

1944



Atom





PI TH <sup>and</sup> DROLL  
by Dave Locke



Welcome to PELF #7. I'm extremely pleased to announce, and I'm sure it will surprise you all, that PELF will now be guided under a firm - but alive and vibrant - Glorious New Policy. Before I explain the exciting details it may perhaps be enlightening to point out that the editorship of PELF does not take policy changes or decisions lightly. I would like to emphasize this, because it appears that the readers do.

Let me say that there are many hardships and a not inconsiderable number of obstacles which hamper the publication of this fanzine. Editorial conferences are few and far between; consequently policy should be ironed out to a point of perfection, thus precluding the necessity of getting together to confer over every minor publishing crises that arises, or of ignoring them.

Since Dave Hulan, my worthy co-editor, lives at the other end of the block, perhaps our hardship in hashing out editorial problems is evident to you. He lives too far away to walk, and not far enough away to make it sensible to take the car. I'd send him letters, but under the circumstances you can see how ridiculous that would be - Hulan doesn't know how to write.

We spent many hours in formulating this new policy. Each of us, alone with our typewriter, bashed out pages and pages of worthwhile notes. We stated the problems, discerned the results we wished to achieve, and when finally we put our notes together we came up with a remarkably great new operating procedure.

We would do it my way.

Our Glorious New Policy, for this issue, is that we will go back to our Glorious Original Policy of the first few PELFs and make our zine, once more, entirely Editorially written. We cast ourselves back to the good old days, and what with the shock of nostalgia and reminiscence our tears literally carried us back to our erstwhile policy.

We felt we had found the Answer.

However, now that we had set a standard for a reasonable page-count, we really didn't want to fill thirty-plus pages with our own material. After all, we do have other things that occupy our time. I have my wife and son, who are very demanding of my time; mainly because they make me work to support them. And Hulan has his own problems. He has his money. He spends hours thinking of things to do with it. Counting it takes time, too.

So what we decided, in order to effectively implement our Glorious New Policy of having PELF once again entirely editorially written, was that while we would still solicit outside contributions we would make each contributor a co-editor. Even if only for this one issue.

Because, after all, next issue we'll have a new Glorious New Policy.

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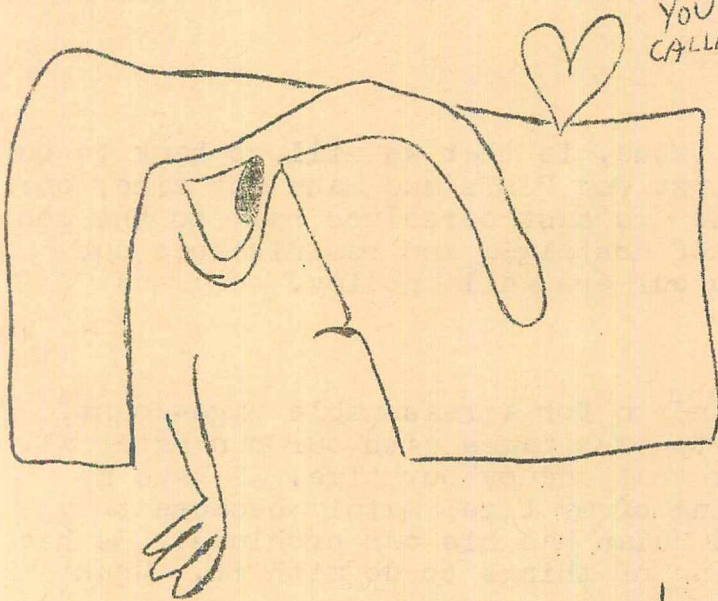
"You can plan on a Giant Anniversary issue...for next year. May, 1970, will be the 40th anniversary of the first fanzine, and you can turn out a monster 100-page issue dedicated to that noble pioneer, Ray Palmer. I have thought about...calling attention to the coming anniversary and urging every true fan to start planning now. All fandom will be plunged into celebration."  
Bob Tucker to DGL

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I'd like to take the time, my time and yours, to tell you a little about the people whose material you will be reading in this issue. Some of them you may already know, but perhaps my comments may provide you with a bit of insight into their character or some phase of their personality which you are not aware of.

Dave Hulan, my worthy co-editor, will have his usual composed-on-stencil editorial. I'd like to point out that the lack of time and effort connected with his composition does not in any way indicate a lack of concern for the quality of the material which he presents to the PELF readership. You should think no less of him for his composing on stencil. He would gladly do two or more drafts of his editorial, just to please you, were there any consequence in doing so. Unfortunately, since there would be no discernable effect he will continue to muddle along in the unremitting manner to which he is accustomed.

Tina Hensel, Girl Wonder of the San Gabriel Valley, returns this issue, in an overwhelming manner. We are sure that her wit and charm will engulf you all. Tina is a girl of boundless enthusiasm, possessor of an incessant capacity for making the most diminutive and frivolous ideas seem, in her term, "incredibly groovy". Frankly, everything is "incredibly groovy" to Tina - even 102 beer.



Bob Tucker is with us this issue. I remember meeting Bob at my first convention, the Chicon. I never left my name, but he may remember the incident. I was with Lloyd Biggle at the time (good man, he - another among many I met back then whom I'd like to get re-acquainted with now), and he pointed Tucker out. "That's Bob Tucker", was what I think he said. That's about what he said, anyway, although I may have the name wrong. So I was the teenager who trundled up to Bob, in an obscene fashion, and said: "Bob Tucker."



I heard Bob's head swivel around, way up there, and after I punched him in the kneecap he looked down, into my dandruff, and I said: "Author of my favorite novel, THE LONG LOUD SILENCE."

After he had rubbed his throbbing kneecap, with my face, he replied: "Yes. I'll send you a bill in the morning."

Biggle chuckled. I nodded, and, having been dazzled by his ferocious wit, not to mention the pin-stripe running down the center of my face, I turned around and went away.

It was only shortly after that that I introduced Biggle to, I believe, Elinor Buzby, who pondered the name for a moment and then commented "Oh yes, you publish a fanzine, don't you?" Biggle still thinks I put her up to it, just to get even for his chuckle.

Actually, the conversation is true. The design on my face was changed to protect the name of Bob's tailor.

I could tell you things about Roy Tackett, Rick Sneary, Harry Warner, and even about Ed Cox. However, we all know about them, don't we?

Next issue, Mike Deckinger returns to genfandom with the first article he's written in over five years, and he's currently working on another one for PELF. Mike was quite active in the early sixties, and while he was very much a well-know fan I doubt that the interim turn-over has produced many fans who are now familiar with the name. The article in the next issue is, hopefully, a harbinger of a return to some semblance of activity in today's fanzine fandom.

Mike and I are the ones who, at the Chicago convention which was shared with a Mensan convention, set up a "Free - Take One" display of delRey's THE 11TH COMMANDMENT on the Mensan's literature counter. The idea of free books was received quite well, although we'll never know how well received the books themselves were.

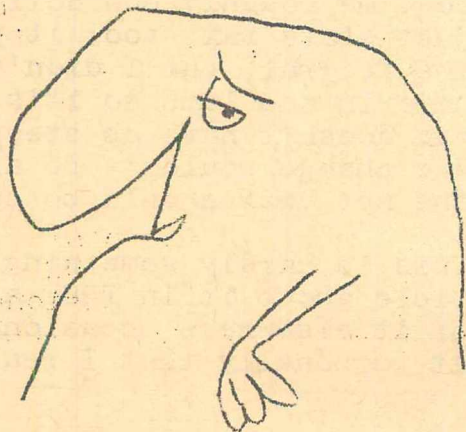
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"Hmm...Tucker hasn't said anything to us about running a 100 page fanzine to commemorate the birth of fanzines. Matter of fact, he's been urging us to drop YANDRO...you suppose he thinks that's a more fitting commemoration on our part?"

Buck Coulson to DGL

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I would like to take some space (about the distance from here to the end of the page, actually) to thank my wife for -great patience and assistance far beyond a fan wife's call of duty. Thanks for keeping our toddler from destroying stencils and material when they're spread out all over the place; thanks for collating and stapling PELF after Dave and I finally get it run off and have collapsed from exhaustion; and above all thanks for not complaining (too much) for evenings and weekends lost to the whorl of putting together a fanzine.



Line  
of  
Least  
Resistance

Somehow I never figured this issue of PELF would be appearing quite so hard on the heels of the last, but we remembered the New Policy of last issue, and we always find ourselves bound by the current New Policy - if convenient. This issue, of course, it is up to the Other Dave to set the New Policy; when we start to run off the issue I'll find out what it is. I hope it isn't anything too exotic and difficult...

Having just currently retired to lick my wounds after my bout with the various Income Tax people, I am obliged to say that I think the present tax structure is very unfair. Unwise, even. Everybody talks about the population explosion and how Something Should

Be Done About It. One of the best methods of discouraging population increase is to encourage late marriages - Ireland is a good example of how this trend reduces population pressure. Ireland is one of the two or three political units in the world which have experienced a decline in population in the past decade, and they have the latest average age for marriage in the world. It's logical - the primary purpose of marriage, as opposed to simply living together, is to provide a more stable institution for the raising of children, and most people will take considerably greater precautions against having children if they aren't married.

So what does the government do to encourage people to put off marriage and thereby reduce population pressure? It doles out a gigantic tax break to married people, quite aside from anything else about them. I hadn't realized how big it was until this year. Previously I had either been earning so little taxable income that it reduced my taxes from very little to practically nothing when I got married - not enough to notice. But this year I earned about 20% more taxable income after legitimate deductions than last year; taxes themselves had not changed; and my state income tax quadrupled! In other words, it cost me roughly 600 dollars this past year to remain single. That's just state tax, too; it probably cost me about as much if not more on the federal, but I didn't notice that as much because that doesn't all come in one lump so it's more trouble to compare results. Federal tax doesn't have as steep an escalator as the state, so the percentage change wouldn't be as great, but since the total is so much greater the net cost should be comparable.

This is hardly something that I'm the first to notice - I read an article about it in TRUE a couple of years ago, and have seen mention of it elsewhere occasionally - but it wasn't until I had experienced it personally that I realized the magnitude of the inequi-

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ty. Now I'm more than willing to join in any crusade to right the situation; even if my personal status should change I'd feel the same because of the obvious advantages to the country of discouraging early marriages. If anything, the advantage should be the other way - although if the tax break is simply equalized the additional expense of being married should help discourage people whose financial status is marginal from making the move. Not that it's likely that any such thing could be brought about; I imagine that a majority of the population are married, and I doubt if they would support a move to take money away from them. People don't.

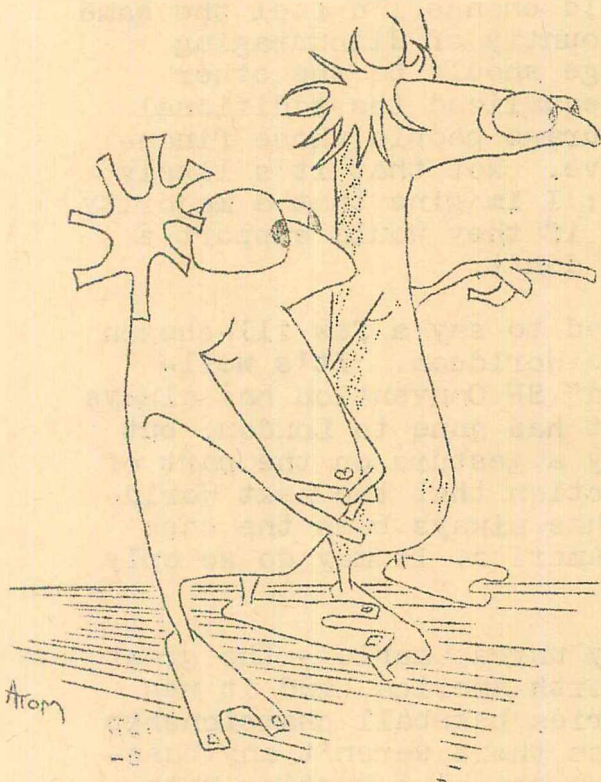
Shifting to a more fannish subject, I wanted to say a few ill-chosen words about the internationalization of the Worldcon. It's well-known to everyone that the so-called "World" SF Convention has always been a North American institution; twice it has gone to London, but in both cases it has been treated as simply a gesture on the part of North American fandom, with a strict injunction that the next Worldcon must return to North America. And it has always been the case that if a Worldcon is to go outside North America, it may do so only on the sufferance of North American fandom.

In the early days, this wasn't particularly unreasonable - the great majority of SF fans in the world were in North America, and it was no more significant than that the World Series baseball championship should be held in the US every year, because there weren't any baseball teams outside the US that would stand a chance competing with the US major league teams (in considerable part because most of the best Latin American players end up on US teams; otherwise some of the Latin countries could probably produce a very respectable team themselves). For the most part, there weren't any fans outside the US and Canada who even wanted to put on a Worldcon.

Now, however, and for a number of years past, there have been enough fans in a number of foreign countries - Britain, Germany, Japan, Sweden, and Australia certainly, and probably others - to support regular annual national conventions in those countries. Once that point was reached, they quite justifiably began to resent the fact that what amounted to the American National Convention was called the "World" SF Convention. A certain amount of hair-splitting has been engaged in by opponents of internationalizing the Worldcon, to the effect that what is meant is a convention of the world of SF or something like that. Even that shows a pretty narrow view - even in the US publications such writers as Clarke, Brunner, Chandler, Bulmer, White, Ballard, and Aldiss (to name a few) are very important, and while as a more or less monolingual reader I'm not familiar with the writers who aren't writing in English, I know that there are a number of writers who are producing SF in German, French, and Japanese at least. A convention of the world of SF which essentially ignores these people is not truly representative of the world of SF.

To my mind, the remedy suggested by motions passed at the last two Worldcons is not very good. Rotating the convention outside the North American continent every four or five years is not, basically, any different from the earlier awarding of Worldcons to London. It still makes the Worldcon a North American institution which we are now, out of the goodness of our hearts, awarding to some other country when it suits us. This is condescension and unjustifiable.

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The solution I have heard which I most favor is the simple admission that the currently-instituted Worldcon is in fact a National convention of the US, and a return to the 3-year rotation plan for the National Convention. If it came the turn of the US for a true Worldcon (which might be renamed the International Congress or something of the sort if the old title isn't acceptable to foreign fans), the congress could be combined with the US Natcon as the Worldcon and Westcon are usually combined when the Worldcon is on the West Coast now. By this token the Heicon in '70 would be the first in the new series, and some sort of rotation plan that is truly international in scope could be set up - without the appearance of US fandom "giving" something to "furriners".

It is possible that it would be of advantage for the US Natcon to retain the "World" title so that hotels

would be aware of the basic continuity (although I don't really think that hotels are so stupid that they wouldn't be able to grasp the fact of a change in name); I think it would be better to admit in the name that it's a national and not a world convention, but I've no strenuous objection to the retention of the title if it seems desirable.

The Hugos, which were started by the US National Convention under whatever name, should remain awards made at the US National Convention; it will be up to the International Congress to decide on its own what awards it wants to make and its method of awarding them. Should they decide on a committee (like the old International Fantasy Awards) it would be incumbent on the US Natcon, such years as it was combined with an International Con, to award both Hugos and IFAs (or whatever).

There's going to be a lot of discussion of this at St. Louis. I hope that most fans there will be Right-Thinking and agree with me...

In SAPS recently I made a list of my favorite writers. The criteria were that I had enjoyed greatly practically all their work, and that they had written enough that this criterion was properly applicable. (A writer such as Tolkien would be ineligible because he has written relatively little.) The resulting list came out like this:

1. John Dickson Carr;
2. Georgette Heyer;
3. L. Sprague de Camp;
4. Rex Stout;
5. Agatha Christie;
6. Robert E. Howard;
7. Isaac Asimov;
8. Ellery Queen;
9. Edgar Rice Burroughs;
10. Frances and Richard Lockridge.

That list was made up a month or so ago; since then I've read quite a few Phoebe Atwood Taylor books and am disposed to elevate her to the 9th spot and move Burroughs out of the list (I also have read a number of Lockridge books and don't see any reason to move them out). Readers who write in with a list of their favorites will receive the next issue of PELF. }



# WHAT TO DO UNTIL THE EXORCIST COMES

or, HOW TO LIVE IN A  
HAUNTED HOUSE AND LOVE  
IT

(Reprinted from some disgustingly cute woman's magazine)

The realization that your charming Cape Cod cottage is haunted can be shattering for the average young American mother, especially since you can't help worrying about the health and happiness of your family in such a situation. However, you can cope and relax by dealing with the problem in a self-confident manner and adapting some of the techniques employed by skilled practitioners of necromancy.

First of all, are you sure that your house is haunted? You can find out by looking for some of the following signs: 1) A deep, cold, bone chilling feeling in a particular area of the house, unattended by any understandable cause, such as a draft. 2) Uncanny noises, such as footsteps, the clanking of chains, low moaning sounds issuing from your cellar (or, alternately, high wailing screams coming from the direction of your attic), talking, laughter, etc., and being unable to find any logical cause, such as a party at the neighbor's, or the children pinching the poodle. 3) Seeing a person or persons whom you are completely unacquainted with dressed in outlandish or out of date garments, wandering about the house and walking through some thick and solid object such as your husband or a wall. 4) You may also see various parts of a human body apparently suspended in the air with no visible support. This particular manifestation is usually represented by eyes (either one or a pair) floating through the air, unaccompanied by either a head or body. 5) Last but not least, watch out for strange smells, such as lilacs or roses, in the dead of winter. (This last does not apply if you are living in a fake Cape Cod cottage in California.)

There are several tried and true means of getting rid of your unwelcome house guest. One of the favorites is having a priest come in and lay the ghost. Unfortunately, this is not nearly so effective nowadays as it was in times past. I have been advised by a religious friend that it is impossible to exorcise a specter in this fashion, unless the ghost was a practitioner of that particular religion during his or her lifetime. In other words, you can't get rid of an Episcopal ghost with a Catholic ceremony, or vice versa.

Since the Catholic and Episcopal/Anglican churches are about the only ones that you will be able to talk into performing an official exorcism, it is most unlikely that you will manage to banish your ghost via a religious ceremony. Unfortunately, the number of Catholic and Episcopal ghosts are small when compared to the great hoards of Protestant, Evangelical, and Jewish ghosts that infest the older homes in this great country of ours.

9) by Tina Hensel

However, the Anglican church uses an extremely simple formula for banishing ghosts, and you might try using it yourself in the event that you can't obtain a priest to exorcise the spirit. Take a silver bowl and pour holy water into it (if you suspect that your ghost is either non-religious or Jewish, don't bother stealing the water from the font, simply use ordinary tap water.) After filling the bowl, pour salt into the water in the shape of a cross, or, if applicable, a Star of David. Then hold the bowl of water/salt up to the four corners of the room and order the ghost to vacate the premises and inhabit the bowl of water. Then take your water/salt out into the yard (or if you choose, a disliked neighbor's yard) and empty the contents into the ground. Theoretically, this act pours the spirit into the ground along with the water and salt.



If you don't want to use this method, you might try to find out from your visitor (without its becoming aware of the skullduggery being planned) what its religion was. If it turns out to be Episcopal or Catholic it may still be possible for you to get a priest of that religion to get rid of the ghost for you. Needless to say, you must use the utmost tact in attempting to quiz your visitor, for if you antagonize it the ghost may well decide to appear more often around the house in order to get even with you. However, you should have very little trouble getting the information that you want. The poor thing has had no one to talk to for ages, and it will eagerly tell you all that you might possibly want to know about its life and death. All that is necessary, in order to accomplish your purpose, is that you be a wee bit sympathetic.

If your ghost should be unaccountably haughty and turn up its nose at you, you must of course consider other means of forcing your visitor to vacate. Professional mediums have figured prominently, in horror and fantasy literature, as a means of laying ghosts. I would not, however, advise that you attempt contacting your ghost via a medium. Mediums quite often make you aware of other haunts that have not as yet manifested themselves. Given the least encouragement, these spirits will take advantage of a medium's presence to appear and take up permanent residence in your attractive wood-panelled den. Unfortunately, mediums tend to act as catalysts and animate any other spirits that might be lurking about the house. It is far from uncommon to end up with not one, but two or even three ghosts in your home after the visit of a gifted medium.

Before you become desperate enough to call in a medium see if, by yourself, you can't find out what your ghost wants. Quite often it is possible to placate it with very little effort on your part. Generally,



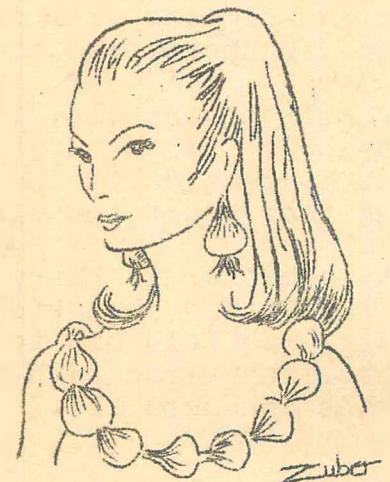
most ghosts are protesting the fact that nobody bothered to bury them. They naturally prefer being snuggly tucked away in some cozy church yard to being entombed in your damp cellar or basement, and can you really blame them? Getting the body buried should be in perfect accord with your wishes, as you hardly want an old body lying around the basement for the children to find. Besides, if your visitor's death was fairly recent its body could very well become a hazard to your family's health and well being. Therefore, you should be happy to satisfy your visitor's desire.

A word of caution to the busy, active mother and club member: whatever you do, don't promise the ghost that you will see to its prompt burial and then keep putting it off due to your heavy schedule and P.T.A. meetings. This will, without fail, cause your specter to start thinking of doing unpleasant things in order to put on enough pressure to make you bury it. Ghosts are extremely inventive, and I am sure that you will find that your's is a particularly nasty little devil. They have been known to disrupt bridge parties and send guests screaming from the house in paroxysms of fear. So don't make promises that you don't intend to keep.

Another type of ghost wants something other than simple burial. It wants revenge on its murder or murderers. If it is at all possible for you to help your ghost achieve its goal, do so. Always keep in mind, however, that it will do neither you nor your ghost any good if you are caught by the authorities. Don't hesitate, out of consideration for the murderer, to help your unhappy spirit take vengeance. Think instead of your family and all the discomfort and inconvenience caused by your unwanted guest. If you believe it likely that the ghost will leave the house and its environs after achieving its revenge, then do your best to aid it.

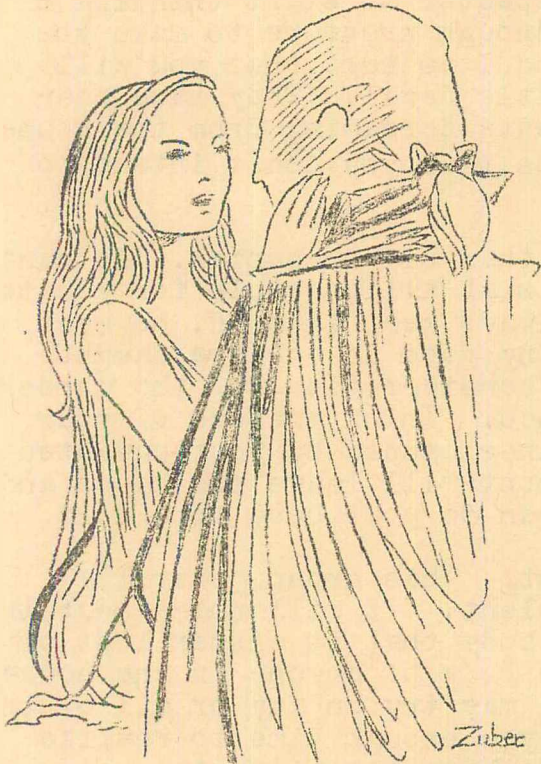
Unfortunately, there is a third type of ghost. This group generally wants its body back, and is particularly violent. It will roam about the house seeking a suitable substitute for the body that it either lost or was robbed of, and will attempt to steal the body of anyone in the house. Before settling on a particular favorite, it may try on any or all of the various bodies available. This should give you enough time to realize that either your husband and/or children have been behaving strangely, particularly since this ghost will always manifest itself in other ways before taking over a body. When you suspect that your family is being assaulted by a body-snatching spirit, go out and lay in a plentiful supply of garlic. This can be made into an attractive, somewhat hippie-type necklace by threading the cloves onto heavy darning thread.

I have seen several fashionable and charming necklaces, made of garlic, in the head shops on Sunset and Santa Monica Blvds, so don't neglect this precaution out of a misplaced fear of appearing in anything but the best of taste. If you like, you can spray-paint your garlic necklace to match your favorite outfits. Princess Lajecka has had several dyed to match her famous alpaca suits, and certainly no one could say that one of the world's best dressed women fails to wear them with great aplomb and style. If the time of year is right you might try threading your necklace with garlic blossoms, thereby giving a charming lei effect.

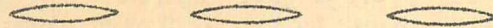


If for some reason the garlic does not daunt your ghost, then the best thing to do under the circumstances is to move. Unless, of course, it wants your husband's body, then you might devote some serious thought to the situation. Sometimes it is possible to come to an agreement with the ghost. If it will promise to take the body to work every morning, and return with the paycheck at the end of the week, you might do well to consider allowing it to possess your husband's hulk. Think of yourself first. After all, if you don't no one else will, especially not that clod you're married to.

It is not unlikely that your ghost lived when men were much more knowledgeable in the many and varied styles of love. If you feel that your marriage is failing, and you are only staying with him for the sake of the paycheck, or if you no longer find your husband exhilarating and attractive, think of the excitement of being married to a man who lived at a time when men were men, and women were objects of veneration. When was the last time your husband venerated you?



After all, variety is the spice of life, and what could be more spicy than an old mind in a new body? Consider the charming ideas that were prevalent one or two hundred years ago. Women were frail vessels to be protected from the shattering effects of the outside world. Wouldn't it be nice to be somebody's pampered darling? You might think about it.



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#### FOOR PONG'S PROVERBS

Bob Tucker

The more fanzines, the less entertainment.  
There is no place more delightful than the NFFF.  
He who fleeces will publish again.  
Life is short, and con reports long.

Of all the animals, the fan is most unmanageable.  
The LOCs are the most important part of the work.  
All convention fandom is divided into three zones.  
The gods visit the sins of the publishers upon the readers.

It is better to hurry always, than miss one SAPS deadline.  
A fickle and changeful thing is a fanne ever.  
Let a neo hold his tongue and he will pass for a sage.  
A rolling mimeograph gathers no static.  
Grass conquers all.



# Rick Sneary..... REMARKS

## OF A SEMI-GAFIATED HERMIT

There are too many middle-aged Old Guards trying to tell everyone how Fandom ought to be run, according to thinking and conditions that are fifteen to twenty years out of date. I find myself doing this at times, though I try to qualify my remarks as those of a semi-gafiated hermit...

I hate what bureaucrats do to fandom. I'm a firm believer that, in fandom, the fewer the rules the better things work. SAPS and CAPA, which have little or no rules, run with fewer problems than does FAPA or the Cult. Of course, it really is the personality of the people involved. Anarchy can work, if you have a group of people who want to work together. LASFS has averaged more constitutions than years of life, yet for two or three years, during the Fan Hilton and Mathum House days, the constitution was almost lost, and was never consulted. The Executive Committee worked as a friendly team; making the plans for what seemed best - sometimes regardless of rules - and was approved and supported by the membership, who were getting the best club in ten years. But when there are many members contesting for power or egoboo, the power of good ideas gives way - and you have to fall back on the constraintment of the Written Laws. The Written Laws are restrictive on everyone, but they at least preserve some structure of Order.

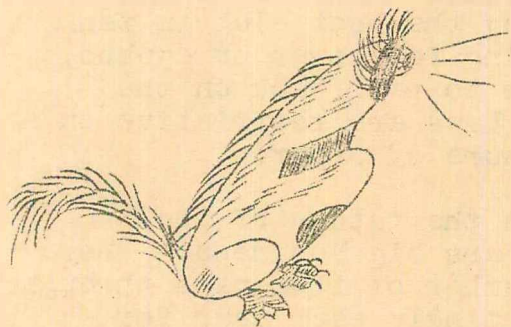
I suppose the biggest problem in Fandom today is the future of the Worldcons. As everyone says, world conventions are big business. There are thousands of dollars involved, and a good number of them pass through the hands of the convention committee. And, seemingly each year for several years, the committee has asked for a larger amount from fandom, for memberships, advertising, and fees; their reasons being that everything costs more, and that less money is being taken in at auctions. This is an argument that anyone who pays bills and stretches an income can easily understand. But, at the same time, the committees are spending larger amounts of money on things not directly necessary to the production of a convention (in my muddy view), and passing on larger amounts to the next convention and to other worthy Fannish Projects. Money going to TAFF, Art Show, ISL, and other Good Causes, comes out of what the business world would call 'net profits'. (Contributions to the next conventions would be from 'gross profits', as they come first). This clearly shows that the conventions have taken in more money than they need.

The first thought that comes to mind is that the conventions could afford to reduce membership fees, thus passing on the saving to all fans. However; on second thought, I'm not so sure that is a good idea. The extra money goes to very good causes, which would have a hard time being funded otherwise. And, convention membership is to a large degree made up of

fringe-fans, who would never contribute to fannish cause at any other time. In a way, the conventions are collecting a small head tax, and using it for things of interest to acti-fans. Viewed in this light the extra money seems one of the most painless ways of collecting the capital needed to make the projects run.

The problem as I see it is that as this goes on the committees will have more and more money to hand out, or do what ever they want with. I don't think there is much liklihood of the committee just pocketing the profits, or buying new cars all around. What is possible, though, is that a committee may give money to a cause that is unpopular, or cut off funds to one that isn't. (This hasn't happened that I know of, so I don't mean any criticism of any past committee.) As committees are selected for their probable ability to put on a good convention, and their own popularity, there is no real vote on whether fandom thinks they will be wise in their disbursement of the profits. As it is fandom's money, I suggest that they should have some voice in deciding where the money should go.

One suggestion I have come up with is a poll of the membership. It could be done at the same time as the nominations and voting for the Hugos (just as the voting on future convention sites could be, if that progressive idea were accepted). The members could nominate any cause or project they thought deserving of getting money. Any subject would have to receive a minimum number of votes to qualify for the ballot. Then, on the ballot, the members would be asked what percentage of the total net profits they would like to see assigned to each category (limit the answers to multiples of ten for simplicity, and, of course, you could lump all your 100 points on one answer).



I would not suggest that the committee be iron bound by this vote, but rather view it as a strong advisory opinion. As actifans, they might be able to see why one project should get more or less than the popular vote recommended. But still, if the amount was more than 10% more or less than the recommendation there would be reason for fans to raise their eyebrows.

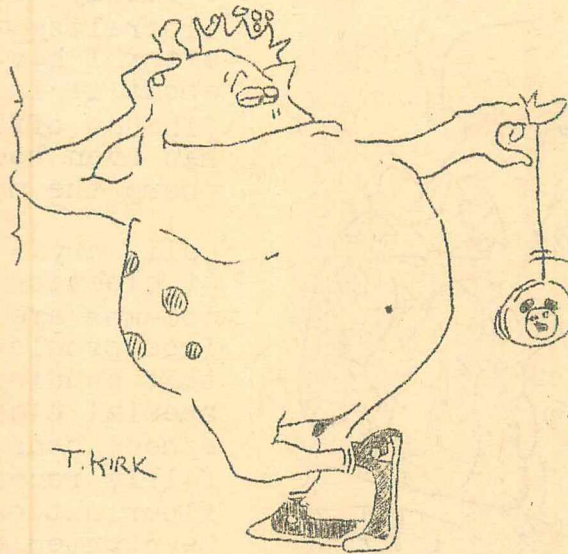
As to the possible argument that this would be too much added work for the committee, let me say that I don't think it would be any more work than an extra category in the Hugo voting - and the past couple cons have felt free to add categories to that, which meant more work. The counting could be done any time after the con - though it would be very nice to be able to announce, during the convention, where the extra money was going, as this would make the committee members look even bigger, and as no fixed amounts would be involved at that time it wouldn't cost a penny more.

But this idea is New; Business-like; and makes work for someone - so it will automatically be unpopular among older fans, and newer fans will think it is just another scheme of the Old Guard to try and Run Things. This is one reason why I don't find being a hermit so hard.



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Old letterhacks never die, they just find new publications. There is a joy in letterhacking. Something that gets into the blood, mayhap. It is, I suppose, the need to be heard, to communicate, to express an opinion. Letterhacking is a talent, indeed it is, that is rather rare among the muds but one which stfans have, sometimes in excess. There is little in the world that can match the opinion molding ability, the emotion raising ability of a fan letterhack letting his thoughts flow out through his fingers to the typewriter keys. It is, I suppose, one of the multitude of little known or understood facets that goes into the making up of a fan.

The demise of the prozine letter columns have caused the letterhacks to find other outlets for their missives and, perhaps fortunately, most of them confine their efforts to the fanzines. Which is rather a pity for the public press is out there for the taking.

When we settled in Albuquerque I began letterhacking fairly regularly to the Albuquerque JOURNAL. It was almost too easy. The editor of the JOURNAL at the time was a conservative old fugghead who committed his ignorance to print in a thrice-weekly column. He offered a handy target on which to practice while waiting for bigger game, such as the school board or the local politicians, to leap into public print with some idiot statement or suggestion.

I've never written a letter to a magazine or newspaper (fanzines excluded) that failed to be printed. The poor old editor of the JOURNAL sometimes regretted, I think, the arrival of a real letterhack in Albuquerque, but to his credit he printed the letters even though his next column was sometimes devoted to defending his previous comments.

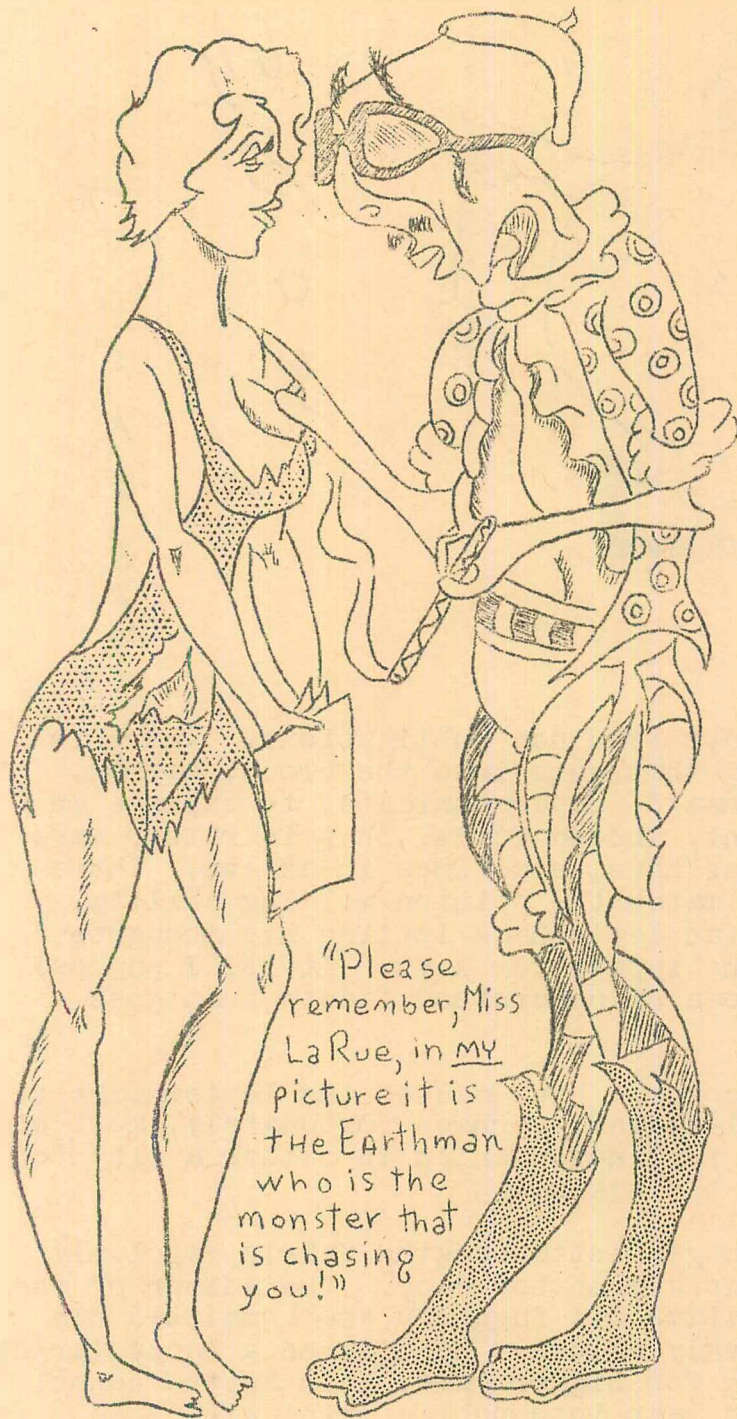
Wally Weber pointed out in CRY a while back that large organizations, public and private, are sensitive to letters. I have had the public information officer of one of Albuquerque's most sacred cows, the Albuquerque Public Schools, call me up at seven a.m. to explain a policy which I've taken issue with. The Public Library which the public

formerly used with difficulty liberalized their policy the day after I had a satirical letter about it in the JOURNAL. The finance officer of New Mexico has even been moved to explain where the money went.

Well, why? Why write letters? At election time the letter columns are filled with letters from people supporting this or that candidate. If there is a special election, such as a school bond election or the fairly recent referendum on flouridation the partisans can be counted on to make an appearance in print. But other than that the letter column of the JOURNAL is a rather dull and abbreviated thing. Since I'm a letterhack this bothers me so I try to push a few buttons and liven things up a bit. And I feel it is always a good policy to keep our public servants stirred up - to let them know that someone is watching them.

One of the more amusing side-lights is that my letterhacking seems to have endeared me to both the far right and the far left. One anonymous gentleman, a rabid supporter of the radical right, sends me letters full of the most ridiculous tripe I've ever read. Another, equally anonymous, sends me back issues of THE WEEKLY PEOPLE, the contents of which are almost as ridiculous as the letters I get from his opposite number.

Letterhacking to the public prints is fun and I highly recommend it. There's a couple of things to bear in mind to be really successful at it. Stay away from partisan politics - take sides with neither the Democrats nor the Republicans. On the local level one can lump them together as "City Hall" or somesuch. Unless you live in a one-party community you'll usually find both occupying offices in the city or county administration and they're all fair game. Avoid generalities. It isn't enough to say that City Hall is occupied by a bunch of fuggheads - everybody knows that. Pick out a particular example of fuggheadedness to point up. Avoid personalities as much as possible. Have a go at it. You'll be surprised at the results.

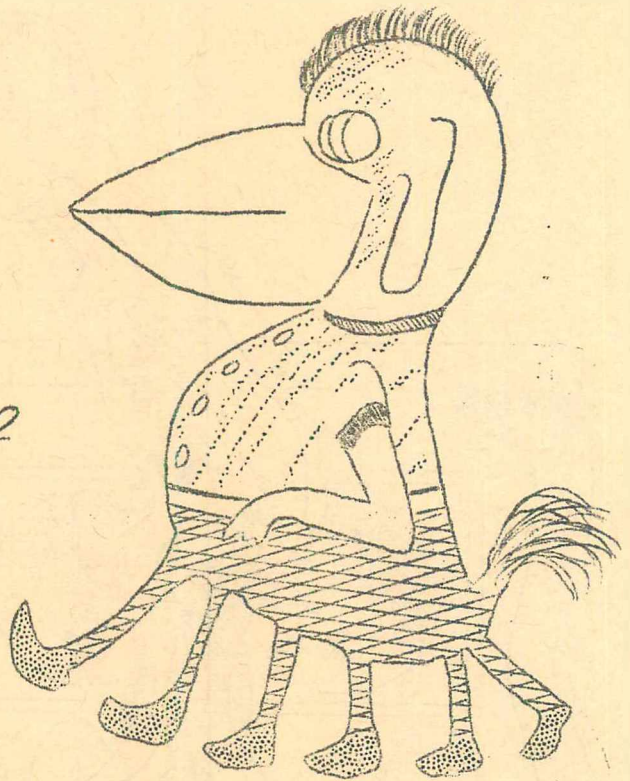


"Please remember, Miss LaRue, in MY picture it is the Earthman who is the monster that is chasing you!"



# A LETTER FROM THE UNDERGROUND

*creath thorne*



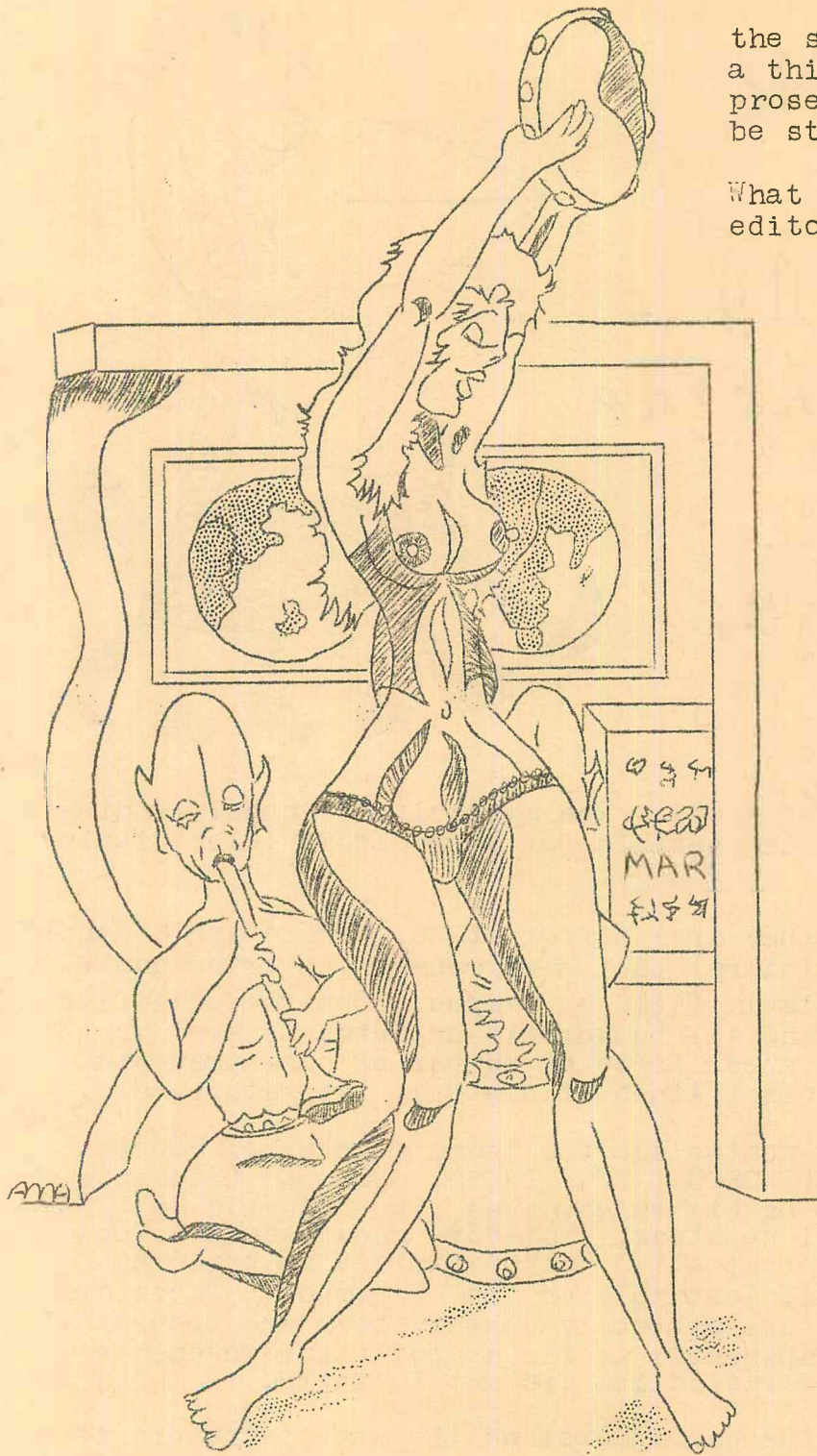
Well, not quite the underground. But things are getting that way. You see, when I'm not writing my column for PELF, I sometimes call myself a "student" at what has been referred to at various times as "the University of Missouri". Now MU (as we abbreviate it in Missouri) is not really a half-bad school. The journalism school is good, if you happen to like that kind of stuff. The agriculture school is distinguished too, insofar as it is possible for agriculture to be distinguished.

But the humanities (whatever they are) suffer at MU. There are a couple of departments (English and history) that have managed to bring qualified professors in the humanistic field on campus. But the qualified people don't stay very long, and all humanistic departments are constantly under threat from the sheer force of number of non-humanists who sneer at the idea of the disciplines of history, literature, etc.

A case in point: A couple of months ago the local chapter of SDS put out a newspaper called the UNDERGROUND FREE PRESS. Now SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) may be big on campuses like Columbia or Berkeley but at MU it is small potatoes. Not very many people belong to it, and it has no real power at all. Campus strikes or building takeovers led by SDS would fail instantly on the MU campus. There are large numbers of students who are extremely conservative and thousands of others who are completely apathetic as far as political movements are concerned. Liberalism and radicalism are not in style.

But for some reason which no one can understand the administrators of the university and the legislators of the state have decided that no damned hippies are going to get anything in Missouri. This is not only over-reacting; it is reacting to something that isn't happening in Missouri at all. There is no real connection between the SDS of Columbia University and the SDS of MU. But the administrators of MU don't seem to realize these simple facts. How do I know? Well, let me tell the rest of my story.

As I said, some people published a small newspaper called the UNDERGROUND FREE PRESS. It wasn't very good; it was a crudzine of the movement. But on the front page of this newspaper the editors did a thing that, in the judgement of the Establishment of the University and of



the state was a horrible thing - a thing that definitely called for prosecution in order that it might be stamped out forever and ever.

What was this horrible thing? The editors printed a picture of justice being raped at the Chicago convention. The actual drawing was somewhat less revealing than the cover of the last issue of PELF. But it didn't matter that the drawing was a political cartoon which in the opinion of many people had more social significance than 90% of the stag movies the local theatre runs on Friday night; it didn't matter that textbooks are used in classes at the University of Missouri that contain political cartoons quite similar to the one published in the FREE PRESS; it didn't matter that the University officially sold in the Student Union copies of such magazines as PLAYBOY which contains pictures and cartoons far more explicit and without social significance than the FREE PRESS - none of these things mattered to the University officials who:

- 1) Had four students arrested for selling the newspaper.
- 2) Gave the police a free hand to clear a crowd which had gathered to protest the arrest (a mass attack by Columbia policemen on students was only narrowly avoided at the last minute).

3) Officially established censorship of students' lives and made it clear that they felt they had such a right and that they could and would use it whenever they wanted to.

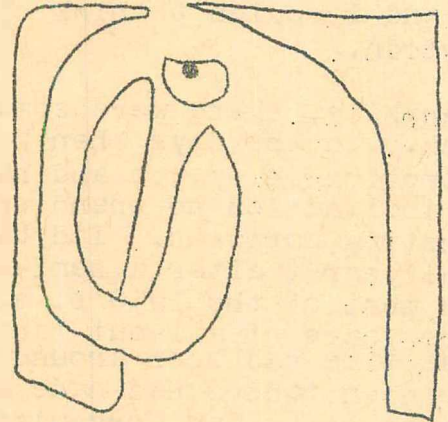
Faculty and students immediately reacted to the arrests and censorship; demonstrations were held, and prominent faculty members vowed to fight the matter all the way to the Supreme Court if necessary.



But the thing that disturbs me is the amount of apathy that exists among most students. I found in talking with students that many of them felt the SDS should be outlawed. They gave no reasons; they just didn't like the idea of those god-damned hippies being in a clean-living state like Missouri. (Apparently the Chancellor of MU agrees with them; by his action a few days ago recognition was withdrawn from the local SDS chapter.) These people don't care; all they've done is repeat the political opinions of their conservative parents without thinking about what they're saying.

The trouble is, of course, when you have some really reactionary people in power they can do terrible things if the people under them let them get away with it. They don't get away with it at Berkeley; they do at Columbia, Mo.

So what's left? The underground, that's what. As I said, I'm not there yet. I don't consider myself to be actively affiliated with any political group on campus, and I haven't been persecuted yet. But I have certain things I wish to say and do and I have things I do believe in. If an administration says these things can't be done, what other path is there? I'm not advocating subversive activity against any type of government - but I am saying that I do not intend to give up my life to some reactionary administrator who lost hold of life long ago. That's why things are getting the way they are.



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## great-slogans-in-history Dept.:

Walt Liebscher, an old-time fan of a quarter-century ago who used to play the piano by ear, was fond of saying "A twonk in time digs nine". We never found out what this meant but we were sure it was most profound because it impressed everyone. At a Los Angeles fan gathering only last year (it may have been a Westercon), Liebscher shambled out of the shadows and up to Bob Bloch idling at the bar. It was an electric moment.

"Great Hugo!" cried the astonished Bloch when he spied the shadowy figure. "Where have you been for the past twenty years?"

"A twonk in time digs nine," Liebscher mumbled.

Mr. Bloch was suitably impressed, and dashed his gin-and-bitters into the grinning face.

He felt safe in this gesture, for he had first made sure another famous old fan face from the hoary past was not there. He sadly remembered an earlier mistake. Once in the long ago, Mr. Bloch had taken umbrage at the other fan and dashed a gin-and-bitters into his face. "You bastard," said Al Ashley.

— 19 bob tucker —

# Most Of My Days Before Yesterday

I don't know what impelled St. Luke or Josephus to write more publicized histories about somewhat older events. But it's easy to pin down the reason why I started to write a fan history. Norm Metcalf suggested it and I couldn't think of a good reason why I shouldn't follow his suggestion.

Meanwhile, there were some excellent reasons why I should tackle the task. In the days when Norm made his suggestion, I'd just received a promotion in my job and had been promised a bigger one soon, so I felt no inclination to spend spare time on professional writing for income-boosting purposes. I'd been reactivated as a full-scale fan for several years, after a semi-gafiation that covered the end of the 1940's and most of the 1950's, and felt myself good for at least two or three more years of all-out fanaticism. Very few other fans who were active at that time had been around as continuously as I'd been, and nobody well known in fandom had made a serious effort to write a general history of fandom since Sam Moskowitz' *THE IMMORTAL STORM*, so there was a nagging suspicion that it might be me or nobody. Most important of all, perhaps, was my dissatisfaction with all the good fan histories that had been created up to then, long and short. They had all emphasized fandom as a power struggle and this seemed wrong to me. Fandom, of all places, is a field where nobody can wield power over more than a fistful of local acolytes, at best. Obviously, fans had fought other fans for control of local clubs and had formed national groups to compete with other national groups, and I felt that they'd made such fools of themselves by these procedures that their activities should get a subordinate place in a history of fandom. I felt the urge to write the kind of fan history that I had always wanted to read.

At that time, at the start of the 1960's, Norm was publishing an excellent fanzine, *NEW FRONTIERS*. We arranged for the history to run serially in that, a chapter per issue. Norm volunteered to work out arrangements for publication in book form, after the whole thing had appeared in his fanzine. I volunteered to rewrite the entire history between fanzine and book publication, incorporating all the corrections and suggestions that I wanted readers to make as they saw the first version.

So I was ready to go to work, and all of a sudden I started to wonder about something. How does one go about writing a history about a tiny group of hobbyists without some kind of framework or general pattern on which to build his manuscript? You can find in a large public library at least a small-scale article or a section of a book dealing with almost any other conceivable subject. But nowhere in the world was there anything remotely like the kind of history of fandom I wanted to write. One or two wise fans almost persuaded me that I should organize the history as a sort of super-Fancyclopedia, alphabetically arranged, for ease of finding what you want to read about. Someone else wanted an



almanac-type narration of events as they happened, one month after the next, almost like a newszine published in hindsight with only the significant news included. I toyed with a modification of this idea, which would have given one chapter to each year, then decided that any such form of systematic organization would cause me to tire of the whole project long before I'd finished it. I eventually settled on a sort of improvised sorting out of events into a few major and some minor groups, plus some consideration of trends, and some reviewing of the general situation, almost like a history of a nation. One thing was settled from the outset: I had no intention of covering the same ground that Moskowitz had written about, because I wasn't active until the 1930's had almost ended, I lacked most of the source materials relating to that era, and most of the fans who were active then were hard to find. So the book would cover the period from 1940, approximately, to the present, 1960 or thereabouts.

Taking notes was another mechanical procedure that provided some puzzles. Jotting down information as it accumulated on 3x5 file cards, then sorting them out alphabetically by subject matter, seemed the logical way to do it. But I'd barely started when I realized that this system would dry up the entire East Coast stock of file cards and force me to waste much time buying or building cabinets to keep them in. Then I started to type out notes on looseleaf binder paper, by topic. This was fine for a little longer, until the number of topics had multiplied so alarmingly that I wasted too much time leafing through these pages to find the right one when I began a note on a new topic, extracted it from the binder, inserted it into the typewriter, removed it, and put it back into its proper place. The eventual process was a messy-looking one that worked quite well as far as time-saving and ease of filing or retrieval of information were concerned. I simply typed out notes on the long sheets of copy paper we use at the office, heading each note with its topic, leaving a couple of empty lines before starting a new topic, and doing nothing with these long sheafs of assorted notes until a whole batch of pages had accumulated. Then, every two weeks or so, I spent a couple of hours clipping apart these notes and pasting them onto the looseleaf pages. It minimized leafing through the binders, after I'd sorted out the stacks of clipped-apart notes alphabetically by topic.

Harry Warner Jr.

In the next couple of years, several things happened. The pages of pasted-up notes began to jam an increasing number of binders, I found my enthusiasm for the project increasing instead of fading as I'd secretly feared, and Norm became so busy that his fanzine publishing suffered. By 1963, I was beginning to write the history and fans in various areas were starting to tell me that there would never be another NEW FRONTIERS for the history to appear in. This was upsetting, even though it was countered by the discovery that I had invented almost exactly the same note-taking system that another diligent historian used. John Gunther filed his clipped-apart notes in large envelopes instead of pasting them onto binder paper, but that was the only real difference between our methods.

This situation caused me to wonder if I should call the project INSIDE FANDOM. I also thought of JOSEPH FANN AND HIS BROTHERS, after the

Thomas Mann novels, or AND THEN THERE WERE FANS, in an effort to draw a parallel between fandom and Eric Frank Russell's society. I regret to say that I never did make up my mind. ALL OUR YESTERDAYS became the eventual title through a sort of tacit agreement which nobody ever really made out loud. I'd been using that title for a history column in fanzines for many years.

Eventually, Norm published just one chapter of the history in a 1964 edition of NEW FRONTIERS. By the time it was distributed, I'd already decided to withdraw the manuscript, and the lack of reaction to that chapter in fandom as a whole caused me to wonder if I shouldn't forget the whole project. Remarkably few people mentioned to me their reactions to the chapter. I don't know if it was a bad chapter, or if that issue didn't get widely distributed, or if most comments were direct to Norm. Then Advent: Publishers got interested. Someone in the firm managed to soothe both Norm and me, and I signed a contract to provide Advent with a history of fandom.

By now, it was obvious that I could never cover the entire twenty years of fandom's history in a single volume of the size that would be economically feasible. Besides, the time between 1940 and the present had increased by 25%, so there went any thoughts of creating a history that would be virtually up to date. I decided to restrain myself to the 1940's, with just as much attention to preceding and succeeding events as convenience dictated.

By early 1965, I'd completed most of the first volume and also acquired a new set of worries. Earl Kemp, who had been working with me for Advent, moved from Chicago to California and retired from the firm. I had the awful foreboding that Earl was Advent, as far as interest in the fan history was concerned. Fortunately, Ed Wood took over the editing duties, and I found that by 1966, we'd organized the entire first volume far enough to draw up a semi-firm table of contents. Then things bogged down again, from Advent's standpoint, and I didn't even bother to inquire what the trouble might be. By now I was positive that Sam Moskowitz had arranged with providence to be fandom's sole and exclusive historian and that inescapable, inexplicable circumstances would make it impossible for me or anyone else to publish a book-length work, thanks to Sam's influence on the workings of fate.

Then I went to the Nycon in 1967 and met Ed for the first time. He broke the news that I was getting a new editor, in the form of George Price, and that publication would now go forward after all these delays. All during 1968, George and I corresponded about various fine points in the long-completed manuscript, and as this is written, the book is supposed to emerge from the print shop Real Soon Now, in a matter of weeks. Maybe it'll be out by the time you read this.

I'm grateful to Advent for bailing me out and keeping alive a project which would have probably been stillborn without the firm. I'm not listing this outline of the delays to put Advent in a bad light; I'm simply anxious to make it clear to fandom in general that I'd finished my work years ago. After the twentieth time I read a reference in recent years to how long it was taking me to write the book, I began to wonder if I really had completed that manuscript. I hope everyone will rush out and buy a lot of copies of the history, so Advent won't regret undertaking a manuscript that appeals to a more inner-circle type of fan than most of



the firm's titles.

My original thought that the work should appear in fanzines first, for greater accuracy of the book version, may not have been too justified. A few sections of the book have been reviewed by people whom they concern, and the corrections those individuals have supplied have been few enough and minor enough to cause me to believe that the level of accuracy is fairly high. Of course, if I wrote the history of the 1940's today, I would do it a little differently, but I'm not too dissatisfied with the way I wrote it five years ago. The delay helped in one respect. I mellowed a trifle over the years, and expurgated a few items from the manuscript that would have served only to embarrass individuals without any real cause. I know that a long-ago fan got written up in the New York tabloids for molesting a little boy and a more recent fan spent a term in prison that caused temporary gaffiation and a couple of fringe-fans were communists and whores. There were other things that had more effect on fandom than those juicy morsels so they got tossed in the garbage pail where I should have relegated them in the first place. I hope older fans don't think they're missing because I don't know those things.

Regrets? One is that I didn't try to list in this first volume all the fans who helped me. I put it off until the history of the 1950's appears, and a lot of deserved egoboo won't exist if I drop dead too soon. Some fans went to untold amounts of trouble for me. One got Ackerman to fill a reel of tape with his memories. An Australian filled nine or ten single-spaced pages with a detailed, orderly account of events down there from a time which had previously been opaque to North Americans. Others were generous with searching their own memories or sending ancient correspondence or files of rare fanzines. I don't dare to mention any by name here, because it would be unfair to those I don't name.

Another regret is that I failed to include a chapter on prozine letter sections. I didn't exactly forget or choke up over the task. I thought it would be better to describe the prozine letterhacks and their influence on fandom in a chapter of the second volume, since there wasn't much difference in those letter sections over the years. Moreover, it might be simpler to work out arrangements for reprinting extracts of this copyrighted material if it's all in one volume. But it may look as if I just didn't know about the letter sections as a recruiting grounds and tradition-source.

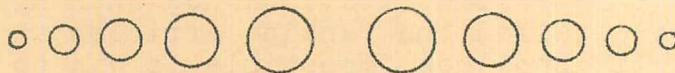
Finally, not exactly a regret, but rather a sorrowful fear, is that fandom will have the wrong idea on what the history is like. I've been writing ALL OUR YESTERDAYS for QUIP and doing a serialized biography of Willis in WARHOON and some other historical items for other fanzines. Now and then a fan reacts to these with the remark that they make him more than ever anxious to see the fan history. I keep wondering: will that fan be horribly disillusioned when he opens the book and finds how much more detailed the fanzine articles are than the book? A moment's thought will show how impossible it was to cover so much ground as the book required in great detail. Giving three or four pages to each important fanzine of the 1940's would have filled the book completely. Or I could have filled a 300-page book simply by publishing all the biographical information I had about prominent fans of that decade. Obviously, any such procedure would have created much greater disappointments in purchasers than the more inclusive, less detailed philosophy that I adopted. But I hope that the fanzine contributions don't cause bad reviews for the book, or from another aspect, I hope old-time fans

understand that there just wasn't room to give more than a passing mention to a lot of active, valuable fans of that day. I refused to lure purchasers by giving a lot of space to people simply in the hope they would purchase out of flattery over getting the space.

Assuming that the book is on sale by the time you read this, what happens next? I'm not sure. The contract that I signed with Advent (really a memorandum of agreement) refers to "a two-volume fan history". So technically, I suppose I'm doomed to write another volume about the 1950's, if the first volume sells in sufficient quantities to keep Advent interested. When I feared the book would never get published, about three years ago, I stopped doing research and halted the practice of taking notes from new fanzines. Much, probably most, of the preliminary work is done on the 1950's, but I really should dig hard for a while before trying to write any of the second volume. Things have gone wrong with my job, and I'm on the verge of quitting it, which would give me more spare time for fan history writing, but until I do make the break, I have an awful urge to devote a lot of spare time to writing several novels instead of the history. One thing is definite: my fanzine letterhacking will undergo an almost complete halt if and when I go to work on the history of the 1950's. I'm barely about to keep up with letterhack duties now, and they'll never survive the loss of a couple dozen hours of spare time every week to fan history work.

There are just two other things about the fan history that you would never guess from reading this book. Unless I haven't looked closely enough at the proofs, George Price didn't give himself credit for doing a job that I could never have accomplished, no matter how hard I tried. He indexed the volume. I don't have the kind of willpower that would enable me to do this kind of work, even though I had no real trouble forcing myself to spend hundreds and thousands of hours on researching and writing the book itself.

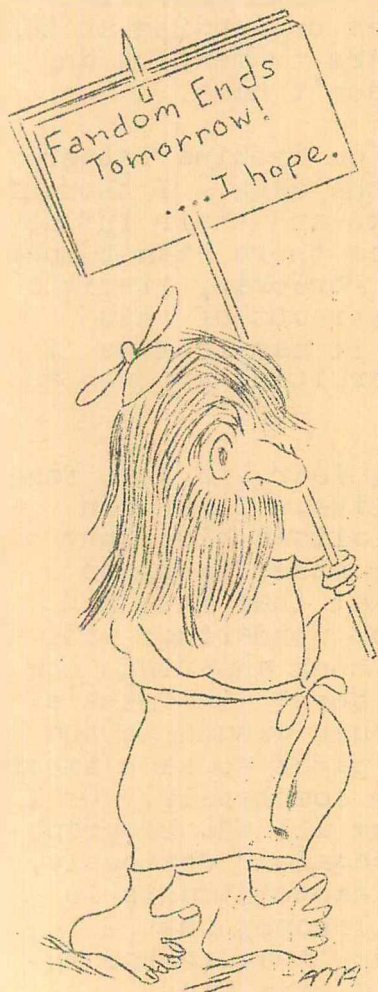
The other matter: this will be fandom's first big chance in many years to see non-first draft writing from my typewriter. I can recall only one other item in more than a decade which was published from a second draft after I'd revised the first. That was one chapter of the Willis biography. If you think that the fan history has a different style, now that you know it isn't first draft, I challenge you to figure out which chapter of the Willis biography got rewritten.



POOR PONG'S PROVERBS

Bob Tucker

A fake fan cannot bite.  
Drunken one-shots come easier than craftsmanship.  
I fear the Statler-Hilton, even when bearing gifts.





# PELFRINGS



DAVID GERROLD: Maybe I'm too sensitive on the subject, but it seems too many zines are too fan-oriented; i.e. every other sentence is about fans - as if there is nothing else in the world. Period.

They say that big minds discuss ideas, small minds discuss people. I get bored with articles about people - especially people I don't know. (And when it's people I do know, I tend to be very critical if it is not entirely accurate.)

Personally, I prefer to read an interesting discussion of some new concept. (Believe it or not, I enjoy John W. Campbell's editorials. Even if he is THE MAN WHO VOTED FOR WALLACE.)

Although, on the other hand, I suppose a certain amount of interfan backscratching is unavoidable. But it bores me. (Which perhaps could indicate some great flaw in my personality. But I doubt it.)

Anyway, what I am getting at is that I enjoyed Tina Hensel's article (even if she is against anthologies) a lot more than the various comments on which fan is doing what. (And to whom.) To be perfectly fair, though, PELF does not commit this grudge as much as certain other zines which somehow continue to find their way into my hands.

Editorial comments set off thus, this issue. We try to have something for everybody. We would be perfectly happy for you to submit the kind of material you'd like to read in PELF. - DGH

RICK SNEARY: I feel about card players, at fan meetings/parties, the way Juanita feels about people who smoke. I don't mind how they waste their time when they aren't around me, but when I'm there the least they could do would be to have stimulating conversations, hairy arguments, drunken brawls, or something else worth remembering.

I do not think I know any LASFS members who can leap tall buildings at a single bound...though there are a few who think they can... (That is not meant to imply that I am not as impressed with LASFSians as D.L., but that I don't think they are as far out as suggested. Though I do know a couple who crash into buildings...)

I've been mildly asthmatic all my life, too, but never with a serious problem in breathing, unless I was already too sick to be anywhere else but in bed. Smoke doesn't bother me too much - though I am troubled by the problem of finding what Law of Science it is that causes smoke to always drift from the smoker to the non-smoker. This happens to the extent that if a non-smoker is seated between two smokers, the smoke will blow his way from both directions at the same time. This observation has been made by several non-smokers, so it is not just I who live in a mild vacuum.

RICK SNEARY continues:

A great problem about writing LoC's is that few of your writers say anything you can comment on. What can one say about poems? If you say they're good, they want to know "what was good?"...and if you say they were bad, you're horrid. Chatty little columns about mini-skirts, owls, beer coasters, and old player pianos make interesting reading, but they don't give one much of a foothold on ideas. There have been some recent remarks made about the poor letter response to ODD. It is a large and supposedly impressive fanzine, boasting lots of good material. But few people write letters. And some ask why. They should ask an old letter-hack. A fat fanzine, with large amounts of artwork, fiction, and poetry, is the hardest thing to comment on. Especially if it is any good. (If it is bad enough you can always blaze away at it) PELF isn't that bad, but it doesn't grab you up short and start your typing hand twitching. You need someone taking a firm stand on something...preferably someone's sore toe. Then half your readers will dislike you, but you will get lots of letters.

I agree with Buck that part of the trouble with TAFF is the decline of outstanding candidates. I think this is partly due to a change in fandom. When I entered fandom there was very little question as to who were the top ten fans. Most acti-fans were in contact with each other, and the outstanding ones were known to everyone (Ackerman, Tucker, Speer, Laney, Rothman, etc...). Now, fandom has grown so large that few of even the most active are known as widely by the other active fans. Someone who is big in one area or one apa may be little known in another. Most of those that have made it have also either stood for TAFF already, or long since given up any thought of it. This is no reason that support for TAFF should be lessened, nor does it imply that the people who stand for TAFF are any less worthy - just that it is harder to be well known.

Take the current TAFF candidates: Eddie Jones and Bob Shaw. Both must be better known to fans of ten years back than to the new breed. Both are good men. Shaw was one of the highlights of the Wheels of IF, and one of the funniest writers of a very funny crew, but he hasn't appeared in fanzines much in the past few years. Not since he returned from working in Canada and visiting the Solacon. Jones, like Stiles, has appeared in fanzines regularly for years, but has not had much "written" material appear. His activity in the Order of St. Fantasy and British Cons hasn't brought him too much attention on this side, either. So you have two good men, who have contributed a lot of enjoyment to many fans over a long number of years. But if you aren't old and tired, you may not know much about them. (Urging them to write letters and publish articles doesn't help. You can't get English fans even to appear to be running.) Maybe Steve's trip report, coming out in installments, will get more interest. Or maybe Noah Ward should run for TAFF, and conduct an outstandingly muddy campaign that would get everyone so mad that they would rush out and defeat him.

⚡I suspect that maybe Nature abhors a smoke-vacuum, so that smoke drifts toward those people not already saturated with it. - DGH⚡

HARRY WARNER, JR.: I was immediately fascinated by the front cover, which is entirely different from any ATom art I can recall, not as distinctly ATom as most of his work, but still different in a good way from all the hundreds of previous illustrations by others with this sort of subject matter.

Even before fans began to show longer hair and fondness for drugs, I'd thought that rebellion was the only real common factor among fans. If that guess was right, it would explain why so many fans are joining the protest group. It seemed to me that fans were individuals whose rebellious instincts didn't emerge as revolutionary activities but rather as dissatisfaction with the present - thus the interest in science fiction, usually coupled with some other evidence of rebellion, whether it took the form of

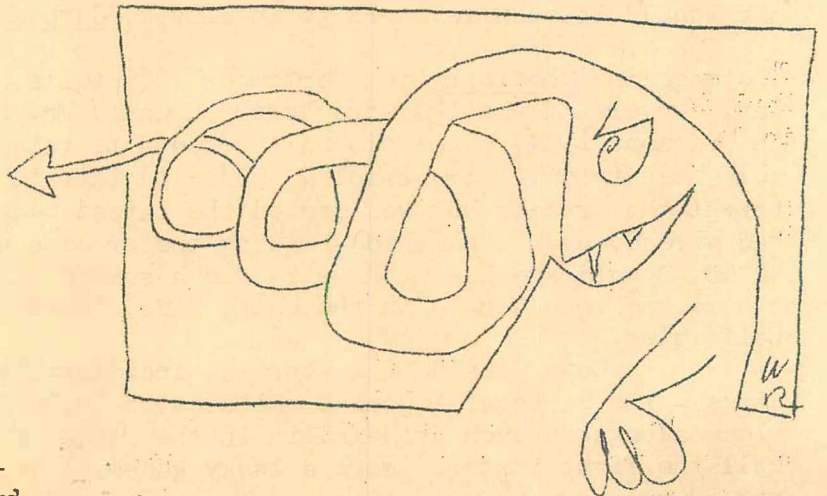


inability to get along with parents of showed up in a refusal to utilize for profit-making purposes their writing or singing or thinking talents. I probably would feel ill at ease for an hour or so around the LASFS members who affect the outward evidences of rebellion, simply because most of the kids around Hagerstown who look that way do it from monkey-see, monkey-do impulses and I'm as unhappy around them as when I must sit through a Rotary meeting. It didn't take me long to feel comfortable around the hippie-looking fans at the Nycon and I imagine that I'd react the same in Los Angeles.

I'm also a non-smoker, and I feel an awful impulse a dozen times a day to be as blunt as Juanita sometimes is. But it's a borderline case, whether the discomfort that I feel when others bother me with their smoking is justification for me to try to interfere with their freedom to smoke where it isn't prohibited by law. One of the minor factors that has caused me to prepare to quit my regular job soon is the obvious impossibility of asking the other people who work in my office not to smoke on the job. It's a reasonably small room, air conditioners run only on hot days, and most of the year there's a trapped fog of smoke that causes me to finish each night's work with at least a mild headache and smarting eyes. I control the problem of smoking in my home in the simplest way: I leave nothing in sight that could possibly be used as an ashtray, and when a visitor insists on smoking I fumble around and come up with some utterly unsatisfactory substitute. This discourages all but the most obsessive smokers. Eating in public is probably my biggest problem, because once I'm served, it's difficult to get out of a jetstream of smoke. At a lunch counter I try to ignore it unless it's one of those terrible individuals who sits on the next stool and turns directly toward you to smoke instead of facing the other side of the counter; him I glare at. The possible physical harm that a non-smoker could suffer from people smoking around him is something I've often wondered about. I hope someone is doing research on it.

Most of the time I've felt skeptical about claims that inventions are inspired by science fiction stories. Isn't it more likely that both the stories and the inventions were inspired by a common source, the writings and findings of other scientists? I have a few issues of the old Gernsback Science and Invention, and they probably contain ten accurate predictions to every one correct guess you'll find in Gernsback's science fiction magazines. However, the whole matter should be investigated thoroughly in one respect. Maybe I'll be the one, if time ever permits, to do the obvious thing: go through a couple of hundred old prozines, list all the inventions and processes and procedures that are predicted in them, and calculate what proportion came true in part or in whole. Then write down all the new things that

have emerged in reality since those prozine prozines were issued, and try to figure out what proportion of those were predicted in any science fiction story. Who, for instance, put into a story a flash unit that measures the distance to the object that is being photographed and shines just long enough to give the right amount of exposure to that object? You can buy one today for about a hundred bucks. I'd like to know more details about that one, Harry. I know they have shutters on cameras that stay open till they've collected enough light, but I never heard of a variable-duration flash like that. If they exist, I'd like to know about it for professional reasons. - DGH



HARRY WARNER continues:

If there's some deep-seated psychological function of the collecting instinct, why is it that so many people don't collect for a while and then quit collecting after a few years elapse? I collected stamps until I was about twelve years old. A few years later I started to collect prozines and stopped around 1950. In the past three or four years I've begun to collect paperback science fiction books. I've been collecting records seriously since about 1955. I can't find any great changes in my other activities or life that would cause the subconscious to turn on and off its demands on that schedule. When I ask myself why I collect, I usually answer: Because this is a big house in which there's ample room for stuff so it's silly to throw it away; because I have more money than I need now and I'd better buy up stuff faster than I can absorb it in preparation for a future in which I may be unable to afford much; because I live in a small town where I can't enjoy these things by the simple procedure of going to the public library or concert hall whenever I please; because I write things for fanzines and if I can collect, for instance, all of Arthur C. Clarke's books, I'll be able someday to write a half-dozen articles that should be written, about premonitions in them of 2001, about the degree of accuracy with which he saw into the future, about common factors between his space and sea stories; because...but isn't the bottom of a page merciful at times?

MAGGIE THOMPSON: Tina Hensel is curious to hear about ideas being advanced in stf prior to actual development in a concrete and usable form? In the wonderful world of comic books, there are a couple of incidents along these lines...

The October 1965 issue of Walt Disney's Comics and Stories contains a brief article, "Donald Duck, Scientist Deluxe". It tells of an instance in a story from the May 1944 WDC&S entitled "The Mad Chemist". In the story, Donald says, "If I mix  $CH_2$  with  $NH_4$  and boil the atoms in osmotic fog, I should get speckled nitrogen!" Twenty years later, Richard Greenwald of Harvard University's Chemistry Department wrote the Disney Studios:

Whoever wrote Donald, "The Mad Chemist" certainly was way ahead of his (or her) time, for he (or she) has described some remarkable chemical substances. One of these which has been found to exist,  $CH_2$ , is a reactive compound called carbene. Recent developments in chemistry have focused much attention to species of this sort. Without getting technical let me just say that carbenes can be made but not isolated; i.e. they cannot be put into a jar and kept on the shelf. They can, however, be made to react with other substances. Donald was using carbene in just such a manner, many years before "real chemists" thought to do so. And Donald is even referred to in a book, Carbene Chemistry, by Dr. Kirmse.

The magazine Chemistry for September 1966 tells, moreover, of a poor Danish inventor, Karl Krøyer. I use the word "poor" because Mr. Krøyer was denied a patent. Seems in December 1964, he developed a process to raise a sunken ship - by pumping expandable polystyrene foam (2% solid, 98% air) into it until it floated. He wanted to patent the process but was denied the patent because a "preliminary description" had already been published - making the process unpatentable. In the May 1949 WDC&S, Donald and his nephews raised a sunken ship by forcing ping-pong balls down a hose and into a hole in the ship's side, thereby fouling up Krøyer a decade and a half later.

Both Donald Duck stories, incidentally, were written and drawn by Carl Barks - the cartoonist genius who created Uncle Scrooge. I'd say he has earned his place alongside such as Heinlein in the ranks of scientific prognosticators. (I'd call the first instance more a lucky guess, like Swift's two moons of Mars - but the second was a worthy invention to be sure. - DGH)



ROY TACKETT: I had intended to send an LoC on #5 but time slipped away and I wasn't too sure it wasn't a one-shot. And there is PELF 6 Imagine that. Never really expected it, you know. Shall we get along with the coments? Why not?

"What," you say, "you may ask, is the new PELF policy?" (Gad, but Speer would tear that to shreds. Look at the quotation marks I left out.) Let us consider this for the moment. This is a highly significant question. I may even turn it into a New Wave novel. Highly significant. But then, it can't really be a New Wave novel, can it? Not, ah, colorful enough, as it were, so to speak.

Nevertheless, as Professor Corey would say, nevertheless...say, did you catch Professor Corey telling about the time he ran for President? His program was "soak the poor". We all know that the rich get richer and the poor get poorer and this is only logical, he said, because in order for the rich to get richer the poor have to get poorer. His program, he said, was to take it away from the poor before the rich got it. Wonderful man, Professor Corey. It bothers me a bit at times, though for I seem to understand him.

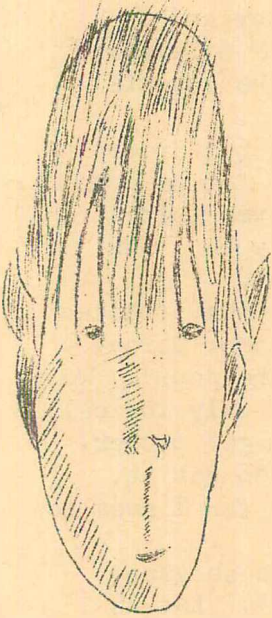
Nevertheless I do want to say a word or two about these abominations you describe, Hulan, that is, and refer to as "Blackguard Poker". Let us clarify one point, first...you refer to a poker "game". Poker, suh, is not, by any conceivable stretch of the imagination, a "game". Poker is, well, sir, by dammitall, poker is poker. Five card draw, jacks or better to open, and that's all there is to it. One may allow an occasional hand of five card stud for variety and amusement but none of the other things you describe are poker. Children's games, yes, but not poker. (Aha! Take note, Len offatt, we've found another poker player. One more and we'll have enough for a game. - DGL.) (I'll agree with you that Blackguard Poker isn't Poker - even the players of it admit that - and that Poker isn't a "game". The thing is that penny-ante, dime-limit isn't Poker no matter what rules you play on hands, because the essential element of Poker - the element of money management - just isn't there. In theory it is, but when you can sit there and call all bets all night and even on a really bad night end up maybe ten bucks down on the outside, it's hard to work up much interest in the money when an average date costs you twice that. And while the decision of how to handle your declaration on a straight flush wheel in Escalator may not require the chutzpah of the decision of whether to bet the family homestead on four jacks in five-card draw, it's equally open to skillful judgment. You'll find these games aren't simple, nor especially wild when played by people who know them well. I'd rather play the Blackguard game for pennies than Poker - and in fact I'd rather not play Real Poker the way it should be played; I'm free to admit that I'm not good enough. - DGH)

Pith and Droll, yourself, Dave Locke. To us natives there is no such thing as an ex-Easterner. Who was speaking of ducks? Why? Oh, yes, I was speaking of ducks in FAPA to Elinor Busby. I was thinking about new years and old routines ("I would give the world to start all over, back in the old routine...") and, of course, there are differences. Some are slight, particularly for those of us who are hiding out as respectable middle-class citizens, but there are differences. Frinstance, I had figured that this year would be pretty much the same as 1968 but surprise!, I find myself with a promotion and a new job. And the fruit trees may actually produce some fruit this year...that'll be different. (And I'm still wondering about those ducks...-DGH)

Your comments on long hair and drugs would seem to indicate that something has deteriorated. Time was when we made our "escape" into science fiction stories. Obviously this no longer serves so either the stories have gone downhill...or the fans have.

By gad, I see nothing unusual about turning down the TV audio and substituting the radio audio when an event, such as football, is simulcast. The quality of TV announcing is generally so poor that it is logical to shut those bums off.

ROY TACKETT continues:



Let's get along here. Len Moffatt's "Ballad of the Ape Man" was quite enjoyable. And Tim Kirk's cartoons added greatly to the enjoyment.

Poor Juanita, she do have a problem. Her overly dramatic complaint about us smokers reminds me of some of the prohibitionist tracts of an earlier year. Watch it, man, they failed with booze...now they are after our tobacco. But, yes, as a typical - and heavy - smoker I remain unconvinced that smoking is as hazardous as some would have us believe. After all, "I've smoked 'em all my life and I ain't dead yet." I remember my grandpappy saying that he'd heard that every cigarette one smoked cut X many minutes off the smoker's life and he figured that if he hadn't smoked he'd probably live to a ripe old age. Grandpappy was 89 when he made that observation. He died at 101. His motorcycle was run off the road by a woman driver. She was a nonsmoker. Juanita lets her obsolete Freudian study come to the fore with her comments about smoking being a substitute for mama. I had some other comments on her article but I think I'll cut them short and quote Kipling who

summed it up rather well: "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." ~~I think you're putting us on about Grandpappy's motorcycle - but I can quote my own great-grandpappy, on his 105th birthday, saying "There's no telling how long I would've lived if I'd just left liquor and tobacco alone." I'll admit he didn't smoke cigarettes, though - just pipes, cigars, chewed, and dipped snuff. Maybe it's the cigarette paper that does it... - DGH~~

Hey, here's some genuine Edco doodles.

He's a dirty old man, you know. Ogles miniskirted secretaries. Watches the lasses asses as it were. Dirty old man.

Tina Hensel brings up one of my favorite subjects. One of these years, about 2000, or 1999, there will be an assortment of polls to pick the Man of the Century. And it will probably end up being some politician. My own choice is H.G.Wells.

Consider that before Wells, who was not a scientist but certainly a man of science, began writing his scientific romances, science was looked on as something akin to black magic or else as a dry and dusty subject fit only for dry and dusty scholars. Wells changed all that. He popularized science and instilled the desire to be scientists in a great many young men. Scientific romance became science fiction and it still inspired the young.

We are at a stage of scientific development today that thirty or forty years ago it was assumed we would not reach until at least the 21st Century. (Gawd, that's a convoluted sentence.) Fortunately the kids who read SF 30, 40, 50 years ago were not patient enough to wait for the 21st Century. We dreamed about the "world of tomorrow" and we're now living in it. Tomorrow is here. And mainly because those silly kids who read SF couldn't wait for SF to become reality so they went out and made it so.

It's a pity that sociologists and politicians weren't stf enthusiasts because we've just begun to emerge from the 19th Century in those areas. Maybe the current generation will take care of that problem.

~~You could be right, but I don't think so. Science as a major force in the world was on the rise even before Wells. Wells - and SF in general - were probably significant forces in the popularization of science, but I think the two World Wars and the Cold War have had more to do with it, by demonstrating pretty clearly the advantages to a nation of being ahead or others in science. Others are of course free to disagree. - DGH~~



Pelferings, eh? Owell. TAFF...well, maybe one of the reasons for lack of enthusiasm is that the candidates have been for the past couple of times fans who are not as active as they once were. Consider the last campaign here. The candidates were Brother Edco, Stiles, and, hmmm, Johnstone, wasn't it? Edco is far from the active fan he once was. At the time he stood for TAFF his activity was confined mostly to FAPA and SAPS and a visit to the LASFS {a rare visit - DGH}. He wasn't well known among the younger types at all. Johnstone also was past his peak in activity and was unknown to new fans. Stiles they recognized from his illos in assorted fanzines. (Con fans may get the benefit of TAFF but fmzfans elect them.)

Consider the present two candidates. Bob Shaw used to have some fine stuff in HYPHEN among other things but hasn't really done any fanac in several years. Same for Eddie Jones - he has been relatively inactive of late. More logical candidates would be Pete Weston or Leigh Edmonds or John Bangsund or Carl Brandon, Jr. (whoever he may be) {Jean-Henri Holmberg - DGH}. If the nominators insist on resurrecting fans from the past they should make every effort to get them active again a year or so before time. Look at the success of the Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund. It was well planned and all parties cooperated. Eddie Jones? Who he? Bob Shaw? Oh, yes, he wrote "Light of Other Days". But why should I pay a pro to come over?

RUTH BERMAN: Hmm...I wonder where I fit on the DGL building-leaping scale? Speaking of paint-by-numbers and more than you want to know about Star Trek - did you know that there's a Star Trek p-by-n? Really. It has a somewhat more than typically ugly group of numbers, although a very pretty cover photo.

Juanita's article seems a bit pointless. Nothing stops smokers - certainly not a neatly-written essay on how annoying they are to others - except personal decision (and sometimes not that - cf. Mark Twain's "It's easy to stop smoking. I've done it hundreds of times."), generally triggered by something close to home. My father stopped smoking some 20 years ago, when my oldest brother got to an age to start, because he decided it was time to set a good example. Worked, too. None of us smoke. I suspect that over the course of the next couple of decades, people will stop smoking cigarettes pretty close to entirely. And no doubt legalize marijuana, whereupon some dedicated scientist will research that and discover that introducing to your lungs a cloud of burnt-up bits of marijuana is just as bad for them as tars and nicotine (smoke of any kind certainly looks as if it's bad for your innards), and we can start the whole cycle over.

VIOLA LOCKE: Just read PELF 6. I first admired my artwork (if I didn't no one else would), and wished I could claim credit for the cover illo - it was good! Tina's back cover was neat too.

Not being a Fan - only the ancient mother of one - I can only claim to having waded through countless SF mags all the early years of my youth, and to having got one short weird tale published way back when. I guess you could call me a "Has-been Fan" - hence this letter of comment.

D.H.'s

discussion re: poker, and the various ways it is played, was most interesting. There are few card games I haven't played, but he described a couple of wild ones I have never heard of. I only wish he had spoken a kind word for the game of Pinochle - now there's a good game. (DGL - no comment please!) {But I presume I may? Thankew. I didn't mention pinochle because the only local fans I know of who play it are the Moffatts. I played some when I was a kid, but haven't for donkey's years. I do remember it as being a good game, inferior to bridge but superior to most other card games I've tried. But it's fairly tough to find a game. - DGH}

The

poetry throughout was fairly good - let's have more of that and less of long-winded articles on Smoking. We get enough of that Bull on TV, newsmedia, and junk mail;

why spoil a good zine with it? No matter how you slice it, people will make their own choice and personally I'd rather smell smoke than the stench of a Hippie. As I said - everyone to their own choice! One thing the objecter JC mentioned was using her tax money, second paragraph; hogwash, honey, the taxes come from cigarette sales, or are you a Q.T. buyer?

✂I should mention, to be fair to Juanita, that she hadn't intended to write an article. With her permission, "Where There's Smoke" was put together from two lengthy letters she had written me. It appears, judging from the response, that it was worthwhile doing so. - DGL✂

Miniskirts was cutely written - a sort of "Man's-Eye View". (Sorry I'm too old to wear them, but I do remember the roaring 20's - bless them!)

After reading R. Coulson's article, I realized why JC doesn't smoke! No room for ashtrays. I collect old cigarette butts - any market on them yet?

I loved "It Was a Very Good Year" - the last paragraph fits me to a T. I'd like more of that sort of thing, DGH - Please.

So ends the PELF 6, but then I think...if I hadn't bought a certain young man his first SF mag...encouraged him to write and draw...contended with thousands of books and mags on SF...then PELF would never have been written in the first place. If you don't believe it read the next issues of PELF - I'm going to.

A BELATED COMMENT TO RUTH BERMAN FROM DGL INADVERTENTLY OMITTED BY DGH: I doubt that cigarette smoking will ever go out of style. And history tells us that it's improbable that smoking can be legislated out of existence. What amuses me, however, is that cigarette sales soared when the first cancer scares started. I have no doubt that smoking is detrimental in some ways (less sense of taste and smell, for instance), but experts in any and every field related to the study of the effects of smoking on health have so completely shot down the cancer and heart scares due to there being not only a lack of proof but even a lack of reasonable statistics, that this leads me to wonder if cigarette sales will go down when this news is no longer suppressed in the general news-media, and no longer relegated to the scientific journals. Will people be so relieved they won't feel a need to smoke so much any more?

TINA HENSEL: Fingers having thawed, I once again take typer in hand to write an LoC. Actually, this is really only an excuse to send a poison pen letter to Edco, who had the nerve to take my cute little owl home, but who didn't have the guts to tell me to my face that he didn't want the stinking thing. Though I really can't blame him; who, when faced with an owl-mad wife and a determined Tina, would have the nerve to say "Get ye gone, and take your accursed owl with you"? Oh, well.

Now, on to the comments on your incredibly groovy fanzine. (Any zine that has an article of mine has to be groovy.)

DGL: A write by number kit is a great idea, but you forgot to keep up with the times. Your five steps to an SF novel read like one of the E.E. Smith or Robt. Moore Williams wonders. What about the "New Wave"? My four steps to an SF novel follow:

- 1) Protag. is a musical triangle player with a rock band. Meets gorgeous hermaphrodite in Central Park. It has problem.
- 2) Protag. is disillusioned SF television show producer. Meets alien intellectual at a pot party. They both have problem.



- 3) Protag. is Terran spy sent to destroy alien culture. It turns out to be better than Terran culture, but he destroys it anyway. This takes place in the first three pages of the book. Rest of novel is an inside view of his catatonic state, caused by guilt feelings.
- 4) Protag. is a mad poet, with one foot in the 4th dimension. Keeps slipping back and forth in time. Problem is, he can't write worth beans, but keeps littering 300 years with his crud.

Style examples: Delany: Ribbon prints half red, half black letters.  
 Zelazny: Ribbon prints heavy unrelieved black.  
 McCracken: Ribbon only prints lower half of letters. Upper half does not register on paper.  
 Ballard: Letters are very faint red, in Olde English script.  
 Brunner: Starts out unrelieved black, but by end of book letters are all unrelieved red.

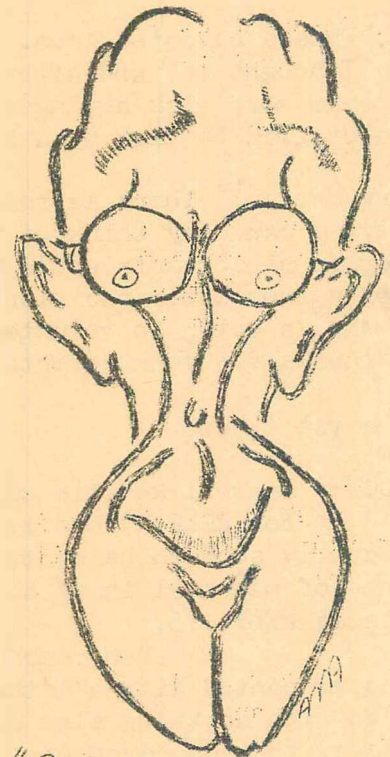
Inventive writer plots out novel as follows:

A disillusioned SF TV producer meets gorgeous intellectual alien hermaphrodite at a pot party, where the alien plays the musical triangle for an acid rock band. The alien also writes bad poetry, while eliminating rival cultures with a machine that causes catatonia in the members of said culture. However, TV producer is really a Terran spy, who can travel in the 4th dimension due to genetic alterations caused by secret development of Super-activated LSD-laced pot. Producer talks alien into submitting some of his atrocious poetry to an advanced magazine called Crawfather, and alien is such a success with poetry that he/she/it can't bear the thought of ending Terra and losing only audience for poetry output. Therefore, happy ending.

⚡No, I didn't forget to "keep up with the times". Write-by-number kits, like paint-by-number kits, must offer a wide variety of themes to the consumer. Presumably Elvin Sprig, in picking up a Science Fiction Adventure Write-By-Number Kit, displayed a fondness for that particular type of material. You have given us a New Wave W-B-N Kit. Maybe someone will send us a kit for creating a Heroic Fantasy, Time Travel, or End Of The World science fiction novel. Since one of our editorial policies is not to write the whole zine ourselves, I decided not to do it all... - DGL⚡

I enjoyed the Tarzan parody, especially the illos. It was nice to see Tarzan portrayed as a dumb looking brute. I ALWAYS thought that he was incredibly stupid. "Me Tarzan," indeed!

⚡Something he never said either in the books or in Len's parody. You might not like the books - they're not to everyone's taste - but certainly the character of Tarzan was not stupid in the book. On the contrary, he spoke a dozen languages with fluency, was an able military tactician, and



"But what makes you think I've got sex on my mind, doctor?"

in general exhibited a very high level of intelligence. If you can't stand Burroughs himself, I recommend Dick Lupoff's excellent book ERB: Master of Adventure to at least dispell misconceptions (I don't agree with all his opinions, but his facts are accurate as far as I know). - DGH

Juanita: I smoke, but having lived in a house with an asthmatic I don't smoke around people who have this problem. I know that there are clods who do, whilst carefully ignoring your anguished gasps for breath, but there are some of us smokers who do understand and who don't smoke around such as you, if we are aware of your problem. Don't judge all smokers by the few pigs that you were unfortunate enough to run into.

Unlike Buck, I don't collect things. They collect me. Actually they simply ooze in the door and find a dark place (like the closet) and start madly breeding. Pretty soon I realize that I am once again being invaded by an evil alien life form, and I rush right over and start cramming junk into the wastebasket. But no sooner do I get the crud out of the house than the infernally clever things again begin arrovelling in the mail box. I know that I am doomed, but I continue my Herculean labots and attempt to muck out the stables. However, it has finally dawned on me that I AM NOT WINNING. Some one of these days my horrified neighbors will find me, done to death in some hideous fashion by the ubiquitous crud.

DGH: I enjoyed all the parodies, but since you already had shown me most of them, and having already made admiring noises, I am not going to administer to your ego in public. Besides, everybody knows that egoboo rots the mind and depletes the precious bodily fluids. You wouldn't want that to happen, would you? ~~I'd risk it.~~ - DGH

Phoebe: Why the heck don't you have a colating party? I'd come, especially if you had free beer. (Even for Brew 102 I'd come.) It's a promise, and I always keep my promises, or most of them, anyway.

~~OK~~, Phoebe buys the idea. But no 102 beer. I didn't realize how bad it was at the time I bought it, and after I wound up drinking all but the can you took I decided to never more risk buying an untried brand. However, if you'll work that cheaply we'd be glad to pick up a six-pac of 102 beer just for you... - DGL

Ben Solon and Harry Warner: There is really not a great deal to be said about TAFF. Unfortunately, I can only think of two comments to make, and I sustect that a great many other fans' comments would sound quite similar. 1) Where the Hell are the famous reports from later recipients? 2) Yes, it needs hard-working fans to keep it going, but who is going to volunteer for a tough job with no recognition and precious little thanks for your efforts?

Edco: Both your article and letter were fun, even if you are a rat fink.

ED COX: Seems like this ought to be 1976 or thereabouts (just short of the deadline for PELF 7) but it is so damned soon after number six that it's nigh unto indecently soon to be writing a letter-of-comment already. Not that there isn't plenty of material in #6 commentable. This letter I'll even write about the contents of PELF...6.

You remember waay back last year when the Academy Awards were about to be presented with all the pomp and ceremony of the Hugo Awards? Well, they were. And as with anything else emanating from the still hardly-ever land of Hollywood, whatever they do, even unto patting themselves on the back, they try to make a few bucks. So the Awards get shown on television with glowing little interruptions to help the watcher get rid of bad breath and get laid, get rid of stomach acid and get laid, use a different gunk on one's hair and ~~get~~ get laid, get rid of underarms and have the arms fall off and all that rot. So, just for the hell of it (I do enjoy sex and all that, but...) I watched the Academy Awards.



Little did I know that nearly a year later it would come to fecund fruition in a letter of comment to a fanzine that, at the time, I didn't even realize would be published again!

It all started with the nominations. They show clips from the movies being nominated, in each category (come to think of it, this might've been a pre-award night showing of all the nominees...). So if a movie gets nominees for Best Actor, Actress, Best Supporting Same, Best Director, Best Costumes, Best Music, Best Lighting, Best Maintenance Engineer, etc., you see pretty near the whole damn movie from the various clips. Among others there was The Graduate. It had many nominations. We saw many clips. We determined that we'd like to see all of the movie.

At the time, it was an exclusive reserved seat showing in a Beverly Hills theater. After many months, it moved to one additional place, in the Valley. Right nearby. Great, we thought. We shall tromple on down there, in our car, and see this here movie, at last. Finally. If, of course, we can find a baby-sitter. Somehow, there aren't many of them around here. Few teenagers in this area. One night we were going to see it, but it was on a long run, so we went to see Barbarella instead. Which was a hell of a lot of fun (and only that...but this isn't a critique tonight...).

So, later and more recenter, we were going to go and Anne was ill. Then a few weeks ago Anne's mother was here. Great, we can go tonight. But it was during the season of The Rains and after driving upstream on Balboa Blvd. from work that day, with the rain not letting up a bit, we decided against driving out in it again that night down to the theater which was off Balboa... And so on.

Until earlier this very month, this same month in which PELF may even see a 7th issue, it was our Anniversary. Wowieeee, on a Friday night before the actual date, Anne's mother was staying with us again. And so I took Anne to dinner. From there down to the movie which had The Graduate (as did many others by now) and The Producers as well. A nice new place with a bad parking problem. We buy our tickets. Go in. HIGHOD WE'RE FINALLY GOING TO SEE IT! Wowieeee and like that. Suddenly, Anne, who has been pregnant for many weeks, says, "They're smoking in here!" She becomes violently ill from cigarette smoke due to her delicate condition. We're about 25 rows down. A woman comes in and sits down next to me. She lights up. The damn place is full of smoking butts. Anne informs me that she wasn't sure she could hold out and now is damn sure. She is white around the gills. That's worse than green.

So we leave. The manager says smoking in the first ten rows only but I point out to him the way it is and I'm sure he already knew it. With our refund clutched in our hands, we leave. And it's too late to go to any other show by that hour.

So, Juanita Coulson, we are WITH YOU! I don't think smoking in public, in any enclosed place, like a theater, should be countenanced at all. I quit smoking many, many years ago and have long since regained my sense of smell and taste. And so on.

And now do you see how some small incident, happening all unbeknownst, can eventually lead to a letter of comment? Better check over what you've been doing lately. Somebody may publish a fanzine 8 or 10 months or so from now in which it can become a letter-of-comment.

There was also lots of other commentable material in this issue. But inasmuch as I know you're already swamped with letters and probably will not be able to include my elongated comment, above, as it now stands (or rests flat against the paper), I shall be more concise and leave out all the background material.

editorials.

I liked the

I liked the pomery (pix by Timkirk and LJM's a fine mix).

I enjoyed the illos for my item.

I sure agree with Buck Coulson, too.

And...

Well, may-

be that's too concise.

I don't suppose anybody will ever agree with others' theories of why collectors collect. I tend to agree with the "...because it's there..." theory amended by Buck's suffix of "you can probably sell it someday" amended by my "...if you can part with it" suffix. Yeh. It can probably be found true in the case of most fans who collect stf books and magazines that they also collect, gather unto themselves, accrue, etc., Other Things. Usually, but not always, similar type material. For instance, I have now accrued the entire run of WEST magazine, a general type Sunday magazine that is part of the LA Sunday Times. It is full of interesting articles on a wide variety of things and publishes excellent photographs as well. I started saving them as of the first issue some two or three years ago. At first I thought the article on the Collyer Brothers (as Buck mentioned) was in WEST, but found that I'd read it in HORIZON, as I skimmed the article again. But that's an example of what it publishes.

I also seem to have a nucleus collection of beer-mats (see illustration, page 24, PELF 6). I did not, however, collect them in the manner as shown therein. They are all from Europe, brought back to me by Lee Jacobs from two or three of his trips thereto. Knowing me to be a Beerophile, it was the least he could do, as he would say, happily unpacking a wad of them from his travel case. I won't go into detail, here, on coins, stamps, wine corks and so on.

One

final thing to remember when amassing great masses of Stuff. Don't pile over your head or make deadfalls with it. That's what happened to one of the Collyer Brothers...

On the whole, the fanzine has a homogeneous content of the material you purport to print. But there was one item therein that wasn't quite bleshing with the rest. In fact, I found "What Would Happen If....?" surprisingly sercon for PELF and especially so for Southern California's Reigning Navel Goddess (which is a more polite way of saying Belly-button Goddess). Which reminds me that I sure do love to see warm weather arrive again in Southren California because...well, I best not go into that here. It could lead to all sorts of things including the proper form of obeisance and the startling results and...well, this is a family fanzine after all...

Anyway, what she was trying to say in her article "Is Science Catching Up with Science Fiction...?" or wotever, sort of got by me. I think the argument was that anthology editors are happy to point out what stf has done and then she points out a lot of things that we need today that the writers haven't thought of yet. It's probably because they haven't been reading the right journals...or the stuff is under security wraps. Believe me, there is a lot happening in Viet Nam, for instance, that they aren't letting into the papers (despite the minute-by-minute on-the-spot coverage in stereophonic color by the major networks, et. al.). The DOD has gone out and asked for ideas and industry has responded. One can write to the GPO and get a brochure of the 100 Most Wanted Inventions, for another thing. Actually, I don't think the stf writers of the previous era did so badly when you consider their battling average against the technology of their time. Today a lot of writers don't seem to venture past the recent issue of IEEE or ELECTRONIC ENGINEER, etc.

But I must agree with DGH re The Well of the Unicorn. It was an excellent book. What it did was take the reader rather believably right into the "time and place" of the story. Sort of a down-to-earth sword and sorcery type, a hell of a lot more believable than, say, Glory Road by Heinlein which was too cute and off-the-cuff sort of thing. I gagged midway into the third installment and read something else.



Whoops, it must've gotten by you but did you see where Tina referred to the Rings as a (choke) "trilogy"? This is almost more than even allowed unto the Bellybutton Goddess to make light of! Tsk.

By the way, did you ever hear how the term rat fink came about? Through the ages, the origins of the word have become indistinct and usage obverse to the original glorious and heroic bearers of the term. Hundreds of years ago, in a region beset by hordes of giant scavenger rodents, averaging 60-80 pounds, drastic measures on the part of the besieged populace were instituted to halt the depredations of the marauding killers. They traveled throughout the rich grainlands, destroying the fields, stores, and segments of the population caught in the open during the night. Being nocturnal creatures, they holed up in secluded areas by day. It was then that a courageous breed of man came to the fore. A Knight's Knight, they had to travel alone into the remote fastnesses to scout out the rats' hiding place. No horse could ride within range of the giant rats for the very scent of them sent the horses fleeing in wild terror. Therefore, clad in armour with only his sword and strength, the valiant knight penetrated into the darkest forests to seek out the ravaging rat hordes ~~of the darkest~~ ~~ways~~. This done, he would make fast for the nearest encampment of the armored foot so as to sortie into the area and destroy the beasts. But more often than not, despite all caution, the scout would be discovered by the rats and he would stand, a tower of bloodied armor amidst the flying, snarling rodent teeth, sounding his horn and wielding his mighty sword until the rescuers could come. They would find him with carcasses thick about him, a bloody bulwark to whom the foot would fight. As one soldier said, "I fink he bloody well bloodied th' bloody rats" and somehow, the term rat fink came to mean the heroic men who singlehandedly routed out the rat hordes and eventually helped wipe that breed from the face of the earth. Anybody, today, who calls somebody a rat fink is, of course, inadvertently honoring them in the highest degree.

Just a bit of history out of my voluminous files. Say, that caption on the back cover is wrong. Tina doesn't have wings like that at all... neither at shoulder nor ankle.



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### POOR PONG'S PROVERBS

Bob Tucker

BNFdom carries all things, even the mind, away.  
It matters not how long you publish, but how well you  
slip-sheet.  
Never collect more than your garage can store.  
Even a single fuzz casts his shadow.  
A good mimeograph possesses its owner.

Beware the Neo!  
Nothing is more confident than a crudzine publisher.  
You can tell the character of every fan when you see how  
well he staples.  
Old fans should not seek to be honored.

APRIL

# PELF 7

1969

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