

BIBBITLY #

(EYETRACKS)

THREE



The EDITOR'S RAGES---including assorted groans, gripes, whinnies, wheezes, and other assorted noises denoting abject frustration, fear, and disgust.

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "To talk of many things. Of shoes, of ships, of cabbages and kings. And why the sea is boiling hot, and whether pigs have wings." And so on. Sometime, we shall have to go into that more thoroughly. It's quite a long piece of poetry, and I know most of you have not heard it all. (Alright, alright, who hollered "Who wants to"? !

At any rate, the time has come to talk of many things---whether or not we'll touch on the afore-mentioned subjects remains to be seen---namely, the exact status of EIBB at the present, and my own future actions fandomwise.

Firstly, I've discovered that there are other things besides fandom, and will, of necessity, cut down on my fan activity. I find that a monthly magazine is just too much for me, so I'm cutting down to quarterly publication. This should give me enough time to eat sleep, go out with loose women, and fan.

I have to squelch an impulse to cut this thing short. I'm not in the mood to write editorials, and it would mean that much less paper I'd have to use. However, faithful to the end, and all that sort of rot...

This--to change the subject rather rapidly to something I'd rather talk about--renewed interest in jazz music, which seems to have made itself apparant during the last few months or year, is responsible for digging out, and re-recording, several old discs, which, although not strictly jazz, are of a historical interest. However, I note with alarm, a condition which is said to have prevailed during the mid-thirties; i.e., that of calling any music played faster than a dead crawl, jazz, or swing. Using this as the only criterion for your judgement, it is possible to class Three Blind Mice as a "...delightfully new and different jazz number." And it wouldn't surprise me if somebody tries it.

The main thing to remember, of course, is that jazz, dixie, bop, ad infinitum, are all offshoots of the Negro's music which was brought originally from Africa. These aforementioned types all have one thing in common--a very definite and detectable heavy rythm beat. And there is where Billy May and Paul Whiteman missed the boat. They both had rhythm, but no beat, if you get the difference. Take paul Whiteman, for instance. He did not, regardless of the fact that he was called The King Of Jazz, play jazz. Of course he hired jazz men for his orchestra, but he didn't let them--Boiderbecko, Spanier, Krupa, etc.--play jazz. It was sort of like hiring a baseball team to play basketball. Those jazzmen were not allowed to play their own kind of music. Whiteman was leader, so they played Whiteman's music, and that certainly was not jazz. It shows up on any early Whiteman record you care to listen to. And if you can't find an early Whiteman record, listen to Ralph Marterie's recording of SKOKIAAN. The difference is absolutely undescernable.

Ah, well...I was going to cut short, so...





You people don't know when you're well off, do you? At any rate, the reaction to the pitiful attempt of last issue, at reviewing fanzines, was so well received, that I've decided to tempt fate again with a few reviews of the recent and readable. This reaction business--several sent letters saying, "CONTINUE!!!" and I got innumerable fanzines marked "Review." So, never let it be said that I passed up an opportunity like this! Shall we, then?

**ABSTRACT:** Pete Vorzimer, 1311 North Laurel Avenue, West Hollywood, 46, California Volume 1, #7; Single issues only--10¢; At the outset, this displays what I have heard is a copy from some EC magazine. Anyway, it displays, however exaggerated, the very temperament of a convention--a sort of brawling free-for-all. Very good... Inside, Pete makes adequate use of color with his dittoing and illos... About the most jarring note I find is the Terry Carr "column", which consists of nothing but a letter from Mack Reynolds to Terry, which, as far as I can judge, has absolutely not a wit of interest to anyone but Mr. Carr. It is, I think, a rather transparent attempt at name-dropping. There's a rather long review section and letter column, along with an editorial in which Vorzimer informs us that he has discovered that he is a fake-fan. Interesting. This issue is not quite up to par, comparing it to earlier examples--and with Pet's two big 100 page issues coming up, I look for one of several things to happen: a) He will fold shortly after the Conish. b) He will continue very staggeringly after the Conish, make a feeble attempt at his annish, and then fold. c) He will make his Conish smaller than planned, and forget the large annish altogether. Pick one.

**DISGUISE #2:** V. Paul Nowell, 6528 Gentry Avenue, North Hollywood, California. I find a horrible thing happening, right before my eyes. It seems that most fans now find it impossible to write out the word "at"; instead, they substitute the sign @, which actually, means "at (such and such a price) each". Another fanzine with no particularly good reason for existence...

**FIE:** Harry Calnek, Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia, Canada (from memory--hope it's right.) One of Canada's top fanzines, it contains the usual features, reviews, letters, and wonder of wonders, the editor can do a fairly good job of writing. One of my pet peeves, to further beat an old timeworn cliché, is to pick up a magazine in which the editor wastes pages and pages saying nothing, or worse yet, says something like, "Can't think of anything to say, soya nextish." If he couldn't think of anything to say, why in the name of heaven is he telling us??? ("Did he think we tho't it would stay up there????"--Johnny Standley) Anyway, back to the subject at hand--Norman J. Clarke, whom I am always confusing with Norman Browne, writes a column, which if for no other reason, is interesting reading purely for the abstract beauty of its well-constructed sentences. Lyons and Steward collaborate on a Midwestern report, which is typically conish. YE OLDE DUTCH MILL by Georgina Ellis is a column of the blathering class. Pages and pages of pure nothing. A fairly long letter column and a bit by Joe Koogh along with Gerry Steward's fanzine reviews, fill out this issue of a fine magazine. One that you should read, by all means.

**GEMZINE 4:3;** G. M. Carr, 8323-51st NW, Seattle 7, Washington; Gertrude is still doing a slow burn, I should imagine, over the very poor--admittedly--reproduction on ECLIPSE number nine. I sincerely hope it hasn't caused her too many ulcers... Anyway, here is Madame Carr's latest, not much different from her old GEMTONES, except for increased page area, and the fact that she's not trying to review everything. A review of the 67th FAPA mailing brings out some very, very interesting discussion about McCarthy,



Ah, so--and are we all assembled? Yes, children, tis again time for the monthly meeting of the Board of Directors of the Associated Scramgravy Straighteners (Scramgravy Ain't Wavy) with an interesting note from a researcher in North Ireland. With this intrinsically intriguing opening gambit, then, we begin:

Larry Anderson  
2716 Smoky Lane  
Billings, Montana

I am in receipt of one collection of poorly mimeographed brilliant comment. My gratitude is extended to you for the thoughtfulness shown in sending of BIBELTY #2. ((What better way of getting rid of useless garbage?)) BUT WHY THE HELL DON'T YOU LEARN TO USE A MIMEOGRAPH? I have to admit that you've improved over BEK with your ink-drinking monster. Your reproduction is still faulty, tho. ## I don't know about Ellison. A lot of these guys that are always blowing their tops are the Liberace type anyway. I see, tho, that you were swayed by Ellison's bit of propaganda in PSYCHOTIC. It really was masterful writing. Wonder how many times he rewrote it before sending it in to Geis. If you go through it carefully, you can pick it to pieces. The various propaganda techniques... Ellison knows how to write, we must admit that. But then, if you know a little about propaganda, you can tell just what really goes on, with a minimum of facts to go on. ((Alright then--you unravel the mess around seventh fandom.)) ## SUPERFAN'S SECRET IDENTITY was alright. Not sensational, but quite readable. ~~ELLISON~~, of course, would have been nothing without Ellison's effort. Keep that one page of nonsense, poetry and such. It was just the right ending for a pleasant mag.

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"THE SUN!!!"  
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Thom Perry  
4040 Halvert Street  
Lincoln 6, Nebraska

I understand from very devious and underhanded sources that my sister has sent you a story with some very scandalous material about me in it. ((A story?? Hah!!)) Of course I am a good egg ((Yeah, I've heard that you're a real white guy...)) and can stand kidding, but IF YOU PRINT IT I SHALL SUE! The printer, publisher and author

Continued AFTER REVUES



whom she upholds quite rabidly, and makes some good points in doing so. I will not attempt comment on this discussion, not having had the opportunity to fully digest the argument. MONSOON takes on the task of reviewing the generalzines, and EEK9 gets a verbal roasting. The reviews, tho, are highly honest; no punches pulled, and praise given when, and only when, deserved. This is a basic necessity, and I personally hope it continues for many issues to come--at least till I get out of the doghouse. But GEM proves herself to be one of the disenchanted by the publishing of a poem, ODE TO POGO, in which she interprets swamp talk, with a literal preciseness. Really, now, Gertrude, how can-you?

GREY; malstrom and kobold; Charles Wells, 405 East 62nd, Savannah, Georgia, and Larry Anderson, 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana. Which, in case you're confused, means simply this: M. Wells has held himself off to an institution of learning, and in the process of becoming hightoned, has found himself without the time to continue GREY, which is a despicable state of affairs to say the least. And now, Larry Anderson has taken over, which same ditto for the first part. GREY as by Wells I liked very much, and was always enchanted on those days when the mailman made his struggling way up to my door with a copy of it--it seemed such a friendly little thing. GREY as by Anderson is a different story. Larry, mein lantsman, you don't have the right personality for GREY. You are not publishing the same magazine at all--merely a different magazine under the same name. The layout is different, the whole feeling is awry.

LA BANSHEE no's 1-5. Dean Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Isn't the foregoing recommendation enough? **Fogwdsake, GET THIS!!**

MIMI; Georgina Ellis, 1428 15th Street East, Calgary Alberta, Canada. There is something different about all Canadian fanzines from United Statesian efforts; first, of course, the great majority of Canadian fans take their fanzines more seriously than we Americans. By that, I don't mean that the difference is an increased amount of stuffiness; it goes deeper than that. I would not attempt to disclose the difference, because I'm really not absolutely sure one exists, and if it does, I certainly don't know how to find it; however, MIMI is not content to travel the path of most of her Canadian contemporaries. She, rather, is going astray and trying to seem like an American magazine, in style and personality. However, in this attempt, Miss (I trust that condition still exists?) Ellis falls flat on her face, and simply gushes. This foregoing is not to mean that all American fanzines are gems of humor, but there is a difference between American and Canadian humor, slight tho it may be, which does exist. It is this difference I am trying to point out. Georgina, then, is trying to emulate the American form of humor as found in PSYCHOTIC. Anyway, Georgina Ellis, as I said, gushes. Present in MIMI is a sort of forced humor, which is, at best, highly transparent, and slightly irritating. Could be much better if she'd stop trying so hard.

NITE CRY; Don Chappell, 5921 East 4th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma. I keep thinking I've reviewed this thing somewhere before, but I can't figure out where it would be. I don't do a review column for anyone but myself--maybe I was just thinking of what I had intended to say about it...at any rate, here it is, and I suppose I should review it. It features a two-color--black and green--cover, which is done adequately well.

Inside are such things as an editorial, which fills space, a very good story, THE HALF SHADOW, by E. R. Kirk, one of Frieberg's old stable (Glad, something happened to the line spacer!), a column by Joim Hitchcock which just barely makes itself readable, an article, HELP THE BLIND, by Warren Dunn, which brings out the perrenial cry of the neo-fan, "Wha' do Say?"...Seems M. Dunn is a bit confused about the nomenclature of fandom, and would somebody please explain. In cases like this, Beatrowsky delights in telling the story about himself and Vernon McCain, wherein Bob read a letter by McCain in TWS or SS, about four years ago, in which Vernon goof--WOWP!--offered to explain to anyone interested, the nuances and such, of fandom. Bob wrote back, in essence, "So explain, awreddy." Back came a six page letter. Anyway--Warren, about



the best thing for you to do is get someone who is acquainted with fandom, and ask him personally. You'll find out more. Phil Davis--to continue the review--writes a morbidly humorous thing called, DINE WITH ME, which I find to my taste. SMOKE SIGNALS is of interest, primarily, to Oklahoma fan. Need I say more? THE FANZINE TRAIL by Raleigh Maltog is a typical fanzine review column. Nothing outstanding, but gives one fan's supposedly honest opinion of a fanzine, and what more can you ask of anybody? EBB TIDE is a kind of watery letter column. The whole magazine is ended off with HOW TO GO ON THE WAGON IN ONE EASY (?) LESSON, which, even tho I've read it hundreds of times, still reduces me to helpless hysterics every time I see it. Mag is readable.

NUCLEONICS.; L. S. Bourne, c/o R. L. Bingham, 3709 SE Hawthorne, Portland, Oregon. A first issue, and like all of them, typically so. Does look like Larry knows what he's doing with that ditto tho, unless it was run off by somebody else. The magazine itself contains too many drawings by Bourne himself. Face it Larry--you're no artist...yet. The editorial is one of those afore-mentioned can't-think-of-anything-else-to-say-etc. typos. Bourne makes up, in part, for his questionable artwork with an article, How To Get Rid Of BEMS and Other Items, which I found, in spots, quite good. Geis contributes one of his faces which are becoming just a bit wearing after seeing them on every backcover of PSYCHOTIC for the last nine months, and Jim Bradely has a very good piece of material on one page of the art section. Somebody goofed there, because one page is blank. Easy done, I guess. Larry has an engaging style of writing, which time and experience will bring out in its entirety. I think, from reading NUCLEONICS, that you are rather young, yet, Larry. I might be wrong; maybe you're an understudy to Methuselah--I'm just going by the general tone of you're--your, rather--writing. I look for this one to improve mightily with coming issues. Watch it closely.

PLANETOID; Larry Anderson, 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana. Another Robot Press thing. A oneshot that outgrew itself, according to Andy. Contains nothing but ramblings by the editor. Quite enjoyable.

REVIEW; Vernon L. McCain, c/o Western Union, Kellog, Idaho. (Pardon, that's Box 876, Kellog, Idaho) A review type thing with letters and outside contributions, this. One of those things that, unless you've seen previous issues, means little. I particularly appreciated a letter by John Magnus (and all you little 7<sup>th</sup> fandomers note that Johnny spells his name with an "n".) about the "forming" of seventh fandom. I can picture all the disappointed faces turning vermilion, from here to Santa Barbara and back. Kill ninety percent of 7th fandom, indeed! Fanzine reviews by one who does not pull punches, a thing by Bob Tucker, which, in my innocent manner, I consider just a bit too shady, and reviews of foreign editions of American prozines. If you can get it, do so...

CONFAB; Bob Peatrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska; This is the first time I've ever reviewed anything by Peat, so I'm not quite sure how I should conduct myself. I asked him if he wanted to dictate his review, but he gave me a dirty look, so I'm afraid I'm stuck with doing the job. Bob, due to the fact that one of his readers complained, has begun dating the letters. Honestly, Bob--only one fan complained? You're much too accomadating! Redd Boggs states the case of CONFAB very nicely, so I shall quote it, verbatim: "There are so many discussions going on in CONFAB, now that it's hard to keep up with all of them." Which is as close to the fact as I'm sure anybody's ever been able to come. Anything and everything is discussed in CONFAB, all of which makes up a most interesting and homey mess. I'm not even going to attempt comment on any of the arguments found hereing, other than to say, if argument is your meat, get CONFAB--T-bone if ever I have seen it.



**DAWN;** Russell K. Watkins, 110 Brady Street, Savannah, Georgia. The main things that bother me about DAWN are its lack of planning on layout, and the overused Carr fillers. Improvement could be made with a bit better layout, and art by somebody else. Use your imagination, Russ--look at professional magazines, and note how their stuff is laid out. There's no need to copy styles directly; just note, and go on with your own imagination from there. Material includes columns, a story, satirical article by Art Kunwiss, which is highly stereotyped, letter column, and probably the greatest service ever performed for fankind, a checklist of almost ever fanzine currently being published. By this means, I find almost 110--coincidental, isn't it?--fanzines now being published in fandom, which is a lot of crud in any man's language. Typical...

**SINUS-FICTION FUS;** (a publication of infection charm) Tod Wagner, 2005 Jefferson Street, Madison 5, Wisconsin. Wagner is the poor man's Grennell. In fact, I'm not so sure he's not another pseudonym for Dean, one which ran away from home or something. Probably or something. Material contained is a story by one Barbarianna Vulturess, entitled Southern Comfort, which turned out to be one of those dragged-out puns like the one circulated anon. by Grennell some years ago, the punchline of which was, "Which bomb has LaToni?" Must be read to be believed. The only other thing in this odd little item is a thing entitled, "THE PHRISCON: THRU THE BOTTOM OF THE BOTTLE", or, "THRU THE PHRISCON'S BOTTOM BOTTLE, as it somehow is twisted out to...I'm inclined to think somebody's nuts, and I'm afraid it's no.

**CANADIAN FANDOM;** Gerald Steward, 166 McRoberts Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. This current issue of a continually highly readable Canadian fanzine goes overboard with a lithographed cover. This is the sort of thing that gives fanzine editors inferiority complexes. Despite a somewhat overpowering sense of its own seriousness that sometimes permeates its pages, CANADIAN FANDOM is one of the better--in fact, it comes close to being the best--fanzines in Canada. Material is well-presented, layout is the best, and the whole thing is very pleasing to the eye. The material itself is high quality, with an article by Don Ford, INDIAN LAKE STORY, which gives an interesting account of the beginning of the Midwesterncon. Get it.

**SPACESHIP;** Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn, 13, NY. This one needs no introduction, I'm sure. It seems to be one of fandom's old standbys. This one is issue number twenty-six, which puts Bob well into his sixth year of publication. The cover is a Carr cover, simple and easy on the eyes. The magazine these days is mainly a FAPazine, thereby containing material primarily of interest to FAPs. There are reviews of the last FAPA mailing, and an article by Richard Verdon, which is simply a review of three science fiction books. Would like to see you return to subzine publishing, Bob.

**UMBRA;** John Hitchcock, 15 Arbutus Avenue, Baltimore 28, Maryland. Ah, Rotsler, Rotsler, Rotsler. Everywhere one looks, one sees the same pie-faced boms of Dill's. They're getting almost as familiar as DEA's hawk-faced women. And that is one of my main arguments with several fanzine editors who, when they find a good artist--and the Lord knows, they're rare enough!--he works the poor fool to death. Soon, so much of the artist's work has appeared that the viewers get somewhat disgusted each time some more of it appears. A good policy to follow in cases such as these, is the old Greek philosophy, "Moderation in all things." Inside, there is contained a somewhat odd article by George Wetzel called, NATURAL HISTORY IN WATER PIPES, which maintains that the city of Baltimore has, throughout its history, been plagued by a series of eels, and other marine life, popping out of its water faucets and hydrants, something which, to say the very least, I find rather hard to believe. I mean, really...But then, I find a detailed "bibliography" at the end of the article, giving sources of information. My, ghawd...the strangest things! Letter column follows...return to normalacy...

**EPI TOME;** Mike May, 9428 Hobart Street, Dallas 18, Texas. A first issue. Color mimography. As is the case with most first issues, seems to be a bit hard up for material. There's a thing by Ron Ellik, which is, as far as I can tell, supposed to be a conclave report, of no interest to anyone but the persons involved. Story by Larry Stark, which



is readable—and that's about all. Johnson Undertakings, by Sam Johnson, may develop into something, or may not, depending upon what the author does with it. Watch this—could do something...

LYRIC; Jim Bradley, 545 NE San Rafael, Portland 12, Oregon. If you haven't seen this one, you just haven't lived! Contains the incomparable artwork, by Bradley himself, and Bob Kellog. Poetry is by Durt Deerman, Terry Carr, Agatha Gray Southern, and quite a few others. And, surprisingly and thankfully enough, I find no poetry by Isabelle Dinwiddie. This is recommendation enough for any magazine. ((Oh, good Ghod! Just as soon as I say it, I discover a condition to the exact contrary! A poem—poom—by Dinwiddie is included! Ya Gahrahti!)) How will I ever live this down!

GEMZINE 4/4; G. M. Carr, 8325 31st N.W., Seattle 7, Washington. A SAPSazine with delusions of grandeur. Contains mailing reviews, other fanzine reviews, and some highly interesting facets of G.M.'s character heretofore unknown to myself. THE ENCHANTED TEACUP maid me approach with caution—I was fully expecting a pun on Willis and Moskowitz and The Enchanted Duplicator. To my ultimate horror, it was straight fantasy, and a very good job too. However, I'm not sure how I'm supposed to take a certain remark in her review of DAWN. "I bit into a hunk of slag", indeed... There's one thing about any of G.M.'s magazines that has always puzzled me, and it was particularly evident in the last few issues of GEMZINE. Her artwork—that is, the artwork in her magazine—has a sameness about it, no matter who is the artist, which makes foud for thought. (Are we even, Mrs. Carr, ma'am?) I think it might be traced to her stencil cutting technique. Few indeed are they who cut stencils with a crochet hook.

Out of the U. S. now, to Merrie England, we hie ourselves, to view a publication from the Windermerish hands of one Pete Campbell, entitled, ANDROMEDA. A two-leaf job, somewhat eye-achingly mimeographed, containing a convention report which I'm still trying to decide whether 'twas straight or not, and some ads. But how does he manage to cram so much into two pages? Because it's half-spaced, of cuss...Got.

From Merrie England then, to The Bonnie Isle of Ireland, where we find Ving Clark, Bill Temple, Chuck Harris, Walt Willis, and a whole raft of otherpeople—at least they've got two hands and two feet—cavorting through the current issue of HYPHEN, which I'm not going to attempt to review, other than to say that Willis announces the demise of SLANT, which you probably all know by know anyway, so what's the use, and who can?

Back to the American Continent, where we find that Howard Lyons is currently awaiting entry into FAPA, and has, in the interim betwixt #8 and #1, assembled some hilarious cartoons and commentary inot a private thing yclept PRE-APA. I haven't yet found who this JLP who does all the cartoons is supposed to be, but he looks like a fugitive from a looney bin, and I say, more power to him! Norman Browne prefers an article about 7th Fandom, which is all I shall say. Draw your own conclusions. This whole thing reminds me of a little thing that came out some years ago—about one—; a little quarter-size deal put out by Ron Fleshman during the happy days before he got shangied into the Navy. I don't know if a lot of you saw it, but to get an idea of it, take PRE-APA, LYRIC, and ABAS, multiply by two, and you have a faint notion. Laugh! I thot I never would.

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There was an interlineation I wanted to put here, but I've forgotten it by now...  
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are equally liable, so I'll have to get a good round figure which can be easily divided by three...say \$150. I haven't read that story yet, but I hope it has lots of scandalous material in it. My piggy bank is running low. ## Any way, be sure to send me a copy of the BIBB it's printed in. I have always wanted to see my name in mimeograph.

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"...and one of them just sits there and does nothing but transcribe interlineations from the conversation..."  
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Denis Moreen  
214 Ninth Street  
Wilmette, Illinois

Hmmm...so old EEK has folded, eh? You probably mentioned it in the last issue of BIBB, or something, but I didn't know it. ## One thing I noticed immediately...your reproduction has improved tremendously now...at least the issue can be read, which is a change. Keep up the readability. I like what you're saying, when it can be read. ## Your quick changeovers from this opinion to that, etc as regards 7APA is a little confusing, but I think I see a faint glimmer of what it's all about. I agree that 7APA failed mostly because of disorganization and unorganization; but I disagree to the extent that I don't think Harlan should take over duties as its head. ((And I don't think he will be...)) Ellison is a great man but he is too, too enthusiastic at times...sometimes enough so to scare anyone else away from his vicinity instead of luring him in. He is far from soft-spoken, and I think that a leader of 7APA should be someone with firm convictions, but who goes around in a more unassuming manner than Harlan--now don't get me wrong; I'm not criticizing Harlan. But it seems like sticking a giraffe in to lead a herd of turtles. ## I am wondering how you managed to receive PEON so much sooner than I--I received it today, along with BIBB. At any rate, fanzine reviews are quite good--this hidden talent surprises me! By all means, continue them! ## The ESHE art is very intriguing all through the thing. What the heck is it with this Superfan thing? It's so utterly confusing I gave up in the middle. Really, Ray, I mean, REALLY. The poem page is wondrous, and I think to a certain extent, is the best thing this issue. It has much sparkle, such life, such everything. I'd write a poem for you right now, but my heart wouldn't be in it...Your letter column is still enjoyable; horribly so. It always seems to have something different about it, I don't know what. Continue, CONTINUE!

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"I don't have to worry about interlineations for another whole month!"  
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Walt Willis  
170 Upper N&Ard's Rd.  
Belfast, North Ireland

Many thanks for sending me HIBBILITY. I thought it was very good indeed, especially the bit about 7APA and Harlan Ellison. I don't say I agree with it, but it's fine writing and makes fine reading. ## Hitherto I have held aloof from the Scramgravy controversy, not because I underestimate the importance of determining whether it is wavy or not, but because I don't feel qualified to express an opinion. ((Oh, well there are a lot of unqualified researchers in the field...)) But when this fellow Henry Martin, a brash newcomer to the field of scramgravyology, can come out with a bold statement that scramgravy has been proven to be not wavy, I beg leave to spit in his face. It's not as simple as that, Mr. Martin. You can't make a sweeping assertion like that on the basis of a few crude experiments. How can you tell that



your sample of scamgravy was chemically pure? Everyone knows that the slightest impurity in scamgravy can take the waviness completely out of it. Furthermore Kornbluth and Pohl pointed out in their notable novel, "Scamgravy Planet", and as Hal Clement hinted in "Mission of Scamgravy", a lot can depend on the scamgravy vibrational forces acting on the scamgravy at the time. Again, how can Mr. Martin, using only the crude instruments available in Nebraska, say that there was NO waviness in his scamgravy? All he can say is that the scamgravy he tested--if it is indeed scamgravy, and not shamscamgravy--was not wavy as far as he could detect. It is superficial judgments like this which bring disrepute to serious scamgravy researchers like ourselves. Yours for wavier scamgravy...

((Mr. Martin's theories have been borne out in other investigations by the eminent research director of the Savannah Institute for Laconically Legal Investigations (SILLY), a Mr. Chas. Wells, in which he--Dr. Wells--discovered that scamgravy, under a bombardment of thomonuclear emanations, completely loses any hint of impurities. In a paper published by the SILLY Press, Dr. Wells states; "...fortunately, there are a number of other characteristic properties of the radiation emitted by scamgravy, which enable us to estimate its surface refraction, even though we do not know its output impedence..." This has been translated by Rbt. Trechouse; "There's mice in the coffee and rats in the tea, not to mention termites in the katsup." So you can see how gravely well-stated Mr. Martin's theories actually are. It will probably take quite some time before the dic-hards realize the true nature of scamgravy, however, but we keep hoping...))

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"Start for Australia and play dominoes..."  
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Jack Harnoss  
Cochran Hall  
Meadville, Penna.

Did you expect to receive a letter from Harnoss, Mr. Thompson?

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Gerald Steward  
166 McRoberts Avenue  
Toronto Ontario, Can.

I don't know how it works with your dupper, never having run it, but with a Gestet, if you run it at a certain speed, you get better results. If you run it too fast, there is a tendency to under ink, although your ink lasts longer and you still get a legible job. I prefer to run it a little under top speed, as this makes the print a little sharper.

If you run too slow, you over ink, and while the print is a nice sharp legible black, there is more ink than the paper is capable of absorbing, and you get offset.





(Steward)

I noted a definite improvement in reproduction on HIBELTY and would hazard a guess that as soon as you get the feel of the mimep, say another two issues, you should be turning out a good job. Even from the past two examples I have seen, I can tell that your dupper is capable of such. ## There is one charming feature about mimeographing--you can never be satisfied. I turn out an issue of Can Fan and before I print it, I can visualize a beautifully reproduced magazine. Then when I have printed the job, I am aware of every single bad spot and I am disappointed. Then I get something like GRUE or SKYHOOK and I am really disappointed. So I tell myself "The next issue will be the one. Somehow, it never is."

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"Those two feuding fans are really bottling it out..."  
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Dale Smith  
3001 Kyle Avenue  
Minneapolis 22, Minnesota

It must be all of two weeks now that HIBELTY # 2 has been shuffled around on my desk until I was to find a moment or two for comment. Looks like that moment is now... First of all, I wish to register a 7th order complaint. Why are you afraid to date HIBELTY? ((My mother was frightened by a calendar salesman...)) Undated material causes the scalp of any true collector to crawl. ((Teach you to buy those cheap wigs)) Five years from now a collector or fanzine researcher will have difficulty in placing HIBELTY in its proper chronological spot. Fifty years from now, such a feat may be practically impossible. ((God! Let's hope so!)) Since neither one nor two were dated your only hope lies in dating a few of the future issues. Have a heart, students of the fanzine phenomenon in 2054 will have enough to worry about, other than trying to establish publication dates. ## The artwork was all good to excellent, with the exception of the cover, which just didn't do anything for me. ## The fanzine reviews and the letter column should be continued. They could even be expanded to take the place of such pointless material as Superfans Secret Identity. ## I am looking forward to future issues of HIBELTY but at the moment I must get No. 2 catalogued and safely placed in its file folder away from the deleterious effects of sunlight and non-fans.

-----  
"What percentage of your mail finally reaches you  
via Virginia...?"  
-----

Jim Bradley ((whoop))  
545 NE San Rafael ((Doesn't it make you mad when somebody spells your address wrong?))  
Portland 12, Oregon

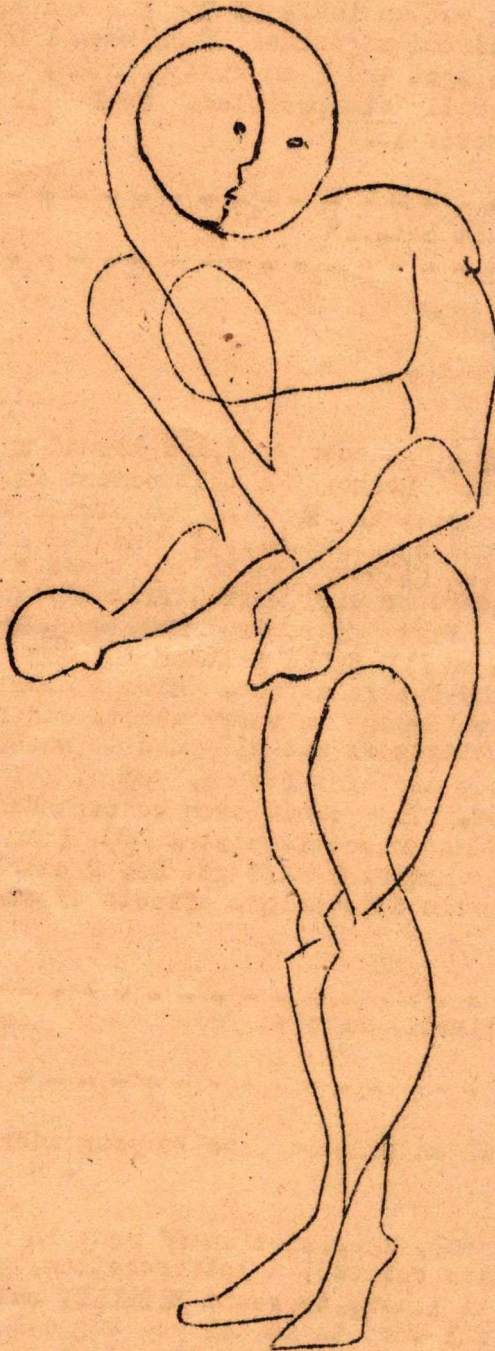
Thanks for HIBELTY. One complaint with your mag, tho...not enough meat in it. An interesting editorial, one story, a few fanzine reviews, a letters section, and some clever rhyme. Should be about two articles, at least, to round HIBELTY out. You oughta get yourself a coupla columnists. ((If I were to do all you suggested, there'd have been little sense in folding EEK and starting a new mag...)) ## I noticed all the comment you had about poor repro--if your repro for #1 was the same as for #2, I would disagree with them, because for mineo, the #2 was very good. Your layout isn't too bad, and ESHM is a good artist. ((So now how about letting me see a copy of LYRIC.))

-----  
"Balint is still in 7APA and refuses to get out."  
-----



Dave Norman  
236 Kenyon Avenue  
East Greenwich, R. I.

Lessee, this should acknowledge your letter and EEK. Thanks for both. The way I remember your letter, you said EEK had had it, and I would receive BIBB. Awccl, never-the less, somethed goofed. So, would like to see what BIBB is. ## On to EEK...



QUAGMIRE was good. I also liked the illos by ESHM. They remind me of some other artist's style, but at the moment, his name eludes me. ## THE OPTOMIST -- poorly written; much hashed over theme. Also, you didn't put at the bottom where it was continued. Same thing with The Dribbles. ## Bobby's ramblings was very good. Anybody who wants his column cut is strictly for the birds. When you stop to realize it, how many lines feature just straight stuff? Very damn few. ## Terry Carr's Critturs were upside down. I don't think mimod does him justice. At least you didn't. ## I'm generally allergic to letter sections, so I dipped yours except for the interlineations. The best one was on page 24, at the top. Too bad you can only pull that one once...

-----  
"Who in the name of Geis is Linda Perry?"  
-----

Rbt Blek  
Bx 362  
Wywga, Wscnsn

((It would be a dirty trick to print the whole thing like that...)) Thanks for BIBB 2, which nestled in my PO box along with 71 other pieces awaiting my return from the San Francisco convention. Now I am down to postals in an endeavor to acknowledge all the correspondence. Then I must return to work and try to catch up on my pro schedule here. Liked the issue, but hope you don't get into trouble because of the Richard Cory reprint. That stuff's copyrighted, isn't it? ## I'm sending a card to Peatrowsky anent CONFAB, which reached me simultaneously. A pity you guys didn't bid on the '55 consito. Oloveband got it, but I suppose you already know this. It was quite a convention, as far as I'm concerned; guess I'm just lucky to always get in with a nice gang. This time, 2 new couples showed me the whole Bay Area--Frisco, Oakland, Berkeley, by day and night. Even saw the Giant Redwoods. All this and a convention too! ((And there is BIBB'S con report...))

-----  
"Everybody talks about Mark Twain, but nobody does anything about him."  
-----



J. Martin Graetz  
Box 5542, 420 Memorial Drive  
Cambridge 39, Massachusetts

About HBB...The Eshm cover was THANG, was it not? ## You're picking up on this mimeo bit; quite a dive, using this absorbent paper, but doesn't it get expensive? ((Oh no...not with my system...course, it gets somewhat chilly without those heavy blankets on the bed, in this weather...)) Then, maybe it's better than using a few hundred sheets of twenty-pound paper for slipsheets. ## I've gotten a real kick out of Linda Perry's two-part bit. Who is this girl, by the way? What's her address? Leave us start a pen bit here! ((TWS part bit? I've got a regular backlog of those Superfan stories! If I ever get nerve enough, I'm going to print the original story of the series... its fifteen pages long...)) ((whup--Linda's address is 404 Duvalvert Street, Lincoln 6. You may have noticed letters in TRS and TEV by one Thom Perry...? Supposedly brother and sister.)) ## About Ellison. I feel the same way you do, just from reading his letters in TEV, and reading a copy of SFD. But one thing bothers me...if you're so anxious for a little organization, why aren't you doing some yourself? ((I--or rather, we--are. The OE'orship has been turned over to Postrowsky, along with the mailing list, magazines, and everything. It seems we two are the only ones interested in it. Hence, we are trying to reorganize it. We intend to find about a half-dozen who know what being in an APA means, and who are definitely interested in being in 7APA. We will go on from there...)) I'd be glad to help from Boston. Frankly, I can't see splitting fandom up into arbitrary groups and then cutting off the previous ones. A few of the older fan are necessary to help things along. ## What do you think of the Mines abdication? I certainly hope they find an editor soon, as a mag directed by a staff, unfamiliar with the field at that, soon goeth to the proverbial pot. Maybe they can entice Bixby out of his Village hole, or get Damon Knight, or Les del Rey, or some other out-of-work editor...

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"BREVIZINE is the usual "of wit."  
-----

Paul Mittelbuscher, c/o Geo. Wernoko, Sweet Springs, Missouri

I owe you an apology, tho I suppose anything I might say would be considered somewhat irrelevant in view of the fact that I failed to even answer your short note of July 21 beseeching me to get my column in. I am very sorry, but as a matter of fact, I have ceased fanning and doubt that I shall be doing any columns in the future. I might write an occasional letter of commentary at some off-guard moment, but I frankly doubt that, too. I deeply appreciate your request and consider it a mild compliment in view of the rather poor first installment of QUAG, thanks anyway. I note improvement in your mimeographing; you'll get the best of that infernal machine yet. ((Sorry to see you leave us, Paul--I hope you change your mind about no more fanning. I mean, after all--you haven't even bent FAPA your obit yet.))

-----  
And so, we again wend our weary way home, pushing before us a small cart filled with goodies, treats, and all sorts of sundries for the kiddies. Engraven on one side of our vehicle, can be vaguely discerned the words, "So Low, So Low, So Low!", in big block letters, which is to denote the condition of our sense of humor. You see, I broke the bone in my forearm the other day, and find it quite hard to crack jokes... At any rate, another group of stencils have gone the way of the non-remembered, clocks have ticked, records have spun, keys have been cleaned, and time, as seems to be its irrevocably disgusting habit, has passed. But, like all things, even this must end.

So put away your toys, kiddies, kiss mummy and daddy goodnight, and let's hit the hay...

Ray



-----  
 Every now and then, by the light of the full moon, a certain zombie by the name of Rai Thompson gets together a few of his fellow haunts, they gather under a gnarled gnook, and cackling gleefully, they grind out a spell to Gri-Gri, to wit: "BIBBILTY BIBBILTY, BIBBILTY, boo! What's ever to come of you? Mice in the coffee, rats in the tea, dis 'ere spell done guaranteed by Gri-Gri!" The home adress for this enchantment is 410 South 4th Street, Norfolk, Nebraska. Copies of this enchantment are traded with other enchanters, or you can get one by sending a letter of comment written in bat's blood, to it's editor--the enchantment, not the bat. Featured artist this issue is Jack Harness, whom I finally bridled into sending something.  
 -----

(Taken from Lewis Carroll's ALICE IN WONDERLAND)

They told me that you had been to her,  
 And mentioned me to him;  
 She gave me a good character,  
 But said I could not swim.  
 He sent them word I had not gone  
 (We know it to be true)  
 If she should push the matter on,  
 What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,  
 You gave us three or more;  
 They all returned from him to you,  
 Though they were mine before.  
 If I or she should chance to be  
 Involved in this affair,  
 He trusts you to set them free,  
 Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been--  
 Before she had this fit--  
 An obstacle that came between  
 Him, ourselves, and it.  
 Don't let him know she liked them best,  
 For this must ever be  
 A secret, kept from all the rest,  
 Between yourself, and me.

\*

Oh, honce I was wappy, but'fow I'm  
 scarce, norlorn,  
 Like an old goat, that is torneked  
 tat;  
 Weft in this lied world, to forn  
 and to net,  
 Traded by a maid for some jeans.

Ohhhhh...he hangs by his hair,  
 with the latest of grease,  
 The daring young mare on the trapping  
 flypease  
 His gravements are mooseful, the  
 squirrells he feeds cheeze,  
 My glove he has pawned away...

\*

(From MY LOST YOUTH, by H. Longfellow)

I remember the black warves and the slips,  
 And the sea-tides tossing free;  
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
 And the magic of the sea.  
 And the voice of that wayward song  
 Is singing and saying still:  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
 thoughts."



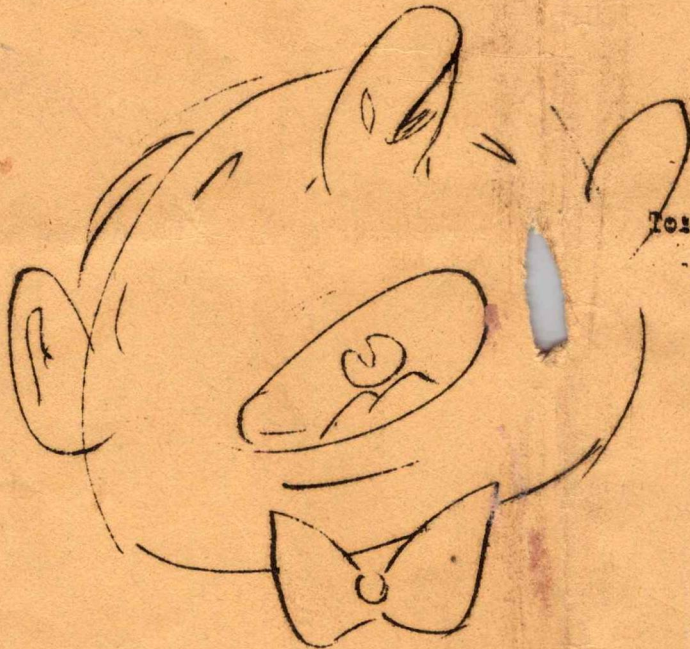
NOTE TO ALL POSTAL PERSONELL:

This mailing wrapper contains naught  
but printed matter, and is therefore  
third class mail. Return postage is  
henceforth respectfully guaranteed,  
which should make one and all happy.

Thompson, Raymond N.  
4th street, 410 south  
norfolk, nebraska

Here it is again, Gois—typos and all...

Printed in the State Of Confusion



G. M. Carr  
8325-31st NW  
Seattle 7, Washington