

An insert of reprinted material from fanzines of the past. Intended for inclusion in HYPHEN, published by Walt Willis, of 170 Upper Newtonards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland. This installment is selected and stencilled by R. Dean Bergeron and Dean A. Grennell. Caveat lector, y'all!

FTL, on the etymology of a Familiar Fannish Expression.

"A fugghead," says
Art Rapp, "is someone who disagrees with FTL."

Like most other extreme simplifications, this statement is simply not true. In order to spike misconceptions like this, I guess I'll have to take a crack at defining the word "fugghead."

In the first place, fugghead is not the word, but a bowdlerisation. The real word is derived in equal parts from respectable English and not-so-respectable Anglo-Saxon, and is written with two g's merely as a bow to the USPOD. Nor is it an invention of mine known only in the microcosmos. Fugghead, as I'll continue to spell it, is a term in every day use by thousands upon thousands of people in Southern California. Since it seems not to be known in many parts of the country (I never heard it myself until I came to LA) it is probably one of our local colloquialisms.

The definition I'm so wordily trying to bat out may not hold for everyone, but applies to the word chiefly as used by Burbee, Laney, and others of the Insurgent Element (fandom's only vital group).

All of us, great and small, say and do innumerable fuggheaded things. A person may legitimately be termed a fugghead only when his deeds of fuggheadedness overshadow the rest of his life.

This term fuggheadedness is a blanket word, covering multitudes of things. Willful avoidance of known fact. Taking oneself too seriously. Analyses of situations which leave out of account the chief factors therein. Loss or lack of perspective; failure in evaluating the relative importance of things. Simple or compound stupidity and its manifestations. "Crackpottism" generally. Individuals or groups posing as that which they are not. Such failings as "mom-ism" and other prime targets of Philip Wylie. Extreme lack of foresight. Absence of critical judgement. Ascribing properties to things or people or abstractions that lack those properties. All these and many other analogous things are acts of fuggheadedness.

Who can read that list and not see himself on it? Who has not been guilty of fuggheadedness?

Speaking of fuggheadedness, not the least of my own sins along this line has been the attempt to define the term itself. This article shows what I mean.

bloody beer-chillers

Just then I glanced toward the swinging doors, off on the other side of the room, and saw Battal coming in at the head of a squad of ISP men. Roberts saw it at the same time. "Uh oh," he said, "I was afraid of this. Have they seen us yet?"

"Yes, they're heading strate toward us. If we try to get the prince away now, they'll call on bystanders to stop us. Speer, start a riot."

Speer leaped atop the table and turned loose his hundred-decibel bellow: "What part of speech is 'more' in 'That's more like it'?"

A young fellow at a nearby table immediately spoke up: "An adjective, of course."

A man in aristocratic colors sneered at him. "That's the kind of a blurt we should expect of a young cub. 'More' is an adverb, obviously."

"Oh, yaeh?" called a miner leaning against the bar. "What verb, adjective, or other adverb does it modify?"

"'is', obviously," said a man standing directly in Battal's path and loosening his pistol in its holster.

There began a concerted rush for the Webster's Interplanetary which was lying on one end of the bar. A slitely drunk fellow stood up and said, "'more' izh a sub-stant-ive, taking the place of a noun tacit." An adverbist threw a glass of marska in his face, and found himself confronted by a less alcoholled friend of the substantivist.

Someone had grabbed the public address system microfone and was droning into it, "Adverbs modify verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs; adverbs modify verbs, adjectives, and". The Interplanetary sailed thru the air toward him but struck an ISP man instead. The cops had been fidgeting as they came across the smoke-filled room, as the anxious to take a hand and quell the disturbance. At this injury to one of their number, Battal lost control of them completely.

"OK, Roberts, take the prince and slip out the back way. Speer and I will be along in a minute," I said. "Whew! It was touch and go there for a minute; I was afraid they wouldn't get to fiting in time." As we turned to leave, several new factions, including particlists, conjunctionists, and even some who believed "more" was a preposition, were joining the melee, and Battal was nowhere to be seen. Gad, it was a madhouse. And according to the papers next morning, that was only the beginning.

"Don't forget to cut for smaller pages...and black ink!"

... One of our fondest habits these days is to sink into the battered old rocker behind the kitchen stove, perch the two grandchildren upon the editorial knee, and reminisce of the early days when LeZ first arose from an unsuspected grave, and Moskowitz had not yet become our sparring pardner. As the old timers know (i.e., those who bit on the first issue) LeZ came to life as a free supplement to Taurasi's Fantasy News, back in the days when it still sold news. December 1938. We sincerely thank Jimmy Taurasi for our start. He supplied a ready circulation figure it would have taken us months to build. More like a vampire than a zombie we stuck to Fanny for eight issues, spread over a period of months; —eight long issues while readers howled in agony and FN subscribers cancelled

their subscriptions in protest of us. Until at last we stood aside on our own wobbly feet, and sprouted...just sprouted. LeZ became independant with its tenth issue. On the cover of that issue appeared a picture of Ted Carnell—a picture mimeographed on—not printed or pasted. We were the first fanmag to mimeograph a photo. JW Campbell was so amazed he thought we should patent the idea. Anyway, we gave a Tarzanic cry, then, that was heard all the way to Newark. At least, we have been given to understand that certain sections of New Jersey resented most rudely the noise we made, and are still making. And so, "down the corridor of time" we plodded along, kicked every now and then by an ant, annoyed at our slowness.

It has been said by pro editors that they put their hearts into their work. I don't quite believe this. A pro editor may put his head into his work because it is his livlihood. And probably his liver, because it is also his bitterest pill. I believe only the fan editor sinks his heart into his work—his fan magazine.

Sitting alone in a quiet house late at night, thumbing battered old copies, something of this heart comes to the surface of the page, and the memory of the fan editor. It is a sentimental feeling those who have never edited or published a fanmag will never possess, and a feeling which the fan who has, cannot hope to make clear to the fan who hasn't. Perhaps it can be likened to the miser poring over figures in a musty, faded bankbook, or an elderly playboy thoughtfully searching the names and phone numbers in his little red book, searching for something that will bring back his memories of yesterday. Yes, that bit of the fan editor's heart comes out again, and it is tinged with sentiment.

The fan editor sits quietly, thumbing the pages, the issues...thumbing... thumbing...reading...dwelling in memory. Of the time when he typed that, when he saw this, when he printed those. He rereads items; of the little nitwit who once tried to disprove the laws of gravity by forcing a car up a phone pole, of the campaign carried on to replace a favorite editor on a job held so long (only to find that the editor didn't want the blamed job!), of the ugly rumors that blossomed into full scandal, of the wonderful intentions that backfired and blistered fandom, of many many things that now bring a chuckle, a grim smile, or even a sneer.

These and other things a fan editor dwells upon as he thumbs his back-issues. The other things mustn't be forgotten, because they too are a part of the history of those back-issues. The fan editor runs thru the names on his subscription list, some names that are still there, other names that boredly vanished, and then two names pop up, and the fan-ed bogs down again in mental stillness. Two names. Names that don't have owners any longer. One has traded his name for a number and rots in jail. The other has no use for a name....but it is tacked to his tombstone.

But this is 1941, isn't it? We mustn't look backwards, must we? No, that is only for dry-minded historians. We are but addle-headed fans, We publish little journals filled with idle gossip. The pro editors put their hearts in their work, sweating real blood to give us thrilling science fiction. We are only the public that consumes it. And this is 1941.

Where do we go from here?

-- Bob Tucker 1-5-41

THE ROCKET

You may say what you choose about tight-fitting shoes
And sharp cockle-burrs in the pocket;
But for sheer lack of comfort you must give its dues
To the torture-machine called a rocket.

If persistent and clear there's a noise in your ear,
Till you'd much rather get out and walk it,
That is only the jet-motor, back in the rear—
They call it the Song of the Rocket.

They consider it fair to announce, 'No more air!
We must all hold our breaths till we dock it.'
And if you protest they'll say, 'What do you care?
It's all for the fame of the Rocket!'

And as for the hold, with meats old and cold
And tinned beans and biscuit they stock it.
When you ask for a steak without quite so much mold,
They say, 'Must conserve space on a Rocket!'

When I get my release, if I'm all in one piece,
I shall take my space-license and hock it.
And then I shall look, with a club and a kris
For the man who invented the rocket.

(And there's a sample of a lost art, called: +) beardmutterings .1

IAMADAISYINTHEDELLALLIDOALL
DAYLONGISSITINTHESUNTHESUN
SHINESDOWNONMEANDTHEBIRDS
SINGANDTHECRICKETSCREAKAND
THEWINDSBLOWGODIMBORED

--dfk

--dfk

Tut-Ankh-Amen and his brother Fori

Let's bust a precedent—here's an item from a future fanzine—GRUE #23:

Little Willie, with a siphon,
Stole gas from car of ed of HYPHEN,
Made cocktail a la Molotov,
Blew Oblique House's attic off.

18 December 1954 Bl

(+ Nyaah, Walt! -- dag +)