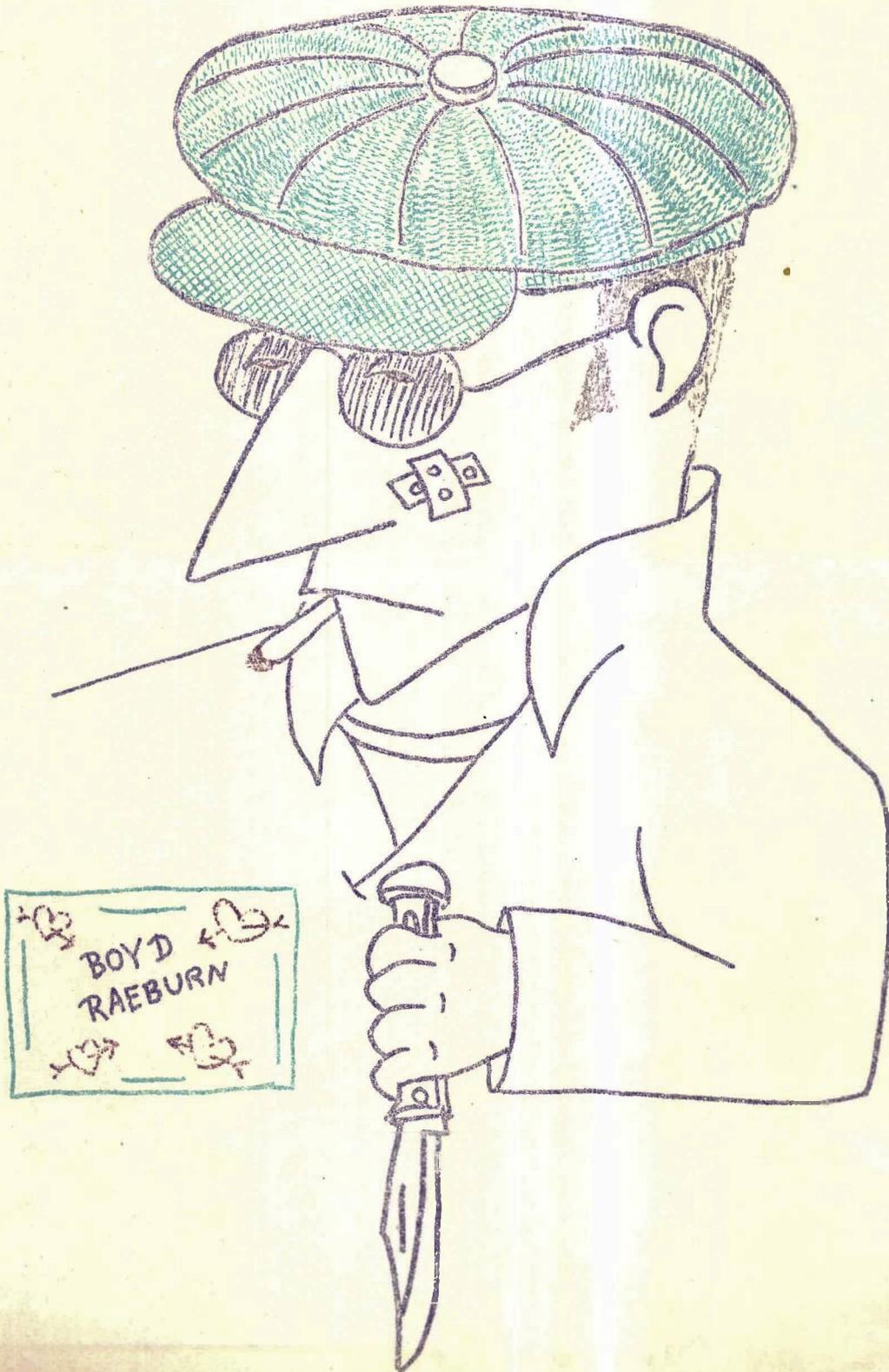


Innuendo

No. 4





ROYD
WILBURN
1914

INNUENDO #4

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. "Yellow Journalism"
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BEHIND

The Chant, editorial, Rike
Inn A Mist, editorial, Carr
Around NY in Eight Days, a Tom Condit traveltalk
The Cacher of the Eye, Part II, Brandon
Invective, letters

Innuendo is edited and published by David Rike, Box 203, Edeco, California, and Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 24, Calif. It is mailed out almost monthly for trade and thru various apas at times (tho not this issue), and a limited number of copies are available for letters of comment. No subscriptions are accepted and all money received, either for subs or single copies, will be written off as your kind contribution to the Fund to Build a Tower to the Moon out of Bheer Cans. Ads are accepted at 25¢ 1/2page, 50¢ 1/2page, and 75¢ a page; advertisers receive copies, yes. Assistant editors and sheet-shufflers last issue were Ben Ellik, Bill Courval, and Tom Condit. Chief Typo Engineer for this issue is Pete Graham.

The CHANT

Terry asked me the other day who we should support for TAFF. Now there are several fans on the list of candidates who we find as likable and as good prospects for being a North American Representative in London, so we took them into consideration in turn. Forrie Ackerman is a fan utmost in many fan's minds, but we crossed him off because he has been to London already and our own feelings were that we'd like to see someone go over who hasn't had a chance yet. Rich Eney, like Ackerman, was eliminated because he too has been in London, for the First Annual British Stf Convention (reported at length by WAW in Quandry's 12-13 & reprinted in the Willish of Copsla!). What with Wetzel's labeling any fan UnAmerican if he strikes Wetzel as being politically left of Reactionary, and since most of those he has attacked have been likeable types, we decided to pursue this path and see where it might lead.

Now, Dick Ellington is a good friend of Dave Mason, belonged to the Far-archist League, is a Libertarian and helps put out Views & Comments. But Terry, examining the TAFF candidate list once more, said that

Inn a Mist...

The other day the subject of the Tower to the Moon again arise at a getogether, and Carl brought up Bob's suggestion of making the sun our target instead. "Hell," he said, "the sun's not so big; I figure that if none of us have the guts to climb on it, we can just lasso it. I mean, it's not so big." Dave muttered something about mountains and Mohammed, and I said, "What in the name of Ghu would we want with the sun down here? We want to get Up There! We want to Conquer Space!" "Why, look at all the things you can do with a li'l ol' sun," Carl said. "What we want with it is, we want to use it for Solar Power. Why, that's the Coming Thing! Everybody's talking about it, and I think a Solar Power factory recently opened in England, even. Why, if we had the sun ourselves, we'd have a monopoly on Solar Power!"

Carl always comes up with the most impractical suggestions. Monopolies are against the law, for Chrissake.

.....

What with memories of the holiday season still fresh in our minds, it becomes obvious that Something is



despite the fact that Ellington also belongs to the I.W.W. and associates with someone who can read Russian, he still isn't as UnAmerican as another candidate, Boyd Raeburn. Not only is he currently a Canadian, but he was born in a country where they have (shhh) Socialized Medicine! Thus we chant: Boyd Raeburn for TAFF. Besides, he wrote us a letter asking us to support him.

Even with the matter of whom we were going to support for TAFF settled, there were still aspects of the Fund that bothered us. One, as a supplement to Contact made mention of, was the vague wording of the voting rules on this year's Form. Vernon L. McCain once said that Don Ford wouldn't know a fanzine even if it bit him. Despite the fact that Ford belongs to OMPA, I believe this is true.

More disturbing in the long run, tho, is the prolix opinionations of Mrs. G. M. Carr. The total impression gathered from a perusal of her statements on TAFF is that it is some sort of raffle whereby some lucky fan can have a chance to go over to England and attend their convention. All they have to do, I guess, is to talk some of their friends into nominating them for the candidacy and then get others to chip in to the Fund with at least four bits and vote for them 1, 2, and 3 and refer Ford to some local club or to one of the nominators who would no doubt swear up and down that the voters were "active in fandom prior to November, 1956". And, talking about the nominators, Terry and I noted that only two of the candidates were nominated entirely by persons who were at all known to us and who were active fans.

Mrs. Carr, in her critiques of the TAFF, has apparently overlooked an important point of view: that of the Overseas Fan. They also chip in to TAFF and since they are going to host the fan who goes over, we feel that they should have some consideration by those of us on this side who vote. Under G. M. Carr's interpretation of TAFF, that Lucky Fan, especially with the fouled up voting rules of this year's Form, could well be some schmoe who has never seen a copy of Hyphen, much less be able to dig its contents. He may be a "Filler of the Nameless Ones" or a LASFS member whose only brush with an Overseas fanzine is at Westercons when J. Ben Stark tries to talk him into subbing to Etherline. Or, to put it the other way around, what type of fan would you want your money to bring over here?--

- 1.) a known, likeable type like Walt Willis or Chuck Harris,
 or 2.) the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Vargo Statten Appreciation Society, Land's End branch.

Inn a Mist

CONT'D.



Radically Wrong. Nonfans, when they wander into a fannish gathering, are inclined to sneer at our drinking habits and our worship of various types of liquor, and yet during the holidays we saw very clearly that nonfans drink as much or more than we. Obviously, since nonfans are so much superior to us, they must have superior mental processes (so their mental processes tell them)--therefore, there must be some criterion by which nonfans judge our drinking alongside their own and conclude that we are Liquor Crazy. After careful contemplation, I think I have figured out what this criterion is: nonfans think that their drinking is justified because they are Making Toasts while drinking, while we fans do not. This situation must be remedied.

Accordingly, Innuendo's crack poetry staff got to work and produced a sample batch of Fannish Toasts, suitable for all fannish weddings, birthdays, funerals and the like. We present them to you:

Here's to the box full of masters,
And here's to the neкто pad;
Here's to the purple-stained fingers,
And the Gestetner that I wish I had.

To the stf redhot, may the hucksters ever bleed 'em;
But we of trufandom damn well don't need 'em.

To FAPA, where fans go to die!
To conventions, where fans go to drink!
To the john--that's where I'm going.

O let's drink to fandom in England.
The fans there are many and varied.
And when fandom needs a new member,
One of them simply gets married.

Let's drink now to the neofans;
They're reminders of what we once were
When first we trod the fannish path--
O feel ancient memories stir!

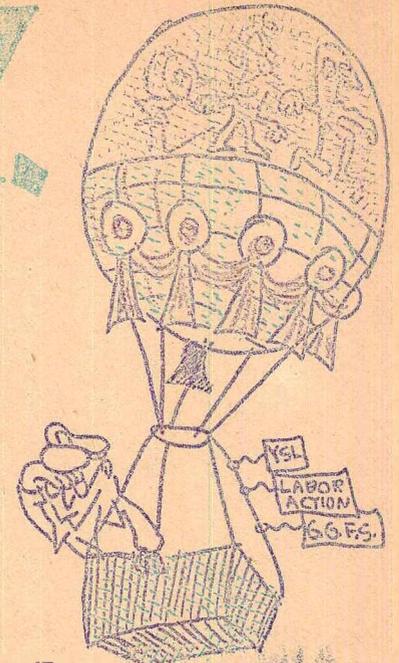
Here's to liquor--what would we do without it?
We wouldn't be drinking, that's for sure.

.....

Readers who are wondering what became of the fannish comic strip which was scheduled to grace the pages of this issue are hereby notified that it will be issued separately at some date in the near-future, somewhat comic-book fashion. Negotiations with the Comic Code Authority are already under way.

Tom Condit's

Around N.Y. in 8 days



WITH A CAST OF SEVERAL

Well, I got out of Redding, California about 1500 on a Thursday and immediately caught a ride south to Sacramento with a German engineer who worked as an installations man for Minneapolis Honeywell. Riding south on 99E we spoke of many things, mainly the lousiness of tubeless tires and the merits of the Corvette. Out of Saffy I caught a straight series of rides to Barstow (almost had a lift clear to Memphis with a trucker, but his goddam insurance company was on his neck--those bastards really have hitching fouled up these days) and started east.

A Canadian tourist dropped me off at Grand Canyon Junction just at nightfall on Friday and I figured I'd had it. Arizona is a lousy state to hitchhike in--Arizonans won't pick you up at all (you have to depend on tourists), lights are few and far between and it's gold at night; add the snow on the ground and the holes in my shoes and you have an upset feeling. Fortunately, I wasn't there but five minutes when I was picked up by a man and his wife who were driving straight thru to Oklahoma City. We hit Albuquerque about midnight, and as we topped the hill west of the city, she lay stretched breathtakingly below us, reminding me of Howard's phrase "the jeweled cities of the Earth beneath his feet." As we passed thru, it struck me that Albuquerque was the most beautiful city I'd ever seen.

Just at dawn we swung into Amarillo, with its brick streets and scrubbed look. I have a kenning for brick streets: they seem right, as the that is the way streets should be.

We arrived at Oklahoma City shortly before noon and from there I traveled Eastward swiftly, passing thru the beautiful Ozarks at eventide. The Ozarks are much like the river-bottom brakes of Tehama and lower Shasta counties of Calif., or SoCal in the green Spring. I walked across the Missouri (on a bridge) and thru East Saint Louis and caught a ride to Indianapolis with a busload of Mexican medical students touring U.S. hospitals and labs. The bus was unheated, but we all got as warm as possible and sang and joked all the way. Since very few of them spoke English and I have forgotten most of my Spanish, music and laughter were nearly our only means of communication. The temperature at Indianapolis was 0° C. (at noon).

Hooked a ride out of Indianapolis with a sergeant from 29 Palms going

home on leave to Quakertown, Pa. I was half-asleep when I suddenly looked down from the bridge above the valley of the Stillwater in eastern Ohio, but I came awake, awed by the beauty of it. Christ!

I finally hit New York at 2215 Sunday night after the grueling job of getting there from Newark, N.J., and turned in at the Y, sleeping until Monday evening. When I got up I first went down to the former location of the dive, hoping to obtain a clue to the whereabouts of Them. No soap. I then wobbled over to Phyllis Economou's and we sat until pretty late speaking of such outfarnish things as science-fiction. Finally, I phoned information and obtained Saha's new phone number (this is one of those rare incidents of telepathy or something--I knew the Dive phone was in Saha's name, tho Chu knows how).

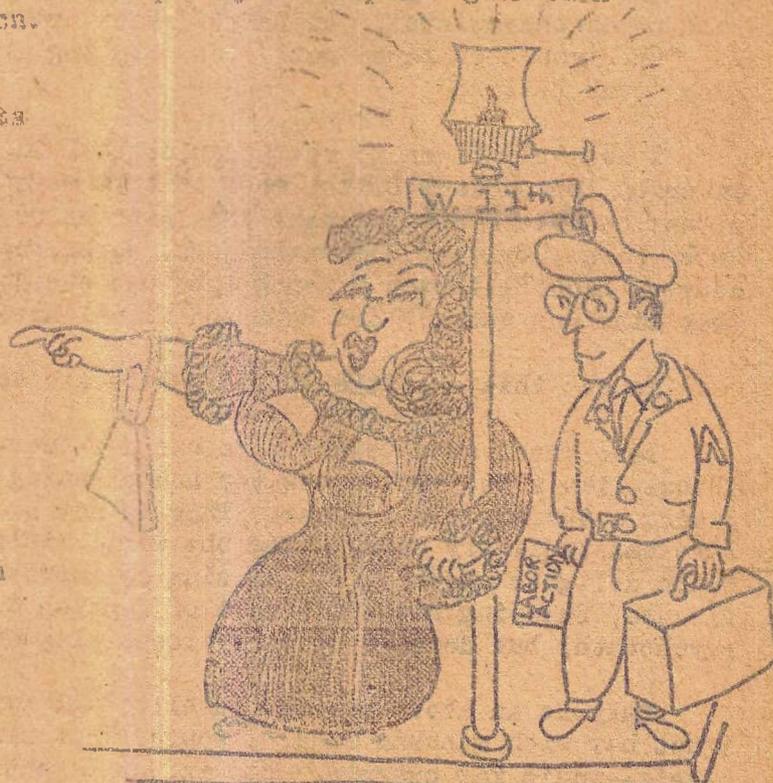
After that the going was easy (?). I got the new addresses of Saha, Ellington and Mason, as well as Ron Smith's unlocatable home address. I decided to go see Mason on the grounds of what-the-hell. This wasn't too easy.

If you ever have the misfortune to become lost in Greenwich Village at midnight, you have my sympathy. I felt that I was finally getting somewhere towards locating 5th when I suddenly arrived at the corner of W 4th and W 11th. This was somewhat disconcerting. Fortunately a Villager, an Englishwoman, appeared to show me which way was east (I thought that was North) and warn me not to expend any energy trying to pick a pattern out of the Village streets. She was so right.

I finally located 242 E 5th St. and pushed the button I thot was Mason's. It wasn't, but fortunately he heard the buzzer ringing in the hall below and opened the outer door. As I stepped thru it, I looked up and saw him.

Imagine, if your mind can stand it, a red-bearded satyr standing at the top of a narrow flight of stairs with a dim light behind him, throwing him into ghastly relief. He is barefoot, clad in a rumpled shirt and a pair of brown trousers which he clutches with one hand to hold them up. Beneath the disheveled hair, a pair of beady eyes, lighted by the gleam of insanity and unfocused by fatigue, peer at you over spectacles set low on the nose. The mouth is twisted in an irremovable leer and the ears twitch spasmodically. This is David Mason as I first saw him.

I was somewhat embarrassed, seeing that I had arrived just as he was retiring, but he invited me up nonetheless. The fool. I introduced myself at the stairtop and he muttered something I forget, probably some polite way of saying "Damn! Another young'fan!" As we entered, I noticed a solidly-proportioned female on the couch, but as she didn't speak, I ignored her. I was



beginning to hope I hadn't interrupted anything. After we had been talking a few minutes, Mason turned and said (so casually that I'm sure he'd rehearsed it): "Oh, this is Katherine MacLean." I have not the slightest recollection of my reply to this.

We remained talking until quite late, much to Dave's disconcertment as he realized the time. This is what happens to people who become involved with me, as you can testify.

The next evening I met Otto, one of Katy's therapy patients (she and Dave are both psychotherapists). In fairly short order I was out of the Y (MacLean on the Y: "Have you been raped yet?") and staying with Otto at his apartment, which was much, much better.

I suddenly began to meet people, both in the Village and at an open house given by Ronandcindy Smith; most of them were equipped with first names only, either because I never caught the last one or they'd abandoned it--Big Dave, Lennie, Herb, Marge, Sylvia, Heatherandjoan, Sasha, etc; also Danny Curran, Ronandcindy of course, Dick Ellington & wench (who was overjoyed at hearing from a Wetselletter that Dick was queer), Art Saha and miscellaneous others.

To cut this a little shorter, here are some thumbnail sketches:

Dave Mason is a psycho. He has a rather childlike personality, taking to new things like a tot with a new toy and planning devilment with the glee of a 3rd grader outfoxing the teacher. This is not a count against him--the "mature" people have had their try at wrecking the world, it's time they gave us children a chance. Mason delights in shocking, amazing or impressing people with his wisdom and influence, fancying himself a sort of fannish Svengali. He claims to be a creative psychopath, but doesn't do much except play with his organ.

Katy is an above-average intellectual type, and tho some people wouldn't trust her with a human mind, I would. Not mine, maybe, but certainly someone else's--yours for example. She is, as I mentioned, solidly proportioned in a Junoesque, peasant fashion, and pregnancy adds to illusion of size. She is unquestionably of some terrestrial species, tho I have my doubts about Dave.

Of Ronandcindy Smith I got only a fleeting, favorable impression and Art Saha I have never met sober and so am not sure how to assess. He is unquestionably a LASFS type; I would have recognized it even if I hadn't known already. (Typical Saha quote: "Jimmy and I are very good friends, you know.")

Shel Deretchin is a drip. An uninhibited, six-year-old-minded drip. He reminds me of Boob Stewart drunk, and he's like that sober, too. He likes to wrestle. Ugh.

Martin Jukovsky is an intellectual, one of the early fanarchists. His fanzine never came out and he is now planning (more or less, a la Condit) on putting out a little mag of some sort, mainstream stuff. In appearance he is somewhat like Carr or Graham, only with more of the "lean and hungry look" about him. One of the more respectable of the nyfen. Such men are dangerous.

Big Dave is a guitar-playing Anarchist or semi-Anarchist folksinger and general Village type. You have to meet him. Typical quote: "These con reports are a lot of bull."



drunk, but I like the cynical bastard. He keeps talking about moving to Eire and joining the IRA to escape the draft. I can't quite imagine him in a puritanical place like that.

Marge is the most bohemian type in the crew. She is decidedly female and rather proud of it. In most respects--intelligent, goodlooking, sophisticated, cynical but not overly so, etc--she is the ideal femme-fan. Whether she is even a fan I don't know (she's one of that sinister group, the Diogenes Club) but by Ghu I'm for her. She also seems to be one of the least affected types around. The first time I saw her, she was being bored quite a bit by a conversation regarding the pros and cons of motorcycles vs Austin-Healeys for picking up women which finally bored me so much that I got up and left the backroom of the Caricature (went over to the Riensa and got into a very interesting philosophical discussion with some NYU types--graduate). The second time was in the White Horse Tavern and she was being deliriously happy over being pregnant, or not-pregnant, I'm not sure which, and wondering who the father might be. The third time Big Dave and I were cleaning up the Diog when she came in with a couple of folksinger types named Steve and Larry, after which we all wound up over at Otto's having a roastbeef and beer party. One does meet her everywhere. I'm for it.

Moments to remember: sitting in a bar with Danny, Big Dave and Otto, all of us engaged in writing a roundrobin pornographic poem (rather good one, too); 3 of us taking a photo at once in a subway booth; Dave Mason gleefully saying "Now remember, everybody..." after we created a new verse to "The prisons of the gay pay oo"; me gleefully harrassing the chairman with an off-the-subject dissertation at a YSL meeting (I like to spread doubt amongst the Marxists as well as the rightists); singing in the backroom of the Caricature (ofttune as usual) and existentialist discussion in the front room. I like Greenwich Village, as Darby White would say.

In short, NYfen are a crew of irresponsible, leftwing, drunken, sexcrased homosexuals the like of which sober, responsible, conservative members of the Sanfrisco Society for the Suppression of Vice such as you'ns should stay clear of if, as Sandra Laurence would say, we're crazy.

Dick Ellington had a decided advantage over me at the time we met: I was sitting crosslegged on the rug and he, above me in a chair with his wench perched not-too-damn-demurely in his lap, was peering down at me benignly, with a Masonlike fatherliness in his expression. This sort of thing adds inches to my memory of a person's stature. He was at the time engaged in buying TAFFund votes (naturally) and I was bedevilled until I surrendered. This boy has the kind of initiative that has made this country what it is today.

Danny Curran is what I would call a drinker. He works in a liquor store, which makes it easy. During most of my conversations with Danny I was a little

CACHER OF THE RYE

SYNOPSIS-- Gafia had finally taken its toll of me, and I was thrown out of TAPA. I got back to the slanshack in a bad mood, and the intrusion of Acne, the guy next door, didn't help matters. He finally left, tho, when my roommate Ward Fanletter came in and started yakking about his date that night.

Memories of Mental Crifanac

I.

Remember how I said before that Acne was a slob in his personal habits? Well, so was Fanletter, but in a different way. He was more of a secret slob ...he always looked all right, Fanletter, but you should've seen how messed up and inky his nines was. He was always neat himself, though. I guess that was because he was conceited. He thought he was the handsomest fan in North America. He was pretty handsome, too--I'll admit it. But he was mostly the kind of a handsome guy that if your parents saw his picture among some convention photos, they'd right away say, "Who's this boy?" I mean he was mostly a con photo kind of handsome guy.

Anyway, I was in the car talking with Fanletter, just to sort of pass the time away. I had nothing better to do. All of a sudden Fanletter said, "Hey, wanna do me a big favor?"

"What?" I said. Not too enthusiastic. He was always picking up obs. You take a guy that thinks he's real hotshot, and he's always going around thinking all people want to do is plant obs with him. It's sort of funny in a way.

"You goin' out tonight? I got an article to do for some damn fanzine and it has to be mailed Monday morning."

It was very ironical. It really was. "I'm the one that's gaffiating all over the damn place, and you're asking me to write a goddam article for you," I said.

"Yeah, I know. Thing is, though, I'm trying to get a column from the editor of the mag, and I won't get one unless I send him the article Monday. Aw c'mon, be a fan."

"What on?" I said, sort of hedging.

"Anything. Anything fannish. A fanzine. Or a convention--you know. Just as long as it's fannish as hell."

I got bored sitting on the washbowl after
ashile, so I got off and grabbed my own razor
and started fiddling with it, just for the hell
of it...like I was doing something real hotshot
with it. I started imitating one of those
heroes in stf novels...in one of those space
operas. I hate prozines like poison, but I
got a bang out of sort of cutting them. Old
Fanletter watched me in the mirror while he
shaved. All I needed was an audience. "I'm
Captain Sutura, medic of the spaceways," I said.
I was really fiddling with that goddam razor.

"The bems are chasing my ship. They've got
me trapped, and I've got to protect beautiful
Sarah Glutz here and her father, the universe's smartest scientist, Leonard Glutz."
Old Fanletter sort of chuckled. He didn't have too bad a sense of humor. "Old Glutz
is out cold so he can't help us. So I'm whipping up a goddam space warper out of
this old razor." I turned my head and made like I was talking to someone else.
"Sarah, will you hand me a tobby-pin?"



"Where'd you get that stuff?" Fanletter said. "Listen. Why don't you do
something like that in the article. Will you do it for me? I gotta know."

"If I get time I will," I said. I put the razor away. "Who's the fanne
you're taking to the planetarium?"

"Forget her name...hey. I almost forgot. She knows you."

"Yeah? What's her name?" I was pretty interested.

"I'm thinking...oh, Jean Trafalgar."

Boy, I nearly dropped dead when he said that. "Jane Trafalgar," I said. "You
damn right I know her. She practically lived right next door to me, last summer.
She had this budgirigar that talked fannishly. That's how I met her. I taught
the budgirigar to swear like a trooper and--"

"For the love of Campbell, you're in my light."

Boy, I was excited, though. I really was. "Where is she? I oughtta go see
her or something. How'd she happen to mention me? Does she still pub a fanzine?
She said she was thinking of joining an APA, too. How'd she happen to mention me?"

"I don't know, for Ghusake!"

"Jane Trafalgar. Ghu damn! She's a cartoonist...does fan cartoons all the
time. She used to do cartoons all day long. I used to play four dimensional
mental crifanac with her all the time."

"Mental crifanac, for Ghusake!"

"Yeah. She never would open with a gambit...always waited for me to start it.
I oughtta go and at leaset say hello to her."

Old Fanletter was combing his hair for the fifth time. Ghu, was' he conceited.
Had to have everything just so.

"Her mother and father were divorced. Her mother was married again to some nonfan idiot. He was supposed to be real smart, but all I ever saw him do was watch every single goddamn stf show on television. 'Space Patrol' and all. And he always walked around naked. With Jane there and all."

"Yeah?" Fanletter said. That really interested him. About the guy running around naked, with Jane there. Fanletter was a sort of a trufan, but sex interested him more.

Fanletter went back into the room, but I stuck around the can for awhile, thinking about old Jane. Then I went back to the room, too. Fanletter was putting on my beanie in front of the mirror. He spent about half of his life in front of a mirror.

"What are you going to do after the planetarium?" I said.

"I dunno. How the hell should I know?"

Fanletter was all ready to go now. He had my beanie on and everything. "No kidding, do that article for me. Just make it fannish as hell."

I didn't feel like answering. All I said was, "Ask her if she still won't lead with a gambit." Fanletter nodded, but I knew he wouldn't. You take a guy like Fanletter, they'll never do what you ask them, even if it's important.

"See you," he said, and banged out of the room.

I sat there for about a half hour after he left. I was just thinking about old Jane and how Fanletter was taking her out. I already told you what a sexy bastard Fanletter was. It made me nervous. It really did.

II.

I fooled around a couple of hours and then decided to sit down and hack out that damned article for Fanletter. The trouble was, I couldn't think of anything fannish to write, like he'd said. To tell the truth, I'm not too crazy about writing fannish stuff anyway. I was sort of gaffiating then, too. So what I did was, I wrote about this guy I'd met the week before. It was a real fannish subject. The guy had a son who was real nice, too. I used to know his son, even before I knew him. He was two years younger than I was, but he was sure a trufan. People used to write letters to his father telling him what a pleasure it was to have his son in fandom. They really did. And they meant it, too. He died when I was thirteen and I smashed up three bottles of correction fluid and almost beat hell out of my nimeo, too, only I'd cut my head all to hell when I smashed the correction fluid. They were going to have me psychoanalyzed and all. Boy, I don't blame them. I must have really been acting fuggheaded.

Anyway, I wrote Fanletter's article on that kid's father. I wasn't too crazy about doing it, but I didn't have anything else to do. It took me about an hour, even hacking like crazy, because I had to use old Fanletter's typer, and it was all screwed up from stencilling too much. I couldn't use mine because the guy a couple of doors down had borrowed it so he could use the blue ribbon on it. Fans these days seem to think blue ribbons are hotshot or something.

So when I finished Fanletter's old article I sat down at the window and just

Cacher of the Eye--IV

looked out and thought about how Janie was out with that guy and how we used to sit and play mental crifanac all the time. I got sort of depressed and all.

Some things are hard to remember. Fanletter came in a couple hours later, but I don't remember what I was doing then or where I was sitting. Maybe I was still looking out the window or something, but all of a sudden I heard Fanletter walking down the hall.

He came in griping about how cold it was. Then he said, "Where in hell is everyone? It's like a goddam Oklacon around here." I didn't even want to answer him or anything. Boy, was I depressed. I kept thinking about old Janie being out with him and all. I kept thinking about the two of them sitting there in the goddam planetarium and him getting soxy with her. I know that guy, honest. I've been with him when we called up a couple of fakefans and had a one-sheet session. He's unscrupulous. He really is.

Fanletter started taking off his shirt and all of a sudden he said, "Hey, where in hell's the goddam article?" I told him it was in the goddam typer. He walked over and read it while he unbuttoned his shirt, then sort of stroked his bare chest.

Then he said, "For Ghu's sake, this is about some guy's old man!"

"So what?" I said.

"Ghudammit," he said. "No wonder you're being kicked out of FAPA. You're a goddam fakefan. Ghusake, you never do anything right."

"Give it back to me, then," I said. I pulled it out of his goddam hand and tore it up.

"What the hellja do that for?" he said. I didn't even answer him. I just threw the pieces in his wastebasket. That's the one that he throws all the material he rejects in. Then I sat down at his typewriter and rolled in a stencil and started typing. You weren't supposed to stencil after ten o'clock, but I did it anyway. Besides, it made Fanletter mad. After all, I was using his typer and all. But he'd always let me use it before, so he didn't want to go back on his goddam word, I guess.

He didn't say one single solitary word about Jane. So after I finished the stencil I said, "You're back awful late if you just went to the planetarium. What the hell, did they have a double feature or something?" I said it real sarcastic.

"Ya crazy? What the helliya mean, a double feature?" Ghu, how I hated him.

"Did you ask Janie if she still won't lead with a gambit?"

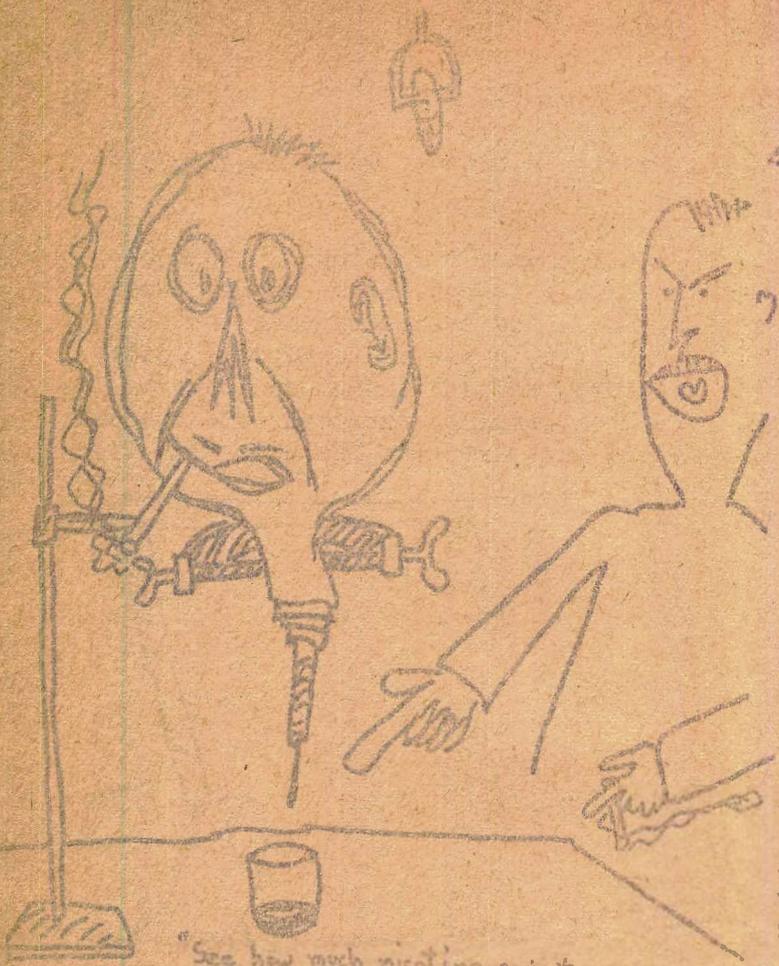
"No, I didn't! What the hell ya think we did all night--play mental crifanac, for Ghusake?" I told you eex interested him more than fandom.

"No, Fanletter old man. No. I'll bet you walked through the goddam park like a couple of fakefans. I'll bet you even gave her the time in the park. You probably looked like a goddam nonfan, even, giving her the time."

"That's my business."

heading by
Dave English

Alternative



"See how much nicotine and tars
you get from an ordinary
cigarette...
Now watch..."

DWAN A. GREENBELL, 402 Maple Ave.,
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

I return herewith the Graham Fan Survey, tactfully filled out in harmonizing angry-red pencil. Some of these are worded a bit ambiguously so that I'm not sure which blank most nearly expresses my opinions. In checking NO" to the question "Willie isn't so funny" I wish to go on record, last there be a misunderstanding or even a misteroverstanding: Yes, I think Willie is funny. Others are fairly biguous. Third-from-bottom, first page f'r eggzample.

{That's the one that says, "Somehow, I don't like George Wetzel." A later statement, "I don't really know why people dislike George Wetzel so, afteraall, he heen't done anything to hurt me," is marked with an emphatic NO"}.

A sensitive fannish nose for TOarr (ever call him "Desire"?)... and I loved his INN A MIST...well, try these on for size: Cecil Quarterround, Rudy Slundarp, Leo Kelsey, Isabel Parkinson Freelay, Mibby Monasset, Alcibides Fencadors, Itza Chichen, Emil Doct, John Satavepost, Timothy Barble, Clyde Arbogast, Fred Thlug (that's for real, out of the EDL fenceback), Citronella Pinkham...but you've had enough, you're starting to bleed out the ears.

GREG HENFORD, o/o Lt. Col. J.A. Benford, G-4 Sect. Hq. V Corps, APO 79, New York

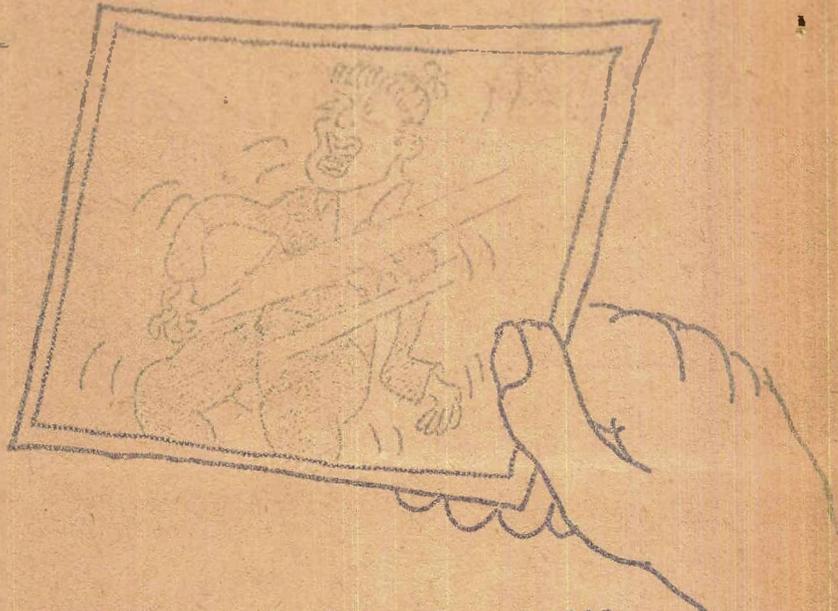
Stark makes me wonder if he's serious or not. I hope so. Because it agrees with something I've been thinking about recently -- from all the conraps I've read, it seems a change is in order. The last Worldcon had a attendance of 1200 and it was pretty much of a mess. However, I don't think it was so because of the planning committee as a whole, but mostly because 1200 people are TOO DAMN MANY. As Stark said, there were lots of these little neos running around and getting drunk and becoming obnoxious... plus the ones who were non-fans but "wanted to come down and see what was going on". I, for one, think we should keep the Worldcon for fans, and not include all these people who just want to go to a party. The Worldcon for Fans, I say.

Invective. II...Gina on Elvis

GINA ELLIS, 1428 - 15th St. East, Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Anyone got a candid snap of Adkins doing Presley's motions while digging his records?

This Presley business fascinates me. We don't have a tv set and I avoid pop music, so Presley was hot stuff for months before I even became aware of the whole business. So, my curiosity itching, when Love Me Tender came to town I snuck in one night after work and lost myself in a mob of teenagers, mostly female. It was between showings of the feature, and all around me there was a vast stir every time the short features (a sports-thing, newsreel, etc.) ended and the beginning of a new item appeared. At last came the picture. And they, and I, sat with impatience through half an hour of melodramatic goings-on before Presley finally appeared. But during that half-hour every male that hove into view was carefully scrutinized. "There he is! There's Elvis!" "Don't be an idiot, that's not him yet." Two girls directly behind me were sitting through the feature for a second (at least) time, and when Presley was due to appear one said to the other, "Let's scream like anything when we see him." "Wh-uhhh... Let's wait until he starts to sing."



JACK SPEER, North Bend, Washington

The drawings of me in Fancyclopedia Forever seem to be fairly true to life, except that my hair is wavy, not curly. (Dave says that from the pic of you he consulted he couldn't tell whether your hair was wavy, curly, or if you just had bumps on your head.) When I saw the cartoon of the two nonfans grinning over Cy I knew immediately the idea that was to be conveyed, though I didn't remember that I had described such an incident in the article. The last illo shows a misconception I should have avoided; for reasons I expounded at some length to Radd Boggs once, I would put everything into one alphabetical sequence, not into separate departments of sci, fantasy, biog, etc.

Anyone who dies with his fingers on the keys e, t, and f isn't using the approved fingering system, which calls for only two fingers for those letters. Sounds as if Forry's death wish was still strong in 1951.

RADD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn.

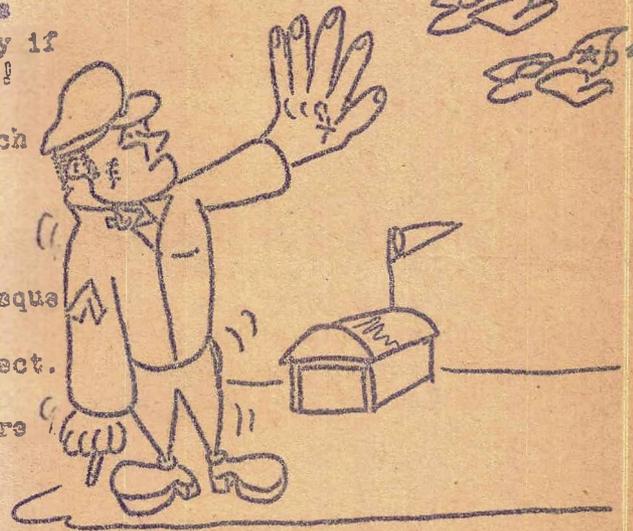
"Fancyclopedia Forever!" seems the completest article on that great work that's ever been written, and you are to be congratulated on persuading Speer to write it. I learned some things about Cy that I didn't know before despite my interest in the book. I didn't know, for example, that Phil Bronson coined the name Fancyclopedia. Reminds me that Phil once glanced through my copy with cynical amusement and handed it back to me with a remark to the effect that he'd cranked out quite a number of pages of it at the LASTS publishing sessions. Whereupon I glanced at the "Publishing Credits," where the names of

those who'd helped misso the book are listed. Phil looked thunderstruck; evidently he'd forgotten about that feature of the book, because his name doesn't appear there. He explained to me that the credits were inadequately listed. I believed him.

This reminds me, too, that Speer fingered my copy of Fencyclopedia when he was here. Knowing I'd been involved in the abortive Cy II project, he asked, "Have you made any marginal notes in your copy?" I was shocked, and said, "Of course not. I regard that as a sacred work." But Speer let Cy slip back into place among the books on my desk (it is flanked by the Day index and Merriam-Webster's New Collegiate) and looked disappointed.

Are we to take Dan Adkins' letter seriously? I suppose I'm almost as silly as somebody (Jack Woodford, I believe) whom Gals quoted in Psychotic, blaming "homosexuals in government" for our having no gadget to make automobile engines to cut out above 35 mph, when I worry about our national defense because "one big fan" of Elvis Presley is in the air force, but I do. Are juveniles in pegged pants and turned-up collars competent to turn back the Soviet air force?

Carl Brandon's "Cacher of the Rye" puzzles me; what's its *raison d'être*? I wouldn't worry if it was just a short piece, but 20,000 words...! Seems to me that anyone should have a pretty strong drive of some sort in order to write such an opus. And I can't figure out what it is. There's satire here, and humor too, but though the satire is bladed and the humor frothy, neither is quite essential to the story as a whole. Evidently the project began as a burlesque of *The Catcher in the Rye* and is fannish only because fandom happened to offer a likely subject. Thus it impresses me as quite another sort of thing from, say, *The Enchanted Duplicator*, where evidently the original impulse was a desire to express something about fan activity.



I don't want to give the impression that I dislike Brandon's opus. Such incidents as the fan having to listen to the crap he'd written for his eleventh hour fapazine are wonderful stuff. I'm just sorry that the basic situation doesn't seem to say anything realistically or satirically about the fan life. Of course, Brandon is the most interesting new fan writer to come along since John Berry (though I believe Carl was the fellow who flashed briefly and brilliantly in *The Big O* five years ago) and I look forward to the rest of "The Cacher of the Rye".

{(Carl Brandon flashed briefly and lacklusterly in Boo! a few years ago, but that's all. Carl Murray was the fellow in *The Big O* that you were thinking of. As for Carl's *raison d'être* in "The Cacher," leave us quote him from a letter in the *Cult*: "The whole idea of my adaptations is to show how ridiculous fandom is, by contrasting the wide variety of things of mundane life in the original stories to the narrower field of fandom, and showing how ridiculous a person would be if he took their closest fannish counterparts as seriously as the characters in the mundane stories take their problems." This particular piece of Carl's is long, most likely, because Carl enjoyed writing it. Or so we gather. We didn't print the portion of this letter which says "...Innuendo has sort of an integrated effect..." but Carl noted it, laughed, and agreed that Inn is totally desegregated.)}

HARRY WARNER, Jr., 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland

The convention reports in *JF* are interesting. Accounts of the smaller events, like the regional meetings and the British get-togethers, always sound more enthusiastic than reports on the world convention. It seems odd that people take so much trouble to go to the world convention, then spend the next three months writing articles about it that consist mainly of grumbling. I've never seen the sense in the existence of a world convention, for that matter, three or four nationally recognized conventions scattered over this country and England each year would probably leave everyone happier. It isn't as if the convention resulted in the election of some kind of global officers or featured some unique personalities in the program. (Not in the program, perhaps, but if the 1951 SFCon hadn't been a worldcon we on the coast would not have met such easterners as Bloch, George Young, John Maguire, Earlan Ellison, and Art Lepp—who was then stationed in Texas, a bit too far away for him to travel to a regional con.)

My Schaffer might have to wait many a six years before the NFFF ever does anything. Here again is a case of a national project which might be better sup-
planted by regional groups. The state-wide and area-wide associations of fans that flourished just before World War Two seemed to get more done and instill less dickerling among members than the NFFF. Fandom is large enough now to supply at least a hundred or so members for any regional group, more than enough manpower to carry out the projects that the NFFF has been talking about doing for the past decade. The closer knowledge of one another among the membership of a geographic-ally small group and the greater ease of personal visits for committee members might make it much simpler to accomplish things. If the NFFF must continue to exist, it might be most useful as a sort of loosely knit clearing house for prob-
lems common to these regional federations, making no effort to do things on its own initiative. (Does it?) There is certainly ground for belief that the NFFF has done more harm than good in its history up to now; for a time the antics of its welcoming committee were actually driving people out of fandom before they got inside the institution, and the childismness displayed by its official organ certainly must have caused many outer-circleers to drift away from the field.

VERNON L. MC CAIN, 908 Walker, Wenatchee, Washington

Reading *Invocites* #3 unexpectedly was akin to taking a BG thrust without warning.

What happened?

Did I miss the previous issue of *Invocites* (I've never paid much attention to the titles of Bay Area fanzines as they all looked and sounded just alike) or did you suddenly move with this issue? This is one helluva fine fanzine! And you've even got good mimeography.

I've read all too many satires on "Catcher in the Rye" in the past 18 months (apparently everyone held their breath waiting till I got around to reading it before they started writing satires, and as soon as I finished the last page they all rushed eagerly to their typers), of which several have been fanzine satires, I believe. I am thoroughly sick of these attempts to take-off Salinger, whom I regard as one of the half-dozen best currently practicing writers, and when I noted the Brandon attempt, complete with poor illustrations, I groaned and almost failed entirely to read the thing. I did leave it until the rest of the mag was read and then decided I might as well try the first page or so.

All I can say is I wish everyone else had kept their big fat yaps shut so they wouldn't have worn the freshness off the idea when Brandon got ready to do his

satire. This is fantastically marvelous, really the best work of the type since "The Enchanted Duplicator," with which it shares a number of qualities (too bad you couldn't see your way clear to printing it sold in one issue, but then you have a broad audience for the next five issues so it is plain to see you aren't dumb). It's marvelous, marvelous, marvelous. I hereby vote Carl Brandon best new fan humorist of 1956 or maybe even best new fan writer of 1956. Hell, he hasn't had much competition this year from the boys like Willis and Bloch who can really write... maybe just best fan writer of 1956, period. (A statement from Carl: "Goshwow.")

File TOM CONLIT 1567302. "Of Story, 36 AAA-4W in (SP), F.M.F., Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Seems to me it would be much safer if the top of the tower were built of smaller cans such as country club, thus providing a more wind-proof structure. The structure would, of course, have to be at least as high as a telephone pole, since we know the moon clears that (I'm certain of this as I have seen the wires between me and the moon--of course, it could be an optical illusion...). The problem for me at home is of course much less complicated since it is possible to jump to the moon from some of our higher mountains.

I regard the nomination of the (K)American Baeburn for TAMP as one of the twists of a vast plot to undermine us thru Clean Out All Americans by substituting such notorious anti-Detroit agitators as he for sterling OCAA's as well, Ed McNulty for example. THIS MUST BE STOPPED! (Gonna use a gun or a knife?)

New addresses following breakup of the Dive:

Duck Ellington
98 Suffolk St.
New York

Art Saha
534 E. 45th St.
New York

Dave Mason's new pad is at 242 E. 5th St.

Did Chelsea Robertson get down to the Bay Area? She told me she was going down, but I haven't heard from her since. (Yes, she showed up, and we were suitably impressed. We were a bit disconcerted at times, tho, by her Toffee complex; she has a predilection for acting out Toffee stories in real life, you know? Not the sort of gal to have around when one's nerves are jumpy.) Also Gal Wright tells me she will take over as ed of the new-defunct Lemurian, o-o' of the Mt. Shasta Lemurians, Troglodytes and Allied Cave & Tunnel Dwellers' Society.

In re the Neville sermon in issue #2. Krie got contraceptives tossed to him as a subject couple months ago and came up something like this: "...and what does the Bible say about contraceptives, brethren? Nah Frishes, the Bible says WE SHALL BEGAT! And how may ye begat thur contraceptives? Only thru Faith, brothers, only thru Faith!"

RON BILIK (accept no substitutes), 277 Pomona Ave., Long Beach, Calif:

I was telling Ron Bennett that if that Suez crisis led to anything I might meet him even before the Luncheon--I might be sighting down on him inside the

Invective, VI--Sobel's flight of fancy

ten-mile zone somewhere this year, and a group of British youngsters might be missing their English teacher... Of course, I didn't REALLY expect the US to go to war with the UK and France--but it damn well MIGHT have happened... I can't see me and Jean Linard shouting "ALLO" at each other as we run each other over with tanks...

Oghod, the thought of it. Then, you realize, all our British correspondence and mag-swapping would have to stop, because they would start censoring mail going to an enemy power, and fandom couldn't stand that... We could get Boyd Raeburn up, maybe as a fuz-runner on the Canadian border, with Gould serving as the southwest's key into Mexico and from there to the canal where a boat run by Bertram Chandler would pick up our mail and take it either to Australia or GBritain.

Oh, brother--smuggling fauxines and FAPA mailings through Tijuana! Oghod, do you think we could really get away with it?

AYOUNG, 10 Sumner Rd., Cambridge 38, Mass.

As a Scientist, I must view with Alarm your attempt to reach the Moon. You are, I am sure, Misguided. And everybody knows that you must use Guided missiles to reach the moon, so therefore your Misguided bestrons will Never Be Able To Do It!

I suggest you name your comic strip character Joe Fan, and be done with it. Reminds me of a squid in the New Yorker, quoted from some newspaper: "Mrs. Nellie Blah has won the free airplane ride around Nike's Shearcan Pylon for naming the new restaurant at the airport. The prize-winning name suggested by Mrs. Blah was: AIRPORT RESTAURANT." Quote very queer, but you get the idea.

I was very interested in Spier's tales of the Fencyclopedia, particularly since I'm interested in getting out a revision of the Faccyc. Or rather, I want to see somebody do it, so I'm trying to stir Eney and others who've toyed with the idea out of their lethargy and into action, probably of a collective sort.

BOYD RAEBURN, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada

Maybe it was the way I wrote, or maybe it was the way you edited my last letter, but in Innuendo #2 I feel I read rather like Hadd-Bogge-writing-to-Toronto. This is a poor show, and I must try to avoid that this time. That letter was written with no thought of its possible publication, and my reaction on reading it was a "Gee did I say THAT?" thing. Oh well. So I go and cite Tactum as an example of a zine lacking in personality, and soon after I sent the letter along comes an issue of Teditum with more personality than all the other issues put together. By damn I won't say this time that Innuendo is the best zine to arrive here for some time whether it is or not (it's not - Grue arrived today), for a long time could elapse before this letter hits print if ever, and a remark like that, appearing months later, could get a lot of worthy faneds (well, a few) quite incensed, their superior publications having trickled into the mailbox here in the interim.

I think you would have enjoyed the NYCon, Dave. There was a large cohesive fanish circle (clique) in which you surely would have been welcome. How do you differentiate between "ordinary fans" and "well known fans"--in fact, what is your definition of "fan"? Do you consider that you are not a "well known fan"? Aren't you being a little too modest? As far as I was concerned the NYCon was a real gas. Had one hell of a good time, and curiously enough, a very dry time.



Nobody seemed to bother about hauling along some liquor, and in fact, the only stuff that turned up at any of our gatherings was half a bottle of Jack Daniels Tucker hauled out from somewhere one night. This all is most curious, as all the other cons I have been to liquor has been flowing like...well...liquor. Maybe it was the sobering influence of A&J Young.

I can't figure out what is with Stark. Just why do all his stories make fans sound like a pack of extremely unpleasant characters, and conventions rather grim and sordid affairs? Perhaps he got this impression from reading con reports. It's the only reason

I can think of. Most fans I have met I have found very pleasant people (with the occasional outstanding exception). Gee, where are these cons which are rife with indiscriminate fornication? Wow! I'm very glad I have been to several cons, and thus know that Stark is giving a rather false impression of the actual state of affairs. Rather? Hell, VERY. I must admit I have trouble reconciling Stark the person (quiet, pleasant) and Stark the writer. This must be a case of still waters running shallow.

Glad tidings and all: I have been nominated for TAFF. Would you like to trumpet the glad tidings forth and urge all to vote for me and like that? I can't think of any particular reason why you should push for me (I am being modest...actually I can think of lots of reasons) but it would be a faaaanish thing to do. Wouldn't it? ((Vote for Boyd Raeburn.))

There was a time when the Burbee household was as full of fans as a septic tank is of sewage--an amazingly apt simile even though I have never thought of the Burbee home as a septic tank. This was when Burbee lived at 1057 South Normandie, a location distressingly easy for fans to reach. A list of the visitors at that address reads like a roster of fandom itself.

In those days of course Burbee was anything but a legend. Fans could see, hear, smell, taste, and touch--and many of them tried very hard to taste and touch him. You know how fans are.

Now that Burbee lives on the outskirts of nowhere, his life is pleasantly fanless. Since, due to the permanence of science-fiction as a great Cultural Influence, the roster of fandom changes by 75% each year, Brub's two or three year absence from the center of town has led to his being in a fandom which has never seen him.

And a Burbee mythos grows apace!

--F. Towner Laney, "A Fabulous Burbee-like Character," BURBLINGS May, 1951

In fact, Pete Vorzimer is the only fellow I've ever met whose superiority complex has a superiority complex.

--from an unpublished Ellison ms.

Trade +

SAPS _____

Contributor _____

FAPA _____

Advertiser _____

OMPA _____

There's an allusion
to you herein _____

Friend _____

Comment _____

We request that fans who with whom we trade send copies of their fuz to each of us.
We'll oblige with two copies of fuz if you want.

INNUENDO

David Eike
Box 203
Rodeo, California

Terry Carr
134 Cambridge St.
San Francisco 24, Calif.

This is Third-Class duplicated
matter, and if it is undeliverable
we will be happy to pay return
postage.

Len Moffat
5969 Lento Street
Bell Gardens
California

