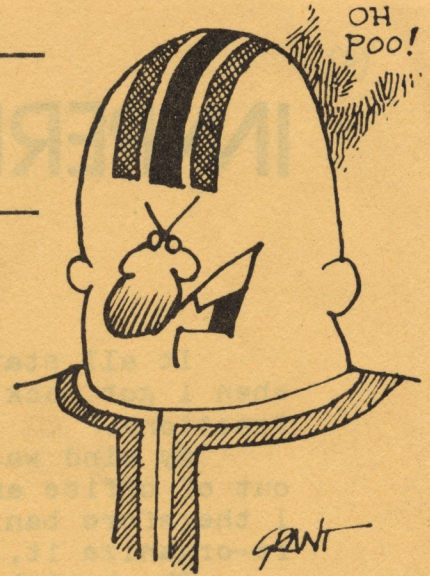


THE S



TWIBBET 5



Art Credits:

Mark Anthony: 8,13,14,

Grant Canfield: 3,4,11

Rob Carver: Cover, 5,9,10,12,13,15,16,17,18,19,21,22,14

Page 1....Cover by Rob Carver

Page 3....ToC

Page 4....Editorial

page 6....Ask Prissy by Prissy Prune

page 7....Shit From The Pit: Frenzy by Bill Patterson

page 11...Zilch Population Growth by TerB

page 12...Carver's Corner by Robin Carver

page 13...Books by Wilhelm Patterson

page 17...Beware The Froom by Ken St. Andre

page 18...Comic Consciousness by TerB

page 21...Why You Got This

page 22...The Last Page by Paula Ann Anthony

TWIBBET is pubbed by a rotating editorship whenever the editor can get it out. If you really want to take a chance on the next issue---mail 25¢ or three 8¢ stamps to Twibbet, P.O. BOX 7241, Indian School Station, Phoenix Arizona 85011. If your rich give us a call (602) 274-9774.

Also if you are cheap and stingy and only can afford eight cents---send us a letter of comment. But of course if you give us an obscene phone call from far-off California (leaving your name and address) we will send you an issue.

For you people that don't know this, this is an issue of Twibbet which is the official organ of the Phoenix Cosmic Circle (no applause, please, a simple cheer will do). It is also Phoenix's only zine that publishes only Phoenix Cosmic Circle Members things. Of course if you are Harlan Ellison and are dying to write an article for Twibbet we will be happy to make an exception.

For the record this is being typed December 31, 1972. What's that? Oh, yeah, make that January 1st, 1973. Happy New Year.

By the way Editor this issue is Mark Anthony.(Retired Roman)

And the Resident Genius this is Paula Ann Anthony.(Unretired OAFS hater)

There were one hundred and thirteen copies ran off of which this is #

13

IMPERIOUS WRECKS...

It all started when I went of to Europe during the Summer. When I got back to Phoenix I found the club split into two warring factions.

My mind was open to both sides, until one fraction kicked me out of office and wrote a strange constitution for their club. I therefore banished them from the true club and proceeded to re-organize it.

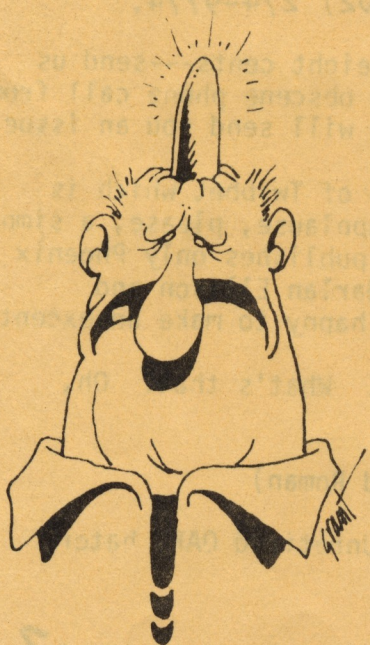
The banished fraction went off and called their new club BUFFOONS or was it SLOBS--the corect title escapes me presently, but I do remember that it reflected on the club members.

The new Phoenix Science Fiction Club (not really new---it had the same people minus a few) others decided on changing its name for membership cards designed by Rioting Rob Carver. The Cosmic Circle was suggested by TerB (pervert) and just barely squeezed by voting, despite demands of new member Ivan Cook the third, with the help of his whole family, to name the club after his book store.

July came and with it Westercon. It was really rather enjoyable. Highlights of the con included striking up new friedships with Tim Kirk and David Gerrold, meeting many authors and artists I hadn't noticed at other cons---one reason being I just been able to afford contacts----Remember friends that when you dish out this quarter you are helping a worthy cause. Also during July I started work on TWIBBET. The editorship had fallen in my grubby little hands because no one else wanted it. Work this month consisted of getting promises for articles and artwork from various members.

August came with increased working on the zine. This months work constited of finalizing promissed submissions the promised contents looked like this:

Terry and Ken Meet the Wolfman
by Terry and Ken
A New Adventure of Bucky BulBucky
And His Wonder Dog Schlep
by Rob Carver
Westercon Report
by Paula-Ann Anthony
Star Trek Essay
by TerB
Poems
by Ken St. Andre and Dan Carver
Book Reviews
by Bill Patterson
Carvers Ad Hole
by Rob Carver



It was shaping up fine. Hopes were high for having the issue out by Worldcon.

September and the Worldcon came and went--TWIBBET did neither. Mean while

...MARK ANTHONY

back at the ranch submissions were flowing in like a clogged drain. I did get some book reviews and a poem from Bill and Ken, but the Carvers poems and stories had a habit of getting lost. TerB's Essay and the Terry and Ken story took longer and longer to finish. Of Paula-Ann's con reports, both the Westercon and Worldcon----one never appeared and the other was so good that TerB grabbed it for Garuda--- the only other fanzine in Phoenix that, I think, is worthy of note.

October, however, brought a cover and art from Rob, a poem and comic con report from TerB, and an essay on Phoenix Phanzines from Bill.

November passed while I waited for L.O.C.S for the letter page. I recieved an invitation to join the Science fiction Book Club, a letter from Claude Degler, and an over-due notice from the library.

December came and I firmly decided to get TWIBBET out by Christmas.

January came and so did the Grant Canfield artwork--TWIBBET was out two days later.

* Officially TWIBBET is run on a rotating editorship--thus not only a different editor each issue, but also different quality.

Therefore if you liked this issue let us know and we will be happy to send you a new zine that we are working on.

* To meet our deadline we have been working all night the past couple of nights. With P.A. typing and applying the P.S. lettering, and me inking in Carver's artwork and putting zip-a-tone everywhere. Glad it is done at last.

* Last ish was our first annish.

* Next ish out in April. Editors, probably the Cooks.



ask prissy!

by

PRISSY PRUNE

Dear Miss Prune:

How does one politely blow their noses in public? Should one use the napkin in a restaurant if there is no kleenex available? Is it permissible to use notebook paper at work if there is no kleenex? Please help me--boys and girls, alike, are shunning me. I'm sure that once I learn the polite way to blow my nose I shall be popular and the life of the party. Thank you.
Signed Y.C.

Dear Y.C.: If you have a kleenex nearby follow along with these steps. I am giving the steps as done in America, natch, if anyone out there wants to know the Italian, German, English, French, or Polack way please drop me a line. But here we go.

Step one: Put kleenex in hand.

Step two: Bring tissue up toward nose

Step three: Bring index finger up through the tissue in order to close up one of the nostrils

Step four: Blow hard!!!! Be careful, though, not to plug up the ear canal by blowing too hard or permanently damaging the kleenex by blowing too hard also.

Now, depending on what type of snot you have you should proceed carefully with step five. If you have the type of snot that is plugged up continuously that no amount of picking, poking, or blowing will unclog try listening to a George Carlin record with all of your friends that share your same problem. When there is a sudden funny joke I can guarantee that when you start laughing the snot will spurt right out. It is fun comparing with your friends to see who's snot can spurt farthest.

This is the most common type of snot there is. If you have an unusual type I would enjoy hearing from you.

Now, you ask if it is proper to use notebook paper at work. No, I repeat, no. It is very rude and impolite to use notebook paper. But do use typing paper, you'll find that you can see the color of the snot more purely.

For you homemakers out there, try drying them out in the sun and hanging them on the wall.

Alright, your last question concerns blowing your nose in a restaurant.

All modern science fiction fans know that hankies are out dated but this does not include cloth napkins. Using a cloth napkin for a kleenex is excepted in all the finer restaurants around the world.

I'm sure you have all heard of Phillip--the head waiter at Sardis.

Well the other day when I questioned him on the matter he replied----

"There is nothing that I can think of that is more ill-mannered or rude than to blow your nose with a paper napkin. Oh, the idea is simply dreadful."

If one is caught without a cloth napkin one should poke around and put it in the droppings box that all well mannered fans carry. If you should be caught without your dropping box on you (horror of horrors) one should pry it out with one's fingers and eat it. It goes quite well with some wines but not, I repeat not, with Baked Alaska.

That about plugs it up if you'll excuse the expression.

SHIT

thish:

from

the

PIT

FRENZY

The other day I was leafing through a pile of fanzines I keep lying around the house to make me feel industrious----and mirabile dictu, most of them were Phoenix fanzines. We seem to have come up with quite an assortment since the first venture less than two years ago.

Well, a little more than two years ago. TerB and Tom L. Williams launched TWIBBIT, if I recall, in February of 1971, and it is now November of 1972. And this appears in TWIBBIT a long lived beastie indeed in Phoenix. The last Issue was the annish (not related to the Pennsylvania Deutsch) and by golly here we are. TWIBBIT one was dittoed, edited by Tom Williams (soon to be ousted for possessing non-Ballared-approved views) and was, cover included, eight pages long. The cover artist has since gafiater, and Tom Williams is smouldering still in Tempe. It contained a story by Bruce D. Arthurs, who has since joined Slaves for Sam, and an abominable short by Terry Ballard.

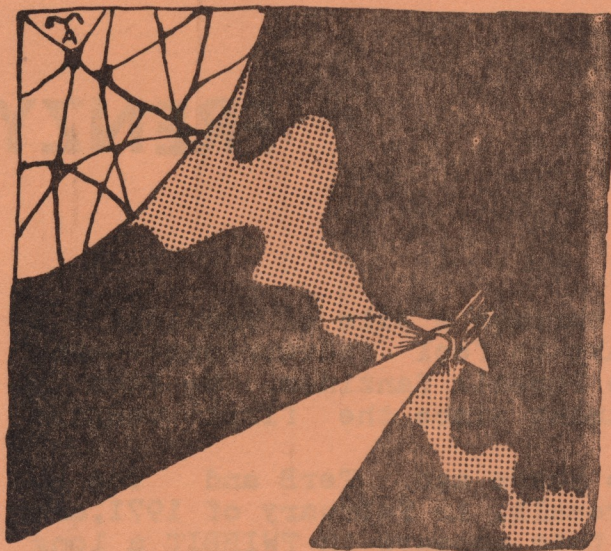
TWIBBIT two was a tiny thing--again eight pages, but this time photo-offset and reduced to half-size. The TerB revalation announced the revolution which unseated Editor Williams, and proceeded into the zine: a "Fable" by Mr. Ballard himself, one of my favorites from the 'zine's entire run, and some various other items of non-serious fantasy (Why The Great Snake Has a Green Nose), some verse of uniformly mediocre character, and a book review column by Joe Sheffer. It was sent in to LOCUS for review, and they gave a verdict of "another crudzine" Disappointment was rife. Mr. Ballard temporarily retired, as it turned out, merely to insidiously hatch another personalzine --but that's another story, later. Editorship of TWIBBIT three passed to yours truly, and I blundered into the situation with

all the grace of a newborn calf. Introductory snarls were semi-strightened, and the third issue, dated October 11 1971, was eight and a half by eleven, mimeographed, and 20 interior pages long. It immediately provoked a storm of protest for several reasons: a) the editorial was political, rather than strictly f/sf, b) the material had been kept secret from the club, rather than completely known and open, c) even when the final drafts were okayed by the auther, it was generally felt that too much

a column

by _____ willy

patterson



creative typistry went into it --too many editorial changes, plus some unpopular policy. If you weren't in on that one, get the story from the participants, and d) non - club members wrote for the magazine. So a feud developed which appears to be continuing to this day. Ars longs, etc.

It contained a Terry and Ken story, "The Blundering Blades in Pellucinar," an exclusive interview with Zenna Henderson, later reprinted in Garuda 2, a story by the editor (two actually, one is under a pseudonym), a fantasy-

short by Danny Jester, and a story by Flair Genner, pseudonym for an ASU engineering student. The art was entirely done by myself, mainly for lack of contributors, and done directly onto the stencils with a pen. They came out terrible. That and the fact that inexperience had put the material on a too light paper made TWIBBIT three a reproduction failure. But it had its points.

TWIBBIT four passed into the hands of Bob Prokop, who went into a temporary and enforced gaffiation halfway through the preparation. It fell to my lot to type the interior and put it together. The first chapter of Isaiah led it off, followed by another Sheffer interview, this time with David Mc Daniel, creator of many popular Man From Uncle books, and two science fiction novels. Some verse by members ranging from the fairly-good to the ridiculous. More book reviews, yours truly, and the first part of a 1-part serial, "Men of Crystals" which every one hopes will not be continued. Art credits in this went to many people, Randy Rau, Bill Patterson, Mike Day, Rob Carver, Mark Anthony principally. This was Rob Carver's first appearance in a Phoenix fanzine (if you do not count GARUDA, and I don't) and I think he showed up almost everyone else's. TWIBBIT four was principally ditto (with an off-set cover), and it came out clear and precise, probably the best reproduction in any fanzine to date in terms of crispness. Unfortunately it lacked an editorial, it lacked an editorial address, it lacked a note that this was the anniversary, and it even lacked any mention that it was a Phoenix fanzine...so it, too, had its shortcomings ---which will, I suppose, be modified in this.

While all this was going on, GARUDA appeared.

GARUDA is a personalzine by Terry Ballard. The first one appeared, I believe about February of 1972, with an offset cover and dittoed interior. Interior art apparently all by TerB himself, although no credits appeared. Contents: a Mythcon II report, a story by fan Lee Bingham, another temporary gaffiation, -although we hope she'll contact us again to see our Bok requisitions (Lee?(), the first installment of the very popular

Fantasy Primer by Ken St. Andre, a rambling commentary on mixed items called Terbulence, a vastly popular Swords and Sorcery dice Game by Ken St. Andre, a short-short Terry and Ken, and an article by tres humble serviteur, and a set of book reviews by B.D. Arthurs. An interesting first ish.

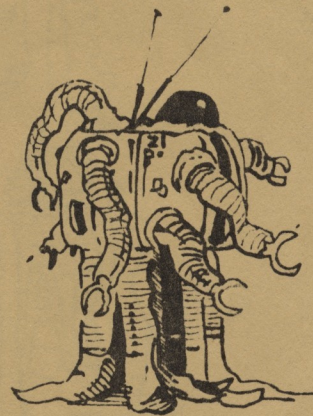
GARUDA 2 came out in June--which was a surprise, as TerB had said it was coming out in June...took a lot of us by surprise. All ditto, varying quality of reproduction--I suppose he used different masters--and some signed artwork under a pseudonym by him, and others. Contents quite varied, a new s/s satire, 'The Coming of Falconheart', an advertisement for the forthcoming PhoenixCon (in Tempe, mais certainment), which was, I suppose, the first professional-type illustration-advertisement in any P Phoenix zine, a reprint of the Henderson interview from TWIBBIT three, book reviews, a spurious report of IguanaCon I, another Terry and Ken, and a second installment of the Fantasy Primer. Worth reading. Look it up if you can find a copy. Or I'm sure TerB must have some left at 25¢ a throw.

...and in the background was B.D. Arthurs, whose GODLESS I was talked about but rarely seen. In fact, I still have not seen a copy of that one, although many people keep promising me...At any rate, GODLESS 2 came out December 1971, dittoed with Beket cover, Rotslers inside, as well as the others which must be Arthurs. Sercon articles--almost a new thing in Ph'x phanzines, one by a chap in Seattle, Bill Rupp, who edits a fanzine, Droadnought, "the fan in the High castle," a kind of glorified con report, etc. etc. An interesting change from the kind of fanzines we had been seeing. The lettercoll is especially interesting. Highly recommended.

And then there was Socialist Realism Science Fiction, science repudiated by its editors, a memo'd crudzine of "ideological" Fiction and articles, all articles under assumed names. All the interior pages were pp.5.((except pp. 6, ed.)) Some items of humorous interest.

The latest child of the Phoenix recrudescence (howsoever you spell the danged word) is SLITHEY TOVES, which ran into repro difficulties right at the start, but managed to come out with a decent first issue, any way. The editor(ews?) is a seamstress, so don't be surprised if you find your copy with eyelets instead of staples; she ran out almost through collation. In general it is composed of verse by Phoenician fans, of all varieties and qualities, with some art and an article on fantasy. TOVES two is coming, I under-

R.C.



stand, but for the dates you'd have to ask Ruby Davis. Ask her. This is an effort which should be supported. The next ish, I'm told, will be all verse.

And Wooton Major Journal, a Tolkein-zine from 1969, excepted (it doesn't really fall under the scope of the review herein, besides I don't have any issues), that brings us up to date.

For the future, there is talk about new fanzines from Bob Lackey, Randy Hou, and the Anthonys. I myself had planed to put out a zine called "Parameters", but the material went to a new club zine which was out October 1 this year. As to the others, I know that the Anthonys have theirs well under way, but Bob and Randy are haveing trouble with theirs. About GARUDA three; knowing TerB, it will probably be sprung upon us soon. And Tom Williams is prepetually grumbling that he's going to start one too.

So, keep on the watch, we keep muddling along, and bringing them out. Perhaps we will derserve the name COSMIC CIRCLE after all. Yes, Claude?



zilch population growth

When I got home at ten til four,
A fuzzy blob lay at my door,
"Ho, ha, I've not seen this before,
It must be something new."

As I walked in it rolled inside
And perched upon my naugahide
Devan, at which I loudly cried,
"Just what the hell are you?"

"A Zilch," he said, "is what I am,
A resident of the Planet Zham,
The victim of a cosmic sham
Encountered yesterday."

"In hyperspace I was adrift,
Waiting, hoping for a lift.
When suddenly I saw a ghlift,
Aheaded for my way."

"No ghlift, indeed, but just a zout
Who gave me a ferocious clout,
With which my consciousness gave out
Until I woke here."

"Oh, woe!" I cried out with a hiss
"Everything is sure amiss.
First two flat tires and now it's this.
I think I need a beer."

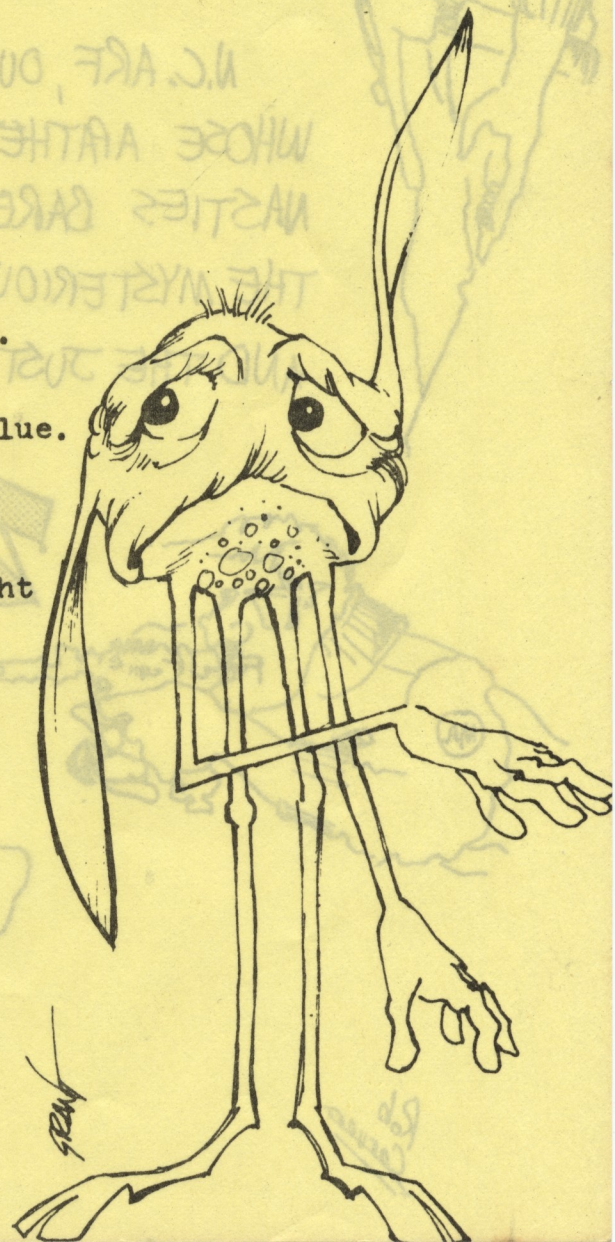
"A beer." He shrieked while turning blue.
"If that is all you people do,
I'm leaving this disgusting zoo:
I'm getting out of here."

I quaffed my suds and watched his flight
Into the clouds and out of sight
And in a whisper, tinged with spite,
I said, "I guess I win."

But then my eyelids winced in pain
For coming up the garden lane
Were three more Zilches in a train,
Oh, here we go again.

by

TerB



DEWINDO...
NEXT
RIGHT-
YER!!

WELL-
ATA
NOTHER
ONE



WHAT'S A "BOZO"?

FOR THAT MATTER, WHAT'S A "BUS"?



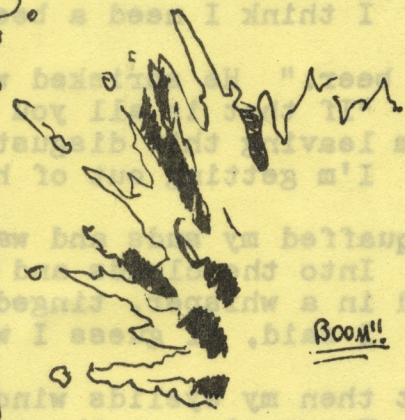
OUR

HERO

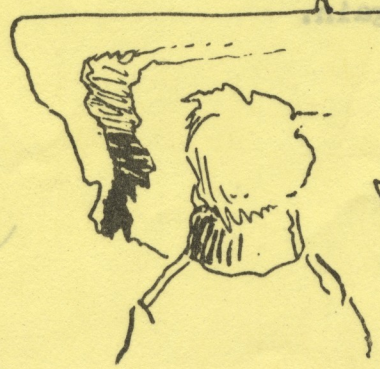
N.C. ARF, OUR HERO, DISPARATE SPACE ROVER, WHOSE APATHETIC DOINGS-IN OF VILLINOUS NASTIES BARELY SATISFIES HIS QUEST FOR THE MYSTERIOUS, THE SURREAL, SLIGHTLY ODD AND THE JUST PLAW WIERD.



ZAP!!



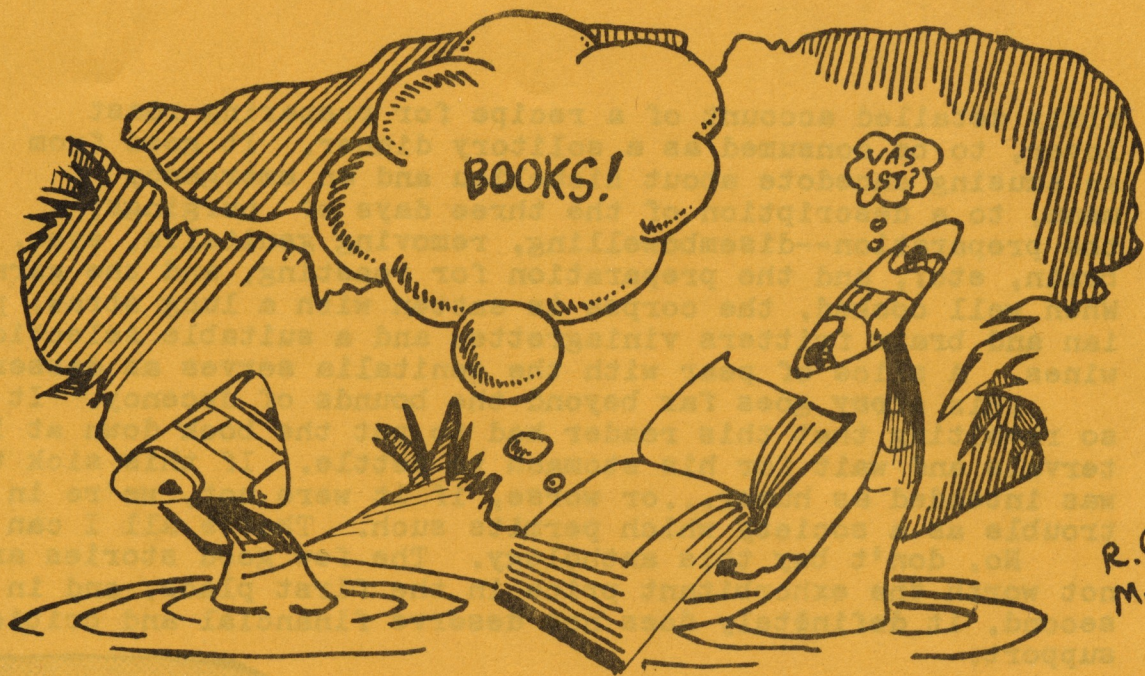
BOOM!!



WELL.
'ATSA
NOTHER
ONE

...CONTWUED
NEXT
LIGHT-
YEAR!!

Rob
Corcoran



by wilhelm paterson

QUARK 2, Samuel Delaney/Marilyn Hacker, eds. PB Library, 240pp
\$1.25

This is the first of the QUARK anthologies I've been have to lay hands on---a little newsstand on Central and Washington has 2-4, so...

This has not been a revelation.

The jacket blurbs QUARK 2 as "A quarterly review of speculative fiction by..." and the twelve authors who appear in the thing. There are, as well, many many pages of incompetent graphics by such nonentities as Roger Penny and Nemi Frost. None of them reaches up to the fifth grade level in terms of skill of execution, and none of them shows the slightest creativity in style or construction. Penney's are predominantly inept imitations of Dali's "explosion in a boilerroom" drawing style. In the others, there are glimpses of distorted Matisse's and Picasos, with Ingres and Boucher hiding in the wings.

The quality of the stories varies from the very incompetent first shot by John Sladek, "The Interstate," to Thomas Disch's extremely well handled "Et in Arcadia Ego," in all degrees.

It rapidly becomes apparant that formulaism is not dead in sf: the formula for QUARK approval becomes obvious: gratuitous sex or cannibalism, heavy on the sexual imagery. The few stories which do not include the QUARKmarks, such as Panshin's ARPAD, seem rather out of place, almost innocent idiocy, in the degeneration of the remainder of the book.

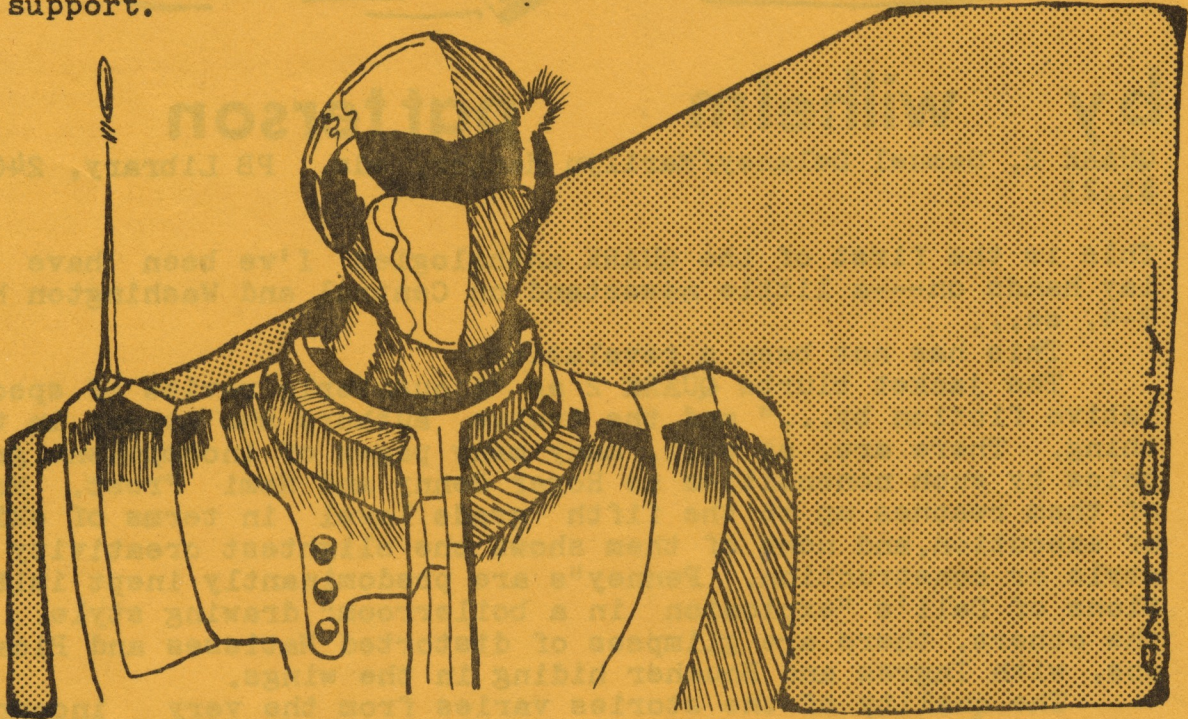
So much for "formulaism" in the Old Wave. Hummph.

The gem of the anthology is "The Last Supper," by Russell Fitzgerald (you may have difficulty locating particular stories. There is no contents page, and for some peculiar reason, the editors of this quarterly have placed author names at the end of their stories, rather than at the beginning.), which is a vi-

vidly detailed account of a recipe for preparing roast lover, to be consumed as a solitary dinner. It goes from an amusing anecdote about Richelieu and an emergency menu, to a description of the three days of purgings, the preparation--disembowelling, removing genitalia, eyes, brain, etc., and the preparation for roasting, and the garnish. When well cooked, the corpse is eaten with a lung straw, parmesian and brain fritters viniagrette, and a suitable selections of wines. A slice of pear with the genitalia serves as dessert.

This story goes far beyond the bounds of decency. It was so revolting that this reader had to put the book down at intervals and wait for his stomach to settle. If this sick thing was intended as humor...or worse, if it were not, we're in big trouble as a society which permits such. That's all I can say

No, don't buy this anthology. The few good stories are not worth the exhorbitant price in the first place, and in the second, it definately does not deserve financial and critical support.



BRING THE JUBILEE, Ward Moore, Balantine, 1953, 194 pp., 35¢

Yes, this is an old paperback. Yes, it is definitely worth looking for.

At rare intervals I discover old unknown paperbacks or hardbacks of which I have never heard but which turn out to be extremely good stories. Bring the Jubilee is one of these.

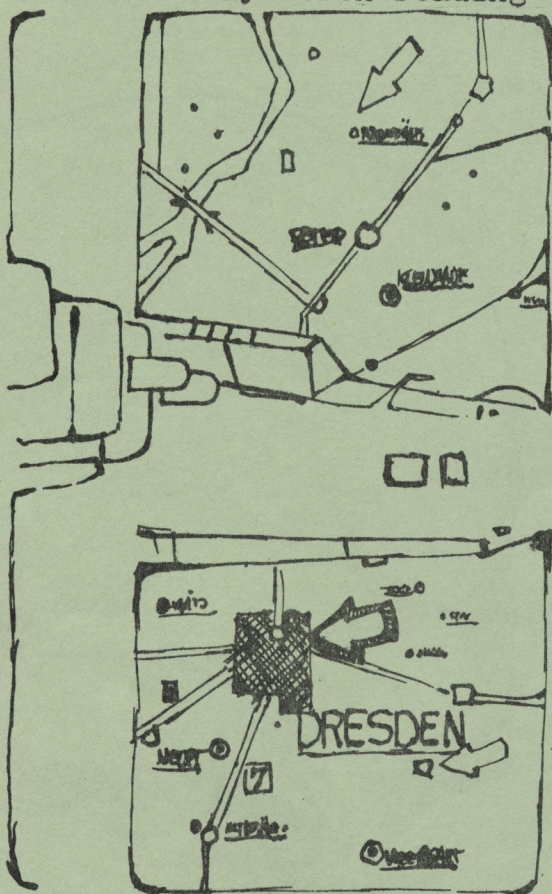
In an America in which the South had won the Civil War (called the War of Southern Independence), Hodge Backmaker struggles for a living in a poor United States, dominated by the Wealthy Soutern Nation in the South. Joining a communal society somewhat similar to the Princeton Institute for Advan-

ed Studies, treatise on the winning of the war of Southern Independence at Cemetery Hill at the Battle of Gettysburg, when he has the incredible opportunity to observe the actual battle via a time machine invented by woman physicist at the Institute. He returns to the day and changes history ever so slightly--he slows up the confederates, so that they do not take Cemetery Hill, and the North wins the Civil War. The time machine vanishes and he is trapped in 1866.

The novel is solidly written, and the dark colors in which Mr. Moore paints an America dominated by the South, glow with an internal light.

This is a classic without acclaim.

Definitely worth reading--and owning to read indefinitely.



SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE, Kurt Vonnegut, Dell, 215 pp, 95¢

Kurt Vonnegut almost had himself a fan in Phoenix--but he blew it with SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE.

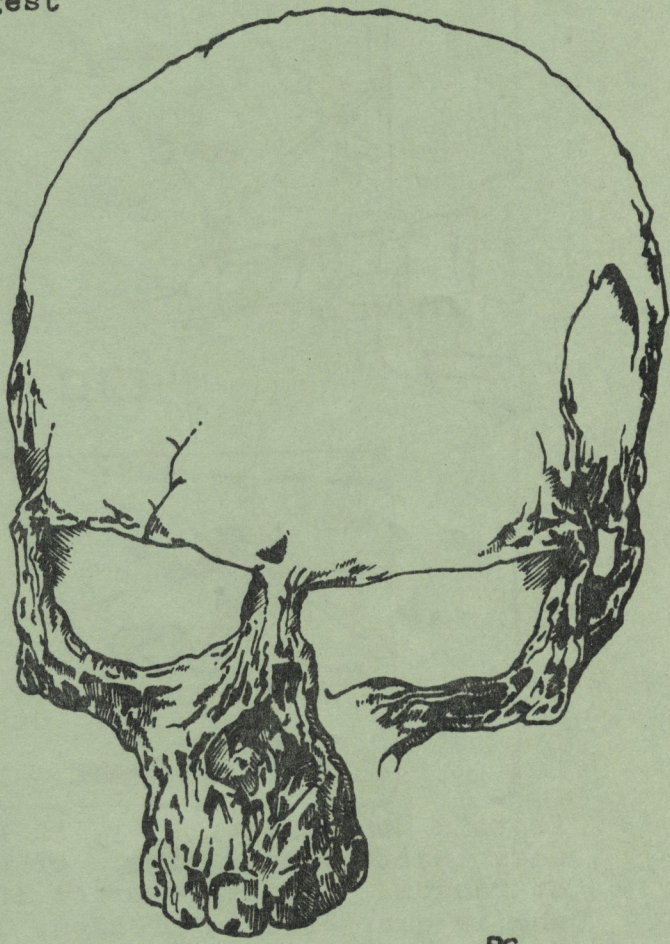
Vonnegut descends to the level of rank naturalism with this book, mixing "real" incidents from his life exterior to the novel, with the imagined or reported (Mr. Vonnegut was a German POW, a prisoner at a SCHLACHTHOF, and was present at the bombing of Dresden.) incidents in the odyssey of Billy Pilgrim, whose consciousness time-travels throughout his life. Although this often seem the fantasy, this ability allow him to predict with accuracy the moment of his death, and in manner. Further, he finds substantiation in other places. The story of Billy Pilgrim's life

is told non-consecutately, in flash-backs and forwards from some indeterminant time, or perhaps just from one another, at random. A story emerges of a POW in the Second World War who is quartered in Dresden, during the American/British Bombings. He is exchanged at the end of the war, and becomes a wealthy optometrist, is injured in a plane crash, is kidnapped to a planet of beings who perceive in four dimensions, Tralfamadore, as a zoo specimen, with the Earthling Blue-movie star Montana Wildhack. Somehow (this is never explained in the book) Billy is returned to earth, where he leads a perfectly normal life in every respect, except that "time-travels" occasionally, and, after the injury, begins telling people about

that and his capture to Tralfamadore. So it goes.

Mr. Vonnegut's expressed purpose for the book was anti-war. He did not achieve this. What he managed to achieve was an anti-American atrocity panegyric. The fact that American soldiers were unkempt and scarcely civilized beside their British allies, the American raid on Dresden and its effects are spot lighted in great detail, while the fact that similar events were occurring on the other side are lightly or subtly passed by. The causes and justifications of these actions and events are passed by, too. Defense and retaliation are given the same moral stature as aggression--in fact, the defenders are portrayed as the slightly ridiculous bad guys in SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE. And the protagonist, Billy Pilgrim, is the passive recipient of whatever happens.

If Mr. Vonnegut wants to write an anti-war book, I suggest he reread MOTHER NIGHT (from which characters occasionally appear in SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE, Benard V. O'Hare and Howard W. Campbell, Jr. among others) Busy, busy, busy.



RC

Westercon?

Westercon
in
Phoenix?

Yes, Phoenix in '75!

Pass
it
on...

BEWARE THE FROOM!

O lurkers, skulkers in th gloom,
What do you say?
Beware the froom!

O sweener, worker with a broom,
What do you say?
Beware the froom!

O hanny fellow, gay bridegroom,
What do you say?
Beware the froom!

O jailbird neath the shade of doom,
What do you say?
Beware the froom!

O gallant knight with tossing plume,
What do you say?
Beware the froom!

O sailor, drenched by salty spume,
What do you say?
Beware the froom!

O gruesome ghoul in lonely tomb,
What do you say?
Beware the froom!

O maiden, sitting near the loom,
What do you say?
Beware the froom!

O infant, fresh from mother's womb,
What do you say?
Beware the froom!

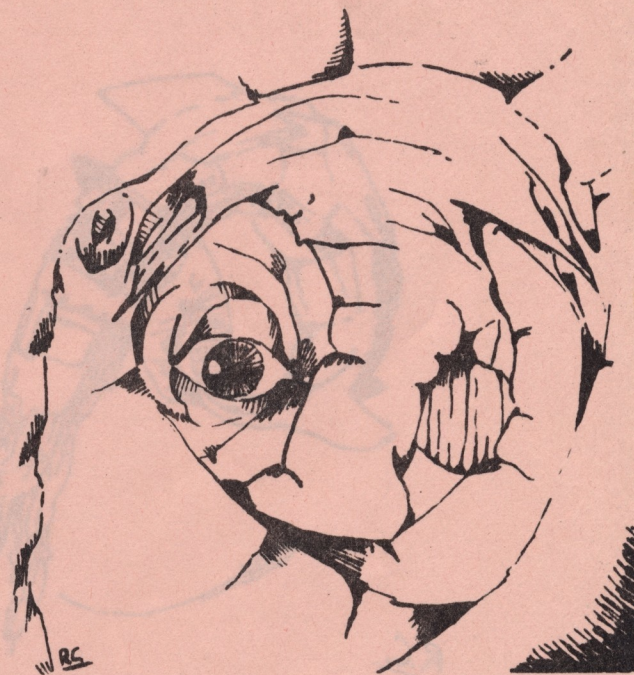
I begin to seethe and fume
When people say
Beware the froom!

I'll take no heed; I'll take no care
Because the froom ain't really there.

Oh, my God! What do I see?
The froom is coming after me

by

ken st. andre



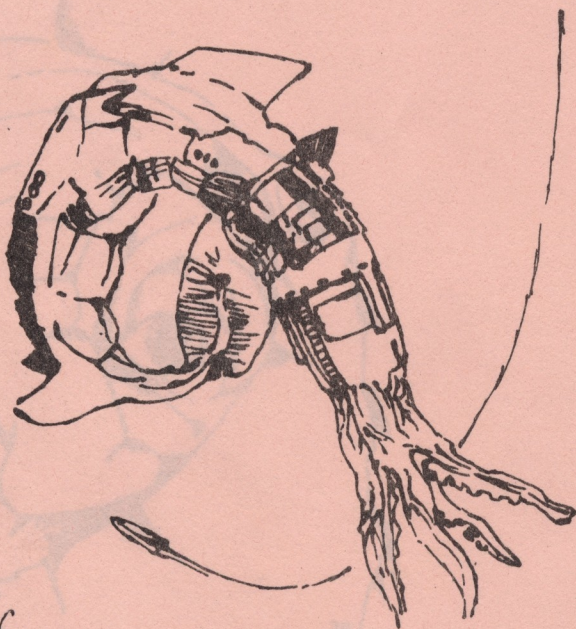
COMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

by TerB

When I first heard from Ken St. Andre that there was to be a con in Tempe in June, I could scarcely contain my excitement. Wow!!! A con right here in fanless Phoenix with all night movies and hucksters rooms and parties and all of that No drive to faroff California. Right here! My excitement increased when I talked to David Lee (co-chairman and one of the con's promoters). He painted a verbal picture of 500 people from all over the world coming to Phoenix. There would be SF writers, all those comic artists from New York, and many big booksellers. From that moment on, my enthusiasm began to wane.

Most of us in general fandom were interested in making contact with comic fandom in town, because we thought that the two groups should work together. However, it soon became clear that they did not care about meeting us, because they were obviously far superior anyway. The next week, a trio of comic fans dropped in at the club meeting for the purpose of being unimpressed with us and putting in a plug for the con. I soon discovered to my amazement that they knew nothing of SF fandom, and cared to know even less. Enthusiasm all around was beginning to wane.

Came the day of the con, the disappointment was immense, I went on Saturday, which should have been the biggest of the con. At first look, there seemed to be more booksellers than buyers. The whole convention was situated in the hucksters room. There were chairs set in one side of the room, and a screen for the films... booksellers were fre-



R.C.

quently vocal about the small turnout, and some of them were so disappointed that they didn't even bother manning their tables. We were starting to wonder why these people thought they could afford to make enemies.

It wasn't all bad. We were able to make contact with Tuscon fandom, which was a happy event. The people down there are putting on a week--long fantasy film festival, which will culminate with a speech by Vincent Price Being a Vaughn Bode collector, I was able to pick up more than a few things, and, Oh yes, I made maney. I had a few R.E. Howard Items for sale at the auction. When I asked for a \$4 minimum bid for Etchings in Ivory David Lee mumbled something about inflated minimum bids. The book easily went for \$8. When I Picked up my \$15 in total sales, David muttered

something else under his breath, and my spies tell me that he still goes around town bad-mouthing me to total strangers, Which is neither here nor there.

The best part of the whole con was the auction. The auctioneer was witty, loud, rude, unpredictable, and generally a laugh. This was great for a con that took itself dreadfully serious. C.C. Beck was there. He was the man who-originated Captain Marvel. Most of the time, he sat at a table signing things and talking to admirers. I didn't really have anything to say to him, but if you dig on Captain Marvel, you would have loved this con.

One more good thing. All drinks were a nickel. I bought lots of coffee. I needed it to stay awake. I suppose I'll go next year though, if there is a next year. You see there are still plenty more R.E. Howard books lying around here....

Hi! People, this your Resident Genius Speaking
Do you think this FANZINE is worth 25¢?
A mere QUARTER of a dollar? Well, then
send in a QUARTER to the editorial Address
And help send A STARVING FAN to College!!!



17 SF FANS CAN'T BE WRONG!

BLUNDERING BLADES!!

MIGHTIER THAN TOLKIEN!
FUNNIER THAN CONAN!
LOVELIER THAN LOVECRAFT!
BAWDIER THAN BAUDELAIRE!

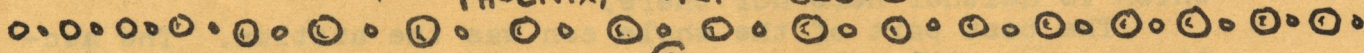


THE INCREDIBLE TRUE ADVENTURES OF TERRY BALLARD AND REN ST. ANDRE IN THE HYBOREAN AGE, THE PRESENT, AND VARIOUS ALTERNATE UNIVERSES. THESE STORIES HAVE KEPT PEOPLE LAUGHING FOR YEARS IN THE ORIGINAL FANZINE PRINTINGS, AND NOW THEY CAN BE YOURS IN ONE 40-PAGE BOOKLET.

"... SHADOW GUARDED TOMBS FEELS LIKE A LAUREL AND HARDY SCRIPT."
NED BROOKS

ONLY 80 COPIES WILL BE PRINTED, AND SOLD FOR 1\$ EACH. EACH BOOKLET WILL BE NUMBERED + SIGNED BY THE AUTHORS. ORDER FROM

HALFCOURT PRESS
% T. BALLARD
3219 E. EARL DR. #7
PHOENIX, AZ. 85018



ALSO FROM THE
HALFCOURT PRESS

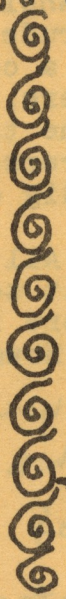
Abbie Hoffman sez:
"SF FANS CAN BE
JEWS TOO!"

GARUDA

HOMOR
ARTWORK
YAK
L.A. CON REPORT

25¢

TERRY BALLARD, ED.



A PAID
ADVERTISEMENT

WHY YOU GOT THIS:

- ___ Sample
- ___ You subscribe (fool)
- ___ You contributed
- ___ Your mentioned
- ___ We want to trade
- ___ Please review me
- ___ We hope you want to contribute to Phoenix zines
- ___ You are Wallace
- ___ You are Ladmo
- ___ You are Gerrold, Capt. Super, Marshall Good, Aunt Maude, and Half of a bad comedy team
- ___ You are Tim Kirk
- ___ You are a nice person to know
- ___ You are NOT a nice person to know
- ___ You are Harlan Ellison
- ___ You are not Harlan Ellison
- ___ You drew the Short straw in life.
- ___ We love your drawings
- ___ We love your cartoons
- ___ We love your writings
- ___ We love you
- ___ You use Ban
- ___ You are Harvey K. Smith
- ___ You are not Harvey K. Smith
- ___ You have a cute zip code
- ___ My dog is a fan of yours.
- ___ This is a chain letter fanzine.
- ___ Your short
- ___ Your dog can type
- ___ Your tall
- ___ Peter Lorre hasn't met you
- ___ You won a Hugo
- ___ Can we burrow your Hugo
- ___ You almost won a Hugo
- ___ Your fanzine gave us nasty reviews
- ___ You don't believe Phoenix is on the map
- ___ We have made you an honorary Cosmic Circle Member
- ___ We have picked you to be BNF' governor of Arizona

Editors Note: This would have been a letter page but due to lack of LoCs we decided against it.

WEN' YER DINN
 AN OUT, JUS
 LIT UP YER HEAD
 AN SHOUT



the last page

This is degrading--being given the last page to speak my mind. After all I am resident genius and all that rot. I wonder if there is a union I could complain to. Oh, well. That reminds me---for all you perverted nast-men who are reading this I am saying hello. I really hope you enjoy this because if you didn't I will start a chain letter of nasty notes all directed at you. And who said perverts die young. I really must thank my dog, Bismarck, for without his kind understanding I might never have gotten this out. He stayed up with me at night--howling so I would know that he cared if I got this out. He was so sweet---chasing cats while he drag a few stencils along with his muddy feet. He even used my typewriters keys for a step stool while he leaped up to eat the fly that was annoyng me. Dear sweet Bismarck-- may he rest in peace. Special thanks to Bill Patterson for giving me the correction fluid that I so badly needed. Thank you. If you liked this fanzine send me your name and address and Mark and I will send you a better one that we are nubblishing. By the way if there are any midget growers out there please send my brother Mark a nasty letter threatening to sue because he calls me an over-grown midget. Yawn. It is 9:00 in the morning and I've been typing since ten last night and my fingers are bleeding. See you when.

Pa

twibbet 5
box 7241
phx, az.

