

WIZARD

#26



WIZARD #1

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SAPS #53

CHICKENRAKAD AND BEER

Don't Mix !!



GEE! I've been to a Sfcon!(My, isn't this a clever way to begin a conreport. Tsk, I shall leave all the clever typefans to cleverly begin their conreports. As for me -- I felt like a wildeyed neofan & I'm afraid my conreport is going to sound like the goshwowboyceboy type report most neos issue. Really and truly, this first con was a most goshwow event in my life & all you hardened old conattendees will just have to skip over these pages because I enjoyed my first con ; I thot every hectic, and sometimes frustrating & unbelievable event occuring from 10 am friday, sept 2nd, to 1 a.m. tuesday, sept 6th; the most wildly enjoyable and memorable events in my pallid, hermit life!) So without further ado I'll begin the telling of my tale. And the best place to begin of these 4 fabulous days is the arrival of Eney, the youngs and sarahlee thorp around 10 am friday. Twas a cool, sunny and perfect type autumn morning and after 20 minutes of trying to figure the best way to strap a wheelchair and luggage on top of the Green Gallant Monster, Eney DID get it secured and after andy young posed us all for a photo, we piled into the Green Gallant Monster and thus began the eventful trip. Made more eventful right off the bat, by me giving wrong directions. We started gaily off towards Harrisburg when Eney had no intention of going thataway. (Gosh, I've only lived in this area for 20 years..how'm I supposed to know the routes etc??) At Northumberland, my mistake was corrected and we were headed for Pittsburgh. With the poor ole GGM valiently wheezing and shaking and struggling to haul 5 adults, one child and about 2600 lbs of luggage, mags, books, chair and my 50 lb purse(full of everything but money, of course) up some of the most mountainous regions of pennsy. It was real exciting...can you imagine the THRILLS one gets, climbing steep twisty mountain roads, going slower and slower and finally having to drift backwards back down the road to level ground so's pore ole GGM could cool off before tackling the mountain again? Once we even stopped in the middle of such a mountain to cool off the engine..and Jean spent this time happily hunting and examining rocks and picking juicy blackberries & me wot loves sunhot berries couldn't eat any due to having a tooth pulled tuesday evening & which the sulfa packing had fallen out of and which ached and throbbed and swelled up my face and made me feel Real Fine. Suuuuure it did!) Finally, at State College, ole GGM stalled right in the midst of town, on a steep street and started trickling away water. Eney drifted back under some shade trees lining the street, and while Sarah Lee slept in the front seat, and andy young slept in the back seat, and Jean and lil Sam walked around, and OEney looked real

indignant and ferocious and scowled at the motor, I sat and held my sore aching jaw and snickered. Heh, after all, little did these fans KNOW what they'd let themselves in for by letting ME come along with 'em! I had a weird effect on anything mechanical, just ask people who've known me any length of time. Lookit the results I get with my mimeo! Look how my writing-typer (as opposed to this stenciling-typer) always breaks down and loses keys and stuff! (See eney! don't you wish you'd thot of this sooner??). Sooo, knowing how any machine acts when I'm within 90 feet of it, I sat with my aching jaw, empty stomach (I'd gotten up at 6:30 am and had been too nervous and excited to eat and this was around 11 or 12 or 1 pm.. somewhere around there) and sat there feeling Eviol and cackling mentally 'cause no one could figure out how come ole GGM was acting up. All the time the Trouble sat right in front of 'em. ME. Wal, to make a long, interesting story short, about 30 minutes later GGM had cooled off enuff so that it'd start, and we started on our way again. Outside Ebensburg we ran into another mountain (how very inconsiderate of god to put so many mountains all in one place). Aga in we had to stop. For awhile. Then up the mountain we creaked and groaned and rattled and at Ebensburg old GGM groaned her last groan (everyone kindly bow their fannish heads and silently drop two tears for the sad demise of such a faithful old steed as OEney's GGM). Everyone piled out of the car, and since we were all hungry, decided to eat supper before figuring out a way to get the remaining 70-odd miles to pitt. So we ate supper at the Dairy Dell, and while Jean, andy, Sarah Lee & I waited on the sidewalk, Eney phoned for rescue and Sam went round and round us in some maypole game he'd just invented. Eney came back with the Good News that Bob Pavlat was on his way to rescue us and would reach us in about 2 hours. Back to the stranded-at-an-AAA-garage GGM. There, andy and Samuel Young fell asleep in the front seat; Jean and sarah lee disappeared into the west; Eney disappeared into the east, and I sat outside by the back fender, smoking and watching street lights coming to life, cars passing, and people going to and fro and I had a lovely time. Twilight is My Time out of all the 24 hours in a day, and I have some nice twilighty-type memories to remember of this particular twilight. Being stranded in a strange town was exciting; being with people I liked was exciting; feeling expectant and yet a little scared over realizing I'd soon be at my very first con... all these factors, added to the quietness of watching people going to and from their homes; cars and trucks passing and twilight approaching.. all these add up to some nice type memories.

Then, Andy woke up and went westward; Eney came back and asked where andy was, and took off up over the hill to the west to wait with andy at the Dairy Dell for Bob to arrive. And I got tired and sleepy. I'd gone to bed friday morning at 2 am and gotten up at 6:30 am and I was beginning to get kinda groggy from lack of sleep. So I got into the back seat of GGM to rest a bit, and in the process woke up tired little Samuel Allan. While I was trying to softly talk him back to sleep, and patting his rump (it works with my nieces and nephews, but Sam

was resolute! He was awake, and unhappy about it, and he intended to let me know it was all my fault!))..but Jean and Sarah Lee appeared from the west and I was rescued from trying to figure out how to get a tot back to sleep who refused to go back to sleep. Jean, Sarah Lee and I sat in the car, and in the midst of Jean and my comments on ESP, Big Beautiful Bob Pavlat arrove! We were rescued!

After some magical manipulation of luggage (which consisted of piling them on the floor in back, and the Youngs and Sarah Lee sitting like buddas on top) we were on our way to Pitt again. After a few cries of "Look! a car that can climb hills!" from Jean; and lots of talk about the stars that had appeared (yeahhhh, andy young, that big bright star-like object is NOT jupiter. Nyahhhh) we drove in quietness most of the time. The youngs and Sarah Lee were half asleep in back; eney was nodding and dozing in the front seat (with a gigantic briefcase on his lap); I was half asleep, and Bob was deftly dodging holes in the tornup road. I'd been asking everyone if Harry Warner was really going to be at the Pittcon. I know Harry had told me he was going to try to get to the con, and I felt all sad and disillusioned when eney informed me what a wild idear it was. Then Bob told me Harry wasn't at the con., or hadn't arrived while he'd been there. After questioning Bob about whoall had arrived we settled down to drowzy silence. I watched (the times my eyes didn't drift shut against my will) city lights approaching and after a couple hours I saw signs that I was once again in dear old pittsburgh where I'd spent 4 years of my life during the middle 1940's. After all sorts of confusing streets we came to a tunnel..the longest and ONLY tunnel I'd ever been in and if I may tempt the ghods, the ONLY tunnel I'd EVER be in. Like, I've discovered tunnels bug me. They really do...and in my semiconscious state, the weirdness of being surrounded by almost deafening noise; the monotony of 4 walls, the seemingly endlessness of what I could see ahead, made me feel a bit disorientated (disoriented? foof..YOU spell it!). Anyway, I was glad, glad, GLAD when we finally got out of that tunnel. In a short time, we were pulling up at the Penn-Shereton, and by 11:30 pm we'd all gotten rooms (I think...). I had, anyway. After washing my face and hands and changing my blouse, and as I was about to change my skirt, there came a soft knocking at my door. With trembling voice I called "Come in" and the door slowly opens and I look, and here is Bjo and E*D*CO! Oh joy! Can you imagine how I felt? Here was Bjo..all tired and yet, doll that she is, she came to say hello to a frightened, slightly unnerved-by-a-first-con me. Bjo is a lovely, filled-with-energy person who is absolutely charming. If I'd felt less wildeyed and scared I'd ha ve told her what a delightful person I thought she was (& think she is!), but as it is, in MY usual fashion all I could mumble was some idiotic thing or other. I dunno what I said but knowing me, I can be sure it was some dopey thing. Ah weel.

And Edco? Gee, Edco. How can I describe Edco, who is my very favorite, and one of the oldest fanfriends I have, person I met during those fabulous days. Gosh, it was worth the whole trip just to finally meet my kindly Uncle Edco (haw..so shoot me!).

Tho, Ed does have one rather weird habit...he rattles off all sorts of heathen propoganda about some crazy ghod called Yuggoth or Yuogoth or somesuch fake name like tha t. Boyyy, you haven't LIVED till you've spent 12 hours traveling with puns flying thick and fast around you, with a swollen jaw and empty stomach and highstrung nerves, and then be faced in a room alone with Edco as he suddenly begins spinning this wild yarn about yuggoth who is the supreme ghod or creator or wotever he is. Its real Wild to say the least.

For over an hour (or two?) Edco sat and talked and tried to calm my fears over the nonappearance of ole Roscoe's High Priest. A rt's plane was supposed to reach pgh by 10:30 pm that evening, and we'd had it all planned that he'd be there at the con to greet me. And here it was nearly 12:30 am saturday, and still no Arthur H. Rapp, SFC, FB, 1st msl bn, 40th artillery out of fort Bliss Texas. And Worrier Type that I am I chewed my nails and had all sorts of chaotic visions of Art being stranded somewhere hundreds of miles away. Sooo, I sat there, and smoked my way thru my third pack of Camels and mentally condemned all jet airliners and staunchly making up my mind I was gonna talk A rt into going back to Ft. Bliss by mule because I refused to worry like this.

Finally around 1 a.m. I felt positively pooped, and Edco tried to convince me it was stupid to try to stay awake till A rt did arrive. He convinced me. So I laid down, Edco threw a blanket over me, picked up the key and said he'd lock it (the door, ...oog, wot english!) from outside and toss the key back into the room, via the transom. Fine. The key came sailing over the transom, plunked onto the floor inside, and I started to doze off. Five minutes later the phone rings. Oh Joy! I thot It's Art come at last! It was Edco...seems Hal Shapiro had informed him that these hotel doors can't be unlocked from the inside if they've been locked from the outside and I'm to toss the key back over the transom and gallant Edco will unlock the door and let me relock it from inside. Egads, this was unbelievable! My first 2-3 hours at a con and already Wild Things were beginning to happen! I felt kinda hysterical and when Ed arrived outside my door and I tried to throw the key up over the transom, the dumb key wouldn't go over! I found out transoms aren't built for throwing stuff over them from inside a room. I tried and tried to toss that key over and it stubbornly refused to clear the edge of the transom...maybe because I was laughing hysterically all the while. Who wouldn't laugh hysterically if they had visions of spending a con behind a locked door??? Wal, finally on the 7th toss, the key sailed majestically over the transom and plunked on the hallfloor outside and edco unlocked me from my prison. I felt so silly over the whole thing I wasn't sleepy anymore, so edco said he give me a copy of the SHAGGYs that had just arrived, to read. Off he went to collect the package, and before he returned in came OEncy, Jean, sarah lee, Bob Pavlat, Phyllis Economou, Buz and Elinor! What a joy it was to met Buz and Elinor and Phyllis for the first time!

Elinor is a very pretty blond, with a warm personality which isn't at all like the sometimes-ferocious one in Fenden..at least I think so anyway. Buz is...wal, Buz is Buz! A very nice person with the nicest, sexiest beard I've ever seen! Phyllis is a pretty brunette with a pleasant personality and charming voice. Jean is a doll...gee, I LIKE Jean Young. Bob Pavlat is a slender, dark, energetic type who looks like Robert Q Lewis. Eney? Gosh (in tones of awe..) Eney's 18 feet tall, red bearded, smokes little cigars and is built like a marine. He is also a real nice guy. Even if he did call Ignatz a RAT. I'm overlooking such a nasty remark because Eney can't help it..after all he's a heathen who hasn't yet seen the Ways of the true religion. Poor fellow: Whilst everyone sat around on the chairs and bed and floor, gabbing, and I sat and listened with unbelieving ears and eyes (like: my gosh, here I was..at the conhotel, sitting in a room with favorite type fans, listening to fan gab. It was unbelievable! All I could do was sit numbly, in unbelieving joy, and impress the scene on my fannish eyeballs and memory. Gee, it was nice!). Sometime during all the talk, Edco came back with the package of Shaggys and after opening it, gave us all one with stern demands that we were all to write letters of comment on the issue.

Around 2 am everyone left and I got ready for bed. Just before turning off the light, another knock on the door. This time it was Sarah Lee. Previously we'd decided to be real un-legal and since Sarah Lee had registered, we were going to cheat and save money by splitting the cost of the 8-dollar-a-day room I'd reserved. So, Sarah Lee somehow managed to get past the desk and we got away with it! Soooo, thusly ended my first couple hours at my first convention. To bed and to sleep, finally, at 4 am.

Only, by 7 am I was awake again, feeling all excited and anxious for the day to begin. Soo, I got up, bathed and dressed, ate a hardboiled egg (which I found in the soggy bag of sandwiches and eggs and bananas I'd packed for the trip and which got carted all the way to Pitt, untouched, tho the bananas were black from being ripened in the hot sun on the back window ledge of Eney's car) and sat by the window overlooking Mellon Sq. Park. People were coming and going, and I think I even detected some fan groups going out for an early breakfast: I called the desk to find out if Art had arrived. He had! Sooo, my day was beginning beautifully and I was all happy and eager and I waited. And waited. Geewhiz I waited till 9 am, and finally the phone rang! Art hadn't wanted to wake me any earlier since I'd gone to bed so late. Tsk, if I'd known Art was gonna be so darn considerate of me, I'd have phoned him when I got up at 7 am! Anyway, my husband-to-be had arrived so fely early (real early!) that morning, and was on his way up (oops..down! I forgot I was on the 7th floor and Art was on the 11th) & sure enuff, in a couple minutes Art came (while Sarah Lee, who was still sleepy, huddled under the blankets) & I got my special engagement ring, and we talked and talked and ate breakfast etcetc (don't get nose!) & then we went up to the 17th floor to see who-all was about this early..and because I wanted to see the fanart exhibit soon as possible.

Hardly any fans were about when we reached the confloor & tho my memory's a bit hazy this evening (tis sept 24th now and I didn't keep any notes at all during the con, and the few notes I'm using for this report were written down during the week after I got home from pgh sooooo, events are gonna be a bit mixed up from hereon...)..anyway, sometime and somewhere between the time Art and I got out of the elevator and made our way to the Monongahela room where the fanart exhibit was held, we met Walter Breen (who was a delightful surprise since I expected some kind of Wild Nut, and Water is, instead, a very fascinating person); jean bogert, Wally Weber (who is real tall & rather quiet, and always working. Gee, Wallyweber, didn't you do anything besides WORK at the con! ?), Janie Lamb, Alma Hill, Ralph Holland, Norm Metcalf (who is another real nice type person, with a quiet voice, and the sleepest, sexiest, downward slanting eyes!); and Big Hearted Howard hisself! Collies; what a surprise BHH is...instead of being 2 ft tall, 8 ft wide, with hooves and horns and green speckled skin, BHH turns out to be a good-looking, normal type person who's always trying to sell you stuff. I KNOW I met other fans during this time, but I'll be hanged if I can recall who-all I did meet at this particular time. Anyway, on to the fanart exhibit, which was tremendous. In my opinion this first fanart exhibit was a resounding success and Bjo and the artists and behind-the-scenes-workers are to be heartily congratulated for the splendid showing. I spent over an hour in the exhibit room..and enjoyed it so much I also spent another hour or so looking at the exhibits again that evening. During our tour around the room, I met Hal Shapiro DB & not once did Hal utter his favorite 4-letter word! Hal, I like. He's real nice too, and he gave me a FREE copy of the Misfits Song book! Geeeeeee....

After the exhibit-tour, Art and I sat in the hall outside the Monongahela room waiting for the con to come alive. Fans were beginning to slowly trickle onto the con floor from elevators and Norm Metcalf reappeared, sat down with us and chatted about all sorts of things. Walter Breen reappeared and we all had to sign the stencil full of signatures he was collecting for the next issue of Tesseract.

Then on to the display room, which was filled with all sorts of zines and mags and pocketbooks and books and illos. Come to think of it, I think it was here that I met BHH for the first time. Let's see...what happened next? I think we went back out in the hall again and waited for the con to begin, and while sitting in the hall near the registration desk who should appear in bermuda shorts but ole Teddybear himself! Yes..truly I met teddybear Sims and we shook hands and told each other we weren't really maaaad. Let's see...here's when/where I met most of the michifen present...Fred Prophet and one of the Brodericks and Mable Sims and I forget who-all else. Nice people; All! It was sometime during this hour that I met Earl Kemp, and discovered what a perfectly charming..and shy!...person he is. Tsk, Earl....how can I feud with you over the Frigid Faction when you insist on being such a fine type person and one of my favorite type people? It's not fair!

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I disremember what time the con opened, but we were there and I saw all kinds of famous type faans. Buz and Elinor sat next to Art and me; Edco sat behind us and around the room I could see the Youngs and Sarah Lee, Joy Clark, Phyllis Economou and others; bought tickets to the Lord of the Ring raffle, listened to the fan introductions etc, and then we left because I was getting hungry. Art, Edco and I went down to Art's room for a gab fest and some beer, and Art showed us some of the stencils for the October SPACEWARP; then unrolled a 25 ft roll of paper (telemetry? SOMEkind of word like that, anyway) which he'd brought along to raise money for TAFF(I think..) by making it a LOOOONG letter to London fen from the Pittcon, by sealing inches and feet of it for messages, but when he unpacked it he'd lost all the eagerbeaverness and decided it was too much trouble, so he gave it to me to scribble on. Sitting by the window, drinking icy cold beer, feeling the afternoon heat coming thru the open window, I sat sideways by the window; had the 25ft roll of paper on the window ledge, and with Magic Markers tried to draw nudes. You ever tried drawing nudes, sitting sideways, with an empty stomach that's slowly being filled with beer? No wonder those two nudes I tried to draw looked odd. Real odd. It's a good thing I didn't carry thru the wild plan I was half-serious about..drawing a 25 ft nude and draping it out the window. Owell... Things To Do At a future con...if I can remember, and if I can get beerfilled enuff so I don't lose my courage.(I'm kidding!! Honest, Buz and Elinor..I won't do any such thing at the Seattlecon! Honest...) Let's see...afterwards Ed, Art and I went down to 756(I think) to sit in on the Misfits gleeclub practice. After 20 minutes or so we had to leave 'cause I was getting lightheaded from the beer and no food and the sardine-like packed togetherness. While Ed was still practicing with the gleeclub, and while Art went to change, I dressed for the Masquarade Ball & movies & saps party which were to be held later that evening. By the time I was dressed, Art and Ed came back and began phoneing beer distributors in an effort to get a case or two of beer. Only none were open. And after dialing a couple bars and taverns in a futile attempt to locate cases of beer, Art and Edco decided to go get a bunch of 6packs. While all this was going on there occurred the weirdest thing...in thru my opened window softly drifts heavenly voices ..a choir! At a stfcon! Is anything more unbelievable? For awhile there I thot I'd really gone Waaaay Out and was in some kind of fannish heaven..but when Art and Ed assured me they heard it too, I got calmer. Gee, tho..that was really weird. Finally we were ready and so on to the Ball where costumed fans were milling and talking and I sat by Wally Weber next to the stage while Ed and Art went for the beer and a couple sandwiches for me(I was HUNGRY! I'm always hungry!) Here, I met one of the old HodgePodge contributors and friends, Jim Harmon. What a delight it was to talk to Jim Harmon face to face after knowing him only thru letters and zines and articles all those years. Gosh, it was lovely. Let's see...during this part of the evening I met Ted Johnstone & Ron Elik(or was it later??) & Ed Wood(I think..) and others(only I forget who-all! Grrr, wot a memory!) & watched the judging of the costumes; thot Bjo's green unicorn costume with the unicorn tail that matched her pony tail real chic; saw O'Neey eagerly grab his tapemeasure once or twice; then Art and

Ed returned and I gobbled down a chickensalad sandwich(I offered wally some but he was a member of the gleeclub and said it'd spoil his singing voice) and felt more socially-secure 'cause I didn't have to wonder if anyone could hear the odd growling noises my empty stomach had been making up till then. After the judging, the misfits (and assorted honorary members) gave forth with their renditions and Art and I sat out in the hall outside the Ballroom listening. Sounded pretty good..tho one guy got louder and louder and eventually drowned out all the other voices. Here, I met more fans for the first time..Bruce Pelz! He handed me a..wot? plonker?? and fool that I am, I took it. Only I aimed it in a dangerous manner and Bruce told me about it and I gave him back his dumb old thing. Round about this time I also met Harlan Ellison. This was one of the big shocks of the convention, for me. All these years I'd read and heard tales about Harlan and I expected to see some kind of loud, nasty ogre. Harlan Ellison, instead, turned out to be a very charming person. Rather short, dark, handsome, and, extremely fascinating. I LIKE HARLAN ELLISON!(Come to think of it, with the possible exception of one or two really obnoxious types, I liked every fan I met during those 4 days. fans are the nicest type people, ever.) Then, we went on to the movies..the crowd wasn't all there, so we were entertained by Harlan and garrett& some of the audience till the movies were ready. The first one was okay ..rather like the stf fare on tv. Bug the Mesquite Kid was like tremendous! Real crazy and good and Ted Johnstone's cowboy-movie-type rendition of the theme song was real zorch..After the movie we went down to the fifth floor and the SAPS party. Tsk, don't ask me to relate most of the events and talk and scenes that covered this part of the evening, 'Cause I can't remember! I dunno who-all was there, but besides Jim Harmon and the youngs and sarah lee and others, SAPS present were: Art, Ed, Jim O'Meara, Earl, BHH, Wally, O'Eney, A Lewis, Robert Lee and me. And others, only I disremember exactly who! I did see walter breen come in, and Les Gerber too I believe. And who was the fellow sitting on the floor by you EdCo, who was talking about PSYCHO?? Beer was flowing; talk was pouring all around me, and tho I did talk a bit, I mostly listened. It is thee most wildeyed thing in the world for a neoconattende like I was, to sit and listen to SAPS talk and drink roscoe's brew and try to prop my eyes open. This lasted till around 4:30 a.m. sunday morning, when I got so sleepy I couldn't stay awake any longer, so I left. I hear tell, tho, that the party went on till close to 5:30 or 6 a.m.

Sunday, sept 4th was a BLACK DAY. I was so sick and miserable I coulda turned over and died without blinking an eyelid. Oooog, what a horrible thing it was to wake up feeling so miserable. I dunno if it was the pittsburgh water I'd consumed saturday evening before the Ball(I'm not used to city water..we have well water here at home and I get deathly ill every time I drink chemiced water) or drinking so much beer on an empty stomach. Wal, almost empty stomach. I'd been too excited to eat much all day, and after eating that chickensalad sandwich around 11:30 pm and drinking beer from then till nearly 4:30 am, is enuff to make anyone not used to so much excitement, feel kida weird. Anyway, I wouldn't get up at all on

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sunday morning, even tho Art phoned and said I was missing part of the program and all. Ooog, who felt like even breathing? Not me, that's for certain. Around noon Art tried to waken me again. This time I woke up enuff to insist I was dead or very near it. He insisted it was from lack of food (I'm on a diet and was on a strict one during the con) and said he was gonna make me eat. Sooo, about 15 minutes later he appeared with a milk shake and made me drink it. It tasted good..and I felt a bit better, only I stubbornly insisted I wasn't awake yet and wouldn't be till I had more sleep. And I won! I went right back to sleep and next thing I knew it was about 4 pm. I felt better..tho still groggy and shaky and in no mood to face anyone, but Art Rapp is as stubborn as me (Boy, are WE gonna have fun next year seeing which one is the MOST stubborn!) and he insisted I'd feel better as soon as I got up and around and back on the convention floor. Wal, I gave in; got bathed and dressed and soon Art came and we went to the 17th floor again, and if I couldve dragged my unwilling feet I would've drug loooong furrows into that inch thick carpet on the floors. Boy, I was in a mean mood! Only it didn't last long,..Art was right. Soon as I got out of the elevator I met Phil Castora and started talking and gabbed and gabbed and we all went to the fanart exhibit again. Edco appeared too, and while Phil and I made the rounds of the artwork, and compared favorites and Phil told me why the woman's face on the one entry (I forget which painting and which artist's work it was) looked so familiar; Ed and Art were perched up on the high double window ledges getting photos thru the windows of Pgh at night,..with lightning bouncing across the hills (was a thunder and lightning and rain storm earlier that evening) and I was admiring a mask of gmc on one of the display tables & Art took photos of our favorites paintings & my headache and nausea slowly disappeared. Phil, Ed, Art and I went past the Ballroom to see if the banquet was over yet so's we could watch the hugo awards and listen to James Blish and eric bentcliff speak. The banquet was still on, so we all went into the Skyroom and sat by the big broad windows and looked at pittsburgh ablaze at night and Phil brought me up to date on pgh and showed me where squirrel hill was and all the old familiar places I'd been so happy and sad in years and years ago. This is another very nice memory of the con. Then, on to the banquet room and the awards and speeches and we sat..WOW..right behind a table filled round about with proauthors...like silverberg, garrett, heinlein (haw..if you think I forget fan names..I also forget what other pros were present at the table!) By 11:30 I was feeling half ill again and groggy, so I took a couple aspirins and went to bed early. Fell asleep while listening to music from the radio and was awakened a couple hours later by someone knocking on the door and a voice beseechingly asking "joanie? Joanie honey let me in...". After deciding I very definately was NOT joanie I let him knock at the door and wail out his woe till he got tired and left, and I turned off the radio and the bed lamp and went back to sleep.

Monday dawned bright and sunny and I woke up feeling f*i*n*e again. Hungry, too! By the time I'd gotten dressed, Art came and

we had breakfast together, then on to the 17th floor again to see if we could find a ride home for me since GGM was looong gone. First place we stopped was in the NFFF rooms: and I met J. Art Hayes again, and Ralph Holland and Belle Dietz, and others. Edco and Phil appeared too and boyyyy, did edco balk when I asked him to do one simple tiny favor for me. Just a simple little thing like letting me pin one of the n3f blue ribbons on him and have Art take a photo of the event. Gee, how can such a gentle voiced nice person like edco get so NASTY! It was just a simple little request. He refused. And refused. And refused. And Phil? Haw, Art and I now have a photo of one Phil Castora wearing a huge white sign with blue letters proudly proclaiming him to be a NFFF MEMBER (tho Alma, who'd written it and pinned it on Phil's sleeve, did stick a tiny X in between NFFFaand MEMBER)..and some day when I feel especially nasty I'm going to have that photo blown up and used as a cover and I'll circulate it thruout SAPSdom! Er..unless you hurry up and bribe me real quick like, Phil. Hurry! Let's see..then what happened? Oh yeah..Phil and Ed ran for their lives when it was announced a business meeting of n3f was called, but Art and I attended it. Was very interesting, and n3fers are nice type peoples. Especially Janie Lamb and Ralph Holland. Ralph was nearly as concerned as we were over trying to find me a way back home, and he suggested possibilities and then said that if nothing worked out to let him know and he'd make a special extra trip and get me home. Is this pretty wonderful or is it!

Afterwards, Art and I went to hear the fanzine panel. Ed Wood, bless his heart was also concerned over our plight and suggested that maybe the best way to get me a ride would be to make an announcement after the fanzine panel as over and the auction about to begin. Which is exactly what he did. And whilst Art was out madly telephoning for a rented chair for me (Mine is like patched together and loveabobble ole Eney had generously offered months ago to save me extra dough by borrowing a chair from the hospital for me so I wouldn't have to rent one to use at the con; and since eney had to leave for home by bus early monday afternoon, and had to take the chair back with him, we were madly trying to do two things at once: get a ride home and also a chair to use after eney had to depart. Boyyyy, wot a hectic time!) So, while Art was trying to find a place open on the holiday that'd rent me a chair for the day, I sat by the auction room waiting for results from the announcement, and talked with Phil and Bruce and others. said hi to ron ellik as he passed; said hello to Joni corelli(sp?); and then Jeannie Young came and asked if I'd gotten a ride home, and if not, she'd give up her place in one of the cars and catch a ride with another friend. She called the friend (I forget who); he/she wasnt in, and so Jean went in search of him or her to see if I could go in her place. No sooner had Jean left then Ed Wood appeared and said someone had offered me a ride right after the announcement and I met Joe Green; made arrangements for the ride and then went in search of Jean to tell her All Was Right. Only I couldn't find her! Sooo, as I sat talking in the hall to edco and Bruce and Sylvia (white? A lovely little blond...I disremember her last name, tho I think it was white), Jeannie reappeared with some fellow and I told her of the ride I'd made arrangements for and we all

sat and talked some more; Bruce sang some song, and I dunno what it was or what the conversation was about because I was as nervous and distracted as I could be. The Greens were leaving for Virginia and home right after the auction; I had all my packing yet to do; I had to find Art and tell him to never mind renting the chair; pay my hotel bill and be ready to leave in about an hour. I couldn't find Art; I went to my room and threw everything into my bags helter-skelter, and then Eney arrived to pick up the chair; Art arrived and had managed to find a chair I could use to get to the car (the hotel keeps one for emergencies) and then Joe Green called and said he and Juanita were ready to leave. So, feeling terribly sad and not really wanting to go home and wishing the con were just beginning instead of ending, I went down to the desk with Art; checked out and waited with Art and Juanita while Joe went to the garage to get the car. A group of fans passed by around this time, and Art tells me that Les Gerber stopped and spoke to me for awhile but honestly, I don't recall it! I don't recall anyone talking to me during this time and all I can remember is feeling like I was going to make a darn fool of myself by bawling. It was a terrible feeling of sheer sadness... sadness because I hadn't been able to talk more with Buz and Elinor; Walter Breen; Ted Johnstone; Bruce; Phyllis and all the other wonderful people I'd met; And the greatest sadness of all was realizing these were the last moments Art and I would have together until that eternity of 8 months ahead when our wedding will take place. It is a horrible feeling of sadness.

Tsk, and to get real unromantic and flippant (and I'm not being flippant, really).. I was hungry! I hadn't eaten anything since breakfast, and I had the prospect of a long, tiring trip ahead of me, and I didn't know if the Greens had eaten supper or not. So it turns out they hadn't and we could stop at a diner along the way home. Joe's car wasn't available right away.. the battery had run down after being unused for so many days. So, a wait of an hour. Art, Juanita and I stood out near the hotel delivery entrance and talked and waited, and finally Joe arrived; I got into the car, and after farewells, we were on our way.

Or so we thought. Egads, I'm sure I'm a hex on cars NOW, 'Cause about 10 minutes out of pgh Joe's radiator began steaming; the motor got hot, and we had to stop and cool it off. At a diner where we all were grotched over the high prices and lousiest food ever imagined. Then, after eating, we started out again. Joe stopped and got the radiator filled. Only by the time we reached Blairsville Joe decided we'd never get home unless he had the radiator checked. And on Labor Day there aren't many.. if any.. garages open or willing to accept rush repair work. However, at the first garage we stopped at, the mechanics were real friendly and told Joe that they couldn't fix it, but gave him the name and directions-to-get-to a man who specializes in radiator repair. We found the man's home and his workshop (under a hill-type garage, and godbless nice radiator repair men! The fellow had company but after finding out we needed help he looked at the radiator; said it had to be fixed by being replaced, and sold Joe a reconditioned one. At a very inexpensive price too. And during the hour and half-two hours spent fixing and installing and checking the radiator, Joe and the

fellow discovered they both had lived in the same town..the Greens still live there(Hampton,Va) and the repairman had lived their while he was in the service. Juanita,who looks like Liz Taylor..only more lovely,I think,because of her warm,delightful personality,kept me entertained by telling me about her life and son and daughter and of Shelby and Suzy Vick..and of all the beautiful places and things she'd seen during the years while she and Joe traveled in the course of his job(He works for Boeing and is an engineer)..one fact I'd never known,that Juanita told me about was that the sculpture of The Hand of God has(which is never shown in photos of this masterpiece that I've seen), nestled within its palm, the figures of 2 lovers. Someday I'm going to visit the NY museum and see this masterpiece..I've made a promise to myself! We'd left pgh at 6:20 pm,and by the time the car was fixed and we were headed for home,it was totally dark.What really croggled me was that we took the same route home that Eney had taken to Pitt! I thot those couple stretches of dug-up highways were familiar..and by the time we reached ebensburg I knew what lay ahead...MOUNTAINS,mountains,mountains! As we passed thru ebensburg I saw the pore ole Green Gallant Monster ...there,at the AAA garage,in all its dimmed glory was the green gallant monster and I bowed my head and said a silent fannish prayer as it passed from my sight for the last time.

And,except for a very delightful time listening to Juanita tell me about Shelby(gee, do you know that shelby once bought 14¢ worth of gas for his car?);all of us mentioning oldtime fan names and remembering such people as Max Keasler and Ian MaCauley(Joe used to do poetry for Confusion) and Vernon McCain and LeeH and Hank Burwell;and Joe and me agreeing that we don't particularly like Heinlein works because there's no emotion in the stories..only the cold intellect; remembering the old movie with Lionel Barrymore called Voodoo Doll(or somesuch) which was made of Merritt's Burn Witch Burn...all these lovely memories added up and are forever locked within my memory banks. By 1:15 am. sept 6th we pulled up at my front door; I got out,and Joe and Juanita had to hurry home because Joe had to be at work by 8 am and Juanita had to enroll Merritt and Rosemarie in school that morning.

Thus began and ended my very first convention.A most exciting and happy and memorable time in my whole life. I met fans I'd heard about for years; fans I'd written to and grown to love as good friends;fans and pros who had been my idols for all my fannish years. These were 4 fabulous,joyful and always-to-be-remembered days of my life thus far. I wouldn't have missed them for anything in this world. The frustrations and hectic activities and grogginess and loss of sleep and even the sadness of leaving were worth every penny,every plan,and every hour ...and if it hadn't been for Art(who talked me into going) and Eney(who kindly offered to get me to pitt,and who is a doll and a friend indeed, and Joe and Juanita Green(who cured all my worries by offering to ~~deton~~ out of their way to get me home..bless them!) and Ed Wood and EdCo and Phil and bruce and Bjo&Earl and Jim O'Meara and Jim Harmon and Phyllis and Buz and Elinor..and all the other fine wonderful fans who made those 4 days such a memorable event in my heretofore less exciting life. I had a lovely time! And

next year, Art and I hope to see you all at Seattle. Perhaps then I'll have a chance to talk longer with all the people I'd have liked to have spent more time with this year.

Gee, I had a lovely time!

Sept 25th; OYL, not a moment I have! I've noticed that I'd forgotten to mention that I met Lynn Hickman and also Jack H. Arnould last week at the SAPS party and did a very gentlemanly thing. Curse you blackhearted Jack! He came up to me at the party, held out his hand and handed me a toy coin -- a silver toy nickel and said something like: "I always thought you were worth a plug nickel. I've changed my mind. Ignatz IS worth a plug nickel. Here," and dropped this toy nickel into my outstretched, bristling palm. How the bear beelauded base surrounding my mind, I know this was a nasty insult. I was SURE of it... only after looking blearily and with stupefaction at the shiny coin in my palm and looking up at Jack's slyly leering face (he'd had some beer too, I actually saw Jack Harness drinking BEER) no, weakened grape juice... BEER! I sat and thought... this needs a nasty type insult as an answer. Only I couldn't think of any. Gee, Brain! You were right... in a battle of wits I need a 35 year head start cause I'm REAL slow. Anyway, Jack Harness, I want you to know that was a mean nasty dirty trick to pull. Shame on you. I've still got that plug nickel and I'll keep it till some sweet day when I'll get my revenge. Sorry, what a nasty trick to pull! Humble mumble. * * * I also saw... at this same party... Olney drinking something besides Pepsi. Gee, I thought Olney drank only Pepsi... and that stuff he had in that tall glass wasn't Pepsi. Or 7-Up or Coca Cola. I thought it was some ungodly mixture of some of those bottles of gin and whiskey and vodka I saw on one of the tables. Sorry, Olney, I'm shocked! You didn't have a Pepsi at all. * * *

Other fans I remember meeting were: Monday morning: Sam Moskowitz; Chris Moskowitz, who was also at the NFFP meeting, taking notes... twice, because the first time she'd forgotten to remove the lens cap; and before the meeting broke up she'd won the nag subscriptions (for the door prize raffle). Later, outside in the hall, Bob Madie came up to me and as he put out his hand and I took it, I exclaimed "DEAN CARNILLI... gee, this is a nice hand! I think Bob Madie does look a bit like Dean... never Monday, on my way to the elevator to go pack my belongings, Bob Pavlet appeared to say goodby, and the name of... I couldn't recall for sure if he was Bob Pavlet and I had to look at his name card. Gyl, such shame on me! I'd been meeting so many fans since Friday I'd been getting less positive all the time that I'd be able to recollect each and every name. Well, I thought it was Bob, but just to be certain, I sneaked a look at his name card.

WOT A WEEKEND!

Experienced by: E D C O X

I drank supper Friday night and then went out to my favorite bar, the Starclub in which I feel right at home. This is because it's address is 984 So. Western Ave. and it is within crawling distance of here. Walking is easier but for long-distance crawling it will do. I got poured into bed sometime after 2 am Saturday morning. At 7 am, my buddy Bill (who lives in this building and with whom I got loaded) came in and woke me up saying I had told him I wanted to get up and go out and wash my car. Thanks, I said, and he went out and I passed out. At 8:30 I woke up and got up. I was supposed to have been at the Jacobs' by then. So I shaved, drank pineapple-grapefruit juice and ran down and jumped into the Volvo. By about 9:30 I was at the Jacobs'. Lee came out to meet me and points at his Buick. It won't go he said happily. The battery was dead.

So on my AAA membership, we got a truck to come out and start the car. Then, with my throbbing headache and an admonition from Jane to get stuff at the store for breakfast, we roared off to a Standard station. For over half an hour, we stood around in the sun while the guy checked the battery, found it to have a bad cell, went for a new one, installed it and my head ached. The sun blasted down on us & for awhile we stood in the shade of a milk truck drinking warm Bubble-Up. It didn't help. But this time it was after 11 am and, as we stood there, feet propped up on a rail, looking over at the imposing towering ediface that is the Anhauser-Busch brewery of Budweiser and Michelob for this part of the country, reflected that we had missed the last tour of the place (11am) which we had intended to be in.... on... that morning. Lee had called Jane to let her know why we were taking so long... and like thousands of other young wives, she was unhappy about it.

Finally, the car was ready and we went to a little store. I sat out in the car with my hangover while Lee shopped. Then we went back to 8108 Norwich where Jane prepared a delicious breakfast which I could not do justice to. I then collapsed back on the couch.

But not for long. Inasmuch as they and I were sponsoring a farewell party for the Wilsons, we had to get up and go shopping for crunchables and goodies. So off we went in the Buick. To the Food Giant in Panorama City and we got loads of goodies. I also bought sherbert for us including a dip of orange and one of apple cider for me. This consumed, I had a bottle of 7-Up on Lee. These knocked out my hangover.

Then we went to the Broadway where Jane was to buy a pair of sexy black capris to wear at the party. Lee and I picked out a card for the Wilsons and I goggled at all the nice-looking girl-type girls laughing like crazy over the Contemporary Cards (which is the kind I picked out for the unsuspecting Wilsons).

Rejoining Jane, we went and got a big washtub (unless, come to think of it, we did this first!) to put the keg of Michelob in. I guess we went by another place or two (where Jane picks up crazy Italian type goodies) and thence back. There Lee and I relaxed while Jane started preparing all the goodies. Then people started arriving. Howard Miller (he of the fabulous DREA M QUEST artwork of days long gone) first, then a charming couple, the DeShaynes. We went to pick up the $\frac{1}{4}$ keg of Michelob and 100% of ice. When we got back there were more people there. The Burbees, Elmer Perdue and a date (a charming woman too!), the Metchettes arrived and there was a sort of parlour magician that came with Perdue. We tapped the keg (with that wonderful new, simple-enough-for-even-me-to-do-it process which the guy in the store showed us...with about 20 people gathering around during the demonstration!) and packed the keg in ice. Worked real fine. We started drinking Michelob and eating crunchables that Jane brought out in a seemingly endless procession. Howard Miller and Burbee started throwing darts. This was all taking place on the patio in the rear of the house; a fine idea. Burb and Howard kept retreating from the target as more beer was drunk. Pretty soon they were way the hell out on the lawn, down on one knee, firing in the darts in a flat, fast trajectory to keep from (though not always successful) pinning one in the roof of the patio. Once in a while one was observed whizzing by the house down to the gate.

The Wilsons arrived. The Trimbles and then Ron Elik and Bruce Pelz. People were eating and drinking and talking and so on. The magician, Karu Beltan, was doing sleight of hand and that sort of thing including putting a pencil, with a string on the end of it, through the button-hole of a blouse of women present. Nobody was able to get the damn thing out again inasmuch as the pencil was longer than the loop of string. Joan Metchette was almost able to do it but didn't. It was a kick.

So people kept coming...the Nevilles arrived and I reminded Lillian that I hadn't seen her since the time she was sitting in my lap at the Burbee's New Years. She wasn't able to repeat this delightful bit inasmuch as I was sitting in the same chair with Isabelle Burbee and it was crowded with two of us. I didn't complain. Fred (I can't remember his last name) (he's a librarian at UCLA; friend of the Wilson's, a damn nice guy) was there.

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Before 8:30, a deadline I'd set (and the party just got underway at 4) the keg was shot. So a keg of Budweiser was procured. The party rolled on and things were very nice. It was a damn good one. Jane, My Lou (DeShayne), Howard Miller and I went for pizza, Jane driving the Buick. She got a ticket (which I think she didn't deserve) during the process which sort of

upset her for awhile. But we got back. The party kept rolling on. It was great fun. Some people began leaving. The Metchettes, Perdue and his charming date who wants to marry him. Others. Fred and I were throwing darts. For probably two hours we kept pegging them and drinking beer. Then the Wilsons, and Fred, had to take off. Actually, they drove.

At any rate, pretty soon there were only Jane, Lee and me left. I offered to help Jane clear up some of the stuff but she said it could wait till morning. I had had the offer of the couch for the night since waaaay back but even though I'd had a bitch of a hangover that morning (as one is wont to have if one drinks any kind of quantity of beer on an empty stomach), I drank loads of it all night and wasn't even drunk! So I decided that I'd forego their kind offer of the couch and drive home.

Remembering Isabelle's invitation to have huevos rancheros at the Burb's place that very night, I decided to drive on out to Whittier instead of going home. So I did. On the way out on the freeway (the Ventura to the Hollywood to the Santa Ana freeways), I passed Burbee. But we got there at about the same time. Burb went right to bed having had many a beer. Isabelle served me a Budweiser and we sat at that famous kitchen table recounting events of the party while I got sleepier and sleepier slugging at the beer. In a few deft motions, she had a sort of huevos rancheros on the table before me. I tore into it despite its flame heat hotness. Another appeared but I couldn't finish it because the chili was so hot that my mouth was blistering despite cooling draughts of Budweiser. I was talking about going home when she reasoned with me. Unlike one other night when they both tried to talk me out of driving, I stayed this time. The bed in their sons' bedroom was spare since Eddie was in the Navy. So I stayed in that.

It was the sensible thing to do, for a change. It was about four a.m. when I sunk under the downspreading blackness. Sometime in the daylight I came to life briefly. Next door someone had had a baby and it was learning how to cry. And practicing. It kept this up as I sunk under and came up several times. I wasn't hungover. It was just delicious to lay there snug and warm and not have to get up. Their younger son, Johnny, was evidently doing the same bit in his rack in the other corner of the room. At around ten Burb came in and told his son Johnny that it was ten o'clock several times, then disappeared.

I know that Johnny had intended to go somewhere that morning. But he didn't get up. At about that time some weird church bells and music wafted out over the sleeping community. I thought the people next door had played a record to lull that damn baby to sleep or something but it was actually a church with a pa system lulling their congregation to come to church, as Linda explained to me later (altho in not so many words).

Then some idiot next door decided to mix cement. The shovel would go "scrrrape" slosh,scrrrrrape slosh ! Over and over.

It wasn't the sloch as much as the scraping that got to me. But after so long, mercifully, this stopped. Somewhere about noon I decided to get up. I heard voices in the other room. So I got up, dressed and being halfway presentable, went out to where I heard Linda (who also had unsuccessfully tried to wake up Johnny) talking to her parents. I went out and it appeared that she was talking to two of her boyfriend types.

They were slightly croggled to see me appear and also to be known to Linda. Well, this blew over and pretty soon they left and Isabelle appeared. Linda made a cup of coffee for me which I couldn't drink it was so hot.

Pretty soon the piano started playing and it turned out that Burbee had come to life. So it wasn't long before he and I were sitting in the living room (after several more piano rolls) drinking beer and talking about the old days of Los Angeles (which Burb remembered, not me). Then we reminisced (however you spell that) about when we were kids and the wonders and delights a penny candy store held, the things you could buy for a penny, the gizmos and gimmicks you could get, send away for with boxtops, the radio programs you could listen to and so on. He also told me about when beer came back after prohibition and the stabbing wonder (my phrase) of seeing actual signs hung up proclaiming BEER on the street, and so on. Fascinating talk, me doing mostly listening.

Later that afternoon, I helped him clear a space in the garage (which is fraught with scores and scores of old piano rolls in crates, plus old, old magazines plus old, old fanzines stacked in dusty piles plus the usual other old things one will find in a garage..) but only Burbee's would have an old mimeograph and two big earthen crocks..and loads of beer bottles....

Then we went in Linda's betrothed car and a trailer to pick up a freezer. It was something of an engineering feat to load it on the trailer but it was accomplished and then brought back to Burb's. Here we managed to unload it and put it in the garage. It will hereafter be filled with frozen stuff and other such goodies plus keeping wonderful quantities of home brew chilled etc.

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Then Isabelle made supper. Burb and I surrounded a great chunk of it. Went to the store and got some goodies and ice cream. Isabelle invited me to dinner with them and the Ed H amiltons on the 20th, a great thrill for me who admired (worshipped?) Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett for many years, and I promptly, almost ungraciously, accepted. Then off onto the freeway to home where I raced anybody on the freeway and passed most of them (as I usually do, damn it..I'll get a ticket yet!) until it got too congested. Then I got off it and

wended my way home. And to bed. WHA T A WEEKEND!!

*** oOo ***

MLG COMMENTS

Being very short, and incomplete mlg comments on some of the zines in the 52th mlg. Any year now I'm going to review an entire mailing. Like maybe next July mlg when I can snatch all of Art's stencils-for-Spacewarp while he's at work. Yeahhhh, I can fill all my stencils and all his stencils and hurry up & run off all 60 pages on his paper, with our two mimeos and mail Iggy to the OE real quick and then what can you do, Art?? Haw, all you got to do to insure my NOT doing such a foul fiendish thing is simply utter 3 little words..FOOEY ON ROSCOE! Aw, go on... it's not THAT difficult to say, is it? Gee, you're stubborn.

EGOTAPE#1: Boy, LeeJacobs, what a nasty mind you have! I'll have you know I did get to hear those "mlg comments" on that tape and some fine day you'll be sorry. I didn't need a taperecorder either...all I did was wind the tape on two spools like you instructed, and then I filed my fingernail to an ultra fine point, stretched the tape till it was taunt; started winding it with my left hand while delicately sticking my fingernail on it, and I heard every nasty thing you said! And I disagree with you...~~hahah~~ is NOT a fuggheaded dolt! ~~hahah~~ is a fine person. Maybe to be REAL nasty I should write to ~~hahah~~ and tell what you said! THAT oughta keep you so busy defending yourself you won't have any more time to fiendishly think up any more dandy ideas like tapeing mlg comments for people who don't have tapers.

MAINE-IAC#22: Gee, it's NICE to see Maine-iac again. And I enjoyed every page in this issue. Even the words of dire threats about publishing excerpts from certain letters.. only, Edco? You better NOT. Remember...I can publish certain hunks of your letters. Kindly remember, bub. # I got a complaint to make. My face is sore from grinning over OUR NEW MEMBER(it was like, FUNNY!)# REDD BOGGS--SUPERFAN was good too, only is it really a reprint? I remember reading it years ago, and this version doesn't seem at all familiar. Especially with the references to fairly recent fannish happenings. #Ed? Why did you have to use that horrible red paper for page 3? Or is that the page Bruce mimeoed for you? It seems like the n*a*s*t*y sort of thing Bruce would do...gosh, he must have bought(en?) 20 reams of that color paper and look how he's getting rid of it! Making Saps eyeballs bleed whenever they pick up a LAzine.

PORQUE! Geewhiz, Dee! Whata you mean..you expected me to start adding things when I got down to 'bare feet' ?? That isn't the Fannish Thing To Do, at all! # Heyy, you're BRAVE! You want some of my recipes! Let's see..I got a couple that involve potatoes. You like potato pancakes? I got one you might like: its made with cold mashed potatoes that've been left over from a sunday-type dinner. All you do is mix chopped up celery, onions, green peppers, torn up bits of bread (or cracker crumbs or bits of tasted bread), hunks of smelly (or unsmelly) cheese; all this stuff is mixed together (its lovely to plunge both hands..clean, of course, into a bowl filled with all this goo and cold mashed potatoes and scuish the mixture thru your fingers)..then make round, fat, cakes from it, plop 'em into a skillet that has melted oleo in it, salt and pepper the cakes and fry till they're golden (or burnt..I LIKE burnt ones, personally) brown on both sides and eat 'em. And for variations you just add chopped pieces of luncheon meats (like minced ham or summersausage or spiced ham or dutchloaf). Try it! and if you get ill, don't blame ME...I can't help it if you weren't born with a castiron stomach like we Shares got. # Dewey had a number for everything? Everything?! Geeeee # Those are the craziest bunch of pyramids you've got there on page 1! #Awk, Dee, you Traitor! You painted a CAT! Keep this up & you'll get kicked out of the Cat Haters Society. Wal, maybe you're forgiven since it was an old Egyptian cat-ghod you painted for Shirley (yes, Doreen Shirley Erlenwein, I'll bet!). Old egyptian cats are okay. Even big modern black panthers are okay. And Lions and tigers and pumas are okay. Even furry little kittens are okay. Just be careful, that's all!...us cat haters got ethics too you know. (What'm I talking about!???)--I dunno.. I feel real incoherent this morning...here tis sept 26th and deadline only another week away and tho I've got a lovely bunch of stencils, I have no ink or paper and no ready prospect of getting any for a couple weeks either..yet here I am blithely stenciling typos right and left just like I expected this zine to be ready in time for the october mlg. Haw, I must be a real optomist or something..) Wonder why I put that) there? See what I mean?? I'm so used to talking in)'s I automatically put one where it shouldn't be. Hey Dee!...let's really confuse SAPS... let's both issue 70 paged sapszines every mlg; and we'll overpower everyone and then they'll be like US! Let's!!

OUTSIDERS : Wrai, why weren't you at the pittcon? (teehee, I'll grind and grind and make you feel REAL miserable because you missed the con. I may not be able to match you in insults, but I can get meaner and nastier than you in other ways! Boy, Wrai..did you ever miss a good con! Wrai? You really going to seattle next sept?) #I do SO know what a Darwinian Man is! Shows I complimented you, and you didn't even know it. Amateur. # See! I TOLE you you weren't really a blond. Gee, Wrai, aren't you frightened of me? Just look how powerful I am! If I decide (like I did) you aren't really blond, your hair starts changing, and you end up by being a lightbrunette just like I decided you'd be. Aren't you frightened of the possibilities of this strange Power I possess? Like, what if I suddenly de-

cided you ought to be a girl? Or maybe an elephant? Or perhaps a neofan? You thoroly terrified yet? # What do you mean...I can't quite believe everything I see on tv??? If it's on tv it must be TRUE because tv don't lie! TV is ghod,and humanity is it prophet(pronounced profit). Besides, you aren't wiser than me now,you know. After all, you haven't been to a con. Wrai?How does it feel to be a HasBeen? Gee, to think,just a few weeks ago I used to listen to your every word with Awed Wonder,and clutch your Wisdoms to my bosom becuase I thot you were Real Wise. Now,its MY turn! I'm wiser than YOU. Sooo,now you can listen to my words with Awed Wonder. Yeahhhhhhhhhhhhh! After all,I've met more fans than you! Geeec, I even met Water (stick an l in there,and I wish I knew why my fingers don't type words like I think them) Breen.

SPACEWARP: Art? How come you won't say Fooley-to-roscoe? WHY? Why won't you? You better say it(I won't tell any roscoites,really I won't,cross my heart and hope to turn into a roscoite if I ever tell) or you're liable to find shrimp laying greasy and sodden on your dinner plate every night for whatever number of years it takes for you to give in and say those three harmless mittle words. Or I'll get real nasty and stencil Spacewarp for you. Worse yet,I'll even mimeo it. Or maybe I'll bribe the JP to stick in those three little words during the part of the ceremony,next spring, which only YOU have to repeat,like: Do you Arthur H Rapp take this woman(Fooley To Roscoe) to be your lawful wedded (fooley to roscoe!) wifet o worship and pay hommage to Ignatz(fooley to roscoe),the onë True ghod and to all others you say Fooley to roscoe(spit spit). How would you like that?? Or shall I really get violently nasty and tell sapsdom what a sercon Trufan you are? I got PROOF! Right here in one of your letters! Anyone who'd even think of publishing a fanzine on a honeymoon is the serconest of sercon type fans. Heyyyy,come to think of it,I think I'm being insulted! You've been writing to wrai! Yes you have! #As for Fannin On The Susquehanna: Humph,I couldn't have been very charming or enchanting or you wouldn't be so stubborn about saying fooley to roscoe. #Ah,true...we should have replied to the Japanese(& others) insults as you suggested. We should have also,a fter repling thusly(to our advantage) gone even further and demanded (WE..the average american) to know why that US-Japan treaty caused such demonstrations. Does anyone actually know the full text,demands,concessions etc of that treaty so recently signed? If so,I'd eagerly like to have a copy...or find out where I can get a copy. WHY was the japanese reaction so violent? WHY was the symbol of the US,Eisenhower(tho I think as a symbol of the US this particular president is not exactly complimentary),so unwanted? There are a lot of questions we ought to be asking each other;and a lot of remedies we ought to be making to correct whatever has gone wrong with the ideals and the image our country has always been in the past. We've grown too lazy; too self-righteous and too Big for our Britches...and when a person..or a country begins getting such despotic qualities,it reflects in his,her or it's relations with other people and other countries. Hiding our shame and the CAUSE of such ill-actions,doesn't remedy it.Maybe searching for the CAUSE will

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bring deeper shame, momentarily, but its better to TRY to remedy what's wrong, than to pretend it doesn't exist, or that it isn't Our Fault. Our troubles aren't solely due to the Russian usage of propoganda, force & threats...some, yes..but some of it is our own fault. We've let fear and cow-like tranquility overpower us; we've let the Little Minds take over control of the nation's destiny, and we're ALL to blame for whatever's happening in and around this country..and the world. Too bad we've allowed such a thing to happen..but it HA S. happened. Instead of putting all our energy and imagination and tax money into such ideal projects as space; population control; ridding the surplus storages; bring health and literacy to all peoples; improving education..all the other worthwhile projects we could be working on...instead of these, we're much more concerned with..what startling new vaccum cleaner; what new colored portable mixer; what new flashy, tinny, sparkly ca r; what revolutionary type tv set; what new entertainment toy dan we give ourselves? How far in debt can we dive in order to buy ourselves all these tinselly shinny toys? Who cares if people are hungry and homeless and ideal-less in the world..and in THIS country too....that's their tough luck. After all, we pay huge taxes, don't we? Our gov't's always sending billions of tax money overseas, ain't it? Why should we, personally, bother our heads about whether that foreign aid money IS being used for worthwhile projects; or WHY, after nearly 16 years of sending billions overseas, most of the people are still unfed, unhoused, jobless, and why the people dislike us. Fooey..something is terribly wrong somewhere..HERE in this country.. and the shame belongs to us. # Gah, sorry to have gone on at such length. And no doubt most people will think everything I've said so far is of the sheerest fuggheadedness. That's THEIR opinion. Me, I got a right to my opinions, and I feverently believe in what I've just said. Just as I believe that despite believing this, I'll continue on my own cow-like way and not even bother to DO anything about it.

SPELEOBEM: Olord! MORE red paper! #r is this pink? #You're kidding! Why don't I publish all the "you don't ----- enuff" lines I thot of? I think you're insulting me Brucepelz..if I did such a thing Eney(O, his heart is evial & his soul is Black!) would surely tear Ignatz to pieces and ban it from the mlg, and if you think I'm going to improve the mlg's by being absent from 'em, you're crazy! A crazy, mangy lion. #Heyyy..what happened to the beard you were growing for the pittcon? I didn't see any beard. You chickened out! # What a lousey insult..classifying Ignatz under 636.9. And after I've gone and made you FAMOUS, too! Just think, Bruce..you'll be real famous someday as the cartoon in Tattered Dragon. Or infamous, One or the other. (Of course TD will probably be as quickly forgotten as is possible, once anyone sees it, but thats besides the point. Gee, tho, if you-all could only REA D it, youd realize how good it is, teehee..)

FENDEN: Did I say "no one has felt the influence of the Christian's god"? I probably did say such, but I don't recall saying it & I don't have a copy of that issue so I can check and be positive. But, if I DID say such a thing, then I admit I was fuggheadedly wrong! The whole wide world has felt the influence of the Christian's god-concept. Which is why the world is such a heavenly, perfect, peaceful place. Suuuree. I've also decided I was horribly wrong in pompously stating no one has ever felt the existence of god...that WAS an idiotic fuggheaded remark to make, and I'm ashamed of myself for saying it. You realize that maybe our two thot-images-concepts of the words "christian's god" are vastly different, Elinor? They ARE. Which is why we're not getting across to one another the exact meanings of our remarks. Maybe we ought to tell what we DO mean by christian-god. Whbnever I use the words, I mean the image that's grown in my mind thru the years of the type of bloody, revengeful, childish god that is depicted in the bible, and which 98% of the people living around me all my life so far, have professed belief in. The christians I've known (personally...I don't mean you. You're one of the few people I've known who hasn't been fuggheaded, narrowminded and all the other ugly characteristics I've come to associate with Good Christians) have been mean & spiteful & greedy and so narrowminded & opposed to any new idea or unselfish act that I've slowly developed a distrust and disgust of the word "christian". Can't help it..I know its probably wrong, but the word is associated in my mind with all the qualities I think are ugly and inhuman & utterly unworthy to be linked with any thought or belief in a supreme creator. I honestly do NOT see any evidence of goodness or improvement in the world or in the lives of humans which came about as a result of christianity. Instead, I see evidence that most of all the bloodshed and prejudice and hatred thruout history has been due to christianity. No religion is any better than the majority of its believers..they spread it; they practice their version of it, and it in turn becomes as they are, no matter how good and right it was originally, or how godlike and gentle and good the originators of the religion were. Like attracts like. Of course I realize there are hundreds or even thousands of christians who ARE trying to live and practice all the good qualities of these religions. But they're the gems smothered under tons and tons of coal and dirt. Anyway, "christian" isn't exactly a pleasant word-image to me. "Human being" is a much better word..and I think if the truth be known, what I mean by "human being" is what you mean by "christian". # Esp? Tsk, esp-dreams especially...the latest esperience I've had was the esp-precog dream (all filled with symbolism, a s usual) which occured early friday, sept 2nd. A - round 3 am. which involved me trying to follow a road that led to Art and a group of other people (fans, I think) and how half way there, a huge squarish metal monster loomed in my path and wouldn't lef me get past..I couldn't make it move and I got franticer and franticer trying to get past it and continue my journey. I woke up feeling horrible, and in a semi awake state thot. "it'll turn out okay". Sooo; comes the trip to pitt, a few hours later; the metal monster, in the form of

Eney's car breaks down and I can't move and in the end things work out okay. Or isn't this precog at all?

SPY RAY OF SAPS: (sudden thot: clever Eney!"Spy Ray Of Saps' Target: FAPA."Why eney!!) Sure, I'd like to have a go at picturing Gollum. Only, I've never ever read the Lord of the Rings, so how'm I supposed to know what a gollum is? And you've just defeated the Mordor in 64 cause. The idear.. no nude wimmen? Just fine, clean innocent 102% Pure Fun, huh? How boring. # Humph, I hope you're satisfied! I shouldn't have told you about that poker game I was planning to pull on Art when he visited here, 'cause you beamed it on the esplanes and he heard all about it and he refused to even look at any poker cards. Sooo, naturally I had to think of some other method of getting roscoe defeated. But, eney?? Why did you have to TELL?? I'll never tell you any more secrets again. (I won't tell you any & Dee won't tell me any & we'll all burst into nothings from the terrible ordeal of keeping quiet, won't we?) #I find Twenty Thousand Leagues Over the Road absolutely fascinating. Hope its continued this mlg. Tsk, I can just see you sitting there, on the Detroit limits, gasless and scowling fersomely at Fate. A nd an Eney scowling fearsomely from behind a red beard is the most fearsome thing in the world.

MEST: I reminded you, TAJ, about sining Ivan skavinskiskavar for me at pitt, but you didn't sing it. Tho come to think of it, it was probably your revenge for me mispronouncing your name. I'm sorry, Ted. A. Johnstone. Really I am. # Yes, truly, a Morgan Botts anthology is coming out. Just wait and see! # I like your Tiajuana, How are Things in it, song. I like it all fine, except for the ending 4 lines. This was written in a mere 10 minutes? By hand? Gee, you write fast. # I like you ole ~~ada~~ sapszine, taj. Even if you didn't review my zine just because I didn't review your zine last time. (wal, you said I was supposed to cancel out all 4 paragraphs you'd written. So how can I answer what I cant read? I ask you.)

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...and THIS is it. No more stencils; and my two typing fingers are sore from pounding these old underwood keys; and besides.. I'm not so sure these stencils will ever be mimeoed. If I can prod Holey Ignatz into pulling a miracle, maybe I'll figure out a way to get this issue mimeoed. If so it'll be in the mlg; if not, it won't. There.. whoever said I couldn't think logical type thots!? # My apologies to collector, HTBS, kraml, bump, fantoccini (I bet leslie norris is another figment of TCarr's fertile imagination!), pot pourri, retro (gee, buz, you got a sexy beard!), flabbergasting (gee tosk, wot happened?!), collodion (Bobt Lee Martinez is an artist.. a very good artist!) SaFari (I can never feud with you) BOG, a letter to saps (gee, I must be OLD, for I remember the old hallucinations, hal. And ICE and the Invention report. geeeee), Warhoon (great!) and STF Broadcasts again! (was a joy rereading this (and anyone else I missed).... so till january mlg, let us all each and every one of us have a scarey halloween, and bountiful thanksgiving, and the nicest and happiest of christmases and the foggiest of New Years. Joy to us all. See you in january, I hope.

LAST MINUTE NOTES ON OCTOBER 7, 1960, LIKE:

If this issue sees print, blame it on kindly ole doc Eney, 'cause he notified me this evening that rushed as he is, he'll try to mimeo this for me. Gee, that's nice! I am in all sorts of a hectic madhouse type activities and didn't think I'd actually be in this mlg. Wal, with the deadline a mere 8 days away, I find I WILL be in the mlg, altho some of the mss planned for this issue probably won't arrive in time. Phil's article, I'm speaking of. Tis MY fault, because I waited so long before sending Phil the stencils. Ah well, Phil's article will be in the january issue for sure.

Tsk, and THAT'S all the lastminutenotetype gab I can think of. Good thing, too....since the se stencils have to be on their way to OEney real quick like. Only what'll I fill up the rest of this stencil with? An illo? Nope..else I'll make myself a liar since the editorialpage claims there aren't any illos in these pages. Heyyyyy...maybe an am-so-pome! Haven't stuck an am-so-pome into a saps mlg for practically YEARS! Yeahhhh, thats what I'll use the rest of this space for! Prepare yourselves...

EXPERIENCE

Tell me not in accents mournful
Fandom is a tub of tripes;
None but ex-fans are so scornful,
None so hate the beanie types.

Fandom's real, and fans are merry,
Egoboo they highly prize:
Criticism salutary
Brings on looks of hurt surprise.

Let us then be actifannish,
With a zine for every fan:
Subzine, oneshot, super-annish:
Leave us publish all we can.

Famous fanzines all remind us'
We may make our mags so great;
Neofen will imitate us
---IGNATZ! Wot a ghastly fate!

-0-

There! Isn't that jolly!? Why, you'll never guess how easy it was to dash off those 16 lines. (snicker).

Again, blessings on OEney for doing all the backbreaking toil of mimeoing these pages. He is a Ghood Man, truly.