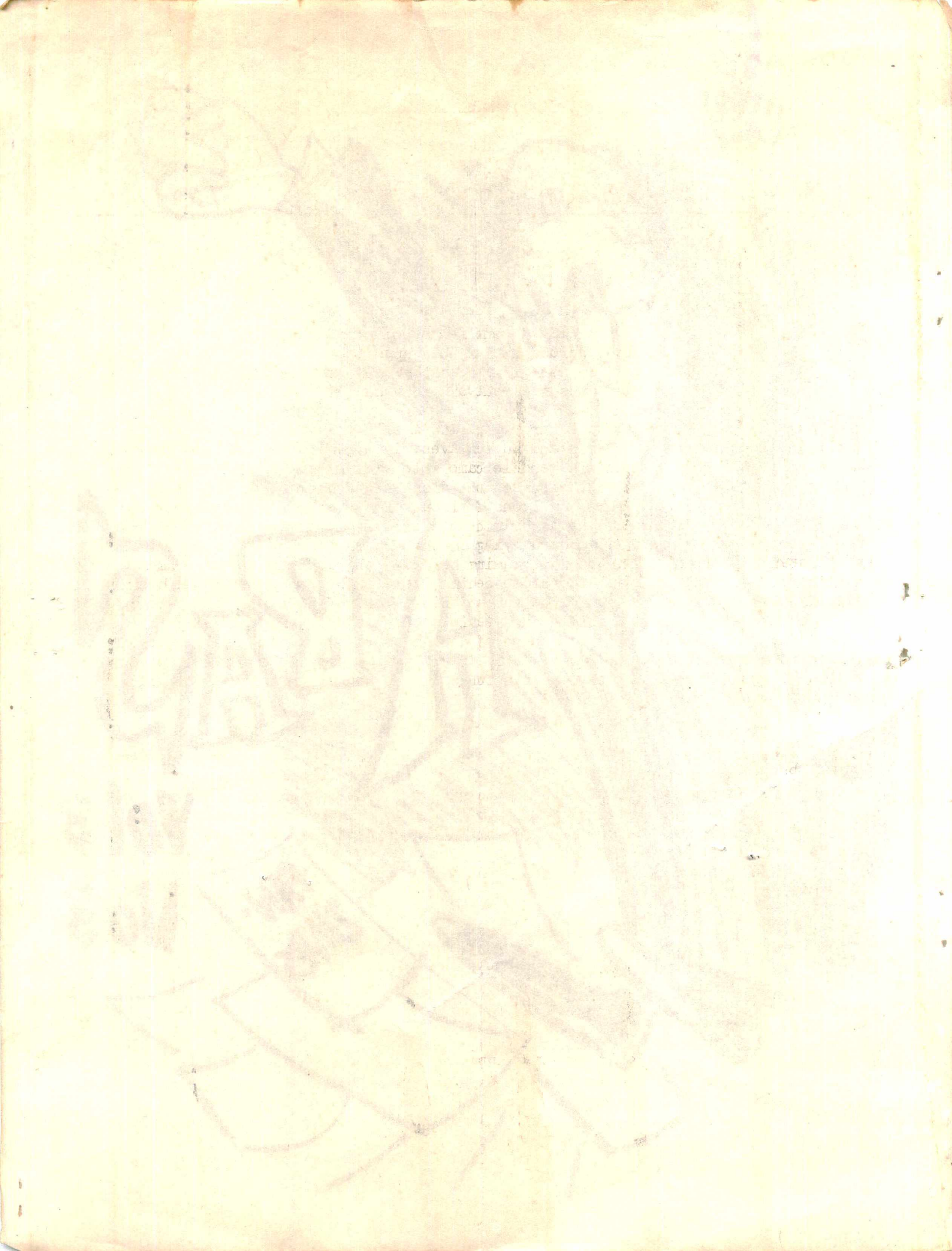




VOL 3
No 3

FAN-
ZINES



A BAS Volume 3 Number 3

A BAS is a Derelict-Esoteric-Voldesfan Publication

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PROLOGUE

Two Derelicts went for a drive one day
Right across Duplex they sped....
Raeburn was pranged on the sternum they say
And Lyons fell out on his head

Which sums up what happened to Howard Lyons and myself one recent sunday evening. At the intersection of Glencairn and Duplex Aves. in Toronto our path intersected that of a 1954 Ford. The Raeburn vehicle came into violent contact with the left front side of the Ford, bounced off, scraped along the front of it, and came to rest on somebody's lawn, whereupon Lyons fell out of the car, inconsiderately breaking the door off its hinges as he did so. Immediately people erupted from under every stone, to gaze at Howard lying on the ground looking stunned, and myself standing around with blood streaming here and there. Police cars came charging along, with an ambulance close behind, some idiot was offering us brandy, somebody else kept telling me not to say anything, another dope was trying to put my windbreaker under Howard's head, and various other types were babbling solicitously. All in all it was a scene of action and vibrant human interest. My car was rather extensively damaged. It is of the type known as "a foreign sports car" and a special model at that. Parts for such are rather expensive, so my insurance company sure must be hating me.

Little Peter Vorzimer of 1311 N. Laurel Ave. W. Hollywood, Cal. puts out a fanzine called Abstract. Abstract is a pretty good job, and looks as though it may get even better. However, little Pete tends to rather juvenile babbling at times, which somewhat dampens the effect of his otherwise praiseworthy efforts. He is still trying to perpetuate the 7th and 8th fandom nonsense. In Abstract #3 he asks for a "little treatise on 8th fandom by one who knows" and a companion article on "the cause of 7th fandom's downfall?" Please, little Pete, hasn't there been enough on this subject?

In Abstract #3, dated May 1954, he reviews Spaceship #24 (which is dated Jan. 1954) He remarks that the mimeography is excellent, and spends the rest of the review moaning that the issue of Spaceship in question has only 26 pages. "Can't a fanzine have at least 30 pages? My mag has numerous pages, (more than 40) and I expect to receive the equivalent of 32 pages from the 8½ x 11 mags, otherwise I feel myself cheated" Now, I consider that when reviewing a fanzine, little Peter is entitled to his opinions, no matter how weird they may seem to others, as long as those opinions are on a sound basis; BUT, is it not rather idiotic to judge a fanzine on the number of pages it contains? Peter, don't you consider a fanzine should be judged on its material, rather than its bulk? Sure, in Abstract #4 you said that you considered the material in Spaceship #24 rather poor, a perfectly valid personal opinion, BUT you didn't mention this in your original review. As far as quantity of material goes, let us look at your own zine. Abstract #3 and #4

both have about 40 pages each. Ignoring fiction, letters, fanzine reviews, and crummy full page artwork, Abstract #3 contains 12 pages of material, and #4 13 pages. Applying the same standards to Spaceship #24, we find it has 17 pages of material.

In Abstract #4 appeared a letter from one Peter Graham, who was appalled apparently by the Vorzimer reviewing standards. While touching on various aspects of the Vorzimer aberrations, he remarked "There's the minor point that Spaceship is vastly superior to Abstract, and that if anyone is getting a raw deal it's Silverberg." This sent Vorzimer hysterical. How could anyone DARE suggest that another fanzine, of less bulk than Abstract, could be superior to it? Yapping further about Spaceship, Vorzimer said "Spaceship was mimeoed ...very nicely...for mimeo. Mimeo has a habit of proving sometimes very dull, with just the one dull color all the time. There was a noticeable lack of illos in #20." Oh, poor POOR little Pete! Someday, when you are a big boy, you are going to find out about things called "books". These sometimes have hundreds of pages of plain black type, WITH NO ILLOS AT ALL.

Little Pete is going to put out a convention issue in October, 100 pages plus 4 pages of photographs. "The price will be 35c to non-fans, and the fans will receive it for 25c plus their own magazine in trade." So it would seem, in the Vorzimer view, that you are not a fan unless you put out a fanzine. Ho hum.

Little friend Vorzimer runs in Abstract a fan autobiography feature he calls Fan Fare. He started it in January 1954. Apparently Deviant runs a feature along the same line called Fanistory, which started in March 1954. He is now accusing Deviant of stealing his BRAND NEW idea. It should be brought to his attention that Canadian Fandom was running the same sort of feature as early as 1945, and possibly earlier.

As I said at the beginning, in spite of all this Abstract is a fair enough fanzine, and when its editor learns to think a little, and learns how to correct his typos (which occur in great profusion) it will probably improve.

In Abstract #4, the Fan Fare item featured Bob Stewart of San Francisco, who announced that he had left fandom, having reached the ripe age of 15, and that he had dropped his fanzine because, having discovered liquor, he was spending half his pay check on beer, and his time was being taken up by non-fannish activities such as drinking parties. (Goshwow) Deviant #3 carries the news that he is now preparing to re-enter fandom. (CHEERS) Wonder if this is the same Bob Stewart who boasted recently of sitting in FAPA for a year without producing anything.

APOLOGIA

On page 2 of A BAS Vol.2 No.2. there appeared a letter ostensibly from myself to Harry Harrison, of Science Fiction Adventures. This letter was phony. Harry Harrison has never heard of me. At one of the Derelict meetings one of the members wrote out the letter and showed it to me. I expressed puzzlement and let it go at that. This person cut the stencils for that issue of A BAS, and when I came to run them off I found that he had cutt the letter on stencil. While still unable to see any point in the phony letter, I decided to include it in the issue, rather than upset the page order. I thought that while I may not be able to see the subtle satire that was supposed to be in it, other fen might. It has now appeared that some readers have taken the whole thing seriously. To the readers taken in by the hoax, my humble apologies.

- Boyd Raeburn

DERELICTI DEROGATION #2
OR
EXITUS ACTA PROBAT
OR
JUST THE FACTS MAN

PLACE: The usual Derelict meeting

TIME: Early evening to late dawn.

ALREADY PRESENT: Ron Kidder, Albert Lastovica, Ger Steward, Norm G. Browne

STEWARD: Well, let's get this meeting underway.

BROWNE: QX, I have some more background music to play.

KIDDER: Go hang from the ceiling and drip green. Well....

(KNOCK KNOCK)

STEWARD: Who's there?

(Enter Howard Lyons and Boyd Raeburn)

RAEBURN: It's the happy gang

(Ed's note; These two are always fighting at the meetings, but there are also other allusions to this.)

(Author's note; Shut up.)

LYONS: (With a look of dismay on his face.) Where are the cool sounds?

KIDDER: I was just going to spin a Brubeck disc.

BROWNE: I am a BNF and....

ALBERT: MY GHOD, let's be fair about this!

BROWNE:.....I say we play movie music.

LYONS: I am struggling to BNFship and I say we play cool sounds.

(Conversation is interrupted by a knock on the door.)

ALL: Come in.

(Enters a figure.)

STEWARD: Who are you?

(Ed's note; Ghu, you're nosy!)

(Author's note; Who, Ghu?)

(Ed's. note: No, Steward.)

(Author's note: Oh.)

STRANGER: I am Orville W. Mosher

KIDDER: What's the 'W' for?

MOSHER: Windingball.

LYONS: I thought he walked rather funny.

(Ed's note; There is a record label called Windingball and the label is off centre and has a ball on it and...)

(Author's note; You're spoiling the joke.)

(Ed's note: This is a joke?)

KIDDER: Are you the Mosher of Puffsee?

MOSHER: Puffsee?

LYONS: Pfc, idiot.

MOSHER: Oh. Yes I am the Mosher of Pfc.

ALBERT: Can I join?

LYONS: (Aside) Albert's a joiner.

BROWNE: I am a BNF and I would like to know when Pfc is going to produce anything/something.

STEWARD: Yes. You have been collecting info for 4 years and have done nothing with it.

MOSHER: I put out a preparatory list of world fanclubs.

KIDDER: LIST????

ALBERT: Let's be fair about this.

BROWNE: True, it lists, but clumsily, and I know whereof I speak because I am a BNF.

LYONS: Speaking as a potential BNF I would like to add that the reproduction was the least. (Contorts face.) Ugh, I hesitate to touch it.

RAEBURN: Furthermore, you list four clubs in Toronto, and as any idiot can see, there is only one.

MOSHER: And I have helped form several clubs with the info I have collected.

BROWNE: Clubs which all have since folded.

KIDDER: Fortunately we refrained from using your advice and information.

(Conversation is again interrupted by a knock on the door.)

ALL: COME IN.

(Enters a young woman)

ALBERT: (Excitedly) A FEMALE!!!!!!

LYONS: Control yourself. It's a lady.

STEWARD: That's no lady. It's a witch on vacation.

ALBERT: How did dogs get into this?

STEWARD: I said WITCH!

BROWNE: It's SALLY DUNN.

SALLY: I think you are very unfair, picking on Orv like this.

RAEBURN: (Quietly) It must be the maternal instinct.

ALBERT: Let's be fair about this.

BROWNE: WHAT has PFC accomplished?

DUNN: Well it....

LYONS: Yes?

DUNN:let's see, it has....

LYONS: I repeat, yes?

DUNN: and also....

BROWNE: Well?

DUNN: Offhand I can't think of anything. But Mosher is a serious constructive fan and he has done a lot of good in fandom.

ALL: (Except Mosher and Dunn, and shrinking away from them as though they have the Bubonic Plague.) A SERCONFAN!!!!

KIDDER: What a nauseating idea.

DUNN: That's beside the point. Furthermore, I think you Canadian Fan Editors have no right to set yourselves up as little tin gods and criticize the poor struggling American Fan Editors.

KIDDER: Browne is the only one who fancies himself a tin god.

CALNEK: (Materializing in the middle of the floor) Clue me in gal,
WHY NOT BLAST THE CRUDZINES?

LYONS: (Singing in the background.) You came to us from out of nowhere.

DUNN: By what right do you criticize them.

LYONS: The Bill of Rights.

BROWNE: We have as much right to criticize as you have to protect them.

DUNN: I think you should encourage them.

BROWNE: BNfly speaking, they rush into the fan pubbing field too fast. They should take their time and study the situation. I am writing an article on how to edit a fanzine, and...

RAEBURN: Browne knows. After all, he's a BNF, or so he is continually reminding us.

LYONS: (Annoyed) Boyd, you shouldn't rot Browne like that. After all, he IS a BNF.

KIDDER: So we have been informed, but he shouldn't rot us either.

STEWARD: You are always talking about how experience is necessary to put out a good fanzine, Norm. Ellison has had plenty of experience, but look at Dimensions.

LYONS: Ugh! What a messy effort that is.

RAEBURN: One would think he would at least use decent paper.

KIDDER: Yes, that birch bark he uses is hardly aesthetically pleasing.

ALBERT: And that pale red ink he splashes around doesn't add anything to the general mess.

LYONS: Maybe he cut himself?

STEWARD: He seems to think his readers like suspense. He is running a five part serial, and yet Dimensions comes out quarterly.

ALBERT: Sez who?

KIDDER: He doesn't seem to have a very high opinion of his subscribers. His sub rate is 20c per copy and \$1.00 per year. Does he think people won't see through that little swindle?

LYONS: Well, he is going to college, and I understand he is hard up for money.

STEWARD: After all, it IS a Seventh Fandom zine, and you can't expect too much.

RAEBURN: After all that bellowing he did at the Midwescon, I did expect something a little better. Incidentally, somebody goofed in that article on the Harold Shea stories.

ALBERT: How?

RAEBURN: Pratt stated in it that if Unknown hadn't folded, Castle of Iron would have appeared in magazine form, but it DID appear in the April 1941 Unknown.

STEWARD: Strange, Pratt making such a mistake.

KIDDER: Yes, one wonders if he actually did write the article...

LYONS: Well, I wouldn't put it past Ellison to....

DUNN: Now wait a minute. Harl is a very mature young man.

LYONS: Yes, that's what I mean. I wouldn't put it past Ellison to...

ALBERT: (sotto voce) ..Reep...Reep...

STEWARD: Say, have you seen Psychotic 14? It has a column by McCain on the idiots who keep yapping about the various fandoms. Maybe that will stop the children shooting off their mouths...

(Little Peter Vorzimer bursts in.)

ALL: Hey, take it easy, you're not Jim Harmon.

VORZIMER: Now wait a minute, when one fandom dies another rises up to take over and sixth is still being kept alive by Gregg Calkins and seventh fandom has yet to reach its peak and eighth fandom is rising up in California and anyway Psychotic is going downhill and Fog is the successor to Psychotic and....

DON WEGARS: Now let's be fair about this.

VORZIMER: ...Howard Lyons had better not blast me because Abstract is a coming fanzine and I have terrific energy and the means to blast him and....

KIDDER: (ignoring him) Say Gerry, have you seen the latest Spaceship? Pretty good, huh?

VORZIMER: What do you mean, Spaceship good? It has only 26 pages and no fanzine is any good unless it has at least 32 pages and if I don't get at least 32 pages in a trade mag I feel cheated and Abstract is far better than Spaceship and Peter Graham had better watch out and I don't think Skyhook can be called a real fanzine and....

BROWNE: Who did you say this was?

LYONS: Wally Parsons.

VORZIMER: I am seventeen and big enough to lick Ron Ellick....

ALBERT: Let's be fair about this.

VORZIMER:....and I am putting out an annish which is going to be better than the Vegannish and it's having material by Grennell, Calkins, Geis, Ellison, Silverberg and lots of other BNFs and this annish will be sold to non-fans for 35c and to fans for 25c plus their fanzine....

RAEBURN: WHAT???????

STEWARD: I always said that there was nothing like modesty.

BILL KNAPHEIDE: I would rather read ten pages of good, well thought out and well written work than a hundred pages of sheer crud.

DON WEGARS: That sounds familiar somehow.

VORZIMER: My Ghod, this means war between Hollywood and San Francisco and....

STEWARD: Is this guy a Doug Mitchell fan?

VORZIMER:and Ron Ellick is 15 and is big enough to knock your teeth out and....

RAEBURN: Oh, SHUT UP!

LYONS: Now Boyd, let him talk. Maybe he'll run out of breath soon.

BROWNE: Yes, after all Boyd, he is becoming well known and soon he'll be a BNF like Ellison and me.

LYONS: And ME!

BROWNE: Oh go count your popsicle sticks.

STEWARD: Little Pete, tell me, what kind of reproduction do you use?

VORZIMER: The best, a ditto naturally, all good fanzines are printed on ditto.

STEWARD: Bah, ditto is nothing more than a glorified hekto.

RAY THOMSON: Listen Steward, we can't all be rich and successful fan editors!

RAEBURN: Who's rich and successful?

LYONS: Yah Steward, when are you going to buy a car?

STEWARD: I'm not. I'M going to get a Ford.

KIDDER: What happened to your Beaver project?

ALBERT: It wasn't a Beaver, it was an Otter.

STEWARD: Besides Kidder, you are the only one who can afford a beaver.

KIDDER: The point is, it's cheaper, because I don't have to shave.

STEWARD: I see in the latest Fog that Ron Ellick, who is 15 years old and is big enough to knock the teeth out of you know who, says that the National Amateur Press Association started on Dec.1 1953. These guys must have a time machine.

LYONS: Yes, in 1945 they were dickering with the LASFS with a view to sharing the LASFS clubroom.

BROWNE: Could it be that there are two different outfits with the same name?

LYONS: Oh no! That couldn't be. Good old Forry checked on that for them before they started.

RAEBURN: And look at the advantage these guys have. According to Ron Ellick who is fifteen years old etc. etc., Vorzimer's mother got Life to run an article on Fandom.

STEWARD: O Woe; what bitter fate; Life reporters and fifteen year old children. This would set fandom back ten years.

VORZIMER: But I am seventeen.

STEWARD: I was referring to mental age.

LYONS: They probably spend half their dough on liquor and drinking parties too.

STEWARD: Speaking of liquor, if someone will decapitate a bottle of beer for me, I'll imbibe a little.

KIDDER: Ger, what you said!

STEWARD: Did I say something wrong?

RAEBURN: No. It's the way you said it. Normally you would have said "Pass me a pint of Pilsener and I'll get pickled."

LYONS: Man, dig that crazy alliteration.

ALL: Let's all get pickled.

BROWNE: All but Albert, he is too young. I know, I AM A BNF.

RAEBURN: Let's all go to A Bas and have a drink.

(And so saying they did.)

A		O
N		D
		O
O	There goes Sally,	R
C	That old cat.	O
E	She goes around	U
	With a face like that!	S
T		
O	She should smile	O
	A little more often	D
A	Not like a corpse	A
N	Just out of a coffin	L
		I
	You smile at her	S
	She won't smile back.	K
	She's afraid to try,	
	Her face might crack.	

-SK II

FANNISH NURSERY RHYMES

Blather blather Norman Browne
How you put the Derelicts down
With Seventh Fandom you're a hit
Sed nemo me impune lacessit

Sing a song of fandom
A fanzine full of crud
All the newborn APAs
Joining in the flood
Bill Stavdal's in Vancouver
Making rhymes so funny
McKeown's down in Windsor
Counting up his money
Pete Vorzimer's in Hollywood
Making lots of noise
But nobody takes seriously
The yells of little boys.

Mary had a little BEM
Its tentacles were livid
And every time it read Eclipse
Its language grew quite vivid

"Little Peter Vorzimer
Have you any nous?"
"No Sir, but Sir, I think you are a louse
Putting down us neofen in your snobby way
I'll put Ron Ellik on to you
He'll lick you any day."

- Boyd Raeburn

Why not a convention at Lynn Lake.....The Lynncon
or at Flin Flon.....The Floncon
or at Piu Piu.....The Piucon
or at Dien Bien Phu.....The Phucon

DERELICT NEWS

Ron Kidder has become tired of looking like Dave Brubeck,
and is now beginning to look like John Birks Gillespie.

Ken Hall has gone gafia, and is spending the summer
hostelling.



Columbia has produced a 12" LP of Chet Baker with strings. A pity. As well as the strings, Baker is accompanied by Zoot Sims, Bud Shank, and Russ Freeman. If Columbia had stuck to the combo, a good session would have resulted. Both Parker and Gillespie, playing with well written string backing, have produced very fine records. In the case of the Baker disc, however, the string writing is singularly inept. Baker triumphs over this handicap to produce three good numbers out of the twelve on the LP. "You Better Go Now" is a fine tune, and Baker does it full justice, the result being a number that the strings are unable to spoil. "Love" roars along with Sims, Shank and Freeman well to the fore, the strings occasionally Hollywooding in the background and lousing things up. "A Little Duet (for Zoot and Chet)" is a highly enjoyable number, rather reminiscent of "Fugue for Tin Horns", with the strings only butting in now and then. The rest of the LP is pretty poor.

Russ Freeman appears on a new Pacific LP, accompanied by Shelly Manne on drums, and Joe Mondragon on bass. After the work Freeman has done on other records, the disc as a whole is rather a disappointment, possibly due to the material used. Two numbers however, "Laugh Cry" and "At Last" are very fine, and well up to Freeman's usual high standard.

Shorty Rogers Courts the Count on RCA Victor 12" LP consists of nine Basie numbers and three originals, all played by Rogers' big band. It is swinging and unpretentious big band jazz, excellently done, and makes very pleasant listening.

Gene Norman has brought out on (surprise) the Gene Norman label, six numbers by the Gerry Mulligan quartet, recorded at a concert in which the group appeared. While a group often plays better at a concert than in a recording studio, such is definitely not the case here. "Half Nelson" is dull, uninspired, and generally insipid. "Varsity Drag" is amusing, but that is about all that can be said for it. "Speak Low" a showcase for Chet Baker, is certainly not up to his usual standard. "Love Me or Leave Me" and "Swinghouse" have been released previously in studio recorded versions

on Pacific, and both numbers are quite similar to the originals. "Ladybird" has no melodic resemblance to the tune usually known by that name. It sounds like on the spot improvisation. Some will like it, others will loathe it.

One of the most interesting recent releases is Jazz Goes to College, released by Columbia. It consists of numbers recorded by the Dave Brubeck quartet at college concerts, and is available on one 12" LP or two 10" LPs or four EPs. These recordings were made with the new men in the rhythm section; Bob Bates on bass and Joe Dodge on drums.

THE SONG IS YOU is mostly Paul Desmond's number. He rides along in typical Desmond fashion, and then suddenly for eight bars wails wildly on variations of a single phrase, with tremendous effect. He then goes into his routine of playing a duet with himself, and with increasing volume builds up to his usual pyrotechnics, after which his playing gradually diminishes in intensity, to make way for a short solo from Brubeck.

TAKE THE 'A' TRAIN starts off with Brubeck and the rhythm section swinging madly, one would almost swear it was Ellington. Desmond takes a rather rocking solo, a little different from his usual cerebrations. Brubeck then takes over, and while the rhythm section keeps its heavy beat, it is rather at variance with the early part of his solo, which tends to be a trifle arid. However, he soon builds up to wild complexity, with Joe Dodge keeping up a heavy crashing on his rivet-studded cymbal. This mostly augments, rather than spoils, Brubeck's playing in this number. Quite a pleasant change.

BALCONY ROCK: This is a blues, and what a blues!! It is great to hear blues played by men who have not only the feeling, but also new ideas. Desmond at times skids around the old blues cliches, but always adds something fresh, with rather a surprise effect at times. Towards the end of his solo he blows long Konitz-like lines. Brubeck follows with a long, comprehensive solo. He starts quietly, builds up to a passage in the style of his work on the Storyville LP, switches back to straight blues, and then builds up all over again, to finish with Desmond and himself playing a quiet, dreamy melody. The set is worth getting for this number alone. It is the type of thing which must be heard several times before the listener can fully appreciate it.

LE SOUK: Against a tremendous swinging, almost galloping beat, Desmond wails in a pseudo-oriental style, which rather grows on one. Brubeck switches continents, and becomes wildly South American. Another wonderful number.

OUT OF NOWHERE: In my opinion a poor tune, and unfortunately Desmond most uncharacteristically plays the first eight bars of the melody straight. His solo is generally undistinguished. Dodge's beat behind Brubeck is chuggy and rather corny. To the (alas) experienced Raeburn ear, it sounds as though this number were recorded on imperfectly erased tape.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME: While the general effect is pleasant, there is nothing I can find to say about this number.

I WANT TO BE HAPPY: Another dog tune, but here we find Desmond at his best, with the old excitement and sweep of ideas. Following him, Brubeck swings like crazy, with a fast succession of block chords building up and up. The usual Dodge crashing fits in perfectly, adding to the general excitement. Most unfortunately, Brubeck comes rather close to the melody towards the end of the number.

Although it is some time since it has been released, I feel I should mention the Clef EP, The Artistry of Stan Getz. The four numbers are Cool Mix, Have You Met Miss Jones, Erudition, and Rustic Hop. Getz and Bob Brookmeyer produce a really wonderful sound, and the whole thing adds up to a really tremendous disc. Even Brookmeyer plays some good solos, and it is quite a change from the sad stuff he has been turning out lately.

- Boyd Raeburn

OH HELL!! #2

Do you like jazz? I ask a new-found friend.

Yes, he replies. What kind? I ask him.

DIXIELAND! my new-found friend screams ecstatically.

Hell! I say. Do you like Eliot? I venture,

To keep the conversation moving. Oh, yes,

I hear, she fascinates me. Well then, I say,

How about science-fiction and/or fantasy?

Hoping for an intelligent answer. But.

Do I get one. No! For this erstwhile friend

And new-found enemy tells me Planet is the end.

This person should be happy that I am good-humored

And cheerful and not splenetic, for

When I mention Pogo and Churchy and Walt Kelly

My new acquaintance says No No No!!! He's a bore.

Then I leave.

- Smitty Jones

In the Letters to the Editor section in magazines and newspapers there often appear examples of really weird thinking. Here is a couple of recent efforts, printed in their entirety.

"Will be 17 soon and I'm waiting with little patience for the date as it means an aim in my life will be fulfilled, to wear the uniform of my country. I have often wished I could give the order for compulsory military training to boys 14 and over, on one condition, that it only be done to hoodlums who are too lazy and have no respect for their elders or themselves.

TEEN-AGER"

"Dear Sir, the things about Jane Russell are all complete lies and slanders. She loves to sing hymns and so do I, and I'm sure she's a very GOOD woman.

Mrs. ----- "

EPILOGUE

".....As I sit in my lonely cell I can hear the slow steps of the approaching warder....." Well, it could have been like that. The magistrate said "\$35.00 and costs plus \$9.00 witness fee, or ten days." Fortunately I had the necessary loot. The Derelicts reckon though that I should have taken the ten days, and thus be able to scoop Harlan Ellison, the tale of whose experiences along this line will be appearing in Damn #4, which won't be out for about three months. Hell, \$50.00 to the insurance company, and another \$50.00 in fines, plus hospital bill for X-rays.....guess I'll be driving more carefully in future. Although the accident happened a month ago, the car isn't repaired yet! Latest holdup, the garage told me this morning, is that they were sent the wrong hood, apparently the hood for my car has to have a bulge in the side to make room for the supercharger, and they were sent a hood sans bulge, designed for the standard model.

The cover on this issue and the heading for "The Sounds" column are by Gary Dutton, this being the first appearance of his work in a fanzine. A few nights ago I phoned him and told him I needed a cover for A BAS in a hurry. Two hours later he called me back, and told me he had done three covers. All three I thought fine, but picked on this one, which is the least impressive of the three, as I feel it is in keeping with the general tone of the issue.

Several people have expressed surprise and delight at receiving A BAS, but say they can't recall having paid for it. You haven't, dear people. A BAS is a PARzine, and PAR means pay after reading. If you review, this is a review copy; if you trade this is a trade copy; otherwise, if after reading it, you feel the zine is worth paying for, you pay for it. A BAS while irregular is fairly frequent. It will come out whenever I have enough material for another issue. All material which has appeared in A BAS so far has been written locally. This does not mean that I am unwilling to accept material from outside Toronto. Indeed I am most willing.

Torcon 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ will be held in the Ford Hotel in Toronto on August 7, 1954. (The hotel doesn't know about it though) It will be a fairly exclusive con. I use the qualifying adverb, because it is reliably reported that that enthusiastic con man Harlan Ellison is expecting to be present.

Don't miss the current issues of Canadian Fandom and Fie, both coming out this month. Fie this issue is well worth getting for Howard Lyons' complete report of the recent Midwescon, and Gerald Steward's very interesting and extensive fanzine reviews. Canadian Fandom runs this issue a column by Howard Lyons, wherein he tosses brickbats at various people, and a controversial article "In Defense Of MAD" by Bill Stavdal. Fie is put out by Harry Calnek, Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia, Canada, at 15c per copy or 4 for 50c, and Canadian Fandom by Gerald Steward, 166 McRoberts Ave, Toronto 10, Canada, at 20c per copy or 4 for 50c.

In the story Beachhead in Bohemia in the book Best American Short Stories of 1953 I found the following four lines, which I think so hilarious I feel they are worth reproducing here.

Little Boy Blue, go fly your doves,
The tree surgeon's pawed his rubber gloves
The cow's in the pulpit, the clock is with child,
The hangman will come when his number is dialled.

Deathless Logic Dept: The other night several of the Derelicts were gathered chez Gerald Steward, and during the evening I had a long phone conversation with N.R. Wattam, president of the Toronto New Jazz Society. He slew us all with the pronouncement that "The New Jazz Society should not take any notice of criticism of the society by outsiders, because if such people were true fans they would belong to the society."

- Boyd Raeburn

PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES

One often finds, in American publications, sneering remarks at Russian claims that nearly everything was invented in Russia. It is felt that the following quotation from a book by Geoffrey Gorer "The Americans: A Study in National Character" is rather timely.

"It should be noted that "know-how" is not identical with inventiveness. The number of basic inventions made by nativeborn Americans is surprisingly small; but once the basic invention is made, from railroads and automobiles to radar and penicillin, Americans are unsurpassed in their improvement, industrial adaptation, and above all, diffusion. One of the chief illusions which Americans cherish about themselves, and which they have succeeded in imposing on much of the rest of the world, is that Americans are the originators of most of the basic modern inventions. There would appear to be a general feeling that, since America is, without question, the country with the greatest technical development, the basic inventions which made this possible must have originated in America. This concept is developed by fairly consistent suppressio veri and suggestio falsi; the foreign origin of major inventions is passed over in silence, and American adaptations or even the first American model are celebrated with the greatest pomp and circumstance. Although outside the realm of invention, the myth that Lindbergh was the first man to fly the Atlantic is a typical example of such distortion of fact."

CUMULO-CIRRUS

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Cuddly Kidder, cuddly Hall
 Derelicts cuddly, almost all.
 But cuddly-izers of renown
 Will never cuddly-ize Norm Browne

- Bill Stavdal

F A N D - S C A E A M

RILEY BEDFORD, BELL, CALIF.

I hope the enclosed cash will bring another issue of A BAS. I liked the contents except for the bit on "The Sounds". I can't stand jazz unless it comes straight out of New Orleans. As Kid Ory once said when a waiter dropped a tray full of dishes and silver on to the floor with a tremendous crash, "Listen son, we don't allow none of that modern stuff played in here."

BILL STAVDAL, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Got A BAS the other day. Advice; take Browne off the stencils. A BAS was just as entertaining as ever, but it lost some of its spontaneity in Vol 2 No 2. Browne knows indeed! What's the reference? I'm not really mad at Norm, just disagree with some of his ideas. Of course he adopts an old pro - miserable neo attitude whenever I disagree with him, but we keep our arguments objective and get along somehow.

[As you can see, Bill, your advice has been taken, BR.]

ARTHUR HAYES, MATACHEWAN, ONT.

#2 of Vol 2, to me, is not up to the standard set by previous issues. The sarcasm which was supposedly editorial policy was lacking in the issue, and in doing this, in omitting this, you have reduced your mag to the same level as many in the field. It gives the impression of being thrown together and that editorial comments were cut short, cut out, by possibly lack of time. I hope the next ish is improved in comparison to this ish.

[Possibly that "thrown together" appearance was caused by some unauthorised interference in editorial policy that took place, Arthur - BR.]

RICHARD GEIS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Received A BAS and enjoyed every bit of it very much. I especially liked the poemsand that's saying something when the poems virtually outrank the other stuff. "In The Cactus" I thought particularly good.

RICH KERS, BRONX, N.Y.

A BAS received and contents noted, mostly with growing bewilderment and the plaintive question "What have I done to deserve this?" Qu'est-ce que c'est, le 7th fandom? I never paid much attention to such things as an actifan, and having been defunct for over a year now, I find a certain number of chords are not struck. Never having attended a fan con myself, I find the con reports interesting, though a bit monotonous as to what occurs. Don't fen ever do anything except drink? (mature reflection brings to mind the theory that since SF is escapism, liquor likewise, it's perfectly natural for fen to be alcoholics. Who is Don Susan? Really, I've been wondering what gives with fandom, but not having the time to re-establish my old contacts, I've been in the dark. Letter columns seem full of kids who can't remember farther back than "The Lovers" yet who manage to sound off with a lot of noise.

BILL BERGER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Just received A BAS. Thanks for sending me one of the best fan humour zines I've had the good luck of seeing. "Midwescon 1954" by Gerald Steward brings to mind the thought that Con reports would be better if written in terms of personalities and conversations, rather than trying to write how one meets fellow fen and trying to recall in terms of what occurred, but this report did give a clear picture of how the con was conducted. Your report called "The Sounds" is what I like to see in more fanzines. I enclose cash for the next A BAS. Hope you will be around fanzines for a long time Boyd.

HARRY CALNEK, GRANVILLE FERRY, NOVA SCOTIA.

Dear Boyd, or Norm, or whoever the hell is editing this damn thing: As you, Boyd, are listed as Editor of A BAS then I will make my comments to you. I said in earlier letters that I thought A BAS was a fine, nay, excellent little mag. Not because it contained material that was excellent (though most of it was) but because of the atmosphere that prevailed about the zine. It seemed like a zine which was written and published at a meeting or several meetings of the club. It gave the readers the feeling that they were at the get-together and were sharing in the fun. And believe me, the feeling of good fun was very evident in the mag. With Vol 2 No 2 you seem to have lost much of that. It is still a good zine--it no longer appeals to me as it did before.

From what I gather in the review of A BAS in the GASPIPE /Ger Steward's fanzine review column in Fie/ Norm Browne cut the stencils and from what Ger says generally loused up your editing of the mag. But what the hell can I say? It is the mag that I and the other readers read and are not aware of the circumstances that lead up to the finished product. If Norm loused it up (and it is loused up in more than one way comparing it to the previous issue) then he did a fine job of lousing. If you did the lousing on the dummies then you goofed. Before you pub the next ish why not agree on who is the idiot and who is the editor? The material in the zine is good, most of it. I don't like the way it is presented. One thing that struck me as funny and also somewhat tragic is that you have gone a la Star Rockets right on the first page. All that crap about the people who run the mag; who gives a damn who the distribution and printing are credited to? Must we have this Brevizine-like stuff in A BAS?

/ The early issues of A BAS were a genuine product of the club, written and produced at club meetings, and apparently the atmosphere surrounding their production spilled over into the mag. A BAS Vol 2 No 2 was not produced in this one-shot style, thus the change in atmosphere. This issue is produced by myself, and you can lay the blame for any goofs directly on me. Very sorry about that Brevizine stuff on the first page. It was mostly crap anyway. Norm shoved it in when cutting the stencils, probably to try to give the illusion that A BAS was still a club fanzine - BR/

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MIMEOGRAPHED MATTER
RET - POST - GUAR.

TORONTO: CITY OF VOLDESSEN