

Dick Ellington

Innuendo

NUMBER 3

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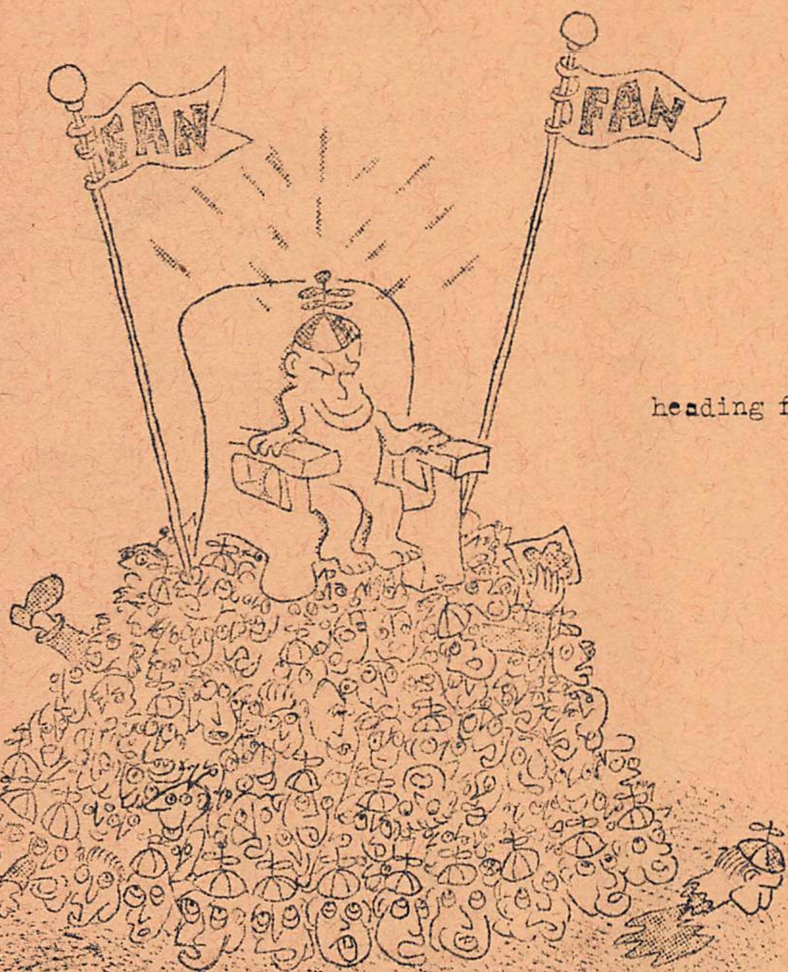
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"B.N.F."

INNUENDO is a high-class mag edited and published by David Pike and Terry Carr...addresses Box 203, Rodeo, California and 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 24, Calif., respectively. Inn goes out for free and thru various apae (this particular issue thru OMFA), and a limited number of copies are available for letters of comment. No subscriptions are accepted and all money received, either for subs or single copies, will be written off as your kind contribution to the Fund to Build a Tower to the Moon out of Beer Cans...i.e. we'll buy beer with it. Ads are accepted at 25¢ 1/4 page, 50¢ 1/2 page, and 75¢ a page... advertisers receive copies, if you're determined to get Inn thru money alone. We have lofty aspirations of publishing Inn every month. Isn't that noble?

Inn a Mist...

Now, about this tower-to-the-moon business... We have gone ahead on this and selected the back yard of Carl Brandon's place as the site on which the Tower will be erected. A survey of the site and some shrewd calculations have led to a few rather startling conclusions.

First, we decided to figure out just how high the Tower will have to be, which of course means we had to find out how high the moon is. I took a course in astronomy last year at college, you see, and I suggested that we try the triangulation method of determining the height. Well, the moon looked to be about 60 feet away from us, directly above a point at the rear of the yard. It was about 40 feet to that point, and the angle at our feet was about 20 degrees (figured by the ascension of the moon). That gave us side-angle-side. Figuring roughly, that works out to an approximate height of 15 or 20 feet for the moon (at that time only, of course...but that's the only time when the moon is directly above Carl's back yard anyway).

Let's say 20 feet for the height of the Tower (and of course we'll work it out more precisely later, since if it's too high the moon will topple it over as it passes). Now, we'll need a good base for the Tower (Carl has suggested a pyramid shape). Carl says it will take

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John Champion writes me that he is planning to issue "an index of books reviewed in ASF, Galaxy, and F&SF for the past six years, to sell for 50¢". I think this is "Wrong Thinking". Who wants an index of books which, for the most part, have been poor sellers and are currently selling at \$1 a copy from various hucksters and book sellers, or which have been sent thru Science Fiction Book Club at the same price; especially when SF Bk Club sends you free circulars which review the tomes they distribute and/or the hucksters mail out circulars which review their wares. Why pay 50¢ for an index of these reviews? This, I feel, will do Science Fiction little good. What Mr. Champion should do is to embark on a Constructive Project which will Further S-F.

Thruout fandom's history, there have been numerous projects and indexing works. Indexes of all of the pro-zines, an index of sfisy in mundane mags, an index of fantastic literature in books, an index of fanzines published, and so on. It is definitely surprising that the fans who have eagerly accumulated and read sfisy have not even attempted to produce an index which would prove to be of definite worth and importance to the field, and which would award the labors of the compilers and publisher with egoboo, fame and riches. What we need is an index of Sex in Science Fiction! For too long has

Inn a Mist

continued



about 2,000 cans to build a strong pyramid. And frankly, we are not even approaching this figure. But we have vowed that we will Do Better In The Future. We will step up our production of empty bheer cans! In this mad race between our country and Another, we must be first on the moon! Since we are great believers in Private Enterprise, we shall stand by our convictions and be more enterprising in our drinking.

Now, as to the size of the moon. At a distance of 60 feet, its apparent diameter is six inches. I'd say (though I haven't as yet worked it out mathematically) that it would really be about six feet in diameter. Bob was dubious as to the use in reaching such a small object in the sky...he even went so far as suggesting a discontinuation of the Tower project and concentration on harpooning the moon with a churchkey, bring the mountain to Mohammed as it were. I think, however, that no matter how small the moon may be, it will afford us an Advantageous Position, and therefore is a worthwhile target for the Tower project. Besides, we have done so much hard work preparing empty cans for the Tower that it would be a shame to quit now.

Bob suggested another alternate plan, which is genius-like in its simplicity. He suggests changing the target to the sun, which he says rises just over the house across the street from him, every morning. His plan calls for a volunteer (he would not volunteer himself) to climb to the roof of the house and mount the sun at the beginning of its ascent. We thought at first that the heat of the sun would be prohibitive, but he reminded us that the heat at that time is only 50 or 60 degrees, quite comfortable. Of course, we would have to check weather forecasts and pick a chilly day for the experiment, since around high noon it gets pretty hot and it would be rather disconcerting to have to jump from such a great height.

However, I consider the Tower to the Moon project as potentially much more fruitful, since we would have access to the moon in all sorts of weather (although only at night, of course). But Bob's suggestion merits serious consideration.

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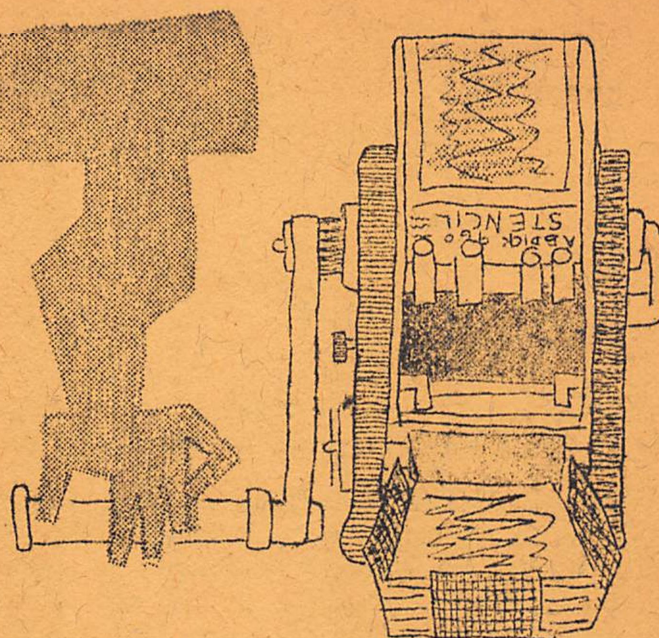
In the next Inn we will have a trublu fannish comic strip for the large percentage of our readership who would rather look at pitchers than bother with printed matter. It will center around a young trufan, his trials, aspirations, &cetera. However, we find ourselves singularly (or doubly) uninspired as to a name for this fellow, hence we are announcing a Big Contest. We need a name which will just ooze trufannishness; a sensitive, fannish moniker...whoever suggests the best name will win our Big Contest. Innuendo, of course, is not cliché-ridden...we are forever introducing daring new thought-variants, and such is the case here. Our contest is Different! It is Radical, Imaginative! In other words, there will be no prizes.

But we hope you'll suggest a sensitive fannish name anyway.

-- Terry Carr

the ~~INDEX~~

continued



this field been neglected by all but the shy pornographers who would purchase the first issue of Universe, or Marvel Tales along with copies of Spicy Detective, Horror Stories, and the like. What we need is a work to bring long-needed recognition to S-F. To give it its proper place in world literature. For too long have the pap-for-the-masses sex stories as personified in a slew of mediocre paperbacks hold sway over the field that is rightfully that of Science Fiction. There are undoubtedly a multitude of connoisseurs who would virtually drool at the mere thought of anticipating such an Index. Numerous collectors who never peered inside their periodicals save for art pose anthologies would eagerly purchase copies of the Index, desiring to read up on their favorite specialty.

The Index would detail stories and articles and the like according to the acts performed therein. A section for sadism, another for masochism, incest, necrophilia, fornication, sodomy, and the like. A delight to stimulate everyone. Along with this section would be a sampling of typical and enticing quotes from representative yarns. There would also be a comprehensive listing of authors whose works are listed in the Index, with special emphasis on the more prolific, and likewise one for the periodicals in which the various and sundry stories, articles, and the like appeared.

Sample copies of the Index, sent out to hucksters, publishers and the like should draw an immediate response of large orders from them, for they will be quick to realize that a copy of the Index included with a price list, which will just happen to list magazines containing stories which are presented in the Index, will result in an instant increase of sales and ^{LESSENED} resistance from the fans to their outrageous prices. Publishers will jump onto the bandwagon and issue anthology after anthology containing the best stories which appeared in the Index. Sales of back issue mags will thrive, as will those of reprint mags and hardcover books. A quarterly review could be issued to keep the fans up on contemporary S-F and the sex therein. The long-sought-for true recognition for the stories of yore, those thrilling epics with that intangible "Sense of Wonder" would be had, and Science Fiction would enter its golden age of acceptance by the people and as the literature of the world. Hugo Gernsback would once more embark upon publishing a SF magazine, this time entitled Science Fiction Plus c/w Sexology c/w Scientific Experimentor.

An Index of Books Reviewed in ASF, Galaxy, and EC-SF.....bah!

— David Rike

Fancylopedia
FOREVER!



The foreward to the Fancylopedia tells something of its origins, and this part of the article is only intended to fill that in.

It was natural that i became interested in this kind of project at the time i did. I had been strongly stefistic almost from my entry upon the scene, being fascinated by the aspects of fandom as a society, as distinguished from its relation to fantasy fiction. By the end of the thirties, the microcosm had lasted long enuf to have acquired a considerable body of special lore, understanding of which enabled the veterans to feel superior to the barbarians. As a fannish veteran, i could both gratify this sense of superiority, and do the neophytes a favor, by explaining things to them.

I had already put my hand to the consecutive treatment of fandom, in Up to Now (1939) and a simplified history some years after. That kind of presentation has its own advantages, especially for the person who knows little about the field. But most readers are waist-deep in fandom before they come upon such a work anyhow. There seemed little point in taking up their time with facts they already know (which would have to be inserted in a book intended to be read from beginning to end by raw newcomers as well as the more established), and when there is something they do want to know — maybe they have just caught an allusion to "unendurable ecstasy indefinitely prolonged" for example — they should be able to find out about it without reading a whole book. Moreover, many things, such as the phrase just quoted, cannot be explained in a consecutive account like The Immortal Storm (which appeared later, you understand) without interrupting the narrative.

For these and similar reasons, the encyclopedia or dictionary method of arranging the material appealed to me (but i must say that i think many of the original purchasers of Fancylopedia read it straight thru), and i probably first suggested to someone, "Why doesn't somebody publish an encyclopedic dictionary of fandom?" before i thought very seriously of doing it myself.

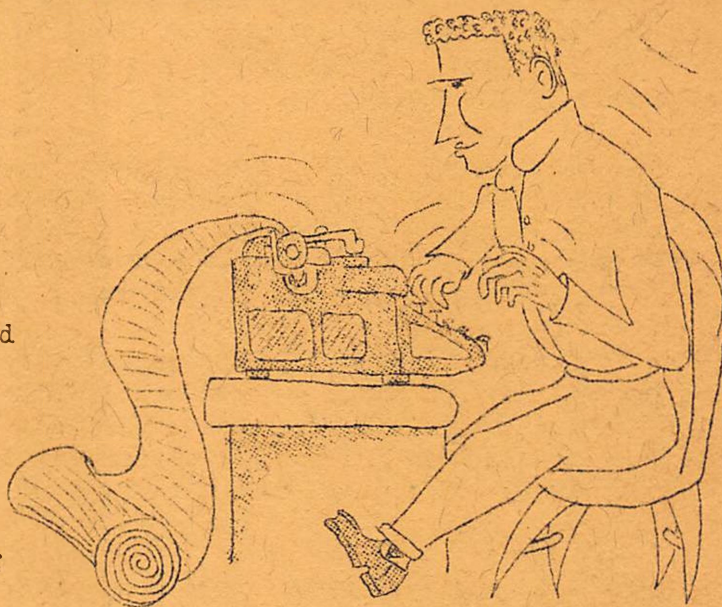
But there are various kinds of encyclopedias. From working with both the Encyclopedia Britannica, which features long articles, and an encyclopedia similar to the Columbia, i had developed a strong predisposition toward the short-article treatment, which tells a man quickly what he wants to know. Applying this method to the Fancylopedia may have been ill advised at times; perhaps a skeleton of the history of fandom should have been collected under "History" instead of remitting the reader to "Second Transition", "Third Fandom", etc. But generally, i still prefer the use of a large number of short articles to a smaller number of longer ones.

Elmer Perdue has mentioned some stencils for Fancylopedia that he saw. These were never published. They were cut in the winter of 1939-40, without any rough draft or other guide except a compilation of the headings which i contemplated covering. I typed a few pages in this manner, but the project was too

big to undertake in that manner.

The name Fancylopedia was suggested by Phil Bronson, i believe, about the time that it was adopted as an MTF project. Though doubt remained as to whether it would actually be published, i went at the preperation of the manuscript with more feeling of responsibility.

My method of assuring complete coverage of my subject was to begin by writing the articles about the broadest topics, fantasy and activity, and then go thru these articles and write other articles about each term used in them that seemed to call for further explanation. For example, in describing fantasy, i natureally used the expressions science-fiction weird fiction, and pure fantasy. Then in the article on science-fiction, such words as extrapolation would appear (sometimes they were deliberately employed), about which a separate paragraph would be written later and placed in the appropriate alphabetical location afterward. The result of this method was that i omitted thru oversight almost nothing that I wanted to cover, under the theory of the work.



It would be hard to say for how many revolutions this spiral was continued. I would go thru the lengthening manuscript, typing new articles, then go thru the new articles to pick up additional terms that needed explanation, and so on, and every time i added articles, i would comb them for additional subjects. Eventually, however, the volume of new subjects thus suggested tapered down. I also went thru the entire typescript a time or two, both to change the wording, and to pick up anything i had overlooked that should be expounded.

When the first stage of the work was finished, i clipped apart the articles that i had thus written, on split sheets, and scotch taped them together again in alphabetical order. The long slender strings of typing were wound on a number of rodlike pieces of cardboard, something like an ancient parchment. From these scrolls i typed on split sheets, one column wide, an original and carton of the basic typescript. After it was first presented to other eyes, a few changes were made in this, chiefly the insertion of avoidances which i had carefully catalogued.

This first presentation was on a trip to New York in midwar, during which Doc Lowndes and Julius Unger examined parts of it. Unger seemed to want to publish it himself, something which i didn't fancy because of the carelessness with which he produced MTF, but the burden of his argument was that i should turn out a larger first edition than i had planned. I yielded on that to some extent. Unger also published in advance the article on the Cosmic Circle, which i wrote after the ms was circulating to its critics (Dagler was in his prime at this time).

The manuscript (by which i mean typescript), crudely pinned together, was put in circulation, roundrobinwise, to the varied critics named in the foreword. I was worried about its getting lost, but the postoffice refused to register it,

Fancylopedia Forever--III

because of the pin. Most of the critics kept it for some time but made little comment on it. The Futurians, apparently, made some pencil notations of ambiguous import, perhaps intended to be explained in a letter (for one thing, i think they were going to make some protest about the charming little item regarding psychiatrists' vacations). But the only letter i saw from them was from Wollheim to Ackerman, the next man on the chain, forwarding the ms and denouncing the puny attempts at humor in it, because they proceeded from such a fascist mentality as mine. Ackerman gave me a good letter of criticism on the manuscript.

I had expected to sent it to Bronson for stencilling, but as my projected departure overseas was held up by some snafu, i had time before leaving Washington to cut the stencils myself. This enabled me to make a number of minor changes i would not have done otherwise, and it avoided the possibility of mistakes for which someone else would be to blame.

I had filled out each line of the ms with nulls so i could justify the right-hand margins, and i did this, though changes in wording sometimes threw the justification off (and with nonstop paragraphing, the difference carried over from paragraf to paragraf). One thing i was not aware of was that my corflu was not working as well as it should have been. After i saw the result, i felt like revoking my poem in praise of obliterate.

Sometime early in 1944, the stencils were finished, and i sent them off to Bronson. The rest is on record: Bronson's gaffiopathy, Daugherty's Santa Monica Blitzkrieg to get the stencils, Ackerman's slave-driving of himself and others to get it reproduced and assembled, while his social world crashed about his ears. At the suggestion of Laney, i believe, the finished product was bound in heavy paper so that it could be mailed at book rates, which saved more than the cost of the covers, and made a handsomer publication. In a year or two the edition was almost sold out, and the price on the last copies was raised.

The publication marked my definite graduation to BNFdom. It also tended to stamp fandom with my version of its past. I hope the total effect has not been bad.

Reactions immediately after publication were mixed. Laney seems to have been scornful of the thing at first, perhaps because he was just going over to the Knaves side in the first great LASTS blowup, but afterward was impressed. 4SJ told me that i should be there to lap up the praise that was coming in, but i saw little of that. I had earnestly requested that people write me about errors and omissions, and a few did, but perhaps more wrote in very general terms of criticism.

Among those who got specific, Ossie Train bitterly criticized an off-hand reference to himself, and an apparent projection of my name where it didn't belong. There were other criticisms based on the emphasis given to fan feuds. Doubtless there was some justification to this, but when i resolved at the outset not to duplicate what was in the S-F Check List, i closed the door on a large part of the constructive activity of fandom, its individual fanzines.

My self-criticism has been as intense as any of this. When i found what the second verse was of "And my mind goes soaring upward", i wished i could expunge that. I felt, and feel, that certain classifications and

attempted definitions, such as pamphlets and booklets, were uncalled for (but none of these were as bad as the categorical analysis and synthesis, which I had listed for headings in the abortive edition), and that others should have been different; for example, the names of clubs should not have been collected according to whether they called themselves associations or societies or something else. Ideas I held at the time, which were embodied in Cy, such as the preference for regional fan organizations, were afterward changed, and there are other little things here and there that gave me twinges. Perhaps the toughest test was a couple of merchant marine cadets looking up things about me in it while I looked on: it is ever a trial to watch savages handling our culture.



Yet there's more pleasure than pain to me in Fancylopedia, and I give some thought to its further development. For reasons which Harry Warner has pointed out, Cy is out of date now, even in its descriptions of the world before 1944. It would have been Timesque pseudo-objectivity to speak in the past tense of persons who were still active at the time of publication, but the past tense is very appropriate now for most of them. Then emphasis must change as the purposes for which something is to be used change, and I sometimes wonder what, if anything, could be told about the many personal things mentioned in the original, if a revision were to be produced for today's much larger and less closely knit fandom.

A supplement or revision of Fancylopedia was in my mind from the first, when I asked that corrections and additions be sent in. On the ship coming back from Africa I started a biographical index intended to accompany the supplement, which would mention every article in the book in which a given person's name appeared. The move for a supplement never got very far, however.

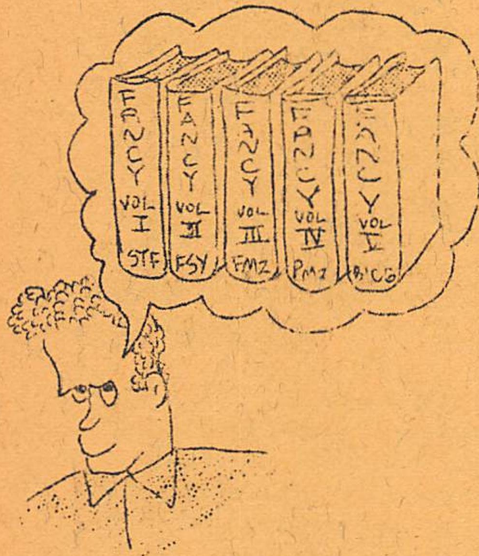
In recent years, there has been some interest in publishing a revised edition. Once somebody theoretically undertook this for the N3F. Boggs and Willis actually formed a three-man committee to work on it. But last year Boggs withdrew, on the ground that he could not give the time to it to carry out the revising and updating as he believed it should be done. For nearly as many years of fandom have elapsed since 1943 as elapsed from the beginning of fandom to that date, and it has been a much larger fandom, more devoted to coining terms, harder to keep track of.

This suggests the desirability of a large committee working on a revision, but I do not believe that it can be done by a voluntary committee. A good many years' pulling and hauling at fan to channel their impulse for wild self-expression into pedestrian constructive tasks has disillusioned me on that score, and experience with the N3F and the like has made me a confirmed individualist in certain respects.

Yet the thought of an up-to-date and vastly enlarged Fancylopedia still haunts me. I had even given it a name, using the augmentative suffix -on, but a classical student tells me that the word encyclopedia is ultimately of Greek origin, and the Latin suffix would not be appropriate. The project

Fancylopedia Forever---

as i imagine it would be very expensive in time and money, but it would be ne plus ultra.



It would be a total encyclopedia of fantasy and fandom. It would combine in itself all of the indexes of books and prozine stories, and classify them decimally. There would be comprehensive treatment of all recognized aspects of fantasy instead of the scattered Fancylopedia articles on dressed-up mundane, ghouls, ktp. There would be basic biographical data on every author as well as every fan. On the stef-nistic side, it would incorporate Pavlat's revision of the S-F Check List, including all one-shot broadsides, though not necessarily with all the data about each which Swisher and Pavlat compiled. All local clubs as well as other organizations would be listed as a matter of course. Conventions, incidents, and terminology since 1943 would be treated as fully as in the original work. Almost everything in The

Immortal Storm would be included in some form. It--

Steady, Juffus. You wasted the better part of your youth on that stuff. You want corrupt somebody else?

Jack Speer 19 May 56

Do fans still "faunch"? --Don Wegars 1956

In the bar drinking with Tony Boucher, I suggested that the next time someone writes a story with stf fans for characters, like The Case of the Little Green Men or his Rocket to the Morgue, the author should take a cue from Laney and write in a realistic style.

"You know, put lots of queers in it!"

Boucher seemed delighted with the idea and he agreed that it should go over big with the serious constructive element of fandom.

Martin Alger, REVOLTING DEVELOPMENT
AT THE CHICON, FAPA Mlg #61.

(Paid Advt.)

Dennis Rike, Box 203, Rodzo, California would like to receive fanzines, in return for which he will comment, subscribe, or contribute.

Let us say at the outset that we dislike serials in fanzines. But, at the risk of sounding like Pete Vorzimar, we have here a piece which is too good to reject and too long (20,000 words) to print in one issue. So Carl's magnum opus will be serialized in Inn for the next six issues.

Cacher of the

by Carl Brandon



HOTEL EDMONT



The Glades of Gafia

I.

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is why I read stf, and all the funny things I've said at conventions, and how my parents give me odd looks when they see me with a fanzine, and all that Norman G. Browne kind of crud, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth. In the first place, I hardly ever read stf, and in the second, my parents are fans. Besides, I'm not going to tell you my goddam memoirs or anything. Plenty of others have done that type crap: stories about all the queers that belonged to the local fanclub, or about all of the bums that would come to your house all the time begging a meal and a place to sleep and then insult your mother, or come in drunk at four in the morning. No, it's not at all like that; I'll just tell you about this fakefan stuff that happened to me around last Labor Day just before I got gafia. I mean that's all I told R. A. about, and he's my brother and all. He's in Wisconsin, and he just bought this new Jaguar car. He's got a lot of dough, now. He didn't use to. He used to be just a fan writer. He wrote this terrific fannish story, "The Skarf," in case you never heard of him. It killed me. Now he's out in Wisconsin, being a filthy pro. If there's one thing I hate, it's stfmags. Don't even mention them to me.

Where I want to start telling is the day I dropped out of FAPA. FAPA is the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. You've probably heard of it, or seen the ads, anyway...they've always got a line about it being the place where old fans go to die. Like as if there was nothing in it but old guys. Strictly for the birds. There aren't any more old fans in FAPA than in any other goddam

The Cacher of the Rye--II

fancub. Maybe two of them. If that many. And they were probably old when they entered FAPA.

Anyway, it was the Saturday I got a phone call from Patlav telling me that I'd been dropped from FAPA and asking me to come over and see him. I forgot to tell you about that. I wasn't going to get any more mailings after the August one, on account of I hadn't fulfilled my activity requirements. They gave me frequent warnings to start publishing--especially at the end of each year of my membership, when I had to dash off a fanzine--but this time I didn't do it. So I got the ax. They give guys the ax quite frequently in FAPA. It has a pretty fast turnover since they passed the amendment raising activity standards. It really has.

Anyway, it was September and all, and kind of cold, so I got to Patlav's house as fast as I could. Boy, I rang that doorbell fast when I got to old Patlav's place. I was really frozen. I could hardly move my fingers at all. I couldn't even have typed now is the time for all good fen to come to the bheerbhust. I really couldn't have.

Patlav opened the door and we went into his room. The minute I went in, I was sort of sorry I'd come. He was reading MASQUE, and everything smelled like correction fluid. It was pretty depressing.

Well, right away it started. "What's the matter with you, boy?" old Patlav said. He said it pretty tough, too, for him. "How many pages did you publish this year?"

"Five."

"Five. And what place did you get in the FAPA popularity poll?"

"Fortieth. I got a vote as an artist," I said, "because I did all them drawings one night at a bheerbhust. I mean I didn't have to do any work on them at all hardly, except stencil them."

"I dropped you out because you didn't have your activity requirements in," Patlav said. He was the secretary-treasurer. "Would you care to hear the one page that you wrote this year?" he asked.

"No, not very much," I said. He read it anyway, though. You can't stop a guy when he wants to do something.

Well, this is another zine being hacked out to make activity requirements, or maybe come close. Or something. Who cares? Sometimes I wonder if I do. It's too much work writing stuff for FAPA. Besides, I don't have anything to say. I really don't.

I had to sit there and listen to that crap. It certainly was a dirty trick.

Well, since I don't have anything to say, I guess I'll say nothing. Nothing. There, I said it. And yes, I know that is terrible. But I really don't have anything to say at all, and I have to fill up this goddam page some way, don't I? Hey, I think I'll write a poem. That



PATLAV

The Cacher of the Rye—III

takes up a lot of space.

Little Willie, with chagrin,
Pulled out his typer and put some paper in.
Didn't have a thing to say, just like me,
But had to make up his activity.

He stopped reading and put my mag down. I was beginning to sort of hate him. "Your editorial, shall we say, ends there. It was all doublespaced." He said it sarcastic as hell. "Do you blame me for dropping you?" he asked.

"No! I certainly don't," I said.

"How do you feel about all this? I'd be very interested to know. Very interested." He was always repeating himself. Boy, it made me mad. "If I'm not mistaken, I believe you also had to drop out of SAFA and 7APA." He didn't say it just sarcastic, but sort of nasty, too.

"I didn't have too much difficulty in 7APA," I told him. "I didn't exactly get dropped or anything. I just quit, sort of."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Why? Oh, it's pretty complicated." I didn't feel like going into the whole thing with him. One of the biggest reasons I quit 7APA was because it was so full of phonies. That's all. For instance, they had this guy who put your name on the list and never even asked you if you wanted to join. I can't stand that stuff. I hated that goddam 7APA.

Old Patlav asked me, "Don't you even care about egoboo?"

"Oh, I care about it, all right. Sure. Sure, I do." I thought about it for a minute. "But not too much, I guess."

"You will," old Patlav said. "You will, boy. You will when it's too late."

I didn't like hearing him say that. It made me sound like I was out of fandom or something. It was very depressing. "I guess I will," I said. All of a sudden I just couldn't stand to stay in that damned place, with that copy of MASQUE sitting there and the mimeo over in the corner and the cruddy smell of correction fluid all over the place. "Look," I said, "~~I gotta go~~." He started to say something again, but I cut in on him. He was probably just going to lecture me again. "I'll be all right. I'm just gafiating right now. Everybody gafiates and all, don't they?"

"I don't know," he muttered. "I don't know."

"Sure. Sure they do," I said. I hated the way he kept repeating himself. "I mean it."

Then we shook hands. And all that crap. It made me feel sad as hell, though. After I left he yelled something at me, but I couldn't exactly hear him. I'm pretty sure he yelled, "Who saved Courtney's boat?" at me. I hope not. I hope to Ghu not. I'd never yell that at anybody. It sounds terrible, when you think about it.

II.

I'm the most terrific hoaxter you ever saw in your life. It's awful. If I'm on my way to the corner store to buy some stencils, even, and somebody asks

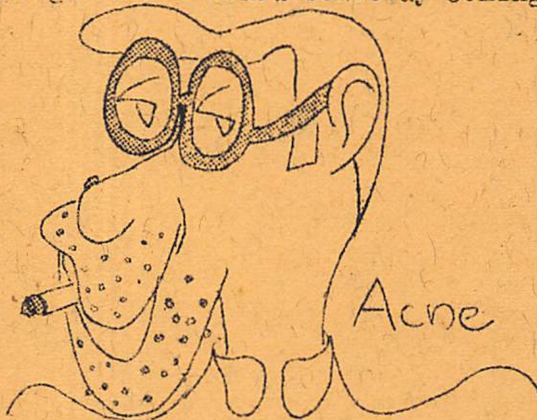
The Catcher of the Rye--IV

me where I'm going, I'm liable to say I'm going to a convention. It's terrible. So when I told old Patlav I had to go, that was a lie. I didn't have any place special to go. I really didn't.

I went back to the slanshack and grabbed a fanzine to read, and then I put on this beanie that I'd bought in town that day. It was this red and green beanie, with one of these very, very big propellers. It only cost me 69¢. The way I wore it, I bent the stem of the propeller so it was sticking toward the back--very corny, I'll admit, but I liked it that way. I looked good in it that way. Then I sat down in a chair with the fanzine. There were two chairs in every room. I had one and my room-mate, Ward Fanletter, had one.

This fanzine I was reading was one I'd got in the mail the day before, as a sample copy. I thought it was going to stink, but it didn't. It was very fannish. I'm quite illiterate, but I can read fanzines. My favorite fan writer is my brother R. A., and my next favorite is Bob Tucker. My brother gave me a book by Tucker, only it was signed Wilson Tucker. It had all these fan names in it, even though it was a stf novel. It had Lee Hoffman as a young kid who gets killed. That killed me, it really did. What I like best is a book that's funny once in awhile. I read a lot of classical books like "The Catcher in the Rye" and all, and I like them, but I don't glee over them at all. What I really glee over, I really glee over a book that, when you're all done reading it, you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call him up whenever you felt like it. I wouldn't mind calling this Bob Tucker up, except that R. A. told me he's dead.

Anyway, I put on my beanie and sat down and started reading that fanzine, RETRIBUTION. I'd only read about a page, though when I heard somebody coming in the door. Even without looking up, I knew right away who it was. It was Robert Acne, this guy that roomed right next to me. About 85 times a day old Acne barged in on me, and he never knocked. He was a very funny guy. He'd been in FAPA for four years, but nobody ever called him anything except "Acne." He had this terrific sensitive fannish face, but he never brushed his teeth. He said he used to have a toothbrush, but now he just used it to clean the keys on his typer when he was stencil-ling. And he had pimples all over his whole face, too. Besides, he was sort of a fugghead. I didn't like him very much, to tell the truth.



He just stood there at the door, looking around to see if old Fanletter was home. He hated Fanletter's guts. Then he said "Hi" and came in. I didn't look up. I just said "Hi" back. He started walking around the room, picking up my personal stuff. He always did that. Gha, it made me mad. It really did. All the time he did that. I peeked around and saw him looking at my gallery of fan pictures. He always looked at them, and then put them back in the wrong place. Then he came over and looked over my shoulder, standing right in my light. "What the hell ya reading?" he said.

"Goddam fanzine."

"Any good?" he said.

The Cacher of the Rye--V

"This sentence I'm reading is terrific." I can be quite sarcastic when I'm in the mood. "I've read the same sentence twenty times since you came in." He didn't get the hint, though. He just started walking around the room picking up my personal stuff and Fanletter's. Finally I put the fanzine down. You couldn't read anything when Acne was around. You really couldn't.

I yawned and settled way the hell down in my chair and watched old Acne making himself to home. Then I started horsing around a little bit. What I did was, I pulled my beanie down over my eyes. "I think I'm going blind," I said in this very sensitive fannish voice. "Everything's getting so dark in here."

"You're nuts. I swear to Ghu," Acne said.

"Acne, give me a couple bottles of bheer. Please give me two bheers, because I'm already blind drunk. Aw come on, be a TEXAN."

"For the love of Ghu, what for?"

"I'm gonna make a pair of glasses out of the bottoms of the bottles." I started groping around in front of me, like a blind guy, and I kept saying, "Acne, why won't you give me the bheer?"

"For the love of Ghu, don't be a fugghead."

It sure annoyed the hell out of old Acne. I was feeling sort of sadistic, the way I do sometimes when I write fanzine reviews. Finally I quit, though. I pulled the beanie back up on my head and sat back.

"Whose is this?" Acne said. He was holding the first issue of my roommate's fanzine. That guy Acne would pick up anything. He'd even read some of that crud that old Fanletter had written two years before, out loud. I told him it was Fanletter's and he threw it on the bed. He took another look at my beanie. "You're supposed to wear those at conventions," he said. "That's a convention beanie."

"Like hell it is," I said. "I wear it when I'm gafiating. It's a gafia beanie. Even Fanletter says so."

He sat down and scratched himself. "That Fanletter's a conceited fugghead," he said.

"He's sort of fuggheaded, but he's very generous," I said. "Look. Suppose Fanletter had an article you liked. You know what he'd do? He'd let you print it. He really would. Or maybe he'd even stencil it up for you. Most guys wouldn't even--"

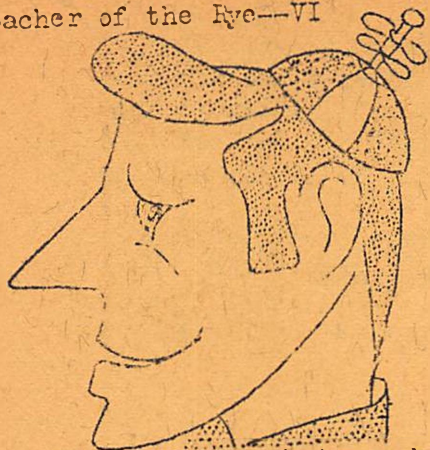
"Hell, if I had as much material as he has, I would too."

"Na you wouldn't, Acne kid. If you had his material you'd be another goddamn Ellison."

"Stop calling me 'Acne kid,' Ghu damn it. I've been in fandom long enough to be your sponsor for the NFFF."

"Like hell," I said. Boy, he never missed a chance to let you know he was a fifth fandomite. "In the first place, I wouldn't join the goddam N3F."

FANLETTER
R



door, so he could stick it on his head fast when he went out the door. Then he went in the bathroom to shave. Acne had left.

"Where's the femnefan?" I asked.

"She's waiting at her house. We're going out to the planetarium."

.....
end of part one
.....

After reading my 7 pages of comments on Warner's "Close of a Fan Career," my wife said to me, "Is there no possibility of your dying in bed with me?"

"No!" I declared. "I am going to die 'in harness': sitting at my typewriter, reading a magazine, attending a meeting, talking at a Convention. I am going on and on and on, like Al Jolson; everybody around me will drop, but I will still be a fan!"

"Forry," she said, petting me to calm me down, "don't you worry about it, there is no doubt about it that you are unique, that nobody loves science fiction as much as you do."

But she had planted a seed of doubt in my mind. With anxiety falsetto-ing my voice I said, "What - what if I should die in bed?! Swear to me you would keep my guilty secret and tell the world you found me at my typewriter with my fingers on the keys s-t-f."

"They will find you at your typewriter," she promised. "But there will be a message in it: I HATE SCIENCE FICTION, signed Forrest Ackerman."

Forrest Ackerman, "End As A Fan,"
HORIZONS #46, Spring, 1951.

It was not a full Insurgent meeting, as the only other members present was Killdozer Rotsler, who kept popping in and out all day, and was so preoccupied that he spelled my name wrong in letters two inches high. Something I found most unforgiveable... I've never spelled Rotsler wrong.

Rich Sheary, "An Outlander at an Insurgent Meeting," BURLINGS, May, 1951.

"Go away, NFFF, and stop nuzzling my spine bones; it is not seemly."
Burbée, BURLINGS #4, Aug. 1948

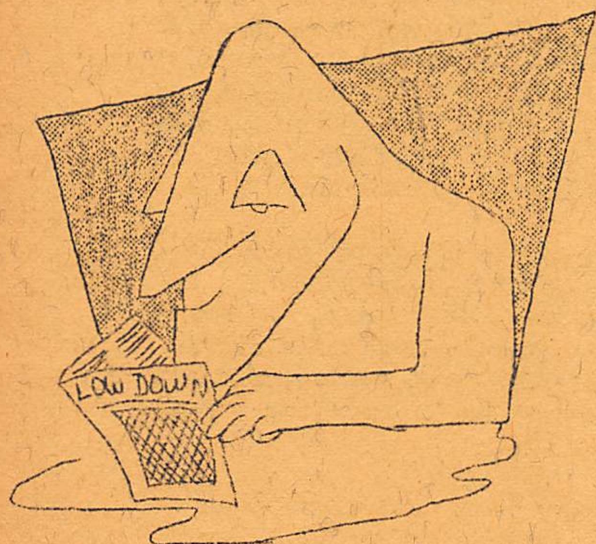
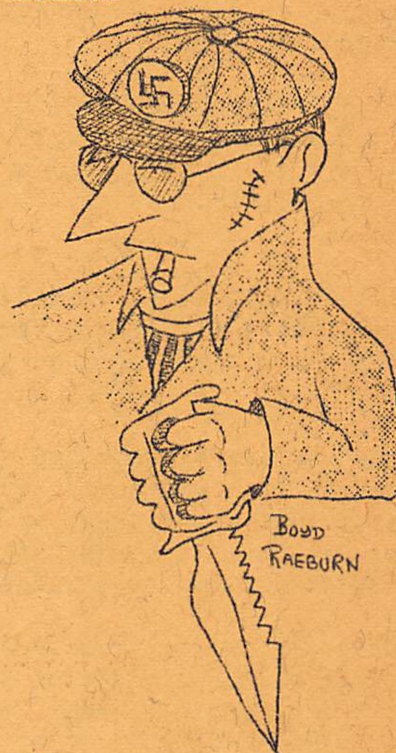
The Impractical Plot of Boyd Raeburn

X

My good friend David Rike, who is a Clear Thinking, Clean Minded person, has pointed out to me a Vicious Communistic Plot which is going on in fandom right now. Ordinarily, I have little concern for the cares of fandom, since it is filled, for the main, with Communists, Homosexuals, and Nigger-lovers, but this particular conspiracy is so degraded, immoral, and cowardly that it shocked even me. It got me so mad that I "blew a fuse," which prompted Dave to make the comment that I should be called "Wet Cell" from now on. Now, Dave is my friend, and so I can forgive him this remark, as I am well-known for my fair-mindedness.

But I cannot forgive the conspirators who are trying to drum me out of fandom!

It all started, for me, when Dave mentioned that I had received a goodly amount of egoboo from one Boyd Raeburn in a recent FAPA magazine. Mr. Raeburn said that he thought a quote-cover I had done on DIASPAR was one of the best he'd seen. Naturally, I was quite pleased at this comment, since it upheld my own opinion, but at the time I did not know the purpose behind it. I remarked to Dave that fans seemed to like my quotes, and reminded him of a comment by Lee Hoffman that she had liked my interlineations in an earlier issue of DIASPAR.



the author pursuing his favorite magazine.

"Yes," said Dave thoughtfully, "but perhaps this is all not for the best. Have you stopped to think that this may be a Filthy Communistic Plot? Perhaps they are trying to get you to think that your main skill is in selecting quotes, so that you'll eventually decide to publish a successor to FILLER, Norman G. Browne's erstwhile mag. And both of us know that Browne, being a Canadian, is engaged in various UnAmerican Activities. Why, if you should do such a thing as issue a FILLER-type mag, it'd be a simple matter for these people to link your name with Browne's, and thereby drum you out of fandom.

"My God!" I said, though I am an atheist. "Dave, you are undoubtedly right, since we both know that there are many plots against my person in fandom. Fans just

Impractical Plot of Boyd Raeburn--II

can't stand Right Thinking because it is above their low moral standards, and subconsciously they know they are Wrong, All Wrong in thinking differently, and so they oppose me all the more strongly, even to the extent of attacking me for no reason at all.

"Yes," said Dave, "and of course Boyd Raeburn is just an UnAmerican as Browne, which makes it all very logical. Besides, he is a fellow traveler with Kidder and Steward, two other notorious UnAmericans."

"And I understand that Lee Hoffman left the United States for awhile recently," I added, "which shows that she considers other countries better than ours--surely this proves that she is UnAmerican too!"

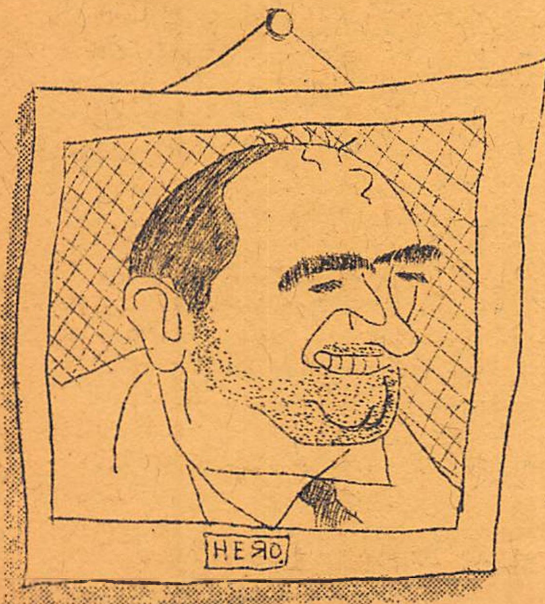
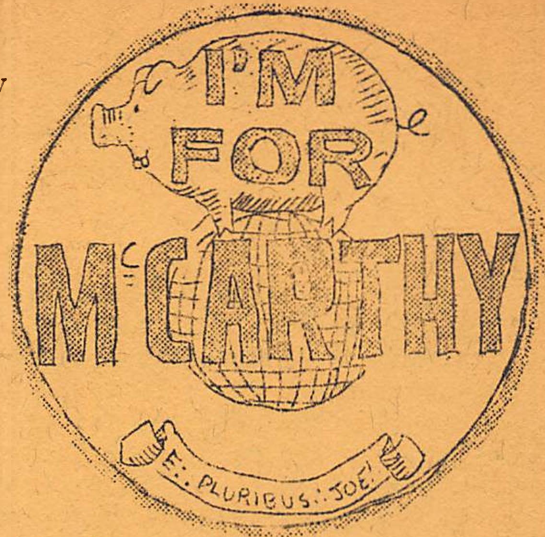
Dave agreed with me and cautioned me to be on my guard. Since then, the whole thing has been preying on my mind, and to my deep astonishment I recently uncovered an even earlier evidence of this filthy conspiracy. In the eighth issue of CONFAB Gregg Calkins, in a discussion of interlineations, quoted several of mine from VULCAN #5 as some of the best he had read!

This shocked me even more, since it is well-known that Mr. Calkins was until recently, and certainly at the time of that letter, in the Marine Corps. Naturally I hesitate to call Mr. Calkins UnAmerican, since it has always been my firm belief that members of our proud Armed Forces are Patriotic as the new-fallen snow, and uncorruptable. However, the evidence is all against Mr. Calkins...and in fact, he is proven guilty, since he does not belong to the American Legion, a patriotic organization to which every Loyal American should belong.

Therefore, I issue this warning to Boyd Raeburn, Lee Hoffman Shaw, and Gregg Calkins (the three conspirators): I will not put out a FILLER-type magazine either now or at any time in the future. I have never done so in the past, nor have I even felt an urge to do so. I fully realize that Norman G. Browne is UnAmerican, and I join all intelligent people of the world in deploring UnAmericans. I am "on to" your Fascistic scheme, you see!

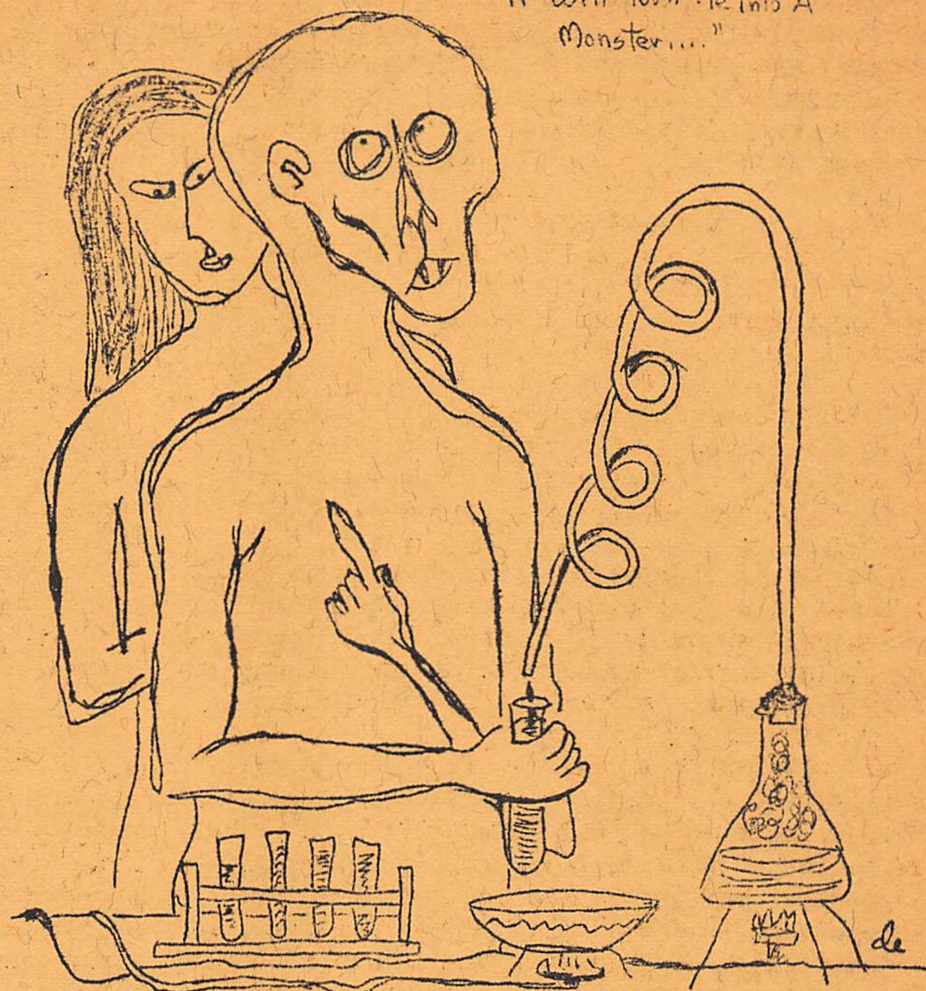
To the rest of the readership, I can only reaffirm my deepest beliefs in the American Way of Life, Democracy, and my admiration for Senator Joseph McCarthy. If we had someone like Senator McCarthy in fandom, it would be a better place.

-- Terry Carr



INVENTIVE

"It's A New Drug, Dear,
It Will Turn Me Into A
Monster...."



RON ELLIK, 277 Pomona, Long Beach, California

The pic of Evans makes him look remarkably young. I think it's the sportshirt you have him in. He looks much more Mature (his word for Old) in a gray or dusty brown jacket. And the cigar is inherent. Oghod, the scene he made at New York about Berkeley getting the con in '57. "Because Thelma and I can't afford to go to London; why, we figured it out, and it would be cheaper to go to Australia." To which people answered silently that it would be quite all right by them if he went to Australia...as a matter of fact, it would be a good idea...silently, of course. Ever write down subvocalized quotes?

Say, you have no cause to complain about stratification of fen. I hobnobbed with Eoyd Raeburn, John Hitchcock, Rich Eney, Al Kirs, Dick Ellington, Art Saha, Ron Smith, Cyril Kornbluth, Tucker Liebscher, --well, it was quite a fannish con when you come right down to it. I didn't actually hobnob with them... I guess it would be more accurate if you said I went around pulling pant-legs and shoe-laces, trying to get autographs. I'm a bug on autoggraphs. My center of action was 403, which was Hitchcock/White/Stark/Eney's room. Kirs and I slept there most of the time. Of course...us "ordinary fans" must hang around on our own level most of the time--like the time I couldn't shake off Harlan Ellison. Ech.

Brandonia fascinates me. Condit has just given Brandon the cleanest

unrective--11. Malik is fascinated

bill of health I could ask for--but even before, I enjoyed his writing. Even if I can't remember his "neofannish efforts in Boo!", I remember MY neofannish efforts in BOO!, and anybody who wrote for Boob Stewart is a Good Man. In case you're wondering: yes, Dean A. Grennell did write for Boob Stewart. This reeks of Burbee, as a matter of fact. Has Brandon been reading Burbee? It's not anywhere as near as good as Burbee...for instance, Burb wouldn't write "cruddy". He'd make it more subtle.

WALT WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtownards Bl., Belfast, N. Ireland

This seems to be it. It was hard to keep track of you while you were continually flitting from title to title like that: now that you've settled on one, both you and it look so much more solid and convincing. Mimeography--good mimeography too--helps as well, and altogether one feels that Southern California fandom has established itself finally into a structure of almost monolithic grandeur, a pillar which contemporary fandom could certainly do with.

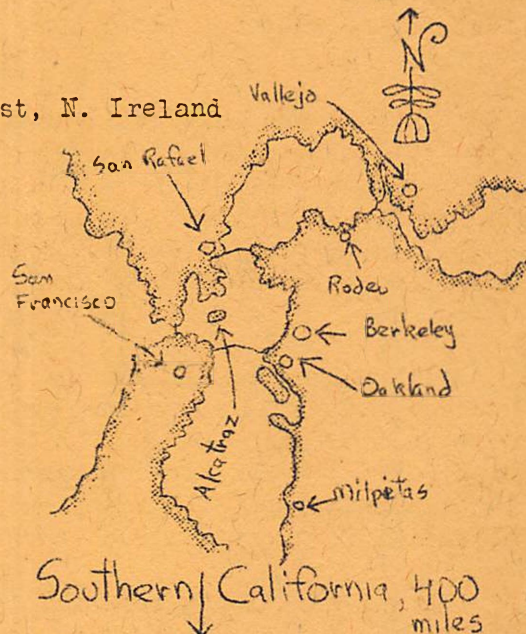
Which reminds me that I feel bound to say that this project of yours to Build a Tower to the Moon out of Bheer Cans is a sneaky way to steal a march from British Fandom. As you know full well in your Machiavellian cunning, British beer does not come in cans, and you cannot make a satisfactory tower out of bottles. However, we have thought up a way to beat you to the Moon all the same. We are enrolling British Fandom in a glorious project to build a spaceship drive out of Guinness bottles. The entire rear of the spaceship will be filled with serried ranks of bottles of Guinness and pressure built up in them by rhythmically agitating the whole ship, preferably by unisoned hiccups. On the command "Ela'sht, (hic) off!" all the caps will be pried off simultaneously by an ingenious arrangement of levers and controls, and the noble vessel will jet off into the empyrean on a column of foam. The only problem still to be solved is how to salvage the fuel...though there is a suggestion from those not actually taking part in the ascent that the London Worldcon be held in a dry swimming batch and the launching be made from there.

I like to see British cons reported in US fmz, especially when it's done as well as Ron Bennett does it here. Hmm, it wasn't such a bad convention after all, I suppose. The bit he quotes from the Liverpool play about Robin Hood's mob (Hoodlums?) reminds me of additional dialogue I suggested at the time, when they introduced the character Maid Marriott.

"Who's Maid Marriott?"

"Who hasn't?"

This is of course an allusion to the young lady who is the joy of the younger London Circle members. I hear that their most popular form of fanaticism is tattooing chain letters on her torso. Who sez fandom is just a goddam hobby?



Innvective---III, Boggs begs to differ

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place N. E., Minneapolis 21, Minn.

What makes you think "The 51 Steps" appeared in Tangent?

If you think I looked this up in my files just to embarrass you, be informed that I didn't have to look it up. After all, I published it myself --in FAPA Potlatch, winter 1951-2. Its only connection with Tangent was that it was rejected there, and sent to me on stencil.

[The mistake was not Dave's, but mine--I got the quote mixed up with one we were taking from the Burbee piece in the Tangent in question. As a matter of fact, Dave mentioned the error to me as soon as I had typed the stencil. But I said, "What the hell, it'll get us a comment from Radd Boggs."]

A/20 DAN L. ADAMS, AF 15540088, 3636th COTTERARON (SUPP), Box 5, Stead A.F.B., Reno, Nevada

I bought around 12 of Elvis Presley's records, seen him a person, drawn him from mags, and am one big fan of his. Also a fan of R&B records and most popular singers, like Johnnie Ray, Bellyfonty and exc. I like Wild Bill Davidson and such too.

But I go all out for Elvis, and do his motions when I listen to him unless it's where I shouldn't. I wear pegged pants (usually pegged jeans) and turned up collar. I don't smoke, drink, or go to church.

At the moment I'm working on a series of pencil drawings of teenagers. Also, drawing for fanzines of course.



Think I'll put my name on the FAPA waiting list just to pass the time. TomC

As I went by the Leipiar woman I heard a fragment of her loud monolog (she has a baritone voice) that went something like this: "I straightened out Torry. I told him to come out of his shell and live! I feel I am 100% responsible for this party." As I went on I mused that this gathering was exactly like hundreds of other gatherings Ackerman had attended and been the host of. Later I was gathered in by someone and introduced to this Louise Leipiar who may or may not believe in transmigration of souls. "I've heard of you," I said. "Nothing good," she said. "No," I said, "though I did hear you were easily excited." Her eyes flashed and her breath shortened. "I am not!" she bellowed like a great jungle beast. "I am always..." here she was quick to see she was being baited so she continued in a lower voice, even working in a smile..."why, I'm always calm and cool as a cucumber. I never get excited. I wouldn't hurt a fly."

"I guess not," I said. "Well, I'll have to tell Laney I met you. I'll describe you and say she's not a bad kid, except that she gets excited easily."

--Charles Burbee, in Tangent #2 maybe, Sprilig, 1952.

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