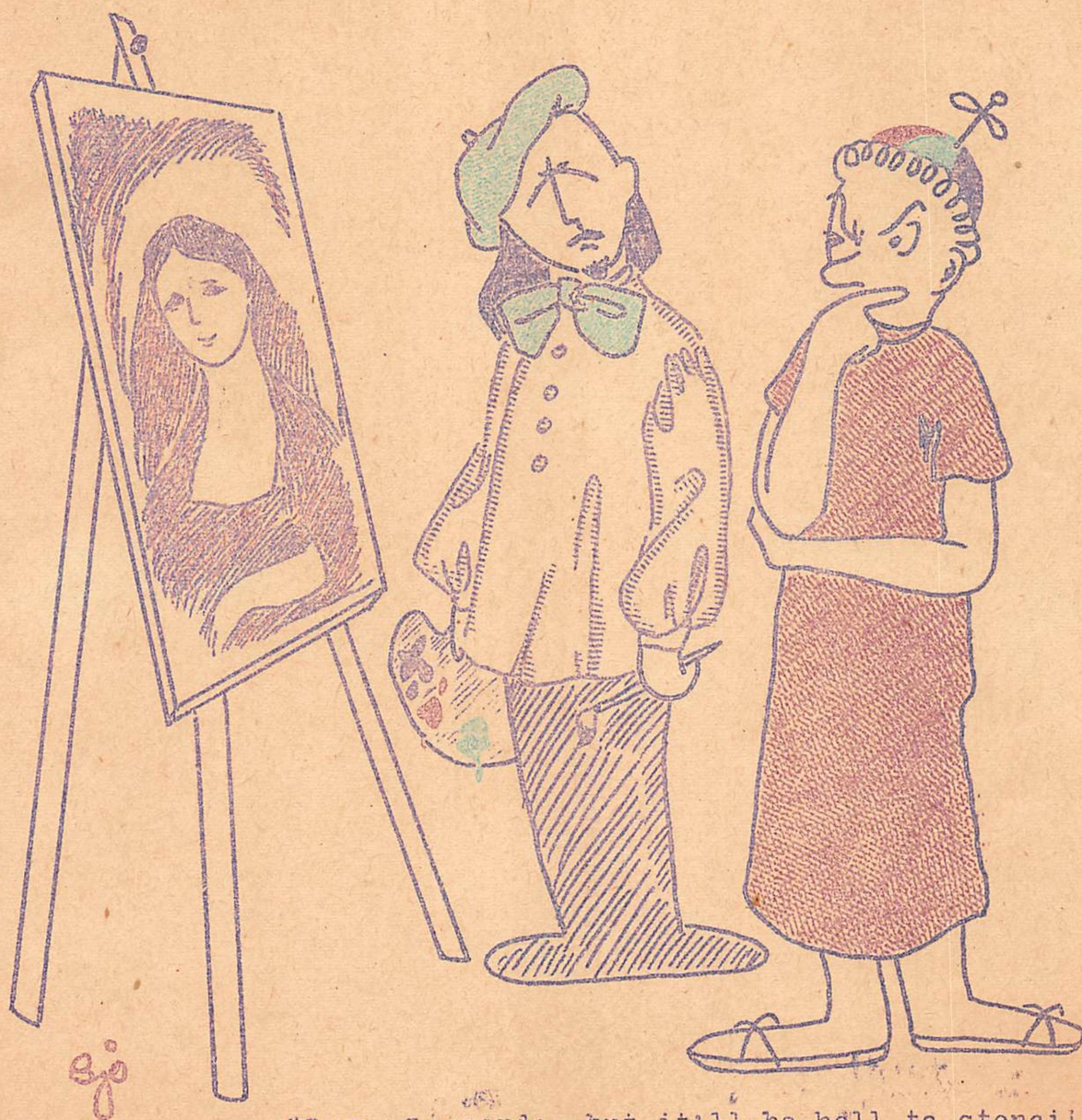


Innuendo No. 8

Through History With J. Wesley Trufan, #2:



"Sure, Leonardo, but it'll be hell to stencil!"

INNUENDO

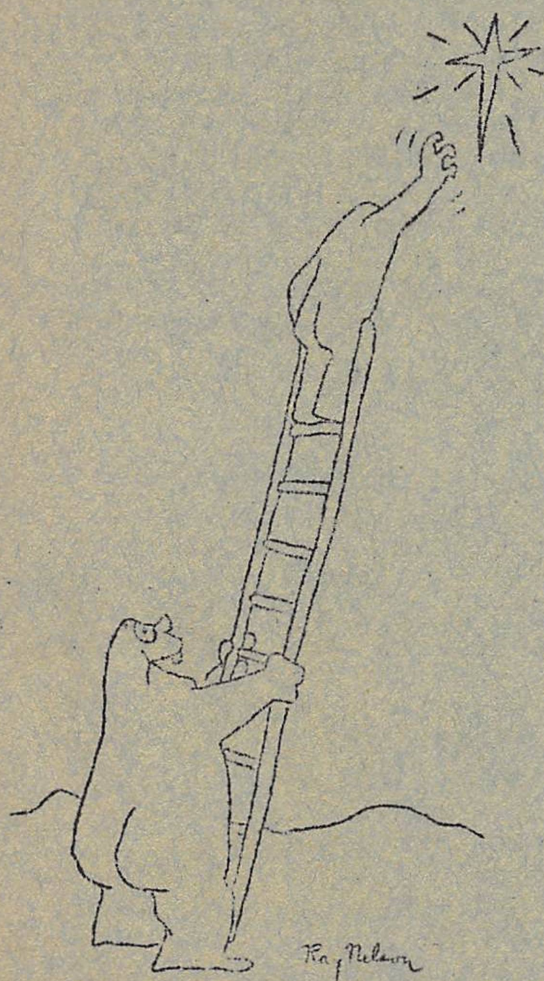
Made in Berkeley by publishing giants

inn a mist Terry Carr
On The Road (part one) Carl Brandon
Words Without Music Rog Phillips
The Art of William Rotsler Robert Bloch
Adventures in Fandom Bill Donaho
Moving to New York
Remodeling the Cold-Water Flat
All Our Yesterdays Harry Warner, Jr.
Innvective innmates

Cover by Bjo

Bacover by Nelson

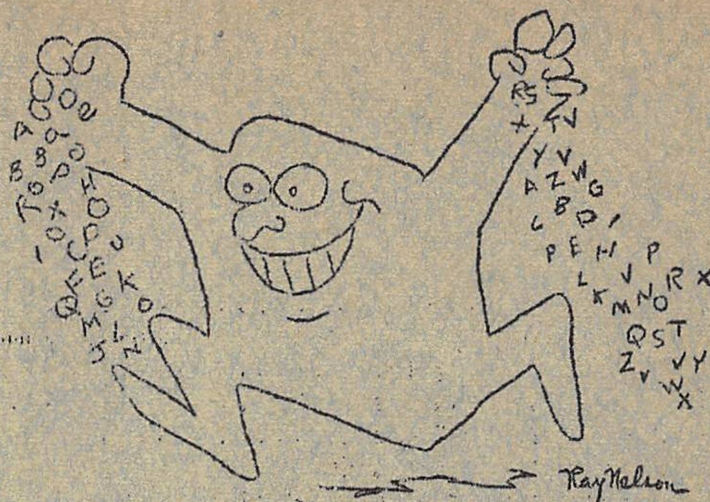
Cartoons by Bjo, Nelson, and Rotsler



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This is issue number 8, August 1958.

inn a mist



THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE is another result of the meeting of two fine minds, only one of whom is me. Bjo is the other individual involved. As somebody (me) once said, "With my fine mind and Bjo's fine lines, we can make fannish history." Last issue we had the comical strip "Alexander" (which will be continued in the next Inn, most likely)--this issue it's the cover and the illos for the lettercolumn, for which I again supplied the ideas. Bjo doesn't need a script-writer, though--she has a fine sense of humor all her own which is quite well displayed in MIMSY, published by her and Steve Tolliver, available at 733 N. Findlay, Montebello, California, and Recommended.

This particular cover, another in the J. Wesley Trufan series which Dave and I started in Inn #5, is an idea that's been sitting around for months and months now. Dave said he couldn't draw the Mona Lisa, protesting that he was no da Vinci. (Anyone who knows Dave at all will tell you that the mere idea of Dave being like Leonardo da Vinci is preposterous.) Well, Bjo and several of the other L.A. fans visited Berkeley earlier this year, and I suggested that she draw it. She agreed without hesitation.

"Fine," I said, "but are you sure you can draw the Mona Lisa?"

"Well," she said archly, "I'll fake it!"

A FEW YEARS AGO the center of fanactivity in London was the legendary White Horse Inn, where the London Circle met every week prior to the move to the Globe. Imagine our delight, then, when we discovered that the nearest liquor store to our Dwight Way slancenter was called the White Horse Inn. We had visions of constructing the rest of the Tower to the Moon out of bheercans from this establishment of legendary name.

Unfortunately, things didn't work out suitably for that. The first time we visited the place was shortly after Dave had lost his wallet, and with it his I.D. card proving that he was over 21. He did, however, have a 9" x 12" photostat of his birth certificate, which he brought along in a manila envelope. Marching into the White Horse Inn, he picked out some bheer and brought it up to the counter. The salesman, a dull fellow with myopic mental horizons, took a look at Dave, who was 23 and looked it, and asked for an I.D. Dave showed him the birth certificate, removing it from the manila envelope with a flourish.

Now, this document, larger than a fanzine and much more official-looking, had in the past served as identification for Dave whenever needed. To say that it mollified liquor salesmen is an understatement--it completely demolished them. But not this staunch upholder

inn a mist--II

of respectability. He peered at it, turned it over, turned it upside-down, read it two or three times, and muttered, "yes sir, this certainly does prove that David Rike is over 21. Now--who is David Rike?"

"I am," said Dave.

"Well, do you have some identification?" said the salesman.

Dave explained that he had lost his wallet and that was why he'd brought the photostat along instead. "Yes," said the salesman, "but how do I know that you're David Rike?"

Ron and I were there with him, and we offered feebly to identify him, but the guy apparently didn't feel we were reliable references. He said he would freely admit that David Rike was 23, but that he didn't know who David Rike was.

Ron ventured the opinion as we left that should Dave ever want to buy liquor there again with just the photostat, he should have his name tattooed on his posterior. "After all," said Ron, "who else would have the name Dave Rike tattooed on his ass?"

We didn't go back there again for several months--not until February 19 of this year, in fact. That was the day I turned 21. It was almost eleven-thirty at night, and Pete and I were driving around in his Jaguar, when I suddenly said, "By damn, here I have turned 21 today and I haven't yet bought any liquor. And it's close to midnight! Let's head for a liquor store."

We were only a few blocks from the White Horse, so we went there. We went in and I got a quart of bheer. The salesman asked me for an I.D. I showed him mine, which proclaimed that I had been born on February 19, 1937:

"February 19," he said. "That makes you 20 until midnight tonight."

"No," I said, "I turned 21, according to law, at midnight last night."

"No no," he said, "you were born on February 19, 1937. Twenty-one years from then is midnight tonight. You won't be 21 for half an hour yet."

Well, Pete and I tried to explain to him the functions of mathematics and help him to coincide the calendar with the territory, but it was useless.

We finally gave up and went a couple of blocks down the street, where I bought a quart of bheer and wasn't even asked for an I.D. And I haven't been asked for identification since.

CARL BRANDON, that fine young man whose writings in Inn have done much to make it a success, is a moldy-fig jazz fan. That is to say, he likes New Orleans style jazz, mistrusts Chicago style, looks askance at swing, and is absolutely appalled by bop or anything thereafter. He is not dogmatic about his tastes, however--in fact, he was once heard to admit that Roy Eldridge was probably human.

Nonetheless, Carl has a sense of humor about it all. A couple of months ago he came by with a book on jazz written by Rex Harris, an English jazz historian who is the most narrow-minded moldy fig I've ever encountered. Carl delighted in pointing out passages in Harris' book which reached the heights of ridiculousness--the criticisms of Louis Armstrong's Hot Five recordings because they were not in the New Orleans ensemble-improvisation manner, etc. Carl was chuckling delightedly over every page. "This is just wonderful," he kept saying.

Finally he looked up and said, "Terry, I think I may write a

inn a mist--III

fannish satire on this book. This is really rich."

"How would you manage transposing it into fannish terms?" I asked.

"Oh, that would be easy," he said. "I'd have Bob Tucker as Bunk Johnson--First Fandom Is Not Dead and all that, you know--and maybe Bill Evans as Lu Watters." He thought for a minute longer. "And to top it all off," he added, "I'd have Ray C. Higgs as Guy Lombardo."

RON AND I WERE visiting Poul and Karen Anderson when Karen said, "I had an interesting idea the other day. What if there is some correlation between astrology and heredity? The implications are fascinating."

We threw the idea around awhile. Karen's idea, as I recall it, was that since one's life is influenced by the stars (according to astrology), obviously this would mean the birthdates of one's children would also be influenced--whatever sign they were born under would depend on the astrological influences on the parents. Thus astrological influences would be passed on from generation to generation.

"It would be just like heredity," said Karen.

We were intrigued by the idea, and discussed the possibilities of dominant and recessive constellations, and of the chances of galactic drift.

"The influence of the stars must travel at the speed of light," said Poul, "because we're never affected until the light from the stars reaches us. Stars which have been dead for millions of years still influence us because the light they gave off long ago is just reaching us."

"Possibly the whole explanation of astrology is in the light itself?" I suggested. "Maybe astrological influences are carried in ultraviolet rays or something."

Poul regarded this dubiously, on the grounds that almost all the ultraviolet light reaching the earth is dispersed in the upper atmosphere and never reaches us. But granting my premise for the sake of the discussion, we kicked around the idea that maybe when men made their way out of the atmosphere they'd be bombarded by the astrological influences of the unfiltered ultraviolet rays in the vacuum of space. And somewhere around in here the conversation got out of hand.

Interesting people, the Andersons.

PETE GRAHAM WAS READING Boucher's article on science fiction which appeared in Playboy recently, and grimacing all through it. When he finished it he looked up and said, "I think I'll start a Society for the Abolition of Articles About Stf which Tell About How the F.B.I. Stepped in on Campbell and Cartmill in 1941. It'll be a division of the Society to Stamp Out Articles on Jazz which Tell About How It Started in New Orleans and Came up the River."

AS YOU MAY WELL KNOW, several of us in Berkeley recently published a volume of Burbee material--the best of his writings over a span of fifteen years, titled THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE. Totalling over 100 pages, it sells at 75¢, and is available from Ron or me. If you've liked the Burbeeana in Inn, then you'll certainly like THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE. I recommend that you buy it--I personally, Terry Carr, who gets a cut of the money coming in for copies, recommend that you buy it.

The thing has been selling well, and we'll probably have to run a second edition. Fortunately, we saved all the stencils, suspecting that such a volume would be a fannish best-seller. I doubt that

you'll ever see it listed as a Book-Of-The-Month Club selection, but that means nothing. Charles Burbee, within his own very select field, is a best-selling author.

I wrote to him and told him this. When we first published the thing and announced that copies would be for sale, Burb laughed and predicted a total sale of one copy. However, we have now sold about twenty dollars' worth of the things, and I crowed over this to Burbee. "Why, we are even able to mail it at book rates," I told him. "You are the author of a book, Burbee!" Burbee laughed.

"It is selling so well," I told him once, "that we are thinking of issuing it again in two parts, Volume One and Volume Two, each selling at 50¢. This is an old publishing trick. Then, if it continues to sell, we will print each article separately and sell them at 10¢ apiece, calling the series The Little Burbee Library."

WE'VE HAD A LOT OF FUN with this Burbee collection. One of Burb's favorite stories about Laney is the one about how he, Burbee, mimeographed AH, SWEET IDIOCY for Laney, but forgot to save a copy for himself. Laney was selling them at some fantastic price which was thoroughly as ridiculous as the 75¢ we are charging for THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE. A couple of months after it was published, Burb discovered his lack of a copy, and he said to Laney, "Meyer, I don't have a copy of AH, SWEET IDIOCY. Since I ran it off for you, you will of course be happy to give me an extra copy."

Laney looked at him and said with his mouth, "Copies of AH, SWEET IDIOCY are available from the publisher at \$1.00 a copy."

Burbee loves to tell this story. He will chuckle and shake his head in amazement, even after all these years, at the thought of Laney trying to charge him money for a publication which he had mimeographed himself.

Well, we published THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE for the occasion of Burb's birthday party this year. We took copies and distributed them to all of the guests at the party, who chortled and laughed and guffawed as they paged through it. Burbee wandered around looking proud and confused and reluctantly modest, until at last a thought struck him and he came up to a couple of us and said, "Where is my copy of this collection of high-class material which I myself wrote?"

"Copies of THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE," we said in unison, "are available from the publishers at 75¢ a copy."

We had been rehearsing it for days.

AS USUAL, I SEEM to have gotten onto the subject of Charles Burbee. This is not surprising, for when I think of amusing anecdotes I think of this Burbee fellow, who is a master of the art. Whenever we see him, we make it a point to have him tell funny stories for a couple of hours, as he loves to do.

Ron has heard more of Burbee's stories than I have, for he has known Burbee longer. Burbee has several times visited Ron's place in Long Beach for FAPA assembly sessions and parties and such. On one such occasion, Isabel Burbee even got to telling stories, which she does almost as well as her husband (which makes her the most talented of the two, since I doubt that Burbee can cook half as well as she can). Isabel was telling Ron's mother and other people fantastic tales of Burbee's manliness and virility--tales which made even Charles Burbee blush. ("Listen to her!" he kept saying to Ron. "Listen to that nonsense she's saying! Why, I've never--why, that's nonsense!")

inn a mist--V

And Isabel continued to talk of his amazing virility. "Charles doesn't kiss me goodbye when he leaves for work in the morning," said Isabel. "He says it would take too long."

Ron's whole family, it seems, knows the Burbees well. In fact, Ron's younger brother was going around with Burbee's daughter Linda for awhile.

"Burbee," said Ron, "do you realize that if Noel and Linda should get married, you'd be my uncle-in-law?"

Burbee shook his head in amazement at the concept. "I realize that," he said. "I realize that now."

"And," I said, "you would have Ron running around underfoot all the time, calling you Uncle. Why, Burb, imagine yourself sitting right here in your living room, with Ron at your feet saying, 'Tell me a story, Uncle Meyer!'"

IN THE LAST ISSUE of Inn, there was a quote attributed to John Bristol--one of the filler-quotes which delight me as well as you fine-minded readers. It was an innocuous thing which told of how Bristol (a penname used by Jack Speer many years ago) had found a dead moth in his copy of LE ZOMBIE when it arrived in the mail.

We had hoped to get a letter from Speer about this quote, but we haven't heard from him. I wonder if he read the issue. If he did, I'm quite sure he must have realized that the quote was a fake. Speer didn't write that in 1942--Ron wrote it in 1958.

That's the sort of thing which you have to expect from us around here, though. We've been pathological hoaxsters for all our fannish days. (References to a certain unfortunate hoax several years ago will not be appreciated.) There was the time, many years ago, when we introduced Dave Rike to Boob Stewart as a neofan from Redding named Tom Condit, and the time we introduced Keith Joseph to Vorzimer, saying he was Dave Rike (Vorz then thought up the magnificent hoax of introducing "Rike" to the other Southern Califen of the time as Keith Joseph--now there was a mixed-up hoax for you!). And there was the time, a couple of years ago, when Pete published his Cultzine. Many Cultzines around that time contained photos of the editor, since the circulation was so small (thirteen or so). Pete left a large blank spot on the contents page of his zine, and dabbed library paste there, so that it would look like there had been a photo there but it had fallen off. We were all disappointed when nobody noticed it.

There have been all sorts of other hoaxes pulled by us, too, from the time Boob Stewart announced that I was just a penname for Pete, to the fake feud I had with Larry Stark in the Cult last year in order to stir up interest.

Someday we'll have to pull a really big hoax and plunge all fandom into war.

WE RECENTLY MET some more fans here in the Bay Area: Lou and Cynthia Goldstone, who are now living in San Francisco. The older members of the audience will remember Lou as a San Francisco fan of fifteen years ago, publisher of FANTASIA, fan-artist, and so forth. He's been out of the area for some time now--last year he and his wife were living in Phoenix, Arizona.

Forry Ackerman had told them that old-time stf author Richard Tooker was living there too, so when they were at an art exhibit and saw a painting signed with that name they wondered if it might be the same man. It was a fantastic painting, looking for all the world like the finger-painting of a kindergarten boy--fantastic

inn a mist--VI

colors in appalling combinations. Not content with this, the artist had painted the frame of the painting with red and green zebra-stripes --a mind-crogling sight, as they describe it.

Well, it wasn't long before they discovered that this was indeed the same Richard Tooker who had written "The Day of the Brown Horde" and other early stfantasy tales. Tooker--or "The Tooker," as the Goldstones call him--turned out to be as fantastic a character as his painting would suggest. A friendly, humorous old man, The Tooker alternately delighted and dismayed them with the many strange quirks of his personality.

At the time they last saw him, they report, he was readying himself for a re-entrance into the stf field. Sort of loco, this fellow --he had no concept whatsoever of the differences between the stf field of his day and the field as it is now.

He had a novel just about finished which he was going to send to Galaxy, and he had no doubt but that it would sell immediately and would start him on a blazing comeback. "But I read part of it," said Cynthia, "and it's absolutely hopeless."

"What was it like?" I asked.

"Well, I'll give you an idea of it," she said. "The title was 'Seven Against Eternity.'"

I SHOULD SAY A COUPLE OF THINGS pertaining to the letter column of this issue. First, I chastised Ted Johnstone, who was having trouble finding propellor beanies in any quantity less than by the gross, for not buying a batch of them and selling them at the Solacon. Since writing that, I've found to my becrogglements that Ted has done just that, and will be selling beanies at 50¢ apiece at the con. So, apologies to Ted for underestimating him.

And I forgot to say thanks to the people who wrote letters of comment which I didn't have room to print (I mean, like the letter column is twenty pages long as it is). So, here's thanks to Bob Shaw, Richard Koogle, Miriam Dyches, Colin Cameron, Bill Reynolds, Robin Wood, John Koning, Alex Bratmon, Larry Windham, and possibly a few others who have slipped my mind. Your letters were appreciated, you're still on the mailing list, and I hope you'll continue to write. I like letters.

--Terry Carr

SAPS is nothing but a lot of middle-aged types trying to be fannish.

Burbee is constantly infuriating the panel of self-claimed experts down where we work--experts on sports, politics, women, economics, sociology, science, everything--by interrupting their deliveries with a loud: "I'm just an ordinary guy working for a living in a cheap shop!"

--F. T. Laney, BURBLINGS, May 1951.

Seeger operates on a direct and semi-Aristotelian logic of his own. For example, reasoning that the scarcer Buck Rogers comic books and other collectors' items are, the more valuable his own collection becomes, he goes around Detroit, buying up that stuff, taking it home, and burning it.

--rtrapp, FANDANGO #25.

Here we go again, with another Brandon serial in Inn. Apologies, again, for not printing it all in one issue, but it's just too long.

on the road

by Carl Brandon

Chapter One

I first met Dean not long after my first fanzine had folded. I had just gotten over a long gafia that I won't bother to talk about, except that it had something to do with my miserable, weary feeling that First Fandom was dead and there was no sense of wonder in stf any more. With the coming of Dean Morality, began the part of my life you could call my life on the road. Before that I'd often dreamed of going around to all the conventions, always vaguely planning and never taking off. Dean was the perfect guy for cons because he actually had been conceived at a con, when his parents were at the first Mycon and made fannish history. First reports of him came to me through J. T. King, who'd shown me a few letters from him written in a West Cupcake reform school. I was tremendously interested in the letters because they so neofannishly and sweetly asked J. T. to teach him all about Laney and all the wonderful intellectual things that J. T. knew. This is all far back, when Dean was not the way he is today, when he was a young jailkid shrouded in mystery, having very little contact with fandom as a result of being in jail, and not even having been in fandom long enough before being sent up that you could say he was in a state of fafia. Then news came that Dean was out of reform school and was coming to New York for the first time; also there was talk that he had just married a girl called Marylou.

One day I was hanging around the slanshack and J. T. and Tim Grayy told me Dean was staying in a warm-bheer pad in Greenwich Village. Dean had arrived the night before, the first time in New York, with his beautiful little sharp fanne Marylou; they got off the Trailways bus at 50th Street and cut along the subway looking for a place to drink and went right in the Metropole, and since then Red Allen has always been a big symbol of New York for Dean. They spent money on beautiful big straight creme de menthes and nuclear fizzes with too much rum.

All this time Dean was telling Marylou things like this: "Now, starryeyes, here we are in New York and although I haven't quite told you everything that I was thinking about when we passed the first Midwescon site which reminded me of my fan problem, it is absolutely necessary now to postpone all those leftover ideas concerning our personal fanacthings and at once begin thinking of specific FAPactiv-ity plans..." and so on in the way that he had in those early days.

My first impression of Dean, when I visited him and Marylou at their warm-bheer pad, was of an intelligent Dan Adkins--trim, thin-hipped, blue-eyed, with a real Oklahoma accent--a sideburned hero of the snowy West. Fanac was the one and only holy and important thing in his life, although he had to sweat and curse to make a living and so on. You saw that in the way he stood bobbing his head, always looking down, eyetracking the floor, like a young boxer to instruc-

On The Road--II

tions, to make you think he was listening to every word, throwing in a thousand "Yeses" and "Ghu, that's rights." Marylou was a pretty blonde with long tresses and a fine body; she looked like every damn woman Keasler ever drew. Dean was pacing the floor of the apartment nervously, thinking, and he decided the thing to do was to have Marylou get out some brew and clear the unassembled one-shots out of the living room. "In other words we've got to get on the ball, fanfaced one, what I'm saying, otherwise it'll be eleventh-houring and lack of crystallization of our plans." I went away.

During the following week he confided in J. T. King that he absolutely had to learn how to be fannish from him; J. T. said I was fannish as all hell and he should come to me for advice. Meanwhile Dean had gotten a job as a movie projector, had a fight with Marylou, and she was so mad and so deep down vindictive that she reported to the Legal Staff of the M3T some trumped up hysterical crazy charge, and they said something about suing him for \$25,000. The whole fight had been about \$17.41 that they'd had in the sugar-bowl, saving it for food-and-bheer money.

Dean had to lam from Greenwich Village, so he had no place to live. He came right out to Englewood, New Jersey, where I was living with my two maiden aunts.

We went out to have a few bheers because we couldn't talk like we wanted to talk in front of my aunts, who sat in the living room reading their papers and the National Review. They took one look at Dean and decided that he was a crazy goddam fan. In the bar I told Dean, "Out, man, I know very well you didn't come to me only to learn to become fannish, and after all what do I really know about it except you've got to stick to it with the energy of a letterhack." And he said, "Yes, of course, I know exactly what you mean and in fact all those problems have occurred to me, but the thing that I want is the realization of those factors that what is the relationship of Moskowitz's sense of wonder for any inwardly realized..." and so on in that way, things I understood not a bit and he himself didn't. In those days he really didn't know what he was talking about; that is to say, he was a young neofan all hung-up on the wonderful possibilities of becoming a real faaan, and he liked to talk in the tone and using the words, but in a jumbled way--although, mind you, he wasn't so naïve as that in all other things, and it took him just a few months with Ross Chauvenet to become completely in there with all the terms and fanspeak. Nonetheless we agreed that he could stay at my house till he found a job and furthermore we agreed to go to a con sometime.

He was conning me and I knew it, but I didn't care. I began to learn from him as much as he probably learned from me. He watched over my shoulder as I wrote fanac, yelling "Yes! That's right! Wow! Hoo-haw!" and "Ghu!" and wiped his face with his handkerchief. "Man, Foo, there's so many things to write, so many fan-attitudes to dig! How to even begin to get it all down and without modified restraints and all hung-up on like laureate-poll inhibitions and sercon-criticism fears..."

We went to New York--I forget what the situation was, two Lunar-ian girls--there were no girls there. They were supposed to meet him

On The Road--III

in a bar and didn't show up, so we took off. And that was the night Dean met Ross Chauvenet. Two sensitive fannish minds that they were, they took to each other at the drop of a hat. Two star-struck eyes glanced into two star-struck eyes--the holy fan-man with the soul shining out of his eyes, and the sorrowful poetic fan-man with the dark mind that was Ross Chauvenet. From that moment on I saw very little of Dean, and I was a little sorry, too. Their fine minds met head-on, I was a fringe-fan compared, I couldn't keep up with them. The whole mad swirl of everything that was to come began then; it would mix up all my friends and all I had left of my fangroup in a big dust cloud over the broad fannish horizon. Ross told him of Old Chuck Wood, Elmer Perloo, and Hepzibah: Chuck Wood in Canada drinking JD, Perloo strolling the streets of L.A., Hepzibah wandering Times Square in an hallucination, with her baby fanne in her arms and ending up at a folk-song session in Greenwich Village. Wanting dearly to learn how to be fannish like Ross, the first thing you know Dean was attacking him with a great wonderful soul such as only a fan-man can have. "Now, Ross, let me speak--here's what I'm saying..." I didn't see them for two weeks, during which time they cemented their relationship to fiendish allday-allnight talk proportions.

Then came spring, the great time of travelling, and everybody in the scattered gang was getting ready to take one trip or another. I was busily at work on my stf novel and when I came to the halfway mark I got ready to go to a con for the very first time.

Dean had already left for Dallas. Ross and I saw him off at the Port Authority bus terminal. Upstairs they had a place where you could make pictures for a quarter. Ross put on his glasses and looked sercon. Dean made a profile and looked neo-ishly around. I took a straight picture that made me look like a thirty-year-old LASFS member who'd kill anybody who said anything against his boyfriend. Dean was wearing a real fannish propellor beanie for his big trip back to Dallas.

He'd finished his first fling in New York. I say fling, but he only worked like a dog in that movie theatre. The most fantastic movie projectionist in the world, he'd gotten changing reels down to a fast science. You don't need to change them fast, but he did just to release nervous energy. He would quick grab the reel that had just filled up, turn the catch click, flip the reel with his wrist so it fell onto his open right arm while his left hand picked the empty reel off and placed it on the other sprocket. Then he'd flip the full reel into the waiting can, scoop up the next full can with both hands, flip it over and with the right hand flip the now-empty can onto a chair with entirely too much noise and catch the falling reel with his left hand which would place it on the machine thwunk and the right hand would come back and start threading the film and when he finished that he would fall gasping into a chair saying to the other projectionist, "I did it, Meyer, I did it." And he did, several times an evening. The owner of the theatre began to get mad about it because of all the noise, and the last straw came when Dean started running the machine backwards and re-running scenes of pictures he liked. Dean quit and left for Dallas just before the owner fired him.

We had a farewell meal of bread and wine, and then Dean got on

the bus that said Dallas and roared off into the night. There went our fan. I promised myself to go the same way when summer came on and really opened up the land, and I'd look up Dean in Dallas where he'd be settled by then--he was going to set up a printing service--and we'd attend the Souwescon together.

And this was really the way that my whole road experience began, and the things that were to come are too fantastic not to tell.

I wanted to know Dean more, because my life hanging around the slanshack had reached the completion of its cycle and was stultified. All my current friends and correspondents were sercon fans--J. T. the First-Fandom chronicler, Ross Chauvenet and his nutty ideas about fandom as a way of life (and what way of life), Old Chuck Wood and his serious, dry Canadian fanzine--or else they were slinking street-walkers like Elmer Perloo, with that stinkfinger piano style of his, or like Hepzibah, sprawled on the Oriental cover of her couch, sniffing at Galaxy. But Dean's fannishness was every bit as formal and shining and complete, without the tedious oneupmanship. And his wildness was not something that sulked and sneered; it was a wild yea-saying overburst of fannish joy; it was goshwow, the spirit of Jophan, something new, long prophesied, long a-coming. Besides, all my New York friends were in the negative, sercon position of putting down fandom and giving their tired ESFA-ish or WSFSian or Scien-tological reasons, but Dean just raced in society, eager for fanac and drink; he didn't care one way or the other, "so long's I can get them old fanzines with that lil ole spark of somethin' in there 'tween the covers, boy," and "so long's we can drink, son, y'ear me? I'm thirsty, I'm drying up, let's drink right now!"--and off we'd rush to drink, whereof, as saith somebody or other, "It is a way of life." I was a young fan and I wanted to take off and dig fandom all the way across the continent, in the small towns and the big convention cities, in New Orleans which was burned-out fannishly, and in Wisconsin where Grennell shot rats in the dumps. Everywhere.

Somewhere along the line I knew there'd be trufannes, bheer, everything; somewhere along the line the Enchanted Duplicator would be handed to me.

Chapter Two

Came June, having gotten some money from selling some old pro-zines, I was ready to go to the Oklacon. My aunts were both in accord with my trip to the con; they said it would do me good, I'd been working so hard all winter and staying in too much, always sitting at my typewriter; they didn't know much about fandom and fanac; they always told their friends what an absorbing hobby I made of correspondence. But they worried about me.

So, leaving my big half-manuscript on top of my desk, I left with my canvas bag in which a few fundamental things were packed and took off for the Souwescon with fifty dollars in my pocket, my thumb stuck out like a beacon in the night and me feeling all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed.

I'd been poring over maps of the United States for months, even reading in fanzines about hitchhikers like Ron Ellik, and about the

On The Road--V

trips the Detroit fans had made to the Norwescon and the SFCcon, and talking to Tom Condit in New York, just sitting there listening to him talk about hitchhiking and now and then slipping in edgewise a question to channel his monolog into useful areas. I savored names on the map like Grinnell and Okefenokee and Hatchkatchabatch, and on the roadmap in my pocket was one long red line that led from New Jersey clear to Texas and from there on to Los Angeles. I'll just stop off and dig this Souwescon with Dean, I said to myself, and then I'll hit the Solacon. And I placed myself on the road with my thumb out.

I hitched successive rides with a college kid going home for the summer, a travelling salesman who said he'd never heard of Dean Grennell or Lynn Hickman, a lean and wiry middle-aged man who told me over and over that collecting stamps was the most educational hobby in seven counties, just like that, though I argued with him, and a truck driver who looked just like Sam Moskowitz but who swore he'd never read any of that rattle-ass science fiction stuff and who balled his truck through the night cursing and swearing at the top of his voice. And his voice must have been as powerful as Moskowitz's, too, because every cuss word he knew blasted loud and clear at me over the roar of that fine diesel motor. I leaned back and yelled right back at him, mostly just cussing along with him for the hell of it, but getting my cusswords all mixed up sometimes because I was so excited to be on the road, and coming out with things like "Goddamn hairy-assed motor!" at which he laughed uproariously. And I said things like "Fouty sonuvabitch!" and "Stinkin' lousy fuggheaded so-and-so!" even though he kept yelling that the word was "fart," not "fout," and that it wasn't "fugghead," either.

Well, he kicked that thing through the night and by morning we were crossing the Mississippi River and he told me that it was the heart of America, where everything from the whole grand central valley of the United States collected and rode down to the Gulf of Mexico, and I was still so excited and wide-awake even though this was my third day on the road that I yelled "Yes! Yes!" and dug the muddy waters rolling underneath us like they were pure bog draining down from the Midwescon or the Illwiscon, both of which were scheduled for about that time.

He let me off just a little past there, and I stood in the morning sun feeling the road beneath my feet hard and firm, stretching from one end of the continent to the other, and looking both ways, seeing over the horizons small towns with only one little newsstand where isolated fans bought their science fiction magazines and dug Bloch's and Madle's columns, maybe for the first time, standing on the side of this very road reading them and wondering what fandom was all about. And I stood on the same road, thinking, here I am off to Dallas to a convention where I'll dig it all, fans from all over the southwest who I haven't even heard of yet but will be drinking with soon and talking fandom and fan-gossip. And I looked south and thought for awhile of cutting down to see the Okefenokee Swamp, but just then a beat pickup truck pulled right up next to me heading west and the driver threw open the door and hollered for me to get in, and I did.

The guy was about the biggest man I'd ever seen, close to seven feet tall, and I thought for a minute it must be Don Ford, except

On The Road--VI

then I remembered that Ford would be up at the Midwescon. The guy didn't say a word, just waited till I got the door shut and took off again, kicking up dust and gravel alongside the road till the tires were all on the pavement, and then it was a steady hum on the road for two hundred miles during which he said no more than twenty words to me, just telling me the name of the town he was going to and his name and asking me mine. Then he hunched over the wheel and stepped on the gas and away we went, his eyes narrowed and intent on the road like Tim Gray's always were when he was in a bookstore looking for collector's items. I didn't mind this, I just looked out the window at the passing nation and thought my private fan-thoughts. When he let me off two hundred miles later he said I sure as hell didn't talk much, and I said he didn't either and he laughed and drove off. I stood there looking at his receding car with the sudden realization that I liked him and he liked me, even though we'd hardly talked to each other in the nearly five hours of the ride. It was that quick friendship that springs up between people when they're both happy and content and don't particularly feel like saying anything. I wished to hell he was a fan so that we could have gone on together all the way to Dallas to the con and we would have sat there all through it, digging the speeches and drinking the liquor and not saying a word, while Dean would no doubt have talked and talked in the way he had, right through all the speeches too. And at the end of the con the guy would have said to Dean, "You're sure a talker," and would have laughed and gone home to put out a fanzine in which he'd have material by all sorts of people but wouldn't even write a one-page editorial himself.

Now this town where he'd left me, this stopover on the road across fandom, was just a group of stores bunched along the highway, with only four or five streets leading off to houses away from the traffic. There was a gas station and a diner called Claude's, which was a hell of a name for a diner, and aways down the road was the post office. I went there and bought several postcards which I mailed to my aunts and to Tim Gray and J. T. King and Elmer Perloo and to Dean out in Dallas ahead of me. To my aunts I said everything was fine and they shouldn't worry, and to the rest I wrote nonsensical things like fans do on vacation postcards. I wrote "poctsarcd" on the card to Dean, knowing that he would see it and whoop for joy and show it to everybody with a torrent of words about how fannish I was and how I'd taught him to be a fan. I wrote something about how there was a diner in this town called Claude's and wondered if it was maybe Claude Degler. Then I wondered to myself if perhaps Dean had never heard of Degler, and pictured him rushing up to me at the Souwescon shouting, "Who's Degler? Who's Degler?" and causing raised eyebrows all around.

But I was dead tired at last, the three days on the road were finally telling on me, and I took off my jacket and rolled it up as a pillow and slept underneath a billboard. I woke up at sundown, the sun just disappearing in the west, calling me to come on. I sat up and rubbed my eyes, and saw a little kid maybe six years old standing near me looking at me timidly, apprehensively, and curiously. I realized that I hadn't shaved in three days or more. "Where are you going?" he said right off, ready to run at any minute. He'd known immediately that I was travelling through, because everyone in that town that he hadn't met in his six short years was just travelling

through. I said I was going to a science fiction convention and asked him if he'd ever been to one. He shook his head with the infinite sadness of a child who doesn't know what you're talking about, and I thought about fans growing up in small towns, where there were never any conventions like in New York or Chicago or Los Angeles. I thought of fans who had been in fandom for years, just writing to other fans and reading fanzines that came in the mail which they picked up down at the post office, but never having met a single fan themselves. And I asked the kid if he wanted an ice cream cone, even though he wasn't a fan and had never even heard of conventions.

I took him down the road to the diner, where he walked right in with me and climbed up on a stool at the counter and ordered a double strawberry cone while I had a hamburger and a piece of pie. He sat next to me and looked at me, licking the ice cream, and finally he said, "What's a science fiction convention?" Just like that, he'd picked up the words fast as anything, like neofans sometimes do who seem destined to be fans.

I thought awhile and tried to explain to him what conventions were and about science fiction, but it was impossible, it was too fantastic that people all over the world who were bugged on one kind of fiction should get together several times a year in different places just to talk about it and about other fans. Finally I gave up and smiled weakly at the kid and told him I had to be going. He thanked me for the ice cream as I left. I went out and stood on the road, thinking about how fantastic and great fandom could be if you just thought about it enough to realize its impossibility, and now and then I looked into the diner, where the kid was looking out at me. Finally I caught a ride, leaving him to wait for somebody else to pass through town and tell him about life in the world while I went on across the country, seeing it all firsthand and thinking about fandom.

The guy who picked me up was a little mousey type who chain-smoked Kools. He drove a rattletrap 1950 Studebaker that rattled loudly even at forty, which was as fast as he'd drive it. He gave me a big smile as I got in, showing teeth which were brown from either decay or cigarettes or both, and asked me where I was going. "Dallas," I said.

"Dallas? Who'd want to go to Dallas?" he said. "It's a dirty town, and here it's the middle of the summer. It'll be hot there, fellah, hotter than the hinges of Hell, hear me. Who'd want to go to damned Dallas, for gawdsake?"

"I'm going to a convention there," I said, "a science fiction convention."

"A what?" he said, and I leaped to the bait, still so crazy happy with the fantastic thought of fandom in my head that I wanted to tell everybody about it. I wound up and cut loose with ten minutes of explanation of fans and conventions and science fiction, starting with Gernsback and Weird Tales and the rest, and going on about the Science Fiction League and Forry Ackerman and Ray Palmer, Moskowitz and Wollheim, Sykora and Tucker and the first conventions and the big stf boom just before the war, things about which he knew nothing and cared nothing, but I talked away a mile a minute while he herded the Stude-

On The Road--VIII

baker down the road at an even forty. I told him about the LASFS which was the oldest science fiction club in the world, and about Degler, and van Vogt's "Slan" and L. Sprague de Camp and Yngvi. He couldn't have made much sense out of what I was saying--Moskowitz himself couldn't have recognized my wandering, jumping-back-and-forth history of fandom--but he listened with one eyebrow cocked and nodded his head from time to time.

When I had finished my crazy-quilt story I told him it was all really just a bunch of people isolated from one another, sitting in front of their typewriters and saying things which could be said to nobody else and be understood, a way for these people to open themselves up and be themselves and meet people like themselves, all very confused and repetitious until even I knew that I wasn't making much sense even though that was the way I felt just then about fandom. And he listened through this too, nodding his head more often now, until at the end of it all he said, "I see, it's like a lonely-hearts club." And while I sat there staring at him in disbelief and wanting to laugh he went right on and told me how he'd met his wife through a lonely-hearts club.

He said he'd lived in a small town where they didn't even have their own schools; they'd had to travel fifteen miles every day, back and forth from the school in the next town. He'd missed getting into the army during the war and had had to stay home, where there was nobody around and he'd run the farm by himself for a couple of years, until he got some sort of mail-order job which gave him some free time and damn little money. In the end he'd written to a lonely-hearts club and contacted some woman two years older than him who bragged about her cooking and sent him recipes which he couldn't understand. After a year and a half of this he'd hopped on a bus and travelled seventy-five miles to meet her and eat her cooking and marry her the next week.

"But if she'd lived down in Dallas I'm damned if I'd have given her the gamble," he said firmly, just as though that made perfect sense.

"Well, this convention is in Dallas," I said, "and that's where I'm going." He shook his head and smoked his cigarette and let me off a couple of miles later.

--Carl Brandon
(to be continued)

Fout, so to speak.

The one sure way to confound a Slan Shacker is to buttonhole him away from the others, put a confidential smirk on your face, and whisper, "Just between you and me, old man, what do you think of Slan Shack as a whole?"

--Bob Tucker, in CENTAURI #4,
Summer 1945.

Owing to a couple of quite recent developments, this article is dated in parts. Dallas has withdrawn its bid for the 1959 convention, and "Fandora's Box" has been dropped from the pages of Imagination. The latter development, however, makes Rog's article even more timely, I think. --tgc

WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC

by Rog Phillips

I'm glad I no longer write the column known for so many years as "The Club House". I don't even want to write this article about it for Terry. I would prefer to forget about it, except during those rare nostalgic moments when I remember something of those days that I especially liked. But maybe some of you would like to know straight from the House's mouth about the olden days of four years ago, and before that, about how things were then, and what I think of them now. Besides, Terry was quite insistent I write this article:

Back in those days he asked me for an article once. I got to thinking; the shortest path to fame for some fan would be for him to ask for an article by Rog Phillips, then reject it. Maybe that was what he had in mind. How to outwit him? I just wrote him an article-length letter and told him he could print it or not, I didn't care. He couldn't reject a letter even if he didn't publish it, and he never published it. And now he's asked me for an article again. Is he--? He'd better not try it. He has a personal stake in our continued friendship now (or at least beans and weiners now and then) that it would cost him. With that clearly understood...

There is no better way to get acquainted with fandom as a whole than to be a professional reviewer of fanzines. Bob Bloch has that job now, and no better man exists to fill the spot I once filled. And, although any resemblance between the way he conducts his column and the way I conducted mine is purely coincidental, it is no coincidence that his major policies are identical with what mine were. They would have to be, for him to have the best interests of fandom at heart, because I had.

I came in in the days when no fanzine review column gave a fan publisher a break. The fan was fair game for the editorial quip. I changed that. Take Bob Silverberg, for instance. He is now one of the top science fiction writers. He sent me his first fanzine, one of the lousiest I ever saw. It was so bad it could only have been put out by a kid who knew nothing about mimeography and had only pennies to spend. In my mind's eye I could see him. A nice kid, maybe too serious, but offering friendship, if not talent, to anyone who took the time to care. And I told the readers that, and told them to send for his fanzine. They did, and before long his mimeography was professionally perfect and the contents of his fanzines was always excellent. Today he is a top pro, and tomorrow he may be an editor rejecting my stories and saying, "Sorry, Rog, not good enough." Sam Merwin's fanzine review column would have laughed him out of existence if he had dared send his first effort there.

WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC

with arpeggio by Joe Gibson,
(the very same Joe Gibson who--)

Well? -JG

That's going pretty far
back, for a House! -JG

DON'T write it? -JG

I dunno, Turner, but
did you ask him? -JG

\$2.50 -- I've eaten at
your place, too! -JG

But then, somehow, Rog
began to hate fans. -JG

Uh huh -- puns, yet! -JG
It was called Spaceship.
-JG

Spaceship, remember? -JG
Spaceship! -JG

Oh, well--nobody read
anything but ~~my letters~~
the letter column,
anyway. -JG

it for Terry. I would prefer to forget

before that, about how things were then,

he had in mind. How to outwit him?

asked me for an article again. Is he--?

beans and weiners now and then) that it
would cost him.

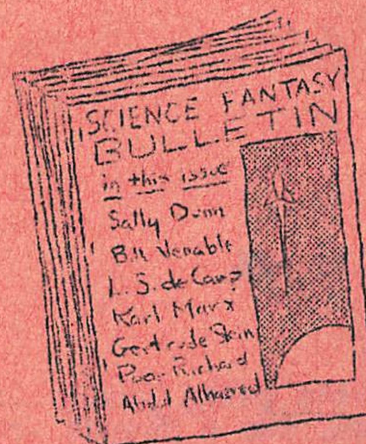
at heart, because I had.

I changed that.
of the lousiest I ever saw.

send for his fanzine.
excellent. Today he is a top pro, and
if he had dared to send his first effort
there.

Words Without Music--II

Those are the memories. Harlan Ellison the kid fan sending me his monumental jobs of mimeography, and today he's a better writer than I am. Bob Silverberg, who is a better writer than either of us. And others. I think I played a part in their success by encouraging them. I could have kicked them in the face in the best tradition of snot-nosed reviewers the world over, but instead I gave them encouragement and brought them a public. I had this vision of what I should do with "The Club House". I carried it through. Bob Bloch listened to me and whether because of what I said or because he is built that way himself, he is doing much the same thing.



But before Bob Bloch, there was Mari Wolf writing "Pandora's Box," and I had something to do with that, too. I originated the name of that column, and Mari adopted my dream, my policies, from the start. She just about had to; she was married to me at the time. Bill Hamling gave her the column as a wedding present. Our marriage didn't work out, and when we parted she soon gave up the column, and it was assigned to Bob Bloch. I think he should have changed the name to something like "Around the Bloch," but that's his business...

This year three cities are bidding for next year's convention: Detroit, Chicago, and Dallas. My first meeting of the Detroit gang was at the convention in Cincinnati, when they were all teen-agers. There were burlesque houses in Cincinnati, and they wanted to go to one, so they came to me and asked me if I would take them. I did, and though I've seen burlesque before and since, I've never seen anything like we saw that night. At one time there was a stage full of girls, dozens of them, all naked to the waist. Never have I seen so many female breasts all at one time! My first contact with the Dallas group was similar to my first contact with Silverberg--a crummy fanzine put out by kids who didn't know the first thing about mimeography, and I did the same thing with them as I had years before with Silverberg. I built them up, encouraged the readers to send for their fanzine. And the Chicago group-- I'm the godfather of Earl Kemp's son, I belonged to the Chicago fan group for two or three years while I lived there, I've given speeches at their meetings. That's why I have to be neutral about who gets the World Con in '49. I have friends in all three cities. I will be one third happy and two thirds unhappy, whoever gets the convention.

Memories. Way back when I first started "The Club House" in Amazing Stories, fandom was feuding with Ray Palmer, and Forry Ackerman became the spearhead of an all-out effort to kill my column before it even started. Fandom didn't rally behind him one hundred percent, so I had a few fanzines to review, and as my policy of encouragement to fanzine editors became more and more effective, I soon won the battle. But while it was still in doubt I made a vacation trip to Los Angeles, and wherever I went I was told, "Whatever you do, Rog, don't go to a LASES meeting. You'll be torn limb from limb!" One of those who told me that was Rick Sneary, who was on Forry's side, but who admired my bravery in coming to his home to meet him.

Name-dropper! -JG

These are the memories. Harlan Wilson

We'll hear from Bloch
about this! -JG

or because he is built that way himself

or "Ye Olde Choppinge
Bloch"? -JG

to something like "Around the Bloch,"

Go ahead! I won't
spoil it. -JG

so they came to me and

and my wife's the god-
mother--wonder how
they'll explain that? -JG

I'm the godfather of Earl Kemp's son

We'll hear from
Ackerman about this! -JG

Perry Ackerman became the spearhead of

Ya gota humor these
nuts! -JG

but who admired my bravery in coming to

Words Without Music--III

Another was Rex Ward, who unfortunately is no longer in fandom. Needless to say, I went, I was not torn limb from limb, and eventually Forry and I became fast friends.

But one that I consider my best and finest friend is Rick Sneary, who also had a dream. A facetious dream, since it was unlikely it would ever come true: SOUTH GATE IN '58! Yet it did come true, by a real miracle. And because it did come true, I consented to help make it a real success. I agreed to be program director of the convention. That big-sounding title simply means that during the convention it will be my job to drag people out of bars and smoke-filled rooms when it's their time to be on the program, and I've been promised a couple of assistants to do the leg work so that I won't have to leave the bar myself. Having an executive mind, I will assign one of my assistants the job of reminding me what to tell my other assistant to do.

At every convention I meet someone who says, "Rog, I first got interested in fandom from reading 'The Club House.'" Then I look around at all the fans, and wonder how many of them started that way, and how many of them wouldn't be in fandom at all if I had never had a fan column. Just about the time I begin to feel mellow about this, someone comes along and tells me I'm their favorite author, which makes me even mellower. Then they start talking about the story of mine they liked best. And while I listen and nod my head sagely, my mellow feeling evaporates, because it will be a story I didn't write. They have me confused with Poul Anderson or Bob Bloch or Charles De Vet or somebody.

On the other hand, overly shrewd fans have deduced at various times that just about every name in the stf field is a pen name of mine. And one writer, Charles Recour, gave up writing when, after two years of success, the best he could do was get the reputation of being one of my pen names. Of course, that wasn't the real reason. The real reason was that he liked article writing better than writing fiction. I don't, and that is why writing "The Club House" was always hard work for me.

That is the main reason I'm glad I no longer have that column. It's also the reason I'm glad Bob Bloch is in there pitching for fandom, because fandom has to have someone bringing in new blood all the time, or it slowly withers to the hard core of old fans, those who will be fans until they die.

But the main reason I'm glad I no longer have the column is that it's too difficult to stick to what the policy of the column should be, and no matter how careful a reviewer is, he runs into trouble. Not from the real fans, but from nuts.

For example, there is the person who sends in a two-sheet job of lousy mimeography and boring material, called THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE XIAN SOCIETY, priced at fifty cents a copy for non-members, membership fifteen dollars a year. If I review it I have to tell the readers it isn't worth it, so I don't review it. Then the guy who puts it out writes directly to the publisher and screams that I'm discriminating against him, and I'm called on the carpet.

Self-seventy six thousand-
bones. -JC

I agreed to become program director for
the convention.

Now they know! -JC

reminding me what to tell my other
assistant to do.

Harlan Ellison. -JC

at every convention I meet someone who
says, "hey, I first got interested in
fandom from reading 'The Club House.'"

Or, on second thought... -JC

wouldn't be in fandom at all if I had
never had a fan column.

NOW we're coming to
it! -JC

Not from the real fans, but from nuts.

Good, good! -JC

and I'm called on the carpet.

Words Without Music--IV

And there is the person who takes exception to some innocent statement in the column and demands an audience with the readers in the column to state his views. For example, on my first visit to New York I went sightseeing, and talked about it in "The Club House," and facetiously made the statement about the Statue of Liberty that it was the only thing from Europe we had gotten for nothing. In due time I received a thick letter from England. The first paragraph was to me, then I could see the transition in the letter-writer's mind from me to the "vast audience of American readers" as he accused me of trying to start World War III, demanded an apology for my statement, because England had given us too many gifts to list. It closed with the statement that America might soon need all the friends on the Continent she could buy, so I'd better keep my big fat mouth shut and not stir up any more trouble.

Then there was the time I said in "The Club House" that it was a shame Canada wouldn't let U.S. magazines be sold up there, that the few hundred bucks Canadians would spend on them could hardly break the Canadian government. In due time I received a thick letter from a Canadian Postmaster, of all people. Among other things, he accused me of having brought the United States and Canada closer to War than they had ever been before in their entire history.

There were those, too, who looked on me as the Distant God of Fandom. Over the years I received letters from several different fans saying that so-and-so was trying to run them out of fandom, and would I do something about it.



And perhaps I did come to think of myself in some ways as a Distant God of Fandom, because I found it impossible to ignore the occasional crook who tried to make a fast fifty cents and the megalomaniacs who set themselves up as Director Emeritus of non-existent fan clubs. There was no good reason why I should think that I was the one to Save Fandom from such creatures--or that Fandom should be saved from them at all. Yet I did.

And that is why I'm glad I'm not writing "The Club House" today. If I were, I would find it impossible not to say something about what is going on in New York, for instance. What I would say would be unfavorable to the Legal Officer and the Recorder-Historian of the World Science Fiction Society, Incorporated; and that Legal Officer, being what he is, would undoubtedly sue me and the publishers for it.

In reviewing such fanzines as GROUND ZERO, I would say about Sam Moskowitz's statement that incorporation protects the individual from suit because only the funds of the corporation could be attached, "Yes, but when would those funds be attached? Just before a convention when they are around a thousand bucks, leaving the Committee without any money to put on a convention." I would say that the WSFS Inc. is wrong and should be dissolved, and the conventions be

Very crummy burlesque
shows. -JC

On my first visit to New York I went
sightseeing.

Tell Willie, God Save
The King, Eric Frank
Russell, Pamela Bulmer...
-JC

because England had given us too many
gifts to list.

Yeah, but now that she's
married to him... -JC

There were those, too, who looked on me
as the Distant God of Fandom.

He thank, you see. -JC

--or that fandom should be saved from
them at all. Yet I did.

Words Without Music--V

put back on the old basis, because the corporation attracts and will always attract into office the nuts who want power. I would point out the absurdity of giving a man money for petty expenses in putting on a convention, then suing him for its return. I would point out that a Legal Officer who did that without even attempting to get proper authorization was guilty of criminal abuse of office and should be expelled from office.

And a columnist in a big, suable promag should not write such things. He should stick to innocent editorializing and friendly reviewing of fanzines.

Would I revive "The Club House" if some editor wanted it? If he offered me enough money I would. In that sense I am not a fan. A fan is a person who works long hours and spends money out of his own pocket writing and mimeographing for the love of it. I am a person who spends long hours writing, because I love money. I have a cash register bell on my typewriter that can be set to ring every time I have written a dollar's worth of words. And the reason I didn't want to write this article is that I had to shut it off. So, no music.

--Rog Phillips

It takes a certain je ne sais quois to be bushy-tailed.

When Ron Clyne took the LASFS examination, he almost failed to pass when he gave Tucker's name as the #1 fan. Forry, who was present, raised a fake fuss, till Ron explained that Tucker himself had informed him of this fact. Then Acky "tore" Tucker apart. How the Number One Face fell, though, when the new Widner Poll came out, placing Pong in the #1 position. Now 4e assumes a hang-dog expression and moans, "Washed up...a has-been at 27!"

--Forry Ackerman, in SHANGRI-
L'AFFAIRES #12.

Eugene Seger is a character in the true meaning of the word. He collects stfmags, but only as an investment. His one passion is Buck Rogers, and he has a complete collection of crud pertaining to him. He is also a Shaverite, and has a twenty-page single-spaced manuscript in which he explains the origin of the Universe--which he was never able to get the other MSFS members to read.

--rtrapp, FANDANGO #25.

I remember the scene as though it were yesterday, when Al Ashley decided to renounce fandom, and how we all begged him to reconsider, and how he just sat there and stared off into sub-space, just like he always had. And how Burbee said, "But Al, you need FAPA"; and he shrugged his little shrug and said, "I'm quitting FAPA too." And then Speer's eyes filled with tears and he turned to Ackerman and said in a hushed reverent voice, "Now he belongs to the ages."

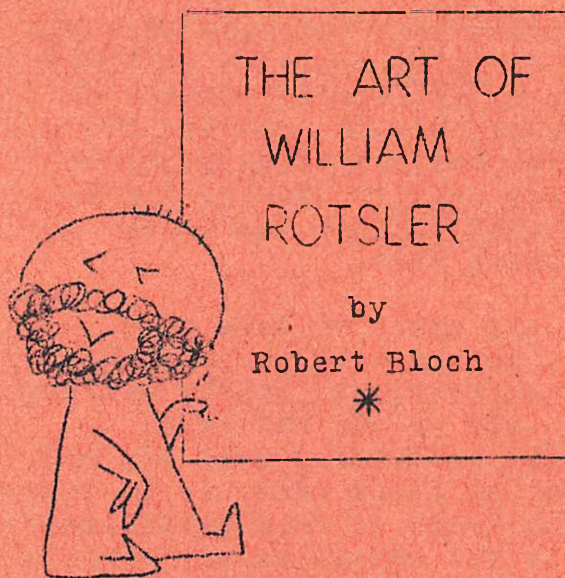
--F. T. Laney, FANDANGO #16.

We should stick to innocent editorial-
izing and friendly reviewing of fanzines.
and burlesque shows.

I have a cash register bell on my type-
writer that can be set to ring every time
I have written a dollar's worth of words.

He's had that funny look
ever since a mad knight
paid him a buck-and-a-half...

--JG



I do not know when the name of William Rotsler first flashed across the fannish horizon as an artist. Somebody must have the exact date--perhaps the postal authorities.

Sufficient it is to say that at this moment another great name emerged to take its rightful place alongside Van Goo, Tooloose LaDreck, Anonymous Bosh, Grandpa Breughel (not the Elder Breughel, but his father), and Ub Iwerks.

Not since the immortal Goyim painted La Maja has any artist displayed such a mastery of the

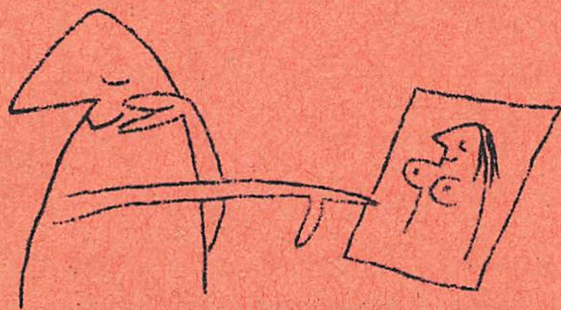
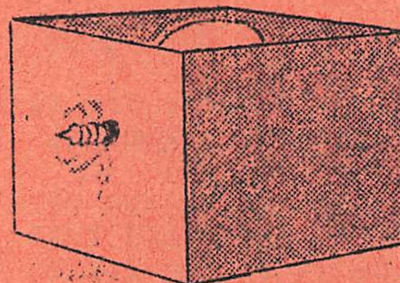
nude. Combining the delicacy of a Boucher (not Tony, you ignorant lout, but Francois) with the draughtsmanship of a Degas or even a Degler, William Rotsler has established a definite niche for himself in the ranks of the Saturday Evening Post-Impressionists.

For a while, his early work exhibited some of the massive lines of the Dutch Masters--Van Dyck, La Palina, and the immortal Panatella. A later phase brought to mind the odd distortions found in the work of that unique Greek genius who painted in Spain and whose tremendous output won for him the name of El Producto.

A brief fling at abstractions found Rotsler abandoning the Cubists and taking his rightful place amongst the Squares.

And there he remains today.

His work in fan magazines has invoked the attention of numerous fen, to say nothing of the above-mentioned authorities. It has lent itself, all too frequently, to glib tongue-in-cheek commentary by people like myself.



But I have waited patiently for someone to come forth and proclaim what I seriously believe to be the truth--that Rotsler is a remarkably gifted talent dealing in evocative symbolism.

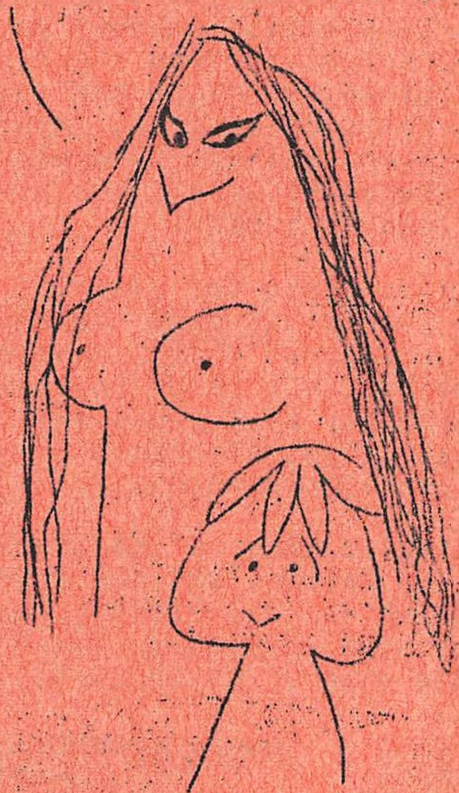
Anyone privileged to have seen his compendium, THE TATTOOED DRAGON, must be aware of this. His ability to recreate imagery arising from

subliminal levels is almost unique in our times. Actually, when Rotsler's work is viewed as a whole, both the nudes and the noodling are all part of a pattern. He has captured and set down the ideology of the Id. Although the government will probably never commission him to do a set of murals for post office walls, it's about time all

The Art of William Rotsler--II

of us (including this tongue-in-cheek commentator) realized that his art is completely graphic without a hint of porno. His is the gift of insight...insight directed towards the hidden erotic imagery of

You're my little man,
aren't you?



our sexual nature, and towards the un verbalized visualizations of inner reality usually translated only through the medium of a Rohrsach Test.

There are hints of this rare talent in the work of Paul Klee, Heinrich Kley, Max Ernst, George Grocz--and on another level, Chagall. Steinberg does it, and Thurber at times seems to be the Grandma Moses of this particular (and as yet undesignated) school.

But few artists have taken the direct and candid approach which is Rotsler's specialty. In THE TATTOOED DRAGON, most particularly, he has managed to combine the presentation of individualized "moments of truth" with deft social (or even antisocial) commentary.

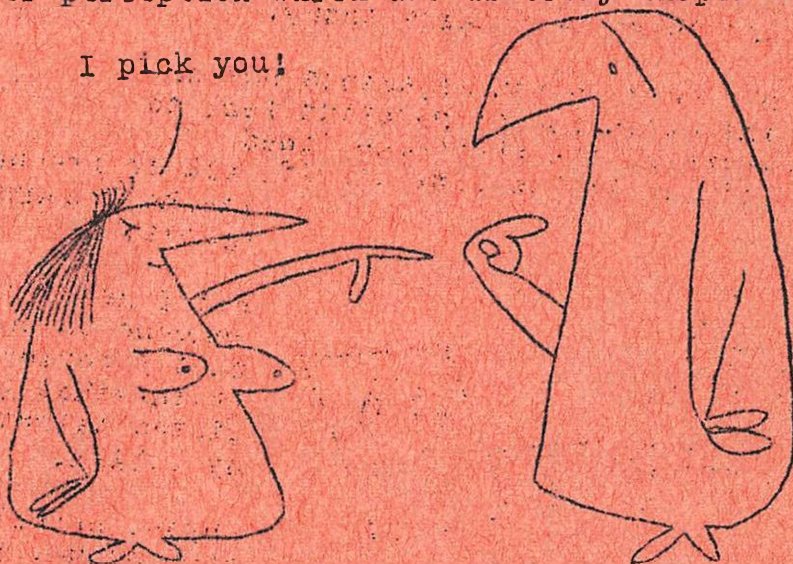
Naturally, I realize that significance, as well as beauty, resides in the eye of the beholder. But this beholder is beholden to

William Rotsler for flashes of perception which are directly inspired by his unique genius.

Okay, so the word slipped out. And that means it's time for me to get back in line again, and in future to continue the great fannish pastime of making with the funnies about "Rotsler nudes".

I pick you!

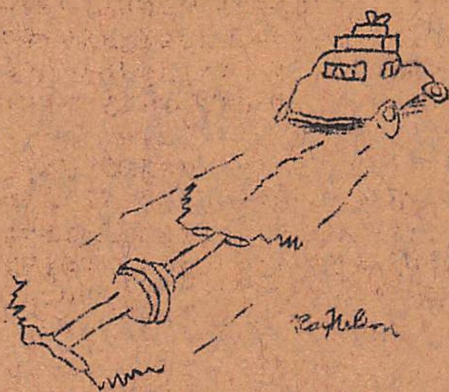
Still, just this once, I wanted to say that I think we have something very special in our midst. And I venture to prophesy that the day is not far distant when Rotsler will win a much wider and justly-deserved recognition.



And that's when all the gagsters, myself included, are going to be proud to say "I knew him when."

For that matter, I'm proud to know him now.

--Robert Bloch



Adventures in Fandom, I

Moving to New York

by Bill Donaho

"Back up, man, we just
dropped the transmission."

Dave Stephens and I were thoroughly sick of Chicago and decided to move to New York. I had finished all my work on my MA except the thesis and thought that I could finish it at my leisure in N. Y. (ha!), so we decided to move forthwith. We had transportation in the form of an old Packard and Dave had a German motorcycle. We had also somehow acquired three passengers: Ben and Irene Cogan from Boston and Art Castillo from Chicago.

We began to assemble our caravan. Quite early we discovered that we had too much junk to pack in the ordinary way, so we dispensed with boxes and packed everything directly in the trunk. Boxes were tied on top of car, on sides of car, put inside car crowding passengers, etc. I abandoned all my 78 record collection and packed up most of my books for shipment back to Texas except for three or four boxes which we left at the co-op, Whitman House, where we were staying. I planned to send for these later. Ha!

We had originally planned for Dave to ride his motorcycle and for me to drive the car, but since the car was very full and I am much larger than Dave, it was decided that I should ride the cycle and Dave drive the car.

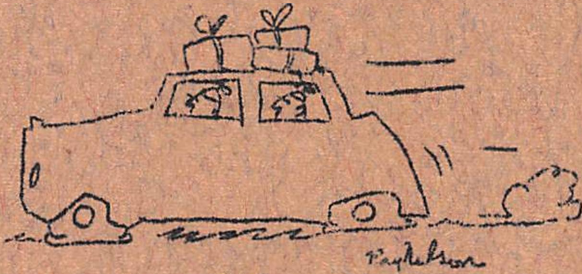
After many false starts we finally pulled away from Whitman House at 4:00 PM on Sept. 15. All went well for about twenty minutes. Then we had a flat. We stopped, changed the tire, and went on. All went well for about twenty minutes. Then we had another flat. Fortunately, we had a tire patching kit and after two hours searching we finally found a place where we could put the inner tubes under water to find the leak. We patched both tires and went on.

All went well for about twenty minutes. Another flat. This time we were just coming into the outskirts of a small town (ten miles from Chicago). All of the filling stations were closed, but we wearily pulled into a deserted one and used their tubs to patch the tube again. We moved on. We hadn't quite got out of town when guess what?

By this time it was sort of obvious that we needed new tires, but we had to wait until morning when things opened up to get them. Finances were in sad shape, so everyone slept in the car; at least, everyone else slept in the car. There wasn't room for me, so I stretched out on a piece of canvas. It was cold and wet. I didn't get much sleep.

Moving to New York--II

The next morning we learned that there were no tires available. We bought new tubes and headed for Ft. Wayne (which we had planned to bypass). Two or three flats later (at this distance things are mercifully blurred), we arrived in Ft. Wayne and bought three tires, tying the extra spares onto the roof.

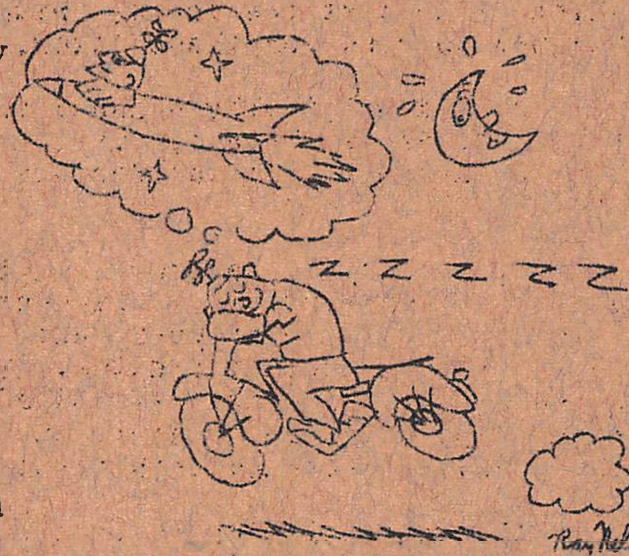


"Gas mileage isn't so good as I expected."

Leaving Ft. Wayne I (on the motorcycle) got separated from the car. Hurrying to catch up with it I incautiously made a 45 degree turn in loose gravel. The cycle skidded on its side, through the gravel, for about three hundred feet. The car heard the noise and came back. After I had changed my pants, we went on.

At about eight o'clock that night I began going to sleep and barely catching myself before going off the road (no sleep the night before, remember). I flatly refused to go on. I got into the car, Dave took over the motorcycle and Benny took over the car.

The next thing I was aware of was anxious voices. It was one-thirty in the morning. Benny had noticed that the light of the motorcycle was no longer in the rear-view mirror. He had turned around and everyone was anxiously scanning both sides of the road for signs of Dave. Suddenly we heard a feeble yell. Dave and motorcycle were lying in a deep ditch. Dave had gone to sleep and the motorcycle had hit a concrete culvert, completely flattening the front wheel and banging up Dave's knee pretty badly. He limped for weeks.



We took Dave into the car and drove on into Pittsburg. We planned to find a fairly deserted spot, spend the night, unload most of the car, rent a trailer and drive back to pick up the motorcycle.

There don't seem to be many deserted spots around Pittsburg. Anyhow we drove right through Pittsburg (on Route 30) and finally stopped under a billboard a couple of miles from the Turnpike entrance. The next morning we unloaded the car (placing things carefully on the ground around the billboard) and Dave, Benny and I drove back into Pittsburg to rent a trailer. We had hardly got inside the city limits when there was a dull thud and the car stopped. The transmission had fallen out.

Moving to New York--III

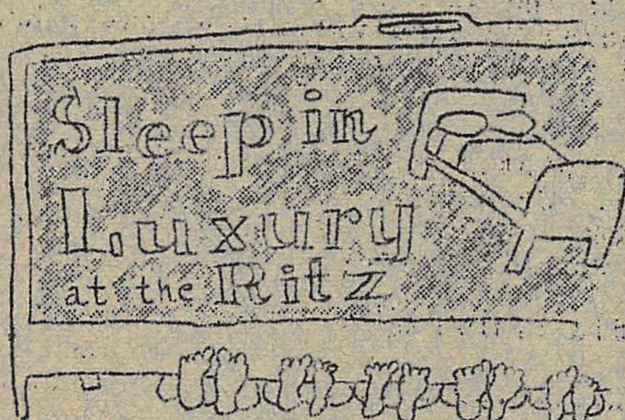
We pushed the car into a garage and got an estimate of \$75.00 and three days. I went to a Pittsburg bank and found that even though I had money in a Chicago bank, there was no way I could get it. Cursing, I phoned home (collect, of course) for money. We cooled our heels for six hours in Western Union before it arrived. I must admit that with cash in my pocket I felt much better about the whole thing.

We still had to get back to the billboard where we had left Castillo, Irene and most of our stuff. The three of us took a bus to city limits and then began hitchhiking out Route 30 towards the Turnpike. We separated for greater efficiency.

I caught a ride without too much difficulty and began watching the road for some sign of our little encampment. Suddenly, we were at the Turnpike. "Well, I'll just have to watch a little more closely this time," I said to myself as I caught a ride back to Pittsburg. I began watching the road VERY CLOSELY for some sign of our little encampment. Suddenly, we were at the Pittsburg city limits. "Well, I'll just have to watch a little more closely this time," I said to myself as I caught a ride going back towards the Turnpike again.

After three complete trips back and forth it began to dawn on me that something was the matter. A conference with a filling station operator, Jake, resulted in the suggestion that the car might have strayed off Route 30 onto Route 22. I decided to try that. By this time, however, it was midnight and rides were almost impossible to get, so I spent the night talking to Jake about Thomas Wolfe and poetry and writing and sex.

Early next morning I caught a ride to Route 22 and found the billboard with everyone snoring away under it. I joined them.



Camping under the billboard for four days wasn't too bad. The cops only came once and I managed to outtalk them. There was a drive-in movie down the road and we could go and sit on a high bluff overlooking it and watch the picture. Of course, we were too far away to hear the sound, but you can't have everything. We didn't have enough to eat and there were violent arguments over Chess games, but after awhile nobody was talking to anybody else and everything was much better. Naturally

the car wasn't ready until the day after it was promised, but by that time we were sort of numb.

The fourth day we got the car and began to pack our stuff back into it. Dave was so disgusted that he completely abandoned his motorcycle. For all I know it is still in that ditch. As we began packing, it began to rain. Nothing could faze us now. It didn't even increase our speed of packing. At last we took off again.

Moving to New York--IV

The car was very crowded. It had been very crowded even while I was out on the motorcycle, and now it was almost impossible. Irene went from lap to lap in a very resigned manner.

After we had been on the Turnpike for a couple of hours we had a flat. We changed tires and went on. I was somewhat surprised that we didn't have another. We ran out of gas instead. The gas guage had got stuck. I hitchhiked down the turnpike to the nearest Howard Johnson's and got gas and hitchhiked back to the car.

September 21, seven days after leaving Chicago, we pulled into New York. Ben and Irene hastily left us and took a train to Boston. Dave and I were broke and it was Sunday and all the pawn shops were closed. We parked the car on 33rd St. and slept in it once more. As we eased into the parking space, the clutch gave out.

With the dawn we discovered we had another flat. Interesting. Castillo left us and went to visit friends. I hocked my typewriter and then Dave and I pushed the car into a parking lot and took our suitcases and descended on William Sloane House.

We stayed in Sloane House over a month, living from hand to mouth, borrowing from friends right and left. Most of our clothes were still in the car in the parking lot and we didn't have enough money to pay the parking lot fees. Dave finally got money from his father to get the car out (the final charge was about \$100.00).



ART
CASTILLO
star
cartoonist
of
Doubt.

"suicide is for the living"

The clutch decided to work again and we were able to move our stuff to rooms uptown. When we unpacked we discovered that water had got into the trunk and our socks had run all over our clothes. We managed to salvage some, however.

We left the car on the street. Winter came, the water in the radiator froze and the block cracked. We smiled. It didn't matter now. Someone stole the license plates. Ha ha. Finally the police hauled the poor old thing away. It was all over.

Come to think of it, I never did finish my thesis.

--Bill Donaho

After stumbling over hill and down Normandie Drive, I stumbled on to the Burbee abode, which was peopled by of all things, Burbees. The Burbees do not look old enough to be parents, and in fact three of them aren't.

--Rick Sneary, BURBLINGS, May 1951

Walter J. Daugherty contemplates reopening NFFF... All fans will remember this fan as one who usually succeeds in what he starts out to do.

--FANTASY FICTION FIELD NEWSWEEKLY,
Nov. 8, 1943 (a Daughertyzine)

Remodeling the Cold-Water Flat

by Bill Donaho



Shortly after I moved to New York I managed to acquire a cold-water flat: three rooms, on the 5th floor, for \$24.00 a month. It was a walk-up, naturally, and it wasn't really strictly speaking cold-water. In fact, there was considerably more hot water than cold. By the time the cold water got up to the fifth floor it was just a faint, tired trickle. I knew exactly how it felt.

The rooms were small and the bathtub and sink were in the kitchen. The john wasn't actually in the kitchen; it was in a small cubbyhole that jutted out into the kitchen. One of the most charming features of the place was only apparent in the summertime. There was a candy store right beside the building and in the summer, as a neighborhood service, it would stick its juke box out onto the sidewalk and turn the volume up full blast. By some quirk of sound it sounded louder in my apartment than it did out on the street.

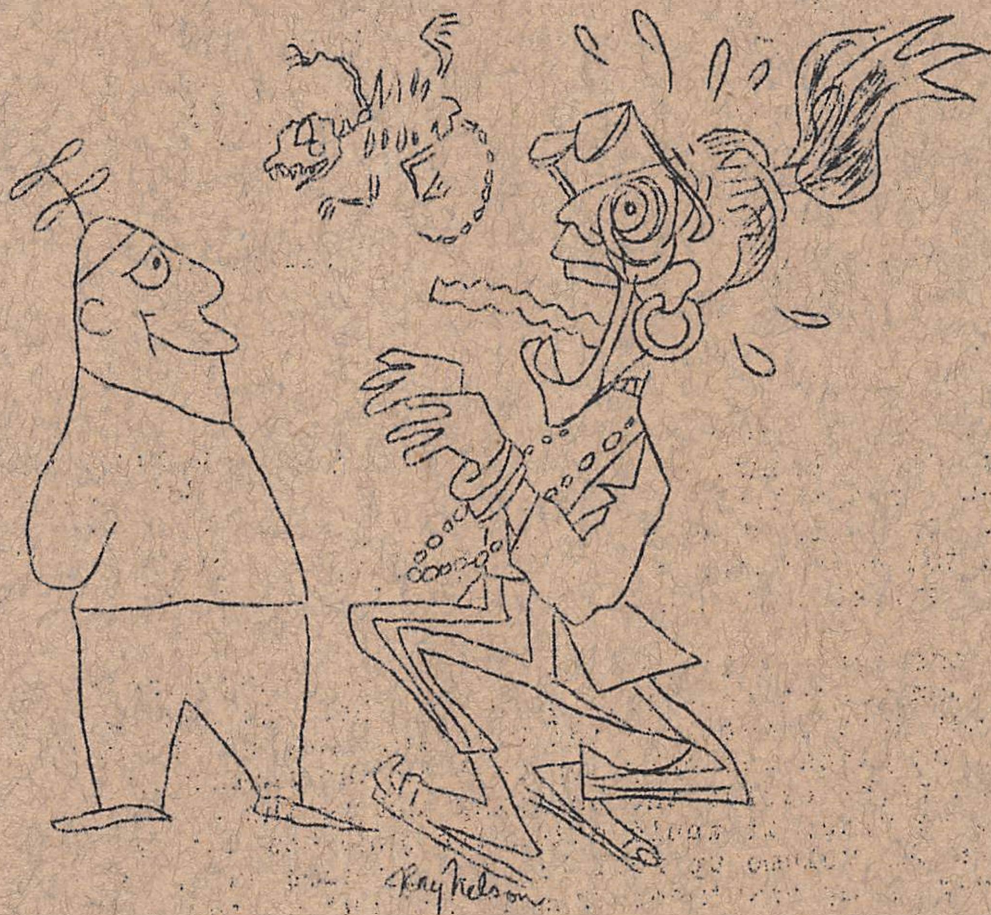
I stuck it out for a year or so and then the situation became intolerable. I decided to DO something. After much thought I decided to tear out a wall between two of the rooms, and across one end of the larger room thus formed build a wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling bookcase, record cabinet and hi-fi storage unit. Across the opposite wall, a closet and general storage space.

I was a bit nervous about tearing out the wall, so I did the carpentry first. I was highly gratified that everything looked just as I had planned. Of course, it cost twice as much, but details, details. This gave me courage to tear out the wall. Without asking the landlord, naturally. After all, it was a COLD-WATER flat, and besides, I knew he'd say no.

Tearing down the wall was fun and it only took two hours. Cleaning up afterwards and carrying the plaster down took two weeks. Also, I had to give the super a bribe which he SAID he passed on to the sanitation department because of the extra heavy load, etc. Anyhow, it was done.

While tearing out the wall I found a rat skeleton, with all bones perfectly clean and looking quite arty. There was a girl living upstairs, artistic type, who went in heavily for driftwood,

Remodeling the Cold-Water Flat--II



dried flowers, etc. I took the skeleton up to her. She took it in her hand and said, "Oh, how wonderful. Look at those lines. What an interesting shape! What is it?"

"Oh, it's a rat skeleton."

"Yeeoowww!" I have seldom heard a more definite shriek. She closed her eyes and said faintly, "Take it away." I slunk out, abashed.

Before I got around to plugging up all the holes and other walls that I had opened up I had to leave town for three months. When I got back I found that I had roomers, a thriving colony of rats. At the time I was working seven nights a week and sleeping during the day, so they didn't bother me much. I lackadaisically set a few traps which the rats quite successfully managed to avoid and didn't worry further about it.

However, I finally had a day off. After numerous activities I wound up sleeping during the night for a change. Or at least, trying to. The pitter-patter, or rather the tromp-tromp, of not-so-little feet made it quite impossible. Two rats even climbed out the window and started playing on the fire escape. I hastily got up and shut the window. They immediately rushed over to the window, trying to get back in, and making a tremendous racket.

Remodeling the Cold-Water Flat--III

I lay there in bed suffering through it for a long time. Then, a diabolical plot came to me. I got up, tiptoed over to the window, and cautiously grasped the upper sash. I threw it downwards with all my strength. I missed. I now had two rats trapped between the two window sashes. What to do? Further fiendish schemes danced through my mind.

I put a large pot of water on to boil. Heh, heh. As soon as it was boiling vigorously I seized it and carried it over to the window. I hesitated, torn by pangs of conscience. Then, I poured. For some odd reason the boiling water seemed to give both rats a sudden excess of energy. They both leaped straight up and managed to make it to the top of the sash. One came in, the other went out. The one coming in rushed over my foot with no thought but getting back to his hole as quickly as possible.

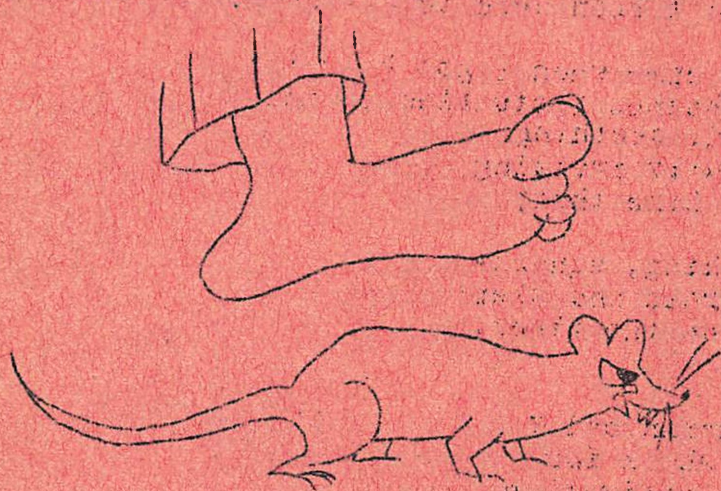
Foiled, I went back to bed. The rat outside was making so much noise that I couldn't get back to sleep. Disgruntled, I was finally forced to get up, go over to the window, and let him back in. I would never have got any sleep otherwise.

I slept soundly for awhile, but soon had to get up to go to the john. I almost didn't put on my house slippers, but a sudden cautious thought forced itself upon me, and I did. Naturally, I stepped on a rat. Clumsy beast. You'd think it'd have sense enough to get out of the way.

Early the next morning I went to the lumber yard to buy boards and plaster. I fixed the floor and plastered the holes in the walls, but unfortunately I ran out of plaster just before I got to the last hole. I didn't worry about it, though. It was near the ceiling. No rat could possibly get up there...



Ray Nelson



Ray Nelson

Remodeling the Cold-Water Flat--IV

Several nights later I was reading and happened to glance up. Two feet from me an ENORMOUS rat was climbing towards the ceiling. He was at least two feet from snout to tip of tail. I looked at him and didn't move. He looked at me and leisurely continued his way up the wall. The next day I got more plaster. No more rats.

Alas, my troubles were not over, although I must admit that I brought the others on myself, so to speak. I very definitely had a shortage of chairs, and one night as I was wending my way home, careening off garbage cans, I espied some sofa cushions left out for the garbage man. A light dawned. Sofa cushions. Floor. More comfortable than floor alone. I happily picked them up and lurched on my way. In my defense let me say that I was just an innocent country boy who had had no previous contact with such things.



"He doesn't really think he's Napoleon. It's just that he has bugs."

All went well for awhile. Then I had a party at which one girl took a short nap on my bed. When she woke up she was covered with large welts. "Bedbugs!" she yelled--real traumatic like. I had heard vaguely of bedbugs, but I had never seen one before. They must have been feasting off me for some time. Shudder. Shudder. SHUDDER!

This was the start of a reign of terror. I sprayed and sprayed and sprayed and sprayed. I thought I was keeping them down to a respectable number, but I couldn't seem to get rid of them. Guests would sit only on wooden chairs and look around them nervously. When I dropped in at fan gatherings, ill-disposed people would say, "Grab your spray gun, here comes Bill." I was losing sleep. I felt bedbugs even when there were no bedbugs. I started babbling to myself, a habit I still haven't been able to get over.

The climax came when I got back from the Clevention. After several days' absence I stumbled in and thankfully made for the bed. It was a solid, seething mass of bedbugs, all eagerly and wistfully awaiting my return. Isn't it nice to be missed like that?

I spent HOURS spraying and squashing, squashing and spraying. I threw out my mattress and slept on a well-sprayed rubber air-mattress on the floor. I still couldn't get rid of them.

Dick Ellington, Art Saha, Dan Curran and I had been talking about getting a slum shack for some time. This last incident gave me motivation like you've never seen, man. I combed the damn town and finally found a place that was satisfactory to everyone. Chuck Freudenthal came in with us and The Dive was all set.



Remodeling the Cold-Water Flat--V

When I moved I threw away all stuffed furniture, sent all clothes and bedding, dirty or not, to laundry or cleaners. I thoroughly sprayed, almost soaked, everything else I moved, including books and records. It worked. Of all the problems we had to cope with at the Dive, bedbugs was not one of them.

I was so all shook up by all this that once I had moved I refused to enter the building again. I had friends living there, but they had to visit me, or I would meet them somewhere else. It was too much.

I solemnly warn everyone: if you see abandoned sofa cushions (or any sort of upholstered furniture) on the street, no matter how good a condition it may be in, IT AIN'T WORTH IT.

--Bill Donaho

Like members of most progressive organizations, we Knaves have our postwar plans. ...the Knaves urge that everything be given one price, \$8.00. This will eliminate superfluous buying of inferior items, stop kiddies from buying candy, cut down double-features...and at the same time make it possible for everyone to have a house, car, clothes, and the stable items of life. Furthermore, it eliminates bookkeeping. We predict that the level of American health and well-being will bound upward immeasurably under the Knave Plan.

--anon (Yerke?) in KNAVVE #2, Feb. 44

In this town of 400,000 odd inhabitants there are apparently only three who are odd enough to admit to an interest in s-f. Yet every month great heaps of s-f magazines come into the shops, and vanish instantaneously, like cream. No one ever sees who buys them. The few times I have surprised persons in the act they seemed to flee in terror at my approach as if I had three heads instead of only two. My spies tell me that this state of affairs exists all over Sol III. WHO ARE THESE MYSTERIOUS PEOPLE? Shocking though it may be to our self esteem, there is only one answer. Behind fandom as we know it, using it as a screen, lurks the OTHER FANDOM. To this vast organization of super intellects we are but morons, fit only to be used as unwilling catspaws in their machinations. It is through us that they press their views on editors and publishers, most of whom have learned by bitter experience the peril of ignoring them. How else explain the powerful influence of the apparently impotent minority of actifans? These mysterious intelligences, whom I refer to as the TENDRILLESS FANS, have their own secret conventions and fanzines, and for all I know, prozines too. Their number constantly increases. You have wondered why it is that actifans often retire at the very peak of their powers, why fanzines no sooner get really good than they fold? Obviously, they have been ACCEPTED!

--Walt Willis, SLANT #4

For an ordinary person to try to be fabulous and Burbee-like is vaguely analogous to an attempt at a chemical analysis of protoplasm. As soon as you start analysing, the protoplasm dies and then it isn't protoplasm any more. Just like Bill Rotsler, who has spent half a decade trying to be fabulous and Burbee-like and has only succeeded in making himself an "arty feller".

--F. T. Laney, BURBLINGS, May '51

Harry Warner, Jr.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS



"My place in fandom's history was assured when I invented the 'serious destructive fan'. You've heard of the serdestfan?"

"No."

When you read "The Immortal Storm," you get a firm impression that immediately after the collapse of FANTASY MAGAZINE, fandom entered a period during which nothing emerged from the hectographs and mimeographs but invective, broadsides, propaganda, and feud-fare. It was pretty nasty, in truth, at the end of the 1930's, but there were a few fanzines that sailed through fandom's stormy seas with as much regard for the high-breaking waves of feuding and politicking as an ocean liner pays to the disturbance that a motorboat kicks up in the surrounding waters. One such publication was Walter Earl Marconette's SCIENTI-SNAPS.

It thrived during the last years of this century's fourth decade, and it was one of the rare instances in which a fanzine really expressed the actual personality of its editor. Walt was as calm, good-natured, and friendly a fan as has ever existed, well-built physically in sharp contrast to the two-dimensional proportions of so many of us, and slow and steady in his motions. He plunged into the troubled waters of fandom from time to time, having no fear of getting his feet wet in these agitated pools, but the waters magically calmed, as a rule, when his presence was felt. He doesn't loom really large as a driving force in the fandom of his day, but it's quite possible that he did more for the field than is generally supposed, simply because he was there, living proof that an intelligent individual could find pleasure in fandom and could contribute to it without sharing in the silly fusses that were shaking up New York City, British fandom, and a variety of other areas.

SCIENTI-SNAPS first consisted of a half-page format, hectographed publication, which was distinctive for the overlapping protective covers of construction paper that were stapled around the fanzine itself. The inevitable handicaps of the hectograph apparently disturbed Walt's desire for neatness and precision, so he converted to a full-page, mimeographed format after the first half-dozen issues. The mimeographed issues are quite beautifully done, with a startling re-

All Our Yesterdays--II

semblance to SKYHOOK in the general appearance, but they lost the wonderful advantage of Walt's hectographed art work. There has never been anyone like him in fandom, for ability to create distinctive, self-sufficient decorative illustrations with hectograph pencils. I don't think anyone else ever learned how to get quite the pastel shades that he managed from this intractable medium.

In fact, the hectograph process was the joy and despair of most fans in those days when money was so scarce and fandom so small. Jack Speer was considerably wider-eyed in those days, and described in the fourth issue of SCIENTI-SNAPS the wonderful things that he had seen when he explored the Washington office of Ditto Duplicators:

I was amazed at the extent to which the hectograph of my childhood had developed. There was one mechanism that looked and worked like a mimeograph: turn the crank and out come copies (I understand that the rotary duplicator isn't as hard on the hecto compound as flat reproducing). The jelly for use with these rotary machines was a thin film on a heavy sheet of paper that is supposed to be just as good as the much deeper layers in the pan hecto. This paper hecto (\$1 per sheet) can also be used flat; I was shown a \$4 film-o-graph which makes the flat duplicating job as simple as possible. However, what was called a "portable" unit (40 some-odd dollars each!) made it even simpler to operate: A housetop-shaped thing fits over the hecto sheet, one side holding the supply of paper. In the other side you insert a paper, turn the crank, which runs a roller across the paper (which meanwhile has mysteriously been laid out on the hecto) to get it flat, then pulls it up and hands it to you. ... Ditto still had tray hectos in which the gelatin is a beautiful amber (when new) rather than the traditional green, at \$2.75.

The first issue of SCIENTI-SNAPS, incidentally, may mark the only time in the history of fandom that a fanzine also attempted to boost a postage stamp business. "Scienti-Stamp Collectors, Attention!" an advertisement declared. "To all interested in looking over a selection of my fine approvals I will send a nice packet for a dime. Contains big set of 1937 Fr. Equatorial Africa...plus many others." WEM apparently was a philatelist and fan simultaneously, a combined avocation that not even Laney could achieve.

It should not be assumed that SCIENTI-SNAPS was entirely sweetness and light. Dick Wilson had a fanzine review column in the third issue which did not pull punches:

Ho, Moskowitz! Have at you! Of all the poorly printed, messy, badly illustrated, hard-to-read, ungrammatical, etcetera, etcetera, ad infinitum fan journals, HELIOS is it. ... COSMIC TALES is in a class, and about on a par with HELIOS. Its format is of the sloppiest. Its illustrations...are, altogether without sufficient exception, quite awful. ... Good articles and stories at times find their way into the magazine, tho the errors that are typographed into them are enough

All Our Yesterdays--III

to cause the tears to stream from the author's eyes.
We know from experience.

The late Henry Kuttner, even then among the best prozine authors, still took time to write quite delightful items. "Idle Thoughts on Spinach" in volume 2, number 4 of SCIENTI-SNAPS, was devoted to spoofing the articles discussing the purpose of science fiction that turned up in every other fanzine in those days. Henry wrote:

This business of groping for a purpose, and finding, perhaps, the wrong one, has frightening implications. I remember the distressing case of Belshazzar Weet, a promising, intelligent young man of seventeen. "The War of the Worlds" proved his downfall. After finishing that novel he remained for some time in a semi-comatose state, brooding; and eventually decided, to his own satisfaction, what the purpose of "The War of the Worlds" was. As a result, he captured a termite (which he named Daisybelle) and fell passionately in love with the creature. Neglecting his studies, he lavished expensive presents upon the termite, and spent hours composing odes in her honor. This went on interminably, but Daisybelle was unmoved. She had become infatuated with a rascally wood-louse named Edward, who did not return her affections. As a result of this triangle, Daisybelle fell into a decline and died; Mr. West committed suicide by precipitating himself from a fearful height on to an ant-hill; and the wood-louse, Edward, went to New York and thereafter vanished. I cannot help but feel that Weet took life somewhat too seriously.

Jack Chapman Hiske, one of the most fabulous of all older-generation fans, wrote a two-part biography of Merritt. Some quotations from volume 2, number 6, might be of interest today. Hiske is quoting the remarks of Merritt:

"Argosy paid me probably the highest rate they ever paid any writer," but that is to be expected of one whose mere name is magic. However, let it be made clear; Merritt is willing to sell his work to the fantasy publications. There are minor conditions, but they are perfectly reasonable: "It was not the later price, however, that made me send my stories to the Argosy. Possibly unfortunately, I do not have to write for a living. I write solely to please myself, and for those who like to read what I write. The Argosy realized this, and printed my stories without change of a single word. I had, and have, a certain sentimental interest in Argosy. Bob Davis, when he was its editor, bought my first yarns. The stories built up an interesting audience, young and old and of all kinds. This response interested me greatly--was a real reward for the labor of writing, for to me it is a labor. I write slowly--or in fits and starts. Sometimes a hundred words in a week; sometimes five thousand words between ten at night and four in the morning. Sometimes a month will go by without my

All Our Yesterdays--IV

writing a word. I gave my stories to Argosy solely because of this freedom to write what I wanted to write and because of this audience, which, oddly enough, seems still to be appreciative."

The first anniversary issue of SCIENTI-SNAPS, in February, 1939, contained a queer combination of good and bad prophecy, in the form of an article by James Avery on the burning question of the day, how in the world the nation's science fiction readers could support the flood of new prozines, which had brought eight titles to the newsstands, in comparison with the former three titles:

For all this flooding of fantasy, it is my own belief that by the end of 1939 the field will be once more as clear as it was at the beginning of 1937, with perhaps a few improvements in the then existing magazines. And now a prediction that will no doubt startle some, and cause a number of others to shake their heads sagely! If things keep on as they have for the past three months, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if the Honorable Hugo Gernsback will again publish a science fiction magazine as he promised in his editorial in THE SCIENCE FICTION CRITIC for June, 1936. Mark my words, if there is the remotest possibility of a dime being made in the fantasy field, Gernsback will reenter science fiction once more!

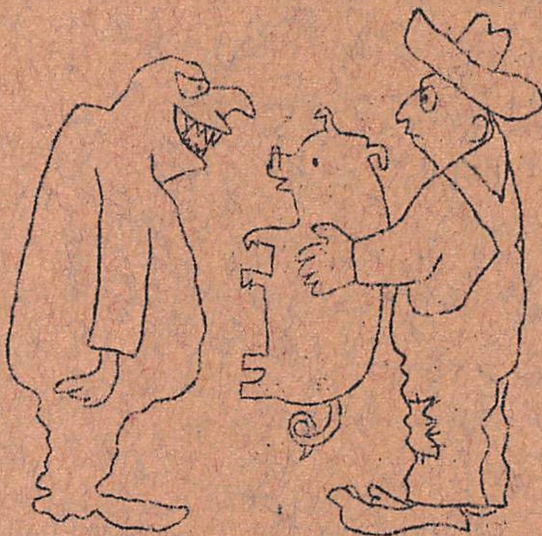
Charles R. Tanner, another fellow who was commuting between prodom and fandom in those days, published in volume 2, number 5, a rather ingenious parody of a parody. It began:

"You are old, Author William," the Young Fan said,
"And your checks are uncommonly fat,
"Yet your tales grow more infantile, month after month.
"Pray what is the reason for that?"
"In my youth," said the old man, "I wrote pretty tales,
"Nor gave much attention to slants
"But they always came back marked rejected, so now
"I write what the editor wants."

And if you think that those were the good old days when it was safe to do anything you pleased, as long as it didn't conflict with a written law, we find in the same issue Robert W. Lowndes, decrying the fact that freedom to advocate unpopular causes in this country wasn't combined with freedom to take action to back up that advocacy:

Advocation will not be too difficult--(although, for example, many people have found themselves very much behind the eight-ball for simple advocacy of birth control. Vested interests concerned.)--but when advocacy becomes action (the first step of which is thorough explanation of all points) then you will find censorship and suppression raising their hydra heads in total disregard for our Bill of Rights, Constitution, and any and every other right the American people are supposed to possess.

--Harry Warner, Jr.



Ray Nelson

"Don't bother to put it in a box, I'll eat it here."

heading by Nelson

INVECTIVE

illos by Bjo

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

Regarding the Tower. Seems to me the best bet is to tie it all together, and attach a number of Sky-hook balloons (surplus) filled with hot air from the last meeting, and float the whole thing across the next foggy night. Be sure the wind was in the right direction, though. The

fog would ground planes, and you wouldn't have to worry about being reported as a ten mile high UFO.

I feel mixed emotions over the Graham's article. While I don't care much for character assassination, with out reason. Live and let live, I some times say. It leaves a bad taste in the eye-balls. But in this case I had to smile a quiet smile, and nod my head. I'd suspected something like this was the case. Despite all the assurances that DC fandom was grate, I'd never been able to see anything very outstanding about them. White has always struck me as more of a fan than fan. Beautiful work, unfortunately dull.

I fear that Burbee takes being a Living Legend to heart, and has started to write "Burbie Like" material.

Burbie, in the old days, was a very varied writer. The whole trouble is as I see it, he doesn't write much now, and is out of the habit of really original thought. (Let me say, before you take this up, he is still more original and witty than most fans.) Now, when he has to write for FAPA, or the rare thing like you have, he sets down and writes what he thinks you want. The same old Burbie type article. Like Hemingway, even his poorest work is classic, but one does remember the day when you could pick up a Burbie article, and be surprised, as well as amused. --Of course, maybe it is just me that is getting old.

Brandon's story was clever, but inspires no other comment.

Warner is, of course, Warner. One could, almost, use his name like that. I generally find reprints dull, but Warner is never dull. Which, seeing nothing much ever happens to him (like it does to Burbie and Rog Phillips) is quite a thing. He makes riding on a streetcar an adventure.

Who-boy, do I like Warner...

Rick

Innvective, II--Walt Willis, Brandon fan

WALT WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland

I got Inn 7 and would have written earlier only that George Charters borrowed my copy. You know what these Brandon fans are--he might have killed me with his blackthorn.

Was nostalgic to see that old Cf. cover again, and even more so to wonder how many of your other readers recognised it. {(Only Rog Phillips, I think.)}

Brandon's "Why don't you do your trick for us" was an immortal utterance and I shall take it out of the vaults of my memory bank at intervals for the rest of my life and gloat over it. I'll bet BoSh will love it too...it's a BoShavian sort of thing to say.

That's quite a problem you have about those bheercans. Only thing I can think of at the moment is that you get the earth shifted round underneath them. I'll give you the phone number of a firm in Belfast here who advertise themselves as Earth Movers if you're stuck.

I should like to nominate Pete's dissection without anaesthetics of the NewWashington fans as the most remarkable article of the year. In fact I don't remember seeing anything like it appear in my lifetime in fandom--for precedent I suppose you'd have to go back to Yerke or the freshly insurgent Laney. Whether it was fair or not, it was fearless and fascinating.

Best,

Walt

GREG BENFORD, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas

I was over to Reamy's a while ago, and Koogler was there with a long thing which he said was "a satire on Clayfoot Country and the discovery of America"...he said he was going to send it to you. {(He didn't, just like Ted White never sent me the rebuttal to CC which he said he was writing for me--a pity, too, because we were thinking, in one of our meaner moods, of titling it "Little Boy White, Come Blow Your Horn".)} Well, despite the awesome scope of Koogler's work, I got an idea about doing a reverse-ploy using Graham's article. Anyway, I wrote two pages on it, and one nite Randy Brown was sitting on my bed reading INNUENDO 7 ("That bastard Carr should send me his filthy zine," he said) and I thot of the satire, lying fallow in my desk. I showed it to him (it concerned a visit by Graham to Burbee's place in the Good Old Days of the LASFS), and of course he didn't like it, saying it wasn't subtle enough. "Take the title, for instance," he said. "No sparkle, no fannish brilliance. What you should do is make Burbee a cripple..." he paused for a moment, his mind groping, reaching for the pun "...and call the thing Clubfoot County."

By Ghod, that took almost a third of a page.

Luck,

Greg

JOHN HITCHCOCK, 300 E. University Parkway, Baltimore 18, Maryland

Your editorial was remarkable and eye-opening. This is the sort of editorial I expect in a brilliant, focal-point zine. No offense intended, but, man, I never suspected you had it... You're rapidly establishing a group as well as yourself, too, with these anecdotes. This is a modern, living equivalent for the anecdotes dragged up from the past of Burbee et al. I can't think, offhand, of any other bunch of fans in the US who are currently getting this publicity. This is the stuff of which a Numberth Fandom is made. Must communicate with Silverberg. {(He just feels old and tired.)}

Innvective, III--Hitchcock delivers a riposte

And I must say that line of GJB's ("Why don't you do your trick for us, Ron?") was the best in the issue. More than one well-known East Coast fan is going out to the Solacon for the sole purpose of meeting Brandon.

I'll have to admit Clayfeet Country held the most interest for me of anything in the seventh inning. For months I'd been prepared to anticipate it, by snide remarks thrown out here and there. Yet CC was a considerable let-down.

Graham says, "The point of writing CC was...to give an example of tendencies too highly prevalent in our little microcosm these days." But he spends four pages of a 5-page article running down three or four individuals' characters, traits, personalities, and tastes in obviously enjoyed gratuitous detail. Graham, we see, cannot help belying his intentions, despite an interesting attempt to expand his petty faultfinding to a generalized, universal conclusion. His real, personal motives stick out like a real sore thumb...or a Wetzel joke.

I hope little Peter (can you deny that he's California's next Vorzimmer?) doesn't take this comment personally. My point is to give his article as an example of tendencies too highly prevalent in our little microcosm these days. Several features have been pointed out: egoboo-seeking, immaturity, insecurity, and continual destructive criticism. Other features can and should be added to this list: pomposity, an overestimate of the value and reality of fandom, and a narrowness of mind toward activities, events, and conditions occurring outside of fandom or closely related fields. The problem can be put up with, of course. I do not dislike Peter; despite his idiosyncrasies (and perhaps because of them) he is an interesting person. But such characteristics are common to many neofans. The traits Peter displayed were typical of those that have made so many fans revolting for so long; why I am leery of inviting fans to my home; why Warner would just as soon not have neofans call on him; why Tucker has almost bodily thrown out fan visitors. There's no easy remedy for the situation. The best that can be done is to point out the problem, so that those at fault can correct it. Until they do, fans who complain of the stf-reading public's thinking of fandom as a gossiping personality cult will be standing on weak ground for arguing. ((Pete laughed and said touché.))

Whatever became of Claude Hall? Put it on your next masthead. Better, if you can find him, put him on your next masthead.

Your rounds with Boyd Raeburn show you equal to any trufannish task. "...cancel your free subscription" is another superior line. Keep it up and you, like Ted White, will be a Lee-Shaw-accredited BNF. Just think. Pete Graham can write an article about you.

Keep up the good work.

John KE Hitchcock

MERVYN BARRETT, 6 Doctors Commons, Wellington C 4, New Zealand

The parody by Carla Brandon made me think of a guy I used to know named Carl. He was known though in certain circles as Carla and if you rang him he usually answered the phone by saying, "The countess Carla speaking." Or sometimes it was "The Baroness von Battenburg," or "Madame Volkswagon". Last I heard of the guy he was wanted by the Australian police for hiring a couple of wigs from a costumer and then leaving town without returning them, like. So much for idle memories.

Regards,

Mervyn

Innvective, IV--He-Shaw here

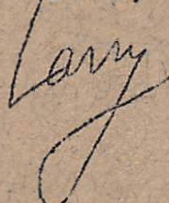
LARRY SHAW, 780 Greenwich St., New York 14, New York

Your problem concerning the Tower is, I admit, a worrisome one. But why not plug up the holes, pump the whole thing full of helium, and float it across? Of course, you could always organize a Society for the Preservation and Enlargement of the Tower of Bheer Cans to the Moon, with fancy letterheads, and collect enough contributions to buy a used steam engine and flatcar. ((We'll turn your suggestion over to Bill Reynolds, our Consultant on Steam Engines.))

The voices from the past are selected with impeccable taste, and add considerable spice. ((Me and Walt.))

The Mind of Chow has far-reaching implications if you think about it for a while. If it gets into the hands of the wrong people, it could easily set off a whole new rash of fannish hoaxes, with "I almost kill him" as the common slogan. Just picture the Solacon masquerade, with everybody using real weapons instead of water pistols. Gird your loins, men!

Best,



CHARLES EDWARD BURBEE, Jr., 7628 South Pioneer Blvd., Whittier, Calif.

Have had a look at your magazine "Innuendo" and like it. It beats me how you--all by yourself--can turn out a 38 page magazine for nothing. No charge to the reader, I mean. At those rates, profit is unlikely, it would seem.

burb

ROGER HORROCKS, 18 Hazelmere Rd., Mt. Albert, Auckland SW1, New Zealand

The heading for Innvective in INN 5 had unusual associations, for me at least. Not so long ago--maybe three months after the launching of Sputnik I--an advert appeared in the local papers which read sorta like this:

Elderly Man, with excellent sight, willing to donate one healthy eye to disabled person, in return for the cost of a trip to Russia.

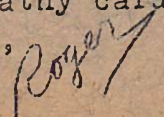
Naturally I thought it was all a joke, but the blasted thing kept appearing night after night in the paper for over two weeks. I was just about to believe that the thing was genuine when the ads. stopped. So to this day I do not know the true story behind that piece!

The cover of INN 7 gets me reminiscing again about the time, not so long ago, when I was working over a one shot. The idea I coined --not a particularly imaginative one, admittedly--was to line all the copies up against a brick wall or something and shoot a .22 bullet through said copies.

The idea never saw fruition, which is perhaps for the best, tho I suppose after all it might of been interesting to see whether or not I actually hit the stack.

Walter might at least have sent me a sympathy card.

Best wishes,



Innecotive, V--a warning from Toronto

BOYD RAE BURN, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Great was my joy today when INNUENDO #7 arrived, and also great was my surprise. It isn't a great amount of time since #6 thunked its way here...at this rate you are going to have a regularly appearing zine. You know what will happen if INNUENDO comes out fairly frequently? (Right there the story becomes fantastic.) It will become a Focal Point. I'm not quite sure what a Focal point is, in this context (somehow it sounds vaguely obscene) but people have been saying here and there that what is needed is a Focal point...if this really does come about, all you can do is send off a card: "Dear Mr. Coulson: I have become a Focal Point. What do I do now?"

As usual was mildly gassed by Inn A Mist, but realizing that anything I say in this letter, being a Letter of Comment, is likely to be rushed into print, I find myself inhibited. ("Dear Mr. Harness: Terry Carr inhibits me. Has his I.Q. been raised by Scientology?")

Alexander was excellent, and greatly enjoyed. It reminded me of the days when I was a young innocent science fiction fan. The wider aspects of faaaandom had yet to be revealed to me, and I thought that science fiction fans were science fiction fans. Anyway, an agent of the N3F sent me some N3F literature ("...and lots of Benefits...") and therein I read that Roy and Deedee Lavender were the Big Wheels in the N3F at that time. "Geewhiz," thought I (I didn't even know enough to say "goshwow"--it was only later that I learnt the Proper Responses), "How wonderful it would be to visit these Big Important People in Science Fiction Fandom, the Lavenders, and talk about science fiction." I was even so innocent that I thought people went to science fiction conventions to talk about science fiction. At the time I was living in a primitive-type country, and not much science fiction was available, and that which was around really was worth talking about.

That is all the comment. ((All that I quoted, anyhow.)) Now you write me a letter, and I'll write you an uninhibited letter in reply, or, you go stir Rike out of his hothouse lethargy, and we can send uninhibited tapes back and forth.

Regards,



MAL ASHWORTH, 40 Hakin St., Tong St., Bradford 4, Yorks., England

I had it from a fellow I know that you are publishing a sterling fanzine name of INNUENDO. At least, that's what he gave me to understand in a veiled and underhand way. "Terry Carr is publishing a sterling fanzine name of INNUENDO" were his actual words, but I deduced the rest. I have a keen fannish mind and it's no use at all people trying to hide things from me by subtlety like that. I know now that you are publishing a sterling fanzine name of INNUENDO just as surely as if I had been told it.

The obvious thing to do was make arrangements to get hold of this sterling fanzine and that was when I first realised that whatever else it was it wasn't really a sterling fanzine. It was probably a dollar fanzine--or perhaps, on reflection, more likely a quarter fanzine, but it certainly wasn't a sterling fanzine. I cast around in my mind for an answer to this dilemma and then I rooted feverishly in an old cardboard box I have and came up with a couple of silver coins someone sent us when we were publishing BEM rather more regularly than we now are. I looked them over and came to the conclusion that their total worth was 15p. Even to me this didn't come to quite a quarter and, upon reflection, I decided that if you are publishing a quarter fan-

Innjective, VI--Ashworth believes rumors

zine and I sent you 15¢--even 15¢ illegally wrapped and hidden and smuggled and all in some prozine--you would likely cut me off without so much as a sneer (or even a copy of INNUENDO) as a no-good scrounger and bum. Also I would have lost my 15¢. So I got overcome by a fit of generosity and gave the nickel to my wife and kept the dime for myself and cast around in my mind.

Then I remembered an old tin box I had upstairs with all kinds of strange currency from many ages and many lands--foreign coins in other words--in it. Maybe my salvation would be in there; on consideration though I didn't think so. The only things I could remember being in there were a few french franks, a deutschmark or two and a few mouldy old Russian roubles. Also a large George the Third penny with a milled edge. Or maybe it was George the Fourth, I don't remember. In fact for all I know of it it could have been George the Fifth; or even George the Second. You don't happen to know which George had pennies with milled edges do you? You don't happen to know if there have been five Georges do you? Anyway I didn't figure you'd appreciate that any more than if you got 15¢ for your quarter fanzine, so I didn't send that either.

Of course I realise thinking it over that you might be publishing a 15¢ fanzine but that's a chance I have to take I guess.

The fact of the matter is I'd kind of like to see any copies of INNUENDO you might find it in your trusting heart to let me have. If you do send me any maybe you can tell me what you would like to receive. Upon reflection I think I probably borrowed the George the Third penny with milled edges, though I don't know who from (I don't think it was George the Third), so don't ask for that as it would offend my principles to dispose of something I only borrowed, even if I can't remember who from. (I am not dogmatic about it being George the Third you understand; I just wrote that as a handy generalization. If you have any better suggestions about which George it was I will be happy to accept them.) But if you want the 15¢ I guess I could manage that. It won't offend my principles quite as much to get the 5¢ back from my wife as it would to send you a George the Third penny which doesn't belong to me. (I can always give her the George the Third penny in exchange anyway until Old Whatsisname asks for it back. If he isn't dead by now.) Please don't ask for my wife as it would offend my principles not to have anyone to cook for me and mend my clothes.

DICK ELLINGTON, P. O. Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3, New York
Son of a bitch! What kind of cruel, conniving mind do you people out there got? I couldn't figure out a ploy like that in a million years.

What do you mean, what am I talking about? It's obvious. I get nice envelope containing (2) two(2) copies of INN and think, "Gee, what nice guys, they gung send me them issues they held out before." So I pick up first one--No. 5, Yes, very nice--but wait! I've already got this one! What gives? Oh well. So I turn to next one without noting number and what do I find? All sorts faunching letters telling me how good INNISH was--INNISH that I have faunched and hollered and yowled madly for--but han't never seen. This is monstrous indignity to heap on poor fen and you should hide your head in shame.

I have half a mind to send you some free, pre-addressed stickers with poison glue on back.

You hate me!

That guy in the stationery store is not unusual. Being a skit-

Innvective, VII--Ellington grumbles

tering, travelling-about type I have managed to hit half the damn stationery stores in N.Y. at one time or another and find that each one of them has at least one of these yoks. Only place that doesn't is Strathmore, across from the office I work in on Madison Avenue. They have female idiot there but she is restricted to peddling studio cards in separate section of the store. {(Why don't you kill her in your goddam Brooks Bros. suit?)} For the rest the owner and his son do all selling and they know what gives about everything. But the other places... "You mean lettering guides like in Leroy's?--we got them." "What the hell do you mean by stylis?" "Himeo paper and ink we got but what the hell are blankets--you think this is a dry-goods shop maybe?" Yeah. {(...er...I had to write to Dick to find out that blankets are inkpads.)}



Your problem regarding the tower to the moon is quite pressing and obviously deserves sincere consideration. I would suggest a troller arrangement and holes punched in the cans or better yet a pneumatic tube set up like in Department Stores of Note, with tubes especially channeled for Bheer Cans. But probably the best solution, considering all factors, would be to abandon the whole pile over on the other side and leave it as a Ghostly Monument to Scientific Progress and start all over again in Berkeley. After all, getting there is half the fun.

Please pass on to Mr. Graham a sincere note of appreciation for his masterful summary of DCdom. Tell him

that if he comes out this way again he shouldn't bother looking me up. Since we agree so completely on this I doubt that we would have anything to talk about. Gad! What a masterful bit.

I started reading the thing and hooching and then I sort of stopped and thot, "My Ghod, is he going to go on this way about all of them? After all there are a few nice types around D.C." But sure enough, these he either glossed over or mentioned favorably. And of course since he agrees with me he must be A Right Thinker.

Yes, this I flip over--high spot of issue for me I think.

For a sadistic bastard you publish a real nice fanzine.

Alors,

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

Clayfeet Country is a real problem. I approve heartily of any fannish publications which make clear to the innocent just what they might get mixed up with, if they plunge wholeheartedly into the alleged fannish hospitality tradition. At the same time, I'm not sure that it was altogether fair to write and print so complete a devastation of one city's fandom, on the basis of one chance visit. One can make unforeseen impressions on someone else, either because of a surprise visit or because of trying too hard to be impressive or because of some random factor which the visitor doesn't know about. I've never met any of the Washington fans, except Derry, but I don't think that

Innvective, VIII--Warner on the fence

Chick would chum around with them if the situation in Washington is as bad as Pete describes it to be. So I remain neutral on the specific case, while heartily backing all examples of this kind of reporting, when they're written on the basis of sufficient experience and proper documentation. Wetzel visited me once, you know.

I'll bet that I know what happened to Chow. He's gone back to Red China and he's writing quiz programs for that nation's short wave English-language transmissions. I just recently acquired a Hallicrafters and am on a shortwave listening binge. Saturday morning, I picked up this station that had such a bubbly carrier that it must be coming from far away. Sure enough, it was Peking. I listened through a remarkable news broadcast, some modern Chinese music, and then listened intently to a quiz program. This quiz program consisted of the answers to three questions which had been asked the previous week, then the posing of three new questions. The listener was supposed to ponder the new questions all week, then listen in next Saturday morning for the answer. These were the questions: What Chinese athlete recently distinguished himself for an outstanding performance? What are two cities on the coast of China that are taking great steps ahead? What is meant by "taking great steps ahead?"

Carl Brandon did another expert piece of parody work. But I'm alarmed to hear that he's going to rewrite some of his parodies and work on others. He's got too much writing talent to spend the rest of his fannish career altering someone else's writing, and I'd like to see him take the logical next step and turn out something really his own, even if he makes it sound like a parody of something nobody has ever read. There's a difference between getting into the groove and getting into a rut: the latter is what happens when you've proven that you can achieve the former, and then refuse to seek out new grooves. (Carl says he is currently plotting out an original fannish piece in his mind.)

About the difficulties of moving the beercan tower, my only suggestion would be the same one that the manufacturers of the beer adopted to make their product move in the first place. The beercans when full wouldn't have moved off the shelf if the breweries hadn't put yeast into their product. If yeast made the beer rise, like bread or the Rebel South, it certainly should levitate your tower sufficiently to get it across the marshes or ghats or whatever may lie between its present and your present locations.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

JOHN CHAMPION, Fleming House, 1301 E. California, Pasadena, California

You told me at Burbee's party you wanted me to write a letter of comment on INNUENDO #7, so here it is. Why, this letter should be a masterpiece. I have done everything in my power to get in the proper mood for commenting on INN. For instance, I have been reading from THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE. There is West Coast Jazz playing right now on the hi-fi to help me get into the proper mood for despising Ted White. I admit there is no bbeer around, but I can't help that. In fact, the last thing I drank was a Pepsi, which admittedly is not something one should do when trying to get into the proper mood for despising Ted White (I like Pepsis, after all, and I can't help it if White does too). But I can't help that. I mean, really.

I told you once about Al Ashley. I mean, you know, the Al Ashley who lives here in Fleming House. I feel that this Al Ashley is no less

Innvective, IX--are you a pseudo-Ashley?

memorable than the Other Al Ashley, and that maybe I should relate an incident or two so you can print a true Al Ashley anecdote in INN. So. Well, for instance, Al Ashley here knows about the Other Al Ashley. John Trenholme and I told him about it one day. Especially the Other Al Ashley's favorite phrase.

Well, it seems one day Trenholme was walking with a friend down one of the ivy-drenched paths here, and they met Al Ashley. "Hello, Al," said Trenholme.

You bastard, said Al Ashley.

So they walked on a bit further, pondering this. Suddenly a brilliant light of revelation lit up above Trenholme's head. He turned to his friend. "You bastard, said Al Ashley," he said. And they continued walking on, wondering at the significance of what Al Ashley had said, and marvelling over it.

Al Ashley, card player, is another thing that must be related. I have frequently played cards with Al Ashley--against him sometimes, with him sometimes. One day four of us were sitting in the lounge playing hearts, a favored method of releasing insane frustrations around here. Al Ashley was sitting across the table from me: the guy on his right led. Al Ashley played a higher card. The next one was low. I played the queen of spades on the hand (this is the worst of all possible cards to have to take, if anybody there doesn't know about hearts.) Al Ashley looked at me.

You bastard, said Al Ashley.

Al Ashley is what can be loosely described as heavy. He now weighs about 200 pounds; it was formerly something like 300. Because of this he gets special food served to him. One day in the dining room I was talking to Al. He told me one of his favorite methods of annoying slow eaters when he is waiting on tables. "You stand there, looking over his shoulder," said Al, "and you say, 'Lick it clean, lick it clean.'" This always makes people P.O.'ed."

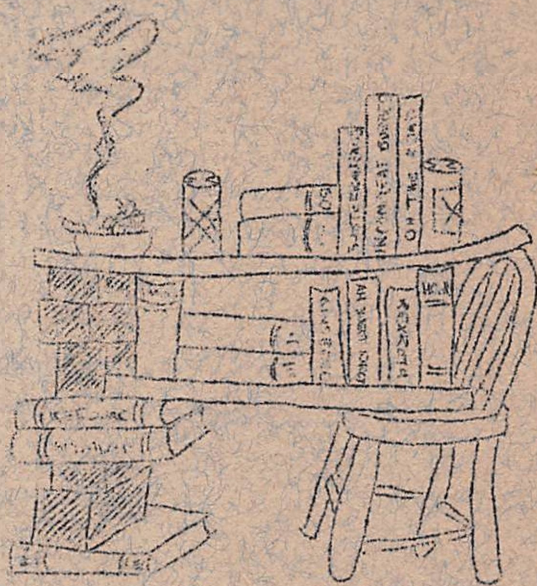
One day I was waiting on the table where Al Ashley was sitting. I brought Al his meal. He sat there, eating it. I began clearing plates away. I came to Al Ashley, who was still eating. "Lick it clean, Al," I said.

You bastard, said Al Ashley.

Well, anyway, I might as well comment on INN #7. I just feel sort of beat, that's all. I feel even more beat when I look in front of me, and what do I see staring me in the face but GO and ON THE ROAD, one right on top of the other.

Well, I guess maybe the reason I thought CATCHER IN THE RYE was humorous was because I felt closer to it and so forth. You can tell Willis that it wasn't so much the whole thing as just little bits here and there, sort of the narrative rather than the overall effect, that I thought was so hilarious. And it showed the adult world in relation to American youth so thoroughly, and maybe that's why I thought of it as being humor. (I thought it was wonderfully funny too.)

I am now staring hard at Clayfeet Country, trying hard to comment. Well, I don't know. I wonder if it has anything to do with what I was

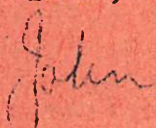


Innvective, X--Champion philosophizes

talking to George Fields about last night. He made the remark that he thought Gregg Calkins was one of the best-adjusted fans he could think of. In relation to the outside world, that is.

"Yes," I said. "And Grennell, and Bloch, and Tucker, and Willis... I wonder if there's any significance in this?" I think there must be --I think this must prove something. Maybe this is the secret of becoming a BNF...if so, I offer it free to anybody who wants it, on a silver platter, as it were. Ghod knows we'd be better off if some aspiring BNFs were to try this method.

Best,



SFC ARTHUR H. RAPP, RA36886935, Firing Btry, 558th FA Msl Bn, APO 36, New York, N. Y.

Terry, you unfeeling bastard.

You are on a par with someone who goes around offering drinks to serious and constructive members of Alcoholics Anonymous. What are you trying to do, drag me back into the slimy morass of Organized Fandom? Don't you know I've kicked the habit, man? Why, I hardly even glance at the prozines any more (except ASF, Galaxy and MoW, of course).

Do I waste my time nowadays in turning out fancrud? No, I use my leisure hours constructively, brushing up on mathematics in preparation for someday resuming my interrupted college career. Well, as a matter of fact I wasted most of this evening checking the fit of a logarithmic curve to certain empirical data, a curve I'd calculated with a sliderule, but rechecked with a five-place logarithm table to eliminate possible inaccuracy in the third and fourth decimals. And, as a matter of fact, I found that the coefficient of log X should be 1719/8.37 rather than 1720/8.37.

Yes, with this refined mathematical method I'm sure that this time I'll be able to predict ACCURATELY the size of the next SAPS mailing...

Now INNUENDO is a rather appallingly good fanzine. Appallingly, I say, since if this sort of thing is typical of non-apa publishing these days, it would almost be worth the trouble of becoming embroiled in countless esoteric feuds, writing endless reams of correspondence, getting on endless mailing lists of obscure publishers and second-hand dealers, and so on, merely to have such gems of literary merit arrive in my mailbox now and then.

I have non-SAPS publications inflicted on me now and then; yours differs from the general run in that at least 50% of the time I recognize the names and events mentioned in your pages. This is what makes it so tantalizing: by devoting a few hundred hours to crifanac I could reorientate myself in the microcosm, learn what and who are the topics of fannish interest nowadays, and perhaps even disillusion the vast numbers of young fen who may perhaps have heard of me, but associate me vaguely with the era of Gernsback and the SFL.

But damn it, Terry, I've got eight more years to devote to the less interesting, but equally demanding, activities of soldiering before I resurrect my trusty mimeo from its sealed tomb, place vast orders for office supplies and postage stamps, and set about the machiavellian task of competing with Redd Boggs for the Secret Mastery of Fandom.

Would you dare to compromise my long-range strategy by insidiously enticing me into the primrose path of being a fanzine letterhack? Do

Innvective, XI--some has-been or other here

you expect me to forget my ideals long enough to suggest that the only fit purpose for your bheercan tower is as a pedestal for a heroic statue of Roscoe? Already you have caused me to write the first fan-letter to emerge from this ancient typer in several years. Have you no sense of decency, man?

... As I'm sure you're well-aware, Graham's article on the WSFA is superb, tho whether too harsh or too lenient is a question I'll leave open, never having met the majority of the people described therein. It SOUNDS accurate, tho. I'm sure that every fan has at one time or another thought similar thoughts about other fen he's met, but few of us have the guts to express them. (The Bay Area is fortunate in its fan population, methinks; there were no repellant characters among those of you I've had the fortune to meet; few other areas can match this record.)

The remainder of the material was equally outstanding; if I can pick a flaw in your zine it's that your writers select the fuggheaded aspects of fannish life with such unerring aim that even while I chuckle, I must wince at recognizing the truth in their observations. But then, the prime requisite for survival in the microcosm is the ability to refrain from completing the syllogism:

All fen are fuggheads.

I am a fan.

Therefore...

Well, old chap, last time I saw you I was a gung ho LP. Now time has marched on, and I'm a gung ho radar technician. I think the former job was easier, but after all, to fiddle with complex electronic gear and occasionally get to fire a few rockets at White Sands is more the fannish thing to do.

But as I say, tho I'm an ex-fan, and a potential fan, at this point in the spacetime continuum I'm not a fan. Except when something catalytic occurs, like the arrival of your fanzine today, to cause a Jeekyll-Hyde reaction. Then, briefly and rather nostalgically, but pronely and loud as ever, I'm forced to admit:

Today...today I am a FAAAAAAN!

ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, England

On the Tower to the Moon business...are you sure you know what you're doing wanting to ferry it across the Bay? Surely San Francisco is somewhat nearer the moon than Berkeley is, isn't it? So if you move it to Berkeley, you'll be automatically set back some way. Come to that, are you sure that the moon includes Berkeley in its itinerary in the first place? I suggest you check up on a bit of celestial geography, before you take any hard and fast decision on the matter that you may afterwards come to regret. That, or go snogging.

Who is this Brandon guy, anyway? I thought Dean Grennell was supposed to have shot him donkeys' years ago.

Re Eric Erickson...I entered into quite a correspondence with him myself at the time; I was trying to demonstrate logically the various fallacies in his arguments, and he always came back for more, only he just wouldn't take any notice, wouldn't admit that the fallacies existed. For instance, I was asking just what was the significance of making his D-day the 17th of March of all possible dates, and his only answer was that it was the 17th of March because it was the 17th of March, and that was that. No suggestion as to why the 17th of March had been chosen by whoever set the date. Eventually his

Innvective, XII--Mercer solves a mystery

messiah-complex became too much for me though, and I had to break it off.

However, I had become curious enough to wonder if anything untoward WOULD happen on the date in question, and kept careful watch as it approached. And, strange to relate, it DID. Something I hadn't in the least expected--though a bit of elementary research should I suppose have forewarned me. And in any case, I didn't actually see the SIGNIFICANCE of it until I saw Walt's letter in INN 7, and learned that all this started because Eric found a copy of HYPIEN.

March the 17th, of course, was St. Patrick's Day.

Mercatorially as ever,

Archie

ROM BENNETT, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England

I must lend voice to all these off-stage noises. I'm told they're fans clamouring to tell you that INNUEENDO is a fine fanzine, and it must be admitted that they show impeccable taste. With me, the savour is impacable.

I envy your position; you must collect an amount of material some lesser editors would give their right ears for, I'd bet.

There's the point too that the group behind INNUEENDO is relatively close, and yet it hasn't fallen back on those annoying esoteric would-be jokes which can't be understood by anyone outside its immediate community. We all tend to have esoteric jokes, of course, but they're better when shared, and you're sharing them out ok...like the tower, for instance. Hope you manage to see it through without mishap. I'd hate to hear that Dave had fallen off the top one of these days, you know.

very best,

Archie
& Cecil



MIKE GATES, c/o LtCol J.R.Gates, Hqtrs, Nacom, I.G.Section, APO 757,NY

Your editorial pleases me greatly as I have a person in my range of acquaintances who is very similar to Old Fuzzlehead. He is in fact an Algebra teacher at my illustrious school. I am very pleased to announce that he is considered crazy by any and all. As an example of typical fuggheadedness that this character is known for let me quote from a tape that I made whilst in class one day. His name is Westbrook, a name which some people are inclined to mispronounce.

"Eh...Mr. Westbird?"

"Yes, Thomas."

"Why isn't the derivitive of that 23 instead of -13?"

"Because when you take a minus from a minus you get a plus."

"Then why do you have 3 -(-6) equals -3 on the other board?"

"What? hmmm? which other board? hmmm, which one? hmmm, show me, hmmm."

Did I make a MISTAKE?" (Loud noises of astonishment come from the teacher.)

"Yes sir, right..."

"DON'T YOU CONFUSE ME, YOUNG MAN, OR I'LL THROW YOU OUT ON YOUR EAR. YOU YOUNGSTERS THINK THAT YOU OWN THIS SCHOOL, WELL YOU DAMN WELL DON'T, SEE?..."

"Sir, why is it that..."

"YOU YOUNG PEOPLE THINK YOU ARE SMART, DON'T YOU? WELL, I'LL

Innvective, XIII--Gates on Prof. Fuzzlehead

SHOW YOU HOW SMART I AM. JUST FOR THAT YOU CAN JUST DAMN WELL
GO TO HELL; SEE HOW SMART I AM..."

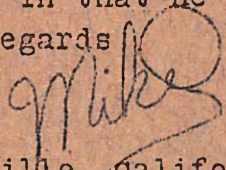
"Yes, sir!"

"DON'T SHOUT AT ME..."

(bell rings)

Alexander was a scream. There were many types at the London and I am sure he was there too. It is a shame that you could not be at that con. I had a great deal of fun. I met a great many fen and had some fun with a lot of them. I met the infamous Peter Reaney, and also Norman G. Wansborough. He is without a doubt the most abominable bore in fandom. Some fans are fuggheads, but this is the only dull fugghead I know. Even Pete Reaney, who is the most obnoxious fellow you could want to meet, has a redeeming feature in that he is humorous.

Regards



GEORGE METZGER, 2590 Oro Avenue, Oroville, California

This matter of transporting the Tower of Bheer Cans has me going... I was mulling over the concept of welding the cans together and either sealing them or stretching a bag over the frame and filling it with Helium...or a certain someone's hot air. Then you could float the entire arrangement across the bay. You could put Squirrel atop it with his sliderule for navigational purposes. I envision the Berkeley crowd standing about the landing area guiding Ellick in with the smell of food, a sort of home-cooked radar. And straight on course comes Ron, fluttering his bushy tail for propulsion. It would be very interesting if he should fall off...for all we can tell he might be a flying squirrel.

Praise to Bjo for her cartooning. Ghu, if I could only keep my stuff on as universal and expressive a plane as hers. I'm addicted. MORE, for the love of Ghu, more!

And then we have all this letter column...Ghu, whatta lineup. All these cosmic minded people. I wonder will I ever get in there--'cause I'm Cosmic Minded, you know. My head is one big vacuum.

It seems almost incredible that anyone with such a name as Royal Drummond could exist...but then, this IS fandom, isn't it? (We also have people with names like Kent Hoonaw, and Joe Rupp, Jr., and...and Robin Wood, remember?)

yours fannishly,

GEO
METZGER

GARY DEINDORFER, Apt. E-1, Letchworth Avenue, Yardley, Pennsylvania
Nonononono! Don't take me off Inn's mailing list; I'll write, I'll write!

After reading some of these "words from times long gone" I must say some of these fen are too good to be true. Burb, for instance. S'funny, I'd never read any of his stuff before and somehow had gotten the impression he was a serious, N3Fish-type crittur. I can see I wuz very wrong. (I printed this comment because I try to have something in every issue which will make Burbee laugh.)

Your astute observations on Ol' Fuzzlebottom remind me of a fumbling waitress who boo-boo's the day away at a local snack bar. She invariably forgets something every time we go in there; if she remembers the ketchup for our hamburgers she forgets the water. One time she brought knives and then went back for forks. As we go in there almost

Innvective, XIV--another chapter of The Fuzzlehead Report

every day for lunch between dull, dull school you can imagine her monstrous flub average. She may not be as spectacular as your friend Fuzzbottom, but I'd wager she's a lot more consistent. {(Yes--the only thing Fuzzlehead's done lately was giving Pete Graham correction fluid when he asked for stencil cement.)}

Hmmm, you do have quite a problem concerning transportation of the Tower. Lessee, the world rotates from west to east; SanFran is a bit further west than Berkeley. Ok, keeping those key facts in mind you get someone to get down at the equator. When all is in readiness you telephone them long distance telling them to go ahead and PUT THE WORLD IN REVERSE. With the earth spinning from east to west, all objects on its surface that aren't fastened down will keep sailing thru space at the original pre-reverse earth velocity and in the original west-to-east direction. Hence, the Tower will simply sail from its original SanFran location and the earth will rush under it. With correct manipulation of the earth under it, the Tower will land in Berkeley if the earth is stopped at the proper moment. Result: your problem is solved with a new one created. If your house's foundation is not sufficiently deep, it will have sailed away from the earth's yank and landed some twenty miles northwest of Berkeley. New problem: get house back to Tower in Berkeley. Anyhoo, it should be far easier to transport a house than a Tower of Bheer Cans, don't you think?

As I said earlier, Burbee is someone new to me. He's been worth waiting for, tho (in the vernacular of the pulpzine letterhacks). His Mind Of Chow is written in a clear concise style and, what's more, it's funny! With a writing talent like his, I don't see why Burb should work in a machine shop.

Carl Brandon is a damn good parodeer. At the time I got Inn I was working on a long parody of all jungle type films with a fannish twist. It was ten pages long and less than half finished when I read somewhere in the letter column of Inn that long parodies, unless very well written, fall flat--really flat. I laid Inn down for a short time and took a critical look at what I had written of the parody so far. It was humorous in spots but the overall effect came over strained. So, I scrapped it.

Simply another INNUENDO public service?

Yourn,

Gary

ESMOND ADAMS, 432 Locust Street, Huntsville, Alabama

Hey, do y'all follow this procedure in obtaining materials for the Conquest of Space?: 1) Purchase the bheer; 2) Bop down the contents; 3) Save the can; 4) Reverently bring forth the can (intact) to place reverently on the Tower in some mysterious ceremony on a Holy Day. Around here this sort of plan would never work, because no one is allowed a bheer beyond his first one if he doesn't bend the empty can into a Brumpled Botch before being allowed to imbibe further. Can Crumpled Botches contribute to the Race of Space Superiority? {(You people obviously know nothing about building towers to the moon.)}

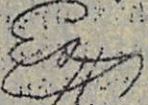
Clayfeet Country is interesting; on an abstract level (to be diplomatic), I can easily see an article like this one being written about your group (not necessarily, or primarily, meaning as a retort to this one; just a similar article). It brings out factors common to groups of many sorts, if one cares to dig down deep to search them out; the difference between a rocking little fannish group and a

nauseating one is merely the difference in which parts are exaggerated, and on a more or less individual choice of what rocks vs. what stinks. I've run into White only vaguely, and the rest of those mentioned even less, so I go neutral on this particular case. I give solemn assurance that I'm on the side which says that you piddle around Berkeley and Other Minor Cities have a rocking bunch, in case such should come up.

I like Mind Of Chow, and the old Chinese joke. I guess I'd run like a sunnuvabitch if a Laughing Chinaman with Hatchet approached while this article was on my mind, though.

All Our Yesterdays made me feel rankly neo. THE FANTAST is another of these wonderful new discoveries (like Burbée) that is just reaching me. Warner reminisces well. I hope he's going strong, still, when I've been around long enough to have something to look back onto.

Best,



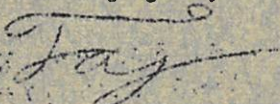
TED JOHNSTONE, 1536 Rollin Street, South Pasadena, California

Where the devil does the rest of fandom get their propellor beanies? I have been scouring Los Angeles and surrounding areas for almost six months in a wild search, and the best thing I could find was a novelty hat factory that said, "Well, we don't have propellor beanies, but we have beanies and we have propellers; we could put them together for you. How many gross do you want?" Oh well. ((Propellor beanies are scarce. You should have ordered a gross and gone into business, hawking them at the registration desk at the Solacon--or better yet, since you're on the Con Committee, maybe you could have talked the rest of the Committee into giving out beanies instead of name-tags. Tsk, you have no creative imagination.))

I have been trying to con a local novelty store into ordering a couple gross so I could buy one, but haven't had much success. Every couple of weeks I stop by or phone in and say, "Have you got that order of propellor beanies in yet?" And the clerk says, "No, but we're expecting them any week now." For the last three months they've been expecting them any week now. Did you ever have the feeling you were getting the runaround?

Never let it be said that Johnstone is unfair. I admire a fellow who, hopeless tho his cause may be, fights on indominably for the lost cause; the underdog; one who bets on another horse when Silky Sullivan is running; or one who roots for Bennett for TAFF when John Berry has been nominated. ((It would be too cruel of me to print this without noting that Ted's letter was written April 15.))

Sncrly yrs,



KENT MOOMAW, 6705 Bramble Avenue, Cincinnati 27, Ohio

I had finished the mag and was preparing to enter it in my extremely complicated and exhausting file system which lies disguised ((siz)) on the closet floor in the form of a Big Pile when I suddenly realized that the Chinese cat's sleeve pulled back--even at that, I had to pull on it to dig the message. Whoever pasted mine used too much glue, I'm here to inform. No matter, tho--it was effective. Nearly everyone I know on this side of the Atlantic is pulling for Bennett ((this letter is dated April 22))...strange, you'd think Berry would have many more supporters, what with his benevolence in writing and commenting and his prolificness and all. I've been for Bennett

Innvective, XVI--Moomaw on TAFF

myself from the beginning, and I don't really know why. Strange. (Do you mean you supported Bennett because he's strange?)}

Re the Moon Tower, you have but one course to follow: stock up on bheer cans and continue building up the Tower there in San Francisco until you can get above the telephone poles, as Condit sez, and reach the moon. Once there, one of you throws more bheercans up at him until the fellow on the moon has enough to construct a tower back to Earth, only leading to Berkeley instead of Frisco. This would solve your problem, and would also greatly assist you in travelling from one side of the Bay Area to the other, going by way of the moon.

Eventually people all over the world could build towers and the congested highways would be cleared in a matter of days. It's almost as good as hyperspace, I tell you.

All best,

Kent Moomaw

G. M. CARR, 5319 Ballard Avenue, Seattle 7, Washington

Thanks for the INNUEENDOS received last night... Wheeeee! Lookie all that Egoboo! Just think what I've been missing by not getting them sooner!

That's all right if you want to be my grandson, Terry...after all, how do I know --whoops! What am I saying?

Well, anyway, I've got a better suggestion than Jack Harness's as quoted in Clayfeet Country. Why not wait until you get married, then you can run a column headed "MRS. Carr Says..."

Glad to see someone is pushing Ron Bennett for TAFF. Seems to me us FAPANS ought to give him all the backing we can since of all the candidates he is the only FAPAN. Besides,

maybe we can smuggle in Cecil in his suitcase. Two for the price of one, so to speak.

Best wishes,

[Signature]

TERRY JEEVES, 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield.12., England

I see you want fanzines and/or letters, and since you are already on the TRIODE mailing list, this letter should count as a super bonus and entitle me to pile a ceremonious beer can.

Which brings me to the problem of piling beer cans at high altitudes. This is a problem which has bothered many scientific minds. (I'll bet it even drove many of them to drink.) I believe in the original project, it was proposed to evacuate the beer cans at the factory, and seal them full of vacuum. The idea was that the beer cans would be lighter to transport, and would not collapse or explode, owing to the lighter air pressure at high altitudes. A further advantage was that, being empty, the cans need not be opened, and could thus retain their full structural strength. In actual practice, this didn't work out, as the potential moon-tower builders tended to shy off these particular cans. It was concluded therefore that the absence of beer had a deleterious effect on the energy and imagination of the builders. This was proved by issuing beer-filled cans, and once again sales rose....

Innvective, XVII--Jeeves on the locomotion of beer can towers

I realise that the foregoing has no bearing on your particular problem (i.e., how to move an existing tower), but here the problem is easily solved. Wegener's hypothesis states that there is a gradual continental drift, amounting to something like .03524 inches per year. All you have to do is wait approximately 3,000 years and the tower will come to you. Of course, if the drift is the other way, it will take a trifle longer, as the tower will first have to circumnavigate the earth. I hope you re-sealed those beer cans, or they'll sink in the Pacific Ocean. However, as this is roughly five miles deep, you would still have five miles worth of your tower left, but adding to it might prove awkward. (Yes, and who wants a tower to the moon starting from the middle of the Pacific Ocean?) I suggest diverting part of your raw material--i.e., beer cans--to building a boat...possibly a beer tanker. Then you could...oh hell, I'd better shut up or I'll make the whole damn thing too easy for you.

I got a great kick out of The Mind Of Chow. One incident therein reminded me of the old RAF days...the mallet slinging. No, we didn't sling mallets. We had a much more refined torture. The method involved taking an 8 microfarad condenser, and charging it up with two or three hundred volts DC. Then, you selected a victim, and with a shout of "Hey, Catch!" you lobbed the condenser in his direction. Reflexes being what they are, the victim grabbed and caught the gadget nine times out of ten. And 99 catches out of a hundred, he managed to bridge the terminals with his hands. ...Oh, what glorious fun; we all had two or three burns by the end of that session.

As for the letters, I always like letters; sometimes I even read 'em, except when they start, "Dear Sir, Unless..." Then I chuck 'em in the river.

Hoping this finds you the same,

Legg
FREUDA MITTELMAN, 1960 21st Avenue, San Francisco, California

This stf terminology is devastating--a feminine adjective, I suppose--and despite the fact that I often pattern words to the effect that I solemnly dig the spontaneous, verbal improvisation, say-what-ever-the-hell-you-think scene, I must admit that owing, no doubt, to some ineluctable modality, I've read the INNVECTIVE section several times trying to determine what is the right sort of thing to comment.

Wondered at Bob Leman's signature: "Thoroughly, Bob." Was this to distinguish him from those of your readers who might not be as well integrated as he? I think it's quite good, tho. Rather like the people who are always saying, "Life is certainly tragic" or "beautiful" or "unpredictable." Someday I would like to stand up for all to see and proclaim unequivocally: "Life is certainly." Period. On second thot, I don't know that this has much to do with his signature, but anyway...

Was sort of afraid to laff at the comic strip--afraid that one of the characters might be a me-type that was being made fun of. For some reason, strange or otherwise, I read some social commentary into the "But if you don't like stf, what do you read?"--"Well, I like Christopher Isherwood and Jean-Paul Sartre..." bit. In some distant way it reminds me of the meager reception awarded Riegger's Third Symphony when it was performed here a couple of months ago and all the crazy people who excused themselves by saying, "Well, I dig Brahms and Beethoven!"

Wow! My baby sister has just gone screaming thru the house be-

Innvective, XVIII--Freuda on Freud (a Freudian slip)

cause I accidentally flicked ashes on our baby cat. (Have you ever thot of the Freudian significance of wow?--it's mom, upside down, you know. Oedipus again, no doubt.) She hates me already for that damn cat. When we got it, I insisted that everyone be realistic about the whole thing and call her what was most natural for a cat--that is, Cat. It was the same thing when--tho for no damn reason--I decided to call our parakeet Bourbon. This brought all kinds of protests, in the name of esthetics as well as the protest that I was corrupting my little sister with my lush mind and ideas. I suppose to some people Bourbon might seem a rather stupid--but why perverty?--name for a bird.

Certainly...

F.

TOM CONDIT, c/o Holloy, 237 East 5th Street, New York 12, N. Y.

I found Pete's little bit on the neo-WSTFAns somewhat annoying...I don't know any of the people in question, but a good deal of Pete's criticism, tho not by any means all, seemed to me to be a simple matter of the bourgeois mentality coming out...the messiness of Harness' room, etc. I'm afraid that this bit got the article off on the wrong foot with me, so that I viewed the entire thing with biased eyes, but a lot of it seemed to me to be totally uncalled-for.

Walt Willis: If you were, Ghu forbid, going to find a copy of HYPHEN somewhere, wouldn't you just as soon find it in the Calgary bus station as anywhere else?

Things are picking up here...had a couple good parties. One down at the Castle (a loft building down on Monroe St.--that's On The Waterfront--where about half-a-dozen of our people, notably Chuck Freudenthal and Dave Van Ronk, live) which achieved a certain measure of surrealism. I missed the majority of the party, since I was lying on Richie Fox's bed necking with Martha, but this was responsible for my being sober. Right in the middle of a long, passionate, etc., kiss I heard something which sounded like a bagpipe drone at close range. I looked up--it was a bagpipe drone at close range. The room is full of people, and there's this huge guy with a real honest-to-Ghu set of bagpipes! Mason is watching him with worshipful eye and gaping mouth; Lin Carter is watching him with worshipful eye and gaping mouth; McKenna, Freudenthal, Schomburger, Trina & Art Castillo, etc.; all are watching him with worshipful eyes and gaping mouth. The room, in fact, is full of people watching with worshipful &c. Then this guy goes stomping up and down the room playing the pipes for about 45 minutes. This doesn't happen every day. As I say, I didn't see much of the rest of the party, but I'm told this was just a mild highlight. (Bah. You haven't lived until you've heard "Love Me Tender" played on bagpipes, as I have. Or until you've heard the funeral march played on bongo drums, as happened recently in North Beach when some beatnik fell through a skylight.)

That about exhausts my Witty and Urbane comments on Inn 7.

Au revoir

TOM

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

If Carl's back yard in San Francisco, and your projected new location for the Tower, are both quite near the Bay, your problem is solved. The first step is to procure some surplus Navy mothballing equipment (no, this is not equipment to make tractable, sanitary pets

Innvective, XIX--F. M. Busby, Dirty Old Man

out of raunchy ol' tom-moths, as you may have thought; it's the gadgets that spray plastic over everything so's it won't rust). Next, spray the Tower thoroughly, providing both a containing cover to avoid dispersion of components, and an airtight seal. Now, gently TIP the Tower over onto its side, preferably toward the Bay. Jack up the base and set it on a wheeled platform. Tie the tip to Carl's bicycle, and everybody push, to help Carl get started toward the Bay. Oh yes, I forgot to mention that Carl's bicycle should be modified by adding floats and a paddlewheel. Well, I think you can take it from there.

The oldzine quotes and Burbee-anecdotes are fine fare. If Burbee isn't available at South Gate, I'm going to sue the Committee.

Let's see if I have this straight now: Pete Graham spent three days in the Washington D.C. area? He visited the DCfen, who rallied around and treated him cordially? He kept his own counsel, left the area on friendly terms with one and all? And then, with a comfortable continent's-width between him and the DCfen, he brought forth his accumulated venom and wrote Clayfeet Country? I just want to be sure I have the correct picture.

Graham has done a remarkable job of characterization in CC; it may or may not be accurate, but it's certainly remarkable. The most outstanding feature of this essay is likely unintentional: of all the portraits drawn in Clayfeet Country, one is deadly accurate, and utterly merciless--the self-portrait of Peter Graham, the Perfect Guest, who explains why many do not welcome visiting fans. I wonder what sort of welcome Pete can expect from the next fan-froup he visits?

I'm sure that there is more to Pete Graham than the unsavory side displayed in Inn #7; my mind is open to changing, but I'll have to be shown. Possibly he intended to be a New Laney, but the impact is more Degleresque; didn't the latter's visits also have a delayed-action bite, according to legend?

The Mind Of Chow is a choice bit. But mIGHOD, Burbee must have a helluva powerful death-wish, to have worked in the same shop with that Chinese funny-joker since 1947. Hmmm--no, I find no indication that Burb has taken to a crash-hat.

Tsk--Carl is coasting, leaning back not so tall in the saddle, with his bit this issue. Well, he should rest up, for this Tower-moving project.

Best,

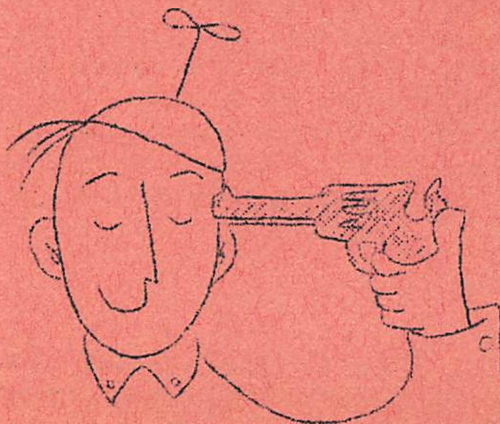
Buz

WILL J. JENKINS, 5557 Pemberton Street, Philadelphia 43, Pennsylvania

Now I can die happy. To think of wasting all these years, and three eyes, wading thru miles of crud; and at long last I've seen a real Fanzine. Speaking, of course, of INNUENDO #7. You really frighten me when you talk so blithely about dropping people from your mailing list. I'll comment. I'll comment.

You'd better check on Fabulous Person, Old Fuzzlehead. He sounds too good to be true. You know the old tale--he probably owns the store.

We move on to--Graham's article. But what can I say? He has said the



Innvective, XX--no, he isn't Murray Leinster

whole thing in a devastatingly brilliant piece. But is there any solution? I'm afraid the looneys will remain in fandom as long as fandom exists; or until they get tired of it; then another set will take their place.

The Mind Of Chow. Old Chinese joke. I know it almost killed me. I'm still laughing.

Your editorial has just about made me decide definitely to make LA for the Con. I'm dreaming now of seeing all the fannish monuments in your part of the country. Like the house where Tony Boucher lives, Disneyland, Dwight Way, and Forrest J Ackerman.

Sincerely,



I say it's sercon, and I say to hell with it.

"Destination Moon"'s press agents found a gold mine in the various fan clubs around the country, both the clubs we know and those we never heard of. Trade magazines reported a flock of publicity plugs, with the fan clubs going all out to boost the movie. In some cases the city clubs we know of and belong to went down en-masse to the theater and volunteered, and in other cases some agent dug up a highschool science club willing to lend themselves to the sacred cause. Some of these school clubs built rockets which were mounted outside the theater. Except for an isolated example or two in the forgotten past, I think this is the first time fandom has been put to such use. It makes me feel kind of funny--the days in which our fortunes were just the reverse are still fresh in the memory.

Some fan-genius with a bent for organization (and the possibility of a fast buck) can make something of this racket. Rick Sneary, or some other fan-organization officer, need only visit the studios, inform them of the tremendous membership and bush-beating facilities at their fingertips, and offer to deliver (for a modest fee of course) the full publicity strength of his organization. The outcome may be foreseen--in the not too distant future the entire purpose of the NFFF will be the publicising of science fiction movies; of course their treasury will wax fat and thousands of fans will eagerly rush to join. Recruiting officers will be forced to reverse their roles and start a campaign to turn newcomers away, the "monthly" bulletin will be abolished and dividends be mailed in its place, elections will be forgotten for if Sneary is as smart as I suspect, he will have made connections for himself. No Rick, no fat studio fees. The membership will joyfully vote "Ja!" whenever he seeks a vote of confidence, and thereafter fandom will gallop swiftly forward to its rightful place in the sun.

--Bob Tucker, in FANTASY JACKASS
No. One, Summer, 1951.

I should have loved to see just one of Dr. Smith's space operas on celluloid, if only to find how they conveyed to the average audience that the Lensmen were about to sling a contra-terrene planet at the enemy through a hyperspatial tube!

--Clive Jackson, in SLANT #4.



"You've got to cut down on sweets."