

WUWENDO

NUMBER TEN

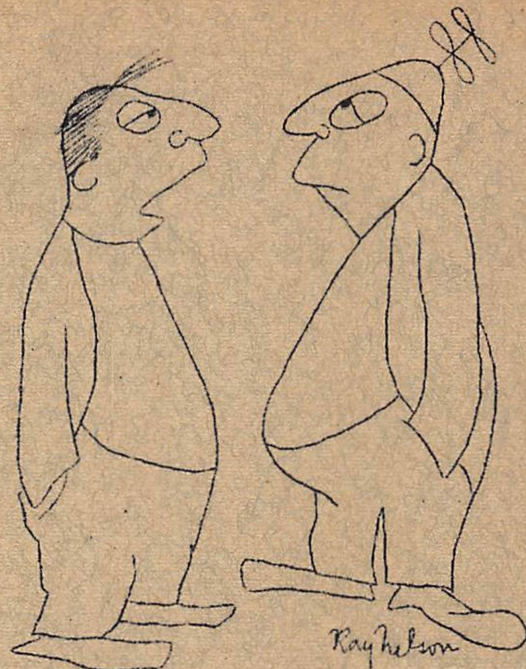


"Say Johann, before you start on that Bible, how about running off a one-shot for me?"

innuendo

Number 10, December 1959

THE INNISH III



"When are you gonna stop
wearing that thing?"

INNARDS

| | |
|--|--------------------------|
| inn a mist | Terry Carr |
| The Raybin Story | Walter A. Willis |
| The Return of Lefty Feep | Robert Bloch |
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Cover (Through History With J. Wesley Trufan) by Atom.

Bacover (J. Wesley Trufan: Sick Sick Sick) by Trina.

Interior cartoons by Atom, Bjo, George Metzger, Ray Nelson, Dave Rike, Bill Rotsler, and Trina.

INNUEENDO is edited and published by Terry Carr, 1906 Grove St., Berkeley 4, California, with much aid and encouragement from Miriam Carr.

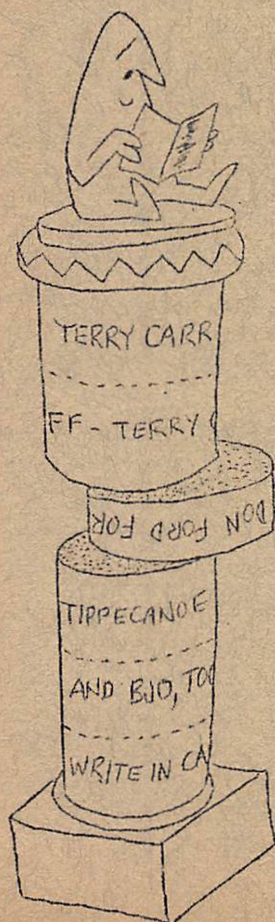
It's come to my attention that some fans prefer to pay money for fanzines, so be informed that INW is available for 30¢ a copy, four for \$1.00. It's also available for trade or letters of comment.

89 of the 94 pages in this issue are mimeographed by Ron Ellick... The "Detention Revisited" section was duplicated by Dick Eney and Chick Derry.

inn

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mist



THIS IS THE THIRD ANNISH of this furlong stanzine, or the INNISH III if you prefer. The first issue of INN appeared in July 1956-- and if it seems odd to you that I should be celebrating INN's third anniversary three and a half years later, then (as I said in the first INNISH) obviously you're new around here.

And incidentally, if you're wondering where the second INNISH was, be informed that INN #8 (August 1958) was it. I've just decided.

Editorials of annishes, traditionally, are supposed to feature reminiscences on the history of the zine and sage observations on its future. I've just said about all I intend to say about INN's history, and will get to future plans in awhile here. But I would like to make a few observations on the importance of INNUENDO as a Cultural Influence in The Fandom Of Today.

During Sixth Fandom, which is the period of my earliest fannish memories (though I have a few prenatal memories of Fifth Fandom, including a trauma or two concerning Laney)... during Sixth Fandom, I say, it was fairly generally conceded that QUANDRY was the model on which several of the other top fanzines were modelled. CONFUSION in particular was mentioned as a neo-Q, as was OOFSLA! And a little later, when Q had folded, HYPHEN seems to have been the fanzine on which aspiring faneds modelled their own efforts. Mal Ashworth and Tom White's fanzine, DEM, was especially known as a neo-HYPHEN. And there was PSYCHOTIC and such heavily-influenced fmz as ABSTRACT and FOG.

Seeing as how it's annish time, a time for navel-contemplation and simultaneous self-pats on the head (which conjures up a strange mental image, doesn't it?), maybe I could get away with saying that it seems to me that there've been quite a few neo-INN type fanzines turning up this year.

I was struck first by the influence shown in Bill Meyers' SPECTRE, which in its last two or three issues consistently came up with material that had me groaning because I hadn't got it for INN. This is not merely a judgment of quality, but also one of type. INNUENDO is devoted to a very special brand of fannishness, with heavy emphasis on careful writing, unpretentious but neat layout, and in particular on an awareness of fan history and traditions. SPECTRE, from editorial to carefully-edited lettercolumn, seemed to me to embody an outlook on fandom remarkably similar to that of INNUENDO, and Meyers even used quotes from old fanzines for fillers, a la INNUENDO.

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Perhaps it's not coincidence that INN was one of the first fanzines Meyers started to get as a neofan. And certainly it's no coincidence that when he folded SPECTRE and passed some material on to me, it fit perfectly into this issue.

And then there is PSI PHI, which shows a certain amount of INNfluence in, for instance, the very fine brandonization of "Rumplestiltskin" by Les Nirenberg in #4, and the page numbers within each bit of material, done in exactly the same way as INN's. The little headings you see on the top of each page of INN's lettercol also turned up in PSI PHI.

Such lettercol headings are also being used by Bruce Pelz in PROFANITY now, and he himself acknowledges that he got the idea from INN. Also an INNspired idea is his new policy of printing only artwork and cartooning directly relating to the text. When Bruce visited the Bay Area in September we talked quite a bit about such stuff, in fact.

You want more examples to prove I'm not just verbalizing my colossal conceit? --okay, take the John Koning one-shot REVOLUTION, which used as fillers some rather clever takeoffs on the filler-reprints of INN. Koning started getting INN as a neofan about the same time Bill Meyers did.

But a real clincher example is the first issue of Bob Lichtman's OUTWORLDS, which has the page-numbering-within-each-article system and the filler-reprints too, including one which was used in INN #1. Not only that, but virtually everything in the issue would have fit perfectly into any issue of INNUEENDO, and I'd have been proud to have printed it. (Amusingly enough, the most unINNUEENDOish thing about OUTWORLDS was the cover, which I drew.)

By way of conclusion, I'll manfully refrain from pointing out the patently obvious fact that INNUEENDO is a Driving Force for Better Quality in Fanzines (because all these fmz I've mentioned are good zines), and instead mention one more characteristic that most all of the neo-INN type share with INNUEENDO itself: every issue seems to get bigger, and later. Which brings me back to this here fanzine you're currently reading, and to a New Year's Resolution I'm going to make.

There will be no more monster-thick issues of INNUEENDO; this issue is the last of them. In the future INN will appear more regularly (like bimonthly or quarterly) and will average around thirty pages. This is kind of a dangerous thing to say, I guess, because now if INN comes out late I won't be able to pretend it's because it's such a large issue that it took too much time to put it together. But such is the plan, anyway; stick around and see if I can live up to it, won't you?

I MENTIONED ABOVE that Bruce Pelz visited here in September; man, he sure wasn't the only one! At the same time Bill Ellern and Bjo came by for a visit, and the months immediately preceding and following that time also saw visits from Gregg and Joanne Calkins, Andy Main, Bill Evans, Forry Ackerman, Larry Windham, and George Metzger (who visits so comparatively often that we kind of think of him as a Bay Area fan), not to mention the arrival of Bill Donaho, who's now in residence here. Within the next few weeks we anticipate



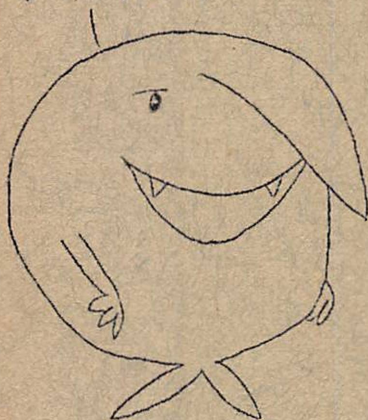
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possible visits from Ellern, Bjo, Bill Sarill, and Dave & Ruth Kyle, and early next year Dick & Pat Ellington will be moving out here, as well as Rich Elsberry. All this, combined with the revived socialac in Los Angeles fandom, means that fandom in California has been having a hell of a lot of fun this year and is looking forward to more of the same in 1960.

One of the most enjoyable visits of the year was the one I haven't mentioned yet: Djinn and Gordy Dickson's visit around Hallowe'en. We'd met Djinn before, of course, and knew her to be a pleasant and interesting conversationalist and all; it was nice to meet Gordy and find we liked him a lot too.

The night after Hallowe'en we got together with Djinn and Gordy, Dale Rostomily, and Poul & Karen Anderson and went bar-hopping in North Beach. We had a ball. I remember in particular Dale and Gordy having a discussion over beers at Vesuvio's; Dale contended that a man does nothing new after the age of twenty-five. "Everything you do after that is just a variation on something you've done before. So maybe you take up sculpting at thirty--but I'll bet you were whittling when you were a kid, and that's basically the same thing." Gordy argued that if Dale wanted to use such definitions, then really he should say nothing new happens after the age of fourteen. And they got busy defining their terms.

HEY, THIS FANDOM STUFF
IS HOT STUFF!



It suddenly struck me that the word "whittling" was a pretty ridiculous word. You know how it is sometimes, when you think about a word in a particular way and suddenly it seems like you've never heard it before and it seems absolutely unbelievable that people should try to communicate in such syllables? If you think about any word long enough it'll get to seem ridiculous to you.

I mentioned this to Poul. "I don't believe in the word 'whittling'," I said. And I went on to outline a fantasy story I'm going to write Real Soon Now, about this fellow who has strange psi powers or something, and one day he gets to thinking about the word "shelf" and decides that

he doesn't believe in it. And at that moment there's a ghodawful crashing all over the house as all the shelves in his house disappear and things come tumbling down. And the story goes on from there, with more and more things ceasing to exist as he ceases to believe in their names.

Poul nodded and smiled and agreed with me that it's awfully easy to disbelieve in words sometimes. He said "gasoline" was the silliest word he'd ever heard. "Think of those ridiculous syllables ...gass-oh-leen. And backwards it's 'enilosag'. Sounds like a patent medicine from Indiana.

A thought struck me when he said that. "Did you come here in your car?" I asked. Poul said yes. "Well, I'm afraid you'll never get home," I said, "because all the gasoline in your car just disappeared. Now there's nothing in the gas tank but patent medicine from Indiana."

But Poul shook his head. "No no," he said, "we have a Morris Minor, which uses petrol. There's still a small, hard lump of petrol in our gas tank."

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"Why a small, hard lump of it?" I asked.

"It just sounds like that," said Poul.

"I thought so," I muttered...

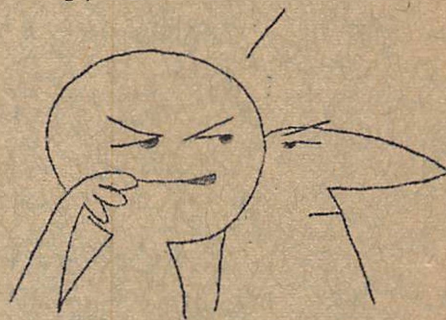
And the evening went on. Gordy and Dale told of how the MFS had invented the word "fout" because they'd felt that fandom needed a cuss-word of its very own, and they were delighted when I told them that the word was in common usage today and that there was a fanzine being published in The Cult titled OH, FOUT!

We left Vesuvio's and later on wound up at The Black Cat, which is a homosexual bar to which Dale brought us because they usually had fine paintings on display, and anyway no evening of bar-hopping would have been complete without digging it. Well, there were no paintings on display that evening, but we stayed for a few drinks and watched the native population shout at each other over the noise of the rock and roll blaring from the jukebox. And several of us danced for awhile, prompting me to remark, "Maybe we'll start a new fad--men dancing with women." One of the natives danced several numbers with Djinn, and said she was "quite pretty, for a girl".

It was quite an evening. Come again, Djinn and Gordy.

HARRY WARNER'S COLUMN this issue is one of his best, I think, and I'd like to make a few comments right now, more in passing than by way of argument. I just want to mention that even though I agree with Harry that SAM apparently overemphasized the political aspects of fandom in "The Immortal Storm," still I got the impression from it that SAM was searching for either a meaning in the early history of fandom or a theme for the book, or both. It seemed to me that the fans of the early days were deeply concerned with why they were fans--for remember, science fiction fandom, while it does have partial counterparts in such groups as The Baker Street Irregulars and mundane apas, is still a group without real parallel. We don't think of that much these days, because we take it simply as a hobby and it seems natural to us, even though there is no such group surrounding westerns, detective stories, or the love magazines. But in the thirties the concept of fandom and fanac simply as a hobby was far from widespread, if even thought of at all.

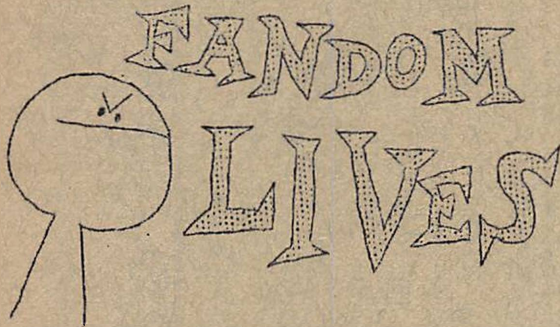
YOU HEAR THE NEWS?
CARR'S GOING TO WITH-
DRAW FROM TAFF IN FAVOR
OF GEORGE WETZEL!



And so there was soul-searching by the entire body of fandom. What was the purpose and use of fandom? To bring science fiction to the attention of the public at large? To better acquaint its members with science? To provide a breeding ground for future stf writers? And so there was the International Scientific Association, and New Fandom, and the Michelists, ktp. These were groups with strong ideas on what fandom was for, and it was natural that they should argue and battle for supremacy in fandom with groups and individuals who disagreed with them. It was a real battle for supremacy, because the idea of an anarchic fandom was undoubtedly as unthought-of as the idea of fandom as a goddam hobby; it must have seemed natural that fandom should become an organized body with one aim or group of aims, and each group felt that its aims should predominate and therefore that that group should take over the leadership.

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So I regard "The Immortal Storm" as a chronicle of that facet of early fan history, and a rather fascinating one. Of course, I'm a late-comer of circa 1950, and don't know very much, really, about early fandom. As a matter of fact, most all of what I know of the fandom of the thirties is what I've read in "The Immortal Storm"--but, viewing it in the terms I've outlined above, it makes sense to me. I'd be interested in further words on the subject from Harry, either in his column or in the lettercol. And if any of the other veteran fans in the audience would like to join the discussion, I'd be overjoyed.



WE HAVE A NEW STAR CARTOONIST beginning with this issue of INN--which is not to say that we've shuffled any of INN's already-established Star Cartoonists off to pasture. (Why, even Dave Rike is back with a cartoon this issue!) Our new Star Cartoonist is Trina Castillo, of whom you've no doubt heard. I'd like to tell you a little about her.

The most perfect description I've ever heard of Art and Trina Castillo is the one quoted to me and attributed to New Yorker Helen Ulrich: "Art is a tall, thin, dark shadow walking slowly and quietly down the street, and a small, many-colored rubber ball is bouncing all around him--that's Trina." This description will probably not mean a damn thing to anyone but those who've met Art and Trina, but it's so good that I had to get it in here.

Trina was born in Brooklyn in 1938, but was raised in Queens. Her father looks exactly like Leon Trotsky. She read stf for the first time at the age of eight, but her mother confiscated the mag, claiming it was dirty. We all know the story, I suppose. She didn't read any stf again for five years, at which point she ran across the Nelson S. Bond book, "Lancelot Biggs, Spaceman". She says I'd better mention to those who are familiar with the Lancelot Biggs stories that she was young at the time.

She began reading stf mags again. It was in the early fifties that she first got into fandom, writing letters in the Startling and Thrilling Wonder lettercols asking, "Aren't there any other fans in Queens?" She met Dave MacDonald and Marty Jukovsky and eventually the whole New York crowd, went to fangatherings and conventions, and occasionally even did a cartoon or two for some locally-produced fanzine. She didn't really begin appearing in fanzines till she and Art moved out here and I began putting her to work; she loves to draw cartoons but is totally unreliable about mailing them to anybody.

In person, she's petite, blonde, and looks a bit like a miniature Brigitte Bardot. As a professional model this has proven profitable for her. She's appeared in Dude and elsewhere, and may be a Playmate of the Month one of these months. She will be the cover girl on the second FANNISH.

We saw movies of the Cleveland con a few weeks ago, which Trina attended at the age of 17. And by ghod, she looked older then than she does now! How this happens I don't know, except that she was wearing her hair differently and also wore earrings.

And that's just a little bit about Trina. Now that you know a few of the basic facts, be forewarned that I'll be writing some

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absolutely preposterous tales about her in future editorials. And they'll all be true. Ask Bill Donaho.

MISCELLANY:

Bob Leman is an astounding talent on the fan scene. Why, one of his nursery rhymes in this issue was sent incomplete, with a note at the end that I should add a last line myself. And so when Bruce Pelz was here the two of us sat down and spent half an hour writing the last line. Phooey to Bob Leman; he made us feel like pikers.

I mentioned a page or two ago that George Metzger visits fairly often. And then while I was writing this he popped in again. He says he's been mistaken for a beatnik, a Dharma Bum, and a professional skier on the way to the Olympics all in the last five hours.

Miriam asked me, "Terry, is Ron Ellick really a squirrel?"

"Yes," I said.

"I don't think so," she said, "because he likes squirrel jokes."

"No he doesn't," I said.

"Then why does he laugh at them and make them up and all?" she asked.

"Because he's a squirrel," I said.

"Gosh, squirrels are dumb!" said Miriam.

--Terry Carr

 Filler no. 199.

With its first issue hardly on the stands, the second number of Odd Tales has already been dummied. This issue too, as the first issue did, offers sensational newcomers to the field of Stfantasy.

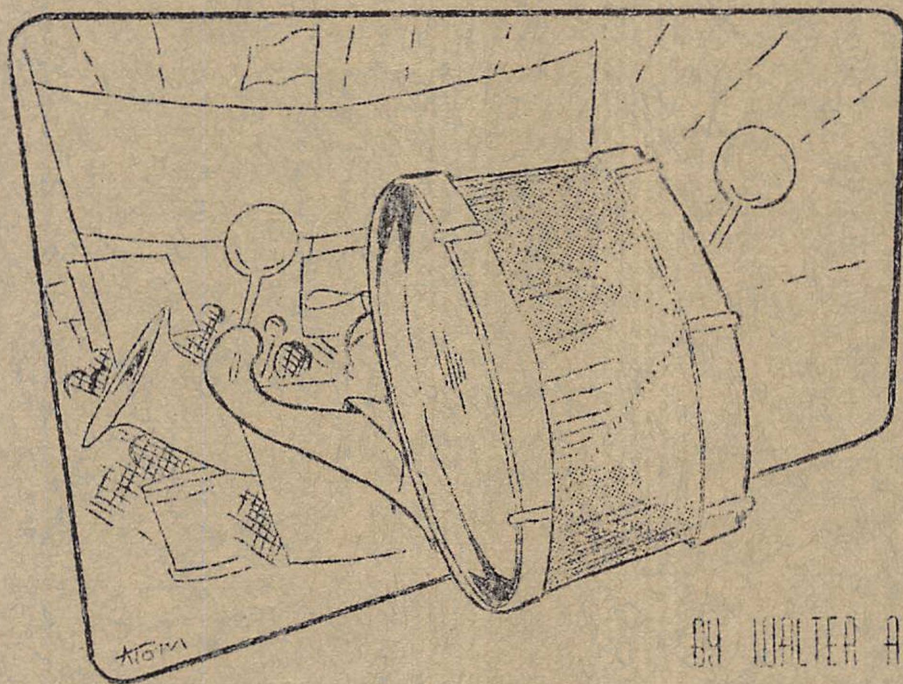
To start it off, our newest recruit, 16-year-old Frank R. Paul, just graduated from Art School, gives us a sensational cover. Seventeen colors, and gues what--it's a yellow-red-purple-predominant scene and the subject is Mars as seen from Earth. Amazing, isn't it?

Then comes John W. Campbell, one of the newest fans; and he writes about--oh yes, characteristics of Venerians. His story, titled by him "The Width, Length, and Breadth of Venerians," has been officially changed to "The Length, Breadth, and Width of Venetians". The reading public might think Venerians is a smutty word.

Then we have Ray Palmer, a promising young man!!! And he's given us "The Swordsman of Appollo". Appollo is the eleventh planet, just newly discovered by Bob Tucker. Rap was running out of planets, so Bob condescendingly hunted one up for him. In third place there's Robert W. Lowndes (he's the office boy at Columbia Pubs), with "The Master Race". Could be he was talking of the Futurians?

--Julius Unger, in FANTASY FICTION
 FIELD Newsweekly
 #114, Jan. 6, 1943

the raybin story



BY WALTER A. WILLIS

MEYER PRODUCTIONS: DEPARTMENTAL MEMO

Scenario to Production: 1 November 1961

Reference your request for new science fiction subjects. Zoology Research reports all possible monsters now exhausted. I suggest we open new field on lines of backstage and circus subjects--viz, science fiction itself. Literary Research reports this evidently rivals monsters for horror--three Readers removed to hospital in hysterics before finishing Moskowitz's "Immortal Storm". Sample rough treatment of subject THE RAYBIN STORY below. Sequel RAYBIN SUES AGAIN could follow.

OPENING SHOT, present-day Manhattan from the air. DISSOLVE to Fifth Avenue ticker-tape procession. CUT to close-up of Raybin (Spencer Tracy) in Cadillac convertible acknowledging cheers. PAN to banners hung from windows reading WE LIKE GEORGE, GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN IS THE NAME, ALL THE WAY WITH GEORGE.

DISSOLVE back to air view of Manhattan.

NARRATOR: "Today, George Nims Raybin is the idol of the Empire State. But thirty years ago (background music of "Yankee Doodle" slows to "Buddy Can You Spare a Dime") only misery walked these streets."

FADE OUT view of Manhattan. FADE IN shot of rainswept alley in Greenwich Village with row of garbage cans.

The Raybin Story--II



NARRATOR: "Depression. Hunger."

CUT to close-up of rat dragging away a scrap of gristle.

NARRATOR: "Among those starving in the city tonight there are none more desperate (a human hand tears the gristle from the rat's mouth) than the science fiction writers."

A RAGGED FIGURE (Henry Fonda) stumbles with the scrap of gristle to a group of similar down-and-outs huddled in a doorway. He divides the gristle among them with a razor blade. They eat avidly. Fonda makes little slashing movements with the razor blade, staring into subspace. "If I could only get at him!" The others growl in agreement. One of them puts out his hand to see if the rain has stopped. They drift back to the garbage cans and continue foraging.

LOUD PIZZICATO CHORD. CLOSE-UP of Fonda holding an aluminum cigar capsule. "One of his!" The biggest of the wretches (William Bendix) upends the garbage can and they scrabble through the contents. Fonda holds up a torn envelope and reads the address. He points. They dash off. Fonda retraces his steps, picks up the razor blade from the doorway, and runs after them.

DISSOLVE to Hugo Gernsback's penthouse suite. Gernsback (Frank Edward Arnold with a toupee) is smoking a cigar and making footnotes on galley proofs. He looks up as angry shouts are heard outside. The door is broken open and the science fiction writers spill through.

GERNSBACK stands up and faces them, holding high in his right hand a copy of Amazing Quarterly. "STOP!" he says commandingly. They pause, undecided.



GERNSBACK, solemnly: "This is science fiction. I created it. Would you destroy it? Kill me and you kill science fiction itself, the hope of the world..." As Gernsback continues with his inspirational speech, to background of Bliss's "March of Reconstruction," cut in shots of jet airliners, Canaveral rocket take-offs (successful), 1962 Buicks, Nike interceptions, Bufferin commercials, atomic bombs, home perms,

The Raybin Story--III

television sets, the Milky Way, ball point pens and the nebula in Andromeda. As music climaxes cut back to Gernsback penthouse.

GERNSBACK: "Go home, men, and write!"

THE WRITERS, now holding themselves straight and with expressions of exaltation on their faces, start to file out. Fonda hesitates and comes back. He moves close to Gernsback.

FONDA: "Mr. Gernsback sir, I had to hock my typewriter when you didn't pay me for that novelette. Could you let me have something to help out?"

GERNSBACK pats him on the shoulder affectionately, his eyes moist with sympathy. "Sure, son," he says, handing him a pencil.

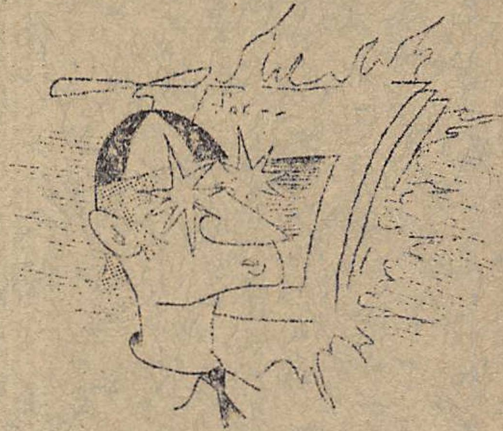
DISSOLVE to publishing house. CUT to close-ups of magazines being wrapped for consignment to newsstands.

NARRATOR: "Undaunted by adversity, the Great Gernsback struggles on..."

SHOTS of Amazing month by month, speeding up until only the year is held long enough to be read. HOLD the September 1937 issue in close-up. It begins to smoulder round the edges. Camera tracks back to reveal the magazine burning in the fireplace of an Ozark Mountain hut. A father and son are glaring at one another while a white-haired mother weeps in the corner. The son bends to retrieve the magazine from the fire.

NARRATOR: "...supported only by a small band of dedicated visionaries, the fans."

CLOSE-UP of sensitive fannish face of Claude Degler (Elvis Presley), the firelight showing the stars in his eyes. Father (Walter Huston) strikes Degler, who stalks into the night clutching the charred copy of Amazing.



NARRATOR: "Persecuted by bigotry and ignorance, they fight on..."

SEQUENCES illustrating nationwide campaign by Degler, forming fan clubs in various cities, and singing themesong, "Got A Cosmic Mind". Intersperse shots of train-wheels with names of various cities superimposed, mimeographs turning, etc.

NARRATOR: "...until they can fight no more."

SEQUENCE to be shot on location in Battle Creek, Michigan, in March, showing exhausted Degler being thrown out by Al Ashley, wandering around and collapsing in gutter. Themesong continues but fainter and in minor key. CLOSE-UP of Degler's hand unclenching and releasing

The Raybin Story--IV

charred fragment of cover of September 1937 Amazing. Camera follows it floating down gutter in melted snow and disappearing down drain. Degler murmurs, "Rosebud..."

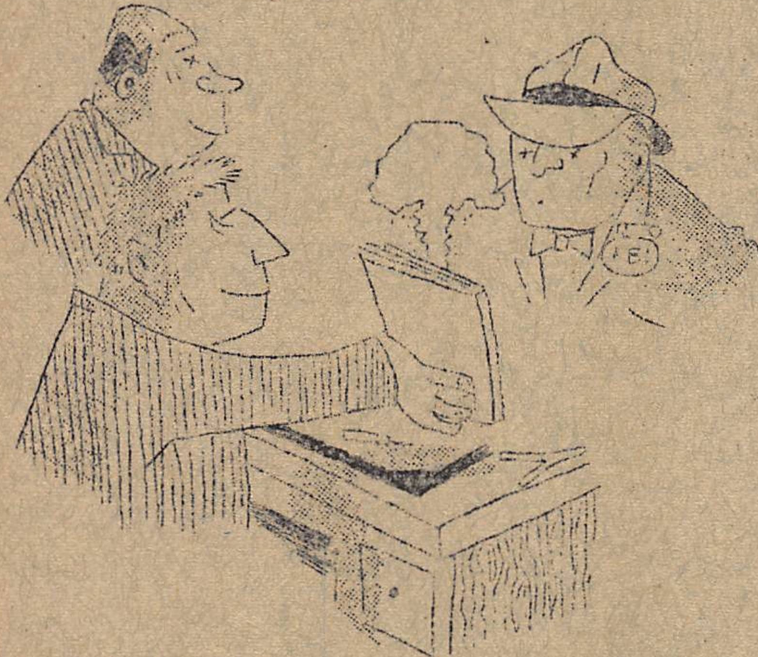
NARRATOR: "But the battle is being won!"

CUT back to publishing house. Rapid shots of Amazing month by month, interspersed now with Astoundings, Startlings, Thrilling Wonders, Dynamics, Marvels, etc. Rhythm of cutting increases in speed with tempo of background music (suggest "Troll Dance" from "Peer Gynt"). For visual technique see cream separator sequence in Eisenstein's "The General Line". Simultaneously the close-ups become larger and larger. HOLD the January 1942 Astounding filling the screen. MUSIC STOPS abruptly and with the sound of an explosion the cover is ripped open by a bullet, revealing the bombardment of Pearl Harbor.

NARRATOR: "Science fiction goes to war!"

SHOTS of scientists, technicians, etc., holding up test-tubes and twiddling rheostats, with copies of Astounding in their pockets or on bench. BACKGROUND: the Presley number in march time. SEQUENCE of Campbell and Cartmill (Bendix and Fonda) showing a copy of Astounding to FBI men and later explaining the atomic bomb to Fermi and

Oppenheimer, who nod respectfully. DISSOLVE to shot of mushroom cloud, which blows slowly away to reveal rack of newspapers headlining PEACE. PAN to rest of newsstand, showing rows of new science fiction magazines.



NARRATOR: "Science fiction has come into its own. But success brings new responsibilities, and of these the most difficult is the annual science fiction convention."

SEQUENCE showing convention disturbances, with years superimposed. Milling crowds, tear gas, baton charges, lines of refugees, machine guns. Suggest use of appropriate newsreel shots of Stavisky riots in Paris, East Berlin uprising, U. S. labor disputes. Shots under 1939 to show Dave Kyle (Richard Widmark) being ejected from the New York Convention hall.

NARRATOR: "Where is the man who will bring the rule of law to science fiction fandom?"

SEQUENCE showing the young Raybin (Mickey Rooney II) studying law books, graduating, making his way to top of legal profession, terminating with appearance of mature Raybin (Tracey) before Supreme Court.

The Raybin Story--V

CLOSE-UP of Supreme Court judges reduced to tears by power of Raybin's advocacy. PAN to old lady and crippled boy on their knees to him in gratitude. Raybin helps them to their feet with, "It was nothing. Here, son, take your dog license."

NARRATOR: "But behind Raybin lurks the shadow of malice and envy."

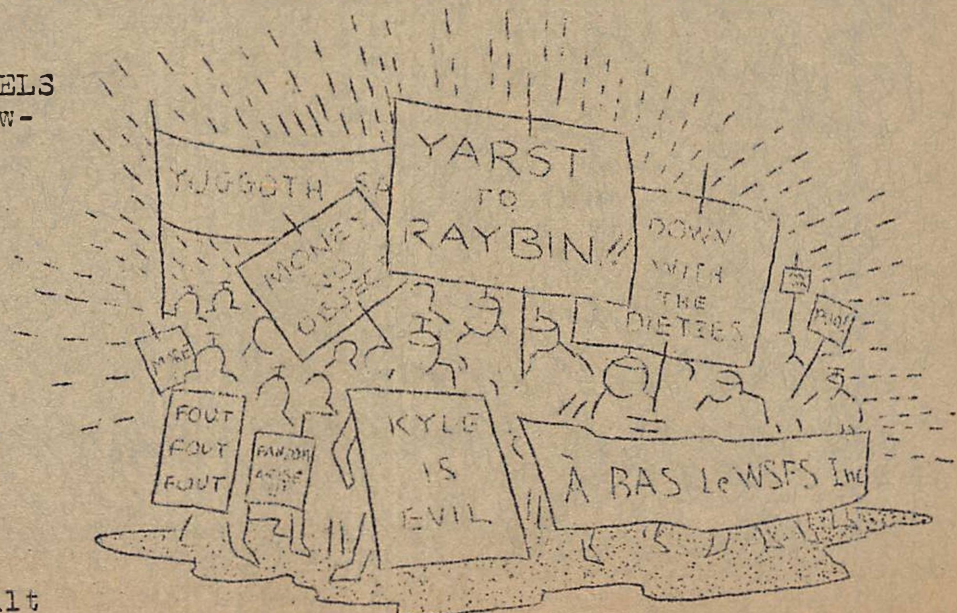
PAN to bowed back of defeated attorney and dissolve to flashback of scene of Kyle's ejection from the New York Convention. He is picked out of gutter by shifty-eyed hoodlums wearing CP badges. Further shots illustrate the embittered Kyle turning against society. His father (Otto Kruger) is also embittered by inability to compete with brilliant new lawyer. DISSOLVE back to Supreme Court. The lawyer Raybin has defeated turns round and is seen to be Kyle Senior. Raybin offers him his hand but he spurns it and stalks out with a look of hatred. Raybin looks troubled for a moment, then leaves the building himself and takes a cab to the airport. DISSOLVE to another cab drawing up outside the palatial offices of the WSFS. Raybin gets out and enters the building, the uniformed doorman saluting respectfully.

NARRATOR: "The Supreme Court of fandom, the World Science Fiction Society. The dedicated organisation which has brought peace and order to a troubled fandom. George Raybin, Legal Officer. To him, fans throughout the world look for guidance in their problems. To him they entrust their hard-earned money. To him they look for help."

During above speech, SEQUENCE showing dustbowl farmers, Canadian lumberjacks, Midwest spinsters, European peasants, Chinese coolies, etc., ripping up mattresses, breaking piggybanks, digging up boxes, etc., and sending money to WSFS. DISSOLVE to shot of thatched cottage in rural England. CUT to scene of Vince and Joy Clarke (David Niven and Deborah Kerr, respectively) and their old soldier guest Sandy Sanderson (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) writing a letter to the WSFS. CLOSE-UP of copy of SFM on the table with headline reading LONDON WORLDCON LOSES MONEY.

LAP DISSOLVE to same headline on copy of FANTASY TIMES on table in WSFS Boardroom.

NEXT FOUR REELS show events of following year in strict chronological order. Tense clash of personalities in WSFS Directorship over English claim, culminating in Raybin calling on Kyle to account for million dollars withdrawn by him for phone calls, helicopter beanies and WSFS banner. Kyle affects to regard this as an insult



The Raybin Story--VII

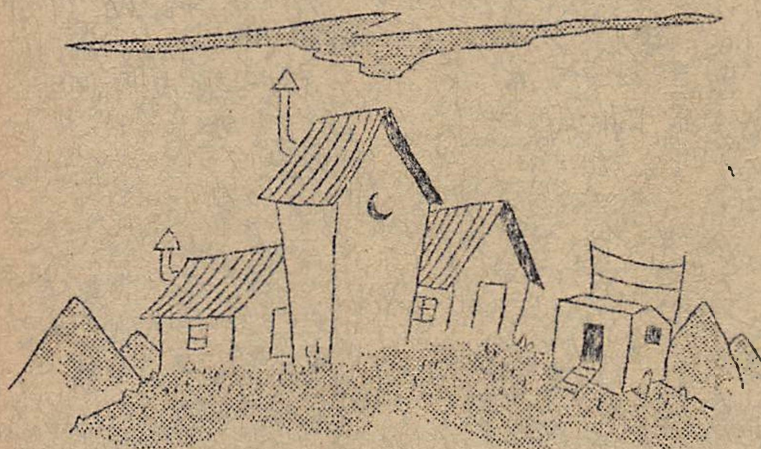
come the refugees with open arms and the night passes in fannish good cheer round a campfire. In the morning as the caravan is moving off, they press a little parcel into Raybin's hand. He opens it when they are out of sight and finds it is \$3.55, all in buffalo nickels.

RAYBIN: "And to think I was almost disenchanted with fandom. This must be their life savings." He averts his head. After a pause Frank says, "They were pitifully glad to see us. You remember one of them said it was just like what they thought a convention would be." They smile.

BELLE, reflectively: "You know, we could have tried to give them a better idea of a convention. Frank, your tape recorder--you have the whole program there. We could play them bits of it."

FRANK, doubtfully: "It might get a bit dull, just sitting listening to a tape."

BELLE: "Well, we could act it out for them a bit; you know, mime to the tape. Like the Bernard Brothers. I vote we try it if we run into another fan group."



TWO DAYS LATER, at another Ozark Mountain hamlet, they are greeted by another group of isolated fans asking for news of the convention. They volunteer to try and reproduce it for them. Word goes round to all the neighbouring homesteads and by evening quite a crowd has collected. Raybin and the Dietzes put on a hastily rehearsed show, with Belle Dietz taking the parts of Anna Moffatt and Bjo Wells. Frank plays Bloch, Boucher and Matheson, while Raybin is

John W. Campbell, Sam Moskowitz (auctioning a few old prozines they happen to have in the caravan), the hotel detective and the Mayor of South Gate. The show is a tremendous success, particularly the auction, an old farmer (Walter Huston with more make-up) having paid a fantastic price for a September 1937 Amazing. A collection is taken up for the performers.

IN THEIR CARAVAN that night, Belle and Frank and Raybin count the take and marvel at the success of the evening. "If only we could do this all the time," sighs Belle. George has been sunk in thought, but now he speaks out firmly.

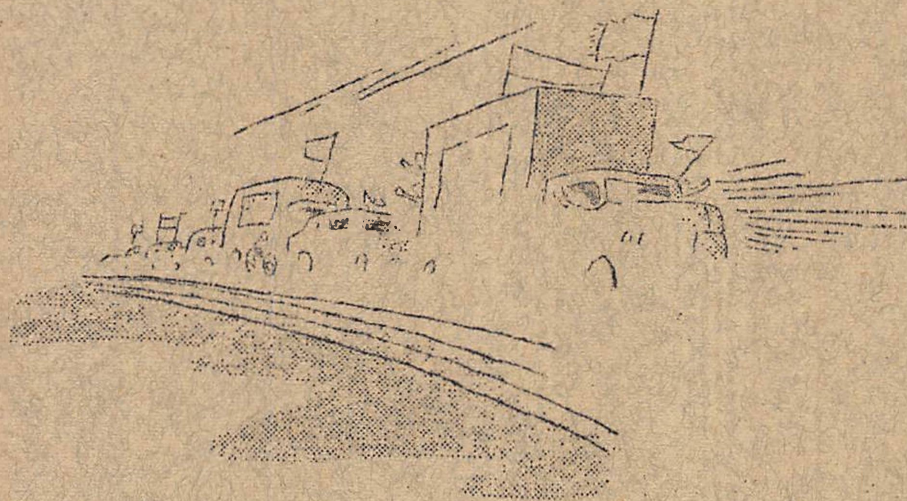
RAYBIN: "We can. I've been working it out. That vote at South Gate was ultra vires so we are still the WFS. Let's...let's put on a travelling convention! We can tour the country bringing all the romance and thrills of a convention to poor and lonely fan groups. With all Frank's records and tapes... Look, I visualise something like this..."

The Raybin Story--VI

and there is an angry scene during which he insults Belle Dietz (June Allyson). Frank Dietz (James Stewart) and Kyle fight with water carafes and paper knives until separated by Raybin with aid of two wastebaskets. Kyle retires, bleeding from a flesh wound, swearing vengeance and trying to pry the wastebasket off his head. While Belle is extricating Frank, Raybin gazes out of picture window facing crucial decision of his career. Repeat portions of soundtrack of Gernsback speech with echo chamber and Presley number sung by celestial choir.

Finally Raybin announces intention to sue Kyle. Belle and Frank point out this is a cunning Kyle trap, that fandom will never stand for a fan bringing another fan to court. Raybin feels he must make stand to keep faith with starving English fans and in defense of the rule of law in fandom. The money is nothing to the WSFS but principles must be upheld at whatever cost to himself. The writ is issued and Kyle becomes a hunted fugitive. (SHOTS of him shooting his way through police cordon and hiding in cellar in Riverside Drive.)

With Kyle Senior fronting, the two proceed with their diabolical plan to ruin Raybin. The Kyle-controlled radio network opens up a propaganda barrage. A gang of hoods imported from the Ohio underworld, the Palascafandom mob, plant bombs under the foundations of the WSFS building. SEQUENCES showing disturbances in fan clubs throughout



the country. As South Gate approaches, they realise this will be the showdown. SHOTS of fans making their way west by car, bus, train, plane, bicycle, and boat. The last being Ron Bennett (Dirk Bogarde).

BIG CONVENTION SCENE, De Mille type. Crowds, searchlights, banners,

processions, chants, pitched battles between opposing factions. Just before the business session Kyle Senior and bodyguard seize microphone to announce that Kyle wound has turned septic and he is suing the WSFS for ten million dollars and a new shirt. The Convention Committee disowns Raybin and the hysterical conventioners, led by Kyle agitators, turn on him. He is shouted down and thrown out of the convention hall, and a motion is passed to dissolve the WSFS.

Discredited, ruined and embittered, Raybin and the Dietzes make their slow journey back to New York in their trailer caravan, reduced to begging for food. But the WSFS banner, which they bought back from an unknown sympathiser at the Convention with their last \$2.00, still flies proudly on the roof of their caravan. In the Ozark Mountains it is recognised by a group of fans who are too poor to attend conventions, and have not yet heard what has happened. They wel-

The Raybin Story--VIII

DISSOLVE to a view of the caravan, now freshly painted and with pennants and bunting festooning the WSFS banner, bowling along a road. On big letters on the side is WORLD SCIENCE FICTION TRAVELLING CONVENTION REPERTORY SEASON.

CLOSE IN on poster reading LEE MONTMAN AND BOB TUCKER AT THE NOLACON. SUPERIMPOSE in succession names of small towns in Missouri. LAP DISSOLVE to another poster, PLAYING TONIGHT THE LONDON GOONFIGHT. PAN to wagon behind fitted with speakers' dais and public address equipment. PAN back to poster, which now reads TONIGHT CHICON II SEE HOW SAN FRANCISCO LOST THE NOMINATION. SUPERIMPOSE names of small towns in Ohio. PAN past wagon to show another caravan with chimney and poster SMOKE FILLED ROOM--INTRIGUE WITH THE EXPERTS. PAN back to poster which now reads HARMON VS. ELLISON AT CLEVELAND. SUPERIMPOSE names of small towns in West Virginia, but slower as caravan slows down. STOP at Fairmont. The poster is obliterated by an overripe tomato.

DISSOLVE to Belle Dietz making convention closing speech. PAN to rows of empty seats, and one small boy blowing bubble gum. As he leaves Belle abandons her speech and bursts into tears. Frank tries to comfort her. PAN to Raybin walking through the rows of seats carrying a fanzine.

RAYBIN: "As I thought, it's Kyle again." He holds out the fanzine. "He's telling fandom we're sabotaging the true Worldcons and urging all true fans to boycott us."

BELLE, sobbing: "Have we no friends left?"

DISSOLVE to SEQUENCE SHOT on location in England showing Clarkes and Sanderson hearing from Bennett of events at South Gate and reacting with characteristic British grit and loyalty. They sell their picturesque rose-covered cottage in the olde worlde village of Catford and move into a tenement in the slums of Peckham, where they all get jobs. With the money they've thus scraped together they toil nights publishing fanzines putting the case for their friends. Intersperse CUTS showing the Dietz-Raybins, now reduced to the original battered caravan and a secondhand tent, struggling on against adversity in the show-must-go-on tradition. First no audiences, then hostile demonstrations, stone-throwing, fights. LATER SHOTS show larger and more friendly audiences.

DISSOLVE to WSFS Boardroom, where the Kyles are leafing through reports from their agents. Dave Kyle throws one down in disgust and stands looking out of the picture window.

KYLE: "They had an audience of 65 last night, and our men were thrown out. That English stuff is clever, and now they're getting it into HYPHEN."



The Raybin Story--IX

KYLE SENIOR: "Yes... The only thing to do is stop this travelling convention of theirs before they get too much support."

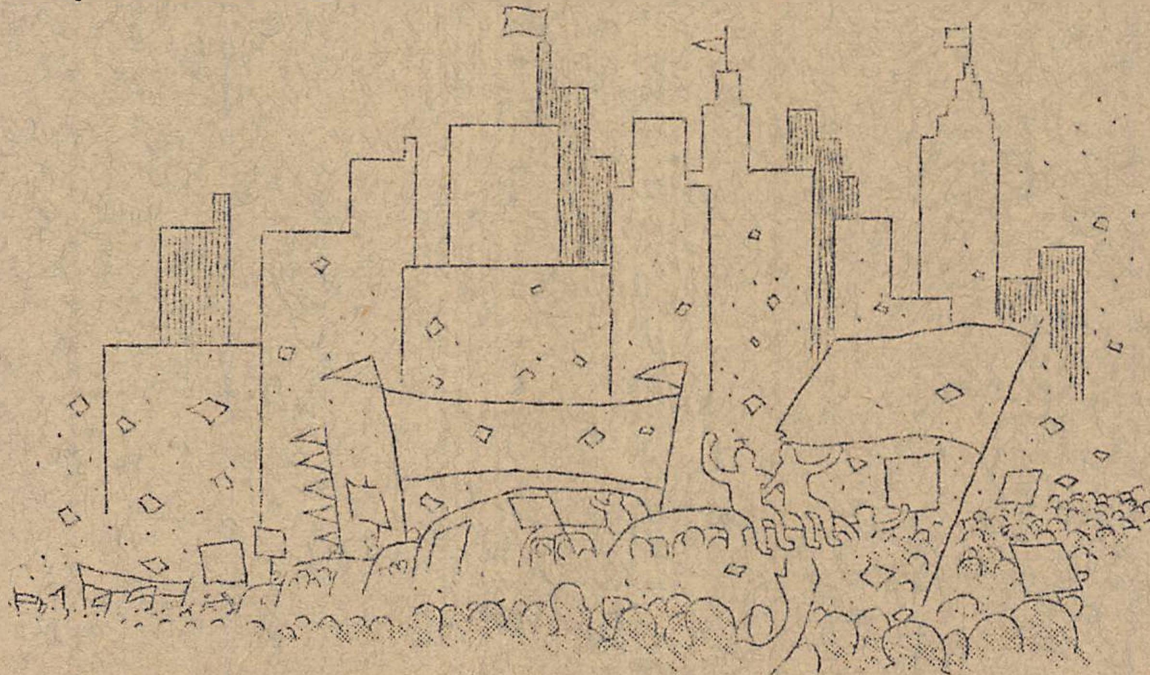
DAVE KYLE: "How?"

KYLE SENIOR: "I've been thinking we might be able to get an injunction. They claim to be putting on these conventions as the WSFS, and with WSFS tapes and records. But the WSFS constitution requires convention sites to be rotated consecutively from the west to east coasts with only one stop between. I don't think that old car of theirs could make it."

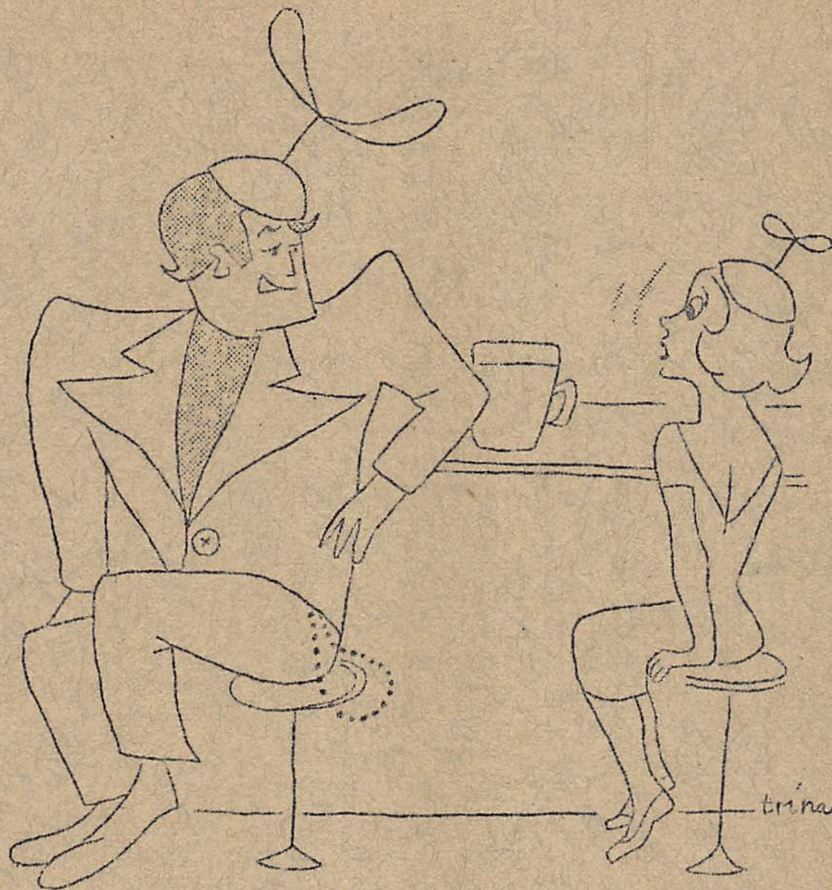
CLOSE-UP of Kyle grinning wolfishly. PAN to YANDRO calendar on wall. A month drops off. PAN back to Kyle, pacing the room alone. Kyle Senior enters with large legal-looking document, which he throws on the table. "Well, I got it. The injunction."

KYLE: "Good. They're playing a matinee for neofans in Trenton today." He flicks the dictaphone switch. "Have my car brought round and get me a process server. I'm going to be in at the death."

CUT between the travelling convention site at Trenton and Kyle car speeding South. Rhythmic alternation, speeding up. Finally HOLD SCENE in convention tent as Raybin is doing his John W. Campbell act to rapt young audience. Kyle and process server enter at rear. Raybin looks up, sees them, falters momentarily but carries on bravely. SHOT of row after row of intent neofen. CLOSE-UPS of sensitive young fan-nish faces hanging on Raybin's every word. CUT back to Kyle, also looking at neofen. CUT to bigger close-ups of innocent childish faces, showing starry eyes. Presley themesong begins softly in background. CUT back to close-up of Kyle, a strained look on his face. Presley is joined by mixed choir. CUT to medium shot of process server moving hesitantly forward. Kyle motions him back. "No...wait." FADE OUT.



PRESLEY THEME taken up by military band, full volume. FADE IN first scene of triumphal procession in New York, PAN to show long line



the return of lefty feep

BY ROBERT BLOCH

The first person I saw when I walked into Jack's Shack was Lefty Feep.

I recognized him immediately, and I was half-way out the door again when he collared me. The tall, thin man dragged me into one of the ancient booths--so named because a sojourn there would certainly have killed Lincoln, or anyone over five-feet-five in height--and greeted me with relish, which spilled out of the sandwich he was devouring.

"Slip me the grip," he commanded. "Let the fingers linger! Long time, no, si?"

"Lefty Feep!" I sighed. "What brings you here?"

"I just stop in for a bite," he told me. "Can you lend me--"

"Same old Lefty." I sighed again. Then I glanced at him closely. "Wait a minute--you're not the same, are you? Where did you get that beanie?" I reached out to grasp it, but Feep twisted his head away.

The Raybin Story--X

of caravans, wagons, etc., behind Raybin car, all covered with streamers and WSFS banners. DISSOLVE to original close-up of Raybin in Cadillac. Camera tracks sideways as he turns to smile to friend on his left. It is Kyle.

FADE OUT.

--Walter A. Willis

Filler no. 223.

Al, I said, didn't you ever have a childhood?

Well, in a sense yes, I suppose, said Al Ashley. But then I have always been much different from most people. Older--more poised--you might say wiser. Yes, that is the word. Wiser. Yes, Laney, I have always had a great intellectual depth and very broad mental horizons. I am sure even you can understand that to a person like myself the little things of childhood, so many of which you still cherish, could never have meant much.

No electric trains? No tick-tack-toe? No spitwads? No coaster wagons? Al, you've missed so much.

He shrugged again. I have always been too mature for such foolerol.

No toys of any kind, Al?

Well, he said shyly, I did have a rag doll once. Such a lovely rag doll. I used to carry it with me everywhere I went. It had a gray moustache and it taught me how to think.

--F. T. Laney, in FANDANGO #16,
early 1948

The other day I was discussing the possibilities of space travel with one of my mother's friends. During the conversation, we made mention of the type of person who would probably be chosen for the first trip to the moon. "Well," I said wistfully, "I certainly wish I could be one of the lucky ones to go."

The friend promptly replied that it would be very unlikely that a woman would go. She pointed out that men are usually the pioneers in such an adventure, and said that it is particularly hard for a woman to overcome convention where something rather unconventional is concerned, anyway. My mother, aghast at my suggestion, brought up another reason why a woman shouldn't go.

"Why, Marian," she exclaimed in horror. "You certainly wouldn't want to go all the way to the moon with a bunch of men. You know how people talk!"

--Marian Cox (Oakes), in VEGA #4,
Dec. 1952

(from "101 Facts of Use to SAPS":)

NOT-POETRY: Name coined by Wrai Ballard for fannish verse which he likes, on the theory that, since he can't understand poetry, any verse he does understand is not-poetry.

--Art Rapp, in SPACEWARP #56,
September 1954

The Return of Lefty Feep--II

"Not so much with the touch and clutch," he warned me. "This is a souvenir of last year's Convention."

"Convention?"

"The Solacon," Feep nodded. "Don't tell me you are gafia?"

"What? Since when did you become a science fiction fan?"

"Smile when you say that," the thin man replied. "I am a fan from way back before Gernsback. Don't you read about me in Fantastic Adventures?"

"Yes, but I never dreamed you were interested in the field."

"Who do you think helps Campbell dig up those editorials?" he smirked. "I am a fan ever since Doc Smith is an interne."

"So you went to the Solacon, eh? I can't get over it."

"Neither can I. But six months in an iron lung will help." Feep grinned. "You want me to tell how it is to go around the Worldcon in eighty daze?"

"No," I said, firmly.

But not half as firmly as Feep gripped me by the collar while he wagged his tongue and his tale.

"I wander into the Alexandria Hotel a few days ahead of time," Feep began. "There is a big sign over the door which says SUOTHGAYTE IN FIVTEY-AIGHT, so I know Rick Sneary is already here." He paused, long enough to get rid of the quotation-marks hanging in the air, then continued.

Not being a Calforeigner, I am not familiar with this roach-ranch, but I get my bearings and also a room. The Alexandria is an old hotel but a spry one--on account of the management keeps pouring Geritol down the elevator shaft.

I get to my room and start to unpack, but just as I pull the cork out, the phone makes with a tone.

"Hello...this is Ron Ellik...can I come up for a minute? Okay."

Two minutes after this conversation there are five fans and a case of warm beer in my room. There is also a lot of Ellikution going on because this is the smoke-filled room bit. Since the management does not provide ashtrays, we use the fan with the biggest mouth. Finally, around one a.m., we empty the ashes out of Ellik's mouth and I go slack in the sack.

The next morning--which they call Tuesday, in California--I cut out for Ackerman's house with Dave Kyle and spend the afternoon ad-

The Return of Lefty Teep--III

minging Ackerman's science fiction collection and Ruth Kyle, though not necessarily in that order. While Dave brushes the eye-tracks off his wife we talk with Barbara Silverberg and her husband, whose name I do not catch. Then seventeen fans show up and we make the scene in Pacific Palisades where Mark Clifton is talking at a salon. I ride out in a car piloted by Helen Urban and sit next to a sensitive fan-nish type name of Miriam Dyches. I can tell she is a fan because she is knitting a bra made out of two propellor beanies.

"The woman who runs this salon has her grips on the chips," the chick informs me. "Every Tuesday night she hurls a bash for the mink-and-vermin crowd, featuring guest celebrities. Why, one night she even has Maureen O'Hara's brother."

I am properly impressed, but even more so when we arrive and find a parking-place behind about \$250,000 worth of Detroit iron. We approach a large mansion set behind a charming border of money-trees, and are greeted at the door by a collar-ad lad who seats us on the terrace. Fortunately, our hostess has an extremely large patio.

She is a gal of about 60-odd, and reminds me of Spring Eying-ton's mother.

After the bash, we end up in a pizzatorium in Hollywood, and Gordon Dewey and his wife drive me back to the hotel. It is then that I discover just how rich our hostess is, when I am told she is married to the young collar-ad lad.

Wednesday I meet and greet. I spend time with Bob and Sadie Shaw, Boyd Raeburn, and see Anna Sinclair Hoffatt, who I really meet on Monday when I arrive and have dinner at her place with her husband and Rick Sneary.

I am surprised to see her at the hotel all dressed up and tell her so. "Where is your pail?" I inquire. "How come you are not making with the mop?"

"What do you mean?" Anna asks. "Why should I be down here with a pail?"

"I expect it," I tell her, "ever since I get a letter from Rick Sneary. He tells me you are the Charwoman of this Convention."

Laughing heartily at Sneary's spelling, she clobbers me over the head with a gavel and disappears into the bar, and I go off to supper with Tony Boucher and his family. I know Boucher lives in Berkeley and am all hot to ask questions about Berkeley Tandon, but he does not dare talk about such things in front of his wife and kids.

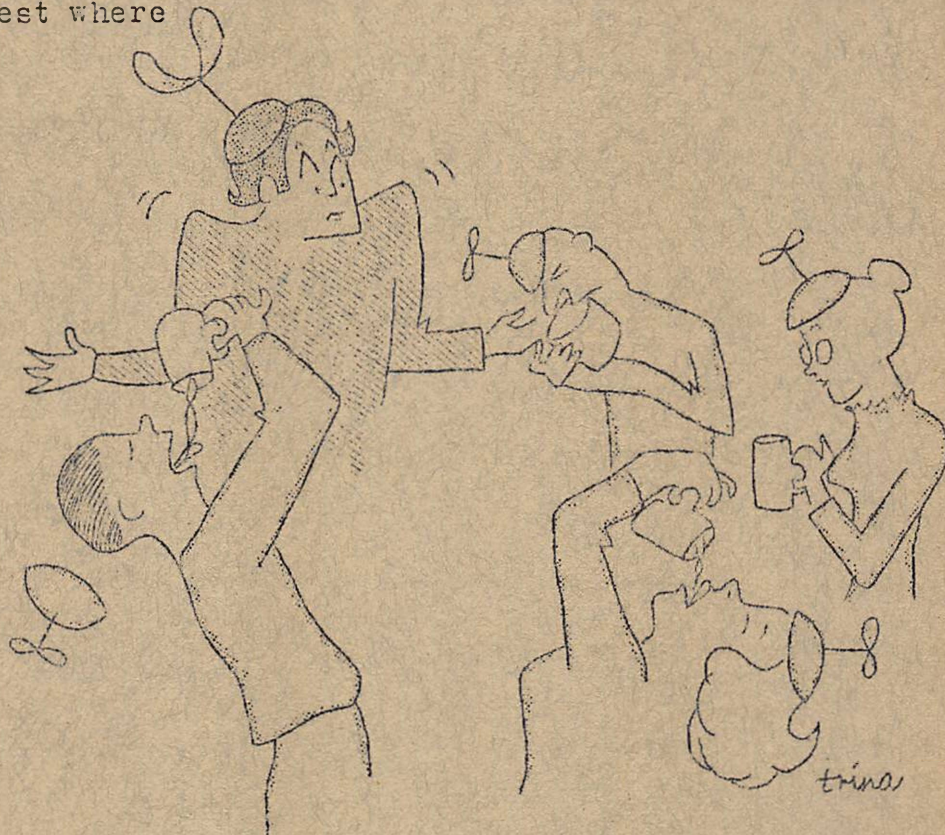
Thursday I meet and eat with Earl Kemp, the Chicago mob, the Detroit hooda, and a New Zealand fan named Mike Hinge--who I naturally recognize by his gait. I also run into Ron Bennett, the TAFE representative from England. I think he is a real swinging cat, but of course I do not get a chance to talk to him since he does not bring an interpreter. In the bunch at lunch is Walt Daugherty, and I also see Karen Anderson and her husband, whose name I forget. Then in the evening about a hundred and fifty fans show up at Ackerman's where he

The Return of Lefty Feep--IV

is holding open house.

Before he can let go of it, just about all the sensitive fannish faces in Southern California are sitting around on their sensitive fannish fannies. Charles Burbee shows up and starts huckstering watermelons, Gertrude M. Carr delivers the Gettysburg Address, and Roberta Gibson shows up with her husband, whose name I forget.

The next day the Convention opens and I see Walt Liebscher and A. E. vanVogt, and Rory Faulkner and Fritz Leiber. Also Honey Wood Graham and her husband whose name I never do learn. There is a big tea-drinking contest where everybody has to sit at a table and slurp down the stuff without going to the washroom. The trick is to eliminate the contestants without eliminating the tea. The winner is a chick name of Djinn Faine, who gargles twenty-three cups in an hour and seventeen minutes, after which I am somewhat disappointed, since I know she can do much better on account of I see her drink forty-four cups in rehearsal just a little while before.



The Convention itself is all fun and games. I meet Ruth Matheson and Peg Campbell and Es Cole and lots of other types, and three beards name of Rotsler, Ray Russell and Ted White. I go to more parties than you can shake a cocktail at.

I get my right hand stuck in a sticky machine John W. Campbell is using as a substitute for flypaper, and my left hand caught in Ed Wood's mouth. Fortunately I do not get bitten, as Ed Wood never closes his mouth once during the whole Convention. I listen to the President of the Arch Oboler Fan Club, who turns out to be Arch Oboler, and I see Ray Bradbury and Charles Beaumont and Jerry Bixby telling Terry Carr he can never be a writer because his name doesn't begin with a B. I get curious about the future, so Djinn Faine sticks out her tongue and I read the tea-leaves. I watch Berkeley Fandom turning out a fanzine on the only mimeo in the world with a bongo drum attachment.

All of this excites and delights me and I do not wish to leave California ever again. Unfortunately, I get a rush telegram calling me to a meeting in Washington. It is from a Mamie Eisenhower, the

The Return of Lefty Feep--V

name of whose husband I forget --

"Now hold it just a moment," I interrupted.

"I am holding it," Feep retorted. "I learn this secret from Djinn Faine at the tea-drinking contest--"

"Tea-drinking contest!" I snorted. "Why you weren't even there! It so happens I was a judge at this contest, along with Poul Anderson."

"Who? I never hear the name."

"Ho?" I sneered. "And I suppose you never heard of Bob Silverberg and Rog Phillips and Joe Gibson and Richard Matheson and Les Cole and all those others. Any more than they--or I--ever heard of you at the Solacon. Because you actually didn't attend. Did you, now?"

"Of course I attend," Lefty Feep insisted. "Maybe the reason you do not hear of it is on account of I use my fannish pseudonym."

"Fannish pseudonym?" I asked. "What is it?"

"Carl Brandon," said Lefty Feep...

--Robert Bloch

Filler no. 302

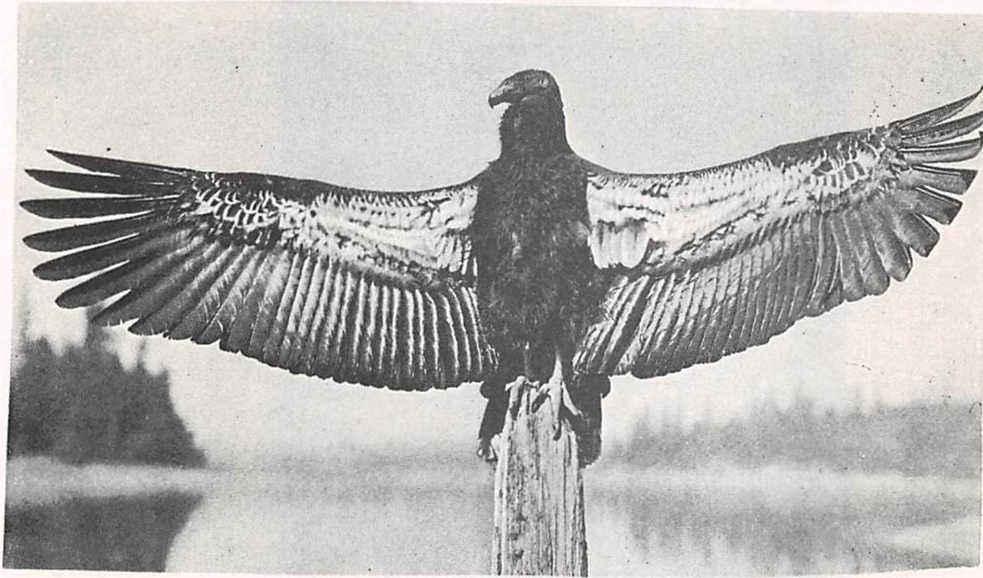
Endon-Blish wondered what was meant by "crifanac". This term dates back a couple of years to the days when Burbee and I were having fun out of ridiculing the hyper-serious attitude taken by many fans towards their fanning. Maybe we were laughing at ourselves a little, too. Anyway, as I remember the mythos, anything done by any fan was crifanac, critical fan activity; and anything done by a member of the top ten was crufanac (the cru- is for crucial). For some reason, maybe because Speer started plugging it in STEFNEWS, the term very shortly became a household word, used by people all over the world. But Burbee and I are still sweet, unspoiled, simple--unaffected by the adulation we receive as builders of a vital new language.

--F. T. Laney, in FAN-DANGO #16,
Winter 1948

Man, I just happened to think of something. Back when you were doing this MAIDU, you were about out of ink, and as I remember it, said you borrowed a spoonful. Now this has been puzzling me for months and is just south of becoming an obsession. Where and How does one go about borrowing a spoonful of ink? I mean this is the sort of thing that could keep nagging at a man's subconscious until it becomes a neurosis. I have a strange compulsion and must find out before I can feel completely whole again.

--Wrai Ballard, OUTSIDERS #16,
June 1954

the detention revisited



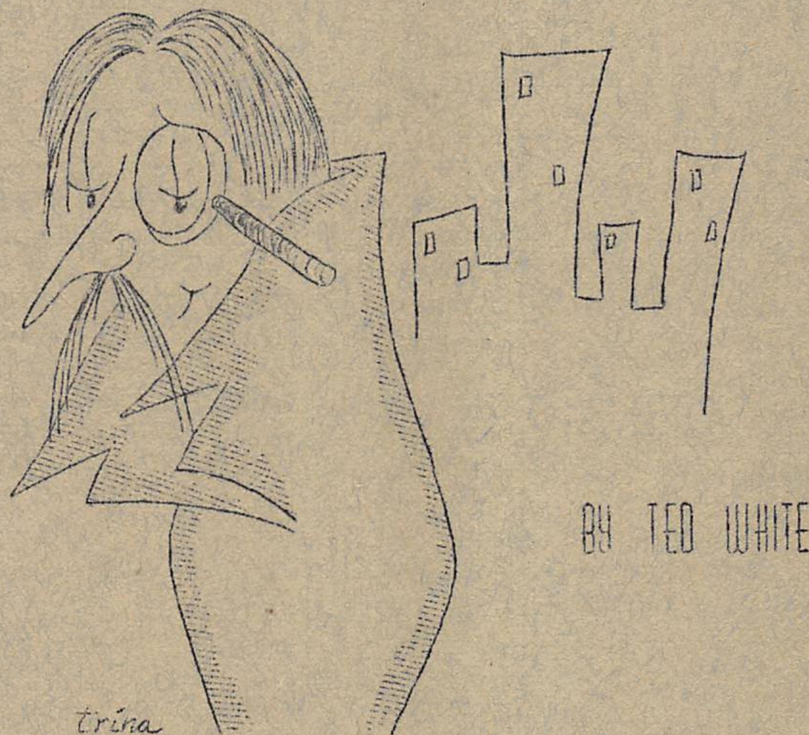
"Well, first this Fred Prophet got up
and said, 'Mah friends, Dee-troit
welcomes you!'"

BY DICK ENEY



Mighod, they were right -- Berry *did* make it!

berry in new york



By golly, it was a fun-filled week! This is how it went...

Thursday the 27th of August, Sylvia and I were up at 5:30 and out to start up the Weiss Rak IV for the first time in a week. At the Ellingtons' by 6:20, and after picking them up, over to the Nunnery, where we picked up and followed Eney's car (containing Shaws, Eney, and Big Bill Donaho) out to the Idlewild Airport (now renamed the New York International, but, like Sixth Avenue, no one calls it by its new name; this makes for some confusion re: signs). John Berry's flight got in not too long after scheduled (SAS, at 7:15), and then we sat about and walked around the huge place looking and waiting for John. Finally we located him from a glassed-in balcony; he was down in the customs area. After an indeterminable time, he looked up and saw us frantically waving and shouting to him. He looked younger, thinner than his pictures, though closeup there wasn't much difference in likenesses.

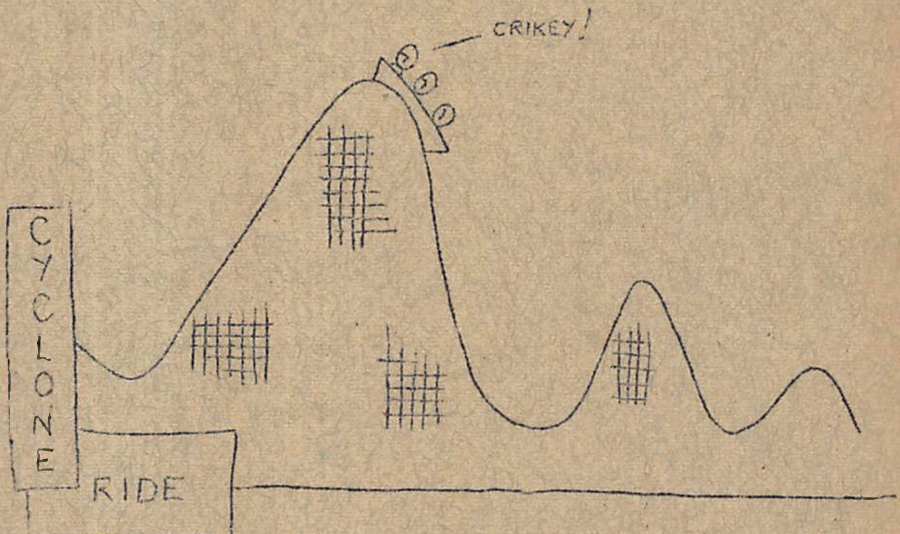
We met him in the lobby, where Larry Shaw quickly unfurled his long sign which said "WELCOME"--(a pic of Marilyn Monroe in the nude)--"GOON!" We exchanged hurried greetings and introductions, and we were off again. We regrouped at the Nunnery, the Shaws and Dick Ellington gone off to work, and after a restaurant breakfast, we were off to show John the Empire State Building and Times Square. We enjoyed the view (and the haze) from the former, pointing out to each other various landmarks. The cost was \$1.30 each, an outrage. Bill and John bought combination tickets which included a boatripe around the Island.

Berry in New York--II

From there, up to Times Square by bus, another snack, and we split up, Bill and John for their boat, Fney to see the UN Building and leave for Cambridge, and us'ns with Condit to head back to our place in the Village. Poor like churchnice, us, though maybe not quite so virtuous, and boatrides at two or three bucks each were out.

John had a bad time that night. Accustomed to a much cooler climate, where the nights are actually chilly, he couldn't take New York's near-tropical heat. He tried reading, and fell asleep under the lamp, only to have a cockroach drop off the shade onto his moustache. (It should be noted that cockroaches are ever-present in NYC, in the best and worst of buildings.) This was too much for John, so he tried to get a hotel room for the rest of the night. Unfortunately he picked an unairconditioned hotel, where he was unable to sleep any better than before. Morning found him, sleepless, back at the Munnery once more. When Bill discovered the situation, he immediately took John to the One Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he got John an air-conditioned room, and where John finally got his first sleep in America. The room was kept for John for the rest of his stay in NYC.

The evening of Friday the 28th found a large group of us, including the Ellingtons, the Shaws, Big Bill, Sandy Cutrell, Jerry Marshall and his girl Val, John and ourselves, assembled to go out to Coney Island. We took two taxis and Sandy's VW out and spent several hours on the rides, which included the Cyclone, one of the biggest and scariest of the roller-coasters in the country. John rode this only once...



Leaving the Ellingtons and Sandy, who weren't but just warming up by the time the rest of us were worn out, we headed back to Jerry Marshall's place, a hotel on Lexington Avenue. It was posh, but the bar was closed, and it took a well flashed hundred-dollar bill to the Bellhop to get us drinks and sandwiches. After an hour, during which it was apparent that we were all pretty far gone for the day, we broke up and headed home, leaving Jerry and Val to head on to Birdland...

Saturday the 29th was the day of the Big Party. We showed up early at around six-thirty for the special dinner Bill was holding first, the highlight of which was charcoal-broiled steaks. Soon others were crowding in. First it was Leslie Gerber and Andy Reiss. Both idolized John, quoting to him chapter and verse from the Goon's adventures. Throughout the night, though he was sweating, Andy remained wearing his Goon trenchcoat. Later John said to me, "You

Berry in New York--III

know, I never realized how seriously this is all being taken! I just created the Goon as a character, you know...not as me. They think I really am the Goon! This thing has just gotten away from me!"

More and more fans and Others came in. Belle Dietz was there with a cake for John--this disappeared quickly. I wandered out on the roof porch and glanced towards a cot which had been put out there to sit on. There was a girl lying on it, face down. I thought nothing of it until I saw two masculine hairy arms entwined about her neck. I'd never seen either party before, but it was interesting checking on them at half-hour intervals. They were there for hours.

A list of attendees would be impossible. There were perhaps sixty, including all those you'd expect, and lots more.

At 1:00, Sylvia went home, too tired to take it any longer. Larry Ivie graciously escorted her home. I remained, because Vince Hickey, one of the Munnery's regular roomers, and a drummer, promised to bring over some jazz musicians later for a jam session. During the quiet spell which followed as the party thinned out, John Berry and I were able to talk a good bit about various matters: his desires to spread out from just writing Goon stories--he was horrified at the way he'd been type-cast into the role, and amazed at the fanatic devotion of such as Gerber and Reiss--the death of Kent Moomaw, and his feeling that Kent deserved the plaudits he was still receiving as a writer, that his death had not been responsible for this praise; John's work as a finger-print man and detective--"I never put any violence into my stories, you know. No blood and gore. I encounter so much of that in my work, I have to fingerprint corpses sometimes ...I just don't care for it, and I never put it in my stories."--and his "luck" in solving cases--"I don't follow the routine, you know... I have ideas of my own, and I've been very lucky with them..."--and general fan talk such as the TAFF squabbles--"Walt seems deadly certain, really certain you know, that Don Ford is going to win. He says there isn't a chance anyone else will. And everyone over there is rooting for Bjo or Terry..."--and that the night before he left Belfast Willis visited him and presented him with a bag of US coins, around \$5.00-worth of dimes and nickels, which he'd been saving from subs to ~~HYPHEN~~. John preferred to let me do the talking, or to talk about someone or something else, but once prodded he talked about himself, his job, RET, and all. I felt I got to know him a good deal better, and what I know of him I like.

Around 3:30, the jazz men showed up. The main attraction was Paul Quinechette, the tenor who was once known as Vice Prez, due to his liking for and ability to play like Lester Young. Also there were Jack and Kay Schmer--Jack played clarinet, his beautiful wife mostly watched but sometimes sang--Bobby Pratt on piano, and Tom Lord on Baritone. This was the original group. They started off with "Jumping With Symphony Sid," and Paul and Tom had between them a sound like Gerry Mulligan's, a very modern mainstream thing. Schmer, unfortunately, was somewhat tight, and getting moreso, and he played a shrill, overlong clarinet which I found no pleasure in listening to. He had a tendency to hog the solos, and to play for much longer than was propitious. I grew to dislike him and his belligerent manner in a very short time. Also there was a girl named Liz, who sang in a

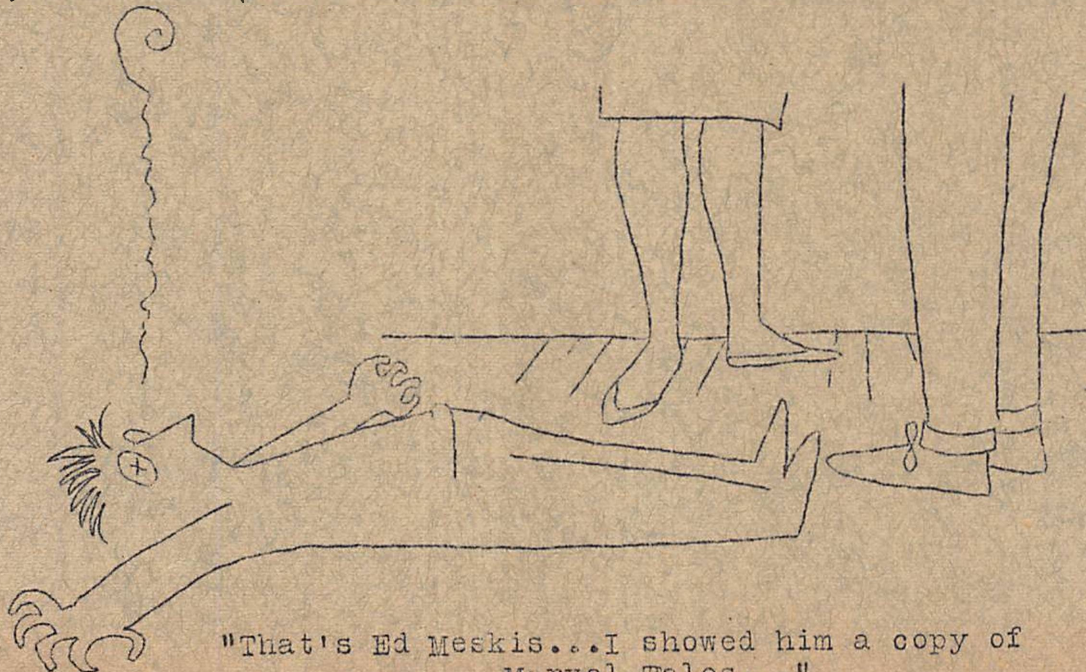
Berry in New York--IV

beery, pseudo Billie Holiday-ish manner, and generally just stood around, swayed her hips and Dug. She was very ostentacious about Digging.

John left at 4:00, after thoroughly enjoying the proceedings. The party had whittled itself down to a relatively small, stable group which included Condit, Terry Burns, and various others who had come with the musicians. Not too long after John left, two more musicians showed up: Dave Wood with electric guitar, and a guy known only as "Bob" with a bass. Bob Pratt cut out. The bassist was good, a Jimmy Blanton fan, and a man with much soul, but an uncertain disposition. He would argue with the others, but never raised a real fuss. "I came because I always do...usually there's nothing, but sometimes it's pretty..." Wood was a non-drinking, non-smoking, non-using guy who had been playing only two years, but was devoted to his instrument, which he could play in a folk, funky, or very modern manner. He practices constantly, I'm told.

I finally left at 6:00 in the morning. I'm told the music continued till 10:30 that morning, and that Quinechette got stronger as the night went on. When you consider that he and the original musicians had been playing on the job since early the previous night, it is really remarkable what they were doing.

Sunday the 30th I got up around 2:00 in the afternoon, and we prepared for the Futurian meeting at 3:00. When we arrived, we found Eney, Jean Young (with kids) and Larry Stark among those assembled. During the afternoon a business session was called to order by Larry "Grand Old Man" Shaw, the purpose of which was solely to make John Berry a retroactive Charter Member of the Futurians. This done, the meeting was adjourned. It seemed like more fans were there than the previous night: Dan Adkins and spouse, Ray Capella, the Metrofen (a group which includes Gerber, Reiss, and a weird fellow named Ed Meskis who lisps and Does Not Read The Suggestive Passages in Science Fiction Books), Clod Hall (who came out on the porch, gazed disdainfully at



Berry in New York--V

the Shaws, Jean, Stark, Eney, Donaho, and others including Sylvia and myself, said "Who are these people?" and then returned inside--I hear Clod was very put out that he was not lionized), etc.

There was some trouble with Gerber and his "zaps"--water pistols--which were confiscated from him. Later Dave MacDonald, who lives in a house across the inside of the block from the Munnery, elected to toss at us from his roof some firecrackers, which brought the landlord (who also lives nearby) running. It took considerable persuasion to keep him from evicting Big Bill and the party on the spot. Leslie Gerber was still running around asking people, "You wanta join Science Fiction Anonymous? It's a very fuggheaded club!" as he had been the previous night. Reiss, Adkins, and Capella began drawing pictures, some of which were of Sylvia.

Around 7:30 the Shaws, John Berry, Sylvia and I left to go over to our place. We drank lemonade, and I showed John some of my paintings. He was impressed with them, and I gave him an ink painting and an oil painting. The only condition was that he frame and hang them in visible spots if he took them. He promised. I think that of the over-half-of-my-output that I've given away, most are now in various people's drawers and closets... Very discouraging.

About 10:00 pm we headed back to the Ellingtons', where we watched a fantastic western movie on TV--"The Girl They Almost Lynched," which has a walk-down between two girls... Before midnight, we'd broken up for the last time... Larry back to his place where Mureen had already turned in, John to the Munnery for a final goodbye, and us to our place. We said Goodbye Till Friday, and See You In Detroit, and then we were alone, waiting for the bus...

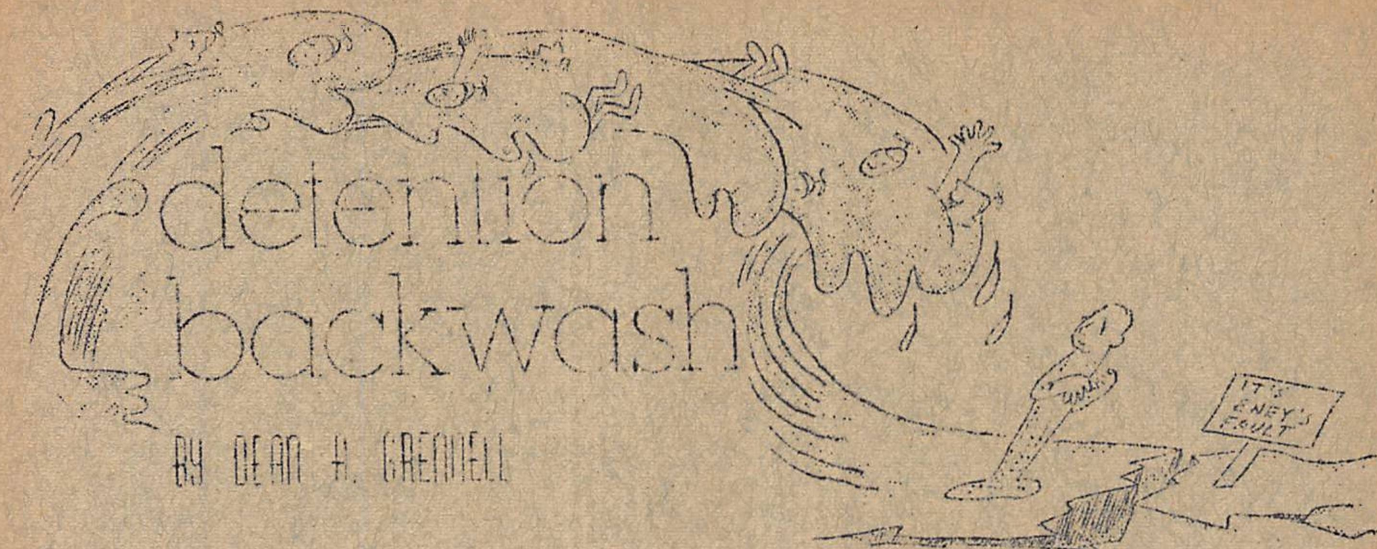
--Ted White

Filler no. 282.

I'll never forget the first meeting with Rothman, and the horrible error I made. T'was in Philly, in 1939. Milt had just had a story published in Astounding, and I had just had a letter published in the same mag congratulating Milt on it. When we met at Philly he thanked me for the kind words but I was in such a rash and dither I paid little attention to him. Later on when I had a bit of peace, I approached him like a panhandler and acted as if he owed me at least a nickle for writing the letter. The expression in his steely eyes was horrible to see. I have often wondered since, in remembering the incident, how many varieties of a damn dope he thought I was.

Ever since then I have been subconsciously afraid of Rothman. When he was leaving the Chicon, and a gang at the trainside was singing him off, I sang the loudest (with gestures) to make sure he would leave with the right impression of me.

--Bob Tucker, in SCI-FIC VARIETY #3,
circa 1942



Like so many of the best things in fandom, it was Eney's Fault.

I'd mentioned to Eney, in a letter, that it looked pretty bleak for our chances of getting to Detroit for the convention. The reasons aren't too relevant; suffice to say that no matter which way we added things up, it always came out no-go.

So a card came back from Eney, decorated with a reproduction of a XIIIth-century Chinese etching and the suggestion that, since we couldn't get to the convention, how about if a small slice of the convention came to us? He suggested that he drive from Alexandria to Detroit by way of Fond du Lac, bringing John Berry and Jean & Andy Young to join us after the close of an astronomers' convention he had to take in at Toronto. We emitted joyous postal whoops of approval and the deal was at least tentatively structured.

Unfortunately, Eney got word from somewhere that Bloch was not going to be able to go to Detroit either, so they planned to arrive in Wisconsin Wednesday evening, the 2nd of September, go to Weyauwega Thursday to see Bloch, then come here Friday. But AndYoung couldn't come.

But I saw Bloch on Thursday, the 28th of August, and he said why no, he was definitely going to Detroit and had planned to all along. (What fiendish Fate, one wonders, sees to it that letters containing money for fanzine subs always go astray while letters with incorrect rumors arrive unerringly at just under the speed of light?) So Jean wrote Eney that Bloch would be at Detroit but we'd arrange to be on tap Wednesday night so come as planned and we'd take it by ear from there.

As a rule, the 2nd of September is distinguished by little save that in five more months it will be Groundhog Day. However, we faunched for its arrival in 1959, let it be recorded, as weamishly as we once did for the arrival of Christmas. We hadn't seen Eney since the All-Fools' Con of 1956 and fond memory, nor Jean Young since the fall of the same year--and BERRY...well, now...

Eney hit Fond du Lac about sunset, bored into the soft underbelly of the metropolis as far as Johnson and Main and, like the prudent type he is, phoned for details on finding Maple Avenue.

Detention Backwash--II

There are a lot of people--67.3 percent according to 1950 census--who have lived in Fond du Lac all their lives who have never heard of Maple Avenue, who couldn't find it on a bet and moreover doubt its very existence with the fullmindedness of an Agberg disbelieving in Oshkosh. It is not that Fond du Lac is all that big--just that Maple Avenue is so pesky small: two short blocks, one of them a deadend street on which 402 is the next-to-easternmost house on the south side of the street. Well, to sheer through a fog of irrelevance, I homed him in and he followed the ritual unerringly and in something between a trice and a jiffy a green Ford with Virginia plates stood in front of the house, with people getting out.

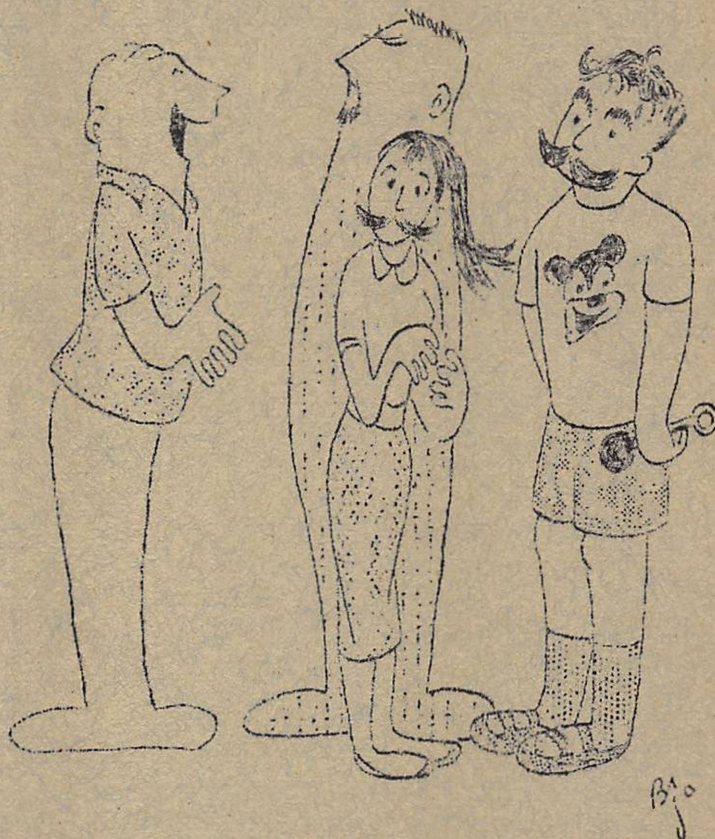
"Why Jean," I said, "you've put on some weight, haven't you?"

"I'm Eney, remember?"

"And Berry--you mean you shaved off your celebrated moustache?"

"I'm Jean Young and I never had a moustache. I..."

"And this must be Alan Samuel. Goodness, he's a fine big strapping baby, isn't he?"



Rack my memory as I may, I can't recall what Berry said to that. I am afflicted with flashes of amnesia when I first meet people and if their names get murmured during those initial moments it is a waste of breath. I am incapable of absorbing words simultaneously with first visual impressions so, unless someone else was listening and remembers, I'll never know what were the first few words I heard direct from Belfast Fandom. Gosh, I mean--John Berry--right there in our front yard--Gee...

I forgot all my carefully muddled-out plans for what I was going to say. I have the impression that I merely burred incoherently for a time and returned to rationality some minutes later to find us sitting around the living room talking. I am sorry I can't report the shole encounter concisely, vividly, in crisp, Harry-Warnerish prose, but there it is.

As things settled back to a normal level of confusion, I discovered something unexpectedly delightful: I could understand what Berry was saying with no more difficulty than I understand any other ordinary person speaking below the diction level of a Lee Jacobs. Obviously, my tape recorder is more lo-fi than I'd suspected, because I received a tape from Willis once and even my keen-eared wife had

Detention Backwash--III

trouble deciphering the Berry passages on it. But Berry, viva voce, came through plain and clear.

Wednesday evening, we sat around the living room, drinking Vaca Morados, looking at my photo album which, from a fullness of unmounted prints, looks more than slightly gravid. ("But really, one day I mean to mount every one of them!") I suggested coffee and Jean Young was for it. We got to talking about caffeine and sundry other drugs.

Jean told us the trouble she has with ephedrine, which she has to take for her asthma. Unfortunately she didn't tell us what brought on her asthma, which was too bad. Seems ephedrine, which is similar to adrenalin, leaves her extremely taut and keyed-up but the only alternative to taking the stuff is to approach the state of bluefaced corpsehood.

I took Eney and Berry on a tour of the arsenal and Berry was somewhat impressed, I think. Anyway, he said that a store of arms such as I had would get me hanged about fifteen times in Northern Ireland. He mentioned people over there who are still in prison--some without trial--because a search of their houses turned up a single empty cartridge case. I can see I'd never be completely at home as a Northern Irishman, because with me owning guns, shooting them, loading my own ammo and suchlike is (if you'll excuse the expression) a Way of Life.



Next morning I arose betimes and went down to the office for a bit, arranging to pull the Manitowoc trip on Friday instead of Thursday so as to have the day free for fanac (though that wasn't quite the way I phrased it).

Eney, Berry and I then went downtown. We mailed some stuff at the postoffice and checked to see if there was any sign of the glowing footprints. I explained to Berry that Willis had stopped in Fond du Lac in 1952 after attending the Chicon although I wasn't in fandom yet and did not know of his existence, let alone presence. We recounted the legend, there in the echoing anteroom, of how one day glowing footprints will appear upon the floor to presage the Second Coming of WAW. Berry scanned the tiling with proper awe, regretting that he hadn't some fingerprint powder along to dust with.

His professional instincts led him to examine the wanted posters with special attention to the fingerprints of the malefactors shown. Later he told us that if he has reason to have much interest in a print he can recognize the thing much later without even a record print to

Detention Backwash--IV

compare it with. I am now scheming as to how I can contact the Belfast underworld and arrange to have a bottle bearing my own prints left at the scene of some infraction because he scanned my fingertips with keen scrutiny. Better yet, a single empty cartridge case, bearing a lone DAG thumbprint...

We shopped for a carryall bag and helped him pick out an authentic American shirt, one with the useful property of being able to be worn for two or three days if necessary without showing wrinkles.

We stopped at Moen's Studio so I could raid their stockroom of more #120 film for the Ikonta and introduced John to Ann Moen, formerly of London. We told her that John was from Belfast but she said his accent sounded more like Birmingham. John said he had indeed come from "Old Brummy" originally but had been living in Belfast for about as long as Ann has been living in Wisconsin: since the end of WW2. He seemed a little surprised that Ann has caught the Wisconsin accent to perfection (something I've not managed myself) while his Birmingham accent was still noticeable to the trained ear. Ann said she guessed she just caught accents quickly, though her mother had come from the Birmingham region and still said "boos" for bus, etc.

We went home and had lunch, and also fed John a sample of Gluek's Stite, the favored guzzle of Bob Tucker, and he pronounced it quite delectable.

After lunch Jean and I dug into the kid-chores, of which a certain amount has to be done, company or no. John endeared himself to my wife for all time by drying dishes. We put Eney to work in the basement stencilling on the next QABAL and later John had a bash at it also.

I forgot to bring in Jean Young's asthma at the appropriate chronological time. Naturally the brood of small Grennells had arisen betimes and the first thing they did when they got downstairs was to bring in Asmodeus Kohlmein van Katnipp Grennell, our white cat with black markings. Actually, he has got black markings solid all over him except for a neat, symmetrical white dickey under his chin, but he is our cat and if we want to term him a white cat (with black markings) it is, we think, our privilege.

The kids proudly showed him to Jean Y, and she turned lavender and started to gasp. It turned out that cats are what trigger her asthma and Hodey, who is a lot of cat (he stands 34" if he stretches), had triggered it but good. I took her to the local druggist before we went shopping with John and when we got back Eney questioned her method of combatting the effects of one stimulant--ephedrine--with copious infusions of another--coffee. He prescribed massive doses of Ovaltine in hot milk, no other sedative being handy, and it seemed to help.

Just as she was beginning to feel reasonably good again, though, she took a turn for the worse. The kids had been under strict injunction to keep the cat outside and had followed instructions so far as we knew. I asked what she had been doing.

She said she had watched Eney typing for a while and then had

Detention Backwash--V

gone to the other side of the basement and stretched out on the couch. I groaned. All last winter, Moe had stayed in the house, mostly in the basement. That couch had been his private citadel and it probably had more cat-hair than mohair on it. She wound up later, after a brave fight, going through the ephedrine-ovaltine cycle again.

Then we left eldest daughter with the kids, took Jean, Eney and Berry to a drivein on the south edge of town so John could sample his first malted milk. He liked it. We needed a few groceries so we stopped at the Red Owl, a sprawling supermarket that Raeburn has termed so doggone typically American and Saturday Evening Post-coverish that when he was there he expected to turn around at any moment and find Normal Rockwell peering over his shoulder. We snapped some pictures of John peering hopefully at a display of toys, looking for something to take back to Colin and Kathleen, the two Berry children--he didn't find anything--then went through Lakeside park, where John snapped some pictures of an old steam locomotive on display there.

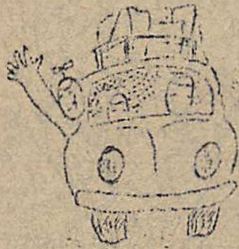
John expressed a hitherto-unsuspected interest in indians and I was a bit at a loss since as far as I know there isn't a single indian within a hundred miles or so, but we were in luck. Thursday is Yancy Derringer night on TV and that particular night they were re-showing the episode where Derringer's faithful indian friend Pahoo Kah-Ta-Wah addresses Congress in sign language. It wasn't much but it was all the indian lore we could dig up on short notice. John watched with delight, exclaiming "Crikey!" and "Smashing!" He has left his mark on the vocabulary of our brood. The other morning I mentioned to eldest son we were having coffee cafe of which he is passing fond. His eyes lit up and he cried, "Smashing!"

For supper ("dinner" to youse swells--Eney had thrown us into mild confusion by pootsarcing that they would arrive shortly after dinner but neglecting to say if it was noon-dinner or evening-dinner just as, in 1956, Speer had said he was dropping in after the convention without specifying that it was the Democratic convention, not the science fiction convention, that he meant) we had spaghetti although, unfannishly enough, not made with chocolate milk. We also tried John with Martinis and it turned out he liked the fluid part better than the olive, leaving the latter after a cautious nibble. This is puzzling to a bloke like the writer, who will gag down a martini bravely for the sake of getting at the olive.

After dinner we got John talking about fingerprints, and it was fascinating to extremes. As someone has said, the impression you get of Berry from the Bob Shaw writings and the Atom illo's is not correct in all particulars...here is not only a warm, friendly human being, intensely likeable, but an enormously competent one as well. Meeting him was an experience we would not have missed for anything at all.

After the con was over, we had another visit--equally enjoyable--from Squirrel, Bjo, and a sizeable segment of LA/Florida fandom, but that is best reserved for another chapter. It must have been great at Detroit...

--Dean A. Grennell



another chapter

BY BRUCE PELZ

Out from Detroit in two miniature cars,
Clattering, rumbling, over the road,
Ready if need be to sleep under stars,
Fans, like the Ringwraiths, north-westerly flowed.

Hedge-hopping, leap-frogging, rolling along,
Watching the road ahead, no looking back;
Fun-sessions, banter, occasional song,
Hoping by nightfall to make Fond du Lac.

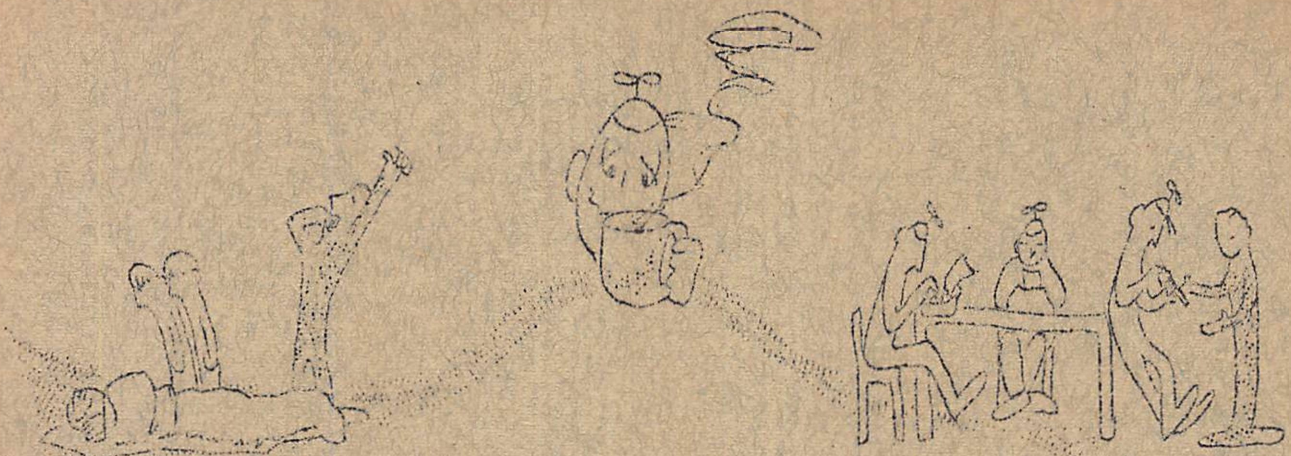
Michigan roads seem a recent invention,
Taking ten miles to go five on the chart--
Either they go through some other dimension
Or else they were made by a kind of Black Art.

Slightly delayed by five hours or so
(Must have been midnight at least by that time),
Into the town rolled the crowded Peugeot.
"Call up Grennell!" -- "Can you lend me the dime?"

Shortly thereafter the party was led
Onward to Maple street, home of The Fan:
Coffee, much fan-talk, and then off to bed--
Verily, Dean A. Grennell's a Good Man!

Round about seven, fans dead as a stone
Suddenly woke to the sound of a bell;
Finally, somebody answered the phone:
"You just woke nine people," said Pattie Grennell.





Breakfast (delicious!), and soon, down below,
 Fan-talk once more reached the height of a babble;
 Caughran and Ellik, Jack H. and Ejo
 Chained in the basement, producing a QABAL.

Well-plied with drinks--Crimson Comets and such--
 Fans having fun, with their heads in a whirl;
 Invited to dinner (enjoyed very much--
 Wonder why Ellik refused the Pink Squirrel?).

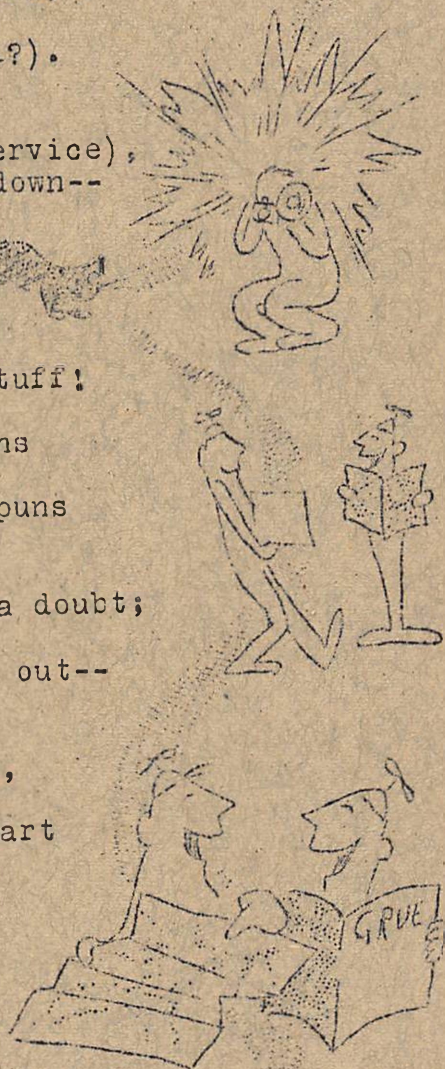
Camera-bug fans driven back into town
 (DAG to be thanked for the chauffeuring service),
 Back to pop flashbulbs both upstairs and down--
 Modey the cat got especially nervous.

Fanzine collectors had wonderful day--
 Offered a huge pile of zines on the cuff,
 Gladly accepted and carted away
 Somewhere near twenty-six pounds of the stuff!

Subjects for talk varied greatly, from guns
 (And what in heck is a "square-guage"?)
 To photos, conventions, and fanzines and puns
 Like, "Newt Defending a Bear-Cage"!

(Yes, that is a pun, just in case you've a doubt;
 It refers to a painting by Dean,
 Taking off on Duchamp--this is pretty far out--
 "Nude Descending a Staircase," I mean.)

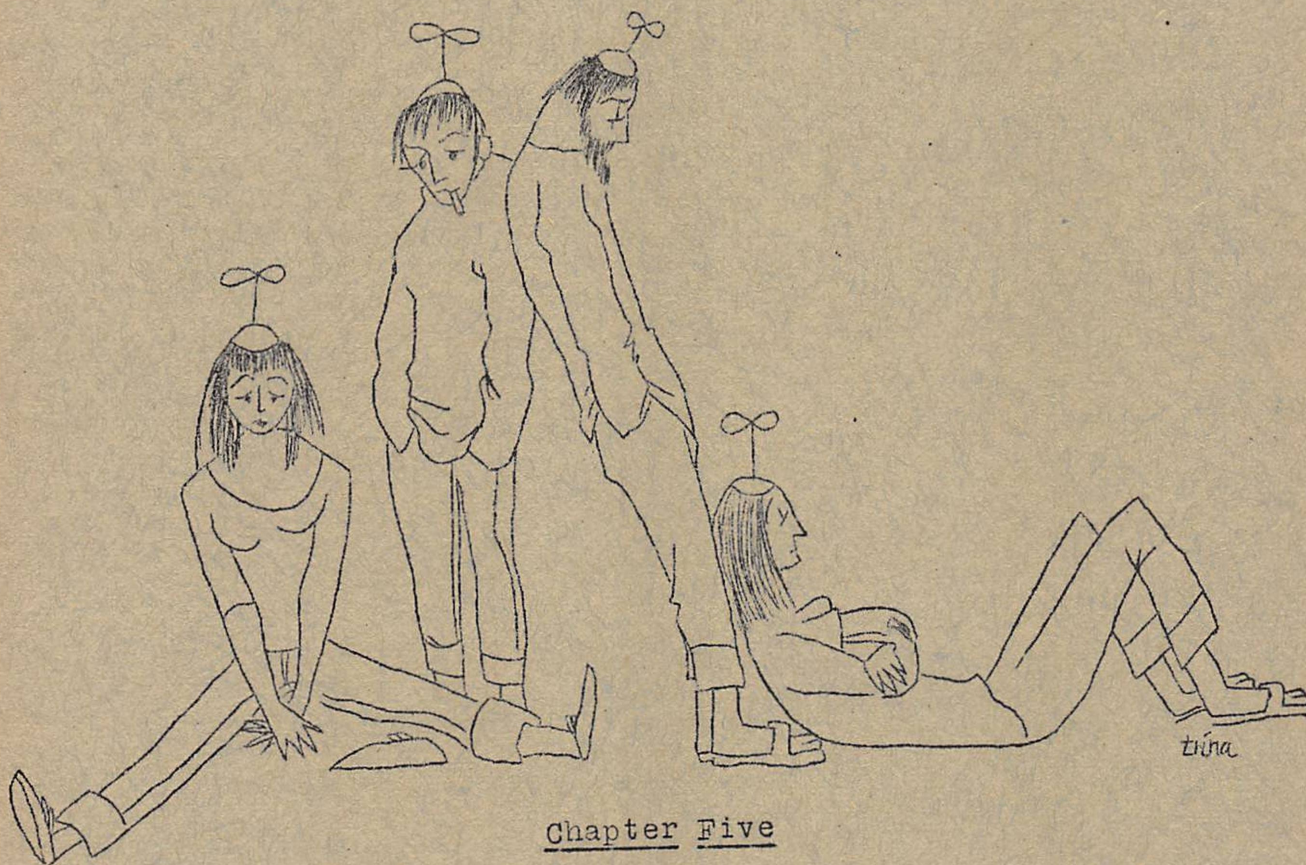
Then, all too soon, it was time to depart,
 In order to stick to our plan--
 But now when we see "Fond du Lac" on a chart
 It means "Dean Grennell's a Good Man"!



SYNOPSIS: I met Dean Morality and his wife Marylou in New York, where he was very hung up on learning to be fannish and was learning from Ross Chauvenet. In the spring of 1958 Dean had a fight with Marylou and left for Dallas, speaking of divorce. In June I set off for Dallas myself, hitchhiking and looking forward to the Southwestercon. In Dallas I found myself in the middle of a cold-war feud, with J. T. King and Roland Minor and Tim Gray ignoring Dean and Ross Chauvenet. I moved in with Minor and Gray to stay during the con, but visited Dean and Ross and heard them go through an all-night session of deep philosophical and psychological discussion. This was on the night before the con was to begin.

on the road

BY CARL BRANDON



Chapter Five

At noon, the second most appropriate fannish hour in the world (midnight being first), I arose and had breakfast with Minor and Gray. It was an uninterested breakfast, soft-boiled eggs imperfectly timed, toast too dark, all three of us thinking ahead to the con which was to start that day. I thought, How normal to eat eggs and toast on the morning of a con! How strange! And I thought of Walt Willis, and his crudzines with marmalade for breakfast, and yearned

On The Road--II

for such fare. Convention days should be fannish from start to finish; there is something so essentially fannish about convention days and convention cities, like a mist hanging overhead smelling of stencils and correction fluid, a green smog of fannishness. I looked at my eggs, with runny yolks and the whites hard, and said, "These are crottled greeps," a remark which Minor and Grayy didn't understand. And I thought of Dean and Ross, who would have looked up and asked me for a full explanation of what I meant, nodding their heads vigorously as I told them. But Minor and Grayy were thinking of the coming event, and not the meaning. We stacked dirty dishes in the sink and left for the convention.

There weren't many fans there, only a few that I knew and a few more whose names I recognized, but Roland Minor immediately lost himself in the groups, hopping from one to another with short fannish phrases for all. It was amazing to see him spring fullblown from the depths of gafia to the heights of fannishness just by walking through a door into a room full of fans. The unused quires of stencils and dusty reams of paper back at the apartment suddenly meant nothing to him; he was a fan. "Sal," he cried, clutching my arm, "just look at the fans. More fans than have ever before gathered in Texas! It's a convention!"

"Yeah," I said, "but the sercons are here, too."

"The bastards," he cursed. But he went off to enjoy himself.

He and Tim Grayy were already inviting everybody they saw to a party at the apartment that night. There was to be liquor, music, fan-talk until all hours. They spoke of it as though there had never been a fan-party before. "I'll show you my Gestetner!" Tim said to a young, femme-fanne who looked at him oddly. But there was nothing underneath his remark but a sudden nova of fannishness, a convention nova, a feeling that for the weekend the world had become fandom and nothing else was important. Tim and Roland had suddenly become full fans as they arrived at the convention; they felt suddenly as I had over eggs and toast at breakfast. And suddenly I no longer had that feeling, I was abruptly a watcher, digging Tim and Roland as fans and being fulfilled merely in looking on. I thought that there must be a fannish sense of wonder too, and wondered if Moskowitz had ever felt it.

There weren't too many fans there; the invitations had all been given, the address written again and again, and there was still time for a few beers before it would be time to head back to the apartment and clean it up for the party. I didn't want to leave so soon--"The program, the program!" I said. But Roland said, "Sercons!" and led the way to a bar.

We drank quickly, Tim and Roland excited at the prospect of the party, me watching and keeping up with them. I thought that the enjoyment of conventions must be in the excitement of anticipation. Always you're looking forward to what's coming next, and can hardly wait for it. It's a great feeling, you're enjoying yourself and know there's more and more to come which may be even better. And the last day is always a letdown, all day, because there's nothing more to look forward to.

On The Road--III

So on the first day we drank quickly and hurried back to the apartment. We did the dishes and cooked up beans and franks. We played records loudly until the fans started arriving. The place filled up, people began to bring bottles. Tim and Roland and I rushed out to buy more liquor for us and rushed back to find the apartment crowded. The night was getting more and more frantic. There was anticipation in the air; nobody said of what, it didn't matter. For myself, I anticipated great sights throughout the night; I could see them in my mind already, a mental John Berry story with illustrations by Atom. I wished Dean and Ross were there, but Tim and Roland hadn't invited them.

J. T. King was there, and some of the young fans from around Dallas. We suddenly had a thought, and sent someone out with a message for Forry Ackerman and Marion Bradley to come. We had mix galore if they wanted it.

Some of the fans we didn't know got drunk. They had been invited simply because they'd been at the con; Tim and Roland had invited almost everybody. We were all fans under the skin. They ruined our party, singing "Sweet Adeline" and nonfan drinking songs. One of them mentioned the Dallas Futurian Society, Roland said they'd be plugging the NSF next, so we decided to take off and hit the bars again.

We tottered into the night. The bars were full with a Saturday night crowd. Roland was shouting above heads, "Good afternoon, how are you?" Time had not passed for him since the convention had started. "Are you enjoying the con?" he enquired politely of all the nonfans. Few of them answered. "Have another drink," said one. He did, and we did. We drank into the night.

There was a man in the bar who was supposed to have a fabulous fantasy collection. A complete Weird Tales was only the starting point; he had Argosys and Uncanny Tales and even a typewritten copy of Odd Tales. Tim said I must meet him, and I was interested. "Does he have Sex Torture Tales?" I asked. Tim said to ask him, and went off to find him. But they got to talking and we didn't see them for an hour.

Roland and I talked fan-talk, shouting at each other over a small table. We were almost the only fans there, but it seemed as fannish as any convention I'd ever heard of, because we were drinking and had to shout to be heard. And there was a convention in town, that was the most important thing about the whole weekend. "I wonder if he has a copy of 'The Necronomicon'?" I said, and Roland laughed and told me it didn't really exist. "Well, he might have a typewritten copy," I muttered. I was quite soused.

Tim came back with the collector in tow. "There's a convention in town!" said Roland immediately. "Join the convention!" I said, and pulled out a chair for him. He frowned and sat down. And of course the first thing I asked was, "Do you have Sex Torture Tales?" He frowned at me again and seemed to be considering being angry.

"I'm not a pervert," he said. "Just because I collect Weird

Tales people think I'm a pervert."

"I know what you mean," I said. "Join the convention!" I felt a great camaraderie for him, both of us having interests unexplainable to most people. I'd tried on my way hitchhiking to Dallas. "The fans are getting drunk at our apartment--come join us!"

"What kind of a party is it?" he said. He was wary.

"A fan party!" shouted Roland, waving his hands. "We'll show you our Gestetner!"

The collector said he didn't drink much. "Then what are you doing in a bar?" He liked the paintings on the walls; they reminded him of Brundage covers. He always stopped by on the way home from work, even on Saturdays.

"He works six days a week," said Tim. "Always at ten o'clock he comes by, right after work."

"A regular liver!" said Roland joyously. "I'll bet the bartender sets the clock by him! And he collects Weird Tales!"

"Not any more," said the collector. "It's not published any longer."

"So you drown your sorrows at a bar!" I said, sloshing my beer. "What an existence!" I was dying to tell Dean and Ross about him. He seemed angry and went away.

Roland and Tim and I left the bar. We wandered through the night streets of Dallas with our heads craned back looking at the stars and shouting our conversations into the sky. It was convention night and all we could do was yell, I guess--into the night, into the streets of Dallas, where somewhere an old man with a snow-white beanie was probably walking toward us with the Word, and would arrive any minute and make us silent. We tottered in circles, waiting for the fan revelation. But we were drunk, and if anyone was coming for us it could only have been the police. Eventually we went back to the apartment, which was empty and littered with bottles and cigaret butts. We were very tired suddenly, and tumbled into bed, our fannish flame extinguished. Dirty ashtrays and empty bottles on the floor never seem very fannish.

In the morning I woke up and turned over, consciousness gradually returning and with it the realization that the con still had a day to go. I went into the living room and looked at the mess; while I was standing there morosely Tim Gray came out of the bathroom and sighed a great, expressive sigh. "There's a convention in town," I said. But neither of us cared any more. We looked at the litter and realized that we'd lost the feeling of anticipation which had colored the previous day and night.

We woke up Roland and had toast and coffee, not mentioning the convention which was probably reconvening then. We spent the afternoon listening to Blind Lemon Jefferson and Bessie Smith and Leadbelly records. Someone phoned to say goodbye at four o'clock; Roland

On The Road--V

and Tim said come again, come again, but they really didn't care. We warmed up franks for dinner and drank stale beer with it.

By nine we began to cheer up. The convention was definitely over by now; a pall was lifted from over us. We went out and bought a bottle and began to drink slowly and comfortably. We talked of fans, and abruptly, a little later, I realized that I was looking forward to getting on to California and the Solacon.

--(Terry Carr)
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Filler no. 241.

It seems only yesterday (perhaps it was) that I became a BNF (Blasted Neo Fan) and received my first fan mag. It was one of the better quality 'zines, by which I mean it was legible, and I took it to work with me, to read in the lunch hour. Complete privacy being an impossibility in the canteen, my nearest neighbour soon observed that I was reading...something. Immediately I realized my mistake and tried to hide the thing, but like Napoleon at Waterloo, it was too late.

"What the dickens are you reading, George?"

"A fanmag."

"A what?"

"A club news magazine."

"I see. What on earth's this?" (indicating an illo.)

"A bem."

"A what?"

"Well--a bug eyed monster. It's a nickname given to alien life forms featured widely in earlier..."

"Alien WHAT?"

"Actually it's a cartoon of the club president."

"Handsome looking geezer. What's his name?"

"Willis." (Traitor!)

"Never heard of him. What's the object of this club?"

"We worship egoboo."

"Ah! A religious group?"

"Yes, I suppose we are."

"Excuse me. I hope I haven't offended?"

"Not at all. Glad of your interest. Would you like to read the latest Willis sermon?"

"Er--no thanks." (Aside, to friend) "I didn't know old George was a Bible thumper!"

As a matter of fact I'm an Astounding-thumper and a Galaxy-basher as well.

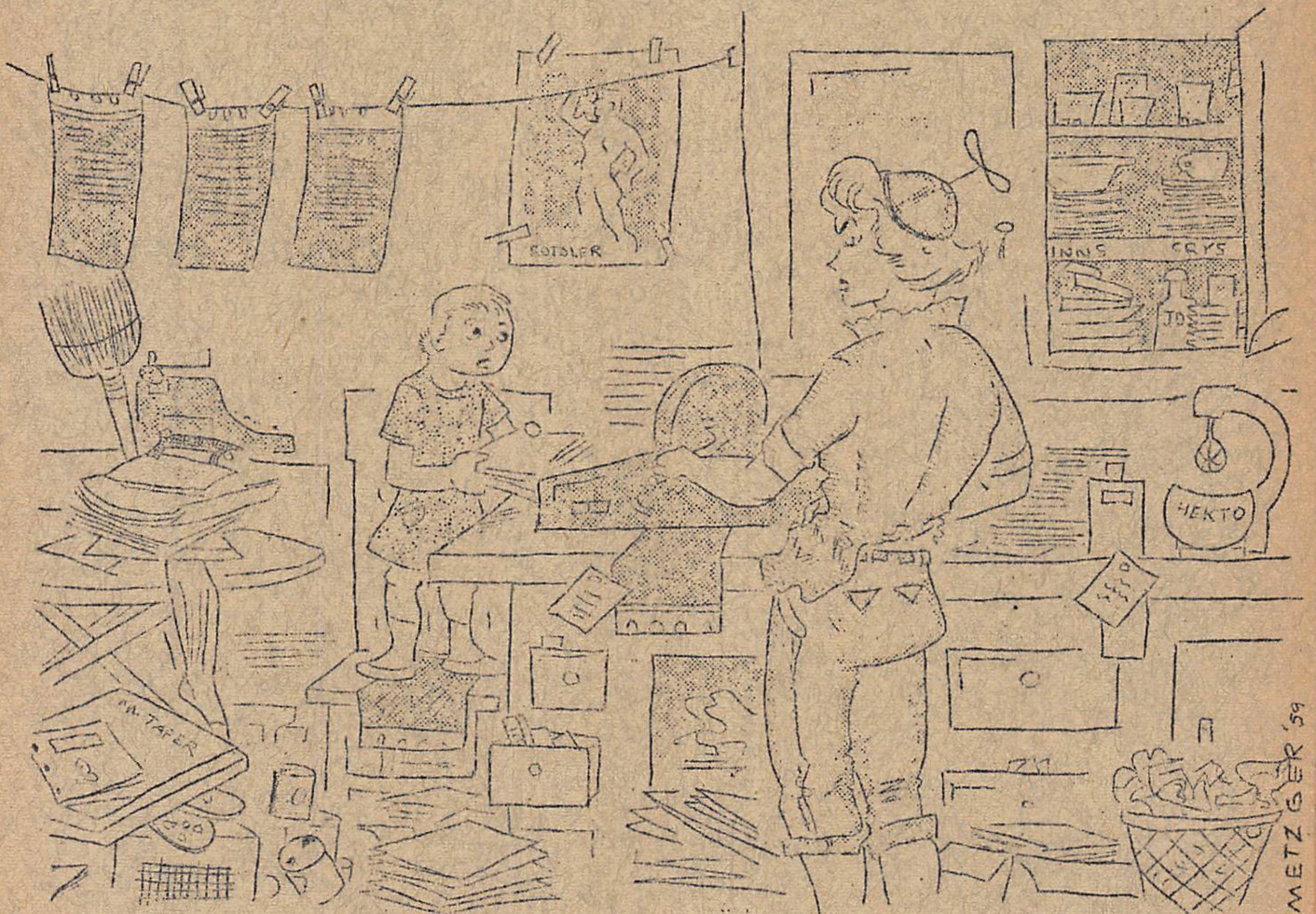
--George Whiting, in ORION #8,
February 1955

Poetry, as everyone knows, is the third greatest of the Arts, being next in order to the composition of symphonic music, which in turn is surpassed only by the production of science-fiction--the apex of all artistic endeavour.

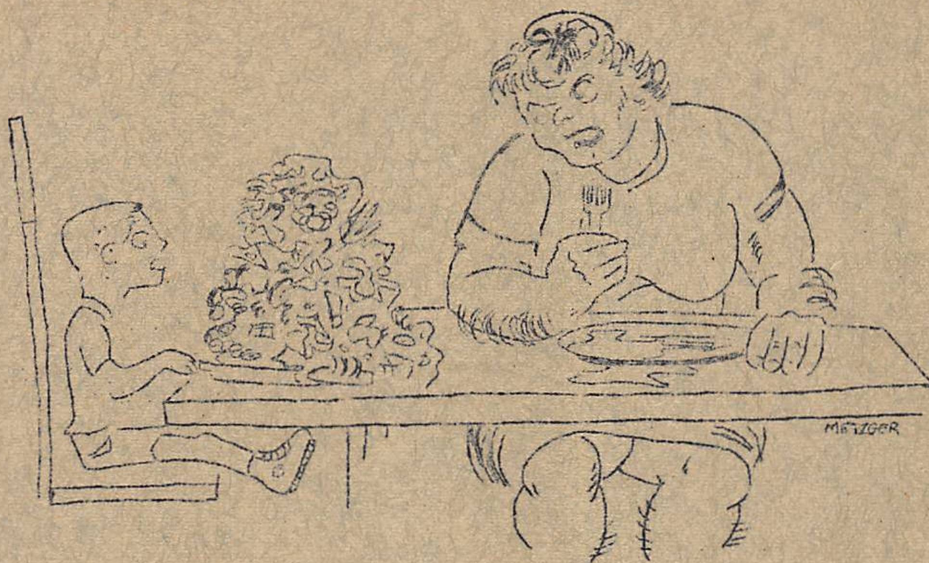
--Arthur C. Clarke, in NOVAE TERRAE,
May 1938

fandom: sick sick sick

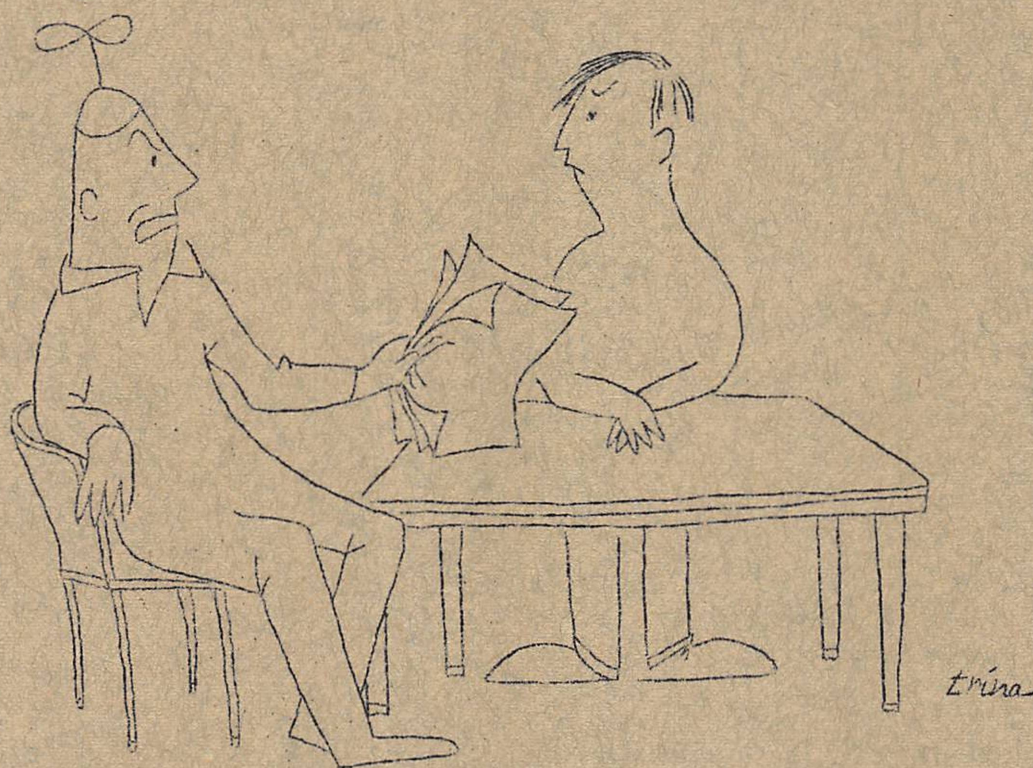
Cartoons by Trina, George Metzger, and Dave Rike. Gags by Carr.



"Mommy, Mommy, can't I go out and play?"
"Shut up and slippersheet."



"Shut up and eat your crottled greeeps!"



"I don't care how much research you did--I'm not
printing any article about Jewish Negroes in
Baltimore waterpipes!"

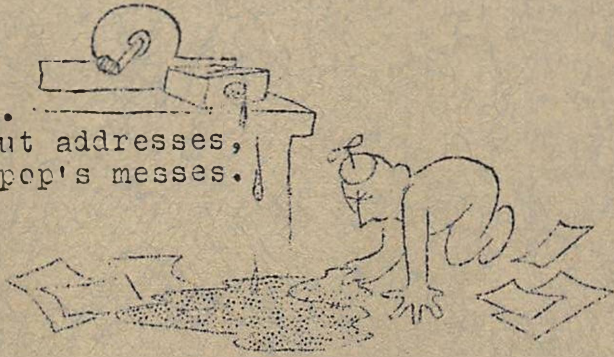


"Aside from that, Harlan, why do you want a short beer?"

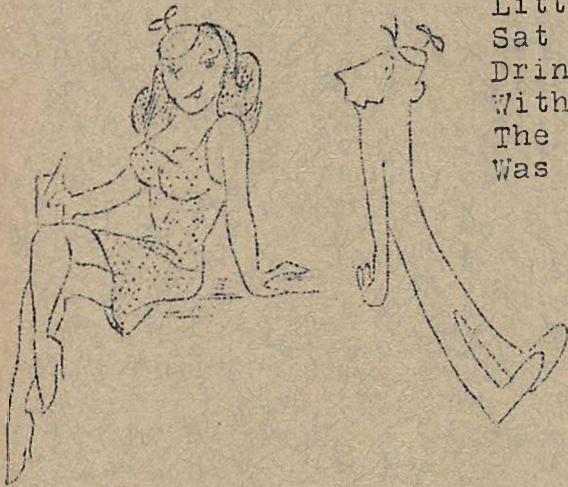


"I don't care what kind of mental horizons you have--all five tests show your I.Q. is under 70."

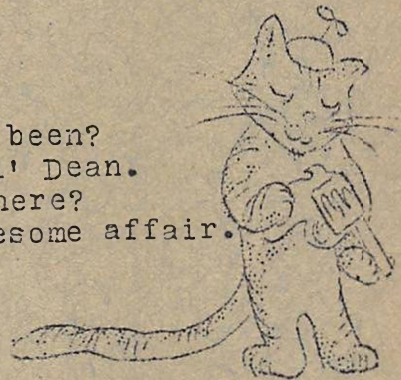
Tom, Tom, the faned's son
 Learned to dupe when he was young.
 And also to slipsheet and write out addresses,
 And also to staple, and clean up pop's messes.



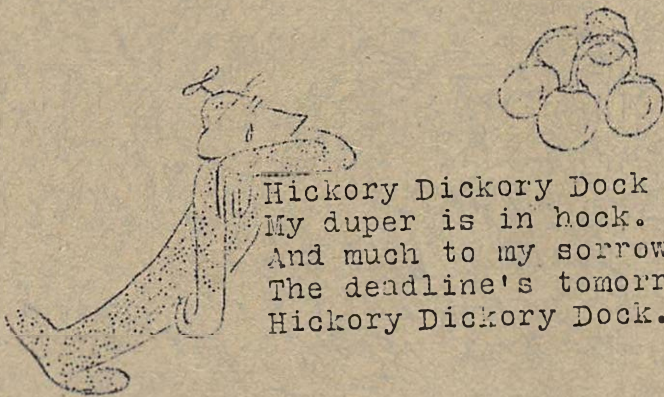
Little Miss Femmefan
 Sat on her fat can
 Drinking a beaker of blog.
 With two more inside her
 The first fan who eyed her
 Was invited to step out and snog.



Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been?
 I've been to Wisconsin, to visit ol' Dean.
 Pussycat, pussycat, what did you there?
 Shot rats in the dumps, a most gruesome affair.

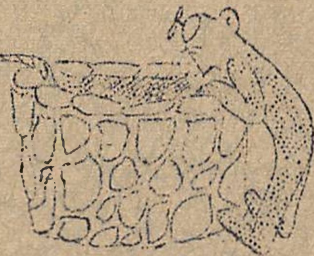


Hickory Dickory Dock
 My duper is in hock.
 And much to my sorrow
 The deadline's tomorrow.
 Hickory Dickory Dock.



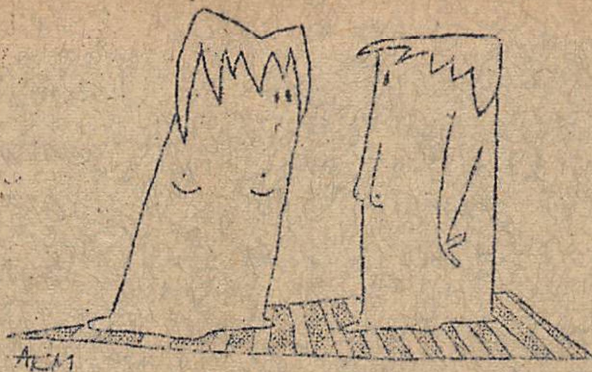


Ding, dong, bell.
Stf has gone to hell.
What sent it under?
The loss of the Sense of Wonder.
Oh, what a naughty trick is this,
To try to blame poor Moskowitz,
Who tried to snit the incubus
By founding Science Fiction Plus.



This is the zine that Jack pubbed.
This is the story that ran in the zine that Jack pubbed.
This is the fan who wrote the story that ran in the zine that Jack pubbed.
This is the critic who panned the fan who wrote the story that ran in the zine that Jack pubbed.
This is the faaan who roasted the critic who panned the fan who wrote the story that ran in the zine that Jack pubbed.
This is the pro with a poison pen who demolished the faaan who roasted the critic who panned the fan who wrote the story that ran in the zine that Jack pubbed.
This is the fakefan who said "Amen" to the pro with a poison pen who demolished the faaan who roasted the critic who panned the fan who wrote the story that ran in the zine that Jack pubbed.
This is the neo (his age is ten) who clobbered the fakefan who said "Amen" to the pro with a poison pen who demolished the faaan who roasted the critic who panned the fan who wrote the story that ran in the zine that Jack pubbed.
And this is the sizeable group of fen who snubbed the neo (his age is ten) who clobbered the fakefan who said "Amen" to the pro with a poison pen who demolished the faaan who roasted the critic who panned the fan who wrote the story that ran in the zine that Jack pubbed.





"He said, 'Relax, I'm a member of First Fandom' and I said, 'Go away, you dirty old man!'"

all our yesterdays

BY HARRY WARNER JR.

This installment of the column will be different. Instead of poking at the corpse of a deceased fanzine, I intend to jab lightly at a publication that in itself is a sort of sarcophagus for ten years of fandom. It's "The Immortal Storm," Sam Moskowitz's history of the first years of fandom.

There are several reasons for the temporary change in subject matter. One reason is imperial decree from the boss of this particular fanzine. Another is the desire to point out the need for more history-writing, as the years pass in such swift profusion. Finally, I'd like to suggest changes in the approach to this hypothetical continuation of fandom's history.

"The Immortal Storm" is so unique in fandom that we're apt to forget the fact that it covers only one-third of the history of fandom, from the chronological standpoint. All remarks that follow are based on the 1954 edition of the Atlanta Science Fiction Organization Press. The history was so long in the writing and so slow in making book-form incarnation that it's easy to overlook the giant gap between this final form and the end of the period it covers: a full fifteen years. After a passing glance at the prehistory of fandom, through a sketch of the early professional publications that contained science fiction, "The Immortal Storm" really begins extended coverage of events as fanzine fandom began to emerge in the early 1930's. It concludes at the outbreak of World War Two.

So it's obvious that someone somewhere should start to do something immediately about the chronicles of fandom in the 1940's and 1950's. I respectfully submit the opinion that there is nobody who can do for either decade the accomplishment that Sam achieved for

All Our Yesterdays--II

fandom's first ten years. I can think of nobody who was constantly active through either the 40's or 50's, possesses the time and patience to write the history of those years, and has retained in good order the fifty-foot stack of fanzines that would be required for reference purposes. It is true that Sam wasn't active in the first years of the period that he covers; but fandom was so small and its events were so thoroughly reported in the early fanzines that this did not prove to be too serious a handicap. By 1940, fandom was so large and varied that the person who would write its history should have a good memory of conversations and large boxes filled with letters and the patience to ask for information from other survivors of the period, instead of relying on the contents of fanzines. I think that the only way we shall ever obtain a continuation of "The Immortal Storm" with this book's thoroughness and accuracy is by assigning specific aspects of fandom to various people, with an overall editor to compel and align these historians.

Fortunately, fandom seems to be entering into another period of reference work-publishing. There are the new edition of the FAN-CYCLOPEDIA, Tucker's revision of THE NEOFAN'S GUIDE, and several bibliographical projects concerned with professional publications. It isn't inconceivable that someone will get ambitious enough to take up the historian's pen where Moskowitz dropped it, either as a determined do-it-yourself writer, or as the coordinator whom I've suggested. In that event, I hope that the respect which "The Immortal Storm" has won for many fine qualities doesn't cause the next history to become too slavish an imitation of attitude and principles.

From now on, this article may seem more and more like an attack on Sam Moskowitz as a fan, as a writer, and as a historian. I don't mean it as an attack, but I can see no way of achieving my purpose, other than by concentrating on the flaws of "The Immortal Storm" in some detail, after briefly summarizing its excellencies. To my knowledge, nobody has proved that it contains a single inaccuracy of any importance, and that is a claim that few historians could make. Moskowitz is reputed to have the necessary documents to back up every sentence in the book, and I have found no reason to doubt it. The dogged determination with which he pursued his goal of a history of fandom at a time when he was obviously losing more and more of the oldtime fannish enthusiasm is a miracle in itself. The old anti-pathies and feuds from his personal experiences in fandom can be sensed in the book, but they do not cause serious harm to his obvious efforts at impartiality in describing these events. Over and above all its other merits, "The Immortal Storm" is important because it preserves for all time many facts that could have been lost altogether to fandom, as the earliest people in the field drifted out of sight and the tiny-circulation publications of the 1930's became more and more difficult to locate.

Please keep all that in mind, while I try to explain my reasons for believing that the next history of fandom should differ completely from "The Immortal Storm". The basic flaw in Sam's idea of history is that it is almost entirely political in a field where politics are frequently evident but always absurd. Partly as an outgrowth of this concept of fandom as a power struggle is a subsidiary difficulty: the preoccupation of the book with certain types of fanning and specific geographical areas of fandom to the neglect of equally important

All Our Yesterdays--III

activities and cities.

Obviously, the easiest way to write a history of fandom is to use the same method that is normally adopted to write a history of a nation or the world: describe the struggles for supremacy, the activities of those who won out, the tactics of those who were defeated. However, I don't believe that it's the right way, because of the basic nature of fans and fandom. To paraphrase one of Chesterton's remarks, it is quite accurate to consider a fan as a biped, as long as you don't fall into the error of considering fifty fans as a centipede. All through the history of fandom, there have been individuals who formed organizations, sought to run them, helped to break them up, and in general acted in the microcosm of fandom like the politicians of a nation. But here the parallel between fandom and a nation ends. These power-minded people really had no power to achieve. Fans are individualists. They won't be ruled, dictated to, or stampeded. They might join organizations, but they continue to act in the same manner after joining as they did before; their characters and habits do not alter. The fans who achieve the presidencies and directorates accomplish the same success as the celebrated flies who conquer the fly-paper. They have spent many hours, raised their blood pressures, and made enemies to achieve an accomplishment that is nothing but a list of titles and entombment in a work like "The Immortal Storm". The whole history of fandom from the International Scientific Association to the World Science Fiction Society proves it. The only organizations that have more concrete existence than a campaign platform are those which have been created to relieve an existing need: a central distribution point for fanzines, like FAPA, or someone to accept contributions for bringing a fan across the ocean, like TAFF. Fans refuse to be governed. The politicians of fandom may be getting valuable practice for later activities in the great outside world. That's the best that can be said for their investment in time and energy.

Let's take New Fandom as an example. It is mentioned on 54 of the 252 pages of this book. It does not bob up until page 174, which means that it appears on more than half of the final pages of the volume. Whole chapters are devoted to it. Moskowitz obviously worked hard on New Fandom, took a great interest in it. But if I were given the task of assessing the amount of space that this organization should receive in a 252-page history of fandom in the 1930's, I would award it two medium-size paragraphs, no more. It was purely a political organization, whatever its noble purposes. Fandom in the 1940's was the same as it would have been if New Fandom had never existed; fandom of the 1930's had no evidence of its passing aside from a small stack of fanzines and much bitter wrangling.

I think that it is the essentially political viewpoint of the book that caused its dramatic, super-charged style of writing to receive so much criticism. Take a paragraph like this one:

3] "Upon reading such words Donald Wollheim probably felt them to be stirrings of a credo similar to Michelism but stated in more cautious terms. He felt, too, it would seem, that this British periodical did not represent

All Our Yesterdays--IV

merely fertile ground, but a crop soon ready to be harvested; so, in one of the most daring, self-indicting and honest articles of his career, Wollheim pulled the cloak away from the body of Michelism and revealed it in completely positive terms..."

This kind of description might be justified if it were applied to the real struggles that went on in fandom. Jack Speer's attempt to remain active in fandom after he annihilated a telephone pole in Connecticut with his automobile or Ray Bradbury's dogged persistence to pull himself up from a fanzine writer to a successful professional writer were typical things that might merit the treatment. But John B. Michel was a sickly teen-aged boy who had read a few books and had emitted a philosophy that was as hopelessly unrealistic as that of Claude Degler. I admire Degler more than I do Michel, because the former had enough belief in himself to go out and personally campaign for his ideas, crazy as they may have been. To dignify at this late date Michel with such a serious attitude is to be more royalist than the king.

There is another difficulty with the political viewpoint on fandom. Almost inevitably, it causes the writer to magnify the events in which he had personal connection, and to skim lightly over the power struggles in which he had less involvement. The index to "The Immortal Storm" gives damning evidence of the situation. Entries for New York City and for the organizations of its various boroughs occupy perhaps eight times the space required to list the references to Los Angeles. Yet by any standpoint that I have been able to imagine, Los Angeles meant more to fandom at the time of these events and had a more lasting influence on the fandom that followed. Even in the late 1930's, Cincinnati had an active fandom, but in "The Immortal Storm" you will find only one reference to the Ohio city in the index. That reference is there because a Cincinnati fan attended a meeting in New York. A complete non-entity, Mario Racic, receives twice the attention given to either Bob Bloch or Henry Kuttner. He lives in New York; they didn't.

Or consider the early years of FAPA. Even in 1945, when "The Immortal Storm" began its serialization in THE FANTASY COMMENTATOR, it must have been evident that FAPA's first years were important for two things. The organization quickly became something that distributed magazines that were produced specifically for it, rather than fulfilling Wollheim's dream of a mechanism for avoiding the fuss and bother of mailing lists for all general fanzines. And FAPA members promptly discovered that they liked to talk in their publications about things which were not directly associated with science fiction and fandom. But you will look in vain in "The Immortal Storm" for summaries of the discussions that sprang up in the organization's publications and the special innovations that were found in its bundles. Instead, you read endless accounts that sound like a famous Lewis Carroll poem, such as:

3] "The opening gun was Madle's small FAPA periodical THE INTERIOR. This carried 'A Reply to Donald A. Wollheim' in whose first paragraph Madle labeled Wollheim 'a liar'. He

3 denied authorship of the 'Panparade' burlesque he had been accused of writing. He indicted Wollheim for using the 'Fascist club' against Speer after he had stated at the campaign's opening that 'political views of the candidates have no right to be taken into consideration,' and intimated that this pronouncement had been designed by Wollheim to prevent charges of being a communist leveled at him. Madle then revealed that in the penultimate election, where twenty-two votes were counted from an eligible membership of twenty-one, English fan J. Michael Rosenblum had never voted. Further, he claimed that the one who had cast the deciding vote for vice-president was Harry Dockweiler, a friend of Wollheim's, who was not qualified to take part in the election at that time."

It's a great temptation to suggest that this history should have taken into consideration the events that followed the time at which it cuts off. Sam's readers were not living in a vacuum. They knew that Ray Bradbury became the most spectacular fan for his climb to professional writing. Ray did not justify any more space than he did on the basis of what he did up to 1939; but I don't think it would have complicated materially the task of writing this book to pay more attention to him for what came after 1939, both for his own sake and for the manner in which he typified the entire great fan-to-pro movement of the 1940's.

At this point, we have come to the task of deciding what to emphasize if more fan history volumes are to be produced.

For one thing, it would be desirable to make it easier for a non-participant in the years involved to read the history. The participants in fandom appear in "The Immortal Storm" pretty much as they did in fandom itself: gradually, first receiving a bare mention here and there, slowly working their way to prominence. Only in the case of a few particularly titanic personalities are we given a direct, concentrated look at the individual. It seems to me that much more attention should be paid in the next histories to describing the individuals who form the cast: something of their family and environment, vocation and education, economic status when relevant, and what happened to them after they left fandom. Occasionally, Moskowitz does it, like this:

3 "Sykora first appeared on the scene during the latter days of the Scienceers. Indeed, after the dissolution of this group he approached Glasser and Unger early in 1934 in an unsuccessful attempt to bring about its revival. To understand him best, it must be realized that William Sykora was an old-time science fictionist. He epitomized the Gernsback ideal that all readers of the genre should consider the advancement of science their serious aim. He had amassed a solid scientific background, and his cellar boasted a well-equipped laboratory. Beside an excellent science fiction collection rested

3 } an imposing assemblage of scientific tomes. Several short articles by him had appeared in Science and Mechanics, including 'A Scientific Paradox,' a prize-winning entry in a contest sponsored by this magazine. He garnered yet another prize in a similar contest published in Mechanics and Handicraft. Undoubtedly he was a person of intelligence and capability."

But too often, a person who wasn't active in fandom of the 1930's cannot even guess at the age of this or that person referred to in the book.

"The Immortal Storm" deals almost exclusively with fanzine fandom, a defect which must be remedied if more histories are to be written. It does not contain a mention of such an important venture as Richard Frank's booklet series, which put into professionally printed form such fantasies as "Three Lines of Old French" and "The Thing in the Cella". The semi-success of this was a clear forerunner of more ambitious ventures in the 1940's when fans went into the book-publishing field. R. D. Swisher is mentioned three times in "The Immortal Storm" but without reference to his importance as one of fandom's first indexing giants; he was the first to produce a thorough fanzine index, the ancestor of the one that Bob Pavlat is continuing today. Similarly, "The Immortal Storm" ignores almost all bibliographical work that was being done by fans, although the same fans may bob up because they were involved in power politics. Collecting fandom receives short shrift, even though the changing habits of fans as collectors and the different methods that they adopted to acquire their treasures as the years progressed could fill many interesting chapters. Necessarily, "The Immortal Storm" contains the success story of Charles D. Hornig. But the line between fandom and professionalism in the 1930's was not as great as we may think today. Sam was obviously aware of this. At one point he writes:

3 } "Operating behind the scenes during these times were private literary organizations of whose existence fandom at large was scarcely aware. One such group was the Calem Club of New York City, whose members included H. C. Koenig, H. P. Lovecraft, Frank Belknap Long, Jr., F. Morton, Samuel Loveman and others, all drawn together through a mutual interest in fantasy. This was actually the nucleus of the Lovecraft circle with an ever-widening number of adherents throughout the country in the persons of such men as E. Hoffman Price, Farnsworth Wright, Robert Bloch, Henry Kuttner and August Derleth, becoming intimates who knew Lovecraft best. For a long time this circle held its meetings, somewhat aloof from fandom at large, and yet, possessing common cause with it, working in much the same manner. It was not until 1939, in fact, that its existence was expressly revealed. A similar organization calling itself The Outsiders Club was subsequently discovered to have been operating in Washington, D. C."

The fact that people like Koenig and Kuttner were not fans in

All Our Yesterdays--VII

Sam's circle should be no reason for slighting them.

Finally, the most difficult thing of all might be to remember to put into the histories the things that are so self-evident that the historian may not think of them. I don't think that "The Immortal Storm" lists anywhere the facts about the economics of fanzine publishing in the 1930's. But to understand why early fanzines were small and hectographed, it is necessary to know how much hectograph goo and mimeograph stencils and different types of paper cost before World War Two, and how much money the majority of fans received in their pay check each week. How did fans wander into fandom during the first decade of fandom? Through letter columns, conferences, or local club meetings? How many letters would a leading fan of the period receive and write in a week? These things sound trivial, if you lived through the period. But the fan world has changed so much since 1939 that today's younger fans might be quite startled at the facts that such inquiries would produce.

A guide to pronunciation of fannish terms and proper names is a must for future histories. Look at some of the names that are to be found in the index of "The Immortal Storm," and try to pronounce them with certainty that you have the long and short vowels at the proper spot and the accents on the proper syllables: Goudket, Jacobi, Kosow, Rimel, Anger and Boosel.

There is the subsidiary question of what to leave out. There are things in "The Immortal Storm" that could be quite damaging to wives and children of certain fans of the time, because of the political organizations in which the fans were active. Here again I think that the political approach to fandom has been injurious to the history; a more rounded look at fandom would bring forth so much new material that there wouldn't be room to tell too much about these subsidiary indiscretions of the fans. The problem will increase as the 1940's are chronicled; fans weren't as fond of the Communist organizations in that decade, but more of them got sent to jail for various crimes.

With all this carping and criticism, I insist that "The Immortal Storm" remains something unique and valuable. If read in connection with the FANCYCLOPEDIA, and with an old-time fan at your side to answer questions, it's wonderful. I just wish that it were written in such manner as to make the FANCYCLOPEDIA and old-timer unnecessary.

--Harry Warner, Jr.

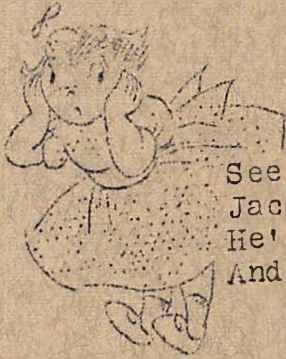
Filler no. 57.

OUT
Robert A. Madle recently dropped in on me for a chat. If you've read "The Immortal Storm," or if you're old enough to remember fandom of the '30's, you have heard of Madle. He used to be a really big-name in fandom.

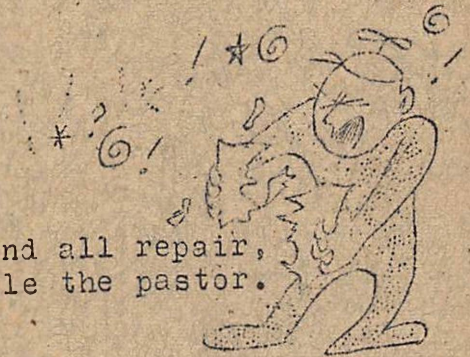
--Wilkie Conner, in TLMA #6,
October 1952

the fan's mother goose

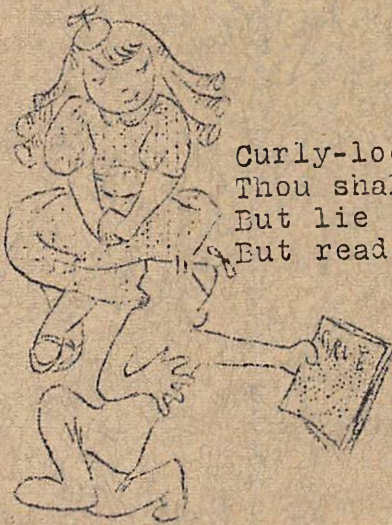
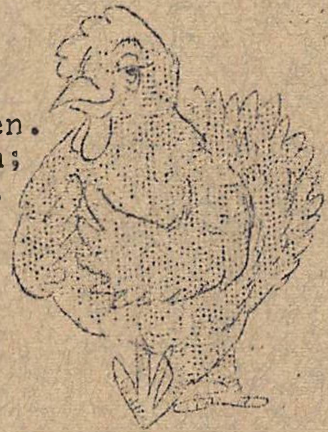
BY BOB LEMMON



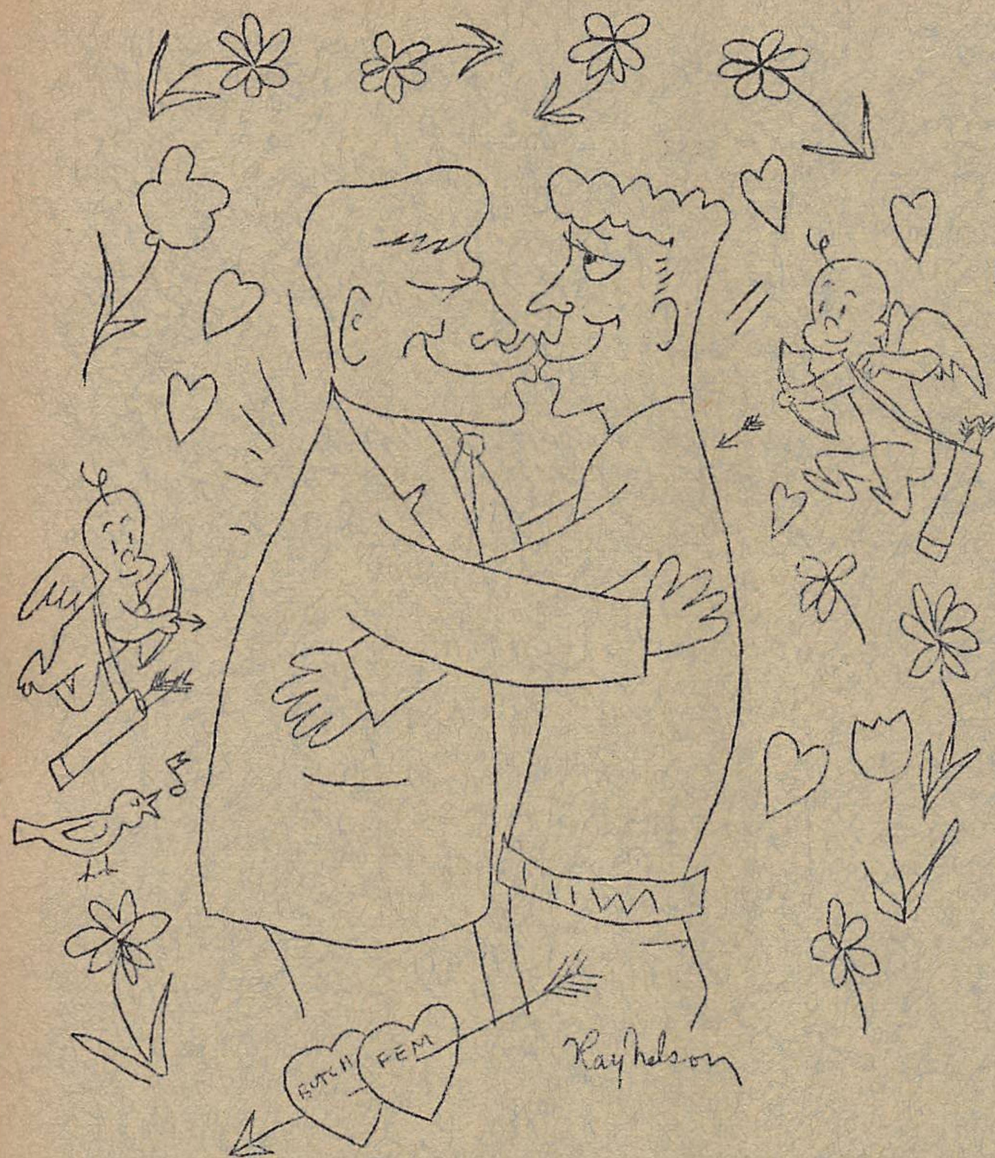
See Saw, Marjorie Daw,
Jack must have a new master.
He's ruined the old one beyond all repair,
And his swearing would startle the pastor.



Higgelty, piggelty, my black hen,
Lays legal briefs for New York Pen.
Some days nine, and some days ten;
Higgelty, piggelty, my black hen.



Curly-locks, curly-locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not handle slip-sheets, nor stencils align;
But lie in a hammock with nothing to do
But read HYPHEN and SKYHOOK and INSIDE and GRUE.



ADVENTURES IN FANDOM,

NO. 4:

the gay village

BY BILL DONAHU

One Saturday night I wandered down to the Village to see some friends of mine, Julie and Kelly Zell. Also visiting them were Kelly's sister Shay and a girl friend, Sherry. We sat around and talked for awhile (everyone sitting on the floor, naturally) and then went out to one of the Village coffee shops.

The place was too brightly lit, but it was adequately crowded and smokey. We sat near a window and looked out upon the passing parade as we sipped our iced espresso. Friends drifted up to our table, greeted us and were gone. Sometimes they stopped to talk and no one could get in or out the door. Dirty looks were exchanged. At last we tired of it all and strolled out into the night.

We were accosted by a gray flannel suit who said that he was giving a party, and would we please come? It seemed that there was a shortage of girls and he was willing to take the two guys to get the three dolls. Also, there was plenty of liquor. Perhaps it was the free liquor or perhaps we were intrigued by the fact that the party was being held at "#10 Downing St." Anyhow we went.

It really was #10 Downing St. Gray Flannel Suit confided that

The Gay Village--II

he frequently had trouble with cab drivers when he tried to come home. They didn't believe him or something. The building, however, did not live up to its august address. Not to put too fine a point on it--it was a rattletrap. The apartment itself was of the railroad type--seedy railroad. The furniture was Sears, Roebuck (or, since this is New York, probably Macy's). Anyhow we went in, headed for the liquor supply and began to mingle. The host disappeared.

We milled around for awhile. After I had been mistaken for the host several times (I suppose it was the assured way I approached the liquid refreshments) it slowly began to dawn that we weren't the only people there who didn't know the host. No one did. They didn't know each other, either. More people kept arriving who were in the same predicament. Oh well, it was Gray Flannel's party; if he wanted to give a party this way... I opened another bottle of scotch.

After awhile the host came back and a few of his friends started arriving. Weird types--even for the Village. Sherry and I sat down on a couch and took it all in. I got up to fill our glasses. When I got back another fellow had taken my seat and was busy talking to Kelly, who was sitting by the side of the couch. Well, by that time I was pretty well with it, so I picked him up, stood him on his feet, and sat back down.

He seemed annoyed, but I was very amiable and sort of soothed him down. Without getting up, of course. He finally gave me a very friendly smile and said, "O.K., Mac. I'm not mad. In fact, if I weren't busy right now, we'd have a long, intellectual discussion." Later on I learned that this guy is not only a homosexual, he is a very tough type hood who had just beaten a murder rap.



As people got drunker and drunker it became more and more apparent that the host and a large part of the guests were homosexuals. They staggered to and fro, telling all. There was quite a discussion about the contrast between their staid, conservative weekly lives and their wild week-ends. "What would the people at the office think if they could see us now?" I could have told them, but was polite. After all, there was still some beer left.

About this time Gray Flannel gave a loud groan. It seems that the guy he had been trying to make all evening had just gone home. The guy was willing enough, too. He just got tired of waiting for every-

The Gay Village--III

body to go home. C'est la vie.

There was a loud crash from the kitchen. A tough male nurse and his passive boy friend were staging a love scene. Most of the dishes got broken. The beer, fortunately, was in the icebox. The passive type then came into the living room and began telling us how much he loved his lover, and how really, deep down, his lover loved him too. At this point Sherry and I decided to go.

The passive type immediately invited me to a party out in Queens the following Saturday. He pressed his card upon me as we went kitchenward. There was one quart of beer left and Sherry suggested that we would be better able to utilize it than... I didn't need much urging. I slipped the beer bottle behind my back and under my shirt. Gray Flannel was at the door and I smiled and assured him of what a delightful time we had had as I backed out.

I had been somewhat intrigued by all this, so the next Saturday I called the fellow out in Queens. Yes, he was having the party. Yes, I should come on out, bringing anyone I wanted to, male or female. I then called up a girl friend, Ellen Van Deusen, for chaperone, and two friends, Harvey Solomonoff and Bob Adler, for bodyguards.

We drove out there in Bob's car, having a devil of a time finding the place. (Your true Manhattanite is utterly lost and helpless once he leaves his tight little island, and no one is more a true Manhattanite than someone who has only been there a year or two.) On the way out we chuckled gleefully about a current news story. An eighty year old woman in an old folks home had been raped. "There's hope for everyone!"

We finally found the place. A most plush neighborhood. The building was very fancy and looked as if it should come equipped with doorman and elevator operator. Even though it didn't, I began to feel as if perhaps we weren't dressed for the occasion.



I rang the bell and was eagerly welcomed. Wall-to-wall carpeting and Empire furniture met my bemused gaze. A magnificent piano dominated the living room. We walked on in. A fat, grayish-white dog ran up to Ellen. There was a shocked silence. "But he never goes up to women!" In the dog's defense let me say that Ellen is six feet tall and built on a Junoesque scale. Perhaps the poor beast was confused.

The Gay Village--IV

I needn't have worried about clothes. In spite of their ultra-bourgeois surroundings the hosts wore the current Village uniform, dirty jeans or chinos and sports shirts.

I eyed the chairs uneasily and sat on the couch. We were immediately plied with beer. They had enough beer, I'll say that for them. Although it was about ten-thirty, we were the only guests there. We were told that two more "may drop in later".

The hosts began talking about the piano which they had acquired that week. Neither of them could play it, but the male nurse type was thinking of learning. Then they began talking about the neighbors. They never really abandoned this topic; they merely alternated it with others. Fortunately I have managed to forget all the details. About this time they began to appreciate Ellen. "She drinks just like a man!"

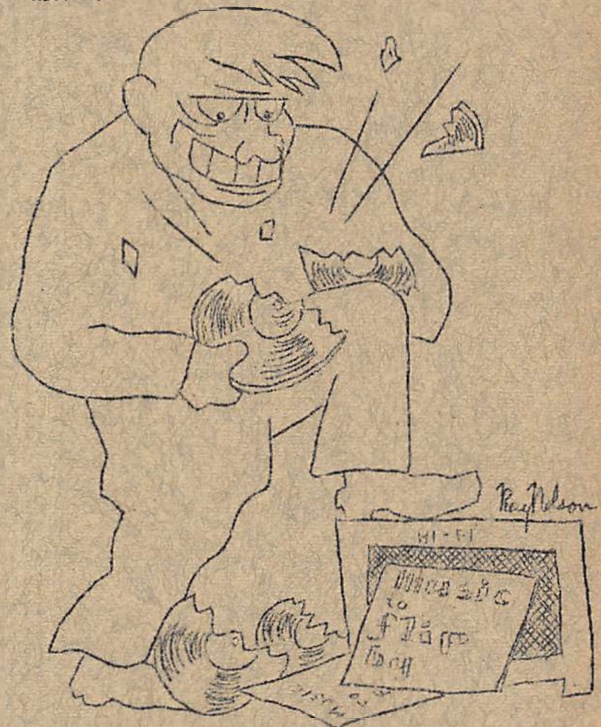
The male nurse type then started talking about his patients. I haven't managed to forget all these details, but I won't inflict them on you. Cruel and Unusual Punishment and all that. We drank steadily. "She drinks just like a man!" We didn't have much chance to do anything else. None of us had a chance to slip a word in edgewise. The hosts went on and on. And on.

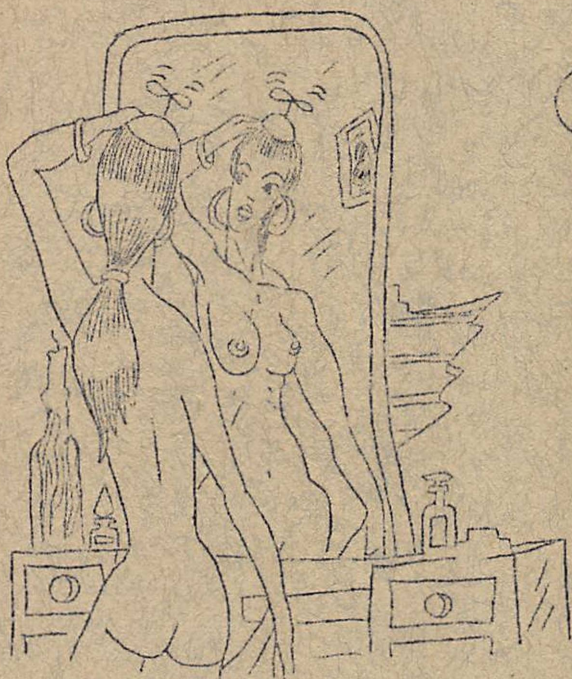
After awhile they started the record player and we began dancing. Harvey didn't dance, so Bob and I, refusing to dance with the hosts, alternated dancing with Ellen. On the rug. Whoever wasn't dancing was receiving pressing invitations to spend the night. The beer flowed on. "She drinks just like a man."

About two or three in the morning the two other characters dropped in. I remember nothing about them (Ellen was setting a high standard) except that one of them had a pile of LP records and was demonstrating that you could too break them. He broke five or six across his knee before he was satisfied that he had proved his point.

I don't know when we decided to go, but we finally staggered out and made for the car. Harvey had hardly been drinking and Bob could hardly walk, but Bob drove home anyhow. He was right. Rather Bob, roaring drunk, than Harvey (the World's Worst Driver), sober. We made it.

Sometime Sunday evening I was awakened by a call from the male nurse type. Someone at the party had stolen three hundred dollars worth of silver. How well did I know the people I had brought? Should he call the police? "By all means," I said firmly. He said, "Oh," and hung up. I staggered over to the coffee pot. Enough is enough.





on the beat

BY RAY NELSON

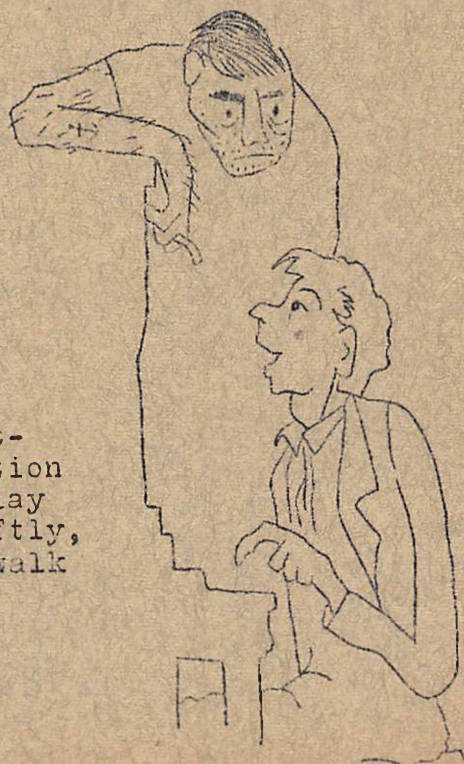


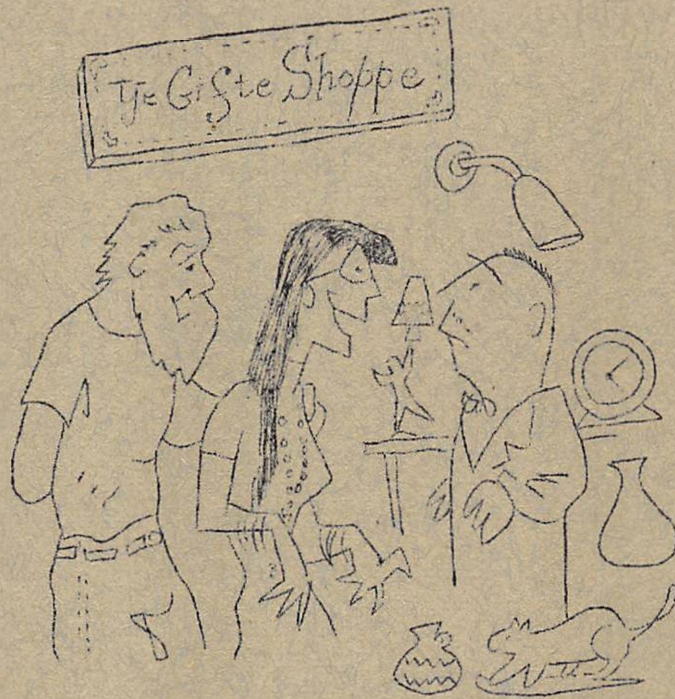
"I don't want to bug you, man, but
could I, like, sit in on the drums?"



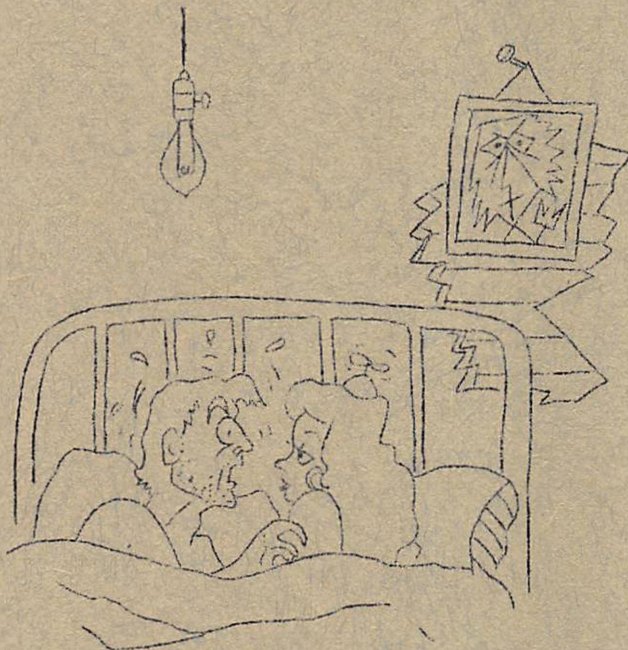
"Where working men are
out on strike,
That's where you'll find
Joe Hill!
That's where you'll find
Joe Hill!"

"It's the ultimate in ab-
stract music...a revolution
in symphonic form. I play
one note, just once, softly,
then get up and slowly walk
away."





"We'd like to dig something really
luxurious--you know, like a fur-lined
tea set."



"You're leaving the Village, me,
everything to become a--a--SCIENCE
FICTION FAN?"

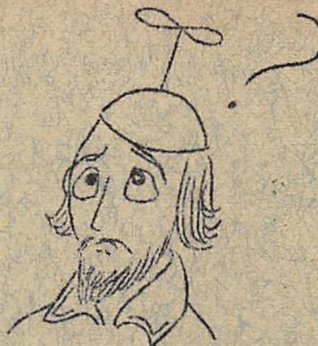
"You can talk about
tolerance and brother-
hood all you want,
but how would you
feel if your sister
married a square?"



"No, Joe, you and the Village have seen
the last of me. I've--I've joined the NFFF."

not-poetry

BY ART RAPP



KISMET

This is the way of fandom: you slave till your eyes are red
Writing the perfect fanzine, saying what needs to be said.
When you mail the issue out, does it launch a great uplift movement?
No--it gets you one letter, saying "Duplication could stand improvement."

This is the way of fandom: you go to your first convention
Expecting to find a flock of BEBs adrift from the fifth dimension:
So what do you find? Mr. Average Fan with only one head on his torso;
And what if the fen are nondescript? The pros are even moreso!

This is the way of fandom: a stranger becomes your friend,
And you find you are mental equals, by the dozens of letters you send.
Bighod, you and he together stand, above the race of men
--And then he happens to mention his age, which is "Nine, but going
on ten."

This is the way of fandom: you're tired, disgusted and lazy,
Which impells you to fill a fanzine page with comments inane and hazy.
And the stuff upon which you've sweated blood is greeted with jeers
and laughter,
But your idle remarks are debated at length, and remembered forever
after!



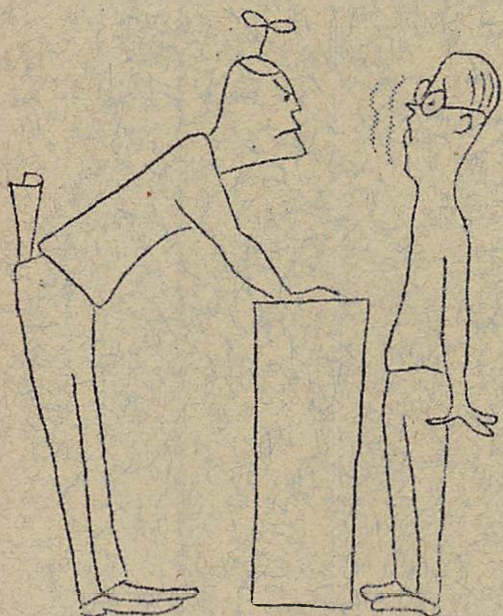
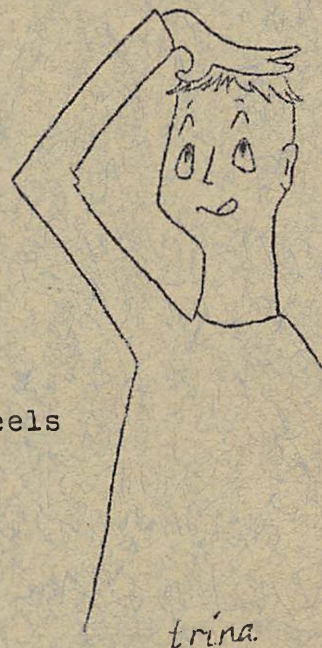
O, WHERE ARE MY TENDRILS ?

O, where are my tendrils? the Young Fan cried,
Gazing gloomily into the glass:
I have memorized Fanspeak and sneered at the pros
(Tho I buy every prozine I pass);

I have tested my psi (with imperfect results)
And attempted to audit my brain;
I subscribe to the fanzines and joined every club
(My finances are showing the strain);

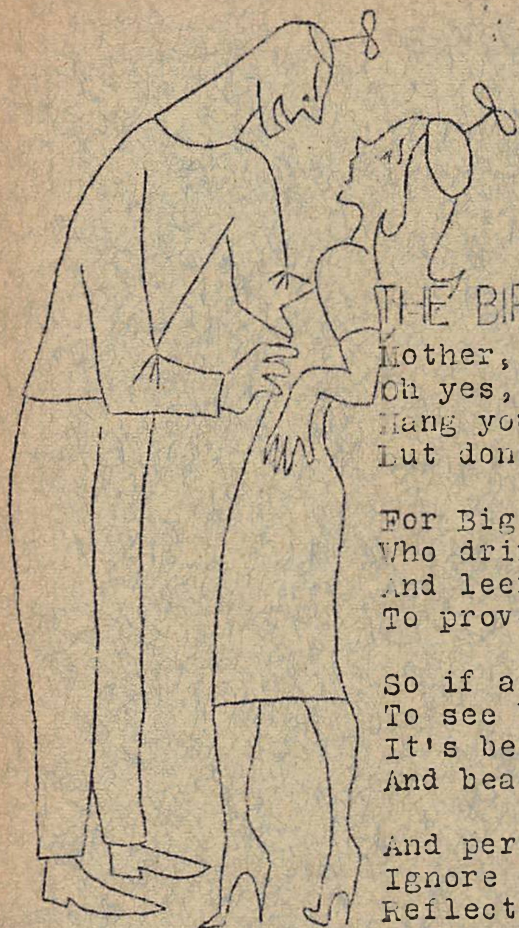
I've concocted a plan to raise fandom's ideals
(Tho I can't seem to get cooperation);
I've begun to drink beer, just like all the big wheels
And I write to fen thruout the nation.

But despite egoboo, and despite my IQ
My hair just mundanely sleek lies,
With nary a tendril of gold, woe, alas!
--And tears sprang to all of his eyes.



ODE TO A SNOOTY STATIONERY SELLER

Blessings on thee, little clerk,
Why don't you learn your job, you jerk?
You'd like to get my hard-earned gold,
Yet don't know bond from manifold;
You sit there like a bump on logs
And check price lists and catalogs;
You're not sure how much staples cost
And quires of stencils have you lost;
You'd rather sell familiar things
Like playing cards and looseleaf rings;
From your looks at the shelves, I spot
You don't know what's in stock, or not.
If I were your boss, I'd comment:
"No income, just incompetent."



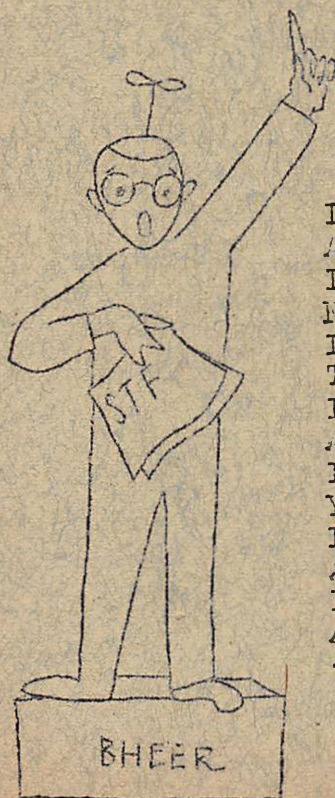
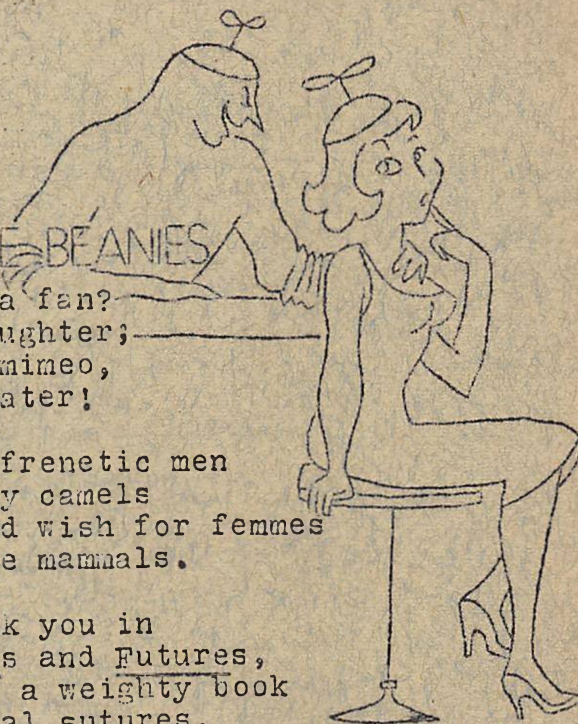
THE BIRDS AND THE BEANIES

Mother, may I become a fan?
Oh yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your hopes on a mimeo,
But don't touch firewater!

For Big Name Men are frenetic men
Who drink like thirsty camels
And leer like BEBs and wish for femmes
To prove that they are mammals.

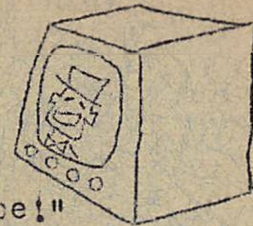
So if a fan should ask you in
To see his Astoundings and Futures,
It's best to look for a weighty book
And beat on his cranial sutures.

And perchance should you be tempted to
Ignore your inhibitions,
Reflect that even a mag gets left
When it's not in mint condition!



IF

If you can pub your zine when all about you
Are folding theirs, and blaning it on you;
If you can be a loyal thane of Roscoe,
Nor heed the shrieking of the slaves of ghu;
If you can write six pages in an evening
To get the credit that you need in SACS;
If you can wrangle looks at FAPA mailings
And sneeringly refrain from joining the FAPs;
If you can talk all year of "pro conventions"
Yet go to cons and warmly greet each pro;
If you can get a new fan in a corner
And brag to him of authors that you know;
If you use words like "BNT" and "typer"
And sometime in the past have formed a club,
--Get out of here, and take your stfzines wit'cha;
We don't allow no fans around here, bub!



CHANEL NO. 5, IT STINKS

"O come away from that cathode tube!"
Thus murmurs the nubile girl;
But the fan just snarls "Can't you see it's time
For Uncle Miltie Berle?"

"Come out in the kitchen and have a drink!"
The viewer's fanfriend shouts;
But the fan can't tear himself away
From the Pabst Blue Ribbon Bouts.

"Have you seen this new mag?" a fanpal cries,
"It looks like the best to me!"
"I'll examine it later," the fan replies,
"After Hopalong Cassidy."

Sic Transit Stf in irony,
Defeated by technology!

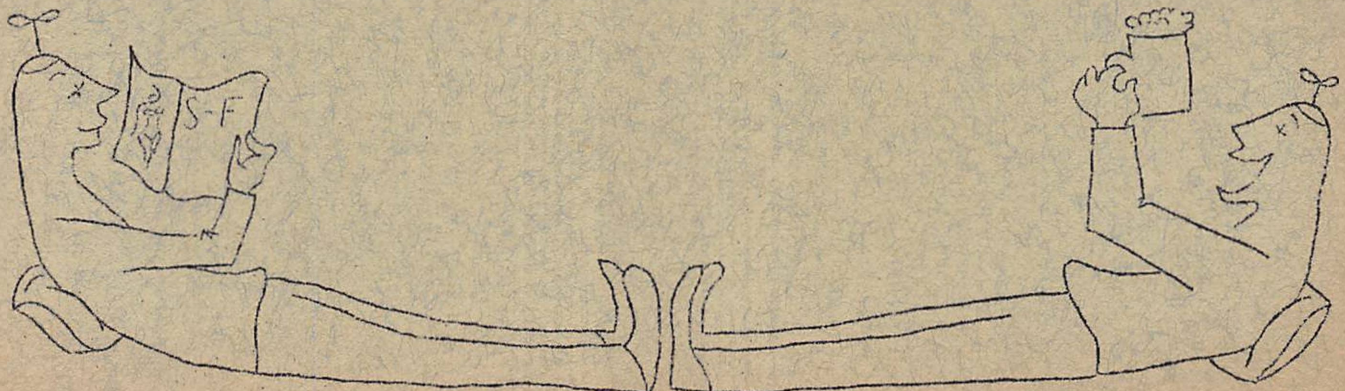
CRIFANAC

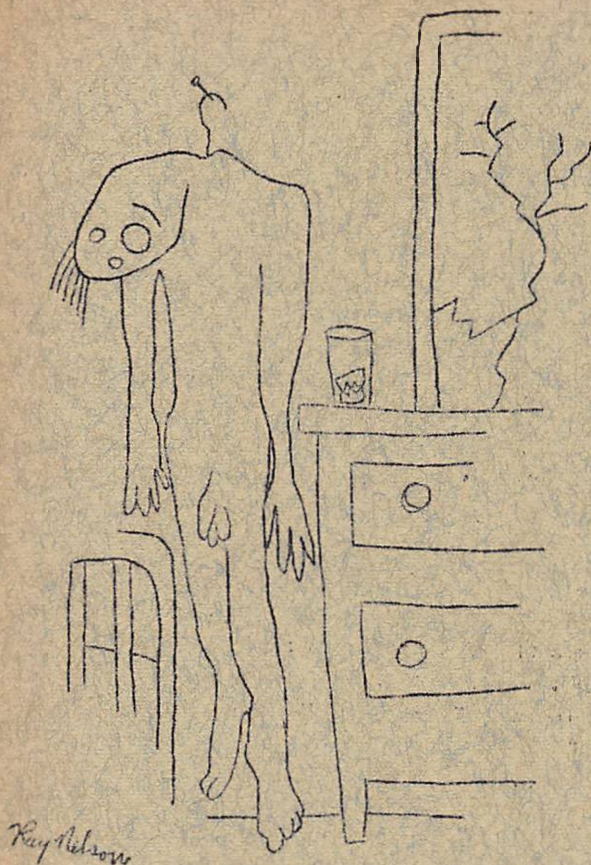
In the spring the covers brighten on the stfzines far and near;
In the spring an old fan's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of beer;
While the young fen ogle Finlays and read on of zaps and thuds
Old fen skip the pulpish pages and indulge their taste for suds.

For a rocket is a rocket and a Martian is a BEM
And the passing of the seasons causes little change in them.
But the fans grow gray and thirsty, they are cynical and few,
And seek solitary solace in their steins of amber brew.

So they drink and think of Perry and the Futuremen of yore
And the One Who Spoke For Boskone, and they wince and drink some more.
Then they think how fandom started and they visualize its fate
And, shuddering, they switch from beer to double whiskeys, straight.

There's a moral to this story for young fen with starry eyes:
Do not make a lifelong hobby of this fiction of the skies;
For if science catches up to stf before you all outgrow it,
What difference will it make? You'll be too doggone drunk to know it!





heading by Ray Nelson

innvective

illos by Trina

HARRY WARNER Jr., 423 Summit Ave.,
Hagerstown, Maryland

INNUENDO was such delightful reading that I plowed through from beginning to end without waiting for a Saturday evening and without taking time to think about comments and remarks on the material as I read it. It's so nice to read a fanzine that seems to have flowed from the mimeograph of its own accord without exertion and troubles from the editor. You probably have poured as much sweat into these pages as any other fan puts into

his magazine, but it all looks and reads so effortless. ((Ronel, Randy Brown, and Miriam were here the night I stayed up till 3:00 am finishing off the issue so Ron and Randy could run it off the next day before Ron went down to L.I., and they could tell you how effortless it was. But I'm glad it seemed that way to you; I try to make INN a casual type mag.))

I think that I liked best Bennett, out of the individual items. But something really should be done about this vivisection of the convention account by TAFF delegates. I know it spreads the benefit of their reactions through a number of material-hungry fanzines and permits the readers to enjoy the accounts over an extended period of time, instead of gobbling down everything in a single day. But there are drawbacks, too. After nine months and ninety-seven other convention accounts, it seems a bit redundant to read again about the major convention happenings that everyone saw. And hardly anyone in fandom is likely to get the entire Bennett travelogue, unless it's later reprinted as an entity; not many of us receive all the fanzines in which it is being disseminated. ((Bennett will publish the whole thing himself when the various parts have all been printed.)) Gregg Calkins seemed to take interest in a suggestion that I made to him: publish the general chronicle of the TAFF delegate's experiences in one separate publication, with an inflated price for the publication which would be used as a starter on the next TAFF fund, then distribute separate articles on this or that sidelight of the trip and convention to as many editors as the TAFF delegate found himself having made promises to. Such sidelights would not be so likely to have been reported elsewhere, it wouldn't matter if they were late appearing, and they wouldn't be essential as links in the general narrative. ((Sounds like a fine idea to me.))

You know, it's a strange thing that I didn't connect Jack Brandon,

innvective, ii--Sherlock Warner Jr. writes

when I mentioned him in "All Our Yesterdays," with Carl Brandon. I must hunt up again that pack of FRONTIERS to determine if The Devil's Prayerbook contains any internal evidence that would show a relationship of its author to Carl. You see, if it were possible to locate Carl's father or older brother, it might be easier for us far-away people to discover exactly what you people have done with him in order to talk about a hoax in undisturbed fashion.

Dick Ellington's letter has me curious about what happened five years ago at the instigation of New York fandom. My almanac says that 37 persons lost their lives when the Normackite capsized off Cape Henry on October 7, 1954, and more than a hundred Indians died when a bridge collapsed under a train at Mahbubnagar, India, in the same year. But those were far-away events, and I'd guess offhand that it has something to do with the New York Yankees. That was the year they lost the pennant. {(Looks like Ellington & Co. are up to things again this year, then.)}

I've filed under useful information the fact that Ted White got rid of flea problems by marrying a fanne. That's about as logical a reason for getting married as any I've seen, but so far I have no flea difficulties.

Maybe one of these times I'll make Bill Meyers happy by ending my column with a dirty joke, but I work for a newspaper, and this environment gives me very little opportunity to hear dirty stories and such related things as profanity and awful puns. The only dirty story that I know is the one about the dirty windowpane, and that's so dirty that nobody has been able to see through it yet.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

TED PAULS, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Maryland

It would have been more than fitting for the long-awaited INNUENDO #9 to arrive among much blaring of trumpets and fan-fare of varied sorts, but such was not the case. It was actually a very meek arrival. Nonetheless impressive tho. {(INNUENDO, the meek but impressive zine.)}

Before taking things in the usual chronological order, I'd like to mention that cartoon at the bottom of the first page of the Donaho thing. I've had INN for 2 days, and in that time have glanced through it half-a-dozen times for one reason or another. Every time I see that cartoon I burst out laughing...and I mean burst out. I find that no matter how hard I try, it is utterly impossible to keep a straight face looking at it. Ghod, the expression on Donaho's face! (Aside note: the perfect caption to that would've been: "How d'ya do, I'm Harlan Ellison.")

Bennett's conrep is the most interesting part yet. Brings to mind an incident, tho. About 6:30 in the morning at the Disclave, someone screamed at Donaho, "You can't do that again!" just as he was preparing to seat himself at the foot of my bed. At the time, I didn't dig and said, "C'mon, Bill, sit down if you want." Glad he didn't, now that I know.

"On The Road" continues to gather screams of joy from me. I didn't especially like the Kerouac version... {(Kerouac just needs a good rewrite man.)}

TED

innvective, iii--Sandy Sandfield says

LAURENCE "Sandy" SANDFIELD, 25, Leighton Rd., London W.13, England
Thanx for my first INN. It's a funny thing, but faneds always seem to think of me about ish 8 or 9.

Glad to see Bjo is illoing for you--she's good. Over here we have a musician's newspaper called The Melody Maker which, when giving the personnel of various bands, uses abbreviations like Joe Phan, gtr, Mike Neo, drs--guitar and drums, respectively. Therefore, inevitably, bjo--banjo. Forever and ever, Miss Wells will be Banjo Wells to me. I hope she doesn't string me up about it.

I must take Ron Bennett to task for failing to uphold the British tea-drinking reputation, but if you were using those horrible tea-bags I saw in American Army depots during the war I'm not surprised. They look like drowned rats and taste like hell.

Oddly, "Coming Back From The Clevention" seemed to me to follow directly on from "On The Road," as if somewhere or other Carl Brandon had lost a week-end. Nelson's illoing here was quite good, too. Sad Wobbly Songs...folk songs and jazz seem to have many adherents in fandom, don't they? Mike Moorcock of the Londo is our particular fanatic. I'm Anglofandom's oldest (in practically all senses) jazz lover.

Sandra Laurence keeps looking over my shoulder, so I'll let her type a few lines:

"Oh, darling, it's always the same. Whenever there's a fan with a really divine name, he's always a hoax. Most exasperating, I mean. Carl Brandon, one positively squirms, doesn't one. Yet he's just like Joan Carr and Bob Tucker. I think fen are awful."

That's enough, Sandra. I've promised you a para in NORTHLIGHT. Now go out and buy a new bra or something. {(You better be careful she doesn't find out about Tucker, Sandy.)}

Swingcerely,

Laurence

GREGG CALKINS, 1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah

I was glancing through INN today and after reading Ted White's letter I figured I had to drop a note explaining what Ted meant about me introducing "my wives".

Actually, I thought it was a rather funny line at the time.

You see, when Ted and the crew arrived there were already four people at the house: 1) myself; 2) Gale Long, a former Marine Corps buddy and currently a roomer here while attending the University; 3) my wife; 4) the wife of still another friend who had dropped her off while he went off to work.

So, since these fannish characters were in the heart of Mormonville, I thought I'd make a ploy on polygamy, even though I'm neither a Mormon nor a polygamist myself. (I have several mistresses, of course, but naturally I haven't married any of them.) {(Of course not --then they wouldn't be mistresses any longer.)} So when I introduced the two girls I made the off-hand comment that they were both my



innvective, iv--Calkins Explains All

wives.

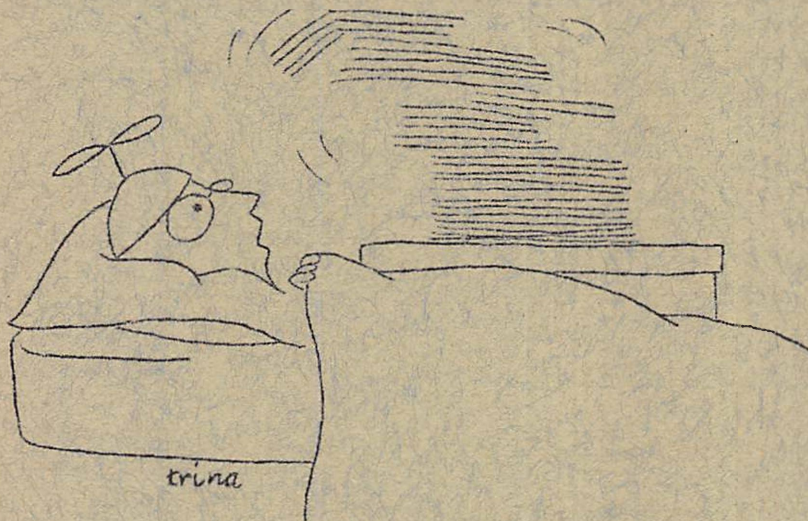
Not referring to my wife and our male roomer named Gale. I know I may seem a little strange to people sometimes but not, I hope, to the extent of living with both a male and a female wife all at the same time. ((Ted's phraseology was a little confused, and in editing without knowing what had happened I'm afraid I got it even more confused. Sorry.))

Otherwise I guess the account is mostly true. I hadn't read "Clayfeet Country" yet...INNUENDO was in the box (though not any more)... and you did really reach your audience.

Best,

Gregg

RICK SNEARY, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California



"Maybe I'd better comment on some of them soon."

Guess I'd better comment on INNUENDO #9, as my records prove that I didn't do so much as tip my hat to you for #8. (Don't imagine that I keep a card file, that can quickly tell me, who I owe letters of comment to... The grim truth is that un-acknowledged fanzines rest in a bin, beside my bed... Then, when the time is ripe, or the fanzine over-ripe, they are removed and taken care of.

I've said this before, and maybe to you, but I'll say it again. I'm not

keen on such thick issues, not any more than I'm for FAPA mailings of 600-pluss pages. Every word in your zines are pearls, and I read them...but it is a strain. For with a fanzine of 24 pages or so, it can be finished off at one setting. But as a slowish reader, I can't get through one of these thick-zines without stopping for something... And with my kind of mind, and the kind of material in most fanzines, it is hard to remember where I did stop. ---Why, in the case of MEUH, I was reading on it for two months, and was to the point where I believed the writing was changing when I put it down...

Was interested in the history of Brandon. I wonder how many fans thought one of the Negro bongo drummers was Carl.. I think it was Miriam who introduced me to the tall one, finally.. I was walking through the elevator bay when she stopped me with, "Rick, I'd like you to meet....." and it was obvious who she was going to introduce me too, and thinking it was Carl (though he was to tall for him, I realize now) I brightened up noticeably. Then she went on to tell me his name (which I naturally forgot at once) ((It was Jim-Barclay-from-Berkeley.)) and there I was... I hope the surprise didn't show on my face... I don't think I heard the truth about Carl till Sunday.. I

innocentive, v--Sneary was confused

never knew half of what was going on...

For this reason I read all the reports of the con for more than to see if they mention my name. Bennett's is I believe the most detailed so far. There are ofcourse differences in the way Ron and I remember things. And ofcourse the city jail is not in the top of the City Hall, but the Court House...and, will we ever really know if anyone threatened to jump out of a hotel window? The Committee nor the Hotel even knew for sure. The Hotel did get a phone call about it though. (And no one ever seems to mention Ed Turner III, who became the Con's obnoxious drunken teenage neo-fan, all by him self.) ((I devoted a few words to him in my conreport, which will be published sometime in Norman Snorroock's SPACE DIVERSIONS.))

I am now of the opinion that Donaho couses car trouble, and will make a note never to go anywhere in the same car with him. He must also draw bugs...

Good Old Harry, is good. He seems to be speeding up your attempt to reprint all the best of yesteryear. It doesn't leave anything to say about it though...except that I wish there was some way of clipping such articles and slipping them into a Fan History file. To bad LeeH's idea on this folded.

Was thinking the other night (as is my wont, being unmarried) that maybe the significance and focal idea of current fandom (be it 7th or 8th) will be a serious approach to fandom. Not sercon, but serious approach to some things, as witness the amount of collecting and reprinting. The hefty zines, the serious faan fiction, and the increasing air that fandom has something about it to be taken seriously. This would follow a line of progression. Fifth Fandom was letter-hacks and beanie-bragaders. Sixth Fandom was a little more sophisticated, with the Insurgent air of take nothing serious. Now you and White, Ency, Twig, etc., make like there was something worth while about--or reached through--fandom. Tis goot. ((I agree with you completely on this trend, and have suggested in my SHAGGY column that perhaps it's due to an overabundance of faanish material and consequently a rise in critical standards, since there's so much that only the top stuff continues to be entertaining.))

Possably most chorkelish line in the whole issue was your "Truth is stranger than Factual Articles." This should be added to some ones book of Fannish Truths.

Yours in war and peace,

Rick

LIZ WILSON, 1843 W. 5th Street, Livermore, California

I liked Donaho's article immensely. I am led to comment, from what you said the other night, that it's a pity so many people think that humor has to be scatological or obscene. Of course, I like shaggy dogs and puns anyway, which makes things bad. In fact, I made a classified pun the other day! ((You mean one in which the allusion is to classified information? If so, then that class of pun must be the most obscure of all!))

I wonder where INN is going. This is always a question with a zine of which one has seen only one issue. Bennett is through, I gather, with his series ((No: it's being serialized in various fanzines, and many earlier parts haven't been printed yet.)); Donaho is almost through ((Maybe.)); Brandon and Warner should go on (and gludge to him

innvective, vi--gludge, says Liz

that stops them!). However, I wonder if you can build a zine around just those two. So I don't have too much idea of what an everyday, run of the mill, ordinary INN is like (if there are such things). ((This issue will probably be the last large-sized INN. Future plans are for smaller, more frequent issues.))

oodle-too,

Liz

MAL ASHWORTH, 40, Lakin St., Tong St., Bradford 4, England

I have been meaning to write to you again for some time, to tell you how wonderful the latest INNUENDO is, and as usual I haven't got around to it until several weeks later--but at least I have the consolation of knowing that I am not the only one.

There is a young fellow in Lancaster, name of Ken Potter, who is also meaning to write to you. I know this for a fact because I was with him last weekend and he said so--about 740 times. We (my wife Sheila and I) were there for a Friday-to-Tuesday sort of party being held on the combined excuse of the birthday of Ken's wife (you know --the "mad and sexy" one; she is, too, in the nicest possible way) and August Bank Holiday. In the smallish hours of Sunday morning I sneaked away from a group sitting on the stairs discussing Beethoven and modern jazz and retired (fakefan-like) to rest on the nearest available bed with (fakefan-like) my wife.

Now I have it on reliable authority (i.e., it was told to me by the only sober person there) that sometime after this Ken Potter, having resolved to write to you only when in a state of intoxication, reached what he considered to be a satisfactory condition (and I must admit the evidence supports his judgment) and crawled out of the lounge on all fours muttering "Where's Mal Ashworth? I want to write to Terry Carr." I feel that he hunted for me both high and low (leastways, I heard him kicking in the bathroom door and falling down the stairs) before he finally found me. Eventually he burst triumphantly into the bedroom, forgot what he had come for, and started trying to make love to my wife. He didn't last long enough after that to remember his mission again. (What I mean is, he passed out, went to sleep, etc. That's all.)

But that wasn't the end of it. At various times during the weekend he would either set off to look for me, muttering "Where's Mal Ashworth? I want to write to Terry Carr," or else he would find me and say, "Come on, Mal. I'm going to write to Terry Carr," and then

wobble off to do something else. At various other times I would find him and say, "Aren't you going to write to Terry Carr?" and he would either say "No, I'm too sober" or "Hell, I'm too drunk"--except for one occasion when he said "Yes, OK" and I turned round to lift the typewriter on top of an ancient phonograph for him, only to find that he'd



innvective, vii--when Potter was potted

wobbled off to do something else.

But believe me, that boy is really determined. I dare say you'll hear from him sooner or later. (And even if I don't, the tale of his earnestness is quite touching.)

A couple of things in Ron Bennett's "Colonial Excursion" intrigued me. One was the absolutely boundless possibilities inherent in buying an hour of Bloch's time for 17 dollars. Highod but someone missed the opportunity of all time there--they could have had him well and truly pickled in that time (in a purely literal sense--in any other sense he was probably pickled anyway) and nobody could have said a word about it--except Posterity which would have said "Thank You" and possibly Tucker who would have said "Thank Ghod". Yes, I'm afraid that wasted hour is going to go down as one of history's fatal blunders.

Convivially,

W. K. B.

BRUCE PELZ, 4010 Leona Street, Tampa 9, Florida

Donaho's article is excellent. This past April I made the mistake of taking off for a weekend trip without having my car ('53 Packard) checked. Result: the radiator got completely stopped up on a Sunday afternoon many miles from nowhere. I was heading toward Miami, and having to stop every mile or two to replace the water boiled away in the radiator, mostly from a roadside drainage ditch, or when possible at the ramshackle service stations. Once, when the ditch wasn't usable and there was no other building in sight, I had to lug the water from a pump in back of a Negro shack (after getting permission from one of the older of the dozen or so inhabitants) through an occasional barrage of dirt clods from the small children playing in the area. Didn't have to go to a Highway Patrol Station, though.

Helpful hint for anyone in similar situation who doesn't have a large container for the water: if you've got a windshield-wiper attachment that squirts water to clean the windshield, use the glass jar from that. It's what I had to use.

That part of the trip was more like a hike: drive five minutes, stop ten to let the radiator cool off and refill the water. It cost \$14 to have the thing cleaned out in Miami the next day. And nowadays I get the damn car checked over before taking off for long trips.

Erratically,

Bruce

VIC RYAN, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois

From Bjo's contents page illo, I get the impression that you intend to scale the side of the Tower. Impractical, my boy...at a certain height, breathing would be a bit hard. Thus, why not hollow out a center through the bheer cans, pump air into the shaft, and thus have no troubles? In fact, at a certain height, again, you can merely float to your destination with the slightest effort.

"On The Road" is real good. I'm tempted to actually read the Kerouac book, now. (Carl Brandon brings Culture to the fan masses. You'd be surprised how many fan read Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye" because of the Brandonization of it.)

Donaho is surprising, to say the least. He can really write well. And here I thot he was the strong silent type, like. His bit is every bit as well written as Bennett's, perhaps more so. Please twist his arm, and make him continue writing this Great American Epic. (Donaho

innvective, viii--Ryan doesn't know Big Bill Donaho

is much too big for me to twist his arm. I might try pinching his little finger, though.)}

The best thing about the lettercol is your fabulous forgery. Say, you know, you're pretty good. Even if you traced these, they're good, as tracing signatures is a real art. Like, in a natural signature, the lines are made with one motion apiece...when tracing, it's hard to accomplish a smooth effect.

Now I know better than to sign my letter. And I won't tell you my bank, either.

Personally, I think the Rog Phillips type of fanzine review col is a Good Thing. Like Bloch's in Madge, or Santesson's in FU...they are a big help in recruiting new fen, methinks. That's how I got started: Infinity's col.

Is Martha Cohen any relation to Mickey? Like, watch yourself if she is...better give her INN.

Yours,

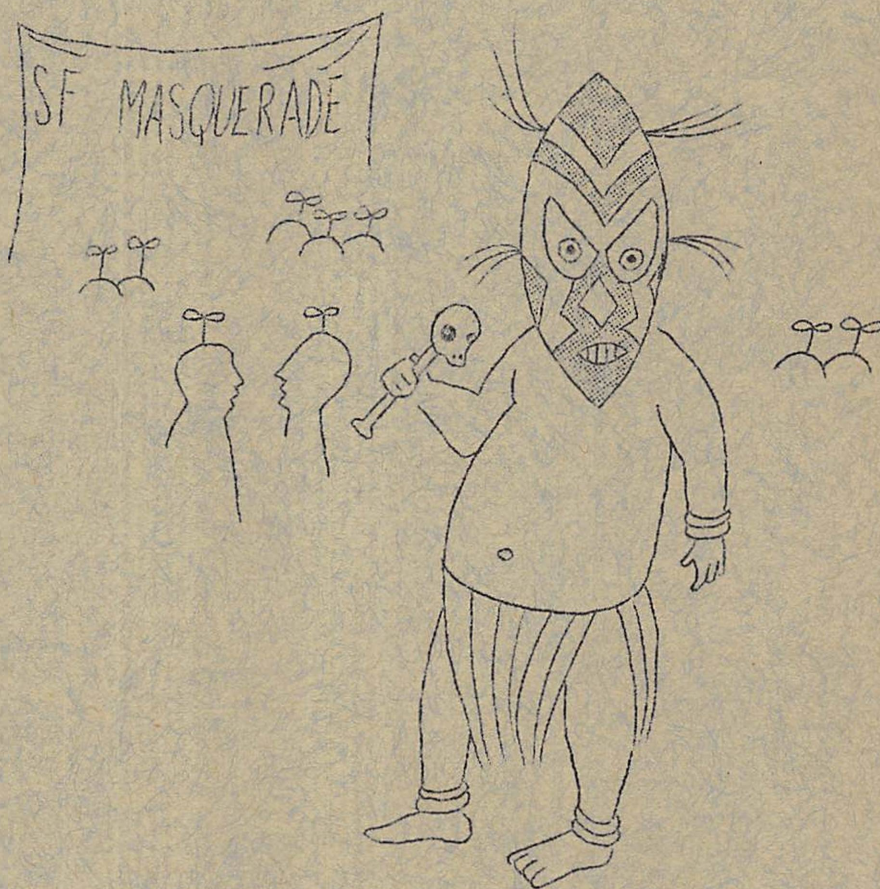
Vic

{(Thanks loads for
the money, Vic.)}

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

I'm sort of annoyedly skimming the Bennett report as it bugs me not to see it all at once. Shaw's remark about the people that came to the con only to attend the masquerade is only too true. At the Nycon we had literally scads of these people. Apparently there is a whole Masquerade Ball Fandom around. Oh well, they're pretty well-behaved compared to fans.

I'm glad to see Donaho getting some egoboo for his stuff. I like it myself and cannot unnastan why people think he's exaggerating. If anything he's understating considerably in several cases. This one, for instance, I was there, and



"Didn't come all that way for this--
came to see Bwana Campbell for consulta-
tion!"

innvective, ix--a testimonial from Ellington

there isn't so much as a detail there that isn't completely true--not even a Berryish exaggeration. Then again, you have no idea of the utter complexity of Harvey Solomonoff's mind. We'd be cruising modestly down the street of Cleveland and the car would start to veer off to the wrong side of the road. Harlan would twitch and say, "Watch the road, Clod!" Harvey would turn slowly and wonderingly to him as the car veered farther and farther away and say slowly, "Huh?" Harlan was a complete wreck when he got out. It really shook him up.

The only thing I can think of to convince people like Warner is to have Danny, the Youngs and myself sign affidavits on this one, covering each detail. It didn't seem so weird, but looking back it must have been. Incidentally, the Willys had once hit a little old deer head-on and that's why the tie-rods were shot. So just pay attention to them signs about "Deer Crossing Ahead" huh?

Alors,

Sid Birchby

SID BIRCHBY, 1 Gloucester Ave., Levenshulme, Manchester, 19, England

INNUEENDO No. 9 was a beauty and I'm properly grateful. Not ever having seen earlier issues, I can't say whether you are improving. Maybe you are always as good as this? ((Sometimes INN is always that good.))

Seventeen wonderful pages of Ron Bennett on the Solacon, and the most important instalment this, dealing with the actual con. I seem to have been reading so many installments dealing with events leading up to the great event that I thought for sure that he'd run out of spit before he got there. But no; the man has fannish fire. ((Bennett is full of spit, you might say.))

Incidentally, you might be amused to know that his well-known taste for brown ale led to quite a giggle last weekend, when he was in Manchester for the big Inchmery-on-tour provincial party. We went into a pub and someone ordered a round of drinks. Nearly everyone called for bitter, except Ron, who naturally called for Brown. When he did so, a square little man turned round and said he strongly advised him to have bitter instead. "No," said Ron firmly. "Brown!" Eventually he got it. It was horrible, while the bitter was perfect. "Told you so," said the stranger, moving off. He was the landlord.

In the end, he took us all down to the cellars so that we could see where the bheer pipes came from. Fascinating place. Like the inside of a cow.

See you again, I trust,

Sid Birchby

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles-56, California

I say, the Tower To The Moon is growing! A few more months and you should be able to climb up with that flag and claim the bright side of the thing for FAPA. (The dark side goes to M3F, you know, for obvious reasons.) Is there any truth to the rumour that Ron is starting a Rhoot Bheer Tower To Squirrel Heaven? ((Ron says Squirrel Heaven would be a place free of goddam squirrel jokes.))

Bennett's TAFF report maintained its norm as far as entertainment goes. I'm afraid that I haven't burbed over this as much as I should, and it's mainly because of the way it's appeared so irregularly. If you win TAFF, Terry, don't you dare split up your report like this! It's just too much to keep up with; as it is, I've

innvective, x--Lichtman protests

missed several installments of the thing irrevocably (until Bennett finally brings it out book-printed) by not being able to obtain copies of the fanzines it appeared in, such as the one in PERIHILION and the one in APE. I'm probably not the only one.

Bloch's article was okay...which is to say brilliant.

Warner is good as usual, and managed to maintain my interest mostly. I wish he would pick on some better known fanzine, though, which would make the series a bit more interesting. This FRONTIER thing didn't seem to be too important. ((Is THE IMMORTAL STORM important enough for you?))

You get the damndest letters of comment on INN.

Cheers,

Bob

BHOB STEWART, 1504 Bluebonnet, Ft. Worth, Texas

I hope you have taken into consideration the orbits of still extant satellites which could easily wreck your whole bheer can project. It would be like a kid in a grocery store removing a half-way-down can out of a bhean can pyramid on a cosmos scale.

The practical solution as I see it is to make it sort of a sideline duty of the TAFF rep to go to the moon via Vanguard rocket or Boeing Jetliner. (Actually, the latter is somewhat unfeasible not only because jets won't work in a vacuum as Willy Ley would tell us but also because if their landing gears drop off on routine earth runs, a trip out There would really be a bad risk. Oh well, try it anyway...who listens to Willy Ley?)

Where was I? Oh...see...you send this TAFF rep Up There and he starts another tower from the moon. You have Arthur C. Clarke make calculations so the two towers don't miss and when they are six inches apart you have Robert Bloch climb the earth tower and, as the final publicity-getting touch, he makes an aisle-rolling speech over all three tv networks as he inserts a gold-plated Falstaff can in the gap.

Think it over. ((I'm afraid to.))

By the way, I guess you have already been informed of a rival project by a group of religious fanatics who are pyramiding a pile of Ingersolls to the moon...they call themselves the Watch Tower Society. They not only have people going door-to-door collecting donations, but they are also trying to drum up interest via a passle of serconnish fanzines.

Well, since it seems to be that Hoax-Revealing Season of the Year, I 'fess up. There was never a Bob L. Stewart from Texas. He was all a fignewton of my imagination as faneds who possibly got art from us signed with identical signatures might have guessed. Too bad Boob Stewart (of SanFran) and I never tried to exploit the coincidence of our names for more egoboo. ((He told me once that he and you were going to start a fanclub called The Bob Stewarts of America, and that the cover of the O-O would consist of a mirror.)) Sam Merwin gave the jazz more impetus than we ever did when he printed our letters side by side in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. ((Wasn't it John W. Campbell in OOTWA?))

Laney speaking of fannish terms going widespread is interesting. But that was written in 1944 and if "Rosebud" has spread in popularity since then I have yet to hear it. The three most logical words to make the leap to me would be "fugghead," "gafia," and "faunching". I use faunching in my everyday vocabulary because its meaning is apparent to anyone by its usage. ((("Fugghead" was a term

innvective, xi--the etymology of fugghead

prevalent in Army camps during WWII...in fact, I think Burbee picked up the term there, though probably he bowdlerized it a bit.)}

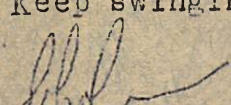
Some top jazz stars will spring from Sam Houston State College inevitably because it is now the top jazz school in the south and southwest, and if so "gafia" may become popular, since I got the word going among the jazz men there.

I've always wondered...did Grennell create that term or just popularize it? (The term goes back much further than DAG. It originally meant getting away from mundane life by engaging in fanac, but the meaning got changed during Fifth Fandom when Art Rapp, a dominant influence then, got mixed up and continually used the term in its present meaning.)}

This is the first time I've felt fannish in years. The reason is because I am alone. The realization of this has within these past few minutes made me aware of why I became a fan. In high school we lived out in the country outside of a small town and since my sf interests proved somewhat alien to Kirbyville's clod inhabitants about my only friends my first year in Kirbyville were my correspondents and fanfiction writer Bobby Gene Warner who lived 20 miles down the highway. (Have you noticed that he's become a prozine letterhack for the Ziff-Davis zines again?)} At the end of my third year there I dropped out of fandom when my high school friends had increased somewhat. My brief foray back to fandom last summer was when I was in Mobile jobless due to the recession and almost friendless except for a handfull of people I know there from the community theatre; I turned to fandom for something inexpensive to do.

So here it is the middle of a Sat. night in Ft. Worth where my so-called friends consist of vague rockandroll fan types friends of my old college roommate whom I am living with. This weekend we did not kill by going water-skiing or skin-diving or going to go-kart races since his future wife came to see him and she and he and his parents went to the lake, leaving me to roam around alone in their (to me) mansion. So that's how I happened to pull INN off the shelf.

Keep swinging!



ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 Newark Road, No. Hykeham, Lincoln, England

Friday and Saturday I received the latest AAPA Mailing. Now the AAPA is the world's most egregious apa. It stands for the American Amateur Press Association, and by no means the least egregious thing about it is that to date not one of its members knows it exists. (You may spill the gaff in FANAC if you wish.) We on this side of the pond know all about it though. The fact is that American fanzines come in batches. Weeks will go by with nary a one, then suddenly one comes home to find the place full of them. I rather think it has something to do with shipping schedules or something, but anyway, 'tis a fact.

Among the items received in this current Mailing was INN 9, which of course is of exceptionally high quality. As for your staff of cartoonists being the best in the world, if only you were to add Jim Cawthorn I think it would be. (Miriam and I have trouble classing Cawthorn as either artist or cartoonist. Miri has given up, and just says he's an illustrator and looks pained when I ask what she means by that.)

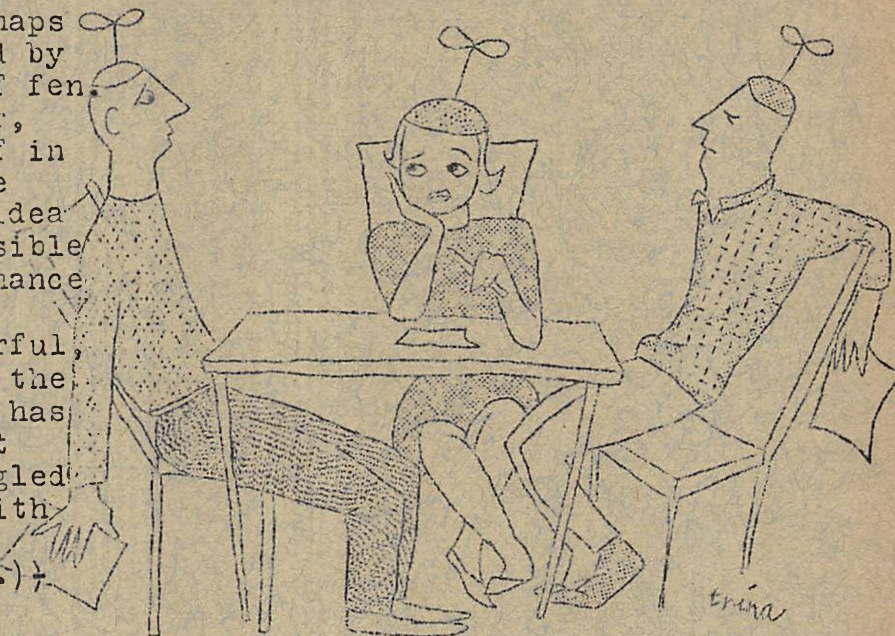
Ron Bennett's piece surely goes to prove one thing--that he could have fissioned into ten separate entities, and each one of those

innvective, xii--is Bennett an amoeba?

ten could have had an entirely separate and distinctly wonderful time, without meeting each other. Come to think of it, perhaps cons ought to be replaced by a sort of league table of fen. Every weekend of the year, fans would be matched off in little groups of not more than three or four, the idea being that as far as possible everybody would have a chance to meet everybody.

Donaho was wonderful, Warner full of interest, the lettercol--maybe Calkins has changed his mind and kept INN by now; it fair croggled me that he threw it in with the ruck before. (He's now Mended His Ways, yes.)

See you.



"Okay, say something quotable."

LEN MOFFATT, 10202 Belcher, Downey, California

At long last, Bennett's Solacon report, which of course was excellent. But much as I hate to spoil a good line, I guess I should correct Ron's impression of Moffatt & The Police. Actually, we wanted the police. The mob outside was threatening to come right into the hotel and, as you know, Anna nearly went nuts trying to get the house dick to DO something other than just sit there and smile his happy Oriental smile. My little talk with Los Angeles' Finest was quite practical and to the point. We didn't want the convention and its ball disturbed by crackpots and bums. One almost feels that the police did know something about the South Gate deal. They were most cooperative and chamber-of-commerce-like. As far as they were concerned we could do as we damn well pleased--inside the hotel--but please would we keep our people from hanging out of windows and stopping traffic. This was asked ever so politely, with friendly, love-to-have-conventions-in-dear-old-LA smiles. Maybe the fact that I was wearing my big red clown-type nose at the time helped. Or maybe it was my baby blue (if bloodshot) eyes and Innocent Expression. But actually I think it was because they were amused by the whole fracas, and as no harm was done were willing to let it drop.

Well, I have read the original "On The Road" since reading the first installment of the fannish version, and the latter of course is a good parody, as well as having something to say about fans and fandom. I can't quite believe the bit about two fans sitting up all night (taking benny) just to talk about sercon fannishness and the like. Sure, Stan, Rick and I (for instance) have sat up until the wee small hours talking fan talk, but we didn't need benny to keep us going, just our sheer fannish exuberance. And we didn't try to get to know exactly what the other guy was feeling deep down inside--our fan talk dealt with plans for fanzines, ideas for cons, and stuff like that. (Of course it is only fair to add to the above that the Outlander Hubsters were not living in a pressure-scheduled fannish Cap-

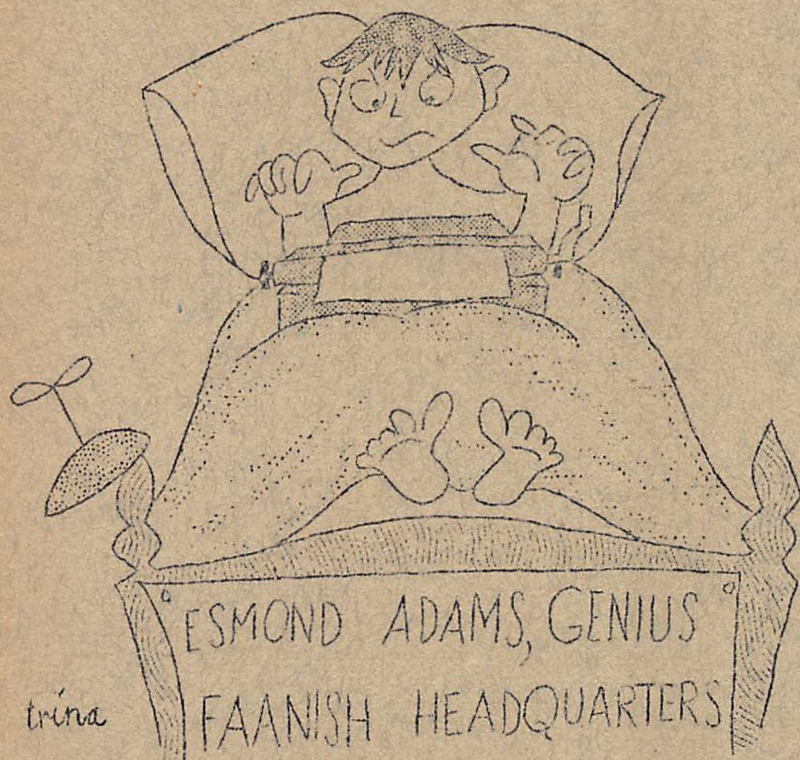
innvective, xiii--benzedrine and literary criticism

tain's Paradise...) ((That scene was simply exaggeration to satirize the sercon tendencies in all of us.))

Keep Smiling...

Levy

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



The astounding thing you must appreciate, which you must realize above all else in reading this letter, is not that I Finally Wrote or anything old like that, but something entirely new to fandom, something exciting for all to dig. I'm writing this letter actually sitting up. Of course there's something for all to contemplate and to realize, in that I once more an writing letters all around after having been on the road for a long time and having returned, writing even though I don't have real typing paper, but just putting down my thoughts on any piece of paper that happens to be around. But for Lo These Months I've been propping myself up in

a bed with pillows (a bed, do you realize how faanish, how very very faanish) and writing with the typewriter in my lap. I have turned out crudzines in this manner, and have exchanged thoughts. All from my bed, you must realize. That's the point.

Editorial was enjoyed, as ever. There's a fellow around here who preaches well, too. He's a non-fan, though he's lived an interesting enough life to make it seem strange that he left out something. Once upon a time he and another fellow were driving from Texas to Alabama, and somehow ended up in a little Mississippi town Sunday morning after having gotten pretty soggy through the night. The friend introduced Dudley at a small Southern Baptist church as a minister travelling to his new congregation in Alabama. "What luck," drawled someone. "Our minister left a short time ago and we haven't gotten another one yet." So Dudley preached there. He preached on the evils of alcohol, and ranted and raved. And here he is different from Neville, because he doesn't pick out inconsistencies so as to enlighten other clever people. He preaches straight Southern Baptist so as to amuse himself. He did so, was given proceeds from the collection, hopped in the car with friend driving, and passed out as they hit the city limits. ((Are you sure you didn't read that in an Erskine Caldwell novel?))

Another time Dudley was gabbing with a mutual friend who at that time was a disc jockey. Somehow they hit on the idea of taping a sermon, which they did. Dudley concluded with a message like, "And if you want to keep the Word of the Lord on the air, send one dollar to 'Gospel,' to this station to support the Word of God." Receipts totalled

innvective, xiv--the importance of being earnest

over thirty bucks, on which Dudley and Radio Man threw quite a drunk. And when Radio Man needed four or five dollars bheer money from that time on, he would play Dudley's tape and await the mails.

Bennett's Solacon Report was interesting, but a level or two below fabulous. But I'm not sure how I would've reacted to "The Harp Stateside" just before "On The Road". This is indeed my type of faanishness. A thought that brings a lewd, general grin to my face: send Kerouac a copy. Hell, he'll think he wrote it. Or that Brandon re-worked the original at the publisher's.

Bill Donaho is perhaps becoming a giant in another way. Once more his "adventures" bring to mind ultimate faanishness. That it is true I will accept, but would the trip back in the jeep have been the same had Andy Young or Harlan Ellison written it?

And of cuss Ray Nelson is my choice as fandom's finest Man That's Rebellion artist.

Having Seen the Light, I announce that you, brother, can be doing naught but building a tower to Hell, that's Hell I say brother, if your building materials are Bheer Cans and not Truth.

And only after one has been Saved can he win TAFF.

Best.

NORMAN HETCALF, P. O. Box 35, Lowry AFB, Colorado

Everyone seems to have missed a point, in discussing Carl Brandon. Carl Brandon is not a figment of your or anyone else's imagination. Nor are you merely delirium upon the part of Carl. We are all figments of Elron Hu's imagination. If you want further information on Elron Hu, read Philip K. Dick's expose, "The Turning Wheel," in Science Fiction Stories #2. ((Philip K. Dick is a hoax perpetrated by John Bristol, didn't you know?))

Your "Burbee story" might go over well in The New Yorker or punned up into a Feghoot in E&SF. ((You mean like "Through Time And Space With Charles Durbee"?))

"On The Road" captures the essence of Kerouac's book very nicely. Both are enjoyable. May Brandon keep his job as Fandom's Literary Translator. What would be interesting to see is a series of translations into mainstream literature from the works of C. Brandon.

Regards,

TOM CONDIT, c/o Donaho, Top Floor Studio, 14 Cooper Sq., New York 3, NY

What shall I say of INN #9? I'm tempted to comment on the Bradbury speech as reported by Bennett, but INN is all too fannish, et al, and inhibits such serious constructive type commentary. ((But don't you feel qualified to discuss your peers?))

A note on tea-drinking: I have recently been horrified to learn of the way in which the English ruin tea before drinking it. A friend of Van Ronk's from Soho (named, believe it or not, Alf) is in town, and we were all sitting in the Figaro the other day when he ordered tea. He immediately complained that it was too weak and then proceeded to pour it full of milk and sugar! To ease his complaints, we took him over to the Brittania Fish & Chips Shop, where he obtained tea brewed in the English fashion--i.e., strongly flavored with tannic acid and filled with milk. I knew that English cooking was bad, but no one told me they were total barbarians!

A note on White Horses: The White Horse Tavern here in New York is one of the better ones. It's over on Hudson, west of the Vill-

innvective, xv--Condit on the White Horse

lage and near the docks, and draws a very mixed crowd. It's one of the few places where you can get black-and-tans and really good Irish sours. The place is, however, very crowded. It's quite well-known due to the fact that Dylan Thomas was an habitue. In former years it was the meeting-place of New York YPSL (literally--I mean the formal meetings were held there, not just that people met there) and the general focus of radical activity in Manhattan, such activity mainly consisting of drinking.

The best saloon in the country, however, is located about 2½ blocks from here, so I seldom get over to the White Horse anymore. McSorley's Old Ale House is on E. 7th, where it has been open since 1854, prohibition not excepted. They serve nothing but ale and stout (their own magnificent draft ale and Carlings & Labatt's in bottles), plus of course food--plates of liederkranz and raw onions with crackers, well-aged cheddar, corn beef & cabbage, roast beef, many kinds of sandwiches, etc. The reason the place is such a good bar, of course, is that they don't allow women. The motto: GOOD ALE - RAW ONIONS - NO LADIES. It's a saloon rather than a bar, actually--no goddam chrome or plush seats or cocktails or similar bastardizing of a good drinking-place.

Please send Martha a copy of INN #9--you'll make her paranoid if you don't. {(I mailed one to her, and tho I'm sorry if she didn't get it I don't have any more.)}

Well, back to politics...

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

Your contents page illo has it backwards: should be "per aspirin ad schnapps".

I'll bet I'd get a reasonable story if I asked ol' Artist Burbee about it, but until then your version will do nicely. {(Every word was gospel, man, gospel.)}

Carl Brandon: maan, you certainly have an entirely different approach than I do, in the writing of parody. My own routine is simply to try to give an exaggerative approximation of the flavor of the work at hand, and throw in as many boffs as possible. Any sharp thrusts at Established Institutions evolve on their own, because they are the nearest and best targets for any given punchline. {(But Brandon's writings are more, much more than mere parodies. They are serious contributions to the literature of the world, and I expect their messages to be pored over and deliberated centuries from now, just as are the parables of Jesus. Your trouble is that you're not serious and constructive enough.)}

Donaho lives wrong but writes right.

You have a fine lettercol, topped by Ken Potter, who should never be sent fanzines when he's sober. {(Most everyone agreed that Potter's letter was the best--but judging from Ashworth letter I'm afraid I may have driven Ken to drink.)}

Blossings,

B 4 Z

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

INNUEENDO No. 9 is a magnificently huge fanzine and in format, size, etc. reminds me very much of a couple of odd issues of Harlan Ellison's DIMENSIONS that I have in my collection--same kind of paper,

innvective, xvi--me and Harlan Ellison

luxurious illustrations, nice spacing. Very well done indeed. †(Yes-sir, but just wait till you see what we have in store for you next issue! You want the top names?--we got 'em, buddy! You want the top cartoonists?--we got them too, pal! Top quality is the word around the INNUENDO editorial offices--so stick with INNUENDO, the magazine that's better than Rogue!)

Did you read of the American Army leaving 7,000 cases of beer on an island up in the Bering Straits somewhere? They buried the stuff to save taking it back or for some reason they gave for the waste. Well, the islanders dug it up and started drinking it. So they came back, set fire to the cans with oil etc. and mashed them with a bulldozer and buried them. The people still dug 'em up--so the last I read was that they had returned to the island with "a secret weapon" to destroy those beer cans. So whatever your tower to the moon has--it'll be pretty indestructable!

The Atom illo of Bennett with moustache, bowler hat and rolled umbrella is sheer mastery. I've only met him once and I'd recognise him from that illustration anywhere.

See you soon then,
Dodderingly,

Alan

BILL DONAHO, 14 Cooper Square, New York 3, New York

Part XII of "Colonial Excursion" is certainly by far the best that has appeared so far. I must protest about the bed in the Detroit suite, however. There were some ten other people on it and we had all been sitting on it quite some time when it collapsed.

How I envy Harry Warner, Jr.'s writing! I think I can occasionally interest people by selection of incident and detail, but he can take a subject that in general would bore me to tears and keep me glued to my chair. Wish I could figure out how he does it.

As for my own article I would like to repeat that everything I relate in "Adventures in Fandom" actually took place. In some of my other pieces I have not hesitated to invent appropriate detail, but everything in this series is for real. I have sometimes shifted an incident from one party to another and once I combined some minor characters to avoid confusion, but that's the only tampering I have done. Of course, I am not exactly sure how many flats we had when moving to New York or how many times the lantern blew out coming back from Cleveland, but if anything I erred on the conservative side.

Best,

Bill Donaho

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois

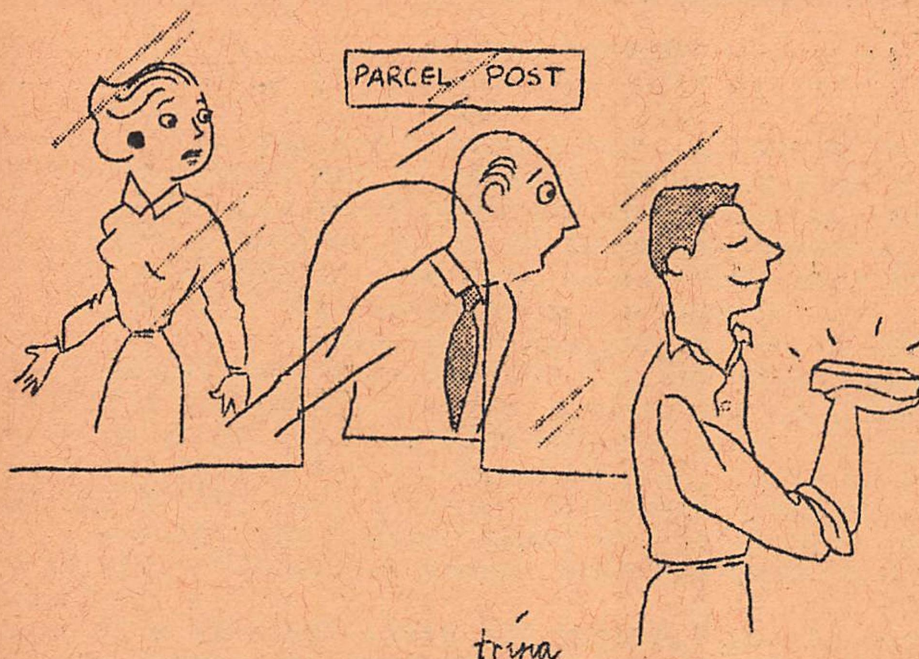
Why do you and Miriam publish such large fanzines? Did someone tell you that you are Publishing Giants, or something? INNUENDO the ninth arrived perhaps two months ago and only today was I able to finish it. Your fanzines are too thick and you print the lines too close together--it's hell to follow each one with a pencil (stumbling now and then over a smart-aleck word you throw in to show how smart-aleck you are) for about sixty pages. Too cumbersome and too slow, you know. Either you publish skinnier fanzines or I throw away my pencil and find some other method of reading. †(I'll send you the stencils and let you read them by braille.)

Who is "Bill" and who is "Hamlet"?

Following the initial publicizing of "Rosebud" many years ago,

innvective, xvii--Tucker and Rosebuds

I withered under a barrage of Rosebud-things. People delighted in ripping labels off various objects and mailing them to me: Rosebud butter cartons, rosebud matches, rosebud note stationery, and so forth. But no one thought to send me the original, the old and rare.



I got a brick this year, too. Remember the "send a brick" campaign of about seven or eight years ago? Not too many months ago, a new or young Michigan fan stumbled across a reference to the campaign and apparently thought it was a current gag, rather than an aged one. So he sent me a brick. The chap at the postoffice window, an old friend who has seen me through thick and thin, gave me the

brick with some such remark as "watch out, they're starting in again". I smiled feebly and toted home the brick. People on the postoffice steps turned to stare but I merely whirled my propellor (the one atop my beanie) and walked a little faster. Matter of fact, I was running with the brick inside my shirt by the time I reached home. The original brick campaign had the postoffice in stitches and the local postal inspectors in the booby hatch before it was over.

Thine,

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

I bought Kerouac's "On The Road" but haven't gotten around to reading it. However, since I started defending anarchist and socialist reforms in my classes in my loud and manly voice, my friends have taken to dropping in on me after midnight to sit around and talk. This gets embarrassing when I am already in bed.

Someday I'll buy Bennett's report by itself in one volume--until then I'll have to forget about continuity and read each as a separate unit, which is not so bad after all. It amazes me to read the different parts of the account and see the different styles Ron is using. I mean, when he speaks of his meeting with LeeH he is very faanish, when at the con like a good conreport, on trips like numerous fannish trip-takers, and so on. I admire the good Professor.

Bill Donaho is funnier than anyone I've read lately. That bit about Harlan Ellison getting into bed was priceless. ((I suppose only Bill Donaho could make Harlan Ellison getting into bed priceless.))

I was at a picnic of the anarchists (ironically on the 4th of July) here in Youngstown and was talking to some of the Libertarian League members from New York--the ones who publish Views and Comments.

innvective, xviii--Koning vs. the anarchists

Asked them if they knew of the anarchists and right away one woman mentioned "Big Bill Donaho". Immediately another anarchist asked me if I was a member of the WSFS. Turns out he was from Detroit and a friend of George Young. The leader of the Cleveland bunch knew Dick Falasca and Dick Ellington, and a whole group of people who had mutual friends with me in fandom collected. Imagine me, a focal point in the anarchists.

Sinceahly,

John Koning

ALAN J. LEWIS, 4550 West Maple Rd., Birmingham, Michigan

Ha! Go ahead and make your holy crusade to get to the moon before the N3F. You idiots you. You've all been taken in! We aren't heading toward the moon--we're going out to Alpha Centauri. Why, the beercans we collected at the Solacon just made up the first two layers after the base. (Which base was made up of old Clod Degler fanzines. You know--steady and as weighty as a rock.)

Sir. You are also a cad! Do you realize that when you make all these reprints in INN, after bringing out THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE, that the reprint market is almost utterly ruined. Cad, to think that you would stoop so low as this. But wait--you'll get yours! I'll just wait around 'til you start reprinting some of that putrid poetry from THE ACOLYTE. Ha! (The ghost of Laney would come back and haunt me--that would be a worse sin than saying fandom was a way of life.)

I likes Buz's comments on the Good Ol' Neff. Yessir, he's pretty two-faced about it--why, do you realize that he himself was once a Neffer? Yessir. (I see Neffers have a comeback for criticism whether or not he who criticizes has ever been in the N3F. Ordinarily they sneer that nobody should criticize the N3F unless they have been in it.)

I have several other places marked for comment in the letter column, but I'm too damn hot and tired to try to think of why I marked them. Of all, it seems to me that the letter column was the best part of INN. Don't abridge it. From the looks of this one issue I'd much rather letterhack for you than for CRY.

enuf said,

Al Lewis

DONALD FRANKSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, California

You know, I never sent for INN for two reasons. One, the reviews, particularly Bob Coulson's, convinced me that it would be too "fannish" for me. Two, it was a limited circulation zine, free but expensive to produce, and I didn't want to ask for it and take a copy away from some more appreciative fan. (INN's circulation is about 125--not very limited, I'm afraid.) Nevertheless, I have seen some INNUENDOS, old ones of Rich Brown's and new ones of Bob Lightman's. There is much of interest to me.

I had given up hope of reading about the Solacon in any of Ron Bennett's "Colonial Excursion" bits. (And I do mean bits: I was thinking of doing a satire, like, "Part 135: '...and then I...' See part 136 in the next zine.") This part was very interesting.

The lettercol is good, but I suggest you date the letters like Pelz does, since you publish so irregularly. (INN will be pubbed more regularly in the future.) Apropos of this, why don't you print this quote from TRIODE; it croggles me: "About the only fmz

innvective, xix--what croggled Francon

published regularly that tops IMM these days is Boyd Raeburn's
A BAS...."

Like Bob Lichtman, I just got in under the wire with the last
few fanzine columns of Bloch and Madle, by sending for INSIDE, YANDRO
and SKYHOOK. Still haven't got SKYHOOK, but have learned patience.
{(SKYHOOK is about the only fmz published regularly that tops INSIDE
these days.)}

Regards,

Donald Francon

MERVYN BARRETT, 6 Doctors Commons, Wellington C4, New Zealand

Liked Ron Bennett's stuff for his rundown of Campbell and
Bradbury's speeches at the Solacon. I hadn't previously come across
any stuff about them and I found it all interesting. {(Well, you
know--all those "faaaaaanish" fanzines ignore science fiction.)}

I also got a kick out of seeing myself referred to as "New
Zealand's Mervyn Barrett"--sounds sort of important and impressive
somehow.

Can't help comparing your version of "On The Road" with the
first Brandon story I read, which was "The Cacher of the Rye," and
feeling that "Road" doesn't come up to the standard of "Rye". This
could be because I regard Salinger's book much more highly than I do
Kerouac's or maybe because that first Brandon made such a terrific
impression that anything coming after seems almost anticlimax.

Regards,

Mervyn

BOYD RAEBURN, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada

"Colonial Excursion" was interesting stuff. I'm wondering what
sort of comment Ron's "What most Americans know about ballroom
dancing would fill the margin of a postage stamp" will bring. Viewed
from his own culture, he is quite right, for the British Ballroom
Dancing is quite a different thing from "dancing" as it is known to
most Americans. The latter is a sort of shuffle done to indetermin-
ate tempos, whereas the former is graceful, intricate, and is
learned, rather than "just picked up". The only trouble with British
style ballroom dancing is that it requires room...you can't do it in
the space of two square feet (or with two square feet, for that mat-
ter). I also wonder what his discussion of rock & roll sounded like.
for, seeing that with my own eyes and ears I have both read and heard
Bennett seriously classifying a schmaltzy waltz tune as rock & roll,
I'm sure he wouldn't know rock & roll if it bit him in the leg.

"On The Road" didn't appeal to me quite so much this time, par-
tially because I felt that you were sticking a little too closely to
the original text, and not making enough changes. {(Bah--compare the
two and you'll find more departure from Kerouac's text in part 2 than
in part 1, I'll wager. In fact, I think I'll take your remark as a
compliment, since apparently you can't tell my parody from Kerouac's
own style.)}

Regards,

Boyd

innvective, xx--Greg Benford, non-Dallas fan

GREG BENFORD, Boyd House, Norman, Oklahoma

It would seem to me the most logical (that is, non-Kerouac) ending of "On The Road" would be Dean's eventual disgust with fandom, fans and all, and dropping out. Of course, it won't end that way if you follow the Kerouac outline, but it would be typical of Dallas. I get more fanac done here at college than I did in Dallas...but then, school hasn't started yet. {(This was written Sept. 16, Don Franson.)}

Warner on our yesterdays is getting a bit thin--perhaps because he selected a rather unknown fanzine this time. I'd like to see him browse through the more legendary fanzines, and do a real job of it; quote extensively, review all the major issues in detail, and try to convey the atmosphere of the fanzine to us. After all, when all this focal point froth has cleared, it's the mood or atmosphere of the fmz which appeals to most readers. The air of current topics and the "feel" that goes with a period in fan history makes or breaks a magazine. If Harry could communicate to us the thoughts and feelings of the fans in the old days it would certainly be more valuable than any anthology of reprints. {(A nice idea, and I'm sure Harry can do it. How about it, Harry?)}

Ah, letters. Letters make INNUENDO. Willis' idea of a possible Moskowitz history of the last ten years in which the leading characters are fringe fans is a bit horrifying. I suppose the WSFS episode would be important to Moskowitz, but such things as the dispute over TAFF would be grossly thrown out of proportion. I think perhaps one of the paramount reasons for the misunderstanding of present-day fandom by the old guard is because this fandom, and the one before it, was not primarily politically-oriented. (Were those cries of horror from Rike in the background?) Without politics, petty as they were, it seems to me much of the fanac of the early fandoms would have faded away. (Is the M3F the home of the throwbacks?) {(Apparently you've received a mistaken impression from Moskowitz--see Warner's column this issue.)}

All best,

MARION Z. BRADLEY, Box 158, Rochester, Texas

I like the Bjo cover. In fact, I like nearly everything Bjo has done and I am looking forward to the Detention--she and I are supposed to room together. (That is the big advantage of being a femme fan, but then it's a disadvantage too, I suppose. If I can have the fun of getting acquainted with nice femmefans like Bjo, by sharing a room at a con, I am also excluded, by virtue of being a femme fan, from getting to know such Nice People as Rick Sneary and so forth by rooming with them. (Okay, okay, so I have a mouth full of foot {(you also have parentheses-within-parentheses, and I guess I'm not helping much by breaking in to tell you)}; believe it or not, I was speaking in innocent conventional--no pun--terms. Sure, I could get acquainted with Sneary, Bloch and various other male-type fans by rooming with them, I suppose. But not with the Full Approval of Society.)

Reminds me of the time when as an innocent young teen-age 16 year old girl fan, I blurted out to the housemother (when reminded that Albany fans Curt Reybach and Giff Wingate couldn't come up to my room), "But my gosh, we're only going to be mimeographing!" It was

innvective, xxi--MZZB on the follies of her youth

three days before I understood why Curt and Giff suddenly burst into a roar.

As always,

Warner

JIM CAUGHRAN, 1909 Francisco, #6, Berkeley 9, California

Re Warner's column: as Benford said, there doesn't seem to be a lot of interest in science these days in fandom--in some cases, a disinterest, possibly. I doubt such a fanzine as FRONTIER would go beyond a first issue now, if that far. For that matter, why a fanzine of science, when there are plenty of scientific journals, all eagerly saving the jobs of professors in "publish or perish" job situations? ((Sounds just like FAPA.))

As for the lettercol, it strikes me that I'm doing an awfully un-Berkeley-fannish thing here--I'm not drinking bheer, in cans or otherwise. But, I'm in the middle of an Indian reservation (Navajo) where it is illegal to have alcoholic beverages--not that that stops the Indians. I did notice Near Bheer at the trading-post, but, truthfully, I ignored it. ((Jim wrote this in July, when he was working at Canyon de Chelly National Monument.))

Harry Warner asks how long fanzines last, and got me to thinking. Assuming that the rate of change of the number remaining is proportional to the number remaining, $\frac{dN}{dt} = -kN$, and solving the dif-

ferential equation, then $N = N_0 e^{-kt}$, N_0 being the number at $t = 0$, e being the base of natural logarithms, 2.718etc., and t being time.

The constant, k , would of course vary with every fanzine--the better the fanzine, the smaller the constant. Until there is a quantitative measure of fan quality, there's no way of telling how many copies of an issue exist.

For that matter, the original assumption, that of the rate of change depending on the number, would not hold for the first year or so, especially in the case of poorer fanzines, since there would be a lot of people who would merely read the mag once, and throw it away. After that, this would be fairly accurate. Research will have to be done.

Ellick will flip--an application of math to fanac! ((You and Art Rapp.))

Karachi in '63! (by the way, my
Jim
folx may possibly
be transferred to
Afghanistan--what
number rhymes
with Kabul?)

STEVE AND VIRGINIA SCHULTHEIS, 477 Woodlawn, Apt. C, Springfield, Ohio

Harry Warner was excellent as usual. This "All Our Yesterdays" was something of a tour de force in that he made an interesting article out of what must have been a rather uninteresting fanzine--and incidentally proved that there is nothing new under the sun. It seems as if JWC must have revived the defunct Frontier Society in his Society of Gentlemen Amateurs (or whatever he calls it)--and after he refused them publicity back in 1942, too. Well, times change, and even so does John W.

As for Mr. Robert Bloch's opinions about the Carl Brandon business, well, you know we agree with him. Poor fellow, he forgot,

innvective, xxii--a statement of faith

though, that at the Solacon there was a Virginia on whose shoulder he could have sobbed. She would have tried to reassure him, too. Our faith was never shaken!

Best,

Steve & Virginia

IT'S ABOUT TIME I called a halt to this lettercolumn. Twenty-two pages is two more than this lettercol has ever gone before, and as a matter of fact this issue is the largest INN ever published. I guess it might seem kind of silly to start conserving space at this point, but look at it this way--if I don't save space now, pretty quick I'll have everything on hand printed and I won't be able to save space! Or doesn't that make any sense...?

Anyhow, many thanks to all the rest who wrote: Don Allen (and thanks for the Andy Capp collection, Don), Eric Bentcliffe, Rich Bergeron, Bob Bloch, Martha Cohen (she did get a copy), Don Ford, Lynn Hickman, Ethel Lindsay (send 25¢ to Ted White for "The BNF of Iz," Ethel), Dick Schultz, and Walt Willis.

Next issue should be out in an interval considerably shorter than the usual six months, so try to comment a little sooner this time, will you? And I hope you'll manage to write this time, Ken Potter...

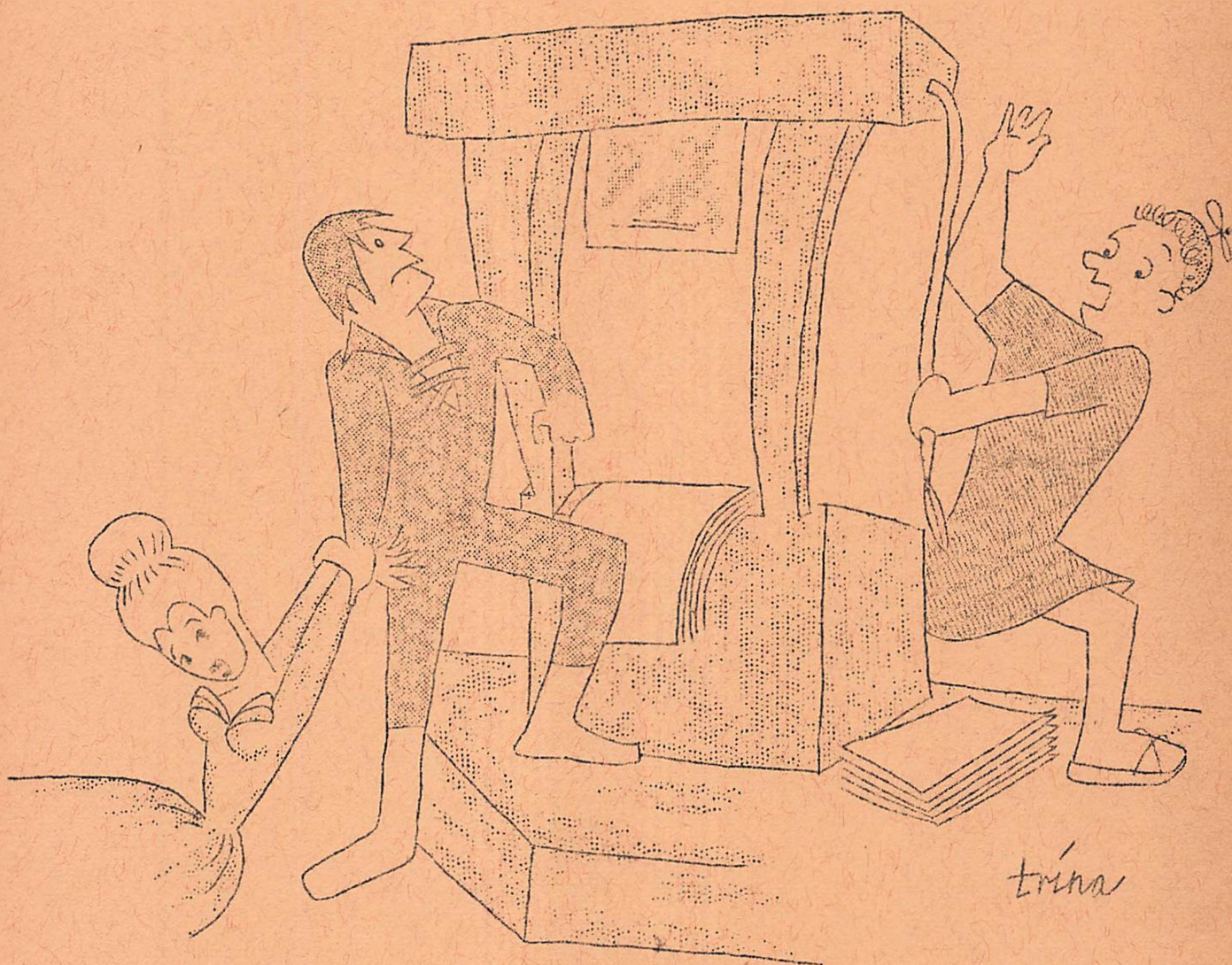
Filler no. 61.

Some time ago I found myself interested in watching a hill of ants. Got practically on top of them watching to see what they were doing, and I think the whole batch were just plain crazy for they kept running in all directions. Busy, sure, but the type of busy where one fellow digs holes and the other fills them. Ants are over-rated in my books, and I defy them to take over the world. But it was fun to watch them, until I happened to notice a gopher watching me with a puzzled expression, which made me so self-conscious I had to nonchalantly whistle my way back to the house, muttering something about "where did I lose that blasted mumble mumble". Got some mighty sophisticated gophers around here.

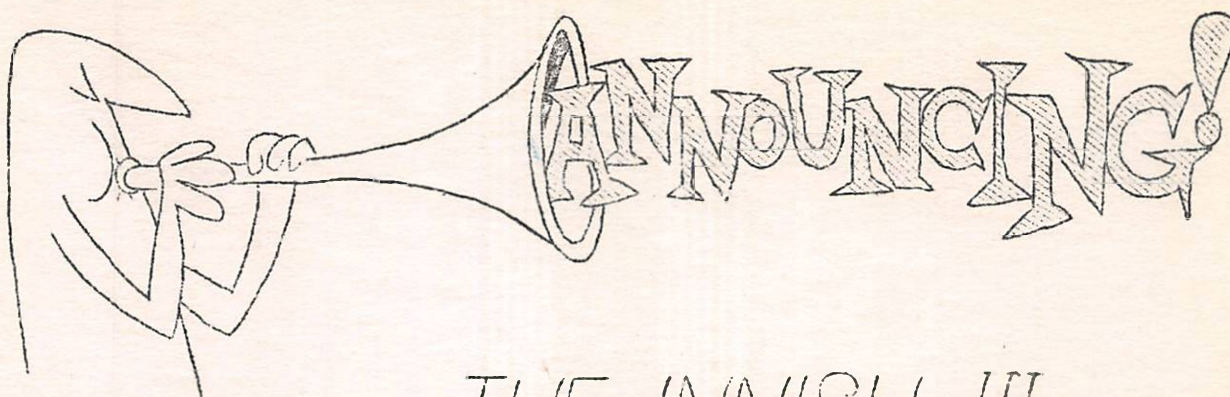
--Wrai Ballard, OUTSIDERS #14,
December 1953

At the Torcon last year, the MSFS boys were the only ones who went in for costume at all, but this year there were a dozen or so on hand. We were ahead of competitors in one respect, though--while many of 'em carried rayguns, we were practical and toted water pistols. One of the diverting moments of the con came when Rog Phillips and Erwin Stirmweis conducted a H₂O duel in the Metropole lobby while weirdly-garbed characters scrambled behind mirrored pillars in all directions to get out of the line of fire and the desk clerk explained--or tried to--to non-fen. "It's a bunch of supermen," he is reported to have said. "They get together once a year like this from all over the world."

--Art Rapp, SPACEWARP #30
September 1949



"Hey, can Marie wait a minute? I've got to finish trimming this paper."



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