

Something Up Our Sleeve

February, 1958

INNUENDO

Whatever happened to Shelby Wick?

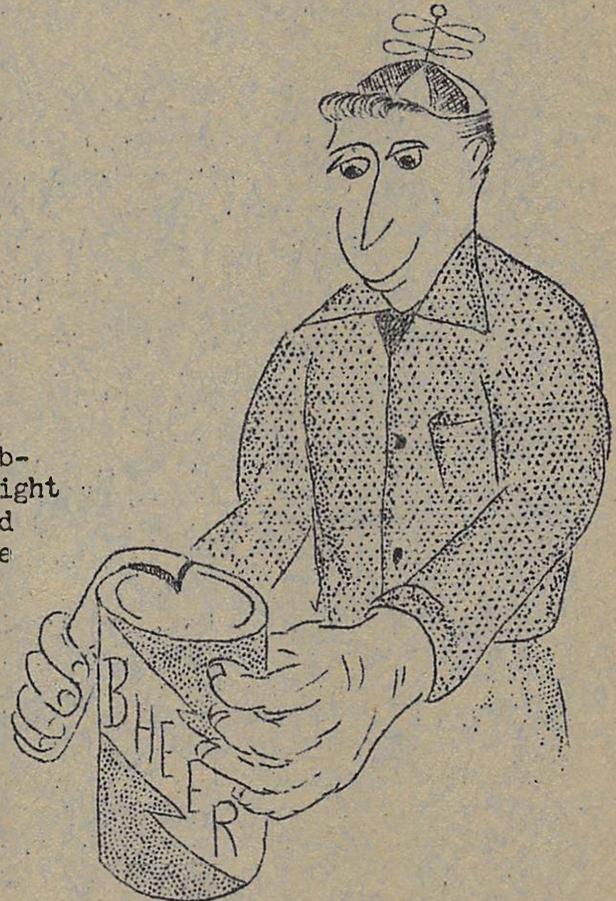
HEREINN:

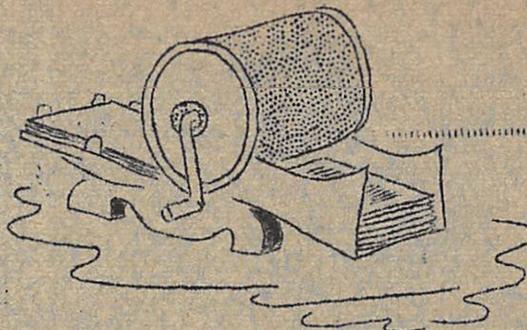
inn a mist(editorial)..... Terry Carr
 Clayfeet Country(article)..... Pete Graham
 The Mind of Chow(article)..... Charles Burbee
 Sixteen(parody)..... Carla Brandon
 Alexander(comic strip)..... Carr & Bjo Wells
 All Our Yesterdays(column)..... Harry Warner Jr.
 Innvective(letters)..... you

--Cartoons by Dave Rike, William Rotsler, Bob Burleson, and Dave English.

INNUENDO, a neo-Insurgent fanzine, is published bi-monthly by Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California. Friends and associates: Ron Elik, Pete Graham, Dave Rike, and Carl Brandon.

No subscriptions are accepted and all money so received will be used in the Build A Tower To The Moon Out Of Beer Cans Project. Inn is available by trade or for letters of comment. I have a few remaining copies of Inn #2, however, which I'll sell for 25¢ apiece.





WITH THIS ISSUE OF INN I'm expanding the circulation to something like 90. That's almost twice the number that received the last issue, and so maybe it wouldn't be too far amiss to mention to these new readers that the circulation of Inn is strictly subject to my inclinations. I have made up a very neat card-file mailing list--however, that doesn't mean it's a permanent one. In fact, it's quite impermanent, and purposely so: I can remove the card with your name on it any time I want to, without getting the list out of order.

You're getting Inn on the assumption that you'll either send your fanzine in trade, or comment on Inn--or preferably both. A lot of people on the list for this issue are getting it on a trial basis, and if they like it I'd suggest that they acknowledge it rather promptly. You see, I'm liable to come to your name next time and remember that you haven't commented or otherwise acknowledged this issue, and in such a case you're liable to be dropped from the list. You traders are also warned that I'm liable to drop you from the list even if you do send a fanzine in trade--if I don't like your zine I'll feel no qualms about refusing to trade Inn for it. People who send letters of comment never get cut off the list, I might add.

That's the story on receiving Inn. I trust you'll all note it and act accordingly.

JUST A FEW BLOCKS FROM HERE is the stationery store at which we buy most of our publishing supplies. This is a pretty decent store, with nice prices in most cases. However, there is one thing which marks it distinct from any other stationery store I've ever seen: it has the most incompetent salesman in the world.

Our first contact with this fellow was when Dave Rike went into the store to buy a quire of stencils. He asked the salesman for a quire of stencils. The salesman deliberated, pursed his lips, scratched his head, and went and got some lettering stencils for sign-painting. Dave explained that he wanted mimeograph stencils. The fellow's face brightened. He brought Dave a quire of stencils for a Speed-O-Print postcard-size mimeograph.

Dave finally hunted up the stencils he wanted himself.

When he told me about this incident, I laughed, but I didn't believe him. "Why, that's fantastic, Dave," I said. "A man would have to spend his whole life practicing to be such a fugghead." Dave assured me that it was all true.

Nevertheless, when I went into the store myself some days later I had no qualms. Even if Dave's story were true, I figured that it was just an isolated incident, that anybody can get mixed up once in awhile. I didn't really think much about it until I saw the salesman myself. I couldn't help recognizing him: he was the only person I'd ever seen who had a slack-jawed expression in his eyes.

I asked him for ditto fluid. "Ditto fluid," he repeated. He looked vacantly around the store for a moment, then went directly to a shelf and picked up a bottle of correction fluid. "No," I said, "I want ditto fluid. Spirit-duplicator fluid. You pour it into the spirit duplicator and it makes the master copies print on each sheet of paper as it's fed through." "Duplicator," he said. "Pour it in... prints on the paper." He reached for a can of mimeograph ink. Just then another salesman came over and got me a can of ditto fluid.

I told Dave about this that afternoon, and we laughed together. "How long

can he keep it up?" I wondered.

The next time I went into the store I was after ditto masters. I explained them to him. "They're sort of like carbon paper," I said. "No, no, I said they're like carbon paper." He put the carbon paper down. "You type the master copy on them, and the carbon comes off the backing sheet onto the master sheet. Then you print from the master sheet." His face cleared. "Oh!" he said. He went and got me a box of hekto masters.

The third time I went in I didn't even stop at the counter, but went directly to the shelves and got the mimeograph paper that I wanted, two reams of it. I took them up to the counter and was waited on by a different salesman, while our friend was in a different part of the store. As I was paying for the paper, he came up to the counter, saw the two reams of paper sitting there, wrestled with his thought-processes, picked them up and went over and put them back on the shelf. The other salesman, who was ringing up the sale, didn't notice him. I stood there with a look of incredulous amusement on my face. When the salesman at the counter handed me my receipt he must have noticed the expression, because he asked me if I wanted something else. "No," I said, "but I would kind of like to have those two reams of paper I just bought." I don't think the guy ever did figure out how they'd disappeared from the counter and reappeared back on the shelf.

Old Fuzzlehead has become a Fabulous Person in our group. Every time I go up to see Dave and Carl we ask each other about any additional Fuzzlehead incidents that may have happened since last we've seen each other. Carl has developed a fascination for such anecdotes. "Why, this fellow is fantastic!" he says. He thinks we should enter a membership for him in the NSF, care of the stationery store. But we can't, because we don't know his name. He's just another of the nameless people we meet every day as the paths of our lives cross briefly, just another face in the crowd.

ANYONE WHO WANTS OLD FANZINES is hereby notified that I'm selling a whole batch of duplicates and so forth from my collection, along with the major part of Pete Graham's collection, which he has given to me. Also stuff from the collections of gaffiated Don Wegars and Bob Stewart. The price is \$1.00 for 15 fanzines, chosen at random. Single-sheeters will not be counted, tho they may be thrown in. I just grabbed 15 of them at random: copies of HYPHEN, two of Dave's CALIFAN, Sodek's TACITUM, Bloch & Tucker's SF WORLD, Cronin's SCOOP, Farnham & Gerding's CHIGGERPATCH OF FANDOM, two of Chambers' 6th-Fandomzine IT, two of my former zine VULCAN, THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, Balint's ESCAPE, Ellik's FANTastic Story Mag, and Farsace's late-'30's zine GOLDEN ATOM. That's probably about how the assortments will go. There is a stack of fmz over four feet high here to be sold, so you can order quite a bit if you like. Postage paid by me, of course, and if I run out of fmz I'll refund your money.

There are also four incomplete SABS mailings for sale: numbers 25, 27, 28, and 29. \$2.00 apiece.

RON AND I WENT TO a Little Men meeting awhile ago, and I'm sad to report that we didn't exactly enjoy it, despite what Sneary says about "those crazy Lepra-chauns". There were eight or ten people there, sitting around in the Garden Library, which is a small bookstore and lending-library with quite a bit of science fiction around. The program for the evening consisted of somebody or other vaguely connected with the University of California speaking on genetics and what it has to say about mutations. This was all presented in a quite technical manner in semi-darkness and a monotone voice. I spent the meeting sitting by a reading-lamp reading an Eric Frank Russel novel and ignoring the drone of the speaker and the static coming from Norman Metcalf's ham radio set, with which he was trying to pick up the beep-beep from Sputnik, goshwow.

After the meeting (which is to say, as soon as the speaker had wandered off onto so many side-topics that he'd forgotten what he'd been talking about and had given up the whole thing) I was talking to one of the people at the meeting,

Inn A Mist--III

apparently a regular member of the Little Men. He asked me why I'd been reading a book instead of listening to the speaker. I told him that I was a science fiction fan, and that I wasn't interested in science per se.

He looked surprised. "Why," he said, "I can't imagine a science fiction fan who isn't interested in science."

I raised my eyebrows right back at him. "Well," I replied, "personally, I can't imagine a science fiction fan with such a poor imagination as you have."

JUST AFTER PUBLISHING THE LAST INN, Dave and I went down to Los Angeles with Ron for the weekend. While there we went through his collection of fanzines and brought all sorts of stuff back to Berkeley with us to read (old zines which Ron had bought from former fans in the LA-area), and drove around meeting several of the people down there. Saturday afternoon and evening we spent at Burbee's, drinking home brew and enjoying Isabel's excellent cooking. Sunday afternoon we made the rounds, meeting George W. Fields, John Champion, and Rich Brown. We dropped by Burbee's that evening to deliver something, and ended up staying for dinner and the rest of the evening. We had a terrific time, needless to say.

Of course, it wouldn't be right to visit Burbee and then not recount a Burbee anecdote or two. No it wouldn't. However, we were having such a good time that we didn't stop to take notes, and at this late date I can't remember the visit well enough to go writing about it. Dave did take down one note, a description by Burbee of E. Everett Evans "mouthing his cigar like a long-lost friend".

There was, of course, the matter of the LASFS' one-thousandth meeting. Burbee had received a card or notice from somebody playing up the fact that the next LASFS meeting would be a big gala celebration, commemorating the fact that LASFS had held one thousand consecutive meetings. Burbee got a big kick out of this. "One thousand consecutive meetings," he chuckled. "Consecutive; you know, that means one right after the other." He laughed again. "One thousand meetings, one right after the other!" he marvelled.

Ron went back down to Long Beach over the Christmas holidays, and while there recorded the New Year's Eve party held in LA, which Burbee attended. Burbee was sitting on the floor with several other fans and people, playing poker; from time to time others would wander in briefly from the other room to survey the scene. At one juncture some LASFS type came in, saw the glass of beer next to Burbee, and said, "Well well, Burbee, is that home brew you're drinking?" "No," said Burbee, "it's my urinal specimen--I never waste anything."

When Ron played the tape for us, Pete Graham shook his head and said, "I thought Burbee only wrote things like that." Pete hasn't met Burbee yet.

WHILE ON THE SUBJECT OF BURBEE, I might mention the Great Tape-Recorded Message Fiasco. While visiting Burbee, we told him that when we got back to Berkeley we'd do up a tape and send it to him. Well, we got back to Berkeley, and after some haggling about who would furnish the tape, Ron ran into a sale and bought two reels of tape; one of these we recorded to Burbee. However, somehow the two tapes got mixed up, and we accidentally sent the other tape, the one which was still blank. It wasn't long before I got a letter from Burb, saying in part:

I got this 7-inch tape from you the other day and didn't listen to it because I had fapa activity to get out. But today I thought I'd better listen to it because it might be a tape-recorded letter in which you say something I ought to know about. So I put it on the machine. But nothing came out, on either side. There was not, as I recall, any written message to go with it explaining.

Migod, was this a subliminal recording? What impulse will I be obeying any time now? It couldn't have been "Burbee, write that article you promised," because I'd finished it before I tried the tape.

Was it, "Make plenty of home brew because we're coming down to see you soon"? Well, that could hardly be of use because I just

bottled 45 quarts not an hour ago--before the taps.

I think I know what it was. I'm getting the urge. It was "Burbee, go fix yourself another drink of Jim Beam." By God, I know it was.

burb

AS TIME GOES BY, various little incidents occur around here which make me wish we hadn't already printed the Quartet profiles, because material for such profiles is constantly happening. There is, for instance, the case of Dave Rike, Larva Fan. Dave is extremely sensitive to cold and light, and he keeps his room constantly in dimness and never below 80° Fahrenheit. This of course bothers the rest of us when we visit him. One night I got to thinking about it, and I said, "Dave, I believe you must have some sort of pre-natal fixation. You always keep your room as close as you can to the conditions of the womb." Ron seemed to be pondering this train of thought for awhile, and pretty soon he said, "Terr, maybe Dave is some sort of a mutant or something. Sort of an insect-human, like in Franz Kafka's 'Metamorphosis'. I think maybe he's still in the larva or pupa stage, and this room is his chrysalis. Maybe someday he'll suddenly grow tendrils, or turn into a butterfly or something." We looked at Dave speculatively. He just grinned at us, inscrutable as a caterpillar.

A day or so later we were sitting around in Dave's room, Ron, Carl, and I, with the usual dimness and moist heat. Carl looked up from the typewriter and said, "Dave, have you ever tried growing mushrooms in here?"

Then there is Pete Graham, Young Man In A Great Big Hurry. When we first moved to Berkeley we hardly ever saw Pete, since he was always busy with something or other, either the University newspaper The Daily Californian (of which he was on the staff), or studying, for instance. Whenever he'd drop by he'd always say he had to leave in a few minutes, because he had something important he had to do quick. Somehow the name Pete Graham, Young Man In A Great Big Hurry got hung on him, and we kidded him about this.

Then one day he phoned me up, and I could hear him laughing on the other end of the phone. "You remember that name you've been joking about?--Young Man In A Hurry?" he said. "Well, this morning I was delivering the Daily Cal to the professors' offices, and it was raining. I was driving from one building on campus to another, stopping, and dashing through the rain to the door to drop off the papers, then running back again to the car. Well, I was running through a real bad downpour this one time, with my head down to keep the rain off my glasses, and all of a sudden I ran right square into a damned tree."

Just one more incident in the life of Pete Graham, Young Man In A Great Big Hurry.

Then there is Ron Elik, World Traveller. Ron is, of course, well-known in fandom for his hitchhiking, especially for the time he hitchhiked across the continent to the New York convention and back again. People refer to this in letter columns and FAPazines--why, just last mailing Phyllis Economou cited Ron as an example of how to cut down travelling expenses. Ron is probably the best-known hitchhiker in fandom since Claude Degler.

A couple of nights ago Carl, Ron, and I were walking around on campus, just talking and passing time, and Ron got to making these terrifically squirrel-type bad jokes. Finally it got to be too much for Carl and me, and we started cutting him about being a squirrel and all. He said, "Gee, fellows, I get the impression you don't appreciate my sense of humor," and went on chitter-chattering in the squirrelish manner. "Ron," I said, "why don't you go hitchhike across the country again?" "Yes," said Carl, in that low, friendly, sincere tone of voice he has, "why don't you do your trick for us, Ron?"

WE HAVE A PROBLEM regarding the Tower To The Moon which we have been building out of empty beer cans. You see, we started building the Tower over in San Francisco, in Carl's back yard there. But now all of us have moved here to Berkeley,

and we feel it would be advisable to move the Tower over here. And therein lies the problem: how the devil do we transport a ten-mile-high tower of empty beer cans across the San Francisco Bay?

We want to keep the Tower intact, of course. A lot of trouble has already gone into the building of the Tower, and we'd hate to have to start building again. Even as it is, we have to climb that damn Tower every time we add another beer can, and it's got to the point where we usually wait till we've drunk at least a case of beer before one of us makes the climb and puts the cans in place; and we usually take along at least a six-pak for nourishment on the way up. Believe me, by the time we get up to the top of that thing we really know we're high.

No, we wouldn't even consider dismantling the Tower and transporting it over here piece by piece. There has to be some way of getting it here intact.

Since Pete sold his Volkswagen, none of us have a car, so that creates another problem. I mean, we might have been able to put the Tower on top of the Volks and had Pete drive it over the Bay Bridge. He might have had some trouble in the tunnel, though.

But now we can't even work on that idea. Pete has offered to bring it over here on his bicycle, but Carl pointed out that his tires are in bad shape and he might get a flat on the way. Another good idea out the window.

Dave suggests hiring a barge and floating it across the bay. I'm kind of afraid of that idea though, because it might sink, and then there would be the fruits of our labors, tumbled into the bottom of the bay. And the Harbor Command would probably sue us, too, for dumping refuse in the channel.

Ron suggested we commission a trucking outfit to do the transporting. We called a few, though, and they said they wouldn't have anything to do with hauling a damn tower of beer cans. We told them we knew it was a little out of their line. Some of them even got indignant about it.

It's a knotty problem, all right. We're still working on it, but while we continue to mull over the problem, I thought maybe some of the readers could offer some suggestions. Really, we need them. If you were in our shoes, what would you do?

WHILE PETE WAS IN NEW YORK he met a girl named Grace Weiner, and as such things happen, they struck up a friendship. Pete even wrote a Clique letter on her typewriter once. (The Clique is a W05W group between several of the local crowd which has largely died out since most of us moved to Berkeley.) Anyway, when I printed Pete's account of his experiences on the trip in the last issue of Inn, Pete asked me for a copy to send to Grace. Being out of complete copies, I gave him an incomplete one composed of the cover and the last half of the issue --it was all complete in itself, but lacked the contents page and several items. Pete sent this to Grace, and apparently forgot to explain the thing to her.

Then I got a letter from Marty Fleischman:

Had a letter from a gal named Grace Weiner t'other day, from which I quote parts: "To get a little closer to the not-so-clear point: a few days ago I received a copy of 'the innish' in the mail. Being, as far as I could tell with my lack of fannish knowledge (whatever that is), a nonfan (whatever that is), I was confused, puzzled, astonished, amazed, and completely free from any comprehension whatsoever. In other words, what's this all about? Are you a member of the Clique? I would very much appreciate hearing from you..."

Well, there it is...the gist of it anyway. She said she picked me because I was the only person in Inn's lettercol from her part of the country. Me, I told her to go join the NFFF--what would YOU have done???

Upon hearing of this, Pete rushed a hasty letter of explanation to Grace. I think the whole thing is funny, and hope Grace will feel that way too now that she

knows what happened.

I WAS TALKING TO ELLIK, as I am wont to do, and somehow the subject wandered to science fiction. Ron mentioned "The Circus of Dr. Lao."

"Tell me about 'The Circus of Dr. Lao,' I said to Ron Ellik. "As you know, I am a fakefan these days, and know nothing about the sfantasy field any more."

"Well," said Ron, "it's a book by Jack Finney..."

"No it's not," I said. "It's by Charles Finney."

"Oh, that's right," Ellik said. "Jack Finney's one of that Chesley Donovan crowd, which is a real mess."

"But he isn't," I protested. "Jack Finney is the author of 'The Body Snatchers,' and various other sf stories."

"Damn," said Ron, "you're right. I must have been thinking of Mark Finney, who is a CD boy."

"No," I said, "you were thinking of Mark Pinny."

"Oh, that's right," said Ellik.

It certainly is a wonderful thing, now that I'm a fakefan and know nothing about the sfantasy field, to have a fellow like Ron around so that I can find out things.

--Terry Carr

Aside from that, Daugherty, how'd you like "Ah, Sweet Idiocy"?

In the front room Tucker and Evans had located an old Ouijah board. Placing his fingers tensely on the little wooden indicator Evans inquired, "Are the Shaver stories true?" The indicator immediately zoomed to YES.

--Joe Kennedy, PHILCON MEMORY BOOK

Some years ago, Al Ashley accused Burbee of making everybody talk dirty. No one, so went the pitch, ever talked dirty anywhere until Burbee got around them with his foul mouth. Particularly, no one ever used the Anglo-Saxon term for the ventral end of the digestive tract until exposed to Burbee who is supposed to be obsessed or have a fixation or something. (This merely proves that Burbee, deny it as he may, knew Al Ashley--because nearly everyone Al ever meets sooner or later turns out to be obsessed or have a fixation or something of the sort dealing with the anus. I don't know why this should be.)

Some weeks ago, I was reminding Burbee of all this (in line with our policy of forgetting all about Al Ashley) and in the course of it I accused him of inventing the anus and setting it up in the image of a rugged individualist for everyone to worship.

"I did not," said Charles Burbee, "invent or create the anus. I merely discovered it to the Western World."

--F. T. Laney, FANDANGO #26

Like Haley's comet, Claude Degler had reappeared for a brief moment and then returned to the unknown regions from whence he had come; and it had fallen upon me, an unknown and amateur observer, to be the first to observe his mysterious volations. I have met and talked to Claude Degler; I have walked through a glass door; what more can life hold for me?

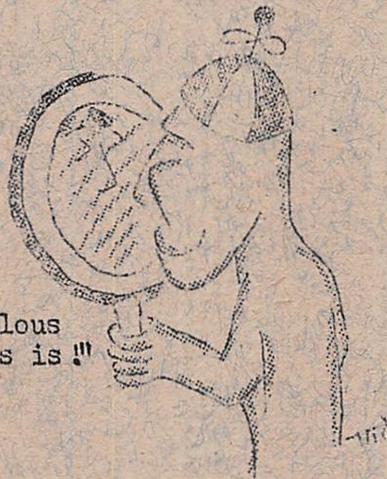
--John van Couvering, WILD HAIR #7

It's only recently that I've stumbled across the swamp folks. Walt Willis HSC is the British authority on critturs and just recently, he sent his whole Pogo collection to the Epicentrics on loan. I went up to the Epicentre ostensibly to learn fanzine publishing from their evening class, but instead the whole evening was devoted to swamp lore. I never saw the duplicators and got home five hours late muttering, "You know what this swamp needs?"

--Chuch Harris, SOL #4

Pete Graham

CLAYFEET COUNTRY



"Ghod! What a fabulous
fannish creature this is!"

Last summer I had occasion to visit the Washington, D. C. area. Sandwiched into the three highly enjoyable days I spent as a tourist were several hours of visiting with the Washington fan group. The contrast was striking.

I phoned Jack Harness from the place where I was staying with definitely uncertain feelings. The neo-WSFAns (i.e., the D. C. fen of recent years) had been highly active, extremely verbose and tending toward serconfannishness and sophomorphism in print. The worst of those qualities I supposed I could discount because, after all, so had been the Bay Area fans and myself; it wasn't a crime. But I wondered what they were really like in person.

Harness on the phone sounded like a reasonably nice guy. Armed with this favorable impression I went to his apartment that evening; for the remainder of the weekend I slowly became more and more disillusioned and disappointed.

I was ushered into Harness' one room apartment and was confronted with nearly the sloppiest collection of dirt and miscellany I had ever seen. Directly inside the door were several old chairs, none of which were empty. One contained the latest FAPA mailing on top of a foot of other fanzines; another had a good deal of Harness' oils on it; and a third was decorated solely by a pair of unclean underpants. "This is Phil Castora," said Jack. "He's my roommate." A dirty Hawaiian sportshirt grinned up at me from the bed. Castora's only resemblance to Harness was the similar shirt worn untucked for three days. Castora got up to shake hands with me and then sat back down on the bed--the only clear seat left--and I was left somewhat at a loss as to where to sit myself.

Harness was showing me his paintings and his latest FAPazine. "And here's the one Castora's doing for this mailing: IT ISN'T ALTOGETHER G. M. CARR'S FAULT." I set my tape-recorder down, hoping the owner of the pair of pants on the floor wouldn't mind the fact that one edge of the taper was resting on them. There was really no other choice. "There's something about G. M. Carr that drives me wild," Harness laughed. "Yeah," said Castora. They both laughed. I took it upon myself to move a few books from one bed to another and sat down.

"Hey," said Jack, "I've got a great idea for you to take back to Terry Carr." His face glistened. The late-summer Washington heat had taken several days at least to create that shine. What made it worse was that an obviously

Clayfeet Country--II

equally long time had been taken to cultivate the scrubby light-blond chin-growth that Harness undoubtedly referred to proudly as a beard. The strange hair-growth above the lip, again blond, again sparse and again somewhat glowing, completed an already discomforting visage. Either Castora had shaved or hadn't reached that stage yet.

"You see," Harness was talking, "Gertrude runs this column by her husband called 'Mr. Carr Says:'" He put this in falsetto and they both laughed again. Harness laughed louder. He was enjoying himself. He was wandering around the room as he talked. Several paintings were visible over his shoulder, all obviously by Harness. As he moved around the room other things were also visible over his shoulder. There was a mirror one could hardly see through for the scum on it which collects on glass over a period of time in a hot, dank, dusty room. There was Castora not really listening but looking at fanzines. I discovered there was yet another chair in the room; this contained uncollated copies of some fanzine of theirs. "It'd be great, see, if Terry would do this column for ~~THE~~, see, called 'Mr. Carr Says:'...boy, would that be great!" He threw back his head and roared, throwing a completely new light on the perspective of his glowing face. On the two parallel beds were Castora and myself, some clothes, several books, about three FAPA mailings and other assorted magazines. All this was on the right as you entered the room, as were the windows. I think there were windows. On the mantelpiece across from the door were some more of Jack's paintings, one or two not even terribly bad, and Scientology tracts were here and there. I'm not sure if there was a rug on the floor. There was really no need for one, if you know what I mean.

We smalltalked for awhile and had a reasonably good time; I found that Ted White was coming over. I walked down the hall to get a coke from the machine and met TEW as he came into the apartment building.

"Hello," he said, very confidently. "You must be Pete Graham." He had a real beard. He was fairly tall, about the same height as I. Dark-haired and not quite light-complexioned, he was obviously a very self-confident person. He reminded me in one sense of Gumbriel in Huxley's "Antic Hay". Certainly White's over-assertiveness and overenjoyment of himself was only a surface, though possibly a thick surface. Harness could laugh at his own jokes, but White revelled in enjoying his personal witticisms. Harness could admit the possibility of someone else being funny; in his personal actions, notwithstanding his vocal appreciation of other persons' humor, White seemed convinced of the unique outstanding value of his own wit. Certainly the impression given was that if TEW did not think it funny it was not worth laughing at and that the converse was equally true.



Ted White, Wily Oriental

As Ted entered Harness' room the Washington fandom hierarchy became apparent; Harness' room may have been his castle, but White was lord of the manor. White entered, and as far as he was concerned the situation was well in hand. The conversation that went on after he came in is somewhat dim; I do recall that it was fairly interesting, being about fans and occurrences, always interesting topics. During this time I met White the artist (a collection of watercolors he happened to have with him), White the mimeographer (whom we all know), White the fan (tacitly self-styled just about the best one in the D. C. area), and White the

anopheles mosquito; that is to say, White the Carrier. In our wandering conversation, we touched on a group that White knew rather well. White proceeded to tell me the intimate details of their personal lives, their weaknesses, their "perversions," the faults in their family lives, and just why A was sleeping with B's wife and when.

He had just met me; his long thirdhand association with me through fandom (I had never had any correspondence with him) I assume is the reason for his telling me things that to my mind are normally kept to one's self if one has any remaining liking or respect for the friends in question. Now mind you, I'm not saying I didn't find this information enjoyable and interesting, in my own morbid little way; I just have grave doubts about the properness of its being quite so freely passed about. I have visions of Ted White flitting around sucking dirt from the fans and people he meets and simultaneously injecting a little muck of his own that he's sucked up from some other innocent victim; some of his pleasure being from having the knowledge himself, but more of it deriving from the actual dissemination.

We were to meet again the next day to go visit Ted White's place. I showed up promptly at The Elmwood. I found White, Castora, and Burleson playing a simple card game. Now, I had three days in Washington; I wanted to do some sightseeing and I also wanted to meet Washington fandom. And, at the risk of sounding self-righteous, I didn't want to waste time playing cards. At first I thought, Hell, screw this card game. Then I reconsidered and said to myself, Pete, you're not being a very gracious guest, like you're imposing on them and all. So I waited. After my vain attempts to show a polite disinterest in the rather mechanical game they were playing (I'm sure that a couple of simple words and motions would be all that would be necessary to instruct or reinstruct anyone in the rules of the game; it was the kind where you play until someone has 500 points) they started dealing me in. So for two hours that afternoon we played cards.

After the game was over we went outside and there was Harness in the doorway of the next building over, in--so help me--a smock and a beret. His easel supported the canvas on which he was working, which to me looked like the title illustration for T. S. Stripling's "The Green Splotches." After some talk of Aht and the like I took some movies of Jack, TEW and Burleson--Castora having left for one reason or another. These movies I will show only to people who know the persons in the scenes, because the cavorting and juvenile play-acting that went on in them is literally embarrassing to watch. Amidst the "faint aroma of performing seals," Harness stabbed White, White made faces at the camera, Harness drew a thumbnail sketch of White on his dirty thumbnail and threw back his head and laughed, being a perfect advertisement for depilatory manufacturers.

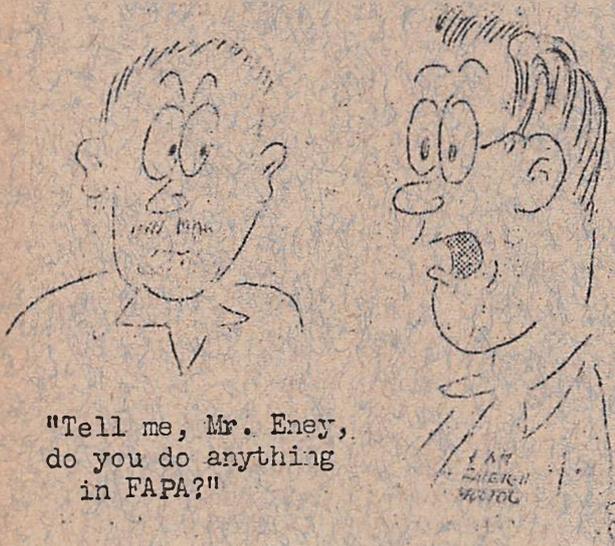
Burleson, TEW and I did finally get to White's house in Falls Church, about a half hour from Washington. I was shown the extent of the White collection: about 500 records, two tapers, more than one record player, several speakers, a fantastic collection of comic books, some stf, and a fanzine collection. White's rooms, being small, were cluttered for the mere quantity of his belongings. They were neatly arranged, however. As a contrast to the other neo-WSFans, White was not sloppy; on the contrary, there was almost a fixation for methodical neatness that I have observed in no one else, except at times in Dave Rike.

TEW's hi-fi system was rather superfluously elaborate; there was a small switchboard of the plug-in type located on a stud in prominent view. Its purported function was so that any one of several items in TEW's system could be connected to any other. Because of the several output sockets on the various reproducing machines that White possessed, however, I tended to believe more that the value to TEW of the little board was in its Impression-creating Quotient.

Clayfeet Country--IV

The fanzine file was also interesting. Each magazine's run of issues was kept in a colored folder, these colors being divided into three gradations. I'm not sure of the exact colors, but they ran something like this: blue for top fanzines or top-name-editor fanzines, pink for other BNF's and the usual good fanzine, and white for neo-zines or crudzines. There was one fair-sized blue folder that held Ted White's magazines.

We spent the afternoon assembling the current issue of STELLAR and listening to Gerry Mulligan and contemporaries, and that evening went to the WSFA meeting.

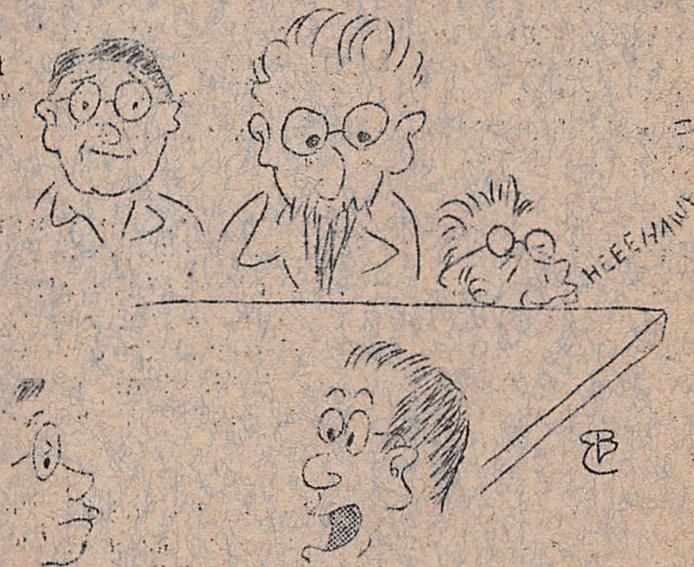


"Tell me, Mr. Eney, do you do anything in FAPA?"

The house in which it was held was owned by a senile old woman who didn't really seem to comprehend what a monster she was harboring in her home and who locked on the whole proceedings with the eye of a Ladies Aid meeting secretary. I met Richard Eney, who was rather taciturn throughout the evening, believing, I think, the neo-WSFANS to be rather below his level. The neo-WSFANS cooked up a plot to have Burleson impersonate Raleigh Multog; whom none of the WSFANS had met, with particular vengeance being aimed at Eney; the plot was completely and anticlimactically successful, with no one, least of all Eney, paying any attention to Multog nee Burleson.

Bob Pavlat was there too, and a nicer fan on the East Coast I have yet to meet; he came the closest to what might be called "normalcy" of any of them. While in Washington I mailed a postcard to Terry which said: "All the neo-WSFANS are either effeminate, queer, Bohemian, immature (really immature), insecure, egotists (subtly), destructive critics, or some kind of combination thereof." My opinion, except for the somewhat overly strong "queer," hasn't changed a bit.

After the meeting Burleson, Harness, White, Castora and I retired to a coffee shop near the Elmwood. The waiter obviously knew the crowd; he gave us de-sultory service which was easily matched in return with offhand remarks and cuts and generally impolite treatment. Over coffee we talked for at least an hour on subjects I can't remember. The two things I can remember are Burleson sketching out cartoons to match any lines at all that were cracked at the table (most of which were just bad) and Castora laughing like hell. Now, some fans can laugh. One of them is John Magnus. Castora, on the other hand, can't; but the rest of the D. C. group thought he could and they aided and abetted him by cracking weak puns and undernourished jokes for him to laugh himself silly over, and by commenting for a good ten minutes straight on what an excellent laugher Phil Castora was.



"He's going down for the third time!"

Clayfeet Country--V

Bob Burluson was a newcomer to the D. C. crowd, and one couldn't be quite sure about him. He looked vaguely kempt, at least a step or two above Harness and Castora, but he was sinking fast. He had met the neo-WSFAns about a week and a half before I arrived in Washington. He told me this when I took him home one evening, and there was a hint of sadness in his voice, almost as if he were a little sad about the whole thing but knew he was in too deep to get out. Pity. The neo-WSFAns were already telling him he was the greatest cartoonist since Ray Nelson, leaving him half-convinced that everything he turned out was "magnificent--great, great!" At every supposedly humorous comment or punchline he was urged to do a cartoon--if of nothing else, he drew a group of people laughing at a punchline. His qualitative output was decreasing steadily.

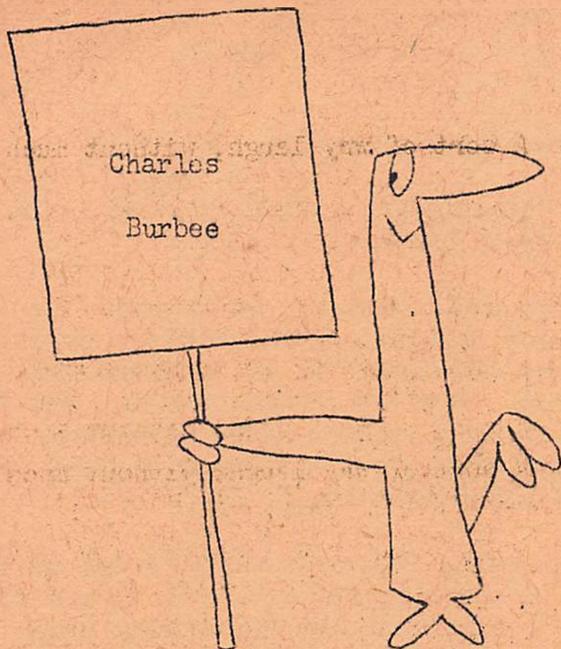
Now, Ted White and Harness and all the other neo-WSFAns are going to take this article personally, as well they might. However, the point of writing it was not to criticize only this small segment of fandom, but to give it as an example of tendencies too highly prevalent in our little microcosm these days. In that postcard to Terry I mentioned several features of groups like this one: continual egoboo-seeking, immaturity, insecurity, and destructive criticism. Other features can and should be added to this list: pomposity, an overestimate of the value and reality of fandom, and a narrowness of mind toward activities and events occurring outside of fandom or closely related fields.

Immaturity, being somewhat inclusive of the other tendencies, was about the strongest impression I brought away with me of D. C. fandom. White's freedom from the sophomoricism of the other neo-WSFAns was amply balanced by his pseudo-sophistication. All of the group pounced on one another's words to make a ploy--usually obvious--or a "one-up". Harness continually and consistently made puns on a seventh-grade level (on tape: "Variety is the splice of life...that was reel funny, wasn't it?"). Harness is often cut about his low-grade sense of humor by the group, but they seldom realize the truth in their words and laugh like hell at his jokes just the same.

The continual searching for egoboo becomes distinctly irritating after a time too. The poor and continual jokes and cuts are bad enough, but the expectant looks and the repeating of unheard or more likely ignored jokes are impossible to take for long. I was also a little upset to note my warmhearted acceptance by the group as evidenced by the well-meant insults that passed pleasantly through the good company, such as "You queer," "Why are you such a jerk?" and "For Chrissake, don't you ever do anything right?" I didn't receive or give any of these remarks, but their utterance by the twenty-year-olds made me feel that I was in the company of junior-high school children.

The problem can be put up with, of course. I had a good time with the neo-WSFAns; in spite of their idiosyncrasies (and perhaps because of them) they were interesting people. But the disturbing element is that such characteristics as I've described are common to many fannish groups. The actions the neo-WSFAns displayed were typical of the ones that have made so many fans revolting for so long; why I was leery of visiting fans on my trips across country; why Warner would just as soon not have fans call on him; why Tucker has almost bodily thrown out fan visitors.

There's no easy remedy for the situation. The best that can be done is to point out the problem and attempt to drive home its existence, so that those at fault can correct it. Until they do, fans who complain of the public's thinking of fandom as a lunatic fringe will be standing on weak ground for arguing.



THE
MIND
OF
CHOW

Directly at the head of Francis T Laney the mallet came flying.

This is the same Laney who edited the #1 fanzine ACOLYTE, the #1 FAPAzine FANDANGO, who was a one-time dignitary in the NFFF, and besides being an officeholder in FAPA a couple of times, was more than once the Director of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

If I could remember the exact chronology of this affair, I might even discover that he was Director of the LASFS at the very moment that the mallet came flying at his head. Can you imagine anyone throwing a mallet at the head of the Director of the LASFS?

This happened back in 1946 or 1947 when Laney and I worked in the same shop and each working day was like a protracted meeting of a fan club.

A fan club with only two members. For about a year it had three members. Gus Willmorth, founder of the adzine FANTASY ADVERTISER, worked there for a while.

Laney, in response to a loud warning shout, looked up just in time to see the mallet and to duck. The mallet whizzed over his head and crashed into a partition.

Chow, the Chinese machinist who had thrown the mallet at Laney and shouted the warning at him also, came up to him laughing. "Old Chinese joke," he said. "I almost kill you."

Laney, shaking his head, laughed too. It was an incredulous, wry laugh, the laugh of a man who, not quite understanding, was trying to be a good sport. Chow demonstrated his sense of humor in peculiar ways at times, Laney knew. And so he laughed, without much humor in his laugh, because he could scarcely believe that this thing had happened.

I could hardly believe it myself and I had just witnessed the entire sequence. Chow had picked up the mallet, and standing a dozen feet away, had swung it underhand at FTL's head shouting "Hey, Laney!" as the missile left his hand.

For a long time afterward that was a standard shop joke among the three of

us. Nobody else could see anything humorous about it. In fact, several people said that they hated having Chow tell them jokes because they could never tell when it was time to laugh. On the other hand, when they told him jokes they never could tell whether he would look at them blankly or laugh uproariously. There seemed to be no pattern.

Laney claimed it was the fault of us inscrutable Occidentals.

One day Chow came to work fairly bursting with a story to tell us. He could scarcely wait to tell us what had happened the night before.

It seems that Chow and his sister lived with their father. Every night the old man came home around eleven o'clock after closing up his little grocery store, and he entered the house by the back way in total darkness. He had a system for finding the dangling light cord on the back porch. From the door he reached for the washtub, followed along the washtub so many paces, and having reached a certain spot would reach up into the blackness and grasp the light cord without a miss. He was very fond of telling people how he could do this every time.

One day Chow noticed, in changing the light bulb, that the outside metal shell was electrically live--he got a shock from it. So he attached a wire to it and ran the bare wire down in place of the switch cord. That night his father came home late as usual, felt his way along the washtub as usual, reached the locating point, reached up and grasped the light cord...Chow said his father's yelp of fright and pain could be heard most of the way down the block.

"My golly," I said when he told me the story. "He was grounded to the washtub! He must have gotten a terrific shock. You might have killed him."

"Only old Chinese joke," laughed Chow. "I almost kill him."

"Did he find out you'd rigged the light switch?"

"Sure, I tell him. I say, 'Oh boy, old Chinese joke. I almost kill you.' So he laugh too."

I guess the old man saw the point.

The other day in the shop the foreman started feeding a piece of material through one of the table saws with the direction of rotation. This is not common practice and this foreman has been running these saws for more than twenty years, but there he was, feeding the strip the wrong way. Of course the saw seized up and shot the piece through the air at a speed we later estimated to be 100 mph. It screamed past six inches away from the ear of Chow as he sat operating a drill press. It struck the wall with a sound like the crack of a rifle.

The foreman went over to Chow. "I'm not hurt. Are you?" he said.

Chow said, "I didn't even have to turn around to know who did that. Only one man in the shop stupid enough."

The rest of the day Chow would come over to me at intervals, usually announcing himself by throwing something sharply against my machine or the wall, then coming up and saying quietly to me, "I'm not hurt. Are you?" Then he'd tell me the story all over again.

About the fourth time he told me the story, I said to him, "What are you so annoyed about, anyway? Old Chinese joke. He almost kill you."

To Chow's eternal credit it must be admitted that he laughed. It was a laugh that reminded me of Laney's laugh, so long ago. A sort of wry laugh, without much humor in it at all.

addenda page :

Due to the vagaries of INNUENDO's distribution system in the past, there are quite a few copies of Inn's #'s 4 & 5 left around here. Hence, a lot of you will be receiving numbers four and five along with this issue. Those of you who do are requested to ignore the admonition on the cover of #4 that you should vote for Boyd Raeburn for TAFF. Boyd was running for TAFF last year. This year it's RON BENNETT FOR TAFF!

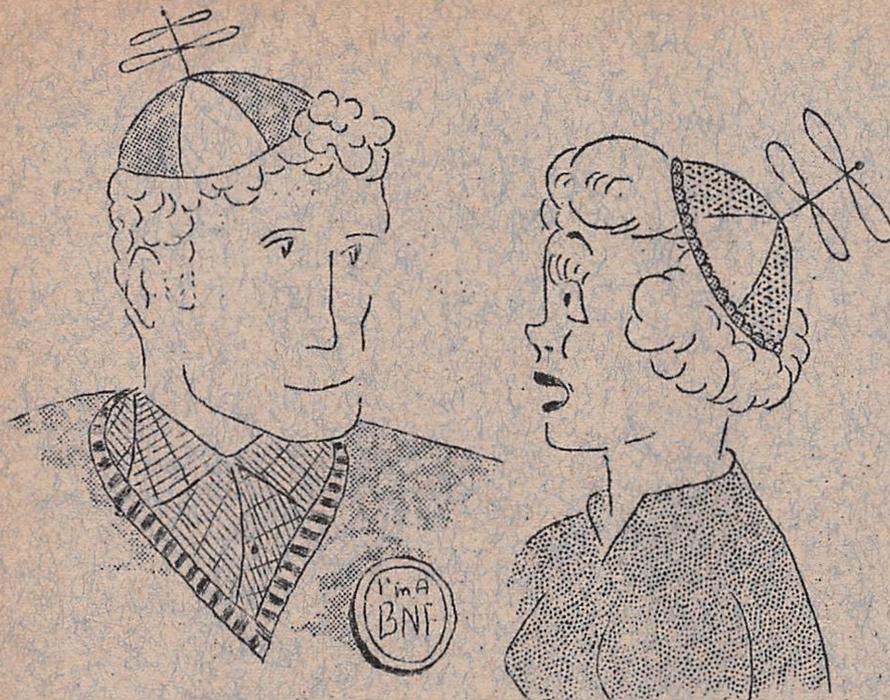
Looking through the fanzines I have for sale again (see editorial), I found a couple more incomplete SAPS mailings, numbers 26 and 31. This means I have for sale mailings number 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 31. Number 30 is probably in there too. These are at \$2.00 apiece.

Next issue and/or future issues will have such things as John Champion's parody, "A Sound of Wonder," some stuff by Roger Horrocks, more of "Alexander," more of Warner's column, and I hope more of Burbee. Brandon is working on several things, too, any of which might get into the next issue.

I hope you'll all be interested enough in seeing the next Inn to comment on this one.

Best,

Larry Carter



SIXTEEN

Carla Brandon

I'm not so dumb, really. I mean, I know that you can't mix hard set with oil base ink, and you can't wash the image off a hekto pad with hot water, and 3¢ simply isn't enough postage to Belfast. And I know that you can't wear a beany with only one prop to conventions, because fans just don't do that, you see? And I know that Tucker's not dead, and just what the Cosmic Circle was, and that no true fan would ever let himself be audited. I mean, I just thought I'd tell you this so that you'll understand that I'm not really so dumb, I mean even for a fan. Oh sure, I read Amazing once in awhile, and if I'm in the right mood I can get a big kick out of Milton Lesser and once in awhile I read Ray Palmer's editorials. But I'm not really dumb.

But now, when I sit here by my mimeograph and turn the crank round and round even though I haven't any paper in the feeder, I keep thinking about the last convention and him, and I know that I'll never, never see him again. I guess you'd think I was pretty silly. Maybe I am. I mean, he's a BNF and I'm just a neofan--gosh, I haven't even got a regular column in any of the fannags. But somehow, I can hope--

Anyway, it happened this way. I was sitting in my hotel room looking through a copy of INSIDE and curling my sideburns around my little finger, and being sort of bored because there simply wasn't anything to do at the convention at that hour, when I decided that I'd get out and walk around. So I put on the beany I'd bought just the other day down at Macy's for 79¢, the one with the twin props and the little red felt fringe along the bottom, and walked out. I guess I was kind of stupid then, because I wasn't wearing my badge or anything. Maybe I should have. Maybe if I'd been wearing it I might have seen him again, because you know, you simply can't go walking around a convention without your badge on. So I was standing there on the thirteenth floor waiting for the elevator to come down when I heard a voice behind me. It was a really warm and deep voice, sort of like the ones you always hear in those stiff pictures down at the Roxie. When I turned around I saw that it was him. I started to blush, and I guess he could see that I was embarrassed and everything, so he put his hand on my shoulder and asked, "Fugg or Grunch?"

Of course, you know what I answered. I couldn't very well answer "Fugg," you see, because he was one of the biggest Grunches around, and besides, no one, simply no one, is a Fugg anymore.

And then he gave my beany a little twirl with his finger and said, "It's fannish."

I guess I blushed right up to the edge of my beany and I could feel a little utterfly flying around in the pit of my stomach. But somehow I managed to thank him for the compliment, and he took my arm in his, and I could see that his fingers were all black and ink-stained. I guess I acted sort of neo-fannish, because I said, "Goshwow," but I really couldn't think of anything else to say. Honest, I really couldn't.

"Let's pub," he said. "I've got a case of Burgie up in my room and a silver-plated churchkey. We can pub a one-shot."

I didn't answer him. I just let him lead me up to his room and when we got there he opened up his portable typer and handed me a cold can of beer. I guess if it happened to me again I wouldn't chug-a-lug that first can, because I know now that I can never, never hope to outdrink a BNF like him. But right then it seemed like the proper thing to do. I mean, he was so fannish, and I really couldn't say anything. Most of the time I can think of a pun or something witty to say, but I was so thrilled I was speechless. Finally, I said, "Goshwow, is this fannish," but I knew he didn't hear me. He was leaning over the chair whispering "Rosebud" and "fout" in my ear and twirling my beany prop. And while I sat there, feeling the cool, swift breeze of the propellor and looking at the fine lines of the Emsh originals he had on the wall, and tasting the bitter malt taste of beer, I knew that I had fallen headlong and hopelessly in trufannism.

Then he took my hand and led me to the typewriter and we started to write. I typed out a few interlineations, and he looked at them and smiled at me. "Fannish," he whispered, and I felt that same butterfly again.

The evening tip-toed away quickly and soon I found myself at my hotel room door. He was standing next to me, holding my arm. "Goodbye," was all I could manage. I felt kind of funny after I had said it, because I just couldn't imagine what you said to a BNF when you were leaving. Certainly not "goodbye".

"I'll send you a pocsarcd," he said, and then he was gone.

Well, the convention's over and now I'm home again, and tonight I cleaned off my mimeo even though it didn't need it, and wrote a few letters, and now I'm just sitting here staring at the mailbox out on the walk. Yesterday I got a bill from Master Products and a fanzine from Walt Willis and a letter from a neofan. And the day before, my brother Joey sent me a postcard from Grand Canyon, and there was a letter for my mother from the telephone company. And now I'm beginning to know what the stars know, what the stars would not tell me, and why the mailbox sits in the front yard staring up the walk with a sort of empty leer. I know now that he will never, never write.

---Carla Brandon
(reprinted from ATON, a Cultzine of mine)

We had one once, but we put wheels on it and it died.

Attention, Nance Share! There is a new eligible male about to enter SAPS. Letter get on the ball, girl, as he is already writing to me. His name is Norman G. Wansborough and he lives in England.

---Irene Baron, OUTSIDERS #17, Sept 1954

Have had a look at your mag, "The Fantasite," and like it. It beats me how you fellows can turn out 36 pages for a dime and break even. At those rates profit is impossible, it would seem.

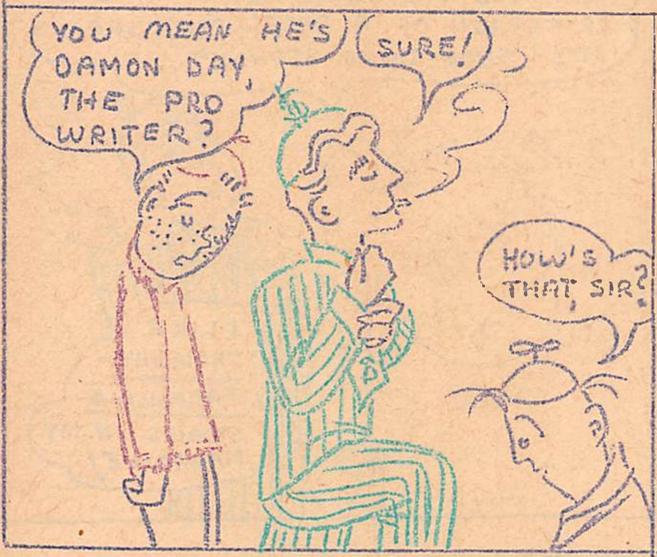
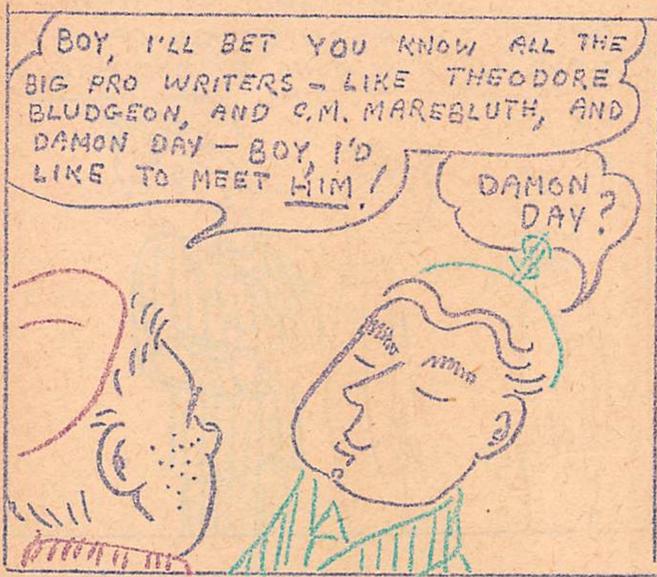
---Charles Burbee, FANTASITE, May-June 1943

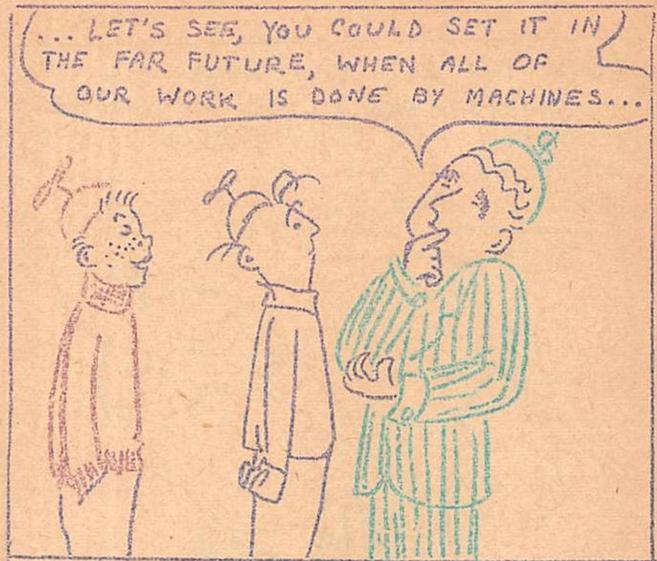
ALEXANDER

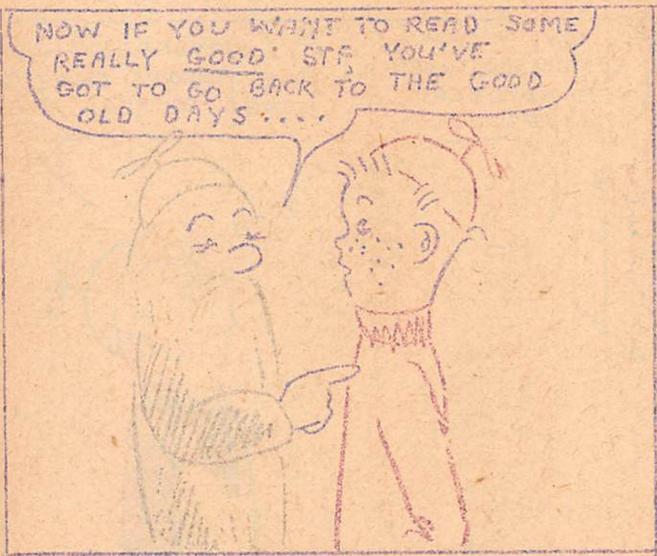
Script by CARR
Art by BJO







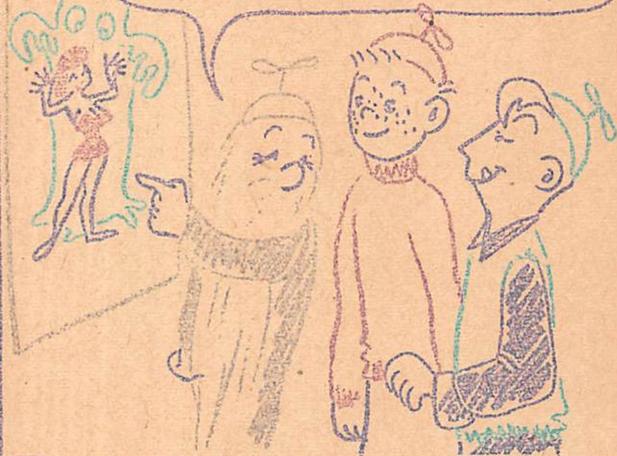




YOU SHOULDN'T JOKE ABOUT THOSE OLD-TIME AUTHORS! THEY WERE THE PIONEERS OF STF!



THEY WROTE REAL, HONEST-TO-GERMSBACK SCIENCE FICTION, WITH A SENSE OF WONDER...



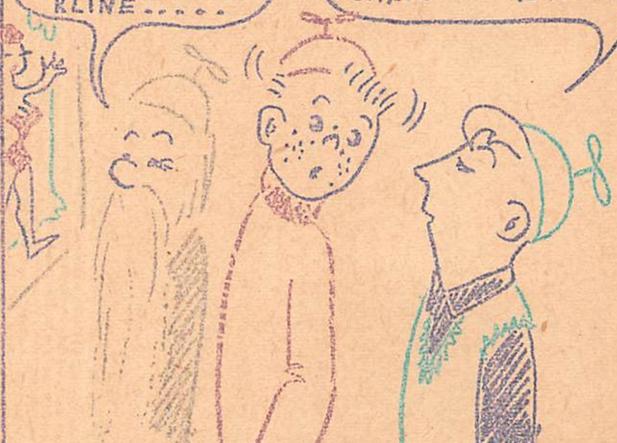
...THERE'S NO SENSE OF WONDER IN THIS STF TODAY...

I READ SOME OF THAT OLD-TIME STF ONCE... IT SURE GAVE ME A SENSE OF WONDER....



... WHY I CAN REMEMBER WHEN OTIS ADELBERT KLINE.....

... I WONDERED HOW ANYONE COULD STAND TO READ IT!



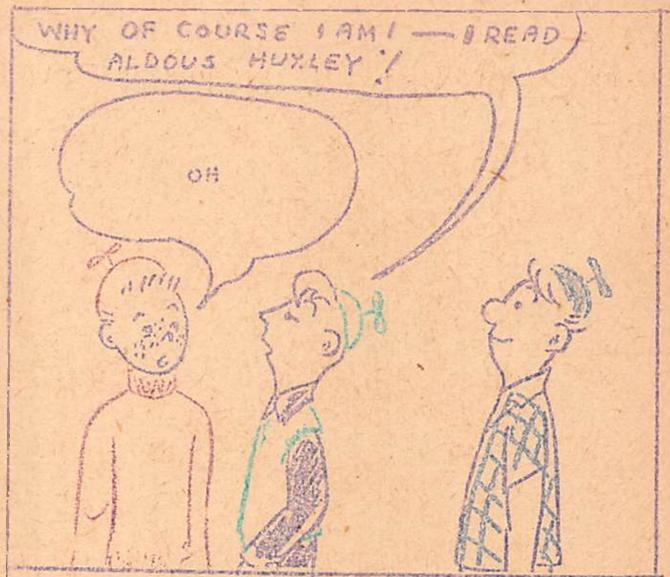
... MILES J. BREYER, FRANCIS FLAGG... ..

BUT IF YOU DON'T LIKE STF, WHAT DO YOU READ?



WELL, I LIKE CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD AND JEAN PAUL SARTRE...





INDENT

indent 5 spaces for first line

Harry Warner:

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS



It always came in a plain brown wrapper, and when it was shoved by the mailman through the letterslot, it looked like a poor, bedraggled sparrow, beside the gaudy and alluring heavy envelopes or brightly colored covers that contained other fanzines. But it was Third Fandom's equivalent of HYPHEN or SLANT, its name was THE FANTAST, and it may quite possibly have been the most consistently, enduringly excellent fanzine ever published from the literary standpoint.

THE FANTAST began publication just before the outbreak of World War Two. C. S. Youd wasn't ashamed to use his own name as its editor and publisher since he was publishing an honest fanzine; later, he began adopting all sorts of pennames for his appearances in rankly commercial publications like The Saturday Evening Post. Midway in its career, THE FANTAST passed into the hands of Douglas Webster, who never made a lot of money out of writing as Sam later did, but had equal talents. Until the vicissitudes of wartime publishing in England became too great, THE FANTAST was the best-illustrated, most literate, funniest and deepest thinking publication to emerge from the British Isles. Willis publications have surpassed it in recent years in letterpress, in a different kind of humor, and in sheer bulk, but even WAW has been unable to unearth a stable of such uniformly gifted writers as those who surrounded the publishers of THE FANTAST.

In those days, Sam Youd could afford to write non-fiction, and that was one of the best things that ever happened to fandom. From the November, 1941, issue of THE FANTAST, here's an example of his incomparable talents as an essayist, in the form of extracts from his pen portrait and semi-biography of John Frederick Burke:

The perverseness of John is his salient feature (always excluding his jaw), and the only point of similarity between him and Eric Russell. Both have reverted to Roman Catholic science, and constructed the universe about the Betelgeuse of their egos, both have grown so used to sneering at the face of authority that they dare no longer look in a mirror. But John, being younger, is more intolerant, more completely self-centred, more determined that he will answer only to the delphic oracle of his own conscience. And like a true Sybil his conscience is ambidextrous, proffering a right-hand answer with its left hand tightly closed on what is at least an alternative. ...

No one without an interest in writing could survive John's company for long. By this, I do not mean that his best friends have been too reticent, nor that he is himself boring. The reverse is the case. It is merely that although he can bring himself to discuss other things it is always from a writer's standpoint, and the conversation always gets back to writing in the end. A mention of the Spanish war is an introduction for Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls (which, I agree with John, is possibly the best novel of the last ten years), and a mention of contemplation drags in Charles Morgan. Attack him on writing, or swing if you have enough guns, and

All Our Yesterdays--II

he will smash you conclusively; attack him on politics, ethics, and especially his own shortcomings as a citizen, and he will wriggle feebly in a chair and smile inanely as you cut him to pieces. He is an example of specialized evolution: the crustacean writer. ...

The sight of Joan and John together would wring the heart-strings of any Tin Pan Alley lyric writer. John tells the world to go to hell while he gets on with his writing, and Joan ignored it altogether while she looks after John. John says something particularly Johnesque and, if she is near enough, she will put up a tender hand and pat his face--just--like--that. If she isn't near enough they exchange those glances so well-calculated to penetrate the ersatz-armour of semi-hardened cynics like myself. This is young love par excellence. You feel that only a couple of Disney doves are needed to complete the effect.

I might explain that Burke at this time had just recently given up most fan-nish pursuits in favor of writing, and the paragraphs I have quoted are actually asides in a review of his first novel. His fanzine, THE SATELLITE, was incorporated into THE FANTAST.

Evidence that the fanciful strain in the Belfast fandom of today is a direct descendant of the British Isles fandom of 15 years ago might be drawn from a little item in the September, 1939, issue. Youd quotes a letter from a "sturdy iconoclast" fan of the time, D. H. Smith:

I think it would be possible to defend the tea-leaf method of fortune-telling as easily, or almost as easily, as palmistry. The untouched tea-leaves in the bottom of a person's cup obviously owe their arrangement to the manner in which he has drained the cup, which in turn depends on the character of the man, the size of his mouth, and other variables. From his character and his position in life--which latter will also influence the disposition of the tea-leaves, as, for example, a person of the lower class will try to eat them, a person of my class will leave them well-placed for throwing in the fire, and a well-brought-up gentleman will leave them carelessly-placed ready for the slop basin--from these two influences the probable future is determined. The rules used in fortune telling by this means naturally give the fortune straight away, the process of inductive reasoning being incorporation in those rules so that the most unintelligent person can apply them.

I think this sort of thing would make a good game, one you might play in FANTAST. You could nominate a series of ridiculous hypotheses, give each to some separate fan to defend as best he could, and let your readers vote on the winner. The Moon is made of green cheese--Clarke could do that one. Or you could challenge the readers to produce anything that your staff of experts could not "prove" was correct.

By December, 1941, John Burke was writing for THE FANTAST a pen portrait of C. S. Youd. Some of it is rather embarrassing as a prediction, but sections of it are quite interesting as description:

I cannot see that square pegs should take running jumps at round holes, and Sam's terrific efforts to like his fellow human beings are all wrong. He should accept his character and not try to twist it to suit the world.... (His) fluency in verse is equalled only by fluency as a letter-writer; unfortunately, this ease and grace does not appear in such fiction as Sam has tackled, and al-

though he has toyed with the idea of becoming a professional writer, his dissatisfaction with his efforts to date and his present mood of intolerance towards intellectual pastimes tend to turn him away from the path of literature. His dislike of "intellectuals"--a class which includes a surprisingly varied assortment of people--has led him to become an inverted highbrow, praising the tastes of the general public and treating the less popular forms of art and entertainment with scorn. He experiences great difficulty in reconciling this attitude with a liking for good music, in which he is beginning to take an interest. "I dislike emotion," he says, and tries to explain away the fact that he cannot resist Wagner.

With a great deal of talent, Mr. Youd may never become the writer he deserves to be because of his lack of application and his inability to make up his mind as to what to do with his life; he is less likely to succeed than many of his acquaintances with inferior tastes and few talents, but more determination. ...

He is well-built, having filled out surprisingly in two years. He accuses me of not taking enough exercise, but complains that I walk too much. He has a cherubic countenance, spectacles, and once had wavy hair. As I write this he is in hospital, minus the hair. His voice is mellow, ideal for reading melancholy poetry. He affects a cynical smile which deceives nobody.... While he was in Liverpool, we saw him change his mind---a process that has much in common with an earthquake.

One of the finest things about FANTAST was its poetry. Occasionally, when a filler was needed, it quoted such non-fans as the unknown lance corporal in Sutton who wrote:

I wish I was a wooly worm and had a wooly tummy--
I'd jump into a pot of glue and make my tummy, gummy.

But most of the time, THE FANTAST published extremely serious, romanticized poetry that stands up quite well today. Youd, J. P. Rathbone, William Harris, and many others of the day contributed much the same sort of writing, and even Americans got into the act. I quote "Conclusion" by Louis Russell Chauvenet, which had also appeared in two American fanzines of the day:

If, in imaginary visions, you
Have come in secret through the shadow's grey
To where the tower's battlemented view
Etches a fragment of the nascent day,
And if at moments I have heard you say,
As though you were no phantom; you could see
In that bright etching one transcendent way
Bridging the chasms of eternity,
Forgive the vain delusion. I have known
At heart how much it angered you that I
Built one strong tower in your sweep of sky
And I will build no more. When viewed alone
The tower seems less strong. Let stone on stone
Dissolve, and let the bright illusion die.

I noticed a recent review of a volume by August Derleth, whose contents are allegedly a sort of collaboration between Lovecraft and him. It is, more probably, a case of flaying a dead horse, a sacrilegious prodding of story material which Lovecraft abandoned as not worth the completion and forgot to destroy. Because as long ago as the very first issue of THE FANTAST, published in April, 1939, a full two decades ago, intelligent people were already getting fed up with the

All Our Yesterdays--IV

practice of capitalizing on Lovecraft's reputation by publishers who were trying to make money out of his bad stories. Here's John Burke again:

Howard Phillips Lovecraft was, to my mind, the peer of fantasy authors; yet when I see a Lovecraft story in Weird Tales these days I feel disgusted, and reading of the story only confirms my belief that it is worthless. Stories that Lovecraft never submitted--or stories that were rejected when he was alive--have suddenly been rooted out and printed, regardless of merit. Odd fragments of his youth, experiments, are given to the public as though they were high-class material of the sort only HPL could write. "The Shunned House" was twice rejected by Weird--and rightly so--but upon Lovecraft's death they printed it. Hardly a fitting memorial to the memory of a great man.

And those dreadful short stories we have been getting lately are beyond endurance. True, every now and then something good turns up--"The Quest of Iranon" for example--but on the whole, stories such as "The Nameless City," "The Truce," and so on, should never be printed--and would never have been printed but for his death.

In the second issue of his fanzine, Youd was the dedicatee of an article by David Edilwain, "How To Write Weird Poetry." Some samples:

Now the easiest kind of poetry to write is the modern style--"vers libre." It may best be described as prose-poetry, since there is no intricate meter to be adhered to, and no rhymes to be painfully sought or concocted. Instead one just writes down whatever comes into one's head, always remembering to vary the length of the lines a little in order to make it seem as though there is some subtle purpose in them. Be as vague as possible--circumlocution is highly to be commended--as this will gain you fame as a philosopher and thinker. Thus, instead of saying "The sun set," you would say:

"Far in the west,
Embedded in a sky of deepening purple
And fanned by fleecy clouds,
Sank the sun in crimson glory
Towards the beckoning ebony
Of Timbuctoo"...or words to that effect.

Notice "sank the sun" is used instead of "the sun sank" because such inversions often make critics raise their hats and henceforth link your name with Shakespeare. ...

You must be familiar with mythology....and be able to spout strange and unusual names like an over-energetic drain-pipe. E.G.,

"Down in the forest something stirred. He
Listened in pain to the hurdy-gurdy."

sorry, wrong poem,
but you get what I mean, don't you? Names such as "Shoggoth," "Maiad," "Baalam," "Wollheim"--horrible though they may appear at first sight, have been the fortune of their respective sponsors. If you can write a line of poetry like this--

"The evil Palooka, son of Kaeva-kaeva, the rat,
Came up from Spraagnor's fiery pit, the brat!"

then your
fortune is practically made. Always use a double A in weird names, as this is a custom which it is faataal--sorry--fatal--to ignore.

All Our Yesterdays--V

A little later, in the May, 1940 issue, Julian F. Parr published an analogous article on "Hints on How To Write Science Fiction." Under the topic of wording, he said:

This is very important. If a system of circumlocution is used to such an extent that readers are forced to produce dictionaries to understand one, one will inevitably be proclaimed an anachronistic genius. Such authors as Smith and Williamson, verbose as they are, could go still further. For instance, the following passage is taken from a mediocre and very short serial printed in the Dark Ages of science fiction:

"Ten minutes should be enough," he remarked, "but we are in no hurry. It would be just as well to keep them under observation, however, as I want to note the reaction of our scarlet foes to our ministrations." And he signed to the laborer to make another hole about five feet from the ground.

You can clearly see from the above how naive the stories of the Dark Days were, as the narrator only used one word of any intricacy in his narration of the event, viz., ministrations. But see the amended passage:

"Fourteen duarogs and two feques should be sufficient," he observed, utilizing the duration-meter of the Graks, wherein a curtig is the length of time taken...etc... "But we are not excessively precipitant. It would be extremely espediata to subject them to a critical scrutiny as I require the experience of watching their reactory processes to our torvously lethal ministrations." And he motioned to the attendant laborer to construct another perforation approximately five feet above the level of the passageway.

This kind of thing not only makes your manuscript look scientific but also dazes the reader and, since writers are paid at the disgustingly commercial rate of so much (and how little it is!) per word, brings in more cash.

I don't want to give the impression that this set of excerpts Tells All the excellencies of THE FANTAST. I haven't quoted a word of Doug Webster's own wonderful writings, for example. The letter section, Fantast's Folly, was always lengthy, lively, and densely packed with ideas, but it doesn't lend itself to excerpting out of the context. Harry Turner was the cover artist, most of the time, creating mimeographed drawings that look as much like printed linecuts as you're likely to find anywhere. Then there were the several series of satirical nature that went on and on. One of them was reprinted several years ago, intact, "The Road To Fame," and distributed via the FAPA. I think that any ambitious fan of 1958 who wants to make people very happy and himself very popular could do worse than to take his mimeograph in hand, borrow a typical issue of THE FANTAST, and proceed to reprint the whole shebang intact.

~~~~~

I was reading your magazine, which I just got in the mails today, and I found this large mummified moth in it. I took him out and shook him, and under the dust I found what looked like faint lettering on his wings. I have kept this moth; if you would like to see him, I will mail him back to you.

--John Bristol, LeZ, April, 1942



## INNVECTIVE

F. M. BUSBY, 2852 - 14th Ave. W.,  
Seattle 99, Washington

My enjoyment of the INNISH was enhanced by being able to turn at intervals to DEWENTIA PRAECOX and reread the Michigan Oracle's Elegy for poor ol' burned-out Terry Carr. It hurts me that you're burned-out, Terry; mainly it hurts me when I laugh.

Most fannish setups sound more so in print than they seem from the inside. Heck, out back in the FenDen are three mimeos, a spirit-duper, the dread Multigraph, and nearly a couple of hundred shelf-feet of stf-zines: each and every month Wally Weber, Toskey, Otto Pfeifer (the original of Capp's Joe Btfsplk) and we-all conspire to perpetrate an issue of CRY; between us we put out at least five

SAPSzines quarterly. Bill Austin and Royal Drummond are seen at rare intervals; Jack Spear and Alan Nourse have been known to make it in from North Bend; sometimes we're even at truce with G. M. Carr. And yet mundane details take up the greater part of all our lives; life never really feels as faaannish as it reads.

At one time our gang here toyed with the idea of printing reciprocal profiles of each other in the CRY, but pooped out when it became obvious that one of us would have to submit to a Profile by Toskey. I'm glad to see that somebody had the sheee guts to go through with a deal of this sort. Seems as if you and Dave got the hooks further into each other than Pete and Carl did; I'll bet the latter items were written first. ←(I'll cover that, five dollars' worth. You lose; pay up.)→

Eney stepped too quickly, while I was anticipating some truly magnificent original samples of the Fannish Curse. (May worms eat your mint UNKNOWNs, etc.)

"What Am I Doing Here?" Choice, but wotinhell was a fannish type doing in the Marines, of all places? Wasn't there anyone around to give him Good Advice? This is even more puzzling than Rapp's staying in the Army; after all, we know that Art's alternative is being discharged helpless into the waiting claws of the Michifen.

Bridging the gap from Royal Drummond's punchline to your next item : Elinor and I are the only actifan married couple who have ever spent an evening with Eric Erickson, his wife, and their small daughter. They took a trip down

this way in June, and arrived here the evening before the NullCon. Although he was quite stiff and embarrassed early in the evening, a little home-brew and discussion thawed Eric out after awhile. He is a very likable sort of guy, and does not beat your ears off at all with Rapier-type material, unless hounded to it. I hounded him a li'l bit, as I wanted to find out what was behind some of his material. Well, I'm not sure that he quite knows, himself. I think that he has had a soul-shaking version of what is sometimes called the Mystic Experience, and that he's been knocking his head off ever since, trying to verbalize something that will not go into words. And of course, the more he tries, the farther he departs from his original insights and the less it makes sense to the listener. I'm afraid from this latest kick that he has run onto a Book that gives him a feeling of similar goals; and has lifted a bunch of guck from said Book to graft onto his own ideas. It reads like some of the stuff that used to be relayed in from left field in the Dianetic Era, but I have no idea as to the exact source. Anyhow, it's sort of too bad--this guy is obviously driven by a sense of urgency, and don't ever think he's insensitive to the "screwball" judgement pronounced by nearly everybody. It took me two hours to find out just which "Three Laws" should be repealed to bring about the millennium, and basically he had a couple of good points--turns out he grotches at the idea of property rights being valued above human rights, and organized prudery is a stench to him. ((I've had a couple of letters from Erickson since the Innish, in one of which he expounded on property: "First of all, let's deal with the economic field. Certainly we could say, 'We'll take everything away from everyone and we'll redistribute it equally.' But to plan such a thing would be foolish because if we did that, we'd know that no matter what checks and legislation we brought into being to try to keep things equally distributed, people are people and it wouldn't be long until nine men out of ten would again have nothing and the tenth man would have everything. No sir, there's a better way. With money abolished, it will be impossible for any individual to be comparatively rich, wot?" At which bit of brilliant logic I retire.))

Brandon has a fiendishly accurate ear for parody, and as it happens that parody is often a good testing-ground for talent and technique, I expect that Carl is apt to betray his fannish ideals and turn pro, any year now. "Cacher" is only about the third item I've seen of his, but my impression is: if this guy doesn't have it, he'll sure get it before long. ((Carl has no professional aspirations.))

Best,

Buz

P.S. FROM ELINOR: We invited Royal Drummond to a party but he didn't come. I was horribly disappointed--I was longing to tell him that I was the only woman my age living at 2852 14th W. who was ever bit by a rabbit. The rabbit died.

BOB LEMAN, 2701 So. Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado

Your innish almost defies comment. By George, this is the Sears, Roebuck catalogue of fanzines. Eighty-five pages (or eighty three, depending on who did the counting) ((I counted 84, myself.)) represents a prodigious amount of labor, and would evoke awe even if all the contents were crud. And it's by no means that. Bhut bhoy ohh bhoy, iht's qhite fhannish. It happens that I, as President of The Rocky Mountain Association of Neofans, like this kind of thing; but then I'm only thirty-five, and when I mature I'll be embarrassed by people who quote in their fanzines my youthful notions.

Please convey to Brandon my enthusiastic congratulations: "The Cacher of the Rye" was as shrewd a bit of parody as it's been my privilege to see in a fanzine. "My Fair Femfanne"--if you don't mind conveying to Brandon praise on an item that appeared elsewhere--was almost as good. These things are the gen. The only fault I can find with either is their length; parody suffers when too prolonged. (But then Hemingway managed a book-length one in "The Torrents

INNVECTIVE, III--the importance of being Ernest Hemingway

of Spring.")

You say you've never heard of me, but that's because you're not widely read. My work has been appearing in such publications as THE BULLETIN (Christchurch) and THE COSMO DAIRY NEWS for some time. If you confine your reading to trash, of course you'll miss most of the good stuff.

Thoroughly,

*Bob*

MARTY FLEISCHMAN, 90-09 153rd Ave., Howard Beach 14, New York

I enjoyed everything--with the exception of Erickson's letter. Hooo bhoy! I L#I\*K#E that: "Or Martin Fleischman, who wrote me a letter that was a masterpiece of profanity, obscenity and name-calling." On that sentence croggled me!

Crackpot Erickson forgets to mention that he sent me a letter...a letter which four people advised me to report to the proper authorities. How'd that letter end, Eric? Wasn't it something along the lines of: "...no, I hope it's you who gets it first, with radiation sores all over your body and a Russian bayonet in your belly." No, Creep Erickson forgets that letter.

Re that experience with the landlady, Carr, do you expect us to swallow that story? It sounds utterly IMPOSSIBLE.  $\leftarrow$ (It's true, though.) $\rightarrow$

Like all those quotes from old fanmags--ghad, where do you get hold of all those ancient relics? Ellik's collection?  $\leftarrow$ (Some of them are from the collection of Old Time Fan Ellik, who has been in fandom since 1952, and the rest are from the collections of Pete Graham, Dave Rike, and me, all of whom are mere neos, having been in fandom only since 1949 or 1950.) $\rightarrow$

Very Best,

*Marty*

WALT WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland

I got the Innish the day before yesterday, along with STELLAR, and was restrained from leaping to the typer immediately after I'd read it (the magazine, that is--there isn't much reading on the typer) only by the knowledge that anything I said would come out like Brandon/Salinger. I'm susceptible like that. So I left it till today, when the effect should have almost worn off. It really should of. But I'm still enthusiastic. It plucked me right out of gafia with an almost audible twang. Why, I think after this I'll actually write a letter of comment on STELLAR! You can't be much more fannish than that, can you?

Ordinarily I'm not much of a stickler for accuracy on covers, but those Canadians are a sensible efficient lot and I think you malign them by showing them trying to hang a squirrel. I mean, I've never tried to hang one myself, but it seems to me it'd just nip up the rope and lie there upside down sneering at you, Ellik-like.  $\leftarrow$ (With the International Standard Sneer, of course.) $\rightarrow$  Besides, A BAS means Down With, not Up With. Seems to me much more likely they'd try to run it over with the Austin-Healy. And that's got potentialities, you know. A new Canadian sport, hunting squirrels in sports cars. I can just see it taking the place of ice-hockey. A lively squirrel, a nippy manoeuverable sports car and the wide Canadian prairies...

Ellik's Oklacon report was fascinating, in a sadistic sort of way. So that's why the London Worldcon never got a cable from the Oklacon. We were terribly worried about that you know--cast quite a shadow over the festivities. What I can't understand though, is why Bowart didn't telephone Dean Grennell for the address of the Con Hotel.

Ron Bennett's conreport was very good, and for Ron, remarkably accurate. I even recognise it for the same convention which I attended, and as you know that's quite unusual for someone else's conreport. He might have explained tho that the reason I said it was a long narrow convention was that the convention hall was

INVECTIVE, IV--Willis Tells All

about ten feet wide and 100 feet long. It was the first Worldcon ever held in a corridor.

I liked very much the quartet of character assassinations, or half-assassinations as Bloch would say. Loved the bit about Peter sending me Get Well Cards on every anniversary of the Death Hoax: it reminded me of how I used to send Lee Hoffman wedding anniversary cards every year on the date of our "honeymoon" in Fort Mudge. The only difference being that mine arrived at their destination. However it was a nice thought and I appreciate it even retrospectively. ((Though the Quartet pieces were exaggerated, Pete was going to send you a card one year.))

Ellik was good again about his life with the Marines. He's coming on, since his articles used to be the literary equivalent of heaving beercans out of windows. I'm glad you people showed him a new and finer use for beercans. Incidentally, how's the Tower coming along? Didn't have any trouble with the sputnik, did you? I was thinking it might knock some off the top. I don't want to sound simple about this highly technical subject, because I'm sure you people have it all thought out very carefully, but I'd like to pass on a query of Madeleine's which has been worrying me as a member of the laity. (It doesn't worry Madeleine that way of course--she's no laity, she's my wife.) What's going to happen to the beercans on the top when they get outside the Earth's gravitational field? Won't they start to float away? Wouldn't it be better to be sure and start saving up chewing gum to stick them together? ((No, we'll use surface tension like we did on Harry Warner's copy of the Innish.))

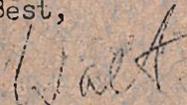
That was quite a gripping account of Peter's accident. Cor, \$825. I didn't know there was \$825 worth of stuff in a VW to start with.

Erickson. There is something queer about this fellow. And I don't mean his opinions, or even his sex life, if any. What I'm thinking of is that he wrote me a long time ago saying that he'd found out about fandom through finding a copy of HYPHEN in a Calgary bus station. It seemed so unlikely I thought he was a hoax. After all there can't be all that many HYPHENS floating around bus stations. ((Did you ask Gina Ellis if she'd lost any copies of HYPHEN?))

What can I say about Brandon that I haven't already said? CotR was wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, and if possible even more so now that I've read the book. But not all that much, because it stands up in its own right--there's something intrinsically right about the way Brandon applied it to fandom. I can't understand Champion thinking Salinger's novel was hilarious. To me it seemed sad, nostalgic, almost unbearably poignant. Even Brandon's parody--parody isn't the word...transcription--wasn't funny so much as...well, poignant, and it had the same compellingness. I'm going to bind all those INNs together. You can tell Carl that if it's ever published separately I'll buy two copies--one for me and one for George Charters, who is another staunch Brandon fan. ((Are you sure that in his age and nearsightedness he didn't misread "Brandon" as "Brand"?))

P.S. Sad about Horrocks, wasn't it?

Best,



HARRY WARNER, Jr., 123 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

You should find enclosed the first installment in the new series of "All Our Yesterdays". I haven't written it yet, and it was touch and go for a while, because in moving, all my fannish stuff got so thoroughly shuffled that I can't find anything that I want. It's astonishing how things can disappear, just on a one-mile journey from the western to the southern end of the same city. We can't run the clock because we've lost the key that winds it, and my hands are still black from the latest issue of HORIZONS because the mimeo cleansing cream has either been lost or accidentally consumed by mistake as an edible.

I could get this manuscript to you one day sooner, by stopping this letter now and writing the article, but it would be boorish to fail to congratulate you on the Innish, even at the cost of 2 1/2 hours. Everything about it is fantastically good, even down to the postmark on the envelope which missed the stamp

INNVECTIVE, V--Harry Warner, cheapskate

altogether. Now I'll have to try to find something to mail that weighs just enough for an eight cent stamp. The staple binding particularly impresses me, because I can't figure out what keeps the pages so even at the edges. I should think that they would slither around and make it difficult to leaf through, since your punched hole is considerably larger than the prongs of the fastening devices, but I suppose that you have trained molecules or something that keeps up a dual surface tension. (Of course.)

I read everything in the issue, too. I tackled Cacher of the Rye with a bit of trepidation, but found my fears that it might be grubbing in a worked-out vein were unjustified. It's really better than the earlier portions, I think, showing more ingenuity in tacking fanish matters onto the excellent imitation of Salinger's style. But it was disappointing to see everyone in your letter column except Willis refer to it as a satire; WAW was the only one to define it correctly as parody. (Yes, but he's changed his mind now.)

The con reports were also better than I'd expected. It was refreshing to read Ellik's account of the Oklacon, and find him as fully disgusted with the events there as I was with the two FAPA contributions that emerged from it. And it would be a good thing for all future conventions to be staged overseas, if they promote as much excellent descriptive matter as the London event has done. Contrast the uniformly pleasant reporting on it with the fuss-provoking accounts of the 1956 convention. (The best parts of Bennett's conreport were DM.)

Incidentally, the next time you see Pete Graham, you'd better explain to him that the picture of the house in Stefantasy a few years back was the Rockefeller mansion in New York City. Danner never said that it was 720 Rockwood Avenue, and apparently FAPA has a credulous membership, because I don't believe that anyone ever came right out and challenged the implied identification that he so cunningly created through the juxtaposition of the cut and the text.

I have a firm conviction that I should write more, much more, to give an adequate return in comments for all the work that you put into this issue. But I hate to run the risk of holding you back on another INNUEENDO, by delaying the column any further. So I'll sum up by saying that it was pretty nearly as good as a FAPA mailing, only not quite as much so in bulk, and hope that it doesn't give you any lasting trouble from Nydahl's Disease.

Yrs., &c.,

*Harry*

BOB TUCKER, P. O. Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois

Tonight is my faaan night--Tonight Is Fanac Night! Mark the date on your new girly calendar. It doesn't occur often. In fact, this is the first Fanac Night since early 1955. My wife allows me only one Fanac Night every few years, a sort of release to all my pent-up frustrations and, of course, a sort of reward for being good. I have been very good for the past two years and so I am allowed to Fanac until midnight tonight.

My last Fanac Night was March 7, 1955. You can readily imagine that I have a flock of pent-ups to release. I am releasing them on you because I have just read the Innish, wherein you so kindly remind me of Old Times. I gleed at that.

Despite the ever-growing number of con reports on every big and little con in creation, I muchly enjoyed the two you published, because of your choice of reporters. Truly, they spun marvelous tales having the right amount of reportage and the right amount of extrapolation. I was filled with a Sense of Wonder. (I think this is about the fifteenth or twentieth time I have read an account of the Oklacon, and this is also the fifteenth or twentieth version of what happened there--all versions different, some contradictory.)

After the con reports, the second most enjoyable features were the large and small fillers lifted from ancient fanzines. They did indeed remind me of old

INNECTIVE, VI--Tucker reminisces

times when Laney was in flower. Those were the great days, son. As Willis has pointed out, Laney loved to bring up the rear.

Next, your quartet for beanieprops in a. a what, I don't know, but the four props turned in sparkling pieces of work.

I intend to stop here and let you doodle on the page. Look for me on my next Fanac Night, sometime in 1958 or 59.

- Bob Tucker

JOHN KONING, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio

Don't know why I keep writing these letters, every time I do you print it and cut me down. The first time was unfair, that was the third letter I had written and knew nothing of fandom, the second was little better, I was still nuts. But now, look at me, I am worse than ever. Due to your zine no doubt.

The reprints are still going strong I see, even the excerpts you use for fillers. "Cursing for Fantasy Use" is useful. Damn! Wish my friends would try it instead of filling my mind with obscene remarks about my future home, ancestry, appearance, and personal habits.

Brandon's Cacher/Rye stunk. Bah. Not up to the first part, except for the last part. (?) ~~((!))~~

The "Down With Everything" club has grown but degenerated into a chess-playing organization. (I know, "How about a down-with-chess chapter?") ~~((Okay, but remember, you suggested it, not me.))~~

Oh Yes. How does Youngfan know there were/was no fandom in Cheops' time? I ask you Phanne, can you prove it? It has probably existed all through history. The Roman Revels sound like bheerbhusts to me, and Stonehenge was probably a primitive Slanshack.

As you see, I have out-fuggheaded myself again. Perhaps I should publish a crudzine, I could call it DISCONTINUED, just mail out the cover, nothing else.

Sincerely,

*John Koning*

RICH BROWN, 127 Roberts Street, Pasadena 3, California

Do you send INN to members of TLOS? ~~((Yes.))~~ I was just wondering, because I asked Rike for a copy and I'm a little afraid of what it was I said. Dunno. I send off for all free fanzines, so it's kinda hard to remember. But I think it was something like: "Please send me a copy of INNUENDO. I promise I'll comment; lock...IPROMISEIPROMISEIPROMISE..." Good Lord. ~~((Amen.))~~

Bennett's report was the best I've seen on the LonCon (and I've seen 'em by Willis, Rory Faulkner, Wally Weber, etc.). And extremely enjoyable. When I saw that it was 14 pages I'd just breezed over, I almost flipped my beanie. The bit about the Palace Guard reminds me of a story I saw...somewhere. Seems this ritzy old dame comes up to the palace to see the queen. She steps out of her Thunderbird and, taking her poodle by the leash, starts up to the palace. But just then, the royal carriage rolls by. Behind it comes a parade. Mrs. Ritzy watches it go by, and when it finally does, one of the palace guards standing near her says in a low voice, "Madam, you can pull the chain now. Your dog is through."

"And Nothing But The Truth" (Drummond) was quite good. I agree with Willis; this is the sort of stuff that makes the real fandom, even though Sercon zines do have quality. The big trouble with them zines is that when the YoungFan comes into fandom, he has science fiction buzzing thru his head (I gather you have heard of such a word as "science fiction"). Naturally, when he decides to make his Great Contribution To Fandom, it's about s-f. Of course, it usually turns out to be pretty cruddy. After awhile, he Sees It All, and goes into a more faanish zine. The experience with the serconzine has helped him; he turns out a better reproduced zine, with better material, and possibly a Name or two. This, of course, leads the fen to believe that all serconzines are cruddy. They aren't; SKYHOOK, SIGMA OCTANTIS, THE NEW FUTURIAN, etc., are good representatives of that field.

INNVECTIVE, VII--Brown philosophises

And after so many issues of the above-mentioned zines ←(He means on the last page.)→ you know the editor isn't going to make a faaan; he doesn't graduate. ←(Poor ol' undergraduate Redd Boggs.)→ But maybe that is good. Who knows? ←(The best serconzines are pubbed by those who are equally at home in faaandom, such as Boggs and Warner.)→

"The Cacher of the Rye"--well, it beats everything I've seen. Orchids to Brandon for a job well done. Outside of seeing his name in The Cult, I hadn't heard of him before, and now I'm wondering why. Maybe because I don't get enuff fanzines (hint to all you faneds out there in Fan-Lan'). I've always wondered how the founder←(s)→ of the M3F felt when he←(they)→ saw all the stuff that comes into print about it. Now I know, and it's a chuckle, not a pain I get out of the bit about JAS-FAP. But to exployn a few things about it, I would like to half-quote Thiel, the other founder of JAS-FAP: "I hope it (JAS-FAP) will be like a derigible in fandom; that it will rise, slowly at first, but surely." We built our "derigible" out of the lightest materials we had at hand, and...it went over like a lead balloon.

The hero in "The Cacher of the Rye" is rather stupid--the bartender asks him if his age can be found in the fan-directory. He would have had only to say "Forrest J. Ackerman" and his age would have been verified. He is a non-drinker, so the bartender wouldn't have seen him (Ackerman) previously.

Horrocks' letter. I dunno, I can think of quite a few zines where WAW hasn't had even a mention. Why there's...there's...and then again... ←(Sad about Brown's memory, eh Walt?)→

I agree with Neal Phanne completely. So much so, that I say here and now, in public: next year it's Phanne for TAFF! TAFF--True And Fuggheaded Fan. ...Seriously tho, Terry, this does sound like me about a year or so ago...especially the bits, "I suggest you have it printed on slick paper, which would make the magazine appear much better...I'm going to publish a fanzine of my own this fall, and I am sure you will all want to subscribe. The price will be only 25¢...it will be hekto, and be published monthly..." and the bit about how all zines should print only serious stuff. --This is real cute. I would, however, have used one more thing myself: "I'd like you to do an article for my zine--about 12 pages on 'Science Fiction As Literature.' If you do poems, send me a few. Or if you draw, draw me some pictures. If you would do this, I would share some of the profits with you." Believe it or not, that's what I did with EQUATION! It never got out, thank ghod...

*Reed*

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

Now a letter of comment on the Innish. Like WOW! What a monster. I most certainly hope you don't go gafia after this, succumbing to the fatal annish disease. I would love to see this zine biting Don Ford in the leg.

Editorial is a delight. The vision summoned up of you and Ellik giving Rike's old landlady a snowjob is beautiful.

Was a little unhappy with the early part of the final installment of "Cacher of the Rye". Having read the book, I got the feeling that Brandon was rushing through the remainder...that he had got tired of the job, and was trying to get it finished, and that some of the episodes could have been handled with a little better effect, considering previous installments, but the final session of Holden with Phoebe made up for all this. It is an absolutely superb job, a real delight. Brandon is a genius. Really.

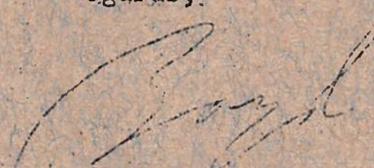
Coulson puzzles me at times. I get the impression that way down deep, way down, there flickers a faint faaanish flame, but that Indiana has been too much for it.

Glad to see Walt also agrees with me that INNUENDO is one of the grrreat

INNECTIVE, VIII--gentlemen of distinction agree

fanzines, and if you only had had a better distribution system, and hadn't used ditto on some of the issues, more people would have read the zine and realized it, and then you would have been able to fold and become a legend like QUANDRY, and then Clod Hall could have written an article saying INNUENDO wasn't as good as FOR BEIS ONLY and all that sort of thing. Now though, before all this can happen, you'll have to put out several more issues, and I'm glad, dammit, GLAD.

Regards,



GREG BENFORD, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas

I received the Innish several days ago during a series of tests and this is the earliest opportunity I have had to answer and comment. First: this is the best issue of a fanzine I've seen in the last half year. You know, more and more I'm beginning to get the feeling of a certain style of writing that runs through the mag. It seems to me that your material has a definite Lower-California slant--especially in the profiles, the method and humor employed is close to that of the Burbee, Laney, and Ashley days. I'm not kidding. The short humorous incident style is what I'm trying to pinpoint. That is, instead of a straight description, you use a series of humorous or semi-humorous incidents. The entire production can be read either by a faan of today or, say, someone glomping over old INNs ten years from now (if we ever get the issues distributed by then). The entertainment value does not depend on interest in the individual, but a bunch of well-contrived gags. This is what I'd like to see done more often--right now, in fact, as Tom Reamy has asked me to do a profile of myself, and I'm at a complete loss as to what I'm going to say. (Say you have an I. Q. of 194, which was raised to that level by Scientology.)

Warner was excellent. You're doing a Great Service to fandom by printing these fanoirs...just think of all the neos who will be Informed when they start publishing their crudzines. None of this "Who was Burbee?" stuff--they'll know who Burbee was...and all thanks to you. (Did you hear that, Burbee?)

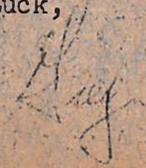
Ah, Brandon. Lord, this was fine! Since I wrote you I've had a chance to glance over some Salinger and this satire, under a different light, is of very high quality. Sorry I didn't understand it before. Brandon has some very fine stuff here about fannish types...almost busted a gut over the three girls in the bar, and pretending to see Dean Grennell and all. You are indeed most fortunate to have Brandon in your midst. I'm beginning to think of him as the genius Raeburn says he is.

Ask Ellik sometime to tell me why it is Cosmically Fitting that I'm in Dallas.

Did you know that Claude Degler attended the Oklacon? I was talking to Randy Brown and he swears up and down that he was there...altho consult Ellik for the validity of what Brown says. (Ellik sez it's Cosmically Fitting for you to be in Dallas because Degler was at the Oklacon.)

I'm beginning to agree more and more with Willis on INNUENDO. You've got a great little zine here--bring it out regularly and you could become Big Names...fans will Look Up To You! People you didn't know will buy you beers at South Gate, you will receive pleading letters from faneds who want your material. Think, man, think. You're missing a golden opportunity here. (Hmm...free beers, eh?)

Luck,



INNVECTIVE, IX--Honey Wood hates me

HONEY WOOD, 1112 Acton, Berkeley, California

Terry Carr, you pulled a sneaky trick! Well, here is how it all happened for those who are not in the know. While visiting at my house one fine Saturday, Terry casually handed me a pile of INNUENDOs and just as casually asked me to look them over and let him know what I thought about them. Well, Terry pulled off one of the greatest feats in fandom. I actually sat down, arranged the stack of zines in front of me and then goshoboyoboy, I was in a pickle. Which one did he want me to look over? Since I didn't know, I had to look them all over. Now is that fair, I ask you. (Are you sure you aren't G. M. Carr's grandson, Terry?)

Well, I picked up one and then another and kept turning pages and turning pages and found myself leaving eyetracks on each page (that doesn't mean I read them--it means just what I said, I left eyetracks on them). After all my hesitation and stalling around I finally got down to cases and began reading. (How do you know that you're not G. M. Carr's grandson...who told you so?) Much to my surprise I found that I actually could READ the zine. I seem to have developed poor eyesight trying to read fanzines that were so badly reproduced that you couldn't begin to imagine what the faned was trying to put across, except possibly business for the eye doctors. (I have information from reliable sources that you must be G. M. Carr's grandson--who else could you be?) ((Len Moffatt is firmly convinced that I'm Ellick's big bushy tail.))

I especially enjoyed Ron Ellick's writeup on the Oklacon; he made me so happy and thankful that I wasn't there, mainly because I do not care much for pinball machines. It surely was an impressive fan gathering to say the least--any fan would want to travel hundreds of miles to be in such outstanding company, or should I say instanding company? My one regret is that I was not present in the Quartet writeup: I would sure love to see me written up as the Mighty Drinker. This would be a joke, as a thimble of liquor would lay me under the table (I don't think I like my choice of words there, but let it stand). Come on, boys, how about doing a cross-section of Honey Wood...I am not a Patron of the Arts, a Careful Planner, or a Dave In Appearance, but I would try, just to make good copy for INNUENDO. Besides, I would even give you a meal at my house. ((Hmm...free food, eh?))

(Does G. M. Carr KNOW that you are her grandson, Terry?)

All in all INNUENDO is beautifully presented, has loads of good fan humor, and it sure gave me an urge to put out a fanzine myself, except I do not wish to burden other fans with my troubles as a faned, and the more important fact is that I couldn't get material from G. M. Carr because I am not her grandson. ((How do you know you're not her grandson?))

*Honey Wood*

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

The other day I was studying wild life thru my front window (my front window happens to overlook a beer garden) when suddenly I spotted a peculiar Thing with yellow pages protruding from the letterbox. Great Ghu, I thot--surely that's not the anniversary ish of INNUENDO. No, surely not. It just couldn't be. No faned could possibly produce a fmz as big as that.

I was right. It turned out to be the new telephone directory.

But seriously, Terry, the real Innish (which arrived several days later) was almost as big. And, in my opinion, it was better-written. (Considering the circulation that the Telephone Directory has built up, I feel that this is a very good sign.)

Lots of interesting and amusing reading in the lettercol, but Gosh, old man, did you have to print that crud by me? It is a sobering thought that I should have written such bull only 12 short months ago. "Pretty frightening to neos!" Hell, what did I think I was? A hardened ol' veteran of the spaceways? Ahhhh, what an objectionable young man I must have been then. (Ahh, what an objectionable

INVECTIVE, X--Roger Horrocks, back from the grave

old man I must be now.)

Suggest you give Brandon a copy of "Walk On The Wild Side," or one of Tennessee Williams' plays... Plenty of scope therein for a Brandon-type satire...

You'll have to forgive me for not commenting further on the Innish, but truth to tell I was rather (if you'll pardon the expression) overpowered by the zine. Surely the greatest fmz of '57? I work my bones to the finger producing a 24-pager; and how you can do one three or four times greater is just beyond me! (I expect to be paid for my labors at South Gate in free beers.)

*Roger*

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Cogito, ergo gafio.

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#### THE LEAGUE OF SILENT FEN

LARRY WINDHAM, c/o Ferrin Ranch, Wellington, Nevada

Yes! I'd like a (free) copy of INNUENDO!! --That is, if it is still being published. (I ran across a review in a back ish of Imagination.)

Fact is; I like anything that's offered free...

--All kidding aside, I really would like a copy if you suckers are still handing them out. The review gave me the impression that your zine followed the trend of the old Planet Stories readers dept. (You know--full of frolicsome fun and fabulous feuds--that kind of jazz.) ( ... )

GARY DEINDORFER, Apartment E-1, Letchworth Ave., Yardley, Pennsylvania

Saw a review of INNUENDO #6, your super ish, in YANDRO, and though Coulson didn't really rave about it he said it was good so I thought I'd get thish. I've never seen INNUENDO before so don't know what I'm in for but with 83 pages for a letter what the hell? By the way, I'll write the promised letter of comment when I receive INNUENDO #6. (I have no more copies of #6, so you get thissue instead.)

BRAD DAIGLE, 1854 Cambridge, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I happened to pick up an old Madge the other day and I read a review of INNUENDO. I don't know if you're still pubbing it because the Madge was dated some time ago and I haven't read any reviews since, but if you are, would you please send me a sample? I'll comment. (Are they still pubbing Madge?)

FLORENCE MITTELMAN, 1960 - 21st Ave., San Francisco 16, Calif.

Bob Coulson, in the last issue of YANDRO, said that INNUENDO #3, or any issue of INNUENDO I guess, was free for a letter of comment. This is a facsimile of a letter and I have only two comments to make: if I did have an issue of INNUENDO, I would comment on it; and two: while I don't dig the stf scene fanatically (no pun intended), would like to meet other readers of this genre if possible. (The Little Man is the only local group currently active that I know of--for information, write to Honey Wood, whose address is elsewhere in this lettercolumn.)

JEFF WANSHELL, 6 Beverly Pl., Larchmont, New York

Please send INNUENDO to me. And don't worry, you'll get a letter of comment. (That took a load off my mind.)

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

I have heard that you publish a science fiction fan magazine called INNUENDO. This seems a pretty strange name for a magazine devoted to science fiction. Anyway, I am a real keen science fiction reader (I have complete sets of Imagination

INVECTIVE, XI--Boyd Youngfan

and Other Worlds; I used to read Amazing too, but it has gone highbrow) and would like to see a copy of your fan magazine. Please send me a free sample copy, and I'll let you know if I like it.

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

It is now over two weeks since I sent you a request for a free sample copy of your science fiction fan magazine INNUEENDO, and I have not yet received a copy. I cannot understand why you have not sent it, as I told you I would let you know if I like it. If I like it you can send me copies of all the back issues. How do you expect your magazine to become popular if you are so indifferent to potential readers? I look forward to receiving a copy by return mail. (We regret the delay, and express our hopes that you will not cancel your free subscription.)

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But he can't be a fugghead--he's so faaanish!

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I heard an interesting bit about Norwin K. Johnson, technocratic sidekick of Hodgkins, and a scientifiction fan on the side. It seems that tall, dark and beetle-browed Johnson had some difficulty in recalling who Daugherty was. After due cogitation, he suddenly remembered. "Daugherty," he shouted in triumph. "Oh yes! That's Eleanor's husband."

We suggest that all those who share our mutual icyness for Daugherty, the Fan, use this label from now on. "Well, what's Eleanor's husband doing now?" "Have you heard the latest about Eleanor's husband?" "Eleanor's husband is director of the Convention Society, you know."

That is how new fans are made prominent.

--Carlton J. Fassbeinder, FANTASITE #6,  
Nov-Dec 1941

Editor Burbee, under alcoholic influence, became quite courageous at the Fran Shack Conflagration. He proposed marriage to every woman present! He didn't want to commit mere bigamy, but trigonometry!

--hsj, SHAGGY #21

Coswal has no sense of humor. In fact, I believe the only time that Coswal ever laughed was when he heard that Lucifer had been thrown out of Heaven.

--Burbee, FANDANGO #25

...Underneath this sit my file cases which look for all the world like apple crates. I intend to build in bookshelves as soon as the local supermarket comes down on the price of their lettuce crates. At present they're asking 15¢ apiece which I consider high. As soon as they go up to 20¢ I will rush to gather in about ten of them before the price increases to a quarter.

--Royal Drummond, DUCKSPEAK #2

First, we must ask ourselves, is the existing calendar wrong for fandom? Well, first, obviously the days are too short. No actifan ever finds them long enough for all the fanning he has to do. Secondly, the years are too long. The intervals between conventions is much too great. And thirdly, the months are too short. Ask anyone who ever tried to produce a monthly fanzine, even Lee Hoffman. But none of these things can be changed by law. They depend upon the rotation of the Earth on its axis, of the Earth around the sun, and of the moon around the Earth. We would have to live on a different planet if we wanted a calendar to suit fandom. And that, friends, is the inner meaning of the Rapp Message. The calendar of this planet is not natural for us because we are natives of another. We really are star-begotten!

--WAW, SOL #6

We discussed fans and fandom as we sat in my car, and I told him his favorite author was a homosexual.

--Burbee, BURBLINGS, May 51