



Glamdring

2

Harnes

# GLAMDRING

ORION

no 24

ORION is still suffering from repro problems, though not so badly as it was last issue. Since I hear that Ella has recently obtained an electric Gestetner, the next issue will probably have the problem eliminated.

The Cawthorne cover is the first of his illos I've seen that look like they aren't worth the trouble to print. It consists of a whacky little alien playing on a musical instrument. The alien by himself would be all right, but the instrument is from the L.Garcone school of drawing -- a mishmosh of stuff (various tubes, a hand, bomb, cow's udder, accordian, leaky pipe, propellor beanies, female torso, etc) that looks cluttered and in uncontrolled confusion. He can do better than that, as seen in CAMBER -- get another cover from him, Ella.

Ken Bulmer's latest installment of "TAFF Tales," wherein he relates some more incidents of his TAFF trip to the 1955 Clevention, areas interesting as usual. Quite a bit has been said recently in the fan press about the conrep obligations of TAFF representatives, and I want to add my two cents/pence worth: I think by now it is understood that a TAFF candidate is expected to write a report of his trip and publish it in a form that will be available to any and all fans wishing to purchase it -- if it is not understood, something should go into the TAFF rules about it. I'm aware that TAFF is supposed to be a reward for those who have done a service to fandom, but from a purely personal (and admittedly quite selfish) viewpoint, I want to be able to see how that reward came out. As yet there has been no full report published from a TAFF candidate. Bulmer is still writing his vignettes of the 1955 trip, Madle has just finished the serialization of his 1957 trip in Lynn Hickman's JD-ARGASSY, Ron Bennett's Colonial Excursion is still short the chapter to appear in SPACE DIVER-SIONS. Of the three, there is none to point to as the best example of how to go about publishing the TAFF report --Bulmer waited too long to write his; Madle's has been strung out for a couple years in serial form; Bennett spread his out among 9 or 10 different fanzines. For this phase, the method used for John Berry's The Goon Goes West seems best -- publish in one fanzine, which appears frequently. Besides CRY OF THE NAMELESS, in which the Berry report appeared, YANDRO, APORRHETA, and possibly SHANGRI-L-AFFAIRES appear frequently enough to tackle the job -- or maybe even VOID. On the book-style publication, after the serialization, I should think that the author would re-write the report, on the basis of second thoughts, and of criticisms of the serialization. Here there is nothing specific to be said, since none of the reports have appeared in book form yet.

Ella includes some examples of Cockney rhyming slang, and their meanings. A newspaper in Tampa ran a short article on this a few months ago, and gave, as an extreme case, this conversation: "I didn't have the bird to ball to the rub-a, so I got on the dog and had a chew with 'im. I told 'im I had some tom, and he asked if it were half. I told 'im it was, and he said he'd send his current around in the jam to 'ave a butcher's." Have fun with that one, Ella. (For anyone else wanting to translate, rhyming slang frequently leaves off the word-part which rhymes with the meaning.)

Honey K. Elliott presents a short report of her trip to Moscow and Leningrad, which is both informative and interesting. In articles such as these, it is the small details which create the interest. The usual formal articles by travelling big-wigs can give one the major facts -- but it is the small details, such as not being allowed

to buy a window-display hat, that give the better insight into the workings of the culture of the country. A very well-done job.

John Berry relates another Sergeant Story, "Big Deal." The more I read of these, the better I like them. They certainly beat his usual Factual Articles, and are very close, in enjoyability, to his Goontales.

The only clinkers in the issue are Archie Mercer's account of his difficulties in obtaining a desk pillar for use in his office, which is very dull and tedious to read, and Alan Rispin's "Call It Nothing," which is just that. Since Alan's bit is a Bloodbank entry, perhaps it might help to point out that an article consisting of a number of anecdotes strung together would be more interesting if the connecting bits were ones which stimulated a reader to read further, instead of being of the type that say "Well, I've got to write something else, what can I add to fill up the necessary space?". Try again, Alan, when you have something to write about.

The lettercolumn is short, but comment-provoking. In speaking of the misuse of the DNQ, Ella comments that a convention is something that everyone in the community conforms to, and that it is of no use if only some conform. I would disagree, on the grounds that there are always some members of the community who do not conform to a convention. Therefore, the rest of the community ignore these members when it would be necessary to invoke this particular convention. As long as most members subscribe to it, it remains a vconvention of the community. I do agree with Ella's statement that there is no need for DNQing criticism of someone's work, if the criticism is neither abusive or offensive. I do hope she realizes that, even under these circumstances, the person to whom she addresses this remark is entitled to use DNQ.

Vic Ryan prates of a widening split between the "clear-cut factions of fmz and Convention fandom." "Clear-cut"? Hell, I wish they were! As someone asked in a recent fanzine, are we sending a fan over there to put out a fanzine or attend a convention? With the present UNclear-cut situation, though, the representatives are all capable of doing either. ((Which reminds me, TAFF votes must be in to Ron Bennett or Bob Madle by June 15, 1960. BENTCLIFFE FOR TAFF!!!))

ORION is available from Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London N.W. 6, England. 1/- ea. (or \$.15 ea to U.S. agent Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, USA.)

NEOLITHIC

no 5

NEOLITHIC is a chatterzine devoted to fantasy and to the doings of Minneapolis fandom. The editor, Ruth Berman, is likely to comment on most anything, tho -- from politics to The Lord of the Rings. Short articles, such as Bob Patrick's "What Is Tri-Chess?" are included occasionally, as are excerpt from letters. NEOLITHIC is published monthly, and is available for contribution of letter of comment -- or trade -- or even cash. Fans with particular interests in Dunsany, Tolkien, or Conan Doyle should definitely write for a copy. (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota.)

METROFEN

no 4

Originally the publication of a New York club of the same name, METROFEN is being continued by Leslie Gerber, as a reasonably frequent reprint-and-chatter zine. This issue has reprinted John Berry's "Read Letter Day," one of Berry's rather minor bits of fiction (originally in PAMPHREY 3), and Willis's "A Modest Proposal," a well-delineated piece of faan-fiction from CENTURY NOTE. Les might do well not to reprint from zines that are quite so recent as these, but he is probably too limited by the size of his collection to go back very far and still get good material.

The issue is filled out with a microelite column by Ed Maskys which relates the rather boring happenings in New York area clubs. You need a Weber or a Johnstone -- or at least a Harness. (201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn, 26, NY -- 10¢, trade, comment.)

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YANDRO

no 87

The Adkins cover on this issue of YANDRO is more remarkable for the stenciling than for the illustration itself. The figures and lines themselves are the usual stock Adkins, but the heavy lines and excellent shading job are a real tribute to Juanita's stencilling skill.

There is a large lettercol this time, including a number of comments on the National Rifle Association propaganda included last issue. Donald Franson objects to keeping guns in the ihouse -- in drunken anger one could shoot one's relatives -- and Buck Coulson wants to know why he doesn't lock up all knives and hatchets, too. The reason is that Don's relatives could probably outrun him. Mine certainly could get away from me if I came after them with a knife -- but it's hard to outrun a bullet. (I'm not objecting to keeping them in the house -- I've just never needed one, myself.)

I am at least at grotched as Bob Lichtman that Buck thought the con pix in PSI-PHI 5 were the same as those appearing in other fanzines -- possibly I'm more grotched, since I took the things, and they showed up only one other place, my SAPS zine THE EPELEOBEM (which Buck does get). The other photos, by Cole, are fouled up by several mistakes that could have been avoided by checking his captions with some other fan in the area. Grotchgrotchgrotch.

The WSFS shows up for another half-page. Grotchgrotchgrotch again.

Just who is Rodney Waggoner? His article "Science Fiction Menopause" would fit quite well into the recent survey conducted by Earl Kemp, on "Who Killed Science Fiction?" -- a symposium on the state of SF today.

The latest addition to the growing stack of feghootisms, is one of the poorest that have come along. In this rather bastardized literary (sic) form, the farther away the words of the punchline are from the original, the better the story. Therefore, the use of proper names to achieve the punchline detracts from the story, and the use of a proper name in the line which is the same as the name in the original, such as is done in this example, is just about as bad as you can get. There are other factors in the writing of one of these things, which are ignored here -- such as the idea that the punchline should make sense in two ways -- as a straight line in the story, and as a parody of the original line. In this case, "con Edison" does not fulfill the second requirement -- had the defendant travelled in time to buy up rights on the light bulb, and set up an electric power station, it might have been better.

The Bloch Nolacon speech which I ran in PROFANITY 7, was not cut at all from the original. The Pylka item, "Parallels," had appeared in my SAPSzine under the title of "Variations on a Small Town Theme," but it wasn't credited because I didn't think I needed to credit something from my own apazine. In retrospect, since several readers have mentioned seeing it elsewhere (SAPSzines circulate more than I had thot), I guess I should have given the credit. As far as I know, only one person has criticized ProF for having a lettercolumn consisting mainly of comments on the previous issue -- and that person's opinion doesn't count for much these days -- not with me, at least.

Small correction in review of INNUENDO 10: It was Madle's vote-count that Terry said didn't add up right (it didn't, either), not Don Ford's. (this is the Society of Gimlet-Eyed Snobs, vs. fanzines.)

Anyone interested in finding out who is responsible for the issuance of the FANAC parody called PANAC #99 might do well to determine where the fringe-fan who was recently imported to work at the Stage Coach Inn (Valrico, Florida) came from.

YANDRO is available from the Coulsons, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana. (\$.15 ea., 8 for \$1. in USA and Canada; 1/- ea in England, from Alan Dodd; 2 for \$.35 elsewhere.)

HYPHEN

no 24

The ATomcover on this issue of HYPHEN is just as funny for the things one can discover added incidentally to the drawing than for the main punchline -- if not more-

so. There are all sorts of fannish slogans (including a very prominent "Mordor in '64," for which we thank you, Art), and innumerable little odds and ends such as a box for "sticky quarters," a dowsing rod, and even a hypodermic lying empty on the floor. This slan-shack has everything!

Eric Frank Russell tackles the subject of SF criticism (as a facet of criticism in general) from the viewpoint that critics, if they knew the circumstances behind the writing of some of the works they criticize, would not be able to castigate them in any justice. He gives a couple examples of writers who, as a result of the circumstances under which they wrote, do not deserve to be adversely criticized, by his standards. I would be inclined to agree to a certain extent: the writers should not be criticized, but their writings are certainly fair game. Once one enters into a field of creativity, he is offering his contributions up for comparison with the others in that field, and for comparison, also, with the generally accepted standards for a "good" piece of work. And it matters not how the work was done -- once finished, it must stand by itself without any appended explanations of extenuations.

Bob Shaw reminisces about his acting in "Julius Caesar," as ~~deformed~~ performed by his high school. He pulls in a particularly atrocious pun, which Bob Lichtman used in SAPS several mailings ago: "ycleptomaniac." Did one of them steal it from the other, or do great minds run in the same gutter?

The letter column has some excellent bits -- especially Bob Bloch's casting for a movie about fandom. Brigitte Bardot playing G.M. Carr??? Owrk. How about letting Alfred Hitchcock play Bloch? ## Vin<sup>o</sup> Clarke points out quite reasonably that the reason that fans aren't just fanning for fun these days is that "if fans are interested in jazz, strontium-90, and the suing of some of their number, then they'll just go ahead and discuss them." He's right - they will. But I'm not, so I won't. ## After a particularly aggravating (to me, anyway) letter, Walt comments "Does anyone think that if I got more letters like Bloch's I wouldn't print them?" I'm sure he would -- and I wish I could write letters like that -- or at least that some other fans could and would. (Es Adams comes pretty close.)

HYPHEN is still HYPHEN -- much fun to read, and pleasant to look forward. But there is one thing sadly lacking these days: Willis writing therein. From my own very selfish and egocentric viewpoint, I would like to see HYPHEN filled with Willis writings, and possibly an occasional bit by such characters as EFR and Temple, who will evidently not write for any other fanzine. But mainly, I WANT WILLIS WRITINGS!!! I realize Walt may be slacking up so that Ted Johnstone can have a complete and closed collection of Willisiana, but I object, anyway.

(And by the way, Walt, you can collect the \$10,000 policy -- p. 12 is blank in my copy this time.) (170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast 4, N. Ireland. 1/- or 15¢).

FANAC

NO 56 & 57

There really isn't much to comment on in FANAC itself -- everyone already knows FANAC is indecent - uh, I mean indistinguishable - no, it's indispensable!! Tha' right now? The Nirenberg cartoon on #57 is the best heading illo FANAC has had for quite some time. I wondered what that was we were served at Detroit... .

Somehow I don't quite understand the reactions to Dave Rike's Fanzine Material Pool, as evidenced by the FMP NEWSLETTER accompanying FANAC. Isn't this the same damn thing the NFFF has been running for years under the title of Manuscript Bureau? From the responses of fans who would psneer loudly at the idea of submitting stuff to the MB, yet send in all sorts to the FMP, I guess it is just a commentary on how much more fandom is willing to trust Rike than they are the NFFF. My own reaction is the same to both deals: I won't be using them. With an irregular publication, I can wait until I can ~~can~~ obtain the material I want from the original sources; should I write anything I'll try to foist it off on some editor myself. Dealing with a middleman is generally repugnant -- the exception is for the ferreting out of lost material, the exhuming of files from dead fanzines and gafiated fans. For this, the FMP is a good idea -- though even here, the individual active fan can do most of the work himself.

Again this issue, John Berry leads off with a chapter of The Goon Goes West. This, the penultimate chapter, takes him back across the Atlantic, through customs (which episode proves John can still capitalize on a small incident and write it up big), and back to the door of 31 Campbell Park Ave. In line with my past comments that TGGW should be rewritten before book publication, Harry Warner, Jr., has suggested a new reason for rewrite: getting those fans who have the serialized version to buy the book version, too. With no revision there will probably be 50 or so readers of CRY who will consider they have no reason to pay out money for the book.

Elinor Busby's column discusses fantasy. Quite a number of people have commented that fantasies have dull beginnings and cite the beginning of The Fellowship of the Ring as an example. Strangely, I didn't find it so -- either when I first read the book, or on re-reading. Nor did I have anyone to warn me that I should plow through the first part because the rest was excellent. When the University of Florida library got the books, I was the first to get hold of them -- and found all of the books, even the beginning of The Fellowship of the Ring and all of The Two Towers (which some have characterized as dull, also).

Another interesting point about fantasies: where science fiction calls for a suspension of disbelief, fantasy calls for an active belief -- a greater degree of empathy. This, I believe, is the primary reason for the fantasy lasting longer in popularity than a science fiction story. Comment?

Art Rapp takes up a page with the same complain that fills the lettercolumn: the Burbee article was missing from his copy of CRY 138. Very strange; since that CRY came out, Burbee has re-told that story several times, in person. True, he changes it a little, such as making it the morning Laney blushed, instead of the night, but it's still the same story, essentially. Maybe you CRYers should run some more copies and send them out to all these people.

Mal Ashworth begins a series of Factual Articles (not to be confused with Faaactual Articles like Berry writes) on Lancaster fandom. The Ashworth humor is a bit quieter than most, but it is very good -- I wish he'd started writing earlier, so we would have had more chance to appreciate that humor. But at least I hope he keeps it up for a while.

Somehow I must have got the wrong impression of the prevailing Busby attitude toward satirizing GM Carr. I got the idea that such satires weren't approved (for the reason that negative egoboo is as acceptable as positive to GMC, if for no other reason) from the reaction to my publishing the parody on "Sam Hall" called "Gem Carr." But this issue of CRY has a Jules Feiffer takeoff by J. Les Piper that is a lovely dig at GMC, and I laughed my head off at it. And since there is no editorial comment, I guess I'm in error, which, in this case, I'm glad to be. Satire is a way of life.

CRY is an excellent fanzine -- the best being published, as far as I'm concerned. Though my own attitude toward the zine has changed because CRY has lost its old feeling of spontaneity which it had when the lettercol ran most of the zine, I can see that spontaneity has been exchanged for more solid material and a better quality of writing, which is certainly an improvement in the eye of the editor. Yet occasionally I sense something is missing in CRY and can't figure out what it is. It might be the layout, which still tends to be haphazard, but about which no one usually complains in the lettercolumn -- or it might just be my missing Sense of Wonder. Anyway, if you are not getting CRY, you're missing the top zine in the field. (Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Washington. 25¢, 5 for \$1, 12 for \$2. Or 1/9, 5 for 7/-, 12 for 14/- from John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland.)

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FOLLOW-UP DEPARTMENT:

In GLANDRING 1 I mentioned F.M. Busby's objection to the use of the name "The

Fellowship of the Ring" for the society of Tolkien-buffs because it was too specific for a mere group of aficionados. Buz wrote to object to my terminology:

"I did not say that "Fellowship..." was too "specific" a title for the Tolkien Society. I said "presumptuous" (re the Apostles analogy); "select" was also banned, in the original citation."

The original quotation from CRY 138, p.25: "'Fellowship of the Ring' is entirely presumptuous a title for a group of aficionados; it's as if a dozen Bible students decided to call themselves 'The twelve Apostles'. In the equivalent Sherlock Holmes group, the "Baker Street Irregulars" were a gang of ragtag kids who ran errands for the great Holmes. Tolkien's Fellowship was a most select group; the Nine Walkers were Frodo, Samwise, Merry Pippin, Aragorn, Legolas, Gimli, Boromir, and Gandalf. Many others appeared in the trilogy in strong and even stellar-type roles, but none else but the Nine were of the Fellowship itself; all others, however heroic, were supporting-types only. I suggest that a more modest title is in order for a group of ardent appreciators of the works of Mr. Tolkien. Among the possibilities are "Riders of Rohan" ("Horsemen of Rohan" or "Rohirrim"?), (oops, "The Muster of Rohan" would go well, too), Men of Middle Earth, the Shiremen, Defenders of Gondor, Entmoot, etc.-- I'm sure that many eminently suitable titles can be extracted from the text; I hope we're not boring the non-Tolkien crowd in the audience."

Through my twisting of word-meanings, I used "specific" as the same thing as "select." I still had in mind the idea that the objection was based on the title not being general enough. Admittedly, it'd be far too presumptuous for the organization to identify themselves so closely with the Nine Walkers -- but the term "Fellowship of the Ring" had a larger meaning, too, including every member of the Free Peoples, inasmuch as they were helping to get the One Ring to its ultimate destruction. This is how those of us who have been trying to start the Tolkien organization have interpreted the phrase. But we'd be glad to get opinions and suggestions from any other Tolkien-ites as to the proposed name.

HARRY WARNER, JR.  
8 MAY

I thought you might like to know that you made a rather shrewd guess about 423 Summit Avenue on the basis of the address, although you overestimate the giantness of the California travelers. There were visiting individuals in fandom from Ireland, Florida, Massachusetts, and similarly exotic points last summer and fall, but nary a Californian.

It is two stories, cellar and attic, it's fairly close to the end of the block, it's set back a certain amount from the street, and it's near the crest of a modest hill. However, I won't call it a mansion by any stretch of the imagination--just typical brick house, bigger than they normally build today but not the luxurious type. And it's older than you suspect, although I honestly don't know when it was constructed. I'd guess from the style of architecture and construction details that it was some time after the turn of the century but before World War One, but I could be wrong by ten years in the direction of antiquity.

I would think that shrewd capitalistic policies would dictate a certain amount of rewriting of the Berry travelogue for its all-by-itself publication: more individuals would be likely to buy it if they knew it contained additional information or later thoughts than the version that appeared in Cry. Of course, they might be planning to run it from the Cry stencils with just enough extra stencils to make room for the Atom illustrations. [That's the impression I get. There is another point that hadn't occurred to me earlier: Berry can't really do much re-writing without feeling like he will be giving the impression that the first-draft went overboard towards being a Goshwow bread-and-butter letter -- particularly in the Seattle chapter. Of course, it looks like that already, but rewriting would seem like admitting it, I guess...BEP/

DONALD FRANSON  
27 APRIL

I'm not going to get the book version of TGGW, as I have the CRYS -- will get Don Ford's as it will help TAFF, and also is sponsored by

First Fandom. (Confidentially, I'm an Eofan.) I don't see the sense of all this duplication. I especially can't see Ford's report going into JD-A serially and then coming out in book form, or, as Hickman promised, coming out by the Pittcon, which would mean it probably wouldn't be completed in JD-A. If John Berry's story is completed this next issue of CRY, it will be something of a record, for which all concerned should receive credit. [CRY 140 finishes The Goon Goes West, and I agree that much credit is due...BEP/

JOY CLARKE 26 MAY I don't know how old you are, Bruce, but I suspect in your twenties, which makes you too young to have fought in WW II. Right? [yes...BEP/ So I can safely guess that you have never been on the receiving end of a bombing raid - not even once, let alone night after night after night and day after day after day, too? Believe me, because the British were NOT invaded, they suffered more of this than any other country except Germany. I cannot describe to you what it was like: you got so fatigued, so desperately bodily and mentally drained that eventually you were too tired to care if a bomb did fall on you just provided it killed you outright and didn't leave you maimed for life. After the bomber raids, we then got the rockets. Can you imagine what it was like to be a child of five or six or something, and be on the receiving end of something so unimaginatively brutal? The noise, the eternal high-pitched screech of the bombs that missed you, the glass that was never complete in the windows, the lack of variety in the food you ate (this was a concomittant of being bombed and being forced to bring in your food by sea), the utter darkness by night, the rubble by day, the loss of your mother, aunt, sisters, anyone, your closest friend, your dearest enemy. How could anyone appreciate the feeling? At least, who hasn't experienced something similar. US forces in this country did not generally feel the full force of the continual bombing.

Even out in our countryside the suffering was fantastic. Have you heard of "Bomb Alley"? Where do you think it is? The centre of London? In some industrial town? No, it is some of our loveliest countryside - the Weald of Kent. Here bombers disposed of their bombs haphazard when attacked by fighters; here rockets, falling short of London, finished their flights. Here too, villages are only a mile or two apart, and the space between them is dotted with farms. None of your wide-open spaces here.

So you see rather why British fans do look with jaundiced eye at Von Braun. Any other German rocket man might have passed, not being so well known. But Von Braun - you understand, perhaps, a bit better now? [No. Why would any other rocket man pass, and not Von Braun? If Von Braun is the best, why bother with his inferiors instead of him? And I repeat, from GLAMDRING 1: "I wonder what these anti-Von Braun characters would have suggested he do after the war instead of coming to the U.S. to work on American rockets." And I recall an old English proverb: "No matter how much of your dirty work he does, Jack Ketch is not invited to dinner." ...BEP/

Thanks also to Bob Lichtman (who discovered the source of my title); Redd Boggs (who observes that GLAMDRING is not lettercol material, as I'd claimed -- he's right, it's an opinion and review zine); Rog Ebert (who observed that the conreport has evolved into fandom's most flexible literary form); and Leslie Gerber (who reviewed GLAMDRING 1 in CACTUS 5, observing that some of my reviews are surprisingly nasty -- it's just that no one gets to edit my comments here, Les.) Also Al Halevy, whose card I can find. Comments are always welcome.

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