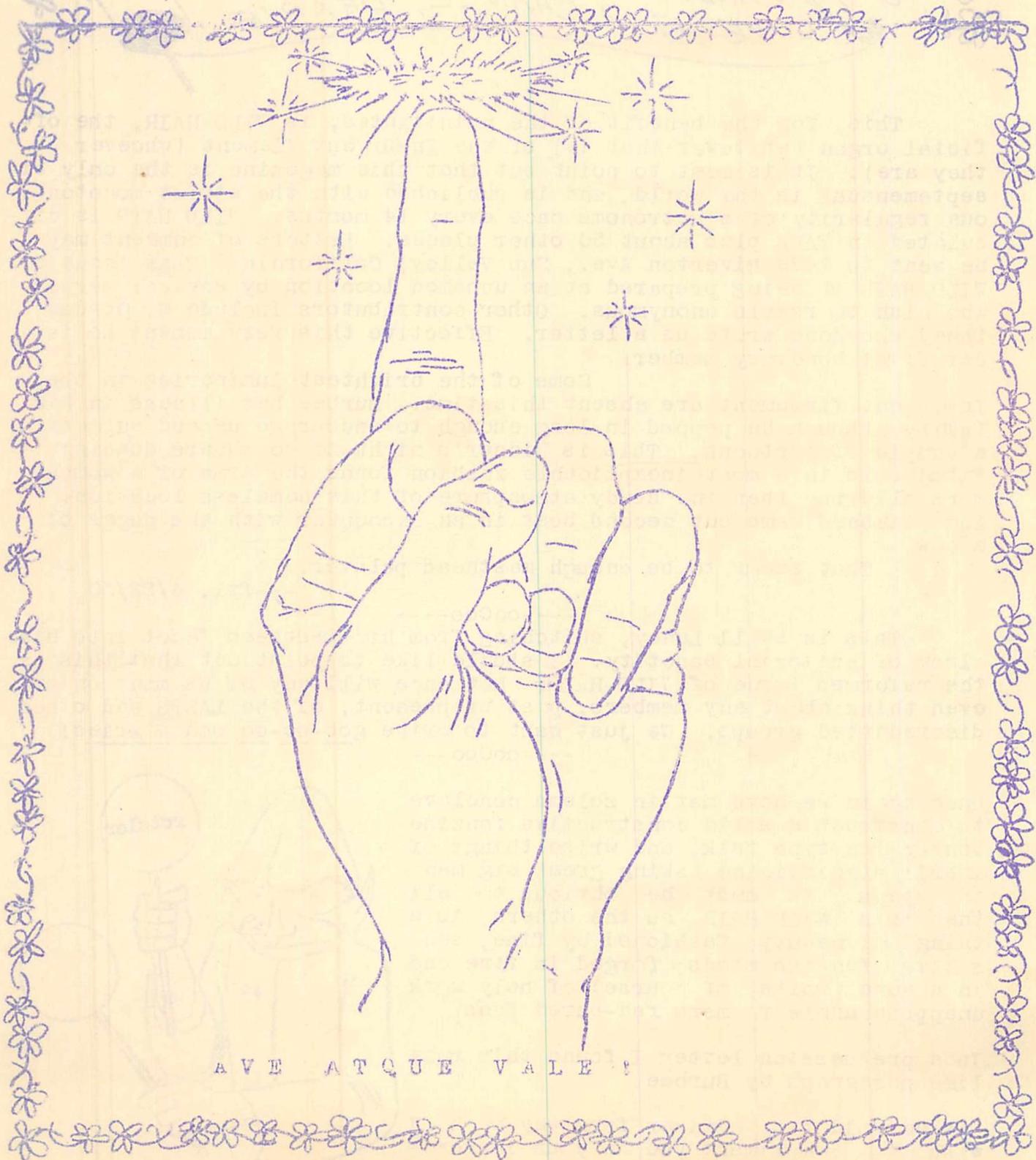


# WILD BILL AIR

the hirsute fanzine



AVE ATQUE VALE !

# WILD HAIR

FANDOM CAN BE FUN - JUST  
GIVE IT A CHANCE, DEARIE

This, for the benefit of the uninitiated, is WILD HAIR, the official organ (whatever that is) of the Insurgent Element (whatever they are). It is meet to point out that this magazine is the only bi-septemensual in the world, and is published with the strict monotonous regularity of a metronome once every 14 months. WILD HAIR is circulated in FAPA plus about 50 other places. Letters of comment may be sent to 7429 Riverton Ave., Sun Valley, California. This issue of WILD HAIR is being prepared at an unnamed location by several persons who wish to remain anonymous. Other contributors include G. Gordon Dewey who done wrote us a letter. Effective this very moment he is our first honorary member.

Some of the brightest luminaries in the Insurgent firmament are absent this time. Burbee has illness in his family, though he popped in long enough to encourage us and suggest a couple of cartoons. This is Widner's night to go square dancing. Fitzgerald in a most inexplicable fashion found the arms of a woman more alluring than the heady atmosphere of this nameless location. And Stibbard came out second best in an encounter with the duggs of a cow.

That seems to be enough masthead palaver.

---ftl, 4/22/50

----ooOoo----

This is still Laney, switching from his masthead facet into his cloak of editorial sanctity. I should like to point out that this is the reformed issue of WILD HAIR. Not once will any of us mention or even think about any members, past or present, of the LAEPS and other discredtted groups. We just want to write goc-oo-oo-ood stories!

----ooOoo----

Once again we have met in solemn conclave to construct a solid constructive fanzine banter fan-type talk, and write things of cosmic significance taking great big mental steps. It must be obvious to all that this WILD HAIR, as the others, is a thing of beauty, fashioned by fine, sensitive fennish minds; forged in fire and in a aura (white, of course) of holy work unapproachable to mere red-eared fans.

In a pre-session letter I found this ruby like paragraph by Burbee.

As an old tit admirer from way back, I wish to compliment you on your improve-



ment in the drawing of ~~Waldie's~~ tits. You are getting better. It is my belief that you have been ~~getting~~ peering hard at tits of late. This new talent of yours for drawing tits should be used before you forget it. I am going to dream up a comic strip which will require at least 3 tits per panel, with a big spread of 24 tits for the finale. Are you up to this many tits?



...but I must be right...  
I took the pause...

## AND NOW CONDRA —



With Al Ashley wandering somewhere in limbo and Burbee kept away by the sudden critical illness of his tather, only three of the original creators of Wild Hair are met to carry on. Carry on what? I don't know. Originally we set out to poke fun at some stupid people in a stupid organization, but after two years it begins to call. The impetus that started us off is spent.

I like to write and publish for the fun of it. Nothing more. Wish it were profitable, but it isn't. Guess that's all.  
Cyrus B. Condra.



"Where's my copy of WILD HAIR #4?"



A FAN who has found a silverfish on his OUTSIDER



"I'm proud to say that after ten years my wife is still in mint condition."



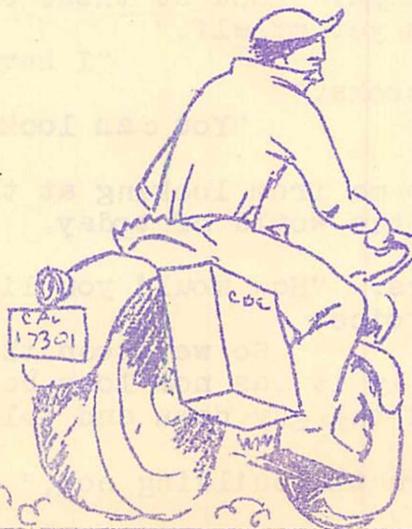
"Line isn't."



A FAN who has a complete mint collection of AMAZING



"Of course I belong to the LASPS - the YCA was never like this!"





For some reason, the type of livelihood typified by dealers of used books, used records, antiques, and second-hand junk generally seems to possess an unholy attraction for weird, off-trail, off-center people. Perhaps there is some obscure emanation from the stacks of ancient debris, or perhaps it is merely that they are yearning for their kind--for surely nowhere else in the world can surpass a used book shop for a parade of utterly amazing characters.

In any case, like all other frequenters of these resorts, I've had my full share of glorious experiences in them, and it occurred to me on this festive occasion that perhaps if I set down one or two of the more fascinating happenings it might move others of the fine minds and plangent intellects among us this evening to add to the beginnings of what could be a memorable symposium.

One of my best brushes with a psychopath took place quite recently, in the main Los Angeles store of the Salvation Army. I was back in a culdesac of bookshelves perhaps three and a half feet wide and at least twelve feet deep, looking at the books across the far end of it.

My light was cut off by someone entering the far end of the culdesac. This individual looked at no books on his way to where I was, but strode right up to me and tried to shoulder me aside, to get to the very books I was examining.

"That's the idea?" I demanded, more astonished than angry.

The fellow stepped back a couple of paces. "I want to look at those books," he said in a mild, Mitty-ish voice.

"Well. I was here first. I'm not finished. As you can see there isn't room for two of us in this narrow space. Why don't you look at these other books?"

"I want to look at these books, now."

"I was here first and I'm going to stay till I finish##. Look at these books on this side; I've not even looked at them yet myself."

"I have come a long ways today just to look at these books."

"You can look at them when I'm done."

"You are trying to keep me from looking at these books," said this citizen of tomorrow in the world of today.

The Laney temper finally slipped its moorings. "How would you like to kiss my ---?" I blared at the top of my voice.

So we stood there yelling semantically at one another. Naturally it was not long before the saleslady came bounding over. I shouted the guy down and told her what was happening.

"You'll have to leave the building now," she said to my new-found friend.



"But he's trying to keep me from looking at these books!"

"Go on. Leave the building now or I'll call the police."

With startling suddenness, the fellow burst into wracking sobs. Bellowing and blubbering and staggering, he made his way out of ~~the~~ the book department. We could hear him keening his way on out of the building for 30 or 40 seconds.

We looked at each other in the way people will at such a time, whatever way that is.

"Y'know," she remarked, "I've had trouble with him before."

"Yeah?"

"Oh yes, I've been keeping an eye on him. You know he stood out there in the aisle and watched you for at least five minutes before he came in to where you were. He's always coming in here and watching for someone to get back in a corner and then he goes over and tries to crowd them out. And the funny thing is, I can't recall his ever buying a book."

(To calm down my colleagues in the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society I wish to state emphatically that to the best of my knowledge this man was not a member of the LASFS prior to 1947.)

---ooOoo---

This one happened in the Jazzman Record Shop back in 1946 or 47. I was looking at records at one end of the Ertegan's short counter, and a couple of teenage boys of the most objectionable bobbysoxer type were monopolizing the turntable, playing one Wingy Mannone record after another, and making the "sent" fuggheaded jitterbug remarks that such creatures will.

So the door opened, and in came old Joe Wingston Mannone himself. Both the kids looked at him, then went on playing Mannone records, wallowing around in front of the counter, jostling Mannone a couple of times, and discussing the records with a fuggheadedness exceeded only by pro authors who buy advertising space to thank other pro authors for writing their stories for them.

I still wish I had a recording of J. Wingston Anonymous' remarks on the remarks of these boys. I wonder if they ever discovered what Wingy looked like.

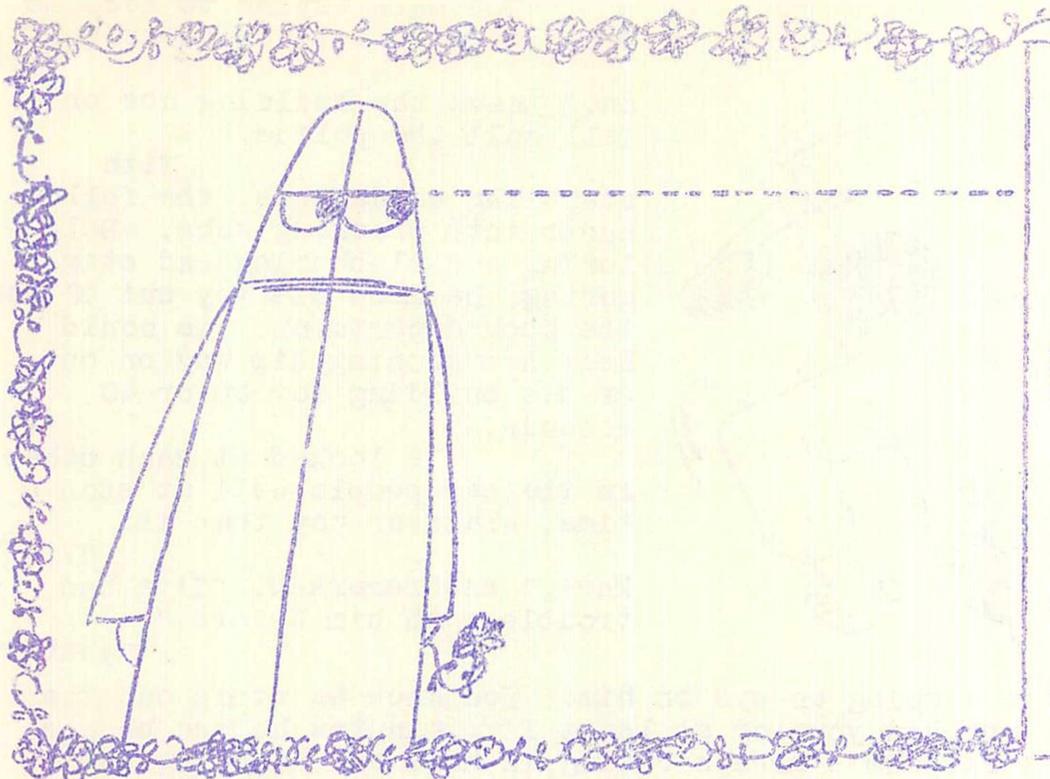
---ooOoo---

And of course there is the fellow who was caught in the back room of a 6th Street bookstore a few years back tearing the pages out of certain medical books and eating them.

He is now living at Camarillo gathering material for a new fanzine.

---ooOoo---

Someone should tear aside the veil of secrecy and tell how Al Ashley once went to a book store and.....



TORPID  
TALE  
NUMBER  
ONE  
CYRUS B.  
CONDRA

In a grimy bookstore window I saw three or four shelves of sun-faded, dog-eared volumes offered at 10¢ ea., 3 for 25¢. I stopped and peered optimistically in search of a King in Yellow or Outsider.

"Marquissette," I mumbled. "Isoclad, A Romance; Tokology; ...mam...Shan. Slan? Nope--Shan, by T. J. McCorkle. Oh, well--"

Further along was a thick volume bound in faded green liberally worked with gold filigree. I flicked it a glance and skipped on before my reflexes could act. Then they clanged a four-alarm STOP!--and I went back for another look.

I went back and read that title again--this time with a brand new pair of golf-ball eyes. When the numbness wore off and I could move my arms and legs, I went in, took the book from the shelf and handed a dime to the proprietor who loomed dimly in the resulting cloud of dust motes. He slipped the dime in his pocket. It fell down the inside of his trousers and rolled out on the floor. This stirred my attention and I took note of his appearance.

The man was well worth a second look--over six feet tall, gaunt, unshaven, disheveled; he had obviously slept in his clothing and reeked of fannish sanctity and cheap tobacco.

"You in business here?" I asked Willard Thompson.

"Fantasy items from Ackerman," he explained. "Partners in Stf. I'm front man--he digs'em up." He waved the remains of a corncob pipe airily at my purchase. "Now, take that book there--"

"I will," I said, and got out.

Behind me his voice diminished until, just at the margin of earshot, it ceased abruptly--either from lack of breath or of audience. A block further on I pulled up at a T.E. Bus bench and sat down to examine my find more closely.

The title on the spine read the same as before: Tell About the Moon, by ~~xxx~~ Cyrus J. Condra. Speaking as Cyrus B. Condra, that threw me. There was nothing to do but look at the cover.

"Afraid to Tell About the Moon, by Cyrus Jorus Condra," it said.

"Way the wolf bite me," I said. "This is incredible!" I opened the book to the title page.

Part One  
I'M Afraid to Tell What I Know About the Moon.

by Cyrus Jorus Condra.

Part Two  
Love or Honor? or Miss Crimshaw's Dilemma

by Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth  
and Theodore Rosson.  
Porter and Coates.  
1876

I felt weak. Slumped on the bench, stared at the page while something unholy played leapfrog around the inside of my head.

"I am Cyrus B. Condra, 1950,--but who was this Cyrus Jorus (Gad--what a name!) Condra, vintage 1876? What is this moon business? Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth I've heard of--but who was Theodore Rosson?"

Confusion and bewildered helplessness kept my gaze glued to the page as though it were a copy of \_\_\_\_\_ (this nifty advertising space goes to the highest bidder. Cash with offer, please. Cyrus B. Condra)

Who was Cyrus Jorus Condra? Was he a relative? Not to my knowledge--I never heard of him. Pseudonym? If so, why Cyrus Jorus Condra, of all things? Why was he afraid? If he were afraid, then why did he tell? Did he love--or honor?

"Or did he tell?" I wondered. I opened the book and skimmed through the pages.

It was in two parts, as advertised; Part 2 began on p236. It was all Victorian plush; heavy, purple--dull. The only reference to the moon apparent was on p. 61:

"...where yon crescent, silvery gleaming bow of Diana, flees approaching Phoebus' dart..."

which stank.  
The new moon sets shortly after sundown, so either Condra, Southworth or Rosson loused up the astronomy angle.

I closed it and stared at the cover. Then I opened it and stared inside the front cover. Tasted inside was a little rectangle of white paper with black letters on it. I read it, leaned back

and began to laugh.

It was partly hysteria, I suppose, but still it was the funniest thing I have ever seen or heard of or experienced. I laughed until I gasped for breath and was blinded by tears, and the last things I saw in the confused transition from dream to reality were the familiar words "Ex Libris Francis Towner Laney".

That stinker and his printing press had given me the worst ten minutes of my life.

I lay in bed, chuckling over the trouble he had taken. He had picked out that old book, torn out the title page, hand set a replacement and somehow printed it on a fly leaf. He had printed and aged the outer titles and then--probably with Willard Thompson's help--planted that abominable volume where I would see it. It was a lot of hard work for a laugh.

I got up and went to the kitchen. "Laney's going to get an awful shock," I told my wife.

"What?"

I told her about the book.

"Your coffee's hot."

"Thanks. Laney will find a book someday. Good seventy years old, in a second hand store, just like mine. He'll see his own name and grab it and stand there petrified because he will see

The L.A.S.F.S.

A Discourse on Metropolitan (Box 6151) Morality

by F. Towner Laney.

Completely Refuted and Translated into Rock Hebrew by

R. Vernon Gook."

"And all the rest will be in Hebrew."

"Who is this Theodore Rosson? Is he a fan?"

"Why--I don't know. Laney just dreamed him up for my benefit."

"Well, aren't dreams drawn from the subconscious?"

"Well--uh--yes."

"Whose subconscious brought up that dream?"

"Fine, of course."

"Well, how about Rosson and Jorus?"

"Look--that's just something Laney thought up for a gag!"

She gave me a peculiar look. "Must be something you've repressed," she said.

She's out of her depth in psychology so I dropped the subject right there. But--I keep wondering. Where did Laney get that Rosson-Jorus business?

He came in just a few minutes ago. I'm going to ask him about it.

"Say, Towner, whatever happened to Theodore Rosson?"

```

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!
!! *
!! THIS IS THE STORY OF SOLETON WHO MET ME IN A BOOKSTORE ROSELE
!!
!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

```

"Damn it, watch it, you're standing on Pogo!"

"I beg your pardon, I didn't..."

"Okay, okay..."

"May I ask where Pogo is?"

"Under your feet."

"Oh - a comic book."

"That's significant contemporary literature."

"A comic book?"

"Lookie dish here line, boy... 'Rainy days is fust rate fo' visitin' yo' friends! Hot dogies! Ah'll jus' resh ovah to Albert's.' And this - 'Goody! Us will play checkers and eat cookies an' have tea.'"

"What's funny about that? I hardly think satirizing negro dialect is humorous."

"Pogo the possum may be colored but's he's grey, and Albert's green."

"Green?"

"Sure, what else would an alligator be?"

"Alligator? Possum?"

"Lookie dish here checker game... 'Dat trap got so many jumps in it Ah gotta use both hands.' 'Hey - you mis' of cheated - only two of na mens is left.' 'Dem survivors wouldn't of escaped 'cept dey hid under de board.'"

"This is a book for children?"

"And all people of taste and discernment. 'If yo' can't top four aces Ah wins de checker game.'"

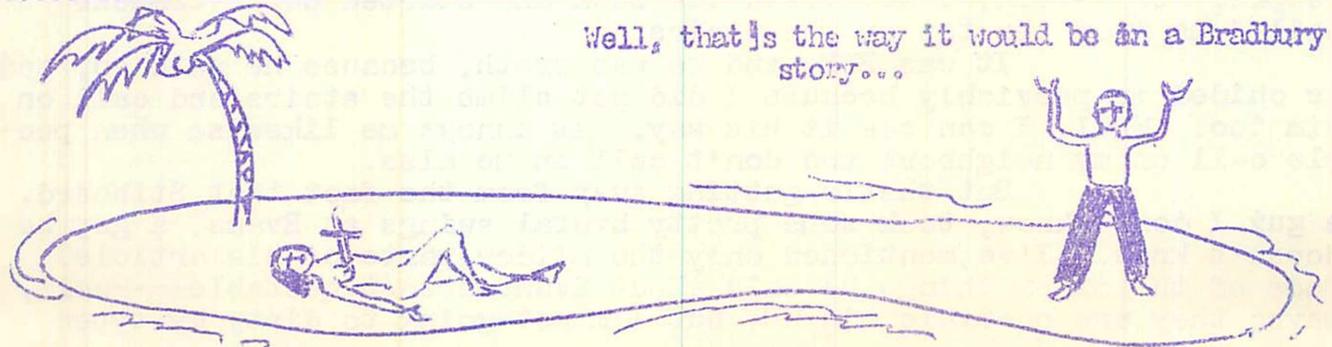
"Any more of those book\* down there?"

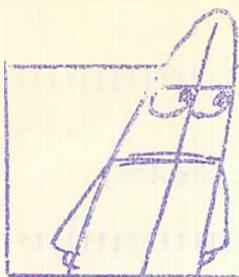
```

=====

```

Well, that's the way it would be in a Bradbury story...





## A LETTER OF PROTEST BY G. GORDON DEWEY

Dear Burb, Fran, Bill, Cy, et al:

Somehow I got on your mailing list. You sent me a copy of Wild Hair #4. I read it---and now I hope your mailing list is the only one of your lists that I am on. Probably everybody you sent a copy to read it. Even some of the luckless wights you crucified with such blase insouciance---or did you mail Wild Hair #4 to them?

Some of your stuff was on the beat, and sent me. I liked F. Towner Laney's article on bebop, in which he compared Joe Sullivan to Mozart, and he made both of them look good by comparison. I'd always regarded Laney as strictly a real gone guy, with no time for the long hairs. It made me realize this his delvings into music are on a pretty comperhensive basis, especially when he counted up his chamber music records and found that the total was greater than that of his ragtime records. That must mean something.

Bill Rotsler had some good drawings in WH4. One of them, his "Pan-orama" of all of 4e's girl friends was cute. I didn't recognize more than a few of them---I was never more than a half-asked fan---but any of the sincere fans probably know them all.

Stibbard, a guy I know only by name, brought me up with a jerk, which I must get off my chest right now. I refer particularly to his piece about Mr. E. Everett Evans, whose achievements in fandom are nothing for Stibbard to sneer at. Besides, Stibbard says that "I don't know The Old Foo personally." That, it strikes me, is a pretty semantic way of doing things. Stibbard is obviously writing from hearsay. Now, I know Mr. Evans personally, and of course I know that he usually wears a crew cut and that his mustache is grey. I wouldn't go so far as to say, with Frere Stibbard, that it is beautiful. But I have never noticed that EEE has downward slanting eyes, nor have I ever seen him go out of his way to pat a girl on the pistol pocket. So how could Stibbard, who has never even seen Mr. Evans, know all these things?

Damn it, this sort of thing gets fandom nowhere. I've known Evans for several years. I've always known him to be uniformly pleasant, affable, complacent, ready to meet people more than half way. Only once was it otherwise. One evening I went over to Tendril Towers, Abode of the Slans, to make quick delivery on a book to Niesen Himmel; a straight business deal, nothing social about it, no time for meeting people. Or---well, I delivered the book and started out. Someone hailed me from the top of the stairs.

It was EEE, and he was wroth, because he said so, and he chided me peevishly because I did not climb the stairs and call on him too. Well, I can see it his way. It annoys me likewise when people call on my neighbors and don't call on me also.

But that's getting away from the fact that Stibbard, a guy I don't know, took some pretty brutal swings at Evans, a guy he doesn't know. I've mentioned only the milder parts of his article. Some of the other things he said about Evans aren't quotable---well, maybe they are quotable, in WH, but I'm not going to dirty my typer

with repeating them. E. Everett Evans has made a splendid record as a fan publisher, with The Timebinder, of which he presented me a complete file, and with A Tale of the Evans. Also, his stories appear regularly on the promags, as any fan knows. If I were Evans, I think I'd want Stibbard to prove some of his allegations. Like I said, fellows, that sort of thing isn't doing fandom any good. I know you all really believe, deep down in your hearts, in fellowship, so you ought to be practicing it instead of pointing with scorn at those who do.

Charles E. Burbee the Second has made me laugh mightily, in many of his writings, which usually have a touch of genuine regional American humor in them. But when he perverts his humor and warps it to pillory men like Al Ashley, well, that's overdoing it. I'm talking about Burbee's article entitled System for Immortality, in which he lampoons Ashley's ordinary way of living in such distorted manner and puts words in Ashley's mouth. I've heard Burbee say that his one ambition in life is to write big stories, good stories, but how this facetious treatment of a fellow fan qualifies as either a big story or a good story escapes me. I mean, when he comes right out and says that Ashley is immortal. That he really is. That's not typical of Burbee's usually deft humor, because, as anyone can plainly see, Al is just as mortal as the rest of us. If he were immortal, then how does Burbee explain the signs of advancing age on him that we see on all people?---the greying hair, a few wrinkles here and there, and so on. Nope, this is humor with a heavy hand, and it falls pretty flat.

Then, unaccountably, the humor leaves, and there is a pretty scurvy and not too obvious, as I get it, hinting at some sort of partnership or co-proprietorship between Ashley and Evans in a set of falsies, all of which seems to amuse Burbee no end. It doesn't seem to make sense, somehow. Why would either of them want a set of falsies---and why, especially, would they have any mutual use for them? Why, in one place, does Burbee speak nostalgically of the good old days with the LASFS, making a plea for a united fandom, and in another place take these sneak punches at the very people who might be on his side, if he handled them right? With Burbee spearheading the movement, lots of dissatisfied fans would get behind him and push. But he'll never get their support unless he learns how to make the right approach. I get the impression, all through this incredible issue of WH, that Burbee 1950 (not the same as Burbee 1948) is semantically a sadly dislocated young man.

F. Towner Laney, in his facet as a patron of the arts, turned out a good piece on Sullivan and Mozart. But when he turned his attention to A. L. Joquel, Jr., in the piece entitled "He Was Removed," he reveals a querulous side to his nature that I had not suspected the existence of, though his Memoirs, a collection of slings and arrows if I ever saw one, should have tipped me off.

Laney starts the article off innocuously enough, with a bow to Joquel's fine mind, which is a generous gesture on Laney's part. But from here on out the article is a study in sour grapes. That is, ostensibly Laney seems to be deriding Joquel Junior for his scholarly work in the field of black magic, for his demonolatry, and for his unswervable belief in the fact that he, Joquel, is a chattel, a bauble, as it were, owned and operated by some remote and super sort of being.

Actually, reading between, through and behind the lines, it's plain that Laney is simply jealous. The wistful note in his references to Joquel's fine mind keynotes the mood of the piece.

I think he'd like to dabble in black magic and devil worship and in Satanism, too, but he doesn't have the fortitude, nor does he have the courage to come right out and say that he, too, is owned. But the thing which really sticks out is Laney's ill-hidden yon for an opera cloak, so that he too can make entrances and exits.

The one piece in the entire issue which has some real meat in it is Cyrus B. Condra's thought-provoking speculation entitled "Little Fan, What Now?" There is something sincere and constructive about this piece, and my feeling about it is that fandom could use more men of Condra's stamp and caliber. There is nothing of the destructive attitude so apparent, for example, in Stibbard's diatribe leveled at EEEvans. Condra is genuinely concerned about the future of the fan as an interacting social entity, and he poses some questions which the fan of today desirous of having continuity as the fan of tomorrow will have to answer. The answering of these questions in terms of today's fanactivities and fan patterns will not be easy. Condra's plea for the adult fan, the well integrated fan, the fan who does not quail at the words Whence, Whither, Wherefore, is articulate and eloquent, and constitutes a telling indictment of the dilatory fan, the passifan as opposed to the actifan. It is an article of the scope and treatment which would have showed off, I feel, to far better advantage in Shangri La, the official organ of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, than it does in the pages of Wild Hair #4.

I can't quite bring myself to discuss the anonymous article dealing with so-called perversion, or homo-sexuality and like activities. The person, man or woman, fan or non-fan, who wrote this piece did well not to sign it. His (or her) naming of names and dates and places shows an intimate knowledge of the LASFS and its doings and its members unattainable to an outsider. This is as sad a job of selling down the river as I have evern seen---if a LASFS member wrote this anonymous piece, and submitted it anonymously. If a non-member wrote it, then the conclusion must be that there is considerable exaggeration in the article. But like I said, I can't bring myself to discuss this piece. It would have to be seen to be believed. That is, you'll have to read this article with your own eyes to believe that it was written, and actually published.

So, Burb, Fran, Bill, Cy, et al, I like you guys, but I want to enter a protest against the use of such mordant and trenchant phrases in your attacks on sincere fellow-fans. There is nothing constructive in your methods, nothing, that is, leading toward the establishment and perpetuation of a united, dynamic, fraternal fandom.

I hope you will publish this letter in the same spirit in which it is written. If you plan to issue Wild Hair #5, let this appear in it, so that those who read Wild Hair #4 can see that you have been answered.

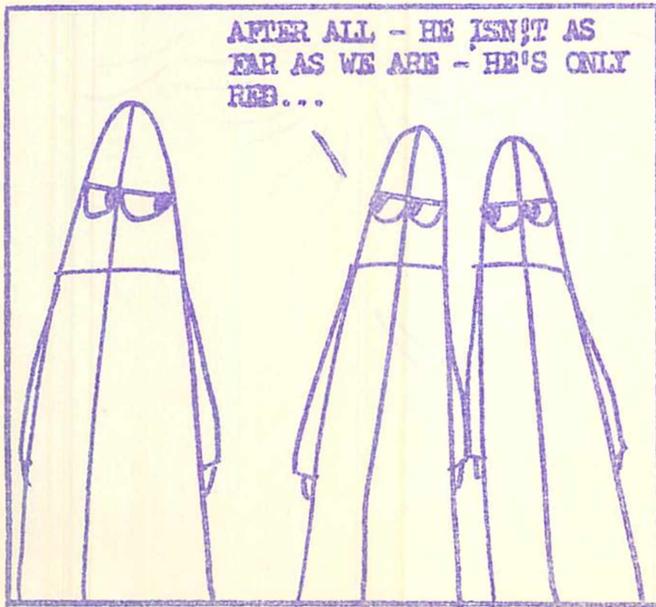
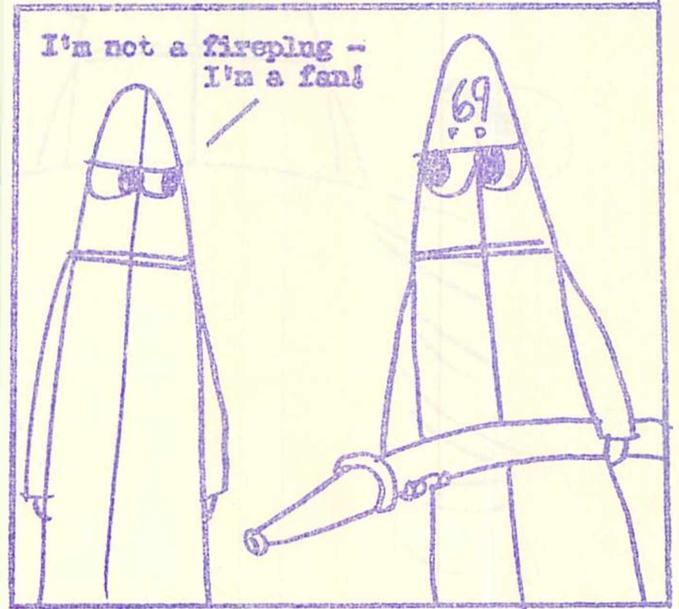
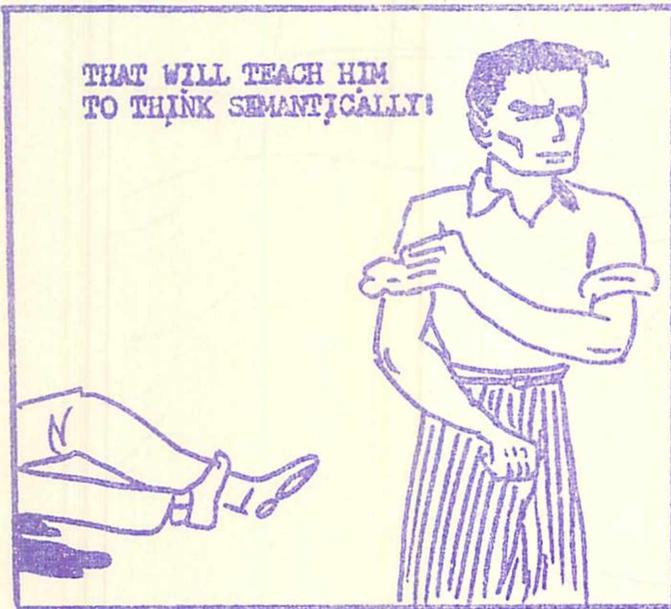
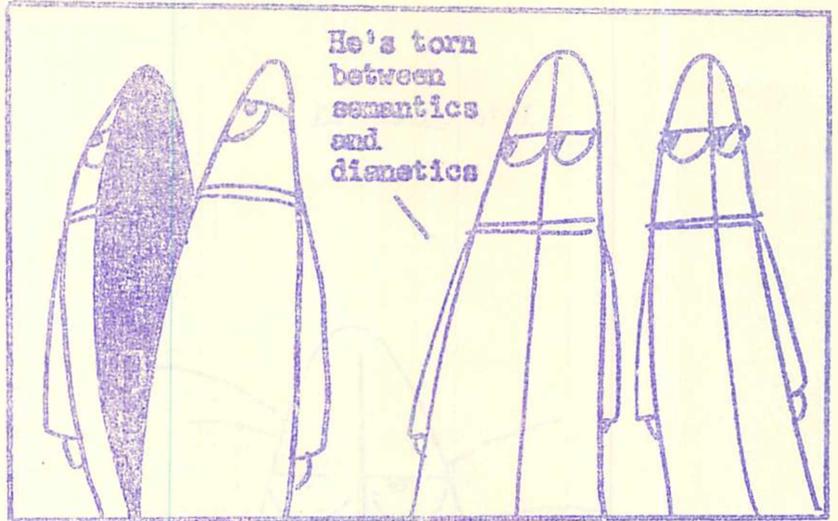
Cordially

G. Gordon Dewey

\*\*\*\*\*  
WILD HAIR may undergo a drastic transmutation of policy. These words carry real weight when we consider that their writer owns more first editions of Merritt than any man alive.

THE INSURGENT ELEMENT.

a page of cartoons the result of a fusion of several fine minds, namely Burbee (the same Charles Burbee that is known as Al Ashley's creator) and Francis "I shall never mention the name of ~~it~~ a certain big man" Laney and the superlative drawing talents of William Rotzler (the same Bill Rotzler that has been mistakenly referred to as The Amiable Bulldozer, whereas he is really a sort of clam shell...)



It's quiet, Al

Yes, Everett, too quiet

