

# SPICY TUFF TUFF

A  
WOLVERINE  
INSURGENTS  
PUBLICATION

"Clothes!!  
But --  
isn't this  
a DSFL  
meeting?"

In this issue:  
**PASSION**  
IN THE  
**PARLOR**



Handwritten text at the top left, possibly a date or location.



Handwritten text in the middle left, possibly a date or location.



Handwritten text in the middle right, possibly a date or location.

Handwritten text in the lower middle left, possibly a date or location.





# THE NOSEY REPORTER

## TODAY'S QUESTION -

### WHY DID YOU JOIN THE D.S.F.L.?

Martin Alger: Where else could I find discerning people to appreciate my fine mind and broad mental horizons?

George Young: Other people raise hell when I'm three hours late to an appointment. DSFL members just laugh. After all, what else can they do? I'm president, remember? Besides, we're going to put on a convention soon, and...

Arnim Seielstad: The outside world doesn't appreciate the genius of fan intellects. The DSFL is a serious, constructive group of misunderstood people who are working to build a finer world for the future.

Edith Furesik: It has male members, hasn't it?

George Furesik: You don't think I'd trust Edith alone among all those frustrated jerks, do you?

Ed Kuss: Ben Singer talked me into it.

Ben Singer: I have a divine mission to convert these supermen and superwomen into atheists. Who knows, perhaps I can even persuade one of the feminine DSFL members to assist me in starting a super-race here and now. Say, what did the California fans have to say about my hoax on Tucker?

Howard Devore: Where else can I get rid of my duplicate mags?

Sybil Devore: Ah have mo' fun with fans than almost anywhere, ah do declare!

Perdita Lilly: I'm all confused. I wrote a letter to TWS and things started happening.

Marilyn Ross: Bennie made me.

Norman Kossuth: Don't jump to unfounded conclusions. Simply because I attend all the meetings, what makes you think I'm a member?

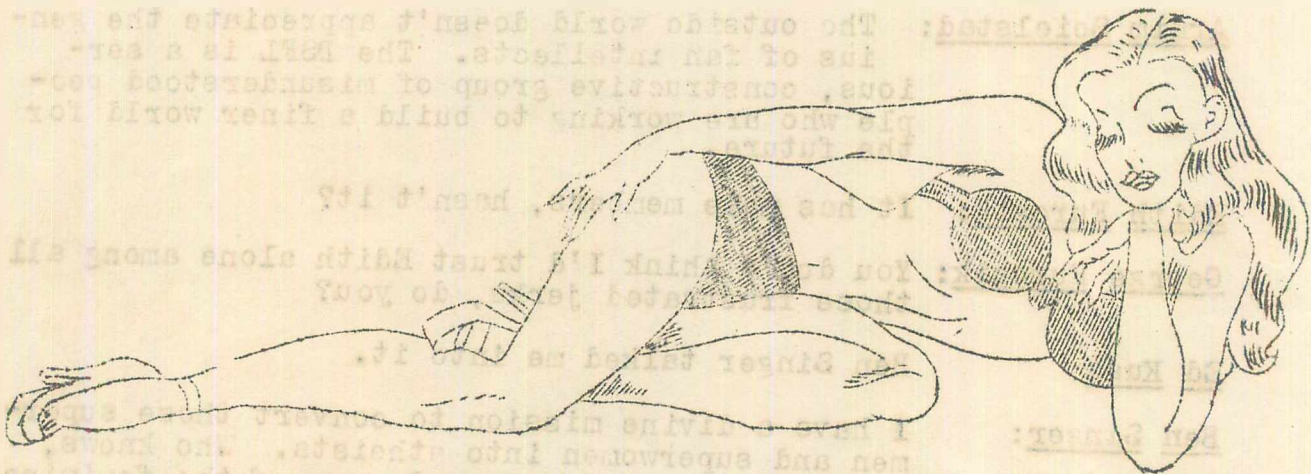
Jerry Gordon: It saves having to buy prozines and fanzines myself.

Ray Nelson: Aha! I am boring from within, and little do they know that sabotage is cutting the foundations from under them!

Fred St. Arnault: I derive amusement from their antics.

Agnes Harook: I'd do anything to get a man!

Andre Weitzenhoffer: It provides a fascinating study in applied clinical psychology.



"Er-r-r, I don't have \$1.50  
for dues -- do you suppose  
I could take it out in trade?"

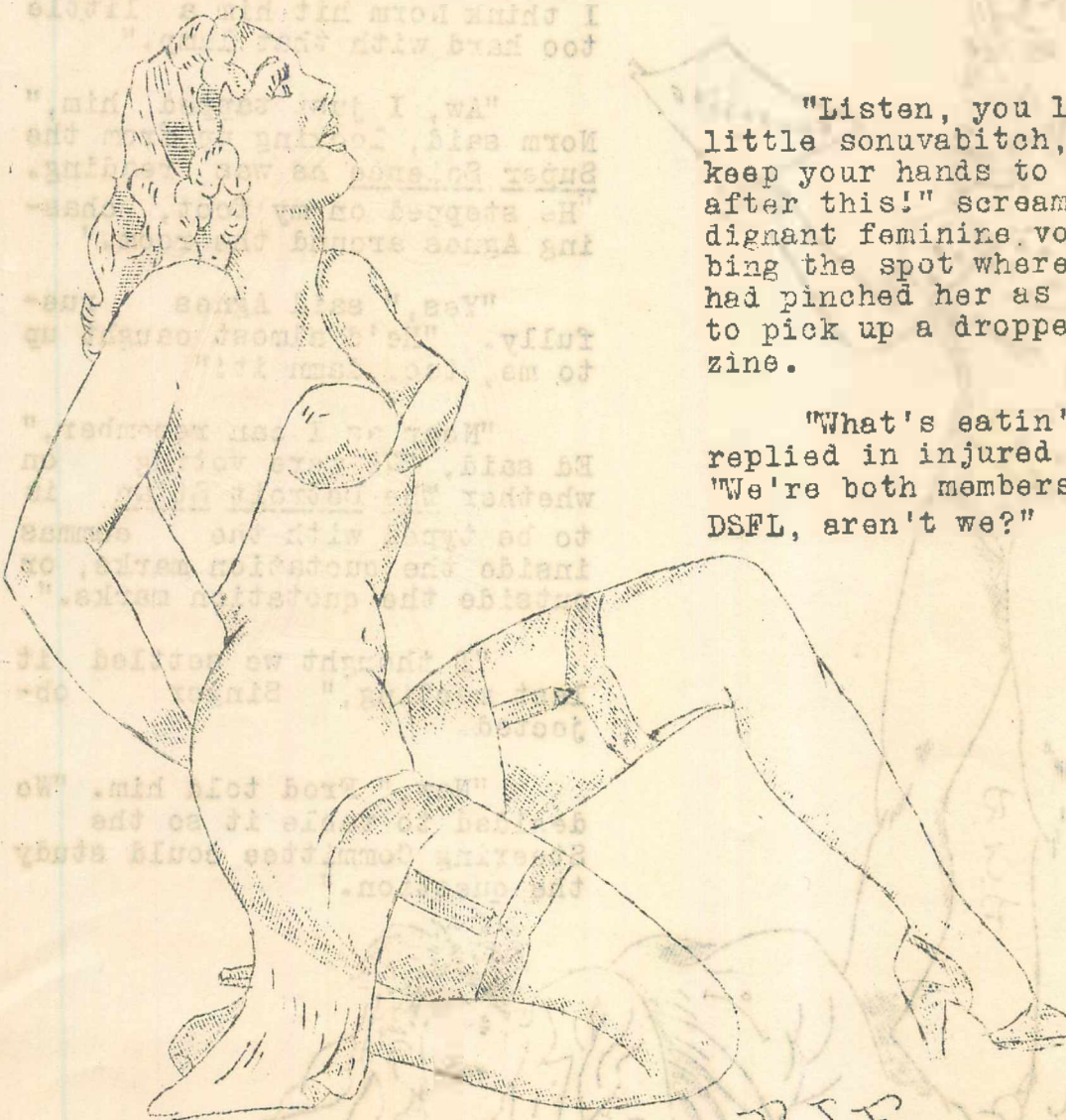


# PASSION

## IN THE

# PARLOR

or: Behind the Scenes at a  
D S F L Meeting



"Listen, you lecherous little sonuvabitch, let's keep your hands to yourself after this!" screamed an indignant feminine voice, rubbing the spot where Aram had pinched her as she bent to pick up a dropped prozine.

"What's eatin' ya?" he replied in injured tones. "We're both members of the DSFL, aren't we?"

R.S.F.



"Look, you bastards," Andre shouted, "We're having a business meeting, and anyone who interrupts gets fined two bits. If you two want to play games, go over in the corner, like Martin and Perdita."

"Sybil," interrupted Howard firmly, "You come over here and sit down. Let Arnim sit over there on the piano bench with Edith and Agnes."

"What's the motion we were discussing?" broke in Ben Singer, who wanted to get the meeting over with so he could give Marilyn his undivided attention.

"Damned if I know," Fred (who was chairman) told him. "Edith, you're supposed to be keeping the minutes of the meeting. What motion do we have on the floor?"

"My husband's on the floor," Edith said after a quick look. "but he's not showing any signs of motion. I think Norm hit him a little too hard with that lamp."

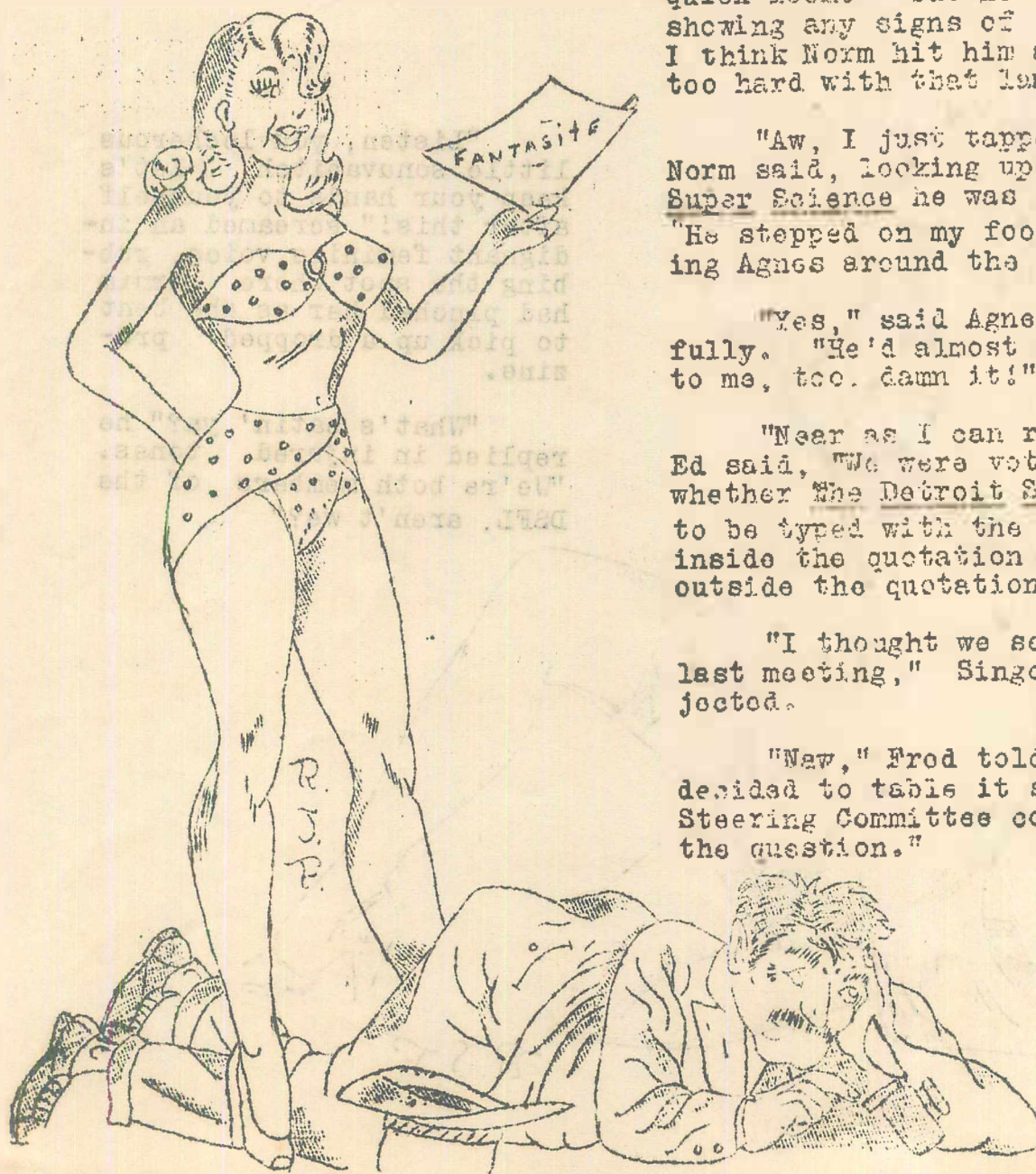
"Aw, I just tapped him," Norm said, looking up from the Super Science he was reading. "He stepped on my foot, chasing Agnes around the room."

"Yes," said Agnes ruefully. "He'd almost caught up to me, too. damn it!"

"Near as I can remember," Ed said, "We were voting on whether The Detroit Stefan is to be typed with the commas inside the quotation marks, or outside the quotation marks."

"I thought we settled it last meeting," Singer objected.

"Now," Fred told him. "We decided to table it so the Steering Committee could study the question."



"Well, what did the Steering Committee decide?"

"They couldn't agree. That's why we're bringing it up before the whole club again, stupid."

"Well, let's table it again. Besides, George Young isn't here yet, so we can't vote on anything until he gets here."

"The constitution doesn't say George has to be here," objected Martin.

"Yeah, but if we decide anything now, we'll have to do it all over again when he gets here. You've been to enough meetings to know that."

"Singer," said Fred sternly, "You're beginning to sound like an insurgent. You'd better put 50¢ into the treasury to prove your loyalty to the DSFL."

"Yessir," said Singer meekly, reaching for his wallet.

"Say!" yelled Perdita. "That reminds me! Did you all see the last issue of that mag the Sarinaw bunch put out?"

A shudder passed over the group.

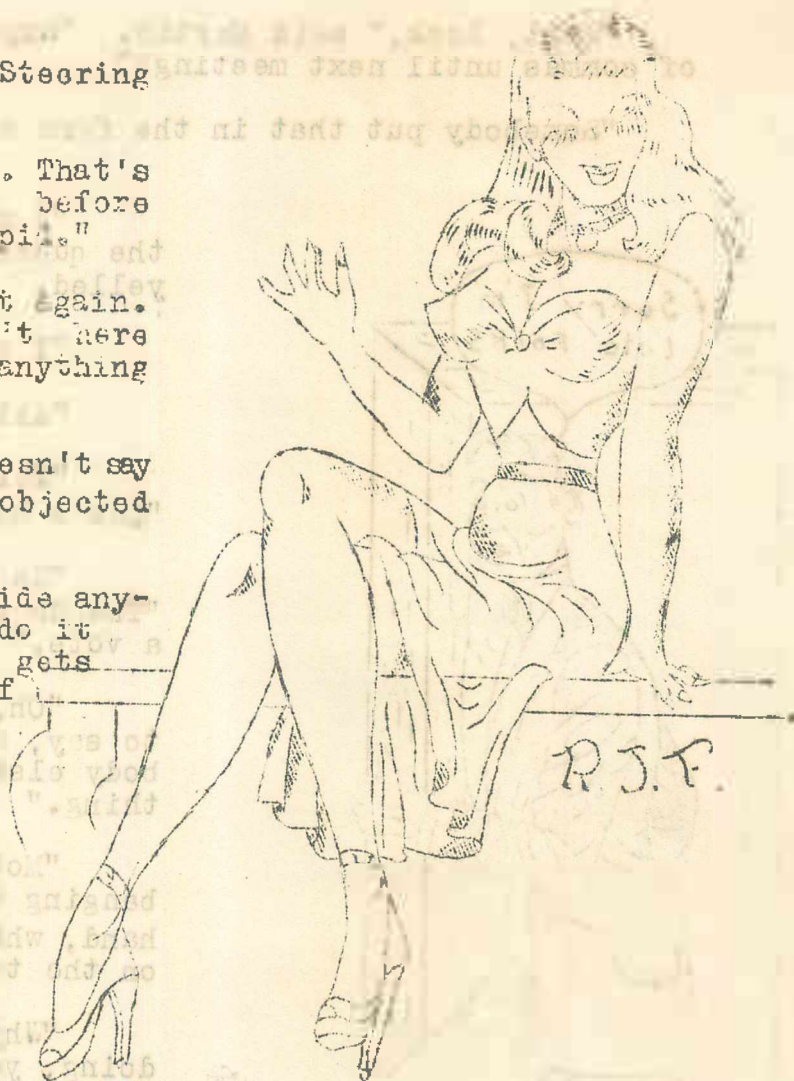
"Aw, we've got a better club than they have," Arnim said stoutly.

Somehow or other, the remark fell rather flat. Shrugging, Arnim gave up the attempt to rouse enthusiasm, and concentrated on Agnes instead,

"Are you a true fan?"

"Yes, Arnim. I am a true fan. I read a story in TWS once. Singer made me."

Ben heard only her concluding words from across the room. "Shuddup, Agnes!" he yelled. "You don't have to broadcast all our secrets!"





"Well, look," said Martin. "Suppose we table the question of commas until next meeting?"

"Somebody put that in the form of a motion," directed Fred.

"I make a motion that we table the question!" someone promptly yelled.

"I second the motion!"

"All in favor?"

"Wait a minute!" Andre yelled. "Let's have some discussion first!"

"We can't," Edith told him. "The Chairman has already called for a vote."

"Oh, well, I didn't have anything to say, anyhow. I just thought somebody else might want to say something."

"Motion is passed," Fred said, banging the gavel down on Andre's hand, which he'd carelessly rested on the table.

"Why don't you watch what you're doing, you stupid bastard?" Andre yelled, nursing his bruised fingers.

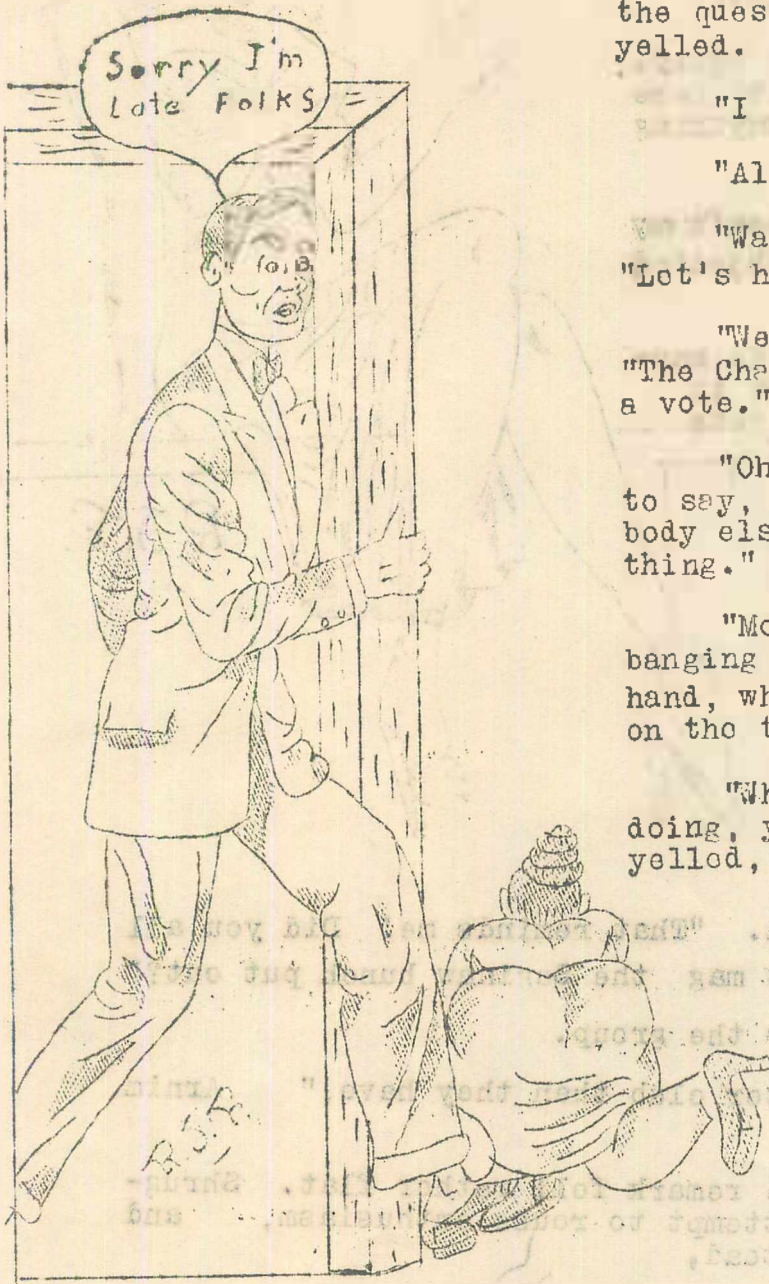
"Bring it over here, Andre," Sybil yelled. "I'll kiss it and make it well again."

"Like hell you will," screamed Howard. "Let's get on with the business meeting."

At this moment the door crashed open and a

"Hello, everybody!" he called cheerily, ignoring the fact that the Chairman was asking if anybody had any new business to propose.

"It's only two hours after the meeting time, George," said Ed, looking at his watch. "You're early."





"I know," said George. "We got off at noon today, so I got started early."

He made his way to the speaker's table, stumbling over various feet, and unintentionally giving George Furesik a hearty kick in the ribs as he passed.

"I'll take charge of the meeting now," he said. "Where are we?"

"We just called for new business; there wasn't any; so we're ready to adjourn," Edith said.

"Like hell we are," shouted George. "I've got some new business!"

"But you can't bring up new business after the business session is over!" Edith objected.

"Listen, who's Chairman, you or me?"

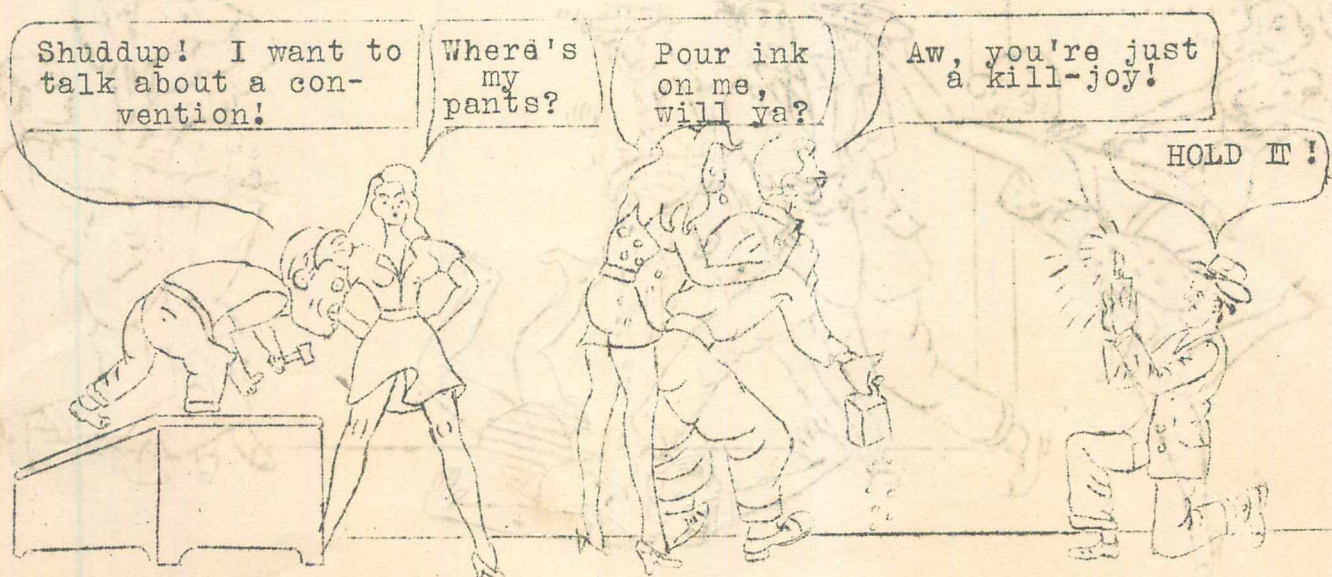
"Shuddup, Edith, or I'll fine you two bits for being out of order," Martin added.

"I think," said George, ignoring the squabble, "that we should hold a convention."

A clamor rose in the room, none of it sounding very favorable to the proposal.

"Well, gosh," said George in hurt tones. "We raised forty bucks for the MSFS when we held the DeCon, and if we just write to the premags, they'll send us hundreds of illios to auction, and the treasury is way low, and besides, it'll make those guys up in Seginaw jealous, and it will bring us a lot of new members who don't come to meetings now, and..."

He paused to glare across the room at one of the girls on the piano bench. "Dorothy! Put your legs together and pull down your skirt! You're distracting the membership!"



"I move we table the convention until next meeting!" yelled Singer.

"Well, o.k.," George answered. "But in the meantime the Steering Committee will study the question."

"Is the business meeting adjourned yet?" asked Arnim, turning his attention away from the girl at his side for the first time in half an hour.

"The motion to adjourn hasn't been moved and seconded yet," Edith said, consulting her notes.

"You don't have to second a motion to adjourn," Andre informed her.

"Where did you get that idiotic idea?" George demanded.

"Never mind, let's get on with it," Martin yelled.

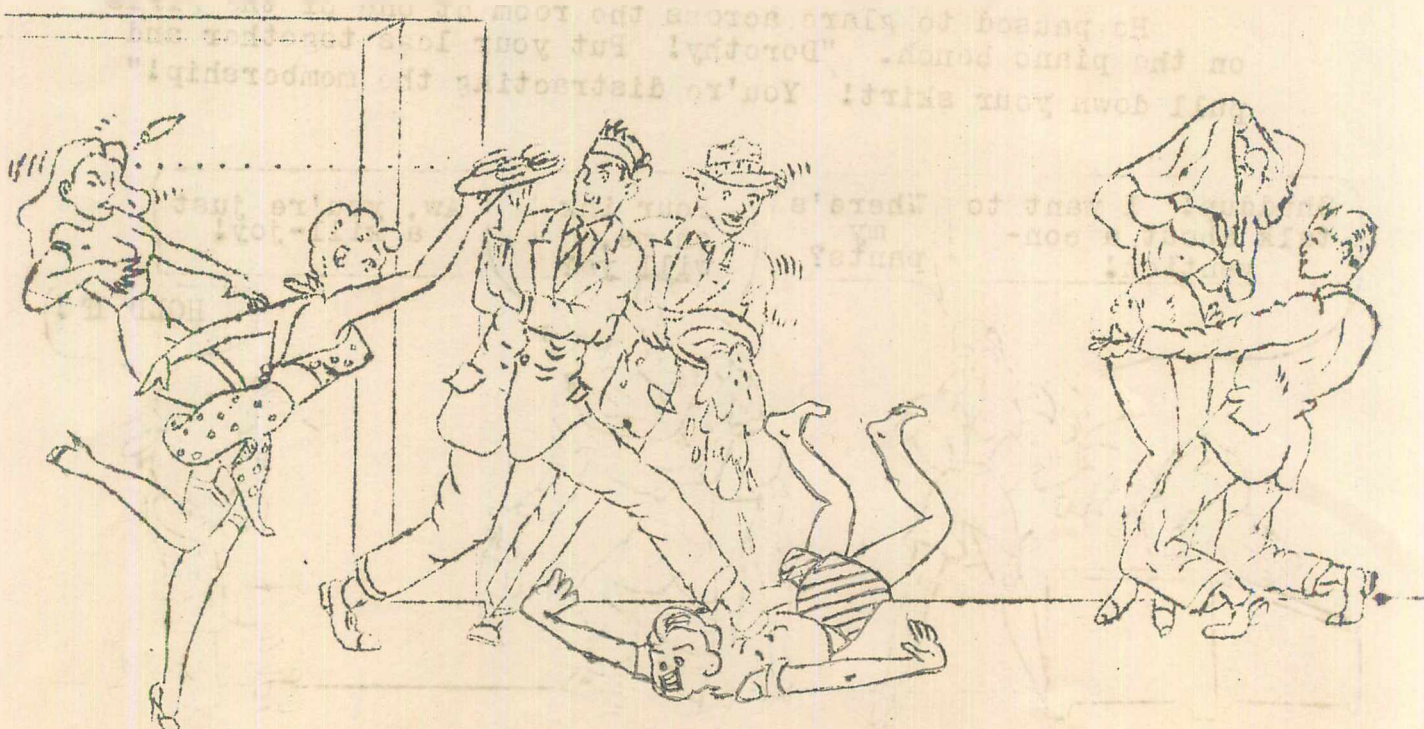
"All in favor of adjourning the business meeting say 'AYE'," called George, banging his gavel.

"AYE!"

"Food's ready!" announced Ed, coming into the room.

There was a mad stampede for the refreshment table, over which rose the sound of a feminine voice. "Pssst, Arnim! Now's our chance, while my husband's busy eating!"

"Meeting's adjourned!" yelled George, dropping the gavel and leading the rush out of the room.





"Say," said Ben to Jerry, as they chomped sandwiches, "How would you like to see me eat a hot dog with mustard and onion, all dripping with gingerale?"

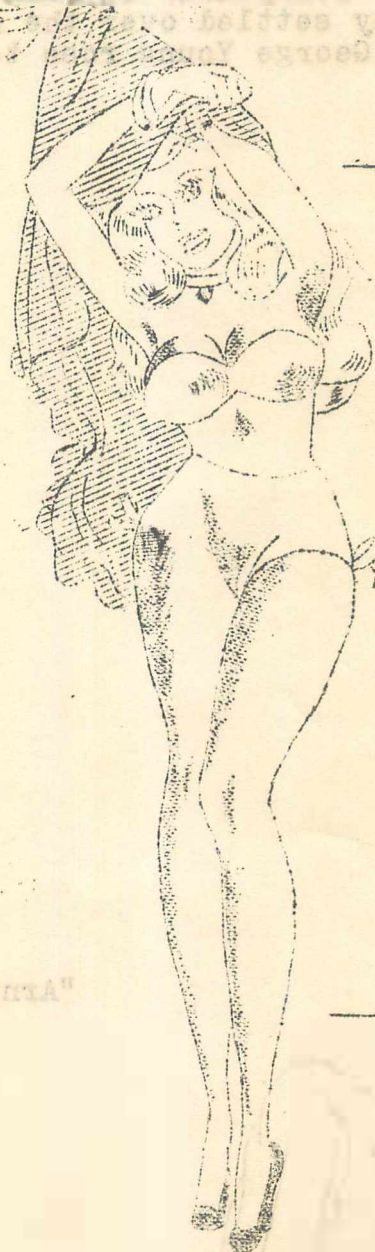
"Frankly," said Jerry, "I don't give a damn whether you do or not."

"Fine," cried Ben. "Then I will, just to prove to you that I can!"

Elbowing his way through the swarm around the table, Ben assembled the unusual ingredients for his demonstration, and among a few subdued gasps from the newer DSFL members who hadn't seen this sort of thing enuf to be bored by it, he proceeded to demonstrate.

One of the girls suddenly broke into giggles, and the DSFL members turned away from her.

"Certainly I'm  
loyal to the  
DSFL -- but just  
what does this  
have to do with  
science-fiction?"



to look at her. She was holding a large dill pickle and laughing merrily.

"What's so funny?" someone asked.

"This reminds me of the time George--uh, er--" she broke off in confusion, and, grabbing a sandwich from the table, retreated in confusion to the other room.

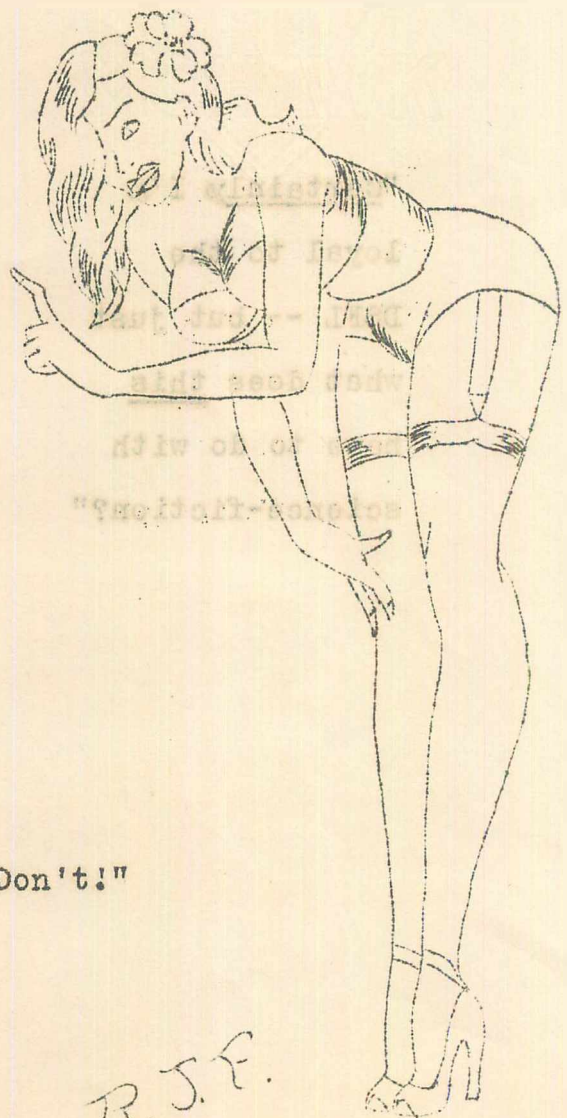
All proceeded serenely for a while, the members loading down paper plates with assorted food, then wandering around until they could find a spot to sit, perch, sprawl, or just flop.

"Arnim!" one of the femmes shrieked suddenly. "Don't! Go wash your hands first! You're getting mustard all over my girdle!"

After everything in sight had been eaten, a sort of dull apathy settled over the group, from which the irrepressible George Young rose to remark:



"Arnim! Don't!"



R. J. F.



"Well, now we get to the social part of the evening. The Entertainment Committee has arranged a fine program for us this evening, consisting of--"

He stopped because Ed, who was Chairman of the committee in question, was tugging violently at his sleeve.

"No! No!" hissed Ed. "We had a program scheduled, but Fred and Ben, who were supposed to present it, didn't get around to preparing it."

"That's what they said last week!" George protested.

"No! Last week it was Agnes and Pordita who didn't have the scheduled program prepared!"

"Oh, well, that's different. If one member had failed to do his work two meetings in a row, I'd think he wasn't showing the proper serious, constructive fan-nish attitude toward the DSFL."

"Perish the thought."

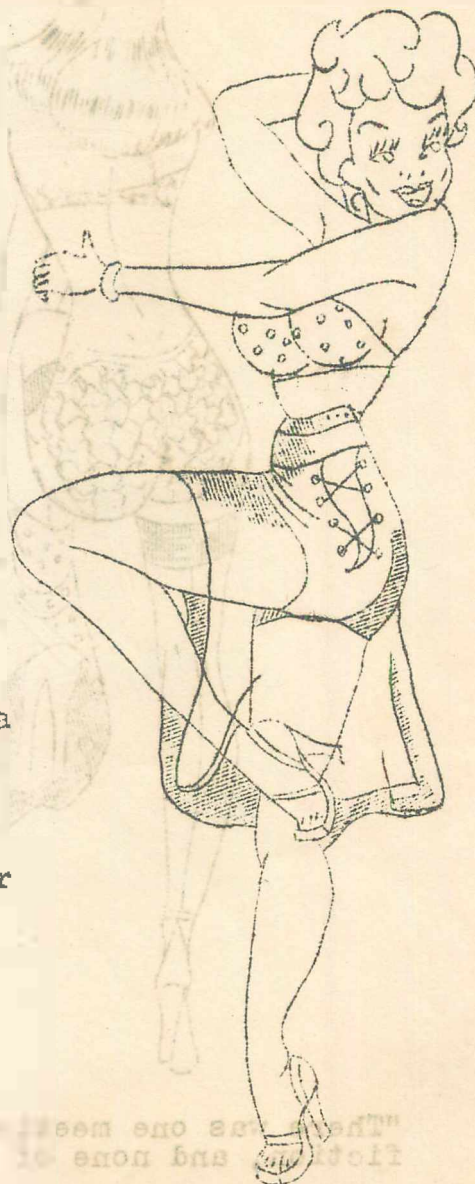
"Oh you filthy bastard!" interrupted a clear feminine scream.

For once, it wasn't Arnim making passes at the femmefen. This time it was one of the gals yelling at Martin Alger.

Alger, who was prone on the floor on his stomach, squinting in a professional photographic manner through the viewfinder of his camera, looked up in astonishment.

"You snake in the quackgrass, you!" the irate femmefan continued, advancing menacingly toward the Photofanatic Lensman with the obvious intent of committing a murder. "I'll learn you to go creeping around the floor poking that camera under ladies' skirts!"

"Hold on, there," Howard interrupted. "Martin's nowhere near you! How could he be taking pictures of your --er--legs, when he's way on the other side of the room?"



"That's just the goddamn point!" she yelled. "He's snapped pictures under every gal in the room except me. Who does he think he is, anyway?"

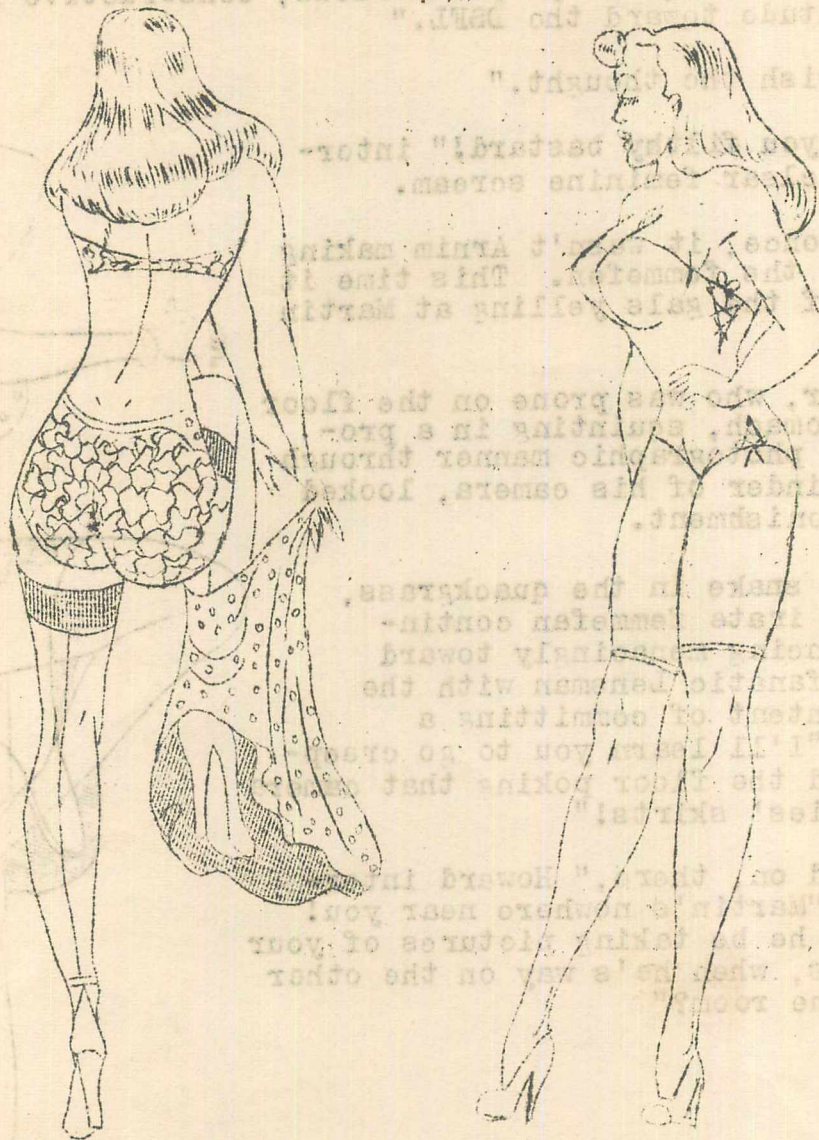
"Martin knows which subjects are photosenic and which aren't," one of the other girls meowed.

"Why you underdeveloped and overexposed hussy!" the other shrieked, grabbing the hair of her fellow DSFL member, disregarding George's frantic shouts for order.

"Come, Syvil," said Howard. "I think it's time for us to go home."

And so, reluctantly, we leave this pandemonium of clawing fingernails, screams, the sounds of fanzines being ripped shred from shred, and the gentle uproar which marks a typical meeting of the Detroit Science Fantasy League...

- END -



"There was one meeting where they just discussed science-fiction, and none of us got raped at all..."



# OFFICIAL SONG OF THE D. S. F. L.

WE'RE THE YUCKS THAT PUT THE  
SEX IN SCIENCE-FICTION...

## First verse

When you're down in ol' Detroit on a rainy Friday noit  
and you can't think of a gal on whom to call,  
If you've got a prelediction for a bit of science-fiction  
and you want to see some Finlays on the wall,  
If the roar of rockets gets you and the lack of bems upsets you  
and you like to watch fugeheadness in bloom,  
Just call Edith, George or Ben -- they will come and gitcha the  
and you'll find the fer all gathered in one room...

## First chorus

For it's the D.S.F. & L.  
It's a little bit of hell  
And it's populated by the frenzied fans;  
They will bore you with their speeches,  
Those dirty sons of beeches,  
So you might as well go nuts among the slans.



"I know it's traditional for fans to take pictures of each other, Martin -- but I still feel naked!"

### Second Verse

You must have a little dough -- a buck and fifty cents or so,  
and if you have, the fans on you will fawn;  
They will sign you up, you know, (for the treasury's always low,  
and the club would vanish if it all were gone);  
When you find yourself a member, there's just one thing to remember,  
if you do not want to run afoul of fate:  
No matter when the meetings, do not come prepared for greetings,  
for you can't do that 'cause George is always late...

### Chorus

For it's the D.S.F. & L.  
It's a little bit of hell  
And the meetings never, never start on time  
For of all the social classes  
These are much the greatest asses  
And they all believe that promptness is a crime.

### Third Verse

You will find the greatest plans of executives or slans  
are discussed at every meeting that they call,  
But when it comes to working, they are better far at shirking,  
so they don't accomplish anything at all.  
But if your mental quirks tend to searching after jerks  
and your day is brightened when you find a crackpot;  
You need look no further, brother, for you'll never find another  
club that offers to you such a lovely jackpot!

### Chorus

For it's the D.S.F. & L.  
It's a little bit of hell  
As you will soon discover when you call;  
It will help you if you're plastered  
When you meet the stupid bas-  
tard

Who claims this is "the  
best club of them all."

"Hey! I  
my turn  
to init-  
iate thi  
one!"

"Here's my  
\$1.50 for  
a DSFL  
membership."

