

Supplement to A Bas # 8

Vorzimer rides again

In A BAS #7 there appeared a letter from Peter Vorzimer. In the letter column of A BAS #8 a few of the comments received on this letter were printed. Vorzimer appears to consider that to comment on his letter, which was obviously intended for publication, was to disinter past matters, and to stab him in the back generally. He has chosen to again give tongue, in his own inimitable fashion. Rather than wait until the next issue of A BAS appears, I feel it only fair to give Vorzimer the opportunity of an immediate reply to those who were so devoid of taste and breeding as to notice his last effusion. So here follows a letter from Peter James Vorzimer, uncut, uncensored, absolutely verbatim, and completely sic.
- BR.

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L.A. 42, Calif.
April 17th, 1956

Mr. Raeburn:

It will interest you (and mayhap your perverted readers) to know that today, being a school holiday, I was visiting in Long Beach and decided to drop in on Little Ron Elik, who was at one time a friend of mine. I had figured that all our troubles of last year were over, and that no one would remember them.

I was, needless to say, shocked to find that in the latest issue of A BAS, which Elik needlessly waved under my nose, you and your "troupe" have taken it upon yourselves to fire at me a broadsides when my back was turned, to maul a metaphor.

I have taken the proximity of Elik's typewriter as a ghod-given opportunity to write in return, to further "delight" your readers if you care to print this.

You, and they, are the most dispicable bunch of no good leeches I have ever come in contact with. I would count off thier outstanding mental absesses on my fingers if it were necessary, but an analysis of their letters in this issue of A BAS is enough to show you that you and A BAS are pandering to a perverted batch of junveinle slobs.

Harry Calnek: I have never had much of anything to do with Mr. Calnek, and I doubt that any missive of mine should affect him in any way, since I hardly know the man. Least of all should anything I wrote cause him to roll on the floor -- damn it, I was NOT trying to be funny; I wrote in dead seriousness.

Claude Hall: Unusually enough, I can find nothing to say derogatory about Hall, even though he appears in your letter column. He defended himself ably, and your weak attempt to turn his own insults back on him are unbearably inapt. Hall is probably the only person I've met besides Bob Bloch who takes fandom seriously

and tries to get enjoyment out of it despite fuggheads like you. I am excerpting Bob Tucker because I have never met him, even though, of course, I have corresponded profusly with him.

G.M. Carr: How anyone in her right mind can enjoy these little-boy type derogations is above my head. Their very title implies negation. However, that is a matter of personal taste. What is NOT a matter of personal taste is these damned references to my mother as though she were something to stand in a corner, point at, and laugh. Thank you, GM, for recognizing my right to defend her. But in the next paragraph you go right ahead and insult, blast and laugh at her and me. I'll have you know that, after a certain issue of A BAS, I consider it a direct insult for any of you idiots to so much as mention her, no matter what the context.

Gregg Calkins: Here we come to the meat of the whole argument, Calkins, the Little Tin God who supposes that nobody can say anything about him. Gregg, everybody has something in their past life that they don't want mentioned, and you are not alone. I suppose you remember the day you were a guest in my home? I will not say anymore.

Harlan Ellison: Indeed, I am taking your advice; I have come to realize that I am far, far above the "intelligentia" of this clique called fandom. However, your likening of me to the perverted little kids in your summer camp is rather a sneaky way of calling me perverted, don't you think? Or do you think? Before you wrote that, I mean. Buster, one of these days you're going to grow up and find out that not everybody in this world hides behind a pipe. Wait till someday you find yourself stuck to a wife who isn't introverted!

And, finally, Boyd Raeburn himself: If you continue to write these things, and print such letters, you will undoubtedly find yourself passing farther and farther from the things we laughingly call reality, until you just can't crawl out of that hole you fools call fandom. Look at Ellison. You, however, are not quite that far along. If you'd just wise up I think you could straighten out before youre stuck that way.

It may sound silly, me visiting Ellik, but he has been, altogether, a gracious host. If you jackasses would just stop recalling old incidents, dragging people's names through the mud, you might be able to see the light and take care of your smutty minds.

Ron will mail this for me, and if you print it I should think you would have the decency to mail me a copy of that issue. I remember very vividly you saying in an early issue of A BAS that "Unlike some fanzines we could mention (Oh, how snide and cutting that remark was, Raeburn! I wish I could equal it) we are going to send A BAS to anyone whose name we mention in it" And today, I come to Ron's house and find an issue of A BAS with my name mentioned several times, regardless of how derogatorily, and I haven't even seen it! Talk about throwing your own words back in your teeth!

"Petitly,"

"Allegedly Little" Peter James
Vorzimer.

Ed. Note: I feel the last paragraph of the above requires a little comment on my part. Although he tried to protect himself by the use of quasi-quotes, Vorzimer's vivid memory is not quite vivid enough. The alleged quotation bears no resemblance to anything I have written. (and I don't use an editorial "we") He would have received an issue of A BAS #3 if he had bothered to let me know his current address.