan-art is in demand at LASFS auctions; good b&w illos and cartoons, and any color work we can get our hands on. Most fans do not realize that some really fine fan-art is available right from the artist; some of it can be painted to your order for a very reasonable sum! If you saw an artists' work you liked, but do not even remember the name, try to describe the art you liked and I will try to help you

locate the artist. This little extra bit of work just might reward you with a fine little illo, so wouldn't it be worth it? I have a list of the artists at the show at PITTCON, and many more, besides; all of whom would be delighted to sell some art.

So, I am asking both buyers and sellers to contact me. It isn't really an unselfish motive (as you may have noticed) because I collect art, too; but it will at least make it possible for some fans to turn old s-f art into cash, and for others to add to their collections.

What could be more fair?

Er....does anyone have the September 1947 Weird Tales cover by Dolgov? (I'll settle for the interior illos?)

Or maybe the October '44 Fantastic Adventures cover by St. John? ****sigh****

----Bjo----

SHIFSIDE, AGAIN.

Which used to be a FAPazine...how times change.

-oOo-

Elsewhere in this zine, you'll find some mention of the kittens around the Fan Hill-ton. We started out with Spindrift, a 1/4 Siamese tom with alley-cat build and "frost-point" Siamese markings, Grey Mouser, a Siamese-built steel grey female (despite the name), and Typo, Ernie's cat -- a grey & white striped tom with a permanently hungry look about his well-fed person -- who got his name by jumping on Ern's shoulder as he was stencilling, causing impeccable copy-typist Ernie to make a typo. Typo has Ernie's gentle, friendly, gregarious disposition. Grey Mouser is a nervous, flighty cat, while Spindrift is a superior-acting, aloof cat who has become "my" cat. We talk to each other (and anyone who thinks cats can't communicate is certainly not cat people...nor people who think ditto about dogs -- aren't dog people, like), and he comes to me when he hurts, or is lonely, or disgruntled, etc. I'm fãnd of Typo -- you can't be otherwise -- I really like the Mouser, but I'm afraid that the real light of my life, cat-wise, is ol' Spindrift.

What all this is leading up to, or started to, is an incident that happened the other morning. One more aside -- we had to have Spin fixed some time back, as he was being a rather obnoxious tomcat. Gypsy strolled thru the kitchen (if a kitten can be said to stroll) with Spin behind her, sniffing.

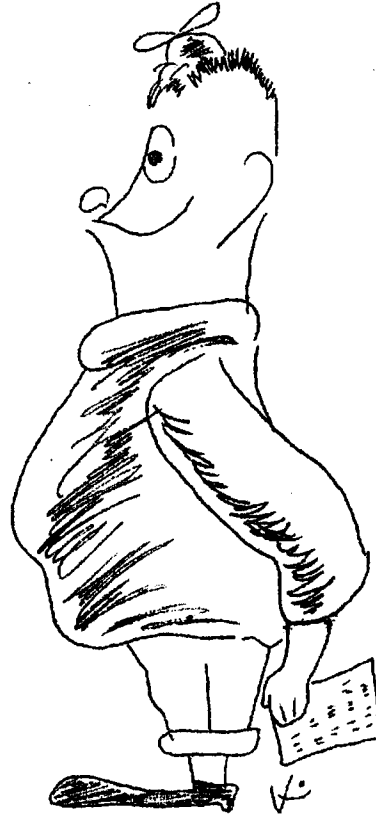
"Gee," said Ernie, "just like in Lolita."

"Well," I said, "Spin would make a pretty ineffectivè 'Uncle Humbert'."

We both chuckled, and then Gypsy turned the tables, attacking Spin's lashing tail.

"But...but..." stammered Ernie.

----Sloop John T.



cartoon by Wolfgang Hasenwald, German fan

Hello slaves and non-N'APAns----this is your lovable tyrannical Jack Harness speaking to you live, in living colour, from the stage of the Fan-Hillton. Gathered around me are some of the notables and lesser lights of fandom and the NFFF. Bruce Pelz is busily examining and counting the pieces of a Mah Jongg set that Stan Woolston brought over in case anyone wanted to play Mah Jongg at this one-shot/pizza session. Ernie Wheatley is (as you might expect) wrapping his innards around a pizza. Al Lewis is wandering around being wise and benign. Don Franson has just brought in a plate of food and Fred Patten is busily wandering around looking for red ink to run off the cover for his fanzine. Al Lewis has just discovered the Fan-Hillton is stone cold broke out of ditto paper so he can't do his fanzine either, right at the moment. Bjo is bending over the mimeoscope. Bob Lichtman is rereading the stencil he cut; he has a knowing smile on his face. Bill Ellern is reading some printed page. Lib. Vintus, Neffer and Lasfsian, is putting another batch of pizzas in the oven. Forry has left for 120 seconds of some errand; the time is now 578 seconds later. Don Simpson is actually reading a prozine from the club library. John Trimble is typing stencil. Larry McCombs was discovered (by process of elimination and roll call in the above listing, during which time we discovered Al Lewis listed twice) lying on the couch, out of sight. And I, gentle reader, what am I doing? I am busily making noises at the typer, thinking up cleverly insulting things to say about everyone else.

Bob Lichtman hates electric typers, especially portable electric typers like mine. He swears that they fight him when he types, that they give his little shocks or try to trap his fingers when he presses the "H" key. He says he prefers manual typers. Right now he is sweating over a beast of an old machine that Al Lewis owns. The key response is very heavy and a genuine marshalling of effort has to be made to work the carriage-return. Every so often I look up from where I am pussy-footing it over the keyboard and I see Bob's face contorted in strain as his desperate effort continues. Outwardly, I pity him; inwardly, I smile. I am the OE of N'APA, and an OMNIAPAN, and so what do you expect?

Scribe JH

"I'll read these names off," said Jack, "and you can tell me if I've missed any, okay?"

"Okay."

"Bruce," said Jack.

"How about McCombs?" asked Lichtman.

There was a long and resentful silence. "I think," said Jack, "that I've just been double-deeped."

Deeping is a Caltech pastime that bears a certain resemblance to Potter-type lifesmanship, except that it includes overt acts as well as word-ploys. Double deeping occurs when you manage to turn someone's own trick back on him, and triple deeping is that once-in-an-infinity occasion when a double-deep gets turned back again. Steve Tolliver and Larry McCombs and Lyn Hardy (the publishers of GAUL) have brought the term over to the LASFS, so.... Lyn Hardy is the supermaster of the technique, as Larry has told rather at length in his own fanzine, and perhaps we can corral him to one of these typewriters in a moment....

Fred Patten is sitting on my right at the moment, stapling together his N'APA zine called FOOFORAW. "Why don't you let me staple?" said Bjo.

"That's all right," said Fred, looking slightly frightened, and then, blushing slightly, "it's my first, you know."

GOD DAMN YOU JOHN TRIMBLE! I have no intention of running for N3F President. Period, stop. I just got a look at your stencil there, and the answer is no. Run for Director again, maybe. For president, no. This is what happens around here. You turn your back for a moment and somebody tries to run you for office. John is busy trying to talk me into running for LASFS Director. He comes up with this kookie idea of N3F President.

It was just a while back that John and Bjo and Bill Ellern dropped down to the house and announced that they had formed the committee to bid for the 1962 Westercon. "Guess who's going to be Chairman," Bjo said.

"Who?" said I, knowing full well what was coming.

"You." said Bjo.

"Why me?"

"Because you're dignified, respectable, and have a loud voice."

Bill Ellern started chuckling. Bjo reared on him. "Don't laugh," she said, "you're treasurer!"

That is the way things are done around here. Actually, I think Bjo is still trying to get revenge for the time we railroaded her into office as Director of the LASFS. Ernie Wheatley was the incumbent and he called for nominations. "I nominate Bjo," shouted Steve.

I waved my hand into the air and Ernie looked past a similar sea of waving hands, "Al."

"I move nominations be closed."

"Second," shouted Steve.

"All in favor?" said Ernie.

"Aye" roared a chorus of voices.

"Opposed?"

"No," came a weak squeak from Bjo.

"Bjo is elected by acclamation," declared Ernie, forcefully banging down the gavel. "Nominations are now open for Secretary" The whole process had taken less than thirty seconds. I don't think she's ever forgiven us.

The Neffer dinner for the evening was Bjo's idea, and as Jack has mentioned above, quite a flock of people turned out. Among them was new Neffer Liby Ventus, who turned out to be a LASFSian from several years back. "I understand you just had an accident," Bjo said.

"Yes," said Liby, "I got hit by a train."

"Is that how you got those cuts?"

"No, I got those hunting wildcats."

Which seems like a good note to turn over the typewriter.

--Al Lewis

Bobcats, please, there is a difference. Besides, it was the dogs hunted them. I just went 12 feet down a ravine.

To get a bit serious for a moment, I came in tonite with a bit of trepidation. I've been away for two and a half years. After a few minutes in the kitchen with Bjo I felt at home, and finally I've even changed my shoes. I'm two inches shorter, but at last, home again.

Liby

So here I am just when I thought I had gotten rid of this stencil. Bjo did a dandy cover, didn't she? For those who may not recognize the process, the black was done on the Gestetner by standard mimeo technique, and then the color was added by ditto.

GIVE ME A TYPEWRITER AND I'LL CUT A DEATHLESS STENCIL

--Bob Lichtman doodles

What am I doing at a one-shot session when I could be out being a typical sex-hungry teenager? There's a big, wide girl-inhabited world out there, outside of the confines of Freehafer Hall. I don't know if it's a peculiarly Los Angeles phenomenon, but here the drive-ins are Teenage Hangouts.

Take the A&W rootbeer stand on Hawthorne Boulevard in the burg of Hawthorne, for instance. Last night, Galvin W. "Biff" Demmon and I went down to El Camino Junior College to try to find a typewriter. (Cal had some CRAP letter to write, and I had a bit of personal correspondence to attend to.) But the whole school was closed up. "How unpollege," we both remarked. Like, at UCLA nothing closes up that early in the evening (it was only a few minutes of 9).

Well, on the way back, we decided to stop at the A&W stand. It isn't that we are Fawning Acolytes of Ron Elik. As I remarked to Cal, "Hell, I liked rootbeer even before I knew about Ron Elik." It was true, too. Still is, in case the past tense throws you. "I don't like rootbeer," Cal said as we made a highly-illegal U-turn.

We noticed a couple of policemen by the driveway to the stand. "The fuzz," I said. "I'll bet it's sort of chopping for them when they're assigned to patrol a rootbeer stand," Cal remarked. "Yeah," I came back, "just imagine the police chief saying, '...And you two guys. What can we do to keep you busy? I know, go out and watch the A&W stand over on Hawthorne.'" I did it in my pseudo-official voice and it sounded funny at the time. If it doesn't sound funny to you that's just too bad. Do you expect one-shot writing to be Good, or something?

What did we see at the drive-in? Well, I really can't go into too many details. After all, this is an NSF fanzine. But it was pretty sick. All sorts of high school people. Girls. Boys. Girls and Boys. Boys and Girls. And many others, none of them members of LASFS though. Snogging. Rootbeer drinking, and maybe other stuff drinking. Noise from radios, car horns, engines, etc.

A few unrealted incidents: A bunch of fellows materialized from nowhere with a surfboard. The surfboard had "Down with Surfers" and a downward-pointing thumb painted on it. They walked down the center aisle. Then they started running. The reason: they were being chased by a car full of people. Surfers, I guess. Then the police took after both of them and I stopped watching.

What's the upshot of all this, anyway? Well, mostly that at local high schools, there is a whole new lot of social cliques. Some of these, the ones I know about, are the Surfers, the VATOS (or anti-Surfers, I understand), and the Camel-Herders. Most of this differentiation is by dress. The Surfers dress one way, the non-Surfers another way, and the Camel-Herders (don't ask me where that term came from!) yet another. It's all pretty silly, and it's all pretty new. In fact, none of this current bit was in existence as late as June, 1960, when I graduated from high school.

9 Don't let that give you the impression that there weren't such social differentiation when I went to high school. There most def-

was. Only they weren't galled VATOs, or Surfers, or Camel-Herders, or any of that gauche stuff. No, no. Our social cliques were much more Sophisticated.

There were the Soshes. These were the clean-cut, neat-appearing promiscuous people who most often were found in student government. They looked as if they were credits to the school. They followed all the most conservative and cool teenage styles, and in general were neat, though a bit stuffy and dull. Then there were the Cholos. These were the Rough Guys. Many of them were Meixcans (Inglewood high has and had no Negroes in attendance) but most of them were just clod-type people. They wore blackleatherjacketswithmotorcycleboots and all that there. Ducktail haircuts. Black teeshirts. All that jazz. They had Rumbles and everything. It was aml sort of Black-board Jungle-ish.

What does this all prove? Well, just that there are always social cliques at high schools and probably already will be. What did I do to get off on this track anyway? Where was I?

What am I doing here at a one-shot session when I could be out in the Big City snogging?

---Bob Lichtman, 10 June 1961

-oOo-

Let's have a Bjo illo to finish this page...



UNDERWOOD WORDINGS

by Stan Woolston

For a one-shot session it would be handy to be able to blame the typer--and that is why this has the title above. If it appears that the machine is using me instead of vice versa, the truth is that it is.

And yet, the Underwood is the first typer I ever used; I started by copying some pages on "creation" from an old book. Since then I've had a few weeks free instruction, free, at a typewriter company. While touch typing isn't necessary to be a fan, either in correspondence or in fanzine production, it does cause less strain. I wonder what percentage of fans use touch-typing techniques and who look everytime they "peck"? Maybe someone should take a poll. I imagine someone has.

Of all But in all the field of fanzineing the one-shot is the one that is most apt to inspire preoccupation, brooding and self-searching. The result is often a mess of words that display twisted sentences, tortured paragraphs, and in the end this inspires in the reader by a sort of sympathetic magic a twisted feeling and tortured mind.

In fandom the typewriter works in symbiosis with fan; it serves to propel ideas or deeds in form of letter, zines and so forth, too eventually serve as a sort of subconscious so that words flow automatically when he or she sits down to "play".

This is the stage in which many long-time fans find themselves, and it is best not to fight it. With such a subconscious it is easier to sit down before a strange typer and pound out words. And, best of all, it camouflages the faults from the writer.

--Stan Woolston

-0o0-

I hate one-shlotts(I meant to type one-shots)((but I don't like to make corrections)) that look like everybody sat down with the first thought in his mind,"What'll I write?" This is one of those. What'll I write? Something about the N3F, I guess. There's no use asking you to join it, because if this is going out to the N3F, you have already done so. But I can ask you not to quit. Do you realize that if all the people who quit the N3F, for one reason or another, hadn't done it, that this organization would be really representative of all of fandom? Think about that. At least, don't quit on account of this one-shot, anyway. It doesn't happen often, you know. Stick around for a while, and see what happens.

--Donald Franson

oOo

Okay, yous guys, make sarcastic cracks about this typewriter. I did my first fanzine on this in 1951 and it still works. As a matter of fact it has been working for quite a while; my dad bought it used in 1929.

//

--Al Lewis

It's Late, But Who Cares??

by Fred Patten

It's 10:40 p. m., but still the typers roar at this one-shot session. We've still got to run this off tonight, so I probably won't get to bed until 4 a. m. But I don't care. This past week has seen a frantic burst of fanac from me. After just reading stf for 11 years, and not doing much more than sitting around LASFS meetings for the last year, I've written and published my first fanzine this week. Now, I'm invited to join a one-shot session. I've also just gotten thru my UCLA finals. All in all, I'm getting pretty groggy. But I don't care. I'm having fun.

We've just gotten settled whether or not Al Lewis will run for N3F president. He won't. He said, "If elected, I will not serve." Someone pointed out that he might make a better president that way than if he did serve. Under that line of reasoning, why not elect Gen. Sherman, the originator of that statement? He's dead, so he should make an even better president.

You are now about to hear from Gypsy Rose Femmefan, the LASFS' newest kitten. She's a six-toed calico type, which is supposed to bring good luck. USS J T said she's a female, which doesn't necessarily mean good luck as far as he's concerned. But Gypsy Rose is a lively type who is always chasing her tail and stuff, even at this late hour, and she has chased her way into everyone's heart. So I'm going to hold her up to the keys of this electric typer, and let's see what happens.

/Ynbp nb ...that's not something from "Finnegan's Wake", just Gypsy. The other morning, Corflu, our male kitten from Grey Mouser's recent litter, was chasing Gypsy. "Gee," Ernie said; "he's chasing his tail."

"Well," I said, "possibly future-tense."

(Above 3 1/4 lines by uss jt) Corflu is about to make his contribution to this here one-shot, behold: .j nXWAø TY xzfc'cv ...that was actually Corflu.

Fred here again. I couldn't think of anything to say, so I requisitioned the kittens. You don't have to worry about corfluing out their mistakes.

Beside me as I type this is a backward clock. This is a clock that keeps the right time, but whose numerals and hands run counterclockwise instead of clockwise. This was donated to the LASFS by Jim Warren, publisher of FAMOUS MONSTERS, who will get an Egobuck (a LASFS award) for his troubles. Only his Egobuck will be printed backward, of course.

Parts of this one-shot are being run off on the Gestetner as I type this. They're faunching to get thru this thing, and Lichtman wants me to drive him home now (11:30). So it looks like I might get to sleep before 4 a. m. after all. Well, I can use the sleep. So long. See you at the BAYCON, maybe.



a typical fan-party — George Metzger
12

Random Noise

by Larry McCombs

It seems to me that a person who has just received a B.S. from Caltech ought to be working at all sorts of fascinating and satisfying jobs. But in my case, I'm only killing time until I go to Yale next fall, so it seems that companies aren't interested in giving me this kind of job. They want men who are interested in investing their future with the company. So I'm looking for a job as a clerk or typist or somepin like that.

Meantime, Bjo and John kindly offered to let me live in the little back porch of the Fan Hillton which was formerly inhabited by inscrutable Karu Beltram and his inscrutable dog. Now, when I say this room is little, I am understating the case in about the same degree as if I said that the Grand Canyon is big. If all five of the Hillton's feline masters were to be in the room at once, it would be crowded.

But then, I was living in a room at Tech not more than twice as big - and I had a roommate. So, I didn't anticipate any troubles. Until I started unloading cupboards, closets, desks, and finding the things I'd stored under the beds and in the basement. Bill Ellern came over with White Knoll Company's new VW microbus to pick up my things. We loaded the bus to capacity and you could hardly tell we'd touched the room. I began to worry. I put aside a goodly stack of things for my folks to take home with them. I gave the bookcase to Bjohn for their room. Then we brought a load of things over in my folks' Falcon. I managed to get everything stored away to perfection - a place for everything and everything in its place. Then we went back to Tech to pick up the odds and ends. The startling result was another Microbus load. But at long last I have managed to store everything away. There are boxes under the bed and under the chairs and behind the bookcase. The closets are double deep in books and every inch of shelf space is in use. I have a horrible feeling that someone is going to return something they borrowed from me. I have no idea how I will ever explain the violent reaction which is sure to result. I only hope I don't injure them seriously.

Since Bjo's doctor ordered her to cut down on eye strain, Don Simpson and I have been rediscovering the grand old art of reading aloud. We've read all sorts of fantasies and such, and even tried a few plays. I'm thinking of getting ahold of a tape recorder and taping some of these sessions. Bjo has pointed out that the library or the local society for the blind should be overjoyed to have good tape recordings of such worthwhile things as the Lord of the Rings trilogy, or Silverlock. All I've got to do now is figure out a way to pay for the tape.

In case you're wondering why a non-Neffler is contributing to this one-shot, I should explain that I can't resist the lure of a blank stencil. And while I've been pretending to resist Bjo's invitations to contribute, I've actually just been trying to think of something clever and spontaneous to write when I finally did put fingers to typer, so to speak.

The problem is that I can't concentrate on the task. I'm still thinking about the blonde we met this morning while we were looking for the tomato paste. Now, I don't know what tomato paste is - Bjo says it's what you use when you drop a tomato and break it - but she needed some for the pizza. Since I was chief basket pusher while John was off in the imported goods section looking for English muffins,

I was faithfully following that freckle-faced kid as she searched for this tomato gunk. And there came this lovely little girl with big dark eyes and a long blonde ponytail. Hooo boy! When it comes to a choice between tomato paste and a blonde, there's no hesitation on my part. It was only when I ran the shopping cart into a toilet-paper display that I was rudely called back to the realities of grocery shopping. Unfortunately, the blonde left before we did, and except for exchanging a few smiles (which caused her younger sister to inquire, "Who's that?", receiving only a hasty "Shhhhh" for an answer) there was no communication betwixt us. Ah me, tis very sad, don't you think, that it is absolutely forbidden for such meetings to occur. I mean, there's absolutely no way for me to introduce myself to such a lovely young thing without being forward and probably provoking a justified cold shoulder reaction. Somehow, though, Bjo never seems to sympathize with me. She seems to feel that the fact that I am currently dating three or four lovely girls should satisfy me. Hmmmph. Complacency is the bane of our age!

And that brings me to another topic. What's wrong with our times? A loss of the appreciation of relaxation and the fine arts? Moral decay? Materialism? Well, perhaps all of these, but it is my considered opinion that the real curse of our day and age is specialization. I've been particularly exposed to it, of course, in studying at Caltech. People get their PhD degrees for theses on "The Iodine Compounds of 1,2-dimethyl-trihydroxy-peroxy-urea" or "The Mating Habits of the Species of Southern Articulata Simulata Found in the Southern Portions of the Fish Pond in the Quad." Seems like a man who knows about even his own field - such as chemistry or physics - is rare indeed. And the man who is up with current events in most scientific fields is one in a million. And who ever heard of a man who not only keeps up with his science, but reads books and newspapers as well?

Seems sort of sad, because I have great admiration for the scientist-philosophers of some centuries ago, who worked on everything from theology to alchemy. Whatever kinds of learning man had at the time, they took a stab at it. Of course, it just ain't possible today. If you study for fifteen years, you can absorb a small portion of the cumulative knowledge of mankind about your field. You haven't a chance of getting a significant fraction of the rest.

And so, some geologist spends ten years working out a problem which is buried in the chemistry library, while a physicist never knows about some biologist's discoveries that would aid him immensely in building his computer. It's rather like the waste effort involved in the over-unionization of some industries, where you have to have a man from the electrician's union to plug the machine in, and a man from another union to set it up, and another to run it and so forth.

But I suppose it's the price we pay for having all this knowledge. Until we perfect a means of pouring knowledge into the human skull in wholesale doses it'll just have to be put up with.

And so with this cheerful note of homey philosophy, I shall retire to catch a small dab of sleep in order to arise bright and cheery tomorrow to go cow trailing across the desert in search of rocks and happiness and a bit of relaxation.

Hoping you find the same,

Larry

Job-hunting:



JUST THINK SIR,
YOU'D PROBABLY BE
THE ONLY STORE IN
TOWN WHOSE JANITOR
HAD A B.S. FROM CALTECH!

NON BLK for TAT

Hi --

The name is Bill Ellern, or Billern, depending on how "fannish" you want to be. I enjoy reading science-fiction, but don't usually actively engage in writing for fanzines, or sending letters, or the like. I spend too much time behind a typewriter trying to explain the Bendix G-20 Computer System. By profession I am a physicist turned engineer turned technical writer, a changeling. Someday I'll change back.

in my spare time I "help" Bjo run a personalized ceramics business. The personalized ceramics are cups, jewelry, trifids, etc. with Y O U R N A M E on them. (Advertisement) Write to The White Knoll Company, this address, for a circular on our NEW PRICES. (End of Advertisement).

At the moment I have a spare time project. I bought a used Volkswagon Microbus, with signs on the sides, and front & back that say "The Hyatt House Hotel". That's right, the Microbus was originally rented to the same chain of Hyatt House Hotels as where the 1961 World Science Fiction in Seattle, September 1 - 4 is to be held. The Microbus was sold on the condition that the signs be removed. Today I found the secret solvent for the enamel that the signs are painted with -- Ajax Clenser and elbow grease. The sign now reads "The Hyatt Hot".

So-o-o-o-o.... the signs on the sides will be replaced with ones reading "The White ~~Slave~~ Knoll Company". In front and back it will read "H.M.S. Motley". On the Driver's door a little sign will be painted "Helmsman", on the door door oposite "Navigator". The center doors will be labeled "Crew". The rear door will be labeled "Fantail". Below on the motor access dooris "Engine Room".

Next week comes the christening ceremonies. I think we better pour the home brew over it, instead of breaking a bottle. There are enough dents as i as is -- besides we need the bottles.

So much for the Motley and its crew.

We'll all see you at the convention --

Bill Ellern

+++++

ARTISTS are needed to participate in the forthcoming Fan Art Show (where are you, Judy & Neil Glad, Janet Freeman, and other artistic but shy Neffers?). Send your work to: Burnett R. Toskey, 7323 - 19th N.E., Seattle 15, Washington. First send to Bjo for a copy of PAS-tell, the art show bulletin for instructions on how to enter the show, please. But let's hear from all of you out there, okay?

INTERESTED non-artists are definitely needed; to help locate new talent (and send their addresses to Bjo right away) and to support and encourage the talent we already have lined up. You don't have to be able to draw a straight line to get PAS-tell, or participate in the planning of a new show. We need workers -- with or without artistic talent -- to work in the display rooms during conventions and to spread the word about this project. Interested in joining the fun? Write Bjo.

Going... Going... GONE!

by Bruce Pelz, LMA

On several occasions in the last year or so the IASFS has held auctions of fannish and stfnic materials. Some of them were to benefit our own treasury, others were for various fan funds such as TAFF. The most recent was to benefit the fund to bring Walt Willis and his wife Madeleine from Belfast to the convention in Chicago (1962). From auctioning fanzines, prozines, books, artwork and a few miscellaneous items, the club kicked fifty dollars into the fund -- with no trouble at all.

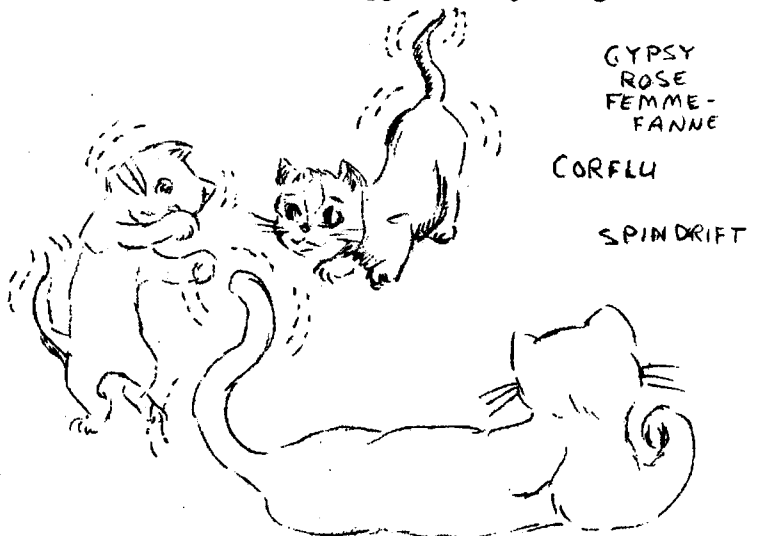
There will be more auctions to benefit the Willis Fund at IASFS before the deadline for monies is reached. How much can be contributed depends on two things: how much money the IASFS members have to spend, and how much material we can round up to auction. And believe it or not, the latter is much more important than the former. The IASFS is full of collectors, and if we can get good material, we can part said members from every extra cent they've got, to benefit the fan funds. Collectors seem able to find money for their collections when they can't find it for anything else.

So...assuming that other clubs can do or are doing the same thing, the problem is finding the material. That, in case you were wondering, is where you come in. What have you got in your cellars, attics, closets, or other storage areas that is of some sort of fannish or stfnic nature (Rotsler sent over some plastic models of rocket ships) that you don't care about any longer? Magazines, fanzines, books - hardbound or paperbacks, artwork (where in hell are all the illos auctioned off at the conventions?); and miscellaneous stuff can all be grist for the auction mills. Hunt around, why don't you, and see what you can donate to your local SF Club. And if you don't have a local SF Club, send it to the Fan Hillton, and we'll auction it off for the IASFS.

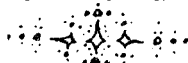
Don't overlook small items, like individual fanzines, either -- you'd be surprised what the crazy collectors around here will pay for fanzines. A copy of Willis's ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR brought in \$3.80 at IASFS auction last year, for example. It's a way you can contribute to worthy fannish causes at small cost -- like; postage to Los Angeles. Just make sure to mark any such packages you send as "Auction Material." If you don't, one of the collectors who live at the Fan Hillton is likely to snaffle them for himself. And it might not be me, since I don't get at the mail as early as the others.

From the collector's point of view, the auction is an opportunity to get items which would be difficult or impossible to obtain otherwise, as the owner is much more likely to allow himself to be pried loose from the item in the name of a worthy fannish cause than in the name of Collecting. Also, the money that he spends, while it may be somewhat more than he would have spent if he had tracked the item down elsewhere, does go to a fan project instead of just into someone's pocket.

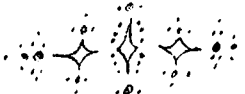
It's a strange feeling to act as auctioneer for one of these things, and have some item come up that one has to have for his own collection -- in fairness to the auction, he has to hike the price up on himself. A weird feeling, I assure you, and I'll get it many times before the year is out. See what you can do to make sure that I do, huh? Feed the auctions and they'll feed the Collectors.



No, I am not a N3F member at present, but I am inbedded to the Federation for introducing me to fandom. It was like this: I was a typical young profan, living in a small town in which there were no fans, as far as I knew, though there must have been some readers of science-fiction. One day, delving thru a copy of a prozine found at the downtown drugstore's newsrack (where such things were known to appear) I found a reference to a forthcoming science-fiction convention. "There are others?", I asked myself, referring to people who read science-fiction. I earned money for the trip by various means; I picked blackberries (don't! they have little sharp spines that work into the skin.); I helped put up barbed-wire fencing; I even spent a month rogueing*. I went to the convention. It was the SFCon, and there I saw the programmed events, met people who were later to become my friends, but who I would never be able to identify as the ones I met there (Oh, for total recall!), and never even knew there were such things as partys, or fanzines or.... But I brought home with me a load of little odds and ends, and later found among them a membership application for the N3F. My doom was sealed. If you have read this far, Gilbert Gosseyn, you have been caught in the most intricate trap ever devised for one fan. I got letters from the ~~un~~welcomite and joined them until I burned out. I wrote to Honey Wood. She married Rog Phillips Graham. Have you ever addressed a married woman as Dear Honey Graham? I wrote part of a Round Robin story I havn't seen since (Did it ever appear?). I recieved my first fanzines: They were crude first efforts, but so were my illos in them. And I heard about LASFS, from whose members I learned about fandom. There were sixty people in my correspondence file at its hight. Then I suffered one of those losses of interest which had taken most of the fans I knew out of N3F, and lost contact with fandom. Later I moved to Los Angeles, but that's another story.

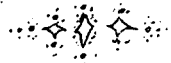
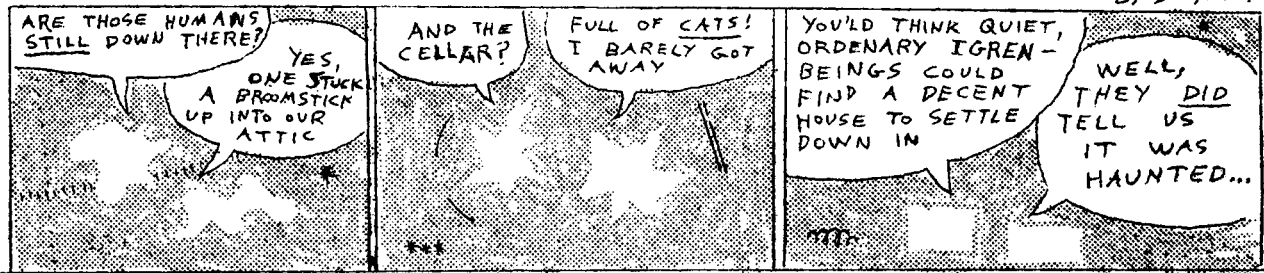


This is being typed on John Henry, also called typer j h, an electric monster of the color of the best hurkles, namely blue, by Don Simpson, a flesh-and-ichor monster of pale and slightly mottled pink, and the combination of colors is sickining. *Rogueing is nothing more dashing than chopping up wild pumpkin plants in irrigation ditches; The variety is called Citron: fist-size spheres of green-on-green stripes. Otherwise they crossbreed with commercial seed pumpkins and produce mongrel seeds. Then migratory workers toss the pumpkins into tractor-drawn rotating drums of hurricane fencing, and the resulting pulp is hauled in trucks to the plant. There the seeds are sent through screen sluces much like the pulping drums; this gets rid of any remaining mush. The seeds are dried in bins and sacked, then sealed in drums and shipped to far corners of the earth. But for me, somewhere in New Zealand a farmer would be holding up a runty watermelon and saying very harsh things about a certain wholesale vine seed company. It's nice to know you've done your part in the great war against runty watermelons. Even if the botanists get all the glory.



the FAN-HILLTON

by SIMPSON



This has been AMAZING, THRILLING, SEXY, ASTOUNDING, ANALOG, AND DRY DULL BORING SCIENTIFIC FACT NEFFER STORIES, Volume One, Number One. A one-shot published by the Fan Hillton crew and the attendees at the Neffer Get-acquainted Pizza Party, on 10 June, 1961. It'll be eleven June before we're finished.

We finally figured out the distribution of this thing. N'APA members will get their copies thru the mailing, while the copies for the rest of the N3F will be sent out simultaneously to each. Probable run will be 195 copies or so. We'll keep a few, and send out a few to possibly interested parties. (Hi, Redd!)

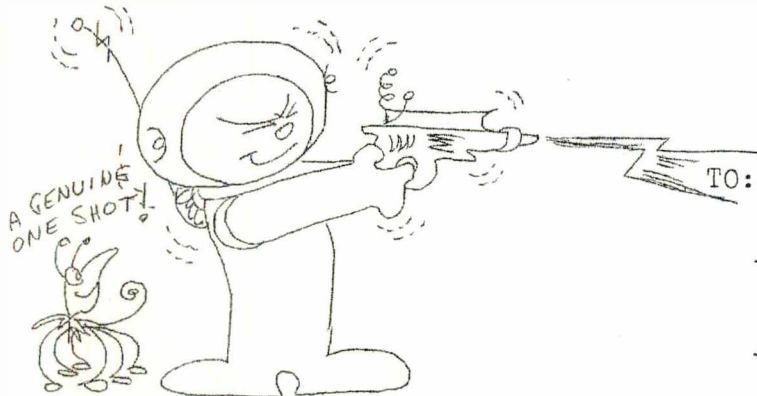
-oOo-

NEFFERS, if you enjoyed this one-shot, please let us know. If you have anything at all to say about it; please do so! It is lack of response which kills many a fine N3F project; lack of YOUR letter of comment to a hard-working editor; lack of YOUR opinion on a subject under discussion; lack of YOUR vote on a serious proposition; lack of YOUR encouragement on a project or activity.

Well, have you ever written to another Neffer to simply offer encouragement on something they are trying to do? Have you (yes, YOU) ever dropped a note to Ralph Holland to tell him what a great job he's doing on publishing TNFF? Have you sent even a postcard to GM Carr to thank her for taking on the job of being convention hostess for the N3F this year? Did you bother to say anything nice to Alma Hill for acting so well in that capacity last year? Have you even bothered to drop a short note to a Neffer who is trying to bring the club's good side to fandom, and tell him that you think he is doing a good job? Even people who are too busy to help out on something can at least drop the workers a little card; how much time does that cost you, compared to the time that Neffer has been putting in (for free) to make YOUR club a good one; with a good name in fandom? Or do you really care at all?

This little fanzine was put out in fun; we'd like to know if you had fun with it, too. If we never hear from you, of course, we will never send our efforts out into the N3F again; why should we waste all that time, energy, and money when you won't even waste a four-cent stamp? We can send it to general fandom and get letters.

ATSAADDBSFNS Vol. 1, #1
The Fan Hillton
2790 West Eighth Street
Los Angeles 5, California



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INSPECTION
(But You Won't Find Any-
thing to Interest You!)
