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April 1959 April 1959 April 1959 April 1959 April 1959 April 1959

Our motto:

SEND BEER TO BOB TUCKER!!!

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The Driver's Seat

TROJANS ARE WE, TRA LA, TRA LA

I walk into the classroom. It's a night like any other night. There are people in the room. I'm used to that. It happens all the time. We're partners. Our job: get an A. This will be difficult, for our instructor in this English class does not speak the language. He is a first-year graduate student who came to New Orleans to meet decadent women.

"Hell's bells," he says, in the ritual beginning. "We will now call the roll." I eye him while he speaks, from white buck shoes to Ivy League coat and tie. I note the dishevelled state of his crew cut and the feverish gleam emanating from the wild eyes. I surmise that tonight's lecture will be even more frothily sexual than usual. I sigh for the cloistered instructors of the past who sedately expound tenth-hand opinions, or even quote a grammar rule or two.

He settles himself upon the desk, cigarette between each thumb and forefinger, and announces the topic. "Background," he says. In my notes I write, "eggs, frozen orange juice, scotch tape. Call maintenance about the plumbing."

The lecture begins with Zeus' swan rape and ends (two class periods later) in Sir Gawain's triumphant resistance against seduction. The Trojan War is given a passing mention: "One day Menelaus showed at his brother's pad, his brother being Agamemnon and Lord High Lizard of his own slice of land. Menelaus says, 'Look, Ag, this square Paris catted off with my drag, and since we're brothers, if I'm had, you have to pitch in.'"

I have long ago stopped taking notes. This particular anglefish of the English alleyways alienated Jan the day he said, "Yes, Mrs. Penney, I am aware that your writing is of professional quality. However, there is no place for professional writing in a college English class."

A VENTURE INTO FANDOM

The last paragraph on page 28 does go charging off into the distance, a sercon-ish motto waving on its banner, and this very fact has given your editor some amount of uneasiness. The point originated with Dave, and is being pushed by Dave. He claims that it is difficult to break into fandom, mostly because of terminology and allusions. Is this so? I really can't decide. I have memories of delightfully humorous writings which were funny because of the fannish casts of viewpoint and terminology. Too, "descriptions of parties, people, and passenger terminals" are pleasing whether or not I know the people involved. They're like free tours of the fannish countryside, and since fandom is composed mostly of fans, it would seem that meeting them in print as well as face-to-face would not be boring because fans are interested (besides in sf) in other faans.

How can I think with you popping my bra strap?


And while we're on page 28 (perhaps you'd better go read "The Crunch Episode and Other Stories" and then come back to the editorial) Willis uses the present tense in speaking of HYPHEN. Is HYPHEN still is? Haven't received anything from WAW in years.

In the interest of newcomers, and for people who get tired of explaining strange words and references to other neofen, there ought to be re-prints of both THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR and THE NEOFAN'S GUIDE. I have nightmares each time my own copies go off clutched in a grubby little hand, and wish desperately there was an easier way than lending out one's own treasured copies. As a matter of fact, if Shaw/Willis and Tucker will give permission, Grijx could grind out second editions of each quite easily.

... It was early afternoon when we reached the village of the Bobopulus. The males of this curious tribe wore dark shell-rimmed glasses and had tiny goatees on their chins. Both sexes had the odd practice of inserting a large bone through their heads so that it projected from each ear. The custom not only rendered them totally deaf, but also damaged their brains. They communicated with each other by simple signs. . . . --Martin Gardner, "The Island of Five Colors"

BEER CASK TO BOB TUCKER

... Lynn Hickman started it, we continue the traditions any amount, any brand, preferably labels that Bob, that distinguished connoisseur of beer flavors, may not have had the opportunity to gauge. Perhaps eventually he'll write EVERYMAN'S GUIDE TO THE BEER CASK.

bye! 

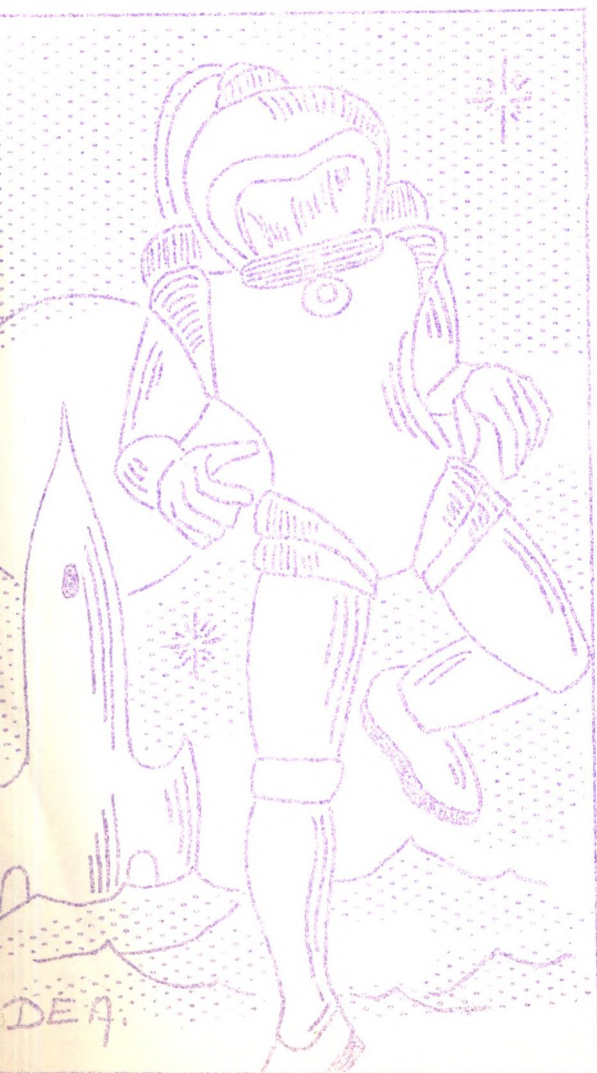
Scholars generally prefer some neofan names: neofannish, or even the word of Sierdus Dr., as a more probable name for the new art. The American tradition persists. Only a few years ago another of my excursions sought permission to search for remains of the Ark on this mountain. If they had found some pieces of old timber, one wonders whether they expected them to be identified by some such sign as E. K. Ark.

by
Hal
Annas

CELESTIAL VISITOR

On 18 February 1952, at 11:33 A.M., an explosion rocked Tidewater, Virginia, and northeastern Carolina. It was heard and felt as far west as Franklin, Virginia, and as far east as Portsmouth and Norfolk, a distance of 40 miles.

Within minutes police headquarters, newspapers, radio stations and fire departments throughout the region were flooded with telephone calls. They in turn besieged the Navy, the Coast Guard, the Air Force; and before noon helicopters, airplanes and flying boats were patrolling the entire land area and adjacent waters in search of the source of explosion.



A report came from a papermill worker at Franklin that a burning object he believed to be an airplane had been visible in an easterly direction. Another observer, at Graddock, suburb of Portsmouth, reported seeing a flaming object in a westerly direction.

The armed services immediately intensified their hunt for what was by this time believed to be a crashed jetplane.

The Norfolk Weather Bureau informed the Associated Press that two sudden and unexpected fluctuations in atmospheric pressure had occurred, one at 11:30 and one earlier. It was subsequently concluded that the disturbances could have resulted from one or more alien bodies entering terrestrial atmosphere at velocity greater than those at which man had ever traveled.

An airman coming into Byrd Airport, Richmond, told of seeing a bright object flashing across the sky south and west of Richmond. The Associated Press received a report from a Navy airman flying from Jacksonville to Norfolk. Lieutenant Walter H. Maddox,

of Clearwater, Florida, said that he was 30 miles northwest of Newbern, North Carolina, when he saw a moving object "so bright it blinded me".

The object was described as being at great height and moving at terrific speed.

As reports piled up, it was disclosed that Suffolk, midway between Portsmouth and Franklin, had been shaken worse than the latter places, and that window glass had been broken at Whaleyville, eleven miles south of Suffolk.

The search focused on Whaleyville, with helicopters landing in fields and farmyards to question residents. It was here that twelve-year-old Sherwood Jones, of Whaleyville, told of seeing "a star burst in the sky".

This was in broad daylight and the boy's word was not immediately credited, but he was closer to the truth at that moment than anyone else in the area.

The earliest authoritative report came from meteorologist J. P. Molen of the United States Weather Bureau at Greensboro, North Carolina. Although Molen's report did not specify that he was an eyewitness other sources affirmed that he was studying the sky at the precise moment and must have had a clear view of what many scientists would have given much to see.

The report was definite and concise. It stated that a huge meteor had exploded at an altitude of between 40- and 80,000 feet about 100 air miles north northeast of Greensboro. He added that fragments may have scattered over a wide area.

This was elaborated by Aubry D. Husted, assistant meteorologist of the Norfolk Weather Bureau. Husted explained that the meteor had a molten core which had built up pressure against its hard outer shell because of the heating effects of atmospheric friction.

Dr. Harold L. Alden, Director of the University of Virginia's Leander McCormick Observatory, said that the phenomenon was rare, that daytime meteors usually went unnoticed. The flash from this one was visible more than 200 miles away at Lynchburg and Roanoke.

Meteors and fireballs have been reported in the United States before and since that time. But not in decades, possibly centuries, has a celestial visitor announced its arrival in such a harmless and at the same time such a flashy, noisy manner.

Station-break Playlets:

And pairsomes:

Ring Around The Sun
and

Some Like It Hot

"Darling, what's keeping us apart?"
"Foundation."

• then



Subtitle:

C'est la guerre

BOB TUCKER; Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois

Cheers:

You have an engaging habit of sprinkling my name through your pages (not that I mind!) and I have a not-so-engaging habit of skip-reading the first time. The result, after skimming this latest issue, is that I immediately began making plans to run away with you upon reading the bottom of page eight.

I caught something about an approaching crack of doom, and about a desire to save the one thing most cherished, and lo! (That's a book.) there you were inserting my name as the thing most cherished and to be saved. Pausing only a moment, I whipped out the trusty atlas and started searching for suitable tropical isles, seeking one to which I would allow you to whisk me to for saving and cherishing. It was a nice dream while it lasted. I was pleased to think you'd rather save me, than my books, and to repay you I was planning to entertain you for 1001 nights by repeating the plots of my books so that in effect you could have me and my prose as well.

Except, of course, that I haven't yet written the other 985 volumes, but that would not matter as I planned to make them up as I went along.

But now that I have re-read page 8 more carefully, doom may as well go ahead and crack. (Query: what is it about the Time Masters that catches your fancy? What do you see in there?) ("So long! So long I can hardly see the end of it!")

Good Lord, girl, but those fanzine reviews were ancient! I'm sure I've sent you other and newer fanzines than that one of mine you reviewed. (Sadly, no.) Well, ancient reviews or not, I like SLANDER and hope you'll continue to send them my way.

Well, okay. But if it ever does crack, and you find yourself alone and friendless and not exceedingly radioactive, look me up. We could make beautiful science fiction together.

The Time Masters? Only because it's the first of the series, and I meant to re-read it all, right up to where Shirley and Nash live in that delicious house and play chess. Actually, I have an eccentric confession: My favorite books (novels) are usually in that category for only one reason. No, not writing or genre determined... but only for the character of the protagonist. They're usually men (occasionally women! I'd give my soul to know in real life. For this reason TAKEOFF, SPACE PLATFORM, and the Wilson Tucker sf's have ragged corners and loose pages, and my own annotated copy of ATLAS SHRUGGED is hardly ever on the shelf.

Look at the wonders that are achieved by name aprinkling! Let's do it some more: Willis Raeburn Grennell Boggs Berry McCain Harris Bloch Shaw Rotsler TuckerTuckerTuckerTucker.

G.M. CARR; 5319 Ballard Avenue, Seattle 7, Washington

Glancing through SLANDER #3 preparatory to reply to it, I happened upon Lars (Larry) Bourne's objection to your use of the term "knocked up" and your reply thereto... Three decades ago, during my girlhood, this term was widely used to refer to pregnancy but with illicit connotations. Unmarried women were "knocked up" -- respectably married wives were "in the family way..." (oh come now!) Perhaps this is still the connotation to which Lars (Larry) Bourne refers. On the other hand, I recall that this term was also used by British novelists to mean "fatigued" -- similar to the current "I'm pooped" (which incidentally, three decades ago would only have reference to flatulence). I can still recall the shocked titillation at seeing in print the hero tenderly asking the heroine (or vice versa) (they didn't teach biology three decades ago, either, I gather.) if he/she were too "knocked up" to continue traveling. Even when we knew they didn't mean it that way, we got a giggling thrill from just seeing it in print. (When was ULISSES published in America?) But of all people to object to someone else's use of words with shock-value, Lars (Larry) Bourne should certainly be the last!

Re the 'highschool bud' flavor -- as of this issue I definitely detect more of a Campus flavor. After all, why not? A year is a long time in the world-education of an individual. Personally, I like it...although I suspect that never before or again does anyone drink so deeply of the heady wine of intellectual self-sufficiency as these few years spent in the cool, green shade of the Campus. (At least, all the Campuses I've seen have been shady...) And a good thing, too. If we had to maintain that level of philosophical discussion all the rest of our lives, we wouldn't be able to stand it! (The editor's personal opinion is that individuals who not only maintain the intellectual self-sufficiency of their university days, but sustain and extend it, are those who become the valuable creative thinkers of their society.)

I enjoyed the Golin Wilson/GMCarr comparison. In fact, I've held off answering hoping to locate and read the Golin Wilson Books referred to. Didn't find them (tho, to tell the truth, I suspect I just didn't look hard enough not in the right places...) As a title, THE OUTSIDER threw me off course a little, because the only book of that name I've run across is an historical whodunnit which I've already read. Obviously not the one by Colin Wilson. But your guess as to my probably reaction to this Angry Young Man is not very far off. I tend to get rather impatient with doom-shouters. It isn't his awareness of The Outside that makes him angry -- it is rather his resentment at the rest of the world for not feeling the same way as he does about it. And it is this resentment at the rest of the world that I think is foolish -- because actually, it is resentment against God. That, in my opinion, is ridiculous.

Not that it matters any, but my reaction to the distressed cries by Angry Young Men is a somewhat jeering amusement. I suppose as we grow older we realize there is a wide difference between Things-As-They-Are and Things-As-They-Ought-To-Be. True, the Angry Young Man sees this difference and it is the source of his anger. But as we grow older, we realize that Things-As-They-Ought-To-Be is merely a human concept. These concepts of Justice and Injustice which sting the soul to anger are merely human values. (Why not human values and human justice for human people? No one would complain. As a rationalist, Mrs. Carr, I ask you: Where is your God?). We speak of such a thing as Perfect Justice, and in our limited way we consider it an attribute of God. But what Perfect Justice might be -- that is something that we, as humans, could not hope to comprehend. We can't understand it because we are human and our understanding is limited to human values. But God, by our own definition of God, is not limited to human values. Therefore what might be Perfect Justice to God might even seem to human understanding to be rank injustice! We, from our limited human viewpoint, see what appears to us to be cruel injustice -- like human suffering, babies dying, bombs on open cities, pain and hunger -- and wickedness prospering like a green bay tree... Angry Young Men cry out against it, each according to the injustice which stings him most. What they fail to see is that these things, too, are part of Things-As-They-Are. Things-As-They-Ought-To-Be is the ideal that humanity dreams and strives for. But Things-As-They-Are is the reality that God created. This angry rebellion against one's fellow creatures for being what God created them instead of what the Angry Young Man thinks they should be, seems to me as ludicrous as it is futile.

That is not to say that the human concepts of justice are not important, for they are. They too are part of Things-As-They-Are, and it is this constant striving toward what humans regard as Justice that enables humans to recognize the concept of Perfect Justice as an attribute of God -- even though they are not able to comprehend it. But it seems to me important to recognize that Perfect Justice (and God) is more than just a human concept. (Yes indeed, that's the basis of your whole argument. And the only highway to this "Recognition" is faith, which is by definition belief without need of reasons.) Truly, as I gather from your Review of THE OUTSIDER, there IS something OUTSIDE -- something more than we are able to pinpoint by our dogma or define by mechanistic formulae. After all, dogma is conceived in human minds, and formulae also are limited to the human intellects that must interpret them.

Chaos, indeed...and I cannot help but think it funny to see a puny human being shake his fist at God and try to tell Him what He Should-Have Created!

H. L. Mencken: "The universe is a vast flywheel spinning and spinning. Man is a fly clinging sick and dizzy to its rim. Religion was invented by the fly to convince himself that the whole chebang was set in motion to give him the ride." An inaccurate quote, but it'll do. As you take your evening walk, how inclined would you be to notice an ant who, having taken up a defiant position in front of you, furiously waved its right front foot and demanded Justice?

Golin Wilson said that there were certain other people who said that there was something Outside. The actual existence of the Outside was not even a basic requisite to his books, although he did later rather assume its existence in describing it. Perhaps careful examination would reveal that he only extrapolated.

I think I'll stay week for a drunkend.

BOB BLOCH; P. O. Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin

Dean Jan: I could send a letter, I know, but I'm (a) sick with a virus and (b) cognizant that in the letter-column you seem cramped for space anyhow. (a) This is a postcard and (b) on a bimonthly schedule not many letters are acquired, but we print all we get. --DEP But it is good to see SLANDER back in production again; I'd almost given up hopes. Too bad that I no longer have a review-column in which to give it a sendoff...interested in your mention of Harry B. Moore and Dan Galouye, among others, whom I recall so well from the NOLAcon in '51. Good heavens, is it really that long since I've seen the Morning Call at dawn? Or eaten crottled greeps a la Creole at Galatoire's? Or seen Chep Morrison? (Note that his wife died recently). If you're serious about a NOLAcon II, see about renting one of those large recreation halls over in Jefferson Parish; I think they'd make ideal con-sites. So would the Port Authorities yacht. How about it...a floating con?

... and the Top Dog of the Port and Dock Commission is a personal, if patronizing, friend of los Penneys . . .

Ah yes, the NOLAcon. That event indirectly marked Jan's entrance into fandom, or, "Down the Primrose Path." I was a dazed nymphet of eleven who read Thrilling Wonder Stories and IF. In the first issue of IF someone named Lynn Richman announced a club called The Little Monsters of America. Naturally membership in anything titled The Little Monsters of America was a dire necessity. I joined. Lynn sent occasional fanzines which were read with puzzlement, and finally in a glorious finale, a nine-long report of the NOLAcon. Period of silence until Peter J. Vorzimer, probably working from a membership list of TMA, announced simultaneously 8th Fandom and an up and coming fanz titled Abstract. There's Jan: hooked, gasped, having a lovely fanzish ball!!

What do doctors recommend for headaches?*

*Immediate amputation.

BRUCE PELZ; 4010 Leona Street, Tampa 9, Florida

Received SLANDer 3 and your postcard in the last couple of days -- the zine came Saturday, the pc today. (March 23.) Regret to say I've not read all of SLANDer as yet, but I do like what I've read -- particularly "Sick, Sick, Sick."

Umm. You have succeeded in insulting two Universities at the same time -- tho they both deserve it. Gainesville, Florida is the site of the University of Florida, and its ~~students~~ students would be highly incensed at being considered U. of Miami-ites since the general opinion at Gainesville is that the U. of Miami's most important course is in underwater basket weaving. Likewise, Miami would not appreciate the idea, and they would also object to the idea that I was a member of their student body. Bad enough U. of F. had to put up with me until I graduated last August. Address change to that typed above is good for about another year, at least, until I can get back to some university to annoy professors while doing graduate work.

Y'know, it's unfair -- here I just went and weeded my active file of all complete gafiates, and then SLANDer and SPHERE both come winging back out of nowhere. Why, any day now I'll probably get a copy of BARBARIAN from Barbara Lex, who seems to be a hopeless gafiate. But welcome back to ye! It's nice to see some re-entries once in a while to balance out the folded zines.

Built-in punctuation is the best kind.

RICK SNEARY; 2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, California

I have just left town for a few days or weeks to try and recover some health. And loaded my bag with an assortment of unanswered mail to work on. Your zine arrived through the wall, just a few minutes before we took off. So, holding to no logic, I'm answering it first. I was pleased to see it again, even if it seems I didn't say so about the second issue.

Reproduction is a little light, and the "red" sort of "pink," but all readable, and worth it. As a gray hair fan (happy it is singular) I now find that I automatically doubt the existence of any contributor to a fanzine if I have never heard of him. In other words, I doubt there is a Viereck or Cummins, other than in your own lovely blond head. (You are a blond, aren't you?) April 3rd is the first anniversary of my transition to being the only brunette in the world with blond roots. Fellow females hate it, but the men voice unanimous approval. Goes well with fair skin and blue blue eyes. (Sylvia Dees turned out two fanzines, attended a Convention and married Ted White, since fandom heard from you.)

Most interesting was Dave's article. But it was wine! It happened to come along just after reading a review by Irria Curzan ((spelling?)) I dunno either. --and two spirited discussions on the trends of major authors today. In the 20's the trend was to search for freedom of the individual from the masses. A revolt against the narrowness of the past. Now, when we are all living with fear, and the world is in

chaos, it is men like Pasternak (Dr. Zhivago) who try to restate the values of life. And, while I don't know if this be true; although I wish to be an individual, I do believe our world is badly in need of some values that will make living together a more likely activity. The "Outsider" may have contributed a great deal, but this is not the time for even the "egghead" to remove himself from the mainstream. I don't like "togetherness", but I dislike the idea of being divided up, personally. --Quite a number of people dislike Mez Carr, not because she holds different views, or argues about them, but because of the way she goes about it. She becomes personal, misunderstands (deliberately) ((she admits)), and fails to use logic. But despite this she is a good soul, and often on the right side. As I recently said, the worst thing about GMCarr is that you can never depend on her being against you.

I note in your fanzine reviews you refer to Boggs as Dean W. I used to too, with a feeling of glee at being one-up on so many other fans. But Redd grouched about it a couple of times, and thinking what it would be like if fans stopped calling me Rick, I gave up my little little joke. It will be of interest to know if he frowns on you. Afraid he does. Thunderclaps and lightning are beaucoup common here. It dated from when he wrote a long nasty letter of comment and never again heard from me. Attend close, children. It doesn't pay to ignore BNF's. However, the nick-name faux pas was entirely unintentional. As a matter of fact, I think the "Dean W. (Redd)" was copied from SKYHOOK's contents page. --Otherwise, reviews a bit dated--but most thoughts inspired by them still good. Suggest next reviews be planned for timelessness just in case. "They Said it Couldn't Be Done!" A bi-monthly schedule, that is. But we're trying.

As you can see, I've tried oiling a dim ribbon, and gotten spotty results. Pardon, but everything is makeshift here. --Oh, yes, I don't know Wansbrough, but never heard mention there was anything wrong with him physically. Could be --sure you're not thinking of Chuck Harris, who is deaf? --Gor! never knew anyone was defending Sneary either. Suspected at times people flattered me beyond the value of anything I've ever done. But never thought any physical difference I might have changed what kind of fan I was. I can't see why it should. Reference was to the individualistic spelling habits a do-it-yourself education engenders. (One sect of editors objected to others printing such idiosyncrasies for their dubious humor value. Otherwise you're exactly right. It makes no difference.

Enjoyed very much your sick poem, and the lines about all the NO jazz men having sailed up river. In fact, I laughed out loud, a thing I rarely do even for Bloch. I might be able to tell NO jazz from the Frisco kind----but I wouldn't really care. (Well, old style jazz was more happy sounding.) I could live down yonder a long time too (against my will) and never even try to find a green-hatted piano player.

Met Lars this summer (in an up-bound elevator), and was surprised to find him a rather small, mild-mannered and quiet fellow, and not at all beat generation looking. --I think I agree with TWhite, that Lars is/was too much influenced by Dick Gies of PSYCHOTIC, who now has gone so far out that even the broader of the narrow-minded fans have suggested he has become his magazine. Lars I find more interesting, and enjoy his wonderings in search of meaning, in his magazine. As I keep telling him when I re-subscribe, I'm not sure I like what is said, and I know I don't agree with most of it, but it is interesting.

(Though I'd have been less surprised at the news of his suicide, than that of Kent Moomaw or Bill Corval.)

A little more organization and Reynolds-letter could have become a column. Not that I could really understand his point about Conre-ports. Mostly it depends on how well the fan remembers things, as to how detailed the report is. I've seen some "note-takers" turn out briefer reports than those that relied on the top of their head. As for remembering authors, pro or fan, it all depends. I used to be much better at it, but I have to plead the same weakness as he does. I remember those I already know. Like for example, Detroit is asking who was the best new writer in 1958, and I can't even say I know any-one who was new. --To answer his question, about what of your col-lection would you save (and I don't suppose you will believe this), I would take my biggest dictionary. It contains more facts and use-ful information than anything else I have. Well, as this machine is now over-oiled, and I'm not--plus being about out of paper and ideas, I will sign off. Hope for more SLANDer, and give my love to Harry the B. Since Harry the B. has no telephone he was sent a postcard.

Real far out, man. Greatly cool. Fine letter, thanks loads.

Double base diodes are almost better than Ne-51's.

PETER PRYOR JR.; 415 Holmes Avenue, NW, Huntsville, Alabama

How about some more articles and stories by anybody even the editors and less editorial. Shocked silence.

The flavor was of this group of malcontents is there a Laura Goforth or an Avram Davidson there?

Do the editors reproduce below the (dittoed!) reverse side of the above letter:

CARGO CLEARANCE

DATE 1 October 1957

This is to authorize the civilian employee whose signature appears below to transport the below listed items to Gene Casaveral PAFB, Fla., from Redstone Arsenal, ABMA, RF and Measuring Section, Bldg. No. 112, and RETURN. To be transported by automobile. This is in connection with his official duties.

description of property

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Adapter, Propulsion, type MV-11 | \$200.00 |
| 2. Adapter, Flowmeter, Serial No. 6 | \$250.00 |

PETER PRYOR JR.
Peter Pryor Jr.

AUTHORIZED AUTHORITY

CENSORED
Activity Supply Officer, Guidance & Control
RF Measuring Section, Bldg. 112, ABMA, Redstone Arsenal,
Huntsville.

SIGNATURE CENSORED

Items expended now at bottom of

VOID

DICK ELLINGTON; 98 Suffolk Street, Apt. 3A, New York 2, New York

This letter was in reply to #2, but Good Men should be Heard.

Two days after Xmas and as good a time as any to fight off the still-encroaching mundae and go hoo-ha loudly at seeing you back at it again. I am pleased. This, I know, will flip you no end. Merry Xmas (keep the X in Xmas). As flipped as a pancake. With syrup.

Before I go any further, I should warn-inform-tell or what have you -- anyway, Hans Santesson asked me if I knew any stf groups in N'Orleans and, not knowing any, I flipped him your address, so blame me if he calls on you. He's a nice guy and all full of mad kinds of information tho so dirna be dismayed. He never showed, nor called, nor nothin'-----

Is there a stf club extant in New Orleans? No.

On to SLANDer. Your layout flips me. Them crazy fish..... I like it. Ellison, on the otherhand, flips me and drops me with a flop. Flop. Old, no doubt? I don't like it. There now, I've said it. Where is HE now?

Viereck most entertaining. Makes up for Ellison and then some. I do like the Alfie thing most particularly and faunch loudly and publicly by way of signification. O. K.?

Galipers: Haw! The print shop has deserted Mosher now. C'est la bloody guerre.

I think it is -- CRIFANAC I mean -- and bad I mean. Reary has Seen The Light. See letter, this insee.

Under the P.B.: Carolyn Cummins is no enigma, just mildly undersexed. I think I would like Viereck tho. Really. Alors.....

SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2010!

LEN MOFFATT; 10202 Belcher, Downey, California

I suppose you have been told nupteen times by ye olde time fans that SLANDer was once the title of a column by Joe Gilbert, a BNF of the South, years ago. His column appeared in Art Widner's FANFARE, back in the pre-war forties. However, since Gilbert and his column have long since gafiated (as well as Widner and FANFARE) there is no reason why we shouldn't have a fanzine called SLANDer. Except for your snipes at Catholicism and GMCarr, tho, there doesn't seem to be much "glanderous" material in the mag. And even the snipes are softened with humor.

Anatomy of a Title: Sankins dubbed Jan Sadler "Jan the Sian." SLANDer #1 appeared during the heyday of Confidential and similar ilk. The actual title was suggested by Nebraska fan Thom Perry, who promptly hid under an ice bag.

The one single item I enjoyed the most in No. 3 was your verse: SICK, SICK, SICK! At least I presume it is your as it was unsigned and more or less in the editorial section. Also I like the way you run the lettercol, and your approach to fanzine reviewing. To bad you don't pub more often to keep both of these departments more "up to date".....

I've never cared much for ditto as a repro medium, but you do make good use of its color effects. But what better inexpensive medium is there? Mimeo gives more copies, and is generally consistently readable, but I hear color work is one hell of a chore. Besides, Grijk would be angry if we abandoned him/her. (Sex is indeterminate. Grijk has feminine flightiness and masculine creative enthusiasm.) (Ever since we ran that Colin Wilson article, though, Grijk insists that dittos can be Outsiders too.)

Evertime I get a fanzine from a femmeditor (and that's fairly often these days) my thots turn again to the possibility that a matriarchy of fandom is upon us. I wish somebody would take time out to count noses, to determine the percentage of females in fandom today as compared to, say, ten years ago. More important, how many of 'em are truly active--that is, consistently publish, write, draw, attend cons, etc.

Out of curiosity, I just checked my copy of the 1950 Fan Directory (published 9 years ago by Stan Woolston and myself). Do you have an extra copy? SLANDER is interested in procuring backcopies of-- of-- what was the name of that zine? Leah published it before she was a Shaw, down in Georgia. Also SPIRAL. We'd pay postage. It listed 404 names, 51 of which were female. I just made a quick check thru the Directory and picked out maybe 12 female fans who could be considered truly active fans at that time. Of course all of the 353 male names listed were not super-active

fan; a goodly number were pros, semi-active fan, and so on. However, I think it is obvious that the percentage of female actifen has increased a hell of a lot in the last 10 years. Wish I had Bennett's Fan Directory handy to check it against my 1950 Directory. Oh well. It is nice to have more (and more) gals in fandom, especially those capable of publishing, writing, drawing, running cons, etc. The question is--will they ever take over? Or will the time ever

WOLSTON



come when there will be more females than males in fandom? After all the women outnumber the men in the mundane world. And since more women are taking an interest in the fannish hobby, isn't it possible that in time there will be more gals than guys? "But not probable," harrumphs ole Harry Warner, or ole Redd Boggs, or even really ole Bob Tucker. "Males are naturally more fannish than females." But are they now? Enough on that subject. For more watch for an article which should be appearing soon in Ejo's MIMSY.... Keep Smiling....

Ejo, whoever you are, wherever you are, please send SLANDER that copy of MIMSY!

A compact Hausdorff space is fully normal.

BOB FARNEAM; 506 2nd Avenue, Dalton, Georgia.

Pray for me! I'm going to catch it!..just remembered that the letter I mailed yesterday to an eastern faned was dated FEB. 8th....!!! WHO DARES to say 6th Fandom is dead? It's still wearing diapers as my stunt proves..... Whattalife!

#3 is at my elbow. I think it is perfect as to both content and reproduction, Jan. The coverpix were very good on my copy but ought you to use more sharply conflicting coverinks? The front page covpic was clear and distinct as to outline but for old eyes like mine hard to see. Mix a bit of black with the green and white and see what happens.. The DEA carbons are all over 3 years old. They held up well, don't you think?

Y'know-it's easy as heck to tell an editor what to do and how to do it, when you don't have to stand any of the expenses! and don't throw that pitcher...you'll need it this summer to hold ice water.....

THANK YOU, Jan, for the pic!.. I'll paste it and several others in das album soon. Worried or not, Jason looks capable! Snicker--no, I do not imagine the lad ignores the use of either hand for getting into the cookie jar.. he wouldn't be Boy if he did! "Jason" being the much discussed neofan with whom I was "in the family way" (Haw.) now 19 months old. Jason was published just two days after SLANder-2

Seriously, Jan, I don't know enough-technically-about writing to give anyone advice. (This was in reply to a request for an article. Despite what he says, Bob can write well.) I wrote according to my sense of humor in the outlook I've always held on life. I've seen the conical aspects of human nature and written in my newspaper articles the humor and frailties of the human race, as it looked to me.... Only trouble was I never made any money at it. Not till I sold to FATE, and then, after 2 sales I got Gafia and quit. Writing today is as demanding a field as is Nuclear Physics, and equally as 'touchy.' Has to be handled with kid gloves and not unless a writer is willing to accept biting sarcasm, bitter disappointment and editors who believe themselves to be Gods, can a writer get off the home plate.. Nup!

TELL THE MEN TO ROW FASTER, GEN. WASHINGTON! THESE BOATS COST TWO DOLLARS AN HOUR!

redNALS to the Rescue!

HARRY WARNER, JR.: 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

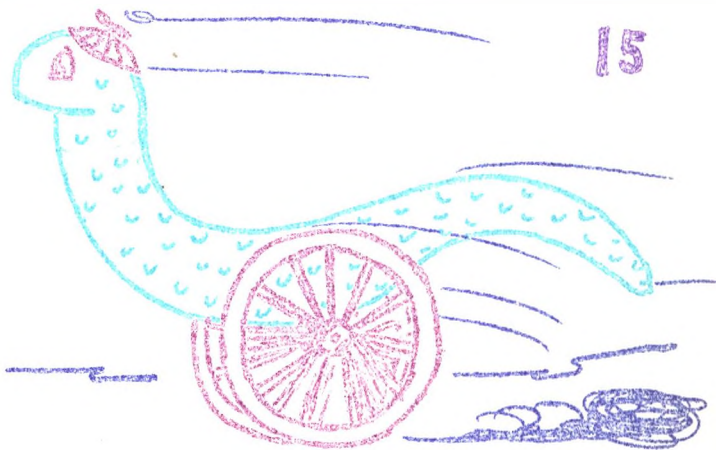
I don't know how I found my way onto your mailing list, but whatever the cause, I was most happy to receive SLANder. In fact, you sent two copies of it. You is second person plural in this case, probably, because the envelopes were addressed in different handwritings, and one of them was directed to my old address. Apparently you were kind enough to send the one and the thing that lives in your address file sent the other.

The first thing that impressed me about this fanzine is that you should be in FAPA, because it reads like something that could have come out of a FAPA bundle, except for the lack of mailing comments. Then the second thing that struck me was the fact that you are neither a FAPA member nor on the waiting list. This is an upsetting situation in view of the fact that both the membership and waiting lists are cluttered up with people who obviously don't possess the FAPA orientation that you have. I wish you'd climb aboard the waiting list. It might not be as long a wait for admittance as the fannish legends indicate. For one thing, there's a good chance that we'll get later this year a secretary-treasurer whose whole year in office will be

devoted to systematic efforts to get rid of those who obviously aren't the FAPA type. Besides, there's a growing sentiment for a change in the waiting list system that would call for a vote every year among the membership, with the people getting the most votes jumping to the top of the list. What is "FAPA orientation"? Perhaps I am misinformed about FAPA's, but the thought of being required to publish, and a certain amount by a certain time at that, gives the creepy horrors. Besides, I'd like a big mailing list of fans who appreciate the all-out effort that SLAMMER represents. Will you send info? Maybe someday - - -

Both copies also told me to comment, so let's see what I can do about that now. The Wilson/Carr article is one of the things that makes me think you should be a FAPAN. I think you're on the right track in recognizing that Wilson isn't quite the deep and original thinker that he may believe himself to be. As far as I can judge from your article, his Outsiders and Insiders are little more than the 20th century name for the old heart and head discussions that raged among the romanticists in the early 19th century. But most of the romanticists recognized that there's a little of both the Outsider and Insider in everyone, although one element may dominate slightly. Schumann, for instance, wrote about himself under two disguises, Florestan and Eusebius, that characterized the feeling and thinking elements.

On the other hand, you haven't been around Mrs. Carr enough to realize the worst things about her. The major thing that irritates most persons is not her love of argument or her strongly held opinions or her delight in defending them. It's principally her incurable and deadly habit of putting into the mouths of other persons things that they did not say, then attacking those straw-man opinions and statements that she personally created. Sometimes this is fairly innocuous, when she doesn't identify sources for her imagined sources. The paragraph you quote on page 13 is an example of this. I am certain that nobody with whom she corresponds or in the Gemzine circulation area has experienced "a frenzy of frustration out of all proportion" or finds "horrifying" the "thought of voluntary celibacy". But things are quite annoying when she comments on some specific person's assumed beliefs in Gemzine, and sends Gemzine to non-FAPAs who can't recognize the spuriousness of her sources. Incidentally, Mrs. Carr also has a weird and wonderful conception of the meanings of many words, strictly her own. In that same paragraph about celibacy, she apparently is using the word to stand for abstinence from copulation, a meaning that I can't find in any dictionary.



I don't see anything awful about use of "knocked up" to describe your pregnancy. I use the phrase quite regularly, when it applies, unless I know that I'm around persons who are shocked by anything that makes them start to think about sex. (Way back in the Spaceways days, I got a bawling-out from some reader because I had used "abortive" to refer to a fanzine that saw only one bad issue and then vanished. It should be used only to refer to a certain biological event, I was told.) But I do believe that "knocked up" is used quite regularly in England in the sense of getting the attention of someone inside of a house. Until I realized this, I kept getting baffled when the hero of a story went to a house and knocked up the butler.

My uncertain German causes me to believe that Kriegrason geht vor Kriegsmanier should mean, approximately, that it's better to find cause for a war before you start to worry about how you're going to win the war.

I liked very much The Adventures of Alfie, which might be accepted by one of the radio magazines, I would think, and certainly would have been snatched up eagerly by Papa Gernsback back in the old days. So very many thanks for SLANder, and I hope the comments and article are just compensation for one of the copies of it. Yrs., &c.

More than just! Bless you, sir, you're a Good Fax.

"pickle? thank you? kitticat? no! oh-oh! heiss? bye-bye?" --Jason

TOM REAMY; 4047 Herschel, Dallas 19, Texas

Jan, dear: First, I think you better sit down because what I'm going to say may come as something of a shock. I'm returning your check for the Southwestern 6 because it was held exactly eight months ago in July of 1958. The Southwestern 7 will be held in Houston over July Fourth weekend this year. You can write to Ted Wagner, 3803 Durness Way, Houston 25, Texas. Goodness.

Also, ORIFANAC is in limbo never to return, but of course you couldn't know this. However, I've not stopped publishing. I'm bringing out a new magazine in about 6 months called AURIGA. It will be much the same as ORI (only better, I hope), but will break all connections with it. ORI had too much against it when I took it over from ORVILLE MOSHER. So I've decided to start over after having two issues of ORI to practice on. I hope I've learned my lesson.

I enjoyed SLANder 3, but found nothing particularly outstanding, that is to say, earthshaking. I don't know about Lars Bourne writing the Casper Cartoons, but Boyd Raeburn the bandleader and Boyd Raeburn the pianist, are two entirely separate entities. There has been some confusion over this in the past.

Hope you haven't been unnerved greatly by learning that you are living a year in the past. Maybe...no, it's dated day before yesterday. Thought perhaps the post-office had mislaid it for a year. Best.

--It worked, Dr. Voom! After years of short-circuiting random wires, your machine has transported us into the past.

--But what are we doing back in 1959, my faithful lab assistant?

--I guess the effect lasts only long enough to write a letter to Tom Reamy.

--We will reproduce the experiment! Which wires did you cross?

--Gee, sir, that was the time I caught my finger in the mouse trap, and --well, sir, I don't exactly remember . . .

--You mean, my good true and faithful lab assistant, you have botched an EXPERIMENT??

THE FIRST
Adventure of
ALFIE . . .

17



Being a true and correct inquiry into
the nature of the origin of the famous
Alfie, and his good ship Gee-plus.

by
V. *Ward*

riverrun . . ." said Alfie.

"Look here," I said. "I know this ammeter was registering opposite polarity a little while ago. Same for the voltmeters. Apparently the current is running backwards in all parts of the cyrcuetry."

"Equipment is the abomination of man," said Alfie. Alfie is French. I do not offer this as an explanation for anything. So.

"You must agree that the dreamer does not wake," said Alfie.

"Which way is the second hand on a clock supposed to run," I said. I thought it was a rhetorical question.

"Counterclockwise, Anticlockwise, if you're UK."

Somehow that didn't ring true. "Why," I said.

"I am looking at the clock on the control board," Alfie said.

"And it is saying tok-tik, tok-tik, and is moreover counting down, to wit, nine, eight, seven, six, . . ."

Under the stress of super-gee speed and the terryfycatingly gryfulous prospect of meeting oneself, had Alfie's psyche now confused the IS with the SHOULD-BE?

The RP dial indicated "Sci-3," the velocitometer read "one-point-seven gee." Only with the experienced hand of an Amalfi on the stick could we be safely piloted through the maze of spinning nebulae. My mind wandered off somewhere, while I tumbled and shook-ok-ok. Hot blurs winced by the fore visiplate.

"Calm," said Alfie. "Computer will steer us through."

He gazed at the velocitometer.

"Reads only speed," he said. "Not in which direction."

He wet his finger and stuck it out of a viewport. Though he withdrew it instantaneously, one side of his finger was covered with frost.

"As I expected," he said.

"Arg." I said. The side of his finger that was frosted was the side he had held away from the control room, away from the fore visiplates, --it was the side toward the mighty wood-burning (cheaper) hyperdrive motors, toward the galley, toward and nearest the rear of the great ship Gee-plus.

It could only mean--

"We seem to be traveling backwards," he said.

We stared in awe and fascination at the fuel-gage. The needle rose slowly towards F for full.

Well, we couldn't make the transition to cee-minus velocities, because all our fuses were burned out when we moved into cee-plus, and Alfie had substituted globs of solder for them. If we tried to return to cee-minus, there was no telling what would give way.

The velocitometer needle moved slowly towards two-see.

"We have proved something about special relativity," said Alfie, "but I know not what. We are retracing our original orbit--indeed, the entire universe seems to be running in reverse, while we sit here protected by the temporal insulation field. Shortly we will land in a great cloud of dust--but, because the universe is running backwards, they and all the galaxy will think that we are taking off."

Shortly we landed in a great cloud of dust.

So.

Immediately the velocitometer needle dropped to zero; there was a wrenching shock. Lights blur-dopplered through UV to infra and back; the accelerometer read positive.

"Well, we're off," said Alfie. The planet dwindled behind us in the rear view-plates of the great ship Cee-plus.

"We shall be the first," I said, "to exceed Cee. With the mighty hyperdrive (woodburning) motors in this ship, surely we can make the

ultimate transition."

"It will burn out all our fuses," said Alfie gloomily.

"And I forgot to bring any more. Well, let Computer fly us; I shall read."

He picked up a tattered

copy.

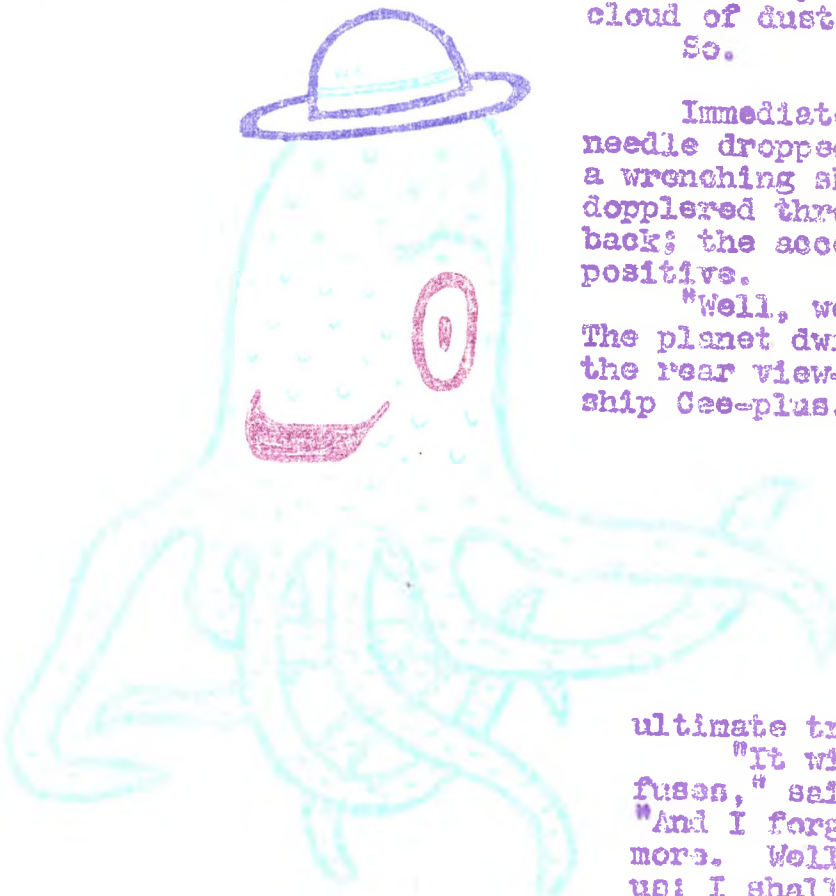
So.

Slowly the needle on the velocitometer rose toward the sinister red-lettered C. Once a red-and-yellow form streaked by a side port, headed for the rock of Eternity I suppose, and the echo of thunder and a cabalistic word could be heard. I felt that all this had happened already, somewhere, somehow. I remembered.

"Of course," said Alfie, when I told him. "And so do I."

My mind was frenzied. "You mean--"

"Exactly," said Alfie. "We are effectively a small universe, with a very short time-circle--only a couple of hours--and tangent to the normal universe at only one point of space-time: the time and place of our takeoff."



"But what will become of us," I said.

Alfie succinctly shrugged. "Read a good book," he said. "We are protected against external temporal phenomena by the temporal insulation field surrounding this cabin. So long as we remain within the ship, we and Computer will operate at the same time-rate as the normal universe. The tiny universe containing us matters not at all."
So.

"But we are trapped," I said.

"Not at all," said Alfie. The stars blurred past.

I wanted to know how. "Like this," said Alfie. "Turn off the power--the temporal field will collapse, the mass of the control room will pass through the transition, instantaneously becoming infinite; and we and all the great ship Gee-plus will be catapulted into the normal universe. So be it."

"Anon. Alarums," I said. "But I have been searching my memories, and I can recall only that we have done this uncountably many times. Always the same cycle, the same circle. Is it possible to break free of the temporal bond that chains us. Most of all, how did we originate and how the great ship Gee-plus?"

"We will never know," said Alfie. "For, if I recall correctly, we can make the transition only once."

"Why," I said. Alfie pointed mutely to the velocitometer. The needle of the velocitometer pointed mutely at epsilon below G. We transited.

Alfie was ready with the solder, and plugged it quickly into the places where the fuses burnt out. He should be good at this, I thought wildly; he's done it so many times . . .

And the lights came back, doppler-shifted through the infra and the UV, and things seemed normal. Supercee.

So.

"Then, why have you done this. What was your ultimate motive," I asked Alfie.

"I've always wanted to read this book," said Alfie. "It takes time and careful concentration. This tiny universe we are in is quite conducive to literary analysis . . ."

I moaned about my lack of origin--my infinite life. Whence came all this. I felt as though I were trapped between the mirrors of a barber shop.

"I think the clue lies in the way the book ends and begins," said Alfie. "Perhaps Joyce wanted us to think that the dreamer does not wake. For, the way the book ends and begins, in the middle of a sentence, certainly emphasizes the continuity of the dream."

"How does it begin and end," I said.

"You mean end and begin," said Alfie. Carefully keeping one finger in place at page one, he turned to the very last page of the tattered copy and began to read. ". . . round



Stopping by a Cepheid Variable
on an Unstable Evening

Whose star this is I think I know.
Their home is parsecs distant though.
They will not mind my stopping here
To watch their little star explode.

My little ship must think it queer
To stop without a planet near
Adrift in interstellar space
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his gyroscopes a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the beep
Of Mass-detector, still awake.

The star is lovely, feigning sleep.
But there's a promise it will keep:
It will explode here in the deep--
Perhaps my schedule I'd best keep. . .

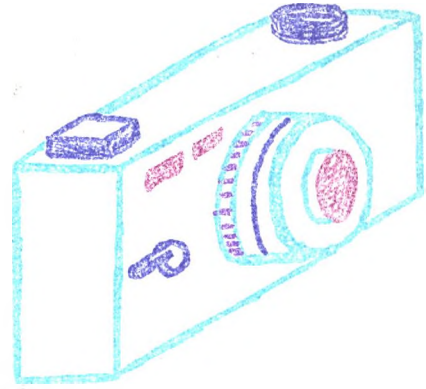
DEP, with apologies
to RF

By Harry Warner, Jr.

21

How To SAVE FACE

This is not an original fanzine article. You may have decided already that such is the case, by seeing my name on it. But this is a special sort of situation. Five years ago I wrote an article about the special situations that are encountered when using cameras in fandom, and about the mistakes most frequently made by fans when they take pictures. It got a pretty good reception, but the photographic situation has changed considerably since then and I think that a new version is justified by the altered conditions.



For instance, when I wrote that article I gave painstaking instructions on how it might be possible to get some sort of pictures without flash indoors in convention halls and hotel rooms. By now, films have grown faster and it's no longer necessary to have the expensive camera or rock-steady hands that were once required for available-light photography, even in black and white.

If you have a lens that opens at least to $f/3.5$, you should be able to get available-light pictures indoors with shutter speeds fast enough to freeze the fairly slow motions that people are apt to engage in at a convention. If your camera uses any film larger than 35mm, Royal-X is the fastest generally available film, and its graininess isn't noticeable in the contact prints or slight enlargements that you usually get back from processors. If you have a 35mm camera, you won't find this film available in the proper size, but your local camera store may have one of several films by other manufacturers that are very nearly as speedy. I've found that pretty well lighted interiors photograph well when you set the shutter at $1/100$ th of a second and the aperture at $f/5.6$. A large meeting room is apt to be unevenly lighted, with the speaker's table fairly bright and the portion where the audience is seated more dimly lit, so you'll need a wider aperture or a slower shutter speed if you want to get the audience. Hotel guest rooms aren't normally very well illuminated; you may need something like $1/100$ th of a second at $f/3.5$ or its equivalent in other shutter-aperture combinations, if you want to photograph the all-night parties.

You couldn't have done much about available-light photography indoors with color film when I wrote the original article, without the fastest of lenses. Now you can get pretty good results with Super Anscochrome, if you don't mind the slight color distortion that you're bound to get under fluorescents or low-power incandescents. A speaker's table might be photographed in color without flash if you use this fastest of color films and a combination in the neighborhood of $1/25$ th

of a second and f/3.5. You'll still have trouble getting properly exposed color shots with just the illumination in the average hotel guest room unless you have a faster lens or can use slower shutter speeds.

One of the big troubles with candid photography these days is that it isn't candid. People have become so cautious of cameras in the area, that they can spot even the small 35mm weapons the instant someone raises it to his face. This results in the annual plague of convention photographs in which everyone is staring into the camera, faces tense and stiff in expectation of the click of the shutter. There are several ways to get around this lack of naturalness in pictures of fannish events, even with large cameras. You can quickly pick up a respectable degree of aiming accuracy if you shoot from the hip with your camera, any camera, even though some persons assume that only 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 reflex cameras can be handled this way. Many smaller cameras can even be handled with one hand. If you keep your own eyes off your camera, keep it at your side and no higher than your belt, you can take unposed pictures at will even among the most camera-shy people. You'll ruin a few frames because you didn't point it accurately, but the ones that succeed should be good.

Another trick works have timer devices that ten seconds or so after pressed. You set the ton, then set the cam-surface pointed in the walk away in another will go off by itself subjects in an unguarded also comes in handy when camera at slow shutter shortest possible delay, hold the camera more clicks.



only with cameras that set off the shutter the button has been timer, press the but- era down on some solid right directions and direction. The camera and should catch the moment. A self-timer you must hand-hold the speeds; set it for the and you'll be able to steady when the shutter

The fan photographs taken at conventions or one fan with another fan, faults: washed-out faces, black backgrounds, and between camera and subjects. The first two troubles are directly traceable to the habit of using flashbulbs instead of taking the trouble to utilize available light. If flashbulbs are used according to the manufacturer's directions, they will almost always produce those chalky white faces on which nothing but black eye-specks and a tiny mouth-line is visible. Cutting down exposure by one or two stops will help, if all the subjects are about the same distance from the camera and there's nothing important in the more distant background. Electronic flash is much better than flash for rendering fleshtones and doesn't create such a distraction when fired during the course of a meeting or party, because of its shorter duration. Those black backgrounds occur because the subjects were a dozen feet or so away from the nearest wall, and that wall received little benefit from the Flash. You can make the people stand out and the background lighten up by the simple expedient of choosing an angle or placing your subjects so that there's a wall or some other large object only a short distance behind the subjects.

that I've seen, whether just during visits of have three prevailing heads that merge with too much distance be-

With even the cheapest cameras, you can usually get within six or eight feet of the closest objects and still keep them in focus. Focusing cameras usually permit the camera to get within three to five feet. It's better to take advantage of every inch of proximity, to get a better view of whatever you're photographing. If you're picturing a group of people, try to get them to jam together closely enough to allow you to move in. Each head will be bigger and more distinct in the picture, and there won't be the wasted blank space between the people.

I think that most fans are camera-possessed, and nobody who owns a camera is ever free from the desire to own either a better one or one of a slightly different type. In case you should be considering the purchase of a camera for fanciful purposes, the type you pick should largely depend on your budget and whether you want to go the whole hog and do your own darkroom work. The large press cameras give the largest negatives and command a certain degree of respect for their operators, simply because of their size, but they're quite expensive to nourish, because of the costs of acquisition and film, and they're hard to keep inconspicuous.

The 35mm cameras and their infantile brethren, the sub-miniatures, are my personal favorites, but cheap ones are apt to give poorer results than other types of cameras that cost the same amount of money and some persons are bothered by the large number of exposures per roll, particularly if they want to change back and forth between color and black-and-white film regularly. If you do your own darkroom work, however, 35mm has most of the advantages and few of the disadvantages of other types of cameras.

The 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 reflex camera has been the beneficiary of hard-sell tactics for the past two or three years, but I think its popularity is beginning to wane; it's not easy to operate under poor lighting conditions and it's clumsy to handle. The simple box camera that costs only five or ten bucks can still do quite fine work if you remember to hold the thing perfectly steady when you take pictures, don't over-expose with flash, and find a good, reliable film processor.

I don't care much for the overpublicized Polaroid picture-in-a-minute cameras, except as a device to break the ice at parties. You can't take one picture after another in rapid-fire fashion, you waste a lot of film in extremely warm or chilly temperatures, and the prints fade away after a few weeks if they aren't given exactly the right kind of treatment with the slimy stuff that you must spread over them immediately after development.

Lately there's been quite an outbreak of interest in close-up photography in tandem. Merrie Dollens' table-top photography and Christine Moskowitz' records of old magazine covers are two examples; I understand that a few fans are even microfilming rare publications.



You can do close-up work with almost any camera, except the very cheapest. For table-top work, the little portrait lenses that cost only a couple of bucks apiece will probably do the trick for you. If your camera has a removable lens, you can buy or make extension tubes that will permit you to move up as close as you wish. However, I might point out that a press camera, like the Graphic, can be used for close-up photography without any extra equipment, usually permitting a life-size image on the negative without extension tubes, so it's ideal for table-top photography of scenes on Mars and that sort of thing.

If you want to go in for extensive microfilming of magazines and books, 35mm is almost essential; otherwise your film costs will run into fantastically high sums. Moreover, you can buy special microfilm in this size that provides the high degree of contrast that is desirable, and most of the special microfilm readers that project the image on a screen operate on this size of film. A reflex-type 35mm camera would be better than range-finder models for this purpose, since they eliminate the close-up focussing and parallax problems.

And if you don't know what parallax means, it's time for you to stop reading fanzine articles about photography and start reading photography magazines.

PLEASES WHY DO WE RECEIVE SLANDER?

You contributed!

Trade

Will you please contribute?

Trade?

You commented . . .

Sentiment

We hope you will comment . . .

YOU are REVIEWER!

Last issue if we don't hear from you.....

Please review SLANDer.

Aside from that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you enjoy the play?

I don't understand it, but I'll drink to it.

All Fandom is Divided into Several Parts

by Dave Penney

Once upon a time there was a prefan named Alan. He minded his own business and went to church and all that, and his life was secure and untroubled. Naturally he read stf, but aside from obscure references in some of the pulpier (which Alan didn't save and bind), he never even dreamed there was such a thing as Fandom, much less Trufandom.

However, Alan was on the mailing list of the American Journal of Psychiatry, and in Geis' final sporadic effort Alan was sent the very last copy of the very last ish of PSY. Alan began to suspect that there might be more to life than just eating and drinking and reading stf.

Then one day Alan met a strange group of people who said they were fen. They all wrote letters to each other and talked long distance on the telephone, and periodically they would gather themselves into their sweaty printshops and create things which they called fmz, pronounced differently. These odd pamphlets were circulated hither and about, at great expense and little return save personal satisfaction. To make a short story still shorter, in the usual fashion of all of us Alan entered Neofandom.

Alan was wise and observant, and shortly he noticed something unusual. You see, Alan lived in Dixie, and he noticed that all the people on his new friends' mailing lists inhabited places like Texas and Miami and Georgia and Virginia. True, there were the everpresent few from California, and one from a place called Weyauwega, but almost every-one else was from Dixie.

Now as we said, Alan was wise, and knew that the population center of the U. S. had been placed on a slow freight train in Trenton by the Census Bureau about 1790, and was now in southwest Indiana. So he wondered, and communicated his puzzlement to the fen.

"It's this way, Alan," said their spokesman, Elderfan. "We are the true circle of Innerfen, for we have the BNF's on our mailing lists, but there are many fen who just aren't in the big picture. Here, I shall show you why."

And the Elderfan gave Alan a copy of A BAS, #11.

"I have heard veiled references to this sheet," said Alan, "but I have never seen it before." And he sat down to read of it.

Through his wisdom Alan gradually perceived that he was confused. He said to the Elderfan, "I have naturally heard of the BNF's whose names are carelessly scattered through this sheet, as so many autumn leaves; but who are all these other people?"

"Prepare yourself for a shock, Alan," said the Elderfan. "There actually exist fan, whom we call Outerfan, who have the BNF's writing for them, too."

"How could this have come about?" asked Alan.

The Elderfan silently handed Alan copies of ASPECT #7, 8, and 9. Alan was equally puzzled by ASPECT, and also afterwards by copies of PHANDOOM EQUINOX, STELLATION, VIRTUOSC, THE COMPLEAT FAN, and PLAYBOY. "All of these fmz are strange to you, aren't they," said the Elderfan. "And so are they all, all strange to us, except for the names of the BNFen which appear therein. What's more, all the people in them except for the BNFen are all strangers to each other.

"For, Alan," continued the Elderfan, "all Fandom is divided into many parts, all independent from each other except when they meet at World-cons. Truly, the causes of these differences are sometime geographical, but some of these fmz are put out by Serconfen, some by Fakefan, some by BNFen, some by Scientifen, --and each circulates pretty much within its own sphere. Why, some of these Outerfan even have their own Ghods and MNFen, like Smith and Merritt."

Alan was profoundly disconcerted and nonplussed. "I never dreamed," said he, "that there were so many Isolatifen. What can we do to bring them together?"

"Don't scurry off post-haste," cautioned the Elderfan. "Remember that you are not on the outside looking in. It would be necessary to do one of two things."

And then the Elderfan told Alan what he might do to Unify Fandom.

"The first plan," said Elderfan, "is to have a worldcon in a city only an hour's drive, at most, from anyone, and with cheap hotel rates."

After an hour's pondering the wise Alan concluded that this was not a feasible plan.

"Oh, well," said Elderfan, when Alan told him this, "there is always the (other plan)."

"Why do you put it in (parentheses)?" asked Alan.

"Because," said the Elderfan, "compared to the first plan, (it) is unworkable. We don't even think about (it). Oh, the millions of reams of mimeo bond wasted in the fruitless pursuit of (its) accomplishment."

"Tell me," said Alan.

"You would have to publish a Trufanzine," said the Elderfan. "Not a fmz that would appeal merely to BNF's, or OldPros, or Gafiates, or Fakefans, or Eirefans, or Giesophiles, or Giesophobes, or Tucker-- but one that would appeal to Everyphan, the phantasmagorical nemo of whom we dream, but have never found. Then your circulation would be blessed and your name would be hallowed as The FanEd."

Alan was aghast. "How could this be done?" he exclaimed. "No fmz could appeal to Everyphan. Not only would the Enchanted Duplicator

be required to print it, but there is also a more practical objection."

"What is that, Alan?" asked Elderfan.

"It is this," said Alan, assuming a pose of wisdom. "Fen are too individual. They have nothing in common but individuality. It is true that they are a cut above the common Nonfan, but all they have in common is a lack of things in common. The Trufanzine would have to contain only distilled and predigested pap that would offend no one--and that which offends neither Raeburn nor GMCarr is dull reading, if I may interlineate. And so the fabled Trufanzine would not even be read. Disaster."

Elderfan nodded sagely, accepting the fruits of Alan's wisdom. "Perhaps there is nothing that can be done to Unite Fandom," he said with tears in his eyes.

"I fear not," said Alan. Silently the two and their friends, the tight exclusive little circle of Dixiefans, sipped their mint-juleps and listened to the mournful whistle of the riverboats on the Mississippi, another dream shattered and destroyed.



THE GRUNCH EPISODE AND OTHER STORIES

A letter too late for the lettercol and needing special handling anyway--

G. M. CARR; 5319 Ballard Avenue, Seattle 7, Washington

(Giggle). These comments forget to mention that I have a "wield and wonderful" sense of humor all my own, too. I can milk a pun for all it is worth to my own private delectation and delight, and thereby pull strings to set fans dancing with indignation at me for "putting into the mouths of other persons things that they did not say.." (Incidentally, whether Warner knew it or not, he was quoting me word for word on comments I made earlier about him -- and certain other fans -- for doing the same thing to me. Hah!). Still haven't located the Colin Wilson book (our local library is practically useless to me because of its peculiar hours so I haven't bothered to keep up my card there...) but it looks as though I'll have to do without -- unless I buy it, and that would prove extremely expensive if I had to start purchasing from a bookstore all the books I want to read! Rick Sneary, bless his heart, finally succeeded in baffling me with his spelling. I wonder, does he mean I DO use logic, or that I won't? Or just that I try and fail??? At any rate he is right about one thing. You can't depend on me being 'against' anybody -- just against any idea I believe to be wrong.

Words of explanation Jan sent GMCarr the pertinent comments of Sneary and Warner so that she could rise to her own defense. See their letters, this issue. Page 10, line 11, I may have SLANDERED Sneary slightly. I was involved in the chore of letter-onto-master, and hit the word "fains." "Not's this mean?" I asked my blue-eyed Jan, and she said "It means GM doesn't use logic." "Oh," I said, and typed it in without even a sic. However, although there is a possible very obscure derivation of this meaning from an obsolete French verb, our trusty dictionary reports the word itself to mean quite the opposite. I conclude that Sneary made a typo, because he loves his dictionary so (see now page 11), and probably knows the meanings of all the words he uses; it is even possible that our dictionary is obsolete . . . and so

I have another question...

I have also the ability of a... of... I shall... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The incident... I shall... I shall... I shall...

"Letters. That one of Jan Sadler Penney's rather dismayed me, with its glimpse of endless vistas of misunderstanding that will never be cleared up. But as a lone voice crying against the dark, I'll point out that it was Vino Clarke, not Arthur Clarke, who has a column called Grunch in Hyphen occasionally, the word having come originally from Roger Price via Quandry. Arthur C. Clarke has almost certainly never heard of it before and must still be tossing on his bed night after night wondering what Jan's question was all about."

The first... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The second... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The third... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The fourth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The fifth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The sixth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The seventh... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The eighth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The ninth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The tenth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The eleventh... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The twelfth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The thirteenth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The fourteenth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The fifteenth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The sixteenth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The seventeenth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The eighteenth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The nineteenth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

The twentieth... I shall... I shall... I shall...

Well, that's this issue's sercon paragraph. --JSE

--DEP

THE

CALIPERS

JD-ARGASSY #10, 41; Lynn A. Hickman, 304 North 11th, Mount Vernon, Illinois. Subs: 12 issues for \$1.00, single copies 10 pages or less, 10¢, more than 10 pages, 20¢. Trade or various to receive it. Multilithed.

by the Editor

Being on Lynn Hickman's trade list is not an honor to seek without full knowledge of the consequences. He publishes more often, and in more forms, than any other fan going. Quantity and quality knock almost weekly at one's mailbox. Add to this a traveling-salesman job, family, and the artwork of Plato Jones, and your result implies Lynn is a supersman who can squeeze as many hours from a day as he wants.

These two issues contain a little of everything: book reviews, letters, Bob Madle reporting the Loncon, and even a feud--or perhaps just a continuation of a feud--between Willis and Madle over "What is a Trufan?" #41 is an extensive nomination of Don Ford for TAFF

SUMMING UP: Leisurely Lynn.

SEND BEER TO BOB TUCKER

A BAS number 11; Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 15, Canada. 25¢ per copy. Please note the new zone number, and know all ye present that Mr. Raeburn has not moved, he merely owns a nervous postoffice.

That's why Boyd doesn't live at the P. O.

Even reviewers who don't have much to say (or haven't read A BAS) are forced to admit Raeburn leads the parade, 76 trombones and all. Fortunately we didn't miss any issues, for SLANDer appeared just in time to receive it in trade. This proves again that a yearly deadline is both popular and practical.

There is comment elsewhere in SLANDer #4 concerning A BAS #11. A recommended fanzine.

SEAL OF APPROVAL:

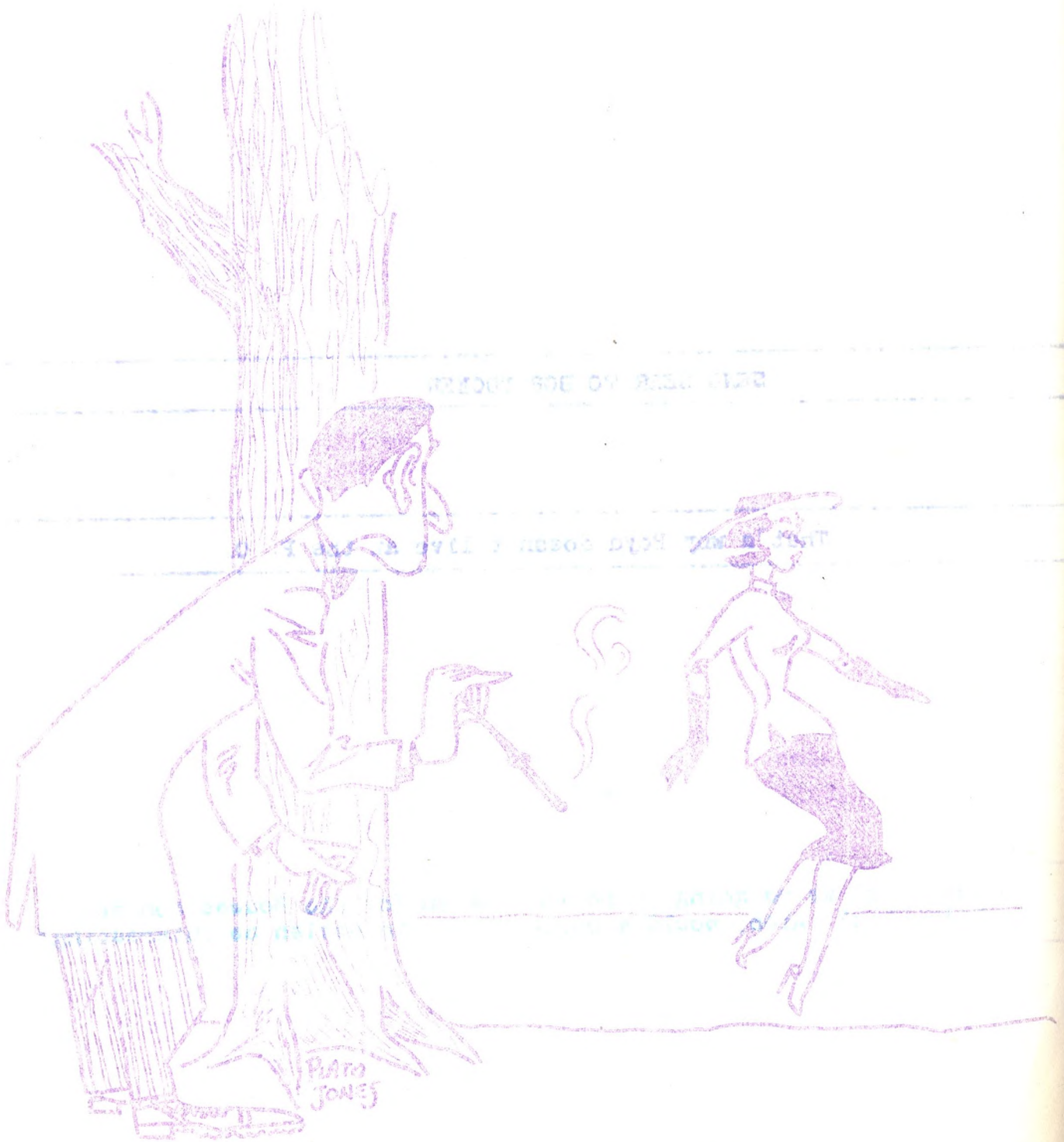


Forewarning: We're going to be in Houston for the Southeastern Seven; anybody else? Also, would a photo of Jan in nexiah be interesting?

The first coffeehouse in Stamboul was opened by an Arab during the reign of Seleiman. Coffee was at once denounced by religious authorities as one of the Four Ministers of the Devil, Four Pillars of the Tent of Lubricity, Four Cushions of the Couch of Voluptuousness (the others being tobacco, opium, and wine). It was at once relished, however, apart from such seductive labels; so coffee drinkers persisted in their vice through a century of persecution, even to the death penalty decreed by the drunken Mured IV. Another reason for their persistence was that Moslem severity tended to encourage excess. When one drop of wine would entail the same punishment after death as a gallon, the winebibber might as well toss off a gallon.

Muller, op. cit.

Name the Ladies Club



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