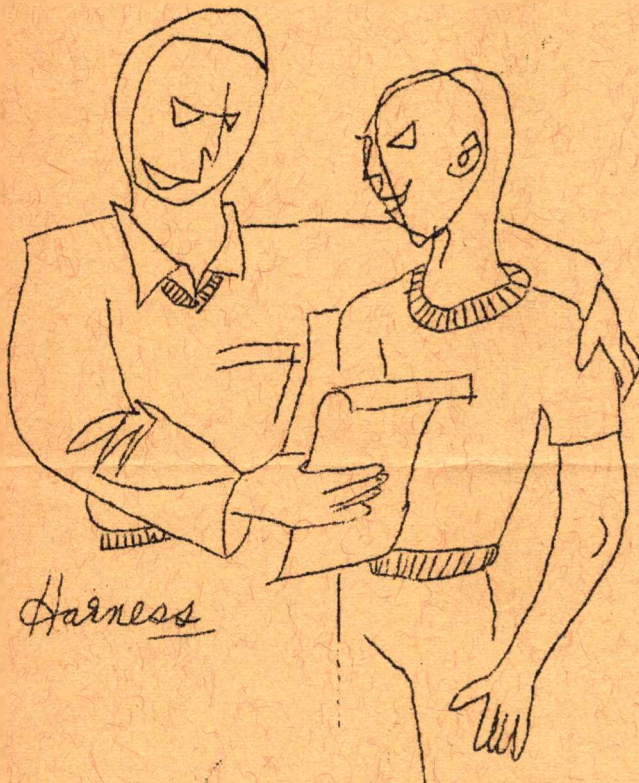


DEFOE
the 'new look' fanzine



"Memorize this: The cue is Harness giving him a cartoon misspelling his name as 'Koenig' to distract him. Then the group in FIJAGH jackets pin him to the floor & Harlan frisks him. When we get the Cherry bombs we dump them in the water pipes in the N3F room and snap the photos quick and run them in Fanac. Okay?"

PART 4

January 1961

DAFOE FOUR

You are holding (lest it blow away) the fourth issue of Dafoe, a quarterly fanzine published occasionally by John Koning, who will be at Pardee Hall, Box 555, Case Institute of Technology, 10904 Euclid, Cleveland 6, Ohio, until June 10 (and after that back at 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio). The price for this undersized issue is nothing, but normally (HA!) Dafoe costs 20¢ per. Longer subscriptions are not invited, but it's your money, sucker....

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF EVERYTHING PART FOUR

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*My thanks to Jan Sadlier Penney for the Rotsler illos on 13, 14, and 15. Jan is unable to recall who sent them to her, but she thanks them too.

ART
CREDITS

DUE DIT ORIAL

"I CHALLENGE YOU TO A LIFE
TIME OF BITTER HATRED"-
-"YOU'LL GET A NASTY
LETTR FROM MY LAW
YER IN THE MORNIN
G"-- "CAN I PLEASE
BE IN ONE OF YOUR D
EROGATI ONS, MR. RAE BURN ?"



EARLY EARLY EARLY Not early in relation to my "quarterly" schedule, perhaps, but Dafoe #4 is rather premature considering my "Dafoe, the quarterly fanzine produced once every nine months, and mailed once every twelve" reputation. Actually, I had not planned to publish a full-sized issue (this is really sort of D#3½), since college is claiming a major portion of both my time and money, and there will be no 40 page Dafoe's until summer, at least (which summer I'm not saying). I did think, though, that it might be a good idea to publish an Interim (pardon me, Gregg Calkins) issue between major D's, because it has been my experience that when people don't hear from me between summers they are inclined to believe that I've gone gafia (even though I know I haven't...). By the way, since this issue is under 30 pages, the 20¢ price tag does not apply. For this only, D is F*R*E*E!

EVIL, LECHEROUS MOTIVES Reading an article, "Chauvenet on Fanzines," in Warhoon #9 a week or so ago prompted me to sit down and ask, "Why do I publish a fanzine?" What indeed does prompt me to put more than a hundred hours and forty dollars into a normal issue of Dafoe?

Probably my first and most important reason is the one I set down in D#2, in "That Happy Feeling." Publishing a fanzine, with all the soliciting, dummyping, cutting, mimeoing, and sundry manual tasks, as well as actually writing my part of the zine, is an immensely pleasing experience. The summer I spent preparing Revolution to take to the Detention was one of the happiest periods in my life, and though I've never felt quite that way since, I do approach that blissful state when preparing an issue. And when it is finished, and the stacks of freshly assembled magazines are before me, though I may be slightly dissatisfied with the mimeographing on some pages, or the centering of a heading

illo, or a clumsy phrase, I'm very proud of the issue as a whole. When I prepared my first fanzine, I remember the thing that impressed me greatly was that the faintly mimeoed sheets I had written and produced were going to be sent out to and (I hoped) read by a hundred and a half people, many of whom I looked up to as near-gods. I think that that feeling still persists, and the knowledge that everything I say here is going to have 150 echoes causes me to put in a little extra thought on what I say.

I'm also proud when I get good reviews, and fine letters of comment. I do publish for egoboo, most faneditors do, and when it comes in I feel very satisfied.

Egoboo, however, isn't the only reason I'm a faned. Before I started publishing, there was always some vaguely irritating itch that compelled me to communicate, to put out a fanzine, to make myself heard as I could never do in letters. Publishing is the only way of scratching that itch that I have found.

Sometimes I wonder if it's really worth the effort. The harder I work, the smaller the responses seem to get (& the more people I drop from my mailing list). But then I think of the friends I would never have made if I hadn't edited a fanzine, and the kind words I would never have heard, and I look at my slowly growing stack of DWE Pubs, and know that, good or bad, they are a concrete expression of my personality. And I know it isn't waste not as long as it affords me pleasure.

In short, I publish because it's fun!

SUMMER FAN Lastish I remarked that Bruce Pelz had called me a summer fan; a fan who was silent three quarters of the year and then came to life in June, publishing two or three fanzines, attending a convention, getting on everyone's mailing list, and then vanishing for another nine months. At the Pittcon somebody (it may very well have been Pelz again), told me that I did all my acti-fanning before a convention to get my name spread around so people would recognize me at the con and invite me to parties and such, and when the con was over, I vanished for awhile. In short, he called me a drawn-out version of the three-day wonders Willis met at the Chicon... he said all my fanac was a build-up to con attendance... he called me a Convention Fan!

COVER The coverillo may be a bit puzzling and obscure to those of you who didn't see me at the Pittcon. It may be even a bit puzzling to those who did, since actually it is the sequel to another which I lost (picturing two masked figures saying, "When Koenig yells DOWN WITH EVERYTHING we grab the conventions funds and run.") I had with me some 40 black cherry-bombs emblazoned with a "Down With Everything" sticker, to be given to DWE members as anarchist-symbolism membership cards. Unfortunately, after I gave Jack Harness his I never saw him but that he wasn't creeping out from behind the shrubbery holding the thing in a very menacing manner. And all this in a hotel that had no shrubbery.

PITTCON Speaking of the Pittcon (and I was, just now, you know), reminds me that I am Expected to make a convention report ("But, Everybody does convention reports!"). — 5 — So here it is: The Pittcon was a swinging affair, and

next to the Detention, was the most enjoyable fannish experience I ever had. I had fun, sleeping on Ted White's floor and eating the drug store's hamburgers (ever go to a con on \$11?). I could go on, but it seems rather futile. I spent all my time with Raeburn, Main, Nirenberg, and White. Les has written up the con in his excellent new fanzine, & Ted will undoubtedly follow with an exhaustingly detailed (I did but can't remember, so what's the use? All I can say it, if you missed it, go Pucon in 61; if you made it, I don't have to tell you.

However, so as not to disappoint my rabid (in the full sense of the word) fans, and not to go too much against tradition, I will go into the con a little more. To escape the "we all went out and had hamburgers and saw.." type report (Boyd Raeburn has the one I wrote like that, but fortunately for all of us, he isn't going to publish it), I am taking Les Nirenberg's suggestion and presenting a series of four (space being limited) vignettes, here and in the lettrcol. They occur in no especial order, and contain no hidden meanings. If you find any mention of hamburgers, please ignore it, as I shall:

Pittcon episode #1

One of the most interesting conversations I held at Pitt was when, late Friday night, I sat with Ted White in our room and listened to him talk of the fans he had influenced in his time. Now, if my intention in writing these incidents were to make myself look Big by putting down other fans (as certain writers are prone to do in their conreports), I would elaborate on the conceit that would seem to be inherent in that statement, and undoubtedly many of you would nod your heads and say, "Yes, that's Bitter Old Rheumatism-Wracked Ted White, all right!" But it just isn't so.

Certainly, when a neofan meets his first established fan, and this fan does much to introduce the neo to fandom, that neofan is influenced by the BNF. Ted has obviously influenced many younger fans -- the most recent example, widely recognized, was of the Ted Pauls/Ted White association. And actually, listening to Ted was

"Parker tells me that TEW was the power behind Pete Vorzimer."

interesting, and I was caught up in the sweep of the fannish past. As Ted told me, even I have been influenced by him, but not to the extent that others have. Even before I met Ted at the Detention, and thought of him as an ogre, my one-shot Revolution had a TEW influence from Stellar in its layouts. And later, after I had been so close to Ted for four days at the con, I found that the kinship I had felt for him affected my writings and my opinions.

Face it, Ted White does have reason to be insufferably conceited.

AND, OH YES...

MERRY

CHRISTMAS!

(Well, Ted White, how's this for a Christmas Card with more reading?)

HERBAGE

~~~~~  
]]]]] eugene kryb



Last issue John presented a "Meet the Dweefs" feature with me as its subject. It was really a strange article. I had been prepared for a perceptive article delving into the weaknesses of my personality; I had not expected to be portrayed as a complete simpleton.

Also last issue, I said that if a profile of me appeared, the next installment of "Herbage" would feature a rebuttal portrait of John Koning. I'm not writing this in sparkling, witty episode style, because I haven't the talent Koning

has for creating humor by depreciating the personalities of others. Instead, I'm trying to treat John as a fanzine, and (ignoring layout, artwork, and reproduction... which are all below par), review and analyze him.

John isn't the kind of person who, if he were a fanzine, you could pass by with a simple "noted." He is a person that immediately makes an impression on anyone who meets him. Very possibly this is so because he goes to great lengths to make sure people do notice him, and feels very insulted when they don't

I first met John about five years ago, shortly before he entered fandom, dragging me along. In those days he was pretty much of an introvert and kept to himself, going out only with a clique of close friends such as me. Fandom came along just in time, and for a while it was the only prop he had to hold up his confused and bewildered personality as it changed from adolescent to adult. And it did a very good job. Slowly, he became socially oriented and accepted, started to mix with those outside his "circle," especially girls, became fairly popular, and was elected President of his class. It is surprising to me that when he "found himself" he did not discard fandom (and me) as he discarded most of the other remnants of his secluded life, like his stamp collection and avid interest in science fiction. If anything, he retains an interest in fandom because, by rewarding his not inconsiderable work, it is still proping up a part of his personality that has not found gratification in the mundane world.

\* It is also significant that at a time when most people were running for doors and windows, he went up three flights of stairs merely to rescue his Hyphen file.

John is certainly unconscious of his reasons for remaining in fandom, and I know he won't agree with me, but that's not really bad. He is very entangled in fandom, and the friendships he has with some fans are much stronger than any local ones he has. He works very hard on his fanzine, because he needs the egoboo it provides. I once thought, in fact, that Koning put a lot more work into fandom than it was worth. But I've seen him after he spends several hours collating and stapling an issue of Dafoe, and I have rarely seen anyone happier. Somehow, I think that if he matures before he gets to the point where fandom can't offer him anything new in the way of egoboo, he'll never leave it, for he'll realize, as fans have before him, that fandom provides more than a boost for the ego, and that fans, not fanzines, make the work worthwhile.

Come to think of it, John isn't such a bad person... he has made a good friend for years now, and if he had written that perceptive article you would see that I have perhaps more holes in my personality than he has in his. Unfortunately, John is incapable of writing a good character analysis, and so he resorted to humor --- a typical Koning reaction. For John Koning lives by one rule: if you can't beat it, laugh at it. Unrealistic as this attitude is, I can't help but admire and envy him for it.

Had I been unexposed to the humor of fandom, as I was four years ago, I might have been insulted by Koning's portrait of me. But I was not, and I'm sure John won't be hurt by this analysis of him, for he will take the cutting remarks and insults for what they are, and for what I took him to be... the jokes between two friends that make a friend more than someone you just know well. As John once said to me, "If you couldn't insult your friends, life wouldn't be worth living."

He doesn't bother insulting his enemies.

Kipple #8 -- Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland  
10¢ 3/25¢ contribution, trade, regular comment.

In the last issue of Dafoe I reviewed Kipple #3. Four months and four issues have come and gone since then, and I'd like to stop for a moment and look at the current issue.

In my last review of Kipple, I mentioned several things: that it was Good, that it was a "new look" fanzine, and that it had a spontaneity that too many fanzines lack today. Kipple has evolved a little since then, but it still remains one of the most readable fanzines being published, from almost anyone's point of view. And I'd like to try and find out why.

The only actual change in Kipple in the last few issues has been in size. While not altering his monthly schedule (and maintaining that is sort of an Incredible Achievement all by itself), Ted has given himself more room to move around in and, as a result,  
— 8 — his fanzine has a larger number of outside contributions covering a wider variety of subjects.



Breaking it down into different points, there is a lot that can be said for Kipple. It has the advantage, because it is monthly, of always being timely, and thus encourages a more active participation... you have to respond quickly to meet Ted's deadline, while with a less frequent fanzine a few weeks procrastination often stretches into eternity. After all the noise I made in D#3 about sloppy layout and repro, it was refreshing to get a 'zine as neat as Kipple. It is one of the best looking publications (despite its total lack of art --- discounting the leftover cover from Twig) I've seen recently, and the variations of the fifteen (by Pauls' count) styles of lettering in this issue adds variety to the layouts and distinguishes one article from another. The material, of course, is all-important, and Kipple fairly crackles with interesting and controversial articles. Without a doubt, it is a good zine.

Still, other 'zines look nice, and feature good material, and yet they don't have the impact of Pauls' 'zine. As I once said, Kipple is more than the sum of its contents, and its unifying force is its editor. Ted Pauls the writer, though highly competent, is not fandom's best. Ted Pauls the editor, the combiner of commentary to create discussion, however, is extremely talented. And recognizing this talent, whether consciously or unconsciously, fans are more inclined to enter into discussions or bring forward new topics in his publications than they are in more subdued ones.

Without doubt, Ted has a fine staff of writers at his disposal. In his columnists, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Ted White, Jim Harmon, lies the basis for interesting issue after sparkling issue, and when Ted surrounds these writers with his less-frequent, but equally adept, contributors and letter-writers, he has quite an array of material.

Because of his frequency, and profusion of commentable material, Ted also comes up with a fine lettercolumn that is sort of analogous to the question-and-answer or discussion period that follows any panel discussion. In its 11 pages, "A Song of Sixpence," in 11 letters that are so well-edited and positioned that one topic seems to flow smoothly into another (as it should in discussion), covers a dozen subjects... most of them thoroughly, all of them provocatively. The only comment I feel I need make on this lettercolumn is that only one section of one letter dealt with the fanzine itself (layout, etc.) while the rest was concerned with discussions of the topics covered in preceding issues, or the introduction of new subjects.

I would say then (and you may feel that I took a lot of space to decide it in) that the reasons Kipple is so vital a 'zine are: 1) the good, controversial material it attracts, and 2) the ability of the editor to arrange that material.

It is interesting to note, in closing, that none of the cynicism and feuding that filled Disjecta Membra is present here. In this sense, it is perhaps significant that while Kipple is concerned mainly with human, world problems, questions, and subjects, DM was fandom oriented. I guess fans just can't be as calmly objective about fandom, and their own personalities, as — 9 — they can about other subjects.

In his review of Dafoe, Ted makes some rather nice remarks about me, and queries why I don't stop "looking at fandom over Koning's shoulder" and break into fandom via fanzines other than Dafoe, with possibly types of writing other than reviews.

Well, Ted, aside from the fact that I doubt that I could write good material for other fanzines, especially material other than reviews, there is the point that perhaps I don't want to. As you put it so well, I am looking over Koning's shoulder, and it is a comfortable position (and a safe one, too). I don't have to subscribe to fanzines, or write letters of comment, or publish my own fanzine to send in trade. I don't even have to write my reviews, and if the day ever comes when they stop being fun and begin to be work, I'll feel no obligation to continue them. At best, reviews written with the idea that they are a laborious task which must be accomplished by a certain deadline, instead of the product of the urge to express one's self on certain topics, would be the Lambeck-list type of "review."

I like to read fanzines.... the artwork and material in them gives me a great deal of pleasure, and the pictures of fen I derive from them are, in most cases, very pleasant ones. Fans seem to be the type of people I'd like to have for friends (hence my comment about Koning finding that fans, not fanzines, make fanning worthwhile), and I enjoy reviewing their fanzines in the hope that I may either encourage them to better work or, in the cases where no talent is evident, help discourage them so they will stop filling fandom with crud.

I am, however, pretty busy with my own personal life, and my job. I just don't have time to write letters, or attend conventions, or do more than read fanzines and write two or three columns a year. And I don't have the money either.

If I craved egoboo, I might make the effort to become an acti-fan, and go into a period of hyper-activity, but I don't really write my reviews for egoboo, so I don't want to overdo it and tire of fandom too quickly. Though comments and compliments like Ted's make me feel fine, I don't write Herbage primarily for the praise it may garner. I write because John asks me to, and because it pleases me to think that I may be entertaining some of these fine people who publish fanzines, and that I may be doing some good.

The idea behind my profile of John Koning, that insults among friends make for a more enjoyable life, is important to me, but evidently many fans don't feel this way, to judge from some of the feuds I've seen since 1957. My remoteness from fandom enables me to ignore the insults that a more active fan might feel compelled to reply to, and my anonymity discourages personal attacks (or at least, personal attacks based on anything other than my Herbage column).

You see, Ted Pauls, as long as I remain here, looking over Koning's shoulder, I am safe from insults. And since most people  
—10— think I am John Koning anyway, he gets blamed for my "insults." Can you think of a better ivory tower?

# MALICE IN WONDERLAND

As usual, an attempt is made to conform to that rigid code of lettrcolumn conducting, the Boyd Raeburn Rules.

LEN MOFFATT  
10202 Belcher  
Downey, Calif.

Thank you for Dafoe #3. Obviously, the best two items in the issue were the articles by Tucker and Bloch. I cannot honestly say which one I enjoyed the most! ¶-Most fen saw thru the hoax, but most people assumed I was copying Cry and its printing of "The Night Laney Blushed." Actually, though it matters little, I conceived the idea before the Cry hoax saw "print." -¶

Ray Nelson's coverttoon was (as newspaper columnists like to say) Pointed, though I don't agree with the idea expressed entirely. Once in a while one reads a book or story which, for a little while, revives one's sense of wonder, but it is all too true that those of us who have experienced the thrill of reading, years ago, our first time travel tale (or even our first Tarzan book) envy those who have yet to discover the wonders which for us have become cliches. Still, we hope for thrills, for wonders to come... who is going to write them? Somebody, I'm sure. The Big Question is -- who is going to publish them?

I'm sure Harry did not make a typo when he used Fout in the title of his article. ¶-Harry Warner is sure too, and says so in his lettr.... I guess he should know.-¶ I agree with all of his selections, and of course would like to see something of Sneary's in the collection. As for a remedy (to preserve fanzines containing material worthy of nomination for the "five fout shelf") the only one I can think of is obvious, and has been tried, to a degree, but hasn't been "followed up." Yes, the Fantasy Foundation. If there was an unsecret museum of fankind -- a place where each and every fanzine publisher sent at least one copy of each issue he published, and some body willing to do the work of cataloging, filing, etc.... but once again that lil' ole word "if" acquires brobdingnagion proportions.

Just to Get Even with Franson for his little dig at me in The Abolished Fan, I'm tempted to say the whole piece stinks, but honesty compells me to state that outside of the Bloch and Tucker articles it was the best thing in the issue. TAF is a terrific parody and a wonderful satire of fans and fandom. ¶-As Craig Cochran noted in a lettr, the story is actually a parody of Bester's typographical style rather than of his plotting.. but it is certainly a biting comment on fan attitudes and reasoning.-¶

I think you were wise to "write up" Hryb as you did. I feel I know him better from these little episodes than I would have had you written a more "formal" biog. ¶-A glance at Herbage will show that Hryb does not share your opinion, though I—||— was not seeking to make fun of him (as he knows).-¶



BS°

One additional comment re the two fannish fiction items: Many a fan pubber would have saved one of them for a later issue, as either of them would serve (and serve well) as the major item in one ish. But this way we got a Bonus, getting them both in the same ish, and with your uncertain schedule it was for the best, no doubt. ¶-Craig Cochran commented that Dafoe was becoming typed as a faaan fiction fanzine. Actually, I had planned to balance the issue with two additional non-fiction articles, but they never matured. ¶ Since my next big issue will be this summer, a year from the publication of D#3, I thought I should put both in one issue, and make a big Convention issue.-¶

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Pittcon episode #2

The elavator operators in the Sheraton (a hotel with a swinging staff) were really unique. We came upon them reading copies of WRR, talking about fans, and even reacting to fannish suggestions like my idea of a con hotel with a stationary lobby and bar and moving floors, but the most unique (and confused) was the one Les Nirenberg and I encountered on Saturday afternoon.

As we were riding to the convention floor, the girl asked us if, because so many of the con-attendees wore beards, this were a convention of Beatniks. As she let us out, Les replied, with a But-oh-how-could-you look on his face, "No, this is a conclave of Greek Orthodox priests."

Andy Young will never be the same, I'm afraid.

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MIKE GATES                      There seems to be some definite differential between 13 Eggleston                      the date that you completed Merrimac Shores                      your mag and the time it Hampton, Virginia                      reached the hand of the reader. You are following closely the tradition of A'Bas. You will never reach the depth of that famous classic. Having not seen a copy of A'Bas for almost two years I really wonder if it is still being done. ¶-A new issue of A'Bas will be published as soon as Nirenberg gets up the energy, I am assured by Those Who Know (Carl Brandon and Joan Carr).-¶



The review column is good. It gave a fair to middling review of eight zines. My personal preference is a longer review of fewer zines, and a list of those zines that you have received with perhaps a numerical rating system; but you are obviously drawing good crowds with the reviews and they are rather well written. I was particularly fond of the review of Void. Having been a member of the Benford group (or rather, a psuedonym for three people) in Germany, I have a warm remembrance of Void's struggling (but not very) first few issues. It was Greg Benford who can be blamed for bringing me into fandom. ¶-And we do blame him, you know.-¶

The Don Franson bit was hilarious. (Actually I am a hoax that was thought up by a scandalous Baltimore fan three years ago, who got out of hand.) It is not difficult to imagine fandom having a true population of roughly half of what it claims. -12- ¶-And the Cult has 6½ members?--¶

Pittcon episode #3

Les Nirenberg is the one fan I've met who seems to have a facial mobility to match Hryb's. Explaining how Ron Kidder laughs, he assumed a dead-pan expression, then started with a weak smile from the very center of his mouth which, after a second or so, exploded suddenly into a leer as Les, eyes tightly shut, rocked back and forth in the throes of laughter, never uttering a sound.

I was determined to catch Ron in the Act, and later Saturday night, as Harlan Ellison did some very funny bits before a small crowd, Les and I sat looking back a few rows to where Kidder sat, waiting for him to smile. Eventually, everyone around us was staring curiously at Ron too, or at least in his direction, trying to discover what we were looking at. Ron sat oblivious to all this, but Bob Silverberg, who sat next to him, seemed to think the crowd was staring at him. It is to his credit that he neither examined his person for spaghetti stains nor swelled up with pride, but he did look rather pained. Obviously he thought Nirenberg had told them he was Randall Garrett.

TED PAULS  
1448 Meridene Dr.  
Baltimore 12  
Maryland

"The Adversaries," regardless of what comments you may have heard to the contrary, presented as its protagonist a composite of

both GMCarr and MZBradley. However, I don't quite know what to make of Gene's comment that "the only prominent femme-fans of the MGolds type today are GMCarr and MZBradley." Though it had occurred to me that Kent was generally basing his "first meeting" scene on his own first meeting with Marion Bradley, I would certainly not consider Marion an "MGolds type."

Physically, MGolds is described as a woman whose face "has not yet succumbed to wrinkles but is giving the whole matter some thought." In actuality, neither of the above mentioned femme-fans fit the mold. GMCarr's face has long since past the stage where it had a choice, and Marion Bradley is only twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old. Emotionally, MGolds is shown to be an immature and narrow-minded person who must get her own way; GMC, but not MZB, is such a person. It is true that MGolds is a contemptable character in many ways. She is narrow-minded, bigoted, vindictive. But she is also quite intelligent, has sold to the pros, and can be warm and friendly. In addition, her personality is quite powerful. Different though they may be, both GMC and MZB have that powerful personality, and few, or no, other femmes have it. MGolds may not resemble MZB in looks, and as a whole her personality is certainly quite different from Olds', but she is still recognizable as one of the few fans that MGolds could resemble.-I

This self-same bickering over personalities has been a subject of discussion over the personality of "Franklin Ford," the other major character in the story. Ted White claims that part of the "Ford" personality is his, part Moomaw's own. I would be more inclined to credit Larry Stark with at least 30% of "Ford's" personality, especially on a physical level. A number of other people have different ideas on this; no one agrees.



This whole train of thought was actually started a couple of days ago when I received a letter from one of the newer fans (whose name I won't mention) in which he stated that perhaps Redd Boggs should be insulted because he was cast (in "The BNF of Iz") as the Highly-Magnified Woggle-Bug, the Ultimate Collector and Perfectionist. I haven't as yet mentioned this to Redd, but it occurred to me that this reference was more a play on name than on character. Carr, I think, was just looking for a name to fill out the cast, and since Boggs is as close as fandom can get (phonetically) to "bug," that name was chosen. It would be more or less equivalent to using the appellation "Bloody Redd Boggs" or "Long John Magnus" in a piece of faaan-fiction concerning piracy. In such a case there would be no inference that either Boggs or Magnus is a pirate; likewise, I don't think Terry meant to imply any likeness in characteristics between Boggs and the original Woggle-Bug.

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Pittcon episode #4

Saturday afternoon, as many members of the Cult sat in the California suite discussing how terrible things were, Jack Harness, LASFS official, jumped from behind a door and shot Ted White four times with his quadrupal-barreled plonker. This weapon fascinated Ted, and he practiced with it until Bruce Henstell, unaware of the menace awaiting him, walked into the room and was showered with darts.

Ted then experimented with missile ballistics by determining the magical pistol's range, and then shot down everyone in sight. Finally, his curiosity satisfied, he turned it over to Andy Main, who laughed evilly and threatened us with extinction, explaining that he was tired of being merely a Waiting-lister in the Cult, and was going to create some vacancies. He chose TEW as his first victim, not realizing what Power he was facing. Taking careful aim, he pulled the trigger. All four barrels fell off onto the floor.

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HARRY WARNER, JR. Anyway, this third issue of  
423 Summit Avenue Dafoe is most welcome, and  
Hagerstown highly impressive in plump-  
Maryland ness and general neatness.

I must side myself with those who feel that justified right margins in mimeographed fanzines are conspicuous consumption or some similar form of luxury. {-But, even Ted Pauls says that Dafoe wouldn't be Dafoe without them.-} It isn't so much that they annoy anyone, but the eye just doesn't expect to see even right margins in typed material; whether it's a letter or mimeographed matter.

The only other note that I have on your editorial is to admit that I have not found any particular starting point for 5'2" references in fanzines, but so far I haven't turned much history research attention to that particular era of fanzines. But wasn't there a song about "Five foot two, eyes of blue"? That presumably referred to a young lady and fans may have adopted the size to form an insulting reference to puny male fans. {-At the Pittcon, Ted White said the reference originated in a Burbee, not a Laney, article about Al Ashley.-}



It's a good thing you didn't change the title on my article. That was my bi-monthly pun and I hate to lose one when they come so rarely.

The Abolished Fan might have benefited from a bit of condensation, particularly in the earlier stages, since it takes the actual narrative quite a while to get \*ted. In fact, I got the impression from the first page that it was a poem, since that's the sort of lengthy lines and fancy type arrangements that used to be affected by the :y of fannish poets who centered around the Futurians. {-Do you not think we're carrying this symbol-abbreviation nonçs a bit too far?-

The Golden Halls of Mirth is possibly the best fan parody that has appeared since the gafiation of Carl Brandon. I haven't checked it with the Heinlein story to determine how much it owes to his skill in construction and characterization and how much of its value derives from new material that has been poured into this shell. It must have been an enormous amount of work to write and polish. The poetry is particularly good, quite worthy of standing as a part of fandom's achievements apart from its use here. I wasn't exactly comfortable while reading part of this, because one of the men at the newspaper plant got a hand caught in a roller while stereotyping the other night, may lose four fingers, and the hand-in-duplicator section seemed a bit too gruesome as a result. That's not the fault of Stanbery and Brown, of course.

I hope your attending college won't mean a loss of Eugene Hryb as a contributor to Dafoe. {-Since I come home every two weeks, and publish roughly once every 18, I don't think it will. Only a loss of Eugene Hryb (like, while walking around some horses) could mean a loss of Eugene Hryb as a contributor to Dafoe.-

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"I have a bourgeoise fountain pen."  
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RAY NELSON Only criticism I can think of is that in 333 Ramona the letter column and mailing comments, El Cerrito etc., you should write and edit so that California I don't feel like such an outsider..

Sometimes you seem to be carrying on a telephone conversation and I can only hear your end of it and must try and figure it out as best I can. {-I hadn't realized, Ray, that my fanzine would read like that...and rereading back issues, I still don't realize it. True, some of the lines in my editorial or editorial comment in lettrs are aimed at one or a small group of persons, (like the "Eric Bentcliffe(you cad!)" in my TAFF comments in D#2, which was the opening of my first lettr to Eric, way back during the Bentcliffe-Sanderson feud; or the line, "He is a terrible chess player," in the profile of Ron Bennett in REV, which had significance only to Bob Pavlat, Ron, and myself, the only three fans who knew that for 2 years Ron had been consistently ahead in our correspondence chess match.). These would, I suppose, be confusing to outsiders, but these private jokes are the things that make any fanzine fun for me to read and which, in particular, make Dafoe fun to write and produce. But I'll try to improve.

This winds it up for this issue. It is short, and frequent, and will, I hope, be only an interlude while I muster energy (and funds) for a big summer issue.-15-

la dve publication!

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