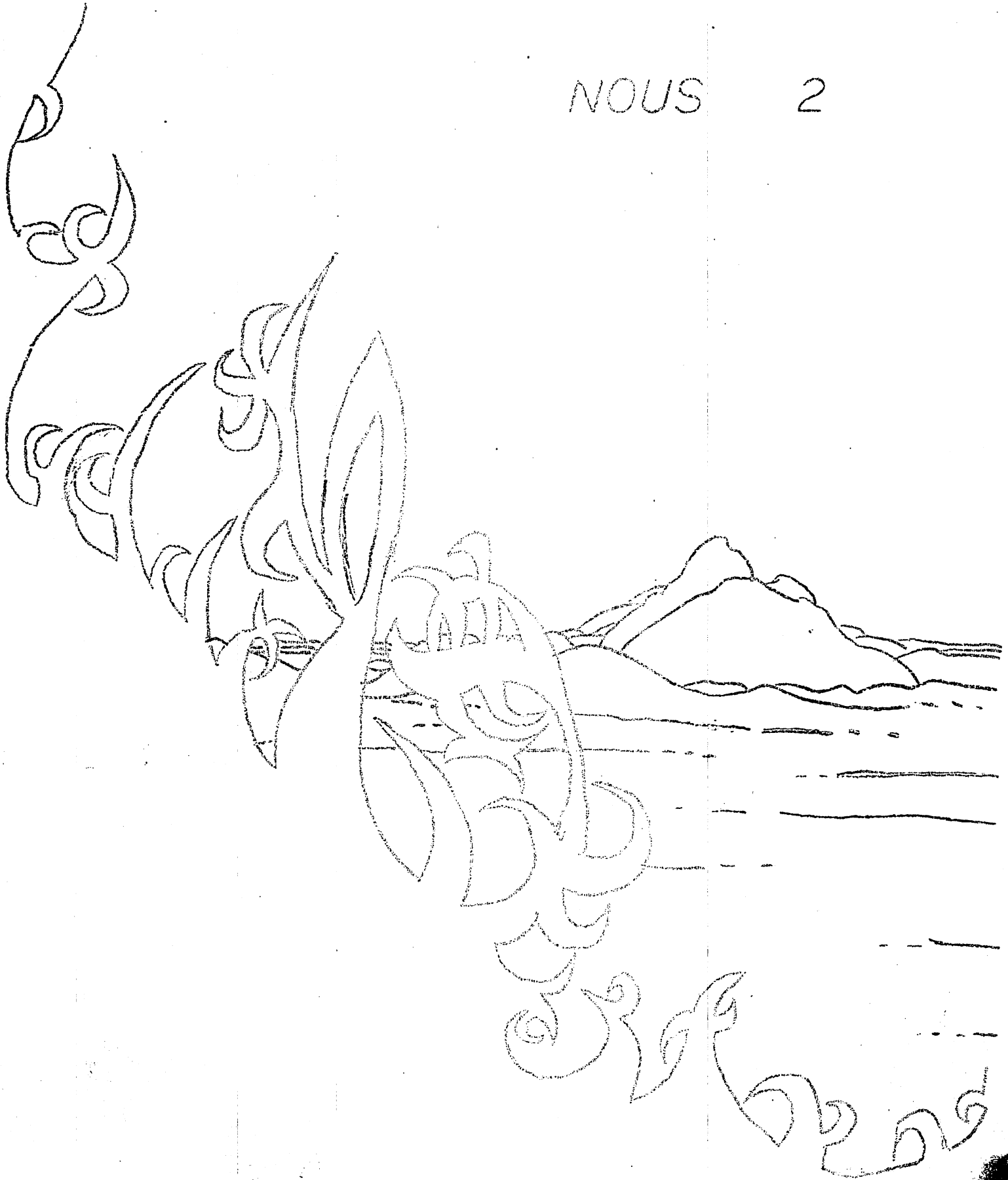


NOUS

2





NOUS #2

Nous #2 is edited and published by Jean Berman at 5620 Edgewater Blvd. Minneapolis Minnesota, 55417, and by Ruth Berman at 3905 West 1st St. Los Angeles, Calif. 90004. Nous is published on a pseudo-quarterly schedule, and is available for contribution, letter of comment, 25¢ per issue, and if we feel like sending it to you. Any response to this issue should be sent to Ruth at the above address.



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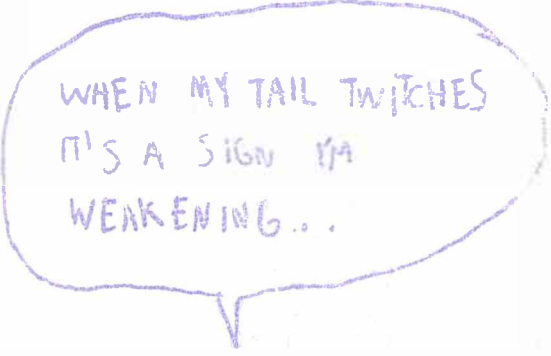
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Many thanks to all of you. Today's date is  
Oct. 13, 1967



## With Tattered Tennis Shoes

an editorial by

Jean Berman

It's so easy to write "published quarterly" up in the colophon, but actually doing it is quite another matter. Things "happen" and fanac is (theoretically at least) one of the first things to be put off. Actually it hasn't been all that long. Nous #1 was published in early June, and it's only the middle of September. But so much has happened between then and now that it seems like ages ago.

The NYcon has come and gone in the intervening time. I wonder if I shall ever go to a calm, leisurely convention. Probably not, because those are states of mind, and I'm neither a calm nor a leisurely person. A convention seems to be an odd mixture of reality and unreality. But it's not as though one is good and the other bad, because there are good and bad sections in both of them. The problems come when you consider a situation real, and your companions don't, or vice versa. It's no wonder I come away from cons tense and exhausted! I'm a girl though, and this puts me in a rather odd situation.

Being a girl in fandom gives an incredible feeling of power. You look over the guys who have shown even a mild interest in you, and you feel as though it's a seller's market. The thing to remember though is that their interest is entirely superficial. They are viewing you as a girl not as a person.

Of course, it doesn't help matters much to have it turn into what I call an Entourage Scene. This is when a gaggle of fans are reacting with "golly a girrrrl!", falling into parade march behind you. This is icky. When more than two people are watching the same person with the same thoughts in their heads, it tends to become an actor-audience relationship.

This can be both fun and funny, but it's not real. Pretty soon the play will be over, the audience gone, and the actress can take off her make-up until the next performance.

(Switching back to the personal) It would be easier to avoid the Entourage Scene if I disliked the people who comprised it, but that isn't the case at all. I generally know and like them in varying degrees, but together it's like a mass with one face. Also, it's too easy to get caught up in the current



role, and the fact that it's unreal gets temporarily tucked away in the corner of the mind.

I'm told that one solution is to be, or at least appear to be taken. Groovy - if you're married, engaged, or shackled up. If you're truly single it doesn't work so well.

One way though is to become attached to one person for the duration of the cone. This isn't a bed of roses either.

You get to know a very small group of people quite well, but what about all the other nice people floating around? Also, the relationship will probably be terminated the Day After Labor Day, and this puts a strain on the proceedings. Several gambins are open.

You can have an unspoken agreement to pretend that it is real, and play sophisticated games with each other. But if you really wanted to play games and roles, you should be in a production, not at a convention.

If you are a Sincere Person you can attempt to begin a Meaningful Relationship. Until Labor Day things look beautiful, but then you both go home, and if the two aren't near each other, you're worse off than before. Now you're hung up (to some degree) on a guy whom you won't be able to see. You begin turning Every Moment We Spent Together over and over in your mind until every incident becomes pregnant with meaning. \*

After a while you come down of course, but it's no fun suffering the after-effects of a convention for weeks.

The Big Problem comes when one thing it's a game, and the other thing it's a meaningful relationship. This is both painful and messy. It should be avoided.

I don't know. A singled femme fan (I hate the term!) is a rare bird in fandom, and all the attention is gratifying. But a lot of it gives the same feeling as an attempted pick-up; a compliment to your looks, and an insult to your intelligence.

Bjo would probably disagree with me. As I understand it, her theory is that fans will congregate around any good looking chick, but if she doesn't have brains and show them, she's dropped in fairly short order. Bjo has a point. My own experience has been that those who've progressed beyond the "gee a girrrl" attitude regarded me as a chick with brains, but even that isn't enough. Yes I'm a girl, and yes I'm intelligent, but that's not the whole story either. I'm a person. I'm me. I'm Jean Sara Berman!

(con't on page 7)



On Limbo  
and  
Old Friends of the Family  
an editorial by Ruth Berman

I find it difficult to pick a topic for this issue of *Nous*, because just at present I don't seem to be anyone. Oh yes, I could talk about the books I've been reading. There's *The Invisibility Affair* by "Thomas Stratton" (Buck Coulson and Gene De Weese), an UNCLE novel set with vivid -- and hilarious -- realism in rural Wisconsin. And there's *Giles Goat-Boy* by John Barth, a novel which I'd avoided for about a year because it was making a big stir in literary supplements as an Important Allegorical Novel (you know -- the sort where the reviewer starts out by saying "This book is not science fiction" and proceeds to prove that it is). Well it's certainly allegorical, and it's probably important (it's long enough -- I've been reading it avidly for a week now and am only halfway through), but its most obvious characteristic is that it is funny as hell. It makes fun of everything: it even has a chapter-long parody of *Oedipus Tyrannos*, *Taliped Decanus*.

I suppose I could ramble on like that quite a while, but I cannot endure the thought of putting such ramblings into shape. It would be too much like writing a paper. For years I have been a paper writer and general academic drudge in assorted English departments. Now that is over, and I am not a student, but I do not have a job and will not have till after I move (a couple weeks from "now"-- September 8th).

Meanwhile guests come to the house and are introduced around the room and ask polite questions which ought to result in polite, standardized answers. The exchange is supposed to indicate good will between strangers who by the chance concatenations of kinship and friendship must behave as if they were friends. Unfortunately, the standard questions no longer cover my case. The guests say "are you in school?" and I say "No." Then we all look startled, and I add, "I was up until last Spring". Then they nod sympathetically and assume that I graduated then and either have been unsuccessful in finding a job over the summer or have been too lazy to look. So they politely drop the subject and go on to attack Jean with a cordial "But you're still in school, aren't you?" As she is a senior, the resulting discussion of colleges blots out the awkward question: What am I?

I know well enough what I want to be (an already am, in a way), but I refuse to go around telling people that I am or hope to be a writer, partly because I do not expect ever to support myself by writing, and mainly because it makes people feel obliged to say, "Oh, can I see something you've written?" I get into that

situations often enough without helping it along myself, whenever my parents announce "Ruthie writes, you know," and the guest breaks into the ritual "Oh say can I see." Being vain, I fall for it every time and trek up two flights of stairs to get anything short and recent. But it's never short enough. The guest reads the title, puts the page down with hasty relief to accept whatever drinks or hord d'oeuvres may be going around, gets into a conversation with someone, and says at the end of the evening, "Oh, I didn't read \_\_\_\_\_." You must show it to me next time."

It would be helpful if they were less polite, if they did not go on from "How do you do" to more specific inquiries on one's field of interest, if they greeted the child's-hobbies-gambit with a noncommittal "How interesting." As it is, for all I can see, this excess of cordiality towards relatives of dear friends for friendship's sake leads mainly to rudeness.

I suppose that the whole situations could be called an Identity Crisis -- except that that's not what it feels like. I've never been bothered by Who-am-I. The answer is simple: I'm me. The problem is what to do about it -- and has been for several years now. Till this summer, however, I thought I knew the answer to that one too. It was just that, once I got close to actually being a teacher, I didn't like the answer.

Meantime, most of the topics which presently interest me are useless for this Nous. I spend a lot of time imagining what sort of job, what sort of apartment, neighbors, food, driving conditions -- in short, what sort of life I'm going to find. But the time to write about all that is a year or two from now, when I'll have some findings.

-ruth-

~~~~~

#### With Tattered Tennis Shoes (con't.)

I suppose the best, most nearly perfect solution is to have a dominant, strong-willed personality, and to be sure of yourself. To make it so people see the whole person, and not just get hung up after noticing the gender. It's so easy to write and such a hassle to achieve though.

If I'm around fandom in another four or five years, it will be interesting to see if I have made it through with a workable solution. I hope I do.

-jean-

THE FANDOLIERS  
OR  
The Kings of BaraTAFfia

Written by Len Bailes

With additional lyrics by Ron Elik,  
Bruce Pelz and Randall Garrett

THE CAST

|                                                                   |   |                                                          |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---|----------------------------------------------------------|
| Roneo<br>Rex Rotary                                               | } | fanaanish publishers                                     |
| Serconio<br>Jophan<br>Meyer                                       | } | fakofans                                                 |
| Absâissa<br>Ditto<br>Tessa<br>Fendetta                            | } | femmesfans                                               |
| Duke of Westwood Plaza<br>Duchess of Westwood Plaza<br>Obliterine |   | a BNF<br>his wife<br>their daughter                      |
| Grand Administrator                                               |   | a Secret Master of<br>Fandom - the previous<br>TAFwinner |
| Chorus of Femmes and Fakofans                                     |   |                                                          |



ACT I - A Midwescon

(Scene: the huckster room. A group of femmefans are discovered pawing through a box of old fanzines.)

Chor of Femmes

List and learn fanzines ungainly,  
Runs of Quandry, Void and Grue,  
Why we flip your pages faintly  
For each trivial DMO  
By a custom unromantic  
Babblings from a typer frantic  
In an awkward style pedantic,  
Fill most crudzines through and through.  
Though we try at each convention  
To attract Big Name attention;  
All they care about or mention -  
Runs of Quandry, Void and Grue!

Solo - DITTO

Two there are in sf fandom,  
Every femme will chase in vain.  
Two who flit about at random,  
Casting ancers of high disdain.  
We have tried in vain to show them  
Publishing works best for two;  
We, alas, are only femmefen;  
How can we compete with Ghu?

Dit: We alas

Chor: Alas!

Dit: Are only femmefen;  
How can we?

Chor: Can we?

Dit: Compete with Ghu?

Chor: There is nothing we can do, alas!

Now ye know, fanzines ungainly,  
Why we flip your pages vainly  
For each trivial DMO  
Runs of Quandry, Void and Grue!

(During this chorus, Serconio, Jophan, Meyer and other fakefans enter unobserved.)

RECIT

Joph: Good morning, pretty fannes; for whom prepare ye  
By reading these crudzines, extraordinary?

Dit: For Roneo and Rex Rotary the truefen  
The pride and joy of every stf convention

Abs: They're coming here to look for some narrations  
That they may use in future publications!

Meyer: Do all you maidens love them?

Chor: Passionately!

Mey: These trufan fools are to be envied greatly!

Ser: But what of us, all fakefans who adore you?  
Forget those silly fuggheads! They will bore you.

Abs: This may be true, but they must choose before you,

Dit: In the meantime, we fear we must ignore you.

Abs: Till then, we both suggest, if you are able  
You spend your time down at the prozine table.

Dit: Go find some pulpy science fiction fable.

Ser: Not we! We fakefans are not so unstable!  
(all produce cans of beer)

SONG - Serconio

For we laugh at all fans who are "true", ha ha!  
And sail on a sea of home-brew, ha ha!  
With stfnal expounding,  
On Weird and Astounding  
We've nothing whatever to do! Ha ha!  
We've nothing whatever to do!  
For Tucker and Bloch we confess, ha ha!  
Not one of our band could care less! Ha ha!  
The fugghead opinions  
Of trufandom's minions  
Are only a mimeoed mess! Ha ha,  
Are only a mimeo'd mess!

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha... etc.

Dit: See see! Our idols now draw near  
(to fakefans) You fools! Now quickly hide those cans of beer

Chor: Hail! Hail, Gallant Fandolieri  
Roneo and Rex Rotary.

(Roneo and Rex Rotary stagger into the room carrying  
load of fanzines which they proceed to distribute to  
the female chorus.)

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Dit: Are only femmefen;  
How can we?

Chor: Can we?

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Roneo and Rex Rotary.

(Roneo and Rex Rotary stagger into the room carrying  
load of fanzines which they proceed to distribute to  
the female chorus.)

DUET --Rex and Roneo

We're called ultrafannish  
Short sighted and clannish  
Because on our annish  
We've worked all night through.

We've typed in seclusion  
Amidst the confusion  
And reached the conclusion  
Six months overdue!

While others were drinking  
Until they got stinking  
We trufans were thinking  
Up brilliant replies

With logic consistant  
To putdowns persistent  
From fans non-existent  
(Till readers get wise!)

With wielding blue pencils  
And hacking out stencils  
With graphic utensils  
We're utterly sick!

But this occupation  
Female adulation  
Provides in good ration  
So let's take our pick!

(femnefans cluster round them eagerly and all  
join in):

RECIT--Rex and Roneo

Ron: And now, what to reprint?

Rex (leafing through old fms): These articles are old,  
The pages full of lint;

Both: Yet we will surely fold  
If humor we withhold

Ron: Unless somehow we find  
Some brilliant modern Wits--

Dit: (Interrupting and producing sheaf of paper) Perhaps you'd be so kind  
As read these manuscripts;  
You may find one that fits!

All Femnefans: (rushing up to the two of them and inundating them with paper)

Viva!

Perhaps in us they'll find  
Some brilliant modern Wit;

But we will drive them blind  
If here we make them sit,  
And read each fannish bit.

(Rex Rotary spies beer can on prozine table, and peering behind it located the hidden stock of the fakefans. He takes a can and hands it to one of the girls)

Rex: These cans of Lager Beer will put us in the mood -

Ron: Now open them and see that we get absolutely stewed!

Both: Then set your stuff in front of us - unbiased we're procede,  
And undertake to publish any two that we can read!

All" Viva! They undertake to publish any two that they can read!

(While the femnefans open can after can and the Fandoliers start drinking, the fakefans arrange the huckster tables in a square, enclosing the pair and distribute manuscripts on the tables)

Chor of Femmes:

All my friends are multi-apans  
SAPS, the Cult and APA L, sir!  
In six years we'll all be FAPAns  
Choose two scripts and what the hell, sir!

(Rex Rotary and Jophan stumble around picking up one manuscript after another, each time returning for another can of beer. Each girl stands behind her own writing. Finally the two publishers are so drunk they can't walk straight and fall on two manuscripts)

Rex: I've selected one at random;  
It's by Tessa! On Tenth Fandom.

(he reaches over the table and embraces her)

Ron: Fendetta's conreport I've chosen  
(aside): (Though her style is trite and frozen)

DUET - Fendetta & Tessa

Thank you faanish fandoleri,  
For your time and kind attention;

DUET (con't)

Though we caught you both unwary  
At this stiff convention!  
Though you chose with no pretention  
To a bias literary,  
Still our rapture we must mention,  
Callant fannish fandolæeri.

tralalalalala...etc.

ALL:

Ghu in this has put his finger  
Let us bow to Ghu's decree;  
Then no longer let us linger  
To the program hurry we!

(Rex and Non dance off hand in hand with Fendetta & Tessa. The fakofans pair off with the rest of the femmefans. The lead couples each clutch a manuscript between them.....the others hold copies of the fanzine Roneo (distributed) all exit.

(Sound of swearing. Amidst a large number of suitcases, carried with effort, enter the Duke of Westwood Plaza, his wife the Duchess and their daughter, Obliterine)

ENTRANCE SONG

Duke: From extremely far away,  
The Duke of West LA!--

Duch: And his faithful wife, so true--

Oblit: And their fannish daughter, too--

All: 'Cross the country almost numb,  
To the Midwescor have come!  
To the Midwescor have come;

If ever, ever, ever, we go back again  
We will never, never, never, take it all by train! (2)

Duke: Not that BNF who's arrived today  
The well-known Duke of West LA

Duch: Nor his faithful wife, so staunch and true -

Oblit: You may add their fannish daughter, too.

ENTRANCE SONG (con't)

All: Riding 'cross the country till almost numb  
To the Miswescon will come!  
To the Midwescon will come!

And if ever, ever, ever, we go back again  
We will never, never, never take it all by train!

We will never never never, never, never, never, never  
never, never, never, never, take it all by train!

Duke: At last we have arrived at our destination. This is the Midwestern Science Fantasy Conference, and it is here that all the neofans will flock, drawn to the huckster room like flies to a used bottle of correction fluid. I only wish we could have carried a few more boxes with us on the train.

Duch: (kicking the load of cartons they have just set down)  
Well I don't care if I never see the damned things again as long as I live! Fanzines, prozines, comic books...ecch...not to mention the costume material.

Oblit: No, we mustn't forget the costume material. Father, is it absolutely necessary that we set up a medieval arsenal at every single convention?

Duch: Hush, dear. You know your father has an image to live up to. At least one of us has taken a prize at every masquerade for the last 10 years...by now it's expected of us.

Oblit: But the Midwescon doesn't have a costume ball.

Duke: Tut! A minor triviality. (Gestures toward boxes)  
And as for these, you should know better than to complain my dear. These shredded little stacks of mimeoed rubbish have paid our expenses half way around the world and back.

Oblit: Have paid your expenses you mean. It's all very well for you and mother to go dashing off to London and Vienna every third or fourth year, but the only time I ever get out of California is when we go to one of these two bit regionals. Though I daresay that's an improvement over staying home for the LASFS Noncom.

Duch: (Clutches throat) Please dear...not so soon after eating.

Duke: I suppose the noncons are a bit rough on her, (turns to Obliterine) But that's all over now. Soon you'll be travelling to Paris, Vienna, and Heidelberg to your heart's content.



Oblit: What do you mean?

Duch: Ought we tell her so soon?

Dyke: I think so. (To Oblit) And now, my love, prepare for a magnificent surprise. It is my agreeable duty to reveal to you that you are the bride to be of no less a personage than this year's TAFF winner!

Oblit: I'm what?!

Duke: Now don't start objecting before you give the idea a chance. As the bride of a TAFF winner you'll be able to embark upon a grand tour of Europe. You'll be the toast of the continent. And besides, it's all arranged. The TAFF Administrator and I have decided that sending a married couple overseas will vastly improve our image with the foreign fans.

Duch: At any rate, it will put an end to some of the nastier rumors about the current candidates in the secret apas.

Oblit: But I don't want to get married. And who are you to decide what's best for the image of fandom...some kind of dictator?

Duke: My child, the Duke of Westwood Plaza is one of the Secret Masters of Fandom, and that's better than being a dictator. He doesn't wait to read the newszines to find out what's happening. He writes them. He doesn't listen to rumors; he starts them. When he was in the N3P he led the directorate into some of the worst fights in the history of fandom. Then he let his membership lapse and retired into FAPA.

#### Song - Duke

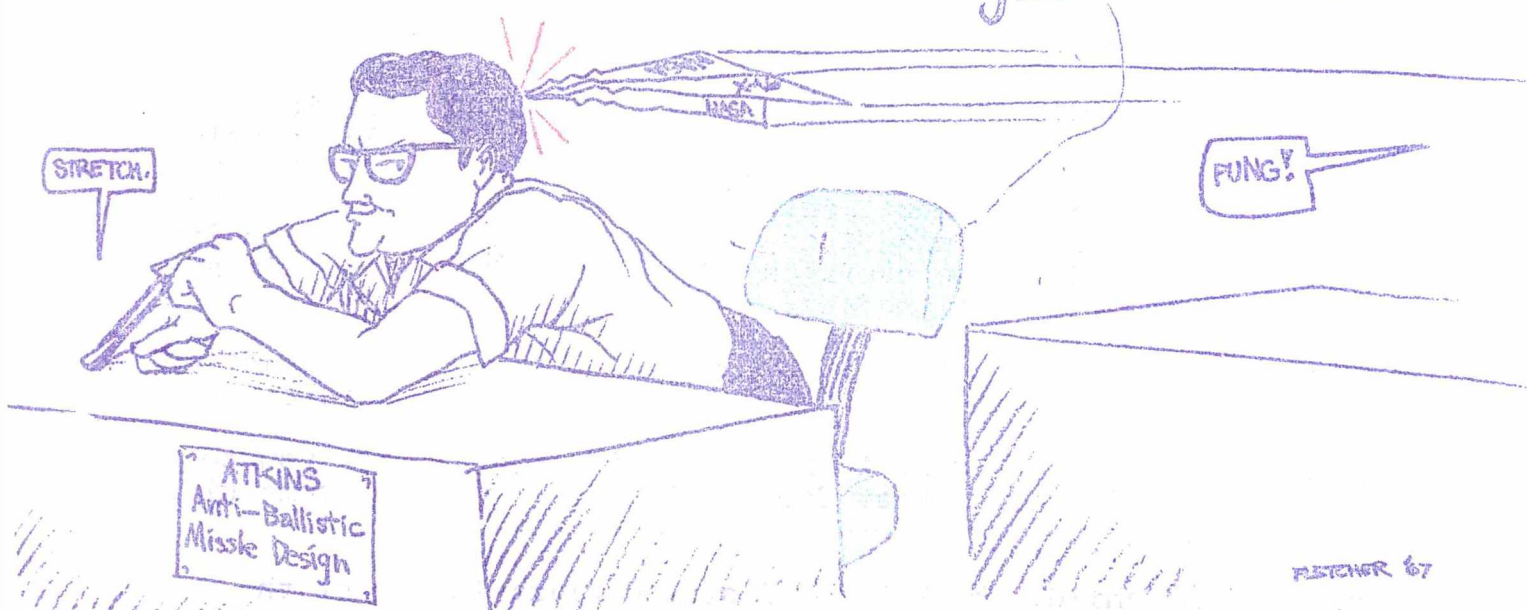
In enterprise of fannish kind,  
When there was any feuding,  
On every side his name you'd find  
The neofans including.  
Each chance remark a slanderous blow,  
If through his lips it pass - Ah!

That evil scheming,  
Always beaming,  
Gossip streaming fannish foe,  
The Duke of Westwood Plaza!

All: **Eaw** Fan talking through the night, ha, ha!  
You'll always find this wight - ha, ha!  
That evil scheming,  
Always beaming  
Gossip streaming  
Fannish foe,  
The Duke of Westwood Plaza!

# What goes Up

by Lon Atkins

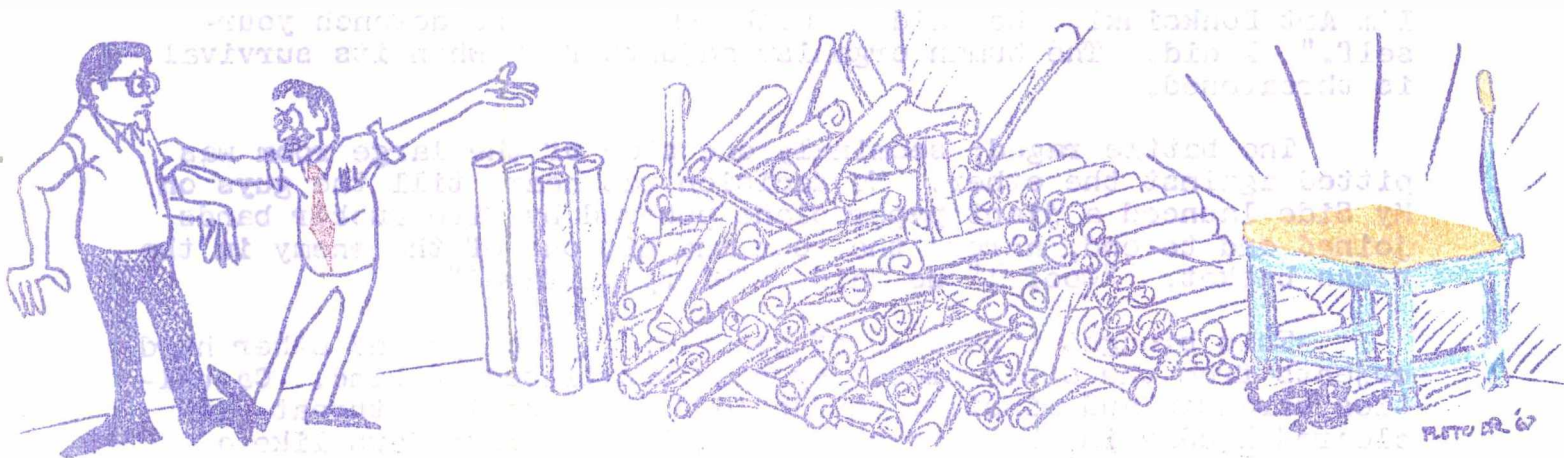


Working for a year and a day at Marshall Space Flight Center in support of NASA gives a man some insight into the intricate internal functioning of the American side of the Space Race. Take me, for instance. I arrived, bushy tailed, with a slide rule clutched in my hand and a lot of old science fiction ~~stuff~~ stories rattling about in my skull. A year and a day later I left, a confirmed cynic, muttering dire warnings that man wasn't meant to reach the moon - if he were, God would have given him a booster ~~stage~~ stage.

As a new hire I was led about the offices of the Branch I would be working in. Being only engineering support; not Real NASA, these offices were housed in a converted warehouse. At one time they had even manufactured cars there, but the ~~in~~ niceties had been torn out since then. Things were rather primitive.

The Assistant Overseer led me up to my supervisor. "This is... err... Atkins. He'll be working in your group. Find him something to do that will give him a Broad Grasp of all the Sweeping Concepts that we in the Space Race work with constantly." Then he vanished.

My supervisor looked me over. "I know just the job to acquaint you with the Big Picture," he said with a sly grin. He took me over to a corner where rolls of paper were stacked up to the



ceiling. "These are drawings and specifications," he explained. "They cover every aspect of our part in the Space Race. They must be trimmed and folded or cut and stapled."

I stepped up to the paper cutter which he pointed out. While I was looking it over he clanged iron fetters on my ankles. "Trim and fold. Cut and Staple," my supervisor said. Then he vanished. I was now an integral part of the Space Race.

Cutting paper was dull, but I knew it was essential to the American Space Effort. Somebody came by and told me that if all the paper generated by NASA was stacked up it would reach past the moon. That was inspiring. I cut harder for a couple of weeks, feeling patriotic.

Eventually my Supervisor came back. "Well, well," he said. "You've done good. Only six weeks and already you have the Big Picture. Besides another new hire comes tomorrow." Then he unlocked the iron fetters and led me into another room to meet my coworkers in the Space Race. Now that I had served my apprenticeship, I could be a real engineer.

The engineers in my new group were in a playful mood as I entered, obviously releasing some of the high energy tension that must build up fast when you're working in as important and critical a cause as The Space Race. Rubber bands and paper planes were flying about the room. Engineers were crouched behind desks, filling cabinets, and roof support posts scattered around. When they noticed us they shouted joyously and checked a withering cross-fire our way. My Supervisor winced, shouted "Good luck! Go get 'em!" to me, and ran like hell for the door and safety.

I stood dumbly, until a gum eraser bounced off my forehead, then I leaped behind the nearest desk. A medium sized balding

fellow was crouched there, a rubber band cocked on one hand. "Hi, I'm Art Bonksinki," he said. "Grab some ammo and defench yourself." I did. The human organism adjusts fast when its survival is threatened.

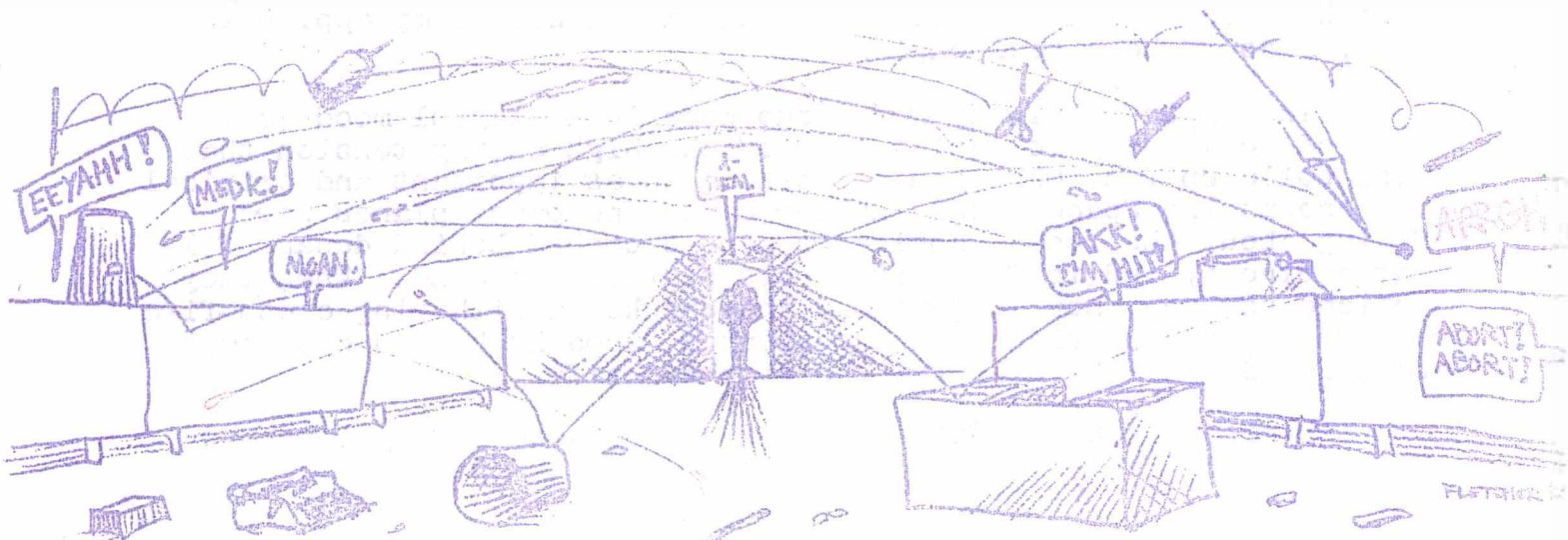
The battle raged; seemingly one side of the large room was pitted against the other. No decision was near 'till the guys on My Side launced a jiant paper plane powered by five rubber bands joined end to end, across the room and hit one of the enemy in the bread basket. "Oooff!" he said. "Dirty warfare!"

This brought a barrage of pencils, paperclips and other hard objects from the other side. My side retaliated in kind. Casualties screamed and missiles thudded off walls until a throat was cleared loudly in the doorway. A tallish man with jaws like a bulldog stood there.

Magically the action halted. The engineers leaped to their desks and began to work. I cautiously got up and asked Bonksinki in a whisper who the intruder was. "The Big Boss." Bonksinki whispered back. "We must have woken him up. We may be in for it."

But the Big Boss just grumped a couple of times before vanishing. He was in a good mood that day. After he left work continued for perhaps twenty minutes; then a rubber band smacked Bonksinki square on the bald spot. As he whirled around with a war cry, "That was you Mulligan! Take this!" And he shot a tall bony fellow in the face.

"The hell it was me!" roared Mulligan. He shot Bonksinki but it hit the engineer sitting beyond instead. "Who?" queried the victim. "It was Mulligan," said Bonksinki. And the battle was on. This time it was the front of the room against the back, with the middle an abandoned no man's land. Hostilities didn't cease until somebody shouted, "coffee break!"



Truce was instantaneous. I followed the mob to the concession stand. The fellow behind me in line, an older distinguished looking engineer struck up a conversation. "Say kid, I had my eye on you. You shoot a rubber band pretty good. Pick it up in school?"

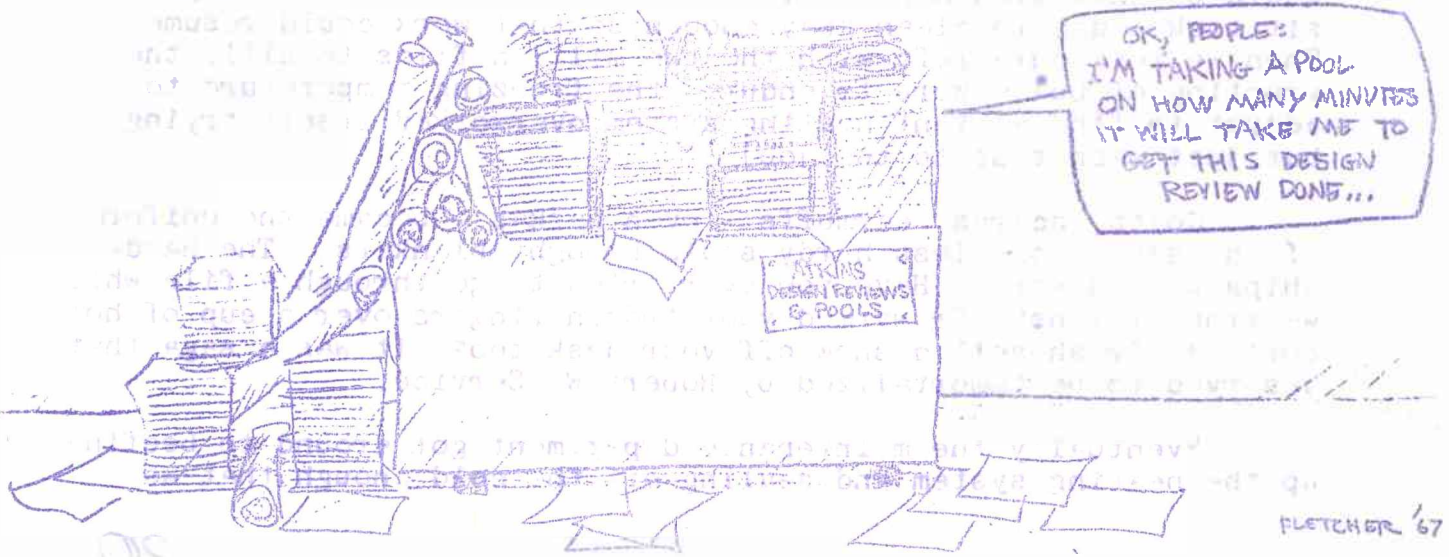
"Why yes," I replied. "At Stripling Elementary School. But it's been years since I shot one."

"Some things you don't forget. You got to be able to handle a rubber band good to survive in this business."

He was right. A man who couldn't shoot fast and straight was practically defenseless in that office. There were also other tricks of the trade that had to be mastered also. Taping up phones, tying knots in their cords, leaving phoney message slips, putting confetti in desk drawers/umbrellas/coatpockets, letting down chairs, turning desks to the wall, etc., were all things to be learned fast. The more subtle skills (telling Polack jokes to Bonksinki, bragging Lowell about Kansas City, ~~maxxing~~ kidding Lon about Bear Bryant - before football season, etc.) took a bit more time to learn well. But I worked hard, and was soon considered as much of an engineer as any of my compatriots.

Having mastered those basic skills, I was ready to learn how to perform complicated tasks that were the real function of the group - like design reviews and baseball pools. Design reviews were actually simple, as I learned after my Supervisor dumped 80 pounds of drawings on my desk and told me to have a review done by Friday. Or else. Instantaneously I developed the ability to read the drawings, mentally coordinate them and check for discrepancies or design flaws, and write a memo listing my conclusions. The human organism adjusts fast when its survival is threatened.

Baseball pools, explained Bonksinki, were also simple. I



just paid my quarter and picked ten players - any ten I wanted to pick. The total number of hits they got in that day's game was what counted. If my ten players got more hits than everyone else's ten, then I was the lucky winner. Winner collects the pools tomorrow. Would I play?

Indeed I would. And that's how I got involved with taking up baseball pools, college and pro. Between pools I would occasionally turn out a memo to keep the Space Race in high gear.

When cold winds were howling in from the north, bearing snow flurries in clusters, NASA decided to do something for us poor support people, stuck as we were in a converted warehouse. They decided to remodel the warehouse by tearing out a portion of the outer wall. Naturally, we support people were expected to stay at our posts and keep the Space Race moving.

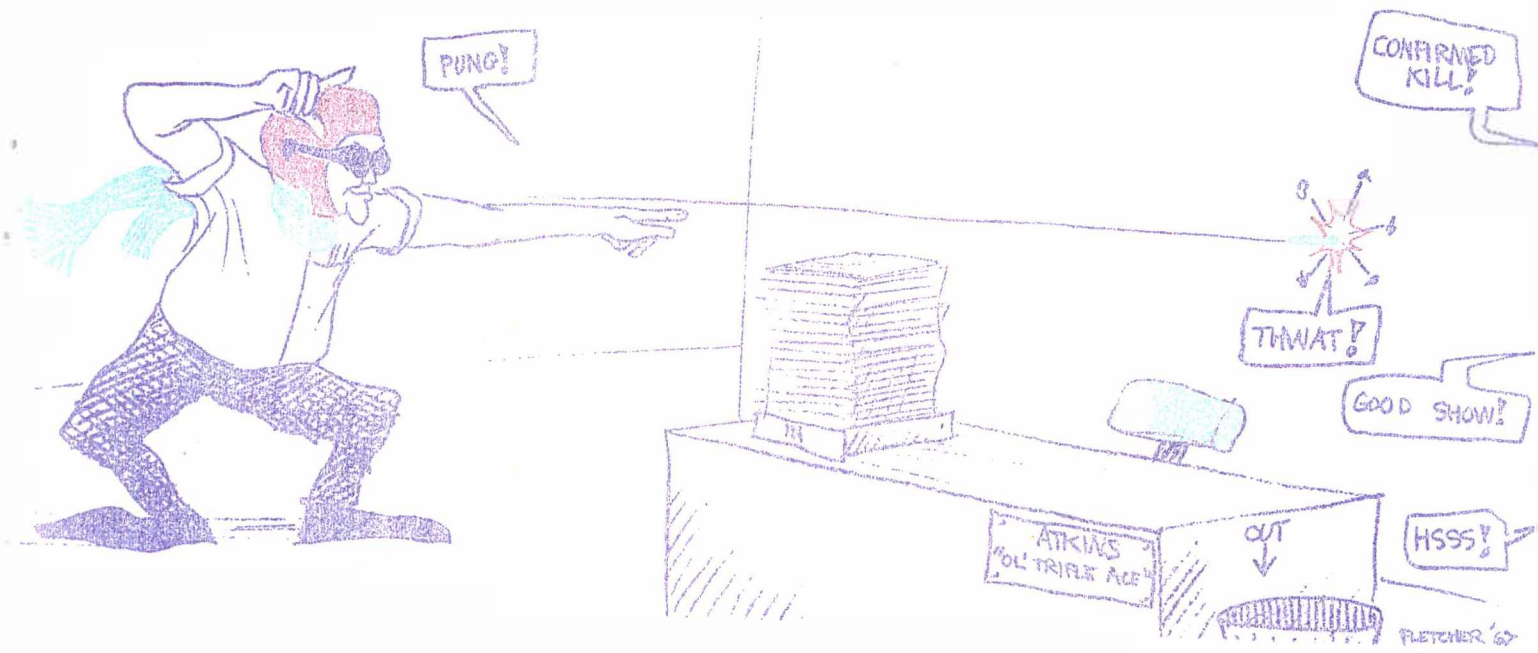
In came the bulldozers and jack-hammers. The whole building trembled before the assault of the demolition crew. We huddled on the far side of the room and got up a pool on what time they would break through. After thirty minutes of this racket the Big Boss came in, told us that NASA expected every man to do his duty, and left for home. It was very touching.

Finally the wall came down and the room was choked with swirls and swirls of dust. Strangling, we evacuated into the hall. The next morning the dust had settled, and through the jagged tear in the wall, all the surviving flies of summer had taken refuge in our domain. They buzzed everywhere in thick swarms, no doubt lured in by the ten degree warmer temperature. The jack-hammers and bulldozers continued their discordant attack. We sat in the hall and shot bull all day.

So it went for three more days. Then the jack-hammers withdrew and tarpaper was put up over the great hole. A door would be installed next spring, we were told. The dust deposit took a day to clean away enough so that work could resume. Then we were only left with the two million flies to kill, the grunting of bulldozers to endure, the freezing temperature to adjust to (the valiant heating system overworked itself trying, but just wasn't up to the job).

Coats, scarfs, earmuffs - even parkas - became the uniform of the day. Some less hardy souls brought blankets. The hardships were severe. Have you ever tried to go through a file while wearing mittens? Or warmed your frozen fingers over a cup of hot coffee? Or shovelled snow off your desk top? It was a saga that deserved to be immortalized by Robert W. Service.

Eventually the maintenance department got around to beefing up the heating system and sealing off the cold enough that we



could work in balmy sixty degree weather. Then we went after the flies. Large rubber bands were used, and a rigid code of hunting was established.

No fly would be fired upon from a distance of less than six feet. In the case of more than one sportsman firing at a particular fly, the shots would be made in orderly rotation, in order of sighting priority. The sportsmen were cautioned not to disturb another's quarry by scrambling after ammunition. Corpus delicti would be required for a confirmed kill. The use of a "Big Bertha" (several rubber bands knotted together) would be outlawed. Ten confirmed kills in one day would qualify a sportsman for the title of "Ace".

As soon as the rules were drawn up, the slaughter began. Some accurate shots destroyed more than thirty flies a day. (you peasants may address me as "Triple Ace Atkins") Within a week the fly population was decimated to the point where we could resume work. This meant we shot rubber bands at each other instead of the flies. But for all the briefness of this incident, it dramatically drove home the point that warring factions can rise above their differences and unite against a grave menace to the common good.

A couple of months later the Assistant Overseer appeared beside my desk. "A great and important decision has been made, Atkins. You are being transferred to the new, growing, interface group. Learning an exciting new job will be a thrilling challenge for you. It will be an Opportunity. Indeed you are a lucky engineer."

He led me into a room cranked high with rolls of paper. On a table was a paper...

# LETTERS

from E D COX

14524 Filmore Street  
Arleta California 91531  
June 23, 1967

"Small Wonders" could be carried on issue after issue with only a little research, no doubt! I don't know if you've tried reading any of the early DOC SAVAGE novels as reprinted by Bantam, but the old ones were full of the old stereotype of the obvious criminal type. A description of the low forehead, coarse features, etc. And in a lot of the early science fiction stories, especially by...urg, I can't remember his name!..well, anyhow, the high forehead and long fingers denoted a high intelligence and a "better" class of person. Oh, yeh.

Then, let's see,,,uh, Spaniards are cruel...Latins are lovers (but usually, Latins in this context are from South of the Border)...Scotsmen are thrifty...and, of course, one of the most basic, undeniable, incontrovertible, profound, irrefutable, true truths is that...yes, you guessed it, women are innately cruel! Right? Right!

While I found the article/book review concerning the Tarot Trumps interesting, I don't find that I have much to say about it. I have never known much about Charles Williams' works altho I'm sure there have been any number of reviews over the years that I might've read. I do notice that I've had Many Dimensions on the shelves for years and years. Maybe I'll read it one of these days, now.

It would seem to me that if one was devoured by an orc, it would be uncouth no matter which manner one was devoured.

Gad, the only feanish type thing in this otherwise pretty sercon issue was the column by Len Bailes. It was sort of entertaining as far as it went.



from **CHUCK CRAYNE**

1050 North Ridgewood Place  
Los Angeles California 90038  
June 23, 1967

"Waiting for to Go." To be embarrassingly frank, when I read this on the first pass through the zine, I didn't recognize it for what it was. Now that it has dawned on me, I appreciate it more. But it is too short to be much more than just a reference. Beckett spends much time getting the audience to share the expectancy of Godot's arrival so that they will share the anti-climax also. But while this glimpse is too short to develop any empathy, it is well done.

"Small Wonders." While I do not believe that behavior patterns are race-linked, cultures are slow to change, and there is probably just enough truth to some of the national stereotypes to propagate the stories. Proof that these images are subject to rapid change, however, is provided by the situation in the middle-east. Never pick on somebody smaller than you, goes the saying, if you win you are a bully and if you lose you are a bum. Overnight the "Italian Jokes" have been replaced by "Arab Jokes." "For Sale: Military rifles--never fired, dropped once--some sand in barrel."

"Tarot Symbolism." I know very little about the Tarot cards except what is in my copy of Gurney Benham's "Playing Cards--The History and Secrets of the Pack." Mr. Gurney does not think highly of mysticism in the Tarot, commenting, "In 1781 a French writer, Count de Gebelin, dealt fully with the Venetian tarot pack and endeavoured to prove that the 22 atutti cards had an affinity with Egyptian mysteries. Dr. Willshire in his 'Descriptive Catalogue of Playing and Other Cards in the British Museum' (1876) sets forth these theories, which are quaint and unconvincing."

from **HARRY WARNER**

423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown Maryland 21740  
July 9 1967

Ruth's little compilation of racial fairy tales came at the right time. I've just completed reading Paul Henry Lang's long new biography of Handel, a splendid achievement in every

way except its missionary sections in which Lang attempts to show how Italians wrote different music from the Germans because of national traits. "It must be emphatically repeated again and again that Handel's art was not German music composed on English soil," he says, as if he'd guessed that I didn't believe him the first time. He tries to differentiate the music of Bach and Handel by saying: "To Bach and to other earnest Lutherans, God and the world were separate entities; to English Protestants, the world was a very real and comprehensive unity that included God." In case you want to know how it all comes out, he's upset because the new complete edition of Handel is being prepared in Germany by German scholars instead of in England by Englishmen. Too often the obsession with nationalities and races that produces such disastrous results can be traced back to some trivial notion that eventually got almost lost in the prejudice and hatred that it stirred up.

The essay-book review on the Tarot deck gave me a lot of new information. It also made me for the first time anxious to read some of Charles Williams' fiction, and no previous reviews of his books have accomplished that feat. I wish Nan had gone deeper into the modern literature about the playing cards, to clear up something that puzzles me: did Eliot's famous introduction of the cards into a famous poem stir up this minor wave of new interest in an ancient creation, or was Eliot impelled to write them in because of an existing renaissance of interest? One subordinate benefit of the article is that now I know how to make the more obnoxious type of Tolkienist angry with me. I'll just call the Rings a McGuffin.

Len Bailes' topic struck home this very evening. I've been trying to get some of the junk out of the attic in recent weeks, although it's a slow job whose progress depends on how much downright trash the garbage men will accept, since technically they're supposed to pick up only rotting food and empty tin cans. Tonight I fell while trying to reach something of a particularly useless nature on the attic. This hardly sounds like a climax to the paragraph, I suppose. But the last two times I fell, I ended up in a hospital and stayed there for a long time with broken bones. I was scared silly for a few moments, wondering how in the world I would get down the steep steps to the second floor where I'd have a fighting chance of making myself heard out of a window, if I couldn't walk. But fortunately, I landed on a six-inch layer of old correspondence, which in turn was reposing on a stratum of newspaper clippings, and I never got within a foot of the floor. I feel that I've been let off with a

stern warning. That is: don't clean up messes until someone orders you to do so. I was trying to straighten up with no prompting except my conscience, and obviously this was the wrong thing to do.

As a non-mathematician, I'll take Elizabeth Appelbaum's word for the symbolic possibilities in the Alice stories. But any good thing is capable of various types of interpretations, and I think I prefer to retain my own simpler explanation: Alice is the only consistently rational person in those stories because she is the only child, and is not yet old enough to act as senselessly as the adults whose behavior is reflected in the other characters. (Occasionally, of course, these other characters say something correct, just as an adult will sometimes behave sensibly. A sample is when Alice gets bigger because of what she has swallowed, demonstrating the truth in the old adult insistence that children must eat if they expect to grow up.)

Kids don't fly kites successfully nowadays because of geography, not because of any decline in the potentialities of the youngest generation. When the kids-fly-kites tradition grew up, most of the population lived outside the city and most of the city dwellers were close to the edge of town. This made it easy for almost all kids to find a hill when the kite-flying instinct began to have its effects on the glands and superego of the boys and girls. It takes a hill for a biped with short legs to get a kite flying easily. An adult biped has legs long enough to get the kite up in the short distances and level spaces to which most kite-flyers are confined in today's crowded nation.

from GORDON E. KLUND

1610 Golden Gate Avenue  
San Francisco California 94115  
September 4, 1967

A few hours ago I was sitting here writing a few mailing comments for SAPS and doing a few pages of mailing comments on your last zine and I remembered something. "Back about the first of July," I said to myself--or actually to a nearby bottle of correction fluid--talking to oneself is insane, I hear--"Jean Berman sent me a fanzine that I intended to comment on and never did." And that was very true. At the time I received your fanzine, which I now see was Nous #1, I was just getting out of the Air Force. In the move, of course, just about everything got pushed to the side in a burst of civilian enthusiasm--including

your fanzine. But, gee, I really surprised myself. I went looking for your fanzine, digging through stacks of various things which I shouldn't keep, and I found it, leafed through it again, and enjoyed it.

But really I wish there was ~~no~~ I could say about it. There's your story, "Waiting for the Bus" for instance. At first I was puzzled by it and then decided, ahah! that it probably had something to do with "Waiting for Godot." But I don't know anything about "Waiting for Godot." Never waited for him, myself. Always was on time when I knew him. No, I'm getting off track. What I meant to say was that all I can think about when I read this story is waiting for buses. I've waited for a lot of buses, Greyhound buses, city buses, school buses. All kinds of buses. My best method of bus waiting, the one I have noticed makes the time move the quickest, is what I call the prophecy/carcount method. The Eklund Prophecy/Carcount Method to be formal. What this means is that the waitee picks a number upon arriving at the bus-stop. First he must gauge the traffic, get a good idea of the number of cars that use the street. Then pick a number. Say the number is 11. Okay, then the waitee counts the cars. One. Two. Ten. The eleventh car you see will not be a car. It will be the bus and the waitee will step aboard, take a seat next to a wino, and choke to death. Of course, this system never works, but that's why it fascinates me so much. Surely it should work sometime. But it never does. Often the bus will be the tenth vehicle, sometimes the twelfth. Never the eleventh. Sometime I must write about the Eklund Tenth Man Laugh Count, but I fear that it is much too strong to ever write about in a fanzine.

The articles in this issue are all of uniform interest. None of them deal with subjects in which I have a large interest, but all of them cover things that I am at least open to reading. The Len Bailes piece seemed a bit out of place, though, in the company of the other, more literary centered items. Once again I'm caused to wonder about this LA thing. All people in LA fandom seem to write alike. It's really beginning to disturb me. Bailes never had an LA style while he was living in North Carolina. He was a singular writer. I find it rather difficult to describe exactly what the LA style is. Mostly it seems to be recreations of conversations that couldn't have been all that interesting in the first place, with the dialogue done in a rather strange, improbable fashion. For instance, I can't imagine anybody calling out: "What do you want to do with this carton full of the over-runs you made of Quip #1 that we found in the back of the closet?" Nobody calls out things like that. Try it. I bet you'll run out of breath, too.

I never could fly a kite, either. Used to really irk me, almost as bad as being a late bicycle riding learner---I was one of those, too. Actually, I don't think I ever managed to fly a kite and keep it up until I was 17 or so. Then I did it helping my brother, who's eight years younger than I am. He never could get his kite up by himself, stupid kid. I can't answer your question---why is kite flying considered a children's thing. I suppose there are, somewhere, bright little quick-handed children who can fly kites quite as well as any professional---probably dangerous little kids, too. On the other hand, I suppose most adults find kite-flying too simple for a full fledged pastime. But it certainly requires more skill than watching a baseball game on television does. Yes, that's what the world needs. More adult kite-flyers.

THE FANDOLIERS  
(con't)

Duke's Song (con't)

Duke                   When to oppose his con bid once,  
                          Two sercon fans proceeded,  
                          In making each one out a dunce  
                          He easily succeeded.  
                          He publicized their every plan  
                          And did them in with class - Ah!

                          That celebrated,  
                          Cultivated,  
                          Underrated  
                          Nobleman,  
                          The Duke of Westwood Plaza!

All:                    To fen with feet of clay - ha, ha!  
                          He always showed the way - ha, ha!  
                          That celebrated,  
                          Cultivated  
                          Underrated  
                          Nobleman,  
                          The Duke of Westwood Plaza!

note: ((to be continued in the next issue))

I never could get a kid to read so easily as I did. I almost had to get a kid to read a book as I did. I was one of those kids. Actually, I don't think I ever managed to get a kid to read so easily as I did. Then I did it helping my brother who's eight years younger than I am. He never could get his kid up by himself, stupid kid. I can't answer your question—why is it that reading considered a children's thing. I suppose there are, somewhere, bringing little duck-headed children who can fly like a kite as well as any professional—probably dangerous little kids, too. On the other hand, I suppose most adults find it too simple for a full fledged pastime. But it certainly requires more skill than watching a baseball game on television does. Yes, that's what the world needs. More and more.

THE FANROLLERS  
(cont.)

Duke's Song (cont.)

Then to oppose his son bid once,  
Two persons thus proceeded,  
In making each one out a dunce  
He easily succeeded.  
He publicized their every plan  
And did them in with class - Ah!

That celebrated,  
Cultivated,  
Underrated,  
Nobleman,  
The Duke of Westwood Plaza!

To ten with feet of clay - ha, ha!  
He always showed the way - ha, ha!  
That celebrated,  
Cultivated,  
Underrated,  
Nobleman,  
The Duke of Westwood Plaza!

((to be continued in the next issue))