



4TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

STF TRENDS #15

JUNE 1954 28TH SAPS MAILING

'OH GOSH! ANOTHER ISSUE TO PUT OUT.'

STF TRENDS IS PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES
YEARLY (MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER AND
DECEMBER) FOR THE SAPS MAILINGS.
BY LYNN A. HICKMAN, 705 W. MAIN ST.
NAPOLEON, OHIO

ATTEND THE BORDER CITIES STF CONFERENCE ... DETROIT, MICHIGAN ... JULY 3-4-5, 1954.



by
JOE GIBSON

In last year's issues of Startling, or maybe it was Thrilling Wonder, editor Mines has remarked upon a fan or two journeying to New York and falling by his sanctum. Now, there's nothing wrong with Sam Mines that any true fan couldn't cure, and his hangout isn't *too bad*. Ten East 40th is, of course, only a couple blocks past the public library on 42nd and around the corner off 5th Avenue.

The address can be a little hard to find --it's one of a whole block of 20-story office buildings, and 40th Street is admittedly narrow and a little dark. Once you find it, you push through a glass door and stroll into a marble corridor with neat-looking newsstand and a row of elevator doors. You ride up to the 10th floor if you want to find Mines, stepping off in a rather gray and drab-looking foyer with several short, branching corridors. You ignore 'em all. To your right is a broad hunk of glass with doors cut in it. Beyond the glass is a warmly lit waiting room with modern furnishings and magazines decorating the walls. Across the room is a glassed-in cubicle containing a female switchboard operator. She asks whom do you wish to see, you say Sam Mines, she asks who's asking, and you give your name. She plugs herself in, asks for Sam, gives your name--and probably tells you to wait.

Sam comes out through a door, opening it first in perfectly normal fashion. He's a short guy, looks slender, has a receding hairline, and wears glasses. He has the kind of heavy lipped face that looks good when it's grinning, tired when it isn't. He may sit you there and talk. He may escort you back to his cubbyhole. There used to be a fair-sized office suite beyond that inner door, there isn't now. It's been partitioned into a narrow corridor along one wall and a bunch of little cubbyholes--Sam's has a window. Desks serve as tables and tables serve as desks, and he shares that cubbyhole with a couple other guys. Magazines, manuscripts, mail, scribbled notes are strewn, stacked, and deposited everywhere.

You have seen The Sanctum. It isn't *too bad*, really--Campbell's partitions aren't half as high on his cubbyhole, over on East 45th. Of course, Gold has the real deal, down on East 14th--his office is right in his modern, tastefully furnished living room--and he also has Evelyn.



DON
DUKE

and there are pigeons
in
Central Park...

But while anyone is in New York, be they a fan, they might also subway around to a local fanclub meeting. It seems this is one thing Sam's visitors don't include in their safari, possibly because they just don't know where.

There are two possibilities. First, the ESFA because it was around first. The ESFA-- which stands for Eastern something-or-other convenes in Newark the 1st Sabbath monthly, so you gotta be around the 1st Sunday of the month.

To get there (which some New York fans occasionally do, for some reason) you either take a #118 bus from 8th Avenue and 42nd (where there's a hellishly confusing 20-story bus terminal) or you take the Hudson Tubes (a subway) from under Gimbel's Basement where Broadway crosses 6th Avenue at 34th street.

Either way, you go under the river. This brings you out in New Jersey, which is odd in itself. On the Tubes (a subway which now runs above-ground) you must change trains at Jersey City, which is called Journal Square-- unless you've taken the Hoboken train, after which all hope is lost. But the right bus or the right train eventually converge on the Public Service Terminal (a concrete barn 20 blocks long) in Newark.

You walk to Market Street, which is on the next corner to your left or right, depending on which door you go out of, and you catch the #25 Springfield bus, take a seat near the driver, and constantly badger him for the next half-hour to let you off on Morris Avenue. Dismounting on Morris, you face a ramshackle frame building. The corner door opens on a dim, vacant bar with a sleepy dog and a few buzzing flies. Passing this, you walk up Morris (perhaps noticing that this is a Negro district) until you reach a wire fence enclosing a weed-grown yard with a 2-story brick building sprawled in back. A sign in the weeds says Slovak Sokol Hall. You enter the open gate, follow a walk between the weeds and a parking area full of gravel and cars, and reach the side of the building, which has small, blank windows and a couple of doors. Enter the first door.

You are now in a bar. And you had best reach this spot about 3 p.m. if you expect to find any fans. There's a huge sleepy dog, maybe a couple of cats. L. Sprague de Camp should never enter this bar--cats make him violently ill. But he's been here, and there were no cats. There are middle-aged men scattered around the tables, talking Polish or an American derivative thereof. If there is also a mob of younger (but not much) people at the bar, including a few females, they're fans. Introduce yourself. Look for Sam Moskowitz, who is tall and dark-haired and looks lean and tough, these days. He has the face of a swarthy cherub, with dark eyebrows over glasses and a voice like an african war drum. But Sam's a teetotaler, so look for Al Howard. Just pick the quietest guy there, and that's him, particularly if he's being quiet with a calvert and ginger ale. He's the club director. Or better still, look for Gilda, who looks like a doll, and is. Or Fran Forman, who can argue more serious subjects while making small conversation than anybody I know. Or another Fran, the club secretary--but watch that guy Dick Ellison. Anyway, have a drink. Have three. Later, you'll have to climb stairs to the 2nd floor and a large, dark, gloomy meeting hall with rows of chairs and a few tables and a speaker's podium. I have seen pro editors and writers get up on that podium and say things they had absolutely no business saying.

After the meeting, there's always a gang that piles into cars to convoy down to Charlie Fusari's Spaghetti joint, where the food's only fair and the price around \$2.00.

Beyond the bar, in the back, tables are shoved together and everyone settles down to buttering elbows and telling dirty stories, some of which are quite good.

The second choice, and the more readily accessible one, is the New York S-F Circle. This bunch convenes on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month, but I'd advise trying the 2nd Sunday since it's been my experience that on 4th Sundays there's no telling where the hell they'll meet. Sometimes it's a movie.

But usually, it seems, on 2nd Sunday they convene at Werdermann's Hall, 3rd Ave. & 16th, in the upstairs meeting rooms. This is easy to reach if you're in New York. It's not so easy, of course, if you're in Newark. But in New York, you take the IRT or the BMT or an LST down the East River to 14th Street, a major stop on all subways. This appears to be a shopping street for people who don't make enuff to do much shopping. Tucked among the shops is Union Square, which is reputedly inhabited by Commies, assorted pinks, and college students--but which looks peaceful, dirty, and trash-littered on Sundays. You pass all this affoyt heading for 3rd Avenue. That's the street with the rusting, abandoned elevated tracks steel-pillaring down its middle. It's the street which has bars.

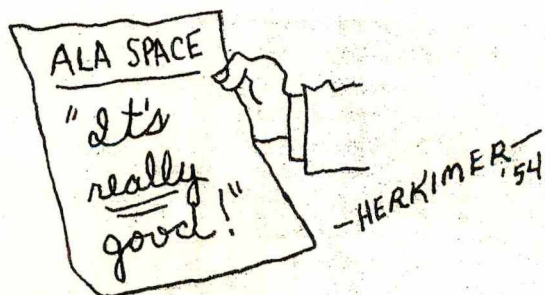
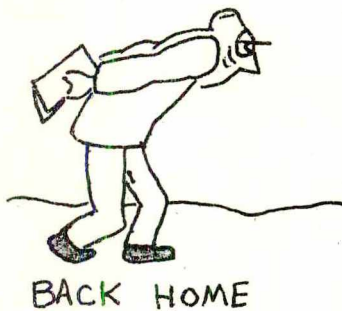
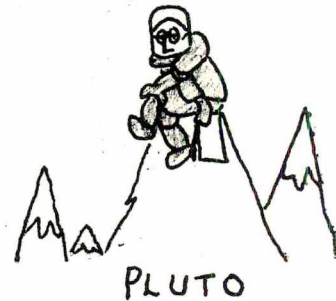
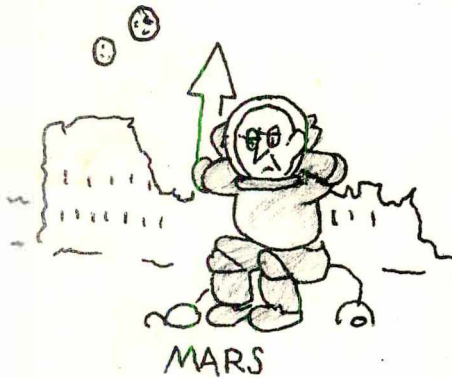
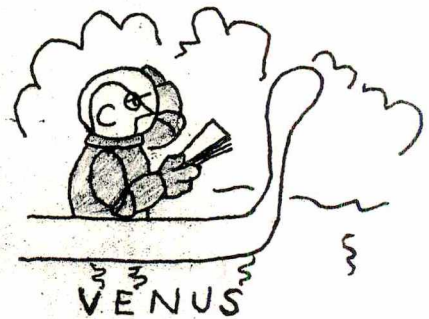
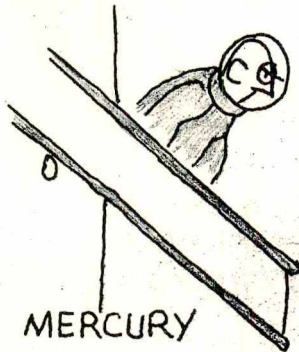
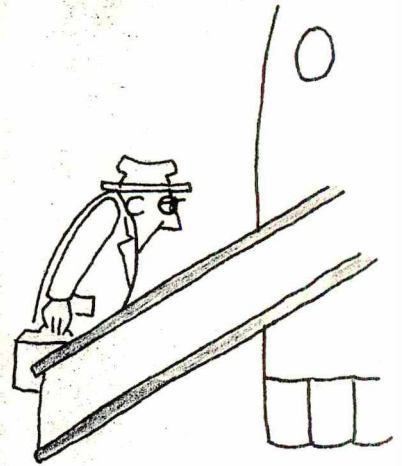
Turning left from 14th, you stroll up to 16th; there, if you look carefully, you see a small neon sign that says Werdermann's Hall. Inside is a bar. It's not much of a bar--hard wooden stools. Bars up the street have cushioned stools. You follow a corridor past the bar, turn into a side-chamber (Gentlemen and Ladies are somewhere off here) and climb 3 or 4 flights of stairs to a small low-ceilinged meeting hall with rows of chairs and a table up front. You immediately sense why this meeting is so many stair-flights above the bar: It's as if you'd walked in on a high-school class when the teacher was in the john and the kids were about to start throwing erasers. But these are fans. There is discipline, here. There is studious and serious comment. There is also Dave Kyle with eyebrows, peering at you over his mustache. And there is Jean Carroll--quite a lot, but not too much, and all fun... and George Raybin, complete with a peculiar contraption in which he claims to smoke tobacco (this lad would form a council of all New York fanclubs).

After the meeting--and I may use the word just a bit loosely--there's usually a gang which removes, repairs, retreats or whatever down the street and around the corner, an easy walk to a Russian beanery. The food is Russian, it says, and the price is around \$1.50 or so, more or less. There's no bar, but they got booze.

There is also, somewhere in Manhattan, something called the Hydra club. This is presumably an exclusive social club for pros- visitors welcome by invitation only, unless they happen to be young, beautiful, and female. I have been invited (by a young, beautiful female, no less) but I have never went. There's something about exclusive clubs I don't like.

But there've been visiting out-of-town fans in New York. Sam Mines has even seen 'em. But they never seem to show up at these fanclubs. Maybe this happens in 'frisco, L.A., and elsewhere. So maybe we should hear about these places. If anyone would like to finance a little trip, I'd be glad to--





THE VOICE OF FANDOM

Dear Lynn;

I am writing re Joe Gibson's letter that you published in STF TRENDS #14. In the first place it proved to be of extreme interest to me for many reasons, the main one being that this business of selecting con sites and the so-called 'politics' involved (whether it is fan or pro politics usually depends upon who is talking about it) have proved to be a complete mystery to me. It is always frustrating to me not to understand something. The second reason is Joe's statement that fan zine editors should be printing more on this matter and with that I agree wholeheartedly.

Now then, though I may be too dumb to understand the entire procedure and all that is involved, I am NOT too dumb to stencil and mimeo a clear, precise, black and white account of same. Now the rules committee, the rotating plan for future cons, the various blocks in the voting, and this and that and the other, I know for a fact are confusing to many, many, fen, and the majority of that 'many' will be fen that will be on future con sites.

Here's what I would like. I am starting work on CHIGGER which comes out each year just before the annual convention and I always send 100 copies to the world con for sale. Aside from that, 200 copies go out to various fen and CHIGGER is usually in the mails around the first of August. Since it's appearance is so timely, I think a good treatment of voting for con sites, rather the selecting of con sites, would be a good thing. The only trouble is getting a good treatment of same. I don't correspond with Joe Gibson at all but do you suppose he would be willing to write an article on this matter for me?

STF TRENDS was excellent which is all I will say as I expect to comment on it in the next mailing.

Nan Gerding
Roseville, Ill.

Editors Note:

Nan, I am forwarding your letter to Joe. I'm sure he will help you all he can. Gad--who could let down a beautiful gal

Dear Lynn;

STF TRENDS is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and with its 22 females pictured in this issue, is rapidly becoming one of the most heterosexual little fanzines in the field, if you'll pardon the expression. Followed with great interest the discussion of choosing convention sites, and am suprised to realize that apparently some naive people still don't realize the truth: Consites are chosen in advance by the Pro Underground, a sinister secret society headed by one Tilson Wucker, who operates under a variety of aliases. He has been hopping from city to city for years now, in search of a mythical missing ten of clubs, and since his word is virtually law, he can choose convention locations as he wishes. He also buys fan votes wholesale and is the acknowledged head of the Hucksters Ring which includes such notorious operators as Willy Ley, EE Smith and C.L. Barrett. Well, may spring shower you with blessings; I got mine yesterday from a robin.

Bob Bloch
Weyauwega, Wisc.

Dear Lynn;

A short note to thank you for the copy of STF TRENDS. I trust I shall be one of the lucky ones who will trade with you. The mag is terrific. This Plato Jones IS a wonderful cartoonist. Don Duke is an accomplished artist. More. Arden Cray also. "Tale of Two Cuties" by Conner, was of pro quality. I must express my usual lament that

that the hero was too moral for my taste, but in spite of that quibble I still proclaim it very good. The other story: I could not get past the first page. But it may be just me.

Richard Gads
Portland, Oregon

Dear Lynn;

Received the rather bulky #14 STF TRENDS the other day. What were you doing, using up all your old paper? The part red and part white didn't bother me so much, but I'm still wondering how that one sheet of slick magazine paper got in there.

I particularly liked the Hal Annas story. For my money it's the best thing he's ever written. In fact, I'm surprised he didn't polish it up a little, and sell it to BEYOND. It's better than a lot of stuff BEYOND has printed. Didn't care too much for Conner's story. He had a fair idea, and some humor, but the writing was---well, dead is the only description I can think of. Two-dimensional. Neither the characters nor the action "lived". The reprint from "Nation's Business" was all right. I doubt if any stf learned anything new from it, but its interesting to find any articles of this kind in a businessman's magazine. Plato Jones, who is one of my favorite cartoonists, didn't do so well this issue. I did like the full-pager on page 26, and the little one on 17. Also liked your cartoon. The cover left me with a feeling of "So What?" I have been following the fight over the "pro-underground" with much interest and even more amusement.

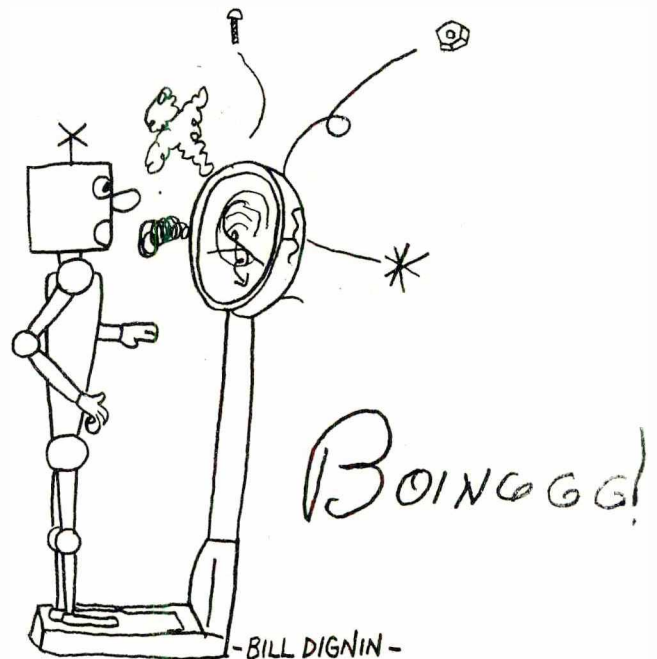
Bob Coulson
Silver Lake, Indiana

Dear Lynn;

#14 March issue was superlative. Admire Don Duker's work very much.

Betty Kujawa
South Bend, Indiana

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Dear Lynn;

Your layout, art and reproduction especially of those reprint articles from NATION'S BUSINESS are par excellant!

P.H. Economou
Miami, Fla.

Dear Lynn;

STF TRENDS is possibly the most professional looking of any of the fanmags in business at the moment. You've really come a long way in 4 years. Remember that night in Statesville when we cranked the mimeo for the 2nd issue of TLMA...and the very hot night in Statesville when we ran into trouble with the multilith on the 3rd issue...the Kosher wine. (umm! What about sending me a bottle?) the waitresses at Redman's...especially the one who got the bug down her back and pulled a strip tease in the cafe?...good times, good days...alas, they are gone...

Wilkie Conner
Gastonia, N.C.

Editors note:

I certainly do remember those days Wilkie, ah to live some of them over---- Do you also remember the waitress at the Donut Diner in Gastonia?...and the stories the boy who was in the army with Edd Cartier told about his drawings...and the little blonde down the street from your house...and the... doggone it, I feel like moving back down there...

Dear Lynn;

I think your current issue of TRENDS is a very professional job indeed. Art work is beautifully done. That Plato is a talented brush slinger.

Earle Franklin Baker
Kokomo, Indiana

Dear Lynn;

Received #14. With all due respect to Hal Annas I must confess I didn't think much of his fiction contribution, Conner's was the better of the two. Very nice cartoon by Plato Jones on page 26. Frank's article not up to the standards of the previous one.

Paul Mittlebuscher
Sweet Springs, Mo.

Dear Lynn;

Sir, you are to be congratulated on an excellent issue! Keep this up, and TRENDS is likely to be one of the top three sapsines of the year. This IS one of the best issues of your zine I've seen...including those pubbed when TLMA was living.

Nancy Share
Danville, Pa.

Dear Lynn;

Have recently received your latest magazine and just read it completely.

In your last issue you have a short story titled TALE OF TWO CUTIES by Wilkie Conner (who I believe, is you). This story, in my opinion, is the rough draft of what can be turned into a very fine piece of creative writing. Of course the narrative rushes about rather glibly in a sort of slattern english and your constant reference to cuties is rather flat and insipid. Also Homer's flight or transfer to Mars, was I believe done too, too rapidly for the fact to register with me until a few paragraphs later. But, having done with criticism, let me carefully dole out some well earned praise. Your story has faint reminders of the great satiric masters such as Swift, Rabelais and Defoe; in that your hero was a mortal after all and not physically able or capable to perform in reality what we all imagine in our day dreams. I really feel that a little effort on your part would make

your story a real piece of craftsmanship, and perhaps professional magazines would be interested in it.

By the way, I took your suggestion re/ Good American Whiskey and purchased some Jack Daniels Black Label. It was the finest tasting whiskey ever.

Louis Assaff
Detroit, Michigan

Editors note:

Wilkie is not me, Lottie. He is one of my finest friends from Gastonia, N.C. who helped me edit and produce my zines when I was living in the CSA. Wilkie is a fine writer who has sold to the old JUDGE and JOKER but hasn't the ambition to really try to hit the pro science fiction mags in the past few years. Tale of Two Cuties, however WAS sent to a pro magazine, kept about eight weeks and then returned. I wish Wilkie would keep hitting the pros because we need his excellent humor in those mags.

Dear Lynn;

Why haven't I found out about this mag before? Nobody tells me these things. Anyway I liked the whole thing and that's more than I can say for any other fanzine I've read.

The illos are stupendous. 'Specially the women. Yummy. Was glad to see the article. That's one I missed. Things to Come has possibilities. Of the stories I thought Tale of Two Cuties the better. It was real cute. (Sorry, I couldn't resist that). The printing was fine and so to the letter column. Heavens! A letter column with something in it. That's about three now from de Camp in different 'zines. He must be running a bootleg mimeo. This underground business is very funny. Herein New York we've organized a fan underground. I guess that makes us even lower than pros. Re: Hal Shapiro on C.T. Beck. Am not in on the controversey in question but hooray for Shapiro. From what I've seen of aforementioned B.I., Shapiro COULDN'T be anything but right. On to Joe Gibson's letter. (Joe, by the way, was the one that introduced me to TRENDS. Bless his heart.) I'll agree with him on the N.Y. area fans not being impressed by pros. I guess it's because there are a lot of them around. BUT, ESFA may be made up of a good percentage of middle-aged types but I wouldn't call Joe middle-aged and he's a member. And hell, I'm only 23 myself. Am enclosing a picture of our secretary, Fran Farrell, age 21. If this is middle aged I'll grow tendrils. He's too right about the fans in this area being split up. George Raybin is currently working on a project though, which may change things a little for the better. Rather than try to unite the clubs - impossible job - he has proposed an inter-club council to co-ordinate the activities of ESFA, Hydra, and the Circle. It sounds good anyway and the Circle and ESFA have given tentative approval.

Richard Ellington
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Editors note:

Fran can come and be secretary of my club anytime. I'll even forget that I am (in the younger fans opinion) approaching middle age.

Dear Lynn;

Issue #14 was greeted with Delight, as STF TRENDS always is, at this end. Of course, I'd already read the NATION'S BUSINESS article, but I doubt if many of your other readers had, so it was a worthwhile bit of contents. Skin of a Skeleton and Two Cuties, not to mention the (ahem) illustrations, of course, made the issue. I'm sorry to say that I found the one piece of poetry

negligible, to say the least. Of the stories I liked the first mentioned better than the second. Both were fine pieces of fan fiction though somewhat contrived so far as the plots went, but Hal did a pretty good job of character delineation with the narrator, while Two Cuties, it seemed to me, wasn't too strong on either plot or characterization, both were subordinated to - er.. shall we call it -- effect? A right nice issue though withal.

I was mighty pleased to note that Naaman and Hal liked OJANN, as you so brilliantly named it. (I would probably have stuck some such prosaic tag as Noodle Nest, or something and let it go at that.) I don't know whether artist Peterson knows it or not, but I have commented with great enthusiasm a number of times in the past, in letters to various fanzine editors, upon his artwork. Perhaps he and I should get together and form a mutual admiration society. Any chance of getting some of his artwork for TRENDS?

Hal, I'm sure, overestimates my stature. I'd never aspire to be another Lewis Carroll. Only a run-of-the-mill Brown-ing. Know ye, however, that I'm never worth a darn as a versifier except under very special conditions. The prerequisite is at least 24 hours without sleep. The second is a bit of stimulating conversation or reading to give the muse a hotfoot. Unfortunately, I find these prerequisites in the right combination very seldom of late. The last time as a matter of fact, was during that wackey Sunday at your house. Perhaps now at the Midwestcon.... I trust I'll be seeing you there?

Stephen F. Schultheis
Sheppard AFB, Texas

Editors note: yes you'll see me at the Midwestcon. Will be looking forward to seeing you again. Its been too long.

If any place should have those special conditions, a convention certainly should!

Dear Lynn;

STF TRENDS received today. Can't quite figure out that covers reason for existence. It looks like the type of stuff one would do as doodling. You fell down terrifically with that cover. Quite a disappointment after that Coggins last issue. A bit outdated, but still interesting, is the Frank article. Nothing I hadn't read before, but still worth reprinting. More, I hope? Skin of a Skeleton left me absolutely cold. Tale of Two Cuties was very good. Contained a few chuckles, plus some fine artwork by Arden Cray.

Ray Thompson
Norfolk, Neb.

Dear Lynn;

Most interesting thing about the cover was "4th year of publication". I'm sure that that will advance in years as we go. Very good. The cover I mean. The reprint article, this one, and its predecessor, is very good, but I wish you would use a buff or even white paper to print it on. The art is dull, and I'm sure that your present paper doesn't do it justice. Skin of a Skeleton was very good, but didn't quite make the pro grade. Tale of Two Cuties was not hilarious, but definately humorous. I mean that there were subtle little things that were very good. Wilkie writes good fiction as well as articles. Everything else up to par. Good issue.

Sam Johnson
Elizabeth City, N.C.

Dear Lynn;

Received TRENDS #14 a few days ago and would like to remark upon it being one of your finest issues to date (of course the most enjoyable issue you ever published was TLMA#3; but that was chiefly because of Elsberry's New Orleans convention report). Wilkie Conner's Tale of Two Cuties was all you said it would be, and definately the best item in the zine. I hope you can get more work by Conner in future issues. The letter column was interesting but I think you could squeeze more letters into it by using the small type you used for Gibson's missive.

Lyle Kessler
Philadelphia, Penna.

Editors Note:

Ok, Lyle, here is the small type and more letters. You will also notice I have cut the spacing between the lines down also to permit more words per page.

Dear Lynn;

I really enjoyed the #14 issue of your excellant publication. Your format is very delightful, and I relish the manner in which you sprinkle your zany cartoons through out the magazine. The best items in this issue were the article reprinted from NATIONS BUSINESS and Wilkie Conner's hilarious bit of fiction. Keep up the good work.

Ian T. Maccauley
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Lynn;

Gee, I sure do like the March issue of STF TRENDS. It's the first time I've been able to feel at home in a fanmag for a long time, so many new ones coming up. After all, STF TRENDS, in its alter ego of TLMA was one of the very first zines I saw, and hence has a place close to my heart. Those articles you run from time to time out of NATION'S BUSINESS sure give the mag a professional look. Every time I get a new issue of TRENDS I think for a minute that you've gone printed. That infernal varityper of yours doesn't subtract from the hoax-effect either.

John Magnus
Oberlin, Ohio

Dear Lynn:

I noticed that, in my daring-exposay-type letter, I mentioned something about "the careful steps taken at the Philly con to help Frisco win for '54" and then I gave no hint of what those steps were. And in the same ish, we have words from Cleveland --which makes me think maybe I should've done more than hint.

Frisco might not have won if some midwest & suth'n fen hadn't got curious. Cleveland wasn't the only bunch who didn't know what had happened in Frisco. I heard about it from Don Ford on long distance at 1 ayem, about a month before the Phillycon. Don had run up a bill from calling Frisco and finding out what was cookin'. So we knew they had a new group out there--one that didn't have quite the zany attitude the old group displayed at the Chicon. This new group sounded good. Don was willing to give 'em support. So was I. So fans in the New York area heard about the new Frisco group. Writing to other fen, elsewhere, I usually found that Don had already informed them.

So when Cleveland arrived at the Phillycon, they ran into a strong Frisco sympathy. It'd started before the Phillycon began. But many of the fans I talked to hadn't even known Cleveland had a fanclub. Still, Cleveland lost by only 30 votes--becuz the Phillycon was another big con. In that large attendance, there were maybe 300 acti-fans. The rest were stf readers. Most of whom had little or no knowledge--and little

interest--about fandom. If these non-active fans had been ignored, Cleveland would have won. But some active fans did a lot of talking to non-active fans about fandom, fanclubs, fan activities, and World Cons. Naturally, Frisco was mentioned.

When the Phillycon Committee decided on an open debate to try settling that small problem of choosing future consites, some active fans made it a point to drag themselves out that morning and get into that debate and talk about fandom, fanclubs, world cons, etc. I see, there were a good number of non-active fans sitting in that audience. Naturally Frisco was mentioned.

And when H. J. Campbell wanted to enter a London bid, some fans went to the Phillycon Committee and encouraged the idea. It hinted that fandom is more than just a local affair--and there were non-active fans sitting there, getting ready to vote. If those non-active fans were ignored, they most certainly wouldn't have voted the '54 consite to a west coast city, where most of them (if not all) wouldn't be able to attend. That's exactly what happened in Chicago, when the old Frisco group ignored these fans. But it happened at the Phillycon (by a toothskin's 30 votes) becuz these fans weren't ignored.

And Cleveland may be faced with this same situation at Frisco, if (A) the SFcon is another big con, and (B) some other city closer to the west coast enters a bid. Cleveland could have the full support of active fandom and still lose to the non-active fans.

We found out something at the Phillycon, tho, that may help Cleveland. It did us no good to make political-type speeches boosting Frisco. When we did, the non-active fans avoided us like the plague. But when we talked about fandom and fanclubs and fan activities, they got curious and asked questions. But then, the moment they found out we favored Frisco, they showed no interest at all in Frisco. If we tried to get 'em interested, they quickly found excuses to go elsewhere. So we tried something else--and it worked! We found that if we didn't boost Frisco at all, but casually say that well, yes, they'd probably be a good choice--THEN the non-active fans got curious. And they not only asked us about Frisco, but trotted off and asked others about it. Maybe we earned votes and maybe we didn't, but Frisco darn' sure got talked about!

What it amounts to, basically, is that the most effective fan politics is no politics. Just don't IGNORE those poor stupid ignerrunt non-active fans, thassall.

A lot of this could be avoided if a plan for rotating the Cons were adopted. And if it's a good plan. Such a plan is going to be presented at the SFcon, I understand. And it could cause more trouble than it avoids. Cleveland wants the Con for '55, but if a rotation plan is adopted that favors some other city making a bid, it'll be two strikes against Cleveland. And nobody could blame Cleveland fans for resenting it, and fighting it. I hope the SFcon committee is fully aware of this and can find some way to avoid it.

Joe Gibson
Jersey City, N.J.

Editors note:

Don was telling me that he and Burwell got you in the wee hours on that phone call, one evening when I was visiting with the Fords. I guess that was quite a night. I would like to have my readers opinions on the rotation plan for future conventions, so if you are interested in this I would be happy to print your letters on this subject, an important one to fandom. I might also suggest that you order a copy of

the next CHIGGER PATCH from Nan Gerding and read Joe's article on this subject that will be printed there. I also received a note from Joe since typing Nan's letter at the start of the letter column that he was going to contact Nan about that article.

Dear Lynn;

I seldom care to comment on any fanzine simply because the greater number of them that drop into my mail box are tragic in their efforts at amateur publication, and rather than discourage a budding faned, or faneditoress, I just don't write them.

Too many so-called self-styled fans seem to take a satanish delight in offering all the nasty sarcastic and insulting "comments on new-born fanzines. They seem to delight in seeing just how miserable they can make a budding faned feel.. However, when I receive a fanzine which appears to be worthy of comment I try to encourage the editor with some decent comments but it has been a long time, too long a time, since I received a fanzine of real merit. Such a zine arrived at my mailbox recently under the title of STF TRENDS and I doubt if ever I have more thoroughly enjoyed reading a zine than I have this one.

All Aboard For Outer Space by Stanley Frank, is, I believe, one of the best written articles on the subject that has been published in the past ten years. Author Frank has an excellent grasp of the present status quo of possible space travel and puts his finger on some of the more important points. I noticed that this article was copyrighted by the magazine NATION'S BUSINESS. Articles like this lend a solidarity to any magazine, whether they be pro or amateur. The combination of both articles and fiction in TRENDS, plus the format and delightful clarity of reading ease, makes this magazine if not THE top fanzine published, then certainly so close to impel the leader to get a hump on as to improvement.

Skin of a Skeleton by Hal Annas is pro-type writing. The story itself was of considerable reading interest and contained all the entertainment value one finds in pro magazines, which leaves little to be desired except more work by this author.

The letter section shed considerable light on the politics at Chicon 2, anent the 11th world con going to Philly and has done much to bring to the foreground the vital neccessity of adhering to a set plan for convention rotation, and until such a plan is arrived at, and established as a regular accepted practice there will continue to be political didoes, back stabbing and double crossing concerning each new con site at every world convention. These letters ought to arouse some comment, AND comment sufficiently strong as to make the BNF of fandom aware that a rotation plan is not only needed but wanted, and do something about it.

Tale of Two Cuties by Wilkie Conner was great. Conner has had stuff published professionally, but the few that I have read, did not, in my estimation, come up to the story in STF TRENDS. Tale of Two Cuties was on the high level of Thorne Smith. Wilkie should give serious consideration to a book-length novel on the order of Tale of Two Cuties. He's throwing money away writing for fanzines.

Roses and boquets go to the editorial page too. Nicely done! STF TRENDS fulfills a NEED that is great in fandom and is worthy of all the support it gets. The format, readability, neatness and reading entertainment in fact and fiction are found in too few zines in fandom at the high level attained here.

Bob Farnham
Dalton, Ga.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Comment section

This time we'll start with a zine that is appearing for the first time in a saps mailing, IMPACT. Impact is a beautifully done zine, she equals Nan in her handling of the mimeo. I especially liked FIEndly observations. Almost stole her idea for rating the zines to use for this issue of Trends. A very good zine and one that should make SOME saps try a little harder with theirs. Welcome Carole, I hope you'll be in every mailing.

Once again Nancy Share comes through with a top-notch zine, IGNATZ #6 is just that. Mimeoing was better than average for Nancy and the contents were interesting as usual. Artwork was much improved this issue.

I'm happy to see that you are staying with us, Vee. Dodo was improved over last issue. At least I found it more interesting. Some more and better artwork would really make this zine.

Hmmm--STF TRENDS, where have I seen this before? No comment.

Enjoyed McCain's THE INSIDER, hope he gets in every mailing. I agree with him on the basis that Saps is a little too fannish. Most of the zines are TOO full of comments on the other zines and have very little other interesting reading in them. I would like to see the comments held down to a few pages in each zine and some good articles and/or fiction put in. Now don't get me wrong, ALL sazines aren't like that, but a few of them are almost completely comment zines.

SATURNALIA---I wouldn't have missed this one at all.

Gosh, GEMZINE sure is a letdown from GEMTONES. GT was one commentzine that I really liked and that really needed little more. If this is a sample of whats to come, I wish Wrai had never twisted her arm.

The Great Moments in the MSFS along with the Ray Nelson cartoon is the only thing that saved REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT from once again being a revoltin' zine. Mimeoing was very good, but who besides Soccy Grennell is interested in old guns? I thought this was mainly, by and large, a science fiction outfit.

NANDARED was rather boring to this reader. Lets not dare again.

TRICKLE. Coslet can consistantly issue zines that are utterly boring. Seems to have a knack for it.

The BRONC was short but sweet. Give us a little more quantity, Eva.

Enjoyed both issues of MAGNE-DAC.

So Dean is now applying his talents to the benefits of all us Saps. All I can say is I'm glad. Hope your next issue will be meatier, Dean. Your duplication was perfect, your zine very interesting. More SPACEWOOF please.

MRAOC was an average zine. Not good, not bad, not too much of anything.

Well Art, you put out another good zine. I met you a couple of times so sort of feel as if I know you a little better than some of the Saps I haven't met. Lets, see, the first time I think was at the Cinvention and the 2nd time was at the first Midwestcon. Correct me if I'm wrong. I've met 13 of the 33 members at cons or different places, the rest only through Saps or correspondence. I do think your criticism on the typos is a little petty, Art. Just because I print my zine on a multilith shouldn't mean that I can't make a mistake. Gosh I still type with two fingers just like the rest of you. Actually, now that I have the multilith paid for, the operating costs of putting out my zine are usually less than if I mimeoed it. The exceptions are when I plate material as I did the article in the last Trends. Masters for my multi run less than stencils, ink is cheaper, or as cheap and it qualifies me as a printer to buy my paper wholesale, from a wholesale house. For example, I bought this 70lb. book stock for \$1.13 a ream. I can get the best Howard Bond mimeo paper for approx. \$1.30 a ream. When I was mimeoing my zine, Howard Bond cost me \$2.50 a ream. Please, Art, let me make typos like the other Saps do. I'm good at it.

Nan, I really enjoyed Bob Farnham's article in NANDU #6. I met Bob in New Orleans and he is a barrel of fun. A good issue although skinnier than I expected from you. Cover by DEA was very good. NANDIDN'T wasn't as interesting to me. Wrai dropped me a line to reassure me that "dig that crazy broomstick" referred to Argassy rather than to me personally. You see I'm shaped rather like a broomstick having lost a lot of weight in the past few years and Wrai thought I might be sensitive about it.

I'm not, but it shows what a swell fellow Wrai is to think of a fellow members feelings that way, at least until he is really initiated into the mob.

SAPIAN this issue, is much improved over the past 2 issues in my opinion. Am glad to see you using material other than saps comments, Racy. In answer to your questions, Argassy was reproduced on a multilith, the type face was Diacritical, the typer a Vari-typer.

The GHU SAPLEMENTS have been noted. Neither too good nor too bad.

COLLECTOR is a zine that has a good start. Could well turn into one of my favorites if he will stick to telling a bit about the more or less hard to find zines. I'd like to see some reviews on the old Dusty Ayres magazines. I swapped those off along with most of my G-8's and other air war zines some years back. Wish I had them now.

Well, the BOOK OF PTOH was mimoed much better this time. Could read it with no strain at all. Good reading too. ZfvU #775 was much improved material-wise, over last issue. Enjoyed this one.

The best one of the mailing again was OUTSIDERS. I just loved that cover. I may continue Argassy from time to time as a feature in Trends, Wrai. I too enjoy much of the non-science-fictional stories in Argosy as much if not more than the stf. Of course much of Mac-Isaacs stuff that wasn't fantasy was the borderline as adventure-fantasy... another example of that would be the Singapore Sammy series by Loring Brent. I loved those. I have so many favorites that it would take me the rest of this zine to mention them.

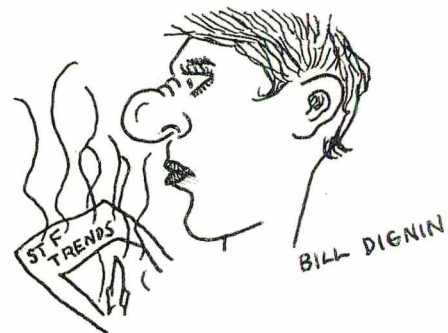
Well that about rounds up my comments for this mailing. All in all, though it wasn't as large as the last mailing, I thought it contained more in quality. Lets hope this trend continues. It will if every one puts forth a little more effort than he ordinarily would.



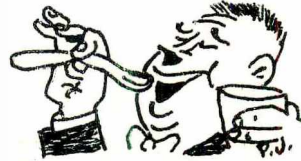
THE VOICE OF FANDOM
(continued from page 8)

Once again I'm sorry that I could not print near all the letters received, but I was REALLY deluged with mail on this issue. At any rate, keep writing, your comments help a lot in the shaping of future issues.

Yo's,
Lynn



Reprinted from THE KENT WRITER
Spring 1953 issue



MEALS ARE INEFFICIENT.
THEY TAKE US AWAY FROM
OUR WORK.

Old Mother Nature has been around for a long time, arranging lakes, building mountains, filling oil wells, and tinkering with the various species of life. Maybe the job was too much for her, and she lost a couple of blades out of her turbines. After all, she did let Texas and Hollywood get into the landscape, and she allowed the flies and mosquitoes to get a head start on us.

Of course it may be that the Celestial Management ordered things that way to keep reminding us that we're not in paradise quite yet, and it is true that when you roll over the Pennsylvania hills on a May morning, you get the idea that Nature has done a pretty fair job with the world, especially when you consider that she had to do the whole thing without the help of Russian scientists.

You have to make a big allowance for the capitalist propaganda we've been fed all our lives, and maybe that's how we have the idea that Mother Nature knew what she was doing and did it OK. But with the enlightenment of the new truth from Moscow, we can see clearly how we've been duped. Mother Nature herself was way over on the right, an obvious reactionary.

We know now that everything of any importance was originated by Russians, and there can be no doubt that the "A" bomb was first dreamed up and designed by Ivan the Terrible, which of course was how he got his name. The Russians have had the "A" bomb all this time but they were just too humane to use it, even when the Germans were getting pyrotechnical in the Moscow suburbs.

You remember how the Russians lured the Germans into their country just to take the pressure off England and to keep them from coming over after us. We've been pretty ungrateful about that gesture of brotherly love.

But why aren't the Russians doing anything in the field of biology? There are some big jobs in that field that our scientists are just not smart enough to tackle. Anyhow, our capitalist-dominated universities keep our scientists in a sentimental, bourgeois dither trying to help suffering humanity. Polio viruses, arthritis viruses, cancer research. Juvenile fumbblings for capitalistic opiates for the masses—

It will take the scientists of a truly liberated country, Russia, to face the mistakes of Mother Nature and SOLVE them.

Now take hair. We all have it, or did, on our heads, where we need it least. But on the rest of our bodies we think it's a blemish. We even sell drugs to do away with body hair. A thoroughly capitalistic doctrine and the very backbone of the clothing industry.

True, we do see men with veritable mattresses on their chests, but they're ashamed of them, and no man wishes more than a sample to indicate masculinity, and show me an advertisement that displays a woman with hair on her chest! And advertising is the capitalists law and gospel.

It is hatred of hair that has built some of the basic fortunes in capitalist society. What would become of Colgate, Mennen, and Palmolive, should body hair be fashionable? And what of the underwear industry? All capitalistic enterprises.

Think what it would mean to have our entire bodies covered with thick hair. How cozy, how snug, how economical, how efficient!

Let communist science restore to us our hair. Let us have a capsule, a hormone, a pill that will cover us with wool. And let it be timed so that we shed in spring, please.

We keep saying that nature is more beautiful than art. Would not natural hair be more beautiful than clothing materials stolen from sheep, skunk and muskrat?

Mother Nature doublecrossed us when she took away our hair. Communist science must give it back.

And there's the appendix, another of nature's blunders. It used to be a sort of food sack. Whole meals could be stored in it until the animal got a chance to chew up the food at leisure. Cows and camels still have the thing, but all we have is a useless little jigger inside our bellies that attracts unfriendly, capitalistic microbes. It isn't good for anything but to make money for capitalist surgeons. They make fortunes tearing the thing out.

Communist science must put it back, enlarged and refined.

As it is, we have to eat three times a day. The dinner table is the center of the bourgeois home, which must go, and the luncheon table is the breeding ground for capitalistic plots. Meals must go. They are inefficient. They take us away from our work.

Let us have again the crop, the food sack, where we may store away our day's or our week's sustenance. Thus we can chew our food and work together, our thoughts ever on the high ideals of the Kremlin.

And think what that would do to the capitalistic chewing gum industry, not to mention chewing-tobacco.

SPECIAL

NOTICE

*please address all mail to
my new address noted below.*

LYNN A. HICKMAN
705 W. MAIN ST.
NAPOLEON, OHIO

Thanks!

Fashion, in all of its capricious and predatory manifestations, is clearly a capitalist fancy. It is one of the original, perhaps the first evidence of capitalistic thinking in the dawn man. We can only assume that Mother Nature herself planted in our knuckle-dragging ancestors the notion that some females are better looking than other females. It must have been Nature that inspired the Java man with the notion that females with short tails are prettier than females with long tails. The fashion for short-tailed people persisted, and presently it became difficult for a female with any tail at all to enlist the attentions of a male. The tail went out of vogue. All that remains of that invaluable organ is a fusion of the last three bones in our vertebrae. An irreparable loss, - - - irreparable until the birth of soviet science.

Fashion has lost us our tails, and the University of Moscow must bring them back. Frankly I doubt that our own scientists are up to the job.

The tail, as you remember from your college zoology, was prehensile; you could pick up a pin with it. It was a strong organ. It could swing a hammer or hold an umbrella. A handier limb we never had, and we lost it.

Think of the possibilities! In the subway, holding the strap while we read the New Masses; in the Automat; at the supermarket. The musician turning the pages of his music with his tail, the ballet, the heightening of expression possible in the drama. What nuances of character could not Stanislavsky have achieved with an all-tailed cast. The soldier, the farmer - - even the diplomat. How convenient the tail at the de-generated social functions which the communist diplomat is forced to attend. How often have not you and I wished for a third limb with which to manipulate salad plate, cigarette, and cocktail glass!

Yes, we have allowed Mother Nature to take us for a ride.

Now take childbirth, or as science calls it, viviparous reproduction. Only Mother Nature gone moron could have bungled that job as we do. For at least four months of her proganacy, a woman is a total loss to society. She has to give up her job at the munitions factory, she has to outfit herself with new and subsequently worthless clothing, and she has practically nothing to offer the tired worker after his twelve-hour stint in the salt mines.

Worse yet, once the child is born in a capitalist hospital, the mother sees it almost immediately, fancies herself in love with it, and lavishes disgusting bourgeois affection upon it. She loves it and insists upon keeping it, thus inspiring a love at variance with whole-souled devotion to the communist state. Mother love is the enemy of communist, and mother love must go.

Worse yet, the mother deludes the reputed father of the child into middle-class feelings of responsibility toward the child, and thus he, too, not only diverts some of the love he owes only to the state, but squanders on his family money that would be better spent on communist literature.

The family is the heart of capitalism, and the child is the center of the family.

We must return to the egg, and communist science must lead the way. The child must be born from an egg as soon as possible after conception. It must be born from an egg in a registered communist incubator. The father who may be proud of his supposed child, will be cooler toward the egg. The egg will hatch months after delivery from the mother, and by that time, communist literature and communist lectures will have taken her mind away from such silly capitalistic survivals as domestic life and bringing up children. Indeed, the egg will not be marked upon deposit in the incubator, so the mother will be unable to identify her child anyhow. Thus a woman may bear many communist children than she now does - - perhaps as many as one a month, perhaps even more, with hardly any, perhaps none at all, of interference with social duties in the tank factory. She will sublimate her biological motherhood in rapturous devotion to communist munitions and to future communist.

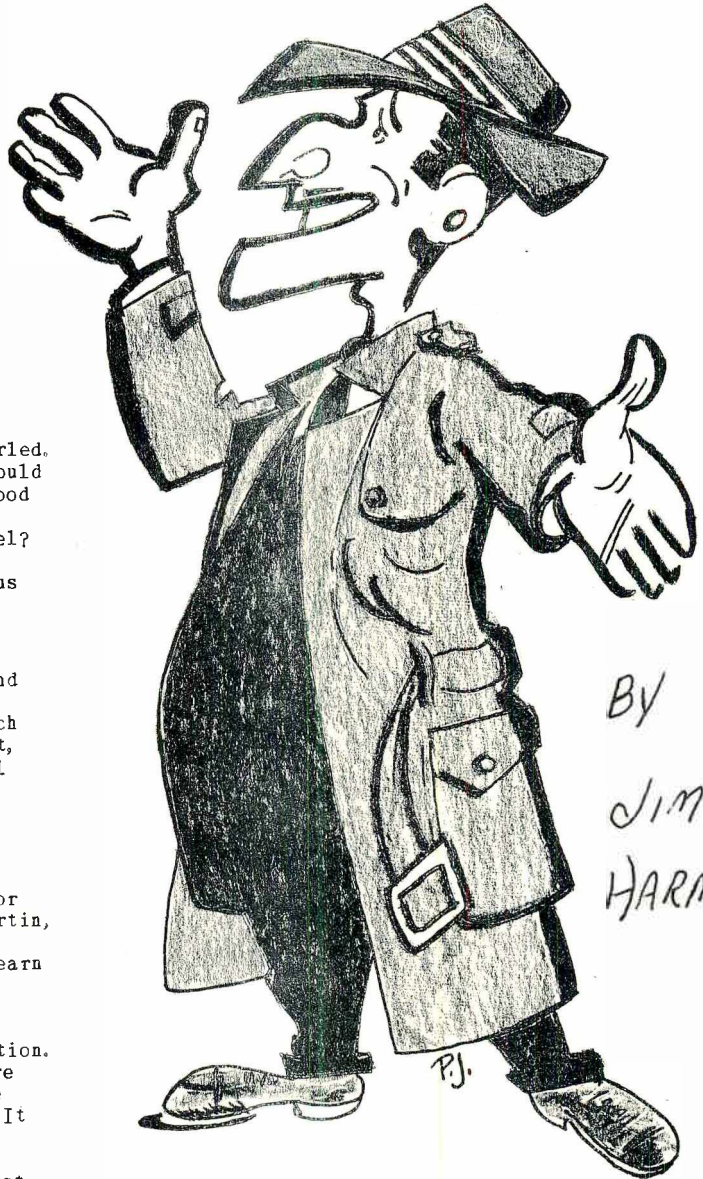
Incidentally, may I suggest a double play at this point? At certain early stages in its development, the human foetus has a tail longer than its arm. That, doubtless is the point at which communist genius should begin.

But I have suggested only a very few of the opportunities for scientific exploration and exploitation. Limited as I am by a capitalist education, swathed and beclouded as I am in capitalist romanticism, I cannot be expected to envision more than a glimmering of the potentialities of free, patriotic, communist controlled and dominated science. Obvious it is, however, that Communist science must arise! Moscow must reverse the fumbling, bungling, irresponsibility of Old Mother Nature. The lost must be restored. All will come with Communism.

Yesterday the "A" bomb. Tomorrow the hair, the tail, and the egg!

THE MIDWESTCON

CAPER



BY
JIM
HARMON

The place was as dark as a house detective's gaze when I pulled in. I got out carefully and walked towards the joint with the sign in front, casing the joint.

I threw open the door and stomped towards the woman behind the desk. "All right, Sister," I snarled. "Whose trying to play a joke on Jim Harmon? Why would anybody hold a science fiction convention HERE? Good Lord, it's no bigger than Mt. Carmel."

The Bus Station manager looked up. "Mt. Carmel? You're the one from Mt. Carmel? Ah, well, that's right. There aint no convention here. The next bus leaves in two hours."

I threw my suitcase down. "Don't try to pull anything on me, Sister. I'm thinking every minute. I'll see what that hotel has to say about this. And it had better be good."

The night clerk at the Ingalls didn't have much to say. I persuaded him. He got up and choked out, "Guy named Harris, girl named Economou. That's all that's here so far. Just two."

I leered. "THREE."

He shuddered.

The next day I accosted a group of suspicious characters. Principle characters included George Nims Raybin smoking a blunt instrument, a lawyer for some suspicious characters in New York, and Don Curtin, a crew-cut strong arm boy. There were accomplices and a twist with them. I decided to play along, learn all I could.

"New York is going to get the convention next year," Raybin confided. I now had all the proof I needed for conviction. He had spoken with conviction.

But before I could go into action, a new figure stalked onto the scene. Instantly I recognized the face from pictures I had seen at the post office. It was George O. Smith.

"I'm Joe Gibson," he said. He said it with a straight face. You could almost believe him. Almost.

I won't say this "Gibson" had been drinking alcohol but static electricity was causing his perspiration to burn with a faint blue light.

"Where's a liquor store?" Gibson asked.

"There's two near here," the hotel owner said. "There were three but somebody bought one out last night."

"Yeah," said Gibson.

I was getting surer and surer it was George O. Smith.

I went with them to a suspicious restaurant and had a sandwich with them. Gibson tried to drink his. He was probably the only man who could have done it.

This character Don looks my way. "Jim," he says, "I got a room listed as Me and Wife. I don't have a wife, actually. Would you like to share it with me?"

I doubled my fist to knock his Irish teeth down his Irish throat, and then I let my wrist go limp. Play along with them, I think, but just so far. "Sure, Kid," I said.

On the way back, Gibson finds the other liquor store. This leaves one. We leave the bottles in Don's and my room. Just the bottles.

Downstairs, I see a guy and a girl check in. I recognize them, too. I go to the post office a lot. They call themselves Carole and Lynn Hickman. Being acquainted with the post office, I can't tell you what other people sometimes call them.

I introduce myself. I duck. I grab Carole as she collapses. I probably would have grabbed her anyway. Next time, I don't duck fast enough.

Sometime later, I find myself with Lynn Hickman, a city slicker who sells tractors to hicks, and Andrew Harris, an elderly old fellow with a cane and young ideas.

We talk about names, their origin, where they come from. I figure I have a pretty good blackmail case and leave before the check comes. I discover that the hook end of the cane has many uses.

Back at the hotel, I MET ROBERT BLOCH.

"Maybe we can spend more time together at this smaller convention, Jim?" Imagine-- Bloch willing to spend time with me -- after I had tried to give him all that time for his violation of the Smith act. --spice opera, you know. It seemed too good to be true. It was.

Next in the lineup is Phillip Jose Farmer. He recognized the name. "Jim? Sure, I remember those letters you wrote from Mt. Carmel about my stuff."

I was amazed. "You even remembered my home town."

"Sure. Who do you think knew what to tell the Bus station manager to tell you? The plot got thicker.

At my urging he tells me the condition of the market. I give him a quarter. He asks me how I am doing with my writing, astounded to learn I had tricked somebody into taking a few stories. After I tell him, he gives me back the quarter.

"Of course," I said, "In a few years you will be recognized as being right at the top along with Bradbury and Heinlein.

His eyebrows leap for cover in his graying crewcut. He backs off.

"Right now!" I continue, "with the fans, it is Bradbury, Heinlein, and Farmer."

Mrs. Farmer who looks more like the Farmer's Daughter than the Farmer's wife comes along side and hugs me.

"This is a very nice guy, Phil."

Slightly dazed, I remark, "As a matter of fact, who are these guys Bradbury and Heinlein?"

But Mrs. Farmer only beams happily and Phil breaks into a dead run.

I go up to my room and there have a delightful discussion with Joe Gibson and Harlan Ellison on the relative merits of premature optimism.

Shortly afterwards, I find myself taking refreshments with Bob Madle at a dimly lighted, brassy Coca Cola stand, along with Jack Agnew, Paul Mittlebuscher, and John Magnus when I am overcome with a desire to see Harlan again.

All of us rush up to Harlan's room after he has greeted us with various salutes. I pause before Harlan's door. Coyly I ask Madle Magnus, "Should I?" They say I should.

I tapped on Harlan's door and it swung open. Harlan rushed towards me joyfully and we joined hands.

"Harlan."

"Jim."

"HARLAN."

"JIM."

After this, someone suggests that I go off by myself and rest and that they will see that no one disturbs me by leading them astray. Fans are very good at this.

But before I have rested long, Lynn Hickman comes along and asks me to go for a stroll with him on the fire escape. Un fortunately, the local police are below searching the fire stairs with a spotlight. I presume they were afraid someone might fall and hurt themselves on them. Cops are always lousying up my capers.

There is a short discussion with the hotel owner and someone takes up a collection for the Salvation Army. Hallelujah--

Later, I met Nancy Moore Shapiro. Older veterans of these reports may recall how I drooled over Mrs. Gold at Chicago. I am not so uncouth now. I have couthed up some. I merely stared at Nancy constantly.

Hal Shapiro was nice enough to close my eyes every now and then to keep them from shriveling from lack of moisture. I was too interested to blink.

We talked of her writing and a good story she had written which apparently didn't quite fit into pulp format regulations. But then she is too nice a girl to be a writer, although she is a very good one.

We also sang Sigmund Rohmberg love songs to each other. But I must learn Gilbert & Sullivan. In fact I must learn Sigmund Rohmberg although that didn't stop me from singing it.

Nancy is a wonderful girl but Hal is one of my best friends and no woman is good enough for him. I'm tempted, very tempted, to do something about that.

First Evelyn Paige, now Nancy Moore. Surely, somewhere there's a bug for every little bug and a fan for every fan that's a little bug?

Next morning, there WAS a morning after, I followed my custom and had breakfast with Charles DeVet, who understands me, being an ex-teacher of retarded children -- well, maybe THEY weren't retarded. I returned and then went out with Isaac Asimov, a young man I'm teaching the ropes of writing. I have high hopes for him if he can get over using horrible titles like "LUCKY STARR AND THE PIRATES OF THE ASTEROIDS".

Asimov and I returned and went out and had breakfast with a lovely girl named Sam and returned and had breakfast with Joe Gibson -- at least, we tried to but the bars weren't open yet. I had an opportunity to have breakfast with Leigh Brackett and Edmond Hamilton but while heart and mind said yes, my stomach wouldn't cooperate. I might point out that these multiple breakfasts with DeVet and particularly Asimov were daily occurrences. You can see why Ike and I are Big Men in science fiction.

This brings us up to Saturday and the beginning of the convention. All this was merely a prolog to the festivities. There are many questions left to be unanswered. What did Bob Tucker say when I asked him for TWO autographs? What happened when I proved I would lift that bail and tote that barge for Evelyn Gold? What did Harlan Ellison and I put in each other's food when we had dinner together? What happened when Doc Barrett took me for a ride? As Burroughs said when he, too, used his quota of space: The answers lay hidden in the tightly rolled Scroll of the Future.

The End

ODE: COMPOSED UPON THE OCCASION OF THE FIFTH ANNUAL MIDWEST SCIENCE FICTION CONFERENCE HELD AT BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO, ON THE TWENTY-SECOND AND THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAYS OF MAY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR

IN OHIO'S CITY OF BELLEFONTAINE,
THOUGH NOT THIS YEAR TO BEASTLY'S JAUNTIN'
AGAIN ASSEMBLE, NEVER MERRIER,
FEN AND FEMME FROM THE MIDWEST AREA:

OH GRACIOUS CITY, I CAST THEE LAURELS;
BUT A SINGLE FLAW MY METER SPOILS;
THOUGH DR. BARRETT CORRECT IN VEIN,
I'LL STILL PRONOUNCE THEE, BELLEFONTAINE.

-- EDGAR A. QUANN