



A BAS Number 5

A BAS is a Derelict Insurgent Publication

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PROLOGUE

To clear up any misunderstanding which may exist, I wish to state that A BAS is NOT a club fanzine. While it is more or less the unofficial organ of the Derelict Insurgents, it is a privately owned and produced fanzine. For the information of the curious, the Derelict Insurgents (as distinct from the Derelicts) came into being in June 1954. The Insurgents consist of Ron Kidder, Gerald Steward and myself.

A BAS is a Pay After Reading fanzine. This means that unless you review or trade you are expected to pay for the mag if you want to receive it regularly. A large number of copies of previous issues have gone out to the League of Silent Fen, with no letter of comment, much less cash, coming from these people. With this issue the mailing list is being purged, and will continue to be purged. If you have never commented on or paid for A BAS, you are quite likely to be dropped from the mailing list. There is one exception to this. If a person is mentioned to any extent in an issue, he is sent a copy of the issue, even though he may not be on the regular mailing list. This is a practice contrary to that of many fan editors.

Previously each issue of A BAS was numbered Volume something Number something. This has become too cumbersome, and so with this issue I am starting on a straight numbering system. This issue is being called #5, and we will take it from there.

If a hermaphrodite were a schizophrene, which half would you take? - Dylan Thomas

Please note my change of address. I am now living with Ron Kidder and family. In the basement we have a real gone fanning room. In addition to the usual furnishings and plentiful bookshelves, it contains a large radio-phonograph combination, a tape recorder, a stack of LPs and many miles of recording tape, three desks, three typewriters, and Ron's Niagara Duplicator. The Niagara had been gathering dust in an office for the last seven years when Ron heard about it recently. The owners wanted to get rid of it, as it was taking up valuable space and they had no use for it. Owing to circumstances too complex to go into, its old motor had been replaced with a new one worth \$25.70, so Ron paid the owners \$25.00 for the whole machine including motor, which price they were pleased to accept. The duper was a mess. Ink had leaked out of the drum over the whole machine. The whole thing was stripped down (including the complex paper feed system) and cleaned, and then reassembled (with only a few screws left over), a new ink pad put on the drum, and a new gasket (homemade) put on the semi-automatic ink reservoir. Unfortunately the gasket didn't work too well, with the result that the thing leaked ink all

over the place. Ger and Ron have spent quite a while today putting in what they hope will be a more efficient gasket and if it does the job we will be ready to roll. All we will need is material.

Mice don't like me; I can never see them and they think I'm snooty

So I put in a genuine exclusive Walt Kelly interlineation and then don't leave room to credit it. That was one of the gems dropped by Kelly in a half hour TV interview in Toronto about a week ago. The interview was staged in an Okeefenokee set, and Kelly spent some time drawing Pogo characters as he talked. It all looked so easy. He said that the Okeefenokee has dried up, and he is looking for a swamp in Canada to which to transfer his cast, and also remarked that Grundoon is based on his five year old son Stephen. Maddicts may now read on.

People who build castles in the air should always carry a parachute

In this issue are to be found two poems, "Oh hell #3" and "Schick in the Grass, Alas". These are both on the same subject. Mystified readers will be provided with an explanation of them on the payment of 50c Canadian or 55c U.S.

So somebody has referred to A BAS as "cynical, sarcastic" We knew we were nasty destructive types, making fun of poor hardworking serconfen trying to "do some good in fandom" but we had not consciously realised that we are cynical and sarcastic as well. Now we know, we shall continue to be as s and c as possible. We have been accused also of being obscure at times. We don't try to be obscure on purpose, but it must be admitted that it does happen on occasions. If we get hold of a good gag, it is felt that it should not be left out of the mag because it will be understood by only a few readers. Rather a few should bust a gut, than the majority be given a faint smile. A lot of the material in the Derogations is inspired by writings in other fanzines. If you haven't read those particular fanzines, you are just out of luck. A large part of the Derogation in this issue is based on material from recent issues of Psychotic and Mimi.

They say she set fire to her mother, but I don't believe it.

The mammoth Light Anniversary program on TV recently was in places a fine example of the assertions made in "People in Glass Houses" in the last issue of A BAS. "Edison invented the incandescent lamp. The Russians claim to have invented it, but that of course is typical of them, and good old Ben Franklin discovered electricity." Well well, whaddaya know.

Larry Anderson says in Planetoid #3 "I've discovered a new mag on the market. It's liable to endure for a while too. It's called PLANET, and is amazingly good reading. It's mostly space opera of course, but that doesn't seem to matter any more..." At first we thought Anderson must be kidding, but in view of the general level of the rest of his writings we are forced to the conclusion that he is serious.

ESCAPE, to be put out by Fred Woroch, 285 Withrow Ave. Toronto, has been delayed by illness in his family. It is expected to appear shortly however.

California is NOT my favorite spot. - Walt Kelly

Make this woman understand that I
Am a figure of vice and crime
Guilty

- Christopher Fry

DERELICTI DEROGATION #3

OR

AKE AKE KIA KAHA

PLACE: The usual Derelict meeting

Albert: Where's the Good Fairy?

Steward: He's out with a case of whiskey, looking for fanzine collections.

Raeburn: What does he do with them once he has them?

Kidder: Uses them to sleep on probably. After all, he has to sublimate somehow.

Steward: Wouldn't they get a little messy from the porridge?

Raeburn: Guess he cleans that off himself first.

Kidder: Yes, he only bathes in oatmeal. He doesn't wear it!

Albert: But why bathe in it?

Steward: Well, he's such a keen follower of fanzines, I guess he likes to immerse himself literally in grue-l.

Grant: But what is that peculiar scent of pine needles that floats around him?

Raeburn: That is the rugged masculine odor of the Grrreat Outdoors.

Kidder: Guess it smells better than stale porridge anyway.

Krueger: Who's this you're talking about?

Steward: Can't tell you. You-know-who bleeds, but THIS guy gushes.

Kidder: He's one of these guys who likes to make cracks at other fen, but screams bloody murder if anybody cracks back. The type is not uncommon.

Raeburn: Hullo Norm. Haven't seen you for quite a while.

Browne: I just thought I'd drop by. It's not every meeting you can say you've had a BNF present.

Albert: Yeah, guess this is going to be another of those BNF-less meetings.

Browne: Well...uh...well Ellison is coming to the meeting.

Albert: My comment still stands.

(Harlan Ellison enters, with a Shorty Rogers record under his shirt.)

Kidder: Harlan, why are you carrying that record under your shirt?

Oberon: Shall we say, while Harlan's tastes are cool, his discs are hot.

Ellison: I am a lone lousy fan sitting and publishing my fanzine....

Raeburn: "I'm standing on my Blendo soap box."

Kidder: Well, Ellison does consider himself Top Banana.

Ellison:....and if necessary I alone will preserve the glowing air of Seventh Fandom for Seventh Fandom is a state of mind and a vital changing thing and although the mad dogs have kneed us in the groin although they've rubbed dirt in our eyes and rabbit-punched their way to a first round decision, Seventh Fandom is not dead!

Steward: It is not dead but sleepeth?

Kidder: Or would you say It is not dead but stinketh?

Ellison: You back-stabbers and chicken-hearts and hangers-on who now come to feed off the corpse....

Raeburn: Thought you said Seventh Fandom was not dead?

Ellison: Cast not your stones at me, cast them at the mad dogs who would tear down the edifice before it is completed for Seventh Fandom could be a thing of laughter and joy and forward-striding and it still breathes, bloody and decimated though its ranks may be. Decimated, for Dean Grennell has left us. Dean, Dean whom I loved with a pure unadulterated admiration, Dean who was great with the unadorned wonder of enjoying Fandom and all it stood for in its finest sense; not the Dean of today with the introverted writings.

Browne: I would like to put out a fanzine worshipping Grennell.

Steward: How would you finance it?

Browne: I could sell my grandmother's cooky jar.

Ellison: Norm, I know that deep down inside, down where it really counts, you're rotten.

Albert: I recognise that crack. It's from New Faces.

Calkins: I didn't think much of that movie.

Ellison: Calkins, you're a guy who can't stand to see new faces prevail.

Krueger: Who is this Ellison anyway?

Grant: One of the better known fans of the younger set. He puts out a bulky and rather untidy fanzine occasionally, and makes a lot of noise at conventions.

Kidder: There has been all this yelling about Seventh Fandom. Aren't some of the kids claiming to be Eighth Fandom?

(Little Peter Vorzimer bursts in)

Vorzimer: As I said last time, Eighth Fandom is rising up in California and....

All: Hullo little Pete.

Vorzimer: I AM NOT LITTLE! I am 18 and 5' 11" tall and weigh 168 lbs and I'm old enough to get drafted and carry a gun and old enough also to carry it to Toronto and put Norm Browne out for good and....

Oberon: We want action, not words.

Vorzimer: ...and you had better watch what you say about me, Raeburn. I have dropped twenty subbers from my mailing list for Abstract.

Geis: No matter how much I hate a guy's guts, I will still keep sending my mag to him if he is a subber. A matter of ethics.

Vorzimer: Ethics? Is that a new fanzine?

Browne: Who's the editor? I'll send him a copy of my article on how to edit a fanzine. These neos need guidance from a BNF like myself. If the mag gets good, I'll fix it so that it looks as though I am running the thing. Got to get egoboo somehow.

Kidder: What does Norm know about editing a fanzine?

Steward: Nothing, judging from recent examples.

Raeburn: Knowing nothing about a subject has never stopped Norm from shooting off his mouth.

Browne: Harlan buddy! Do something! They're all picking on me! Help me Harlan!

Ellison: Listen you manic-depressive, don't you know that all fan clubs have the same problem Toronto has? Cleveland had it and I was the goat. Savannah had it and LeeH was the goat. Now Toronto and you. Don't you see the common denominator, the same unfailing pattern? The club always jumps on the one big name. There is a reason, a snide sick little reason that is simply summed up in the word ENVY! Goddam it Normie, they ENVY you, because you sweated and worked and made something of the name Norman G. Browne, while names like Steward and Raeburn and Grant and Kidder and Lyons and others out there are nothing with a capital NOTH. Guys like you and I are the ones who are there. The Top. They hate us. Look how they tore the flesh from my bones in the Terrans. They had to, the poor inferior sonsofbitches or they wouldn't be able to look themselves in their shaving mirrors. It's the same old story, and I'm shocked and surprised at you for letting it get you.

Albert: That is an example of a typical Ellison tactic, to take a basically false premise, and then overwhelm his listeners with a spate of emotional garrulity.

Browne: Huh?

Albert: I'm tired of only saying "Let's be fair about this."

Grant: But you haven't said it all night.

Albert: Say, that's right. You-know-who isn't here, so I can get a word in edgewise.

Kidder: Harlan, where do you get the idea that we envy Norm?

Ellison: Well, don't you?

Kidder: No. Why should we?

Ellison: Well...er...well, he corresponds with a lot of well known fen.

Raeburn: So does Ger Steward, to name just one of us.

Ellison: And he used to put out a good fanzine.

Steward: Good?

Albert: Nothing like resting on past exploits.

Kidder: Well, it's so much easier to pretend you're the guiding hand behind current fanzines.

Browne: O.K. So you guys don't take any notice of what I say, but I've had a lot of experience in fanzine pubbing, and you should all defer to me.

Steward: is "experience in fanzine pubbing"?

Browne: Well, if you have put out several issues of a fanzine, you are a big authority on how to put out a fanzine, and if a guy's just starting, he can't put out as good a fanzine as you can.

Kidder: So let's all rush off and get advice from Raleigh Multog.

Browne: Aw gee, you guys are always picking on me.

Rewi Maniapoto: Ake ake kia kaha!

Browne: What does that mean?

Steward: 'We will fight for ever and ever.'

Raeburn: Give Norm a Band-Aid, somebody. Say Ger, are you still going to buy a Ford.

Steward: No, I'm going to get a Menstrua.

Kidder: Some people like classic cars, but Ger goes for period pieces.

Steward: I have to learn to drive yet anyway.

Browne: Well, you don't just get in a car and start to drive it.

Kidder: No, you must spend two years writing to car magazines.

Albert: And spend lots of time watching other people drive.

Grant: And of course spend a year or so helping somebody wash his car.

Raeburn: Now that's a sound idea.

Browne: Yes, before you start to drive a car you must have EXPERIENCE.
I know. I am a BNF.

Steward: Well, I'm not going to PORSCHEtrate myself before you.

Albert: What a SIMCALy horrible pun. I have an ALLARDgy to such.

Kidder: He's FERRARI doing that.

Steward: Oh, I'm so MASERATible.

Kidder: Why, I DYNA PAN you very HARD, did I?

Grant: What a HEALEY is.

Raeburn: You deserve an OSCAR for that.

Kidder: Get your big FIAT away from me.

Browne: What was that?

Steward: NARDIng.

Albert: I saw Pat tonight. She looked rather lonely.

Raeburn: Wherefore ALFA-ROMEO?

Kidder: Let's see you do something with Isotta Fraschini.

Grant: Enough of this CUNNING HAM.

Raeburn: I think we are all in accORDance with that.

Steward: SIATAnly.

I'm afraid to go to sleep. I'll dream I'm outside, and get cold.

Mittelbuscher panned the Shares
And got in their respective hairs
Dean Grennell has cut him too
From the mailing list of Grue.

"Je suis fou....FOU!"

TORONTO ACTIVITY REPORT

RAEBURN RETRIEVES MG - INSURGENTS BACK IN BUSINESS

As you know, the Derelict Insurgents of Toronto suffered a serious disaster a while ago when Boyd Raeburn smashed up his MG Mark II. This meant that only the Kidder Car remained and consequently put a crimp in the activities of the group. It was only possible to hold thrice weekly meetings.

Your scribe, however, is glad to report that Boyd was able to finally liberate his auto from the clutches of the saboteur-minded repair mechanics.

Knowing full well that the Insurgents could not function properly without the MG, these alleged automotive engineers, obviously in league with SoCal (Southern California) fandom, dreamed up all sorts of weak excuses to delay returning the machine.

One of the excuses presented was that they had ordered a new right fender and running board from an agent in the Ambitious City (Hamilton) and had been sent a running board and fender for the left side.

This of course would not do as the Insurgents are staunch anti-leftists.

Another of their tall tales was that they had later found it necessary to order a new hood (from the same agent) and had received the wrong kind. Their narrative would have us believe that the hood sent did not have "a blister on the side for the supercharger". But, to top it all off, they gave us the feeble excuse that the Hamiltonian agent had closed down for a two week vacation, thereby delaying delivery on the proper hood with the real gone bubble.

(The Insurgents associate only with the more respected, upper-crust members of the underworld.)

ON SURVEYS ETC.

The SECOND TUCKER FAN SURVEY being conducted by Gerald A. Steward is now well under way. Over 1500 questionnaires have been distributed all over the world, including such places as Guam, Cuba, and the Hawaiian Islands. 1900 questionnaires will be distributed eventually, and to date, about one hundred only have been returned. I'd like to request, if you have one of the questionnaires, fill it out and send it in as soon as possible. The sooner the Q-aires are returned, the sooner the results can be compiled and published.

Don't fight independent laboratory tests

ON QUASI QUOTES

We never realised before that fandom was taking any notice of the Derelicts. It seems that we were looking in the wrong place, as it appears that the Derelicts have been creating some kind of a disturbance. To quasi-quote Dean Grennell (very quasi) "You have the most prominent club in North America" Bob Bloch says (again very quasi) "What with the activity in Canada, specifically the Derelicts, and the recent surge of activity in England, British Commonwealth fandom has forged to the front. We have also been referred to as "the nasty old goats of Fandom" by Don Ford.

ON VOLDESFEN

Harlan Ellison once intimated that the reason we blast certain self-styled BNFs is because we are jealous of them. This is a big fat lie if I ever saw a BIG FAT LIE. When it comes to BNFs, there are none bigger than Boggs or Grennell. We haven't attacked them. As a matter of fact, we like and respect them. The fen we attack (BNF or no, it makes nary a difference) are the people who go around loudmouthing and making idiotic statements; for example, little Pete and Harl. They are the ones who are just begging to be blasted. Grennell, Boggs and their ilk don't do these things, which is the prime reason we respect them. They became BNFs without becoming loudmouthed jackasses. But we do not fear them. As Boyd would say, "Nemo me impune lacessit." They are not above reproach, and should they do something which rubs us the wrong way, they'll find themselves on the business end of our cannons. But bear this in mind, we are Voldesfen, and remember, when we are tearing and ripping you apart, we are not doing it with malice aforethought. Rather, we do it in a gay, lighthearted fashion.

The critics bleed more easily even than writers - Morley Callaghan

ON GHHOD

Canadian Fans attention. American Fans attention. All Fans attention. A new religion has arisen. A new theology, greater than Ghuism, greater than Fooism, greater than Roscoeism. This new belief, this stupendous new faith, is greater even than TVism. It is known as RAEBURNISM and was first discovered in Toronto. The new religion was discovered in this very city, right under our noses, by Norman G. Browne. If this boy continues to make such revelations, eventually he will become a BNF. This boy is worth watching.

Browne made his discovery one night in the presence of Raeburn, Kidder and Steward, but did not mention it at that time. It was later **that** Browne phoned P. Howie Lyons and announced "Kidder and Steward worship Raeburn like a Tin Ghod." (To date we have been unable to discover what Holy Significance the term "Tin" has in this religion.)

Notwithstanding, the discovery has been made. RAEBURN WAS AND IS GHHOD. Fandom awaken. Ghod is no longer in Ireland. Raeburn is Ghhod and Ghhod is in Toronto. Converts arise. Spread the word.

- Gerald A. Steward

He'd burn his own grandmother at the stake if he thought it was the only way he could light a cigarette.

QUOTABLE QUOTE

"He's a little bastard."

"How?"

"You want specific instances?"

"Yes."

"Well for one thing, he's a Scout."

"Oh!"

DERELICT NEWS: Howard Lyons is dieting. Ron Kidder has been forced to stop looking like J.B. Gillespie, and now looks like Brubeck again.

NO BUTTER THANKS

I'VE GOT A SPREAD

When I was seventeen or so
I ceased (or so I thought) to grow,
My back was straight, my hips were slim,
I simply burst with manly vim
(And sometimes burst with vigor).
It didn't matter what I ate,
I never seemed to put on weight,
And so for years
In spite of fears
I kept a virile figure;
But now the world is drear and flat
I think that I am getting fat.

Then sing cuccu!.
How very few
Seem other portly men;
Sing lackadee!
Would I could be
My own sweet sylph again.

To keep my growing waistline quiet
I'm on a (voluntary) diet:
No fat I eat,
But for a treat
A dry and crispy biscuit,
And in the dark and midnight hours
When sleep evades my failing powers
I dream a meal
Composed of veal
A leg, perhaps some brisket,
But though I shun each joint and haunch
I still preserve my spheroid paunch.

Then sing jug-jug!
I am a mug
(Like many other men):
Sing lackadee!
Would I could be
My own sweet sylph again.

Though kissing now may seem impossible
This bridge (I feel) is not uncrossable
How froid my sang!
This embonpoint
Will exercise delete,
And so I do the Highland Fling
And jump, and run like anything,
I see the track
Both front and back
But cannot see my feet
Ah, adiposity abhorred!
This sport makes me, not thin, but bored.

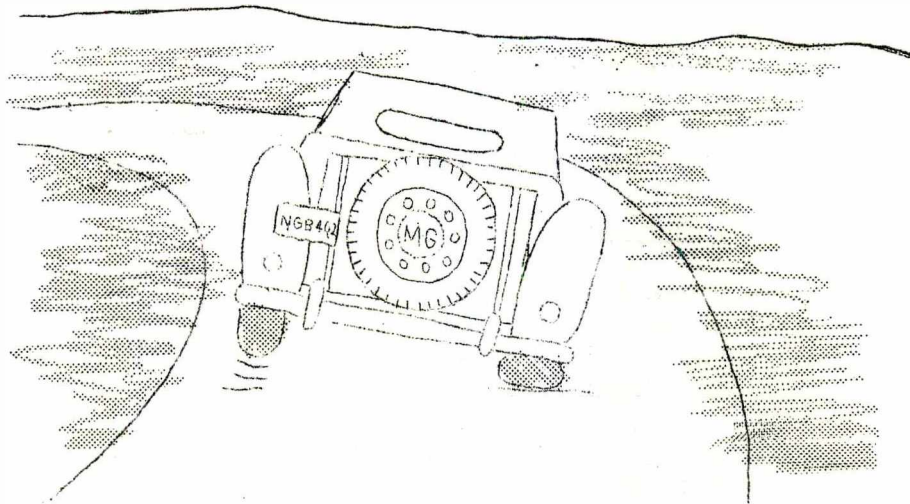
Then sing pu-wee!
I want to see
Myself as other men;
Sing las-a-lack!
And bring me back
My own sweet sylph again.

Now though my abdomen grows bigger
I hardly sport a public figure:
The local mayor
Might like my hair ...
But not my Corporation
And yet I'm full of sterling worth
(The only proof is in my girth)
But how I hate
This "worth your weight
In gold" felicitation,
For now I've found, with doubtful joy,
I'm less avoirdupois than troy.

Sing witta-wu!
What can I do
To look like other men?
Sing lackadee!
Would I could be
My own sweet sylph again.

- Ibidem.

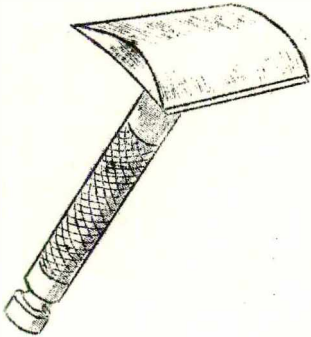
....oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt....



Boyd: "Howard, do you think you could sit a little
more towards the middle?"

Idea by Dean Grennell. Stencilled by Pat Patterson.

OH HELL #3



Le beau soleil: shining
shining, so beau

such a wonderful day to be Dizzy;
un jour tres merveilleux,
si...si...si merveilleux.

A good day, yes, for being me, or Dizzy,
or who knows whom, no tizzy
of worry
or hurry

for work to be done.

Just a little job.

A relaxed day, relaxed for me
or Whoever I am:

Moreover and besides, a day
delicious and delightful;
a day to be savoured to its fullest extent,
by everyone,
but especially by myself,
for
I am I

But this is not to be:
a summons is issued,
I am called.

"Off, off," I'm told.

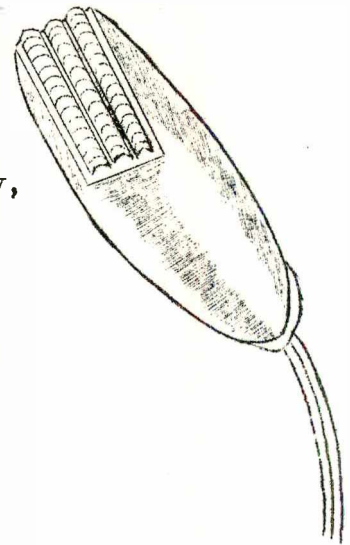
How could they do this to me, or Dizzy,
Especially Dizzy.

Especially Dizzy.

Now a flurry
though not of worry
but bewilderment, anger
and finally dismay.

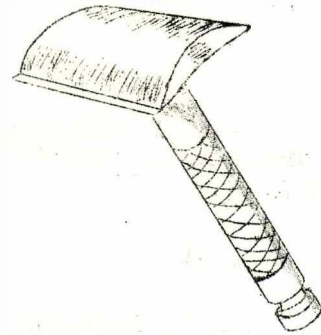
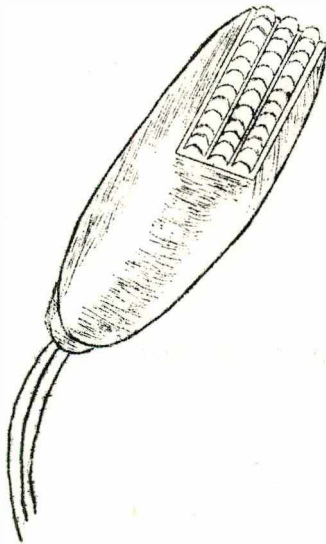
To be no more Dizzy,
but myself alone.

I am.



R. J. Kiddler

SCHICK IN THE GRASS, ALAS



....and bearded like the pard
Well
Not quite like the pard
But bearded
More like Dizzy vielleicht?
But my DEAH
All the non-conformists do it
Corduroy trousers are the thing too
Chez Kiwi
But in Vancouver they are so common
So those must be forgone
But still
Very avant, not to say garde
But no loot means no Dave
Therefore off to the slaughterhouse
But we are an old-established joint
(Go 'way Willis, out Grennell)
And we must keep up appearances
You too young man
It must go....
Oh woe oh grief
Invocation of Ellisonia
And was coming the wedding
With the big fight looming
Not only my life is bare
And my pride is in an envelope

B.O.L.

Some men are born great, others pay cash.

Secure in Gafia I stood
I turned my back, I smiled a smile
A derelict, intentions good
A fanmag sent, uncommon vile.

Secure in Gafia I was
I turned my back, away I stole
I would not read that darn A Bas
I laughed a laugh, a smile I smole.

Secure in Gafia I'd been
And clear of eye, and smooth of brow
Until I read what lay between
A Bas' covers, see me now!

Secure in Gafia no more
A fan I yam, so clue me in.
What gives? Quien eis? Qu'est le score?
Oh, what a life! You just can't win!

- Rich Kirs

BELL STOCK RISES —

— ELLISON LOOSE

Time: Sunday afternoon. August 22, 1954

Place: Gerald A. Steward's hacienda.

Telephone rings.

Steward: Hello!

Operator: This is Columbus, Ohio calling. Could you give me the phone number of a Mr. Norman G. Browne?

Steward: Tell Ellison to look in the phone book.

Ellison: (Voice wafting in from background.) I did, it isn't listed.

Steward: Naturally; it is in the Edmonton phone book.

Operator: Well, could you please give it to me?

Steward: But I hardly know you!

Operator: The phone number I mean.

Steward: Oh, we're back to that. It is Strooodle 8 - 6288.

Operator; Huh?

Steward: (Recalling his phonetic alphabet) Sierra-Tango-ait-six-too-ait-ait.

Operator: Thank you. (Hangs up)

Phone rings again.

Steward: (Somewhat piqued) Hello!

Operator: Are you sure that number was right?

Steward: The number I gave you was correct at 12 o'clock last night, and I hardly think they've changed it since then.

Operator: Well we can't get an answer.

Steward: I could have told you that. He lives in a basement apartment and the phone is upstairs under lock and key.

Operator: Why didn't you tell us that?

Steward: You didn't ask.

Operator hangs up. A short time later the phone rings again.

Steward: HELLO!

Operator: This is Columbus again. My party, Mr. Ellison....(is drowned out by Ellison's voice giving instruction to Operator.)

Ellison: Tell him that I would like to know if there is any way he can get in touch with Norm; tell him it is imperative that I get in touch with Norm. Ask him if he would scout around town and try to find Norm. My Ghod, this is a life and death matter.

Operator: Did you hear that?

Steward: No, I am blind.

Operator: If you can get in touch with Mr. Browne will you tell him to contact operator 16 in Columbus and ask for Howlan Owlison at UN - 4388?
(Author's Note: She actually said Howlan Owlison.)

Steward: Heighdy Owl.

Operator: What?

Ellison: What?

Steward: Okay. That number was Union Nectar fower-tree-ait-ait?

Operator: Correct. Will you do it for me?

Steward: But I hardly know you! (Hangs up)

Later, phone rings again.

Steward: Hello.

Operator: This is Columbus calling again. I have another message from Mr. Ellison.

Ellison: Ask him if he has contacted Browne.

Steward: Tell him that I have been phoning Browne every ten minutes on the ten minutes and have not been able to raise a soul.

Ellison: Tell him I don't want a soul. I want Browne.

Steward: Tell him that I haved phoned all the club members, cluing them in. Tell him that I phoned the plant where he works and couldn't get an answer.

Ellison: Tell him thanks very much. I appreciate his effort immensely. I really do. Honestly.

Steward: Tell him that it is all right and that I am very sorry I couldn't get hold of Browne. He is simply unattainable. Untouchable. Whup! I forgot that you Amerks don't dig subtle allusions.

Ellison: Will you ask Mr. Steward if he knows when Mr. Browne might be in? It is an absolute neccessity that I contact him.

Steward: Tell him that I don't know when Mr. Browne will be home. Tell him that I would suggest that he try again about 10 o'clock tonight.

Ellison: Ten o'clock? Which time? Ask him what time it is in Toronto?

Steward: Tell Mr. Ellison that it is now eighteen hundred and six hours.

Ellison: That means that I would have to phone back about 11 P.M..

Steward: Tell him that he is a mathematical genius.

Ellison: Tell him that I really appreciate what he has done and tell him that I am sorry to have inconvenienced him to such an extent.
Tell him that I am deeply indebted to him.

Operator: You are also deeply indebted to us.

Steward: Tell him to think nothing of it.

Ellison: Tell him thanks. (Hangs up)

Several hours later the phone rings again.

Browne: This is Norm Browne, not Harlan Ellison, Norm Browne, not Harlan Ellison....(and so on like a cracked record.)

Steward: Where in hell have you been. I have been phoning you all day and couldn't get an answer. Ellison has been trying to get in touch with you.

Browne: Not THE Harlan Ellison?

Steward: Yes.

Browne: Gosh, I guess that really makes me a BNF.

Kidder: (Cutting in on the extension) Don't be so egoboorish.

Browne: Well, I'll phone Ellison now. The first thing I am going to say to him will be "Up until a short time ago I stole."

Steward: No. Say "Up until a short time ago I made long distance phone calls.

/Ed's note. Now we know where Browne gets all his witty lines./

Several hours later Steward phones Browne.

Steward: Did you phone Ellison?

Browne: No.

- Gerald A. Steward

DEDICATED TO REDD BOGGS

'Lester Cohen writes "As far as I know there is no Theodore Dreiser Street in the United States - there is one in Yugoslavia." Though it might be difficult to prove without having a census of street names available, it does seem that Americans have not often accorded their literary men this particular kind of recognition. There are, if we are not mistaken, streets named for Longfellow scattered throughout New England; but are there any Henry James Boulevards? Mark Twain Avenues? Melville Roads? Or Thoreaufares?'

- Discovery #4

THE RECORDS

The record companies, in the last month or so, have been so productive that even I, working in a record store (Promenade) have not had a chance to digest or even taste all their offerings. Out of the forty or fifty LPs issued, about half are worth listening to and/or buying.

One of the better offerings was the Lennie Niehaus Quintet on Contemporary. West Coast altoist Niehaus is aided by Jack Montrose on tenor, Bob Gordon on baritone, Monty Ludwig on bass, and Shelly Manne on drums. The latter two provide one of the swingiest rhythm sections heard on record in a long time. Niehaus quite obviously has been influenced by Konitz, but does not, I think, copy him. At times he uses Lee's rhythmic tricks, particularly on the slow Day by Day. His tone has a more lyrical quality than Lee's - his technique is very good - his ideas rather repetitious but very coherent and swinging. The group, playing Niehaus arrangements and compositions, sounds well rehearsed and clean. The best sides in the set are You Stepped Out of a Dream, I'll Take Romance, I'll Remember You, and a very fast and swinging Whose Blues. The liner notes are fair, the recording quality superb. (CONTEMPORARY C2513)

An LP which had received a big buildup and which disappointed me tremendously. I had hoped for and expected more than a pretentious and unexciting debut from John LaPorta. LaPorta, a New York teacher, who has been connected with the Lennie Tristano - Charles Mingus school in the past, can, I hope, do better. Louis Mucci on trumpet has a shaky tone, uneven intonation, and only fair ideas. Wally Cirillo, Bob Carter and Ed Shaughnessy don't come off much better. The tunes are all originals although Fringe Area sounds a lot like I'll Take Romance. LaPorta plays alto on most of these, and some clarinet, particularly on Fringe Area. I can't quite figure out Wally Cirillo's left hand. On Right Around Home and This Hectic Life it sounds like a stodgy Garner - it just doesn't fit. The best tunes in the set are the Bachish Fringe Area, This Hectic Life with an ending which to me is the best thing on this LP, and a swinging Right Around Home. These were recorded on Debut's unique quality of tissue paper, and provided with fair liner notes. (DEBUT DLP-11)

Savoy Records have come along at last with some good new records. One of their efforts is two volumes of "Ringside at Condon's" featuring "Wild Bill" Davidson, and we should be glad "Wild Bill" was at Eddie's bar when these were

recorded, because without him these would have been a waste of time. He drives and swings the group through the major part of the standard tunes with a now-let's-swing-this-and-get-on-with-the-next-tune attitude. On the fast tunes the rhythm section (Bob Casey - bass, Gene Shroeder - piano, Cliff Lahman - drums) almost gets off the ground. On the slow ones, they are as sluggish as only a dixie section can be. Cutty Cutshall on trombone and Edmond Hall on clarinet (listen to Ed swing on Squeeze Me) are the other main soloists. Most of the solos, by the way, are not hindered as usual by crying clarinets and grunting trombones. As I said, "Wild Bill" is really the star, and he really shines. Listen to him swing and drive on Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams, Sweet Georgia Brown, or Riverboat Shuffle, which are some of the better numbers on these LPs. These were recorded on the spot with bad balance and on Savoy's best quality cardboard. For "Wild Bill's" swinging and driving cornet don't miss this. (SAVOY MG-15029-30)

Savoy has also come up with a set featuring Kai and Jay, which if you like trombones, will excite you. The full personnel is Kai Winding and J.J. Johnson - trombones, Billy Bauer - guitar, Charles Mingus - bass, Kenny Clarke - drums, and Wally Cirillo - piano. Bernie's Tune is very fast, and badly balanced with lousy piano and good work by the trombonists whom I can't always tell apart on this LP. Lament is a slow ballad with some beautiful trombone voicing and pretty guitar and bass. Blues for Trombone is just a fast blues, which, in addition to the good trombone work, has Mingus playing some very swinging bass in the higher register. Co-op is another swinger. Blues in Twos ditto. Included in this set for some peculiar reason is part of a ballet suite by Mingus -- the part called Reflections. This might be very good if it had proper orchestration; I don't think two trombones and a rhythm section are it. Mingus' very nice arco bass opens to a funny rhythmic thing and then the whole swings easily. The trombones playing a sort of counterpoint near the close sound rather Kentonish. This LP too is badly balanced and on a poor quality surface. The album notes are poor and in bad taste and I don't think too accurate. How many of your prize possessions are on Savoy? (SAVOY MG 15038)

Pacific Jazz has issued an LP with a well rehearsed group led by Bud Shank, aided by three trombones, playing the compositions and/or arrangements of Bob Cooper. The trombonists, who don't play too much, and when they do it's just a guess who's who, are Bob Enevoldsen, Stu Williamson, and Maynard Ferguson -- all valve trombonists. Bud Shank is the star, and he comes off very well. Cool Fool has a wonderful bass-alto intro with Bud and Joe Mondragon, and later features some good piano by Claude Williamson and drums by Shelly Manne. Of the fast tunes I liked also Sing Something Simple. Although all the originals are very similar, they are all very good. The best of this set are the two ballads, both featuring Bud. The tunes are Little Girl Blue, and You Don't Know What Love Is. Both have well arranged backgrounds aided tremendously by a very effective arco bass. This is a very good set, not as good as the Lennie Niehaus, but still very good. Pretty pictures, but no liner notes. Good quality recording. (PACIFIC JAZZ PJLP-14)

I am one of those apparently few people who appreciate a good vocal LP as much as a good instrumental LP. I would like to mention two recent sets. Jackie Paris, backed by Charlie Shavers and a trio, sings eight standards very well on Coral. The best of this set are Detour Ahead, More Than You Know, and We'll Be Together Again, although all are very good. These are sung very sincerely and with a great deal of taste. No liner notes to speak of. (CORAL CRL-56118)

On one recent LP I just got a chance for a quick listen, but I know I'll be back for much more, because it's one of the most exciting things I've heard in a long time. Although lacking in intonation and voice, Lee Wiley is one of the most sincere and tasty singers I know of. Her previous records with Bobby Hackett and her sets of Porter and Gershwin were great -- this set of Rogers

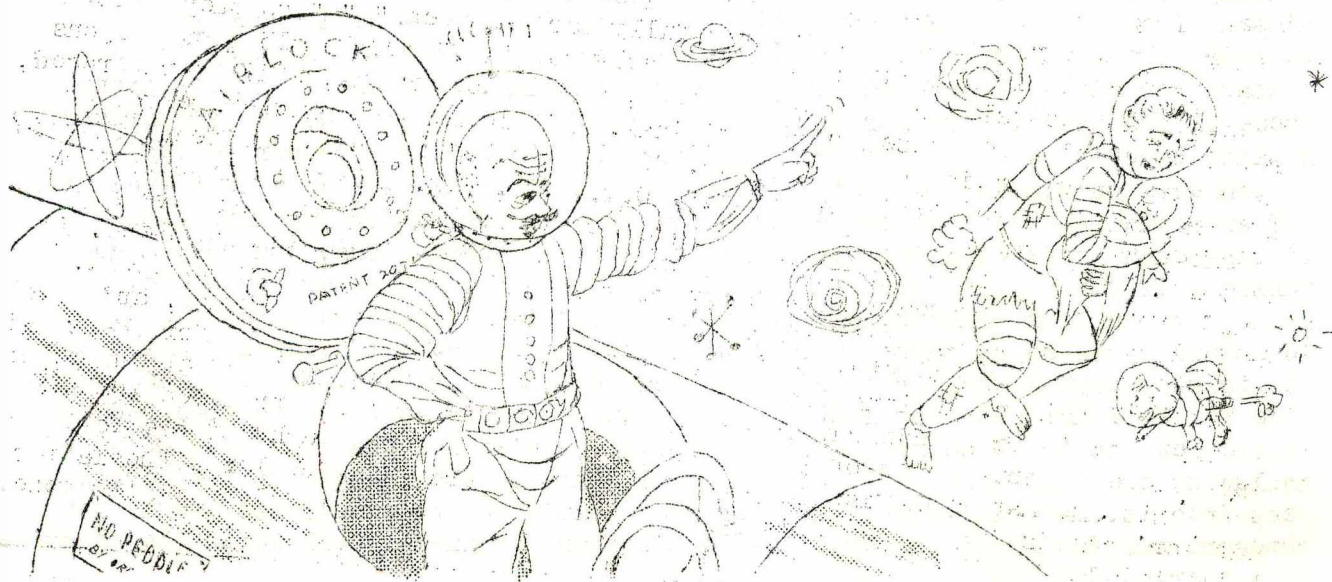
and Hart tunes is just as great if not better. The best, and it was hard picking the best, are It Never Entered My Mind, You Took Advantage of Me, and Mountain Greenery. The liner notes, even though they don't stick to relevant subjects, are more than anyone ought to expect on an album cover. They're as far out as the music. Recording quality is fair. (STORYVILLE STLP 312)

Recently there appeared at Massey Hall in Toronto the spectacle travelling the continent under the name of The Festival of Modern American Jazz. I am not a fan of Kenton music, and this particular evening proved no exception. Frank Rossolino may be a great trombonist, but I wish he'd keep his idiotic singing and "comedy" for the bus trips between towns. Sam Noto, Charlie Mariano (improved greatly over last year) and Lennie Niehaus played adequately under the circumstances. Lennie I know can do better. Johnny Smith played his three competently and unexcitingly. Art Tatum was hindered no end by Slam Stewart and Everett Barksdale. Playing such standards as Sweet Lorraine and Body and Soul, Tatum showed his potential greatness but was unable to utilize it. The Shorty Rogers group with Shelly Manne swung but was not too impressive. Mary Ann McCall sang a few, Detour Ahead, I Only Have Eyes For You, etc. Remembering Mary Ann's greatness in the past, I was disappointed; but remembering her recent records on Norgran, I was pleasantly surprised. She has always been a favorite of mine, and I was happy though not excited by her effort. She seemed terribly unsure of herself. One of the finest efforts of the night was Sonny Igoo's drumming with the Charlie Ventura Four. It was the swingiest part of the night. Ventura was well restrained, probably due to the Kenton edict against stompers. All in all, a pleasant but not too exciting evening.

Let me again remind you of the swinging Lennie Niehaus LP and the extremely warm and wonderful Lee Wiley LP, two of the best sets put on the market in recent months or years.

- Roger Feather.

Did Shorty Rogers have a Harlan Ellison record under his shirt?



EPILOGUE

The cover for this issue was drawn by Gary Dutton. The reproduction is horrible. When Gary drew the cover for the last issue, he also drew two extra covers direct on to plates. These plates are a new kind, made of plastic. I intended to use one of the spare covers for this issue. As the printer who printed the last cover was unable to do the job at the time, the plate was taken to a different man. He produced 125 sheets of wastage and a ruined plate. The third plate was therefore taken to the original printer, and the best he was able to do with it you see on the front of this issue. It would appear that once a plate of this type has been drawn on, it begins to oxidize, and if it is left too long before printing, it tends to pick up ink over the whole surface. It would take too long for a new cover to be drawn and printed, so I am using this cover, and all I can do is apologize for the reproduction.

The Sounds this issue is by Roger Feather. I am very pleased to have Roger take over this column. Working in a record store, (Promenade Music Centre, 83 Bloor St West, Toronto - free advert.) he has a far greater selection of records available for review than I have. In addition, I think he can review records far better than I can.

Howard Lyons has produced a fanzine. It is called Pre-Apa. It is notable for the excellent artwork of Pat Patterson. Is it true that this fanzine is the new official organ of the Star Rockets Science Fiction Correspondence Club?

It would appear that multitudes of people do not listen, do not remember, and are incapable of understanding - J.V. McAree

Which brings to mind little Peter Vorzimer. Vorzimer claims that over half of what was said about him and attributed to him in the last issue of A Bas was untrue. Most of the material concerning him was direct quotes. Draw your own conclusions. Actually a lot of what he does say in his fanzine must be untrue, because he contradicts himself continually. Little Pete has a habit of making stupid remarks, and then yelling that he has been misquoted. In his column Phi Alpha in Canadian Fandom #22, Howard Lyons gives 13 quotes from the writings of Vorzimer. Vorz says in Abstract #8 "Howard Lyons has alienated himself from me by taking mostly "half quotes" from AB -- deliberately twisting the words of a few, tho carefully marking them " " " so they would be a scape for him if I accused him of wrongly quoting." Of the 13 quotes Lyons used, 12 are actual word for word quotes, and the other one, while paraphrased, retains exactly the sense of the original. Little Pete was rather peeved at my comments on him in the last issue. "Once is o.k." he says in effect (this is NOT an actual quote) "but not again." O.k. Pete, o.k. I have no intention of filling each issue of A Bas with examples of your abberations. You have a good fanzine. If you want to keep filling it with unthinking blather, go ahead. I shall refrain from comment, except on matters which I feel are in my field. As Howard Lyons says, maybe college will straighten you out a little, and teach you to stop saying the first thing that comes into your head. Now for the credit side for Vorzimer. At long last the Con issue of Abstract (#8) has appeared, and little Pete is to be congratulated on the effort. It has the promised 100 pages including the four pages of photographs. I quail at the thought of the work that went into it. Material-wise it ranges from Baltimoron to excellent, the latter category consisting of the writings of Bloch and Grennell. Well worth the money Pete charged for it.

He's going to college, but then, in the States that doesn't mean much. - PHL

In Oopsla #14 Gregg Calkins tells how he had a look at the Chev Corvette and flipped all over the place. Says Calkins "This is really a sports car." Oh? As Road & Track says "There will always be a market for the pseudo sports car or sporty roadster for the uninformed enthusiast." And Gregg, because the Corvette speedometer registers up to 140 mph, that doesn't mean that the car can go anywhere near that speed. Road & Track road test figures give a top speed average of 106.4 mph, and fastest one way 107.1

In view of Calkins' ignorant adulation of the American so-called "sports cars" the following conversation between a customer and a salesman for the Buick Skylark may be of interest. This was taken from a letter to Road & Track.

Customer: Is this a sports car like the MG and Jaguar?

Salesman: Definitely! It is designed to replace the European sports car.

Customer: Could you race the Skylark in a road race?

Salesman: Well, most of our customers won't. Why take a chance on ruining such a fine machine? But if you wanted to, it would show the European cars a thing or two. After all, it has 188 hp and Dynaflo!

Customer: Will it corner as well as an MG?

Salesman: This car is built on a ROADMASTER chassis with POWER steering! I think that answers your question.

Customer: Yes, it certainly does....why the wire wheels?

Salesman: They're easier to balance.

Customer: How fast will the Skylark go?

Salesman: I can safely say about 115.

Customer: Thank you very much.

First place was two feet high

....the moon is nothing
But a circumambulating aphrodisiac
Divinely subsidized to provoke the world
Into a rising birth-rate -- a veneer
Of sheerest Venus on the planks of Time
Which may fool the ocean but which fools not me.

Christopher Fry - The Lady's Not For Burning

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

Both Europeans and Niueans said the vice-regal visit had created the first festive spirit since the murder last August.
(Press Association message from Niue Island)

F A N Z I N E S

JAN JANSEN, ANTIWERP, BELGIUM

Was I glad to see Pete (little) Vorzimer told off. I have been riding the same trail in the course of the last letters I sent him commenting on Abstract, and agreeing that AB does show promise. I agree even more heartedly with the various attacks you manage. And does he earn them. You should have seen the letter he wrote when I called him a Small Name Fan. Hell, was he mad at me. He did change the tune of the letter at the bottom, more to the I couldn't care less attitude, possibly in fear that we in Belgium couldn't stand the name-calling he'd been doing. Seeing that you have thoroughly thrashed his hide publicly, perhaps he will get some sense too. Thanks for that article again. Saves me wondering how to do a similar job most easily. Another timely piece is the Gorer extract, People in Glass Houses. About time somebody reminded them that they are not almighty and all-knowing. How about changing the Vorzimer grumble to "I refuse to accept more pages. I'm disappointed every time I receive a fanzine that's thicker than mine, or appears more frequently. In fact I refuse to trade, I want to be allowed to pay for them"? I do hope that you find the quality of Alpha sufficient to send us your mag regularly. We'll try to improve, but it isn't always as easy to do a thing as to say it.

LYNN HICKMAN, NAPOLEON, OHIO.

A Bas received, read and enjoyed. I really loved that cover. More of that type. Didn't care too much for the jazz section, but that's only one fan's opinion. Got a big kick out of all the rest. If you only had 32 pages instead of 18, I'd say your zine was good, but of course all fandom is now judging zines on the number of pages instead of what's in them. Aren't they?

My trouble Lynn this issue has been to keep the number of pages down. This issue is larger than was planned. Of course, the material, being nearly all locally written, can't be very good, according to a well known adviser on How To Edit a Fanzine. The letters being printed here are being cut a lot, in many cases, to save space. I don't want A BAS to be a zine where about one third or more of the material is letters, so I am just taking the most interesting extracts. If I were to use the Pica type favored by most fen, instead of this Elite, the mag would have one fifth more pages, so there would be greater bulk, which would make some people happy, but no more actual material.

RON ELLIK, LONG BEACH, CAL.

Well, of course I couldn't let this ish of A BAS go by without comment. I too have been blasted by Little Peter. Now, I've been trying for six months to think of some way to kick Vorz without him being able to kick back. ("I have terrific energy and the means to blast him and..." QED) Then I read this little review of ABby in A BAS -- well, I have little emotion except envy and admiration. Unadulterated brilliance of insight displayed where you say "But nobody takes seriously/the yells of little boys." Sure, you Old Fen don't worry about us TEEN AGERunts, because you know that in the Long Run it Won't Matter at All. Little Events like new APAs and such are Mere Ripples in the Stream of Fandom. Seventh Fandom is a Bubble on the Surface as Viewed by an Old Timer. But hell man, we're enjoying ourselves.

DENNIS MOREEN, WILMETTE, ILLINOIS.

A BAS is one of the few Canadian fanzines I've seen that doesn't go to extremes to prove that it's Canadian...it just takes everything in its stride, and is very good. Particularly enjoyed your essay on Mr. Vorzimer...I believe he had it coming, although maybe not in such a positive degree. You should also make clear that your same feelings apply to other faneds who go juvenilistic every cnce in a while. Derelicti Derogation #2 is a perfect marvel. Also enjoyed the Sounds.

PETER VORZIMER, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Your article did not quite strike home the way it should have -- it did not strike up the terrific Vorzimer temper the way something like that ordinarily would have -- you see, I was in one of my rare "good moods". The knife stuck just a little too deeply in some spots. I suspect that Ron Ellik is in this little plot..not directly, but through letters to some of you boys./Nobody was in any "little plot"/ My mom had better be damn well left out of this--whoever had the gall to add that part without first checking facts is really on my very blackest list. My Mom didn't get LIFE to do a damn thing. She very nicely clued them in as to what fandom was, trying to get some egoboo for fandom--at the same time I myself was not pubbing a damn thing--so had nothing to gain. My Mom was doing fandom a good turn. The article didn't pan out--we left things lie as is. This bit about Forry checking on NAPA is another thing. LIES. UNMITIGATED LIES. Now, I know Ellik is behind this. You were fools in a way for listening to him. There are lots of guys who listened to him at one time and now regret it. Keep up the good work men, that A BAS is really going to make a name for itself. It's just that you were crazy to listen to what Ellik had to say. He's a lying son-of-a-bitch. Anyone in California will verify that.

/Peter Vorzimer in ABSTRACT #8 "Now, I for one, am not going to go around saying that so-and-so is a dirty liar...."/

TOM WHITE, BRADFORD, ENGLAND

I should think that 'little Peter Vorzimer' is feeling even smaller just about now. Maybe you were a bit hard on the lad, but I certainly admire the way you went about it. While you're on the job, why not have a word with Harlan 'Bring Me a Drum' Ellison? I was nauseated with his article in Psychotic, but in the interests of something-or-other, it should be some of his own countrymen who point out that even the wildest stretch of imagination won't tie up fandom with this kind of unsemantic blood-and-guts ranting.

/I am a countryman of Ellison?/

DON FORD, SHARONVILLE, OHIO

A BAS was enjoyable, readable, and mellowed a bit over previous issues. Maybe you need to switch brands of beer or something. After building up your reputations as being the nasty old goats of fandom, you suddenly can't change your applesauce from sour to sweet. What's the matter with you guys? Sick? I wanna hear more bitching! You know, I keep reading and reading about 7th Fandom. To me, 7th Fandom is an artificial myth created on paper and having no body. It's frantically being given artificial respiration in order to bring to life something that never was. For the life of me I can't see what 7th Fandom ever did. Oh, 2 or 3 fans keep shouting, but that doesn't mean anything; it's just noise. Nowhere have I ever seen a list of just who comprised 7th Fandom, what they have done, and what they intend to do. If 1/10 the energy expended in trying to maintain this false illusion of being were used a bit more constructively, I think Fandom, as a whole, would give more attention to the 7th Fandomites.....who remind me of my children showing off for their share of attention. Anyway, it sounds like the group in Toronto is having fun, do not take themselves seriously, and at least accomplish something through their various publishing efforts. More bitching? Man, I have to have something to bitch about./

NAN GERDING, ROSEVILLE, ILLINOIS

Just finished reading A BAS...there are several items of noteworthy interest but there are two that were real chucklesome type reading. I'm speaking of DERELICTI DEROGATION #2 and FANNISH NURSERY RHYMES. Hyuck! Wonderful! PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES was also of extreme interest and quite timely -- that should oughta put a few wiseacres in their place--should oughta but I doubt if it does. Not much more to say except that I liked immensely the whole atmosphere of A BAS. Real enjoyable.

MICHAEL BARRINGTON-MARTIN, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Al Shireef said something very much to the point: "Al alana arp haramzada owr ma khucha soor ka bucha." Also Haji Baba: "Torontoni nich najani." On the other hand Professor Ayer contradicts these revered authorities flatly when he says: "I consider that Baroko is a mnemonic word, representing the fourth mood of the second syllogistic figure, in which a particular negative conclusion is drawn from a universal affirmative major premise and a particular negative minor!" This is plainly not in keeping with the teachings of a Chin Yung Mei, who maintained with his dying breath that every time a rabbit jumped, a teeny weeny fairy was born; but even this distinguished Chinese philosopher has his opponent in Marie Stopes, who assures us that with a little care this could be prevented. However, I shall no further tempt your doughy cerebriforms with these enzymic thoughts.

GEORGINA ELLIS, CALGARY, ALBERTA.

A BAS is quite a different effort from the original ish. Sort of miss that spontaneous hilarity. However, that couldn't have lasted very long anyway, even if you (the Derelicts) had deliberately attempted it, and now that you (Boyd) are the skipper it is developing into something quite different. And most interesting. Already I am looking forward to the next ish with--anticipation sounds better than curiosity, what? But you (Boyd & A BAS) do got possibilities. The Vorzimer run-down left nothing to be desired. You even said a few favorable (relatively) things about his zine. People in Glass Houses-Bravo and all that.

HARRY CALNEK, GRANVILLE FERRY, NOVA SCOTIA

This man, this I dig the mostest. From cover to cover I have dug the article called A BAS, and I have been stoned man. This is the outest of the issues so far. The editorial was excellent; and since I have just received my first copy of the fanzine in question in the editorial, ABSTRACT, I wish to say a few words on the matter. Agreed that AB is a well done job, and especially for reproduction with a ditto. However, I find some things throughout the zine that hit me the wrong way. This business about the monstrous and most wonderful conish that he is publishing....25c if you pub a zine and 35c if you don't. It would seem that the new crop of fen who are attempting to publish fanzines have the idea that they can peddle their wares to their fellow fen and make money at it, and if not that, at least break even. Kids: if you want to be millionaires don't sell fanzines; stick to the old reliable paper route. Unless of course you are publishing the best, greatest bar none, and yummiest ginger peachiest fanzine to date. Then by all means charge them for it -- on second thought, charge them anyway -- even if it stinks -- you've heard what P.T. Barnum said.... Derelicti Derogation was again the top piece in the mag. Please make this a regular feature, Boyd.

[I myself don't object to Vorzimer charging 35c for the Conish, or 25c plus a trade. That effort must have cost a lot, especially with those photos. Even at his prices I doubt very much whether he will get back very much of what the mag cost him. I don't know how ditto materials cost...cost of a 100 page zine with the material I use would be fantastic. My objection was Vorzimer's assumption that a person is a fan only if he puts out a fanzine. Would like to make Derelicti Derogation a regular feature. Start shooting off your mouth all over the place and being stupid in general so I will have more material, huh?]

BILL STAVDAL, NANAIMO, B.C.

Dutton's cover for the issue was wonderfully in keeping with the spirit of A BAS. You will be unhappy to know that your wonderful assaults on Little Pete have raised my curiosity to such a height that I am almost ready to fling a dime down Hollywood way (a devalued American dime, natch) to find out what all the foofcoraw is about. I am tempted to jog off some doggerel in honor of Pete, but it will have to wait until I've looked at Abstract for myself. Would you accept 'abortioner' as a rhyme for 'Vorzimer'?

BILL STAVDAL (cont'd)

Why don't one of you Derelicts change your name to Abner, giving you a legitimate excuse to write libel under the title of Ab's Tract?

[Good idea sending that dime to little Pete. Abstract is worth it. Don't be surprised if you don't get a copy in return though. Vorz is always forgetting whether or not he has sent subscribers their copies, and forgetting that they have paid him]

DEAN GRENNELL, FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN.

I am happy to say, Boyd, that just about anything I can say about this issue of A Bas (Vol3/#3) would be pretty much complimentary. I think that this is the best issue I have seen so far (though I still remember with pleasure Dard's stirring article in support of vivisection in v2/#3 and I got a large kick out of Norton's cover on v1/#3 as also Block's Scharf of Passion in v3/#1)

For one thing, Boyd, it is predominantly and unmistakably your magazine this issue. I think that it's quite vital to a good magazine that one person be dominant. A club-produced mag, even if the club is as fiery as the Derelicts, lacks the individual savour that A BAS has this issue. I like Dutton's cover and heading for The Sounds. It's a very tricky style to adopt -- this free-and-loose, rough-and-ready business, and there are damned few who can carry it off well. But Gary manages nicely. Hope to see more of his stuff in future issues.

Want to mention, too, that I'm grateful for your bringing the delightful bit of nonsensical poetry on page 14 to my attention. THE IVORY TOOTH...hmm...I'm tempted to ask if he has a nickname (I think I know what it is if so) and I note a certain phonetic similarity to the name of a well-known fan. One thing I like about A BAS is that it doesn't seem to take itself seriously to any noticeable extent. I regard this as a virtue. Regarding ~~THE~~ IVORY TOOTH, (you'll notice how studiously I refrain from abbreviating this!), I will say that I regard the current crop of Hit Parade dirges with acute anathema, not to say violent nausea. What in heaven's name is the attraction in a set of lyrics that redundantly repeat "Goodnight sweetheart--wayull-it's time to go. Goodnight sweetheart--wayull it's time to go. Goodnight....etc.etc." ad nauseam? And what could reach a higher pitch of gut-wrenching caterwauling than this epically emetic "Three Coins in the Fountain"? Agree that the US has its share and then some of blind boosters. Suffice to say that it wasn't until I visited Brantford, Ontario a few years ago that I found out to my surprise that Alexander Graham Bell was a Canadian. You get the impression down here that he was a yank. Suppose there'll be some yowls about this from south of the border though. But pay them no mind...no country has ever managed to get a monopoly on fuggheads. Many, many nice other things to comment on, but I gotta bite this off.

[THE IVORY TOOTH was a sentence by sentence satire by Howard Lyons on the first part of Harlan Ellison's column, THE IVORY TOWER in DAMN #3. It was distributed in A BAS for the sake of convenience. Unfortunately A BAS got around a little before that issue of DAMN, thus causing some confusion. It seems though, that THE IVORY TOOTH was enjoyed by some for itself alone. A tribute to Howard Lyons]

DONALD SUSAN, MCKEESPORT, PENN.

In addition to being entertained by your priceless drama (birch bark paper.... oh, Ellison will hate you for that) I was much interested in your pouncing on weird ideas. Wattam's pronouncement was quite logical (in its circular fashion) for it stems from a sort of implicit assumption that the New Jazz Society is perfect. Don't most, or at least, many public institutions and national ones go about with the same sort of attitude? That's one reason I'm distrustful of "patriotism". It seems to me to be a perverted way of achieving a real goal. It is an unreasoning acceptance of things..seen in a two valued way. Lately I think the U.S. has been tending to sink deeper into its muddle-minded depths. The fear of saying what one thinks for fear of it being misinterpreted is a growing fear in the minds of our people, especially educators: a misinterpretation due to the view that any difference from the standard is disloyal.

DON SUSAN (cont'd)

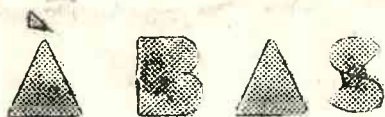
In line with that is your excerpt from Gorer on the illusions of Americans re inventions. Actually the Americans, due to their interest or mania for money and the economical thing have been only tops in APPLIED science...but BASIC science, research with no necessary or immediate goal in mind, has been therefore on the decline. One day we may find that we have no basic research to be applied to any new problem. While we have utilized the basic research of many foreigners, in this present world of security regulations : etc. how long will that go on? Some history textbooks in the grade schools point out that many inventions have had simultaneous beginnings but it is not summed up and made part of a coherent pattern of evaluation. Thus even in the schools that have such texts this unemphasized idea is fast forgotten. Another thing that irks me is that no history text in the schools here (in Penn.) ever points out that the U.S. won its revolution principally because Britain had its own difficulties then and wasn't too terribly interested in the colonies per se. Considering this, much of the history we learn is somewhat distorted in its emphasis. The trouble is each state or gov't finds it convenient to cultivate its illusions. The Russians are more methodical in this.

REDD BOGGS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

There's some awfully specious reasoning present in that except you printed from The Americans: A Study in National Character, by Geoffrey Gorer. What does Gorer consider to be "the basic inventions"? America had not been invented when the really basic inventions were made: the wheel, potter's wheel, plow, and so on. But it is an unassailable fact that the ancestors of the present Americans were present when those inventions were made! The term "nativeborn" Americans is another quibble point. I don't think most Americans cherish the illusion that it's the native born that make all our discoveries. Quite the opposite: the books are full of stories glorifying the fact that "a poor immigrant" invented this or that. In any case, I don't think there's any question that the USA has contributed more than its share of modern inventions. I never heard of any Americans trying to take credit away from Marconi, Bessemer, Diesel, or Gutenberg, as the Russians have done, and I never heard the myth that Lindbergh was the "first man to fly the Atlantic." though there might be one. Finally, in attempting to relate Gorer's remarks to our sneering "at Russian claims that nearly everything was invented in Russia", you overlook the fact that in Russia such claims must be considered as reflecting the official position of the government. I don't believe that the American government ever backed any such myth-making. The truth is plenty good enough.

[It is implied in the context of Gorer's remarks that by "basic inventions" he refers to the original invention and model of any particular thing (e.g. he mentions railroads and automobiles, radar and penicillin) as opposed to the later technical development. Sure, America has contributed its share of modern inventions but just make a list of a few inventions popularly considered to be of American origin, and then track down who really invented the things. You sure find plenty of Americans trying to take away credit from Swan, Friese-Greene and Baird for example. Alexander Graham Bell was born in Scotland, came to Canada at an early age, and in Canada invented the telephone. (As I am not Canadian by birth I cannot be accused of nationalism on this point.) Yet as Dean Grennell points out, the general American impression is that Bell was American, and even the Encyclopedia Americana claims that the telephone was invented in the U.S. Certainly the truth is good enough, IF THE TRUTH IS KNOWN. Indeed the myth that Lindbergh was the first man to fly the Atlantic is most prevalent.

Though your shirts be as scarlet, I shall wash them white as snow.



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