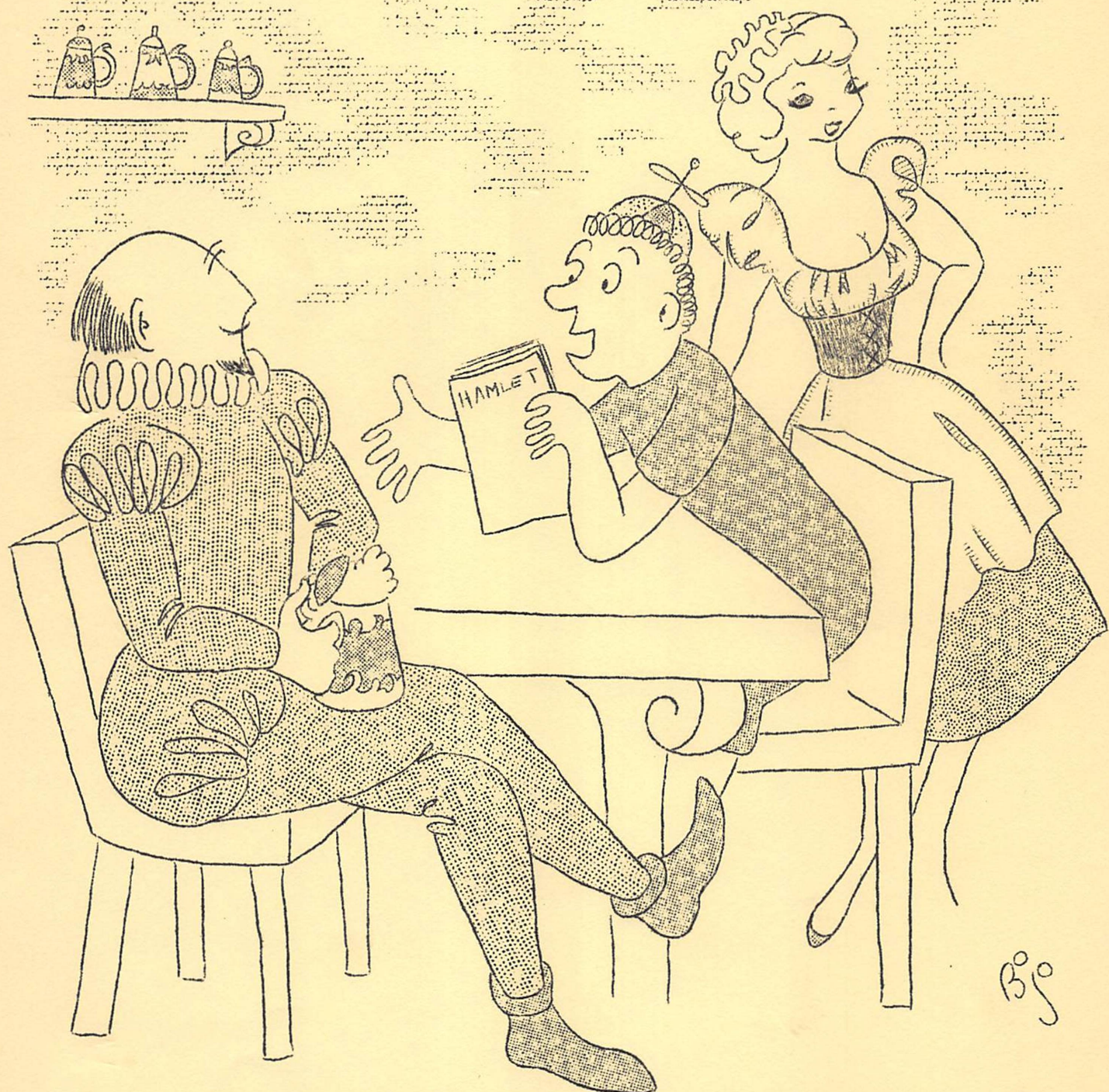


INNUEENDO

number nine



"It's very good, Bill, but it isn't fannish!"

Number 9

June 1959

INNUENDO

The fanzine that asks the question,
"Who says First Fandom is dead?"

inn a mist Terry Carr

Colonial Excursion Ron Bennett
(part XII--South Gate In '58)

On The Road Carl Brandon
(part II)

Adventures In Fandom Bill Donaho
(#3--Coming Back From The Clevention)

A Letter to Carl Brandon Bob Bloch

All Our Yesterdays ... Harry Warner, Jr.

innvective the literati

Cover by Bjo

Bacover by Rotsler

Interior cartoons by

Atom, Bjo, Nelson, and Rotsler

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wife Miriam.

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pocketed and later spent for beer,
or maybe even sent to Bob Madle
with your name forged on a TAFF
ballot voting for me.

Special assistance this issue in
duplicating and assembling by
Ron Ellick and Randy Brown.

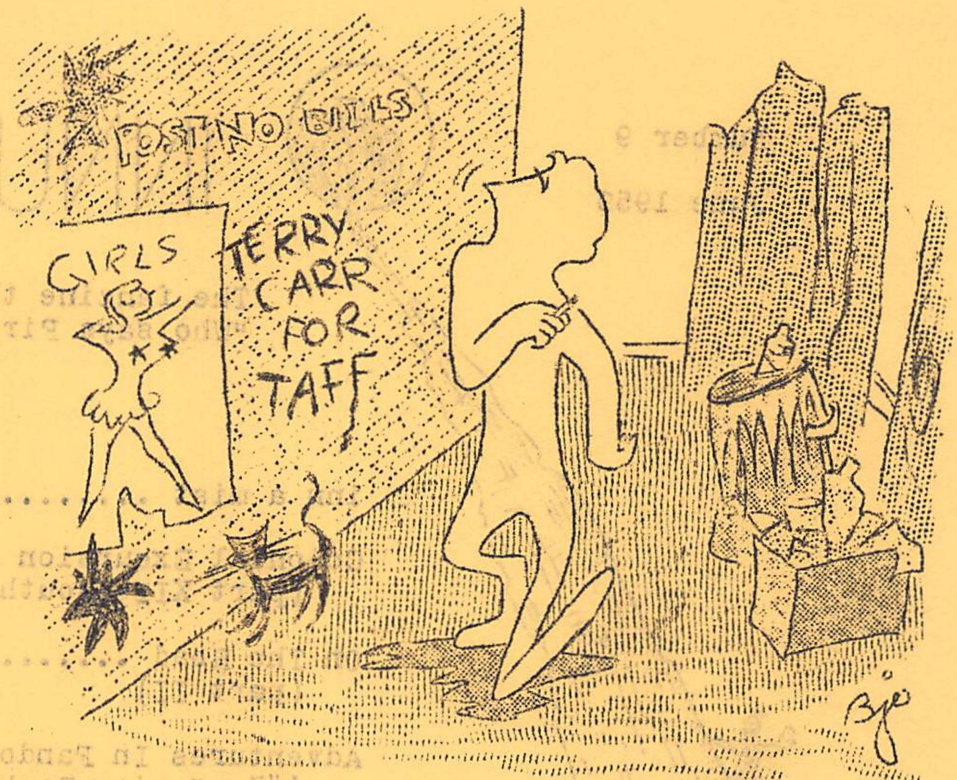
Per
Schnapps
Ad
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Bjo

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MIST



I'D BETTER START this editorial by mentioning that the cartoon above is another in the long and fabulous series of cartoons scripted by me and drawn by Bjo, which includes this issue's cover and contents page and the cartoons in the lettercolumn. That is to say, just because it says "Terry Carr for TAFF," that doesn't mean that Bjo is supporting me in the current TAFF elections. And just because that farsighted slogan is portrayed as being scrawled on an alley wall, that doesn't mean that Bjo is a snide and vicious type opponent. The cartoon was my idea, remember: it reflects in some vague symbolic way my feelings upon finding myself running for TAFF.

I've written a long conreport on the Solacon which will appear in Norman Shorrock's SPACE DIVERSIONS and which tells in part how I came to be nominated for TAFF. I was sitting in the bar one afternoon when Ted White came in and said to my ears, "How would you like to run for TAFF?" Well, I figured it was a good straight-line ("All the world's a straight-line."--Steve Allen), and while I was trying to think of something witty to reply Ted went on to say that he and Boyd Raeburn and Ed Cox and John Champion, or some such cosmic-minded group, had decided the night before that I should run for TAFF.

I'm afraid I couldn't think of any witty remark to make. I just sat there for a moment readjusting my mental processes while giving an imitation of a fan seriously considering the awesome idea of running for TAFF. I had a very serious and noble expression on my face, I think. Finally I decided, Well, if these intelligent, respected fans think I should run for TAFF, maybe they're right. (Don't misunderstand me: I certainly felt worthy of the honor; I'm quite conceited, really. But at least I'd never nominate myself for TAFF.)

So I muttered nonchalantly, "Ghod yes! Ghod yes!" And I think I threw in some sage epigram, too, like "Goshgeewhizwowboyoboy!"

And so I found myself running for TAFF, and by the end of the year both Don Ford and Bjo had entered the race.

AND HERE I AM, running against one of my star cartoonists. (INUENDO has the best cartooning staff in the world, you know, surpas-

sing even The New Yorker, Punch, and Captain Billy's Whiz-Bang.)

Yes, Bjo is opposing me, and after all I've done for her, too. After I raised her from the veriest neo to her present status of star cartoonist of INNUENDO. Why, when I began running her cartoons in INNUENDO she was an absolute unknown, except among such people as Harlan Ellison, John Magnus, George Young, Art Rapp, Roger Sims, and so forth. I found this girl and recognized her undeveloped talent. I said to myself, she would make a fine fannish cartoonist; I will lend her my aid. And after one LASTS meeting I drew her aside, so as not to embarrass her, and I said, "I recognize your undeveloped talent, and I am willing to lend you my aid in becoming a fine fannish cartoonist. If you will work up a portfolio of fabulous fannish cartoons I will consider printing some of them in my sterling fanzine alongside the work of the top names in fandom."

She opened her eyes wide and clasped her hands and said in an awed whisper, "Gosh, Mr. Carr, I...I don't know what to say. I mean, I really, really appreciate your interest, and I'll do my best, honest I will, and I hope maybe one or two of my efforts will be worthy of your sterling fanzine."

Ah yes, that was the Bjo of old. She was as good as her word, too: she sent me some of her efforts. I had to redraw them before publishing them, of course, drawing on my solid experience and versatility as the creator of the Face Critturs. But there was talent there, and it came to the fore under my expert guidance. I wrote gags for her to draw, and once even scripted a comic strip for her to work with.

Yes, I printed her work, and the fans found it good. They even said she was a fabulous fannish cartoonist, just as I'd known they would. And the name Bjo became known for fabulous fannish cartoons, while a legend (largely started by me) was built up around her as a fascinating fannish personality...sort of a fabulous Bjo-like character.

Yes, Bjo wormed her way into my good graces and accepted the rewards of being my protégée...and now the worm has turned. Now she is running against me for TAFF; like one of fandom's mad dogs she has--hmm, no, I guess I'd better be careful about how I toss these fannish clichés around.

Anyhow, Bjo is still a star cartoonist for INNUENDO. What the hell, we have to make allowances for these artists.

WHICH REMINDS ME of a Burbee story. (Hah--bet you were wondering when I'd get around to that!) The last time Miriam and I were in the L.A. area, we spent Saturday afternoon and evening with the Burbees, as usual. During the course of the afternoon I got to thinking about Burb's article, "Love at 80°," which we had reprinted in THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE. I asked Burb who that article had been about, since he had mentioned no names in it, and he told me.

I asked, "But why did you make it such a point not to mention his name? There was nothing derogatory in the article."

"Oh, I don't know," said Burbee. "It seemed like a good idea at the time. I don't know exactly why. I mean, you ask us artists--" He stopped. "You ask us artists--" A strange expression came over his face. "You...ask...us...artists...."

Suddenly he burst out laughing. "You ask us artists--" he said again, and whooped and laughed and slapped his knee. He fell to laughing so hard that he could hardly get his breath. He dissolved into laughter, bellowing, "...us artists!" and setting off again into

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more gales of mirth.

Soon he was laughing so uncontrollably that he left the room, and through the doorway we heard gradually diminishing bursts of guffawing and murmurs of "...us artists!"

In a little while he came back into the room, and said with a stony face, "You'll have to excuse us artists."

I don't think Burbee considers himself an artist.

HAVE WE CREATED A MONSTER in Carl Brandon? People won't believe that he doesn't exist. Nick and Noreen Talasca printed an expose in THE DEVIL'S MOTORBOAT titled "The Truth About Carl Brandon," claiming we'd imprisoned him in an insane asylum somewhere. Bob Bloch, Steve Schultheis, and others even go so far as to claim that we are hoaxes created by Carl.

Pretty soon we'll be getting letters rubberstamped "Carl Brandon Lives!"

I'm currently working on a long article about the Brandon hoax which will explain its history and what purposes we had in mind in creating "Carl". This article will probably appear in the next INN, and I hope it will halt this James Dean-like worship of Carl before he actually comes to life through the faith of his believers and slaughters us all in our beds.

One thing which I won't be able to cover in that article is the thematic content of the various Brandon works. As a few observant fans have noted, most of Carl's parodies have had definite themes, and an examination of them at this time might be interesting.

The first major Brandon opus was "The Cacher of the Rye," printed here in INNUENDO over a period of almost a year. When I was writing it, with the help of Boob Stewart on occasions, I had no definite idea of any message to embody in it; it was simply intended as a fannish reworking of Salinger's novel. But Salinger's novel had definite themes, and in transposing the various parts of his work I found myself presenting themes in the fannish version too. For the most part, these took the form of satirisation of various types of fans and attitudes toward fandom. The whole effect wasn't at all clear in my mind when it was printed, but the letters of comment on it mentioning such themes brought them directly to my attention and set me to thinking of the other possibilities of fannish fiction.

The particular form of parody used under the Brandon name, it seemed to me, was that of transposing the values, problems and aspirations of everyday life into their closest fannish equivalents and thereby showing how ridiculous fandom can be when made a way of life. I thought about this, and gradually my thoughts jumped on to other possibilities of the genre. The whole gamut of literary technique could be applied to fannish fiction, and by using the crutch of the parody technique I could experiment with as many as I liked.

The next long Brandon piece was "My Fair Femmefanne," written before my ideas had crystallized, and so there was nothing very serious about that piece: it was simply intended as a gay fannish romp through Lerner and Lowe's musical, nothing more.

Around this time I started on two more long Brandon pieces: "The BNF of Iz" and "The Purple Pastures". Both lay dormant and half-completed at the time "My Fair Femmefanne" was printed. The former had strong thematic overtones, in that I was employing the allegorical theme of The Road of Life--in this case in the sense of the Path of Trufandom. Willis and Shaw, in "The Enchanted Duplicator," had already used this theme to perfection, drawing their inspiration from "Pilgrim's

Progress;" undaunted, I undertook to use the theme again in "The BNF of Iz". Unfortunately, the structure of Baum's book was bi-partite: that is to say, it consisted of two basic parts, the trip to the Emerald City and the conquering of the Wicked Witch. Once I had finished the first part of the parody, the remainder was, in terms of allegory, simply overcoming-the-obstacle, which didn't seem to fit with the rest of the allegory.

Ron Ellick, a rabid Oz fan, had moved to the Bay Area about this time, and he rescued the incomplete "BNF of Iz" by offering to collaborate with me in finishing it. On my own hook I might never have done so; I was too bogged down in the structural difficulties of the piece. But Ron wanted to see the thing completed, and the two of us, in order to include it in Carl's Cultzine which came due at that time, turned out the last half in a rather hurried manner. We rewrote and expanded it for general publication later, but basically I'm afraid it remains a rather uneven work structurally--moreover, I'm afraid that my striving for structural and allegorical consistence throughout kept it from being as funny as it may have been. Fannish fiction of the Brandon sort can have deeper currents than mere humor, it's true, but nevertheless a Brandon piece stands or falls primarily on how funny it is, and "The BNF of Iz" is second-rate Brandon from this standpoint.

The other piece begun at about the same time, "The Purple Pastures," was similar to "My Fair Femmeefanne" in that it had no particular message or anything, but was frankly written to be funny. However, it did strive to present a sort of allegorical history of fandom from the trufans-vs.-stfans viewpoint, and I was bogged down here again through structural difficulties. The play it parodied, Roark Bradford's "The Green Pastures," covered various Biblical stories, climaxing in the story of Jesus Christ. The Brandon version, it seemed to me, must inevitably end up parodying the story of Jesus, and not only could I not think of an even halfway adequate fannish parallel to Jesus, but I also felt that parodying His story was going a bit too far merely for the purpose of writing a funny little fan-piece. And so work on "The Purple Pastures" was at a standstill.

But the Solacon was quickly approaching, and we all wanted to have the Brandon legend built up as big as possible by the time of the unveiling of the hoax at that time. Once more I dragged out the half-complete "Purple Pastures" manuscript and stared at it, stewing silently. And eventually a way out came to me: I simply omitted the final section of Bradford's play and ended the Brandon version with the story of Noah, which gave me a nice opportunity to lampoon the WSFS Inc. and also tied in with the trufans-vs.-stfans theme of the first part of the piece. This piece, at least, I had been able to pull out of the fire, and I was immensely gratified when Bob Bloch enthused over it to me at the Solacon and even insisted that I provide Tony Boucher with a copy.

That completes the list of completed Brandon works, and brings us up to Brandon-pieces-in-progress. There are at present two: "The Detention Tales" in VOID and "On The Road" right here in INN.

The thing for VOID, based on "The Canterbury Tales," will take Chaucer's chief theme--that of husband and wife struggling for supremacy in a marriage--and apply it to fandom. I haven't worked out all the ramifications yet, but it seems to be coming along nicely, from my plot-outline.

"On The Road" was begun by Pete Graham and taken over by me with Chapter Two when he lost the energy to complete it. I don't know what

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he had planned for it, but I think he'd approve of my own idea--for it was Pete who pointed out to me that the chief merit of Kerouac's book was its glorification of life. In "On The Road" I intend to reverse the usual Brandon fandom-is-silly theme and do a straightforward glorification of fandom--still, I hope, with a full sense of how fantastically ridiculous fandom can be, but with a positive attitude, not a negative one.

I'm sure Pete would approve, for Pete approves of people having a positive attitude.

WE'VE FINALLY HEARD a Kris Neville sermon. Readers of INN who are Aware may remember that a couple transcriptions of Neville sermons, supplied by Elmer Perdue and Tom Condit, were printed in early issues of this highclass rag. Well, I've been faunching ever since to hear Kris deliver one of them in person, because from those samples it was obvious that Kris Neville gives the most outrageous sermons in the world.

And late last year I got my chance. Miriam, who shared my avidity, started begging Kris to sermonize for us at a LASFS meeting--which, come to think of it, was right after Christmas. Kris has liked Miriam quite a bit, it seems, ever since he ran into her at a wandering hall-party at the Solacon and said to her, "Jee-sus Christ, you look like a gal who sings union songs!" and they burst out together with "Solidarity Forever" and "Joe Hill" and "All I Want" and like that.

So Kris couldn't refuse her request to sermonize, and he took his stance, one hand on the table ready to pound, a can of beer in the other. "My subject is greed!" he proclaimed. "Gree-e-e-eeed, the damnation of humankind! Greed, which leads all to perdition and torment!"

He peered angrily, suspiciously at us. "You are all greedy," he said. "Within each of you is the seed of avarice, jealousy of the riches of others, and just plain damned selfishness! Now you all know--"

At this point some playful LASTSer snatched his can of beer away from him, only to find that Kris had already emptied it. Iris laughed a lingering, evil laugh at him. "So shall it come to pass to you all!" he shouted, whirling back upon us. "For when you shall gain your greedy ends, then shall ye find your hands full of nothing--the sands of life sifting through your fingers, your life empty, only the dregs of beer and spit in the bottom of the can and hellfire awaiting you below!"

His eyes narrowed to a slit as his face broadened in an absolutely demoniac smile. "And you will suffer in the fires of hell," he said. "Oh my, my, my, how you'll suffer!" he said softly, smiling contentedly. "In eternal torment, unbearable and everlasting..." His voice trailed off and he seemed to be lost in a pleasant reverie.

Suddenly he pounded the table. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods!" he shouted. "Thou shalt not steal! For unto him who is greedy shall come vengeance, the wrath of God!"

He quieted; his voice became smooth, unctious. "You must not be greedy, my children. You must learn to live under the rule of God, Who loves you. You must return His love with full heart, repay His kindness in creating you and giving you this lovely world in which to make your way. You must be loving, my children, and generous."

He smiled benignly upon us, an expression that was yet subtly like his earlier demon's smile. He smiled upon us, and said softly, in conclusion, "You must give to the Church, my children."

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NEEDLESS TO SAY, Kris absolutely fractured us with that sermon. Sure, it's sick, sick, sick, but Kris has a way of projecting himself so well that he makes you believe absolutely in the character he portrays. Ghod, he missed his calling--he could make a million as a preacher!

Why, we were so impressed by Kris's sermon that we were talking about importing him to preach at our wedding. We figured it would add just the right touch of madness to the whole affair, which was already shaping up as a wedding to be remembered by all who attended and no doubt preserved by their descendents for generations in racial memory.

In the first place, the wedding was to be held in a firehouse. Yes, that's right: an honest-to-ghod firehouse. I forget just how my brother and his wife got us into that deal, but I know that Miriam and I were overwhelmed with joy at the thought, and immediately insisted that the fire engines be stationed inside during the ceremony. We had visions, you see, of having some accomplice go set a small fire somewhere nearby at the right time, and when the minister pronounced us man and wife the firebells would go off and we would hop on the back of a fire truck and roar out amid clanging and shouting and glorious confusion.

Ah, it would have been wonderful! However, life being what it is we ended up very prosaically, with the ceremony being performed in a tastefully designed Baptist church, with Miriam weeping and red-eyed and saying, "Oh, I'm so happy!" and me, ever gallant, saying, "I hope you realize we're being photographed," and friends and relatives saying the same old things, like "Doesn't she make a lovely bride!" and "Well, here I am in church, and it hasn't fallen in yet."

During the rehearsal, the minister asked for Miriam's full name for the records, and of course you know, I suppose, that her real name wasn't Miriam Dyches at all, but Norah Veronica Clarice Van Dyke. I rattled this off for him and he raised an eyebrow, so I explained that she had picked up the name Veronica at her Baptism and Clarice at Confirmation and that that was why she had such a long name.

"Every time she goes into a church she seems to pick up a new name," I said.

"She's going to get another new one today, too," he replied, smiling.

And, of course, she did, and that denoted about the only thing about the whole day that would interest you, except that by ghod we did have the reception in that firehouse. Minus the fire trucks, though.

THOUGHTS IN PASSING:

Old Fuzzlehead has competition among his co-workers at that stationery store in Berkeley. Awhile back I asked for ditto fluid and an employee tried to give me mimeo ink. Good grief. ("That won't work in a ditto," I said. "It won't work?" he said. "No, it won't work," I said.)

Why should I be running for TAFF? Why, just last issue three different fans called me a bastard right here in my own lettercolumn--two because I hadn't sent them INN, and one because I had. (You can't win.)

--Terry Carr



COLONIAL EXCURSION, PART XII:

SOUTH GATE IN '58

BY RON BENNETT

The Solacon had a reasonably uneventful beginning. I'd met quite a few of the attendees at Forry Ackerman's home the previous evening, and now on the morning of Friday, 29th August, I was glad to be able to shave and brush my teeth, having finally saved my luggage from the clutching hands of the Detroit party. I had breakfast with Will Jenkins and went out to look round the few blocks near the hotel. A. H. Blackwell came with me while I bought some postcards, had a look round a stamp and coin shop, and had a shoeshine from a little and friendly Mexican who showed me colour pictures of his large family.

I wrote the postcards up, and went out again to mail them back to fans in England, and then I went back to the Alexandria to register. The registration desk was situated on the balcony overlooking the convention hall, a convenient situation. Honey Wood and Rog Phillips gave me a nicely-printed registration card and I asked Honey why she doesn't like quote-cards, but before she could answer, a little white-haired lady came up to register. I shook hands with Rory Faulkner and we exchanged experiences of the London Convention. Rory was most taken up with the reception she'd had in Liverpool. "We were sitting in a Chinese Restaurant," she said, "and Dave Newman said, 'This is hardly the place for Rory,' so they took me into a pub."

Bill Rickhardt asked me if he could borrow my typewriter, and I took it along to the Detroit suite, where Noreen Falasca used it to type out a petition to dissolve the corporation of the World Science

Fiction Society. I wasn't too interested in these proceedings, so wandered downstairs back to the mezzanine floor (which Americans call the first floor and we in Britain would call the second) and had a look at some of the displays. Morris Scott Dollens was showing some of his paintings, and the Chicago boys had a good line in propaganda for their bid for the '59 convention. Here I met F. M. (Buz) and Elinor Busby, the Goon Defective Agency's West Coast operatives. We flashed GDA cards at one another and talked John Berry and RETRIBUTION. At the registration desk I met Ellis Mills, looking a little broader than last year at the Loncon, and sporting a large brimmed Texan hat. The Detroit gang came up and mentioned going out for lunch, so Ellis and I joined them.

Back at the hotel, I found Sylvia Dees wandering around on her own, so took her in for coffee. She ordered iced tea, which the heathens served in a glass which trailed string all over the place. Definitely non-U. Bob Shaw, whom I hadn't seen since the 1954 SupermanCon in Manchester, came up and reminded me that I was taking part in the tea-drinking contest which was about to start any minute and said that he'd been practising by not having anything to drink all day.

At four o'clock, Ellis, who had evidently appointed himself as my Keeper, came to drag me along to the Contest. I escaped twice, but he managed to catch me each time and eventually I was dragged into a room where Gem Carr stood with a huge kettle. Bob Bloch made a speech and said that for all he was concerned he was judging women, "Miss Tea Bag 1958". He and Poul Anderson, the two judges, announced the contestants (I entered in the name of The Queen and St. Fanthony), and immediately pulled out bottles of beer.

The rules demanded that a minimum of ten cups of tea be drunk in

the first hour. I'd never drunk more than four cups of tea at a sitting in my life and so had taken the fannish precaution of bringing a salt cellar along with me. Djinn Faine, who was representing Catalina Island, was a little shocked as she saw me dig into my pocket and pour salt into my hand, so I let her have a shake to quiet her. It was fun; people kept objecting as I insisted on drinking my tea half milk (it tasted lousy, but at least it went down quicker). Someone objected when I "accidentally" poured half my cup of



"Seems pretty silly to me--what are they trying to do, build a tower of tea-bags to the moon?"

tea into a giant ashtray I'd placed there for the purpose, and Will Jenkins was kind enough to help me work up a thirst by going out and buying me a packet of cigars. One fan quit after an hour with eighteen cups to his credit, Bob Shaw disappointed by not fulfilling the required ten cups in the first hour, and after an hour and ten minutes I packed in with thirteen and a half cups to my credit. It had been a valiant effort for a first try, I decided, and if I felt anything I felt sick. I went up to my room, stuck my head in some cold water, and then went to bed for half an hour.

At seven o'clock I wandered down in the lift to the convention hall. (Ah, those lifts were fiendish things--at one time I waited eight minutes for one to show.) The gathering in the hall marked the official opening of the Convention. Rick drew some wild applause when he spoke of the realisation of his dream of a convention at South Gate, and explained how the slogan was first used as a joke, but as it was taken up on all sides the dream became a serious venture. He introduced the Mayor of South Gate, who turned out to be an epitome of a typical American mayor, beefy and smiling. He spoke of the disadvantages of large cities for conventions and mentioned a forty storey hotel where the builders had forgotten to provide rest rooms. "It was uncanny," he said. He declared the Alexandria within the city limits of South Gate, a point which should have been noted when the Los Angeles city police had reason to come into the hotel later in the weekend. He declared the convention open and handed over to Rick, who introduced the Convention's Chairwoman, Anna Sinclare Moffatt. Anna read the rules of the Convention and silenced one or two questions from the floor with a reminder that business would be conducted at the official Business Session on the Sunday afternoon.

Tony Boucher was then introduced, and made the point that this was probably the purest convention in the history of fandom, for there were fewer professional editors present than ever before. Indeed, he said, there was only one real editor present, John W. Campbell Jr. Boucher himself was at that time taking time off from editing The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, for medical reasons.

Anna introduced the Guest of Honour, Richard Matheson, who said a few brief words to the effect that we'd be hearing from him later during the weekend, and then John Campbell was introduced. He told of the days he was working for Tremaine, twenty-one years previously. He had asked, "What does an editor do when he doesn't get enough stories?" Tremaine had answered, "An editor does!" Campbell spoke about prophecy being an inherent part of science fiction writing. Up to the forties, writers had done a good job, with many prophecies coming true, but "what have they done lately?" Today, there was not enough imagination. Writers, he said, are not willing to stick their necks out. "I want some prophets today," he said, and mentioned the possibilities of psi, which we'd more than half expected. Campbell then sidetracked to discuss his idea of emotion in science fiction. He spoke about Cortez who had disobeyed orders to take 350 men and defeat 40,000. "An impossible hero, a superman," said Campbell. While he went on to ask why he couldn't get stories with such impossible heroes, Charles Hornig sitting next to me leaned over and pointed out that Campbell was confusing the issue, linking right with success.

Campbell was now talking about his pet, the psi phenomenon. He held up two copper rods with which, he claimed, it was possible to

dowse for water pipes, gas pipes, electricity cables or any man-made pipes. They'd been used with outstanding success, Campbell claimed, by city authorities in Flint, Michigan, and by someone called French in Manchester, England. Half the audience looked to me, evidently with the idea that I should stand up and either refute the claim or add further details. Campbell went on to tell us that the copper rods were home made. "You make them work," he said, "but how do you imagine the right answer every time?" He spoke of the laws of subjective reality, the laws of psychology and of the psionics machine, mentioning the two models which Eric Jones had built and had on show at the London convention. At this point, a young fan named David Dresser stepped up with a model he'd built himself, and got into a private conversation with Campbell on the machine's gobbledegookish working. Campbell asked the audience, "Why is successful investigation suppressed?" and went back to his private conversation. The meeting broke up.

Jim Broderick came up and told me I was invited out to Bjo Wells' for dinner. I went along with the Detroit gang and had an excellent meal of spaghetti and sundry other delicacies which were snapped up by Bill Donaho as soon as they appeared on the table. When we got back to the Alexandria, the crowds were just streaming out of the convention hall. As I was supposed to be writing reports on the convention, I tackled Forry Ackerman about the part of the programme I'd missed. Forry had spoken about the deaths of writers Kuttner and Kornbluth and had mentioned the rise in popularity among the general public of the monster films. Forry had given a rundown of different animalistic monsters featured in various SF films, and mentioned his magazine Famous Monsters of Filmland, adding that John Campbell was soon bringing out a magazine called "Giraffe Science Fiction," so that his authors could stick their necks out. Every time I'd see Forry after that, he'd make some further pun on this title. Quite a guy.

Ellis Mills came up with a strange face and introduced me to Bob Leman, the up and coming editor of THE VINEGAR WORM. We'd intended looking up Bob in Denver on the return run east, but he'd staved off the invasion by attending the Solacon. We went up to the Detroit rooms. They had two adjoining rooms on the fifth floor, tucked well out of the way in a cosy and fannish corner. I told Miriam Dyches to stand up and when she did so I took over her chair. She got it back a moment later though when someone told me that Bill Rotsler was down in the bar and I went off to look for him.

I found him talking to Bob Pavlat, Gus Wilmoth, and Lee Jacobs. I tried a couple of locally brewed beers, found them nothing like brown ale, and returned to the Detroit suite, where I was served alternately with wine and vodka. Will Jenkins gave me a pack of cards with Finlay-illustrated backs, a pack which had been bought at the 1955 Clevention. A very nice gesture. Someone told me that the tea-drinking contest had been won by Djinn Faine, with 23 cups. Evidently, Art Hayes had also drunk 23 cups but in a slightly longer time, and when asked whether he could drink another cup to beat Djinn's record, protested formally. I heard that everyone who had had sixteen or more cups had afterwards been sick, which made me feel pleased I'd quit when I had, and compensated for the disappointment I'd felt at letting the side down and all that.

After a while, most of the group drifted up to the Chicago room on the floor above. Most of the Motorcade's personnel were here and the

party continued until around three. I tried to get a game of brag going, but that group had more sense. Eventually, Dave Kyle squatted on the floor beside me and we played a game with theoretical dollars, with the stakes altering every time Dave got a winning hand. As he insisted on dealing, and choosing his cards, while quoting continuously from theoretical rules, it wasn't long before I owed him upwards of two million dollars. I finally rolled into bed about four.

Needless to say, it was latish when I got up on the Saturday morning. I made up a couple of packages of printed matter that I wanted to send home and went round to the post office to send them off. I was out of luck!--it was closed. I never found out why American post offices are closed on Saturdays, and to make matters worse, following a normal (even to Britain) Sunday closing, the office was also closed on Monday, that day being Labor Day--when, paradoxically, everyone takes the day off.

I carried the two packets back to the hotel, running into Dave Kyle on the way. Dave asked me for the two million bucks I owed him, saying that I was obviously out looking for a place he knew of in the Mexican quarter which changed lousy American dollars for real wooden nickels and he'd be only too pleased to arrange the exchange for me.

At the hotel I ran into Ellis Mills and the pair of us went into the convention hall. It was close on 1:30 and Ray Bradbury was due to present his featured speech. I picked a good seat a couple of rows from the front, next to Charles Hornig. When Bradbury appeared at 1:45, banks of lights were turned on and those interested in recording the scene in cine did so. It dawned on me that I should have my camera handy, and asking Ellis to save my seat I dashed upstairs for the instrument. When I got back, Bradbury had just started his talk and I couldn't get back to my seat. I edged in at the front, just by the door, sitting between Wally Cole and Belle Dietz who very obligingly turned on Frank's spotlights for me to get a couple of shots of typical enthusiastic gestures by Bradbury.

Enthusiasm is the key word with Bradbury. He's got a verve of spirit which oozes from him. For a writer who has been said to be a cynic, this is quite a thing. His vitality is reminiscent of Danny Kaye, and he was most enthusiastic on the future of science-fiction. "Most readers want to be writers," was his initial point and he went on to discuss the reasons for writing, and the types of writers. He discussed different plots, mentioning in a typical poetic manner that plotting "is recording people running by and leaving their footprints in the snow." He mentioned emotions in stories, obviously referring to Campbell's idea of emotion. To Bradbury, emotion means passion. He mentioned the passion of obsession, giving as an example Ahab's obsession for hunting the white whale. He spoke of his own alleged prejudice against science, and immediately denied the allegation, mentioning the uses machines have been put to. Bradbury went on to discuss a person's individuality. Each person is many people, he said; it is as though each one of us wears many masks. Which character behind the mask are we really?

Altogether, it was a stimulating talk. Questions were asked afterwards. Ed Wood, a bouncy and cheery character from Chicago, challenged Bradbury on several points, as he had the previous evening challenged Campbell. Bradbury made the point that to a writer mediocrity is necessary, so that one can get "a million bad words" out of one's system: then

one can really get down to writing. He mentioned the weeds on a writer's lawn, which had to be destroyed. Ed was quick to seize on this, asking, "Ray, what do you do with the weeds on your lawn?" Bradbury was even quicker to reply, "Why, Ed, I make dandelion wine." Applause.

After the talk, Len Moffatt collared me and with Bradbury led us off to meet the press, who never turned up, and so I went out to lunch with Elaine and Max Phillips, Frank Dietz and Wally Cole. Bill Broody came up and asked if I was interested in having a walk round, so we went up to Pershing Square, two blocks from the hotel. This is the Washington Square of Los Angeles, and something like the Hyde Park Corner of London. Speakers on a hundred different and obtuse topics pour forth their words to a few dozen moving listeners. I was struck by the palm trees which surround the Square. Bill told me that a couple of years before the Square had been dug up and a two-tier parking lot built beneath it, the grass and walks then being relaid. One thing that did strike me here was the music in the air. Literally. Loudspeakers poured forth a constant stream of semi-popular classics and semi-classical pops.

Bill Brudy is a quiet science fiction reader (as different from a faan) who knows his stuff, is generous without limitation, and an interesting, intelligent and informative conversationalist. He offered to show me round some of Los Angeles the following morning and when we returned to the hotel, fixed nine o'clock as a suitable time to tour round before the convention got into its day's stride.

I went up to the display room where I bumped into a group where George Metzger was being ribbed about his interests in Sylvia Dees, and vice versa. As we had an hour or so to kill, brag was suggested and the crowd moved up to my room, where we sat round the bed and I explained the game to them. There was John Trimble, Jim Caughran, Ron



"I'm not sure--I think he's electioneering for Detroit in '59."

South Gate in '58--VII

Ellik and George and Sylvia. Whatever Ron might say about the way I apparently change the rules to suit my hand (like Dave Kyle had done-- but this time we were playing for real money!), I should remind him that at this session I lost about 70 cents. Sylvia won almost two dollars on a prile of sixes and declared that she would never play again. "Gambling is evil," she said, and stuck to her guns.

We got down to the convention hall just in time to see Sam Moskowitz begin to auction off the professionals. This inauguration provided quite an amount of fun. The idea was that the audience bid for an hour of the time of its favourite pro. The money was to go to TAFF, and as TAFF at that time, I felt that, although I was very grateful for the money--quite honestly, I don't know how I would have managed without it--I felt the audience was nuts at the high rates it bid. The entire auction raised the fabulous sum of ninety-five dollars and seventy-three cents! Tony Boucher was the first to go, Sam making him show his teeth to cries of "Take them out for us," and he raised \$13.50. Fritz Leiber, who obliged by quoting Shakespeare, went for \$13.23. Bob Bloch raised a few laughs by baring his chest and went for a record seventeen bucks. Charles Beaumont was the next on the stand. Mari Wolf asked if he would take her out on his hour, and someone else asked if he could sing soprano, about the only virtue which hadn't been attributed to the previous, er, lots. Beaumont opened his mouth for a moment. Sam said he couldn't hear anything. "Of course not," said Beaumont, "I just sang soprano, but only dogs could hear." Mari Wolf took him away at ten dollars. Doc Smith then showed what a favourite he is with American convention audiences by being sold for twenty-one dollars, and finally Dick Matheson went to a syndicate, for sixteen dollars.

Arch Oboler, who has appeared in Reader's Digest and who has been writing fantasy scripts for radio and television, spoke on science fiction in films and TV and mentioned that there is no mature SF in either medium. To film producers, he said, echoing Forry Ackerman, science fiction means monsters. He then showed a short film he had made himself, for television sale as the pilot film of a series.

Charlie Hornig and I went down to the bar where I tried further samples of the local brew and we discussed his part on the science fiction scene. It was very interesting to hear slices of SF history from the horse's mouth, as it were. A very nice chap, Charlie, and probably the youngest old timer in the field. These days he works as an income tax consultant and pays fairly regular visits to Mexico. We had a couple of bottles of Schlitz and then it was time for Charlie to go off home. I wandered up to the Detroit suite on the fifth floor to see how their nonstop party was running along.

It was going in fine style though eyes were looking a little ragged round the edges. There was suddenly a call on the phone for me. Belle Dietz was rounding up a few fans to show films of the London convention to interested parties, which I certainly was. It's quite a thing to see, when you're full of convention weariness, pictures of yourself at another convention when you were living it up in a similar manner. Strange, but things look almost normal. Afterwards, I got very involved in a discussion on rock 'n' roll with a nice young girl who was with Alex Bratmon. Alex acted the part of quiz master very well, putting in a few words against the last point raised whenever the conversation

lagged. In the end we were all arguing against the points we'd started out with, but I don't think we minded.

George Fims Raybin and Belle Dietz outlined the latest developments in their part of WSFS Inc and we had quite a ball walking back to the hotel and arguing hypothetical legal points about the legality of the London convention and whether the London committee was still in control of convention affairs. The outcome was quite a farce, with everyone agreeing that a logical (sic) explanation of affairs was that I was the only Solacon attendee with any right to do anything. George Fields generously gave me his Solacon Committee lapel badge, a smart yellow silk, and when we got back to the hotel I strutted around welcoming every fan I bumped into to "my" convention.

Robin Wood and I wandered up to Ron Ellick's room where there were some of the younger fans like Lars Bourne, Sylvia Dees and George Metzger making a tape to send to New Zealand's Mervyn Barrett. I expect Merv to write me and tell me what I said amid the shrieks and jokes that were bandied around. Some members of the party kept disappearing out of the window, wandering round to corridors and perhaps even other rooms, by means of the window ledge, and when we'd all tired of this Ron and I went up to the Chicago room which was once again continuing the Detroit party and played brag with Jim Caughran. I picked up around eleven cents and went to bed at 4:30.

Bill Broody gave me a tinkle just about nine, and woke me up to say that he was waiting downstairs and if I was interested he'd still be willing to show me round the town. I went down to a light and welcome breakfast which Bill had kindly ordered for me, and was introduced to a friend of his, Charles Muetzel. They suggested routes and places of interest and so forth and after I'd eaten, Bill took me out to Hollywood in his car.

We cut off along the Freeway which gave me quite a kick. I'd heard about this motor highway of course, mainly from snide remarks on the Bob Hope Show and there had been talk in Britain about running such a highway round Preston in Lancashire, lacking in intersections and possessing entrances which practically parallel the main traffic stream over a quarter of a mile. Watching the cars travel by on the opposite lanes, silently and swiftly, reminded me, especially on the curves, of highly colored snowflakes drifting by. We had a fantastic morning's drive, a brief kaleidoscope of American West Coast Society life. Bill is a wonderful guide, too, pointing out everything worth seeing, with a few notes of general interest, followed often by some personal anecdote. I was a breathless, wide awake and yes, almost sober fan by the time we returned to the Alexandria a couple of hours later.

Here I attended the meeting the members of the Cult had called. This is an offshoot amateur publishing association which has a highly integrated clique of members, never exceeding thirteen in number. For some reason, I'd got in the Cult two years previously, and had been struggling to keep up with the fortnightly circulating magazine ever since. It was a nice and informal meeting, with many sidetracks and much personal conversation. The main discussion centered around who would act as Official Arbiter, the Cult's head, now that Carl Brandon had been revealed as a hoax.

South Gate in '58--IX

Anne Chamberlain cornered me and showed me round the N3F room where she piled my arms high with N3F fanzines and propaganda literature. I signed my name to some form, but refused point blank to join the Federation itself. I've nothing against the N3F, except lack of time and burning enthusiasm. I had previously considered the Federation's members to be a bunch of stuffed shirts but those members I met at the Solacon showed me that such a generalisation is certainly ridiculous.

I escaped selling out to the N3F by the skin of my teeth and went down to the convention hall where Rog Phillips was moderating a fan panel composed of Roger Sims and Dean McLaughlin of Detroit and Ed Wood and Sydney Coleman of Chicago. On the whole the speakers seemed to be talking to the other panelists rather than the audience.

This was immediately followed by the Convention's main attraction, the Business Meeting. As practically every fan knows, there had been much controversy during the previous year as to the standing of the World Science Fiction Society and its incorporation. There had been disagreement among its directors and there had been lawsuits bandied about like cards at a Kettering convention. Some fans had been looking forward to this Business Meeting as sorting out the various disagreements and other fans, arguing that things were all too far gone on all sides ever to get any agreement anywhere, had been looking forward to the fracas into which they were sure the Meeting would degenerate.

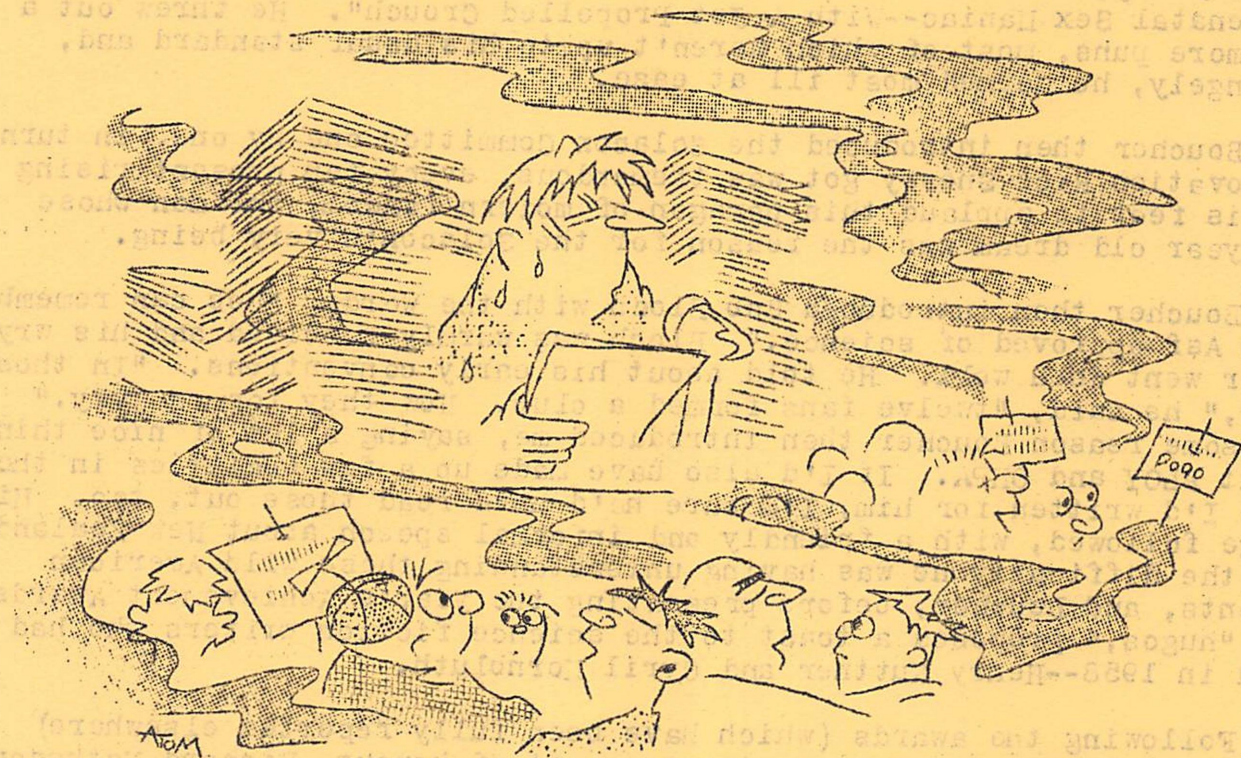
Anna Moffatt announced that the election for the siting of the 1959 Convention would take place first. Bids and seconding speeches were made for Detroit and Chicago, and Anna called for counters for the ballot, "one from each side". Roger Sims got up from the far side of the room and for a moment no one else moved. Thinking that Anna meant one counter from each side of the room and that it was about time I did something worthwhile at the convention, I went out and stood beside Roger. This was a bad thing and some of the Detroit supporters with whom I'd travelled to the convention were a little annoyed at the way I'd evidently sold out to Chicago, for apparently Anna had meant "one counter from each of the two opposing cities". My misunderstanding.

Roger and I gave out the blank pieces of paper which were to serve as ballot forms and then collected them in and placed them in a large bag Rick Sneary had dug up for the purpose. Rick opened up the ballots and called out what was written on them. Roger and I looked on, talked about the publicity Detroit had given their campaign over the past year, about the daily newssheet the Chicago fans had been putting out at the convention, and made remarks to Rick Sneary on the lines of "Tierra del Fuego--how did that get in here?" The result was one blank form, one labelled "no comment," one abstention (cough), and an overwhelming majority for Detroit by 125 straight votes as against 45 for Chicago.

Soon after, the "fun" started. Belle Dietz rose to say that this business session might not be legal under the auspices of WSFS Inc as the siting for the convention had been voted at what some fans claimed had been an illegal site itself, i.e., London in 1957. Evidently, Belle meant to continue and enlarge on this point, but Chairwoman Anna Moffatt quickly made the point, "This is the Business Meeting of the Sixteenth World Science Fiction convention," thus casting out all WSFS Incorporated business in one fell swoop. There was wild applause and

indeed this move, a brilliant coup, deserved it. My own opinions of Anna rose several thousand percent. What a gambit. What a woman! She had a convention to run, she had three hundred or more people to entertain (in the manner of a hostess), and obviously the longer she could keep an irrevocable situation which concerned lawsuits at arm's length the better things would be for her convention. No good could possibly have come from thrashing out--or rather, attempting to thrash out--the sordid details at the time.

Most fans are not interested in fannish lawsuits and their wild applause snowed that they thoroughly approved of Anna's decision to brush aside any business appertaining to the blackened name of WSFS Inc. It could be argued of course that the Solacon Business Meeting was the time and place to thrash out all that needed it, but what with all the thousands of words which had been written about the affair in many, many fanzines during the year before the Solacon, I can see that if the meeting had gone along these planned lines, we'd still all be there listening to lengthy and analytical legal debates. I wouldn't mind too much, myself: Los Angeles is warmer than England.



"He's been filibustering for five months now by reading every John Berry story ever published."

There were one or two other minor points. George Nims Raybin resigned as Legal Director of WSFS Inc. and Bill Donaho read a petition calling for the dissolution of the corporation and immediately Don Day called for a vote which appeared to be practically unanimous, and was certainly in the majority. The meeting was then closed and attendees went off to dress up for the banquet.

Len Moffatt collared me and led me in to the banquet hall ahead of the line, sitting me well up at the front, near the platform. When everyone got sorted out, I was in good company, with Ruth Matheson and

South Gate in '58--XI

Rory Faulkner sitting opposite me; and Charles Wornig and Ellis Mills next to me on the table.

Rick Sneary handed me a letter addressed to me in his care. It bore a Canadian stamp and was from a doctor who had promised Ken Bulmer that he would send the successful TAFF candidate five dollars if indeed a delegate travelled to the Solacon from Britain. Ken had written to the doctor, a J. M. Baxter, but surprise! the good doctor turned out to be no other than Nevil Baxter, an Australian who had taken his degree at Leeds University and who had become a personal friend of Michael Rosenblum's during his stay in Leeds. He had been a regular attendee at the Leeds SFA meetings over two or three years, and had departed for a post in Canada the week before I had left Liverpool to return home to Yorkshire, in July 1956. Truly a small world.

The toastmaster at the banquet was Tony Boucher and after throwing out skits at psionics and Campbell and Esperanto and Ackerman, he introduced Forry, who said that Bob Bloch had written a story called "I Was A Prenatal Sex Maniac--With A Jet Propelled Crouch". He threw out a few more puns, most of which weren't up to his usual standard and, strangely, he seemed most ill at ease.

Boucher then introduced the Solacon Committee one by one, in turn. The ovation Rick Sneary got was tremendous, every fan present rising to his feet to applaud this paragon of modern fandom, the man whose ten year old dream was the reason for the Solacon's very being.

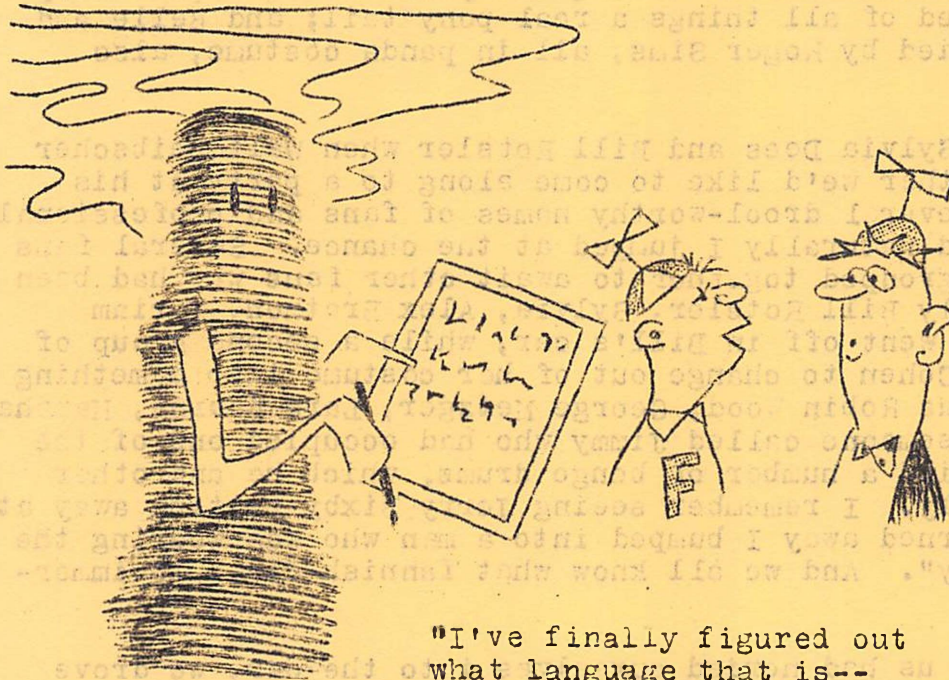
Boucher then introduced Bob Bloch with the words, "Bob can remember when Asf approved of science." Bloch was warmly received and his wry humor went down well. He told about his early conventions. "In those days," he said, "twelve fans formed a club. Now they form a jury." For some reason Boucher then introduced me, saying a lot of nice things about PLOY and OLPA. If I'd also have made up a few societies in the note I'd written for him, I'm sure he'd have read those out, too. Mike Hinge followed, with a friendly and informal speech about New Zealand and the difficulty he was having understanding these wild American accents, and Boucher, before presenting the year's Achievement Awards, the "hugos," proposed a toast to the science fiction writers who had died in 1958--Henry Kuttner and Cyril Kornbluth.

Following the awards (which have been fully reported elsewhere) Boucher introduced the Convention's guest of honour, Richard Matheson. I have always considered that Matheson is greatly underrated as a writer. Some of his short stories have decided literary qualities, and I've seen only one of his which was decidedly bad, now happily lost away in the unread files of expired pulps. Boucher himself said in the Solacon program that Matheson has the "power to take a reader inside a character or a situation." Matheson spoke about the psychological aspect of science fiction and how there was so much about the mind of which man had no knowledge. It was, frankly, a disappointing speech. After the humour of Bloch, Ackerman, and Boucher, the lack of humour in this speech created a cold atmosphere, and as Matheson delivered the speech in a droning and softly spoken monotone, you'll forgive me for not reporting it in detail. I was virtually asleep.

The banquet gave way to the Masquerade Ball on the mezzanine floor. The masquerade part of the ball was a wow, with characters popping up

from all over the place in weird creations. Bob Shaw is reported to have said that there were people there who had evidently come along solely for the purpose of attending the masquerade ball. The ball part wasn't. The music was provided by a meagre selection of lp records and by off-time tinklings on the piano by Walt Leibscher. There was nothing wrong with his actual performance; it just wasn't dance music. In any case, what most Americans know about ballroom dancing would fill the margin of a postage stamp, and the only American who knew how to dance with that easy gliding movement I myself certainly envy was Ben Stark, whom I met in the elevator on the way down to the ball. We discussed a deal we'd done a few years ago--about thirty cents worth of high-powered finance.

In the middle of the dancing, there occurred a really fantastic piece of fannish gimmaickry. Jon Lackey, a twenty year old student from Glendale, burst in from the French windows leading on to the balcony overlooking the street. His face was painted white, and he sported a bald-pate wig with outlandishly frizzy sideboards. He wore black, a black tight fitting robe and a flowing black cape. He was close to seven feet tall without elevator shoes. As if this weren't enough,



"I've finally figured out what language that is-- it's Ackermanese!"

Lackey held a brazier from which a thick black smoke poured continuously. He stormed around, taking long strides up and down the hall, brushing out of his path the fans who were brave enough to stand in his path, and holding the smudge pot aloft kept up a stream of gibberish in some unknown tongue. It sounded logical and authentic, with just the right differences of intonation. This was surely the way the Martians would have chosen to invade us had they picked on the Solacon for their arrival on this planet.

Later Lackey got hold of some sheets of paper and a paint brush and filled up page after page with a weird scrawl, sitting all the while crosslegged on a table at the top of the hall. What a performance! Lackey won first prize.

It wasn't only his costume which won this, I feel sure, but also his supporting performance in the part of a fanatic. In keeping with this label he even went so far as to march out of the hotel, in full costume, and followed by interested fans, he stormed up to Pershing Square where he quickly collected a crowd around him. He then marched down the street back to the hotel, with the crowd, reported to be in the hundreds, following him. The first thing I knew about all this was

when the police showed up in the convention room, and when I looked out of the window, there was quite a crowd collected in the street below. It appeared that the crowd had first expected Lackey to make an appearance on the balcony, whilst reports also stated that the crowd expected him to jump from one of the windows. As chance would have it it was around this time that "The People," Greg and Pat, had got themselves involved in sordid personal affairs. I heard that Greg had found himself a reason to be jealous of Pat, and had threatened to jump out of the window. A further report stated that he even went so far as to hang out of the window, presumably at the very time the crowd was waiting for some such event in the street below. Which certainly accounted for the presence of the police.

Lackey himself went to his room and quickly cleaned off his makeup and Len Hoffatt was left to deny all knowledge of anything while the police toured the hotel. I don't think anyone felt like telling them that the hotel was not now in Los Angeles at all, but was in South Gate and that they were out of their limits.

Eventually, everything quietened down and the judges awarded the prizes. I remember Eleanor Turner taking the prize for the most sexy costume, which included of all things a real pony tail; and Belle and Frank Dietz, accompanied by Roger Sims, all in panda costume, also carried off a prize.

I was talking to Sylvia Dees and Bill Rotsler when Walt Leibscher came up and asked whether we'd like to come along to a party at his home. He mentioned several drool-worthy names of fans and professionals who would be there and naturally I jumped at the chance. Several fans who had been invited grouped together to await other fans who had been invited, and eventually Bill Rotsler, Sylvia, Alex Bratmon, Miriam Dyches and Terry Carr went off in Bill's car, while a second group of us waited for Martha Cohen to change out of her costume into something more normal. There was Robin Wood, George Metzger, Lars Bourne, Martha, and Anne Lubbel, and someone called Jimmy who had occupied one of the lounges all evening with a number of bongo drums, which he and other fans played incessantly. I remember seeing Jerry Bixby batting away at one time, and as I turned away I bumped into a man who was wearing the lapel card, "Al Ashley". And we all know what fannish claim to immortality he has.

When the group of us had herded ourselves into the car, we drove off, only to find that no one actually knew where Walt Leibscher lived and so after a time we came back to the hotel. Robin, Martha, George and I went out for a hamburger and when we got back to the hotel we visited first a party in Bob Leman's room, and then the nonstop riot in the Detroit room. In Leman's room, Bill Donaho was sitting on the bed across which were lain a sleeping couple bearing the lapel labels, "Art and Trina Castillo". They were Ron and Cindy Smith. Sandy Cuttrell was there singing some of his union songs. The Detroit party seemed to be running down at last, although the group had somehow got the house detective drunk and there he was asleep in a corner, and I went to bed. It was close on seven o'clock.

Once again I was up at nine. I had breakfast with Ellis Mills and Charles Hornig, who had kindly offered at the banquet to show me the Pacific. We walked up to Pershing Square where we caught a bus which took a long, slow and boiling ride out to Santa Monica. We walked

along the pier and saw the fishing boats and the various restaurants which advertised all sorts of exotic sea foods. We rode along the sea front on a small open air bus, which seemed more suited to an English seaside resort than to America, and we ate pizza and drank cokes in an Italian restaurant. This was my first taste of pizza: I daresay it grows on you. Altogether, it was a peaceful and even fannishly uneventful trip out, but it was a change and thoroughly enjoyable. I finally fell victim to the combination of heat and lack of sleep, and dozed off on the journey back to the hotel.

The convention was by this time winding up. John Campbell did step up on the platform to discuss some modern equivalent of an inventors' club he's thinking of running, and he mentioned also that he'd been maligned at the convention by others who had misunderstood his remark about Cortez being a "heroic" figure. Cortez, he pointed out, was heroic in the classical sense of the word in that he was larger than life. This cleared up that point very nicely and I was left to marvel at what a larger than life man Campbell is himself, with even an interest in the classics. Altogether, I'd say that in his making that particular point, I understood what he was talking about for the first time!

It was about this time that Anna Moffatt showed me a letter she'd just received from Dave Newman which had as a detachable postscript this cryptic message for my eyes: COME HOME RON BENNETT ALL IS FORGIVEN.

In the evening, Charlie Hornig and Ellis Mills took Sylvia Dees, Ron Ellik, Rory Faulkner and myself out to the Mexican quarter of the city, where, after a bus ride and a walk through a maze of shops sporting Japanese names--even the cinema posters were in Japanese--we ended up at a French restaurant called The Taix, which offered a rather novel menu. There was no choice of dishes, just a specialty of the house, as it were. This set dish, consisting of a highly flavoured soup and a main course of spaghetti, evidently proved very popular. The food was good, and the price was low. Rory remembered it from her last visit to Los Angeles several years previously, and Charlie Hornig told us that it used to be a favourite rendezvous for himself, Rory and other West Coasters.

Afterwards we walked round the district, seeing the City Hall with its top floor jail, and a building which looked so much like a Spanish styled church that I bought a colour postcard of it--a really beautiful structure which turned out to be the railway station! Charlie led us down a narrow street which housed a long line of stalls selling Mexican wares. The street itself was, according to a plaque, the oldest in Los Angeles, dating back to the early nineteenth century. I was actually impressed by this, until Ron Ellik pointed out that coming from Britain, where history is really historical, all this would mean nothing to me. It dawned on me that he was probably right. Most likely it was the atmosphere. The mood of the street was really infectious, something really out of the ordinary. To use a cliché, it was like stepping into another world. From highpowered America to picturesque Mexico, in one short stride. It was a tourist trap, true, with many shoddy and high priced Mexican souvenirs, but it was colourful, gay and completely lacking in that garish quality--or lack of quality--which seems to go hand in hand with so many places of interest to any tourist in any part of the world. I thought it all wonderful. There were glass blowers, fashioning their tiny characters in a bunsen flame, and suddenly I found

a stall which sold English cigarettes. Here I bought twenty players for thirty cents (two shillings) as against the British price of three and eleven, or close to twice the price. True, these Players were manufactured in America by the Philip Morris company, but they were near enough to the British blend to please me. The proprietor of the stall evidently spoke but little English, and as I know no Spanish whatever, we had quite a time. Actually, by sign language we got quite a bit of price comparisons of various brands of cigarettes at home and in the States.

Sylvia, too, obviously enjoyed herself, for she is--or was at the time--a foreign language major at college, and her practical knowledge of Spanish astounded us. She wandered around talking at her usual rapid-fire pace to various stall owners, and even went so far as to buy some Spanish books and magazines at one stall.

We walked back to the hotel by way of what proved to be Los Angeles' skid row. From the way people turned round to look at us, it was obvious that we were tourists. When we got back to the hotel, the others drifted off to various parties, and I decided it was about time I got down to the report I was supposed to be writing for New Worlds. According to the timing Ted Carnell and I had arranged that report should have already been sent airmail to London earlier that day. I went up to my room, took out the typewriter I'd brought with me for the very purpose of writing the report, lit a cigarette, and sat down. I typed the title and the phone rang. It was Anna Moffatt, inviting me up to the convention suite on the top floor. There was quite a crowd gathered there when I arrived and Rick Sneary and Anna took me on one side to present me with the money raised by the Auction Bloch. I stayed to watch TV. There had been promises of part of a programme to be given over to the convention and although just about every attendee gathered to watch the entire half hour show, there was not even a mention of the convention.

Feeling nice and rich, I felt that the least I could do was to invite the Detroit group along to the bar for a drink. When we had settled there, one of the waitresses challenged the ages of Sylvia Dees and Moreen Talasca and so we had the drinks sent up to the Detroit suite. As soon as they had got sorted out, I took mine back to my room in order to get on with the report. As soon as I had really got going, there was a knock on my door which turned out to belong to Alex Bratmon. The previous day, I'd mentioned to Bob Pavlat that we might throw a PLOY party in my room that Monday evening and Alex had not only come along for that but had kindly brought his own drink--in abundance. The PLOY party never came off; for one thing I hadn't seen Pavlat since talking about the party (he was out, I believe, at Burbee's house for dinner), and for another I was exiled, surrounded in my room on the eighth floor by several elderly non-fans. It just didn't seem right having a fannish party in their midst. Alex was very nice about it and stayed a while to give me moral support while I wrote the report. I was great company for him. I can't have looked up from the typewriter in over an hour. During that time I wrote the report out twice and tore the first draft into shreds. I decided that it could still do with a rewrite, put everything away and went up to the Detroit rooms.

Here the party had revived itself and was in full swing. Here the main brag session of the convention took place, continuing for some time, with players joining and leaving at will. I remember Will Jenkins

South Gate in '58--XVI

Fred Prophet, Jim Broderick (before he fell asleep), and Bob Pavlat. I cleared over two dollars in penny stakes. It was altogether a profitable day. When the brag session broke up, we sat around talking. Nick Falasca told me he thought the convention had been a fabulous affair, an opinion with which I could easily agree. Bill Donaho came in and sat on the bed, which promptly collapsed. It was the type of wild gathering it's all too easy to exaggerate about, and it compared favourably in standard with anything Kettering has had to offer. We agreed that Bill had found the perfect climax to any convention and amid discussion as to whether he should repeat his trick at future gatherings, we went off to our respective rooms. It was 5:30.



"What a smashing climax to the convention!"

I got four hours sleep and got up to rewrite the report, which I mailed off at the post office annex round the corner. It was now open and I took the opportunity of posting all the bundles I'd intended posting the previous Saturday. Belle Dietz was there mailing her resignation as a Director of WSPS. She asked me to witness this notification and I did so.

I stayed around the hotel until around two, having a lunch-cum-breakfast with Sylvia. Fans were drifting off continuously and it was sad having to live through a chain of goodbyes, parting with friends made over the weekend, friends who would probably never be seen again. At least, I had the knowledge that I had met them, and that in many cases my life was so much richer for those meetings. Bob and Sadie Shaw went off to start their long trip back to Ireland, and Buz and Elinor Busby departed, too, a nice couple I'd like to have seen more of

South Gate in '58--XVII

during the weekend. Somehow whenever we met one or the other of us was on his way to somewhere or other. Eventually, it was my turn too. Bob Pavlat was driving me back East--a man of rare courage, that--and was taking Ted White and Sylvia Dees along for protection. We loaded up Bob's '57 Ford at the same time as Bob Bloch, the Palascas and Sandy Cuttrell were also leaving.

Something involved my having to go back upstairs, and I bumped into Gem Carr who kindly invited me for a cup of coffee. "I've been meaning to talk to you about this Willis business all the weekend," she said. This was a conversation I'd certainly have loved to have had, a discussion with Gem without the so easily misinterpreted printed word, but time was against it. The others were waiting for me. There was a last quick round of goodbyes, and we were away, riding through the streets of Los Angeles, away from the convention and towards home. South Gate in '58 was a part of fannish history, and our journey east had begun.

Which would be a fitting climax, I feel, for the report on how Bennett wandered round the Solacon, but I feel, too, that I should add a note about the convention itself. Firstly, it is hard for me to compare it to other conventions I've attended, for the majority of faces were not the faces I normally see at British conventions. True, there were the fans who had travelled to London in 1957, and there was the redoubtable Ellis Mills, who had popped up at all sorts of places in my life, including Harrogate. But faces like Archie Mercer and Norman Shorrock were sadly missing. Even so, the convention lacked nothing in spirit for their absence. Which seems to prove that fans are the same, basically, the world over. It was a small and intimate convention. The Solacon Committee, which worked quietly and efficiently, a grand bunch, had deliberately not advertised the gathering locally, so that the attendees were, in the majority, hard-bitten enthusiasts. Everyone met practically everyone else. What had looked like causing the one major upset of the convention, an out-of-hand business meeting, had been squashed, and the goodwill, the warm friendliness, exuded at every moment of the convention. Everyone was on his best behaviour towards everyone else, and if I may borrow a word from Dick Ellington, it was a "gas" of an affair. My seconds will be round at dawn to anyone who says otherwise.

--Ron Bennett

In more ways than one, Degler was the mystery man of the convention. By the way, he's now known as John Paul Chrisman. Thinking that the Philcon was scheduled for the 4th of July, he told me later, he arrived two months beforehand. He took up temporary residence in Camden, N. J., and frequented the PSFS where it seems nobody knew him by sight. During the convention, Chrisman was quiet and mild-mannered. In fact, it is the private opinion of yours truly that he was one of the most well-behaved Philcon attendees! Vociferously maintaining his identity as Chrisman, he attempted to squelch rumors during the latter part of the con by wearing a button reading I AM RICHARD S. SHAVER, WHO ARE YOU?

--Joe Kennedy, in the PHILCON MEMORY BOOK

SYNOPSIS: I met Dean Morality in New York just after he'd married Marylou and they had come to New York, where Dean was determined to learn to be fannish. He came to me at first, but soon he met Ross Chauvenet, and thereafter he learned from Ross. Came the spring, the great time of fan-travelling, and Dean, having had a fight with Marylou and speaking of divorce, left for Dallas. In June I set off for Dallas myself, and we were to meet and attend the Souwescon together. I had a series of mad rides over a period of nonstop days on the road, and at last was in Texas, nearing the end of the trip.

On The Road

by Carl Brandon

Chapter Three

It took me three more rides to get to Dallas, and they were the maddest rides of my life, barrelling along the Texas pavement with the wind whooshing by outside the windows, voices in the wind seeming to say bheer, taperecording, blog, fanac, Frank R. Paul, contalk, JD, fandom--a rising and lowering hiss of wind-speech that would have made H.C.Koenig feel right at home there on the Texas plains. I listened to the drivers talk, and to the wind, and said to myself, Dallas is just a few hours away, I'll be in Dallas by nightfall, two days early for the con. And the drivers told me about cattle and trains and farm-machinery while I said yes, yes, nodding my head happily, thinking of fans from all over the Southwest who were even now on the road heading for Dallas, and would be arriving Thursday afternoon, Thursday night, Friday morning, some maybe not getting there till Saturday, but everybody on the road from all over, going to Daallas.

Those three rides could only have taken place in Texas and only at that time, July of 1958, because that was cojvention-time in Texas. And to cross Texas to go to the convention I rode with first a cattleman who read science-fiction while he was on the plains, and I raised my eyebrows at this but he said it wasn't a bit odd, because out there the stars looked so close anyhow that flying to them seemed the most natural thing in the world to do, which was a crazy Texan thing to say and which left me thinking that everybody in the world had a good reason to read science-fiction if he only knew. And then I rode with an old man who worked the trains six days a week and blasted around in his 1948 Ford on his free days, Wednesdays, driving sometimes eighty miles an hour, sometimes one hundred, but never less than seventy, like he thought the Ford was on rails and couldn't get out of control, sitting behind the wheel perfectly relaxed at those speeds like a fan with an electric mimeo going full-blast and the counter set to tell him when to turn it off; and the last ride I had going into Dallas, taking me all the way into the center of the city, was with a man who sold farm-machinery and who described different machines to me for a hundred and fifty miles while I listened only halfway, thinking of combines moving slowly across a field of crudzines, threshing them up into pulp and sacking

On The Road--II

them for shipment to Belfast or Seattle or Denver where they could be made into good white paper again and where something good could be published instead. A crazy dream which ended when I could almost read an issue of HYPHEN that was published in my mind and I knew I was nearly asleep and sat up with a start to see that we were in Dallas. He let me off with an admonition not to forget about farm machinery, but all I was to remember during the coming fan-months was my dream of the crudzine combine.

In those days I didn't know Dean as well as I do now, and the first thing I wanted to do was look up J.T. King, which I did. J.T. is a slim blond boy with a strange hatchet face that goes well with his interest in sports cars. His sensitive fannish nose, having all the extravagance of a Lee Brown Coye drawing, beaks softly under a flare of hair only partially covered by a propellor beanie; he has the beauty and grace of a fannish hotshot who's drunk at cons and has played a little Interplanetary. A slight lisp comes out when he speaks. "The thing I like about my MG, boy...well, you know the way they handle and corner and pick up," he hissed reverently, and I thought of the wind-voices I'd heard that day on the road to Dallas. "Ghu, that Detroit iron...how bad can it get?"

H.T. and I got in his little A and the first thing he had to do was get some information about a sports car rally. Then he had to see an old schoolteacher, and so on, and all I wanted to do was drink beer. It turned out that J.T. had decided not to be Dean's friend any more, for some odd reason, and he didn't even know where he lived.

"Is Ross Chauvenet in town?"

"Yeah." But he wasn't talking to him any more either. This was the beginning of J.T. King's gafia from fandom. And I sensed some kind of feud in the air, and this feud lined up in two groups: it was J.T. King and Tim Gray and Roland Minor, generally agreeing to ignore Dean Morality and Ross Chauvenet. I was smack in the middle of this interesting feud.

It was a feud with social overtones. Dean was the son of a fan who had been mixed up in the New Fandom business back in the late thirties and who had supported the Exclusion Act and later taken to drink and quit fandom, reappearing only briefly on such occasions as when "The Immortal Storm" started appearing in FANTASY COMMENTATOR late in the forties, looking through each issue for his name, not finding it, reaching for a bottle. And Dean, too young to be a fan, had announced at various times at least four fanzines he was going to publish, and put the hopeful incoming sub money in a can for those days when his father had no money for liquor. And once, when he was fourteen, he had very seriously decided to publish and had once more sent out announcements, which were ignored for the most part this time, and one fan wrote and asked why he didn't title his fanzine WOLF because that seemed to be his perpetual fan-cry. So Dean didn't have the money to publish, and just then "The Immortal Storm" appeared in hard-covers and his father had looked through the whole index for a mention of him, not finding any, and had gone on a wild drunk lasting for weeks and had told Dean never to bother with fandom or he'd end up an alcoholic like him, talking in slow self-

On The Road--III

pity as alcoholics will. But soon after Dean's father disappeared no one knew where, and Dean, motherless since the age of four, was left to his own devices. For the next Three years Dean moved around the country, was often in reform schools, and his only buddies were the fringers who turned up at cons and New York parties, drinking and making fannish history which could never be written in fanzines.

Now Dean, who had survived it all with the starry-eyed enthusiasm and energy of a fannish saint, was in Dallas for the con, and he and Ross Chauvenet were the underground monsters of that fan-season, together with several insurgent type fans and others like the Benfords and the doomed Kent Hoomaw, who were sometimes on the scene.

Chapter Four

The following two days were absolutely mad. I moved in with Roland Minor in the really swank apartment that he and Tim Grayy had which should have become a modern legend, having a Gestetner and a \$200 Ditto and a huge collection of science fiction with reams of paper used as bookends. And they had a hi-fi set and records covering most of one wall--all kinds of music which they played constantly, "Martians Go Home" and "City of Glass" which had confused Dean because he thought they had something to do with Fredric Brown and Noel Loomis, and Ken Colyer's "Postman's Lament" which they played over and over, eyeing the many unbroken reams of paper they had and talking of publishing, which they never did. Tim Grayy's folks had lots of money.

There were two typewriters, a Royal portable and a standard Olivetti, and on this last Roland Minor was constantly composing fan-fiction in the Larry Stark manner and immediately burning them. He'd just finished a story about a fan who goes to the Dallas con because he figures since it's just a small con the sercon fans won't be running it, but rather there will be convention parties and fannish talk and all. His name is Phil, and his traveling companion is a mysterious and quiet fan called Sam. Phil goes and digs the convention, which is a sercon drag, and comes back to the hotel room, where Sam has stayed all along. "Sam, they're here too," he says. And Sam is just staring at the wall. "Yes," he says, "I know." And the point is that Sam didn't have to go and look to know this. The sercon types were all over fandom, boring everybody to tears. Minor and I were great pals; he thought I was the farthest thing from a sercon type.

And all the time, amid the extravagant, unproductive fannishness of that Dallas apartment, I was looking for Ross Chauvenet and Dean. And everybody was shaking their heads and saying they didn't know where they were, they were out of touch.

Finally it happened. The phone rang Thursday night, and it was Ross Chauvenet. He gave me the address of his basement apartment, where the subterranean fans met in fine symbolic surroundings. I said, "What are you doing in Dallas? I mean what are you doing? What's going on?"

"Oh, wait till I tell you."

I rushed over to meet him. And seeing him, not yet satisfied, I immediately said, "Where is Dean?"

"Dean is here in town," he said. "Let me tell you." And he told me that Dean was making love to two girls at the same time, they being Marylou, his wife, and Camille, a new girl. "Between the two of them he rushes to me for our own unfinished business."

"And what business is that?"

"Dean and I are embarked on a tremendous season together. We're trying to communicate with absolute honesty and absolute completeness everything in our minds. We take benzedrine and sit up all night, talking. I have finally taught Dean that he can do anything he wants, win a TAFE trip, marry into FAPA, or become the greatest poet since Art Rapp. But he keeps rushing out to see Marylou and Camille. You know, Sal, Dean is really hung-up on that--sex, you know. I can't make him see that it's not fannish. Sex and fandom don't mix." And he said "Hm" into his beanie and thought about this.

"What's the schedule?" I said. There was always a schedule in Dean's life.

"The schedule is this: right now he's with Marylou. At one sharp he rushes from Marylou to Camille--of course neither one of them knows what's going on. I'm to arrive at one-thirty--Camille has already started hating me--and we'll come back here to talk till six in the morning. We usually spend more time than that, but he's pressed for time. At six he goes back to Marylou, and they are to spend all day tomorrow getting the necessary papers for their divorce. Marylou's all for it, but she insists on sex in the interim. She says she loves him, but she doesn't love fandom."

Ross and I went through pre-convention streets to the rooming house where Dean was with Camille. Ross knocked, then darted back to hide--he didn't want Camille to see him. I stood at the door. Dean opened it stark naked. I saw a brunette in the bed, who looked up with mild wonder.

"Why, Sal!" said Dean. "Well now--ah--ahem, yes, of course, you've arrived--you old fouty sonumbitch you finally got on that old road." He was putting on his pants and reaching for his shirt, which lay on top of a copy of THE BEST OF FANDOM--1957. "Well, now, look here--we must--yes, yes, at once--we must, we really must talk and catch up on the fandoings of which we both know so much that's different and discuss the coming convention which is to be held somewhere right here in Dallas, Camille." And he whirled to her. "Sal is here, this is my old buddy from New Yorrrrk, he's here for the con and it's absolutely and finally necessary for me to take him out and show him the town and fix him up to prepare him for the convention."

"But what time will you be back?"

"It is now (looking at his watch) "exactly one-thirty four. I shall be back at exactly five thirty-four, just four hours from now, for our hour of sweet reverie together, my sweet. In the meantime I must take care of Sal who is in great need of information about fan-

On The Road--V

doings in Dallas, as I told you."

"Well, all right, but please be sure and be back at five."

"Just as I said, darling, and remember not five but five thirty-four. Are we straight in the deepest and most wonderful depths of our souls, dear darling?" Dean's speech certainly didn't sound as if he were a science fiction fan, though there was a strange similarity to some of E. E. Smith's love-scenes in it. But it all had a deep and profoundly fannish significance to Dean, the search for truth and sincerity being his conception of anything he liked, including, in some odd way, fandom.

Off we rushed into the night; Ross joined us outside. We returned to Ross's apartment and the two of them immediately sat cross-legged on the bed facing each other and started their daily session of total communication. I was ignored, but I sat in a chair and listened, while Ross and Dean discussed the innermost realities of fandom and science fiction, jumping from one abstract thought to another, illustrating them with specific references in passing--a Bourne drawing in BRILLIG, an Ashman illustration in Galaxy, a pun by Willis, an allusion by Rike, a comment by G.M.Carr, an exaggeration by Berry. These were all tied together by some link which I missed but which Dean and Ross saw with stark cross-legged clarity, and somewhere beneath the jumbled flow of words was a fantastic coherence. I listened, feeling like a nonfan reading a SAPS mailing, sitting in the chair and nodding, near sleep from my days on the road.

Ross said, "But when we were passing the all-night restaurant and I said it was like a slanshack I meant because it was always alight with activity, always something going on, in London or Los Angeles, Vesoul or Karachi or New Zealand, at every moment in fandom fanac is in progress while the sun shines or it is dark and a fan is stenciling beneath a lonely desk lamp."

"Yes yes, and of course I understood that," said Dean, "which is why I said it was like the British Empire, the sun never setting on either in reality, not just that there were fans all over the world but that they were always crazy active, on the go, pubbing or writing or thinking fannishly always. And moreover that started a train of thought of my own which I didn't get a chance to tell you because just then we found the used book store and were caught up in browsing and climbing ladders to top shelves. Now, what I was going to say--"

"But you did say it, standing on the ladder looking at The Shadow. I heard it, as well as the storekeeper, I'm sure, who was not deaf and could hear a shout from on high such as you gave, saying there was a special attitude which is fannish and not just non-mundane or esoteric, and I've been thinking about that myself, but I can't--"

"Yes yes, there is such an attitude, and we both have it," interrupted Dean. "We must discuss it, because it is what makes fandom what it is and is important!"

"But Sal," said Ross, "you're listening, you're sitting there, we'll ask Sal. What do you say?"

On The Road--VI

And I said, "You can't distill that, Dean. If you could you'd lose it. Fans must never understand their own fannishness; it's got to remain a childhood throwback feeling, quest for praise and expression...."

"No, no, no, you're talking absolute bullshit and Laneylike negativism!" shouted Dean.

And I took Ross's beanie which was propped on the chair, the huge beanie that was five sizes too big for even Ross and which he used to keep his ears warm, and I pulled it down over mine and said, "I want to sleep," having made my contribution to the discussion. They started in again.

"When you said that fandom was just a holy crusade--"

"No, man, a goddam holy crusade!"

"Yes, and I immediately thought here is a fan caught between fannishness and cynicism, saying the words and not knowing if he believes them or not--"

"I believe them, I believe them! But it depends on the definition, which in turn has to do with Latin or Greek and First Fandom origins, Buck Rogers and Hugo Gernsback and trimmed edges--"

"You're changing the subject!"

"No, no, man, this is absolutely relevant in the inner soul of reality!"

I went to sleep. I dreamed of crudzine combines all over the world, always running, following the sun, crossing the blog-filled Mississippi and the Atlantic or Pacific underwater, a scene from Arthur C. Clarke, and I awoke at five to find Dean and Ross just finishing up.

"When I said to you that I have to stop now, it was because of Camille and my appointment, kaf kaf, with her, and not because of any unconscious fakefan tendencies of mine. I have to stop, man, and you must--"

"You're rushing off to a fakefan tryst!" said Ross, tired and raising his voice from the intense concentration of the past hours.

"No no, whatever two fans do together is fanac! And I am converting her to fandom, Ross, I am, I have a copy of BEST OF FANDOM right by the bed--"

"We're right in the middle of--"

"No, man, I don't have the time. We've got to stop the fan-machine."

"You can't stop the fan-machine!" said Ross.

"Turn off the fan-machine," I said, sitting up.

They looked at me, and Dean said, "He's been listening all along,

On The Road--VII

Sal has. Crazy Sal, all the way from New York. What do you think, Sal?"

I said I thought they were absolutely mad. "But let me know what happens as you go along."

"I'll write an article," said Ross morosely.

Dean put on his jacket and rushed off, and in a few minutes, having listened to Ross make disgruntled fan-sounds deep in his throat while staring at a correction fluid stain on his shirtcuff, I left too. I hurried through the dawn streets to the apartment where I was staying with Roland Minor and Tim Gray, wanting to get a few hours sleep that morning. The Souwescon was to start that day.

--(Terry Carr)

{(to be continued)}

The late Franklin D. Roosevelt was a mystery story fan and during his terms in office, the detective yarn soared high on the totem pole of popularity. It sure would be nice if a science fiction fan were elected president. Then science fiction would certainly be THE fiction, with a place of respectability in every home in the land. And if the said fan wanted to run a fanzine, think of the facilities he'd have! The entire Government Printing Office would be at his beck and call. The top professional writers would fall all over themselves attempting to be the first to GIVE him their best material. Pro editors would be standing six deep, just begging him to accept their best cover originals. And if he objected to Bergey as a cover artist, his letter-to-the-editor would bring an immediate change. Fans all over the world would take steps to see that his magazine collection was the best in the world. Instead of mink coats, rare books would be the medium of exchange for favors. And he could step right into a career as a pro writer, just as soon as his term in office was up.

--Wilkie Conner, in TLMA #6,
October 1952

The SAPSazines of '48 were composed 90% of pure frothings--inconsequential, highly personalized, yet forthright and funny. People who have an attitude of deadpan seriousness toward fandom would probably regard a SAPS mailing with the outraged horror of your spinster Aunt Lavinia spotting a discarded prophylactic in the gutter.

This, I suspect, is one of the reasons why the SAPS are here to stay.

--Joe Kennedy, in FANTASY ANNUAL, 1948

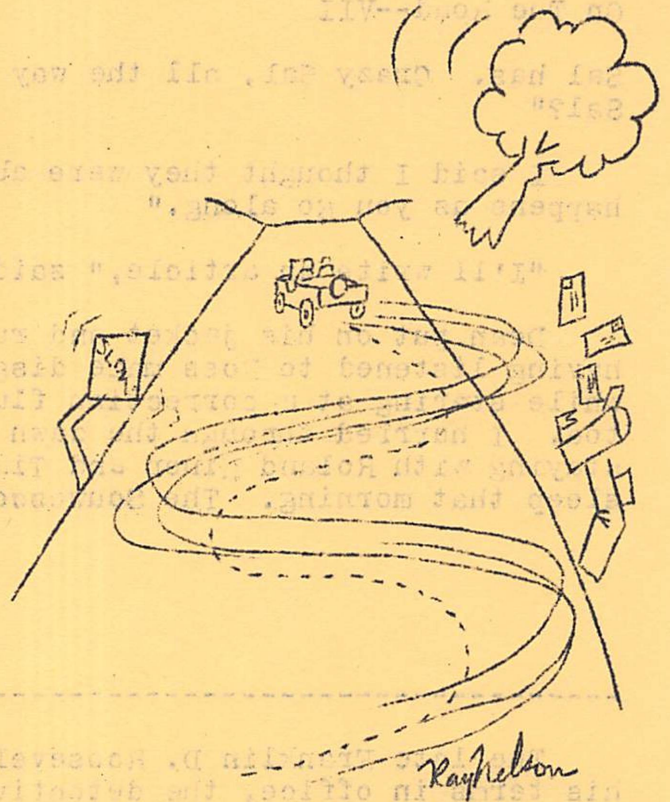
I wonder if Lynn Hickman still recalls the time I sent him a photo of "myself". It was a leftover from a slumming expedition that I'd taken along Chicago's Maxwell Street...of the most ancient and decrepit old derelict you could possibly imagine. But Hickman, that hound, had his revenge. When somebody introduced us at Indian Lake, Lynn said, "I recognized you right away, from your picture."

--Dean Grennell, NANDU #9, early 1955

ADVENTURES IN FANDOM, NO. 3:

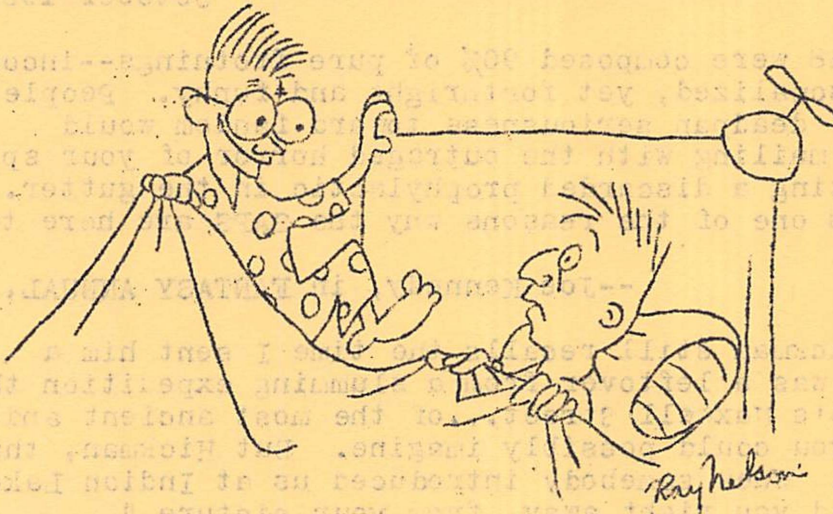
Coming Back From The Clevelention

by Bill Donaho



There were several of us at the Clevelention who were looking for rides back to New York. Fortunately (or so I thought) there was a friend of mine in Cleveland for some scientific gathering or other: Ray (Harvey) Solomonoff, a high-powered computer scientist. I contacted him and he said that he was going back in his Willys Jeep and had no passengers at all. We were all set: Dick Ellington, Dan Curran, Jean and Andy Young, and I latched onto the deal.

Monday night I was enjoying myself thoroughly at the final party in the convention suite after the masquerade, but forced myself to go to bed early, because I suspected that I would be doing a good deal of the driving. (I had ridden with Harvey before.) Dick and Danny had already checked out and I agreed that I would leave my door open so that they could come sleep in my room.



About an hour after I went to sleep something disturbed me and I opened my eyes to see Harlan Ellison getting into bed with me. It's not a way I would choose to be awakened, but I shrugged and went back to sleep with a shattered soul.

I had left a call for some ungodly hour: nine or ten or something like that. The phone rang up. I stumbled over Dick

and I reluctantly climbed over Harlan and got up. I stumbled over Dick and Danny on the floor and washed my face.

Coming Back From The Clevention--II

Danny, without opening his eyes or stirring in any way, became aware through some ESP mechanism or other that there was now a vacant spot on the bed. He levitated, turned in mid-air, and with the most graceful and smooth movement I have ever seen, slid under the sheet. Later on it took fifteen minutes and numerous applications of cold water even to get him to sit up.

Well, finally we were all up and dressed and downstairs and fed and had met Harvey and found Jean and Andy and were ready to go. The luggage was stowed away somehow. Jean and Andy and Danny were scattered over the luggage and the rear seats of the jeep. Harvey, Dick, Harlan and I were on the front seat. (We were taking Harlan to his home in Cleveland before we set out.)

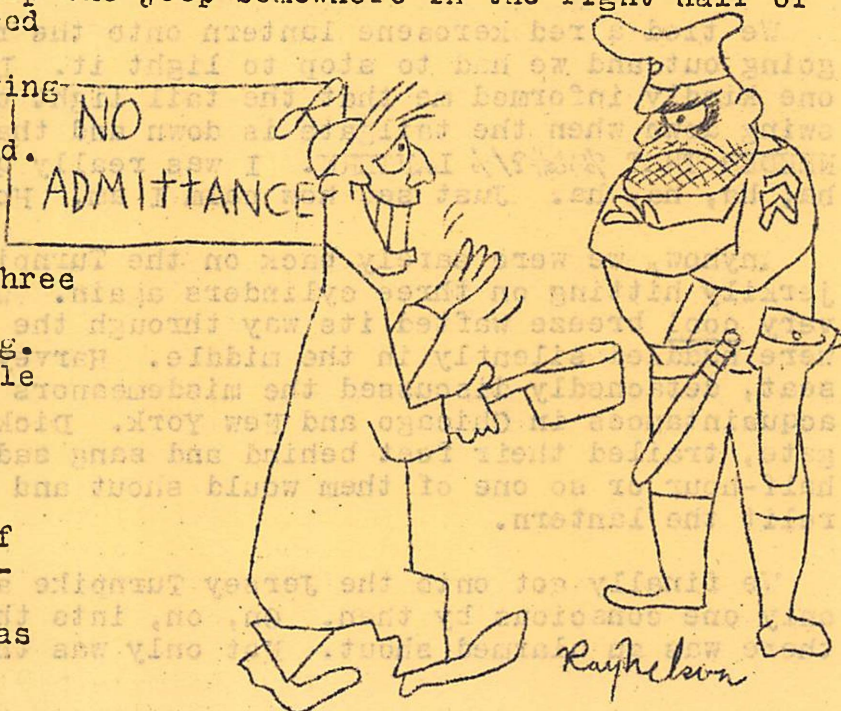
It was soon all too apparent that there was something wrong with the steering mechanism of the jeep and that Harvey (the World's Worst Driver) did not seem to be aware of such mundane things as other cars, red lights, pedestrians, etc. Harlan got more and more incoherent; "Let me out! I'll take a bus! Let me out!" Of course we paid absolutely no attention to him and after awhile we couldn't even understand what he was saying. We left him standing in front of his house, shaking his fist and screaming, "You'll all be killed! You'll never get back to New York! You'll all be killed!"

We proceeded through Cleveland at the leisurely pace of 25 mph. Harvey couldn't drive any faster and keep the car on the road. There was something wrong with the steering that caused a long delay before any motion one gave the steering wheel was transmitted to the car wheels. Naturally this resulted in far too much movement of the steering wheel, necessitating compensation when the car finally responded, but the compensation was always too much, necessitating...etc. Anyhow, it was a mess. The steering gear was also loose, so that if you tried to hold the wheel absolutely motionless, the car wobbled from side to side all on its own.

After a while I took over the driving and found that I could go 45 or 50 mph and still keep the jeep somewhere in the right half of the road. Everyone cheered up at this and we wove along for some hours, slowing down to a sedate 15 mph whenever cops were sighted.

We had almost reached Pittsburgh when the jeep started hitting on only three cylinders. We were now jerking as well as weaving. I tried to ignore the whole thing, but kept glancing anxiously at the temperature.

We kept running out of water at the most inopportune places: you know, places like where there was



Coming Back From The Clevention--III

no water. Oh well, at least it gave everyone a chance to stretch their legs--the jeep was rather crowded. One of my scattered memories of the trip is trudging up to a highway patrol station (past the "No Admittance" sign) with a hopeful smile, in search of water.

On our way again, everyone was cheerful and calm until Harvey took over the driving for a second time. He and Andy continued the deep scientific discussion they had started before and, in spite of fairly heavy traffic, Harvey paid even less attention to the road than usual. I wouldn't have thought it possible, but it was.

The final straw was reached when the catch on the hood broke and the hood flew up into the air, completely obstructing the windshield. Harvey, in spite of heavy traffic moving at a fairly rapid clip, brought the jeep to an immediate halt. I trod, none too gently, on his foot on the gas pedal, pushing them both down. (He had a sore foot for some time.) I also grabbed the wheel and steered the car to the side of the road.

After tying down the hood we went on, with me driving. Even though it was Harvey's jeep, I wouldn't let him near the wheel again until he left me at my doorway.

We were very crowded, so at one of our numerous stops we repacked the jeep, putting the tail gate down and spreading things around. This gave us much more room, particularly as Dick and Danny sat on the tailgate and dangled their legs out behind.

Just before dark the firing of the cylinders got even more out of phase; they seemed to be working against each other if anything. We didn't have any tools to tune them ourselves, not even a screwdriver, and the Turnpike service stations wouldn't give tune-ups. I said that we would have to leave the Turnpike and get it done. Harvey said, "No, no--too much time." Fortunately I was driving, so we left the Turnpike. I think it took an hour and a half to two hours to find an open garage. It got quite dark, anyhow.

We tied a red kerosene lantern onto the rear of the jeep. It kept going out and we had to stop to light it. Later on in New York someone kindly informed me that the tail light of the Willys Jeep will swing down when the tailgate is down and that therefore we HADN'T NEEDED THAT %&#?/% LANTERN. I was really quite calm, though. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Just see how calm I am. Ho, ho, ho.

Anyhow, we were safely back on the Turnpike, all tune-up and jerkily hitting on three cylinders again. With the tailgate down a very cool breeze wafted its way through the jeep. Jean and Andy were huddled silently in the middle. Harvey and I, on the front seat, detachedly discussed the misdemeanors of our various common acquaintances in Chicago and New York. Dick and Danny, on the tailgate, trailed their feet behind and sang sad Wobbly songs. Every half-hour or so one of them would shout and I would stop while they relit the lantern.

We finally got onto the Jersey Turnpike about 1:00 AM. I was the only one conscious by then. On, on, into the night... Suddenly there was an alarmed shout. Not only was the lantern out, it was



stone cold. I hastily pulled over to the side of the road. While the lantern was being lit, the Turnpike police cruized up. When they saw us innocently relighting our lantern, they went away. It was indeed fortunate that they passed us while we were stopped. We were still wobbling back and forth across our lane in a highly erratic manner, to say the least.

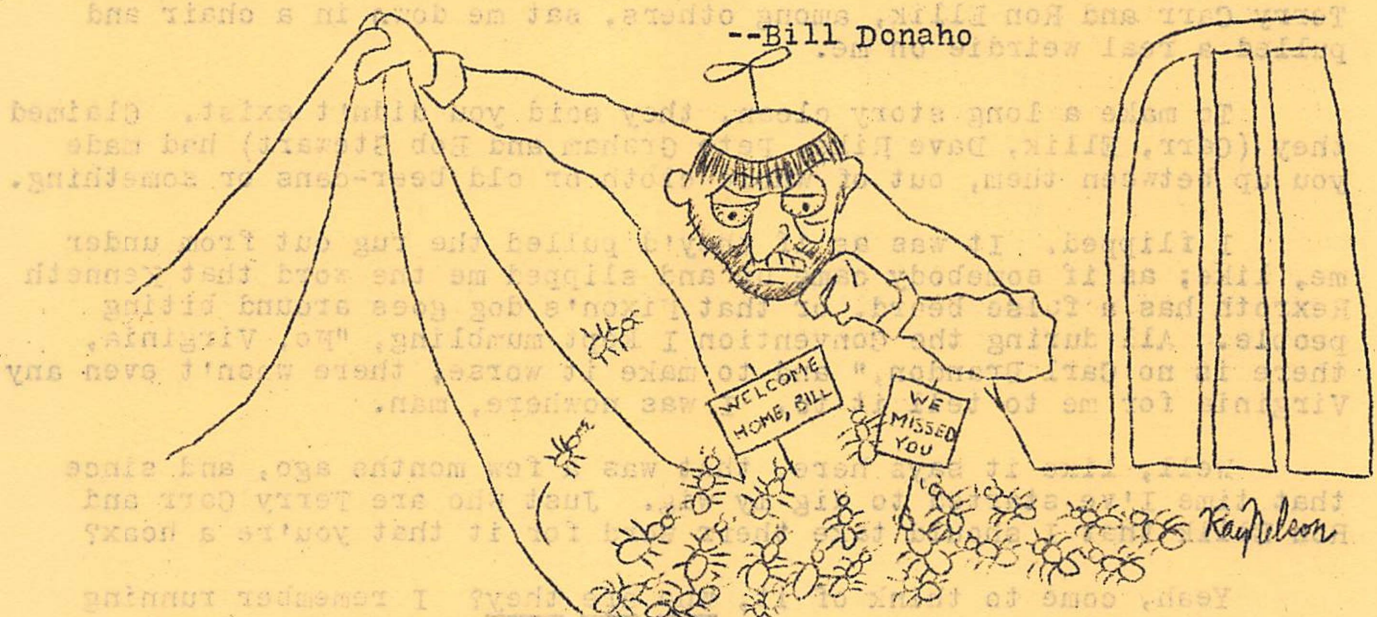
We arrived at New York about 4:00 AM after, according to Dick, sixteen separate breakdowns. I think he lost count of how many times we stopped to light the lantern.

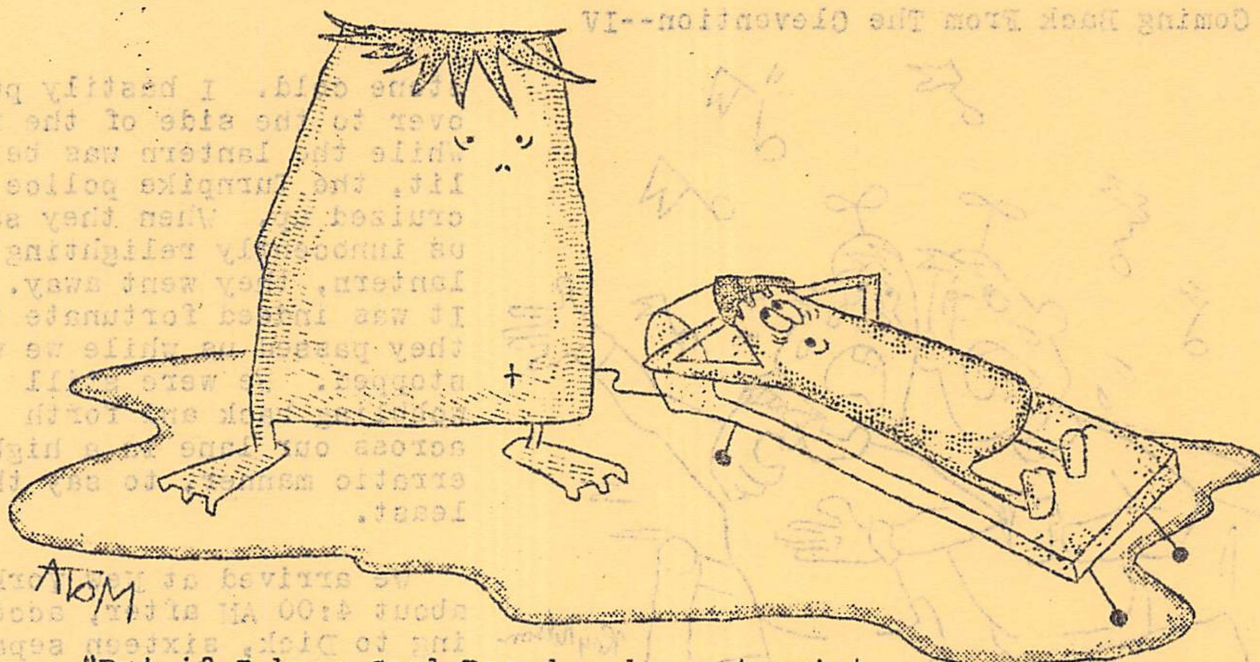
I dropped Jean and Andy off at the bus station, took Dick and Danny home and drove to my place. I told Harvey good night and went upstairs. I got ready to fall in bed and pulled back the top sheet. The whole

bed was a seething mass of bedbugs, with their eager, questing little snouts thrust upwards. I spent the next two hours spraying and crushing.

Naturally, I got no rest that night and had to go to work without any sleep.

--Bill Donaho





"But if I know Carl Brandon doesn't exist,
why do I keep thinking I'm him?"

BOB BLOCH

A LETTER TO CARL BRANDON

Dear Carl:

A few months ago I attended a pre-Convention gathering at Forry Ackerman's house in Los Angeles and everything was swinging.

I was minding my own business (which happens to be chasing chicks) when a group of characters or lack-of-characters including Terry Carr and Ron Ellik, among others, sat me down in a chair and pulled a real weirdie on me.

To make a long story clean, they said you didn't exist. Claimed they (Carr, Ellik, Dave Rike, Pete Graham and Bob Stewart) had made you up between them, out of whole cloth or old beer-cans or something.

I flipped. It was as if they'd pulled the rug out from under me, like; as if somebody came up and slipped me the word that Kenneth Rexroth has a false beard, or that Nixon's dog goes around biting people. All during the Convention I kept mumbling, "No, Virginia, there is no Carl Brandon," and to make it worse, there wasn't even any Virginia for me to tell it to. I was nowhere, man.

Well, like it says here, that was a few months ago, and since that time I've started to dig my wig. Just who are Terry Carr and Ron Ellik that I should take their word for it that you're a hoax?

Yeah, come to think of it, who are they? I remember running into a character named Carr some years ago, but she was a female type --unless it was Terry Carr, in drag. Anyhow, the same character

A Letter to Carl Brandon--II

showed up in Los Angeles again and I recognized her, all right: G. M. Carr, a grandmother yet. I asked her if she had any grandchildren named Terry, but she swore she'd never made that bit.

And this Ellik: the minute I checked into the hotel he shows up with a whole gang of other characters. I go two thousand miles from home and right away here is Ron Ellik; a couple of months earlier he claims he was only 50 miles away, in Fond du Lac, but he never showed then. How do I know he isn't just some dharma bum or other? Obviously the guy is not a fan--he doesn't drink, and he's all the time going out of his way to be nice and helpful.

So I'm beginning to get suspicious, natch. I'm beginning to think maybe the hoax operates in reverse...maybe there is no Terry Carr or Ron Ellik...and Gawd knows I've never believed in Peter Graham or Stewart or this Rike fig.

Can it be, Carl, old buddy, that you sent down a bunch of nogoodniks to sound us out...to sort of test the credulity or incredulity of fandom?

I mean like, these guys seem to have disappeared from the face of the earth as if somebody had been using Clearasil on it...ever since the Con, except for one feeble toot, I haven't heard word one from Dwight Way. I'm beginning to get the message: these other characters with all their fanac are the hoax. And you're for real.

At least that's the way I figure it as of now. You just played it cool; you stayed away from the Convention so nobody would auction you off or steal your luggage or make you drink warm beer and all that jazz. And you sent those creepniks down to see if anybody would dig.

Well, I'm not putting in any beef, just as long as you continue to make with the masterpieces. Matter of fact, I'm not even complaining about those guys who pretended to be Carr and Ellik and the others, like. They seemed like pretty good joes; in fact, that's just the trouble, they were too nice to be fans.

Hoping you are the same,

Bob

We had a serious and constructive discussion t'other night at the Globe as to the minimum number of rooms needed for a party at a convention. You need one room for the party, a room next door for poker, and a room on the other side for femme-fans who pass out around two a.m. Next to them the room for the seventh fandomers who pass out, and on the other side of the poker room a place for sixth fandomers and femme-fans who feel like passing out together. An empty buffer room on each side of the block...making seven in all.

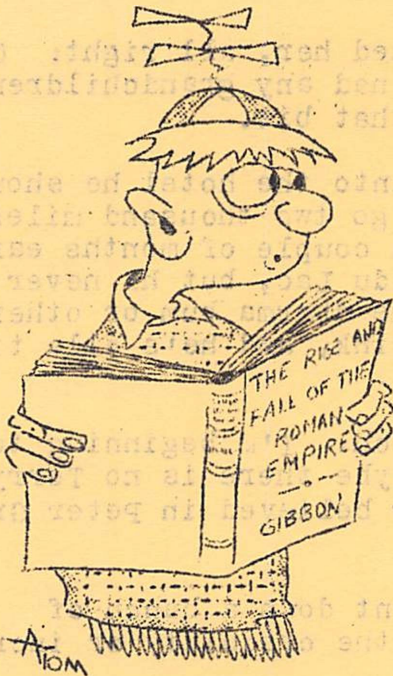
--Ving Clarke, in CON-SCIENCE,
a one-shot circa 1954.

If all the members of the LASFS were laid end to end I don't know how far they'd reach--but I know what some of them would be reaching for.

--F. T. Laney, in FANDANGO #26

HARRY WARNER:

All Our Yesterdays



There's one thing that can be said for the fanzines of the early 1940's: you didn't run much danger of mixing them up in your mind because of their similarities. First issues contained the inevitable apologies for bad reproduction and there was the common factor of the big push for a giant anniversary issue every now and then. But for the most part, the fanzines had distinct personalities, intents and subject matter. For instance, there was

a fanzine called FRONTIER.

My file of the publication contains seven issues, from July 1940 through January 1942. There could have been another issue or two after that which I failed to stash away in the proper place, but I don't think there were many more, because it wasn't long after Pearl Harbor that the editor, Donn Brazier, entered the armed services. He never did reappear in fandom after his hitch in the service, and I don't think that his name has bobbed up in a fanzine for a decade.

Donn was one of the most intently serious fans in history. I recall one perfectly typical instance from our correspondence. This was after he'd entered the armed forces, had been selected for officers' candidate school, and had just won his rank of second lieutenant upon graduating. I certainly hope that this new status of yours won't mean an end to our friendship, I wrote in what I intended to be a joshing tone. Donn wrote back at some length to the effect that he realized the changes in his position in life that had occurred, but he had every intention of still remaining friends with many of the persons that he had known while he was still an enlisted man. From anyone else, it would have been insufferable egotism over a promotion that service men were receiving for no particular reason except the need for commissioned officers to fight the war. From Donn, it was merely an example of the intensity with which he viewed everything that happened to him, as well as everything that he happened to.

So it was with the first issue of FRONTIER, which emerged from Donn's Milwaukee home in a rather faintly hectographed format. It announced the formation of the Frontier Society in this heroic manner:

The Frontier Society...is composed...of science-fiction and fantasy fans who are interested in science and philosophy, and who have the desire to probe the unknown frontiers of these fields in so far as they are able... The frontiers of science are changing at an accelerated rate. We feel that the time is ripe for a group of fans to devote their energies to the better understanding of this

eternal change.

The Frontier Society is that group, and FRONTIER is the bulletin dedicated to the dissemination of the society's research into this eternal change in science and philosophy.

This, then, is our relation to science; and we are not "just another fan club." We believe we are an unique effort in the science-fiction world; and there is no tried and true path which we must follow. We have a clear, exciting field ahead of us. We travel through virgin territory. Watch us!

Elsewhere in this first issue, the readers learned how the Frontier Society had its origin. The director was Paul H. Klingbiel, West Bend, Wis., another completely forgotten fan by this time. Paul described at great length in one article his changing opinions about science through high school, and his difficulties when he attempted to discover the identity of the things which science does not know. I would probably have asked my science teacher for a brief outline of this, but Paul did it differently:

The answer suddenly emerged in complete detail. I whooped with joy! Why hadn't I thought of it before? Had I not collected a few quotations from books I had read, and did not those quotations in the final analysis show what science did not know? Obviously the thing to do was to expand this idea. What I needed was not a passive recognition of thought-provoking material, but an active search for such material. Since there was no one book I had found that could tell me what science did not yet know, I would attempt to make such a book of myself.

One year later I proudly pointed to 25 typewritten pages of quotations, all of which told what science did not, as yet, know. This collection, which I titled "Think It Over," Volume 1, settled the question completely to my satisfaction. There was still much that science did not know; in fact, it sometimes appeared as though science had only begun. I had not been born too late!

Paul got a new idea then. For the next year, he collected quotations which cast doubt on the topic of whether science knew anything. He finally decided that "Science may demonstrate, it is true, that absolute truth and reality do exist, but science itself is not that reality and that truth." Finally he and Donn decided to form the Frontier Society, sent letters to the prozines, got publicity in Wonder and Amazing, and were baffled when Astounding refused to publish anything about their project. They got 13 members in this manner, enough to inspire them to produce the first issue of FRONTIER.

From this beginning, you can probably understand, might have emerged anything between the level of a Darwin theory and a Degler fan group. With the enthusiasm and seriousness of Brazier and Klingbiel, something important might have come of the organization, if it hadn't been entangled so completely with science fiction fandom from its start. Some

indication of the way science fiction fandom was beginning to ensnare the high-sounding project can be guessed from the first paragraph of the editorial in the second issue. Fans didn't want to buy FRONTIER; they wanted to trade their own fanzines for it. Donn wrestled mightily with this temptation:

It might be suggested that the club would not lose any money if magazines were accepted and passed to all the members. That sounds like a swell co-operation; but if the society ever put such a proposition to the vote, I would be the first to vote against it! Why? 1. Every fan should boost science-fiction and the fans who make it live by supporting them in the fullest extent possible. 2. In my mind's eye I can see other clubs buying one copy of FRONTIER and letting it satisfy twenty potential subscribers...

Fannish influences were already creeping into the material for this second issue. A quiz on H. P. Lovecraft, mainly devoted to asking the reader to determine from which stories came brief quotations, could hardly form a part of the high purpose of the publication. But the second issue did contain some items that were more in line with the purpose of the Frontier Society. Morris A. Wolf wrestled with several eternal verities in his review of Omar Khayyam's philosophy. Ackerman, writing under the name of Weaver Wright, tried to talk himself out of his own non-belief in life after death by rehashing an anecdote that his grandmother used to tell him:

We assume, for the purpose of the proposition, that frogs are not amphibious but can live only on land. OK. There was a pool of tadpoles. Every so often a tadpole turned up missing. Some there were who said that they were not dead but only had altered form, been reborn in a world beyond the water-top. But that was patently absurd, because how could any t.p. continue to exist without water?

Time after time tadpoles swore that should the phenomenon of "froghood" ever happen to them they would surely come back to tell the curious other tadpoles all about the experience. But every t.p. who underwent the metamorphosis found it was cut off completely from its fellows. To return to reveal was impossible. It was an air-breather now. It no longer could live in its old medium. I suppose we even could admit that frogs could return to their brothers in the puddle, and then--what tad ever would recognize its future self in a frog?

By the time the third issue had appeared at the end of 1940, the Frontier Society was rejoicing in its possession of 18 members. Aside from the founders, only a few of them are likely to be even vaguely known to today's fandom: Art Widner, Tom Wright, D. B. Thompson, Paul Freehafer, and Rajocz, the fellow in Scranton who took pity on his correspondents by not using his interminable full name. There was a brief article, unsigned, entitled "Deadly Prophecy," which went like this:

From a booklet called "Outwitting Tomorrow" by Harry J. Gardener comes a very unusual coincidence, or is it? In the year 1840 it seems that the planets Jupiter and Saturn were

in conjunction for the first time in the history of the United States. This conjunction in an earth sign (what does that mean?) occurs at 20 year intervals. Starting with 1840, let's see what has happened to the presidents elected in those periods: 1840--Harrison died in office; 1860--Lincoln died in office; 1880--Garfield died in office; 1900--McKinley died in office; 1920--Harding died in office; 1940--....."

The poor guy didn't fill in the blank because he didn't know what was going to happen.

There was an article by Brazier about the most famous of non-existent books, the Necronomicon, which ended with a quotation from a correspondent that may possess some interest:

I have a Catholic boy-friend who is studying for the priesthood. Last summer I showed him the stories which referred to the Necronomicon, etc., and he became just as interested in them as I was. Moreover, he thought he could do something about it. He thought he could find at least a clue to the works at the large religious library at the seminary. Then, he happened to think of Dr. Zor, one of the teachers who had traveled in Arabia and could read Arabic, and was the kind to stick his fingers into this type of thing. He wrote to him. The doctor wrote back that he was "pre-emptorily advising him to desist from such unprofitable browsings". After my friend returned to the seminary he learned that Dr. Zor had died shortly after sending him that letter! Another priest questioned him about this, and soon became sick and was not expected to live!

By its fourth issue, FRONTIER had passed from such pious inquiry into the existence of non-existent curses and was a completely mixed up combination of scientific inquiry and fanzine. On the strict fanzine side were such things as an article about Lovecraft by Derleth, an explanation by Clifford Simak of how he writes a science fiction story, and an utterly silly short-short by George Tullis about a guy who spends his whole day looking forward to the great event that will happen that evening: it turns out to be attending a new Boris Karloff movie. However, there were still reports on progress of the Frontier Society, an article by Ackerman on the need for an earthwide adoption of Esperanto, and accounts by Hazel I. Shull of Pennsylvania Dutch beliefs. I don't know what to make of an article by our old friend, George Wetzel, who describes and then extrapolates from an alleged "shaft of purest light" that "astonished New Yorkers by extending into the infinite reaches of the heavens from atop the piercing, steel spire of the Chrysler building." He apparently thinks there was such a thing, and goes on to describe how some day we may be able to darken our room by plugging in the right kind of lamp. Ackerman predicted that Esperanto would become the auxiliary language of the World State within 50 years, so we don't have too long to wait, considering that about one-third of that temporal distance has already been crossed.

Philip Schumann of Milwaukee had assumed editorship of FRONTIER in its fifth issue, with Brazier dropping back to the post of associate

All Our Yesterdays--V

editor because of lack of time. I think the prize of this issue was a remarkably well written account of an air raid by Britisher Ron Holmes, entitled "Fritz and His Blitz". It made no pretense at fantasy or frontierism or anything except how one man reacted to a feature of World War Two that we never knew in this country:

Leisurely and very horribly it came on, nearer and nearer, every moment it was about to touch the ground, but it never did. Then it hit. A blast of air came shrieking along the road, striking me with breathtaking force, then passing on. The ground vibrated from the shock of the explosion--which had taken place about three hundred yards away. A blinding flash had accompanied it, but my forehead was rested on my bent arm as I lay prone with my eyes tightly closed. I never saw the flash, but my harrassed nerves knew of its existence. The awareness of the flash seemed to center about the base of the skull--where it joins the spinal column.

It was over, a bomb was spent, the plane had passed on and the guns had stopped again. I was unharmed but slightly dazed, avidly listening to the dead silence which followed in the wake of the bomb. The first piece of shrapnel fell upon a distant roof with a crack! which awakened me from my stupor. I leaped to my feet, and...ran for the railway bridge. Succeeding in reaching the safety of its steel top and concrete walls before the worst of the falling pieces began, here I remained until it abated, then ran across the few yards which separated me from my goal. The door opened at my touch.

When my eyes were accustomed to the bright light, I found myself confronted by the janitor, and several girls ascending the stairs.

"Hello, Bill," I said, forcing a smile.

"I see he knew you were coming," he replied with a wry grin. I shook my head sadly, and called back as I began to mount the stairs:

"You know, Bill, I don't believe Jerry likes me."

For the third straight issue, FRONTIER got a new editor when Klingbiel took over with the sixth issue. He finally succeeded in getting into print "Some Experiences of a Professional Seeress," an article which had been heralded issue after issue. This was written by Loretta A. Beasley, who, a footnote explains, is known professionally as Madame Loretta. Madame Loretta seemed to feel about fortune telling approximately the same way that some Christians feel about religion: there's nothing to all this nonsense but I'd better go to church occasionally, just in case. A few samples:

In Abilene, Texas, several years ago while telling the fortune of a young Mexican, I suddenly had a very strong hunch that trouble was dogging his footsteps and peering over his shoulder. So I told him, without knowing whether or not he was married or asking a single question, to be very careful over the weekend and not to quarrel with any friends or relatives--especially in-laws, because I could see a fight, jail, lawmen, money spent, and a relative or in-law concerned. I told him the disagreement might be through a

All Our Yesterdays--VI

dark, middle-aged woman with beautiful eyes and a lot of hair. My client just laughed at me and went out.

I thought no more about it until Monday evening, when two more Mexicans came to have readings. They were my first client's friends. He was languishing in Abilene's jail after knifing a man at a dance for talking scandalously about his sister-in-law, who had large beautiful eyes, more hair than most women, and was forty-three years old.

I built up a nice Mexican trade on the strength of this episode.

Sometimes I do get strong urgings like this, and what I say at those times invariably comes true, although not always so promptly and drastically.

I'm not quite sure who was editor of the magazine when this seventh and probably last issue appeared. There was a new address on the contents page, and announcement that "FRONTIER is the bulletin of the Frontier Society and of the recently formed Windy City Vampire Club," but there wasn't any signature or other identification of the writer of the long editorial. Most of the issue was taken up by a lengthy story by one Jack Brandon, entitled "The Devil's Prayerbook" and accompanied by a completely superfluous note that "all rights, including those of quotation, adaptation, translation, cinema, foreign, are reserved by FRONTIER". There was a brief article about ships that disappear at sea, a review of "The Encyclopedia of Occult Sciences," a page about Paul Verlaine, and a brief letter column. Quite pathetically buried away as a filler item was a note from one William Hess, who had been one of the members of the Frontier Society:

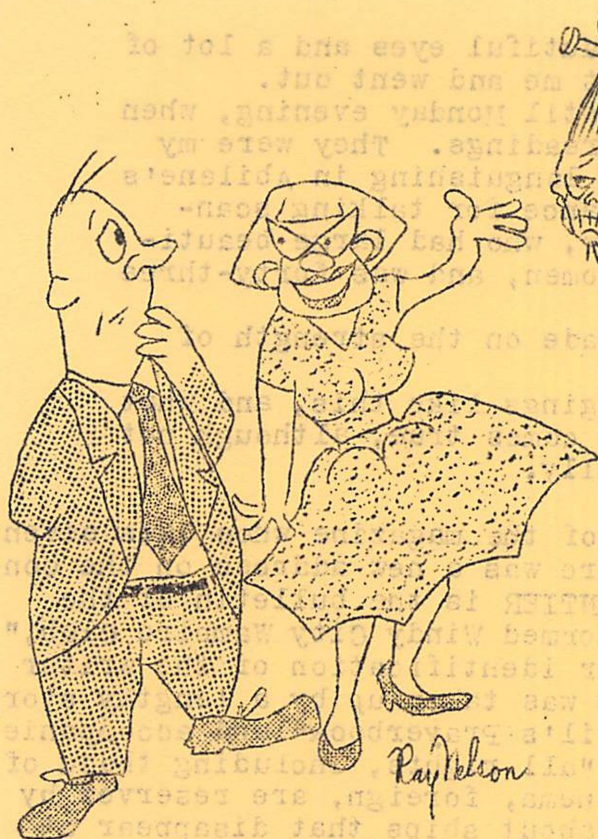
During past months I have steadily lost interest in fictive science. At the present time I am at college, majoring in biological sciences. So you see I get my science, but don't have time to read fiction. I feel that, to prevent my being a dead-weight encumbrance in your society, that I should withdraw from it now. Please accept this as evidence of my withdrawal. Yours sincerely, William Hess.

The poor guy had completely forgotten the original purpose of the Frontier Society and apparently thought it was intended to persuade people to read science fiction. However, he wasn't any more astray from the original intent than the editors. There's no other evidence in this seventh issue that there had ever been a purpose like that outlined in the first few issues. And another fanzine slipped quietly into the oblivion that is disturbed only when an occasional historian or index-compiler unearths fresh evidence that fans rarely keep their mind on what they set out to do.

--Harry Warner

Some of the fanzines that I've seen lately really contain some first-grade comedy. The only trouble in that is that most of us have graduated from the first grade.

--Joel Nydahl, in VEGA #3, Nov. 1952



Heading by Nelson

INVECTIVE the lettercolumn

Cartoons by Bjo

BILL MEYERS, 4301 Shawnee Circle,
Chattanooga 11, Tennessee

Gee, I was hurt tremendously when you didn't even mention my sterling letter of comment on INN 7 in the list of those who didn't make the lettercolumn. Particularly when I thot my plan for the Moon Tower was the most feasible of all, and even more particularly when I mentioned that the cover was from CONFUSION and WAW wondered who else besides him recognized it and you said no one but Rog Phillips. That is enough to make me swear off letters of comment forever, but I'll

"And here we have the head of the family."

see what comes to mind with this issue. Although it probably won't be much. I find it difficult to comment on Good Fanzines that I enjoy tremendously (HYPHEN, for instance), but always revel in tearing apart one that I detest. INNUENDO being of the former category, I'm already finding it hard to comment on. (Sorry about not acknowledging your last letter--maybe I never got it. Anyhow, you get top spot in the lettercolumn. From League of Silent Fen to Top Spot, you Horatio Alger you.)

For one thing, you lack only Atom for having the best artwork of any current fanzine. (Check this issue.)

Rog Phillips had fun patting himself on the back but I didn't mind it too much. Fairly good article.

I agree with Bloch to the extent that Rotsler is able to endow his creatures with horrifyingly accurate human expressions using only a couple of lines, a la Schulz, and in that way displays an insight into human psychology. But if Rotsler was meant to be a genius, Ghod would have given him syndication.

As for Bill Donaho, all I can say is, "Shades of THE HARP STATE-SIDE!" This is, to me, fannish narrative at its best.

Harry Warner was quite interesting as usual, but he might have climaxed his article better. A witty line, maybe. Or even a dirty joke.

INN is one of the best fanzines being published. (Is that a dirty joke?)

Regards,

Bill

Innvective, II--WAW here

WALT WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland

INNUEENDO 8 is a good fanzine, from the cover right on in. "Inn A Mist" has some wonderful stuff, and I have a sincere admiration for that liquor salesman: a pity that such intelligence and conscientiousness shouldn't be put to better use.

About that query of Rike's about who else would have his name tattooed there, it occurs to me it's just as well you people don't live 400 miles south.

Phillips was interesting in an unconsciously revealing sort of way. I preferred his "Christ. An Autobiography" in the Insurgent SPACEWARP and had always suspected he didn't title it himself.

Bloch can pay a graceful compliment with less fuss and more fun than anyone.

Donaho's piece was the first thing I can recall from him, which is a waste of talent. He can write, this fellow. Admittedly he's got stuff to write about--and how--but that deadpan unselfpitying style of his turns the accounts from a catalogue of misfortune to a document that reveals himself and his way of life with pinpoint clarity. I much prefer the first to the second. I hope there's lots more of this stuff...it's wonderful.

Warner was fine, though I'd like to have seen more assessment of Marconette's influence and something more by way of refuting the Moskowitz weltanschauung on fandom, which has only been accepted because no one else has had the energy to write another history. Sometimes I imagine a Moskowitz history of the last ten years in which the protagonists are people we regard as fringe nonentities.

That tower to the moon idea was a ghodsend to you and fandom. I've seen it produce real humour from people I didn't think had it in them and altogether I think it's produced more fun than any single concept, including Proxyboo, the Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Company, and Blog.

Best,

Walt

TED WHITE, 2708 No. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Maryland

Donaho's two articles were real surprises. I've known Bill since 1955 or 56, but I didn't really get to know and like him until this year on the way to and at the Con. And now, by damn, he's not merely a nice guy in person, but a damned good fannish writer. I dug the bit about the bedbugs the most. We've been having a bit of trouble with fleas here. (This was written before Ted's marriage to Sylvia Dees, when he was still living with John Magnus and Richard Wingate.) It seems that they propagate along our back walk, which leads to an alley where I sometimes park my car, and from which we can easily reach a nearby store. Every time we walk through the back yard, then, we pick up the little monsters and carry them into the house. If this weren't bad enough, Richard Wingate has a cat, Cleo, who breeds her own fleas. Fortunately, the flea season is about over, and Cleo is not allowed into the main part of the house. During the worst of the flea season, I was nursing large welts and sores on my ankles where a good twenty fleas had feasted.

A sort of treat in itself is watching the Wingate method of disposing of fleas. Richard will be talking about something, and suddenly stop and reach down to his ankle, lifting his trouser leg. "Aha!" he will exclaim, slapping his hand over the shapeless black dot of a flea. "Now the way to do this, is thus," he will say, illustrating with graphic gestures. "First move the hand up and down on the leg rapidly, while firmly pressing the flea." He looks up for emphasis. "This con-

Innvector, III--on safari with Ted White

fuses the flea." He then plucks the flea, now hopelessly confused, from his leg, and transfers it to his thumb and forefinger. "The trick is to roll the flea around rapidly and tangle up its legs," he will explain in a saintly tone. Richard has the air of a saint. "Then," he will fumble for a second, but only a second, to convince you that he is, after all, only human, "place the flea on your thumb nail, and roll your other thumb nail over him." The flea is squashed, in the scientific Wingate manner. Then, the climax: Richard will carefully examine the mashed cadaver on his thumbnail, and exclaim, "Hah! No blood! I got the dirty blighter first this time!"

Coming back from the Con, Ron Bennett, Pavlat, Sylvia and myself stopped off in Salt Lake City about 10:30 or 11:00 at night and took a motel until the next afternoon when we called up Gregg Calkins and arranged to see him.

In short order we were meeting Gregg, his wife Joanne, and a friend named Gale ("My wives," says Gregg in introduction, leaving us to sort out who was whom...). Before we knew what had happened, we were eating dinner and told that we were, of course, staying the night.

After dinner there was a long session in Gregg's den. Gregg has a big box in which he puts fanzines he has read. He holds out only a very few choice zines: GRUE, Q, HYPHEN, and a few others. The rest, including FAPA mags and INN, go into the box. When the box is full, he gives them to some deserving fan. The box was nearly full, and we fell upon it eagerly, searching for zines we might have missed. I found a couple of RUR's and a FANAC I was missing, and Sylvia went to town on such goodies as complete FAPA mailings and three or four INNs. In the process, she found INN 7, with "Clayfeet Country".

"Here's the zine with 'Clayfeet Country'!" she exclaimed and brandished it under my nose.

"You want me to autograph my picture?" I replied.

"What's 'Clayfeet Country'?" asked Gregg in a Charlie Brown voice.

"You haven't read it?" was our unison cry. So he sat down to read it. "I just skipped over it before," he said. "Wow, the real low-down on the fabulous Ted E. White! I do have to read this!" The next half hour produced no more coherent comments from Gregg; just an occasional chuckle, and once in a while a belly-laugh. "Gad, this is fabulous!" he said once. "Boy, the real Ted White!" Gregg went into more gales of laughter.

I mean, Pete really reached his audience.

ROGER MORROCKS, 18 Hazelmere Rd., Mt. Albert, Auckland SW1, New Zealand

Was amused to read in this morning's paper a story which goes like this:

"A grey elephant 9 ft. 6 in. high, capable of 20 m.p.h., registered as a private vehicle and equipped with its own number plates, ambled its way from suburban London to Cambridge Circus to advertise a Christmas pantomime and parked at a nearby parking meter. It was a mechanical elephant and driving inside the animal were six people, including perhaps inevitably its owner, Peter Sellers, one of the team of radio comedians known as the Goons."

Top that one, Bennett!

The latest Brandon satire (parody, burlesque, pastiche--check one) is really excellent. It's maybe even better than "The Catcher In

Innvective, IV--Roger J. Kerouac writes

The Rye".

The character of Dean Moriarty can be transposed so beautifully into terms of fandom. For all his faults and impossibilities I feel personally that Dean makes a good fan. A hell of a good fan, in fact. He's always enjoying himself, and he loves individuality. He treats every fanzine and every convention as a wonderful new adventure, towards which he directs all his energy. Also, he hates being stuck in any rut of regularity. And judging by his treatment of the traffic dept and other features of society in Kerouac's version he is dead set against incorporation... But he never complains, and he never indulges in petty feuds:

"The most fantastic fan publisher in the world, he could flip the stencil out of the typer, sprint like a track star to the duper, slap it on, splat, grab the handle, circle it at fifty miles an hour in a narrow space, then leap away for a new stencil, race among beer cans, come back to start the duper with the stencil flopping, roar off again; working like that without pause eight hours a night, evening rush hours and after-college cram hours, in inky fan jeans and a frayed blog-stained jacket and beat ground pads that flapped... Well, have you ever tried publishing a weekly fanzine?"

I guess you have!

Best,

Roger

TED PAULS, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland

Thanx very much for INN #8. A bit about the moon project: I am also building a tower to the moon. Not to copy you, understand, but as a service to the East Coast fen who don't want to make the long and

costly trip to Frisco. To ensure a solid base the first 10 or 15 feet will be made of trash cans gathered Halloween nite. The rest will be made of beer cans, tho. The East Coast tower should be completed sometime in 1960, and I hope to take some fen on a tour of the moon during the '60 con in Washington (optimistic, aren't I?). I have heard rumors of a tower being built somewhere in or near Cuyahoga Falls; purpose being to establish a branch office of N3F on Luna. Our only hope is that you plant the flag of FAPA on the moon before their tower is completed. {(Trust in us. We will make it a Holy

Crusade to get to the moon before the N3F does.)}

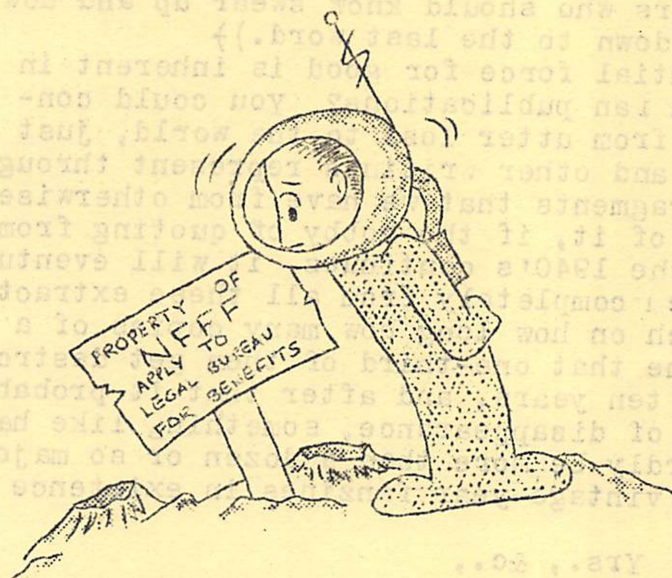
'Nuff silly stuff, now on to INN.

Bloch was good...I mean superb, of course.

Innvective--watch yourself or you'll have the lettercol taking over the zine, and you don't want to be like CRY, do you?

Yours,

Ted Pauls (TAFF rep. 1975)



Innvective, V--Saturday evening with Harry Warner

HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

I read this INNUENDO on a Saturday evening, and I got to thinking how many Saturdays I've spent in part by reading Berkeley fanzines. One out of every month in the past year, I'd imagine. You understand, I don't sit home Saturday evenings just in the hope that there'll be 75 pages of Berkeley publications on hand to be read, but I'm getting old and when I don't have work to do Saturday evenings I like to pull down the shades and pretend that I went away with the lights burning, if anyone comes to the door.

On the Brandon situation: I imagine that the best thing for everyone to do is to pretend that there's still a Brandon, just as you'd pretend to chat with the dead husband whom your crazy old aunt imagines still to be among the living, and that leads me to say that I liked The Road nearly as much as the previous major Brandon opera. I blush to admit that I don't know what this parodies, and I hope that this confession doesn't prove that I've failed to read some major force in American literature. ((Jack Kerouac may or may not be a major force in American literature, but I suspect that the arguments about whether he is or not are in themselves a major force...if you follow me.))

On the other hand, Rog Phillips is slightly irritating. I know that he means well, and I certainly can't disagree with the things he says about what fine fellows most fans are. But it's hard to swallow his apparent assumption that a little column in Amazing Stories had any real effect on fandom, except for its indirect recruiting abilities for the field. Or maybe I'm just jealous for a personal reason: Rog seems to be able to get the personal pronoun "I" into his writings even more frequently than I do it, and that's quite an accomplishment.

I snickered and grinned over the Donaho material, and on the Saturday evening in question, I wasn't feeling particularly good about life and the world, either. It's so fine to find a writer who doesn't let truth interfere with his purposes when there is any conflict between the two. ((Donaho and others who should know swear up and down that his articles are true right down to the last word.))

Do you realize what a potential force for good is inherent in your numerous quotations from old fan publications? You could conceivably be saving these remarks from utter loss to the world, just like some of the old Greek plays and other writings represent through their quotations the only text fragments that we have from otherwise lost major works. Come to think of it, if the hobby of quoting from the Los Angeles publications of the 1940's continues, it will eventually be possible to reconstruct them completely from all these extracts. Anyway, someone should do research on how long how many copies of a fanzine survive. I should imagine that one-third of them get destroyed within a year, two-thirds within ten years, and after that it probably involves a slowly dwindling rate of disappearance, something like half-life elements. But there can hardly be more than a dozen or so major collections of those Los Angeles vintage-year fanzines in existence today.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

MIKE GATES, % LtCol J. R. Gates, Hdqtrs, Nacom, APO 757, New York

I have a Bohemian type friend who spends most of his time here reading all of my fanzines or out with me drinking good Deutsch Brew. I got to thinking about the one bad thing about living here in Germany. I can send you no cans for your tower to the moon. All European beer

Innvective, VI--Mike Gates, iconoclast

is bottled.

Currently in European schools there is a rash of jokes going around poking fun at religion. As a matter of fact most of them are downright sacreligious. Such things as: "I don't care if it is your last supper, get your elbows off the table," and "I don't give a damn which star you're following, take those camels off my grass" and "I don't care who you are, put your feet together, I have only one more nail." The last of the series runs something like, "I don't care who you are, take that kid out of the manger before I feed it to the cows." If you have some atheist friends you can give them to be my guest. (Jokes like that are going around here in the states, too. They're called "sick, sick, sick" jokes.)

Regards

Mike

A/3c LARRY WINDHAM, AF 19617171, 5th platoon, Co. B, ALS, Presidio of Monterey, California

I dunno, it's guys like Carl make me remember when I used to believe in Santa Claus for some reason.

You know, it's amazing how many fuggheads there are in the world today. In my last year of high school, I had an "absent-minded teacher" type who topped them all for forgetting things. This character--Mr. Ralston was his name--taught Plane Geometry, Chemistry, Physics, and Advanced Algebra. He was one of those math teachers who continuously forget to make all the correct steps in solving an algebra problem on the blackboard, and at least once every morning we'd have the fun of showing him the thing he'd forgotten to do to make his answers come out right. In addition to the classes he taught, he drove the bus which I rode to school on. Now, this was a very small high school in Smith Valley, Nevada, and most everybody lived out on a ranch. The valley itself was composed mainly of large areas covered with nothing but sagebrush and here and there a few cottonwood trees. Consequently, he had to drive forty, maybe fifty miles to pick up all his passengers. One morning he forgot to see how much gas he had in the tank, and a few miles after he had picked me up, the bus ran out of gas. Way out in the middle of nowhere. Bus full of kids. No gas. It was the funniest damn thing I'd ever seen in twelve years of school.

Didn't have much luck, fandom-wise, on my trip from Lackland to the Language School here at the Presidio. I went through Denver at 2:30 A.M., and couldn't find Lemon's name in the phone book. (Look under Leman.) The thought of looking for a Lemon in the cold dark streets of Denver at 2:30 A.M. in the morning left a sour taste in my mouth, so I stayed On The Road and headed for the warmer, friendlier city of Salt Lake. I stayed in Salt Lake a day and a night and looked up Calkins (who told me a fantastic story about how Brandon wasn't a real person at all).

Got home for Thanksgiving, then journed on to Sacramento, looked up a buddy-pal of mine and we boozed it up for two days on rot-gut bheer. I left Sacramento on a night bus and pulled into Frisco at 1:00 A.M. It took me all of thirty minutes to find out that 2315 Dwight Way was the address of a College Dorm! I was horrified, of course. I mean, like, how was I, an innocent young starry-eyed neo who hadn't even been in fandom long enough to know what BNF stood for --how was I to know that Carr and Ellik were mean-ass College Men? Sonofabitch! But I called up Barrington Hall anyway, and there was

Innvective, VII--through darkest Berkeley with Larry Windham

some kind of wild-ass booze party going on, but I was unable to reach either one of you bastards. Evidently you were asleep or under the influence or in some similar nauseating condition, so I said to hell with it and caught the bus to Monterey. (We were visiting Joe and Robbie Gibson that night.)

You really should print more letters, you know. Letters are the life-blood of fandom, after all. That's the one big fault I found with the last INN--lettercol was way too short. I trust you will remedy this fault next ish. (Bah, humbug.)

I'm sending along five (5) counterfeit Confederate dollars to help finance your Tower to the Moon out of Empty Bheer Cans project. You ought to be able to buy plenty of empty bheer cans with that amount of money...

Appu

F. M. BUSBY, 2852 14th St. West, Seattle 99, Washington

Your local White Horse Inn will probably work out OK as soon as the management makes enough money to get the front half out of hock.

I like Rog Phillips, and enjoyed his article, but I think he's getting a bit carried away, like. And it does not escape my recall that the CRY got past its first struggling year as a subzine despite two separate misrepresentative slams in The Club House, but I lay that deal to a Seattle fan's giving Rog a (rumored) bad time at Portland, and do not intend to carry the vendetta beyond this mention.

Certainly glad we met Bill Donaho: the acquaintanceship adds dimensions to his reminiscences. (That's a statement worthy of Sneary.)

At the Con, Wally Weber was either brainwashed or else decided that it was time for him to do something fuggheaded, in order to reinforce his humility. Anyway, he joined the N3F. I know this because Wally's mail comes to the CRY address, and I pick up the CRY mail once or twice a week and Wally's with it. So I have seen cards welcoming Wally to fandom (and after eleven years, it's time somebody did welcome him), and I have also seen a copy of the N3F OO. So I read the thing, and I say: Thank Ghod for the N3F! That's what I say, because if it weren't for the N3F keeping some of those people busy and happy, they would get restless and come right into general fandom and make Rehorst-like noises at everybody. Long live the N3F! May it fulfill all the fannish needs of its members, forever. (Skoal!)

Somewhat beatly,

Buz

LEN MOFFATT, 10202 Belcher, Downey, California

Donaho's series of misadventures were made more enjoyable by the fact of having recently met him at the SOLACON and thus being able to picture him in the scenes described. It has been said that it takes a good man to be able to look back on his misfortunes and find humor in them, and I agree. Most--if not all--humor is based on somebody having a rough time, and it's always easy to laugh at somebody else's misfortunes. But Bill was obviously laughing at himself and the situations he experienced, so I didn't feel the least bit guilty laughing along with him.

Like Rick (and countless other fans)--do I like Warner! Harry could go on forever with "All Our Yesterdays," and I hope he does. If "Yesterdays" is being written in chronological order, I am especially

Innvective, VIII--Old Len Moffatt

eager as he is getting to the time when I first became active in fandom, to a small degree: '39, '40, etc... Not that I'm expecting anything about me or my first (very poor) efforts, but will be interested to read about the fanzines I remember, and all that. Not that I'm sentimental, mind you, not in the least--it just interests me in a cold, unemotional way to (sob) read about the great zines of the past like SPACEWAYS, VOM (gulp), LE ZOMBIE (bawww!) and like that...(sniff)... ((Harry isn't covering things chronologically at all, Len. And if you got THE INNISH, you might remember that he did a nice history of his SPACEWAYS therein.))

Nice to see my name on the cover. Egoboo is everywhere if you really look hard for it. (No no, Terry, I am not J. Wesley Trufan... but am oftentimes dubbed Leonardo by friends who have a taste for the Latin tongues. Hmmm, would a Latin tongue be a French kiss? ...Reminds me of the story of the Frenchman who told a girl he was going to make love to her in a way she'd never experienced previously. "I," he told her, "am going to kiss your navel!" "What's new about that?" she asked, yawning. "Dozens of men have kissed my navel." "Perhaps," said he, "but from the inside?")

Keep smiling!

Len

JOHN TRIBLE, c/o Ron Ellick, Apt. #7, 2444 Virginia St., Berkeley 4 Calif



Pull a really big hoax, eh? Plunge fandom into war, eh? I dunno about the war bit, but as far as the really big hoax part of that goes, I theenk you've joost about done it. You and those cohorts of yours. Beats me how you taught a squirrel to type, tho.

Speaking of squirrels, did Ron ever tell you about the time he broached us in the middle of the San Diego freeway while I stared at a swiftly-breaking car approaching my side, and shredded a copy of QUAGMIRE #1?

Ray C. Higgs as Guy Lombardo, eh? Sounds like apt characterization. Now, if you can only find someone by the name of Carl Brandon to write this thing for you...

Why does Harry Warner always have to be so interesting? I mean, if you could read something by him, just once, that stank to high Valhalla, why, life would be full of new challenge, and zest would return to the fannish roost once more. As it is...

In fact, there's not much I didn't like about INN #8. Bloch's erudite critique of that well-known nipples isobar creator, Rotsler, was truBlochian humoria, and the Bill Donaho experiences were all you told me they were. Why, I can just

see those bed-bugs waiting for Bill, hungrily awaiting their none too tiny host.

John

Innvective, IX--deploribus Rich Brown

RICH BROWN, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, California

Rog Phillips, Bob Bloch, and Samerwin were all different types of fanzine reviewers. In reverse order, Merwin had sharp criticism for even some of the best zines; Bloch said nice things, yes, but about generally good zines; and Rog often said nice things about some not too good zines. It was nice to the fmz editors to get a good review, but how about the fans who read the reviews and bought the zines? How many got disgusted rather quickly with fandom when they saw what these "good" zines really were? No one can really say--Rog's only trouble, it would seem, is that he was (and, from both times that I've met him personally, still is) too nice.

I didn't see "Clayfeet Country". However, my psychology book says that most continual fault-finders (like Pete, for instance) are usually those who are trying to cover up for faults of their own. Pete had best regain his balance. ((You may be right, but...what does your psych. book say about people who pass judgment on things they haven't read?))

Deploribus everything,

Rich

BOB PAVLAT, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland

Rog Phillips was, in a way, a Distant God of Fandom during his Club House days. The continual sweetness and light was discouraging, and made it difficult to use his column as an indication of what fanzines should be sought, but he doubtless did encourage a few fans. For the sake of fandom as a whole, doubtless critical fanzine reviews belong in fanzines while the unperspective encouragement is what is needed in prozines to bring new blood into fandom. Now, only Madle is left to bridge the gap in America between pro and fan, and only Willis in England.

I really hope that you haven't moved the Tower yet. Now it must be admitted that it is possible to construct a tower of cans to the moon, whether or not they be emptied of their contents prior to placing them in their stack. However, as I understand it, the purpose of the Tower of Beer Cans to the Moon Project is not merely to have the stack reach the moon, but to have a means by which man can reach the moon. Now there are many people with many talents in the world, but I'm reasonably certain that no one has the talent of being able to shinny straight up a one-can-in-diameter column of beer cans to the moon. You need footrests--you yourself pointed out that it was getting to be quite a chore even to carry the latest batch of empty cans to the top in order to build the tower higher. Miniscule consideration should show that as the tower increases in height, the base must necessarily increase in breadth. I haven't bothered to consider the exact proportions necessary, but I do know that Berkeley and SF are within perhaps fifteen miles of each other, and it seems to me that this is not too broad a base for a tower that is to eventually reach some 235,000 miles or so upwards. Thus, as the new tower in Berkeley progresses, you will find that the base takes in more and more territory on the ground, and will probably even overlap onto the base already established in San Francisco, and if you leave the base already established in Carl's back yard there you may find it will save you a bit of time in completing the tower.

So, I hope you haven't yet used any of the numerous ideas you've been sent to date for moving that stack, even tho many of them were eminently practical. I suggest you put Ron to work on calculating the size base needed, for the tower of the proposed 235,000 miles--give or

Innvective, X--Bob Pavlat, Bheer Tower Field Representative

take a couple of thousand, of course. If Perry and I can help by starting a base here, which would later be joined to yours, we'd be only too happy to do so. ((You have to buy your own bheer.)) The necessity of this second tower is of course to be determined by Ron's calculations--and tell him not to forget an extra wide ledge for resting and/or sleeping purposes from time to time. The climb might be rather exhausting--or one might meet a femnefan coming down. ((We are considering installing an elevator in the center of the Tower. It would help alleviate the trouble of the tiresome climb, and if one should meet a femnefanne on the way back--well, it might be nice during free-fall in an elevator. Gad, this opens whole new vistas of possibilities for the Tower's purposes--possibilities for unattached fans, I hasten to add.))

Best,

Bob

MARTHA COHEN, 270 Crown Street, Brooklyn 25, New York

You hate me. You do. I am going to sue you and divers others in fandom for \$25,000 damages for conspiring not to send me fanzines. It's a vile plot to make me feel that people are conspiring against me. You're trying to give me a persecution complex. But you won't succeed. I am retaining a famous fannish lawyer to file charges against you. You'll hear from him soon. ((Goody; I love getting fannish mail.))
Seriously, Terry, whyfor no INN? I appreciate INN muchly. It serves as a shining ideal for a neo like me to dream of achieving some day.

However, I now have Tom Condit's copy of #8, so... That bit about the liquor salesman struck a vaguely sympathetic chord somewhere. There's a pizza place near the bowling alley I bowl at that used to refuse to serve me wine back when they were perfectly right to do so. When I was finally 18, I went in there triumphantly carrying my birth certificate...and they didn't even ask my age. And I haven't been bothered about it since.

I had just finished reading Kerouac's "On The Road" when I acquired this copy of INN with the new Brandon serial. He is magnificent. (Brandon, not Kerouac--tho I do like Kerouac.) Was somewhat peeved to find page III blank, though; it interrupted the story right in the middle of what looked like a nasty, insulting dig at the Lunarians. Now I'll have to wait for THE INCOMPLEAT BRANDON to read it. ((Sorry about the blank page, but anyway there wasn't any dig at the Lunarians, so don't fret.))

Yeah, I know Brandon doesn't exist. I don't believe you.
But I like your zine.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Martha Cohen

JOHN KONING, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio

About a month ago I sent you a postal card pleading for INN #8. A few days later it arrived. I suppose I was just impatient, not realizing that it might be on its way. It only shows what a tight rope I'm walking right now. I fear each issue of INN may be refused me. You have become a giant who stands above me, a fear symbol.

Ah, another Trufan cover, and good, too. But tell me, why does this character wear a dress? Is he a LASFS member? ((That's not a dress; it's a Dior-styled toga.))

No no, Donaho. You I can not believe. But I would have left the

Innvective, XI--Iconoclastic Koning

car there too.

I'll admit that Donaho's articles are funny, but I don't believe them. They aren't realistic enough. ((Truth is stranger than Factual Articles.))

Myghod, if I could write a request like Ashworth, I would never need to pay for anything.

It seems you are building this tower all wrong. By the time someone climbs to the top with a basket of empty bheer cans he is bushed. Why not make every one out of ten cans used in the Tower full; then the climber could refresh himself on the way up. As you get higher, too, you will need a comfort stop or two, so just completely remove the tops of a few cans and leave them in conspicuous places.

For your next project, why not a bheer-can pipeline between Berkeley and Milwaukie?

Sinceahly,

John Koning

ESMOND ADAMS, 433 Locust Ave., S.E., Huntsville, Alabama

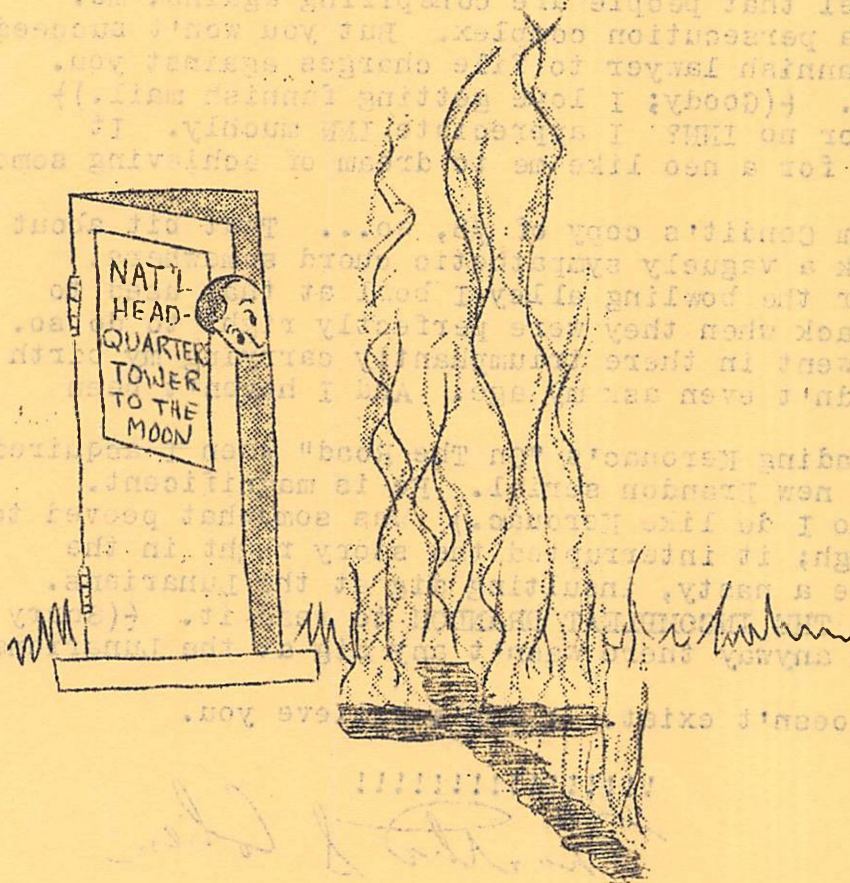
I don't think Parents' Magazine would approve of your project. Bheer cans, tch. Detrimental influence on the country's youth. My friends and I are going to speak to the authorities and we have quite a bit of influence and we'll get you if you don't cut out this Communism here trying to wreck my country's youth. You better watch out. It's people like you that are ruining this country with things like this. I think you should be put in jail. You don't deserve to call yourselves Americans, tearing at the Foundations and all like this.

Brandon a hoax? Nonono sob. And snuffle. Why can't it be one of the rest of you? I like Brandon best of the whole scurvy crew. (Pretty stirring writing there, eh?)

By Gar I like INN, Terry Carr, with more sincerity than I can muster up to put into this letter. Sincerity. You know the word, anyway. INN isn't the sort of thing to bring wide-eyed comments of Gosh Mr. Carr But I Really Enjoyed Your Magazine And It Really Was Good Will You Print My Ad In The Next Issue Of It Sir?, so I hope you'll forgive my trying to be sincere in the hollow-laughter fannish sense, whatever that is.

Best.

E



Innvective, XII--sic, sic, sic

RICHARD A. KOOGLE, c/o Allen (Co. D), Bryan, Texas

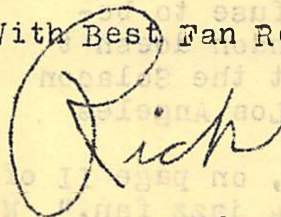
Inndo #8 came today and I wondered if I was still on your maily list, sense #7 hasn't come out in God only knows how long.

"On The Road" (part I) was almost perfect. A like your bit about Dallas, it was very ironic. Can't wait for the second part so might as well pull a Beat Generation on everyfan and jump off a 15 story buiding saying: "Thank You, Thank You, etc."--....

I've written that takeoff on CC and Metchism (fandom commies in the '30's) but its over in Tom Reamy's pad so it may make isu. #9. Its called "Cristofer Fancam". Its about a fan that is trying to find the "land of his imaging" or a fan utopia. It a sad ending, he is brain-washed by a fan name Teddy Black.

Gregg and almost everyone in Dallas agree that your group there in Berkely represent the center of fandom at the present time, but what happens when you guys graduate from college, are you going your seperate ways or stick together? What about it, you guys sticking together? {(Probably.)}

With Best Fan Regards



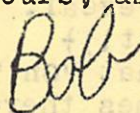
BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California

The article by Rog Phillips is pretty interesting; I know some of what he reminisces about, for when I was a Shaver fan (for a few weeks back last summer) I bought some old Amazings, including the one that had his first "Clubhouse" in it.

I'm a firm believer that columns of this sort belong in the pmz. In fact, I was introduced to the "field" by way of the last Bloch review column in the last issue of the now-defunct Madge. And my buying that issue was a chance affair, too; I was at that time on a kick of trying out the other pmz, instead of just sticking to the three I bought regularly (being Galaxy, F&SF, and Nebula--when I could find the latter). So my being in fandom hangs on my having had an extra 35¢ last Spring. Someday, if I get to be a bigger name fan than I am now, I'll retell this tale in the editorial of one of my fanzines, and then watch the anti-Lichtman faction moan. {(And of course you'll never get to be a bigger name fan unless an anti-Lichtman faction develops--this is the Way of Fandom.)}

Re Ted Jonnstone and the beanies: I had a great deal of trouble for a while trying to talk a dime-store into ordering a propellor beanie; they never did--but then I discovered LASES and Ted, and he sold me one of the leftovers from the con. So now it sits in my closet --I never wear it. But at least I have it--what does that make me? No smart parenthetical remark now, you're being watched. {(...)}

Yours, ampersand-C.,



WILL J. JENKINS, 5557 Pemberton Street, Philadelphia 43, Pennsylvania

Fust off, wish to say that I had a very enjoyable time at the Sola-con. The business session was a stem-winder, though not in the way I figured it would be. Whether one is happy or un about the WSFSInc you will have to admit that Anna handled that meeting with an iron hand in a steel glove. Now I work for the Baltimore & Ohio RR, and if we could

Innvective, XIII--homage à Anna

railroad like Mrs. Hoffatt we would not be in such dire financial difficulties like what we are now in. You understand, I hope, that I'm not pointing the finger bone of scorn at Anna. I have nothing but admiration for the way she did the business at the session.

I got another chance to donate money to the TAFF winner by playing Brag with Bennett, Bob Pavlat, and Steve Schultheis. I remember the many parties, of course, and The Night The Bed Fell in the Detroit Suite.

And that about wraps up the Solacon. If I go any further I'll end up doing a 20 page con-report.

I absolutely refuse to believe that Carl Brandon doesn't exist. I met him at the Solacon and he sold me the Los Angeles City Hall. Fout.

See right there, on page II of "Inn A Mist," it says, "Carl Brandon...is a moldy-fig jazz fan." Now what is one to believe? Isn't Brandon nominated to go to Kettering in 1960 on TAFF; or nominated for Editor of FAPA? Or something? Doesn't he have part one of "On The Road" in thish? Hoaxes, hoaxes. You've out-hoaxed yourselves. I will not believe anything you print now. That story about you being refused a drink on your 21st birthday is a hoax. All the filler-quotes are fakes. Humbug! No such people as Carr, Ellik or Rike exist. So there!

After reading Brandon's "On The Road" I just had to go out and buy Kerouac's book. Now I get the impression that Kerouac's is a parody of Brandon's.

Cheers,

Will

DICK ELLINGTON, P. O. Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3, N. Y.

Of course you realize that there is a White Horse in New York that is currently sporting a veddy arty-farty crowd but that not too many years ago was the headquarters of a regularly rotating (from bar to bar) male prostitute ring, with clientele in the upper brackets of society and male whores from the longshoremen mostly. Or so they tell me. (Dave Rike says he's heard that the White Horse Inn out here is a homo hangout. So much for great fannish traditions.)

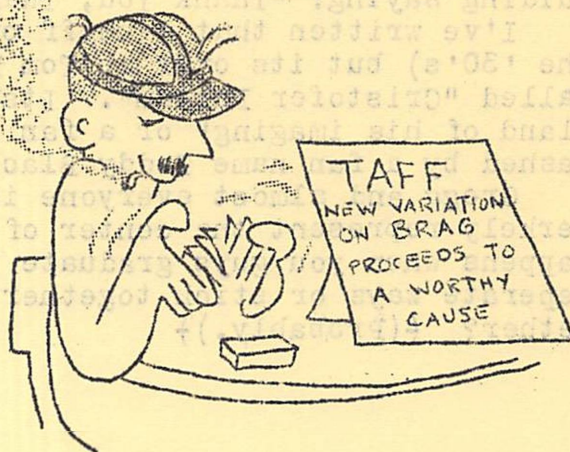
All this talk about hoaxes reminds me that the greatest hoax of all time was pulled by New York Fandom, but even after five years it's considered too dangerous to reveal. It floors me. (Don't you try to tell me Trina doesn't exist!)

You be careful with that "On The Road" jazz. You're coming awfully close to the truth sometimes there. Ask Curran.

Rog's thing funny too. Especially about the megalomaniacs who set themselves up as Director Emeritus etc. That was dear old Cal. Thos., and boy did he get ployed. I don't think he ever recovered from the lambasting Gibson and Rog gave him. (So tell us about it.)

The one thing Donaho missed was Freudenthal's assuredly psychosomatic feeling that there were still bedbugs in the Dive when we moved in though strangely enough they bit only him.

No, working on Madison Avenue doesn't require Brooks Brothers suit.



Innvective, XIV--on Madison Avenue with Dick Ellington

I am damned iconoclastic, individualist with retrogressive tendencies and having been trained as a draftsman on the west coast consider all Easterners a little Odd anyhow. So the whole office--you know, peons like me--comes to work in suits and ties every day of the week. But I stalk in in the haughty dignity of an old sport shirt with shirt tail hanging out, baggy slacks and dirty shoes and now my horrifying beard. Mind you, beards are all right in ad agencies (as a status symbol indicating you are art director), but not in the J. O. Ross Engineering Corp. Was horrible shock to them but these people are just intelligent enough to realize that saying anything to me to force me to cut it off would identify them as complete schmucks. What traumas they're developing.

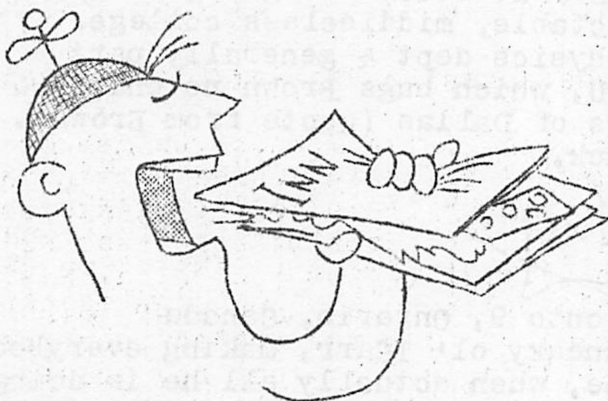
And before I forget, congrats are in order I guess though along with everything else they're belated. This whatever-her-name-is impresses me fannishly no end. Hoping you are the same.

Alors,

Dick

JEAN YOUNG, 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge 40, Massachusetts

Got a batch of fmz (well, two) from Berkeley recently. And READ them, too, yet. This is unusual. I practically never read fanzines any more. Not a matter of taste, mind you, only of time. Fanzines pile up and pile up, and I leave them out, cluttering up things, so people (including me) will get them read, and then they (people) don't, and finally I gather the accumulated mess and stash it in a pear crate someplace (kitchen for choice--there's always a chance that some hungry soul will pick up a fanzine in mistake for food and THEN maybe some will get read--or eaten; it doesn't much matter which), and it vanishes from Human Ken.



...
Well, you see what happens. Not even a full fifteen minutes this time did I get to perform noble fanac in. This is Several Days Later--how many I'm not sure, since I neglected to date this thing. E'en now, in between words, I have to go rushing out to the kitchen to see how our new, first-in-our-lives automatic washer is doing. Bloody things cost so much you spend all the time they supposedly save you in watching them to make sure some of that back-breaking investment doesn't fly apart and dump water all over the floor. Perhaps I'm just not trusting enough. It's not that I'm suspicious of machines in general, really --it's just that the sound of water being whooshed all over the where does horrid things to my nervous system.

Damn. Now I've put away INNUEENDO and all the rest in the stack, whilst cleaning up yesterday. Can I remember anything that was in it? Rog Phillips, as I recall. Yes, that was interesting. And something ...something...then the letter column. It sounds like an International Scientific Symposium on Towers to the Moon out of BheerGans. Well, maybe not so Scientific, then... {(I'll have you know we have some very fine Engineers on our staff.)}

You see, as I've explained before (though it might have been to somebody else), I have no ability or talent or knack or whatever at all

Innvective, XV--jeany's noncomments

for commenting on fanzines. Letters I can answer, if I ever get the time, but I've never been able to write a decent, sensible, let alone interesting letter of comment. This incoherent babble is just an effort to let you know we all here (yes, even Susan, heaven help us) like LIKE L I K E getting ALL your publications, sterling or not. Please keep on sending them. And should good ol' Dave Rike, Boy Nihilist, see this, or you see him, or what have you, let it be known that we DO want to keep getting RUR, should he continue to publish it. We LIKE being security risks. Makes us feel Useful and Worthwhile, like we were giving the FBI something to keep them occupied.

I just gotta go and look at that washer again. It's going slurp, slurp, in the most delicious manner, and I fear that maybe...

Best --

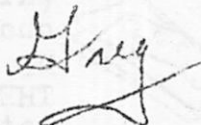
JY

GREG BENFORD, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas

"Words Without Music" was fine. More of this would be most welcome. All the glimpses into the dim & distant past have always interested me, because fandom always seems more amusing and fannish when looking backward than when you're smack in the middle of it, for some reason. I remember reading Phillips' column and being awed at the optimistic "send 'em a quarter--they're trying!" attitude that prevailed in it.

Dallas fandom has collapsed--has been so, in fact, for some time. All the Dallas group (May, Jennings, Brown, etc.) are going to Texas University, which is a typical, respectable, middleclass college. I'm planning to attend Oklahoma U (good physics dept & generally party school type) which is arch-rival of TU, which bugs Brown no end, and has caused a Major Split in The Greats of Dallas (quote from Brown).

Luck,



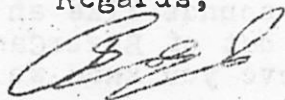
BOYD RAEBURN, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada

Gad, how thick the issue seems. Sneaky ol' TCarr, making everybody think he is putting out a HUGE fanzine, when actually all he is doing is using thick paper.

Fout! W. C. Handy said recently (and yes I know he's dead now) that jazz did NOT start in New Orleans and Come Up The River. He said it started in Memphis or somewhere and went DOWN the river to New Orleans. {(He also claimed he had invented jazz, which made Jelly Roll Morton quite miffed.)} I now wait for The Gospel According To St. Gertrude to expound that it was all started in Seattle by Mr. Carr who plays under the name of Big Jay McNeely.

Yeah, when are you going to pull a really big hoax? {(Have I told you about John Berry?)}

Regards,



Innvector, XVI--Duncan Deindorfer recommends...

GARY DEINDORFER, 12 Knoll Drive, Yardley, Pennsylvania

INN #8 is a beautiful thick issue of a fanzine, packed with profundities sprinkled over with bright witticisms. Yes, a quite tasty issue. Unless, naturally, you care for your profundities unsprinkled. A restaurant down the street serves them this way, but they are the exception. {(Mr. Deindorfer, meet Mrs. Young.)}

You know what, Terry? I'll tell you. I consider your "Inn a Mist" to be the best editorial thing in a fanzine in fandom. Really, it is jam-packed with witticisms and all. What's more, it is practical. Take just one of the things I learned whilst looking through this installment. I learned that if I tattoo "Dave Rike" on my, uh, cheeks, I can go into a certain liquor dispensary in Berkeley and get liquor from a certain salesman right off. Just like as if I said "Presto" or "Nice day isn't it?" or some other same type magic word of comparable potency. That is, if I liked liquor, and if I were old enough to buy it.

"On the Road" is good for its picture of how the other half--the half that gets around--lives. "Moving to N.Y." was more of the same, only not as funny, perhaps because all those tribulations were real. Wonder why so many fans are Hitchhike Fixated? Wherever you look you find at least one article about some fan and how he did/didn't (choose one) make it across the country. It's gotten so that every time I see a hitchhiker at some Turnpike entrance or something I wonder, "Could that be Lars Bourne, or Ron Ellik, or Gem Carr or somebody?" It's the fact that I shall never know afterwards that haunts me. Yes, my father's the type who rarely picks up hitchhikers. It's probably just as well we don't pick them up. As soon as one got in the car I'd probably burst out, "Well, what do you think of Stan Shack, old man?" Or just as cryptically, "Grennell says Grunch'll never replace Blog. That's a rather fugged view for a BNF, don't you think?"

Yours garishly,

Gary

KEN POTTER, 72 Dallas Rd., Lancaster, Lancs, England

I have stopped receiving INNUENDO. My fabulous fannish mind leads me to deduce that the reason for this is that you have stopped sending it to me. Ghod knows I don't blame you. As you no doubt know, it is a great and wonderful fanzine you are publishing, and you can't be expected to send it to just any slob, just because you happen to know his address. So I have made a firm and unshakeable resolution that I will comment on any other issues you care to send. In fact, I will also send you my absolutely fantastic fanzine BRENNSCHLUSS, when I get up the energy to put out another ish, which shouldn't be more than five years hence.

I am drunk at present. I have been drinking whiskey with my mad and sexy wife, and a local jazz fiend friend, and therefore I am somewhat incoherent. But I am driven by a mad determination to write you a letter, and believe me I will. It may not be worth inclusion in your lettercolumn, but it ought to get me another issue of INN, and that's what I want.

Yes, yes, let me simper for a while. I dig Sonny Rollins, I am often drunk with Hal Ashworth, I have read "Howl," I have spent 25 quid on a duplicator, I like sex, I am young and heading for an early grave, I am about one quarter beatnik. Surely I am qualified to receive INNUENDO? {(Absolutely.)}

Innvective, XVII--spirited Ken Potter

Terence, correct me if I am wrong, but I have a suspicion that you and I have SOMETHING IN COMMON. {(Well, I have a mad and sexy wife too, if that's what you mean.)}

Being drunk, I cannot stay on one subject for more than 10 seconds at a time. I wish there was something in my last INN I could get my commenting teeth into, but alas there is not. I wrote a letter about A BAS yesterday, and I could have gone on for hours, but I was sober then. Booze turns the typer into a monster, if it was merely conversation I was engaged in, I could do do.

Christ! You see how incoherent I am. Look, Carr, how about sending me a fanzine sometime when I'm sober. {(When are you going to be drunk again--to hell with sending you fanzines when you're sober!)}
Fannishly, believe it or not,

Ken

MANY THANKS also to Don Durward, Marty Fleischman, and Archie Mercer, who also wrote. And there were probably more, too, but...

Fandom is science fiction's club foot. --Lou Goldstone

The June MoF&SF reassures my faith in Good Literature by informing me again that such notables as Guy Lombardo and Gladys Swarthout read MoF&SF. This leaves me wondering, does that connoisseur of fine films, A B Dick, attend Paramount films, or does he prefer M-G-M epics? Does Auther Godfrey, that mathematical expert, say: "What I like most about THE JOURNAL OF MATHEMATICS is the realization that the formulae I am now reading may very well be the atomic explosion of New York City ten years hence." Might Bob and Ray inform us: "Visiting neighborhood zoos is a magnificent escape, not only from worldly problems, but from all inner tensions." Would Gladys Swarthout be so willing to tell us: "When it comes to pet raising, I like to let my aardvark roam, and I know of no better way than to turn him loose in the Central Park playground." Fokey Mr Boucher & Mr McComas. You've got a good magazine. Why crud it up with these "unsolicited testimonials"? Surely we all know that MoF&SF is milder, much milder.

--Lee Hoffman, QUANDRY #29, June '53

Boob Tucker's immortal contribution to fandom's vocabulary is spreading amazingly. I presume most fans know, theoretically at least, what is meant by the term "rose-bud," but it may not be so generally realised that this word is gathering momentum in the outside world as well. I have been told on very good authority that this phrase is in virtually standard usage now in at least two army camps, and know that it is gaining ground in several local defense plants. Certainly the term fills a crying need; it is just the happy medium between awkward medical phraseology and the obscene argot of the gutter--it would not surprise me in the least to find it used universally a decade from now. How delightfully ironic it would be if, after all our high-minded and endless discussions on the future of the world, this term "rose-bud" should be fandom's only contribution to world culture!

--F.T.Laney, in FAN SLANTS #3,
June 1944

HAVE
SENSE OF
WONDER,
WILL
GOSH AND WOW
AND BOYBOY!

