



TRANSTOR

TRANSTOR

TRANTOR

Issue No. 1
Spring Mailing, 1953
SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY

EDITOR: Robert Glen Briggs

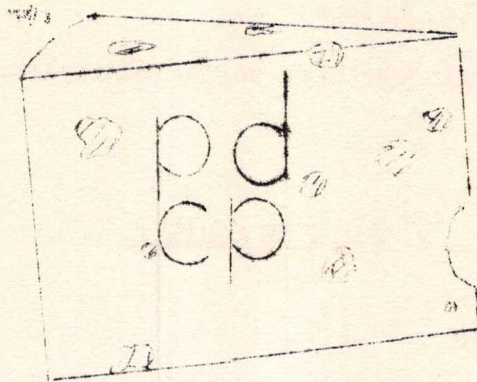
PUBLISHER: Franklin Kerkhof, on the Pennsylvania Dutch Cheese Press

TYPE SETTER: Irene Baron

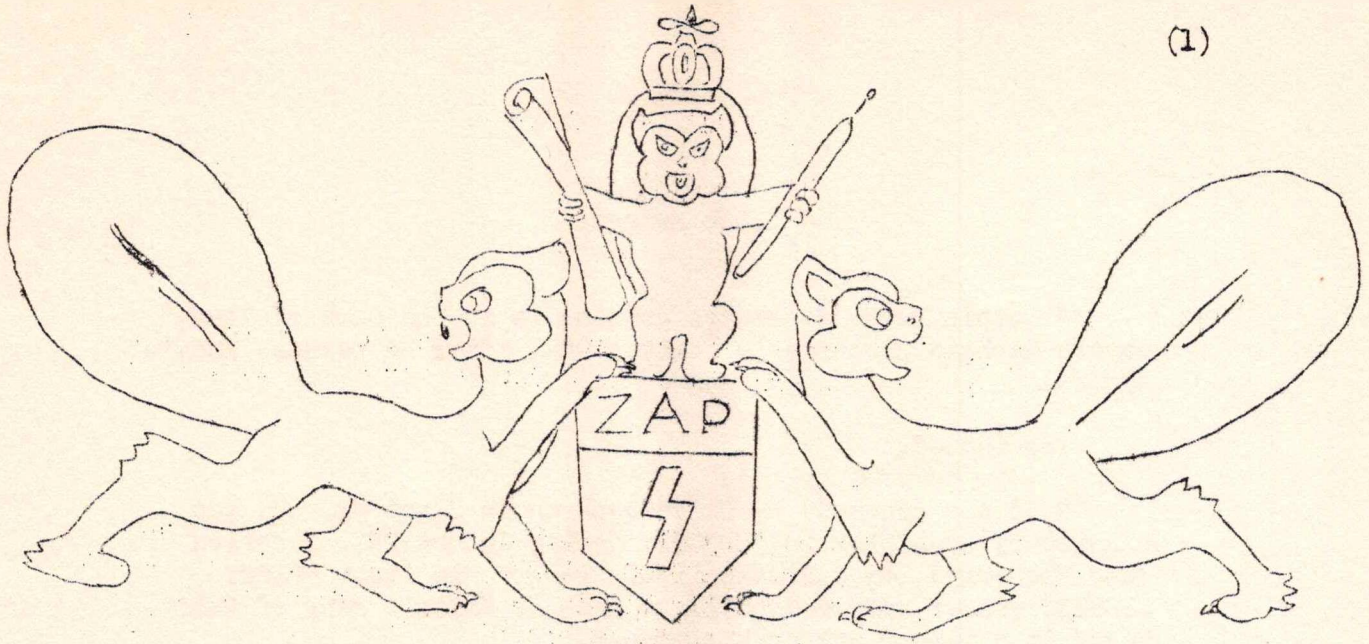
TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>Article</u>	<u>Page No.</u>
Vast Movements within Restricted Spaces	1
Bully Boy Boggs	2
The Neophyte Speaks.	4
Book Review: <u>Invasion</u> by Hendrik Willem van Loon	7
A Neofan Reviews the Philly Clave	8
Walk West on Market	14
Janus	21
Quarterly Review.	23

* * *



Briggs



vast • movements • within • restricted
spaces

This announces a brand new fanzine to SAPS, a new fanzine for the new year. Not exactly a new editor, though. I've been in SAPS since mailing ten in the winter of 1949.

We reinstate the ZAP policy of publishing for every mailing; also, mailing comments every issue. More about that later.

The Beavers of Great Rescos will appear in one form or another, forever and ever.

The Adventures of (?)

If you read my Nola Con report in the last mailing, you will have noticed a question mark in parentheses behind the word "gay". Well, I did not put it there. When Merce typed up my rough draft, she placed the parenthesised question mark there in case I wanted to change it. It seems that the word "gay" has recently taken on a new connotation. Then she and Frank Kerkhof proof-read the story. Later, Bob Pavlat and Irene did the same but made no mention of the (?). Just before Irene cut the stencil, I remembered it, sticking up like a flag, as if to call attention to its new connotation, so I carefully crossed it out. Irene left it in anyway. Oh, well!

BULLY BOY BOGGS

by

Bob Briggs

"...this Boggs is always getting it in the neck of late," sayeth Richard Elsberry in Snulbug One, after he perused Eney's NUDITY.

Yes indeed.

Redd was "chewed" by Clive Jackson in Slant #4. He was blasted by Bannister in EGOBOO. Banks, in QUANDRY, labelled him (and Elsberry), "a sadistic little gang." An irate PLANET STORIES reader referred to Boggs and his "little gang of Bully-boys" in a rather ungracious manner.

I hesitate to write this. I'm almost ashamed to add my voice to those of the howling lynch mob. But in HURKLE #4, the Dean adjusted his professorial robe and, reaching across his desk with a ruler, rapped my knuckles.

I intend to reply. I will quote Boggs: "...from your mumbling about Genghis Khan--I assume you believe I wanted our temponaut to wring Genghis" neck because the doughty Mongol slaughtered a few Europeans."

Well, Boggs, your assumption is wrong. Although you had every reason to think as you did, I was trying to set off some of our fannish "Columbians." what angered me was that "mumbling" bit. See here, Boggs, I do not mumble!!! My written grammer may be bad and my spelling worse, but my enunciation is clear!



Back to Boggs.

He said, "It's impossible not to thrill to the exploits of a real hero like Genghis (though I've no doubt Americans would have debunked him as they did Hitler, had he lived in the present century) but I think mankind could have struggled along very well without such conquerors..."

Now, I will make a few assumptions. I assume you believe that the Khan was a hero; that Hitler was a hero; that Hitler equaled the Khan; that Hitler has been belittled; that Genghis Khan has been recognized.

Starting from the bottom of the list; I understood that Genghis' victories have been attributed by some to overwhelming numbers and thus written off.

Skipping to the head of the list, I'll agree that the Khan was a hero. As for Hitler equaling him and being same, I must disagree. We can't attribute his military successes to The Khan alone.

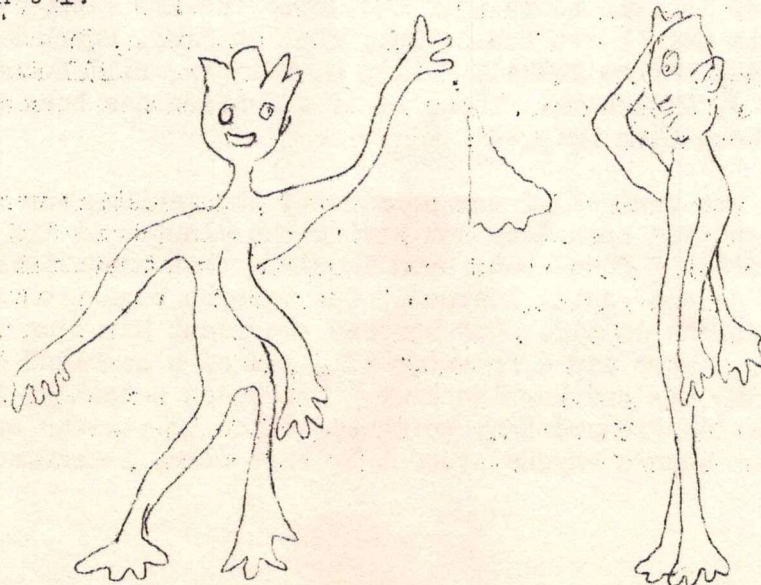
Temujin must share his credit with his Orloks; with Sabutai Borgurihi, Chepe Noyon, and Jelmi. However, they appeared as suddenly as he from the Roof of the World.

On the other hand, Hitler had, ready-made, a large industrial nation, an army and general staff, and an officers' corps; hardly beginning from scratch!

"...Certainly, I've a reason for selecting John Calvin as #1 candidate for our time-travelor's 'mercy killing' but I think it is as obvious as your reason for selecting Lenin."

To my opaque mind, the reason is not at all as obvious as it is to you. By killing Lenin, I might have prevented the building of a government which may soon involve me and many others in a bitter war. It is much too late for you to be slaughtered during Saint Bartholomew's night. Unless you are living backwards, there is no chance of your being killed and thrown out of the window, like Admiral de Coligny.

I seem to have lost track of the "good of humanity," haven't I?



Greene



THE NEOPHYTE SPEAKS

by Irene Baron



It was an apparition. I'm sure of that now. He introduced himself as Lee Jacobs, and swears to this day that he is a natural born Slob, but I still say it was a apparition which loomed up before me at Rector's Restaurant where I was partaking of my evening repast. Terry, my stalwart companion and roommate, and I were in the midst of a heated debate (an innocent, unfannish debate) about the latest issue of Galaxy when it happened. As I recall, he was wearing THE shirt, and for a moment the emanating rays blinded me. When the atmosphere cleared, there he stood, a full-fledged Slob, telling Terry and me all about WSFA and fandom and Robert Glen Briggs and nuclear fizzes. It was too much for this staid G-gal and the remains of my breaded veal cutlet lay untouched on the plate as the tale unfolded. (Terry finished her meal with gusto ((or zest; I don't remember his name)). No one spoke to her and her advances toward conversation were ignored. This is one of the reasons she is not in WSFA today. The others will remain negligible.) I managed, in my rosy stupor, to write down the address where the next meeting of WSFA was to be held. Alas, little did I realize the terrible fate that was about to overtake me.

The great evening arrived at last, and armed with as much knowledge as three months of reading SF could provide, I entered the never-never land of WSFA. Mr. O'Dell, a long-time reader, was the only member waiting to greet me. His presence lent an air of normalcy which became less and less apparent as more and more of the members drifted into the meeting room. When Lee arrived, I was introduced around and was not unimpressed by the number of learned scholars present nor with the friendliness (that I was to learn later is akin to that of the lotus and its eater) which was conveyed to me. I met Bob Pavlat, Phyllis King, Frank Kerkhof, Karen Kruse, Warren Felkel, Philip M. Bridges, Bill Evans, and Cornelius J. Uhglebaum. Then, as if a fanfare has been blown, in walked Robert Glen Briggs!

With the arrival of our president, the meeting was called to disorder and was opened by not having the minutes of the previous meeting read. I found out, upon inquiry, that unparliamentary procedure is not easily learned. One must be born with a natural avoidest streak in him. Our honored president has been so blessed. After that, there was a free-for-all, sort of a combined old ladies' sewing bee and Martian orgy. Inbetween catcalls, I heard someone called Richard Eney being appointed to various committees. Since there wasn't anyone present by that name, I assumed he was

merely a fannish Kilroy and after having met him, I am sure. Besides, President Briggs says he is a pen name and who am I to doubt the word of President Briggs? Presently, the banging of a beer can upon the table quieted things down enough to adjourn the meeting.

Over drinks at the Seagull Cafe, we discussed Pogo, Charles Addams, VIP, Kukla, Fran and Ollie, Sex, and Bitters, Angostura, of course. (Occasionally a name would pop up, like Phthallo, or Roscoe, or Gordon Black, and I, in my naivete, would inquire, "Who is he?" Since all ghods are benevolent to some extent, I trust these have forgiven me my sacrilege. I know better now.)

Invitations were given all around to attend a halloween party which would be given at our secretary's home, and so ended a pleasant evening.

When the fatal Saturday night rolled around, eight WSPaites packed into Bob Briggs' car like so much putty is forced into a crack in the wall, and made the journey to Karen's home. I take this opportunity to publicly thank M. Pavlat for allotting me the most comfortably bony seat in the auto, his lap. The green-haired Queen of Zamba greeted us at the door and thrust flawless nuclear fizzes into our hands. I made my way, forthwith to the living room where a youth, clad only in a strategically placed bit of leather and some feathers, cornered me and immediately launched upon a discourse regarding the construction of supersonic ray guns, in a manner befitting that of a sargeant in the Imperial Space Marines. The nuclear fizz began reaching critical mass. Feeling very old (and/or overdressed), I quietly professed ignorance to the topic on hand and decided to just silp my nuclear fizz while the guests made merry (or whoever happened to be there). I found my way to the poopdeck where the Captain (who looked a great deal like President Briggs) was muttering happily under his breath in a thick Scottish brogue as he turned the pages of a slim album containing all the printed egoboo he'd ever received. I was advised to have another drink, and another, and another.

Suddenly, someone came in wearing a long black cloak. His face was evil and red; he had black knitted eyebrows, a hooked nose and horns, and he kept trying to scare everyone by claiming to be Richard Eney. He didn't fool me!

Then the boat sank, and I am ever so grateful to the Captain for had he not held me so tightly, the whirlpool surely would have drawn me under.....

Upon awakening the next morning, a feeling of vague detachment came over me, and it was then that the full impact of the horrible truth hit. I was no longer a normal girl! I was a FAN!!!!!!

Consequently, my advice to you would-be fans is this:

M R A O C ! ! !

(pronounced as an obscene gurgle)



Bob ~~50~~

INVASION

"Being an eyewitness account of the Nazi invasion of America by Hendrik Willem van Loon." Published in 1940 by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Reviewed by

Robert Glen Briggs

This book, supposedly published in 1960, is a personal record of the events that befell the author, his family, and immediate friends during the Great Invasion. It is written in van Loon's usual style filled with small incidents and some "Dutch" expressions.

I will not describe how the realization of the invasion gradually dawned on the United States in general and Hendrik in particular. I will say it is done realistically and that he and his wife and sons act as they probably would act. For instance, when he learns that he may be assassinated and is told to "get the hell out," he does. There is none of this "Steve Stevers set the phone down grimly. He looked grim. 'They won't drive me out of my home,' he said grimly. Steve looked grim. 'I will,' he said grimly, 'defend my house, home and fireside.' Steve looked grim." Many of the things which supposedly happened to the van Loons actually occurred in the German invasion of Holland.

I won't describe the maneuvering of the German Air Force or Army. That's for you to read; and there is far too much background on the Bunds and Fifth Column (authentic too) for me to tell of here.

We are passing through a time filled with suspicion and fear of espionage. Accusations fly thick and fast, and no one seems to know what a fifth column is or how it operates. This book gives a fine example, drawn from the actual invasion of Holland, of one at work in America.

Particularly pertinent to the present day, I think. Read it, eh?

* * * * *



A NEOFAN REVIEWS THE PHILLY CLAVE

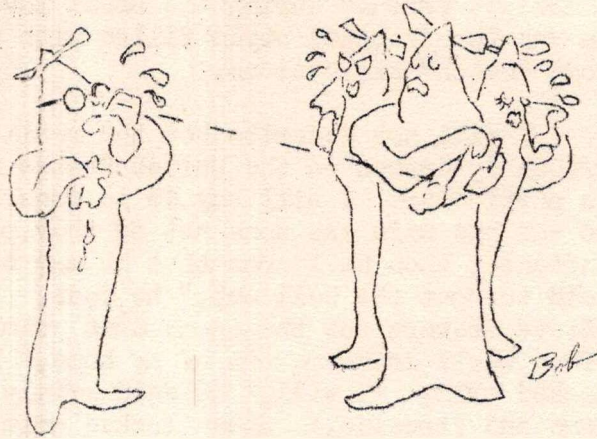
by

Irene Baron

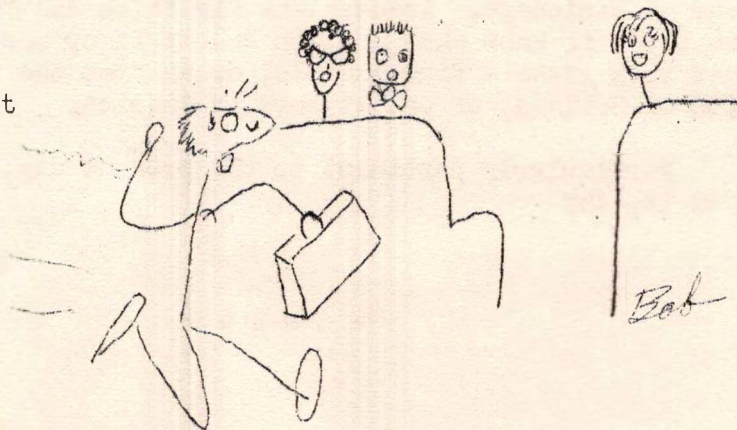


Saturday:

Lee Jacobs, Karen Kruse and I met at Grannie's House around 6:00 PM. Bob Pavlat had come over earlier to watch the football game on TV, and with tears streaming down his face, he bade us farewell. Miss Kruse had thoughtfully gathered up the remains of WSFA's halloween fizz party, a full fifth of gin, some cointreau, and the bottle of Angostura bitters. These were packed carefully in her overnight bag.



M. Pavlat was so sorry to see us leave, he carried the bag all the way to Rector's restaurant. Lee even had to put a half-nelson on him to get it away when the three of us hailed a cab to take us to Union Station. Tickets purchased, we boarded the train to Philly. As the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" the door to our car opened and M. Pavlat dashed in, eyes aglow. Making sure Karen's bag was in a safe place he said, "I couldn't bear to see you, my true fannish

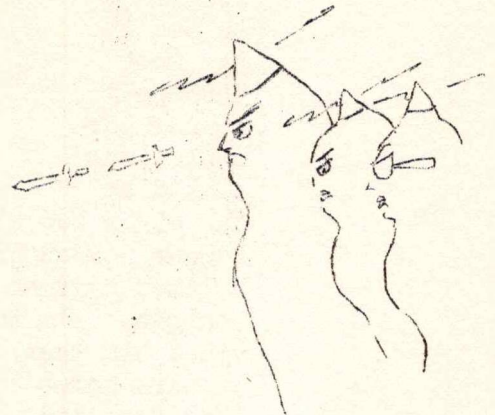


friends, go on this trip without me." So, with many a fond embrace, the four of us settled back in our seats as the train pulled away from the station.

The trip was a short one. We sang songs, and played "Twenty Questions" and the whole car envied us our camaraderie. One soldier even gave out with a San Antonio yell during our rendition of the beautiful ballad "I Saw the Wreck on the Highway".

In Philly, we headed straight for the Bellevue Stratford, registered, and then began looking around for sensitive fannish faces. There were none to be found. (Does anyone know where fans congregate before a clave begins?) Finally, Lee decided to check the hotel register. He made about four trips to the desk and at last the clerk conceded; Bob Tucker was registered, but wasn't in his room. We left a message for him and then hopefully made our way to the bar. Still no one. Suddenly, we all remembered Karen's bag.

Bob sheepishly produced it from under his topcoat and we trekked upstairs to Karen's and my room. As we walked through the halls, the sound of much gaity issued forth from one of the rooms. "Maybe Tucker is



in there," Lee said, so we phoned when we'd reached our destination. "No," a pleasantly drunken voice told us, "Bob Tucker is not here. He hasn't arrived yet." "YET?" we chorused. "That's right," the voice gurgled. "Come on over!" We left our fizzes standing on the dresser and dashed down the hall. The room produced a sea of strange, normal-looking, middle-aged faces. Murmuring apologies, we returned to our fizzes. Shortly afterwards, we managed to invite ourselves to another party, using the same references, and that one was even worse than the first. I did, however, come to the conclusion that Mr. Tucker was quite an influential person.

Lee introduced us to "Virgin Sturgeon" back in the room,

and that, combined with the fizzes kept us going until 3:00 AM when the phone rang. Bob Tucker had returned at last! Hastily, Karen scribbled "Room 770" on a large piece of paper and tacked it to the door. Then - - -the Great Arrival!

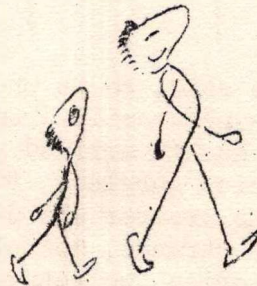
Now, I must set the scene for the event that next occurred.

Messrs. Jacobs and Pavlat were occupying chairs; Karen, fully clothed, was perched on a bed; and I, wearing a duster which covered me from head to toe in the most unshapely manner possible, was seated on



the other bed nearest the door. As Lee let Tucker in, the famous personality took one look at me, another at the bed, emitted a groan of utter despair, and said, "OH NO! Not tonight! I'm too tired!" Only after I had managed to convince him that we were harmless fans did he agree to join the gathering, and Dave Hammond trailed in after him.

It seems that everyone, including the wayward Bob Briggs, had been at Jim Williams' place during



the entire evening and since there were only about fifty James Williams listed in the Philadelphia phone book, none

of us felt lucky enough to take the chance on hitting the right one.

Bob Tucker rambled on for awhile about the woes of pros, and Dave Hammond passed around a terrific cartoon he'd done which I've yet to see in print. How about that, Dave? After all the rest of the current fannish events were hashed over, the subject turned to "Guess What" and I was given some advice which I still haven't taken. Sorry, Mr. Tucker!

The men left finally, at 5:00 AM.

Sunday:

I was in free-fall, the complete restfulness known as dreamless sleep, when the ringing of the telephone jolted me awake. It was old abnormal diurnal rhythm himself, Lee Jacobs, telling me to rise and shine. I looked at the clock; it read 9:00; I told him to go to hell.

Karen got up immediately and to the off-key strains of "The Green Hills of Earth" began dressing. My musical sub-conscious rebelled, so with many unladylike thoughts, I arose too. It was tough going but with perserverance, I managed to crawl into street clothes and get some paint on my tired face. Then we met Lee Jacobs and Bob Pavlat in the lobby.

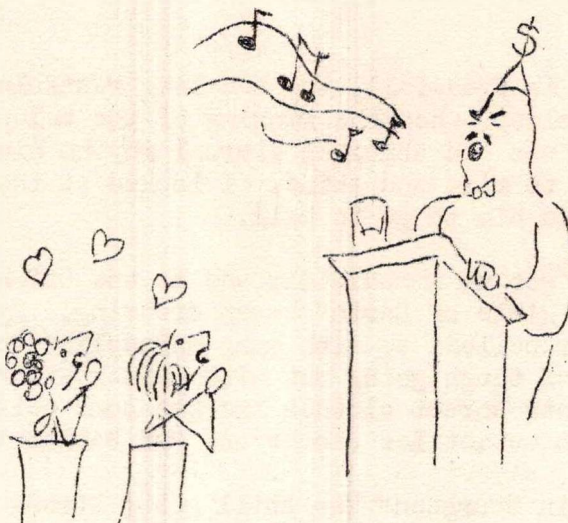
"Virgin Sturgeon" was still going strong at breakfast. I spoke as little as possible knowing that no matter how pure my thoughts, my mouth would emit curses. If some weather-beaten old fan who likes to sleep a lot will tell me how he manages to stay awake before, after and during claves and conventions, this lost soul would appreciate the info muchly.

We returned to the hotel lobby and began waiting again for the sight of some sensitive fannish-type faces. They were a long time in coming, but eventually Lee spotted a strange sort of being with a far-away look in his eyes. Moldy brief-case clutched under his arm, he was wandering aimlessly about as if expecting Gabriel to sound the trumpet signaling the beginning of that Big Intergalactic Convention in the Sky. This was my first sight of a tried and true fan, New York City variety. A few more of them wandered near by and we struck up a conversation which soon led to an invitation to finish the remains of our nuclear fizzes.

We met Edith Ogutsch (I love men. I am a reader, NOT a fan), George (Must I be sarcastic just because I'm a lawyer?) Breck (Soon, I am going to receive some pure uranium and then my experiment will be completed; heh, heh, heh), and Carl (Sure, I know all about sex; I'm a Little Monster, but let's talk about it anyway).

After awhile, we decided that it was time for the clave to begin. Sure enough, fans were just beginning to gather on the eighteenth floor when we arrived. Bob Briggs dashed out of the meeting room madly and guided us to the front row of seats, that being the only suitable location for the distinguished members of WSFA. Phyllis King, who had arrived on a morning train, was present too. Messrs. L. Sprague de Camp and Wilson Tucker were already on the speakers platform and soon James L. Williams called the meeting to order (If only we had known that middle initial Saturday evening).

I was duly impressed, as every red-blooded, natural born woman must be with Mr. de Camp. When he began his speech, I felt myself floating on the wings of that resonant voice. Would that he consent to talk at our clave in March.



The only other speech given during the first session which I thought outstanding (aside from Bob Tucker's, of course, whose ease and friendliness with a crowd was as if he were addressing someone personally), was Tom Claerson's, and I think his dimples played a small part in my choice. I got to meet Tom at the restaurant during recess. I hope he will be able to come to Washington as was planned since our argument, on the subject of women versus men in this cosmopolitan world is still pending.

The afternoon session went quickly. At the auction, I purchased, as souvenirs of my first clave, several prints, all unsuitable for framing. They are still laying about my room somewhere and neither the cleaning woman nor I have the nerve to throw them out. A sort of electrical charge results whenever we aim them toward the waste basket.

Bud Waldo, an assistant editor on Holiday magazine, invited Bob Briggs and me to join him for dinner after the clave was over. We tried to locate Lee Jacobs and Edith

Ogutsch who, when last seen, had been deep in conversation in the hotel lobby, but to no avail.

Bud, a gourmet, suggested meeting at the South China Inn. Bob and I joined him and six Philly fans there where we partook of a delicious meal. Two of the fans, a married couple (ex-

tremely pleasant folks) fascinated me. Neither of them stood more than five feet tall and they could not have weighed much over one hundred pounds a-

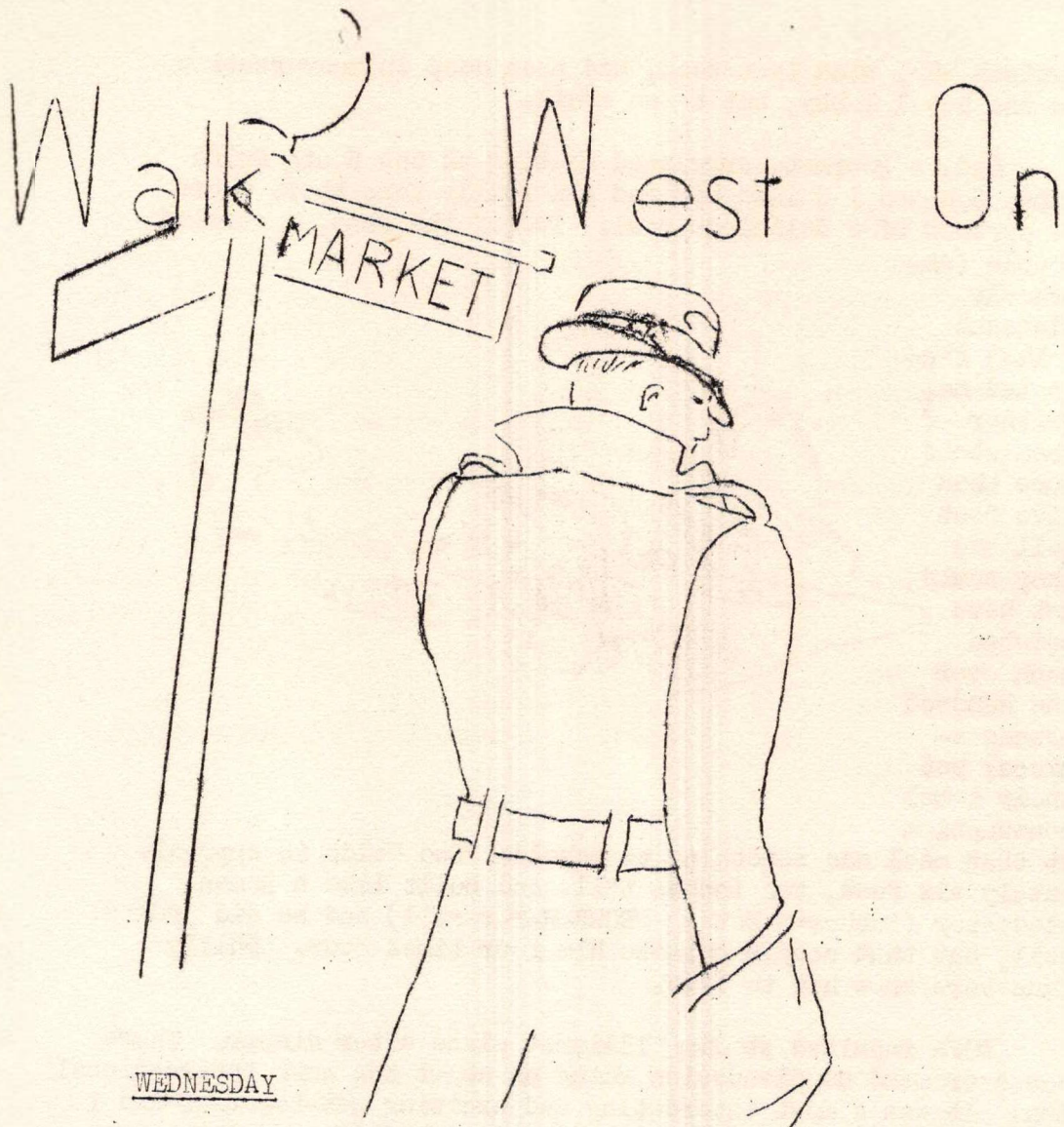


piece; yet their total consumption at that meal was something to behold. Bud Waldo is approximately six feet, two inches tall, and built like a Roman gladiator (Author's Note: WROWR-R-r-r-r!!!) and he did pretty well, but that couple out-ate him four times over. Philly fans sure know how to live.

WSFA reunited at Jim Williams' place after dinner. There was a tremendous discussion going on about the next International Con. It was a most interesting and exciting get-together and I should like to have stayed until it finished (around three or four in the morning, no doubt), but we'd planned on catching the 9:30 train for home.

We returned to the hotel to pick up our luggage and Lee. He and Edith were still missing so, after leaving a note for them (which I'm sure the harassed desk clerk still has), we took off. The train left on schedule.

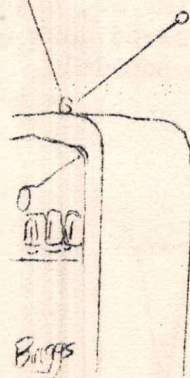
S · V · E



WEDNESDAY

About seven o'clock, I telephoned Robert A. Madle. He was going to night school, he said, and told me to phone James Williams. Jim was home. He gave me directions and I proceeded walking through the drizzling rain across the park, under the overpass, and turned west on Market. I found him seated beside a gallon bottle of wine watching TV.

We looked at pictures for the auction as we waited for Ozzie Train and Dave Hammond to arrive. Dave came in first and was called down for misspelling



Billips

Bellevue Stratford, especially just below the hotel letterhead.

Ozward Train arrived with some material for the Philcon Booklet also. He too had misspelled Bellevue Stratford. It was a hard day for James Allison Williams.

Jim already had the hotel sewed up. "Do you have any idea how much we are paying for the Philly Conference Hall?" he asked. "About forty dollars?" "Nothing! Absolutely nothing!" Jim gleeed. That's not all at the Convention itself, I discovered. He gets the main hall without charge, plus two smaller halls. On top of all that the Stratford is supplying a suite for the Chairman (Jim Williams) and the Guest of Honor (Willy Lay). The PA system is tossed in free along with a few other trifles.

Jim had triumphed in the matter of the Banquet also. You will eat (at slightly less cost than Chi, if I remember rightly), the regular Stratford dining room dinner, not a convention special that is easily massed-produced.

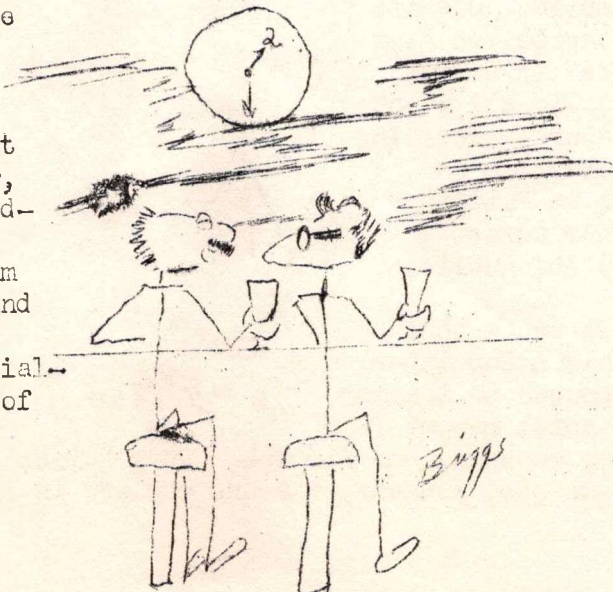
By the second week in November, Jim Williams had accomplished more than the entire Chicon Committee did in an entire year.

As I was leaving, Jim kindly gave me a copy of SILVER SMITH (to be reviewed next mailing) and a pre-publication release of IT.

THURSDAY

I tottered over to Williams' place again. We drank much wine and when it ran out, we went to a bar for beer.

We talked about Howard and Lovecraft. Jim told me he refuses to read H. P. now. At first, he was gone on the writer, but then he began to lose his former respect for him. However, when he began reading Lovecraft a few years ago, Jim began to understand what H. P. was driving at (especially in "Color Out of Space"). At this point, he refused to read another



story. Jim declared, "He will make you doubt everything you have ever learned."

The story, "Bring the Jubilee", published in a recent mag of FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, delighted him. He is dying to publish it combined with a similar story by British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill. Should be a smash.

FRIDAY

Jim was left in peace.

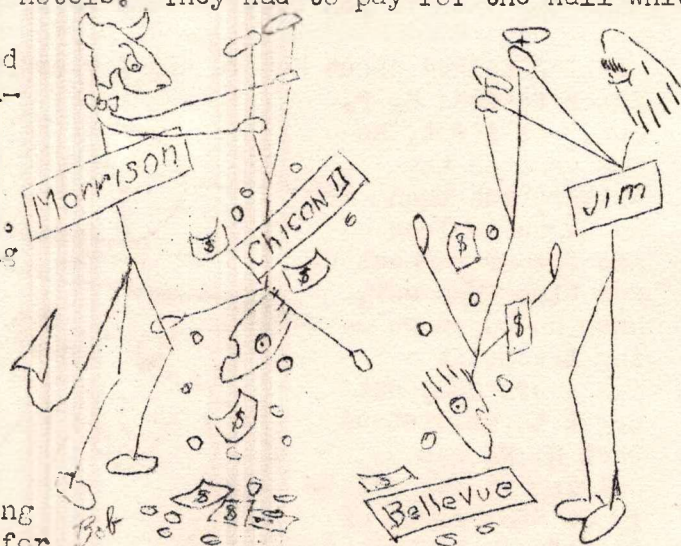
SATURDAY

I went over to Jim's to watch the Duke-Georgia Tech game. Around half-time, Bob Tucker strode in. He plunked himself down and read the Philcon report. Tucker didn't even glance at the game. Some people are fanatics. I watched football. To hell with fan activity!

The unbelievable news that Maryland had actually lost a game jarred me so that I was in a daze until late in the evening and I scarcely heard a word of conversation. However, I will blab all I can remember.

Jim told Tucker he expected a higher attendance at Philly than there was at Chi. He then explained to Bob his hotel arrangements. Tucker was very much impressed. Bob told of the Chicon foul-up. The Chicago gang put off the work until the last minute; therefore, we were forced to pay highest prices at one of the poorer hotels. They had to pay for the hall which is usually free, and they were also hooked for the Guest of Honor's suite. Despite this the Chicon "cut throats" (a direct quote) did all right. Rhinesburg, according to Tucker, is an expert at "milking" (another direct quote) the public.

It seems that the Chicon Committee was opposed to issuing a financial report (for obvious reasons) and did not. Judy May and Judith Merrell did send out one, however, the one you saw in SF NEWSLETTER. Tucker



claims they were sent to all members, but I've only heard about one, the one Tucker got.

Tucker reported that the (name deleted by censor) Club has been swapping wives. "The next turn of the wheel will bring everyone back to his original partner."

Jim and Tucker talked about a "committee", supposedly nation-wide, that would decide convention sites and hold the conventions from now on. Williams countered that the Phillycon Committee was almost that at present (although the only non-Philadelphians I remember being mentioned lived in New York City, which is not exactly across the continent). Jim has appointed local committee representatives in different sections of the country to drum up delegates. This, he says, will spread egoboo around and make everyone feel it was his convention.*

Perhaps this attempt to make everyone feel a part of the con is being made because the last con appeared to be held for the exclusive benefit of Earl Korshack.

Bob Tucker brought up the Detroit bid. "Such a waste of time will never occur at Philly," Jim announced. He explained the Phillycon set-up. The Rules Committee is in charge of selecting bids for the '54 consite. If a city cannot convince the committee that their club is capable of holding a convention, that city will be refused the opportunity of bidding for the '54 convention. Mr. de Camp, the chairman of the Rules Committee, has decreed Detroit ineligible to hold a national convention in 1954. Detroit won't even be allowed the floor.

Jim also noted that the SF cons were now truly national. He pointed out that many Negroes attended Chicon II. Thus, only cities capable of accommodating them may hold a convention. Lyon Sprague de Camp has therefore forbidden all states below the Mason-Dixon Line plus the District of Columbia from holding a convention in 1954. How blotting out an entire half of the United States will insure a "nation-wide convention," and one of which "everyone can feel a part," I do not understand. However, L. Sprague de Camp says it will, and so it must be true.

So you see Eney, and Hoffman, and Burwell and Simms, if you're thinking of bidding for your town at Philly this year,

*ED. NOTE: This is not a new idea. I heard it expressed before the Portland Con was held. The fan who thought of it then was Robert Glen Briggs.

think again. You won't even get to say a single word.

Bob Tucker applauded this move. Then suddenly, he stiffened; his face paled. "Does this mean," he gasped, "that I can't bid for the Barrel Con?" "It certainly does," answered Jim. "No Barrel Con," said Tucker, in a voice of one who suddenly realizes he has unleashed a monster. "Oh well," muttered Bob, "things could be worse. Sneary thinks the NFFF should pick the convention site." Derisive laughter followed.

Then Culpepper made a tackle and I switched back to TV.

Sometime during the game, Ozzie Train and Dave Hammond arrived. They had had no supper and neither had I, so we left Jim and Tucker and went to a Chinese restaurant across the street. At the table I remarked that the last time I was in Philly, I had eaten Chinese food, and damned if I didn't the next night too.

Next, Dave Hammond asked me if I remembered a DC fan who used to draw robot, blot-like fans, "with propellers on their heads." "Yes," I said. "Is he still around?" asked Hammond. "Yes," I answered. "Who?" he asked. "Me," I said. Oh, the egoboo of it all!

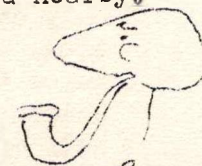
He wanted me to draw some Booklet. I haven't yet. I



for the Philcon think I will, though.

We returned to Jim's flat who were coming to a pre-conference party. I could not understand why no WSFA fans had phoned. They had called Ozzie Train and Robert Madle. Naturally, they were not at home; they had gone to Jim's party. These Neofans didn't know Jim's middle initial so they didn't phone.

Soon Joe Sillinger walked in. He was stationed nearby. Then we suddenly flooded by Mr. and Mrs. Madle, Mr. and Mrs. "Doc" Loundis, and another couple. "Doc" and Jim talked about the radical past of certain fans. It seems fan writings are coming home to roost. (On guard, Gordon!)



They were the only ones to come. Late that night, I left with Joe, wondering what had happened to DC fans.

Doc Loundis

SUNDAY

About noon, Joe phoned, so we wandered all over Philly looking for breakfast. All restaurants were closed. After hours of searching, we capitulated and ate at a Horn and Hardart place (They're all over the damned city). I had Philadelphia scrapple (in honor of the city) with an egg on top. Very good, even if it was a H & H.

Joe and I went to the station, put my suit case in a locker; then went to the bus station and did the same for his. We returned to the Bellevue Stratford shortly before the conference began.

I spied Phyllis King and asked the whereabouts of the rest of WSFA. Kerkhof was attending a funeral in Virginia. The remainder had left Saturday and should show up any minute. They did, and WSFA was joyously reunited.

The Bellevue Stratford is a splendid hotel. It is decorated in the regal manner of the St. Charles. The hall was ornate and the hotel rooms large, well-lighted and airy; a far cry from the Morrison Subway Stop.

The first speaker was L. Sprague de Camp, impressive as always. His speech was taken from chapters of the book BEYOND THE HORIZON that never saw print. De Camp told of strange carvings on a stone in New England that had the students of such things in a turmoil. When finally deciphered, it was the same (except for the name) as an inscription which baffled the Pickwickians in a story by Dickens. Mr. de Camp thinks the author of the carving had read the story and had played a joke on future generations.

The next speaker, Tom Claeson, gave a history of fantasy. Strangely (for today), he praised Lovecraft and debunked Edgar Allen Poe.

Howard Browne told about "Mars Confidential" by Lait and Mortimer which is forthcoming in FANTASTIC.

Just before intermission, Bob Tucker has a few words to say. He told Philly fans he did not care how much money they stole as long as their financial statement didn't come out even. "I'm just a little suspicious of financial statements that even out to the last penny," he said. Next, he turned to publicity. The reason for no Chicon write-up in either LIFE or LOOK was because these magazines will not both cover the same story. Judy May did not know this, so both photographers showed up, met each other, and left without taking a single picture. This is the "professionally planned publicity" we're supposed to need so badly. LOOK had been granted exclusive coverage of the Ballet. The reason it did not appear, according to Tucker, was because the costumes were poorly made. I was intrigued by Tucker's reasoning. "Some fans made them," so of course, they were no good. These two fans and the cast were also students of the University of Chicago. Why wasn't it, "Some college students made them," so of course, they were no good. It was this poor workmanship on the costumes that made the LOOK photographer unable to take printable photos, Tucker claimed. I find this very hard to believe.

Karen Kruse took a fine photo of the White Girl which was quite good enough for LOOK, it seems to me; but then I just retouch photos for an advertising agency and can't be expected to understand such things as well as a writer of pulp stories,

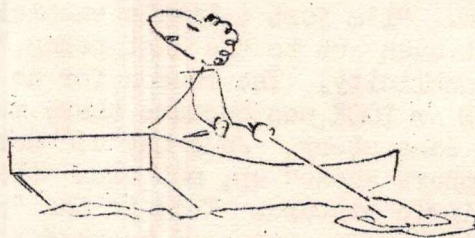
After Tucker's talk, we went to lunch. Despite my wailing to Jim Williams about the shortness of conference intermissions, the con chairman gave us only a quarter of an hour. We were naturally half an hour late gettin back.

At lunch, we (Lee Jacobs, Bob Pavlat, Karen Kruse, Irene Baron, Edith Ogutsch, Phillis King, and I) talked to Tom Clareson.

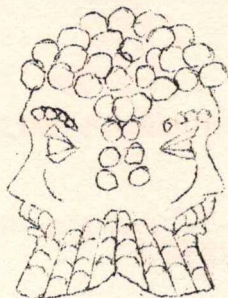
After the program, Bob Tucker and his retinue went one way, and Irene and I went the other, to a Chinese Restaurant with Bud Waldo and friends. You will remember Bud from the First Philcon Committee. He is an assistant, associate editor. Now that doesn't sound very impressive but the magazine is no unknown SF pulp. It is a big-time slick, HOLIDAY, no less. The March issue will contain a Mars story by Arthur C. Clark. Bud is partially responsible for this.

By the time we reached Jim's house for the party, the place was jam-packed. Dave Kyle was there staring blankly in front. Lee Hoffman and Dave Hammond were alternately cutting a stencil in the kitchen. Savannah to Chi and then Savannah to Philly is quite a lot of traveling. I asked her how she managed. "I came up by swamp boat," she said.

We peaked into the living room where the Philly Con Committee was meeting. They had decided never to call the con anything but "11th World SF Convention". De Camp pointed out that abbreviations such as Philcon wouldn't do, "now that we're repeating cities."



As we left for the railway station, Irene noted, "Our little lambs have strayed from the fold." Sure enough, Lee and Edith were missing. We stopped off at the hotel where they were last seen. No sign of them, we left a note and rushed to the station. "He's on the train to New York," said Pavlat. But no, he reached DC before us. About midnight, we pulled into Union Station.



JANUS

(21)

Janus first appeared in the spring mailing of 1951. Now, in the first mailing of 1953, we continue that which will be an annual feature of TRANTOR.

The first "Janus" found 1950 a year of transition for SAPS. The year before, 1949, it had been dominated by the New Jersey group and local fangab predominated. By 1950, hardly an original SAPS remained and the Michigan flood began. It did not last out the year, however, and D.C. threatened briefly to become the focal point of SAPS.

Janus proved correct in predicting a transition towards "a wider audience and more general subject matter." the fear that SAPS would lose its "wackiness" for 1951 seems well founded.

The biggest SAPS of 1951 were Art Rapp, Walter Coslet, Ray Nelson, Redd Boggs, and Rick Sneary. STUPEFYING STORIES, HURKLE, TIMEWARP, and MOCK were the top zines.

There was no Janus in 1952.

Janus 1953 will begin with a glance at the past year.

SPRING

This was a very small mailing. It contained the first BLACKLIST, the beginning of Gordon's "one year plan," the last SAPzine of Kessler's, WAMBAT NO.2, plus OUTSIDERS. This was OUTSIDERS' first fall year with mimeoed interiors.

SUMMER

SAPS was noted for the Invention Report and Bergeron's beautiful WARHOON 2. A thick OUTSIDERS thickened up a large mailing.

FALL

Art Rapp came home to the U.S. and SAPS, with SPACE WARP, still by proxy. A huge Enzyzine and the last (sob!) HURKLE brightened this mailing.

WINTER

A monstrous mailing! Hoo--rah the GRIPES OF RAPP! There was a lithoed cover for OUTSIDERS and a fine cover for SKYLARK,

which was almost legible this time, and no more BLACKLIST (sigh!).

The year's best zines were, first and foremost, OUTSIDERS, then BLACKLIST, HURKLE, BOFFIN, and GEM TONES.

For the pillers of SAPS during the past year, Janus nominates our esteemed O. E. Gordon Black, Wrai Ballard, and G. M. Carr. (Only three pillers this year. My, my, my!)

Last year was loaded with interfannish feudings and carryings-on. We had drifted back to an atmosphere reminiscent of 1949.

And now

THE FUTURE

The trend in 1953 will be one of concentration on things SApish plus much material of a general nature. The general material will not be the fact article or deal with science but will be a personalized view of the world about us. Look for religious wars.

This year should be one of SAPS' greatest.



QUARTERY

REVIEW



Briggs

HURKLE

Published with Boggs-like impeccability! The lack of Sappish material keeps it out of first place this time, however. I enjoyed the "Connecticut Yankee" piece very much, but this issue of "The Happy Beast" sounded more like the homework assignment of a class in journalism than a fanzine. Whatever happened to the "Assayer's Corner"? It had a wonderful heading.

COVER: My, my, my! Hoffwoman!

INTELLIGENT REVISIONS: Real Sterling!

POLITE DELETIONS: Very clever. Eney is very good at this sort of thing.

BOLT FROM THE BLUE: I dote on these Great Scientist epics. If only Rich would write one for every issue.

WHAT HAPPENED: Divergent time tracks fascinate me. Eney's handling of the Civil War was not as masterful as mine, but he was on the right track. I too convinced Robert E. Lee to stay with the Union. "How could a Virginian," I asked, "help divide a nation that such Virginians as Jefferson, Washington and Madison had so painfully formed?" His main argument, that force was no way to settle such things, was overcome by pointing out that that was what the Secessionist plan amounted to. Lee declared for the Union, and though his reputation was not great, the army of Virginia decided to follow him. Richmond did not object because . . . I had entrenched myself in the Secessionist's Convention and had loused things up by out demagoging the demagogs. I noised up Lee's decisions and managed to get an open letter sent to Virginia. The letter called the Virginians cowards and said that they could not consider themselves Southerners. The Virginians were highly incensed, but aloofly refused to reply. Maryland, which didn't think much of the idea to begin with, did. For their sharp reply, a similar letter was sent to them. The cycle was completed when Maryland disdained to reply and was defended by Richmond. Confusion began to spread among the Secessionists. At the first sign of a peaceful settlement, the American industrialists looked to their profits and the North became very conciliatory.

PROTOPLAST

This helped turn the tide. North Carolina began to object. I fermented "punitive" raids against her by Tennessee, and South Carolina and Georgia.

The Armies of Northern Virginia and of the Potomac were rushed to North Carolina's aid under the command of General Lee. A series of brilliant victories soon cleared North Carolina of secessionists. The war then settled down to utter confusion with Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, and Kentucky on the Union side and other states undecided. The insurrection, as it was known, lasted little more than a year. As it was a short war, and southern states had fought for the Union and most of all, the hero of the war was a southerner, the North-South bitterness of your world war never developed.

PHOTOPLAST
(cont')

An amusing point: As northern troops pored south, they feverishly constructed railroad and port facilities so that the fine southern railway system was built by this Civil War.

I must cut this very short as I'm engaged in a revolution; the united revolution of the French, English, Dutch, Spanish, and Russian-American colonies against their mother lands.

I'm very glad that I live in a world where a word of revolution or civil war has scarcely been uttered, a world where the Royal Court of St. James resides in the Capital City of Philadelphia. Some mailing I'll tell you about it.

mailing twenty two (26)

SPECTATOR

This zine continues to be colorful, legible, and readable.

The cover, lithoed, was the best in the mailing. Whose portrait is it, Olaf Stapleton's or yours?

OUTSIDERS

I wrote a review of this mag department by department and then lost it. Maybe it's just as well. To review every item in OUTSIDERS I should have to quote every other sentence to say how much I liked it. The review would be longer than the magazine. Ev Winne wants us to write literary type criticisms. I would too, if I could think of a single thing to criticize. Well, now, you can't be perfect. There must be something wrong. Oh yes, your highly amusing but rather silly feud with Gordon Black concerning which of you is the better predictor. Now I'll admit you're both rather good in the very limited field you operate in. I notice that the long view, the predicting of trends, the big picture, is beyond you both. For an example of this highest form of The Art, I refer you to Janus in this issue.

Gordon is a very clever writer. Note how he set up this short and somewhat unrelated zine. Using the device of a musician performing on stage, he gave it a good opening and ending. You will notice that in this zine, the use of caps for the purpose of emphasizing certain words is almost negligible. This was done to keep O.E. Black from COLLAPSING with NERVOUS STRAIN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE GRIPES OF
RAPP

The Shadow of Roscoe on Earth has returned to SAPS. Let the hallelujas ring. Rapp's mailing comments set an example of excellence for many of us to follow.

The letter from "A. Fan Friend" (Can this be a pen name?) was very interesting. One of the great pleasures of SF Amateur Journalism is to read the varied viewpoints and opinions on some events you yourself have seen and compare them with others and your own. Alas, I see that you are hurt at FAPans quitting SAPS to devote more time to their insipid organizations. If it will help sooth your feelings, I hereby state that I dropped out of FAPA in favor of SAPS. Why bother with the second best? (At this point I would have stopped writing had I not remembered Ev wants more than comments.) Well, what did cause me to choose SAPS instead of FAPA? FAPA does not have our fraternal quality. FAPans do not exchange fanzines. They blindly distribute a magazine whose pattern has been rigidly set years ago, without regard to the topics discussed in the late mailing. During the year and a half I was in FAPA, there was no running discussion on any topic. A topic was never picked up by another member or carried on by its originator. Comments of FAPazines were rare and could arrive as much as three issues late. It was as if you were seated in a room with fifty people. These people do not talk to each other but utter some pronouncement at widely differing intervals, or reply to a question asked ten minutes ago. A FAPazine is someone's fanzine which he happens to distribute in FAPA, while a SAPzine is a SAPzine. To my mind, the best SAPzine is not the one which prints the best stories, but the one most tied in with current doings.

BOFFIN

This issue rates higher with me than past ones have. I enjoyed Christmas Day in the Morning very much, especially the Gitchie Manitou adaptation. No matter how much I disagree, Violets and Vetrol is a valuable service to SAPS.

GEMTONES

The trouble with this story is that I can't praise it without being accused of liking it just because it mentioned my name. Nevertheless, I thought it was a lovely job; too good to appear in FAPA.

ROBERT GLENN
BRIGGS, FAKE
FAN

No, Gordon, you're not the only musical genius left. I agree with you. Your analysis of the Gian Carlo Menotti opera and the reactions of an American audience hearing English words was brilliant. Opera, ballet, and violin music are fundamentally rather silly. Unless they are done extremely well, the result is horrible. It is impossible to sing, "How are you, George?" On the other hand, "Good morning, good morning, Georgino," would be perfectly acceptable. No, the listener is not so unused to hearing English that it sounds strange to him, for the Met Omnibus presentation of "Der Fledermaus" was also in English and the words seemed natural and were perfectly clear. "Fledermaus" is filled with "melodies which are a delight to the ear." By the way, the television end of that show was brilliantly handled; a tremendous job all around. I think that this country is incapable of producing anything good of a serious nature. For example, did you see the movie "Singing in the Rain"? There was a love scene in it. It was supposed to be tender, beautiful, and filled with deep emotion. It was completely corned up. Yet, when Gene Kelly and friends did a comedy scene, they were wonderful. Remember the voice class bit? Or the rain scene? Have you ever wanted to splash around through rain puddles? I always have. After spiritually doing so with Gene Kelly, I have lost the desire.

OPERATION
CRAZYQUILT

MBSFA GOES TO
THE CINEMA

I'm beginning to have doubts. Are you proper Bostonians?

GAMING

Sterling. How can Gordon make such a big production out of such a little thing?

SAPSCOPE

Rather poor mining. Do I hear cries of, "Take thy own medicine, doctor"?

MAHZAN We have now dropped from that exhalted
 rhelm of fanzines that seem, to me, be-
 yond criticism. Please use regular size
 paper from now on, and stop splitting
 words like that. Also, I wouldn't ob-
 ject in the least if you changed your
 style of writing.

ENEYZINES They would have been much better issued
 in one zine. Your trouble is poorly
 organized material. (Do I hear crys of --)

MANDU Cover, okay. In Fatal Assignment, the
 writing was of high quality. The story
 idea was quite amusing, though I feel
 it was too drawn out. Also, the ending
 was somewhat vague. I'm willing to pre-
 dict a great future for MANDU.

FOOVIEW This zine can be improved. Publish a
 regular S&Pzine, will you?

SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN It would have been much better if all
 Michifen feuding had been deleted.

ECTOPLASM Cover, lousy! You too could use regular
 size paper.

BRODERICK ZINE Hey, what's the name of this thing, boy?
 "How I gave Hal Shapiro a Woman"? I too
 pulled the "coup de Walther." Together,
 now! "I will stop drinking bourbon straight.
 I will stop drinking bourbon straight. I
 will - - - ." This Shapiro feud is getting
 dull.

REVOLTIN' REMARKS Only thing of interest was the photo of
 AHMF \$3.75. The only Detroiter anyone
 believes now-a-days is Black.

CONFUSION It certainly was. Glad to see you,
 Shelby.

SKYLARK A wonderful cover, really fine. Now
 put good reproductions inside, and you're
 all set.

NEM Noted.

THE JUDICIAL REACTION TO SECTARIAN CUSTOMS What is this doing down here? Wonderful
 illos.

GRUFF
STUFF

Poor miming. Due, no doubt, to your
blasphemy against Roscoe.

AJUNCT

A Serious Article - best thing in your
zine. Let's cut out this feuding, Hal.

EPICENTER

Coswal, will you please publish a regular
zine for once?

IGNATZ

Glad to hear you won't publish more comic
strips. That poem was very good. Can it
be another not-poem? Nancy Share, hmmm,
did Keasler publish a photo of you in
OPUS?