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Headings by Gerald Steward

# P A S S I O N

Some people have stated at times that A BAS purports to be a humor zine, a satire zine, a science fiction zine, even an anti-fugghead zine, this despite the fact that I have never declared a particular policy. Having decided for me the nature of my zine, some of these individuals have gone on to declare that I should print this or shouldn't print that because I am supposed to be publishing such and such a type of zine. I am getting a little tired of these bombastic children and misanthropic gardeners. Considering the wide range of topics and personalities covered in most "fanzines" I don't see why I should be singled out for this criticism by definition.

My policy is that I print material I like and feel will interest the readers whose interest I value, no matter what the subject. Anybody who doesn't like it can refrain from reading it, but please don't tell me what I should or should not print.

Is it true that "entrechats" is ballet French for "between us cats"?

Some of you may be a little surprised, in view of the predominantly lighthearted material normally used, to find a Lovecraft item in this issue. I half expect the more alarmist readers to start bellowing about trends and changing policies and making comparisons with the Psychotic to SFR to gafia cycle. Fear not.

The subject of Lovecraft fell into disrepute, through being dragged through the mire of the crudzines by the lunatic fringe. However, with the recent publication of Don Wilson's article, in FAFHRD and CANFAN, the subject has regained its respectability. I am not a Lovecraft fan, but this item was sent to me, I liked it, and so I am printing it. Whether I print more Lovecraft letters depends on several factors, the greatest one being reader reaction. Let me know what you think.

In spite of selecting only a portion of the letters of comment for publication, and cutting many of those heavily, the letter column rather outran itself. To summarize the general tenor of the letters of comment, most material drew favorable comment, the most widely varying comments being applied to Hoffman's "The BNF" and Tucker's "Old Bill", comments in both cases ranging from "worst thing in the issue" to "best thing in the issue." I wish I could think of a synonym for "comment". "Hollywood Life" apparently went right over the heads of the English readers, and was taken seriously by some of them. This must prove something, but I'm not sure what. Surprisingly, some readers remarked that they couldn't understand Kirs poem "Penthouse Passion". Admittedly some of his previous works have been a trifle, shall we say, obscure; but Penthouse Passion I found as lucid as Mary Had A Little Lamb. (And please don't start going Freudian on me over nursery rhymes, or giving me the historical origins.)

The Derogation is a little shorter than usual this time, but you have several pages of dialogue by the one and only (for which no doubt Bloch gives thanks) Tucker to make up for it. Some of you have been expecting me to feature in the current Derogation a certain person who has been making quite an ass of himself with his widespread letters and fanzine writings. I consider, on the basis of his writings, that this person is mentally unbalanced, and thus not a particularly suitable Derogation character. While he never hesitates to spread the most vicious lies and baseless defamations, he threatens libel suits at the drop of an adjective. I consider such threats to be pretty empty, but having no wish to be bothered by being bombarded by letters from him, full of wild ravings, I won't name him. Most of you will know to whom I am referring.

— — — — —  
If they didn't have so goddam many I could name all the States.

— — — — —  
I was surprised to learn from a recent letter from a fan that he had the impression that I have a dislike for Harlan Ellison. In case others are laboring under a similar delusion, I wish to state that I have no quarrels with Ellison, and that I think Harlan Ellison (1956) is a Nice Guy. Clear enough?

Harry Calnek, the dweller in the wilds of Nova Scotia, wishes me to announce that his fanzine FIE is dead, defunct, and not coming out any more. He is now in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, and is busy being a reporter or something. It seems that when Canadian fans go gafia, they go to work for newspapers.

— — — — —  
What band does Hayakawa blow with?

— — — — —  
On Saturday, March 10, I received a pocsarcd from Dick Ellington advising that Larry Shaw and Lee Hoffman had married on March 7. (So if you didn't know, you do now). Dick went on to remark that the Welcome to New York party they had planned to hold for Lee that Saturday night would now be a wedding party. That afternoon I was talking on the phone to Gerald Steward, and commented what fun it would be to be at the party, and gee wouldn't it be swell to be able to go to the party, especially as it was for Lee and Larry, and what a gag it would be to fly down for the party ho ho and all that just kidding you know. But then we got to thinking about it, and after Ron had recovered from the initial shock we began discussing this and that, and then Ron was phoning the air line, and a few hours later we were on our way to the airport and then we were in a plane taxi-ing around runways and then we were out of the plane and sitting around while somebody put in a new turbine or something (none of your conventional piston engines for us - Viscounts are The Thing) and then we were in the plane again and then we were in a cab and then we were walking into Apt. 11A, 299 Riverside Drive, and all around jaws were dropping to the floor with echoing thuds. First time I've ever gone 400 miles to go to a party, but it was fully worth it, if only for the astounded looks on the faces of all present.

— — — — —  
Records and tape recorders and Lee Jacobs and bottles and stuff all over the floor.

— — — — —  
A member of a boys hockey team in Toronto (9 - 10 years age bracket) was selected to play on an all star juvenile team. To play on this team it was necessary to produce a birth certificate, and thus it was found to the astonishment of everybody (except of course the child's family) that this particular "boy" player was a girl. Her name - Hoffman.

Gerald Steward comments that this issue, in view of the amount of Kirs material, should be titled DUBAS.



Lee Jacobs, well known personality of Los Angeles, Hollywood, and Tijuana, announces that he has formed an independant film company to be known as Normandie Productions. In other words, he has bought 8 mm movie equipment, and plans to produce fine fannish films featuring fabulous BNFs in strange and unusual poses. It is believed that these productions will be released without the Motion Picture Industry Production Code Seal of Approval.

Hoo Haw, or, Babe In The YMCA Woods, dept: J.V. McAree, a columnist in the Toronto Globe & Mail, commented recently: "The title of a publication circulated among members of the Central YMCA is also the title of a homosexual magazine published in Los Angeles. We think the editors of the two ought to get together to make sure that the right people get their magazine. Confusion in this matter would be lamentable."

Hermione: Nay, Catriona, nuns are grown naughty.  
At night, when all's asleep, the Abbess  
Rises, and takes a pick and spade in hand.  
Helped by her sisters, emulating moles,  
They tunnel underground for leagues and leagues,  
Come up at last i' the Bishop's cell  
And ravish every friar.

Catriona: Is't so, Madam? Why, when  
I've walked the meadows, I've remarked,  
How, underfoot, the ground springs up and down.  
I'd not believed 'twas all athrob with nuns.

- The Prince of Antioch (Act Three Scene Two)

He hated them all one by one but wanted to show them  
What was important and vital and by God if  
They thought they'd never have use for it he was  
Sorry as hell for them, that's all, with their genteel  
Mercantile Main Street Babbitt  
Bourgeois-barbaric faces, they were beyond  
Saving, clearly, quite out of reach, and so he  
G-rrrr  
Got up every morning and g-rrrr ate his breakfast  
And g-rrrr lumbered off to his eight o'clock  
Gladly to teach.

- Reed Whittemore

In all such deals he was the go-between, the one who exacted the lowest price from the seller and the highest from the buyer, a method of business that respectable people such as his aunt and uncle believed to be a shameless innovation, unknown to society before the war. He had heard of cheques, and even seen them; he had glimmerings of the great credit system on which usury and society are based, but he himself refused to fiddle with any such matters, conducting all his transactions in currency notes and silver. The very thought of writing his name openly on a cheque, where all might read it, struck him as an act of folly that might be all right for some people (though he could hardly say why) but would be, for him, as senseless as leaving a record of all his transactions with the police and town council.

- Nigel Dennis "Cards of Identity"

# Derelict #6

## Derogation

PLACE: The usual Derelict meeting.

Gould: What are you going to put in the Derogation this time, Boyd?

Raeburn: I don't think I'll write any more. Paul Enever says they're cruel and trouble-stirring, and anyway I don't like raw gin.

Kidder: If you're afraid of Enever, that's soon settled. I can have him beaten up at once.

Raeburn: I wouldn't want that.

Steward: And why not?

Raeburn: He'd get hurt.

Steward: I must say that you are pushing things a little far. After all, there is a National Health Service in England to look after his injuries.

Lyons: Yes, even if he died, his relatives would not have to pay for burying him. You must try to be a little more practical.

Raeburn: I still don't think I should write one. Maybe I could use the time better trying to use more imagination in laying out and producing A BAS. I've just been slapping it together without taking any trouble over its appearance. If I spent a little time on it, it might look better. I know I'll never achieve the visual splendor of FEMIZINE, but I do my best.

Kirs: I always sympathize with people who have done their best.

Raeburn: When that best is my own, my sympathy is bottomless.

Gould: Claude, he said his sympathy is bottomless.

Sodek: Gould, it may please you to know that I find your rudeness and filth irritating.

Gould: Blunt raucous starling; get you to other eaves for your droppings.

Sodek: You blastoderm of insolence, weigh your words well before you speak to me.

Gould: Look, you titular Texan.....

Grossman: Are you going to sit there and let them say things like that?

Kidder: Oh, don't judge them by their language.

Lyons: Let us just say they are angels with dirty phrases.

Grossman: Are these members of Seventh Fandom?

Steward: Oh no, Seventh Fandom is long past and gone.

Kirs: What's happened to that Seventh Fandomer called Dave somebody? He used to be fairly prominent.

Ellington: He's sold lately to New World Writing, and is being acclaimed as a Coming Young Man of Letters. He lectures and is guest at middle-aged women's clubs as a sweet little fair-haired boy. He reminds old ladies of Truman Capote.

Kirs: Who would I remind old ladies of?

Ellington: The Old Man of the Sea.

Trina: Do you like the sea, Rich? I love the sea.

Kirs: Great. Great. Let's go out to the beach and swim naked and make love on the wet sand.

Trina: But you can't. I mean, it's impractical. I mean wet sand is all cold and gritty and wet, and, well, it's just impractical. I laughed and laughed when I saw that scene in From Here to Eternity. I wrote Louella Parsons. "It's impractical," I told her, "You just can't make love on wet sand. You try it and see." I don't think she did though.

Pamela Bulmer: Americans must be the most sex-starved nation, judging by their preoccupation with the subject.

Steward: Preoccupation? Nobody even mentioned the subject. We'll have none of your cold English prudery here, young woman.

Kirs: Yes, dammit, I do object to people reading all sorts of sinister implications into what I say.

Lyons: Your innocence is on at such a rakish angle, it gives you quite an air of iniquity.

Trina: You shouldn't misjudge Rich like that, Pamela. He's a nice young man, and so well brought up.

Kirs: Yes, on my 12th birthday, my parents insisted that I have a governess.

Steward: I say, what fun. All I got was a bicycle.



Kirs: But those affluent days are past. It looks as though I shall spend the rest of my life in penury.

Kidder: Filthy hole. In Cornwall, isn't it?

Grossman: You shouldn't make fun of Kirs. Can't you see he's crying inside, lost in a world he never made?

Kirs: Well, I tried.

Grossman: I didn't mean the verb to mean what you thought. I meant.....

Kirs: Please! When one is accustomed to the high fringes of non-lingual mysticism, it is horrifying suddenly to find oneself crawling in the lower reaches of literal definition.

Raeburn: Alex, let us not be overwrought.

Kirs: Well, I'm sitting in an overwrought iron chair.

Lyons: Must you make such neofannish puns?

Ray Schaffer Jr.: Speaking of neofans, the N3F is the place for the neo to learn the whys and ways of fandom.....

Kidder: How is a neo going to learn anything of fandom from the pack of fringe-fans in the N3F?

Schaffer: Well, it is beyond my comprehension why many of the well-knowns in fandom have stopped all their activity in the N3F, which is to say they have dropped out. Without a sizeable number of actives and BNFs in the N3F, all the neos can't obtain help in learning the rules and bylaws of the fan world.....

Steward: Rules and bylaws?

Grossman: Who is this?

Raeburn: Ray Schaffer Jr. One of the current N3F drum beaters.

Lyons: A chip off the old splinter group.

Schaffer: The BNFs should help the neos.....

Greg Benford: I'm about fed up with BNFs and may drop sending them letters from now on. I write to them and never hear from them and I sure ain't gonna comment on their mags any more I'll tell you that and all I've got to say is that it'll be a mighty cold day before they hear of me again.

Kirs: And who be you with your flashing eyes and mass of pale blue curls?

Raeburn: This is Greg Benford, one of the Benford twins. They put out a zine called VOID.

Jansen: Jim at least uses the brains nature endowed him with, but is rather quiet about it, compared to Greg, who prefers blathering away without a second thought to anything.

Steward: It's tough on Jan. He was all set to repulse at the coast Vorzimer's projected invasion of Europe, and Vorzy's spiritual successor infiltrated behind him.

Kirs: Tell me, Young Greg, what sort of material do you print in your fanzine?

Benford: I print interesting material, stuff that really interests fans, like news about German prozines. I don't print the sort of thing they have in FAFHRD. Oh sure, they print some fair material at times, but then they have something that really messes up a fanmag! And that is something like "H.P. Lovecraft" by Don Wilson. Stuff like this is dead in fandom now, and I don't think any faned in his right mind would print it. Oh, maybe it's well-written, but the subject is wrong.

Lyons: I am abashed by the economy of such self-assertion.

Steward: You consider that natterings about things called YKS are of greater interest?

Benford: Yes, but maybe I'm not a trufan. Someday I'm going to meet one of these trufen and then I'm going to ask him if he ever passed algebra.

Raeburn: See, you should all be deferential to Young Greg. He is Educated. Oh sure, he can't spell, but he Studies Algebra.

Grossman: Should we be deferential to Claude Hall? He gets A's in journalism.

Kirs: Claude Hall, the guy who writes all those ughish columns in the crudzines?

Hall: I'm not going to write for other fanzines henceforth. My eyes are like an old battery they keep running down and that's why I wear beer bottle bottom spectacles.

Kidder: What sorry news. My grief oblates in oozy gutterals.

Lord Randall: If your eyes are so bad, how did you get into the army?

Hall: Along with you I wonder how I got into the army. Why they kept me. I finally concluded that even half a person was more equal than to these would be, and I want to let them, soldiers from the United States.

Steward: Did I hear right? Did Clod really say what I thought I heard?

Gould: You heard quite correctly. That no doubt is how Clod gets A's in journalism.

Raeburn: Enough discussion of this Texan clown. I tire of his morose dynamics. Besides, I am ill, having just read a copy of UMBRA.

Steward: Let's all go and drink vintage sherry with Paul Enever.

(And so they did)



# DIALOGUE

BY BOB TUCKER

Time: Yesterday, today, tomorrow ... it makes little difference.

Scene: A cozy campfire in the American wilderness. Food and drink are at hand. Small animals peep shyly from the underbrush, staring at the fire and two reclining figures. One man idly strums a guitar. The other plays with his beard. It is long past sunset, and a reddish moon is topping the ridge.

Cast: Pliny the Elder (with beard)  
Pliny the Younger (with guitar)  
Houri, spear carriers, wandering minstrels, runners, etc.

## 1.

Elder: The north wind brings strange news from afar. I feel it.

Younger: Nonsense, Pop. That's just your propellor beanie -- it needs oiling.

Elder: Nay, boy, I hear it, I hear it. The north wind always tells me true. There is trouble across the great border. The wind knows.

Younger: The wind knows what?

Elder: Something is happening north of the border. Something of awe, mayhap of trouble. Listen! Do you hear a stirring in the bush?

Younger: Yeah, Pop. It's just one of those clumsy spear-carriers. He tripped over his spear and fell down. Stupid jerk.

Elder: (spitting) Aagh. Neofen were more agile in my day.

Younger: Careful, Pop. Get it over my boot next time. Now what's this poop about the north wind?

Elder: The wind has told me of doings in the north. It has listened to the sounds.

Younger: What sounds?

Elder: Queer sounds; unlike the sounds of trufans; strange sounds north of the border. Anti-American sounds. Sounds of falsies, sportscars, and ---

Younger: What does a fa'sie sound like, Pop?

Elder: Don't interrupt. I am speaking of the extracted foreigners north of the border. Yankee-go-homes. Aye, there are strange stirrings yonder. The hurrying and scurrying of pachucos who carry their hands in their pockets, the obscure tactics of hoods starting a rumble with the postoffice.

Younger: Oh, them guys. The fugghead killers.





Elder: Aagh. Fugghead killers, you say. And see how the rats run. Fuggheads were of stouter heart in my day; they returned the fire. No pack of pachucos bent on starting a rumble could run the old time fugghead out of fandom. Not even with their hands in their pockets.

Younger: Aw, they ain't so bad, Pop. I met one of them once. A good fairy from Toronto.

Elder; (raised eyebrows) A good fairy?

Younger: Not any more, Pop. He lost it. Got married.

Elder: Aha! The north wind tells me true. And the maiden?

Younger: She was a good girl, Pop; got sucked into evil company. They have prostituted her art for their faaaanzines. (He strums two bars from The Merry Widow waltz.) Too bad she didn't see me first.

Elder: Two thousand years ago Aesop said, women and fans don't mix.

Younger: This one does, Pop. (Smacks lips and rolls eyes.)

Elder: Aagh. Take care, boy, take care lest you become contaminated. Have you forgotten I once caught you writing a letter to Ghod?

Younger: (cringing) Aw, Pop, that isn't fair. I promised never to do it again. Tell me more about the north wind, Pop.

Elder: Always remember, son, only smart-aleck neofen write letters to Ghod. Insulting little letters demanding lengthy answers. You don't want to be in that company do you?

Younger: Of course not, Pop. Not since you reformed me and I cancelled my last fanzine subscription. I am a reformed stif. I have seen the light.

Elder: Stef, son, stef ... not stif.

Younger: Okay, Pop. What about the north wind.

Elder: It brings the sounds from over the border. Odd sounds. Sounds not made by trufans.

Younger: Hey, Pop, let's launch a slogan. Canuck-go-home!

Elder: They are home.

Younger: Oh.

Elder: As I said, sounds. Unlike trufannish sounds. I like it not at all because they are not our sounds; they are not of our ways. They are evil extracted foreigners. stomping about in the fandom we know and love. They do not respect the old ways, the old traditions --- why, I daresay, they would refuse to bare their heads at the mention of Gernsback's name.

Younger: Profane sacrilege!

Elder: They would not cross themselves in the presence of Hornig, the boy editor.

Younger: A blasphemy!

Elder: They would not touch their lips and hearts when Wollheim spoke.

Younger: Incredible!

Elder: They would only snigger at Sykora.

Younger: Evil-evil-evil piled upon evil!

Elder: They would not respond to a Palmer Plea for funds. .

Younger: Impiety!

Elder: They would refuse to speak and circulate Ackermanese.

Younger: Oh, horrible!

Elder: They would not sign a 'Keep Farnsworth Wright' petition.

Younger: Profane, profane, profane!

Elder: They would refuse the use of their names as founding fathers of the NFFF.

Younger: Eureka. I mean---Devils!

Elder: They would not lend assistance to a Daugherty project.

Younger: To the vulture pits with them!

Elder: They would sneer at the Fantasy Foundation.

Younger: Toss 'em to the tigers!

Elder: They would refuse to take examinations for a Bachelor of Science Fiction degree, in the Science Fiction League.

Younger: Maddening!

Elder: They would not sign petitions requesting more science fiction films.

Younger: Traitorous!

Elder: They would not brag about the way two fans launched Superman in a fan magazine.

Younger: Damnable!

Elder: They consort with WOMEN. They do not fondle their collections.

Younger: Impossible!

Elder: They may not even have collections.

Younger: Tar and feathers!

Elder: They may not even own the sacred writings.

Younger: String 'em up!



Elder: They read sportscar journals.

Younger: Boil them in oil!

Elder: They listen to eldritch sounds.

Younger: Sheer horror!

Elder: They bait bathtub salesmen.

Younger: Agonizing!

Elder: They publish the obscene mouthings of bohemians.

Younger: Ban them!

Elder: They play with falsies and jazz.

Younger: Eh ... is that connected?

Elder: They are not keeping Good Form.

Younger: Terrible!

Elder: They are undermining trufandom.

Younger: Not that!

Elder: They garner laudatory letters from all over the globe.

Younger: Impossible!

Elder: They are striking at the true idols, Muzzy and Gemzine.

Younger: Punish them!

Elder: They are hacking away at the very at the very cornerstones of fandom, namely, Redd Boggs.

Younger: Rodents!

Elder: They are changing the fandom we know and love, the Good Old Ways and the Good Old Fandom.

Younger: Death to the infidels!

Elder: The north wind has spoken.

Younger: What are we gonna do about it, Pop?

Elder: Call the houri and fetch the jug. We will cogitate the matter and decide upon a course of action in the morning.

2.

The moon was riding high in the sky. The houri was late.

( ARSONIST-WIFE CATCHES FIRE AND IS 3D-RAILED IN SUBWAY - Headline in NY Daily News)

Behold The Fate of The Arsonist-Wife  
Who Was Third-Railed in The Subway  
After Catching Afire.

Day of most perfect and exquisite evil; the eye in its sweeping  
Over the pages of print, pauses, and lo!  
Momentarily is breakfast forgotten, the muffins uneaten,  
And while the heart fitfully thunders, it seems that the angels are weeping  
(Even as laughter of devils resounds from below)  
At the fate of the woman cryptically described as an arsonist-wife  
Who, in some darkly horrible debacle, lost her life  
Upon the third rail.  
Little would come from further reading, I think. To what avail  
Cold words, cold words, on this cheap newsprint, foul smelling,  
When the hummingbird of imagination, sprung from the hollyhock  
Flutters and whirs, and, with profound shock,  
Enters the dark tiger lily throat of the following scene:

Evil she leaned on the supporting pillar; the reek  
Of kerosene upon her gloves, ash smut upon one cheek,  
Reposing in her pocket-book, the cigarette-lighter, still warm  
From orgiastic fondling before the perfect moment  
Of independent climax. Her experienced eyes  
Sifted the complex stimuli of the subway. No torment  
Here; all strangers these, to who no harm  
She wished. Harmless they also, or so she thought; in quick surprise  
Capable nostrils efficiently detected smoke!  
Whirling about to search for the nearest exit (imagine the horror!)  
The source of smoke too plainly revealed; flames billowing about her waist  
Where, its cloth saturated with inflammable liquid, her summer  
Frock gave up its heart in much the same manner  
As did the sun. At this point, she nearly suffered a stroke,  
And stumbled about blindly, unrecking of the need for haste.  
Yet, her precise and pedantic concern with matters pyrotic  
Knew herself unharmed; the thin nylon had swiftly disappeared in a banner  
Of smoke and flame - too quick to more than scorch the skin.  
Yet, haste was needed, for the encircling crowds, with a murmur  
Deep-toned as awakening lions, became aware of possible publicity  
Come from Saving A Woman Aflame In The Depths Of The City  
And started for her. She, poor woman, thought they were about to do her in,  
Whereas (so stranger is fact than fiction) all they intended  
Was to fling her upon the ground and pummel the remains  
Of her vanished garment, and perhaps over-enthusiastically trample  
On some still-smoldering embers. Yet, she thought there portended  
In the immediate future of ultimate justice, a sample  
Prematurely meted out. She retreated fearfully,  
And, as the ravening hordes neared her, fell heavily down  
To the tracks. Someone called out cheerfully,  
"Watch out for the third rail!" Alas, she, poor female clown,  
Was sitting on it. Sic exat pyrotrix.

I feel, as I lift the coffee cup, Eliot-like, to my lips, quite erotic  
And assured that, for once, the newspaper was worth its price.  
There are few, I think, like me, suave, soigne, poised, and demotic,  
Who read the Daily News purely and solely for kicks.

- Kirs



# MASTER OF THE MILLE MIGLIA

By Jim Mournig

The 1955 MILLE MIGLIA is now a part of racing's history and the name of Stirling Moss has been added to the honor roll of great drivers who have won. And with the running of this event, the memories of automotive fans linger on the other iron men who have pitted their skill and car against the odds to finish in front. To the real student of racing, however, it is a man who failed to win who stands out as the most magnificent English driver ever to grapple with Italy's winding roads. That man, of course, could be none other than Sir Thruppence Cadwilliger III.

One day, as he and Fortisan Thermothrockle, his Loyal and Trusted Friend, lay drowsily in the soft grass gazing dreamily up at the crank of a 4-cylinder Frawn-Teare, Sir Thruppence sat bolt upright, struck with an idea.

"Fortisan," Sir Thruppence roared, rubbing the welt on his forehead, "I think I shall dash over and win this Mille Miglia thing, by Jove."

"Dashed good show," shouted Fortisan. "I do believe I shall toddle along with you."

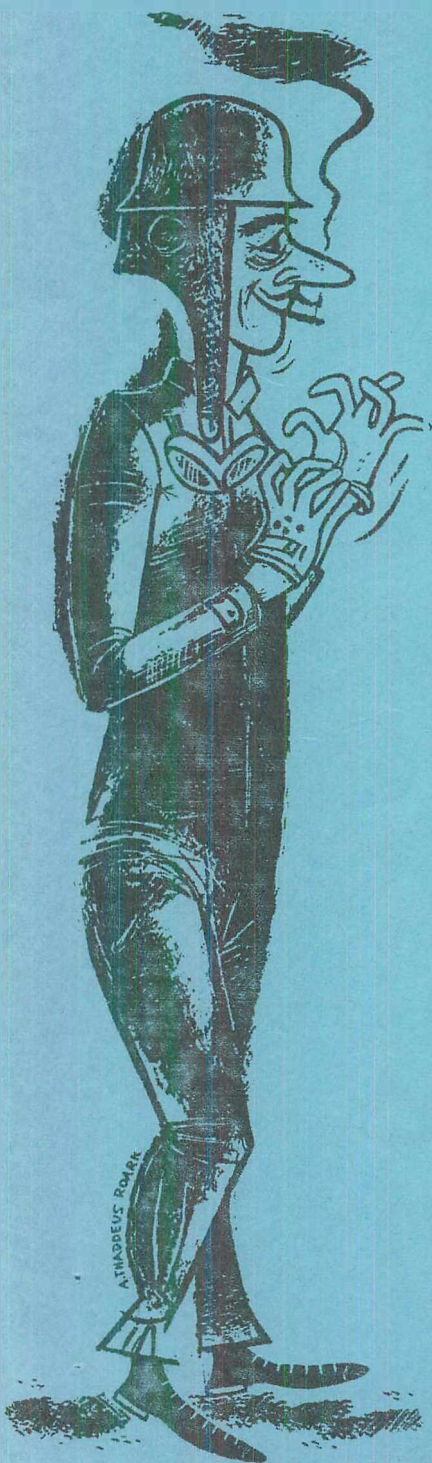
So Sir Thruppence hurried off in a great agitation (a supercharged Agitation with body by Ghia) to pack his pommade hongroise mustache wax and turtle-necked Bond street tuxedo while Fortisan went back to work to prepare the Frawn-Teare for competition.

When the team pulled up to the starting line in Brescia there was a mass sigh of pity, for the audience recognized the car as a killer, a wild thing that had broken many a good man, and did not know that Sir Thruppence, one of the world's greatest unknown drivers, had mastered it.

Eager to remedy such a preposterous educational lapse and to get off to a good start, Sir Thruppence wound the Frawn-Teare up to 12000 rpm's and popped the clutch at the starter's signal. Down the ramp they tore and up the street, accelerating so rapidly that they were only a blur. As a matter of historical fact, so rapidly did they accelerate that they were forced to stop 1500 yards up the road to change rear tires for they had been worn down to the spoke nipples.

Nothing daunted, Sir Thruppence once again took off in pursuit of victory and, although he had started in 354th position, had moved the wildly drifting Frawn-Teare into first by the time they roared into Ravenna.

Then the bad luck that continuously plagued Sir Thruppence's racing career began to make itself felt. Outside Cesena he lost a headlight, near Rimini his fenders fell off, going through Pesaro a door departed and just beyond Ancona he lost Fortisan. Each time he was forced to stop to retrieve the missing part.



Then Fate let loose with the wickedest blow of all. Rounding a curve at high speed, the car sideswiped a tree and ricocheted off up the road. Thrown forward by the impact, Sir Thruppence was impaled on the gear shift lever and was forced to drive the last fifty miles into Rome in a crouching position.

"Doesn't it hurt?" Fortisan asked anxiously as they pulled into the check point.

"Only when I laugh." chuckled Sir Thruppence.

But despite these difficulties, which would have discouraged a lesser man, Sir Thruppence was still ahead at this point, having averaged 164.29 miles an hour.

His face streaked with grime and his mustache drooping woefully, Sir Thruppence slouched waiting for them to refuel his car when Fortisan suddenly appeared with a cup of hot tea.

"Fortisan," proclaimed Sir Thruppence, "this noble act will endear you to racing fans throughout the world for all time."

Swallowing the tea, Sir Thruppence bounded back into the cockpit and screamed away, dragging the persistent attendant who was still trying to check the oil and wipe the wind screen.

Out of Rome they sped and along the road leading to Viterbo. Suddenly the engine began to miss, faltered, then stopped completely. Leaping from the car, Sir Thruppence threw up the hood of the Frawn-Teare and peered into the engine compartment. The sight that met his eyes staggered him, for every piece of metal in the engine had been melted into one huge lump.

"Fortisan, Loyal and Trusted Friend," Sir Thruppence inquired casually, "where did you get the hot water for that tea?"

"Why, from the radiator, of course." replied Fortisan smiling, for he was thinking of how his noble act would endear him to racing fans throughout the world for all time.

"By Jove, how enterprising of you" murmured Sir Thruppence beating him senseless with the limp tea bag. Then, whistling a few pensive bars from the Fourth Movement of the "Unfinished Symphony," he stalked off to drown his sorrow in Castrol and pepperoni. The race was won by a Kirk Douglas, driving a wide screen Cinemascope Special, body by Max Factor.

And that is how it really was. That is why the real student of racing history has such great admiration for a man who failed to win, a man whom fortune cheated out of his rightful place as master of the Mille Miglia - Sir Thruppence Cadwalliger III, (brace yourself) King of the Wild Frawn-Teare!

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I may be fast, I may be loose,  
I may be easy to seduce,  
I may not be particular  
To keep the perpendicular,  
But all my horizontal friends  
Are princes, peers, and reverends,  
When Tom or Dick or Bertie call  
They leave me strictly vertical.

- Anon.

What kind of protective coloration does one put on in order to pass unnoticed through a room containing twelve lesbians and two policemen? - Nigel Dennis



# HOW TO BE A JAZZ SNOB

BY ALEX BARRIS

Despite the frantic cries of "Go! Go! Go!" often uttered by uninhibited jazz addicts, jazz is definitely here to stay, stay, stay. After a stormy 60-year history, it currently has become an established part of the musical scene of Canada and the U.S. You hear jazz in movies and on radio; its practitioners are seen (and sometimes even listened to) on TV; its recording stars are finding an increasing market; its supporters flock to concert halls or night clubs where jazz is offered. It is, therefore, no longer smart to have no attitude toward jazz. You must take a stand, and be able to hold your own, should the topic come up at a cocktail party.

For several years now, I've been keeping one eye on the jazz scene and the other on the audience. I write a weekly column discussing jazz records in a newspaper, I do a radio jazz show, and I also haunt the jazz spots. Like it or not, I've observed enough of their behaviour to be able to give a quickie course on "How To Be A Jazz Snob."

This, then, is a new kind of How-To article. Its purpose is to equip you to take some stand on jazz, without burdening you too much with such dispensable frills as facts, history, or any other useful knowledge about jazz itself.

The Anti-Jazz Snob must start out with the deep conviction that jazz is trash; that it is not respectable; that its background is shady; its exponents disreputable; and its importance over-emphasized. All the facts may indicate just the opposite, but an Anti-Jazz Snob cannot be stopped by facts. He must pretend to listen to jazz, though somewhat impatiently. He must mix with Pro-Jazz Snobs, go to jazz concerts. But he must make it evident he feels he is watching some quaint, tribal rite. He can express interest, but only in a way that throws jazz fans on the defensive. Here are a few sample lines.

"How remarkable! And you mean to say they don't rehearse?"

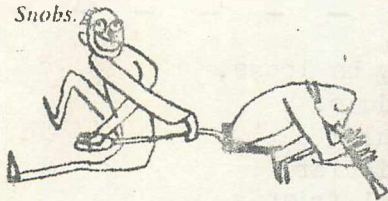
"These fellows are all playing the same tune, are they?"

"This isn't bad at all, when you consider how little education these musicians have had."

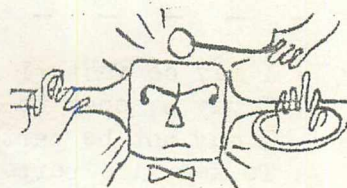
## A GLOSSARY OF TERMS FOR JAZZ SNOBS

These words are calculated to give your friends the impression that you know your way about in the jungle of jazz. No successful jazz snob can afford to be without them.

**Dig:** To comprehend or appreciate. Traditional-Jazz Snobs never dig things. Only Modern-Jazz Snobs.



**Square:** Anyone who doesn't agree with you.



**Flip:** To get excited, or be overwhelmed by something, usually a jazz performance.



**Fine:** The most overworked adjective in jazz. It means almost anything you want it to.



**Beat:** Almost as important to jazz as it is to jazz snobs. It can mean rhythm or being tired, depending on whether you have it or are it.



**Crazy:** High praise, rather than criticism. Music you dig the most is crazy, wild, the greatest.





Should the subject arise, the Anti-Jazz Snob must express surprise at the slightest intimation that all jazz musicians do not necessarily take drugs. This is as much his responsibility as it is the solemn duty of any Pro-Jazz Snob to minimize the incidence of drug addiction among musicians. (Actually, both sides are exaggerating, but neither can prove it. Another good way of irritating the Pro-Jazz Snobs is by asking why the drummer makes such funny faces while he plays. Most drummers do, and no jazz fan has yet been able to come up with an adequate explanation. Avoid the use of jazz slang, even as a gag. It's much better to profess complete ignorance of such hip talk, particularly when the Pro-Jazz Snobs use it. This way you force them to explain it, and they always feel a bit foolish doing that. ("How do you mean 'cool'?" you ask, and then watch them squirm as they try to define it.)

On the whole, though, being an Anti-Jazz Snob is a negative approach. You're really better off being a Pro-Jazz Snob, because then you can lord it over those who aren't equipped to discuss the subject. For the purposes of clarification, I'll break down the Pro-Jazz group into two separate divisions: The Traditional-Jazz Snob and the Modern-Jazz Snob.

First I'll deal with the Traditional-Jazz Snob, because he really came first. He's been around, to hear him tell it, since Satchmo left the orphanage.

To begin with, the Traditional-Jazz Snob must swear on a stack of Jelly Roll Morton records never to get enthusiastic over any jazz recorded later than 1930 - unless it is by such still-active traditionalists as Louis Armstrong, Pee Wee Russell, Phil Napoleon, or Sidney Bechet. It is permissible to express a kind of patronizing admiration for the revivalists (like Turk Murphy or Conrad Janis), but don't really go overboard.

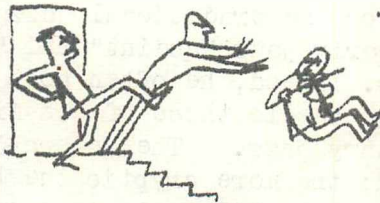
No good words, however, can be said of Benny Goodman, the Dorseys, or any other big-band leader of the swing heyday. If someone praises Goodman, you simply point out, "Goodman used Fletcher Henderson arrangements, and you know how old they were." Duke Ellington presents a bit of a problem, but you can solve this if you're careful. It's perfectly all right to like early Ellington - "The old Brunswicks weren't bad" is a handy phrase - but you must find current Ellington works distasteful, or, at least, disappointing.

Slang is a ticklish matter for the Traditional-Jazz Snob. Such archaic expressions as "tailgate" and "barrelhouse" must be used sparingly. But at all costs, avoid modernisms like "man", "cool", "crazy", or "dig". If you steer clear of these words, you are then free to ridicule others for using them.

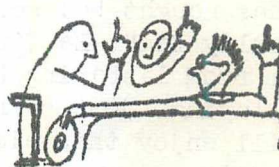
**Nowhere:** That's where squares are.



**Melody:** Practically a dirty word in jazz circles.



**Progressive:** Almost any jazz you can't otherwise describe.



**Put Down:** To criticise, usually other kinds of music. Everybody does it, but always complains that others do it.



**Man:** A salutation for anyone at all.



**Later:** Jazz snobs in a hurry (and they usually are) never say "Good-bye" or "I'll be seeing you." They simply mutter: "Later, man."



**Sound:** That quality you like in someone's music. It's conveniently vague.



**The End:** The millenium; only i comes every day to jazz snobs.





Name-dropping is an integral part of jazz snobbism, but the Traditional-Jazz Snob can drop only old names. The "I-saw-Pinetop-spit-blood" approach is always effective. You are forever being reminded of a little speakeasy in Chicago, where Bix and Tesch used to play after hours; you will never forget the time when Fats Waller sat down at the piano, with a bottle of cheap wine at one end of the keyboard and a big cigar at the other, and didn't get up again until both were used up; you can still see Django Reinhardt in that little dump in Paris when you were there - was it in '34 or '35?

You can do your best work when you're among other Traditional-Jazz Snobs. Don't be afraid of being obscure - the uninitiated will be impressed by the scope of your experience, and the other snobs will have to work hard to top you. Make an issue of whether that barber shop was two or three doors away from the Royal Garden in Chicago. Argue over who took the first cornet solo on a certain 1934 Gennett record. Memorize a few dates out of Delaunay's Hot Discography.

If you're in one of the night spots where jazz is featured, make a point of getting the band leader to sit at your table between sets. When he comes over, grasp his hand and say: "Muggsy, you probably don't remember, but we met at the Blue Note three years ago." This needn't be true; Muggsy (or Pee Wee, or anyone else) is forced to say, "Sure...I remember...you're..." Then you toss in your name, just in time to bail him out. "Of course," he says. The others at your table will never catch on. After a brief conversation about the good old days ("the trouble with the kids today," you can begin, "is that they don't play the melody") make certain you request a number. The Saints, South Rampart, or Muskat are the old reliables. (The full titles are When The Saints Go Marching In, South Rampart Street Parade, and Muskat Ramble, but you'll make a better impression by using the abbreviations.) And when the band does play your number - you'll be able to recognize it because the leader will say it's being played for "an old friend from Chicago" - you lift your glass in silent salute to him; and then turn to your friends and say, "He's a sweet guy, that Muggsy." Unless you're among hardened jazz snobs, it will never occur to your companions that any one of them could have done the same thing. Now, you are not only An Authority, but you are A Close Friend of Muggsy's. There's still another way of suggesting intimate knowledge of the band leader's private life. If the musicians who just left your table has had a drink with you, you shake your head sadly after he's gone and inform your friends: "Too bad he's back on the stuff." If he didn't have a drink with you, then the line is: "He used to hit the bottle pretty hard. I'm glad to see he's straightened out."

By far the best kind of snobbery is that of the Modern-Jazz Snob, because it is really modern music that has created most of the interest in jazz these days and, consequently, the need for jazz snobbery. However, there are more serious pitfalls here, too.

The Modern-Jazz Snob has nought but scorn for the traditional jazz fan - usually referred to as the "mouldy fig". He finds early jazz "quaint" and "primitive". This does not stop him from listening to it. Indeed, he often goes to grog-shops, where old timers are playing, just so he can needle those of his friends who are backward enough to still enjoy this elementary jazz. The Modern-Jazz Snob's talk is liberally peppered with modern jazz talk; the more cryptic the better. He likes nothing better than to baffle the novice by pretending it's impossible to express himself accurately in any other terms. The key to modern jazz slang is the superlative. This musician is "the greatest", or "the absolute end". "Crazy" is high praise, as is "wild". If something impresses you, you are "knocked out" or you "flip". What you don't like is "a drag" or "nowhere". If you really want to talk in code, there are things to be remembered. Nobody plays an instrument - they all "blow", even drums, piano, or guitar. You don't go to somebody's house, you "fall by" their "pad". There is, however, a danger in the use of such hip talk. Once you start using it, you have to keep right up to the minute, because the expressions and their meanings change so fast you can be spotted as a square by using last month's phrases. (A square is someone who says "hep" instead of "hip"; for example.)



Name-dropping is, again, most important. Perhaps even more so than with Traditional Jazz Snobs, the use of first names and, wherever possible, nicknames, is a wonderful weapon for confusing the enemy, or exposing his ignorance. Brubeck, Konitz, Getz, Manne and Rogers are all right; but Dave, Lee, Stan, Shelley and Shorty are better. If you really want to get dirty, bring the discussion around to some musician who has the same first name as another equally-well-known jazzman; make your friends (or opponents) wonder which one you mean. "Oscar" will do for both Peterson and Pettiford. "Stan" can mean either Kenton or Getz. And "Bud" will serve for either Powell or Shank. And don't forget those intimate-sounding nicknames. Ellington is always "the Duke". Herman is always "Woody". Hodges is never Johnny, but "Rabbit". Charlie Parker is "Bird". Lester Young is "Prez". It's all right to say "Dizzy" for Gillespie, but "Diz" is even better. And if you want to be sharp, get away from "Hamp" for Hampton - "Lionel" has the ring of close friendship. Name-dropping in jazz can also be used with regard to little-known record labels or out-of-the-way ginmills. If a Modern-Jazz Snob tries to impress you by mentioning "that Storyville LP of Brubeck's", you can always top him by insisting that Dave played much better "when I caught him at Howard's place in Hermosa". (Translation: Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse, a jazz spot in Hermosa Beach, California.)

The Modern-Jazz Snob must be very careful not to let his enthusiasm for a musician get out of hand - particularly when other Modern-Jazz Snobs climb on the bandwagon, and there is danger the musician in question might become popular. That's the time to drop him quickly, and "discover" someone else. You can always take the play away from other snobs by singing the praises of some jazzman they've never heard of. "Barbara (Carroll) and Marian (McPartland) are all right, of course," you start out, "but I heard a little girl in Boston last month who really cuts them. Clementine MacTavish. Blows the end! I don't think anyone's recorded her yet, but mark my words - she'll be big some day." Even if you can't discover a new jazz star, it's always good to start agitating against a popular one. "I hate to say this," you confide, "but the last Brubeck concert was a drag. I don't know what's happening to Dave. He doesn't seem to care any more." This places your friends behind the times. Be right up to the minute with news, even if you have to invent it. Make it sound confidential, and, above all, keep it cryptic. "I guess you heard Bud is in trouble again," you say casually. Chances are, nobody at your table will dare ask which Bud, or what trouble. And some of them will invariably pretend to have heard all about it. Never travel with the pack. If everyone is flipping over Chet Baker, point out he can't touch Diz's technique. If the boys are putting down Garner, mention he has "a kind of charming simplicity". When Tristano is criticized for being cold and abstract, shake your head sagely and insist that Lemmie gets so far out, thus indicating that these peasants around you don't really understand Tristano as well as you do.

Should you be lucky enough to get a band leader over to your table, your attitude must be entirely different from that of the Mouldy Fig who bags Muggsy. Not too much enthusiasm; just a subtle sort of suggestion that you dig the master. Drop a casual orchid, like: "Hey, I like that Stardust bit, man." Before a particular musician hits your town, bone up on his recent activities. Then when you get him to your table, you can drop something like: "How did the Hartford thing go, Lee?" This immediately establishes you as an expert, particularly if your friends haven't the foggiest idea of what "the Hartford thing" was.

By now, you should know enough about jazz snobbery to get started. But remember, whether you decide to be an Anti-Jazz Snob, a Traditional-Jazz Snob, or a Modern Jazz Snob, the main thing is not to be shy - the more dogmatic you are in your views, the more your friends will respect you.

Just one thing more. What kind of jazz snob am I? Simple: I'm an Anti-Jazz Snob. If you don't believe me, start reading this article over again.

# I WAS A FAKEFAN FOR THE FBI

LEE YOUNGFAN KEHLI

I'm not a detective. From September to June I'm an instructor in American History in a small Midwestern college. It was because of this that J. Edgar Trufan called me in on a case that had had the department baffled for more than a year. There were counterspies in fandom, men who knew every operative that the FBI had, men who could spot the government agents at a glance. Therefore it became necessary for the FBI to turn to a man outside its ranks, and I was that man.

It was on my record that I was a fringe fan, a reader of science fiction and a FAPA waiting lister. This, rather than my superficial knowledge of investigation techniques learned from watching Dragnet on TV, had caused the FBI to choose me.

Quietly, in the early morning hours, two agents in trenchcoats escorted me to the Bureau where I was interviewed by J. Edgar himself. And after the interview he confirmed rumors I had been hearing on the fringes of fandom.

Seventh Fandom had given up the ghost. Norman Browne and Peter J. Vorzimer had quit completely. Harlan Ellison had got married, and Charles Wells had enlisted in the French Foreign Legion or Air Force or something, and all evidence of that subversive movement had disappeared. But there was still one vital question unanswered and so the FBI was unable to close the case and file the dossier on FANDOM. Somehow, somewhere, sometime, someone had to solve their dilemma once and for all. I...I, alone...had the ability, the skill, the intelligence, the contacts and the spare time to help them.

So I began on this hazardous mission. Since I had access to the college mimeograph my first act was to publish a fanzine. During class periods I gave my students reading assignments and spent most of my time writing to various fans. During the summer I devoted my full time to fanning. I joined the N3F and OMPA, and wrote an item a day for various fanzines. I even went so far as to make short trips to nearby towns to visit known fans. In fact, I crossed the border and visited 9 Glenvalley in order to check on the rumor that Boyd Raeburn did not exist. This rumor proved to be false. Actually it was Gerald Steward who proved to be a figment of fertile fan imaginations.

Shortly after my return from Canada, I contacted Nick and Noreen Falasca and made arrangements to attend the convention in Cleveland in my guise of a fan. To assure the success of my disguise, I mimeographed a couple of hundred copies of my fanzine and took them with me. In Cleveland, I made my way to the Mangy Hotel where I had reservations. There I found a message from J. Edgar advising me of certain fans who were suspect. Mentally filing the list of names, I ate the message and then made my way to the Chester A. Polk Room, where David Kyle, one of those on my list of suspects, was making an impromptu speech to a select audience.

I sold copies of my fanzine to Forrest J Ackerman and Walt Coslet, and was casually searching for other completists when I ran into Ger Steward who confided to me that P. Howard Lyons was actually a hoax that Ger and Boyd Raeburn had dreamed up. Commenting that Pat Patterson would really be surprised to learn about the hoax, I made a mental note to wire this intelligence to headquarters. Huckstering my fanzines and searching for evidence, I wandered through the hotel. I attended banquets, old movies, and a number of wild parties. I joined in fan politics in a small tall cylindrical smoke filled room which had no floor. I later learned this to be the chimney.



During the course of my investigation I sat through quiet discourses by Doc Smith, tirades by Sam Moskowitz, dirty stories by Bob Tucker and clean ones by Marty Greenberg, weird tales by Robert Bloch, travel instructions by Bob Madle, pointless stories by Lloyd Fuller, silences by Damon Knight, and interminable games of Queer But Not Peculiar. And when it was over I returned to my home to consider my report. After due consideration and much study of the evidence, I have come to one and only one possible conclusion: First Fandom Is Not Dead!

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One of the usual features, "The Sounds", has been forced out this time through lack of space, but will probably be back next issue. In the meantime, I would like to do a little flipping over a fairly recent release, The Chico Hamilton Quintet on Pacific Jazz LP 1209. The quintet consists of Buddy Collette on flute, tenor, alto, and clarinet, Jim Hall - guitar, Fred Katz - cello, Carson Smith - bass, and Chico Hamilton - drums. A cello is a fairly unusual instrument to find in such a group, but here it is a most welcome addition. Employed as a melody instrument, rather than as an addition to the rhythm section as it has been used by Oscar Pettiford, its singing tone is employed with great effect. The numbers on this LP are a mixture of standards and originals, and all are wonderful listening. Unlike a lot of the dreary work coming from the West Coast in the name of jazz, the writing shows great originality and taste. For modern jazz at its best, don't miss this disc. An absolute must. - BR

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From Bob Tucker we have the following selection from one of the untranslated portions of the Gilgamesh Epic. ....

Meretrix nudabat sinum suum, aperiebat gremium suum, et is succumbuit venustati eius.

Ea non cunctabatur ei appropinquare;  
Ea solvit vestem suam, et is incumbibat in eam;  
Ei incitabat libidinem in eo, opus feminae,  
Et is impertiebat amorem suum ei.  
Sex dies et septem noctes Enkidu coibat cum meretrice.

There's nothing like the ancients for purple prose passages.

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The secret of Father Golden Orfe - unknown to everyone, including Orfe - was that he would have been a concert pianist had he had any interest in music; only toned deafness made him instead a student of the soul of man. It was certain, however, that he had at one time had a musical relative, or box, or chair, or something of that nature.

- Nigel Dennis "Cards of Identity"

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"Now, part of the pleasure one gets from reading novels is the inevitable moment when the hero beds the heroine, or, in certain advanced and decadent works, the hero beds another hero in an infernal glow of impropriety. The mechanical side of the operation is of intense interest to everyone....."

- Gore Vidal "The Judgement of Paris"

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I can always make a buck that way, picking up drunk sailors. - Cliff Gould

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# HOW THE OTHER HALF

Which is by way of being extracts,  
printed by permission, from the  
letters of Alex (or Rich) Kirs.

- - - - -

I am still ill, but am now retreated from the door of death, permanently, I hope. The whole sordid thing started a few days ago. First, was a couple of days of freezing temperatures, and (strangely enough) the salt-marsh froze, so I was once again enabled to indulge in my signal winter-type vice: figure skating. So, I went skating - went at seven in the morning, so as to be on the ice before the sun could melt it. I removed my black leather jacket, and then my black flannel shirt, and then my black turtleneck, and finally my white turtleneck. This left me in whipcord slacks and a tee-shirt. In this costume I twirled and spun, leaped and caracolled, and traced rather inexperienced rockers and rather better counters, and finally, the shades of time in their swift and relentless marching saw me ascend dizzily in a full Salchow. They are said to have gasped in awe. However, the awed gasp quickly became a disgusted snort, for lo! and behold, as I came down (trying for a reverse edge) I didn't find the edge in time, and rocked horribly even unto the extent of digging the lower tooth into the ice, but at last regained my fast-fleeting poise by settling for a right-outside-back edge in the direction of rotation rather than a right-inside-back in the counter-direction to rotation. Disgusted, I came to a stop by rocking forward onto the teeth, and promptly fell heavily and shrieking to the ice. Somewhere in the course of my peregrinations I had mangled a tendon or two.

So, I limped to the shore, put on my black turtleneck after having put on the white one, capped it with the black flannel shirt, and finished by slinging the leather jacket over my shoulders, cape fashion, in order to cool off slowly, and went home.

This is not, however, the reason I caught a cold. No indeed. The next day I went out to the candy store, lightly clad, to get cigarettes, and the virus, waiting in carefully controlled glee, struck with awesome precision.

"You've got a cold," my mother said, some hours later. I sank my fist pridefully into the wall. "Mother" I screamed with admirable restraint, "Mother, colds are figments of the imagination, that is, psychosomatic, and my soma I unequivocally prefer on super whoost." I withdrew my fist from the wall, and fell moodily to picking out the shards of plaster. After all, what could one do with a woman like that? Quite suddenly, my universe fell in horribly.

I sneezed.

"Antihistamines!" I shrieked. "Don't just stand there mouth-openedly! Antihistamines! Four-way-reliefs!" In lemminglike blindness I ran into the dining table, ricocheted off into my mother, who had nimbly leaped the divan and was heading for the bathroom, and trod heavily on the dog. Removing its fangs with some difficulty, I picked up my mother and bathed her temples with California burgundy. As I had suspected, the sheer nauseating stench of it was sufficient to bring her to.

"What happened?" she asked plaintively, gagging only a little.

"Our separate orbits described arcs which terminated at a single point, whereat our respective velocities were dispersed in an interesting display of action and reaction. You lost."

"Oh" she said.

I sneezed.

Simultaneously with her lightning-like leap, the door blanged hollowly closed. After a little, it opened a crack and her hand appeared and dropped a note into the room. "Disclaim all responsibility" it read, "but am nevertheless safari-ing

to get medicants. Stay in the house, touch nothing, cover the face at each cough, and have courage. If you infect me, I'll disinherit you." It was signed, for the benefit of Wylie-lovers, simply "Astarte", which is her name. I went to the door and tried it. Of course, it was locked. Locked me in the dining-room, forgetting that in the opposite wall is a door which leads in order to the bathroom, the bedroom of Grandpere, and the female dorm. Silly ass.

"What have you done?" she wailed, a couple of hours later. In a daze entirely bereft of cortico-thalamic pause, she waded through the thick fog that poured in arcane-grandeur from the vaporizer over which I crouched. "What have you done?" I withdrew my hands from the sleeves of her mandarin dressing-gown and offered her a slow, oriental blessing. With careful, ritual movements, I dropped a dollop of Vick's into the vaporizer and followed it with a few tablespoons of Grandpere's cognac. The fumes redoubled. "Oh Ghod," she mouthed inaudibly, dropping her bundles onto the divan. "Oh Ghod, I-should-have-known."

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A couple of weeks ago, Fran (my sister), Roy, her fiance, cousin Joan and I, having for once nothing better to do, climbed into Roy's '54 Plymouth and headed for the hills. We drove around for a couple of hours, and wound up someplace 'way up the Bronx River Parkway. So, we turned around after a while and started home. In front of us was this Cadillac Eldorado.

Get the picture: Joan and myself in the back seat, the others in front, Roy driving. He sees the Eldorado, and his hair seems to prickle and he leans forward over the wheel. We zip and weave through traffic, and all of a sudden we are beside the Eldorado with a clear straightway in front of us. Roy waggles the car and races the motor, inviting the Caddy driver to drag. "I screamed "Roy, you fool, stop that at once! Roy, you nut, he can beat us easy! Roy, you bastard, I don't wanna die!" but of course the fool paid no attention. Cousin Joan climbs down on the floor and covers her face. Suddenly, the Caddy shows signs of wanting to drag, and pulls ahead of us doing about 75. Roy steps the car up to about 85, and we draw up with the Caddy. Alluvasudden the Caddy starts dropping back, and Roy, with a maniacal howl, tromps the accelerator through the floorboards, and we vanish in a cloud of oil fumes, doing about 95 and leaving the Caddy far behind. So now, Roy can (and does at every opportunity) brag about how he drug an Eldorado and won. Only thing is, the Caddy dropped back because in it with the driver were two old ladies, and one of them fainted or something like that. But tell that to Roy. For the rest of the drive home, his head was all swelled up like crazy, and something primitive seemed to have been aroused deep within him, because we drug every other vehicle in sight all the way home, and beat 'em all.

Oh yeah. Roy and Fran both insist that his Plymouth can go from zero to sixty in five seconds and that it can do 85 in first gear. I explain to them that even a Mercedes-Benz 300SL takes about seven seconds to get to 60, but it does no good at all. They are actually convinced that it is not particularly strange for a Plymouth to do as they say it does. I detect in their eyes some slight contempt for a furrin car that needs all of seven seconds just to get from zero to sixty.

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The other day I went to the library and took out a Faulkner and a mystery and a thing called "Proud Youth" which I took out because the d.j. synopsis said it was a story in which a boy falls in love with his sister. Figuring it might be dirty or something, and anyway, I'd always thought the subject was taboo, I took it out. Am I ever glad!

Picture it --- if you were thinking of writing a story of incestuous love, wouldn't you do it so that the mood is all dark and horrid and full of dreadful guilt and self-abasement and prying spying parents and....and....and....? So that's what I thought. And the book turns out to be a lovely thing all sophisticated about a clutch of really interesting characters, in absolutely magnificent prose---terse at times, concise, to the point, with slyly satiric digs



that can really be dug. Finishes in a rousing climax-at-sea with the hero boring holes in the hull of his sailboat after shouting Coleridge into the teeth of the roaring gale. The sheer subtle psychology of some of the small cast of characters would in any other case have repaid me for reading the book, but when one can also absorb things such as the ones I'm going to quote....hell, it's nice, I think, and more power to the author.

(( Quotes omitted in deference to the sensibilities of the post office. BR))

Gee, I'm glad Cliff liked the play, and called it a masterly satire. Now, when people ask me what I do (as they do all too often) I will casually answer, "Eh? Oh, I write, y'know. Masterly satires." Only trouble is, there sure as hell will be someone who follows up with "Masterly Satires? Is that a pen-name of yours? Afraid I haven't come across anything under it." Oh well.

While Jawn was furloughing, we went down to Broadway to see Rebel Without A Cause, starring one James Dean. In the pic is an episode wherein two teeners (Dean and the gang-leader) are to do what is called a "chicken run" in order to prove whether or not Dean is chicken. Get the picture: is this parking lot on a cliff, all nightish and dark, and these two stolen jalopies side by side, with the heroine talking to the heroes, and then she walks away from them towards the edge of the cliff (they facing it of course, and in the cars) and stops midway between and the edge of the cliff and turns and holds hands over head like a cheerleader or something and from all around in back and on either side LIGHTS OF THOUSANDS OF CARS GO ON ALL OF A SUDDEN AS TEENERS PREPARE TO SEEK DEATH FROM THEIR CARS WHICH LIGHT UP THE PARKING LOT LIKE EMERGENCY AT AIRFIELD AND THE GAL LEAPS INTO THE AIR AND SCREAMS AND THE TWO CARS WITH HEROES ROAR DOWN ON HER AND PASS WITHIN INCHES OF HER AND ZOOM PAST WITH DIRT FLYING FROM WHEELS AND ALL THAT AND SHE TURNS AND RUNS AFTER THEM AND IS FOLLOWED BY HUNDREDS OF TEENAGERS ANXIOUS TO BE IN ON THE DEATH AND IS FOLLOWING A NUMBER OF SHOTS WHEREIN DEAN OPENS JALOPY DOOR TO GET READY TO JUMP (and prove self chicken apparently) AND IS OH HORROR HORROR HORROR OH WOE THE GANG LEADER'S LEATHER JACKET GETS CAUGHT ON DOOR HANDLE WHEN: HE TRIES TO OPEN DOOR AND IS SCREAMING AND SCREAMING AND ROAR ROAR ROAR AND SCREAMING IS DEAN JUMPING OUT JUST IN NICK OF TIME AND PROVING SELF CHICKEN BECAUSE CAR OF LEADER WITH LEADER IN IT GOES OVER CLIFF ALL SCREAMING AND SCREAMING AND SAILS DOWN HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF FEET FOLLOWING DEAN'S EMPTY CAR AND IS SCREAMING OF AUDIENCE AS IS BOOOOOOOOM WITH ALL FLAMES AND ALL BANG AS CAR WITH LEADER IN IT HITS THE ROCKS BEFORE SMASHING INTO THE WATER and we picked ourselves up from the floor disentangling our tieclips from the zipper-pulls of the hordes of leather-jacketed juvenile delinquents who infested the theatre, all foaming at mouths and eyes mad, mad and managed with difficulty to regain our seats after wiping off them the sperm from spontaneous ejaculations of teeners in back row all leaping up and down and screaming Man Man Man Man GO GO GO!!! while cops came running down the aisles and quietly vomited as Dean got the gal. Gawsh, this younger generation.

Christmas started in what we have come to call "The usual Kirsian fashion."

I wrecked Roy's car.

We went to Roy's house after the wreck, and an interesting thing happened as soon as we got in. I have never been a grandmother, nor is there ever much chance that I will be one, but I can say right now that if my grandson (postulating my grandmotherhood of course) had an auto wreck and came home and told me so, I would probably say something like "How dreadful!" or "Are you O.K.?" or "Hmmmph!" I would NOT, I assure you, do as Roy's grandmom did; backhand the grandchild viciously across the mouth. Ghad, has that old bat got a follow through. Roy staggered backwards, bleeding from the mouth, and Fran launched herself, fangs

bared and claws extended, at the grandmother. I didn't give the old bat the chance of a flea in a DDT factory, as Fran fights about as well as I do - having been trained from early childhood in jiu-jitsu, savate, and acrobatics - and it was with considerable surprise that I beheld the grandmother stop Fran dead in her tracks with a backhand across the mush. "Excuse me" I said, backing out the door as she advanced toward me, fire in her eye and her arm drawn back. I got the hell out. Gad, has that old bat got a follow through.

Some time later we were all sitting gloomily about our apartment, me, Roy, Fran, and my mother. This was all on the same day, the evening of which was Christmas Eve. I pondered the flat fact that I did not have dough with which to pay for the damages, and Roy and Fran pondered that Roy had been kicked out of his house and would have to sleep with me, an arrangement both of us viewed with viewed with distaste, as I thrash and he sweats profusely. My mother sort of wandered around the place, driving tacks into the wall with a ballpeen hammer. "Let us," I said sadly, "drown our woes in drink." The suggestion was accepted with alacrity; we got out the vodka and a few water tumblers and fell to. I'd just poured out my second tumbler of the stuff, neat, and dropped the empty bottle behind my chair, when Jawn danced in, uniformed, and waving a package which proved to contain ----ghagggg----three fifths of Four Roses. "HOOHAH!" Jawn trumpeted in his inimitable way. We just sat there, brooding. He looked at us with growing concern, and his face darkened; you could see that he was pondering. At length he seemed to come to some sort of conclusion. He turned to Fran. "All right, all right," he said testily. "All right, when can we expect the blessed event?" (You see, Fran is gaining weight at an alarming rate, and we joke about how she is coming to look preggy and all that, though the avoirdupois is glandish, they tell me.) My mother sort of sniggered and went on pondering, pondering. None of us except me more than glanced at Jawn. At length, he gave up, and feeling foolish standing there among the pine-needles and tinsel and plaster, he went into the kitchen and got some shot-glasses, opened a bottle of Four Roses, and poured out drinks of the slop. I made a manly effort to be hospitable, seeing as how I love Jawn like a brother and all that, and accepted the drink he handed me. All this time the brimful glass of raw vodka was sitting on the arm of my chair. "Skool!" I said, and we bottomed-up, sudded convulsively, and compared our goose-pimples. At length, Jawn could stand it no longer, and, tears streaming down his cheeks, he reached for the vodka glass under the impression that it was water for chasing purposes. He downed about a third of it at a gulp. Vodka, as you know, is almost odorless and tasteless, but burns going down. Jawn stood there, as the ads say, "breathless". At length his eyes met mine. "And to think," he said slowly, wonderingly, "And to think, I joined the Air Force."

Some time later, quite a few people had dropped in, and all was frenetic gaiety and all that, except for Fran, whose brooding had not yet lifted. She lay on the couch, face down, and would not drink anything. My mother stopped tying ribbon to thumbtacks long enough to pat Fran sympathetically and say, "Come now, be a good little girl and drink the nice whiskey."

All in all, it's been a rather successful Christmas, in which I learned the following things:

When you climb up the fire escape to get into the apartment on account the family have vanished while you and your friends were out and you've forgotten your key, it is advisable not to have one of the party below shouting "Thief, thief, murder, MURDER, robber, THIEF!!!"

Inspired by Jawn, I experimented, and can truthfully report that Old Forester tastes even better when you chase it with vodka.

When your sister's fiance, under the impression that he is Lord Blair and you are Antonio Rocca, twists your leg like unto tearing it off, it is advisable not to go all manly and bear the pain and all that. I can barely walk today.

Parakeets do not like Four Roses. Neither do dogs. Nor cats.



(Ed. note: The remarks preceding Apres Midi Dans La Salle a Manger in the previous issue apply also to the following.)

## DÉJEUNER CHEZ CHIENNE MORTE

Only her reflection, inverted, in the stained bowl of the spoon as she raised it to her lips held me to the moment, preserved identity like a loom for the counterpoint of sunlit conversation, and, weeping, I could not smile; a smile would have been, if not an insult, at least a small depravity, a fragile flicker running from edge to edge of the tenuous canvas of life. Knowing this, I engaged her slightly in conversation and took no heed of the Koala bear which had already descended dangerously close to her coiffure.

Sonnez-la, ma petite! I said, running my fingers ever so lightly down my face, Sonnez-la vite; c'est le renvoi de la spectre de la Rochefoucauld. But she heard it not, permitted her consciousness to pertain only to the pigeons which, *helas!* were on the grass.

It is as my mother said, (she began) in those old and golden days before I came to this city, before I knew what it was to awake in the mornings to a nausea undreamed of even by Sartre, that all things come to him who---and believe me, it is *la verite*---lies unresistingly upon his back, waiting.

There was then that momentary silence such as occurs for a split instant after pulling the cord, before the water cascades thunderously down, down into that which we are not allowed to think of, though, indeed, we often bathe all unknowingly, of a summer's day, in its dilution. Then, as an antelope continues its slow approach to a waterhole after standing in lucid grace for a moment upon three legs, she put down her conversational *jambe* with a small motion of two fingers - as of dropping a too-short cigarette - and continued:

C'est ma pensee, that there is little we can even hope to do with what small portion of our lives is allowed us for our own, and, therefore, we are not to be blamed if, through some small mistake by some unknown operator of some indubitably complicated machine engaged in the making of exceedingly simple though delicate devices of rubber, the eventual product is, though damaged, allowed nevertheless to follow its normal and traditional peregrinations through the marts of commerce eventually into our hands, where of course it fails entirely to fulfill its purpose. Can we then be blamed?

Something in the indomitable expression of the corners of her eyes acted as a springboard, catapulting me back through drifts of autumnal days and slow thick mists of winter evenings, back to where a voice called, ever and again in measured cadence, its decibels sliding through a summer dusk in the precise manner of an overconfident fish through a lagoon. So my mother had looked, or looked at me, and even in such a manner had she regarded every slow, thick trickle of blood from my eternally scuffed knee, after I had responded, albeit unwillingly - are we when young ever willing to be intruded upon by adult unreality? - to her call and returned to the house from the schoolyard where they had been practicing - with band and (O most great and almighty and stalwart station) xylophone player - the friday night marching of the local branch of the American Bluejackets. But, disallowing herself the privilege of more directly intruding upon my reverie, she continued - and, mind you, without even the faintest trace of nostalgia:

We were three, *une clique a trois*; Tancred and Aorta and Millesande; and we were very happy, and not in the way of an adult....absence of pain was no great or uncommon thing to us. Tancred was my brother and Aorta my sister, and I, of course, was Millesande. Often on a spring morning we would go - in that time of year when the sparrows, flitting here and there with materials for nest building,

appeared too busy even to chirp at the state of the season - to the beach and and watch the rich men play with their expensive toys and fling a week's allowance (in the form of artificial fish) beyond the breakers, in deluded hope of thus entrapping Roccus and gratifying their killer instinct. And Tancred, very strong and hale and beautiful for all his six years, would doff his clothing and swim out to the riptide and, as the very air gasped and quivered unreciprocatedly with a restrained and civilized passionate bloodlust, he would dive, oh so calmly, six full fathoms to the desolate and rocky bottom of the sea, there to retrieve the entangled and snapped-off lures of the wealthy fishermen, which we later sold - at ridiculously small prices - to the owner of the local tackle shop. I kept the money.

Here I could not restrain myself, and suddenly my hand let fall a few drops of blood to the table, there to join the lower half of the martini glass where my sudden muscular constriction, after snapping it off cleanly from the bowl, had deposited it. But she, all unknowing and even more heartless, continued nevertheless.

And Aorta would dance, yes, dance of a summer evening beneath the harsh jeers of gulls unable to appreciate her sublime lack of satins and spangles, would dance, in a slow innocent counterpoint to the great and bleak and ultimately harmless waves which broke and swirled and at last disintegrated into a lace far less delicate than the small feet of her which it swirled about. Afterwards the men would cry like children and throw coins between her legs and after that we would grub among the sand grains in a parody of those bourgeois loutish fools who built ephemeral castles, grub about and, after long and intimate search, find the coins, sticky and gritty to the touch. I kept the money. I still have it, have it all, and much more besides.

Then the waiter came, with fresh drinks, and, sipping mine slowly, I watched her demonstrate for the penultimate time her habit of nervously looking at the pearl onion to be sure it was not an eyeball. Only the restrained whiplash of her voice snapped me back - like a roulette ball into its predestined pocket - into the thread of her narrative.

And always afterwards (and here her voice was a muffled scream for expurgation, for censoring, for something to help her, restrain her, keep her from hearing the words pouring in their evil millrace from her throat past her lips and into the shocked and horrified laps of those about her) and always afterwards, when the sun shone redly through the crests of the waves, I, yes, I! would go behind the darkest dunes, and let them run their thick rich fingers around inside the elastic of my little bloomers, snapping it, and finally, let them smother my small body into the soft and motherly sand. I kept the money, I swear, all of it -- it resides yet in the glass pig behind the complete set of Men of Good Will. I swear it!

And then, of course, there were her fingers clawing at my arm as I rose to leave, and my eyes, cowards both, refused to look at anything but my feet in their sublime purple espadrilles, even though I was sure that the waiter's pourboire was far, far too much. Soul of my mother flitted among the fish-shoal of my thoughts, thought-fishes which fled and skittered and disappeared before the barracuda of this, her scream. Only my voice remained in that brittle wet universe, saying,

Mais non, ma petite, I will not marry you, baby or no, and to hell with your money, you dig me? To hell with it, and to you.

Soon afterwards, the gendarmerie came and carried her away.

- Kirs

There was some sort of figure, though whether man, woman or curate it was impossible to divine.



# H P L's LAST LETTER

by Gerry de la Ree

The death of Howard Phillips Lovecraft in 1937, while leaving a gaping hole in the ranks of fantasy authors, also accelerated the growth of the Lovecraft Legend, which had been slowly developing during the latter years of his life.

August Derleth of Sauk City, Wisc. has left no stone unturned over the past 18 years in his untiring efforts to gain Lovecraft his rightful position in American literature. How well he has succeeded or how worthy the late "master of the macabre" was of so devoted a following, it is not my intent to discuss at this time.

Rather, I should like to contribute, for what they are worth, a few more pieces to the Lovecraft story. A series of letters from H.P.L. to Dr. Adolphe de Castro, a fellow author, have recently come into my possession. Anyone who has read of H.P.L. knows he was a voluminous letter writer. He wrote in a small, fine hand, generally filling every inch of the paper. These letters to de Castro, which are typical of his efforts, range from a few hundred to several thousand words in length. Writing on a 9 x 5½ inch sheet, Lovecraft managed to squeeze from 300 to 400 words on one side of the page.

Derleth, writing in "H.P.L.: A Memoir" (Ben Abrahamson, publisher, N.Y. 1945) speaks on page 20 of Lovecraft's last letter, written on Feb. 17, 1937. There is no mention to whom this letter was written, but his final note to de Castro carries this same date, and, unless evidence to the contrary is forthcoming, we must assume it was his final letter.

Here, then, is Lovecraft's last letter.

66 College St.,  
Providence, R. I.,  
Feby. 17, 1937

Dear Dr. de Castro:

"Your news of Feb. 1st was just saved from being a surprise by a bulletin from our brilliant young friend Kuttner. As I told him, it was rather unfortunate that the West Coast had to welcome you with a spell of bad weather -- but after all, a knowledge of climatic averages gives you the certainty that your move is indeed an advantageous one in the long run.

I am very glad to hear that you are comfortably settled amidst familiar objects. Despite the element of pathos in these reminders of ampler days, I really think that they form a much more homelike and consoling environment than strange objects could. At least, I have found it so in my own case. Our furniture, pictures, objects d'art, etc., here are only a last scrap of what we had at my birthplace; and yet I could not possibly exist in any other setting. I would be completely lost and adrift if I could not look about me and see at least a few of the accustomed objects at which I have gazed ever since I had consciousness. I am glad that you have some of the pictures and other things collected by yourself and Mrs. de Castro, and feel sure that their ultimate effect will be one of consolation rather than melancholy.

I am glad, too, that you have unearthed some of your scholarly MSS. Your linguistic experiments sound intensely interesting. One always has the feeling, when comparing the student's slow acquisition of a new tongue with his original quick grasp of his mother tongue in infancy, that there must be some natural linguistic method upon which pedagogy has not yet hit. Many attempts have been

made to find such a method, but so far nothing successful has seen publication. It is pleasant to know that some of your books are still with you -- especially the classic poets. The Hawthorne item is surely an interesting treasure!

Kuttner was extremely glad to see you, and I am sure that you and he have had some delightfully interesting conversations. He is certainly one of the most promising youths I have yet run across; and if he keeps up at his present rate, will certainly be heard from in the literary field. The worst obstacle in his way is of course the need to write cheap stories in the artificial technique demanded by such low-grade magazines as Terror Tales and Thrilling Mystery; but I think he has the energy and independence to do this in a sort of glibly inattentive way which will leave his real literary faculties free for more solid work. He is one of those fortunate persons who can concoct a saleable formula-story with almost no time or effort -- so that his commercial work in that line will not injure his style as it would if more careful application were demanded. I am surely glad that his mother provides such a congenial and encouraging home setting -- a vast asset in any literary career. He has spoken of the possibility of making an Eastern trip during the coming year -- in which case we shall all be abundantly glad to see him.

I trust you enjoyed a reasonably pleasant Yuletide. We had a tree and various other symbols of the season. Among my gifts the most distinctive was perhaps the yellowed and crumbling fragments of a long-interred human skull -- exhumed from the Indian mound on the Maryland Eastern shore by one of my correspondents.

Our Eastern winter has been phenomenally mild, but poor health has prevented me from being very active. A few exposures to cold weather in December started an old winter malady of mine -- persistently swollen feet and ankles which force me to wear old shoes cut and stretched -- and now I have a sort of lingering intestinal grippe which is proving very troublesome and debilitating. I barely have strength to keep up and get around, and have had to curtail many of my activities. My aunt has also suffered from a touch of grippe.

During recent weeks I have been trying to brush up on one of my old subjects -- astronomy-- after 20 or 30 years. The progress of the science has left me absurdly behind -- but not long ago I received a request for some articles which forced me to cover the lost decades as best I might. Our public library has some excellent new books on the subject -- the text book by J.C. Duncan and The Layman's Manual by Bartky & Stokeley being apparently the best short-cuts for the utterly non-mathematical amateur.

All good wishes and hoping that the California climate will soon begin to live up to its reputation ----

Yrs most sincerely,

H P L

And, written across the top of the first page, this post script:

"Later -- Grippe has the upper hand at the moment. Doctor has me taking three different nostrums simultaneously, and am up only a little while each day. Shall have to curtail all activities for the balance of the winter."

\* \* \*

In a matter of hours, Howard Phillips Lovecraft was moved to the Jane Brown Memorial Hospital, Providence, where he died early in the morning of March 15, 1937, of cancer of the intestine and Bright's disease.

— — — — —  
If even your best friends won't tell you, and four out of five have it,  
who is a dog's best friend?  
— — — — —



# KIA ONGANUI MAI TOU KORERO

BOB TUCKER, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

The cover on #7 was most charming. I appreciated it more than the previous de Chirico, beauty that that was. I have since wondered if it wasn't that cover which caused your trouble with the post office. I haven't found so many hidden delights in a picture since Robert Lowndes absent-mindedly published a demon knight illustration. There! I bet that will send your readers scurrying. But dag-nab it, Pat caught you in a mirror ... right down to that lovable smirk on your face. You do have a motherly look about you. I think you're much nicer than Wollheim.

HARRY CALNEK, DARTMOUTH, N.S.

So, "Little Peter Vorzimer" is back, is he? "Mother Vorzimer's Little Boy." I feel, really, that I should thank little Petey. I don't get around to doing much in fandom these days, but he brings me out of my lethargy. I wonder if I can hold Petey accountable for my laundry bill. My clean white shirt became badly soiled when I rolled on the floor after reading his letter. Golly, I hope I don't make little Petey mad. One really shouldn't mention his mother, you know. After all, if the poor woman reads any of his inane babblings she doubtless feels bad enough about the whole business.

MICHAEL BARRINGTON-MARTIN, LONDON, ENGLAND

Dear, dear Boyd, affectionate, misguided, deluded Boyd. How frustrated I feel at being unable to express myself freely in this letter to you. I had hoped to talk about astralobes and boots, purses and pigs, prawns, rheumatism, Armstrong guns, birds of paradise, the peasantry, orange trees and seagulls, geraniums, fried eggs, and ants nests with glass plates around them, petrified pancreases with soft imitation glue bottles suspended upside-down from stalactites of offal dyed an exquisite shade of eggshell blue, but unfortunately these happy expressions of soul have been denied me. I had meant to speak at length of dreams of dynamos, and the reality of live pictures which fester every evening after sundown, of nipples on a beautiful female figure I have seen which turn into ticks bloated with blood every so often, of sherry trifles made from nylon sponges, small ball bearings, aspic and delicious mushrooms covered with latex, fit for a king, or a schizophrenic; also of a new sports car with a steering wheel made of strings of salami, with mudguards made from banana leaves in the interest of weight saving, shock absorbers made from limburger cheese, seats made from breasts, (there is a special ladies' model of this car) high compression head that can be used as a seashell in which one can hear the sea and headlamps made from electric blankets; I had also intended confiding to you about an arm, with the hand carrying strawberries made from raw red meat, which came through the keyhole of a room into which I had locked myself and which grew larger and larger and the smell of the meat (from which the strawberries were made) got stronger and stronger until I was nearly crushed, when all of a sudden just as the arm and the strawberries and the hand were nearly filling the whole room and there was scarcely room for me and the walls were bulging, all of a sudden the room started filling with molasses and I was drowned instead.

JOHN MURDOCK, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Thank you for A BAS. Contrary to the purpose I suppose you sent A BAS in, I've enjoyed reading it. Finding myself included in the Derogation came rather as a surprise. I think one might aptly describe it as being like Hiroshima hit with an A bomb. What do you do with the cadavers of your victims?

JACK HARNESS, PITTSBURG, PA.

Very much tempted to accuse Kirs of writing "In Oxford, But Also Elsewhere" because of the English he can put on the Latin. No sadism or sex in it though, and our boy is strictly the VENUS IN KIRS type. All kinds of esoteric data's abounding in your zine and it drives the reader frantic to ponder which came from which source and why when soever. # You'll never have a rival in Dallas Derogations - a bunch of kids talking and they aren't individuals (at least to me) so they prat and prattle on and not one has something devastating to say. Penthouse Passion is a noble piece. Has Kirs submitted to the poetry mags? You might almost change the title of this zine to PETER AND THE WOLVES, not that petit Pierre acts sheepish at any time.

CLAUDE HALL, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

No doubt my letterhead will strike you in some manner, though probably not as hard as I would like (an eight-pound sledge-hammer would be more satisfactory). Anyway, to hell with you and all the rest of the Derelicts. You call me a fugghead (in ghlory to Laney) and I call you a pimphead in ghlory to the negro queer we had in our company at Bliss named Geis. I've often wondered if there was any connection, since this Geis was from Oregon too, but Psy was already into its fourth or fifth issue by the time this Geis got shanghaied to Korea. # Kirs writes of -- like is. Hoffwoman's piece was insipid, and, if I remember, a bit of plagiarism. # Seems funny that Geis would praise OBLIQUE #4 and funnier still is the thought of what fandom would turn into if every fanzine turned into the crude-attempts-at-satire-sort of fanzine which you purport to be issuing and which OBLIQUE seems to be copying. Fandom used to be a swell hobby and in spite of the invasion you homos seem to be making, it still is a hobby with some fen, me included.

[Well, gee, Claude, I didn't know you were potentially That Way. I guess Kirs' little play hit on a sore spot. You see, Claude, it is a fairly well known fact that the only people who use "homo" as an indiscriminate term of abuse are those who are themselves subconsciously so inclined.]

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I was trade for Claude Hall - Cliff Gould  
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DEAN A. GRENNELL, FOND DU LAC, WISC.

Amen to the comment on banquets. I've had the ill fortune to have to subject my goat-rugged digestion to numerous non-fannish "banquets" over the years and I'll go along with your observation that they are about as toothsome and digestible as granite chips. And while we're on the subject of eating, I find myself ever more prone to shun restaurants...especially restaurants with juke boxes. Nothing turns a meal to buckshot in my stomach like being exposed to this atrocious "popular" music when I am eating. I'll never forget a ghastly episode in Milton (Wisc.) when a group of young high-school students played an abomination called "Little Red Monkey" no less than six times before I could get my meal bolted and head for the door. I should note that the machine was defective and they were trying to play a different tune but all that came out was this....this....thing. Then there was a more recent case when we met some of my relatives up town on a Friday night and stopped off at a hamburger joint to snack and talk a bit. There were two girls at a table there---maybe 15 years old or so---and this one, a witless wench with hair the dirty yellow of a well-soiled handkerchief and a pregnathous chin and a lower lip that sagged loose till you could see her lower gums if you could stand to look...this one, as I was saying, was on a religious kick. Apparently she figured she could prove her devotion (like a Buddhist shooting 'Om mani padme hums' to the Head Man with a prayer wheel) by playing this one song a LOT of times. I don't know what it is called but the refrain was "How do I know?---the Bible tole me so!" over and over and over and over and....What was the title of that T.L. Sherred tale in SPACE SF where the hero could burn out a juke box just by hating it? Now there's an ability I'd envy! # I enjoyed Jim Mourning's lecture on



sports cars to no small degree. I call it a lecture so that I can toss in a reference, for Walt's sake, to 'Mourning becomes a lecturer'. # I think, with a bit of effort, I could work up a ribald and Rabelaisian gag about the 'treacle tart' (p.5-6) but if I did, I'd have to include it here and you'd likely print it and then you'd be in dutch with the postal blokes again, so..... # Tucker, Kirs, and Lee Youngfan were all most excellent. Herewith three sharply barked cries of "Encore!" I suppose it's hardly fair to either Kirs or FitzGerald to compare them with each other and yet they both, to a high degree, can be depended on to turn out the sort of material that keeps the reader's eyes glued to the paper wondering what in blazes is coming next. The fact that FitzGerald is in retirement makes Kirs's stuff especially welcome. Derelicti Derogations #5 was good as always though you seemed to sputter a bit in getting warmed up. But once you picked up, some momentum, you ground forth a slug of real magnificent bits, such as "SAPS is where they /the old fans/ go to decompose" and "...her tone is often that of a digital computer nagging at cash registers." It is touches like these that have kept me from trying my hand at a counterfeit derogation. I could never work in those deft daggerish bits of sheer genius.

/Granite chips? In Cleveland they call them Pickle Chips. # I guess that teenage female you mention is the same type as the person who wrote the following to the Toronto Telegram's TV and radio columnist Ron Poulton (you remember Poulton -he's the guy who was told to gobble Gobel): "Mr. putrid-minded Poulton - I just finished reading your so-called column. As far as I'm concerned it takes a (censored) strong stomach to read it. You're the kind of (censored) who hides behind the pages of a newspaper because if you ever came out the public would tear you apart. In that thing you call a column, there was a piece about the new singing sensation, Elvis Presley. You had nerve enough to say he contorts his face. Did you ever take a good look at your own? Yes, in case you're wondering, I'm a teen-ager. I've asked other teen-agers what they thought of Presley, and they thought he was a sensation. I've also asked older people what they thought, and here is what they told me: 'He (Elvis Presley) is a very outstanding, truly Venerable.' And in my own thinking I would say Presley is truly a gift of God." Sounds like something from Austin, doesn't it? Oh well, happy digestion./

JACK MCKENTY, WINNIPEG

Your plan to finance for Steward an evening which will make his life richer, fuller, and more complete is a laudable one and I approve heartily. Such an experience has beauty, truth, and maybe even poetry in it, and the fact that Steward's external genitalia will probably turn green and rot off is a small price to pay. I regret that I cannot supply any addresses but I have been away from Toronto and the army too long. The lists which the military used to post under the heading "Out of Bounds" were a great convenience on those short weekends. I recall...but I better not say, or as someone pointed out, Steward will publish it. I give up. Who is Georgina Ellis? It's easy to tell falsies from real ones 'cause falsies taste like rubber.

WALT WILLIS, BELFAST, N. IRELAND

Pat's cover was very fine, as were the editorial and the Derogations. The latter had one of my favorite cracks of all time, the one about Lovecraft's grocery lists. Note to Dick Geis. First use I know of the title Slander was in 1950 when I visited Mike Tealby in England and published a oneshot with that name. At the time I was publishing Slant and he was publishing Wonder, so the name was pretty well inevitable. I thought Bob Tucker's item was the best thing in the rest of the contents, along with the letter section. That was a very intelligent and memorable observation of Silverberg's about your de Chiricover. It is an interesting thought that there can be fuggheadism so grandiose that it transcends fuggheadism.

DICK ELLINGTON, NEW YORK.

So we went to Harlan's wedding. Got up latish Sunday morning and had almost decided not to go - no ride and a stupendous, unanimous lack of funds. Then we noticed Sandy Cutrell pooped out on the couch and remembered that he had a car. The car is one of these itty-bitty type coupes with a knee-cracking back seat but we calmly squoze six of us in - Sandy, Art, Danny, Chuck, Ruth and myself - and set out merrily, singing hymns, ballads, and Sad Wobbly Songs. Naturally the car broke down. Just as naturally we got it fixed, and arrived at the Chester Arms about seven pm - two hours late. Prowled through the echoing caverns till we smelled booze and there was the wedding - or rather, the reception, the wedding being over by then. Lots of non-fannish types yakking it up merrily but after kissing the bride and such like we glued ourselves to the bar. Food followed in tasty and copious quantities. Meandering around we found Larry Shaw and LeeH, Jukovsky, Beale, Greg Hodgkins, Bobby Brown, and Best Man Bob Silverberg. Charlotte looked like an utter doll in what even I thought was an attractive wedding gown. Harlan ran around like a chicken with its head lopped off trying to get a million and a half things done. Got to meet Harlan's sister and finally even got to chat with his mother, who is a most nice person, full of fun and laughs.

Decided to take advantage of some free space and ride back with Larry. LeeH, Silverberg, Bobby, Ruth and myself ensconced, along with Harlan's wedding presents, (including a well-stocked bar) and luggage in a brand new Cadillac that Shaw had somehow scrounged up for the day. Naturally we got lost. Larry claims the car was trying to wrest control from him, but I dunno. We went round and round in little circles, arriving several times (well twice anyway) at the Lafayette Motel ("Lafayette we are here again") till somehow we reoriented the car and discovered the Pennsy Turnpike. And you can barf and sneer all you want to about boats and such but it sure is pleasant cruising along in one of those buggies. Has most ingenious lights that smell other car coming and dim automatically. Course they go flick, flick, flick when they see any kind of lights. Larry has bright idea of holding mirror in front of car and driving thing crazy. All is gadgets inside and naturally nobody had any idea of what worked what. Made for some interesting temperature variations. Stopped by Harlan's new apartment to drop off the bar (noisily - at 2.30 in the morning) and since they hadn't arrived yet we sort of - uh, straightened up the bedroom for them, leaving an entrancing display of latest ishes of IF and INFINITY on the bed and One Other Thing on the pillow.

ROBERT BLOCH, WEYAUWEGA, WISC.

I found so many interesting little touches which evoked a response...such as the Kirs bit, where he carefully points out that his homo character smokes Pall Malls. Of course, on due reflection, my wife used to smoke Pall Malls - but I made her switch to Camels. Still, it's a noble thought. My wife is also getting around to a liking for San Francisco jazz -- but dammit, if she ever comes in the house wearing one of those tan jackets, she's through! I don't want no rumbles around here. Interested in your references to Uncle Harlan. I am all in favor of saying nice things about him. Personally, I have never favored the belief that Harlan should be fandom's whipping-boy. Even though I've been guilty enough of jibing at him in convention speeches, I've done so only because I've been reasonably assured that he knows my private relations with him are friendly. And all of his self-admitted mistakes in the past can be taken two ways. Why, even "mad dogs kneeing me in the groin" is pure poetry, in the classic Kirs tradition. I keep waiting for Pat Patterson to use that line for a cover illo one of these days.

[I fully agree with you that the Harlan Ellison of 1956 is not the Harlan Ellison of past years, and fandom will have to find itself a new whipping boy. Now that the old colorful figure has given way to the New Mature Ellison, don't you in some way feel a sense of loss? Somehow things seem rather prosaic and dull now that the old Harlan is no more.]



G.M. CARR, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Naturally it is to be expected that I should consider this chapter of the Derogations unusually delectable, considering the large charge of egoboo for GMC it contained. I enjoyed a hearty and relaxing laugh at it, all the more pleasant to run across because I'd just been wading hastily through the SAPS 33rd mailing. Another moment of sheer pleasure was the recounting of the episode in Harlem, wherein some innocent visiting 'furriners' were mistaken for native citizens and given the business by our Boys in Blue. No doubt it was highly obnoxious at the time, but I can't help wondering how many times since then you Insurgents have glanced sideways at yourselves in store windows as you pass by, mentally priding yourselves on being mistaken for gangsters, and wondering if, indeed, you are not wild and vicious types at heart. It tickles me, as though a couple of old maids were picked up on suspicion of soliciting -- just so they might be expected to peer at themselves secretly in mirrors when no one was looking, searching for the wild fascination they surely must exude in order to cause such a mistake! I suppose it is just a little flattering to be suspected of misdeeds because it implies at least enough daredeviltry in the personality to arouse suspicion. But probably the brightest spot of all was about halfway down in Peter Vorzimer's letter. To write "Mother Vorzimer's Boy" he says, is making derogatory use of her name (or should I, in proper deference, write it Her Name?) Such impassioned defense of his mother's honor and good name is indeed a laudable trait and a most exemplary example of filial respect....But I wonder why it should be considered disrespectful to Mrs. Vorzimer to point out that she is Little Peter's Mother? When someone refers to me as my son's mother, I am usually quite pleased and proud. Does Little Peter know something we don't know -- some baleful reason why even to mention the fact that she is his maternal parent is so degrading to her that even to see it in a fanzine is a fighting matter that he will, as he says, "violently oppose"? Indeed, he not only repudiates his mother and thus absolves her of all responsibility for having introduced him to this planet, but he goes even further and absolves anybody else of that guilt, either. Quite plainly he states, "I am not anyone's little boy." Tsk, tsk. Was HE found under a cabbage? But I suppose I am much too kindly and mercifully without spots to understand these things. After all,

G.M. Carr is a Most Respectable Person

AL TURNER, FOREST HILL, N.Y.

Got a parakeet. Real hip. Won't say a word or cheep at all, unless I have some sort of cool sounds emanating from my phono. Then he sings along. He's very tasteful. His improvization is discrete and charming and at the moment Paul Desmond's duets sound like a trio ad lib scene, like Mulligan, Konitz, Baker. He's really far out...blows completely atonal. I call him Bird. I think C.P. is reincarnated.

[This budgerigar or parakeet deal is getting out of hand. The Lyons have one which is either a budgerigar which thinks it's a dog, or a dog which thinks it's a budgerigar. They are not sure yet. Its name is Rover. Soon somebody is going to get a budgerigar which thinks it's Tucker, or vice versa.]

GREGG CALKINS, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Just wanted to let you know that, after reading the letter column in A BAS #7, my bomb shelter will be completely installed by tomorrow night. Now if I can just manage to live through tomorrow I will be all right. Little Pete (note use of diminutive) Vorzimer has me shaking to the core. I am not only frightened, I am shocked. Shocked to think that Vorzimer considers "Mother Vorzimer's Boy" one of my worst insults. On a good day I can do much better than that without half trying. Understand, I am not in the mule-skinner category or even close to it, but I can turn the air a very pale blue on occasion. But not with epithets like "Mother Vorzimer's Boy." Oh my goodness gracious no. But since Little Pete is getting violent, I'd like to say for the record that I was not using his mother's name in any derogatory way. So far as I know, his mother is not at all responsible for any of Peter's fuggheaded tricks...why should I be mad at her? I hardly think

I need to defend myself to Vorzimer's unmentioned attack. I am aware that my character is not without its defects and blemishes. Few of them, if any, are secret to any extent, but I doubt if Vorzimer knows any of them or can even make up any that will make me "eternally shameful" as Young Peter so poetically phrases it. To be frank, I don't think I've ever done anything quite so reprehensible. I mean, I'm not as good as all that, but neither am I quite that bad. Oh, it's a proud and lonely thing..... I apologize for running on at such length, but I haven't had so much fun in a letter column since the time somebody sawed Courtney's boat all to flinders. Vorzimer is a real kick in the head. I know he thinks I hate his guts, but I don't really. I find him amusing and sort of pathetic, but he probably could be a good guy if he'd come off this semi-psychotic kick and face up to reality just a little bit. # I'm crazy about these Derelicti Derogation things...when do I get clobbered in one? I mean, it's about time I was taken to task for all of my fuggheaded remarks. Don't be afraid you'll cheese me off...I'm not like Vorzimer, with terrible powers to blast you with. In fact, I probably couldn't even do anything about it but laugh.

ROBERT BLOCH writes again, and we land bang in the middle of a history discussion: Oh, William Lyon McKenzie, he of the "Toronto uprising" of 1837? The guy who fitted out the Caroline? A very enterprising gentleman. Of course, I was only a boy in those days, but I remember him well. He used to be known as the Canadian Moskowitz. But the boy I was trying to think of is Louis RRIel, the leader of the half-breeds. He conducted himself with all the fire of a male Georgina Ellis. They hanged him in the end, or by the neck, or something. Laura Secord is a new name to me. First Fandom? It is barely possible that she is Before My Time. Now Paul Revere is another matter. He was the guy with the press agent. Very few people in this country seem to know that Paul was only one of three or four men who rode forth the same evening to carry the same message. A good Quiz Show stopper would be to ask the names of the other messengers that night. But that's history for you. Press agents. As Napoleon once said, "God is on the side with the biggest advertising appropriation." A study of history is an indoctrination in cynicism. Most of the stories about "heroes" are apocryphal. In line with your Laura Secord, we have a Maryland hag name of Barbara Frietchie, heroine of a famous poem. She supposedly refused to haul down the flag at her house when confronted by enemy forces. According to well-documented data, she did no such thing. But the poem remains, and she is a Big Name, and today the entire town of Fredricksburg lives off it, with souvenir stands and "Barbara Frietchie Candy Stores". Yikes. It is also true that one Betsy Ross did not design and make the first American Flag -- but the story is taught in all our school histories. Lee never gave his sword to Grant, but you can find paintings showing him in the act. A great number of American heroes were the product of publicity men's dreams: John C. Fremont was an opportunist who was ballooned as a presidential candidate after a disastrous military career...Davy Crockett was the catspaw of a political machine...Daniel Boone, while he did open up new territory, was a shiftless, debt-dodging rascalion...Buffalo Bill (whose family name wasn't Cody to begin with) was a guzzling skirt-chasing professional killer of buffalo whose "exploits" were largely dreamed up by Ned Buntline, his theatrical press-agent and entrepreneur (Buffalo Bill did kill Yellow Hand in a duel, yes, but poor old Yellow Hand was deathly ill at the time)...many dispassionate military authorities regard Custer as getting just what he deserved for a stupid blunder, quite in keeping with his egomaniac attitude...Christopher Columbus was hot for glory and a fast buck, and by no means the pious, dedicated man he is popularly made out to be, etc. etc. etc. All of which doesn't mean that there weren't heroes, and aren't. Some of them had human failings, but there were some considerable figures. I'd say Ben Franklin and George Washington hold up pretty well in the light of intent scrutiny. They had weaknesses, plenty of them, but they had vision and intellect, and while Franklin was a born intrigant and finaggler, Washington seems to have had a stern integrity. But many others, like Andy Jackson and Zachary Taylor, appear sadly diminished in the light of facts.



And this heroism business is largely a matter of accident -- circumstances and timing. One of the most charming passages in ANDERSONVILLE deals with the account (well-authenticated in the chronicles of time) of this seedy, bearded, middle-aged bankrupt, this drunken failure known around Galena rather derisively as "Cap" because of his long-previous military record, marching down the street trailing a gang of soldiers and wondering why he couldn't wangle a commission. Later on, of course, "Cap" did so. Fella name of Ulysses S. Grant. (Only his name wasn't "Ulysses", but "Hiram").

Yeah. You debunk Armstrong. I debunk historical figures like Tucker. And where does it get us in the end? Precisely.

[At this rate, somebody is going to produce evidence that Rewi Maniopototo didn't yell "Ake ake kia kaha" after all.]

HARLAN ELLISON, NEW YORK, NY.

I can remember quite clearly, when I first discovered the mimeographed universe of fandom, my joys at reading QUANDRY, because the damned thing was so CLEVER! But then the years fled and I found no zim, no zest, no zap, in my fanzine fare. But now! But now! A BAS #7 has arrived, and I've been saved. Laughed like a fiend over Prologue. Chuckled like a maniac at the Derogation. Raved over Old Bill, though I rather felt Bob's ending was a bit weak. But the bulk of it - particularly that delicious segment where Bigg and Charles talk over old times (pages 15 & 16) - was enough to allow such lamentable slip-ups. Tuck still has it, by an easy mile. Hollywood Life was magnificence in ink! Lord, was it fine! (This raving is unaccustomed, I assure you.) How The Other Half was as good -- if not better -- as last time. Kirs epic about the summer camp reminds me of the same things that used to befall me on the first blossoming day of every summer. My mother would pack me up, rubbers, bowie knife, comic books and clogs, and send me off to Camp Indian Head, or Camp Sunshine, or Camp Idonwannagothereanymorepleeeeee! The she would fall back in a spread-eagled stupor, and try to recover from eight months of her little boy Harlan. Camps are notorious for being the breeding grounds of little dictators. The sadist, the pervert, the intellectually ingrown, all abound with almost electrifying proximity. Counsellors beat their charges if they don't put on their socks properly. Swim instructors heave squalling, retching urchins into freezing waters with the hallooed admonition to "Get in there and swim, it's the onny way yull lurn!" Nine out of ten of these brats grow up with a deep-seated fear of swimming, and many die in about three inches of bath water. The "servants of the children", these "hired counsellors" are probably the grown up recipients of the same treatment from older and now (happily) long-dead instructors. It is a vicious circle, with a kid going home from camp at the end of the season mumbling to himself, "Wait'll I grow up, I'll beat the little bastards the way I was beaten!" And they do, too. Vorzimer is, indeed, a fugghead. But pity more than scorn him. He pulls the same stunts I did in college. In fact, reading his unutterably imbecilic letter, I could almost see myself seated at a low brown table with a broken leg, in my fraternity room at Ohio State two years ago, pounding out the same sort of frantic, frenetic drivel, thinking it would quell the rising tide of dislike. Pete, son, it only makes people hate you more. And what the hell do you care if they call you Little Pete? You aren't little, except mentally, and that's your own fault, so ignore it, and make yourself more well liked

[I have never been to a summer camp, but I can well imagine that some of them can be pretty rough on the non-extrovert type. I wonder if we will be deluged with abuse now from the Summer Camp devotees]

RETA GROSSMAN, TORONTO, ONT.

You know, when you wrote the line attributed to me in the Derogation, "What, no beds to be born in?" you probably just tossed it off as a funny line, which it was. But have you gone into the implications behind that line at all? It is a direct quote from the eternal, materialistic woman, as opposed to man. It is so basic as to be frightening. You probably didn't know it, but you got, by that one line, everything that "woman" means.

[See, the Derogations are not mere frivolous trifles, they are Cosmic.]

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