

# DAFOE

'THE DATED FANZINE'



PROSSER '60

I TOLD HIM THERED BE HELL TO PAY!



THE DECLINE  
AND FALL OF  
EVERYTHING —  
PART 2

DAFOE 2

MARCH, 1960

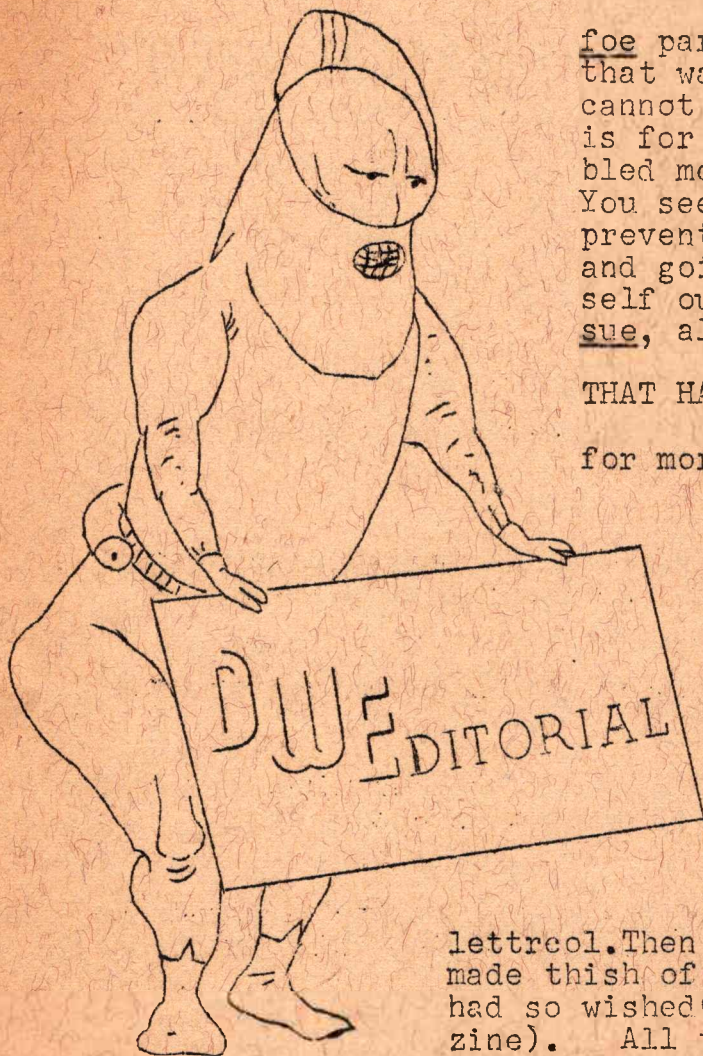
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This, in the final analysis, is the second issue of Dafoe, a quarterly fanzine published every nine months by John Koning, 318 South Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio. It is laughingly priced at 20¢ per, but can be obtained in numerous other ways (see page 11) A warning that this is your last issue probably means nothing at all, but watch your step. JK



LATE LATE LATE This issue is, I suppose, a bit late. Dafoe part 1 was published in July..... that was eight months ago. Still, I cannot help but feel that this delay is for the best, because it has enabled me to stay at least this active. You see, I have formulated a plan to prevent my ever burning myself out and going gafia forever; I burn myself out and go gafia after each issue, always returning after awhile.

THAT HAPPY FEELING Yet, I did not burn myself out for more than three days after Dafoe #1. Instead I leaped into a period of fanac that was more intense than any I have ever indulged in before. It was summer, and I had many free days, so I had time to spend 6 hours a day on fanac. And it made me feel real good.

I seem to be particularly favored as a faned--- I published a normal first-issue and got enough good letters to make a 14 page lettercol. Then I published REV and could have made this of Dafoe a 30 page letterzine if I had so wished (Instead it is a 15 page letterzine). All this in a time when faneds are decrying the lack of response on the part of their readership.

In addition I've had quite a bit of good material come in unsolicited (it will appear in future issues), something I feel is quite a compliment. The two months, July and August, in which I worked on REV were immensely happy ones for me. Stenciling, writing, mimeographing all seem such right things to be doing, especially when surrounded by friends and hi-fi type noises. At present, fanning is still a lot of fun, I hope it will continue to be so for some years, but fanning in the summer, with no demands on my time, was a happy feeling I will never forget, or recapture.

DETENTION I planned for almost a year to go to the Detroit convention, but I wasn't sure I was going to make it until about July. There is something wonderful about meeting fans for the first time---perhaps it's discovering that they are really friendly people. I remember riding down the elevator the first afternoon with a bearded fellow who looked so much like Bob Silverberg that I said, "Hello, Bob." Since Bob didn't know

me at the time, he could hardly have said, "Why, hello John, you bastard!", but he did make some affable remark (perhaps it was a puzzled "Hello"). I measure my spreading fame at the con by the fact that Silverberg did say, "Goodbye, John," as he was checking out.

In line with usual fannish precedent, I paid little attention to most of the official program (though some parts, notably the Emsh film show, and the wonderful Fanzine Editor's Panel, I did pay strict attention to), finding that the people at the con were far more interesting than what went on on the stage.

Coming through the lobby of the convention floor, arm-in-arm with Ted White (I speak figuratively, of course), I noticed a blond man with glasses standing off to one side. Ted steered me up to him, and I met Boyd Raeburn, who neither breathed fire nor sneered (at least, most of the time) at me. Boyd and Ted, whom I've regarded for years as the epitomes of faaanishness, proved to be most genial companions. In their company I enjoyed myself tremendously, meeting people who I could speak to very freely, without being ridiculed; without constantly modifying what I was about to say so they could understand me/wouldn't think I was a nut. That's probably the reason most of us fans enjoy being fans so much: ease of communication. I find that I cannot express myself as freely and as adequately to mundane types as I would like, for fear they will not comprehend and, not comprehending, ridicule me. I am regarded as somewhat of a "brain" around my school, being voted the most intelligent senior, placing in the top  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the top one percent of the nation on scholarship tests, etc., and as such am admired or disliked by many of my classmates. Yet, there are few of them to whom I can talk as freely and as enjoyably as I can to fans. After years of being shut up within myself, it is a joy to be able to...well, get along easily with people.

Many notable incidents stick in my mind, some very minor, all very amusing. I remember talking to Ted White as he paced me around the halls during the DC group's party, and glancing beside me to find him not there. Looking around I saw Ted lying, bearded-face down, in the hall. We walked, unsteadily, back to the party, where I sat at Boyd Raeburn's feet and told him how Brubeck sounded like Duane Eddy without his guitar.

Walking into the masquerade, wearing my black suit, black shirt, white tie, shades, ivy-league cap, and sign, "Vile Huckster," I was spotted by Harlan Ellison who laughed, clapped his hands like Frank Sinatra, and stumbled away. I had been rather afraid he might stumble toward me instead. Here again I gravitated toward the same group, composed of Ted & Sylvia White, The Toronto Boys, the Ellingtons, and (perhaps) the Youngs. Boyd Raeburn captured my sensitive fannish smile in his camera (which promptly broke), and I was quieted by the knowledge that nobody, often not even Boyd, ever sees the pictures he takes.

I was also very impressed by the Ellingtons, Dick Eney, Bill Donaho, and the Youngs. Andy especially (clean shaven, I was assured, under his beard), for he looked so young (no pun intended) and so little like an ~~engineer~~ astronomer. All of these, and many more, were more than grand people, they were grand friends.

Saying goodbye was the roughest part of convention going. After living with people I'd only heard about or cor-  
responded with, and finding them to be very nice people in-

deed, made it most difficult to say goodbye, realizing that some I wouldn't see until Pittsburg, some not for years, and some, perhaps, never again.

I've spent just a little over a page telling about the 5 happiest days of my life, but that too, is for the best. You see, though I enjoy reading other people's con reports, if I attempted to write one myself it would come out like so many other mediocre narratives (the ones I don't enjoy reading), and I can't see giving the impression that all I did at the con was meet "names" and buy hamburgers. That is all I did, but...

FANAC SCOOPED It was announced on my radio a few months ago that "One of Castro's cabinet members will make a secret exit from Cuba in a week or so." I thought it was pretty funny; I bet Fidel's friend got a blast out of it too.

FANS AND ETHICS A few days ago I got a pamphlet (for that is the easiest thing to call it) from Vinç Clarke entitled Fans and Ethics. It is a very impressive presentation, consisting (as most of you must know, having received it) or nearly one hundred questions which Vinç directs at Laurence Sandfield in an effort to point out the illogic of the latter's two articles in Northlight. It is impressive because it is very logically developed, one question building upon another until, by comparison, Sandfield's articles seem incomprehensible and Sandfield himself pales into insignificance. I am not, obviously, a member of the London Circle, so I do not know the details of the club fued intimately, but from the two presentations, Vinç's and Sandfield's, I find Sandfield in the position of one whose soapbox has collapsed under him, especially since he has declined to answer these questions or make any other sort of defense except that of turning his back on fandom and stalking into the sunset.

Now, "Inchmery" fandom has its faults, all fans do. We notice those of Inchmery more because in Apç they have a bigger stage than most fen to stomp around on and reveal their shortcomings. However, Apç also provides a big stage upon which Inchmery may display their talents, and they have done so, admirably. I like Inchmery; I have enjoyed their fanzines, their writings, and their letters, and though I have at times disagreed with their opinions, this is not one of those times.

TAFF The American TAFF race has been decided for months (Congrat-  
Continued on page 33

Prosser -- cover

Rotsler -- 4, 8, 10, 28, 30

Harness -- 9, 13, 21, 23, 34

— 6 — Nelson -- 6, 33



"The Title of this column originated in Vega, and was (for the benefit of those who Misunderstand Such Things) meant as a parody on my own rather didactic manner of speaking --as if I were instructing a class--and on such books as What Every Young Girl Should Know. It is not meant to indicate---heaven help us!---that I consider myself qualified to Guide Young Fans In The Way They Should Go.  
Or--is it?

*MZB*

## WHAT EVERY YOUNG FAN SHOULD KNOW

THE THIN FINE LINE In a couple of days I'll be leaving for Detroit where, among other things, I'm scheduled to appear on a panel discussion of fans turned pro-writer. Even though I have the reputation of being a non-stop talker, and Forry Ackerman once threatened to make me part of a tape session (not the usual fannish kind, with a tape recorder, but the kind where my mouth got taped firmly shut with adhesive) so that he could get a word in edgewise, I doubt if I'll have time to say all the things which have recently been churning in my head about the questions of fans and pro-writers.

*MZB*

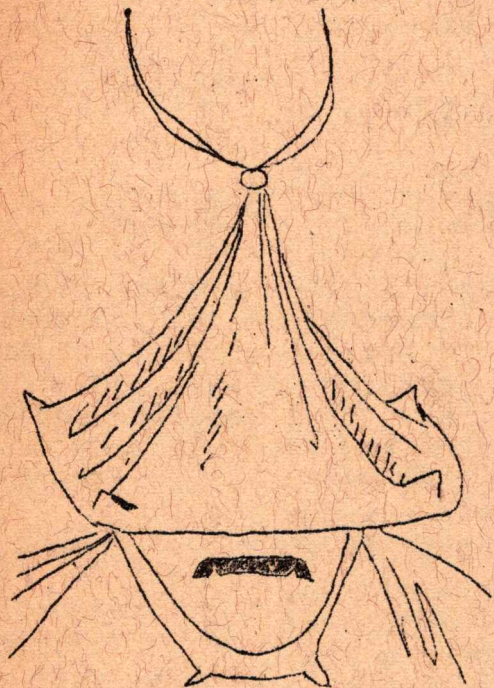
To begin with, are the two mutually exclusive? Does a fan stop being a fan when he becomes a pro? Of course, many fans do. They get into fandom, and write for fanzines, merely as an incidental step on the ladder to professional writing. I frequently think they don't have a great deal of interest in fandom as such, except that fanzines offer an outlet for their writing before it reaches professional quality. And yet, the fans of this sort seldom really show writing talent while they are still at the amateur level. Ray Bradbury's early fanzines certainly show no hint that one day he would be considered one of the finest writers, not only in the science fiction field, but in the country in general. Bob Silverberg, one of the most prolific hack writers in the whole field, who seems to be trying to take on the mantle of Ray Cummings, probably wishes he could wiggle a lever on a time machine and wish all of his fanzines out of existence. For both of these, fandom served as a brief stepladder to professional writing; and neither of them now displays much interest in fandom. Bob retains a FAPA membership by dint of often-frantic-last-minute activity, but hasn't published a fanzine on his own in seven or eight years; Ray Bradbury has long since vanished from even the fringes of fandom.

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Of course, with their unqualified success in professional writing, they no longer need fanzines as an outlet for their writings, nor as a showcase for their egos. They have better ways to express themselves. And yet....

At the other extreme you find someone like Robert Bloch. Bob doesn't regard himself, he says, as a full-time professional because he doesn't earn his entire living at pro-wri-

ting. But anyone who has read his prolific output of weird tales, detective novels, humor, and science fiction would not hesitate two minutes before dubbing him, not only a pro-writer, but a damn fine one, one of the best.



Yet Bob remains one of the most active of fans. He writes for every fanzine which makes a halfway polite request. He is kind to neofans and to struggling would-be pro-writers, as I have reason to know. He even writes letters to fanzines. Obviously, for him and for those like him, fandom fills some niche, in itself, which professional writing does not entirely fill. And yet, as a writer and as a television personality, one would say offhand that Bloch, too, had ample outlet & ego satisfaction elsewhere. Obviously, then, fandom can be used by the professional as a stepladder; but it can also be a hobby and an enduring interest in itself.

I've about come to the conclusion that too much interest in fandom, however, leaves a pro-writer as a sort of prophet without honor in his own country. A great many pro-writers --- myself among them --- are sincerely more interested in pleasing a small, sincere, close audience of devotees to science fiction than they are in making money in the field. (It is possible to make money in the s-f field, by the way; some people do it, but only by hacking. The person who writes careful, sincere, and detailed science fiction must regard it as a second profession.

In short---the real addict of science fiction is more concerned with writing a good story that will please the people who know science fiction (in short, the fans), than he is in pleasing the vast faceless audience who will pick up a science fiction story as a painless way to kill an evening they might otherwise spend at a Western movie.

But what happens when this fan-turned-writer does his best to write the sort of story the fans profess to long for? Do they even take the slightest notice of him? No, indeed. He remains, for them, a sort of perpetual amateur. Not long ago, in the exclusive precincts of FAPA, which is supposed to be the cream of the fannish crop, I found myself lumped in a large group of fans who had made one, possibly two sales as "Just a fan who has sold." Until that month, day, hour, and moment, I thought I had only a sizable portion of pride, but now I realize that I must have more ego than I thought; for it was deeply bruised by that appellation. After two novels, eight or ten novelettes, and a couple of dozen short stories ....just a "fan who has sold."

As I say; a prophet without honor in his own country, the fan who has worked hard to become a pro, yet remains a fan, often finds this a difficult, mugwump position.

It isn't easy. The serious attempt to do professional



writing, the mere amount of time spent staring into the keyboard of a typewriter, sharpens one's standards. When I was a 16 year old neofan, I thought nothing of tossing off a fannish article between supper and time-to-start-doing-my-homework, and mailing it off without rereading it. Now that I know more about the techniques of writing, I find myself unwilling to send off first drafts; I want to perfect and polish anything I write, whether for fan or pro submission. I am less easy to satisfy by my own standards.

For this reason, I write less for fanzines. And on the rare occasion when something I write for a fanzine does come up to standard, I discover that the greed of the professional writer has stolen in under my skin and I find myself thinking; well, can I afford to send this to a fanzine? Maybe I can sell it somewhere, instead. And, of course, sometimes I do sell it instead.

The way of the mugwump is hard, and it is rather a proud and lonely thing to be a fan-turned-pro. The Big Name Fans, the old fans, the true fans who have never tried professional writing, tend to look askance; they ignore one's professional work while simultaneously sniffing slightly --- as if the writer of science fiction were not, in the final analysis, the most devoted one of all, since he loves it enough to spend hours and years of irrecoverable time trying to create more of it. They even coin such contemptous terms as "dirty old pro."

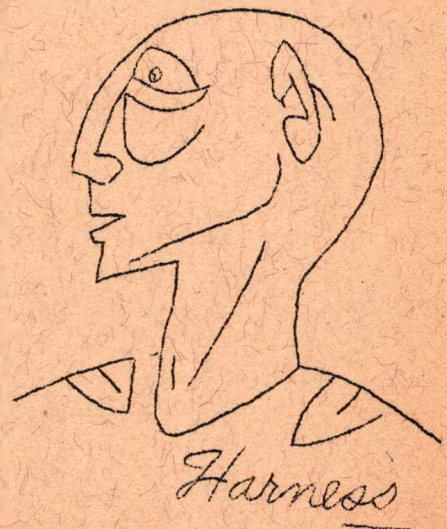
And they do have a point. Fandom is a specialized field. My own fannish writings will never approach those of Charles Burbee, Lee Hoffman, or even Redd Boggs. I don't know as I particularly want them to; after all, I am a creator of science fiction, not of fannish masterpieces. But that is an unaleinable truth, as a fan writer, I am a very good second-rate writer.

Whereas, among the professionals, the pro who remains a fan is never taken quite as seriously as the Bradbury's, the Brackett's, the Heinlein's, and the Moore's who ignore fandom except when it suits them to lend their presence graciously as one of the honored elite.

To the fans--I am a pro, and therefore an outsider; or else I am "just a fan who has sold." To the pro-writers, I am "a fan---who has sold," or "just a fan," period.

I'll probably never quit fandom. Neofans may express surprise when I write to their fanzines, or look blank at conventions and say, "Are you a writer? I mean, I never read anything you wrote...."

But, no matter how often they call me a dirty old pro, or just a fan who has sold, I doubt that I'll ever abandon my attempts to keep on awkwardly straddling that thin fine line which marks the mugwump position of the fan turned pro. Of course I am familiar with the old saying about familiarity breeding contempt, and about the jack of all trades who is master of none. It would be difficult for fans to regard me as a looming giant in the field, even should I someday turn out a



Heinleinesque masterpiece, when I appear, in dashed-off sporadic letters, in dim hecto on the pages of the newest fanzines and engage myself in irascible and undignified conflict with the brashest of young fake-fans in the pages of the rowdiest zines. And it is hard to say I am a true fan when most of my spare time is taken up in writing, rewriting, or slogging away at some would-be novel, novelette, or something and I find fanzines piling up thirty and forty deep on the desk, so that their editors angrily cut me off the subscription list as a dirty old snob of a pro who can't even be bothered to write a polite note of thanks for a fanzine. (And what the hell do they care if I am 300 pages into a 400-page novel, on the fifth rewrite, with a pounding headache, an overdue FAPA deadline, forty unanswered letters on the desk and a pile of bills to be paid when that editor's check comes through? And why the hell should they care? Their fanzines are just as important to them as my unfinished novel is to me; and I am the first to admit that if I can't find the time to earn their fanzines, then I don't deserve to get them.)

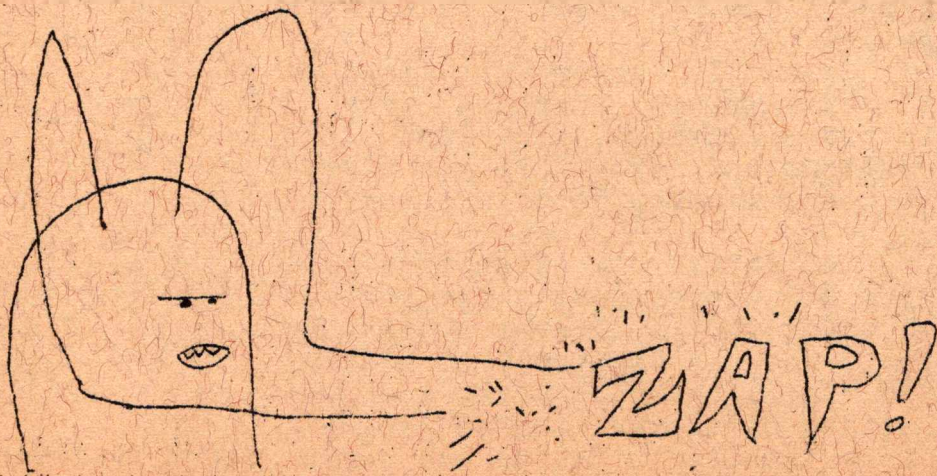
In fact, the fan is probably putting more into fandom than the pro-writer. The pro-writer, no matter how sincere he may be in fandom, can always be accused of trying to keep on good terms with the audience for commercial reasons. His endless slogging at a pro story sometimes pays him in cold cash, where as the fan goes merrily on his way, knowing that when one writer gives up in disgust, there will be fifty more battering at the editor's gates with their manuscripts.

As the late P.T. Barnum might have said, had he been born into, or achieved, the fannish world:

"There's a poor pro born every minute; and two fans to take him over the coals."

But I can tell you one who's hooked between the two worlds: and that is....

Marion Zimmer Bradley



# DEPT. OF ECONOMIC CHAOS

## AN ECONOMIST'S NIGHTMARE

## - REVISITED

"Naive humans thought they had to understand such things as the budget. Not even God could have understood it." ...Horace Coons, 43,000 Years Later

"An Economist's Nightmare," which appeared (through both sides of the paper) in Dafoe #1, invoked so much comment indicating that I had not made myself clear that I think a re-evaluation of the whole matter might make everything a bit clearer.

Omitting the "humor," the text of the original article ran as follows:

The system, or lack of system, by which we fen pay for, sub to, trade, and pilfer each other's fanzines has always seemed rather unfair to me. Therefore, all DWE Pubs will be sent out according to MY system of payment:

### Lettrs:

I have never believed that a one or two page letter of comment is worth a 30-50 page fanzine---the two costs are just not relative. So, for each page of comment received, I give 2¢ credit, and for each page, or fraction thereof, of comment printed I give an additional 5¢ credit.

### Fanzines:

I credit fanzines with whatever price the editor puts on them or, if no price is set, at the rate of two-thirds cents per page.

### Material:

Printed material is credited at 10¢ per page.

### Artwork:

Covers credited at 20¢; smaller illos accordingly.

### Reviews:

I credit the reviewer with 10¢ if he reviews a DWE Pub.

### Money:

As a last resort, always welcome.

I intend to try to justify and discuss my particular method of conducting my mailing list.

Now, each individual editor has his own method of determining who gets his publication and who doesn't; how his trades are conducted; and what price he shall set on his fanzine. For instance, Ted E White prices his 24 page Void at 25¢ an issue, plainly an outrageous price. However, Ted makes V so easy to get, in other ways (trading, commenting, contributing), that only the most obstinate have to pay. On the other hand, I demand 20¢ an issue, and usually send out 80% of my mailing as free issues anyway. My system, since it is only my system, is very flexible.

My objections to the "everybody who shows interest gets a free issue" are: that a contributor, who spends several hours working on a contribution, gets no more for that con-

tribution than a fan who spends fifteen minutes writing a letter; that someone producing a four-page hectographed crudzine, gets the same number of pages in trade that a fan who takes pride in his publication, working hard on it, producing a large issue does. The idea of the "nightmare" was to establish a scale with which I could evaluate the worth of various types of participation. Certainly it is crude, but it is a step....

The general opinion seemed to be that most fans would ignore my system. That's fine with me, the system is for my benefit anyway. But if they completely ignore their position on my ml, they may as well ignore all DWE Pubs as well, because sooner or later their non-interest is going to get them cut. By the way, I do not consider one who comments as ignoring the system -- he is at least cognizant of the fact that if he comments he is much likelier to receive the next issue than if he remains silent.

The main objection most fans have to such a scale is that it is so complicated as to be more trouble than it is worth. I am, however, unaffected by reason and common sense alike --- I need such a set of rules to keep me straight and help determine who I will show preference to when pruning my ml. And, in my mathematically perverted way, I enjoy the small amount of bookkeeping it entails. To me, the "nightmare" is very logical, and thus, the best of systems.

There was, after the publication of D#1, considerable confusion over whether I was charging 20¢ for Dafoe, or giving it away. My policy was, and is, that all DWE Pubs under thirty pages (including D#1, of course) will be free, and other pubs (excluding large one-shots like Revolution) would be 20¢ per. Since D#1 was free comments on it were credited against future DWE Pubs.

I recognize the fact that letter-writers are the backbone of a fanzine. I would be dissatisfied if the 20 % who comment sent money instead, but I would appreciate it greatly if some of the silent 80% sent money instead of remaining silent. I don't intend to show my disrespect for another fan's time and effort by cutting him off my ml after he has commented, not unless he comments at the rate of 100 words every three issues (100 words per 100 pages). Sure, I only credit 2¢ per page on letters, but if a fan takes the time to write a good two page letter (chances are I will print at least part of it) he'll get between 9 and 14 ¢ credit--more than enough to assure him of receiving the next issue. However, my ml for D#1 was 160, and by the time REV was published it was closer to 180. I cannot afford to publish a free 30-page fanzine for 180 people, not on my spending money, not for all the egoboo in the world. So, I immediately cut about 30 people off my mailing list, knowing that if they were really interested in REV they would drop me a card, saying so. Those 30 were fans I'd never heard from, but whom I'd sent D#1 in hopes that they might be interested. Around thirty others got notes saying that unless they showed interest in some manner this was "possibly their last issue." If they have not responded to REV their note this will notify them that this is "definitely their last issue." In other words I've given them a 6 month period to send me a letter....anything. If in this time they have not come up with some concrete demonstration of their interest, if they don't have that much respect for my efforts, then I feel justified in throwing them the-hell-off-

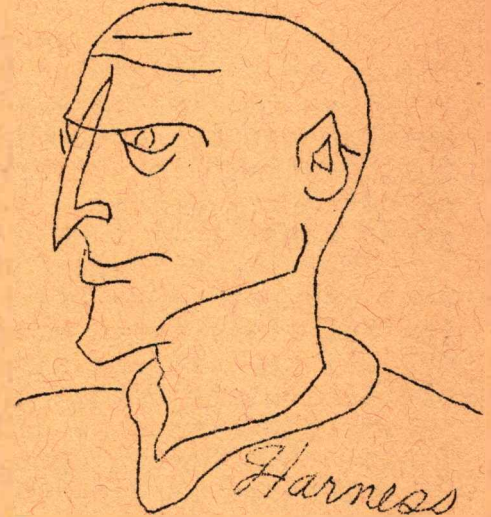
my mailing list. If I find a lot of new names cropping up on next issue's ml, I'll warn older readers to look to their places, for they are in danger of being replaced -- and if they don't respond I will



*Harness*

replace them. This seems to be a logical way to insure a fairly active group of readers, and everyone has a two-issue (6 month) warning before I cut them. Fair?

There are, of course, a certain number of Good Men (and Good Women) whom I would not consider cutting, even if I never hear a word from them. Most of this class, however, are fanpublishers, tho they only pub an-



*Harness*

annually (or bi-annually). In cases like this I may have sent them a good deal of material before they get around to issuing their fanzine. But when it does come I, realizing that in their modesty they have grossly underestimated the value of their magazine, will reevaluate their fanzine at a much higher price. They will, possibly, be surprised to discover that, coincidentally, the new price is exactly equal to the value of the zines I have sent them. Thus I retain them on my ml with no debt against them, yet do not compromise my high-principled system.

Harry Warner, Jr.'s point (that it takes more time to write a letter-of-comment than to produce one copy of a fanzine) is indeed a valid one, but it is not without a negative side (you see, I am a varsity debater). Granted, on each copy of D#1 I put in about 6 minutes, hardly enough time to write a letter. However, on each copy of REV I put in about 15 minutes and a significant amount of money; for this, I believe I am entitled to some remuneration, at least more than a half page or pocketful of comment.

And, regardless of those faneds who resent readers who subscribe, I appreciate subscribers. If one-fifth of my ml are subscribers (I would not want much more than this) their money will at least defray my mailing costs (which almost double the cost of a zine as large as REV).

As to Andy Young's query on who I don't have a small box in each issue to tell people what they owe me and when they are nearing that fatal "I.O.U. \$1" stage -- why then, Andy, I would lose the privilege of cutting off unfamiliar names after, say, 40¢ worth of DWE Pubs. I'd be limited by a completely rigid and unflexable system, and that would be a fan editor's nightmare.....

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"This not an interlineation, this is the end....."  
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# HERBAGE

HRYB & HIS MICROTOME

Since Dafoe is so late (and this is not my fault; I don't squander my money on girls) and in order to present longer reviews of individual fanzines, a good many 'zines have been overlooked, but I've had pretensions of covering the whole fanzine field. This column, unfortunately, is not arranged in some new and brilliant manner; I am not Harry Warner. (In fact, some fen have been heard to express doubt that I am even Eugene Hryb.)

My anonymity in fandom is due, not so much to my sloth (though that may have some bearing on the case), but to my distaste for fueding and the general conceited manner in which I regard many people. While I may express strong opinions in my reviews and make stupid, clottish statements, I do not, at least, have to read and perhaps answer the even more clottish replies that they often invoke (unless I have them forced upon me by Koning.).

I enjoy reading what I consider to be good fannish material, as well as a balancing amount of non-fannish stuff, but have little interest in correspondence. For this reason, I prefer to read the fanzines that John gets rather than actively participating in fanac myself.

TRIODE # 16 -- Eric Bentcliffe & Terry Jeeves, 47, Alldis St., Great Moore, Stockport, Cheshire, England. 1/6 or 4 for 5/-....US Agent: Dale R. Smith, 3001 W. Kyle, Minneapolis 22, Minn. 20¢  
Triode is the most impeccable fanzine published in the BR Isles. Its layout, paper, art, and reproduction all combine to make it eminently readable. For this reason alone, T is a fanzine to Get, but there are still other factors working in its favor. For many issues, T has been establishing the heroic "Harrison" as a Legend in fandom: in "The 39 Schweppes" this gestalt-satire of the romantic adventure story takes on decidedly fannish overtones, assuring Harrison of his place beside Bickerstaff as one of BR's contributions to fan-history. Then too, there is the humor of Sid Birchby, as well as that of Mssrs. B. & J., and yet another part of Ron Bennett's "Colonial Excursion" (there are now parts of the Bulmer, Madle, Bennett, and Berry trips all appearing at different places throughout fandom) to round out a very fine issue.

FANCYCLOPEDIA II -- Richard Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria Virginia. Mimeographed, 190 pages + covers, \$1.25.

This is a monumental work. I spent some five weeks reading it after John brought it home from the Detention, & have gained a tremendous amount of background information, as well as pleasure, from perusing it. Undoubtably FNCYC II is an indispensable addition to any fan's library, and an invaluable help to a struggling neofan. After six year's preparation, I wonder if even Eney knows all of what this volume contains. At last mention, he still had around 80 copies left. I advise any of you who have not already done so to purchase yours immediately.

PSI-PHI #4 -- Arv Underman & Bob Lichtman, 5304 Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 56, California. Trade, comment, or contribution.

As I read the first part of #4 I thought, "By Ghod, Psi-Phi is going to the dogs!" The Weber-Pfiefer coureport, while not overly bad, is very poor compared to Shaggy's 15 page coverage of the same con by Wally Weber alone, and thus appears terrible. While Johnstone's column may be very interesting to those familiar with the innumerable musical works he speaks of therein, to we who are not so informed the listing is just plain dull. And Rog Ebert's book reviews are nothing to go wild over. Then, when a bad opinion has been formed, Len Moffatt's pastiche of various fan reviewer's styles brightens the outlook; Pauls' "The Element of Humor" enlightens in an entertaining analysis of the why of humor; and Nirenberg's satire, "Gestiltsfan" effects a complete reversal of what started as a bad review. The lettercol ads the final touch, fulfilling what the well-executed Ted White cover promised. Hidden behind its poor front section, Psi-Phi is a fine fanzine.

OOPSLA 28-29 -- Gregg Calkins, 1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah. 15¢, 2/25¢, 4/50¢

At first appearance it would seem that Gregg has slipped and sent us two copies of Oops, but on closer examination the truth is revealed. To use the accumulation of material, and keep on schedule, Gregg has published two issues, each with half of his regular departments within, a very sneaky arrangement. For the first time Oops has a contents page, and Gregg asserts his seldom seen editorial personality in a tongue-in-cheek, overly-detailed description of all materials used to produce this. Material is of a uniformly high quality throughout, with the late Vernon McCain's column, John Berry's final adventure with the Shaw-Berry typer, and Willis' column standing out as highlights in a fanzine full of highlights. Oopsla is slim, distinguished, and oh-so-highly readable.

THE ADVERSARIES and THE BNF OF IZ -- Ted E. White, 107 Christopher, New York 14, N.Y. 25¢ and 35¢, respectively.

I have mixed feelings about Moomaw's "Adversaries." I feel that MG Olds is a prototype of GM Carr, but I have heard so many other reviewers say that this is so that now, reading the story, I can't be sure whether I see a true similarity, or merely one suggested by comments. MGO is a cliched stereotype, but this is natural--she is supposed to be so; a replica of GMC and her type. The portrayal of Mr. Olds is also stereotyped, but Moomaw's is a job superior to any I have seen or can remember. Built on a simple truth, that, to a non-fan, fanslang has other than the standard connotations, The Adversaries is a superior piece of faaan fiction.

The "BNF of IZ" is, of course, a rewrite of Carl Brandon's Cult-piece, but a very good one, rivaling TED of Willis. Both works are still available from Ted, and are fine examples of their type of writing.

OUTWORLDS #1 -- Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California. Outworlds has since folded.--

Not content with co-editing Psi-Phi, Lichtman has presented his own first issue which, despite all the big names, falls far short of my first expectations. I believe it is the

repro, and some one or two of the contributions which give Otwrlds such a noticeably depressing air (light black mimeo on grey paper is not the most attractive combination in the world). Bob himself is agreeable enough in his editorial, but with the Leman piece the bad impression begins. "The Last Fan" is good, but it is not of the quality one associates with the Leman byline -- Bob has risen to a position similar to Berry's, where his above-average-for-most, but below-average-for-Leman work seems very poor in comparison. Probably though, Ted Johnstone's "Slow Train Through Gondor" does more to spoil this first issue than any other item or factor. The length of this article stretches its weak idea past the elastic limit, and leaves nothing but a dull, dragging narrative. Willis, in THS, did much better. Warner, Moffatt, Danner, and Hoffman are all good, but, unlike in Psi-Phi they cannot destroy the bad impression already created. A little more editing would have made this a terrific first issue, instead of the mere good one that it is.

CRY of the nameless #132-133 -- CRYstaff (Weber, Pfiefer, Toskey, the Busbys, Webbert), Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Washington. Lettr of comment, contribution, no trades, free for 25¢ or 5/\$1, 12/\$2. Monthly

Cry is not a (or the) focal point of fandom, it is merely one of the best fanzines now being published. In the past year CRY has published more good fannish material than any other fanzine---until #133 it also contained "Renfrew Pemberton's" excellent analysis of the prozine market; at present it is running John Berry's complete trip-report, "The Goon Goes West," which promises to be a novel-length narrative of astounding quality. Also featured is Terry Carr's column "Fandom Harvest," and, periodically, material by Leman, Nirenberg, Franson, Willis, and a horde of others in the huge lettrcol, if nowhere else. Harry Warner (in Oopsla #28) states very logically why there will never be another focal point of fandom, however, Cry comes closer than any other fanzine to being the focal point of fanzine fandom.

THE SICK ELEPHANT #10 -- George Wells, River Avenue, Box 486, Riverhead, L.I., N.Y. Presumably on request or for trades.

When a neo produces a cruddy first issue, fans usually try to advise him on ways to improve. When he publishes equally cruddy second and third issues, they smile and wait for the improvement. But by the tenth cruddy issue I don't think anyone is still waiting for that improvement. The only asset Wells has is his original and brilliant title. Unfortunately, a title can't make a 'zine. The only excuse Wells can have for publishing is his own enjoyment, but by now, even Wells must be fed up. I echo Trimble's query, "Why do you publish, George?"

DHOG #19-28 -- Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland. Regularly irregular.

While both Koning and I held Disjecta Membra to be depressing and, at times, disgusting, we find we both like Dhog immensely. More intimate than Fanac (due, no doubt, to its 30 member ml), Dhog is a very cliquish fanzine, with a pleasing personality all its own. And, unlike DM, Ted seems truly at home in this smaller publication.



ROT #3 -- Mal Ashworth, 40, Makin St., Bradford 4, Yorks, England

Lettrs of comment are the only admission to the ml. Like the humor of Wally Weber and Otto Pfeifer (whose WRR is pure, or---more accurately---impure hilarity), the humor of Mal Ashworth has a strange quality.....it is superb the first time you read it. It is also superb the second, or third, or tenth time you read it. ROT is reminiscent of older "-"'s, and has an unearthly quality, whether it is presenting pages of out-of-context quotes, or discussing the recent presentation of the play Dracula. I can think of nothing more entertaining to read than a fanzine by Mal Ashworth unless, possibly, it might be a lettr from Mal Ashworth.

QUIXOTIC #3 -- Don Durward, 6033 Garth Ave., Los Angeles 65, California. 30¢ OR trade, contribution, comment, review.

These LAFSF boys are getting sneaky in the best Ted White-manner: charging outrageous prices for their 'zines, but making them easy to get in other ways. And, like the other LAFSF fanzines, Quix goes along in an average sort of way, with interesting-but-not-outstanding contributions from Bloch, Ebert, Warner, Gerber, and Bradley, only perking up with Jim Caughran's whimsical account of his Asian travels and Ted Pauls' account of how he emulated Burbee's friend Stibbard. An issue with few saving graces, despite its excellent potential.

APORRHETA #13 -- "Sandy" Sanderson, 'Inchmery,' 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London SE 14, England 1/6 (20¢) or 6 for 8/- (\$1), 12 for 15/- (\$2). Trades. 52-pagely.

Thank Ghod, Apé has not come out lower than expected, it just looks that way. The loss of the monthly schedule has dealt Apé a hard blow, as conditions have forced it (temporarily) to become highly irregular, and take on a slightly sloppier-than-usual format. The written material is still excellent, however. Bob Leman is present with a piece that is well up to standards, with a rather-surprise ending upon which the story, strong throughout, does not depend. Jim Linwood recounts the meeting of South and North in England as Inchmery fandom went on holiday, and George Locke, unheard of a few months ago, presents yet another fabulous story. And, to put more icing on the cake, Dean Grennell (Yes, the Sirriun Freedom Fighter) starts his new column. Joy Clarke is still harping on the evils of Atomic Power, and the usual columns are there....minus one. "Inchmery Fan Diary," the unique lettrcol, is absent this issue, due to the lapse between #12 and #13. Still, its substitute is acceptable, and Apé still leads the field.

Something I've noticed in the past six months is that fanzines in general have taken a turn for the better. There are many good-to-excellent magazines being published (and, what's more, being published frequently), and very few. (with the notable exception of The Sick Elephant & a few others) crud-zines are appearing. True --there are a large number of poor fanzines (Hocus, Quid, Exconn, Phantasia all leap to mind), but these are not cruddy, they are merely irritatingly below par. There is no well-delineated dividing line between the good and the bad, just an amorphous mass of poor-to-good publications. This may be an improve-17-ment, but what is there to denounce?

# MALICE IN WONDERLAND -

A LETTERCOLUMN CONDUCTED UNDER THE BOYD RAEBURN RULES

HARRY WARNER, JR. I used to marvel at how rapidly little kids  
423 Summit Avenue turn into big kids. But now that process does-  
Hagerstown n't seem as amazing as the way little fanzines  
Maryland turn into big fanzines. Just when I was think-  
ing that this Koning could be depended upon to  
produce a fanzine that I could read in less than a half-hour with-  
out racing my eyes, you produce one that is about one-eighth the  
size of the entire last FAPA mailing. But I couldn't think of a  
better reason for doing it than to pay tribute to Berry. The only  
jarring note on this score that I could find in the whole DWE Revolution  
was a mention somewhere about the problem of getting him  
back to Ireland. Hoot, mon, I'd be perfectly happy if Berry had  
been forced to remain in the United States, although my acquaintance  
with him was limited to two or three hours, a week before the con-  
vention.

I liked Catching A Hobby very much. This sounds as if Len had  
been trying to do in a different way the same thing that Kent Moo-  
maw tackled in his widely discussed posthumous piece of fanfiction.  
There is the same general motivation at the climax, the misunder-  
standing that can result if a non-fan or semi-fan is exposed indis-  
criminately to fan language. In some ways, I think that Len did a  
better job with it, mainly because he didn't pad out his work with  
name-dropping and because he extrapolated from current conditions,  
to create a different set of traditions for future fandom, instead  
of just using current fan lore and even fan personalities.

The Dweef puzzle baffles me completely, just as the Retribution  
problems always do. I assume that this issue of Life burned dif-  
ferently from the way that fanzines burn, but I've never burned a  
fanzine and can't set myself as an authority on that problem. Of  
course, it isn't customary for the people at Life Magazine to tell  
you your subscription has expired by checking a little box some-  
where inside, or convey personal messages by checking other small  
boxes on the back cover, but I gather that the discovery about this  
publication was made after the incineration, not before. [-I gather  
that the Dweef knew it wasn't a fanzine because, although it was un-  
fannish, Coulson didn't approve of it.-]

You really got a variety of answers to that remark about faaan  
in the lettercolumn. Each of them seemed slightly different in gen-  
eral meaning from the rest. I looked up the work in the Fancydb-  
pedia and it isn't there. Apparently Eney took pity on whoever gets  
the inspiration to put out the third edition of the Fancy fif-  
teen years from now and deliberately left out one important  
-18- word, to prove that he's human and did something wrong, just  
as Redd Boggs ommitted a letter from the cover lettering of

his otherwise perfect index to Astounding. ¶-I too looked for faaan in the Fancyc, but didn't find it. However, I remember reading it somewhere in that massive volume, but it was under another classification. You see, Eney didn't omit it, he just hid it.-¶

The letters also provide an interesting assemblance of opinions on why people get into fandom and what it does to develop them as persons. The only thing I would point out is that this is one of the matters which has no single, dependable answer, such as the question of when Weird Tales published its last issue, or what is GMCarr's opinion of other people. Undoubtedly some girls become fans because they fancy they are plain of face, and some men get into fandom because they need its opportunities to become assertive, but other fans are assertive before they hear of fandom and a few enviable men and women have such perfection of body and appearance that they must be in fandom for other causes. ¶-I seem to have hit upon a topic close to most fen when I brought up my reasons for being a fan. Even the most reticent seem happy to discuss the feelings they have about fandom, and why they are fans.-¶

I note that you are careful not to say that there is a Eugene Hryb, although you keep insisting that Eugene exists. I assumed that his name---last name---was just another of these initial words that are flooding fandom today, but I couldn't figure out what the first two letters stood for, after taking it for granted that the last two were the start of "...you bastard." ¶-I'm sorry if I gave that impression, but Eugene Hryb is a real person whose name is Eugene Hryb -- he is my best friend and we often double date. However, he was greatly amused by your suggestion about his name, and thought that perhaps his family came from a long line of anarchists whose cry was "Hurry! Revolt, you bastards!"-¶

Your attitude toward Ted Pauls ¶-In the lettrcol.-¶is refreshing. Too many persons in fandom today go into a spasm of pure hatred when anyone says something derogatory in plain, undiluted fashion about them. I don't object to what you call sweetness and light in fandom, though; there are lots of us who are in fandom because we enjoy most of the things it produces and find only rarely something that really makes us talk violently. Under such circumstances we have a choice between saying mainly good things about fanzines or being hypocrites in order to make our output varied.¶-But aren't those who praise obvious crud to the skies for the sake of being nice hypocrites? I don't mind people being genial, that's what I like about fans, but I object to those who are so complacent that they never disagree with anything.-¶

-----  
"How can you be a DWE organization when you have upped your dues?"  
-----

VIC RYAN                      The idea of using the contributor's letters to go  
2160 Sylvan Rd.              with his material is personal and therefore in-  
Springfield                    teresting. ¶-When I produced REV, it was with  
Illinois                        the express intention of giving it to John Berry.  
                                  I decided that if he didn't come across, I would  
have all the contributors autograph a copy and we'd send it to him.  
I started using lettrs when I realized that Len Moffatt wouldn't be  
at the con, and then carried it on for all contributors who had  
sent suitable lettrs.-¶

Lettr to a Neofaned is rather nicely done, but not—19—  
spectacular chiefly because it is a review of things that

people already know, even neofans. As to your various points, a large enough to be remembered issue is indeed a good idea, though too large issues of neofanzines tend to be bloated and rather uninteresting. ¶-Well, there was Equation which was about as bloated as a fanzine can possibly be, but a nice 20 pages would be fine for a neofaned with a few outside contributions.-¶

Too many reviews in an issue are bad, granted, however, if an editor likes stf, and it caters to the audience he sends his fanzine to, why not print it? I'd never hesitate to print really good fiction. Also, quite often fiction is the only thing that neofanzines can get. ¶-Oh, I don't know, I find cruddy faaan fiction as easy to write as cruddy fan fiction. Though, true, if his audience likes fan fiction, he is justified in printing it, but few fan seem to care for fan fiction. Still, when I first entered fandom, science fiction was the stuff I thought I should write for zines.-¶

Everyone seems to have expressed the same general idea....your Economist's Nightmare is not a Good Idea.¶-No, it is a Nightmare.-¶ I agree 100%. However, you have to be admired in that you didn't necessarily play sheep, and follow others' ways. That much I admire you for. However, years of experimenting and changing have generally proved that the old sub-trade, or comment-trade, of just plain trade-and-I-don't-give-a-damn methods are best. ¶-But my method encompasses all those you mention. Watch your tongue, Ryan, or I'll throw-you-the-hell-off-the-mailing-list.-¶

-----  
"I no longer have to tell my correspondents I am a fugghead...."

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G.M. CARR About all I have time for in the way of comment  
5319 Ballard Ave. is to suggest that you mention to Barbi that if  
Seattle 7, Wash. the gal in that illo on page twelve is looking  
where it looks as though she's looking, I must  
say it is a heck of a place for a fellow to wear his name badge.  
¶-Should I consider this a suggestive letter?-¶

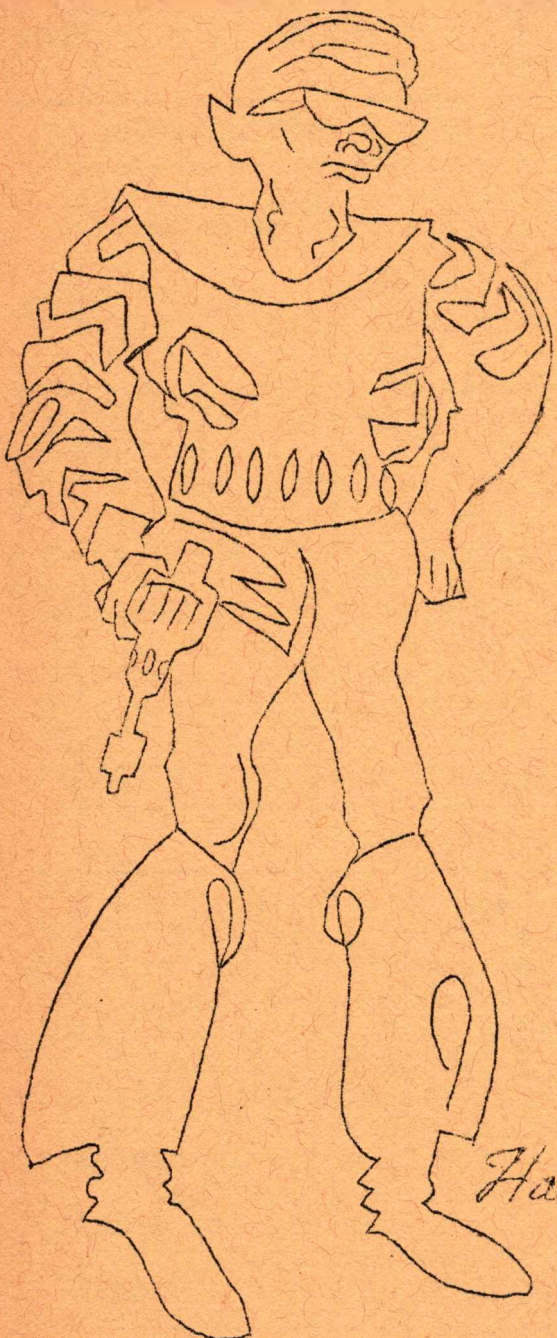
-----  
"....they now do it for me."

-----  
F.M. BUSBY First there has to be some c\*r\*i\*t\*i\*c\*i\*s\*m,  
2852 14th Ave. W. so's you won't feel that this is all worthless  
Seattle 99, Wash. sweetness&light-type comment. ¶-Do I detect a  
note of sarcasm?-¶ OK: altogether too many  
uncorrected typ'o's; try proofreading while the stencil still has  
its bottom caught in the typer, so you can run it back down and make  
corrections without having to try the impossible task of lining it  
up all over again. Further: your editorial insert marks ¶like  
this¶ are objectionable, because they're symmetrical and don't show  
which way is in. ¶-If you will notice thish's and REV's inserts, I  
used a dash after the ¶ to destroy symmetry and show which way is  
in.-¶

So, the lettercol: I do not understand why or how anyone so  
demonstratively-perceptive as M.Z.Bradley could be so gratuitously  
insulting to a wonderful guy like John Berry, as MZB was in writing  
to you. I can see how maybe John hasn't done anything for her (I  
have a nearly-'59 postcard from MZB asking "who is this  
-20- candidate of yours?") but surely John has done nothing to  
Marion. I say again: Marion Z Bradley, in her stories, is

one of the most perceptive and sensitive writers in the field. Since I know John Berry to be The Most, both in writings and in person, I'll hold off on the recriminative routine, and give Marion a chance

to clarify her stand, post-De-  
tention, before making Big E-  
valuations. ¶-If you will note  
MZB's letter, farther on, I think  
you will find that she liked  
John Berry as a person very  
much. It seemed, from her  
letter, that she was not so much  
against Berry as the idea of  
private funds in general.-¶



-----  
"I hate hot buskits."  
-----

TERRY JEEVES Re the case  
58 Sharrard Grove of the Hei-  
Sheffield 12 ronymous ma-  
England chine: I

feel there  
is a character going around  
fixing these things so they  
don't work. I made one a cou-  
ple of months ago, and that  
didn't work either. Since  
then, I have come up with a  
brilliant idea for the bedev-  
ilment of others....the consu-  
mer research test of repair  
facilities. I set to work.

First, my Hieronymous  
machine was prettied up, po-  
lished, and fitted with all  
sorts of extra gadgets....a  
built in spirit level, for en-  
suring a flat response; an egg  
timer, for long sessions; and  
a pencil sharpener for sharp-  
ening pencils. Armed with a  
copy of the relevant Patent  
(US) the Hieronymous machine  
was carted round to a repair-  
er of electronic gadgetry.

Confronted with the mac-  
chine, and the patent, the mechanic offered the opinion that it  
would be a short job, and said I could wait. I did, he fiddled...  
gap of three hours....fade in to technician minus oddles of hair,  
and chewing the ends of his moustache, while the amplifier section  
of the H.M. gives out with "Londonderry Air."

Yes, there is a future for the machine.  
Also notice that Ron Bennett has joined the DWE, and receives  
an appreciation in your columns. Be warned, Ron is a card  
sharp, who never misses a chance to play Brag with the un-  
wary; how else do you think he managed to get to the States?

The only reason that he and I remain friends is because I never play Brag with him...too expensive, and besides, I want to go to the States too. ¶-I don't believe it! Ron was practically a charter member of the DWE, and is very considerate. Why, when he called me from the Falascas' in 1958 he promised to teach me to play Brag by mail, so he can't be such a bad sort.-¶

-----  
"Note you have an article by Bob Bloch...who's he?" --Jeeves  
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DICK SCHULTZ                      Revolution is distinctly well put together material in an attractive format, on a decidedly appropriate subject.  
19159 Helen  
Detroit 34, Mich.

Revolution was a tribute. And, as such, the contributors did indeed prelude their work with the spark of history.

You, yourself, and those others, schizoid splinters of yourself or real people, Hryb, Franson, showed a desire to put before fandom a living picture of the Goon and his mythos. You succeeded, in my case at least, in showing John Berry as a true fan and fine personality. ¶-John Berry has shown himself to be a true fan and fine personality, we merely showed our appreciation of this fact.-¶

Perhaps it is bad taste, or something, but that one cartoon on page 40, to me, is the single one in the zine. ¶-Many felt that Cameron's cartoon was an especially humorous one.-¶

Ted Pauls and his fanzine are unknown to me, but for once, in a fanzine, a criticism wasn't a down-right below-the-belt attack. It was a criticism. Obviously bitter thoughts revolved in the writer's conscious stream, but he restrained himself, to his credit.

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"The wages of sin is death, you zombie!"  
-----

ARCHIE MERCER                      So you cut letters. So you invariably cut letters. You even change Sneary's spelling to conform to your cut-letter specifications. If you weren't so obviously a Good Man I might even start getting the idea that you were a slob.  
434/4 Newark Rd.  
No. Hykeham  
London, England

(You're NOT a slob are you? I am) ¶-But Archie, I didn't cut your letter lastish. However, in opening that confusing Airmail-form I sliced this letter in half. Face it, you've been cut.-¶

Who'd Be a Dweef succeeds to start with in entirely confusing the issue as to precisely who (or whom) did write the thing. If that is, anybody. Pretty good actually, whoever did (or didn't). Bloch's piece shows signs of the rush he mentions having been in at the time -- still, he's a Good Man for doing it. ¶-Yea! Huzzah!-¶ Moffatt's piece is on the whole pleasant, which is a distinct improvement on the general tenor of sundry similar-looking pieces by various people that one sees around the place nowadays. ¶-I guess CRY is just a down-beat fanzine.-¶

I tend to approve of the Denouncement, but I'm probably prejudiced. What the hell's a "Sufer Fan"??? ¶-I couldn't get an explanation out of Rotsler, but I believe it is either a "Super Fan" or "Suffer, Fan" of a mixture of the two. Clearer? I didn't think so.-¶ "Hryb is pronounced Hêrb"--this struck me as somewhat

-22- impossible, until I remembered that in America, Herb ISN'T pronounced herb, but more sort of like hrrrb. In which

case, it's quite feasible for Hryb also to be pronounced Hrrrb. Fascinating things, languages. I-Eugene "Urb"?-I

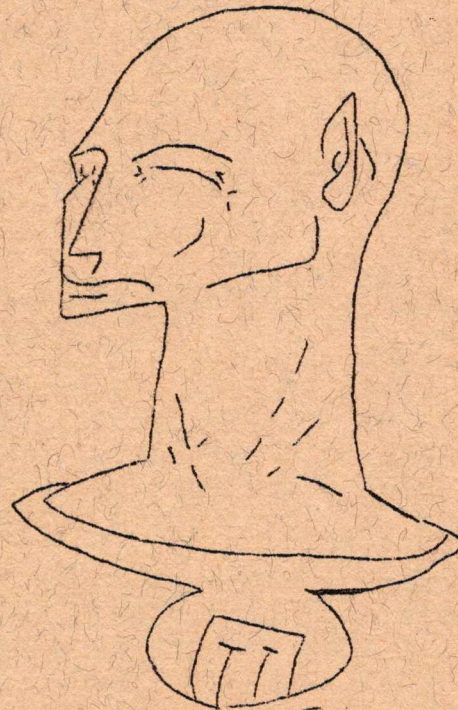
-----  
"I'm up to my eyeballs in work. I clean sewers."  
-----

ART HAYES Had I known the new rules for DWE, I might have tried Cardiff to put in an application (at the Detention) and paid Ontario my dues for at least a year, however, it now seems that Canada I won't even be allowed to join now, until I am able to make that pilgrimage.

Woe is me. Anyhow, after this issue of Revolution, I'm not exactly popular, so, maybe on that account, if nothing else, I may be allowed to join the DWE, since my tactics do seem to be in line with the policies of the DWE.

Now, a few comments on my own letters. First, the first one dealing with Dafoe. I withdraw the designation of all the Toronto group as Fuggheads. It is a fuggheaded remark to make. Calling any one or any group fuggheaded would tend to indicate that the writer himself is a fugghead.

Now, on the BERRY situation. This has some elements of misunderstanding, partly because my comments are in three parts, one of which appeared in Dafoe, the other in Revolution. This tends to make bad reading. (1) I very much doubted that anything I would say on the matter would have much effect. In fact, by the time I did start making comments, the fund had to be successful, if the plan was to go ahead. (2) My opposition is not so much against Berry (which it isn't at all), but against ALL of these special funds, 'specially any planned for the future. (3) Since the Berry Fund did make it, Berry did get to Detroit, and to the West, and presumably back (I contributed a small amount to bring him back East), those responsible for the organization of the plan should be congratulated on a difficult job I- That of getting Seattle fans to let him go?-I well done. (4) Some have taken exception to the statement that "If I am uninformed about the Special Funds and TAFF, the it is the fault of those funds for keeping things on a secret level." choosing to interpret the case as secrecy on the part of the BERRY fund; While I do not claim that I knew much about the Berry Fund, still, I cannot accuse them of secrecy, since there was a lot of publicity given it. My remarks were more of a follow-up on my comments on Dafoe #1, as modified by Rick's statement. If anyone remembers what I said on D#1, I accused TAFF of secrecy, not the Berry Fund. I was more



*Harness*

critical of TAFF, suggesting many changes, so that members, the contributors, would know more of what was going on. I met John Berry at the Detention, and have only admiration for him, and, it is odd that my remarks, in a Berry Appreciation Issue, should have been interpreted as being a direct attack on him. No such thing intended.

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"Hoo Bhooy, there hain't gonna be nothin' left of fandom when we get done with it." --Gary Deindorfer, on the aims of the DWE.

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LEE HOFFMAN (basement) 54 E. 7th St. New York 3, NY

The tide in the mail box has been at ebb for lo, these many months. For so long, in fact, that I've even been considering answering one of the classified ads in POPULAR MECHANICS or the like, in order to raise its level with the flood of printed matter one gets by joining an assortment of mailing lists. Therefore I was most delighted to see a large manilla-type envelope rising from the mailbox this morning. The new ROAD & TRACK, I thought hopefully. But this wasn't too likely. Then I thought, maybe it's a fanzine!

Eagerly, I grabbed at it and tore it open, and there lay Revolution. Not Opus or Hyphen or Le Zombie, but Revolution. Times have changed, I thought. I turned to the contents page. John Koning, Colin Cameron, Gary Deindorfer....vaguely familiar names. I've done so little fanzine reading in these past months that I could place only Deindorfer, but the other names were familiar from someplace. ¶-You sent me my first fanletter, and my first fanzine, Excelsior #2, about three years ago. It's good to hear from you again, LeeH.-¶

Even more reassuring was the contents page. Bloch, Moffatt, Schultheis, Lichtman, Caughran...these were names I knew. And the quality of the mimeography suggested that I might actually be able to read what they'd written. (A rarity)

I was pleased enough that I decided to write and tell you so. So I looked to your contents page for an indicia that might give me your address. It wasn't there. So I turned to the back of the book, to see if it was there. Nope. So I started thumbing through to see if it was hidden away on some internal page. And I finally found it on the bottom of page 34. That is a hell of an inconvenient place to put an indicia, I thought. So I decided not to write you after all. ¶-Forgetting vital information like my address is a bad habit with me -- but if I can remember, it will be on this's contents page. I hope you decide not to write me again....soon.-¶

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"I've discovered that all my fan friends are pseudonyms of the Berkeley Boys."

---

SANDY SANDERSON 236 Queens Road New Cross, London SE 14 England

I might be prejudiced, but I think the funniest piece in the mag was your comment at the end of Joy's letter. Your "Ah, Inchmery; home of acidity tinged with humor" has the touch of genius. A beautiful transposition of words.

Come to think of it, perhaps that is not as complimentary as I intend it to be, because of course you know the stolid Sanderson lacks a sense of humor. Even so, perhaps you'll see what I mean. ¶-I see what you mean. I



cut your airletter form in half also, Sandy.-|

-----  
"I was the only female in a club composed of five males."  
-----

RICK SNEARY                      On first thought, Down With Everything did not  
2962 Santa Ana                    seem to be a club that I could feel at home in  
South Gate, Calif.                .....and yet I like to join things.     But on  
   looking at this issue I see that you do not  
really believe in down with everything... Actually I gather you are  
more inline with a policy of WAIDH (What Am I Doing Here?). If you  
are willing, I would rather like to join too. It puts me in as  
notly a group as I've been in since I joined SFInternational and  
found Richard S. Shaver was a member. | -Welcome, Rick. Officially,  
to join you should contribute to a DWE Pub. Why not a fabulous  
financial article in the series following "AEN--Revisited"?-|

There is so much material I shall comment on the main items  
first--Like Denouncement..about Pauls. Your (editorial you, mean-  
ing both of you)last line of comment is the crux of the whole ques-  
tion. Merely being talked about does not make for lasting fame.  
I for one think Pauls has a lot of talent. I do not know why he  
began sounding so cynical -- and it is rather a disappointment. You  
yourself tread on thin ice with some of your remarks.. Most notic-  
ably the statement that DM #5 was the first. (and possibly only--at  
this date I can't remember if other comments apply to material that  
appeared in other issues) issue you had seen. Yet condemn White for  
writing a review of a zine he had only skimmed...--One can gain an  
opinion after reading only one issue, I grant you...But it doesn't  
pay to say that someone else can't. | -Yes, but I read DM several  
times, and White only "skimmed" Apé, reading mainly the cartoons.-|  
And, along with Len Moffatt and a few others, I find the liberal use  
of the word "fugghead" in poor taste.. It's a "loaded" word.-----As  
DM has folded, (which I at least feel is a loss, though it certainly  
was not the type of letter zine I'd hope to see) there is little  
point of stating my agreement with you on other points.

Regarding subs, about which there was much talk, I rather agree  
with Marion, but mainly feel that no one should announce a hard and  
fast rule, because there are too many exceptions. There are many  
fans, such as Willis, who you would be foolish to cut off your list,  
even if they didn't comment every issue. For once they did write,  
it would more than make up for it. (I know you said you weren't,  
I was just adding my own thoughts anyway) But I do think you ought  
to have a reasonable price on your fanzine for people who can nei-  
ther trade (like myself, as I have no zine) or have not the time to  
write letters of comment. A price to put in reviews...as I believe  
when a fan you don't know well enough to have sent a copy writes &  
asks for one, he ought to be willing to pay for at least that one..  
If you want to keep him on after that free-for-letters-of-comment,  
or what ever, that is another thing. And, of course, when you get  
into the 120-plus mailing regularly, you will have good reason to  
trim your mailings only to active readers. | -The price on Pafoc  
is 20¢ per copy. My system takes care of Good Men, as I have ex-  
plained in "An Economist's Nightmare--Revisited"-|

Last page comments by Art Hayes are a fine example of  
the danger of making broad sweeping generalities. -- It was  
my error to not state what I meant by being "active" and

"informed" about. By "active" I ment in the frame of reference of the currently popular fanzines -- especially the Gen-zines. I at least do not see his name very often in them, and I think I see most of them. And it is noted that it was the so-called "fanzine fans" that wanted to bring John over. I know full well that one can be very active in the NFFF and not know anything about the people in the top ten of fandom. (And let me make it clear, I do not say members of the NFFF don't know --- but that you can be a active member and not know). As for being informed, it's no disgrace to be poorly informed, but don't blame others for it. My feeling was that if Hayes knew the facts regarding the Berry Fund, he would not be against it. I was not making any slur, for we never have time to know all we should... But if he choses to defend his lack of information on the grounds people should have told him, I find there is little I can say... Marion, by the way, we might agree was wrong in her views about Berry. But her remarks were based on well-informed, personal opinion.

I don't know why the big fuss about not believing in strange names. Carl Brandon was a perfectly believeable name, as was Joan Carr.....while who would believe names like Terwilleger, or Sneary. And as I said about Underman, I believe in Hryb, because he fits the pattern of your being a fan.

-----  
"I don't eat neofans for breakfast...  
I save them for midnight snacks." --MZB

-----  
MARION Z BRADLEY      Heavens, I liked John Berry when I met him--even  
Box 158                      contributed cash to the Berry Return Fund! (That  
Rochester, Texas          was me came out into the lobby and yelled at the  
                                 top of my voice "Hey, you pikers, everybody back  
in here and give another dollar to the Berry Fund!" when Harlan was  
trying to auction of Bjo.) We chatted very pleasantly for a few  
minutes in the lobby just before he left, John regretting that he  
would have no time to visit Texas and I assuring him that he wasn't  
missing a thing. He is really a charming person. I was charmed,  
anyway. My objection to the Berry Fund, as I thought I made clear,  
was against the principle of importing fans when after all there  
are so many fans in the USA who never get to Conventions--why don't  
the people who go around contributing to Causes devote some time  
and energy to dreaming up ways and means to help these people lo-  
cate transportation and so forth. Or to putting on more and bet-  
ter local conventions so that people in isolated areas who can't  
quite make the Big ones can get to meet their own sort now & then,  
at least, and not miss out on ALL the fun.      ¶-There are regional  
conventions, but there could be more.-¶      ¶ Goof!

-----  
"Nick Falasca is a Flying Saucer Fan!"

-----  
-26- ANDY YOUNG                      I too very much liked the pseudo-quotes  
                                 same as Jean Young from future fmz.      I wonder how many

> Fans are grand people, John. The more I meet of them the more kindly disposed I become toward them. I used to fued with all and sundry. After Dallas I softened considerably, and now I believe I wouldn't even bite Walt Willis if he stepped through the bars of my cage. ¶-Let's start a fund to bring Willis over, Marion.-¶

people will fail to catch on to this?

The "You mean there's no fund to get him back...?" struck me funny at the Detention; speaking of which, it's ironic that MZB was there along with Sneary and Berry.

You misunderstand Harry Warner. Reread his letter; he says it takes longer to write a letter of comment than to produce one copy of the zine, not the whole works. It took you 15 hours to do 140 copies; that's only six and a fraction minutes per copy, and even a pocsacrd (funny how many people misspell that word--not to mention how lousy your own spelling, aside from quirks like "lettr" is; I hereby appoint you Honorary Ted White of the month) takes more than that long to write, if most people have as much trouble finding them as we do. ¶-You are, I see now, quite right.-¶

I kind of like the ¶ as a bracket; it's neat and distinctive. I would not enjoy seeing insertions, be they framed in the most beautiful of bracket-substitutes, in the text of a fanzine; in the letters they are perfectly proper.

Like everyone else, I must admit I croggle at the thought of anyone having Hryb as a name; I don't much care whether it's real or not, but if it is, can you explain the origin. ¶-His parents gave it to him, I believe.-¶

This Down With business reminds me that I was thinking just the other night that my entire career in astronomy has consisted of tearing down other astronomer's ideas. My first published work pointed out a flaw in a Big Name Astronomer's analysis of the light curve of Mars; my thesis research is dedicated to demolishing a Dutch astronomer's model of the galaxy (Edmond Hamilton has nothing on me!) and just last week I blasted a nice little paper by the head of the NASA. Come to think of it, my career in fandom hasn't been all sweetness and light, either....

¶-Omitted is an explanation of the "Who'd Be a Dweef" problem, which is far too logical to be true.-¶

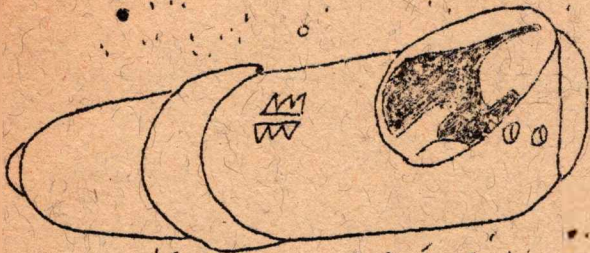
I think I have also figured out why everyone is so aghast at your bookkeeping system. They remember the old saying, "There's no accounting for fans."

Which reminds me: how about a little credit/debit box somewhere in the fmz so people can tell how far ahead or behind they are in your system? Then no one need worry that he's going to be chopped for falling beyond the \$ barrier; with advance warning, he'll be able to contribute enough to stay on your good list.

-----  
"What is the sound of one finger snapping?" --Andy Young  
-----

JEAN YOUNG                      Somehow, although I had my doubts when I first  
11 Buena Vista Park           saw Hryo's name, after hearing you refer to  
Cambridge 40, Mass.           him a couple of times I didn't doubt that he  
   was real.           People usually have a coy, cute  
way of talking about their own, or others', pennames, and I didn't  
notice any of this.

I don't really like Prosser's drawings very much, and was going to sneer gently at the cover until I Took Thought: that must have been a devilish hell of a lot of work, cutting that thing. I specialize in and usually enjoy stencilling drawings, even difficult ones, but this is not something I'd much



care to tackle. And I find it is the subject of the drawing, not the drawing itself, which I find dull and tired. Pictures of Black Masses or whatever don't rouse my Sense of Wonder or send chills of horror coursing down my spine. They don't shock and they don't appall...especially Prosser's horror don't. But it IS, I realize, a rather good design, interestingly han-

dled for something so symmetrical. The double arch with the round window above is good; I like it. The foreground tends to look just messy. ¶-I rather thought of it as depicting a DWE meeting.-¶

The idea of a John Berry Appreciation Issue I like very much. I must confess, I am not a staunch G.D.A. type, and a little of it goes a long, long way with me. I prefer John's other writings, particularly his serious ones, to his G.D.A. stuff. But John himself is such a wonderful person -- one of the most wonderful I have ever met, and so much more than just "The Goon" could ever be, that one of my most treasured possessions now is a large diploma from the Goon Defective Agency Training School -- one of the ones used in the play -- that John left for me when he left Detroit. One of my other cherished treasures is the teddy bear John bought for Al-Sam on the way from Fond du Lac to Detroit.

I might mention that I enjoy very much the "quotes" from fanzines of mythical title and future date. I presume these are made-up. ¶-!-¶ Last night they struck me as hilarious, and suspecting the effects of the cognac, I have been looking at them again, and they ARE funny.

I don't agree with you and Hryb about Ted Pauls.....but then, I've met him and liked him and am consequently predisposed to like his publications. I thought Rich Brown in the issue of DM in question was an utter ass; but Ted ¶-White-¶ almost always acts the same way when attacked. He spends a great deal of time and effort explaining how he isn't going to defend himself and isn't going to counterattack and so on, all the while doing precisely that. I dislike this spectacle intensely, and it bothers me all the more because Ted has many times been very good to us, and I much prefer liking him and the things he does. This I don't like. As for Pauls, he strikes me as young, with opinions that are very definite now but which may change; for quite a while he seemed to worship Ted, and with reason: people do tend to worship the first fans they know whom they meet in person, who help them, who are kind to them.

In general, I think you've got a very fine bunch of letters (I presume many, if not most ¶-Most-¶, were cut, and I compliment you on your editing job). The contrast in views between --oh, Marion Bradley, f'rinstance, and Harry Warner, makes one to feel like he's had a full meal. ¶-Editing the lettercol for REV was easy, because I had all the space I could want. But with more good letters, those that have something to say, than for REV, and less room, the editing gets rough.-¶

-----  
"There's not much fan fiction at the moment, but I expect  
a recrudescence."  
-----

--Don Franson

-----  
DAVE PROSSER            |-I wrote Dave, quoting Jean Young's letter; this  
1533 Euclid Ave.        was his reply.-|  
Stebenville, O.        Jean Young meant....just what she said....basi-  
                          cally, it was a compliment, yes. Her remark was  
the same basically, as if you and I were looking at an illo by Ad-  
kins....you ask for my opinion. I might reply (and this could be  
my opinion on anyone's art)....that he's really talented...composi-  
tion, layout, detail, technical accuracy....all there. He's real-  
ly a fine artist. I don't care for his subject matter tho. (In  
the case of Adkins, it would most conceivably be the space-opera  
stuff, which, in general I don't care for, altho I certainly ackno-  
ledge Adkin's as a damn fine artist....This simply is more a state-  
ment of one person's opinion; not anything derogatory.)

There's been so damn much controversy and "doubting-Thomas"-  
stuff concerning Eugene, it's given me quite a snicker. I read all  
the letters, then I find myself snickering to myself as I remember  
the two of you sitting not six feet from me, real as life, you all  
agitated and full of life over fandom....and Eugene sitting silent-  
ly beside you, taking in everything (a silent partner).

-----  
"Dear John -- I sent for Grue two months ago. No issue has  
arrived yet. Have I been gypped?"

-----  
TED PAULS                Revolution arrived today, and it may interest  
1448 Meridene Dr.       you to know that I thought it to be a truly fine  
Baltimore 12, Md.       zine. Quite an upgrind from Dafoe, really.

I should first like to give my thoughts----  
and possibly my denials----on the DWE Denouncement. Actually, it's  
a bit silly to argue Disjecta Membra, since it's been defunct since  
the July issue, and here it is October. No doubt you did not know  
of this, though I believe the news appeared in Fanac. |-I know, but  
the DD was already stenciled.-| I'm publishing this instead of  
writing you a letter so I'll know it will be seen by the fans I want  
it to be seen by; namely, the 30 fans who receive Dhog.|-In advance  
of publication, Ted sent me the proof of this letter, which he pub-  
lished some time ago in Dhog.-|

Your arguments are full of holes, but before I start I'd like  
to say that I agree that DM was a pretty sick-sick fanzine. I  
also agree that I was unnecessarily snide and sarcastic, but this  
was not done, as you say "to create a notable personality on the  
fannish scene..." The only excuse that I can give is that I was  
getting tired of being wishy-washy, and had decided to say some of  
the things I had only thought before. I realized this was a mis-  
take, especially so in that the issue I began to do this in (#5)  
sent to an additional fifty fans who had never received any of my  
zines before.

Oddly enough, I am still snide, still critical, still caustic;  
but now it is in the company of 30 fans who know me fairly well. I  
gave up with DM, in disgust, because my words were reaching  
a bunch of names I'd never written to, much less met in per-

son. Now, when critical or snide, I've made the concession of not going overboard (which I admit to doing in DM), but--repeat, BUT--I have not had to totally abandon this manner. Had I stayed on with DM, I would have had to choose between going back to weak, non-argumentive ways or getting a reputation akin to GMCarr's. By choosing to publish Dhog again, I can still retain at least a major portion of an in-born critical nature.

Your paragraph regarding Rich Brown is correct -- both of us were weak-headed and foolish. For the same reason; both composed a one-draft argument without bothering to blow off their steam, then argue.

Seems I've been agreeing with you, so far. But now we come to the section devoted to my opinions of TAFF. I neither said nor insinuated that the TAFF race was decided by every actfan on Earth. "Fans on all points of the earth...." is slightly different from "all fans on earth", wouldn't you say? I can cite fans who have publicly agreed with me (in that issue, only Derry is evident, but I assure you there are others); and I don't doubt that there are fans who know damn well Ford will win who will NOT publicly admit it. I could easily bail myself out of this particular misconception, but it would mean violating a strict DNQ from a collective group of local fans. No more will be said on this subject. ¶-What I objected to, Ted, was not your surity that Ford would win, but your cynical manner. However, I feel I have been off on this too. At the convention I met many who I feel should KNOW what they are talking about, and who were loath to contribute to a fund to finance Ford's TAFF trip, and they (& you) were right. The thought is, at times, deserving of a little bitterness.-¶

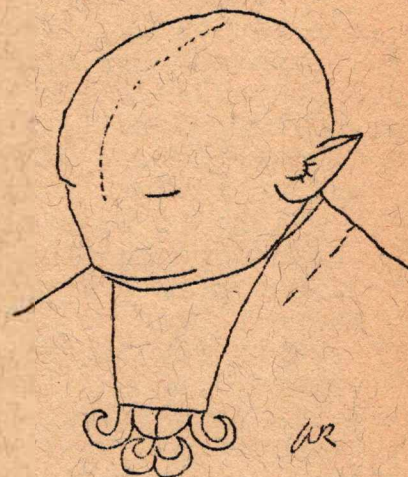
And that, John, seems to be it. I might say that I enjoyed all of the material in Revolution, that the zine is impeccable, that the layout is fine, & that I hope you keep me on your mailing list.

-----  
"Othello is dead--that's all there is, there isn't any moor."  
---Worst Puns from ~~Fransson~~ Shakespeare

-----  
WALLY WEBER  
Box 267  
920 3rd Ave.  
Seattle 4, Wash.

Being a thorough reader, I cleverly noticed the remarks on the Berry Fund vs. TAFF discussion. To my way of thinking, if there need be a choice between the two, I prefer the Berry Fund type where the contributor knows his money will not be used for a candidate he does not wish to support. Although less people will be likely to contribute to such a fund, those that do contribute will most likely contribute more. Actually, I am not choosing between the two, however. I hope TAFF will continue, and am particularly pleased with the candidates nominated this time.

¶-The argument for private funds is very sound. I would  
-30- much rather contribute to a fund to bring someone I was sure I wanted to meet, than to the uncertain TAFF.-¶



-----  
"Let not the Atom Bomb be the final sequel..."  
-----

JOHN MUSSELLS            It(-his comment-) has to do with the Koning-Hryb  
P.O. Box 15            thing, 'DM Denouncement.'            Your criticism is  
Wakefield, Mass.        ruined by obsequies to majority rule. I am not  
                         familiar with the White-Brown argument so can't  
discuss this incidental topic in connection with the more important  
one of your fawning willingness to change your views if you meet  
opposition.            But whatever White's action, your honest evaluation  
of it deserves to be written with vigor and self-confidence, not  
simpering apologies and whinning entrieties to a group over-soul to  
which you will swiftly congorm when it gets around to concluding;  
what is right and what is wrong. One who can put together such in-  
telligent sentences and chain them in fine, logical order should not  
fall into the ridiculous fallacy of a changing, relative right and  
wrong, much less waste a thought on a one dictated by public opin-  
ion. It is a waste of mental energy. The pessimistic notion of  
relative morality has long since been refuted, and the fact that  
many choose to ignore this for Machiavellianism does not change re-  
ality one bit. The majority no more dictates what is right and what  
is wrong than are Lolita and Peyton Place classics of human genius  
because public demand has made them best sellers. They remain li-  
terary garbage; no amount of popularity will make a Scarlet Letter  
of either. By all means criticize, but don't abandon logic in do-  
ing it. (-You are accusing me of a fault based on a misunderstand-  
ing of my, and Eugene's remarks. First, I was not criticizing Ted  
White, mainly, but Ted Pauls. My remarks on White's "review" of  
Apé were incidental. However, when I expressed the idea of a  
changing right and wrong, I was not inferring that if I found pub-  
lic opinion to be unanimously against us, I would change my viewson  
DM, I was merely expressing the idea that if most people didn't  
agree with us they would disregard our critique as unfounded and we  
would be in a minority. I have no intention of changing my stand,  
regardless of the opinion of fandom in general.-)

-----  
"...In which all men are cremated equal."  
-----

RON BENNETT            I'm very interested to know whether your bribe of  
7 Southway            real live money to people who write letters has  
Arthurs Ave.            paid off, if you'll excuse the phrase. (-With the  
Harrogate            length of this letticol, I'd say "yes."-)  
Yorkshire            Franson's answer to the parody on the Goon  
England            "Case of the Hexed Hieronymous Machine" was brilli-  
(-ridiculous,        ant, so much so that after that final crack against  
isn't it...-)  
Gold I had to turn back to the contents page to as-  
                         sure myself that Walt had not, after all, written  
that bit himself.

I was extremely surprised and embarrassingly flattered to find  
that I'd been spotlighted in such a fashion in this all important  
issue. Barbara Johnson's illustration was surprisingly lifelike,  
probably because she hasn't met me. I'm afraid you've been kind,  
though. I've turned down many a neofan's request for ma-  
terial and I wish I could improve my standard of chess so-31-  
that I were terrible. (-I meant you've rarely let a neo's

lettr go unanswered. Mal Ashworth inquired, "In what way do you mean 'Ron Bennett is a terrible chess player?' Terrible like the Lord God Jehovah, or terrible like lousy?"-[] Also, whilst I did contribute to that All Anonymous Issue of Leuh, I have never used the name "Wren Bonnett", which was, I believe, an invention of Archie Mercer. []-Undoubtedly in the pursuence of his duties as leader of the DWEE.-[] Still, I must unstaple that page and frame it. I'm overwhelmed. []-Forgot, but you're also 1/3 of Alan Dodd.-[]

Because of my position as an ex-TAFF delegate, I'm unable to comment on Harry Warner's statement that perhaps TAFF should be scrapped. I don't think that TAFF received a kick in the teeth, though, because the Berry Fund was so happily successful, and on the other hand I'd never go along with the statement that someone or other said about John having to take his chance in TAFF. That both campaigns are successful merely emphasizes to me that fandom is a happy place to be in after all the bitching and kicking up at all sorts of things have been placed in their proper perspective as coming from the mouths and typewriters of a soured minority.

As you'll no doubt know, Sandy is perfectly willing to share his fanzines with Vinç and Joy, and vice versa. It's just that Sandy will soon be moving from Inchmery and he'd like to preserve his own collection to take with him. []-So! The greed of Stolid Sanderson has finally forced the Clarkes to put him out. So!-[]

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## FORUM

As is common with all works of great quality, Boyd Raeburn's frank critique in Dafœ #1 has evoked numerous imitations, all clamoring for the attention of the public. Rather than try to run each one seperately, I have collected them here as one article.

ARCHIE MERCER -- "I'm unable to think of anything suitable, and wouldn't have time to write it if I did."

RON BENNETT -- "I feel my fanzine writing days are over."

BOYD RAEBURN -- "You dirty..." er, no, that was lastish.

GREGG CALKINS -- "Even my mail consists of postcards until winter comes."

SANDY SANDERSON -- "Do something...Hell."

WALT WILLIS -- "The very thought of creative effort is enough to drive me to delirious plucking at the bed-clothes. I put your letter aside with a shudder of horror."

MAL ASHWORTH -- "I make no promises...don't bank on it."



DWEditorial, continued from page 6:

ulations, Don), but the British TAFF race is just beginning. One happy point is that all three candidates should be acceptable to the "fanzine fans" here in the US, and also to the "convention fans," since the British fan seems to represent the idyllic combination of the two. For this reason, however, my choice as to which fan I will support becomes difficult.

I have known Sandy Sanderson since Apé #2. While others have at times found him to be bull-headed, etc., I have never violently disagreed with him. To the contrary, Sandy has produced a fine series of Aporrhétas, giving me much pleasure, and generally creating a favorable impression of him in my mind. Certainly, I want to meet him.

Yet, in the past few months (and even before then), Mal Ashworth has produced what I consider to be some of the best humor to come out of Britain. I was hysterical over Bem and Rot, and feel that Mal would undoubtedly be as much of a pleasure in person as he is in print. I faunch to talk to such a fan.

Eric Bentcliffe (you cad!) is the least known, personally, to me. I have never had a letter from him, but I look with much favor upon Triode, as does Hryb. While I wouldn't vote for Eric because of friendship, as I would for Sandy or Mal, I think he would not displease me, and fans generally, if he were to win TAFF.

You see, the decision is rather hard. So, instead of singling out a particular candidate to plug at this time, I feel instead that supporting TAFF generally is about as worthy a cause as I can pledge myself to. Like, contribute now.

**MORBID FUNNIES** Sitting on my patio, sipping iced tea (this was in summer) I was astounded when the usually somber Eugene Hryb burst into laughter. Inquiring as to the cause of his mirth, I was handed a newspaper article which I read and also burst into laughter. The article described how a young boy had been riding his bicycle down the road when someone in a passing car had thrown something into the sack he had on the front of his bike. The next paragraph read, "'I could hear it fizzing,' the boy said from his hospital bed, Monday." Certainly not hilarious comedy, but a quirk which struck us as unsanely funny.

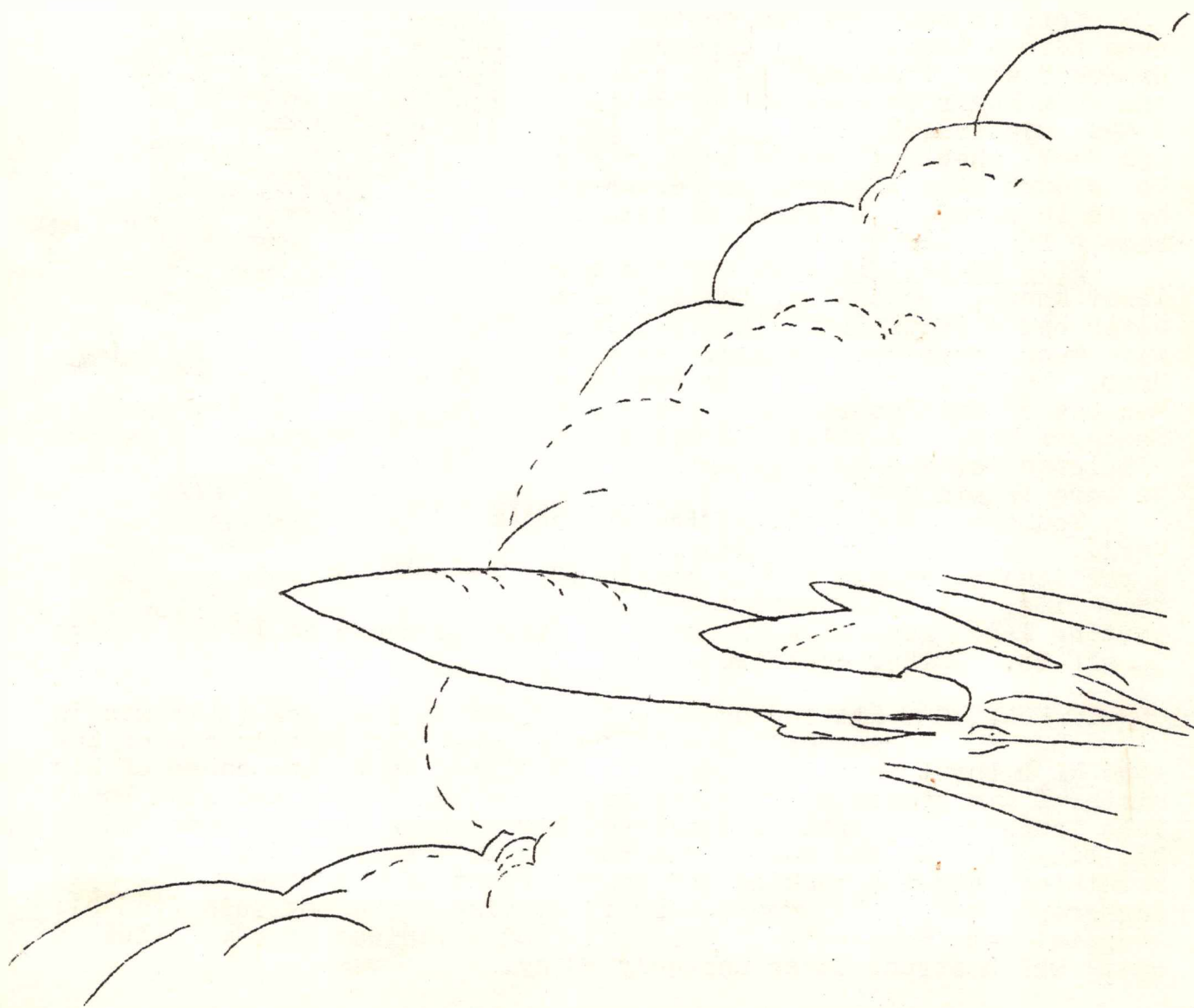
I've rambled a bit in this editorial, perhaps enjoyably, perhaps not--I hope the former. Dafoe #3 will be out by summer, June-July, sometime in there, and I feel that I must pare the lettercol to a reasonable ten pages, but don't let this stop your writing, pleas.



*Ray Hlean*  
ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE  
PROVED MAN CAN  
TRAVEL FASTER  
THAN LIGHT?  
NOW WHAT?

THE SECOND ISSUE OF DAFOE,  
WHICH HAD AS ITS THEME:  
LATENESS

---



*Harness*