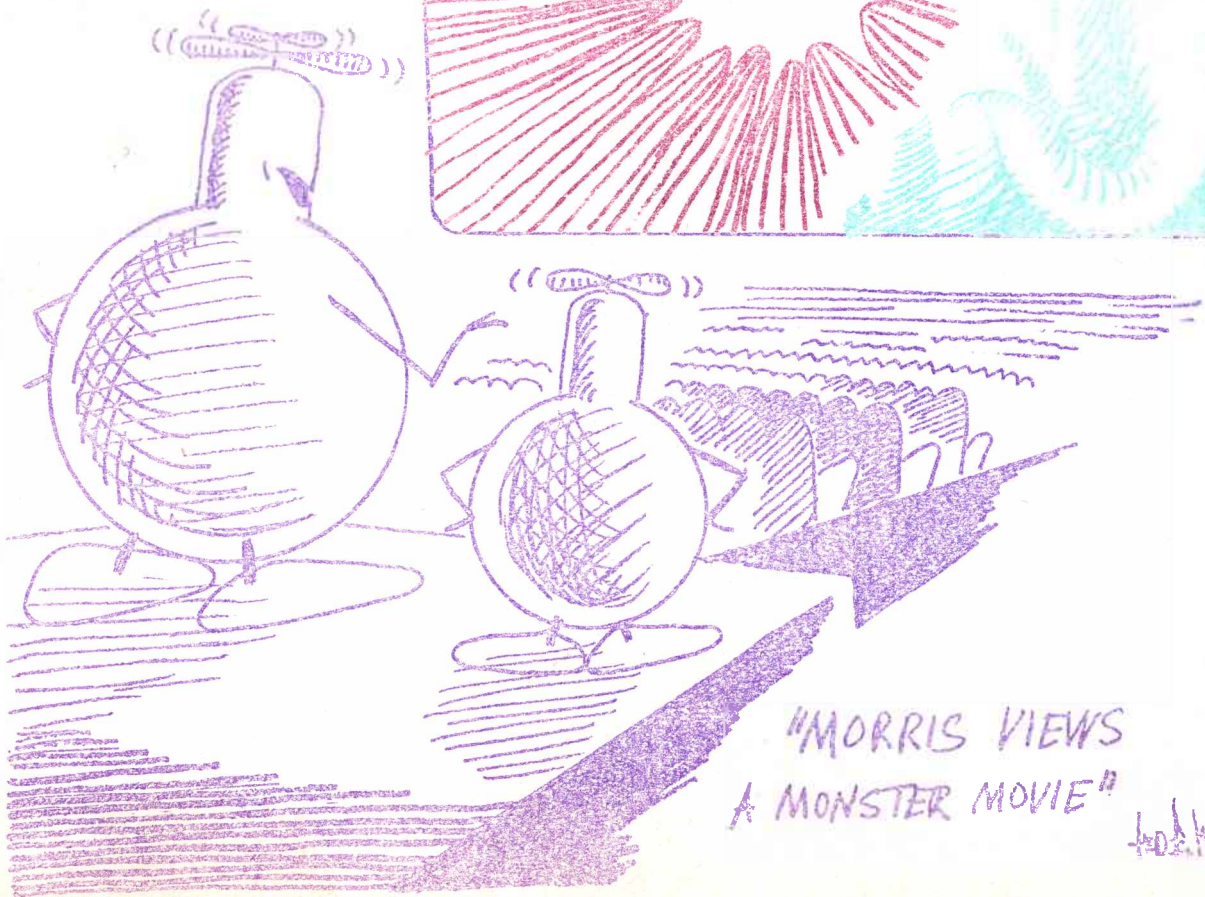
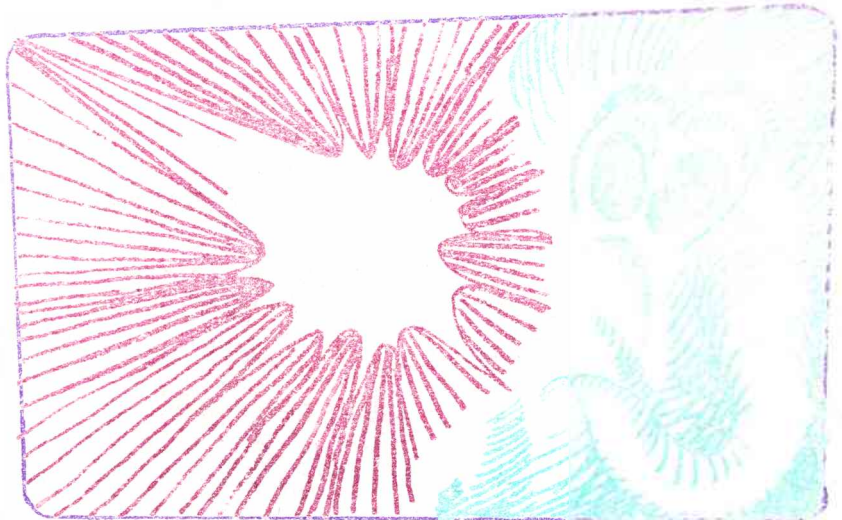


# psi phi

IT'S THE SAME  
OLD STORY —  
BEM SEES GIRL,  
BEM GETS GIRL,  
BEM LOSES!!!



"MORRIS VIEWS  
A MONSTER MOVIE"

Ed. White

## THE GAMUT (FROM PIQUE TO RAGE)

It seems as though it was a very short time ago that Bob came up to my house with an armload of magazines which he proudly announced were fanzines. As I was digging ditches in the back yard, Bob read from them to me; and I replied, "Interesting," and returned to my mattocks. Some time later we both decided to put out a fanzine called Psi-Phi. The arrangement had me supplying 50% of the masters, postage and labor and all the paper as well as the dupe. For this I was entitled to a co-editorship. Reviews were lukewarm to cold and we endeavored to improve. By the second issue I had been relegated to an assistant editorship by some reviewers and some had the audacity, gall and utter boldness -- as to leave me out entirely. I became mildly pique. Then came our third issue, and upon seeing the absence of my name from the reviews I grew more irritated, and then angry. Apparently for all practical purposes this was Lichtman's fanzine. My anger grew into an all-consuming holocaust of rage. "By God I'll fix their way!" I screamed, creeping out of my moldy aired cave. Breathing hellfire and damnation, I called Lichtman and said, "Next ish is mine, or else!" and he acquiesced. Now all this adds up to the fact that for this issue all -- may I repeat -- ALL trades, letters of comment, and other matters are to be sent to me, Arv Underman, 5304 Sherbourne Drive, Los Angeles 56, California!

Changing the topic to more joyous realms I'd like to relate to you an interesting experience of mine recently. This no doubt is trivia, so if you have ponderous problems about world conditions, birth control, and taxes, don't read on.

Taking a camping trip to a beach park known as JLI 125 miles north of Los Angeles, we were looking forward to a pleasant weekend of relaxation. On Saturday morning all my friends save one departed for the neighboring town to search for ale. I left for the beach and a swim. Walking along the shore when what should appear: a 17 year old girl at which I could leer. Being extremely myopic, I replaced my glasses to ascertain whether or not my first assessment of the prospect had been correct. (Nearly every girl looks good to me with my glasses off and at distance.) It was. The only hitch was that this bit of gulchritude was surf fishing in sub zero surf. Removing my glasses I took off for the surf. Gha, was it cold! Immediately I struck up a conversation and to abridge somewhat let us say that I developed a wary friendship in spite of the more frigid aspects.

Slipping to the next evening, apparently the girl, Donna something-or-other by name, had a sister. While making Valentino with the former under a large sand dune, and my friend likewise with the sister, suddenly a rocket was launched from nearby Vandenberg Air Force Base. We all got up to watch, and returned later to the sand dune. Alas, inadvertently I got my sisters crossed up and resumed my former ways with the wrong girl. This proves that love (at least for me, sans glasses) is blind.

Let down? Too bad, sucker, you've already read it. Remember all trades and comments to me, and see you in Number Five.

\*subliminal



# MINORITY RETORT

Unless you're very forgetful (or you've skipped Arv's editorial until last, as a sort of dessert), you already know that this issue of Psi-Phi is Arv's Issue. I have had nothing whatsoever to do with it (outside of putting all the typewritten material on master, as well as a good portion of the art, turning the crank 80% of the time, and figuring out the layouts; not to mention obtaining the material in the first place), so by all means send trades, comments, and other miscellanea to Arv, as I've done nothing to deserve them. In fact, the only reason I'm writing this editorial///no, strike that, it's not an editorial, since Arv is editor this time... this chatter column is because this is partially my fanzine, and I have an imagined obligation to my readers.

Lest you get the idea, from this twin pair of editorials, that I am angry with Arv, and he with me, and that this is a last issue, let me assure you that such is most certainly not the case. In fact, I partially suggested that he take over the main editorship for this issue, since I felt--as he has--that he wasn't getting enough egoboo from the zine. There are various reasons for why I do the majority of the actual preparation of the zine, such as the little detail that Arv can't type, that I won't let him do the artwork-cutting (having a ridiculous notion that I do it well enough myself--but he cut his own bacover illo this time), that since I'm doing the other stuff it would be somewhat pointless and time-wasting to have him work out the layouts, and that I have more contacts that he for obtaining material. As for the cranking, most of the time I do it, and he keeps count of the copies (no automatic counter for us!), but he takes over a lot, too, like when I've been standing in one spot feeding paper for several hours, by hand, and about to drop from tired feet. So send Arv trades, etc. for this issue, but send me your fanzine, too, and I'll send you OTWORLDS when it appears.

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LET'S SCOOP FANAC DEP'T.: Ted Johnstone writes: "Belle Piets has got a job reviewing fanzines monthly for Fantastic Universe, first column to be in second large-size ish, on stands 1st week in October." So, it looks as if I'll have to start buying at least one prozine again. Hi, Belle! You review us, hey?

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Of late, I've noticed that there has been an enormous influx of teachers and married parents (though not necessarily one and the same) in fandom. Guy Terwilleger, Tom Bennett, and Burnett R Toskey are just a few of the teachers of one sort or another. The Grennells, the Clarkes, the Willisses, and the Berrys are all married couples with children. It seems to me that there should be a common meeting ground for these two groups, a place where they can get together and discuss different "things", much as a PTA meeting.

But, since fandom is so wide-spread, the meeting, such as goes on at your local school, is impossible, so we must substitute something else. I propose that a new age be formed: the Parents-Teachers Amateur Press Association (PTAPA). Membership would be, by definition, limited to teachers and parents. In order to keep the balance of the two groups separate, there will be two separate Rosters, as well as two Wait Lists. Particulars such as membership quota, activity requirements, and such will be taken care of later.

I will be the first OE, as it will be a rule that the OE must be a teenage fan. I will publish my own zine, in addition to the OO, which will (my zine, that is) consist of tales of all the juvenile delinquent type things I've done in the previous mailing

period. This will give the two groups of members some of their own ideas. The members will insist that all the blame for the discipline belongs to the home; the parents will blame the schools after all the schools are responsible for the discipline. Thus there will be controversy. I will have a section in which I shall debate both sides' theories, to add to the member's

Any prospective members?

-oOo-

Hmmpf, not enough room to expound on anything else; I should eliminate the contents listing, but I rather like it, even if it does take up half a page with heading illo and all. Perhaps the best thing to do would be to give a one-sentence welcome to fandom to any new readers that result from us possibly being reviewed in FU by Belle Kiddies, welcome to stf fandom, where we talk mostly about cars, sports cars, and mace fans; it's confusing till you've been in awhile. --Is and write if you get work.

Bob



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Minority Retort .....	Bob Lichtman
Some Left Crawling (Westecon Report) .....	Wally Weber
The Greatest Movie Ever Made (Part III) .....	Ted Johnstone
Capsule Reviews Of A New Fanzine .....	Len Moffatt
Reverberations (Book Reviews) .....	Rog Ebert
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The Readers Retort .....	Letters

Cover (Morris Views A Monster) by Arv Underman  
 Backcover by Arv Underman

Interior artwork by Adkins, Cameron, Nirenberg, Napp, Pauls, Weber, and others

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# SOME LEFT CRAWLING

A Westercon Report by:  
WALLY WEBER & OTTO FREIFER

-00-

Friday, July 3rd started off in an unusual way. I was sleeping peacefully when Web-foot Soames, of the Soames Investigating Consultants, pulled me out of bed. I checked the clock to see what time it was and promptly tried to crawl back into bed. It was 7 o'clock. I couldn't understand getting up so early, since it was a normal working day and I was used to sleeping in. I started to protest to Soames but he hushed me up by proclaiming that he had an assignment for me. I was speechless as up until now I was never permitted to handle a case by myself. I usually recorded Soames exploits. Soames informed me that the Westercon was starting that day and since he couldn't be there, he wanted me to be in attendance to make sure that all would be well. I was to be aided to some extent by Wallace Wastebasket Weber. I stuck out my chest proudly and assured Soames that the Westercon would be in safe hands. He looked at me dubiously and then left my room. I dressed and went in search of Wally. I looked all over Seapoint house but Wally was not to be found. Somewhat I believed that things were not going to go at all well. I had barely started on the job and there was a mystery already.

I decided to give up my search for Wally and headed for the Moore Hotel, which was to be the convention hotel. As I left the house, I marvelled at the discovery that there were other living creatures about so early in the morning. You learn something new every day.

It didn't take me long to reach the hotel; you see, I have long arms. When I arrived, I looked about the lobby but I couldn't see any bodies lying about. I began to wonder if I had arrived at the wrong hotel. I went up to the desk and a suspicious-looking person looked at me as if I was the forerunner of a police raiding party. However, when I explained who I was and that I wanted to open up the Convention Room, he broke out in hysterical laughter.

"Some of your bunch had a bang-up time last night," he informed me.

I grinned. "Really lived it up, huh?"

This really broke him up and the bell-boy (hey, this was a boy) had to put his back together.

"Yeah, they had an accident and some of them are in the hospital. One of your local group went down to see about them."

With true S.I.C. reasoning I solved my first mystery. I knew what had happened to Wally.

I thanked the desk clerk and picked up the key to the Convention Room. I took one last look around the lobby. Percy Pallas was supposed to be there acting as a welcoming committee. There was no one on the room when I opened it, so I decided that I had better leave a note and head for work.

It was 10:30 before I had a chance to get back to the hotel. I went up to the Convention Room, but everything was as I left it. I began to wonder if Soames had his dates right, that I remembered that I had met Tony Brumbar and Jean Bogert the evening before. I sat down to write things up. There had to be some brochures in the hotel. I decided to have a cup of coffee and went down to the police stage. While passing through the lobby I noticed some people standing around. I wondered to myself if they were fans and decided that they weren't. After all, I had seen pictures of most of the fans who would be

## Some Left Crawling--II

arriving and these characters didn't look like them at all. I proceeded with the plan of having a cup of coffee. When the coffee had been drained down the last ground, I headed back into the lobby. These people were still sitting around. I decided to take a chance and asked if any of them were there for the Westeroon. Within five seconds I had met Forrest Ackerman, Ron Ellik, and Elmer Perdue. Why the hell don't fans look like their pictures? Elmer gave me the details of the accident and that he was waiting for word from Wally and Bill Ellern, who had accompanied Wally to Longview, as to the extent of damages. We were joined by Gordon Rix of Vancouver B.C., and while I was making introductions, Burnett Toskey joined us. We all settled down in the lobby and waited for word from Wally. After a short space of time we heard somebody sitting at the desk clerk about the Westeroon and I was elected to act as the welcome committee. The newcomers turned out to be Mr. and Mrs. Guy Terwilliger. When they had been introduced around Guy told us that they had been driving quite awhile and wanted to take a little nap. With that he and his wife disappeared from sight. It was quite a trick; I must ask him how he did it. After a few moments, another figure headed for the desk. I looked at the rest of the fans inquiringly. The figure looked familiar but nobody volunteered to name it. It decided to name itself, and picked out the name of J. Ben Stark, a pretty good name to pick out. It just so happened that there was a reservation made for a J. Ben Stark so this figure was accepted as such. About that time I had to get back to work and I bid adieu, promising to join all gathered for lunch.

There had been no change in the case when I returned around 11:45. Perry, Elmer, Tosk, Gordon, and I adjourned to the coffee shop for a bite to eat. It was there that Perry discovered the true hospitality of Seattle restaurants; he was not able to get what he wanted. This seemed to plumb him during his stay, especially when it came to berry pie. I told him to come up in September, we hoped to have berry then. F.B. and Eleanor Busby joined us as we were finishing lunch and I had to leave the group to get back to work.

I finished work early that day and it was about 3:00 when I again took part in the convention. I went up to the Convention Room and again there was no one there. There was evidence that someone had spent some time there: Don Day had set up a display table and there were cigarette butts in the ashtrays, but there were no fans. I remembered that I hadn't seen any in the lobby and I began to wonder what force had wiped out the convention goers. Gordon Rix saved my brain by picking this time to enter the room. He informed me where the fans were and I hung my head in shame. I should have known that they were in the bar. I ran hastily to the bar and stopped dead as I entered. I had seen IT! IT was Don Day's fabulous beard. I have never seen anything so fascinating in all my life as that brush that Don was growing. Man, it is indescribable. I managed to tear my eyes away from the beard and let them wander around the table. I noticed that G.M. Carr, John Welston and Barbara Gratz had shown up. Anthony Boucher had joined the group and was talking to Barbara. I found a chair and waited for the barmaid and waited and waited and waited. I finally got up and left the bar and immediately entered it again. I saw that Jim Webbert and Varda Pelter were also sitting at the table. I found my chair again and sat down; this time I was served. Ron Ellik and Elmer Perdue came in bearing flowers that Ron was going to take to the girls in Longview. There was a flurry of activity when Ron and Buz tried to locate some place to put them (the flowers, not Ron and Buz) in refrigeration to keep them overnight. A little later more activity took place when some get-well cards were brought forth to be signed. Slowly, the amount of fans at the table started to diminish, and after each drink there were fewer and fewer. Larry Stone showed up from New Westminster at this time and was introduced around to the last remnants. I found myself in a discussion with Varda and Tony Boucher,

### Some Left Crawling---III

which consisted of talking about Sherlock Holmes and the Baker St. Irregulars. I wasn't hungry, so Larry Stone and I went up to the Convention Room and were joined by the Terwillegers. We engaged in some engaging talk and from time to time more fans entered and left the room. Presently, Larry and I went out for supper.

We returned to the Con Room a little over an hour later. The Room was humming with activity and buzzing with talk. In fact the room was loaded. The fans weren't but the room sure was. I had never seen so many fans in one place: on the beds, on the chairs, on the floor, on the...oh well, you get the idea. Guy Terwillegger and I spent half of the evening stealing an ashtray from each other. More fans kept showing up and there was more buzzing in the talk. All at once, the room seemed to empty itself. One minute I was talking to a fan and the next minute I had to look around to find somebody else in the room. I discovered that everybody was going up to Don Day's room for a party. I sped up to his room and knocked at the door. I was admitted after I told them that Berry sent me.

I have attended many a party but this was quite impressive. Fans were all over the place; smoke was so thick that I thought that I had wound up in California and the famous California smog. The liquor bottles were a sight for my sore old eyes to behold.

I was immediately captured by Varda Felter, who insisted that I give her a complete rundown on all of the people present. First off, I had to explain that there weren't any people present, just fans. After I managed to get this point and two glasses of Vodka squared away, I went into the sordid details of each and every skeleton in each and every closet.

Time seemed to slip along and presently I found myself drawn into another room where Anthony Boucher and Mark Walsted were discussing detective stories. I proceeded to show that I was well versed in this field by proclaiming that 'Two Bottles Of Relish' was written by Dorothy Sayers. With a somewhat pained expression on his face, Tony informed me that the said story was by Lord Dunsany. I hung my head and left the room to seek solace in a glass of Vodka.

Eventually, there was an announcement that Tony was going to recite some of his pornographic limericks. Sure enough, he did recite them, aided and abetted by Don Day and Mark Walsted. Since I had to get up early to march in a parade, I picked this time to leave, bearing along Larry Stone who insisted that he was brave enough to spend the night at Swamphouse.

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Saturday was a big day for me, Wally Weber, Soames Op. number three. For the first time since I had joined the Soames Investigating Consultants (SIC), I had an assignment. "Cover the Westercon for FSI-PHI when Blotto Otto isn't there," was the way it had been put to me, and I could tell immediately I was to be a key reporter.

Of course, being the least bit nervous and all, slight mistakes were inevitable. On Friday I had taken a small detour and ended up in Kelso, Washington, 125 miles from Seattle. Al Lewis, Bjo Wells, Djim Faine, Brad Carlson, and Bill Ellern were holding a private convention there in the craziest hotel I had ever seen, and it wasn't until a female house detective bounced me that I realized my error. Fortunately, Blotto Otto was able to make a full coverage, so my Soames Op. licence was not revoked.

But now it was Saturday, and Blotto would be away from the convention to march in two

#### Some Left Crawling--IV

parades, celebrating the Fourth of July with an elite group of beatniks and panhandlers known as the American Legion. He left me in room 323 for his early morning parade and I began lurking and skulking about the convention room to gather material for a report. After some experimentation, I located a good vantage point that allowed me a view of the door. No sooner was I settled when the door opened. I put my notebook away. It was Blotto Otto who entered, having returned from his parade. My first assignment was over.

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The parade finally finished, I headed over to the Moore Hotel for a few hours of gay conventioning and keeping an eye on things for Scames. I felt sure that he would be happy that things were going along so smoothly. I arrived in the convention room as Wally was getting ready to observe the goings on. I had to change my clothes, and when I had finished, fans started gathering in the room. Seeing that the con had progressed smoothly to that point, Wally and I decided to shake up all present by playing a tape made by various Seattle fans. This was the play 'Magnet'. The result of this was something that I hadn't expected: the captive (and I do mean captive) audience decided to go out for a bite to eat. I suppose that they had all lost their breakfasts during the playing of the tape.

After eating, I started back with the rest of the group and ran into Elmer Perdue and we decided to hold our own little con in the bar. The only thing I remember about this was the comments of Elmer on the mosaic tile in the men's room. F.M. and Elinor Busby found us in the bar and suggested that we head back to the Convention Room, which we promptly did.

Back in the room, Guy Terwilliger and I had a little chat about the old comic books and apparently Ed Wyman was going around taking pictures. At least he showed some pictures later that looked as if they were taken there, but then again it may have been a good job of trick photography.

It was getting on time for the Banquet and for me to be heading for another noise session of the American Legion Beatnik Society. I turned things over to that great SIC op, Wallace Wastebasket Weber.

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It was 6:00 p.m. when Jim Webbert and I, Wally Weber, arrived in the convention room. We found ourselves witness to a rather unusual program. Ron Ellik was performing a reverse strip tease. He later explained that he had been in the act of dressing for the banquet, and complained that our applause and Jim Webbert's photographing of his performance was unfair and demoralizing. I picked up some recording tape, which had been the original purpose of coming to the room, and Jim and I rushed off for the banquet. In the lobby we found Evelyn Stroud unsuccessfully attempting to rent a room. We explained to her that the banquet was starting at the Stewart Hotel, and invited her to ride with us in my car. Burnett Toskey, who had just returned with Ron Ellik from the rump con in Kelso, was also invited, but he refused to ride with us on the grounds that he couldn't spare the time. He beat us by one minute, but it was downhill the whole block and he can accelerate faster than my Chevrolet.

Evidentially the banquet had broken a precedent by starting on time, because every--



## Some Left Crawling--V

one was feeding themselves when Jim, Evelyn and I arrived. Jim and I set up Jim's tape recorder in a location that would inconvenience the waitress as much as possible, and then I left the banquet to find a 16 mm sound moving picture projector.

By the time I had made it back to the banquet, Perry Ackerman had already finished speaking, and Anthony Louch was about half through with his talk. When he was done, Don Day was stuck with the job of auctioning off some original illustrations, the proceeds of which were to go to the Berry Fund. It took him some time to warm the audience to a pitch where they began to part with real money, but eventually he extracted a little over \$20 for the five illustrations. As a final gesture, Varda Pelter donated a Venusian handkerchief to the auction. She pointed out that it was completely worthless to any female, and that with a smear of lipstick it could be a genuine liability to any male. Don pointed out that since the handkerchief was absolutely worthless, it must be a "priceless" article of "inestimable value," and carried on his auctioneering pitch in this vein. Jerry Frahm finally won the bidding, if the word won can be applied to the situation, paying \$1.39 for a Venusian handkerchief with lipstick.

From the magnificently bearded and mustached Don Day, the program was turned over to the meticulously clean-shaven Jack Speer, who was in charge of the business meeting. Jack went directly to the point by opening nominations for the site of the 1960 Westcon. For a moment it appeared that nobody was about to take the responsibility for the next Westcon. Finally, Ron Elik reluctantly took the floor to announce that if no one else would have the Westcon, Los Angeles would take it. Ed Busby remarked that he seconded the nomination for the event, that a second was required. Busby then weakened his position as a Los Angeles Westcon supporter by signalling frantically to Guy Terwilliger to make a bid for Boise. In the last moment before Jack Speer closed the nominations, Guy found his voice and a minimum of courage and put in his bid. Burnett Toskey seconded the nomination and Jack Speer asked for a discussion.

Ron Elik was the first to discuss. He compared the megalopolis of sophisticated Los Angeles with the uncivilized conditions of barbaric Boise, and pointed out that Los Angeles had a man-made atmosphere of gasoline fumes and industrial smoke that protected its residents from the cruel elements such as sunshine, whereas Boise citizens had to breathe raw air and suffer direct exposure to the sun. He painted a picture of a safe California, watched over by police officers and house detectives who would never permit the primitive orgies of drinking and partying that goes on continually at Boise. Several other persons added to his arguments and the discussion ended with Los Angeles the logical choice.

But just before the vote was to be taken, Ed Wyman distracted the proceedings by organizing everyone into facing his direction while he took photographs. The flashgun must have completely rattled the thoughts of the assemblage because when the vote was taken for the 1960 Westcon, only two persons raised their hands for Los Angeles. Boise got hands down, in a manner of speaking.

The banquet broke up at this point, and a good many of the fans headed for room 323 where the motion picture, "Genie", that had been produced by the LASFS, was shown. This picture must be seen to be fully enjoyed, so no description of its content will be given here. It was, for me at least, the most enjoyable part of a very enjoyable convention.

After the movie, I took the projector down to my room and set up a typewriter for Ron

## Some Left Crawling--VI

Ellik, who was sacrificing a couple hours of conventioning in order to finish typing stencils for Shaggy. Suddenly I found myself with nothing immediate to do. Gazing around for ideas, I spied the bed. It seemed to fit me perfectly when I stretched out upon it, and I relaxed to do the first thinking I had done for a week. Blotto Otto would be returning soon to take over the convention coverage, the out-of-town fans attending our Westercon were making it a tremendous success for us, and the Kelso chapter was going to be all right. The world was a wondrous place then, as I let the satisfying typewriter sounds of Shaggy being stencilled lull me into a contented slumber.

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Heavy traffic prevented me from getting back to the Con early, therefore things were going along merrily when I arrived. The con room was so full that I had to use a shoe-horn to get in. The place was loaded with people that I had never met and whose names that I didn't manage to get. I stuck out my hand to shake hands with somebody and was pleasantly surprised when a glass of Vodka was shoved into it. I noticed that Toskey had returned from the fake con at Longview and I inquired as to how the girls were getting along. I had already made plans to go down to see them the next day. Larry Stone informed me that he was going out to eat and would be right back. I wanted to leave early as we were going to head south at the crack of dawn. About this time I heard of the only complaint that we were to receive during the Con. That scuse, Wally Weber, had been running his projector too loud and some of the tenants were complaining.

Along about 4:00 in the morning Larry Stone hadn't returned and I found out from the Terwillegers that he had been driven to Swamphouse. I hurried home as Larry didn't have a key and I wondered how he would manage to get in. I arrived home to find that he had climbed in the kitchen window. While he was doing this, Tom Weber, the evil old landlord saw him and asked who the hell he was. Apparently, Larry told him that he was a fan. Tom always figured that fans were capable of doing anything, so he let Larry in.

After about an hour's sleep, I woke Larry and we headed for the Moore Hotel to get the rest of the safari for our trek south. This Safari consisted of Wally Weber, Jean Bogart, Virginia West, Larry Stone, Elmer Perdue and myself. The long dreary ride south was broken up by some particularly witty comments on the various billboards, Wally threatening that if said witty chatter kept up, I would have to walk to Longview. However, taking heart at my example, Larry Stone took over where I left off and Wally decided that maybe he should walk.

We arrived in Longview around 11 o'clock and Virginia, Jean and Larry took the first trip up to see the girls. Elmer, Wally and I headed for a cup of coffee. When we got back we discovered that it was feeding time for the inmates and we would not be permitted to visit for awhile. However, we were eventually cleared by security and allowed to visit. I then joined the ranks of fandom by meeting both Djin and Bjo in bed. When I first saw Bjo I thought that she had suffered more disaster by acquiring a bad case of measles, but I found out later that it was just her freckles. After a brief visit, we had to leave as the girls' visitors were cut to 20 minutes visiting time. There was a relay team waiting to come up after we left.

I made my last trip to see the girls around 3 o'clock. While I was there, Forry Ackerman entered, proclaiming, "I see the Longview con is a smashing success." Professional jealousy made me leave at that point.

"Ted Johnstone and I have talked briefly from time to time about his idea for filming "The Lord Of The Rings" at LASF and elsewhere. It seems that I underwent the same reactions that affect others: at first, I thought he was kidding. Then I became unsure. And now I'm positive that he's not kidding, and am wishing him all the luck in the world. (If I'd made my first billion dollars now, I could do more than that.)" --John Trimble, in a letter

## THE GREATEST MOVIE EVER MADE (Part III)

by Ted Johnstone

As I suppose you all know by now, the greatest movie ever made will be The Lord Of The Rings, filmed, at a cost of between thirty and fifty million dollars, over at least two years, with a cast of tens of thousands. Now, there are those in fandom who do not approve of this project; some, because it appears at first glance, impractical; others, because they do not think the Books can be effectively transformed into the cinematic medium. Archie Mercer (see the letterpool) states this latter point of view with perfect conciseness, and I can understand his worries. But we are working on the assumption that it is possible to make the movie exactly like the book, and all our plans are laid towards the goal of having the audience come out of the theater feeling as if they had just lived through the War Of The Ring.

Recently I have been talking over the Project with Jon Lakey, a local fan with a knack for miniatures, make-up, and creative cinema. He was mentioned in almost every report on the Solacon as "Old Smudge-Pot" from the costume he appeared in at the ball Sunday night, and with which he later started arid on the city streets. He had been working with the previous holder of the film rights, though not approving of his script, and had several ideas on the matter, some of which fitted and some of which clashed with our own. For instance, he is strongly in favor of using a regulation-size, small screen instead of the tremendous Diorama effect we had intended. His point of view is that the small size gives one greater freedom of camera motion, greater potentialities for dramatic use of the camera, etc. He also believes strongly in the extensive utilization of neo-realistic photography. On the other hand, his suggestion of an intermission break after the finding of the seedling of Nimloth, the Silver Tree, and before the Many Partings and The Scouring Of The Shire, seems well worth considering. We are still pondering his suggestion of David Lean, director of Bridge On The River Kwai, for the position of director of This Production.

We have done more work on casting, and the latest rough list reads as follows:

GANDALF.....Alec Guinness (or Raymond Massey)  
ARAGORN.....Edmond Purdon (or Michael Rennie)  
ARWEN.....Jean Simmons  
ELROND.....Felix Aylmer  
GALADRIEL.....Dana Wynter  
CELEBORN.....Michael Rennie  
SARUMAN.....Vincent Price (or Basil Rathbone)  
WORMTONGUE.....Peter Lorre  
THEODEN.....Sir Cedric Hardwicke  
DENEATHOR.....Peter Ustinov  
EOWYN.....Joan Collins (or Eleanor Parker)  
FARAMIR.....Mel Ferrer  
EOMER.....Tab Hunter ( )  
TOM BOMBADIL.....Stanley Holloway  
GOLDBERRY.....Anita Ekberg (or anyone similar)  
BOROMIR.....Ernest Borgnine  
(over)

Some Left Crawling - VII

The trip back to Seattle brought forth more witty chatter but Wally was too tired to groan, so all the fun was taken out of it. We hit Seattle at 8:00 p.m. and things around the hotel had slowed down to a great extent. F.M. Busby broke out the liquor and we sat around drinking and talking. Wally announced that there was a second showing of 'The Genie' going on, so we broke up things to view it.

After seeing 'The Genie' a few of us headed back to the meeting room to talk while everyone else witnessed a slide show of past WorldCons. I had one last drink and the weekend finally caught up to me. I woke Larry Stone, who was asleep on one of the beds and we crawled out of the hotel to my car and headed home.

While driving home, my mind went back over the events of the past week-end. The meeting of fans and pros, the discussions and the parties. I sighed, after all these years, I had finally attended a Con. I swore then that I would force Soames to give me many more assignments of that type.

— Otto Pfeifer & Wally Weber

That's right. After two years in the planning stage, steps are finally being taken to present this fabulous collection to fandom. Following is a word from the publisher of the Willis Papers, Ted Johnstone:

"At this date (July 11) I have 21 stencils out, six pages run off, and several advance orders. The thing still expects to be out in time for the Detention, will be in two editions. Fifty copies will have hard covers, a fancy cover decoration with letterpress yet, and good long-lasting binding, and will cost \$1 or 7s. One hundred copies will have plain old paper covers, Gestetnered, and a cheap staple-and-tape binding, and will cost 70¢ or 5s. ATom is our British representative. The entire volume will run about 70 pages, Gestetnered, with ATomillos on almost every page. It contains 20 or so selected articles by Walt Willis, ranging as far back as 1948, and the first issue of SLANT. Every fannish library should have this volume in a place of honor beside the enchanted duplicator and the Harp Stateside."

End quote. And what better time than right now to place your orders? I, Lichtman, would suggest the fancy edition, but that's up to you, and your pocketbook. Remember, you need The Willis Papers. Send that order to: -

TED JOHNSTONE, 1503 ROLLIN ST., PASADENA 3,  
CALIFORNIA

...OR...

ARTHUR THOMSON (ATOM), 17 BROCKHAM HOUSE,  
BROCKHAM DRIVE, LONDON SW 2, ENGLAND

DO IT NOW!

The Greatest Movie Ever Made--II

LEGOLAS..... Danny Kaye  
GIMLI..... Sebastian Cabot (or Shai K. Ophir)  
BUTTERBUR..... S.Z. Akall

We'd like to see some comments on this list, and to hear any further suggestions. Some interest has been expressed in the patchwork of music we have been putting together for accompaniment to various episodes in the Story. Here are twenty works by assorted composers, identified as to scene in a sequence, with record information.

MAIN TITLE MUSIC: Vaughn Williams: Parabande of the Sons of God (from "Job: A Masque For Dancing") (London LL 1003)

THE SHIRE; HOBBITON ACROSS THE WATER: Vaughn Williams: Introduction (from "Job: A Masque For Dancing") (London LL 1003)

THE BLACK RIDERS AND DEPARTURE FROM THE SHIRE: Shostakovich: Excerpt from "Moderato" (from "Symphony No 5" (Opus 47)) (Columbia Masterworks ML 4739)

THE SONG OF TOM BOMBADIL: Vaughn Williams: My Bonny Boy (excerpt) (from "English Folk-Song Suite") (Westminster-Nixa XMA 182/8)

WOG ON THE HARROW-DOWNS: Stravinsky: The Pagan Night (from "The Rite of Spring; Pictures of Pagan Russia, Part Two: The Sacrifice") (Columbia Masterworks ML 277)

WEGH OF TOM BOMBADIL; RESCUE FROM THE HARROW-WEGH: Vaughn Williams: Excerpt from "Wendell Rhapsody" (Westminster-Nixa XMA 182/8)

WOG OF RIVENDELL: Stevens: Teleportation (from "Exploring The Unknown") (ECA Victor LPM 1025)

THE BALROG: Vaughn Williams: Job Curses God (from "Job: Dance of Job's Comforters") (London LL 1003)

WDRIF: Usachevsky and Luening: Excerpts from "Rhapsodic Variations for Tape Recorder and Orchestra" (London LL 1005)

DEPARTURE FROM LORIEN; THE GREAT FIVER: Wagner: Conclusion of "Forest Murmurs" (Epic LG 3321)

THE BATTLE AT HELM'S DEEP: Nascimbene: Battle of Gaugamela (from "Alexander The Great") (Mercury Custom ME 201/8)

IN THE PATHS OF THE DEAD: Jolivet: Allegro Moderato (from "Concerto for Ondes Martenot") (London LL 1003)



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Excerpts from "F"

Tape Recorder and Orchestra" (London LL 1005)

The Greatest Movie Ever Made--III

and Orchestra") (Westminster-Vega Inc. 18360)

ENTRANCE TO MINAS TIRITH: Duning: Salome Caravan (from "Salome") (Decca DL 6026)

THROUGH THE STREETS OF MINAS TIRITH: Duning: Salome Caravan (from "Salome") (Decca DL 6026)

THE ARMIES FROM FAR HARAD: Duning: Rock Score (from "Salome") (Decca DL 6026)

MORDOR: Ussachevsky: A Place For Tape Recorder (Composers Recordings GHI 112)

ORCS MARCHING TO THE BLACK GATE: Newman and Herrmann: Horatius, the New Pharaoh (from "The Egyptian") (Decca DL 6014)

ARRIVAL OF THE ROHIRRIM AT PLEENOR FIELDS: Newman: The Rescue Of Demetrius (from "The Robe") (Decca DL 9012)

THE FINDING OF THE SILVER TREE ABOVE MINAS TIRITH; THE END OF THE THIRD AGE: Rozsa: Finale (from "Kvanhos") (MCA 3707 3E)

THE SAILING FROM THE GREY HAVENS (END TITLE): Newman and Herrmann: Exile and Death (from "The Egyptian") (Decca DL 6014)

These, as I said, are the beginnings of our selections and any further ideas. We're for instance, and for the destruction of Sauron on and on.

Now, to change the subject slightly, we're The Ring" for Tolkien fans somewhat similar to far all we have of this is the idea, but not in fandom in such an organization. "WR" is myself. We may or may not have a potential magazine, BARAD-DUR. Possibly, by the next Tolkien about permission to use his copyrighted material in a profit venture.

And lastly, Dick Emery (see the letterhead) consite is located in Pasadena -- The Barad-Dur the Green Hotel, it is a tremendous pile of gingerbread, and looks as if it could do anything.

would like to hear comments and suggestions will try to find music for the Ents, and the coming of the Shadow, and so

we want to organize a "Fellowship Of The Elvenkind Legion of Conan fans. So far we find out if there's any interest in Conan is Jack Hammers, Don Simpson, and program to Paul Stenberg's projected magazine, we should have contacted Tolkien in connection with such a non-

regarding "Mordor in '64"; the projected Tolkien. (except for the mundane world as every, cowboy, remote ornamentation and ga, "Sauron Sleeps Here".

-- Ted Johnston

...to be certain...

Soon earth too will tire of its own hypocrisy and earth's desire for a cleansing will come, and she will get her long sleep, and will close her eyes among the stars, and no more reflect the glory of divine life...for that which is mocked or blasphemed, that should be held in sacredness, has a power of its own ....to destroy. Only that which is self-justified in truth, can live, and grow, and become Eternal.

-- Ann Chamberlain

CAPSULE REVIEWS OF A NEW FANZINE  
(excerpted from various fanzines) By LEM MOFFATT

F\_N\_P\_X arrived with my mail this morning. As far as the eye can tell it is the first issue of a fanzine published by someone named el on N ga s n. The hectography is so illegible that I will not even attempt to reproduce his address here. I don't know why I am wasting valuable space in my own sterling fanzine to tell you about this fuggheaded publication. It defies reviewing because it is impossible to read. Well, as I said, it is a first issue and with luck it could be the last. It's the last one I want to see anyway.  
-Charles E. Burbee, Jr.

FANPOX (Nelson Neeganson, P.O. Box 939, Pratt Falls, Nebraska) This is a very difficult to read magazine. However, focusing my glasses carefully, I managed to leave a trail of blood spotted eye tracks across the ten odd pages, finding the fiction a bit less than average, the poetry obscure, and the editorial inserts irritating. Other than that, I rather liked it.  
-Ted Johnstone

FANPOX (Nelson Neoganson, P.O. Box 989, Pratt Falls, Neb.) (11½ pp.; 15¢ a copy; Rating 4) Obviously a first effort on the part of a very young neofan, and not exactly my cup of tea. But those who like fan-written fiction and poetry that leaves you waiting for an explanation might find it amusing. The hecto (or ditto?) work is very poor in my copy, and generally speaking there is room for grate improvement.  
-Rick Sneary

FANPOX (15¢ from Nelson Neeganson, P.O. Box 789, Pratt Falls, Nevada) To have the basic effrontery to charge such an outrageous price for a minimum number of pages (my copy had 12, but Ted claims his had only ten) is beyond even the wildest comprehension of most neos, but there is the possibility that Neoganson is suffering from the illusion that the average, intelligent fan is as fuggheaded as the late Laney would have us all believe, Willis and others to the contrary notwithstanding. A quote from the jacket of my latest LP album from Popular Classics Stereophonic Records Company must serve to describe this unadulterated mess, as the quote itself does not do justice to the fine selection of Bacharooni Concert recordings (complete with applause and the traffic noises outside of the Concert Hall) that one can close one's eyes and feel that one is there) and should be put to good use somewhere. "A cacaphony of color and sound resulting in the deep appreciation of the creative ability to be found in the rising generation of composers and conductors." Read fans and fanzine editors for "composers and conductors" and you have it, as a quick glance at FANPOX makes one appreciate even more the better fanzines being produced by other neos, NOT Neeganson.  
-George W. Fields

FANPOX (15¢...fifteen cents?!?/yes, that's what it says there! Nelson Neoganson, P.O. Box 737, Pratt Falls, New York, I think...) This reminds me of my own first efforts, not to mention my later ones, but Nelson shows some promise in his editorial remarks throughout the mag. My biggest gripe is that he is one of these new fans who puts out only 9 pages and charges...let's see my math isn't too good...about 1½¢ (?) a page. Of course no one will send him money and he will learn in time, I hope,

Capsule Reviews--II

that letters are better than money any day of the week. That last statement just goes to prove how crazy I am, but you know what I mean. The fiction isn't too bad but the poems, as he calls them, leave me cold, not cool, man. Try it. It could get better.  
-Rich Brown

FANPOX (15¢ per copy: Nelson Neoganson, Box 939, Pratt Falls, Nevada. And I always thought that was in Nebraska!) There seems little point in telling Nelson that this, his first issue, is very poorly hectographed (or dittoed?) as I am sure he is aware of it, and will be reminded by those who bother to write him. The amateur fiction is just that, but Nelson is obviously new to the field, so let's give him time. I did not understand the poems, except for the short one on page 5, which did have something to say. Of course it has been said before, but then Nelson would not necessarily know that. I could say that Nelson's first voyage into the fannish seas was something less than Admiral-bul, but let's just say one never knows when or where the next ENF will appear and perhaps in years to come, Nelson himself will look back upon this first issue of FANPOX and laugh or mean, depending on his mood at the time. Recommended to completists.

-Len Moffatt

--- Len Moffatt

-----  
Man is made weak in his conceits, and in his desires for praise for well doing...but it is not forthcoming when it is most appreciated..... often it is not, at a time when it can count for a great deal. We do not trust the praises of this world....for this world is a world of falseness ....it will love you now, and then turn on you and tear you to shreds. It will hate you because you understand, and it will seek to destroy you because your love was greater. It is a jealous world, with its jealous god, and it cannot endure you if you are discovered to have a greater capacity for good works, for finer thoughts, for more discriminating wisdom, for any real human qualities.....if you have not great wealth as well. Let the hypocrites stumble through life ... fawning on their benefactors, cheating each other....taking credit for good they did not do, and making themselves bigger (?) by condemning others, by criticising and tearing down that which does not contribute to their physical welfare.  
- Ann Chamberlain

-----  
(From the beginning of a letter:} Notice how proudly I place my name beneath, and slightly to the right of, the banner of the National Fantasy Fan Federation? Ave, Et Valé! my heart sings each time I see that emblem and motto. Yes, sing it does--for it must, don't you understand? It must. If it does not sing, it shall surely look inward and find, mirrored, the soul of a NEFFAN. And with that, my heart would surely break and fall into umpteen pieces at the feet of Bjo, that heartless and over-freckled siren to whom all fans fly in their moment of need (for cartoons) who has cruelly done this thing to me.

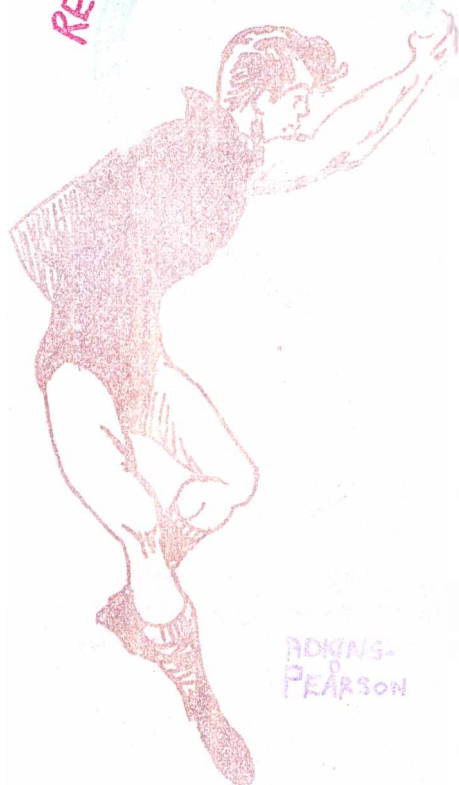
And that is why I sing, fellow-fan. Did I only pause for a moment in my glorious song of wonder at the world that is the NFF, all my facade of suave abandon would be lost, and I would be forced to face the cold world naked, with no weapon but my battered (yet undulled) wit to defend me.

And my wit, my friend, is not even laughable. So I sing.

-Ron Ellik



## REVERBERATIONS



RODINGS-  
PEARSON

## BY ROG EBERT

One of the most unfortunate practices of today's sf editors -- and perhaps even a contributing cause of the present pro collapse, is the Big Name Author fetish.

The Pros seem to have some strange compulsion urging them on to more and more Big Names on their covers, and less and less inside.

And that is how many second- and third-class stories come to be written, and how many of them come to be published. True, the best stories in the field come, year in and year out, from established authors. Very few first efforts, or even first sales, are among the better sf being written. By virtue of the fact that they are experienced, and especially that they're established, a handful of authors have valuable reputations in that great but shifting field of Prozine Buyers -- where but one in twenty is fan.

So it's easy to understand the thinking of a Campbell or Mills or Gold or someone with magazines to sell and not all the time in the world. By and large, they're reluctant to take all but the best stories from unknown authors -- and snafu up anything at all written by a Big Name.

This is how they hope to sell magazines. And as a result, some of the worst work being turned out today is by the Old Pros of sf, and it always has a good chance of being published and paid for, somewhere.

At this point, we come to "Nine Tomorrows", by Isaac Asimov. (Doubleday, 236 pp, \$1.00 and

\$2.95).

Isaac Asimov has written some very good science fiction. Some few of his novels rank with the best in the field. But his authorship of a story does not in itself make that story great.

"Nine Tomorrows" is the second recent collection of Asimov's short stories, following 1958's "Earth Is Room Enough" in an apparent attempt to collect his writings in hard covers as soon as they accumulate to book length.

As an inevitable result, some stories are included here which should never have seen hard covers; one or two of them would never have been printed if by a lesser known writer.

The book ranges from a long and good Astounding novelette, "Profession", through contributions from If, Galaxy, F&SF, to two masterpieces from Super-Science Fiction. Before condemning Asimov for wasting his talents on Super's barren pages, it would be well to note that Super may be one of only two or three magazines left before long. At least it sells. (I have it on good authority that Super is folding in the very near future...BL)

Worst story in the book, barely edging two others for the honor, is an ugly and unnecessary piece from Venture, "I'm In Marsport Without Hilda". I still think Venture folded because sadism, at least, is not yet welcome to sf. This story is another good reason. It isn't sadistic;

## Reverberations--II

just small, pointless, and very minor.

The two Super stories, "The Gentle Vultures" and "All The Troubles In The World", are also small, pointless, and very minor. But not so harmful as "Hilda" to Asimov's reputation. They just sort of blend in.

"Profession" is excellent, deserving of rescue to permanent form. And "The Ugly Little Boy", a Galaxy novelette, is another fine story.

In fact, if it survives that long, "The Ugly Little Boy" may well be called a classic by the reviewer of the 1965 Conklin anthology. If there is a Conklin anthology that year. Which seems unlikely in view of the stf collapse, and the lousy stories Big Names that are pushing it.

So. Those two stories are good, real good. You'll also enjoy "The Dying Night" from F&SF, and "Spell My Name With An S" from Star. Otherwise, don't bother.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: Eighth Series. Edited by Anthony Boucher. Doubleday, 240 pages.

It's always sad work to write an obituary, and I'm afraid that's what any review of this F&SF Best will have to be. The present state of turmoil in the genre seems to have hit F&SF hard, and I don't expect to ever see a Ninth Series of this anthology.

But then they say literature is hard to sell all over, any more.

Zenna Henderson's "Captivity" is something I don't feel qualified to review. They say every story in a series is a little worse than the one before, and this is maybe true. Then, again, look at Perry Mason.

Or the People.

Henderson's stories sort of do something to me, and I guess you might say I just like them, a lot. The compilation of all the stories of The People that Doubleday or somebody is going to release soon will be the greatest stf book ever written. This is another good story.

Three other stories in the book make it worth buying to keep. The first is also by a female-type author, F&SF Discovery Kit Reed. "The Wait" is tremendous fiction, and excuse me for slinging "tremendous" around like all that. It had for me the same impact of Shirley Jackson's "The Lottery", and is in fact the same type of story, both in development and treatment.

This is real, gummy fantasy. The picture of a sleepy, hot, and determined Southern town; and the stand-by fantasy technique of Slice-of-Life-Into-Stark-Naked-Horror is well handled. Some respectable anthologist like Martha Foley will end up with it someday, and it may turn into another "The Lottery." Which would be just as well, since "The Lottery" is sadly overworked by those looking for examples of stf "literature".

Avram Davidson's "The Grantha Sighting" is just a shade below "The Wait." His typical craftsmanship wears a little thin in the story of the Real True Facts behind a saucer sighting; maybe because the folksy angle is wearing a bit thin.

I also liked C.M. Kornbluth's "Theory Of Rocketry." This is only about the third or fourth last story Kornbluth ever wrote; the scene is a school, somewhere; and the hero is Mr. Edel, who teaches 450 boys and girls a day. "Theory Of Rocketry" has a real message, a rarity these days: "You're an oddball if you ain't the same as me and the rest of us guys." Of course, Kornbluth has an answer, of sorts, to this.

--- Rog Ebert

# THE ELEMENT OF HUMOR

by Ted Pauls

## WHY IS THIS FUNNY, GEORGE?

Everyone talks about fan-humor, but no one does anything about it.

I am the type of person who will not hesitate to Strike Out On New Roads and Explore New Land, so if you'll kindly bear with me for a few moments I would like to take the chance to examine the type of humor commonly known as "Pseudo-Burbee Type Humor". Or, as one fan once put it, "Silly, Pointless Little Vignettes". This isn't, however, a very apt definition. Pieces written in this style do appear to be silly and pointless--but closer inspection proves that they aren't.

I am speaking, of course, of the fannish phenomenon used by Charles Burbee, Terry Carr, and Ted White to evoke guffaws from fandom at large. Who am I, you may ask, to attempt to define the inner wisdoms of these BNF's. The answer to that is that, having enjoyed this type of humor since my discovery of it, I have read all that I could get my hands on, and, yes, even attempted (a bit unsuccessfully, it must be admitted) to write some of it. So it is that by which I feel qualified to define this style of writing.

It is, simply, a seemingly pointless type of writing, usually short squibs, telling a story in a way which makes it, upon casual glance, seem silly. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule. For one thing, there are a number of vastly different methods of writing that fall under the heading of "Pseudo-Burbee Humor", some of which could not conceivably be tied together in any more restricted division than "Humor". I would like, first, to classify the various types into some semblance of order.

TYPE I might be termed "Pointing Out The Obvious". It is, actually, the most restricted of all the types, centering mostly around things like "I said with my mouth, 'Towner....'" and "...said to my ears...". Other variations are possible, of course, but there are not nearly so many as you might think.

I especially like TYPE I when used directly in the middle of a serious piece of dialogue. It isn't until you've read on a few lines and had time to absorb the idea that you break out in a laugh.

TYPE II is the commonly used repetition of names. Phrases ranging from "'John Magnus,' I said to John Magnus,..." to "'Bill, how long do you think it will take, Bill?' I asked Bill". This last can be boring if poorly written, as the latter example shows quite clearly.

There is also a vague subdivision of TYPE II (TYPE II-A, shall we call it?) which includes the rather common "...was about the way I put it."

TYPE III probably has the largest scope of all; in fact, the possibilities are endless, as far as I can determine. It consists, briefly, of capitalizing the horrible cliches one finds around. Suitable examples will be found in the second paragraph of this article. This usually doesn't produce humor standing alone, and so is used to accompany another type--it is really quite effective in adding to the enjoyment of the reader.

TYPE IV consists of contradicting oneself. Terry Carr came up with a good example of this recently: "'Ghod yes! Ghod yes!' I said casually."

TYPE V will include everything not taken care of above, thereby preventing the rule-makers' bane of ex-

The Element of Humor--II

istence: exceptions.

Now that I have succeeded to my own satisfaction in classifying the various types of 'Pseudo-Burbee Humor' I would like to ask this question: Why is it almost impossible to do a good imitation of this kind of humor? Even Terry Carr, although coming closest yet, has been unable to completely capture the atmosphere of Burbee's humor. Many others have tried and failed miserably.

From my own experience in attempting to imitate Burbee-humor, I can safely say that whatever quality Burbee has that others lack is not a part of writing skill. This may seem a bit egotistical, so allow me to explain: This kind of thing is perhaps the easiest of all to write. One needs only to sit at the typewriter and try to reconstruct the various incidents that have occurred in his/her life recently. If you have been to a fan-gathering of some kind recently, all the better. These things will come to you thick and fast, and you have only to put them onto paper. Why, then, do imitations fail so horribly with few exceptions.

You tell me?

--- Ted Pauls

WHAT RIGHT HAVE THEY GOT TO IT?

by Lewis Baker

What right have they got to it? The moon, I mean. After all, we discovered the moon long before the U.S. or Russia ever that they'd get there. What right have they got to it? Fans have every right to the moon; it is therefore imperative that we get to it before they do.

Fans have been interested in the moon since the twenties, when people thought the moon was good only for snogging background, or tides, or some fool thing, without realising its Cosmic Purpose. Since fans are the only group with this long history of moon viewing; the only group farsighted enough to realize the full potentialities of the moon, it is our right, it is our duty to ourselves to get to the moon before anyone else, and lay claim to its riches.

Let's do something about the situation, and do it fast! Fandom has the talent -- Andy Young is an astronomer; he can compute orbits. Magnus works for Glenn Martin Co., he can steal a rocket motor. Ellick and Toskey are mathematicians; they can figure thrust, and help Young put our Project on a collision orbit with the Moon. Busby is an electrical engineer; he can plan the wiring. There are doubtless many others with necessary talent. We've got the potential; why don't we do something?

What I propose is a small rocket first; one to simply establish our claim by being there first. The claim would have to be made in the name of an organisation; since fandom is not organised, we must either organise, or set the project in the hands of one of fandom's existing organisations.

Were the NFF not the organisation it is, it would be the natural choice for the position. However, I'm afraid that if an NFF committee were to attach itself to the project, the rocket would never be built, let alone launched.

The most sought after organisation in fandom is the FAPA. Nearly everyone wants to join FAPA, or is already a member. I therefore propose that FAPA take the initiative and control this project. FAPA has all the necessary resources: talent--nearly all the above mentioned people are in FAPA, or on the wait list, which is the same thing, really; money--FAPA has a treasury surplus it is trying to get rid of. This, plus a dues increase and donations from the whole of fandom should give them the capital we need to put our rocket on the moon. Organisation--FAPA's officers and duties of same would have to be tightened up

(continued on last page of lettercol)

# GESTILTSFAN

BY LESLIE NIRENBERG

ONCE UPON A TIME, there lived, in the land of Pandora, a poor old fanned. All day long the fanned laboured, with his beautiful, young daughter at his side, putting out his fanned. Because of the great size to which his zine had grown, they were often forced to work till the wee hours of the morning, he bent industriously over his typewriter and she, unwaveringly turning the crank of the old dilapidated ditto machine.

One day, the old fanned laid down a John Berry story which had just arrived, adjusted his glasses, and, looking at his daughter, said,

"My dear, you have worked hard in helping put out my fanned, but alas, we cannot go on pubbin; for our zine has swelled to such a great size that it has consumed all our savings, and now we cannot afford paper, masters, or even postage."

"Do not despair, father," answered the beautiful, young daughter, "We will find a solution. Perhaps they will extend your credit at Higginbottom's Stationery Supermart. Perhaps they will give you a raise at the root beer factory. Perhaps...perhaps some of your readers will even send money!"

"It's no use, my dear," answered the old man, "They have thrown me out of Higginbottom's because I spent some sticky quarters there, root beer sales have dropped because of terrific competition from Pepsi, and my readers aren't very likely to send money, not when a penny postcard with some comments will do."

Suddenly the old man's eyes brightened.

"I have the answer," he said happily. "Tomorrow, we will go to the king and ask if he can help us, for he is the greatest and wisest RUF in all of Pandora."

Bright and early the next morning, the old fanned and his daughter arrived at the front gate of the king's castle, which was situated on the highest hill in Pandora.

"What is it you want, old man?" asked the burly guard at the gate.

"Let us by, sir," answered the old fanned. "We wish to see the king."

"Begone!" shouted the guard. "The king is too busy working on a new crasshot called "Regizane". He has enough to worry about, writing reviews and trying to scrape up some contributions, without wasting his time with the likes of you."

"Wait!" said the old man. "I have an idea." As he bent toward the guard he whispered something.

The guard listened, and then he said happily, "if what you say is true, old man, you will be richly rewarded. Let us go to the king immediately."

The old fanned and his daughter were then ushered into the palace. When they entered the throne room, they could not help but stare at the beautiful surroundings. Behind the throne hung a huge tapestry with the coat of arms of Pandora woven into it; a double-headed tattooed dragon, one head facing left, and saying "Ego", and the other head facing right, and saying "Ego". Below it, the inscription, "Pandora est justo unghu dano hobb", in the ancient Druid language of the land.

"What is it?" asked the king, when he saw them approach.

"Beg Pardon, your majesty," answered the guard, "This old man claims that his daughter can turn out your one-shot all by herself in one night, without any contributions or any thing!"

"Is that true?" asked the king excitedly, turning to the old fanned.

"Y...Yes, your majesty," answered the old man, scrambling, and too frightened to admit that this was not true.

"Then come with me," said the king, and he led them to a small room filled to the ceiling with stacks of paper and stencils. In the corner stood a small table containing a typewriter and a mimeograph.

"You will work all night," said the king, "When the sun comes up, I will be here to

## Gestiltsfan--II

see if you have finished my zine. If you have failed, you and your father will be banished from my kingdom."

When the king had left, the door was closed and bolted, and the poor faned's beautiful daughter was left all alone.

"What shall I do?" cried the girl. "I have never put out a zine all by myself, and without any contributions too. Oh dear, what will I do?" and she cried and cried.

"Don't weep, my dear," came a voice from the window.

"Who's there?" cried the girl, more frightened than ever.

The window opened with a bang and in jumped a little man, but five reams high.

"Why are you crying so, my poor little femnefan?" he asked in his squeaky voice.

"The king has ordered me to pub his zine, and he expects me to do it all in one night, and he doesn't even have any contributions. I will have to do all the fanac myself. It's impossible, I can never do it," sobbed the girl.

"Oh, I wouldn't say so," said the little man, with a glint in his eye.

"What do you mean?" she asked, "No one has ever pubbed a zine from scratch in one night before in all the history of Fandom."

"I will do it," said the little man. "But first you must give me something for my labours."

"I will give you anything if you can help me," said the girl. "I'll give you my good luck charm, this paper bird, that I always carry with me."

The little man tucked the charm in his pocket, walked over to the typer, and inserted a stencil. Suddenly, a cloud of dust arose as he began typing frantically. He typed and typed till he had a giant stack of stencils before him. Then he placed them into the duplicator and cranked the handle. He cranked and cranked until the machine was almost red hot and large gobs of ink spurted from it. When he had finished, a huge stack of pages lay scattered on the floor.

"Hurry! Hurry!" said the girl. "It's almost dawn. I can see the sun beginning to rise."

The little man paid no attention, but began collating. When he had finished, he took the stapler and started punching. He punched and punched and soon he was all through. He laid down the stapler just as the sun peeped through the window, and taking one last look around the room, disappeared like a flash out the window.

Just then there was a knock at the door, and the king entered with all his counselors, viziers and chamberlains.

"I cannot believe my eyes!" exclaimed the king, when he saw the stack of zines, all bundled up and ready for mailing. "She has pubbed my zine in one night." He picked up a copy and examined it. There were no typos or shortthroughs, the reproduction was faultless and the art superb.

"Somehow, I cannot believe it. I must have further proof that this is not a trick. I have changed my mind about making 'Regizine' a one-shot; I will make it a weekly. I might even win a Hugo and rob Carr and Ellik of their set of book-ends. Tonight you will pub the second issue of my zine, only I want more illos, more reviews, and more pages. I want my zine to be the biggest of all, even bigger than *Gry*."

The distraught girl was led into a larger room, containing more paper, and more stencils.

"I will be here again at dawn," said the king. "If you have not finished by then, you and your father will be banished from Fandom forever."

When they left, the poor girl sat down and again began to weep.

"Oh what will I do?" she sobbed, "Now, father and I will surely be banished."

Suddenly, through the window leaped the dwarf.

"Stop your weeping, child," he said, "I will do your fanac again tonight. But

first you must give me something for it."

"Please help me," cried the maid, "I will give you my prop beanie, that I have been saving for the next con."

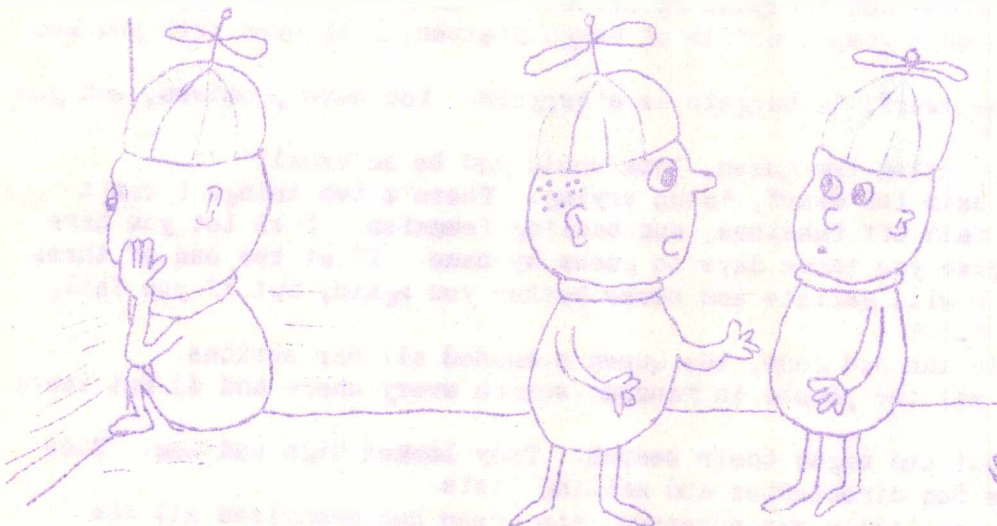
"Very well," said the little man, "That will do, although it isn't as good as Lee Jacobs'."

He turned and quickly began working on the stacks of paper. Great clouds of dust arose as he laboured, and just as the sun began to show on the horizon, he finished and dashed out the window.

When the king entered, he could not help but gaze in wonderment at the crisp-looking stacks of zines. Again, all the copies were perfect.

"Astonishing!" cried the king. "If I can keep this girl with me, I will be the greatest BNF king in the history of Fandom," and taking the girl's hand, he said,

"My dear, tonight I will fill the largest room in the palace with paper and stencils. If you can pub an annish for me I will make you the queen. If you cannot, I will banish you and your father forever from Fandom." And with that, he left.



"Poor Terry. He's been like that ever since the Russians beat him to the moon."

That night, the girl sat amongst the great stacks of paper and wept.

"Now I am surely lost," she sobbed. "The king expects me to pub an annish and I have nothing to give the little man when he comes tonight."

A few moments later the dwarf arrived.

"Go away," sobbed the girl. "I have nothing to give you for tonight's fanac."

"Do not worry, my dear," he said. "I have an easy payment

plan. Pub now, pay later. You can pay me when you become queen."

"But what will be your price?" she asked, brushing away a tear.

The little man stood up straight, stroked his beard and said,

"You must give me all the egoboo for all the zines I pubbed for you."

"But that's terrible," cried the faned's daughter, "Then the king will know it was not I who did his fanac, and he will not marry me, and surely banish my father and me from Fandom."

"That is not my concern," said the dwarf, "Either take that chance or be banished at dawn."

"Boo hoo," cried the girl, "I have no other choice, I will have to do your bidding, you evil little man."

The dwarf began to work, and the cloud of dust rose higher and higher, and sure enough, when dawn came, he had finished an annish that would even make Terwilliger blanch.

When the king arrived the next morning, and saw the great heaps of zines, he immedi-

## Gestiltsfan--IV

lately announced that he would marry the poor femmefan.

The couple were wed amid great rejoicing, and they lived in perfect happiness for some time.

One day the Minister of Internal Fanac asked the queen why she did not pub, or even fan, anymore. Was such a great mind destined for eternal gafia?

The questions made the queen uneasy, and she answered,

"E...Because we have enough zines to last for a long time. And besides, what right have you to ask me such questions? I forbid you to ask them again."

From then on the Minister asked no more questions concerning the queen's lack of fanac, but this did not stop him from wondering what was really at the bottom of it all. Like White and Lichtman, he had a suspicious mind.

One night, as the queen was in her bedroom, who should appear, but the little dwarf. The queen had completely forgotten her bargain with the little man, and, when he appeared, she could hardly contain herself.

"Why have you come here?" she asked, trembling.

"I have come to claim theegoboo which is rightfully mine," answered the dwarf.

"I cannot do it," cried the queen, tears streaming down her face. "I'll give you anything you wish, but please don't <sup>make me</sup> expose my secret. I'll give you a copy of the Necromicon, I'll give you a complete file of Vargo Statten, I'll even tell you who Sawn Courtney's Boat."

"I'm sorry," said the dwarf, "A bargain is a bargain. You have promised, and you must go through with it."

"You helped me once," cried the queen, "How could you be so cruel?"

"Alright, alright," said the dwarf, "Stop crying. There's two things I can't stand: back covers that fall off fanzines, and bawling femmefen. I'll let you have one more chance. I'll give you three days to guess my name. If at the end of three days, you can guess it, I will gafiate and never bother you again, but if you fail, you will have to reveal all."

As soon as the little man had gone, the queen summoned all her scribes.

"Bring me a list of all the people in Fandom, search every where and do not leave a single fan unturned."

The scribes rushed out and began their search. They looked high and low. They rummaged through all the fan directories and mailing lists.

The next night when the little man appeared, the queen had memorized all the names her messengers had brought to her that day.

"Is it Bloch, Busby, Burbee, Brown or Coulson?" she asked.

"No," said the dwarf.

"Willis, Raeburn, Gerber, Elik, Wells, Rotsler, Carr, Lichtman?"

"No," said the little man.

"Is it White, Agberg, Berry, Tucker, Toskey, Knight, Moffatt, Thomson, Cameron, Sneary, Grennell, Adams, Adkins or Meyers?"

"NO! NO! NO!" he screamed.

The next night he returned.

"Is it Ackerman, Pelz, Weber, Caughran, Young, or Calkins?" she asked.

"NO! NO! NO!" he screamed.

The queen went on, naming every name she could think of in Fandom, even "First Fandom", but to no avail.

Meanwhile, hidden behind a curtain, stood the Minister of Internal Fanac, intent on finding out the queen's secret. Finally, it became clear. As he was leaving, the dwarf said,

"If you cannot guess my name by tomorrow, you will have to return all the egoboo,



Gestiltsfan

which is rightfully mine, and tell the king it was I who rubbed his zines."

When the little man left, the Minister of Internal Peace followed. The dwarf jumped over the wall and ran into the forest. All day long the Minister searched and searched through the forest, but he could not find a trace of the little man.

As night fell, he noticed a column of smoke in the distance. He crept warily toward it, and as he neared the fire he saw the little man. He was busily poking at the embers and happily giggling and singing to himself:

"Tonight's the night I become a BNF,  
Tonight's the night I become a BNF,

Tomorrow I brew, tonight I bake,  
And then my egoboo I'll take,  
For little knows the royal dame,  
That GESTILTSFAN is my name."

As soon as the Minister of Internal Peace heard that, he got up and frantically ran back to the palace.

"Your highness! Your highness!" he panted, as he entered the throne room, and bending over, whispered the little man's name in her ear.

A few moments later the dwarf arrived.

"Now," he said gleefully, "this is your last chance to guess my name."

The queen feigned great thought.

"Could it be Brandon?" she asked playfully.

"No, no," said Gestiltsfan, screaming with joy.

"How... could it be Parker Shaeffer?" she asked again.

"No, no, no," said the dwarf, happily, "I'll give you one more guess."

"Could it...." said the queen, "Could it be... GESTILTSFAN?"

The dwarf began to jump up and down with rage.

"Some dirty pro has told you," he cried, "I'll sue him. I'll sue him."

He worked himself into such a rage that he knocked over a shelf full of ditto fluid and completely doused himself.

Just then the king entered.

"What is all this noise? What's this little man doing here? Guards, throw him out."

"It's all over now, my husband," said the queen. "It is time I told you the whole story."

After she had told the king exactly what had happened, he took her hand and said, "It doesn't matter if you did not pub my zines. Together we will be an even greater team than the Carrs."

As for Gestiltsfan, he went back to the forest and joined the NCP.

— Lollie Nirenberg

Editor's Note: The story, which you have just finished reading (I trust), was originally slated to appear next issue. However, circumstances being what they were, Bob has been unable to prepare her super duper comic strip this time, and rather than mid the issue short, I have taken the liberty of substituting the above. I have hopes that the comic strip will appear next issue, which will be out in January, and will carry a Shinagon report (whups, I mean a Retention report), and will be our first amish (Maverick) is launched for). My Pops on Best page all distributed same permission, and I hope you don't mind, Art, but I like it said what — 82

You may drink a Nuclear Fizz  
If you're where the liquor is,  
And the icecubes, and the bitters, and the mix,  
But when it comes to fandom  
You won't get, tho you demand 'em,  
Much of anything but beer and pretzel stix.

For it is beer, beer, beer!  
Fit to quench the thirst of fandom far and near!  
By the chisel teeth of Roscoe  
It's a better drink than Bosco  
—Let's be slans and have another glass of beer!

(ALL DRINK)

Listening to the victrola  
May increase your thirst for cola  
Or some carbonated bottle from the rack,  
But resist that mundane gofuss.  
Grab a Lager to enjoy, son,  
For to drink a beer is really crifans!

For it is suds, suds, suds!  
Be it Miller, Schliz or Falstaff, Pabst or Buds,  
By the purple blood of Ghu  
Beer's the proper drink for you  
—Let's be slans and have another glass of suds!

(ALL DRINK)

Ghastly citrus drinks are made  
On a base of Lemnade  
Full of vitamins and minerals, we know,  
But when this weak libation  
For it lacks the inspiration  
Necessary to a crifan's mind!

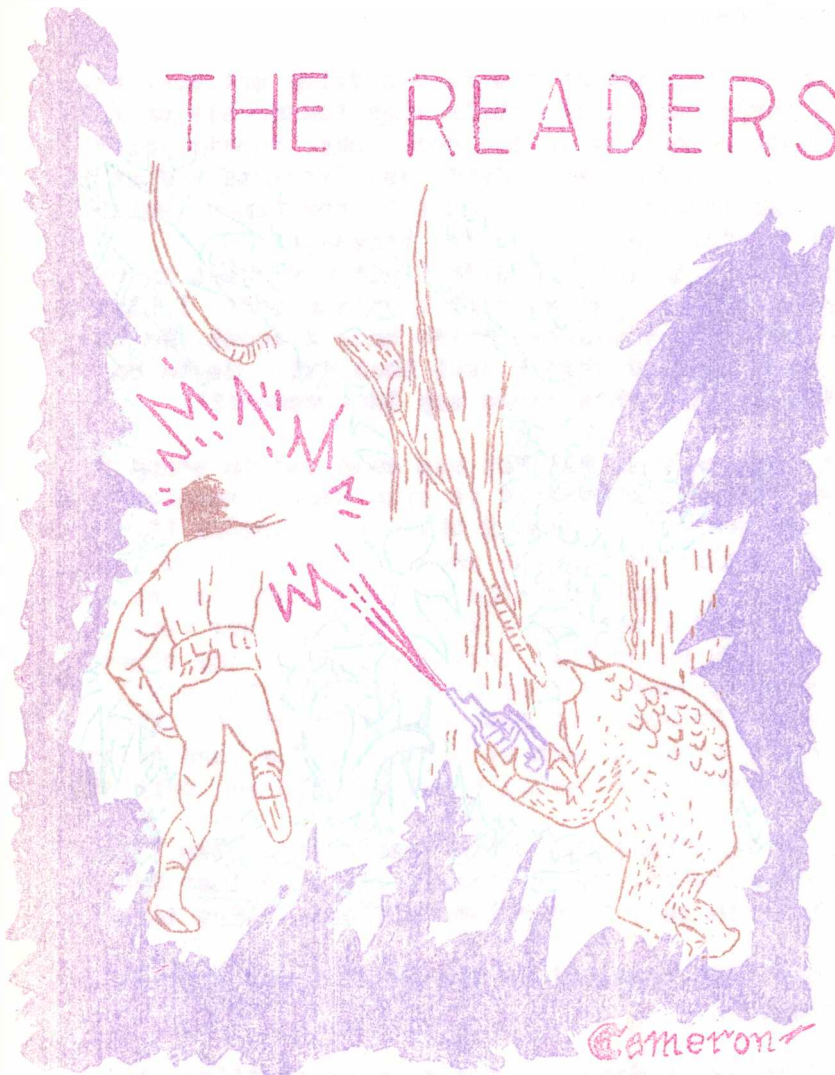
For it is brew, brew, brew!  
Favorite of fanclubs old and new,  
By the lovely blue of Pthallo  
Let's not sit inert and fallow  
—Let's be slans and have another glass of brew!

(ALL DRINK)

Arthur H Rupp

Reprinted from Spaceward #63, July, 1959, SAMP Mailing #8)

# THE READERS RETORT



Being a new title this time for the same old letter column. Only one new thing has been added. My comments are still in double parentheses, like ((so)), but Arv has decided to make a few comments, and so his comments are in brackets like /this/. This is Lichtman speaking, if it isn't clear. Like, hi.

One of the reasons for Arv's comments in the letters this time is to warn him upfor taking the whole thing in the next issue. Also, he had something to say, which is reason enough in itself.

Let's get into it, okay:

ALAN DOND: Rog Ebert's SOLILOQUY ON A SECOND RUN HOUSE was I think one of the most moving little articles I have ever read in any fanzine in years. It is the kind of story that is happening all over the world in any country that has television. I could have written the same story here of any little cinema - like the Central Cinema, Cheshunt which had the same af-

fection to my youth as the Princess did to Rog. I think it really is sad to see a little part of your life die like that. You can't see a place that has been alive for so many, many years change into a silent hulk without having SOME feeling about it. I know how Rog Ebert feels about the Princess - I've felt the same thing here everytime one of my local cinemas has closed down. Maybe in a few years there just won't be any cinemas at all - and here we don't have any drive-in movies to take the surplus customers either. The big first run houses aren't safe either - last week they closed the Davis Theatre in Croydon - this was the second largest cinema in the whole of Europe - 4000 seats, second only to a Paris cinema with a few more seats. It reminds me of a cartoon I saw the other day of a kid looking at his father and saying - "But what WAS a cinema daddy?" Yes, when a cinema dies, big or small - it's a part of somebody's life - no matter what part of the world it is in.

That was the best item in the issue I thought - only one page, but it didn't need more.

I liked Bjo's Supersquirrel - always digging at pore ol' Ellik isn't she? The Eega Beeva squirrel indeed. ("Pore ol' Ellik"??) Harry Warner's article interesting too - so even the hotels sre dying too? I guess nothing will be alive in years to come except drive-ins; television and motels - and here? Well, there'll be just television and expensive trains, because they can't run the railroads economically. Time is marching on Bob, what's

The Readers Retort II -- Dodd on perfumed fanzines

going to happen to fanzines? What dies there? ((Most of the hotels dying off over here are the smaller independent concerns; the large chains of hotels stay inexorably on.//As for fanzines, it's anybody's guess what happens to them in the next--say--twenty years. It'd make an interesting article--a conjecture on Twentieth Fandomese fanzines. What to expect?--built-in comment space, that you can remove for returning to the faned, which is pre-addressed and stamped. Or, perhaps, a monthly tapezine. Who knows?))

I have only one complaint on the issue No. 3 though - I didn't get any scent on my paper!!! No odour at all this time - what have you done with it Lichtman eh?? I like my fanzines to have a scent - enough of 'em smell but yours has gotta have a scent. So thar. ((I just can't explain it, Alan. All of them smelled when I sent them out. Maybe you have a cold? Maybe the PO ran off with the scent? This issue any improvement?))

DICK ENEY: I blush to say that I didn't realize what Psi-Phi was supposed to stand for until Boyd Raeburn pronounced it and I connected it with the expression "sci-fi" Ackerman had mentioned to me when he ordered his copies of the Fancyclopedia II. Good g'od, I hope "sci-fi" doesn't get to be as popular as Psi-Phi seems to have become.

I still don't understand how you get such fine reproduction on such slick paper; I tried dittoing on this sort of thing once (to add a note to a batch of reprints from SCIENCE that Andy Young wanted to circulate) and found that only the tops of the sheets printed. Of course, maybe you use a different system in your machine; mine has a roller rather'n a wick fluid-dispenser, and needs the friction of the paper to apply the fluid properly. ((I'm not really sure myself; all I know is that it prints, and a good thing too, cause we get the paper free (the slick stuff) and couldn't put out the mag very often if we had to PAY for paper.))

The account of the making of THE LORD OF THE RINGS was quite fascinating, tho I don't for a minute believe that it'll ever be accomplished. ((Cynic.)) Still, even that "Music to read TLoTR By" will be an interesting item to have in fannish folklore. ((See this issue, for music list.))

Mordor in '64 is a fine slogan but after what happened to the Black Tower what'll we do for a con hotel? ((Again, see Ted's column.))

WALT WILLIS: That's a lovely cover and I guess it doesn't have to mean anything, but I keep wondering what profound esoteric significance it has to whatever's going on at the moment on the West Coast. Can it be that Ron has exhausted his girl-collecting phase---they don't have completists in fandom like they used to---and is resuming his vocation of collecting news items for Fanac?

About your editorial, I know how you felt about that unfair accusation from Ryan. I'm not gafia either but people think I am just because I don't write to them. Actually I keep writing letters and publishing fanzines here in my head (there's plenty of room) and all my fanac lacks is the crude physical manifestation of these. How materialistic people are?

The Secret Life of Walter Neofan was a nice idea and nicely done, but it seemed to peter out somehow. Of course the original did that ooo I suppose.

John was pretty good but he must be getting hard up for ideas if he has to send to LA for them. He never had that trouble before he went into his self-appointed exile from us. ((But John didn't send to LA for his idea, Arv thought of some ideas for Goon stories, and sent them to John. This is one of the ideas.))

Ebert's piece was buriously effective. I don't remember ever having a nostalgic feeling for a movie house but this was well done and I know how he feels.

Maybe it's just because I'm a pro fan columnist myself (or was--Nebula is folding and I'm now at liberty, waiting for a cable from John W.C.) but to me Pandora's Bottle didn't come off. I tried doing this sort of thing myself once, in the form of a Rog Phillips re-

The Readers Retort III - Walt Willis, comic strip faan

view of F&SF, and it was difficult.

Bjo's comic strip was the best of its kind I've seen since Bob Shaw's *Age in Confusion*...no, hell that was sf, and this is faanish, so it's the best of its kind ever. Anyhow it was very very good and is the second best ad I've seen for Bjo as a TAFF candidate. The other is herself. (Yes, I met her in Chicago in '52 when she was Betty Jo McCarthy.) That business with Kotsler and the LASF's was utterly wonderful. Make her do lots and lots more of these. (I'll try!)

Warner was quite interesting, but this Ring Project appeals to me more. Might I suggest there is an obvious vacancy in the Project Dept. for George W. Fields? (How bout that, Ted? A job for ol' George, and no nonsense, see.)

BRUCE PELZ: PSI-PHI 13 was enjoyed "to the utmost", to borrow another Los Angeles phrase. (It's a new LA phrase on me, Bruce. Where'd you hear it?) The excellence is due primarily to the addition of Bjo's artwork, and the multi-coloured dittoing, which came out beautifully on all but the back lettering on some pages. The slick paper seems to be a lot better for art than for type.

I like the idea of a checklist to let the reader know more-or-less where he stands in regard to getting more issues. Of course, methinks I've seen these three subdivisions before somewhere... (Yup, 'twas in that sterling fanzine, Prof.)

The "Supersquirrel" gets top place, of course - art and story were marvelous, and the repro quite adequate. Terwilleger and Adkins should take notice, particularly if they're intending to run any more of that alleged comic strip in TWIG. THIS one is comic! (It may not be connected with Bjo's strip, but did you notice that they've discontinued the Bobby thing in mid-story?) Now if someone would decide whether the clodhoppers cost \$2.98 or \$2.88, all would be well. (It depends on which store you buy them at.) More of same coming in future issues, I hope. (So do I.)

Glad to see John Berry represented, especially by a Goontale, which I consider to be one of the best Berry formats. (You and me both-but aren't his new-style stories in CRZ just great, too?)

I'm very much interested in the planning of the Ring movie, by Johnstone and company. I will, of course, be rather surprised if anything comes of it, but still and all it is an excellent idea and should be a lot of fun to work out. A couple of comments: in making three previous films, it would seem more advisable to do Shell Scott first, to raise money, then BRAVE NEW WORLD, and finally the pilot film of THE MOBBIT. In the casting, I cannot see Guinness as Gandalf, somehow, though the rest fit quite well. Perhaps Vincent Price as Saruon?

The music is a very important detail, of course. I don't think Stravinsky by himself could do all the composition, though I'm at a loss to say who should be added. If any fan-music is wanted at all, perhaps John Davis might do some, and there are a couple other fans who can write some music, of variable quality perhaps, which might help.

I think that perhaps Stravinsky is prolific enough to accomplish such a task. But, I believe that his use of dissonance would be detrimental to the score. I say this not because of any dislike for Stravinsky, for I own three of his recordings, but because I think that the afore-mentioned style would detract generally from the plot of the movie. I must add at this point that I can't think of anybody to do the music either, but perhaps Villa-Lobos or Aaron Copeland could be used because their scores are generally more melodic...au//

Caughran's story was a bit too old a theme -- it has sort of a Mitty-evil tone. (In-dead.) And Franston's piece was a lot of nothing, all jumbled together. But the rest of the issue was quite good enough to make up for any such small defects, and I intend to try to stay on your mailing list in any way possible. (Just keep writing comments every time, bwah -- and send us ProfAmity. Both of us, okay?)

The Readers Retort IV --- Cameron on squirrel reproduction

COLIN CAMERON: I just now realized the manner in which this issue's cover binds the magazine together. I've not seen too many one piece covers---at least, not lately. ((You got the first two issues, didn't you?--We've used this sort of cover all along. Not many notice it, or if they do, they keep it to themselves, but we like it.)) They usually don't turn out as successfully as this one did. I'd be interested in knowing how you managed to fit the paper into the machine -- fold it in half first? ((Yes.)) With a circulation of any size, that could become a rather tedious process. ((Actually, it's not as bad as it seems. We get the covers cut from some 19x25 stock (which we have four reams of--so we won't be running out too soon), and fold them by hand. Then we run two of the sides. Next, we fold it back around the other way, and run the other two sides. Most of the time, we try to run the insides first, so we won't have to fold it three times, but some-

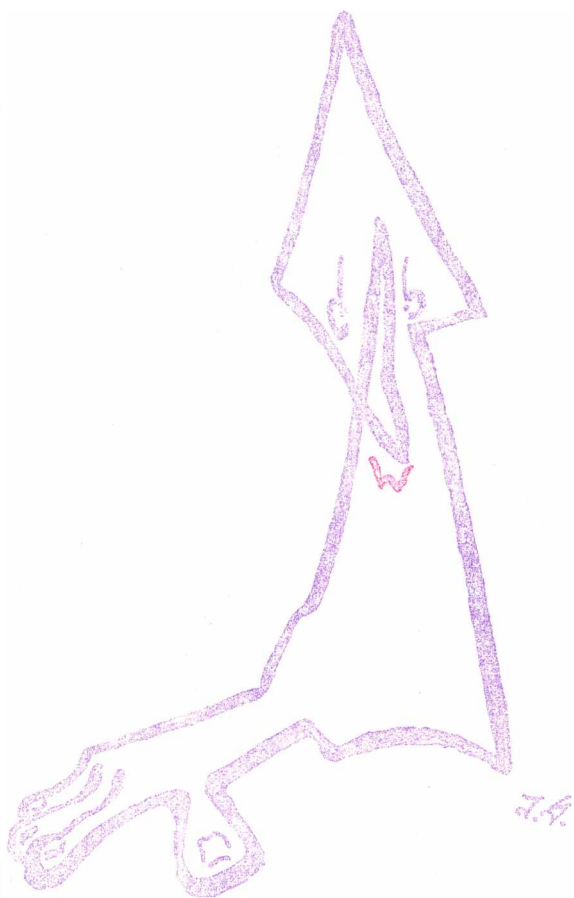
times, like this issue, it just isn't possible. We have the cover masters cut, and they dry out if we don't use them. And our circulation count runs around 100, though we print up about a dozen extra copies or more.)) Bjo's cover illustration would have probably been better suited to mimeograph reproduction (how can a squirrel be suited to mimeograph reproduction?..) -- in any case, it loses much of its effectiveness. ((I don't see what difference it makes, myself, Colin. Would you please explain?))

The Secret Life of Walter Neofenn is a prime example of the fault encountered in almost all fannish parody. In the first place, the idea isn't original. ((Of course not; it's parodying the original idea, remember.)) A parody can be very effective if written in a manner that would suggest that it were written by the original (parodied) author, but not actually using that author's basic ideas and plots. ((In that sort of writing, the result is called a 'pastiche', if I'm not wrong. Bob Leman, will you help clear this up?)) Secondly, it shows very little imagination; it is merely the same work transposed into fannish terms and symbols. ((But that's all it's supposed to be.)) Thirdly, it shows very little effort--if someone can sit down and rewrite famous prose into fannomized terms and be called a parody writer, then the word itself loses its meaning. ((True, some fan-

nish parody takes very little work at all, but others--such as "Detention Tales", running irregularly in VOID--takes a great deal of work, to properly do. Any comments on this subject, people?))

John Barry's The Cruel Sea isn't bad, but it isn't good either. It is the middle-of-the-road variety of writing which Barry seldom does, but nevertheless does on occasion. The basic idea is good though -- I've often thought Barry showed a tremendous like-ness to the Loch Ness...er, well.

Bjo Wells' SUPERSQUIRREL comic strip is, unlike the cover, excellent. In both face value and hidden esotericisms it sparkles. Format and coloring are well handled. It appears as if Bjo handled the job of putting the art on master herself; this definitely aids the appearance greatly. ((You're damn' right it does. If I had had to put it on, it wouldn't have turned out half as good, not that I'd've attempted it in the first place.))



The Readers Retort V --- Cameron rambles on

Ted Johnstone's Lord of the Rings project is certainly captivating. The Project itself seems rather tremendous for a few mere fans. Projects such as these usually fall short of expected results; let's see if Ted can continue his work on this one, even though I'm inclined to be skeptical about it. If such a film is completed, you can bet I'll be one of Ted's first customers. I'd have to brush up on my Tolkien first, but if I can be of any assistance as far as titling, set design, scenery, et cetera, I'd be happy to oblige. Or is Ted planning to hire professionals to do this? (I don't really know for sure...well, Ted? let us know, eh?) The only real deterring factor I can foresee is the cost of procuring the desired actors, the cost of filming, and the publicity and distribution of the film once completed. Best of luck, Ted, in your worthwhile project!

Since you asked Terry Carr in your lettercol just what was wrong with the layout, perhaps I can give you a few hints which will make the errors evident. The most evident of all is your running material over onto one page, then commencing new material immediately below it which carries over for more than one page. Such is the case of Walter Neofann and the Barry story. (Yeah, I know that was your layout, but I was trying to conserve space. This means any better?) Another thing you should keep in mind is to be sure the artwork is included within the typewritten margins and not tucked away in some obscure corner of the page (as in the titling of The Patent). Aside from that (perhaps you could even your margins slightly better also) (left margins--right or left?) there really isn't too much to be found at fault. How long do you expect your funds for the expensive paper to last you? (Like we've said before, we don't have to pay for the slick paper, we get it FREE!) The appearance is nice, but I noticed that some of the print transferred from facing sheets. Is this because of the type of paper, or stacking sheets before they are completely dry? The primary would seem more likely, as the transferred image was of the facing page, rather than the opposite side of the same sheet (implying that the zinc was already assembled). (It's probably the former. But it never happens except when we use black masters, so it was highly apparent in the last issue. If you will, dig out your copy of TWIG #14 (the one with the Adkins "candy" strip, and you'll probably note that the black parts of the printing in the strip have offsetted (or whatever the ditto equivalent of offset is) to the other side. Especially, as with me, if you kept your copy in the lower part of a huge stack, thus creating pressure and a warmth. It seems to be unescapable.)

JOHN BERRY: My first observation is that PSI-PSI has the best quality paper of any fanzine, and with a cute technicolour Bjo front cover, any reader should start off in a joyous mood!

Thanks for the Detention blurb, Bob. (Not's welcome. I sure hope it can be worked out so you can get to L.A. for a while.)

'Twas good to see my illo in technicolour also--I think this is the first of my artistic efforts to appear in an American fanzine. (I thought so. Would you care to illustrate your material in PP from now on, John?)

Another first, as far as my memory serves me, is a technicolour strip cartoon -- and quite brilliant it is, too.

This issue appears to me to be more stimulating than the general run of fanzines, and I think you are to be congratulated on the production of a slightly unusual fanzine in some ways, which shows a remarkable maturity for one so relatively inexperienced. (Coming from you, John, I consider that a high compliment. Remember, also, that you've been a great help in providing material and encouragement.)

BOYD BAERMAN: Thanks for Psi-Psi #3. I meant to comment on the zine sooner, but lately we, (the insurgents) have been spending more and more time hanging out at the local candy store (the Co-existence Candy Store) and this has been cutting into my fanac quite a bit. But tonight I tore myself away, proclaiming loudly, "I must go home and write a letter

The Readers Retort VI -- Boyd Rasburn, Toronto Beatnik

of comment on Psi-Phi" and the proprietor of the Co-existence Candy Store (Les Nirenberg) said "Yes, you do that, and then I can read the zine". Les is becoming a faaaaaan, and alla time I have to keep shovelling fanzines at him. ((And this was the first I heard of Les Nirenberg, who has, in the interim, become a fabulous faan. How about a contribution for our Annish, Les?)) He well, to comment: I liked the cover, and absolutely flipped over the Bjo "Supersquirrel". This was a gas. Bjo's squirrels are just Too Much. I hope you can get more episodes from her. This was a fine issue of the zine all around. See what a better zine you can produce when you put out bigger issues? ((and so this one is even bigger. How you like, Boyd?)) The Caughran was good, the Berry was good, the Ebert nice nostalgia, and Pandora's Bottle was a bit too cute for my jaded tastes, but I guess quite a few readers will like it. Harry Warner read well. I still refuse to believe that Ted Johnstone is serious. Maybe he really means that all involved are actually making the plans, for the fun of doing so, without actually contemplating putting them into effect. Fair enough, it could provide a bit of amusement, and plenty of stuff for the letter-column, judging by the reaction so far.

Regarding your comment in my letter, yes, I was referring to John Berry who's wife is named Diane. My name is not Diane. It is Boyd. Clear now? ((Yes. I had just thought from your tone of hyper that maybe you had a wife named Diane, is all.))

This was a fine issue all round. Keep up this standard, and the name of Psi-Phi will be greeted with respect and all.

/Boyd, I was wondering whether or not the name, the Co-Existence Candy Store, was taken from the Co-Existence Beagel Shop in North Beach in San Francisco. Don't tell me they're trying to start a phony Beat movement in Toronto too. But I guess that I shouldn't complain inasmuch as the former cafe owners who could only get a dime for a cup of java can now get 75¢ for something called "expresso". These circumstances evolve, I imagine, from the reams of ego-bec that have come from Kerouacs and others. Turnabout being fair play, the so-called Beats are now living on Nob Hill, and the society set habitates these squalid establishments...seu/

LISLIE NORRIS: Thanks for the copy of Psi-Phi #3. As I learn more of the present-day escapism; of fandom, I find myself gaining more understanding of what is going on in the world. Now that I know who The Goon is, where the Detention is, what TAFF is, who the candidates are, and what Mordor means, I can back all your slogans.

Now that I have met a few of the local fans and spent hours listening to their explanations of the WIS and other current jokes I begin to feel qualified to have opinions again. However I do not, as yet, feel qualified to state my opinions. ((Which is a good practice, lest you misstate something and end up with your mouth full of Beat.))

The day after my visit to you I found myself free and managed to journey across the city to Pasadena to meet Rich Brown and Ted Johnstone. I'm glad to see that more teenagers seem to be taking active interest in fandom -- it certainly beats washing tires and stealing hub-caps. ((So how do you think we get money to put out our fiaz? Bet!)) Incidentally, I hope it was only a coincidence that in less than a week since my visit Ted has already left Los Angeles and Rich has joined the Air Force. ((Purely coincidental, I assure you.))

But I should comment on your magazine. Of course the most outstanding item was Bjo's comic strip, Super Squirrel. I can recall only one fanzine comic-section in my time -- I believe it was hectographed and poorly drawn, but I can't recall the title or where it appeared for the life of me. This was a masterful job of drawing and reproducing. You must have had Bjo cut her own masters; either that or you are an excellent reproducer. ((Yes, she cut the masters, and the same this time, also.)) Since I saw no credit for continuity, I presume Bjo wrote the continuity also? ((Again, yes.)) This seems to be a remarkable fanne indeed. In the species of homo fan, any female is a rarity, and I can't recall one that was such an excellent specimen since Morojo. Sometime I shall escape from the shackles of respon-



The Readers Retort VII -- More LesNor

sibility for an evening and attend the LASFS if only to meet her. Anyone who could seem so different to the three fans who have told me about her must be an intricate personality indeed.

And Ted Johnstone's plans to make The Greatest Movie In The World. What is The Lord Of The Rings? By the comments I read in the lettercolumn and the little I can infer from Ted's references, I can tell I must try to find a copy and read it. (Weel, it's a three-volume story, running about 3-million words. There's also a sort of preface book called The Hobbit which you might find in the children's section of your local library. In fact, I suggest you check the whole thing out from the library, since it costs about \$13.50 for a set of the three books. That is, if the thought of a 3-million word story doesn't frighten you in itself.)

TED WHITE: Bjo's cover has an odd perspective this time, with the girl too small in relation to her closeness, but that's about the only thing that mars it. I glee over Bjo's depictions of Squirrel Ellik, and this along with her comic strip is just Too Much.



I was struck by the similarity of your contents page to the old QUANDRYs. (Purely coincidental, then; neither of us have seen a copy of that fabled pub. \*\*sigh\*\*)

Underman writes a better editorial than you--if he isn't you. The pun about ruptured pocketbooks was worthy of Willis. (Yes, he exists. That was a good line, wasn't it?) If Underman is real, does he get to read your copy of VOID, or does he want his own in trade, or what? (Consider PP as a trade for V, please, for Jv, & send him your zine. I'll letterhack for mine, &c.)

Caughran might have gotten away with signing "Carl Brandon" to his short story--but that's good. In fact, I think the Berkeley influence is hitting Jim; this is about the best thing I've seen by him.

"...And according to these figures, the next PAPA mailing will be about 550 pages..."

The Berry story is superior to the usual Berry story in being one of the few Good stories which didn't grotch me. Berry has toned down the idiot nature of the Goon, and the touch of humility at the end, "I had goofed yet again," is

an unusual touch. The only thing wrong was that you started the story and illo halfway down the page. Better to use a filler; starting a new piece right after the end of another gives your layout a sort of scrapbooky appearance, and contributes towards Terry's criticism of it...

Ebert is quite good with his nostalgia-piece. Reminds me of when the Lee closed years ago, and I went the last Saturday and Sunday to see the finishes of the two serials then running, the Sunday one had started only two weeks earlier, and we saw some thirteen episodes in a row. At that time I was quite a serial-fan, digging particularly the Rocket-man series that Republic ran. Appealed to my stfish tendencies...

PANDORA'S BOTTLE suffers from Franson's usual trouble of coming up with a good idea and not devoting enough time to it. The humor is of a very reader-slanted, YANDRO sort, and the possibilities of satire upon the three reviewers' styles remain almost undeveloped, though a few hits were gotten in at Phillips, and, at the end and by inference, at Madle.

SUPERSQUIRREL is great, and deserves to be continued. Bjo is a bit sloppy with her ballooning, and panel layout, but she has some fine moments, particularly the interchange bit between the giant and SS over his shoes. Sylvia and I simultaneously identified the sweatered kid as Ted Johnstone...I hope he won't take this too badly.

The Readers Retort VIII -- Ted White, movie producer

Warner writes an interesting but insignificant piece. I wonder, did he title it? That title seems its worse point. (Yes, and he mentioned at the time that if I could come up with something better, that I should use it. But I didn't, unfortunately.) Johnstone...well, I can't help feeling as I have, that this is too much wishful thinking. I mean, I know they don't take this too seriously, but Johnstone's "we'll do this, and then we'll do this, and we're gonna hire so&so," doesn't sound as though he wasn't taking it seriously. The interesting thing is that I have a close friend who is producing a Greek play as a movie (Promethius Bound), and I'm working with Nat Hentoff on a possible jazz movie, and I have to laugh at Johnstone's budgets. And his list of stars. But a "realistic budget of between thirty and fifty million dollars..." I wonder if he realizes how much a million dollars is, and the difference between thirty and fifty million-- which is twenty million, and enough to finance 200 good L pictures alone, figuring a good picture (non-spectacular) at upwards from 60,000 dollars. I figure the picture I'm working on might get by at thirty thousand; my friend is working at fifteen thousand due to the specialized nature of his production. Anyway, the abandon with which Ted tosses twenty million dollars about does make for fun and wish fulfillment, I guess.

Referring to your letter-section in order to make a comment on #2, Budrys tells me that his Ballantine version (of MAN OF EARTH) was about as he wrote it. The significantly different version which appeared in SATELLITE was due to Sam Merwin, who butchered it, and wrote a new first chapter, changed things around for an alien invasion, etc. I liked the book, myself, and I read it simultaneously with the magazine version to check for differences--of which there were many. AJ doesn't think it's his best story, and thinks the magazine version was bad.

Adkins hands me a laugh with his "never considered myself a BNF either or a pro." Good thing Dan isn't conceited.

...So here we are. About a page to go here, and over 20 letters here in the Stack that I can't print in any fullness. Looks as if it'll get to be this way every time, because we sure as hell aren't going to have a 20-page lettercol like CRY or INN. We like your letters, but we just haven't room to print them all. So, here comes the old stand-by, ye letterquotes:

STEVE SCHULTHEIS sends money, and asks that part of it be appropriated for a copy of the first issue, that he may have a complete collection. We'll sell any of you who want that one a copy for a dime (coin or low-denomination stamps), and we have a few of #3; #2 is clean gone. Steve says, of the Rings movie Project: "Both parts of Ted's movie article have been of great interest. It's a fannish pipe drama, of course, but intriguing to think about. Actually, only Disney's studios have the know-how and the facilities to do THE LORD OF THE RINGS justice, if Disney wanted to. Yet, as time goes on, I wait, dreading the announcement that Disney's going to make the picture -- because Disney, though he could, would not do justice to the books. I shudder to think of the sickening thing the Disney studios would probably make out of Tolkien's wonderful books." HARRY WARNER liked the Bjo comic strip, says, "I like to throw a fit at the tattoo on the giant's upper arm." To save all you the frustrating agony of searching through possible mounds of fms, I will simply say that the tattoo was of one of WR's little isobarred beams. Harry finishes with, "Ignore the sniping critics, blast back at those who try to demolish you, and don't start a feud with Bjo as long as she draws you those wonderful pictures." & even, Harry, after that. JOHN TRIMBLE says that he would have written sooner, but, "every time I would pick /PSI-PHI/ up to read it, I'd get as far as Super-Squirrel, and no further." But, "anyway, I finally got past S-S, simply by coming through the back way." That's real thinking, John. He says to Arv: "GMDarr is supposed to be one of those people you never like until you've met them. She's a rip-scourting terror (if you pay any attention to her) at a typer, but the nicest lil' grey haired grandmotherish old lady you'd ever want to meet in person."

What Right Have They Got To It? -- continued

a bit, but the framework there is good. FAPA has much that is wanted for the project, and few defects.

Thus we have the talent, the organization, the capital, what more do we need? All that remains is to do something.

I propose a small payload on top of four or five stages; the last could be merely a flag pole, with some sort of pressure release so that a flag would be flown as soon as the flagpole hit vacuum; the flag reading, "This land is claimed in the name of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association," or some such.

Let's do something.

But remember, keep this a secret. They might stop us if they knew about it.

--- Lewis Baker

The Readers Retort -- concluding letter quotes

Confusing, until you begin to think about it." To which Art replies: "I'll have to meet her to be convinced, but being a trusting soul I'll take your word for it." RICK SNEARY liked my interlineation, "Washington for TAPP! Bjo in '60!2 He said, "It gain the high praise of a real, out loud, laugh." Goes on, "I don't agree at all with Boyd about how often a zine should come out. There is so much change in fandom, that a zine that doesn't appear every few months -- or is the quality of SKYHOOK or GORSLA (in all honesty, I've never seen A BAS, so I'm not snubbing him) -- you may find fans thinking you have folded. Or, neos, coming along that never even heard of you... -- Look at you, Bob, you have been active one year--and are hardly a neofan any more. ((I blush)) I'll bet six months ago you had never heard of A Bas ((Actually, it was about the fourth or fifth fanz I ever received, but this was probably luck)). You may not have even seen a copy of SKYHOOK. ((Still haven't.)) And, having just sorted, prior to filing, a two foot stack of zines, there are quiet a number of lesser zines I could name, that wouldn't mean anything to you. (Unless you have been buying second hand copies.)" I have, of a few selected titles, but not too much. Only the legendary and semi-legendary titles appeal to me, and they are hard to find. GREGG CALKINS writes an interesting postcard, finishes, then, in pen, appends, "PS--How could I forget--Super Squirrel was THE GREATST" ARCHIE MERCER says, of the comic strip, "I'm still a bit at sea over the significance of Ratslur's ingining \$2.88 to be \$2.98, and likewise how it prints on the hero's body right way round (unless it's showing through?)." I really don't know, Ah Chee. Ask Bjo. BJO says, "I liked the way Super Squirrel turned out! Everyone here seems to like it; which I put down to bad taste, but good friendship on their parts. Do you think another one would be a good idea?" To which I answered the obvious. "Y\*E\*S!" was about the way I put it.

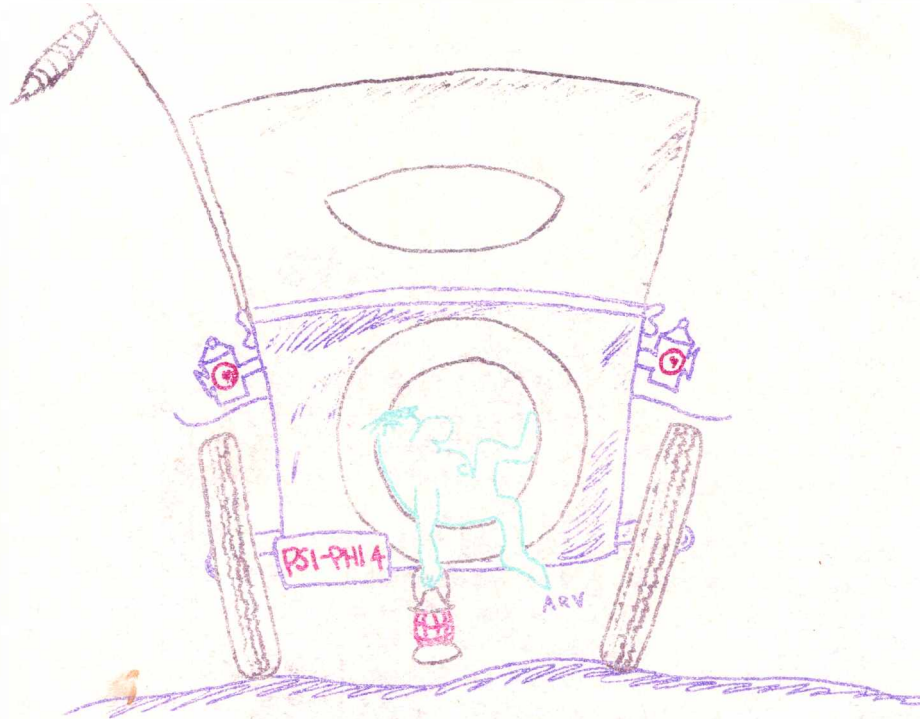
Ghad, I've still got all these letters, but a fast-ly approaching line. So I'll regretfully stop the quotes here, with apologies to ARTHUR THOMSON, JOE SANDERS, LYNN HICKMAN, BUCK COULSON, VIC RYAN, LEN MOFFATT, BURNETT R. TOSKEY, BOB EBERT, PETER SINGLETON, LESLIE GERBER, TED PAULS, DYCK SCHULTZ, ETHEL LINDSAY, DONALD FRANSON, & JOHN KONING. See, I told you all I could have continued this for at least 10 more pages.

The general concensus of opinion was that Bjo had the BEST thing in the issue, and that she should do lots more of them. I agree, and as long as she wants to do the comic strip, we will have room for her in PSI-PHI.

The next issue will be out in a few months. It will carry a Detention report by Ted Johnstone, a letter section, and a few other goodies. Let us remind you, in closing, that we have our fanz coming up in January, it would be perfectly all right with us if you (yes, YOU!) would send us a contribution for it now, so we won't have a colossal last-minute rush. And write if you get work.

--- Art Hyndman & Bob Lichtman

This was Psi-Phi no. 4



THE REASON WHY.....

- You have a contribution in this.
- Would you please contribute something for a future issue?  
(art, fannish fiction, article, \_\_\_\_\_)
- You have a letter in this issue.
- Please review this issue.
- Please send us your fanzine.
- This is in trade for your fanzine; like, thanks.
- You are in danger of not receiving future issues unless we hear from you, now.

.....YOU RECEIVED THIS FANZINE

- A PSI-PHI PUBLICATION -