

"How did I recover my Sense of Wonder?
AMNESIA!"

DAFOE

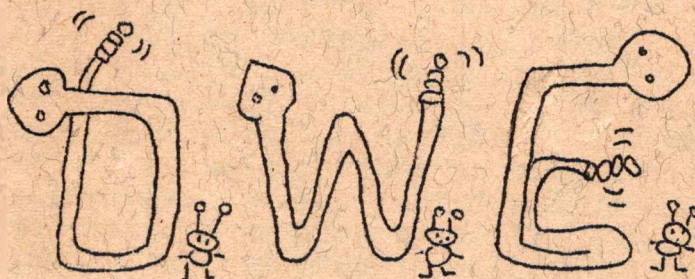
"THE STELLAR FANZINE

3 AUGUST
1960

DAFOE 3

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF EVERYTHING PART THREE

This is the third issue of Dafoe, a quarterly fanzine published once in a while by John Koning, who can for the present still be reached at 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio. It is priced at a ridiculous 20¢ per issue. You will notice that no reduced rate is given for longer subscriptions, perhaps indicating that they are not appreciated... and are unsure things at best, anyway.



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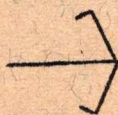
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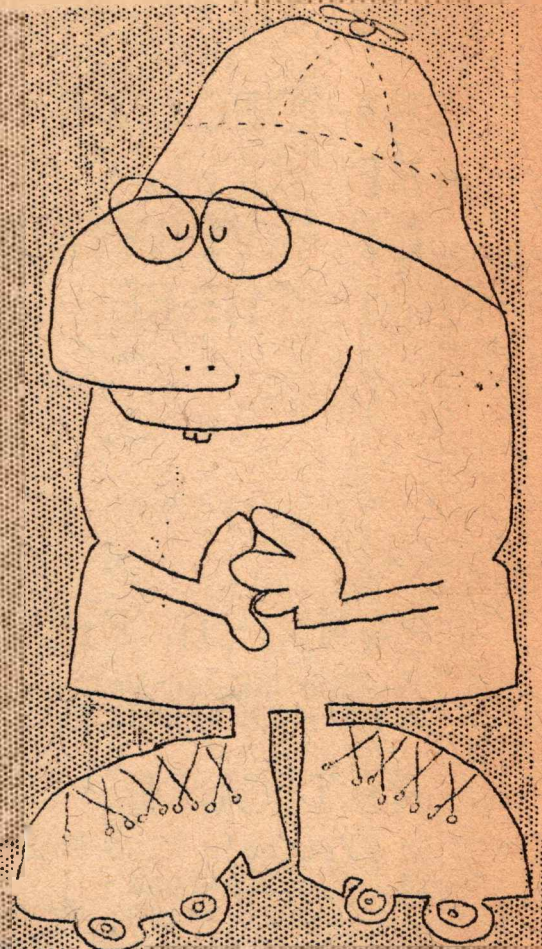
After September 15 I will be at Case Institute of Technology in Cleveland, but since I don't know my new address, mail sent at my present one will reach me after a few days delay.

IT'S HERE AGAIN I'm sorry to disappoint those who have been fervently hoping that Dafoe would be coming out only once a year (and, considering how I have treated my "quarterly" schedule, that I would do likewise with my "annual" one), but I'm afraid that Dafoe is here again, and only three months after #2. D,

I guess, is a summer quarterly, just as I am, according to Bruce Pelz, only a summer fan. And, you know, I think he's right. I only come to life in the summer time, publish two of three fanzines, attend a convention, and then disappear for another eight or nine months. However, in typical neofanish enthusiastic goshwow spirit I resolve that Things Will Be Different. I am leaving this September for Case Institute of Technology (notice change of address, please) to become an Electrical Engineer, and while there I will have nothing to do for months but lay around writing letters, preparing contributions for neofans, and working on a big issue of Dafoe. I plan to have this big issue ready around December... you should get it by June, at least.

DWE EDITORIAL

LATE, LATE, LATE Last issue was a bit late, I'm afraid. You may remember my completely foolproof method for avoiding burning myself out for all time by the hectic rate of fanac some fans indulge in; I burned myself out after each issue, after a few weeks, ready to work again. Unfortunately, I burned myself out, according to plan, after D#2 was completed, but before it was mailed out. I recovered my sanity (comparatively speaking) sometime in June and shuffled off to the Post Office to mail it off, in much the same manner and mood in which my father disposes of the trash... I was sick of seeing it lying around the rec room. The lateness of the issue had quite an effect on the response, and so the lettercol is down to ten pages instead of its usual fifteen. I had intended to cut it so anyway, but I had no idea it would be so easy. Undoubtedly, some of the lack was due to D's lateness. If you got a fanzine dated March 1960 sometime in July, wouldn't it seem (unless you got it from Ted White) that the editor had finally discovered that he had stuffed your copy in his trunk & mailed it hurriedly, months after the others had been mailed? And would you feel obligated to comment on this eleventh-hour fanzine? I rather doubt it. The three month delay caused much of the material to be horribly dated. MZB's column was obviously written before the Detention, though this did not spoil it at all, but most of the fanzines Eugene reviewed had seen at least one more is-



sue before D#2 reached its readers. The most deplorable effect of the dating, however, was that my remarks to and about Inchmery fandom, both in the editorial and the lettercolumn, seem, because of the time at which they appeared, to be in exceedingly bad taste. When I wrote them, in February, all was well in far-off England as far as I knew, and they were merely intended as, respectively, my endorsement of Vinç in the Sandfield-Inchmery feud, and a gentle poke at Inchmery through Ron Bennett. I did not even know of the Inchmery breakup until after I'd mailed them, in June, because I was rather out of touch with fandom for a few months. Nothing other than what I've stated was intended, and I apologize for any insult or embarrassment caused anyone... nothing of the sort was intended.

Another reason for lack of comment, I believe, was the lack of commentable material. MZB's column was the only non-local bit of material I printed, and it drew more comment than the rest of the issue. I did not write my editorial with an eye to provoking controversy, there was little in the lettercol or "Herbage" that could be discussed at length, and "An Economist's Nightmare--Revisited" was merely meant to rehash the arguments on the first in the series, and close the subject to further discussion. Sure, it's nice to get letters saying "The material and reproduction were very nice," but how do you make a lettercolumn out of them?

CLEVER TITLES As to the title, DAFOE, "The Stellar Fanzine," no, I am not styling D as another Stellar, though I sometimes think that my mag comes out about as often as TEW's late fanzine does today. Dafoe is not on an all faaan fiction basis (though REV and #3 were and are heavily weighted with it), nor do I aspire to the eminence as a really fannish zine that Stellar did. It would be only fair to admit, however, that I have been strongly influenced by the excellent layouts in the impeccable Stellars of the past, and that I derive pleasure from trying to approximate some of them. Actually, though, with the clever titles (D, The Dated Fanzine; D, The Stellar Fanzine) I think this is becoming a Voidish fanzine. You see, I am not only a Fawning Acolyte of Boyd Raeburn, but also a sycophantic yes-man of Ted White.

HOW TO WRITE EDITORIALS WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S FMZ Greg Benford, in Void #10, said: "It sometimes amazes me to see how many fans worship at the altar or 'Personality.' ... A fact many people ignore these days is that an editor's job is to edit, NOT 'express himself.' However, I am not advocating that a faned cut himself out of his fanzine. There are a few zines, though, which have taken this too far and printed nothing but reams and reams of mediocre material. There is a tendency to swing to either one side or the other on this matter -- instead of maintaining an even balance between editor and contributor, most fanzines stick consistently to one type of policy (usually the 'personality-zine'). Thus we find a number of efforts which are filled with nothing but the babblings of the editor, and on the other hand, a slightly smaller group which contains a lot of rather shoddy material and practically nothing of the editor himself." As I stenciled "Herbage" this, I noticed that one of the points Eugene has emphasized is lack of editorial personality. Eugene has more patience than I do, but even he is tiring of fanzines with

no editorial personality, or at best, a puerile one. I disagree with Greg in part. He said (in an unreprinted portion) that an editorial should entertain. I agree with this, but I believe that an editor can express himself and entertain at the same time. I hope at least that while I express myself on the various topics that my editorial notes cover, I am at least being interesting. Unfortunately, some editors exhibit no editorial personality because they have none... and the mediocre fanzines continue to appear.

A DEFENSE OF SORTS Fans have criticized my use of justified margins, branding them as an "asinine waste of time. They also condemned Stellar as "being so well thought-out in advance that all spontaneity was quashed." I feel that my margins are neither asinine nor a waste of time, any more than the other extra hours I put in on layouts. What does it matter if I use the time, if I have the leisure? I can't possibly publish any more frequently, I can't afford to make the zine bigger, and when I do have the inspiration to write articles for other fanzines I stop my work and do so. On the other hand I enjoy seeing justified margins and well-laid out pages, & I like to feel that the pains I take in working on layout are appreciated, at least. I like my reproduction to be very clear, and my fanzine nice to look at, as well as to read. When I get some good material I exert myself to see that my presentation of it does justice to the work the author put in on it. Also, layout is an expression of my editorial personality. I take great pride in my fanzines, and since I solicit most of my material and only write editorials and an occasional article, I can only really put myself into my fanzine by working hard on the layout... and this includes justified margins.

Certainly, I do not advocate all fanzines using justified margins. I feel that in Hypphen, for instance, they would "quash some of the spontaneity." I do feel that they add infinitesimally to the quality of my own publications, and I'll continue them as long as possible. Since I spend two or so months preparing an issue of my zine, I think that'll be a long time.

HE WAS A GREAT BIG MAN In Void #22 (you don't think I use originality to editorialize, do you?) Greg Behford refers to Orville Mosher as drawing himself "up to his full five feet two inches" and "stalking from the room." When I read this, all the times I had seen that reference to "five feet two inches" came back to me, and I was possessed with an insatiable desire to know about it.

I believe the first time I ran across it was in Stellar #11's reprint of Burbee's "Big Name Fan." It read: "He strode purposefully, taking big steps because he was a great big man 5'2" tall."

ART CREDITS

ATom -- 23
Ray Nelson -- Cover, 3, 38, 40, 41, 44, 46, 47
Eugene Hryb -- 4, 28
Terry Jeeves -- 24, 43
— 6 — Barbi Johnson -- 9, 12, 13, 16, 17, 36
William Rotsler -- 23, 38, Backcover

I probably would not even have known, at this time, that this was an esoteric allusion had not Redd Boggs, in the next issue, said, "Who remembers, if I may sound Vorzimerish for a moment, the significance of 'he was a great big man 5'2" tall'?" The last reference was in a science fiction novel I read a week or so ago in which one of the characters, Mayor Indbur, was 5'2". With this continued allusion among Those Who Know to this height, I am driven to know its significance. As a wild guess I wonder if it has anything to do with FTLaney's article, "I Am a Great Big Man;" but I have not even read this, just seen a reference to it in Redd Boggs' Glubdubdrib #1. How about somebody explaining this to me -- you Redd, you've made more references to this thing than anyone else concerned, and you do have a Secret Museum of Fankind; or you, Harry Warner, with your experience and fan history project; or you, Burbee, who wrote the story that started this thing; or even you, Ted White, it was in your fanzine.

Help....

THE NEW LOOK Eugene remarks, in his column, that Dafoe will never become a "new look" fanzine like Kipple, Nomad, and so on. I am inclined to agree with him. It's not that I wouldn't like to publish a "new look" fanzine...I regard them very highly... it's just that I haven't the time, the money, or the energy. "New look" fanzines are, by their creators' definition, frequent... that leaves good old three-quarterly Dafoe out right there. They are also aimed more at creating controversy and interest than at being general fanzines... that leaves Dafoe out again, for I am a genzine-type fan publisher, and prefer to mix my controversial material with fannish fiction and articles. And they are not too large... and I would publish a fifty page Dafoe every time if I could get the money, and the material. So I guess I'll have to let these "new look" fanzines go along and become the centers of whatever fandom grows up around them, and publish Dafoe so I have something to send in trade... because although I don't publish a Kipple myself, I don't want to miss it when someone else does.

MORE MORBID FUNNIES Eugene and I found another unsanely funny clipping, very similar to the boy-on-a-bicycle one. It concerns a pilot who, when landing his plane, completely forgot it had retractable landing gear and come in with nary a wheel under him. The second paragraph (usually the one with the punchline) read something like "'There's not a scratch on me,' the pilot said from his hospital bed, Monday." Hah hah hah.....

Mal Ashworth, whose sense of humor seems to be warped along the same lines as our own, wrote: "I did want to quote you a little bit from a local newspaper, which I thought might tickle your fancy as it does mine, considering that you found that piece about the boy on the bicycle funny. Well, it was like this; my boss was on his yacht in Ostend over the recent holidays, along with his secretary and two or three other people. The yacht was being refuelled by a Belgian mechanic who was smoking a cigarette and probably won't do so ever again while refuelling a yacht. Anyway, the whole thing went WHOOSH. A man on a neighbouring yacht said:

'I ran on deck and saw a terrible sight.

continued on page 35

This is the story of Rhysling, the Blind Singer of Fandom -- but not the official version. You sang his words, in some convention hall, no doubt, when you were a neo:

"I pray for one last fanning
With the zines that I gave birth
Let me look again on the homes of fen
And the golden halls of Mirth."

Perhaps you sang it at the PuCon, or the Midwestcon XX. Or it might have been at Mordor, or at the Solacon II, while the banner which read "South Gate Again In 2010!" rippled over your head.

The place does not matter -- it was certainly with fans around you. No one has ever translated "Golden Halls" into the machine-gun jargon of Madison Avenue; no Beatnik ever lisped and groaned it in the damp darkness of a Coffee House. This is ours. We of fandom have known all kinds of fans, from science fiction publishers to socialist revolutionaries, but this belongs solely to TruFen, to those who are the very soul of fandom.

THE GOLDEN HALLS

PAUL STANBERY &

We have all heard many stories of Rhysling. You may be one of the many who have sought BNFdom by scholarly evaluations of his published works -- SONGS OF TRUFANDOM; THE BERKELEY TOWER, AND OTHER POEMS; HIGH AND WET; and "YNGVI WAS A LOUSE!" among others.

Nevertheless, although you have sung his songs and read his verses since you came into fandom and from that time on, it is at least an even money bet---unless you knew Rhysling yourself, as I did---that you never heard most of Rhysling's unpublished songs; such items as SINCE THE FUGGHEAD MET MY COUSIN; KEEP YOUR PANTS ON, TRUFENME; or A DUPER BUILT FOR TWO."

Nor can we quote them in a family magazine.

Rhysling's reputation was protected by the happy chance that he had never gotten around to publishing his own fanzine and had been a convention fan for only a few years. SONGS OF TRUFANDOM was published the week he died; when it became a fannish classic, the stories about him were pieced together from what people remembered about him plus the highly colored con-reports written during his activity.

The resulting traditional picture of Rhysling is about as real as Joan Carr or Carl Brandon.

In truth, you would not have wanted him in your hotel room; he was not socially acceptable. He had a permanent case of poison ivy, which he scratched continually, adding nothing to his negligible beauty.

— 8 — Gorsen's portrait of him, for the hundredth issue of TWIG, shows a figure of high tragedy, a solemn mouth, sightless

eyes concealed by black silk bandage. He was never solemn! His mouth was always open, singing, grinning, drinking, or eating. The bandage was any rag, usually inky. After he lost his sight he became less and less neat about his person.

* * * * *

"Noisy" Rhysling was a confan, with eyes as good as yours, when he signed in at the DCon. He was the most carefree of the lot, and the meanest. All he wanted to do was sit around the convention hall, and spend his time punning and card playing and

OF BIRTH

RICH BROWN

drinking & maybe pubbing a one-shot for somebody else. Compared to him the fansmen, the BNF's, the actifans (neos and sercons didn't hang around much in those days) were mundane. He'd never read a word of stf, but he knew fans. Let others rave over the wonders of Gernsback and Palmer; Rhysling knew that words were useless against the raging and fitful devil that powered the turning mimeograph.

Rhysling knew the convention rut well; he had been hanging around them for a few years, New York to Detroit, to Dallas, to LA, before he had really gotten into fandom. He had binged at the famous Bloch-Tucker-Willis-Burbee blog-fest...and come out the only one standing to everyone's surprise.

When I first met him at the DCon, he was downing drinks in the hotel cocktail bar. He'd just been kicked out of the Seattle party on the roof for singing a chorus and several verses to the infamous THE OE IS A FATHER TO THE SAPS, with the uproarious final verse which he sang to me that night, in righteous fannish anger:

"Oh, the OE wanted Willis and the Crew
 So the Ghods met on the sea in Sixty-Two
 Now on the boat they had some wimmen
 So they passed their time a femme-in
 And they couldn't get ol' Toskey to unscr--"



...well, like I said, we can't quote them in a family magazine.

Getting thrown out didn't bother Rhysling. It had happened before and would probably happen again. He won a guitar from Bob Tucker cheating at Fan-Tan (he stole the Queen of Clubs with the earmuffs, some say). And he made his whiskey by singing in the convention halls and passing the hat. When the SAPS started coming into the bar we left and went upstairs to our rooms. We talked the night through. He told me the tales of how he had helped LASFS maintain its ripe reputation, strolled along the excavation site for the Berkeley Towers when Carl Brandon was still active, and won the costume ball at the '65 Worldcon.

Things moved fast in those days. Once the fans pulled into a hotel they were hard at work on a convention daily...if they were bidding for the next convention, at any rate. But fans sober enough to work were scarce and a steady and willing hand like Rhysling's was always welcome on the duper crank. He wandered in on the Seattle people the next morning, knowing they'd be eager to give him another chance. Once the new power-pack Gestetner 1880 was on the fannish scene the number of fanzines that could be put out was only limited by the number of fen who could be found who knew the machine. It was an extremely tricky machine; safety features and precision features had been cut to a minimum to trim prices down and few fen had the skill necessary to trun out fine copy; but when a knowing fan operated the machine the product was often taken for extremely fine multilith... and sometimes photo-offset. Rhysling was well known as one of the finest operators in fandom. He seemed to have been born with a feel for mimeography, so jobs were always open to him during the golden days of convention newszines. He crossed and recrossed hallways, singing the doggeral that boiled up in his head and plunking it out on the guitar.

The head of the Seattle party knew him; F.M. Busby had been the first fan Rhysling had ever met, at his first convention. "Welcome home, Noisy," Busby had greeted him. "Are you sober, or shall I sign the guest book for you?"

"You can't get drunk on the ditto fluid they sell here, Buz." He signed and went into the closet where the mimeo was, lugging his guitar and a jug.

Ten minutes later he was back. "Busby," he stated darkly, "that foodamned machine ain't fit. The rollers are warped."

"Why tell me? Tell Weber... or Toskey."

"I did, but they said they'd do. They're wrong."

The Seattle fan gestured at the guest book. "Scratch out your name and cut out. That zine's got to be out in thirty minutes."

Rhysling looked at him, shrugged, & went back into the closet.

Convention dailies got pretty long in those days; an 1880-class clunker had to run for three inkings before all the stencils were run. Rhysling was on the second inking. The infernal machines spit ink like crazy in those days and it all had to be blotted up by hand. When the stencil ripped, he tried to keep it together -- -- no luck.

Fan pubbers don't wait; that's why, I guess, they're fan pubbers. He slapped off the paper feed and fumbled around to find the main valve to stop the ink flow. It was spitting ink like mad; the force of the ink was actually enough to rip through several sheets of paper, and it was quickly turning all the paper in the room to crudsheets. The lights went off; he went right ahead. A fan pubber has to know his mimeo the way your tongue knows the inside of your mouth.

He sneaked a quick look under the rollers when the lights went out to find the emergency switch. The blue sparks from the motor didn't help him any; he jerked his head back and went on fishing until he shut the valve off.

When he was done he called over his shoulder, "The foodamned mimeo's out. And for CRYsake, get me some light in here!"

There was light -- Blotto Otto's flashlight -- but not for him. His sight had been blotted out when a splotch of mimeograph ink had indelibly penetrated into both cornea's, permanently blackening his vision.

POEM -- THE BERKELEY TOWERS

As long past times come rushing back, to haunt this fan-
nish scene
The tranquil tears of tragic joy still spread their sil-
ver sheen
Along the broad blue Bay still soars the fragile tower of
Bheer
Its fannish grace defends this place with every passing
year.

Bone tired the fen that raised the Tower, forgotten are
their lores,
Long gone the ghods who shed the tears that lap these cry-
stal shores
Slow beats the time-worn heart of fen beneath the icy sky
The thin air whispers voicelessly as numbered fandoms die.

Yet still the cans stand as they did when fandom was in
flower
And all great fen may someday dwell beneath the Berkeley
Tower.

-- from THE BERKELEY TOWERS, by permission -- 11 --
of Ted White, New York.

The Seattle crowd took Rhysling west with them, dropping him off in Seattle at Biotto Otto's Grotto; the gang passed the hat and Buz kicked in a complete collection of CRY OF THE NAMELESS, which Rhysling was eventually able to sell. That was all -- finish -- just another old fan who hadn't quite made it and now had to hit the green fields of Gafia for good. He stayed on with the Seattle-ites for some time, and could probably have stayed forever in exchange for his songs and his guitar playing. But TruFen rot if they stay with the same clique, or so Rhysling felt, so he hooked a ride with some LASFS people back to LA and thence to Berkeley in northern California.



Fabulous Berkeley Fandom was well into its decline; the Carrs and Rike had left for parts unknown and neos lined the Bay on both sides with stagnant conversation and SerCon debates. This was before the SFCon Manifesto forbade destroying fannish relics for mundane reasons; half of the shiny, massive tower to the moon had been torn down by neos who thought having a bheer-can collection to

show how fannish they were was more fannish than the tower itself.

Now Rhysling had never seen the new faces in Berkeley and no one described the destruction of the tower to him; when he "saw" Berkeley again, he visualized it as it had been, before it had been SerConized for the betterment of stf. His memory was good. He stood in the dingy pads where the ancient greats of the University of California had spent their hours in fansmanship and saw its beauty spreading out before his blinded eyes -- the ghoominton greens, the deep blue water of the sparkling bay, Alkatraz standing stately sentinel in the water, Oakland and Golden Gate bridges spanning the water from peninsula to peninsula, island to island, and towering above them all the narrow, shiny fountain of steel stabbing into the sky: the Tower of Bheer Cans to the Moon.

The result was "The Berkeley Tower."

The subtle change in his orientation which enabled him to see beauty in Berkeley where beauty was not now began to affect his whole fannish existence. All women became fannish to him. He knew them by their voices and fitted their interests to the sounds. It is a mean spirit indeed who will speak to a blind man other than in gentile interest; shrews who had no interest in

their husband's life work gave their companionship to him.

It populated his world with beautiful femme-fans and dashing TruFen. FAPA MAILING PASSING, BJO'S HAIR, DEATH SONG OF A BNF and his other sad songs of fandoms past, and the fans who lived on, were the direct result of the fact that his conceptions were unsullied, for the most part, by tawdry truths. It mellowed his approach, changed his doggerel to verse, and sometimes to poetry.

He had plenty of time to think, now; time to get all the lovely words just so, and to worry a verse until it sang true in his head. The monotonous beat of PRESS SONG--

"When the mail comes in, and the material's seen
When the fake-fans laugh at the trufan's dream
When the stencil's typed and the time is gay
When we put her on and it's time to pray--

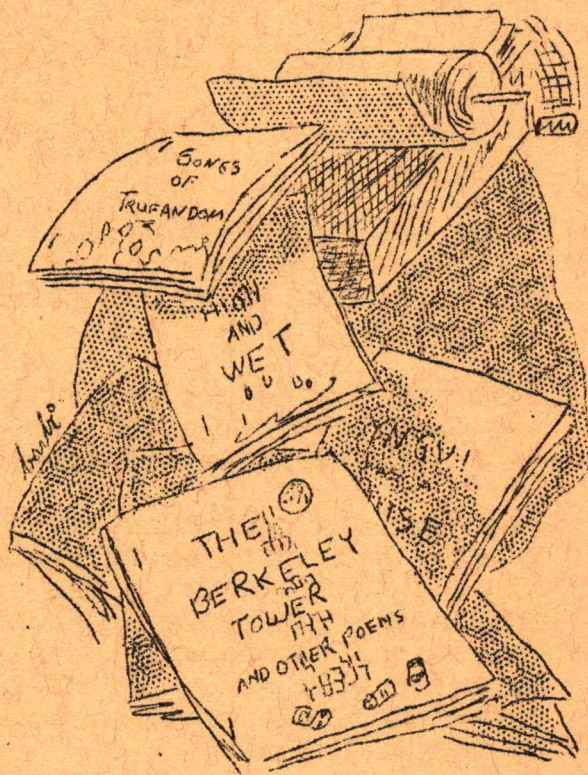
Hear the press!
Hear it snarl at your back
With the paper on the rack;
Ink your press to its best,
Run a sheet for the test.
Feel the ink, watch it drip,
Feel her strain in your grip.
Hear her feed! Hear her drive!
Flaming words, come alive,
On the press!"

--came to him not while he was a fanpubber, but later while he was hitch-hiking from L.A. to Chicago and sitting in the back seat with an old drinking partner.

At the Mordorcon he sang his new songs and some of the old, in the lobby. Someone would start a hat around for him; it would come back with a street-singer's usual take doubled or tripled in recognition of the great fannish spirit behind the bandaged eyes.

It was an easy life. Any convention hall was his home and any car caravan his private carriage. No trufan cared to refuse to carry the extra weight of blind Rhysling and his guitar; he moved with the conventions, from London to Melbourne to Boise to Seattle, and back again, as the spirit moved him,

He never got closer to publishing a fanzine than the handle—13—
of a mimeograph; he could not type and writing was diffi-



cult. Even when publication of some of his songs was suggested, Rhysling never followed it up. Finally, Ted White, the original publisher, on his second honeymoon at the DCon II heard Rhysling sing at a Baltimore clique party. White knew BNF-making material when he heard it; the entire contents of SONGS OF TRUFANDOM were sung directly into Harry Warner Jr.'s taper in the hotel bathroom before he let Rhysling out of his sight. The next three volumes were squeezed out of Rhysling in L.A., where Ted Pauls, a friend of White's, kept him liquored up until he had sung all he could remember.

YGNVI WAS A LOUSE! is not certainly authentic Rhysling throughout. Much of it is Rhysling's, no doubt, and PRESS SONG is unquestionably his, but most of the verses were collected after his death, from people who had known him during his fanning days.

THE GOLDEN HALLS OF MIRTH grew through fifty-three world conventions and Rhysling made almost every one of them. The earliest form we know about was composed before Rhysling was blinded, during a drinking bout with Burbee, Moffatt, Sneary, and Rotsler. The verses were concerned with the things they would do at South Gate in '58; if and when they ever managed to find some blog, a Gestetner, and some willing femme-fans. Some of the stanzas were vulgar; some were not. But the chorus was recognizably that of GOLDEN HALLS.

We know exactly where the final form of GOLDEN HALLS came from, and when.

There was a fannish caravan in New York that would soon be heading to the next MidWestCon and thence to the SOLACON II. It was the first caravan to be sponsored by New New York Fandom, and the first caravan that made strict rules against carrying non-paying freight.

Rhysling decided to ride with them back to the SOLACON II. Perhaps his own song had gotten under his skin---or perhaps it was just one in a long series of conventions to him.

New New York Fandom no longer permitted deadheads; Rhysling knew this, but it never occurred to him that the ruling might apply to him. He was getting old, for a fan, and just a little matter-of-fact about his privileges. Not senile -- he simply knew that he was one of the landmarks of fandom, along with Courtney's Boat, South Gate in '58, and The Tower of Bheer Cans to The Moon. He just hung around until everyone was ready to leave, and stepped into one of the cars.

Derth Andrews, who was the head of the caravan, found him while making a last minute tour. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I'm going with you back to the SOLACON," Rhysling answered.

"Well, you can't come with us; you know the rules. Shake a leg and get out of here. We're leaving right now." Andrews
-14- was young; he'd come up after Rhysling's active time, but Rhysling knew the type -- three years of publishing a crud-

zine, with no real fannish experience, he was ready to take over fandom, and run it and help make it more serious... an Organization Man. The two men did not touch in background or in spirit; fandom was changing.

"You wouldn't begrudge an old fan a trip to the convention of the century, now, would you?"

Andrews hesitated -- several fans had gathered from other cars. "I can't do it. Rules are not made to be broken. Up you get and out you go."

Rhysling lolled back, his arms under his head. "If I've got to go, damned if I'll walk. Carry me."

Andrews bit his lip and looked at Sam Moskowitz, Jr., who was built somewhat larger than his famous father. "Moskowitz! Have this fan removed."

Moskowitz fixed his eyes on a street lamp. "Can't rightly do it, Derth. I've sprained my shoulder." The other fans, present a moment before, had somehow drifted into their cars.

Rhysling spoke again. "Let's not have any hard feelings about this. You've got an out to carry me, if you want to --- the distressed fansman clause."

"Distressed fansman my eye! That clause is to cover a fan who's at a convention and doesn't have the money to return home."

"Well, now," said Rhysling, "I was just at the regional conclave, here, and I don't have the money to return. I just came from California, and it's as much home to me as any other place."

Rhysling could feel the man's glare, but he turned and left. Rhysling knew that he had used his blindness to place Andrews in an impossible situation, but this did not bother Rhysling -- he rather enjoyed it.

A few days later, they arrived at the MidWestCon. Rhysling immediately was drawn to the sound of a whirling mimeograph drum. He walked into the room, and closed the door. It was set to lock, which it did.

Trouble started on the first run. Rhysling was lounging in a chair, strumming the strings of his guitar and trying out a new version of GOLDEN HALLS.

"Let me breath trufannish air again
Where there's no lack nor dearth...

And something, something, something;"And the Golden Halls of Mirth."
It wouldn't come out right. He tried again:

"Let the trufannish breezes heal me
As they rove around the Earth;
Let us think of the days of PLANET



And the Golden Halls of Mirth."

That was better, he thought. "How do you like that, Archie?" he asked over the muted roar.

"Pretty good. Give out with the whole thing." Archie McCougal, an expert behind the crank, was an old friend, both in conventions and out; he had been an apprentice under Rhysling many years and thousands of reams back.

Rhysling obliged, then said, "You youngsters got it soft. Back when I was at the crank, you really had to stay alive."

"You still do." They fell to discussing fandom and then to talking shop and McDougal showed him the direct response relay, which took the place of the old turn-off valve and was slightly more complicated. Rhysling felt out the new controls. It was his conceit that he was still a mimeographer and that his present situation as a troubadour was simply an expedient during one of the fusses with fandom that any fan could get into.

"I see you still have the old electrical counter-rotary motor attached," he remarked, his agile fingers flitting over the equipment.

"All except the hand-crank. I took it off because its weight seems to lob ink a bit too heavily on that side."

"You should have left it on. You might need it."

"Oh, I don't know. I think--" Rhysling never did find out what McDougal thought, because it was at that moment that the trouble tore loose. Something sizzled from the innards

of the machine and McDougal caught it square, a blast of electrical amperage that burned him down where he stood.

Rhysling sensed what had happened. Automatic reflexes of old habit came out. He slapped off the paper feed and ink valve simultaneously. Then he remembered the hand-crank. He had to grope until he found it, keeping low and using the large paper-guard for some small amount of protection. Nothing but the hand-crank bothered him as to location. The place was as light to him as any place could be; he knew every button, every control, the way he knew the strings of his guitar.

There was a rattling at the door, but it was locked.

"Hello in there! Hello! Is there any trouble?" Someone had undoubtedly heard the commotion being made by the mimeograph.

"Stay out!" Rhysling shouted. "This place is hot!" He could hear the excess electricity crackling in the air.

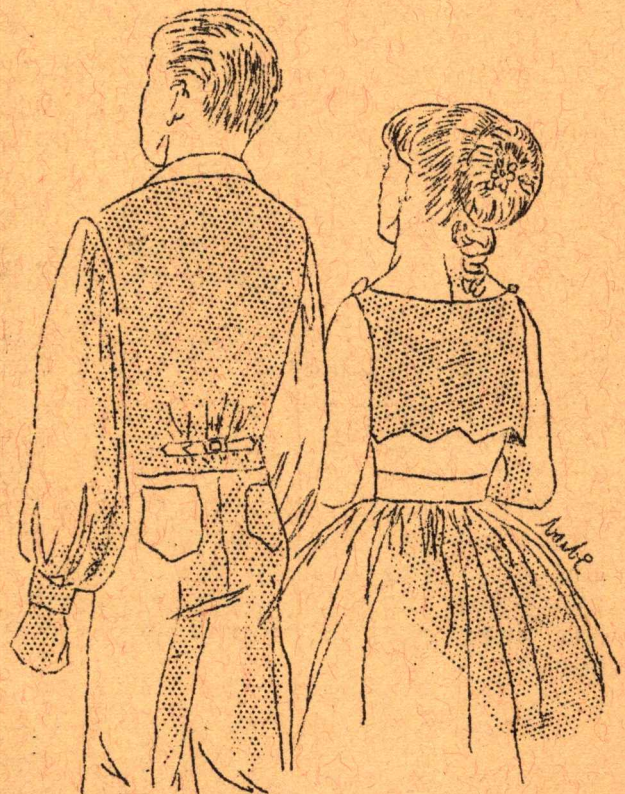
Somehow he managed to get the stationary crank into the rotating motor without being shocked. He cursed someone, anyone, for having failed to provide rubber gloves. He tried to slow the drum by hand, but the motor was too powerful.

"You still out there?" Rhysling asked of the door.

"Yes."

"Then borrow a taper and stand by to record."

There was no answer; dumbfounded as the person might have been, there was nothing else he could do, so he did as told. Rhysling continued with the ticklish job of trying to stop the electrified mimeograph; he slapped off all the switches, but he couldn't pull out the plug because this model required such a high voltage that it was supplied by a cable that could only be disconnected with the use of tools. Finally, in desperation, he reached his hand into the center of the drum. Rhysling winced as it continued around -- just once more..... but carrying with it his dismembered hand. Then it stopped, and the machine ceased its static-like noise.



"I've got the recorder," the voice outside the door said. — 17 —
That person must have been even more dumbfounded by what

Rhysling sent to record. It was:

"We rot in the molds of fan-clubs
We retch at their tainted breath
Foul are it's fuggheaded fanzines
Floundering at fandom's death."

Rhysling went on cataloging Fandom as he knew it, "---the harsh bright fans of yesteryear--," "--Fandom's splended wit--," "--the frozen nights in convention halls--," all the while feeling the cool black ink and oil from the mimeograph dripping down into his opened veins, his shattered arm. He sat helplessly, not knowing for sure just where the door was, knowing that it was locked anyway, and that even if he could find the key, he couldn't open it because it was the kind of door that required that both the key and the door handle be turned at the same time, which, with one arm gone, he could never do. He finished with an alternate chorus--

"We've tried each new convention hall
And reckoned their true worth;
Take us back again to the homes of fen
And the cold gold halls of Mirth."

-- then, almost absentmindedly remembered to tack on his revised first verse:

"The turning press is calling
Fansmen back to their ways.
All fans! Stand by! Returning!
Back to by-gone days.

Out ride the sons of Fandom
Far drive their thundering words,
Up leaps the race of Fansmen,
Above the common herds--"

The mimeo was safe now, and with a bit of tinkering, could get the convention newszine out on time. As for Rhysling, he was not so sure. Gangrene would set in, and even without it, once the shock had subsided he would surely die with the pain, he thought. His only sadness was that he would not actually get to the SCLACON II -- back to the rebirth of his birth in fandom, back to the Golden Halls he was singing about. He felt that his eyes weren't covered, and fumbling around the floor he found his rag, which, with only one hand, he tied neatly over his eyes. When he did this he sent one more chorus, the last bit of authentic Rhysling that could ever be:

"We pray for one last fanning
At the cons that gave us birth;
Let us rest ourselves on some moldy shelves
At the Golden Halls of Mirth."

-18- And so he died; singing of the "home" he never reached.

FANDOM'S FIVE FOOT SHELF

Every now and then, some publisher with the desire to produce a book without paying royalties emits a patriotic volume containing what are heralded as the basic documents of American life. Usually there's a Constitution, Declaration of Independence, a speech or two by Lincoln, and assorted extracts from Mark Twain, John Greenleaf Whittier, and various other accepted writers.

Then you'll frequently encounter in a magazine devoted to records a list of this or that basic list of compositions---the ten concertos or twenty symphonies that every record fan should have in his library. Beethoven, Brahms, and Mozart are pretty prominent, in every case.

These and similar phenomena started me to thinking what I would do if someone suddenly offered me lots of stencils, unlimited supplies of paper, and the services of a secretary for a couple of weeks, guaranteed capable of cutting a fine stencil and operating a mimeo to perfection, on the condition that I use these animate and inanimate objects to produce a volume containing fandom's basic documents. It's a fascinating topic on which to ponder, and I've tentatively chosen a list of these fundamental fannish writings. By accident or intent, they could be produced in several days less than two weeks, allowing me time to get acquainted with the secretary.

I've tried to divide up the list fairly well between the fannish writings that are supremely important for their historical significance and those that are vital because of the spirit or philosophy that they expound, a system frequently used by editors of the HARRY WARNER, JR. treasures or readers that now can be purchased on almost every subject except fandom.

Unfortunately, my list of selections would be wildly disproportionate in one way. One of the choices is longer than all the rest put together. It also suffers from the embarrassment of being unfit for reprinting. Francis T. Laney had a magical immunity from lawsuit during his lifetime, but he warned others against efforts to reprint his more actionable writings. "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!" is undoubtedly one of fandom's all-time basic documents and fandom has produced nothing that is more fascinating to read. It pictures so perfectly several things: the case history of an individual who suddenly discovers fandom; becomes an all-out fan, and eventually reaches disillusionment; the milieu in which some of fandom's most memorable events occurred, Los Angeles of the early 1940's; the wide variety of individuals whom any fan is bound to encounter. But the fan who tried to reprint it today would need to emasculate it so radically to be safe from libel suits that it would hardly—21—be worth the effort.

At the opposite extreme, as far as length is concerned, I would place "Unite or Fie!" This is the tiny article by Damon Knight that inspired the formation of the NFFF. It contains in its tiny dimensions, like the seed of some giant organism, the whole question of fan organization versus individualism which has plagued fandom down through the years. Originally, it was sent to me for use in Spaceways; I rejected it as apt to create controversy, and Art Widner published it; it resulted in an organization that almost every fan got involved in during the 1940's, and many fans have grown up in during the 1950's.

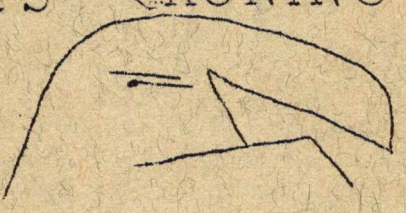
World War Two caused fans to think more realistically about themselves and the world around them than they had pondered during the first ten years of fandom's existence. I think two items produced during those years would deserve the classification of basics. One was probably a spontaneous bit of inspiration, a letter that Bill Temple wrote for Voice of the Imagi-Nation, the letterzine that evolved from the old LASFS club fanzine, Imagination!. It summed up the ray of sanity that science fiction and fandom threw for many of us through the darkness of the war years, won unparalleled approval from its readers, and promptly got repeated in several important fanzines as a classic. The other was a more formal and less widely circulated article, "Science Fiction is Escape Literature," in which Milton Rothman shot up some awful fallacies about the supposed never-never escapism to be found in the prozines. It appeared in FAPA and won lots of attention there, little elsewhere.

Allegories of top quality are rare in any culture's literature, and fandom has had just one outstanding example that must go into such an anthology. It's the Irish morality story, "The Enchanted Duplicate" in which Walt Willis and Bob Shaw transcended nationality and personalities to incarnate fandom in non-realist fashion.

I can think of only one, or possibly two, pieces of fiction that such a project should contain. "The Craters of the Moon" by Redd Boggs was written at a time when fans suddenly realized that space travel was coming much faster than they'd dared to hope. It was probably an overly pessimistic idea of what would happen to fandom when space flight became reality, but it brought into focus a problem that had been hazy to most of us and it also helped to create the realist school of fiction about fans, the stories in which fans are faced with quite possible problems instead of being thrown into prehistoric times or Lewis Carroll country. The other possibility would be the little fable by Bjo in the Meretricious! supplement to Shangri-L'Affaires last Christmas. It's so recent that it might not stand the test of time; but if it is as good as it seems to me right now, it should be in that volume.


Working from memory, I've probably overlooked at least two or three items that such a fannish collection should contain. But these nominations are enough to demonstrate one sad fact: the unavailability of almost anything fandom produces after the briefest imaginable period of time. The Boggs story and the Temple letter returned into print briefly after their original appearance, someone or other has promised to republish the Willis-

Shaw epic, but that's all. Once every two or three years we get a best of fandom annual or a Burbee anthology. That's about all. The several million words that fans produce each year in fanzines live only for the few weeks or months that are needed for the publishers to sell or give away all spare copies. Any suggestions on a remedy, anyone.

SPECULATIONS
 JOHN KONING
 "FANDOM'S FIVE FOOT SHELF"


Harry Warner's article has prompted several comments from me, as well as from Gene. First, the title probably should be "Fandom's Five Foot Shelf," but because of a typo Harry made, it came out "Fout." Though I realized before I stenciled it that this was probably the case, the typo formed a pun that was amusing and not without significance, if the nature of the article and the subject it treats are considered in its light. At any rate, fout it stays.

I also wondered what the effect would be if Laney's "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!" were reprinted with the names changed around? An amusing thot.

--AND
 EUGENE HRYB

 Atom

Harry Warner, Jr. raises some rather profound points (a practice not uncommon with Warner, you will agree) in his article. Of the works he would include in his anthology I have read only 3: Knight's article, "The Enchanted Duplicator," and, of course, the most recent of the lot, the Bjo fable. This, more than anything else, proves to me that Warner is right. Fandom produces very little, despite its "several million words" each year, that is of lasting value and worth... but despite the rarity of these choice items, they are just as hard, nay harder, to obtain than the average and mediocre material of the same time period.

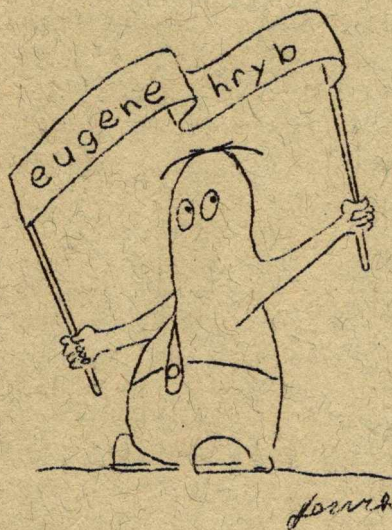
There have been partial solutions in the past, true: SaMoskowitz once had complete files of many of the fanzines of the 30's & 40's; Ackerman's Fantasy Foundation should have, and perhaps did, include fannish relics; there have been several reprint fanzines. But these answers were no answers at all, because they either failed or were not broad enough in scope. Even today, perhaps, many fanzines are completely extinct... all their issues destroyed or moldering in a cardboard box somewhere. It is a nice thought to have a library containing all the fanzines that were ever produced, but it's impossible, like fan money, because which fan is going to be the librarian.

Still, perhaps someone will finance a volume of the basic works of fandom, and this article of Harry's will become another "predicted issue of aSF."

This is the fourth installment of this column, in which it is revealed that Eugene Hryb is really an ambidextrous chicken that Koning bought at a county fair, and who has said nothing but "quack, quack" for nearly three years.

"Gene," John Koning said, noisily guzzling his iced tea, "I want you to expand your reviews so that they're longer. I don't want you to handle so many fanzines in your next column." "You could cut the size of 'Herbage'," I craftily suggested. "No," said John, in his serious voice, "that's no solution. If Ted Pauls can spend two pages reviewing one zine, so can you..." So it has happened, and I'm expanding (padding would be more exact) my reviews. I don't want to, but after all, Koning is in charge of the cookies around here.

John has also told me that he intends to do a "Meet the Dweefs" article on me for this or a future issue. I do not particularly care whether he does or not, but if the thing does appear, I warn him that the succeeding issue's installment of "Herbage" will feature a rebuttal portrait of John G. Koning.



Northlight #10 -- Alan Burns, Goldspink House, 6 Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, England... trade, comment, etc.

Northlight is a fanzine that illustrates all too well the danger of making broad sweeping generalizations: there are often exceptions. Someone remarked, not long ago, that it was superfluous to say, in reviewing British fanzines, that each one was impeccably reproduced, because they were all impeccably reproduced. Northlight ruins that time-saving hint, because it is anything but impeccable. The lousy reproduction ruins the cover due to overinking, it interrupts an otherwise good and thought-provoking article by Dick Schultz by leaving a central page nearly blank, and it makes the layouts (not a strong point in the first place) look dull and drab. However, Boggsian clarity would do little for Northlight than emphasize its shortcomings.

Alan's strongest links lie in his outside contributions. The aforementioned Schultz article, unlike anything I have ever seen by him, is a dramatic statement of one of America's biggest social sores: the negro problem. It's presentation could have been better, but the weightiness of the subject makes such consideration secondary, since it is not poorly written. And Terry Jeeves' column, dealing with the author's favorite sf works, is well-written and should produce some comment. These two pieces are good; the rest is much poorer. The lettercolumn, which borrows its layout, but not its quality, from "Inchmery Fan Diary," needed more editing of letters and more comment in the fanzine acknowledgements (I hesitate to call them "reviews"). Northlight needs work to make it even an average British fanzine.

HERBAGE

Hocus #14 -- Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave, Millburn, New Jersey...
15¢ 2/25¢ Money not especially appreciated.

In Dafce #2 I mentioned Hocus as a 'zine I felt was irritatingly under par... now I'll try and explain why. This has no cover, which is perhaps the ultimate in the trend toward smaller and smaller covers, but this has not been a fault in the past... Hocus usually features attractive (if a bit underinked) Prosser covers. The carelessness of the cover is further emphasized by the lack of interior artwork and even the semblance of layout. Certainly, the artwork is not necessary, though it would break the monotony of page after page of text, but the typed headings and poor planning evident throughout the 'zine detract from its otherwise good contents. There is no editorial, and comments in the lettercolumn are at an absolute minimum; so Mike's editorial personality can be seen in neither print nor layout. The result is that the 'zine, no matter how excellent its contents may be, remains utterly drab.

Don Franson contributes an article that is even more interesting than his usual excellent stuff, as he reviews the lettercolumns of past prozines while explaining how to write a Planet-type letter. Once again using a review of a future book as a vehicle for a "factual article" bit of nonsense, John Berry is up to his usual standard as he extrapolates Les Gerber's fetish for zap guns some 20 years into the future, with very entertaining results. Les Nirenberg tries to create an atmosphere or mood in "The Lonely Gafiate" but fails, and in doing so ruins the ending... the strongest part of his tale. All in all, though, the material is pretty good, but it lacks balance -- two pieces of fanish fiction and a humorous article. The only section that might inspire comment and controversy is Rog Ebert's fanzine review column, which runs from a poor and drawn-out review of Void to a rather good one of Yandro. There is a difference between good reviews and long reviews; if the reviewer has nothing to say, long reviews are nothing but excess verbiage.

It is hard to pin-point the reasons for the drabness of Hocus and like 'zines, but I think that a fanzine that looks sloppy kills interest right away. Still, despite the lack of editorial personality, this is the best issue of Hocus I've seen.

Kipple #3 -- Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland
10¢ 3/25¢ trade, comment, contribution

In a period when most fanzines, with the exception of the well-established ones, seem torpid, Kipple stands out as a really dynamic publication. It is one of the "new look" fanzines (a type Dafce can never become) and is aimed at inspiring comment and controversy. It succeeds admirably, yet without inspiring bitter retorts as well.

Ted Pauls is an admirable writer, and his style resembles Ted White's (Oh god, what I've said!) so much that I assumed that White had written the review of Exconn until I glanced back at the heading and saw that it was Pauls' work. Both his editorials, his reviews, the "Archer Wainwright" column, and the lettercolumn have a spark that many fanzines lack today. It is this spark that makes Kipple, unlike too many publications, more than the sum of its contents; that makes it interesting to read, and absorbing enough to do so at one sitting. In addition, Harry Warner provides an article that, while it would probably not be

the subject of controversy, will certainly inspire comment. Kipple is undoubtedly a fanzine destined to be the center of much interest, if its frequency and quality remain the same... and Ted is notorious for the frequency with which he publishes fanzines.

Stmas (???) #1 -- Peggy Rae McKnight, Box 306 "Six Acres," Lansdale, Penna... Free for agoboo and (possibly) money.

There have been a large number of first issues published this summer, many of them quite promising. This fanzine is one of the more promising ones... I think. Certainly a first issue that features an article/letter by Bob Bloch is not to be ignored; nor one with a rambling column by Bob Lichtman (even though in this issue it falls far short of Bob's abilities); also a reprinted story, "The Thousandth Injury," by Harry Warner which is new to me and is a fine piece of fannish writing. The pointless article by Hal Lynch may be excused on the grounds that Hal wanted to help Peggy despite the fact that he is ignorant of the type of stuff to write for fanzines (in addition to being incapable of doing so, to judge from this effort). The only reason I wonder about this 'zine's promise is that the layout, or lack thereof, indicates the old "but I just got to publish something!" neoish tendency, though Peggy has managed to assemble a formidable array of contributions. If we put the sloppiness of this down to inexperience and eagerness, however, we have a fanzine far more promising than the majority of the fanzines that have been around for a few issues.

Void #22/1 -- Ted White (and Greg Benford, pulling strings from far off Texas), 107 Christopher St., Apt. 15, New York 14, N.Y. 25¢, trade, comment, contribution.

Void can never be accused of having a sloppy layout... no fanzine by Ted White can be criticized on this point. Impeccable reproduction and magnificent layout don't mean a thing, though, unless you have the material to back them up. Void has this material, for the most part, and it makes for a very fine 'zine. In addition it has the vital ingredient that "makes" Kipple, and that Hocus and its contemporaries lack -- editorial personality. It is asserted in the editorials by both Greg and Ted, and in the lettercol, which is extremely well edited. The most notable item in this, aside from Greg's masterful editorial on Dallafandom, is Walter Breen's searching analysis of fandom and the psychology of its inhabitants (the same subject is treated from a different angle by Ben Singer in Psi Phi #6). The poorest is Les Gerber, writing "On the Death of Kent Moomaw." Not only is this article late, by about two years, but it reads (though unintentionally I believe) as though it is a bit of pseudo-emotional soul-searching that has little sincerity about it. Other than this, Void is excellent... as usual.

Pilikia #1 -- Chuck Devine, 922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho... Trade, contribution, etc.

This is a product of the new Boise fandom, a group of neos who found fandom through Guy Terwilleger. Pilikia shows his influence as well as his ditto work, which, though not Twig caliber, is pretty fair but suffers from the sickening yellow paper it is done on. Also, -26- while it sports a variety of material ((a pretty fair bit of fan-fiction by Guy, an interesting story by the editor

with an ending that demonstrates complete lack of planning by its inanity, a poor bit of mood writing (of a sort) by David McCarroll, more pointless (in an intriguing way) fiction by Sandy Cutrell, and some Lambeck-type fanzine reviews)) Pilikia is a good example of the bloating that Vic Ryan speaks of in this's lettercolumn. Double spacing, half page illos with no connection to the text, and blank pages are all employed to bring the page count to 24. A more concise and neater first issue would have made a better impression while still being large enough to attract attention.

Bane #1 -- Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois... 15¢
4/50¢ Overseas agent: Don Allen, 12, Briar Edge, Forest Hall,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, England 1/- 4 for 3/6.

Vic Ryan is a fan with talent, and the ability to get good material from well-known writers. He also has the publishing experience of the now defunct Quid to aid him. This shows in what is a very good first issue. Harry Warner, Jr., contributes an article on methods of locating fans who don't want to be found (a rather ironic topic, I thought), Deckinger writes an average piece on visiting the Met-rofen, Archie Mercer comes up with a one page joke, Buck Coulson reviews books, and George Locke rambles interestingly in the first installment of a column. These contributions, coupled with the lettercolumn of comment on Quid provide plenty of good material.

Unfortunately, as with many first issues that are chock full of goodies (Stmas and Outworlds were two) the layout and reproduction are poor. Vic just got a new mimeo, so practice should improve the repro, but in trying to avoid the bloating evident in Pilikia he has produced a 'zine that is too concise. There are no upper or lower margins to speak of, and the effect is that of cluttering. Vic should also get some correction fluid and stop interjecting editorial comment in the articles, a despicable practice.

Exconn/Insurrection #8 -- Bob Lambeck, 868 Helston Rd., Birmingham, Michigan... 10¢ trade, comment (published), etc.
I considered doing a "DWE Denouncement" of Exconn until Ted Pauls handled it so well in Kipple #3, saying practically everything I would have said, so I will only mention a few points. Bob features 8 pages of reviews (covering 47 fanzines!) which he says are "letter-of-comment substitutes." I wonder if Bob would consider a copy of Exconn's contents page a "letter-of-comment," for that's all these reviews are. One of the poorest fanzines I've seen in recent months.

It would seem that I have stressed reproduction and layout as all-important in these reviews, relegating material to a secondary position. This is not at all how I feel. As I said in the review of Void, beautiful pages of crud are little better than faintly dittoed ones. However, I appreciate a fanzine much more when it is legible and well-laid out, and it seems ridiculous to see a fan-editor that has presumably worked hard soliciting material and writing his fanzine then turn out illegible copy with unimaginative layouts. A top fanzine can have poor repro and layout, and a cruddy one can be impeccable, but good material and good layout somehow seem to go together quite nicely. —27—

"Though not the first of the parodies of Bester, this is certainly one of the worster..." --Dann Kite

Once upon a time there was a lowly neofan. He started by reading other worlds and madge, and eventually wound up reading the column of B*L*O*C*H, for want of anything better to do. In time, after about 18 issues, he began to understand what B*L*O*C*H was driving at; that there was a thing called fandom, and that there were neofans and BNFs. At first the neofan did not know that he was lowly. Then, as he read the fan columns and the fan magazines and the fan letters, he realized his lowly position as a neofan. And, to make a long story short, he became obsessed, just like a character in a JOHNBERRY story, with the ambition to become a BNF. Now the first thing this neofan did was a wise one; he wrote to the neotype prozines and got his name circulated around neofandom, and was soon drawn into the whirlpool of active neofandom. He soon heard about the NFFF, which, he soon learned, was the very apex of fandom. As he wanted to rise, and rise quickly, like a character in a JOHNBERRY story, he decided to join this organization, this pinnacle of fannish fandom; so he floated a loan, and sent in his dues, and became a member of

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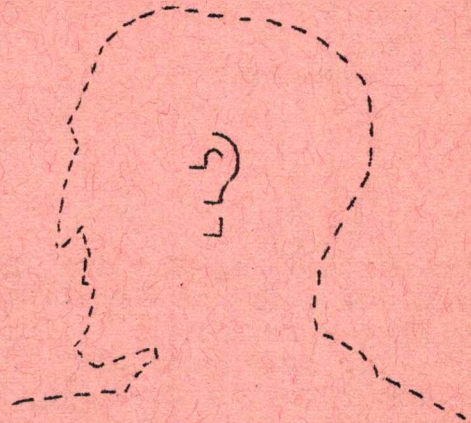
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and started a small clique consisting/
No one else could get in. Also, 10 of his fanzines came and went,

THE ABOLISHED FAN

DON FRANSON



and still he was not a BNF. At least, no one called him that, not even B*L*O*C*H. madge had folded, and he never got a chance to have his fanzine discussed in B*L*O*C*H's column, so that avenue to BNFdom was out.

Then he heard of certain nauseating fans, and how their names were bandied about fandom, long after they had gafisted. He wanted to become not only a BNF, he wanted to become an immortal, so he decided to become a nauseating fan, and put out a nauseating-type fanzine, as the way to BNFdom and immortality.

So, the ne^ofan, well, really no longer a ne^ofan, even though he was not a BNF, let's call him Fugghead, because that was not his name, decided to put out a frequent fanzine, devoted to nothing but criticism of other fanzines, in the most nauseating manner possible. This is how he would become a BNF, and an immortal. So he published the firstish of

CALL OF THE FUGGHEAD, and in it he had a long review of one popular fanzine, the first of a series, he promised. The first zine he picked on was FANAC. He didn't criticize the few natural faults that any hastily pubbed newszine is lia-

ble to show, but he picked on things with no rhyme or reason, just to be nasty. For instance, he said FANAC's covers were ruined by the intrusion of too much text, that their

use of only 1 color paper in a given issue made it appear monotonous, that the staple was not parallel to the edge of the paper, and this likely was due to the inability of the editors to staple straight. Oh, he was critical. Fugghead sent out CALL OF THE FUGGHEAD to as many fans as he could find in as many lists as he could get hold of, so it had a wide circulation, even though some copies sent to names found in old prozines came back. Eagerly he awaited the first letter of comment, to be proclaimed a BNF. He got it. He got over a hundred letters & pocsarcds, all of them saying the same thing, essentially: "You are indeed a fugghead." As he

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and lower.....

But to hell with them, he said. One fmz doesn't wreck a fan. I'll put out a 2nd issue that will be even greater. Instead of criticizing a fanzine, I will criticize a fan. I won't criticize a n^eof an, everybody does that. I'll criticize a BNF, but even then I won't criticize a BNF that everybody else criticizes, like GMCarr. I'll criticize someone that nobody ever thinks of criticizing

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FUGG
HEAD

to

himself,

so searching

through fandom,

he hunted for a

perfect fan, some

fan that he could

criticize though

there was nothing

about him

that was

subject to criticism. He wanted to be the first to criticize this fan. He wanted a fan who was friendly, never demeaned other fans, and always was helpful in his comments. There were a number that were close, but always had some fault. Harry Warner, Jr., was found to have given someone a slight dig in a fanzine review, twelve years before, and Len Moffatt once used a discouraging word in a letter of comment. It was hard to find the perfect fan, and finally Fugghead gave up, and went back to knocking fanzines in CALL OF THE FUGGHEAD. But an idea came to him. If he could not

It would take about a year to build up this fan. He decided not to risk too close association with himself, so he didn't have this fan write letters from his home town, he sent them to a remail service across the country. He didn't have the fan put out a fanzine, as he thought he could accomplish the job entirely through letters of comment.

So he did all this. A year passed. The perfect fan, you all know his name, was of course the well-liked Harry Pooch and his forte was the shaggy dog story. In between writing humorous material for all fanzines, he wrote letters to all fanzines, which he received at a box number in a desert town. Fugghead had to be careful to restrict Pooch's letters of comment to fanzines that Harry had received not ones that Fugghead had gotten. Soon this job grew easier, as Harry Pooch began to receive many more fanzines than Fugghead did.

Everyone likes egoboo, and Harry dished it out with finesse and discrimination, never mentioning anything in a fanzine that was bad. However, he commented in a way that the fanzine editors realized that Harry was actually pointing out the bad stuff by politely omitting it in his praise. He was very skillful in demonstrating how the various faults (which he never mentioned) could be corrected. If Fugghead had himself used the effort and talent he put into the fake character, Harry Pooch, he would have become a BNF himself by this time. But this direct course did not occur to him, as he was really a fugghead.

Besides, he had another idea in mind. Fugghead was envious when Harry Pooch was acclaimed the BNF of the year, just like a character in a JOHNBERRY story, and was tempted to announce the hoax as his own, and gather some of the egoboo. But something stopped him, because he had a scheme planned, and he did not want to spoil it. To

flash

back,

while Harry Pooch was becoming a BNF, Fugghead hadn't been doing so badly himself at making a name for his fanzine. It was a best seller, as CALL OF THE FUGGHEAD was read widely, either for amusement, or as a purgative of emotions. Someone said, it you didn't get mad after reading a page of CALL, you weren't a fan. And there was much truth in this, because there wasn't a section of fandom that didn't get blasted unfairly and unmercifully in some issue of CALL.

CALL #1, you
remember, blasted FANAC. CALL #2 took on CRY, causing Tos-
key to tear an old Palmer AMAZING to shreds in exaspera-
tion. When CALL #3 came out,
Coulson lost his
famed equanimity and
gave HYPHEN a "1"
rating in his fmz
review c o
lumn, ra t t
led by t he re-
view of YANDRO in
CALL. Bob
Leman shrug-

ged off the CALL #4 dissection of VW, and quietly gaffiated for two years. Soon bets were being made as to who would be the next victim. It might have become a joke, only the comments were so mean, and so low, that they didn't seem funny, even to Wally Weber, who thought everything was funny, that is until CALL #14 got hold of WRR and shook him and Otto up.

And so it went, CALL #15, CALL #25, CALL #40, blasting, blasting, blasting. Even neozines took their share, along with the other blasts they normally received. The reviews in CALL might have had an inverse value, and being damned by Fugghead might have put all these zines in a class with the best, except that each review was so scathing, so searching, that any possible fault was held up to the worst possible light and magnified. If there was anything wrong with the zine, Fugghead would be sure to find it, and mention it.

Meanwhile, back at the other end of the nation, Harry Pooch was writing letters, still building up his reputation as a nice fan.

But he was soon going to be closed out, thought Fugghead.

Eighth, sir; Seventh, sir;
Sixth, sir; Fifth, sir;
Fourth, sir; Third, sir;
Second, sir; First!

Fandom, said the Trufan,
Fandom, said the Trufan,

Fandom, can't disband 'em,
Must expand 'em,
'Til they burst!

Fugghead's plan was to accuse Harry Pooch of some terrible thing and be able to prove it. And of course Pooch could not deny it, could not fight back, could not sue, because he was Fugghead's other ego. He would even have Pooch write a damning, incriminating confession and apology, that would knock Pooch down in fandom's eyes forever, and set Fugghead up as a giant-killer. Then fandom would forget Pooch, and he would gaff, and no one would mention him in their fanzines. But they would mention Fugghead, who would become an immediate BNF. Just like a character in a JOHN BERRY story.

The next issue of CALL OF THE FUGGHEAD was announced as the HARRY POOCH DEPRECIATION ISSUE. Fugghead deliberately sent it out late, so that interest and anticipation would be high. It went out to every name on the mailing lists of both Fugghead and Pooch, his hoax. It even went to some non-fans, as it was Fugghead's theory that if he reached non-fans before they became fans, he could show them his side before they had a chance to see any other.

—32— Everyone eagerly awaited the issue. It was even announced in SF TIMES (miraculously before publication) though CALL #29 had treated SFT rather roughly.

All the fans rolled up their sleeves, preparatory to writing a letter of invective to Fugghead, even though he had never printed any letters -- this was one of the exasperating things about CALL.

As he was stapling CALL #52, Fugghead was singing to himself.

He was about to become immortal. He was about to blast a fan that had never been blasted before, one that didn't deserve a blast. He, Fugghead, would be remembered as long as other famous nauseating fans of the past, as long as other fuggheads of the present. Fugghead was about to become a fugghead! And then, then, he would automatically become a BNF, an immortal, a name to conjure with and frighten ne^ofans with at conventions. And the proof of his statements would clinch it.

This was the day. Out went CALL, hitting all the mailboxes, slots, and POBoxes in the nation and overseas. Fandom was stunned.

For Fugghead, in CALL #52, was accusing Harry Pooch of being an anti-fan! He was saying that all Pooch's correspondence and pseudo-friendliness were merely incidental to building up a Case Against Fandom! That Pooch was going to write & publish a book about fandom, advertise it in all the magazines, write tie-in articles for TIME and THE SATURDAY REVIEW in the most excoriating manner, and begin a column, "Confidential Inside the Sick Minds of Fandom" for the LITERARY GAZETTE of Moscow, with additional squibs in the London Times, the New York Times, and the Hobo News. He was going to use everything he knew about fandom against it.

Fugghead followed with seventy-two pages of proof, Proof, PROOF, P R O O F, in black and white (CALL was mimeod). There was one interlineation to relieve the monotony, something about Ingvi, but all else was Pooch.

As I said, Fandom was stunned.

So was Pooch. There soon appeared a remarkable open letter in all the important fanzines, varied so that it was worth reading more than once, denying everything. It was signed Harry Pooch.

But, Pooch doesn't exist, thought Fugghead, except as I will it. The only thing Fugghead had sent out to the fanzines was Pooch's "apology," and he had been searching vainly for it when he had come upon this, THIS.....this Splendid Denial.

Desperately, Fugghead broke his longstanding rule of no letters in CALL, and printed the Pooch confession and apology in the next issue of his own zine, since it seemed no one else was going to print it. But either no one read it, or if they did they took no notice of it, for it was never mentioned anywhere else. Instead, they began to praise Pooch for his forthright denial of this "malicious lie," in letters and editorials in all fanzines. CALL did not there after appear in a single fanzine review, though Fugghead looked for it. This was strange, as usually fmz re-
view columns took at least one swing at CALL every time. —33—

Fugghead's spirits went lower and lower, especially when he found that he didn't get any letters of comment on CALL. He didn't get any praise (he was used to that), he didn't get any denunciations either. He didn't get any letters at all.

Fugghead's fanzines stopped coming too, and he had to read the fmz that came to Pooch's box, and this griped him, since everybody praised Pooch, and no one even mentioned Fugghead. He thought some fan would at least denounce him, but not even Koning and Hryb rose to the bait.

Seeing that his fannish position was slipping, Fugghead wrote frantic letters to everybody, got no replies, no fanzine printed them, so he eventually quit this. Then he wrote letters under the name of Pooch, with no better results. Seems every fanned saw through them, they were not printed, he got no replies, and someone wrote an editorial to the effect that whoever was using Pooch's name to write fraudulent letters was wasting his time, as everyone knew that Pooch's style and comments were not like that.

Finally, Fugghead decided to "kill" Pooch, so he wrote no more letters. He stopped writing "Pooch" material too, but of course, old stories of Pooch's continued to appear, due to backlog.

Then one day a new story by Pooch appeared in a fanzine, one that Fugghead had not written. It was in the familiar Pooch style; these stories soon appeared in droves, and they were funny, and the numerous letters that now flooded fanzines were kindly. It was as if Pooch had never "died." At first Fugghead was frightened, as he thought of The Sorcerer's Apprentice, etc. but then he logically reasoned that some other fan, some talented BNF, had taken over Harry Pooch. Fugghead began receiving letters, by way of Pooch's box, highly commendatory. He enjoyed this second-hand egoboo, since he now got none of his own. Now he wished he had claimed Pooch before the big "exposure"...

Then Pooch moved -- away from Fugghead's box. Now Fugghead didn't get any letters or fanzines any more (He had been afraid to actually visit fans, ever since the first few CALLS). He wrote to fanzines, saying that he (Pooch) hadn't moved, but no one believed him. Everyone trusted the new Pooch now, whatever he said, and they easily detected the "fake" Pooch (Fugghead) when he wrote.

There was no convincing them, and even fuggheads (some) get discouraged and quit. Fugghead put out a few more issues of his fanzine, but his heart wasn't in it. He never got any response, and one-way conversations are not very interesting after awhile. CALL #55 seems to have been the last issue, weakly flaying some one-page hektoed crudzine called FLYPAPER. Sometime after this he must have gafi8ed, but the date of this event has never been recorded.

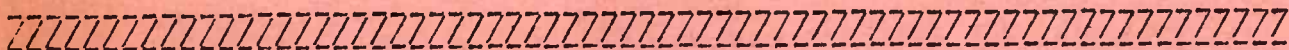
Harry Pooch lives on, though half of fandom suspects he is a hoax, a "good-guy" hoax like Carl Brandon. They again awarded
-34- him the BNF of the year, and they have a genial controversy going on about his true identity, although most of them ex-

press the opinion that they would rather have the hoax continue. Yes, "Harry Pooch," with his funny stories and appreciative letters, is still one of the nicer things about fandom.

What happened to Fugghead you say? And who was he, anyway? Well, you probably have never heard of him, unless you are an old time fan or fanzine collector..... Try hunting around in your old fanzines, but I doubt if you will have much success.

I can't help you much, because his name is not really Fugghead, you know, and even I, the one who is writing this history, can't seem to remember his real name, now.

He's really the abolished fan.



DWEditorial, continued from page 8

One man was in the water, having jumped there to put out his blazing clothing.

I could hear another man in the yacht's cabin screaming in pain. Two girls were shrieking, their clothes alight, beating at their arms and legs.

I pulled the man out of the water.'
It is that last line that kills me."

TAFF VS. PRIVATE FUNDS Harry Warner, Jr., brings up, in the letter-col, the point that if the success of the Berry Fund were going to inspire a whole flock of private funds, the success of the Willis and Carnell funds would have done so long ago. I agree wholeheartedly with Harry, and wonder about those who fear for TAFF's future. Also, to have a successful private fund, you must have an exceedingly popular fan for other fan to rally around and give their money to in addition to TAFF... and let's face it, a fan that popular will certainly be in the TAFF race already.

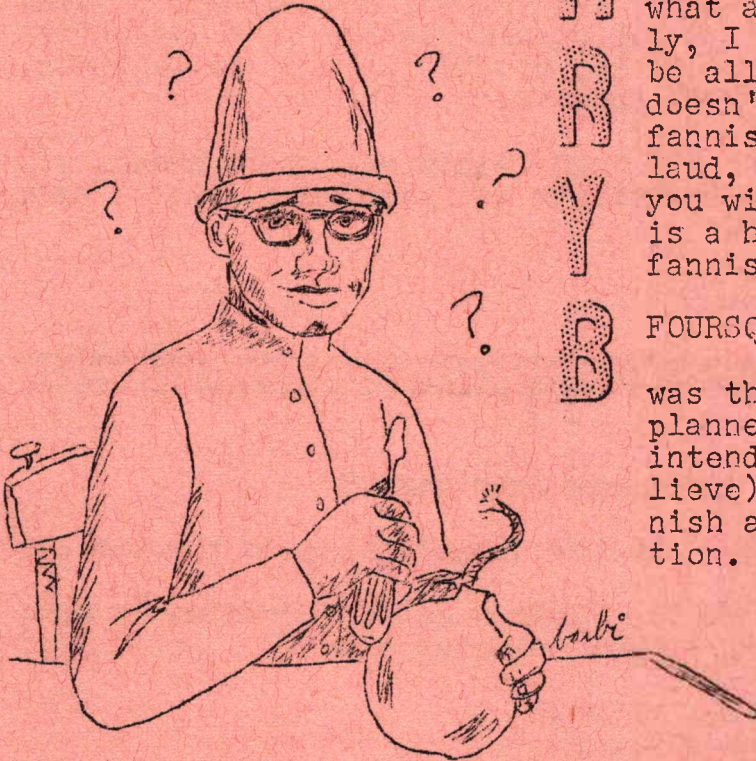
PITTCON To save postage and generally pay for my food at the Pittcon I'm preparing this large convention issue of Dafoe. Last year REV went like hot-cakes, but its theme was probably responsible for that. However, even if I don't sell many D's, I will at least save 9¢ or so per issue in mailing costs.

Most important, to me anyway, is the fact that the Pittcon will most likely be my last con until 1963 (D.C. in '63?), because of college and the expense of traveling west. I'm sorry about that, but I'm overjoyed to be able to travel to the Pittcon. Last year's De-tention was quite an experience for me; the people I merely met at the con I regretted not getting to know.... those I got to know I felt really bad about not knowing better. So I'm going to the Pittcon to renew acquaintances, and make new ones.

As a final note, goodbye...

EUGENE

HRYB



I would like to regale you with tales of Eugene Hryb's fannish exploits; to list the many achievements that are his; to show you what an active fan he is. Really, I would like to...but it would be all lies! Not that Eugene Hryb doesn't exist, just that he has no fannish achievements for me to laud, no exploits for me to regale you with, nothing. In short, he is a hell of a subject for a witty fannish article.

FOURSQUARE ARTIST There was a time, when I was the veriest of neofen, that I planned to publish a fanzine (I intended to call it SForum, I believe) which was to be very fannish and be all about science fiction. I knew that I would need

artwork, and so I turned to Hryb, who was the only one of my closer friends who both took an interest in fandom and could draw somewhat. I approached him with the offer of a posi-

tion as my chief artist. When he asked what kind of artwork, I told him pictures of people, and animals, and things like that. "Well," he said, "any people I draw are going to be square people." I wondered about this, but I have never understood everything Hryb says and forgot about it until I saw some of his pictures. Up until then I had only seen Gene draw inanimate objects like airplanes, boats, buildings, etc. Gene was pretty good at this, and even his people were well proportioned, but... it seemed that he drew angular objects like airplanes because that was the only way he could draw. He pictured everything as a collection and arrangement of angles, and employed a straight edge for much of his work. Everything... even people. I knew that those pictures couldn't be used in my fanzine -- they just weren't the type. Looking back on them now, though, I would earnestly say that Salvador Dali had best watch out, a new Master is maturing....

RAILROAD ENTHUSIAST I had noticed, for some time, that Gene was always exceptionally alert when near a locomotive. He would stand, as a train passed, with head raised, ears straining, like

some giant sentinel...

MEET THE DWEFFS

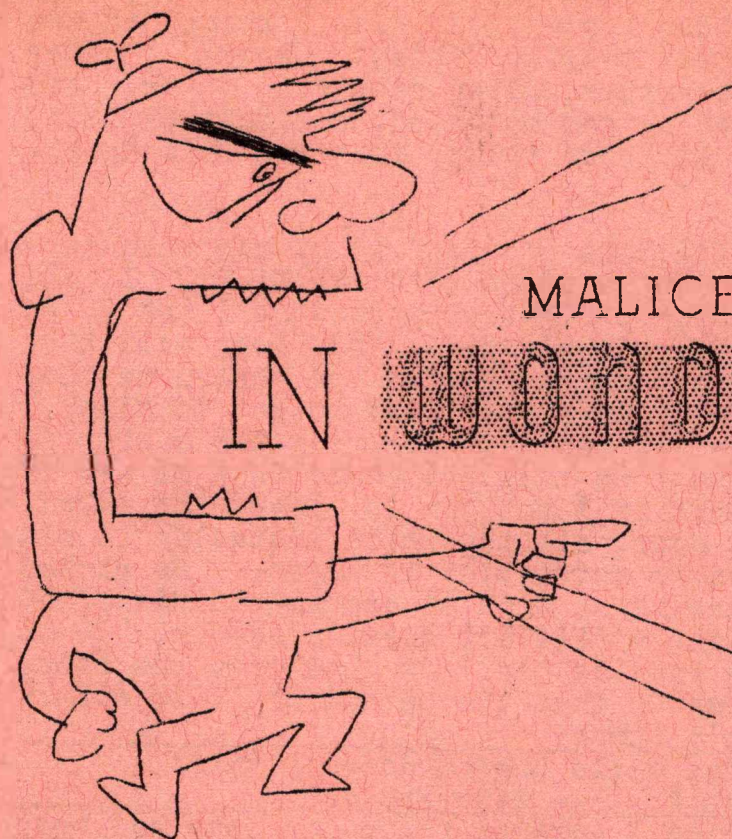
waiting... always waiting. Then one day, as a train was passing us and I wandered ahead while Gene assumed his now familiar Pose, It happened. The train suddenly blew its whistle, and I turned to see Eugene wildly jumping up and down, yelling "Whooo! Whooo!" After a few seconds he regained his composure, walked slowly up to me, and we continued along as though nothing had happened. He didn't explain, and I didn't ask; it was one of those things that two friends understand.

PATIENT BABYSITTER One day while Gene was down in my rec room trying to blow out candles with the hi-fi, I told him that we couldn't play badminton right away because I had to go next door and put my cousin's baby to sleep. "How long will that take?" he asked, anxious to get out on the fields and thrash me once again. "Gee, I don't know. Freddy is pretty hard to get to sleep." This bothered him; I could see him mentally figuring the number of candles he could blow out in the time this job would take me --- it seemed to depress him. "How about if I put him to sleep?" he asked. I said sure, and took him next door, all the while listening to him lecture me on how simple it was to put babies to sleep. He picked the baby up and, sitting on the floor with it cradled in his right arm, bent low and crooned, with a distinct Russian accent, "Go to sleep, Baabee," all the time running his left hand down the baby, from head to toe. I felt somehow that the method might be effective, but the spirit just wasn't there.

"Fan's seem to feel that while Eugene doesn't exist, I exist too much." -- Dave Prosser

PERCEPTIVE CRITIC From the time I entered fandom, Gene had been perusing my fanzines. At least he used to laugh at the pictures... but it is only in the light of the past year or so's events that I have begun to wonder if that was a laugh of scorn and ridicule. At any rate, one day early in 1959 I left him in my room reading fanzines while I went down to lunch (Gene ate only one meal at my house --- it was a deerburger sandwich, compounded of pork and venison. He has never eaten another). When I came back I found him sitting on the floor surrounded by torn fragments of a fanzine, a look of bewilderment on his face. "Why did you tear that up?" I asked. "I... I... I didn't like it!" he said, innocently, wonderingly, as though he had just discovered some strange new Power. A few months later he was doing the fanzine reviews for Dafoe.

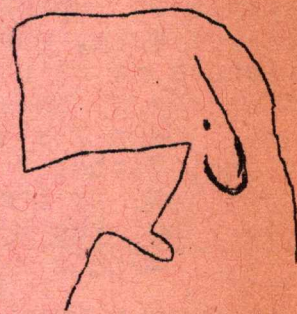
I started to write this in a strict article form, but when I had finished a page I saw that it was a boring mess without even the saving grace of humor. So I am writing Eugene's profile episode-style, ala the Innish's "Quartet." I don't feel that they present Gene realistically though, for he is not as simple as I would have you think.... he is merely uninterested in much of what goes on around him. He did below-average work in school because he just did not give a damn about what they taught; for the same reason he will not go to college. He has changed somewhat in four years---he dates a lot now, where he never even used to talk to girls, and much of his shyness is gone --- but he still laughs (whether in scorn or amusement I have never learned) at fanzines, and can still beat me at any sport. Those who think he does not exist should try going 15 games of badminton with him sometime.



Malice in Wonderland,
the foreshortened let-
trecolumn is once again
conducted under the
Boyd Raeburn Rules.

MALICE

IN WUNDERLAND



MIKE DECKINGER
85 Locust Ave.
Millburn, N.J.

Mez Bradley as usual turned out a well-written, interesting, and informative article. I don't think there's any definite rule, stating that a fan always ceases fandom when he becomes a pro, or never ceases fandom, there are too many borderling instances that invalidate the statement, as she accurately points out. But then, aren't many fans "pros" in fandom? I imagine that one can be a pro in fandom without making any money in the deal. FIJAGH remember, so why even try to make money, though I admit it would be nice. ¶-Albeit impossible.-¶ With fandom set up as the ruling body over us, wouldn't those fans who get things published in fanzines with more than haphazard regularity be considered pros? ¶-In the sense that fans are amateurs, and pros are professional sfists, no. However, if sf should completely crash, leaving fandom completely unconnected with any field in which there could be professionals, the terms pro and BNF could become synonymous.-¶

HERBAGE was just adequate enough, though nothing to rave over. The name, Eugene Hryb, sounds phony, as others have surmised, though I note you continually deny it's a pen name for yourself. In that case, perhaps "Hryb" is a pseudo for you and another fan who write the reviews together. The reason I say that is because "Hryb" seems like a shortening of "hybrid" and a hybrid is the offspring of two opposite species, or it could be two names writing under one. ¶-Hryb is NOT a pseudo for me and another fan, though the conclusion is logical in a twisted way. What amuses and confuses me is that you all put forward theories about Hryb's existance that are far more improbable than either Eugene Hryb's name, or his existance. Ah well, such is life... and fandom.-¶

I found Vic Ryan's points interesting about the type of material used. It is generally assumed that fanzines are made to cater to a high quality reading audience who only appreciate above average stuff, and frown at any kind of fan-fiction. ¶-Not any kind, just the far-too-usual poorly-written kind... there have been excellent pieces of fan-fiction.-¶ But with a zine expressly intended for a group of neos whose standards of fandom quality are low in the first place, they'd be just as easily satisfied with a low quality issue filled with obvious examples of crudely written amateur science fiction. You'll find, that for most new fans at least crud- dy fan fiction is easier to write than cruddy faaan fiction. To write any type of faaan fiction you must first have a background and an insight into the people and incidents making it up, and what neos do? ¶-A zine produced, issue after issue, to meet the "low" standards of neos -- aside from the fact that neos, though they are new to fandom, can be pretty perceptive when it comes to sf -- would be a sorry zine indeed, and would be of no interest to older fen. Granted, a neo could produce such a fanzine easily, but we have plenty of them today already, and I'll be damned if I'll urge neos to produce more of them.-¶

"As Ted White said in Void 22: 'DNQ!'."

VIC RYAN
2160 Sylvan Rd.
Springfield, Ill.

To grade various fanzines, why not set up a rating system, based on a flat rate of 2/3¢ per page, multiplied by some number which will designate relative quality: "1" means an average fanzine, worth exactly 2/3¢ per page; "1/2" or "1/3" a despicable crudzine; "1 1/2" a good fanzine, and "2" a Grue or some such. You could, by being exact with your decimals, or fractions, pretty well determine the personal worth of any fanzine you receive. ¶-I could rate real crudzines -1, so the editor would owe me 2/3¢ per page for reading his miserable sheet. And I thought I had the ultimate in economic nightmares!-¶

Why should a neofaneditor put out a 20 page fanzine if it necessitates large, curddy filleos, half-page design doodles, double spacing, wide margins, and generally pages of worthless bloating? ¶-Ah hah, you've been reading Exconn again!-¶ A fanzine such as that would be of as little interest as those last minute SAPS contributions of six pages -- plenty of extravagant paragraphing and white space and little or no meat. I would estimate that a neo-fan couldn't write more than eight or ten interesting pages for a first issue (of course, you weren't exactly a neofan when the first issue of Dafoe appeared). ¶-Here I am forced to agree, partially -- some neos can ramble very interestingly, others have a talent for attracting good material; some both. However, if a neo can neither ramble interestingly nor attract good material, he shouldn't be publishing a fanzine. Fandom is flooded (in a minor way) with the products of the untalented.-¶

The last line of the lettrcol, about the Clarkes driving Sanderson out, should prove to be a good example of fans' words being shoved back down their throats; here you wrote a perfectly innocent gagline, and it backfires, in sorts. ¶-I am deeply sorry about that. It was written in February, and the latest
VOID was the first I'd heard about the Inchmery breakup.-¶

HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown
Maryland

I like the cover very much. It's the first Prosser cover that I have felt that way about. A year ago, he would have had tendons and sinews dangling from the severed head, much blood, and an attempt to portray horror on the bodiless

face. Now he's apparently not taking his subject matter as seriously, and it's much better art as a result.

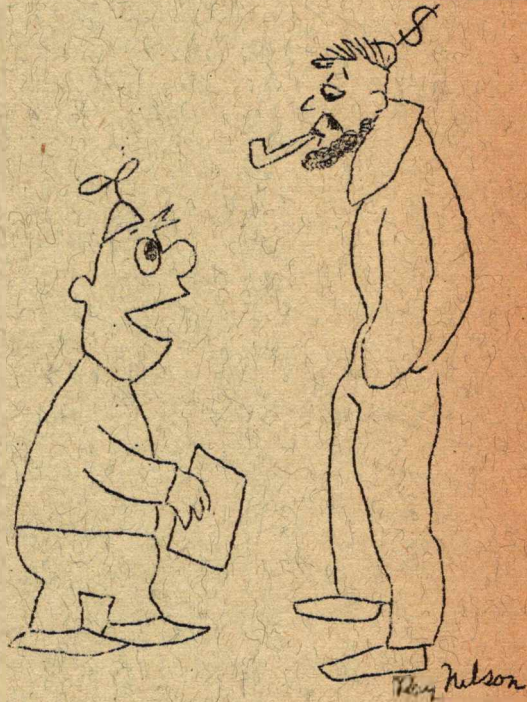
You describe your happy time of all-out fanning with such relish that I felt happy about it myself. Most of us probably to through one such spell, at least. I rather think that I experienced it during the months just before publishing the first issue of Spaceways, rather than after I was really established as a fanzine publisher. There was a thrill involved in tracking down material, hearing from the gods who wrote for the prozines, planning on what should go where in the first issue that can't be duplicated. I-Though I feel that in many respects this is superior to REV, I do not feel the elation that I felt when pubbing it. Bah! Jaded a 17.-I

The problem that Marion talks about is becoming increasingly complicated by the pros who are veering back toward fandom. Jim Harmon is bobbing up in fanzines with increasing frequency, and Al Budrys seems as interested in the field as he was before turning professional. This is a completely new development. People like Kuttner and Keller were nice to the fanzines and wrote for them but didn't fan before turning pro and didn't really fan afterwards, just kept up good relations. But Marion is probably overly concerned about the failure of fans to say much about her professional appearances. How many prozine authors become the subject of a fanzine article in the course of a year? Most of them are ignored in the fan press, except for casual mention of a story in a review of an issue. The writer who bobs up in the prozines only occasionally gets even less attention. If we get back to a situation where there are only two or three prozines, there'll be room in fanzines to pay attention to most of the people who write for them.

I think I know where I can get my hands on a city directory for Youngstown, and I'll admit there is a Eugene Hryb if I find such a family listed therein. Meanwhile, these are excellent fanzine reviews, which means one of two things: either you're Eugene Hryb or he is very well-versed on fandom through reading your mail.

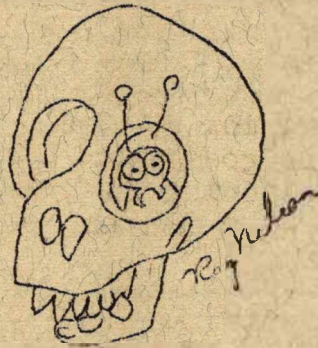
-40-I-Ghod, praise from the Master!-I

The letter section was particularly interesting for the



"Yeah Mister Pro! I've got a great idea for a sf story, but I don't have the technical skill to write it myself. I supply the mind, you supply the labor, and we split 50-50! Okay?"

the views of various types on TAFF vs. special funds. I think the people who are alarmed about the latter, fearing that they will become too numerous, are assuming that a strawman is a live menace. Special funds are certainly nothing new; they're nearly 15 years old, dating back to the Big Pond Fund to bring Ted Carnell to this country. In those 15 years, there have been only three or four of them -- Carnell, Willis, Berry, and if you want to count the second Willis campaign which was canceled at his request, that makes four. If the success of those that were carried out were likely to cause a whole epidemic of these special drives, the epidemic would certainly have broken loose long before this. Fortunately, the new system of an intensive and short TAFF campaign tried this year seems to have removed most of the danger of unpleasantness that was inherent in the lengthy obvious objection to the for fans in this country it smacks too much of ture in the British British fan would feel accept the TAFF money, nited States are not in their own money on a ticket because of family thing similar. But it or leave of absense convention in your own accepted donations to go a thousand miles might feel a trifle uncomfortable about it.



I hope people won't hold their breath for me to appear at the Pittcon, to avoid an awful rush of black spots before the eyes after awhile. I haven't promised anything, since it mostly depends on whether I can keep free from work responsibilities over what is theoretically a long weekend for me and how pooped I am from the previous week's work. I refuse to buck that Labor Day holiday traffic driving to Pittsburg, so if I go I'll just take a bus up for a day, and there are weekends when I'd rather jump in front of a bus than be cooped up in one for four or five hours. {-I know -- you'd rather go to hell than a convention...no difference really.-}

Your mimeographing is just about perfect this time. The slight amount of offset isn't annoying on that medium-dark paper. In fact, the general appearance of the typed pages somehow reminds me of Lee Hoffman publications. Don't tell me that she's turned back into a boy again and has moved to Ohio. {-All DWE Pubs are works of Proxyboo, Ltd. I am WALT WILLIS!-}

 "YOU want interlineations, YOU write them!"

ROBERT JENNINGS
 3819 Chambers Drive
 Nashville 11, Tenn.

Now you are right in saying that your fanzine is worth more than a letter of comment. I never liked the idea of a zine that took work planning, typing, mailing, and MONEY to go for a tossed off letter of comment either, but you have to take into account the quality of different letter forms. Take for example a letter that might be double spaced, & says nothing, but runs for five pages. That is ten cents' worth right

there, but would you be willing to take in preference a single spaced, one page letter that threw some new ideas and intelligent, interesting discussion or rambling on the subjects covered by your zine. ¶-The system is more flexible than that. An uninteresting letter (and double-spacing would get only half-credit) gets the same credit as a dynamic one, but if it comes to a decision, the uninteresting letter-writer will get cut long before the worth-while one.-¶

Of course this discussion is taking your system with complete seriousness. I imagine that the whole thing is pretty flexible. In truth, I gather that anyone can get this, if they are willing to write a few honest letters of comment. ¶-Well... yes.-¶

I notice Hryb uses no numeral system. Wonder why. I always favored some sort of numeral system, as it helps to pin point the exact feelings of the reviewer toward the zine. ¶-I think Gene makes his exact feelings clear without use of a numeral system, which he considers useless. What happens when a zine comes along that is superior to one that you gave a "10" to lastish? If ten is the top of your scale, you're stuck. Since I hope to get Gene to do more expanded reviews, numeral rating will not be necessary, as they are with short, clipped reviews.-¶

TERRY JEEVES I thought D#2 was top level stencil cutting and 58, Sharrard Grove duplicating in great contrast with many --- too Sheffield, England many of today's crudly produced fmz.

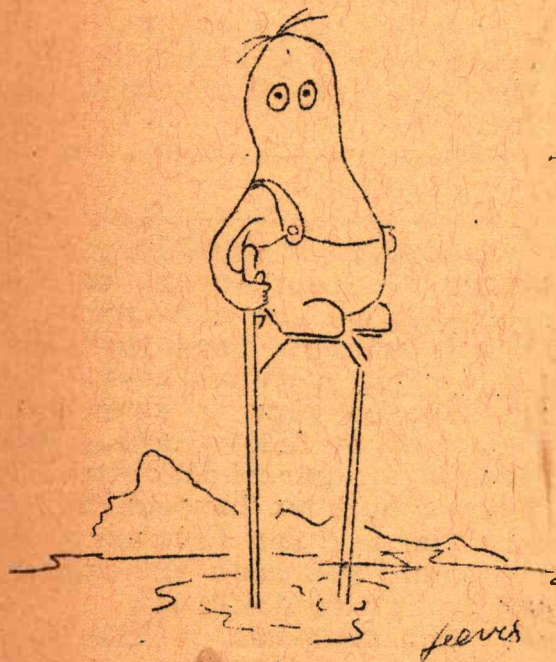
Enjoyed your editorial, and was amazed to find you in the top 1% of the nation's intelligentsia. How lovely that is --- one query though: how intelligent is the rest of the nation... after all, we must have standards!!!

G.M. CARR Hryb's comment re The Adversaries: "I feel that 5319 Ballard Ave. MGOlds is a prototype of GM Carr, but I have Seattle 7, Wash. 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." Personally, I thought it was and I was very much impressed by the perceptiveness displayed. I've read other comments that MG Olds was a composite of MZBradley and me(which could quite possibly be so) but the situation and the tensions portrayed were very well done no matter on whom the characterization was based. It was a very competent bit of insight. But what really intrigues me in Hryb's remark is the implication that he could, uninfluenced by comments of reviewers who were present and/or knew GMCarr by personal or written contact, "see a true similarity"... How could he know if it were true or not, never having known the original? Even as a stereotype? ¶-I waited to dummy this until Gene could be here to speak for himself: "First, GMC, did Kent Moomaw ever meet GMCarr? Anyone who has read an issue of Gemzine, especially the I-hate-Busby issue, would sense a similarity between GMCarr and the more contempt-able characteristics of MGOlds. Since most contact in fan-
-42- dom is by the mails rather than in person, the picture we build up of fans is the one we use for reference. It is not

necessary to know GMCarr personally to recognize her attributes in MGolds. I just wondered if I would have been conscious of the resemblance if I had not been looking for it because of other reviewers comments. I probably would, since the only prominent femme-fans of the MGolds type today are GMCarr and MZBradley. ENH"-)

CRAIG COCHRAN 467 W. 1st St. Scottsdale Arizona
Some year when I decide to write an article I shall send it to you so that I can become a member of the DWE club. I will then have you give me credit for 10 years and then see you at the con being held on the 10th year of my membership in the DWE and I shall very unhappily hand a dime over to you. (You make it sound so... so... mercenary.-)

On trading for fanzines I like the one for one basis. If you put out three issues in the same amount of time that another faned puts out one you should trade one of your issues and make him get the other two in some other way. One for one even if his is a 10 page crudzine and yours is a good 50 page one. If you think your fanzine is worth more and don't want to trade one for one then instead of just giving him $\frac{1}{2}$ or so credit on his zine and make him get the other half in another way, you should each get each other's zine in a different way than trading. (If this fan produces only a 10 page crudzine, I don't know as I'd make any effort to get it in any other way. Also, this would leave me with an awful deficite with the editors of FANAC. Then there is the point that perhaps I should charge faneds 2¢ for each page of comment I sent them, and 10¢ every time Gene reviews them. Ghod...-)



There were a good four pages of fanzine reviews in Dafoe part II, but when I came to the very end I found myself wanting more right then and there. There probably isn't much chance of them going over 4 pages (more likely they'll get shorter and shorter). (It is more likely that Eugene will take over Dafoe than his reviews will be cut.-)

How can you (John Koning) keep tearing aerograms in half? All you have to do is to tear it open at the top of the thing and PRESTO, you have a lettr in your hands. (.....and PRESTO I have two parts of a lettr in my hands.-)

What makes you think that Ron Bennett is $\frac{1}{3}$ of Alan Dodd? I know he isn't because Alan Dodd is real. He actually exists because he told me so and I believe him. (Has Alan Dodd asked you to play Brag yet? Even Bloch announced that there was no Dodd... and Bloch is Ghod himself.-)

You know something I really like in your zines? It's-43- the way you keep the right margin perfectly even at all times.

It sort of makes the zine look nicer. {-Who says neofans aren't perceptive?-

ART HAYES
R.R. 3
Bancroft
Ontario
Canada

And of course, a good Fantasy cover by Prosser, even though I can't say I fully agree with the political overtones of the artwork subject. I remember some time ago, before Castro days, when one correspondent wrote me, telling that the US people would never tolerate the US government's intervention in Cuba or neighboring countries. My answer to that was that they would tolerate that, if the proper progaganda strings were pulled. Today I doubt very much that there would be many in the US who would protest the US Marines landing in Cuba. Castro was never liked by the US administration, though he did have a considerable amount of support amongst the people of the U.S. Despredecessor, Batista was liked by the Officials in the U.S. and the sugar companies in Cuba, not meant to support a reactionary like Castro, but when Castro ranked the US.

Largely because of to stop operational bases people. My opinion is that the U.S. drove him to it.

The HERBAGE: Triode.. corny, but do like Triode. too corny, then you are of the series: to satirize of thing. It is meant to Fancyc II.... no one can

I'm certainly not going to read it through, but will use it as a reference, and an occasional brousing through. {-It is really entertaining to read, though.-}



this, the U.S. did not try in Florida, of anti-Castro if Castro has gone too far,

I dislike Harrison, as too {-If you think Harrison is missing the whole point the Grand Adventure type be corny.-}

condemn this effort, but

DICK SCHUTLZ (sic)
19159 Helen
Detroit 34
Michigan

{-Re the sic on the left... I usually correct writers' misspellings (unless they be Rick Sneary, whose misspellings are more sensible than correct spelling) but it's rare that anyone misspells their own name, Schultz!-

It still sounds odd for there to be any such creature as a Hryb running around loose. {-Especially when you put it like that.-} Now, one can believe in something like L. Garcone, or Arv Underman, or Les Nirenberg... but a Hryb? I must say, tho, that he speaketh the truth when he says that real crudzines are few and far between these days. Poor ones, below average ones even, are none too common. Can it be that we have reached an apex in fan publishing? {-I agree that real crudzines are rare today, but fanzines of little or no interest, though they are not really cruddy, are all too common.-}

There is another opposite to the ones who praise everything to the skies: the one who slanders and abuses without good reason or explaining himself. As is obvious,

either extreme is to be shunned whenever possible. The smiling, complacent hypocrite, and the chap who finds fault for the sheer sake of saying something derogatory. Let's face it. Extremists are never desirable.

Busby's letter reminded me that most of the blood spilt in any feud seems to be that of the by-standers that took it upon themselves to choose sides and pitch into the fray with fangs bared. Luckily enough, the MZB-Berry one developed nicely into a friendship before the supporters both pro and con could sharpen their battle axes. I wonder just how many feuds were originally just disagreements that were forced into feuds by the actions of their self-styled defenders? ¶-Ironically, that is the theme of a story, "The Fued of the Century," which appeared in Bill Meyers Spectre #3. I say ironically because it was written by MZBradley.-¶

BOB LICHTMAN
6137 S. Croft Ave.
Los Angeles 56
California

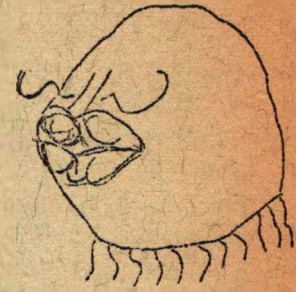
Dafoe #2 is here and the entire effect of reading it is taking a step back to sometime in January or February of this year. For Eugene's reviews, I'm afraid I must revert back to last October at the very least. A most disconcerting feeling, yet I rather like it as a Look Backwards.

Hryb's reviews are rather good this time, though indubitably out of date. Couple of minor points to pick up--this recent instance isn't the first time that Opsla has had a contents page. I have older issues that do have such, and it's just that recently Calkins hasn't been putting them in. ¶-Eugene never saw an issue of Opsla! with a contents page before.... my file only goes back to #22.-¶ Evidently Hryb doesn't like the same stuff I like -- the material he dislikes in Psi-Phi and Outworlds is usually the stuff I liked the best when I was picking out the material for the issues. This is not to say there's some material I print that I don't like, but just that my particular favorites in a given issue aren't his.

LES NIRENBERG
1217 Weston Rd.
Toronto 15
Ontario, Canada

I don't care much for your "nightmare system." Don't forget that a regular reader can't be expected to comment on every issue. Maybe he hasn't time or is sick or something. What do you do then? I think you just have to wait for 3 or 4 issues & then pick out those who show the most interest and cut any one else. ¶-That is what I do. But as I explained lastish, it became necessary, because of a growing ml and dwindling finances, to cut my ml after the first issue.-¶ I figure anybody who doesn't show interest is either sick or lazy or both. Don't forget too, that a lot of people often go into a sort of semi-gafia every so often. ¶-You're telling me?-¶ It wouldn't be right to cut them after they showed interest before slipping into gafia. Anyhow it's your zine so it's your business what you do. I do definitely agree that recipients of your zine should write regularly. ¶-Whatever you think of my system, you must admit that it has provoked some interesting and intelligent comment on mailing lists, etc.-¶

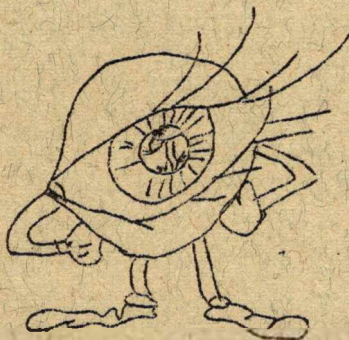
My ghod! Hryb really slays everyone in his zine reviews. He pulls no punches. I figure he has the right idea. No one can get at him. He's sorta sitting in his own little ivory tower perusing the fanzined landscape, throwing a rose here and a brick there. I wonder if he isn't really a hoax you dreamed up so that you could have full freedom to criticize any zine in any way you wished. But I guess that's been said before. ¶-If Eugene Hryb is not real, I'd like to know who it is that beats me 14 out of 15 games of badminton twice a week.-¶



The letters were all fun, especially Terry Jeeves'. Other than that I can't find much more to comment on except stop threatening to cut everyone from the m/l. ¶-Alright, Nirenberg, O*F*F you go!-¶

BILL PLOTT
P.O. Box 654
Opelika
Alabama

A welcome addition to Dafoe was Miz Bradley's column bearing the title of her old Vega column. I believe that a pro writer could send rejected manuscripts to fanzines rather than depositing them in an abandoned file and/or eventually in the trash. A neofaned can have nice reproduction and excellent material, but if the latter is entirely by people with whom he alone in Fandom is associated he may not get the encouragement he needs and deserves.



Therefore a prozine reject could enhance the depth of a neo's fanzine and give him a little of the prominency that he has strived hard to gain. I believe that a neo working on his first issue puts more manhours in than any other faned except possibly one working on an anniversary issue. ¶-Considering the level of some of the stories published in prozines today, I doubt if a prozine reject would "enhance the depth" of an issue, though it would provide a "name." Contrary to your belief, I believe that the material, not the name, makes the zine. If Walt Willis were to write for me under a pseudo (Lee Hoffman, perhaps?) his material would be as well received as if under a Willis byline. Meuh's All Anonymous issue proved this point.-¶

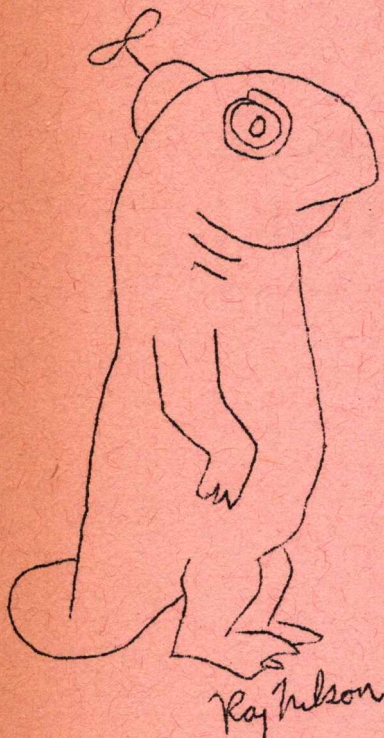
Eugene Hryb's fmz reviews are worthwhile and should be maintained. It's a shame he tends to remain a fringe fan; he could be a real asset to Fandom. At any rate, consider yourself fortunate to have a competent reviewer on hand.

LEN MOFFATT
10202 Belcher
Downey, Calif.

MZB does a good job of outlining the problems and attitudes of fans turned pro. However, I cannot agree with the line, "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." Sure, a pro-writer (who also keeps active in fandom) can be thus accused--but it would be a most un-

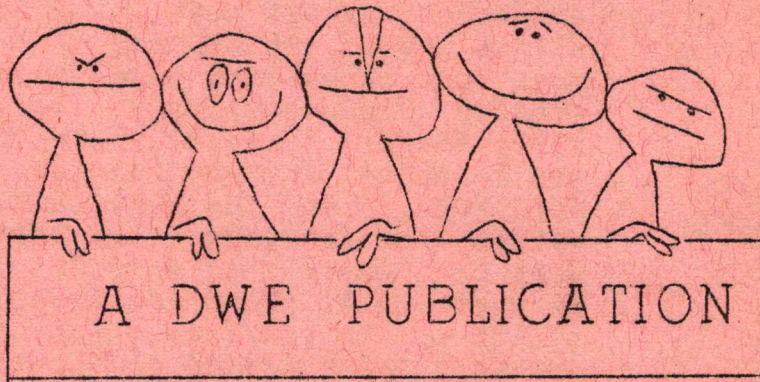
just, and unlearned accusation. Surely everyone knows that fandom makes up a very, very small portion of s-1 readership. I'm sure most, if not all pros know this, and consequently know that wooing fandom for commercial reasons is pointless. A pro who takes an interest in fandom may do so because he is a fan, or finds fans to be interesting, entertaining and worthwhile. He could also be participating in fanning for purely ego-boostical reasons, but don't fans love egoboo too?

Hmmm. I see a couple of other points of "disagreement." "...among the professionals, the pro who remains a fan is never taken quite as seriously as the Bradburys, the Bracketts, the Heinleins, and the Moores who ignore fandom except when it suits them to lend their presence graciously as one of the honored elite." Does this mean that other pros take Bloch, Tucker, and Bradley "less seriously" than they do Bradbury, etc.? I doubt it. I think that one pro respects another because he or she does Good Work, and the fact that he or she also writes for fanzines, or belongs to an apa, does not lessen that respect. Why should it? If anything it shows the intellectual versatility of the pro/fan. I also object to Leigh Brackett being listed as one of those who ignores fandom "except when it suits them to lend their presence as one of the honored elite"... I have never met Heinlein or Catherine Moore in person, but suspect that they don't care to associate with fans in general any more than does Bradbury, tho--like Ray--they may enjoy meeting with fan friends of their choice, and of course, as Marion points out, be talked into attending cons as "one of the honored elite"--but Leigh Brackett and Ed Hamilton, with whom I have yakked at several fannish get-togethers, have never impressed me as Super Egotists. To use a cornball expression, they seem to be "just folks."



MAL ASHWORTH Please to accept humble and worthless two-bit letter
12, Westgate of comment on fine, fabulous, and late-as-hell DAFOE
Eccleshill #2. (This 'late-as-hell' business isn't a criticism
Bradford.2., of course; truth to tell I probably would never have
England noticed if you hadn't pointed it out. Everything I
publish is always two or three years late so I just
naturally assume that everyone else does the same.)

Well, I like DAFOE. Your own writing in it is fine, your "E-
conomist's Nightmare" was good for many a happy hour of head-scratch-
ing and nose-picking, and the ubiquitous Hryb reviewed ROT; even if
it was a pre-war issue. (This is safe to say; there is bound to
have been a war somewhere since that issue was published, and even
if there hasn't I daresay I can get one going soon enough
if anyone bothers to quibble about it.) I-Hryb isn't ubi-
quitous, just most-places-at-once. Goodbye all.-1



A DWE PUBLICATION