

# entropy

number one





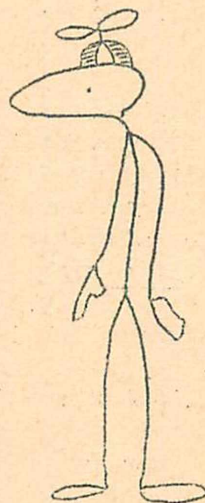
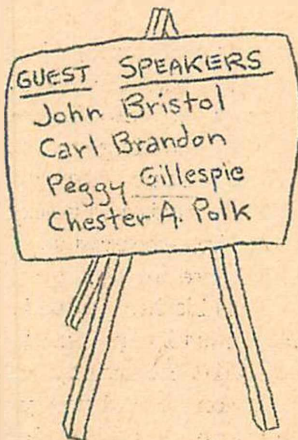
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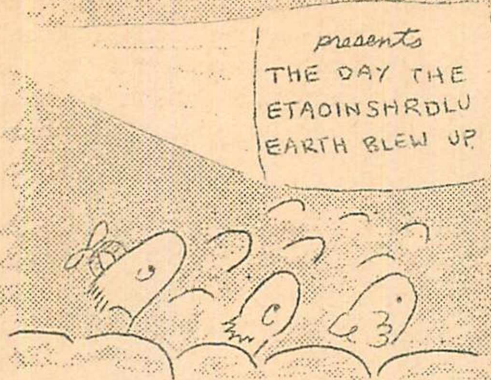


This is ENTROPY #1, November 1964, edited and published by Terry Carr, 41 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, New York, 11201 (USA). Published quarterly.

This first issue is being distributed with the November 1964 FAPA mailing, the December 1964 OMPA mailing, and the January 1965 SAPS mailing. Future issues will be available for 25¢ each, four for \$1.00, or for letters of comment. (FAPA members, who would receive my regular tradezine LIGHTHOUSE anyway, may want to trade with ENTROPY instead; let me know and I'll act accordingly.)

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## EDITORIAL BY TERRY CARR

The concept of a fanzine devoted entirely to reprinting material from old fanzines is not a new one by any means. There have been a number of such fanzines in the past, the first of which I know being Harold W. Cheney, Jr.'s *FANTASY*

ASPECTS, which saw two issues back in 1947. That particular fanzine differed a bit from *ENTROPY*'s approach, though, in that it was published specifically for the NFFF and reprinted from then-current fanzines only, "to enable the Nfffan to pursue the cream of the crop in fantasy with the minimum expenditure of time and money." Apparently NFFF members, then as now, were by and large not too active in general fandom, hence the need for a sort of fanzine-digest for them. (About five years later someone in FAPA -- possibly Harry Warner, who was in the early '50's almost totally inactive outside the Elephants' Graveyard -- suggested a similar publication for Fapans, but no one took him up on it.)

The first fanzine devoted to resurrecting top items from moldy old fanzines seems to have been Henry Burwell's *SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST*, which saw seven issues in 1951 and 52. Along with the reprints, Burwell also featured a column by Walt Willis called The Immortal Teacup, which did an excellent job of recounting early British fanhistory. The connection in interest between the study of fandom's past and the reprinting of material from the older zines is obvious, of course, and the pattern was to re-emerge several times later, most notably in Lee Hoffman's *FANHISTORY*, whose three issues in the mid-fifties each took a historical theme -- Numbered Fandoms, and the fan careers of Jack Speer and Damon Knight, respectively -- and covered it both in original articles and reprinted material.

Walt Willis has been one of our most timebinding fans; he has several times stated that he felt a historical perspective was essential to a healthy fandom. With this thought in mind, he began in *HYPHEN* in the early fifties (during the Seventh Fandom days, when few of the New Guard seemed interested in acknowledging anything before themselves except, perhaps, The Deluge) a department called Toto, devoted to fan-reprints. Contrary to its title, though, Toto didn't always reprint items in their entirety; most of its items, as a matter of fact, were simply excerpts. But it served its purpose in reawakening fans' interest in their collective past, and the column was thus dropped in the late fifties. By that time Ron Ellick had published seven issues of *FANTASTIC STORY MAG*, later *MALIGNANT*, which was mostly reprints; Dave Rike and I were publishing *INNUENDO*, in which we reprinted old items by Burbee, Laney, Harmon and others as well as publishing original articles on fanhistory by Jack Speer and Harry Warner (who revived his *FANVARIETY/OPUS* column All Our Yesterdays for us); a coalition of fans headed by Dick Eney and Redd Boggs was beginning work on *FANCYCLOPEDIA II*; etc.

In 1958 and 59, Alan J. Lewis came out with a new version of *FANTASY ASPECTS*. Though this incarnation of the title was devoted to reprints from older zines rather than to the fanzine-digest concept, in many other respects it paralleled the Cheney



version to an astounding degree. Some of it was intentional, of course: the use of the same title, the similar use of the front cover as a contents page, etc. The first issue, in fact, mentioned that the zine might soon be sponsored by the NFFF, as Cheney's had been -- Ralph Holland and K. Martin Carlson, NFFF stalwarts, were co-editors for this issue. But other aspects of FANTASY ASPECTS echoed the original in less planned, and certainly less happy, ways: the first issue, like Cheney's, listed the publication schedule as quarterly, but by the second issue the schedule was officially "irregular," again like Cheney's. And neither version ever made it to the third issue.

Since the disappearance of the second FANTASY ASPECTS there hasn't been a generally-distributed fanzine-reprint fanzine that I know of. (In SAPS one or two, or maybe three, anonymous fans published occasional issues of PISTOL POINT, devoted to "pirating" material from past fanzines, and in FAPA Bill Evans has published eight issues of REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST, each issue of which reprinted material from a particular old fanzine, but these had restricted circulations.) Most of the fannish archive-work of recent years has been in the form of special single volumes: Ted Johnstone's THE WILLIS PAPERS, Len Moffatt's THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF RICK SNEARY, Bob Bloch's Advent collection THE EIGHTH STAGE OF FANDOM, Dick Eney's A SENSE OF FAPA, Berkeley Fandom's THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE, Bob Lichtman's SOME OF THE BEST FROM QUANDRY, etc. A couple of series of reprint-volumes were short-lived: Guy Terwilleger published BEST OF FANDOM volumes for 1958 and 59 but gaffed before completing the one for 1960; Ted White launched the ASDFGHJKLibrary in 1959 with THE BNF OF IZ by Carl Brandon and THE ADVERSARIES by Kent Moomaw, but got no further.

So it seems to me that the time is ripe for a new reprint fanzine, and ENTROPY is it. Actually, I've been planning this fanzine for a couple of years, but have been held back by the fact that the bulk of my fanzine collection was in storage in Berkeley, three thousand miles away. While I was out there two months ago, though, I shipped the collection east, so I'm now able to go ahead with it. With somewhat mixed emotions, remembering Cheney and Lewis, I'm setting the publication schedule at quarterly. This first issue is being distributed in FAPA, OMPA and SAPS, but future issues will be available only by subscription or letters of comment. (LIGHTHOUSE is my tradezine, so unless you're in FAPA and would get Lths anyway ENTROPY won't be available by trade.) There will be a letter column, beginning with the next issue, since it seems to me that good material is just as commentworthy now as it was in its original appearance. Where it's possible to track them down, the authors of reprinted items will receive copies of the issue in which their material appears and the following issue with comments on it.

Along with the regular magazine, I'm launching a series of Entropy Booklets, the first of which is CRIME STALKS THE FAN WORLD by F. Lee Baldwin. This consists of two stories from the Burbee SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES of 1945 and 46: Crime Stalks The Fan World and its sequel, The Girl With The Muddy Eyes, the latter of which was so long that Burbee had to serialize it. The stories are excellent satires on tough-guy private-eye stories, with authentic fannish themes; Milt Rothman called the latter story "the best piece of fan fiction that ever smashed me in the teeth like a breath of air laden with the fragrance of orange blossoms," so you can see that it's high-class stuff. In addition, there's an Introduction written specially for the volume by Bob Tucker, and cover and illustrations by Ray Nelson. Copies are now available from the publisher (me) at 25¢ each.

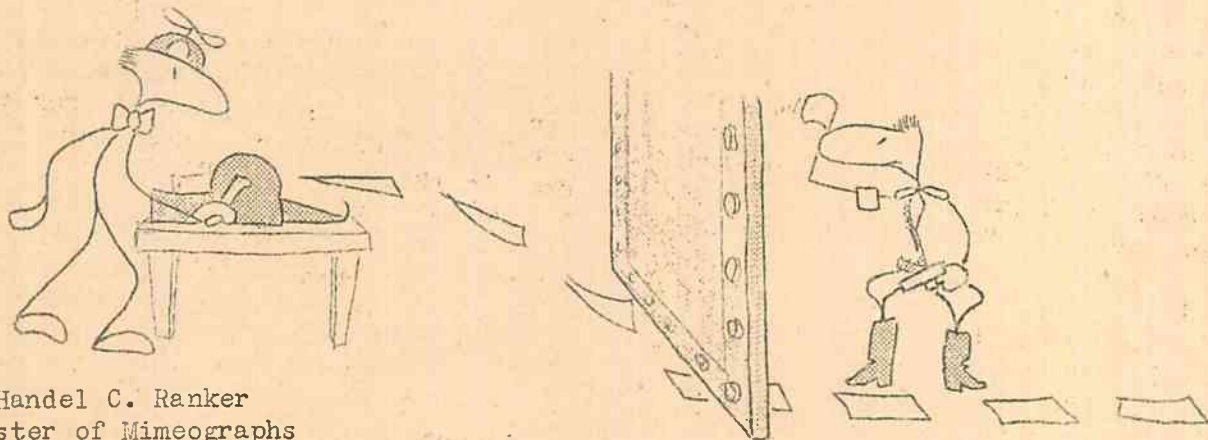
Oh, one last thing -- the title ENTROPY. Well, "entropy" might be called science's ultimate Law of Perversity -- in essence it simply states that anything in the universe, if left to itself, will tend to go to hell. That law has always struck me as inescapably droll, in a 'pataphysical way (Karen Anderson, by the way, uses it as an expletive to replace "Hell!" or "Damnation!"), and since its all-inclusive definition so obviously applies to fandom I think it's perfect for a fanzine title.

Bob Tucker is probably the most active fan in fandom's history, all things considered. Hyperfans come and go, and a few fans stay active intermittently or peripherally over many years, but Tucker, who published one of the very first fanzines (THE PLANETOID, 1932), has remained both consistently and integrally associated with fandom ever since the early '30's. (He has even gone so far as to associate with Robert Bloch.) Among other achievements during those years (Hoy Ping Pong, LE ZOMBIE, SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER, THE NEOFAN'S GUIDE, etc. ad infinitum), he almost single-handedly invented fan-humor -- an example of which appears below, reprinted from the first annish of Gregg Calkins' OOPSIA!

Gregg's original preface explained that a news-item discovered by Jack Speer, reporting that henceforth all mimeographs in Czechoslovakia would be licensed by the government, had given rise to a bit of extrapolation on Tucker's part....

# THE IRON CURTAIN DROPS

BY BOB TUCKER



Mr. Handel C. Ranker  
Minister of Mimeographs  
Prague, Czech.

Dear Mr. Ranker:

A couple of weeks ago I sent 10¢ (American) to Imovar Slobarish who lives at 101 Wagnerstrasse, in Prague, for a copy of his fanzine PLEIADES PIMPLES but he ain't never sent it or sent my money (American) back. Please do something about this.

- Joe Fann

Mr. Josef Fann  
Box 702  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Fann:

Imovar Slobarish doesn't seem to exist.

- Handel C. Ranker



Mr. Handel C. Ranker  
Ministry of Mimeographs  
Prague, Czech.

Dear Mr. Ranker:

Imovar Slobarish exists all right, because the same day I got your letter I finally got my copy of PLEIADES PIMPLES from him. But I guess he doesn't live at 101 Wagnerstrasse anymore because in his editorial he said he was going underground, so I suppose that means in a bomb shelter or whatever you people are building over there.

- Joe Fann

Mr. Josef Fann  
Box 702  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Fann:

I am delighted to hear that at last you have received the publication for which you waited. We in this country strive at all times to cooperate with our friends in the western democracies. In order that I may assist Mr. Slobarish in the future production of PLEIADES PIMPLES, will you please send me the address from which it was mailed?

- Handel C. Ranker

Mr. Handel C. Ranker  
Ministry of Mimeographs  
Prague, Czech.

Dear Mr. Ranker:

That's pretty good of you to help out fanzine editors and I'll bet Imovar will be pleased and surprised when you drop in on him. The fanzine was mailed from the White Horse Inn, Upper Newtownards Road, Brunn, Moravia. I liked PLEIADES PIMPLES so much I've sent Imovar \$1 (American) for a year's subscription. Give good old Imovar a shot in the arm so he can start work on the next issue.

- Joe Fann

Mr. Josef Fann  
Box 702  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Fann:

Imovar Slobarish doesn't seem to exist any more. I'm sorry we cannot refund your subscription, but apparently no records were kept.

- Handel C. Ranker

Mr. Handel C. Ranker  
Ministry of Mimeographs  
Prague, Czech.

Dear Mr. Ranker:

Sorry, but you're wrong again, old boy. No snide cracks intended, but I guess bureaucrats are the same the world over. Good old Slobarish is still cranking them out and the latest issue arrived today -- and a crackerjack number it is, too! Just about the best he's done, although the ink was a little thin in spots. In case you don't know it, Imovar is the number-one humorist of fandom and the lead article in this issue proves it. He has a three-page article on the difficulties of producing PLEIADES PIMPLES and you'd split your sides laughing when he tells about bootleg fanzines, forged licenses, and smuggling copies over the border to be mailed. Why doesn't your office get behind this boy and give him a boost?

- Joe Fann

Mr. Josef Fann  
Box 702  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Fann:

I was pleased to receive your letter and very glad to learn that Imovar Slobarish is still publishing. Believe me, this office wants very much to locate Mr. Slobarish and offer him our services. I would appreciate your sending me his newest address.

- Handel C. Ranker

Mr. Handel C. Ranker  
Ministry of Mimeographs  
Prague, Czech.

Dear Mr. Ranker:

I'd be glad to do a good turn for Imovar. The last copy came from 2215 Benjaminstrasse, Holmes-on-the-Seacoast, Bohemia. And listen, take along a couple of cans of mimeograph ink for him, will you? There were some thin spots in the last issue.

- Joe Fann

Mr. Josef Fann  
Box 702  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Fann:

It becomes my sad duty to inform you that Mr. Imovar Slobarish no longer seems to exist. We at this office shall miss his sprightly wit and his publication.

- Handel C. Ranker



Mr. Handel C. Ranker  
Ministry of Mimeographs  
Prague, Czech.

Dear Mr. Ranker:

Say, what's got into you guys anyway? Believe me, we wouldn't tolerate such ignorance and inefficiency here in this country! Imovar ain't dead -- he sent me another issue just a few days ago. But he certainly is having a hard time of it and your office doesn't seem to be shooting him any help. Why, would you believe it, this new issue was cranked out in the back of a truck! Imovar said in his editorial that he was on the move again and apologized for the sloppy mimeo work, but it couldn't be helped because this truck was rolling pretty fast and it bounced around a lot. Although he didn't explain, I got the impression that he was forced to move and so he turned out the issue during the trip. Why doesn't your office find this boy a permanent place to live? PLEIADES PIMPLES could be so much better then!

- Joe Fann

Mr. Josef Fann  
Box 702  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Fann:

I have taken the matter of Imovar Slobarish and his publication to my superior officers, and we all now agree that the enterprising fellow deserves our closest attention. He has been given a priority, as you Americans would say, and we are leaving no stone unturned in the search for him. You will also be happy to know that Mr. Gregory Ratchet, our Prefect of Police, has prepared a permanent home for him when he can be found. In view of all this, I am sure you will send me his new address when next you hear from him, so that we can make him safe and comfortable as quickly as possible.

- Handel C. Ranker

Mr. Handel C. Ranker  
Ministry of Mimeographs  
Prague, Czech.

Dear Mr. Ranker:

Well, I've heard from good old Imovar again, but I don't think it will be much help to you or him. He didn't send a copy of PLEIADES PIMPLES this time -- he said all his equipment had been seized. He dug up an old hektograph somewhere and printed this little one -shot while he was waiting for a boat, there on the seacoast of Bohemia. Imovar seemed rather unhappy about things -- he's moving out of the country and wants to come to America. He said there was too much regimentation in his own country -- you had to have a license for this and a license for that. And too, some stool-pigeon has been making it tough for him these last few months, forcing him to be on the move all the time. The hektograph sheet wasn't too clear, but I gathered he was pretty sore about everything. I guess your office was too slow in helping him out.

- Joe Fann

Mr. Josef Fann  
Box 702  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Fann:

Please rush me by airmail special delivery the name of the town where Imovar Slobarish is awaiting a ship. Perhaps it still isn't too late.

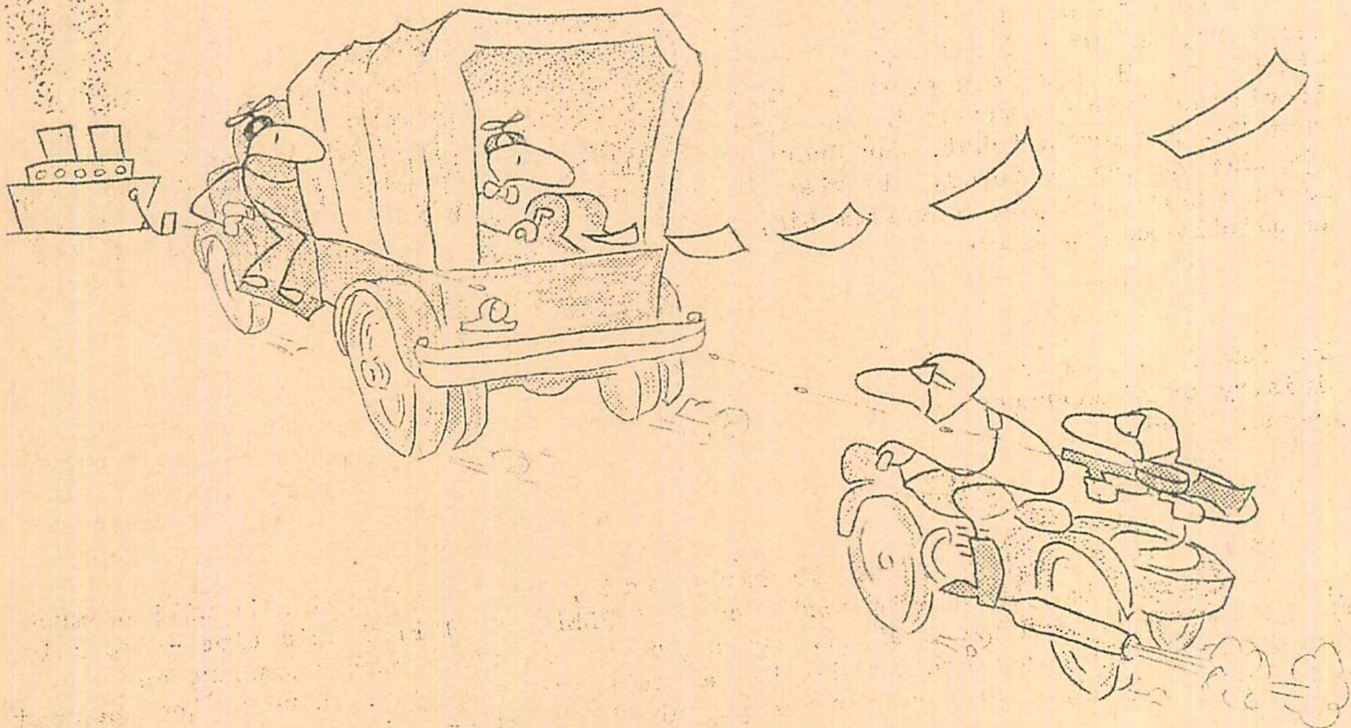
- Handel C. Ranker

Mr. Handel C. Ranker  
Ministry of Mimeographs  
Prague, Czech.

Dear Mr. Ranker:

It becomes my sad duty to inform you that Mr. Josef Fann no longer seems to exist.

- Imovar Slobarish



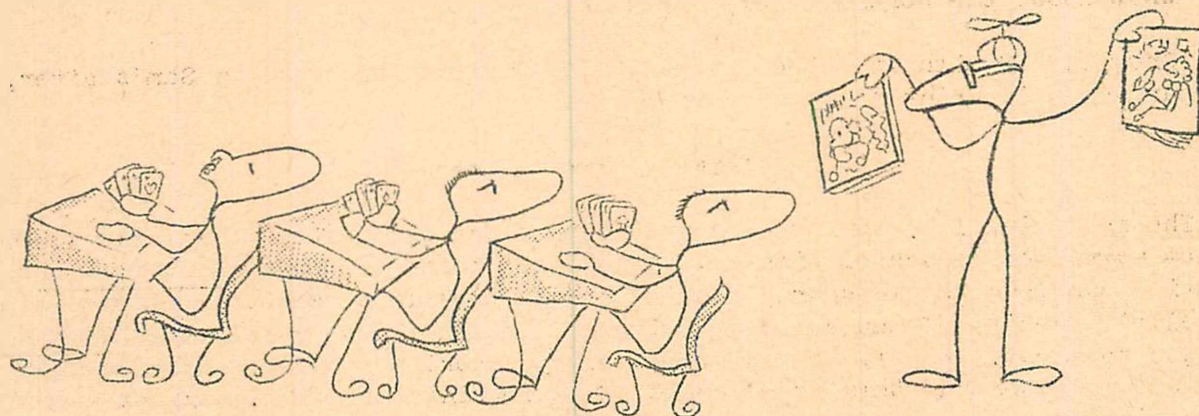


Sam Youd is, of course, better known to fans today as "John Christopher," under which name he's written a number of excellent s-f novels and short stories. He has a long background as a fan, however, and in the following article he recalls some of his earliest fan-memories. The article has both a sense of humor and, for those of us to whom the fan-world of the 1930's is strange and a bit alien, a sense of wonder.

(A sidelight: When I was working for the Scott Meredith Literary Agency, which represents Youd/Christopher, I ran across this article among a group of manuscripts which hadn't yet sold but which were awaiting new possible markets for submission. It had been turned down by everyone from Lowndes to Davidson, undoubtedly because it was a bit too esoteric for the general s-f readership. I suggested that I'd be glad to publish it in a fanzine, but was told that Youd wouldn't go for that sort of thing. While researching back-issue fanzines for this issue of ENTROPY, however, I found that Youd had allowed it to be published in Geoff Wingrove's FISSION back in 1955, so I'm delighted to have the chance to present it here.)

## THE SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE, UPPER FIFTH BRANCH

BY SAM YOUNG



The only academic distinction I ever remember pining for was the degree of Bachelor of Scientifiction (B.Stf.). This, of course, was a product of Uncle Hugo's imagination, and Uncle Hugo's imagination was typical of the science-fiction field, being vulgar as well as wild. As it happened, I never became a B.Stf. I never even got to the point of submitting my carefully compiled papers on what Ed Earl Repp wrote in 1928, because there would have been no point. By the time I had got my third-hand copies of Wonder Stories, the closing date was long past. I had to resign myself to a prospect of remaining perpetually unqualified.

But there was another way to win glory in those halcyon days of the S.F.L., and that was to form a chapter. I, too, could have my name in six-point type, as the founder of the Eastleigh-Winchester group. The only difficulty was finding three others to stock it. (I believe four was the minimum number that would win Uncle Hugo's blessing.)

The obvious -- in fact, the only -- possibilities were my companions at school. They, at times, would graciously borrow copies of my magazines, returning them sadly the worse for wear. Right! They could join me in the S.F.L.

It was bad luck, perhaps, that I was running that year with a hooligan pack. The intellectuals wouldn't have me (I've continued lucky that way) and I had just begun to realize that my earlier ambition of being a professional footballer and/or cricketer was no better than a pipe dream -- the athletes wouldn't have me either.

I put my suggestion to the rest of the pack -- Jock McDowell, Freddy Heath and Chunky Wells. They were at first dubious.

"To hell with that for a lark," Freddy said. "Sit about gassing over that tripe when I could be chasing the skivvies?"

(Freddy, at fifteen, had a remarkably fevered imagination, and had been told some kind of tale, by one of the boarders, about a maid at the School House. As he wasn't a boarder his chances of getting anywhere were very remote, but not for want of brooding on them.)

Chunky said thoughtfully, "Of course, we wouldn't be fool enough to do it in our own time. But what about Hooper's period?"

Hooper, it should be explained, was the geography master. After thirty years of teaching he was interested only in steady drinking and the avoidance of actual work. He was always at least twenty minutes late for the Tuesday afternoon class. He didn't leave the Green Man until ten past two, and it was a ten minute walk to school.

"What about the poker school?" Jock asked.

"Browned off with it," Chunky said. "We'll form this society Sam's after, and have our names in print."

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The following Tuesday I took a selection of recent issues of all the science-fiction magazines to school with me. (All? All three of them. Eheu fugaces!) My intention was that the inaugural meeting should provide a scholarly discussion as to the relative merits of the cover paintings. I had no doubt myself that Wonder Stories provided the best, and if, as was probable, my superior knowledge carried the day, I could see my report on this great event being reprinted in full, perhaps even in seven-point type.

We sat at the back, because we had found that from that position we could continue our poker school, although more quietly, even when Hooper was in the room. So sitting on my desk I rapped it with a ruler, and called to order the first meeting of the Science Fiction League, Upper Fifth chapter.

Lucas, the form prefect, said, "Cut it out, you chaps."

Lucas' trouble was that he was civilized. He could never believe that gentle admonitions to play the game would have no effect.

Chunky said pleasantly, "Go find the tin, Lukie."

He fell. "What tin?"

"The tin that Rin-tin-tin..."

We all laughed uproariously at the wittiness of this repartee. When the laughter, sustained over Lucas' feeble protests, had died, I started again:



"Now the first item on the agenda is a comparison of the covers of these three magazines. I'll pass them round for you to have a look at."

Alas, one of the covers had a girl on it, in less than full dress. Freddy fell on it.

"Coo!" he said. "Watch me drool. By God, look at that -- the left one's almost with us. And look at that ape that's after her. Look at the expression on his face!"

"We're considering the covers from the artistic point of view," I said.

"Nark it. What a filly! Let's have a look at the story -- does it tell you what happens when he gets her?"

"He doesn't get her."

Freddy shook his head. "He would if I'd written it."

Jock said, "Sugar this. I'd rather play poker. It's all a lot of crap."

"The trouble is that it's all beyond your intelligence."

"I like that. Who cribbed my Greek last Friday?"

"That's not the point. These magazines are based on science. They educate you."

Lucas called, "Please keep quiet, you chaps."

"Educate be sugared," said Jock. "So does the Hotspur."

"The Hotspur!" I said, "is suitable for mentally retarded children. Scientists read this magazine."

"Yankee spheroids," Jock said. "It only comes into this country as ballast. Ballast!"

I contested this hotly. "It's not ballast. They're remainders. Unsold copies --they're specially shipped over here."

"Look at this! Recognize it?"

"It" was a monster, supported on various tentacles. What passed for its face was an irregular oval bearing in the center a great scarlet splotch.

"By God!" Freddy said. "It's Hooper!"

Hooper's nose was not as red as that, but it was easy to see the connection.

"Let's have a look at that," Jock said.

He grabbed the magazine and the cover, not too secure in the first place, came right away. I howled with indignation.

"Don't tear it, you B.F.!"

Lucas said, "Oh, really, you chaps."

"It is Hooper," Jock said, holding the cover at arm's length.

"I know," Chunky offered, "let's stick it on the blackboard. I've got some sticky paper."

The three of them marched out to the front of the class. I followed them, hoping to retrieve the cover. Lucas stood up uneasily from where he had been drawing a map of the current watershed.

"He may come in, you know," he told us.

"Spheroids to you," Jock said.

Chunky announced, "Gentlemen, I give you the redoubted Hooper!"

"It's not time for him to come in yet," Freddy said. "Only ten past. He's not left the Green Man yet."

"That's it," Chunky said. He took a piece of chalk and scrawled on the blackboard in straggling capitals: HOOFER LEAVING THE GREEN MAN. He fixed the cover of the monster just above this. The three of them stepped back to admire this handi-craft, preventing me from getting at it to regain my property.

"There's someone coming!" Lucas said. "Chuck it, you chaps."

"Spheroids, spheroids, spheroids," chanted Jock. "He'll be another ten minutes."

Then the door opened.

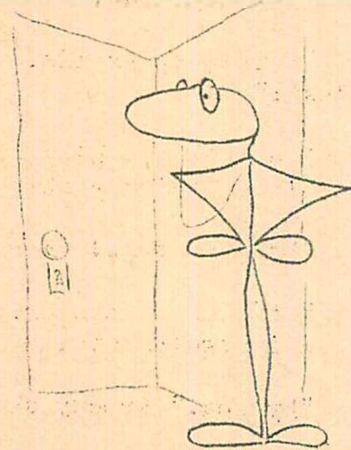
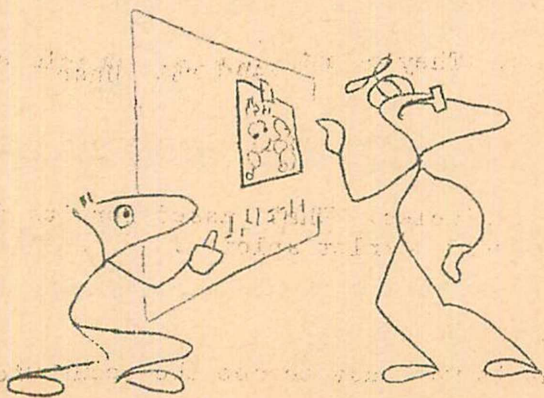
Chunky turned pale; I suppose the others did too, but they weren't in my line of view. Personally, I turned yellow.

"It can't be Hooper," Chunky muttered.

It wasn't. It was the Head.

\*\*\* as \*\*\* .\*\*\*

Thus ended the first, last and only meeting of the Upper Fifth Branch, Science Fiction League. I never got my name into six-point type after all. But it was an occasion to remember.





Dave English is remembered today almost exclusively for his whimsical, surrealist drawings and cartoons, some of the best of which appeared as a series in VOID a couple of years ago, where they were greeted by resounding cries of "Fabulous stuff!" and/or "I don't get it." In his active fanning days early in the 1950's, however, English was also known as a faneditor of interestingly offbeat tastes (FANTASIAS) and as a writer of rather strange things, among them his DIMENSIONS column Lint from a Stfan's Belly Button and the following short story from the first annish of Charles Wells' FIENDETTA ("The Fiendish"): a sensitive tale which probes delicately into the psyche of

# the little boy who bit people

by dave english



Once upon a time, there was a little boy who bit people. He had bitten people right along from since he had teeth, but he found his victims mostly among his playmates. One day, however, his Rich Uncle came to visit.

"Gad, how this young man has grown," he said. He poked the boy in the guts with his thumb.

The boy took a chunk out of him.

Without a word the man walked out of the house, climbed into his sixteen cylinder huff and left in it.

Actually, all along he had intended to leave his money to that cat hospital, but the boy's parents didn't know that.

His father was exceedingly wroth. He whipped the child.

The little boy bit him.

"My God," said the father, "that I should see the day when a son of mine would bite me! Terrible and unnatural monster that you are, to bit your own father! Ah, Lord!"

The little boy felt guilty. He had read child psychology books, and wondered if he shouldn't bite his fingernails. But he didn't feel like it.

Instead he bit his mother.

He was sent to bed without any supper.

The next day, at school, he went mad and in one afternoon bit more children than he had ever bitten before in one day.

This attracted some attention.

A teacher went to visit his parents.

"Mr. and Mrs. Soandso," she said, "today at school your little boy bit twenty children. How about that?"

"Yes," said his mother, "he bites at home too."

"Ah."

"Fiendish and unnatural monster that he is, he has bitten his own father," said the father. "I have lived to see the day he should do this. Ah, Lord!"

Whereupon the little boy bit the teacher.

They took him to a psychiatrist.

"What seems to be the trouble, young man?" he asked.

"I think he has an Oedipus complex," said the teacher. "Or maybe he feels insecure. That'll do it sometimes."

"Is he nuts, doctor?" wanted to know the mother.

"He must be," said the father. "He is an awful and unnatural monster, and I am sorry that I have lived to find him so. Ah, Lord."

"Please," said the psychiatrist. "Please let me interview the boy alone, and then I will reach my conclusion."

The little boy bit the psychiatrist.

They left the two alone.

For two hours they waited without the office. Occasionally there was a shrill cry, and they guessed that the doctor had been bitten again.

"I think it must be an Oedipus complex," said the teacher.

"Do you mean he is nuts?" asked the mother.

"He is certainly unnatural," declared the father.

"I think he must be nuts," said the mother.

At length the door burst open. The little boy ran out and bit his mother, his father, and was kicked in the face by the teacher. But he bit her anyway.



"Did you find out why he bites people?" asked the father.

"Yes."

The teacher asked, "Was I correct?"

"No, no Oedipus complex. I'm sorry."

"Then what...?"

"Why, he simply likes to bite people," said the psychiatrist.



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Walt Liebscher was one of the most prominent fans of the early 1940's: editor of one of the top fanzines of the times (CHANTICLEER), a member of the Battle Creek Slan Shack with Al Ashley, E. E. Evans and Jack Wiedenbeck, a close friend of Bob Tucker (with whom he popularized the cult of the Rosebud), a dedicated fantasy bibliophile, and much etc. After his move to Los Angeles with the rest of the Slan Shackers late in 1945 he gradually faded from the fan scene, though he has remained in peripheral contact to this day, occasionally attending local conventions and such. The poem on the next page originally appeared in Boyd Raeburn's A BAS in 1956, and as far as I know it's Liebscher's last fanzine contribution, though more recently he's had fantasy stories published in such professional zines as Rogue.

(The poem, by the way, has been set to music -- by Liebscher, who performed it one night in 1958 during the Solacon. It is, if anything, even more enjoyable heard that way.)

# I Want To Pass Away In Pasadena

BY WALT LIEBSCHER

(Sung  
tremulously)

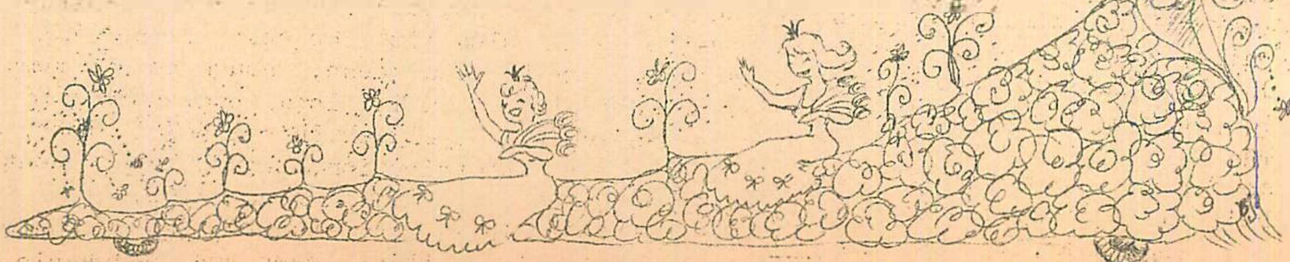
I want to pass away in Pasadena  
In the middle of the Rose Parade  
I'd just love to pass away in Pasadena  
And then my fame and fortune would be made  
I want to jump off a platform  
Higher than a steeple  
I want to do myself in  
In front of a million people  
That's - why - I  
Want to pass away in Pasadena  
In the middle of the Rose Parade

(Spoken, to schmaltzy background)

Oh, I can just see it now.  
Millions of people straining their eyes  
to see the hundreds of gaily festooned floats  
slicing through the early morning smog of New Year's Day.  
And of course my float will be the biggest and  
highest of them all. Millions of lapis lazuli orchids  
rippling over a rose colored fountain.  
Liberace playing the Warsaw Concerto on an organ  
fashioned of three million one hundred and sixty nine  
bird of paradise plumes. And there am I, standing  
on a chrysanthemum tower, 700 feet high, clad in a  
long flowing cape of sea green purple forget-me-nots.  
I can hear the crowd roaring as I doff my cape with a flourish,  
standing there adorned with nothing but a sky blue pink  
orchid covering my breathtaking manhood. Suddenly,  
with a movement as lithe and soothing as a ripply gray dawn,  
I'll plunge a golden dagger in my heart, and as the scarlet  
glory of my virgin blood ripples down the glorious muscles  
of my washboard stomach, I'll jump and soar down to my  
death, through a thousand layers of aspidistras, on to a  
damp sponge soaked in ambrosia and fairy dust.

(Sung)

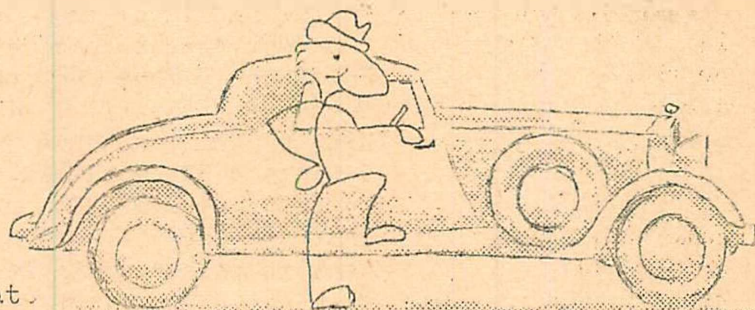
That's - how - I'll...  
Pass away in Pasadena  
In the middle of the Rose Parade  
What a heavenly way to die  
In Pasadena in the middle of the Rose Parade.





Dean Grennell is one of those rare fans who seem to have burst fullblown into fandom, attaining practically instant popularity and respect. (Other, more recent, examples would include Bob Leman and Les Nirenberg.) He entered fandom during the Seventh Fandom hullabaloo, but was never too closely associated with it -- partly because he was older than the Seventh Fandomites, but also because he was obviously more talented. He made a name for himself as a punster and editor of GRUE, one of the best of all fan humorzines, but he has always had his serious side too, as shown in the following piece from Bob Pavlat's Fapazine, CONTOUR.

## HUP NO MO', HUPMOBILE



There is so much in autos, inanimat. that I know they are, that arouses feelings of sadness and nostalgia in me. I think I find it more depressing to drive past a car-graveyard than a people-graveyard, though

BY DEAN A. GRENNELL

probably I wouldn't if the people's place had the inmates lying about on the surface decomposing, all shattered and torn and stretched out in attitudes of agony. I see these old jalopies and I can't help thinking that almost every one of them at some time was a joyous focal-point in someone's life. Every one of them was once selected and its color perhaps carefully picked out and the owner-to-be sat and waited impatiently for the factory to deliver it and one day the phone rang and it was the dealer saying your car's here, come down and get it, and he drove his old car (which, too, had had its day) down for the last time, having carefully turned the seat-cushions in search of odd coins and removed the jack and tire-patch kit, and he drove it into the lot and shut off the switch for the last time and handed the keys to the dealer and Yessir, there she was! a brand-spanking new 1934 Hupmobile Eight with its big disc wheels sparkling black and its deep bottle-green sides reflecting bulgy buildings and fat people with tiny heads in its curving panels and its interior upholstered in light green plush and not even a speck of ground-in mud on the nubbled rubber of its running-boards and the little oval window of its speedometer showed the odometer dial standing at 9.4...rather, 00009.4...and the big wooden wheel with its four precisely dovetailed quadrants was smooth and gleaming and sensuous to touch and the smell, ah, the smell of the thing was best of all! Let Bradbury prate of his scents of sarsaparilla and be hanged. There is not in all the world so rich and opulent a smell as the inside of a new car, the winy tang of the tires, the exotic fruity fragrance of lacquer, the indescribable melange of a hundred tiny smells merged to an unforgettable whole.

So maybe by 1934 the Hupmobiles had hard-rubber steering wheels, I don't know. But the point is all of those cars once smelled new and now look at them. Don't, stick your head through that broken window and sniff at them now in hopes of capturing some fleeting forgotten memory of that one-time smell. The scent of an old car, rotting away in the mercilessly patient attack of rain, sun, snow and ice, is as distinctive as the smell of a new one and as depressing as the new one's is heartening.

I never look at a field of old cars but I think of that original owner, proudly driving it back home and in my mind's eye I share his moment of glory as he feels all eyes on him in envy (whether they are or not is immaterial; the feeling is there) and I sense the excitement as he turns into his driveway and his wife and children come



running to see the new car and he proudly shows her the features ("Look, dear -- four-wheel brakes; the man said they're safer!") and the little boy runs around the car, his dog yapping at his heels, and looks up at the radiator cap which has a little disc-shaped protuberance sticking up with a column of red fluid to show when the radiator is too hot (make that year 1928 or 30 now, uh?) instead of the symbolic spear-shape that will be there one day, making the cars appear bent on assembling a pedestrian shishkebab, and back by the rear wheel the dog, with true canine irreverence, is in the act of baptizing it into the family....

Yes, old cars depress me just as it does to drive past a home for the aged, looking at the people sitting there on the benches like condemned ones in some open-air death row from whence there is, finally, no appeal. I can't help skrenning back and seeing them as babies (and babies they must have been once), as kids, as adolescents, as young-marrieds just coming into parenthood, and so on to where they are now.

I don't know whether I feel the sorriest for them or for some young chap, whose name I've already forgotten. He was nineteen years old and he'll never know the feel of hard bench slats on his stiff old rump and the bitter frustration of staring enviously through his rheumy old eyes at the kids going by, the kids whose only virtue is that they were born after him, kids he used to regard with affectionate contempt because he was a grown man and they were -- well, they were kids -- and now look at them. Somehow they've taken over the whole earth and a cruel fate has refused to make an exception in his case and he's gotten old and tottery and semi-helpless and there's just nothing can be done.

No, as I say, this nineteen-year-old escaped from all that back in 1870, which is when it said he died on his tombstone which sticks up at a wry angle in the little cemetery at Brownsville. I idly noted it while waiting for a customer to meet me there a few months back so we could measure up the school (for a furnace) across the street. I spent a pale sad morning speculating on poor what's-his-name, on what he'd missed and what he'd escaped and whatnot. It even gave his name sort of like "Peter Newcomb's son, Thomas," as if he wasn't a full man on his own hook yet.

I've even thought of looking up the backfiles of the local newspaper, if it goes back that far, to see if it says what happened to him. It's a pity, really, that he died so young, because he was one of those favored ones who picked the year of his birth with skill or luck. If he was born in 1851, he'd have been too young for the Civil War though old enough to enjoy the excitement of it and he'd have been much too old for drafting by the time the Spanish-American War came along...ah those lucky generations that are born between wars!

I shot pix for the Milwaukee Journal a couple weeks ago of a wreck where an Imperial had suh-MEARED a 54 Olds. A sad sight...both from Chicago, one going on vacation, one returning. The Imperial was the most de luxe model possible, with air-conditioning and everything...seven gees if a dime. Both of them were packed with the junk people lug along on vacations. I could picture them stuffing it into the car and hollering over their shoulders, hey dijja get the thermos jug? well get it! and like so, little knowing that in a few hours it would be the least important thing in the world whether the thermos jug was along or not.

You know, I think sometimes if a person could fully comprehend the intrinsic tragedy of life itself he would go quite mad in an instant.



Jack Darrow is almost totally unremembered today, but back in the 1930's he was one of the biggest of the Big Name Fans. In those days a fan could establish a reputation solely by writing letters of comment to the prozines, and this was how Darrow made his mark. (Sam Moskowitz says several times in The Immortal Storm that Darrow and Ackerman were "the most prominent letter-writers of the day".) Obviously, then, Darrow had the experience to write the definitive takeoff on prozine letter-hacking in the '30's, and he did so in the Spring 1937 issue of THE FOURTEEN LEAFLET, the o-o of the Chicago SF Club. While he was at it he also deftly satirized T. O'Connor Sloane, the almost-incredibly deadpan nonagenarian who edited Amazing Stories at the time.



## A BIT OF TRAVESTY ON FAN LETTERS BY ONE WHO WRITES THEM

BY JACK DARROW

Editor: Frightful Tales,

I am but  $6\frac{1}{2}$  years of age and have been reading your marvelous magazine for the past 17 years -- ever since I was a boy. I think it's wonderful, your magazine (or should I say OUR magazine) I mean. The illustrations are punk, except those by Paul -- he being the reason why I think Frightful Tales is so frightfully well illustrated.

Your smooth edges are always cutting my fingers. Couldn't you have rough ones? I think your readers are horrid. They're always complaining about something. A magazine can't be perfect -- especially Frightful.

There was something else -- oh yes, the stories. I enjoyed them all -- except Blotto Sinder's, White Swan Who Floats in a Sea of Milk in a Blizzard at the North Pole in the Winter Time. In the first place so much milk could hardly be obtained in large enough quantities to make a sea. Where would all the cows come from? Also, in such cold temperatures a white swan could hardly float -- the milk being frozen. You've heard of ducks caught in the ice, haven't you? And, why did the story have to take place in the winter time? The Pole can have blizzards in summer also -- it's cold then too, you know. There are no white swans at the North Pole anyway. And besides I consider the whole thing very silly.

Hack Harrow

(It is a pleasure to receive a letter from one so young from the Antipodes. Letters from the fairer sex always intrigue us. We think you a bit hasty in your remarks, as young readers are wont to be. We get the pun in your comment on our illustrators. We think Paul will bear the news well. Paul-bearer -- heh, heh. We don't know exactly what to do about the edges. If they were rough, our readers would probably saw their fingers off. Perhaps if we had no edges --. In the meantime, we recommend iodine. Your comment on our readers is appreciated. It is letters like yours that make us feel as though we were doing a good job. Your comments on Mr. Sinder's frightful tale are uncalled for. After all we can't please all of our readers. How do you know there are no White Swans at the North Pole; have you ever been there? Our author has and brought back a photo of the scene in question. In answer to your remark on the milk being frozen -- milk freezes at a lower temperature than water. Milk keeps better when frozen anyway. Again we thank you for your constructive criticism. We hope our future issues will please you as well.

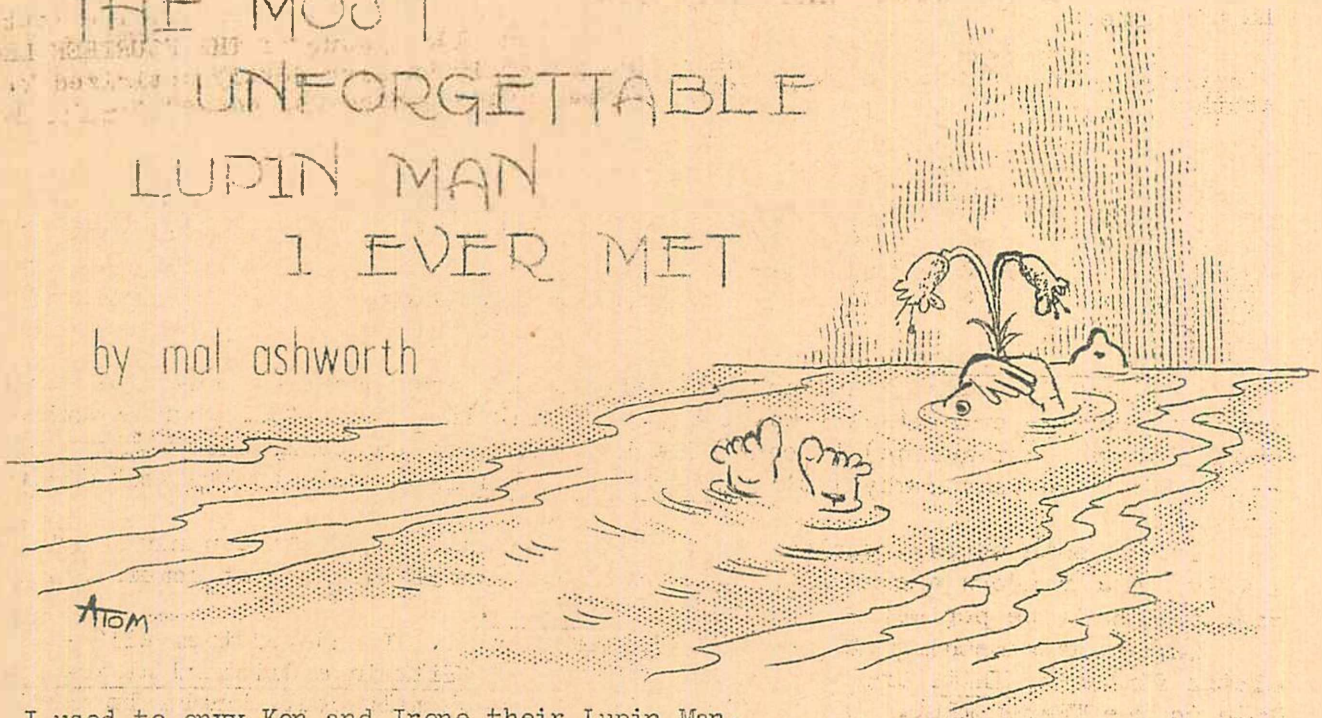
T. O'Frightful Slow.)



Mal Ashworth was one of the best of the very fine group of English humorists of the early and mid-1950's which also included Vinç Clarke, Chuch Harris, Ken Bulmer, Paul Enever and Ken & Irene Potter, to name just a few. Ashworth first appeared on the fan scene early in 1954 coediting with Tom White a fanzine called BEM, which looked like a crudzine but read like an uninhibited HYPHEN. He contributed wit and whimsy to virtually all the major English fanzines for the next few years, but gradually lapsed into fafia under the increasing responsibilities of marriage and jobs. His nomination for TAFF in 1960 resulted in a fannish Indian summer during which he wrote a number of fine funny articles like his Legends of Lancaster Layabouts series in CRY and the following piece which appeared in the Potters' fanzine BRENN-SCHLUSS (which looked like a crudzine and read like an uninhibited BEM).

# THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE LUPIN MAN I EVER MET

by mal ashworth



I used to envy Ken and Irene their Lupin Man.

This was when they had a flat in Lancaster; they had the ground floor, on the floor above lived a scoutmaster, and on the floor above him (or "the attic," as it was quaintly called) lived "The Lupin Man". We never saw him except from a distance, but it struck us, as Ken and Irene talked about him, that it must be a fascinating existence living in such close proximity to such a colorful character. The last time we were there he had gone out floating on the nearby canal, and had already been gone three weeks. It isn't difficult to imagine how envy might creep in under such circumstances.

The other night, however, Sheila and I took stock of our own current collection of characters, and we suddenly realized that our envy was misplaced: we were in fact the fortunate ones. How could a solitary Lupin Man, no matter how bouyant he might be on canals, compare with a list like ours, which included such prize specimens as "Sloshing Socrates," "The Dripping Milk Man," "The Smiling Lady," "Horseface Anna," and the ubiquitous "Buggerlugs"? Not to mention "The Man With The Slipped Face".

Those of course are only the most obvious examples, the ones which spring first to mind; a little judicious casting around soon swells the collection. There are "Big Momma" and "Big Daddy," who live next door to us, their daughter "Mad Aggie" who lives across the street with her husband, "Big Bopper," and next to them "Johnny Guitar" and his Woman. Then somewhere along the end of the street, or round the back of the street, or in the nearby allotments, or in an adjacent dustbin shed, or some-



where on that way, lives "The Burning Grass Man". (How delectably Bradburyish that looks in cold print!) These, unlike the previous set of Characters, are local residents, and can be ignored for the moment (a system which works admirably well the majority of the time; oh, we are very social minded citizens!), as this is mainly intended as a brief survey of Characters who momentarily Cross Our Path, and as soon are gone. In this category are included "Old Herbert," "The Little Gas Man," "The Mining Engineer," and "Maddy"; and it would never do to leave out such stalwarts as "Jabberwocky," "Gunk Johnnie" and "Holy Mary". Among those who have now happily faded from the scene, one thinks immediately of "Quasimodo," of "Whistler and His Mother," and of "The Laughing Man," and I am quite sure there are many others hiding somewhere below the surface if I cared to search for them and drag them out into the daylight.

Once again, compared to Ken and Irene's uncomplicated relationship with their Lupin Man, our own delicately interwoven associations with these various characters seem vastly complex. Their only contact with the Lupin Man would be when he bobbed his head round their kitchen door and said to Irene, "I've brought you some lupins, love." This he did, I understand, about seven hundred and thirty times the first week he moved in, and I suppose it must have been around this time that he was christened; after that he began to feel rather more at home, and Irene's weekly supply of lupins began to dwindle somewhat. But even after the supply had slackened off to a mere fifty or so bunches per week, the name somehow stuck. And, of course, when he went off on prolonged canal floating expeditions they would not see him for weeks at a time, and the house gradually became lupinless.

Now compare this simple, idyllic state of affairs to our contact with, say, Sloshing Socrates. (I have never been completely happy about this appellation for this particular mountainous, shambling hunk of semi-humanity. The truth of the matter is that the real Socrates rates very near top place in my All Time Admiration List, and to have his name attached to this snuffling caviller, however ironically, makes me rather uneasy at times.) We are not overly keen on Sloshing Socrates; perhaps no one thing that I can put my finger on altogether accounts for this, unless it is the fact that we hate his very guts. But there are a number of small points which when added together may help to explain our aversion. Sloshing Socrates travels on the same bus as we do in an evening. He snuffles his way upstairs, snuffles all the way up the aisle at the side of the bus, opening every window he passes, and sits, quite often, on the very front seat. Now these buses have been specially constructed by congenital imbeciles for cretinous morons, and this suits Sloshing Socrates to a T; the fact of the matter is, in addition to all the side windows, they also have windows at the front which open, and Sloshing Socrates apparently feels divinely impelled to make use of this function quite without regard for such irrelevant matters as exterior circumstances. Hail, rain, snow, fog or sub-zero temperatures, he opens these windows too. Completion of stage one. Then, having made himself comfortable (which consists of settling down into his seat to an almost unbelievable extent, by virtue of long and intense shufflings and bouncings), and everyone else distinctly uncomfortable, he takes out his matches and lights his pipe. If you imagine flushing an ancient toilet at dead of night in a corrugated iron hotel, you are beginning to approach the reality of the sound effects accompanying this; it must have been some similar function, I feel sure, which inspired Handel's "Water Music". Two minutes later, he takes out his matches again, and again lights his pipe, fortissimo. One minute and thirty seconds later, he does the same again, FORTE. One minute later, he repeats the operation, CRESCENDO. It is a forty minute journey. Completion of stage two. Then, as the bus fills up, somebody inevitably ends up sitting next to him; in between puffs, and sloshes, and the striking of matches, he immediately starts up a conversation which is not so much a matter of verbal intercourse as of Sloshing Socrates addressing the whole top deck of the bus on his view on This, That, and, without fail, the Other. This he does in a high, nasal, complaining whine. Com-



pletion of stage three. It may be, of course, that he has been specifically sent down from Heaven to Earth as a Light and a Savior unto the modern generation, but that is not the way we see him.

On the other hand, a character such as The Dripping Milk Man is quite harmless and inoffensive, and even, in his own retiring fashion, likeable. He is a Morning Bus Character, and stands quietly at the stop holding a mysterious brown bag, too small for a briefcase and yet too large to hold just a toothpick. The day he stood there unaware, though, while his mysterious bag dribbled large blobs of milk into a white pool at his feet, the mystery was, in a sense, solved. Since that morning, however, he has never dribbled milk again, and for all we know he may be carrying cocoa in his bag now, or even moonshine whiskey, but he doesn't really look the type. In all other respects, except one, he is quite unremarkable; the one is his absence. On the rare occasions when he is not standing at the bus stop, his place is occupied by two other people -- a little curly black grandmother and a pale, bespectacled, spotty-faced boy. They stand side by side, never speaking to one another; when the bus arrives, they sit side by side never speaking to one another, and they get off at The Dripping Milk Man's stop, still never speaking to one another. What sort of occupation is his, we sometimes wonder, which can be carried out equally well by one small, silent curly black grandmother and one equally small, equally silent, neurotic looking young boy, who may even be perfect strangers to each other? Perhaps we shall never know.

In between the extremes represented by Sloshing Socrates and The Dripping Milk Man come such people as The Smiling Lady, who, Shiela insists, smiles at her every time she sees her, since the day Shiela saw her sitting up in bed; The Man With The Slipped Face, a Morning Bus Character who would probably have lived out his life in anonymous obscurity except for the fact that one day when he caught the bus we noticed that his face had all fallen away to one corner (thus giving rise to our modernized version of the old Fats Waller number "I Don't Like You Cause Your Face Falls Out"); and Noddy, who amuses us almost every morning of the year (ungrateful wretches that we are, we might at least have sent him a Christmas Card in recognition of his efforts!) by his frantic noddings and bobbings and gyrations in the roadway to try and induce the already overflowing bus to stop and pick him up. Buggerlugs, too, might be described as a middle of the road sort of character, since all he did to earn recognition and identification was to take to sitting on our favorite seat on the bus (a distinction shared with The Mining Engineer); and Holy Mary is another of the gray ghostly crew of half-anonymous characters, though I seem to recall hearing her name mentioned in connection with a pretty important position of some kind.

I will pass over most of the others, each with his or her own little something, and conclude with the colorful couple who are perhaps my favorites, Horseface Anna and Old Herbert, and their delightful little morning drama. Old Herbert is already on the bus when it arrives at our stop; he has boarded it somewhere further back along the route. Or perhaps he has come from the depot with the bus; perhaps when they trundle all the buses out in a morning they trundle Old Herbert out too; maybe he sleeps on the bus, or even lives his whole life on the bus shuttling backwards and forwards and never leaving it, I couldn't say for sure. But certainly every time we see him there he is sitting on the bus, upstairs, second seat from the front. Horseface Anna gets on at our stop; she is the sort of "young lady" in her late thirties who calls herself a "young lady" and all her male acquaintances "gentleman friends". Old Herbert is the sort of faded small businessman who calls himself a "businessman" and Horseface Anna a "young lady". They get along famously together. So...the stage is set. Horseface Anna steps on the bus before us, minces up the stairs and along the aisle and stands quietly just to windward of Old Herbert's shoulder. Pause; the climax. A few seconds elapse. (Us standing breathless behind.) Then -- rapid denouement -- Old Herbert looks up, face registers profound surprise.



"Good morning!" he gasps. Then he climbs laboriously down from his seat, she minces along to sit down on the inside, he climbs laboriously back again, and we breathe again and sit down to recover from the excitement. For two years we have been catching this bus, and every morning for two years we have been watching this little drama, and every morning for two years Old Herbert has been astounded beyond words to find Horseface Anna standing at his shoulder, and I'm afraid I just couldn't bear it if he ever got used to the idea of her being there and started taking her for granted. All the same, I must admit to an occasional vague longing in the murkiest depths of my unexplored subconscious to borrow a gorilla from some sympathetic zoo and, just for one morning, let it take Horseface Anna's place in the bus queue and go through her routine to stand, finally, just behind Old Herbert's shoulder. But this is mere fantasy.

So on the whole, we feel that Ken and Irene are entitled to their Lupin Man.



