

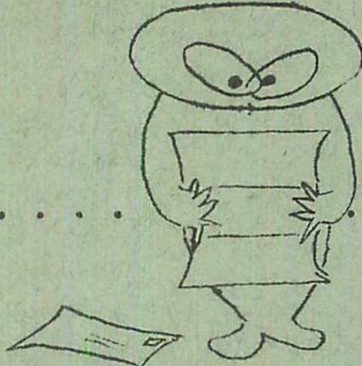
DISJECTA  
MEMBRA

2



Harness

# Letters



silv

TED E. Disjecta Membra #1 is at  
WHITE hand, and looks good. I  
think that a letter-zine is  
a damned good idea, and this looks  
like a good start. I haven't any  
improvements to suggest, outside of

better art; just keep up the same general format, keep on reviewing  
fanzines in the back, and publish regularly. Irregularity is what kill-  
ed CONFAB.

About all this fooferaw about Baltimore and what I did or did not say  
about it: I don't remember describing Baltimore as all slums to Bourne,  
though I might have in an unguarded moment. But certainly a large por-  
tion of Baltimore is borderline slums. I'm speaking about the central  
area, of course; not the suburbs, like those you live in, which are  
more or less like the suburbs of any city. Baltimore is old. It pion-  
eered in the Rowhouse, and many of those pioneer dwellings are still  
intact. In fact, we're living in one. The interesting thing is that by  
and large, none of these houses have front yards; they front directly  
onto the sidewalk. A large portion of Baltimore is devoid (Stop sneak-  
ing those plugs in) of green yards or plants, no matter how minute.  
Our place is an exception. We not only have a Yard; we have a Tree,  
too. And the birds nest in it and leave their droppings all over my  
car, below. (Don't ever come out here, then, for a long period. We  
have some crows that would completely bury your car)

In contrast, DC is a clean, beautiful city. This is not a matter of  
prejudice. DC is one of the cleanest, greenest, prettiest cities in  
this country. (DC is also one of the six largest "sin-cities" in this  
country, as attested to by several articles. But take heart; Balto.  
is also in this "krappy-six") This is largely due to the fact that  
DC is newer, has very little industry (in comparison to Baltimore,  
particularly), and lots of parks and tree-lined streets. There are  
row-houses, but they all have yards larger than the one out front.  
Many of the office-buildings have green lawns in front of them. The  
buildings are all low (like the politicians) (by city ordinance--no  
building can be higher than the capitol) (Conceited, aren't they?),  
and the air is clean. This means that you don't have soot blowing in

.....

your open window all the time as we do here in Baltimore. I have driven through DC's worse slums. In outside appearance, they compare well with the average Charles Street row-house. Baltimore's slums are really bad.

Now this is an objective fact. I've seen a high percentage of Baltimore--not the down-town or central area alone. And I've noticed a number of reasons. Primarily, as any Real-estate agent will tell you, Baltimore is a transient town. People come and go {no smart remark, although I have one that would fit}. They are mostly low-income. {And some--like me--are no-income!}. They are referred to as "hill-billy's" and some places won't rent to them. They have apparently little pride, and certainly the temporariness of their residences doesn't help. DC doesn't have them--I never ran into the term in DC. I'd say that, unlike Negroes, they earn the prejudicial treatment they get.

Baltimore, as a whole, is not a white-collor city. Most of its residents are not office-workers, but laborers, industrial workers. This is nothing against them, but it reflects itself in sloppier conditions; cheap chrome-bedecked cars, little care or attention to the outsides or yards, poor city maintenance. {Dammit, Ted, why do I have to like you? Like, I could say so much (ex: These industrial workers keep the DC crowd well-fed, and well-housed while they sit on their----). Oh, how I wish someone I didn't like had written this. Like GMC, or Sean, or Bourne, or so many others (I have lots of enemies). But I can't say the things I've been thinking to you. Cowardly.} The streets are perpetually littered with trash. Politically Baltimore is graft--and vice--ridden to compare with no other city on the Eastern Seaboard. The out-going mayor, D'allasandro, is an excellent example of one of the most corrupt city administrators in the east. {Agreed!} DC is run by Congress, and bad as Congress may be, it can't compare with Baltimore's administration.

Sure, there are exceptions. Guilford is an excellent example of a place where the rich got together to escape the normal Baltimore conditions. I think that a summer evening walk through Guilford is one of the most pleasant and enjoyable experiences I've ever had, and I look forward to more. But Guilford, like the other exceptions noted by Pavlat, is an exception, and that which keeps Baltimore from being totally worthless.

That's what I think of Baltimore. But, this doesn't mean I dislike it. I enjoy walking through slums, sneering through my ragged beard at the punks and street-corner toughs. I get a kick out of going down to Baltimore Street at 1:00 in the morning with maybe Wingate or Rickhardt, or a bunch of us out walking the streets in early morning singing anti-Christian hymns and the like. I like the Enoch-Pratt Free Library. I like the "bohemian" set I've run into (everywhere--Baltimore is very Beat) as much as that of New York or the West Coast--Baltimore's Beatniks don't seem to try so hard. {Try Greenmount Ave. at midnight. Like, crazy}

In answer to Busby, I have been in Baltimore for years on trips, and it was certainly no shock to me when I moved here. In fact, ever since I first discovered Baltimore I've been warning up to it. I consider it a complement to DC, and I regard the entire twin-city area as my Home. Thus, DC in '60!

It appears that Rich Brown doesn't bait well. I wondered what his reaction would be. It didn't surprise me. In fact, to be perfectly truthful, I expected it after I wrote what I did, so I've had some time to think it over. Before I get into the meat of the situation, let me say that it was not I, but Brown who has compared me with Burbee and Carr. I think the first to do this was Carr himself--slightly less disparagingly in a Fanac of last fall. Since then, John Hitchcock, Walt Willis ("All of a sudden everyone's starting to write like Burbee, except Burbee, but the editorial stuff ((in Gambit)) was fine nonetheless"), Boyd Raeburn, Bob Pavlat, Jack Harness and Jim Caughran have all made similar statements.

Why doesn't Rich Brown like it? I guess Poor Richard has a Personality Defect or something. At any rate, the fact that he has been able to derive so much less enjoyment from past Gambit's is no one's loss but his, and it troubles me no more than his pronouncements about originality and spontaneity.

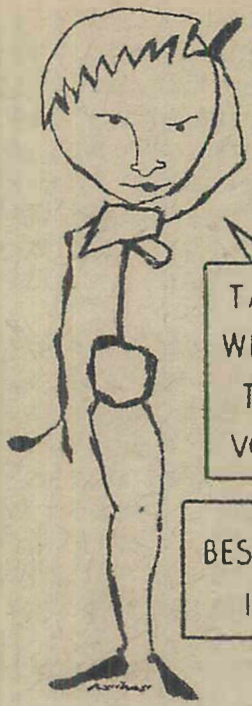
It does seem though, that for someone who has "no grotch against Ted White" (which, of course, I am glad to hear. Why, if he were grotched at me, this would be a feud instead of an academic discussion) Rich is going a bit overboard in saying I've "put out enough (crudzines) to know". I can honestly say, from my intimate knowledge of fanzines published by Ted White, and from my average acquaintance with Brown-published zines, that not even as a neo did I publish a zine as bad as Brown's. This tends toward boasting, but I do object to these little outcroppings on Brown's part of pontifical little-boyisms ("Well, you should know," "It takes one to know one," much etc.). I would hate to have to devote another little Lecture to Brown in the subject of Arguing Above The Belt....

Memo to Larry Shaw, who is otherwise a Ghod Man: Ted White is neither obviously nor otherwise W.J.Greenfeld, nor has he ever been.

Regarding your fanzine reviews, it should be pointed out that VOID is not solely my zine, but also Greg's, and the reason why a letter by me was in it was because I had commented on #13, which was solely Greg's.

I said I liked the pointless sort of things, etc.

paid political advertisement



TAFF? WHY WHO ELSE IS THERE TO VOTE FOR??

BESIDES TERRY CARR, I MEAN...?

Well, there are others\*, but Terry Carr is undoubtedly the fan to vote for. There are any number of good reasons. TAFF has been set up so that people who couldn't otherwise will get a chance to meet a well-known fan from across the Atlantic. Terry is well-known; in fact he's well on his way towards being a BNF, through the publication of INNUENDO, and his writings, both under his own name and that of Carl Brandon.

Terry is undoubtedly best equipped in terms of writing talent and style to report on his trip, and that's the second facet of TAFF--so's the people back home can find out where their money went.

As for being an entertaining person to meet and talk to, well, Terry has no monopoly here, but he is as able a humorist in person as in print, which should serve him in good stead.

\*We won't mention any names, but their initials stand for Don Ford and Ejo Wells.

VOTE FOR T. CARR!!!

And your rating of 3 1/4 for GYRE right under the Fannish's 2 and CRY's 3, is a little silly, isn't it. I mean, there was nothing wrong with GYRE except that it was slight, on about a level with the Disclave announcement and somewhere under Anglo-Fanac. Personally, I wouldn't rate any single-sheet that wasn't brilliant above 5, or average--and that includes my own.

Well, this isn't the 19-page letter you wanted, but maybe it'll do. {Shure. The length of a letter doesn't mean anything. I mean; Brown writes six page letters which are funny to me, but with which I couldn't get 3 pages of print out of.}

HARRY Another weekend, a WARNER nother letter, but this time not about Dhog. I was happy to see Disjecta Membra, but disturbed to find in it no indication that Dhog continues to inhabit the space-time continuum. I like to read letters from various people, but I had enjoyed very much watching your rapid evolution into full fannishness through the pages of Dhog, and DM {DaMn??} doesn't seem likely to give much space for your own musings and chronicles.

One other thing that disturbs me about this first issue is the effect that the front cover had on me. At first, second, and third glance I saw in it something quite different from the probable intent of the artist. After some study, I assume that this is supposed to be some kind of hybrid other-wordly creature with the

neck and head of an over-grown insect, body of a half-quadruped, and a tail that might have come from either a bird or a mimeograph ink brush. But the first few times I glanced at it, I saw quite distinctly a woman being swallowed by a headless and lumpy creature, her head hanging downward, her arms clawing at nothing, her one visible mammary gland completely exposed to everyone's view, and her trunk bent in such a fashion that she'll have an awful backache even if she doesn't prove to be digestible. I must have suddenly started to think of nothing but women to make such a mistake.

Let's see what I can find in this issue that isn't so disturbing to my opinion of myself. Ted White's writings sounds like a good safe subject. Maybe Rich Brown has overlooked the real reason why he does not think that Ted's writings are as funny as those of Burbbe and Terry Carr. Ted is pretty obviously imitating the general style of the California humorists, particularly that of Terry, and a person who wears another's writing garments doesn't seem quite as comfortable to the onlooker in that garb as the fellow who had the clothing specially tailored for his own unique requirements. I don't think that Ted White writes badly or objectionably when he adopts the TC idiom, but I think Ted has more than enough writing ability and imagination to strike out on some kind of humor path of his own.

The Linard lingo has never seemed hard to understand or ambiguous to me. It's just concentrated writing which must be read slowly, and it is free from the clichés and pat phrases that make up so much English written by people to whom the tongue is native, so the reading rate is

slowed down. It's something like Latin, in fact, in that a sentence which makes no apparent sense at all becomes crystal-clear and logical, once you take the trouble to read it carefully. I don't think that either Jean or Annie would be guilty of that remark about "Everybody doing their own interperations" that Bruce makes while complaining about the Linard use of the language. (True, that. I hadn't noticed that until you called it to my attention. Tut, tut, I should be more careful if I'm to "edit" this thing.)



--White--

I should also say something about the last issue or two of Dhog. But I turned out another fanzine review column for Gregg Calkins the other day and put away all the publications mentioned therein so that I wouldn't accidentally review them again when I next do the column. Yes, I know that the first

review column hasn't appeared, but it's a long story and all will come right in the end.

BOB Disjecta Membra #1 arrived today, with the Vile Threat that LICHTMAN I write a letter--Or Else. So I guess I better sit down and write it before the zine gets lost in my stack of Unanswered mail, which is growing ever larger.

A few suggestions on the appearance of the mag and how to improve it: Firstly, get rid of those damn slant parentheses. Man, they are impossible to follow, as I've becommented to the Coulson's time and a gain.

More comments on the appearance: If I were editing it (& I'm not, but ...) I would dispense with all the illustrations excepting the cover. I belong to the school that says, "Illustrations are meant to be illustrative, not just cute space-fillers." Even if I don't adhere to that in my own fanzine as of present, I plan to more in the future, and you would be wise to do likewise. You (or someone else) might say that illustrations help to break up the monotony of page upon page of solid type, but I find that I read straight through whether the text is illustrated or not (a good example being A BAS or Inchmery Fan Diary). {Yes, but Fan Diary is just a part of a fanzine. A BAS I haven't seen, as yet, so I won't argue there. Anyway, it seems that you will be getting your wish, at least for this issue}

But it's your zine, do as you want. All I can do is suggest, {which I like} and letterhack, of course, to keep on getting it. You see, I do want to receive it, no matter if you follow my suggestions or not.

Chick Derry: I'm inclined to disagree with you about fans tending toward the small frequent type of fanzine. Sure, we have zines like F, DM (egoboo, Ted), Gambit, jd Argassy, and so on, but the vast majority of today's fanzines are fairly good-sized, frequent or no. Few fanzines are less than 20-pages. The CRY puts out 40 pages every month, and VOID, YANDRO, and APE are all monthly and at least 20-pp. Other fanzines come out less regularly (GRUE, TWIG, my own zine, ad infinitum) but they are mostly all over 20-pages. But even if this trend toward smaller frequent zines does grow (& it is just starting) it won't ever become predominant. Particularly it won't cause another new fandom, and certainly not seventh, which has come and gone (El-lison and Co.).

Hickman: Agree with you that Ryan could turn out a pretty good zine; he corresponds with me, and he has the rambling germ, that's for sure. If he's planning a zine, tho, he should learn to type a bit more accurately than he does presently.

Your fanzine reviews were well received here, especially the review of my latest effort. Wish you would rate the zines you review at length as well as the ones you do briefly; it helps me to know what you think of it.

ES The reason for writing is DISJECT. It offers more kommentable ADAMS material than dhog has. One at a time little dhog's came trot-

ting in ("Can I keep it, mama? It followed the postman.") and each was read and digested and enjoyed in larger and smaller amounts and put aside after giving the "XXXXXXX Write" on the back page one frightened look.

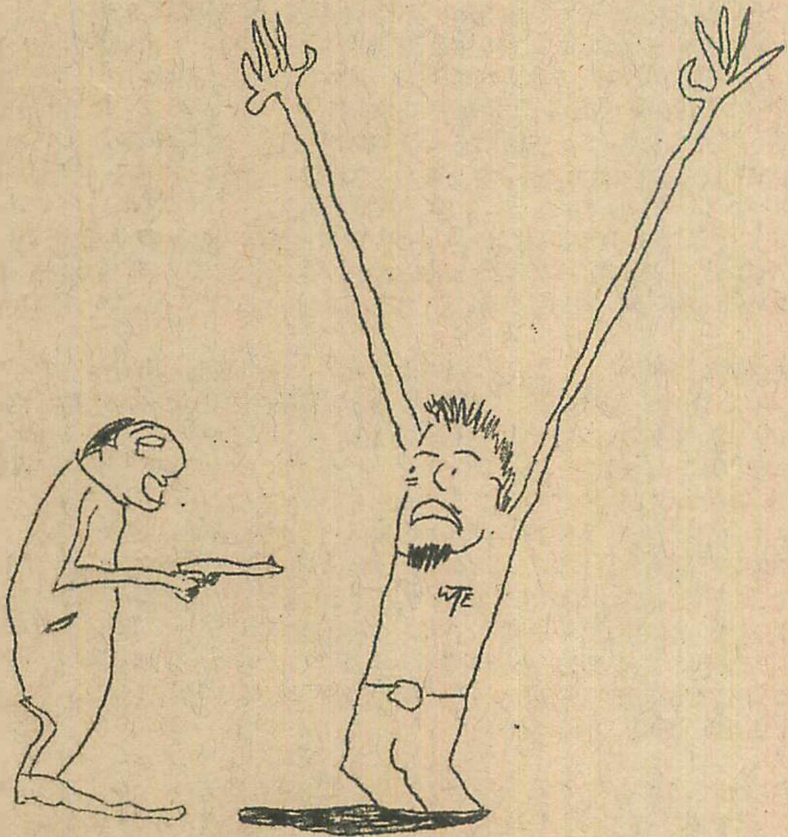
How often are you planning to come out with DISJECT? (Monthly...so it says, but don't count on it) I feel quite sure I won't keep up with it if it's too often, but I'm willing to try.

I haven't read enough TEWhite material that I remember very well to dive into the fight, but my one lingering idea of White is one of a rather somber person. Dunno whether this is a misconception or a backing-up of Rich. I just don't think of Ted as a gay, fannish-in-a-rollicking-way type faan, like Terry Carr.

I'm quite pleased to note that no one has mentioned my appearance in the Z-D letter columns.

BOB "KP" Sad news a-  
PAVLAT bout the Dis-  
clave, but one  
of those unavoidable  
things. All we need now  
is some luck in finding  
the new home--Magnus is  
supposed to be explor-  
ing Baltimore. If he  
can't find anything, I  
will try the hotels in  
Washington, but it will  
change the "flavor" of  
the affair. Like the  
difference between tak-  
ing the girl friend to  
a private mountain ca-  
bin versus taking her to  
a 50¢ flophouse.

Did White ever tell you  
about the Society of Am-  
erican Girl Watchers and  
Lechers (SAGWAL) which he  
helped found on our trip  
to the coast? (Actually,  
it started out as the  
American Society of Girl  
Watchers, but when we ad-  
mitted Bennett to the club  
we decided that the word  
"American" should be moved  
up to modify what was be-  
ing watched rather than the  
watchers.) The trip was  
fairly prosaic in girl-  
watching possibilities



"AT LEAST LET ME GO THE FANNISH WAY,  
RICH. USE A ZAP...."



most of the way--good here, bad there, indifferent elsewhere--but not Salt Lake City. There the SAGWAL discovered its sanctuary, the true home base for girl watching in all its forms (the possibilities for leching, unfortunately, were not adequately explored).

RICK It is to be said that it is present and flattering, to find SNEARY one's name on the masthead, along with such a list of P.G.'s, L.H.'s and the like. (?) And then to be listed as receiver of all ticking packages (how did you know my Uncle fixes old clocks?) runnith my egoboo cup over. All this, and my not having had a word to say.

I am glad to see you starting a letterzine. With a lead into the two major fan centers (Baltimore/DC & Berkeley) and two of the next biggest (LA & Wash.) you are assured of enough, high quality, material to put out an exceptional zine. It is to bad that fandoms major worry of the last two years has reached the laughing-stock stage. You will have to find your own topics to argue about.

There seems a erge running though fandom just now, to pin down what Fandom we are in at the moment. It is of course nearly impossible to say with any clarity were we are. Just as it is nearly impossible to prevent fans from trying. I know I have been thinking about what has been said in CRY. I don't agree with Derry, eather. I go along with the Silverberg view of the deviding point between 5th (in which I was first active, which was marked with letterhacks; the founding of SAPS; and the arrival of the boisterous, young, beanie-bergaders) and 6th, with its slightly older and more sophisticated type of humor. Ellison, and even fake 8th fandom, were in my mine part of 6th.

But after them, or after a transition period--which do to my own inactivity at the time I can not define--came 7th Fandom. Which as I see it was mostly in the apas, in this country; but marked the rise to prominence of Anglo-Fandom. The center of general fandom, might easy have been across the wide Atlantic. But after the London Con, things changed. The indavidul-zines, as Derry says, started then. The apas, especially FAPA, declind to a more resonable size while there became a greater amount of activity, on a small scale, by more fans. The result is that the cilques, that always run fandom, are larger and in better contact (the Anglo's have started to regain some of their loss steam, but they don't have the free lead they did from 1956-'57)--I might add, that I think it is the trends, not the fans, that make the times. I can hardly think of anyone leading the current mob rush. Carr, White, Ellik, Busby, and a couple of others are key names--but mainly as writers. There personalties have not, noticable to myeye, effected others the way Rapp, Hoffman, Willis, Berry, etc. did.

Regards you and Brown: I can't agree that "active" means a "good" fan. To me, being an Actifan, is merely doing a lot of things, and writing a good deal, if only letters. In this respect Rich is more of an Actifan than Boggs or Tucker. Anyone can become and Actifan and a WKF but it takes talent to be in the BNF class.

There now, does that get me the next issue? (Yessir, it sure does. But I'm not so sure about friend Caughran, whom I haven't heard from as

yet}

BILL      You're off to a fairly good start, but as fandom's only let-  
MEYERS      terzine, I have hopes that it will in time become more uni-  
              formly interesting. A variety of letters on different subjects  
is not as effective as a number of letters revolving around one parti-  
cular controversy. Suggest that if you have plans to occasionally  
print other material, you make a point to run something controversial.  
That may be what it will take to get the right foot. {Don't know that  
I agree with you completely, Bill. It seems to me that it is better  
to have a number of subjects to kick around than to be confined to  
one. ## As far as non-letter material; the next issue will feature,  
beside 15 pages of letters (which is all I can get from the 40 cheap-  
skates that receive DM), more of TEWs fanzine reviews, a Lunacon re-  
port by Marty Fleischman, and possibly an article by Harry Warner}

The trend in fandom does indeed seem to be toward the genzines, but I disagree with Chick Derry that this trend is characterized by the small chatterzines. For awhile there it seemed that everyone was going to take a crack at it, but it was soon apparent that the new fad was not going to take hold as much as it was expected to, when half the people failed to continue the project after the first issue. At the moment there are only a bare scattering of them being published, and even less that are worth reading. No, the trend is toward regular size generalzines, with greater care in selection of material {a notable example being Spectre} than ever before. The fact that there are now four monthly generalzines (in contrast to a couple of years ago when YANDRO was lauded as being the only one) would definitely indicate an upsurge in general fandom. Personally, I'm gratified to note the change in interest from the apas to general fandom again, as there is such a great percentage of crud in the apas, including fapa, while as I said, faneds are now tending to be more discriminating with what they publish. Which, you'll agree, is a Good Thing.

MARTY      I thought it was firmly established (or if not, at least  
FLEISCHMAN generally accepted) that 6th Fandom came to an end with  
              the demise of Q and the more or less simultaneous slowing  
down of activity (and in some cases, gafia) of Vick, Silverberg, Cal-  
kins, Keasler, Burwell, and other leading lights of 6F; and that up  
to the rush on the apas, fandom was in a period of transition. But  
here's Derry saying that future fan historians will point to the 58-  
60 period as the emergence of the Real 7th Fandom. He also says that  
6th Fandom saw a resurgence of apactivity. I take it Chick think 6F  
has been going on for years and years in spite of the many fans who  
have come and gone and in spite of the many fanzines almost completely  
different in practically everything from the fanzines fans refer to  
as characteristic of 6th Fandom. Like, from where I sit, the man is  
way off base....way, way off.

Brown, I think, may have a point when he says that Ted White "lacks the originality, and, most of all, the spontaneity of Carr and Burbee." But "boring little vignettes"....I fail to recall anything by Ted in the past year or so that was boring. And considering that Ted's little bits in G have been well received by fandom, I take Brown's criticisms with a grain of salt.

Nothing further inspires comment from this quarter, I fear. I could rant on for about a page and a  $\frac{1}{2}$  on a subject I'm interested in, and that if printed, is sure to provide controversy for the pages of DM, but not now...nextime.

G. M. Re TAFF: Just sent off my ballot and it occurred to me that this CARR TAFF contest has an unusual feature in that there are 3 candidates and 3 places to vote. This means that unless a line is left blank, the only possible variation is the order in which the names are listed. (I discount the write-in votes, because it would require an almost Herculean effort for a last-minute candidate to poll a noticeable vote at this late date. Not that it wouldn't be possible, of course...after all, ANYTHING can happen, so that it is within the bounds of possibility, if not probability, that a surge of sudden popularity might sweep a dark horse candidate into a winning position between now and December 31). But, barring the unexpected, we know in advance that it will be one of these three names who will be the winner. They are almost evenly matched: TCarr has the publishing fandom pretty well sewed up with his record as one of the Berkeley Publishing Giants; plus, of course, his fapa connections. Don Ford, likewise, has a strong following among the convention-going fans of the midwest--a comparatively non-vocal group, as far as fandom is concerned, but no less active in their own quiet way when it comes to voting. Bjo Wells, although a comparative newcomer to fandom, has the unpredictable enthusiasm of the N3F Welcommittee to draw from, plus her own growing reputation as an illustrator/artist in the fan-publishing field, and her record of good work among the convention-going fans at the Solacon (and her following of beady-eyed male-types). In short, I would say these fans are very evenly matched in qualification and popularity.

STEVE Just got Disjecta Membra #1. Despite my new resolve to cut  
TOLLIVER down on fannish stuff until I bring my grades higher, I find myself typing out a letter. Some people have no will power.

Glad to hear that Johnstone and I are having a feud. Knew there had to be some reason that he didn't like me. He's right about the knife, tho. You should have seen it. A near-killing fight, knife flashing, crowds cheering, beautiful damsels getting in the way, Bjo, and even a bloody wound. I still carry the scar. It is almost a tail to tell my grandchildren; after all, how was I to know Mike Hinge hated knives.

I dig the bit of having to write for each and every ish. Still, I see a quick death for the zine in my unusually pessimistic view. Someone, say J. Poorfan, forgets to write and so is dropped. He then has no reason to write so the zine goes out to one less. Again and again this happens, until you are left with a dozen or so readers. (Good logic, there, but you forget that for every person I cut, I add one. Also, the DM mailing list is the old DHOG list, which has been picked over so many times as to be cleansed of lethargic-types)

Ryan is right. Berkeley does outnumber you with fans. Don't forget the background of Rog Philips, Honey Wood, the Gibson's, and the LA fen who drop by. (Don't forget Derry, Dikini, Pavlat, the Berg's, Evans, and the DC fen who drop by)

Rich Brown got sort of tiring, but he has the right to an opinion. Still, tho, it seems that what he should say is that Ted White does not entertain him, not that Ted is a dry, trite writer. I like Ted's work.

Toskey said in the text of his letter that he was not human or had no eyes. I would like a bit of clarification on this point. If he has no eyes, my sympathy; if he is not human, I would like to know him a bit better.

Pelz can take a long running jump. {How about a two-mile walk on a one mile pier?} I am most happy with the Linards as they are {and I am especially happy with Annie, as she is} They are a charming couple to read.

Bjo {plug....she's running for Taff (and from Hinge)} has the films of pictures of myself and her. As soon as they get developed and I see which one makes me look the evilist, I will print you a copy. Also you get as an added bonus--if you promise to accept mine, too--a snap or two of Bjo. {For a snap or two of Bjo, I promise to go so far as to look at yours!}

Jim Caughran says: "What? What do you mean I'm on Pauls' staff? If I get anything for him I will burn it! No, better yet, I will send it to him and demand publication!" Somehow I get the impression that Jim didn't know he was on your staff.

BURNETT So now it's DISJECTA MEMBRA instead of DHOG, eh? A mutation,  
TOSKEY no doubt. Obviously DM is superior to Dhog--since you printed my letter. {Oh, obviously}

To expect a letter back to you within three weeks is possibly a bit tough, at least for usns over here on the West Coast, since it takes that long sometimes for 3rd class mail to get here. {I don't remember specifying three weeks in DM #1, tho you are probably right. But, your letter made it over a week before deadline, Sneary's a few days before, and Lichtman's before Pavlat's. So, you can't really tell how long 3rd class mail takes, since it's different all around} And then it usually takes five days more for a letter to get back, unless we trust it to the airways--and then what if the plane crashes? {Surely you, being Ghod, can prevent that?} And don't you send any overseas? {Yes....Dodd, The Linard's, S&erson. But they are special cases, and don't need a letter each issue} How often do you intend to publish DM anyway? Your comment to Sandy's APE seems to indicate monthly. { I could not have believed such powers of deduction existed! You, sir, are right for \$64. Now, for \$128, would you care to guess at the meaning of Disjecta Membra?}

Rich Brown: You have a talent for humor which I consider infinitely superior to that of Burbee, who is, in turn, infinitely superior to Ted White. I'd rate Brown in humor about equal to John Berry, but topped by Es Adams and Wally Weber. {Tosk, how could you. Can you--can anyone--seriously state that even Burb's worst is not far above the best of Brown's humor? Compare, for instance, Big Name Fan with Terwilleger and the Fan Machine. Burbee's humor is far more humorous (if

I may put it like that) than Brown's. And Rich is definately below White in most of his humor (although there are a few things...)

Heartily in favor of your plugs for Bjo for Taff; and this Taff race would be a fine fannish thing were it not for the presence of Don Ford on the ballot, which will undoubtedly mean that neither Bjo nor Terry will have a chance, since Ford controls most of fringe-fandom, club-fandom, and convention-fandom, pro-types and all. Bjo and Carr will probably be close on the balloting from trufandom, but the fake-fan segment far out-numbers trufandom, I'm afraid. Sad state of affairs, when you consider that even some trufans are plugging for Ford (Hickman, for instance). Remember that nobody at all was plugging for Madle the last time we sent anyone over, and that time it was Raeburn-Eney representing trufandom. One of our trufans could conceivably have a chance if one were to drop out--tho possibly it is too late for that because of the number of ballots already cast--and I'm sure neither of them would be willing to do that, because of the obligation they naturally feel for the people who put up the nomination fee for them. It certainly is too bad that Don Ford had to spoil all our fun--tho I don't suppose he could refuse his nominees either--but from what I've heard of his comments on the matter, I don't care for his attitude at all. (I disagree. Bjo could win if someone would undertake a good, old-fashioned political campaign. First, there is the N3F, of which Ford (or for that matter, Terr) is not a member. No matter how worthless N3F may be, it contains enough neo-fans to swing the vote in any direction the Directorate choosed to go. Bjo is a member in good standing of N3F, and a possible 150 votes could be gotten from that organization. Also, three of Bjo's five backers are members in good standing of N3F, whereas no one of the five backing Ford is connected with N3F.

(You'd be surprised what you can pull out of the hat if you have even a passing knowledge of politics. For instance, among the N3F is the United States Prexy of the International Science Fiction Society, which has a reported membership of 10,000. Argue that these are only readers, but, being members of this club, they abide by the "have been active in any phase of science fiction fandom prior to January 1959" rule. So who's to stop, say, 5000 readers from voting for Bjo if they are members of a "science fiction fan" club? So, I draw the conclusion that while N3F is, for all practical purposes, a worthless club, it could decide the Taff vote.

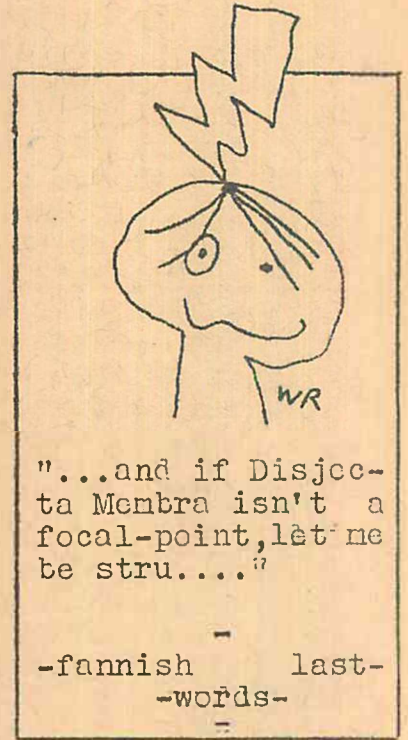
(I'll go one step further and say that the Prexy could decide the Taff vote; all the li'l' neo's look up to him as some type of BNF, and if Holland plugged Bjo, so would about 100 others.

(Another thing against Ford are the apa's. Terr would have fapa, and the cult sewed up, with a large section of saps. I don't know how ompa stands on this, but it seems that I read somewhere of Terry dropping out on some pretext or other and there being some bitterness. So chalk ompa up to Bjo until I get more information.

(Also, among Bjo's more prominent backers is Forrest Ackerman, which could possibly make a difference among some of the newer fans, altho I can't think of more than 2%. I may be off-base on this whole thing,

of course, and I'll be called down for it next issue. But be that as it may, I believe that with a little good, old-fashioned politics, Bjo will win}

Dick Ellington: To say that getting set-up with Multilith is rough financially is an understatement. Very few faans can afford such extravagances. A Multilith is a large mechanical monster, and as such would seem to me to be susceptible to breakdowns, for which expensive repairs would be necessary; in addition to other types of repairing and maintaining, no doubt. The masters may only cost 7¢ each, but what about the electricity it takes to run them? We of Seattle feel that even WE are extravagant, having split the cost of a Gestetner three ways. Gestetner stencils cost about 11¢. It has also been our experience that mimeo paper is cheaper than offset paper. We get mimeo paper in Seattle for \$1.30 per ream. Why is it that we who have mimeos, Gestetners, etc. always run down litho's? Are we jealous? {I'm not. The only thing I covet of Dick's is that Vari-typer}



"...and if Disjecta Membra isn't a focal-point, let me be stru...."

-fannish - last-  
-words-

VICTOR Thanks for the copy of Disjecta Membra.

RYAN The title was the first (and last) thing to intrigue me, as I'm now ~~thinking~~ taking second-year Latin. About all I can get out of it is: Thrown away limbs. {Ghod! I happened to run across it in the "Foreign Words and Phrases" section of my Webster, while looking for a letterzine title. You are no where near it, Vic} Afraid I can't find the meaning of disjecta. {A hint, then. The first three letters of it's meaning are also "Dis"}

You didn't ask me for suggestions, but you're going to get them anyhow. First: Don't give too much space to any one person, no matter what he/she might have to say. {But why not? I mean, the articles and column won't be too long, but if someone submits a 10page letter that I think is interesting, it get's printed. Ted's column will be held to a maximum of five pages, tho, and articles submitted will have to be darn good to get printed if they're more than 4 pages.}

RON Your violent threats at us fake-fan non-writing types have ELLIK scared me, as you can see, into writing you a letter of comment on Disjecta Membra #1. That, naturally, is what you will believe; it is, doubtless, impossible for you to think I'm interested in getting into another letterzine.

Berkeley fandom consists of (in fanzines) Terry & Miriam Carr, me, Rike, Jim Caughran and Pete Graham, wherever he may be. John Trimble almost became a Berkeley fan, but had to move back to Long Beach for personal reasons.

Berkeley fandom, however, also comprises the entire society of The Elves, Gnomes, and Little Men's Chowder, Marching and Science-Fiction Society, which numbers in the severals. If you are to get more spe-

cific, you must also include, at least, Poul and Karen Anderson (Karen being a member of saps and fapa and a former DC fan), Rog & Honey Graham (Honey being a Director of the NSF and an officer of the Sol-moon), and Joe and Roberta Gibson (formerly of NY and Chi, respectively).

The simple fact is, were we to get grumpy about it, we could list dozens of members, and cite credentials for each and every one of them as fans. THAT is why Ryan thinks we will reach the moon before you do. Remember also that Derry once said DC fans, being at the center of the universe, could never reach the moon as fast as Califans, who are way out on the edge of the known world, near where the moon sets. (Okay, I'll admit that there are more of you. Now, there is another important question on my mind: Who drinks the most Bheer? Answers are welcome...)

Ruble was not an effective vehicle for letters. It was short, quick and undependable--witness the frequent lapses of publication. Nobody would call Magnus for this, because Rumble, when it appeared, was highly enjoyable. Too, subscriptions were not asked and membership on the mailing list was practically by invitation and permanent once you got on. Rumble was the organ of a closed clique--Confab, on the other hand, was open to anyone who cared to write a letter once in a while.

Rich Brown, Ted White, and, indeed, even the Master of Fandom Terry Carr are probably at this moment reading Dan Adkins' fanzine reviews in the latest jd-Argassy (#42), wherein Adkins points out the cloying quality apparent in Too Much Carr. Adkins can't review fanzines for beans (No, for Twig...), but he seems, here, to have hit on something which might cause my compatriot Carr to cut down a bit on his production, which is upped right now to a fantastic level in order to saturate Taff-voting fandom with his words of wisdom. (I knew there was an ulterior motive for his letter).

You are connecting mimeographic accuracy with anti-crud. Ted White has, indeed, produced what might be called crud, although it has not really been poorly mimeographed. Ask him to show you the first five issues of Zip, or however many there were before it went large-size. And the cartoonzine he called "?", if I recall. And other stuff from the days when White and I were engaged, almost, in a mighty battle to out-crud each other's mailboxes. I doubt that Ted will deny his inability to edit or write well in those days.

For my own part, I suspect sneaky old Ted White will thrust upon you the six issues of FANTastic Story Mag and my first year's production in fapa and let you view them in the same light. However, I ask you--did Rich Brown say I published crud? No. We are castigating Ted White so ignore his side of the argument--how can we tear him apart if we allow him to defend himself?

---

**NOTICE TO ALL OF FANDOM:**

Please stop sending me Taff ballots. I have 14 of them, from 8 different dupers. I cannot afford to vote 14 times, even for Bjo-----Ted

TED            Got Disjecta Membra the other day and despite the fact that  
 JOHNSTONE I have piles of correspondence, unanswered, and fanzines,  
                   unresponded-to, heaping my desk, I realize that if I don't  
 get a letter to you right away you are liable to have put out two  
 more issues before I can shoot you a postcard. If you start publish-  
 ing any faster, your correspondants will have to reply via long-dis-  
 tance telephone calls. And if it gets that bad, believe thee me, I'll  
 call collect.

Now for my opinions: first off, I liked it. And not because I have a  
 letter in it either...well, not just because. It's been sometime since  
 fandom has had a good, regularly appearing letterzine for various and  
 assorted loudmouths {Who are you? Various or assorted? Forgive me, but  
 I just couldn't resist that} to sound off in, and from what I have  
 seen of DHOG you are just the one to make a zine regular. {Ah disagree  
 Ted (Hah!). Frequent, yes; regular, no. But Ah'm tryin', son} Keep me  
 on the mailing list, 'cause I like reading other peoples mail and  
 sounding off myself from time to time like the other V&A loudmouths.

By the way, that was an excellent line of Toskey's, the one about  
 "Lake Footsack...has never been seen by human eyes. Every summer I go  
 there." A fine line. {Dig Tolliver's comments on it}

---

Material            is            Wanted

Yes, that's what I said. Issue #3 is filled up (in my mind, at  
 least), but material is always wanted for future issues. There are,  
 however, certain conditions....

1) Manuscripts should not be of a datable (ahem!) nature, as it  
 will probably be three-or-four months after the date I receive them  
 before publication in DM. (This can be ignored by those of you from  
 whom I request material; if I ask for it, I need it soon).

2) I require a maximum of 4-pages (unless I ask for more). You  
 think 30-pages is a lot? Ha!

3) All material should be sent to me, excepting amateur fiction,  
 which goes to Jim Caughran (Room 110, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4,  
 California) for inspection.

So there it is. Now I expect to see some manuscripts enclosed with  
 those letters from now on.



. . . . .  
 the U  
 great F F  
 R A F  
 E N I  
 V Z S by Ted  
 I I H White  
 E N  
 W E  
 . . . . .

Fandom is stricken by a paucity of good fanzine reviews. I say this in all modesty: most reviews now being written and published have absolutely no value whatsoever, especially not to the casual reader of the fanzine they appear in.

In the Good Old Days things were only slightly better. We had, then, GMCarr, who at one time tried to

review comprehensively every fanzine which came her way. As the publisher of a fanzine whose title began with 'Z', I remember reading my way through pages of reviews, hoping that my zine would not be crowded into the last two lines of the last page. And often it was, anyway. Another giant of the time was the late Vernon McCain, whose RE\*VIEW was one of the first and best of its kind in fandom. In addition to fanzines, Vernon reviewed prozines and books. In its later life it also became a letterzine of note.

Last fall, Sylvia and I tentatively planned on a new fanzine to be christened FANZINE REVIEW. Along with other projects, it was abandoned for the time. Recently, I thought of reviving it, and with a mind towards this, I wrote several pages of reviews. But I haven't the time necessary to devote to two frequent fanzines, especially if I must write most of one myself. Thus the column you are now reading.

The basic idea isn't new: I simply want to create and write a column of fanzine criticism. If I were doing this completely from the Damon Knight standpoint, I'd devote pages to each zine, as I did in VOIDS 14 & 15. But this is obviously impossible if I am to cover any ground. And I shall. I shall review herein every fanzine of a non-apan nature that I receive. The reviews will vary in length and depth. For some zines, like, for instance, A BAS, a simple listing of contents and a "It's great!" will suffice. For others, I may have to go deeper.

Because I think a column of this nature loses much of its value if cloaked in the ambiguity of short, unrated, reviews, I shall use a rating system, but one which is slightly different from the ordinary. There are three classifications: Appearance, which covers artwork, layout, and quality of duplication, and if there is any great disparity between, say, artwork and duplication, I'll mention it in the body of the review; Material, which simply covers all the editorial content; and Personality, which will be summed up in a short phrase. The ratings run through 1-bad to 10-excellent. 5 is average.

In these reviews, I intend to set down as honestly as possible my reactions. I may step on a few toes. As a reviewer, no fan is my friend. On the other hand, a low-rated zine in no way indicates any dislike for the fan who produced it, outside of a natural dislike for a producer of shoddy products.

I might add that I consider there to be two kinds of crud in the fan-

zine world. One is the outright, badly duplicated, not-worth-reading variety, of the sort typified by UFA BULLETIN, THURBAN I, and their ilk. They are produced by incompetents and deserve contempt. Their editors don't belong in fandom and the sooner they discover this, the sooner everyone will benefit. The second variety is far subtler. In this case, it is a case of someone with considerable ability or talent miss-using it. It's as though Walt Willis (who never will) were to turn out something that looked like it was by, say, Dan Adkins, about whom it can easily be said that he's a far better artist than writer. In this case, the material is not hopeless crud, but its end results are no better. In cases anyone is wondering, after reading my reviews of TWIG in VOID and in the following column, I consider that zine to fall into the second category. Terwilleger has the ability to produce a solidly good zine. He's a reasonably mature adult (though he often does not write like it), an English teacher, and he has considerable contacts in fandom. But apparently he still does not know how to creatively edit, to get good material, and to tell it from that which isn't. I once accused Buck Coulson of this, and he, bless him, evidently took it to heart, with cheering results. Perhaps Terwilleger will also realize the lack of direction in his editorial efforts, and instead of following Adkins' blind leadership will marshal his own resources into producing a zine with material worthy of its high calibre of presentation.

At any rate, I low-rated TWIG because I considered it to fall far below its potential. Mighod, after fourteen issues, it should sparkle with quality.

The fact that TWIG placed high in the Fanac poll does not change my opinion. And other apparent contradictions will not have any effect on my opinions. I point this out so that people won't write in saying "Howcum you gave EMC2 a rating of 2 when it was rated #1 in the Dallas Fan Poll?"

All right then; on with my cloak of Peanut Butter, and the face-mask of the infamous Franklin Ford, and on to...

F A N Z I N E	YANDRO #73, the Coulsons, 105 Stitt St., Wabash., Indiana. 28-pp; 15¢.	R E V I E W S
---------------------------------	---	---------------------------------

This issue is the first since the anniversary, and it shows slight signs of the time which must involve its production. It's a little late, and Coulson forgot to title his editorial. Otherwise it in no way differs from the usual, twelve-a-year YANDRO: neat, mildly interesting throughout, and with a lively letter-section. There are no stand-out articles this time, though Ed Wood in a few paragraphs reaches the same conclusion it took me pages to get to for an article for VARIOSO, in what is probably the best item in the issue, "Answers and Solutions--Of Sorts". Wood continues to be an interesting and iconoclastic writer about science fiction in this era of fannishness. Coulson's own contributions are their usual interesting and unconsciously fannish selves--I doubt that Bob can much longer keep up the fiction that he doesn't dig fannishness--he exudes fannishness. It is a pity that he cannot keep from identifying me

with Franklin Hudson Ford; twice he makes allusions to my contempt for YANDRO. Once, where he replies to Bob Lichtman's plain that YANDRO has achieved lousy reviews, he says "You've been reading too many Ted White fanzines". Considering that the last time YANDRO was reviewed in a "Ted White fanzine" was issue 57 in STELLAR 14, I think this is slightly unfair. Unfairer because I have been negligent in sending Lichtman trade copies of my zines, and thus he hadn't the chance to see anything about YANDRO in a "Ted White fanzine". Ah well. The YANDRO of today is not the YANDRO which so caused FHFord to grotch; the rankly amateur pieces have disappeared, the letter-column is far more inclusive of general fandom, and obviously Coulson is paying attention to his editing. Appearance: 8; Material: 5; Personality: distinctly individual but still with overtones of mass-produced mediocrity.

SHAGGY #41 ("The Magazine of Shangri-L'Affaires"), The LASFS, 2548 West 12th St., Los Angeles 6, California. 36-pp; 20¢

Djinn Faine is still listed as editor, but I've heard rumors that she was departing the LA Scene. Strangely enough, I find in further perusal of the contents page that while Burbee is still contributing his one-page editorial, he is not listed anywhere among the staff. I consider this gross and criminal negligence. The material is still quite uneven, since apparently club-members have pull in getting their own material printed, no matter how terrible. In this category lie most of the poems. The rest of the material is divided between hasty and undeveloped articles by various professionals--this time Leiber and EESmith--and the Berkeley contingent. I confess considering Ellick's and Carr's columns superior to the rest of the material with Terry in a slight lead. The artwork is of a fairly high quality, though the layouts are still hap-hazard. Bjo's work--particularly of Squirrel Ellick in Carr's column--is all particularly good. (I think that the pic of Ellick leaning over Terr's shoulder is priceless and should be framed in Berkeley.)

Still, SHAGGY seems more of a zine full of promise--only just average for what is really a third issue. Appearance: 5; Material: 5; Personality: chatty in the club-zine fashion, but with streaks of individuality showing through.

TWIG ILLUSTRATED #14, Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho. 68-pp; 20¢

I've already given this an extensive review in VOID, so I'll confine myself to saying that the high quality of the art work belies the mediocrity of the material. The zine is apparently following in the tracks of the old dittoed SATA Illustrated, and considering that Adkins is now art editor (and apparently more), I don't think that this is coincidental. Appearance: 10; Material: 2; Personality: mostly Adkins' at this point.

VOID #14, Greg Benford & Ted White, 2708 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Md. 20-pp; 25¢

Since Greg is co-editor, I think I can give this zine a brief review

without being too subjective about it. This is the first of the monthly VOIDS, and it is concentrating on becoming a fannish leader of sorts. A fannish YANDRO, if you get me: The material consists of a reprint of an article by Vernon McCain, which is up to his considerable standard; a review of PSYCHOTIC 25 by me, the least of which might be said that it is not a kind one; two fannish blues by Terry Carr; and letters. The price may seem exorbitant, but the zine is available for trades, letters of comment, etc. Appearance: 8; Material: 6; Personality: Trufannish.

THE COMPLETE FAAN, John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland. 50-pp plus covers; no price listed.

This is a monumental project, and the record of a fan's esteem for himself. Of course, Berry isn't the "Complete faan" (or "compleat faan", take your pick; both are used), though he in many ways approaches one. Perhaps I am in a minority in considering this a bit egotistical in nature; certainly it was not offered in egotism. But the page-filler Berry pronouncements on the Best This and Best That are rather presumptuous in nature. For instance, his choices for "The Three Best Front Covers During The Period 1954-58; With Several Honourable Mentions" are made out of sheer ignorance, and of both his three main and his honorable mentions, it is significant that five are from 1958, two from 1957, one (GRUE 23) from 1955, and one (CAN-FAN 15th Annish) undated. In the same period, there were any number of fine covers appearing on many other zines, including the photo-offset ones Vorzimer ran on Abstract, and I am forced to conclude that Berry just has not seen many zines from the earlier years of the period cited, and that, in selecting the cover of Profanity #1 for third place, he reveals an absolute lack of artistic judgement. The other Bests are equally subjective and indicative of a lack of serious thought. How THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE was left out of "The Most Outstanding Publication Issued During The Period 1954-58", I can't understand, nor do I think that Berry gave much thought to items published, say, in 1954, '55, or '56. These little touches, departments which bestow Berry's Words of Praise would be far more palatable if not garnished so extravagantly with the air of critical discernment and Official Pronouncement. The body of the publication, however, is given over to ten of Berry's best stories. Here he is slightly more qualified to judge. These may not be Berry's very best, but if not, they are tangibly close to it. And Berry is and has been capable of writing some very fine stories--material which approaches fandom's all-time high. Here he has done us the service of weeding out the average and the mediocre, which do appear among his high but uneven output. And since these stories comprise the bulk of the volume, they earn for it its high rating. At the close of the volume, Berry himself ponders the question of the Compleat Faan, or, as Laney once called it, the Total Faan. Berry proves that he is to his satisfaction a Compleat Faan, but in so doing, widens the definition enough to allow at least 50 other fans to also claim this honor. Following this decision, he talks, perhaps for the first time, with candor and humor about his various experiences in fandom. This I personally enjoyed the most. This is Berry without the Mask, Berry stripped to his real personality. He reveals what I consider to be a narrow frame of experience, but at least he speaks with-

out egotism and with honesty. I don't really think Berry enough a hyper-fan to warrant this elaborate self-tribute, but I must admit that in the end he carries it off well. Appearance: 7; Material: 10; Personality: Pure Berry.

THE VINEGAR WORM #4, Bob Leman, 2701 S. Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado. \$22.50 a copy, or letter of comment; 22-pp.

After a well-nigh perfect first issue, Leman has had trouble keeping up to his own standards, both in quality of reproduction (the first issue was professionally done) and in his own material, which had the initial value of high shock-content. With the fourth issue, the WORM seems to be back where it started; which is no condemnation of a really superb zine. Ellis Mills' mimeoing (at least I think that URPress is Mills) has improved immeasurably, and the use of Masterweave does no harm at all. The material is nearly all light or farcical this time, with no penetrating essays or reviews. Personally, I think that since Leman is such a good critic--possibly a better one than he is humorous--he could profitably spend more of his time at it, with a resulting better balance in the WORM. The best thing in this all-Leman-written issue is his Solacon report. Bob looks in askance at those neos who arrive with expectations of red-carpet treatment and carte blanche to all parties, and then cites his own experience as an unassuming neo who was quickly taken into the fold. Though I am inclined to go along with Bob in his reasoning, I don't think his own case is a valid one. Despite his short tenure in fandom, he is not a neo. Readers of Fanac voted him #1 New Fan, which is damned close to BNFdom, for my money. Certainly I personally looked forward far more to meeting Bob than, say, Rich Brown... "The Oculenteratologist's Bookshelf" this time concerns a book purportedly written in 1904. I don't know whether this is a serious book review or a hoax. I've seen Bob do several convincing hoax-reviews, and at least one I wasn't sure of until I asked him. I'll reserve judgement on this one. The rest of the material is fiction--of Leman's own particular brand. Which is to say, near to unclassifiable. Leman has a fascinating sense of humor, and he exploits it throughout the zine, but it seems a trifle inhibited by his main reliance upon odd names for effect. Still, Leman is Leman--probably the first fan of top calibre to hit fandom since Dean Grennell, and for many of the same reasons--and any zine produced by him is worth getting. Appearance: Functional (no art); Material: 9; Personality: All Leman.

A BAS #11, Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada. 25¢; 56-pp.

After over a year ("Months in the making--A cast of several"), A BAS finally makes another appearance. There have been rumors about the just-around-the-corner appearance of A BAS for several months now--most of them started by Raeburn who is a canny fellow and whom I suspect of trying to bolster a flagging market. Enough sticky quarters will keep one's Healy in gasoline, you know. This issue is, at any rate, well worth the wait. Still, like the wait for GRUE, HYPHEN, even OOPSLA, is wearing on the nerves--especially if you have cause to think you are represented therein. This leads off with Raeburn's "I Was An Abominable Teenage Snowman", which is a report on his trip to

and stay at the Solacon. As a conreport, it is brief: over half of its 13-pages are not devoted to the con at all; and it is much more of a "I went here, and then I went there" thing than a relation of personal experience or anecdotes. However, it makes interesting reading, and is notable for the absolute lack of venom in it. At the convention, Boyd told me that he is usually so pleasant in person that many find it hard to reconcile him with the vitriolic, tongue-whipping editor of A BAS. We immediately began calling him Sweetness & Light Raeburn, and it is that man who has written the con-report.

The rest of the contents include: A marvelous cover photograph which might conceivably look like Andy Young; A "Derelicti Derogation" which takes place, for a change, at "the Solacon meeting of the Big Mama Thorton Fan Club"--and which has some fabulous spots in it; "Fables For Fandom" by Terry Carr, which originally appeared as by Carl Brandon in a cultzine; "Terrans Are Better Than Anybody" in which Dean Grennell discourses in science fiction--this in the fanzine of sports cars, jazz, and now mace cans; "As Others See Us" by Walt Willis with sympathetically explains Walt's position in fandom--one I wholeheartedly agree with; "How The Other Half" which deals mostly this time with Rich Kirs' efforts to tame a Vespa motorscooter, and his subsequent crack-up; "Christmas With The Lunarians" by either (take your pick) Bill Donaho, or Edsel McCune, or both; Bob Leman's gem-perfect satire of GMCarr, "Pestles and Egoboor"; "Silverberg's Precedent" by Eric Needham, which offers a superior, if somewhat less serious, ending to a Silverberg story; Bob Tucker's "It Pains Me Here, But..." in which he exposes Fandom To Come--Saucer Fandom--and since in my capacity as a professional mimeographer I once ran off one of these zines (LITTLE LISTENING POST--a terrible sort of thing; I included it in my fapazine), I can honestly testify that Saucer Fandom is indeed something to avoid; "The Precious Blood of the Bem" in which Harry Warner extracts comments by the Clergy on spaceflight, post-sputnik; my own "The New Sounds: John Lewis" which is now a roving article-column type thing; "Hearts and Flowers"; the letter-column; and strange little extracts from apparently, letters by Terry Carr, all headed Dear Boyd, which are anecdotal and Carr-cum-Burbee in nature. This is a fine fanzine, chockful of goodies, and cheap at the price. Appearance: clean; Material: 9; Personality: More varied and catholic than formerly--a good cross-section of fandom at its best.

--Ted E. White



### Solacon Incident #3

by Rich Brown

As I remember it, Carl Brandon was revealed as a hoax on the first day of the convention. Carl Brandon, author of "Catcher of the Rye", "The BNF of Iz," and others; and already starting to write "On The Road" for the next Innuendo; the splendid, fine character known in the Cult and FAPA; the guy who tied with Kent Moomaw for the most up-and-coming fan of 1957; a hoax.

Disbelief. That's what I, and probably a large portion of the 500 odd (very odd) fans present at the solacon felt. But Carr, Ellik, Rike, Graham --the Berkeley boys-- gave out with the news happily. I thot, a bit too happily.

Then, an idea came to me; yes, there was a hoax going on alright, but not what everyone else thot. I was sure, that once the news got around, Carl would show up. I was positive, in fact. Carl was too real to be a hoax.

We were starting a one-shot party around 2:30 in the afternoon of the next day, when a negro popped his head in the room. "Dave Rike here?" he asked. I sighed a bit, in relief. "No, I haven't seen him," I said, when no one spoke up.

He left. I explained to everyone that my opinion, my hunch, must have been right. Fandom is pretty hoaxish, so nobody was sure. We needed proof.

Rike came in about that time -- I knew he was Dave Rike (1) partly because He Just Didn't Look Right, (2) partly because I had met him before, and (3) partly because he was wearing a large sign which proclaimed to all the world that it was DAVID RIKE.

"There was a guy here looking for you, Dave," I said.

"Oh? Was he a spade cat with shades?"

"Huh?"

"Was he a...."

"Yeah..yeah."

Dave left, without another word. I was sure of myself now, and I told the other members of the one-shot party ~~that~~ that I thought so. They weren't so ready to believe, tho. Hell, they obviously knew nothing of

Continued on page 25

.....  
 HELL'S FIVE HOURS .....

.....  
 REVIEWED BY

-alan dodd-

HELL'S FIVE HOURS presents for the connoisseur of old pulp magazines a gadget that hasn't been used in years to the best of my knowledge-- the mercury tilting fuse.

For the benefit of those not familiar with this fiendish creation, it consists of a tube of mercury suitably wired and tubed to a charge of explosive. To set the charge off the tube has merely to be tilted to the horizontal.

Simplified this means that if strapped to a human being, even if he is shot, the falling of his body to the ground throws the mercury switch into position and the whole lot detonates. A whole horde of Mongols drugged into fighting fury were once used most effectively against OPERATOR FIVE in a magazine some years back. At close range, even when shot dead or bayoneted, the dead Mongols succeeded in killing their enemies when the dead bodies blew up as they hit the ground.

In HELL'S FIVE HOURS, though there is just one bomb. Just one madman. Just one chemical plant full of enough high explosive rocket fuel to blow the whole neighboring town to kingdom come. The fuel, too, when ignited will produce drifting poisonous cyanide gas fumes.

The madman has a grudge against the factory and by using the wife and child of the manager there as his shields he gains access to the works. A vast, rambling area of towers, drums, tanks and four giant winking tubes that look like blinking two-eyed rockets ready for take off. There are metal ladders and steel catwalks and tubes twisting and distorting in all directions in the manner of the plants of the future visualized by Walter M. Miller Jr. in his many stories.

But this is not tomorrow--it is today and the madman is inside the plant with only one purpose in mind--to blow it up. He has been insulted--so much that nothing will wipe the insult out but the total destruction of the whole works.

The manager, a police psychiatrist, a cop with a megaphone and an FBI man try to talk him out of it while in the background the robot pumps start to drain away the explosive fuel into a factory many hundreds of miles away. The less fuel there--the less explosion.

But the whole lot needs five hours to drain away.

Five hours.

And for five hours the police and the manager's wife and he himself try to humor the madman, promise him money, cars, freedom, his job back...anything. Anything so long as he will leave the place with his bomb strapped to him.



Whether they talk him out of it, whether he tilts the switch, whether the guards get him, whether the bomb or the works go up, is something that shouldn't be revealed to anyone but those who see the story itself.

It's one of the things that could happen, and therefore is more terrifying than the more improbable monsters of science fiction. Here is man versus the monster of science. And a man with his mental faculties retarded.

What he does could happen....

--Alan Dodd

Solacon Incident #3

Continued from page 23

my keen, deductive, mind, the mind that had made me the top Soames Operative in the Pasadena area (mainly because I was the only Soames Operative in the Pasadena area). But I was ready to prove it to them.

The opportunity finally presented itself. The Negro eventually reappeared, asking for Rike once again.

"He was just here, not so long ago," I said.

"Yeah," said someone from the back.

"Well, thanks anyway," said 'Carl'.

"That's okay...." he was closing the door!...Carl."

With a glow of pride, I turned to the others. I was smiling. I took a deep breath, felt my ribs crack, and started to speak about my unerring powers of deduction.

The door swung open behind me.

"WHO?"

--Rich Brown

{Ed. note. The Solacon Incident was originally meant for a sapszine, and, yes, even stenciled for it. Since I probably won't be contributing much to the next mailing, I'm running it here lest it become too dated. TPP}

## BECAUSE OF YOU....

That's the title of an old song, that I believe particularly fitting for this editorial. It was because of you that Disjecta Membra #2 is before you now (or rather, behind you, if you're reading from front to back). There hasn't been 100% response, but everyone that did write liked #1. You have no idea how much that pleases me.

This issue should be some small improvement, both in reproduction and the quality of the material. Letters have been edited mercilessly to put forth the very best of each individual one. Most of these letters were more than generous as far as quantity goes, and bighod no one tried to answer DM #1 with a pocsarc! There were a few, however, who wrote what I'd call a postcard, but on letter paper. Vic Ryan is one of these (half-page triple-spaced, 2-inch r.&l. margins). You won't get the next issue, bhooy, unless you get at least 1-page in here by May 15th.

I had a cousin of mine staying here for three days recently, and 'twas my job to show him around. You think Baltimore is an exciting town? Phui. All we did was sit around smoking Cigarillo's and throwing beer-cans at squad-cars.

Damn and blast, how many of you have sat down at a typer only to find that you have nothing whatsoever to say? It happens to me all of the time. So, let's have some opionating. The first thing that ppps into my mind is that I am pro-integration. I think many of the Negro's are fine people, and at least deserve an equal chance to prove it...I dislike GMCarr; I said that last issue, and because Gem didn't mention it I doubt if she read the issue...I am in favor of anything not in favor of Ike... I detest the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Baltimore, J. Harold Grady...I like girls with long (to shoulders) hair...I have one grunch but the eggplant over there. What should I do?

To talk about DM #3 a little, let us ("the editorial us") say that it may be late, on account of paper and stencils coming from Chicago. It will almost surely contain an article by Harry Warner (staff writer) and a convention report by Marty Fleischman, plus five more pages of "The Great Uffish Fanzine Review", an article by Ted White (now, before you go back and look at that, it's really a column). There is always the possibility of another article, if someone like Larry Shaw sends me something I like (no remarks about the dubious subtlety of this are necessary). And, in the remaining 1/2-page, some letters from you nice people who send same. (This editorial is one big joke. It should be obvious by now that I'm composing this on stencil, with little or no planning).

Damn that Ted White! I filled the editorial of #1 with fanzine reviews. And he goes and does them this issue. Thinks he has fooled me, eh? Well, I get some crud that he misses, and ah'm jus' itching to tear into it. Forthwith:

MMMON #2/Jim Moran/208 Sladen St./  
Dracut, Mass./28-pp; write.

This ditto fanzine is mildly humorous-in-a-neofannish-way all the way through, with minor exceptions such as PFSkeberdis, who is his usual and boring self. Reproduction is usually fair, light in a few places. The editorial

personality is that of neofannish enthusiasm, but as a writer Moran has promise. On the whole, while the zine is fair, it's surely nothing to rave about.

WESTERCON REGRESSION REPORT #4/B.O. Once again this comes our way, Pfeifer & WWWeber/4746 40th N.E./ and once again says little of Seattle 5, Wash./ 4-pp.; free the convention. Somehow I just can't be critical about this

publication; they're having a lot of fun putting it out and we readers are having a lot of fun reading it. How could you ask for a better arrangement than that? This issue has A Cartoon (as did the last one), which depicts Weber (and is by Weber) better than any artist could. I know; I Have Seen Photographs.

THE DIRECTORY OF 1958 SF FANDOM/  
R. Bennett/ Southway/ Harrogate/  
England. 14-pp.; over-priced at  
25¢.

Somehow, I had had the impression of a gigantic volume, months in the production, when I first heard of Bennett's ~~book~~ directory. It isn't like that at

all. 14-pages of only-fair reproduction is certainly not worth a quarter, no matter what the content, short of a faanish article of excellence. This is not. This is something that almost any faan could do with a moderate fanzine file and a few apa 0-0's. This is probably the most over-rated publication of the year....

QUIXOTIC/Don Durward/6033 Garth Ave. Ah, a bright neozine! I look Los Angeles 56, Calif./20-pp.; 10¢ forward to meeting Don if he

hits Baltimore on his Tour Of

The USA. This is probably the best of the new crop of fanzines, superior even to PSI-PHI, because of a uniformity that the latter publication lacks (it is possibly the paper?). Besides containing some excellent written material, it's a damn nice looking publication. This is due mainly to ATOM, who is represented often herein. Cameron also has a good illo (page 17), unusual in view of his usual grade of miserable trash. All in all, Durward publishes a fine zine, with only slight repro troubles.

That ends the pile I have that Ted hasn't (I don't think). See you next issue and like that.

---

Disjecta Membra #2 is published by Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md. and is free for a letter, trades, or 14,000 Green Stamps for a 12-issue subscription. Not copyrighted, but watch it kiddo, 'less you're buckin' fer a fat lip! Honorable staff consists of Ted Pauls, Ted & Sylvia White, Rick Sneary, Terry Carr, Jim Caughran, Naomi Funk, Bill Rickhardt, and Harry Warner. Happy New Year!

